



Dedicated to  
two fans who  
are fans

Forrest J Ackerman.

Bob Tucker

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SEPTEMBER, 1941

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 We will accept pre or fan mags from Americans. We  
 take this opportunity of saying that any opinions  
 expressed herein are not necessarily ours - there  
 are several things stated in this issue to which we  
 do not agree. Next issue will be out in December.



ONTROLE -

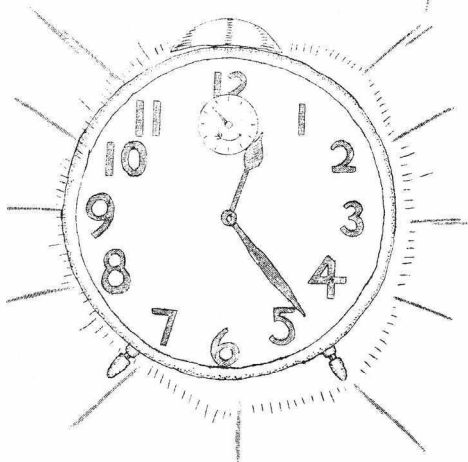
We are late again this issue, and as usual, we have a number of things to explain and apologize for. First, in the ad in M-B No. 8., we promised 35 to 40 pages. And we turn up with 26. We could have given you the 35-40 pages, but if we had done so...well you wouldn't be reading this in September, but in October or November. While we were haggling as to whether we'd cut the issue down and get it out to time (well...just a little late then) a well timed letter from a certain person remarking at the needless bulk of present-day *fmz* arrived. That decided us. Of course, to cut it down, something had to be left out, which in this case happened to be Colin Roden's much-moved "Telegrabber". We apologize Colin. However, at the present moment, some of "T" is already on stencil for the next M-B. Also, there is no *Bik*-inside-back-cover. Reason for this was that it is extremely similar to RA3' cover on the June *ULTRA*. We don't want any libel suite or anything on our hands. Next, and perhaps this isn't necessary, is an apology for the small size of the "still" on page 23. We couldn't help this, but think that the clarity of detail makes up for the size.

Once again we repeat our quarterly plea for material. Along with the usual stuff, we'd welcome some illustrative matter. With *YE Art Ed* in camp, it's got to be the scale where we are doing the interiors ourselves. Cuts for the various departments, covers and back covers, and other odd drawings you think might come in handy, will all be welcomed with open arms.

It seemingly being the fashion lately for you to plug your favorites among fms in an editorial, we hereby declare that this is a plug for Science & Fantasy Fan Reporter. It costs but 11d per week from Colin Roden, 115 Bondi Road, Bondi, N.S.W., and if anything was ever worth 11d, this is. We also heartily recommend Fan fab, the latest issue of which is just out as we type, with three colors and slick paper. From Don Thok, 17 Audley Street, Kth. Hobart, Tasmania. Price is (or was) 4d - it should have gone up this ish though. There's 28 pages of it. Don't believe what the numbers say - count 'em and see!

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# TIME TRAVEL-4



# TIME TRAVEL

## FOUR

ERIC P. RUSSELL.

In this, the fourth of my series of articles on the subject of time-travel, I intend to review some really bad stories, just for a change. So if you've read some really stinking time-travel yarns prepare to see it dragged in the mud and jumped on many times. By the way, the first three of this series were published in LITSA's 1 & 3 and COSMOS 3.

An outstanding example of pulp science fiction at its worst can be read in "The Time Trap" a so-called "novel" by Henry Kuttner in the second issue of *Nervous Science* for 1934. The story was of a similar type to Kuttner's "novel" in the first issue, and you can guess that Editor Heinlein was trying to please four types of readers: Horror, detective, terror and war, in these two first issues of *Nervous*.

So much for that: this article would not be complete without mentioning that sci comic-adventure tale of the fantasy field - you guessed it - *Amazing Stories*. Story in question is "History in Reverse". Boosted up as one of the greatest yarns ever, this story appeared in the October 1939 issue of *Amazing* (or maybe Davis) said that the Columbia Broadcasting System had suppressed it because it was too sensational. Luckily the CBS did not use it because it was not very good. The story dealt with two men who built a time machine and traveled to various periods in the past and filmed famous events in history - returned and put the scenes together to make a motion picture of the McFella cock "Outline of History". When the film was first screened it caused, for some obscure reason, a panic, and a riot took place in the theatre. But why go on - this "great" story ended with the two men going back to the past to prove to some disbelieving friends that the film was not faked. Yarn ended with an archeologist telling of a kind of an automatic revolver embedded in the road of some remote pre-historic era. They never came back.... Wow! I nearly forgot, the story was written by Lee Lawrence.

Frederic Arnold Kummer Jr., one of the run-of-the-mill authors occasionally writes an outstanding piece of fiction, but not very often. One of his fair stories appeared in the July 1940 *Super-science Stories*. "Day of the Comet" was its title, and it received the cover, which incidentally was rather good. But don't ask me who painted it. The signature is obscured by type. The story runs thus: An expedition from Earth is on Pluto, examining some ancient ruins when their rocket ship explodes, when the time comes to

exploring the ruins again, they discover a large cone, which turns out to be a time machine. Having seen by the ruins that the ancient Plutonians must have been a highly civilized race, some of the survivors travel back to the past and have various adventures, during which the inevitable pretty girl turns up. And....can't you guess? Oh, well, nothing's perfect and I did hear once that as far as present-day science can determine, Pluto has never known any form of life as we know it, but of course under side-steps such an idea. The story as a whole was good - but that scientific flaw stood out like a sore thumb.

Jack Binder is next for the "lost past" and although a fair artist (he does his best for Astor/Dine) he will write such trips as the IS series in Thrilling WONDER Stories. They are all rotten (in my opinion) and in one of them "If You Were Stranded in Time" was a series of drawings showing a 20th century American's adventures in ancient Rome in about the same era as Peter Bex's. Things went very smoothly for him - too smoothly in fact. But for a good "Stranded in Time" time travel tale try De Camp's "Lost Darkness Hall" - Dec '39 WNDMGM. By the way, the IS time adventure appeared in the Dec '38 issue of T/S.

"Lords of 9016" a time traveler which appeared in T/S in the April '38 issue was certainly no credit to the name of John Russell Fearn. Lordes in a letter to the Reader Speaks in choosing the worst story in that particular year was undecided as to whether to hand the "silk lined tomato can" to Binder or Fearn. I think JRF got it. The story deals with an ant invasion from the future and as usual there is hero, heroine, and stage. "Lords of 9016" was a typical example of the trips WMS was printing during the 1937-1938 period.

Last and least, is Edmund Hamilton, and strangely enough it's not world saving for which he is on trial. I.e., the story is "Horror out of Carthage" a weird-adventure tale which appeared in the Sept '39 Fantastic Adventures. The time travel was of a psychic nature, in that the minds of the hero, and of course the heroine were drawn into the past to Carthage, so that two double crossing Carthaginians could escape to the present and take control of the Americans' bodies. It was out of place in a magazine with a format as Fantastic was using at the time. It might have suited Mystery Adventures, but that, thank goodness, was forced to cease publication for obvious reasons.

The next I-T article will deal with methods of time-traveling as suggested to me by Colin Roden. Time marcheth on.....

Author's note: Like an I C T O R Y evil octopus Nazi Germany had spread its venomous tentacles over half of the world by spring World War II. The British Empire itself found it necessary to seek American aid; its right against the brute. Even with the combined efforts of Britain and America, man's birthright was about to be confiscated by this satanic power - this The noted morale of the Britons was undergoing its most crucial test. Until slowly at first, then with added vigour, democracy won through; not in the haphazard manner of World War I, but utterly - the annihilation of the great octopus had been complete. What actually happened to cause this welcome turn of events is not generally known, for the truth seems a fantastic as the venesous octopus itself. Therefore, this historic account is presented with the realization of the author that certain sections of the general public will appreciate the probability of the authenticity of the account, which is no fiction.

With head bowed, his spirit broken, the emperor walked slowly around the island of St. Helena where he was supposed to spend the rest of his life in exile. How dark of comparative idleness followed many years of entrance into and finally affected the one time emperor. Bitterness and a great depression pervading his very soul, he suddenly came to a halt and cried aloud in great anguish: "Oh! What do I have to waste the rest of my life here in punishment and loneliness?"

"Not necessarily," came a voice from behind.

The exile spun round startled in surprise. Behold a young man clad in a best possible coat of dress. The trousers were a double-breasted light green jacket, trousers of the same color, while his feet were encased in black patent leather shoes of the cheaper variety. A row of four buttons, silver buttons in the light brocade. His features were those of a man with dark eyes and thick curly hair, wide open nose bridge and the broad.

"Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Are you a man like who came in answer to my sudden outbreak?"

"Tell in a way, you might term me as a sort of a god," was the reply. And he added, "Indeed, according to your standards, you might aptly term me as a god or deity."

"You speak my language but your attire is strange. Do you come from a distant land?"

"I speak four languages. First, I am able to speak French, I speak also the English and about twenty of juggling sentences with the language of Britain, I am also able to speak the Australian tongue. My attire appears strange because I am from a distant age

--the year 1941, where historical accounts of your life are still, enthusiastically studied: your glorious battles, your love life.."

"Stop immediately!" ordered Apolloch, assuming an air of majesty. "What manner of speech is this that you mouth so glitly of an age that has not yet come to pass? Have they sent a lunatic to torment me and increase my suffering? Be off with you and confine yourself to a distant part of this settlement."

"Sirs, you find it difficult to understand. I have come fully realizing the difficulty I will experience in convincing you of the authenticity of the knowledge I have to impart. I beseech you to lend an ear to the wisdom of my age. I can free you from this bondage, take you with me to a distant land and the age of which I have spoken. I can make you rich. You will once more taste the joy of fame, contracts, Hollywood, personal appearances, travel, England, America, Africa, Australia. Freedom, wine, women...."

"And armies?" asked the listener with growing interest as if the young man's enthusiasm had somehow entered his consciousness.

"Perhaps," came the reply with less vigour.

"Come over to my abode and let us discuss these fabulous promises. Even if you are a lunatic it will give me pleasure to talk of great conquests."

On arriving at the stone dwelling, they both settled down, the Emperor waving aside the tin of "bakings" which the stranger proffered. They drank a little wine, however, and the visitor began to explain the position to the now attentive exile. He spoke of science and invention, phonographs, telephones, radio, talking pictures, and time travel. He also spoke of war; the fall of the Czars, the Kaiser and the great war; Hitler, the collapse of France and the terrible war of 1941 that was raging on England. The speaker then became silent.

After some moments of utter silence, Apolloch stood up and thoughtfully paced the narrow confines of his room for some minutes. At last, stopping in his stride, he looked at his companion speculatively, then spoke: "This Hitler; he pretends to be an interesting opponent on whom to test my military genius. Come, let us go and inspect this contrivance which you call a time machine."

THE END.

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To hereby declare that anyone who has been dumb enough to misreading the second (August) issue of SPACEWARR, the official organ of the RPA, should be taken at dawn, and summarily executed. It is Australia's first semi-printed fan mag. Letters, Articles, & general Vol Malesworth, "Jock Murre", 10 Green Pt., Road, Sylvania, NSW

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## WARDENS OF THE WORLDS IN SPACE

by Vol. Holmesworth.

"Within the cave a group of men in uniform searched amongst the herds of unconscious figures on the floor, turning them over looking at their faces. The searchers were members of the Interstellar Police and they were seeking a much "wanted" man. The cave was in the wilds of Jupiter and the man they sought was Ulsor, a Martian agitator who was trying to raise a revolt amongst a tribe called the Nemi. The leader of the Police Patrol was young Captain Jerry Egan, one of the most promising officers in the force. It was the year 2045 and Earth was not the only world known and used by man. Four other planets and nearly a hundred moons and meteors came under the control of the Interstellar Police. This force looked after the routes between the vast tracks of the Universe, keeping law and order. Jerry Egan was up against a difficult task when he had landed in Northern Jupiter and tackled the job of seeking Ulsor amidst the backward Nemi tribe. The police had soon discovered that Q.D., the radio meteorological station, had been wrecked by the Nemi and the occupants murdered."

Imagine my surprise, when on opening the gaudy cover of the 3d British comic book, "Adventure", I read the above paragraph. It was the opening of a science fiction story entitled "Wardens of the Worlds in Space", and carried a very well drawn title out. On the second page is an illustration, evidently done by the same artist, though neither drawing carries a signature. I suspect Driffin, who did the covers at EIGHTH AVENUE. The illustration shows Captain Egan smashing the power station control panel of the Nemi cave-lands with a sledgehammer. The title cut shows a spacecraft. In the left is a spiral runway, from which is being launched a well-designed craft. In it are seated the men, and another pair of whom are dressed according to set set rules) stands watching them prepare for the takeoff. The story, though in places a little crude, is very well handled, and if it is continued as a serial will provide a new voyage of set for Australian fans.

Ulsor the Martian: "Also most Martians from his part of that planet, he was very unpleasant to look upon. His head was small, his eyes were large, and his nose prominent. There was no hair on his skull, and the metal suit which he wore failed to disguise his thinness. His arms were no thicker than the wrists of an Earthman, and reached almost to his feet." The Nemi: "...were savages by comparison with the other people of those days but they were not prehistoric. They were big hairy fellows, with coats of fur almost as thick as those of grizzly bears. In addition they wore shields of leather strapped about their bodies, and helmets like those of old time aviators. They carried rifles of the extreme type, and long knives." After the capture of Ulsor, Egan and his band escaped from the cave-lands.



# YOUR SAY 5 letters~

David R. Evans sez: "The June issue of Austra-Fantasy has 'thrown down the gauntlet' as a challenge to all other Australian fanmags, for clarity of reproduction. The cover by BMS & BMR is worthy of the highest commendation an amateur can receive. The general reproduction is good and well sustained throughout the magazine. The material of course is always subject to individual opinion. Your own article, "Now It Can be Told" is most convincingly written; I am still unable to decide whether it is fact or fiction. (Fact all right.) The table of contents, as I think, presented in a very imaginative manner. The title cut for Noel's popular feature, "Fantasy on the Screen", suggests that you have used a professional block. But I have not yet read all the material, as I am hopelessly behind in my reading."

Some months ago we got a letter from Vencesworth, reproduced below. We couldn't for the life of us figure what question of BMS' he was replying to, and it only dawned on us about a week ago. In case you don't remember either, BMS said in the 4th A F, referring to "Product of Mars", "...how did the damn thing tread?" Noel, of course, fixed that up in the sequel, but Vol offers an interesting explanation: "In reply to BMS: evidently he hasn't read "Past, Present and Future", written by a medium through the dictation of Iselia, an Egyptian Princess' spirit. In it a bisexual being gives birth to man after man and after a while desires something different. His next progeny is female. He mates the female and gradually the bisexuality becomes degenerative and men mate women who have children. Thus, the human race started with one individual. This explains the cause of "half-woman-half-man" persons alive today. Throughbacks."

Bruce himself now  
"Last iss U sent me  
was Super GALACTIC."

Moel Dryer: "General comments: Issue best that has appeared in any Acct. mag- difficult to say it was best in issue because nearly all of it was excellent. If I say that one thing was the best, it means that it only slightly (very, very) lend over the other material. Cover quite good, although it is not the best I've seen. "Lariat Gesture" - Shakespeare would say: "Much ado About nothing." I don't know whether "Jupiter Jumps" was intended to be drama or comedy, but I think it was very humorous in parts, and liked it. Tell Colin that should he write a sequel to this, that he has a very wide field and could get a variety of plots, and that he should use the best of these. What I liked about this story is the way it was illustrated in that "ASTONISHED" runner - with the diagram I hear. It caught my eye right away as being good. The cartoon was nicely done. Although I couldn't get who was saying "And where do you think you're going?" (St. Kate.)

"Nor It Can Be Told": This was one of the best things in the issue - not because of its small size or how it was written, but because of the whole thing behind it. I can see all imagining those censors reading through our letters and coming upon those abbreviations you mentioned. You would hear one of them say: "Say, Phil, from one censor to another this chap's plain 'barry.' The other censor would look at it and assume his word and reply, "No, Joe, you're wrong. This is fifth column. That's a coded message, that part that reads 'A-s, d-i' be present at Dixiecan with Vol, etc', so I think we'd better ring up the Sixty squad." Half an hour later the whole of the army comes tearing down the writer's street surrounds the house, and takes the prisoner. I'm glad you wrote that - had a good laugh.

Keep Your Say in Always, as it's popular with me. Get those dumbbells to write too - working LFC, RSL, RAR, RFR, RGR.....

Cartoon on the Screen was not long enough. Tell the dopey bloke who wrote it to make it longer. I'd like to thank you for illustrating it with the best illustration in the issue. Quote Moel: "Wag as long as you can dish out marvellously accurate cuts such as this, there will never be the need of illustrating anything that appears in A-W or e-W with proper pictures." That cut was the best I've ever seen, and I happily again hand it to you.

Sea Things: Bruce is always good at poetry and this is as good as anything I have written yet. I used to like poetry in language until he started - now I love it.

Shadow out of Space: This takes the cake for the best in the issue. Marvellously well written---I can do nothing but say that Vol deserves a lot of credit for this. I really think that a pro- would have accepted this.

Perhaps this resume of the contents has bored you, but I thought that you might have wanted it." (He said):



# DEATH!

BY DONALD M. TUCK.



Death is the enigma of the centuries, for it is the question on which all philosophers and scientists dwell. What life beyond death? Well, we don't know, but there are many hazardous theories of this sort. We all remember at school the notion of the old Greek - Aristotle - who believed that when one died his soul passed on to some body or animal being born at the same instant and thus lived on for ever. As a child I used to believe this myself - the Transmigration of Souls as it is sometimes called - and I even now know people who still believe in it.

Many are the theories of life beyond life, and although some may be feasible, many are not. Ormuz, in his story, "The Day From Hell" theorized that Aristotle, Parnady, and all the other great thinkers who were doing original work on certain subjects during life in their own life-time, continued thought in this after death, but could not use this knowledge of course. Quite a good story was evolved on this idea. We also have stories of life on another plane after death, but this is probably the most feasible. Think of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story "The Hound of the Baskin's" which is the fourth dimension. See also, "The Day From Hell".

Then we have the idea of death being something that if the human knew what lay beyond, would alter all his views on life and make life beyond death seem as horrible that he would be the worst thing to anybody. Which it is far more at the present. This was the theme of Conan Doyle's story "The Hound of the Baskin's".

Then as Christians we look on life after death as a reward for our life on Earth. That is, there is either a life of hell or the very exquisite heaven of paradise for every human on earth, according to the kind of a life he has lived.

But even the weird and fancy keep off this subject pretty much. ....

# OVERLOOKED

by K. Noel Dwyer.

Benton peered furtively through the open window and gazed upon the small figure that sat reading at the table. As he gazed his eyes blazed with hate and his fingers trembled on the button of the Radpietel in his hand. Benton had formerly been President of the Hi-Tec University, the greatest in the whole of Mars. He had been Earth born and had taken up the position directly upon leaving Earth three years ago. He had introduced laws and regulations common on Earth, and enforced them despite the advice of the Earth Ambassador that Martians had to be treated differently from Earth people. Benton did not heed this advice and it was not long before he became unpopular not only in the Hi-Tec University, but also through the whole of Mars.

The Martians, although physically frail, were mentally courageous, and led by one Yuk-kai, most learned among Martians, protested strongly against Benton and advocated that a Martian be given the position of administration of the great University. At first Earth refused, but when the Martians held mass meetings and feeling grew precariously high, they submitted and Benton was deprived of his position. Yuk-kai the Professor had been responsible for Benton's dismissal because of his many eloquent speeches to the public - and as a result he became a kind of a hero among his people who thought it was only fitting that he should fill the position of President of Hi-Tec University. He did.

Benton was here now, gazing hatefully at Yuk-kai. Perhaps it was fate that drove him here - in this very window. Benton was a strange man - he still retained the cunning and savage instincts of the lower classes of the 19th century, and this, together with the moral injury he had been done, caused his mind to think upon revenge upon Yuk-kai for what he had done.

Yuk-kai, who had been studying, sensing someone near him looked up - around the room and out of the window. The curtain blew gently and Yuk-kai spoke, "You hiding behind that curtain -- I know what you are there."

The curtain billowed open, and Benton, Radpietel in hand, stepped out.

"You!" barked the Martian in evident surprise, "I thought you were leaving Mars tonight."

"So I am," answered Benton with a sneer. "but not before I do what I came here to do."

"And what did you come here to do ——" ?

"Kill you," came Benton's indifferent reply.

"Really," hissed Yuk-kai, "They would find me in the end and trace it to you."

Benton smiled and replied, "Yuk-kai, they won't find you until morning, and by then I'll be millions of miles from Mars. Furthermore they won't know who did it and by the time they even get a clue that the murderer has left Mars I'll have lost myself on Earth."

"You are a coward," breathed Yuk-kai heavily. "It proves that a Martian heart is much stronger than that...."

He was cut short by Benton who said, "You can't tell me much about hearts Yuk-kai. I know that one shot through the heart will kill anything in the Universe. Still further I know that a Martian heart is about four times larger than the heart of a person of Earth and therefore is impossible to miss. And again I know that a Martian heart is so frail that an exterior instrument only has to touch it and it will burst. There's something else about your heart too, but I can't recall it just now. But that doesn't matter because I know enough about it to do what I intend to do. You are the one who lost me my job, Yuk-kai, and I hate you for it. I hate you so much that I'm going to kill you and get away with it...."

Yuk-kai smiled sadly as Benton's finger jammed the button of the sub pistol and a ray of light struck him in the chest. He stumbled and fell face flat on the floor.

Benton laughed. It had been a perfect shot - right through the heart - Yuk-kai was dead and he was satisfied. He hurriedly made his way from the scene of the crime to the hotel where he was staying. He washed and dined, packed his luggage and took a cab to the space-port. In a few more hours he would be on his way to Earth and safety. Yuk-kai would not be found for another twelve hours yet - and the Police on Mars were so dumb that his escape was assured.

At the space-port Benton checked up his luggage and obtained his seat ticket. As he walked towards the barrier he breathed a sigh of relief and presented his pass-port and identification disc.

The official checked the pass-port and looked at the identification disc and muttered, "All in order Professor Benton..."

Benton smiled his thanks and made to move, but the official's arm dragged on his shoulder and he found himself looking into the muzzle of a gun. "You're under arrest Professor Benton," the official said politely but firmly, "and it will be better for you if you come with me quietly."

Benton struggled slightly but saw that other officials had their guns out, so submitted quietly. "What am I being taken for?" he asked, "I've done nothing."

"Do?" answered his guard. "I was instructed to take you in charge for wilfully shooting President Yuk-kai of the Hi-Psci University."

"That's utter nonsense and you can't prove it. Why I've been

packing my luggage and getting ready to go. I'll stay all day long for my journey back to Earth," was Benton's response.

"I'm sorry to have to prove you wrong," was the guard's polite reply.

A patrol car pulled up and Benton and the guard entered it. The door slammed shut and the car sped away. Benton was now feeling almost afraid. Something must have gone wrong - but how could it have? Yuk-kai had been shot through the heart, and he was the only one who knew who killed him. If Yuk-kai was dead how did they know that he had done it?

The car continued on and after some time pulled into the grounds of a large white building which he recognized as the Great Northern Hospital of Mars. Under escort he was taken into the Hospital and to the 4th level.

At the door of one of the wards the guard paused and said to Benton, "There is your proof Professor Benton."

The door swung open and they entered. In undisguised amazement and growing terror Benton found himself gazing into the smiling eyes of Yuk-kai. He lay propped up on a pillow and had a large bulging bandage around his chest.

Benton staggered against the police officer for support. His brain collapsed at the sight of the man he had killed lying there alive in the hospital bed. "It's not him!" he screamed hoarsely "it can't be him - it's a frame up!"

"No, not a frame up," smiled Yuk-kai from the bed, "and the proof."

There was no way out of it now that Yuk-kai had turned up. Benton knew that the Martian's testimony in court would prove his undoing. He turned to the guards and shouted, "All right I did it! - but I didn't murder him! That makes it easier for me!"

He turned to Yuk-kai and scowled, "I shot you through the heart didn't I? You should be dead - I didn't miss - you should be dead you understand...you should be dead!"

Yuk-kai shook his head. "No Benton," he replied, "I should not be dead. You made just one mistake. You said that you know all about hearts. That Martian hearts were about four times as big as Earthly ones and that they were very frail...you knew that a shot through the heart killed - And you knew something else, but unfortunately for you, and luckily for me. You didn't recall it. That little thing you forgot was that the heart is situated on the extreme left of the body, and not near the middle as our Earthly ones are. You shot me where you thought my heart was - and where it would have been if I had been a man from Earth. As it was you completely missed my heart and inflicted only a rather nasty wound in my chest. When you shot me I thought you had killed me but found myself still alive. After that it was simple. I got up, called the police, and they did the rest."

The guards formed alongside Benton who walked slowly towards

Page 18.

Yuk-kai - "I'll get you one of those days you brown devil...."

"Not where you're going you won't," the guard beside him said grimly, "You'll get life for this - and still further, no one's ever escaped from Sanjudo....."

Yuk-kai looked strangely and somewhat pitifully at the retreating figure of Benton and muttered to himself, "I don't think that you will ever forget little things again, Benton....."

He yawned, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

THE END.

## ILLUM QUIZ

What you have to do in this is to connect up the films and the actor/actress that belongs to each. A couple of the persons mentioned are in more than one of the films listed. For instance, Boris Karloff was in "Black Friday", but he was also in two of the others, and one of them is the one we want. So? Just to be different, we won't tell you what page the answers are on. We don't know ourselves at the moment.

- |                                  |                       |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Things to Come.               | A. Henry Hull.        |
| 2. Black Friday.                 | B. Dudley Digges.     |
| 3. Dracula.                      | C. Paul Fix.          |
| 4. Juggernaut.                   | D. Ray Bray.          |
| 5. Mad Love.                     | E. Lionel Barrymore.  |
| 6. The Invisible Man.            | F. Max Baer.          |
| 7. Dr. Cyclops.                  | G. Anna Nagel.        |
| 8. Werewolf of London.           | H. Ralph Richardson.  |
| 9. King Kong.                    | I. Boris Karloff.     |
| 10. The Devil Doll.              | J. Donald Cook.       |
| 11. The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. | K. Peter Lorre.       |
| 12. Turnabout.                   | L. Conrad Veidt.      |
| 13. Thief of Bagdad.             | M. Leslie Banks.      |
| 14. The Tunnel.                  | N. Bela Lugosi.       |
| 15. The Invisible Ray.           | O. Douglas Fairbanks. |

Let's know if you like this kind of thing. We had an idea of having a list of films and a list of people that had anything to do with the films in the list. That, we think, would be slightly hard on. By the way, we got the idea for this from a similar one in PACE magazine. It was by de Ackerman.

# FUTUREWARD

William D. Vane

We hear much talk today of the "new order", the new scheme of living, to follow this Mr. Newmargerson, scientists, students, politicians, the mob in the street; each of them has a plan for producing a stabilized society. Even at the last State Election, considerable time was spent by both parties in expounding its particular type of "new order". Everywhere people are looking ahead not merely to their own future, but to the future of Australia, Empire, and the World at Large.

Some may say this is a new type of propaganda, and it is. But it is not a new type of propaganda that is current today after day from Speedy, Buck Rogers, Eric Bradford, and Ivan, and other "futurists". The average man knows at times, yes, even from childhood, that things are going to happen in the future. Good things and bad things. Things for which we had better prepare.

The professional futurists have seen that the future is a much more direct and straight-forward manner. The futurists in some cases, carry vital social messages of possible future and offer possible solutions. Admittedly, many of these futurists are too idealistic or too impractical to provide a worked-out, workable, workable, the brain of man is there, says the futurist. If we can only find out what we are the futurist.

The futurist has said something about the future. We find a lot of futurists on the possibilities of tomorrow but have we ever stopped to consider how much constructive advice we could give if called upon to do so? A few could...there is no more than this in Australia...but collective...it is in such a fashion that the average person would believe in it.

The ideals that inspire science-fiction are of the highest order. The conquest of space, the advancement of all branches of science, the introduction of a universal language, the unification of all peoples into one co-operative state; grand ideas! It is honour to be fighting in their cause! Is there anywhere another avenue so free, so boundless, so truly humanitarian in outlook as science-fiction? Science-fiction is unique and unprecedented.

We must work for the realization of these ideals. We must investigate the possibilities of the future! In our own hands.

letters, in our magazines, in our writings, in our gatherings, everywhere it is possible, let us shout the ideals, the hidden truths of science-fiction! It is what the world needs. Utopia A faith in a better tomorrow. And we fans are the ones to carry this message of the things to come.

Let us, each and everyone of us, be a propagandist. Let us strive to acquaint ourselves with the dreams we dream. Let us investigate this cause of ours; throw out that which is not uplifting and be prepared to argue forcefully in favor of the better, brighter material. Surely we all desire to see our dreams materialize. Nobody is going to do it for us. We must realize that the principles and ideals of science-fiction can only come from one direction, and that is from science-fiction itself! That is axiom!

Don't think that you haven't the power to spread our ideals. You have! I've yet to meet the science-fiction fan who couldn't fight for them if, and it is a big "if", if you know and had faith in our cause. It is confidence that is required. To have confidence we need solid backing. We must have concrete proposals; yet they must appear as soft as satin, as desirable as the nectar of the gods. How to do this? Discuss them sensitively! Discuss them analytically, yes, but constructively so as to really help the cause. And we must keep at it! Too much valuable time has been wasted already!

Resolve now to look futureward, think futureward, and do something about it.

THE END

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NEXT ISSUE ---

----- We will probably have another Smith cover. It's a bit small in the original, but if we can lay our hands on a pantagraph, we'll enlarge it up to quarto.

Now--- as yet we have no other material for next ish. except the promise of "Designed" from Tomsworth, "Night" by which Noel Sawyer turns to verse, and the natural features of course. So far Gosselink send us in your masterpieces, even cast-off ones are welcome. We can always reject 'em if they're too bad.

We may also have a special supplement - in the form of a page of reduced articles from various files around the place. The idea is that we'll use one big 3 X 10 sheet of foto paper, instead of printing them separately.

Lastly, in two more issues we are having our 3rd anniversary. This is a bit early for an announcement, but we didn't celebrate the first, and we do intend to do so this time.

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FANTASY ON THE SCREEN.....No. 5.....by NOEL DYER & WCO HOCKLEY

From the Sydney end of Postboxes of Fantasy Information Bureau information news is very short and despite much hard work on my part to dig up information I have had a very disappointing time.

Coming up is a film "The Smiling Ghost", featuring Wayne Morris for Warner Brothers. I don't know much about the supposed fantasy film, but for fact (the lucky devil) he kisses Smith 28 times all 7 times in the that part you say? about fantasy in a

Suave Peter Lorre, in many weird films, on one of his down periods in "The Maltese Falcon" - but get it later in a fight with Mary Astor. It was ironic the way Peter Lorre - Warners had him to make just one film. Considering someone else as Peter hurriedly sent ABOUT IT - HERE I AM." He got it!

David Selznick, 20th Century-Fox Director-Producer, thinks he has got a bright idea, but I personally think he pinched it from Walt Disney. He plans to do away with the double-feature program, and make one film consisting of a number of shorts. For instance, he first plans to make a film called "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" one of which incidentally is by Edgar Allan Poe (One of which? That's the name of a book of stories by Poe - W.M.) and therefore we can expect something out of the bag. If this is successful he will make "Tales of Love and Passion and Romance". Nuff sed.

A lot of us have seen Fantasia by now and we are all of the one opinion. Holesworth I believe, wouldn't move from his seat after it was over, and started to produce a duplicator from some place

entitled "The Smiling Ghost", featuring Wayne Morris, presumably I don't know much about this part of this film, but for fact (the lucky devil) he kisses pretty Al and Brenda March. Not fantasy film. Not fantasy film. Well, who cares case like that? Lorre, villain of the screen, is on the scene. For a scene

to get his hair messed up by Mary Astor. It was ironic the way Peter Lorre - Warners had him to make just one film. Considering someone else as Peter hurriedly sent ABOUT IT - HERE I AM." He got it!

for this particular part, then a wire, reading, "WHAT

or ether and roned off his opinion of it. However they got a couple of hefty chaps to throw him out. Seriously though, I consider any effort on Disney's part as fantasy - mainly because his characters aren't real and alive - in the literal sense of the word, of course, although actually as they are portrayed they are more human than a lot of people I know. His "Reluctant Dragon" is another experiment - wherein he combines cartoon characters with actual actors - and his contemplated next, "The Life and Stories of Hans Christian Andersen" will have United Artists to help him. The latter company will film the biography part while Disney will insert cartoons to illustrate the various fairy stories.

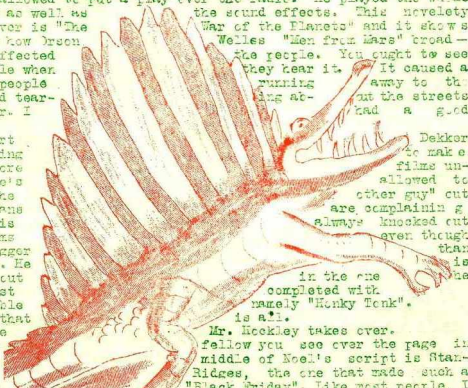
Being remade at Universal is "Phantom of the Opera" part of which was prepared by Joe Pasternak before he left Universal. It will be remembered that the late Lon Chaney Sr. became famous in this film many years ago.

I'm now going to tell a bit about "Kullback". But that's not a-f-f you say, and that I know, but in it Frank Morgan played the part of a radio broadcaster who after trying hard to get an audit was allowed to put a play over the radio. He played the whole parts as well as the sound effects. This novelty put over is "The War of the Planets" and it shows Wells' "Men from Mars" broad-

ly affected the people. You ought to see people when they hear it. It caused a c - people running away to the s - people the streets and tear- ing ab- had a good

h. Albert Dekker refused to make more films unless he's allowed to play other guy" cut he is always complainin g films always knocked out s bigger even though here. He than ked out just is k Cable completed with And that namely "Honky Tonk". Hence is all. That e Mr. Heckley takes over.

y fellow you see over the page in middle of Noel's script is Stan- Ridges, the one that made such a "Black Friday". Like most people, I in much taken with his performance in that film, and proceeded to



attempt to dig some information on him up. I succeeded to a certain extent, and the result of my labors is below.

He is an Englishman, a native of Winchester, and served in the Royal Flying Corps during the last war. Like hundreds of others, he was absolutely jobless when peace was declared, having an amateur baritone voice as his only asset. He applied for the leading role in a musical comedy about to open in London, didn't get it, but did understudy role. When the star took over the role and then



After quite a few successful appearances, he went to New York, and played leads in several Broadway musicals, such as "No, No, Nanette", and others. Then he got into drama, and was seen in "First Lady" etc..

His first screen role was another fantasy - he was with Noel Coward in the latter's first and last screen performance, in "The Second Mrs. Popenoe". ("A ghastly picture", - Ma Mers) After that I haven't got any info on him. Universal of course got him for "Black Friday" and up to the other day I hadn't seen or heard of him since. However I noticed that he has a rather small part in "The Sea Wolf" Jack London's sea story, doing the rounds at present.

It's interesting to note that Vincent Price (Invisible Man No. 2) had a very good record on the stage both for his acting and his voice. The latter was heard to a certain extent in Universal's "House of Seven Habes" (a weirdish sort of a thing, by the way) as to his acting- he starred on Broadway with Helen Hayes in "Victim of Regime".

In "I Wanted Wings", you probably noticed a decorative young lady taking, printing, and developing photos all over the place. That's not really doing her justice, because her acting was (I think) pretty good. But the point is that she started as "film bearing" opposite that atinker Larry Crabbe in "Rock Rogers". She is about the only fantasy-serial-hercine that I've known to get out other serials and "B" class films. Nice going! Her name, which I forgot to mention, is Constance Moore.

Another person who started in a fantasy film who's going places at the moment is John Sutton. You should remember him as Mr. Griffin in "The Invisible Man Returns". He stayed with Universal for a while, appearing in "Tower of London" and others, then went to 20th Century-Fox. After being the villain in a "Charlie Chan" pic, he got a very good and quite large supporting role to Paul and in "Hudson's Bay". His guinea pig from "The I.W. Returns" - Vincent Price - is in this too. He takes King Charles II of England - the one that had the friend who named Nell Gwynn. Was a good film.

In my part of this next iss, I hope to have less personalities and more news, if possible.

# The Quiz Page

We hope you like this quiz better than last issue's. That was a bit tame. Answers, together with the answers to the film quiz, are at the bottom of the page. Spelling-down as is the custom.

1. Do you know the name of the hero of the following books?

- a. "Fool's Harvest"
- b. "The Time Machine"
- c. "Pirates of Venus"
- d. "E.P.A. Does Not Reply"

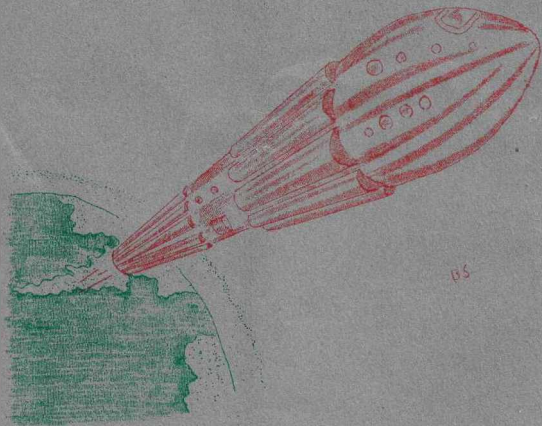
2. The authors of these?

- a. "Planetoid 127"
- b. "Metropolis"
- c. "All for His Country"
- d. "The Terror"

3. Who did the cover for these papers?

- a. "Golden Horseshoe"
- b. "Song of the Fear-Ed"
- c. "Skylark Three"
- d. "Beyond the Planetoids"

.....  
 Film Quiz: You should have paired numbers and letters like this - 1-a; 2-b; 3-c; 4-d; 5-e; 6-f; 7-g; 8-h; 9-i; 10-j; 11-k; 12-l; 13-m; 14-n; 15-o; 16-p; 17-q; 18-r; 19-s; 20-t; 21-u; 22-v; 23-w; 24-x; 25-y; 26-z; 27-aa; 28-ab; 29-ac; 30-ad; 31-ae; 32-af; 33-ag; 34-ah; 35-ai; 36-aj; 37-ak; 38-al; 39-am; 40-an; 41-ao; 42-ap; 43-aq; 44-ar; 45-as; 46-at; 47-au; 48-av; 49-aw; 50-ax; 51-ay; 52-az; 53-ba; 54-bb; 55-bc; 56-bd; 57-be; 58-bf; 59-bg; 60-bh; 61-bi; 62-bj; 63-bk; 64-bl; 65-bm; 66-bn; 67-bo; 68-bp; 69-bq; 70-br; 71-bs; 72-bt; 73-bu; 74-bv; 75-bw; 76-bx; 77-by; 78-bz; 79-ca; 80-cb; 81-cc; 82-cd; 83-ce; 84-cf; 85-cg; 86-ch; 87-ci; 88-cj; 89-ck; 90-cl; 91-cm; 92-cn; 93-co; 94-cp; 95-cq; 96-cr; 97-cs; 98-ct; 99-cu; 100-cv; 101-cw; 102-cx; 103-cy; 104-cz; 105-da; 106-db; 107-dc; 108-dd; 109-de; 110-df; 111-dg; 112-dh; 113-di; 114-dj; 115-dk; 116-dl; 117-dm; 118-dn; 119-do; 120-dp; 121-dq; 122-dr; 123-ds; 124-dt; 125-du; 126-dv; 127-dw; 128-dx; 129-dy; 130-dz; 131-ea; 132-eb; 133-ec; 134-ed; 135-ee; 136-ef; 137-eg; 138-eh; 139-ei; 140-ej; 141-ek; 142-el; 143-em; 144-en; 145-eo; 146-ep; 147-eq; 148-er; 149-es; 150-et; 151-eu; 152-ev; 153-ew; 154-ex; 155-ey; 156-ez; 157-fa; 158-fb; 159-fc; 160-fd; 161-fe; 162-fg; 163-fh; 164-fi; 165-fj; 166-fk; 167-fl; 168-fm; 169-fn; 170-fo; 171-fp; 172-fq; 173-fr; 174-fs; 175-ft; 176-fu; 177-fv; 178-fw; 179-fx; 180-fy; 181-fz; 182-ga; 183-gb; 184-gc; 185-gd; 186-ge; 187-gf; 188-gg; 189-gh; 190-gi; 191-gj; 192-gk; 193-gl; 194-gm; 195-gn; 196-go; 197-gp; 198-gq; 199-gr; 200-gs; 201-gt; 202-gu; 203-gv; 204-gw; 205-gx; 206-gy; 207-gz; 208-ha; 209-hb; 210-hc; 211-hd; 212-he; 213-hf; 214-hg; 215-hh; 216-hi; 217-hj; 218-hk; 219-hl; 220-hm; 221-hn; 222-ho; 223-hp; 224-hq; 225-hr; 226-hs; 227-ht; 228-hu; 229-hv; 230-hw; 231-hx; 232-hy; 233-hz; 234-ia; 235-ib; 236-ic; 237-id; 238-ie; 239-if; 240-ig; 241-ih; 242-ii; 243-ij; 244-ik; 245-il; 246-im; 247-in; 248-io; 249-ip; 250-iq; 251-ir; 252-is; 253-it; 254-iu; 255-iv; 256-iw; 257-ix; 258-iy; 259-iz; 260-jb; 261-jc; 262-jd; 263-je; 264-jf; 265-jg; 266-jh; 267-ji; 268-aj; 269-ak; 270-al; 271-am; 272-an; 273-ao; 274-ap; 275-aq; 276-ar; 277-as; 278-at; 279-au; 280-av; 281-aw; 282-ax; 283-ay; 284-az; 285-ba; 286-bb; 287-bc; 288-bd; 289-be; 290-bf; 291-bg; 292-bh; 293-bi; 294-bj; 295-bk; 296-bl; 297-bm; 298-bn; 299-bo; 300-bp; 301-bq; 302-br; 303-bs; 304-bt; 305-bu; 306-bv; 307-bw; 308-bx; 309-by; 310-bz; 311-ca; 312-cb; 313-cc; 314-cd; 315-ce; 316-cf; 317-cg; 318-ch; 319-ci; 320-cj; 321-ck; 322-cl; 323-cm; 324-cn; 325-co; 326-cp; 327-cq; 328-cr; 329-cs; 330-ct; 331-cu; 332-cv; 333-cw; 334-cx; 335-cy; 336-cz; 337-da; 338-db; 339-dc; 340-dd; 341-de; 342-df; 343-dg; 344-dh; 345-di; 346-dj; 347-dk; 348-dl; 349-dm; 350-dn; 351-do; 352-dp; 353-dq; 354-dr; 355-ds; 356-dt; 357-du; 358-dv; 359-dw; 360-dx; 361-dy; 362-dz; 363-ea; 364-eb; 365-ec; 366-ed; 367-ee; 368-ef; 369-eg; 370-eh; 371-ei; 372-ej; 373-ek; 374-el; 375-em; 376-en; 377-eo; 378-ep; 379-eq; 380-er; 381-es; 382-et; 383-eu; 384-ev; 385-ew; 386-ex; 387-ey; 388-ez; 389-fa; 390-fb; 391-fc; 392-fd; 393-fe; 394-fg; 395-fh; 396-fi; 397-fj; 398-fk; 399-fl; 400-fm; 401-fn; 402-fo; 403-fp; 404-fq; 405-fr; 406-fs; 407-ft; 408-fu; 409-fv; 410-fw; 411-fx; 412-fy; 413-fz; 414-ga; 415-gb; 416-gc; 417-gd; 418-ge; 419-gf; 420-gg; 421-gh; 422-gi; 423-gj; 424-gk; 425-gl; 426-gm; 427-gn; 428-go; 429-gp; 430-gq; 431-gr; 432-gs; 433-gt; 434-gu; 435-gv; 436-gw; 437-gx; 438-gy; 439-gz; 440-ha; 441-hb; 442-hc; 443-hd; 444-he; 445-hf; 446-hg; 447-hh; 448-hi; 449-hj; 450-hk; 451-hl; 452-hm; 453-hn; 454-ho; 455-hp; 456-hq; 457-hr; 458-hs; 459-ht; 460-hu; 461-hv; 462-hw; 463-hx; 464-hy; 465-hz; 466-ia; 467-ib; 468-ic; 469-id; 470-ie; 471-if; 472-ig; 473-ih; 474-ii; 475-ij; 476-ik; 477-il; 478-im; 479-in; 480-io; 481-ip; 482-iq; 483-ir; 484-is; 485-it; 486-iu; 487-iv; 488-iw; 489-ix; 490-iy; 491-iz; 492-jb; 493-jc; 494-jd; 495-je; 496-jf; 497-jg; 498-jh; 499-ji; 500-aj; 501-ak; 502-al; 503-am; 504-an; 505-ao; 506-ap; 507-aq; 508-ar; 509-as; 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635-fp; 636-fq; 637-fr; 638-fs; 639-ft; 640-fu; 641-fv; 642-fw; 643-fx; 644-fy; 645-fz; 646-ga; 647-gb; 648-gc; 649-gd; 650-ge; 651-gf; 652-gg; 653-gh; 654-gi; 655-gj; 656-gk; 657-gl; 658-gm; 659-gn; 660-go; 661-gp; 662-gq; 663-gr; 664-gs; 665-gt; 666-gu; 667-gv; 668-gw; 669-gx; 670-gy; 671-gz; 672-ha; 673-hb; 674-hc; 675-hd; 676-he; 677-hf; 678-hg; 679-hh; 680-hi; 681-hj; 682-hk; 683-hl; 684-hm; 685-hn; 686-ho; 687-hp; 688-hq; 689-hr; 690-hs; 691-ht; 692-hu; 693-hv; 694-hw; 695-hx; 696-hy; 697-hz; 698-ia; 699-ib; 700-ic; 701-id; 702-ie; 703-if; 704-ig; 705-ih; 706-ii; 707-ij; 708-ik; 709-il; 710-im; 711-in; 712-io; 713-ip; 714-iq; 715-ir; 716-is; 717-it; 718-iu; 719-iv; 720-iw; 721-ix; 722-iy; 723-iz; 724-jb; 725-jc; 726-jd; 727-je; 728-jf; 729-jg; 730-jh; 731-ji; 732-aj; 733-ak; 734-al; 735-am; 736-an; 737-ao; 738-ap; 739-aq; 740-ar; 741-as; 742-at; 743-au; 744-av; 745-aw; 746-ax; 747-ay; 748-az; 749-ba; 750-bb; 751-bc; 752-bd; 753-be; 754-bf; 755-bg; 756-bh; 757-bi; 758-bj; 759-bk; 760-bl; 761-bm; 762-bn; 763-bo; 764-bp; 765-bq; 766-br; 767-bs; 768-bt; 769-bu; 770-bv; 771-bw; 772-bx; 773-by; 774-bz; 775-ca; 776-cb; 777-cc; 778-cd; 779-ce; 780-cf; 781-cg; 782-ch; 783-ci; 784-cj; 785-ck; 786-cl; 787-cm; 788-cn; 789-co; 790-cp; 791-cq; 792-cr; 793-cs; 794-ct; 795-cu; 796-cv; 797-cw; 798-cx; 799-cy; 800-cz; 801-da; 802-db; 803-dc; 804-dd; 805-de; 806-df; 807-dg; 808-dh; 809-di; 810-dj; 811-dk; 812-dl; 813-dm; 814-dn; 815-do; 816-dp; 817-dq; 818-dr; 819-ds; 820-dt; 821-du; 822-dv; 823-dw; 824-dx; 825-dy; 826-dz; 827-ea; 828-eb; 829-ec; 830-ed; 831-ee; 832-ef; 833-eg; 834-eh; 835-ei; 836-ej; 837-ek; 838-el; 839-em; 840-en; 841-eo; 842-ep; 843-eq; 844-er; 845-es; 846-et; 847-eu; 848-ev; 849-ew; 850-ex; 851-ey; 852-ez; 853-fa; 854-fb; 855-fc; 856-fd; 857-fe; 858-fg; 859-fh; 860-fi; 861-fj; 862-fk; 863-fl; 864-fm; 865-fn; 866-fo; 867-fp; 868-fq; 869-fr; 870-fs; 871-ft; 872-fu; 873-fv; 874-fw; 875-fx; 876-fy; 877-fz; 878-ga; 879-gb; 880-gc; 881-gd; 882-ge; 883-gf; 884-gg; 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BS