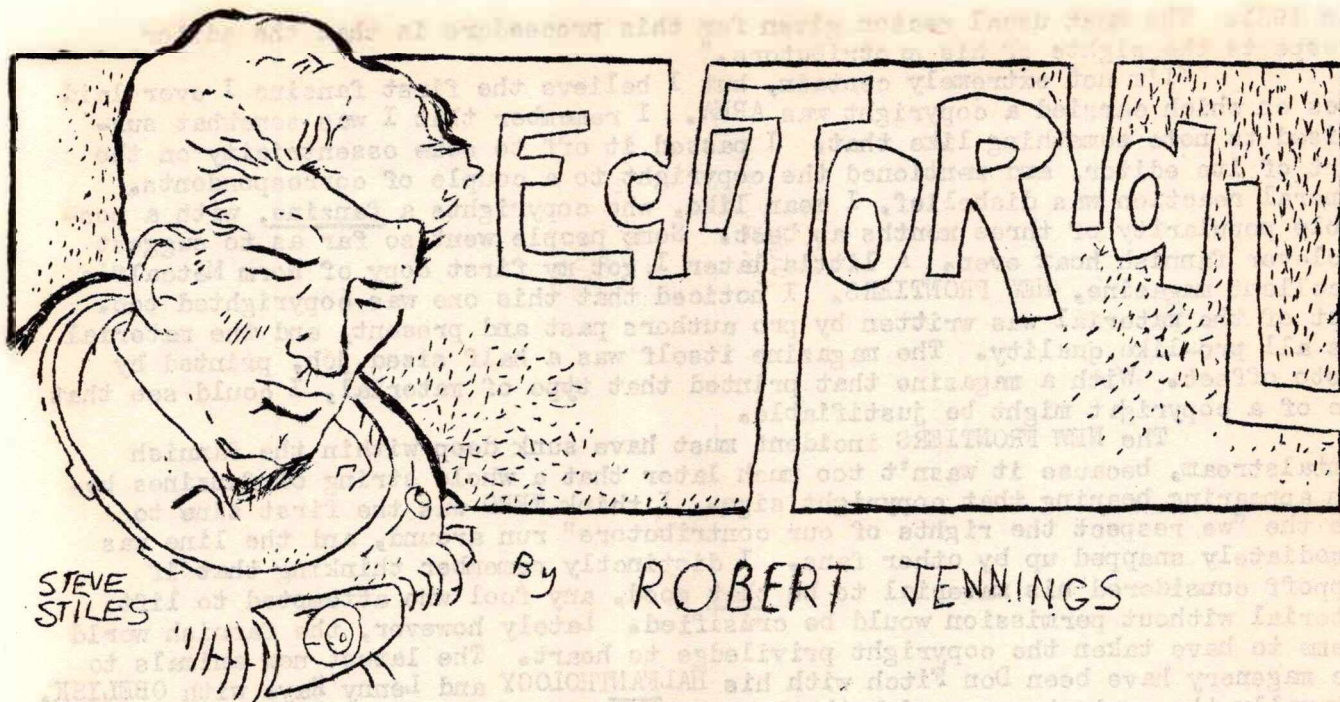


# The MONDAY EVENING GHOST







I HAVE DECIDED That you good readers deserve another New Trned editorial. This will be a New Trend editorial. Interspaced with my usual chit and chat and slight jests will be dark and deep ultra-serious criticisms of our modern day society and fandom as a whole. Fandom will resound with criticisms delving deeply into the Basics of modern society. Of course I'm not very good at writing that sort of thing, but there's nothing like learning from the ground upward...

YOU WERE EXPECTING, MAYBE, FADAWAY? Well, frankly, so was I. I thought to myself, here I've gone and arranged for a Special Cover, Special Material, Special Interior Art, and my new title will blossom forth in a blaze of glory. I was happy with all of that. But then two things happened which sort of upset matters. Kindly Emile Greenleaf sent me his Midwestcon report, which you will find enclosed in these pages, somewhere, and I immediately denoted that I would absolutely have to publish it this issue. Mainly because I hope to present a Seacon report next issue, and also because if I presented it next issue the events would have gone cold in view of the Seacon. No, obviously I would have to publish it this issue. But unfortunately for me, the entire issue had been lined up solid, I didn't have one iota of room left over for anything. I moodily thought of cutting back some of the columns to make room for the piece, when the second Thing happened. Kindly Bruce Berry, stf and fantasy artist Extroninair, surprised me one day by sending me an unasked for cover illustration, the very same one you will notice on this issue. The title lettering was for THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST... That almost closed the case, but a third event, a lengthy letter from Al Andrews, made it clear that the GHOST will live this one more issue... Material has been reshuffled for the Ghlorious occasion. You can expect the new title to appear Next Time For Sure... Next time any of you kindly artists give me covers on stencil, and you kindly article writers send in material, and you kindly letterhacks write perceptive and lengthy type letters...kinda give me just a little warning, huh?

IT SEEMS A NEW FAD HAS UNLEASHED ITS FURY upon the face of fandom. Yes indeed, more and more these days a tiny little note in the corner of a fanzine contents page will catch my eye, and I'll notice that beside the little letter c, circumscribed with a circle (?), are to be found words to the effect that this fanzine was copyrighted by such and such a person



in 1961. The most usual reason given for this procedure is that the editor "respects the rights of his contributors."

I'm not extremely certain, but I believe the first fanzine I ever laid eyes on which carried a copyright was ARMA. I remember that I was somewhat surprised to note something like that. I passed it off to some eccentricity on the part of its editor, and mentioned the copyright to a couple of correspondents. General reaction was disbelief, I mean like, who copyrights a fanzine, with a possible popularity of three months at best. Some people went so far as to suggest a clever fannish hoax even. A little later I got my first copy of Norm Metcalf's excellent magazine, NEW FRONTIERS. I noticed that this one was copyrighted too. Most of the material was written by pro authors past and present, and the material was all pro-like quality. The magazine itself was a half sized job, printed by photo offset. With a magazine that printed that type of material, I could see that use of a copyright might be justifiable.

The NEW FRONTIERS incident must have sunk deep within the fannish mentalstream, because it wasn't too much later that a whole string of fanzines began appearing bearing that copyright sign. I think KERO was the first zine to use the "we respect the rights of our contributors" run around, and the line was immediately snapped up by other fans. I distinctly remember thinking that if Luppoff considered his material to be that good, any fool who attempted to lift material without permission would be crucified. Lately however, the fannish world seems to have taken the copyright privilege to heart. The latest new animals to the magenery have been Don Fitch with his HALFANTHOLOGY and Lenny Kaye with OBELISK. Naturally the contents page of both these publications bore the traditional "since we respect the rights our our contributors..."

With all due respect to those people who have copyrighted their fanzines, I will say here that I think copyrighting a fanzine is unwarranted and ineffectual. Let me point out here that I too respect the rights of my contributors. But at the same time I don't feel that my obligation to them, my vanity and my egotism are such that they obligate me to take out a copyright on my fanzine. At best copyrighting a fanzine is little more than an ego booster, a shining neon-like sign proclaiming proudly that this fanzine has such high quality material that we've even gone and brought out a copyright on it. Such juvenile actions do not especially amuse me. In a few very scattered cases, such as NEW FRONTIERS, where the material was submitted by professional authors, and where the material was such that there was a possibility that the material might be picked up by some non-fannish source, a copyright is justified. Otherwise I can't see it. I respect the rights of my contributors, but at the same time I respect the other participants of this fascinating hobby. It's been fannish custom in the past to ask both the author and editor for permission to reprint material, and to state somewhere in the fanzine carrying the reprint, the source of the material, and if possible the date it first appeared. This I consider to be as good as a copyright in most cases, and in those scattered cases where the custom isn't respected, the copyright will not mean one iota more to the offending person than the fannish custom would have. Unless you people who copyright your zines are willing to go into a costly and time consuming inter-state court case to defend the "rights" of your contributors, the copyright will be just about as enforceable as the fannish custom would be. If your material is as outstanding as you claim, then very few people will have the nerve to reprint it without asking you first, and by utilizing a copyright, more honorable persons years hence may be denied the possibility of reprinting the item when you and/or the author has left fandom for parts unknown. So I hereby declare all my fanzines past, present, and future to be guarded by the unwritten, understood fannish copyright rules. I've got better things to do with my dollars than to waste them on an insignificant symbol.

THE ROAD TO RUIN IS COVERED WITH ASHES which sounds good but doesn't have much to do with this topic. I have decided to say a few words here about the college I'm going to be attending the fall. (Yes!) The college is located up at Cookeville, which will mean nothing to most of you, initials are TPI. I was rather surprised to learn what those initials stand for too...of course that was before they changed the name of the college. They have a really outstanding journalism class there. Teacher is some character named Paul or some such... And they've got a real football team up there, I can tell



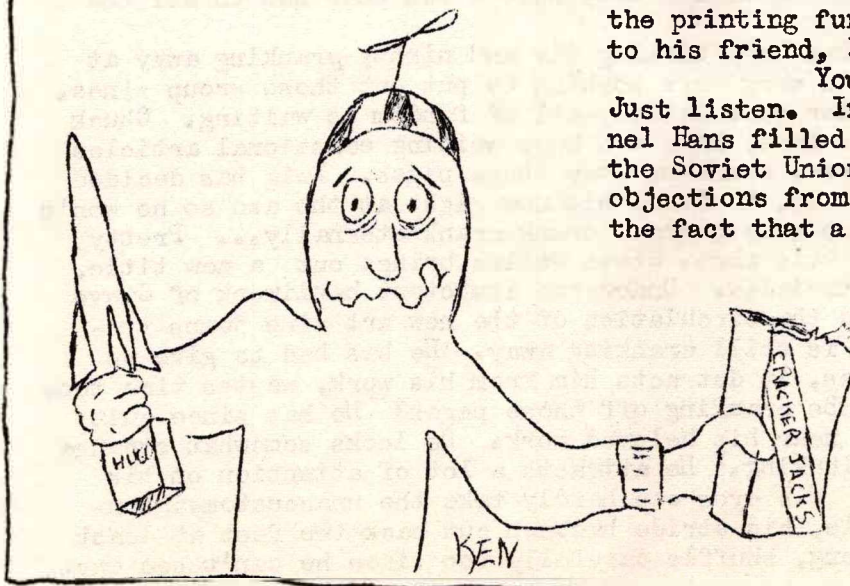
tell you, just a real fine team. All the team members are majoring in theology, but its a real fine team. Actually a itologist is the star of the team. When things get rough he closes his eyes and wills himself down to the other end of the field... Some characternamed Job is teaching pre-med there... No, actually now I shouldn't be kidding about my future school. The president there is a really fine fellow. He fights for our school. Just the other day he got three hundred due draft notices deferred to the University of Tennessee... He's got a small mansion just a stone's throw from the freshman dormitory...which I thought was rather sporting of him... The school has some outstanding labratories there. I understand their necular physics department is excellent. And the school is the proud possessor of one of the few live volcanoes in the south, probably the only live volcano in the south. The officials there at the school don't like to publicize it too much. It sprouted right in the middle of the old football field I understand... But it's not danger. Really. At night you can see its glow for six miles..ten miles when the lava is flowing... No freshman is allowed to have a car in his first year. Understand this regulation was passed one year when the entire freshman class decided to leave en mass... There aren't many cars in the nearby town. No rail way goes up there either. Also there is only one road leading in and out. Every year, the first quarter the bridge is dynamited, and we engeneering boys have to rebuild it. You haven't lived until you've seen Stone's Creek Chasm from the top... Some pretty weird bridges get built, but by that time they're willing to try anything... The school has a real nice chemistry professor there too. A sort of oriental person. He is a real flying fan, gets visitors all the time. They fly in nights with small piper cubs and on gliders. Real flying fans. His friends never visit too long tho. The chemistry professor is also in charge of a part of the agriculture department. He's got three or four fields just covered with little bushy plants. I think they look beautiful when those little red flowers bloom...but the pods don't look so good... But it sounds like a basically good school, and I'll look foreward to my stay...

THE IES IS GOING TO HELL So says a correspondent who prefers to remain quietly anonymous. To quote from his letter--- "The Interplanetary Exploration Society is about to explode. I don't know if it will break up or not, but realtrouble is brewing. You probably know that Hans Santessan was hired to edit the Journal, and the problem centers aroundhim. Hans has been sort of dictatorial from the beginning, which does not set well with the members. Part of the latest deal is that Hans placed an order with a printer and didn't like the job the guy did, so he withdrew the order. The IES is now being sued for \$820 by the printer. Another thing Han has done isn't quite kosher. The magazine is susposed to be a semi-amateur affair for discussion of science and setting forth various theories of the subscribers. The articles are susposed to be submitted for free, thus leaving the limited budget for the printing expenses.

It turns out that Hans has been digging into the printing funds to pay professional rates to his friend, Ivan Sanderson.

You think this is bad enough?

Just listen. In the first issue of the Journal Hans filled the thing with material from the Soviet Union. He got a great deal of objections from the readers, mainly due to the fact that a large number of them are working for the U.S. government. Did Hans respect their situation? Don't be silly. For the second issue he went down th the Soviet embassy and got some more press releases and printed them. Right now the IES is in a mood to kick Hans into the Atlantic. It appears that Hans has done everything







possible to cut his own throat as an editor. But I wonder why he insists on cutting everyone else's throat at the same time.

Just incidentally, with Hans Santessan's mismanagement of the funds, the IES is almost broke..."

End of quotation. Sounds as tho this second group of gentlemen amateurs may be on the rocks also. Anyone else with further information kindly pass it along. Like, how about it Alma Hill?

I'VE FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT I'm the most important person in the world.

Honest. KEN and I were talking a few weeks ago, and he happened to remark that actually I ought to turn over the GHOST to him. I laughed for a couple of minutes and listened to his plans, were he editor. KEN would start out by replacing all the regular contributors. Instead he'd build him up a new fannish publishing house made up of KEN, Phil Harrell, Twig and Chuck Devine. All the material in GHOST would be written by these people, no outside material at

all. Under the new policy the circulation would naturally (naturally) soon double, even trippe. The entire zine would be run off on Twig's azo by Chuck...

I got to thinking about this and the whole horrible picture unfolded before my eyes. The circulations of the zines would rise. PILIKIA would become a group zine. Phil Harrell decides to issue another fanzine, BENT\*YOUR, a sixty page monthly fanzine, made up entirely of the group written material. Steve Stiles is added so that the quantity of new artwork can continue at a rapid space. Steve's SAM is added to the group zines, all run off on Twig's azo of course. The circulations rise higher and higher. KEN opens a second zine on a bi-weekly basis, Twig's three genzines and five apazines are added to the group. The circulation figures are going higher all the time. The team is unbeatable, nothing can stop it it seems. Finally a staff meeting is held and they decided that they simply had to cut back on the circulation, charge cash money only... But it's no use, the material is so good fans are more than willing to pay for those fabluous fanzines. They lose four readers all total, but gain a hundred more... News from here and there drifts in. A fan out in Calif. killed his wife for the insurence, so he can sub to every last one of the group's zines for three years... a notable BNF comits suicide... two fans mortgage their house in NYCity to sub to the zines, one fan offers the group his soul if he can only have a ten year sub to all the zines the group puts out...

Meanwhile ole Chuck has been working day and night, cranking away at that azograph, night and day he's work work working to put out those group zines. Got to keep pace with that monster circulation, all of fandom is waiting. Chuck no longer corresponds with other fans, he's too busy writing occasional articles for the group zines, and of course, cranking away those pages. Twig has decided to allow Chuck to stay at his place, he feeds him now right at the azo so he won't lose precious time on those group zines, crank crank crank eternally... Pretty soon things begin to pickup a little more. Steve Stiles brings out a new title, complete with fabluous group material... Under the competent handiwork of Steve and KEN and Twig's backart files the circulation of the new art zine jumps tremendously. Meanwhile ole Chuck is still cranking away. He has had to give up writing for the other group zines, it detracts him from his work, wastes time too. Why write articles when he could be cranking off those pages? He has since quit school in order that he might be near his beloved work. He looks somewhat strange now, a bit shallow and haggard looking. He attracts a lot of attantion on his infrequent visits out of doors. His eyes can hardly take the unaccustomed sunlight, his skin is more than pale, his stride has been cut back two feet at least so that he now has to shuffle along, shuffle carefully too since he can't see any-



thing farther than five feet away. His hands are immediately noticeable, one of them keeps moving round and round in perfectly formed circles..he seems unable to stop the involuntary motion, in fact he doesn't even appear to be aware of it and his movement seems like that of a person drugged...all except for that constantly moving hand... Chuck has taken to cranking in his sleep now, he has nightmares of monster azographs crashing after him. Another zine comes out and Chuck is denied the right to go out into the sun...wastes time... There is a permanent small of ditto fluid about him, something like a distillery...Chuck doesn't take too many baths anymore either...wastes time when he could be cranking away those pages for the group zines. The purple and blue and multi-colored stains from the machine have permanently penetrated and discolored his wax-like dryskin. His sleep is constantly interrupted by nightmare dazes as he puts on another master sheet where he sleeps on the floor. Twig has been kind enough to spread out some papers there so Chuck won't stain the floor as he sleeps, always cranking. The staff is considering denying Chuck more than three hours of sleep a night, why sleep when he could be doing something important, like cranking off the group zines? Chuck has also developed a powerful muscle, its huge, hardly believable considering his physical condition. Charles Atlas has no match for that powerful, massive arm...the same one, as luck would have it, that he cranks with... But Chuck is wasting away. He's down to two meals a day. Twig cut out his mid-day meal one time as punishment when he found Chuck trying to chew up a master sheet by mistake... Even his mighty cranking muscle is overstrained, his health suffers a tragic decline. Twig finally chains Chuck to the azo, and visitors can see poor chuck there, using the sheer weight of his body to push the crank around each turn, keeping those pages coming for the group zines...

Numerous BNFen realize that the group is popular, and beg to be allowed to join. Ren Ellik joins but he can't take the strain, embarrassment forces him to quit after consistently coming out last place on all the group circulated polls... Dick Eney gets on for a trial run. Everyone agrees that Eney's column is brilliant, far superior to anything ever put out by fandom before the Coming Of The Group...but along side the Group's material it is a ragged failure. Eney is sent back to Va. in disgrace...he had his chance...his one big shot and he bloomed it...

The group decided to move to Norfolk where Phil Harrell resides in a silverplated mansion bought from one month's sales on his fanzine. The azo and Twig move down from Idaho, but chuck keeps cranking over the miles...can't waste a moment...

Pretty soon the group decided to take over the country. Nothing can match their steady flow of propaganda, its millions of sheets flood the nation, and soon the western country falls into the hands of the Group, something like an overripe fruit... Norfolk is made the capital of the country, KEN is the president, later dictator, with the other members of the group as sub dictators. The nation falls into the ways of fandom easily, and pretty soon GHOSR has a circulation of eighty six million, all printed by azo of course... On the first run of page one for the new circulation Chuck finally gives out...he couldn't make it. KEN had long sense taken over PILIKIA (he retained Chuck's name on the masthead as a kind gesture, now he removes it). Chuck is buried with honors, and the other members of the group stand silently by the grave as the ground around the grave slowly turns a bright purple color... But the Group goes on, ten color printing is adopted for all the Group zines anyway...

At the sixth's annual BEercon, benevolent dictator Gentry declares that he will spread the joys of fandom over the entire face of the globe. His words are met with great rejoicing, as the Holy War gains instant support.

In a matter of months Britian then France fall before the marching fannish tides of propellor beanies. All of Europe suddenly realizes the horror unleashed upon them. Russia sees and gapes in horror. The Capitalist mongers are falling to the fannish war mongers... There are science fiction readers in Russiatoo, they know...

In desperation the leader of Russia sends out the call, the rockets are launched, the sky is black with bombers, the skies rain a living hell, fandom retaliates, and the Great War is on... It's a desperate question, which side will win? Who will survive, humanity or fandom?



Slowly the smoke clears away, and from out of the ruins of Norfolk we see four lone survivors. They stagger closer and one of them is waving a flag, the others are holding up copies of the latest GHOST... KEN, Twig, Phil and Steve look pretty messy. "We won," shouts someone loudly, "we won, we're the only ones left and we're sterile, but we won, fandom is victorious..."

If you'll remember back there it all started when KEN took over GHOST. That's why I say I'm the most important person in the world. I'm the only person who stops KEN from taking over GHOST and unleashing the nightmare. See?

SPARE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF SOME SLIGHT IMPORTANCE It's possible that you good fan will find enclosed with this issue of GHOST a circular dealing with the Fan Awards. Kindly fill it out in full and return it to George Willick. The project is worthwhile and certainly worth five minutes and a four cent stamp. Go ye forth do this Now,---I need copies of some olden type material. Mainly I need copies of STARTLING COMICS and GREATEST HEROES COMICS. I am willing to Buy (if prices are not too outrageous) copies of these items, but I would prefer to borrow them. If any of you have copies of these comics let me know. I'll treat them as if they were radioactive, I'll put up a deposit fee, I'll pay full postage and rental with insurance for fifty bucks on 'em going both ways. I would like to put up my soul but unfortunately it's already out on loan. Someone step forward and gain my eternal gratitude.---We



are going to play a new game now. It's put out by the Kennedy War Games Company, and its called Re-Call For The Draft Game. All persons between the ages of ten and seventy three must play the game. You must first sign up for the new draft at the new games committee draft board. All persons who have been in service before will be called up immediately. All persons who are ready and willing to go must remain home, they are disqualified. All persons who will be the most inconvenienced must go into service. The object of the game is to stay alive.---No people I have not been called for the draft.---I suppose you have heard of the new product out now, Metracal nosedrops, for fatheads...oh well---This is To Hell With It All Week, please observe it---

It has come to mine attention that the letters you Kindly Readers are writing in comment on this fanzine are slacking off. Leave us sit down out there after reading this issue and write a long discursive letter of comment. Letter columns cannot survive by faith alone. Also your editor is a restless soul, if response is bad he might even fold up this card house and hunt for better things to do. A gentle hint is sufficient.

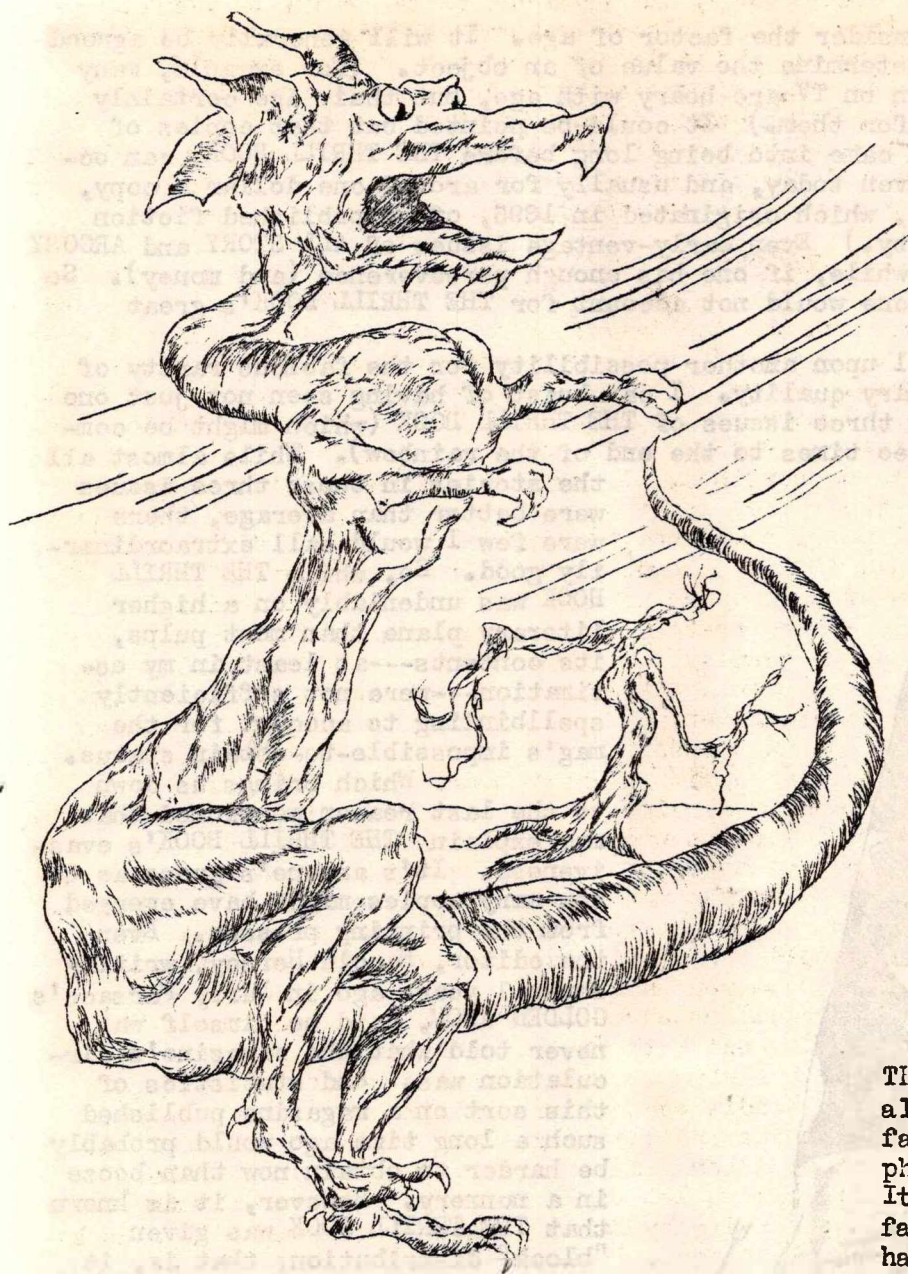
NEXT ISSUE will be, I hope, the first issue with the brand spanking new title. FADAWAY will burst upon the fannish horrozin with a slight blaze of glory. Articles by the usual columnists will be present. Ed Gorman says a few choise words on a choise subject (sometimes I wonder why I even bother with this department, I never tell you readers a thing anyway), hopefully a Season report will come thru for us, also the first piece of fiction to appear in this fanzine since issue #1. Rejoice.

A letter column might be there if you write and we might have illustrations if some of you kind hearted artists will come thru a bit more. New article in the Cynic column (aren't you glad) also. A nice issue, so says I. So might you, if you get it. Check your stasis in contents page, eh?

BIZARRA

RALPH  
RAYBURN  
PHILLIPS





# THE THRILL BOOK

by

GENE  
TIPTON

Street & Smith's THE THRILL BOOK, has become almost as legendary as such fabled creatures as the phoenix and the unicorn. It is safe to say that most fantasy readers now living have never seen an issue of this magazine, and never will. Rick Minter, a dealer

in Draper, North Carolina, who has been handling fantasy books and periodicals for around twenty five years, tells me he has only seen four or five copies of THE THRILL BOOK during all that time. The story must be the same with other dealers, since THE THRILL BOOK is invariably missing from the wares offered in their catalogs. This reader has yet to see a single issue of THE THRILL BOOK listed in any dealer's catalog.

It would be no exaggeration to call THE THRILL BOOK the most vainly sought after fantasy periodical in existence. Copies, I am told, have commanded as much as twenty five dollars apiece. A year or two ago, George Bibby, publisher of THE FANTASY COLLECTOR, probably made history by offering three issues (in good condition and with covers) for a trifling four dollars apiece. Anyone able to pick up an issue of THE THRILL BOOK for four dollars may consider himself blessed by the gods. The simple fact is that copies are virtually unobtainable at any price.

Why is this magazine so extremely rare? Because of its age? Because few copies were printed? Because its contents are of such high literary quality that readers simply refuse to let go of copies in their possession?



First, let's consider the factor of age. It will generally be agreed that age alone does not determine the value of an object. (For example, many of the crummy movies shown on TV are hoary with age, but their age certainly does not create a demand for them.) It could be pointed out that copies of BLACK CAT magazine, which came into being long before THE THRILL BOOK, can occasionally be picked up even today, and usually for around one dollar a copy, or even less. (BLACK CAT, which originated in 1895, often published fiction of the supernatural variety.) Even early-ventage issues of ALL STORY and ARGOSY can be obtained once in awhile, if one has enough perseverance (and money). So it would seem that age alone would not account for THE THRILL BOOK's great scarcity.

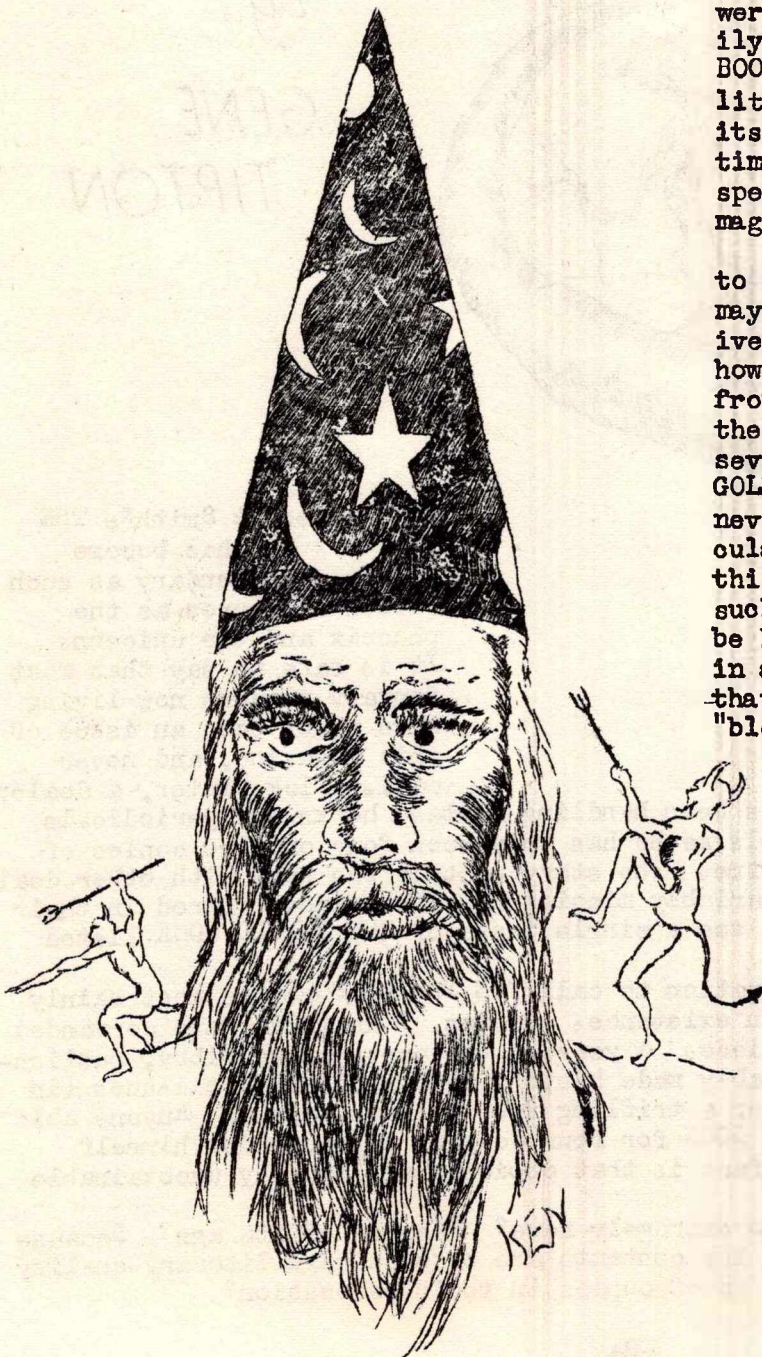
Now, let's dwell upon another possibility for the fabulous rarity of this magazine: its literary quality. I can boast of having seen not just one or even two, but actually three issues of THE THRILL BOOK (which might be comparable to journeying three times to the end of the rainbow). While almost all

the stories in those three issues were better than average, there were few I would call extraordinarily good. So, while THE THRILL BOOK was undeniably on a higher literary plane than most pulps, its contents---at least in my estimation---were not sufficiently spellbinding to account for the mag's impossible-to-obtain status.

Which brings us down to the last reason mentioned that may explain THE THRILL BOOK's elusiveness. It's anyone's guess as to how many copies might have emerged from the printing presses. Even the editor, Harold Hersey, writing several years ago in Larry Farsace's GOLDEN ATOM, said he himself was never told what the magazine's circulation was. And statistics of this sort on a magazine published such a long time ago would probably be harder to obtain now than booze in a nunnery. However, it is known that THE THRILL BOOK was given

"block" distribution; that is, it was put on sale in selected states only, instead of being distributed on a nation-wide basis. This would suggest that the number of copies printed per issue might be smaller than that for the average magazine of the times. This writer is prone to conclude that this indeed was the case, and that THE THRILL BOOK is impossible to obtain chiefly because copies were never numerous to begin with.

Further data on this much sought collector's item shows there were sixteen issues in all. Volume 1, number 1 was sub-titled





A Delightful Number Of A New Type Of Magazine. The magazine was published on a semi-monthly basis between March and October of 1919. Harold Hersey stepped down as editor after the first eight issues. He was succeeded by Ronald Oliphant. The first eight issues were in a larger format than the usual pulp magazine featured. The dimensions of the last eight were reduced slightly. Harold Hersey also served as editor for MIRACLE SCIENCE & FANTASY STORIES (which had a very brief existence in 1931). He was also instrumental in launching ASTOUNDING STORIES. In addition, he was editor of numerous other publications, both pulps and slicks, outside the science-fantasy field. But he later wrote that his greatest love was for THE THRILL BOOK. It's my understanding that Hersey died a few years ago.

Bradford Day, in his INDEX TO THE WEIRD & FANTASICA IN MAGAZINES lists Eugene A. Clancy as one of the editors of THE THRILL BOOK (while significantly omitting the name of Ronald Oliphant). However, Harold Hersey, in his GOLDEN ATOM article, doesn't make a single reference to Clancy in this connection. He states only that Clancy was the editor of such Street & Smith magazines as POPULAR and PEOPLE'S. Just what role---if any---that Clancy played in THE THRILL BOOK's brief existence, I do not profess to know.

THE THRILL BOOK published, in addition to new material, reprints taken from other Street & Smith publications. Altho emphasis was placed on the weird and fantastic, the mag's policy on fiction could really be considered to be quite flexible. It appeared to favor any type of story, so long as it was calculated to give a "thrill." Some of the better tales in THE THRILL BOOK had a knack for being weird and bizarre without actually delving into the supernatural. One such example of this would be The Tenth Crisis, by L.J. Beeston. This story---a highly effective one, by the way---concerns the unusual fate which befalls a burglar in his attempt to steal some jewels.

At least one story---Filbert's Grand Final, by B. G. Priestley in the September 15, 1919 issue---would seem a bit out of place in this magazine. This tale is basically a baseball yarn, and one in a rather comical nature. Its light-hearted, amusing qualities contrast oddly with the serious tenor of THE THRILL BOOK's other fiction.

Among the authors represented in THE THRILL BOOK are a number who contributed regularly to the fabulous string of Munsey magazines. These included Francis Stevens, Perley Poore Sheehan, J.U. Giesy, H. Bedford-Jones, Murray Leinster, and that master of the weird tale---Tod Robbins. One of Robbin's contributions, The Bibulous Baby, is the curious tale of an individual whose life is lived backward. In this story, an infant nestling in a baby carriage astounds a stranger by asking for a drink of vodka... Robbin's Undying Hatred, from another issue, is also worthy of mention. This story revolves around two twin brothers and their blind grandfather. One hates the old man, while the other is devoted to him. Altho both brothers die, their spirits return---still motivated as in life. The ghost of the hostile grandson, pretending to be that of his twin brother, "guides" the old man as he walks along the street and leads him in front of an oncoming car.

It is commonly believed that one story in THE THRILL BOOK, Mr. Shen Of Shensi, by H. Bedford-Jones, is identical to another tale of that name which appeared two years earlier in ALL STORY WEEKLY. However, Tom Moriarty of New York City (whose knowledge of ancient magazines is well-nigh amazing) assures me that the two are entirely different stories.

Most readers associate Seabury Quinn's Jules de Grandin tales with WEIRD TALES magazine exclusively. But Quinn's famous spook-napper really made his literary debut before WEIRD TALES came into existence. The first Jules de Grandin story was published in THE THRILL BOOK, and was titled The Stone Image.

THE THRILL BOOK also published quite a bit of poetry. Perhaps the best known contributor of verse was Clark Ashton Smith. Much of the verse was written by Harold Hersey under various pseudonyms.

"Around The World", a department in THE THRILL BOOK which went over very well, was given to reader and editor discussion of curious ideas and events. For this department, readers were invited to contribute accounts of odd and inexplicable happenings, including personal experiences of an unusual sort.

So far as this individual knows, only three stories that appeared in THE THRILL BOOK have since been reprinted. THE WAX DOLL by Greya La Spina was



later published in AVON FANTASY READER. (In this story a small child returns from the dead to play with her cherished doll, denied to her in life by stern, Puritanical parents.) The House of the Nightmare by Edward Lucas White has been reprinted at least three times. THE HEADS OF CERBERUS, a novel by Francis Stevens which was serialized in THE THRILL BOOK was accorded the dignity of hard covers in 1952. THE HEADS OF CERBERUS was one of two volumes published by L. A. Eshbach to bear the Polaris Press imprint.

Now, for what could well be one of the great mysteries of the ages. Harold Hersey, in his aforementioned GOLDEN ATOM article, said he was told that one issue of THE THRILL BOOK QUARTERLY was published. But if a quarterly was brought out, no one seems to know anything about it. At least a few of the old-time collectors should be familiar with such an item. Could Hersey have been misinformed? If this QUARTERLY really does exist, it would rank as the rarest thing published since Gutenberg invented movable type. (also see THE THRILL BOOK indexes, page 26)

---END---

### NIGHT VIGIL (Joyce Hurt)

In the distance, a wheedling wind  
Moans softly round the heedless trees,  
And whimpers as it tries to bend,  
And dash the spray upon the seas

And the sad Earth turns toward the day,  
Shakes off the longing of the night  
And paganly greets every ray  
From a far closer, warmer light.

And there, the evening sky blanks out  
And slowly turns its face away,  
Mistily drawing veils of doubt  
Behind it with departing day.

It turns from stars to clouds of noon  
And soothes its heart with what is near,  
But always is the haunting tune,  
Of a starlit beauty, sharp as fear...

---END---

Then, on the brink of space and time,  
The purple clouds of eve are rent  
And black spills out and stars of rime  
Seep in place as the moon is sent

Forth from her hidden cove to roam,  
To wander ceaseless paths of light  
That, weaving, build the airless dome  
Of wonder winging in high flight.

And Earth stands empty and alone,  
Pallid beneath a blazing sky,  
Aching with a beauty too full-grown,  
Inverted, formless as the sigh.

Time that is not Earth and Man,  
But blazoned on the breathless night,  
Stands mobile in the endless span,  
Moves onward with the stars in flight.

And Earth looks up and stands forlorn  
And aches to feel the cold, sweep space,  
The clean, swift-coming march of morn  
That may not shine on a darker place;

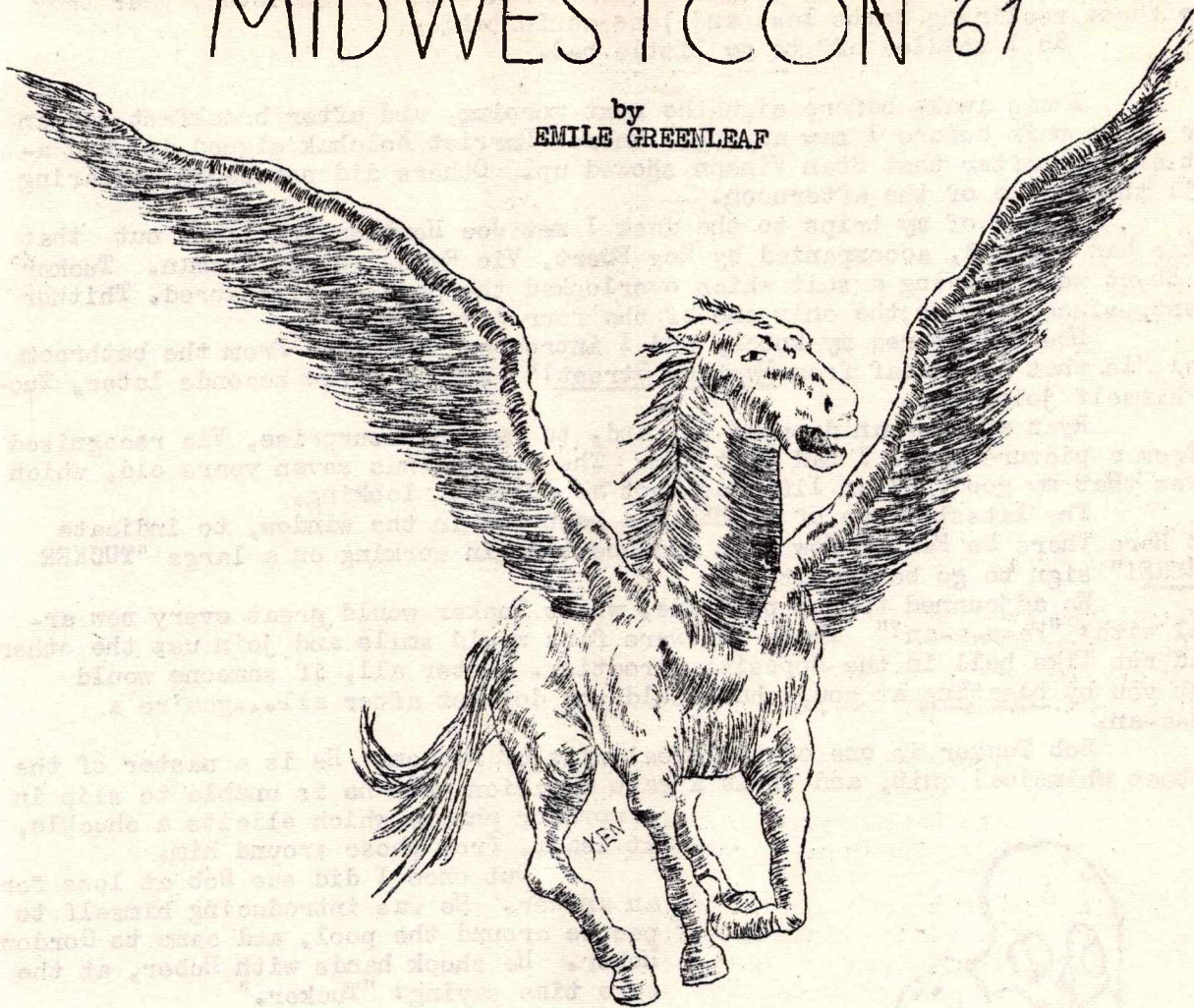
The dreams of wonder waiting there,  
And cries, like the child, for pale light,  
That fills the living, pulsing air  
With longing deep within its night.

The time moves on with ceaseless tread  
And slowly tears the bright roof down,  
To count the stars among its dead  
And brings the mists once more around.



# MIDWESTCON '61

by  
EMILE GREENLEAF



The wab let me out at the office of the motel. Gad, I thought, looking around, it's quiet. The fans must all be at parties. After all, it's the night before the Midwestcon, so there have to be dozens of fans somewhere hereabouts, raising hell.

"Anyone else check in for the science-fiction convention?" I asked the night clerk after registering.

"Just two. A Mr. Fry from West Virginia, and a Miss Smiley, from Detroit."

"Just two?" I was croggled.

"Yes, just two."

After dumping my baggage in my cubicle, I returned to the office. After all, some one might check in between now and midnight...I hoped.

I had just gotten settled in an easy chair when Riva strolled in. We nattered awhile, then went out for a snack. We fangabbed all the way to the restaurant, during our snack, and all the way back.

Riva was as surprised as I was that fans had not yet arrived in force. But, she said, if they had not yet arrived, at least she intended to find out who was coming. Stomping up to the desk, she scowled at the clerk, and in the manner of a principal disciplining a misbehaving third grader demanded:

"Let's see your advance reservation list, please!"

Meekly, the clerk obeyed.

After satisfying my curiosity, I decided to quit for the night. It was crowding midnight, and I was getting tired. I had left my car at home, and



had taken the train. Coach, yet, for twenty-four hours. And every year they make those reclining seats less and less comfortable.

So I toddled off to my little bed.

I was awake before eight the next morning, and after breakfast had an hour or so wait before I saw anyone I knew. Harriet Kolchak signed in, and about an hour after that Stan Vinson showed up. Others did not begin appearing until the middle of the afternoon.

On one of my trips to the desk I met Joe Henzley and found out that Tucker had arrived, accompanied by Rog Ebert, Vic Ryan, and Ed Gorman. Tucker and Ebert were sharing a suit which overlooked the pool, I discovered. Thither I went, since Bob was the only one of the four I had met.

Ebert answered my knock, and I introduced myself. From the bathroom came: "Is that Greenleaf from Mystery Street?" And in a few seconds later, Tucker himself joined us.

Ryan and Gorman dropped in, and, to my great surprise, Vic recognized me from a picture which I had sent him. The picture was seven years old, which proves that my good, clean life has kept me youthful looking.

The latest issue of HYPHEN had been set in the window, to indicate that Here There Be Fans. Now Ryan and Ebert begin working on a large "TUCKER IS HERE!" sign to go beside it.

We adjourned to the poolside, where Tucker would greet every new arrival with: "Fa-a-a-an?" Those who were fans would smile and join us; the others would run like hell in the opposite direction. After all, if someone would greet you by bleating at you, what would you do? But after all...you're a fa-a-a-an.

Bob Tucker is one of the great wits of fandom. He is a master of the off-beat whimsical quip, and it is a rare occasion when he is unable to slip in a word or phrase which elicits a chuckle, at least, from those around him.

But once I did see Bob at loss for an answer. He was introducing himself to people around the pool, and came to Gordon Huber. He shook hands with Huber, at the same time saying: "Tucker."

Huber smiled, and answered, "Agreed"

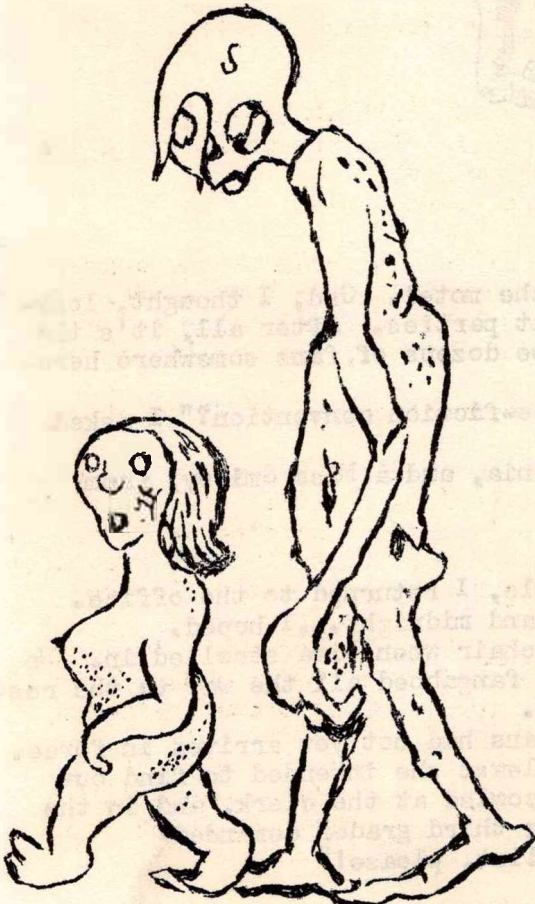
There were about a dozen of us swapping puns and good-natured needling, until someone mentioned dinner, and others remembered that they were hungry.

Tucker, Ryan, Gorman, Ebert, Lou, and Dave Tabakow and I had dinner at a restaurant down the street. Much of the conversation was about writing and publishing and such. Since I, like most fans, am a frustrated writer, I sat quietly, soaking up as much as I could. The only comment I made was a howl of anguish on learning that both Campbell and Gold had rejected LONG, LOUD SILENCE.

Vic Ryan at one point remarked that he was starting a campaign to have Tucker for Guest of Honor at the 1962 Worldcon. We all applauded, to Tucker's embarrassment.

When I got back to the motel I noted that quite a few more people had arrived. I spotted Doug Clark, and went over to tell him hello.

While I was talking with Doug, I glanced up towards the motel building.



PHILLIPS

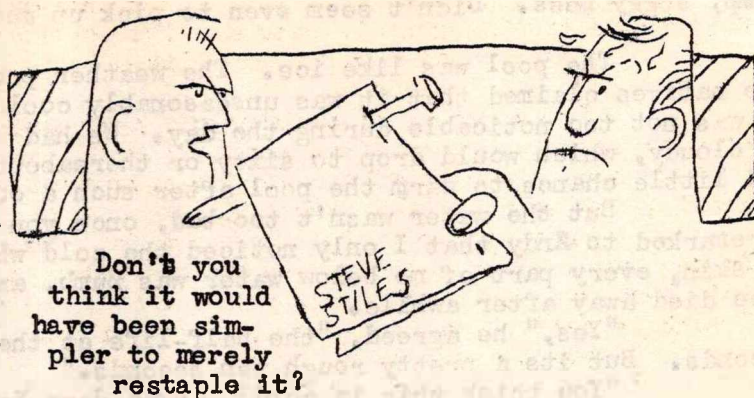


And was croggled, for the second time.

Coming down the steps towards me was Ron Ellik.

All I could say in the way of greeting was "Oh no!", "What the hell are you doing here?" and similar profundities.

Rog Ebert was standing near me, and was openly puzzled and curious by my behavior. He could restrain himself no more than a second or two.



"Who is it," he asked me.

"Oh," I answered, "you'd know who ~~he~~ was if he had his bushy tail with him."

This should have been a dead giveaway. Every trufan knows that bushy tail equals Squirrel equals Ron Ellik. But evidently a censor circuit in Rog's brain was telling him? 'Don't be taken in. It can't be Ellik. No one, but no one would come all the way from California to attend a Midwestcon.'

Rog was stumped. And he showed it. And Ellik was amused.

"I'm Carl Brandon," he hinted. This wasn't much of a hint, since at one time or another seven people were involved in the Brandon Hoax. And it did Rog no good.

"He's a TAFFman, " I volunteered.

"A Taft man?"

"No! TAFF! Tee-ay-eff-eff: TAFF!"

"Oh, ho," pointing a finger at Ellik, "you're Dick Eney!"

Ron smiled. "No, I'm not Dick Eney."

"Then..then, who are you?"

Ron was really enjoying himself. "I'm Ron Ellik," he said.

Ebert's jaw dropped. "I won't shake hands with you until you prove that you're really Ron Ellik," he said, rather weakly.

A Marine Reserve Identification Card convinced him.

There was very little that could be called a program at the convention. There was a business meeting Saturday night, after which Don Ford showed slides. And after the slides there were movies. Marion Mallinger had taken color movies of the previous year's Midwestcon and of the Pittcon, and showed us the record of our fun, frolics, and follies.

Sunday night the "survivors" of the convention, about fifty of us, went into town and had a Chinese dinner.

At its height, there were at least a hundred people at the convention. Larry Shaw estimates the number as close to 150. People were coming in all hours of the night Friday, and the last few stragglers drifted in Saturday.

During the daylight hours the fans spent most of their time around or in the pool. At night they were at parties which were held either in Don Ford's suite, or in the Marine Room.

It is impossible to remember when what happened, or even, in some cases, what happened in which order. Nor, except in a very few cases, does it really matter. I remember the Midwestcon as a series of separate incidents, and shall record them as they come to me.

+ + + + +

Andy Young descending into the swinging pool. All conversation stops, and people turning to watch. For a weighty question was about to be answered: What does Andy Young's beard look like, soaking wet?

The wisecracks flew:

"Hey, Andy! Wanna borrow a shower cap?"

"I bet it'll look like a cocker spaniel's ear after a bath."

But to everyone's disappointment, Andy's beard did not turn into a



limp, soggy mess. Didn't seem even to pick up much water at all...

The pool was like ice. The weather probably had a lot to do with it. The natives claimed that it was unseasonably cool for that time of the year, though it was not too noticeable during the day. We had eighty-degree weather, and partly cloudy, which would drop to sixty or thereabouts at night. The sun probably had little chance to warm the pool after such a cool night.

But the water wasn't too bad, once you got into it, and became numb. I remarked to Andy that I only noticed the cold where the air-water interface met my skin, every part of me below water was numb, and the sensation at the interface died away after awhile.

"Yes," he agreed, "the half-life at the interface is only about ten seconds. But it's a pretty rough ten seconds."

"You think this is cold?" asked Jean Young, who was drifting nearby, "I've often gone swimming in the ocean at Gloucester; the water never gets as warm as this."

I shivered, turned a few shades bluer, and watched one of my toes turn black and fall off.

Ted White was in with us when Rog Ebert walked up to ask the inevitable question. "How the hell do you think it is?" we snarled back at him.

"Hey, Ebert!" called Ted. "You said you'd go in if I did. Well, I'm in, so c'mon."

Ebert returned a few minutes later, trunk clad. But Ted had climbed out, and was trying to get a bit of sun.

"All right, Ebert, dive in," he suggested.

"I'll go in when you go back in."

"I've been in; I don't have to go in again."

"Well, I won't go in unless you do."

"Oh yes you will," threatened Ted, advancing on Ebert and eventually chasing him onto the diving board. Ebert was on his hands and knees, backing away from a menacing Ted White, who was also on all fours. Rog ran out of board, tried to fend Ted off, but was pushed off, backwards, into the sub arctic waters.

Rog came up, gasping, sputtering and hollering, "That board is tough! I skinned my knees! Look! It's like in Tarzan; a trail of blood follows me thru the water."

"It's all your fault, Ted White," he accused, trying to splash water on Ted, "just you wait, this is going into my con report."

That night, at a party, Rog showed a few people his bruised knees. The consensus of opinion was that he would recover. But by this time, he had had a further inspiration his con report would center around his skinned knees, and would be written in free verse.

Later that night, or rather, early the following morning, Jean Young got a skinned knee while picking flowers. Seems a bunch of fans went out---why, I don't know---and Jean saw these flowers growing in this rock-bordered garden in front of this other motel... I never did get the straight of it all. Things are quite confused at four-thirty in the morning. But two people at the same convention,





getting skinned knees...must have been something in the air.

Some of the choicest commentary was picked up at parties, either in direct conversation or by easesdropping on others.

Les Gerber: When I was at this summer camp, I saw an awful lot of caterpillars around. So I organized this caterpillar-worshipping cult. Then I found out these were tent caterpillars, and I became an iconoclast, going about stepping on caterpillars...

Alderson Fry: In psychiatric case histories you read about, say, a fellow whose neuroses got their start at the age of three when some other kid urinated in his mouth. BUT, you never hear a case history of the kid who did the urinating. So the moral of all this seems to be that the best way to stay off a psychiatrist's couch is to be a bully...

Dick Lupoff: I've got an idea for a new comic book hero. He will say a magic word, and turn into the "Human Turtle", who will be the slowest man in the world. But in real life, he will be Roger Bannister.

Greenleaf: But if he's so all-fired slow, how in hell can he fight crime and catch criminals?

Lupoff: (after a pause) That's the one little detail I haven't worked out yet.

Rog Ebert: Have you heard of the latest toy? It's the Hellen Keller Doll; you wind it up, and it walks into the wall.

Marty Moore: (walking along the mall of the plush suburban shopping center) I've always wanted to walk along the Appian Way, and by gosh, I'm doing it.

At one party Rog Ebert was drinking rum, and sat it down for a moment. Slyly, Dick Lupoff poured a little Chianti into it. Ebert took a sip, then stopped as tho preplexed. He looked into his cup, shuddered at the pink ting ~~his~~ drink had acquired, and, on being told it was just a little Chianti, reacted as tho he had been told he was practicing cannibalism. He abandoned his drink, and frankly I don't blaim him.

Rog settled back, found his chair was a recliner, and threw it into the horizontal position. Innocently, I began a countdown, little realizing that I had unleashed a Frankenstein monster.

Ebert stopped me, clipped his sunglasses to his spectacles, put the combination on upside down, and settled back into his acceleration couch.

He had become Alan Shepard. His muscles strained against the forces of acceleration; his face twisted horribly; and his mouth opened in his ordeal.

Lupoff tried to pour Chianti down his throat. He almost succeeded, but at the last instant Rog realized what was happening, twisted out of the way, and got the wine down his back.

Then he was Captain Video, with Lupoff as his assistant.

Then he was a racing car driver, cheating Death at every turn. But everyone decided that he had gone far enough when he tried to run down Dave Kyle, so we revoked his driver's license.

Then Rog begin acting jokes. He would not only tell a joke, but would act the roles of all the protagonists, antagonists, and other participants, such as the choir at a Negro revival meeting, and an arthritic old man at an air show.

Then, without warning, he bounced off to join a folk song session. Everything afterwards was an anticlimax. Restful, but still anticlimatic.

Sandy Cutrell was there. And how.

I understand that Sandy was at the 1960 Midwestcon also. He had a Yul Brynner haircut and was clean shaven. But during the year-long interval, he did not shave, nor did he get a haircut. He looked like Eden Ahbez.

Others thought he bore a greater resemblance to someone else. I heard a few people asking him, "Hey Sandy, when's the crucifixion?"

Sandy got a bitter charge out of the kidding than everyone else put together. Maybe he'll take my suggestion and show up at the next Midwestcon dressed Ivy League.

There were three expectant mothers at the con: Noreen Shaw, Pat Lupoff, and Ruth Kyle. Some of the other women expressed the hope that it was not becoming the Fannish Thing To Do.

And I realized that there are a great many things of which we bachelors are ignorant when Pat Lupoff wore a maternity top for a bathing suit. You learn more Useful Things at a fan convention...

E. Greenleaf 52, R. Lupoff 58, P. Lupoff 62

Those are putt-putt golf scores, and you read correctly the first time,



There is a putt-putt course a block or two from the motel, and Sunday afternoon, Pat, Dick and I went over and knocked the pills around. None of us did at all well, when you consider that par for the course was 36.

"You'd better make a record of those scores," advised Dick as we headed back to the motel. "For all we know, putt-putt may become the next fannish craze, and I'd like it known that we were one of the first fannish putt-putt parties."

I said that I had seen a lot of cars back home bearing bumper stickers announcing "I PLAY PUTT-PUTT!" Why couldn't fans have similar stickers made saying: "I READ SCIENCE-FICTION!"?

Dick thought the idea had merit, but discovered a fly in the ointment.

"Think how frustrating it would be to see another car in traffic with such a sticker, and not knowing who it was." A good point.

The big party Saturday night kept going until daybreak, I know. I left at five ayem, and felt chicken, because it seemed everyone else was still full of pep.

But dawn was breaking, and I do need sleep once in awhile.

I got up around noon, and found everyone going strong. The younger fans had amazing resiliency, their only casualty being Les Gerber, who had lost his voice, of all things. Ah, yough! Why must it be wasted on youth?

Far more amazing was Tucker. He was still partying when I left the blast, yet there he was, strolling about, looking at the world thru tinted glasses, and looking far fresher than I felt.

"Bob, how do you do it?"

He looked at me, and solemnly answer: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is Pure." Oh well, that's what I get for asking...

The Chinese dinner was delicious. We had egg-roll, won-ton soup, ham fried rice, beef and vegetables, hung yang guy giung, shrimp with lobster sauce, sweet and sour pork, and tea.

A few of those who did not like Chinese food ordered American dishes, which they found inedible.

And a heckuva lot of us were using chop sticks I noticed. A true sight of Broad Mental Horizons, I feel. After all, if you are going to eat exotic food, you might as well go all the way and try to eat it the way the natives do.

I rode back to the motel with Ted and Sylvia White. We had a rambling discussion which touched on educational theory, integration, fanatic, and automobiles. Nothing like variety.

There was one last party in Don Ford's suite. I had a long conversation with Ted White, and after he called it a night, Sylvia and I talked about the army, fer gosh sakes, until she decided to call it a con.

A few more hours of chatter, first with Doug Clarke, then with Marion Mallinger, and I decided to close the books myself. I had to catch an early train the next morning.

It was fun, but it had to end sometime, I guess. It was my first Midwestcon, but I don't expect it to be my last.

---THE END---

Another embarrassing blank space

DICK ENEX FOR TAFF!!



# A COMMENTARY

by  
AL ANDREWS

Dear Bob,

Thanks very much for the 11th issue of MEG. Altho the whole issue is good, and is worthy of much comment, I am going to limit myself solely to the idea of the Fantasy Foundation Library and its many ramifications and aspects, for such a magnificent idea (I think you will agree) does dominate and overshadow the 11th issue.

Let me say at the outset that I have not had the advantage of reading Deckinger's initial article in MEG #10, so I am basing my comments solely on the letters of comment that appeared in #11...so please excuse me if I blunder thru this lack

While I don't particularly care what such an organization is titled, I would like to picture in my mind's eye an organization that encompasses both SF and fantasy, so just for my own term of reference I shall call it the Science Fiction and Fantasy Foundation, which of course, abbreviated down to the S3F. (To those who despise the N3F for some reason, I'm sorry, but the cognate just works out that way...I'm not a member of the N3F so I assure you there is no collusion involved.)

To begin with, I would favor and support the S3F. First, I would will (in legal documentation) my collection of SF&F mags and books to the S3F. I'm not quite sure of the size of my collection, but as a rough estimate I would say at least 500 items. I would also stipulate that \$100 from my estate be used for the purpose of packing and freighting my collection to the S3F, and that any remainder of that sum be made payable to the S3F by a check of the legal executor of my estate. An outright gift with no strings attached. I think that should provide a good start.

Bob, you have several times complimented me by saying I had an ability for resolving details and finding clearing up practical points. I make mention of this not for any egotistical purpose, but to "set the stage" as it were, for a point I wish to make. Now let us suppose that I have this ability (come now, let us all fevently suppose, shall we!) What might be two components of this ability might be idealism and practicability, in equal doses.

I am sure that all of us have the idealism necessary for the S3F. Such an unselfish motive, such a spacious avenue of endeavor, and such a vast panoramic view of the continuence of the fields of SF and fantasy! But there is the other component...practicality. There is such a multitudinous array of practical considerations before us that the S3F is truly staggering. The reason I mention this "ability", or more accurately, "system of attack" is that all of you have it, and if you can all be stirred to use it we may indeed move mountains. The ideal is the force that drives us to find practical ways to accomplish the ideal. We have the ideal, now let's take a closer look at the mountains.

Have any of you really thought about the size of the S3F files of mags and books? Really thought about it? It has been proposed that the S3F collect all forms of SF & F; this would include in the main, mags, ppbacks and hardcover editions...plus fanzines, tapes, photographs and letters. Now dating mags from say, 1926 (as a very rough date, because in fantasy WEIRD TALES goes back to 1923, and BLACK CAT back to the late 1800's), how many sf and F mags have been pubbed in the intervening 35 years? Oh, but I asked you first...but being conservative we could estimate and say 5,000 issues. Bob suggested at least three copies be kept of each; that's 15,000 copies in the files, not to speak of adding some 50 or 60 new issues each year in triplicate...150. How about ppbacks? Say 1,000 since 1950 they really begin to make the scene with sf and F. Okay, in triplicate that's 3,000 ppbacks. Would you say at least another 1,000 hardcover books published? Another 3,000 added to the file. That's 21,000 items, BASIC. And how many fmz? Then lace it with letters, tapes, photos, newspaper articles, program booklets, club histories, club minutes, pro-dealer catalogues and anything else you care to name. And remember I've given conservative estimates.



Of course, you say, it isn't all going to accumulate like that in record time. That's true, but the bulk of it would come all too soon. Not only would the S3F receive collections of deceased fans, but probably some fans who can no longer house a giant collection and some who read, but do not wish to collect, and then there are bound to be gifts to get things started. I would bet that within one year after the S3F was opened to actually receive, catalog and stock material, a garage wouldn't hold all the stuff they took in. The S3F is not a "backyard project"; it will have to be plan BIG right from the start.

Could the S3F buy a house or a building? Certainly...for \$50 or \$75 per month to be paid over a period of 15 to 20 years. But what loan agency in its right mind would loan an organization, with no sure prospects of a reasonable income, a thin dime? Frankly, no one. And I seriously doubt if any fan or fan club would stand good for such a long-term debt. Would you? While we may blithely and vaguely talk about the S3F making money as a lending library, selling catalogues and "possible" microfilms, try convincing some hard hearted loan agency.

Oh yes, how long do you think a pback (which dries out in the spine and loses pages) or a mag (like ole rip-prone GALAXY) will last in a lending circulation? And how will you replace an item unless you keep a backlog of them in addition to the basic triplicate copies? And if you do keep a replacement backlog, up the already staggering load by several thousand items.

If one could find a suitable house or building, and could get it for low rent or a long term lease, the S3F might have a chance. Yet even in this, someone will have to stand good for the rent over a long period of time. Plus the rentor allowing modification of the place to accomodate the library. You've got to have bookcases or space-racks, and bookcases would have to be attached to the walls or space-racks bolted to the floor and/or guide-wired from the ceiling in addition to other remodeling that might be necessary.

Bob, you seem somewhat opposed to selling any material unless the S3F is gutted with it. Here you have to chomp the bit hard, tighten the belt, separate the wheat from the chaff and sink or swim (did I leave a cliché out?) Operating on the 3 copy file system, I think you see the looming problem of how to replace a worn out loan item unless you keep a backlog. The backlog can strangle you to death. I know this will coggle your throw-nothing-away heart, but mull this over. First we have a "touch-it-and-you-die" copy, which only the librarian can use; the Ultra-Master copy. Then there is the House Copy for use of those who come to the Library to use it...and are frisked and geiger-countered as they leave to be sure they aren't making off with it. Then there is the Loan Copy, for mailing out to interested people. Now, say in addition to the three basic copies you somehow come by six more copies. What do you do with them? (You as a personification of S3F) Sell all damn six copies as fast as possible! Get rid of them! Of course if the Loan Copy is in bad shape, you could replace it with one of the six, but then dispose of them. But you might say that another copies of STUPID SCI-STORIES may not come along in a blue moon. Fine! When the loan copy wears out or is lost, micro-film the Master Copy and offer only the film for loan. This would especially be true of early mags and books. Your micro-films can be stored in one box by the hundreds, while a backlog of replacements for worn out loan copies would take up several rooms. If by some weird stroke of fate another copy of good ole STUPID SCI-STORIES does breeze in after you have micro-filmed the Master Copy, then put the new arrival in loan circulation in addition to the micro-film. The object is to put in circulation by selling all extra copies. Also right from the start the S3F should begin pricing micro-film outfits, so they can buy one and do their own work. If possible the S3F building should have its own darkroom layout. Also along the same line of complete disposal of extra copies, no two editions of any book should be stocked unless there is a definite and important difference in the two editions. Like say one edition of MOTHER WAS A MARTIAN has 60,000 words and another has 75,000 words. Or one is illustrated and one is plain. If two editions have different dust-wrappers, then save the d/ws, not the books. If in contents a publisher's edition and a book club edition are the same, then sell the book club edition. Book club editions are cheap paper things that yellow and brittle in a year or two, so best get rid of the as fast as they come in.



I can't agree with your amount on member fees to S3F. Ten dollars is far too high; so high that it makes being a member of S3F practically impossible. He isn't buying the books, he's just renting them! The impracticalness of \$10 can be easily shown. Let's say you charge 15¢ an order of a book, to use his \$10 he would have to order nearly six times every month. At 25¢ per book would average out to 3 1/3 times a month before he uses his \$10 up, not to speak of getting a "bargain" by being a member, and getting more for his money...which he certainly doesn't at \$10 a year. I realize he would probably order more than one book at a time, knocking my monthly average into a cocked hat, but I do not believe that in a year he would have ordered enough books & mags to get his \$10 worth and over, which is the real selling point in a membership. It isn't enough to say that it's his tough luck if he doesn't use his \$10 and over. In the S3F the organization would be pretty dependent on fees so you must make the rates attractive. I agree on the low-profit margin on rentals, but your membership fees must be slanted to quantity rather than quality (ie, a few high paying members). Quite frankly, I wouldn't pay \$10 for S3F's services per year, and I doubt if many of the letter writers of MEG 11 would either. Ask them.

As to Seth Johnson wanting to launch robins on the S3F; Seth has a fixation on RR's, with some 60 going last I heard, but it would only glob the whole idea up. Nevertheless S3F does need discussion. Would some fan be willing to pub a news-of-S3F-zine? It would tell of latest developments and pub letters and articles on the subject. How about you Bob?

I know also that it takes money to pub a fanzine. I'm willing to pledge \$1 per month to the pubbing of such a zine. How about the rest of you? The S3F idea needs publicity, nationwide publicity, so what better way than a zine dedicated to the furtherment of the S3F? The zine should be mailed to every BNF or influential fan we can think of, also see if a descriptive rider (say, one sheet) on the idea can be worked up and run the all apas one mailing. And talk SF TIMES or other large circulation fmz into using the rider as an insert. Bob, how many \$1 pledges would we need to launch this kind of attack? 20? 30?

Now anyone knows this massive indexing operation and upkeep would have to be fan powered. The S3F can't hire it done and expect to survive. Bruce Pelz (with a minor in Library Science) would be an ideal to supervise such work if he can be enthused to undertake such a vast system. He knows his field (occupational and stfical) and with his expert overseeing many needless duplications and much wasted time, money and effort could be eliminated from the start. Bruce may well be a Key To The Cause. We may have to knee him in the groin in a friendly, fan-nish way a few times, but, well...

Another obvious point is that the S3F can only come into being if it is backed, staffed and supervised by a strong, well established fan organization. We must put aside decidedly any personal prejudice we may have. Any sectionalism or personal funds would cripple the S3F effort seriously. We cannot afford the luxury of standing behind the S3F as long as it does not involve or depend on a certain group of fans. Take the bitter with the sweet if you like. We must have discernment enough to see the big reality over the small methods of achieving it. I have nothing against any fan group anywhere, but there might be some who do, and the foregoing advice is for those people. Now which fan organization? While I'm willing to hear suggestions, I would think the LASFS would be a good choice. They have been established a long time, have had a lot of technical knowledge and fine talent. They are all in one city and are not spread out, are highly active, pub a greatly respected and much liked fanzine (SHAGGY) and are financially healthy clubwise. Also they have some fine connections fan-wise, and pro wise too. I think in the main that rank & file fandom would heed and rally to the call of LASFS to back the S3F under their sponsorship. You and I are just "voiced in the wind" compared to a club like the LASFS. Certainly the club should be sounded out for reaction at least.

If LASFS did handle S3F it would naturally be located near LA. The consideration of a war attack destroying our building is minor. As Bob pointed out, in case of war-attack on the US fans like everyone else would be concerned with the survival of themselves and their families, not the survival of stf collections. LA is a good place for the S3F for a number of reasons. One, it is usually a dry climate and warm which makes for longer preservation of books and mags. It has fine library facilities for research that the S3F might need to do. It has



all types of stores and shops handling specialty equipment that the S3F may need to buy...like where can you buy a micro-filming process in Backwoods, Ala. without ordering sight unseen from a catalog? In a big city where there are competitive companies you can wrangle a better price. And LA is accessible to all major forms of transportation. (of course, dog-sled service there is lousey, but you can't have everything), and most important, a strong club is established there.

Incidentally, later on the S3F can garner additional revenue by such things as check-lists, indexes and perhaps photo booklets. But first things first such as establishment, backing, publicity etc.

In summing up, the main problems seem to be finding a fan organization to handle the S3F and licking the problem of financing a suitable building to house the sure-to-be-vast library and archives. And in the final analysis perhaps the big question is whether there exists enough fans interested in science fiction and fantasy (rather than mere fandom) to undertake such a potentially enormous endeavor as the S3F.

I look forward to seeing what comes of this remarkable idea.

Sincerely,

*Al Andrews*

///Editorial comment here. I've said it before, and I'll say it again, Al Andrews youse is a practical man. Right Now we might as well start this project moving. The only way we are ever going to lick the problem of finding a building ( the number one problem in my mind) is to raise Money in some way. No fan club should be expected to foot the entire cost of long term payment or long term rent, not to mention the enormous cost of buying/building inside library arrangements. It all will fall back to using the outstretched hand. At this point in the proceedings we also need one other thing, and this is wide spread publicity. Right at present we need this more than we need anything else. So, Al suggested that a circular be printed up. By rough estimate a one or two page flyer, which can gain the widest possible range, by way of introducing this project to the rest of fandom, will cost from twenty to twenty five bucks for the right kind of coverage. Most of you know what's come next. I'm not a rich fan. I'm not even a well off fan, and I can't put out the cash needed for the circulation-publicity this flyer will give. So I am asking you GHOST readers to contribute ~~cash~~ for the Cause. The money will be used to buy paper and ink and the two stencils and postage needed to circulate this flyer to the majority of fandom. I can't even guarantee you that this flyer will bring anything other than a short humm of fannish discussion. But this is at least a first step, hopefully enough interest can be raised so that another contribution will buy and support a S3F fanzine and will arouse the interest to push this idea into reality. Before this is over with it will cost money, much money, first for the flyer, then the project zine, and the final push. But right at present the flyers are in need of financing. So I respectfully ask that you who are interested in this project, please contribute a buck, or half a buck towards sending out a publicity flyer. In the event that close to twenty-twenty five dollars is not raised, then the money will be returned. If there are not enough interested persons to support this circular, then it seems certain there would not have been enough interested persons to support a sf-Fantasy Foundation in the first place.///

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Have you noticed that ANALOG sounds like a laxitive? I've found it reads like one  
-----D. Bruce Berry  
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GHOST page count is large this time, so this column is very short

VOICE OF THE SPIRITS, OR, THE EDITOR ANSWERS WITH A FIFTH

Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn.

The rest of the eleventh issue is devoted to the Fantasy Foundation discussion. I liked the title of Bob Lichtman's contribution, and he also made the best sense of your Foundation contributors aside from Harry Warner in the letter section. I coggle a little at the spectacle of fans building daydreams in the air, even planning what charges to levy on books borrowed from this nonexistent Foundation and how much salary the curator should draw. I see no discussion as to what sort of flowers should be planted in the windowbox outside the Foundation front windows, or the color of the tile floor in the front lobby. Why not?

Seems highly unlikely that a Foundation can succeed under any circumstances at present---even if Forry Ackerman can be persuaded to revitalize the Fantasy Foundation. Fandom doesn't have the money to finance such a project, nor the time to donate to its operation. If Forry and some of the LASFSers were to set up the FF as a going concern, it might act as a repository of science fiction, but it will, in any case, be a far cry from the sort of elaborate Foundation you seem to envision. It will probably end up, even if it is tried, as a sort of duplicate collection in Forry's garage, where the stuff contributed is stored without being catalogued or properly shelved. As I remember it, Forry was annoyed when some fans pushed him into establishing the Foundation in 1946, and I suspect he will feel the same way if he is pushed into revitalizing the old project against his better jud-





Wise fen will vote  
DICK ENEY FOR TAFF!

This shouldn't stop fans from making a provision of one sort or another to assure themselves that their collections are preserved in case they lose their lives or their sanity. I intend to leave my own collection to a dear friend who can be depended on to preserve it or dispose of it intelligently. I suspect that very few collections are of value except sentimentally--mine included. But it would be a shame if some of the basic collections in fandom, such as those of Ackerman, Moskowitz, possibly Farsace, Coslet and Pelz (fmz) were sold for scrap paper.

///I trust from your comments that you do not Approve nor do you feel the preposed Foundation has any chance of surviving. Naturally you see no discussion as to what type of flowers should be planted outside the Foundation windows and along the walks; they'll be bright red tulips lining the facing of the building, two boxwoods at each side, with geraniums (yellow) along the

windowboxes. A second row of blood red roses will also line the walkway, which will, incidentally, be made of fine glazed marble, with the silver and black emblem of the New Foundation (a Finlay Nude holding two old copies of ASTOUNDING and WEIRD TALES) set on the flagstone just in front of the thirteen ivory steps which lead up to the heavy bronze doors (lavishly engraved with Prosser carvings). The color of the lobby floor will be a restful light sea green, plain, not fancy geometric designs there. The Interior of the library will have plush  $\frac{1}{2}$ " pile red carpeting, naturally...

I personally don't see why little fannish castles in the air couldn't find reality if enough people are interested in taking said project from the planning stage and putting it into reality. I mean, look at any other fannish idea. What if Shelby Vick had listened to the sneering abusive voice of Redd Boggs back in 1952...there would be no TAFF. What if those fans who decided to Bring Back Willis had listened to the grating, superior letter voice of Redd Boggs, why, no Willis Fund and no possibility of getting Willis back for another stateside visit. What if Ron Ellis and Terry Carr had listened to the advice given in superior, well punctuated tones by Redd Boggs when they brought out that nondescript newsheet? Hmmm, no FANAC. What if numerous committees had listened to Redd Boggs with his dim prophecies of Doom and Tragedy, and instead went on to Greater Things? What of all the clubs forming, all the publications of a special nature, what of all the conventions that didn't listen to Redd Boggs and were smashing successes? Let's face it here, your wholesale condemnation of a project practically assures it of success...I mean, like you're like the Good Housekeep seal in reverse, you guarantee the success of anything you condemn. And Redd...I mean, why do you do all this condemning?

Seriously speaking, don't knock enthusiasm just because it is enthusiasm. I sincerely believe this project has a good chance of making it.///

D. Bruce Berry, c/o Burmeister Studios, 205 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

Nowadays it seems the editors of the science fiction magazines can pick and choose the material they buy. At least, that's what they're trying to do, with little success it seems. Why not change the title of your zine to GOLANA, it might reverse the curse of ANALOG...

What's this about several fans working up a new sf magazine? I don't know about anyone else, but I was in on such a deal with one other fan. I came up with an idea for a new science fiction mag, and a friend of mine was going to sell some property he owns to finance the deal. Unfortunately we had differences of opinion. I was trying to arrange the deal so that the money he had available would stretch out over three issues. However, he did not believe that one cannot just print a one-shot in a promag and expect to make any profit. The financial setup he had in mind was not very realistic I'm afraid. Then too, I guess he woke up to the possibility that he might lose all his money and have nothing to show for it except a stack of unbought magazines. Publishing is a great gamble and you have to



expect the chance of losing as well as winning. Not all gamblers roll dice or play the horses; a publisher must have as much of the gambler's soul as any of these others. If you don't have it, there's no use in your entering the game. Anyway I dropped out of it when it was obvious the other guy wasn't willing to take the necessary chances. I had no money of my own to contribute, tho I was prepared to illustrate the magazine and handle art direction for three months without pay just to get the thing going.

The whole deal was rather unfortunate. It broke up a friendship that had lasted for almost fourteen years. The other guy lices on the west coast, and I hope you don't mind if I don't tell you his name. I still think he is a nice guy. Anyway, I hope this clears up that rummor.

///Well, it cleared up the rummor but I'm somewhat sorry the magazine didn't see print...///

Emile Greenleaf, 1303 Mystery St., New Orleans, 19, La.

Well here's the Midwestcon report. You're getting twenty pages of con report (double spaced with wide margins of course, but still 20 pages) Should be eight or nine thousand words. At ten cents a word, that's \$800.00 you owe me. Please remit.

///Dear Mr. Greenleaf, Sir,

We received your manuscript here at the Offices today, and could not help but notice the little jest thrown in at the bottom of your letter, to the effect that we owed you \$800.00. We feel compelled, Mr. Greenleaf, to point out a few Facts about the publishing business. First you must realize that while our sterling publication, THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST is one of the Leading (inturpate this in your own way) Fanzines of the day, I'm sure you must realize that we are not the Absolute Finest Fanzine. And not falling into the Absolute Finest Class, we, naturally, do not pay a full ten cents a word. As a matter of fact, Mr. Greenleaf, we don't even pay eight cents a word. Normally we pay seven cents a word, for manuscripts which meet our Finest Expectations. However, a Business Recession has struck, as I'm sure you realize, and due to overproduction in the Fanzine Market, the market is overloaded with a steady surplus of abmoniable crud, well spelled crud, but still crudd Anticipating your response, Mr. Greenleaf, we would like to point our that if the cycle repeats itself, and we have no reason to believe otherwise, in a few months the fanzine market will be depleted, and a Fammisj Depression will be on. We feel that due to the unusually large surplus this time that the depression will be worse than ever. Quite naturally we wish to survive to coming Fanzine Crash, and so we have been forced to cut our word rates to four cents a word in or der to hold a ready reserve for the Depression period. Another thing, Mr. Greenleaf, which you are probably unaware of; publication costs are on the rise. Yes, THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST is planning to expand its resources as of next issue in order to further endear itself to its Faithful & Loyal readership, so as to be Positive we will not go under when the Crash occurs. An extended page count, better artwork, a higher level of contribution, more extensive coverage, I'm sure you realize all of this requires more expenddtures, not to mention the additional postage and other detailstoo numerous to mention here. So it is with regret that we must annouce that until we have stablized our greater & better GHOST, our rates have dropped to 1½ cent per word. I'm certain also, Mr. Greenleaf, that you will understand our posisition when we regretfully inform you, that in seeking a more selective, mature, appreciative audience for the new GHOST, we much cut away any excess deadwood on our mailing lists without mercy. As a matter of fact we have been doing this, but the Iron Rule must soon extend itself to each and every person who receives this fanzine. Unless they trade, issue for issue, buy it or contribute material they will not receive the zine. This means a cut-back in regular circulation, while at the same time we may be giving away free samples. This is another looming expenditure we here must shoulder, and so we must inform you that rates have been cut to 1/8th of a cent per word, on publication only. And again I must also point out that other expenatures "too numerous to mention here", our rates have been further cut to one sixty fourth of a cent per



word, on publication only. This, if you will remember, is only for Top-Quality work. While we here at the Offices feel that your work is more than satisfactory, and while the vast majority of our readers also agree with us, we must wait until the Popular Reaction is appraised accurately by our Popularity Gage. Quite naturally our rates are approporated on a scale according to the quality and popularity preformance of your work. Another thing you may not realize, Mr. Greenleaf, our Borad of Trustees has decided to cut back on ~~many~~ expenditures this year in order that the fanzine can build up the necessary properties for a larger page count and Quality Work with a Hige Circulation. Our rates are currently one two hundredth of a cent per word, on publication only for Top Quality work. But we here at the Offices want you to know that we have Faith in your work, Mr. Greenleaf, and I have been authorized to give you advance payment for this manuscript. Enclosed you will find a check for your eight thousand word MS at our current rate of 1/200th of a cent per word. And thank you for submitting your manuscript to us, Mr. Greenleaf, it's a please to do business with you. Perhaps in the near future, after the Depression, we can raise our rates back to 1/64th of a cent per word. Thank you.///



Dick Ambrose, 1745 Murray Hill Rd., Birmingham 16, Ala.

As you may notice, the so-loosely-called "deer" in the left hand portion of this page is what connoisseurs of the Ungulata (scientific order of Mammalia) could clearly see was a Columbian Black-tailed Deer. You can tell by the smooth, easy curve of its neck, the swooping grace of the antlers and the complete serenity it poses. Of course I'll let you off this time Bob, but let's not let it happen again.

You must tell KEN for me that I think his dragons on pages 2 and 6 are very good this issue. It really made me feel good to see a dragon devilish enough to warrant being called as such. As you probably know I go in for creature drawings, and would like to see more art along this line.

///Well, I'll tell KEN about it. Honest Dick, how was I to know it was a Columbian Black-Tailed Deer. For a moment I suspect Roudoff of escaping. And KEN's drawings weren't exactly dragons, one was supposed to represent the editor and the other was a dimetrodon.///

Well, what's this technically business about the dragons being editor and dimetrodon. The Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (5th Edition, 1940, page 304) states that a dragon is "A fabulous animal, generally, a monstrous winged, scaly serpent, lizard, or saurion." But after a minute's thought I believe I did find a scale, unscrupulously clinging to your letter. Heaven forbid, have I been corresponding with a saurion (whatever that is)? This might make a good subject for blackmail, I understand there is a decrease in the availability of dragon skins for luggage, shoes, watch bands and the like.

///The Awful Truth is Out. Actually tho if you will examine that scale a bit closer you will notice immediately, you'll notice it wasn't my scale. No indeed. You will notice the cold hardness of it, also its size (along  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long) and at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch across. Not my size at all). Also notice the glittering, flashy look of the scale, it reflects a multitude of rainbow like colors. This is because the scale is cut lengthwise by hundreds upon hundreds of minute hair thin lines of slight depression. These fine lines break up and diffuse the sunlight into the spectrum of colors. Also notice how hard it is, armor like even. Notice that only a very sharp knife will cut the scale (unless of course it happens to cut along one of the hair-fine lines running lengthwise down the scale). This is definitely not a Bob Jennings scale, obviously this is a KEN Gentry scale. Why do you think he draws dragons so well?///

CALL TO ALL SOUTHERN FANS AND APA COMPLETISTS The new Southern Fandom Press Alliance is now in operation, first mailing will go out September 15th. We are still a few members short of our 20 member quota. You must be a member of SFG to join the apa, however non-participating memberships may be bought by anyone for \$4.00 a year. I am the first Mailing Editor of this concern, so address questions and such to this quarter.



# INDEX TO THE THRILL BOOK (Len Collins)

Editors: Harold Hershey & Eugene A. Clancy

Mar 1, 1919

Wolf of the Steppes (cover story)  
Ivory Hunters  
The Jeweled Ibis (Pt 1)  
The Man Who Met Himself  
In the Shadows of Race (part 1)  
Lilith (verse)  
The Twisted Tapers (verse)

Mar 15, 1919

Web of Death  
A Hooting, Tooting Son-Of-A-Gun  
Broken Idol  
Miladi (verse)  
My Lovely (verse)  
The Jeweled Ibis (conclusion)  
In The Shadows of Race (part 2)

Apr 1, 1919

The Hank of Yarn  
Captain George Gynemeer (verse)  
Courage  
Flowerlight (verse)  
The Clasp of Rank  
At the End of the Wires  
Living Dead  
The Death of Columbine (verse)  
In the Shadows of Race (conclusion)

Apr 15, 1919

Down the Coast of Shadows (part 1)  
The Thing That Wept  
Profit By Loss  
The Haunted House (verse)  
Alpheus Bings, Thrill Hounds: 1. Death's Head Mystery  
The Hidden Emperor  
The King (verse)  
Freedom (verse)

May 1, 1919

The Inefficient Ghost  
Down the Coast of Shadows (conclusion)  
The Devil's Own (part 1)  
The Dummy and the Ventriloquist (verse)  
Life (verse)  
Stone Image  
The Battle (verse)  
Alepheus Bings: 2. The Inanitation Cure  
Nothing but Dust  
The One-Man Log Drive

May 15, 1919

Crawling Hands (part 1)  
After (verse)  
The Devil's Own (conclusion)  
Magic in Manhattan  
Marsa (verse)  
Out of Our Hands' Reach  
When Basset Forgot  
From Over the Border  
The Rim of the World  
Alpheus Bings: 3. The Purple Fear Ray

1-1

Greye La Spina  
W. G. Carey  
J. C. Kofoed  
D. Bayley  
J. H. Bishop  
R. LeMoyne  
Larrevitch

1-2

C. D. Stewart  
H. D. Smiley  
I. Putnam  
C. Kiprooy  
A. Owens

1-3

Perkey Poore Sheehan  
Harold Hershey  
A. Soutar  
P. Kennedy  
S. Carlton  
A. Hicks  
S. LeMoyne  
R. LeMoyne

1-4

P.P. Sheehan  
C. F. Oursler  
C. L. Andrews  
H. Kemp  
R. Oliphant (serial in verse)  
G. C. Hall  
V. Vernon  
A. Tyson

1-5

I. Putnam  
C. L. Saxby  
Harold Hershey  
R. LeMoyne  
Seabury Quinn  
A. Tyson  
R. Oliphant (serial in verse)  
F. Booth  
R. S. Spears

1-6

P. A. Connolly  
C. Kiprooy  
R. W. Sneddon  
C. Buxton  
R. LeMoyne  
H. Farmer  
Greye La Spina  
D. Osborne  
R. Oliphant (serial in verse)



Jun 1, 1919

Strasbourg Rose (part 1)  
Crawling Hands (conclusion)  
The Street Without a Name  
The Fatal Cord  
The Old Loves (verse)  
These Gray Streets (verse)  
Haunted Landscape

1-7

J. R. Goryell

Harold Hershey  
H. C. Douglas  
A. Owens  
P. Kennedy  
Grege La Spina

Jun 15, 1919 (cover by Riesenbergl)

The Vengeance of Vishnu  
Strasbourg Rose (part 2)  
The Unseen Seventh  
This Way Out  
Aglaia (verse)  
Prayer (verse)  
Shafts of Light (verse)

1-8

G. G. Jenks

S. L. Wenzel  
W. G. Carey  
A. Tyson  
M. C. Davies  
R. LeMoynes

Jul 1, 1919

The Opium Ship (part 1)  
Strasbourg Rose (part 3)  
Vanishing Gold  
The Bibulous Baby  
The Tenth Crisis  
The Seventh Glass  
The Conqueror  
When Ghosts Walked  
The Curtain (verse)  
The Dance (verse)

2-1

H. Bedford-Jones

C. L. Andrews  
Tod Robbins  
L. J. Beeston  
J. U. Geisy  
R. W. Snedden  
C. Bannister  
N. K. Putnam  
C. Kiprooy

Jul 15, 1919

The Lost Empire (part 1)  
The Opium Ship (part 2)  
Strasbourg Rose (conclusion)  
Tales of the Double Man: 1. The Double Man  
A Thousand Degrees Below Zero  
The Mate  
The Voice From Beyond  
The Whispering From the Ground  
The Dead Book  
Back To Earth  
Room 13  
The Poniard of Charlotte Corday  
The Ballad of the Living Dead (verse)  
A Little Flea (verse)

2-2

F. Wall

C. Broadwell  
Murray Leinster  
M. F. Dickenson  
Tod Robbins  
D. M. Lemon  
Harold Hershey  
R. R. Barker  
W. S. Gidley  
F. di Vallient  
H. Kemp  
Anon.

Aug 1, 1919

The Lost Empire (conclusion)  
The Opium Ship (part 3)  
Tales of the Double Man: 2. Death by Duplicate  
The Lost Days (part 1)  
The Unknown Revolution  
The Crystal Ball  
The Dead Lips Speak  
The Wax Doll  
The Spider and the Fly  
Hidden Pathways (verse)

2-3

C. Broadwell  
T. Lansing  
D. Brixton  
J. C. Howes  
A. A. Chapin  
I. Putnam  
D. M. Lemon  
A. Owens

Aug 15, 1919

The Heads of Cerberus (part 1)  
The Opium Ship (conclusion)  
The Lost Days (conclusion)  
The Terror of the Rats (part 1)

2-4

Francis Stevens

C. Heath



Tales of the Double Man: 3. My Double-Ego  
 The Seventh Birthday  
 The Man From Thebes  
 The Conquerors  
 Theophany (verse)  
 An August Pathway (verse)  
 Simple Flowers (verse)  
 The Heart's Horizon (verse)

C. Broadwell  
 E. Pascall  
 W. W. Cook  
 Tod Robbins  
 H. Kemp  
 F. Harrison  
 C. Kiprooy  
 P. Kennedy

Sep 1, 1919 (cover by Reynolds)

2-5

Murray Leinster

The Silver Menace (part 1)  
 The Heads of Cerberus (part 2)  
 The Terror of the Rats (conclusion)  
 The Cobra Girl  
 When Wires are Down  
 Fragments  
 Unexpected  
 A Mystery Downstairs  
 Burnt Bridges  
 The Kiss of the Silver Flask  
 Mortiere's Duel  
 Green Eye  
 The Fear  
 Life's Last Song (verse)  
 Among the Stars (verse)  
 Gifts (verse)  
 Out of the Night (verse)  
 Tales of the Double Man: 4. Disentombed to Wed

R. Wallace  
 L. B. Thomas  
 Tod Robbins  
 J. B. Smith  
 F. Curtiss  
 C. L. Andrews  
 E. Weir  
 J. Joseph-Renard  
 A. Lardy  
 C. W. Kendall  
 A. Tyson  
 A. Owens  
 R. LeMoyné  
 P. Kennedy  
 C. Broadwell

Sep 15, 1919 (cover by Durant)

2-6

R. Hughes

The Gift Wife (cover story, 3 pt, never finished)  
 The Silver Menace (conclusion)  
 The Heads of Cerberus (part 3)  
 The Red Lure  
 Undying Hatred  
 House of the Nightmare  
 The Case of the Man Blind  
 Tales of the Double Man: 5. The Itching Link of  
 Filbert's Grand Final  
 Living Memories (verse)  
 Let Them Tip Tables (verse)  
 A Ballade of the Sea (verse)  
 To Spend with Ease (verse)  
 Dissonance (verse)  
 The Love that Stirs Me So (verse)

F. L. Packard  
 Tod Robbins  
 E. L. White  
 T. E. Transeau  
 C. Broadwell  
 B. G. Priestley  
 C. Buxton  
 H. Kemp  
 R. LeMoyné  
 C. Kiprooy  
 C. A. Smith  
 C. Buxton

Oct 1, 1919

3-1

H. Bedford-Jones

Mr. Shen of Shensi  
 The Heads of Cerberus (part 4)  
 A Step and a Half  
 Recoiling Sparks  
 Between Two Worlds  
 An Eccentric  
 Ghosts of Chaacmol  
 The Mouse and the Cheese  
 A Perfect Melody  
 Words that Came Alive  
 At the Hands of the Master  
 The Escape  
 Violets?  
 Crimson Flowers  
 The Song From the Dead

H. Golden  
 R. W. Hinds  
 A. L. Evans  
 R. Leslie  
 A. T. Lorenz  
 W. H. Greenfield  
 N. A. Fuessle  
 M. C. Davies  
 E. McNeil  
 M. Hall  
 D. de Polo  
 Tod Robbins  
 P. Bragg



Love's Silence (verse)  
 Such Beauty (verse)  
 A Thousand Miles (verse)  
 One Like Yourself (verse)  
 Dim Unknown (verse)  
 The Distant Stars (verse)  
 Beyond a Single Day (verse)

Oct 15, 1919

Juju  
 Hands Invisible  
 The Futimate Ingredient  
 The Heads of Cerberus (conclusion)  
 Amaratite  
 The Mystery of the Timber Tract  
 Like Princes  
 Figure Nine  
 A Recruit for Lambs  
 Concerning the Pithecanthropus Erectus (verse)  
 A Ballade of Morgan (verse)

A. Tyson  
 R. LeMayne  
 C. Kiprooy  
 A. de la Ferte  
 C. Buxton  
 F. de Vallient  
 P. Kennedy

3-2

Murray Leinster  
 W. H. Kofold  
 Greys La Spina

R. Roeder  
 F. Metcalfe  
 E. A. Clancy  
 H. Winslow  
 L. R. Ridge  
 W. B. Horner  
 W. van Wyck

# INDEXING BY STORY TITLE

After (verse)	C. Kiprooy	May 15 1919 1-6
Aglaia (verse)	A. Tyson	Jun 15 1919 1-6
Alpheus Bings, Thrill Hound:	1. Death's head Mystery R. Ophipant	Mar 15 1919 1-2
	2. The Sanitation Cure "	May 1 1919 1-5
	3. The Purple Fear Ray "	May 15 1919 1-6
Amaratite	R. Roeder	Oct 15 1919 3-2
August Pathway, An (verse)	F. Harrison	Aug 15 1919 2-4
Back to Earth	R. R. Barker	Jul 15 1919 2-2
Ballade of Morgan, A (verse)	W. van Wyck	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Ballade of the Living Dead, The (verse)	H. Kemp	Jul 15 1919 2-2
Ballade of the Sea, A (verse)	R. LeMayne	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Battle, The (verse)	A. Tyson	May 1 1919 1-5
Beyond a Single Day (verse)	P. Kennedy	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Dibulous Baby, The	Tod Robbins	Jul 1 1919 2-1
Broken Idol	I Putnam	Mar 15 1919 1-2
Captain George Guynemer (verse)	Harold Hershey	Apr 15 1919 1-3
Case of the Man Blind, The	T. E. Traneau	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Clasp of Rank, The	S. Carlton	Apr 1 1919 1-3
Cobra Girl, The	R. Wallace	Sep 1 1919 1-3
Concerning the Pithecanthropus Erectus (verse)	W. B. Horner	Oct 1 1919 3-2
Conqueror, The	R. W. Sneddon	Jul 1 1919 2-1
Conquerors, The	Tod Robbins	Aug 15 1919 2-4
Courage	A. Soutar	Apr 1 1919 1-3
Crawling Hands (two parts)	P. A. Connolly	May 15 1919 1-6
Crimson Flowers	Tod Robbins	Jun 1 1919 1-7
Crystal Ball, The	J. C. Howes	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Curtain, The (verse)	N. K. Putnam	Aug 1 1919 2-3
Dance, The (verse)	C. Kiprooy	Jul 1 1919 2-1
Dead Lips Speak, The	A. A. Chapin	Aug 1 1919 2-3
Death of Colymbine, The (verse)	R. LeMayne	Apr 1 1919 1-3
Devil's Own (two parts)	Harold Hershey	May 1 1919 1-5
Dim Unknown (verse)		May 15 1919 1-6
Dissonance (verse)	C. Buxton	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Distant Stars, The (verse)	C. A. Smith	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Down the Coast of Shadows (two parts)	F. de Vallient	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Dummy and the Ventriloquist, The (verse)	P. P. Sheehan	Apr 15 1919 1-4
Eccentric, An		May 1 1919 1-5
End of the Wires, At the	Harold Hershey	May 1 1919 1-5
Escape, The	R. Leslie	Oct 1 1919 3-1
	A. Hicks	Apr 1 1919 1-3
	M. Hall.	Oct 1 1919 3-1







Out of Our Hands! Reach (verse)  
 Out of the Night (verse)  
 Perfect Melody, A  
 Poniard of Charlotte Corday, The  
 Prayer (verse)  
 Profit by Loss  
 Recoiling Sparks  
 Recruit for Lambs, A  
 Red Lure, The  
 Rim of the World, The  
 Room 13  
 Seventh Birthday, The  
 Seventh Glass, The  
 Shadows of Race, In The (two parts)

Shafts of Light (verse)  
 The Silver Menace (two parts)

Simple Flowers (verse)  
 Spider and the Fly, The  
 Song of the Dead, The  
 Step and a Half, A  
 Stone Image  
 Strasbourg Rose (four parts)

Street Without a Name, The  
 Such Beauty (verse)

Tales of the Double Man: 1. The Double Man  
 2. Death by Duplicate  
 3. My Double-Ego  
 4. Duseintombed to Wed  
 5. The Itching Linknof Destiny

Tenth Crisis, The  
 Terror of the Rats, The (two parts)

Theophany (verse)  
 These Gray Streets (verse)  
 This Way Out  
 Thing that Wept, The  
 Thousand Degrees Below Zero, A  
 To Spend with Ease (verse)  
 Twisted Tapers, The (verse)  
 Undying Hatred  
 Unexpected  
 Unknown Revolution, The  
 Unseen Seventh, The  
 Vanished Gold  
 Vengeance of Vishne, The  
 Violets?

Voice From Beyond, The  
 Wax Doll, The  
 Web of Death, The  
 When Dasset Forgot  
 When Ghosts Walked  
 When Wires Are Down  
 Whispering From the Ground, The  
 Wolf of the Steppes (cover story)  
 Words That Came Alive

R. LeMoyne May 15 1919 1-6  
 P. Kennedy Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 N. A. Fuessle Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 F. di Vallient Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 M. C. Davies Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 C. L. Andrews Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 R. W. Hinds Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 L. R. Ridge Oct 15 1919 3-2  
 F. L. Packard Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 D. Osborne May 15 1919 1-6  
 W. S. Gidley Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 E. Pascall Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 J. U. Geisy Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 J. H. Bishop Mar 1 1919 1-1  
 Mar 15 1919 1-2

R. LeMoyne Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 Murray Leinster Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 Sep 15 1919 2-6

C. Kiprooy Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 D. M. Lemon Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 P. Bragg Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 H. Golden Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 Seabury Quinn May 1 1919 1-5  
 J. R. Coryell Jun 1 1919 1-7  
 Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 Jul 15 1919 2-2

Harold Hershey Jun 1 1919 1-7  
 R. LeMoyne Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 C. Broadwell Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 Sep 1 1919 2-5

H. Kemp Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 P. Kennedy Jun 1 1919 1-7  
 W. G. Carey Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 C. F. Oursler Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 Murray Leinster Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 C. Kiprooy Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 Larrovitch Mar 1 1919 1-1  
 Tod Robbins Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 J. B. Smith Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 D. Brixton Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 S. L. Wenzel Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 C. L. Andrews Jun 1 1919 2-1  
 G. G. Jenks Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 H. de Polo Oct 1 1919 3-1  
 Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 I. Putnam Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 C. D. Stewart Mar 15 1919 1-2  
 H. Farmer May 15 1919 1-6  
 C. Bannister Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 L. B. Thomas Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 D. M. Lemon Jul 15 1919 2-2  
 Greve La Spina Mar 1 1919 1-1  
 M. C. Davies Oct 1 1919 3-1



# ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO STORY INDEXING

1. Among the Stars (verse)	A. Owens	Sep 1 1919 2-5
2. Between Two Worlds	A. L. Evans	Oct 1 1919 3-1
3. Burnt Bridges	C. L. Andrews	Sep 1 1919 2-5
4. Dead Book, The	Harold Hershey	Jul 15 1919 2-2
5. Hank of Yarn, The	Perley Poore Sheehan	Apr 1 1919 1-3
6. Juju	Murray Leinster	Oct 15 1919 2-2
7. Let Them Tip Tables (verse)	H. Kemp	Sep 15 1919 2-6
8. Living Memories (verse)	C. Buxton	Sep 15 1919 2-6
9. Mr. Shen of Shensi	H. Bedford-Jones	Oct 1 1919 3-1
10. Mystery of the Timber Tract, The	F. Metcalfe	Oct 15 1919 3-2
11. Shadows of Race, In The (part 3)	J. H. Bishop	Apr 1 1919 1-3
12. Spend With Ease, To (verse)	C. Kiprooy	Sep 15 1919 2-6
13. Thousand Miles, A (verse)	C. Kiprooy	Oct 1 1919 3-1

## INDEXING TO AUTHORS

Andrews, C. L.	Profit By Loss	Apr 15 1919 1-4
	Vanishing Gold	Jul 1 1919 2-1
	Burnt Bridges	Sep 1 1919 2-5
Anonymous	A Little Flea (verse)	Jul 15 1919 2-2
Bannister, C.	When Ghosts Walked	Jul 1 1919 2-1
Barker, R. R.	Back to Earth	Jul 15 1919 2-2
Bayley, D.	The Man Who Met Himself	Mar 1 1919 1-1
Bedford-Jones, H.	The Opium Ship (4 pt)	Jul 1 1919 2-1
		Jul 15 1919 2-2
		Aug 1 1919 2-3
		Aug 15 1919 2-4
Beeston, L. J.	Mr. Shen of Shensi	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Bishop, J. H.	The Tenth Crisis	Jul 1 1919 2-1
	In the Shadows of Race	Mar 1 1919 1-1
		Mar 15 1919 1-2
		Apr 1 1919 1-3
Booth, F.	Nothing But Dust	May 1 1919 1-5
Bragg, P.	The Song From the Dead	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Brixton, D.	The Unknown Revolution	Aug 1 1919 2-3
Broadwell, C.	Tales of the Double Man:	
	1. The Double Man	Jul 15 1919 2-2
	2. Death by Duplicate	Aug 1 1919 2-3
	3. My Double-Ego	Aug 15 1919 2-4
	4. Dismembered to Wed	Sep 1 1919 2-5
	5. The Itching Man of Destiny	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Buxton, C.	Living Memories (verse)	Sep 15 1919 2-6
	Marsa (verse)	May 15 1919 1-6
	(verse) The Love that Stirs Me So	Sep 15 1919 2-6
	Dim Unknown (verse)	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Carey, W. G.	Ivory Hunters	Mar 1 1919 1-1
	This Way Out	Jun 15 1919 1-8
Carlton, S.	The Clasp of Rank	Apr 1 1919 1-3
Chapin, A. A.	The Dead Lips Speak	Aug 1 1919 2-3
Clancy, E. A.	Like Princesses	Oct 15 1919 3-2
Connolly, P. A.	Crawling Hands (2 pt)	May 15 1919 1-6
		Jun 1 1919 1-7
Cook W. W.	The Man From Thebes	Aug 15 1919 2-4
Coryell, J. R.	Strasbourg Rose (4pt)	Jun 1 1919 1-7
		Jun 15 1919 1-8
		Jul 1 1919 2-1
		Jul 15 1919 2-2
Curtiss, F.	A Mystery Downstairs	Sep 1 1919 2-5
Davies, M. C.	Prayer (verse)	Jun 15 1919 1-8
	Words That Came Alive	Oct 1 1919 3-1
de la Ferte, A.	One Like Yourself (verse)	Oct 1 1919 3-1
de Polo, H.	Violets?	Oct 1 1919 3-1
de Vallient, F.	The Poniard of Vharlotte Corday	Jul 15 1919 2-2
	The Distant Stars	Oct 1 1919 3-1



Dickenson, M. F.	The Mate	Jun 1 1919 1-7
Douglas, H. C.	The Fattle Cord	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Evans, A. L.	Between Two Worlds	May 15 1919 1-6
Farmer, H.	When Basset Forgot	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Fuessle, N. A.	A Perfect Melody	Jul 1 1919 2-1
Geisy, J. U.	The Seventh Glass	Jul 15 1919 2-2
Gidley, W. S.	Room 13	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Golden, H.	A Step and a Half	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Greenfield, W. H.	The House and the Cheese	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Hall, M.	The Escape	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Harrison, F.	An August Pathway (verse)	Aug 15 1919 2-4
Heath, C.	The Terror of the Rats 2pt	Aug 15 1919 2-4
Hershey, Harold	(verse) Captain George Guynemer	Apr 1 1919 1-3
	The Dummy and the Ventriloquist	May 1 1919 1-5
	The Street Without a Name	Jun 1 1919 1-7
	The Dead Book	Jul 15 1919 2-2
	At the End of the Wires	Apr 1 1919 1-3
	Recoiling Sparks	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Hicks, A.	Concerning the Pithecanthropus	
Hinds, R. W.	Erectus (verse)	Oct 15 1919 3-2
Horner, W. B.	The Crystal Ball	Aug 1 1919 2-3
Howes, J. C.	The Gift Wife (3 pt, never fin)	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Hughes, R.	The Hidden Emperor	Apr 15 1919 1-4
Hull, G. C.	The Vengeance of Vishnu	Jun 15 1919 1-8
Jenks, G. G.	Mortiere's Duel	Sep 1 1919 2-5
Joseph-Renard, J.	The Haunted House (verse)	Apr 15 1919 1-4
Kemp, H.	(verse) The Ballad of the Living Dead	Jul 15 1919 2-2
	Theophany (verse)	Aug 15 1919 2-4
	Let Them Tip Tables (verse)	Sep 15 1919 2-6
Kendall, G. W.	The Fear	Sep 1 1919 2-5
Kennedy, P.	Flowerlight (verse)	Apr 1 1919 1-3
	These Gray Streets (verse)	Jun 1 1919 1-7
	The Heart's Horizon (verse)	Aug 15 1919 2-4
	Out of the Night (verse)	Sep 1 1919 2-5
	Beyond A Single Day (verse)	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Kiprooy, C.	Miladi (verse)	Mar 15 1919 1-2
	After (verse)	May 15 1919 1-6
	The Dance (verse)	Jul 1 1919 2-1
	Simple Flowers (verse)	Aug 15 1919 2-4
	To Spend With Ease (verse)	Sep 15 1919 2-6
	A Thousand Miles (verse)	Oct 1 1919 3-1
Kofoed, J. C.	The Jeweled Ibis (2 pt)	Mar 1 1919 1-1
	Hands Invisible	Mar 15 1919 1-2
Kofold, W. H.	The Lost Days (2 pt)	Oct 15 1919 3-2
Lansing, T.		Aug 1 1919 2-3
		Aug 15 1919 2-4
Lardy, A.	Green Eye	Sep 1 1919 2-5
Larrovitch	The Twisted Tapers (verse)	Mar 1 1919 1-1
La Spina, Greye	Wolf of the Steppes	Mar 1 1919 1-1
	Haunted Landscape	Jun 1 1919 1-7
	From Over the Border	May 15 1919 1-6
Leinster, Murray	The Hartimate Ingredient	Oct 15 1919 3-2
	A Thousand Degress Below	Zero Jul 15 1919 2-2
	The Silver Menace (2 pt)	Sep 1 1919 2-5
		Sep 15 1919 2-6
	Juju	Oct 15 1919 3-2
Lemon, D. M.	The Whispering From the Ground	Jul 15 1919 2-2
LeMoyné, R.	The Spider and the Fly	Aug 1 1919 2-3
	Lilith (verse)	Mar 1 1919 1-1
	(verse) The Death of Columbine	Apr 1 1919 1-3
	Life (verse)	May 1 1919 1-5
	(verse) Out of Our Hands' Reach	May 15 1919 1-6



LeMoynes, S.	Shafts of Light (verse)	Jun 15 1919	1-8
Leslie, R.	Gifts (verse)	Sep 1 1919	2-5
Lorenz, A. T.	A Ballade of the Sea (verse)	Sep 15 1919	2-6
McNeil, E.	Such Beauty (verse)	Oct 1 1919	3-1
Metcalf, F.	Living Dead	Apr 1 1919	1-3
Oliphant, R.	An Eccentric	Oct 1 1919	3-1
	The Ghosts of Chacmol	Oct 1 1919	3-1
	At the Hands of the Master	Oct 1 1919	3-1
	The Mystery of the TemberTract	Oct 15 1919	3-2
	Alpheus Bings, Thrill Hound		
	1. Death's Head Mystery	Apr 15 1919	1-4
	2. The Inanitation Cure	May 1 1919	1-5
	3. The Purple Fear Ray	May 15 1919	1-6
	The Rim of the World	May 15 1919	1-6
	The Things That Wept	Apr 15 1919	1-4
	My Lovely (verse)	Mar 15 1919	1-2
	The Old Loves (verse)	Jun 1 1919	1-7
	Hidden Pathways (verse)	Aug 1 1919	2-3
	Among the Stars (verse)	Sep 1 1919	2-5
	The Red Lure	Sep 15 1919	2-6
	The Seventh Birthday	Aug 15 1919	2-4
	Filbert's Grand Final	Sep 15 1919	2-6
	Broken Idol	Mar 15 1919	1-2
	The Inefficient Ghost	May 1 1919	1-5
	The Wax Doll	Aug 1 1919	2-3
	The Curtain (verse)	Jul 1 1919	2-1
	Stone Image	May 1 1919	1-5
	A Recruit for Lambs	Oct 15 1919	3-2
	The Bibulous Baby	Jul 1 1919	2-1
	The Voice From Beyond	Jul 15 1919	2-2
	The Conquerors	Aug 15 1919	2-4
	Fragments	Sep 1 1919	2-5
	Undying Hatred	Sep 15 1919	2-6
	Crimson Flowers	Oct 1 1919	3-1
	Amaratite	Oct 15 1919	3-2
	Devil's Own (2 pt)	May 1 1919	1-5
		May 15 1919	1-6
	The Hawk of Yarn	Apr 1 1919	1-3
	Down the Coast of Shadows	Apr 15 1919	1-4
	(2 pt)	May 1 1919	1-5
	A Hooting, Tooting, Son-of-a-Gun	Mar 15 1919	1-2
	Dissonance (verse)	Sep 15 1919	2-6
	Unexpected	Sep 1 1919	2-5
	Magic in Manhattan	May 15 1919	1-6
	The Conqueror	Jul 1 1919	2-1
	Courage	Mar 15 1919	1-2
	The One-Man Log Drive	May 1 1919	1-5
	The Heads of Cerberus(5pt)	Aug 15 1919	2-4
		Sep 1 1919	2-5
		Sep 15 1919	2-6
		Oct 1 1919	3-1
		Oct 15 1919	3-2
	Web of Death	Mar 15 1919	1-2
	When Wires Are Down	Sep 1 1919	2-5
	The Case of the Man Blind	Sep 15 1919	2-6
	Freedom (verse)	Apr 15 1919	1-4
	The Battle (verse)	May 1 1919	1-5
	Aglaia (verse)	Jun 15 1919	1-8
	Life's Last Song (verse)	Sep 1 1919	2-5
	Love's Silence (verse)	Oct 1 1919	3-1
	A Ballade of Margan(verse)	Oct 15 1919	3-2
	The King (verse)	Apr 15 1919	1-4
Osborne, D.			
Oursler, C. F.			
Owens, A.			
Packard, F. L.			
Pascall, E.			
Priestley, B. G.			
Putnam, I.			
Putnam, W. K.			
Quinn, Seabury			
Ridge, L. R.			
Robbins, Tod			
Roeder, R.			
Saxby, C. L.			
Sheehan, Perley Poore			
Smiley, H. D.			
Smith, Clark Ashton			
Smith, J. B.			
Sneddon, R. W.			
Soutar, A.			
Spears, R. S.			
Stevens, Francis			
Stewart, C. D.			
Thomas, L. B.			
Transeau, T. E.			
Tyson, A.			
Van Wyck, W.			
Vernon, V.			



The King (verse) Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 A Ballad of the King (verse) Oct 15 1919 2-3  
 Love's Alliance (verse) Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 Life's Last Song (verse) Sep 1 1919 2-8  
 Afloat (verse) Jun 15 1919 1-8  
 The Battle (verse) May 1 1919 1-5  
 Freedom (verse) Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 The Case of the Blind Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 When Wives Are Down Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 Men of Death Sep 15 1919 1-3  
 The Heads of Cerebus (epic) Aug 15 1919 2-7  
 The One-Man Log Drive May 1 1919 1-5  
 Courage Mar 15 1919 1-3  
 The Conqueror Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 Magic in Manhattan May 15 1919 1-6  
 Unexpected Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 Dissonance (verse) Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 A Hoisting, Tooting, Son-of-a-gun May 1 1919 1-3  
 Down the Great of Shadows Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 The Mark of Yarn Apr 1 1919 1-3  
 Devil's Own (2 pt) May 1 1919 1-8  
 Narrative Oct 15 1919 2-3  
 Crimson Flowers Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 Unfading Flowers Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 Fragments Sep 1 1919 2-8  
 The Conquerors Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 The Voice from Beyond Jul 15 1919 2-3  
 The Biblical Baby Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 A Recruit for Lambs Oct 15 1919 2-3  
 Stone Image May 1 1919 1-5  
 The Curtain (verse) Jul 1 1919 2-1  
 The Wax Doll Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 The Ineffable Ghost May 1 1919 1-3  
 Broken Idol Mar 15 1919 1-3  
 Father's Grand Final Sep 15 1919 2-6  
 The Seventh Birthday Aug 15 1919 2-4  
 The Red Lake Sep 15 1919 2-8  
 Among the Stars (verse) Sep 1 1919 2-5  
 Hidden Pathways (verse) Aug 1 1919 2-3  
 The Old House (verse) Jun 1 1919 1-7  
 My Lovely (verse) Mar 15 1919 1-8  
 The Things That Wept Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 The Ram of the World May 15 1919 1-6  
 The Purple Bear May 1 1919 1-5  
 The Invention Cure May 1 1919 1-3  
 I. Death's Head Mystery Apr 15 1919 1-4  
 The Mystery of the Timberland Oct 15 1919 2-8  
 At the Hands of the Master Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 The Ghosts of Chancel Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 An Eccentric Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 Diving Head Apr 1 1919 1-3  
 Such Beauty (verse) Oct 1 1919 2-1  
 A Ballad of the Sea (verse) Sep 15 1919 2-8  
 Office (verse) Sep 1 1919 2-3  
 Sparks at Night (verse) Jun 15 1919 1-3

Clapham, R.  
 Metcalfe, E.  
 McNeill, E.  
 Lorens, A. T.  
 Leslie, R.  
 LeMayno, S.

Owens, A.  
 Gonsler, E. F.  
 Oshorne, D.

Putnam, L.  
 Fiestley, B. G.  
 Passell, E.  
 Packard, F. L.

Robbins, J. B.  
 Ridge, L. R.  
 Quinn, George  
 Putnam, H. K.

Seely, G. H.  
 Roeder, K.

Sheehan, Percy Poore

Sheldon, R. W.  
 Smith, J. B.  
 Smith, Clara Ashton  
 Smiley, H. D.

Stevens, Franka  
 Speers, R. S.  
 Souter, A.

Tyson, A.  
 Trammell, T. B.  
 Thomas, L. B.  
 Stewart, C. D.

Van Wyck, W.  
 Vernon, V.