



The
Southern
STAR
VOLUME 1 NO. 1

THE SOUTHERN STAR

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THE LOG THIS TRIP

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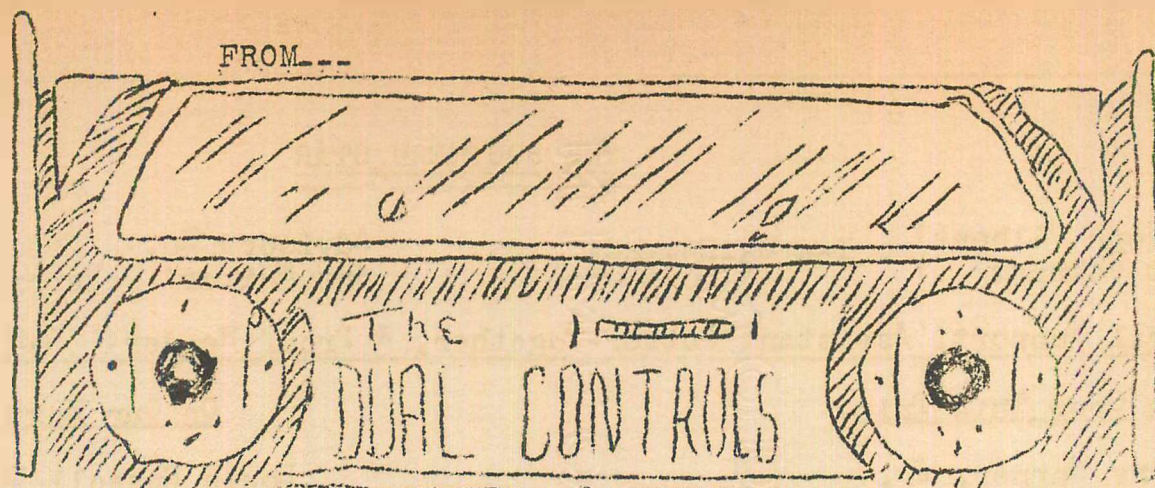
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THE SOUTHERN STAR, with the exception of guest articles, is contributed to and published exclusively by Southerners. Material is welcomed and should be sent to Art Sehnert, 791 Maury, Memphis, Tennessee, for consideration. Also Southern fan news for THE TELECASTOR dept.

THE SOUTHERN STAR supports the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION and urges every Southern fan to join this science-fiction organization. Address inquiries and membership requests to the Secretary, at 3911 Park St., Columbia, South Carolina.

FROM---



With this, the first issue of the South's first fan mag, we open what we, the editors, believe will be a new era in fandom — the dawn of a Southern fan circle. Never before have any group of Southerners participated to any extent in fan activities; never before has there been any attempt to wield the enormous potentialities of the South into any sort of united fan front. To this purpose, the SOUTHERN STAR and the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION are dedicated. The STAR is the first of its kind, but we hope and believe that it will not be the last.

The purpose of this magazine is three fold:

1. To advance the literary worth and the material benefits of scientifiiction by presenting helpful suggestions, constructive criticism, and merited applause to the professional magazines.

2. To unite Southern scientifiiction fans by promoting a general Southern organization that will enable the South to have an articulate voice through the medium of this magazine, which will, in turn, develop interest in fan activities down here and convert potential fans into actual fans — inactive fans into active fans.

3. To present in palatible form the most interesting, entertaining, and thought-provoking articles, poetry, prose, art, and news of a scientifiiction nature, emanating in the Southern sphere of influence, with guest articles by Northern fans.

This magazine refuses at the outset to, in any manner, promote promulgate, progenerate, participate, precipitate, or palliate any fan feud, argument, hickering, or bitterness, although this magazine will air any reasonable grievance or complaint without taking sides or firing any shots. This magazine will not, however, allow itself to be USED for the purpose of inaugurating or furthering adolescent grudges not compatible with the dignity this magazine hopes to assume with increasing age.

There is an old saying among fans that first issues of fan mags must inevitably stink. It is a saying that we believe we have disproved. We are quite proud of this first issue; we believe that we have quite as entertaining lineup of features and articles as you're likely to find in any established fan mag. Fischer, Warner, and Korshak are fan writers of known ability, and we know you'll enjoy them as much as we did.

Unfortunately, not enough material was received this time to make possible the planned swap column. Remember, this feature is open to all subscribers to the STAR, and to all DFF members, so if you have a col-

lection, a magazine for which you would like to obtain another magazine of a different date, or anything else you'd like to get, or swap off, just drop a card to 3911 Park St., Columbia, South Carolina, and we'll see that your ad gets into the second issue of the STAR.

You Southern fans — this is your magazine, and we need material from you. Send along anything in the fan line, i. e. articles, verse, fiction, anything you like, and the more the merrier.

The policy of the STAR where material is concerned is fairly simple. Controversial material is welcome, as long as said material does not tromp on any unoffending toes. We have only three topic restrictions: Religion, politics, and sex.

And the rest of you fans out there — let us know what you think of this first issue of the STAR, won't you? Your suggestions and letters will be most appreciated. Let's hear from you — all of you. And don't forget to send in that swap column contribution while you're at it.

In conclusion, we want to thank most sincerely everyone who has worked and contributed to this first issue. To the staff, to Butch Whitehead of the local YMCA for his kind loan of mimeograph equipment, to Leslie Perri, and Ted Dikty for suggestions and contributions, and to all the rest who have made this first issue possible — thanks a million — and remember the South's new motto: To a united Southern fandom — Through Cooperation. —

THE EDITORS

From The Chicago Rocket Field. Continued from Page 16.

sue of Voice of the Imagi - Nation (10¢ from F. J. Ackerman & Morojo, Box 6475, Met. Sta., Los Angeles, California, and also highly recommended. JG)).

About a week after Charlie left us, on October 10th in fact, I received a telegram from Edward E. Smith. Doc Smith, as you all know, was guest of honor at the Chicon. After the Chicon was over he made a trip to Los Angeles where he attended a meeting of the LASFS. At the present time, six weeks after the Chicon, Doc was returning to his home in Jackson, Michigan, and wired me that he was coming into Chicago on the 11th for a few minutes to pick up the pictures he purchased at the Chicon auction, and left with me until he returned from his California trip. He stopped, thinking he would only stay for a few minutes, but when I found that out, I insisted he stay for dinner. He consented, but Mrs Smith went downtown and we made arrangements to meet her about midnight. We drove her downtown in the Smith's car. An item of interest is that the Smith's car was all smashed up, for while the trip from L. A. to Chicago was being made, somewhere in the wild-and-wooley west, several wild horses jumped in front of Doc's car. Doc swerved in order not to hit them, for if he had he probably wouldn't've lived to tell about it. A wild horse is enuf to crush a driver who smashes into one. Anyway in making his fast swerve he was caught in the mud of the soft shoulder beside the road, and the car turned over on its side. Fortunately no damage was done either to Dr. or Mrs. Smith, for which we can be thankful.

After dropping Mrs. Smith off downtown we went to see Palmer who had returned by then from Milwaukee. Then he, Doc Smith, and I had a swell bull session. Doc stated that he always had a soft spot in his heart for Amazing, and is thinking seriously of taking up Palmer's offer to print a sequel to the Skylark stories if Palmer doesn't edit a single word. Doc is giving this some thought, and in the next few years

The idea behind this department was this: some Southern fan would start things by asking a question, making a statement or giving his opinion on some controversial matter. Then one of the editors would take the question, statement, or opinion, and send it out to five different fans requesting their reactions. The fans would send back cards with their answers, the best one would be chosen, added to the first and sent out again to the same five. The idea was Mr. Fischer's, adopted from a similar experiment in Reader's Digest for the SOUTHERN STAR. Only it didn't work out that way. Gilbert — the dope — who was handling the department for the first issue, delayed starting the department so long that he found it necessary to send out cards to only one fan each time in order to speed things up. Just to make things worse, the mag hit thirty pages when it was dummied, and since only 22 pages had been planned for, there was only one page left for this department. Which explains the very sketchy way in which the following subject has been treated. For the 2nd issue we hope to have things conducted in the way originally intended. Keep a sharp lookout, y'all down heah in de good ole South. You're liable to be in on this next time!

Mr. Fischer, will you do the honors?

FWF: Do you believe that life on other planets, if such life exists, has developed on a line paralell with that on Earth? That is, are the life forms similar to those on this planet, or has evolution gone off on a tangent and produced life which to us would seem monstrous -- different?

Art Sehnert: Mr. Fischer has asked a question that could, and probably will, take thousands of words to answer. To me, it seems that life on other planets would be paralell to Earth life for this reason: assuming that life was created by a supreme intelligence, then obviously life would have been patterned on the best possible structure. Thus if life on earth was created after the best form possible, it is absurd to think that life created by a supreme intelligence would vary from this pattern, irregardless of place, time or any other condition.

Joe Gilbert: Phew! Move your feet, will you, Fred? I wanta slide under the table. Nice brain work, Art. Mr. Hanson?

EBH: My preference is for bigger and greener bug-eyed monsters. Paul has imbued me very convincingly with his recent conceptions. Distance of each planet from the sun is the paramount consideration. Millions of miles must make radical differences in the forms life will take. Look what changes a few hundred miles make in the appearance and characteristics of Terra's man. F'instance -- I'm an awful lot lazier than you and Fischer, Joe. And have you seen our tropical bathing beauties

The sun. The sun.

JG: De Camp wrote an article called "Design For Life" which would, I'm sure, help greatly to clear up this question. But I never read it. Gad, I'm certainly a big help, ain't I -- pardon me -- ain't I not? It must be genius. Art, what do you say to Mr. Hanson's contention that proximity to, or distance from old Sol, would determine whether or not the "queer legged beasties" would look like something out of a surrealist's nightmare or remotely human?

AS: Am forced to agree with Hanson's contention for obvious reason that life as we know it can't live without sun -- and going back to my original statement: life would quite necessarily be after the same pattern.

JG: Which would seem to lead us back to where we started, and down to the bottom of this stencil. Somebody wake McQueen up.

WBM: After creasing the forehead, pulling the ear, scratching the nose and shifting feet, I arrive at the profound conclusion that everything cancels out, leaving the same capital O that framed the picture at the start. No toes stubbed, no friendships broken, no lives lost. Some robin! 'Sta bueno!

ADVENTURES IN RE-READING

by

- Maryland -

Harry Warner, Jr.

- Article -

During the years from 1935 to 1938, I was in a rather peculiar position. I was at that time discovering that The Open Road for Boys, Boys' Life, and similar magazines were losing their appeal for me, prematurely perhaps, and that even the more adult children's books, like those of Cornelia Meigs, which I obtained from the library, no longer quite satisfied me. Yet I wasn't quite old enough to enjoy most types of "grown-up" stuff: almost all of it concerned emotions and happenings with which I had no acquaintance and no interest in. Science-fiction, at that time, was about the only reading I had any liking for; when I wanted to read I turned to that. And the supply of it was meagre, to say the least, during that period. No back issues were to be found in town anywhere, and I wasn't old enough to borrow books of that type from the adult section of the public library. To make matters worse, in the Spring of 1936 we moved into another part of town, a section where there were -- and are, in fact -- almost no children. This turned me more and more to reading. Lacking new stuff to read, there was only one thing to do: re-read issues which I had bought in the past few years. A few of the things I discovered during that time might be of interest.

I kept no record of what I re-read and how often, nor did I go about it systematically. Once, I remember, I started to re-read my entire file of Amazing, but quickly got stuck. Except for that incident, I picked up a magazine as fancy dictated. But I did find the following things out:

That the stories in Amazing, taken as a whole, stayed fresh after repeated readings longer than any others. (All this, of course, includes only issues from mid-1933 to 1937.) Why this was, I don't know. Possibly the reprints of Poe and Verne, which I enjoyed more each time I read them, helped in this respect; also I took great pleasure in reading a serial in as few sittings as possible and Amazing, you'll remember, published during those years two and three continued stories in parallel. However, I didn't read again any yarn so many times in Amazing as certain ones in Astounding and Wonder. (Also remember that at this time I didn't buy Weird Tales.)

The story I re-read most often during this period was, I believe, either "A Martian Odyssey" or "Colossus". "Rebirth" was another of my favorites for going back on; ditto "Exiles of the Skies", "Today's Yesterday", "The Lost Language", "The Legion of Space", "Evolution Satellite", and a number of others. About the only other yarn in Amazing I could re-read over and over again was "Triplanetary". But most of these, you'll notice, are serials, and so couldn't be re-read as quickly as "Colossus" or Weinbaum's first tale.

No one type of story seems best for re-reading -- or at least none was best to me at the time. Now I'm inclined to think weird tales will stand up better than the rest, but at that time I hadn't any to try it out on. However, I do believe that I preferred interplanetaries for re-reading, mainly because they then were my favorite type for first reading too.

As for authors, Weinbaum, Smith, and Keller held up best; because, I suspect, they were the best. Poe and Verne, as before mentioned, got better. Certain author's stuff I just couldn't get interested enough in to read a second time; that held true for most of F. B. Long's stories, and Frank Kelley's. Certain yarns that were greatly enjoyed on first reading never were touched again, either through chance or a certain something that didn't give the requisite get-up-and-go for re-perusing. Most notable of these was "The Mightiest Machine". Oddly enough, I cannot recall ever having re-read a single story by Campbell or Stuart, even though only one of his stories --- Cloak of Aesir --- failed to click with me, of all I've read. Twenty years hence, if termites don't ruin my collection, that record will undoubtedly be broken. By that time I and the rest of the science fiction world will probably be wondering whether JWCjr's editorship of Astounding and Unknown was worth the dozens of un-written masterpieces it caused.

By the Fall of 1936 I had acquired a fine set of correspondents. By the next year other magazines began to appeal to me, I was old enuf to borrow books from the adults' section of the library, and then the following year I became an active fan. So I stopped re-reading. It's possible to count on the fingers of one hand the number of yarns I've read again in the past two years, and as far as I can recall I've not re-read a single one which was originally published during that time. Those which gained that distinction were old classics I felt a yen to re-read, or cases like "The Snake Mother" which I already had and had read which then appeared in the Munsey reprint magazines. But there's a peculiar satisfaction in reading a story for the second time and not having to wonder how it's going to turn out; instead, you can go along the yarn with a sublime feeling of sureness that the author isn't going to doublecross you and bump off your hero.

THE END

FOR ADANA

by

- "Guest" Material -

ROBERT W. LOWNDES

- Verse -

Adana, serpent-mother, in the sultry afternoon
Of your forbidden land,
Where Graydon and Suarra, hand in hand,
Behold the renaissance of Yu-Atlanchi, wonderstream
With seeming sorceries,
Why lie you sleeping?

I tell you, serpent mother, that the Dark One lives again,
And, whispering to men,
Has wrought new hells without your secret pool
Of tuft slumber,
And Graydons without number
Would win their way to you for aid in shattering its rule
And place their destinies
Within your keeping.

THE END

★ from the STARPORT

by
Fred W. Fischer

I have been invited to write a gossip column. Not wishing to usurp any Winchellian privileges I shall merely write a column, quoting high, wide, and handsome from my correspondence — if you readers will only send me letters from which to quote. But right now, let me start the conversational ball a-rolling:

"The Pleiades, cluster of bright stars, has been known for several thousands of years as the 'Seven Stars,' yet there are only SIX visible to the naked eye."

- William Ferguson.

This rather presupposes that far back in history there must have been a civilization capable of inventing and utilizing telescopic methods of star charting. Did the Egyptians have telescopes or the Chinese, or the Phoenician sea farers? If so, the rumor of the correct number of stars in the Pleiades could quite easily have gotten around.

Dr. Charles L. Barrett, M. D., the roving medico of fandom, paid me a recent visit and we swapped lists of favorite stories. Here are his five: INVADERS FROM OUTSIDE by ?; THE WORM OURBOUROUS, by ?; THE GODS OF MARS, by ?; THE SINISTER BARRIER, by ?; and THE TIME STREAM, by ?. Just for fun, suppose you supply the names of the authors. It should be easy, but in case you can't you'll find all five listed in order later on in this article.

On a recent Bob Ripley radio program a sketch was presented, purportedly true, which at least makes one stop and think. Ripley made the comment that the story was familiar to most Arizona folks, and then the following weird playlet was enacted:

A certain W. S. Williams and three friends are prospecting for gold. One night they begin discussing religion and Williams tells the others that he has spent many years of his life among the Ute Indians who are believers in reincarnation. He explains that he not only has faith in this philosophy, but is sure that he will, after his death, be reincarnated as a bull elk. He will appear in this guise to perform a good deed for his three present companions at a time when they are in dire need of guidance. In order that they may be sure of his identity he tells them that the initials WSW will be branded or tattooed on the left foreleg of the elk, just as they were to be found even then, on his own left arm.

Within a year, Williams dies. His three friends go on prospecting and are one day progressing warily down a narrow canyon trail leading to a mine they believe is located at a certain spot below them. Rounding a turn in the dizzy path which clings so tenaciously and dangerously to the precipitous walls of the canyon, they find their way blocked by a bull elk. While debating upon the advisability of either killing the animal or waiting for him to move on, they see upon his left foreleg the unmistakably branded letters WSW.

Stunned by this queer coincidence they decide to give the beast his life — and at that very moment he wheels and disappears from their sight with a snort of defiance — or satisfaction. Immediately thereafter they find the mine they have been seeking. If they had found it ten minutes before, they would have died within it, because an avalanche has just sealed the entrance with tons of rock. Within the mine they would have died in darkness of sure starvation. Williams had kept his word, had been reincarnated as a bull elk, and had reappeared to give aid in a time of unsuspected emergency.

Or had he? The long arm of coincidence may be elastic, of course....!

Lew Martin, of Denver, Colorado, asked me about two years ago if MARVEL TALES was discontinued before the two serials THE TITIAN, by P. Schuyler Miller and THE NEBULA OF DEATH by George Allan England, were concluded. I've never answered him yet. Can anybody within eyesight provide this information to us?

Guglielmo Marconi, the Italian Inventor, never ceased to believe that someday a machine would be invented which would capture and broadcast all the sounds ever made. He contented that sound was electrical in character and of such physical consistency as to be solid and permanent — although unheard after initial emission, the waves continued to circle the world and be inherently of the world.

So far the machine hasn't been invented, but imagine its possibilities. School-children would actually hear the famous speeches of history. History, in fact, would have to be rewritten, because the thundering, hateful sounds of war would be tuned in and compared with the lilting voices of peace, and mankind would unhesitatingly make the proper choice then. The murmuring echo of contentment would be vastly more appealing from a loud speaker than a tornado of tempestuous speech, sabre rattling, and an ultimate cacaphony of destroying ordinance.

And while on the distasteful subject of war, let me remark that the blitzkrieg has practically annihilated already the consumption of science-fiction in once merry England. I received on September 14 a letter from Richard G. Medhurst, 126 Finborough Rd., West Brompton London, SW-10, England (the reason for the full address will soon present itself to the properly sympathetic) — I received from him, I say, a letter which had been dated 7th April, 1940. A lapse of over five months had occurred between posting and receipt of the missive. Of course a part of this lapse might have been due to a delay in forwarding, for the letter had been addressed to me in care of FANTASCIENCE DIGEST.

Anyway, Medhurst wrote a very interesting letter — and also a very revealing letter. As I read it I could only wonder if the situation was so bad away back in April, what must it be like now that bombs rain daily from the hate-filled skies and all ordinary means of communication and transportation are disrupted beyond the point of service. May I, in part, quote his letter:

Dear Mr. Fischer:

A voice from out of the murky depths of our crumbling civilisation, which you have brought upon yourself by your article in Jan.-Feb. Fantascience Digest.

Quite agree about Collectors. We ARE nice chaps, aren't we?

At least, all four of us in Britain are!

However, that isn't what jaded me from my inertia. Thing that rather surprised me was your encounter with "The Perfect World." I had thought that Ella Scrymsour's (ye Gods, what a name!) effort into stff. was exclusively a British product.

I don't know whether you'd think it blasphemy, but I must confess I didn't find "Perfect World" as inspiring as did you. I prefer something like Bohun Lynch's "Menace from the Moon" or Odle's "Clockwork Man" or David Lindsay's "Voyage to Arcturus" or H. M. Vaughan's "Meleager". Hope these aren't just names to you.

The tragedy of my life at the moment is U.S. mags have stopped coming through. And our home-grown product is now, as you no doubt know, reduced to one solitary specimen: TALES OF WONDER. Of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES (and this is the major tragedy) I have only managed to salvage nos. 1, 3, and 5. What wouldn't I give for the others! Haven't even seen a Pohl magazine. At the moment, I'm hunting around for a kind fan who will send me magazines direct, so you see this letter is not entirely altruistic.

By the by, there are a number of U. S. editions that I'd like to lay my hands on some day. Are copies of Burroughs' MOON MAID very common over there? If so, perhaps we could arrange an exchange or something.....

.....with an apology for troubling you.

As yet I haven't undertaken to respond to Mr. Medhurst's letter, inasmuch as a variety of misfortunes (Heaven forfend!) might have overtaken this staunch British fan ere now. But as soon as the situation has been one bit clarified abroad I will not only shoot him a long answer, but a few of the items for which he and other foreign fans must be quite apparently starving, in a literary way.

The authors of Dr. Barrett's favorite stories were: J. Schlossel, E. R. Edison, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Eric Frank Russell, and John Taine. Did you get them all? Good!

Most of these fan magazines hibernate in the Summer rather than in the Winter. Kind of peculiar, isn't it? It would seem that the editors would be busier during cold weather while schools are in session, than the good old Summer time. Perhaps it's not the heat, but the stupidity. We wonder what this journal will do — hurry along or halt, during the hot months? Wait and see.

The human body is a marvelous thing. A trite phrase, a million times repeated. But still marvelous because of its exceptional adaptability. Not so adaptable as it could be, of course, because, for one thing, when it loses a leg another limb will not immediately begin to grow forth to replace it, as among some fortunate insects. It can't

stand excessively high altitudes or deep-sea pressures as do queer insects of the upper air found inhabiting the highest Himalayas or lantern-bearing fish cruising along the slimy ocean bottoms — but it's very adaptable. It takes in about 34 pounds of air every 24 hours and utilizes this air in a variety of ways far more complex than the ways employed by insects. For example, the air contains a galvanic source of energy capable of giving humans extra strength in times of stress. If you don't believe this, lift something heavy. In doing so you automatically take a deep breath and are enabled, by holding it in, to exert extraordinary strength. In running or swimming, you get an amazing "second wind". In moments of shock, terror, or astonishment you automatically suck in an enormous gulp of air — you gasp! — and the brain is thereby enabled to click like lightning, racing to solve problems and seek out all angles necessary to escape or correct action. Ordinarily the brain flows slowly along the river of awareness, but that sudden intake of air — that rapid inhalation — enables it to greatly increase its efficiency.

The brain itself, of course, is a phenomenal machine anyway. It adjusts the human body to millions of situations with which lower classes of life could never begin to cope. But the body itself performs astounding feats. For instance, it can give birth under practically any and all conditions, and sustain the product of that birth against all hazards. In Lima, Peru, a four year old girl named Linda Medina gave birth to a son. The son is now 15 months old and the mother is six. Cases have been recorded going to the opposite extreme, where men over 100 have fathered children, and women approaching 100 have been mothers. Near this city a woman recently gave birth to a two headed child, which still lives. The second head was removed shortly after birth and only a balloon-like appendage at the rear of the remaining head remains as a vestige of this single abnormality among millions of abnormalities — such as Cyclops babies, three-legged babies, etc., etc., etc.

Near this city, also, a man received over 1000 shots in the face and lived, losing not his life, but an eye. Another man hiccupped for over four months without ceasing. Ripley has produced several men who never sleep. Truly, the human body is a marvelous thing. A merry-go-round of words, and you're right back where you started.

THE END

- COMET NEWS -

After experimenting on the illustrations in the first three issues of the COMET, editor Orlin Tremaine has decided that the April issue will contain illustrations only by Forte, Paul, and Mirando.

In order to adjust production dates, it was necessary to omit a February date line and substitute a March dating on the third issue. This does not, however, indicate any skipping of issues. The April issue will carry stories by P. Schuyler Miller, Frank B. Long, Karl Selwyn, Eando Binder, and J. Harvey Haggard.

Coming! : Edgar Rice Burroughs: A Critique, by Louis Russell Chauvenet

The Handwriting on the Wall *by Joseph Gilbert*

(Author's note: There are few real sciences which have so bad a reputation as graphology. It is listed among the occult sciences in book catalogues, and is, likewise, classified with astrology, numerology, and other such things in the minds of most intelligent people, who have never had cause to think of it otherwise.

Unfortunately this ill repute is one that is rather well justified by the past history of graphology. There was a period in which graphology was quite frankly presented as an art in which highly questionable results were obtained by pure intuition. The mystic chant mumblers of this school made wholly unwarranted claims which gave the science of handwriting analysis much the same malodor of fortune-telling, spiritualism and magic, thus hindering graphology much as the old alchemist hindered the progress of chemistry in bygone days, with this important difference -- the old alchemists helped chemistry along by discovering a number of basic principles in the science; the charlatans of graphology have done nothing for the advancement of the art they professed to practice; their mumbo-jumbo has been nothing but destructive.

Nor has the bull in graphology existed only in the past. There are books continually being written which present it in an entirely false light: the intuitive or carnival method still flourishes at all fairs and circuses; and even in fandom such distorted articles as "What Foos These Stifans Be" in the last issue of Fantasy Digest have served to create the wrong impression of handwriting analysis.

In the last decade, however, the true science of graphology has become just that -- a science. This is due to the work of Klages, Saudek, and especially Neek Sylvus, who based his entire system of graphology on the Individual Psychology of Alfred Adler. The Sylvus system is as truly scientific as any new science can be. It is limited, but it is scientific. Being a science, it makes no false claims for itself. There are things it cannot do. But it is as far as it goes, and the fact cannot be too strongly emphasized, a science. Gradually, psychologists are beginning to recognize that fact, and graphology is being used by more and more of them all the time, just as it already is used in the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic in New York and in other institutions.

So. In the hands of an expert the science of graphology is an amazingly accurate art. You may not believe that, and such is your privilege. I do. I have seen the results check a hundred per cent accurate too many times to believe otherwise. Yet -- I am not an expert and make no pretense of being. I am an amateur, and amateurs are rather noted for their astonishing proficiency in the gentle art of bungling. As a result the following analyses and the analyses in this department to follow are presented purely as entertainment and not as dead-sound fact. If you'll approach this department with an open mind we think that the results are likely to surprise you. If they do, or if you derive some mild enjoyment from them, then my purpose has been adequately served.)

Arthur Tucker

Bob is practical, versatile, and active. He has an ability to handle detail, but is impatient with details and trifles to which much importance is paid. Naturally, as might be expected in Hoy Ping Pong's perpetrator, he has a sense of humor, though this is not, rather surprisingly, as pronounced a trait as might be expected. Bob is not inclined to underestimate himself. He has mental independence, the ability to formulate ideas, and to think logically and concisely. He's frank, open, generous, somewhat impetuous and blunt. The last two qualities augment each other. Like most fans, Bob is cool, calm, and more or less detached. His mind controls his emotions, instead of vice-versa, as in the case of most extroverts.

(This last is not to be taken to mean that Bob's an introvert. He's not. Rather is he between the two — analytical, calculating, but not, certainly, without sympathy or sentiment. The majority of fans answer to these qualifications. There is, in fact, so far as I know, only one true introvert in fandom. On the other hand, there are few introverts. You might call the average fan an "ambivert": a mixture of the two extremes.)

Bob is highly individualistic. His ideas and thoughts are well defined and his vision is broad. He reflects before acting. He has an excellent and magnetic personality, and is a most likable fellow, despite the fact that he's reserved inwardly. He's well-balanced, conscientious, and possesses a good control over himself. A normal, human, dependable person is this Tucker fellow; really quite a nice guy.

D. Lowndes #
Doc Lowndes

Lowndes is predominantly what might be termed a "mental" type. His powers of concentration are considerable, his energies go to the brain, and everything is translated to its thought value. Emotions are rationalized and lose their intimate value. Doc is quite intelligent, possesses good judgement, and a careful, well-ordered memory.

He is an imaginative person, with a spirit of adventure, and a tendency to reach out for the unattainable. He is cautious, calculating, with an element of skepticism. His hand shows good taste, strong aesthetic qualities, artistic appreciation.

Doc sees many angles of a situation at the same time, but jumps to conclusions much too quickly. His perception is keen, and he is able to see the other person's viewpoint, tho he decidedly does not accept it. He possesses something of an inferiority complex for which he seeks compensation in recognition of his "different" isolated viewpoint. He has the intuition of a woman, a poet, or both. Too much intuition. His mind skims the surface of an issue and forms an intuitive impression from superficialities; from subconscious memory associations; from externals. He is very practical, a realist, avoiding the sentimental with a deliberateness which presupposes an element of sentiment in his nature, against which he is ever on his guard. Neat, careful, and rather precise, he likes things to be in order before he starts to work. Altho there are many introvertistic traits in his nature, his personality is that of an extrovert. It's a very positive direct personality, incidentally, a forceful aggressive one. It would be hard to convince Doc of anything he did not want to believe. Indeed impossible would not be strong a word in the majority of cases.

FROM . . .

The---

CHICAGO

--Rocket Field.

News

- by -

Erle Korshak

HELIO TO SS SOUTHERN STAR, HYPERBOLIC ORBIT THREE 00 FORTY TWO, BY RELAY THROUGH EARTH-MARS STATION ONE. INTERSPATIAL NEWS ASSOCIATION, ERLE KORSHAK COMMENTATOR.

As I understand it, I am the Chicago news gatherer for the SOUTHERN STAR, and as such it is expected of me to fill a page or so each issue with stuff and things about our fair city, which most of you will lightly pass over, and a few of you will read avidly, because I have found occasion to mention your name herein. At least that's the theory I use when writing this stuff, so that is the theory you will have to use when reading it.

Now I'm ready to dig in. But where shall I start? Where shall I begin to tell you the story of the comings and goings, the visits and return visits, the activities and the dropping of activities in the Chicon city? Such is a superhuman job if fully done, so I shall tell merely in abbreviated form, some of the things enjoyed by us since the Chicon closed.

The Chicon closed on September 2nd officially, but not until the wee morning hours of September 5th, actually. This was the occasion of Ackerman's exit from our fair city. I did not accompany him to the depot, tho I was with him until a few minutes of the time he left. The clock was striking midnight, and Cinderella Korshak was due to awaken early that morning, so he left Ackerman in Walt Liebsher's loving hands to accompany Ross Rocklynne to his depot, and thence to ship off Forry himself.

September fifth, Thursday, found Korshak, after a few hours sleep, a tired but supremely happy fellow. The Chicon was over, and almost so were Korshak, Reinsberg, Tucker, Tullis, Meyer, Liebsher, and the rest of the Chicon committee. Put on a Convention of your own some day. Plan it, arrange it, prepare it, supervise it, enjoy it, conclude it, and then see if you care to repeat the performance in the near future.

At any rate you can take my word for it that we slept and slept and slept until we were so tired from sleeping that we fell asleep again. When we finally awoke from our physical and mental stupor, we looked around and took stock of things. The most pressing business on hand was the final settling of the Chicon business, and making arrangements to issue the Chicon number of the Fantasy Fictioneer. (This mammoth issue will have a complete account of the Chicon, principal speeches, attendance list, Convention facts, and etc. It is being sent to all members of the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers free, but will be about 10 or 15 cents to all non-members. Those of you who want a copy of this publication, send your name and address to Bob Tucker, P. O. Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois.) Therefore, on Saturday, September 21, Tullis, Finley (a new Chicago fan), Reinsberg, and Korshak planned to drive down to Bloomington to confer with IFF heads Tucker and Roberds. At the last minute, however, a phone call was received from Tullis telling Reinsberg and I that he (Tullis) and Finley could not leave in time to drive down. Did that stop the courageous Reinsberg and Korshak from making the all important jaunt? It did not! The outcome was that we started out about 11 A. M. to hitchhike. The distance between Chicago and Bloomington is only 127 miles, and by 4 P.M. (5 hrs. later) the

pair stood at a crossroads at Chenoa, Illinois, 100 miles from Chicago, and only 27 miles from their destination. Their thumbs are wiggling in rythm to the speeding cars when suddenly a car pulls up and whom do we see driving it and smiling guiltily, but Tullis and Finley! The Knaves! The — oh, well, what's the use? The two grinning baboons let us hitch hike a hundred miles and then they pick us up. (It seems that they got away at 1:45 P. M. tho they did not expect to get away at all.) Anyway we forgave them, and rode into Bloomington as were accustomed — in style. Such is fate.

The Bloomington escapde (the 7th of that nature in a year) was very well covered in the Sept.-Oct. issue of LeZombie ((Tucker's pub, obtainable at the same address as the Fantasy Fictioneer for a nickel an issue, and heartily recommended to all you readers who haven't yet learned its worth. JG)) so I will not rehash the details here, except to say that we had a corking good time, did a lot of stf work planned the Fantasy Fictioneer dummy, finished up the loose ends of the Chicon business, went into Bloomington's down-town district and made the rounds, brought home enuf fire-water to finish the night with, tried to corrupt fandom by sending out false reports to the newsies, and did other things as dopey as you can expect when fans get together. Highlights of this 7th trip were: more of that good old Tucker home cooking; Korshak moving a "No-Parking" sign away from our parked car in order to fool the local constables into thinking we were parking in a legal place, and not being able to understand until later why the flatfooted man across the road was laughing so at the act; (Tucker later explained that the laughing man was a local cop in plain clothes and was my face red.) going thru Bloomington at 4:00 A.M. singing ribald songs, while Reinsberg and Tullis passed out on top of each other; and Tullis feeling the effects of the-night before, the -morning-after.

Early in October (around the 3rd or so) I get a call one morning from my old pal Charlie Hornig. Charlie had written to me a few weeks before, telling me he planned to hit town in the near future on his way to New York City, so when he called I wasn't exactly surprised. He instructed me to get hold of Reinsberg (Marky lives only three blocks away) and come down to the Union Station to meet him. I said O.K. and hot-footed it over to Mark's place. After getting him out of bed — he was still sleeping off the Convention — and out of the house, we arrived in the vicinity of the Depot a half hour late. I sent Marky ahead to meet him while I took our packages and walked there. Enroute I stopped off at a "headline" printers and had them print 'CHICAGO FANS GREET HORNIG'. Armed with this I entered the depot screaming "Extra, get your Extra here — 'Chicago Fans Greet Hornig'!"

Anyway, Charlie was staying in Evanston (Chicago suburb) with Dr. Thelma Shull who had attended the Chicon and talked Doc Smith under the table in his own fields. We then, after picking Charlie up, took a trip to RAPalmer's, but Ray was in Milwaukee for a few days, so Charlie had to be satisfied with saying hello to Krupa. Following this we went to the factory of Mark's father. He manufactures Daniel Boone hats which I designed for him, and Marky got one to wear. With that on his head he was an object of wonder to everyone on the street, and gave Charlie and I leff's no end while walking with him. We all went up to see George Tullis in the Post Office Building where he was stationed, since he's in the Coast Guard, and had a lot of fun there. George drove us back to Mark's house, and we made an appointment to meet again on Saturday. Saturday rolled around and Mark couldn't make the appointment so I met Charlie alone at the appointed place in front of the Ziff-Davis offices. From there we went to the Hotel Chicagoian to show Charlie what our super-Convention hall was like. Then, after

(Continued on Page 16).



INTRODUCING
the
DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION

Earle Barr Hanson
President

Joseph Gilbert
Secretary

Harry Jenkins
Treasurer

ADVISORY BOARD

-----#-----
Fred W. Fischer
Harry Warner, Jr.
Art R. Sehnert
Jack Speer
W. B. McQueen
-----#-----

(Foreword: In accordance with the deep faith we of the SOUTHERN STAR hold in the development of a new Southern fandom, and in order to accelerate the growth and expansion of this new fan order as best we know how, we introduce the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION.

This is an exclusively Southern organization, embracing the entire South. It is an organization with no rules or regulations; no isms or axes to grind. It is completely democratic, and will remain thus. Southern fans it is YOUR organization, just as this is YOUR department, and YOUR magazine.

Membership privileges are many. Members receive printed membership cards, stickers, and a small quantity of printed DFF stationery. (The DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION is the first American fan organization to offer free printed stationery to its members). Membership entitles the member to a half-price cut on the STAR. To an outsider subscription is 50¢ per year. To a DFF member subscription is 25¢ per year. Members are welcome to join the Southern group trip to this year's official world Convention in Denver.

Membership dues are fifty cents a year. They may be paid to the DFF's temporary secretary.

In the future, this department will serve as the meeting place for all DFF members. We want to hear from all of you — the trips you've taken, your hobbies, and your activities. Write 'em all up, and send them to Art R. Sehnert, at 791 Maurv, Memphis, Tennessee, and look for them in this department. It's about YOU, and what YOU are doing, so let's hear from you. Soon!

We are happy to present a brief message by Earle Barr Hanson, President, pro-tem, of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION. Mr. Hanson —

To the Fantasy Fan World:

Announcement of a Southern S. F. Fan Organization may meet with a shrug and the remark "Just another ephemeral Club". Don't be misled. The "Dixie Fantasy Federation" is here to stay. A glance at the list of officers and board members should assure you of the sincerity and ability of its members. Our motto — "Tolerance and Vision" — should reveal the democratic ideals and purposes of our constitution, and the colors, Blue and Gray, contain the essence of the liberal understanding and civilization of the new South.

We are bidding already for the SF Convention of 1942 — which we have chosen to call the "Dixiecon". The deep South has always been noted for its hospitality and we feel that it will take us about two years to produce and achieve a SF Convention that will be worthy of the traditions and reputation of Dixie.

Our Charter embraces a territory as far North as Maryland, extends to Florida in the South, Louisiana in the West, and includes the District of Columbia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Maryland. Ours is a democratic organization in which each member has voice and vote — each member is an important part of the "DFF".

If you live in any of the above mentioned states, and are interested in joining, please write to our Secretary, Joe Gilbert, 3911 Park Street, Columbia, South Carolina.

We are planning on a Columbia Conference in the early Spring, at which meeting we will conclude plans and preparations for attending the "Dencon" as a group.

Needless to say, the "DFF" endorses the Dencon as the legal and legitimate SF Convention of 1941.

The Columbia Conference will also conduct an official election of officers and board members. I hope to see most of the members at that time, especially the temporary officers and executive board members. I consider it an honor to act as temporary President of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION

--Earle Barr Hanson

From The Chicago Rocket Field. Continued from Page 14.

viewing the hall we looked at the Chicago sights, Charlie made a date with Trudy Hemkin for Sunday, and we went to see Bill Hamling. Spent the rest of the afternoon at Bill's house where Chester Gier was visiting, and that night after dinner, we went to 3156 Cambridge Ave., our "Lab" headquarters, and residence of Richard I. Meyer. While sitting around who happened in but George Tullis in his new Chevy. It was only about 8:30 so we decided to make a night of it. We went to a nearby nightclub where Chuck Wright, Chicago fan and musical entertainer, worked. We had a gab-fest with Chuck and Chuck told us of his new idea, whereby he wants to write a song, not a little ditty, but a real song, music and lyrics about science-fiction fans on the planets of the Solar System. It ought to be good. At any rate, after making the rounds, we made a wild dash for a bus to put Charlie on, in order to get him out to Otto Binder's house. It was the last bus through till 5 or so that morning, which was a few hours away, and we just caught it. As we did we said Auf Weidershen, and waved good-bye to our very good friend Charlie Hornig. May he come back and visit us again soon. For the rest of Charlie's trip, read his letter in the Dec. is-

(Continued on Page 3)

DREAMS COME TRUE

by

- South Carolina -

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

- Fiction -

As Joker Jackson gazed into the merrily blazing and crackling fire, his thoughts wandered astray. Nervously, he shifted his gaze from the fire to the picture of General Lee above the fireplace, but instead of the kind, gentle face of the old gentleman, IT was there. It would stay with him forever; never would that face escape him. He tried, as he had so many times before, to turn his thoughts into other channels, but other thoughts mockingly evaded him, and there remained only the picture of that weazened old hag. How anything could penetrate his sodden mind, he knew not. Yes, he was drunk, dammit! But not even the taste of whiskey could wipe away the witch's words.

The wind howled its mournful song of death, and a loosened shutter joined in the deathly dedication by banging noisily up against the house. With an unsteady hand he reached for the almost empty bottle on the table beside him. Suddenly everything became hazy and misty, but the cloudiness that shrouded his mind and eyes disappeared as suddenly as it came. There, there IT was again! Leering at him from the shining neck of the bottle. Gloat over him, would she! Savagely he seized the bottle and drew it back, preparatory to smashing it against the stone fireplace. Again, this time from the orange flames, she smiled at him in a triumphant manner, and said with a ghost-like monotonous tone, "Remember your dreams, Joker, remember your dreams, they will always come true!"

The worried Joker ran his fingers through his disheveled hair, and leaned back against the chair, breaking into a halting, fanatical laugh. Dreams, yes. Hah -- hah -- hah! Hell, yes, his dreams had come true -- too true. Just as the old gypsy fortune-teller had prophesied. She had said that all his dreams would come true, and damn her lousy hide, they had come true. He had dreamed of the big market crash, and two days later it came. Fool that he was, he had not paid any attention to the old woman's prophesy, and had lost fifty million dollars. That one dream had almost broke him. Lord, what would come next!

Staggering and threatening with every step to collapse, he fought his way toward the last bottles of salvation. An inner rebellion was going on inside him, as evidenced by his facial contortions. He conquered the urging to turn and flee wildly into the blackness of the night, screaming to high heavens to protect him. At last he stumbled to the table, reached inside and withdrew a bottle of Scotch. He fumbled with the cap for a few minutes and then in a fit of anger broke the neck off the bottle against the table. The glancing firelight showed his sleepless, bloodshot eyes and haggard face as he turned the bottle upside down, and swallowed thirstily from it. Momentarily relief came to him, and he sighed and swayed gently, as the weeping willow does on a windy night.

Then the moon coming over the distant hills spoiled all this by forming a hideous shape on the neighboring wall. Furious, he threw bottle after bottle at the wall until there was nothing more to throw. Exhausted by his bottle-smashing, he yielded to the exhaustion, and slowly crumpled to the floor, overcome by sleep.

The fire crackled and leaped higher, casting more light on the ghastly scene. The moon rose higher and higher over the horizon until the grotesque figure formed by the shadows stood directly above the Joker. The light cast by the fire played over the now glazed eyeballs and revealed the happy smile on the unearthly face of the former millionaire. The Joker had dreamed once more! The wind, softly rustling through the leaves of the trees, seemed to whisper, "Dreams do come true, don't they, Joker?" The Joker didn't answer, for his last dream -- that of death -- had come true.

THE END

THE STORM LOVER

by

Fred W. Fischer

- Tennessee -

- Verse -

The eagles soar round Theda's tomb
At the top of yon lofty crag,
And the high winds shriek o'er the topmost peak
A-wailing like a hag.

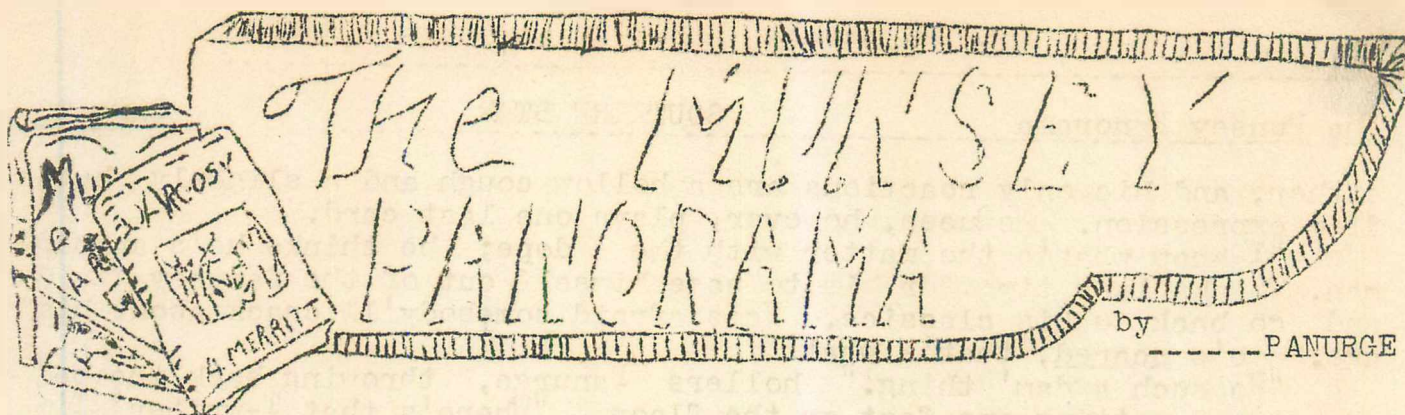
Wild was the night of Theda's doom
Then she climbed that storm-lashed rock;
The red lightning flashed and the thunder crashed
As she stood the Gods to mock.

Ah! Theda loved the rolling boom
Of turmoil in the sky,
And the stinging pain of the driving rain
Roaring from on high.

Theda leaped from the precipice
Into the wind's embrace--
The wind soared high with a joyous sigh
To fling her in a daze
To the scarp below and in ice and snow
Dull the challenge of her eyes.

So Theda lies now in a tomb
On the edge of the deep abyss
Where her spirit haunts the heavens with taunts
And feels the killer wind's kiss.

The staff of the SOUTHERN STAR, and the officers of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION are 100% behind the official World Science-Fiction Convention in Denver this summer, and strongly urge all Southern fans able to do so, to attend this affair, in order to insure increased representation for the South. Remember -- all DFF members are entitled to join the Southern group trip to the Denvention thus cutting costs in half. JOIN NOW!



THE UNSEEN MASTERPIECES

by PANURGE

Paul Wynburn presents the Author:

The editors, knowing this to be Panurge's first authorized appearance in a fan magazine, and believing, mistakenly or not, that fandom is interested in personalities, persuaded me to rise at this point and deliver a few well-chosen phrases that might serve to prepare the readers for what is to follow in these articles. But I can't explain Panurge, and neither, I'm pretty certain, can anybody else. I don't even understand why he uses such a disgraceful pen name. (He says he selected it because he has no great admiration for himself. That makes about as much sense as anything else I ever got out of him in conversation). No, I can't explain him, but I can show you how he operates. Like this:

We find him in bed, enjoying a light attack of flu. Joe Gilbert, McQueen and I have him fairly well surrounded. Sensing that, he shrinks back against the pillows and tries to look ill. He's been propped up, reading not a fantasy, not a science-fiction tale, but a murder mystery titled She'll Be Dead By Morning.

"And you haven't," reproaches Joe, "read Fear or Slam or Lost Darkness Fall?"

"Nope."

"Why do you read these thud and blunder mysteries?"

"They move so fast," mumbles Panurge.

"Opposites attract," growls McQueen. "Look here, Panurge, what is all this bilge about your not wanting to do us a series of articles on the 'Unseen Masterpieces'?"

"I dunno, I dunno."

"What's that?"

"I don't like the title. A masterpiece is a--"

"Omigosh!" I'm backing off. "Look out for the erudition!"

"Why, you can choose your own title," offers Joe.

McQueen who sneers at everything, including himself, makes a suggestion: "The Maestro is simply being coy. He wants to be coaxed."

"Look, gentlemen," says the culprit, "I'm a sick man. My bones ache, my head spins, my saliva evaporates. Right now I wouldn't know third base from yesterday's roses; and in my weakened condition you come to me en masse and try to talk me into attempting something I'm not qualified to do."

"You've got the mags," I put in. "If you haven't read the stories you can start now."

"But--"

"(!)" says McQueen under his breath. He has spied a copy of Crack-Shot Western in the magazine rack. He shudders and turns his eyes away. "We are dealing with a monster!"

Then McQueen makes one of the best campaign speeches I've heard all year--the same line, he tells me later, that he handed Brother Ramsey in Asheville--all about it being Panurge's duty to help the cause, etc., etc. But Panurge doesn't know duty from third base

either, and his only reactions are a hollow cough and a slightly baffled expression. McQueen, however, plays one last card.

"I know what's the matter with the dope; he thinks he's an old man. Thinks it's time for him to ease himself out of the fantasy field and go back to his classics. He's afraid somebody'll crack about his age. He's scared, that's what!"

"No such a dam' thing!" hollers Panurge, throwing back the bed covers and getting one foot on the floor. "Where's that I-writer? I'm as young as anybody! I'll write you articles till you'll wish to high heaven I'd get tired and quit!"

"Come on, Paul," says Mac, and hustles Joe out the door. "Let's go. When he gets both feet on the floor you are going to hear the gosh-awfullest cussing you ever heard in your life. It's no fit thing for our young and innocent ears!"

PART I. INTRODUCTION

Bibliography:

The Cavalier, October, 1908--May 9, 1914, inclusive. (Complete).

The All-Story Weekly, March 7, 1914--July 17, 1920, inclusive. (Complete as to weekly issues).

The Argosy, January, 1910, to date.

Hey, knothoids! Prepare the toasted marshmallows while yo' lit tle unknown gran'pappy, Old Doc Panurge, takes a last tug at his beard, rears back on his hind legs and reaches for his shovel.

I had always thought that nobody in the world, not even Joe Gilbert, could induce me to betray my ignorance right out in public like this. If I weren't a regular Tarzan of the Apes, I'd most likely have fainted when I read in FFM Joe's reference to me as an "authority"; because, you understand, I make no claims to being an expert on Munsey fantasy. It does happen that I have the magazines. I am a collector, and a general reader.

For some reason well obscured amid the ramifications of the editorial mind, J. G. thinks that there might be six or eight fans who would be interested in a sort of haphazard discussion of the ancient Munsey fantasies and near-fantasies. I think that a good way to express it, for every time I talk to Joe I seem to ring in a story or two that he says isn't fantasy at all. So maybe I don't even know a fantasy when I see one, in which case ain't I a fine guy to be writing this article? But I believe it to be true that the old-time Munsey editors would publish almost any kind of story, so long as it was off the beaten track; certainly it was part of their policy to be constantly on the alert for new writers, new twists, new fields. As a result some of the tales are quite difficult to classify. I am glad to note, though, that some well-known fans, such as Farsaci ((Pardon me, Butch, but I'd just like to say that the final issue of Farsaci's very popular Golden Atom can be obtained from him for 15¢ at 48 Lewis St., Rochester, N. Y. A juicy item for anyone's collection. JG)), seem to be in accord with me in the inclination to discuss stories that either have small elements of fantasy or else are not essentially fantasy at all. Why, indeed, should we adhere too closely to definition? A tale that carries a dream-like atmosphere--that is a fantasy, so far as I'm concerned. For example, consider the series about the cave man that Paul L. Anderson used to do. The Cave That Swims on the Water, Up From the Abyss, The Trampling Horde, The Lord of the Winged Death, etc. I

could never resist titles like those!

Backing up a little, what I wanted to say to begin with is that a general view of the old Munsey field seems appropriate for this first article. It is intended that succeeding articles shall be restricted to specified periods, and these periods shall be treated with as much detail and thoroughness as the old doctor can scrape up from different parts of the room. A prodigious effort will be made--I promise you!--even to say a word or two about the shorts. But I dunno if anything will come of it. Heck, anybody can make promises.

Anyhow, if there are collectors extant who still haven't spotted all the rare items; who need information concerning exact dates, number of installments, authors, exact titles, even the exact number of pages of novelettes and complete novels, I can supply such data; and if I don't get around to it soon enough, address me in care of the STAR. An attempt will be made to answer all queries having to do with stories falling within the dates of the bibliography. An attempt, brothers; note the clever phrasing; and remember that the offer applies only to Munsey mags. And fer gawd's sake, don't send postage for reply. Look for the reply in the following issue of the STAR, which you will have to buy, beg, borrow, steal, or swap for. We feex 'em, eh, Joe?

Now, where in the hell was I? Are we being followed, Butch? Oyeah, we were about to assimilate a bird's-eye view--

Well, I dunno, after all. After all, reversing the procedure, I dunno. It might be better to eschew the word "bird" in this first article. One never knows when one's verbiage will fly back at one.

Be that as it may or may not, as me old grandfather used so fittingly to remark, it is high time to get down to business, if any. And right here we might throw in again that beautiful word "panorama," that J. G. loves so well to roll around on his tongue.

Yes, suh. Well, all right, suh. It might be well to remember, I s'pose, that the great Munsey panorama of fantasy fiction is our alleged subject, and that it dates back even unto the days when old man Moses was writing serials for the sons of Israel. Or somebody.

Anyhow, my idea of a panorama is to start the thing back in 1492, ramble considerably and end up in 1941.

As you may know, it was a long series of mergers that finally evolved the modern Argosy. The Scrap Book went into the Cavalier; the Cavalier was combined with All-Story; the Argosy absorbed the Railroad Man's; and then the two great pulps, Argosy and All-Story, were merged in July, 1920. For the sake of convenience, I shall not, in these articles, use the titles All-Story-Cavalier and Argosy-All-Story; instead I shall say All-Story and Argosy, these being the portions of the titles retained.

THE CAVALIER, October, 1908--May 9, 1914. (Merged with All-Story Weekly, May 16, 1914).

There was a wealth of fantasy and science-fiction pioneering among the shorts from the very first. More of that later. High spots among the novels were, of course, the serials making up the famous Darkness and Dawn trilogy. Other serials by George Allan England: The Golden Blight, very popular in its day, and The Elixer of Hate.

Garrett P. Serviss was represented by The Second Deluge, in 7 installments, beginning July, 1911.

Besides these classics I am tempted to list Rider Haggard's beautiful Morning Star, though there is some doubt as to whether it could be called a fantasy. There are fantastic elements, and I shall discuss the matter in the next article.

I have wondered about the long file of Semi Dual tales, beginning

in this magazine under the title The Occult Detector. I consider them quite as much fantasy as many stories in Unknown, yet have never seen them mentioned in a fan mag. Certainly these tales, the earlier ones especially, have an atmosphere that is seldom if ever duplicated, and I feel that most fans would enjoy them. J. U. Giesy and Junius B. Smith were the authors.

THE ALL-STORY WEEKLY, March 7, 1914--July 17, 1920. (Merged with Argosy).

Now here is the fantasy collector's treasure trove. If I live to be a hundred, I'll dream of those covers by Morahan and Modest Stein. These mags were crammed with fantasy. By the tail of my uncle's horse, I don't know how to tell you, how to start. Did you ever hear of a writer named E. R. Burroughs? A man named Merritt broke in here, and here was Lylda born! Remember Hall, and Flint, and Julian Hawthorne, and Francis Stevens? Tod Robbins, Victor Rousseau, Charles E. Stilson? Then what sort of resume do you expect me to submit in the cramped space at my disposal? I can't even list the tales that were novel length. Must do that in succeeding articles. And who am I to say, this is a good story, that isn't? Most fans know which were the masterpieces, or at least which are most talked about today. But if I follow up this piece I'm going to make it my business to boost a number of stories that seem to me to have been slighted in the requests for FFM reprints. I mean to go a-crusading, by golly, and yell for justice and bay at the moon, and generally make a damfool out of myself, just as do all Men with Missions. For some of those unmentioned or unknown stories, gentlemen, were great stuff. Are you acquainted with Swami Ram? Do you recall the blind hero of the story written by a blind man? Do you know that one of the most powerful descriptive passages ever printed in a pulp is to be found in Francis Stevens' Claimed, telling of the destruction of Atlantis? Do you know that as far back as 1909 Cavalier carried a short having to do with the preservation of a Viking's body in a block of ice? Across a Thousand Years was the title. In the old All-Story, Stevens, Julian Hawthorne, Sheehan, and several others are good material for a self-appointed press agent, so crusading we will go, I betcha. Maybe.

A few outstanding All-Story serials, recalled off-hand:

England's Empire in the Air, 1914.

Hall's Into the Infinite, 1919.

Robbins' The Terrible Three, 1917.

Rousseau's Eye of Balamok, 1920.

Stilson's Polaris--of the Snows, 1915.

Stilson's Land of the Shadow People, 1920.

THE ARGOSY, January 1910, to date.

Between 1910 and November, 1917, Argosy was a monthly publication and many of the book length novels were printed complete in one issue. Thus if, like me, you have never been able to get your paws on the January, '15, number, you haven't the foggiest idea of what Sheehan's Abyss of Wonders could be about. I've found one guy who has that issue but he's so unfortunately like me that he won't sell. I offered a dollar, Bang, just like that. Careless like. I'm still offering. I might actually go as high as a dollar ten--whose nose?

Anyway, in this period, highlights were:

James Francis Dwyer's City of the Unseen, 1913.

Garret P. Serviss' The Moon Maiden, 1915.

William Wallace Cook's Castaways of the Year 2000, 1912. (Sequel to A Round Trip to the Year 2000, well remembered by Fred Fischer.

From 1918 to the merger with All-Story in 1920, four great novels by Francis Stevens appeared in Argosy. They were: The Citadel of Fear

SPACE SHIPS AND SPACE WAR

South Carolina
&
Tennessee

by
W. B. McQueen, Jr.
&
Fred W. Fischer

A
MUTANT
Article

Foreword: They say there's nothing new under the sun, but here may well be a new idea in articles. Some time ago W. B. McQueen and Fred W. Fischer became involved in correspondence devoted to the problems and possibilities of war in space, and a development of the limitations imposed upon interplanetary warfar , as well as suggestions toward solving vexatious points which invariably crop up in such imaginary engagements. Taking the stand that to date no story has ever been written which answered all their objections and fault-finding they be-theorizing and speculating on the subject. Excerpts from the letters of these two fans provide, we believe, a rather unique science fiction article.

We will welcome any material of this nature which may be utilized in composing an article. If you have an idea which you believe could be made into an unusual, "offtrail" article, write it up; send it in. Or any two fans who have had written discussion of certain phases of science-fiction, no matter what the subject are invited to submit their correspondence for boiling-down and excising. Better still, we would prefer that one or both of the correspondents write the article themselves!

THE EDITORS

* * * * *

McQueen: I can see that I'm going to have plenty of trouble from the science angle, swallowing some of this stuff appearing in the magazines. Outrageously impossible and far beyond the realm of probability. I would like to have any ideas you might have on the subject of future civilizations, space battles, etc. I do have some very pronounced ideas about space, space ships, future beings, and so must you. The subject is open to discussion, and should provide some fairly interesting conversation. Let's hear from you, particularly regarding space warfare.

Fischer: Ordinarily I'd be happy to argue with you on any subject Mac, or just whole-heartedly welcome any invitation to express my viewpoints, because when it comes to the point of expressing my viewpoints — especially by invitation — I'm sure hard to put a stop to. But in this instance you've generalized to the point where I'd have to write a book in reply. Reams and volumes could be written about space warfare and space ships. If you'll narrow down your subject and tell me what particular phase you wish me to discuss maybe I can give you some pronounced ideas of mine. So what say you give me yours, first!

McQueen: Okay, Butch — so you didn't help me on future civilizations or on space battles. But I can see now that I was indeed quite vague. Let me see if I can get down to the point. Regarding space battles, then, I don't mean battles between inhabited worlds. I mean what perhaps you hope I didn't mean -- battles between ships in actual space. I

mean how the hell is it going to be? How are you going to spot the enemy, what sort of guns are you going to use? What's your space ship going to look like, how does it operate, what size, how many in the crew, mainly, HOW DOES IT FIGHT? I view with considerable anticipation the settling of your capable imagination on the subject, for there are difficulties of the first water. For example, are you going to use ray guns or shrapnel? Arguments on both sides. See Willy Ley's article. ("Space War". Astounding, August '39. JG)). If you say shrapnel, then what sort of shrapnel will it be?

The space buccaneer in the magazine is always being surrounded by from twenty to thirty police ships. The police shoot at his ship — but with what? Our hero replies — but what with, to vary the construction? Now me, I don't cotton a-tall to this business of some kind of screens, ala the supreme Smith, thrown out into space, the Lord knows how, that stop the enemy in his — so to speak — tracks. I think the stories should be reasonably plausible. What the heck are these screens? Smith doesn't say. I don't care to exert myself in saying. They are, I say simply, one of those impossible things, and they will appear, if at all, centuries after the space ship appears. So let's just take the ship, for a starter, and that's plenty to take even by itself.

My belief is this: Some form of shrapnel will be used; not necessarily like what we know today. And how's this? A projectile is constructed that will explode by regulated timing, a certain number of seconds after contact with SPACE. Not atmosphere. It would not, therefore, detonate within a ship, where a breathable air is maintained. Okay, the shell explodes. In space. Would not the flying fragments of steel travel much farther in space than they would in an atmosphere? There would be nothing, literally, to stop them. Accordingly, if shrapnel should explode anywhere near a space ship there'd be a high probability of damage. And so, I picture to myself a space ship with gun chambers shut off from the rest of the ship by air locks. Bubbles, you might say, in the side of the ship. The guns could be aimed by a man inside the ship, outside both locks. In a case of close quarters the gunner would be inside the bubble, the better to aim.

In short, picture yourself inside a space ship, shooting a shotgun out one of the ports. There would be considerably more effective range than there would be on earth. Question arises, what would the effective range be? And so forth and so forth. I hope you get the idea. The ray business seems unfair, even if workable, and the screen business for defense seems equally unfair (although anything is fair in love and war). And the only thing left is shrapnel. And in addition to all that, I'm giving you my opinion and letting you come back at it. It gives you the edge, but that's exactly how I want it. I want you to stretch yourself, strain the little gray cells. It'll do you good.

And by the way, about the worst account of a space battle I ever hope to read was that one in Thrilling Wonder by Mr. Burks, I think. West Point of the Future, or something. And they pay people for that sort of thing. However, let's hear from you on the subject, Fred. Fischer: Bringing up your points one by one. Well, spotting the enemy in space would undoubtedly be quite a problem, due not only to the tremendous velocity required to make space-traveling practical but due also to the vast distances separating opposing craft — dis—

-tances which might be covered by telescope or radio more easily than by any other means.

Here are several types of spotting. Magnetic. The old idea about sensitivity. Have a gadget so sensitive that it can pick up the presence of other space ships either by receipt of electrical waves, vibratory waves, or perhaps super-optical impingement upon a sort of telescopic electric eye.

Or you could have a lookout in a conning tower or control room, actually looking out physically, for other ships of the void — just like the man on the masthead of the old windjammer or the bucko on the bridge of today's liner. He can be peeking through a 'scope, scouting ahead and around by means of television apparatus, or using the good old naked eye method. But on second thought, could he use the latter method at all? Are the interstellar spaces black or light? Are the stars pinpricks of silver as seen from the earth at night, or is the ether pure colorless vacuum transmitting enough light to make the void seem as if daylighted at all times? I don't know. Do you?

Oke, anyway let's assume the enemy is spotted. Now — maneuverability! How to get TO him and AT him?

If we imagine space ships as they probably will be: bullets aimed at a certain point on a practically unalterable, charted course (in other words projectiles) — we have taken all the fun out of space traveling. In fact, we're just going for a ride and can't do any driving. By all means, we must figure out some way of providing fancy space ships with maneuverability, so's they can be parked on a dime, taken anywhere and set down anywhere, and so that they can fly around, over, under, and AT the enemy, executing all kinds of complicated stunts with the same ease our modern airplane employs in barrel-rolling doing a loop-the-loop, or skirting a pylon at 350 miles per hour. So — can we give the space ship wings?

No — almost out of the question. The job's gotta be streamlined for speed, and anything more protrusive than small stabilizing fins would be unreasonable. Yet you can't maneuver a bullet. Rocket blasts on the port side or the aft-side might change the course, but it'd be a hell of an expensive way to alter direction, what with the expenditure of fuel. Even if the energy was inexpensive and of no matter, it would take all kinds of time — and distance — for a ship to deviate from a straight line if it were going at the comparatively mild speed of even a mile a minute.

We cannot, therefore, depend on rockets to suddenly alter course. At my wit's end, I'll confess that I can't figure out ANYTHING to give a swift craft such mobility as would be desirable. Speeding vehicles just don't handle like bicycles. Any quick maneuver would jerk the passengers of space ships to shreds. You can't start off in one direction at a mile a minute, even, and switch off to the left or right INSTANTLY without (1) obeying certain laws of centrifugal action, (2) feeling as if elephants were using you for a tug-of-war, and (3) losing a perfectly good lunch.

So if we spot 'em but can't maneuver around 'em, how are we gonna make a fight out of it? The only reasonable solution I can see is in long-range bombardment. To your question, rays or shrapnel? — I can only answer, truth, or consequences?

Do you want those things which could possibly operate, or dream-stuff for fantasy mags? The solid missile, to my mind, could not be used. The target would be moving and moving so fast, that only a million-in-one chance would ever allow a bullet or projectile to strike it and do damage, even were the initial impetus of sufficient force to propel the missile to its destination, anywhere up to light years away. Not only ballistics, but the most elaborate mathematics imaginable would have to enter into the firing of space guns or space cannon. The trajectory of the offensive missile would have to be plotted, to compensate for the gravitational pull not only of the attacking craft but of the gravitational pull of the enemy craft. In free space; in vacuum, these two bodies would both exert such a force. Also, to strike the opposing ship, the route of the bullet would have to be calculated in order that it could be fired so as to reach a certain exact point in space SIMULTANEOUSLY with the speeding target. If magnetic in nature, the bullet might speed toward its goal, but if magnetic, how would you have it explode? Upon contact, so as to do relatively small damage against thick armorplate? Or should it penetrate and explode? Should it be timed? If so, it would never be efficacious because the exact interval required for it to reach the target could never be surely known.

To my mind, a solid projectile, magnetic in nature, is the only kind of missile capable of reaching its intended destination. The first premise has argued that the ships are manageable only as to general direction. Therefore close attack is practically impossible unless two craft happen to be COINCIDENTALLY traveling side by side, in which event projectiles MIGHT BE USED. I preclude the use of shrapnel because the pieces would tend to fall free in the direction of their initial velocity, spraying outward and away from each other. The shrapnel sections might all start at the same point, but at a distance of even two miles the different slugs would be so far apart that many of them would entirely miss the target (if aimed true originally). In space the ships would reasonably be much further apart from each other than any two miles. Two hundred miles, even, would be close — mighty close.

We come now to the use of rays, which I advocate not because of plausibility but because of sheer personal lassitude and convenience. Let's use rays by all means. We can originate rays at sixty an hour or better. Death rays, heat rays, cold rays, paralysing rays, vibratory rays; and then, too, let's use waves: heat waves, cold waves, radio waves, brain waves, electrical waves, etc., etc., etc. I, too, deplore the use of gravitational screens, force screens, and energy screens and zones of force. See Smith, Campbell, Hamilton — anybody!

We have, you see, reached the well-known impasse. You believe in shrapnel, and I can't conceive of shrapnel because I can't conceive of you getting close enough to me to make it practical. Of course I'm not particularly dangerous to you either, with my purely imaginary rays, but I can still shoot at you from any distance I consider advantageous, and I can lambast you with everything from gamma rays and X-rays to permanent waves. And I firmly believe that my make-believe waves and rays will do fully as much damage as could your solid and material shrapnel. Heh, heh! You can't shoot me if you can't spot me. If you spot me you can't catch me. If you catch me, you can't

get near me. I'm just as safe in my little spaceship as if I were in Church, heh, heh! Brrrrr-ack! Brrrrrrrrrrrr-ack! I thumb my nose at you, and go scooting away across the universe at 500 miles per second. G-g-gosh! Where the heck are the brakes? How do I s-s-stop this th-th-thing? I wanna go home!

You asked me about the water storage problem on a space ship. Easy; just manufacture what you need by a chemical reshuffling or recombining of atoms. Transmutation is already possible and air can be manufactured; so water will someday be possible. And there's a plot for you — a mad scientist (mad as a wet hen) flooding the world. Hm-mm-mm-mm-mm. With what — water? Don't be a fool! With alcohol, of course! What good is water? And with that, I seem to have shot my wad. You asked for it and you got it. Let that teach you a lesson, Mac!

McQueen: Yeah. Well, all right — but I'm going to write you again, Butch!

THE END

From The Chicago Rocket Field. Continued from Page 3.

something may come of it. Only time will tell.

Then, after visiting with Krupa, we returned to my house for dinner, and saw Reinsberg there. After dinner the three of us drove to the ship where Tullis was stationed, the U.S.S. Colefax. We had never been there before, so spent some time finding it among the docks. The Coast Guardsmen have every night off if they want it, and weekend liberty too, so when we found George, we packed him in the car and drove out to see Meyer and also Chuck Wright again. After a little visiting we drove out to see Bill Hamling. Bill wasn't home, so we left him a note telling him we'd been there. Then we departed and dropped Mark and George off. Doc and I proceeded downtown to pick up Mrs. Smith and we drove to my house. Then I took them to a swell soda house, and we all had a soda on me. Following that there were fond good-bys, and putting them on the road to Jackson, which is about 175 miles from Chicago, I left them.

Since then we have had other fans visiting town, such as Mr. Cripps of Manhattan, Kansas; a science-fiction enthusiast who spent a few hours with me and a few dollars with M. Korshak (I'm a dual personality). Also I understand that Elmer Perdue was in town for a few minutes some days ago, on his way from Washington, D. C. to his home in Casper, Wyoming. Elmer is Official Editor of the FAPA, and in that capacity stopped off in Bloomington to consult with Bob Tucker, President of that organization. Not wishing to go the rounds with the Chicago fans he did not disclose his identity, and stayed in the bus-station while waiting for his Bloomington bus.

That about sums things up, I guess, as far as the recent activities of the Chicago fans are concerned. Of course there is the usual exchange of visits between the fans, and the calls on Palmer, but outside of that things are pretty normal.

Chicago lost an edition to her happy family when Robert Moore Williams left for his home town, St. Louis, Mo. a few weeks back. Also George Tullis is temporarily in Milwaukee. Such is the life of a sailor. He and Donn Brazier have been seeing a lot of each other.

That seems to be about all the dirt in my little black book, so if you don't mind excusing me, I think I'll turn in now. So long, then.

Avalon, Claimed, and Serapion. From that point on, we never saw the author's name again, and so we wonder whose pen name he was.

Also before '20 appeared three novels much talked about, but probably overrated: Jack Bechdolt's The Torch, and Garret Smith's After a Million Years and Between Worlds.

After the merger that created the Argosy-Allstory Weekly, there was a continuation of the big parade of excellent fantasies, and many of them would stand up well in the eyes of 1941 readers.

Burroughs went on with the Tarzan and Mars series, and introduced us to The Moon Maid and The War Chief. Cummings gave us The Fire People, and The Man Who Mastered Time. (And thereafter, if you ask me, he should have used a nom de Plume himself!) Ralph Milne Farley broke in with The Radio Man and sequels. A. Merritt, Will McMorrow, Homer Bon Flint, Garret Smith, J. U. Giesy, were much in evidence. That very excellent tale The Ju Ju Man came out in 1922, The Blind Spot in 1921. And if you think I'm kidding about Semi Dual, try the Wolf of Erlik, in '21. MacIsaac went off-the-trail with The Vanishing Professor. Florence Crew-Jones translated The Future Eve from the French.

In 1928 Argosy ceased to be a magazine for the whole family, became a pulp devoted to the edification and relaxation of the Great American Male--the armchair Napoleon, the front-yard Tarzan, the barber shop quarterback. But the G. A. M., apparently, likes his fantasy too, so the big parade not only continued, but had its pace accelerated. (Say, Butch, is dat guy still following us? Cheese, kin ya imagine? We got a reader!)

After '28, Burroughs brought us the Venus tales, of which the first is not the best, and the wonderful ape-man gradually lost prestige. Cummings had fourteen serials and many novelettes during the decade; if you want 'em, take 'em. Seven serials by O. A. Kline. Pure hackwork, but I dote on 'em. You like? A mysterious person calling himself Slater LaMaster produced two very popular stories, Luckett of the Moon and The Phantom in the Rainbow. Murray Leinster did himself proud, and I mean proud, Brother, with The War of the Purple Gas. MacIsaac continued with World Brigands, The Bathhouse World, and the Lost Land of Atzlan.

If you've, by any chance, missed Garret Smith and wish to try him, I recommend that you start with The Girl in the Moon, 1928. That cover, mister, that cover! How could the story fail to please?

Other highlights:

Carhart's Buccaneers International, 1936.

Rogers' Locusts from Asia, 1937.

Roscoe's War Declared!, 1935.

Rosny's Belgvor of the Blue River, 1932.

Rousseau's World End, 1933.

Vincent's Red Twilight, 1931.

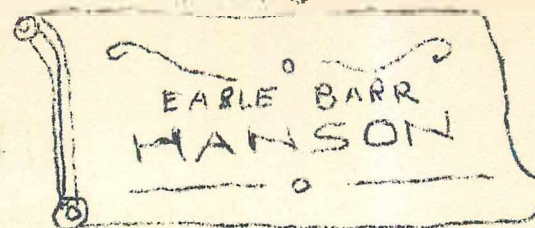
Zagat's Drink We Deep, 1937.

Gosh, this is hopeless. I give up. I try to be off-hand and casual like that, and look what happens! I start out with a brief summary, and wind up with a sort of damned running commentary, or something. A thousand pardons and a couple of thousand condolences, gentlemen. My excuse is that I am a fanatic, an antiquary, a dope. Joe Gilbert said you'd listen--the falsifyin', misrepresentin' son-of-a-gun! Well, I hope you did listen--I hope you're as nuts about these old tales as I am. I give you my word this is all very sincere. I was born like this, and I'll be doggoned if I ain't kinda proud of it. Even if I do talk when I ought to be listening.

Selah, so be it, take it away. This is it, Joe, and if I do say it as shouldn't, it's a good thing with which to start fires in a circulating heater.

Thanks, old hosses.

PASSENGER



LIST DFE

BIOGRAPHIES of DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION MEMBERS

Conducted-----

by-----

ART R. SEHNERT

After leaning on our elbows for hours in a very futile attempt to think up an appropriate opening paragraph for this department we have given up all hope. In consequence we present:
(without the benefit of an Emil Ludwig introduction.)

MR. EARLE BARR HANSON

Hanson was extremely recalcitrant about sending us his biography. Modesty, we suspect, and then it could have been the fact that we didn't use the right approach. We are of a mind to accept the former reason, however.

Hanson is one of the older fans active in fandom, having attained the age of thirty-eight. If he had been born one month later he could have celebrated his birthdate the time we all celebrate the birthdate of our first president. Birthplaces, though, are not so correlative, Hanson having been born in New Haven, Conn.; Washington somewhere in Virginia.

Having graduated from Yale in 1924, Hanson moved to Miami, Florida in 1926, the year of the first great hurricane. And we suspect a large percent of that hurricane was Hanson taking over Miami. Hanson tells us he started collecting books, fantasy preferably, about 1916, consequently he has by this time, as he so aptly terms it, a rather decent classical and modern library. Started on sf and fantasy magazines only a couple of years ago. Lays claim to the feat of having read every fantasy and scientifiction mag from their beginning, with the exception of Argosy. Became interested in fans and fandom shortly after beginning his collection of fantasy and scientifiction magazines.

Hanson is president of the Miami Local, American Federation of Radio Artists; Vice-President Miami Federation of Musicians; Treasurer of Advisory Council — John B. Orr Chapter, Order of De Molay. He is a member of Shrine, Masons, Elks, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Jesters, Indiana Fantasy Association, and Dixie Fantasy Federation. Earle says "As soon as I can get up enuf ambition, will send 50¢ to Denver and join another fine organization — and help another fine cause."

Hanson, we forgot to say, is acting president of the DFF, which accounts for our comparing him with Washington. While we can't compare the DFF with the United States, Hanson and Washington were firsts in their respective offices, and look how long the United States has lasted — MAY THE COMPARISON BECOME A SYNONYMOUS CORRELATION.

DETOURS

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THING if Bob hadn't objected so
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joy a Los Angeles magazine that
looks like hell!

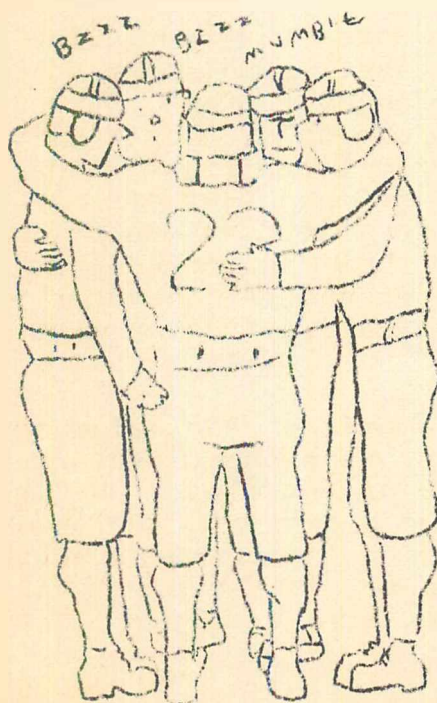
Van Houten gets his share, tho
and on the whole, everybody sh-
ould be damn mad when they've fin-
ished

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