

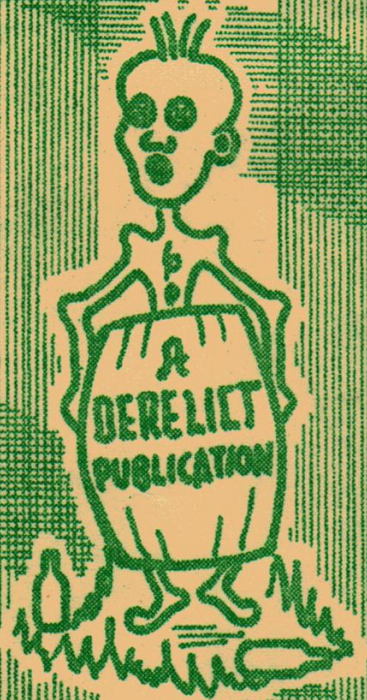
10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

CANADIAN LONDON

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF S.F. NEWS

IN THIS ISSUE

CLEVELAND'S BID FOR 1955
philcon convention report
INSECT MAN BOOK REVIEWS
london sketch
ANCIENT & MYSTICAL
ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS



DECEMBER 1953

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Edited & Published by
GERALD STEWARD
166 McRoberts Ave
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone OL 5487

Associate Editor
WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 Burton Road
Forest Hill Village
Ontario, Canada
Phone HU 9-0766

Literary Editor
KEN HALL
137 McRoberts Ave
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone KE 6526

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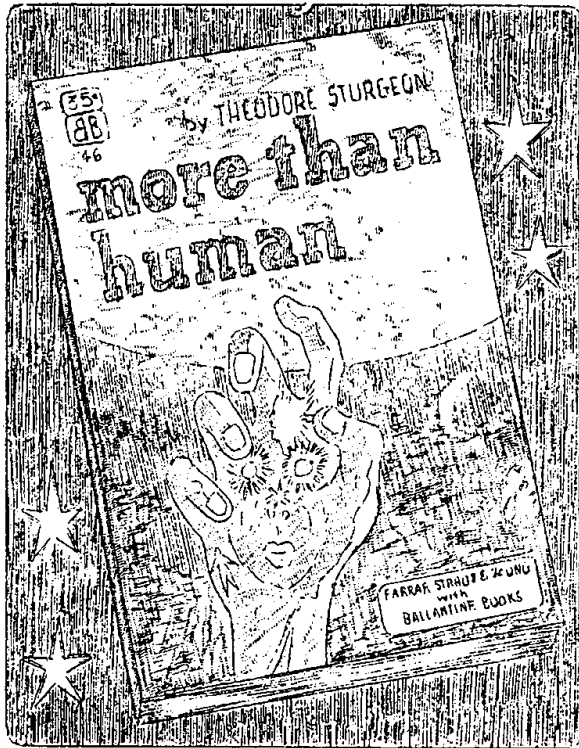
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Book Reviews



book review "MORE THAN HUMAN" .35
 by Theodore Sturgeon
 Ballantine 234 pages

This is Ballantine's seventh and best Science-Fiction pocketbook to date. It is also Sturgeon's best effort to date. Readers will undoubtedly recognize a similarity in theme to "Childhood's End". Continuing the similarity, the ending is also a little weak. But this is not plagiarism by any means; it is a well thought out novel approaching perfection in modern literature.

I understand that this fine piece of work was expanded from "Baby Is Three" (Galaxy '52) and indeed, one fourth of this book is under a chapter heading of that name.

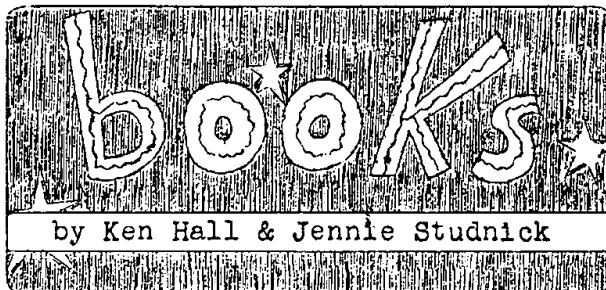
It is basically the story of six individuals; two of which are negro girls who can disappear and reappear anywhere, anytime; one is a little girl who can move anything, anywhere with her mind; another is a mongoloid

idiot child with a perfect memory and a mind like an electronic computer; still another is a handsome young man who can read or control human minds with a blink of his eyes; and the sixth is a-----But that would be giving the story away! Anyway these six people together form a "Homo Gestalt", supposedly the logical next step in evolution. The story is of how they come together and how they achieve their evolution.

I'd give this novel an "A" rating for it's style of writing and intricacy of plot.

book review "MAN DROWNING" by Henry Kuttner - Bantam - 200 pages .25

Mr. Kuttner is known for his vast quantities of STF, this one might be picked up under false pretenses. It isn't science-fiction, but it is a fast moving drama about a sick mind bent on destruction to achieve a purpose. There is a mild touch of sex, plenty of melodrama and some very wierd, assorted characters. Some of you may call this a bit out of line as far as the author goes but believe me it's a mile a minute story. Many of you will find a new Kuttner when you read this and that is why this book has been mentioned on this page. JS



In our next issue we will review about fourteen books & a few films.

Convention Jackpot



Harlan Ellison (left) who has just had his first story accepted by a pro mag.

Norman G. Brown (right) late of Winnipeg, now residing in Toronto.

Photograph by Albert Lastovica

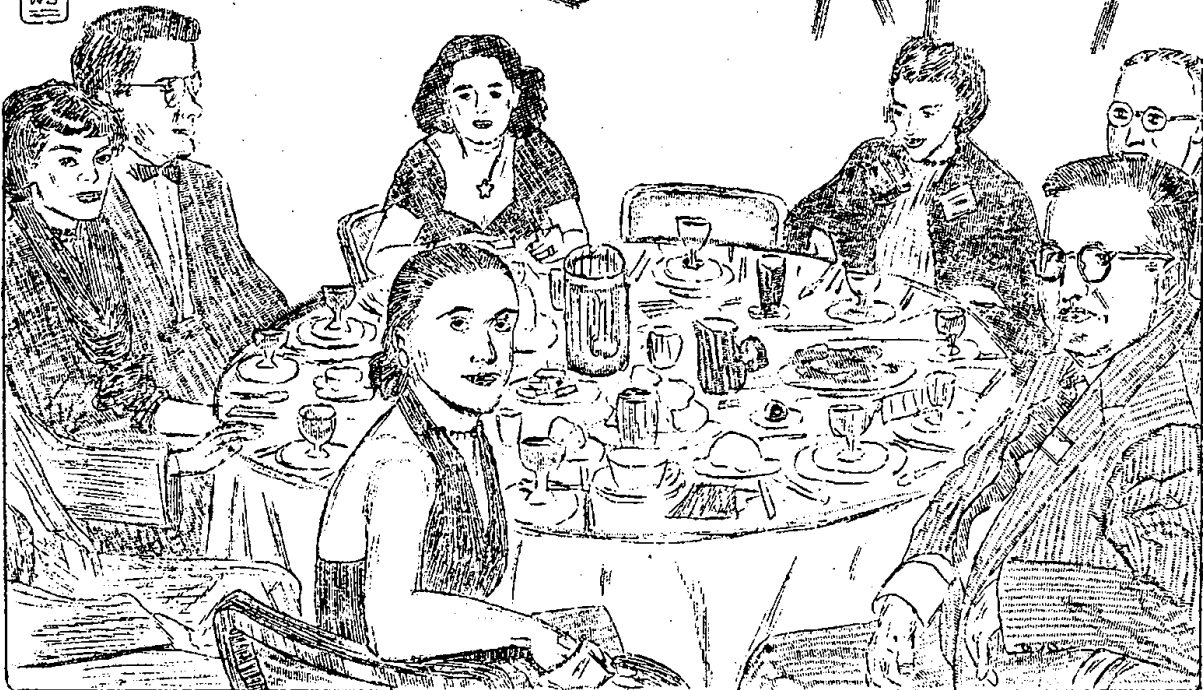
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Dikty in the foreground of the picture on the lower half of this page.

Part One by Reta Grossman
NEOPHYTES AT THE PHILCON

Part Two by Old Woodchuck
QUAKER CITY DIARY

Convention Jackpot

September 5-6-7 1953
PHILCON II



Convention Jackpot

Part One- NEOPHYTES AT THE PHILCON by Reta Grossman

No doubt there will be many detailed reports on the con. So far we have seen one as long as forty-seven pages. This is a narrative of general impressions only.

The trip started with a good omen (for them as believes in 'em). The U. S. Immigration Officer at Malton, Toronto, asked us where and why of our journey. We answered, "Philadelphia Convention". "What kind of a convention?" We show our rocket-embellished registration cards, expecting loud guffaws. Instead we got--"Hmm. Well now, that's very interesting. Are you writers?" "No, just fans." "I write in my spare time. Yes, for the last year I've been writing for True Confession Magazines". This, of course, led to a complete breakdown of our composure and decorum flew out the window, while much hilarity flew in. We (Fran Lipton and I) chuckled about it all the way to our landing at Idlewild. Connections being nil from this point to Philly we took the local. And please----why do people (U. S. types) persist in thinking of Canada as a wilderness where one must kill three deers, two bears and one mountain lion before breakfast? By now they should realize the Indian menace is over. But honestly I've never seen a Mountie in a redcoat except for their annual appearance at the Canadian National Exhibition.

There we were, two girls absolutely green in the ways of cons, checking into the hotel with no luggage. Seems as though that particular train had no baggage car. Ignoring the raised eyebrows, we registered and were pleasantly greeted by a message from Bill Grant, a fellow Torontonian we hadn't as yet met. Come on a my room, he sez. I'm having a party for early arrivals.

Was there ever a press-agent like Bill before? He can go on my payroll anytime. So many of the people we met said, "Oh yes, the girls from Toronto. Bill said you were coming." The party started off with a rousing welcome----we crossed adverbs with Martin Greenberg at first sight. Of course we came off second best. The Gnomes were marching that night, Mother. Oh yes, our luggage arrived much later.

Things and People By Whom We Were Favourably Impressed:

First honours go to Bill Grant. Without him we would have been two lost lambs. Can't recall seeing him without his three-eyed monster (his bank of lights) and his camera.

Dave Kyle----Mr. Philcon. It was a distinct pleasure to meet Dave and work with him on the Convention Newspaper. We never saw a more harassed, tired guy. Plus his sincerity and efficiency.

Bob Bloch, who has a rapier wit. Fran got into a hilarious discussion with him about her fetish for the sounds of certain voices which do things to/for her--like L. Sprague de Camp's booming baritone. Hearing Bob tell (did he have a small lump in his throat?) of his great friend Stanley G. Weinbaum, and his ideas for stories he was planning before his untimely death. Reading snatches of a delightful (obscene) unpublished m.s., by Bob. In its present format, it will never see print.

Convention Jackpot

We met only three objectionable types in several hundred. Which only goes to prove----people are people anywhere at all and most are nice.

All different types of beards----from scraggy ginger to full flowing black corsair style. And speaking of facial fungus, Bert Campbell seemed very pleased to meet a Canuck--made him feel more at home, I guess. The Colonies and all that rot, what?

Congrats to the Publicity Department on good planning--newspaper, radio and TV coverage. And the Life-Look photographer who snapped continuously all and sundry for three days. Question of the week: will his pics ever see the light of day?

The kid who set up the tape recording machine, repaired to the bar, and will probably hear the speeches at home.

Jerry Bixby who wouldn't play the piano Monday night because there wasn't a glass of beer on top of it. We expected to find a two-headed monster and met a very nice guy instead.

Evelyn Gold, who drank milk constantly, reclining on a bed during one party, but was vivacious in spite of her illness.

4J Ackerman----stinker or not? I had been led to believe thusly by one who seemed to know, but I'm now in doubt. This is the guy who backed Tetsu Yanu's trip, and who gave his award of Fan of the Year to England's Ken Slater. Our source of information could be wrong at that.

Hans Rusch, whose baggage was lost by TWA in Chi--he bought new clothing, etc. We hear he finally got his luggage back, but in the meantime, what happened to those irreplaceable records stashed amongst his clean shirts? Which reminds me, we met a great many jazz fans. Some people can't see the connection between jazz and SF, but--look aren't they different manifestations of the same thing? Free wheeling imagination. Plus the guitar music in the halls at all hours.

The running (from year to year) poker game, where someone was up forty three bucks. Never did hear how he wound up. Is that the guy we saw hitching home.

Harlan Ellison--"Childhood's End". Jerry Lewis (and knows it) in miniature. First auctioneer we've seen who put bids in himself.

Can anyone tell us: who was that nice old gentleman who bent over at our nameplates innumerable times, smiled at us and walked away?

Karl Olson and Lyle Kessler--REAL fans.

Rog Phillips, who does not look like that horrible pic published in a pro mag last year. But where was Mari Wolf?

The frustrated characters down the hall on Sunday night with three pitchers of ice cubes and nothing to drink. They were warned!

Dori Rothman, who is a real sweetheart, selling raffle tickets, souv-

Convention Jackpot

enir stamps, etc, etc., on Monday to make a few extra pennies for the kitty.

Don Ford, who is so tall he walks in sections. We're glad San Fran won the vote--after Dave Kyle explained the whys to us. Of course we won't be able to get there, but we voted for them anyway. That Kyle is a persuasive guy! Bert Campbell got a kibitz vote of 61 on the first ballot, in appreciation of his delightful speech plugging London for a truly "world" con.

Things and People We Were Unfavourably Impressed By:

The giving out of tickets for parties. It serves a purpose, but is it democratic. True, the con gets unweildly because of size, but something should be planned for youngsters after the sessions are over. We saw so many of them wandering the halls looking quite lost after midnight. And not only youngsters, other first timers as well. Was the party in the Rose Garden Saturday night supposed to be the get-aquainted affair? If it was, it didn't serve the purpose too well. May we suggest that someone on future committees make some plans to include we lost ones in some affair after the regular sessions are over? And again we repeat--thank heaven for Bill Grant!

Joe Gibson, avid letter writer. We expected to find a two-headed monster, and did!

Hotels which obey the blue laws, but which permit incoming telephone calls all night long. Gad, they've got phones that jingle, jangle, jingle.

General Comments:

Here is the spot to say where we got the name "Those crazy Toronto girls". A slightly drunken soldier from the neighbouring convention, the IOist Airborne Troops, latched onto us in the bar before Villy's speech. We couldn't get rid of him, so brought him to hear it with us and how did we know he'd end up sleeping on Fran's shoulder.

We missed the first auction. We didn't have enough loot with us, and thought we'd be broken hearted to see the illos and other stuff go by. The Masquerade--although no one wore three where she's only entitled to two, there certainly was enough variety. And that blonde sure had long legs. There were Roman Togas to Charles Adams' vampires to Captain Video characters. -- And that's it for both of us--we had fun! RG



Part Two- QUAKER CITY DIARY by Old Woodchuck

Friday, Sept. 4, 10.00 AM Upon arriving I settled myself in the Ritz Carlton Hotel, just across the street from the convention hotel. The idea behind this was that I might get some sleep, I did, but was it worth it? Then, knowing that the liquor laws were quite similar to Toronto I went out and purchased my ration of spirits for the holiday week-end.

12.00 Noon In the hotel lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford I bumped into Ben Chorst, who was loaded down with magazines for disposal at the convention. More faces, Don Ford, Milton Rothman, Dave Kyle, Ben Jason, Forry Ackerman, Bob Tucker, Jean Carrol, Andy Harris and so many others that my memory grows dim. Then the notebook listing of who and whereabouts in the hotel of past friends.

2.00 PM Meeting Pat Mahaffey in the reception room on the 13th floor and watching some publicity shots being taken. Followed by meetings with more friends and wondering when Bea Mahaffey would arrive from Chicago.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1.00 AM The beginning of a "do" up in my humble room. I forgot to mention that the temperature was up around 90 degrees and the hotel didn't serve ice cubes after 1.00 AM, thus I ordered three dollars worth of said commodity before the fatal hour. The hotel checked by phone on anybody coming up to my room after the ice cube curfew, they eventually asked me what was going on in the room. From that you can perceive that the blue laws of Philly prove you guilty first and innocent secondly depending upon your explanation. Guests included, Hans Rusch, Bob Bloch, Martin Greenberg, Peggy Gordon, Ben Chorst, Bob Tucker, Evelyn Gold, Judy and Ted Dikty, Fran Lipton and Reta Grossman.

2.00 PM Usual opening in the afternoon, rules regulations and an auction in the evening. The Informal Gathering on the 18th floor was a dandy, late comers could not get a seat, we ended up on a speaker's platform. Stayed until twelve midnight and moved to one of the many hotel room parties.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1.00 PM In the convention ballroom Bob Bloch introduced George O. Smith who gave a fine talk on SF writing. Then the local types put on a "future" quiz game, mildly amusing. Another highlight was a panel discussion entitled "Women in Science-Fiction", with Bea Mahaffey and three other ladies new to my eyes, but very quick with the words.

6.00 PM Six blocks away from the festivities, I had the pleasure of going into an air-conditioned hotel and talking to Bert Campbell for the first time. An old time fan invited a small group to his room where spirits and talk flowed freely. A very short but enjoyable moment under excellent conditions. Martin Greenberg told me of his plans in connection with installing a deluxe recording set up in his home base back in New York. Having been a sucker by paying \$5.75 for a banquet ticket, I decided I'd better get back to the ballroom.

Convention Jackpot

7.00 PM The banquet proved to be average, the toastmaster Isaac Asimov kept the dialogue up to high pitch during the presentation portion of the program. There were many remarks about Isaac being a "dirty pro", but he's the best "dirty pro" I've listened to for quite some time. Bob Bloch is the only other person I have enjoyed equally as well. Kind of glad to see that there is another magazine considered in the running with Astounding. Evelyn Gold is the best emissary a magazine could have and personality plus. Also glad to see Philip Farmer get in there for recognition, a real craftsman who can turn out a wide variety of stories.

10.30 PM The costume party had all the trimmings, but no dance as was expected by most of us. The lady who won the prize this time for the best costume had previously done the same thing at the first convention way back in 1939. She and her husband, who I met previously in their room, seem to be a very fine pair and entered into the occasion in fine spirit.

12.00 Midnight I managed to get into a few smoke-filled rooms with my movie camera and record a few historical poker games. The "Bat" had her wings on that night so any room that we vacated there was a forwarding address to John Campbell's room. Later we felt sorry? I understand I was riding the rails, bannister rails that is. Next day when I realized what I had been doing and took a look at the twelve story drop below; I turned green and considered myself lucky to be alive.

Monday Sept. 7, 11.00 AM Dave Kyle was turning out his third and last gossip sheet, he'd been doing this daily with help from all directions. Also take note, this guy had the convention booklet plunked down on his shoulders because the previous party left things in a loose state. A month before the "do" Dave found out that many of the large publishing houses had not been contacted for space in the booklet. Jean Carrol also helped out in this particular crisis. This is the kind of thing that most of you are never aware of. So, sometime in the future, if you don't like a certain result think twice before getting out the knife for a little back-stabbing.

4.30 PM In the ballroom San Francisco was nominated for 1954. Cleveland came in second and London, England took a stab at the bidding. I for one have been voting for Frisco for two years and now that it has happened I feel very glad for them. I got quite a surprise when Bert Campbell's London bid garnered 61 votes, I think a few people figured the trip would be shorter to London than to Frisco. Others voted for London because they knew and liked their contact with Bert, which is a good omen for future voting. I think London could possibly swing the deal by 1956 or 57. This would be something to really look forward to. There are many very stalwart hands "over there" to run a convention, so remember Can Fan predicted it first.

6.30 PM Ben C. paid the shot for a dinner. Norm Brown, Albert Lastovica and a mystery man, and myself said goodbye to those who had to leave on the evening train. The holiday was over for some of us, but in my case it was just beginning. I left the station and headed back to the hotel to catch the last portion of the program and to see what groups would be getting together later on in the evening.

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8.00 PM In the room adjoining the ballroom I talked to Lloyd Eshbach about his Polaris Press series. The outlook for volume three is that it will be a 1000 copy edition and the price will be \$3.50. It is not definite but A. Merritt's "Metal Monster" could be the next title in this wonderful project. It amazes me how slow these beautiful editions are moving, the only way Lloyd can carry on is with the above changes. I hope there are enough of us left to appreciate the effort, time and money put up by a chap who has been a fan all his life. This year I had the pleasure of meeting Lloyd's son, who was attending his first convention.

In the same room Gnome Press had their latest books on display and the surprising newcomer in the pocketbook field, Ballantine Books. Plus piles of old pulp magazines and reasonable prices, at least to my way of thinking. Russell Swanson, local artist, had a darn fine display of his own work, plus the production of A New Finlay Portfolio which sold for \$2.00.

10.00 PM In a room with Peggy Gordon and Dave Kyle and wishing the night could go on forever. Then to a big splash in the BSS room, Don Ford presiding. Don and his friends really kept the ball rolling in these rooms, in fact every night of the convention, when did they sleep or did they? I liked the idea of throwing some money in the pot to pay for the drinks, this way nobody is "joe" for a heavy drinking bill and you have a good time in addition.

Tuesday Sept. 8, 11.00 AM Wandered out into the light of day, met quite a few hangovers and proceeded to drink gallons of water. Later on I managed to get out and have a look at Philadelphia, a very clean and orderly metropolis.

8.00 PM Said my goodbyes and got on the train for Toronto and then away to the cottage to recuperate from having a wonderful time. WDG

ADDENDA

Capsules On Some Of The Speeches by Reta Grossman

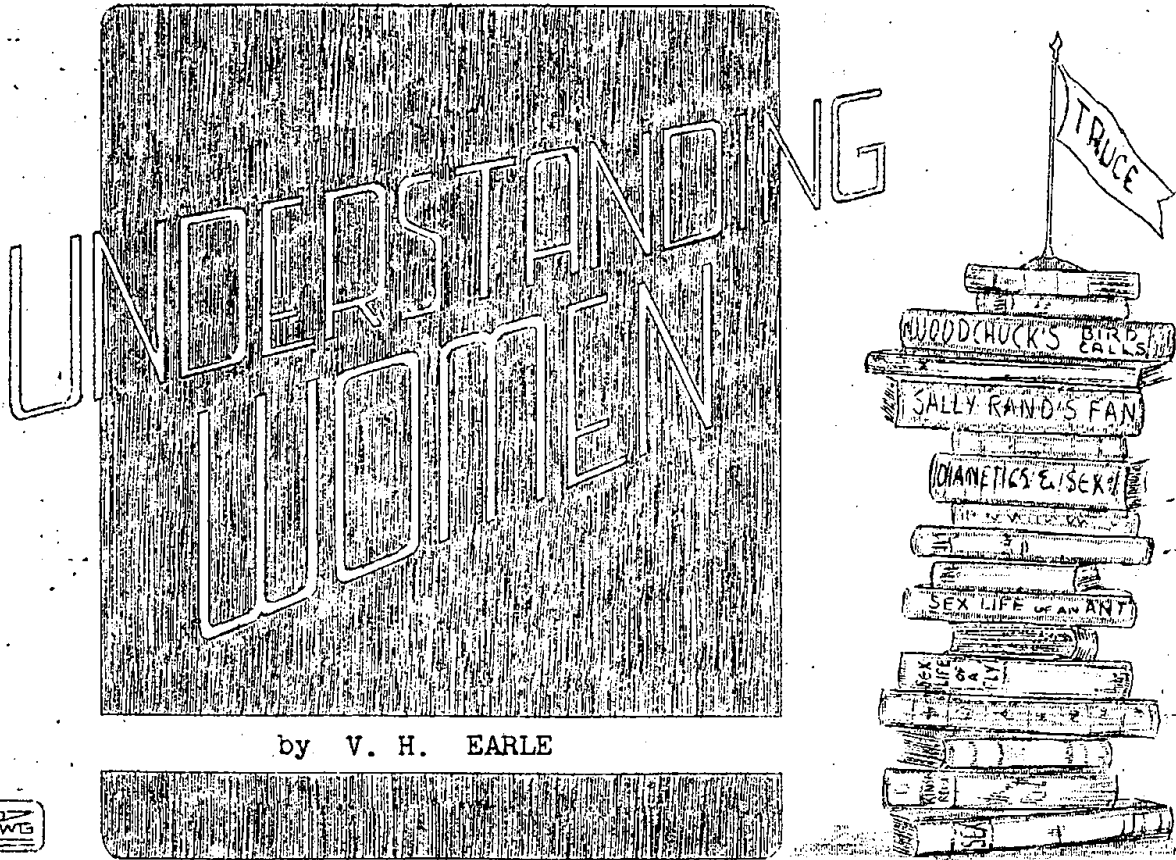
Milt Rothman--brief and pithy, the way we like opening addresses to be.

L. Sprague de Camp--oh, that voice.

Willy Ley--a most interesting and factual proposition on the future of the world's fuel supply.

Philip Farmer--quietly sincere person, but unfortunately no public speaker. The subject matter of his speech was changed three times on him before he got to the con. Scoop!! There will not be another sequel to The Lovers. He thinks that the subject has been run into the ground by now.

Issac Asimov--toastmaster at the banquet. As he himself said, "People are always surprised at how young I am". A real comedian in the true sense of the word. He sang a priceless version of "They Never Would Be Missed"--hackneyed plots and situations. RG



by V. H. EARLE

Most men spend a lifetime trying to understand women, Few, if any succeed. Some have got married, hoping that the problem would be easier to solve by getting close to it, but finding instead (and what did they expect, anyway) that the effect was rather like hanging yourself to see if the noose would slip. Some have good-naturedly admitted defeat and taken to imitating bird calls or knitting rugs. Others--serious minded, preserving men--have developed complexes and are apt to complain to psychiatrists of an overwhelming desire to get in people's hair and sleep upside down in church belfries. Not a few men have adopted an escapist attitude and joined the Foreign Legion.

Anthropologists tell us that the problem began when Eve told Adam that when she had said she couldn't understand what there was about an apple to make so much fuss about, she didn't expect anybody would be silly enough to eat one. The glazed look that came into Adam's eye at that point has remained in the eyes of succeeding generations of men down the ages.

But the history of the enigma that has puzzled men from the beginning of time is not as important now as the need for action. This thing has gone on long enough. Must we, who have seen the emergence of the atom bomb, supersonic aircraft, and bubble gum, confess ourselves baffled by the female mind? The answer, I'm glad to say, is: No!

Understanding Women

Undismayed at the enormity of the task, I have completed what might be called a study in feminine semantics which I hope shortly to publish. Semantics, by the way, (you should know this, you know) is the science of meaning----the meaning of meaning, in fact: e.g., "A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose".

A few excerpts may serve to show the value of the work:

"I haven't a thing to wear"--A phrase used at frequent intervals (and especially if there are sales on at the local stores) to announce the speaker's intention of buying new clothes, it being understood that she is not counting the 250 items of her apparel in the closet which conceal the few things of yours somewhere at the back.

"Do you want broiled steak, mushrooms and french-fries for supper, or shall I just open a tin of something?"--A question directed at hungry husbands signifying the speaker's intention or just opening a tin of something. A reply is not expected but, if given, it should be non-committal e.g., "Whatever's easiest, dear". (Note: Many marriages have fallen apart through husbands answering "steak".)

"I'll only be a minute"--A phrase referring to a passage of time varying in length from 10 minutes (minimum) to an hour or more. Under no circumstances is it to be taken literally.

"Do you love me?"--Probably one of the most difficult the student of feminine semantics is likely to contend with, this question is asked to achieve tactical surprise--usually when the man answering it is studying a problem of differential calculus or working out his income tax. The purpose is to catch the male at maximum disadvantage so that (1) if he answers "yes", he may be called a callous brute; (2) if he answers "passionately", he can be asked to foot a ruinous bill. Only defeatists would answer "no", despite the fact that experts agree that whatever you say you just can't win.

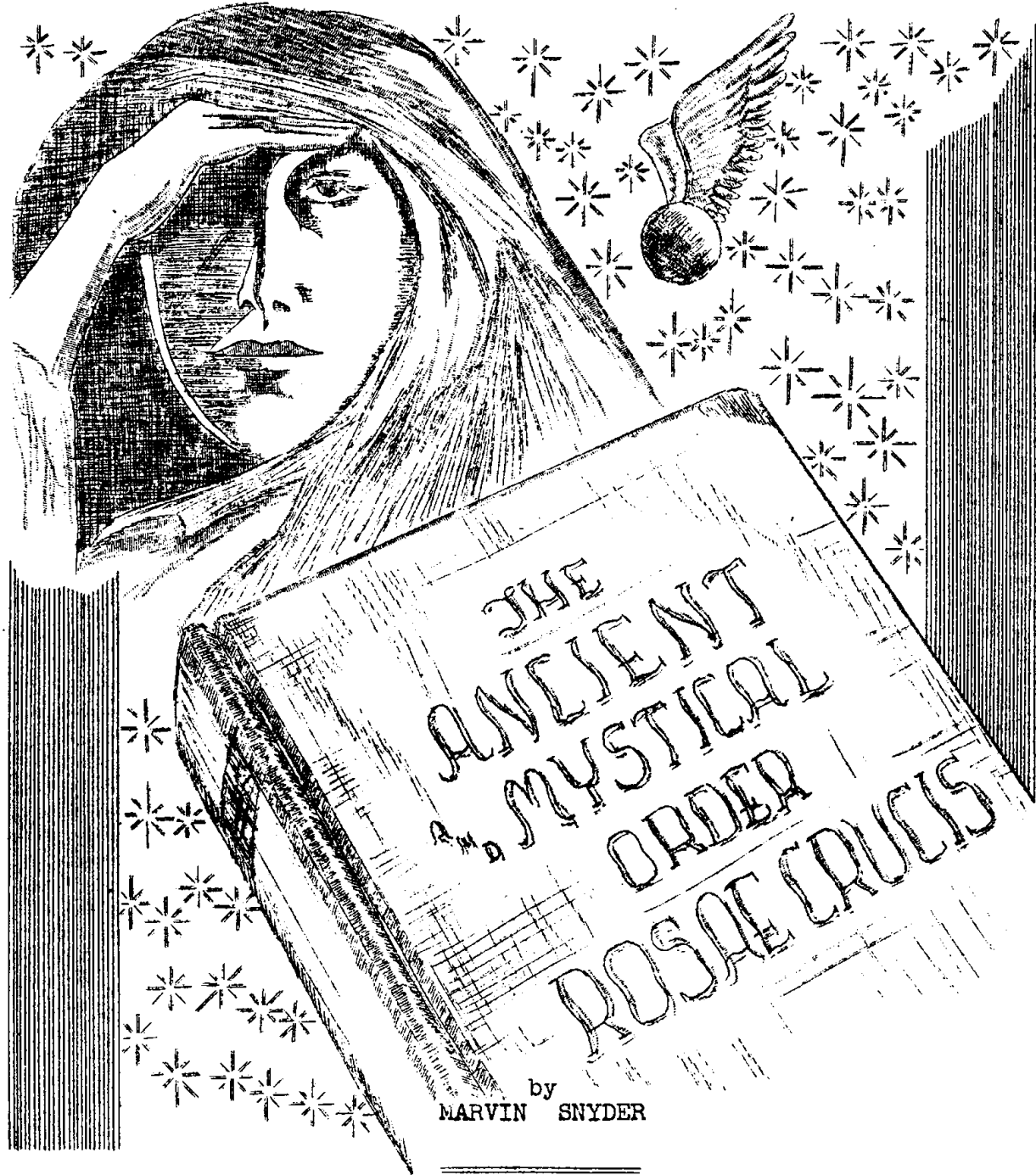
"If you happen to be going upstairs, will you bring me down my scissors on the bureau?"--A question asked of a man who has got himself firmly ensconced in an armchair with a good book. It is not interrogatory in the true sense, but a feminine version of the imperative or commanding tense of the verb 'to go': i.g., "go upstairs". The words "if you happen to" are normal in this construction, but may be disregarded in the interests of grammar and martial bliss. A man being asked this question should ignore any mention of place, since scientific experiments have shown that the article sought is never in the place indicated.

"Right"--"Left" ("go right"--"turn left")--Left and right respectively.

My book will contain 4,994 other common feminine utterances calculated to develop neuroses in men of all ages, and, although requiring extensive study if the reader is to comprehend the female mind fully, it is a work which man can only ignore at his peril. I might add that I would be glad to answer personally any inquiries resulting from reading the book, and may be contacted through the French Department of Defense--Foreign Legion Branch.

VHE

The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis



by
MARVIN SNYDER

INTRODUCTION

The Rosicrucians are a fraternal order. They are a body of up-to-date men and women, interested in using to their best advantage the possibilities of life by a sane and sensible use of their background of esoteric knowledge and their human capabilities. This knowledge which they cherish, and to which they are always adding further cont-

The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

contributions, covers every facet of human endeavour and every phenomenon in the universe known to man.

The Rosicrucian Order had its traditional birth in early Egypt in the activities of the Great White Lodge. At the time of the conception of the Order, the Egyptians had reached a high state of civilization and advanced learning. Many means were adopted to preserve their knowledge. The hieroglyphic markings on pyramids, obelisks, and temple walls are evident of the Egyptians' desires to make their knowledge and learning permanent.

The Egyptian hierarchy did not entrust the more profound secrets of science, art, and nature to the masses. But these secrets could not be preserved through writing on papyrus; therefore classes were formed by the most learned and attended by the select minds. Doctrines and principles of science were taught.

These classes or schools were held in either isolated grottos or in the seclusion of some of the temples erected to the many Egyptian gods. They became known as "mystery schools". The term "mysteries", although it at first meant anything unknown, came to signify an uncommon or esoteric (inner) knowledge of life and being.

These mystery schools evolved into the first Rosicrucian organization to which the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis can trace back its ancestry. Although the first organization had no definite name, Thutmose III, who organized its physical form, saw to it that the Order had very definite principles, rules, and modes of procedure, all of which have come down to the present Order of today without any great change.

PART ONE

At the close of the first epoch of the Brotherhood's history, ending with the death of Amenhotep IV in 1350 B.C., there was only one secret assembly, and the Brothers and Sisters numbered four hundred odd. For years plans had been made for the establishment of other assemblies or lodges in various countries, but in those countries where lodges could have been established by one of the Egyptians who would have travelled there, war was raging and conditions were against any such institution.

Learned Greeks came to Egypt to study Egyptian philosophies and to become acquainted with Egyptian learning. Many of them tried to enter the Order, but they were not admitted because of "unpreparedness".

By "unpreparedness" it was meant that they were not content to follow the teaching of the Brothers, but that, "after learning a little they become...proud, depending (too much) on their own understanding".

This seems to be what was most feared by the Council, just as it is today feared that new members, after a few lessons, will feel they have learned enough, and will withdraw from the Order.

For many years after the death of Amenhotep the Order progressed lit-

The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

tle. As the years passed by a few were admitted and initiated, while the "great teachings" were being transcribed into symbolism and a special secret alphabet.

In 1203 B. C., several of the Brother of the Order were commissioned to go into other lands and spread the secret doctrines by the establishment of other Lodges. This was not successful, and later it was later decided not to send out Brothers, but to have interested persons travel to Egypt. Those who qualified were to be empowered to return to their people and establish a Lodge in the name of the Brotherhood. This principle, known as the "Amra", proved to be wise. It became a successful plan of propagation and was made a hard and fast rule.

THE 108 YEAR CYCLE

One of the very mysterious and puzzling laws of the organization is that of the One Hundred and Eight Year Cycle. Its origin is lost in the traditional history of the Order, but its general acceptance accounts for the many peculiar breaks in the organization's activities.

According to this regulation, every branch jurisdiction selects a certain year as the anniversary of its original foundation, and from that year onward, operated in accordance with the periodicity of cycles.

A complete cycle of existence from birth to rebirth is two hundred and sixteen years. Of this cycle the first 108 years is a period of outer general activity, while the second period of 108 years is a time of concealed, silent, and secretive activity, seemingly dormant to the outside world. After this period of apparent inactivity comes another 108 years of outer activity, just as if the organization was born without any connection with its previous cycle. This regulation is a close analogy to the organization's plan of cycles of birth and rebirth for humans, except for the fact that the number of years is different in each case.

Just as the Rosicrucians consider man's rebirth on Earth as a reincarnation of his previous existence, so each new birth of the organization in each jurisdiction is considered to be the birth of a new organization as a reincarnated soul in a new body.

During the 108 years of inactivity members carry on their individual activities, and according to the rules and regulations concerning these periods of silence, they privately initiate their own descendants in their immediate families. They accept no new members from what they call, the "profane world".

In this way several generations of Rosicrucians, initiated in the privacy of their own homes or in secret temples, continue to carry on the work of the Order, while outwardly, and in all of its general activities it seems to have gone out of existence.

These periods of silence give rise to many misconceptions, one of which is;

The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

"The falsity of thinking or believing that Rosy Cross dead, when in fact it was working wholly in silence. The original organization was never for a moment dead or inert. It always functioned in one form or another. Initiates were never lacking," (Clymer, R.S., The Book of Rosicruciae., Quakertown, Pa. Philosophical Pub. Co., 1947, Vol II, P.XV)

For several years preceeding the time for rebirth, the branch prepares itself by getting in touch with an active branch in another land. And at the right moment it announces in its own land the birth of a new cycle of the Order. As the time approaches for the branch to have its new birth, arrangements are made for issuance of a pamphlet or "manifesto" setting forth the beginning of a new cycle. It is difficult to find out when this custom was adopted, but of course in the early days before Christ, pamphlets and printed matter were impossible and so a decree was circulated by word of mouth and by the display of a certain symbol among the people.

THE MYSTERY OF C.R.-C.

This decree, manifesto, or symbol, announces the opening of a "tomb" in which the "body" of a great master, C.R.-C., is found, together with rare jewels and secret writings or engraving on stone or wood, which gives the discoverers of the "tomb" power to establish the secret organization once again.

When the time came for the new birth in Germany in the seventeenth century, the incident of the opening of the "tomb" was given wider publicity than ever before. This was due to the invention of printing which made possible the distribution of pamphlets in five languages, and in many nations at the same time.

These pamphlets attracted such universal attention among people who had never heard of the organization before that a common impression was created and recorded to the effect that a new organization, never known in the world before, had come into existence.

The discovery of the "body" in a "tomb" or the finding of the "body" of a person known as C.R.-C. is allegorical, and is not meant to be taken literally by the Rosicrucians. They claim they have records referring to at least twelve discoveries of "tombs" containing the "body" of C.R.-C. in different lands before the greatly publicized and popularized incident in Cassel, Germany in the seventeenth century.

The initials C.R.-C. are an abbreviation of Latin words, which when translated mean the "Christian Rose Cross". The initials are not meant to signify a person by the name of Christian Rosenkreuz or Rosenkrantz.

There are certain Rosicrucian organizations today that believe Christian Rosenkreuz was the founder of Rosicrucianism, for instance the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, with its headquarters in Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

END OF PART ONE

London Sketch

FRANK ARNOLD
who took these
pics

BERT CAMPBELL
Editor



BEA MAHAFFEY
Guest of Honour



"LONDON
SKETCH"



PETER HAMILTON - Editor

by
William D. Grant
from photographs
of the London
Convention
May 1953
Courtesy of
Orville W. Mosher



PETER PHILLIPS - Author

WALT
WILLIS



MRS.
WALT
WILLIS



THE NEWS

HOME MAGAZINE

TUESDAY
OCTOBER 20, 1953

There is very big news from the city of Cleveland.

As you can see by this the local newspapers have already taken up the challenge of letting the people know about their local Science Fiction Fan gatherings.

The drive that is behind this club is all powerful as you will soon perceive on the following two pages and it is our hope that you the reader will be caught up in the spirit.

Can Fan is glad to be in at the beginning of this advance campaign for the 13th Con.



Miss Vaughn Burden, 17, youngest member of the club admires a space ship drawing with science fiction fans Ben Jason (left) and Frank Andrasovsky.....

BETTY SULLIVAN'S REPORT

Betty Sullivan's Report

In Philadelphia on last September the seventh, at the I1th World Science-Fiction Convention, The Terrans, The Cleveland Science-Fiction Association put in a bid for the I2th World convention.

It was decided to bid for the convention site only three weeks before the campaign took place. Within that three week period, Cleveland prepared a better program than cities with much greater lengths of time at their disposal.

Cleveland lost the I954 convention by only thirty votes.

Within that three week period, enough ground work had been done, enough cooperation had been evidenced within the club itself, to loose by only thirty votes to a city which has had three years to do the same job!!!

Cleveland is willing to devote the next two years to giving you the best convention in the history of fandom.

Cleveland has the ability to do so.

The last two paragraphs sum up, without verbiage, the reason for this article. Let me elaborate and tell you why we can do the job.

First-----we are a group of young people and adults, thirty in number, whose basic interest is science-fiction. Of these thirty, three have been fans since the day of "The Immortal Storm". I shall now introduce some of the Terrans to you.

Ben Jason is known throughout the country for his fan activities. His collection is one of the most complete in the world. He is one of the founders of the Cleveland Club.

Frank Andrasovsky, co-founder with Ben Jason of the club is another long time fan.

E. J. Burden has been a fan since reading Golden Argosy. In three years of activity he has become loved and respected throughout the field. His nomination speech was one of the high points of the Philadelphia Convention.

These men know fandom-----know it from its very beginnings, they have the background and the experience to do the proper sort of job.

Honey Wood, secretary-treasurer of the Terrans, has in two short years risen to, in fan language, the position of BNF. She holds the head directorship of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, The Presidency of The Fanettes and has done a magnificent job in all these offices.

Noreen Kane Falasca has held the presidency of the Cleveland Club ever since a complete reorganization took place last January. Before this reorganization the attendance was very poor, and there were no club activities other than the meetings. The new club has an active membership of thirty. With events scheduled throughout the year, such as field trips to the new planetarium, attendance at lectures of interest

Betty Sullivan's Report

to SF fans, and four annual parties. The most important of these being the Omniparty, held over the Christmas holidays.

Bill Berger had an officership in one of the national fan organizations during the 1951-1952 term and maintains a large correspondence list.

Richard Z. Ward, George Ollson and Vaughn Burden have become prominent for their illustrative efforts in various fan magazines.

Your author was official hostess for the Convention, Hotel Metrople, Cincinnati 1949, and the rest of us are known because we all worked so hard in Philadelphia this year.

An intensive membership drive is underway in the Cleveland area at the time of this writing. Advertisements have been placed in the periodicals of the four colleges in this city. Help has been requested from the Cleveland Club in forming groups in Stubenville, Akron and several other smaller Ohio cities. There has been a recent feature article complete with photographs in one of Cleveland's large daily papers.

On November 9th members of the club participated in a panel discussion of Science-Fiction at the Cleveland Public Library. Also on the panel we had the presence of Russ Winterbotham, Jack Miske and Martin Greenberg.

One of our leading hotels offers us these inducements, a guarantee of 400 rooms, moderately priced, each attractively decorated and equipped with a free radio. Twenty-four private meeting rooms; air-conditioned and ranging in capacity from 50 to 1200 people. This particularly fine hotel also boasts of one of the largest and finest ball rooms in the midwest area. The hotel has a quiet zone for people who are not on SF conventions and may wish to sleep. The hotel is located in the heart of the theatre-restaurant district, convenient to all out of town transportation facilities.

The Cleveland convention bureau has promised full cooperation, even to an offer of secretaries to handle the registration and other matters.

The Cleveland Museum of Natural History Planetarium will plan several programs, the content of which we have the privilege of selecting for the convention members.

One of the major theatre chains has promised to hold for preview any SF movie ready for release within three months of convention time.

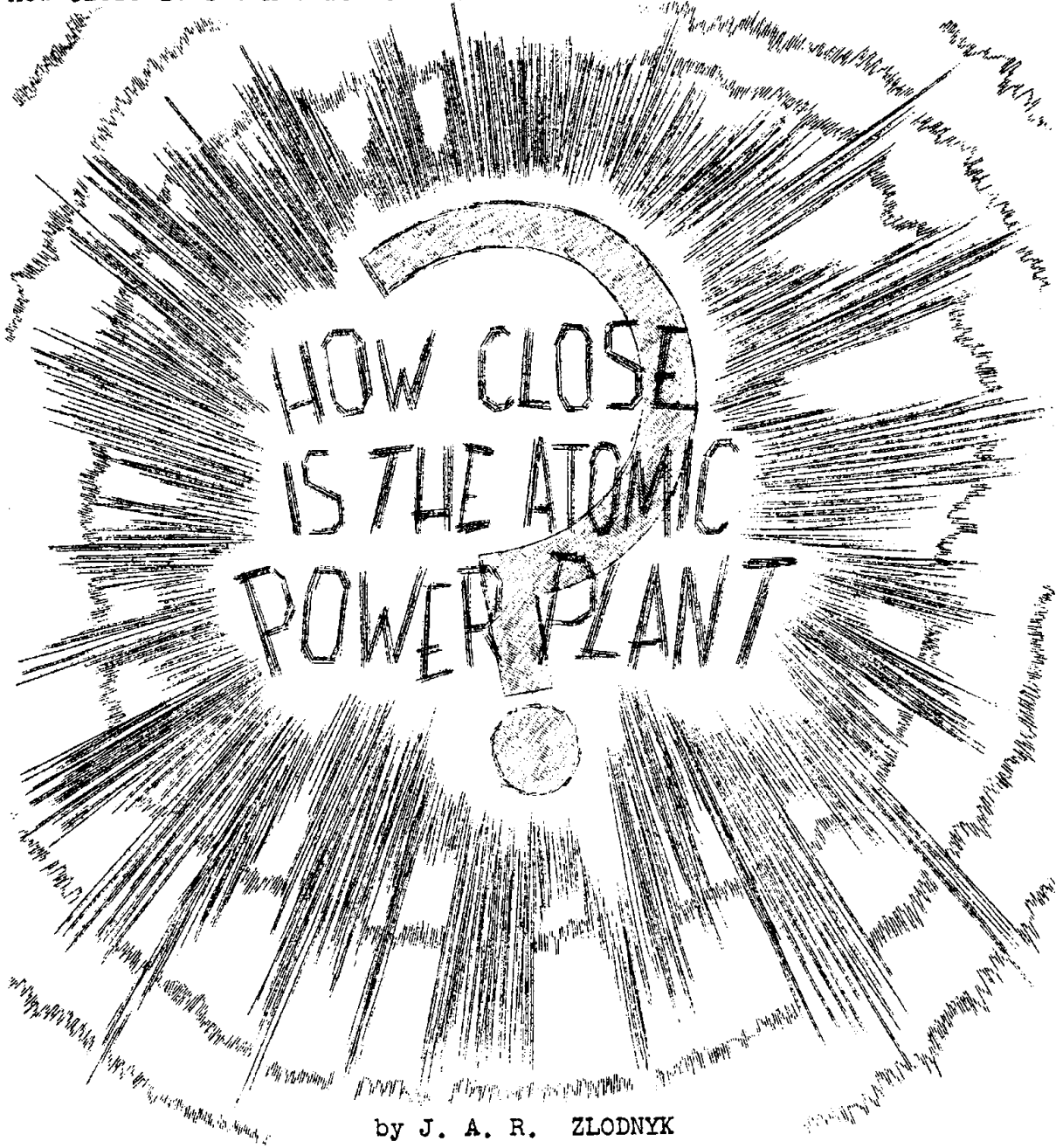
These are only a few things we have to offer at this early date.

The most important factor is this-----Cleveland lost the convention by 30 votes, after heartbreaking and sometimes backbreaking work. We are ready to come back with the best battle ever put on for a convention site and ready to make "THIRTEEN" the greatest science-fiction convention ever held!

BS

(Miss Sullivan has been speaking on behalf of the Terrans of Cleveland)

How Close Is The Atomic Power Plant?



Recent statements in the press and elsewhere by responsible authorities in Canada, the U. S., and Great Britain have more than suggested that the world is on the eve of a practical means of developing electrical power by atomic means. It seems certain now that, within the next ten or twenty years, the world's first "atomic" power plant for the production of electric power will go into operation, probably in Britain.

The first plant will probably be in Great Britain because that nation

How Close Is The Atomic Power Plant?

is face to face with a really serious crisis in the production of electricity. Demand for electrical energy is continually increasing and is expected to double every ten years for some considerable time. At the same time, Great Britain depends almost wholly on steam generators for its production of electric power, which means ever-increasing requirements for coal when demand is already greater than supply. The British Electrical Authority estimates that it will need another 13 million tons of coal by 1960 and correspondingly more as time goes on. Consequently, priority in Britain has been given to the development of atomic power for industrial purposes and much experimental and preliminary work has already been done at Harwell, the British nuclear research centre in Berkshire. The British are already breaking ground in Cumberland in the north of England for the prototype of commercial power reactor designed to produce 50,000 kilowatts.

Elsewhere in power-hungry Europe, notably in France, much attention has also been given to the problem and it is not impossible that another European country, now a "dark horse" in the race, might be first with electrical power for industry economically produced by nuclear means. How close Russia is to solving the problem is uncertain.

On this continent too, although the emergency is not as great, scientists and engineers are working to amass the necessary information--and much still remains to be learned in all countries before nuclear produced electricity becomes practical and economical. In this connection, Canada is fortunate in having at Chalk River by far the world's most powerful reactor for obtaining information of the kind required. With our NRX reactor, which has the highest "neutron flux" of any natural uranium reactor in the world, Canadian scientists have been able to obtain required data that could not have been found anywhere else. In the United States as well, millions of dollars are being spent on this civilian application of atomic power and recommendations have already been made to the joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy that a full-scale prototype atomic energy power plant be constructed in the U. S. as soon as possible.

It is quite possible however, that in the United States the first successful practical application of atomic power, using the same principle as that proposed for the generation of electrical power, will be made in the so-called atomic submarine, "Nautilus", specially constructed for the purpose.

It is perhaps not generally realized that the first practical use of the atomic reactor to provide industrial power will be by indirect means. In other words, it will not be the great power produced by atomic fission that will be utilized at this stage. So far, no method has been devised to harness it. What will be used, both for the electric power plants and for the USS "Nautilus", will be the great heat produced in the fission process. For the industrial power plants, this heat will produce steam to drive the undersea vessel's screws.

Many problems lie ahead before atomic plants are a practical reality but, as Gordon Dean, Chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, said recently, "The only doubt that still exists has to do with such questions as 'how' and 'when'".

JARZ

For Women Only - or - Caught In The Act



by RETA GROSSMAN
A New Writer To Our Pages

FOR WOMEN ONLY OR CAUGHT IN THE ACT

We are all very pleased to see the upswing in popularity in "our" form of reading matter, but there is still one problem to be solved; indoctrination.

How do you go about interesting a non-reader in SF or Fantasy? Admittedly, they are interested in Zsa Zsa Gabor or Gooey Lumbagos (Guy Lombardo to you squares) and will never have our picture inside the front cover of a mag, endorsing it's contents. But who, but the ready made fen are going to see these endorsements?

For Women Only - or - Caught In The Act

Now here is a typical example of the usual reader vs non-reader controversy. This little episode happened about a month ago.

There I was, lying in bed with a minor indisposition, looking not very glamorous, with a months' supply of mags on the floor beside me. In walks my landlady's brother, the most interesting male I had set my optic orbs on in months.

After the social amenities, this gorgeous hunk of man picked up one of the mags, turned to me with incredibility in his eyes and asked that old, time-honoured question, "Do you read this trash?". Horrors! To be caught in bed, with no makeup, reading pulp magazines.

I smiled sweetly, slid a few furtive inches down into the sheets and admitted my sin. "But what do you see in it?" Heaving a sigh, I began the usual story-

"When I was a young'un, about twelve or so, in the formative years, my reading habits changed abruptly from children's stories to adult fairy tales. I started to read my brothers magazines, interspersed with Movie Stories and True Confessions, like all my little girl friends. But the sordid little confessions soon palled. The Fantasy didn't. I find more escape reading this than about some movie star's life and loves.

My hero pipes up, not unexpectedly, "What do you gain by reading this stuff?".

"What do you read for relaxation? Whodunits? Westerns? Popular Mechanics? or the National Geographic?". The lad spluttered a bit and I pressed home the small advantage. "Talking about the National Geographic, wouldn't you like to see the Taj Mahal, the statues on Easter Island, the Inca Temples, King Solomon's Mines, The Nile, and the Pyramids? And going a little farther in this tour, wouldn't you like to stand on the moon and look down at the Earth? If you wouldn't then you have no romance, no spirit of adventure in your soul!"

With a look of utter shock at this new concept of romance, my ex-friend gasped out a hurried excuse and beat a hasty retreat to the safety of a quiet telephone booth to call a normal girl. And so I lost another prospective male friend. Oh well, another one who wouldn't think it out for himself, sez I. And oh, how many of them there are.

Well, how do you meet the stares of you fellow commuters on the street cars? Do you put covers on your mags to hide the undraped females or bums, or do you show the back cover with its garish advertisements at all times? True the new pocket-sized magazine has cut down on embarrassment. Do you adopt the devil may care attitude and flaunt your Bergy Fems for all to see, not caring about the public's reactions? Or do you have your own indoctrination method?

If any of you fem-type girls have a better solution than mine, please let me know. I am loosing more than my quota of males! RG

Wee Willie's Wanderings

WEE WILLIE'S WANDERINGS

By William D. Grant

This time I'm going to really live up to the title on the page and wander into anything that comes into my mind.

A short time ago (Sept. 19, 1953) I had the extreme pleasure of being host for a meeting of the Derelicts at my home. The festivities started at 7.30 PM and faded out at 3.00 AM in the morning. In that time I ran off about six hours of movies and dumped ash trays about four times. It was a smoke-filled room on a par with many convention rooms I'd witnessed in the past. About six of us had been in Philadelphia and we recreated events in words and in movies for those who had missed the affair, it brought back the convention as if it had been the day before.

Albert Lastovica (new fan) had some excellent stills on hand and was also a winner of a cover raffle at the convention, believe me that is a wonderful way to start off in fandom.

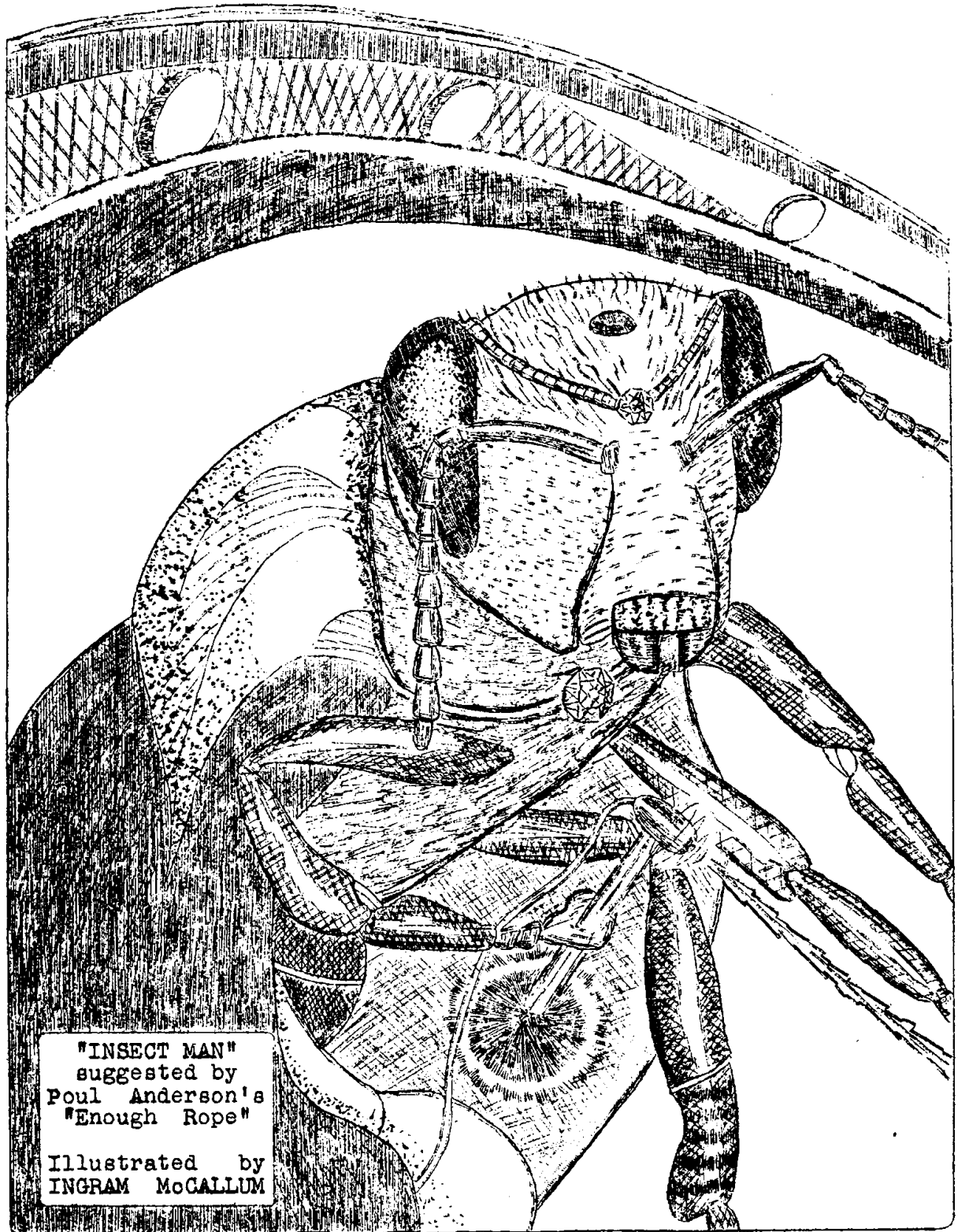
Reta Grossman and Fran Lipton (also new fans) also recaptured some of the better moments. They recalled certain unfriendly aspects of the convention, wherein strangers could be left out in the cold if they didn't know anybody to introduce them around. Frankly most of us are aware of this point and private groups also have a point in shunning some of the most precocious "young fans" that ever came out of a wire cage. My initial contact with fandom at large was at Russell's Point (I'm not counting the Torcon in '48) and I was lucky, I went with Ned McKeown and John Millard. So I never had the door closed in my face, unless the other party had good reason.

By the time this reaches you Bob Tucker will be a married man, it was sometime in November. Any of you who have come in contact with Bob, or have read his books know of the wealth of humor lurking behind the face. I see him twice a year along with many others and enjoy the contact. Speaking for myself and the Derelicts I wish him and his bride all the best for the future.

Ted Dikty informed me that Shasta will be going into the field of general books in the near future. The first book will be authored by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, one of the worlds foremost explorers. The second book will be under the Westmores of Hollywood, a name that will make women sit up and take notice. The latter has a good chance of getting on the non-fiction best-seller list. A worthy venture to look forward to this coming year from Mel Korshak and Ted Dikty.

How do you like the way Ray Palmer and Bea Mahaffey are attacking the magazine field from all angles. Mystic, Fate, Universe and Science Stories are now under their belts and on the stands. I also note that they are handling Bert Campbell's British effort "Authentic Science Fiction" in addition to the big four---what next from Chicago?

You have just been served scrambled eggs, that's all for this trip. WDG



"INSECT MAN"
suggested by
Poul Anderson's
"Enough Rope"

Illustrated by
INGRAM McCALLUM

Letters From The Readers

The MAILSTROOM

DARYL SHARP Apt. 5, 100 Alice, Eastview, Ontario, Canada

Gerry, I must compliment you very sincerely for a swell job of editing Can Fan. It is a first rate zine, I hope you can keep it as such. I like your illo reproduction and your cover format.

I think what I enjoyed most was the report on the Midwest Con. A good informative account that gave us fans an idea of what it was like.

Your contents page design is also appealing and the headings to the articles seemed striking and novel.

One complaint, the text on Ken Hall was abominably short, was it not? Why not have the fan personality do a longer blurb on his life, how he became a fan, etc. I would like to see more from this column, of such fans as Forry Ackerman, Hank Moskowitz, Carol McKinney, etc.

Your film review was good and I enjoyed your editorial, mainly because you had something to say. Having seen "It Came From Outer Space", I was able to compare your observation with my own and found I pretty well agreed with you.

Say, I like the idea of your "Last Minute News" section and I hope you make it live up to the name.

So, all in all, Gerry, I was quite impressed with this effort by yourself and the Derelicts. I will eagerly await the next ish of Can Fan.

INGRAM McCALLUM P. O. Box No. 29, Appin, Ontario, Canada

Thanks a lot for the ish of Can Fan. I enjoyed it a lot, particularly the article about the Midwest Con. I am anxious to see the next ish because you-know-what will be in it. I notice that for some reason your mag can reproduce illos better than any other mimeo'd mag I have seen. I'll be sending you some illos from time to time.

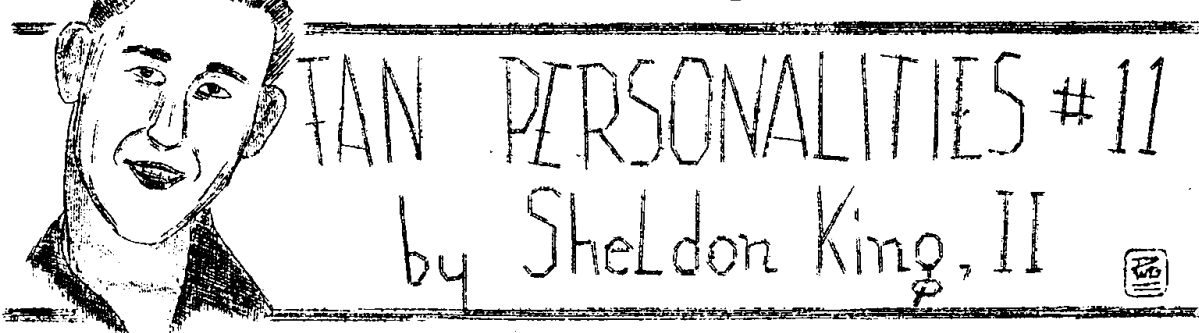
NAN GERDING Box 484, Roseville, Illinois, USA

When it comes to editing and publishing you are a natural--gads, I think I'll quit publishing altogether. You did more in and with your first issue than I've done in three years of publishing. Your heading especially and your cover are magnificent. How in tunket do you do it? I never saw such mimeo work in my life. In my opinion, Can Fan hits the top immediately--the quality of printing and contents are excellent.

Along with the above comments we received a very fine letter from JOE MARTINO, which space does not permit inclusion, he got quite a bang out of Bob Tucker's picture along with a great many others. We are proud to mention that we have had requests for copies from the New York Public Library (Main Office) and a Public Library in Sweden. As we close there will be prizes for the best letters received, adverse comments will be appreciated but we do like what we see above. WDG

Gerald A. Steward was born on December 16, 1932 and until he was seventeen he lived a normal life, growing up in the same neighbourhood most of the time, going to school, and generally doing the things everyone else does in their younger years.

A few months before his seventeenth birthday his family moved. This was a very important day in his life because on this day he started reading science fiction. During the winter of the following year he made the mistake of writing a letter to a pro-mag, it was published, and through this another Canadian Fan contacted him and he became an active fan. He started corresponding and through this medium met a Fem Fan in the States, she was suffering from what is known as ultracrafanactia. She was so involved in fan activities that she had no time for SF. Steward swore he would never get into this position.



The Fem Fan talked him into joining the NFFF. Fem Fan talked him into becoming a member of the Welcomittee, of which she was chairman. Fem Fan is forced to retire as Chairman of said committee and guess who took over. In the meanwhile his correspondence grew to such dimensions that with this new activity he finds himself pressed for time when it comes to reading STF. He does the logical thing and reads only the best of the stuff. And Gerald A. Steward swears that he will never become a fan publisher. (Silly Boy)

Several times he gets the urge to become an ay-jay, each time he reminds himself of his oath and quells the urge. Finally he decided that it wouldn't hurt to price a duplicator. So on a Saturday morning in the middle of May, 1953, at about 10 o'clock, GAS enters the office of the Gestetner Company on King Street. At about 10:30 he leaves the office, the proud possessor of a Gestetner mimeograph machine.

Now for a fan mag. What about Canadian Fandom? Hadn't Ned McKeown offered to sell his machine to the Derelicts so that they could revive the zine? True the Derelicts had since folded but he could do it himself.

Steward contacts McKeown--McKeown says okay. Then Wally Parsons phones Steward, the Derelicts are revived, Can Fan becomes a Derelict Publication. Steward becomes a fan publisher. Now he swears he will never become a BNF.

Aside from Fandom, GAS is equally fanatical about bowling, follows almost every sport via newspaper, radio and TV. Since becoming a fan he has ignored the opposite sex, (this is normal?) and all his free hours when he isn't bowling, are spent on some fannish endeavour. SK

Last Minute News

In this space we are about to correct some errors made while cutting the stencils for this issue.

On page five we state that Norman G. Brown is late of Winnipeg, it should have been Edmonton, Alberta. In "Wee Willie's Wanderings" it is stated that Ray Palmer and Bea Mahaffey are editing four magazines, actually it is only three. At present they are not editing "Fate".

"The Insect Man" illustration fell to pieces after about fifty copies and the operation of repair became a necessity. The remaining 200 copies are a partially redrawn and one half the old stencil, plus some correction fluid to hold it together. A very delicate operation, believe me.

You have noticed that the single copy price is up to 20¢ this issue, this is due to the amount of paper used. This single copy price will vary from issue to issue due to this factor, but our subscription price will remain the same irregardless of the aforementioned. This issue, by the way, cost thirty-four dollars to produce. So you perhaps can see our point of view on the matter.

Any of you that would like back issues--say the word. We have them from number fifteen up. Also in stock, a special memorial edition of Bob Tucker's Lez Zombie, produced in 1948 for the Torcon, the price is 5¢ a copy.

The line-up for our March 1954 issue looks very promising, what we have on hand is right up to par with this issue. Here is a partial list-

ANCIENT MAN
IN ONTARIO
by
Clyde Kennedy

BEAUTY &
THE BEAST
by
W D Grant

HODGE PODGE
FROM LIGHT
by
Leslie Crouch

ANCIENT & MYSTICAL Part Two
ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS of 2 Pts
by
Marvin Snyder

PLUS- The Maelstrom--Book Reviews--Fan Personalities--And Many Others

THE FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA - Nov. 5, 1953 - Notes from a tape recording to Boyd Raeburn, formerly of Auckland, New Zealand.

VOL MOLESWORTH - Director of The Futurian Society - "As Lyell Crane told you, this is the 14th Anniversary of the club. I can remember back in 1939 when there were only five of us sitting around a table in a private home. Now we're getting attendances of up to forty or fifty some Thursday nights and we've just taken new club rooms to be open Monday and Thursday nights and all day Saturday. In the Futurian Society itself we have 25 members. Tonight we have with us Jeff Bennett from Canberra. There are quite active groups in Melbourne, Adelaide and Brisbane, and we are hopeful that STF will really come on the map. It is some years since I corresponded with Canadian fans, but if Beak Taylor is around I'd like to say hello to him".

GRAHAM STONE - President of the Australasian Science-Fiction Society (which has about 170 members) "You haven't heard from me for some time although I try to keep in touch with Australian fans abroad while chasing after new fans in Australia and keeping ASFS running as well as doing little things like writing during the past three weeks about fifty letters to fans overseas plugging the convention that will be held next Easter".

"As you know quite a few Australian (and perhaps New Zealand) fans have taken the very sound step of leaving Australia altogether and lighting out abroad. Some years ago we lost Howard Campbell Mortimer in this way and also Lyell Crane who was sufficiently imprudent to come back.

WALLY JUDGE - Convention Organizer for the Easter Convention in 1954
"We've learned quite a lot from watching your conventions overseas and the results of them. We are hoping to turn out something a little better than our previous efforts, also support from you people overseas especially in the form of encouragement. If there is anything you can do in the way of sending us messages or anything of that nature at all which would help to give the whole affair a cosmopolitan flavour, we would be very pleased to receive it."

JEFF BENNETT - Canberra - "I'm pretty new to organized fandom. At Canberra, which roughly corresponds to Washington and which is our capital city, the sole industry is government and it is pretty isolated. SF is hard to get but it is getting easier. It is my hope to start the Futurian Society there which will help everyone, I think. If any of you chaps in Canada can give me any advice on how to run a fan club, I'll be jolly glad to get it."

There's a little bit of news from down under. I have no doubt the gentlemen would welcome correspondence in general and convention encouragement in particular. If anyone wished to tape respond with Lyell Crane, he uses 7½ inch speed, single or double track. Addresses we know:

Vol Molesworth, 160 Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W., Australia
Lyell Crane or Graham Stone c/o M. McGuinness, Box 4788, GPO
Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

If you want to help out Jeff Bennett with his fan club organizing, you could enclose a note to him in a letter to Lyell Crane, and we know Lyell would also pass anything on to Wally Judge and his convention committee. Arranged, transcribed, and edited by Howard Lyons

Australian fans often have trouble with the Customs who seem to look with a very jaundiced eye upon science-fiction and consider fantasy magazines a menace. (e.g., Fantastic is on the banned list) We heard recently that Vol Molesworth was informed by the Customs that they had seized some copies of Wierd which had been sent to him. He went to the Customs office to remonstrate and was given the usual treatment. He became so incensed at the Customs Officer gloating about how they were going to burn the precious Wierds that he slugged the guy with a left hook. BR

Project: "THE CORRELLATION OF MUSIC IN THE FANTASY-FICTION FIELD"

In other words do you know of any music that pertains to the above heading? If so, Peggy Gordon is very much interested in collecting as much information possible. Further correspondence on this subject would be appreciated. All letters will be answered promptly. Please write to-

MISS PEGGY GORDON
185 Bryn Mawr Avenue
Lansdowne, Pa.
U.S.A.