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# the FANSCIENT

No. 2



15¢

KELLER-HAMILTON-<sup>the</sup> de COURCYS-ACKERMAN  
PORTLAND SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

This issue comes to you under difficulties. The original plan was to use 6 lithoed pages and it was all laid out and the stencils cut. On the eve of sending the lithoed pages to the printer, we decided to use two more lithoed pages in order to bring you the Keller story. That meant tearing the whole issue apart, which took two of us a day and a half. Since the rented typewriter on which we cut the stencils had gone back, we had to salvage them by such things as transposing right and left hand pages, changing page numbers and, in one case, adding one more line to the top of a page. One of the stencils is put together out of four pieces.

It wasn't planned that way, but this is an all-professional issue. Outside of editorial material, it's all written by professionals. Many thanks to them all. Especially to the de Courcys for the story, "Apocalypse", which they wrote specially for The FANSCIENT and to Ed Hamilton for the terrific amount of work he did, digging out the titles of some 83 stories which appeared in WEIRD TALES and other magazines not covered by my stf mag index.

Many thanks also to those of you who wrote in to give us your comments on the first issue. We're bringing you more of the stuff you liked best—the AUTHOR, AUTHOR department, Waible's and Phillips' artwork, cartoons and another of the Rubaiyat pics. This is the first issue we've presented fiction, so we hope you like it. We think Jack & Dot's "Apocalypse" will be remembered as one of the best tales to appear in a fanzine in some time. Keller's yarn, while not stf or fantasy, is so typically "Keller" we felt his fans wouldn't want to miss it.

Send in your comments and your subscriptions or Associate Memberships. 50c will bring you The FANSCIENT for a year or for a buck as a member, you'll get the News Bulletin too and any other stuff we put out. Let's hear from you.

*Don Day*

Editor



# THE FANSCIENT

Published by  
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Vol 1 No 2

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# APOCALYPSE!

by JOHN & DOROTHY  
de COURCY



I watched my heart beat as it lay on the table before me. That persistent bit of muscle kept convulsing in its characteristic way as I carefully transferred it to the solution tank. My eyes, or most of them, eight to be exact, watched the non-pressure fluid pump press the red stuff of life onward into my thick aorta. This was my crowning achievement.

I was nearly done. The parts that made up the whole were scattered here and there, for I lived no longer inside that body. I now had a new body and in it, I would live forever.

My old body was just that, old. Eighty-three years had washed like tides across that aging frame that was no longer me and, like other tides, they took something with them. But before

it was all gone, I had succeeded. My body was now a space ship.

Perhaps if you have tried to locate the "I" in yourself, that little bit of something that knows it is a person, an entity, you may also know how difficult it is. It seems to be behind your eyes, looking out, or when you're listening intently, just behind the ears. But then again, when you touch something, it's almost at the tips of the fingers, that elusive "I". That's where the confusion comes in for you see, it's not the "I"—It's the I AM.

Yes, the I AM. Before Abraham was, I AM. Perhaps I'm not making myself clear, but then, it wasn't too clear to me as I lay there in the bowels of that great ship. The "I" that I wondered about might be

in the big viewing tubes at the forward end. Or in the sensation of warmth that I felt from my atomic jets in the stern. Or perhaps in that sense of well being from the field rotors which actually meant that oil was flowing into the bearings. I didn't know where it lay then, but I had the time to solve the problem, a life to explore the cosmos, to exhaust the secrets of the universe, a life unending to fit a curiosity unending.

I had known as a young man that my only hope, my dream to know all, lay in that unending existence and I concentrated single-mindedly on it. Through the years, things became clearer and I understood the processes of life, better perhaps than anyone. I could make anything grow in nutrient. I achieved my final goal in my seventy-first year, the conduction of impulses from wires to nerves and nerves to wires. It was ridiculously simple, a metallic synapse that intertwined with a nerve, and a relay that was nothing more than a tiny crystal which was made conductive by the most trifling of magnetic fields. Perhaps its very sensitivity prevented the effect from being noticed by others. In any case, I alone knew the secret and I set out to build my new body.

Toward the end, I was fearful that I might be cheated but at last it was done, thirty-nine meters long, gleaming and beautiful, her atomic engines had fuel for ten thousand years and more available wherever there was matter. Every movable part operated from the master control, truly a monumental piece of engineering. It was assumed by the designer that an old man would sit and control by buttons this beautiful creature of metal and plastic but in that space went the vehicle, the "me", the brain of my body. The brain of the ship was not large, three by five meters and a little more than two meters high, but in the center was the brain of brains, my brain, or the box wherein my brain would be surrounded, protected and fed, where my brain would live eternally.



There were also chambers for the parts of my old body, that they too might be preserved alive and on them I could experiment and perhaps rejuvenate them but purely as an experiment, for my new body was such that I would never want to leave it.

The operation began in deep space. I lay down on the special table and fitted the many sectioned helmet to my head. These sections would be removed, one by one, as that part of my brain beneath was integrally connected to the brain of the ship. Within the helmet, thousands of microscopic focused electrodes picked up the minute currents from my brain and carried them into the brain of the ship, whereupon they were translated into actions. Impulses came into my brain through the helmet from the brain of the ship and were translated into sight and feeling, the sight and feeling of the brain of the ship as it looked upon my old body.

Automatically, I was given an anesthetic which deadened all pain but left my mind clear. Tentacles, which were the hands of the brain of the ship, sawed away bone in small pieces, delicately severed first motor nerves then sensory nerves, re-connecting my fleshy brain to innumerable artificial synapses, gradually making me one with the brain of the ship, the brain of the brain.

It took many days to complete the operation and it was a difficult job but not tiring for there was no physical strain. Finally my brain was removed from my old body and with infinite care, placed in the heart of the brain of the ship. I was now free, free of the old and a part of the glorious new body.

I was completely free, yet my old, frail body lay there on the table, held by two small straps as we floated in deep space. It was then that I removed my own heart and affixed the nutrient pump which would feed life to that old body in its preserving chamber for as long as I wished. I felt a certain sense of regret when I had finished yet, in another way, I felt free, for now I was a thing apart from

all men, the most powerful of all living creatures, the unkillable, the one who could sate his thirst for knowledge throughout the long centuries without thought for time and space.

It occurred to me then to journey back to see again for the last time perhaps, the planet on which I was born. So I began to walk except that walking was tireless now and instead of propelling tottering legs, it unleashed over a million horse-power from my propulsion tubes. In time, I knew the sensations from my new body would become what they usually were and I and my body would be one, but for the present, my eighty years of conditioning gave me the feel of walking when I moved. Then I began to run, releasing unguessable power and hurling myself toward my home. The compensated acceleration was unnoticeable and I gloried in my new freedom and vitality.

I did not come low over the planet but stayed away, studying it with my crystal vision, millions of times more sensitive than my weak myopic eyes had been. I was power and perfection. I was all things yet I hardly knew my capabilities. The goal had indeed been worth the struggling.

For how long I looked down thus I do not know. Gradually new sensations came upon me and my god-like vision learned to distinguish new colors, colors that no flesh and blood could ever see. I learned to feel the thrust from my jets, Not as legs but for what they were. I learned to feel my delicate instruments, not as mere impressions but as profound realizations of the depths of space, the nearness of stars and the texture of nearby planets. I was becoming one with the universe, an integral part of the mighty cosmos.

Then at last I thrust outward, leaving behind me a ball whereon people laughed, fought, cried, warred and died, but I was no part of this. I understood that soon they should all perish, for the very elements that made me infinite in my scope, would

destroy all life on that globe. They were apart from one another and they would surely use the forces that made me what I was to destroy themselves, for their history was one of blood.

I felt one regret and that lay in the fact that I was responsible to some extent, for the knowledge of life I had left behind might soon give others the key to immortality and all immortals must be apart from mortals. This I knew and because I knew it, I now hurled myself away at ever-increasing speed.

There were years, eons, near eternities before I again thought of that tiny ball wherein the seed of my being had quickened into life. Now I was alone yet I was one with the universe for I had seen it not as man would see it but from within. As I moved from star to star, my mind expanded to an awesome immensity until I felt every speck of cosmic dust, every spark of life was me, a part of me, yet nowhere did I find another like myself. I understood the universe. I was all and all was me.

I had a vast sympathy for all who suffered and hence I went back to that little ball and there I looked down. I was no longer a separate creature. I was one of these and all of these.

It had come and gone, the holocaust, for all things were gone, the slate was wiped clean. New life had sprung from some microscopic residue and I found those who walked upright did not have the science and industry of their predecessors yet they were men nevertheless. Nor yet were they men, for there was something lacking.

Thus it came that I descended among them and from them I selected one whom I called after myself, Adam, and it was to him that I gave the body and capabilities of a man, the hands and thumbs that could work mighty wonders. In a sense, I took this bit of life, composed as it was of the very elements of the earth and gave it the tools with which to work.



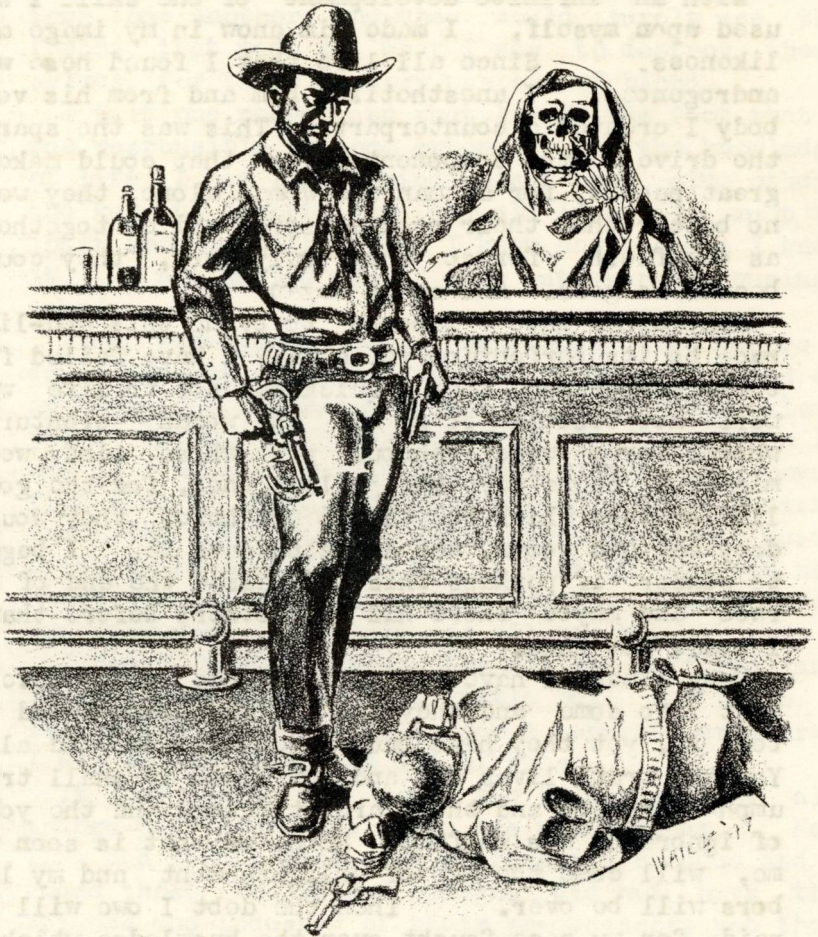
With an infinite development of the skill I had used upon myself, I made him anew in my image and likeness. Since all life that I found here was androgynous, I anesthetized him and from his very body I created a counterpart. This was the spark, the drive, the component parts that could make a great people, for as man and woman alone, they were no better than their predecessors, while together, as one flesh, for so they truly were, they could become as gods. And so it began.

Many times have I labored to bring this god-like race to its perfection yet always I have failed for there were those that I quickened not to life who were not visible to my man and woman, creatures whose forms were tenuous yet whose minds were mighty. These were the jealous ones, for the god-like stature which they could not have, they would deny man and woman, who could possess it. I began to wonder if perhaps this had caused the end of my race and maybe there had been others before that. I could not know.

Many times I have willed the force of my intellect into some and they saw the truth and tried to tell it, yet they have been rejected, one and all. Yet the truth lives on and now I see it shall triumph for here and there are stirrings and the yoke of ignorance has shifted. Soon, or what is soon to me, will come the age of enlightenment and my labors will be over. Then the debt I owe will be paid, for my race fought over the knowledge which I had left behind, and perished.

No. I cannot destroy those who would oppose me for they are life and I am one with all things, even them. But they shall destroy themselves and then my meek ones shall inherit the earth.

You ask if I am God, your God. You have a most limited view of a mighty and unending cosmos. You see, I thought I was. I thought I was all things but then, one day, I came to wonder that if I am God, if I am all things then— who created ME?



Every fan has enjoyed the strange logics that impel the characters of one of the great masters of fantasy as they go their remarkable ways. Here in a story totally outside his usual type, we find the same completely personal logic, as we present:

# *the last frontier*

a western yarn by **David H. Keller**



It was the last frontier. Soon there would be no more towns in all America where love, life and liquor were all held equally cheap. Science, civilization and culture, via the movies and radio were rapidly replacing the cowboy, prospector, the brass rail and the six-shooter.

Las Vegas boasted one street over a mile long, either side of which was lined with saloons, saloon for saloon. The staggering man had no difficulty locating the swinging doors of the bar-gambling joint, the bar-dance hall or the ones that led to the leisurely ladies.

Every sign over these doors was peppered with bullet holes put there by jovial marksmen.

Out in the hills gold was to be found if the grubber was willing to pay the price of hard work and discomfort. That was what made Las Vegas possible, for there they spent their gold for dress and the cowboys their wages for laughter, gambling, drink and love.

On the surface it seemed no different than any gold-boom town in the roaring forty-nines. But there were many differences. The old fiddler had been replaced with the player with many loud speakers, The player-piano was out of fashion too. The Pony Express had long been naught but a memory for the mail now came in planes that roared over the mountains. Telephones supplied ample and immediate connections with distant places. Every joint worthy of its name had a bulky directory and a booth for long distance conversations.

"Shorty" Jones dropped the reins over his cow-pony's neck, slid his six-foot body from the saddle and, whistling the old salt's song, "Oh My Name Is Captain Hall." (Jones having served a hitch in the navy) waddled into the "First Chance Saloon". Situate as it was at the end of the street, it had the reputation of being the roughest and toughest liquor-dance joint in all Las Vegas. Though this was not what drew Jones through the half-doors.

He knew that inside there was a telephone booth, and, more important, he also knew a certain young lady in a distant town was waiting beside her telephone for his promised call. "Shorty" wanted that call to go through in a hurry for he wanted to ask the young lady a question, a very personal question, and he wanted her answer with the least possible delay.

Walking bow-legged-spur-clanking into the bar, he asked the attendant for the 'phone directory. This the man slid, unspeaking, along the twelve-foot mahogany. He and the three men at the table thought Jones should treat the house but knew "Shorty" too well to suggest it.

Jones slowly leafed through the book until he found the town he wanted—Silver Hill. Running a grimy finger down the list he came to the name of the special girl—Susie Smith. Now he was all set. He knew he would have to remember the number, so he began repeating it to himself, memorizing—"Silver Hill, 639-R2—Silver Hill, 639-R2.

Unhurried he started across the dance floor toward the booth. As he passed the round polished table a shot rang through the air, puncturing and knocking off Jones' ten-gallon Stetson. One inch lower and there would have been a dead cowboy. The men laughed.

Like a flash, Jones dropped to the floor, overturning the table as he fell and making it a barricade. His enemies, now on the defensive, opened fire at the table. Carefully he took aim and returned shot for shot. In a few seconds the saloon was quiet. The three potential murderers, each with a broken wrist, lay helpless on the floor.

Unconcerned, Jones rose and continued his interrupted high-heeled stride across the dance floor toward the telephone booth. Suddenly he turned and walked rapidly back to the wounded men. Fires of Hell blazed in his eyes as he drew his irons and deliberately shot the men—one-two-three in his anger.

"Damn you!" he cried, "Double damn you! You made me forget my telephone number!"

## THE FIRST FAN MAGAZINE

by Forrest J. Ackerman

THE TIME TRAVELLER, Vol. 1 No. 1, dated January 1932, was the first of the true fan magazines. Prior to the appearance of this modest mimeographed periodical there had been semi-fanzines such as The COMET and The PLANET, but these were more in the nature of club organs (The Science Correspondence Club and the Scienceers, respectively) than publications aimed at a national audience of unorganized fans.

Creators of the original fan magazine were Mort Weisinger, later for a period to be an editor of THRILLING WONDER and its companion publications; Allen Glasser, one-time actifan who finally faded from the fan scene; Julius Schwartz, the original science fiction agent; and myself.

The first issue of our historic little publication consisted of but 6 pages, mimeoed on one side of the sheet and stingily fastened with but a single staple. Our editorial concluded,

"In view of this wide current popularity of Science Fiction, it was deemed advisable to launch a magazine treating all the varied phases of the subject and appealing to the interests of its many devotees. And so came into being

THE TIME TRAVELLER--the first and only Science Fiction fan magazine

Featured was a list of all then known "Scienti-films", an impressive total (for 15 years ago) of 34 titles; a biography of Capt. (later Major) S. P. Meek, an early WONDER contributor; an interview with Bob Olsen, another old WONDER standby; news-notes on the stf in production by Flagg Farley, Leinster, Schachner & Zagat and other fictioneers; a department of Questions and Answers; an article about Otis Adelbert Kline's "Planet of Peril"; an installment of "The History of Science-Fiction" by



Mortimer Weisinger; "A Day at WEIRD TALES" by Jack (top fan of that time) Darrow; a concealed names poeticontest; and some amazing ads offering at 50¢ apiece, excerpted stf serials, which today are commanding anywhere up to eight times the price.

Undoubtedly the most important article to appear in TTT's pages, was Weisinger's 8-part "History of S-F". "A bit About a Banana" by Allen Glasser vied with the same author's "Looking Poiward" as the most entertaining tid-bit published in our pages (which later were printed rather than mimeoed). Both Follow:

A BIT ABOUT A BANANA  
(As certain writers might do it)

RAY CUMMINGS: This fruit--so strange! Yellow it is, with brown spots. Thick of skin and solid to the touch. Might it be edible? It seemed so. And yet--better to leave it untouched.

DAVID H. KELLER: What's a banana anyway? Just an ordinary sort of fruit, tasty but not too easy to digest. While it is undoubtedly superior to wilted lettuce in food value, it is hardly the thing for a regular diet.

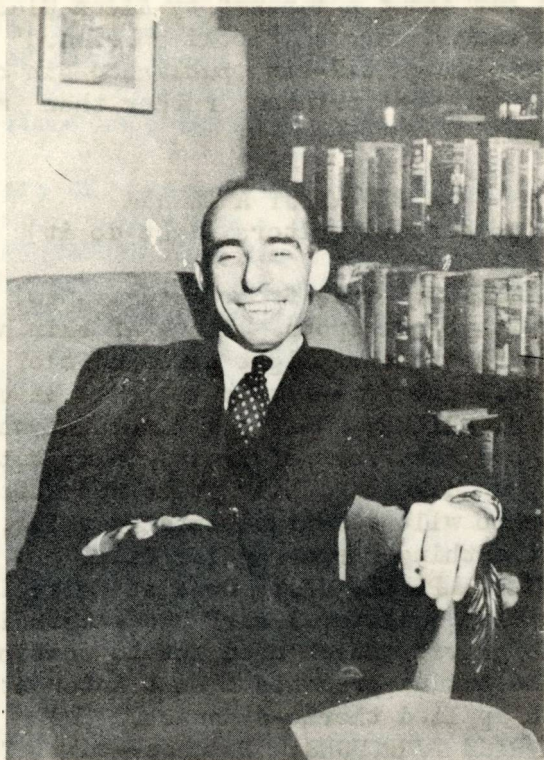
JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.: Consisting as it does of multiple equilateral surfaces possessing a specific gravity which need not be mentioned here, the banana presents a most interesting study in applied thermo-dynamics.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: Bananas--bah! They are but dainty tid-bits for effete over-civilized weaklings; nor would a real man have aught to do with them. Far better the solid meat of the cocoanut, a fruit worthy of the name.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH: Xanthic, mottled with ochre--luscious as a lover's lips, sweet as a siren's song--Who could resist a ripe banana?

--Allen Glasser

(Continued on page 17)



Edmond Hamilton



# AUTHOR, AUTHOR Edmond Hamilton

Those whose reading of fantasy extends back to the early years, invariably find their memories studded with innumerable gems of enjoyment by Edmond Hamilton. Since his first tale, "The Monster-God of Mamurth" appeared in WEIRD TALES for August, 1926, he has had nearly 200 stories published. Not only does his name lead the field in number of stories published in the sf magazines, it is doubtful if he has ever been surpassed in total production of science fiction. Seemingly incapable of writing a bad story, "World Wrecker" Hamilton has authored many

true classics.

It would be hard to catalogue all of the things, now commonplace which originated in Hamilton's facile mind. His "Crashing Suns", appearing in 1928, was one of the first science-fiction space-yarns with an interstellar rather than an interplanetary locale and the "Interstellar Patrol" tales that immediately followed it, set the pattern for the interminable "Patrols" that have followed.

Of a retiring disposition, Ed Hamilton is reluctant to talk about himself, so it is with pleasure we let him do so now.

Since I assume that most readers are less interested in my personal history than in my connection with science-fiction, I shall summarize the former as succinctly as possible and get on with the latter.

My birthdate was October 21, 1904—place, Youngstown, Ohio. Moved after a few years to Pennsylvania, where I had my school and college. Majored in physics on the idea that I was to become an electrical engineer, but a few years out of school got sidetracked into fiction writing and have remained there ever since.

I've made a good many jaunts of one kind and another around the country, many of them with my old friend Jack Williamson. We went down the Mississippi River from St Paul to New Orleans in a skiff years ago, were depression-beachcombers in a shack at Key West, knocked around some remote New Mexican, Mexican and Arizona ranches, and once saw the tail end of a revolution in Cuba.

I changed my residence to Los Angeles a couple of years ago. On the last day of 1946, Leigh Brackett and I were married, and our two typewriters now rattle in the same apartment.

We haven't yet written anything much in collaboration, but vastly enjoy reading each other's stuff and criticizing it shrewdly and at length, usually ending up with the classic advice—"Do like I say, not like I do."

I wrote my first fantastic yarn back in 1925. Farnsworth Wright of WEIRD TALES bounced it back with some sage comments, so a year later I revised it and he took it.

The nearly two hundred yarns I've done since then are of a lot of different types. But generally speaking, I prefer a story of fantastic adventure with a fairly plausible scientific explanation of its wonders, to a heavy-science yarn.

That preference is based, I suppose, on the fact that to me, the all-time greats in the fantasy field are Wells, Merritt, Haggard, Stapledon, the Shiel of "The Purple Cloud" and the Eddison of "The Worm Ouroborous".

I think the most underrated writer of the whole fantasy field is Edgar Rice Burroughs. I'll admit a lot of his later stories bear a mimeographic resemblance to each other, but his early Mars stories were pioneering epics in their way, and to this day remain better yarns by a long shot than are written by many who scoff at him.

Those who remember the Captain Future novels I did for several years may be interested in a word about them. The name and original characters were conceived by the editors---with their permission, I altered the auxiliary characters and set-up somewhat before doing the first one. I wrote the departments and hugely enjoyed drawing the planetary maps.

The story of my own that I like best, in case anyone is interested, is "He That Hath Wings", which appeared years ago in WEIRD TALES. The biggest kick I ever got out of writing was when Merritt, one of my idols, told me of his admiration for my old Interstellar Patrol stories of the late 1920's, and backed it up by trying to get them published in book form.

I've had one book of yarns. "The Horror on the Asteroid", published in England some years ago, and some scattered stories in anthologies. Had a mass of stuff published in Spanish Translation in Buenos Aires, and even some in Swedish.

I've written a lot of detective and other kinds of stuff, but have always preferred to write---and read---fantasy. I can read four languages pretty fluently and have a fairly large library of favorites ranging from Aristophanes to Robinson Jeffers, but will desert them all for anything fantasy-fictional.

And finally, I've never met a real fantasy writer who wasn't an enthusiast and doubt that anyone can write the stuff very long without such an enthusiasm.

--Edmond Hamilton

(Edmond Hamilton's Bibliography starts on Page 19.)



## LOOKING FORWARD

Some future day, time travelers say,  
We'll get our food in pills;  
Our hair will go, our ears will grow,  
We even may sprout gills.

Our clothes will change to garments strange  
That now would cause derision;  
And there will be no privacy  
Because of television.

From riding much in cars and such,  
Our legs will fade away.  
We'll never walk, and seldom talk;  
At least, **that's** what they say.

Some people might, with much delight,  
Prefer this future sphere;  
But as for me, I say with glee:  
"I'm glad I shan't be here!"

—Allen Glasser

THE TIME TRAVELLER was published for 9 numbers  
before being combined in November, 1932 with  
SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST.

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The FANSCIENT,  
3435 NE 38 Ave.,  
Portland 13, Ore.

Missent to CANALOPOLIS, MARS

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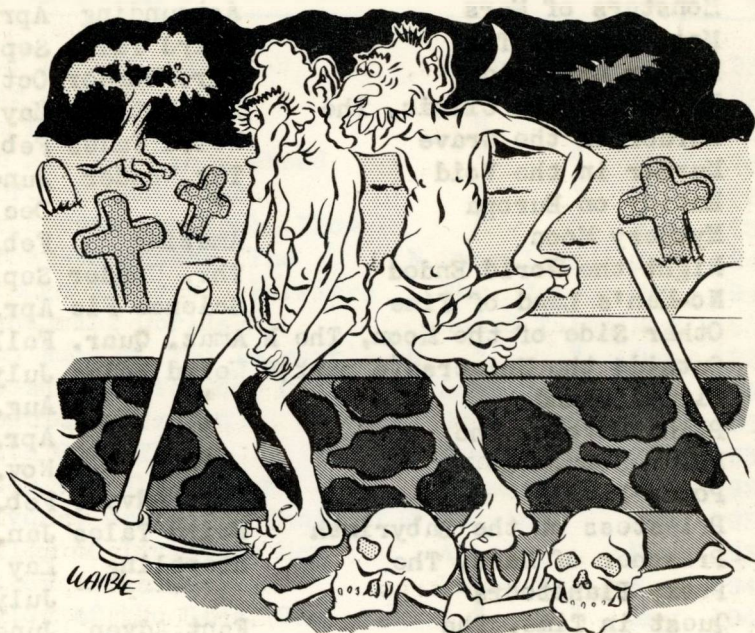
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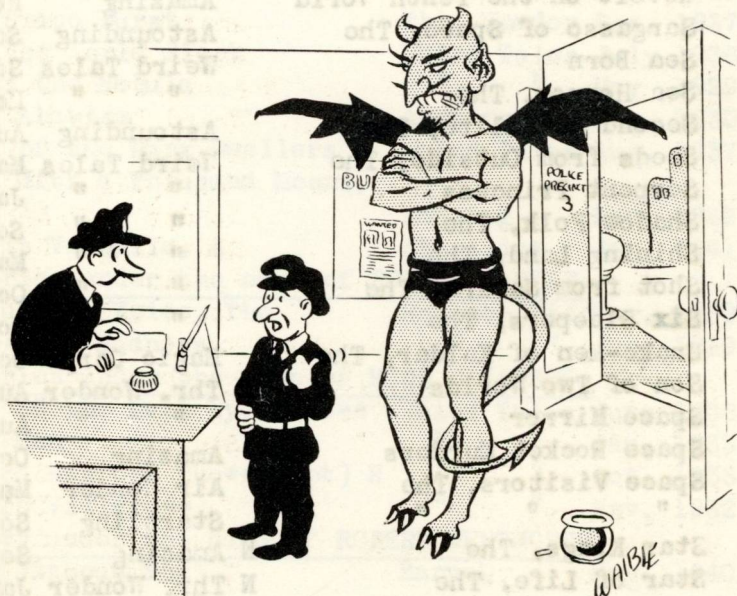
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Intelligence Undying	Amazing	Apr.	1936
Interplanetary Graveyard	Future Fict	Mar.	1940
Invaders from the Monster World	Amazing	June	1945
Invisible Master, The	Sci.Detect.	Apr.	1930
Isle of the Sleeper, The	Weird Tales	May	1938
Island of Unreason, The	Wonder	May	1933
" " " "	Startling	Spr.	1945
Isle of Changing Life, The	Thr. Wonder	June	1940
Kaldar, World of Antares	Magic Carpt	Apr.	1933
King of Shadows, The	Weird Tales	Jan.	1947
Lake of Life, The (3 parts) N	" "	Sep.	1937
Life Masters, The	" "	Jan.	1930
Lilone, The Moon Girl	Amazing	May	1940
Locked Worlds	Amaz. Quar.	Spr.	1929
Lost City of Burma	N Fant.Adven.	Dec.	1942
Lost Elysium	Weird Tales	Nov.	1945
Lost Treasure of Mars	Amazing	Aug.	1940
Man Who Conquered Age, The	Weird Tales	Dec.	1932
Man Who Evolved, The	Wonder	Apr.	1931
" " " "	Startling	Nov.	1940
Man Who Lived Twice, The	Amazing	Nov.	1938
Man Who Returned. The	Weird Tales	Feb.	1934
Man Who Saw the Future, The	Amazing	Oct.	1930
Man Who Solved Death, The	Science Fic	Aug.	1939
Man With X-Ray Eyes, The	Wonder	Nov.	1933
" " " " "	Startling	Sum.	1946
Master of the Genes	Wonder	Jan.	1935
Metal Giants, The	Weird Tales	Dec.	1926
Million Years Ahead, A	Thr. Wonder	Apr.	1937
Mind Master, The	Weird Tales	Oct.	1930
Monster-God of Mamurth, The	" "	Aug.	1926





"My dear, you look almost horrible enough to eat."



"Spitting on the sidewalk, Chief."

Monsters of Mars	Astounding	Apr. 1931
Moon Menace, The	Weird Tales	Sep. 1927
Murder Asteroid	Thr. Wonder	Oct. 1940
Murder in the Clinic, The	Sci. Detect.	May 1930
Murder in the Grave	Weird Tales	Feb. 1935
Murder in the Void	Thr. Wonder	June 1938
Mutiny on Europa	" "	Dec. 1936
Mystery Moon	Amazing	Feb. 1941
Night the World Ended	Thr. Wonder	Sep. 1940
No-Man's Land of Time	Science Fic	Apr. 1943
Other Side of the Moon, The N	Amaz. Quar.	Fall 1929
Outside the Universe(4 part)N	Weird Tales	July 1929
Pigmy Island	" "	Aug. 1930
Plant Revolt, The	" "	Apr. 1930
Polar Doom, The	" "	Nov. 1928
Power Pit 13	Thr. Adven.	Feb. 1938
Priestess of the Labyrinth	Weird Tales	Jan. 1945
Prisoner of Mars, The	Startling	May 1939
Proxy Planeteers	" "	July 1947
Quest in Time, The	Fant. Adven.	June 1942
Reign of the Robots, The	Wonder	Dec. 1931
Revolt on the Tenth World	Amazing	Nov. 1940
Sargasso of Space, The	Astounding	Sep. 1931
Sea Born	Weird Tales	Sep. 1940
Sea Horror, The	" "	Mar. 1929
Second Satellite, The	Astounding	Aug. 1930
Seeds from Outside, The	Weird Tales	Mar. 1937
Serpent Princess	" "	Jan. 1948
Shadow Folk, The	" "	Sep. 1944
Shining Land, The	" "	May 1945
Shot from Saturn, The	" "	Oct. 1931
Six Sleepers, The	" "	Oct. 1935
Snake-Men of Kaldar, The	Magic Carpt	Oct. 1933
Son of Two Worlds	N Thr. Wonder	Aug. 1941
Space Mirror	" "	Aug. 1937
Space Rocket Murders	Amazing	Oct. 1932
Space Visitors, The	Air Wonder	May 1930
" " "	Startling	Sep. 1939
Star Kings, The	N Amazing	Sep. 1947
Star of Life, The	N Thr. Wonder	Jan. 1947



Star Roamers, The	Weird Tales	Apr. 1933
Star Stealers, The	" "	Feb. 1929
San People, The	" "	May 1930
Ten Million Years Ahead	" "	Ap-Ma '31
Terror Planet, The	" "	May 1932
Three from the Tomb, The*	" "	Feb. 1932
Three Planeteers, The	N Startling	Jan. 1940
Through Invisible Barriers	Thr. Wonder	Oct. 1942
Thundering Worlds	Weird Tales	Mar. 1934
Time Raider, The (4 part)	N " "	Oct. 1927
Treasure on Thunder Moon	N Amazing	Apr. 1942
Trouble on Triton	Startling	Fall 1945
Truth Gas, The	Wonder	Feb. 1935
Under the White Star	Science Fic	Mar. 1939
Universe Wreckers, The (3 pt) N	Amazing	May 1930
Valley of Invisible Men	Amazing	Mar. 1939
Valley of Assassins	Weird Tales	Nov. 1943
Valley of the Gods, The	" "	May 1946
Wacky World	Amazing	Mar. 1942
War of the Sexes, The	Weird Tales	Nov. 1933
When Space Burst	Thr. Wonder	Dec. 1937
When the World Slept	Weird Tales	July 1936
Within the Nebula	" "	May 1929
World Atavism	Amazing	Aug. 1930
World of the Dark Dwellers	Weird Tales	Aug. 1937
World With a Thousand Moons,		

The	Amazing	Dec. 1942
Yank at Valhalla, A	Startling	Jan. 1941

Stories under the name of ROBERT CASTLE.

Conqueror's Voice, The	Science Fic	Mar. 1939
Short-Wave Madness	" "	June 1939

Stories under the name of HUGH DAVIDSON.

House of the Evil Eye, The**	Weird Tales	June 1936
Snake Man	" "	Jan. 1933
Vampire Master, The**(4 pt) N	" "	Oct. 1933
Vampire Village**	" "	Nov. 1932

Story under the name of ROBERT WENTWORTH.

World Without Sex	Marvel	May 1940
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(\*) Horror.      (\*\*) Supernatural.      (N) Novel.



**W**ith me along some strip of herbage strown **H**ere with a loaf of bread beneath the  
 That just divides the desert from the sown, A flask of wine, a book of verse--and thou  
 Where name of slave and sultan scarce is known, Beside me singing in the wilderness--  
 And pity Sultan Mahmud on his throne. And wilderness is paradise enow.

Another of the series by DONALD B. DAY illustrating The RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM



A Phew of the  
**PSFS**

Tom Harryman

Joe Salta

Don Day

Soapy

Forrest Davis

Ralph Rayburn Phillips

Jerry Waible