

# Destiny

10¢

SPRING  
1950



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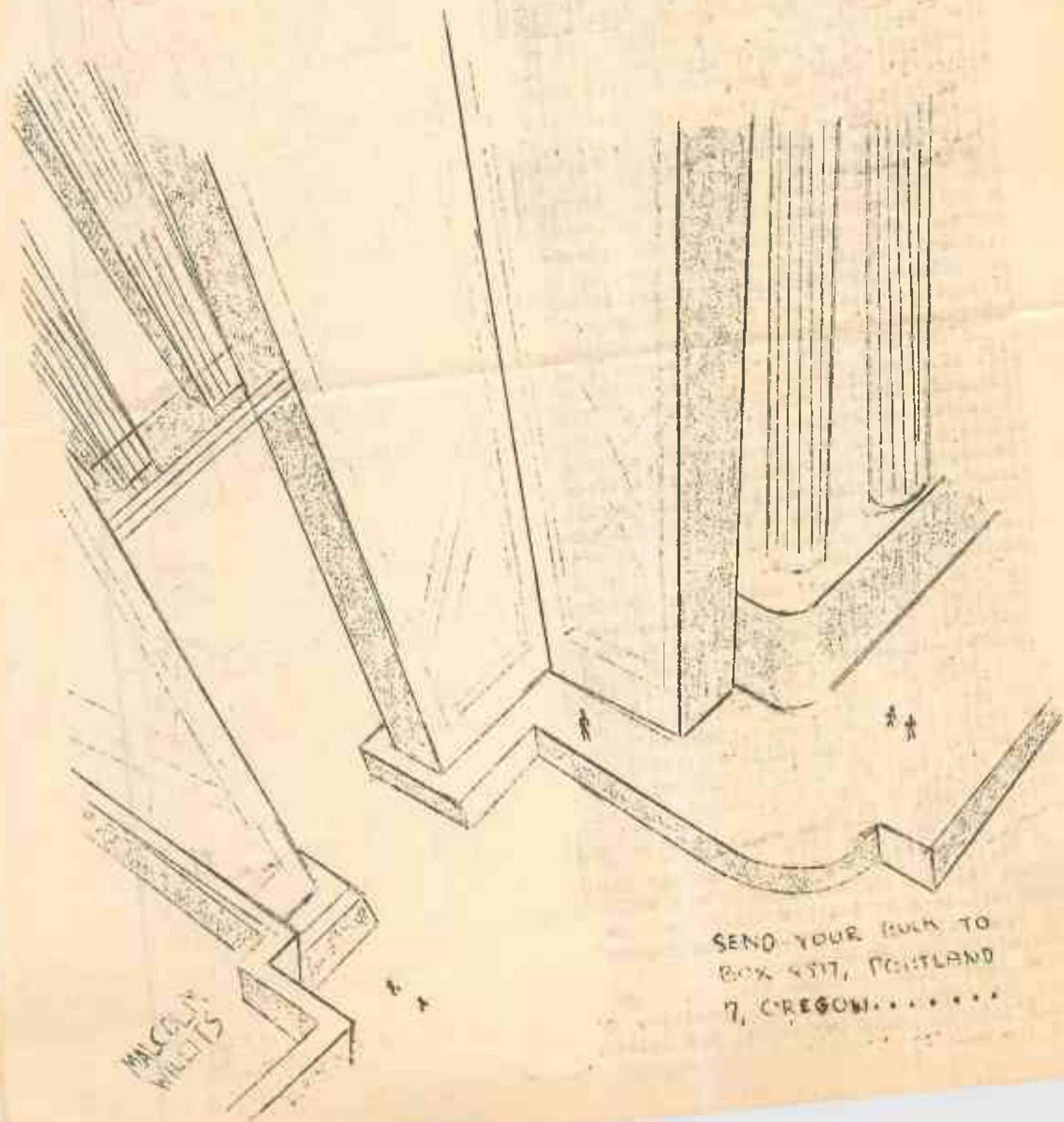


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# The Norwescon

EIGHTH WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION 1950  
PORTLAND OREGON



SEND YOUR BULK TO  
BOX 4317, PORTLAND  
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# the STEAM ROOM

Where the editors blow up

The following is the cry of all fan-mag editors. Skip over it if you want to for there are all the magazines.

Help! We need material. Any material provided it's stuff in nature. So snaffle your nearest Dero and fly to the mailbox with your latest crap. And let there be a warning: if we can't get your material, we'll write our own. And you know what it's like.

Anyway DESTINY will be published quarterly no matter what we have to do. The only payment for material will be a free copy of the issue in which your work appears. As it is we're lucky if we can dig enough to pay for paper.

Next issue, if we're lucky, won't be mimeographed, but lithographed. Provided of course, that we get enough subscriptions.

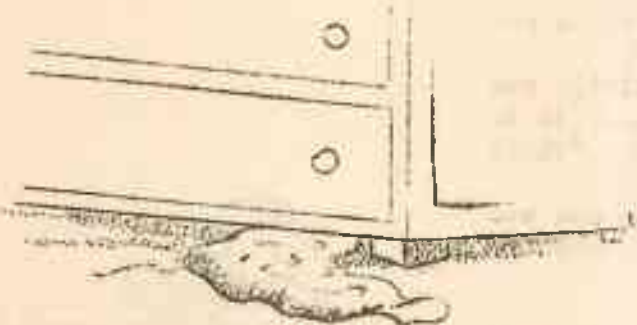
By the way, The Eighth World Science Fiction Convention is to be held in Portland, Sept. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 over the labor day holiday. Jim Bradley is in charge of the younger fans who wish to attend, so why not drop him a card. Your plans and questions will be given prompt consideration. Quite a few teen-age fans are planning to attend so don't feel that you might be left out. Lots of things are being planned and any suggestions you might have, send in. As you know the convention is the high light of the convention and all of the collectors are urged to attend as the best bargains of the year often turn up. At the Norvescon original drawings by Paul, Beck, Finley, and many many others will be auctioned off. The staff of DESTINY will help try and make your stay a pleasant one so please attend - please?

On page six, we have mentioned our new dept. This is strictly in the interest of fandom and we hope you will take advantage of it. We also hope we can help you, and with all of our information I'm sure we can.

We would like to thank all of the fans who helped make DESTINY possible. We would like to thank our staff, Bob Briney, and the saltas. Thanks



# The THING That CRAWLS



by Smoller

The Doctor eyed the man and then said nothing. He went over to his desk and started to fill out an application.

"Doctor you don't understand! I don't need any medicine. I'm not crazy!" The little man shook and perspired; his hair was tangled and his face betrayed worry. Although he was but twenty-three, he looked fifty.

"I didn't say you were crazy." The Doctor spoke calmly, "You just need a little rest. You've been overworked.

"Oh Doctor! If you would only listen to me." The little man became nervous.

"You say you have something to tell me? Then go ahead. I might stand a better chance of helping you."

"Three weeks ago I was asleep in my bed. A storm had just recently subsided and the smell of damp dust was heavy in the air. How long I had been asleep I don't know; but I awoke with a start. Everything was pitch dark, yet I had the feeling I wasn't alone. I switched on the light and saw nothing. I even went so far as to look under my bed, but saw nothing. Again I turned off the light and attempted to go back to sleep. No sooner had I dozed off when I was again awakened. Every square inch of my skin froze; my hair knotted and I perspired profusely. Then I saw it! It was horrible and seemed to be crawling toward me. I sat up in

bed, terror stricken, unable to either move or scream. Closer and closer it crawled. And then it happened. The thing crawled into me; as though I were not there. I fainted."

"Doctor, you don't know what I've been through. Every night the same thing happens. Even when I sleep somewhere else. I couldn't sleep half the time; and didn't once during the last week."

The Doctor spoke, "It's only your imagination. I think we can prove it tonight. You'll sleep at my house; there're two beds and you can use one. I'll be able to watch you and prove that your fears are no more than myths."

Night fell finding the two men in the Doctor's house, both sitting by an open fire place staring idly into the flames; each wrapped in his own thoughts.

"You don't see - this creature unless your in bed? Is that right?" The Doctor broke the silence and stared questioningly at the little man.

"Yes, but I-I don't know. I mean, I'm afraid." The little man shuttered and looked more scared by the seconds.

"Come, you want this cleared up don't you?"

"I - I, yes, I'll go through with it." The two men went into the bedroom, the little man pushing off his shoes and getting into bed, pulled the covers over his

head. The Doctor sat in a large chair, almost hidden in the shadows, and lit a cigarette.

Soon the exhausted man slept and all was silent. Then the man began to stir in his sleep. The Doctor became uneasy and lit another cigarette. Again the little man stirred and then he sprang up. His face was wracked, haggard and twisted with fear. He stood looking at the floor. His clothes were soaked with sweat. He rolled over on his stomach and leaned. "What's the use! What's the use!" His voice choked with emotion. "If only I could die." Then he was still for the remainder of the night.

The following morning the little man staggered from his bed and stumbled to the door. The Doctor woke up. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I don't know. I'll go." The man was exhausted and run down; his voice sounded it.

"No, don't go. You're sick."

"Sick? Didn't you see it? How it crawled? How it harassed me? How it went through me?" Then the little man changed. He lost his fears. He no longer cared about anything. Nothing mattered any longer.

The Doctor went on, "That's just it. I didn't see anything. It was all in your mind. Man, don't you understand? You can be cured from this hallucination." The little man looked on in blank silence; then he walked out the door, never to be seen again.

That night the Doctor went to bed and fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a growing sensation of fear. He sat up in bed and looked around the moonbathed room. At first he saw nothing. Then he saw it! It crawled - .

FINIS

.....

With this issue we hope to present something new; something outstanding in the sf. and fantasy field.

This new dept. will be called questions and answers. If there is a question that is bethoring you, such as: what author wrote a certain story, what a certain author wrote, when was a particular story published, and hundreds of others. We will try to answer every question sent in and we'll publish as many as we have room for. What we don't have room for, we will send to you on a

card. Just send your question to Malcolm Willits, 11848 S. E. Fowell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon.

If you will send either a card or a stamp to help cover postage. It would be appreciated.

The staff . . . . .



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A REVUE OF ONE OF THE FIRST PIONEERS IN  
SCIENCEFICTION

--- BUCK ROGERS 25th JANUARY N. D. ---  
by David Conrad Chamberlin

That Buck Rogers is one of the first  
and foremost pioneers in sciencefiction,  
should be a well known fact to all ardent  
readers and writers of sciencefiction and  
fantasy.

I will endeavor to cover the main po-  
ints of this article, and try to give  
some facts on the newspaper strip.

Phillip Nowlan was the man who first  
conceived of Buck Rogers, and his stories  
Armageddon 2419 A.D. and the Airlords of  
Mars which appeared in Amazing Stories of  
1926. These were the first stories of  
Buck. He later thought of a pictorial  
form of sciencefiction, and the result of  
this was Buck Rogers, which appeared in  
the newspapers of 1926. The John F. Dille  
Co. was the syndicate which handled Buck  
and still does. Lt. Dick Calkins was the  
artist on the strip for many years after  
its creation, and only recently retired  
from the strip.

In the old days of Buck, the daily fol-  
lowed the adventures of Buck and Wilma,  
and the Sunday followed Suddy and Alura.  
Suddy is Wilma's brother and Alura is a  
Martian princess. Together they went all  
over the universe, with many strange and  
original adventures on distant worlds.

Many of the adventures and ideas in  
Buck have influenced later writers of  
sciencefiction. The strip I believe is  
of high quality and although not as pop-  
ular as some, I enjoy it the best of all.

Buck Rogers has definitely contribut-  
ed to sciencefiction. More and more in  
this modern age does Buck Rogers seem  
more plausible.

Notice: If anyone who reads this art-  
icle who is interested, or has any mater-  
ial on Buck Rogers, or who knows or de-  
sires to find out information on B.R.  
please write to David Chamberlin, 232 W.  
"O" St., Forest Grove, Oregon.

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Edward E. Smith PhD

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The Spacehounds of Ivy - 1st ed

I also want Old Rosy and Blue Blucks  
with E.E. Burroughs. All of the above  
books must be in good to mint condition  
Please send me your list and prices.

Thanks

JIM BRADLEY  
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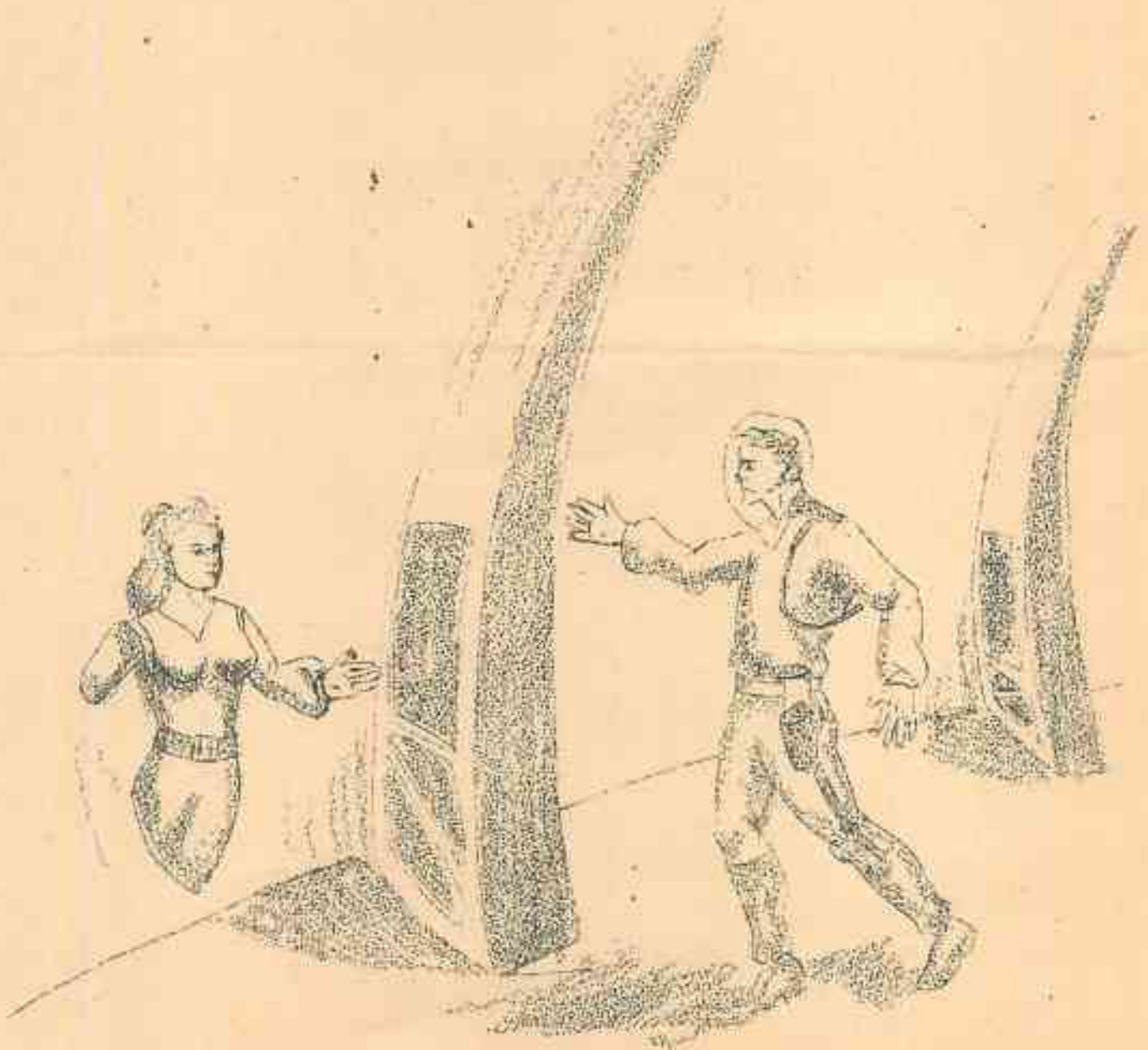
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# The Log of the

IT WAS ON ~~THE~~ THE STRANGE  
VIBRATIONS EARLY DROVE THE  
MEN MAD, BUT WHEN THEY GOT  
OUT TO SEE THEIR DEAD RELATIVES . . . .



BRADLEY-50'



# Arcton Maid

ANDREW  
DUNE . . .

This is, in an extremely abbreviated form, the portion of the log of the space-ship Arcton Maid (the derelict ship which was discovered afloat in hyperspace by a ship of the Arcton Patrol and brought in to headquarters,) which Admiral Arunell has made public. We can offer no explanation of the strange events herein described, but leave that to the imagination of the reader. Whatever happened, we can not help but to feel respect and pity for the commander of the ship as he tells his tale.

Arcton-Sanhael News agency.

He threw his body out through the aft lock. A few minutes later, Technician Kalem killed his two assistants, and locked himself in the equipment locker. He was blasted out.

The sound is near limits of audibility. Everyone wears head ear-shields, yet the vibration can be felt. At least we can't hear it anymore.

SD-40. It was noticed during the fourth watch today that parts of the bulkhead plating was strangely out of kilter. Presumably they were warped by the vibrations.

SD-41. In the fifth watch, the sound beings appeared for the first time. Every one was and is now wearing space-suits, sound-proofed and with the eardrums disconnected. Even with these protections it is incredible that we should have survived the terrible sonic vibrations this long. Still no clues as to how they began has been uncovered. The vibrations are so intense that they can nearly be seen. The waves form themselves into weird shapes -- impossible yet visible to everyone on the ship. Vague, wispy figures flitting about the ship, up and down corridors and through walls.

Ship-day 57 from Galaxy-Rim. Fifth ship-month out of Rimstar. Until first watch today there was nothing unusual to the run. Crew was getting bored, almost wishing for something to happen. Something was. That is it exactly; something did happen - but what? Nothing definite is evident. The crew seems to sense a difference, and there is a tenseness in the air. Everyone is waiting.

Two hours ago the drives cut. We are now adrift in hyperspace.

SD-39. Yesterday hell broke loose. The tenseness among the crew had mounted to an almost unbearable pitch so that the air nearly crackled. Then the sound began. First it was so low that none noticed it. Then, gradually rising in pitch and intensity, it could be heard above the whine of the drive. When it first became audible, everyone in the ship stopped work and listened in amazement. No one knew that it was. When no explanation was uncovered, they returned to work uneasily. The sound increased continually. The pilot attempted to switch out of hyper-space. The machinery does not work. No flaw can be discovered, yet the switch-over can not be accomplished. We are trapped.

SD-42. New development. I saw Marian today. She stood at the end of the corridor and waved at me. Marian died three years ago.

By eighth watch it was an unbearable rasping in our brains. It was insupportable agony, yet we withstood it. It was impossible to sleep except by working until total exhaustion dropped us in our tracks, and even in the stupor of exhaustion we could hear it. That damned wailing became part of our very bodies!

These sound-beings are some sort of insidious creatures. They appear to each individual in different form. Medicator Kalem saw his dead son this morning. He followed the boy through the port air-lock.

Four men removed their helmets today. The vibrations shattered their brains. There are two, beside myself left. We cannot go much longer.

In the ninth watch, Astrogator's Mate Shivva went insane. He tore up the star charts and ran screaming through the ship. He dashed his brains out against a bulk-

Later. I saw Marian once more. She called me but I didn't come. That made her unhappy and she turned away weeping. I cannot let her weep. I must go to her.

(There are no more entries in the log, perhaps the commander did go to Marian.)

## THE FIFTH STRING

by John Philip Sousa

Bowen - Merrill 1902 - 125 pages (From time to time this reviewer hopes to you fantasies not cataloged in Bleiler's "Checklist of Fantastic Literature" in an attempt to further widen the scope of fantasy collecting enthusiast.)

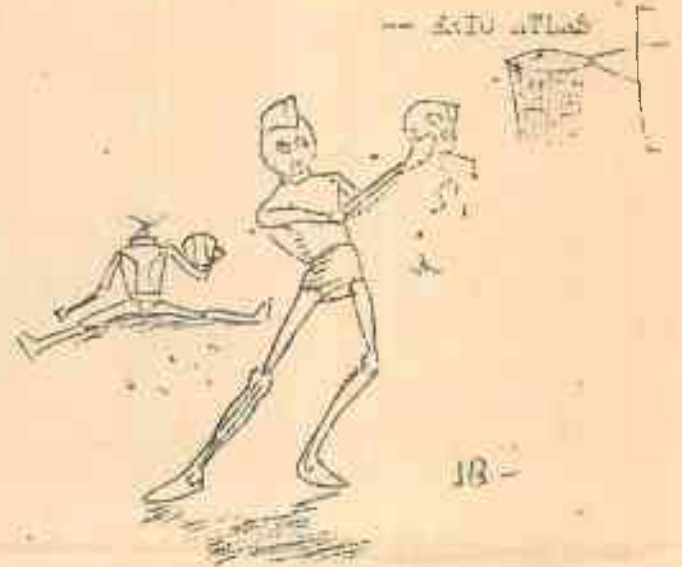
And among the more striking omissions from the checklist is this little fantasy written by the great "March King" and band leader.

The plot concerns itself with one Angelo Diotti, a concert violinist, who meets Mildred, his lady-love to be, at a party, invites her to his first American concert. With the concert is a smashing success, the pompous and stiff-necked young lady is not impressed. About the only thing that would move her is perfection. Mechanically excellent though he may be, he is not perfect. Disappointed in love, he isolates himself in an endeavor to reach perfection -- but to no avail. In a fit of pique he dashes his Stradivarius to the ground, another of the thousands destroyed by some eager author's pen. In anger, since the powers of heaven come not to his aid; he implores the Prince of Darkness for assistance. At that instant a knock is heard and who should be at the door but the "li'l ol' devil" himself. Mr. Satan with no strings attached, (heh-heh) presents him with a perfect violin. It possesses the usual four strings, each designed for a particular purpose. First the string of pity; second, the string of hope; third, that of love; and fourth, the one of joy. In addition there is a fifth string, the string of death. And whoever should play or touch upon the fifth string would die at once. Diotti, with some slight misgiving accepts the gift.

Returning to the concert stage, his musical performances sweep the country and Mildred off their figurative feet. Everything seems about to be happily arranged until the unfortunate intervention of Mildred's father. He apparently doesn't give a Binker's damn for a concert violinist. Pappy who is afraid neighbors will suspect a romantic attachment because Diotti has visited Mildred thirty-two times, enlists the support of his right-hand man, Sanders. Their machinations

lead to the obviously predestined ill-fated conclusion. Just how will be left for the reader to ascertain.

The style of writing is typical of the popular novels of the early nineteenth-hundreds i. e. stilted. Illustrations, decidedly not fantastic, are by the then celebrated artist of that period, Howard Chandler Christy.



OH - OH!!

SOMETHING GOING ???  
by Allen Kenney

Students! Take heed! Some teachers believe in large homework assignments, my teachers all seem to be like this. Some assignments usually would take about 2-3 hours, were it possible to do it, but if I get 8 hours of sleep and live a healthy life is impossible to spend 2 minutes a day on them.

### SUBJECT

Sleep	20
School	20
Necessary life functions	20
Sundays	12
Summer vacation	20
School Vacations	20

this leaves

and that leaves 1 day for studying. And if you have 5 minutes this leaves you exactly two minutes for homework on each subject.

Ed. note: What happened?

# The DARKER SHADOW

by  
ANDREW DUANE



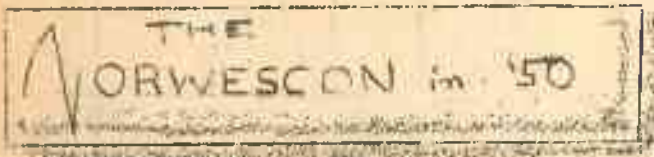
Part of the crouching shadow, beneath the trees he stands;  
and the blood-lust itches on his hairy hands.  
Fury burns in his heart at the malign fate  
That damned him forever to live by hate.  
Child of the Pentagram, he wanders apart  
With blood on his hands and horror in his heart!

Now he crouches in the shadowy night  
While the moon sheds down its silvery light.  
Then two happy lovers stroll down the path —  
and die before the darker shadow's wrath!  
Parents await their children with prayer and hope  
But they reckon not with the lycanthrope!

.....

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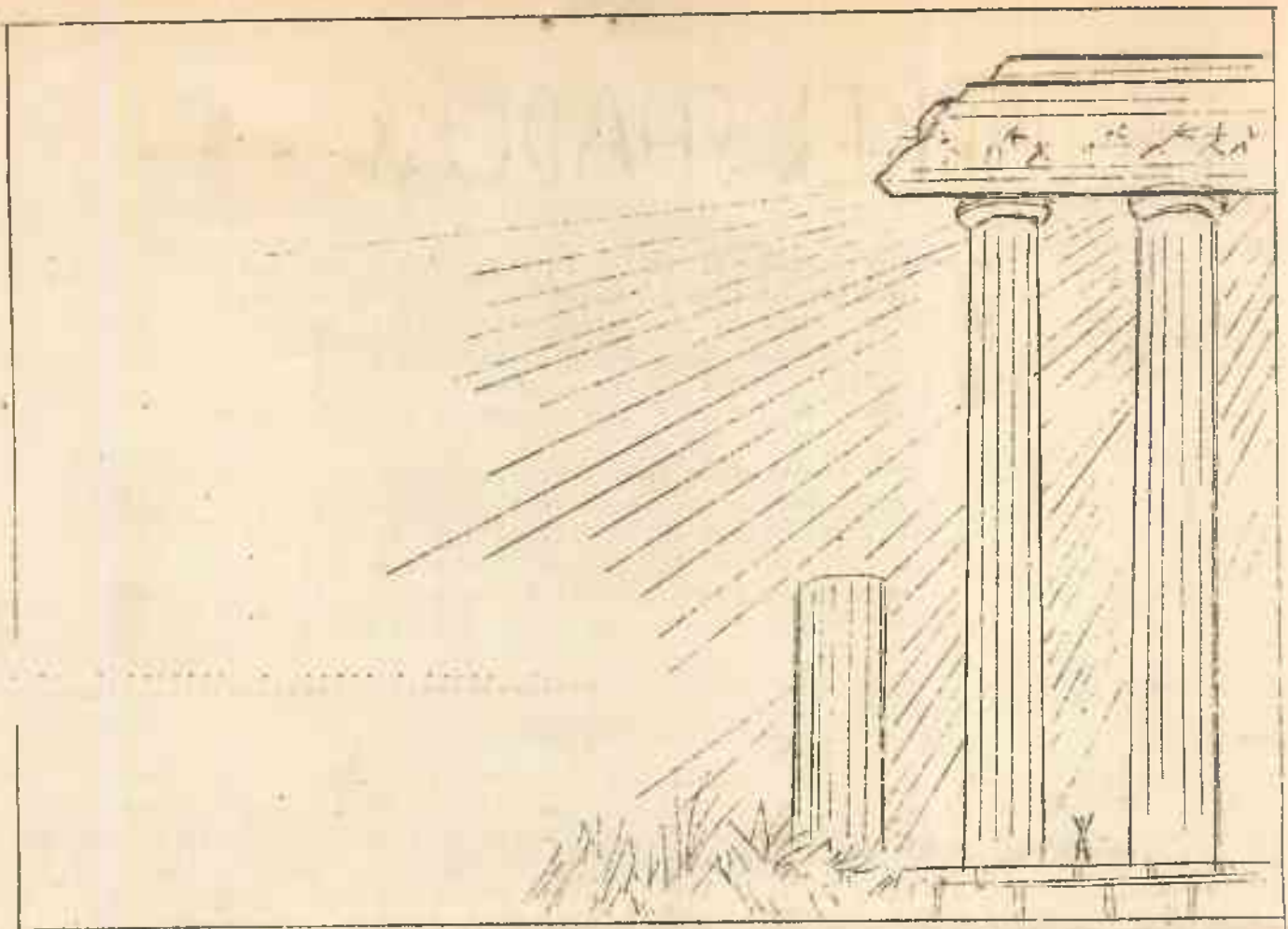
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