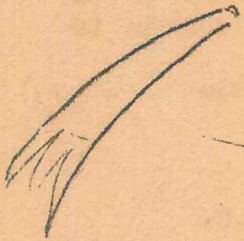


EXPLORER

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1950



CUTHBERT - DUANE
RAY REBEL - LANE
STORIES - REVIEWS
AND S-F NEWS

10¢ per copy

I. S. F. C. C.

50¢ per year

Remember - It's the NORWESCON in PORTLAND - OREGON, that is -- 1,2,3, and 4 SEPT.

THE EXPLORER

THE EXPLORER
Published By and For the I. S. F. C. C.
Edited by: Ed Noble, Jr.
Girard, Fenna.

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*
* 'Tis plain to see that a majority of
* you were more interested in letter size
* than legal size. We have more pages for
* you thereby, and, I hope, an acceptable
* ~~issue~~. There are stories, articles, and
* verse, along with the columns that came
* in -- we're a few days late because of
* waiting, but we're not too late because
* I haven't seen the Winter PLANET nor an
* October TWS or anything. But enough, to
* other items. I shaddap.

Ed Noble

To the Members of the I.S.F.C.C.

from Lawrence Kiehlbauch, President of I.S.F.C.C.
Rt. 2, Box 225, Billings, Montana

Our regular elections, intended for the Spring, were postponed mainly because there were no volunteers for the positions, and there is no sense in running one of those Moscow-style elections with but one candidate for each post. If you are interested in taking active part in the club, let us hear from you about running for one of the offices. Two positions are wide open, the Trading Manager and the Correspondence Manager. Perhaps some of you have ideas on possible candidates among members with whom you swap letters -- nominations are open. Six positions are for election -- President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Trading Manager, and Correspondence Manager. What about some of the feminine side of the club? Bea Glass is our only gal officer right now --- we could use more.

Some time early next Spring the family plans on building our own home, and it means that in the future I'll be active only in the ISFCC, dropping all other clubs. But I think I can contrive the acquisition of enough postage to handle the ISFCC affairs.

W. C. Butts reports that there wasn't much bidding in the last month's auction but this is the summer season -- maybe more of you will be interested as the days are cooler and shorter.

Are any of you members going to the NORWESCON, the s-f convention in the city of Portland, Oregon? If I have half a chance, I'll try to be there, and maybe we can talk things over while there.

The members listed as 'delinquents' in the June issue have been dropped from the roster of the ISFCC since none of them have contacted me or Ed Noble or others to show an interest. Therefore, because they seem disinterested in the advantages of the ISFCC, they have been dropped from the club.

The term of office has been changed by vote of you to one year instead of six months. Six months, in a club such as this, where affairs are carried on by the correspondence method, is not a very long time. By the time everyone knew who was elected (including the ones elected) it's time to start having another election. With a year's term of office this will give the 'brass' a better chance to get things under way.

Well, nice people, once again my time of speech-making has come to an end, so, until the next time,

"Ad Stellas"
Lawrence Kiehlbauch
President of ISFCC

It's the NORWESCON

PORTLAND, OREGON - Sept. 1 - 2 - 3

LABOR DAY WEEK-END HOLIDAY

PORTLAND FAN-CONFAB HOST - - - - BOUCHER TOPS BILLING

* * *

The annual get-together of fandom will be the S-F spotlight feature for the Labor Day week-end, and this 8th meeting will be held in Portland, Oregon, the American Legion Hall being the scene of the four-day gathering. Joe and Jean Fann will meet with numbers of writers and editors, but the fan will be the predominant in numbers. What with s-f swinging into radio and even into TV there'll be a lot to talk about, and there'll be all kinds of speakers, both scheduled and others probably off-the-cuff. Lead speaker and guest of honor is to be Anthony Boucher, editor and critic.

Membership to the NORWESCON will run you a buck -- if you aren't going, but if you are altruistically inclined toward fandom, the committee will be glad to have the financial aid, and you'll get something in return besides thanks. If you go or if you don't, membership fees should be sent to Ruth Newberry, Treas., Box 8517, Portland 7, Oregon.

I.S.F.C.C. attendance at the convention depends on whether several who want to go can get there. Larry says he wants to go; Elsberry says he hopes to go -- maybe Vernon McCain's WU job will bring him close enough to Portland for a part of the meetings. We hope an ISFCC'er can make it, so there'll be a report on the confab by one of the members --- everybody see that last sentence all right?

* * * * *

A REPORT ON THE NEW YORK S-F CONFERENCE

Over the July 4th week-end the Hydra Club and the ESFA held a New York Science-Fiction Conference that drew fans from as far as Montreal and Chicago. Opening its doors on Saturday afternoon, 1 July, there was the registration and reception of guests and a cocktail party.

The main part of the confab started on Sunday with L. Jerome Stanton, chairman of the committee, explaining the reasons for holding the conference: (1) further publicizing of s-f to the general reading field, and (2) hopes for making literary awards in different fields of science-fiction.

Sam Moskowitz emceed the entire conference program and introduced the first of the speakers, L. Sprague de Camp. His talk concerned the hopeful writer who wants to break into s-f writing. Stressing intelligence and energy, L SdC suggested that it might help if one were crazy, too. Armed with a thorough knowledge of English, and preferably a typewriter, the aspirant is told to try writing, going through the disappointments of rejection slips,

Judy Merrill continued the series on the literary aspects of S-F, devoting some time to general material in the field.

Three editors of the pro ranks, Bea Mahaffey of Other Worlds, Jerome Bixby of Planet, and Sam Merwin of SS and TWS told the conference what their respective magazines wanted in the s-f line.

Continuing, Dr. J. A. Winter discussed Hubbard's DIANETICS volume, giving a number of informative items about how the book is selling and how it is being received by s-fandom, concluding with the announcement that an article on Dianetics will be in an August issue of Collier's.

Walter Bradbury, of Doubleday, spoke of coming s-f books in the Doubleday S-F group. The opening effort, Max Ehrlich's THE BIG EYE, has sold over 375,000 to date, so they plan to come out with Asimov's PEBBLE IN THE SKY and Judy Merrill's SHADOW IN THE HEARTH.

Hans Stevenson Sanderson, of Unicorn, listed the types of stories Unicorn does not want, which was about everything one finds in s-f, or the stuff that makes s-f what it is. The requirements seem to indicate that the book club would strip s-f of its true glory and hand a new type of reading to the public.

Truman Taly of New American Library, which has published "1984" said that s-f must sell in the hundreds of thousands of copies to be worth publishing, but the representative for Simon and Schuster was the one speaker who boosted s-f fiction as it is. He said that he did not think s-f would become a million-book field or a million dollar field, but that it should remain s-f. (Cont. on page 10)

Mostly Stuff Like Dat Dere -

This thing which is apologetically classed under the all-covering name of a column was started with the last issue to pass around material received from various sources, including letters from members. D'ya want EXP should have a separate letter column, or throw the letters that come in here into a general session such as this? ... Last Issue's comments coming in didn't have much to talk about other than the business of letter-vs-legal size paper and gab about PIONEER of Planet PU, and of course, that EXPLORER improves.. (br-ff-ek)

Chuck Baird, of 161 Albemarle, Springfield, Mass., who had an advance view of the cover on this issue, says I snatched it from ASF of January --- with ASF bein' so tough to get around here for awhile, can't rightly say -- don't have a January ASF -- the cover was prompted by the drawing of a hand sent in by Doris Harlow, 50 West St. Clair, Cincinnati, Ohio -- and while we're down among the Rhinelanders, hope Walt Willis found a #1 SLANT for you, Huddleston -- he said he'd try to locate one --

Eva Firestone, of Upton, Wyoming, asks if any member of ISFCC or reader of EXPLORER has read the following in a slick magazine recently: "Jupiter's red spot has been changing color and shooting gas, and one of Saturn's rings has partially collapsed." The indirect indication is that the ring is an inner one. Eva writes: If any reader of EXPLORER has detailed information or can send references - address- where I may obtain data, please write to me, Eva Firestone, Upton, Wyoming. Eva adds that Merritt fans may find an interesting picture of Merritt in the magazine DOUBT #26 - the photo shows him out-doors, holding a garden hose, and wearing a big grin - photo inscribed as "Ready for the Critics - Xmas Graetings, A. Merritt."

Walter Cole, formerly of 726 E 10th St. in Brooklyn, says that he'll be at 507 Newkirk, Brooklyn 30, N. Y. as of August first -- he has a series of pictures of the Hydra-ESFA confab for those who might be interested -- speakin' of the Hydra-ESFA gadget, Jean Carrol and some others at the confab (including Hannes Bok) took a jaunt around Manhattan and Coney Island in lieu of the \$4.50 banquet -- C. T. Beck, now fronting ASFS, has writton in asking me to remind ISFCC'ers that he, along with Rich Abbott, founded the ISFCC -- I hear somebody ask: Was it losted? Back in them th'ar days it was ISFCTC or ASFCTC or somap'n -- speakin' of clubs, Jack Guthbert has his own elite little organization, but it's available only to a certain part of these United States - a worthy club with high ideals and no dues -- Edith Robertson, whose address was Evert, Michigan, now is at Lavina Spindler Hall in Kalamazoo, Michigan -- going after a Master's in English - Bob Briney sez that he and Ganley will put out CATACLYSM until Del Close gets back from Denver - Del got a scholarship to Denver U in Theatre Arts.

Bob Tucker's SF Newsletter goes on a subscription basis with the next issue - it's half a buck a year, and well worth the dough - still swaps with exchanges, but even so, it should rate a sub on exchanges, too - B. White, who did our first cover, says the Whites are doing things to their house and that they have a new cat called Pyng -

Bon Abas, 23 Kennomerplein, Harlem, Holland, has his art work on Ken Slator's OPERATION FANTAST -- 'tis a nice hunk of work -- Bill butts, 2058 E Atlantic, Philadelphia, is now off the sick list - you'll notice that Ad-o-zine comes with your issue of EXP - (the first 100 copies, anyhow) - a working agreement with Bill helps - Elsberry's havin' trouble with the mailman again - no get letters sent sometimes - Chuck Harris' ABSOLUTELY NO DECEPTION will be reprinted in Walt Willis' SLANT soon -- Harris wants more articles by Bruce Lane - also one by Sneary -- should any of youse guys and gals want to know what sort of a lookin' character yo or might be, will send a snapshot, and would swap 'em if possible ---

Yipe! Nearly the ond of the page - I sharrop - better I should.

Ye ed,

Some time ago a crow flew up from the south and perched itself upon this desk. How it contrived to get through the doors or windows will be a mystery, for all were closed and locked, but there was that Crow, one of the old Two Black Crows, not just OLD CROW, which is a bird of a different proof. In his beak he held a packet, which he insisted upon dropping on the desk until it was opened. Here follow the results. You liked PIONEER of Planet PU --- read now of Little Mehuman Calabash. (Editor, snarling: There! I hope you're serrisified!) (Author: Y' coulda done better! (Klal-bauch: Sharrop, bot' of youse, or I'll whop you on the head with a salami! Continue, Author! Quiet, Editor!))

LITTLE MEHUMAN

The Biography of a Young Monster
A Weird Science-Fiction Fantasy Serial (Ed. ??)

by

Jack Cuthbert

The sun was sinking rapidly in the East over the little backward village of Alligator Valley, an obscure town in Pennsylvania. (Editorial note -- It was my understanding that the sun usually sets in the West.) (Author's note: -- I SAID it was a backward town, didn't I? And DON'T start this question business again -- you heard what Larry said, din' you?) (Ed. note - So sorry.) (Author's note: Shaddup!)

Down the dusty little street came a baby carriage, propelled by a gaunt appearing female clad in a grey nurse's uniform. (She had stolen it from a grey nurse she had run across while taking a tramp in the woods. The tramp never returned.) In the carriage, Little Mehuman slept peacefully as he was wheeled, his arm and leg chains tinkling musically as the vehicle bumped along and, as the carriage ran over a sleeping cat, one of his two heads stirred fitfully and snarled at being disturbed. To one who might be acquainted with Little Mehuman and his family, the Calabashes, the chains were not alarming or even unusual -- for Little Mehuman was somewhat of a monster. Aside from his two heads, he was also adorned with four arms and legs and a slightly prehensile tail -- and I might add that Mehuman's arrival in the Calabash family was somewhat of a shock to his two parents, who were perfectly normal, aside from being robots. Mehuman also had somewhat of an evil temper as well as various peculiar habits which made the life and sanity of his various nurses a bit uncertain -- a not unfounded statement, for his present nurse, Druselda, was the 5th in her line - and Mehuman was but two years old.

Druselda continued on down the sidewalk toward the grocery store, and it might have been observed that the other citizens of the town who saw her approach with her dubious charge hastily removed themselves to the other side of the street with no hesitancy. (Ed. Note: That is redundant.) (Author's Note: No, it ain't - It's Mehuman.) Closely following the carriage was Calvin, Mehuman's pet were-wolf, whom certain people said was his Familiar - though Calvin didn't resemble anything I was ever familiar with, praise be. Calvin's immonse mouth was open, and his many-toothed jaws dripped sloppily as he waved his assorted tails threateningly and stopped to growl at any passersby who were nutty enough to get too close.

"Gloom!" snorted Mehuman as the carriage halted with a jerk- (ed. note- Please! No cracks here about jerks!) (Author's note - somebody said something?) - and he awoke, breaking off the pleasing dream he had been having, in which severed arms and legs floated about in the air, their gory ends sending down a shower of blood in which Mehuman and Calvin cavorted in glee.

"Sharrop!" said Druselda, peering into the carriage and then hurriedly removing her visage as Mehuman's four little beady eyes fixed themselves upon her. "Look, you fat little monster," she continued, "behave yourself while I go in the store, or I won't bring you any raw liver." She shook the club she carried, threateningly under his nose, and pulled testingly at Little Mehuman's chains to assure herself that he was secure.

"Glurp!" retorted Mehuman. (Translation - 'Drop Dead.' Little Mehuman had not yet learned to speak English, his conversation consisting mainly of racial memory flashes and a language he had invented, which only he and Calvin understood --- fortunately.)

Thumbing one of his little pointed noses at her, he reached into the glove compartment of his carriage and pulled out a bottle which contained a disgusting appearing mess which resembled semi-congealed blood and brains. (In fact, that's what it was.) Rapping the too close Calvin over the head with a large bone which looked like a human tibia, (it was, too.) Mehuman applied several of his lips to the bottle with horrifying tonal effects. Calvin, upon seeing that he was getting nothing to eat, curled up under the carriage and went to sleep.

An unsuspecting female who was sauntering down the sidewalk paused and peered into the darkened interior of the carriage, as is the custom of certain female mortals upon spying a baby carriage. Her ensuing shrieks as she ran up the street caused little Mehuman to shake with joy, and his four little arms and legs weaved in an ecstasy of mirth. After quieting down, he discarded his bottle and reached for a small-sized bag-pipe which was kept in the carriage to amuse him. After playing a few mournful notes on it, using a method which had never before nor since been used on that instrument, he put it away and yawned fitfully, annoyed at the long wait. Pulling idly at his chains, he was rewarded by a slight screeching sound as of tortured metal. Exerting the full strength of his muscular hairy little arms and legs, he strained and grunted, and suddenly four sharp snaps rang through the air -- and Little Mehuman was free.

Grinning evilly as he visualized the consternation of Druselda, he settled back on his bedrugged pillow, an innocent expression on his ugly little faces as he chortled gleefully. "Gloo-gloo," he burred.

Dusk had begun to fall heavily on the billage before Druselda returned, and the street lights flickered on, one by one. (Ed. Note:--Seems like a silly arrangement.) (Author's Note--So the light turner-cannon only had one hand--jeez, don't you ever shut up?) (Ed. Note:-- No.) However, at long last she emerged from the store, her grey clad arms laden with bundles, pickle pails, and jars. It had been necessary for her to wait a considerable time in the store while the accomodating butcher had drained the blood from several cow corpses, as both Mehuman and Calvin were very fond of newly drained blood -- and they were not too particular who's or what's. Among her burdens were also several jars of hogs' entrails and sundry other delicacies for her little charge.

Bending down, she peered into the interior of the carriage at Little Mehuman.

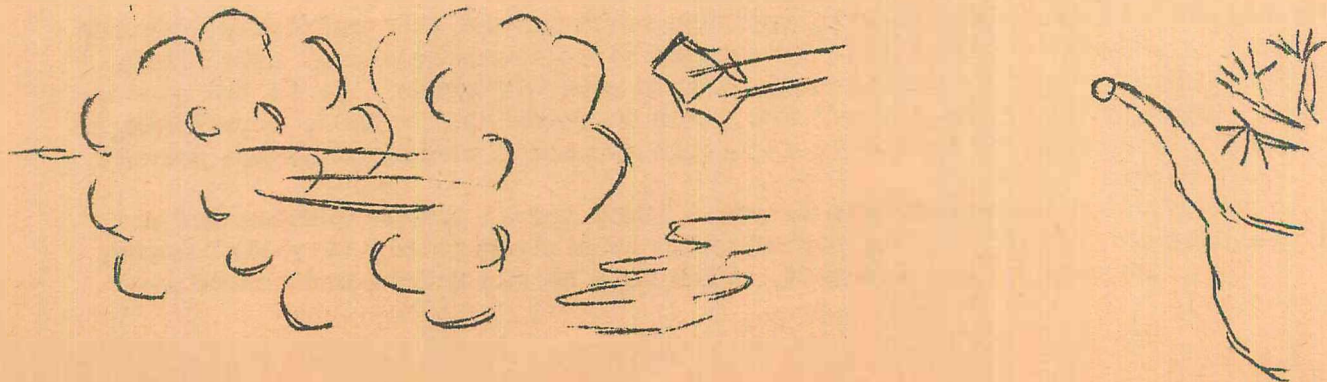
"And what evil have you been up to while I was gone?" she inquired.

"Glabbah - glabbah," replied Little Mehuman, who was savoring the thoughts of her surprise as long as he could.

"And the same to you," retorted Druselda, who knew Little Mehuman like a book -- a dirty book, that is.

She was just about to deposit her bundles in the carriage when she sprang back with a scream as Little Mehuman leaped up and threw back his blue blanket, waving his kilt, sporrans, broken chains, various arms and legs and heads, together with his tail under the aghast Druselda's startled nose, and as she sprayed bundles all over the place, he gibbered horribly, in a grating two-toned cacaphony.

"Eeeek!" ooked Druselda, and with a superhuman leap, she took off up the street, resembling a jet-propelled Grulzak hunting for a mate. Rubbish and dust followed in her wake as she blazed up the sidewalk, her grey skirts and thin legs flapping



garishly. Not to be outdone, Little Mehuman jumped from the carriage and took after her, his blue bonnet strings and chains trailing after him, and his little hairy arms and legs churning like crazy. And, as he skittered up the street in a flurry of motion he resembled nothing as much as a giant spider chasing a fly, or perchance another spider of the opposite sect, of course. (Ed. Note - Don't you mean 'sex'?) (Author's Note - Please -- leave us keep THAT out of here.)

Calvin, aroused by the uproar and also by being hit on his lupine skull by several bundles, gazed around stupidly, and, after lapping up some spilled tid-bits, headed rapidly up the street after the fast moving and involved form of his little master. He paused, now and then, to take a piece out of the legs of any local inhabitant who happened to be silly enough to get in the way of the procession, and accordingly their trail was livened by the aguished howls and curses of those unfortunates.

As Mehuman's flying arms and legs propelled him up the street, his swirling kilts flew back and his little pink bottom lamtently reflected the fitful gleam of the street lights, presenting a picture any artist would become emotional over.

On and on sped the flying Druselda, over the narrow bridge which spanned Alligator Creek, from which the town derived its name, and across to Calabash Island, upon which, high on the hill, could be seen old Calabash Castle, an ancient stone edifice assiduously avoided by the villagers--and anybody else in their right mind. Up the hilly path leading to the Castle she sped, her breath coming in short briefs (short pants) as she cast an anxious glance behind, her pulse quickening as she saw the dread, spiderlike form of Little Mehuman not far behind, closely followed by Calvin who had something in his mouth resembling a human hand. (It was.)

A six foot fence surrounded the Castle grounds and, without pausing to manipulate the complicated mechanism which controlled the gate, Druselda clambered feverishly up the fence, brushing aside several spikes and half a bushel of broken glass which rested on the top, and as she fell she imagined that she could feel the hot breaths of the two monsters on her nape. In an exhausted heap, she landed on the other side of the fence, right in the middle of a bear-trap which happened to be there. As she rolled over feebly, and peered up at the top of the fence, there, silhouetted against the horizon, she saw the evil, grinning, assorted faces of Little Mehuman and Calvin, leering down expectantly at her recumbent form. With a shriek, she buried her face in the ground.

END OF PART ONE

WILL DRUSELDA ESCAPE A HORRIBLE FATE? WILL CALVIN AND MEHUMAN GET OVER THE FENCE? WILL THE MARINES ARRIVE IN TIME? WILL WE EVER HEAR OF DRUSELDA AGAIN?

(Editor's Note: Who cares?) (Authro's Note: Druselda---and Mehuman.)

It is entirely possible that PART TWO of this exciting and TRUE story will follow. (Ed. Note: - It is entirely possible that it WON'T, too.) (Author's Note...Is THAT so? We'll see about that! I have some influence around here.) (Editor's Note... True--alas, too true--how else do you think THIS got in here?) (Author's Note:- Pcasant!)

* * * * *

THE WATCHER

In the forest of falsest hope
Abides the mighty Nyctalope,
Who watches those about to die
With his flaming, red-rimmed eye;
And he shall claim them, every one,
Until the Earth's last days are done,
And dark oblivion's door draws nigh.

- Andrew Duane

INSTRUMENTS - RADIOACTIVITY DETECTION

Bruce Lane, 1630 O. Shakopee Rd. E

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Possibly the most well known instrument for detecting radioactivity is the Geiger - Müller Counter. This device is standard equipment for prospectors who look for uranium, thorium, radium, etc. There are many models, but their principle is the same. A tube, containing an inert gas, is the detector; a current is set up in the wall of the tube when the counter is 'on'. When a Gamma ray, or Alpha or Beta particle passes through the tube, gas is ionized and the current in the tube wall is able to jump across to the core of the tube on trails of ionized gas, closing the circuit. For a very brief time, less than one half second, the current flows; this may activate a diaphragm, producing a cracking or ticking or buzzing, or it may activate a neon pip or other type of light to make a flash for the duration of the current. Most counters will click even if radioactive materials are not present in appreciable quantity because of those "cosmic rays" from outer space, bombarding Earth every second. Their source is unknown. More penetrating than X-rays or Gamma rays, they are the most potent radiation known. The shortest ray's wavelength is about 10/12 mm., or if this reads better, 0.00000000000004 inch. Useful as the "Geiger" is, it gets fouled up on the very low and the very high radiation levels. When the radiation is primarily low-velocity particles the gas will not ionize. On the very high levels the gas is constantly in a state of ionization, and the count impossible.

Another instrument is photographic film. Specialized varieties have been developed for this purpose. They range from extremely sensitive, for detection of low levels of radiation, for instance in assaying low quality ores, to the heavy and clumsy emulsions for tests at such places as Bikini, where the radiation is intense.

The third common method or instrument is the Wilson Cloud-chamber. It consists of a small chamber with glass set in it for viewing. There is a small bulb of the atomizer type on the side. When squeezed, it shoots a fine water-vapor mist into the chamber. The rays make tracks, visible to the eye, in the vapor. This is another low energy detector.

It might be well to learn more of these detectors -- the Geiger Counter may be a standard item of wearing apparel in the coming years.

.

Before we get into this next one, its author sent me a 'nom de plume' under which it was to have been written --- doggone, I can't find it --- so the acclaim or shame must rest on y' shoulders fair'n'square, Bob ---

MARTIAN INHERITANCE

Robert Hoskins

Lyons Falls, N. Y.

Ron Jonson opened the door of the small cottage with a heart-felt sigh. At last he was home and would soon be able to sit down to a meal of Callistan parhuhn. His mouth watered in anticipation of the delicacy. His wife, Markie, was the best parhuhn cook in the city, a fact of which he was all but positive.

For a moment he thought of the Martian giant lizard had had seen break loose that afternoon. It had taken some time to recapture the beast, and the crowd had been in an almost constant panic, but finally it was caged again. Then, and only then, the staff at the zoo had been able to take a breather.

The lizard made him think of Mars, and Mars made him think of the many improvements made by science in the past few years because most of it had been due to the great technology left by the vast Martian civilization when they had left their dying planet for a destination still unknown to Earthmen.

Ron walked through the spotless kitchen into the living room, where he adjusted the musi-control for the room until he found a soothing symphony. The musi-control probably would not have been discovered by Terran science, but an exploring party had found its idea in a Martian manor some distance from one of the cities.

Presently a low rumbling sound crept into his consciousness. He smiled at its crescendo of roar -- another Martian gift, a Strato-ship, receiving unimaginable quantities of power from the magnetic pole in a process that scientists still did not fully comprehend, after more than fifty years research. They just knew that it worked.

The Martians had left the only practical atomic motor. This was something which had changed industrial centers. Where most of them had been dirty cities smoggy with smoke and soot, they were now as clean as could be wished. The motors asked for little fuel and turned out unlimited power. Ron Jonson was feeling very kindly toward the wondrous Martians, with all they had brought Earth.

The door burst open, and an rushed Markia, breathlessly. Ron caught but most of the excited news in phrases:

"Down at Macy's --- it's something brand new they found -- Martian ruins --- METAL CLOTHES -- Schlaparilli's say it'll revolutionize women's fashions -- got the cutest gown on order --- only fifty credits!"

"--- those --- ---, ---, --- MARTIANS!" Jonson dropped to the chair in agony of purs-itis. "Fifty credits! (And so on into the night.)

I S F C C AUCTION # 2

There was very poor bidding for titles in the first auction. I should say that there was hardly any bidding at all. Only one book went. What's the matter, fellow members -- didn't you like or want any of the titles listed in the first auction? It doesn't matter what your bid is, as long as it's enough to have at least a dime left over after mailing the book to the highest bidder -- SO COME ON AND BID!!! The club's treasury gets all the money left after the cost of mailing is taken out. So, members, if you want to see the treasury get some money, and at the same time, get a book at a low cost, bid on these titles listed below:

TITLE	AUTHOR	CONDITION
The Necromancers	R. H. Benson	Good
Rocket to the Moon	B. Poril	Fair
Poe's Poems	E. A. Poe	Fair
Pause to Wonder	Fischer	Good
The Ghost	A. Bennett	Good
Alien Souls	Achmed Abdullah	Fair
There Needs No Ghost	R. Adam	Fair
Animal Farm	G. Orwell	Good
The Misgaid Charm	A. M. Phillips	New
Hector Servadac	Jules Verne	Good
The Unearthly	R. Hichens	Good
Houseboat on the Styx	J. K. Bangs	Good
Land of No Shadow	C. H. Claudy	Good
Tarzan the Untamed	E. R. Burroughs	Fair
Kongo, Gorilla Man	F. Ornderff	New
Murder of the U. S. A.	W. F. (Leinster) Jenkins	New

Well, members, there are sixteen titles listed, and I hope that all of them may be wanted by some of you. Why not send in a bid? It doesn't matter how much, just so that it is a bid that can help the club treasury. Enclose a self-addressed postal card with your bid, so that I may let you know who is high bidder on the book you have bid on -- you may be the winner. In case of equal bids, the earliest post-mark takes the book. If any other members wish to donate books, send them in and we'll be glad to list them, and, if you want it, we'll run an auction with each issue. Send your bids to your AUCTIONEER,

W. C. Butts
 2058 E. Atlantic
 Philadelphia, Penna.

NY S-F Conference - cont.

He further stated that "if s-f goes to the general public, it will lose its specialized glamor." A trio of cheers to the gentleman from Simon and Schuster.

S-F on the radio, followed, in which Robert Arthur, producer of Escape and The Mysterious Traveler, discussed the present programs in the order of their popularity and the prospects of s-f in the future. The top radio s-f shows appear to be Escape and Dimension X. In another portion of the program, Sherman Dryer, producer of 2000 Plus said that he did not use pulp material since he believed it too advanced for the general public. According to Dryer, s-f will not get too high on TV because of expense involved in intricate settings, etc.

Following a recess, the next phase of the program was The Serious Aspects of Science Fiction, featuring talks by Dr. Thomas Gardner, on the subject of Geriatrics and the advancements in endeavoring to lengthen the human life span; Isaac Asimov, on "Robotics" and its studies at MIT; Dr. John Pierce, of Bell Labs, on Cybernetics, and David Keller and Lester del Rey, both listed as discussing Dianotics, although del Rey was the only one who touched the subject and not over seriously.

A break then followed and then came the dinner, which was accompanied by a \$4.50 charge and four speakers. These four were Will Jenkins (Murray Leinster), Willy Ley, Philip Klass (William Tenn) and Sherman Dryer.

On Monday, 3 July, the final part of the conference was held. There were only two speakers for the day, Willy Ley and Fletcher Pratt, discussing the military aspects of space travel. Then followed a general discussion on the procedures for the first Annual Science-Fiction Literary Awards. Nothing definite was accomplished other than a round of arguments as to who should make the awards -- pros outside the field - publishers - pros inside the field - fans - or fans and pros. The conference ended when Jay Stanton said that he would bring AET suggested ideas to the Hydra Club.

W. R. Cole

PHOTOS OF THE NY S-F Conference

15 Photos taken at the Conference - Available in three sizes --
4x5 - \$2.00 per set; 5x7 - \$4 per set; 8x10 - \$8.00 per set --
For TWO or MORE sets, 25% discount

Walter Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

KOLLEKTOR'S KORNER

by Bea Glass, 97 Baker St., Dover, N. J.

The Korner is a little slim this time because quite a few have not answered the letters sent out, asking for hobbies, etc. To all of you, if you have not replied, I would like it very much if you would write to me. AMAZING gave this ~~letter~~ column a big build-up in the Sept. issue --- help keep it a worth-while column.

Bea Glass

Charles (Chuck) Kentfield, 442 N. Sandusky Ave., Upper Sandusky, Ohio - One of our newer members is interested in two subjects: raising and training hunting dogs and collecting and trading s-f mags. He is very interested in FFM, FM, Unknown, and old Amazings prior to '37. Would like to get the following: FFM - Aug. '40; April, June '41; Feb. April '42, and a good copy of FN, Nov. '40. Also wants Fantasy Books by many authors. Write to him for more information on others he is willing to trade, buy, or sell.

Terry Jeeves, 46 Lester Crescent, Glaslough, Sheffield, England -- Terrific at math, but prefers s-f as a hobby. Would like to contact anyone who has aSF to dispose of in any manner to please contact him.

Tenn van Irgen, 2 E Willomstrant 20 A, Graningon, Netherlands - Another one whose members are diverse. Likes discussion on Fort and interested in Archaeology (cont. page 12)

IT'S FANTASTIC !!!

IT'S FANTASTIC !!!

- Rockwood, Roy - ON A TORN-AWAY WORLD - N. Y. (1913) 1st ed.
Good. \$1.25
- Rockwood, Roy - FIVE THOUSAND MILES UNDERGROUND - N. Y. (1908)
Four copy. Title loose. 75¢
- Rockwood, Roy - UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE - N. Y. (1907)
1st ed. Good - \$1.25
- Grimshaw, Beatrice - THE SORCERER'S STONE - Phila. (1914) Names in
ink, but a good copy. 75¢
- Smyth, William H. - CONCERNING IRASCIBLE STRONG - N. Y. (1926)
Good. \$1.00
- Lothar, Ernst - THE CLAIRVOYANT - N. Y. (1932) Good - 75¢
- Roberts, Charles G. D. - IN THE BEGINNING - N. Y. (1922) Good - \$1.00
- Douglas, Norman - IN THE BEGINNING - N.Y. (1922) 1st Am. ed. Good. \$2.00
- De la Mare, Walter - MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET - N. Y. (1926) Nice copy - 75¢
- Macauley, Charles R. - FANTASMA LAND - Indianapolis (1904) Nice - \$1.00
- Rohmer, Sax - THE GREEN EYES OF BAST - N.Y. (1920) Good - 50¢
- Kipling, Rudyard - THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW - N. Y. - n.d. - Full lea. \$1.00

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(Erratum - The volume by Charles G D Roberts is IN THE MORNING OF TIME
rather than IN THE BEGINNING -)

KOLLEKTOR'S KORNER - cont.

particularly in relation to the Western Hemisphere. Welcomes all correspondents.

Del Close, 1726 Poyntz, Manhattan, Kansas -- #1 on his list if STF, but is one more member for the band, as he plays drums --- practices Yoga and is trying to memorize HAMLET. Intends to make his profession Dramatics, either as a teacher or an actor. Just received a scholarship at Denver U. in Theatre Arts. Nice going!

Ralph Harding, 38 Central Ave., Maylands, Western Australia - His #1 hobby is writing, and specially fond of reading s-f and fantasy. His only sport is fishing. He's 39 and single --- Hoy---gals!

S/Sgt. Francis Brownley, 3415 Fd. Svc. Squadron, Lowry Field, Colorado - One of the newer members has two hobbies, photography and book collecting, with the latter rating top spot. Prefers non-fiction along Fortean lines. Anyone having reading matter on the following please contact him: Lost Continents, Pyramids; Easter Island; South and Central American Archaeology; Psychic Phenomena; Witchcraft; Demonology, and others -- Remember, non-fiction!

James Maneval, 89 Ontario St., Corning, N. Y. - S-F and Fantasy fan, and is a collector of FFM and FN -- looking for early issues (pre-1946). Is also a Finlay fan and an admirer of Milt Caniff. Would like to hear from other members. He's also a pen and ink artist--- how about some samples?

J. E. Gladney, 508 Prairie, Pueblo, Colorado - Collects SF with the exception of WT and pocket-size reprints - can someone help him locate later issues ('46 and later) --- he'll trade older ones ('27-8 Amazing) for Vol. I of Planet or will purchase if price is OK. Also has a '28 BLUE BOOK and '39 Unknown for trade.

Janie Lamb, Heiskell, Tennessee - Wishes to be classed as a Mutant - she says she has no hobbies. What about ISFOC, Janie?

Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., PO Box 696, King's Park, Long Island, N. Y. - he's a publisher. His field is S, F, and SF Amateur Press. Of course, as such, his hobby must be SF -- his collecting is mainly of books, and his list is too long to publish so he asks me to say they are mostly mint copies. Anyone with mint copies to sell should contact him.

That's it for this time, folks -- hope to hear from all of you about your hobbies, and that you may find some new interests through this column.

Bea Glass

ROCKETSHIP TO MARS, Or, I Stayed In Philadelphia

My trip to Mars was taken via the Fols Planetarium, a trip that took only one hour. The trip is known as ROCKET TO MARS, and it would be a good idea to take a bit of cotton to put in your ears. It will be handy at the take-off.

Dr. I. M. Levitt, planetarium director, pointed out that rockets do not exactly purr, and to keep the illusion of a take-off into space, sound effects are loud.

Upon entering the auditorium I was shown the control panels around the walls of the simulated rocket ship. There were spiral stairways leading to the engine room and mechanics were checking here and tapping there. It seemed as though I were in a real rocket ship.

As the time drew near for the take-off the doors closed and signal lights warned all passengers that the time was near. We would hear the tumult of the crowds outside as a radio announcer described the preparation for the dash into space.

The rocket-firing signal was given, and our ear drums were assailed by the roar. Recordings made of turbo-jets and firing rockets made the take-off seem real.

Once away from Earth the rocket required only tail-engine propulsion and the roar of the rockets died away. Since it takes time to span the millions of miles to Mars, even in a fast rocket, Dr. Levitt took over and explained how the ship was built, after the stop-rocket design of White Sands, N. M.

By means of a radar-television screen inside the rocket we could see Mars as we approached it. We came in for a landing on the night side, and the Martian night sky is wonderfully clear. Because the atmosphere of Mars is rarer than that of the Earth, everything is seen much more clearly than on Earth. The stars are much brighter. And we see something which will never be forgotten. Two moons in the sky at the same time!

We had no idea which moon was which, so we asked our guide to point them out and tell us something about each one. Pointing to the smaller, he told us that it is Deimos and is about five miles in diameter, while the larger moon is called Phobos, having a diameter of about ten miles. Another oddity which was pointed out was the proximity of the two moons of Mars to the parent planet, compared to the distance of Luna from Earth.

The time came for our ship to return to Earth, but I can still say that the trip to Mars was great, even though I didn't leave my seat in the Fels Planetarium, staying right here in Philadelphia.

— Bill Butts

* * * * *

Using Gamow's BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SUN and Skilling and Richardson's ASTRONOMY, Doris Harlow wades into things with

FACTS, FIGURES, AND FANTASIES

It is interesting to note the increasing of relative velocities as we expand the distances between our reference points. The earth's linear velocity with respect to the sun is 18.5 miles per second. Our sun and other neighboring stars in our galaxy are travelling at the rate of about 180 miles per second toward the constellation of Cygnus, the Swan.

Expanding our boundaries, it has been estimated that the more distant lens-shaped galaxies of the universe are travelling away from our galaxy at about the rate of 60,000 miles per second, or one-third the speed of light!

It is also interesting to speculate upon the relative velocities of other universes (if such universes exist) with respect to our universe. If the same proportion is carried out, they are lumbering through the void at a velocity about 300 times the speed of light. The repercussions are many and varied if we make these assumptions. It means that the "absolute" velocity of each and every one of us homo saps through space is well above the speed of light. It also might mean that we will never be able to see the "other universes", because, since we are travelling away from them faster than the speed of light, their light rays will never reach us through the void.

As I understand it, this theory does not conflict with Einstein's (ahem!), because he states that relative velocity (not "absolute" velocity) may not exceed the speed of light. The comparison of the velocity of the universe with that of "other universes" is relative, but in another sense it isn't because our reference points would never be able to see each other and there would be no means of comparison, using the velocity of light as the measuring stick. NOW, if some agent that travelled faster than light were discovered h-~~mm-mm~~ we would be able to "see" the "other universes" as long as their "relative" velocities were below the velocity of this other "agent." Now, if OH, I give up! This thing is going to get, is getting, has gotten out of control ---

Doris Harlow

* * * * *

EXPLORER makes the Pro-Mag Reviews --

The September issues of AMAZING and STARTLING carry reviews of EXPLORER in the columns devoted to fan-mag reviews. The CLUB-HOUSE was kind to EXPLORER, and other 'zines put out by ISFCC members, while Startling didn't do so good by us. The EXPLORER review contained items not necessarily accurate -- we are not a letter-zine all the way --- we are not published irregularly.

For this issue we begin a reviewing series which we hope it not necessary to continue. EXPLORER REVIEWS THE PRO-MAGS:

STARTLING STORIES, Editor, Sam Merwin, Jr., New York, N. Y. Published mercenarily. Primarily a letter-zine and trading-mag, containing thirty-two letters, forty-four ads, and five stories plus lead story about a gal who must be being burned up on the cover. Price - two bits. Occasionally illustrated. Can afford to pay for stories, so they're readable. Letter-zine dept. carries missives from three of ISFCC -- often has more.

FLYING SAUCERS (ISFCC Views)

gathered by Ben Pugsley
Box 1483 - Rt. 3
Marysville, Calif.

Bob Martin, Iroquois, Ontario - In my opinion they are radio-controlled rocket ships, maybe extra-terrestrial, but more likely military. I don't think that they should be dismissed as lightly as they were by the AAF investigating committee. Have I seen one? No, not YET!

Here is one item of interest which I've checked and found quite authentic: a report of a flying saucer seen two miles west of town (Iroquois). The Saucer was rising straight up over the river at a great rate of speed. Seen the first week of May.

Martin Yaeger, Brooklyn, NY - Flying Saucers? (Even the comic strip Li'l Abner has started a series on them.

First, I think it is an hallucination. (Bet you get some argument -BF)
Second, Human nature as it is, if a certain object gets enough publicity, just to be in the sound seven, people will agree and follow like sheep.

Bill Vernon, USMC - Flying saucers; I believe that they are not from earth, but as of yet I haven't been able to figure why they haven't landed or tried to contact Earth's inhabitants. There was one reason advanced: that they could find no way of taking off again, as a launching platform might be needed. And it might be possible that they are so highly evolved they might consider us mere 'cattle'-- this latter I doubt, but the theory that intrigues me is this: The objects were sighted just after the A-bomb was tested, at a time when Mars was as close to us as ever she gets in the orbit. Could it then be possible that these are from
(see opposite page)

- WANTED -

I WILL PAY CASH FOR ANY OF THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINES -- SEND ME A LISTING OF WHAT YOU HAVE, SPECIFYING DATES, CONDITION, AND HOW MUCH YOU WANT FOR THEM

- HORROR STORIES - any issues
- TERROR TALES - any issues
- WEIRD TALES - 1923 - 1929 issues
- THRILL BOOK - any issues
- UNCANNY TALES - Any American issues
- MYSTERY TALES - any issues
- DIME MYSTERY - 1935 - 1939 issues
- STRANGE TALES - any issues

- I CAN ALSO USE THESE FOLLOWING BOOKS -

- Aubrey - QUEEN OF ATLANTIS
- Aubrey - KING OF THE DEAD
- Burroughs - BACK TO THE STONE AGE
- Dereleoth - SOMEONE IN THE DARK
- Douglas - PERSEVERANCE ISLAND
- Lindsay - VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS
- Mundy - TRCS OF SAMOTHRACE
- Smith - OUT OF SPACE AND TIME
- Lovecraft - THE OUTSIDER
- Lovecraft - BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP
- BARTLETT - WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER
- Taine - GREATEST ADVENTURE
- Van Vogt - THE WEAPON MAKERS
- Wandrei - DARK ODYSSEY

.....

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CLAUDE HELD

372 DODGE ST.

BUFFALO 8, N. Y.

Mars, and seeing an A-bomb explode, they came here to investigate? Could they be here to see how we are progressing in our science?

Lawrence Kiehlbauch, Billings, Montana - My views on Flying Saucers? First off, if they are real, I look for them to be from some other time stream - visitors from some other time belt. Being that the Discs are from thirty to forty feet in diameter (some sighted much larger) wouldn't it then be possible that these peoples be from some other universe? Maybe small, only 2-3 inches high? And then, after seeing us humans, as tall as we would be compared to them, and, of course, thus monstrous in proportion, they considered it a vain attempt to make contact with us?

Anonymous - I have seen one of the Flying Saucers, but since they haven't been proved, I don't care to have my name used. I saw it on a clear night. It seemed to be like a Neon sign, orange around the outside, and it seemed to have nothing, yes, nothing in the middle. (Could it have been a metal that is non-reflecting?) That is all I remember about it, but I do know the Flying Saucers are real.

TRADING CORN...ERR!

Richard Elsberry, 413 E 18th, Minn'pls.

Recently I received this comment from a member: "Why do you collect books when the stories they have are just old ones out of the mags? I have STAR KINGS, HUMAN-IDS, and WORLD OF A all in old mags I collect. That way I'm getting good stories and the mags WITHOUT having to pay \$2-3 for books."

I suppose that there are a lot of fan who feel the same way. Many of the good books on the stands today are from recent magazines and the magazines can be obtained cheaply. But this isn't an accurate picture of the book situation.

First off, take a good look at some of your mags -- a little torn and frayed, aren't they? Pulp magazines aren't made to last. The paper is of low grade and will yellow with time. The staples in the mags get rusty - the covers tear easily. The scotch-tape with which you repair them cracks and peels after a time, taking the paper to which it was attached along with it. Magazines are not a good medium for keeping your favorite stories.

Most of the books today have been material from older issues of such hard-to-get prozines as ASTOUNDING, UNKNOWN, and WEIRD TALES. The stories appearing in nearly all Arkham House books are practically unavailable in mag form. They're taken from old WT, Unks, and ASF, and those mag copies are hard to get for less than a buck. So, where do you save money in buying a three part serial at a dollar a part when you can buy the book for that much or less?

And if you didn't buy books how could you get to read such stories as The Man Who Sold the Moon, Forbidden Garden, Incredible Planet, Pebble in the Sky, Big Eye, Kingkayer, etc?

Of course, like in the mags, there are some not so good, such as People of the Comet, the Radium Pool, The Stellar Missiles, The Torch, John Carstairs, etc.

Books are high priced; there is no doubt about that. But play it safe and get those treasured stories between hard covers -- you won't regret it.

Well, this looks like my last TC. It's been a lot of fun writing these columns and if I weren't so busy I'd like to stick around for another year. I'd also like to thank all those who used the TC -- some got amazingly good results, and others not so hot. Anyhow, I was in there plugging for all of you and I appreciate the chance to have served such a swell bunch. Hope to be around next year -- only helping out in a new capacity.

Here are the pickings for this ish. Hop to it! Especially noteworthy is Chas. Kentfield's ad - his prices on old Amz's are out of this world!

SWAPS

Jerome Wenker, 2331 Gordon Ave., St. Paul 14, Minnesota

For swap or sale -- all in good to fair condition: They Return at Evening by

Trading Corn-arr cont.

Wakefield (scarce collection of short stories); The Blessings of Pan - Dunsany; And the Darkness Falls - Karloff; Moonlight Travelers - Stern; Deluge - Wright; Journey to the Center of the Earth - Verne; Princess of Mars - ERB; Fighting Man of Mars - ERB. Wants: G&D editions of books by ERB.

LARRY GAGE, Route Four, Paris, Texas - Ten assorted pocket-books for one volume of Poe's works in good condition. "Home Sweet Home" by Craig Rice for any good fantasy book. Wants: Mars, Venus, and Tarzan books by ERB

WANTS -

J. E. GLADNEY, 508 Prairie St., Pueblo, Colorado - War years of ASF and Vol. 1 of Planet Stories. Has a few '27 and '28 ishs of Amz to trade but would rather buy.

MARVIN HIRSH, 7440 Georgia Ave. NW, Washington 12, D.C. - Wants Unknown and Unknown Worlds (Street & Smith)

BOB HOSKINS, Lyons Falls, N. Y. - Stories by Nelson S. Bond, and also stories in the Adam Black series by Hand O Binder

KEN PARKIN, Rt. 1, Box 59, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan - Back ishs of TWS and SS before '45 and FFM before '46. Most others if reasonably priced.

Jim Zwirn (forgive, Jim, I got the caps! - EM) 1367 Hague Ave., St. Paul, 14, Minn. - ASF - 1935, all except Jan.; 1936 - all but July, Sept., Oct.; 1937 - Jan., May, July; 1938 - Jan., March, May, Sept.; 1939 - April, June, Aug.; 1940 - Jan.; 1942 - Dec.; 1943 - June, Feb., Apr., May, Dec.; 1944 - Feb., Apr., June, July, Oct., Nov., Dec.; 1945 - March, Apr. UNKNOWN - 1939 - March, Sept., Nov., Dec.; 1940 - Jan., Apr., July, Aug., Oct.; 1941 - June, Aug., Dec.; 1942 - all but April; 1943 - June, Aug., Oct.

TRADE

BRUCE LANE, 1630 Old Shakopee Rd., Mpls. 20, Minn. - THE COSMIC GEOLDS by Taine for ??????

CHARLES MCCLANDER, 2840 Lemp Ave., St. Louis 18, Missouri - Startlings - all of Vol. 13-21; also Vol. 8 #3; Vol. 5 #3; all of Vol. 4; Vol. 3 #'s 1, 2; Vol. 2 #3. Fate - all issues. FN - Jan. '50. Planet - Vol. 3 #'s 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; Vol. 4 #'s 3-7. Cap. Future - Spr. 44; Spr. 40; Sum 43; WSA #1; Future #1 #2; about 80 ishs of TWS. WHEELS of IF, CUT of the UNKNOWN, BEST and TREASURY of SF

CHARLES BAIRD, 16 Aitomatic, Springfield, Mass. - Some pre-'30 Amazings, some Unk's --- write to him for what he has and what he wants

WALTER WILLES, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland - Has the first five of Unknown's to trade or for trading material toward a sub to a US prozine.

SALE

CHARLES A KENTFIELD, 442 N. Sandusky Ave., Upper Sandusky, Ohio - Nearly complete collection of ERB in G&D editions. (Hoy, Wonker, looka here!) Also, many old magazines: Amz., Astonishing, FFM, FN, FA, etc.

AMAZING - 1928 - April, May, June, July, Sept., Dec.; 1929 - Jan., March, April, May --- 92¢ each; 1930 - March, May, July, Dec.; 1931 - Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June, Oct., Nov., and Dec. - 80¢ each.

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S-F from SLICKS for S-Ficionados -

Sat Eve Post - June 24th - The Truth About the Hydrogen Bomb - Wm. L. Laurence - Closing lines: God appearing on Earth saying "Closing time, Gentlemen."

Sat Eve Post - June 17 - The Terrible Answer - Paul Gallico - Cybernetics and the dous ox machina. Not bad at all.

Texas Professional ENGINEER - July '50 and Aug. '50 - The Flying Saucer Story

TRUE Magazine - July - Flying Saucer photos

August - Flight 117 TWA and the Saucer - Keyhoe

Sept. (advance info) - Phenomena in Tibet - Sanderson

Talk up ISFCC with your friends --- get 'em to join -- the larger club the more zine

NEW FANTASY BOOKS ----- FOR SALE

Asquith, C. - This Mortal Coil	\$3.00
Bailey - Pilgrims Thru Space	5.00
Bechdolt - The Torch	2.50
Beyer - Minions of the Moon	2.50
Binder - Lords of Creation	3.00
Blackwood - The Doll & Others	1.50
Bleiler, ed. - The Checklist	6.00
Bleiler, ed. - The Guide	6.00
Bleiler, eds - Best sf, 1949	2.95
Bond - Exiles of Time	2.50
Bond - 31st of February	3.00
Bradbury - Dark Carnival	3.00
Brown - What Mad Universe?	2.50
Cabell - The Witch Woman	2.50
Campbell - The Incredible Planet	3.00
Campbell - Who Goes There?	3.00
Capek - Apocryphal Stories	2.25
Carr - The Room Beyond	3.00
Coblentz - After 12,000 Years	3.00
Conklin, ed. - Best of SF	3.50
Conklin -ed., Treasury of SF	3.00
Coppard - Collected Tales of	5.00
Coppard - Fearful Pleasures	3.00
deCamp - xxxxxxx Divide and Rule; Lest Darkness Fall; The Wheels of If; The Carnelian Cube --- each	3.00
deCamp - The Castle of Iron	2.50
del Rey - And Some Were Human	3.00
Dereleth - Not Long for This World	3.00
Dereleth - Something Near	3.00
Dereleth, ed - The Other Side of the Moon	3.75
Dereleth, ed. - Dark of Moon	3.00
Dereleth, ed. - Strango Ports of Call	3.75
Dereleth, ed. - Sleeping & Dead	3.75
Dunsany - 4th Book of Jorkens	3.00
Ehrlich - The Big Eye	2.50
Farley - The Omnibus of Time	3.50
Farley - The Radio Man	2.50
Finney - The Circus of Dr. Lao	5.00
Franklin - The Rat Race	3.00
Friend - The Kid from Mars	2.50
Gottlieb - Key to Great Gate	2.75
Hall - People of the Comet	2.00
Hamilton - The Star Kings	2.50
Hartley - The Travelling Grave	3.00
Heinlein @ Man Who Sold the Moon	3.00
Huxley - Ape and Essence	2.50
Wells - Planets of Adventure	3.00

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REVIEWS

ATOMIC ENERGY - Penguin Books, Allen Lane, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md. or your bookstore - 35¢ - this was released in June 1950 and consists of a complete revision of Science News #2, a periodic publication by the same publisher, as well as some recent addition. It's perhaps best described as a layman's handbook of atomic energy, and to be commended for three items, the first is a series of photos showing British, US, and French Atomic energy installations; second, a chapter on the effects of radiation on living organisms; and third, the brief bibliography of readily available (and generally low-priced) publications in this field.---I Allen Newton.

.
 PROSPECTING FOR URANIUM - 30¢ from the Supt. Documents - Government Printing Service, Washington 25, DC. (A postcard will bring you their brief catalog, USE OF ATOMIC ENERGY - THE BUSINESS OF EVERY CITIZEN) Now that vacation time is here and the weather invites the pencil pushers to feats of exploration, this pocket-sized, illustrated book is very timely. Armed and fortified with it, you, too, may surprise your friends by finding a real mother lode of several tons of U-235. After the great surprise is all over you'll find yourself a national hero as them furriners would give up without any hesitance.-I. Allen Newton

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 LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS by Spencer Jones - published by Mentor Books - 35¢ at most book stores and news-stands. In this very readable little volume Mr. Jones, Britain's Astronomer Royal, tackles the old and interesting question of life on other worlds. He deduces the conditions necessary for existence of life and the possibility of such conditions existing in Sol's family of planets. From this reasoning he concludes that there is but little chance of intelligent life being found in the system. So-called STF writers who make use of the well-known cliches of the Venusian Eanthropus, the Mercurian eanthropokaustes, and the Ganymedian dancing girls should read this and realize that such concepts belong in the past or in the comic strips. Life in other star systems? A possibility, but tough to prove, says Jones - a good one. Newton

'ZINES THAT FIND THEIR WAY HERE -

Shall we look at some of the other efforts by others? A lot of 'em are pretty good and maybe some are new to you -- some were new here -- others not.

Science-Fiction News Letter - Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois -- one of the top efforts in the states -- 10¢ a copy or six issues for 50; it's got news, which it is supposed to have, and worth the investment.

CATAOLYSM - Del Close and Bob Briney (261 W. Western Ave., Muskegon, Michigan) -- a poetry 'zine, not as fancy as the new CHALLENGE, but the verse in it is just as good in spots -- 10¢ a copy --- hec'd, but legible.

ODD - Duggie Fisher, Jr., 1302 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Missouri - So much improved this issue! No comic-strip -- art work better --- it's a dime a copy, and y' might like to look it over --- letters, stories, and reviews -- a good deal!

ASMODEUS - Alan Pesetsky, 1475 Townsend Ave., NYC 52, NY -- a new one, done by a neighbor of ISFCC'er Mort Paley -- neatly mimeo'd -- quarterly -- 28 pages for a dime -- looks nice and we hope it goes places ---

CHALLENGE -- published at Rogers, Arkansas, by Lillith Lorraine --- again, a new venture --- Poetry of the Atomic Age --- the verse runs a pretty good range from satiric lines to idealist hopes --- I think you'll like it --- 30¢ a copy and it's a quarterly ---

FAN-PARE - Paul Ganley and Bob Briney - 119 Ward Rd., N. Tonawanda, N. Y. - the mimeo work continues to be excellent --- Mr. Littlechip would remind readers that Felknap Fktnak is Fels-Naptha and take it from there --- bi-monthly ---

SCIENCE & CULTURE - C-O of the USCO - edited by Stanley Crouch, Sterling, Virginia -- non-fiction, devoted to articles on numerous phases of science, philosophy, and such --- Stan learns more about controlling a cranky mimeo and the zine looks better --- material improves, too.

OPERATION FANTAST - Editor, Capt. K. F. Slater, 13 Gp, RPC, BAOR 23, c/o CPO, England - this one gets better and better --- it has an ISFCC'er doing the cover, and it's a printed 'zine --- if you would like to get a nice looking job, write to the state-side representative, Phil Rasch, 715 W 112th, Los Angeles, California - it is 75¢ a year for four issues.

UM NEWS - Ron Friedman - New Enterprise Publications, PO Box 83, Brooklyn 23, NY - a message that UM still continues and that the UM pubs will continue --- they've been having mimeo woes --- hope they clear up.

* * * * *

NEW ISFCC'ers -- lots of 'em!

Until this date, 31 July, here are additions to the last roster:-

Diane Potter, 44 Governors Ave., Milford, Connecticut
 Mrs. Doris Harlow, 50 W St. Clair, Cincinnati 19, Ohio
 Dale Fugley, Rt 3, Box 1480, Marysville, California (now a brother combine!)
 Charles Baird, 161 Albemarle, Springfield, Massachusetts
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 Duggie Fisher, Jr., 1302 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Missouri
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 Ken Parkin, RD 1, Box 39, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

That's the latest list --- hope to have more for you since there have been a number of requests for info coming in here about ISFCC and EXPLORER --- they'll get a sample copy, this one, Our state-side membership runs higher --- the overseas membership is about the same, but we can get it higher, too --- to those who have only subscribed to EXPLORER and do not want to be ISFCC'ers, thanks for the subs since you don't want to be listed ---

AFTER PLUTO - WHERE ?

Assuming Pluto to be the last of the planets in the little group of the sun's family, and assuming that some day Pluto will get to be a spot folks go visiting for the week-end on TSA (Trans-Space-Airways) and other such lines, where do we go from Pluto?

It's doubtful little space-scooters will zip about the void, but once the solar system is covered, there'll be the incentive to strike out for new places. Space opera has ships cavorting all over the universe, using warps, short-cuts, and such to skitter from star system to star system like a Jamaica commuter rushing to get to Times Square. Suppose the way is found to emulate the speed of light, or to rival or surpass it --- what's the nearest point?

Alpha Centauri is what the books say -- it's about four-plus light years away -- but if you call Alpha Centauri 'it' then you must stop to think a little --- next thing you know the 'it' is 'they' -- Alpha Centauri is binary --- two stars. One of 'em is a little bit larger than our sun, and the other just a little bit smaller --- their combined brightness is about twice that of the sun, and the period of revolution is seventy-nine years.

Maybe you wonder why it's called Alpha Centauri -- Centauri is one of the first magnitude stars, one of the bright ones. It goes back a long distance in time as far as we're concerned. Johann Bayer grouped a number of the stars in relation to their brightness --- the 'alpha' group are the tops in brilliance -- the 'beta' the ones of the second magnitude or brilliance, and so on down the line.

Again, assuming that there are satellites of Alpha Centauri so that bases for observation can be set up, what a nice little problem it's going to be for astro-gators. Here, on Earth, Ursa Major may look like the Big Dipper. From a base in the Centauri system maybe it won't. The pattern of stars projected on the screen of night will probably be considerably different. What will the Milky Way look like from Centaurus. Will the Southern Cross look like the Southern Cross? Where will Sirius, brightest star of the heavens, be? What will it look like, being a binary star? Of what constellation will the Centaureans consider our Sol?

When the first Marco Polo or Leif Ericsson or Columbus of the void comes back, what will he have to say about it? What will the first chart-making Vespucci have to report. Who will be the first to poke around in the Coal Sack of the Milky Way, or who will reach the single star that's to be seen in the abyss of Sagittarius?

Such things are not for the present, but they're pleasant to contemplate. In some tomorrow, should we find the ways to keep from bumping each other off, the spaceways will be cluttered up with ships - first, explorers; second, map-makers and emigrants; and then the sight-seers. As the weather bureau sends planes into the midst of a typhoon, so will space weather-ships probe the gas trails of comets and ships will be grounded because of meteor showers and typhoons in the void. When Halley's comet rumbles along its path through the heavens there'll be excursion 'trains' to points of vantage to watch the old man of the comets swoosh past. Just as Harmony is the spot where steam and Diesel change over to electric to go to the Grand Central, Luna will be the change-over from mere 10,000 MPH ships to faster speedsters. There'll be such as the Orion Express, and then there'll be the milk-train locals, stopping at every little old star en route.

There'll be spatial sports, too --- for the solar system, they'll rope a little asteroid and use teams of ships for solar polo. The Thompson Trophy will go to the fastest space-souped-up-ship from Pluto to Mercury and back to Earth --- baseball will be on astronomic scale and there'll be the Galactic Series and finally the Universal Series.

And, of course, the Sirians will gripe at the taxes of the Universal Council when they don't have something somebody else has --- and the space cops'll nab you for speeding --- and the missionaries will ask for funds to convert the poor heathen of Aldebaran's planets --- and Ringling Brothers will have a super-menagerie --- but ain't we got fun?

RAY REBEL

Days of the Week Reflect Old Norse Gods

The names of the days of the week are derived from the names of the planets of the ancient Babylonians, but they represent Scandinavian Gods and planets since they come into English from the old Teutonic, Norse, and Anglo-Saxon, and their names bear little resemblance to the originals.

Under Sumerian astrological influences the assignment of the days of the week to the planets began with the sun, Shamash, sun god of Babylon, was Sol to the Romans, but Sunna to the Scandinavians; hence we have Sunday.

Monday, of course, is the day of the Moon (Manandag), and Tuesday is from Tiu, Teutonic god of war, corresponding to Mars of Rome and Nergal of Babylon. Wednesday is Woden's day or Odin's day, a name which has stuck, although Teutonic has also termed Wednesday as Mittwoch, or middle of the week. Thor, the wielder of the hammer that makes the thunder, has his day in Thursday. Friday is dedicated to Frigga or Freya, the goddess of love, known to the Romans as Venus and to the Babylonians as Ishtar or Astarte. There is but one day holding the Roman derivation, being Saturday, or the day of Saturn.

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There you have it, guys 'n' gals --- the August-Sept. issue of EXPLORER --- we hope you like it. There's some stuff missing, such as a secretary's report, but such stuff didn't roll in on schedule --- looks like ballots will be sent to you via other means --- we're a few days late for a couple of reasons --- twenty stencils are not easy to type --- we've been waiting for material that didn't arrive, so we did our best to compensate for 'em --- don't forget the NORWEGIAN if you have a chance to get there --- this is your 'zine, and it'll have what you want to the extent that it's possible to provide. Hope to hear from y'all, and I'll try to answer as best I can --- hope the world situation looks much better the next time the EXPLORER is set for publication ---

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THE EXPLORER
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