

# THURBANT

A-FANZINE  
OF-THE  
COSMIC  
AGE

WARREN  
DENNIS

# THE BIG BRAG!!!!

Editorial by Warren Dennis

Well here we are again, bet you were begining to think you would never see us again.

I'm writing this before the 'zine is completely mimieoed, so later you will find jumbled coments on what we will run off later.

I really don't think we are so late. I have heard of 'zines coming out as much as eight months late. And many 'zines fail to come out at all, thus stranding their subscribers. You don't need to worry about about that with us. If we ever fail, we will send back the money for the copies you haven't received.

The reason for the two names on page 11 is that James White is an orphan and wants to contact his parents (Bunan). His address is 165 Keyser, Yuba City, California.

This month we have another offset cover at less cost to this "editor" this time. No color cover this time.

I'm afraid, in last issue's editorial I said the page format for the second issue would be like page 12 of that issue. Well it isn't, we think it's even better. You'll find that evry page is blocked in by lines and shading.

Last issue seven pages of our total eighteen pages were without illio's. This issue we have only 10 without illios; also the quality of our art has improved tremendously. The mimeoing in this ish is twice as good as last time.

We score another point with our large and costly jump to 20 lb. paper, and another one with our jump from 18 to 26 pages. (We just "wanna" make Kaymar jealous).

We also topped our promise to have four artists this issue, we have come across with six. I also kept my promise to have ~~at least~~ one two color illio (look on page 7) and in fact it is a four color PAGE.

You undoubtedly will receive a shock on page 17 when you see our new department the Sports Section.

This ish we have four departments; Collectors Corner, The Sports Section, fanzine reveiws, and a letter column. Next issue we will add at least one more department, possibly two, the names of which won't be revealed until then.

Last issue we brought you writing by six people, De La Ree, Southern, Hopkins, Stewart, White, and myself. This time we have six once more; White, Margason, Hopkins, Smith, Leary, and myself. Next ish, we will have at least nine writers. This time we brought you six artists, next ish we will have eight with a possible 11 or 12 artists.

Next issue we will go bi monthly. The coming ish will be Aug, Sept., 1953. It will have at least 30 pages, very possibly more. It will have all 20 lb paper.

Our low ad rates (the lowest in fandom as far as I know) will continue at least into Sept. maybe longer.

Remember you people that get sample copies, our only reward for our work are your comments and subscriptions, lets have alot of both. Hope I'll see YOU NEXT ISSUE (Aug-Sept)

Until Then.

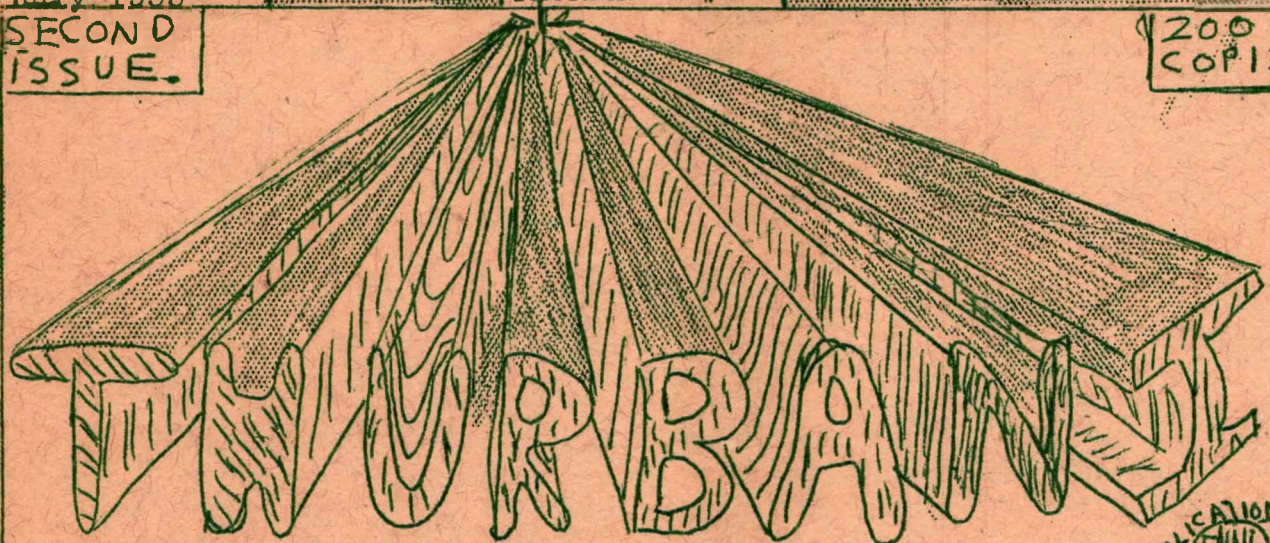
*Warren Dennis*



July 1953  
SECOND  
ISSUE.

THURBAN 1 #2

200  
COPIES



A FANZINE OF THE COSMIC AGE  
JULY 1953

Published by Warren Dennis Editor Warren Dennis  
Lettering on cover Warren Dennis Asst. Editor John M. Hammer  
Art; Warren Dennis, J.M. Hammer, William Rotsler, John Cockcroft,  
Ronnie De Carlo, Jack Marsh. (1/4 page ad ONLY 20¢)

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Thurban 1, 2nd issue. July 1953. Thurban 1 is an amateur publication for fans of; Weird, SF., and Fantasy. All communications, art work; send to Warren Dennis, 511 Plaisance, Ave. Rockford, Illinois.  
Single copy 10¢ 3/25 7/50¢; 14/95¢. 1 full page ad only 75¢-1/2 page-40¢



July 1953 THURBAN 1 #2

Acknowledgements: I wish to thank all of the people listed below for help, contributions, advice, and so on.

Wilkie Connor, N. F.F.F. Mss. Bu., 1514 Poston Cir., Gastonia, N.C.  
Jim Leary, Roger Margason, Jerry Hopkins, James White, John M. Hammer, Dale F. Smith, Dale Shely, Ronnie De Carlo, Wm. Rotsler, John Cockroft, Claude Held, and Jack Marsh.

FANZINE REVEIWS #2

WHISPERING SPACE, Published by Val Walker, 6438 E. 4th Pl. Tulsa Oklahoma; Free, Published irregularly. The first ish has a hektographed cover that looks like a not so good rough sketch, but that is a characteristic of free fanzines. The cover belies the fine contents of the 'zine, which are comprised of an editorial, three stories, one article, fanzine reveiws, and book reveiws. The hektoing is about the most legible I have ever seen. And I don't see why Val doesn't write for the prozines. W.S. may become regular and take subs after the second issue. Keep track of Val, he is going places.

KAYMAR-TRADER, Published by K. Martin Carlson, 1028 third Ave. Moorhead, Minnesota; 10¢ a copy, Published monthly. Issue # 74 has a cover by Dea. A very good cover I might add. (Next month a cover by me, WD) Kaymar is the best mimeoed tradzine going at the present and has held that distinction since he started centuries ago.

-THE END-

THE CRIPES #1

The letter column- comments on the last issue.

WILKIE CONNER

Dear Dennis,

Thurban 1 is o.k., but my copy was terrible sloppy. If you don't improve the mimeoing and general make-up, I'm afraid the mag will be short lived.

White's yarn is damn good --what I could read of it -- and you deserve a feather for getting him to do it.

1514 Poston Circle  
Gastonia, N.C.  
(please observe our mimeoing this ish. We have all intentions of staying in the fanzine publishing business. Thanks for your comments on White's story, sorry about the mimeoing that you mention on his story, but as you can see it didn't happen this issue- ed.)

JACK MARSH

Dear Warren,

Enclosed find one buck for 3 issues of your fanzine,

Thurban (what does the title mean) and a full ad like the enclosed layout.

Your 'zine is interesting, but a plain black and cover would look better then the coloring.

1205 Haltom St.  
Jonesboro, Ark.

(Thanks for sub and ad. There is a star named Thuban, so I added a letter to make it more acomadtive to the common linguistic difficulties encountered in saying THU instead of a nice even THUR. We followed your advice on the cover. What do you think of this months' cover.- ed.)

VAL WALKER

Dear Mr. Hammer,

...Only thing wrong with Thurban is the mimeo.. but that will improve I'm sure...

(You were right about the mimeo improvement, I hope.- asst.ed.)

(More letters on page 25)



conclusion to the story behind last month's cover.

MANHUNT IN ARIAN

By James White

"Your Adam's apple is bobbing, son." replied the Old Man pointedly. With a wry grin at the pass word they had agreed on, Wilde lowered the paralyzer and the general went to the drugged man's stretcher. He gave the man an impartial examination, then said without turning, "Wake this man up long enough to talk." he ordered, then muttered something under his breath. While two uniformed men entered and took the imposter out, manuvering his stiff frame carefully in the narrow convines of the corridor, the general looked at Wilde and began to explain about the impersonator. "They had the hospitals all watched. When the ambulance showed up with you and Paladino..."

"Paladino?" Wilde interrupted.

"Yeah." Stewart answered, "He's Orville Paladino. When the ambulance came with you two..."

"How did they know we would have come to a hospital?"

"I don't know, but they knew. The accident might have been planned with someone following you. That speed tablet you took isn't exactly scarce, you know. But when they found which hospital you came to they hustled that guy in to take my place before I came. They didn't time it right though. The imposter would have been caught by me, either while he was still here or before he left the building." Stewart turned to the man on the other stretcher, found he was awake and had been listening with considerable interest.

"How're you feeling?" the general asked in a voice midway between a growl and his customary bellow.

"All right, I guess."

"Feel up to answering some questions?"

"I don't feel so good after all."

"You'll answer them anyhow." Stewart decided, and glanced toward Wilde to be sure he was listening. "What's your name?"

"Bill Fisher. What's yours?"

"I'M not here to play games. What's your real name?"

"Bill Fisher, like I said."

"Do you know the plans of the Dnroads, Orville Paladino?"

"What plans?"

"You know plans. They're gonna attack us. You aren't going to get into trouble if you answer us. But I want the truth, or you'll be burned so bad you'll wish we'd give you the opportunity to tell."

"I don't feel so good."

"Goddammit. I'm not going to let you alone until I know what you know. If it takes a week, I'll be here waiting. But I want to know." Stewart's face was flushed with anger as he stood threateningly above the man on the strecher.

"All right, all right. I know about the plans."

Wilde was surprised and a little suspicious at the man's quick change of pace. He wished he could catch the general's eye, but Stewart's back was to him.

"When is the attack?" the general asked.

"Tomorrow. 0300."

"Where?"

"They plan a simultaneous attack on both planets."

"How?"

(cont. on page-6)



## MANHUNT IN ARIAN

(continued from page-5)

Their whole fleet is on the other side of Prothisis."

"Why're they attacking us? We've been friends for quite awhile and we've both realized considerable good from the alliance."

"They're over-populated, for one thing." Paladino explained, "And they don't like your form of government. They want to install their own."

Stewart turned back to Wilde.

"You get all that?" he asked gruffly

"Yeah, but so what?" Wilde answered, "All we know is they won't attack Arian at 0300 tomorrow. The fact he was drugged shows they got to him. They know he knows their plans."

"Why didn't they just kill him when they were through?" the general countered.

"Maybe they wanted us to think that's when they'll attack us. They might be on their way right now."

"And then again, they might want us to believe they'll change the time or date, so they'll hit us at 0300."

"Well, you know what to do in a case like that, don't you?"

"Yeah. Meet 'em with all we've got right where they are before they have a chance to finish gathering."

In two long strides he reached the door and flung it open. "Get me a portable visiscreen. On the double." he roared at the enlisted men waiting in the hall, then slammed the door and whirled on the attendant. "Get his doctor. Move!"

The attendant beat a hasty retreat and in a moment was back with a portly, well-fed individual with graying sideburns and the dignified bearing that comes with success.

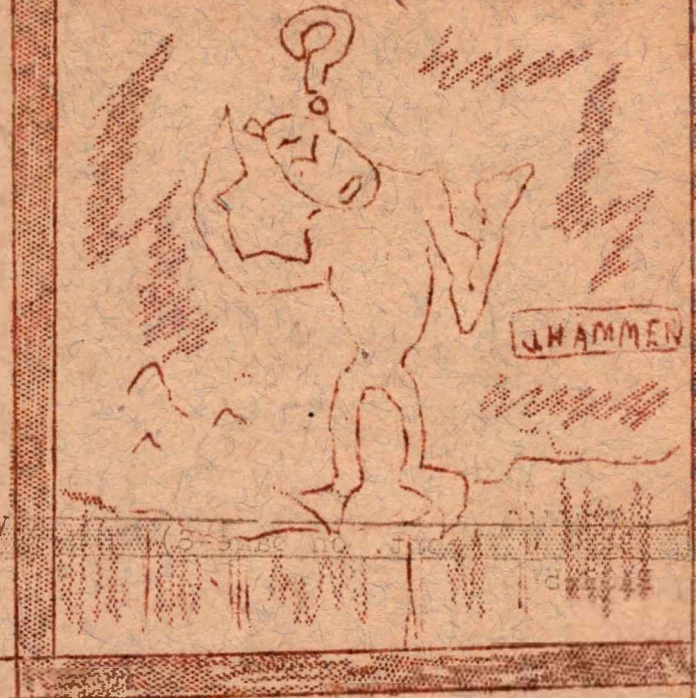
"How soon can you get this man ready for duty?"

"Oh, I'd say you can have him on his feet in two weeks--and another week for convalescence, of course."

"I want this man to command a battleship and crew by 2200 hours tonight. Get busy." Stewart's voice was dangerously quiet now. In sharp contrast to his manner when he commanded the military forces of Altair--and indirectly--of Comsan from his desk. The existence of his planet and his system was in danger of becoming non-existent and there was no time for blustering and bullying those who took his orders.

"I'm sorry, General Stewart," protested the doctor, "but this is only a hospital. We aren't miracle performers. We just can't do the job in the short time you allot us." he waved a well-manicured hand apologetically. "You'll just have to find another man to command your ship."

The general looked surprised for a moment that anyone would dare to defy him, but the expression passed immediately. (cont. on page-7)





July 1953

PHURBAN 1

MANHUNT IN ARIAN

(continued from page-6)

"If the enemy gets through our defense, you're going to be just as dead as everybody else in the system," he said; and at the unyielding expression on the other's face, he finished a little lamely, "Well the least you can do is get him a stereo screen to watch the fun from where he is."

"That is a simple matter, General." replied the doctor, relieved. He turned to his assistant. "Duncan, see that Captain Wilde has a stereo screen in here by the time General Stewart leaves."

"All right, Doctor Peterman." replied the man and departed, holding the door open for the men with the visiscreen. They set the machine down and plugged it into the electrical outlet.

"Wait out side." Stewart snapped at the enlisted men, "I'm going to want to know why it took you so long to get this."

The men saluted and retreated beyond the door. Stewart snapped the machine on and chafed impatiently until the screen lighted up with the face of an operator. "Number, please." she smiled sweetly.

"Give me my office in the Operations Building." he growled, convincing the girl that she should be frightened. The scene shifted, obliterating the face of the operator to make room for that of his secretary.

"Yes, General?"

"Give me all stations."

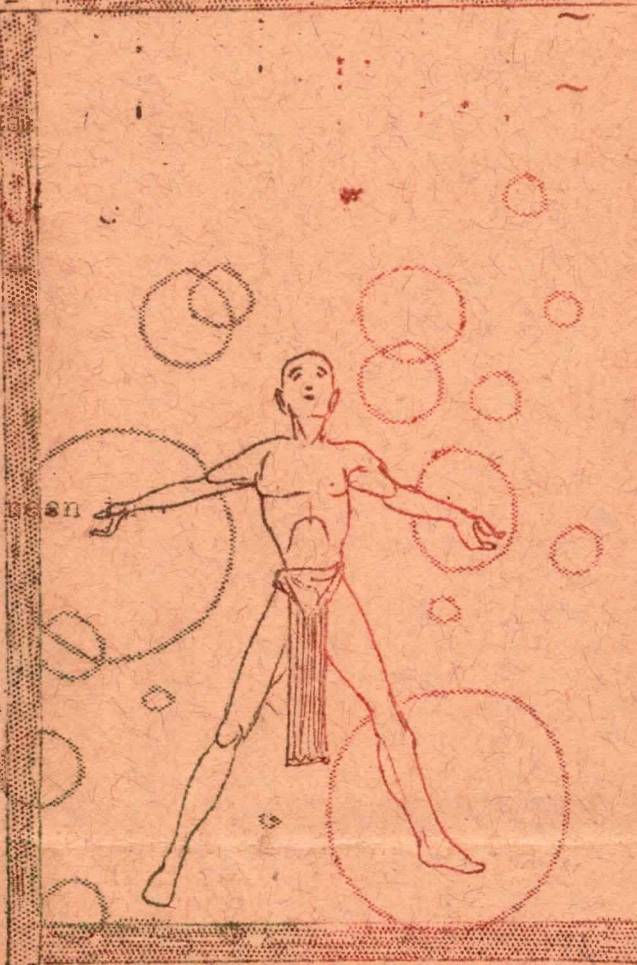
"Yes Sir." the screen looked black for a second, then the secretary's face returned with its smile. "Go ahead, Sir." she said as she risked a glance at Wilde lying in his bed. A look of surprise crossed her face and was traded for an interested gaze from Wilde.

"Amazing what color screens can do nowadays." he thought with a wry grin, "Her face turned red as a beet."

The scene remained dominated by the pert little blonde in General Stewart's reception room, but Stewart bellowed into the screen, sure his voice and image carried through to those he spoke to: "Attention! All pilots and crews report to your stations for muster. Prepare to repel an invasion."

He waited a second, then said, "All right, Miss Martin." The girl turned a knob below the screen and looked at him expectantly. "Give me a tight line to Comsan."

Stewart waited a second for the conditions to be set up; then the face of a young man in an ensign's--(cont. on page-8)





July 1957

THURSDAY

LANHUNE IN  
ARIAN

(Cont. from)  
(page-7)

bright green uniform appeared. "Let me speak to your commanding officer." Stewart ordered.

"Yes Sir." the man faded to be replaced by General Dennis.

"Hello, Ray." greeted the commanding General of the military forces on Comsan, "What can I do for you?"

"How are you Mark?" replied Stewart, "We've both got troubles." Dennis' brows shot up nearly to the line of hair that began high on his forehead.

"How so?" he asked.

Stewart brought him up to date. "The thing to do is order your whole fleet, to the oldest freighter, out there as a delaying action until we've had time to get there." he continued. "You're closer to them and you'd be able to surprise 'em better."

"All right." replied Dennis. "I'll see you there."

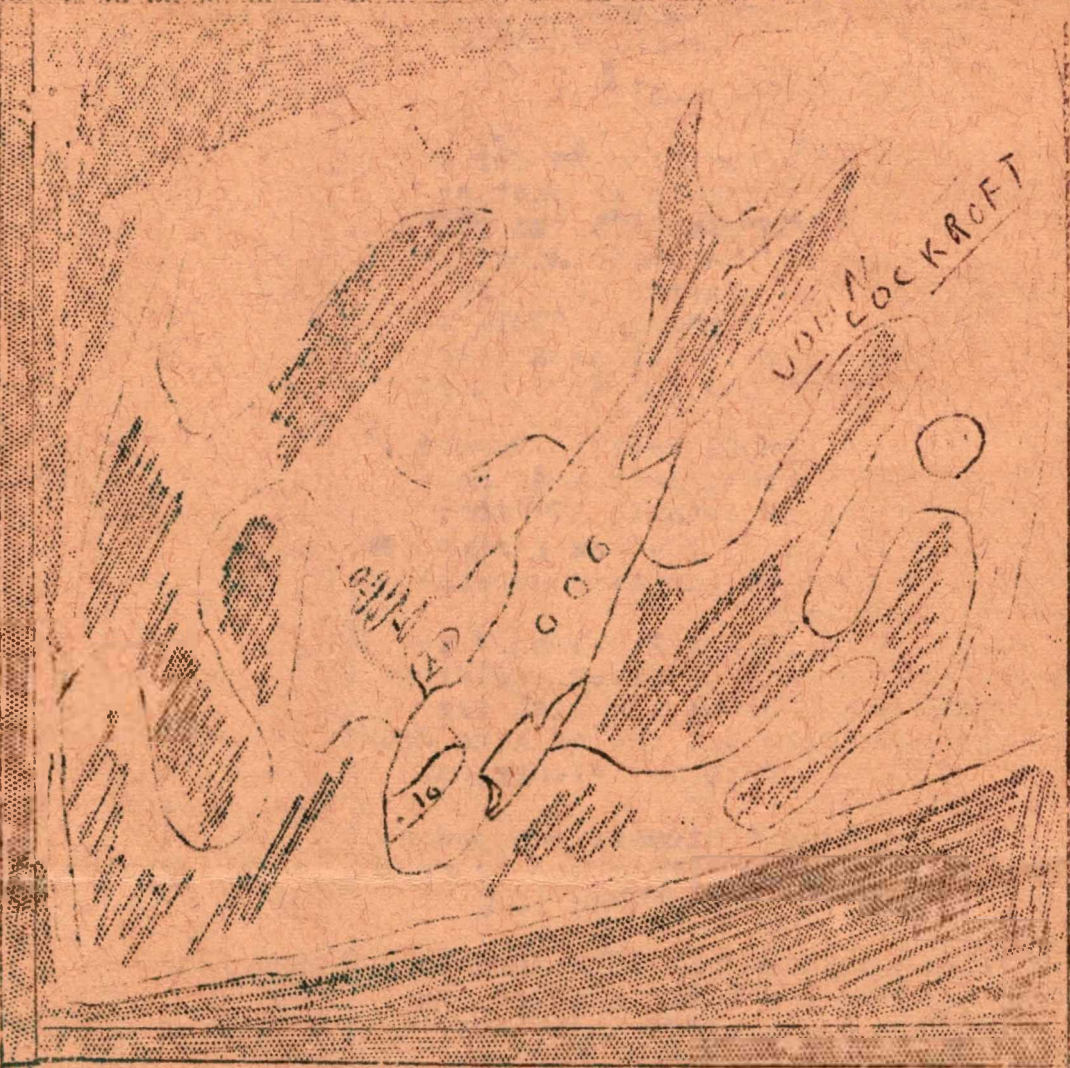
Stewart snapped the screen off then on again. "Get me all stations again." he snapped at his secretary. "Attention: Board ships and be ready to take off at a moments notice. All right, Miss Martin, cut me off. I'll be there in a few minutes."

Stewart whirled on Wilde. "Where are those pills I gave you?"

"In my pants pocket." Wilde returned questioningly to Doctor Peterman, who went to the closet and took out a neatly pressed uniform. With a look at Wilde, who nodded his permission, the doctor reached into a pocket and pulled out a small box. He handed the box to the general and returned the uniform to the closet.

Stewart took a pill from the box and swallowed it, then tossed the box back to Wilde and started for the door. He opened the door-- and vanished.

"Handy little gadgets when your in a hurry, aren't they?" Wilde remarked to the doctor, (cont. on page-9)





July 1953

THURMAN 1

HARKNUNT IN ALTAIR

(cont. from page-8)

tossing the pills into the air and catching them in his palm.

"Yes, but if you value your life, you won't use them in space, regardless of how pressed for time you are." returned the other with a frown as he opened the door. "They're instant death."

Wilde impatiently puffed a cigarette alight and after a couple of drags, stabbed it out among the many long stubs that testified to his agitation. He tossed and turned, cursing Orville Paladino for letting them dope him up and almost getting himself and Wilde killed. If the man hadn't gotten hold of the information in the first place, regardless of how he had managed, Wilde would be giving orders preparatory to getting underway, headed for the other side of Prohthis and the Dnroads. If Paladino hadn't known about the attack the battle would already be joined. The delay was going to cost Altair and Comsan a large part of their fleet. A part that would have been saved, since fewer Dnroadian ships would have had time to rendezvous with the fleet.

As it was, he had to lay there between the twisted sheets and sweat the battle out over a stereo screen. It was like watching a travelog or a space battle ~~the~~ staring your favorite hero.

Wilde was disgusted.

Abruptly the fleet of ships in the screen flashed blue fire from their tails and began climbing straight up. The television camera in the nose of the flag ship began recording and all Wilde could see were the stars of outer space as the armada circled the dwarf star that was their sun. The enemy was sighted with the Comsanian fleet already engaged.

As Wilde watched the wheeling, ray-spitting, exploding space craft it seemed that the Comsanian ships were losing more heavily than were the Dnroadian craft. "Come on, Stewart," he bellowed with a futile shake of his fist at the stereo, "Don't just sit there with your thumb in mouth, Get in there and fight the way you do from behind that desk of yours."

Three battleships exploded from Dnroadian cannon as the Altairian fleet bore down on the raging battle. Wilde recognized all three as Comsanians, but noticed approvingly that they were getting in some shots of their own as a Dnroadian bomber went out of control and went screaming soundlessly into the hungry little dwarf's flaming red jaws.

Then the Altairians were in the midst of the battle, their rays biting into the ranks of the Dnroadian invaders. When the latter had gotten over their surprise, the Altairian craft began lighting up with dismayingly regularity. Then Wilde realized that he had been looking only at the losses. The Dnroadian ships were exploding or going out of control just as regularly as either Altair's or Comsan's finest.

The flagship wheeled and Wilde feared its ray shields had been penetrated. It was only maneuvering for shot at the enemy, and as an empty spot in space appeared Wilde thought he had seen a number

(cont. on page-10)





## MANHUNT IN ARIAN

(cont. from page-9)

of unfamiliar specks of light, but the section disappeared too quickly and he wasn't sure. The stereo camera centered on the Dnroadian space craft and it exploded before his eyes. The craft shifted again and the spots of light were closer. A sudden apprehension forced itself upon Wilde and he swore. Dnroadian ships were approaching the rendezvous-battleground.

It would be the same as when Altair entered the fight. Only the positions would be reversed, with Altair and her ally playing the part of the victim. The fight raged on, unheeding of the approaching enemy, with Wilde sitting up in bed in a cold sweat. Then the Dnroadians were upon them, only a Comsanian had seen the newcomer and warned the rest of the fleet. The fresh squadron had lost the element of surprise.

The battle raged unceasingly for hours. The empty blackness was filled with the odorless stench of exploding ships and dead men and the deafeningly silent explosions that were intolerably bright for a split second, then suddenly blanked out as if nothing had ever occupied the space.

And it was over. Ships darted here and there seeking the enemy but none were to be found. The positions had reversed. The Dnroadians had to remain and fight to the death to prevent the fate planned for Altair and Comsan from befalling their own system.

Wilde lay back on his pillow, physically and mentally exhausted, as if he had actually been battling for his life. "They'll return victorious and life on Altair will continue as it has for centuries." he thought.

He reached over to turn off the stereo but sight of the screen stayed his hand. The two fleets were merging into a single gigantic armada and turning away from the sun to plunge into outer space. The destination--Dnroad. Wilde wearily turned the stereo off and flipped the light switch. He rolled over and was instantly asleep.

The End

## ALIEN LAND

By Jerry Hopkins

Red grass waves in breezes,  
Breezes green and gold.  
Chartreuse mountains rise while  
Rivers roll and fold.

Blood-red hills and purple lakes  
Go wandering near and far.  
The garnet plains are small and rough,  
The oceans, black as tar.

The trees are short and crooked  
The plants are tall and thin.  
The people; they just ain't  
no more.

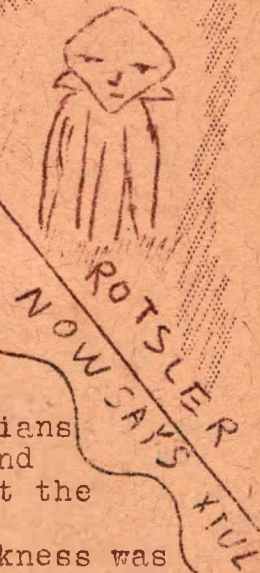
The clouds are made of tin.

The sky is soft and crusty,  
The earth is all aglow.

Where is this gol' danged  
place, you say?

Be damned if we all know.

SUBSCRIBE





The autobiography of James White (Hal Bunan)  
 \* reason for the two names explained  
 in editorial.

### IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES

By James White (Hal Bunan)

I have been asked to do something few writers can adequately accomplish. Your editor asked me to do autobiography. (Author's note: he can't say I twisted his arm!)

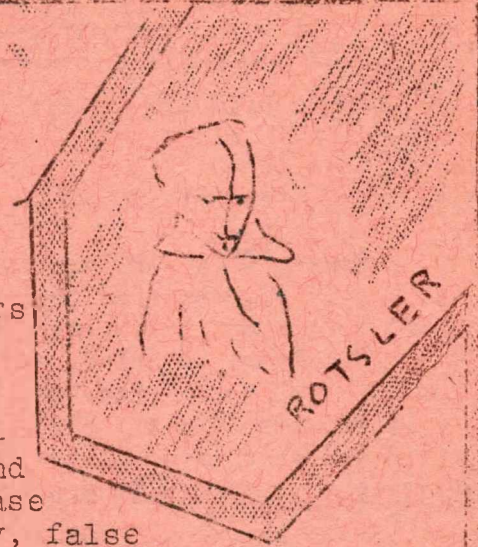
Actually there isn't much about me that hasn't been experienced by millions of others. And don't think I'm suffering from the dread disease "false modesty." I don't have any modesty, false or otherwise.

On the twenty-second of August, 1928, Harry and Bessy Bunan were forced to accept a bundle from the stork. For the accurateness of the record, after the original contract about three-quarters of a year before, they didn't have much choice in the matter. The locality in which the above-mentioned bundle was delivered is the question of the ages; I certainly have no idea. The problem "why" has bothered me nearly as much as the place. Approximately one year those victims of that well-known confidence game -- bringing children into the world -- must have realized their mistake, because on the adoption papers another pair of misguided souls, James F. and Mary White, saddled themselves with the responsibility of rearing me for better or worse -- and believe you me, it was a responsibility! My father died soon after, probably from the blow to his pride over his mistaking in omitting to read the finer print on those adoption papers. My foster mother assumed the duties of mother, father, sister, brother and what have you until I became too lazy to continue school and ducked out by enlisting in the Army in 1945, when science fiction claimed my attention to the exclusion of everything else -- except women.

In 1949 I was discharged after a round trip to Italy, and it took me a full year to make up my mind to re-enlist in the Air Force, gritting my teeth when I learned I'd have to take another beat ride to the Philippine Islands, this time. This brings us to the year 1952, when I imagined there was a little talent in me. A test of my ability presented itself in the form of the Air Force first annual short story contest and, probably because the judges did not understand science fiction and were taking no chances, I was awarded second prize.

This supplied enough egoboo to think there was really something there so I continued filling up sheets of paper with words of all descriptions. When time came for the second annual contest I was prepared with six stories. But after reading them through one last time before submission, five were submitted and the sixth was consigned to the ever-hungry fire box.

At least there is a consistency with those judges who have about the most difficult job imaginable. A second prize was dropped into my lap once more, although I've no idea which story (cont. on page-14)





JULY-1953

THURBAN 2

The story behind this month's cover.

TOWERS

by Dale R. Smith

Amart, Chief Engineering Inspector of the Survivors, descended the main entrance shaft to the Royal Towers. With him were Zone, Construction Chief, and several other top-level technicians and workers. Their descent down the steep tunnel was rapid and soon brought them to a small, cave-like section with a level floor. Other tunnels departed from this area, an-ling up and down. But on its side a closed door in the face of substance hard, smooth and shiny contrasted with the sandy material surrounding the group on all other sides.

At a signal from Zone two of the workers approached the door and slid it open.

"This is the Central Tower, Amart," said Zone. "Which portion or section do you desire to inspect first?"

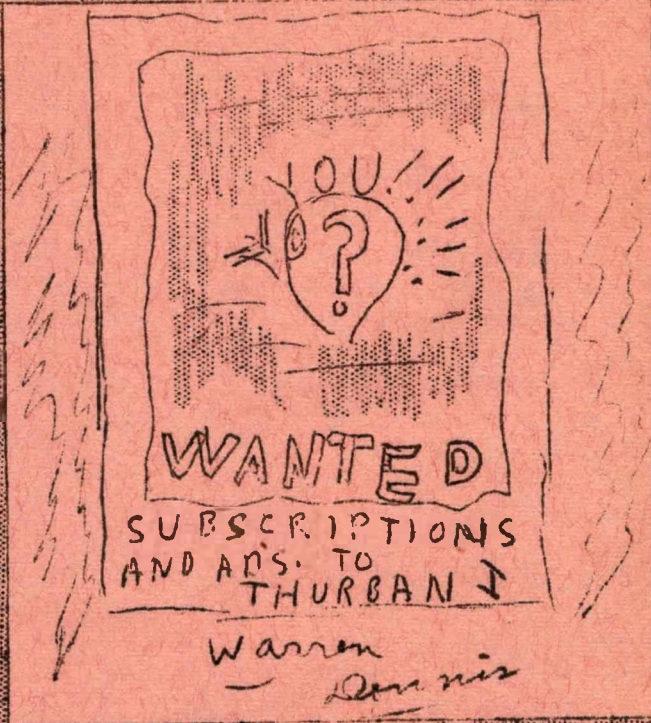
Amart approached the open door. "Take me to the main base section," he said and stepped slightly to one side so that Zone could take the lead.

Zone, with Amart close behind and the rest of the group trailing silently, began to follow a pathway spiraling downward. On each side were blank walls but occasionally Amart sensed closed doors on the inner wall. And then the pathway leveled out suddenly and Zone came to a halt a short distance from the spot where the roof met the floor.

"This is the lowest level of the main base section, Amart," Zone announced. "We are now three lengths below future ground level."

Amart edged a bit closer to the outer wall and felt its texture. It was hard and glass-like yet with a finely uneven texture - like glazed sandpaper.

"Wall density has been maintained at 95 units?" Amart's method of delivery made the question seem more like a pure state-



ment. "Yes," Zone replied, "it has been closely controlled."

"And what is the external density below future ground level?" "42 UNITS."

"And above ground level?" "17 units."

Amart's head swivled from side to side as he calculated. "Have a layer of 74 density units prepared at future ground level. Have it extend 12 lengths on each side of the tower. The thickness need not be greater than the a-tenth length."

At a word from Zone one of his assistants rushed off to get the necessary work crews functioning.

"And now?" Zone asked Amart. "The Royal Chamber."

The group filed up the spiraling ramp with Zone and Amart in the lead and with Zone reciting tower

Continued on page 11



TOVERS

(cont. from page-12)

statistics. This was the central tower of the group and the largest. In addition to the ramp there were ascending external ramps also present which provided access to various terraces and to the main entrance which was 8 lengths above future ground level.

As Zone continued pouring forth pertinent facts and figures the group came to a closed portal where an audio signal was given. A section slid into the wall and the group entered the large Royal Chamber. Here groups of workers of various classes were busy with furnishings and decorations. The central object of the chamber was a large, terraced platform with a slightly concave surface. From one edge of the concavity a smoothly polished trough extended in a gentle sweep to blend with the floor.

Amart inspected various details of the work in progress and seemed to find everything in order. His inspection was interrupted by the arrival of an official messenger and Amart instructed him to report.

"The Council advises that the time has come. Surface scouts have returned with negative reports. The Royal Procession awaits your signal to move."

The scout was sent back to the Council with a message of acknowledgment. Amart communicated quickly with Zone and a dozen other messengers were dispatched to various sectors. Amart and his aides then departed at once while Zone remained in the Royal Chamber to direct local operations.

Many vertical and horizontal lengths away Amart emerged from a narrow tunnel to direct the supreme moment of his career. To his rear extended a narrow, sandy expanse flanked by rocky rises. Before him the surface rose and narrowed. The planning and labor of many generations was about to be put to a final test at a single command.

If Amart experienced surging emotion it did not show. Quite possibly there was no thought of failure present where Amart was concerned. Success was the future and failure was nothing.

(continued on page-23)



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

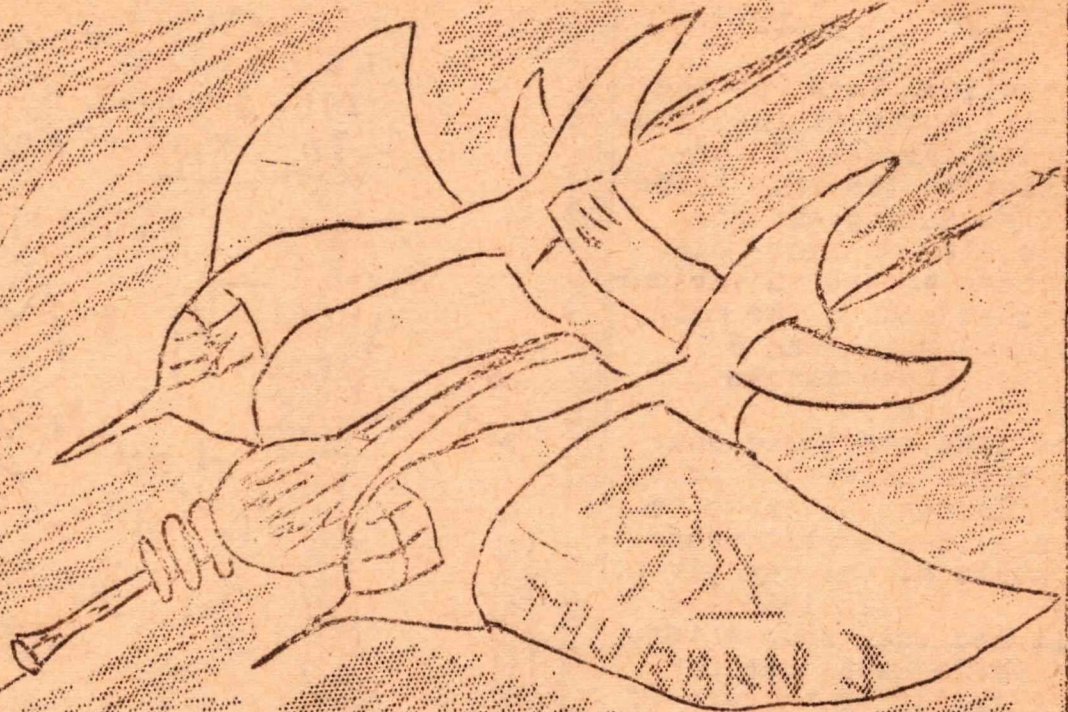
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25¢

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99¢



BY RONNIE  
BE-CARLO



IT HAP-  
PENS IN THE  
BEST OF FAMILIES  
(concluded from page-11)

Dennis, for his patience and tolerance in helping to get a job worthy of your interest into print. All the credit goes to them.

THE END

did the trick.

After joining a few stf fan clubs upon my return to the States, among them OPERATION FANTAST, THE VARIANTS, and PROJECT FAN CLUB, I became interested in the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION's work, and sent them a fast buck for membership. To give an idea how fast they work in handing out assignments, it was a matter of only a few weeks before word came that your editor was interested in a story. He had sent a proposed cover illustration around which he wanted a story built. Two plots occurred to me but the imposed deadline cut the time factor down to about half a story. Both yarns were spun and submitted.

Before I consign my fate into your hands, I would like to express my appreciation to NSF for their aid in finding an outlet for my work, and to your editor, Warren

BEST DEAL IN FANDOM

Here it is the biggest buy in fandom. Last issue we stuck this deal in an obscure corner of a poorly mimeed page and I doubt if any one saw it (if they did they probably couldn't read it.) LISTEN, beginning with the fourth issue we are going giant size. Right now we are one of the biggest buys in mimeed fanzines what with 26 pages this issue and 30 or more next ish for only 10¢. In these large issues we will have at least 50 pages maybe more, and the the 'zine may resemble the deceased Acolyte or we try to follow the pattern of Nekromantikon. This will force  
(cont. on page-26)



1373 DODD ST. BUFFALO, N. Y. 10214

FANTASY MAGAZINES FOR SALE

All of the following magazines are priced per single copy. They are all in good to fine condition. My stock of the leading ones is over 85% complete, so most of your order will be filled. Prompt refund on any items not in stock. For those magazines not listed here send me your want list.

ASTOUNDING STORIES

1930, 1931, 1932, 1933 issues (no first issue in stock)-----	2.50
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1937 thru 1943 issues-----	2.00
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1944 issues-----	1.00
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1928, 1929, 1930 issues-----	3.00
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1946 to date, any issue-----	.30

STARTLING STORIES

1939 issues ( Jan. is 2.00 )-----	1.00
1940 issues-----	.75
1941 thru 1945-----	.50
1946 to date, any issue-----	.30

PLANET STORIES

1940 issues ( first is 1.50 )-----	1.00
1941, 1942 issues-----	.75
1943 issues-----	1.00
1944, 1945 issues-----	.50
1946 to date, any issue-----	.30

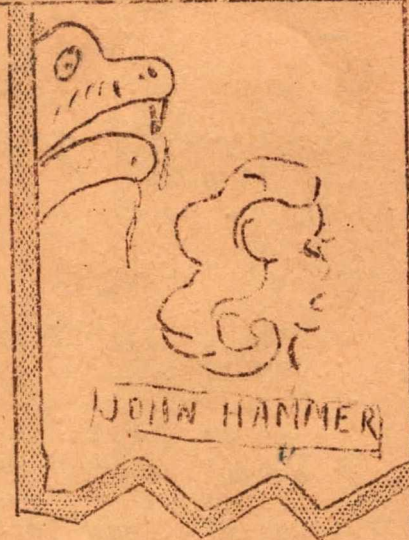
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

1939 issues (the first is 2.00)-----	1.00 (over)
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conclusion to page 15)

1940 issues-----	1.00
1941,1942,1943 issues(ERB issues-1.50)----	.75
1944,1945 issues -----	.50
1946 to date, any issue -----	.30
AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY , each -----	2.00
WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY-most issues in stock	(1.50)
SCIENCE FICTIONS QUARTERLY-any issue -----	.75
ASTONISHING STORIES- any issue -----	.50
SUPER SCIENCE STORIES-any issue -----	.60
COMET STORIES- any issue -----	.75
A.MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE-----	.50
FANTASTIC NOVELS(1940-41 issues-\$2 each)-	.50
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GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL- any issue-----	.40
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THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE- any issue -----	.35
THE AVON FANTASY READER- any issue -----	.50
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FATE* any issue -----	.75
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DYNAMIC SCIENCE STORIES- any of the 2 issued -----	.75
FUTURE-any one of the old issues-75¢, the newer issues-----	.30
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DIME MYSTERY MAGAZINE-issues between 1935-38, date of my choice-	2.00
HORROR STORIES- very scare, a date of my selection-----	3.00
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TALES OF WONDER -any issue-----	1.00
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Besides the above Fantasy magazines, I have a nice stock of the following-ARGOSY,ALL STORY,BLUE BOOK,THE SHADOW,DOC SAVAGE,ORIENTAL STORIES,MAGIC CARPET,OPERATOR 5, G-8,THE AVENGER,DOCTOR DEATH, THE SCORPION,GOLDE FLEECE,GHOST STORIES, WITCH'S TALES,STRANGE TALES, STRANGE STORIES,THE BLACK CAT MAGAZINE,TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY, SCOOPS,English and Canadian Fantasy magazines. Also a large stock of amateur fanzines.

Send me a list of what you need, stating just what dates are wanted-- Claude Held 372 Dodge St. Buffalo,8,New York.



SPORTS SECTION

JULY-1975

THURSDAY MORNING



ALTA EARTH

19

101

FOULS

FOULS

Hand-drawn scribbles and circles, possibly representing a crowd or a score sheet, located on the right side of the page.





PAGE 17

SPORTS. SECTION. SEE STORY ON PAGE 18 ACTION AT ALTA



# SPORTS SECTION

JULY 1975

## SYRTIS COLLEGE

### UPSETS MARS UNIVERSITY TO ENTER MARTIAN FINALS.

United Planets Press: "Mars; friday earthtime 31"

Today Mars University's long time monopoly of the martian basketball scene was broken by Syrtis U.

Considering the fact that Mars U has won the Martian championship for the last five years in succession, they entered the game today remarkably enough, without a trace of overconfidence which is really a considerable accomplishment.

In the first quarter it was touch and go, but Mars U. was on top 32 to 27 at the siren.

At the halftime Mars led 58 to 50.

Thrown into the fray in the third quarter, Def Mdas, Syrtis' secret weapon, a giant 7' 10" center sparked the team into pouring through the hoop a tremendous 37 points while holding the usually wild scoring red giants of Mars U. to a mere 30 points.

The fourth quarter opened with

Mars getting the center tip and taking the ball all the way only to miss the shot. There upon Syrtis made the recovery and drove all the way to score going into the lead for the first time in the game. After a terrible scoring spree that put Mars once more in the lead, Syrtis came back in the closing minutes to win 127 to 124.

"Their still going"

Altair UP Press: Thursday, ear htime

Yesterday Thurban, this years wonder team, did it again. They ground Altair into their home floor by the lopsided score of 119 to 65, to maintain their no loss season.

Thurban will have a tough time though--sunday, when they will meet the winner of the Saturday, Polaris-Deneb game.

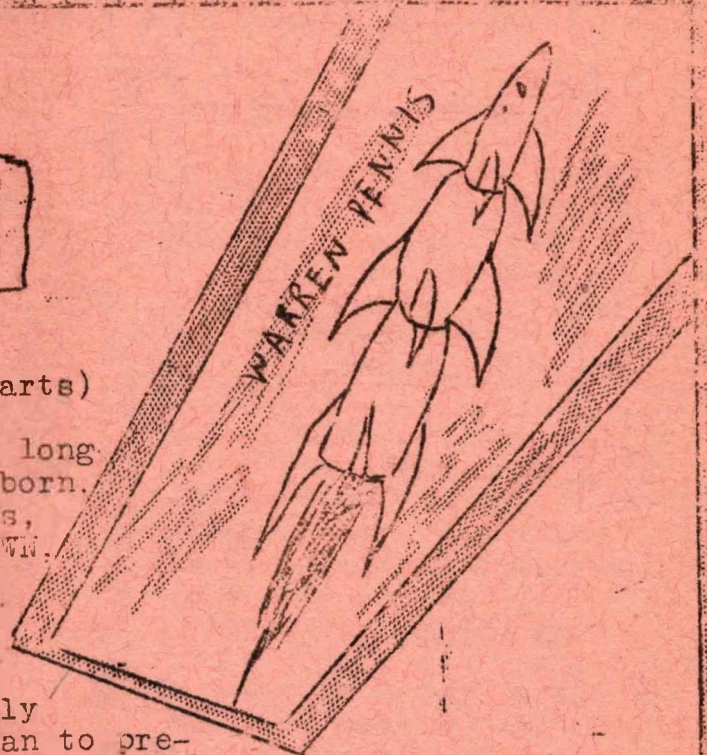
United Planets Press; Aba-Dai wins second straight longshot championship.



MAKROPT OF ALTAIR

The Neptune national University star center dropped a 76' foot shot through the hoop to rout Denebs' 74' 6" and Polarisians 74' shot. (cont. on page-23)



COLLECTORS  
CORNER NO. 2.

### THE RISE AND FALL OF UNKNOWNNS

By Roger Margason (2 parts)

In the month of February, in the long-gone year of 1939, a magazine was born. Street and Smith, the proud parents, named their latest offspring UNKNOWNNS and christened it thus:

"Street and Smith present a new magazine, dedicated to a new type of entertainment. UNKNOWNNS is both our title and our title and our only classification; the material we plan to present is to be like none that has ever, anywhere, been presented consistently before.

No terms, then, have been evolved to describe this magazine; as it has never before existed. We will deal with the Unknown, but in a manner uniquely and completely different from the stories you have seen in the past.

One rule only we apply as limitation to an author's imagination; that the resultant story must be pure entertainment. Whether it be the chuckle over Trouble With Water or the thrill of uncertain discomfort evoked by Sinister Barrier, somewhere the story must stimulate imagination and enjoyment.

There will be further strange, disquieting blendings of fact and imagination such as Sinister Barrier to leave you uncertain of your certainty that it is pure fiction. Perhaps you're wrong, you know. The facts Russell states are facts. A man may well strike truth in what is meant as fiction--

But each month we will bring either a full novel-length story complete, or two thirty-thousand-word short novels, plus some forty thousand words of short stories and novelettes.

And each month we shall bring you a magazine wherein the authors are bound by but one rule--pure entertainment. Beyond that, read and determine by our offering this month, the quality and the material we cannot otherwise or better define."

The Editor

And so, having taken its first breath, Unknown was cast into the arms of a very critical public.

People gathered around and stared, unbelieving. For here, indeed, was something different. But, made suspicious by so many other promises and good intentions, the public asked "How long can this keep on?" One reader asked Unknown's guardian and Editor, John W. Campbell, Jr. (continued on page-20)



UNKNOWNNS

(cont. from page-19)

"Will you keep Unknown at par with the first issue, or will you soon descend to zombies, werewolves, vampires, charnel houses and other rigamarole of current pulps?"

But despite all this suspicion and disbelief, Unknown thrived and prospered as the second, third and fourth issues assured everyone that it could and did uphold the high standards set by its first issue.

In a way, a magazine can be compared to a human being; it has a brain, blood, heart, and physical appearance.

A magazine's brains are, of course, its publishers, editor, and staff. These keep a magazine going, changing, maturing.

But no body can stay alive solely on brains. Blood must run through its veins to give it life; and the blood must always be new and fresh. To Unknown, its blood was its stories and novels. And Unknown had a rare and rich blood; the best and highest quality possible.

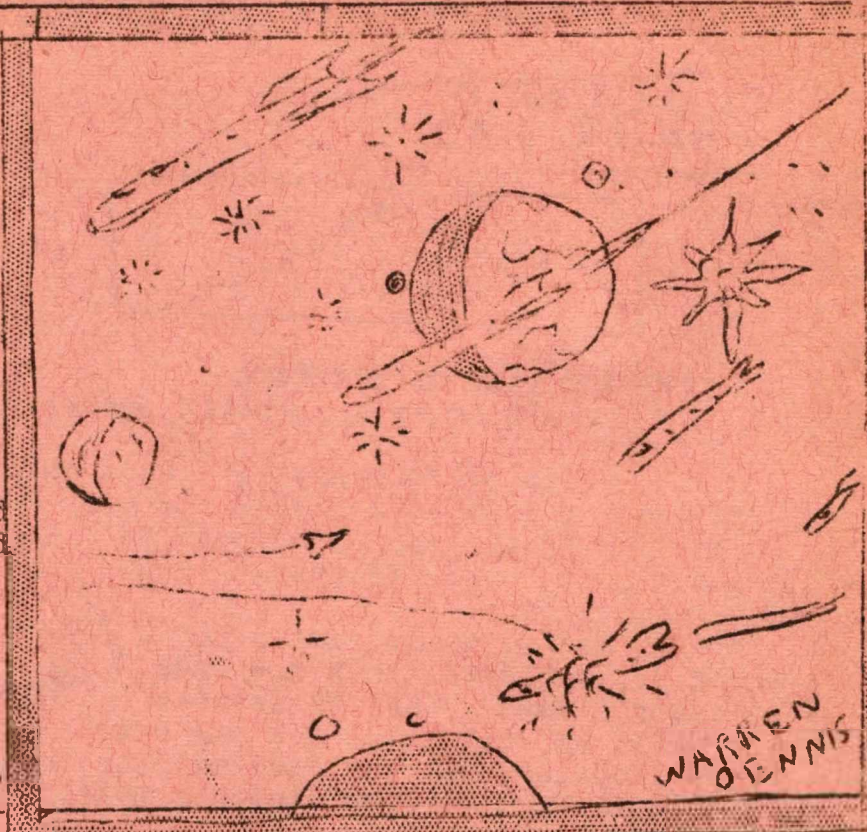
Perhaps the most important organ of all is the heart. Without the heart, the blood could not possibly flow; the brain would be worthless and dead. And the heart is composed of the writers. If the heart were the only thing to determine life span, Unknown could have lasted throughout eternity.

Also, a magazine has a physical appearance. Unknown was a beautiful baby, with illustrated covers by H.W. Scott, Ed Cartier, and M. Isip. But, as it grew older, Unknown discarded its decorative covers and, in July, 1940, came out in its new dress -- plain covers of one color, which changed each issue. A grey frame cover, with the title in the upper third of the page, directly below which came the date and price. In the block part, surrounded by the frame, were the words "Fantasy Fiction". Beneath this were, on the left side, about an inch from the frame, three small, 1 square inch block illustrations, one beneath the other. To the right of each illustration was the title of the corresponding story, the author, and a synopsis of the story. And at the bottom of the cover was the title and author of the lead novel.

Suddenly, and without informing its readers, Unknown went bi-monthly; in 1941. This was the first of a series of changes.

Just before we entered the war, in October of 1941, Unknown grew up, physically, and changed its name to UNKNOWN WORLDS. Physically, it changed from its former size of 6½" by 9" to 8½" by 11½".

(continued on page 21)





UNKNOWN'S

(cont. from page-20)

The enlargement of the name was made because the editor figured that Unknown covered too much territory, and Unknown Worlds would be a little more specific.

And suddenly, we were a nation at war. A war, as no one need be told, takes a heavy toll; not just in lives. The first sacrifice Unknown Worlds was called upon to make came late in 1942, when, due to the paper shortage, Unknown Worlds was forced to go back to its smaller size.

The war was everywhere. Its dark shadows seeped into the farthest corners, soiling everything it touched. Nothing was immune; not even Unknown Worlds. Subtly; slowly, war crept into its pages, though it tried to pretend that war was something different and not-quite-there.

So Unknown Worlds struggled on through paper shortages and other hardships, and tried to keep away from the war that would, and did, destroy it.

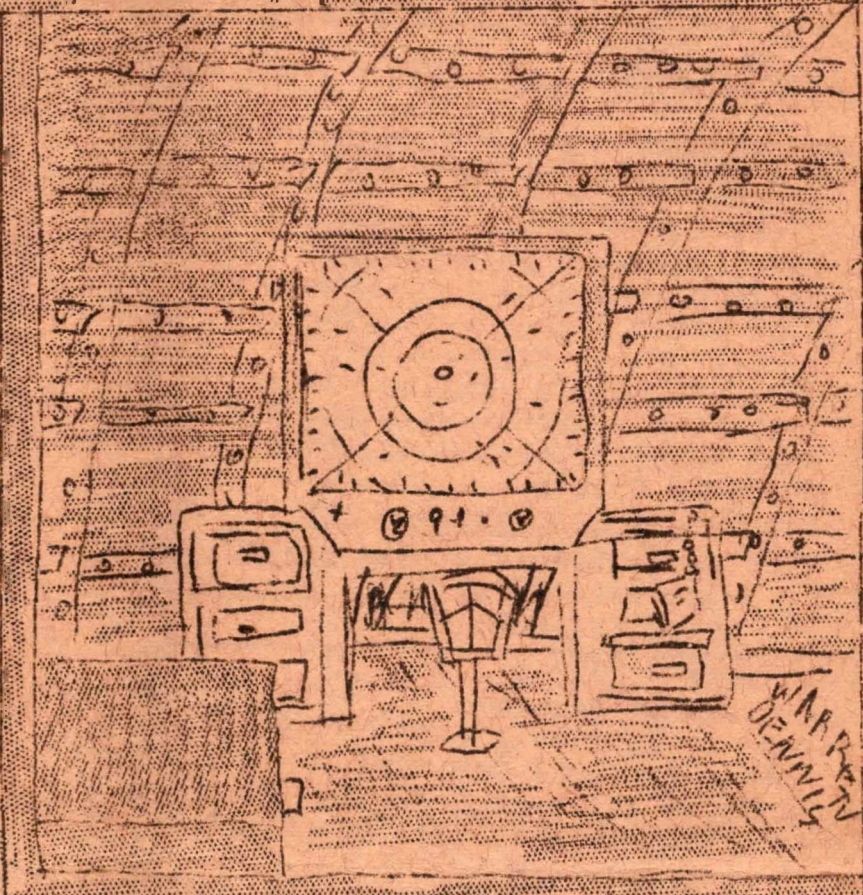
TO BE CONCLUDED  
NEXT ISSUE

CARAVAN

By Jim Leary

Through dimly lighted pathways  
By dank and fetid fens  
Past towering flint monoliths  
Through pleasant woodland glens;  
A caravan- it comes for me  
From someplace far beyond a sea.

From spatial shadow's overhang  
Past nebular matter dark



In caves of ocher lichen'd  
By plants which bear a bright red bark,  
A caravan- to find me comes  
I hear their pipes and muffled drums.

Through city vast of ancient age  
All caved and fallen in they passed  
Whose doom foretold by ancient sage  
Came true, he saw, he was the last;  
The caravan- they take me home  
To fields where from my soul did roam.

Through deserts of a ruby sand  
By cities sleeping endlessly  
The caravan arrives at home  
In that strange land beyond the sea;  
A caravan- it brought me back  
Now vanishes in spaces black.

REMEMBER - 1 - FULL  
PAGE AD ONLY .75A

BEST DEAL IN - AND  
EXPLAIN - DON



**SPORTS SECTION**

(concluded from page-18)

**THE LONGSHOT CONTEST RESULTS.**

Aba-Dai Neptune	-----76'	1st.
Ditlz' Kmm Deneb	-----74'	6"
Hammil Cosavak Polaris	-----74'	
Harls Jork Pluto	-----73'	11"
Mpdl Attli Vega	-----72'	11"
Warren Dennis Earth	-----71'	
Mega Karlzon' Federation	-----70'	3"
Wsna Pldt Thurban	-----69'	10"
John Tangler Earth	-----69'	5"
Def Mdas Syrtis	-----69'	
Bda Ckey Andromeda	-----68'	

21 other entrants placed including 3 men from Earth Tech; Larson, Kerr, and Bokavitch.

**SATURDAY SCHEDULE:**

- Andromeda at Sirrus
- Venus at Mercury A & E.
- Thurban at Alpha Centauri
- Ursa Major at Can's Minor  
(they meet at orion stadium)
- Pluto at Earth Tech
- Orion at Tarus
- Neptune at Federation
- Polaris at Deneb
- Androids at Regulus

**MARTIAN FINALS:**

**SATURDAY SCHEDULE:**

- Syrtis U. at Slovar Mt. U.
- Owl Northern at Pletau College  
(Polar Regional champs)

**STANDINGS; TOP TEN:**

	W	L	GB
Thurban	37	0	*
Neptune	33	4	4
Pluto	32	5	5
Earth Tech	31	6	6
Alpha Centauri	29	8	8
Federation	28	9	9
Polaris	27	10	10
Denebs	27	10	10
Andromeda	26	11	11
Sirrus	25	12	12
Androids	23	14	14

**MONDAY SCHEDULE:**

- Lyra at Vega -- Federation at Altan
- Earth at Pluto- Moscow U at London



DENNIS  
AND  
DE CARLO

MPDL ATTLI STAR CENTER  
OF VEGA IX WORLD UNIV-  
ERSITY

**UPP:**

Polaris trounes Mercury A & E 90 to 59.  
Denebs over run Saturn 117 to 68.  
Winners will meet Saturday 22nd (Marstime) at Mars Stadium.

**EARTH TECH BLASTS RUSSIANS:**

Earth Tech beat Moscow U. 103-92 in an over time period. Larson, Kerr and Dennis score winning points in overtime duel.  
(look on bottom of page 23)



## TOWERS

(concluded from page-13)

Workers on the rise ahead of Amart waited silently between the narrow rock walls. As he moved to join them and give the final signal they removed the stops from a great number of covered flumes and clear, spark-water bubbled and rushed with a frenzy down and across the narrow, sandy expanse. It swirled and eddied and bit deeply into the sand. The water became cloudy and dark as it carried great quantities of the loose material with it to disappear in the distance.

Amart and the workers watched expectantly and before too long were rewarded with the sight of a prominence appearing above the rushing water. The observers shifted position and saluted. The Royal Tower, being the tallest, was the first to be sighted.

Amart quickly sent a messenger to the council with a progress report and then turned again to watch the emergence of the towers. By then several lengths of the Royal Tower had been exposed to view and many other spires were beginning to extend above the swirling waters.

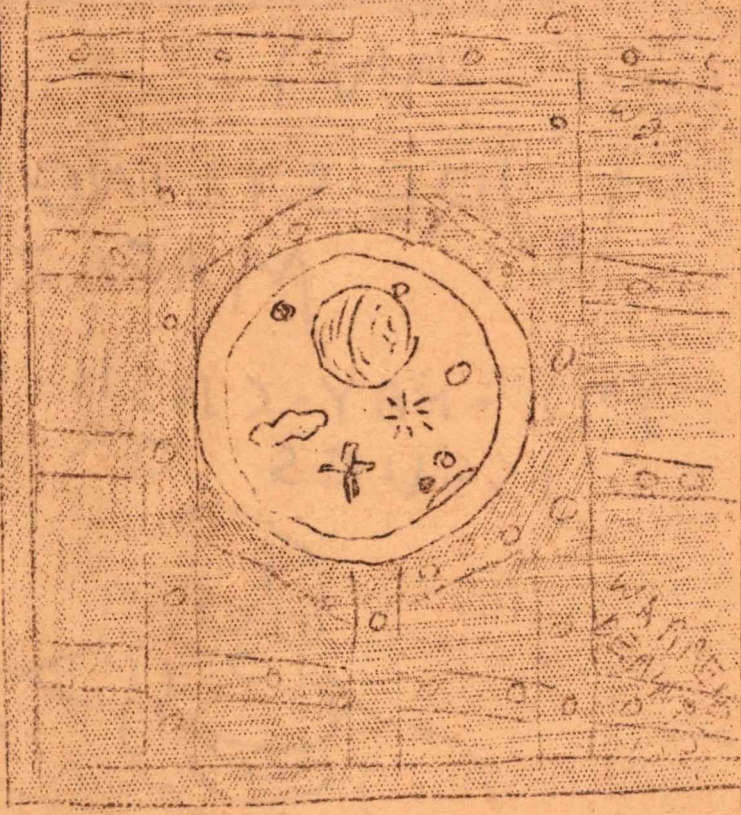
As the water ate deeper and deeper into the sandy soil so that large portions of the towers could be seen activity within the towers became apparent. Workers emerged from the various tower levels as they were uncovered and began to clear the exteriors of any remaining material. Eventually the lowest level of each tower lay exposed and Amart ordered the water to be restrained.

Thousands of workers could now be seen clearing away the last traces of debris. And then a messenger arrived from Zone to advise Amart that the Royal Chamber was in complete readiness.

Amart in turn sent his message to the Council that would start the Royal Procession. Now their Queen would be enthroned in a place befitting the dignity of the Monarch of all Earth.

Man has at last disappeared and the Ant was now in full possession.

THE END



## SPORTS SECTION ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT ISSUE THE ALIEN ALL-STAR TEAM WILL BE CHOSEN. WE WILL HAVE COMPLETE COVERAGE OF THEIR GAME WITH EARTH, DON'T MISS IT.

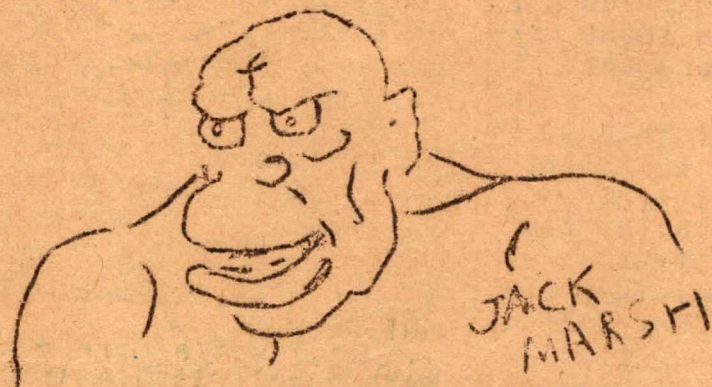
BEST DEAL IN FANDOM.  
EXPLAINED ON PAGE 14

If you're a fan  
that's not under ban  
then your welcome to scan  
Thurban 1, 3rd ish out, Sept.



GOT ANY  
WRESTLING  
MAGAZINES?

I'LL-PAY-CASH-FOR-BACK  
ISSUES OR



WILL TRADE THESE STIF MAGS FOR 'EM

- Super Science, Jan., Apr., '49; May, '50
- ASF, Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., '49; June, Oct., '50
- TWS, June, Oct., '48; Apr. '49
- Startling, Sept., Nov, '48; Jan., '49; Nov. '50
- Planet, Win., '48; Spr., Sum., '49
- Weird, Nov., '48; Jan., '49
- Other Worlds, March '50
- Avon Fantasy Reader, #8
- Amazing Stories, Mar., '48-Shaver's "Gods Of Venus"
- Dynamic Science, Apr., 1939



SEND LIST OF WHAT YOU HAVE AND WHAT YOU  
WANT

TO  
JACK MARSH  
1205 HALTOM ST.  
JONESBORO ARIZ