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MSA

THE

BULLETIN

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE MAINE SCIENTIFICTION ASSOCIATION

INFORMAL M S A MEETING GIVES
BIRTH TO PLANS FOR YEARBOOK

On Sunday, November 26, Secretary Jim Avery dropped in on the Prexy at his home for a get-together. Among other more or less important discussed were things plans for the number one "Maine Progress" --- the yearbook to be published (maybe) by the M S A. There are rumors rampant that it will come out sometime during the middle of the summer of '40. We, the editors, plan for a complete history of M. S. A. activities up to the time the annual goes to press; complete section of biographies of all members at printing; and perhaps some stuff and fiction from members and the outside fans. Incidentally, any suggestions members may have are extremely welcome.

At this meeting the plans relative to buying the mimeograph as set forth in Special Bulletin #2 were completed. Tabulations of the response from this query were in favor of the club paying half and Jim paying the rest; so Jim turned over the money. The Club now owns a mimeo. Outside of the club's work, the members are entitled to use of the machine at any time. Only need is stencils, etc., that they might use. Members, of course, must furnish these. For further data see either the President or the Secretary. The machine is located at the office of the Secretary, 55 Middle Street; Showhagan.

Before he left for home, Jim bought three mags for his collection, and heard some of the Primus' by-no-famous records. On his way home he found a ride with another C M P employee -- surprising them both. Wee world

OFFICIAL EXCHANGE LIBRARY OF
FAN MAGAZINES NOW AVAILABLE

Due to a number of reciprocal exchange agreements, the M S A now has a circulating library of fan mags. These magazines are available to members upon request for ideas of other fan publications. There is a limited supply at present, but we are in hopes of a few more before long. Olin F. Wiggins was first to swap with a copy of SCIENCE FICTION FAN, has one of the rare printed fan-mags in existence. And a swell issue it is. Others include SPACE DAYS of Harry Warner; Tucker's LE ZOMBIE, and a copy of the last COSMIC TALES published under the editorships of Kuslans. More on the way. Write Jim Avery. The Primus don't know nothing about 'em.

OFFICIAL ASSOCIATION LETTER-
HEADS SOON TO BE FINISHED

Word comes from our more-or-less official printer, Eddie Smart, that letterheads for use in official correspondence of the organization are in the process of make-up; and will soon be released. More stickers are on tap at the Secretary's if any member wants more. (The Prexy has a handfull, too.) These are to be kept in stock at all times, so if you want some more, holler.

NOTICE --- AND R. S. V. P.

All any readers of the BULLETIN wishing a department of advance news of the professional mags please write to the Secretary? If enough requests are recieved, an attempt will be made to have the various editors supply this information. Remember, we must have sufficient requests to make the necessary contacts.

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY -- # 3

Eddie Smart; Mt. Vernon, Maine

Perhaps by all rights Eddie should have been the first one to be honored in this column. Not only is he the oldest member; he was the first Maine fan to enter in an intra-state correspondence (with Avery); one of the three original founders of the M S A; he has contributed much to the club, including membership cards; but he's perhaps one of the oldest, if not the oldest, fans in the state; having started reading science-fiction with the first Cennsback AMAZINGS back in 1926, and some stories before that which were not in regular s-f magazines. At one time Eddie had one of the most complete collections of the time; although during the darkness of the depression this enviable collection shrunk away. In 1938 Eddie saw the article of AMAZING being selected as a typical pulp magazine to be inserted in the famed Time Capsule; and thus started in again on s-f. During the years that he was out a new clique had come into vigorous life --- that of Fandom. Eddie adapted himself almost instantly to the great Fan World, after contamination by Avery; and now is one of our most prominent members as far as activities in the club goes. Eddie has made a good many long-range visits through Waterville and Skowhegan; and is a regular correspondent of Jim's. He also writes to the Primus when he is able to get hizzonner to answer.

For a personal description, he is thirty-three years of age, married, no children, and is employed as linotype mechanic for the Kennebec Journal Publishing Company in Augusta. He is tall and lean, with the look of a pioneer. His hobby, outside of s-f, would be called tinkering, probably. He has

recently built an enviable camp on Flying Pond, near his home. Incidentally, Eddie lives in Mt. Vernon, twenty miles from his job at the KJ. He has recently been appointed Assistant Secretary of the M S A; and should be called the Official Printer, as both the Membership Cards and the letterheads are due entirely to his own efforts and time. And we think you'll like his set-up for these letterheads. We do. gbc

FAN MAG REVIEW

FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, Vol 2; No 5- After a prolonged absence, this better class fan-mag finally made its appearance with thirty pages of fiction, fact, and departments by the leading fan authros. Highlight of the issue was Wollheim's article on the future of the fan-mag if a general war breaks out. Also includes "Why Ghouls Leave Home", by Ray Bradbury; three pgs pro-mag news of general interest; and many other interesting items. From Robert Madle; 333 East Belgrade Street, Philadelphia. 15¢

LE ZOMBIE, # 18. Another issue of this famous bi-weekly full of typical Tuckeriana. Entertaining and interesting. Sub-titled Fandom's Un-biased Bi-weekly. Three for a dime from Bob Tucker, Bx 260 in Bloomington, Illinois.

QUESTION!

Are there only ten SF fans in the whole blamed State? So far M S A notices have appeared in ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES and THRILLING WONDER -- and still no results. Have we got to run paid advertisements in the papers in order to get members? Or are all the other fans just lazy like the rest of us?

CREDIT: The blame for the lateness of this issue rests solely upon the President. Seems that Clarque just couldn't seem to find any time. Oh, well.

M S A PERSONALS

Norman Stanley and Jim Avery are both scheduled for appearance in the coming issue of SPACEAYS, Harry Garner's mag. The M S A is coming to life at last; what with Jerry Meader's work in AD ASTRA. (See next column, bottom.)

Meader was in Augusta recently, by the way, but failed to look up Eddie Smart. Shame, Secundus.. Eddie says he's always around the Kennebec Journal plant somewhere.

Members so far worrying on languages are Avery, Clarke, and Smart --- all of which are taking interest in Esperanto, the universal language.

November 12th was a red-letter day in the life of JS Avery. Besides writing, heckling and mailing the 2-pg. Special, he wrote a few postals, five letters, a short bit for a fan-mag, and a column of news or so for this pub. Not to mention attempts to convert a photography-minded friend to s-f. And he even read the funnies!

Eddie Smart led the parade of letter-writers in the latest FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. First time he had written since 1926. Don't wait thirteen years again, Eddie!

Speaking of letters, Avery had one in the Dec. SCIENCE FIC ION that he wrote in April! Now he's wondering if story acceptances are as speedy as that.

It seems that both Jerry's have become dissatisfied with their dwellings almost simultaneously, and have changed residence. The Primus you know by now;-- Secundus' new location at 49 Washington Street in Rumford.

CORRECTION: Phil Gilbert's address is York Beach, not Village, as was stated hererecently.

More personal items on page four.

HELP WANTED: Jerry Primus and his first (original) pen-pal, J. Dean of New Jersey, are in the midst of a stationery feud. It all started when Clarke used his green ribbon on Dean. Recently he sent Jack a sensational black letter, typed in white -- with a decidedly creepy envelope to match. Jacques retaliated by typing his answer on --- believe it or not! -- the back of an old shirt! Now the Primus is vainly trying to think up a stunt to top it. He wouldst welcome ideas. He also wished to announce that if he can find a glass case his side of the collection will be put on exhibition. Glass cases are also welcomed.

On Sunday November 19, Avery had planned to slip down to the Elm City to visit on Clarque. In anticipation of this, hizzonner the Prexy invited Fred Sawyer up to meet each other. Fred arrived but James didn't; so Fred had to content himself with numerous selections from the Vast Musical Library (!) of Clarke; most of which were classical. And if ye editor doesn't find something else to write about except these discs, somebody's liable to sabotage them.

Clarke wishes to announce to any guy(s) intending sabotage on his famous (or is it notorious?) records that there is a shotgun handy -- 10 gauge. See above.

We were sorry to hear that Frank Boyington's two kiddies have had a spot of illness. We hope they are all OK now.

Jerry Secundus is now hard at work on a series of articles on science-fiction in Argosy, due for publication in AD ASTRA, the leading Chicago fan-mag. Some of these will be re-printed in part for readers of this paper to whom the former is not available.

APOLOGIES ET CETERA

As this is being typed, the BULLETIN has undergone a sensational change in publisher! And we're not sure just how this third issue is going to look. Compared to #2, it may be a sorry mess, I am afraid. Reason: the Sec has taken over the duties of publisher--and what he knows about mimeographing can be summed up in two words--practically nothing! But please bear with us during our period of learning. Of course this may turn out better than we now suspect, but chances are it won't. Other information will be found elsewhere in this issue.

ADD PERSONALS

Phil Gilbert in York Beach, (we got it right that time didn't we, Phil?) travels to Boston every few weeks. Next time you're there, look up Francis Paro in South B. He's the gentleman, you know, who bought a half page adv. in the last BULLETIN for his very commendable fan mag, FANFARE.

Among his pen-pals, Jerry Secundus numbers WEIRD TALES' star author, Seabury Quinn, who, we understand is in the same business as Jerry. According to that, J. ought to be able to pen some pretty weird stuff, himself.

It seems that your editor made an unforgivable error last issue when he mentioned about embalming zombies. He's since been told by his very good friend Harry Warner that little things like embalming don't worry a would-be zombie in the slightest, and we were all wet when we promised that MSA'ers would never become zombies! Heh!

Eddie Smart has suddenly become interested in Esperanto and at last reports was avidly studying Avery's books on the subject.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

The Treasurer's official report which should have been distributed each month has been held up due to a breakdown in the Hekto equipment; but said report will be enclosed with this copy.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT--but we have it on reliable authority that the s-f mag most in danger of collapse is ASTOUNDING! Altho this mag has the highest circulation of them all, due to S&S having gone into receivership, a great many of their mags. may be cut drastically--among them, ASTOUNDING AND UNKNOWN.

At the conclusion of it's present serial, "Moon Pool", FPM will commence with two of the most talked about novels in stf.; The Blind Spot and Darkness and Dawn.

Best news today is the announcement of a new stf. news-weekly to be published by the Futurians. Title is set as SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY with Doc Lowndes as ed.

'Twill be published at the new FUTURIAN HOUSE (which if you must call it something--is IVORY TOWER) Publication date for the first issue is set at Feb. 16, and each Friday thereafter. At present, the MSA is bickering with the publishers for mass subscription prices so that everyone in the club may have the opportunity of getting the first three or four issues at no expense.

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The next issue of this BULLETIN is even now under way and will follow this copy in less than a month. And inasmuch as this issue has but six pages, #4 will have ten we guarantee. We hope they'll come thicker and faster hereafter. Much important news has been crowded out of this issue, as well as much neatness, but all will be present shortly.

jim s avery...

METROPOLITAN ODYSSEY

BEING THE TRUE STORY --MORE OR LESS-- OF FUTURIAN HOUSE

by Dick Wilson

PART II

We finally found an admirable place at 2574 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn. (Our search was limited to Brooklyn of the five boroughs in New York City. Staten Island, "New Jersey", and Queens were ruled out immediately as being too provincial; in Manhattan rents are sky-high (which blew our dreams of a place in Greenwich Village-- "womb of genius ever" (Fred Pohl)--to pieces; The Brox has an unpleasant sound to it.)

A deposit was paid. Everything was fine. Johnny Michel, being the only one of us of age and with a job, would sign the lease. Painting of the apartment would begin immediately, and we'd be able to move in from Futurian House to 2574 with no loss of time. But we reckoned without fate. Johnny was hospitalized and operated upon for a recurrence of a bone disease in his right arm, lost his job, and was consequently prevented from signing the lease and moving in with us. We debated the advisability of three of us trying to meet expenses. We figured we would just about be able to make it. So we changed the lease and Dirk, who lacks a few months of being a man in the legal sense bluffed it. We got the apartment.

B A B Y

Now came the problem of transporting the furniture from Futty. Moving vans were out, coming, as they did, to \$7.00 up per hour. So was the Wilson vehicle, being in other service. Came to the rescue Mr. Quentin Engvaldsen, called Lit for reasons obvious, a fellow worker of mine at National City Bank. For \$10.00, said he, we could have his Ford coupe, 1930, Model A. It had a motor, at least, if the rest of it wasn't too pleasing to look at.

"Fifteen," said I.

"Seventeen-fifty," he haggled.

Sold....

It's a lovely car. There are holes as big as saucers in the tires. The driver's window falls out if completely raised. The upholstery looks as if Gargantuan moths have been at it. The baggage compartment is filled with sand for ballast. It used to be in a bag--that, however, has long since rotted away. It has two headlights, of which one works on occasion. It has two taillights, ditto, ditto. When put into first, the car leaps forward as if released from a catapult, with a rear like an airplane. There are holes in the floor and muffler thru which seep noxious fumes and carbon monoxide and smoke in large quantities. The windshield must needs be propped open for ventilation if the occupants don't wish to be overcome. The thing is useless in the rain because of the lack of a windshield wiper. "Baby", we call her after the car in MGM's "Three Comrades".

...But the real estate company fell down on the job. The Wilson Realty Co., to boot! The apartment would not be painted till the 20th of the month, if then, and we had asked for the fifteenth!

Then Mr. Mangles arrived on the scene. A fabulous figure I never saw, but who was described to me as a hairy giant seven feet tall, with a chest like a barrel, having embryo horns and the suggestion of a tale below on trouser cuff. It was he who delivered the ultimatum from the new owner that we must, bag, baggage, and courier-fitting machines, vacate the premises by midnight of the 17th. We therefore, cornered the superintendent at 2574 and were assigned to a cellar bin in which we might keep our things till the place was ready.

Baby stood up marvelously well under our onslaught of beds and cots, typewriters and mimeographs, tables and the camp stool, book-cases and myriad other things. Every available spot inside and out of her filled, our crew of three set firmly to. Cyril and I wedged ourselves into the seat. Dirk, wearing his steel trench helmet, precariously half-sat on the right rear mudguard and tried to keep himself and our belongings from falling off on the mile trip. Everything went smoothly for a while. Even an amiable policeman who caught sight of our illegally overloaded vehicle, with concealed weapons behind the seat and a person on (or trying desperately to stay on) the running board--turned to regard an evidently interesting sky, humming and smiling to himself.

When we arrived at 2574 with the last load around 11 PM, we found the cellar door locked. I knocked on the superintendent's door to find Mrs. Supt. drying her hair and preparing for bed. I explained the situation. She claimed to be sorry, in the thick, Swedish way, pointing out that there were rules and regulations even in apartment houses and that they were going to bed. A male voice from somewhere behind the door corroborated her story. We'd have to take the stuff back, they said, that's all there was to do. I explained carefully and one-syllabably that same would be quite impossible, inasmuch as we had been more or less evicted, and they wouldn't want us to park an unsightly carful of furniture outside their place all night, now would they? Finally they relented and we got our last load into our bin, thru an entrance in another house and under an arch three feet high which joined the two.

FUTURIAN HOUSE, FAREWELL!

We drove the emptied crate back to FH, now a hollow shell, and packed some personal belongings to tide us over until the new apartment was ready for occupancy. We then put the place in order for Mr. Mangles. In an upstairs room we locked the cast--horrible looking object--that had been removed from Johnny's arm, tacking on the door a notice reading "DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS...WE WARN YOU!"

It was Cyril who conceived the brilliant notion of pouring mimeo ink on the doorknob. Jack Gillespie fixed a board covered with powdered plaster of Paris above the door so that he who opened it would be whitely showered.

We left quietly and stood for a moment on the sidewalk, unshed tears in our eyes at the thought of what that empty house might have been...and left it.