

# MILTY'S MAG

FALL 1944



Milty Rothman

M I L I T A R Y M A G

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CO. D, 1ST SIG TNG BN, WSCS, DAVIS, CALIFORNIA  
THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

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A T S P U B L I C A T I O N

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STENCILLED 20 JULY 1944

ME DEPT:

THIS MUST TAKE THE PRIZE FOR ISSUES OF THIS MAG BEING WRITTEN IN DIFFERENT PLACES. FIRST IT WAS WASHINGTON, DC, THEN PHILADELPHIA. I DON'T RECALL ANY FROM ABERDEEN, BUT THERE WERE SOME FROM SANTA ANITA, CALIFORNIA, THEN CORVALLIS, OREGON, THEN FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON, AND NOW HERE AT DAVIS, WHICH IS 80 MILES DUE EAST OF FRISCO.

THIS IS THE WESTERN SIGNAL CORPS SCHOOL, WHERE I AM CURRENTLY DIDDLING AROUND WITH FREQUENCY MODULATION RADIOS. SOME OF THE STUFF AROUND HERE IS STRICTLY FROM ASTOUNDING. ONE LITTLE ITEM IS A TRANSMITTER RECEIVER ABOUT THE SIZE OF A COUPLE OF CIGAR BOXES AND CONTAINING MORE TUBES THAN YOUR BIG CAPEHART. YOU KNOW IT AS THE WALKIE-TALKIE. MORE I CANNOT SPEAK OF.

YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THIS TYPER, NO DOUBT. IT'S A SIGNAL CORPS MACHINE, ORIGINALLY A STANDARD REMINGTON-RAND, IN WHICH ALL THE LETTERS ARE CAPS, AND THERE'S A SEPARATE KEY FOR THE FIGURE 1. TAKES A BIT OF GETTING USED TO, AND IF I MAKE A MISTAKE IT WILL BE TS, BECAUSE I HAVE NO CORRECTION FLUID. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUSH THE SHIFT MOST OF THE TIME, SO WHEN YOU HAVE TO PUSH IT YOU FORGET, AND THAT SCREWS THINGS UP.

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SOCIETY DEPT:

ACKERMAN HAS TOLD ABOUT THE GATHERING WE HAD AT LOU SMITH'S PLACE IN ALAMEDA, SO I WON'T GO INTO DETAIL. MOST OF THE WINE DISAPPEARED AFTER ACKY LEFT, BUT WE WON'T GO INTO THAT, EITHER. WHAT IMPRESSED ME MOST WAS SMITH, HIMSELF. THERE'S A GUY WHO'S BEEN A FAN FOR LONGER THAN I HAVE, BUT WHO GETS LITTLE OR NO PUBLICITY IN FANDOM. HIS COLLECTION IS AS BIG AS THEY COME; HOW CASUALLY HE PULLED OUT THOSE FIRST ISSUES OF "BLACK CAT" FOR US TO LOOK AT. HE IS, AS WE PUT IT, A SWELL GUY. HIS WIFE IS AS INTERESTED A FAN AS HE IS, THEY'VE A COUPLE OF SMALL KIDS, AND HE HAS TO WORK FOR A LIVING. HE'S ALWAYS HAD TO WORK FOR A LIVING, AND IT HAS LEFT HIM A WELL BALANCED PERSON INTERESTED IN MANY THINGS -- THE KIND OF PERSON I LIKE TO SEE A LOT OF.

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## SALVATION DEPT:

I MUST LOOK VIRTUOUS.

I WALK INTO THIS SERVICE CENTER IN SACRAMENTO SO I CAN TRY OUT A NEWLY BOUGHT RAVEL SONATINE ON THEIR PIANO. SO A COUPLE OF DAMES ARE SINGING HYMNS AT THE PIANO. INEVITABLY I END UP PLAYING HYMNS FOR THEM, QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY POLYMORPHANEUCLEATED LEUCOCYTE. VERY BAD HYMNS THEY WERE, TOO.

SO IMMEDIATELY THEY ASK ME IF I AM A CHRISTIAN, AND WHEN I SAY I'M NOT THEY INSIST THAT I AM DOOMED TO HELL FOR ETERNITY UNLESS I IMMEDIATELY ACCEPT CHRIST AS MY SAVIOR. AND I SAY THAT I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD -- THAT I DON'T HAVE THE CALL WITHIN ME. BUT, OH, THEY SAY, THE FACT THAT I CAME IN THERE SO THAT THEY COULD TALK TO ME PROVED THAT THE LAWD WAS LEADING ME TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. THEY TOLD ME MANY INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT THEIR BELIEFS, WHICH SPECIFIED THAT ONE MUST NOT SMOKE, DRINK, SWEAR, OR HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH WORDLY THINGS, BUT MUST DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE LAWD, APPARENTLY BY SINGING HYMNS AND PREACHING TO INNOCENT SOLDIERS.

BUT THEY WERE AWFULLY NICE, AND I WAS JUST AS NICE AS I COULD BE RIGHT BACK AT THEM, BUT I STOOD MY GROUND, AND DIDN'T PROMISE TO ACCEPT CHRIST AS MY SAVIOR. SO THEY PUT ME ON THEIR PRAYER LIST, AND NOW THEY PRAY FOR ME EVERY DAY, AND GHU KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME NOW, LIKE IN THE ASTOUNDING STORY.

SO I LEFT, AND SEEING A BAR DOWNSTAIRS, WENT IN AND WHIMSICALLY HAD A TOM COLLINS.

TOM COLLINS' ARE NICE ON HOT DAYS.

## FIGHT DEPT:

THE ATTACK OF THE COSMIC CIRCLE UPON JACK SPEER BASED UPON HIS "REPUTATION" AS A FASCIST AND UPON THE S-F FASCIST WHICH HE PUBLISHED A LONG TIME AGO IS A GLITTERING EXAMPLE OF DEGLER-BRADLEIGH RESPECT FOR TRUTH AND FACTS. THE FACT IS THAT THOSE TWO HAVE NEVER SEEN A COPY OF THE S-F FASCIST. HAD THEY, THEN THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THAT TITLE WAS NO MORE THAN A GAG. THE PUBLICATION WAS A RUBBER-STAMPED BIT OF PAPER ABOUT ONE BY TWO INCHES IN SIZE. LATER ON, SPEER GUEST EDITED A COPY OF MY SIMILAR S-F BOLSHIEVİK. NO DOUBT THAT MAKES HIM A COMMUNIST.

## SMALL WORLD DEPT:

A STUDENT HERE IS A PERSON BY THE NAME OF GREENFIELD WHO WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH CYRIL KORNBLOTH. HE REVEALS THAT GOTTESMAN IS THE NAME OF A TEACHER WHO WAS VERY UNPOPULAR WITH THEM. TYPICAL OF CYRIL.

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## STUFF DEPT:

CAMPDELL'S EDITORIAL IN THE LATEST ASTOUNDING MAKES IT SOUND LIKE I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME LEARNING ALL ABOUT ELECTRONICS AND STUFF. WHAT HE DOESN'T RECK WITH IS THE TASK OF SPENDING SEVEN HOURS A DAY READING STUFF LIKE THE FOLLOWING:

(ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS AND AN ACTUAL CIRCUIT IS PURELY AMAZING.)

## OPERATION OF THE SQUANCH CIRCUIT IN RECEIVER BC-748-B.

THE PURPOSE OF THE SQUANCH CIRCUIT IS TO PREVENT PARASITIC OSCILLATIONS FROM HETERODYING WITH FORNCH WAVES TO PRODUCE A WOBBLATION OF THE MODULATOR. THE VOLTAGE APPLIED TO THE GRID OF TUBE L-13 APPEARS 180 DEGREES OUT OF PHASE ACROSS RESISTORS R32 AND R34, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY UNDERGOING A 90 DEGREE CHANGE OF PHASE IN INDUCTANCE L 46. THESE VOLTAGES ADD VECTORIALLY, AND THE RESULTANT APPLIED TO THE GRID OF TUBE 8 BLOCKS THE OPERATION OF THE TUBE, PREVENTING CONDUCTION THRU THE PLATE CIRCUIT. WHEN FREQUENCY CHANGES, THE DISCRIMINATOR PRODUCES AN UNBALANCE OF VOLTAGES WHICH. . . . .

ARE YOU ASLEEP YET? AT THIS POINT I USUALLY AM.

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## TECHNICAL ABSTRACTS DEPT:

A PAPER ENTITLED "VERTICAL ROCKET TRAJECTORIES" WAS RECEIVED FROM ROBERT D. SWISHER. IN 14 TYPEWRITTEN PAGES (THIRD CARBON COPY) HE DERIVES THE IMPORTANT EQUATIONS OF VERTICAL ROCKET FLIGHT IN AN INVERSE-SQUARE GRAVITY FIELD. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT IS MADE TO EARL SINGLETON AND O.K. SMITH FOR THE MORE ADVANCED MATH.

THESE FOURTEEN PAGES FORM THE SKETCH OF THE BEGINNING OF A WORK WHICH IF CONTINUID AND PUBLISHED WILL BE OF SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE. THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO SOLVE ROCKET PROBLEMS. ONE IS BY ENGINEERING APPROXIMATIONS, WHICH WILLY LEY USES IN HIS

BOOK. THE OTHER IS BY STRICT MATHEMATICAL ANALYSIS, WHICH SWISHER USES HERE. THE COMPLEXITY OF THE EQUATIONS INVOLVED IN SIMPLE VERTICAL FLIGHT INDICATES THAT WITHOUT SOME SYSTEM OF APPROXIMATIONS SUCH AS ENGINEERS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO MAKE, CALCULATIONS OF ACTUAL FLIGHTS WILL BE TOO DIFFICULT TO SOLVE. A SUBJECT OF RESEARCH WOULD BE FINDING WHAT DEGREE OF APPROXIMATION IS ALLOWABLE, AND DEVISING SUITABLE METHODS TO USE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, NO REALLY FIRST-CLASS MATHEMATICIAN HAS EVER TACKLED THE JOB. A FANCY JOB OF VECTOR ANALYSIS MIGHT BE USEFUL. BUT SINCE I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT VECTOR ANALYSIS I SHOULDN'T EVEN MENTION IT.

#### DIDDLING DEPT:

AT THIS TIME I AM IN AN UNUSUAL STATE. IT'S NOT THAT SCHOOL KEEPS ME SO BUSY. MY EVENINGS ARE FREE. BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING COMING UP TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED. I HAVEN'T EVEN FINISHED READING THE LAST MAILING. I'D LIKE TO JOIN THE INTERESTING DISCUSSIONS THEREIN, BUT SOMEHOW ALL OF THIS STUDY HAS OSSIFIED MY MIND -- OR IS IT THAT MY MIND IS IN MORE OF A STATE OF FLUX THAN EVER -- BECAUSE ANYTHING THAT I CAN THINK OF TO SAY SEEMS INADEQUATE TO ME. THERE IS NO LEISURE TO SIT BACK AND COMPOSE SOMETHING IN ARTISTIC AND RICH PROSE.

CASUALLY TO DASH OFF A FEW PAGES HAS BEEN THE CUSTOM, BUT THIS FAPA HAS GROWN SO HUGE THAT A SCRAP OF IDLE GOSSIP LIKE THIS PASSES UNNOTICED IN THE CROWD, EXCEPT FOR A FEW WHO NOD SADLY AND SAY MILTY WAS INTERESTING, TOO BAD HE CAN'T DO A BETTER JOB.

IN MY PORTFOLIO LIE ABOUT TEN PENCILLED PAGES. THEY COULD BE THE BEGINNING OF A NOVEL. A NOVEL ABOUT A YOUNG MAN WHO RETURNS HOME AFTER TAKING PART IN THE DEFEAT OF INVADERS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY. IT COULD BE A GOOD NOVEL. BUT WHERE CAN I THINK ABOUT THE THINGS TO PUT IN IT? MARCHING BETWEEN CLASSES? STANDING IN THE CHOW LINE? IN THE DAY ROOM BETWEEN THE RADIO AND THE PIANO, A POKER GAME AND A CRAP GAME? DURING A TEN MILE HIKE, OR WHILE WOOLING SLEEP WRAPPED UP IN MY TENT ON THE GROUND? HITCH-HIKING TO SACRAMENTO OR TO FRISCO, STANDING IN THE DIN OF THE USO, DRINKING AT A BAR? WHERE CAN A PERSON PAUSE TO THINK?

OR SIMPLY, WHERE CAN A PERSON PAUSE?

A BARRACKS IS A BARE BUILDING WITH MANY COTS. I AM LUCKY. I LIVE IN A LITTLE ROOM WITH ONLY TWO DOUBLE DECKER BUNKS IN IT. I SHOULD SAY, I SLEEP IN THAT ROOM. I WORK IN A CLASSROOM, I EAT IN THE MESS HALL, I TYPE IN THE ORDERLY ROOM, I PRACTICE PIANO IN THE GYM, I READ IN THE DAY ROOM, BUT I HAVE NO LIVING ROOM. NO THINKING ROOM WHERE I CAN SIT QUIETLY AND WRITE THE NOVEL.

SO ENDS MY DITCH SESSION. I FEEL JETTBR NOW.

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