

# THE GROTESQUE



FALL, 1946  
VOL. 2, NO. 1





# THE GROTESQUE





# THE GROTESQUE

The magazine from Brooklyn

THE GROTESQUE is published quarterly at 1870 East 33 St., Brooklyn 10, New York, by Ron Christenson. Subscription rates are 10¢ per copy, although the price will be 25¢ beginning next issue.

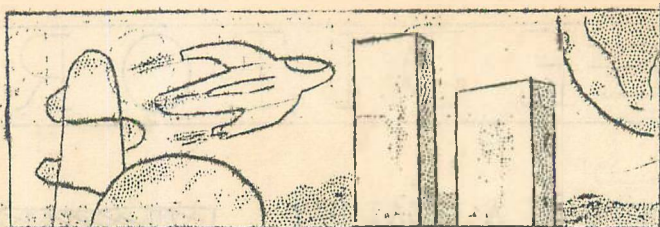
The next issue of THE GROTESQUE will contain double the present number of pages, as well as several radical improvements. Inasmuch as it has been extremely difficult to get material for this issue, it will be a Herculean task to solicit enough for the next, with so much more wordage.

To keep pace with the format, articles and fiction of four or five pages will be preferred, but I will still accept quality material of two pages. Your work will reach some 200 fans if it is published next issue.

GROTESQUE will probably cost 25¢ next issue, but you will find this increase satisfactory, I assure you. Remember: THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF ALL HAS NOT YET BEEN REVEALED, so that it will come unexpectedly and thus prove more enjoyable. It's something you will not want to miss, since there will be something to please almost every fan, whether he's stffan, a fantasy fan, collector, publisher, or neophyte.

The cost will be considerable, so send in at least 25¢, won't you? If you wish to advertise in the new Groggy, the cost will be \$3.00 per page, or slightly higher if you want illustrations.

DON'T MISS THE NEW GROGGY



## Contents

VOL 2, NO. 1

NOVEMBER, 1946

### ARTICLES:

The N.F.F.F. Is Not a Federation  
by Ron Christenson----- Page 5

A Gripo, Fans  
by Ray Miller----- Page 8

Fantasy Music Is--and Isn't  
by Bob Gaulin----- Page 11

### FICTION:

Final Mission  
by Ron Christenson----- Page 12

### FEATURES:

Editorial----- Page 4

And Burbled As It Came  
by Telis Stroiff----- Page 7

All's Well And Fuzzy  
by Bob Tucker----- Page 9

--dopt.----- Page 14

The Roaring Trumpet  
Letter Section----- Page 18

COVER and INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS  
by Ron Christenson.

Illustration on Page 7 by  
John Cockroft.

BACK COVER by Rick Smeary

COVER NEXT ISSUE will be  
by John Cockroft.



# EDITORIALS

THERE'S A GREAT DAY  
COMING, READERS

Yes, sir, GROGGY is due for a very big change next issue, as you may have noticed on the contents page. Since the need for subscriptions was stressed there, I would only like to plead again for material, here. The catch this time is, I repeat, that it must be at least four pages long, if at all possible. Of course, this takes more energy and thought to turn out than the average fan article of two pages, and even less, so an "Analytical Laboratory," similar to that in ASTOUNDING, is planned, and the article which receives the most first-place votes will earn its author a prize of, say, \$5.00. So, make it 2000 words or so--and make it good!



NOW ON TO THE  
PHILLYVENTION

Everybody seems to agree that they had a wonderful time at the recent Philadelphia Conference, held in the Quaker City on Sunday, October 27. As Sam Moskowitz, Director of the ESFA hath said (Ay, he hath spoken), it shows that the PSFS is marvelously capable of holding a convention. If Sam Moskowitz (That's the quota for this issue--Sam has been mentioned twice) says so, it must be true. Then don't miss out on this biggest Convention yet. Send in your dollar now to Milton A. Rothman, 2113 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia 22, Pennsylvania.

MELT THE ARMOR, BOYS,  
THE CRUSADES ARE OVER!

AND DON'T MISS THE FAN PICTORIAL

Ron Maddox, who now lives at 20 King Street, New York City, and Ron Christensen, of Brooklyn, now have quite concrete plans for their collection of fan photographs, to be called "THE FAN PICTORIAL". Since the cost of the project will be considerable, copies will be \$1.00 at prepublication price, and somewhat more afterward. You still have time to get this large collection of lithographed photos at One Dollar. Hurry, hurry, hurry!

CORRESPONDENTS: I'll answer all letters soon.

Now all we have left is a lot of miscellaneous mumblings. First the song and dance: This issue is late because of various conditions beyond my control. It's the first time I've been late, and as THE GROTESQUE has come out almost monthly before this, may I be excused?

The NFFF has begun to be revived, it seems, what with the new election. The main argument in "The NFFF Is Not a Federation" still is meant for consideration.

"Sherlock" Kennedy noticed that the art for "World Agog" was taken from an art set. I promise to ne'er do it again, unless I see some more that please me.

—subscribe now!—





# The NFFF Is Not a Federation.

BY RON CHRISTENSEN

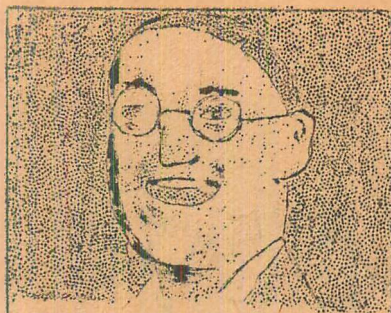
Everyone, even the President of the NFFF, knows that the Federation is dying — is already dead as far as activity goes. At this time the National Fantasy Fan Federation is truly just a mailing list; the idea now seems to be that fandom hang on for just a while longer, and it will be all over.

Why did the NFFF break up? Are we to just say that nationwide fan organizations are impossible, and let it go at that? I hope not — I believe something should be done to revive the Federation, under a new, or should I say old, system.

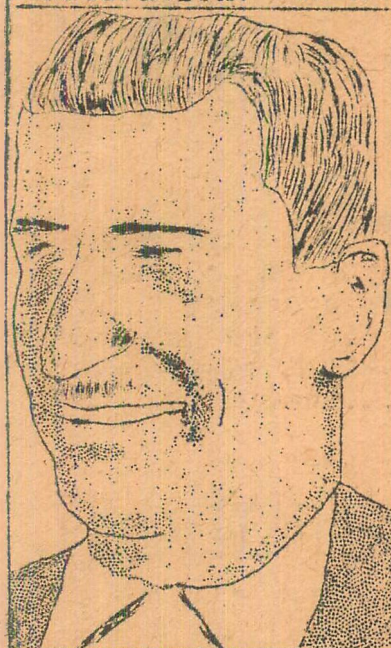
The regional system, the essence of a federation, was proposed in the Battle Creek Constitution of the NFFF, framed sometime in 1941 or '42. This system required that fandom be divided up into several hierarchies, according to sections of the United States, and two such groups were formed: the Dixie Fantasy Fan Federation and the Mid-West Fantasy Fan Federation. Both were considered failures, and nothing more was done to further the arrangement.

Although the war later took many members away from the DFFF and the MWFFF, the fault must be that of the directors of the NFFF, since many other organizations were hit harder by the draft. They did not follow closely enough the procedure of established organizations outside of fandom, who have used the regional system for many years. The Elks, Masons, and all labor unions are but a few, and perhaps we can learn a lesson from them.





†Walt Dunkelberger, NFFF Pres., considered Ackerman's Fantasy Foundation a threat to the Federation. 'Twasn't



Forrest J. Ackerman



E. E. Evans brought NFFF out of an interregnum caused by lack of candidates. Served as Pres. before Dunkelberger was elected.

The regional system should be given another chance, under a more competent governing body which could hold the organization together by stirring up interest among the members.

All national groups keep enthusiasm in their ranks by using competition in some form. In this fashion, one region perpetuates the other, just as the East and West Coasts of fandom have been doing for nearly a decade. Seeing how good the other fellow's doing on the other side of the fence makes one forge ahead to do likewise, and that's how the LASFS, the PSFS, the QSFL and the NYFS have been doing it for years. Today, add the ESFA, of New Jersey, and scratch out the last two. For an example of real competition, we may even look down at the Boy Scouts. The BSA uses it to make members attain higher ranks as well as keep the various troops going. And it works! Perhaps we might mimic them further by actually giving awards to the most eager beavers, a thing the Elks also do.

Of course, more would have to be given to the membership than a Fancyclopedia and the official organ, once they join. Each regional group could be given a publishing project, and the best job, as judged by a council, could be given the award already mentioned.

The President of the NFFF, as well as his aides, should not be chosen from among members who live out someplace where the nearest fan is 200 miles away. Though it may seem unfair at first, only the larger groups with facilities necessary for running an organization, ought to be allowed to file for candidacy. It is fairer to the total membership this way, since there is less chance of a breakup when the President is in constant communication with the Federation.

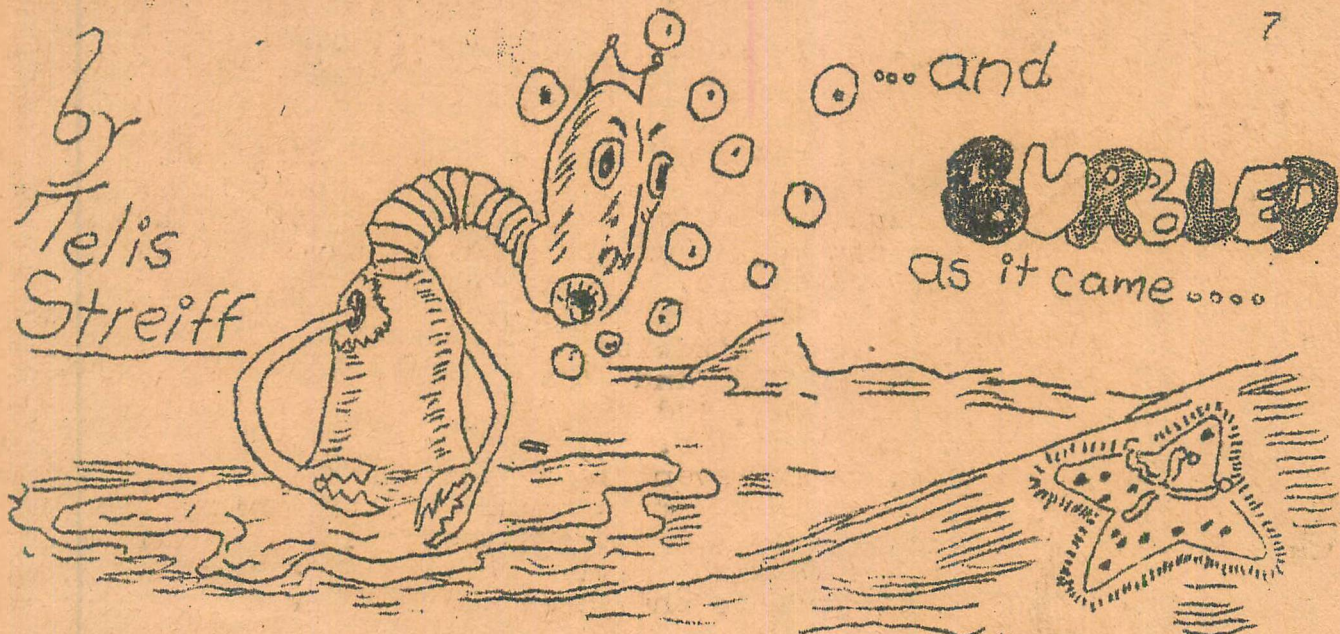
Once fandom was informed of how the Federation had improved, using suggestions akin to those I have mentioned, the regions could be made smaller and more numerous, with a swelled membership list. I doubt that the NFFF secured the memberships of more than half of fandom, and it surely didn't have that number when the regional system was tried. The fanatic world has grown since then, too.

If the NFFF does fold up, a prospect that seems quite imminent, I'd like to address this to the leaders of whatever new one springs up. One will, sooner or later.

If fandom wants a national organization, it simply has to benefit from the errors of the past. The way to achieve complete unity is not to form a new group as soon as the old one falters, but to find out why it's failing and institute a new method of governing it. At any rate, the regional system deserves another chance.

THE END





It seems as though I have offended many fans by the implication that Sergeant Saturn was the reason for TWS and SS' drop in popularity. To them, I say I am sorry, and in view of recent developments, I formally retract my statement concerning Sergeant Saturn in the last issue of "The Grotesque." Among many of my friends, the ima-fantasies proved so popular that I will include two of them this time...read on at your own risk.

**VOLCANO ERUPTIONS WIDESPREAD:** As you know, volcanoes are outlets for pent-up energy in the Earth. That may mean that the Earth's crust has not finished its shifting...as is also proved by the underwater landslide which struck the West Coast a few months ago, and the new island off Japan...The crust begins to shift and mountains rise out of nowhere, wrecking large cities and causing the collapse of our civilization.

**THREE OF ARMY'S NEW IONOSPHERE ROCKETS DISAPPEAR IN FLIGHT:** These three "Wac Corporals" disappeared during flight with radar tracing their paths. The radar screens registered nothing after the rockets reached a certain altitude. All day the observers watched for the return of the ships, but none of them returned to Earth. Could it be that intelligent beings from some other planet are watching us, and snatched these rockets to ascertain to what extent we had gone in rocketry...remember "Loophole?"

It was my fortune the other day to obtain a Volume One, Number Two "Astounding." The things in the magazine that most impressed me, believe it or not, were the advertisements...

I hear by the fan grapevine that Norman Storer and Telis Streiff have started a new fan club, primarily for teen-age slans. Two of the members (Lloyd Alpaugh and Tom Jewett) suggested a library of fanzines and promags for the group. This plan is being carried out; we will sub to almost every fan pub being produced...so if you're thinking of publishing a fanzine, send me a sample copy at 548 North Delrose, Wichita 6, Kansas, so we can subscribe to it. See? (I thought not.)

The editor doesn't mind the above paragraph, I hope. CHRIS!! POINT THAT PROTON GUN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.....(Here I go through one of Kennedy's "Don't shoot me" episodes.) I won't, though. You're welcome.

I hear that some fan is writing a series of fan articles in defense of R. S. Shaver...Ah, poor boy...should we tell him?

Well, that's enough gab this trip...Be seeing you...



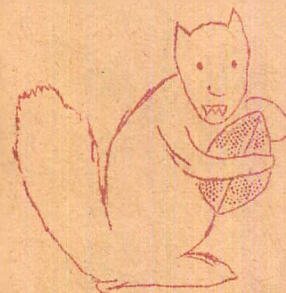
"Not these  
loyal swine"



FROM behind their detective magazines, their sport and cowboy pulps, they come. Non-stefnists from all "corners" of the globe are trying to horn in on our glory.

Before the war; before any of our prophecies had been fulfilled, they scoffed and gagged when science - fiction was mentioned. "Rockets? Atomic power? No, sir, not for me. Squirrel food, that's what."

But now we've come of age. We have atomic power in its early stages. Rockets are around the corner. What about the old reliables? Do they scoff? No. Do they admit they were wrong, and perhaps detective stories and westerns were the only squirrel diet? No. They've come over to our side.



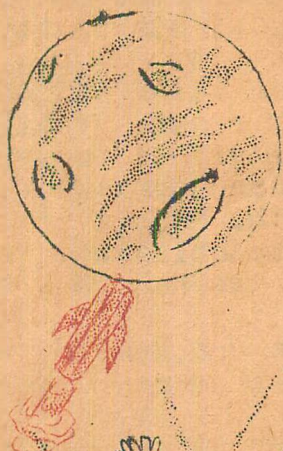
## A GRIPE, FANS

RAY MILLER

Is this good? Do we now know that everybody, including the stubborn skeptics, has finally admitted we were right? Not these loyal swine.

They talk of scientification as if it were a product of their imaginations; each one a Gernsback, as it were.

And yet, catch them alone with a stf enthusiast, "squirrel food" and they look at the poor boy with a superior air. Is it because they wish him out of the way, this sole witness of their previous stupidity? Seems more likely that they still think stf is quite the thing for light reading in a psychopathic ward. They still hardly read it.

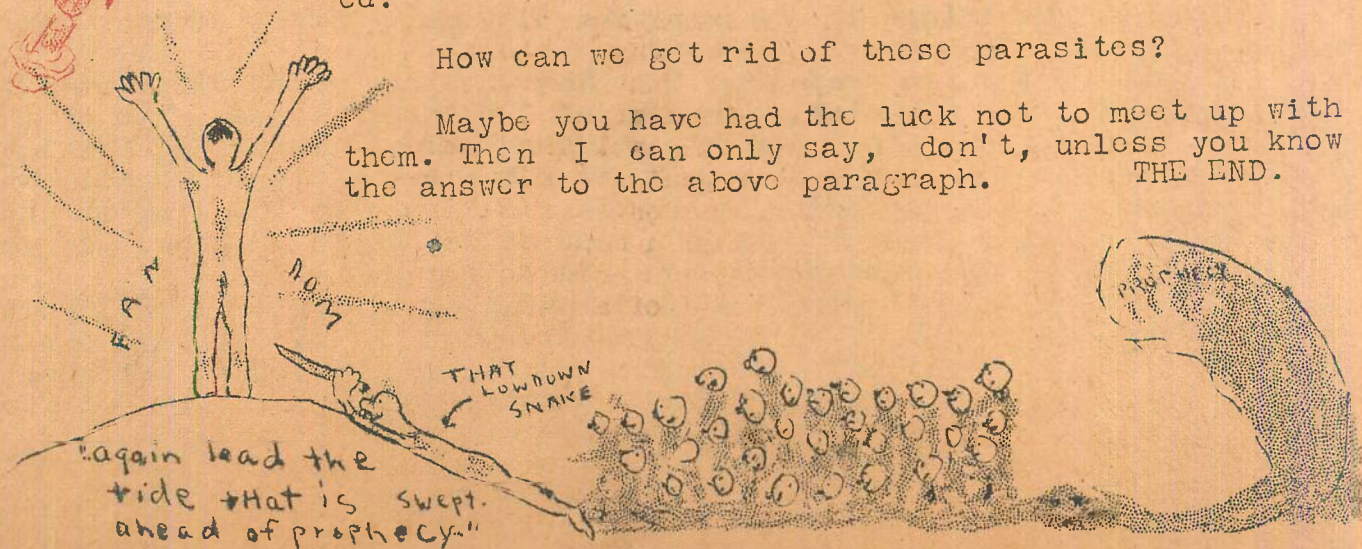


Why, if the first moon rocket failed, they'd be the first ones to start scoffing again, until their egos forced them to again lead the tide that is swept ahead of prophecy, when the second or third succeeded.

How can we get rid of these parasites?

Maybe you have had the luck not to meet up with them. Then I can only say, don't, unless you know the answer to the above paragraph.

THE END.







To Los Angeles With Rod and Camera  
or - At Bay With the LASFS  
- Bob Tucker -

FANS who live in the eternal darkness-- that is, those backward tribesmen who ignorantly dwell in other parts of the nation outside of Los Angeles--easily get the impression that this city and suburbs is Slan Paradise, and that nothing more could be expected from a full steinistic life than to migrate to Los Angeles for the remainder of one's days. Like Laney; like the Battle Creekians; like other lost souls who paid me not to mention their names here.

I once thought in that vein. Once upon a time, that is.

One bright summer day I crossed that elastic line in the Mohave Desert which is the city limits of Los Angeles. I journeyed to the Pacificom and stayed the following three months. I met all the "happy fans" who dwell in L.A., the "golden paradise of fandom." This, I said to myself at the time, is the acme of acmes; this is Eden. A great big glob of FANS is here!

The LASFS propaganda is responsible, of course, for creating so false an impression. Everything written and published by the Los Angeles area fan is colored (perhaps unintentionally) by rosy hues which have no real counterpart in life. Tigrina's minutes of each LASFS meeting (which are published in Shangri-L'Affaires and sometimes Fanews) help create the impression that everyone is having a whale of a time, that the club is almost ready to explode with bubbling enthusiasm, and and that Los Angeles is MARVELOUS and why don't all the other slans in the world come out here to live?

LASFS meetings are queer things, at best. Starting time is advertised as 8 o'clock. Starting time comes when the harassed Director (if he is present) gets good and ready -- usually about 8:30 or a few minutes later. I was present at a meeting which lasted five or six minutes. On occasion, when a program has been prepared in advance (Oh, rare event), the meeting will stretch out more than an hour.

Attendance is varied. Ackerman and Tigrina, faithful pillars who hold up the foundations by (apparently) attending every Thursday night without fail, can expect a minimum of at least a dozen tribesmen to keep them company. The largest meeting I attended saw about thirty present, but that was a special occasion: a visiting author was present, something of a science fiction celebrity, and the mob turned out to examine him like a beetle on the end of a pin, plying him with embarrassing (to him) questions.

In some strange manner beyond my comprehension, the organization manages to hold its





financial soul together. Ackerman, as treasurer, reads aloud each night a varying list of members who are in arrears in dues. I suspect that he reads this list as a duty, or so that Tigrina may faithfully record it in the minutes. Those whose names have been read off study their fingernails and stay away from the treasurer in droves. According to the laws of the organization, something-or-other is supposed to happen to a member when he becomes as much as \$2.00 in arrears. I would not know what the punishment might be, for I never saw it applied, altho upon more than one occasion, Old Faithful mentioned in a tired voice that so-and-so owed two dollars or more.

Every now and then, science and fantasy fiction is mentioned, even discussed. Ackerman will tell of the latest developments of the new prozine in England, Evans will report on the fantasy found in religious writings, and Burbee (yielding to pressure) will retell his watermelon joke.

So goes the LASFS. It has actually become nothing more than a social club, where things relative to science-fiction are rarely spoken of. I would suggest that the Society hold meetings less frequently, say once a month, and that a good program be planned for those occasions.

Now I'm finished picking the LASFS apart. Just wait till they tear me to pieces!

)THE END(

## GIBBERWOCKY

"The time has come," the robot said,  
 "To squeak of many things;  
 "Of just what passed before, that is,  
 "And what the future brings."

A feeble lump of rust spoke up  
 In a voice that lacked its oil.  
 "I'm ninety million years old," said he,  
 "You make my bearings boil!"

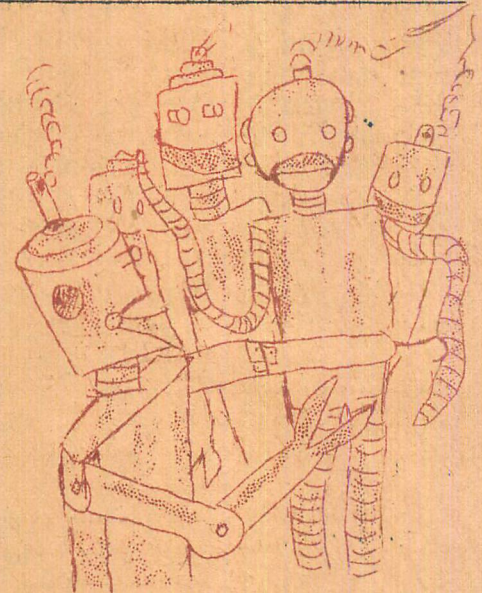
"'Twas Man who came before us, son;  
 "He made our first race, it's true.  
 "But don't tell our young 'uns about him.  
 "No telling what they'll do!"

"You mean about the atom bomb?"  
 A robot groaned in awe,  
 "And all about those rocket ships,  
 "You have said you saw?"

Unnoticed by the gaping crowd,  
 A youngster stood close by  
 As the elder spoke of Mankind,  
 His life on Earth and sky.

And man, after centuries passed,  
 Came back to home on Earth.  
 They saw not the robots they'd  
 left behind...  
 Saw nought but endless turf.

Until one human a young robot met;  
 "The others?" asked the man.  
 "I killed 'em all with my ray...  
 "For today I am a fan!"





# FANTASY MUSIC IS—ISN'T

BY BOB GAULIN

Three fans were sitting near a phonograph which was thumping out the vigorous strains of the "Bolero." The first shook his head and stated, "No," while the second jumped up and yelled, "Yes, it's fantasy!"

I'd rather not side with either of them, because the third fan was probably right. I do believe that there is such a thing as fantasy music, but only for some people. There's no sense arguing that there is or isn't, for even those who believe it exists cannot always agree on any specific list.

Music cannot be said to be "fantastic", but the interpretation may often be classed as fantastic. Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony is a representative of what may be labelled "tragic" music. The music imparts an effect and interpretation that is tragic. Some argue that this is achieved only by the use of a minor key. Well, how else can a composer get effects which may be termed as "fantastic?" Oriental music, while it is set not only in a minor key, but in a scale altogether different from ours, is rarely termed as fantastic.

It may not always work, but a good test for music that you may consider fantastic is trying to conjure up some sort of scientific vision in your mind while playing the piece. If it isn't too difficult to do so, you've another item for your own list. All other fans won't verify your choice, though, so it wouldn't be sensible to try to force it on them.

Background music, such as that used in radio or in the movies, cannot alone cause any sort of "mirage." It relies upon the action, which, in turn, relies upon it, for effect. This music does nothing more than set a mood of unreality, strangeness, or even mystery. And, no matter who is listening, he will interpret it in either a weird, mysterious, or unreal manner. (All these words are given in the dictionary as synonyms for the word fantastic, which I shall not use further)

Groggy's Editor and I have about the same index of interpretation. We both can envision parts of certain symphonies as bearing a theme of space-flight, although we argue bitterly concerning other pieces. It is not intended that you use this music (which I have termed a "symposium") as a checklist of fantasy music which we have compiled, but rather as a tentative portrait of space-flight, to which you may add, or from which you may subtract pieces that do not influence your thoughts in any way. This "symposium" follows:

Andante Cantabile, Tschaikowsky's Sixth:

Rocket-building due to catastrophe, (disease or the like) which is also portrayed; planning; loading preparatory to flight.

Binale, Tschaikowsky's Fifth: March to the Rockets.

Allegro, Dvorak's Fifth: Take-off; last look at Earth.

Tone Poem "Mars," from "The Planets," by Holst:

Flight through space; approaching planet of settlement.

Perhaps something by Szostakowicz could be used to depict alien life on the new planet.

Each fan can have his own symposium if he wishes, concerning robots, time machines, etc., but I warn him not to try to force it upon another fan!

THE END



# Final Mission

BY RON CHRISTENSEN

—November, 1757.

"Cessez!"

—No answer to the sentry's challenge came back through the madly swirling snow.

"Qui est?"

Peering ahead in the driving sheet, the sentry raised his musket. He discerned a glow of some sort about twenty yards ahead, moving slowly toward the fort. It seemed to gyrate like a top, wavering drunkenly from side to side in its forward path, finally rising to such a height above the white-blanketed ground that it was immediately apparent no human hand held it aloft.

Fearing it to be an enemy trick, the sentry raised his musket and fired it thrice to signal to those stationed in the fort that he needed help. The weird luminescence continued rising higher still, and then seemed to burst, filling the sky with countless pulsating lights, each of which hurtled to the ground disintegrating as a comet upon entering Earth's atmosphere. And then a large body, similar to the first, hurtled down to a spot near the walls of the Fortress Carillon—mighty Tyconderoga. Unbroken silence now reigned in the wild Colonial northland, complete except for the moaning wind.

"Dupont, Dupont!" came the hurried calls, shattered and hurled aside by the tempest. Dupont, the sentry, again raised his musket to disclose his location.

"Wait," cried a voice behind him. Dupont was startled to find an Englishman so close to the fort, but he lowered his musket to the enemy's middle almost without thinking.

"You are my prisoner," he said in English.

"No," laughed the other man, "not yet. I'm not yet fully out of the future, so I'm not subject to any physical laws just now. Half of me is probably still in New York."

"What nonsense is this?" sneered the sentry, "Along with you now!"

"Wait just a while," said the man from the future, "I've a—favor to ask of you."

Dupont hesitated, then smiled evilly. "For what price?"

"Would this pouch of gold do?" The other extended his arm, and the sentry quickly snatched the pouch from his prisoner's hand. He didn't.

"Bon Dieu!" he cried, and then turned to flee from this specter that had chosen to haunt him. He was so filled with terror that he sank to the ground, moaning, when a hand grasped his shoulder. Gasping, he looked up, and saw the man he had spoken to. The sight of the gold-filled pouch revived him, and he put his hand out to receive it. He forgot almost entirely his previous unsuccessful attempt to take the gold away from the prisoner.

"You—are entirely—here now?" he asked, with the air of a hurt child. He stood up and again pointed his musket at the other.

"Yes, the transfer is over. Now I can ask you to do the thing I've already begun to explain. Shall I continue?"



"Go ahead with your tale, but hurry if you wish to finish it before my comrades arrive. They have not so much patience as I."

"Ah, but I have enough gold," murmured the stranger.

He continued speaking. "I came to this time from the year 1948, my French friend, from the city which is destined to become the largest town in the world after your time. They call this huge metropolis 'New York', and more men live in it than live in all the colonies--"

The wind howled weirdly, as if to bridge the gap which separated the years...

"I am sorry," said the prim secretary, "but Mr. Sherman will see no one today."

"But I have an appointment to see Mr. Sherman at this time."

"All appointments have been cancelled till further notice. Good day."

The young man snorted and stalked angrily out of the reception room, and gave the elevator buzzer in the hall a quick stab. The

elevator did not stop at his floor until five minutes later, and he was boiling with a dangerous rage when it finally did arrive. He shoved viciously toward the back of the crowded car, and then stopped suddenly in shocked horror.

"Mr. Sherman!" he cried, "I thought--"

"Pardon me?" the man he had recognized replied, "I don't believe I know you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Don't you remember me, sir? I'm Johnson, the engineer who was to have shown you the plans for the Machine."

"Machine? I do not seem to recall your name, or any device connected with it. Perhaps you have mistaken me for another man?"

"The Time-Traveling Machine. Don't you remember the possibilities we discussed last Friday? You made an appointment to see me today, at this time, but your secretary just told me you had cancelled all appointments for the day."

The elevator slowed to a stop, and the crowd pressed forward. Sherman disappeared among the other passengers, and Johnson found it impossible to again speak to him. He was depressed, to be sure, but filled with an angry wonder at the other's actions. There could be no mistake concerning the big executive's identity, but why would such an attitude be necessary or desirable after the agreement of the week before?





# --clept.

KEEP YOUR NOSE IN THE PROZ

○ H, I love to read the fanzines;  
Their writing really is superb  
And I joy to see the writings  
Of folks from Joke to Burb.

But, there's nothing like a prozine-  
No, nothing like one, quite.  
Keep your nose right in the proz, there,  
And things will turn out right.

Yes, I used to laud the fanzines;  
To me they seemed quite good,  
But the inspiration struck me  
To read the prozines, if I could.

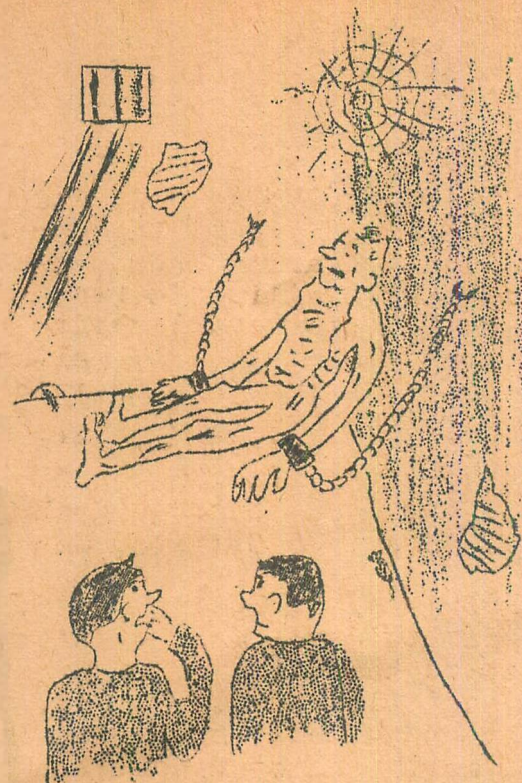
But, there's nothing like a prozine,  
Whether it SS or Planet be.  
I'll even read Astounding  
When my slide rule's here with me.

I always loved the fanzines,  
Of every size and sort  
Till they said, "Read prozines!  
We need their full support,"

(But I really scorn the prozines)  
No, nothing like one--much!  
Keep your nose in the proz, there,  
While I, my fanzines clutch.



"PARDON ME. BUT HAVE YOU A PIN?"



"HE DESERVED IT -- HE'S A FAN!"

MUST'VE FALLEN IN THE PAN!

I KNOW that fans who sing  
praises of the hekto are few  
and I do not intend to add my  
name to their honored rolls.

A great many of them, how-  
ever, get such perfect results  
from their goo-pans that they  
are justified in lauding said  
stickiness.

This is not the case with  
me. As soon as I had typed some-  
thing on the master copy, get-  
ting quite purple in the pro-  
cess, I boiled the evil-smelling  
jelly (resembling a witch's brew)  
and placed the typed sheet on  
the surface.

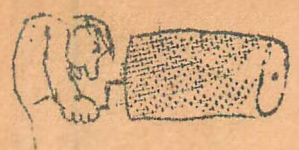
I pulled the master sheet  
off, but alas--the jelly came  
along with it, accompanied by a  
terrible, "SQUOSH-GLUB."

I boiled the stuff down a-  
gain, but all I got when I re-  
covered from the fumes was that  
piercing "SQUOSH-GLUB".

What's that you say? Why am  
I so sticky - looking? Glad you  
asked that question, friend. Put  
that master copy on my chest. Now  
pull it up slowly.....

"SQUOSH-GLUB."

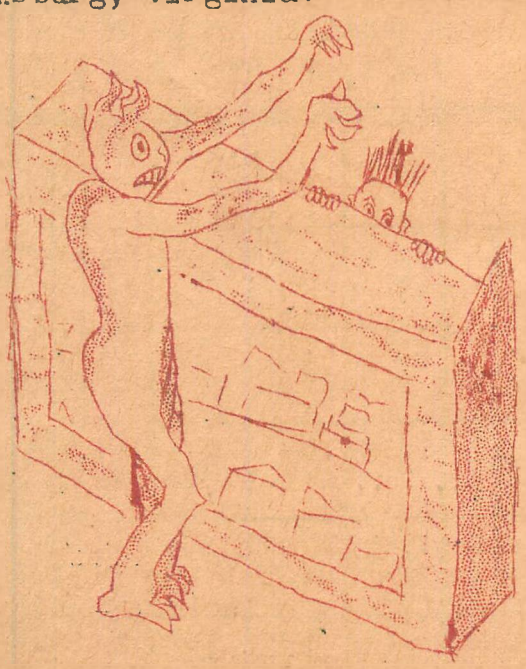




# FMZ IMPRESSIONS

CANADIAN FANDOM; No. 11, July, '46  
I'm surprised that this rather brilliant magazine hasn't received more recognition in recent fan polls. I don't recall having seen it even listed at all, although the only faults I found with Can Fan are its occasionally faint mimeing and Editor Taylor's too-frequent off-colorisms. 5¢ per copy from Beak Taylor, 9 MacLennan Ave., Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

CEPHEID; No. 2, Spring, 1946.  
As Milt told me many of his subscribers had said, if Cepheid had held out till Number Three, it would undoubtedly have been among the top three of fandom's publications. The material is well-balanced and the format is rather attractive. "Why the Lord of Fantasy?", an appreciation of A. Merritt, is exemplified by a piece of fiction, "The False Prophet", which uses the Merritt descriptive technique effectively enough. I'm really sorry this was a last issue. From Milt Lesser, College William-Mary, Gen. Delivery, Williamsburg, Virginia.



"PLEASE--GIVE ME A HERSHEY BAR?"

CYGNI; No. 5, September, 1946.  
Format for this issue is rather appealing, and the only kick coming is that Boff published "Letter to the Editor", by Richard S. Shaver. "World of Van Vogt", the VAPA article which the editor is reprinting in two installments, is worth the space it consumes, although it may unbalance the issue a bit. 10¢ per from Boff Perry, 68 Madbury Road, Durham, New Hampshire.

GALAXY; No. 1, June, 1946.  
It's unfortunate that the editor did not think twice before he published. "Rap!!!-- What You Did!!!", since it disrates an otherwise interesting issue. This article is but a reprint of a letter in Amazing Stories concerning the Lemuria series. 10¢ a copy from 1817 E. 33 St., B'klyn 10, N.Y.

GG (Gripes & Groans); No. 1, July '46  
This seems like an up-and-coming letter section of fandom, and I can't wait to see Number Two, in which, I hope, there will be more letters with jucier topics. Rick was handicapped in his first issue, since he had no real opportunity to solicit letters for it. 5¢ from Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES; No. 32, Sept.  
The bulk of the issue is filled with Speer's report of the Pacificon; 19 (count 'em) pages of elite type. Otherwise, Ackerman lauds the Precificon period, Burbee editorial leaves one standing on one's head, and I'd recommend the 'zine. 10¢ apiece via Carlos Burbee, 1007 South Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California. (Off. Organ LASFS.)

SUN SPOTS; No. 28, Fall, 1946.  
Really a good magazine as for material, but pages of print, print, print, remind one of Acolyte, the fanzine with just about the worst format in existence. Then there's



something else in Sunspots which I dislike in fanzines, but which practically every one of them seems to glory in publishing—book reviews. Now, not all book reviews are dry and uninteresting. One that persuades the reader to purchase the volume is well-written, but very often, the book criticized is a collector's item—only four copies in existence, at 200 greenbacks apiece. I know fmz can't get along entirely without reviews, but how about ceasing the purposeless gem-reporting? Sun Spots is free from Gerry de la Ree, 9 Bogert Place, Westwood, New Jersey.

VAMPIRE; Number 7, September, '46. Now, Kennedy's mag deserved first place in the Beowulf poll, for he has the best articles, fiction, and format adrift. If it can be improved upon, let me know, and I will certainly tell Kennedy. Just now, I'm speechless. Vamp is 10¢ each from Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, New Jersey.

A few items arrived late, so I will review them below. News publications are also listed there.

ATRES ARTES; No. 3

This is really a well-packed issue, hektoed, and complete with photographs and blueprint illustrations. Another case of "I wish it wasn't the last issue," but it can't be helped this time—the unsympathetic U.S. Army has claimed the editor. Gratis from Harold Cheney, 5843 Monroe St., Little Falls, New York.

EMBER; Various numbers.

A very neat hekto 'zine, containing general news, usually Fortean source material for budding authors. 2¢ per copy from Donn Brazier, 1329 N. 33 St., Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin.

2B OR NOT 2B; Vol. 2, Nos. 2 & 3. Ouch, but the material's dated. If Ron puts out his proposed cardzine, he had better be a little more prompt. Gratis from Ron Mad-dox, 130 Summitt Ave., Upper Mont-

clair, New Jersey.

STEENNEWS; Various numbers.

Not bad; resembles Speer in his slack weeks. 5¢ per copy from James Hevelin, 3761 3 St., Riverside, Calif.

MERCURY; No. 12.

This was the only issue I received under the Jewett régime, perhaps because I neglected to ponder on the "X" in the sub.corner. Well, Tom did a good job for a first issue, and from what I hear, he's doing better. Must be good. 3¢ a copy from Tom Jewett, 670 George St., Clyde, Ohio.

THE 'WHERE'S WHO' OF SF



HIDDEN in the square below are the names of 8 sf authors and one AMAZING STORIES writer. Their names start with these letters, and so must you: S, S, K, V, W, W, L, V, M, &. Then, without skipping any letters, go in any direction to find the name. Repeat letters if necessary.

Answers on P. 18. 21

7-8 RIGHT IS AVERAGE

V	A	W	H	A	K
N	E	R	B	U	M
V	L	I	N	T	R
O	S	I	S	E	T
L	G	N	M	I	H
T	R	E	V	A	S



The afternoon newspapers were out, so Johnson weaved through the lunch-hour mob to buy one from the building newsstand. He bought a soda before leaving, and went out after the greater part of the rush was over. Once out on the street, however, he found it again troublesome to get through, for a large group of people was gathered on the nearby corner.

"Somebody been killed!" shouted a passing newsboy.

The young engineer pushed through the crowd to see just what had happened, and reached the corner at the time a policeman was turning the body over. Johnson stared unbelievably.

The corpse was that of Mr. Sherman.

"Move along," ordered the cop. Johnson moved, not knowing exactly where to go. Mechanically, he walked back into the building, and into an elevator.

"Fifteenth floor," he told the operator.

"Fifteen? Fellow who owns the company there was just killed. Hear about it?"

Johnson didn't answer. He was in a daze, and forgot where he had intended to go.

"Fifteen's your floor, buddy," prompted the operator from behind a wad of gum.

"Uh? Oh, yes." The engineer hurried out of the car, into the reception room of Sherman's company. He vaguely wondered who would own the company now.

The same secretary was at the desk, and he walked over to her. "Your employer has been killed," he blurted.

She stared at him, and then said calmly, "You must be mistaken. Mr. Sherman is in his office right now."

The inter-office communicator buzzed. She pushed a button. "Yes, Mr. Sherman?"

"Has a young man by the name of Johnson come in yet? I made an appointment with him last Friday, didn't I?"

"Yes, Mr. Sherman. Mr. Johnson is out here now. Shall I send him in?"

"Immediately."

"You may go in now," said the secretary to Johnson.

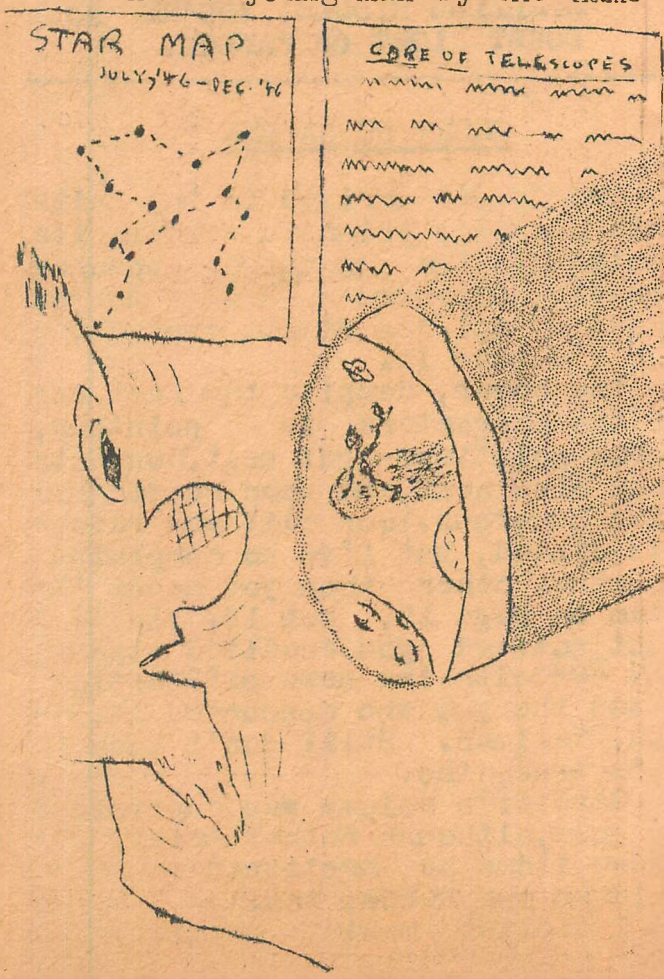
"Thank you," he stammered, and walked into the inner office. Could his disappointment of a few minutes before have just made the corpse appear to be Sherman? Or was there a plot of some kind being carried out. The Sherman in the office would have to be examined carefully before he was shown the plans for the time machine.

"Hello, Johnson," greeted the executive. "Have you completed the plans yet? If they're satisfactory, I have a few men from Chicago here to check them, and perhaps they can help you with it."

"Yes, sir, I have the whole thing designed right here." He indicated a package under his arm.

"Well, then, spread them out on the desk so we can look at them."

(Continued on Page 21)





# THE ROARING TRUMPET



First, because he flatters me, is:

## LIONEL INMAN

Grotesque seems to be getting better and better; not so much because of the material you use as for the atmosphere. And I do not mean that the atmosphere smells. There is an air of sincerity about Grotesque that few fanzines have, and nothing of the fanaticism displayed in others. Speaking of fanaticism, I was talking to Art Sehnert last week about Slan Shack and expressed the desire to live such a life for a time. He made it plain that he would not have lived with the bunch if they paid him. I agreed with him. He did not appear to have anything against any of the Shackers in particular, but was against making a profession of fanning instead of a hobby. I agreed with him. Having to live the stuff all the time and not being able to occasionally lapse back to what the proletariat calls normal would certainly become tiresome and boring, not to mention developing a one-sided personality. Art has taken up coin-collecting as a hobby and I have taken up photography. I am not here, however, to preach the damaging effects of fanning.

The material rates with me as follows: "The Reader Migrates" was the average, uninspired editorial, popped up somewhat by your amusing sub-divisional headings. "The World Agog", by Burboc, was faintly amusing. Streiff's "--And Burbled as It Came" (title, whew!!) could only have been written by a fan. It shows a nice imagination. "A Condensed History of Fandom" failed to hit the well-know spot. Speer's "The Man Who Was Superman" was an excellent satire and was well-written. The poem, "Gibberish" was good. "Fmz Impressions" was as good as could be expected, considering what Maddox had to write on. Joe Kennedy's "True Fan Confession" was

the best thing in the issue since it was so true to my own experiences. I could tell more of my experiences, if anyone would be interested. By all means, get articles like this for every issue, if possible, and sometime in the future, either you or I can publish a collection of them called "True Fan Experiences", "The Secret Life of Joe Fann" or something similar.

Boob's "All's Well and Fuzzy" was excellent, particularly the last part. "Last and Least Men", by Perry, was an also-ran. Letter section pretty good. Let me clear up the confusion about the spelling of my name. It is officially Inman - only two n's in it, though for 17 years, I spelled it Innman. --Ripley, Tennessee

WELL! AT LAST WE HAVE AN  
ANSWER TO THE LONG-LIVED  
SPELLING RIDDLE. YOU'RE NO  
DOUBT RIGHT ON FANDOM.

## GERRY DE LA REE

Groggy #4 arrived in the mails this morning; prior to reading its contents, the magazine appeared greatly improved--and what do you know, my opinion didn't change after I'd read it.

The cover, despite the fact one of the characters is pointing, seems pointless--but neat. Contents page also neat, and upon reading is also humorous. Your edit was rather disjointed, but I've no complaints to make, other than you meant the item on page 17, not 16. Yipe!! I just noticed you credited Alpaugh and Fox with the news of "Startling". I was the guy who announced it, via M.W. Wellman. Still don't know if it's true, tho.

Streiff's column was suprisingly good, although rather brief. All these items he mentioned could be laid to the Deros, tho.

I dislike making enemies, so



I'll skip "A Condensed History of Fandom." Speer was mildly amusing and somewhat clever. Fanzine review contained too much praise, no brickbats. Kennedy's "Confession" was well done and easily the best piece of humor in the ish. Tucker's bit was well done and also interesting. Perry was just so-so. Lettercolumn was good as ever.

--Westwood, New Jersey

SORRY FOR THE ERROR, GERRY. FOR THE BENEFIT OF GROGGY'S OTHER READERS, I MIGHT ADD THAT THE SS RUMOR WAS UNTRUE. GERRY EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING AT A RECENT ESFA MEETING.

-----  
WALTER A. COSLET

I received Grotesque #4 a while back. Thanks a lot. Of course, I want to keep receiving it. Trade, I presume.

You doubtlessly want some comments on Groggy, so: Cover-Sneary's artwork is too unimaginative-- and he follows the comic style (outline) altogether too much. Contents page-Off! That's OK in small doses, but it was horribly overdone on the bottom third of the page. THE READER MIGRATES--Poor title for an editorial, isn't it? But it is interesting--most editorials in fmz are I notice your request for material. Tho the NFFF Manuscript Bureau is well-stocked only with artwork, I do have one article you might want. It's "Not This Chicken", by Beak Taylor. I am also sending you two Sneary pics--one doubtless suitable for a cover, and the other, a filler cartoon. If you don't want any or all of these, please return them. And if you would like more artwork, let me know, for I've lots of it. I have pics suitable for litho covers --or what have you?

THE WORLD AGOG--I fear Burbee is running the series into the ground --much farther and he'll uncover some deros!

AND BURBLED AS IT CAME--Streiff seems rather childish. I hope he

19  
improves. As for his opinions on SS, TWS, FA and PS-- I disagree with him in general. TWS has been improving for about a year, and SS has been down in the dumps until the last two issues and is now beginning to look up. FA never improves (does it?) and PS is going to the dogs but fast!

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF FANDOM--Ow! That's pretty punk!

THE MAN WHO WAS SUPERMAN-Speer rarely pulls a boner like this! I wouldn't have thought he could do so poorly.

GIBBERISH--Not too bad, except for the parts in parentheses.

FMZ IMPRESSIONS! The write-up Maddox gave W-K pulled almost the same amount of new names as the one Startling gave my #1 ish! I surely am surprised! Incidentally, Ron, how about supplying me with your mailing list--you seem to have a lot of readers who are not NFFFers nor letterhacks, and, inasmuch as the next W-K is due to go to some 1,000 fans, I don't wanna skip any one.

THE DAY AFTER THE MARTIANS LAND --OK, but who'd think the Martians would dare to have their hair cut --they might lose their eye-stalks.

Kennedy's fanhistory: Not too good--too much grotesque humor.

Tucker's column: Interesting, fortunately.

know em by their words--OK, got any more?

LAST AND LEAST MEN--Aah! Someone to blast Stapledon at last! All his works I've read show hints of greatness here and there, but always have more disappointments than anything else.

ABANDON HOPE--Does RAP's "no" indicate he doesn't believe the Shaver tales of interspatial travel or that space flight is already in effect? A comment might have cleared this up, but RAP just does not make any. I wonder why.

ROARING TRUMPET--Any chance to get the first three issues? The comments lose their punch without the previous issues. Besides, how will I be able to comment on those issues in Stellarite's fmz review



column if you don't supply me with copies. After all, I haven't ever shorted you on any of my fnz pubs.  
--Helena, Montana

THANKS FOR THE MATERIAL  
AND THE OFFER OF MORE.  
WALTER. SS AND TWS ARE  
DUE TO IMPROVE, WHAT  
WITH THE FUTURE ABSENCE  
OF THE SARGE SATURN DIA-  
LOGUE. NO MORE BACK IS-  
SUES OF GROGGY ARE A-  
VAILABLE FROM ME. ONLY  
NUMBER FOUR CAN BE HAD.

### JOHN COCKROFT

Groggy is really going places as far as I can see. The increase in both size and quality is readily noticeable. I haven't taken the time to read the whole thing as yet, but what I have seen is very high quality stuff. Kennedy's confession hit me right between the eyes, inasmuch as it so closely paralleled my own experiences. I won't comment on Speer's item but the only other feature that I read (The Roaring Trumpet) was very interesting. But then, I always go for the letter departments. The cover was swell, as most of Rick's are.

--San Anselmo, California

THANKS, JAWN.

### TELIS STREIFF

Oh, you've really gone and done it. You put out a superb issue this time. I take back every bad thing I said about Groggy last time. I've got a few kicks though (I have to keep up my reputation). You state the cover was by Rick Sneary...heh, heh. That doodle you called a picture was from a tale known as "The Fire Queen", and the main character was Flash Gordon.. heh..Rick's pulling the wool over your eyes.

Thanks for using my article... Next one is enclosed...((Stoppour-

ding your head against that space ship hull. You'll dent it.))...Now for the rest of the mag.

THE READER MIGRATES...Very funny. Ha, ha.

THE WORLD AGOG...wuz written by Burbee.'Nuf sed. Who drew the illo for it. AND BURBLED AS IT CAME.... heh....cute pic. Who drew it?

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF FANDOM... Boy, you must have been ashamed of this one. No name. Sounds likesome of my stuff. I liked it.

THE MAN WHO WAS SUPERMAN...hah. I've got you now. In the illo, the barber's shaving him..In the story, he shaves himself. You're getting as bad as the promags.

GIBBERISH...AAAaahhhhhhhggggggg.

FMZ REV---(whoops. I mean) IMPRESSIONS...Kinda short. Longer, if you please.

PAGE 12...What was the purpose of this worthy (?) pic?

TRUE FAN CONFESSION CORNER... I will have to send in mine some day.

ALL'S WELL AND FUZZY...Very, very goof. Three beers for Mr. Tucker. I seem to have made a mistake. I suppose it's three cheers. He'd probably rather have the beers, tho.

LAST AND LEAST MEN...I agree.

ROARING TRUMPET...Give originals to Sneary, Tell us Sheriff, and Snaggte Looth.

--Wichita, Kansas

SEE REMARKS ANENT IL-  
LUSTRATION FOR "WORLD  
AGOG" AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS COLUMN\* GULP.

### TOM JEWETT

My very, very dear Mr. Christensen:  
(That ought to get me in the letter colyum!)

Well, well. Twenty pages this time, and very good all the way thru. Sneary's drawing was good. The bottom of the title page was cute.

Hemmel's Scientific Sorties was readable. Pic was better. Streiff's Burblings were very good, as was the puppy pic. /POOR TOM! WE'RE SHORT OF SPACE. SHERLOCK KENNEDY'S MARVELOUS POWERS NOTICED ON EDIT PAGE!



The engineer hesitated, and then began to slowly unwrap the bundle. Suddenly he was grasped from behind by a powerful arm. He broke the grip before his assailant had had time to strengthen the hold, and bolted toward the door of the office.

"Stop him!" shouted Sherman excitedly. Saying this, the middle-age man dived for Johnson's legs, but he was not swift enough for his younger opponent, who grabbed a small card file and hurled it into his face. Sherman clutched at his eyes in agony, temporarily blinded.

One of the henchmen, a brawny fellow, moved toward Johnson in a wrestler's stance, arms partly outstretched. Then he dashed forward quickly. His hands reached for the engineer's throat, but he missed his mark as Johnson fell backward through the plate glass door, and then leaped for the outer office door. The secretary stood there with a pistol in her hand. He stopped his flight.

Just then, Sherman stumbled into the room, dazed. "Let him go," he mumbled. "Let him go."

The secretary looked at him curiously. "But I thought you wanted him stopped."

"No, we have the plans now, so he can't interfere with us in the future or past. He can't prove anything now."

"I suppose you're right," said the secretary, "but aren't you going to repay him for what he did to you?"

"Can't let my personal feelings interfere with our plans. They might listen to his story if he had wounds as evidence, and they would investigate if he disappeared. Remember: maybe some of their scientists, slow as they may be, are secretly perfecting a time machine, just as this inferior specimen. Even though they mayn't, we can't take the chance."

"Perhaps it would hurt him enough if we were to tell him what we are going to do; what he cannot stop."

"Your race wasn't the first to exist on this planet, Johnson, nor was it the first intelligent species to live here. We here are members of that now non-existent race which came before you. We were doing rather well until your ancestors came along and defeated us, although we were as much more intelligent than them as you are wiser than your domesticated animals. In fact, we had already completed and tested a time machine before your hordes came. But we did not know how to fight, so we were beaten. Now we have accumulated enough knowledge of your modern means of barbaric warfare, we can go back to our time and teach them to our otherwise peaceful people. Your early race will have no chance against advanced weapons, and after we extinguish them, your whole civilization will disappear, generation after generation, in a sort of chain explosion. Our race shall then continue to be the dominant one."

"Now get out," said one of the henchmen, "and count the days till you pop into nothingness."

Johnson walked out of the office. So, they must have murdered the original Sherman. He thought of the time machine plans—of the one he had already built, and which was in his laboratory. He rushed home.

#### ANSWERS TO "WHERE'S WHO" OF SF

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Smith    | 5. Weinbaum |
| 2. Skaver   | 6. Wells    |
| 3. Kuttner  | 7. Leinster |
| 4. Van Vogt | 8. Verne    |
| 9. Merritt  |             |

"—I had discovered in my earlier calculations that 1757 AD was a sort of terminal point, at which all time travelers must stop and reset the device. You can—you must stop them, or we shall all cease to exist."

"You mean that I must fire upon them when they land here?"

Dupont fired his musket. "Pig

of a liar!" he shouted. "English spy," he muttered as he searched for the other gold the "Time Traveler" had. He turned and walked swiftly toward the Fort with his loot, not noticing the weird luminescence—



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May, 1934 issue. Cover by Clay Ferguson, Jr.; "The Outpost", a poem by H.P. Lovecraft; interview of Donald Wandrei; "Fallacies of Stf.", by Thos. S. Gardner; "The Vortex World", by Ray Palmer; "The Return to Venus", by Ray Winters; many great departments; and included "Cosmos", Chapt. 12, "At the Crater's Core", by J. Harvey Haggard. Guaranteed!

Feb., 1934. Autobiographical sketches of Ralph Milne Farley, P. Schuyler Miller and Capt. S. P. Meek; fiction by Ray Palmer; features by Mort Weisinger, Julius Schwartz, Milton Kaletsky, Forrest J. Ackerman, Ray Palmer, etc.; also complete "Cosmos" chapter 9: "Menace of the Automaton", by Abner J. Gelula.

Dec., 1934-Jan., 1935 issue. Special "Wonder Stories" issue. Cover by Clay Ferguson, Jr.; Autobiography of Charles D. Hornig; Interview with Frank R. Paul; "Stories We Reject", by Charles D. Hornig; other material by Edward Gervais, Charles D. Hornig, Palmer, Ackerman, etc. Also included, complete "Cosmos" chapter 17, "Armageddon in Space", by Edmond Hamilton.

Oct.-Nov., 1934 issue. Special "Astounding Stories" issue. Cover by Clay Ferguson, Jr.; Interviews with F. Orlin Tremaine, Desmond Hall, Elliot Dold, Jr.; "Why I Use a Pen Name" (of Murray Leinster), by Will F. Jenkins; "English Reaction", by John Russell Fearn; all regular departments, and included, special chapter 16 of "Cosmos", "Lost in Alien Dimensions", by Eando Binder.

(Note: All "Cosmos" chapters are complete in themselves and have never been printed elsewhere. The smallest is 12 pages in length.)

June, 1935 issue. Autobiography of Stanley G. Weinbaum; "How I Came to Write Science Fiction", by Ray Cummings; "Anaphylaxis", by A. W. Bernal; "The Art of Time-Travel", by Thos. S. Gardner; "A Strato-Pilot's Philosophy", by Frank Missman; other material by Palmer, Ackerman, etc.

July, 1935. Special Time-Travel issue. "Time Traveling is Impossible!", by Milton Kaletsky; "The Art of Time-Travel", by Thos. S. Gardner; "The Rexmel", by R. M. Farley; biographical sketch of Robt. E. Howard; "Behind the scheme of Things", by D.R. Daniels, etc. ORDER FROM MOSKOWITZ!



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