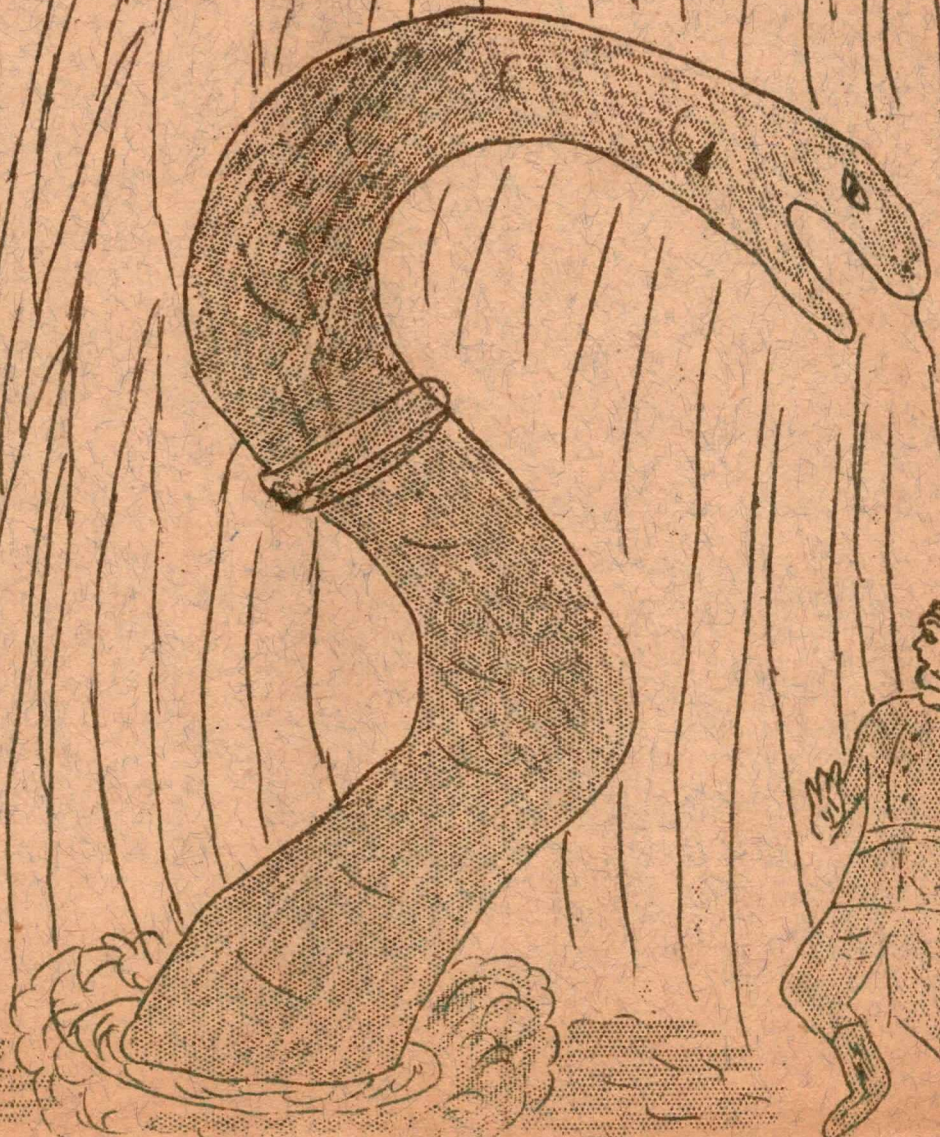


AUGUST 1953
THIRD ISSUE

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
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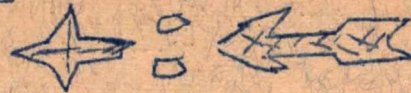
Thurlan

A FANZINE OF
THE COSMIC
AGE



WARREN
DENNIS

Deepest Apologies



Hi everybody. Well, here's the third ish at long last. I suppose you're wondering what the heading means this time. — Well simply my apologies for being so late. I'm late only because of the lack of money, no other reason.

"Well, this is your old suppertime jamboree coming to you from the friendly spot on your dial 1530 WCKY Cincinnati Ohio....." What the..... Turn that off--- **&)-%@"- radio off, John.

Now where was I? I made it past thirty pages this ish, for a while I didn't think I was going to though. Sorry, no offset cover this time. But next time we will have the best cover yet. It's a really WEIRD offset cover. The next issue should be in the vicinity of forty pages (look on page 31 for a wonderful deal).

Ya see we have a different page format again? Ha crossed you up didn't we? Last ish I promised to bring you the full report of the Alien Allstars versus Earth Tech game. 'Jes' look on page 24.

NEXT issue oh boyoboyoboy are we ever going to have some classy lettering. I, "the gay genius", made myself a microscope. For a small preview look on pages 12 and 22. I KNOW I KNOW you DON'T divide "Revolution" like that, but it's a stupid rule and I just love to stamp on such things.

HEY, we have a new Asst. Editor. He is Roger Zelazny of 821 E. 250th St. in Euclid 23, Ohio, but of course you still send all communications to me, it will avoid confusion and delay. I am tremendously sorry to see John Hammer go, he was a wonderful Asst. Ed., one of the best. I am hoping desperately that he can come back either in partial or full degree this summer. Roger Zelazny has already proved his worth as an Asst. Ed.. I'm also looking for another one to help, since with this expansion program one isn't enough. You in the market? Let me know fast!! I'm considering asking Dale R. Smith or Jack Marsh.

Just take a look at this tentative starting lineup for next month. Our lead-off star is Dr. David H. Keller, followed by the conclusion to Roger Zelazny's serial, Roger Margasch, ^{and} a story by me. Soon we will have another fine story by Jim White, also Jerry Hopkins, Val Walker, Orville Mosher, Noah B. McLeod, and many others.

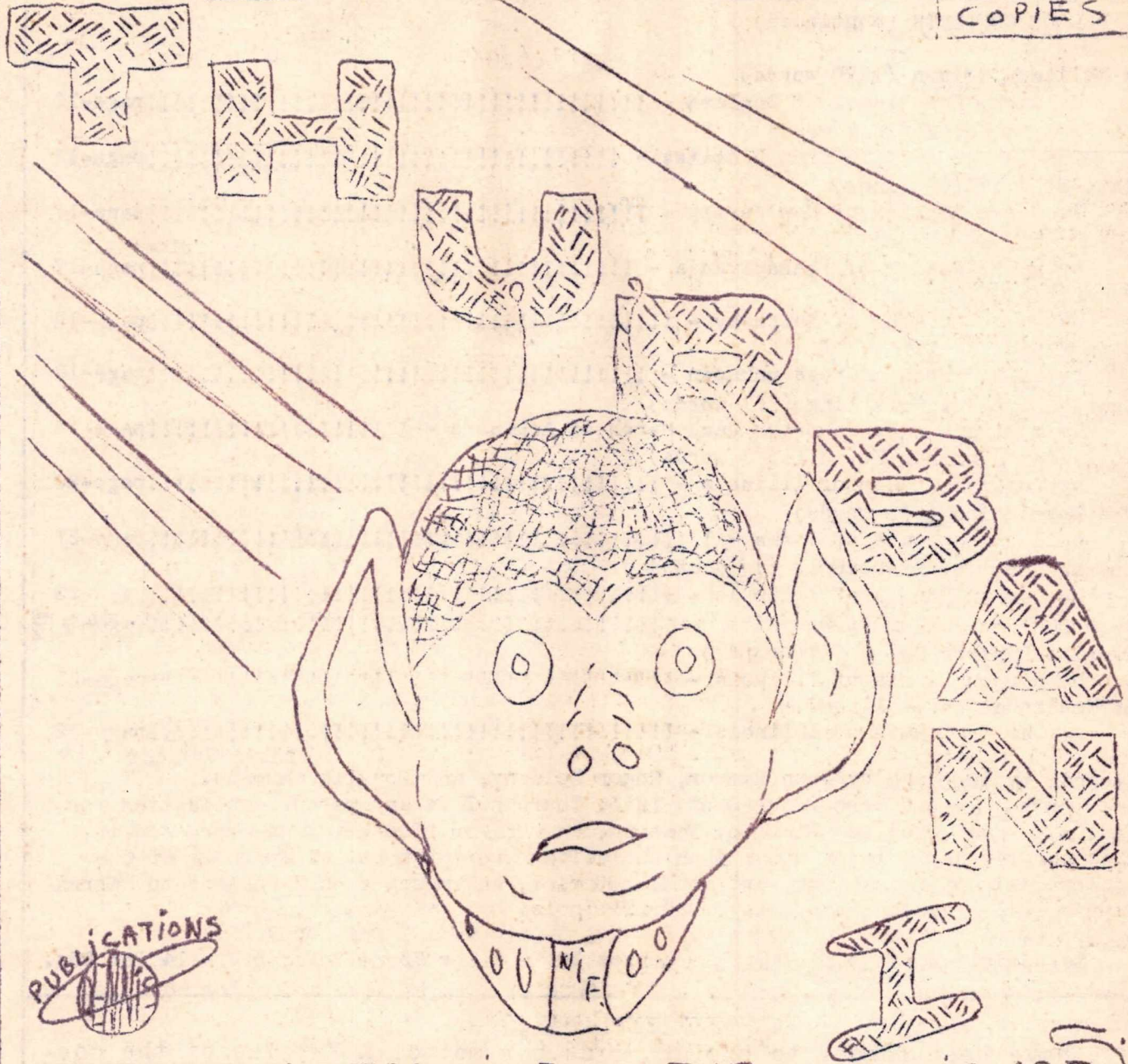
Starting next issue a full encyclopedia of races of the Universe, with full classification and very possibly — IN COLOR!!! Howzat? Also beginning next ish statistics, tons of 'em, on everything. Lists of all fanzines known, also listings of fanzines giving name, number, and number of pages. Next issue a much more varied Sports Section.

By the way Thurban has a circulation of over 150 WHY — WHY — can't I get one issue out without something horrible happening? Sorry about pages 10 and 11, it's my fault. I didn't tell Doug Shumate to clean out the keys on his typer. Why? (mind) 'cause you're a sloppy slob that's why. Tho? Meeoooo??

What do you think of the green cover this ish? Remember you people that got copies, our only rewards for our work are your comments and subs. Let's have lots of both. Our low ad rates, the lowest in fandom as far as I know, will last into May, maybe longer. So hurry with those ads. Also a sample of the type of lettering we will have next ish is on page 3, the Contents page. Next ish we may have a section devoted exclusively to ads if we get enough.

We want to know exactly what you think of everything in this zine. We want your comments, suggestions, criticisms, and incidental thoughts and comparisons. The longer and more explicit the letters the better.

(continued on page 29)



A-FANZINE-OF-THE-COSMIC-AGE.
AUG, SEPT - 1953.

Published by Warren Dennis.
Lettering on cover by Frank Laciassio.
Art: Jack Marsh, Warren Dennis, John Hammer.

Editor Warren Dennis.
Asst. Editors John Hammer
and Roger Zelazny.

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Thurban I, 3rd issue, Aug-Sept. 1953. Thurban I is an amateur publication for fans of Sci-Fi, Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror. The opinions expressed in this magazine by persons other than the editor are not necessarily those of the editor. All communications, art work, material, and money should be sent to Warren Dennis, 511 LaSalle Ave., Rockford, Illinois.

Ad rates are only 75¢ for 1 full page, 1/2 page 40¢, 1/4 page only 20¢.
Subscription rates are: Single copies 10¢ - 3 for 25¢ - 7 for 50¢ - 14 for 95¢.

-ANOTHER EXPLANATION-

I have been forced to explain what our motto, A Fanzine of the cosmic Age, means by various digs in reviews. Well you asked for it.

It means that Thurban I wants and tries to be a fanzine attempting to build a sort of dream world of the far and all powerful future; in-to ^{which} you will enter wholly, upon looking at and opening Thurban I.

Of the Cosmic Age, is meant to portray something of the awesome power and wonder of the post atomic world. Meaning that this fanzine will try to be as different as possible from the ordinary fanzine, which symbolically in this heading is associated with the atomic age. Succeed or fail, that is one of my main desires; to fashion for a fraction of time, the dream world which we all long for but will never have. Well, there it is, lets hear what you think.

THURBAN 1 #3

PSUEDO SCIENCE FICTION

by Bob Farnham

In past fanzines I've read both praise and adverse criticism concerning the much-touted FANTASTIC, published by Ziff-Davis, publishers of the well known, but hardly famous AMAZING STORIES MAGAZINE. Recently, in the September-October issue of FANTASTIC MAGAZINE there appeared two stories thinly disguised as science fiction, but even to the most case hardened reader of science fiction it was all too plain that these so-called stories were little else than the product of the same type of writers who are flooding the newstands with sex.

AMPHYTRION 40 is nothing else but a blatant tale of the sexual experiences of two supposed Beings from outer space. Just enough science fiction worked into it that Ziff-Davis would fall for it and publish it as an insult to the sincere science fiction reader. Two Beings from Space came to study we humans and to do so, each take over a human body. They immediately learn to like the physical needs and appetities of the bodies they take over, and the resultant tale is the usual line of filth classed as science fiction.

MOTHER BY PROTEST is another example of cheap sex worked into what is supposed to be science fiction, but is in reality psuedo science fiction.

Apparently, judgeing by the fact that Ziff-Davis published this sort of tripe, circulation is falling so fast they have to stoop to the level of the smut brain to find buyers for their FANTASTIC. I showed this issue to a friend in the United States Postal service and he advised me NOT to send it thru the mails in Georgia as it was classed as obscene material and I would face a heavy fine if it were found in my possession. This issue went into the trash, where it belonged.

One wonders whether or not Ziff-Davis do not believe that the younger reader gains sufficient knowledge of sex in the school yard, the corner pool room or back alleys, but that they must help that education along by putting out such stinkeroos as MOTHER BY PROTEST and AMPHYTRION 40.

This trend towards sex-in-science-fiction, and the use of profanity is not confined to Ziff-Davis two magazines, FANTASTIC and AMAZING STORIES alone. It is also appearing in the leading science fiction magazines as well, and clearly shows the downward trend of science fiction, which in time, will disappear entirely to be replaced with sex, possibly thinly disguised with a faint background of science fiction.

I am as susceptible to the biological urges as any other human being, but there are specified times and places for the expression of sex, none of which include public print as an outlet, or media, for that expression and unless--and until-- Ziff-Davis see fit to clean up AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC MAGAZINES they will remain the poorest and cheapest and least desirable magazines on the market.

The youngest girl and/or boy from the age of ten years know how to go to bed with each other and do not need extra curricular instructions from anyone, let alone the magazine and publisher of such tripe...call it plain CRAP... who once held the respect of Fandom.

Over a period of ten years, the consensus of opinion that has come to me regarding AMAZING STORIES and the former FANTASTIC ADVENTURES-- now the much touted FANTASTIC MAGAZINE is, in a couple of words: THEY STINK!.

What really should be done is for Fandom to clean up it's own science fiction....

BUT WILL IT?

The prospects for real science fiction look mighty dim.

CONDITIONAL - BENEFIT BY ^{ROGER} ZELAZNY

Carl Samson is the name, of Universal Mutual, late of New York. Specialties; life and theft. I've seen nearly nine years with the Universal, two of them during the Expansion when our policies served useful for covering the holes in shoes, lining empty pockets, and et cetera. Especially the et cetera. Since then, though, we've gone back up near the top, namely Trent Mutual and People's Trust.

The Expansion, Earth's setting up of cities on Venus, took a lot more in proportion from the smaller companies until they licked green malaria, the "shakes", and a couple others. Only recently were the conditions reliable enough on both ends to warrant safe insurance risks again. That's how I got here.

Universal wanted the edge on Trent and Trust, so our office was the first to open a few weeks ago. We were doing fine with yours truly as head salesman until I pulled one they'll talk about for years to come. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

As I walked across the scorched sands of the landing area I had my first taste of Venus which felt more like a full course meal. The tourists may talk about Venus' heavier air and lighter gravity, but it's hard to believe until you experience it yourself.

Before I'd taken two dozen steps I started panting and the ground seemed to heave with each breath. Then it came up toward me, a charred black with streaks of brown.

I lay there swearing until one of the field crew hauled me back to my feet. He must have been six feet one, about three inches taller than me. My lungs and legs were still inadequate, but the brawny arm around my shoulders kept the ground where it should be.

"Didn't they tell you to take it easy at first?" He queried.

I nodded and spit sand.

"One in every lead." He decided. "Cigaret?"

He produced a pack and I forced a grin, said thanks, and took one.

"Name's Joel." He said, striking a match which flared nearly four inches and lighting the smokes. I inhaled deeply, coughed a few times, and answered.

"Glad to know you Joel. I'm Carl Samson, insurance salesman." I lifted my battered Traveler from where it had fallen and dusted some of Venus' sand back where it belonged.

"You been here long?" I asked, starting toward the concrete walk.

He fell in step beside me and shrugged. "Since the Expansion. Around six years.

"Where you opening office, or are you free-lancing?"

I shook my head. "Universal boys have headquarters, here it'll be Denver." I stepped on the sidewalk, looking ahead toward the buildings. As we left the landing area vividly real grass appeared on both sides of the walk. In contrast to this close-cropped reality, the buildings in the distance seemed mirage-like in the heat waves of the early morning sun.

The doorway of the station was open and I paused to lean against the grey stone wall, resting. A dark complexioned native boy in blue jeans appeared from somewhere and stood by my bag.

"Well," Joel pointed to the silver ship on the field, "I have to move along and help with the refueling. I'll look you up next time I'm in town." He stuck out his hand and grinned again. "Maybe I can drive some business your way, on a commission basis of course."

I released his hand and mirrored the grin, "You do that, but let me warn you about us. We throw out the 'sudden death by unnatural causes' clause on the policies of outside commission seekers." as I turned to follow the baggage-boy.

The office had been open two weeks, and while business couldn't be termed landslide it was coming along nicely and still growing. As the sales increased and my commissions stacked up I felt better and better. Then one

(cont. on page 7)

CONDITIONAL - BENEFIT *Continued from page 6*

morning Joel appeared in my office with a friend of his...

The towering dark-skinned gentleman with a grin like a piano keyboard made us feel pallid by comparison. My smile was partly of greeting and partly because of the golden orange, mustard color, and dark blue abstract sport shirt he had on. It hung loosely out of knee-length brown shorts, while yellow framework sandals adorned his massive feet.

Joel raised his hand in greeting. "Hi, Carl. Told you I'd look you up if I was in town or could drive some business your way."

I put down a sheaf of sales reports and rose.

"Good morning Joel. Which is it, and who is your friend?"

He motioned toward the dark fellow who was testing the resiliency of all the easy chairs in the room. "Both the same. This is chief Tano of the Huambas, and he's interested in some insurance. Chief!"

Tano looked up from his project. He had been busily piling three cushions in one chair and was trying their balancing abilities.

"Tano, I'd like you to meet Carl Samson."

I extended my hand which he promptly seized and treated like the handle of a water pump.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Carl."

"Pleased to meet you, too, chief Tano." I retrieved my partially mangled hand and motioned them both to sit down. "I hope that Universal Mutual can be of some service to you."

He flashed the keyboard again. "I want 'surance."

"Good." I said. "We carry all kinds, accident, life, theft. What are you interested in?"

"Life. I want life 'surance."

I sat on the edge of the desk and lit up a cigaret. The chief didn't smoke, and Joel already had one.

"How large a policy were you considering?" I wanted to know.

His brow furrowed a moment, then he brightened again.

"Thousanddollars."

"A thousand dollars." I repeated.

"Being chief of a tribe of two and a half thousand makes you a pretty big man here. Maybe a thousand wouldn't be quite adequate." Quickly I caught myself.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to high-pressure you into anything, I was just suggesting."

Joel was about to say something, but Tano explained in his Venno-English. "No, is not for me thousanddollars life 'surance. Want for all Huambas thousandollars every."

I nearly fell from my position on the desk when I grasped his meaning. A group insurance policy covering his whole tribe!

For a minute it actually carried me away, but only for a minute. That would be seven and a half bucks a head, standard, with a ten per commish for me, also standard. That would come to... But what was the sense of torturing my mental pocketbook? I was doing okay as was. And the idea of insuring savages, natives in a wilderness with a life expectancy somewhere in the twenties, was absurdity in itself. Not wanting to hurt any feelings I decided to try the old sales school put-it-off-forever style.

"It's a good idea, but there's a lot of things we'll need first. We have to find out your death rate, average life span, diseases, natural enemies," I finished with a grand flourish of my cigaret, "and so forth."

It had the desired effect on Tano, I know I could put him off indefinitely. But then something I hadn't counted on happened. The idea of part of the commission must have been on Joel's mind enough to make him do a little research.

"During the Baker expedition," he began, "a lot of statistics were computed and filed away. I have some copies of them here." He handed me a large manila envelope.

"Take a look at them," he went on, "they're very surprising."

I took the envelope from his extended hand not knowing what to say. When I looked at the papers within I still didn't know what to say, they were very surprising.

(cont. on page 8)

Cont from page 7

"Why, they have a better life expectancy than an average Earth city of the same size!"

"And that ain't all." Joel said happily. "No unfriendly tribes around, hardly any harmful animals. A perfect set-up. What do you think?"

I said that I didn't yet, and read on. They seemed too good to be true. A peaceful, healthy people with a low mortality rate. Good insurance risks if what the figures said was true. But-- well, it's not exactly something you'd like on your sales record 'cause native tribe (Huambas).'

Still, it was tempting. We could always use more business, and if these statistics were correct it would be quite a killing.

I shuffled the white sheets and inserted them back in the envelope. "It sounds damn interesting. But naturally I don't want the responsibility if this falls through. Tell you what, I'll send out an investigator and if he verifies these I'll take it up with the other directors."

This must not have sounded like a brushoff to him. Actually it wasn't. Instead of telling him where to go with the whole crackpot scheme I was getting interested in the deal. Joel put out his cigaret in the armchair ashtray and stood up.

"I guess that's all for that now." He yawned. "How's your health?"

I put the envelope under my blotter and made a memo to send an investigator to the Huamba village.

"My health? I've been eating, drinking, sleeping, and breathing pretty regularly."

"Tsk, tsk." He observed. "Luckily I know the remedy. There's a little place in Lucite that mixes the best drinks in the world." He grinned at this mild bit of humor, Venus having only two or three night-spts. "And as for the surroundings, they're tops too. Just the cure for your case."

So we went to the Marascine to try the cure. Still turning over the Huamba group policy idea in my mind, I promised Joel twenty percent of my cut and told Tane I'd let him know soon. Then I got lost in

PAGE 8

the surroundings.

Two days later the bespectacled white-haired medico, Maxwell Carvonn, showed me the report. The same feelings as when I read the Baker statistics, they checked.

Board action fell wed in another two days with an affirmative vote, being sure, however, to leave me the choice. So it was not without qualms that I affixed my signature in its place to the thing.

The qualms vanished after I received my commission. At first I had doubted the native's ability to raise the premium, but they had made the cash selling mining rights in their territory and not being able to hang onto money long had decided on this final splurge.

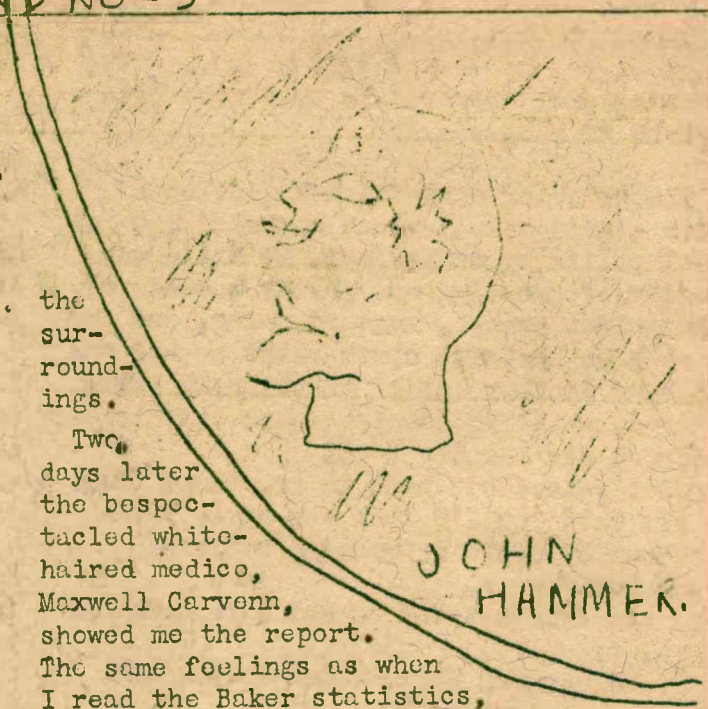
I paid Joel his fifth of my cut and celebrated the new insurance milestone with the same surroundings.

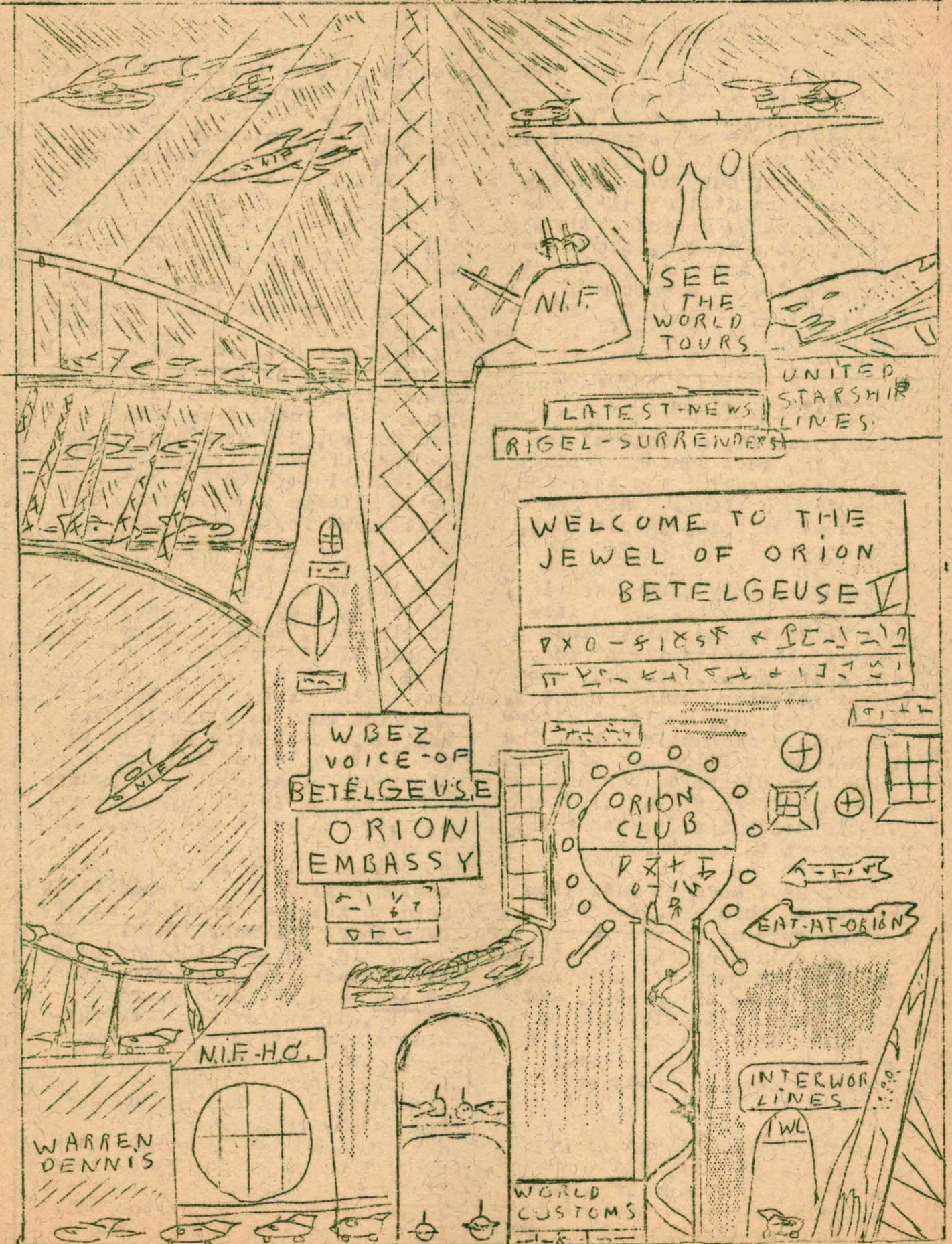
A month after, the great Venus dry spell which was said to come every ten years had begun, and those lurking fears came back bringing all their friends.

It was a chilly Sunday morning and Carvonn, now an old friend of Tane's, had invited me up to the village with him. The Venusian calendar system was pretty tricky, but Sunday was still a day of rest to me and rest is something I always enjoy celebrating. So, looking forward to a relaxing outing, I accepted.

I zipped up my plastic wool topcoat as I stepped from the jeep, and we started down the main street of the village against the cold (cont. ~~page~~)

Conclusion next month.





N.I.F.
 SEE THE WORLD TOURS
 LATEST-NEWS
 RIGEL-SURRENDERED

WELCOME TO THE
 JEWEL OF ORION
 BETELGEUSE V
 PXO-8125F + SE-1-12
 IT V- K-7 5 + 137 51

WBEZ
 VOICE OF
 BETELGEUSE
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 -1 4 2
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ORION
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EAT-AT-ORION

WARREN
 DENNIS

N.I.F. H.Q.

WORLD
 CUSTOMS

INTERWOR
 LINES
 IWL

A Solitary Column

by Capt. Ken Slater

Indirectly, via my veddy good friend Dale A. Smith, comes a request from one Warren Dennis for an article or story or review for our zine?" I don't know Warren, but on Dale's recommendation I'll do him something...not an article, not a story, not a review, but a column'. I'm not sure just what a column is, as a matter of fact, but as this thing obviously doesn't fit the classifications of the first three, it has to be in the fourth, or nothing.

As I see it, a 'column' is something that someone produces periodically, and in which they take a stand. They are critical of this, insult that, and sneer at the other. The next pillar they erect they take a slightly different view, and sneer at this, are critical at that, and insult the other. XXXXXX. In the third issue, standing atop their self-supporting pedestal, (third column), a slight alteration is again noticeable. The change of position has of course made the objects on the horizon take a different line up, and so the columnist insults this, sneers at that, etc.

Now, as I have no intention of making this a self-perpetuating column, or even a short row of columns as in balustrade, I have just been slightly rude to columnists in general, and now turning slightly atop my monolith I'll try and be nice to someone. Such as Walter Willis, one of my favorite columnists.

Once a fan wrote to me in reference to Walt, and spoke of him as 'your compatriote, W. Willis'. Now, Walt (who I met for the first time in person this year) would have been

deeply hurt by that. Walt and I belong to different races (or something). He is Irish, the Ghod and Cheer-leader of Irish Pandemon, I'm just British. If you want to know the subtle difference, write Walt, not me. I got bogged down in the argument long ago. However, he is also the treasurer of the BRITISH FAN FUND, a thing we concocted during the 1958 London as a fund to aid the exchange of stateside and (strangely enough) BRITISH fans to our respective conventions. Now this is not new. Such funds have been started before, but usually for the purpose of aiding some specific individual to make the trip.

We've altered that... the fund will hence forth be continuous, and will be used to aid an elected fan to make the trip. Of course, it is going to take considerable hard cash to make it really work, and for the moment we are aiming mainly at getting enough dough to send a British fan to the States next year.

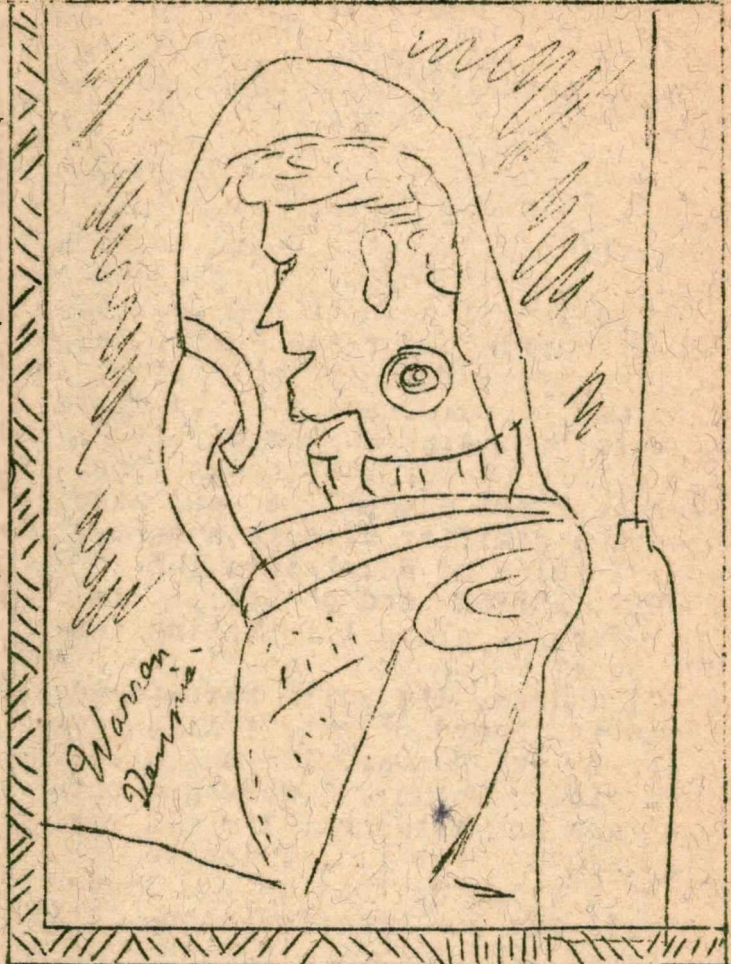
When the fund is a little more healthy, we'll also be able to use it to help pay the way of elected US fans coming this way. However, you'll be hearing more of this scheme in due time, and I only mention it in writing a column of Walt's in some publication called Y... - said title being a triple-barrelled pun if ever there was one. Talking of puns, did you hear the one about the well-dressed werewolf who always changed for dinner? By the by, if you ever get to running a convention around your way, make sure that the person in charge of publicity has a clue or two. I had a letter (singular) from Karen Kruse asking me to give some publicity to the San Francisco convention for 1965. A thing I'm quite happy to do, but the only information contained in the slinger is the simple fact that

Continued on page (11)

con is being held in San Francisco... no dates, no places, no price, no address other than Karen's (which is Box 7, Berkeley Slan Shack, 1237 Russell Street, Berkeley 2, California), so all I can say in the way of publicity is the fact that I've been asked to give it some...if you follow me. Anyway, I've written to Karen asking for some more dope. I'll pass it on here and there when I get it. (Seems I'm snearyin' at Karen a bit, but I only mean it harmless like)

At this going, I should insert some lofty thoughts, I suppose. In most columns there is a short philosophical section, wherein some high falutin' verbiage is dispensed. Frankly, the only thin, I can think of at the moment is the fact that I've got a cold in the head, and although the Russians, the Americans, and the British all seem to have assorted a-bombs, h-bombs, and xyz-bombs, I don't know of any nation with a guaranteed cold cure. I have several assorted pens that write under water, don't spout their ink at high altitudes, have combined with 'em ignition testers, and have built-in cigarette lighters and flash lamps. I don't have any intention of going into the bath and writing the Great Historical Romance. I avoid high-flying planes because they upset my sinusitis. I test the ignition on my car by shorting out the plugs onto the block. My Ronson lighter is much easier to hold than this pen thing, and the battery in the flashlamp gadget doesn't last five minutes. I'd swap the lot for a good, definite, reliable 'take-two-and-its-one' cure for the cold. But what do they offer me? Anything from aspirin to Alka-Seltzer, from hot milk to whisky and lemon. The hell with it. There's no hankie? So what its a filterable Virus.. or is it?

PAGE - 11



Over this side of the water we now have innumerable reprints of the American magazines. Some good, some poor, just like their originals. They have one difference.. they ain't reliable. For instance the Galaxy reprint got going with October '52 issue, and followed that with September (8th Random Calendar), then November, December straight thru to February '53. Now March '53 contained the last part of RING AROUND THE SUN.. so they skipped that and April, and as the 7th reprint they gave us 'ay! These things, by the by, are what are described in sundry fan-adverts as B.I.'S. British Reprint Edition, in case you didn't catch on. Some folks get confused, and are apt to describe all British mags as 'B.I.' - but we have some originals. Four at the moment. FETTERED, SCIENCE FANTASY, 'BULL' SE, and AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION monthly.

Continued on page (12).

(cont. from page 11)

Editor of that last named is H. J. (Bert) Campbell, the self-same Campbell as the one whose beard glorified the 11th World Convention at Philadelphia. I've often wondered whether Campbell is not some sort of symbiosis, and the Beard is the real active and prime partner, the body behind it being but a sort of mobile carriage for the Beard. Campbell, apart from being an editor, is also one of our leading enthusiasts of s-f. Now, Alan Hunter of the F. A. S., one of our leading artists over here and a top-line fan, also sports a similiar hirsute appendage. I think of Heinlein's THE PUPPET MASTERS and wonder.... is some form of alien life taking fandom over?

Of course, I'm quite bare-faced about it. Beard or not, I like Campbell. I like Hunter. If such a life form will help us get more and better mags and art-work, I'm all for it. Take me over too. I invite (dare ?) you. So long as you leave my wife and Bea Mahaffey alone, I'll be happy.

I don't quite see where all this is getting us. In fact, it probably isn't getting us anywhere. But who wants to go places, anyway? Oh, I know that folks like Arthur C. Clarke and Willy Ley and R.L. Farnsworth all want to go up...and up...and up. But me, provided I can keep my subs to GSF, ASF, and all the other assorted mags going, will be quite happy to stay here and dream. Heck, I fear the reality will be very very far from anything like the imaginative output of our authors. For instance, there will be just one Mars. Not the present assorted score from which you may take your pick. And that is rather going to limit things, ain't it? I mean, we are immediately robbed of the sword-bearing Martians of ERB and Leigh Brackett's worlds; the super-scientific races with which so many authors have peopled Mars. No longer will the luscious Martians maids wave flowers from

THE boats as they glide down the canals...etcetera, and etcetera. Down with the rocket engineers! Stop them destroying our dreams! And with those fighting words, I'll leave you....

THE END

GOO

FANS!

DIG!
DIG!
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DIG!
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DIG!
DIG!
DIG!

I - HAVE - 30 - BACK
ISSUES - OF - E.C.
MAGS, - SOME - AS - FAR
BACK - AS - 1947. SEND
10¢ FOR - CATALOG
AMONG - OTHERS - & HAVE
H.F. 11-17, T.C. 28 - C.S. 1
W.F. 12 - 14, W.S. 11 - F.C. 9.

M.D.-REYNOLDS
122 - EAST - UNION.
SOMERSET - P.A.

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LETTER FROM THE
SACRED COLLEGE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

TO THE HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
ON THE 17th MARCH 1957

BY THE ASSEMBLY
ON THE 17th MARCH 1957
RELATIVE TO THE
PROVISION OF
SCHOOL BUSES

THE FANZINE!
No. 2.

letter column- comments on the last two ish.

RAY THOMPSON

Dear Warren,

That cover (1st ish)-- I dunno. It violates every rule of cover art you realize that, don't you? That's what makes it such a paradox in my eyes; because I LIKE it. For some unfathomable reason, I like it. Maybe it's because I'm a sucker for any thing that's photo-offset/multilithed/lithoed/ or what-have-you. Maybe it's the brown in the thing. (Brown is one of my favorite colors) Maybe its just the style, somewhat reminiscent of fanzines of about four or five years ago. I don't know THAT it is, but I LIKE IT.

I'M appalled by the seemingly contagious disease of failing to separate two different sentences with no more than a comma. Now this may seem to be a somewhat small thing to be making such a fuss over, but, by Ghu, I didn't go thru 13 years of English in school for Nawthin'! I refer specifically to your editorial, where you say, "...we will have an article by Roger Margason, who has a near-complete collection of UNKNOWNNS, the article will be about UNKOWNS."

Most likely I'm singular in being bothered by that discrepancy. It probably doesn't effect anyone else. However, I've seen that error made so many times by editors, that I've just come to the point where I get slightly sick when I see it again.

All right....you can come out from under that chair, now.. sermon's over.

Then we come to SCIENCE AND FANTASY IN THE COMIC MAGAZINES. (you just as well lay in a good

supply of foodstuffs and water-- I feel another speech coming on.) Jerry Hopkins seems to uphold the fact that SOME of the comic book s-f & fts seems to come from comic books. I emphatically disagree. If it was good, it wouldn't be in a comic book in the first place.

NO GOOD SCIENCE FICTION OR FANTASY HAS EVER BEEN, OR EVER WILL BE, PRINTED IN COMIC BOOKS!!!

All in all, I'd say you've got a pretty good first issue. A little improvement could be used on the mimeoing, but that'll come with experience. You might try spreading on the ink a bit thicker. Some of the pages were a mite bit faint. And, to why not try a simpler lettering style, like a Roman Block, or suchlike. The results will be more satisfactory, I think.

410 south 4th Street
Norfolk, Nebraska.

(What do you mean RULES of cover art? What are they?

About the punctuation; a review of the ish in GEN TONES complimented us on it! (Good punctuation and grammar I mean.) Who's right?

Thanks for your letter, your comments will help determine our future policy. - Ed.)

ART WESLEY

Dear Warren:

THURBAN wasn't bad as first issues go, tho it's got plenty of room for improvement along such lines as makoup, neatness, and--perhaps--material with a bit more interest. But it's obvious that you've worked hard and sunk a lot of money into it. So I'm hoping that (contd. on page 16)

MICROSCOPE!

600 POWER! CALIBRATED SWIVEL HEAD! QUADRUPLE REVOLVING TURRET containing 5x 10x 20x 40x objective lenses; two interchangeable eye-pieces of 10x and 15x, giving eight magnifications of from 50 to 600 power! Many other features, including built-in double condenser, six aperture disc diaphragm, two sided mirror, etc.. A beautiful precision instrument, LIKE NEW. A hardwood storage cabinet; a set of twelve professionally prepared slides in fitted wooden case; twenty clear slides and book on microscopy included. A tremendous value at \$35.00, or, I will trade for s-f books. Best offer takes. Act now--contact:

JAMES ELLIS - 604 10TH ST., S.W. - WASHINGTON 24, D.C.

#

#

#

#

WANTED: WEIRD TALES index for 1923 thru 1933. Will pay cash or trade for it.

(contd. from page 15) some of those 500 copies sent out will bring back more complimentary words than these. Hoping, too, that you don't become discouraged if some comments verge on the acid. Keep trying and lots of luck on the rest. Nice cover!

402 Maple St.

Fond Du Lak, Wis.

(Thanks, Art. We're on our feet now and coming along better. - Eds.)

JERRY HOPKINS

Dear Warren,

About the first issue of your 'zine. The cover was all right but much too crowded. Your statement on the last page saying that almost anything sent in would get published was the wrong thing to say. You won't make very much progress that way. "The Circus" was a sample of 'anything sent in...'. It stunk! Some of the other material wasn't too bad tho. Gerry de la Ree's article was very enjoyable. If you can get more material along this caliber - not necessarily by him - you will make great steps in progress in the quality of your mag. That fiction piece was darn good. Is the 5000 words the total length? The first part didn't seem that long

The mimeo job was fairly good in most parts but took poorly in others. One request; don't write on the stencils, please type at all times. And bear down when drawing. The illos were hard to make out in most instances. Also one re-

quest about the format. Please discontinue the use of the tiny illos all over the place and skip the two-column idea. This double columning usually looks pretty bad unless the margins are even. This I don't expect tho. Not at all.

All in all....not a too bad first issue. The format and paper and mimooing could be better but for the most part, the material was very good. Best of luck.

15 Friends Ave.

Haddonfield, N. J.

(Yes, 5000 words is the total length. I'm afraid you were outvoted on the two-column idea. Most of the readers liked them. Although on the CIRCUS, you came closer to the general opinion, about 50% liked it, 50% didn't. Ah ha, wait until you see the fourth issues letter heads. - Ed.)

ROGER ZELAZNY

Dear Warren,

Thurban I arrived yesterday, I started to glance through it and wound up reading the whole thing. In short I liked it. There are a lot of zines kicking around today but I feel confident that you will make a place for yours right up there by the top.

If this is a preview of what you have coming the next fourteen issues are worth more to me than this buck. That was a unique cover you dreamed up, I got dizzy just looking at those (contd. on page 17)

".....SHIP OF FATE"

By Jerry Hopkins

The noise, the boisterous quarrelling,
The fight, the shout, the yell...
Were as common on the sunny beach
As the many sins in hell.

But suddenly out o'er the sea
A shining glint was seen.
A glowing splint of light came near;
Skipped o'er the waves so clean.

The people were silent,
the air was still.
The ocean ceased to roar.
The breezes halted their races;
'Cause of the sleek silver ship
on the shore.

Then suddenly the ship flew off,
Sailing silently o'er the waves.
The people stayed there at the beach.
The dunes became their graves.

LL² BOMB

By Lyle Kessler

It was a clear warm day in the spring of '68 when the world was destroyed. The deadly LL² bomb projected from the moon hit the Earth with such force that a chain reaction was started which abolished all life on Earth within two days.

When the bomb first hit and it was known that there was no hope for humanity the people became frenzied, hopelessly trying to find out which nation had caused the calamity. They had little time to guess, however, for forty-six hours after the landing of the bomb the Earth was silent — deathly silent, for there was not a living thing on all of Earth. The bomb had taken its tollage.

But who was the cause of this, the greatest disaster, that struck mankind and wiped it off the face of the Earth? For the answer let's go back a month in time to a desolate plain where a rocket is just taking off. The occupants? Well, their true names would give their nationality away, let's just call them by the prime letters of the alphabet, A, B, and C. A was the L bomb expert, B the radar expert, and C the rocket expert. All were top scientists in their separate fields.

The rocket ship reached the moon in the scheduled time without fault, as was expected. B contacted the mother country by radar to tell of their safe arrival. Then the three worked together to set up the bomb projector. A was the one who pulled the switch that sent the bomb on its way. Their mission accomplished the three took off for home. What a surprise was in store for them on their arrival!

The days dragged out in the rocket, but finally they were landing the rocket on the soft ground of home. C opened the port-door and all three walked out. The crowds went wild with excitement welcoming them home. CROWDS! WHAT CROWDS? This is impossible, all life was wiped out. But let's take a closer look at the occupants of the rocket; A, B, and C. As the three stood silently in the bright sunlight acknowledging the cheers, their green skins glimmered brightly with the sun's radiance. Green skins and tentacles!

No wonder the crowds cheered the destruction of Earth! This wasn't the third planet from the sun but the fourth, "MARS".

THE END

(contd. from page 6) 357 little cars (Gad! No stop lights! What a cover a traffic jam would have made!) That's all for a while. Until later.

821 E. 250th St.
Euclid 23, Ohio

(Thanks for your praise, Rogor. Hey, all you fans, meet our second Asst. Ed. above. Although this letter was written before he became one. - Ed.)

DON WEGARS

Dear Warren,

Just received THURBAN I. First of all I like to say you could do better. Don't feel like I'm taking you apart, because I'm not. Hope you will get on the right track with your zine. It seems to me that you don't take enough time in lettering the titles and such. Your cover was good, if you didn't sit down and really look at it. Just a glance and it was really a nice effect.

244 Valley St. - Borkly Calif.

by Wayne L. Fehr

The city glistened in the sunlight like a huge, beautiful jewel set in the velvet plush of the surrounding countryside. Tides of people swarmed through the city's streets. The great heart of humanity pulsed steadily and each tiny human mote was a part of that great entity. The city -- huge, beautiful, ugly, sordid, wonderful -- it was all these things. But most of all, it was humanity. It embodied everything that man was, both good and evil.

Far above the city, miles up in the clear blue sky, where the air is thin and the great cold of interstellar space presses close, a long slender tapering silver object described a graceful curve. It headed straight for the heart of the city, a beautiful, deadly thing. Directly above the teeming metropolis, it exploded with terrific force. The brilliant flower blossomed there above the city, a reddish ball of flame hotter than the surface of the sun.

Below in the city a man glanced up at the sky and was blinded by the brightness of the flaming hell above. A split-second later his skin was peeling from his body as he was fried by the terrible heat of the blast. A scream started in his throat, only to be choked off as tons of brick and steel buried him forever.

The great jewel that was the city seemed to fall apart. The swarming masses of humanity were transformed within seconds into twisted, charred lumps of burned flesh. A great moan arose from the throats of thousands as the city collapsed in a heap of flaming rubble and torn bodies.

...On the opposite side of the world another city lay, dreaming quietly in the silver moonlight. The great masses of people were in their homes slumbering deeply. A few were working late into the night, chuckling over the result of their labors as the news came over the radio from the West. Far above, another long slender missile was arching gracefully into position. Silently, inexorably, it glided toward the city. Suddenly the night was turned into day and another deadly flower unfolded into horrible brilliance over the sleeping thousands. No longer did the city dream quietly in the moonlight. The peaceful darkness was gone and in its place was the raging, blazing death in the sky. The buildings crumbled, melted under the terrific heat of the blast above. The thousands of sleeping people never woke. The city was gone and in its place was another pile of burning debris and twisted flesh.

...At last all was quiet and on opposite sides of the mighty, wheeling globe, the two smashed cities gazed up at the eternal stars with mute, accusing stares.

T H E E N D.

MOON MUSIC

By Bill Warren

The haunting rhythms
 Of madness and of love --
 The serene loveliness
 Of the music
 Out of the moon
 Fills me with aching longing
 For the silver satellite
 From which they came.

Lunar rhapsody --
 Music of a dead world,
 Entwining my heart
 And resurrecting the dead memory
 Of a moon maid . . .
 Alien woman
 That taught me to love.

RISE AND FALL OF UNKNOWN WORLDS (conclusion)

Collectors Corner NO 3 by Roger Margason

It was mentioned that a magazine's heart was composed of the writers who pumped the lifeblood of stories through the magazines veins. In that case, both Unknown's heart and parts of its blood have survived long after Unknown itself died.

The first of Unknown's lead novels to appear in book form was L. Sprague Decamp, Lost Darkness Fall. The novel appeared in Unknown in the Dec, 1939 issue.

Since then have come, The Wheels of If, by L. Sprague Decamp, A.E. Van Vogt's Book of Ptath, and many more. Among the most recent books, is L. Ron Hubbard's Fear and Typewriter in the Sky, incorporating two Unknown lead novels.

To attempt to name all the famous authors who wrote for Unknown would be difficult. As far as lead novels are concerned, L. Ron Hubbard leads the field with eight. L. Sprague Decamp had ten novels, but five of these were collaborations -- four with Fletcher Pratt and one with H.L. Gold. Sprinkled across Unknown's lead-roster were such names as Jack Williamson, Forvell W. Fage, Robert Heinlein, Alfred Bester, etc.

Important as the lead novels were, the real backbone of Unknown was its stories and novellates. Very seldom was there a bad one. The authors of these stories were no less famous than those who wrote the main novels. Glancing through the title page, one finds names like Nelson S. Bond, Schuyler Miller, Frank Belknap Long, Fritz Lieber Jr., Lester del Rey, Anthony Boucher, Fredic Brown, Henry Kuttner, Robert Bloch, and Clever Cartmill, to mention a few. Ever heard of them? It's possible.

There is one name, not mentioned above, which, in my opinion, should have a little gold star after it; that name is Jane Rice. Her stories -- Pobby, The House, The Refugee, The Idol of the Flies, etc -- were all excellent. The Idol of the Flies is one of the most beautifully written horror stories ever published. It has been recently reprinted in Children of Wonder, edited by William Tenn (Simpson and Shuster \$3). I don't know what became of her after Unknown's demise, or why she stopped writing. If anyone can answer these questions I would appreciate it.

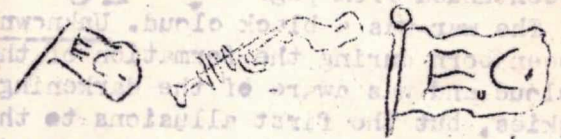
The letter column, called "--- And Having Writ ---" was, as is usual a place to air complaints, veins on life, stories, and authors; a place wherein verbal duels and feuds were carried on. All in all, it was an ordinary letter column except for a few slight things that make it stand out. Browsing through it, one stumbles occasionally on a few now and ~~then~~ well known names; take, for instance, the one or two letters from an eager young fan (then about 15) who lived in California. I believe his name was Raymond Douglas Bradbury, or something like that.

And at Unknown's head, its conscience, guardian angel, editor or whatever you wish to call him, was John W. Campbell Jr. Mr. Campbell was quite a busy man, even in those days. He also had charge of Unknown sister magazine, Astounding.

This, then was the fabulous Prince Charming called Unknown, who ruled supreme over the land of fantasy. Unfortunately, it was a story book prince in all too realistic world ----

THE REVOLUTION

BY - BOBBY - STEWART
EDITOR OF THE E.C.
FAN BULLETIN



The biggest item of importance in fandom today is the arrival of Seventh Fandom. The propellers of the beanie fans are slowing down, the...stop bothering me, fellow...I've got an article to write so leave me alone....Oh, alright! What is it?

"What's a beanie fan?"

Darn these neos! Look, if I tell you what a beanie fan is, will you leave me alone so I can finish this article?.... Good! I think John Magnus said it in better words than I could: "A beanie fan is a fan who wears a beanie, natcherly." Now... back to the article...

Of course, Seventh Fandom is different from 6th in many respects, but there is one important factor that totally separates the 7th's from the 6th's. And that is the Ghod. Whereas 6th worshipped POGO, 7th fandom did not gain strength until it found its Ghod. And, by now, everyone knows that that Ghod is MAD. 6th fandom took the lovable fantasy swamp critters to its heart. With the type of material MAD uses it couldn't miss being Ghod for 7th fandom. In only seven issues MAD has presented two satires on Tarzan and one each on Shadow, Superman, King Kong, Inner Sanctum, and The Heap, along with satires on famous fantasy and sf plot ideas (the

breakdown of the machine that controls the world, vampires, etc.) plus satires on non-sf subjects and other original humor stories. 7th fans worship and quote MAD the way 6th fans did POGO.

The revolution is almost over now. The 6th fandom BNFs are gone or going. A new galactic empire is being built from the rubble and ashes left. Several fans are starting MADzines (My ECFan Bulletin might be referred to as one, but it is directed more towards the ECFans who are not sfans). There is an organization known as the MAD-MEN ANONYMOUS which is a 30 or 40 member group confined within the bounds of fandom.

By the way, if you happen to be unable to secure MAD in your locality you can get them from MAD-MEN ANONYMOUS by sending a dime and three cent stamp to:

DEAN GREENELL
402 MAPLE AVENUE
FOND DU LAC
WISCONSIN

"MAD IS GHOD AND MELVIN IS HIS PROPHET."

"You must have gone mad, if you haven't gone MAD."

CONT-ON - PAGE (22)

(continued from page 20)

The war was a black cloud. Unknown had been born during the formation of the cloud and was aware of the darkening skies, but the first allusions to the war were vague; faint. As the sky grew darker and the winds of fate began to blow Hitler's armies across Europe, Unknown's awareness increased. One of the first stories dealing directly with the onrushing war was Theodore Sturgeon's "Cargo", in the Nov., 1940 issue. True to Unknown's tradition, Cargo was meant for pure entertainment. The story concerned the evacuation of Ireland by all her "little people" who descended, en masse, upon an old freighter headed for the comparative safety of the U.S., and the problems beset upon the captain and crew by such action. But between the lines were the whisperings of doubt and the first tremors of fear.

Slowly, subtly, the disease germ of war spread through Unknown's bloodstream. At first it remained discreetly in the background, as in Jane Rice's "The Refugee", which tells of the trials and tribulations of a werewolf in meatless Paris.

As time went on, war appeared in more and more of the stories, playing larger roles in the plots. Don't misunderstand; it wasn't all war, war, war. There were still other stories, as there always had been, but where before several issues would pass without a hint of it, now almost every issue had it woven into at least one story.

And then came the October, 1943 issue, and the editorial entitled "-- In Small Boxes". (The muffled bells you hear in the background are tolling out the Death Knell) It began:

"The government has asked still deeper cuts in paper consumption, and, naturally, Street and Smith will comply. Unknown Worlds has already made one cut; beginning with our next issue, a further call will be made-- but a cut that will, I think, be in many ways advantageous rather than otherwise. I know I'll be interested in the results; I think you will, too.

"Briefly, the next Unknown Worlds will be approximately the pocketbook size. It will continue to contain one hundred sixty pages, and, though the pages will be appreciably smaller, the total volume of text material contained will--we estimate -- be very nearly the same. -----

"How could we get more material in fewer pages? We won't--there will be a good many square inches less, obviously. But the advertisements, not the text, will take the cut. There will be no advertisements in the December Unknown Worlds. -----

"The new Unknown Worlds will be printed on a book-press type machine; the type will be cleaner, blacker, easier to read, so that a somewhat smaller type face can be used with perfect clarity.

"The ----- new Unknown Worlds will ~~be~~ have a book-type binding that anchors the pages so firmly that the page tears across before the fastening at the binding lets go. Further, it will open out flat; it will no longer battle stubbornly to close up with a snap when released for a moment. -----

"The idea of further reduction in size was not originally ours--but I think the results will be decidedly an improvement on every count. Be sure to take a look at that December issue and see! -----

The Editor"

The only thing wrong with this announcement was that there wasn't any December issue.

With the promise of wonderful things that could never be, Unknown Worlds died.....

END

THE REVOLUTION..concluded

from page-21

In December MAD will go monthly and will be joined by a sister mag to be called PANIC which will be edited by Al Feldstein, the editor of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY instead of by the MAD editor, Harvey Kurtzman.

And if we can compare the way the 6th fandom POGOists acted, to the 7th Fandom MAD MEN, then 7th fandom will be the nuttiest, wackiest, zaniest crew ever to set foot on this crazy, mixed-up world....

T H E E N D

SPORTS SECTION..concluded

from page-

In the preliminaries, the Masked Octopus, of Sagittarius LV was disqualified against Earth's Man
cont. on page- 23

SPORT SECTION (CONT'D-FROM (22))

Mountain Moe; the great Zocxiki of Pluto pinned Sjalij of Neptune; and the Man-Eater of Borneo (of Earth) wrestled to a 50-minute draw with Two-Headed Oskloxh of Centaurus VII.

TWO UNANIMOUS CHOICES FOR ALL STARS
SIRRIUN TWINS MAKE SECOND TEAM
UPP. Tuesday, Earthtime.

1,350 delegates from the 10 major press associations met at Plutos Zarlank Stadium to vote for the players to make up the first and second teams of the Alien All Stars. There were two unanimous choices; Deneb's, Ditzl Kmm, giant 8' 3 1/2" center was voted into the center spot of the first team. Harls Jork the speedy Plutoian center was voted into a forward spot. Here are the choices for the first and second teams;



FIRST TEAM

| pos. | player | star or planet | height |
|----------|----------------|----------------|-----------|
| center | Ditzl Kmm | Deneb | 8' 3 1/2" |
| foreward | Harls Jork | Pluto | 7' 9 1/2" |
| foreward | Hammil Cosavak | Polaris | 7' 8 1/2" |
| guard | Ha-Hish | Venus | 7' 7 1/2" |
| guard | Mega Karlzort | Federation | 7' 8 " |

SECOND TEAM

| pos. | player | star or planet | height |
|----------|-------------|----------------|--------|
| center | Mndl Attli | Vega | 8' 2" |
| foreward | Def Mdas | Syrtis of Mars | 7' 10" |
| foreward | Aba-Dai | Neptune | 7' 9" |
| guard | Yos Swsro | Twins From | 7' 6" |
| guard | Yerin Swsro | Sirrus | 7' 6" |

DEF-MDAS
OF -SYRTIS

ALIEN ALLSTARS SHINE
DULLED AT EARTH

Wednesday, before a packed house, the Alien Allstars met their traditional rivals, Earth Tech, at the tremendous Midworld stadium in central Illinois. Earth be-

ing at that time still in fourth place in the Universe promised a rough battle, to say the least, for the power-laden Allstars. Earth put on the floor a team which was as close to an Earth Allstar team as possible since they all would have most certainly been placed on the first team of any Earth Allstar selection.

Here are the starters for both teams:

EARTH

| | | |
|----------|----------------|-----------|
| Center | John Kerr | 8' 1/2" |
| Foreward | John Tangler | 7' 8" |
| " | Warren Dennis | 7' 8 1/4" |
| Guard | Pete Larsen | 7' 7 3/4" |
| " | Zark Bekavitch | 7' 7" |

ALIEN ALLSTARS

| | | |
|----------|----------------|-----------|
| Center | Ditzl Kmm | 8' 3 1/2" |
| Foreward | Harls Jork | 7' 9 1/2" |
| " | Hammil Cosavak | 7' 8 1/2" |
| Guard | Ha Hish | 7' 6 1/2" |
| " | Mega Karlzan | 7' 8" |

In this future look at sports it must be realized that hardly anything is the same as now. Coaches are only genius-like weakness analyzers and are not used at games. The players themselves form and carry out all strategy such as in Earth's

15 21079

ALIEN ALLSTARS SHINE DULLED AT EARTH
(continued from page 23)

— case, any five of their starters are capable of running the team completely. Player restrictions are nonexistent since all education is done by hypno-spool. The players could not possibly play with less than one of their two university years spent in hypno-conditioned training, for they could not possibly meet the super-scientific sports requirements. That year of training leaves them with tremendously developed intelligence, speed, and coordination.

The center jump went to the Allstars, to begin the first quarter, they took the ball down and scored. Through the first quarter the score seesawed swiftly. But with only one minute forty-five seconds left Jork of Pluto connected with a forty foot set shot, Kmm of Denob intercepted the play in and laid it in swiftly for two points. Kmm was fouled by Larson which gave him four personal fouls, remember this was still in the first quarter. Kmm hit both free throws to make the score at the end of the first quarter 28-20 in favor of the Stars.

In the second quarter Larson, Bokavitch, and Ha Fish of Venus fouled out. Rod Weaver, 7'7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", came in for Larson and Dave Johnson, 7'7", came in for Bokavitch. For the Stars Attli of Vega, 8'2", replaced Ha Fish. In that exchange, of course, Tech lost some height and the Stars gained a lot. But Earth Tech barely managed to make for that with red hot 67% shooting, the Stars trailed percentagewise with a 63%. At the halftime the Stars led 58-46.

During Halftime, Earth Tech's main playmakers, Tangler and Dennis, went to work on the height problem. To try to offset the Stars' height advantage the reserve center Jack Miller, 7'10", started in place of Johnson, 7'7", while Tangler was shifted to a guard spot and Miller took over at a forward post. It worked very well, that is, for the first seven minutes of the third quarter, Tech had drawn to within six points of the Stars when Kerr picked up his fourth foul and was taken out for a

rest, having only one foul left. Weaver at 7'7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " replaced him, a loss of 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Luckily for Earth Karlzan at 7'8" and Kmm at 8'3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " both fouled out. Attli moved from a forward to the center spot with a loss of only 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". And Midas of Syrtis replaced Karlzan at an actual gain of 2 inches. The main reasons for the high number of fouls was the aggressive rebounding and the full court press which both teams used continually. The score at the end of the third quarter was an amazing 80 to 85, still in favor of the Allstars.

At the start of the fourth quarter Kerr was put in again for the center jump. He got the tip and the ball went to Weaver who led a fast break to pull Tech within three points.

Everybody on the floor was in imminent danger of fouling out. Cosavak of Polaris fouled out with six minutes left in the game and was replaced by Aba Dai, 7'8", of Neptune. Then Jansson went out to be replaced by Lewis Denny, 7'7".

With 5 minutes to go Dennis, going high for a rebound, came down on someone's foot twisting his own ankle painfully. He was replaced by Dale Rogers, 7'7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". With 3 minutes, 51 seconds left Kerr cracked his wrist on the backboard and joined Dennis. Dan Weaver, 7'7", went in for him. With 15 seconds to go and Tech trailing by one point Tangler went out on fouls. Jork missed the first free throw and hit the second one.

Weaver called time to stop the clock at 10 seconds and Kerr went back in, with his wrist bandaged, to replace Beaver. Dennis, with a strong elastic bandage on his ankle, limped out to replace Tangler. All this time the fans were going quite mad, the noise was deafening, and the video viewers were having heartfailure.

As captain the pressure rested all on Dennis now and this is the play he ordered. Weaver threw the ball in from out of bounds to Kerr who handed it to Dennis with only 6 seconds left to go. Kerr, Rogers, Denny, and Weaver formed a line around Dennis, holding hands so that no one could get close enough to block the shot without fouling somebody. Dennis set a huge 60 foot shot. Now Dennis had taken sixth place in the Universe long-shot contest with a 71 foot shot, so he was naturally the one to try it. His

(continued on page 25)

shot bounced high off the rim and went through. The mostly partisan crowd went wild.

So with the score tied 115 to 115 the game went into an overtime. In this overtime Kerr, Weaver, Attila, and Mdas all went out on fouls.

This time with fifteen seconds to go Jork hit a 67 foot shot to tie the game at 121 all, and go into a double overtime. It then became a duel of long shooting. Dennis jumped center against Jork. Jork got the tip mainly because of Dennis' ankle. Dai scored a forty footer, Dennis scored a forty footer, Jork scored the same, and Dennis retaliated, and the Stars brought the ball down. Jork being dead tired allowed his pivot to move and travelling was called on him. Denny brought the ball down and fed off to Dennis who faked a 50 foot setter and flipped a long pass to Rogers under the hoop who had lost his defensive man temporarily. Rogers laid it up and in.

With five seconds left Jork flipped the ball in to Dai, the Universe longshot champion, who tried a desperation 90 footer. Everyone nearly died as it bounced high off the rim and over the backboard and Earth Tech came off with a double overtime win, 127 to 125.

Six men had fouled out for each team. The leading scorers for the two teams were Kerr with 37, Dennis next with 33, then Tanglor with 20, Weaver with 16, and Bokavitch with 10 for Earth Tech. Krm with 30, Jork 27, Mdas 20, Attila 15, and Cosavak and Dai 9 each for the Alien Allstars.

THEY DID THE IMPOSSIBLE

Interstellar Press Dispatch - This year's miracle team, Thurban, completed its miraculous year last night at Pluto's Zarlink stadium. The Denebs scraped by their old rival Polaris 97 to 91. Then Monday Thurban's collapsing defense held the Deneb's big gun, unanimous allstar choice, Ditz Krm to only 23 points. Thurban won 85 to 78.

Cont in next column.

also W.F. No 14 Jul Aug 1950

Earth Tech, after beating Pluto 84-80, went on to lose Tuesday to Thurban, 103-100. Then Pluto, after beating Neptune Wednesday with a 91 to 90 score, lost to Thurban Thursday on their home floor, 97 to 91, to close their seasons.

Final Standings - Top 10

| | W | L | GB |
|----------------|----|----|-----|
| Thurban | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| Neptune | 35 | 5 | 5 |
| Earth Tech | 33 | 7 | 7 |
| Pluto | 32 | 8 | 8 |
| Alpha Centauri | 31 | 9 | 9 |
| Federation | 30 | 10 | 10 |
| Denebs | 29 | 11 | 11 |
| Polaris | 29 | 11 | 11 |
| Sirius | 28 | 12 | 12 |
| Androids | 27 | 13 | 13 |
| Andromeda | 26 | 14 | 14 |
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~~Jan~~ '49, Jan, Mar, May, Sept '50,
~~May~~, July, ~~Nov~~ '51, Feb, June,
'52.
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'50, Jan, May, Sept '51, Sept '52.
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Aug, Oct '49, Feb, Apr, June, Sept,
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18, 19.
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S.S.S. - 7, 9.

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S.F. Quarterly, May '52.

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Nov '48, Feb, May, Oct '51, Feb,
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Unknown Worlds, Nos. 9, 10

Captain Science, No. 7

Marvel Tales, Nos. 106, 114

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 115, 118, 119

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I wish to thank all of the following fans for their kind help, contributions, advice, and so on.

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(continued from page 2)

READER'S VOTE OF PREFERENCE

Out of four possible points for each item put the number of X's — 1, 2, 3, or 4 — you think it is worth, representing 25 to 100%. I will total them up and put the results in next ish.

SECOND ISH

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Cover - Dennis | Editorial - Dennis |
| Towers - Smith | Fanzine Reviews |
| Manhunt in Arian - White | Letter Column |
| Autobiog - White | Sports Section - Dennis |
| Caravan - Leary | Unknowns - Margason |
| Alien Land - Hopkins | Interior Art |

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- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Cover - Dennis | LL ² Bomb - Kessler |
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| Conditional Benefit - Zelazny | Sports Section (Basketball)-Dennis |
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(FANZINE REVIEWS - no. 3)

Umbra, 10¢ each. John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Md..
 Pretty good cover. Has many fanzine reviews of a very derogatory nature. The way he reviewed my zine. . . HAH!!! he should talk! I thought his reproduction was worse than mine. With the possible exception of the 3rd ish (no comment from you, Geis) I found his mimeoed print quite hard to read. Umbr also has an editorial, some poetry, a cartoon that COULD have been hilarious had it been done better, a couple of stories and a letter section. He should live on up the zine with some good artwork. All in all an average fanzine.

Psychotic, no. 7, 10¢ each - 3 for 25¢ - 6 for 50¢ - 12 for \$1.00. Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland, Oregon. Monthly.

This ish has 30 pages, All heavy white paper, containing 10 very good illios and three lousy ones. Pretty good percentage, oh?? Has a three-color cover, dittoed. Psy has a lot of variety such as an editorial, ads, articles, letter section, a book review, jokes, cartoons, fanzine reviews, and a story.

I personally recommend Psy.
 - Warren Dennis

FANZINE REVIEWS

- Number 3

The Kaymar Trader Annual, 1954, 10¢ 3 for 25¢. Appearance: HUGE, and mostly blue paper. Nice cover. Variety: Just ads, a great number of good buys. Comments: I wish I could get that many ads. His address is: K. M. Carlson, 1028 So., Moorhead, Minn.

Swarm, no. 2, can't find any price. Frances Gann, 462 S. 5th St. East, Salt Lake City, Utah. Appearance: like a rainbow, beautiful shades of paper. Very legible, I can't make much out of the cover though. Variety: poems, editorial, stories, a few book reviews. Comments: very interesting, has several good articles.

Printers' Monthly, no. 2, 6 for 50¢. Dwight Agner, 32 North 32nd St., Battle Creek, Mich.. This zine is another of the new crop of fanzines among which I suppose Thurban should be counted. It doesn't have much to say about S.F., but it is a nice neat job and features a lot of material of high interest to all fan publishers. You should send for a copy.

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