

# ROUZEINE

The pet brain-child of one Gordon K. Rouze who is responsible for it. Mimeographed at Box 187, Imperial, Nebraska at the sign of the Ticklish Lizard. FAPA Number one 1 September 1, 1944.

Being an amateur printer as well as using the mimeograph, I would like to see more printed fanmags in the mailings. But under present conditions, there will never be many of that type in the FAPA.

The reason: there is too much work connected with printing a mag to pay to just run off 65 copies. Those of you who have ever had any experience with type and a press know what I'm talking about. Few amateurs have linotype machines and so set all type by hand--which even for a fast person, requires a lot of time. Then comes the printing and then when you are done you still have the type to distribute in the type case as it is used over and over. And so, after a person has gone to all the work, he doesn't want to just print a few copies. In the National Amateur Press Association, printing is the main method of producing the publications, but there are around 350 members making printing worth while.

I'm not trying to discourage printing in the FAPA. I hope Elmer and others will turn out a good many printed mag<sup>s</sup>, but until the membership is larger there will not be many FAPA members printing their fanmags.

\* \*\*\* \*

Any one interested in having a mag printed commercially, a four page 6x9 issue printed by one who knows his stuff, drop me a line for his address (no--it ain't me.) His price is \$4.50 for up to 300 copies.

\* \*\*\* \*

WANTED: Early FAPA zines. Also pro-mags with Lovecraft stories. Will trade printing-- letterheads and other small stuff.

\* \*\*\* \*

---

## The Impossible III

by Monroe Kuttner

Lt. Jackson stood beside the sleek body of what seemed to be a P-38 'Lightning' fighter plane except for one thing. There were no propellers. It was one of the new army jet-propulsion plane.

Major Brigam strode over to the plane and shook hands with Jackson. "Good luck, Lieutenant. Take her up and keep going til she drops!"

Jackson smiled, saluted and jumped up into the plane. The jets flashed into life and she was off.

Fifteen minutes later Jackson was still smiling and saying to himself. "Nice work baby; thirty thousand already. Now just keep it up." The minutes ticked past. Then he yelled "Wow. We just broke the altitude record for a plane. Keep going baby. Fifty thousand; boy oh boy!"

Time passed as Jackson took notes, then... "We did it baby. We hit seventy-one thousand. The first man to reach this height. And am I glad you've got a oxo-pressure gauge. Better pull her down. What in the...." The plane continued to race upwards. Frantically Jackson worked the controls. Sweat was running down his face.

"One hundred thousand," he murmured. "I've got to get her down."

His hands again moved over the controls. Nothing happened! The plane wouldn't come out the climb. It was heading straight for---

"No, it's impossible. It can't be.

And then consciousness left Lt. Jackson, United States Army Air Force, on his way to the moon.

THE  
END

---