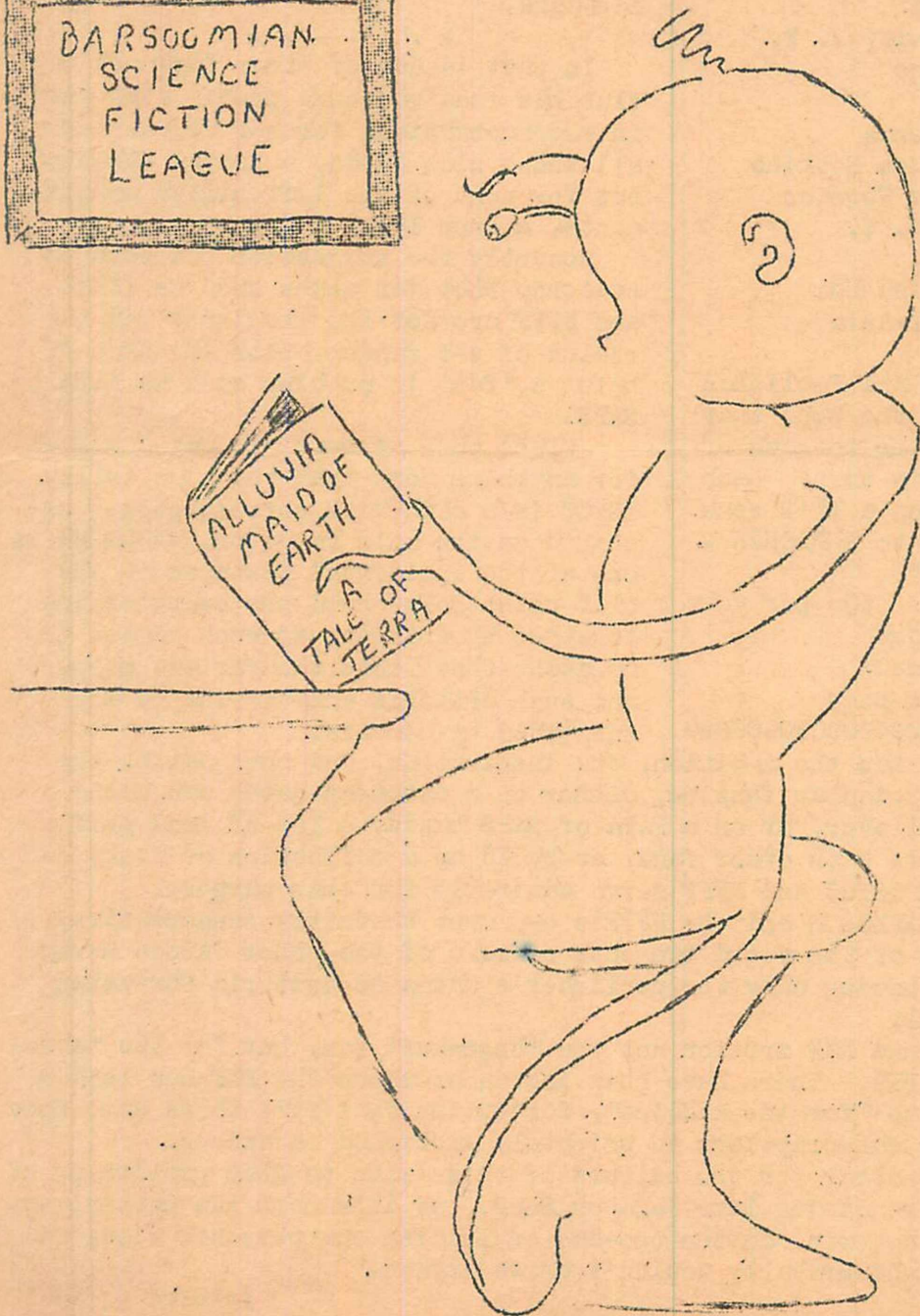
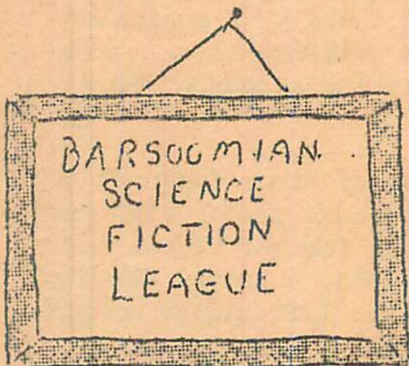


3/52

Explorer

APRIL
ISSUE



THE EXPLORER

Third Year - Second Issue

March - April 1952

BUFFALO GALS (and GUYS) SET FOR BUFFLOCON -- 3 and 4 MAY, 1952

Pretty soon it's going to be just like the pro circuit in golf...an s-ficionado will be able to start somewhere and just make a tour of the s-f conferences such as Hogan, Demaret, Snead, et cetera, roam the country in search of golf tourneys.

Breaking off the lid on the Spring and Summer series of confabs, the Buffalo Fantasy League and the Toronto Diablocks welcome all who can make it to Buffalo for the Bufflocon. The GHQ for the affair will be the Richford Hotel right downtown...if memory serves, the Richford is right about Main and Niagara, which is plenty downtown...however this writer could be off a few blocks on that score. (You may ignore the above address -- the Richford is at 210 Delaware in Buffalo-- just did some researching via telephone --)

Who's going to be there....? You, the Buffalo Fantasy League hopes; should it be that you're in the eastern area of the states or the Dominion (Canada, that is) then the BFL welcomes y'all to the BUFFLOCON.

Certain ones had better be there, because they're part of the BFL that's the sponsor..these are such fan-eds as Joe Fillinger, Paul Ganley, Ken Krouger and then there are the others of the League along with the Toronto gang of s-f fans 'bout. The above fan-eds are responsible for such opera as FAN-FARE, ABBY, ZODIAC, and GHUVLA, though not necessarily in that order...also promised to be present, but that's no incentive for prospective attendees, is the ad of this effort, EXPLORER.

There are NO plans for a banquet, which permits one attending to dine as he or she deems fittin' and proper. There ARE plans for some s-f films, round table discussions, and general entertainment suitable to s-ficionados.

For information about the Bufflocon, write to Joe Fillinger, 138 Landon, Buffalo New York.

...ooo000

INDIAN LAKE --- May 10-11

One week after the Bufflocon there'll be another get-together at Indian Lake, Ohio...it's getting to be quite an affair, and this year they have the entire hotel set aside for the big shindig...frankly, at this writing, we can't give you much dis-a and data about the conference that's to be at Indian Lake because not too much publicity material has arrived, but the previous gatherings have been highly successful and the general idea is that this year's meeting is to surpass those of the past.

Should you be from the Mid-west area, the Indian Lake gathering should be the s-f preliminary to the big convention this Fall...come in and get y' feet wet at Indian Lake...'tis the understanding that it's not too far from Bellefontaine and a good place to have a get-together.

000ooo...

START THINKING....!

Elections coming up again this Fall! How much an active part would you want in the ISFCC? We must have a new secretary this year by constitutional law... every office is open for candidates.

THE ISFCC STORY - Part 3

by W. Paul Ganley

Secretary, ISFCC

The first issue of EXPLORER as a separate magazine was postmarked December 31, 1949, and was sent free of charge to all of the people who had evidenced interest in the club and who were listed as members. It made explanations, requested subscriptions and material, and printed a roster. In addition to this it also managed to publish some of the material which we had had for quite some time.

Included in the eight letter-sized pages that made up this issue were an article and book review of "The Reach of the Mind" done by Fred J. Romus, Jr. Herein also appeared the first installment of what became, for a long time, a standard feature of EXPLORER, the series which Rich Abbott got from Ray Rebel, "Why The Heavenly Bodies Are So Named." Several of the other departments such as the trading corner also made their solo appearances.

But that first issue of EXPLORER had its repercussions, too. Among the items that were in the file of material was a letter from one Lou Sherman which treated of matters not necessarily in line with the views of the ISFCC, but which, with a modicum of justification, certain ones found objectionable, and eventually we wound up in a big fat ol' rhubarb.

For awhile letters, teleggrams, and long-distance phone calls tinged the air with vivid colorings, and then there was serenity, but we really had a hot time of it, though, before peace reigned.

With the second issue of EXPLORER there was a shift from letter size to legal size paper, and also a shift from the first issue in that the only ones who were to receive copies were those who paid for their subscriptions. It was pleasant to note that a considerable number of members did come through with the 50¢ that was set as the subscription rate for the six issues per year of the magazine.

At this point it might be pointed out that the first issue was published by the contributions of the officers of the club, each one contributing an equal amount to enable the first EXPLORER to be published.

Gradually some of the long-planned ideas of the club started having some shape to them. Rich Elsberry, running the TRADING CORNER, provided the column for the collectors and swappers of magazines. Treasurer Bea Glass began a terrific campaign to get members who had not subscribed to send in their subscriptions, and much of the credit for the early subscriptions must assuredly go to her.

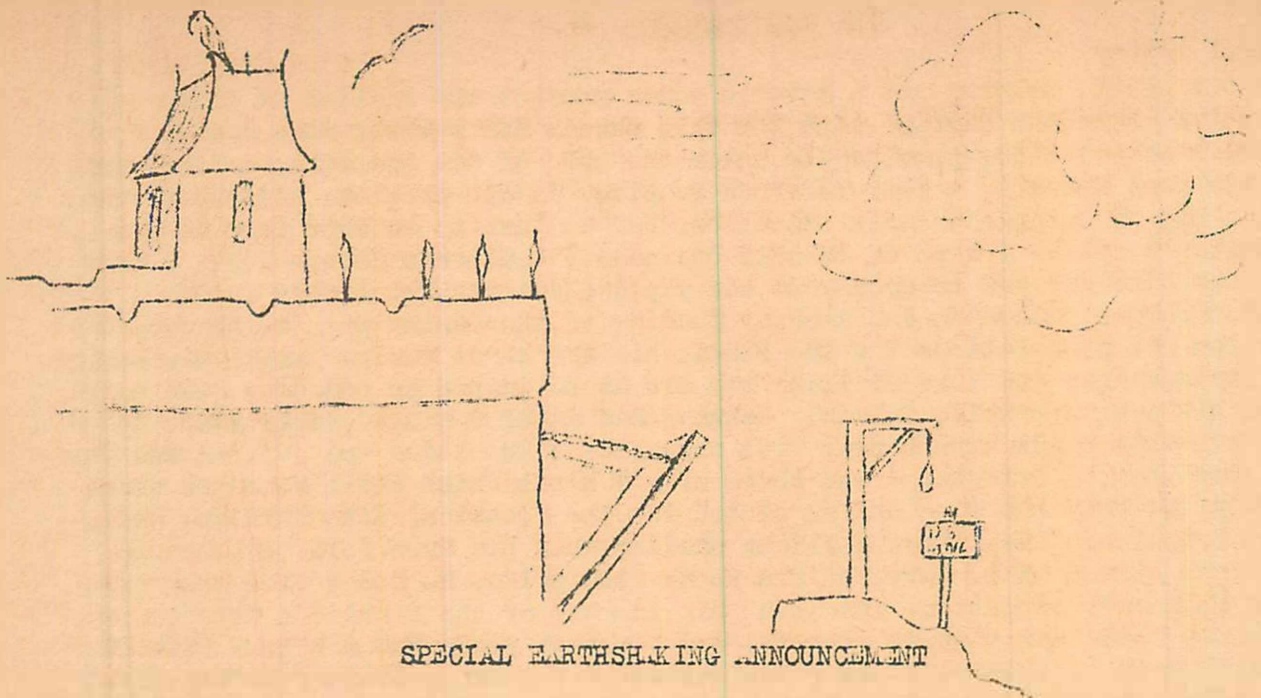
As mentioned before, EXPLORER soon had its own mimeograph, Noble buying the machine upon which the first issue was run off, but soon, with the mimeo bug in bloodstream, he changed machines and bought a larger machine and sold the other to yours truly, which meant the eventual arrival of FAN-FARE on the scene.

EXPLORER began attracting overseas attention and magazine exchanges were soon getting to be quite regular. From Ireland came SLANT, and Walt Willis wanted to reprint one of the stories that had been published in EXPLORER, so that Chuck Harris, one of our UK members, was introduced more strongly to the UK via EXPLORER and then SLANT.

For three issues EXPLORER stuck with the legal size paper, mainly because that was the size of the paper on hand, but after that it reverted to letter size. The last of the legal-size issues was the first to have a cover page, and was also the issue which brought back Jack Cuthbert's PIONEER OF THE PLANET P-U. By that time the magazine had attained sufficient publicity that nearly every copy was sold out and no more were available to those who wrote in and requested copies.

ISFCC had got itself well started on the way. With a fairly well guaranteed circulation it was ready to go and do things. Like all clubs operating under a correspondence basis it has had to move slowly, and there have been some extenuating circumstances.

- to be continued -



SPECIAL EARTHSHAKING ANNOUNCEMENT

IT GIVES US GREAT AND UNMIXED PLEASURE (Editor's Note - Says who?) (Author's Note - Says me..and thousands of others) TO ANNOUNCE THE PUBLICATION OF BOOK # 2 OF THE LIFE OF LITTLE MEHUMAN - BOY MONSTER or "I REMEMBER MEHUMAN". THIS IS BY POPULAR REQUEST! (editor's note:- Whose?) (author's note:- I have a letter. (Editor's note:- Whose?) (Author's Note:- That's my business.) (Editor's Note:- Thass what I thought.) (Author's Note:- Get lost already.)

READERS OF BOOK # 1 WILL RECALL THE CHARMING ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY LIFE OF LITTLE MEHUMAN CALABASH, THAT LOVABLE TWO-HEADED, FOUR ARMED, FOUR LEGGED, AND CANNIBAL CHARACTER. NOW YOU CAN SIT BACK AND LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU IN BOOK # 2.

(Editor's Note:- Ugh!) (Author's Note:- By the powers vested in me as Vice-President of this great organization, I hereby....) (Editor's Note:- OK! OK!... So I'll print it...but don't nobody go around blaming ME for it.)

MEHUMAN'S METAMORPHOSIS
AN AMAZING, ASTOUNDING, STARTLING, THRILLING AND WEIRD
SERIES

BOOK TWO
PART ONE
SECTION "A"

by JACK CUTBERT

Calabash Castle, high on a rocky hill, facing the sleepy little village of Alligator Valley, was ablaze with lights, and those citizens of the town who witnessed this unusual phenomenon, took to their homes in haste, barring the doors and windows. Inside the Castle, trained Zombies, Robots, and Humanoids bustled about, setting tables, mixing blood plasma, and preparing strange and exotic food concoctions, for this was a gala occasion. It was Little Mehuman's twelfth birthday and quite an occasion, for no one had expected him to survive the wrath of the villagers that long.

For the benefit of those poor, unfortunate (Ed. Note ???) (Author's Note !!!!) souls who failed to read Book One of this Earth Shaking series I shall state
(Turn yet the page)

briefly that Little Mohuman was a lovable young monster who resided at the home of his parents at Calabash Castle...and for this reason his parents stayed away from home as much as possible, placing him under the care of his guardian, mentor, and keeper, one Noel Dracula, a semi-reformed vampire. In the previous history we had recorded a bit of Mohuman's early education. Now we turn to another page in his life. (Editor's note:- I hope it IS only one page.) (Author's Note:- Well, I thot it was about time for you to open your big yap!) (Editor's Note:- Why not?)

Little Mohuman paused in the doorway leading to the dining room as he eyed with anticipation the preparations for the Feast, his two heads waving enthusiastically and his various arms and legs flailing the air as he jumped up and down with enthusiasm and his pet were-wolf, Calvin. Mohuman had matured considerably since we last saw him--his heads were larger with accumulated knowledge and evil -- his varicolored eyes gleamed brighter - and those of his horns which still remained shone brilliantly, as they had been chrome plated for the occasion. His guardian, Noel, glided up behind him and, after a slight shudder when his eyes fell on Mohuman, his pale face glowed as he surveyed the scene with pride. He had toiled long and well over Mohuman's education, schooling him in many of the forbidden arts practiced by many weird and fantasy writers, and the past years had not been without incident, as many of the villagers could attest, for Mohuman still remained the same irresponsible little monster he had always been...and there seemed little hope of changing that condition. Many of the villagers who had been out late at night never returned to their homes, and no trace of them was ever found save, perhaps, the uncovering of a stray tibia or clavicle in a dark and obscure alley. There were many rumors of a strange shape which sometimes prowled the village at night, leaping from behind on its victim...usually a female. But nothing was done about it...for no one dared to approach the Castle except to collect taxes or garbage, of which there was always considerable. At least nine garbage men went insane after plying their trade at Calabash Castle.

"Geeble, heila, sleep slump!" said Little Mohuman, turning to Calvin, who had sneaked into the Castle, having been attracted by the smell of fresh blood. (Translation - Food, Ragtop, we eat!)

"Yay, Bo," replied Calvin, waving both his tails and wagging a few heads.

Dracula looked at Calvin, a huge shaggy beast, with disfavor and turned to Mohuman, who was adjusting his pink velvet kilt embellished with the plaid of his parent, Campbell Calabash.

"Must you continue to use that idiotic gibberish?" protested Noel, his pale and bloodless face gleaming in the shadow of a bronze bust of Yeg-Sothoth. "After all the trouble I go through teaching you 'people' languages! Bah!!"

"But you know, Dear Dracula," said Mohuman's left head in an aggrieved manner, "this uncouth beast has never been able to understand English, French, German, Portuguese Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Greek, Lovecraftian, or any of the other twenty seven languages I speak."

"Duh!" said Calvin mournfully, as he suspected he was being discussed in an uncomplimentary manner.

"I know..I know," agreed Noel, biting his long pointed nails (the better to tear you with) in annoyance, "and quit trying to make show off with your langwitches. and keep him out from my sight. It makes me sick hearing this 'gloop-gloop' stuff... it is sounding like blood dripping from a leaking faucet."

"Oh, but Guardy," pleaded Mohuman, waving both left arms in an impassioned appeal "please let him stay today...because this is my Birth date."

"Don't call me Guardy," snorted Noel in disgust, "it makes like a sissy...and I doubt that you was birthed...I think somebody had a nightmare and dreamed you. Also young beast, it is a good thing it IS your birthday...otherwise I beat the Master out of you. Who (he inquired with pointed tones) put bolts in my rosewood casket lid?" Noel at times slept in his rosewood casket which he had brought with him from

back his former home in Transylvania. "Making it so that I could not get out yet! That is funny, you think? (His eyes flashing little green sparks like a corroded B battery) Had it not been for Herkimer B-1 (a humanoid) I would be in there yet."

"Haw!" snorted Calvin, who at times read minds but didn't tell anybody. Mehuman waved his tail in a signal for him to be quiet.

"But, dear Noel," protested Mehuman, "surely you don't think that I would do.."

"The hell I don't," snapped Noel, who was in a bad humor this evening, due to breaking his best hypodermic needle while shaving. Since he disliked steel and iron in most of its forms he found it necessary to shave with the sharpened bone of a Gruzak's spine, which was somewhat painful, so he gave himself a shot of novocaine before proceeding. "Who else...?"

"I could have been walking in my sleep," suggested Mehuman, backing out of the doorway and peering around for a club.

"Oh, certaintement," sarcasted Noel, "like the time you walked in your sleep and bloodletted three village families, Bah!" He paused for a moment. "But..... enough of that..now you are twelve years old..I have a serious talk with you."

"You mean about birds..." began Mehuman, his left face blushing slightly while the right one leered evilly and made wolfish noises, causing Calvin to lift up three of his ears.

"no-No-NO," screamed Noel, "about those things YOU could tell ME, if what I hear is true." His eyes moistened, then he strode from the room, beckoning Mehuman to follow him. "Come into the library."

Entering the huge book-lined room one was struck by the chandelier, if one did not duck in time, for it hung low from the ceiling, its lights being shaded by a dozen transparent skulls which Noel had made non-opaque in his laboratory. One side of the wall was lined with first editions of a book titled DRACULA which purported to be the story of the Count, Noel's parent. Noel gazed sadly for a moment at the books, then seated himself in a bone chair and motioned for Mehuman to recline on an operating table which happened to be in the room. Calvin had followed them in and was sniffing anxiously at a decanter which contained a red-dish fluid which resembled cherry pop. (It wasn't.)

"Tell that..that thing to get out of here," shouted Noel, waving toward Calvin. "Must this ugly grouplepoff follow me everywhere?"

"Gosable, goinmp, grouple." (Go, fair animal, scam.) said Mehuman. With a reproachful glance Calvin slowly left the room, after snapping speculatively at Noel's left ankle.

"Peste!" Noel snarled, hurling a knucklebone ashtray at the retreating beast. "Now, we come down to casements," he began, settling back in his chair after adjusting his wings under his coat. "First, gonof, you must admit, you do not look like people."

"Who--me?" inquired Mehuman, crossing several of his legs and gnawing on a dried adenoid he had taken from his sporran. "Why not...?"

"Ach - Gott!" ejaculated Noel, beetling his eyebrows, "Why not, he says! Look at you--with two already heads--four legs--with four arms with yet horns also! You see people with all those...better you should be two people."

"So what.." Mehuman sniffed. "anyhow I got more brains with two already heads."

"Stop making with an accent yet!" Noel screamed in annoyance and a cutaway jacket. "Talking like a greenhornit yet. Where you pick up such things? I will *so what" you also. You expect maybe to get along on the world - to carry on the work of the Master Yog looking like this? People you frighten into fits. To me, even, it is embarrassing to walk through the willage with you - with people running and yelling with scrimming....and you..do you keep to yourself and make

(Ed. Note - Are you people still here?) (Author's note:- Stupid - I AM HERE!!)

(Ed. Note - So all right already - you turn the page yourself.)

quiet? NO! Always with your hands you are making..with pinching..and always females. Must you always pinch..and always the same places? Disgusting!"

"Well--to each his own," replied Mehuran, slightly annoyed by these uncomplimentary remarks. "Anyhow, Pub, you ain't no bargain..you embarrass me, too."

"ME? ME!" squawked Dracula, jumping from his seat in rage. "How for I should make you feel small yet? How?"

"Look," said Mehuran, who was nothing if not forespoken, "look at your face..if it is a face. Dead white--like the underbelly of a dead fish--or a walking corpse. People think you look like a vampire or something. And that dead pan of yours--the only time you have any color in that face of yours is after you've been flapping around the night before..and then, it's usually only dried blood or..."

"Shaddap yet!" ordered Noel, reaching for a convenient whip, "we are not discussing of me .. it is you who must be changed."

"Changed? Woddyuh mean...changed?"

"Yes..changed---so we change you," snapped Noel, "but we change only your body..not your two little minds..not what you have learned...so you yet remain the same little fat monster inside .. but outside you look as near human as can be done."

"How-what-when?" asked Mehuran, becoming a trifle worried...then he paused and visualized the evil possibilities, for, by inhabiting a more human body he could get closer to people--and then --ah, yes, it opened new possibilities and stuff. "H-human - magic? I inhabit somebody else's body?"

"Non, nein, naah," Noel snorted, "this is already a new technickus which my cousin Egnont tells me of. A Herr Doktor Upharsin Clump hass perfected this... your own body you use..or parts of it..and this shall be my birthday present."

"Um," mused Mehuran, somewhat disappointedly, as he had hoped to receive something more tangible--even perhaps something to eat. "Well, thank you, dear Guardy-- I theenk?"

"So--enough," said Noel, rising again, "tomorrow we go - but tonight we feast - so, Liddle Mehuran, leave us go to the groaning table."

Editor's Note - The table ain't the only thing that's groaning.

Author's Note - Well, well - I had thought you had got lost - I hoped.

Note from ISFCC President - No such luck.

Author's Note - Quiet, please...I wish to make an announcement--Readers- Don't miss Part Two of this stirring Tale in which Mehuran and Noel meet the weird Doctor Clump and his weird assistants in this weird account in the Life of Mehuran. This will follow soon.

Editor's Note - Ugh!

///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///ooo///

- S & C has improved its format.
- S & C has improved the quality of its material.
- S & C is out to improve its circulation in order to make it the best of the non-fiction s-f and scientific magazines in the fan field.
- S & C is worth your investigating. Try a copy...send 15¢ to Stan Crouch at Sterling, Virginia

advt.

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Next Month it's the Buffaloon - May 3-4

Labor Day Weekend, of course, it's the CHI-CON -- in Chicago

"FRIENDS OF THE LETTER"

Coordinated by Larry Kiehlbauch, 1526 10th St. West, Billings, Montana
Past-President of I. S. F. C. C.

Dear Members:

This column of "Friends of the Letter" is designed to bring members with similar interests closer together. No matter what your wants may be, along hobby, or travel, or just plain ol' correspondence, please send your requests to me and I'll see that they're printed in m' column. Remember, this column is just as much for the older members as it is for the newer members. And, too, remember that I'm no mind-reader so you'll have to send in your letters if you're requesting pen-pals. We have a nice variety this time, and off we go:-

MISS ELLEN KAHN, 3946 Legation St., NW, Washington, D.C. - "I am 22 years old, five feet five and a half inches tall, with dark brown eyes and hair. I am majoring in psychology at the University of Maryland. Would like correspondents, male or female, between 18 and 35, on such subjects as psychology, telepathy, emotion transference, the future, phonetic spelling for the English language, artificial languages and semantics. I would prefer correspondents in the U.S. or British Isles.

FRED CHAPPELL, Box 182, Canton, North Carolina: - I wonder if you would mind printing something like this:-

Fred Chappell would like to hear from pen-pals, especially pen-pals Lynn Hickman, Tony Lauria, and Sherman Berg. In fact, would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about Mr. Berg. Fred is fifteen, etc., etc., etc., and etc.

DONALD FOSTER, 3344 E. Pender St., Vancouver 6, British Columbia:- I have been reading science-fiction for about one year and I would like to get in contact with someone around my own age who is also interested in s-f and would like to trade pulps and chatter.

I am fourteen years old and take as much interest in s-f as I possibly can, as I play the piano and am fairly busy with school work. (Why not try Fred, above, Don?)

Mrs. JoAnn Johnson, 37 Pennside, New Castle, Delaware:- I would like to acquire some more new pen-pals. I will answer all replies. My hobby is stamp collecting and would be interested in trading with other collectors. (Typist apology to you, 'tis MRS. JO ANN JOHNSON, in capital letters - not small ones!!!)

RONALD RENTZ, 130 Vera St., West Hartford 7, Connecticut:- I am 15 years old, going to William Hall High here in West Hartford as a sophomore. I'm on the staff of the school paper; like history, chess, and politics, s-f (of course) reading and just plain relaxing. Hobbies are chess-playing (strictly a beginner), model railroading, read (about $\frac{1}{2}$ of it s-f), and drawing. After school I have a part-time job in the public library and thus keep tab on all the new s-f books, I also belong to NFFF, and my favorite pro-writers are Bradbury, Heinlein, Asimov, and van Vogt. I guess that's it; don't want to write an autobiography.

RALEIGH E. MULLOG, 7 Greenwood Rd., Pikesville 8, Maryland:- I am 22 years old and have been reading science fiction for several years. Would like to correspond with anybody, regardless of age. Any replies received I'll answer as soon as possible. My hobbies are: reading, Boy Scouts, Stamp Collecting, and reading S-F.

That's all for this issue, nice people, so I'll leave you here. Be sure to send in your requests for pen-pals. I'll see you all next issue.

"Ad Stellas"

Larry Kiehlbauch

QUANDRY....SOL....AD-O-ZINE....

OPUS....PENDULUM....WASTEBASKET....GEM-TONES

FAN-FARE....SLAMM....and others are put out by

ISFCC'ers...they're good reading!!

EX-SOL III BOOK NOTES

Allen Newton

ODD JOHN by Olaf Stapledon

35¢ ppd. from Galaxy Pub. Corp., 421 Hudson St., NY 14, NY-- This recent reprint of Galaxy Novels is a paper-back of one of the older s-f classics. It is concerned with the super-man theme and traces the development of such a person from his infancy to young manhood. It is well written, though somewhat tendentious and final scene of the destruction of colony of supermen is weak in motivation.

"CONSTANT WEADER FLOWED UP"

"Space Medicine: The Human Factor in Flights Beyond the Earth"..edited by John P. Harbarger, Univ. Ill. Press, 1951 \$3.00; paper \$2.00

Some people would say this serious publication under the imprimatur of a great university press is proof positive that the space travel dreams of the pulps have attained a degree of respectability. This reviewer considers the book a crass effort on the part of the publisher to cash in on the current popularity of things scientificacious.

Our three dollar opus has hard covers. Nice glossy paper. 83 pages including the title page, frontispiece illustration, and the appendices. The frontispiece is a picture of a possible earth-orbit satellite space station. Inspiration was probably 25¢ gyro-top.

John Harbarger in the preface tells us this work is the result of a symposium on space travel problems held at the University of Illinois...whereupon we come to the foreword by Andrew C. Ivy. His opening sentence reads: "Through science we seek to awaken man to his philosophical significance in the setting of the Universe." This reviewer states said sentence is full of wasels--poor specimen at that. The implication is that science is synonymous with philosophy, theology, and religion. There is a definite indication suggested that a materialistic philosophy can usher in a new millennium. Point unproven, and evidence indicates postulate untenable. Hence we read merely high sounding fiddle-faddle.

Major Armstrong, USAF (MC) starts Chapter I in the middle of page 11 (of 83) and takes up to page 13 to tell us the US is interested in the problems of space flight...this reviewer will tear aside the veil of security and give you further data...the governments of Britain, France, and Russia are also interested in the same thing...! My friends, Panduranian military attaches, tell me that their country is interested in same data. Panduranian air force consists of two German Condors seized from Lufthansa when that country declared war on Berlin in its last throes. I asked why Panduranian officials might be interested and was told that, given such information, the president and a hand-picked cabinet could peddle same info and retire on proceeds to voluptuous Paris.

Readers of Willy Ley and ASF will not be surprised to see the name of Werner von Braun as author (page 14 of 83) of chapter on multi-stage rockets and artificial satellites. The same field is covered more readably and comprehensively in "Conquest of Space" (Ley and Bonestell - a much better buy - unpaid advt.) and "Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel" (Ley).

Page 31 of 83 starts Chap. 3 by Hubertus Stronghold titled "Physiological Considerations of the Possibility of Life Under Extra-Terrestrial Conditions". We are informed that there is little chance of intelligent life being found on the other planets of the solar system. Spencer Jones in his LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS (simot-p-b @ 35¢) does much better job.

The book title is Space Medicine, and Heinz Habor of the USAF School of Aviation Medicine takes us right into the topic in Chap. 4 (p.49 of 83, including the appendices). He tells us we can probably overcome the problem of acceleration on the human frame during take-off; that there is no weight in space; and that space is full of radiation. Leaving this chapter of erudite erudition we come to "Orientation in Space" (p.62 of 83 inc. app.). This discusses difficulty of problem as

'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH...W.A.W., W.A.W., W.A.W...

CHICON,...CHICON....SIS*S*S* BOOM BAW, etc., etc.

With that sort of a drivelly heading probably no one will attempt to read this item, which should be unfortunate, because there's an effort to get all s-f fans, fiends, and friends together in one great big ol' drive to get that Honorary Swamp Critter, Walter (SLANT) Willis, to the Chicago Convention this Labor Day week-end. Had all the disa and data about the deal arrived a little sooner this might have made front page material, but here 'tis on page 12.

Leave us not go around asking "Who is this Walter A. Willis?" The editor of SLANT is one of fandom's top editors and writers, and he's in one of those parts of Terra restricted to "austerity" that limits travel and stuff like dat dere. A drive to bring Walt here has been started by Shelby Vick, and it's being plugged by nearly all fan-mags.

The cost of bringing Willis to the Chi-Con has been figured at somewhat over five hundred bucks. A publicity sheet from Shel tells of how aspiring fan-eds may try for a mimeograph by contributing at least \$2.50 toward the fund. The deal is contingent upon raising enough cash. The BIG award is an A.B. Dick Model 96 Electric Mimeograph, the one used to publish Manly Bannister's well-known NEKRO-MANTION...\$2.50 puts your name in the hat once...five bucks twice...and so on, in counts of two and a half...it has automatic feed, automatic counting, automatic inking...a neat job for some lucky guy or gal.

But, doggone, contributions of all kinds are welcome...how 'bout lookin' around for a spare nickel, dime, two-bits, buck, or maybe that spare thousand dollar bill y' didn't know what to do with, and send it to:-

Walter Willis Benefit Fund
c/o Shelby Vick
P.O. Box 493
Lynn Haven, Florida

Let it not be said that the US fans are a bunch of pikers...Walt's a good egg...send in those contributions to Lynn Haven and sponsor W.A.W. at the CHICON,
-- ad stellas --

.....

Z-D Announces A New Mag - FANTASTIC

Ye ed held up a few days on this thing hoping that FANTASTIC would put in an appearance at one of the local news stands, but it hasn't come around as yet. So we can't say whether it's all that Ziff-Davis plugs it as being. However, the outfit is one of the top producers of the s-f field, and the new 'zine is listed as a 162 page digest-size quarterly, with the forte being fantasy grounded on solid science. First issue features Raymond Chandler, a top "who-dunnit" writer, who pens a suspense-fantasy, Isaac Asimov, and Sam Martinez...sounds like it'll be a good investment.

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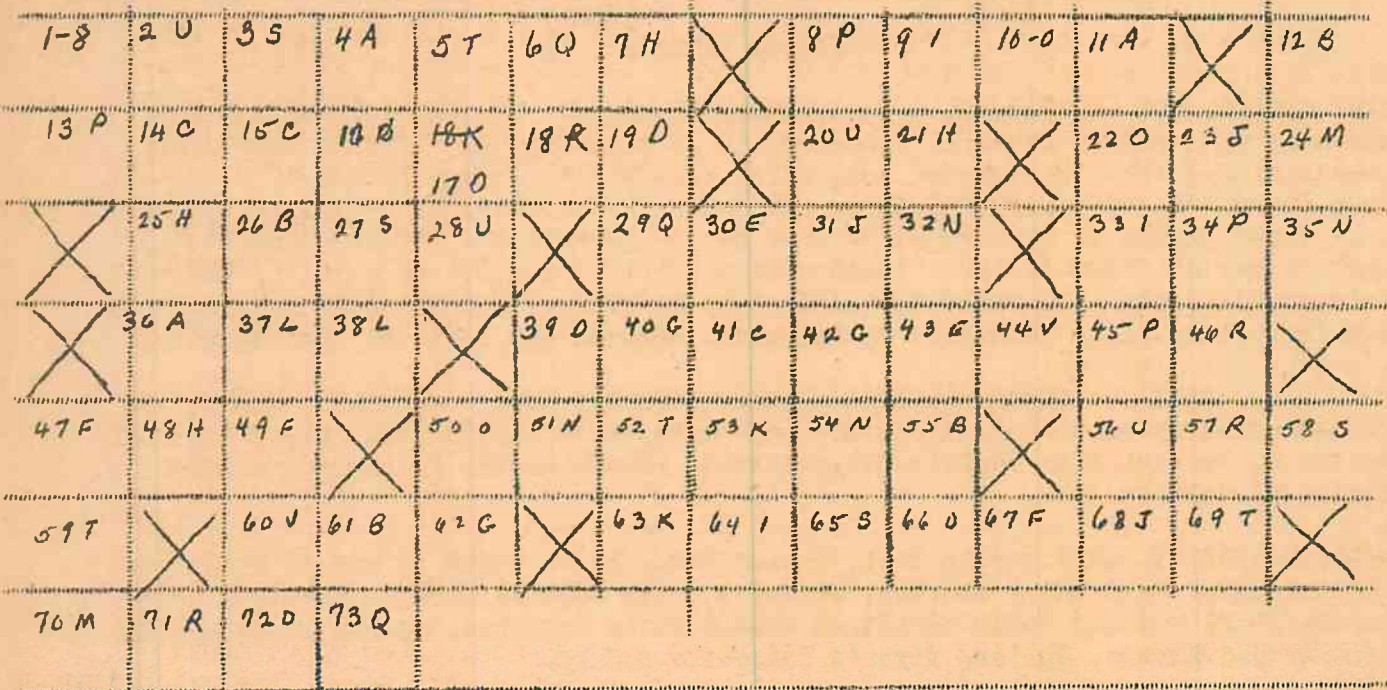
FAN-VETS Hold Second Annual Convention

The Fantasy Veterans Association meets in convention on Sunday, April 20, at Worderman's Hall, 3rd Ave. and E. 16th St., in New York City. New York area fans should find plenty of 'name' folk there, what with pro-editors and writers listed for a panel discussion. One of the top features will be the big auction of books and illos, proceeds of which will go to sending s-f mags and books to s-ficionados in the Armed Forces overseas.

There'll be the panel discussion and a special s-f film along with an unusual short film of "MARS" ... if you get the chance, head for the Fan-Vets meeting... it sounds like a good deal.

ACROSTOGRAM — by Larry Gage

...the first two lines of a famous American poem concerning science...



DEFINITIONS

- A. A female sheep — — —
4 30 11
- B. "———" it out — — — — —
12 26 55 61
- C. Intestine — — — — —
15 14 41
- D. Skill — — — — —
39 19 17
- E. Famous S-F author (initials) — — — — —
43 30
- F. To feel pain — — — — —
47 67 49
- G. Soft-soap is mostly — — — — —
40 62 42
- H. Opposite to right — — — — —
48 7 21 25
- I. Exist — — — — —
33 9 64
- J. Christmas — — — — —
68 31 28 23
- K. Sty — — — — —
63 18 53
- L. Exclamation — — — — —
38 87
- M. Editor (abbrev.) — — — — —
70 24
- N. Crook — — — — —
35 51 32 54
- O. Opposite of "inner" — — — — —
22 10 50 72 66

- P. Heavenly bodies — — — — —
1 8 13 34 45
- Q. A closed sac — — — — —
6 71 73 29
- R. Pronoun — — — — —
57 46
- S. Give out — — — — —
65 27 3 58
- T. Near — — — — —
5 52 69 59
- U. Breed of dog — — — — —
2 16 20 56
- V. French for "and" — — — — —
44 60

Directions for solving
 Simply fill in the words column with the correct words as given by the definitions, then transfer the letters to the corresponding squares in the diagram. The words column (the first letters) spells out the author and title of the quotation.

Solution next issue.

TRADE WINDS

Larry Gage
Route 4

Paris, Texas

TRADE WINDS

Larry Gage
Route 4

JACK SCHWAB, 428 Williams St., Portsmouth, Virginia:- Has the following p-b's and mags (all mint), and will trade any 12 of them for one (1) mint hard cover book:- Galaxy '51, Imagination '51, Other Worlds '51, Galaxy Novels 4, 5, 6, & 7, Avon S'F # 1 and #2, Marvel Science May and Nov. '51, "Sojourn of Titan" by Wellman, "Metal Monster" by Merritt, "World of If" by Phillips, "Tarzan and the Lost Empire" by ERB, "Sat Evo Post Fantasy Stories", "Moon Pool" by Merritt, "Ship of Ishtar" by Merritt, "Martian Chronicles" by Bradbury, "Man Who Sold the Moon" by Heinlein, "Day After Tomorrow" by Heinlein, "Beyond the Moon" by Hamilton.

CHARLES R. HARRIS, "Carolin", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England - HAS an insatiable desire to trade with U. S. fans. WANTS to trade English 'zines and books for U. S. 'zines. Also wants correspondents. (Chuck Harris is one of our most active UK members.)

WILLARD BENNETT, 2827 Dayton Ave., Baton Rouge, La. - Wants to buy or trade for old issues of West Short Stories, Street & Smith Western Story, Ace-High, Cowboy Stories, and any other magazines that contain westerns. He has western Book, Shadow, Doc Savage, Spider, Flynn's Detective weekly.

Ed Noble, RFD#1, Termline Rd., Erie, Penna. - Stack of back issues of Art Photography, some US Camera for any who might want photography mags...looking for Balmer-Wylie's When Worlds Collide and After Worlds Collide.

That, good friends, is Trade Winds for this time...not a very big list...please send your lists to me and I'll see that they get in the column in the coming issues. I did get a letter from Ron Friedman, of 1990 E. 8th St. Brooklyn 23, NY, saying that he'll be glad to act as "go-between" for fans looking for books or magazines. He asks any fans to send him lists of their wants and he'll try to swing a good deal for them through New York outlets. This sounds like it might be a good deal for collectors.

Sincerely,
Larry Gage

Add to "Friends of the Letter"

ANTHONY GLYNN, 144 Beresford St., Moss Side, Manchester 14, England:- I'll be glad to hear from fans in any part of the States, and all letters answered.

WAHEED S. ODEBIYI, PO Box 401, Lagos, Nigeria, B. W. A. - Here's a stamp collector and post-card collector who would like to hear from pen-pals here in the States. Wahheed writes a top-notch letter, and lists as hobbies:- singing, reading, fishing, football, and swimming. How 'bout dropping him a line? If you want some fun, get a flock of commemorative stamps and send a short letter airmail...it'll be one of the most colorful looking envelopes!

"ad stellas"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS---Correspondents Please Note!!!

MRS. DORIS HARLOW - 63 Eberman Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio

GERALD HIBBS, Box 4385, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

GREGG Calkins (that's CALKINS) - 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah

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HELP BRING WALT WILLIS TO THE CHI-CON -- See Page 12 for details

NEW MEMBERS!!! How's THIS for a LIST!!!

Guys and gals, feast your eyes on this line-up! Welcome to ISFCC, and may you really have a good time with us! 'Tis a pleasure....

ELLEN KAHN, 3946 Legation St., NW, Washington, D. C.
 BARCLAY JOHNSON, 878 Oak St., Winnetka, Illinois
 RICHARD ZIMMERMAN, 218 Forest Avenue, Springfield, Ohio
 ROY A. SEILER, 1351 "N" St., Fresno, California
 RALEIGH E. MULLOG, 7 Greenwood Rd., Fikesville 8, Maryland
 CAROLE HUSTWICK, 154 North St., Napoleon, Ohio
 ELEANOR HUSTWICK, 154 North St., Napoleon, Ohio
 RAYMOND J. SOWERS, 754 E. 23rd St., Brooklyn 10, N. Y.
 RICHARD BILLINGS, 610 E. St., North Wilkesboro, North Carolina
 G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington
 MARK R. CURILOVIC, 943 Royal Rd., Cleveland 10, Ohio
 JOHN McCAFFERTY, 4817 Sawyer Way, Carpinteria, California
 Mrs. HELEN M. HUBER, 20 Stanley St., Irvington, New Jersey
 RON FRIEDMAN, Box 1329, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York
 PAUL MITTELBUSCHER, Sweet Springs, Missouri
 ROBERT FEATROWSKY, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska
 DON LEY, c/o Dave English, 203 Robin St., Dunkirk, N. Y.
 WILKIE CONNER, 1514 Poston Circle, Gastonia, North Carolina
 Dr. OSCAR BRAUNER, 226 W. 2nd St., Marion, Indiana
 ANTHONY GLYNN, 144 Beresford St., Moss Side, MANCHESTER 14, England
 WILLIAM FLOOD, 49 Corona St., Dorchester, Massachusetts

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Mostly Stuff Like Dat Dere....

From Tony Glynn (address above): EXPLORER is certainly a lively little 'zine. ...I'm glad to see the club is flourishing...will be glad to hear from fans in any part of the States...and from Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, England:- Anyone interested in s-f art cards at 10 for 35¢? (They're black-and-white post cards of rocket ships, etc., that are nice oddities to send to friends. Many oughta like 'em...ed.)...and from G. M. Carr, commenting on Lynn's coming "big event" of June, "...interesting to note that the ISFCC proxy and Master Monster is taking on a triple job this year...would it be cruel to hope that all his troubles may be Little Monsters?"...and Don Ley writes in to remind people that such is his real name and not a "nom de plume" for correspondence purposes...Don has an address which might give rise to such suspicions, since it is "c/o Dave English, 203 Robin St., Dunkirk, N. Y."...Alan Pesetsky pens in a card that his ASMODEUS # 3 is ready (or should be, by this stencilling) with articles and such by Bixby, Reynolds, Rothman, and others....ISFCC is getting build-ups in a couple of booklets being issued, one by Barclay Johnson of 878 Oak St., in Winnetka and by Orville Mosher III of 1728 Mayfair of Experia, Kansas...either of those (or both) should be worth the while and also worthy of investment...Johnson aims to cover about forty clubs along with an article "Proxyboo, Unltd."...Mosher is getting his job whipped in shape, aided by Shel Vick...

DUTCH FANS SEEKING MAGS -- How About that Helping Hand, Folks

Ben Abas, one of the original ISFCC'ers and one of the best s-f artists in the fan world, writes in that the Holland fans are being gathered together again, and they're in need of s-f mags for their organizing drive.

Unless you're making collections, why not send some of your already read mags overseas? It takes such a few cents in postage and they're so highly welcomed by those who can use 'em. If you can, send them to Ben Abas, Eksterstraat 163, Haarlem, Netherlands. And thanks in advance.

HEY.... LOOK WHO'S HERE!!! LETTER FROM LYNN!

Dear Fellow BEM's, Members, and what have you...

Spring is upon us, and with it that means my busy season coupled with Spring fever. The two don't go together, I know, but nevertheless they are here.

Just returned from a trip to Napoleon, Ohio. The Napoleon Fantasy Club there is planning a small fanzine called "The Littlest Corpuscule" with material only by members of the NFO, but if you're interested send a dime to its editor, Jarole Hustwick, also an ISFCC'er.

Was called upon to give a talk at our local Exchange Club meeting a couple of weeks ago...the subject was, of course, science-fiction and fantasy. I believe I won a few converts.

How many members are planning to attend the Third Annual Midwest Convention at Indian Lake, Ohio, on May 10th and 11th? Conventions are a lot of fun and give you a chance to personally meet a lot of swell people. I'd like to meet a lot of you there.

Seems as if science-fiction is invading all fields. While wandering through Toledo last Saturday afternoon I noticed a set of socks for 11" boys all done up in a rocket-ship box. Each sock had a space whip and "Space Cadet" legend on the ankle. Bought a set for my little boy. Didn't have my size or I'd have had some for myself.

See you all next issue. Let's all try to get at least one new member 'fore that time....OK?

Lynn Hickman
President, ISFCC

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EXPLORER Reviews Its Contemporaries

Not too many fanzines rolled in here lately, but some of it may be due to the fact that we moved and some of the editors have not yet caught up with the new address. But on the lead-off spot is Gregg Calkins' OOPSLA, which is getting to be a degenerated nice looking affair in its third issue. Has material by Ken Beale, Shelby Vick, Redd Boggs, Bob Silverberg, and a cover by Max Keasler...Wott else would you expect of a reasonably priced fan-zine? This one is at a dime a copy, and well worth it! Send the request (plus money) to Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ron Friedman is back with CURRENT Science-Fiction Weekly, and it looks pretty good...issue contains news of the s-f and fan world, and items on the revival of the dormant Universal Musketeers and Teens Fantascience Club...Ron's been in and out of the s-f fandom for the past couple of years due to being in the armed forces, but writes that he hopes to stay this time and to regain some of the fan-prestige that time and some adverse criticisms had lessened. CSF Weekly is sold at a dime a copy, and the address is: Box 1329, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

S & C, pubbed by Stan Crouch, gets better and better in format and material. It's fifteen cents a copy and available from Stan Crouch, Holly Circle, Sterling, Virginia. Much of the 'zine has lately been concerned with the UWF, United World Federalists. This 'zine is one of the better ones along serious lines and is improving muchly over issues of the past couple of years.

The AVALONIAN, the bridge between the suspension and resumption of DIFFERENT, is the 1952 anthology of the Avalon Society, and contains many pages of verse and fiction by Avalonians. Avalon is well known as the publishers of CHALLENGE and DIFFERENT, and when publishing costs will allow, the return of DIFFERENT is anticipated. Anyone interested in doing creative writing should find the Avalon group well worthwhile. Avalon membership is \$1 per year...for further information write to Vera B. Lonrick, Avalon Secretary, 626 1/2 North Pierce St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

FAN-FARE, published by W. Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Rd., North Tonawanda, N. Y., arrived and in its usual nice format. Fan-Fare has been belabored with difficulty in various lines, but is coming through as one of the 'zines which should last. It's a fan-fiction 'zine and worthy of investigation if you haven't looked into the matter prior to this, 15¢ a copy, and worth it.

AD-C-ZINE, pubbed by W. C. Dutt, 2958 E. Atlantic, Philadelphia, Penna., is the ad-zine of the fan-world. Pocket-size, it is usually crammed with ads with books and magazines for sale or for trade. For those who have stuff to sell, or who look for books and magazines, this is a good deal. Send a dime to Bill for a copy.

FANTASY TIMES arrived t'other day...this is one of the oldest of the fan-mags, and is a neat off-set job full of news and reviews...this one advertised the Fan-Fest conference this month. Published by James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Ave., Flushing, New York. 10¢ a copy. Bi-weekly.

Add to "TRADE WINDS"---

ALLEN NEWTON, 114 E. 25th St., Baltimore 18, Maryland...For Sale:- SATAN (hard cover), scholarly presentation of Catholic attitude toward the Devil, Ward and Schull - \$1.25. British p-b's: Lost World by Doyle and Carson of Vomus by ERB ... as now...50¢ for the pair.

Want to Buy: Art II International Stamp Album (Scott), paper backs: Endore's "Burles in Her Body", Morrill's "Dwellers in the Mirage", and "Pocket Book of Mystery Stories."

oooooooooooo



To All You
Nice People

Happy
Easter

Jo'n'Ed



Doggone, here we are again to the end of another issue mainly by reason of the fact that this is about all the pages that will go for 2¢ on postage...more pages mean more postage, and the financial set-up isn't quite that strong yet... the treasury, by the way, stands at \$15.50, but that does not take away the more than four bucks postage to send this out, and in another issue we're going to need more stencils, which says that another ten bucks or better goes out of the fund.

As usual, we've missed out on some of the promised things because of space. They are still here and will be seen in next issue, we hope. Somehow, crosswords and anacrostics might take up too much space that others might like to see used for other items, so we only ran the anacrostic. Crossword puzzles again next time.

One would normally think that Spring might be on the way, but while this is being typed, Palm Sunday, the wind is whipping up a nice mess of snow across the lawn.

We hope you like this issue...if you have any comments or criticisms, send 'em this way. Our best regards to all of you...may you have or have had a pleasant Easter holiday. With that we'll sign off with the usual

-30-

APRIL ISSUE

Return Address: EXPLORER
RFD#1, Townline Rd.
Erie, Pennsylvania



"Explorer"



To: Lee Hoffmann
101 Wagner St.
Savannah
Georgia

Mimeo'd Matter Only