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The Crew This Trip:

Milton A. Rothman
Harry Jenkins, Jr.
Jim Tillman
Fred Fischer
Morley
L. R. Chauvenet
Panurge
Oliver Saari

On Our Noxt Voyage:

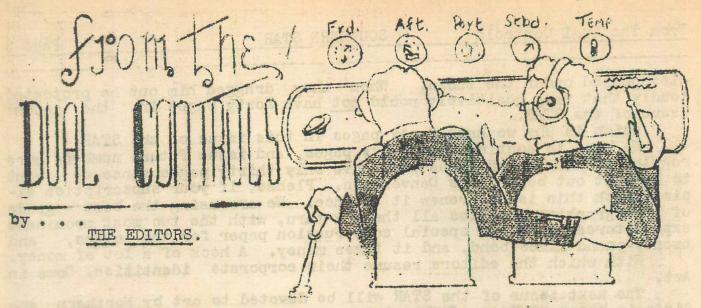
Art Schnert
Bob Tucker
George Fenton
Jack Speer
Leslie Perri
Fred Fischer
Phil Schumann
Panurgg

THE LOG THIS TRIP

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THE SOUTHERN STAR is a supposedly bi-monthly publication which achieves that enviable status with distressing infrequency. Published at 3600 Grand St., Columbia, S. C., and all advertisments, regularly contributed departments, subscriptions and letters should be sent to that address. This magazine is associated with the "Dixie Press" and is the organ of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION. Subscription rates: 10¢ per copy; 25¢ for any three issues.

The third issue will be out before the Denvention - we hope!



This is Gilbert. The delay in the first issue was inevitable and I have no apologies to make for it; after all, no first issue is ever on time, and the difficulties encountered with that first number, were unique. The business firm where I brought my first batch of took advantage of my innocence in such matters and sold me white cellulose stencils. Seems that said stencils are worthless, completely utterly no-good. After two weeks of the hardest work I've ever done in my life I discovered the fact, but then it was rather late to do anything about it. Every single stencil had to be thrown away and the entire thirty cut over on decent stencils. Which naturally wasn't much fun.

That would seem to be enuf trouble to do any one fanzine editor. for while, but then it seemed that the pro firm I'd intended to have do the mimeoing had given me the wrong impression of the price. The correct impression was a horrible one. No such amount of money had ev-

er been seen in this section of the country.

But if the comercialism shown by the business firm was not at all nice, the willingness shown by you fellows to help more than made up for it. It was more than a little overwhelming, and thanking you enuf is not difficult; it is impossible. To Lew Martin, to Harry Warner, to the Plutonians — your offer to mimeograph the magazine without charge was pretty darn decent and I'd like for you to know that I appreciate it infinitely more than I can say. I am also grateful to Mrs. Jones of the local letter shop for her loan of equipment and allaround help and advice; and to Harbin's, our mimeograph supply dealers in this city, for their co-operation and assistance, assistance that went far beyond mere business courtesy.

But most of all my thanks must go primarily to the two people wh have made this issue possible — Louis and Gertrude Kuslan. The loan (their mimeograph is responsible for the continuation of this magazin Incidentally, the Camp, while fascinated by the gadget, has a lot learn about it. We aren't promising anything special in the way of meographing, except that we'll do our dangdest on it, and will doubt—

less have a fairly legible magazine by the first issue.

And let me say here that the bad art in the first issue was completely my fault. The originals were beautiful, but I didn't use a ruler and the work showed it. We think that the art this issue is an improvement, despite the fact that most of it was cut with no more equipment, really, than a pane of glass, a stylus, and a fingernail file for a screen.

credit for the forty-page idea goes to Columbia Camper, Lee East-man, poetry editor extraordinary. He be the idea only one week after the first issue, and Gilbert made a way ring noise and promptly

dissapeared under the table. When they dragged him out he protested loudly that they positively would not have forty pages in the second issue of the STAR.

Which is why we have forty pages in this issue of the STAR.

We hope to continue the forty pages, and issue future numbers more regularly. The third issue will have only thirty pages since we want to have it out before the Denvention. Please, if your subscription expires with this issue, renew it at once. We are using the best of mimeographing supplies all the way thru, with the two most prominent expenditures being the special construction paper for the covers, and twenty-paund mimeo bond, and it takes money. A heck of a lot of money.

With which the editors resume their corporate identities. Come in

The next issue of the STAR will be devoted to art by Northern artists in honor of Harry Jenkins' excellent new magazine "Fanart". plug here in favor of the magazine is not, we think, out of place, since it is certainly one of the most unique things we've ever seen in the fan field. Devoted exclusively to: art by fan artists, the magazine has the finest single lineup of artework we have ever seen in one magazine, and that is not exaggerated in the slightest. Work by Fields, Wright, Teaball, Hunt, Radcliffe, Bush, Fortier, Jones, Sayn, and knight. thing is genuinely good and you'd better get in on the ground floor before the first issue is completely exhausted. It's a dime and a "Dixie

Press" publication.

If we are - coming back to the forty pages - going to to put out that many, it's going to take a lot of material - god terial. And speaking of material, our policy is, we believe, where the latter is concerned, different from any other fan magazine. We are going to specialize in the light "Why I think Kummer Stinks" type of ticle, but in thought-provoking, controversy-provoking material of armerious nature, with a lasting interest. We are trying to make STAR as different as possible in every conceivable way, from t he format on up, and since material is, of all things, the most important item, we want to make ours the best. If you really have something worthwhile to say in a well-written manner, then this is the mag to say it Not that the STAR will be a stamping ground for intellectuals only We are very anxious to obtain good humor, and would appreciate any you might care to write. Good poetry is another much-needed : item. Fiction will be used only when it is of a professional or near professonal quality. And naturally enuf, we will be happiest of all to recere material from Southerners. What about it, boys?

Just in time for this issue comes word that the "Dixiecon" will be id in Washington, D. C. in '42. We'll see you there.

Crowded out this time were a short story by Perri, and "Handwrig on The Wall". Both will be back next issue, along with an unusue algrexcellent line-ap of material, fine art-work, much better mimeoing and all the regular departments. Plus a new column by the one, the only, Bob Tucker, "Mumblings". Korshak will not continue the department begun in the first issue; it's place will be taken with Morley's news department. This was requested in a very big hurry for the second issue, and Morley complied beautifully, having, however, no opportunity, really, to write either a very long or very newsy column. We anticipate the column becoming one of mur most popular features in coming issues. Watch it for exclusive professional news from America's publishing center.

Don't forget to write and let us know how we're doing!

"My uncle's horse was a genius," he informed us, "but you how it is - being a horsw."

"Is that the horse you swear by the tail of?" asked Mac.

"The same."

Mot changing the subject at all, put in Joe, "but I was wondering about the second 'Panorama',

"Oh, the sec-! So there's going to be another issue of the STAR?"
"There most certainly is!"

"Oh. Well, you sure caught me-uh-without a panorama, you might I've worked like the devil over these old stories, and have succeeded only in coming up with a batch nobody ever heard of. And so I am crush', I am defeat'! You can see for yourself."

THE CAVALIER. PART II.

All stories mentioned in this article are from the Cavalier, and they are discussed in chronological order. The dates are October, 1908 - June 1910, inclusive, the former being volume 1, number 1 of the magazine. At this period the publication was monthly.

All right, suh - go ahead: WORLD WRECKERS, by Frank Lillie Pollock. Complete novel, 53pp, No-

vember, 1908.

A scientist who has discovered a way to manufacture gold is kidnaped by a gang of crooks, and they attempt, with the aid of his formula to gain control of the world. Our hero joins the gang, foils the plot, wins the gal, and --- grabs off a few slabs of the gold himself. Dying, the man-who-would-be-emperor.says, "I was working for good. . . . It's only by force that you can do good." 1908 - 1941: The world wags on, but some human concepts remain fairly constant. Nice writing and good imagination displayed in this tale, and it doesn't

sound thirty years old.

A FLYER IN MARTIANS, by Jay Stanley Jackson. 7pp, December, 1908.

Hoax. Professor Nemi's two passengers didn't get to Mers, but their valuables, placed in the "Space ship" for safekcoping.

Faintly amusing.

AN UNNATURAL FEUD, by Norman Douglas. 8pp, December, 1908.

A masterpiece. Weird and horrible, and leading to a climax that is inevitable yet strangely beautiful, this story reminds one of Poe,

while in many ways the treatment is superior to Poc.

The man loved the elfwater, and it was said that anything of his that was lost in the waters came back to him again. But the man hated his mother, for she had, years ago, driven his young bride away. Always his mother had dominated him, and he spent his days in wishing for her doathy and in grieving for his lost bride. At last he attempted a desperate act, and was thwarted, but the spirit of the lost bride came out of the Elfwater, embraced him, and took him home.

The power of this story beggers description, and I know one fellow who considers it among the best he's ever read! (The title is mislead-

THE KNIFE AND THE PAINTING, by Arthur Stanley Weeler. 6pp, January.

1909.

A study in psychology. Curious chain of events that ultimately fulfilled the prophecy of a man's dying enemy. Rather logical, but not too interesting.

A TRIANGLE OF TERROR, by Grace Tabor. 12pp, March, 1909.

Most unusual. Writing what is primarily a love story, triangle variety, author introduces experiment in astral projection as meananef painlessly removing the lady's husband. The obtuse angle wins. Not for me nor you, laddie!" ACROSS A THOUSAND YEARS, by Elliot Balestier. 7pp, March, 1909,

For hundreds of years the body of the Red Earl had been preserved in ice, but at last, in accordance with the Viking legend, he came back from the sea with a priceless treasure. His descendant, Captain Neilsen faces him across the centuries, and received the treasure.

THE FIRE GLOBE, by Norman H. Crowell. 7pp, April, 1909.

In the Chinese outlaw city, Wooks killed the lion with one paragraph, but while Riggs was fumbling around under the waves for the jools, along came a comet's tail and wiped out the whole shebang. And I don't care if it did.

THE CHANGELINGS, by W. D. Wattles. Complete Novel, 27pp, May, 1909. There's something about this fool thing that appeals to me. you ever read a story and think that you'd probably be the only reader to like it? Too much British and Irish accent is evident in the dialogue, but if you put up with that, then you might find a good bit what J. G. and others call good clean fun. That is, if you care for the Wodehouse brand. Anyhow, here's what it is: an insane brain specialist kidnaps an Englisman and an Irishman, and operates, to prove a theory. Result, the men are the same afterward, except that the Irishman talks like the Englishman and vice versa. The problem thoreafter is how to keep your girl friend with your new accent. The developments are well

handled, and I say it's fantasy.

MR. POPKINES PRIVATE JAIL, by L. H. Robbins. 6pp, June, 1909.

Millionaire Mr. Popkin set up a home for the strong-minded, conducted "for the benefit of the public." Whenever one of the nation's great men would begin to take himself too seriously, Mr. Popkin would kidnap him and "save him from himself."

PERPETUAL YOUTH, by W. D. Wattles. 3pp, June, 1909.

In 1908 they were in love, but it chanced that the lady was married, and that stumbling block in 1908, was insurmountable. A Magian lecturer taught them that growing old is a matter of the subconceious, and so they learned to stay young, and met again in 2008. But again, surprisingly, the lady already had a husband. At their last meeting in 2108 they both were very bored with life and wanted to grow old. gentleman proudly displayed his one gray hair, hoped for others. INVISIBLE, by Edna Valentine Trapnell. P. 137, October, 1908.

Quite creepy.

MORNING STAR, by H. Rider Haggard. Serial, 8 parts, November, 1909. "It was evening in Egypt, thousands of years ago, when the Prince Abi, governor of Memphis and of great territories in the Delta, made fast his ship of state to a quay beneath the outermost walls of the mighty city of Thebes. . . . "

I submit that that is a pretty good opening sentence; it was good enough, anyway, to cause this reader to swear he wouldn't miss a word

from there on.

Prince Abi (the villain of the piece) hoped one day to ascend the throne, for Pharaoh was childless; but at last, by special favor of the god Amen, the princess Morning Star was born. From the first, Morning Star was a boing set apart, a half goddess. To watch over her and guide her, the gods appointed a sort of astral double, called a Ka. The Ka was "just like me, except that it throws no shadow, and only comes when I am quite by myself; and then, although I hear it often, I see it rarely, for it is mixed up with the light."

With the death of her mother, the princess was reared by Asti, the enghantress, and as soon as she was grown to womanhood, shared the throne with Pharaoh. She would take no suitor for husband, however,

because she loved Rames, Asti's son.

Making a tour of the dominions, Pharaoh and Morning Star visited Abi in Memphis, and there Abi, with the connivance of the astrologer, Kaku, brought about Pharaoh's death by means of a magic waxen image. Abi then refused to let Morning Star return to Thebes until she would consent to marry him. The astral Ka comes to the rescue by appearing as a human being and marrying Abi, while the real princess and Asti threw themselves into the Nile.

After a period of unconsciousness, the two women found themselves on a phantom ship. It was the boat of Ra, manned by a phantom crew, the captain of which was later revealed as the ghost of the murdered Pharaoh. Leaving the ship, they wandered in desert country, and met a being called Kepher, who was the god of all the desert peoples, and who had been sent by Amen to aid them. When danger threatened, they summoned Kepher with a magic harp, and at last the journey ended in the land of Kesh, where Rames now ruled as King.

The undoing of Abi was accomplished by the astral double, and Morning Star, with Rames for her husband, returned to the throne at

Thebes.

To me, it is a very satisfying story, this rare mixture of romance and magic and ancient times. It is, indeed, the very type of tale I like best. There are passages of beautiful description, and scenes that will touch you deeply, and enveloping the whole is that glamorous mist of occultism that colors every episode. The gods come down to earth, the dead returns prophecies are fulfilled, and miracles stop the wicked in their tracks. Sometimes you have the illusion that the words were actually written thousands of years ago. An eremite in an age-old cloister would have dreamed a dream like this.

Interlude, by the aforesaid Wynburn.

The little asterisk on the end intrigued Panurge. He waved a hand at her, and she smiled back brightly.

"If I was much smarter," said Panurge, "I'd be ravin' crazy."

"And so?" inquired Joc.

"And so I was about to say, this is all very borin', as you'll readily admit."

Joe, catching the cue, remarked, "Aw - well --!"

"It seems like you or me, one or the other, ought to say right here that even if the whole dam' article does appear summat monotonous, we are doing something."

"Something?"

"We are making a god-durn exhaustive study," said Panurge. "Some-body in the fan world ought to appreciate that, oughtn't they, for gosh sakes? We are giving them the works, such as they, meaning the works, are. We are skipping nothing: nothing that even borders on fantasy is escaping our several eagle eyes. So far as the Munsey mags go, we are covering the field; and when the story is no good, we say so, don't we? (Continued on Page 21)

Yngvi Is Not A Louse! Concluded from page 4.

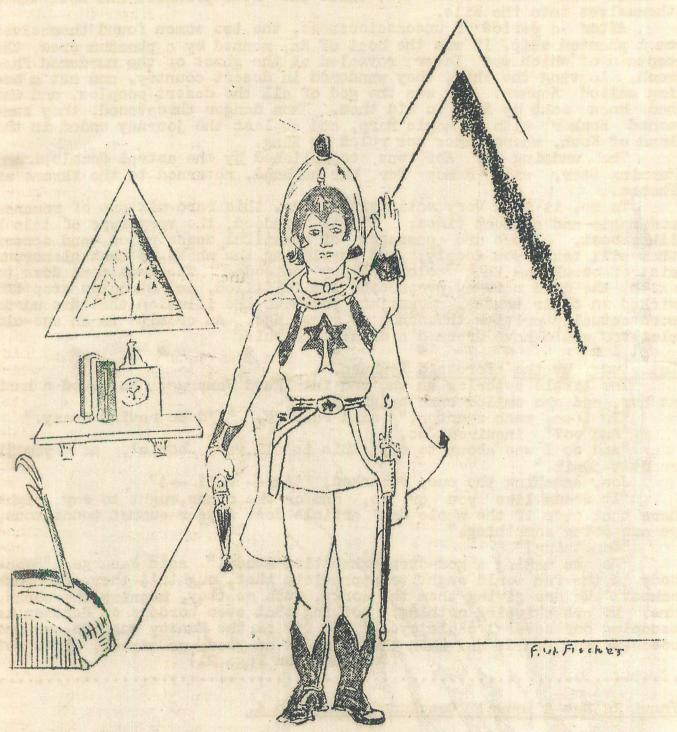
Help me please, gentlemen: Write Mr. de Camp requesting — nay, demanding — that he release my poor partner. And remember, please:

I am not a louse. Yehudi is.

Yours most sincerely.

Y Yngri.

SOUTHERN STAR



by

-Virginia -

L. R. Chauvenet

. Articlo -

If popular success be considered any indication of literary great ness, then it is impossible to deny such a quality to Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose Tarzan stories and other tales have sold millions of copies in virtually every language spoken by any significent number of people. Nevertheless, examination of ERB's works not only shows that they are far from being what the intellectuals classify as great literature, but may serve to show us the secret of their popular favor.

To consider the latter aspect first, let us begin with ERB's first two books — "The Outlaw of Torn", which was a flop, and "Tarzan of the Apes", which became an immediate success. There is no real difference between the styles of the two works — in each book, the hero overcomes insuperable odds and rescues the heroine from a "fate worse than death". The setting of the Outlaw, however, is in some part historical — specifically, feudal England, when the barons were powerful enough to cow John, the weak king, and every nobleman's home was literally his castle. This background hampered ERB; the terrific feats of his here occuring in historical settings could not be seem out of place. There was a fundamental incongruity of plausible and sheerly fictional events. Perhaps, also, ERB struck at the wrong time. The vogue for historical novels has only reached extensive currency since the w.k. Gone With The Wind, of recent date. At any

rate, Outlaw of Torn did not sell.

Burroughs himself has recorded that the genesis of many of his books came from daydreams and "nightdreams" which he conciously invented to pass tedious sleeploss hours. This is, indeed, by no means hard to believe. The ceaseless narrow escapes do have a great deal of the fantastic and dream-like about them. Strictly artificial, however, is the device ERB has so long relied on --- interrupting action at critical points to take up the story of other characters, until these, too, are placed in jeopardy, after which, under the rules of the game, it becomes permissible to go back and save the first party, It would be hard to say how much the success of Tarzan was helped by this somewhat crude method of story-telling. It is at least certain that the setting of a tropical jungle where nothing in the nature of violens ce and sudden death soems out of place, helped a great deal. Then again, in having Tarzan at once an English lord, and a savage ape, demonstrated his genius by managing a simultaneous appeal to the snob bery and secret rebellion against civilized customs which are to be fo und in the average person. Mowgli could boast no royal blood in veins, and in the jungle of Kipling, animals for which the average per son feels few sympathies appeared wiser than humans. Compare Kaa, the python, with Histah, the snake, for an instance of my meaning. The phy sical prowess of Tarzan, as contrasted with the curning of Mowgli, illustrates another great difference between the two jungle heroes, even the most cursory student of human nature in the mass could predicted t hat physical prowess would win more admiration. The average person has muscles; he can imagine them much stronger muscles, and salcan place himself in the role of Tarzan. Our avernge perp son does not have brains; he cannot, if normally dull-witted, imagine himself as clever, and the role of Mowgli becomes distasteful to him. Hence the immense sale of Tarzan -- and the continued popularity of the Jungle Books among comparatively few.

The adventures of Tarzan, read on top of each other, make incredible reading, but in any given volume ERB can induce a certain specious acceptance of his adventures. But when Tarzan removes lions as easily as caternillars, when he is tossed overboard out of sight of land and survives, when he is dragged under by a crocodile and still 'ives, when neither Tarzan nor anyone else in whom ERB is interested is ever actually killed when bound to a stake around which dance howling savages, (which seems a bit unfair to the savages!) when all these things have been noticed, the reader cannot avoid acquiring a somewhat bored faith in Tarzan's immortality. This detracts a great deal from the interest in many of ERB's most spectacular scenes. When Tarzan faces certain death, bound on the altar of Opar -- fear not, for if nothing else, then the priestess who is to sacrifice him will save him instead. If it is the altar of A-Lur on which Tarzan lies, then look for the appearance of Korac, his son, just in time. One wonders somewhat why ERB rescuers never happen to arrive a few minutes or hours before the zero hour - but ERB is economical, and if 15 seconds will suffice to save pis meal-ticket, it would be silly to use more, so ho must reason.

Quite naturally, when ERB came to write stories dealing with other than Tarzan's adventures, he employed many of the methods used in promoting his earlier hero. Thus, John Carter bears a life no less charmed than Tarzan's, but a piquant element is introduced in the lack of control over his interplanetary transportation which bothers him at times. Still when Thurid finds Carter climbing up a high building and kicks him back over the edge, ERB violates all known lawa of psychology in that Carter is saved because Thurid, who hates him bitterly, does not come to the edge of the building to gloat over his enemy's death, and so does not notice Carter's miraculous preservation, which he could speedily have ended. This episode somewhat disgusted me. One can put up with only so much. And, of course, the Ras Thavak stories — in particular the latest Giant of Mars — are far lesser affairs than were the earlier Martian stories. The Venuisan tales are equally negligible. The Pellicudar adventures, however, are fresher and more vigorous

- until Tarzan is dragged in for no reason -- unfairly, I could not help but feel. I rather liked At The Earth's Core and Pellicudar --

particularly in respect to the attempt to forge a new civilization better principles than those in current use.

Of the other books, The War Chief is not without interest, dealing as it does with Geronimo, 1st great Apache Chieftain. But of them all, two stand out, namely, The Land That Time Forgot, and The Moon Maid. I have a strong suspicion that Richard Tooker's The Tomb of Time more convincingly portrays what might be really expected of a survived section of the past. But ERB's wonderful and divertingly fantastic theme in The Land That Time Forgot is more striking. If it escapes rank as Burrough's best, it is only because of a certain superfluity of characters and a persistent over thrillingness of episode is retained from Tarzan and other works.

My nomination for Burroughs' masterpiece must remain The Moon Maid. I speak of the complete trilogy published under that title, not merely of the first of the three. To make, the second part, telling of life among the conquered race and rebellion against the moon hordes is Burroughs writing as he has all too seldom bothered to write. Then, in the third part, I am especially appreciative of the passing comments on

the new forgotten past achievements of man.

Inasmuch as I have already indicated Burroughs' salient literary defects, I will conclude by listing those scenes from his books which

(Concluded on page 16)



spanked and put to bed, and the two pinie doodlers Joe Gilbert and Art Sehnert can get down to business and attempt to put out the dream magazine of fandom. No! I don't mean a magazine that hulls the reader to sleep, so please swallow that unkind crack on the very verge of utterance.

I've had any number of nice letters telling me how well-done my first column was. Perhaps "well-done" is an understatement. "Thorough-ly roasted" might better describe my efforts. Anyway, I've had any number of nice letters (take a finger from one to ten) — and thank you so much, Lew Martin, for your kind remarks. If it weren't for you I'd NEVER get any mail. This fellow Lew Martin is one of my favorite characters, readers. Or reader, as the case may be. After all, some-body proof-reads this column. Lew writes: "I always read your articles first in any mag that contains your stuff, for you are the most consistantly excellent writer, both in style and ideas, in the fan field."

If I've said it once I've said it a dozen times. Lew Martin is one of the most brilliant and discerning characters I've ever known. He has an uncanny ability to recognize genius no matter what form it may take. The fact that he owes me money has nothing to do, of course, with his comments. He still owes me money. I was never one to cancel

a collection for a compliment and a slightly-used cigar coupon.

But to get down to business and to dispense information as my first step in doing so, let me advise George Fenton, who asked me (and the rest of you who didn't), that WEINBAUM MEMORIAL EDITION contained a photograph of Weinbaum, a foreword by the president of the Milwaukee Fictioneers, and the following stories: THE DAWN OF FLAME, MAD MOON, A MARTIAN ODYSSEY, THE WORLDS OF IF, THE ADALTIVE ULTIMATE, THE LOTUS EAST, and THE RED PERRI. It was a beautifully bound volume and a tribute to Weinbaum's writing ability.

And apropos of a satisfactory bridge between paragraphs of entire ly unrelated subjects, allow me to quote Charles Fort: "I think we're property. I should say we belong to something: That once upon a time this earth was lo-Man's land, that other worlds explored and colonized here, and fought among the selves for possession, but that now it's owned by something: That something owns this earth — all others are

warned off.

"----That all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this earth, a cult or order, members of which function like bellwethers to the rest of us, or as superior slaves or overseers, directing us in accordance with instructions received —— from some—

where else - in our mysterious usefulness."

Brrrrr! The thought makes one uncomfortable, doesn't it? Even though I've read that plot in more than a million words of fiction: SINISTER BARRIER, GIANTS IN THE SKY, WHEN NEW YORK VANISHED, THE BLIND SPOT, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES. It's disquieting. think I'll go climb into bed and pull the covers over my head. Perhaps the superdroopers are at this very moment reading over my shoulder - eeeeeeeeeek!

In connection with this idea of beings from beyond who might not only control our destinies but might also do a bit of body-snatching on the side in order to conduct laboratory experiments or merely for the purpose of studying the genus homo, what other explanation is there for the disappearance of the ill-fated crew of the

Most of you have heard of the Mary Celeste, but a story so

strange bears repeating. Therefore:
On December 5, 1872, a British ship sighted the Mary Celeste approximately 400 miles off Gibralter, and noted that she was yawing and traveling an obviously aimless course. Upon investigation it was discovered that no one was at the helm --- nobody was on deck. boarding party was sent over to solve the mystery of the drifting ship, and although they loudly called out above and below decks not a soul could they rouse -- because the Mary Celeste was devoid of master, of crew, of living creatures.

The lifeboat was there. The cargo was there. Food was there, and water in plentiful quantities. Clothing for the segmen was locate ed neatly in the forecastle in the usual sailorly manner, a few under garments even hanging on a line. The mate had been doing a sum still unfinished - on a piece of paper at the table in his cabin. In a sewing machine there was still a child's dress, and on the table

were four partially-eaten breakfasts.

Of panic or trouble or mutiny there was no evidence whatsoever. Everything was present and accounted for except the seafarers (the master, his family, and his crew), the ship's papers, and the chronometer.

November, 1872, the Mary Celeste sailed from New York bound for Genoa, and there were two score people aboard. By December 5 at high noon she was deserted by even the rats in the hold, and only God

and the trade winds were piloting her over the mysterious sea.

建 Charles Fort has gone on. Perhaps now he knows the anwer to all mysteries - even this one which so vastly intrigued him. Teleportation, he would have called it, or seizure by masters from the immensity about us. No sensible explanation has ever been brought forward to explain the mystery of the Mary Celeste, and many people have attempted to solve the riddle. Recently, on the program WE, THE PEOPLE, the son of the British seaman who commanded the ship which discovered the derelict, spoke. He attempted to give answer. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to do a little theorizing myself. My is even more impossible than most, but at least it should offer the basis for a good fantasy tale.

Imagine, then, an ordinary ship on an ordinary sunlit day. Suddenly there is a loud cry of astonishment from the lookout, or per haps from the helmsman. Other voices take us the shout of amazement and every last soul aboard rushes above decks to discover the cause of the chorus of exclamations. The captain dashes to the rail. His wife, who has been repairing on her sewing machine a tiny rent in The forecastle spews forth an their daughter's dress, follows him.

alarmed crew of sailors, several of whom have been disturbed while doing a spot of laundry work. Four seamen at mess bolt from the table to see what the matter might be. The first mate. busily figuring a budget in his cabin, is dolighted at the opportunity to get away from

his wrestling with higher finance, and joins the rush to the rail.

"Here, men!" the captain calls. "What's all this shouting about?" He speeds to the rail, grips hard with his big hands, peers overside. "Lord lumme!" he gasps. "It's a monstrous whale."

"No whale, no such, sir!" disputes the first officer. "You nor I never saw no whale which was so shiny-like."

"Nor no whale with no head nor blow-hole." snorts a sailor.

"But what is it Con!n?"

"But what is it, Cap'n?"

For it took a tremendously different sight than the mere blue sea to get the entire company of the Mary Celeste on desk, and all at a time. The sight, for instance, of something which looked like a whale — but wasn't. Captain Nemo in fact? Could there have been a submarine back in 1872? A submarine capable of welcoming aboard on a tour of inspection, two score people? Or a submarine with a crew which by threat of arms, captured two score people? And removed the ship's papers and the chronometer for reasons such as this: That the Captain treasured his chronometer above all other things, and asked for it. That to him, also, the ship's papers and his own certificate were things to lay by for future proof of this strange happening?

And then, having by one manner or another have inviegled aboard this unknown NAUTILUS, did the submarine submerge never to rise again the unlucky end of an unfortunate test trip? A trip sponsored by scientists, pirates, by whom? Have the records of 1872 ever been searched to determine whether or not any famous inventors or scien-

tists disappeared in that year?

Yes, it took a tremendously different sight than blue waters and ordinary sunlight to bring sailors, captain, and family to the deck of the Mary Celeste, away from their other present duties and tasks and pleasures. It took something fully as marvelous and as unusual as a submarine — or a seaplane. Something which might have landed on the waves close by the ship — something, perhaps, from another planet or another universe — or another dimension. The dimension of the masters.

As long as we're discussing unexplainable adventures, how's this for a ghost story? Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, was awakened one winter night by the rimging of his doorbell, and found outside a thinly-clad little girl who asked him to come and see her mother, who was very sick. Dr. Mitchell didn't want to go, but she persuaded him. The mother was in bed with pneumonia, and after Dr. Mitchell had cared for her he told her how smart and persistent her daughter had been.

"But my daughter died a month ago!" exclaimed the sick woman.
"Her shoes and shawl are in that cupboard!" The doctor opened the cupboard and found hanging there the exact garments worn by the lit-

tle girl who had rung his doorbell an hour before.

So ghosts don't happen, eh? Yet you will admit it's possible to be the son of a ghost. But will you admit it's possible to be the son of a man ten thousand years a ghost? Well, it is, for science can keep the male cell in a state of suspension for that long, and a man might have a son ten thousand years after the father had attained ghosthood. Of course, a girl would have to be found willing to be the ghost's bride.

And while we're on this ghost-to-ghost hookup, let me relate just one more spine-chiller and I'll call it quits:

After the first World War, Russia was a shambles. The Romanoffs were slain and the Karensky regime was washed under in blood. Odessa, on the Black Sea, changed hands rapidly: Vite Russian, German. Turkish, British. And a British destroyer cast anchor there - cast and lost the anchor in the deep mud. A diver went down to retreive it and was brought up a raving maniac. He screamed of marching dead men on the harbor bottom -- ragged marching men with bloated drowned faces who converged upon him with military rythym, the moment he had touched bottom.

Other divers went down. They, too, went mad, and some died after being hauled from the mysterious depths of Odessa Bay. All of them had been lowered to the shallow mud, and all had seen, moving uncannily in unison and with outstretched swollon arms - the marching

dead!

The explanation: The terrorists had thrown many men into the bay, their feet imprisoned by heavy leg irons, chained together to one another. The currents swayed the bodies in unison, giving an impression of mass military movement. The heavy irons held the feet down, the corpses upright. The bodies had not decomposed because industrial chemicals dumped into the bay had preserved them. The divers had gone mad from fear; the pressure, combined with nitrogen in the bloo and excessive discharge of andrenaline, had perhaps generated a deadly poison responsible for their deaths.

It is interesting to note that the man who arrived at this solution of the marching dead men, is a professional deep-sea diver named Captain John Craig and that one of his future tasks is to be submergence off the Irish coast in search of the continent of lost Atlantis, believed by some to lie there. Will HE find Atlantis? Or has Hitler's blitzkrieg caused him to be summoned to fight with his Majesty's navy in other waters - perhaps even called him to the Black Sea and -

Odessa Bay.

Wars have a habit of breeding ghosts. For example, the "Angel of Mons." Read Arthur Machen's weird tale of the phantom bowmen, and you will see where Edgar Rice Burroughs might have gotten his inspiration for Kar Komak and the phantom archers in one of his Martian stories. But now we're off on another track - and that's another story. THE END

HAVE YOU BEEN TO ATZOR?

You've been to the planets of the Solar System in your own private rocket ships. Now hop aboard the SOUTHERN STAR and visit Atzor located far beyond the reaches of sight in the realm of imagination where the tar Mira and her six planets Atzor, Samarkland, Sthor, Atabalkand, and Zoltan have risen from the fertile imagination of a Lincoln, Nebraska boy to the point where they attained nationwide recognition in LIFE magazine. Life gave only a few paltry tails. Read the STAR for the inside dope.

A most unusual article by ART R. SEHNERT

In the third Southern Star

Southern Fans -

Join the . . .

SOUTHERN GROUP TRIP

... to the Dencon

Open to all DFF members.

There was once a guy the got sore everytime people spoke about science fiction being escape literature. Read science fiction merely for relaxation and dreaming? he said. Foolishness. There is nothing more invigorating and stimulating to doing things than science fiction.

Then this fellowed studied a little psychology, and he found some wenderful things in the psychology book. It was a wonderful book for it told things that were perfectly obvious, bit it put them down in a marvelously clear fashion, and scrutinized them from angles that he

mightunot have thought of before.

So he learned the difference between sensation and perception. Sensation is just feeling things, like you see a white square against a darker background. But perception means relating the seeing to some previously learned experience, so that when you have perception, you see a piece of paper on a dark table. And everybody has a different background of experience, so nobody perceives things in exactly the same light. So that when you say "socialism" to one person he lifts up his hands in horror and says: Un/merican, Destruction of human rights of individuality. While another guy with a different background, per haps a guy who has worked in a factory, says: Lovely stuff. The guy who does the work gets the profits out of it, not the guy who owns the stock.

So one guy says science fiction is escape literature, and another guy says no it's not. Let's try to see why, and I hope I start a fight.

The two guys are different. That's the first thing. One of these guys I can describe, because that's me. The other I have to figure out.

They both started out with dreaming. They both saw big clouds in the sky and wanted to have them. There were three main things they might have seen, to judge from aamemory of the outstandin types of stories. They saw a rise in the powers of science, symbolized by the interplanetary flight. They saw a world that was better in all ways. Or perhaps they saw an ominous warning that the world was not going to be better because of the powers of evil that would triumph over the powers of good. In the last case they saw that to make the world good would require a mighty struggle against that evil.

So the two guys dreamt and wanted and hoped. They started becoming One of them got stuck. For some reason he never could become a scientist, so he became a shirt salesman, but he still dreamed, and that is as far as he got. So science fiction was dreams to him. Pleasant dreams. Dreams that he could never do anything about except wait for

somebody else to make true.

The other guy was different. He dreamt, too, but the dreams meant something different. For he was going to be one of those people in the stories; a scientist. To him it was not ridiculous that Richard Seaton, a government chemist engaged in the analysis of plantinum group metals suddenly turned out to have an incredible knowledge of imathematical physics. He said, oh, hell, I wish I could know that much. Another guy, another dreamer, might have stopped there. But this guy had the driving force to actually go out and read books and learn that stuff. Science fiction was not escape literature to him. It was a stimulous to become as good as any of the superior heroes he read about. For his was a jealous and conceited nature. Mobody in the world should know more than he.

The science fiction was not the push. The push had to come from

the person, and science fiction was only the goal pact for there was another guy who had long been a scientist and science fiction was only escape literature for him. He must have been tired. He must have realized that he could never learn anything so he had given up the job. He had no more push left, so science fiction was merely pleasant relax ation to him. Something in which to forget his science for perhaps his science was merely a job by now. The guy to whom science fiction was not escape literature could never forget his science. He had to push, push, push, never letting up the struggle, or else he would be finish ed. To relax, he played the piano or went to the movies, but he certainly did not read science fiction to relax. That only made him jealous, and forced him back to his books so that he could discover atomic energy.

There was another guy who found that he could never be a . scien tist for various reasons, but he had a push in him and that push came out in a curious way. It was the second and third dreams. The came of a better world and the dream of the struggle to obtain that better world. And he grew out of dreaming and studied what a better world should be like and how to get it. Science fiction was not escape literature for him. It kept sticking this dream of a better world before his eyes and the push within him kept him on the job of trying to get a better wor

1d despite the hopelessness of the task.

Because there was another guy who said, gee the world will be nice in the future and still another who said the world is going to be lousy in the future, but they didn't have the push to do anything about it. And there was the guy who was intellectually superior so that he despied all the stupid people in the world, and said the world deserved every bit of the doom it got. But the guy in the paragraph just above said, listen bud, don't forget you are part of this world. You are so superior and despise the ugly way the world is run, and you hate the ugly of architecture of the house you live in, but you wouldn't think of sofling your hands by learning to be an engineer so that you could build the kind of house you like. You would prefer to be superior.

So of the last two guys one had a push and the other didn't. Both hated the way of the world, but one was pushed to do somehting about

it. The other just hated and was unhealthy.

What was that push? Under a mechanistic psychology there are no abstract qualities such as intelligence and ambition. There are merely patterns of behavior, combinations of synapses, which the individual

has acquired or inherited.

The Gernsback Theory said that science fiction itself was the push. That is not true, for lost of guys who read science fiction don't have that push. In the guy who was going to be a scientist the push was an inferiority complex because he didn't have a girl friend and didn't know how to dance so he said he was going to learn more science than anybody else. The Gernsback theory apparently applied to him because he already had the push, and science fiction made him jealous so that his push had semething to work on.

Maybe the push was something different in the other guys who had it, but whatever it was, science fiction was escape literature to the guys without the push, and it was stimulation literature, like Horatio

Alger to the guys with the push.

Liebig said: "To one man science is a sacred goddess to whose service he is happy to devote his life; to another she is a cow who provides him with butter."



Southern fandom forges forward!

We think that beautifully alliterative, even if saying it is rather like trying to recite "Sallie sells sea shells" in a clear, ringing voice around a mouthful of oatmeal. And it's true, too, for since the first issue of the STAR the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION has not only grown, but Southern fandom has been showing definite and encouraging signs of waking up and really going to town.

To new DFF members L. R. Chauvenet, Billy Bradford, Milton Rothman, Lee B. Eastman, Virginia Allen, John Cunningham, and F. Lauder Lawson, welcome! Remember that, just as the STAR is your magazine and the DFF your organization, this is your corner and we want to hear from you very much indeed. All the news, your activities, hobbies, experiences — let's have them all for publication herein. You are the heginning of the new Southern fandom, and as such your activities

are news. And speaking of news -

The Columbia Conference date has been set for June 1. May fourth on was the voriginal date. But due to Mr. Hanson's inability to be in Columbia at this time the date has been shifted. At the Conference the boundries of the DFF will be set, plans made for the group trip, arrangements made for the election of officers for the preceding year and the 1942 "Dixiecon" discussed. Full details of the Conference will appear in the next SOUTHERN STAR; members, however, who are unable to attend the meeting will receive election blanks and details of the Southern group trip by mail as soon as possible after the affair. Naturally we would like to see every member who can come to Columbia at the time of the Conference, and quite as naturally we want every Southern fan who is able to do so to join the Southern group trip to the official world science-fiction Convention in Denver this fourth of July. The more the merrier, and we promise everyone who does come a time that he'll never want to forget.

To assist in the obtaining of the "Dixiecon", and to band Southern fanzine publishers together in an association designed for purpose of mutual publicity and assistance, the "Dixie Press" has been formed. Publishers in the association so far are Gilbert, Jonkins, Warner, and Eastman. Stickers will be printed with the names of thos associated with the group on them as soon as it is known who

will be represented in the organization.

The South is becoming, in fact, a publishing center in . itself. There is the SOUTHERN STAR — loud cheers from the gallery —— Harry Jenkins' Jinx, which is being hectographed with the aid of Phil Bronson, Joe Gilbert's Sound Off! and Unfamous Fantastic Masterpieces and Lee Eastman's as yet secret publication — all these printed for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Harry Jenkins' also has his new publication, "Fanart", which is a most unique magazine featuring only fan art work, an editorial, and an article on fan art. The magazine will sell for a dime, and is obtainable from Harry at 2409 San-

tee Ave., in Columbia. Artists are Hunt, Wright, Sayn, Fortier, Fields, Jones, Bush, knight, and Jenkins. We've seen the art work, and it's beautiful; quite the best thing we've ever seen in this line. Do not fail to get a copy of the first issue of the mag or you'll really regret it.

Other well-known Southern fanzines are Milton Rothman's popular Milty's Mag, Jack Speer's equally popular Sustaining Program, and L. R. Chavenet's Sardonxy, which are obtainable thru the FAPA, and fan dom's most popular and consistently excellent magazine, Spaceways. If you don't read Spaceways you jis ain't eddicated, that's all. It only costs a dime from Harry Warner, Jr. at 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown. Maryland. Harry also publishes a "Dixie Press" magazine, "Horizons", for the FAPA, and will run for the presidency of that organization this year.

We understand that Alfred Edward Maxwell of Louisiana is also about to become a fanzine publisher, tho no details are available as yet. You'll remember Al for his letters in TWS. Welcome to the fold,

suh!

The incredibly versatile and energetic Fred Fischer now has a plan for nation-wide distribution of his radio scripts. Mimeograph—ing will be done on the STAR's mimeo, and having seen the scripts, we are sure that the new Fischer Features will go over with a quite loud bang.

Art Sehnert had a lot of luck, all bad, recently when his hands disputed the right of way of a bit of live steam and the steam won. Art's hands were badly scalded and he was in bed for a while, but fortunately the accident has left no permanent scar, and Art's first deep-South local fan group, The Lunarites, a chapter of Super Science

ce's Science Fictioneers, is now doing well for itself.

The second deep-South chapter, The Columbia Camp, is not doing so badly, either. Indeed the contrary. The Camp is composed of Ha rry Jenkins, Joe Gilbert, Lee B. Eastman, and W. B. McQueen. Harry is the Secretary. The Camp meets every Saturday night at Mac's ment, pass around the latest fanzines, discuss anything that comes to mind, and formulate plans for future activity. Meetings are complete ly informal, and no attempt at all is made to stifle the mad that comes over Gilbert every Saturday night to roll on the McQueen rug. Which lack of stifling so discourages The Great Gilbert that he mumbles something about "frustrated genius" and refrains from rolling. It had been intended to make a long distance call to fan each week, but the first call was a double-feature; the first one to Trudy Kuslan; the second to Fred Fischer, and Gilbert couldn't be torn away from the first. When the dust had arisen after a half-hour he still had a glazed look in his eye, and a death clutch on the receiver. Considering the fact that the second call took fifteen utes, the Camp decided most unaminously, when the phone bill came in: that they wanted to save their money for the Denvention. more phone calls!

The South now has itself a fem fan, and very proud of her it is, too. Virginia Allen, DFF member and part of the population of Pelzer South Carolina, is the gal in question. "Jinni" is a stf reader from way back, has poetry coming up in other fanzines soon, and her biography in a future STAR. She came down to see Gilbert a while back, but since he received her card notifying him of the visit only two days before the time she was due to arrive, he was unable to warn her that there were about fifteen Park streets in Columbia. The poor girl spent all morning cruising back and forth across the city won-

(Concluded on page 37.)

JIM TILLMAN

- Article -

Not very long ago, I read a very interesting book about dolls. And because of some of the things that the author had to say about dolls I re-read Professor J. B. Rhine's "New Frontiers of the Mind".

At first glance, dolls and parapsychology don't seem to have much in common, but they do. If a card with a cross on it can send out a wave or emanation that the mind can receive without the aid of the normal senses, why can't a doll? No good reason at all. And if a doll

William Seabrook, the author of the book on dolls didn't believe in Rhine's ESP. Maybe he didn't want to. His own explanation of the things he relates in Witchcraft, It's Power in the World Today" is bad enough, and if Rhine is right, and extra-sensory perception is a fact, it becomes worse. For Seabrook shows that a doll can be a deadly weapon, even if those wielding it are mistaken about just what it is they are using. There's nothing supernatural about a doll with a needle through its heart, but it can, and does, kill a person. person by poisoning his mind.

Seabrook had a good illustration of the scope of Black Magic. If Humpty Dumpty is an egg balanced on a wall then all the Black Magic in the world can't make Humpty Dumpty even wobble. But if Humpty Dumpty has a mind, then Black Magic can smash him into a hundred pieces. All that's needed is to make Humpty Dumpty sure he's going to fall, and he

Merely not believing in the power of Black Magic is not enough. Seabrook mentions a garage mechanic in France who was put into a hospital by a doll. Seabrook smashed the doll, and the mechanic recovered but never did acknowledge that the doll had anything to do with his illness. Maybe not.

But a doll killed a Belgian hunter named Tellier in Africa.

Albrecht Tellier was a commercial hunter, and was rather careless about the way he treated the natives. They got rather peeved at him, and removed him from the scene permanently. At the time Seabrook was in Africa studying the native magic under the Ougun Nahaou don bu. He was present during the deremonies attending the ouanga(death-sending).

Back in the mountains the witch doctors had set up a corpse. It hadn't been dead long, and so hadn't started to rot. The corpse had been re-baptized Albrecht Tellier, and it had one of Tellier's shirts on its back. In its hair was twisted a lock of Tellier's heir, and some of Tellier's finger pairings were stuck beneath the finger nails of the corpse. (An application of the laws of both similarity and con tagion. See "Mathmatics of Magic"). ((Fletcher Pratt-De Camp, Unknown, August '40. JG)). The corpse was fastened in the open, where the weather would cause it to decay in the shortest possible time.

Of course, there was a big ceremony --- dancing, drum-beating,

chanting, and all that. Seabrook's translation of the mant is:

"A little pain, a big pain,
A small pain, a great pain,
Growing her and growing there,
While a dead man lives,
And a dead man dies."

Rather a large and complicated doll. The idea was that as the corpse rotted, the soul of Albrecht Tellier would also rot. It did.

He died within two weeks.

He knew that the ceremony was being held. And he was frightened. Who wouldn't be? And it didn't help his composure when his negro servant: all told him they were sorry he was going to die, and asked for references. And of course they told him he was looking lousy. Anyway, he died in two weeks, and the doctors couldn't find anything wrong with him.

Which was not exactly strange. There wasn't anything wrong with him, except his mind, but that had been poisoned. And it killed him. . That's a good case to show how and why Black Magic works. The one

one thing that is an absolute necessity is that the victim know what is

That is if ESP doesn't enter into the case. . . .

Professor Rhine of Duke University has made a science of clairvo yance, mind reading, and the allied subjects. His methods have chained them down to the laboratory; seem to many to have proved their exis-

Rhine uses a deck of 25 cards, marked with stars, circles, crosse and similar figures. There arefive of each kind, and five different kinds. By chance, a person would guess five of the right ones each time he went thru the deck. He might guess more than five, or less, but in the long run it would be about five out of each twenty-five. people can make it as high as six and a half out of several thousand trys. .. Now that doesn't seem a great deal, but the mathematical odds against it are such that it amounts to a mathematical impossibility.

And one subject named thru the entire deck correctly.

a probability of 525 to 1 against that, an astronomical figure.

If you put a kettle on the fire, it doesn't have to boil. It could freeze, only that's improbable. The probabilty against it freezing is about the same as that against naming that entire deck right. The odds are pretty strong in favor of Professor Rhine's ESP being a real fact.

All that's needed for a doll with a needle thru its heart to kill a man is for that man to know of the existance of the doll. And as Seabrook says: "It is an exciting but unpleasant certainty that if Professor Rhine's cold cards marked with stars and circles can send out any emanations whatsoever, that can be picked up by any means outside the five normal senses, then a doll pierced with needles can, too.

THE END

Edgar Rice Burroughs: A Critique. Concluded from page 10

remain in my memory, and for which I shall always feel grateful to him namely, the wild and lovely picture of Tars Tarkas leading a horde of green men, Throat mounted, across the dead sea bottoms by the . "ligt" of the Martian moons; David Innes plunging into the sea in a dive down a thousand foot cliff; the beauty and terror of that other valley Dor, by the Lost Sea of Korus; the great western trek in the last part of The Moon Maid; the clean bones of the huge Spaniard, standing in a lost gorge leading to the city of lunatics; Thura of Ptarth with her 10 legged Banths; and Perry's navy on the primeval sea of Pellicudar.

Coming!:

"The Prepostrous Prophesying of Tim P O'Nautisshan." A humorous MUTANT article

The Munsey Panorama. Continued from page 8.

And when it deserves reprinting, we say that, too, don't wo? body ever do that particular job before? Maybe they did; I dunno; but I don't think so. This is special research in case you don't rocognizee This is a groundwork for a future dissertation. (Let somebody a hundred years from now dissertate). This is the laying of an egg, for the benefit of posteraty, if any!"
"You mean, a sort of cornerstone?"

"I mean an egg."

The grayboard glanced repreachfully at his glass, winked knowingly · at McQueen, and picked up where he'd left off: 2:

DEAD MEN'S CHESTS, by Philip S. Hichborn. 10pp, November, 1909.

Here's a straight-shooting ghost story, and boy, she's a "whiz.

When the "Nashurma" steamed out through the Golden Gate, she had three thousand Chineese coffins for cargo; and when the occupants of the coffins started taking over the ship, it was too much for the mere mortals who had been in charge. A doggone good story, and mighty well told. Finished at eleven P. M., it left this peruser with a crease right down the middle of his forehead.

BEYOND, by Grace Tabor. 11pp, December, 1909.

Perhaps you'd call this pioneering. Author approaches scientific angles vaguely but grimly, and after a slow start gives a fair delineation of experiments in life and death. Machinery involves excessive ozone and color vibrations. The subject, a girl, is ultimately translated into pure spirit, invisible and immortal. Should be of some terest to collectors, but not of much to modern readers.

THE WIZARD OF THE PEAK, by Thomas E. Grant. Complete Novel.

January, 1910.

I wish I were learned enough to tell you just how much of the science in this tale is completely wacky; seems to me that practically all of it is. But the author puts it across with a Burroughs-like mingling of naivetc and solemnity, and though you are conscious of the weaknesses, you still get a bit excited. The story is of a future day wherein the world's supply of coal has been exhausted. Dr. Luxx, mad genius, comes to the rescue with a remarkable secret invention. He averts catastrophe, and becomes the most powerful man in the world. Plotters against him are slain with a mysterious death-screen. But when another scientist at length is able to duplicate his feats, Dr. Luxx destroys himself.

This is no classic, maybe, but the mad doctor is the sort of character who sticks in your memory. He saved the world, then tried, unsucessfully, to destroy it; humanity, indebted to him, turned against him; he is grand, he is pathetic, he is mad - and it is hard to forget

THE HAWKINS CLOUD CLIMBER, by Edgar Franklin. Complete Novel, 24pp.

This is one (not the first) of a long series of stories having to do with the creations of inventor Hawkins. In its day the series was very popular indeed, and moars after it stopped the readers were still asking for more. As you may know, Edgar Franklin was a humorous writer who appeared for more than thirty years in the various Munsey publications, and he was in a class by himself, whether you liked him or not. The Hawkins episodes were among his best efforts, but I am compelled to report that they seem sadly antiquated in '41. Much of the humor is ageless, but today the inventions, for the most part, are neither now nor startling.

The cloud-climber was a combination of plane and balloon, and in 1910, mind you, was a helluva contraption. It went up, and it cruised, but try to get it down!

Regret that I can't recommend Hawkins for reprinting. To like him,

I suppose, you'd have to be an old fogy. I am an old fogy.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, by Robert Carlton Brown. Complete Novel, 24pp,
April, 1910.

They found Dr. Drook on a desert island, and he claimed that he had discovered perpetual motion. He showed them a remarkable machine that performed all sorts of miracles. A press agent took the good docter in tow, resolved to make him famous. It was a hoax. Dr. Drook's invention had concealed batteries beneath a false bottom.

For us of '41, this one is spoiled in the telling. slangy, and the slang is tangy. Gawd, who said that? Anyhow, if you have a chance to buy this tale for five bucks, don't do it. Subscribe

to Thrilling Wonder.

THE HAWKINS VACU-ORNAMENT, by Edgar Franklin. 6pp, April, 1910.

See above.

HER ARABIAN NIGHT IN WASHINGTON, by Henry Gallup Paine. 16pp, May, 1910.

Strictly fantasy, with no attempt at the end to explain it away. Girl tells story in first person. Financee is trying to an aerial torpedo to a representative of the bulgarian government, but you learn very little about the nature of the invention; you just gawk at the antics of one Abdullah Ashpat, because Abdullah happens to be a jinni. He comes from the very aristocracy of Jinn in that he comes from a ring when you rub the ring, and the ring comes from a sealed jar that dates from the ninth century. And Abdulluh is a card and steals the story. He flits here and there at will, he catches planes from bedroom windows, he builds railroads across the lawn, and to top it all he makes love to the gal. He is the logical one to get the Bulgarian's signature on a contract, and does it - after the Bulgar is dead! With the ending is a surprise twist that deepens rather than clears the mystery. This is an item for collectors.

DEAD FOR A DAY, by Burke Jenkins. Spp, June, 1910.

Humanitarian Mr. Wimple had invented an electric "woundless rifle" so that when the next war was fought nobody'd get hurt; but he wasn't sure it would knock out a man for twenty-four hours, as it would a dog or a goat. Accordingly, he shot Richard Hardy. Reviving the next day, Enry found that he had lost his job, and was persuaded to accompany the inventor to South America for further tests of the ray gun. in the jungle it developed that the gun wouldn't knock out a tribesman after the latter had been in the rain. Only Hardy's regulation automatic saved them. Mr. Wimple decided that it might be a better idea to make an automatic that would hold more cartridges.

Postlude by P. B. Wo akked Joe.

"That -- well, yeah, that's as far as we got."

"Not even a good-bye?" "Oh, sure - g'bye!

"Yeah — g'bye." You wanted to round if off, didn't you?"

"You wanted to point out, didn't you, the stories worthy of re-

"Uh - eh - tell Miss G. to give the double-0 to the short by Norman Douglas. Maybe I'm wrong. A lot depends on the circumstances, and the time of day. And I'm one guy, not the assembled multitude. I

thought the piece was swell.

"And, being a little rusty on such matters, I don't know whether Morning Star is easy to obtain in 1941 — but it ought to be, because I'm convinced the fans would like it. It stands up pretty well.

"'N' if anybody ever needed a filler, that poem isn't bad, brother

isn't bad."

"How about the shorts by Tod Robbins and Hichborn?"
"I told you what I think, you wall-cycd pirate!"
"Goe, thanks. Well, g'byc."

"G'byo."

"Walk the straight and narrow!"

"I'll do 'cr!"

THE END

FILLER -

Note: Panurge, while spending part of his time on business in Columbia; is a native of North Carolina, and has his home in Raeford there. While in that section of the country the author of the "Panorama" sent me a letter, and letters from Panurge are just too good to keep. Theerefore —

Here, I think, is a most appropriate place for a most delightful filler. JG)).

Podunk-on-the-Rockfish Juvember 26, 1940.

... I seen yore short story ((A letter. JG)) in strete and a smith unknown magazine and i got me a notion to rite 1 two only gosh i dunno nothing about dresses gosh how would i no wether a dress is magnifi-what you said or not. but i bet i would he wether what was in the dress

was what you said or not.

i like what you said about mr hubbard and is he a hack and all. only you answered it yoreself and said he ain't a hack. but how do you no he has got a turnout, i ain't seen a turnout since my uncle clarrence dide. but i like what you said about mr hubbard. all us quality readers like him and mr hamilton. mr hamilton is my favorite writer on account of he is such a good riter and rites captain future. gosh i wish i could rite stories as fast mr hamilton can, i would get me a job as a court stenographer. but when i try to rite like mr hamilton my fingers get all crossed up and slip threw the keyboard. mr hamilton must be about the smartest man they is.

...i been sick 2, mr gilbert. i was feelin fine yesterday evening but last night right after i finished a story by mr hamilton in thRILling WONder magazine i got awful sick to my stomach and had to run like time to get where i was going before something happened. I dunno what could of been the matter because i ain't been sick like that since thanks

giving a year ago. what do you think could of been the matter.

and i like what you said about the cereal coming out gay-like and falling smack on its face. that sounds almost good enuf to have been

wrote by mr hamilton, i bet you got it from him, ha-ha. joke.

well i guass i will stop now and write a letter to mr campbell because if he is as nice a man as you say he is i bet he will be glad to here from me because i am a good riter. like edmund hamilton. i guess i will tell mr campbell not to print no more stories like Fear because it didn't scare me at all. i guess i will ask him when is he going to print us a story by my favorite riter who is mr edmund hamilton, and by mr rae cummings who is a good riter 2 only i hope mr cummings dont rite (Concluded on page 24)

VISION

(Re-printed from the FAPA magazine, Vision.)

I like to think of you as standing on a hill In silhouette against a dusk-enshrouded sky, Somewhere in Sarucene, that olden kingdom I Created for you in my dreams. ... Across the still of twilight comes a fragment of the song upon Your lips: an old song, older than the world; all in One octave. ... You are flame-begotten, and the thin Short strands of fate are woven not for you, nor on The scroll of time does your name rest. ... Now, quietly, The triple moons arise and bathe, mysteriously, Your slender, weaving form in fluctuant streams of light. I watch your silken hair, your eyes, your satin skin Blend with a thousand softly-tinted shadows in The progress of the deep, kaleidescopic night.

-- Robert W. Lovmdes. Brooks Broises at amore the day of the control of t

Lights, Myriads of lights That twinkle and sparkle Among orbs -Shining orbs, magnetic, reminiscent Of the mysteries of the Orient. Where they lead, where they go Even the heary-headed sages do not know. Still they are there Twinkling in their luminescont gold. How long, how old Are these attractions? Lights,

Myriads of lights

That twinkle and sparkle

Among orbs Some say they lead to the land ——
The land beyond the shadows.

-Harry Jenkins, Jr.

Filler. Continued from page 23.

no more long stories because i get all wore out stopping for his periods. I expect mr cummings is about the best in the business when it comes to riting periods.

well i hope mr campbell prints my letter because then i will get

a lot of pen-pals because look what is happening to you.

well don't forget to let me no if they is a opening for a good newspaper reporter in your city. I am ready to go. gosh i bet you and me would have fun talking over our favorite riters.

Artemus KA Poppadopolis.

Idealist-----

Land of never-ending mysteries: Glorious panoramas, scintillating scenes. Cool waters trickling Down verdured brooks. Fawns bound beside tripping nymphs,
Ephemeral creatures with flowing capes
That flirt with the wind Life is wonderfun! That flirt with the wind Beneath azure skies.
Life is wonderful!

Realist

Land of full, weary, salacious days That bore from never-ending dawn to nocturnal black; At night, fateful dreams Uncanny nightmares; Life is futile! Wanton wenches who twist and glide Inviting, beckoning, ubiquitous yet distant, Smiling, cut of reach
Sardonically remind --Escapist-----

At times this is worth isving for, This world of hell and hate, aloof and arrogant, But yet friendly, warm;
A bosom friend.
Life is ever changing.
At times, They are golden princesses
To be worshipped; upheld as fragile gods, But yet tiny playthings Of unknown fate -The wall most befram with Life is ever changing.

--Harry Jonkins, Jr.

(To the tune of "Song of the Vagabond")

Sons of strongth and daring, Down the spaceways faring -We are the Cosmic Rocketeers:

Man of steel and granite,
We will guard your planet —
We are the Cosmic Rocketeers!

Upward, upward, upward to the stars! Upward, upward, thundering to Mars!

Venus shines beside us, Saturn's rings will guide us -We are the Cosmic Rocketeers!

-- Fred W. Fischer

by Morley

The long-suffering New York newsstands, and with them, simultaneously, the stands all over our fair land, have just been hit again by a new magazine. And with this dull thud, the fourth member of the Futurian Society of New York to become a professional editor sees that magic first issue appear. The fourth member is Leslie Perri, and the magazine is Movie Love Stories. With it, a national guessing game among fandom begins, for such fans as are interested in extra-curricular activity. The game centers around the question: Which Futurian wrote what in Movie Love Stories?

NEW YORK

Fred Pohl showed us a corker the other day. It seems that some would-be-hack procured for himself one of those neatly bound books in which the pages are all blank, then painstakingly printed his . story in it and mailed the book to Astonishing. About someone who came back

as a pig and set out to solve all the world's problems.

You may have seen mention of this before in Fantasy Fiction Field Illustrated News Weekly (from now on referred to in this column as just "FFF") ((An unbiased and most excellent news sheet available Julius Unger at 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, for a quarter per six. Highly recommended. JG)), but here's a way to have lots of fun That is, if you have a collection -- even a small at little cost. Construct for yourself a fairly large, reasonably deep box and line the inside with solid black. Have the roof open. Then, if you like, put a frame around it so that it looks like a little stage. However, that isn't essential. What you want now, most of all, having made the nice large box lined with solid black, are two good sized bulbs, one red and one blue, for the lighting. You arrange those so that they play down upon the stage, then, comes night, you take a pile of magazines and place them, one by one, inside the stage and look at the covers under the blue light, the red light, then the blue and red light. Then try flicker effects. The result is often terrific.

Recently mailed from New York city to as many fancine editors as could be found for the occasion was the 1st issue of "X", subtitled thefuturian review. This thing, we think, is really unique. All material in it is by "Roger Conway" the editor; there is no date it nor is anything said about frequency of publication, and it is not for sale. All issues will be mailed to all other fanzine editors who are willing to exchange. "X" is x-asperating. It is, in fact, the damndest thing!

At the same time, Jack Gillespie is hard at work on a quarterly fanzine, also to be titled the Futurian Review. The chances that it will actually appear are fairly good; it will be just about what the title suggests, only more conservative and less personal than "X".

Dan Burford is no longer living at the Futurian Embassy, having moved back home with his parents recently. So Ambassadors Lowndes and Michel have a nice, quiet little apartment all to themselves — except on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, when people of all shapes, sizes, and description are dropping in constantly. Since he sold a story to Thrilling Wonder, we never see anything of Dick Wilson, these days. Shucks, he ought to realize that we Futurians are tolerant people; we wouldn't ostracize him just because he took Margulies' money; why we'd even forgive him if he sold a story to Palmer — and that takes a lot of forgiving!

Page 28

8S one "Guest" Material -

Oliver Saari

- Article-

space ships has been made a far great-The maneuverability of er problem than it really can be. It's a common mistake to think of motion only in the earthly sense. Here on earth we have to worry about friction, trajectory, traction, engine speed, and traffic cops. our machines move by pushing against something. Flying, walking, swim ing, skating, we move on or in a stationary medium, and our speed limited by how fast we can make this medium retreat from us. take a corner on two wheels, tires screaming, we're basing our. hopes for survival on the solidness, the immobility of the earth.

But you can't apply the sense of earthly motion to . space ships. Out there motion, at least, will be simpler. There's only a little guy named Newton and he was, reputedly, a very reasonable fellow. ! Before he came along, people were doing things with spirits and elementals. He boiled it all down to inertia, accoleration, reaction, and gravitation Those laws of his have been good for four hundred years, and even Einstein can only dont them slightly - so let's see how they are applied to space ships. Unless you're traveling at speeds greater than

000 miles a second, that's all you have to do.

Inertia. All things either stand still or move in a straight line until acted on by an unbalanced force. O.K. Our ship is going, say, 100 miles a second in the direction of Alpha Auriga. Say its congines are turned off and its speed has become constant. It will continue to move in a straight line until a force acts on it. What force could it 88 bo? Certainly not friction, as on earth. So you have no traction -gou have no stabilizer-in-air, no tires on pavement, no fin in water. You have only the engines you used to get in that pickle, and nothing else in the universe will get you out unless the Lone Ranger happens to come along.

So we have to turn on Newton's second law. An unbalanced force acting on a mass produced an acceleration directly proportional to the force and inversely proportional to the mass. In space, any force is an unbalanced one because there is no friction to balance it. . , So any force will produce acceleration on any mass. That means if some mischievous space-mosquito kicks our space-ship, he will change our court se. Our original velocity will continue unchanged in direction or mag nitudo, but the kick would have given us an added velocity in the direction of the kick. In other words, our true motion would now be vector sum of those two velocities, and again in a straight line we get kicked again.

Now let's suppose a couple of belligerants are going in the same direction and at about the same speed. They have to be, before the ba ttle can commonce. Say they're both going toward Alpha Auriga at 100 mi/per sec. Let me quote from the article by Fischer and McQueen: "Spe eding vehinles just don't handle like bicycles. Any quick maneuver would jerk the passengers of space ships to shreds."

Sure it would -- on earth, where you turn against a stationary medium. But in space, as far as those speeding belligerents are cerned, they are standing still. They can just forget their 100/mi/sec as if it didn't exist at all. Relative to each other, their motion is nil. Any maneuver they wish to make is simply an acceleration in 8 direction, and must be produced by the same kind of force that drives them in space. The simple thing to do would be to govern your engines down to a maximum acceleration of, say, four or five g's - just so

you won't accidentally push some lever too far. Then you can yank all the levers you want, shoot off in all sorts of directions - provided you yourself are well tied down, of course - and you have perfect man euverability. These fast new fighting planes can't move up or sideways as fast as they can move ahead - they don't have perfect maneuverability. But your space ship can move in any direction - relative to the other ship -- with equal ease. Just ducky as long as your power lasts. The net result would be after, perhaps, an hour's fighting, that combatants: would still be traveling in the direction of Alpha. Auriga at just about 100 mi./sec, and whatever final component all the little accelerations of their maneuvers had would be added to this speed. They would never have actually changed direction of motion by more than few seconds of an are -- and yet, relative to each other, they could have made dives and rolls to their hearts content.

Thus, unless you pull "artificial space drives" and "acceleration compensators" out of the hat, the whole damn space-battle might be reduced to the uninteresting business of seeing which pilot could stand the most acceleration on his innerds. If I can stand more acceleration than Xpth, the Martian Wheepsk, I can defeat him in every maneuver, be cause I can reach higher speeds in any direction in less time.

catch him, run away from him, or turn rings around him.

All right -- so I've assumed an infinite source of power. our space-ships to run at all, we have to assume something. If you have to save fuel, though, you have no maneuverability and you can take

that as being final.

Power, of course, would have to be a reaction motor, a rocket of some sort. Even Goodycar tire: will skid in a vacuum. Let's ask old Newton again. Sure - third law. For every action there's an equal and opposite reaction. You produce action and reap the gravy off the reaction. In other words, you have to shove something one way before you can go the other.

"The job's gotta be streamlined for speed." Migawd! Since when did space ships have to be streamlined. Brother, if we are dropping headlong towards the maw of Copernicus in the Lunar vacuum, you can

have my parachute, and I'll take your pillow to land on. Thanks.
As for spotting, there's a real problem. Visual spotting would be a tough proposition in a setup where a hundred miles is called close. Realize what a hundred-foot space-ship would look like miles away. Well, visible, yes. But ten miles? Fifteen. very confusing background of very, very many stars? Bad.

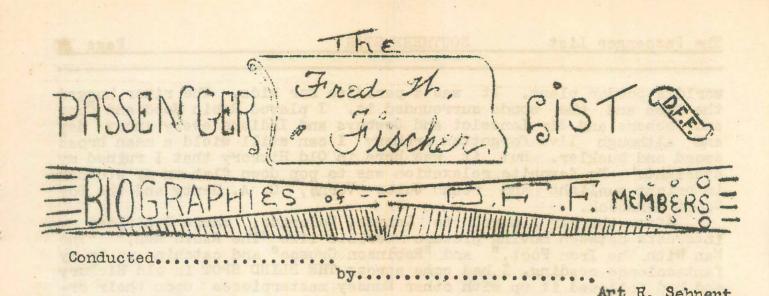
So you have to trust to instruments. Magnetism is bad because it is unfortunately polar. Force lines have a habit of going, from pole to pole. I'd hate to try to orient myself in the magnetic field of a

space-ship - with any kind of instrument.

Static electricity, now, is much more hopeful. Space ships in go ing thruough atmospheres or being bumped by a hydrogen atom or two, or maybe appropriating a few of the electrons the sun-spots are always sp owing out, would undoubtedly gain electrical potential. The potential on different ships would differ, too. It would be easy to get a bocline on a highly charged object, even in space, because an electrical field is perfectly radial — not polar. A "disguise" one could use we uld be sharp points placed on the outer hull. Corona from these would minimize the charge. A perfectly spherical ship would be easiest detect.

As for weapons, you can take your choice. Aside from convenient rays, I'll use grapeshot myself. Sure. Have a very long-barreled can

(Concluded on page 31)



-- AUTOBIOGRAPHY--

Born: Yes.

Place: Knoxville, Tennessee.

Time: December 6, 1910.

Little did my parents think when first they saw me that here in the flesh was a future scientifiction fan. Little did they think. The shock of seeing me stunned them past thinking: As for me, I was

speechless.

Time alters all things, including F. W. Fischer's vocabulary. Today foks wish was speechless. But in the beginning I knew only a few dozen words, and had difficulty in pronouncing them, because without any teeth it is indeed difficult — aye, next to impossible! — to correctly enunciate certain syllables. To aid in correct pronunciation, therefore, and also to abet the budding bicuspids, my parents gave me a dictionary to chew upon. This accounts, in part, for my pure grammar and my flawless diction. Don't it?

As I approached school age my mother approached me. In her hand were twenty-six cards each bearing a separate letter of the alphabet. "Take a card," she told me. "Just any card. Don't tell me what it is. Sooner or later I have to be right." In this manner I learned my alphabet and mastered the art of putting letters together to make alphabet soup. All through grammar school I never allowed myself to forget those twenty-six letters my mother had taught me. It might suprise some people to know that still, after all these years, I yet

remember a part of my alphabet.

Up to the age of eight I have but three vivid memories. Once I robbed my sister's pig bank and treated all the kids in the neighborhood to ice-cream cones, candy bars, and peanuts. It is problementical whether this made as much of an impression on me as did my father, later. Another time I slipped over a neighbor's rear fence in company with a boy named "Red" and Red and I slipped over a thousand of this neighbor's choicest domesticated strawberries down our parched gullets. We slipped. We were so full and so sick we were unable to negotiate the return trip over the fence. At the bottom of it we were discovered by our strawberryless neighbor. Gawd, how I hate stawberries!

My third vivid memory bears upon a subject near and dear to us all. While I was barely able to read — about seven I was — I read TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. My course was set. From that moment henceforward I was a rabid pseudo-science reader.

During the war I lived in Old Hickory, Tennessee, then the

world's powder plant. It was a paradise for kids. The river hugged the town and the woods surrounded it. I played Robin Hood and Cops and Robbers and Sir Lancelot and Cowboys and Indians every sunny day and although I've forgotten archery I can still wield a mean broad sword and buckler. But it was here in Old Hickory that I ruined my eyesight. My favorite relaxation was to pop down flat on my stomach in bright sunlight and read Jules Verne, G. A. Henty and the Boy Scout handbook.

After the war I moved to Denver, Colorado, where I divided my interests between moving picture serials like "The Radio Man," "The Man With The Iron Foot," and "Robinson Crusoe" and catching up on my fantaspience reading. I had come across THE BLIND SPOT in old Hickory and had followed it up with other Munsey masterpieces upon their original publication. In Denver there was a large public library and I found therein literally hundreds of books in the scientifiction cate-

Between the age of 12 and 16 there's a sort of gap in my recollections. During that period I did nothing spectacular and apparently nothing happened to me of sufficient import to demand a place in my fondest reminiscences. In fact we might well extend this mental hiatus on to my college days, because the only important things I can remember between 1922 and 1927 are THE SHIP OF ISTAR, OUT OF THE MOON, WEIRD TALES, and AMAZING STORIES. Gosh! I can still remember my first Weird Tales. It had a cover devoted to RED ETHER by Peterson Marzoni (a friend of whom I recently met), and the stories in Weird were like the answers to a fervent prayer. Then later when AMAZING appeared for the first time I almost developed hydrophobia. I ran home so fast to get a quarter with which to buy it, that people along the way looked at my lather and contemplated the possibility of a whiteboy running amok.

In olllege I had a very good time. I engaged in the usual dramatic endeavors but wound up business manager of the Tennessee Players instead of president. I wrote a lot and dabbled in everything. For my college years I was the guilty party publishing a gossip column called BODY BY FISCHER in the school paper, and I was in turn Art Editor, Humor Editor, Story Editor, and Editor of the now defunct MUGWUMP - the college humor publication. In my spare time I "ushed" in a local theatre, free-lanced for two newspapers at \$5.00 per article, and dated in every spare moment. ((Fred modestly neglects to mention that he founded the famous, nationwide college literary society, the Sigma Upsilon. So we'll do it for him. ASJG)).

In 1932 A. D. (after diploma) I took turns proof-reading, tried to sell different types of unsellable articles, and hunted for work in general. In 1933 I quit hunting and got married. Contrary to love's young dream two cannot live as cheaply as one and even that one can't live on love. Work caught up with me and I became general flunkey for a loan company. In rapid and undeserved stages I . was collector, assistant manager and manager. Not satisfied with this, I started my own company. Then the Tennessee Valley Authority got me and I'm still with that organization and very happy about the whole thing.

In my open hours I write for fan magazines, read fantasy, struggle to compose saleable radio programs, and work around the house and yard repairing things or planting flowers or building things. I no longer smoke, I can't afford to be a drunkard, and I enjoy fairly good health. My favorite exercises are walking, swimming, and playing badminton, tennis, or pingpong. My social graces simmer down to

(Concluded on page 31)

slightly above average bridge and Astaire-like dancing. I'm not kid ding about the latter. I really enjoy tripping the terpischorean and have reason to believe I'm a prett smooth feller. My wife tells me

I'm not introverted. I'm not extroverted. I take the middle road and am very mercurial in disposition. Some people say it's temperament. My wife says its temper. I say I've never seen so many "I's" in my life as the number used in the last two paragraphs. But believe it or not, there's not much egotism in my makeup. All that has long since been jarred out of me. Every time I begin to think I'm smart I come up with the dumbest bit of brainwork. It's all very conjust bear with me and remember that this "auto" was not MY idea!

THE END

Rebuttal to S. Ships and S. War. Concluded from page 28

non, and load it with grape shot or some other metal shot made for that purpose. With a long barrel on your gun, there won't be too much divergence, but you still have a much better chance of the target than you would have with a single shot. And if I were the enemy, there is nothing I should like less than to have my ship riddled with small holes. It would be deuced embarressing.

Your "shot" won: lose speed due to air resistance and you won't

have any trajectories to plot. Did someone mention the gravitational

effect of the ships themselves? Well ---

A 10,000 ton, 100-foot ship would have the tremendous pull of .00000265 g's at its surface. In other words, the maximum acceleration the gravity of such a ship could produce would be 0000085 ft. per sec. It would take an object 14 minutes to fall one foot in that gravity. Let's forget about trajectories! THE END

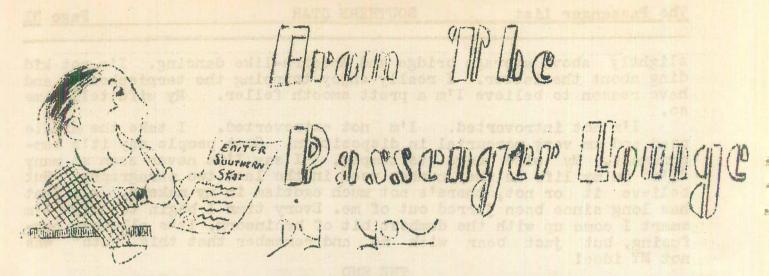
The Telecaster. Concluded from page 18.

dering what the hell, and unable to find any semblence of a 3911 Park St. The ironic thing about the who business is that Gilbert just before he received her card, so that even if she had found the correct Park street, Gilbert would have been most conspicious by his absence. He's still trying to convince her that he exists.

Milty Rothman tells us that Lester Del Ray, the Astounding author, has at last cleaned his room. He sounded very awed and incredulous about it all, and having heard of the famous Del Ray room we can readily imagine why. Milty also tells us that Jack Speer has a new car, "The Spirit of Foo Foo". Both of them ran down to see Russell Chauvenet a while back, and Jack will probably drive the Spirit to the Denvention.

A note to Jack Townsend, Al Maxwell, Joe Hudson, and you other Southern fans - howse about joining up, fellows? The dues are only fifty cents a year, you receive printed stationary - the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION is the first American fan organization to offer free printed stationary to its members - stickers, a printed membership card, voting privelages, a two-bit cut on a year's sub to the STAR (the subscription price to No!th nuhs is fifty cents to DFF members only a quarter) and members are welcome to join the Southern group trip to the Denvention. Dues may be paid to the DFF's Secretary, pro-tem, Joe Gilbert, at 3600 Grand St., Columbia, Carolina. And don't forget, please, that we want to hear from all of you.

See you here again next issue. Cheerio, everyone.



SORRY ABOUT THAT COVER. SEE THE EDI-TORIAL PAGE FOR A COMPLETE EXPLANA-TION. THE ARTICLE YOU MENTION IS EXCELLENT STUFF AND WILL BE IN THE THIRD ISSUE. MANY, MANY THANKS.

First off, then, I was both pleased and disappointed with the STAR. After seeing Jenkins' other efforts, I don't see how he could have perpetrated such a thing as the cover.

believe it's inexperience rather than bad art, because Jenkins drew those other pictures I saw, too and they were swell. He just has to get used to using less detail!

The general set-up of the magazine was good, and the typing on the whole wonderful. The margins perfect! Only three misspelled words noted, and only five typographical errors - two in my own STAR PORT. Curse you, Jack Dalton!

The editorial was well done, and the acknowledgements neatly presented. Sure enough, Joe, the whole editorial was dignified and business

like and appealing.

Here's another kick --- and a LOUD ONE! Quit breaking up the articles, carrying them from page to page, continuing from here to there and back. Especially NEVER continue an article on a page BEFORE it begins. My Gawd! You'll never get a

pro-editor job that way.

I like the idea of the state and the subject, as "Maryland" and "Article", being presented along with title and author. Very new very clever! Enjoyed Warner's adventures in re-reading, but then, I always enjoy Warner. His tastes and mine are remarkably similar.

(Continued THE HANDWRITING ON THE

WALL was VERY good and VERY well-written. Congratulations, Joe! You've got me convinced, and I'm really a hard person to convince when I have always entertained strong preconceived -notions about a thing as I have about the general absurdity of oranhology.

FROM THE CHICAGO ROCKLY FIELD I didn't care for. Sorry, and no offense to Korshak meant. He wrote a very interesting news article, but it was interlarded with too much "I" stuff and besides, THE STAR is a Southern magazine. What the hell do we Southerners care about the entirely personal adventurings of a bunch of Chicago fans. I know I'm not broadminded in this respect. but it's MY opinion. Probably nobody else. I'll almost bet that I'll be put in my place by a bunch of fans claiming it's the best thing in the magazine. Oh, well!

THE TELECASTER, good! Enough said. Neat setup, and Hanson made just the kind of speech needed of the president of a really serious purposed organization. Huzzah to him. How different

from you know who!

THE STORM LOVER.

WWWW.

THE MUNSEY PANORAMA. Wonderful idea and something from 1917 or thereabouts. Incidentally he makes the first mention I have seen of the "Semi Dual" stories. I think I read only one of them—perhaps two. I have no particular desire to

read any of them again.

Lowndes' poetry is usually good and this is no exception. His poetry is, as a conscal thing, and for to his in a I think. I also liked "Space things and Space War" quite well. The editorial policy is very commendable. It will be rather hard to stick to it, but it will be worth the effort. To to it! All in all the issue is satisfactory and there is no single item or department that is without interest.

I really should be down in your part of the country, so I could meet the old grey-beards, like Hanson and McQueen, who are mems of your organization. ((I'm a greybeard, too, or was at Had one on to play a least, Hills Black disciple in the Passion Flay. When I saw myself in the mirror they had to drag me on the stage. Unh. I feel JO)). Most people who are willing to admit a great interest in science-fiction and fantasy are from ten to twenty years younger than near-gaffers like myself and the above mentioned fans.

Good luck.

-D. B. THOMPSON

CONSIDERING THE SOURCE, THE FOLLOWING IS COMPLIMENTARY IN THE EXTREME!

Volume 1, No. 1, wasn't so bad.
I am awaiting a second number with much interest.

--H. C. KOENIG

POETRY WITH A STRONG FANTASY ELEMENT IS A MUCH DESIRED ITEM AT PRESENT.

There follows comment on

Continued.

STAR. I Thur it intiresting in fact one of the very fow fanzines
I've taken the trouble to read
Through in recent months. Most of them bore me stiff, I must admit.

I liked best of all Panur-ge's column. Next comes Handwriting on the Wall for quite obvious. Though I can't help but feel that you didn't need my handwriting to write that quite obvious. Though I can't analysis; my letters should have given all the leads for such a write-up. ((Keeping personal knowledge of an individual from affecting an analysis of his hand is, as you say, rather difficult. Be assured, however, that every effort is made to keep the analysis as objective and unprejudiced as is humanely possible. JG)). However, handwriting analysis is one of those relatively un-vitalthings, (so far as I, personally am concerned) where it makes little difference whether I believe in it or not. Therefore, since no one is going to be hurt if my opinion is wrong, I shall take sides without further ado and believe what pleases me. (As if I wouldn't anyway?!) ((Which soems to me to, in itself, rather bear out the comments made upon your handwriting in the first STAR.

And I'll try to get come more poetry for further issues for you.

-- ROBERT W. LOWNDES

WITH MORLEY'S TELP NE'LL SUREIN DO OUR BEST TO GET THOSE "SCOOPS" AND THANK YOU FOR THE VERY KIND ENCOURAGEMENT.

Thanks for the first copy of your farmag. It most certainly is a fine paper. Especially "Panurge's" column; a long-cought-for Munsey review!

Hope you can give some worth while "scoops" on the profession-

als now and then, too.

You will find enclosed twenty-five cents for the next three issues. really worthwhile that any fan magazine would yammer for, but tell Panurge for me to lay worf all those interpolations and side tracks. It makes the highly important and informative text too hard to follow. He makes himself (Panurge) seem like a sleigh-rider with a snootful of snow. Funny in spots, informative all the way through, but too much pointless verbiage...

Liked THE PASSENGER LIST. Sehnert's introduction was very

amusing.

Well, on the whole, congratulations, Joe. Guess I expected too much of you. After all, for a first issue THE SOUTHERN STAR undoubtedly rang the bell for copy (ahem!) and for general typing setup. I still object, however, to those raised capital letters ((A defect now remedied, you'll note. JG)), which always bothered me, but praise the fine margins and the NEAT, unsmeared getup as a whole.

ville is getting embroiled in a letter argument with me. He says he'd like to live forever and advances arguments as to why. I say I wouldn't because I would be as a cave man to the future man. Anyway, the argument is raging. If it is ever completed you like to see excerpts from it?

FRED W. FISCHER

CAN'T AGREE CONCERNING THE SPACE SHIP. THE SUBJECT HAS BEEN SO OFTEN ON BOTH FAN AND PRO MAGAZINES THAT IT IS ALMOST A SIMILE FOR TRITENESS IN ART. HOW DO YOU LIKE THE COVER ON THIS ISSUE?

Ah yes, me deems I haven't written you anything about the STAR, have I? Well, I'm too damn sleepy now, but I will say that it passed my expectationsby far, except for the art work... The whole thing was swell, tho, and the idea of the thing, uh,

how shall I put it? Well, anyway, it's clever the way everything is decked out like an actual voyage in space, including log, passenger list, etc. Damn clever. Cover should have been a space ship streaking thru space, tho.

-- LEW MARTIN

THANK YOU.

Just got the first issue of the SOUTHERN STAR and am very pleased with. it. I'm not going to say that it is the very best first Issue of any farmag to date because I don't believe it is but it is far better than the usual first issue, and quite comparable to the regular issues of

many of the old-timers.

First, for the brickbats. There are very few. In fact the only serious criticism I have to make is in the hand-lettering. I've been a draftsman off and on for several years, which accounts for my noticing the matter, no doubt. Not every one can do a good job of lettering even with a pencil or pen; of those who can, a great many fail when they try it with a mimeograph scriber. lettering throughout the magazine is very poor. ((My fault, again. Traced it from the original without a ruler. Notice any imprevement in the re-designed depart-ment heads this time? JG)). I suggest that until you can get someone who can do a good job in this line, you use typewritten letters for department headings, titles, and so forth.

I like the make-up of the contents page very well. Haven't seen anything like it previously. The mimeographing throughout is quite satisfactory, and that is an important item.

Best single item, I think, is "The Munsey Panorama". I have read relatively few. of the stories he montions, although I was a fairly regular reader of Argosy and All-Story during the years

that we look for in a biog of that length, tho a longer one could have given some more person al details.

And here I am at the back 11:00, 50 cover and it's past guhd nite. (Wait! I must note that down! Sabotage ghughuism by always spelling it guhguh. Hmmm. I guess it's not worth trying after all.)

> Hasta el Hablar -- JACK SPEER

COMPLETION OF AN ARTICLE ON THE THE PAGES PRECEDING IT IN THE 1 STAR, WAS A FIRST ISSUE TECHNICAL "BUG" THAT ASSURREDLY WILL NOT OCCUR AGAIN.

is a dime for the Enclosed 2nd issue of THE SOUTHERN STAR. is to appear which I understand shortly, as I don't want to miss out on another article on The Munsey Masterpieces by Panurge. and the I thought this article one by Gilbert on handwriting the best features in your 1st issue. Close behind, however, were the articles and departments Warner, Fischer and Korshak. All in all, a well-rounded first is-The one thing I would like to see you do away with is the jumping around from back-to-front to back in order to finish article. This is a bit annoying, especially when some of the page numbers are omitted. hoping you have a lot of support from Southern fans.

-- EMRYS EVANS

WOULD APPRECIATE MORE RATINGS WE BY THE "SPACEWAYS" 1 to 10 METHOD ON THIS ISSUE. BY THIS SYSTEM 10 IS ABSOLUTE TOPS; 1 ABSOLUTE ZERO AND THE INTERMEDIATE NUMBERS SER-VE TO GRADE AN ARTICLE FROM GOOD TO FAIR ON DOWN. THIS SYSTEM MA-KES TABULATION OF READER'S OPIN-ION ON ANY INDIVIDUAL ITEM MUCH SIMPLER.

The Southern Star: Cover 6; Contents 7; Round Robin 7; Adventures in Re-Reading 6; Hand-

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ght make (which you probably have already realized) is that use of a ruler for the straight lines would help the appearance a lot where they're supposed to be

straight.

As for material - well, I'd better not go into detail, for I want to get this off to you as soon as I can, and this might go on and on for page after page if I started to talk about every thing in this issue. Almost all was good, in my humble opinion. As I think I told you before, Fischer is one of my favorite fan authors, and his col mn looks as though it's going to be a suitable sequel to the one that appear ed in Golden Atom. And his correspondence with McQueen about sp ace wars is more intriguing than I'd thought possible. I wouldn't mind seeing a continuation of it, though I have grave doubts as to whether there'll even be such a thing. If it's to be between two rockets out in space, for instance, problems might be worked out. But if it's to be something one fleet trying to invade attack another planet, and the attacked planet's fleet going up to drive them away, I fear it's too much even to think of. at how long it's taken England to get some sort of defense up against invasion from just one side of her coast, and a little tiny coast as interplanetany distances would go; then imagine what a task it would be to try to find a muonus of intercopting a fiset headed to destroy a world when you don't know where they're headed for on the world's surface or in which direction they're (except that they'll be coming coming from up). Me, I think that if it should ever come down to a war between two worlds with inter planetary travel well developed, either side would ruin the other it chose and it instant would end up with both sides hopelessly knocked out. And as for weapons in space - shrapnel is out of the question, and I

think more practical than rays would be some sort of catalyst or transmuting substance capable of working in the void of space, which would eat holes in the hull of a space ship and very effectively knock it out of comission, and not do the crew a

bit of good, either.

Also liked very much Panurge's Hunsey solimn, and shall be
looking forward to future installments. I'm going to be particularly interested in getting
the dates of the best fantasiës
from 1920 to date in Argosy,
for the second—hand store here
has plenty of copies for the
last twenty years and the only
thing that's held me back from
getting some of the best stories
is the job of having to hunt
through piles of issues.

But I'd better stop here now and stop while the stopping is good. The whole issue was swell, and hope you can keep up

the good work ...

-- HARRY WARNER, JR.

CHIEF DIFFICULTY WITH HECTOGRAPH ING IS LEGIBILITY — OR IT'S LACK — AND THE DECIDEDLY LIMIT-ED NUMBER OF READABLE COPIES OBTAINABLE WITH IT.

Received SOUTHERN STAR in rather good condition. can't see why all the commotion was made about the Jinx. this month's covers come out the way we're praying they will, 'I believe the reason will become rather evident. JG)). reading the ads I expected to see a magazine filled to the brim with fan art by the tion of 1941, Harry Jenkins. And what do I get ... a cover and a little bit of lettering. Let him show his amazing talent with more work.

After all, is not fan art

the backbone of fandom?

Of the contents I really en joyed the Munsey Panorama. The rest was good enough.

Let's have better spelling

and grammar, and bring the capitals down on the typewriter.

From The Passenger Lounge

Oh, yes...and also very good was the handwriting on the wall. Enjoyed that immensely.

Mimeoing was done rather well.

I'm enclosing a quarter for the next three issues. Let's have the others done much better. Why not hekto them? Then Harry's work could be shown to good advantage. -BOB JONES

YAAAAAHH, YA DANG YANKEES, WE!VE GOT OURSELVES A FEM FAN DOWN HERE TOO! WE'LL SEND A PIC OF VIRGINIA TO EVERYONE WE PARTICULARLY WANT TO ATTEND THE "DIXIECON": WE KNOW THAT LL GET 'EM DOWN HERE!

First came the STAR, day or so later your letter. to take the things in order, I'll start with the STAR.

The poetry was good, but could be better. The Telecaster certainly will fill a need, long felt, in keeping fans united here in the Deep South. My own feel ings were crystalized in one sentence, thus, Maybe there are otier she-fans who will make themselves known. And don't forget, I am all for the "Dixiecon". I enjoyed the biography very much and hope to know the life stories behind all the fans (I never did know just what made them tick but I suppose that is psychology).Please, can't they be a bit longer, and more detailed? ((Like it bet ter this time? JG)).

The Handwriting On The Wall was swell and had the added attraction of novelty. ((Awwwwww, 'tworen't nuttin', Gal. thanks, anyway! JG))

The Munsey Panopama was a stellar feature. Boy, those old timers were the stuff

Modusen and Fischer only got wound good. There must be plenty more where that came from let's hear from 'em often. also thought Fischer showed up in the gossip column, but being a woman that was natural I

suppose. Anyway, he gets a vote from me. Harry Jenkins, Jr., deserves a long time contract with a bonus to start.

All this could have been said in one sentence, "You've got a swell magazine there, but my feminine nature rebelled and I had to have my say ... Thanks for listening...

-- VIRGINIA ALLEN

THANKS, VINCENT. DARN SORRY ABOUT PLUTO, AND TOTAL YOU'LL BE ABLE TO RESUME IT TIME IN THE FUTURE.

Surprised pleasantly to see such a well-balanced first issue of a fan mag. SOUTHERN STAR should take its place with the top notch mags right off. I go into detail on the contents will voice my only complaint. Art Harry Jenkins Editor take a bit more time with his work. I take it that he cut all the stencils and drew various headings thruout the ish not to mention the cover. (Tio: I assume all blame for fiasco resulting from my stenciling the art for lst JG)). issue.

Best reading this ish The Munsey Panorama; rates 9. From The Chicago Rocket Port: 8. From The Starport: 9. Think Fischer's and Korshak's columns well worth the space, and you'll keep them going. Panurge's Munsey stuff is the type of material I always find interesting. The Dual Controls: 7. Editorials are always good, and this should be even better in times come. Adventures in Re-Reading 6 Harry writes well, but 'this not quite so interesting. For Adana: 6. Lowndes achieves one thing in a lot of his poetic efforts quite a bit of it disgust me. Have been reading some of his verses in Nepenthb, and find some there that I liked, but not so Adana. Handwriting On Wall: 8. Nicely done Comet News: 7. I'll bet that

Critique on Burroughs' is going to be all right. The Telecaster: - it's reasonable that this will become one of your best features. Much success to the Dixie Fantasy Federation. 81. Dreams Come True: Harry got a nice effect out of this. 7. The Storm Lover by Fischer, 7. Somewhat better than Lowndes. See below the verse that the SS is backing the Denvention. On to the DENVENTION: Space Ships and War 7. Not overly interested yet in Space War. Too much on the planet to speculate about. Passenger List: 9. Good idea these biogs. Was pleased to read all about E. B. H. Ads: 6, and incidentally, thanx for the plug for PLUTO.

Wouldn't that be reomething if all you fans could attend the Denvention in a group. Hope I & the rest of the Plutonians are

able to mee you there. ((The hope is quite mutual. JG)). But I might have to go A.W.O.L. I'm about ready to say Bingo! that's my number!!

More power to Dixie Fantasy and SOUTHERN STAR. I await the next issue.

-- VINCENT MAINTING

JUST TO EID THINGS ON A AND PROPERLY SOUR NOTE ---!

The STAR was an anti-climax after all that ballyhoo. Altho I couldn't put my finger on, it, it gave me an impression of sloppiness only two degrees removed from SUN SPOTS. It rather reminded me of the old time fan mags back around 135-136. Mostly blab. Jenkins' cover stank, but I guess that wasn't entirely his fault.

-- ART WIDNER

FROM THE INTERPLANETARY

TRADING

POST ...

Hi, guys and gals. Here's where you trade off what you don't don't want, but some other dope does, for something you want but the other dope doesn't. The service is open to all subscribers.

WANTED: Luna # 1; Tom Wright's The Comet # 1; S. F. Weekly # 3; Fantasy Fictioneer # 1; Fantasy Digest # 1.

Have: Sweetness and Light # 3; Mikros # 6; Some other fanzines, and some money.

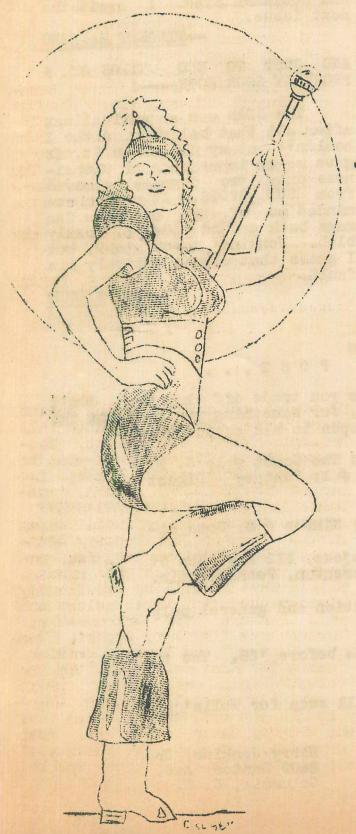
Rajacz, 312 East Elm St Scranton, Pennsylvania.

HAVE: 400 assorted Science-fiction and general pulp magazines.

Want: Science-fiction magazines before '38. Two to one.

Have: Jules Verne Omnibus. Will swap for Wells! or A. Merritt book.

> Harry Jenkins, Jr 3409 Santee Ave. Columbia, S. C.



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I want books by A. Merritt. Do you have BURN, WITCH, BURN?

- Knoxville, Tennessee -

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SAYS IXTLXZ, THE MARTIAN:



If you've got a dime laying around you'd better send it along to Phil Bronson, 224 W. 6th Street, Hastings, Minn, if you don't want to miss the third quality-packed issue of THE FANTASITE (which, incidentally, is a S#T#A*R#L#I#G#H#T Publication and the official organ of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society.) And believe me, fan, you don't want to miss this number. Here's why: it will be excellently mimeographed in three colors and will feature "The Science-Wierd Controversy," by Carl Jacobi, "Fan tasy Factory", by Donn Brazier, "Among The Hams and Pros," by The Columbia Camp, and other great material by Russell, Tucker, Chap-

man, Widner, etc., etc. In addition it has art work by the cream of the amateur fantasy artists: Dollens, Wright, Jones, etc., etc. Over thirty large pages of the best fan material. Twenty-five cents will bring you three issues of this magazine, so get busy and send for it, fani

((Grab it, boys; it's an item! JG)).

"POLL AND PERRI"

