

Speer's



SUSTAINING PROGRAM



WINTER/F42



CECI ET CELA

I guess the only way SusPro can be published is by a last-minute rush; certainly if the past is any guide, that's the way of it. This is written just four days before the Mailing date; maybe it'll get in and maybe it won't.

There will be some sixteen-pound white paper used in my stuff this time, not by choice. We can thank price ceilings for saving us from further drastic rises in the price of supplies, but as a result, the available supply is going to whoever is interested enuf to go hunting for it, with the result that shortages are increasing. 20# paper couldn't be had in any of the places I tried today. I still have a ream on hand, which I will mix in with the thinner stuff. It probably won't be very noticeable.

\$\$\$\$ great controversy about the origin of this symbol \$

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE TWENTY-FIRST MAILING Pp 1, 2, 3  
Okay, so what? Dyktawo?

RAVE NOTICE P 4  
Speer goes buying funny books again

IT'S IN JIM FARLEY'S BAG P 5  
Respectability pays

WASHINGTON WORRY-WARTS, 1942 P 6  
Duquesne III comes across

REJECTED - COSMIC TALES! P 7  
Short but sweet

THEY DID NOT BE Pp 8, 9  
Something that, if submitted and accepted, wouldn't have raised the quality of TWS any

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS P 10  
Due to an error in counting, we cut one too many pages for this issue, so there'll be no Call It What You Wish; just now discovered the error --that page will be an early start on next issue

DEAR WEISINGER-- Pp 11, 12  
Wherein we engage in the grand old fan sport of telling an editor his magazine stinks

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COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE TWENTY-FIRST MAILING

Start off with the Nucleus. The explanation for Trudy's bewilderment is that Trudy was not the femme fan I referred to, nor was there any particular reason for her to suppose she was; my statement was true of another fanne, the one I thought she had especially in mind in writing that episode of the Portrait. I have no excuse to offer for saying "agreed to marry" rather than "promised"; the latter would have been better. So now it comes out: Trudy is neither untaken nor (as was rumored) matrimonied, but is engaged; Tex would have been interested to hear that. Spencer's redaction tops the dedications in this issue; isn't it marvelous how Gilbert got everybody married off in the end each time? Incidentally, I fear that the action around Guadalcanal has destroyed forever the expression "Gilbert and Sullivan Islands" which was applied to the Gilberts and Solomons a half-century ago.... We can't say much about Moffatt's three-page contribution, on account of the second page was blank in our copy. The guy who is talking on page 3 seems to have some sense, tho his word "integritorial" is highly questionable. I suppose the adjective for "integrity" would be "integral", but I'll admit that wouldn't make much sense applied to a person.... So Edgar Allan Martin beats both Dollens and me to the draw on a heliographed (blueprinted) paper. I experimented around in the summer of 1939, but couldn't get suitable prints, and the sun dropped farther and farther southward. Martin's doggerel is not bad, tho I object to its being printed in prose appearance.... Imagindex supplement OK, but were all the stories in Fic Detective Monthly stfnal?... Fanzine Service list would have been better on two sides of one heavier sheet. Thirty-odd on this list; soon there will be more of them than of producing fans.

I once wrote similar questions in shorthand on the envelopes of letters to a number of correspondents, but never got so much as an acknowledgment. Someday when the Rejected stock gets low I'll run the piece on shorthand I submitted to a British fanzine. Noin, Harry; there really is a system behind my paragrafing in this department, but the changes of time have so completely broken it down that I will adopt a new system beginning next issue. I could have begun in this issue, but prefer to wait for New Year's to make resolutions. Silly, isn't it? Music and visual art may have many parallels, but I suggest that the idea that painting appeals more to the intellect is quite sound; after all, isn't it true that the sound of something is ordinarily merely an accompaniment, while we think of the looks of it as the thing itself? Yes, Rothman told me that there was a key of A flat minor, and that it stinks (the key), upon seeing that cartoon's original draft; I chose it out of thin air as the most unlikely thing, since I don't know enuf of music to choose the most likely. There is some very good blank verse in the quotations Warner gives from Mona; the unhackneyed setting of the story also appeals to me; and I can get some sense out of his description of the music :Beta in the issue, Glancing being Alpha as usual. "...stopped reading every ffm" mean Famous Fantastic Mysteries? The article on Harry's foto album was most interesting, and hit an angle of fan activity little touched upon.

Admitting that the Van Houten attack on Technocracy was ill-informed, we don't think much of the Technocrats' defense in this Mailing. They flatly state that Technocracy, Inc, receives no subsidy; but what has been charged is that it secretly does, which only some detective work on Howard Scott and his account books could definitely decide. Hodgkins' unquestioning acceptance of the Technocratic line is laughable sometimes, as in his citing "Technocracy protests use of Nazi-type salute in US schools", and "Only Technocracy has called fascism by its right name". Hodgkins goes on to say that Tech urged the declaration of war against all fascist elements; I would like to ask, when? At one time they threatened that interventionist congressmen would

be tried for Continental treason when the Technate is established, if they got this country into the War. Apparently the Technocrats are first-rate opportunists: They say that a treaty with Russia is "vitally important"; but technocracy envisions a completely self-sufficient North America. They state that their close-knit organization, with its uniform, its sections, etc. is contributing as is no other group toward the unification of Americans in the war effort, but they don't explain how it does this, and the War Department policy is to discourage irregular and unofficial organizations like the Green Guards, which dissipate energy needed for carrying out our plans. The leaflet on Total Conscription shows an amazing lack of appreciation of realities. There is evidence of poor checking of the original draft of it, in that no control is envisioned over the producers of food, the farmers --because the old Technocratic blueprint does not intend farming as presently carried on.

We thought the last Sustaining Program a better than average issue; certainly enjoyed putting it together.

In Zizzle-Pop, Elarcy surely isn't claiming that he has published more titles than anyone else, is he? An additional note on the F&I vs Moors matter: Had America been left to northern Europeans to discover and colonize, we might have a Nordic America something like deCamp's, in which large sections continue to be held by Amerindian civilizations. It would be interesting.... Is the Andre Maurois who wrote The Thought Reading Machine, mentioned in Walt's Framblings, the same who wrote ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> second-year French students to sweat over, and the biographies of the 2d generation romantic rebels, and who appeared at the Union Now banquet in NYC a while back?... There was nothing in mutant to dislike; I await the larger one. I didn't notice that the paper in #1 Tycho was bad, Julg.... S-F Goo's editor claims that the purpose of (all) imaginative literature is primarily to produce an emotional effect on the reader. I rise to object. There is no one primary object; the thing that Lost Darkness Fall is successful in doing is quite different from the achieved purpose of Grapes of Wrath or the Fall of the House of Usher. If you want some one purpose dictated to everything that aspires to be great literature, I would say that it should be, to embody abstract principles in concrete imaginary happenings. Dr Bolwell (GWU) says that a novelist, before he starts to plan a novel, must have something to say.... Ashleys: There are reasons that might be brot up to show that it's other people's business how much you spend on your hobby, but I will omit to present them, because I think personal sovereignty requires that they be ignored. For speculations on practical application of U<sup>235</sup> to space flite, see an editorial by Campbell a year-yearahaff ago. The advice in an air raid is obviously of English authorship, and we have seen it reprinted elsewhere in America, but it's worth re-reprinting. Re the mathematical puzzle, a mathematician will tell you that there is no reason why the two different ways of buying should amount to the same thing; no axiom or proven theorem requires it, tho at a casual going-over it seems like they ought to. Hard to deal out alpha and beta on an issue so uniformly good, but we liked the air-raid instructions, the Mailing review, Perspective, the poem, and the back cover, in about that order. Oh, yes, the front cover is excellent, too, but that goes without saying. Wonder when they'll run out of animals for new En Garde designs.... Title-changes like A Tour of the Evans instead of Tale of the Evans must give the Check-Lister grey hairs. Accounts like this are great for vicarious enjoyment of another's fun. And EEE even tells a little bit about himself: that he ran away from home at 17, that he's been in the Navy, that he believes in an immortal soul, and that he has a son in Connecticut. Now if he'd tell a few more things that people who haven't visited him at home don't know--his economic occupation, domestic status, etc--we'd be further assisted in tying together the man and the fan. I wonder how Milty will take the compliment that he, in describing his own feelings, has well

depicted the common man's mind concerning this war. Probably fans follow the common pattern, but we like to believe that there's a different quality to them.... The FA is a beautiful job. We wonder at the significance of "(AA)" before a news item where "(X)" occurs in newspapers. We see where the editing and publishing laureates have at last been combined. Gentlemen! I have accomplished the impossible! I have caused Heck Koenig to say "I've gotten to the point where I don't care very much what Jack writes about. Fantasy or Non-Fantasy. Most of his stuff is interesting." The last simon-pure has cracked. Re Schwartz re Yhos: I think every male should wear a necktie. Sure, they're uncomfortable and senseless. He should wear them as a sign of self-discipline, and willingness to sacrifice comfort for social aims. Onions to Perdue for the lackadaisical attitude displayed in his V-F Message. Would he have been elected if he'd made that his platform?... Grey Day alpha, Ghoul-Haunted Stretches beta in Ceres. Farsaci's latest poem starts with the word "Stars", we see; it's pretty good, tho, if you put your mind to imaging the scenes described.... The anonymous arguer in Yhos has an interesting point in the way only Man attacks other carnivores for food. I can think of a few exceptions, if you get away from the mammals: insects attack carnivores without scruples, and being carnivorous, are themselves eaten by birds and some mammals. The chief fault of his arguments lies in the loose use of the word "culture". Whitherers ordinarily understand by this a much larger civilization than the "Scandinavian", "Balkan", etc, that he mentions; the Occidental culture that Spengler and most others deal with includes both of those, and many other national groups also. This is important, for it means that the European war is a civil war, the whole society weakening itself; certainly war between us and the Germans is civil war, not to mention us and the French. We would rue the day, if the German nation were destroyed, and Japan not, and India set free, for the Oriental and Hindu are alien cultures. The second main fault with the argument is his acceptance of war as the test of survival value and worth, his acceptance of combativeness as the supreme good. There are times when combativeness is anti-survival. I remember an anecdote in the Reader's Digest when, during the inflation period in Weimar Germany, people could no longer buy food, so many of them went to a concert and enjoyed it immensely. They mite have gone out instead and started breaking into shops and killing each other; I submit that their survival was furthered by their ability to find an outlet in something that did no harm, while unmartial men figured out ways to get food to them. Men require certain things--food, shelter, clothing, etc--to keep living and reproducing; war does not directly promote these objects. Re Milty's Message, we acknowledge our error in re Orthodox Jews. What we really had in mind, tho, was not exactly the Jews who follow Orthodox rules, but those who show, in the worst way, the conflict between that culture and the American --Sammy Glick of What Makes Sammy Run? is an excellent example. His remarks anent unrestrained free speech are perfectly valid for wartime, when we have picked our course, but we hope he doesn't carry them over into his peacetime thinking. Tho there be dangers in unrestricted free speech, nothing is without dangers, and Jefferson and I think the best risk is to let anybody talk all he wants to and can. Overt conspiracy is another matter, of course. Hey, who thinks that stinker Walt Whitman is as good a philosopher as any? He merely copied Emerson, and Emerson, tho great, was wrong.

\$\$\$\$\$ yea, man

One Richard A Wilson is/was assistant director to Orson Welles. Wonder if the A stands for Azyrous.

## RAVE NOTICE

Get the Prince Valiant comic magazine. This is just what you want, if you've liked the Prince Valiant pages, and who hasn't? Beginning with the first, it presents the story, apparently without omissions, for 64 Sundays, carrying Val's detailed adventures from about his tenth year to the time he was thirteen years old. In the last page in the book, he has just rescued Gawain from Morgan le Foy's castle, and left a talisman on the road to hold back her henchmen drawn from the half-world, which incident you may remember. There's plenty of fantastic stuff in it, but it is all, fantasy or not, super-excellent.

What is more, the book is presented in an adult manner, absolutely unique among comic books of my acquaintance. The fotograf and biography of Hal Foster on the inside front cover are plainly not addressed to nine-year olds; the tone is straightforward, emphasis being placed on the comic's authenticity, and some sidelites on Foster's personal philosophy.

I am eagerly awaiting a second Prince Valiant book.

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"In the beginning was Jordan, thinking his thoughts alone"

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April 13, 1645. "Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston; and brought his wife with him, (a godly young woman, and of special parts,) who was fallen into a sad infirmity; the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her. He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her: But no help could be had." --John Winthrop's Journal

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"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God..."

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Gawd. The things I note down sometimes. Here's a quote from Lest Darkness Fall: "... but that was a hypothesis difficult to build a course of action on." with the "a" before "hypothesis" italicized in my note. I have no quarrel with the terminal proposition, but I would have expected to know better than to say "a hypothesis".

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Pages

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I think this is from Lest also: "The town had a drowsy, shabby-genteel, run-down personality, like that of Philadelphia."

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Bonkus of the konkus

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"The road is wide and the stars are out, and the breath of the night is sweet; And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet. But I'm glad to turn from the open road, with the starlight on my face, And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place." Naw, that doesn't fit. (See next page for weather note, P 5 having been typed before P 4.)

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Five pezeetas make one pazinka

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## IT'S IN JIM FARLEY'S BAG

This letter isn't from a science-fiction fan, but I think it may be of interest to those of you who have taken seriously the accusation that I'm a Fascist. It's dated a half-year ago. "What is this about some fellow investigating your past history and all about your family. John Butts, Dude Segrest, R. Jackson all had some nice looking fellow from Intelligence come in and ask about each member of the family, very pointed questions, all except me. I don't know whether to take it as a compliment to me or a nasty insult. Jewel Cook in at Jackson's said he even had Mr. Jackson type a complete description of you. Mr. Butts, John, was all excited about it when Dad and I went in late Saturday and said he told him most every boy here had sowed his wild oats, but Jack Speer didn't. Mrs Eddins said unless you had changed since you left home, you were just about perfect. Mrs. John Butts said you should have heard John Butts spread it on." A half-year ago, and I'm still working where I was, in the War Department. Will you trust Military Intelligence to have found it out if I'm disloyal?

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spring fever

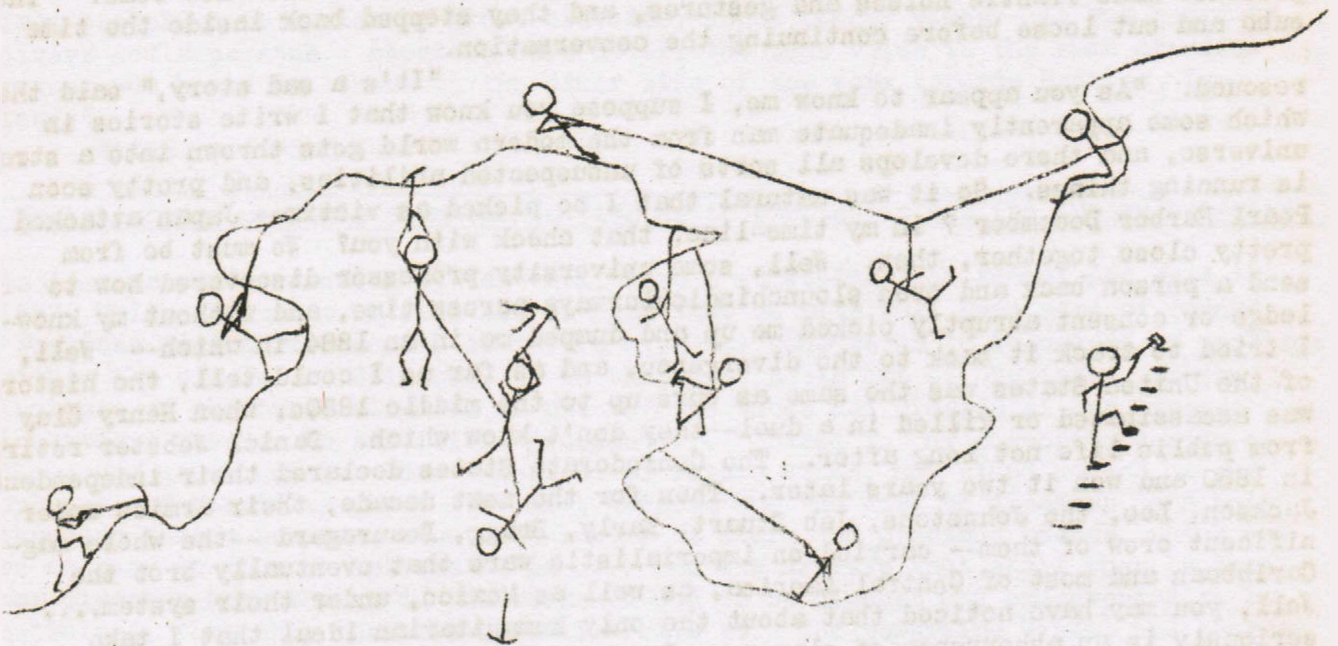
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Ah, gee. All day at the office today I was burning with impatience to get home and cut these stencils. But now-- It's a beautiful evening, calm and free; like a warm summer night rather than November, and I-- Oh, heck, Speer; about face. You can't let your actions be governed by your moods. Throw yourself into this typing and your mood will change.

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~~Our cover this time is entitled "Astroids".~~

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ASTEROID EXPLORERS, FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS I DREW WHEN A RATHER SMALL CHILD.

WASHINGTON WORRY-DARTS, 1942

Juf Speer, Helen Finn, and Barbara Bovard. Art Joquel behind the camera. There have also been with us from time to time Tom Slate, Henry Hasse, Bill Conover, and lesser worthies. At this writing, the faithful in the Capital include Speer, Bovard, Hasse, and Conover; and Joquel, who leaves first of next week.



Milty was back in town recently, on furlough before being transferred to the Pacific coast; and my weekend being full of engagements with females of the opposite sex, I wasn't able to meet him, merely talking over the phone. I might write an essay on Sex vs Stif, only the present case is evidence in the contrary direction: If I weren't cutting this stencil, I should be out renewing acquaintance with a girl who's been away for a while.

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666

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Saw Dr Gamow this evening, for the first time. He looks like a Swede, but has a Russian accent. One of the leading theoretical physicists. I think it would disturb some of you boys greatly if you could read between the lines of his work in the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

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NRA

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He looked in the analyt screen and frowned. "Sure as heck looks like the equation of an L Sprague de Camp, out of its place in the plenum." Materializing, he stepped out and exclaimed, "It is de Camp! And this is a jail you're in. How come?" The prisoner made frantic noises and gestures, and they stepped back inside the time cube and cut loose before continuing the conversation.

"It's a sad story," said the rescued. "As you appear to know me, I suppose you know that I write stories in which some apparently inadequate man from the modern world gets thrown into a strange universe, and there develops all sorts of unsuspected abilities, and pretty soon is running things. So it was natural that I be picked as victim-- Japan attacked Pearl Harbor December 7 in my time-line; that check with you? We must be from pretty close together, then. Well, some university professor discovered how to send a person back and even slouchindicularways across time, and without my knowledge or consent abruptly picked me up and dumped me in an 1884 in which-- Well, I tried to track it back to the divergence, and as far as I could tell, the history of the United States was the same as ours up to the middle 1830s, when Henry Clay was assassinated or killed in a duel--they don't know which. Daniel Webster retired from public life not long after. The Confederate States declared their independence in 1850 and won it two years later. Then for the next decade, their armies under Jackson, Lee, the Johnstons, Jeb Stuart, Early, Bragg, Beauregard --the whole magnificent crew of them-- carried on imperialistic wars that eventually brot the Caribbean and most of Central America, as well as Mexico, under their system.... Well, you may have noticed that about the only humanitarian ideal that I take seriously is an abhorrence of slavery. I was dumped in New York, USA, of that 1884, but they were so cowed by Southern power, and fearful of their influence in the elections that year, that they threw me in jail because I was talking too loud against slavocracy."

"Very sad," Tim clucked sympathetically. "But I'm planning to go back and pull some wires on Eli Whitney and others to get slavery abolished early in the 19th Century. Come along and help; it may soothe your feelings somewhat."



## REJECTED - COSMIC TALES!

Letter from John A Bristol to Louis Kuslan four years ago: "... While I was at Speer's, in the visit described in the typescript, I read the winding story he submitted to you. Here is my Part 2 to it, which I hope is in time to print in the same issue it appears in:

[Veterans of the Second Transition may remember that Part I of Six Against the Past ended with four of the fans heading westward to carve out empires in various parts of pre-English America, Oily Will going north to New England, and the W remaining on Manhattan to establish a Soviet state among the Iroquois that were presumably around there. Now go on with the story:]

"Speer, McPhail, Taurasi, and Wilson drowned swimming the river. Just then an Indian jumped up and shot Helliheim through the heart. A rattlesnake bit Sykora and he died that night."

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What happened to the rattlesnake, Papa?

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Way back in the Seventeenth Century, notice:

January 18, 1644. "The 18th of this month two lights were seen near Boston, (as is before mentioned,) and a week after the like was seen again. A light like the moon arose about the N. E. point in Boston, and met the former at Nottles Island, and there they closed in one, and then parted, and closed and parted divers times, and so went over the hill in the island and vanished. Sometimes they shot out flames and sometimes sparkles. This was about eight of the clock in the evening, and was seen by many. About the same time a voice was heard upon the water between Boston and Dorchester, calling out in a most dreadful manner, boy, boy, come away, come away: and it suddenly shifted from one place to another a great distance, about twenty times. It was heard by divers godly persons. About 14 days after, the same voice in the same dreadful manner was heard by others on the other side of the town towards Nottles Island."

Vitons, of course.

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My literature prof was so unimaginative as to suppose it was the aurora borealis!

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As long as you're reading my textbook, here's something that Samuel Lee said in 1687, which indicates an attitude of mind that we mite well have more of today: "That the admirable sagacity of future ages may compass as to thousands of problems within the circle of Sciences, or in that most noble Art of Chymistry, or the Analysis of the three kingdoms of nature: the tubes and glasses of our present inventions give us no sufficient prospect.... Indeed so may posterity deride at these our ayes, and the more ingenious of future times, may stand amazed at our dulness and stupidity about minerals, meteors and the cure of diseases, and many thousand things besides, about the lustre of stars and precious stones, which may be as easy to them as letters to us ... and the Artists that shall then be born, may discover more things in the works of God to be discust and endeavoured to be explained, then they themselves shall arrive to. The superfine Wisdom and Learned Wits of those acute times will discover vast regions of darkness and ignorance. There will be a plus ultra to the end of the world ..."

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Gules a houn' dawg statant or

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## THEY DID NOT BE

This was written up in connection with the T/S contest based on its cover which showed three men of varied civilizations in a time ship, watching two dinosaurs battle. We never got around to submitting it, so present it here, with paragraphing modernized. It's rather awful as a story, but we think it neatly avoids the obvious in writing a story based on that painting. The style stinks, but I wrote it fully aware of that, so it should be forgiven.

As the millenia marched, it was inevitable that intelligence should arise, even in bodies so unsuited for it (for the climatic conditions would not permit a better-adapted form). The intelligent ones withdrew from the swamps, into the high places, where occasionally, as the vast cloud blanket parted for a brief interval, they could see the stars. At last divining their true nature, they longed to see at first hand what lay on far planets.

To transport their huge reptilian bodies thru the interplanetary gulf was out of the question, but one among them, Nartl, shot to the third world a smaller ship, in hopes of getting some specimen of Terrestrial life. Three of the short reptilian lifetimes it took to reach its goal (The Venusians, knowing little of large oceans, had directed it to what seemed to them the most likely place for civilization--the high Sierras). The shell was to remain open for twelve of the home planet's years, trapping in a field which induced suspended animation any creature that might wander into it; but in landing, the clock mechanism was damaged, so that for fifty centuries it lay exposed on the bare rock, and Venus all but forgot it. Nevertheless, a smooth-skinned biped wearing a metal garment, who had come hither seeking new worlds to be conquered, perhaps Plato's Atlantis, was entrapped. And centuries later came a bearded red-haired giant, on a similar quest, in a boat with the head of a dragon, and he too entered the shell.  
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But finally arose another of the reptile-men who had hope of bridging the gulf, and another shell crossed the void, at far greater speed than had been possible to the old one, the machinery in which was set to close it as soon as a large sized creature should enter it. Speed was necessary, for the secret of suspended animation had been lost.

Aimed at the same spot toward which old records indicated the first shell had been fired, it struck not far away, and the jar of its landing set off the clockwork in the older ship, which rose, with old instruments working, and headed its slow flight back toward Venus. The landing of the second shot had another effect: it was observed by the copper-skinned natives of this land, and from father to son the word was passed down, so that when a white man came riding, at the head of a troop of centaurs, in search of some marvel he called "Quivira", they told him that surely he would find it yonder on the mountain top. He went up alone, and find it he did.

When Krots, great-grandson of the sander of the second shell, saw something silvery flash down thru the murky Venusian atmosphere, he but thought it was his great-grandfather's ship returned, not dreaming that, by strange coincidence, the newer ship had overtaken the old at almost the same instant the latter was nosing down thru the stratosphere toward its goal. But Krots set off across the swamp toward the spot where they had landed, dragging behind him a light boat in which he had machinery that could provide living conditions for whatever creature had been caught. He was vastly surprised when his excavations in the mire brot up not one, but two ship, but nothing daunted he set about transferring the Terrestrials to his boat where, surrounded by a bubble of force, they could live

again. The one with the wings on his helmet, and he with the plumed helm, began to revive as soon as taken out of the suspended animation field; the specimen from the later projectile had lapsed into a comatose state after venting his wrath and fear on the unyielding walls of the shell, but had been kept alive by artificial atmosphere as nearly like Earth's as the Venusian scientist could deduce --he also regained consciousness within the bubble of force.

The three men were astounded to see each other, but even more so to see the strange scene around them as Krots started back across the swamp with them, in the boat, in tow. Strange thoughts must have been passing thru his reptilian brain, so small that all its cells must be utilized to equal the mentality of home sapiens, who uses but a sixth. The secret of suspended animation re-discovered! The new knowledge examination of these strange animals from Earth would bring! The gulf between worlds bridged!--why couldn't they build a ship large enough to transport one of themselves? He, Krots, would be first!

Underfoot, something suddenly heaved and rose up. A harmless, herbivorous dinosaur, but in his rage Krots snapped at it, and took the dodging jerk of its head for an offensive move. The primitive blood rose in him and, dropping his tow-rope, he maneuvered for favorable position against his small-toothed antagonist.

Within the boat, the one with the curly locks and the one with the long red beard unconsciously reached for their swords. The black-haired one reached for his pistol, but it was gone, and his sword was a toy, so he stood, resting his hands on the weird machinery before him, peering out at the conflict.

It was brief. Charging down from a small sandy hump that shoved above the thick waters, Krots dispatched his victim with two snaps of his powerful jaws. But the wanton act cost him his life. The sound of the dinosaur thrashing about in the water, the smell of the newly-shed blood, brot air-breathing monsters and fish-like things from all over that section of the swamp--fish-like things that, in their blood-lust, cut Krots' legs from beneath him, and were tearing the flesh from his body before he was fairly down.

Arthast, the black-haired terrestrial watched, and his hand involuntarily closed over the rim of one of the wheels before him--more buttons they had been for Krots' huge fingers. As it twisted in his grasp, the air in the shell of force became almost 100% oxygen.

Drunk with the stuff, the blond giant bellowed a Viking war-cry and swung out with his sword. The Greek, not yet so completely out of his senses, struck in self-defense, and the keen blade that had drunk blood of the Selucidæ in Syria all but cut the head from his opponent's body. Then turned the victor on the black-haired one who had sought Quivira, but he was not to die that way.

As the son of Eric the Red toppled in death, a glass bulb broke beneath him. The shell of force vanished, and the poisonous atmosphere of Venus washed in over him.

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P.B. + F.B.

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We had an alarm tonite, making me lose half an hour from stencil-cutting, right after Eites Out had finished. They have something in place of a siren to give the air-raid alarm, that sounds like a truckful of cows bawling.

## ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

I at last took time off and pasted in all but the most recent acquisitions, and some other pieces that wouldn't fill a page and I haven't smaller bits to pad the page for.

Among the recent pieces is a carbon copy of a war bond pay reservation application, on which the Acker man is designated as beneficiary; so if I kick off before the bonds mature, they can be cashed to help finance the Forry Foundation of Fandom.

Gibt's hier the note that F Tex Sigma stuck in his door last time I was up: "Jack:---- I'll be back in three minutes \* Come on in and wait. Earl" He was as good as his word, too. Has a swell apartment, all by himself, in a new building on Connecticut in Chevy Chase.

Kornbluth gave me this, while we were riding around in the back seat of one of Wilson's cars. It's a word that it's supposed to be death to pronounce, ancient Hebrew, but the car was jiggling Korny's pen so that I can hardly read it. 'Tis folded, with "Warning! go away!" written on the outside. Inside, over a skull and xbones, is something that looks like "MALACH' MVUIS".

Hah.

Here's the script for the S-F Caout-Chouc, a dictograph cylinder the Worry-Warts were going to cut and send the Angelones, only the dictaphone place didn't have one in running order. Starts off with a flourish of trumpets ("Ta-Ta" Rothman has written), then MAR: The Washington science fiction fans present JFS: The S-F Caout-Chouc, Volume One, Number One, Washington DC June 8. PAC EP: which we defy Ackerman to reproduce in the Voice. All this in my handwriting, then "1 min ea." and EP in his practically illegible script, I in mine, and MAR in his, discuss whatever we happened to want to talk about.

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 A A A O U E
 

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Pvt Ack-Ack has sent me a page from that camp organ, in which is a column of awful puns by the aforementioned. One that especially interested me was about a Pvt Spear, who complained "his rifle weighed no trifle. 'The automatic is my gat,' gritted Jack, who probably never handled anything more dangerous than a Buck Rogers zap-gun. # Spear the rod and spoil the child." Another column in the paper, which wasn't marked, is about "Tennyson the Prophet", by a chaplain, in which he quotes several of the verses I published in the Tennyson supplement to the Mercury Series. He quotes a whole hunk from Locksley Hall, beginning with "Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new: That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:" and continuing thru one of the "dapt into the future" sequences to prophesy the airplane and aerial war, and ending up with "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" and one more stanza.

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 Ah, ah, ah-- Oh, U kid!.....
 

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While cutting stencils recently, we were treated to a half-hour on the radio of Gilbert and Sullivan recordings. They were very enjoyable, and very quotable. One, I noticed, was Miske's speech, including the line "If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me", which Singleton played for me the other time I was up to his present place, and explained who Gilbert and Sullivan had been aiming at in that speech. It was apparently the same recording!

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 Westward the jug of fandom takes its way
 

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DEAR WEISINGER--

I address myself to you, tho you may have gotten your walking papers before all these issues were published.

To commence with Startling Stories, the first number. No, by George, I was still keeping that, but I know Bristol and I both disposed of comments on it long ago. Well, the May number then. The Prisoner of Mars is probably a pretty close copy of the Zenda story, but I've never read the latter. This thing is so-so, but I'd never take the time to read it now if I knew what it was going to be like beforehand. No need to comment on Pygmalion's Spectacles; much too recent a reprint. The Lost Hour of no value save to fill out the issue which would otherwise consist of the feature novel and a reprint, plus the departments.

The maps showing unexplored regions were interesting; I wonder if Willy Ley himself furnished them--they look pretty plausible. Giants from Eternity was rather enjoyable. The resurrection of the famous scientists was a less interesting part of it--it seems very improbable that they could so quickly take hold of all the advances in specialized science since their times, and they do not make convincing characters. The Blight, tho, was very interesting, especially in its early stages, and I stayed up reading till near midnite several nites to finish it, when I should have been catching up on sleep and dodging a cold. Coincidentally, during the time I was reading it, Oboler dramatized Chicken Heart for me. The most improbable thing in the story was the resuscitative power of the nucleus substance.... I didn't care much for the Hall of Fame story when I read it originally, thinking it rather run-of-the-mill, but liked it very well here. World Without Name, in case you've forgotten.... In connection with the writeup of Westinghouse, I've always been of the impression that compressed air brakes work by releasing powerful coiled springs when it is desired to stop, the pushing power of compressed air being used to take the brakes off when you want to start up again, and the air let out when you wanna brake.... I am very suspicious that the questions in the Science Question Box are thot up by the editors rather than sent in by readers.

Didn't bother to read Bridge to Earth. Cosmic Stage very unexciting. The Space Visitor sounded even older than the copyright notice showed it to be. Hamilton's naivete, for example in imagining everybody uniting against the menace, and the idea of a definite edge to the atmosphere, where floating ships would be on the same level as the mines. His idea of filling the air with mines was arrived at without calculating actually how many billion would be required to put even one in every square mile; I suspect too that he didn't stop to calculate the lifting power of his vacuum spheres that carried the mines. However, the Fortean quality makes the story worth something.

I also skipped Williamson's novel. The blurbs etc didn't make it look very interesting. Three Wise Men disappointing in its let-down, which was also that sort of explanation which no reader could be expected to guess ahead of time. Didn't that Martian Odyssey illustration darken a lot in reprinting?

Why are so many of the covers given to illustrating shorter stories in the issue? The Jan 40, for Mind over Matter, is repulsive. That story was pretty awful, too. Finlay's illustrations for the Three Planeteers were lovely, but I didn't think that to be sufficient cause to read the story.

Turning now to TWS, the Tenth Anniversary issue comes up first. It certainly had all the big names, but such material by them! That perversion of Smith's chapter for Cosmos is a crime. No More Friction most un-advanced. Passage to Saturn was fair. Stolen Centuries had an ingenious ending, for whose sake the whole story

was written. The biographies of pro personalities were welcome, especially those that aren't run every so often anyway. So Marchioni is responsible for those stinky cartoons in Scientifacts. And he looks like a nice guy otherwise, too. The butchering of Dawn of Flame was an outrage. Scarcely a sentence, apparently, got by without compression or distortion. Whoever did the cutting did have the decency to leave the last two paragraphs unchanged, but that scarcely excuses the whole job. The Burroughs boys' story was pretty good, excellent illustration by Schomburg.

Aug 39. Warning from the Past very implausible; everything happened just too neatly. Waldeyer's Cosmic Cube is the kind of story you expect fans to write, which they seldom do. Pretty good reading. Roman Holiday needs calling down for the misrepresentation it gives of the old scientist-versus-practicalman debate. The scientist here is quite unrepresentative, more of a fool than Lowndes said the scientist in Three Thousand Years was; and the common man is most unusual in a knowledge of Latin and many other peculiarly handy abilities.

I have yet to read any of the tales in the complete novel section, not even Campbell's, which looks like one of his poorer pieces. In the October number, Hero is not particularly good, being too much what one expects, and having little to it. Since Oscar Friend speaks of the hand of God with reverence, he's not being inconsistent in his story to suppose that good and evil in human nature are two distinct things, as in the Jekyll-Hyde theory, and one can be rooted out with an instrument of physical or biological science; but I would like to point out that, under the mechanistic philosophy which is dominant in science-fiction, that idea is absurd. The Via series is unusual in not degenerating as it goes along, like Adam Link and Old Faithful and so many others did. The Via names of these stories are rather awkward, sometimes meaningless, but I suppose it's necessary as a label to the series.

Kummer sets up a straw man in Revolt against Life, and then doesn't do a very good job of knocking even it over. For one thing, it's obvious that he didn't trouble to figure out how many years (centuries rather) it would take for the Earth to really reach its feeding capacity. For another, he says that everyone's aging was arrested as it was; but apparently made an exception of the children, for he speaks of restless youth growing up into a closed world.... The idea of a Hardy Family of the Future is probably pretty awful, but this first story in the series is very good. The echoes are the best stuff since Weinbaum died.... Waters of Death is rather clever; worth its two pages.

The Burroughs' sequel was very run-of-the-mill. They'd better stick to doing John Carter into a comic page, which they're good at. The Great God Awto was fourth-rate stuff or worse.

Whrooom! Watch out, everybody! Here comes Captain Future! I got the first issue. I've read the beginning and end of the novel. I read "Grag, the Metal Robot" (doesn't that redundant "metal robot" sound like something just written for kids, tho?). I read Hamilton's relation of how much he enjoyed writing the story and how he thinks it's his swellest. I still think Captain Future stinks. As for the shorts, the idea in "Invisible" wasn't enuf to support the story, and Around Infinity was reasonably good. Did Damon get his famous "Damn Einstein!" cover idea from this?

So much for you, you scum.

# NONSENSICAL NURSERY RHYME

FOR THE CHILDREN OF SWISHER, SYKORA, TUCKER, MCPHAIL,  
WIDNER, AND OTHERS



THIS IS JOE FANN,  
ALL FORLORN,



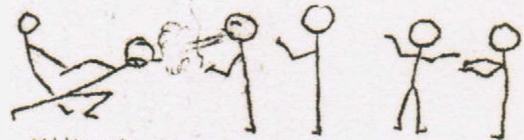
SO BORED,  
A NEW FAUZINE WAS BORN



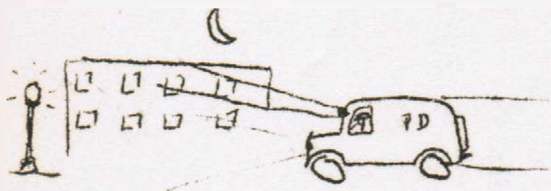
IN WHICH JOE TOOTED  
HIS EGOTISTIC HORN



WHICH STARTED A FEUD



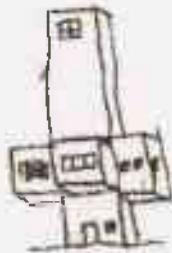
WHICH CAUSED A FITE



THAT LASTED ALL NITE



AND ENDED THE CONVENTION



HEY'D HELD IN THE HOUSE THAT  
TEALE BUILT