



THE ODD WEREWOLVES
OF SPRINGDALE

Springdale
is a place where
odd werewolves
make their habitat. By day
they are neat, and rather
nice-looking
dogs. But when the moon
rises, they become
tall, lanky, bespectacled
Blondos who stammer
all over Springdale. -- RWL

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SCIENCE by HARRY WARNER, Jr.

For night descends. The glare and heat of day
Go by, as things must pass. From dark'ning
glens

Things creep: they come and swiftly seem to
senso

Just when no man will be to see their play.
They are not even thought to be, by some
Who set up science, fashioned by their
thought,

And say: "This thing is so, and there is
naught

"Except what we have said." Yet, when a hum
Is heard up in the sky, in that huge town,
Those scientists who set up rigid laws
Called "natural" but laugh. A few, though,
pause

And wonder. ... Shades of glowing gold and
brown

Creep in the sky back in the east, and they,
The little Folk, but smile and away.

14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/11/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31

THROUGH THE TIME-RADIO: Freedonia Times in More Absurd Propaganda. -- As usual, with its customary disregard for facts, that paper started off the week with another grossly false statement, to wit: the report that Wade, Arcot, Morey and Fuller had appeared inside the orbit of Venus in the Thought and had at once joined the Kinnison gangsters. It is a fact easily upon the choking that the Thought left Galaxy 7 some time back stating that the four had no intention of returning for decades, if at all. . . . The latest piece of anti-Boskonian twaddle to excite the enthusiasm of Kinnison's supporters is a novel written during the Neurtele Age, entitled "Grey Lensman". Curiously enough, several actual events are described, but these fragmentary bits of accuracy are drowned in the flood of twaddle which makes up the body of the book. Several well-known Kinnison supporters have deplored the gigantic build-up that this book has received. It can be regarded, however, as a well-written fairy tale. . . . Flash! Adam Link joins Grey Roger. Amazing robot bridges gap between early 20th Century and our own. Escapes inhuman treatment on the part of humans and after leaving misguided 20th Century, strikes a blow for Boskone. . . . FLASH! Plutonian Nationalists engineer coup d'etat! Under demagegic guise of a "Revolt of the Scientists" the Plutonian nationalists were swept into power last week. In less than 24 hours 300 members of the Assembly had been executed as "secret Boskonians" and the others imprisoned in labor camps. The first act of the "Scientist" government was to declare "subversive" all research other than that "approved" by the Klan of Military Directors. All Plutonians will be drafted within a month on a planet-wide scale of militarization for "defense" purposes. . . . Flash! DuQuesne leads successful raid upon Galactic Forces at Vesta. . . . Sabotage in Ardathia: plot to fire ammunition Centre unmasked by ill-timed bomb explosion. . . . Flash! Three men and three women from what they term "another time lane" appear suddenly in Ardathia. They describe the civilization from which they come as a "Technate" -- roughly, a society of abundance based solely upon scientific methods for the production and distribution of all elements required and desired by the inhabitants. Visitors are

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amazed when the existing social-complex is described to them. Offer immediately to assist in the defense of Ardathia and turn over books and charts to Rogor's headquarters. Claim to have the basic methods for working out the blueprints of a new system wide social and economic order. . . .

FLASH! The War on Satellite X is over! We were twisting the dials, trying to pick up at point above, when we heard mention of the Boskonian Bulletin. Amplifying as much as possible, we listened closely, our eyes glued to the newly-repaired # vision-plate.

We saw the Skylark of Valeron leading a titanic mass-attack upon Ardathia, saw the rise of the greatly-outnumbered ships of Grey Rogor, among them the shining Shugglovembia, and the trim crafts of the Futurian brigade, led by the Yobber.

We saw these things and held our breath. What chance had the greatly-depleted ranks of Grey Rogor (there must indeed have been treachery and sabotage by the Dorlists within the city since last I had seen) against this armada? Then, suddenly - -

a figure came out, standing alone on a flying platform. Alone, a tiny nidge standing in the swelt Sattelian uniform. In place of the globe that space-men wear was a mask. I knew him, now, for the famous Masked One who before had led Satellians to victory. But what could he do now?

As I wondered, I saw him move, and, twisting the dials until proper amplification could be attained, missed whatever it was he had done. But then, I saw that he had done no more than to remove his mask, which now lay, discarded, on the platform. But, at that moment, terror broke loose.

I saw Seaton reel back in horror, saw the Skylark of Valeron dip from its course, and, before the stricken pilot could regain control, plough into seven Galactic super-dreadnoughts. Ships collided in frantic effort to swerve from their course. Space was a-fire in a burst of consuagating splendour. Quickly I sought out the Lensman's flagship, dialed the control room. Kinnison was there, his eyes glued to the vision-plate. The scene therein was a closeup of the flying platform, and the Lensman's face held a vacant stare, an idiot's stare, while feeble laughter and saliva drooled from his lax mouth. Around him, their faces contorted in terror, were other Lensmen.

Soon it was all over. With the destruction of the Skylark, and the collapse of their commander-in-chief, the morale of the attackers was gone. A few fought fiercely and died with their boots on. But the majority sought safety in flight, many perishing in collisions between ships. And the Masked One still stood, motionless on the Flying Platform.

His face is etched in my memory so that I shall never forget him -- the face that struck stark, screaming fear into the Galactic Patrol, ending in its utter destruction. Who was he?

John Carter of Helium.

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PLEASE GIVE SMOUGER DEPARTMENT Our opinion in regard to the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, today, is that the organization is top-heavy and over-organized. The only basic function of the FAPA is the distribution of the mailings. All other matters are so much trimming - - interesting, enjoyable, no doubt, but nonetheless, unnecessary so far as incorporation into the matrix of the organization is concerned.

There are two basic functions: the keeping of the funds and records (Secretary-Treasurer) and the distribution of the mailings (editor). It goes without saying that those in these positions must be trustworthy and competent. If they are not, all the Presidents, VP's, and Investigating Committees in the world can do little about it. At the moment, the organization suffers from officers who have failed to perform their obligations. However, it needs revision at any rate.