

CANADIAN FANDOM

A "CAFP" PUBLICATION



No.5

Nov. 1943

Containing
HURTER

WILD

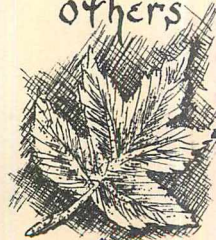
CROUCH

45j

S.K. PECK

WRIGHT

and
others

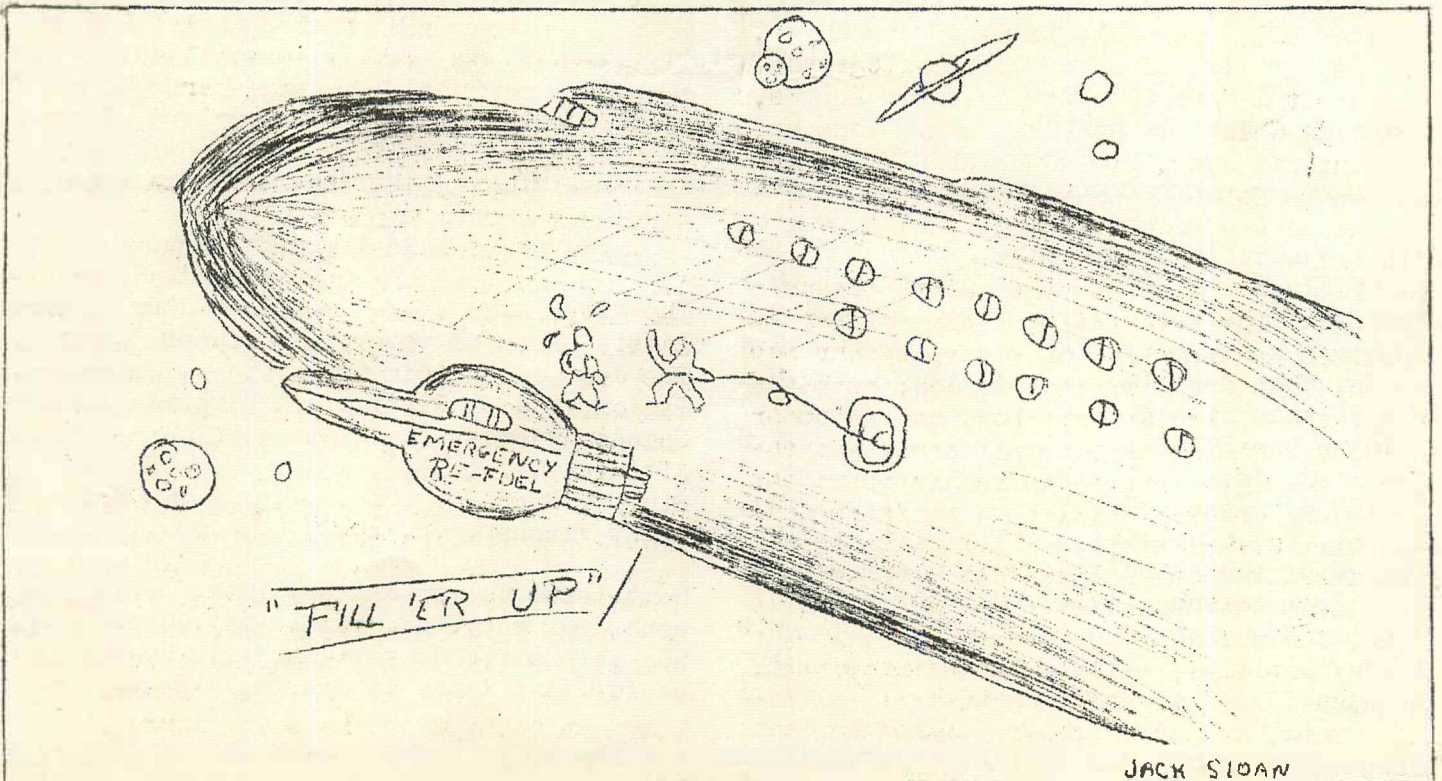


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/43.



BOB
GIBSON

"Blimey, myte. This 'ere Venus climate don't 'arf remind me of 'ome!"



"FILL 'ER UP" /

JACK SLOAN

BEAK BROADCASTS

Canadian Fandom

Yep, another one

2

Well, CANADIAN FANDOM is late, as per usual. And, as perusual, I give the same old excuse - lack of time. Cover, too, is a little late, and at the time of printing, it isn't done.

However, if you find a masterpiece of lithography on the front, that's the work of Albert A. Betts, a Toronto fan, and one of Canada's most capable fan artists. Thanks a lot Al, for your work, and for the efforts you have made to help me with the putting out of the mag.

Some of you, I suppose, will be rather horrified to see the page of cartoons on page one. It was this way. I had expected to run the contents page on the back of the cover, and make it page one. The cover, as you know, hasn't yet materialized, and consequently, in order to get the mag out in reasonably decent time, I've had to run the contents page on a blank sheet so that the numbers at the top and outside of the pages will be in the right place. So that there wouldn't be just a blank page, I decided to fill it with cartoons; might as well give you your money's worth.

Fred Hurter apologized for the shortness of this month's STUFF & SUCH, saying that his time was rather taken up. It wasn't all with work, either. He promised a real hunder next issue. And speaking of the next ish, the line-up looks good. First of all, there'll be that foto-cover. That is, if I get a few more photographs. At present I have but four on hand; Bett's, Conium's, Child's, and my own. Come on, you Canadian Fans, are you bashful? Let me have those fotos as soon as you can. Remember the size - face foto, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{3}{16}$ inches. And soon!

To get back to the sixth issue.. Stories -- The After-life, by Oliver E. Saari; Little Drops of Water, by Gar Bob Gibson; The Jest of the Dim God, by Peter Young, a Hamilton, Ontario boy, and newcomer to the fan field, as far as I know. And believe me, this story is really terrific. Hurter and Croutch will have their regular departments, and I hope Child will get the last installment of 'The Hell Which Virgil Described' to me in time. He forgot this issue, for which I apologize. Then, in the line of articles, will be an untitled bit, to which I seem to have the task of affixing a name, by Harry Schnarje. Nanek has contributed, 'Fandom, Fad or Fact', and Holden Blackwell has taken some of his valuable

time to write a red-hot attack on stf. All in all, a pretty fair looking issue.

My apologies to Forrest J Ackerman. I didn't have room for the full title of his story, which is 'Sic Transit, Gloria Monday'.

In order to defray costs of a lithographed cover, I am auctioning a Hannes Bok original which was given to me for that purpose by John Mason. It appeared with Cecil Corwin's 'The Crisis' in Science Fiction Quarterly, spring 1942, number six, in case any of you are interested. Simply let me know the amount you are willing to pay, and I'll award it to the highest bidder.

I'll bet most of you fans have no idea of the work that went into the last issue of CANADIAN FANDOM. It wasn't an ordinary issue, not by any means. It was produced under almost impossible conditions, which were surmounted only after much toil and cussing.

To begin with, the machine on which I had originally intended to run the rag off didn't work. I spent six bucks on having the thing repaired, so you can imagine how I felt. It later turned out that the ink I was using on the thing was too thick, however, that's incidental.

Mason said I could use the machine in his office. Fine. But the morning before the mag was scheduled to be run off, he phoned up to say that he had taken the thing apart to get a stencil off, and couldn't put it back together. So off I went to repair it. When I arrived, I found Mason covered with sweat of honest labour, and the mechanism lying with its entrails scattered about various rooms of the place in which he works. I think I got them all, but from the way the machine acted occasionally, I sometimes wonder. My heart bleeds when I think of that defenceless hunk of nuts and bolts groaning under our unskilled surgery. We had to take it apart and put it back together again three times before it would run.

At last the day arrived on which the printing was to be done. Betts and myself turned up at the appointed hour of 1:30 and Mason arrived at 2 to let us in. We started to work. Very early we discovered that the stencils I had weren't supposed to be used on that machine. It was a gestetner. Gawd knows what the stencils were. Anyway, after ripping tops off old stencils, and fitting (continued on page twenty, if you care.)

THE UNCLEAN

page 3

by Shirley K. Peck

Canadian Fandom

Guy Andrews drove through the gate of the old Talbot property and pulled up beside the gatekeeper's lodge, honking his horn clamorously. "Anyone home?" he shouted.

Shuffling footsteps sounded within the broken-down structure, and a feeble-looking oldster hobbled out and stood blinking in the bright afternoon sun. "Mind if I leave my car here at the gate while I go up to the house?" queried Andrew's.

"Naow, ye ain't fixin' to go up tuh th' haowse be ye?" whined the ancient caretaker, "Yew mus' be a stranger in these here parts. Ain't yew heerd?"

"Heard what?" snapped the young furniture collector, crossly.

"Waal, naow; reckoned purty nigh everyone heerd as haow this haowse---"

"Is haunted?" sneered Andrews, leaning forward.

"Shore. Killt off all th' Talbots and three more folks as tried t' live here. Some sort o' critter floats around and in-fec's folks with some gawd-awfull 'flict-ion. Better stay away from that haowse mister....here! Yew ain't agoin' in?" he quavered, clutching at Andrew's coat, "Yew can't go in! Don't go! I'm the caretaker of this here place, and if I says so, yew can't go in. Heer me?" Andrews shoved the old man aside contemptuously. The gaffer stumbled, and fell against the stone gatepost, collapsing to the ground.

"Oh-oh," murmured the younger man, "Sorry---" His words trailed off as he saw the old caretakers head roll around loosely on his skinny chest. Chaotic thoughts raced through his mind. What was this he had done? He had only tried to beat off the old fool's clutching hands. Not much of a loss to society, he thought cynically, the old man was obviously cracked; those babblings about a ghost showed it. He was not worried about the consequences. In a superstition-ridden community like this people would take it for granted that the fellow had been carried off by his "critter".

All he would have to do would be to hide the carcass and it wouldn't be discovered for years.

Meanwhile, he would have a look at the furniture in the house that was reputed to be priceless antique, and he could be away by nightfall. Ghosts only walk at night---what was this he was thinking? He

was almost admitting the existence of such things.

He stooped, slung the old man's body over his shoulder, and began to advance up the weed-grown drive.

Huge elms leaned over him, trailing rotten streamers of Spanish moss which touched his forehead with clammy fingers. He walked hald-bent, trying to control his revulsion. The drive curved and ended at a gate which led into a garden. In it only the most rank sturdy growths could survive because of the dank shadows thrown by the trees and house.

He eyed the rambling two-story structure with distaste as he struggled up the sunken marble steps. He recoiled as a scorpion scuttled across his path and into a crack at the base of a colonial pillar. As he opened the door a cloying stench of mildewed tapestry, leather, and damp plaster assailed his nostrils.

The first room he entered proved to be an old-fashioned drawing-room. He heaved the old caretaker off his shoulder into a room closet, and, turning, promptly forgot victim, ghost, and surroundings as he ran trembling hands over the highboy in the corner. Whatever else he was, Andrews was an avid lover of antique furniture, and that about him stirred his soul to the depths.

Unmindful of the swift passage of time, he roamed through the many rooms, caressing the soft patina of pieces that would have made any furniture enthusiast reach for his cheque-book.

He came to his senses just as the sun dipped below the tops of the trees, leaving the house in dim twilight. He decided not to go yet, there was lots of time. Unconsciously he made a wager with himself that he wouldn't be afraid to stay here after the night had fallen.

Following the urging of his empty stomach he explored the kitchen, and true to his expectations, found a variety of canned goods evidently left by the last occupant. He lighted a fire in the potbellied old stove and rummaged a copper saucepan.

His hunger satisfied, he sat gingerly down on a dusty divan and began to think over the turmoil of the day. The accidental death of the caretaker didn't bother him particularly, although he had never killed anyone before, whatever other roguery he

had to his discredit. The furniture was his main concern. The ignorant real-estate man in the village would sell him the contents of the house as junk for a song. He could sell them for a fortune, more than the rest of the estate was worth. The magnificent highboy was for himself. And maybe there'd be a hunting trip in Maine -- or even Canada.....

II

Andrews woke abruptly and realized with an oppressive feeling that he was not alone in the house. There were no noises except the conversational creaks and dripings emitted by all old structures at night, but he knew someone was there --- in the room now.

He strained his eyes in the direction from which he knew the presence was advancing. There was still no sound of foot steps, but some primitive instinct told him that someone, something was moving towards him, was beside him now. The head of the divan creaked as he strained back against it, thoughts of the murdered caretaker's words seething through his brain, words telling of a ghost who was responsible for the death of the former occupants of this place. Perhaps this was the creature the old man had spoken of, coming to rid itself of his presence. He tried to call out but his voice died in his throat as a cold, waxlike hand touched his arm. His quivering nostrils brought him a faint perfume -- the odour of lillies. His panicked mind shuddered --- lillies are funeral flowers.

He felt the presence lean forward and cringed into the soft padding under his head. He felt hair like soft sea-wood brush his face momentarily and then two clay-cold lips pressed his forehead. A feeling of revulsion swept him, as if he had been kissed by a corpse, but he dared not move. The woman drew away -- he knew it was a woman -- her hand sliding down his arm and off as if reluctant to leave him. He knew with an ineffable feeling of relief that she was moving away. Then a soft throaty laugh that turned his bones to liquid, and he knew he was alone again.

He lay paralyzed for an instant and then a flood of anger swept him. Who was this wench who went around scaring people out of their senses? He'd teach her to trifle with him! He sprang up and flung open the door that led into the lower hall. There was no one there. He ran through the downstairs rooms, still no one; he raced up

the back stairs, searched all the rooms on the second floor, still no one; he ran down again and flung open the front door. The garden was bathed with stark moonlight---no room in the sparse shadows for anyone to hide. She was gone.

There would be no more sleep for him that night so he stood in the open door absorbing the desolate beauty of the scene. The scrawny hedges that once had made this a formal garden hardly threw a shadow the moon was so nearly overhead. Suddenly his nerves tensed. He realized the house behind him was hostile, hating him for his intrusion on its lonely seclusion. The fetid odour he had noted before reached up to choke him. The croaking of a bull-frog in the swampy lower-garden filled him with panic. He felt like running away -- anywhere as long as he got away from this god-forsaken place. He stifled his panicky thoughts.

The door creaked dismally as he swung it inward. He caught a glimpse of his face in the hall-mirror. Wild eyes and white lines of fear around the mouth.

He tried to pull out of this mood, to think of more pleasant things --- but what was this? There was a white patch on his forehead which remained when he tried to rub it off. What could it be? Then he remembered the pressure of lips against this same place, lips that belonged to a woman who walked without making a sound, who disappeared into thin air. He tried to reassure himself, but to no avail. He kept feeling those wax-cold lips on his face.

He looked at his arm. There was a patch there too, running down to the wrist from a mark shaped like a small hand.

He held it away from him as if it had been touched by a leper. Soap and water did not help. He scrubbed his face until the skin was raw, but the spots did not rub off. He looked in the mirror above the basin. It seemed that the spot on his face was growing before his eyes! The other mark covered his arm completely now; it extended under his rolled-up sleeve.

What disease was it that left rotten white patches on the skin? Leprosy? No, it couldn't be anything that dreadful!----- but it was. Even as he watched the flesh began to split and peel away.

He fled shrieking out of the house, only to remember the dead man's body and rush back in. He ran to the antiquated telephone in the hall -- it was dead and choked with dust.

(continued on page 8)

CONCERNING SPECIFIC TIME

Page 5

by Roscoe E. Wright

Canadian Fandom

Rather often a science-fictionist applies pencil or typewriter to the task of concocting a time-travel story that usually involves altering history.

First I would ask: Can history take more than one definite course, rigidly 'defined' in the minutest detail by virtue of the first act at the beginning?

It would be best, I believe, to take this matter first from the standpoint of the physical and mechanical world.

For instance, if a gun were loaded to send a shell 8 miles straight up and the friction reduced that to 7.99 miles - under exactly the same circumstances, would you not get exactly the same results again?

For another example; a drunk driving through a bridge railing with sufficient force to land in the muck and mire 20 feet down-stream, would, under the exact circumstances, land in the same place he did the first time.

In other words, $2 + 2 = 4$, no matter how many times you work the factor. Hannibal would fail to take Rome for the same reason, no matter how many tries he made under conditions exactly the same as the first.

At least we know that the mechanical universe is bound by certain unalterable laws of action and reaction. The psychologist seems to be groping toward the specific conclusion that a specific mental set-up will react in a specific way to a specific stimulus, and now all they need to do is catalogue the "specific", the specific result of which will be to remove a specific amount of joy from our specific lives.

Therefore we can see that history of its own accord will not create different time-streams. In other words,

there can't be a history wherein Hannibal didn't take Rome, and one in which he did take Rome; there can't be a future wherein Quintus Q. Quegly broke his shoe-string at 7.30 A.M., July 27, and one wherein Quintus Q. did not.

The only way to get anything other than $2 + 2$ equals 4 is to add another factor and get $1 + 2 + 2$ equals 5, or anything you want. The result depends upon the other factor which is the proverbial time-machine.

Our time-traveller, J. B., can knock the drunk on the head and prevent his accident. He can get Billy Joes to brush his teeth with lifebouy, and bathe in Ipana so the cute little blonde will give a better answer. He can fool with Quintus Q's shoe strings or help Hannibal conquer Rome or shoot Columbus.

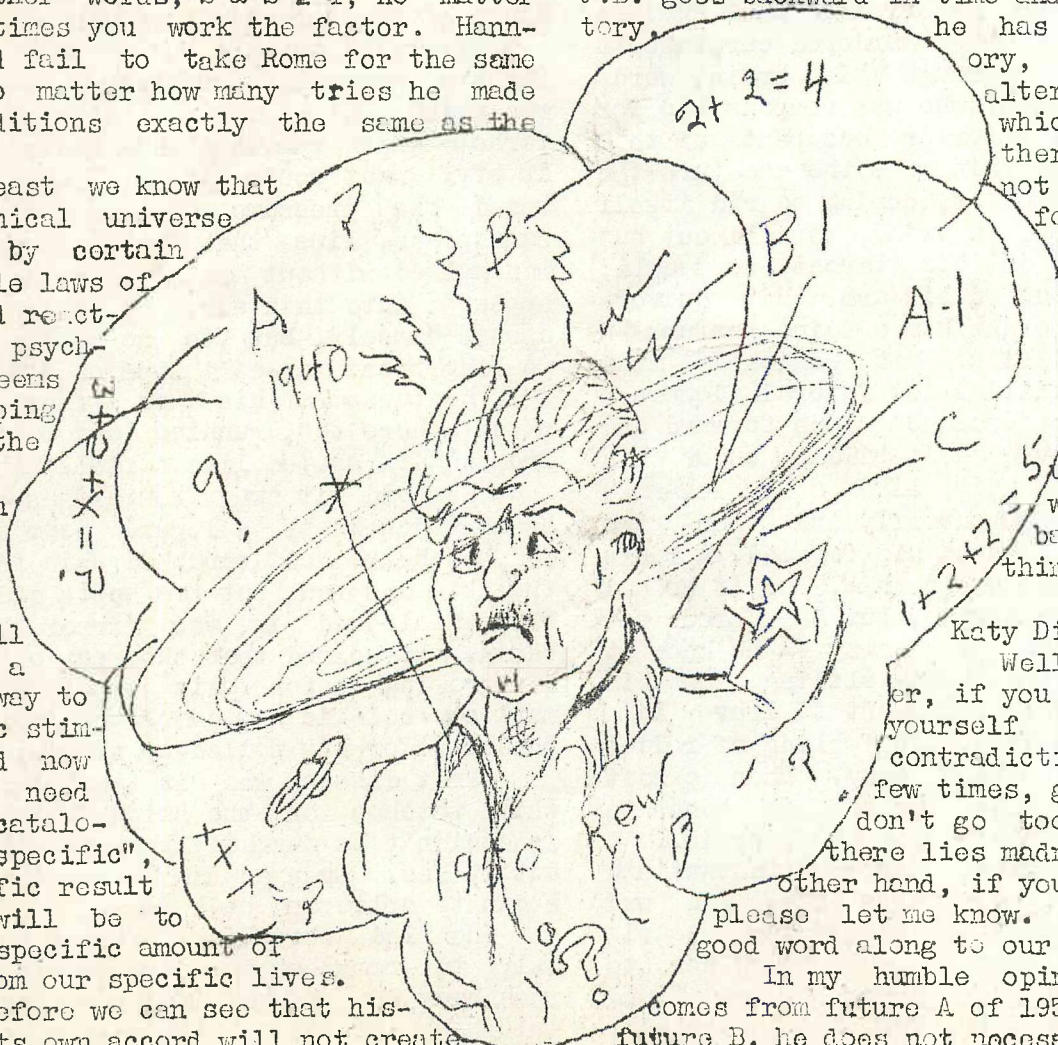
The pessimist will counter these claims with the old run-around thus: 'If J.B. goes backward in time and changes history,

he has altered history, and therefore altered the future which sired him, therefore he cannot exist, therefore he can't come back in time and change things". Here I might add, 'therefore the future is unchanged, and we have J. B. back changing things again.

Remember the Katy Did song?

Well, dear reader, if you want to chase yourself around that contradicting circle a few times, go ahead. But don't go too hard, for there lies madness. On the other hand, if you find a flaw - please let me know. I'll pass the good word along to our J.B.

In my humble opinion, if J.B. comes from future A of 1950 and creates future B, he does not necessarily destroy future A - for according to science nothing



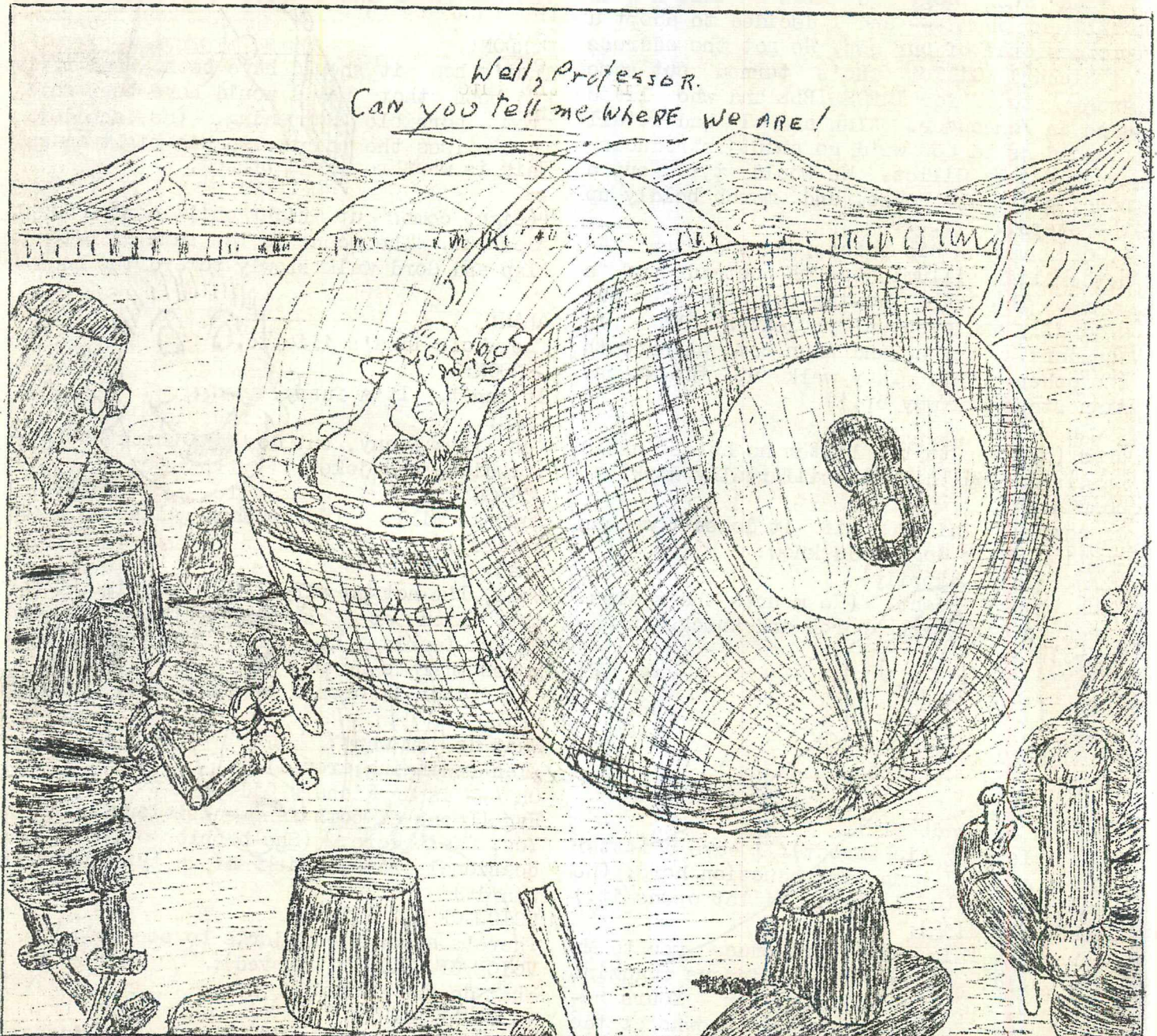
can be destroyed, and if time seems to parallel the physical world in other respects - action and reaction - it should also correspond in the matter of destruction. If J.B. exists in future A and also at the turning point in 1940 at a certain period he may continue his existence in future B if he goes about it right.

However, future A will be forever closed to him as in time there are only two motions possible, forward and backward. The only way to go off on a side trail is to create a new time-stream by influencing history. J.B. may go backward in time as far as he pleases, past the change from A to B, but as all things follow the line of

least resistance, if J.B. goes forward again he will follow into the latest time-stream he created.

He might create time-stream A-1 by preventing himself from making stream B while himself passes up himself and goes on up A-1 and then lets himself create what himself already created, with slight variations, of course, all of which very thoroughly complicates the affair.

Doubtless a man who conquers time will be at least a potential God, but, even if he is smart there will be tacks on his throne - mostly because, though a man with a backbone will have freedom of choice, he will not have freedom of taste.



This cartoon was submitted by Bob Gibson after the name of the mag had been changed from 8-BALL to CANADIAN FANDOM. It should hold some significance to those who remember former issues.

OUR PET AUTHOR

Page 7

by Alan Child

Canadian Fandom

The curtain rises and reveals absolute darkness. A spot-light goes on showing Gordon L. Peck standing in the centre of the stage holding a long wooden pointer. He smiles wearily at the audience.

GORDON:

Howdy. I'm going to tell you a rather sad story. It was really all caused by Croutch. He became acquainted with I.O. Scape Gogt (pronounced Gote) who, as you know, is a very good author. Well, Croutch made quite a fuss over Gogt so Alan -- that's Alan Child, my chum --- and I decided to adopt a professional of our own. We got the address of Richard Gillet who's turned out some great stuff for IMPOSSIBLE and who lives here in Vancouver. Alan and I had it all planned as to how we'd go about introducing ourselves to Gillet. We would type out a note, go to his house, and march boldly up the steps.....

((Gord raises his pointer to the right. Another light illuminates the outside of a house. The light showing up Gord goes out gradually and eventually leaves him in the dark. Then he and Alan come underneath the other spot. They walk up the steps. Alan stops halfway up.))

ALAN (motions to the letter he holds in his hand): Do you think it will really work?

GORDON:

Of course. And even if it doesn't we can mention Scape Gogt, you know.

ALAN (smiles happily)

Yeah, that's right. (He mounts the stairs, swaggers across the porch and knocks at the door.)

GILLET:

Yes?

ALAN:

Mr Gillet?

GILLET:

That's right.

(Gordon sighs deeply)

ALAN (clearing his throat): I have a letter of repro --- I mean, introduction here. (He hands Gillet the letter. Gillet opens it.)

GILLET (Reading):

Dear sir:- This will introduce you to Mr Alan Child, editor of the famous magazine MEPHISTO, and a well-known fan. Yours respectfully, Gordon L. Peck. (Frowns at the paper, then looks up) Well, I don't remember this Mr Peck, but I'm very pleased to

know you, Mr --- Child.

((They shake hands))

ALAN:

And this (he motions toward Gordon) this is Gordon L. Peck.

GILLET:

Oh yes -- huh? Oh -- ha-ha. That's a very funny joke. Ha-ha. Step inside won't you?

((They walk into the house and the spot goes out. Then Gord gets lit up again in the centre of the stage))

GORDON:

That's how it should have been. And if it had been that way I would have been saved from a horrible happening. (He shudders, then raises the pointer to his right again) This is what really happened.

((Light comes up right while centre light goes out. The scene is the same as before. Alan and Gord walk slowly toward the house))

ALAN:

The whole idea's idiotic.

GORDON:

It isn't. It's funny.

ALAN:

Yes, it's funny, but do you think he'll appreciate the joke?

GORDON:

Sure he will. (He pushes Alan up the stairs.)

ALAN:

Well, I'm not so sure. (They arrive at the top. Alan goes slowly to the door and knocks feebly. He turns to go.) Well, I guess there's no one in.

((The door is opened by a decrepit hag))

HAG:

What do you want?

Alan (swinging around):

Oh --- is Mr Richard Gillet in?

Hag (Looks at both fans suspiciously):

Yes. Wait here. (She hobbles off. The occasional click, click of a typewriter is heard.)

VOICE OF HAG WITHIN:

There's a couple of jerks to see you.

VOICE OF GILLET (annoyed):

What do they want?

VOICE OF HAG:

I'll see. (The slow click, click continues)

HAG: What do you want?

ALAN (proffers a letter nervously): Here's a letter of introduction. ((The hag snatches the letter from him and retreats, muttering to herself. The clicking stops again.))

VOICE OF HAG:

They gimme this letter.

((There is a mumbling sound as Gillet reads the letter))

VOICE OF GILLET:

Gordon L. Peck! Who the hell's he? I don't know him. Tell them to go and jump in the lake. Oh, why is it that every time I settle down to write a masterpiece some queer has to interrupt me?

((There is a faint sobbing noise, then the unconquerable typewriter plods on as the hag arrives. She throws the letter at Alan.))

HAG:

He don't know you. Now git.

GORD:

No, wait. My name's I.O. Scape Gogt. Tell him that. He knows me.

HAG:

Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? (She hobbles off. Again the 'typing' stops.)

VOICE OF GILLET:

Now what?

VOICE OF HAG:

One of them says his name's Billy Goat or something. No, it was Scape Gogt.

VOICE OF GILLET:

Oh it is eh? I'll go then. Out of my way, damn you! (There is a sound of a body hitting the floor.)

((Gordon nudges Alan and smiles. There is a pause. Then two eyes can be seen within the house --- one of them is closed. Slightly below the eyes there is visible the end of a rifle barrel. There is an explosion. The next minute Alan is running down the stairs dragging Gordon's corpse after him. The spot on the house goes out, and another comes up on Gordon, centre.))

GORDON (bitterly):

See what I mean?

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE UNCLEAN (cont from page 4)

He dared not go for help -- they would find the body. He would have to stay here in this horror-ridden hell-hole until he died a lingering death.

He slumped down against the wall, his hands over his face, and sank into a merciful lethargy. When consciousness returned he could see watery sunshine on the floor. He hazed around and then the events of the day and night came back to him in a numbing flood. The cracked mirror showed him that his forehead was covered with tubercular nodules and the whiteness extended down to his throat. He flung himself around in an extasy of horror, like an animal seeking relief from its misery. In the middle of the ceiling, a stout iron hook caught his eye. His crazed mind cleared. He wouldn't wait to die a lingering death; he would take the time-honoured way out, and foil the foul witch that was the author of his misery. He wouldn't give her the satisfaction of driving him mad.

Before his distended eyes was a vision of the man he had killed, cackling at him, his eyes wrinkled with mirth. The ghostly woman's laugh rang in his ears. He would get away from their hellish cacchination. He would hang himself, he would hang himself. He hummed this to a little tune as he set about his self-destruction.

On a large piece of cardboard he

scrawled:

LOOK OUT FOR LEPROSY. I WON'T WAIT TO ROT TO DEATH. THE WOMAN WITH THE TOUCH OF DEATH. BURN THIS HOUSE.

GUY ANDREWS

and put it on the table.

From the woodshed he brought a strong oily rope, and humming merrily he mounted the only kitchen chair and fastened one end to the hook, put a slip-knot in the other. He paused for a moment before he took the last step and pointed inanely toward the room where he had hidden the corpse. "I'm killing myself, I'm killing myself!" he croaked. He hummed again as he pulled the noose around his neck.

He kicked the chair out from under his feet --- the hum stopped abruptly.

III

Watkins, the 'ignorant' real estate man, and a state trooper found him there two days later in the same sickly patch of sunlight, his eyes filled with extramundane mirth. They cut him down, their minds full of questions.

Watkins spotted the pasteboard message on the table.

"Leprosy!" They drew quickly away from the grotesquely twisted body at their feet. The trooper leaned gingerly forward to examine Andrew's face.

"There isn't a mark on him!"

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MON.

Page 9

By Forrest J. Ackerman

Canadian Fandom

I never'd been in a hospital bfor -- that is, as a patient -- til that fateful day I was stricken with zymole trokeys. As it later developt, this was complicated by a simultaneous attack of rex morporoles.

It hapnd at the batlle of Whattacanal, on Barsoom, when my steed was shot from beneath me, with the result I got a sore thoat.

They took me on an improvised...well, U coud call it a stretcher, if U stretcht things a bit...to the hospital. It was 2 in the afternoon. A private started to type my life history. Only he couldn't type. When he askt what outfit I was connected with & I replyd 'HQ Co', he had to hunt half an hr for the Q, & finally gave up, striking an O, and then putting in the tail by hand.

When he got half thru his quiz, up to the point where I ran away from home at the age of 11 beuz my parents wanted to send me to military academy, he tore the form out of the machine in disgust and called a PFC to his aid.

Similiar proceedure.

After I'd workt up to a Sgt for my inquisitioner, I had a guy taking notes on me who at least coud use all 10 fingers. But Ackerman isn't such a hard name to spell, is it? Well, I wonder why he had me down as Akrem?

At 330 I was finally in a bunk (in a funk). If I'd had a nosebleed Idve bled to death long bfor that.

Well, they gave me a sedative; & when I woke some hrs later twas time for chow. They brot me a well-balanced meal, alryt; one well-balanced in my lap. Menu consisted of delicacys like potatoes au rotten, fryd eggshells & orange pool salad. Not very apeeling. Many a formerly omniverous stomach reputedly turned turtle on such a diet.

The fabulous tales of hand--holding with beautiful nurses were rudely shatterd. The only hand holding I got was when they took a specimen of my blood. The Hahn test I think they called it. After the vampire had sukt my anemic haemoglobins into a lil testube the size of a giant malt container, she held my Hahn.

Once my temperature got down to normal my pulse was proper -- I thot they'd let me out. But I made the fatal mistake of sipping some tomatoe juice just bfor the exam-

ining physicians made the rounds. When the Capt. stopt in front of me, a look of consternation flooded his features. "Nurse" he cryd. "Hemorrhage!" I could have told him what it was, but I never got a chance to talk. U can't very well, with an oxygen mask clapt on your face.

Later I was vaguely conscious of the doctor's ordering my sore throat 'irrigated' every 2 hrs. "What for?" I thot "So it can be cultivated --- & raise a victory garden?" Later I decided he'd said irritated. That was when they came 'round with the codliver oil.

The ultraviolet lamp was lousy, too. Have you ever been ultraviolated? I was burned up.

When I became an ambulatory patient; that is, one who coud walk; they let me do KP to regain strength. When they handed me a pail and told me to wash it on the outside, I did as instructed. Then they hollerd at me and said "What are you doing out there on the lawn with that pail? Come back inside here at once!" They were very unreasonable people, don't U agree?

They were going to let me go another time, but I sneezed.

So they put my feet in hot water with mustard. I prefer mustard on hot dogs, not MY dogs.

I nue the end was in syt when I secretly tested myself that nyt & got a negative reaction. That was when I hit my crazy bone & instead of jerquing violently it just raised a welt on my head.

Soon after that they came & said "U've been here long enuf for a patient with just s simple cold. U're a pedestrian now; we're going to send U back to active duty today, if U're OK." So they lookt me all over, & were just about going to dismiss me when a nurse pointed to the third finger on my left hand & shouted, just bfor she fainted, "Gangrene!" And I turned grene.

It was only ink from that blasted leaky fountain pen, but, then, I never had a chance to explain that. When they said "Surgery!", well, something just exploded inside of me. I saw red. That was the color ink I was using.

So they brot me this infirmiry blouse. This zoot-suit with the repeat pleat & tied side.

My strate-jacket!

(guess what)

COOKIN' WIT' GAS

Canadian Fandom

phewwww!

10.

FRANCIS T. LANEY CAN-FAN #4: cover is pretty poor, but is an improvement over number three. Contents page is fine and I hope it is in its permanent form. RENDEZ-VOUS is super-colossal, and John Hollis Mason rates a full-fledged 10 for his effort. There are flaws in the story, and I realize it is not immortal literature, but even so, this is just about as good as any fanzine can hope to get. Mason is your star; don't let him miss an issue. Hurter disappointed me this time. He's been getting better each issue, and this time he remained static. I think the main drawback is the uncanny resemblance to some of Campbell's editorials; a resumption of Hurter's own inimitable (!) style would improve it. CANNED GOODS is quite all right, but far too incoherent and choppy. I'm delighted to see Les try some restraint for a change, and believe that when the Kindly Old Gent gets more practise in underwriting he'll crowd Mason to a fare-ye-well. The poem (?) on page 8 is chiefly notable to me because of the frantic letter it drew from Wakefield explaining to me that the "certain Torontonion" was Mason rather than the doughty 4th horseman of The Acolyte. Hilbert's article is good stuff & highly informative, though I don't think it was so well-written. It sounds very much like a wholly unrehearsed letter. Child's series is still too short ---- if you want to get a higher rating from me, Alan, just double your wordage. Misfit misfitted me no end. Hurter, this is not worthy of your name. Light Flashes brought back those bitter sweet memories. Ah, nostalgia! Most of it was old stuff to me but Les did a typical Croutch job of spreading -- readable to say the least. The Tablet of Kyths is just too darn short. Make Margaret do a longer pure fantasy; she shows promise.

LIONEL INMAN I don't think I am well enough versed in Canadian fan affairs to comment on all your contents; what say I just give you the idea of my views...Your cover is bad. Maybe I could do you a cover (listen to the U.S. boys howl!). The first thing that strikes me as being good is your mimeography. I'm glad to say, yours is excellent. And I see you utilize most of the page, thus cutting out stencil wastage. Your contents page is all right, but a little too much like that of ACOLYTE. In fact, I suspect Laney gives you many of

your ideas. He tried this on me once! Your editorial is ok. You want suggestions for a new title? HMMMMMM, let's see --- why not 'The Electric Eye'? (Well, at least he tried:- ED) LIGHT FLASHES contains a lot of lively chatter, but the thing that interested me most was his casual reference to Vulcan, my fanzine. It seems that fate has played a great trick on Peck and I. Honest I've never heard of Peck before. But tell him to leave that title alone. My title first, you know! Unlike his, mine will be a Vulcan Pub., along with Apollo and Mars, published respectively by Joe Hensley, 411 S. Fess, Bloomington, Ind, and Van Splawn, 509 North Maple, Coffeyville, Kansas. Both are, of course, published in 'the States'.

ALAN CHILD So your mag shall be known forevermore by the name of CANADIAN FANDOM? That's a long time, chum. Change your mind before it's too late. Do you want this to happen?

SCENE:- Interior of Park Avenue House.

TIME:- 2407 A.D.

The three Taylor brothers are sweating over a printing press. ((Chee, a printing press))

A: To think that we must do this for the rest of our lives.

B: And that our children must take over after us.

C: It is the curse of the Taylor's.

A: If only our ancestor J.W. Taylor had not been so rash.

B: Let's not talk about it.

A: But I can't help it. Every night I dream of the hateful rag. Every morning I find letters awaiting me.

B (Shudders): Don't remind me. To-day it was Jackie Horner, jr. Yesterday it was Gab.

A (screaming): I can't bear it any longer.

B: And next week it's my turn to do the typing.

C: If our friends found out about this we would be ruined.

JESSIE E. WALKER Have just come to VOYAGE OF THE ASTRALS and have been getting a good laugh. Who is this Laney guy? Wish he had given a few details of the preparation for the Astral voyage, so we could try it on our own piano.

I missed the cartoons this issue. I agree with the Chinese that one picture is worth a thousand words.

(next page)

Guess I made a mistake in 'Cues From Science'. I should have said natural instead of legitimate and then Laney wouldn't need to worry. What I meant to convey was that fair hair and blue eyes need not represent European ancestry. Oh well, someone always sees things from another angle. That is what keeps the ball rolling.

Oh-oh: I see you have me labelled J. Walker on the back cover. Sounds too suggestive somehow.

ANDY ANDERSON Imagine my surprise when I got an order from a Canadafan (Al Betts) who said he saw my ad in your mag the day before I received it.

Cover - Fair enough. Am looking forward to seeing your litho cover of Canadafans' fotos. ((So am I bub, so'm I)) (There is a title for you:- Canadafans speak)

Behind What 8-Ball - You need a new title, but I'm not telling you anything. Rates high among editorial columnz.

Rendezvous -- Nice. In fact, purdy good. In fact, darn good, especially that catch ending.

Hurter Column --- FHJR did a simply wonderful job this ish, neatly combining the elements of a serious column with those of a humorous one. Just for the fun of it I got some of those chemicals, acted as if I was gonna mix 'em in Chem class yesterday and promptly got switched to a Physics course, where it is much harder to get at explosive chemicals --- like it better too. Enuff of this, back to FHJR. Being just short of ultimate perfection for this type of column, I rate it merely 9.999

Canned Goods - Fair, no comment.

I Cover The Pulpz - Didn't particularly care for it, but those of you who know the guy would like it better.

Laney - pure corn, but delightful.

The Elysian Fields - I didn't particularly care for this, but it is a good series, and you should continue it by all means.

Cooking with Gas - Nice, in its way, but far too short. Then, too, you ought to carry a greater variety of letters, from more people. You almost always have missives from Laney, Child, Mason, Croutch and Hurter, and that's all. ((Now we've got you too; satisfied?))

Light Flashes - excellent addition to CF. Goes well with S & S, and since they are of very different types, neither conflicts with the other.

The Tablet - Soorry. No Like.

Comments on general appearance, etc:-

Ahh! Improved 100%. Headings neater with lettering guides. Contents page does much to improve mag. Suggestions:- add interior art and back cover. Illustrate fiction. Put out once a month. This has nothing to do with general appearance, but it would be nice.

GMR BOB GIBSON Herewith, I belatedly pick 8-BALL to pieces, so duck.

The delay has been mostly due to the amount of travelling to be done in a given time at a given speed. The speed had to average 12.5 mph, and did not include night convoys this time, so you can see that we didn't have much time to write in. Breakfast was at 5 A.M. on far too many days, so that we could move by the time we could see; dinner was two sandwiches, taken during one of the bi-hourly twenty minute halts (each less time lost by traffic stoppages, etc.) and supper at 9p.m. (2100 hrs) The cooks were sent ahead at higher speed, so we could eat when we stopped. Fortunately we had little rain. Unfortunately there was no writing time except after dark, and no light. Alas, nor any LIGHT.

But now we are quartered in some high muckamuck's mansion and have artificial light, so can now set the Ball rolling.

Peck has put a most unwarlike-looking little man in the 2065 fracas. One thing, he can shut up like an oyster by drawing his hatbrim down into his cockpit rim.

The editor ran away with himself quite entertainingly. I noticed one sentence - "Grant.....is somewhat influenced by Poe, however, much of the stuff he turns out is quite entertaining." There's a wealth of criticism in that 'however'. ((What I really intended to imply was that most of the writers who copy Poe, especially younger writers, tend to turn out very poor stuff)).....poor old Poe.....He's turned so often the bottom of his grave is nearly worn through.....won't the Australians be surprised when he pops out?

Like the idea of 'Cues From Science', but not the one chosen. It has not been used very often in sf, true, but adventure particularly juvenile - has been shot through with white Amerinds. A. Wyatt Ver-rill ((That's what I make out his writing to say; hope it's right)) who discovered one of the tribes of them, did not, so far as I know, use them in a story. My guess is that he had too much sense.

Stuff & Such isn't quite so deep this
(continued on page 14)

LIGHT FLASHES

Canadian Fandom

by Leslie A. Croutch

12

And so another month rolls around. Greetings, all you nice people, and may your hair never turn to silver, and most certainly never disappear. Things in the old racket are still booming, though whether to a positive or negative end I wouldn't dare prognosticate. A nice word that - a nice real \$5.19 word - cut down from \$6 - November fire sale! In Canada fandom is still wavering - some disappear, some return to the fold. Our magazines seem to be hanging on by tooth and nail, and one even managed to lift its weary head in a dying wail. One pro-artist has put in word to let me know he is still alive, and one pro-author followed suit. Everybody seems to be busy as hades at one thing or another, and most are apparantly flush with cash. ((Eh! Eh! What's cash?))

But down to brass tacks after trying, perhaps vainly, to whet your appetite with the foregoing paragraph.

First for the magazine situation. UNCANNY TALES fooled most into thinking it was staging a comeback, but I have it on good authority that it was all just an attempt to get rid of the last of the material the publishers still had kicking around the office. I don't expect to see it some out again, though surprises never fail to occur. In the States things are moving around, as usual. Those Americans are clever people, one must admit. Everytime they do something they do it in a big way. Street and Smith carried on the tradition by putting out the Twins in large format. Then the paper cut came along and the Twins got whittled down, no doubt to the glee of some of their compeditors. ASTOUNDING is still going strong, but UNKNOWN is rapidly degenerating into a sheeted spirit. Latest rumour from the mouth of the horse is that Campbell is cutting it still further. Taking it off regular publication date and making it a so-called pocket book monstrosity. Shades of F. Orlin Tremaine! I'll have more to say about Campbell in a later paragraph. AMAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES have been cut to 210 pages, but this is still a good 25¢ worth. The latter is going bi-monthly and AMAZING is skipping the odd month - again the paper cut. After making a play for monthly position, PLANET reverted to quarterly. Incidentally, I think kudos for the best readers' department in any fantasy porzine go to PLANET. They offer original cover paintings for 1st

2nd and 3rd best letters as voted by the readers in each issue. I must admit the letters are really something - better than some of the stories, in fact. FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES is going stronger than ever publishing fantasy books. The December 1943 issue sports one by Leslie Mitchell, "Three Go Back". It is a story of three castaways from today, plunged into the dawn of time. Other stories in this number are William Hope Hodgson's "The Derelict", Robert W. Chambers' "The Mask", and what must be an original by an ex-fan who is making a name for himself, Ray Bradbury's "King of the Gray Spaces". On the sidelines we find Popular's ARCOSY going slick, large format and increased price.

In fan doings in Canada things are just about the same. CANADIAN FANDOM is the only active fanzine right at present, though LIGHT is being planned for resumption as a quarterly FAPA publication. The policy of the latter will be changed in that no subscriptions will be accepted and the type of material printed will be even more startlingly written than before as no attempt will be made to cater to a paying reader audience. In the U.S. Bob Tucker's very entertaining magazine LE ZOMBIE is in danger of death for the time being, ot should I say "suspended animation" because Bob is threatened with a pack sack, a drill sarge, and k.p. In other words, Tuck may become a draftee any day now.

John G. Hilkert, one time fantasy artist of our pubs turned up in the U.S. army. He's at present hanging his b.v.d.'s at Camp Claiborne, La. One of those guys that paints stripes on Zebras to make 'em look like elephants. You know --- camouflage! Thomas P. Kelley didn't die as I was afraid, not hearing from him for such a length of time. He is still writing, having submitted, or rather, having sold one to Popular, one to Adventure. He is working on an honest-to-God novel in the interim. At present he is a war worker for Dominion Bridge.

Gossip from South of the Border: Leslie, wife of Frederick Pohl, files suit for divorce....Lowndes doesn't marry, don't ask me why. Maybe the girl couldn't live with some of the horrible things Doc dreams up....Wollheim working on publisher to put out a second Pocket-book of Science-fiction....Out in Hollywood, Ackerman finally meets his heart-throb, that Landis lassie,

and in her dressing-room, too. Latest report is that the mighty man is still steaming.....Cosmic Circle outfit raises mess all over - seems the fans don't like this new stf organization, and Yerke, well-known west-coast fan, publishes a "Report to Fandom" upholding his argument very nicely. Can it be another feud is shaping up?.....Read in a certain mag that there is supposed to be some well-known Hollywood male who writes stf for AMAZING under a pen-name. Egad, can it be Count Dracula?... Slan Shack founded by the Ashley's at Battle Creek, Mich. This is an establishment where eligible slans can board and otherwise hide from public gaze....And one final crack - I still maintain contrary to all negative evidence, that YNGVI IS NOT A LOUSE!!!!!!

Latest word from our fans overseas: Godfrey has arrived in England and is doing well though he deplores the scarcity of good Canadian food and other staples of life. Bob Gibson is still in England and shipping books over. Ted White is holding down the fort in Sicily very well. Said he got sick eating fresh fruit and almonds,, remarks poverty of the people is depressing and that riches and affluence sit side by side with utmost degradation of the masses in a manner that is almost nauseating. Last letter from him was enclosed in a pinkish sort of envelope which he said was either German or Italian as it was left among articles by retreating enemies. He sends greetings to all the Canadian fans at home.

And now for the Campbell blast. I once before jumped on Campbell in AD ASTRA, defunct Chicagozine, to which Campbell was gracious, or may it have been "mad enough"? to reply. This time I ask the question - How much longer will ASTOUNDING continue under the Campbell banner? Now I don't want you to blame Beak for anything I say. These are my own opinions and thoughts and I am responsible for them and no one else. I know Campbell is a fine writer, and he is also a fine editor, but of late I believe he is getting just a little too staid, too conservative in his policy. He is sacrificing real live plots, meaty situations, ideas, for writing. He is after composition and grammar and forgetting that only the literate, the professors, the elite of the educational world, delight in a polished gem that is grammatically correct, that hasn't a split infinitive, that never has a sentence lacking in pronoun, subject and verb. It is fine to have such stories. I wouldn't want to see crudely-written af-

fairs that shrieked to the skies. But I do believe there can be extremes. In the past year ASTOUNDING has been losing its freshness, its charm. It has become pedantic, slow, heavy. It bores one to the point where one cannot read for long without laying it down with a yawn. I know I am that way. The trouble with Campbell right now is that he is requiring his writers to slant too severely. He is binding them down with preconceived notions of this and that. I think he should have one or two or even three stories per issue where novel ideas, mutants, nova stories, are presented, where the plot, the idea, is considered foremost and grammatical errors excused. Stories, in other words, written for pure entertainment, and to hang with being correct, scientifically and historically. He did present a few, but lately he is getting afraid, yes, afraid, scared to death of printing something that will someday be proved wrong. He is trying to picture the future too accurately, and he is therefore typing his authors to a strictly Campbell future. I could here commit the old sin of saying, "remember such and such a story?" but I won't, for I believe present day writers are just as capable of turning out fine fiction as those of the past. The trouble is, editorial slanting won't let them do so. ASTOUNDING today is Campbell.. Every story is Campbell. Even van Vogt, a fine writer, but forced to slant to sell, is falling into the Campbell rut. I believe van Vogt, Williamson, Smith, and others could write some swell, startlingly new ideas in a new way IF Campbell would let them. Now I don't believe in blood and thunder ALL THE TIME. Neither do I want to go to school to study semantics, philosophy, grammar, and future history ALL THE TIME. In other words, ASTOUNDING isn't balanced fare. Let each issue contain something more fantasy than stf, more blood and thunder than grammar. There are about 6 stories to an issue - let one be out and out fantasy, even of the UNKNOWN type; let one be blood and thunder that a ten year old could wallow in; let one be stodgy and conservative and dry as dust.

To remedy this I think a different co-editor than Miss Tarrant would do the trick. A man who believed in low down fantasy, blood and thunder. One would then balance the other. One would demand action, mystery, novel experiences, new ideas that whetted your interest. Campbell would demand good writing, plausible treatment, decent development of plot. Then maybe we would get both, and not only the one to the

complete sacrifice of the other. But the way it is I won't be surprised if ASTOUNDING follows UNKNOWN before 12 months are out. Right now I'll bet AMAZING, for all they say about it, beats ASTOUNDING in sales and circulation. Dammit, it must, for look at the facts: can a magazine print so many pages, run so many new stories, pay writers as well as AMAZING, month after month if it isn't selling and making money out of it? ASTOUNDING is neat, and beautiful to the eye, but who buys a chromium-plated automobile with a faulty motor?? Don't give us a package, give us contents.

In other words, Mr Campbell, though I doubt you will ever see this, for God's sake quit giving us writing, give us stories!

I have said my say and now I rest. If this opens up a field for argument, then I am happy. I doubt if it'll have any effect on Campbell; I'm not that egotistical. But I felt this and I had to say it. Some of you will disagree, but I don't care. I still remember that line attributed to an ex-editor of Argosy, who said: "Hell, I don't buy grammar and composition. I buy STORIES!"

FANTASITE

The current issue of The Fantasite offers the following items for your enjoyment: "Pipedream", an article by Milton A. Rothman; "The Fan Field After the War", by T. Bruce Yerke; "Man of a Thousand Faces", an article about the original Lon Chaney by Ronald Clyne; "The Stapelcon", by Forrest E Ackerman --- an absorbing account of what transpired when the Effjay visited 'Frisco Fandom, plus interesting sidelights on the local fans; "Fantasy Book Reviews", by Samuel D. Russell; and an article by Harry Warner, jr., on Stephen Vincent Benet. Lithographed cover, and photo-page. 10¢, 3 for 25¢, from Phil Bronson, 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, California, USA.

ATTENTION, CANADIAN FANDOM

This is your chance to get an excellent fanzine. Featured regularly are such figures among fandom as: Stanley Haynes, Russell Gale, Joe Hensley, N-Man, Gerry de la Ree, jr., Duane W. Rimel, Frank Wilimczyk, Andy Anderson, and several others. Why not mail a dime for a sample issue; 3 for 30¢.

THE VULCAN

Lionel Innman, editor
Route 1
Ripley,
Tennessee
USA

L A T E F L A S H E S

H

Here's some last-minute dope on ASTOUNDING: it is going to continue as a monthly, BUT - there is a change in format. It changes to pocket-size, 176 pages, 16 of them in rotogravure so that photographs can be used. These photographs, however, will be ones connected with articles only. Everything else remains same, price as far as I know, policy details, and so forth. Watch the howl that this sets up among fans who collect their ASTOUNDINGS. Watch them bewail the appearance of a third format to mess up their book-shelves. Watch fans who bind their copies, among them being Fred Hurter, curse Campbell to the skies. As for myself, I'll wait and see and then judge.

It's final now - UNKNOWN WORLDS went out with the October issue, but the "suspended animation" stunt is slated for "the duration only". Trouble is - nobody says

COOKIN' WIT' GAS (cont. from page 11)

time - such solid basic material can't always be available, but it's a welcome column.....seems to me a physicist would suggest that CHARIS have the wrong end of the stick - but it seems that advertising must be misleading to be effective. Or so say all the agencies. (By their works ye shall know them) But Fhjr need not fear indigestion from four-dimensional chocolate bars. When he has overindulged in them all he need do is step sharply sideways and leave the tetradimensional matter where it was. He is not advised to thus relieve himself in a room with a good carpet - or at least not to be caught. The carpet's owner could hardly be expected to know that a shake of the rug would precipitate the mess into the flat below.

for the duration of what.

(That's all)

STUFF & SUCH

Well, here we are again. "No, no," you say. "Yes, yes," I say. Well, anyway, here we are.

Let me begin with a correction. The latin for river is flumen, but the latin for lightning is FULMEN. Can't you ever type straight, Beak? Or maybe it was my error; anyway, it should have been obvious that fulminate is derived from fulmen and not flumen.

Continuing this explosive subject; engineering students have to write a summer essay every year to be handed in at the beginning of the next term. This summer I wrote an essay on "The Manufacture and Testing of Mercury Fulminate and Lead Azide". When I handed it to the manager of the munitions plant, it was passed on to Allied War Supplies, who said it was secret secret stuff, and could not be made public. So what will finally happen is that a man from the head office will have to bring it to the professor, wait till he reads it, snatch it out of his hands, and return with it to the head office, from whence it will be sent in the secret files to Ottawa. At Ottawa it will be photostated, sent to munitions plants for training purposes.

Stf and fantasy seems to be cropping up in TIME quite often lately. Can it be there are stf fans on the staff? When one sees expressions such as, "she gravitated towards him with the speed of an interplanetary rocket", one begins to wonder. Also in TIME appeared the following item:

"Hollywood Manufacturer Ralph Gordon Fear, 55, has interesting theories about time and reincarnation.....last week wife No. 2, ex-secretary Arline Peak Fear, applied for divorce, tried to explain it all to judge H. M. Willis. Said she: "Ralph Gordon Fear married his first wife only 800 years ago. But when he was a Roman warrior (2300 years ago to be exact) he had married an earlier incarnation of Arline Peak Fear." Result: wife no 2 recognized wife No. 1's seniority quietly got her divorce, and \$2,000, 000. Describing the first meeting of Mr Fear and the two Mrs Fears, Arline Fear testified; "Out at the desert cottage we died again, time rolled on and I passed out from too many

drinks!"

Well, as has been said, there are people, and there are people. But then I should perhaps warn the dear readers that I am a reincarnation of Ghengis Khan.

Bluary Street here in Montreal, has a nice row of second hand book stores. I pop in some of them every so often, and manage to get a few books that I have been looking for some time. Last week I picked up a book called, "Atlantis, the Antidiluvian World". It is the most complete book on Atlantis I have yet seen. It's a 500 page volume, with maps, charts, history of Atlantis, illustrations of relics etc. Some day I'll write a short article for CanFan based on the material from this volume.

By now most readers have seen what the Bazooka, the American secret anti-tank weapon is. I suspected for some time before details were released that it was a rocket-gun, as I built a number of rocket models a few years ago at Iroquois Falls and launched them from tubes. I also wouldn't be surprised if the bazooka were invented by some stf fan or author.

Well, now I come to a little proposition I'd like to put up to Canadian Fans. I know a group of amateur publishers here in Montreal, who would consider putting out a printed fanmag. But here's the rub. If they do this, they want to be sure to clear a dollar or two on the issue, and I know only too well that few fanzines rake in profit. This would mean subscriptions for at least 100 copies in advance. The magazine would be a 6 x 9 inch affair, priced at 15 - 25 cents, printed on good heavy stock and having 22 - 42 pages. Judging from their other publications they would do a very neat job of putting it out. For the first issue, I had thought of using reprints of the best stories that have appeared in MEMPHISTO, LIGHT, CENSORED, and CANADIAN FANDOM, plus any other top rate material and department I can get. If the first issue proved a success, they would consider trying to sell it on the stands. Well, what do you think of it?

adios

FHjr

If you're interested, get in touch with Fred at 85 Hudson Street, Town of Mount Royal, PQ

THE WEEPER

Canadian Fandom

by Leslie A. Croutch

16

".....to be hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!" entoned the black-robed justice, and his words echoed through the sombre stillness of the crowded courtroom. Then the condemned man was led away, and the crowd moved whisperingly from the room where justice and death were meted out. The burly policeman on guard was about to close the massive twin doors when through them walked slowly the little man. There was that about him which was so different from the usual courtroom spectator that the cop didn't have the heart to order him to move on.

Small he was. Not over four feet tall, he was clad in a long drab coat that almost hit the toes of his scuffed shoes. On his head was perched squarley a rusty black bowler. Under his arm he carried a massive book, a leather-bound book with frayed edges and the appearance of being much handled, much referred to. But what drew the officer of the law's attention were his heavenly sky-blue eyes; eyes that held a wealth of sadness, of suffering. From them in two streams down his cheeks poured the tears. And from his gray, trembling lips came the whispered words:

"Too late - too late. Always too late,....."

The bomber with the crooked cross laid the final egg with almost human spitefulness. And in the crowded tenement below, a dozen women, three with children in arms, died beneath the flaming ruins. The screaming sirens came - the twisting lines of hose poured water into the flames. The sky was lit with the ruddy glow of death. The London bobbies held back the would-be helpers, inexperienced helpers that would have hindered, and laboured through the night. When dawn finally came the last pitiful body was laid beside its comrades on the wet pavement. From the skies there came a thin, gentle rain, as though the very elements were weeping at this crime on mankind.

And among the relatives and friends there moved a little man. The tall ARP man saw him and wondered. Incongruous he was in his rusty bowler and with the great book he carried. He moved down the line and as he went his stature became less, and his shuffling gait became slower. At the end he shook his head and moved on. The ARP man, thinking to help, stepped up.

"Miss someone sir?" he asked, respect-

fully.

Up came the old, old face. Out of eyes, sky-blue eyes that mirrored all the weariness of mankind, streamed the twin rivulets. And from the sad, sad mouth came the strange words.

"Too late - always too late - and it's all my fault - all my fault!".....

The uniformed man with the gold cross on his collar closed the black book and bowed his head. The murmured words seemed to carry out through the steaming jungle, seemed to quell the sound of the screaming bombs, the moaning planes far above, desecrating God's limitless vault. The boy, hardly out of his teens, who should have been jerking sodas in the corner drug-store, or maybe fixing the auto for the man down the street, smiled bravely through the agony that lined his features. His hand fought to grip the other's for one convulsive instant before dropping away.

Slowly the priest rose to his feet. Slowly he replaced his cap. Slowly he turned - and halted. Surprise twisted his features - for how could it be. There in the jungle, hundreds of miles away from decent civilization. His long coat was dusty and travel-stained. His scuffed shoes muddy. Down the cover of the great book he bore under one arm ran the twin trails of moisture. But what struck straight to the priest's heart was the terrible sadness of the low tones, the tones that carried as their burden all the self-adjudged guilt of the ages.

"And I could have prevented it all - but I was too late....."

The man of the cloth, labouring over the finishing touches of the sermon he was to deliver the next day heard nothing. But standing before his desk a little man in a rusty bowler. He was a little annoyed, for, good man though he was, he disliked being disturbed at his religious labours.

"Well?" he demanded a trifle angrily, I fear, "What can I do for you my good man?"

Through the tears a sweet smile blossomed forth, like sunshine after a storm, and suddenly the whole room was goldenly warm. Warm with the precious softness of something fine and gracious, though perhaps a trifle tired.

"Is there something I can do for you?" Again the man asked the question, and this

time his voice was softer.

The little man nodded. He held forth with both hands the massive leather-bound book, so frayed at the edges. He opened it, and the dust motes stirred in the gentle draft created by its opening. He pointed to the open page with one trembling finger.

The minister looked. He shook his head, and leaned closer. Then he glanced up. "I can see nothing," he said, angry at what he suddenly felt was some sort of a hoax. "The page is blank. Is this what you have come to show me? If so, please leave at once. I have an important sermon to finish writing."

The little man's eyes refilled with tears. "Empty?" he asked. "Empty, you say? No, not empty. Only men's souls are empty. You say this page is empty. No, it is full, full....."

The minister snorted. "I have eyes my man! That page is empty. Now if you will leave - my sermon must be finished." Here he almost visibly swelled. "It must be finished. I have a message, an important message for my congregation. This world is filled with so much pain and sorrow - we need patience - and courage in this time of testing."

"Time of testing!" the words burst forth. "Time of testing! He does not know this is a time of testing. He does not know this is going on. A mistake was made in the Great Plan. A mistake - a part left out."

The minister arose. He pointed somewhat dramatically to the door. "If you do not leave immediately, I shall phone for a policeman. You must be mad to talk this way. Blasphemer!"

And so he went. On the street he walked alone, the old head bowed, the scuffed shoes shuffling, the little drops of moisture marking his trail. He walked a long way before he knew where he was. There, before the great, imposing building, he paused. Drawn as he always was by human suffering, he mounted the broad steps and entered between the imposing colonnades. Inside, he found his way down the marble corridor and through the great twin doors. There he watched while one man was crucified by cruelty and bigotry - by complete ignorance, deliberate and calculating - for the feelings and cares of a precious soul. There he heard the sentence of death.

".....and it is all my fault. All my fault. I could have prevented it. Could have prevented it."

The policeman stepped forth and took

him by the arm. A nut? He didn't know, but in his bewilderment he took refuge in a familiar action.

"Here, here now! What's goin' on?" he demanded. "What's all your fault? What could you have prevented?"

The little man stopped. He looked up. In the other's eyes he saw something, something not found anywhere else except in a dying boy's eyes in a far-off jungle. He suddenly smiled and the tears almost vanished.

"Mayhap you will understand," he whispered. "Yes, mayhap you will understand. Look, my man, look -" and he flung open the book at a certain page.

The cop's eyes fell on that page. He saw fine writing - strange diagrams - but he understood them not. "What is this, a picture-book?" he demanded.

"Then - then you see? You see? I knew someone could. For only a man with a true soul could see. He didn't see - and he said he must write a sermon. But you see - look - this is the plan - the plan I was sent to get. He had to have it or else the work would be unfinished. Untold harm would be the result. But I was late - I didn't get there in time. The Great Construction was finished and this plan was not in it - so the Edifice is incomplete. And now we have, because of that incompleteness - misery - and suffering - and crime - and sin - and wars. You see -" and the words came tumbling out - "You see, this book contained the Priceless Formula by which man could overcome sin. Without it he is helpless. The other One can do as he wishes."

The cop stared, and he dropped his hand. Book? Great Plan? Something left out of some job - something someone was making. Then as he stared a verse came to his mind, And his memory took him back to a little room wherein a sweet-faced girl read out of another great Book. And he heard her voice, saying:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.....and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made."

The little man smiled a little through the tears. "You see?" he said, "You see? Seven days - and I was sent for the plan. But the Dark One - the Fallen One halted me, and when I got back it was the eighth day."

And was it the cop's imagination, or did he, in the dimness of the corridor, see a faint light above the rusty bowler. Maybe it was his imagination, but for the rest of his days he swore it was a halo.

(The End)

MAN IN THE MOUNTAIN

Canadian Fandom

by Beak Taylor

18

Faintly in the dim blue distance glimmered a ridge of hills, towards which wended a small party, squinting at the mountains and then at the sun as they moved through the wastes of sand. The hottest part of the day was still to come, and yet it was imperative that they cover the few remaining miles before nightfall. Or so thought Dwight Brewer, brilliant but overzealous leader of the expedition, whose eternal thirst for knowledge of such things as prompted this hasty pilgrimage had led him to be on hand when the band was picked. Rumours of strange happenings had filtered in through the uncertain word of wandering Arabs. None seemed to agree on all points, except for one or two that seemed obviously exaggerated. Who, for instance, had ever seen a pyramid which moved from one place to another? Who, also, had ever seen a snowfall in that desert country. Yet such was the word of the Arabs.

Brewer, therefore, was prepared for something quite out of the ordinary. It seemed hard to believe that a plot of land which one night was vacant, except for a few huts, should the next be occupied by a pyramid of unheard-of size; but all the tales contained that information, strange as it was. From whence could such a thing have come? Many of the natives had fled, fearing the wrath of their deserted gods was upon them, while others cowered in their huts, offering prayers and supplications.

The Egyptian Archaeological Society, interested and confused, sent men to investigate the pyramid, and at the same time calm the berserk natives.

Under the command of Dwight Brewer, they had made good time. Too good, for many were near the exhaustion point, and still he urged them on.

Dwight Brewer was an unusual man; he had his own ideas about everything, from the birth of civilization to the building of the pyramids. Believing that the latter were not fabricated by human hands, he was anxious to see what was behind the mystery of the hills.

That night they camped at the foot of a range of mountains which surrounded a plateau some five miles in diameter. It was on this that the mysterious pyramid had appeared. Even in the sun they noticed the uncanny coldness of the air, and at night

fell, it became almost unbearable.

In the morning the task of reaching the plateau was begun. Travelling at night is best over the hot desert sand, but here the uncertain footing made it impossible.

They reached the almost deserted village before nightfall, but upon questioning the natives about the new arrival, could obtain no definite information, except that it had come in the night amidst a burst of light. The chief was the only man not overawed by its presence, but vouchsafed nothing except that it had lowered his population by over fifty. He was quite happy; seven were his wives.

The next morning they examined the pyramid, which was not a pyramid at all, but a cone-shaped object, the likes of which they had never seen before. For ten days they investigated, made calculations, pacified frightened natives, checked the construction, and discovered nothing. On the third day they noticed the frigid air was becoming warmer; on the tenth it was normal. Work ceased until further equipment arrived.

Brewer, disappointed at the lack of information obtained, was playing poker with one of the men, when a sudden commotion aroused him. He sprang to the window in alarm, rifle ready for a native uprising. What he saw was a hord of natives running wildly past his hut, and in the distance the figure of a man, of unbelievable stature.

It was the owrk of a moment to rally his men, and strongly armed, they set out to find what manner of creature this was. They were joined by several natives as they went through the village.

The colossus met them at the outskirts. Its face was twisted with agony, its monstrous hands clenched and unclenched, torture showing in every line off its fifty-foot body, which was strangely human. Suddenly noticing the insignificant band of men at its feet, it uttered a fierce bellow, deafening them. Tottering slightly, it bent down, grasped several natives in a cavernous hand, and raised them high into the air. The thunder of rifles, the agonized screams of the victims, and the creature's awesome mouthings mingled into one clamourous discord. Bullets bothered the giant not a whit; they merely rebounded, but it seemed nearly mad with pain of some

other kind. Its hand flailed, and buildings and natives toppled like hay before a scythe.

It sank to its knees. A devastating change brought cries of astonishment to their lips, for folds of its flesh seemed to be flowing down over one another, like hot candle wax. Natives slipped from softening hands, and it slowly crumpled to the ground.

After an analysis, Dwight Brewer turned puzzledly to his assistant.

"It certainly isn't from this planet," he exclaimed, holding up a sample of the creature's body; "This stuff is like nothing on earth. It's something new entirely. God knows how the animal was ever able to stand against our gravity. It must have had terrific strength."

He pointed to the cone which had a huge portion pushed away. "I guess it came in that. Probably some sort of a spaceship, though I haven't seen much of the inside."

"Yeah. But I wonder why it was so much like us. Why should the inhabitant of another planet resemble a human being?"....

Far away, on a world revolving about another sun, two scientists were watching banks of instruments and sighing sadly. One turned to his companion:

"It looks hopeless," he muttered, "Czergill's instruments record nothing but intense heat and the presence of a deadly gas. What agonies he must have gone through before death. The third planet is certainly uninhabitable."

"And calculations show that it is the outermost of that system which will escape the ravages of the nebula."

"yes. The outer planets, as well as our own are in the path of the invader. Nothing can save us; planet 3 was the last hope."

They turned again to the huge bank of indicators. Both were quiet, musing on the destruction which seemed a certainty.

"How did our ancestors ever manage to reach that planet in the time of the Great Eruption?" questioned one, "Surely it was then as now. Perhaps even hotter. And you know how heat affects us."

"No one will ever know how that was done. All their records, left behind in the hurry to leave, or perhaps for the benefit of those who might escape, show nothing that they did in preparation for the trip, other than the building of the great ships and instruments. I myself believe that they were a far advanced race from us. The few who were trapped in the great pock-

et, and fortunately escaped the mighty explosion of the sun, to start our race anew, must have been ignorant laymen, unacquainted with science. What knowledge we have has been gleaned from the records discovered during the ninetieth year. There must be more."

And there were more, enclosed in metal but buried far out of ken beneath the earth. And in those records was knowledge untold. Details of atom-splitting, of transmutation of elements. They told how the atoms of the body were rearranged so that the trip could be made; how picked colonists were transformed to stand greater heat, forced to breathe oxygen, and reduced in size in proportion to that of the planet and its great gravity. However, this rejuvenation produced a deterioration of mentality to almost idiocy. The strain on the brain was too much, and those who arrived on the planet were little better than raving maniacs. Two thousand were sent, all which could be accommodated in space ships before the searing, blasting wave of heat swept the surface of their home planet, changing it to a molten mass, and from which, by a miraculous accident, fifty of the remaining billions escaped.

Soon another and different cataclysm was about to take place, but earth would receive no more colonists from afar. She had her quota, multiplied aplenty.

- the end

CLUSTER

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Sometimes in your nightmares you've dreamed of this. 24 pages of messy hektoing, strictly potboiler hack ---- 'In Defense of Cap. Future,' by the Chap's most moronic fan, Chad Oliver -- maybe a story by Paul Miles, who writes for AMAZING (Bill Calderon) - etc but don't say we didn't warn you

Ray Karden
409 Twelfth St
Cloquet, Minn.
USA

CUES FROM SCIENCE

I think this one merits considerable research, and at least a full-length novel!!

With the arrival of aerial photography, King Arthurs Table has come to light in the giant effigies at Glastonbury in Somerset. The Pilgrim's Path, (now a motor road) forms a circle ten miles in diameter, which encloses huge mounds representing each sign of the zodiac in proper rotation and conformation, so that the stars of each constellation coincide with the figure representing it. The figure for the lion is three miles long.

Any one interested should borrow the book 'Glastonbury's Temple of the Stars', by John M. Watkins, from the Theosophical Lending Library, 52 Isabella Street, Toronto, Ontario. It contains fifteen Ordnance survey maps 10" by 12" showing the temple as a whole, and each effigy separately, giving all the present day street

names, roads, houses, etc., bearing names that relate to these long-forgotten figures.

This magnificent undertaking was completed at least 4000 or 5000 years ago, when the equinoctial line lay in Taurus. This would place a highly developed civilization in the British Isles in the days of Babylon and Egypt.

The book gives countless relation between these figures and the tales of Arthur and his court. Also names and suggestions that fire the imagination of any science-fiction fan.

Here's hoping someone will write a story worthy of these by-gone builders!!

This verse by Dmitre Merejkowski quoted in the book sums it up nicely:

"Heaven above, heaven below;
Stars above, stars below;
All that is over, under shall show.
Happy thou who the riddle readest."

PLUTO

B E A K B R O A D C A S T S (continued from page 2)

'em on the ones I had, we managed to plaster them in place. Strips of newspaper at the edges made up for the narrowness, and prevented ink, well, most of the ink, from transmitting itself in broad black smudges, directly to the page.

Mason's boss was still there. It was his wedding anniversary, but his car had broken down, and he couldn't get home. He phoned garage after garage, but none of them seemed to be able to fix it. He was still there when we left at 9:15 that night.

Anyway, the first few pages of the mag went off all right. Betts and Mason ran the machine while I typed the editorial and traced the cover. I got mixed up, and forgot the cover was by Manek Anderson. I thought it was by Peck. So do most of you probably; but it wasn't. My apologies to both parties concerned.

Along about five thirty, the light began to fail. Of course the watchman had turned off the main switch downstairs, and cut off the light in the office, so it was slightly dark. We were used to being in the dark tho, but just the same, Mason got an extra lamp, and tried to attach it to the socket in the hall, which was still on. A terrific flash of unearthly light lit up

the room. Seven sheets went unslipsheeted in the excitement; Mason had blown a fuse. We continued half-heartedly for another stencil, but it soon became too dark for us to see properly. Betts hung a copy of LIGHT on the wall, but that didn't seem to help, and the boss wouldn't let us use a candle because of the danger of fire. We ran off a page upside down, or something. I still can't remember what was wrong, but I do remember tearing a big chunk of hair from my scalp.

A Mrs Mahoney lived upstairs, who had a kitchen; it wasn't being used; it had a light in it. What could be easier. So we carried about 150 pounds of gestetner up a stairway about two feet wide. I don't know how we got it up. I don't think Mason got it down again.

The worst was over. We set up that machine on the kitchen table, ran the pages off into the sink, and stapled the mag together on the stove. It took us seven hours.

Never again.

That's about all I have to say this issue. What's that? Did I hear somebody say, "Thank God!"

Beak