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# FANTASCIENCE DIGEST

DALE HART  
HELEN CLOUKEY  
JILLIS CONOVER  
RICHARD WILSON  
J. CHAPMAN WISHE  
JACK SPEER

A COMET  
PUBLICATION





# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

# FANTASCIENCE — DIGEST

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Last issue I promised that this number would appear sometime during the early weeks of September. Well, here it is September 7 (as I write this) and the issue is practically complete. At least FANTASCIENCE DIGEST arrives on schedule one month! And I am making another promise: if I receive sufficient material of worth within the next few weeks, the September-October issue will appear before the 15th of October. If all goes well, the November-December issue (which is the anniversary number) will appear one month later; before the 15th of November. I realize I am setting quite a job for myself, but with the proper cooperation, I believe it can be done.

Willis Conover's column does not appear this issue. For some reason, Mr. Conover has not sent his material. However, you can rest assured that Willis will be back next issue with an even more interesting column.

Commencing this month FD is inaugurating a new pictorial feature. The first in the series of illustrations, titled "Mercury", appears on page three. Mr. Rothman's series of drawings will encompass the entire solar system; Venus being the next in line.

Until Oct. 15th. . . .

## THE EDITOR

The cover of this issue is drawn by John V. Baltadonis. Interior illustrations are by Baltadonis and Giunta.

## - A COMET PUBLICATION -

Robert A. Madle. . . . . Editor-in-Chief  
Jack Agnew. . . . . Assistant Editor  
John V. Baltadonis. . . . . Associate Editor  
Willis C. Conover. . . . . Contributing Editor

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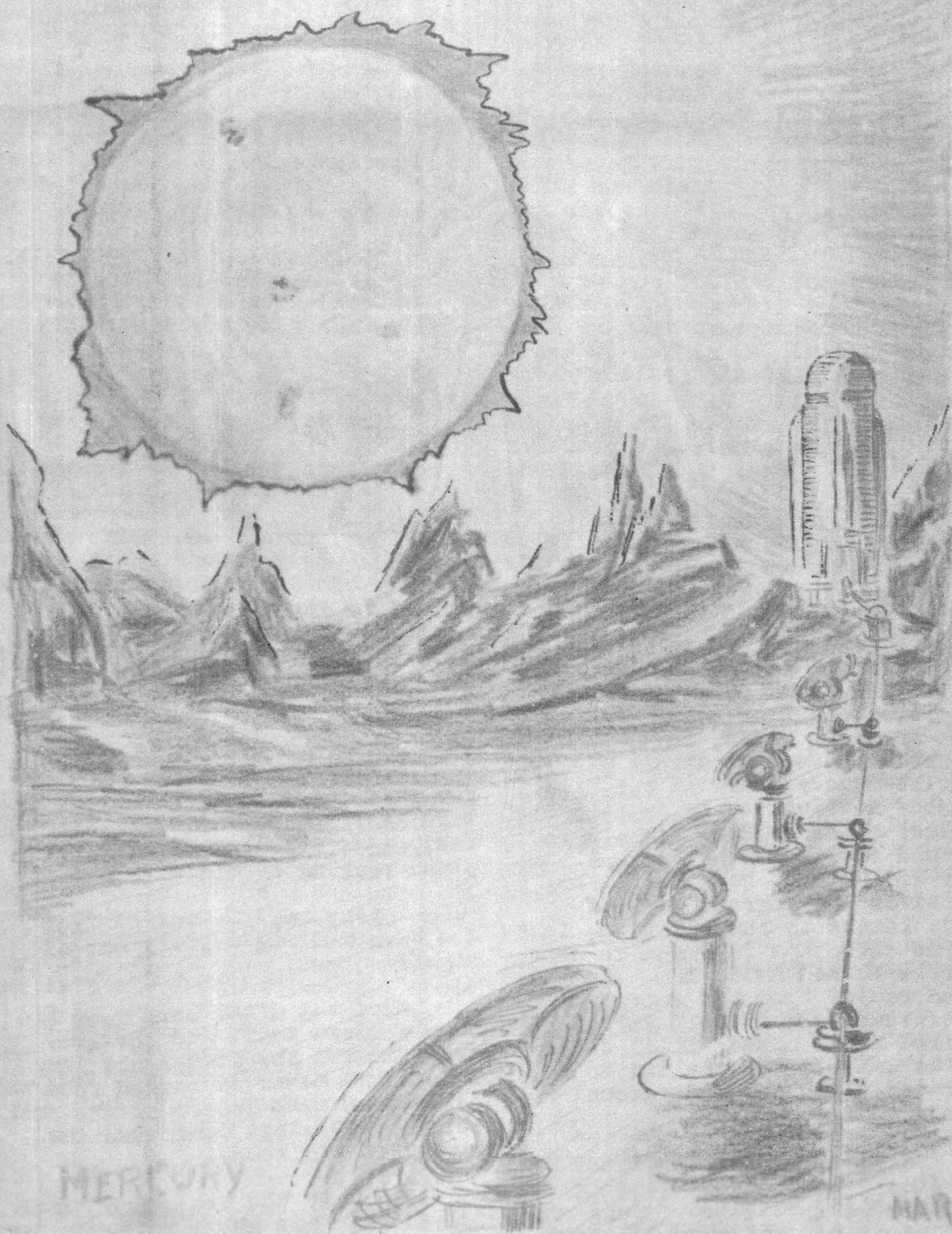
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GOOD  
COMPANY

by  
HELEN  
CLOUKEY

A devastated land, a speeding automobile and a young man. The United Americas, a United European Army truck and Batty Anderson. Glad in the dark brown shirt that was his protection from being shot on sight as an American, Batty was to all United European patrols merely a civilian tory American detailed to motor service. As he crossed the Mississippi he berated himself for a damned fool. When he crossed the upper Rio Grande, he added a few adjectives and a great deal of speed. Thanks to the invasion, there were no cars that far west to see where he turned aside from his assigned route. From the smooth highway he lambasted himself into a sunbaked ranch house. Still swearing, he unlocked the cellar door and raced along the underground passage to the barn.

"Well, is everything ready this time?" he queried breathlessly of the be spectacled young man who rose at his entrance. "I have the stuff, but I had to swear in to get it. I happened to be de-

tailed to drive it to the west coast. What an easy life I could have had with that outfit, but no, I'm fool enough to fall in with you. Shall I drive the truck in?"

"When you are finished, yes. Everything will be ready when you get that stuff in. I'll unlock the barn door and you drive in. And fast, too. There might be an airplane lurking around."

"OK by me," He turned from the barn and ran swiftly out of sight.

When the great barn door had been slipped aside and the army truck driven in, it was not long before the cases of canned food and explosives were loaded on the small shiny craft that dominated the center of the room.

Built by the two men of chromium alloy, this metal mole, or, as she was called, "Earthworm," had been developed by Splurge for underground exploration. When the



war struck, he had just completed the craft, from the "detonator" in the nose of the ship which was used to crack up the rock in front by wave strain, to the final installation of Splurge's accidental discovery; the instrument by means of which they could eavesdrop on any conversation using television. The private lines used a tight direct radio beam. This instrument was sensitive enough to catch the almost negligible leaks in the beams.

Batty having climbed in, Splurge took one last look around the barn, tilted the machine to a forty degree angle with the crane and clambered in.

"I tried it out, Batty, while waiting for you," Splurge said.

"Well, if you can handle her, I guess I can," Batty stated.

Figuring out the angles, starting speed and checking the lights and oxygen, Splurge had his hands full starting. At a depth of twenty feet, Splurge had Batty level off and lock the controls, and, rising from his seat, he staggered over to the television set.

"Better stay where you are, Batty. This thing is bucking like a movie bronco. Funny, you don't notice it while you're sitting, but I'd sure hate to stand very long." He pitched into the other set and spun the dials. "Hope I can get their headquarters without too much interference. I'd like to know where to strike." He paused, and then with his face hardening, "Their United European army invaded the United Americas without warning or threat. It cut our weak, swiftly mobilized army to pieces. It set up a weak subsidiary government under the U.E. dictator."

"If we are lucky-----, we can remove the headquarters, and we might get the 'Independent Head of the American Continents.' I believe his name is Nalunt, Clifton Nalunt, I think I heard something of his being the leading force behind the

invasion."

"Yes, if we dispose of him the U.E. dictator will lose his most valuable man, and I hope many more besides. Suddenly the eyes of the two men focused on the split screen as two faces flashed into view. One, the U.E. dictator and the other his chief aide and nominal head of the U.A.'s. A thin sneering face smiled quite unpleasantly as the latter person discussed the situation with his chief. Finally the dictator remarked,

"Since you say the United Americas are thoroughly subdued, I will come to your headquarters in San Fran---, no, in St. Louis, after I have 'visited' Asia. That will be about five weeks from now. You will assemble all department heads. It is time for a personal council." Splurge chuckled,

"Right into our hands; from what he said, this council will assemble all the important men in the U.E.'s.

"That headquarters will probably be well protected," stated Batty. "How do you plan to get away with this massacre? Bomb it from below?"

"Exactly, Batty. Those explosives you loaded were the new XIX gelatine. The United European scientists developed it. I once saw a teaspoonful of it blow a stone house to shreds. We have about, let's see, ... two boxes,---about twenty rounds of it."

"That ought to be enough with about nineteen rounds to spare."

"Yes." Splurge carefully computed the course and speed and set the controls for St. Louis. "Let's eat!"

Batty dug into the crates. "Oranges," and then, "Damn!!!!"

"What's wrong, Batty?"

"There's four crates of canned salmon and four of canned milk."

"Hey, are you sure?"



"Sure! and two crates of oranges."

"Oranges, salmon and milk; some shipment you picked out!"

Four weeks later the two men were firmly planted twenty feet beneath the small building designated as the council house. Two men more thoroughly sick of milk and salmon could not be found. But they were under the correct house in St. Louis with one week to wait. Twenty rounds of xxx gelatine were planted directly under the house, and twenty feet from the men. Carefully insulated wires led from the plunger in the rear of the ship to the explosive.

One week later Batty remarked, just to hear himself talk,

"If we press that plunger we will blow up the headquarters and ---us. We don't have any more wire. So, when the headquarters go, we will go along, eh, splurge?"

One year later the newspapers of the Independent United Americas announced a new national holiday, "the date when the leader of the invader and all under oppressors perished in the explosion. It will be marked by appropriate ceremonies in the twenty-foot bowl on the edge of St. Louis where the invaders' headquarters once stood."

F I N I S

## AUTHOR'S DREAM (1)

### Cycle

Giant insects growing, bigger,  
Taking all the land  
Man, the conquered of a chigger  
Losing fight of a small band.

Insects, growing hungry, eating,  
Stripping all the green  
Insects, starving, dying retreating  
Never again to be seen.

Helen E. Cloukey

## AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION

by Jack Speer

JFS: Jack London wrote some pretty good stuff, tho, at that.

James P. Speer: Yeah, like "The Star Rover."

JFS: That's what I was thinking of.

JPS: You ever read that, George?

George: What's that?

JPS: Jack London's "Star Rover." 'Bout a guy in solitary confinement that learned to project his---soul---his spirit---his intellect---outside the prison walls---and you can go on from there."

JFS: That, of course, was science fiction.

JPS: By golly! I'm getting sick and tired of that! Every best seller that comes up---everything that's good---he's got to say it's science fiction. Like "Lost Horizon."

JFS: But---

JPS: I suppose you say "Gone With the Wind" is science fiction?

JFS: Well---

George: Or "Anthony Adverse"?

JPS: Yeah, or "Anthony Adverse." I suppose you say that's science fiction?

George: Or the Bible.

JPS: Yeah, the Bible.

JFS: Well, there're some parts of it that are highly fantastic, and fantasy---

JPS: Well, I will say that the last book in the Bible---

JFS: Revelation?

JPS: ---reminds me of that "Star Rover." The guy that wrote it was in about the same position. More tea, Espeie?

"The solitaire amused himself by reliving previous incarnations.

ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, and WONDER (both Quarterlies and monthlies) for sale. When writing, specify issues desired.--Robert A. Madle 333 E. Colorado St. Wichita, Kan.



# WHITHER WOLLHEIM?



Here was the store I was looking for. A large banner strung across the front proclaimed: "The House of a Million Items. We sell everything."

I went in and banged on a counter until a clerk appeared. "Yessir?" he said.

"I want a space ship", I told him.

"Right you are. What color?"

"Any color. Preferably pink."

"Will you step this way, please? We keep them in the rear of the store."

"Do you have much call for this sort of thing?" I queried.

"We used to. People would pop in around Christmas time and confide in me. They tell me all about their little bra—ah, children—and how they are simply daffy about Buck Rogers. Then they demand a space ship. Such people annoy me beyond measure. I know they mean a toy ship, but I always show them the real ones. If they ask for a demonstration, so much the better. Otherwise I speak up behind them and drop andirons on

their heads."

"Doesn't it hurt them?"

"I suppose so, sir," he shrugged.

"You wouldn't do anything like that to me, would you?"

"Why, how could you think of such a thing? You do me a great wrong." But he smiled obly. "When these—do you mind if I call them pest, sir? I like to speak freely. Thank you—when these pests are inside the ship, we roll back the roof and shoot them off into space."

"Just good, clean fun, eh?"

"You're jolly well right. Well, here we are. All colors, shapes and sizes they are, sir. No call this one the Skylark."

"After Smith?" I asked.

"Not particularly. Anytime at all. Morning, afternoon, after lunch—anytime."

"You don't understand. E. E. Smith wrote some stories in which several very super space ships were called The Skylark. I thought perhaps you knew."

"Wasn't he the one? E. E. Smith, I mean. Didn't he chop off Pocahontas' head?"

"No, no. You're thinking of John."

"John? Oh, no. John is here with us." He called, and a saved-off fellow with pants appeared. They, the pants, stretched from his shoes to his chest, doing away with the necessity for a vest. John carried a pail, full of metallic objects.

The clerk inspected them and selected one. He polished it up a bit on his sleeve, then squinted along the barrel. He waved it at me.

"Stand away from those curtains



"will you?" he asked. "I don't want to damage them."

"Hey!" I protested. "You're not going to shoot me with that thing, are you?"

"Why, no," he said in a hurt voice. "How could you think such a thing? Just a bit more to the left. That's it."

He squeezed the trigger. There was a roar and a flash and I felt a ringing in my ears.

The clerk peered in my direction, craning his neck in a comical manner. "What ever became of you?" he asked, speaking to a point several feet from where I was standing.

"You might have warned me you were going to make such a racket," I said. "I should have held my ears. And what do you mean 'what ever became of me'? Did the explosion injure your eyesight? I'm right here."

"Where?"

"Here!" I said testily.

"You were, maybe, but not now. Look in the mirror."

I looked.

"I don't see anything."

"That's just the point."

"That's just the point?"

"That is. There's nothing to see. Not even you. You're gone. See?"

I saw. Or, rather, I didn't see. I wasn't there.

"H'm," I said, passing my hand before my eyes and not seeing it. "I'm invisible, am I not?"

"That's what you are." He chuckled.

"Convenient, isn't it?"

"I mean I could murder you two thugs with my bare hands. And when people came to see what all the rumpus was about, I'd just walk out, and none one would be able to see me."

"Oh, but you wouldn't do that, sir, would you?"

"Certainly not," I said. They felt happier immediately, not being able to see me smile.

"What you doin'?" asked John, as I was silent for a time. "Where you now?"

"Over here," I said, "by the door. And I'm going to look it—so! Now," I said, suiting the action to the word, "I'm going to enter one of these space ships and zoom around the room. It's quite a large chamber and I don't think there's much chance of my colliding with anything. The you may have to run about a bit so that I don't bump into you. You'll have to be rather speedy, too; I hear space ships—even the slowest of them—do seven miles a second."

So I settled into the controlling-chair of the ship and shut the automatic doors. Soon I was whizzing around the space ship storeroom, missing chandeliers and chaise-longues by inches and scaring my invisible-ray-wielders out of what wits they had.

After a bit I pushed a button above the windshield that had intrigued me for some time. (That sentence is not muddled; both the button and the windshield—which I affectionately called Walter—had held my attention.) Immediately a blue beam leapt out, searing a bit of the upholstery. This was wonderful! I turned it on the miscreants below, demolishing them instantly.

I then tore thru the wall and looped thru the rest of the store, searing floorwalkers and knocking down pedestrians.



this. It's not such an easy task, tho. I can't see the keyboard and my fingers keep missing the keys entirely.

Since none of this makes sense, it won't matter whether I end it or not. So I'll just leave it where it is and go out and have a soda.

Have you ever drunk a soda while invisible? Lots of fun. Causes people no end of consternation.

"FINIS"



Do you s-f fans like jokes that deal with science fiction? If you do, please let the editor of this magazine know!

In this article, I present a few more bright passages that may cause laughing fits--or a profound silence.

### Step Aside for the Lady

It was a quiet Sunday morning in the home of Robert A. Madle. The folks were absent; Bob was away with Gerty (Say, isn't this a bit personal? Oh well, what can I do? After all, I'm only the editor-RAM) and the magazines were enjoying a "quiet" hour by themselves in his

bookshelves.

Astounding took occasion to edge away from Argosy.

"Your cheapness makes me dizzy," it observed with a superior sniff.

"My cheapness is as nothing compared to your dullness," exclaimed Argosy, with some heat.

"Nonsense!" replied Astounding. "Why, I once published an interesting science fiction story.

A chorus of groans greeted this admission.

"The trouble with you fellows," observed the Collector, is that you do not understand the really serious side of life."

"How can we," observed Thrilling Wonder, "for we have not, like you, a real scientific-article department? Ye—"

There was a commotion. While these observations were going on, Amazing and Weird were having a dispute.

"I publish more scientific stuff than you," said Amazing.

"I defy you to prove it," challenged Weird.

"Let's form a ring and have them fight it out," suggested a rank outsider—Marvel Science.

At this, however, there was a protest from one hitherto silent. A soft soprano voice spoke.

"Gentlemen," it said, "would you fight on the presence of a lady?"

Whereupon the rest of the magazines removed their hats, and one by one lapsed into respectful silence, as MADGE, arranging her skirts anew, passed out on her way to The Ladies' Science-Fiction Club.



\*\*\*\*\*

A noted mathematician, Eric Frank Russell, considered by many a wonder, stopped at a hotel in a city in Texas. As usual, in such places, there were a number of s-f amateur writers on hand; there was also a meeting of some s-f fans at the place, who used the hotel as headquarters. One of the fans thought it would be quite a joke to tell the mathematician that some of these dopes had concluded to kidnap him and extract his brains to discover just why he was so good in mathematics. He was then asked by them what he would do about it. He replied: "Why, I shall simply go on without brains, just as you s-f fans are doing."

\*\*\*\*\*

An amateur artist, Dale Hart, contributed a painting to Enigmatic Tales, Percy T. Wilkinson's handwritten magazine, for the first time. With natural curiosity he asked the carrier, "Did you see my picture safely delivered?"

"Indeed I did," replied the man, "and mighty pleased they seemed to be with it--leastways, if I may judge, sir. They didn't say nothin', but, Lor'! how they did laugh when they got a light on it!"

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By the way, do you know that "Beyond the Vanishing Point," by Ray Cummings in a 1931 issue of Astounding Stories was a reprint? I recall reading it in 1934 or 1935; I am not sure, but I think it was in Argosy. It was printed at about the same time as "Tarzan and the Ant Men."

\*\*\*\*\*

Did you know that the three ages of man are: Illusion, Delusion and Allusion?

\*\*\*\*\*

knowledge of Michelism, read "The Adopted Child" by Eleanor Gallagher---For those amateur s-f writers; "How to Worry Successfully" by David Seabury---So pervading is our fad for streamlined gadgets that I suppose you had better read the book, "Art and the Machine" by Sheldon and Martha Candler Cheney---To Sam Moskowitz and Donald A. Wollheim: Both of you should read "How to Win Friends and Influence People" by Dale Carnegie.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you don't like this article, stick a match to it after you have crumpled it in tight wads so that it will not just go FooFoo!

\*\*\*\*\*

The brief article below is dedicated to Richard Wilson, Jr. It is not an s-f yarn, but it applies to fantasy, no doubt.

Only to test Dick's vocabulary:

Miss Mary was the possessor of a diminutive and immature specimen of the genus *Ovis Aries*, a wool-bearing and ruminant quadruped whose flesh is highly esteemed by persons to whose gustatory organs its flavor is agreeable.

The shaggy and agglomerated filaments constituting in their collective capacity its natural outer covering, integument, or garment presented to the vision a surface absolutely etiolated and algified and rivalling in immaeulateness the lustrous mantle of crystalized vapor that commonly characterizes the winter landscape/.

\*\*\*\*\*

Thash all, frensh. Station  
WHOO-OO-O signin' off....

\*\*\*\*\*

CONET PUBLICATIONS  
The Science Fiction Collector  
Fantascience Digest  
Science-Adventure Stories



# the Story behind AMAZING

By

~ Mark Reinberg ~

When Ziff-Davis bought RADIO NEWS from Teck Publications it was only under the condition that they take Amazing Stories too... They did. AMAZING was down and nearly out then, and Mr. Davis, who had never read science fiction before, found himself with a magazine that was, to all intents and purposes, headed for the graveyard. A magazine whose circulation did not exceed 23,000 copies!

What to do?

Fate took a hand, and it was a lucky day for science fiction. Ralph Milne Farley dropped in from Milwaukee to get a line on the type of stories they wanted and found Mr. Davis was in dire need of an s-f editor.

Farley knew just the person.

Raymond A. Palmer went to work as managing editor the next day. He had a tremendous job on his hands—knew it—but he went to work fired with enthusiasm and determination.

There were about 200 manuscripts on hand which had come along on the Teck deal. None of these were of any value. They were returned, and, in the same mail, letters were posted to all parts of the United States announcing the new AMAZING... promising a report on all MSS submitted within twenty-four hours... immediate

payment.

This brought results.

But the solution of the story problem was a greater one. The illustrations... none of the known artists... s-f artists... lived in Chicago. Vesso, Brown, Schneeman, and even Paul, were in New York.

Again, what to do?

The "deadline" was dangerously close... no time to send to New York for art work. Finally, two artists with no s-f experience were located. They would have to do for the first issue. But neither could do a decent science fiction cover. Mr. Palmer came to the rescue.

A photographic cover, says he. So it was.

And time was even shorter.

Other questions arose.....the price had to be lowered in keeping with the financial state of the country... Done... The back cover... put an advertisement there! No! It cost more money... \$300 for the special back cover, not mentioning the \$500 literally thrown away by not putting an ad there. But if a better magazine ensued, that could be overlooked.

So... ten days past the deadline, in the middle of April, a rejuvenated and drastically changed AMAZING appeared on the newsstands. It was crammed full of interesting new features. Moreover... "Rap" had established two precedents in one issue; the front photographic cover and the back scientific cover. Both met the whole hearted approval of the science fiction circle, and even beyond. The front cover won a contest in New York!

Clear skies were ahead... with the June issue the circulation doubled itself! Science fiction had a new outlook. In short, AMAZING had clicked!

With the first great hurdle behind him, Mr. Palmer became aware of the next test of his editorial abil-

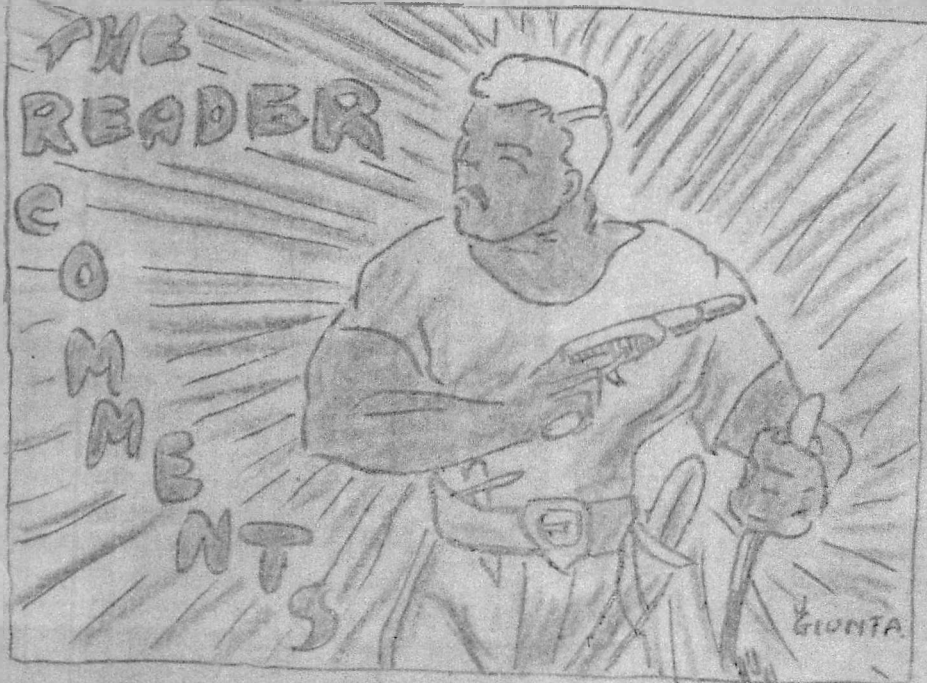


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Due to lack of space this issue, no questions will be asked. We'll be back with some "stickers" next month.

/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o



Louis Kuslan writes:- Having received ~~PANTASCIENCE~~ ~~DIGEST~~ quite a while ago, and after giving it a thoro perusing, I'm going to give my opinion of the issue.

The cover was pretty good, although it isn't as good yet as I'd like to see it. Let's hope that Arnes improves as he has been doing so far.

The outstanding article was the one by Hank Kuttner. It certainly looks like he's right. Dale Hart also did some good writing in his two articles (I think he wrote the "Eulogy" also). (He did--RAM) Cadrell's article was ok, but the illustration, whew! Wilkinson's stuff wasn't s-f. The convention review, also ok. The readers' column was the best department. As for the story, all I'll say is that you're supposed to be an s-f fan mag. Let's not have weird stuff. (~~PANTASCIENCE~~ covers both fantasy and science fiction--RAM) As for the editorial, I wish you would not boost FD unduly. You may think the issue good, the readers may disagree, and it's the readers who are the judges. (Kee-rect--RAM)

Mark Halanberg writes:- A word about your swell mag. Judging from the copy I received, ~~PANTASCIENCE~~ ~~DIGEST~~ is due to really go places. Wawe for perhaps a lit-

tle more care in the art work, it can't be improved upon.

Dale Hart writes:- I wish to deny that Percy F. Wilkinson is one of my alter-egos. Percy is an entity apart from Dale Hart. In the 4th issue, the editor said that Percy "may or may not exist."

Well, Percy does exist. He is now a very rabid fan. I brought him back to s-f after he had been absent for about six years. I know it seems easy to think that Per-

cy is me. Both of us live in Highlands, and our box numbers are 1360 and 1361 respectively. Both of us type fan material on his typewriter. Both of us use small sheets furnished by me. Most of our material to date has been sent in together, having come from my address. And it doesn't seem likely that two real fans live in a small Texas town near Houston. But--both of us belong to the FAPA. Would I want two mailings? Baltadonis has complete descriptions of both of us. We are sharply defined individuals.

Perhaps ~~PANTASCIENCE~~ ~~DIGEST~~ will be sent a photo showing Hart and Wilkinson together.

In view of this, please consider the two separate. (Considered--RAM) When reading an article by PFW, don't privately think that Hart is the author. Instead, give credit to a new fan!

Helen Cloukey writes:- When I received my copy of the 4th FD, I was quite agreeably surprised. First of all, the method of sending is so much better than your previous method. The magazines arrive so neat and satisfactory. I noticed "Micronian," but thought Kahn's place was better. I think that Frome's story was good until the third paragraph. Kuttner's was swell! It really his



the spot, and how! "Proxy" was interesting, but rather vague. Cadrell's article was quite good. Percy's piece was rather poor. Dale's article (?) was certainly different.

Olson F. Higgins writes:- I received the 4th FD and the copy struck me as being better, on a whole, than previous issues. If all future issues are equal to this 4th issue, then I will be well pleased.

John Giunta writes:- I have received your fourth issue of FD, and the issue is ok. However, the third issue surpassed it, in my opinion. Amos's cover was pretty good, showing an improvement in his figure work. Kuttner's "Fun with Atoms" was swell. "The Eyes of Paul Cordney" was a beautiful piece of fantasy and I enjoyed it very much. Your editorial is always good, so I'll pass no judgment on that.

I did not quite agree with Dale Hart's article, "The Impending Danger," although I did learn a few things from it. I did like Jack Cadrell's "Hekto Artists." Probably because I am an artist. (Or am I?) Nicks from the Press was pretty good, but not stiff. "Looking Around" was not so very good this issue. But it can't always be, eh? As for your illustrations, they were very good. Rotman is a neat artist, but what struck me most was Cadrell's drawing. It was a masterpiece, nicely shaded, colored and pretty neat. THE READER COMMENTS is a column everyone likes.

"I liked the third issue of the FD very much," writes our columnist, Willis Conover, Jr. "The smaller size is preferable, but I realize that in hektographing it is more economical to use the larger page. Your newest illustrator, John Giunta, shows considerable promise, and may develop into something quite commendable, given time and practice. "The Thousandth Raid" could have been better, but was interesting, none the less. I wonder how many readers spotted a similarity between the characters

in the story and certain science fiction notables? William Brain was (unblushingly) the auktor, Mr. S. Szykora, Herb the Good, Herbert Goudket, John the Silent, probably John S. Michel, Don the Terrible—who else but Vollheim? Carl Horn and Jules Black are obviously Horzig and Gernsback. (I should think that Jules Black is Julius Schwartz. You know, "schwartz" means "black" in German—RAM) Clever of me, what? Or am I only making a fool of myself? Anyway, best wishes to you. You deserve all the praise you receive.

Jack Cooper writes:- Commentary on the latest FD coming up. Cover distinctly unusual... Hart's and Kuttner's! Well, if Marvel has done nothing more, it certainly set tongues wagging like they did in the old days. "His interestin'..... Your story by Nils M. Frome was surprisingly good... Looking Around is in my opinion one of the best of the first fandomish articles. I'll have to drop over to see Willis one of these days... "Hekto Art" good... O, my friend, but Percy T. Wilkinson definitely is a separate entity—the you probably know this by now, having heard details concerning him since he beat the FAPA deadline... DAW (yup, I mean Wilson's) "Hot for Today" appeared just a week too late, also your query, "Who is Azygous?!!!" (Dick Wilson turned out to be that once mysterious personality, Azygous—RAM) George the Rudolph turned ya out some fine poetry there if it's really his. (It certainly was his. That young man has definite writing ability. Witness his recent selling of a story to WEIRD TALES—RAM) "Convention Review" fortunate in not overlapping previous accounts; read with interest. You let me wander on longer than you should've in The Reader Comments, so I'll cease firing right now!

\*\*\*\*\*  
NEW FANDOM, the greatest thing that has occurred in the science fiction field in years. Watch for further details.

# YSTA

Soon towers upward rise  
Unto the lurid flaming skies;  
Minarets of golden jade,  
And limpid stone of moonbeams made.

Lambent fires softly shimmer  
Waking ever, ever dimmer.  
Dim as within a dream,  
I see their latent lustrous gleam.

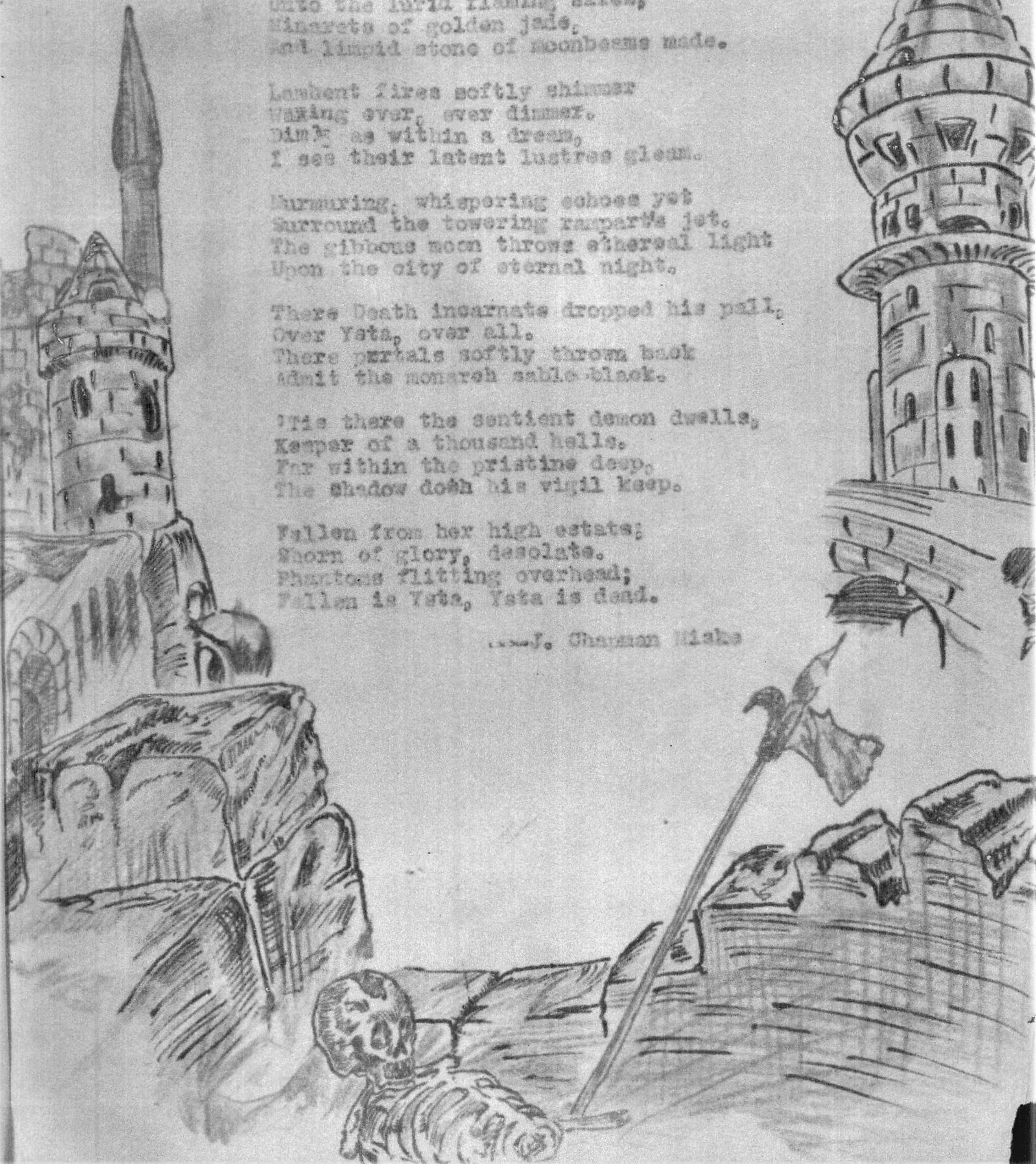
Murmuring, whispering echoes yet  
Surround the towering ramparts' jet.  
The gibbous moon throws ethereal light  
Upon the city of eternal night.

There Death incarnate dropped his pall,  
Over Ysta, over all.  
There portals softly thrown back  
Admit the monarch sable-black.

'Tis there the sentient demon dwells,  
Keeper of a thousand hells.  
Far within the pristine deep,  
The shadow doth his vigil keep.

Fallen from her high estate;  
Shorn of glory, desolate.  
Phantoms flitting overhead;  
Fallen is Ysta, Ysta is dead.

—J. Chapman Hulse





COMET PUBLICATIONS

