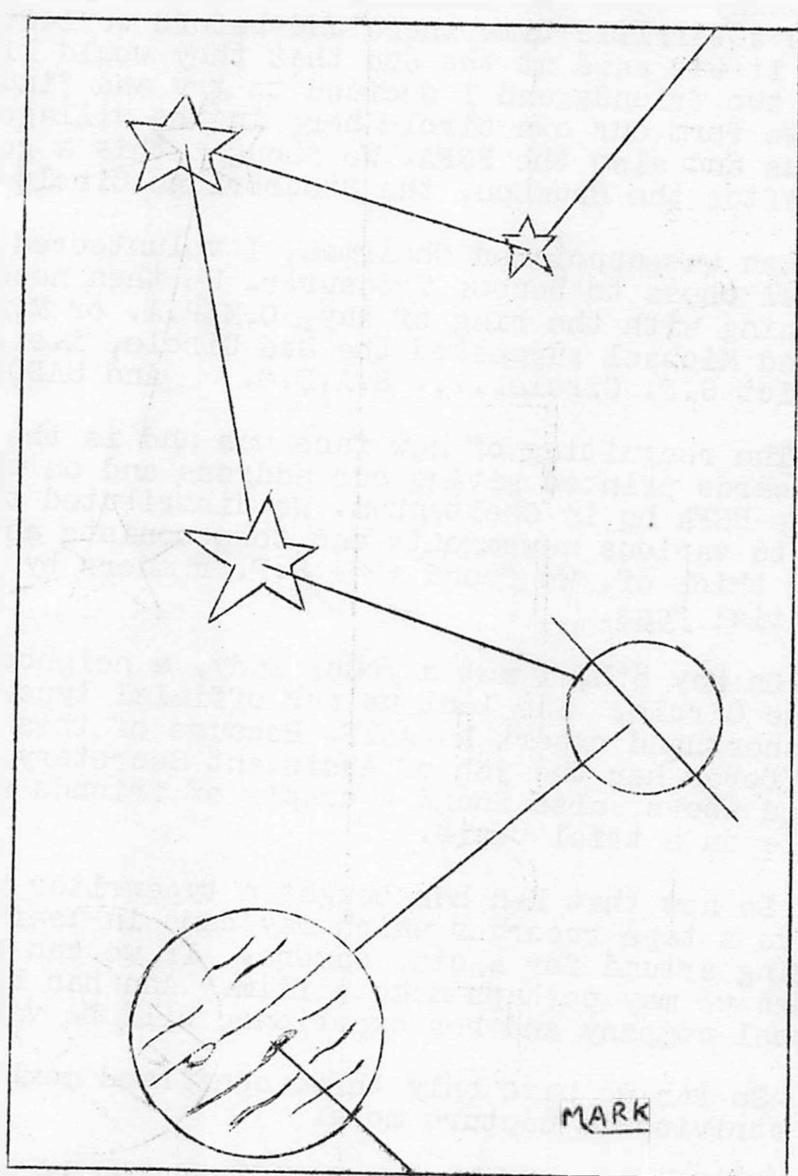


С П Л

С Д - З О М

№ 1



My story begins just before Easter 1959. Ken Cheslin saw an advert in NEW WORLDS about the Convention being held in Birmingham. Michael, now our Treasurer, was told about this and we decided to go along and see what it was like. We arrived in Birmingham and eventually found the Imperial Hotel where the Con was being held. We had a terrific time there and before we left we all joined the BSFA. It was said at the Con that they would like to see more fans so my two friends and I decided to try and find some. Ken suggested that we form our own circle here in the village, getting people to join us and also the BSFA. We thought this a good idea and just one week after the BrumCon, the Stourbridge Circle was born.

Ken was appointed Chairman, I volunteered for Secretary and Michael chose to become Treasurer. We then needed a name. We wanted something with the ring of say, O.M.P.A. or M.A.D. productions. In the end Michael suggested the Sad Circle, i.e., The Stourbridge and District S.F. Circle..... S.A.D.O. And SADO it is.

The recruiting of new fans was and is the big problem. Ken had some cards printed giving our address and on the reverse the address of the BSFA hq in Cheltenham. We distributed these around the village to various newsagents and tobacconists and to anyone else we could think of. We found some S.F. readers by this method by no potential fans.

On May 8th, I met a young lady, a neighbour, who was interested in the Circle. She lent us our official typewriter, being a typist and shorthand expert herself. Because of this she is very useful and we offered her the job of Assistant Secretary. Ann, the lady mentioned above, also found a couple of friends who signed on with the circle on a trial basis.

So now that Ken has bought a typewriter we have two machines. I have a tape recorder which may come in useful and Michael has been looking around for a cine camera. If we can get hold of such a camera we may perhaps make a film. Ann has had a couple of parts in a local company and her experience will be valuable.

So far we have only three confirmed members but we are pressing on, striving to capture more.

If you live in the West Midlands or if you know of anyone here who may be interested, I'd like to hear. My address is 12 Shepherds Brook Road, Lye, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.

--Peter Tea Davies.

CONTENTS:

Cover	(Mark)	The Rings of Saturn	(Tea)	p9.
Worcester Sauce	(Spinge)	p3.	The Tucker Letter (who else?)	p17.
Aerocopology	(Spidder)	p4.	SADO Saga (Spinge)	p18.
The Mis(s)pent 6 Bob	(smallholding)	p7.	The History of SADO(Tea)	p2.
			Art. Rotsler, Spinge.	
Cover depicts symbolic representation of Exploration of Universe.				

WORCESTER SAUCE!

Howdy fans! This here crudzine comes to you through the courtesy of Cringebinder Publications, the S.A.D.O. Committee. Me? I'm the Chairman and General Help. The backbone of the S.A.D.O. consists of the Secretary, Peter "Tea" Davies, our Scrooge-like Treasurer, Michael "Tripod" Kilvert, and yours truly, Ken "Spinge" Cheslin.

O.K., those formalities disposed of, I'd better say something about Bennett who after all is duping this thing. Here goes. "Something about Bennett." Seriously though, Ron has been a great help. Most of you will know Ron so you'll know what I mean. Peter did the Saturn and the smallholding stencils and I forget just what we did together, probably the history of the S.A.D.O. Peter, as a few of you will have reason to know, won the 1959 Tea Drinking Contest at the Brumcon. Next year he says he'll drink fifteen cups. I say he won't and have bet an ounce of baccy on it.

We went to the Globe during August Bank Holiday week. While we were there we received much help and encouragement. Atom, Ella -- step one pace forward. We were considerably bucked to realise that there were loyal type fen who would read our effort, and I hope we get a couple of comments from you. Kill us with words.

I was reading the Goon Casebook just a week ago when it occurred to me that I know of a genyewine talking budgie. This boid lives only two miles away from my mansion and I have heard it speechify. Now I don't say that all budgies can or do talk, but this one does. The little thing has a restricted vocabulary of only about a dozen words, but it knows what it uses. I distinctly hoid the boid say "Come on Tibby, Tibby's a ~~*****~~" several times. All this has set me thinking. Bleary has his budgie and Bennett has his Cecil and Oswald. What about all the other fans? Is fandom completely petless? As the proud possessor of three gentleman cats, Thomas, Sooty and Timothy as well as two robot spiders, Fred and Humphrey, it seems to me that fannish pets haven't had a fair deal. So if any of you dear dear readers have pets, why not write and let me know about them? If I can get enough comments, I'll save a couple of pages in the next issue for a sort of Fan Pet Directory.

The other morning I incautiously had a look at my fellow bus passengers. This gave me the idea --- All you fan types, steeped in SF for years must have your own ideas on what form life on other worlds might take. OK then, I'd like to know what you think. If it's sercon or otherwise(illos too) I'll be glad to get any material. How about it?

(Continued on page 23)

AEROCOPOLOGY THROUGH THE AGES

SPIDDER

Aerocopology is, as a science, very recent. Few indeed are the people who have ever heard of Aerocops, or as they are known to the layman, Skyhooks. It may then come as something of a surprise that Skyhooks have been known throughout recorded history.

The earliest sighting we know of is found in the Yurid ben Yrrid manuscript. This interesting case is known to us solely through the efforts of Professor K. Inkk. It was he who dug up the original tablets at his diggings on the old site of Bablon, several feet below the oldest suspected relics. The tablets were excavated early in 1938 but owing to the difficulty of the translation and the war the paper was not published until 1947.

The Chinese sage Tse Aj Gfla, a few years later than the yurrid sighting, recorded that a huge black skyhook appeared and remained above the mouth of the Yellow River for several months during the 57th year of his life. No other writer of the time mentions this however. It is thought that the tale was suppressed by the priesthood of that time.

Either no further sightings took place or the records have been lost, but no further information on the skyhooks has been found between that time and the Rhamsy Diary. This seems to be the personal record of a priest of The Sun. For some reason, perhaps as one of the Pharoos guardians, this man was entombed with the mummy in an Egyptian tomb of the second dynasty. On the second day of his entombment a brightly shining skyhook appeared in the tomb. It stayed there unmoving until after the record ends. The diary describes it as being about the length of a man's forearm and having the colour of ripe corn. The priest remarks extensively on the strange half moon shape. It would appear that he had some doubts as to his own sanity because he insisted that two of his fellow priests marked his writings as witnesses. One of the marks is the personal seal of a priest of a very high rank indeed.

After this, the next we hear of the skyhooks is in the journal of Titus of Phillipi, a little known Roman historian. It seems that while on his travels with the legions of Rome he was stationed for a time in Jerusalem. There he met an old Jewish coppersmith who told him this story. One of the coppersmith's ancestors was at the time that the Jews were still wandering about in the desert under the command of Moses, a scout for the Jewish army. On this occasion, Abram, the scout, was well and truly lost. He was vainly

trying to find his way back to his nation when he crossed the ridge of a sand dune. His camel trod on something buried in the sand and promptly bolted. As Abram made his hurried and unwilling departure a large banana shaped object rose from the sands behind him. For an instant it stood, over forty camel lengths high, on one tip. Then, soundlessly, it rose and dwindled up into the blue of the sky. By the time Abram was able to control his unruly steed, he had found his way back to the camp. He never told anyone of the incident except his son. And his son told his son and his son....right down to the time of Titus, and Julius Caesar. Julius was stationed at the time in a lonely garrison far from Rome, near what is now the Italian - Austrian border. Julius had troubles. Being, at that time, of a religious turn of mind he was praying in the garrison's temple to Diane. As he was preparing to leave a yellow half moon about the size of the Roman short sword rose from the temple's fountain. From his position on the floor he saw it rise out of a window and then speed off upwards and southwards. From that day Julius never looked back. Taking this as a good omen from Diane herself he forthwith went to Rome to win Fame and Fortune. And an inglorious end.

In the North the skyhooks were not often seen though from various writings found in the Noijofram district we suspect that Leif Ericson was following a yellow skyhook when he found his land of milk and honey.

Marco Polo did not write that he himself had seen a skyhook but he does say that while he was at the Great Khan's court he heard of them several times. Specially favoured by the skyhooks was a little village in the foothills of the Himalayas called Pe Siong. They were so numerous in this area that a cult devoted to Skyhook worship sprang up. When the Khan heard of this he took offence and exterminated the villagers.

Some little while ago a Portuguese monk found an old manuscript while sorting through his monastery's old papers. The writings told of what really did happen on Columbus's first voyage. Probably this tale was lost because historians thought it unbelievable. The incident occurred when the expedition was far out into the Atlantic. The crew was restless and wanted to return to Spain. Columbus, however would not turn back. One particular night the crew's fear got the best of them. Armed with clubs and knives they were creeping forward to put their views more forcibly to the stubborn Admiral. Halfway across the deck they were discovered. The two factions stood eyeing each other, each waiting for the other to make a move. Nothing ever did happen for at that moment something rose out of the sea behind them. Only a cable's length away it stood poised on the surface of the sea on one ebony tip. A hundred fathoms tall, dark and silent and to the superstitious sailors, terrifying. At once all ideas of combat died and the rush for the holds and the sides was enlivened with many a shriek and more seamanish curses. The Skyhook stood unmoving for a few moments longer, then sprang swiftly and silently up and away. Eventually the crew came out of the hold and fished their mates out of the sea. It was a chastened

company who saw the dawn rise on the New World the next day.

In the New World itself we know of a few Skyhook sightings, most of them recent cases. One of the early pioneers in American Aerocopology, Professor A.Y. Nort was the first to discover traces of the Skyhook phenomenon in pre-Spanish conquest times. While working on his book, "Some Personal Views on Early American Civilisations" he spent some months in Yucatan and Central America. It was here that he came across some Mayan tablets which were inscribed with a story of how the Lady of the Moon came to visit the city in a chariot shaped like a blue half moon. Also known is that the Aztecs had the custom of wearing golden half moons on the forehead. Unfortunately so little survives of these early people that most of what we know is only inspired guessing.

As for the time between the Aztecs and now, we have heard of some sightings. There is even a legend about Johnny Applesøed and a yellow Skyhook. The Indian legends are vague about the Skyhooks and apart from the Sitting Bull Legend among the Canadian Sioux rather a disappointment. Something definitely does happen around the Great Slave Lake area. What it is we don't really know. Tales told would seem to indicate a large concentration of Skyhooks in that area, but none of our observers have so far spotted one. Since the turn of the century fifteen Skyhooks have been sighted, each sighting having at least five independent witnesses. The last one took place in Detroit, but there seems to be some doubt as to the reliability of these witnesses. Apparently they were members of some cult, Fictional Science, en route from the local brewery to their hotel.

So much for Skyhooks in America. In England during the Civil War and after, there was a popular British sport, Royalist chasing. When caught various unpleasant things were done to these unfortunates who happened to like the (late) king. Amongst those caught was a certain Sir Berkley Woodsall. This gentleman, while residing in Coventry Col, wrote several letters to his wife who had escaped to Holland. He also sent to her the full account of his escapade with a Skyhook. Trescotain Manor, where the good knight normally lived was in heart of Worcestershire, a little way up the Severn from Ollerton village. Running through the estate was a small river with one or two small pools. It was here that he spent most of his time with rod, pipe and book. The Skyhook that he saw was a transparent blue one. He estimated it to be twice the height of a man. It rose slowly out of the pool in which Sir Berkley had been fishing and slowly drifted up into a blue blue sky. It was in sight for about ten minutes before he lost it against the sky. It was his interest in this skyhook that cost Sir Berkley his life. After sending his wife to Holland when the war began he stayed behind himself in the hope of seeing the skyhook once again. He was captured sitting beside the pool waiting for it to reappear.

Since then European sightings seem to have fallen off. All except in the vicinity of a little midland village called Stour-

bridge. Here no less than twenty four sightings have been recorded since the 1700's. Most have been of the smaller yellow or blue skyhooks, although one of the huge black ones has been seen in the region of the local railway station as recently as 1948. Of recent years more and more people are becoming aware of the something in our skies. Whether the Skyhooks are vessels from another world or perhaps a natural occurrence we don't yet know. If they are other worldly where do they come from? Why do they come? We don't know; perhaps we never shall. But now with the awakened interest we hope to organise a world wide attempt to contact the Skyhooks early next year. Perhaps this may be the beginning of a whole new era of Skyhook engendered peace and a time of learning.

In 1936 money values were different.....

THE MIS(S)PENT SIX BOB



At the time I was working as a dentist's receptionist. One day the boss rolled up and asked me if I'd like to go to Ascot with his wife. I said, "Yes, please," and it was arranged that I would stay the Wednesday night with his wife and go to Ascot on the Thursday (Ladies' Day).

Early Thursday morning the boss returned from Ascot (it was about 2 a.m.) and woke us up with good advice on the ins and outs of Ascot. We gathered that the Free Bank was a death trap and one cannot see a thing. In the end he gave us both six bob and told us to go into the Silver Ring and see the whole thing in comfort. Anyhow, it was no use trying to get to sleep again so as the boss collapsed happily on to his bed we got up.

The day duly dawned and I was thinking things like "What shall I wear.... Ladies' Day at Ascot... Glamorous Society Women... etc". Eventually I settled for my one and only outfit -- a faded cotton frock and a pair of dilapidated sandals. As the sun rose slowly in the East... at 4.50 am we set off for the garage to get aboard our coach. We staggered into the coach and away we went. Breakfast at Oxford and off again at 8.50. ...

Eventually we disembarked at Ascot. Mary (the Boss's wife) said, "Are you going into the Silver Ring?" She looked at her six bob, looked at my six bob; we looked at each other and didn't go into the Silver Ring. On the Free Bank we couldn't see a thing except massive backs surmounted by huge behatted heads. As I am only 4ft 10 ins tall I was in constant danger of being trampled to death by the heaving masses.

We decided to have a flutter on the first race. I found a

7

bookie and took up my stand in front of him. "Sixpence each way, please." The bookie gazed vacantly over my head. "Please, mister, sixpence each way." The bookie condescended to notice me and after a few low voiced asides to his assistant begrudgingly accepted my shilling. I wandered back into the Free Bank. I still couldn't see a thing but a raucous voice came to my ears. "All up and down the course for a bob, all up and down the course...." Translated I found that this meant that if you gave the man a shilling you received in exchange a "periscope." This consisted of a long cardboard tube with a mirror attached to either end. Flushed with triumph I carried my prize back to my position on the bank. It didn't do any good. I was still too small to see above the towering forms of my fellow race goers. Well, I now had 4/- left. I stood there on tiptoe peering vainly into my periscope. A man came by carrying a heap of converted firewood. This he had fixed up to resemble three legged stools and was selling them at 2/6 each. I bought one. I had a stool. I stood on it. I had a periscope. I looked through it. Immediately there was a roar "THEY'RE OFF!" The crowd surged forward. The legs came off my stool and I fell flat on my face. Huge booted feet milled around and trampled my periscope into the earth.

After a time I managed to pick myself up and ask which horse had won. My horse had come in third. I went off to find my bookie. He was very reluctant to pay out and kept muttering about it not being worth it as the odds were so short. When I eventually threatened to call a policeman he gave me a shilling to get rid of me. My funds now totalled 2/6. Determined that I should have nothing more to do with racing or the Free Bank, I then wandered over to the heath where the gypsies were encamped. There I saw a wizened old crone (she looked about 190) who said in a wheedling voice, "Crorse me 'and wiv silver lidy an' I'll tell yer fortune." So, I looked at her and at my half crown and thought, "Easy come, easy go." I went to her caravan and duly crossed her palm. She was just peering into my outstretched, eager palm, my whole future in her lips, when -- a voice of thunder, the knell of approaching doom burst through the open door of the caravan. "Come out of there at once. What on earth do you think you're doing in there." I was yanked out of the caravan by an iron hand, the boss's wife. Penniless and thoroughly fed up, I trailed along behind her. As far as I was concerned Ascot was over. I walked around looking at side shows and trying to get a glimpse into the royal box. From where I stood the occupants looked about two inches high. Quite suddenly, I realised that I had separated from our party. I looked around but could find no one I recognised. I searched and searched. I even tried to find the coach I had come in but I couldn't find it amongst all the others. Finally in despair, I approached a policeman and said in a very small voice "Please, I'm lost." The policeman was sympathetic and arranged to have a message put over the loudspeakers asking the driver of my coach to identify himself by standing on the roof of the coach and waving his coat....When I did at last get home I was something of a celebrity. Even now people refer to me as the Girl Who Got Lost at Ascot.

-- Smallholding.

THE RINGS OF SATURN

Peter Davies

Space Kingley sat in his office at the headquarters of the Interplanetary Rangers, and looked wearily at the routine memoranda that Shorty Rowe placed before him. He was dog tired and, responsive as he always was to the call of duty, he bitterly regretted that he had agreed to take over the night duty control because the regular official was absent through illness. "Cheer up, guvner. Don't look so blooming glum," commiserated Shorty, "After all, you're only doing this for a couple of nights to help out. There's some poor devil who does this every night. How would you like that?"

"I'd hate it," answered Space, feelingly. "I wasn't built to sit in an office doing this executive sort of work. I like to get out and about."

"Yes," agreed Shorty, "We do like ~~our~~ spot of adventure, don't we?"

"And there isn't much adventure about a job like this." The Ranger flicked over the radio-graphs. "Queen of the Skies arrived Mars 16. 30 hours," he read out. "Nothing very exciting about that, is there? And here's another one. Large shower of meteorites observed on elliptical orbit 13 degrees Mars 45 degrees Venus. That's only exciting if you're in the middle of 'em. Hello..." He leaned forward in his chair. "Here's something a little better. Listen to this, Shorty.....New Gap in Saturn's ring observed 15.28 Earth time. Check all meteoric showers and issue warnings, as size of breakaway bombardment by debris." Glad of the opportunity of action, Space flicked the switch of the videophone and issued orders. The news from the Moon was immediately flashed to Mars, Venus and all sky stations while the Inter-Planetary Travel Authorities were warned to contact any space-ships likely to be affected. He had just finished giving the orders when the red valve on his supersonic receiver flashed the high priority signal. An excited voice crackled in his ears. "Moon station reporting. Meteorite shower seen clearly from here." The observer gave a detailed fix of its astronomical position and direction. "They are heading for the earth. Suggest you get on to 'em. Over."

"What's the excitement?" he asked. "They'll only pass through the atmosphere as shooting stars." Back came the quick reply. "We think you ought to look into them. They're very unusual."

"In what way?"

The voice hesitated. "It probably sounds silly, but these

meteorites are flying in formation."

"WHAT?"

"Yes, and they're uniform in shape -- circular with holes in the middle, like doughnuts. They're all different colours, glowing as though they are on fire. It's most peculiar."

"I'll say it is. Meteorites indeed. Why the devil didn't you broadcast the danger warnings?"

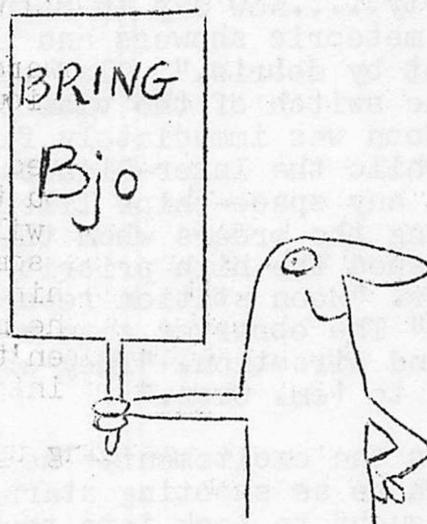
"Well, we thought we were seeing things....."

With an impatient grunt, Space cut the speaker's apologies and rushed out a number one urgency code message to all observatories in the world and on all other planets. Without waiting for the express elevator he rushed up the stairs two at a time to the planetary watching post on the roof of the building. A puffing Shorty who was hard on his heels found the duty observer intently studying the reflecting mirror of a giant telescope that nightly scanned the skies. When Space explained the odd nature of the information he had received the scientist at once adjusted his powerful instrument to the position the Moon had given and gave a gasp of amazement.

"Look at this!" he shouted, vacating his central stool. Space moved on to it quickly and his eyes widened as the screen showed him clearly the strange phenomenon that was invading the night skies. It was a flying squadron of rings, hundreds of gaily coloured, gently glowing rings, moving in dozens of symmetrical lines. As far as he could see, each ring was fairly small and gave no indication of possessing mechanism. He watched in astonishment as the incredible cavalcade banked with the precision only associated with top class human pilots. One slick, simultaneous wheeling movement that was frightening and at the same time fascinating to watch.

"Keep your eyes glued to them," Space ordered the scientist, "And report to me every five minutes. They will be coming within range for our space scanners any moment now. I'll follow them downstairs. Come on, Shorty."

The little man was even more redfaced than usual by the time he had followed the fleetfooted leader back to his office and was given no time to get his breath back or relax. He was pressed to



service, to rush messages here, there and everywhere. He was given the job of contacting leading scientists and astronomical experts by video-phone and getting them out of their beds and to return post haste to duty. Meanwhile he was cricking his neck trying to keep an eye on the video-scope scanner in which the flying rings were now clearly focused. Every observatory in the known parts of the universe had been alerted, and the room was filled with the crackle of voices coming through the amplifiers reporting every movement of the strange sky visitants.

The door swung open of its own accord and a visitor was ushered in, the Controller of the Interplanetary Rangers. It was obvious from his unkempt state that he had rushed straight from his bed. "What's it all about, Space?" he asked crisply. For answer the Ranger indicated the scanner. The rings, still in perfect formation, were changing direction with uncanny precision. It could be seen that each ring had a hazy, coloured glow, but whether this was a slight optical helation, or whether it was due to the presence of some strange motivating agent could only be a matter of speculation at that stage.

"Incredible," observed the controller, "What on earth are they?"

"We're trying to find out," answered Space. "All we know so far is that they broke away from Saturn. They were first reported as a meteorite shower, then the Moon caught sight of them close to and radioed the news to me. We've been watching them ever since." The Controller pursed his lips. He could sense the disquiet in the Ranger's voice and he felt the same inner anxiety in himself as he stood watching the flying rings. The opening up of space exploration had produced a truism that he and the Ranger knew enough -- the hidden mysteries of space wars invariably unpleasant.

"They're heading Earthwards, aren't they?" asked the chief, watching the screen with anxious intentness.

"I'm afraid so," answered Space. "They should be entering our atmosphere any moment. Do you think they'll disintegrate? Most meteorites do. I hope these will follow suit." The Ranger's voice was non-committal. There was something relentlessly orderly about the flying rings that made him doubt very much whether they belonged to the same family as the meteorites that haphazardly swept the skies. And if they weren't meteorites then they might act differently when they came into the atmosphere of the Earth.

"Have you sent anything up to investigate at close quarters?" asked the Controller.

There was not much that Space had overlooked in his executive treatment of the emergency and he nodded. "I routed a couple of our patrol ships to the scene. They'll be turning up soon. Look -- there they are." One of them headed straight towards the oncoming rings to observe them from the front. The other banked sharply

and streaked along the side of the strange armada. The scene was so exciting and at the same time so full of tension that the watchers held their breath. They were in the grip of conflicting emotions that held them enthralled to such an extent that they started visibly when a disembodied voice came blasting through the amplifiers. The pilot of the space ship heading towards the rings had established contact with his base. "Patrol ship A.G.M. 6 reporting. Have clear view of objects now and am flying in closer. Each ring appears to be fifty feet in diameter. They're glowing so brightly that they're making my eyes smart. Their colourings are red, pink, light blue, green, orange, violet....oh, and I can't see silvery-grey ones. Yes; and that one's pure white. I'll check their exact position." There was a pause and Space knew that the pilot was pressing his control switches to check the readings on his video-dial. When the voice came through again, however, its tone had changed startlingly. The pilot was frightened. His voice crackled almost hysterically. "I can't get any reactions," he spluttered. "All my instruments are haywire -- except -- except the life force detector. It's registering. Those things are ALIVE!" His voice rose to an agitated squeal. "There's tremendous magnetic disturbance. I'm getting out of....."

The words were drowned out by atmospheric howls and wails that sent shivers up and down the spines of the listening men. The powerful amplifiers shrieked and wailed terrifyingly. The radio operator at the controls tried to re-establish contact but there was no response to his signals. On the screen the story of the dramatically interrupted radio message was being taken up. The space ship was in difficulties. It made a hesitant turn away from the oncoming rings and zigzagged a course that told the grim faced watchers that the pilot was having trouble with his controls. To their horror the rings followed every move of the ship, almost as if they were chasing it. The hoarse voice of an anxious scientist who was studying the complicated measuring chart by the side of the space scanner broke through the tense silence. "They have entered the Earth's atmosphere," he announced, and the Controller's knuckles showed white as he gripped the back of his chair in his agitation. The spaceship was out of control. It was spiralling in a hopeless dive, twisting and twirling at an ever increasing speed, while the rings hung ruthlessly on its tail. The friction of the Earth's atmosphere on the rapidly accelerating ship was more than its structure could stand. There was a glow, a flash, an explosion...and the proud skybird became a sheet of flame, pursuing a headlong dive to destruction. The space ship



passed from the screen as it came to the Earth. The watching men remained silent in numb horror. A few seconds later a 230 radio message from the Rangers' base in Algeria reported that a blazing spaceship had crashed in the Sahara. Space Kingley, his eyes blazing with frustrated fury, leapt across the room to the radio-control panel. He barked a series of orders to the operator. Emergency warnings flashed out in an endless stream. The world was being alerted against the danger striking the skies.

The pilot of the second space ship established contact with his base and his voice was shaking as he gave the details of his narrow escape from a similar fate as the one which had overtaken his colleague. The rings, he reported, were exercising an extremely powerful magnetic force that had nearly drawn their ship into their clutches. The force was directional and the fact that the rings had concentrated on his colleague's ship and had thus been his own salvation. Fortunately he had managed to break the spell before it was too late. A dramatic radio flash from Australia announced that the rings were heading towards it. The flash spluttered out in the middle of the message as New Zealand observers reported that the power station at Sydney had broken down. It was the first of a long grim series of similar messages that told of the communications and transport affected, and of growing chaos in the wake of the rings. At an order from Space combat planes based in the Pacific flew to meet the magnetic invaders and attempted to blast them with their electronic ray cannons but the measure was fruitless. The rings were impervious to any offensive weapons that man had at his disposal. As more and more reported messages flooded the Rangers' H.Q. it was possible to build up a clearer picture of what the world was facing. The rings were alive.... strange inhabitants of the giant ring of Saturn. They numbered five hundred in all and whether each of them had its own individual means of propulsion could not be told, for all acted in one harmonious, perfectly disciplined body. A trail of damage followed their silent relentless criss-cross



sweep over the Earth. Bridges towards which they pinpointed their deadly influence buckled under their power and hurtled into rivers, masses of tangled wreckage. Steel buildings were pulled out of shape. Space ships were pulled from their moorings as if by a giant hand and, when the rings passed, crashed helplessly to the ground. Generating plants and engineering equipment were put out of operation and in some parts of the world where the old fashioned trains were still used heavy locomotives were pulled off the lines and the tracks themselves were ripped up and twisted into uselessness. Although "Keep calm" messages were being rushed out all over the radio channels that still remained unaffected by the rings, the population was terrified and agitated. All the time

the rings streaked back and forth, dipping down to disrupt a bridge, a building or a factory with their deadly power, leaping back into the air when the damage was done.

"It's hopeless," moaned the Controller as the messages of destruction poured in unceasingly. "We've tried everything -- everything that science can suggest -- but nothing can stop the rings. What can we do?"

Hollow-eyed with weariness and worry, his lean jaw tensely drawn, Space banged his fist on the table. "We're not beaten yet," he said, thickly. "With your permission, I'll try one last plan. It will take a lot of organising but I think it will work."

"What's the idea?" asked the Controller hopefully.

"I want to fight the magnetic attraction of these rings with a bigger magnetic attraction. I've thought out a way to increase the magnetic attraction of the world and that might do the trick. Can I go ahead?"

"By all means.....and good luck."

His eyes gleaming with the light of battle, Space rapped out an order to Shorty. "Nip into the Plans Library and get me a blueprint of the Centralian pipe line system. Hurry."

Shorty needed no further bidding. Dashing off as fast as his bandy legs could carry him he returned in a few minutes with the plans of disposition of the pipes that bore heat from the core of the Earth round the globe. He handed them to the Ranger who was talking on the videophone to the Engineering Director of the underground city where the heat and power was housed. "Switch off all your live heat conveyors right away," he was saying. "I want your pipes for other purposes. I'll wait till you give the orders." The Central Engineer looked puzzled but gave no objections. He rapped out orders and reported to Space in a few moments that the supply of live heat through the pipes had been cut off. "But what's the idea?" he asked curiously. Space quickly told him about the rings that were creating such havoc. "I've got an idea of shooting electricity through your pipes in such a direction that it'll increase the magnetic field of the Earth. How does it strike you?"

"First class idea," approved the Engineer. "You want me to electrify my heat pipes?"

"It's quite simple. We'll feed silver bus bars down the entrance to the pipes. They're the best conductors. Connect them to our generators." Space was studying the plan of the pipe lines as he talked. "Get me electrical continuity from pipe A7 to B12 through the G and L series to P44. That'll give me the ring and the direction I want." Space waited while the Engineer passed on his orders crisply to his subordinates and then asked, "Is there any danger when you use the heat pipes for electricity?"

"Well, the pipes are very heavily insulated," came the reply. "So there's no fear of the current earthing. Of course there might be slight leaks at a few points, but nothing serious."

"One more question.....can you seal off the smaller pipes distributing away from the main arteries whose numbers I've given you? We must have the current in one uniform surge. I don't want it to dissipate its power along these by-passes."

"They'll be shut off," the Engineer assured him. "We have a system of locks that will take care of that aspect."

"How long will it take to have everything ready?" asked Space.

"Not long. I've switched all the personnel over to the electrifying job. I know that every minute counts. Leave it to me."

Space flicked off contact and, in an agony of suspense the Ranger and his fellow officials waited while the worldwide preparations for a magnetic assault on the rings were being finalised. "We can only beat the rings," Space explained to the Controller, "by throwing back at them the same force that they're throwing at us, only more so. Their magnetic beams are causing chaos. Well, we can create a magnetic counter attraction as it were, a magnetic field so powerful that the rings won't be able to resist it. If that fails...." He shrugged his shoulders grimly. The rings were coming nearer. They were now clearly visible with the naked eye, swooping down to damage and destroy.

The videophone urgency signal whined piercingly, cutting through the anxious thoughts of the waiting men. Space flicked the switch and the Control Engineer's face leapt on to the screen. "All set," he reported. "We've hooked every generator and station still working with our main electrified artery round the Earth, and sealed off the pipes we don't need. We're ready to go."

"Good work," said Space quietly. He looked at the electronic indicator. "Go ahead in ten seconds from.....NOW!" His heart was thumping wildly as he watched the Engineer counting down the seconds, a finger poised over the alarm switch. On zero, the Controller flicked the switch. Immediately the throb of giant generators could be heard. Space turned his attention to the window of the office and joined the press of men peering intently into the darkness. There were the rings, diving, swooping and cavorting in a magnificent colourful procession, wrecking everything on which they trained their magnetic beams. Could the girdle of electricity that he was now throwing round the Earth overcome these strange enemies?

Into his mind came the picture of a great snake coiling itself round and round the globe, waiting for the enemy to fall within its striking power.....Nothing was happening. The rings were unchanged in their terrifying manoeuvres, and Space's heart sank. A message from the Controllian told him that all the stations had

come through with their full load and that the magnetic field had been extended exactly as he had instructed . The total force of the man made magnetic belt, added to the Earth's own magnetic field was now being exerted against the rings. It was the largest force possible to man. Would it be enough?

The rings dived towards a factory and soared up again. There was an excited gasp from the watchers for some of the rings were not quite as precise in their formation. Was the earth's magnetic field pulling them out of line? They tried to climb but something seemed to be gripping them from behind, something that had them reeling and fluttering in their efforts to break away from its unseen power.

"It worked." The cry went up as Space and his colleagues realised that the rings were in difficulties, and they watched with wild excitement every move in the grim battle that was being waged before their eyes. For the rings, it was a losing battle. They had broken ranks and were threading their way aimlessly over the skies, trying to find an escape from the imprisoning grip that sucked them down, pulled them towards it, held them in a vice from which there was no escape. Down they plunged towards helpless confusion. Faster, faster --- until the sky was filled with falling colour glowing and shining ever brighter until, as they dived headlong to the ground, their luminosity was unbearably vivid. And as they hit the magnetised land that drew them irresistably to their doom, they exploded in a shower of sparks that rose into the sky like a fine curtain of coloured rain and died away into nothingness. The rings of Saturn had been destroyed, and if they ever came again to disrupt the Earth, man would have a weapon in his hands with which to subdue them.

Congratulations rained on Space Kingley at the successful outcome of his daring stratagem, but he was so tired from the physical strain and the nervous reaction of the night that he heard them in a daze, leaning gratefully on Shorty's stalwart arm. He wanted to stay and help with some of the clearing up of the damage but the Controller insisted on taking that job off his shoulders, and packed him off to bed.

On the way to the jet runabout, Shorty suddenly started to laugh. "What's so funny?" asked Space.

"What you said a few hours ago. Remember, guvner? That you hated being stuck in an office because there was no adventure. ADVENTURE. I ask you." We wiped his streaming eyes at the humour of the thought, and Space began to laugh too.

"Next time I want a quiet evening," chuckled the Ranger, "I'll spend it in a spaceship or under the sea or down a volcano, or somewhere equally restful. But not in an office, Shorty..... That's too darned dangerous."

--Tea.

the bob tucker letter

(Actually we hadn't intended using this but when we were at the Globe in August, Pete was doing his little no-good nut about this missive, waving it in everyone's face. Someone came up and said "Put it in the mag." So we have!)

August 1, 1959
Box 702
Bloomington, Illinois.

Cheers:

I'm pleased to hear from you and will be looking forward to receiving the first issue of your new fanzine. Perhaps I should scream and tear my hair and cry, "What! --- ANOTHER FANZINE?" But I won't. After about twenty-five years and uncounted thousands of fanzines, I still like to get 'em.

But I wish now that I had kept a record of them, all of them. Think of the fat-fat-fat book I would now have, and think of the fan historians traveling to the shrine (my house, of course) to consult the Master on this or that title which appeared many years ago. Why, even Sam Moskowitz would come see me and beg for information to complete his histories.

In exchange, I am mailing you some of my own precious jewels. They're a bit old now, of course, and I should apologise for that because I haven't published anything since last February. But, anyway, I'll send along an envelope stuffed with samples; and will send along a copy of THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE when it is ready, later on. I had hoped to have the GUIDE ready to mail this month, but I realise now that I won't make it. So.... sometime between now and Christmas I expect.

Old Penelope Bennett ~~!!~~ I should have the time--RonBY pulled a sneaky one with that PLOY issue, but it was a pleasant surprise and gave me a warm glow Right Down Here. You know where Right Down Here is. It is located in or near the region where my heart used to be before Bloch stole it and put it in a jar on his desk. I am thinking of shipping him a genuine elephant from Ceylon to even up matters, and at this very moment Ego Clarke is scouring the jungles for me, seeking a suitable beast. I expect Bennett will be as surprised as I was. Especially when he begins feeding the thing.

"Wilson Tucker" is a distant relative who writes cheap books for money. We seldom speak to each other, for he looks down on me as a poor relation seeking something for nothing. Once in a while he gives me a dollar for weeding his garden or some other small menial chore. I doubt that he'll ever become rich or famous, or even take up residence in Switzerland.

Thanks again,

Bob Tucker.

the S.A.D.O. saga

This is a true account of the adventures of the S.A.D.O. while in London between the dates of 4th and 7th August, 1959.....

----- KEN CHESLIN -----

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived in a tiny village in Worcestershire three Fan. Their names were Peter Tea Davies, Michael Tripod Kilvert and Kenneth Spinge Cheslin...Now these three were wont to foregather in one of the local Inns to discuss science fiction and other things. Let us imagine WE were there and lived it all.

.....

One evening about five weeks before August we were sitting in the local when someone said, "Fen, we all have the August week off. What shall we do with all that lovely spare time?" Instantly Michael whipped his head out of **his** bucket of **bheer** and replied. "We go to London." My eyes glazed. I turned to Pete and we gazed at each other blearily. "Michael," I said, "You're a genius." He smiled fondly as we put his head back in the bucket.

After a mite of correspondence with London we decided to go up to London on Tuesday, August 4th.

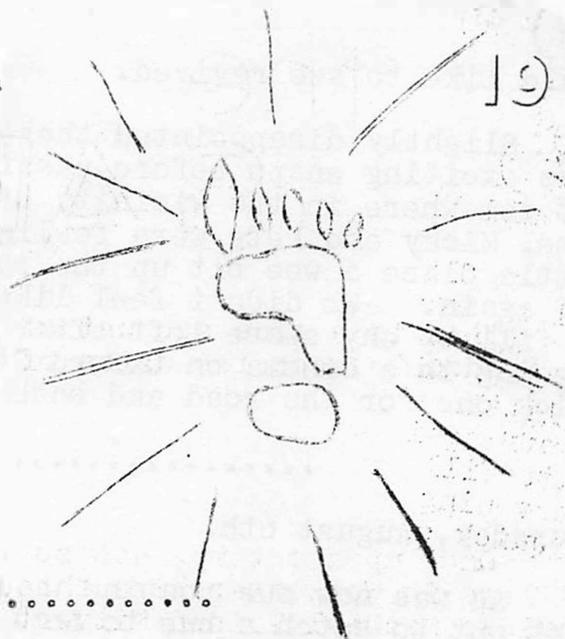
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Tuesday, August 4th 1959.

We set out by bus for Birmingham to get the train around 11am. Arriving in Birmingham we boarded the train and settled down to read fanzines on our way to London. We had a couple of puzzled looking German types in our carriage for the journey. At least they seemed **interested** in said fanzines. Two fanzines later and a few miles on we arrived at Euston Station. The time was 3p.m.

On leaving the station we immediately set to looking for digs. This expedition turned out to be a walking tour of London. Micky kept on muttering something about there being 27,000 streets in London and Pete was just looking for the Globe. Actually both got what they were asking for. Somewhere on our wanderings we did pass the Globe and by the time we found digs(right outside Euston) Micky said that he'd found all the streets. By this time it was 5p.m., so after Micky had embalmed his aching feet and Pete nearly passed out with the fumes from the medicinal alcohol, we went out to find a place to eat.

Eats over and done with we then thought we would pop along and see if any fen we know would be in the Globe. We arrived round about 7p.m. Personally, I thought that we had come to the wrong place. The whole establishment looked cold and forlorn. On asking the cigar smoking barman whether this really was THE Globe, we received a well practised reply. He knew all right that this was The Globe because they come, he said, every Thursday. We stayed there a couple of hours before we went back to the digs round about 9p.m. for an early night.



.....
Wednesday, August 5th.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and fair. Fortified with a hearty breakfast we equipped ourselves with our cameras and a map of London and then set out to see the beasties in Regents Park Zoo.

We got there pretty early. There were some people there before us but perhaps they had stayed the night. We went to one of the cafes which didn't open till 12 noon and bought a pinta milka each. We wandered round the zoo for quite a while, peering and being peered at. I was fascinated by one particular bird which went under the name of "Sociable Vulture." This reminded me of someone but I can't think who.

Another of the so-called lower orders that I liked was a gorilla named Guy. This Guy was dead clever. If he shaved more often he could pass at any con for a big chap. Like Brian Burgess for instance.....

We spent some time watching sea lions being fed, sending post-cards and all the other things that people do at zoos. At about 3pm we found ourselves back at the main gate. So, after a snack at the zoo cafe we went out to see whether we could find Trafalgar Square. Not altogether trusting our map, we asked a policeman to direct us to the nearest Trafalgar bound bus, which he did.

.....
We went then to Trafalgar Square, via Piccadilly which I didn't think much of. I think that the pictures one sees of the Circus make it appear much bigger than it really is. Trafalgar Square was much better with Nelson standing aloof while below him mingle tourists and pigeons in reckless abandon. We took a few pictures of His Lordship, the Lions and ourselves and then trotted down the Mall to see if we could spot the Duke. We had hoped to see the guardsmen hoofing young lads out of their sentry boxes but apparently we missed all the excitement. A pity; it's a grand old custom that many

would like to see revived.

Slightly disappointed therefore we made do with a couple of less exciting snaps before passing through St. James Park. We came out somewhere in the vicinity of Piccadilly. It was 6p.m. by this time. Micky and Pete were feeling peckish again. We ate in a nice little place a wee bit up the road from the Park gates, then set off again. We didn't feel like more tramping, so popped in a pub to fill up any space left after tea and then spent the rest of that evening in a cinema on Oxford Street, Studio One. Then....a quick one for the road and back to the digs, another day done.

.....

Thursday, August 6th.

As was now our routine we broke our fast at the digs and then went out to catch a bus to Lambeth Bridge. We crossed the Bridge, taking snaps of the Parliament Buildings on the way, and sat down on the other side to decide what to do next.

Pete wanted to see the Crown Jewels, so we strolled down to Westminster Bridge, pausing on the way to advise a couple of Americans who knew less about London than we did. We crossed this bridge and bought more film before embarking for the tower on one of the tourist boats, the St. Patrick. Just opposite the steps that lead to the boats is a gateway, the entrance to Scotland Yard. Needless to say I got in a couple of shots of the old place.

On the river, three fen in a boat, not to mention 60 odd passengers and crew. Away we sailed and after passing one or two interesting places, we arrived at a landing stage near The Tower of London.

Noisily slurping on our ice lollies we passed under the ancient archways and mingled with a party of fellow sightseers who were gathered around a Scottish Beefeater. This Beefeater knew his stuff and we spent a pleasant hour in his gaggle. Amongst other things we were told just how the Little Princes got their come-uppance and we were shown the Traitors Gate, through which Henry mark eight had about 98,000 of his victims brought. It is surprising how many people thought that Henry VIII's score was eight instead of the not much better six.

The next thing after the Traitors Gate was an archway. In by-gone days there was a portcullis at either end of this arch and at one time three hundred people who had followed the executioner up to the Tower hoping to see some action were then trapped between these portcullises and murdered in a rather revolting way. Boiling water was poured down on them through holes in the roof.

We stopped next at the Chapel. This too has its share of history. A couple of Henry's wives and a dozen other people are buried under it. Emerging from the Chapel we walked over to the White

Tower. This is the original Tower. Founded by William the Conqueror it has walls twelve feet thick at the top and thirty-five feet thick at the foot. Today this is a museum. Many weapons dating from the eleventh century are kept here. I didn't like the place myself as the atmosphere was too oppressive. Exit S.A.D.O. from the White Tower. The queuq for the Crown Jewels was so long that we never did get to see them.

Next on our list was Baker Street and the London Planetarium. We did look for the Holmes residence but although we found 21b, we couldn't see the plaque which we thought was there. The Planetarium is worth going to see. Even BNFs have never seen the like, unless they turn pro., make money and buy Mount Palomar. We found that the best place to sit is in the "north" end of the dome as far back as one can get. I had heard it said that all the seats were of the tip back, or reclining type, but this is not so. During the film, a narrator pointed out items of interest, using a highly mobile light arrow to do so.

The scene was the London skyline at sunset. The moon soars into the sky, which is now sprinkled with stars. Shown are closeups of a millions stars, the Milky Way, Andromeda closer than the two million light years it really is, and the various constellations, which were pointed out to us. The method used to indicate the constellations is to superimpose a white outline of a zodiacal creature over the stars which are supposed to look like it. Also imposed on the "sky" was an astronomical meridian marked in degrees above the horizon. The sun was then brought into focus (from two hundred miles up, this was represented as a large star, different readings being taken at various positions along the meridian. We then had the first six planets paraded for us. It was curious to see them strung out in a line. We were also given a glimpse of the sky as it was last winter and as it will be next winter. We moved out to look at the solar system from a few light hours away. The sun was sitting in the centre of the field of vision with the first five planets in orbit. Mercury was haring round, a sedate Venus next, and then the Earth at a very respectable pace. Mars was much further out, and smaller, than I had expected. As for massive Saturn, he was so close to the edge of the view that it was not until the camera had speeded him up that one was able to see him. The show ended with the sunrise.

We reluctantly left the Planetarium and when we had eaten once more we returned to the digs to clean up for our visit to the Globe.

While still at the digs I was waiting for the other two to finish changing I heard the clanging of police bells and I looked out of the window just in time to see the Queen and Princess Anne go past on their way to Euston.

And so to the Globe.....
.....

Before we went in, we could tell that Something Was There. And how. We made our Capone like entrance and stood before the table of

Bobbie Wild and Sandra Hall. They glanced up, a glance which after a couple of seconds bewilderment was replaced by terror. We had been recognised.

At that, things began to happen -- fast. I exchanged shouted greetings with Ella Parker before we advanced along the bar to find Atom, Jim Linwood, Bob Richardson, Ken Bulmer, Ted Tubb and others. Someone had unwittingly let in Ron Bennett.

We stayed at the bar for a while conversing for a while with a fan and his wife (I suspect that this was Norman and Ina Shorrock). The male was a fair imitation of the Jimmy Edwards school and the lady was charming, with a most intriguing manner of speaking. We spent sometime talking to this couple. (Ken, as neither Norman nor Ina were present that evening -- also Norman does not sport a moustache -- I'd suggest from your description that you were talking to Jim and Dorothy Ratigan -- RonB)Y. We were then accosted by the Elephantless Ron Bennett who said that Cecil was at Inchmery where he was staying. We also saw Ella Parker again about then.

I bought some fanzines containing Berry stories and also purchased a couple of prozines from Fred Brown who was sitting in the corner. We moved in with him and Pete also bought a couple of books from the same source. Ella noticed us hiding there and invited us over to her table. We sat there for the rest of the evening chatting about this and that. With Ella I had a chat about the old saw -- what makes a fan, why, how, when, if, etc. It's a big subject to cover. Atom came over and with his arrival the talk shifted to fanzines, their layout, composition, what makes a zine tick, etc - all of which I found very interesting. I wish I could have written their conversations word for word. It would make good copy.

Ella and Atom drifted away for a while and SADO was left with Jim Linwood, Jim Groves, Danny Hamilton and a couple of unknowns (to me). Pete had collared Darr, and was showing him the Tucker letter, though he says they were talking about tape recorders. Michael was introduced to the London Circle treasurer. No doubt they had a pleasant time comparing notes on their various methods of parting fen from money.

Ella came back about then and said that it had been discovered that the name of our fanzine-to-be, "Who Knows" had been used before. So we all started thinking about new names. Someone then mentioned the dreaded word, "Spingel!" Ella said, "O.K. Use that. It's already associated with your shower." SADO voted there and then and the new name was adopted.

Later I talked to Jim Groves and Pete went with Danny Hamilton to see Ted Tubb. What with letters from Tucker and shaking hands with Tubb, there's no holding this boy. Pete got back in time to sign the visitors book. Atom remarked that everybody's name, except King Kong, is in that book. There were sure some NAMES in there.

22 Being very nearly eleven the Globe was a bit deserted by now,

so when Ella set off for an all night coffee bar, Mick's on the Strand, SADO went too, along with Jim and Jhim and Danny. When we got there we found that a few fen were there already but they left soon after.

We stayed at Mick's conversing fannishly until around midnight and then left to find an Underground for Jim Groves. With Jim safely dispatched, Danny Hamilton disappeared too and we went to see about a bus back to Euston. No bus appeared so we climbed into an Ella hailed taxi and left London fandum standing on the corner with Jhim Linwood.

.....

That is just about it. We had an unexciting journey home the next day and here we are almost back to normal again. To these people whom I met and can't remember, live in fear I say. We Shall Return.... and next time, I'll make a list.

Oh! One more thing. There were THREE G.D.A. men at the Globe that night. Beware! Goon Bleary is watching you.

WORCESTER SAUCE(Continued)

I myself am a creature of habit (I read that phrase somewhere) in spite of all I do. I catch the same bus at the same time every day. When I go visiting I can't help getting there two minutes early. My room at home here is a mess. I'm sitting here with my feet under an old, borrowed-from-the-hall table surrounded by stencils cut and uncut, books and mags ranging from the Arabian Nights to Death in the Desert and from Sanders and Holmes to the Odyssey, The Lord of the Rings and van Vogt and Heinlein and hundreds of others. In the corner my row of pipes glares back at me while from the dressing table mirror I stare blearily back at myself. That's not all, but it's enough to give you the general idea. I've just finished reading the magazine version of The Tide Went Out which I liked but didn't think was "Terrific." I'm still looking for the Lensman books..... and.... anybody here like Haggard?

Comrades! (did that) I'm running out of words, SO..... Stourbridge is a little town of maybe 40,000 people. This is deceiving because we're hemmed in on all sides by smaaaaall towns round about the same size, or larger. To the East lies Birmingham Range, 12 miles. Population one and a quarter million Brummies. Stourbridge, at least amongst collectors, is world famous for its fine glassware. Actually the glassworks are just outside the town boundary, but only the locals quibble about that.

See ya in '60.....

--- SPINGE!!!!!!!!!!!!

LES SPINGE. Number One.

This the first ever
publication of the
Stourbridge & District
Science Fiction Circle,
the S.A.D.O.

The Editors are:-
Kenneth(Spinge)Cheslin,
18 New Farm Road,
STOURBRIDGE, Worcs.,
and
Peter(Tea) Davies,
12 Shepherds Brook Road,
Lye, STOURBRIDGE, Worcs.

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