

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE !!

No professional features!
No extra pages!
No prize contests!

This is a fan magazine.

Editorial: glubble

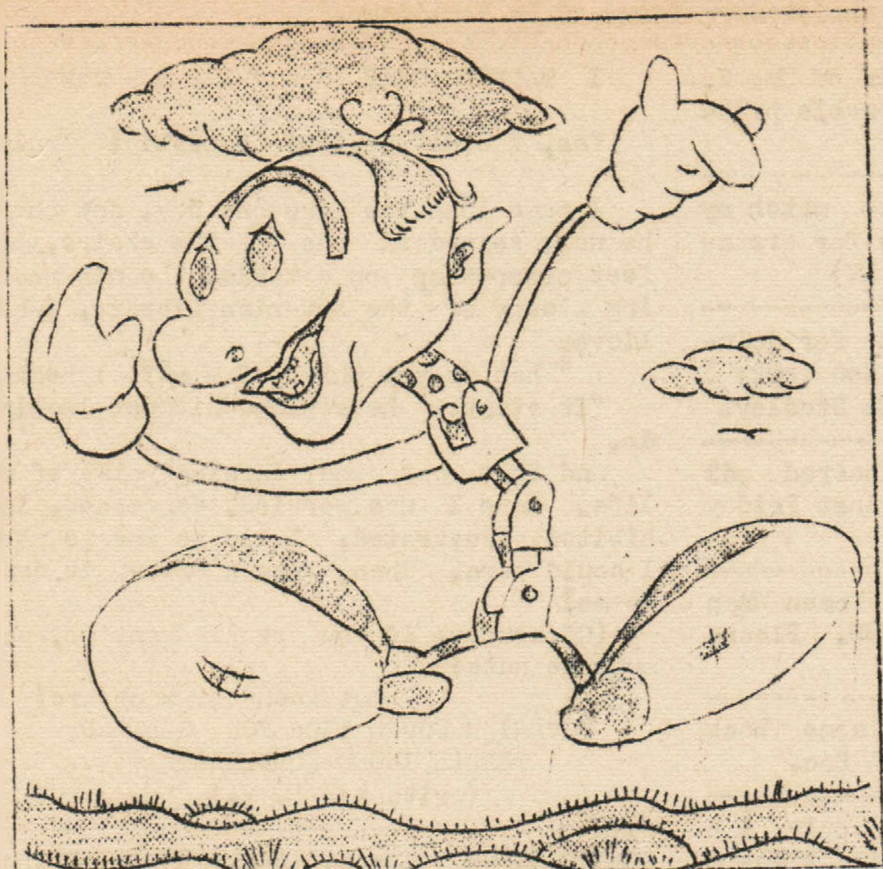
Le Vombiteur first appeared, for reasons still full unknown, as a weekly sheet of news and comment, December 1, 1939. We had just returned from the anniversary party of Dick Wilson's Science Fiction News Letter, full of enthusiasm. That's about as close as we can come to an explanation.

For several months LV managed to appear fairly regularly in its hasty format. However when late spring and depleted finances made its regular appearance impossible we turned it over to J. B. Nichel, who turned out one issue, we believe, and that was all.

Toward the end of 1939 we dummed a half-dozen issues, to be mined when time and cash permitted. These, interspersed with various special on-the-spot-issues, appeared in 1940.

Le Vombiteur continues, as an irregularly appearing free sheet, thrown together whenever we are in the mood, and r possessed of funds and equipment at the same time. It's policy is unstatutable, and the chances of any contributions being published are virtually nil. This is our magazine, published for our pleasure!

If you don't like LV, then don't read it; see if we care - - we have spoken!



(paid adv.)

MICHEL - WOLLEHEIM GUARANTEED FORTIFICATIONS

Are you threatened with invasion? Do aliens menace you? Worried about the people across the hall ??? Do you find plots under your bed?

Why not Fortify?

Michel-Wollheim's Guaranteed Fortifications offer you the maximum protection for the minimum cost. We can supply any amount, be it great or small; fortifications built to order.

GUARANTEE: Satisfaction or your money back: (payable in the coin of the realm you are defending.)

English £ or American \$ accepted; Roubles preferred. No checks, please!

Write us, care of this magazine, and let us discuss your defense problems with you. Our prices range from \$5 to \$25 per square foot.

MICHEL - WOLLEHEIM GUARANTEED FORTIFICATIONS

Our guide turned to us with an odd expression. "I suggest you distract the attention of your lady", he said quietly. "What is it?" I replied. "This," he whispered, holding it up, "is page two of the anniversary issue of Le Vombiteur."

WANTED: One lock from the hair of Wm. S. Saker. I will pay any reasonable price Elmer Perdue (write c/o LV)

WANTED: Flaming red hair to match my personality. Please contact me for arrangements. Mary G. Byers. (c/o LV)

WANTED: An infallible method for joining the Futurian Society of New York; I want to be a real Futurian. Bob Studley.

AGONY COLUMN: Will the darkhaired gal who bumped into me on the IRT last Friday please do it again? Danny.

WOMEN: Women! Women! Women Women Women Ages 18 to 28. Weight 110 to 135. Please apply to Prime Base.

AGONY COLUMN: Janice, please come back -- we miss you! Olet, Danny, & Doc.

COLDS: Supplied on request. Apply in person to 129 W. 103rd St. Special rates 2 all answering "Women" ad above.

COCKROACHES ATTENTION: The non-aggression pact signed between all roaches and Futurians in Prime Base specifies clearly that all roaches crossing the border will be slain on sight. No violations of ice box, which was guaranteed, have been made, nor shall be made. Charges via the termite press are entirely false. Do not let yourselves be deceived into needless warfare. Cockroaches of Prime Base, remember your Sacred Pledges! Homo Sapiens of Prime Base.

ARE YOU CONSIDERED? So are we; annoying, isn't it?

AN ASTEROID IN YOUR HOME! Write the Cognocratic Foundation for full details. Now is the time to pick your own miniature world. Low installments; generous terms. Satisfaction or your money back.

GIRLS ON MARS IN C.N. LS. . . completely - documented survey of the vice situation on Mars. \$5 to students and physicians of 18 years or more. (c/o LV)

I TALKED WITH G O T T E S I L I N

Yes, I did! Really! Honestly! Truly!

I came into the Base one day, and there he was, seated in one of the chairs, his feet propped up on a table. He was reading a copy of the Futurian Library, I believe.

"What do you think of --?" I began. "It stinks," he replied without looking up.

And that was the turning point of my life. Once I was worried, depressed, inhibited, frustrated. I had no one to whom I could turn. Then, like a flash it came to me!

(Of course, if you really want to, you must be nuts!)

But then, so many are!

FUTURIAN FOUNDATION FOR AGED AND
FEEBLE INDEED NOBLEMEN
(write c/o L. V.)

COMING SOON: March, 1941. Don't bother to watch for it; it'll come anyway.

FOR MEN OVER 40: women under 30.

WHY NOT BE BALD? Are you so yellow-livered that you don't dare be bald, when you want to be? Oh, you are, are you? Well well well well well!

FEET ITCH? Try scratching.

SCIENCE FICTION: is swell stuff. You ought to try weird and fantasy fiction, too. Maybe some day you can write it; maybe you can edit it. Though, if you have any sense, you'd better study brick - laying or become a financier. Preferably the latter. Of course, they'll both be obsolete before you can get anywhere at all -- well, that's the way things are, isn't it? People think we're crazy.

AGONY COLUMN: Toni, please don't go yet!

MEN IN PLUTONIAN MASSES. . . completely - documented survey of the vice situation on Pluto. \$5 to students & physicians of 18 years or more. (c/o LV)