

1501 Watts Street,

Durham, N.C.

April 9, 1933

Mr. Richard Dodson,

507 S. Davis,

Kirksville, Mo.

Dear Mr. Dodson,

I have moved an even half-dozen times since Bigelow Street was my address, but like a persuing demon, your letter smelled out the tortuous trail, and arrived a few days ago. I admire the mail service that accomplished that feat.

I might say at the biging of this epistle that they have proof-readers at Amazing who attempt to eliminate certain of my orthographic errors, but even so you must have noticed some? You'll learn their origin now. Dr. Sloane has commented on them thus: Chaucer had genius, but couldn't spell,

Never mind your genius, but you spell like H....(ades?)

I see you have big ideas. Particularly in questions. What are my ideas on scientifiction for instance? That's big enough for a Hoover Commission. My personal belief in condensed form is that it adds half again, or perhaps doubles the field of fiction. So far no real authors have taken up futuristic stories, save H.G. Wells, who never was particularly good. Ever read Talbot Mundy's stuff? That's a glimmering of what it should be. All the big authors are afraid of it. No GOOD writer has ever really tried. Smith is the best of the bunch as a writer, though I think I explain better than he. Lienster has the best plots.

One thing that particularly interests me right now



is the reaction of the readers to such stories as 'The Last Evolution', a story with more philosophy than action. That was more of a prediction than a story. Did you like it?

Amazing has two stories on hand, 'The Battery of Hate' and 'Frozen Hell'. I think 'The Battery of Hate' is the next one to appear. I wish you'd tell me, when it does appear, and if you remember then, whether you like it or the Arcot-Morey-Wade type better.

You know, I suppose, that I went to Massachusetts Tech for a while. Up there they have an annual field day, Fresh-Sophomore scrap. There are grandstands to watch the games of course, and regular printed programs. At the bottom of those programs is printed: 'The use of gases and explosives IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!' Exuberent youth among a gang of Embryo chemists and engineers is evidently dangerous. Of course key-holes full of  $\text{NI}^3$  in the locker rooms are to be expected. Also loaded mechanical drawing pens.  $(\text{NH}^4)^2\text{S}$  smells a bit, doesn't it? Try letting a mixture of alcohol, and  $\text{NA}^2\text{S}$  stand a couple weeks, then add a small piece of  $(\text{Al}^3(\text{SO}^4)^3$  and let stand another week. Buy a ten cent bottle of perfume, and pour out the greater part of the stuff, 90% say, and then pour in some of your liquor. Guaranteed to turn the stomach of a skunk if properly aged.

Luck,

*Colin Campbell Jr.*

P.S. The odor derives from a combination of organic sulphides an egg can't beat in its most advanced stages. Principle among them:  $\text{C}^2\text{H}^5\text{SH}$  (ethyl mercaptan) and  $\text{C}^2\text{H}^5\text{SH}^5\text{C}^2$  (ethyl thio-ether, otherwise oil of garlic) The perfume helps. A rose smells worse than a garbage heap when you bring the two together.

*J. C. P.*



Said the magician, "The hand is  
quicker than the eye."

Says the author, "I see errors there—  
can you find it?"

John Campbell Jr.

Is this what you wanted  
for those stories?