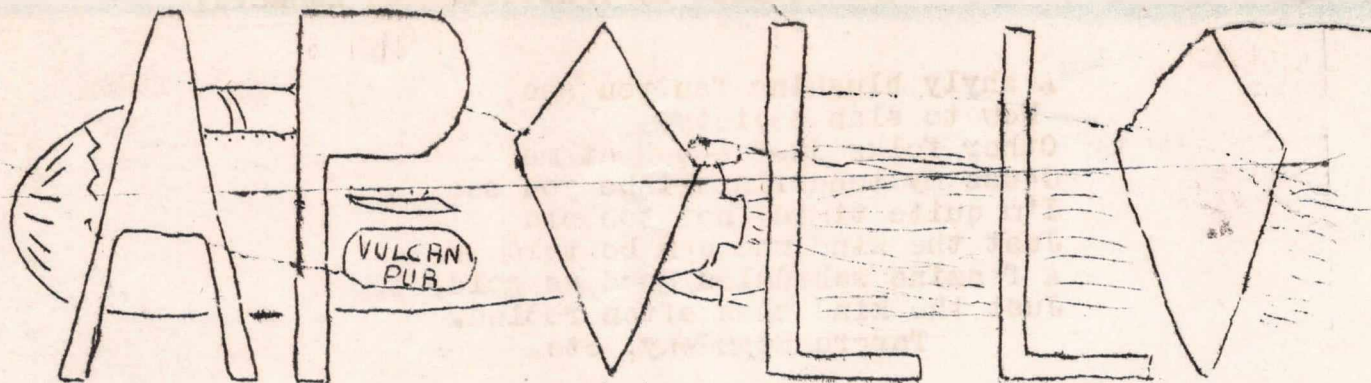


Guess

VAN
43





The

Nov. 43

No. 2

TABLE of CONTENTS

FICTION...

CASE # 315B.....LUN LOOR.....PAGE 8

ARTICLES

MIDNIGHT IN NAPTOON.....PAGE 10

FEATURES

FLISBY.....DEPARTMENT OF LETTERS.....PAGE III

THE ELECTRIC EYEPAGE 6

I'VE GOT TO GO.....PAGE 9

POETRY

WINTER'S BREATH.....JOEL.....PAGE 5

TA-RA-RA BOOMDEAY...AS REVISED BY EUGENE LEONARDS...4

THE NECRONOMIGHTY.....JOEL.....PAGE 5

APOLLO: A WHEN & IF PUBLICATION. SOLD BY JOEL AT 411
S. FESS, BLOOMINGTON, IND. COEDITOR: LIONEL HETTER. ASSOCIATES
VAN SPLANN? AND LEN MARLO...THIS IS A VULCAN PUBLICATION.

TA RA RA BOOMDERAY
(as revised by fan... Eugene Leonard)

A shyly blushing fan you see,
New to slan society,
Other folks just laugh at me,
Cause my tendrils writhe you see.
I'm quite timid, not too old,
Just the kind who can be told
A fanzine schedules good as gold;
Just the kind whos often robbed.
Tarara Boomdeay, etc.

I'm a fan from Podunk Heightd.
How I love to stay up nights,
See the fanzine's wicked sights
Like VoMaidens minus tights!
I will lead the pace no doubt,
Even put a fanzine out,
I'll drink my beer and puff andpout
And, like Widner I'll grow stout.
Tarara Boomdeay, etc

I'm my mothers pride and joy
I'll be fandoms fair haired boy
And, while I am acting coy
Every twist and trick employ.
My sly humor will entrance
Fans from Mexico to France
Biting satire will perchance,
Make some sour pro ed dance.
Tarara Boomdeay, etc.

(This rhymes very nicely
after 3 or 4 shots of gin
depending on the length
and intimacy of the sing-
ers association with
fandom. Eds. note.)

I'll be a top fan, a success,
I'll lead Widners pool I guess
Up on top of all the rest
Klono's holy teeth I'll bless.
One B. Tucker I'll beplace,
Lead fem fannes a merry chase
Build a rocket just in case
I get that chance to save the race.
Tarara Boomdeay, etc.

Don't you worry, don't you fear
I'll end this silly farce right here
All you fans from far and near
Settle back and drink your beer.
Tarara Boomdeay, etc

finis

Callisto

Melodrama

by

IAN MOORE

Marooned, Art castle thought bleakly, marooned on Callisto with only fifteen minutes of oxygen left in the tank. The thing pounded at his mind with maddening insistence as he paced nervously to and fro.

"Marooned on Callisto, marooned on Callisto! fifteen minutes of air! Marooned on Cal ---"

He suddenly stopped his walking, and sat down wearily.

"Art, old boy," he muttered distractedly to himself, "You've got yourself in a fine fix this time. Get a grip on yourself," he said to himself. "You're getting nowhere this way." Forcibly he remaining calm, he marshalled his thoughts and swiftly reviewed the situation.

The two of them, old college chums, had been itching for a little adventure, and what better way to find it than by searching for the fabulously rare dinet crystals on Jupiter's moons? Hallet knew of an old tub that was being offered for sale at a ridiculously low sum; what were they waiting for?

The port officials were of the opinion that they were waiting until the Daisy June was put into halfway spaceworthy condition. To further strengthen their opinion they even went so far as to obtain a court order grounding the ship. The port command futilely waving their injunction, had their eyebrows badly singed as the Daisy June burbled out into space.

Three weeks out, with the orb of Jupiter steadily brightening as the Daisy June limped along, they had encountered the problem of deciding upon which of the moons they should land first. The contest was finally narrowed down to Callisto and Ganymede. They flipped a coin and as luck would have it Callisto had won. Chance...and Hallet's two-headed nickel.

So the battered little Daisy June had finally burped spasmodically a few times, and skittered to a stop on the shifting, white sands of the Desert of Despair. They had gone to work and had unloaded the equipment and supplies from the ship. Hallet, had tossed a shovel out of the air lock, and for a brief moment it stuck in the sand a few yards away from the ship. It toppled...and there it was, a shimmering, pulsing, flawless crystal of dinet!

It had been huge, as big as a mans fist! They had grasped it eagerly, basking in the glow of its blue opalescence. Here was wealth, wealth for a hundred men! Hallet had stoutly maintained that, since he had found the jewel, he should keep it in his possession. That hadn't set so well, they were partners and it belonged to one as much as to the other. Tension grew as the days passed without the tiniest additional crystal turning up. Both were greedy, suspicious. Though there was more than enough for both, each coveted it singly. They had quarreled, fought. In the end, it was Hallet who turned back to Earth with the jewel.

So there he sat, waiting for dawn and death. What would, . . . What would he do, Castle wondered, as his life trickled swiftly out into the poisonous atmosphere around him? The small rad-

in his suit would carry only four or five miles, but he had almost completely drained the batteries in futile attempts at contacting someone. He regretted that now, as the chill of Callistan eve began to seep past heating elements working at one-third capacity. The colonists at New Terra sent out searching parties regularly but there was none due for at least three weeks. He'd be a desiccated, dead mummy by that time. Would he take it calmly, and sit back placidly waiting for the inevitable end? Perhaps he'd go mad, and scream and gibber as he stumbled across the endless, arid wastes.

Castle shook his head. No, that was no death for a man. Rather than face an ignominious end, he'd open the valve on his oxygen-tank and die swiftly. Yes that was it. He'd--No, wait-----!

As he stood there tensely, his last few minutes of air hissing softly into his helmet, he heard the faint drone of an approaching rocket. He looked around him once more, searching eagerly for the tell-tale streak of glowing gasses that would show him the rock et. His heart leaped as he found it, off to the left, and he hastily pulled the signal gun from its holster. Firing the single cartridge in the chamber, he watched anxiously as it blossomed red above him. The distant ship seemed to hesitate, then swung toward him.

As it landed it plunged on past, its momentum still unchecked finally stopping several hundred meters ahead. He broke into a run raced toward the ship. Figures appeared in the air lock. Suddenly he stumbled, fell. The jagged edges of the granite that had tripped him sliced through the plastex suit, bit deeply into his leg. Agony knifed through him but he struggled to his feet, frantically trying to back the oxygen that was seeping through the rent in his suit. It was useless, he knew. Already chlorine was getting in, burning his lungs. The men from the ship were running now, but too far away to do him any good. The horizon whirled around him in great, giddy circles, and he pitched forward onto the sands stained red with his blood.

Castle quickly crushed out his cigarette. He strode to the phone, dialed swiftly. As he waited he went through a rather crude pantomime of a man strangling, clawing at his throat and rolling an eye horribly.

"Hello Palmer! This is Castle, Art Castle. Yeah, look I got a swell climax for that "Bury me not on Callisto" story all worked out. Uhuh. A ship comes to rescue this guy, but when he's running toward it he trips on an outcropping of granite and rips open his suit. Air all leaks out 'n he dies see? It'll be clas---. Whuzza you dont like it? But---. WHAT? REWRITE THE WHOLE THING!!! But look---Oh! Yeah I see Yeah sure. Tomorrow noon. Yeah."

The phone clattered from Castles nervous fingers.

"Mafooned!" he moaned, as he paced distractedly back and forth.

On 10 in the fell clutches of fire-eating monsters! Ohhhhhh!

ADS. NOTE: HERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE ITEM THAT GOT IN TOO LATE TO PUT IN THE TABLE OF CONTENTS. I'LL DO BETTER NEXT TIME.

I've Got To Say

OR: WHERE I GET BOSSY AND TRY TO TALK ABOUT THE
OTHER FMZ.

Some of these reveiws may be a little late but we are giving them to you anyway. So there, too.

NOVA: Vol. I, No. 2. Someplace we made in this mag? the crack, that THE ACOLYTE was the finest fanzine on the market. If NOVA WAS still coming out we would have to retract hurriedly. NOVA has it beat six ways with both hands behinds its back. Lead by JOHN W. CAMPBELL JR.s article on orientation all of the articles stories, pics. were very fine. The only thing that we didn't like about it was La NOVA FEMMES (we like these big E's, don't you) and that is because we are male. Besides we're a woman hater. LIKE HELL POINTS.....9.8

MEPHISTO: Sept 43. From Alan Child, 680 Kingsway, Vancouver---B.C Canada. Heckteed. Not a bad fanzine folks, although the hectoing in places is a bit faint. Cover was fair as were the inside pics Stories were pretty good. We particularly liked Death by the ed of the fanzine. Although this fanzine is not as good as some of the American Publications it is the best, and the only of Canadian Weird Pubs. Also we believe it is the only Canadian Pub. POINTS..... 8.5

INFINITE: Marked Nov 41 but it is the latest issue out and we, the fan of Bloomingtonious hear that Degler plans more. While that I'm at it I would like to say we wish (and hope) that Mr. Degler would give up his Buck Rogers trips and settle down like the rest of fan dom. Infinite is a pretty good effort, but can not rank among the top fanzines because of putting quantity before quality. However there were a few good articles, stories etc. in the mag. Eugene Leonards, and Ian Moores stories were pretty good as was triples E's articles. However the rest of the mag was not so hot. POINTS.....8.2

THE VULCAN: No. 4. From Lionel Innman, Route # 1, Ripley. Tennessee. Here is a hecktoed fanzine that we like. There was nothing in the fanzine that we disliked., although there was nothing classic about anything in it either. The departments were good as a whole. We particularly liked the editorial. About this fanzine we do not like THE CLUB LIBRARY not because we just dislike Haynes but because it simply won't work. Give up on it Stan, but keep on working on Articles like Are You Interested which this editor enjoyed. Innman's story finished up o.k. too. POINTS.....8;9

LE ZOMBIE: April 43. We still aren't sure whether this fanzine is still coming out. We hope so. It really is one of the best of them all. Clynes cover on this issue is really fine. In fact it is one of the best covers we have ever seen on any fanzine Can anyone tell us if Tucker is in the army? Someone drop us a line and let us know. Well, now for the mag. The articles are of the finest in fantasy. Very nice. The rest of the mag is on

THE SAME level. All in all a very good fanzine and what Apollo
aspires to be.
POINTS.....9.8

PARADOX: From F. Wilenczyk, 3 Lewis Street, Westerfield, Mass.
Front cover not bad and the articles, stories, etc are above last
issues efforts. Awfully well was the way we liked Larry Shaw's
column. Twas the best thing in the issue. We also liked the eds
column too. Nice work Frank.
POINTS.....9.4

EREBUS: From Leonard Marlow, 5909 Beechwood Ave, Indianapolis 1
Indiana. Front cover was grand as were the inside contents. Len
has really got something here. I think that only Shaw and me at
the time this is written are the only fans that have seen this
neat little fanzine. Although the quality of the articles is not
quite up to some the rest of the fanzine is superb. Below you
will find the account of our trip to Indianapolis to visit Marlow
POINTS FOR EREBUS.....9.7½

MIDNITE IN NAPTOWN

OR

JOELY'S DIARY

MY FIRST FAN

Well to begin the day right I had to wake up. This was done
after a hard fight. Whereupon I proceeded to go to Indianapolis.
After a time we arrived. I went to Wheelers and ate. Had a big
breakfast and then decided to call Marlow. I did.

Marlow didn't answer but someone, I presume it was his sister
did. She called Marlow and he talked to me on the phone for a while.
He then told me he would meet me in front of a downtown theatre.
He did. He came rushing up and handed me a copy of EREBUS saying
Just for you. Twas as I said above a very nice fanzine.

We then walked around for a while and finally went to his
house, where we bulled around for a while and I learned a lot ab-
out fandom. He told me all about the Denvention and the Michicon
and loaded me down with fanzines to read. He also promised me a
lot of material for Apollo for which I was very grateful. I, in
return promised to send him a bit of poetry for the next EREBUS

He then proceeded to show me his collections of prozines.
Gosh was I Astounded, Amazed, and Astonished. He has over 1200 and
that is a lot of Magazines. We talked some more then and he showed
me a lot of tricks about dummyming your margins etc. Next issue I
will dummy mine

He showed me about making linoleum blocks and promised to do
me a cover. By the way it is on the back. What do you think of
it?

We looked over some old fanzines and planned a trip; to see
some other fans he knows and talked about going to California, or
Denver or someplace. We then talked about what we would do after
the big shootings were over. Several plans were made but were disea-
carded. I then saw that it was time for me to leave. He went to
town with me, and we promised to write etc and see each other more
often. I left. Now that I know what other fans are like I like
them more than ever. Solons Again, and next issue should see even
more improvement than this.

finis

THE ELECTRIC EYE

Well folks, here I am again. I am quite glad to be with you too because for a while we, Innman and I thought that Apollo might have to fold. At the time of this writing I can't be sure whether Apollo will come to you all mimood or partly mimood and partly heckoed. Yer editor, while he admits that the mimood mags have their points, must tell all of you out there in the unseen audience that they are the messiest damn things that this world hasmever seen. However yer editor will keep right on plugging on Apollo and hoping for the best.

Last issue Yer ed made 30 Apollo's. This ish I intend to Make about 100. We hope you like this issue better than last too because its quite a bit longer and has better material (we think). Don't forget to write in and let us know what you think about this issuealso.

Well yer editor has yet to meet a died in the wool fan. Of course I've met guys that read the field but, alas and alack, I have yet to meet a real fan. However I intend, the next time I'm in Indianapolis to visit Len Marlowe, who lives there. Yer editor would also like to hear from any others of you fant sites too. If you are ever around Bloomington then don't forget to drop in. That is an invitation to one and all.

Have you seen the latest Vulcan. It's a pippin, and we don't meen maybe either. Why don't you send 10¢ to Innmann now and get your copy. Remember the address is still; Lionel Innman, Route # 1, Ripley, Tenn. A fanzine worth a dime in any mens money.

Also, if your interested in fan potterings then write to Van Splawn, 915½ West 8th, Coffeyville, Kansas. Tis a good fanzine, MARS, and only a nickel too. We know you'll like it.

Subscription rates for Apollo are as follows; 5¢ per copy, and 6¢ for 25¢. We may have to changee into the dime size soon though.

Well as the years have passed there have been literally hundreds of fanzines. Yer editor has seen a lot of them and what he hasn't seen he has heard about. But our nomination for the king of them all is Laneys The acolyte. Although it was ranked 4th in Widners poll, I think that it is the finest fanzie ever put out by any fan anywhere.

As for us we think that this, this Apollo is a great improvement over Apollo I. So there too. We are always open to comment on this issue or on any future issues that we may print. And we will print any interesting letters whether they refer to Apollo or not.

Any mistakes we made this issue we are sorry for (oh yeah). Oh yes, and we would like to apologize for leaving attable of contents out of one.

"THE NECRONOMISMITH"

He peered within the crystal globe

And saw the lands within

The realms of Necronomicon

The lands of dark D'jinn.

An emerald light o'erspread the room,

And shadows roamed the walls;

He sat in darkened Arkham, now

He roamed in Joiry's halls.

He picked the fragrant Jasimine

Along the walks of Yenz.

He sailed the shimmering Northern seas,

And swam on fishes fins.

Then night overspread the Fantom World,

And Dark Gods lived in lore.

The crystal dimmed, but he lay still,

And dreamed, but lived no more.

Joel.

"WINTER'S BREATH"

Why is it that I walk deserted streets
And flowers crush beneath my softest touch;
That lightning shatters trees that brush my hand
And ravens fly above my shadowed head.
That children weep and windows gleam with frost;
The leaves swirl slowly to the winds onslaught.
And I, who cause these dreadful things,
Must be of Winters breath, and not of Springs.

Joel.

The Electric Eye...

APOLLO 9

Well folks, even though Apollo is not so good, we are proud of it. Now that so many guys that published edited and wrote for the pre-war fanzines are in the army anyone would have a tough time putting out a fanzine much less a new fanzine. So tho we are having a tough time putting out Apollo we are having a lot of fun doing it and meeting a lot of nice people (through the mail).

Well yer editor just finished running the first part of Apollo's Electric Eye through the Mimeo. You'll most probably notice a lot of ink splotches and poor typing. Thats my first try at mimeographing. So kind of be patient with me and keep in mind that it was my first try.

Well that about all for this issue but keep riting and letting us know what you like and dislike about Apollo. So- lons till next issue.

Joel...

add

Have you seen the new...

ASTRA

5¢ from.

Jay Ghidsey

Green Springs, Ohio,

Features, cartoonz and articles by some of)
Fandoms best... Lesser, Kennedy-

add

The S.I.S.F.A.

(Society for the Improvement of Science Fiction in America)

Invites you to join. There are no obligations except that you be a sincere Science Fiction Fan and interested in corresponding with other Fans. For further info write to, HENRY ELSNER, 15042 CEDAR GROVE, DETROIT MICH. Recieve free the clubs Fmz. THE BLACK STAR

VULCAN PUBLICATIONS:

M.L.R.S from

VAN SPLAWN

915½ W. 8th

COFFEYVILLE,
KANSAS

5¢

* THE VULCAN: 10¢
* from;

* LIONEL INNMAN

* ROUTE # I

* RIPLEY, TENN.

* "FAN-CY"

* THE APOLLO Fmz.

* 5¢ from;

* "JOEL" HENSLEY

* 411 S. FESS

* BLOOMINGTON,

* INDIANA

* A VULCAN PUBLICATION

DONT FORGET THEM FOLKS

THE

VULCAN

PUBLICATIONS

APOLLO

This opens

Case # 315B

or

BY

San Moore

Warden Pass
the Strait Jacket

They say that I am mad, but I am not mad. Just listen to my story and you shall judge for yourself.

"It was a cloudy, moonless night. A bitterly cold wind howled through the tree tops, laughing in demoniac glee as it whirled the thinly falling snowflakes in a shrinking, freezing form. With numbed fingers I pulled the collar of my thin coat closer about me and pushed blindly on through the dark, cold night.

Left, right, left, right. On and on, my feet were leader thing operated by a will beyond my own. As the chill ate into my bones an overpowering lassitude began to steal over me. Perhaps I should go back to the blazing fire waiting behind me. But I steel myself, with stern resolve. My mission; I could not forget that!

Suddenly there came a lull in the storm. Seizing the opportunity I broke into an awkward stumbling run. Then the full fury of the storm was upon me. Out of the unfathomable reaches of outer space chill winds of death gibbered and swirled around me. But there, there was the faint glow of light that came from my distant destination! Laughing and sobbing with relief I pushed toward it, heedless of the indistinct, wraithlike forms that brushed past me. As I paused on that sacred threshold letters of fire spread their message across the dark sky above me. Heedless, I shouldered my way through the door and into the welcome warmth of the interior.

As I stood there an impression of a swirling mist of kaleidoscopic colors slowly penetrated my consciousness. Through the mist a fat, oily countenance swam toward me grinning amiably as I was recognized. I grasped at it firmly, almost shouting in my eagerness. "Have any more come? Harry, tell me! I must know."

The face turned and bobbed away, to return shortly bearing its sole offering. I took it tenderly in my hands, holding it before me as my vision slowly cleared. And then ---- Oh horrible thing! I saw it for the hideous travesty that it was. The fat bulging form, the loathsome, evilly glaring colors.

Shreiking with righteous rage, I crammed that copy of AMAZING down the astonished clerks throat and ran screaming into the night.

..FINIS..

TO ALL MY FELLOW GULES.

I aint seen any of you guys since DRACULA. Where you guys go to anyway. I particularly want to hear from some of you guys that I used to have breakfast with. "Yum, yum! Remember those humans we used to eat. Be sure and write...

signed, FRANKY STINE...?

TURN HERE Dope

"NEIGHBORS IN THE SKY"
by Andy Anderson

The possibility of Mars being inhabited has long been a topic of popular discussion. The telescope reveals definite and permanent markings on the planet, which however, vary according to the changing seasons. The planet itself has an orange or ruddy color when seen in the telescope, while the markings are bluish-gray and are most conspicuous during Mars's spring and summer seasons. This has led to theories that the markings are caused by some sort of vegetation.

The poles of the planet are marked with white caps which expand in the winter seasons and shrink in the summer. This suggests that the polar caps are composed of ice and snow which form and all so melt with the changing seasons.

The most talked of feature of Mars are the "canals". These were first discovered in 1887 by an Italian astronomer named Schiaparelli. He stated that they crossed the ruddy portions of the planet in all directions and later observed that some of them appeared double. There is no doubt regarding the existence of some sort of fine detail on the planet's surface. The disagreement concerns this fine detail's exact nature. Lowell for example, mapped a network of more than 400 canals, while Bernard, an equally famous observer, insisted that that no definite network could be made out. Bernard's opinion is that of a majority of astronomers today. Photography will not solve the problem, since the fine detail can be glimpsed only momentarily, in instants when the seeing is particularly good. The big, new Mt. Palomar telescope may be able to throw further light on the subject.

Mars has an atmosphere, though not nearly so dense as one as that of earth. The quantity of water vapor is generally considered to be rather small. Thermocouple measurements reveal a fairly high temperature for the planet at times, the temperature at noon on the equator rising to about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Night temperatures at the same place though drop to about 40 below zero.

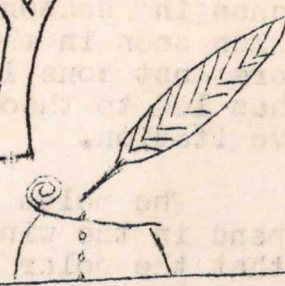
We may now assume, as many prominent astronomers do that there is life on Mars., plant life that is.

Then too we have the story of the shipboard operator whose set was bothered by a static that had form and regularity surprisingly like that of a code, although that of a code unknown to the operator.

Assuming that there are inhabitants on the red planet, we still do not know for sure if they are human, or even if they are animal, vegetable or what. That will be up to the first flight to Mars to really find out. But until that time comes, it is pleasant to theorize and discuss that about which we know so little.

EDS. NOTE: WE FORGOT TO INCLUDE THIS IN THE TABLE OF CONTENTS
SORRY WE HAD TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN...

JAN-SAY



LIONEL INNMANN
ROUTES 1
RIPLEY, TENN.

Recieved Apollo a day or so ago. It came as rather a surprise after I had heard of yer trouble in getting material for the first ish. Maybe some of the hardhearted fans will open

up soon and really give. They did J. But back to the mag. As I mentioned in a private letter, yer cover wasn't much good. Better practice a little. dear ed before you put yer work on a fanzine cover. what with all the merciless criticizers seeing it. I also said in my letter that Splawns bacover would have done much better. But U already had the mag planned when the pic was sent. It was (bacover) excellent. Aside from technical errors your poem was excellent, tho not as good as some of your later poems. (pause while the editor puffs out his chest, puts his feet on his desk and smiles)

Outside by Hinky Dink was the best feature of your mag.. I see no reason why the writer of this grade of stuff should hide behind a pseudonym. ((Ha ha, Yer ED wrote it-J.)) The ideas here are one's I've thought of a good while.

Fan Publications is interesting as are nearly all reveiws of this type. However try to reveiw more mags per ish. Thanks for the reveiw of mine. However you did me a slight injustice on the matter of pages. There were 28 instead of 24. Methinks you rate your fan mags too high. While Laney's mag is best it certainly did not rate a 10 which is PERFECT. Even the Acolyte is not that good.

The Electric Eye was interesting, espescially your hint of possible Lovecraft material. Do what you can along this line. Practical Astronomer did o.k. Get more from Grant.

Yer adds were laid out nicely. However Vulcan is 10¢ now Your hectoing was remarkably clear. Certainly shows up mine.

The typing was fair. Sure you put some Capitals out of place but this happens to the best of fan editors. Till next issue then.....? N-MANN.

((Thank for the heartening words Lionel. We like the Vulcan a lot too. We're sorry about any mistakes we made in one and also any we made in 2. Grants going to write us another on Lovecraft for 3 or 4))

over
** ** ** ** ** ** over
** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

(ADD)

DO YOUR MUSCLES ACHE WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING?
ARE YOU EXHAUSTED ? TIRED? THEN...GO BACK TO BED!



