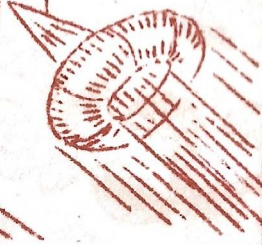


The
SCIENCE
FICTION
TRAIL



F. H.

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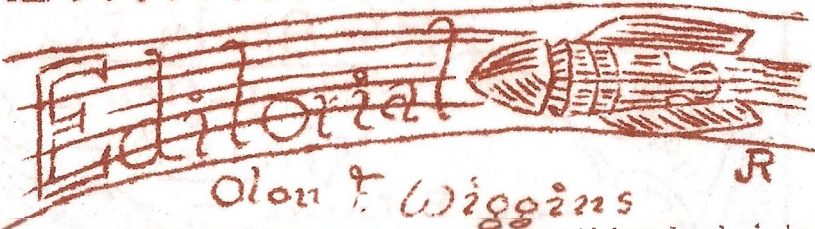
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Editorial

Olou F. Wiggins JR

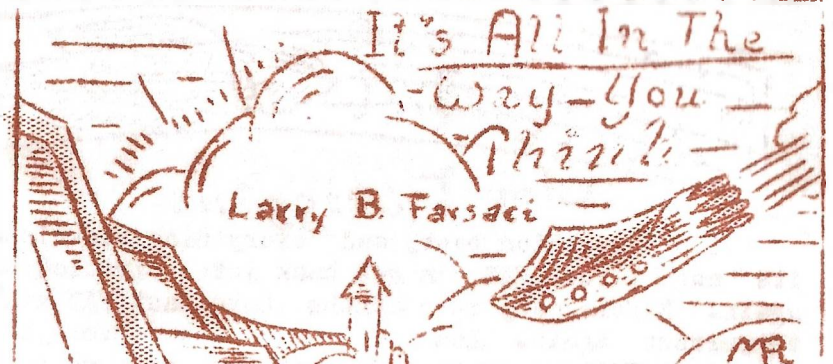
With Denvention past, and everything back into its normal rut, FAN can get back into circulation again. Before many more months have past FAN will be current again. Lew Martin has taken over the Associate Editor post, and with his aid we will keep the mimeo hot until FAN is caught up with all the back issues.

Will the following named fans please send along material pronto: DAW(Fanfarade), FJA, Lowndes, JBM, Pohl, Morojo, Farley. I will pay postage on all material sent me. Please do so at once, if possible, as plenty of material is needed to fill all these back issues. These issues to come will not be less than twenty ppgs, and it is possible that they will be larger. FAN will become stabilized at 20 ppgs after we are current. Any fan-artist wishing to do a cover for FAN is encouraged to do so. A copy of FAN containing your work will be sent you gratis. Do it in ink, preferably. Dimensions: $7\frac{1}{2}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$. Do not submit any fan-fiction. Send articles, poems, etc.

Anyone who did not attend the Denvention, and desires to procure a copy of the Denvention Program Booklet, can still do so by sending along 20¢ to the address given on the contents page.

Mail addressed to OFW should be sent to 2915 Champa Street. Fan mag editors please make the change on your mailing lists. Thanks.

The ALCHEMIST mailing list has been combined with that of FAN. OFW



A few years ago I met the proprietor of a small magazine store and was soon in quite an intimate conversation with him on science fiction and its effects on the reader. The train of thought carried on with hardly any volition on my part, but I was soon so interested in what he was saying and the reason for his attitudes that I just had to take down some notes on which I hoped to expand later, and possibly use as the basis of an interesting article on "the psychological aspects of science fiction". But time has passed and the notes hurriedly jotted down that day have lain among countless other papers, mostly forgotten.

I came upon them a few days ago and after reading through them again I don't think they should be destined to any more oblivion since the fellow's opinions for not being a science fiction fan are certainly thought-provocative. So I give them to you now for what they're worth. Please bear in mind that he reached these conclusions after what was to him very careful thought.

The first reason he gave for the vast majority of people keeping away from science fiction was that they are afraid to become interested and enthusiastic in a field where lonesomeness prevails. A person sees that the other fellow, the average man like himself, isn't interested and realizes

that to be so he would have to take disinterest in what would henceforth be, the mundane affairs of the world. So, in acceptance of the attitude of the crowd, he sees in the science fiction fan a sort of "freak" person.

Secondly, people are afraid that they won't be able to acquire everything it takes to make science fiction a hobby. Therefore, instead of "envying the other fellow's" complete sets of Amazing, Wonder, Astounding, and c., they see that it is definitely to their advantage all the way around to call him semi-insane -- -- the attitude, conscious or not, it doesn't matter.

Reason number three given was that science fiction is, from the looks of it, "too deep for them", and therefore IMPOSSIBLE.

Later on in the course of the talk he modified these statements somewhat by stating that science fiction is all right if you find intimate friends with the same interest; otherwise, it's too bad, since the everyday world is alien to you. And later still he modified his statements more by admitting that science fiction is, at the very least, as worthwhile as any other type of fiction.

There followed a short bit of philosophizing which I also took down, although I forgot whether it was meant to be connected with the subject of science fiction or not. He said that lewd-thinking people feel that emotional happiness is the only good thing in life to them and they are willing to sacrifice years of their life if they can be happy the few years they live. I see now that this was also to the point -- and it's meant in our favor, too! In other words, such people are too lazy to

find enjoyment in other ways and are content to go the easiest way out -- through degeneration of themselves in bodily lusts.

The final closing remarks he must have repeated over at least a couple times, or so he emphasized them. He pointed out that any emotion whatsoever, if intense, upsets the normal course of the body, and that an intense interest in science fiction or fantasy can be considered such an emotion. One's aim in life should be peace and contentment, without any deep abnormal interests, and active realization that the golden rule exists for your own sake. LBF

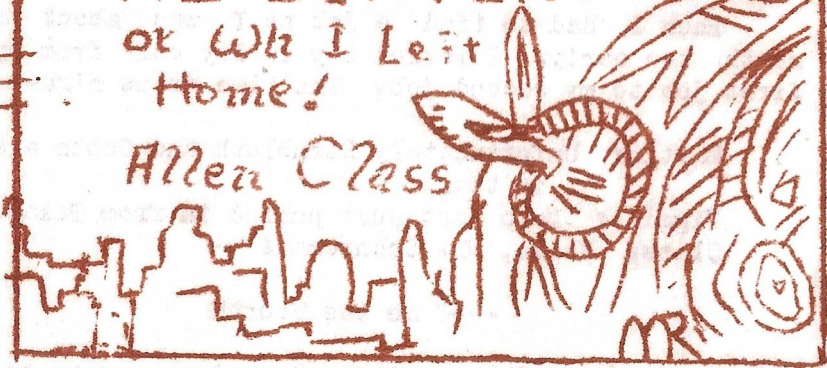
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NOTICE

Next issue the Editors of the FAN will award \$.50 to the fan who contributed the best liked article or illustration in this issue. We must have ten votes at least or the award is nullified. Do not pick a first, second, and third choice, merely the first only. Ties will split the money. Fans cannot vote for their own contribution, votes from the same city will not be considered if for the fan that lives in that particular city. Our decision will be final. If you think the cover or piece of artwork is more outstanding than any of the articles, you may vote them first. Votes will not be taken for anything by Editor Wiggins or Associate Martin, anyone else on the staff will be open for votes, such as Rogers and Wellheim. Please send in your vote as you will help us as well as the contributors. Let us emphasize that we must have at least ten votes or the award will not be made. This monthly award will be continued till announced otherwise. Votes on this issue must be in by two weeks after you receive your copy.

THE DENVENTION or Wh I Left Home!

Allen Class



My mother said, "Don't go."

My girl said, "Don't go!"

My brother didn't say anything. He didn't know.

Forsaking bed and board (Pardon Type Error-Ed) board, I was determined to get to Denver. "Science fiction triumphant over all", I whooped, and hit the highway.

Here comes a car, thumb upraised in hopeful gesture, -- zip ---, here comes another, -- zip --, and another, -- screech -- ah, at last. How far buddy? Denver. Geeze, you've got a long way to go! Yeh. Nice weather. Yeh.

Soon I came to St. Louis, across the Mississipp, over Missouri, Kansas City, how about a ride pal. O.K. climb in. Nice weather. Yeh.

Denver at last and now to hunt up a fan. Wonder what they look like? I guess I'll see Wiggins. Ly gawd! Hello, Mr. Wiggins, I'm an Ohio fan.. Blank stare of astonishment. By and by he is able to speak coherently.

Then I had to find a job as I was about a month too early. I worked day in day out from my first job to my second job. The time draws nigh---

Martin: Unfortunately Kornbluth and Cohen are in town.

Wiggins: Dale Hart just pulled in from Texas!

Class: Hello, Mr. Schneeman!

---Come the Fourth

Down to the Shirley-Savoy I sped, eager to see the fans, autograph book clutched in one sweaty palm with an itchy pencil in the other. Here's a crowd in the lobby, Bill Deutch? Phil Bronson? Al McKeel? Walt Liebscher? Pleased to meet you. Is that Ackerman? Isn't he handsome! And Morojo? Charming!

Disquerade party: "Doc" Lowndes with a gashed throat; Dr. Kornbluth, the brainless specialist, I mean brain specialist; Chet Cohen as "The Prophet" (I wondered why he grew that beard, I seen him shaven later!); E. E. Evans (what a bird!); Daugherty as a man from another planet (careful with that cape, Walt!) the highly improbable Meukel; Adam Stink the world's most lifelike robot, isn't he pretty -- oh, it's Heinlein! Leslyn his wife, looks like the Queen of Sheba; Omigawd, can this be Ackerman, you'd have to see it to believe it; and Morojo all prettied up as the frog woman; damon knight, take off your spacesuit, we know you; Rustobar escaped from his shoes in the guise of "The Tramp"; Bill Deutsch, use a little more chewinggum on your moustache and goatee, you look almost like an introvert now. What a time! Flashbulbs popping, bright lights and moving picture cameras. Hold

that pose! Walk slower! Hurry up Daugherty, you are next! Retake!

Finally the masquerade party is over. Beer and wine will now be served as we are waiting on the film for the movie, "The Lost World". One beer and one glass of wine and I sit back and watch the movie through a haze. Gad, I'm sleepy!! Who's that old boy raising hell in general? Quiet, so we can read the captions. Here's a big hairy ape on the screen. Martin shouts, "Kornbluth!" and McKeel sticks his hand up and tickles him with the shadow.

Lights on --- laughs, moans, chatter --- disturbance --- home to bed.

End of the first day.
(For me at least)

-- Came the Fifth

Finally out of bed and down to the Shirley. Everybody is clustered around listening to Rothman and Liebscher beating out some boogie-woogie. They certainly can tickle the ivories. Wiggins is waiting forlornly for everybody to get out of bed so he can hold the meeting of the CFS but it never is held.

After dinner there are speeches, resolutions and parliamentary procedure carried on with Daugherty being kept busy with recording the whole thing. A resolution is made to unite all of the fan clubs and organizations into the NFFF with the understanding that each group is to retain its individuality.

Comes the auction! What fun! Evans and

Daugherty battle fiercely, tooth and claw. Blood by the buckets. "Gus" Willmorth coming out on top with a canvas painting by Paul, and thousands of other black and whites. Evans paying nine dollars for a black and white by Finlay. Wiggins getting the only Dold at the auction. (He still thinkshe got the choicest morsel.) Naturally I got the best in a black and white by Thorp. After Korshak had sold everything, Heinlein got up and auctioned off the skeleton head he had bought in a weak moment. Daugherty has the patter on the platter. If you get a chance to buy a copy, do so. Good for an hours laugh.

-- And The Sixth

About dinner time there was enough boys yanked out of bed so we could get up the soft ball game. None of the professionals would submit to the grueling sport so it was an all fan game ending half way through in a tie.

After dinner the time comes to bid for the site of the next convention. Joe Fortier gives a nice talk expounding on the facilities available in San Fran. Then Milton Rothman tells of the perpetual wonders of Washington D. C. and Bob Madle puts up a comparitevely weak fight for Philadelphia. Finally Walt Daugherty reveals the vagaries of Los Angeles. A vote is then taken and L.A. is chosen by an overwhelming majority.

Comes the banquet! Inch thick, juicy steak plus all the trimmings. After dinner speeches. Daugherty announces the winner of the Comet award in none other than that ass, Class. Heinlein gives forth! Daugherty records. Degler gets long winded about a certain "mysterious" message from Mars, re-

ceived the previous day. Unger tries his humor aided and abetted by Widner with his "Granny" cackle. Willard Hawkins is called upon and does very well with an impromptu speech. Franklyn Brady goes into his song and dance. In fact everybody said a few words (about 35 attended). Then Brady presented Heinlein with a set of seven books on behalf of the fans. (It was his birthday -- Ed) Heinlein was visibly touched and appeared very grateful. Morojo looked very pretty in the gown she wore to the banquet. So ended the convention, officially, at least.

Addendum

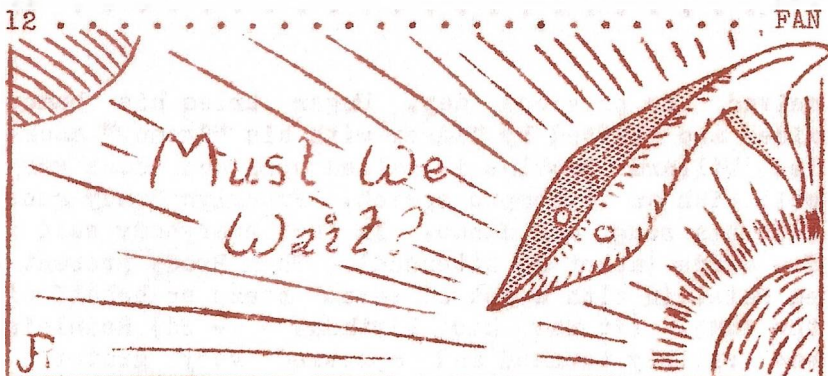
Art Widner, Jr. appeared as "Granny" from the story "Slan" at the banquet.

Walt Daugherty awarded five medals, one to Olon Wiggins for editing the best fan magazine, to Roy Hunt for being the best fan artist, to Julius Unger for publishing the best news magazine pertaining to science fiction, to 4sj Ackerman for his activities in fandom, and to damon knight for the best humor pertaining to science fiction. . . . AC

--- #### ---

The Last Minute Review

I just received a copy of a brand new unheralded magazine, NOVA. The first issue is really an excellent issue considering. Al Ashley is the editor and E. E. Evans the associate. Outstanding is an article by Evans and the long-range plan and a nice one by E. E. Smith. Hoy Ping Pong hits a new low. La Nova Fem is about a crummy feature as we've seen. An all girl's column with no interest. I was stunned to learn Rocklyne married a Jewess.....lew



G. Ken Chapman

A retrospect discussion of Fr. H. G. Wells' latest sociological manifesto, "The Rights of Man".

I notice that "Astonishing Stories" for October, 1940, contains, amongst other items in it's "Fantasy Reviews", a paragraph or two upon Book Notes. In turn, this little excerpt has a couple of sentences to say on a 'Penguin' BOOK, "The Rights of Man", by Fr. H. G. Wells.

It is extremely incongruous that three-quarters of a page is expended on two fantastic novels, which, in his polished fashion, Donald Wollheim rather admits are nowhere near toprate, yet this great Wellsian philosophy is dismissed in a score or so of words.

Nor, to be quite frank, is what is said entirely accurate!

For instance, the reviewer--I do not know who it would be, but I mean him no offence, anyway -- remarks that the book sets forth H. G. Wells' ideas on the reorganisation of the world after the present war is over.

Whereas, on page seven of the British Penguin

Edition of the book, in the Preface, this is clearly stated:-

"It is a piece of associated writing of which the present writer is to be regarded as the editor and secretary rather than the author --- "

I have every reason to believe that Mr. Wells did indeed go to a considerable amount of trouble to make the book the result of expert and rational debate, rather than the original industry of his own brilliant intellect.

A thorough reading of the book will reveal this adequately, by the amount and pro. and con. that is itself debated therein, and by the not inconsiderable amount of alteration that the 'Declaration' undergoes during the course of the book's length, as compared to the original draft.

Much of Wells' own opinion does come out in work, I will grant, but it is such rationally-planned and commonsense stuff, that my guess is that no very reasonable counter-argument could be put up against it's philosophy.

Again, "Astonishing Stories" state that the book's object is to 'reorganise the world after the present war is over. Once more, I object!

My impression is that Wells intends his rationalised World Revolution to begin NOW!

I can find no reason for hold-up of his plans because there is a War on in mad-Europe. On the contrary, all the more reason why we should, indeed, make our start at it now at once!

It may be assumed that an intelligent individual will want, nay demand, better living conditions for the entire human race, when this devastation is eventually over. I ask you to note that I say the entire human race, and use the words advisedly, for it is obvious too that racial prejudices will never be forgotten, nor enmities forgiven, as we will. All of us want it, as long as poverty, injustice and inequalities remain unabated. It is therefore, necessary for action to be taken now, to make possible for a united World to exist, upon Peace coming to Terra.

Wells' "Declaration of Rights" is eminently suitable for this purpose! It is a manifesto of clean, commonsense, such as this Earth needs to pull it together today, and it is, surely, up to the democratic peoples of the Western Civilizations who claim themselves to be saving the World's 'Liberty' to adopt some fashion of plans to give this poor, old World a chance to enjoy it's liberation. Yes, H. G. Wells is the man for the job!

The book is, I must confess, typically Wellsian in its frankness and daring, and the Master obviously is airing his own views at these candid moments, and I suppose those outspoken paragraphs, which tell us -- we, the democracies -- where we, too, err on the side officiality, red-tape and thralldom, are eventually more likely to get Mr. Wells into hot water with those who pull the big strings in the Whitehall's of the World, as his plain statements of obvious truths have achieved for him in his recent tour of the U.S.A.

Here, nevertheless, in this little book, IS a basis for hope that at some future date a generation of homo sapien will arise, who will see the importance of H. G. Wells' "Declaration of Mans'

Rights", and, moreover, who will DO something constructive about the matter.

Until that happy day, oppression, aggression and poverty will remain an integral part of Fan's living conditions, and, periodically, until then, I suppose, Murder, on vast and unprecedented scales, will be legalised in the vilness called 'War'.GKC

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SIDELIGHTS

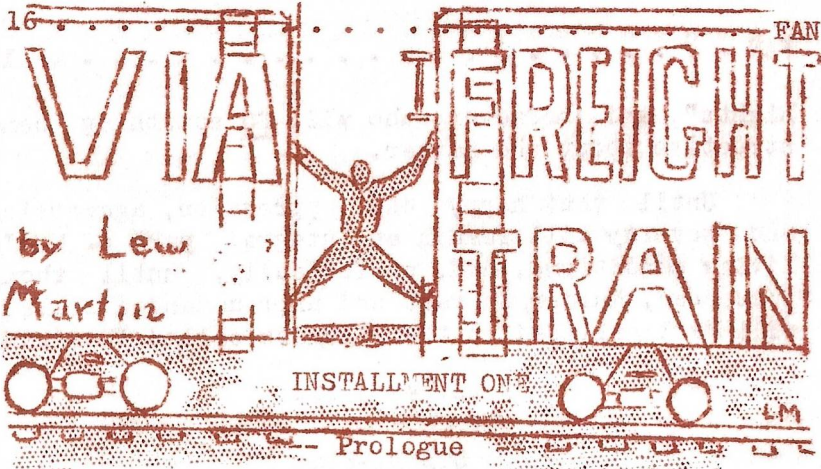
We are overjoyed to note that Street & Smith are taking good care of their favorite editor, John W. Campbell, Jr., by furnishing him with an "Ass Editor" in the form of Catherine Tarrant to assist him in the preparation of Unknown Worlds. We believe that contented editors definately do better work, but we trust Campbell will use discretion with this new office attachment and not run himself down either physically or mentally as we like both Astounding and Unknown. We'd like to announce here that we give Street & Smith the honor of the most understanding employers, what other houses give their favorite employees Ass Editors?

See Contents Page of October 1941 Unknown Worlds.

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COLLECTORS -- ATTENTION!

For you fan mag collectors, we are presenting a complete bibliography of THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN in the next issue. (March) This will contain dates, volume numbers, whole numbers, notations of the few mistakes made in some numbering, anniversary ishes designated, and how the copies were duplicated.. This bibliography will be invaluable to collectors.



This is a detailed account of two fans who chose the box cars as a mode of transportation to the Chicon rather than the cushions. Namely Olon F. Wiggins and author, Lew Martin. While I could write a fair sized volume about the journey, I'm holding myself to a minimum of wordage thru the many following instalments. Pray excuse spots where my memory has grown somewhat dim, or where I go into too much detail on uninteresting subjects. Don't pity us as I relate the hardships, thrill with us as we go from one unusual experience to another, adventure to adventure. After all, we could have paid our way if we wanted, we chose romance and adventure, and despite the hardships we would gladly do it again. lew

"Embarkment"

It all began one meeting of the Denver Science Fictioneers when I asked Chairman Wiggins if he planned to attend the Chicago 1940 World's Science-Fiction Convention (referred to hereafter as the 'Chicon'). He replied that he was and I told him of my desire and determination to go. He planned to go via bus and I had planned to hitch-hike,

picking up fan Al McKeel at Jefferson City, Missouri. Several meetings elapsed before we had compromised on accompanying each other via freight train. After this we talked with all our friends and had received a very pessimistic outlook on freight trains in general and railroad bulls in particular. This in itself would have discouraged our taking this mode of transportation had not the thought of having more money to spend at the Chicon overbalanced it. After everything was agreed we had one month to wait, and it went by fairly fast for me as I worked eight hours a day the remainder of the time for spending money.

Sunday, August 25th, 1940, I met Olon at his house with my suitcase, dressed in the oldest clothes I could find. Since neither of us had much luggage we both loaded our stuff in one suitcase, jumped on it to fasten it, and went down to the express office and sent it to ourselves in Chicago. I converted my money into travelers checks and sent it to myself General Delivery in Chi. We were all ready to go when Olon suddenly remembered he had neglected to draw out his postal savings and it was Wunday. Well, this delayed things a day and so after going out and looking over the freight yards, as we had done for several Saturdays before to make sure of the lay of land, I went home and got to bed early.

And now, bored reader, since we've past the preliminaries and seemingly essential background setter, let's get started. I again went down to Olon's house and after a short and tearful goodbye, (on her part only) to his wife and baby girl, we walked to the freight yards. It was a hot sunshiny day and I had my jersey (which is all I took in the way of a coat and was I sorry later!) under my arm and Olon his thin leather jacket tied by the

arms around his waist.

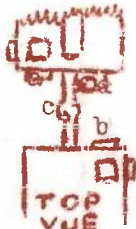
We arrived at the yards about 2:30 and waited for the train that we had learned pulls out every day anywhere between 2:30 and 5 every afternoon bound for that windy city. It was very hot and we consumed a malt at a small cafe, and every instance throughout the trip that we were hungry we thought of those malts. After several hours of throwing Olon's knife at a telephone post we thought our train was pulling out. It turned out to be a local and after several other false alarms 'our' train finally pulled out. The whistle screamed shrilly and the hiss of escaping steam sent little chills down my spine. The engine groaned under the heavy load and the cars clattered deafingly as the slack was taken out of each coupling and roaring down the line till the caboose jerked into motion at the end.

It had picked up fair speed by the time it reached us and we pretended nonchalance as the locomotive rumbled by. There is something awesome and fearful about an engine under steam hovering over you. Eight feet driver wheels forced around by a massive piston arm; hundreds of tons of metal powered by thousands of horsepower locked therein and hissing its feral hate. It makes you feel small and insignificant. After three or four cars had rolled by we took a last look around for railroad bulls and ran. The cars were not going fast as it was easy to grasp a wrung in the iron ladder. Grasping a wrung just above my head while running alongside the moving car I swung my feet to the bottom wrung. Wiggins took the car behind the one I was on and we were finally off!

I quickly climbed up to the top and looked back, but no sign of Olon. Deciding that I was too conspicuous aloft I climbed down again between the

cars. The train slowed down and stopped after we had been on perhaps two blocks, and me being so damn green I thought someone had spotted us and flagged the train to kick us off. I have to laugh now at the thought. None of the switchmen or brakies sympathize with the railroad bull for it's also his duty to keep them in line and it gives them pleasure to see a hobo pull something over on him. Besides, who ever heard of stopping a train to throw off anyone when it would mean disrrupting schedules from here to there. I fear it was the height of egotism to even conceive that they would stop a 'red ball' to bounce us out of the yards.

I looked furtively around the corner of the car expecting any minute to see a bull barrel up, but seen Wiggins sauntering up the car and climb into the well with me. ('Well' is the space between cars.) Before I go further, I'll give you a small diagram of the space between cars so those not familar with such things will be able to follow the narrative properly. a -- ladder on rear end of front car. b -- ladder on front end of rear car. c -- couplings. d -- manual brake and small platform about three quarters the way up on the rear end of the front car. Directly across from 'a' on the rear car was one wrung bolted on the wooden side. The front car was constructed of corrugated metal and the depressions were big enough so you could almost get a comfortable toehold in them. Olon was hanging on ladder 'a' with his left foot resting cross the gap on the single wrung. I was on ladder 'b' with left foot on one of the corrugations.



Continued Next
Issue.

SEE YOU IN

HOLLYWOOD

AT THE

PICTURE PALACE

IN 42