

Official publication of the Eastern Science Fiction Association of Newark, New Jersey. PUBLISHER: SAM MOSKOWITZ. GUEST EDITOR: ALEX OSHEROFF. SPECIAL NOTE: This issue is published by authorization of the Eastern Science Fiction Association, and is intended to be distributed to the members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

As a Civil Service employee, March of 1953 sticks in our mind as a red letter month. While no startling innovations in Civil Service were enacted during that month, it is memorable to us as the birth date of an Air Force base newspaper, the "NTCD Transporter". The publication of the Department of the Air Force's Newark Transportation Control Depot, it was (and is) a large sized slick paper newspaper, running from four to six pages with a circulation of some 1800. What made it of peculiar interest was the fact that the editor, the associate editor, and one of the staff writers were science fiction people. Editor Herbert Kremp was a reader of years, Associate Editor Alex Osheroff among other things, was a charter member of both the FAPA and the ESFA, while Catherine Scott on the distaff side had attended the Chicon and Philcon II.

Before the firing had died away, some 1795 enforced subscribers (base newspapers are distributed free) had greeted the resulting efforts with an indifference of some magnitude, two others had commented rather bitterly on the wordiness of the articles, and the one remaining non-contributing subscriber had stated, quote, "Pretty good stuff---duuhhhh". Unquote.

It is our intent therefore, considering the fabulous reception accorded our brain children, to foist upon the captive subscribers of the FAPA some chosen excerpts of the true word, hitherto published only by the Air Force.

**BLURB:** It isn't every base newspaper that gets the chance to publish like Asimov for free. Following is Asimov's immortal speech presented at the ESFA some years back, later recorded for posterity on tape by Moskowitz during Sam's guest-ship on the Henry Morgan radio program and last plagiarized by Osheroff for his first issue "Transporter" article "Science Fiction and the Air Force".

**ASIMOV:** In "the old days", picking an arbitrary date, say 1935 BTA (Before the Atom) that then rare person known as a Science Fiction enthusiast would vend his way to a magazine stand, and with collar turned up and in a low voice choked with fear and trembling ask the newsdealer for "Astounding Stories---it's a-a-magazine". Whereupon, after some disgusted searching, the newsdealer would finally come up with a battered copy of something with a rather garish cover and hand it over, looking askance all the while at the by now thoroughly intimidated purchaser. The shaken enthusiast would immediately rip off the garish cover, drop it quickly into any convenient manhole and turn the corner rapidly to avoid the explosion ensuing in the manhole. On his way home on the subway he would hold the magazine close to his chest so that no one could see what he was reading and would of course turn the pages quite cautiously. And---should there have been two or three bystanders at the newsstand while the magazine was bought, they would in all probability turn to each other with sympathetic shakings of the noggin and exclaim, "There goes a real crackpot".

Today, things are a little different. A man goes up to a newsstand. His stride is brisk. His manner is confident. "Let me have 'Astounding Science Fiction', please" he says. "Yes sir!" says the dealer as he pulls down a tremendous stack of copies. "How many, please?" And--as the purchaser turns the corner, should there be two or three browsers at the stand, one would probably turn to the others in awe and say, "You know, I betcha there goes an Atomic Physicist!"

BLURB: Will "company newspapers" or house organs promulgate science fiction? Following are excerpts from Catherine Scott's "Feminine Slants" published in "Transporter" No. 7, September 1953.

CATHERINE SCOTT: Hello girls. After an absence of two months your hostess is back, brim full of news and trends from our sister planets. I attended the Eleventh World Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia over the Labor Day weekend and the bubbling enthusiasm and gaiety brought along with the Representatives from Outer Space was morale-lifting.

The Masquerade Ball which is held on one of the three nights during the Convention brought forth dazzling costumes and jewelry displayed by Beautiful Bems from out of this world, (in the jargon of Science Fiction "Bem", singular, stands for "bug-eyed monster".)

Most scientists today will not argue with the conclusions of Science Fiction that man will someday conquer space. When he does, and it may be in our lifetime, women will assume their role just as they did in the days of the covered wagon. What better way to prepare for the future world than the understanding of science and the reading of science in sugar coated form--Science Fiction?

BLURB: More spreading of the gospel. In one of a series of biographical sketches titled "Meet The Staff" (May 1953) your writer unabashedly states in part:

OSHEROFF: The Associate Editor's chief claim to fame, he says, is that for seventeen years he has pursued the study of that field of literature known as Science Fiction, (see "Science Fiction and the Air Force", first edition NTCO Transporter). During that span of years he has veered from the status of a mere dilettante to that of a rabid enthusiast and despite innumerable derogatory comments has always managed to jut out his minor chin and come back for more.

Mr. Osheroff thinks the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fiction Fandom are excellent training grounds, (sort of a sand-lot training) for those who consider following writing, editing or publishing either as a vocation or an avocation.

BLURE: By July of 1953 we were (we thought) running well on course. A series of pieces on civil defense started off with "A Is For Atom" and our allusion, I'm afraid, was that the atom couldn't even get up to go the "little boy's room" without first asking Science Fiction's permission. Also we had mentioned Tom Gardner and on a couple of instances had coyly alluded to "Science Fiction Plus" as though it were the most natural thing in the world. So drunk with power were we that we decided to go whole hog. If you will continue just one line further you will see precisely what we mean:

CAUTION: FIND AUTHOR OF FAMOUS GOVERNMENT HUMOR.

For a great many years certain humorous pieces such as "Death of Civilian Employees In Office," mostly in typescript form, passed from hand to hand in various Government agencies and have caused much amusement and possibly some wonder as to the originator. Composed in a dry style with the extensive use of understatement, these articles can now be identified as the work of David Henry Keller, M.D., Lt. Col., Army Medical Corps, Ret.

Col. Keller born 1880, General Practitioner, later Psychiatrist, veteran of both World Wars, Claims Examiner for the Veterans Administration, Editor of "Sexology Magazine", author of close to two dozen published hard cover volumes and hundreds of magazine stories has, as may be surmised, led a rich and varied life. A country doctor in the early 1900's, Keller claims that at the time of his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, that medical schools did not believe in teaching many "Liberal Arts" subjects to the prospective medico and so, says Keller (with a glint in his eye), "I never really received a formal education." We hardly think he believes this however, considering the great number of serious medical and philosophical works that have come from his pen. Among these have been a ten volume set on sexual science, a one-hundred thousand word volume on his service and experiences in the "back wards" of this country's mental institutions and an early (possibly the earliest) treatise on "shell shock" in soldiers, indicating that this condition was not as hitherto considered, always caused by the bursting of bombs.

One of Keller's fictional pieces published in the thirties concerned itself with the question, "Why does the queen bee live so much longer than the ordinary bees?" The answer, as Col. Keller saw it, was that something in the "queen bee's royal jelly", the food manufactured by the bees but fed only to the ruler of the hive, had longevity elements. A young student, reading Keller's story and others of the ilk, became confirmed in his desire to pursue science as a career and in later years gained prominence as the discoverer of "panothenic acid" the life-prolonging element in "queen bee's royal jelly" and for his other discoveries in gerontology, the science of aging. Still later, the same scientist, Thomas S. Gardner, Ph.D. of Rutherford, New Jersey achieved international fame as the discoverer of one of the two new tuberculosis drugs, first major "break" in the treatment of the dread disease.

SUBJECT: Death of Civilian Employees In Office  
TO: All employees, Department Heads, and Supervisors

1. It has been brought to the attention of this office that many civilians are dying in the office and are refusing to fall over after they are dead. THIS MUST STOP IMMEDIATELY.

2. On and after August 5, 1953, any civilian caught sitting up after he has died will be taken off the payroll immediately (i.e. within 90 days). In those cases where it is clearly shown that the employee is being supported by a typewriter or other property clearly marked "U.S. Government", an additional 90 days to clear the property (during which time the civilian shall be carried on the payroll) may be granted. The following procedure will be strictly followed.

3. If, after several hours, it is noted that the worker has not moved or changed his position, the supervisor will investigate; in an apologetic manner, of course, because of the highly sensitive nature of civilians and the close resemblance between death and their natural working attitude. It is specifically directed that the investigating procedure be done quietly so that you will not disturb the civilian if he is only asleep. If any doubt exists as to the civilian's condition, it has been found that extending a Government check, any kind, serves as an acid test. If the civilian does not immediately, or sooner, reach for it, you may conclude that he is very dead. In a few instances however, the instinct to grasp a Government check has been so strongly developed that you will encounter

a reflex, a spasmodic clutch and a shedding of tears if he misses the check. Don't let this fool you. In time you will encounter and be able to distinguish quite easily between death at work and quiet repose.

4. Fill out special form AF #45366, making 15 copies. Forward the first three copies to this office, together with the tops of three first aid kits. Copies 6 through 12 will be forwarded to the messenger boy or janitor of the particular office concerned. If the man serving in this capacity is a department head be sure that his title is clearly indicated. Copies 13, 14 and 15 must be sent somewhere, it really doesn't matter where.

5. In all cases, a sworn statement by the dead man, covering his history for the past ten years, must be included. If the dead man cannot write, as is true in the cases of most civilians, his signature must be witnessed by two other persons who must give their full names, ages, addresses, social security number, political parties and statements of availability.

6. To complete the case, push the body aside in order to make room for the next civilian to sleep in comfort on the desk.

(Signed) Rigor Mortis,  
2nd Lt., USAF

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