

# THE SATELLITE

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COVER BY ALFRED T. BATES.

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EDITOR: John F. Burke

57, Beauclair Drive,  
Liverpool 15,  
England.

DECORATIONS, headings, and other  
inartistic perpetrations by David  
McIlwain. Sundry crude jokes  
& c. by Eric S. Needham in the  
main.

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The Satellite -

3½d. (8 cents) per issue post  
free..

1/6d. (40 cents) per 6 months.

From Leo Margulies, Editorial  
Director of Standard Magazines,  
we receive the following:

THRILLING WONDER STORIES  
goes monthly! December issue, by  
way of celebrating, features Ean-  
do Binder's novel of Atlantis,  
"Three Eternals". January issue  
has novel of the Stone Age, "Day  
of the Conquerors" by Manly Wade  
Wellman, illustrated by Finlay.  
TWS wish to run more contests, &  
would like suggestions for theme  
of contests - Finlay illustration  
awarded for best suggestions.

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WEIRD POME

If you're sitting

All alone,

And you hear a

Mawful groan;

Don't look...

'S a spook.

ESN.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Card from W. Lawrence Hamling -  
"America's only printed semi-pro  
Science Fiction fan mag! "Star  
dust". 8" x 11". Astronomical  
Covers, Zinc and half-tone ill-  
ustrations, all the pro-authors,  
all the fans! 20 cents per iss-  
ue, 3 for 50 cents, 7 for 1 dol-  
lar. 2609 Argyle, Chicago, Ill".

The project sounds so good  
we're glad to present a free ad!

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The editors accept no responsib-  
ility for views expressed by con-  
tributors to this magazine.

# EDITORIAL



This is the last issue of the "Satellite" under the SFA, as that body is now relapsing into a coma while the war is on, probably to be revived later, when hostilities end. (Did anyone say "if they ever end?") For a time we contemplated giving the magazine up altogether, but as Sally was just about paying her way when the SFA took over, we feel that we can carry on if our old readers will back us up.

In these troublous times a little enjoyment is welcome, and if the magazine can be revived, a policy of light-hearted reading interspersed with a few well-written articles of a serious nature will be followed, with a minimum of discussion or controversy. Should readers wish to start arguments in the discussions columns, that's their lookout, and we'll print all we can get in - but we don't want any wars, please!

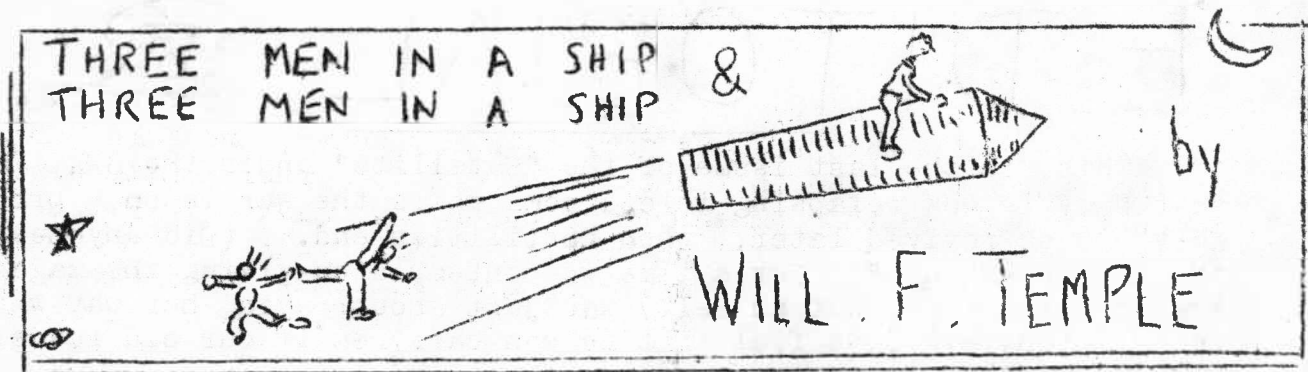
Before November 11th. we must receive at least 40 subscriptions of 1/6d. for six months or we cannot undertake to publish the mag; back us up, and roll in your money. If we cannot carry on, the money will be refunded immediately, as it was last time, when we suspended our independent activities (At least, no-one has yet complained about being swindled, so we imagine, all have been repaid). Exchanges with leading fan-magazines will still continue, we hope, despite the infrequency of the American mails of late, and a host of contributions will be welcomed.

We only need 40 of you - this will be one of the few fan magazines left in England during the war, and will combine with the "Fantast" to keep you smiling, if the activities of Mr. Chamberlain and his stooges are not already successful in that direction.

Articles! We've got material that represents the best in British fandom, and a certain amount of American material that we hope will be supplemented by further contributions. Owing to the enforced delay, and other circumstances, our anniversary number of Sally must be washed out, but we still have the features left, and more besides - "At the Mountains of Murkiness" and "Into the Past" by Arthur C. Clarke, "The Golden Road", by C.S. Youd, "An Aesthetic Fan Decides", by Eric C. Williams, "On Criticism" by Harry Kay, Phil Hetherington's Crossword (long-delayed!) and lots more. And we hope to get that readers' section even more lively, embodying a lot of letters, stray comments from fans, editors and correspondents, short criticisms of such magazines as we get these days, and other features. (All right, Sam - we know what you're thinking).

What about that 1/6d? Don't be later than the date given above, or you may stop production of the magazine altogether.

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"THE WRITER", magazine for budding authors, features an article on the writing of science-fiction by.....John Russell Fearn. We refrain from comment.



(BEING A SYNOPSIS OF A STORY WHICH THE AUTHOR WILL WRITE IN  
FULL IF ANY EDITOR WILL PAY HIM ENOUGH)

Story opens in 1945. The B.I.S. spaceship is built and about to start for the Moon. Professor J.H. Edwards and Professor E.G.O. Clarke are navigating it, and they take William F. Temple along to do the housework. Ship departs with a bang and a flash (see any Clarke article) and mounts to top of stratosphere. Climax No. 1 -- it won't go any further. Despite the B.I.S. having made it a law of Nature, the passengers find that a rocket won't work in a vacuum after all. Ship begins to fall. This is a terrible blow for Prof. Edwards, who has spent half his life preaching the principle of the recoil of the rocket, and has, indeed, got an incurably frost-bitten foot from demonstrating the principle with machine-guns on sheets of ice. He cries: "This is quite impossible. Don't believe it, anybody!"

But they do believe it, and insist that Edwards gets them out of the jam. To save his honour, that mathematical genius does some lightning calculation. Finds that the ship can reach the Moon through hyper-space if it is rotated three times rapidly at a height of 192.5555 miles above sea-level. When the ship has fallen to that height, Edwards manipulates the side steam-jets and rotates the ship. The ship instantly vanishes, and is never seen again by mortal eye.

We now skip a few Stapledonish aeons to the year 125,000,001. It is the age of the Forty-sixth-and-a-half Men (the Thirteenth Men were midgets, and only counted as  $\frac{1}{2}$ -Men, making the reckoning a bit awkward for the Men to come). During all this time no one has found a way to cross interplanetary space. The three heroes of the B.I.S., who first proved that rockets were no use and apparently gave their lives in the attempt, are now almost legendary heroes, and there are statues everywhere in honour of the martyrs.

Three members of the 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ -Men plan to make another attempt to reach the Moon, this time using the propulsive force of mitogenetic rays. (Note:- The choosing of alien-sounding names is always a headache for the author. Usually one picks out the most little-used letters of the alphabet - Z, X and K - and begins the name with them, generally ending it with an A, thus: "Zonka", "Xenora", or

"Konka". For this story we have used the famous Burros-lingo method.) Their names are Kars Karkas, Kars Kadava, and Kars Kara.

The three men find that one of the most powerful emitters of mitogenetic rays is the common or garden onion. (Author's Note: - This is a fact. Ask my friend Charlie Fort. Only the natural scepticism of my readers is my safeguard from the onion menace) They reason (logically) that the larger the onion, the larger the quantity of mitogenetic rays emitted. So they employ a grower of champion mangel-wurzels, named Wurzanwurza, to grow them a champion onion. He grows them one as large as a house, and steel cables have to be fastened around it to keep it down, so great is its output of the thrusting rays. Then they scoop out a small, egg-shaped cavity in its interior, fit it up as a navigating cabin, get in, and have the cables thrown off. Propelled by its powerful rays, the onion-ship rises rapidly, and is soon speeding across space towards the Moon. But its speed becomes too great, and it flies right past the Moon and away out into the void beyond. (Climax 2)

For weeks the ship speeds on, and things become desperate for the three adventurers when the food runs out. At last, the three are driven to eating the onion itself, and their cabin becomes larger and larger as they nibble away. Now another danger manifests itself. As they are all eating onion to such an extent, naturally their respective breaths smell of onion. This soon makes the atmosphere in the cabin unbearable. They are being choked by their own oniony breath. They collapse, and Kars Kar a weakly inches his way along to the medicine chest and manages to get out a bag of cachous, just in time. They are saved! (Climax 3)

They find the ship is heading straight for Mars, and it lands there with a bounce, settling in a patch of queer plants, like aspidistras 30 feet tall. (The trio have eaten so much of the onion that there's not enough left of it to overcome the gravitation of Mars.) They look out and see that the aspidistras are slowly perambulating about on their roots. They see rows and rows of living human heads on the ground, and then perceive that these heads are actually those of men and women, buried in the earth up to their necks. An aspidistra comes along, and with its strong, flexible stems and leaves pulls up a man, much as one pulls up a carrot, and commences to eat him. K.K., K.K., and K.K. are horrified.

The aspidistras notice the big new vegetable which has suddenly sprung up in their midst, and apparently finding it unlike anything they have known, worship it as a god. Now begins a period of awful suspense for the trio. They are afraid to venture outside the onion, and must cower within as the aspidistras lay living men (a bit chewed) before the ship as offerings. But they are so hungry that they have to go on eating the onion, and its walls get thinner and thinner. Presently it is little more than a balloon of onion-skin fabric, and begins to waver in and out in

time with their breathing. They fear this will give them away to the aspidistras, and hold their breath until they arrange a plan for breathing in order one after the other. This keeps the onion skin distended. But Kars Kadava cannot control his hunger and begins to nobble at the skin. Frantically the other two jump on him and try to restrain him. Their breathing gets out of order. The walls of the ship flap wildly. The curious aspidistras draw closer.....

Then the leaves of a strange aspidistra, which has wandered up from the outside of the patch, suddenly part, and a crowd of men come rushing out. The plant was a plant! (Climax 4). The men wave little tubes which shoot streams of hot gases at the aspidistras and shrivel them up (and incidentally deposit the men on their own backsides each time they fire them.) And then these new men begin to dig up the buried men and help them. The K.K.s break out of their ship and surrender. The leader of the successful attacking party comes up to them, looks at them curiously, and says: "Oo-way areway ooyay?" English backslang!

They tell him, and are conducted to a city some miles' away. The leader of the three, Kars Karkas, is told he is to be interviewed personally by the Master. He is led into a long hall, and left. He sees a lone figure sitting on a throne at the end of the hall, and advances. The floor is crystalline and transparent, and just as he arrives before the throne he notices two bodies buried and preserved within its clear depths. He recognises them from his history books and the statues on Earth - E.G.O. Clarke and William F. Temple. He identified Prof. Clarke easily because he died with his mouth open, his lips shaped to emit the vowel "I".

K.K. looks up at the figure on the throne, a very ancient man with a beard down to the floor. He drops his gaze to the personage's foot, coyly peeping out from under the beard. It is a..... frost-bitten foot! Humbly, he drops on his knees. (Climax 5).

"You are old, Father William -- Edwards, I mean" he says, "But I know you. It's ~~un~~credible! After 125,000,000 years - roughly!"

"Esyay, ymay onsay", replies Father Edwards, for it is indeed he. "And not a Bank Holiday among them all. We have no banks here in the Valley of the Blue Cow - and incidentally, the beer at the Blue Cow is lousy".

And then Father Edwards explains. He has difficulty in speaking straightforward English, and has a tendency to slip into backslang. It appears that when he rotated the rocket-ship at a height of 192.5555 Miles, he miscounted and rotated it only twice instead of three times. This upset calculations a trifle, and the ship was flung through hyper-space to Mars instead of the Moon. En route, the B.I.S. trio's speech-centres had twisted around in hyper space, and when they arrived they found they naturally talked backslang.

The trio discovered that the only men and women on Mars were

being grown by the aspidistra plants for eating purposes. They rescued some, and Edwards gave them a little talk on the facts of life, and told them they were silly to allow themselves to be grown by others - it was much more fun growing themselves. So they tried it, and liked it. So then the three set to work to build up a new human race on Mars, with themselves as the three rulers. They built this city, and their people, armed with small cellular rocket tubes from the old space-ship, made periodic raids on the aspidistras to set free their own kind.

"The building of a great race from a handful of people is a colossal task, and Clarke and Temple died from exhaustion", said Edwards. "I have been carrying on alone, extending my life with faith, hope, and an elixir. But my day is almost done, my son. And yet the work is scarcely begun. Lately, I have been enormously increasing production by using a machine based on the principle of the B.I.S. space-ship. From a 'keyboard' of eight females, I can, by an elaborate system of tubes, pumps and pistons, propagate from 2,250 other females. But now my hands are trembling on the wheel. My heart is failing, my son. In your hands I now place the future of Shanghai-Bar". (Working up to Climax 6.)

Edwards stands up, trips over his beard, and falls on his nob on the floor. Breathes: "The keyboard harem is the third door on the right. Carry on, my son. Man must go on! Our heritage is the universe! Oh, by the way, don't forget to fill the radiator with cold water before using the machine. Farewell!" (Dies).

K.K. withdraws reverently, walks sadly back to the other two K.K.s. They ask: "Well, is he going to let us have the porters?" In a quiet, hushed voice, Kars Karkas tells the story of Father Edwards. They say, also quietly: "Our duty lies clearly before us. We cannot escape it. We must dedicate ourselves to the work of spreading mankind through the universe! The third door on the right, coming out, did you say?"

They square their shoulders resolutely, and set out to fulfill their noble destiny. Kars Karkas follows quietly and sadly. Then, perceiving that the others have got a start on him, sprints like mad to catch them up. (Climax 7).

THE END.

(Well? Any offers?)

XX

### TOPICAL TUNES

"There'll Always be an England" - so why should we worry how many times Edmond Hamilton wrecks the universe?

S.F.A. NOW MEANS "SUSPENDED  
FOR AWHILE!"

---

by TED CARNELL

Thanks to Editor Burke's courtesy, I am allowed far more space in SALLY to "spread" official remarks concerning the suspension of the SFA than I managed to allow in NEW WORLDS.

By now you will have read that short tongue-twisting paragraph in the Autumn Editorial, and, I hope, agree that the decision was the correct one under the circumstances.

The political tension during August placed the SFA in a serious financial position -- the first it had been in since control was centred in London. It should be known that by some quirk of fate, August is by far the biggest month for SFA revenue; a large portion coming from USA, where numerous fans joined the Association at the same time. It was also logical to expect that with all the earmarks of war for Britain in the offing, those members would sit tight and await developments; if war didn't come, it would then be alright to renew membership a little late -- if it did come, it would obviously be a waste of money to subscribe to an Association that would have great difficulty in carrying on.

Thus the situation during August, when NEW WORLDS was partly completed. I informed Johnny Burke that the SFA would be unable to afford any regular publications upon financial grounds, but this statement was misconstrued in various quarters as meaning that SALLY had been excluded entirely and that NW would continue indefinitely. Let me correct that impression. The meaning intended was that the SFA would pay for irregular publications as they could be afforded, to the exclusion of NW.

However, this was all stated before the war commenced. With the outbreak of hostilities a far different state of affairs came about. A few members wrote in and asked if they should continue to subscribe, but in the main, most members took it for granted that it was the end of the SFA. It became imperative that a decision should be made by either the Council or the London Executive concerning the SFA's future. Here again we met a nasty snag. Most of the London Executive had disappeared upon war work, and we had to wait several weeks before we managed to get six Committee members together.

At this meeting it was unanimously decided that we should take the same procedure as that taken by the B.I.S, i.e. suspend for the duration as things stood, so that the threads of the organisation could easily be taken up again after the war ended.

So things stand at the moment. But random hasn't faded away with the first puff of smoke from the Western Front. It is, in

fact, still as strong as ever, and it is hoped that all those fans who are left in private life will rally round and keep the movement working by supporting the fan-mags, which will have to keep on by private subscription. SALLY hopes to continue with your help, and there are three others intending to keep going as long as they can. Our American friends have increased rather than decreased their flow of correspondence with us, and we are assured of hearing the latest developments in American fandom and the magazine field almost as fast as they happen.

On behalf of the SFA I would also like to thank those Los Angeles members who renewed their subscriptions after the war had commenced, accompanied with a brief note stating "now more than ever is the time to rally round the SFA".

Some grand friendships have been formed through science fiction and the SFA, and it will take more than a war to break them up.

Yes, we'll keep things going!

XX

VARIATION ON AN ANCIENT THEME NO.2.

Bill Temple leans over the fuel tank,  
The depth of its contents to see,  
He lighted a match for inspection.....  
Oh bring back dear William to me!

Bring back, bring back, oh bring back dear William to me,  
to me;  
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back Sweet William to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night I lay dreaming enthralled,  
From Egypt I heard a loud weeping,  
As the Sphinx dried its teardrops and bawled....

"Bring back, bring back, oh bring back Sweet Will from the  
void, the void;  
Bring back, bring back my hero or I'll be annoyed!"

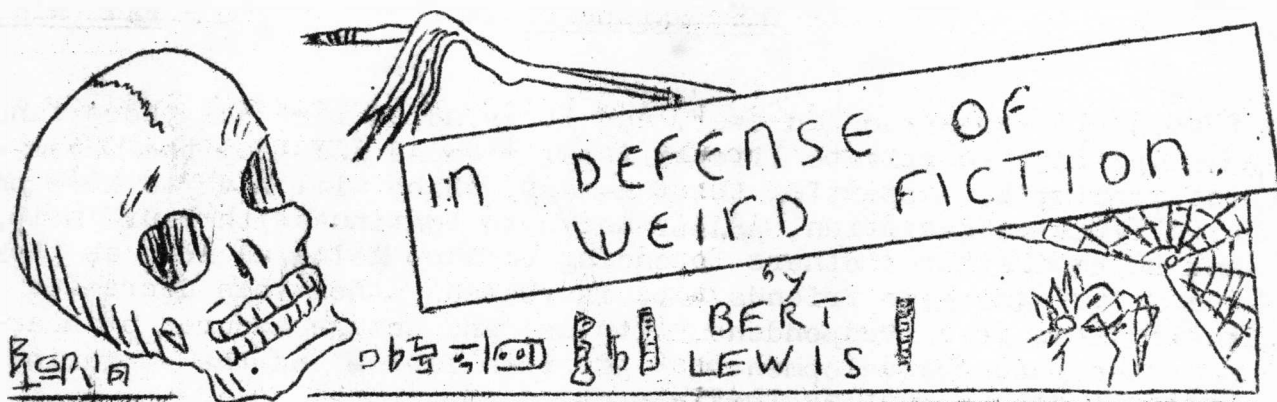
ERIC S. NEEDHAM.

XX

What is the difference between a slice of bacon and the B.I.S.  
space - ship?

The spaceship is a rash project, but the bacon is a rasher.

Haw haw haw her ahem .....perpetrated by the same as the  
above ditty.



To me, it is very strange how the average readers seem to have a great aversion for weird fiction; in many cases I think this aversion is poorly founded, I could almost say it was prejudice.

Of course, I admit that a lot of the stuff served up now is not worth the paper it is printed on, this being the result of a lot of publishers being anxious to "put out" pulp magazines, regardless of the quality of the material, as long as it can be called "Thrilling". The result is bound to be of poor class, a good example of this kind of thing - this exploiting - being noticeable about four years ago.

About this time, a weird-fiction magazine was put on the market. It was very appropriately called "STRANGE TALES", and contained some of what I consider to be among the best examples of the occult type of yarn. I had an almost complete set of these magazines, but I was foolish enough to give them away, being at that time rather short of room; I've had cause to regret this many times since. This magazine is going up considerably in value now, to judge by the way dealers are raising their prices.

It was after "STRANGE TALES" had got well under way that the "pulp" publishers started to dump cheap horror stuff on to the markets - and I mean "dump" in every sense of the word, because in no other way could the reading public have had this trash put before them, under such circumstances, that they would not have recognised it for what it was. It is this kind of stuff that gives weird fiction a bad name. Given a change, I think that occult stories give as good entertainment as almost any other kind of literature which is intended to give, shall we say, "thrills". I know very few readers of light fiction who don't also enjoy a good ghost story. As long as I can remember, I have had a queer hankering for creepy stories, and the deeper they delved into the occult, the better I liked them.

If you have never followed an author into the abyss of some awful pit, opened up by some strange power of darkness, under the control of a master of the occult and thrilled to the eerie, mental drag of an elemental force clutching at your very reason, to come out of your weird adventures by the power of some holy relic held by your hero as last resort against the evil power which

confronted you.....or thrilled to the battle of a clean, healthy mind, fighting against some occult force that is trying to deprive you of your soul, until the force of good tips the balance of the seemingly uneven battle of wills.... If you have never experienced this kind of thrill, then you don't know what a thrill is!

Let me give you a few examples of what I call really good Weird fiction, to illustrate my point:

One of the earliest and best was Lord Lytton's THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN, which was published later under the title of the HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS, a far more appropriate title. The occult powers are strongly pronounced in this story and one gets the feeling of abject terror experienced by the one in the haunted room.

H.G. Wells gave us a very good example of occult fiction in his RED ROOM, though he spoiled the whole effect by his weak explanation of the power in the room; nevertheless, it gave me a real thrill in the narrating.

We get many good yarns in the now-famous WEIRD TALES. The adventures of Jules de Grandin never seem to lose their grip on the imagination, but I think that for really good stuff, we have to turn frequently to that supplied in book form. One class of this is well catered for in the modern Omnibus volumes, of which there are plenty from which to choose.

The best occult fiction that I have ever read, either in book or magazine form, was that supplied by the late William Hope Hodgson. His thrilling narratives of his Ghost-hunter, Carnacki, are a never-ending source of wonder to me. Of the stories issued under this character's name, the two which I consider to be among the best of all occult yarns - THE GATEWAY OF THE MONSTER and THE WHISTLING ROOM. In the former, his description of the monstrous power, trying to force itself through the protecting veil of Solomon's Pentagram, fairly made my hair stand on end, and I literally sighed with relief when he was clear of the "Influence". In THE WHISTLING ROOM I could easily conjure up the picture of the floor swelling upwards in the form of two gargantuan lips of the whistler, and heard their wild hooting, long after I had finished the story.

The above examples are, of course, only a rough perusal of a few chosen items, but I hope that they will give a few of the antagonists of weird fiction an incentive to give this kind of literature a fair trial before condemning it, and in doing so I am sure that they will get a good bit of entertainment out of it. For those who are already old W.F. fans, I hope they will find the foregoing a pleasant renewal of old acquaintances.

For others, perhaps a little more than just an article "in support of weird fiction".

XX

WE NEED ARTICLES AND LETTERS - AND 1/6d. FOR A SUBSCRIPTION....!



# PLAYGROUND of the STARS ~ L.V. HEALD



The first man to jump from the Earth into illimitable space will doubtless be overawed by the immensity of the cosmos. He will feel but a tiny insignificant speck of life surrounded by the giants of the universe; the glaring stars; the far-flung nebula and the constellations will all stare at him as if he were an impudent interloper daring to trespass into their territory instead of remaining on the planet that spawned him.

The first time you tread the holy precincts of the Liverpool SFA's headquarters you feel that way yourself. Somehow, after you gain admittance, you stand still, trying to orient yourself. It is difficult to do so. Those stacked shelves of fictional masterpieces crowd upon you from three sides, shrieking at you their glories. They overwhelm you, this galaxy of countless mags making you shrivel up and wish to fade away. For until you came here you regarded your own collection as a magnificent effort, but this....this takes your breath away. Can there really be so many issues of Amazing, so many of Astounding, so many of... This surely is the acme of any fan's ambitions.

But, unlike the first human in free space, your reactions are not born of fear of the unknown, rather are you like the babe who, seeing the stars, wanted to reach out and get them. You want these, every one which you do not already possess. You glance around secretively. After that first welcome you have once more been flung into isolation. Timidly and silyly you shuffle over to the shelves, but hardly have you moved a millimetre when the unforgettable voice rises above the clamour and you freeze to a statue.

Before that miracle product of vocal chords all other sounds are dwarfed to comparative silence. The meeting, you learn, is about to commence. You hardly remember what happens next, for instantly the conglomeration of humans goes into frenzied Brownian movement, the individuals attaching themselves to a portion of the furniture and dashing madly in all directions, to crash the wooden structures to the floor with such violence that when you find the chairs still intact you think the building must have suffered damage instead.

When the stampede is over and your vision clears of the blurred shapes flashing past, you realise that a rough circle has been formed in the room and that everybody bar yourself has suc-

ceeded in placing a particular portion of their anatomy upon some support. Anxiously you look around. Are you doomed to stand guard all night, or will you join the elect in comfort?

Once again the voice comes to your rescue. Like a general's it rasps out a command and like magic a chair is produced from under a vast mountain of papers and placed at your disposal. With gratitude you accept and sit down, only to realise that the building is quite safe; this chair has not survived the SFA fans' strength and enthusiasm - it maintains you only with great difficulty.

The chairman opens the meeting at last. Like other organisations it transacts its business in spasmodic spurts. A violent argument arises over apparently trivial matters; the debate waxes furious and all manner of irrelevancies are dragged in until the chairman realises no-one is talking about the original subject, and then in a fit of remorse the members pass great heaps of business without raising a voice.

There is no doubt that the fans like to hear their own voices. Once business is concluded the main feature of the evening is started - perhaps a paper being read by a member, or a general discussion on SF or some topic connected with it. The majority present have plenty of views to air, and do not fail to clutch the least opportunity to start talking. One pities the chairman in his herculean task of trying to keep order, and you admire the restrained manner in which he deals with those he has to call to account.

But the evening is grand fun. It is interesting, instructive and elevating. You learn what the other fellow thinks, what stories he likes, why he likes the same stories as yourself; and you are amazed to learn that some of those tales which you consider gems make another member retch at the very thought of them.

You regret you did not know this crowd of chaps before, and you resolve not to miss seeing them again. When at last the clock tells you speed will be necessary if the last tram is to be caught, you say goodnight, dash down the steps, and emerge into the unearthly glare of the sodium lights.

Only when you are sat in your seat on the tram do you realise that the real stars of the Liverpool SFA are not those resting on the shelves but the fellows who sat round in the circle arguing their heads off.

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Have you seen SPACEWAYS? If not, you should. 24 or more pages. 1/3d. for three bi-monthly (more or less!) issues. No smaller orders from England accepted; please remit in International Money Order. 303, Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md., U.S.A. Agreeable to trading for English stf - what have you?

# M O O N S H I N E .

## READERS' OPINIONS

FROM W.P. COCKROFT (Halifax): I must congratulate Mr. Turner on his article concerning Astrology, particularly his last lines.... "...the Theist who vainly attempts to salvage some 'truths' from that other welter of fraud and superstition termed religion". It is the superstitions that would attempt to halt the march of science. I look forward to Mr. Turner's article attacking religion. Though atheists ourselves, we don't wish to have too many controversies raging in our pages from now on; if, however, people want to argue about religion, we'll endeavour to see fair play/ Please cut the poetry or present more inspiring stuff. There's an untouched field in science poetry/Budding Lovecrafts or Ella Wheeler Wilcox's invited to write in here and now/

FROM JACK SPEER (America - somewhere): Your cartoonist's robots are very unpleasing; don't ask me why/But we DO ask you why/. Why did Louie call the WSFC "New York S-F Convention"? Or is this some of your work, like the British refusal to recognise the existence of Little America? Hardly justified in calling the Convention a "World Convention" and then shutting out Wollheim and Co./ Good write-up. He mentions me several times. I see an S-F crossword coming up, and hastening to claim prior rights on the idea. See SFNews for some time in 1936. We claim no copyright - our Crossword will see the light of day sometime/ The typing style in the Editorial is based on a fallacy, which I shan't trouble to point out.

FROM HARRY WARNER (Hagerstown, USA): Smith's article best in the issue. It backs up my opinions - that the editor is always the most to blame, not the writers or even the publishers. WEIRD TALES, printing quality stuff, has kept its head well above water for sixteen odd years; until it's the - I believe - third oldest pulp in America. Fantacynic's return welcomed vociferously/heres that man again! 7 Rathbone's poem is excellent, Moonshine always good.

XX

OUR APOLOGIES - for bad typing and somewhat shoddy set-up. All of our faults this month due to rush in producing magazine, and the low temperature of a certain room in 57 Beauclair Drive, causing the Editor's fingers to freeze. We'll try to do better next time!

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DON'T FORGET THAT 1/6d. SUBSCRIPTION !