





SPEECH!

SPEECH!

SPEECH!

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

AUTHOR!

SPEECH!

A. J. C.

AUTHOR!

SPEECH!

(Editor's note--- On that eventful day, Feb. 18th, 1950, at 7:30 P.M., we winced and dined one Arthur Joan Cox, at a banquet held in his honor.--See report of banquet somewhere in this mag. -- Anyway, following is speech made at that time by said A. J.C.)

Ladies and Gentlemen--and all others.

I was told that I'm supposed to talk about my writing career; however, that doesn't leave me much to say--which was probably why I was told that!

But--just to have something to say, I decided to do a little checking and see how others--writers who are both beginner and veteran--tell their case histories.

I discovered that no matter how large a store of professional stories a writer has he is, somehow, limited to selecting one of four versions by which he can tell his life story. I don't know just why this is but a little checking on your part--by going through past issues of WRITER'S DIGEST and WRITERS' MARKETS AND METHODS--will convince you of the truth of that statement.

I have decided to be different and not pick one of these standard versions. I'm going to give you all of them.

The following might be called life-story #1. Any similarity between this and the autobiographies of writers you may know is purely intentional:

"I was born while my mother, a Russian Noblowoman, was escaping from the pursuing Red Hordes across the treacherous, snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas.

"That was a cold morning, if there ever was one!

"Fleeing down the Mahatma Granges River to the ocean, we then flew by plane across the sea toward America.

"I say toward, because we didn't quite make it. The Pacific Ocean was anything but Pacific as a terrific storm was in progress and our plane crashed into the briny deep. That's what we got for buying a second-hand plane--it was pretty old; in fact, I had noticed carved on one of the wings, the words: "First Flight, Kitty Hawk Hill, 1903." And so--to get back to my narrative--I had the rather unusual experience of rescuing both my mother and my nurse from drowning; not a too-remarkable feat as the nurse was rather fat and bouyant. I made a raft of one of the planes wings and we floated some twenty-one days before being picked up by a battleship of the U.S. Navy--totally by chance, you understand; they were attracted by the sun which kept flashing on the nurse's glass eye.

"That takes us up to the time when I was one month old.

"I will skip lightly over the following two decades, touching only the high-lights.

"I might mention that I have organized five expeditions: two to the East Indies, one to Alaska, and another two deep into the Unknown Amazon Valley where through the lush and rotting Jungle verminous things crawl by day and carnivorous monsters slink by night.

"I never could figure out why I went to all those places. But even while on those expeditions, while fighting mosquitoes, snakes and epidemics, I never let my daily word rate fall below twenty-thousand.

"Since the war has been over I've sort of let myself slip; I've been taking it easy because of the wound I recieved in my big toe, but as soon as I recover I hope to again achieve my old output of 5,000, 000 words a year."

That, of course, is abbreviated--as the next is also. It goes:

"Prior to becoming a writer, I worked in several positions. For example, as bartender, janitor, carpenter, upholsterer, truck-driver, fur trapper, commercial artist, newsboy, street cleaner, lab assistant, butler, pilot, painter, typist, stock-clerk, oil man, ground hog, coal miner, dock worker, ship's captain, soda jerk, dentist, druggist, cameraman--just to mention a few. Then, one day, I decided to try my hand at a story, so I wrote a novelette, sent it in the next day, and a week later recieved a check for the story. So, I've been writing ever since--it's a cinch!"

I think I'll skip the next two biographies--they're hitting too close to home.

I might say that being an amateur writer, or a beginning writer, is a hard business. Sometimes you feel that you're groping in the dark. You can spend several weeks on a story and then it is sent out into a big gulf--a little while later it comes sailing back, out of the night. At least, that's been the usual procedure with me.

You don't really know what's going on out there--what really is happening in the world of the editor. Occasionally, you get a nice rejection slip of the type that Anthony Boucher or L. Jerome Stanton



like to issue or you might be treated to the conservative, gentlemanly remarks of Sam Merwin, Jr., who has the remarkable ability to sum up a story in one word--sometimes, he uses two.

Every once in a while something will happen which makes one wonder if the occupational disease of being an editor isn't insanity. I might give an example, which I was told about a few months ago:

A well-known writer sent a story to a well-known editor of a well-known science-fiction magazine and the story was rejected. The author decided to bother himself with the story and gave it to a well known agent to sell. (I'm not giving any free plugs in this talk.) The agent, solely by mistake, sent it to the aforementioned editor--who accepted it and who, furthermore, sent him a letter saying that that was the type of story they wanted from that writer in the future.

When I was told that I felt better; it became apparent just why some of my stories were rejected.

Actually, most editors are pretty competent--that's one reason why they're editors.

It's incredible just how bad a story can be. Even those of you who have the good fortune only to read published stories sometimes have thoughts along that line, but pity the poor agent and editor who must read the stuff which is not fit to print.

The story which I most regret having written is one which was appropriately entitled, "Not To Be Published--" It wasn't. Since then, I've concocted several devilish ways in which to liquidate all those who have read the story.

When a person starts writing, often their goal is to write a good story; but, as the months go by and nothing is sold, tensions develop. The object becomes simply to sell a story--anything, no matter what. It is during this period that the hack writer is born. In looking over the half-dozen writers' magazines on the market it seems to me that one of their major functions is simply to justify this person to himself. That is one of the major traps a beginning writer might fall into.

I think it best that I stop right here--I'm afraid that if I continue, I might become serious--and, with me, that's no joking matter.

AUTHOR

JEAN

COX



# "FANQUET"

A new tradition is in the process of development here in LA. Once each year we will hold a banquet in honor of the person from our club who has cashed the most publisher's checks, or rather, got the most publisher's money, during the preceeding year. The first banquet was given in 49, in honor of the grand old fan of S-F, E. E. Evans.

This custom got such a warm reception from fans in the LA area it was decided to continue it. Competition this year was very stiff. Among those trying to place stories with pro-zines were Rick Strauss, Alan Hershey, Con Pederson, Dave Lesperance --and many others. Out of this authorial fracas rose Arthur Jean Cox, whose article, "Linguistics and Time", which gained him the banquet, will soon be found in Astounding Science Fiction.

The banquet was held on the 18th of February. The evening being brisk, we found our appetites difficult to hold in check as we (34 of us) took our separate paths to the Unique restaurant. We found that a very nice banquet room had been reserved for us, with salads already set beside each place. They were so tempting that one hungry fan could not restrain himself, but fell to temptation and ATE one of the salads. I will not say who this fan was on the grounds that I might incriminate myself.

There was a pleasant bar annexed to the dining room, where anyone who felt a chill in his bones could thaw it out. Several were seen to do this.

After a lot of handshaking, backslapping, and greetings between actifans, and those who don't come around too often, the banquet proper got under way. The main course was a beautiful tee-bone steak, with the usual side courses of soup, salad, desert and coffee for those who like them. And all of us did.

Having dispensed with the utensil manipulating period, we entered the symbol-manipulating stage. Walt Daughterty led off by introducing all of us, and telling those things, if they were tollible, for which we were chiefly known. Then A. E. van Vogt stood up and said a few words on the correct psychological orientation to competition that an author should have. Next, R.S. Richardson, whose "The Xi Effect" none of us will soon forget, told us about how he had felt when he was first breaking into the field of professional authorship. 4sJ next took the floor, and gave us a spot run down on the luck LA authors had had in selling to the pro-zines generally, then gave us all a surprise by handing Jean a fistful of money from the Mag of Fantasy and S-F for his story "The Twilight Planet" which had just sold.

Lastly, amid a thunderous ovation, Arthur Jean Cox stepped into the limelight. When the ushers had succeeded in restoring order, Jean proceeded to tell us about his life. The speech--(will be found on page 1--ED.)--like that last cigarette, put the seal of enjoyment on a very pleasant evening.

I'm sorry you weren't there to enjoy it all. Try to make it next year, will you?

DAVE LESPERANCE

(41)

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

ARTHUR JEAN COX	SPEECH	1
DAVE LESPERANCE	FANQUET	4
TABLE OF CONTENTS		5
WHAT IS SCIENCE-FICTION?	RICK STRAUSS	6
PROGRESS	DUVAL	8
A MODEL SCIENCE-FICTION STORY	LEN J. MOFFATT	9
OLD CHARACTERS SPEAK NEW LINES	DALE HART	11
CHINA CLIPPERS	EEEVANS	12
ON THE OTHER SIDE	OMUS MADIT	14
STUDY IN GRAYS		15
DEMENTIA PRAECOX	ALBERT HERNHUTER	16
BOOK REVIEW		17
JABBERTALKY	YASMIN YEHUDI	18
WELL?	L. MAJOR REYNOLDS	19
JUST A MINUTE	DAVE LESPERANCE	22
REFLECTIONS ON THE YOUTH OF TODAY	DUVAL	22
EDITORIAL	AUD-DEL	23
WHAT'S BRUIN?	4SJ ACKERMAN	24
BOOK REPORT		26
SPACESHIP CARGO	DUVAL	26
LETTER GO		27
FANDOM HAS LOST A FRIEND	EEEVANS	27
ETC		28

SHANGRI-LA

OFFICIAL  
ORGAN

LASTS

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE-  
FANTASY SOCIETY

1305 W. Ingraham St., L.A.

Shaggy is 15¢ a copy, \$1.00 a year

Club meets Thurs., 7:30 PM  
at above address.

(5)



# WHAT IS SCIENCE-FICTION?

Lately there has been a lot of discussion about "What is Science-Fiction?" This naturally also brings up the question, "What is a Science-Fiction Fan?" Are you one? Are you sure? How do you know? Answer the questionnaire below and find out whether you are really qualified to number yourself among that elite of humanity, that superna fraternitas, the sympolitata of Fandom.

1. Whereas the space-operatic heroine wears only the briefest of play suits, the hero is always well covered when facing the rigors of space. This makes him out to be a sissy. However, he too must show certain characteristics which immediately identify him as a hero. Which of the following are the most essential?

- A) Biceps, triceps, deltoid, and pectorals show definite separation.
- B) He looks stern, thoughtful, determined, flustered.
- C) His eye is fixed on the future, the stars, the nearest available BEM.
- D) He can wear a pair of longhandled red flannels and still look like a man of distinction.
- E) He has no hair on his chest.

2. 83.76% of the heroines wear breast-plates, shorts, cowboy boots, and gauntlets. This is a must and a scientifically determined necessity. The question is, what makes those breast-plates stay in place?

- A) Built-in anti-grav devices.
- B) Glue.
- C) Faith.
- D) They just like their work.

(Do not answer this question more than once.)

3. Arose is a rose is a rose, is a rose,  
But Henry Kuttner, who knows, who knows?

(Be specific.)

4. Saucy Sadie, lady pirate of the upper spaces, has annoyed the IPC for some time and an expedition has been dispatched to bring her in. The chief astrogator for the IPC takes a reading and finds his position is  $45^{\circ}11''$  South,  $138^{\circ}53''$  East, 3897.68 parsecs straight up. Sadie measures, hips 35", waist 21", bust 36".

- A) Reduce Sadie to graphic form.
- B) Integrate relative distances and plot the orbit.
- C) How many passes are necessary to establish an orbit?

17 Rick S. AUCS  
PH.D., P.S.D., C.O.D., R.S.  
5. Which of the following statements doesn't make any sense whatsoever?

- A) What you can't Tregonsee can't hurt you.
- B) There Arisia ways to make a living.
- C) It could be Worsel, couldn't it?
- D) E Plooribus Unum.

6. Gilbert Gosseyn is leaving for a weekend trip to Venus. He has a choice of companions. Whom would he take along?

- A) Imelda Isher?
- B) Alice in Wonderland?
- C) The Dunwich horror?
- D) Margie? Tel. EX 3-4821. (Advt.)

7. Trefoil, the power-mad dictator of South Gate, has reduced the U.S. to a heap of rubble. Washington is wiped out, Los Angeles laid waste, and Philadelphia phlattered. The sole remaining outpost of freedom is a five-and-dime store on the shores of Baffin Bay, run by ex-scientist Olaf Kornfeld and his half-caste Eskimo wife, Desiree. Stung to the quick by the fate of his country Olaf rapidly assembles a plutonium bomb, but having no time to construct an automatic steering mechanism, he is forced to sacrifice Desiree, and builds her into the bomb. What are Olaf's last words as he sends the bomb hurtling down on Trefoil's fortress?

- A) I regret I have only one wife to give for my country.
- B) Nobody knows the rubble I've seen.
- C) Let's drop everything and go fission.

8. The name of the lady on the cover of the April TWS is Caryl. Observe her closely. Judging by today's standards, would you call her....

- A) Half-dressed?
- B) Half-naked?
- C) If she had one in the middle she'd look like the new Studebaker.

(Don't drool, use ink for greater legibility.)

9. What is the essential difference between

- A) Ray Bradford - Ray Bradbury?
- B) Kit - Kat, Kim - Cam, Con - Kay?
- C) Clarissa?
- D) John W. Campbell, Jr. - The Mightiest Machine?

(Don't go away, there's more, yet.)



10. Bloody Mary, stock-market queen of Moola-Moola, goes broke. A photographer from the Examiner is assigned to cover the bankruptcy proceedings. Through some quirk of fate, Bloody Mary's gold-plated pectoral protuberances occupy the most prominent position on all the resultant negatives. What does the editor do with Bloody Mary's negatives?

- A) Calls them over-developed.
- B) Over-exposed.
- C) Prints them under the caption "Bloody Mary's Bust."
- D) Fires the photog and covers Mary himself.

(Don't attempt to answer this one.)

11. Do you know your asteroid from a hole in Nebula M33?  
(Be precise.)

oooooO0000oooooO0000ooooo

## PROGRESS!

Rocky was a jetman,  
How he loved to fly,  
Aiming at the moon,  
Reaching for the sky.

Rocky built a good ship  
One he said would fly  
Out where stars and planets  
Ring around the sky.

Rocky reached his dream-goal  
Out among the stars,  
And found other races  
On Jupiter and Mars.

Trade was soon established,  
Commerce on its way,  
And in advertising,  
Rocky had his day.

Rocky was a jetman,  
Still is, and on Mars;  
Sky-writes "Burpsi-Booma"  
Out between the stars.

-----Duval

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

I'M GOING, ARE YOU?

TO THE WESTERCON, AND NORWESCON, TOO!

He was a tall man. About twenty-five feet, I would say. When he strolled into the spaceship's control cabin he had to stoop so his well-combed head wouldn't strike the top of the hatchway.

"I'm the new navigator," he said, "Name of Andy McHandy."

We shook hands.

After coming back from sick-bay, where I had gone to have my broken arm set, we got together on charting the course for this trip.

Actually all I did was watch. He figured it out himself while using his free hand to compose one of the most beautiful piano concertos I have ever heard. He played it for us later in the ship's music room while using his free hand to write one of the most beautiful poems I have ever heard recited. He recited the poem during our hair-raising battle with the Gangrenians of Ganymede. He had to use both hands then, one to steer the ship and one to fire the bloopblast-ers at the horrendous Gangrenians.

But getting back to the beginning. I found him most impressive. So did the girl who was stowed away in Number Three hold. He knew she was there all the time. An elementary deduction for him; he had smelled her perfume the moment he came aboard.

She was the most beautiful girl in the Universe. Her hair was red-gold. Her eyes were blue or green or brown or black depending on the mood you were in when you looked at them. Her nose was perfect. Not too large; not too small. A middle-sized nose which she never had to blow. Perfect. However, she must have had adenoids for her red mouth was always open.

She had a five-hundred inch bust-line, which was partially covered by two highly-polished brass cuspidors.

There was a strange glowing jewel in her navel. We later learned that this was super-device which she used to read minds—whenever anyone's mind got that low...

Her hips were perfect. Not thin. Not flabby. Just...hips. Perfect. She wore a charming sweet and simple gingham G-string.

Her lower limbs were female-type legs. Very nice. She had golden tendrils on the little toe of her left foot.

I asked her why she had stowed away on my ship.

"Well, Captain," she said, "I'm a Secret Agent for United Planets and I'm following Andy McHandy. He is suspected of being one of the dreaded Lashfashians disguised as a mortal man!"

"Impossible!" I snorted, "The President of UP himself recommended him!"



"Of course," she smiled sweetly, "That's part of our Plan. We want him to go on this voyage. This, dear Captain, is a Trap."

My heart fluttered when she said "dear Captain" but I stilled my baser impulses. I had my position to consider.

"Shhh!" I hissed, "Here he comes now." (Little did we know that he knew that we suspected him and that he suspected her of being a dreaded Lashfashian spy disguised as the most beautiful girl in the Galaxy! Little did any of us know. I should have known but...)

Andy wanted to lock her up in the brig. He wouldn't give any reason. "Lock her up, Captain!" he pleaded, "And let me be the only one to have the keys."

This seemed unfair to me--but I detected the urgency in his voice and agreed to it. After all he was my navigator and she was only a stowaway. I could see that they were in love with each other, although they argued all the time. If only they didn't suspect each other, I thought. Well, maybe it'll work out alright in the end.

It was then that the Gangrenians attacked us and Andy, as I said before, drove off the enemy. We continued on our way to Hoopla Centauri. We hoped to bring back a supply of hooplastones which were the latest thing used in producing limitless amounts of energy. My own spacer was using hooplastones as fuel. Just as I was musing over the profit we'd make, the ship stopped dead and stood still in space. Stalled!

"The bellows are obviously broken," said Andy McHandy. He inspected the bellows which are used to blow air out behind the ship so the jetblasts would have something to push against. "No way to repair them!" he announced.

"Oh darn!" I swore savagely, "And we are only 6 light years away from Hoopla Centauri!"

"Well, fingers were made before forks," said Andy, significantly, "Or rather, lungs were made before bellows." He put his lips to the bellows pipe and blew strongly. We were on our way again!

At Hoopla Centauri we released the girl so she could help us load the ship. This was a mistake. She had hidden a small atomic grenade somewhere about her person and when no one was looking threw it at Andy McHandy! But Andy--ever alert--caught the grenade and threw it back at her! Ever alert--she caught the grenade and threw it back at him! He wasn't expecting this and fumbled the catch. Suddenly the grenade exploded!

Then we came to we were in the hands of the Lashfashians! Hoopla Centauri had been their HQ all the time! Strangely enough, I felt right at home. The grenade blast had re-awakened a section of my brain that occasionally went to sleep. I was the Lashfashian spy! In fact, I was the Chief Lashfashian! I gazed contemptuously at the earthlings.

"Man and woman of Earth," I intoned, "Your people have been stealing our hooplastones. You need them for energy but we hold them



sacred. They are the droppings of our gods and we worship them. But one of you may return to Terra and take with you a simpler way of producing energy in unlimited quantities, a way which I shall devise. Then you won't need our hooplastones and we won't have to terrorize you. But one of you must stay here as hostage!"

The girl's name was Lana Turnova. I taught her the ways of my people.

The End

southgatein'58!outlandermag10acopyfrom6335Kingavenuebell,californiausa

## OLD CHARACTERS SPEAK NEW LINES

(An Atomic Dialogue)

Hope: There's time enough for death without the dread  
That pulls the seconds into silent screams.

Fear: O mentor! Tell me, calm one, what to do!  
Your action cure for worry, please.

Hope: I overlook your doubtful taste  
Im chosing words that crackle so with scorn.  
I rise in seriousness to say:

Pull out these watches from your ears!  
Tear forth the clock that finds asylum in you guts!  
Reverse your retinas and scrape them free of dials!  
Cease thinking only clockwise thoughts!  
And stop the ticking in your bones!

Fear: How easily you speak!  
You do not know what brought my self to birth,  
Or how I spent succeeding years---  
And what is all this talk of time?

Hope: I mean that awful heartfelt waiting  
For a bomb which may not fall upon the world  
Can bring you to a state where simple death  
Would be a messenger of welcomed mercy.  
I mean that you have so compressed time  
That cataclysm closely follows catastrophe,  
Within the tortured confines of your mind,  
Without the blessed respite nature allows.

Your minutes can be managed better if you do this:  
Stop imprisoning time and whipping it with dread!  
Stop waiting, friend, and making time wait, too!

\_\_\_\_DALE HART.



THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING

## CHINA CLIPPERS

by

E Everett Evans

One recent morning I arose when the alarm clock did its job of distrubing my dreams. I dressed and went into the bathroom for my usual morning ablutions. I got my toothbrush out ... and whaddya know?

No teeth!

Or, to be more exact, no lower plate. Where the heck is the darned thing, I wondered, and went back to look over my bed, thinking perhaps I might have coughed them out during my sleep. (I was in the middle of a little cold, and was doing quite a bit of coughing.) But a thorough search of the bed and the floor about my room failed to disclose them.

I knew I had had the blooming things when I went to bed. I remembered cleaning the, as is my wont, just before retiring. Maybe I left them in the bathroom, I thought. Back I went, but another thorough search of that place also failed to reveal them.

By this time I was beginning to get rather upset, to say the very least. But time was jetting, and I had to get something to eat and get to work. I fixed up something I could gum easily, and managed to get enough sustenance into me to last for the time being.

Then, just before I left for work (I was the first one up -- all the others were still sleeping), I put up a sign:

\$1.00 Reward  
to anyone who can find  
my lower plate, missing  
when I got up this a.m.

I'd been at work about an hour when Louise phoned. "Are you kidding?" she asks anxiously.

"No," I lithped. "I really lotht the darned thingth."

"Well, Ralph and I have just about torn the room apart, and we can not find them. Maybe you swallowed them when you were coughing during the night."

"Naw, I'm sure I didn't. Remember, they're a complete plate, not a partial. My throat would be all sore if I'd done that."

"Well anyway, you'd better go to the doctor and have an X-ray. I'm worried."

"Maybe I will if they don't show up. ... Hey, I just happened to think. I didn't look under the Tarzan bookcase. That's right across the room from the bed, you know."

"We'll look there."

"Or maybe ... but I haven't the sign of a recollection of doing it ... but maybe I got up in the night and went into the bathroom and lost them down the bowl."

"I thought of that. We'd have to get the plumber to look into the trap."

"Better call one, then."

"O. K., I'll do that."

But the plumber didn't find them in the drain-trap. And the doctor couldn't see anything out of the way when he examined me with his fluoroscopic screen. And Louise and Ralph practically changed everything in my room, searching for the missing clippers. They tore the bed apart, they moved all the rest of the furniture. They took up the rug and Ralph wanted to rip up the floor boards but Louise wouldn't let him. They went over the whole house with a couple of fine tooth combs.

But no China clippers.

Being STFFans, Louise and I naturally had thoughts of beings from another time ... or dimension ... or some other planet ... dredging for Terran artifacts and chancing to pick on my lowers.

I even got excited and worried enough to take a chance on returning to the place where I'd fed the night before, to see if perchance I'd left them sticking in that guy's throat when I got my nightly ... ah, ... blood donation.

But no teeth.

Well, there was nothing else to do but go and have another set made. And that's slightly expensive out here in L. A. where professional people like that seem to think everyone is a ten thousand a week movie star, and charged accordingly.

The plumber was a nice chap, and got such a big laugh out of it that he only charged me Ten bucks for his half hour's work. The doctor was a nice fellow, too, and only soaked me Twenty-five. It was after I'd paid him that he told me I couldn't possibly have swallowed a complete plate -- the throat is far too small for that.

And the dentist only charged me twice what it cost to extract all my teeth and make the plate about a year ago. He thought it was all a big joke.

Yes, this whole mystery was very, very funny.

But it ain't humorous to me!



# ON THE OTHER SIDE

BY

OMUS MADIT

I had been working on an experiment when Merrill burst into the lab. He slammed the door and the experiment spilt all over the floor. "Oh, no!" I explained. "Three weeks of hard work, and how look at it. All over the floor."

"I'm sorry," said Merrill, "but what I've got to tell you is important." The story that he told is as follows.

"I was working in my attic when a storm came up. I left the room to check the windows. Just as I was starting down the stairs, when there was an explosion. Not a noise, but a feeling in my brain. I rushed to the attic, and when I got there, my work was gone, and in its place was a hole. Not a hole in the table, but a hole in midair! I had read enough science-fiction magazines to know that when one finds a strange hole in the air, one should not stick his hand into said hole, so I took a piece of paper and rolled it into a tube. I taped the tube to my camera and poked it through the hole. I took five pictures, using various speeds ranging from 1/5000 of a second to thirty-five seconds. Then I measured the hole, and found it to be four feet wide, six feet high, and no feet deep. Yes, it wasn't deep from the outside, but in that hole, there was infinite depth, maybe another universe. Then I took a white mouse and tied a string to it, and put it through the hole. I could feel it moving around, and five minutes later I pulled it back, and it was still alive. Therefore, I figured that there must be air in the hole, and the air is breathable."

"But what about the pictures you took?" I inquired.

"Here they are," he said, and he handed them to me.

I looked at them, and let out a slight gasp of amazement, for in the picture was a four-armed man drawing a triangle with two right angles. Now this may sound slightly impossible, but that is just what I saw.

"Where is this hole?" I asked. "I'd like to see it."

He took me to his house, and up to the attic. There, on a table, was the hole. I walked around it, and found that if I stood looking at it side-ways, I couldn't see it. Then I took a stick and poked it down the hole. Something grabbed it and pulled it out of my hands, and dragged it into the hole. I was pulled off balance, and started to fall into the hole. For a moment, I was in the hole, and saw a man holding the stick. Then Merrill grabbed my feet and pulled me out.

"What happened?" he asked.

I told him what had happened, and he questioned me about my experience. There wasn't much to tell, but he sopped it all in like a dry sponge. The man had been wearing a toga, like in ancient Rome. Merrill and I talked it over, and it was decided that he would enter the hole, and try to speak to the men in it. If he didn't come back in one hour, I was to destroy the hole.



Fifty-five minutes later, Merrill came back.

"It was just as I thought," he said. "They spoke Latin, or at least a language that sounds very much like it. They told me how they got there. I'll tell you the story."

"They came from a place that they called Quilerus. As near as I can place it, it was somewhere in ancient Greece. There was a volcanic eruption, and the whole town started to flee. About half of the town had left, when there was a large flash, and the people who were still in the town found themselves in a barren plain. They made the best of it for a while, and then struck out to explore their surroundings. They found a grove of trees, and settled down. A few generations later, the mutations came. After a while, the original type was extinct, and only the mutants were left. Those are the ones with four arms. After a while, they discovered another strange thing about the place. When the wise men tried to work with mathematics, they discovered that it was impossible to draw a right angle triangle with less than two right angles. As hard as they tried, the triangle always ended up with two or more right angles. I think that you should see the place. We could take equipment such as cameras, microscopes, and other vital instruments, and study it.

We agreed to enter two days from then. In those two days we could get together all of the equipment that we would need.

The next day Merrill came over to my house. He had a serious look on his face. I asked him what he wanted and he told me. His plan was astounding, but I agreed to it.

And so it was that Merrill and I stood in front of the hole the next day. On our backs were packs laden down with equipment. Outside the house there was a storm raging. We looked at each other with a smile of understanding, and as one, we stepped through the hole.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the house the storm was raging and lightning streaked the sky. But inside the attic it was quiet. If you had happened to be in the attic at that time, you would have seen two men with packs on their backs step into a hole...and then pull it in after them.

- - - - -

MM#1---- study in grays (greys)

The fog's out tonight! Sneaking in from the Hudson, creeping over the buildings, slipping down into the streets; covering everything with a cold, GREY, clinging, clammy mist. A mist so thin, so tenable--if you close your eyes it will seem to go away, leaving only a faint dampness behind. Open your eyes--the world is a pattern of GRAYS. GREY shadows, dark--light--medium--but all--GREY! Buildings, people, animals, machines, everything.....GREY. Warm GRAY..or cold GREY, GRAY suggesting peace, the dove GRAY; or that GREY suggestive of a dank mausoleum. All GREY? Not quite. For headlights shine in the dark, thin streams of gold battling the fog; signs flash, red, blue, green...but even these play a losing battle, for if you will look closely, you will see --headlights, signs, streetlights, though pouring forth their brilliant rays with every bit of heart and soul in them....are already, in some indefinable manner, touched and tinged with a bit of ineffable, overwhelming....GRAY!



# DEMENTIA

# PRAECOX

- BY ALBERT HERNHUTER

He was only an English teacher, but he had one of the weirdest adventures that could happen to a human being.

It began innocently enough. He was in his Period I English class teaching psychology. He had gotten through inferiority complexes, and was struggling to drag his class through dementia praecox. He had explained it briefly, and was in the process of questioning his class.

"Now who can explain what dementia praecox is?" he inquired. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a hand rise. "Charles," he commanded, "explain to the class..."

Then he looked up. Instead of the usual bright and not so bright faces that he always had seen before, there were seated before him monsters of all types. There, in the corner sat a blob of green stuff that flowed uneasily when he stared at it. And there was a monster that resembled an octopus, except for the fact that it had too many arms, and its eyes, all nine of them, bulged out.

"A BEM," he thought.

And over at the pencil sharpener was a monster that had five heads, each one looking even more stupid than the one next to it. Four of the heads were having a conversation, while the fifth one diligently watched the pencil being ground to a fine point. It finally finished, and went to its seat, still conversing with itself.

"Explain what?" asked a monster that must have been Charles. This monster was different. Whereas all of the other monsters had been green or brown, this one was a deep, rich purple. Its tentacles did not just stick out, they 'flowed' out gracefully. Its face bore an intellectual look, and above its head hung a bright, glowing halo. The halo floated without any visible means of support. "The halo must be a badge of authority," thought the teacher. Then he answered.

"Explain what you things are, and why you sit there so peacefully, just staring at me. Explain where you come from. Explain if I'm going crazy," he thought. But he blurted out "Explain to the class what dementia praecox is."

The haloed monster started droning out a lengthy explanation. Then the teacher remembered the explosive that the chemistry teacher had left with him. He reached into his desk and took it out. With a cry of "Take that, you monster!" he throw it into their midst.

The halo on the purple monster glowed brilliantly, and did two things. It nullified the explosive, and it turned the teacher into a slubbing, babbling idiot.

After the men had taken away the teacher, clad in a strait-jack-

et, the purple monster was approached by a greenish-blue monster.  
"I wonder what happened to him?" said the greenish-blue to the purple.

"Dementia praecox, no doubt." answered the purple monster.  
They both laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The English teacher put down the paper. That boy, Charles, sure had a good imagination. If he only knew how close to the truth he had come with this story.

The teacher laughed to himself as he scratched his head with an invisible tentacle.

\* - - - - -

## BOOK REVIEW

DREAM GIRL ---by A. C. Bailey

This is the story of one Meg Grahame, who accepts a position as governess with a family in Cornwall, only to find when she reaches there that the child is invisible to her, although the parents seem to see it clearly, as does the housekeeper. The parents are gentle souls who are somewhat "teched in the haid" -- so the governess thinks. He is a painter whose work is daubery, and she writes what she thinks is poetry.

Along with the growing excitement and wonderment about the mysterious child, the governess runs across a nearby painters' colony, and, naturally, falls in love with one of the young men painters.

From time to time the girl catches a glimpse of the boy, and begins to wonder whether or not he might be semi-real after all. Towards the end of the book a character is introduced, one Mrs. Ampson, who is one of those strange women who knows many dark secrets usually withheld from common folks. I mentally cast for that role the grand old dame who played a similar part in the English picture by Noel Coward, "Blithe Spirit". If you saw the picture, you have a perfect image of this character.

There were many trials and tribulations and a final ending that is sad but satisfactory.

This is a sweet little story which I heartily recommend to anyone wanting a couple of hours of pure entertainment. Nothing deep or startling -- just a swell story you'll long remember.

Published in London by Macdonald and Co., Ltd.

Why don't you go to \_\_\_\_\_\*

THE NORWESCON

September 2-3-4, 1950

Send your dollar to

P. O. BOX 8517 PORTLAND (7) OREGON

\*\*\*\*\*



# J A B E E R T A I K Y

DEDICATED TO PAUL GORDON: library fiend--extraodiniare

Comes Thursday, and the LASFAS gang  
Do gibe and giggle in their glee:  
All jingly are the weekly dues,  
The guests, they get in free.

Behold the bookish fan, my frinds--  
The jaws that droop, the hands that snatch;  
He browses through the magazines  
To see on what he wants to latch.

He blundered through the well-piled stacks--  
Long time a certain zine he sought;  
Then rested he 'neath the old hat-tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in oafish thought he stood,  
Librarian with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the crowded room  
And cried aloud his name:

"Once -- twice -- and even thrice:  
You have been warned about that rack --  
You pull the magazines all out  
And never, never put them back!"

But what is this -- no mess at all?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!"  
Forget the past -- you've learned at last,"  
She chortled in her joy.

(Twas Thursday, and the LASFAS fans  
Did gibe and giggle in their glee;  
All jingly were the weekly dues,  
The guests, they got in free!)

-- Yasmir Yehudi.

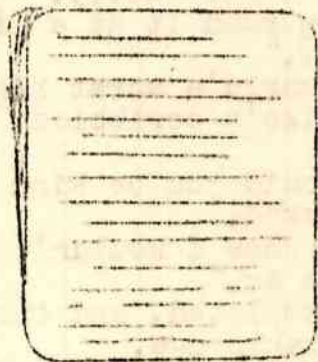
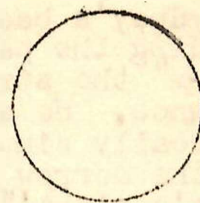
\*\*\*\*\*

I would that I had never seen an editor with tail so green  
But since I have all I can say-- is --please-- please-- won't you go  
away.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR USE OF EDITOR #\$\$%\*) ("#\$%& %&\*& %\$ ("\_?@  
YES, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE PAGE ED  
(18)



# WELL?



-BY-

L. MAJOR REYNOLDS

There was no doubt of its being genuine. Nobody in the history of mankind ever had such a horrible mixture of pothooks for handwriting, as William Shakespeare. The entire manuscript had been gone over by experts several times, and noted collectors had one and all raked their memories, but none ever had heard of anything remotely resembling it.

"Gentlemen," it was Lord Sydney speaking, "evidently, this manuscript has been in our family since the time of Shakespeare. It was only three months ago that a chest was found in a hidden room in the castle, that has not been known of for at least eight generations. It is not a play, but seems to be an attempt at some sort of mystery story. Here is a typy written copy that can be read much easier than the original." He paused and smiled at his listeners. "As soon as it has been examined, the sale will start. I only wish it were possible for me to keep it, but due to circumstances, I am compelled to part with it."

There was a buzz of talk around the table as each man of the twelve checked all affidavits and attestations.

A stir at the door, and another man entered. The newcomer wore a dark old fashioned hat pulled over his eyes, and was completely wrapped in a voluminous cloak. Lord Sydney looked at him questionally with raised brows.

"Your invitation, Sir," he asked coldly.

"Invitation?" the stranger's lips curled in a half smile. "Invitation. Oh yes." He burrowed into the cloak and came up with the required document. His chin quivered as with some inner mirth as he handed it over.

Lord Sydney frowned, and muttered something under his breath about being certain the next time not to issue such things except to designated persons, and turned back to the manuscript.

"Now, you will notice there are several gaps in the transcript of the copy. For instance, here are six words that could not be deciphered. Your guess is as good as mine as to what they mean."

"Where do they occur in the original?" the stranger asked.

The look he recieved for his affrontery should have frozen where he stood, but he never lost his half mocking smile.



Lord Sydney's back spoke eloquent disapproval as he turned the pages. Finding the passage, he pointed with a stiff British finger. "Hum-m-m" the stranger bent over the yellowed paper and took a fleeting glance. He straightened, and turned to the others.

"It's really simple," he announced, "those words are simply, 'who knows what the morrow brings'."

"Why he's right!" exclaimed one of the group. "Now that I know what the sentence says, I can make it out quite easily!" He turned to the stranger. "How in the world could you read it at a glance? I know it took three weeks to make this copy."

"I imagine the fact that I have the world's worst handwriting might make me able to decipher some one else's scribbles," was the answer.

Lord Sydney was thawing visibly. "Would you be kind enough to correct the rest of the manuscript?" he asked.

"Gladly," the stranger answered. "I know I wouldn't want any of my work misprinted. Let me see what I can do."

Within thirty minutes the copy was completed, and the crowd of marvelling men looked at him with unmistakable awe.

"I don't know how to thank you," Lord Sydney began, "but I paid--"

The stranger drew his cloak around himself, and stared straight at the discomfited nobleman, who turned a glorious shade of red, and started stammering apologies.

"I-I'm sorry-- I didn't mean-- forgive me-- I-I--"

The stern face relaxed and the half smile played around the mouth.

"I must apologize for my own ill manners," he said with a courtly bow. "Sometimes I forget what it is in the world of--" he cut the remark off sharply, and bent over the manuscript again.

The awkward pause was punctuated by a nervous giggle from one of the assemblage, and the talk became general.

No one noticed that the stranger spoke very little. He watched intently the actions of the others, and seemed very interested in their clothing and manners. One of them lit a cigarette with an automatic lighter, and the sudden start of the newcomer brought attention to him. He laughed lightly, and dismissed it with, "I must have been daydreaming. For a moment the flame startled me. Sorry."

"Well, Gentlemen," Lord Sydney spoke, "shall we get down to business?"

"Suits me fine," one of the others said, "I've got a date."

The puzzled look he got went un-noticed. The stranger gave his head a slight shake and his shoulders raised in an imperceptible shrug.

"Well, musn't keep the lady waiting," Lord Sydney smiled.

The frown that furrowed the brow of the stranger was quizzical, but the smile returned.

Lord Sydney picked up a list from the table.

"There are five of you from America, two from Canada, one from India, one from Switzerland, and the others from England. Bids will be made in pounds, and please make them slowly. I am not an auctioneer by trade."

One of the Americans made the first offer, and the stranger barely concealed his stare of amazement at the size of it.

A Canadian gave a short laugh and said: "Oh no you don't," and upped the amount by a hundred pounds.

The bids rose steadily from that point, and as it climbed, the stranger's eyes widened. His smile lost its merriment, and a wry look replaced it. He shook his head in bewilderment as the amounts increased

His hands were shaking a little as he spoke almost dreamily.

No one noticed the stranger's smile. It was impossible to describe.

The stranger was the last to pick up the pen. He looked it over curiously, but wrote something in the volume, closed it, and handed pen and book to Lord Sydney, with his courtly bow.

"Uncommonly nice chap," said the American. "He was sure a life saver on deciphering those passages. I wonder why he didn't bid."

"Who was he?" someone else asked.

"That's peculiar, the one he gave me isn't here."

"That's right, he did sign when the rest of you did." He opened the volume he held, and ran his eyes down the list.

Lord Sydney had just enough strength to point a shaking finger to the last name on the page. Taking up enough room for at least three ordinary signings was a bold signature.

ooooooooooooooooooooo0000000000000000000000000oooooooooooooooooooooooo

THIRD FLOOR e e e e e

- by "The Outlanders"



JUST A MINUTE

DAVE  
LESPERANCE

Meeting #658

Gene Cox called attention to the headline on the Herald-Express which said "Gigantic Explosion on Mars." The explosion was seen by a Jap astronomer who said it was about 700 miles across, 40 miles deep, and a yellowish-pink in color.

Wendy read an article from the Wyandotte Echo, a Kansas newspaper, which reported that 50 flying disks had crashed and were in the possession of the government. These described as being like small, circular airplanes, were piloted by man-like creatures half the size of a human. The article implied that the Air Force's radar interfered with the disks' propellant apparatus, thus causing them to crash.

#659

Don Vassar looked through all editions of the LA phone book, but was unable to find the LA Research Bureau, where the crashed flying disks were supposed to be under examination.

Pictures of Mars at the time of the Gigantic Explosion have been examined, and astronomers now believe it was merely a formation of ice crystals.

#660

Avon's excursion into the pulp field will appear soon. It will be called "Out of this World" Adventures, edited by DON Wollheim.

NBC is planning a show designed to take us Out of this World. Scripts which may soon be heard will be "With Folded Hands" and "First Contact".

#661

Ray Palmer is bringing out a companion mag to Other Worlds, to be called Imagination.

#####

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE YOUTH OF TODAY

Eyes that speak volumes  
Shine soft and bright  
Banishing darkness,  
Making day out of night.

Eyes bold and flashing  
Are devil-may-care,  
But of all liars,  
These eyes are a pair.

Eyes full of wisdom  
Love, and world's ways,  
Too young to know these,  
Not enough days.

Eyes form a curtain  
Protecting the heart.  
The soul may be lonely,  
But the eyes play their part.



# EDITORIAL



He gave his ears too great a squig-  
gle, N. B.--  
He ended up three  
Miles away in a tree  
What a marvelous squiggle for Twig-  
gle, H. T.

So Twiggie, best known as H. T.  
Wriggled promptly right over to see  
A friend known as Forry  
And told him the story  
Of Twiggie, ear wiggle, and tree

Then Forry, he looked at H. T.  
And answered him quite solemnly  
"Now Twiggie, you know  
This simply won't go  
No one would believe it you see"

Nuf said for Terwilliger T.

\*\*\*\*\*

Whenever I see a purple BEM  
Upon a promag cover  
I always wonder if one of them  
Will make a very good lover

\*\*\*\*\*

ADD-DEE

EDITOR

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE SAGA OF TWIGGLE, H. T.

When Homer Terwilliger Twiggie  
Found out he had ears that could wig-  
gle

He felt very proud  
And squeaked right out loud  
By gosh and by jing and by jiggle

Then Homer Terwilliger Twiggie  
Tried out both his ears with a squig-  
gle

Then cried out with glee  
On finding that he  
Was high above Tonkington Riggle

While high above Tonkington Riggle,  
N. D.



printer's devil

\*\*\*\*\*



# "WHAT'S BRUIN???"

by Forry Ackerman

BEAR with me, fen, on this trek with pun and camera to the darkest wilds of Westwood, Calif., where on the varsity campus we will track to its lair the Bruin Science Fiction Club. Safari's I know, the University of California's stf club is the first of its kind.

The afternoon of the last Fri. in Feb., Walt Daugherty drove Audrey Seidel and myself out to the re-organizational meeting of the BSFC at the beginning of a new semester. (There had been a number of meetings late in '49 with AE van Vogt, Wendayne Mondelle, E. Mayne Hull, Weaver Wright, Jean Cox and others of the LASFS in attendance. Guest speaker van Vogt had spoken on Science Fiction & Semantics, and Ackerman the Agent on The Care & Feeding of Clients.) At this first meeting of '50,

Shelly Lieberman was elected Director  
Lucille Schullman, Co-ordinator  
Dick Bloom, Propagandist  
Shadomy Smith, Auditor  
Arleene Novack, Chronicler  
and  
Roy Hackworth, Communicator

Kenny Bonestell (oops, Bonnell) of the LASFS was also present. There was some discussion of a campus fantasy fanzine; and a preliminary report on the then-in-production scientifilm, "Rocketship to the Moon" (alias "None Came Back").

After the meeting a group of the fans, including Lieberman, Ackerman, Daughertyman, Seidel (woman) and the original sparkplug of the Bruin Club, Gil Gaier, had lunch together, at which time we spotted the campus stf celebrity, Kris Neville, and I informed him of the good news that Amazing had just purchased his "Make Mine Mars!" and that the first issue of IMAGINATION would be featuring him on the cover with "Homeward Pilgrim" (a particularly fine slick-type piece of writing, unplug).

During the luncheon (and a "ta" to Daugherty for picking up the table's check) Walt volunteered to send Shelly some copies of a litho for publicity purposes. Pic is an original Goldstone beauty of the first men on the Moon, with spaceship on lunar landscape, and has since been successfully used to attract attention around the campus to the Stf Club.

After lunch the Director of the BSFC directed us to the modernistic Engineering Bldg, where he believed the new issue of a University publication could be found, one parodying science fiction. The receptionist was reluctant to admit there was such an issue, however Walt (Slan Spade) Daugherty finally detected where a copy of the mag (called the Cal-Astral Engineer) was hiding. This printed periodical, dated Feb. 2050 AD, featured a BEM (Bosomy Exotic Maiden) and a REM (Rocket Expedition Moon).







WALDO & MAGIC, INC.  
Book Report

The latest offering of Doubleday, Doran and Co. in the field of fantasy are reprints from Unknown of "Waldo", and "Magic, Inc.". I can only say that as to plot and writing Heinlein has surpassed himself. As to characters---My God! what characters! The sometime Hero of "Waldo", one Waldo Fartheringwaite Jones is a some-what overemphasized Sidney Greenstreet, a genius of the first water, and the original Schliemeil. With the whole world troubled by the calamity of radiation running wild and a general power failure he chooses to sulk in his palatial manor that revolves in an orbit between Luna and the Earth. However, insofar as he is the hero of the story, Waldo finds time in the last couple of pages to solve all of Earth's problems. As a reward, a hex doctor works a bit of Hocus Pocus and Waldo looses all of his excess weight where-upon he becomes a regular fellow, chases the girls, and has a general all around good time.

The second story, "Magic, Inc." is what makes this book truly outstanding. The plot of this story runs something like this: first replace every scientific advancement you know of with **black magic**. Then when all society revolves around a civilization built by magic, imagine a group of demons forming a monopoly of all magicians. This having been accomplished, the asserted heroes of this story, a young building contractor, his sweetheart, a rather hideous old witch, and an African witch doctor go down to the depths of hell to beard the devil in his den. This gay bunch soon find themselves in hot water, and you can imagine how hot water gets down there. However, when things are at their worst, the heroes are helped out of their predicament by a friendly devil who, it seems, is really a T-man in disguise. He has been assigned to the case when the government gets wise to the workings of Magic, Inc. The story ends with something of a letdown when the hideous old witch turns down the young hero's proposal because she is old enough to be his great-great-grandmother. On the last paragraph of the story we find that our gay young man, not to be deterred by such a poor excuse, spends his waking hours around his true love's hovel, hoping hoping hoping.

Well, gee, wizz did you think I was going to write something interesting here? huh?

Sugar comes from Venus  
And sandalwood from Mars  
And saffron and the spices from  
Beyond the distant stars.

Gold and apes and peacocks,  
Cinnamon and wines  
Beckon to adventurers  
As in the ancient times.

Aloeswood and silver rings  
Jewels big as THAT  
Beckon to adventurers  
As when the world was flat.

## SPACESHIP CARGO

Treasure for the taking  
Awaits for those who care  
Leaving sweet home Earth behind  
Breathing foreign air.

Sugar comes from Venus,  
Sandalwood from Mars  
Adventurers go seeking more  
Beyond the distant stars. ---Duval



# LETTER GO

and here we are again at the letter column. As you all know (or should) there was something said about a mint issue of Rbt. Heinlein's "Sixth Column" to be given to that lucky, lucky fan who sent in the best letter about Shaggy #17. AFTER carefully wading through mounds of paper, I picked out the letter that looked prettiest, and, finding it readable and fairly easy to type----allow me to present THE WINNER

DON J. NARDIZZI

2 - 22 - "50

it was with mounting surprise and pleasure that I read\_\_\_\_surprise at the neat and effective manner that each feature was presented....your covers are grand....congratulations to eichner and swanson....your articles and stories, smart and professional....congratulations to the staff and contributors....am proud to be a member.....

enjoyed the ackermans' (or should it be ackermen's) trip to the moon greatly...like they, I hope the fans will help make it a box office success...stf in the mass medium, motion pictures, has been rare indeed...this new one of heinlein will be the real thing...maybe even the space opera that evans is screaming for...also, ackerman's "wonder used to stink" was nostalgic reading...tho hershey's criticism of astounding was pitched a bit too strongly, one can't help but agree that campbell is losing sight of his goal...or could be he's aiming for new targets....

....incidentally, should you find my typing non-conforming, bear in mind that I'm a person who takes the path of least resistance....

(editor's note...a copy of the complete letter can be found on the club bulletin board....I like the path of least resistance too...)

\*\*\*\*\*

(We had planned on another letter to fill this space, but instead we are turning over the rest of this page to EEvans.)

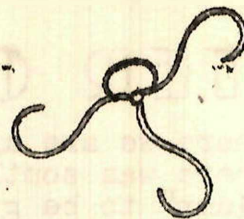
\*\*\*\*\*

## FANDOM HAS LOST A FRIEND

Fans were shocked and saddened Sunday, March 19th, when news came over the radio of the death by heart-trouble of the Old Master, Edgar Rice Burroughs, at the age of 79. A large number of fans were first made aware of the gloriousness of Fantastic literature through their early reading of the wonderful tales of this fine writer. While not precisely Stf, in the fullest meaning of the phrase, his tales of adventure on and in this world, and on Mars and Venus, were so absorbing and thrilling that we decided to venture further into the field, and see what other imaginative writers had to offer. Many of us here in LA had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Burroughs, and found him as fine a man as he was writer. Burroughs, the man, is gone from this world, but his Tarzan, John Carter and other great characters, will live on in our memories. Truly, fandom has lost not only one of its great writers, but a true friend. Requiescat in pace, Friend.



ETC. ETC. ETC.



#### RADIO

Radio signals sent to the moon and back are to be broadcast from NBC in a program being arranged for sometime on April 8th. The reason -- to introduce a new scientifiction drama "Dimension X" scheduled to start on that date.

#### MOVIES

DESTINATION MOON (Eagle Lion) soon to be released. watch for it.  
ROCKETSHIP X-M (Lippert) trip to Mars film soon to be released.  
WHO GOES THERE? by Campbell is to be produced by RKO.  
THE BIG EYE -- this is to be a Columbia production.

#### MAGAZINES

MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES -- returning to the stands.  
SCIENCE FANTASY -- a new quarterly coming from England in July.

#### NEWS NOTES

New York's Hayden Planetarium set up a space flight ticket desk to add a note of realism to its current "Space travel" show. More than 100 persons have already turned in reservations for the first interplanetary rocket trip -- if and when it happens! It is planned that the reservations will eventually be turned over to the operator of the first interplanetary rocket-ship line.

destinations chosen -- the moon -- which it is believed can be reached in approximately 9 1/2 hours at a speed estimated at 25,000 m.p.h.

Mars -- approximately 75 days away traveling at the same speed.

Now all they have to do is build a few space-ships that will get there and back.

Latest dope on the flying disks. San Diego's Borderland Sciences Research Associates have put out a mimeographed booklet titled "Flying Disks, the Ether Ship Mystery and Its Solution". The idea -- flying disks come from Etheria and are piloted, naturally, by Etherians. Their reason for visiting Earth -- atomic bomb explosions have shaken them up a bit and they came down to see what in the heck was causing all the comotion. They're not friendly or unfriendly, just curious. What are the ships made of? Etheric substance of some kind, naturally. Anyone interested might try to get in touch with Meade Layne, director of the Borderland group.

---

FAREWELL FOR A WHILE  
MY SCIENTIFRIEND  
FOR EVEN A SHAGGY  
MUST COME TO

THE  
END.



