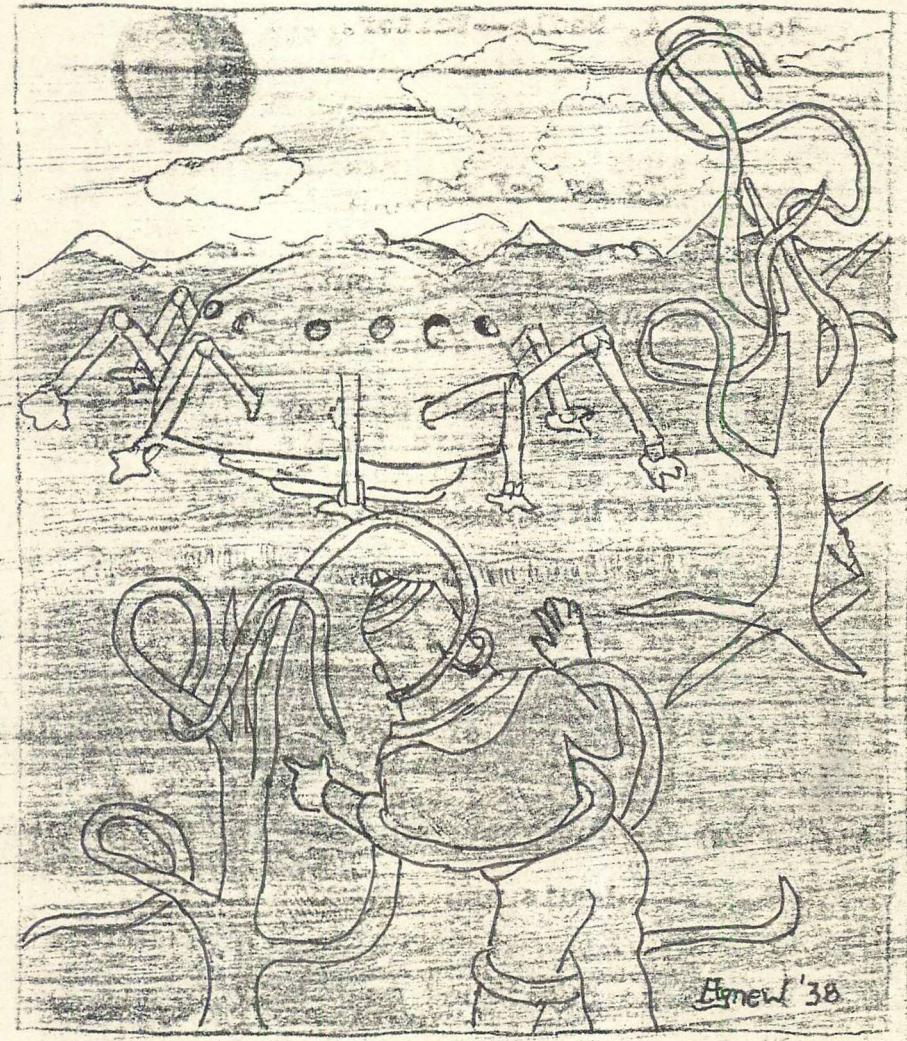
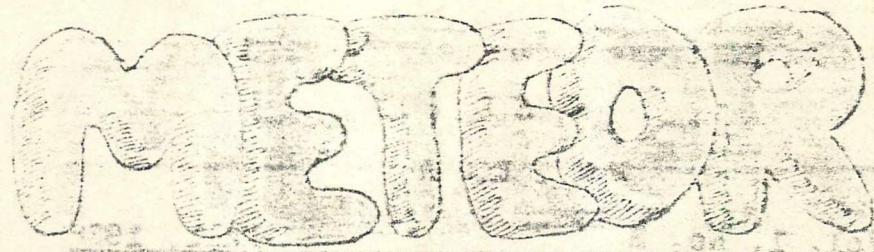


THE



Vol. 1 - No. 3

FALL - 1938

FAPA

THE
METEOR

Vol. 1, No. 3

Fall, 1938

Robert A. Madle--Editor. FAPA

To an S-F Fan

There is a science fiction fan,
Who is a crazy lout.
He certainly is not a man,
For all he does is shout.

He staggers 'round all day,
His long beard trails the ground.
He falls on bended knee to pray,
His brains do not abound.

He glares and stares upon his mags,
No sanity he shows.
He goes about clad in his rags,
And thinks of all he knows(?)

What think you of a case so sad?
Does he deserve to live?
Judge not...your own may be as bad.
Do not your judgment(?) give!

-----Louis and Gertrude Kuelan,

THE METEOR is published quarterly in the interest of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Contributions (literary) welcomed.

The Meteor

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A FAN GOES TO WASHINGTON--EPISODE II

...Edwin Hadley Smith

by Jack Dyer

Living just across the Potomac in Arlington, Edwin Hadley Smith, Librarian for the amateur press association, is a retired government worker, tho he says he's not yet at regular retirement age. He thus would have lots of time to devote to his hobby. Since that his collections are in the basement, which is cold in the winter months; consequently, like all collectors, he is behind in his work.

Mr. Smith is a member of the Fossils, a group of men who were amateur journalists thirty or more years ago, which numbers some interesting personalities among its members. His wife's father was president the first year of the National Amateur Press Association, back in the 1870's, which was the first she also is interested in amateur journalism.

Mr. Smith welcomed me cordially and we immediately plunged into things and etc. He took time off at one point to take my picture ---he has a trunkful of ajays (a jay's), and again to serve grapefruit juice so we could talk "legibly" again (my word).

I found some difficulty in making clear to him the difference between the status of the FAPA and the mundane APA's---National, United, and American. He had thought the Newark Convention was the FAPA's first annual official get-together. We didn't go far into FAPA politics. Mr. Smith is very much interested in our publications, but he wrings his hands over their modes of duplication (hektos,

MINEO). He showed me the Cali Forum, an NAPA pub of about a hundred pages, fine workman-ship, and everything. (in thumbing through it, I noticed the name of O. Hamilton Bloomer. I might note that the APA's are the resting place of some of our old pals-- Wilson Shepherd, you know, is high in the APA; George Hahn recently joined; also, Michel and Paul are members, but have done nothing in the American.)

I delivered to Mr. Smith three originals of some carbon-copied pubs that I published reciprocally with McPhail and looked thru his stacks of stuff. He again and again deplored Neglography. For one thing, he feared it would fade; I reassured him there, remembering the fate of some of my early TFG Bulletins, warned him against moisture. Neglography is dinn, too, 3222pp. I couldn't argue the point on my own behalf, but did point to others.

Why he said, couldn't we put out mimeographed pubs, at least? They were legible, would keep, & more-over, wouldn't remove that fifty member limit. In vain I pled that in the FAPs the emphasis is on material rather than formed or made of reproduction. In vain I pled the prohibitive cost of even the mimeo; he pointed out that many always print their press on make space money by printing pubs for those who don't own presses. Why, he asked, couldn't this practice be adopted by FAPPers with mimeo? I was beaten, blocked at every turn, and I fled out the road northward again to visit the head of the Washington Outsliders Club. But that is another story.

The Maggielans (publishers of IMAGINATION), whom Mr. Smith has a very high opinion of, are sending him books regularly. I

SUGGEST that other "commercial" publishers do likewise; these publications are bound and placed in the Benjamin Franklin Institute of Amateur Journalists in Boston, whereupon Mr. Smith will receive an introductory card and will always be there, while your parents or your landlady may confiscate & destroy all personal files. ~~and even though I have just sunk eight dollars in a new helio~~ I do advise that those who can possibly afford it print or mimeo their mags, that those who can't, give consideration to Mr. SMITH'S suggestion that they get some one who has ~~wanted~~ to do it for them.

My address is 524 N. Kenmore, Arlington, Virginia.

—JS— Aug. 18—738-

NIGHT

As I look out across the paths of light
I wonder at the littleness of earth
A meteor raced past that fiery flight
Reflects my spirit in its sudden birth
Infinite, about yet Time and Space
Equation factors in a changeless plant
What matter that a star should lose its place
And tease its rays on the head of man?

Some say that space is finite, like a ball.
How many worlds and suns it calls its own?
I wonder at it now. Yet, above us,
Greater than Space with shining star-dust strewn
Older by far that Time itself, I know,
IS this within which makes me wonder so.

—Albert Sidney Johnston,

ABOUT SOME CLIPPINGS

by Dale Hurt

Below are some items which I clipped from various sources. Comment follows some of the bits.

Historians claim the year before 1 A.D. was 1 B.C., but astrologers say it was "0" B.C., or just plain ~~zero~~. What do youse guys say? Frankly, I don't know.

I was in Los Angeles last week qlib-tonqued. Suave gentleman sell him a street car for \$100. But all Californians are not that glibble, are they Ferrie?

The first man on earth to go on a bender may have lived in what is now the Big Bend country of West Texas, the Smithsonian Institution announced July 5, 1936. Its head curator of the anthropology department, Dr. F. M. Setzler, excavated a prehistoric graveyard near Dryden, Texas and more evidence found elsewhere indicates that early American inhabitants were the first heavy drinkers. Some people of today still like inhabitants.

A couple United Press dispatches disclose that Mrs. Ruth H. Johnson, candidate for an office in Oklahoma, is broke and is carrying out her political campaign via short-waves. She broadcasts at 8:30 A.M. every day. Jack. A lot of people feed on earlier article

and immediately many wrote her asking her for help in locating friends, regaining daughters' affections, etc. She calls all these people "metal hitch-hikers of the thought-waves." Rather quaint.

Three full-length films constitute the ordinary bill at Argentine theaters. Argentina, here I come!

Dust is as dangerous as gunpowder. If fine particles are distributed in the air in certain ratio, a spark will ignite them and cause an explosion. Why didn't I shake the dust from my s-f collection on July Fourth?

Italian scientists have developed a type of translucent glass which permits beneficial solar rays to pass through, but keeps out the sun's heat. How the people who are to live in future glass dwellings will not suffer sunburn.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I saw and clipped a cartoon showing two animals, a tree, and a ponderous book. One animal is in the tree, consulting the volume. Says he: "I'm safe! This book says the beast that chased me can't climb trees." This while the aforementioned beast blithely is climbing up the tree in which the reader is perched.

That's all the clippings. Interesting?

JUST GLANCE OVER THIS LINEUP

The Road Back by Sam Moskowitz
Who's Who in the Clayton Astounding by Dale Hart
Who Says It's Not Worthwhile by Robert A. Hadie
Crax S-F' al by Edward Dale
Atmosphere in Fan Hags by Robert Bahr
Str. in the Comets by Harry Warner, Jr.
Science Fiction Review by Thomas Whiteside
Behind the Scenes at "Amazing" by M. Reinsberg
Death Is a Dilection by Henry Kuttner
Will Science Ever Turn the Corner? by J. Moor
Looking Around with Willis Conover, Jr.

ALSO: The following departments:

Art Pictorial Department by M. A. Rothman
Get Your Answer Please! (Question Department)
The Writer's Comments (with add.)
In House, The Writer's Message

COPS. Almost forgot.

Poetry by Peter Gough
An Woee HK is Right by Sinclair Campagne

Illustrations by John Cimino and Jack Lipp

Well, even the most cynical among you will have to admit that line-up listed above

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