

THE BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL

b/w Atomic Galaxy #3

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois 61745. ** #4 : June 1966

TAKE HEART, TARS TARKAS!

Despite my tears for Tarkas and his valiant buddies last issue, I tend to believe (with Warner) that Mars is not necessarily closed to human life. It's always possible ways to survive will be found, or invented. Narrow-minded scientist-types are only too quick to rush in with flat pronouncements pro or con, despite a history filled with fools who later had to eat their words. The Mariner IV probe found Mars with the weakest of magnetic fields, atmospheric pressures, and with temperatures down to minus 153 degrees F.

Those two astronauts who walked around in space did so with no protection other than the suits they wore, yet withstood the solar winds, near-zero atmosphere on the outside, and frigid temperatures. Granted, walking for two or three hours is a far cry from living on a planet for two or three weeks or months, but cannot the same precautions be applied? It would seem reasonable to believe that Antarctic dwellings could be built on Mars, and built air-tight. The only factor that bothers me at the moment is the absence of radiation belts; some new device will have to be found to protect the colonists from hard radiation over long periods of time. I wish Andy Young was still a member of this sometime-august body; I lack information and know not where to turn. Can someone supply it? Evans? Poul Anderson? Is there a possible future workable solution to long term living on an unprotected planet, other than fiction's infamous transparent domes?

CAVE MEN STILL WORKING:

The June 1966 issue of Sky & Telescope carried still another report on what appears to be volcanic activity on the moon. Although "glow" probably is not the proper term, reddish-pink colorations were again seen in craters, leading observers to believe they were seeing volcanic action therein. I don't know why the moon-watch teams chose to rely on ham radio rather than telephone, Juffus; perhaps there is an advantage unknown to us.

As to the lunar landing and televised pictures of June 1966, I stayed up until about 4am and watched the first dozen pictures transmitted, feeling very goshwow about it all. I will also confess to a secret wish. I kept wishing the lunar camera would pick up an artifact, any kind of an artifact, from a crumpled beer can to another robot camera watching us. I wanted to see the astonished reactions of the news people in the flight center, I wanted to see the smug expression wiped off the face of that TV commentator who bored the hell out of me with his dreary repetitions, I wanted to hear the stunned silence of the mission director who sat in his glass cubicle and read down to his audience -- I wanted a brazen artifact to shut them up.

Then it would have been my turn to sit there with a smug face -- any old artifact would have served my purpose: a pyramid, a cross, or a copy of Thrilling Wonder Stories.

A FANMAG IS BORN

7:30 am Young Cyril Snodgrass, age twelve, his purple pajamas drooping in the early morning air, awakens from a beautiful dream with an inspiring ambition. The time has arrived, he believes, to publish a fanzine. Taking mental inventory in nineteen seconds flat he finds himself able, capable and eager to become a fan editor.

7:45 am Young Cyril has now formulated, examined and discarded thirty various fancy titles for his fanmag, ranging from Science-Fiction Appleknocker to The Fantasy X-Ray. He finally decides on the title Pleiades Pimples, which was ninth on his list.

8:09 am Cyril asks for and obtains from his father a dollar & ninety five cents with which to purchase a hektograph, plus 75¢ for postage. Cyril has also decided his fanmag will have 22 pages, a four color cover, and be sewn together on his mother's sewing machine.

9:20 am On his way downtown, Cyril stops at the postoffice to send airmail letters to Ackerman requesting rush material for the first issue, and notification to all the news sheets.

9:55 am Cyril is now on his way home with the prized hekto outfit under his arm. Pausing at the newsstand, he copies down all the names and addresses he can find in the letter sections.

10:40 am Cyril is spread out all over his mother's diningroom table with his equipment scattered about the room, busily engaged in drawing the cover for the first issue. He has selected as his subject a spaceman peering around a huge mass of machinery, a splatting ray gun in hand, while in the background a spaceship is seen landing nose first, although the tail is still shooting fire.

11:06 am Much progress. Cyril has finished the drawings, likewise the lace tablecloth he forgot to remove from the table. His sister is engaged in typing the master sheets of a story she herself just finished composing, and the baby is seated in the center of the mess with one foot in the jelly pan.

11:44 am Postman delivers an airmail special delivery letter from Ackerman containing an article on the Toronto convention.

12:26 pm Cyril has finished running off the sheets, coaxed his mama into sewing the magazine together, and the first issue of Pleiades Pimples is in the mail, bearing on the contents page these hallowed words: "We know this issue ain't much but please remember we are not experiences at typing and we didn't have much time."

2:34 pm Postman delivers airmail special delivery letter from E. E. Evans enclosing one year cash subscription, and an encouraging letter.

2:35 pm A new fanmag is born.

-Pong

The above is dedicated to L.R. Chauvenet. It was reprinted from Le Zombie #63, July 1948. I suspect the original was really printed earlier than that, but I can't find it at the moment.

Bob Tucker, June 1966

THE DEVIL HIS DUE:

I'm a two-bit purist and a frustrated detective. Can't let well enough alone. Less than thirty minutes after printing the previous page, I experienced nagging doubts about that footnote addressed to Elarcy; there came the creepy feeling that Something Was Not Right, like when you're sleeping in a strange bed and something moves about your feet. The reprinted article simply didn't ring true. My suspicion, that the article was originally published much earlier than 1948, was strengthened by certain clues embedded in the text and by the presence of an anachronism -- the term fanzine didn't belong in a piece about fanmags. It was a sore thumb.

The term fanmag was universally employed until Chauvenet coined the more esthetically pleasing word fanzine, about 1941, and even then it remained in circulation for several years until some later-numbered fandom came along and used the second word in ignorance of the first. Yet there it was, smack-dab in the middle of my 7:30 paragraph, and I began to fret. Another clue was in the 2:34 paragraph: it was characteristic of EE Evans to send encouraging letters and goodly sums of money to new editors, to help them get started where other, more critical readers might pan them into oblivion. Evans did not become active until Chicon I, in 1940, and did not begin throwing money around until about 1942, so he properly belonged in the fanzine era, but not the fanmag ditto. The old man was an anachronism. The reference to Ackerman seemed in order: between 1938 and about 1945 he was a prolific writer, bombarding fan editors with material whether they asked for it or not --- although most of them did. The final clue, and the one that really bugged me, was the reference to the 1948 Toronto Convention in an article about fanmags. Fanzine was solidly entrenched by 1948, and the earlier term all but forgotten.

Blowing dust off the files, I went hunting. Reasoning that the original appearance had to be before Elarcy coined the new word, my search began in the 1939 Le Zombies; I felt that fanzine, Evans, and Toronto were all out of time-joint and could be ignored for a while.

The old original turned up in LeZ #38, dated April 1941.

The article which appeared in #63 seven years later, and which appears on page 2 now, is an updated (and revised) reprint of the original. New names were inserted because I thought the fans of 1948 wouldn't remember the older names of 1941 -- and not only older names but more vague references. What does "Comet Tremaine" mean to you?

The original 7:30 paragraph used the word fanmag, but I created the anachronism when reprinting it seven years later by using zine. The original 7:45 paragraph said Cyril formulated thirty-three fancy titles before choosing the one he did. The original 8:09 paragraph contained a reference to staples in his fanmag; hektographed was then spelled with a c instead of a k; and said the artwork was by himself.

9:20 am On his way downtown Cyril stops by the postoffice to send airmail letters to Ackerman requesting rush material for his first issue, and a notification to Comet Tremain. ((sic))

The original 9:55 paragraph uses more words to show Cyril copying names from the prozine letter sections. The exact term used was pro mags. The original 10:40 paragraph says essentially the same

thing, but in a less lucid manner. The original 11:06 paragraph does not say the sister wrote a story; she was merely typing the masters. The baby's mess was slightly longer but less graphic.

11:44 am Postman delivers an airmail special delivery letter from Ackerman, containing a rush article on the Chicon.

12:26 pm Cyril has finished running off the sheets, wheedled his mother into sewing the pages together, and the first issue of Pleiades Pimples is in the mail, containing on the contents page these words: "We know this issue isn't much, but please remember-- we are not experienced at typing and hectoing, and we didn't have much time."

12:59 pm Postman delivers airmail special delivery letter from Comet Tremaine, enclosing one year subscription to Pleiades Pimples.

1:00 pm A new fanmag is born.

(signed by: Squire Pong)

About May or June 1948, Ned McKeown of the Toronto Convention Committee suggested that I publish a special edition of LeZ, to be sold only at the Torcon; he offered to print and assemble the issue if I would stencil it. I did, using a mixture of new and reprint material, and that is why the July 1948 Torcon issue contains an updated fanmag article, replete with anachronisms. F. Orlin Tremaine had passed from the scene by then, and his magazine Comet was dust; so I substituted the name of another angel, EE Evans, as the man who scattered money around. I can't explain why I made other and minor changes in the text; there seems to be no reason for them.

And all this is still dedicated to you, Mr. Chauvenet. You not only coined fanzine and put all fandom in your debt, but you (as the first president) drew up the first N3F Constitution and plunged all fandom into war. I salute you, you sly rascal.

GOLDEN GOODIES FROM HISTORY

Degler Makes a Fire

(Elegy to Hackneyed Stories)

The illustrations are poor, the stories they stink.

Why did I suscribe to this poor waste of ink?

No improvements in months. "Best mag out" -- that's rich!

I have just made a fire with the !!!

-by Claude Degler

From LeZ #37, March 1941

...and on, on, to the Number Two son's current effusion.

Published once in a while by David Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill.

Number 1.

2¢

March, 1966

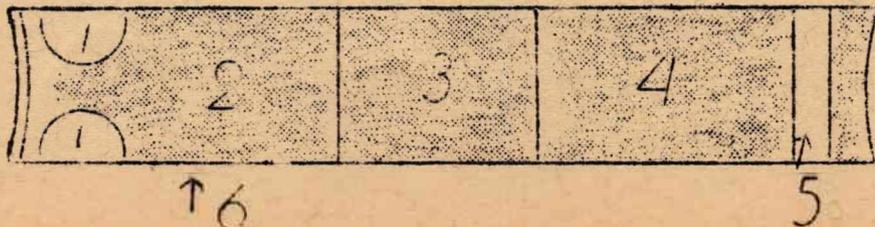
Last week a friend of mine came to visit me over the week-end, and Saturday I blasted off my Javelin. I don't know if you know what a model rocket is, but in the back of Boy's Life magazine there are advertisements for rockets on the gifts and gimmicks page. You send in a quarter and they will send you their catalog, and that's what I did.

The first catalog I got was from a model rocket company called The Centuri Engineering Company, of Arizona, so I sent in for some rockets called "The Javelin" and "The Payloader II." They came in about two weeks later. I put them together very carefully, as you would a regular model. Then I tested them when I had some free time and I liked them very much. Now I have a catalog from another company called Estes Industries, but I haven't bought any rockets from them yet.

I have also designed one of my own rockets but I don't have the stuff to build it yet. If you don't read Boy's Life magazine, send me a letter and I will tell you how to get one. They cost 25¢. And if you have any contributions to my Model Rocket magazine, send it to me and I will consider it for publication.

I have fired my Javelin six or seven times, and the Payloader just twice. After my Payloader II came, I was looking at some of the two-stage rockets, and found that you could buy a second stage alone, and it would fit my Payloader. I got one but have not used it yet.

The rockets work on little engines about the size of a shotgun shell. (1) the nozzle, (2) the propellant, that fires the rocket up to a very good height, depending on the engine you use, (3) the delay charge; after the propellant has burned out, the delay charge burns while the rocket soars up a few hundred feet, (4) the ejection charge; after the delay charge is used up the ejection charge fires, pushing out the parachute at the top of the rocket, (5) the retainer cap which holds everything in, (6) the engine casing.



THE ROCKET MYSTERY
(Part Two)

"But, Cave, the two-stage rocket we just flew did not change speed."

"Well, maybe he used the wrong engine!"

(One week later)

I think I will go to the store for some candy. (On the street.)
"Hey, there's that silver thing in the sky again!" It was lucky I had my camera with me. (Click.) "There, got it!" (Count ten seconds)
"Now to see what it looks like. WHAT! It's not there!"

I'm going to follow it. It's heading east toward Hollow Hill.

(At the hill)

"It landed up there, at the top of the hill."

(At the top)

"It's gone! Wait, I think I see something over there. Yes, a piece of the stabilizer broke off. Look-- there's a secret door in the hill." I opened the door to reveal a dark cave under the hill. I turned on my Boy Scout flashlight. (Click.) "Wow!"

The cave was filled with scientific equipment. There were some mysterious machines all around the walls of the cave, and some other chemical equipment. I recognized some of it. But the thing that caught my eye and made me stare with amazement was in the center of the cave. There in the middle was a plain brown table, with a big shining silver rocket sitting on it.

(What is the mystery of the underground rocket? Read the next issue and find out the amazing answer.)

- by David Tucker

Now I lay me down to sleep, a bag of peanuts at my feet --
If I should die before I wake, I leave them to my Uncle Jake.

-- by April Martens

Write your own story, joke or poem in this space below. Then you can say you were in the April Fool Edition of ATOMIC GALAXY. -DRT.

Gary Hallihan gets credit for the riddle on the front page.

DANGER WITH RANGER

"Now You See It, Now You Don't Affair"

Part I

My name is Jim Ranger, I am a Special Agent for the ULS (Universal Law Society). I had just gotten a new assignment at Central research headquarters (CRH). I walked into Lab 12 where I was greeted by Dr. Lowell, Chief Researcher, and his assistant, Dr. Peters.

"Good evening, Doctors."

"Good evening, Jim," was their reply.

"Jim, I suppose you are wondering," said Doctor Lowell. "You are here to guard a secret serum, which will make anything invisible. We call it Serum 890.

His statement surprised me. "Doctor, that is incredible. I find it hard to believe!"

"I know, but here it is in the bottle."

"But I can see it!"

"Yes, Jim. That is because it has been specially treated so we can see it."

"Here, let me show you," said Doctor Peters, taking the bottle. He put a few drops on the table, which suddenly disappeared. "Now, Jim, hit down you fist where the table was."

I did as the Doctor said, and felt my fist smash the table. It was gone from sight but it was still very much there.

* * *

As I lay in bed, I was thinking of what I had seen that day, and thinking how disastrous it would be if the other side got the bottle. I fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly, in my sleep, I heard sirens and realized something was going on. I jumped up and went outside. The guards were running everywhere.

(If you want to read more and find out more, wait for the next issue for the conclusion of "Now You See It, Now You Don't!")

-by Ronald Duecker

* * * * *

Mary had a little car, and it was painted red --
Every where that Mary went, the cops picked up the dead.

-by April Martens

APRIL FOOL

(Advertisement)

(Advertisement)

GO TO THE MYSTERY MANOR

Hot and Cold running arsenic in every room! Dance floor of hot coals! Molten lava swimming pool! Mystery bus ride every night --- off the cliff! Free rail beds -- ask the proprietor! Stretch racks at only 25¢ a night! Our hearse will meet you at the station!

Dr. Jekyl, Manager

by Ronald Duecker

The Foolish Fool Got Fooled

"Good morning, Mother," cried Tom. Tom was always playing tricks on people and this was April Fool's Day -- but he didn't know it!

His mother, who didn't like him to play tricks, didn't tell him but said, "Good morning, Tom, we're going to Aunt Jane's and Uncle Tom's house today."

Young Tom sat down at the table and his mother brought in his meal. Tom took a bite from his egg and it tasted like rubber. All of a sudden his chair broke. Then his father walked in and said, "Let's go."

When he sat down on the car seat, a spring popped up. His own mother had planned that. The spring hurt him so bad they couldn't make the trip.

That night, as he was in bed wondering why all these things had happened to him, his Mom and Dad popped into the room and hollered "April Fool!"

by Steve Quinton

Once Upon A Boy

I knew this boy
Who didn't have a toy.
This boy wanted a toy,
So he went
To another boy and said
Give me a toy.
But the other boys said I have no toy
To give to any other boy.

by Amos Talley

If you have any stories, poems, jokes, etc., send them to me and I will consider them for publication. You get a free copy if your contribution is published.

- David Tucker, Editor

2c

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Published every two months

No. 3

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ATOMIC GALAXY

Railroad crossing
Look out for the cars
Can you spell that
Without any r's ?

No.
There are no
r's in that.

APRIL FOOL ISSUE