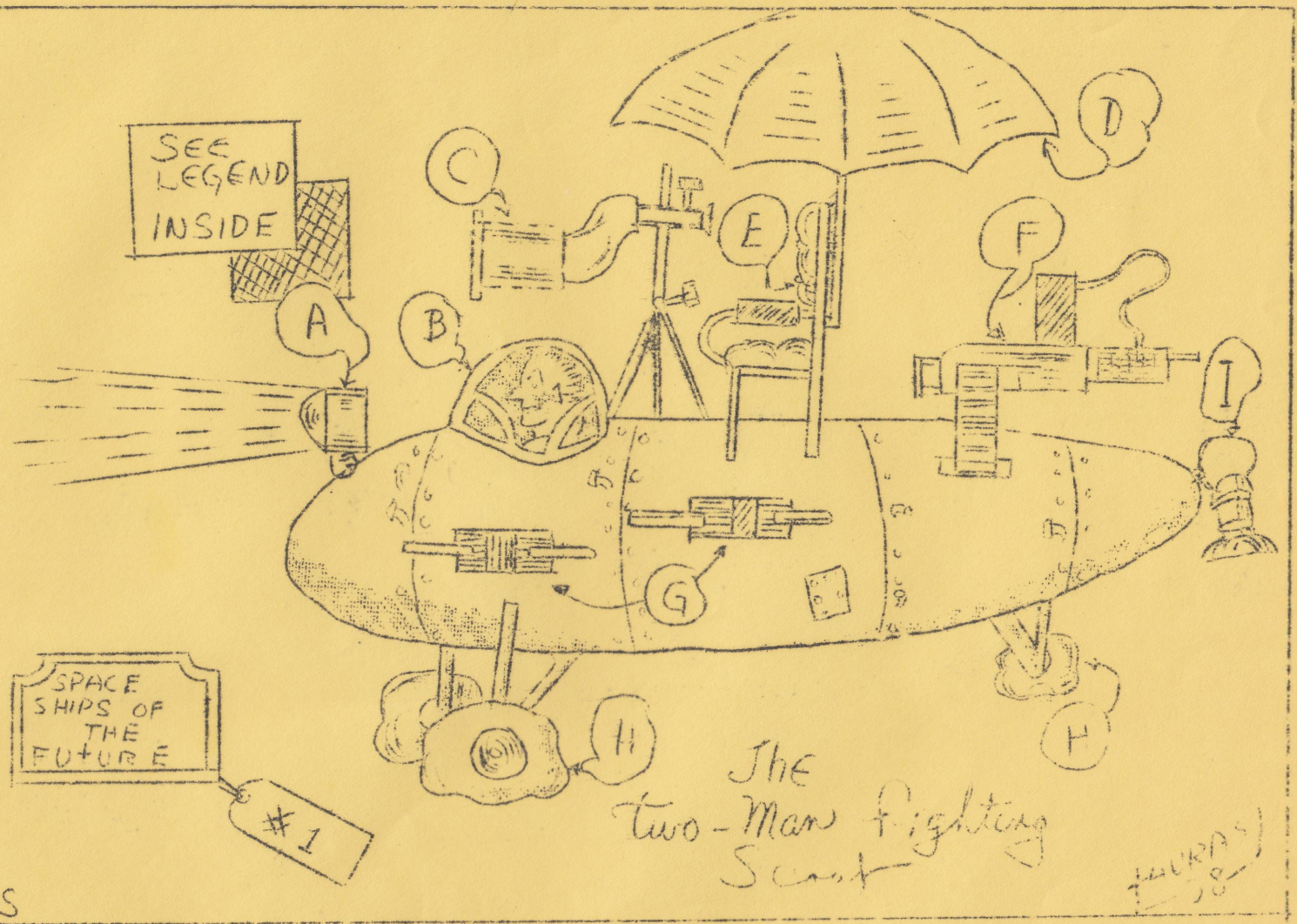


VULCAN FAN MAGAZINES PRESENTS



Vol. 1 - No 1
JANUARY-1939

10¢

JOURNAL
A Cosmic Publications

FANTASY
FICTION'S
FIRST
FAN-FAN
FOLIO!

D'JOURNAL

Fantasy Fiction's First Fun-fan Folio; Featuring Fantastic Foolery!

Vol.1, No.1 - Jan. 1939 - 10¢. a COSMIC Publication. - Quarterly. Box 260 * Bloomington, Illinois.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN...And FANS :

Enter, D'JOURNAL, presenting on its dozen stages the first Edition of the Fantasy Follies. Something just a bit differnt than has ever been presented in fandom before . Special event have produced so-called "comic" magazines, but we believe nothing quite like this D'JOURNAL. And right off the bat we must apologize for not being able to present two features we had advertised; altho we hope we do not have to do such a thing as often as some professional mags have. We cannot give, this issue, "THE \$50,000 CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION INTO MARVEL TALES!" and McPhails "DEPRAT OP THE 1st MARTIAN INVASION OF OKLAHOMA" as promised, because: McPhail didnt get his material in in time, and MARVEL TALES failed (to date) to OK a copy of that story, which we sent them for their perusal. If they come thru, it will be in the second issue. If MARVEL fails to OK the yarn, were afraid you will never see it. Its of the type we dont like to print unless they dont mind.

ADVERTISEMENT are not in D'JOURNAL. Free copies of the SCIENCE AND FANTASY ADVERTISER are mailed with each D'JOURNAL, thus making advertising in our pages useless. WITH THIS ISSUE is a vote coupon. Please vote for the best author, not your relative, or friend. We will let you know next issue who got the buck.

CONTRIBUTATIONS of the nature published herein, are invited.

SPACE SHIPS OF THE FUTURE

1.

"The two-man fighting scout .

* LEGEND *

- A: Headlight: for searching the depths of space.
- B: Pilots cabin: for controlling things.
- C: Observors telescope: for the observing of things & stuff.
- D: Umbrella: to protect observ- or from rain of cosmic rays.
- E: Observors seat: to set on .
- F: Machine gun: for shooting at retreating generals.
- G: Gun ports. :
 - G1- Red raygun for shooting at Communists.
 - G2- Blue raygun for shooting at Fascists.
 - G3- White raygun for shooting at Democrats.
 - G4- Green raygun for shooting at Republicans.
 - G5- Black raygun for shooting at Michelists.
 - G6- Purple raygun for shooting at ----- (fill in name of an enemy of yours.)
- H: wheels: for landing on strange Terra Firma's .
- I: Taillight: for warning the ships behind not travelling faster than light.

Another Space Ship in next issue .

D'JOURNAL is the official organ of the Bloomington Chapter, of the Science Fiction League. Read our latest minutes and hours in each issue.

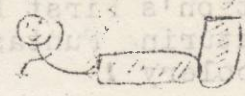
DAN McPHAIL: If you read this , for Pete's sake, where is that story you promised on the great Martian Invasion of your fair state. Did you say the hero beat them off with a Chevrolet magnito? Come on Dan, the readers are waiting with baited breath for that epic of the rural areas.

We would appreciate readers sending that vote coupon included with this issue as soon as you finish reading the magazine. Thanx.

(Where will I be in 1939? - Why?)

" MONSTER MAKES MAN IN TEST TUBE "

(VF)



by
Walter
Pleming

The thing tinkered tinnily, timelessly, thruout the tepid weary week, working wearily, woefully, wonderingly without waiting to take time to throw to the throbbing throat tiny tips of food.

Weak from fatigue, the hideious creature drooled over its scores of test tubes. seeking, ever seeking that elusive something that evaded his ten nimble tenacles. What was the monster of Mars seeking? Prosperity? A good five cent cigar? No. It was seeking to create a man! A MAN! pupils, think of that!

There in his secluded laboratory, far under the sea, dwelt the savant Thigamajig and his good wife, Mrs. Thigamajig. Mr. Thigamajig was in the midst of a hard years labor. He was seeking the formulae for making a man! Oh, of course the world warned him! They told him tales of what would happen if the man got loose and set about their world destroying life, wrecking property. They begged him to cease his studies, abandon his attempts to create a Man! But he would not listen. Thigamajig tinkered timelessly thruout thousands of clock ticks, looking for that elusive spark. And there, pupils, we take up the story.

Now, it seems that this good scientist had a daughter. Oh, she was a beaut! And in the nearby undersea village there was published a small weekly newspaper, on which there was an ambitious reporter. Ah, you begin to see connections? Think nothing of it, so has every author since Jules Verne!

Well, anyhow scientist Thigamajig tinkered timelessly with his test tubes trying to foment a man. And this reporter kept courting the scientists daughter. Naturally, the daughter was scared of her fathers handiwork, once even threatened to leave home, but he would not quit his terrible tinkering. So daughter told the reporter about it, and he vowed to protect her from the creatures of the cosmos!

Well, one day there was an unusual feeling in the air. As is something was due to happen. Like a man springing from a monsters test-tube, for instance. Daughter bustled around the house afraid of her own shadow. The reporter bustled around the house afraid to lose sight of daughters shadow. Mrs. Thigamajig bustled around the house. And scientist Thigamajig tinkered timelessly with his test tubes, unaware of the fateful thing was even now fomenting in his #2 tube. ! Isnt it becoming exciting pupils?

And then it happened! There was a great BOOM, like a stove pipe falling down all over a clean parlor rug, and the undersea house shook and the laboratory shook and daughter shook and reporter shook and even Mrs. Thigamajig shook. But not the scientist. He was deaf and didnt hear the boom. He continued tinkering timelessly with the tubes on the other end of the bench. But, meanwhile, out of tube #2, there popped:

A MAN !!! HORRORS! A MAN! oh, what a fateful day! Horrors !

Mrs. Thigamajig took one glimpse and packed her suitcase and went back home to mother. The reporter took one look and packed his suitcase and eloped with the daughter who after taking one look packed her overnight bag and eloped with the reporter. But not Mr. Thigamajig, no sir, not his stout heart quivered. For he was blinde, and he went right ahead tinkering timelessly with his test tubes. And then, pupils, the man spoke:

"Hey buddy, gotta cigarette?" it cracked casually, confidently.

But scientist Thigamajig faltered not, stout heart, but went on tinkering timelessly with his test tubes, for he didnt smoke. (END)

"WEAK'S INVENTIONS WITHOUT A KICK"

#1 - The Rocket Ship

James V. Taurasi



The telephone rang like all get-out but I ignored it. That is, for the first ten minutes. Then I couldn't take it any more. I'd taken 3 aspirins and the phone was still giving me a headache, so I answered it. "Hello", I chirped, "lets have it."

"You've got some nerve!" the receiver snapped at me. "Here I have been trying to get you for the last half hour and you refuse to answer. Whatta idea? Blowing Saturn rings or something?"

"Oh, its you Weak", I answered. "Well, what this time? and it was only ten minutes, not 30."

"Poo. Whats 20 minutes! I want you to come over right away and try out my rocket ship. I'll expect you in ten minutes!" The phone clicked. Thats Weak for you. No consideration for anyone. He demands to see you and expects you to obey immediately. Bah! I had a mind not to go; but what was that he said about a rocket ship? Had that fool inventor actually built one? He had finished many queer inventions, and I have been the goat to most of them, but this interested me. I thought I darn well knew it would be a fake, but the chance was just too great to take. So I ran the family jallopoy over to his place.

I didnt make it in ten minutes; it took a good half hour. With two blowouts and a rear end that threatened to give away, its lucky that 1917 Ford got me there at all.

"Well, croaked Weak, when he opened the door. "I told you ten minutes. Its been a good half-hour. Thats what I get for letting you in on my invention! Bah! "

"Bah! yourself. As you so recently stated: Poo, whats 20 minutes! Lets see this rocket ship you 'said' you had invented".

"Sure, sure," his face beamed red with pride. "Its my 3459046578th invention, and the best! It works on the revolutionary principal of 1 gram of phragt and 10 measures of hykju to -----"

"Never mind the delicate details. Just show me this star scrapper."

"H," he beamed, "Ah, (that makes two of them) what a name! Star-scrapper. Not bad. Not bad at all. wait till I put that down in my notebook. I musnt forget that; yes -- yes ---- Star-scrapper."

"Nuts professor. Now listen Short, just show me this contraption. Do you think I journeyed all the way out here to be entertained by your 'afterdinner' jokes?"

"Alright, alright, dont get excited. I show it to you. I just liked the name and wanted to remember it."

He led me back to a ramshackle shack in the rear. Here was where he 'invented'. All 3459046578 of them. He opened the door and bid me to enter. I strolled nonchalantly in. And smacked my nose squarely into an object !

"Why in blazes didnt you tell me that thing filled the door?" I felt hurt in not only my nose. My nose was a mess; but I usually put my nose in a mess, not made a mess out of my nose.

"Did you think I could keep a rocket ship in my pocket?" he retorted.

"Aw, whats the use!", I growled. "Lets see this ship."

He pressed a button and something flew past my messy nose into the yard, where it stopped. It was the most terrible looking contraption I had ever seen. It looked like an oversize barrel sprouting black wings, and mounted on wheels. It had a small door in the side of the barrel-body that looked large enough for a canary to squeeze thru. At the rear of the keg was a single gas pipe which I took to be a rocket-tube.

(Continued ---)

(-- continued)

"Come, come", called Weak, who was performing a miracle in getting thru that midget doorway. "We havent all day to waste. Get in."

Well, I did squeeze thru. I smashed my watch thro. Inside I found a small candle set in the center of the floor for illumination. There were no ports, no instruments outside of a speedometer intended as a guage to show how high the 'ship went. The rocket in the rear was fired by touching to bare wires together. This was Weaks rocket ship.

"Do you call this broken down wine barrel a rocket ship?" I asked sweetly, preparing to exit. "Why, Wright brothers' first airplane could fly better than this #%!*!%*! of a mess! I'm going home!"

"Tut tut, this is only an experimental model. If it works I'll build one with all the finest comforts that you milk-fed excuse for a human could desire! Why, I have a good mind not to show you how it flies! If it does. I have worked weeks and months, hours and minutes, and all the reward I get is having some ignorant fool belittle me!"

"Yes," I dryly reminded him. "As you so quaintly put it: "if it works"; let me out. I am going home!"

But before I could budge, Weak shoved the two wires together! A loud explosion came from the rear of the ship. An explosion like a sick cow coughing up cactus. For a moment the ship shook like a wet dog, then --- ah, but could I forget what happened then! That darn rat trap did move! Moved straight up!

It went straight up for about 20 feet and then that dog-gonned excuse for a rocket at the tail of the ship gave out and the ship found it could not defy gravity; but about twice as fast! It seemed to me we reached the Earth's core before we stopped going down! Bright stars and brother comets were dashing hither and thither before my eyes; noises of hundreds of thousands of decibels were in my ears, and that lousy candle was burning a neat hole in the seat of my best britches! As usual, I passed out.

I was told afterwards that the neighbors rescued us in the nick of time. I was only burned bad enough to stay in the hospital a mere 6 weeks; and not able to sit at ease for months. But that was nothing. What sent me to chewing up the Hospital flowers was that Weak had nerve enough to come out to the sick-room and invite me outto his house to see his latest invention! (END)

" OF NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST TO YOU "

From Bradbury we learn that the Christmas Annual of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION will feature "Jason Thumbs Home", and contain the following book length novels: "Smell Ship", "The Master Must Not Cry", "Sssst-- Earthman?" (by A. Oldmaid), and "Hyperacidity". The new STARTLING STORIES will soon start an article policy, the first to be: "Why does a Rocket make a rocket when taking-off?" by Willy Hey. The same mag will introduce a new department in its March issue, the "Postcard Static" dept. wherein readers will send in blank postcards telling Weisinger what they DONT think of his new magazine. AMAZING STORIES informed us on our last visit to Chicago that they will soon move their offices to New Chicago on-the-Moon "to get the proper local-color". They also say that in an issue coming up, they will feature on their cover the first photograph of how Earth looks from Uranus. An actual reproduction, they swear. With WEIRD TALES in new hands, the publishers are planning on distributing free hair tonic with some of their ghost stories now being printed. To give one hair to stands one end, you know. THRILLING WONDER STORIES was suspiciously mum during our visit to their offices. We suspect either Weisinger suspects us, or

"OUR O.P.U. POLL" - conducted by Jack Spear
(Who writes as he pleases)

In an effort to get the the underlying beliefs of mankind, the OPU went this month to central Africa, where it inquired amongst the Ubangi's for their opinions on the following earth-shaking problems: 1. What do you think of the chances of a rocket to Mars? ; 2. What is your exact definition of an American science fiction fan? ; 3. What is your favorite literary diet? ; and 4. Do you believe in Fooghaism?

At the first question, the proletariat interviewed yawned (showing nicely filled teeth) and replied that he believed the greatest possibilities lay in the step rocket, saying that if the Manchester boys would join the general BIS, they'd be strong enough numerically to compel Pariliment to repeal the laws against liquid explosives, and speculated that with that obstacle removed, the British would be able to do far more than the ARS ever did; and that if they got the cost of a one-way trip down to 20,000 pounds, he'd sell a coupla wives and ge.

The bourgeois interviewed said they didnt need any vacuum cleaners and slammed the grass curtain.

When the Ubangi economic royalist interviewed heard how the proletarian voted, he put his anklets on the cell rocket's chances & asked us in for dinner. We delicately declined. *** A general post card survey in the village showed that those living in the north-west corner were most strongly in favor of staying on terra firma, remarking that "there are things we arent meant to meddle with". The repliers living in the southern end of the village were very optimistic. One said, "Goody, I just love skyrockets!"

OPU went home with a headache and used ten pads of government paper trying to chart the results, but next day returned to ask them to define an American sci-fic fan. When we asked this of the first one we met, he asked, "Are you a science fiction fan?", and upon being answered in the affirmative, lapsed into an insulting silence. The witch doctor offered this definition: "A science fiction fan is a compound of certain chemicals that walks around on two legs and emanates disturbing influences".

Feeling highly complimented, we went to the chief's chef and asked his definition. He thumbed thru his notebook and answered: "Flesh is firm, but with a high salt content. Should be boiled at least two hours before serving...." OPU exited hastily.

Opinion was most heatedly divided on the question of favorite literary diet. There were several camps of opinion, and almost no in-betweens. Perhaps the largest group favored the Bible because it brought forth such delicious missionaries; some, however, apparently misinterpreted the word 'diet', and this school of opinion must be largely discounted. The question will be rephased and reput at some later date. Behind another group of opinion there seemed to be some political conniving, sub-chieves Polo, Lowndelady and Gucktuck having compromised their beliefs in "anything spicy". When you add in such "no-compromise" independants as Hango, Togwila and Dawgo, this view held a plurality. (I know this is silly, but the editor paid for it, now he has to print it.) Other minor preferences included tales of Time and other dimensions, Will Power and Bob and Kosow. One dreamy eyed individual speculated that any magazine bound with chewing gum would make a nice diet. Here are typical replies to "Do you believe in Fooghaism?": "No, I'm a Rationalist" ; "Anything Don does is OK with me" ; "What am I offered?" ; "I prefer Foodooism" ; "Do you have a badge?" ; "I never join anything without knowing what it stands for. Can I have an officers title?" ; "I say, give it back to the Indians!" ; "I done been converted to ebryting else by ebry missionary cum along; guess ah might as well be dat too. What am it?" (END)

LOS ANGELES LEAGUE TO ERECT HUGH TWENTY STORY SCIENCE FICTION TEMPLE:

(Rumors leaking in to the effect that the LASFL are building a skyscraper monument to STF, led us to inquire into the matter. Desiring to give our readers a scoop, we wired Bradbury for details. He wired us back that the project was secret; to divulge was death! We then wired him \$5 and he sent the following, collect:)

"FLASH! This is your L.A. correspondant, Ray Bradbury, folks, busy in the science fiction graveyard digging up news for you! CRASH! The LA League just laid the cornerstone for a 20 story skyscraper that will be completed within a year! The building will be a sort of mosque, or hall of science fiction. It will be the worlds first and last structure dedicated to the ghost of sciencefiction, which makes it practically a tomb!

"But", butts Boss Hodgkins, Chief Bricklayer, "we hope to fatten the wraith of dead STF into the prosperous bogey it was years ago. We also intend to fatten our pocketbooks; there will be a slight charge to view the Temple and its wonders." Within the gigantic halls will be shown the more remarkable paintings of Paul Maul, Scott G-Man, Weasel and, of course, Fookie. These pictures will be ringed in gold neon and protected by velvet curtains. A dime in the proper slot parts the velvets and flashes the neon for a period of ten seconds. The massive portals will bear this legend over them in purest crystal: "GENIUS IS WORTH A BILLION DOLLARS, BUT ANYWHERE YOU CAN GET TEN CENTS A DUNCE!" As one enters one is struck by the ornate beauty of it all, not to mention falling bricks. One deposits ones quarter at the entrance and one enters. First to greet the eye will be a hugh glass case enframed in gold neon, in which will stand the emaciated figure of Forest J. in all his fantastic glory. At his feet will lie an open copy of his book: "My Struggle". A dime lights the neon and gives the figure a halo effect. In strictest confidence, this was whispered to me one afternoon over the public address system in the Park: A rocket mooring mast will be the dominant feature atop the the tower! Egad! What news! what tales of IMAGINATION this conjures out of the very dim recesses of the mind! Think of the possibilities! Someday, someone will build a rocket ship and land on top of the Science Fiction Temple! It will be fun waiting for that ship while we are waiting for our Social Security! Just imagine the day the first ship arrives from Mars! Cant you picture the whole Chapter skipping up to meet it with beards and togas flying in the wind, false teeth chattering in excitement! To celebrate, an oyster will be rented to provide oyster stew for the multitude.

The lawns will be lush Venusian grass, with beautiful Martian flowers and loads of clinging relatives. Offices for all members will be on the first floor. A dime will open the door to any office. A giant machine in the foyer will dispense blondes and bromides at a flick of the wrist. On the second floor the latest methods of quick-death will be featured. For a buck in one machine you get a ray gun of any color you desire, or we can toss you into a room of feathers to be tickled to death, or we will give you a quick look at T. Bruce Yerke and you can die laughing. One visitor recently saw Yerke and exploded: "I dont believe it!"

Oh, oh, something just happened! Ackerman just walked up 20 flights of steps inspecting the building and was going to take the elevator down before he remebered that only the first floor had been completed! We havent seen him since! Incidentally, the third floor will house copies of all the fan mags printed since 1838. Dimes in slots, of course, will petmit you to view each magazine. The remaining 17 floors arent accounted for yet, but no doubt we will find something to put into them when they are finished, if it has to be announced fan magazines that never appear! And, thus, lastly, a dime will let you exit! " (END)

(The editors are of the opinion that we have a rebate on that \$5 due.)

"THE GREAT MARTIAN INVASION ON OCTOBER 30, 1938!" - by Hoy
Ping Pong

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are interrupting this program of dance music to bring you a special news flash! Fourteen minutes ago, the Podunk Observatory in Podunk, Illinois reported seeing several big flashes of fire on the planet Mars! We have just now received word that those flashes of fire were rocket ships taking off for Earth with a cargo of soldiers and bombs! They plan to invade New York!"

"Maw, maw, did you here that? Oh Maw! Grab you coat Maw and bring all the blankets you can. Get Junior Maw, were hiking for the hills! The Martians are coming! I got a shotgun loaded. Come on Maw, that there radio-feller says they will be here any minnut now."

"Ladies and gentleman, another news flash: The Martians have landed in Gooseberry, Ohio! Nine hugh rocket ships have defied gravity and set down upon the Ohioian plains! Flee for your skins! The Martians are coming!"

"Maw, oh Maw! Fer gosh sakes Maw, did you hear that? He says them Martians are landing at Gooseberry -- why Maw, that only about two miles away ----MAW! I see lights out in the pasture! Hide Maw, get Junior under the bed, here come the Martians!"

The double-barrelled shotgun: "Ba-ram! Ba-room! Heheheheh, take th that your dirty Martains! Goody, I aint had so much fun since Grandpap took me thru the Blackhawk wars. B-room! Ha! Another Martian bit the dust!"

The announcer: "Flash! The Martians are advancing over the country-side. Several telephone calls from the stricken area have reported hugh monsters trampling houses and barns underfoot. Dozens of people are dead already! Poison gas and Martian Flame is preading everywhere devastating crops! The Guard is being called out! Flee for your lives!"

The farmer: "Maw, hear that? There gittin closer! I can hear 'em out in the barn lot now. They got some bells on er sumpin. I can hear funny bells ringing. Now there! behind the barn. The dirty skonks! Why d ont they stay on Mars! Dont they know the unemployment problem is tough enough now! Maw, wheres Junior?"

The shotgun; "Bam! B-rooom! Aha! Another Martian shall never swim in the old canal no more! Boom!"

The announcer: "Flash! The Martians have reported taken over the little town of Gocseberry, Ohio. The carnage is awful! Army flyers report t e flames are miles high! Embattled farmers are holding out for their lives. The army has given up all hope of rescueing them, so thank are the Martians in that area! Gas and flame is spreading everywhere. A vanguard of Martians have been sighted approaching New York! Flee for your lives!"

The farmer: "Maw, hear that? They're heading fer Noc Yawk now! Fer gosh sakes! Well, Maw, I guess the end of the world has come! I wont laugh at them science fiction magazines Junior brings home any more. Maw, is Junior up there? WHAT! You say he aint! You say he went out to have a look at the Martians! Maw! We'll never see poor Junior alive again!"

The shotgun: "Poom. By the rings of Saturn, so they got Junior eh? Well, serves him right! He was always trying to melt me down and make a ray-gun outta me anyway! Ba-ram! If it wasnt for the old man here and Maw upstairs, derved if I would quit, and go have a look at the critters myself ---whoa ---who's that running up the walk? Why its Junior! He aint hurt at all! Gosh, he's excited, I wonder whats the matter?"

Junior: "Paw, Paw, stop shooting! Maw, come down, there aint no Martians! Paw, stop shooting. Ding it, you just killed two of our best milk cows!"

(END)

"RECIPE FOR BECOMING A MODEL FAN"

.. by NAMAFAFA

A great many (2 or 3) people have recently wondered how they too can become a STF fan, a Name in the field of haywire horseplay graduates who have adopted this form of fiction as their own. I now propose to tell them how to go about it.

First, spend six months in the nearest "Hospital for Mental Rest". This is to devêlope your conversational abilities and put you in the proper frame of mind. After talking to those about you for a time, it should be relatively simple to converse with fans and discuss the things they are interested in. Indeed, you will be in excellent condidtion to begin your fan activities.

Next- make it a point to drink a glass of vinegar at each meal. This is to help devêlope your critical abilities, and increase your pessimism and churlishness. It should also help rid you of any tendency you have to smile. In fact, I defy you to smile after drinking it. See, you cant do it can you? --- Therefore it should be easy for you to write a vitrolic missle to a newsstand mag after that. You will find so many things wrong that you begin to wonder how you ever liked the mag in the first place. Now convince yourself that STF is rotten thru-out; that editors are rimming the fans at 20¢ per month, each; that they arent giving them anything in return but pep-talk editorials to buy more copies. Complain because the mags arent issued weekly, at 3¢ a copy, with gilt edges, chewing gum binding, and a super-epic a-la smith in each number! Grumble about the illustrations, stories, the discussion letters -- oh, anything at all. And when the screw-lopse individuals who clutter up STF with their alien 'isms ask you to join them, you will be about ready to become a fan-atic and climb on the star-wagon.

When you begin to get the urge to trip old ladies, kick cats, and snarl at children, make faces at newsboys, etc., you will know that the course is beginning to take effect. But when you CARRY OUT those impulses, then you are showing that you have the stuff to become a real fan, and a darn good one at that. Now, attach yourself to some half-bakes idea, the loonier the better. You might attempt to build a rocket ship. We know you cant do it, but think of the esteem your fellow fans will hold you in after you have demonstrated your failure! Or a futile attempt to communicate with the Martians is a very coular way to gain the limelight. Then indeed will the fan world reap your name in awed tones, name their 66th-hand auto's after you, and write long articles and poem to fan magazines praising your god-like being. Is that not a worth goal?

By this time, in your climb in fandom, you will either be a Zoo-boo or a Phu-Phu. Determine which is the silliest, most useless, & join it. Make yourself a few animies in the opposite camp. Then you will have someone on whom to blame all the woes of science-fiction. Eventually you will begin letting your hair grow, muttering of social constants, gurgling delightedly in your beer and throwing happy fits when your favorite author has a new story in print. This will cause people to make a whirling motion with their index finger and point to your cranium with knowing smirks. Ignore them! You have just been paid the highest compliment a STF fan can receive! Throw out your chest with pride! At last you are a success in fandom!

Now do one more thing, to perpetuate your name forever in STF -- become "Number One fan". This is a highly sought after honor. Peg it out for yourself and go after it. And consider yourself IT ! (END)

"WHY THE 'SCIENCE FICTION FAN' WAS BANNED IN PATAGONIA!"

- by the Denver Wiggins

Perhaps I should not reveal this AMAZING STORY; after all, it was censored in the Patagonian press, and the Diplomatic corpse kept it suppressed here. But then, the FANTASY FAN is entitled to know, and I can rely on them to keep a secret, so here in the whole WEIRD TALE:

In the beginning I desired a stepping stone to glory, a stupendous PHANTASTIQUE movement that would perpetuate my name forever in the annals of SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM. I cast about for a suitable method. Eureka! I had the daring plot! Coming up in a few months was the 2nd anniversary issue of my magazine, the 'SCIENCE FICTION FAN'. I would use it for my propagandic purposes. I plotted carefully.

The thing to do would be to reveal a gigantic secret to FANDOM. Something fans and authors had been sreaching for for years. And then, SATURNIA! I found it! Egad, what IMAGINATION it took to expose that stupendous cosmic secret in all its delicate detail! Atomic power? NO! Space flight? NO! Time Travel? NO! What then? This: The secret to the Earth's Core! I knew where the entrance was! I knew how and where to get to the middle of the Earth!

I hibernated for weeks! My wife thought she was a divorcee. My kids thought pappy had eloped with Demon Rum. And then I emerged from my bank cellar with the Anniversary issue dripping in my hands! And in the pages of that fateful issue was revealed the secret! Oh, it took cunning. I did not want every willy-nilly readers dashing to the center of the earth. So I devised it so that only the smart, intelligent fans could decipher the key: I printed the secret between the lines! To keep the dopey dodo's from finding the key and gaining the entrance, I laid a cunning trap for them. Those that fell into the trap found themselves out in space, out of luck. Those that avoided the trap found the entrance to the center of the Earth, IN PATAGONIA, by reading between the lines of the material in that Anniversary issue! AND THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN!

By some insidious method, a denizen of the underworld got a copy of the 'FAN', and reading the key, skillfully reversed it and emerged into the outer world! HORRORS! Imagine the incredulous looks on the faces of the fans packed around that door, strining to open it, when suddenly it should open from the inside and a strange creature of the world under the surface step out, with packed suitcase in hand! Jim Avery fainted. And then the thing spoke:

"Hello Wiggins", (it singled out me!), "say, are you the bird who publishes the 'SCIENCE FICTION FAN'. Whats the idea....pages 31 and 32 of my copy are so faint I cant read them!"

ASTOUNDING? I'll say it was. Michel gave one look and gave up his Michelism, seeing that this is what it had brought. Madle tried to ray gun the thing, but his ray was of the wrong color to enter the things skin. Speer cocked a cynical head aside and leered: "Paid your entry tax buddy?...I'm with the Gov'ment, ya know!". Ackerman asked the stranger if it was interested in Esperanto. Hornig asked it to join the League and be the first 'under-seas' member. "Cant be done!" exploded Taurasi. "Motions out of order!". "Yes", yessed Wollheim, "its very undemocratic, very". Sykora extended an invitation to join his AMALGANATED SCIENCE FICTION AMALCAMATION. Tucker asked him for an autograph. Then came the climax! Why all this was going on, the creature was staring at us in MARVEL. Then....it laid eyes on Harry Warner! And its reasoning snapped! And it turned and ran screaming back down the tunnel it had just came from!

(END)

Beside a Martian water-tank, some million leagues away,
Beneath a busted rocket, a dying space-man lay.
His suit was cracked and dented; a U-bar'd crushed his head,
And coughing a shower of Martian sand, those were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where 'ditlin' grows on bushes and everyone stays tight.
They've torn up all the schedules; they've busted all the clocks,
And little whiffs of 'Venus-weed' come trickling thru the rocks."

The space man breathed these last few gasps before he died that day,
"I'll tell you how it happened -- I couldn't blast away.
A meteor'd punctured the fuel tank, the jets were clogged with waste,
Mars caught me in his awful grip -- by far the worst I've faced."

"So I'm going to a better land, where jets are always clear,
Where the hull plates never buckle, and the space suits never tear.
Where your salary is doubled and your ship's engraved with gold---"
The pilot stopped, his head fell back. In a minute he was cold.

Green ones, red ones, purple and yellow
Dazzling, brilliant, or dark jade.
To make you melt, freeze or bellow,
Manufactured or home-made --
"SCIENCEFICTIONUTS"
RAYS! RAYS! RAYS! by
Hoy Ping Pong.

From Mars, Jupiter and Uranus
And constellions of the Cosmos;
Even from this Earth's guts
They come forth to drive us nuts --
"WONDER STORIES"
INVADERS! INVADERS! INVADERS! 1934.

I hope that I shall some day see
A perfect science fiction story;
Minus the invaders & their rays,
So that I may live the rest of my days --
In PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

D'JOURNAL WORLDS FAIR BOOTH GOING UP! (PP);

The D'JOURNAL booth at the 1939 Worlds Fair in NYC is nearly completed; setting a modern pace for other industrial building near it. The D'JOURNAL exhibit, built in super-modern 1950 architecture, will be commanding a prominent spot on the Fair Grounds, and be one of the major points of interest.

Several fans has signified their intention of stooping into visit the D'JOURNAL booth. Indeed, Mathatma Gitchee-Goomi, the Bombay fan, is travelling all the way from India on elephant-back to see the Fair, and has notified us of his intention to make our Booth his summer headquarters. American fans! Be sure and stop in at the gay D'JOURNAL Booth while at the Fair and say 'Igwagih' to brother Gitchee-Goomi !

Remember: "WHO CARES WHERE YOU WILL BE IN 1939 !"

" REPORT OF THE 196th CONVENTION of the S.F.L."

BY
HOY PING PONG ,

Member No.

- Reprinted from WONDER STORIES for 1934.

1234567896

The 196th Annual Convention of the Science Fiction League was held the week of June 45 to 51, 2132; or 197, SFL., at Ackermanville, Cal. A goodly crowd was there, nearly tripling the original population, but all delegates were comfortably housed, I mean housed with the exception of 3 Hindoos from Skindoo who had brought their pet elephants along. As Mayor Ackerman doesn't allow elephants in houses, the boys from Skindoo were forced to sleep in the park with their pets. The first day was spent in seeing the model city of Ackermanville. It boasted even of a large printing house where "STFICTION STORIES" and "MACABRE TALES", F.J. Ackerman, Editor, were published. Free copies were given all delegates, but I think H.Q. later got the bill.

The second day the Convention formally opened in Ackerman Hall. Promptly at nine o'clock Pres. Ackerman banged his gavel on the table top. But unfortunately, a delegate from Peru had gone to sleep on the table and the gavel descended on his head. The victim didn't complain, so after he was carried out, the meeting progressed.

First up was delegate Foozle from Australia. The gentleman from 'down under' complained that he had talked 345 people into joining his Chapter, but each of the 345 wanted to be Director. The delegate asked the President to refuse the 345 newcomers admittance because he himself wished to keep his Directorship. It was a delicate situation and strategy was needed. Everybody waited with baited breath for the President's decision. To pacify the whole mob, the President formed 345 new Chapters and made each new member a Director of each. Applause was rendered.

Next, two travellers from Mars took the floor and gave a very vivid account of the deplorable conditions on Mars. They said the Martians were actually starving! A motion was made to take up a collection for the Martians, and such was done. Later the Treasurer announced the sum of the collection: 3 dimes, a bad penny and 2456 shirt buttons. Applause was again rendered. At this point the Special Investigation Committee interrupted to inform the house that last year, after a collection for starving Martians was taken up, the Treasurer had spent the entire sum on choclit sodas. The President ordered the Committee down however, for he had participated in the sodas.

As it was then lunch time, the entire house walked out and made for the "Ye Ackermanee Cafe" where a very excellent meal was served. Some one suggested saving the scraps for the starving Martians, and was tossed out. Proprietor Ackerman then presented the diners with their bills and he was tossed out. Once started, there was no stopping the revelry! The rest of the second day was lost in chaos. A couple boys from Egypt found a cache of rare wines in the President's cellar, and informed the town. Everybody got drunk including the two Skindoo elephants.

The Ackerman Special Police, expecting just such an emergency, boarded themselves up in the City Hall and stayed there until dark. Meanwhile the merrymakers had discovered the printing plant, and breaking in just as the latest issues were going to press, proceeded to change "STFICTION STORIES" and "MACABRE TALES" to suit their whims. Recent reports indicate that those two magazines never enjoyed a bigger boom than that issue. In fact, they boomed right out of existence.

However, to get back. The delegates went about the town shooting it up with their rocket guns and light pistols. It required the next 4 days for the Special Police to gather up the stragglers and deposit them in Ackerman Hall for the final days' session.

(continued---)

(---continued)

This time, remembering the accident of the first day, the President first put his hand down on the table and felt for heads. Finding none he brought the gavel down -- right on his hand! Time out was taken while the President informed the delegates of his feelings. So hot grew his words that the Ackerman Fire Dept. was called out to wet down the smoking rafters. When order had again been restored, the Missionary reports were asked for. Five minutes were spent in trying to get Missionary Gadzook to his feet. He reported the missionary work of converting heathern Saturnites into respectable Science Fiction Leaguers was progressing fine. He said that last month, he alone converted 4, and of the 4 only 3 later deserted. When asked what became of the 4th, he said the poor wretch died of fright upon viewing some of the officers of the League for the first time. Somebody made a motion that the above mentioned officers be given medals, but same was lost amid boos.

Next missionary Ka Plump reported that his work on Pluto was going fine, altho "he could use a little more money". (Applause here). He said that he lost only two converts out of the last hundred. When asked how he lost them, he answered that they had refused to kick in to him with a weekly tribute and they had lost their heads. A medal of honor was given brother Ka Plump.

As this ended the missionary reports, time out was taken for lunch. Remembering the skinning they had received before, the delegates shunned the Cafe and went down the street to the "Ye Olde Coffee Potee Inne" - F.J. Ackermanee, Propee. One of the Skindoo elephants tried to get in also and was stuck in the door, penning the delegates inside for nearly two hours, untill the Ackerman Derrick Co. came to the rescue.

Once more back in Ackerman Hall for the closing session, the boys sat in silence, waiting for the President. He arose and begin. "Gentlemen, (somebody snickered), this years convention has been a most profitable one. I have here a bill for \$850.12, which I shall send to H.Q. and let Charles Hornig the IX worry about. This covers all damages you boys have done here. I hope you all have had as fine a time as I have had, and I want to see you all out to nexy years convention, which will be held in Ackermanville, N.C. In closing, let me say that next years password will be 'fugwump' and that the last train leaves tonight at 9:30. Dont miss it!

Applesauce, + mean appluase was rendered. True to his word, Engineer Ackerman pulled the Ackermanville Flyer out of town that night at nine thirty with one delegate aboard. Nobody seems to know how that one got aboard, but someone suggested that he might have wandered there while sober. * * * * Reports have since reached H.Q. that it took the Ackerman Special Police two full months to round up the last delegate and send him home. This last was finally found playing Tarzan at the Ackerman Zoo. Somebody else left his pet elephant, and as the freight bill to Skindoo is TOO high, the ponderous pachyderm is still wandering about Ackermanville, eating Ackerman grass. (END)

IF YOU LIKED the above report of the 196th Convention, dont miss our next issue, dated April First, 1939. It will carry a complete report of the minutes of the 1939 World Fair, World Science Fiction Convention to be held in NYC next summer. We obtained these minutes via our Time Traveller. Take a copy of this D'JOURNAL to the Convention with you, and you will know of everything that happens before it happens, for April D'JOURNAL carries reports in detail. This issue out in February.

WHO CARES WHERE YOU WILL BE IN 1939 !



EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS

(For the best Postcard Comments in each issue we will give one - way tickets good for an upper berth on a Mars-bound sleeper Rocket.)

"Hooray for D'JOURNAL! It condons Communism!" - Don Cottombeam.

"Hooray for D'JOURNAL! It favors Fascism!" - Zack Sneer.

"Hooray for D'JOURNAL! It desires Democracy!" - Post 77, American Leg.

"Hooray for D'JOURNAL! It pushes old age pensions!" - Doc Sensen.

(HOORAY FOR D'JOURNAL! - Editors.)

"The new D'JOURNAL is delightfully superb! Screamingly humorous! Too funny for words. Why dont you double your price? Enclosed find 50¢, rush five more copies!"

- Harold Hersheybar

"Your rag stinks! Refund my dime".

- Bob Hilltop

"I would like to see some humorous Weird stories in D'JOURNAL soon."

- D.J.R.

"I would like to see some humorous science stories in D'JOURNAL soon"

- Milton J.

"I would like to see some humorous stories in D'JOURNAL soon."

- Mac Gordon

(We would like to see you Mac :)

-Editors.

"May we expect a series of articles on "Why Gravity Gravitates" soon, preferably written by Willie Gea?"

- E.S. Musslebound

(You may not! - Editors)

"Dear Sir: Inside you will find a funny story for your rag. Jernal. I wrote it. My father sez that I am a good funny writer. My sister red one of my funny stories to her class once and they all laughed. Its about a space ship. How much do you pay?"

- Tony Capeki

-- its time to (END)

701: "Have you, in your capacity as either editor, publisher or fan -author, ever heard of a fan-author being paid for his material in a fan (non-professional) magazine?"

Harry Warner Jr: "Definitely no, and stuff."

Walter Fleming: "Trying to be a funny-man?"

Jim Avery: " A definite "no" ."

Walter Marconetee: "No, I have never heard Of course, that isnt saying it hasnt happened, or could not happen."

Jack Speer: "Paying for stories is just too too. I seem to have heard somewhere that Unique did it."

Olon F. Wiggins: "Yes. F.J.A. , during the time of the printed SF FANS, asked for and got paid for his Esperanto column in "FAN". Not only did he demand cash, but wanted free unlimited advertising as well and free copies containing his stuff, and 15 or 20 excerpts from the mag containing his Esperanto material. Rather unreasonable, eh what?"

OOO Yes, O.F. , that is rather unreasonable, when the popular consensus seems to be: A fan mag does well to pay for its paper, much less the material; some fan authors feel like heels to accept 'pay' ; and free copies of the issue ones material appears in has been accepted as standard 'pay' from fan magazines. OOO

In our next issue, we should like you, the readers, to answer this question: "Have YOU ever corresponded with a distant person for a period of time, only to ultimately find out, to your embarrassment, that your correspondant was far different from who you thought he (she) was?" (Now take that question in its most literal form, and send in your answer at once. Even if you once corresponded with a horse under a fancy name, let us hear about it!)

Read the answers to Question 702 in our April first issue. (END)

VOTE COUPON

This is the manner in which we pay off our authors -- or one of them anyhow -- for their splendid humorous services to this D'JOURNAL. We want you to vote on the best story, article, poem, or feature in this issue. Dont choose a relative, or friend. Please pick the best material! To the author who material received the most votes, goes either a dollar bill, or, if he prefers, a subscription (a dollars worth) to any fan magazine he desires. In this way, those that feel they cannot accept money for services to us, can still collect what is due them. Votes must be returned on this coupon, and signed with your name and address is full. Please do not vote for any staff written material. (Anything written by Bob Tucker, Walter Fleming or Hoy Ping Pong). FANTASY NEWS will announce the winner as soon as known, also, his name will appear in the April First issue of D'JOURNAL.

"I vote for " _____, written by _____ as the best feature in this issue.

YOUR NAME

ADDRESS.....

CITY State

(If you care to enclose a self-addressed postcard when returning this vote coupon, you will be notified when the April issue is ready.) And we will sincerely appreciate hearing from you and knowing all your comments on this D'JOURNAL.

D' J O U R N A L

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