

ARCTURUS

JAN. 1936



East New York S.F.D.

ARCTURUS

EAST NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE

January, 1936

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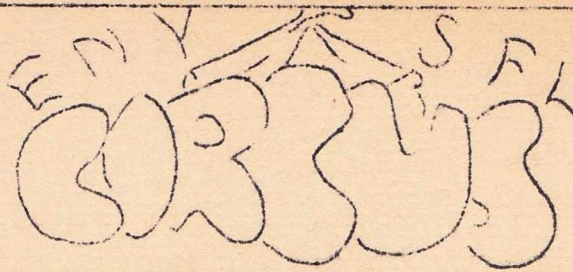
There will be an important change in the next issue of ARCTURUS. Following its policy of being "different", we are about to change our style of presentation to one never before used by any fan magazine, and by no professional publication that we know of! In consequence, the February, 1936 issue of ARCTURUS may make its appearance late. Watch for a great SURPRISE!

Single copies of ARCTURUS can be had at 10¢ each, except the first issue which is being sold for 15¢. Subscriptions for a year can be had at the rate of \$1.25 postpaid Advertisements will be printed at the rate of 10¢ for five 3½ inch lines, \$1.00 per page, or 30¢ per quarter page. Members of the East New York Science Fiction League may insert advertisements free of charge at the discretion of the editorial board.

Send all order to Herman H. Leventman, 143 Fountain Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Editorial offices: 928 New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Contributors are warned that unsolicited material will not be returned unless a return, stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with each manuscript sent.

By The



Ringmaster

Well, folks, a battle that has been holding off for a year or more, now, finally came and settled itself firmly in the main ring of the ENY SFL Circus, and is pretty close to being settled with your old ringmaster playing the part of pacifist.

The combatants, as you may know, are Charles D. Hornig, Assistant Secretary of the League, with George G. Clark suddenly entering the fray on one side, and John B. Michel, Donald A. Wollheim and William S. Sykora on the other. About the best thing to do, I think would be to explain all that happened up to the time of the battle in order that it may be clear in everyone's mind. So here goes:

It seems Donald A. Wollheim wrote a story, "The Man from Ariel" and it was printed in Wonder Stories some time ago. Getting paid for the story, however, seemed an impossible task, so Mr. Wollheim decided he'd take fame instead of fortune for the present, and wrote himself another story and sent it in to W.S. This time, only the plot was acceptable, but the irate Mr. Wollheim didn't expect to get payed for that, so he consulted his lawyer, and then the fun started. Messers Sykora and Michel took up sides with him and all three began a voluminous correspondence panning Wonder Stories for all they were worth.

The three were members of the New York SFL with Mr. Sykora as the Director, and at the same time they continued their attack against WS and evryone connected with it. At the same time they took a couple of swipes at the SFL with the consequence that they were kicked out of it.

The East New York SFL was chartered in June of 1935, and held its first meeting in September, at which meeting Mr. Wollheim was present. At subsequent meetings, both he and Mr. Sykora were visitors, and Mr. Hornig came to one of the meetings and raised a kick about permitting expelled members at meetings. The East New Yorkers decided that they liked the gentlemen in question and asked Mr. Hornig to give whys and wherefores. Before he could do so, something else happened.

The reorganized New York SFL was holding its second meeting, with Mr. Hornig wielding a mean gavel. In walk William S. Sykora and Donald A. Wollheim and eight of their friends. They chased Charles off the platform, and Bill Sykora sat down, taking out a gavel of his own. He proceeded to call the meeting to order - but in the name of the New York Branch of the I.S.A. (International Scientific Association, formerly the ICSA) Don Wollheim was then called to tell of his experiences with W.S., which he did until the building superintendent came in and shoed them both off.

At the next meeting of the East New York SFL, all parties concerned (and some who weren't) were present, visitors outnumbering members. Some fun! After the miscellaneous business of the chapter was over, the director explained the circumstances and then took cover. Mr. Hornig, to the best of our knowledge, spoke for about half an hour, at which time we awoke and called on Mr. Sykora for the other side. Waking up just in time to hear the end, we discovered that George G. Clark had something to say, and then hastily conferred with our secretary to find out what had been said. It seems that Charles had told us everything he knew about the three as gleaned from his correspondence and from hearsay, and which had led up to the expulsion of the three. Then Bill had refuted what Charles had said by telling what he knew as gleaned from his correspondence and conversations. Well, who was to be believed? But there was one thing that couldn't be talked away and that was (cont. on p. 11)

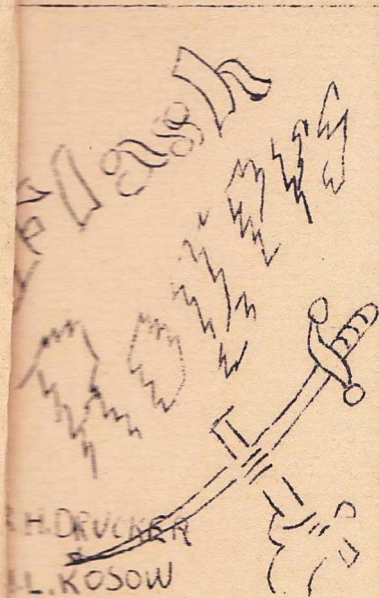
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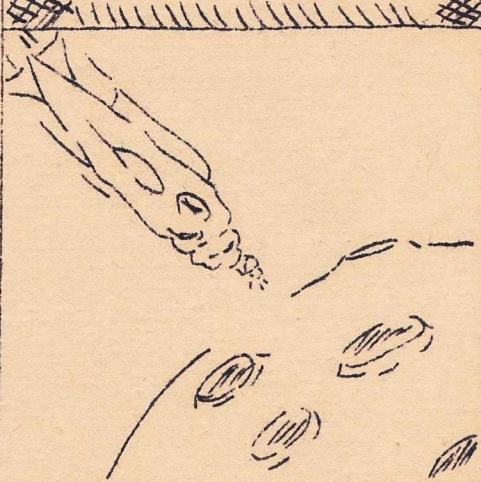
Thirteen

by Willy the Wisp

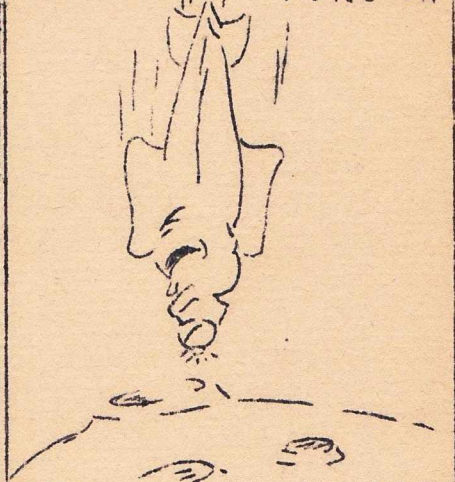
1. Nenneth Sterling. If some morning, you should hear a strange knock at the door, look out, it may be Ken. No matter where you live, this spsy of the stf. world is liable to move next door to you, haunt you continually for a few months, then vanish as quickly as he arrived. Look for a young, short, curly-haired cherub, with the darnedest cynicism you ever saw.
2. Irving Lionel Kosow. Always smiling, that's his main feature. Fencing master for all his horn-rim goggles and Chevalier lips. A friendly sort of fellow, with a tremendous ego. Used to be very proud of his letters in the stf. magazines. His closing remark: "Look for me in Astounding." But he's grown out of that stage.
3. Louis C. Smith. Claims to be the "Unofficial Statistician of Science Fiction." Has a closet jammed with statistical lists and information about every field of fantasy. A friendly fellow, very enthusiastic over everything in science fiction.
4. H.P. Lovecraft. Tall, fine-featured gentleman of old New England ancestry, Lovecraft is perhaps one of the most learned and brilliant scholars ever interested in fantastic fiction. A prodigious correspondent, with over 70 regular correspondents. The dean of the Weird-Fiction world, an antiquarian and delver into 18th Century things by hobby.
5. Donald A. Wellheim. God, no less, of Ghughuism, and high cockalorum of the TACPUHNTSTEPUSA, this bantam rooster is always going off half-cocked on some crusade or other. Has a penchant for being on every editorial board in the stf. fan magazine filed that will have him.
6. E. H. Koenig. In the very midst of the large Electrical Testing Laboratories, amidst a wealth of scientific machinery, highly exact instruments, mathematical charts, is an office in which can be found a rack of fantasy books. In the heart of exact science, a fantasy enthusiast dwells holding a high position in the Laboratories. Koenig is about 40, looks 25. Tall, blonde, a true scientist, yet a collector of science fiction. Yet he doesn't think as highly of science fiction as he does of weird fiction, - even more fantastic.
7. Conrad H. Ruppert. This young man is making quite a fine way for himself as a printer. He is a very ardent fan and collector of science fiction, too. Boasts about his Doc Savage magazines! Friendly, quite a contrast to his former business associate.
8. Jack Darrow. Black-haired, about 20. Real name is Clifford Kernoelje! Doesn't seem to have anything to do with fan activity; strikes most people as the Perfect Non-Entity.
9. William S. Sykora. His laboratory is the most remarkable hodge-podge of scientific equipment ever gotten together short of the junk heap. Brownish-blond haired, experimenter, stf. fan, chemist, rocket maker, and the Devil of Ghughuism. Claims to be a student of human nature and is. Employed by Westinghouse X-Ray along with Earl Vincent, though neither of them is aware of the fact. Historian of Science-Fiction Clubs.
10. Robert Illoh. Perhaps not as much a stf. fan as he is a weird fan, this 16 year old has already shown great progress in the writing field. He is an amateur actor, writer, and whatnot. Very talented, with a keen sense of humor; delights in giving crazy plays in which he appears dressed in a weird uniform, cocked hat and rubber cigar.
11. Nenneth P. Pritchard. About 23, he collects moBletse turn to Page 8)



THE SPACE SHIP
ARRIVES AT THE MOON



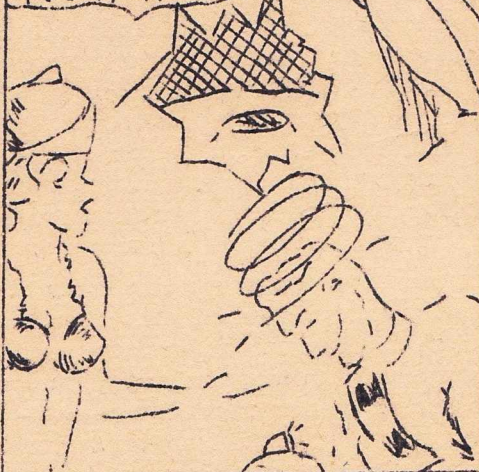
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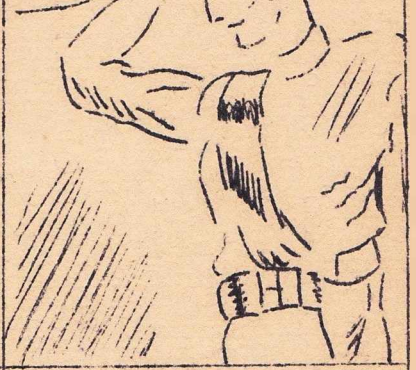
THE SPACE SHIP
CRASHES TO THE
GROUND



FLASH SPEAK
TO ME ARE
YOU HURT



I'M OK. IF IT WASN'T
FOR THE IRIUMETALLO
HELMET I WOULD HAVE
BEEN DONE FOR

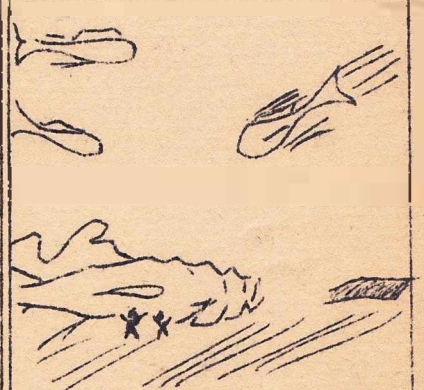
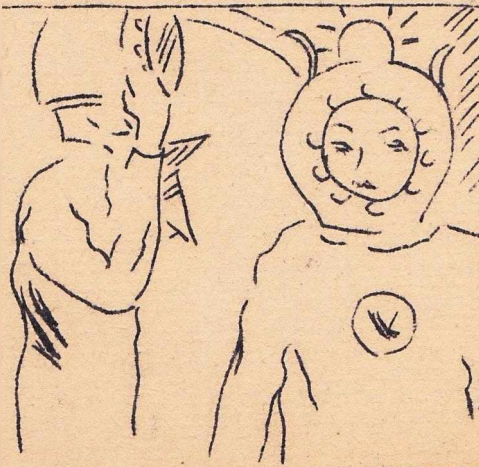


MEANWHILE THE PIRATE
CHIEF WITNESS THE
CRASH SENDS AN ORDER



TAKE OFF,
CAPTURE
FLASH AND
DALMA
ALIVE AT
ALL COSTS.

FLASH AND DALMA DON
THEIR SPACE SUITS
AS THEY PREPARE TO
LEAVE



BUT AS THEY
EMERGE THE PIRATE
SHIPS ARE ENCIRCLING
AROUND THEM,
HOW CAN THEY
ESCAPE? DRUCKER

IRVING L. KOSOW

Those who recall the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Maracot Deep", will remember how he fancifully portrayed the existence of a race of men living on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. The author drew his inspiration for this engraving tale from the age-old story of the lost continent of Atlantis.

The earliest written record is found in Plato's dialogue "Timaeus" and tells the story of Atlantis as told him by his great-grandfather who heard it from Solon, one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks. According to Solon, violent floods and earthquakes occurred, during which, the entire island of Atlantis vanished beneath the sea. Before this, however, Atlantis had been a mighty empire, flourishing about 9600 B.C.

If the problem of Atlantis were associated only with Plato's account of Solon's story, it might well be regarded as a product of his own imagination. It is true that, for long, scientists refused to credit the story but more modern study of geology and paleontology, together with certain discoveries at the bottom of the sea, have brought the legend well into the sphere of possibility.

One of these discoveries occurred in the summer of 1898, 500 miles north of the Azores, in which surface soil of the ocean bottom was shown to consist of lava. Further, this lava was such as had congealed under atmospheric conditions. Had it solidified under 1700 fathoms of water, it would have crystallized. The obvious inference is that the volcano which ejected this lava must have been well above the surface at the time of eruption. Moreover, lava exposed to sea-water disintegrates to an appreciable extent in 15,000 years. The particular lava under discussion was undecomposed indicating that the eruption must have occurred less than 15000 years ago, a mere yesterday in geologic time.

There are also striking structural resemblances between Europe and North America, and between equatorial Africa and Brazil. Many of the

mountain ranges on both sides of these regions reach the ocean only to be cut off abruptly, which suggests that in former times they probably continued beyond their present limits. The Azores and the islands of the western Indies are quite probably vestiges of a mighty continent lying between Africa and South America. It is interesting to know that these islands lie well within the zone of geological earthquake regions.

There is also biological evidence in support of the Atlantean theory. For instance, the monk seal remains close to land and does not frequent the ocean. One group is found in the Mediterranean; the other in the West Indies with the broad Atlantic separating them. The case of the manatee is similar. One is found off the west coast of Africa. The other inhabits the South American coast. Of the antedecendant ones found in the Azores are native also of America. Similarly, many of the moths and butterflies in the Canary Islands are identical with those of America, yet ants, moths, and butterflies, whose span of life, at best, is very short, could not possibly navigate the wide Atlantic. The ocean is insuperable to earthworms also, and those found in America are identical with those in Europe and Africa.

How did these several creatures reach their different localities? Certainly not by an ocean way. The only alternative appears to be a former existence of land where now the sea holds sway... Ancient religious beliefs show a similarity between the Egyptian, Babylonian and Chaldean mythic history to that of a race of Indians in Brazil and West Indies. Brochica, hero of the Chipchaw Indians of Columbia carrying the world on his shoulders is a variation of the Atlas (Please turn to page 12))

The Exile

MORRIS MILES

PART I

PART 2

... was killed in space for five years, is imprisoned in the LELATIX, a Mars-bound space-ship. Also on board the ship are two huge atomic energy machines, built by Kitson's father, which are being sent Mars to take over the work of rehabilitating the almost barren planet. While they are still six million miles from Mars, Kitson hears a great commotion on the levels above him, and the sound of people running back and forth. Locked up in a cell, as he is, he can only believe that something terrible has happened and that he has been forgotten in the interim. The story continues as he frenziedly pounds on the iron door of his cell, crying for help...

PART II

At the sounds of panic, the alarm bell rang out. The passengers were hurried sent to the life boats. For a few seconds, silence, and then, as a full import of the warning came to the frightened passengers, there was a frenzied dash for safety. Soon, Kitson could make out the sound of launching ships, and, in returning panic, counted them as they were sent far out from the mother ship, one by one ... Eight, nine, ten, in quick succession, the sounds of launching came to his ears. Suddenly all was quiet, and Kitson blanched as he realized what that meant. Dazed by the sudden turn of events, he dropped to his bunk, his head in his hands. An age seemed to have gone by when a sharp sound from down the corridor brought him to his feet. Pressing his face to the bars, he could see out a uniformed figure coming toward him, and a minute later he was grasping Captain Dennis' hand for all he was worth.

Dennis' questioning brought out the fact that it had indeed been a meteor, so large that the repellants could not handle it, that had done the damage. It had passed clear thru the engine room, demolishing the two generators, and gone off again into space.

"Leary, my wing commander, and Wallace are the only ones left aboard the ship besides you and I. As soon as we're ready we can leave by my private ship."

"Well, then, what the devil are we waiting for? Let's get going!" Kitson broke in impatiently.

Dennis looked at him, surprised at the sudden outburst.

"You may be interested to know, young man, that the two atomic machines I spoke about, and which you seemed so interested in, are aboard this ship. In the second place, the collision with the meteor did not change its course in the slightest, so that the LELATIX is bound to crash on Mars. Finally, there are quite a few things to be salvaged before we take off. Does that answer your question?"

But Kitson was not listening any more. The atomic machines, both of them, aboard a wreck, and heading for destruction! Pluto! Suddenly he rushed to the Captain.

"Is there any way to get them off? The atomic machines, I mean."

"No practical way, I'm afraid."

"Why not drop them overboard, set them up on an orbit around Mars, and then come back and find them?"

"No use. Even if we had the power, which we haven't, to send them far enough from the ship, we'd still have one hell of a job to find them. One chance in ten thousand. That's optimistic, at that."

While they were talking, they had been walking rapidly towards the control room, and just at this point they reached it, and entered. Wallace was sitting moodily in a corner, while Leary was bending over the direction indicator. As they came in, Leary

(Please turn to page 8)

"Thirteen" (Continued from Page 4)

things than any five fans. His room is jammed with all sorts of collections, his mind occupied with all sorts of ideas, beliefs, and a message that would astound you. Seems to be one of the very few that have some real belief in things supernatural. Claims to have had many supernatural experiences himself.

Herbert E. Goudket, Chairman of the New York Branch of the I.S.A., is also the potential director of the proposed Bronx S.F.L. and a dilettante of note. He is an amateur photographer and has been an ic-ologist so long, he is getting to look like his specimens.

Forrest J. Ackerman. He doesn't know it, but whenever his name is mentioned in sf. circles, it causes considerable snickers and suppressed laughter. This obtreperous author-pesterer, silly-letter writer, a what-have-you, is now going off half-baked on Esperanto and Universal Languages, a subject which he doesn't really know any too much about. Recently renounced citizenship in the U.S. by joining the World Society of Nationless People.

"The Exile" (Continued from Page 7)

Wallace and grinned at Kitson, while Wallace simply glanced up. The captain walked over to the direction indicator and surveyed it grimly. On the black screen, a yellow line represented the orbit of Mars, a shaded red circle representing the position of the planet at the moment and a green line, ending in the ring represented the path of the liner. Kitson, looking over the Captain's shoulder, felt his heart sink to his boots at the grim tale unfolded by the instrument.

"Well," the captain sighed, "Looks as tho there's nothing for it but to start salvaging. The atomic machines, of course, are both too large to get into the ship, and too heavy to be towed once we get into Mars' gravitational field. Heary, you'll stay here and keep your eyes on the indicator. I don't expect anything to happen, but just in case-- Wallace, go down to the cargo hold and pick out the smaller valuable items. Use your judgement. Kitson, you do the same in the staterooms. You'll find a bunch of tags in the drawer over there. Pick up every valuable item and tag it with the name of the owner. Get it? Get busy, now, I'll attend to getting the life ship ready for space."

Kitson found the tags, and in a few moments was beginning his search. On the way, he picked up a small four-wheeled cart, left in the corridor by some careless steward, and proceeded to examine each room. Ransacking drawers, he carefully tagged each valuable he found. In one room he happened on a paralysis gun, and was about to throw it aside as of little value, when a sudden thought struck him and he dropped it on the pile.

Finishing further searching, he quickly wheeled the cart, with its contents, down a spiral ramp and into the small hangar of the captain's ship. The airlock was open, and he could see Capt. Dennis thru a porthole. Looking over the instruments, quickly, now, he wheeled the cart into the little ship. Capt. Dennis looked up and nodded, then looked down again, saying, "Just leave it in the corner over there; we'll find a place for it later."

The exile followed instructions, then, looking out the port to see if Wallace was coming with his load, he drew the paralysis gun from the cart, took careful aim at the captain's back, and fired.

Without a sound, Dennis slumped to the ground. Kitson sprang into action. Dropping the paralysis gun in his pocket, he took another look out the port, then picked up the captain's inert body and carried him out the lock, dumping him underemoniously on the floor. He leaped back, into the ship, closing the lock after him. Then he pressed a button and the little life boat began to move into its torpedo tube. As soon as it was completely in, the hatch closed behind it and the front end opened.

Kitson hesitated, then threw a switch. The entire liner trembled, as, with a roar, its last life boat hurled itself into space.



SEE

YOU!

LISTEN HERE, YOU SCIENCE FICTION FANS!

If you fellows, by any stretch of your imaginations, think that I'M going to write this page myself, you're ca-ra-zy, and what I mean! You lackadaisical twerps sitting back in your cozy arm-chairs, enjoying the fruits of the editor's labors had better come to life, and pronto! Otherwise it's likely you'll not get the fruits, but the nuts! Some of you blokes, like this yere now, George G. Clark, think that criticism of an issue consists in a two and a half hour talk over the phone. I'd look funny (no cracks, you, over there in the corner) trying to copy down G. G.'s comments, holding on to the telephone receiver with one hand, and taking a swat at my kid-sister with the oth-er. So have a heart, youse guys, and come to a bereaved editor's succor. And if anyone makes a pun on that last, he'll have me to reckon with.

Well, now, the first letter (and the only one this month) is from Charles L. Hornig. Let's see what he has to say:

The first issue of the East New York's organ, "Arcturus", came to my attention today, and I must say that it is a very commendable effort. Every bit of it is interesting, and the little spice here and there certainly adds to its merit. (What spice? Can it be? I haven't read the entire first issue?) - Ed.)

You and your staff should be congratulated in putting out a publication of this quality in its very first issue, and I hope that you can soon see fit to have it printed instead of mimeographed. It deserves enough support to make it possible.

Here are a few of my personal reactions to it: I suggest that you tone down your "Thirteen" department a bit so that it can offend no one. I think you're a bit harsh on Weisinger and Kalotsky. (If you think Willy was hard on those two, take a look at No. 13 in this issue. However, I'll tell him when he comes in. - Ed.) Your science articles are very engrossing, though they should never take more than one-third of any issue.

I suggest that you make "Arcturus" a 100% fan magazine and eliminate the fiction. It is really a waste of space when you consider that the fans can enjoy much better and easier to read material in professional fiction magazines. This space should be used for news of the activities of other Chapters in detail, as the LEAGUE department is not large enough in WONDER STORIES to allow for detailed information. (Well, I'll tell you yuh. We have a saying in Yiddish: "a nahr toor mir nisht tseigen der halber arbit.", which means, translated very broadly, "Don't judge us entirely by our first issue." We expect to have fiction in our mag that will beat any ever printed elsewhere, once we get started. So just hold onto your chair. And where the hell do you get the nerve to put W.S. in capitals and ARCTURUS in quotes? - Ed.)

You may want to mention in your next issue that I am making an eleven day tour, starting Christmas Day, of large cities between New York and New Orleans, about fifteen of them, in order to visit fans, SFL members and authors - to create new and more personal friendships and try to stir up some new Chapters of the SFL in Pittsburgh, Memphis, New Orleans, Birmingham, Roanoke, Washington, etc. (I'm sorry, Charles, but we just haven't enough room in this issue, to mention that fact, so we'll just have to hold it over a couple of issues. What? - Ed.)

Fraternally yours,
Charles L. Hornig

BRAINSTORMS

Editor's note: BRAINSTORMS is a department in which, you, the fans, may air your pet theories, and expose them to the ridicule or the praise of your fellow fans, whichever happens to be warranted. If you have no theory that you care to risk, take a hand at tearing those of your fellow fans to bits. Send all contributions for this department to

Editor, Brainstorms, ARCTURUS, 3415 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Those of you who read last month's ARCTURUS will recall a theory advanced by Harold W. Kirshenblit on interplanetary atmosphere, in which he suggested that the atmospheres of the several planets and of the sun were similar in composition. Arthur L. Selikowitz, Director of the Albany S.F.L. registers his criticism:

"What is your definition of atmosphere? It is a known fact that interstellar space has matter in it, about one molecule to the cubic foot (or cubic centimeter or cubic yard or something) If that is an atmosphere, you're correct but not new. I wouldn't call it one, though.

Anyhow, the atmospheres of the sun and planets are not like that of the earth. The consensus of opinion is: The sun's atmosphere is calcium, hydrogen, iron (mostly) with some oxygen. Venus is H_2O and CO_2 with a little O_2 . Mars is CO_2 , O_2 , H_2O (nearest to earth). Outer planets (see recent issues of Physical Review) are: "Continents of solid NH_3 floating in liquid hydrocarbons and NH_3 . Atmospheres are inert gases, CH_4 , NH_3 ."

The theorist replies:

It is unfortunate, but quite evident, that either you did not read my contentions carefully, or that I did not make myself as clear as I had hoped. I did not state that interstellar or interplanetary space had an atmosphere. My statement was to the effect that the atmospheres of the several planets had spread out, growing more and more tenuous, until they had met in mid-space, and coalesced. This does not mean an atmosphere, but merely a medium for the passage and the intermingling of gases between atmospheres.

As to your objections for each of the planets;

It is only natural that there would be very little oxygen in a region where there is a tremendous amount of heat, as there is at the sun's surface. Oxidation would take place as rapidly as oxygen appeared and the only oxygen that could exist as oxygen would be in some form not common on earth. And this, too, we know to be true. Venus, we know very little about, despite spectroscopy, because the cloud envelope does not permit of spectroscopic investigation of the atmosphere under the clouds, and it is this atmosphere of which I spoke. Water, would, of course, show prominently thru a spectroscope, because of the clouds. The absence of nitrogen in the atmosphere of Mars can be set down to the fact that nitrogen in a free state is peculiar to the earth, as large quantities of carbon-dioxide might be to Mars and Venus so far as atmosphere goes. I made provision for this, if you will recall. In any event, neither the absence nor the abundance, if not too great, would have much of an effect on life existing on these planets, and it was this that I finally led up to. (or did you get disgusted and quit reading before you got to that?) The atmospheres on the outer planets I also made allowance for when I said that the composition of the atmosphere would depend in great part on the volatilization of the substance of the planet itself, and on the heat of the body.

"ATLANTIS"

(Continued from Page 6)

myth of the Greeks. The Mexican gods, Quetzalcoatl and Cuiaacoatl, are clearly Isis and Osiris. There are pyramids in Egypt as well as in Mexico. The mummification of dead bodies is also found in Mexico and Peru.

It can hardly be a matter of coincidence that peoples separated by the great distance of a mighty ocean should possess so much in common at a period in history when the crossing of the ocean was impossible.

Perhaps, in years to come, the inventiveness of science may find some means for wresting from the depths of the Atlantic some of its secrets. Till then, Atlantis must remain a matter of interesting speculation.

"ENYSEL CIRCUS"

(Continued from Page 3)

the breaking up of the meeting of the New York S.F.L.

At this point, George G. Clark got up and read an open letter in which he denounced both the actions of the three expelled members and the members themselves, respectively and severally. He is now being sued for slander by Mr. Wollheim who got peeved at some of his remarks.

We then proceeded to try and get some sense out of all this mess, and asked Mr. Hornig if it was still possible for the expelled members to be reinstated. He said that it was, if they made a complete apology for all their offenses. What those offenses were he couldn't say until he'd gone into conference with his correspondence once more. Okey doke, says we. Okey doke, says he, and the whole matter is tabled indefinitely. Before the meeting closed, however, Bill Sykora announced that he did not care to be reinstated, while Wollheim and Michel were undecided, the first because he didn't like some of the things Mr. Clark had said, and the second on general principles.

So the Circus is not over yet, and won't be until Charles D. lets us know what's to be done, and then it's likely the whole fight will start all over again. So keep your eyes peeled and your ears open, folks. This is only the beginnin', folks, only the beginnin'!

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