

# SCIENTI- SNAPS











SCIENTI - SNAPS  
"First Anniversary Issue"

February 1939

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Editor, Walter E. Marconette

Contents

Fiction

"The Mother" by Nils H.  
Frome.....4

"A Prince of the Ringed  
Planet" by Henry H.  
Hunter.....12

Articles & Features

Rating Review (Startling  
Stories for Jan. 1939).....9

"An Answer to 'Science or  
Fiction?'" by  
R.D.Swisher, Ph. D.....10

"Dracula's Ancestor" by  
W.E.Marconette.....11

"Fool's Gold" by James  
Avery.....15

Departments

Coming Features...Contents Page

Fireside.....16

Advertisements.....18

Illustrations in this issue are  
by Frome and Marconette

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Combination!! Next issue of Scienti-Snaps will be combined with  
Science Fantasy Movie Review! Many well known names coming up!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* COMING FEATURES \*

\* Fiction \*

\* "The Incredible Olympian" \*  
\* by S. F. Balboa \*  
\* "Egyptian Hell" \*  
\* by Henry H. Hunter \*  
\* a new "Magician of Space" \*  
\* by James V. Taurasi \*

\* Humorous Features \*

\* "A Jest" by Jack Johnson \*  
\* "Philip's Phinal Phantasy" \*  
\* by Harry Warner, Jr. \*

\* Articles \*

\* "The Purpose of Science \*  
\* Fiction" by Jack Miske \*  
\* "Read 'Em and Creep!" by \*  
\* Harry Warner, Jr. \*



## T H E   M O T H E R

by Nils H. Frome

"Empress Fiction — The Best!"

It was his eyes that first impressed her—there was something definitely, fascinatingly unearthly about them; something which one noticed above and before all else, and yet which no one could quite place. They were, weirdly enough violet; but that did not quite explain their sense of other worldliness. Yet instead of repelling they attracted and were utterly charming and warm, almost hypnotic. After seeing him, or rather staring at him beyond all politeness, that night Mary had the impression that he acted like a person reveling in an experience new to him. On studying him more she decided that it was all subconscious; that he was something even he did not fully realize. On studying him still further she fell in love with him, and all so simply married him in a little church the next day.

Their married life started out like that of many another devoted couple; they began their honeymoon. There were weeks under the silver, south sea island moon with murmuring waves glistening whitely. She learned all about him: that his parents had died years before, leaving him, an only child, very wealthy.

It had been so prosaic after all, she thought as she lay in his arms on the silvery beach looking up at the moon; and she was beginning to laugh at her fancies. Nothing was different in their lives together than that in any number of people's. If there was anything untoward, it stayed deep in her husband's eyes where not even he could find it.

Yes, everything was normal except for one little thing. Harvey had changed somehow since they

had come here. There was something new in his expression as he gazed out over the moon-silvered sea. She couldn't understand it. And whenever he gazed at the sea, she had the impression that he was, unknown to himself, waiting for some mysterious thing.

At other times he was happy and far from moody; but always when night came and the sound of the ocean's murmuring, he became someone else and seemed half asleep or hypnotized. It was at such times she felt closer and yet farther away from Harvey.

Things came to a head when they moved into a beautiful little cottage on the rugged coast of Norway where they decided they would spend the rest of their lives. There they could look far out over the North Sea. It was comfortable. A private generator supplied them with electricity although they used it little, preferring to sit about the open fireside and view each other in the soft light.

That is until a few days after they had come to the place, when her husband had begun to take walks along the cliffs in the moonlight—walks which began earlier and earlier, and ended later and later. Mary had the feeling that what she had consciously or unconsciously suspected from the first moment was coming out little by little. She didn't know what the final act would be.

As the night crept on and she lay in bed unable to sleep, she heard the roar (no murmur here) of the breakers and thought of her husband out there on his solitary vigil; and she could







see that unfamiliar, remote, strangely nostalgic expression settled upon his face in the gloom as he stared out over the inscrutable, restless ocean.

Then one night after he had been out exceptionally long, Mary heard running steps and the door of their cottage close; then saw a figure enter their bedroom. Her husband was clad only in shorts and a sweater, for though winter was approaching and it was cold outside with the bitter wind from the sea, her husband was amazingly unaffected by extreme cold. It had been raining and he was dripping. Mary feigned sleep for she did not want her husband to suspect that she did not sleep when he kept his cryptic rendezvous with the unknown.

She was just going to pretend waking up when a thunderbolt of icy fear stabbed through her. She didn't move—didn't dare to; and the while she lay like that the old grandfather clock ticked off the long minutes and merged with another sound—a drip, drip, drip of rain falling from soaked clothes upon the floorboards.

The presence of something weird, something wild, something ancient and fathomless could be felt. She saw as clearly as though she could see through her eyelids how pallid, how numb was the face staring down at her. She saw deep into his mind where she now was revolted to find the dwelling place of the coiled black serpent of an ancient, ponderous, vampiric secret.

He had brought into the room the blackness of the sea and the eternity of that blackness. He had once said that her body and her eyes were the only home he had. She now sensed a great struggle in his mind — a choice to be made between that home and another, a frightful one out

there in the night. Then, dying a natural death, her fears subsided.

Her husband, at last decided, busied himself with lighting the candle on the table; and when he had it lit he found Mary's eyes open. He didn't kiss her. She had to know. She had to decide how strong love was. Oh Heaven, he thought, let it be strong — strong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside there was a different world, a world made for other creatures than man—for frightful creatures of blackness that slide up on bleak shores and lonely rocks from nameless abysses, and bask like a snake basks in the sun. And night never seems to end; day is not a thing that alternates inexorably with this world, but something that can be gone around, outwitted, left behind.

An eternity of storm lashed sea was the world of the thing called Maru-Nu. Maru-Nu would have been mistaken for a woman had anyone surprized her out of the water on a storm blasted night as some had in the past. Once an ancient Greek—ancient in the mind of mankind, but to her it was as yesterday—had seen her. They had struck up a friendship of a sort. She had told him many things on subsequent stormy nights while they sat together upon a spray polished rock by the sea. He had been an earnest student of the cosmos and occult lore. She had liked his face in an impersonal sort of way.

For a long time—long even to her (if she could indeed be called "she") — she had divided her time between solving the secrets of the universe and satisfying her curiosity about the world outside hers. That world some-



times sent out tubs that were at first wooden and extremely small. They so touched her heart somehow that she guarded some of them from the certain destruction that they courted over her domain. Now they even roared over it in artificial birds, and meditated upon the black beauty of her realm.

But then a change came upon her. She knew immediately what she wanted, and that was motherhood. She wanted a child to accompany her in her ceaseless traveling, to whom she could teach the secrets of the cosmos, to play with. Life palled her, and she drifted for a century. How was parenthood to be achieved and where?

Not even she could reproduce herself by herself like a worm. She was thoroughly familiar with human nature, and the thought occurred to her that she might entice some male member of that race almost like hers (of which she was the last) to mate with her. But she was afraid that before mating could be effected her pawn would discover what she was—a thing that would disintegrate all desire. What was she to do?

The yearning for a little companion was agonizing and growing. Once mating had been achieved, she knew that her seed would dominate in the personality of the offspring. She felt sure that the cryptic forces at her command would leave nothing of the sire's individual or even racial qualities in the child. It would love and live in the sea with her; it would love the midnight and the cold stars; and it would have her unearthly instincts.

At last, while sitting upon a south sea island beach one still night, she was distracted from her thoughts by a sailor staggering up the beach. He was drunk enough to be blind to her inhu-

maness, but not too intoxicated for her purpose. Not being human and seeing everything far from an Earthly viewpoint, she judged the whole thing from an aspect a human mind cannot even conceive of. She regarded it as a very necessary evil.

In due course she fulfilled her utmost desire. What a strange beginning for a child! But no stranger than the child. It was the newly made mother's greatest joy and bitterest disappointment. Maru-Nu's offspring was ethereally beautiful from the moment of its birth—not like the red cabbages of offspring Earthly mothers bring into the world. Signs of its alien heritage were violet eyes altogether different in structure from the eyes of man. Divine if undeveloped intelligence shone from those eyes from the first. It was hers through and through.

But while it was mentally like her and gifted with her small gills inside its human-looking nose, it grew like an Earth child, not slowly as it ought to have but terribly, unthinkably fast. But Maru-Nu's happiness outweighed her apprehension. She showed her son things man has never seen and taught him many marvels.

When he was three she had left him sitting on a boulder by the beach, admiring the sunrise while Maru-Nu went to get them both a meal. He was sitting thus enraptured like some beautiful statue—his complexion white but perfect, straight limbed, and well muscled—when two people managed to approach very close to him before he was aware of anyone. He tried to escape into the water, but was caught before he could do so.

They spoke to him in words he did not understand: "What a



fine boy, Adela. But don't you know that you would drown if you did what you were trying to do? Surely you can't swim at your age, can you? Or perhaps you can; I've never seen a stranger boy."

"Richard," said the man's wife, "there is something queer about that boy. Look at those eyes. They aren't altogether human."

"You're just imagining things though it's funny no one's about. Wonder who his parents can be? He's just the sort of boy we've always wanted, Adela, isn't he? Husky, and you can see that he has an unusual mind. What a man he will grow up to be! Since we can't have any children of our own I've never wanted to adopt someone else's flesh and blood; but....."

Thus, when Maru-Nu returned, she found her son gone. For a long time the shock stayed her. Tears flowed from her eyes unceasingly for days as she sat on a submarine crag. Time and again she came to the beach, but it remained deserted. Nothing would give her consolation.

When at last her tears gave out she sat fathoms deep, unmindful of everything but that her son was gone. Years passed and from that submarine crag she hardly ever moved, rising only to vainly survey the beach to see if her son had returned.

At last one night she saw a light in the cottage on top of the cliffs above the beach. That was where the rich American tourist who had taken her son had lived. Was her son there? She would wait. But why was he so long? They would both vanish in the sea when he came, and never again would she be so careless. Intently she watched, and was rewarded by the sight of a figure coming out the door.

The wind whipped coldly across the sea. Waves smote thunderously upon the beach and the base of the cliffs.....

\* \* \* \* \*

Harvey's voice died away. He tried to read the thoughts in Mary's mind. Would she cringe from him? Would she become hysterical? Was she stunned? It would depend upon her answer whether he stayed here with her or went out into the night forever. He loved her above life itself — even more than he loved his mother.....

Then silently she drew him close to her lips and kissed him with the words:

"The same forces that made me made you — and they made us for each other. We found birth one way or another as fate steered us, that is all. We are no more or less than our eternal love for one another."

----- T H E E N D -----

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# R A T I N G R E V I E W Startling Stories — January 1939

System: \*\*\*\* superb — \*\*\* excellent — \*\* good — \* fair

\*\*\*\* "The Black Flame" by Stanley G. Weinbaum.....An intensely interesting novel of the future. Weinbaum's best.

\*\*\* "The Eternal Man" by D. D. Sharp.....A very good reprint from an early Wonder.

\* "Science Island" by Eando Binder...A "robots to conquer world" story. Not at all up to Binders' usual level.

Various departments are fairly interesting.....

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AN ANSWER TO "SCIENCE OR FICTION?"

a more or less scientific discussion by

Robert D. Swisher, Ph. D.

I hope your Fred Jackson doesn't launch another tirade about science in science fiction when he reads my letter in the Nov. Astounding Science Fiction. He has made me feel silly enough already, but if it hadn't been for that letter of mine no one else would have known. You see, I too have made calculations for Gallun's "The Path" similar to the one mentioned by Cambell, and mentioned a little later by another correspondent to the Critic. I must confess, shamefacedly it is true, that while performing these maneuvers in elementary physics and semi-lower mathematics, I do momentarily experience a surreptitious thrill of illicit pleasure; but always in the cold grey dawn of the next morning I realize that such a course will lead certainly to no good end — realize it with grave misgivings. And now here I stand, exposed in my shame at last by the fortuitous coincidence of Fred Jackson's article and my letter to Astounding — exposing me to the world as a science-quibbler. Moreover, a science-quibbler who science-quibbles for the mere empty pleasure of science-quibbling. Gad!

On first reading the Jackson article I did experience momentarily a pleasant glow of warmth and appreciation when I was inferentially termed a genius (for what madman will admit his madness?) along with the others who have calculated "The Path". And who does not experience such a glow when praised thus, even though the praise may be meaningless and though the praiser's opinion may not be worth a damn? But sober consideration discloses

that Fred Jackson did not seriously advance that genius alternative—he merely gave it out of the kindness of his heart to ease the blow. He knows very well that we are madmen, but his innate nobility of character would not permit so bald and uncomprising a disclosure. For that we thank you, Fred Jackson!

And yet even Fred draws a line beyond which he himself admits that he is wont to practice a little science-quibbling. For instance, he will not countenance the presence of clouds in space. Now it seems to me that the phenomenon of clouds in space is quite permissible, within limits of course. Clouds of obscuring and reflecting matter are observed in space — not of water droplets, as are our own atmospheric clouds, it is true, yet they can be called clouds. And personally I consider that the presence of clouds, even of the aqueous, earthly type, is several points less objectional than say the violation of Newton's laws of motion and gravity. And I think Fred will agree to that.

Yet the only excuse I can offer for having made that so objectional calculation on "The Path" was merely idle curiosity as to whether Gallun's set-up was in accord with these Newtonian laws. To be specific, the calculations (really, they were very little and unimportant ones, Fred, hardly worth all this fuss) involved only two points: first, whether the velocity of escape from the sun at the distance of Earth's orbit was greater than the velocity of escape from Earth at its surface;



second, whether the velocity necessary to give the projectile a round trip in 14 years lies between those limits.

Incidentally, my answers (subject to arithmetical error, I will admit) were "yes" to both questions. Do you think that Fred Jackson would forgive me and the other "Path" calculators if I assure him that the calculations were made without consideration of the serious consequences that might arise if such actions ever became known to the public; and that regardless of whether the second question was answered yes or no, we still consider Gallun's story good? I hope so because it is distressing in the extreme to find one's self a pariah of sorts!

We seem to be living in a new harsh, changing world these last years — a world full of zealous missionaries, converting right and left. Even our tiny, once comfortable world of science fiction is stirring restlessly.. From all sides we are cajoled, exhorted, threatened, warned, ridiculed—not by outsiders but by those in our own group. According to various opinions expressed during the past year or so, if we in S-F are to justify our existence and stand unashamed we must do the following among other things: We must all give up weird fiction, we must all fight along with the leftist movement for realization of a utopian world state, we must all become amateur scientists with basement laboratories, we must not speak of fantastic plays or mention cartoons and comic strips, we must reject all S-F not of the highest literary caliber (that with a purpose or message), we must not indulge in childish play with toy airplanes, we must reject all S-F with

fallacious science, we must not make mathematical calculations about any story. Indeed this malignant germ of intolerance is so insidious that it infects even those who guard against it. Myself, for example, who in this plea for tolerance waxes most intolerant of those who are intolerant. Enough!

Two last words: I'll bet that Fred Jackson thinks that "King Kong" is better S-F than "Things to Come". And I hope that this communication doesn't make Fred Jackson feel as small and silly as I felt upon reading his article. Or do I?

----- T H E E N D -----

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DRACULA'S ANCESTOR  
review of an ancient "Vampire"  
manuscript

Have you ever seen a copy of "Varney the Vampire" by Thomas Preskett Prest? No? Well, neither have I; but I still intend to tell you just a little about it.

"Varney the Vampire" was first published about 1847 in England. At the date of this writing I have only seen a copy of the first chapter. If we may use this small section (the book has 220 chapters!) as a true criterion of the entire work, the book must truly be a masterpiece of fantastic fiction. It is most certainly lurid, but is written with a wealth of description and no end of thrilling detail.

Remember "Varney the Vampire"; it is a desirable title to add to your bibliography of weird tomes.

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—W. E. M.  
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A PRINCE OF THE RINGED PLANET

— Conclusion —  
by Henry Haskel Hunter

Chapter 4  
The Trail Leads to Unecil

One Earth month after the Prince of Lston had been de-throned, Thalvor and Defo urged their mounts through the last, straggling clumps of the Lbotian Forests. Dead ahead loomed the mountain fastnesses of a mighty range—a range whose white-capped peaks clutched vainly at the vaulting sky.

Up the lower slope, gentle and free of debris, galloped the pair of riders. They rode in stony silence, not because of any difference between them, but merely because speech seemed futile. Both were far from their native land; moreover, there seemed scant possibility that they would ever again see that land. The pounding feet of their semars carried them step by step on into unknown—and therefore hostile—country.

Then, topping a steep rise, they saw nestled before them in a long valley a gleaming city. Spires and minarets shot high above the city proper, and glorious spiral roadways connected every balcony with every other. The valley itself was lush with verdant foliage. Plants with many-hued leaves, trees bearing strange fruits and lovely blooms, a rich carpet of weird, bluish fungi—all this and more stretched before their astounded eyes.

"Like you the view, strangers?"

The two turned to find a smiling girl standing scant inches away. A huntress she seemed, for she carried a long-bow in one tapering white hand while a quiver of arrows peeped shyly over one slim shoulder. Tall and

slender she stood — the chill, brisk mountain wind whipping the long, single garment she wore about her lithe form.

"And who might you be, fair lady?" laughingly enquired Thalvor.

"I, sirs? I am Queen of Unecil, the city which lies below you!"

Chapter 5  
Journey's End...

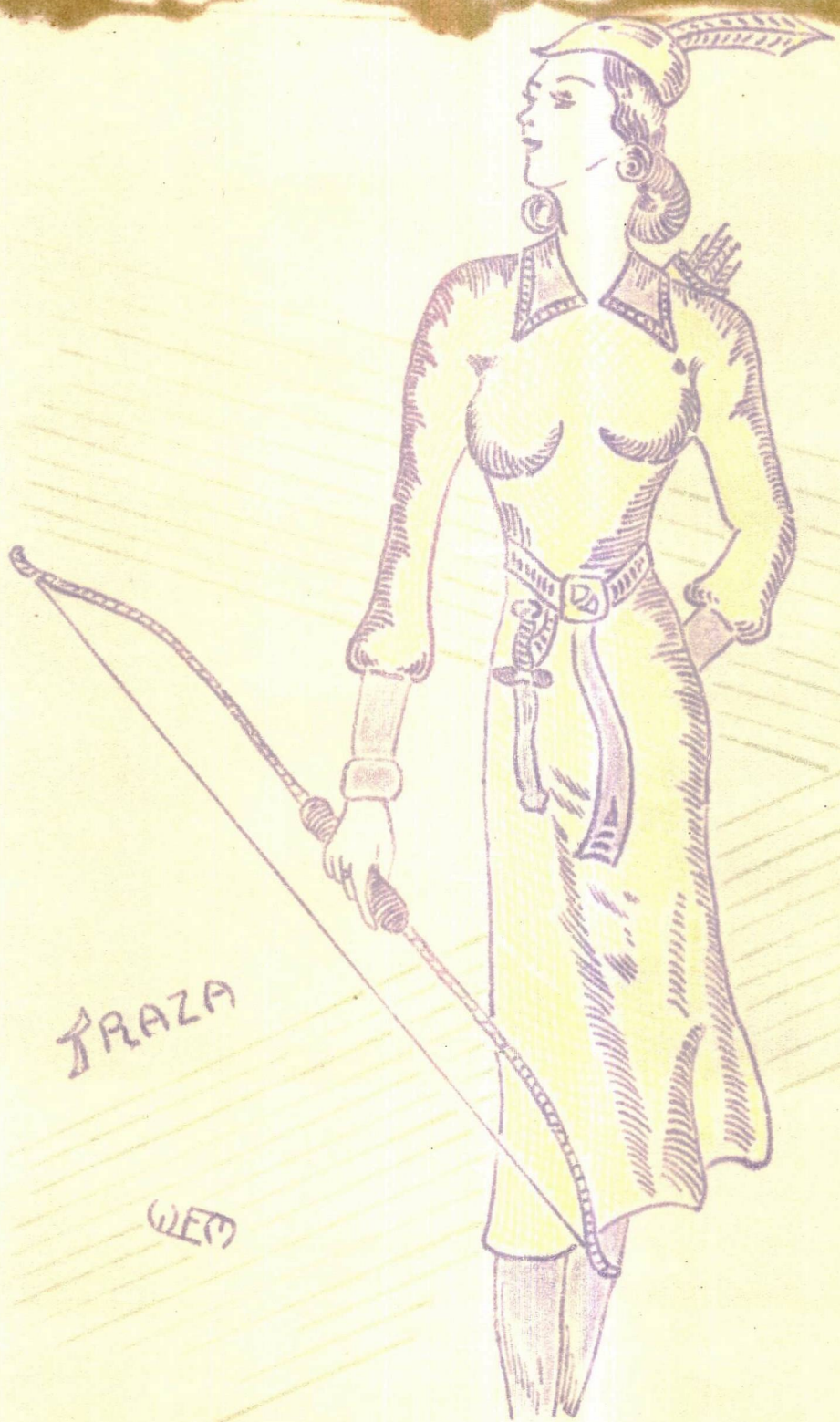
Life drifted lazily in Unecil and Thalvor and Defo gradually adopted the Unecilian outlook. They were more than welcome in this admirably hospitable city, and they certainly had no particular place to visit. Indeed, why should they push on? In all probability they would never find another abode like this on all Saturn.

And as the weeks slowly passed, Thalvor paid more and more attention to Traza, the queen. Her youthful, wild exuberance and beauty quite erased all thought of Yon Litan.

But Defo chafed with inaction. He longed to return to Lston, to strike a blow — no matter how vainly—for his deposed Prince. Thalvor himself hardly regarded the loss of his throne; actually — though he never would have admitted it —he was almost glad to be rid of it. Here there were no affairs of state to interfere with his pleasures. Then too, there was no Traza in far off Lston.

So they lingered for half an Earth year. Then, one fine morning, Defo sought out his royal friend. He pleaded with the Prince to return to his na-







tive land. Surely, Uen Litan being the tyrannical swine he was, the people would be seething with unrest. With leaders—who knew? — perhaps they could sweep the kingdom and restore Thalvor to his rightful place.

"I can't go Defo. You know that."

"I know nothing of the sort! I know only that your mind is reeling with the Unecilian queen's kisses! Heavens, man, it's the talk of the entire valley!"

"Have a care, my hearty, lest I run you through!"

Then, at once ashamed of his

outburst, Thalvor clapped his arm over the other's shoulder.

"You're right, Defo; but I love Traza. I couldn't leave her—not even for a throne. Perhaps someday....."

His gaze swung out the window, out across the beauteous valley to the hazy range of hills beyond which lay Lston. Thalvor stood thus, as though thinking, for long, long minutes. Then a bit of that old, daredevil fire flashed in his eyes.

"Someday!"

----- T H E E N D -----

# FOOL'S GOLD

an article by Jim Avery

Note: The opinions and views expressed in this article are entirely those of the author and are not necessarily those of the editor and publisher.

About a year or so ago I had a brief article in Helios (now defunct), in which I blithely predicted a golden age for science fiction. Little did I dream then that my prediction, given in an idle moment of rashness, would ever become a reality. But it did—at least outwardly. To be sure, we have now eight science fiction magazines, plus several in England, as compared with the three being published at the time of my previous writing. But the question is being asked now, "Is this really the golden age of science fiction?" And I for one answer "No!" It is only an age of sham, of fool's gold, of sensational and cheap exploitation of science fantasy.

I think I know how it all came about. From what I've read of the pulp business in the North American Review, Scrib-

ner's, and the Saturday Review of Literature, pulp publishing is carried on in the darkest secrecy. Even the editors themselves sometimes (but not always) do not know the circulation of their own magazine; and when the figures are given out, as they must be to advertisers, they are quoted as a whole, using the entire national chain of a company's string as a single unit. It is said that one editor figured his circulation by counting each letter he received as seven readers. (Could this have been Tremaine?)

Now here's what I think happened in the science fiction publishing field: somewhere along the line, Astounding's circulation figures slipped out, thereby giving other concerns a clue as to the popularity of science fiction. Another important factor in the rise of the four or five new fly-by-night magazines hitting the stands now, is the fact that the word rate of TWS did not drop this summer when seven of its sister magazines lowered theirs.. a very significant factor, and one which should not have been



made public. Then, when Ziff-Davis bought the unwanted Amazing along with Radio News, they were naturally forced to make a go of it at all costs. Now, after all that had happened, Postal Publications got wind of the tremendous possibilities in the fantasy field and straightway dumped Marvel Science on the market only as a glut. It was not intended to make money--only to stifle competition that is wreaking havoc with their other magazines! But failing in this, they are now trying to do the deed up brown by forcing a second magazine on the already loaded field. This magazine, Dynamic Science, in all probability will be as cheap and worthless as Marvel itself.

But for all this flooding of fantasy, it is my own belief that by the end of 1939 the field will be once more as clear as it was at the beginning of 1937, with perhaps a few improvements in the then existing magazines. And now a prediction that will no doubt startle some, and cause a number of others to shake their heads sagely! If things keep on as they have for the past three months, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if the Honorable Hugo Gernsback will again publish a science fiction magazine as he promised in his editorial in the Science Fiction Critic for June 1936. Mark my words.....if there is the remotest possibility of a dime being made in the fantasy field, Gernsback will re-enter science fiction once more! "Sic temper!"

----- T H E E N D -----  
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(The above article seems to have definite possibilities for active discussion. We should like to receive your personal reactions and views on the subject. The most interesting will be printed)

# F I R E S I D E

an editorial and readers' department

This month we present the old magazine in a new format. Most of the reproducing work is now done on the mimeograph. True, we still retain our hectographed illustrations for we feel that is the best policy. Better than any of these improvements, we now promise you a bi-monthly magazine.

On page four you have no doubt noted a new "trademark". It reads as follows: "Empress Fiction -- The Best!" And we mean precisely that. Ever since the first issue of Scienti-Snaps we have always carried some sort of fiction. Many of the stories were well liked; we felt that they were up to par with any amateur fiction. That's just the trouble. They were up to par, but not above it!

Thus we planned a newer, better type of story for our readers. We decided to term that type as "Empress Fiction". "The Mother" by Nils H. Frome is only the first; others are awaiting publication. Have we succeeded in presenting a better-than-average amateur story? We think so, but your opinion is the one that really counts.

Due to an unforeseen lack of space, several articles originally scheduled for publication in this issue must be held over until the April number. But don't forget, we still need subscribers! Only by increased circulation can we continue to expand.

Before he forgets, ye olde editor would like to thank all those kind souls who sent him season's greetings.

A word of explanation might



be in order about the illustration on page five. Nils Frome drew the original and submitted it along with his story, "The Mother". Unfortunately, Frome's drawing was too delicate for our means of duplication, and it did not hectograph as we should have liked. Not wishing the picture to be lost entirely, your editor decided to redraw the illustration himself. This second version is the one on page five. But a few days ago nothing less than a third version by Frome arrived! Perhaps we can present this to our readers at some later date. Meanwhile, remember that Nils H. Frome really drew the published picture. (Ye olde editor worked from a tracing.)

—The Editor

#### READERS' OPINION

Olon F. Wiggins wrote: "Latest Scienti-Snaps is a 'dream'. Congratulations on a good issue and a wonderful magazine."

From Forrest J Ackerman came: "If you'll pardon a pun so early in New Yr 39 (& after all my resolutions of restraint!) your Fall Scienti-Snaps was Empressive! Girl, what an issue!

Brosis (brother and sister) Kuslan's 'Tale of Woe' was dokey o. If we must have poems I prefer 'em funny.

I cannot agree with friend Fred Jackson that fiction is the most (sic; should be more, yes?) important part of the term science fiction. He says (& ritely so, I fear) 'there are thousands of readers who can't tell if some author's science is a bit inaccurate.' I'm one; & I resent being duped by these popular educators to whom I look to learn a little something. It's fine to theorize from known fact, but should we sanction fostering

fallacys on trusting fellows like myself who can't tell the dif?

Speer's style made 'intristing reading' (as Jack hisselluf would say) re a subjeck not strickly scientificational. 'Can You Remember?' (yes) was better knit than most of the Moskowitzless mss. Hoy Ping Pong takes the rice-cake with his 'How to Publish a Fan Magazine'. Lotsa lafs in small space; practicly a laf a line! D. c., these Chinees!

Saving 'Planet Prince' til all the parts have appeared. With Dick Wilson's recommendation on it, I hope that's soon!"

Louis Kuslan comments: "As for Scienti-Snaps, it was a good issue. The cover was excellent. Jackson's article was excellent, and I agree. Speer's article was O.K. Ditto Sam's article. The Dictator's wasn't too good."

James V. Taurasi reports: "Cover: a honey. Inside illustrations: ditto. Contents: Poem by the Kuslans, pretty good. I liked it. All the articles were very good and interesting. I enjoyed reading all of them. Glad to see the readers' page back again. Have one each issue. Drawing on last page is a good idea. Issue as a whole: A plus."

Harry Warner, Jr. says: "Scienti-Snaps received and enjoyed muchly. The hectographing is the best I've ever seen on a fan mag and I really mean that, too. Moskowitz's article was very fine, only it made me even more envious of those fans who have all of the famous old fan mags. The Hon. Pong's travesty was enjoyable. Speer's piece was good and the little poem just the kind I like. Illustrations very fine and clear throughout. The stiff cover is another good feature. The serial I'm saving until it ends."



J. Chapman Miske typed: "This issue of your magazine is darned good. Whoever it was that praised your neatness was right. It has them all beaten hands down... positively beautiful hectoing.... Cover is great. Frankly, any and all Kuslan poems are unanimously the rottenest stuff I've ever seen. 'Science or Fiction?' was quite good, but didn't stress the type of story Jackson thought ideal. Jack Speer's article was interesting and diverting."

Ray Pauley says: "I might say that I enjoyed the Fall issue immensely. The cover was very good even better than that of the Summer issue. Hoy Ping Pong's article is the best in this issue. And Moskowitz didn't do so bad."

and Jack Speer: "This is easily the best issue to date. The hektoing and illustrations are simply perfect, and the material of an unusually high quality even for the 'leading' fan magazines. Fred Jackson's article was the only one in the issue that I considered on the bad side of the ledger, both in reasoning and in conclusion as well as the ancien-cy of the subject. Hoy Ping Pong in word and picture was a scream. I am beginning to definitely like 'A Prince of the Ringed Planet'. I think the installment should have been made longer, however. Fireside was good thruout. In fact, I think the whole story of Scienti-Snaps is quality before quantity, and mountains of carefulness in every detail. More power to you!"

Jim Avery praises: "Received my Scienti-Snaps yesterday and was actually amazed! It's the most perfect job of hectoing, editing, and illustrating that I've ever seen."

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T S  
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The January Spaceways consists of 24 pages of articles, fiction and poetry by fandom's foremost amateur and professional writers. Ten cents the copy or three for twenty-five cents.

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