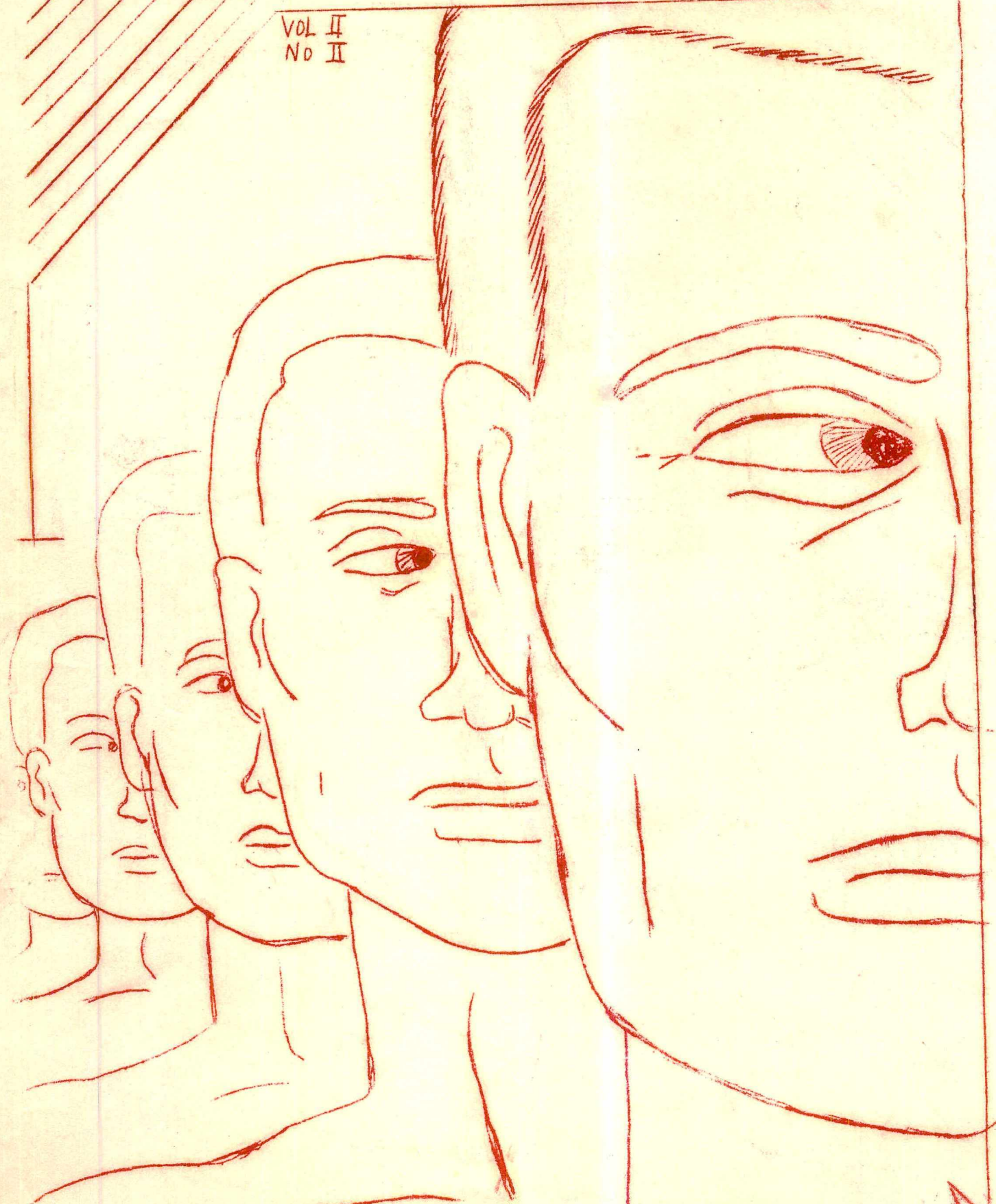
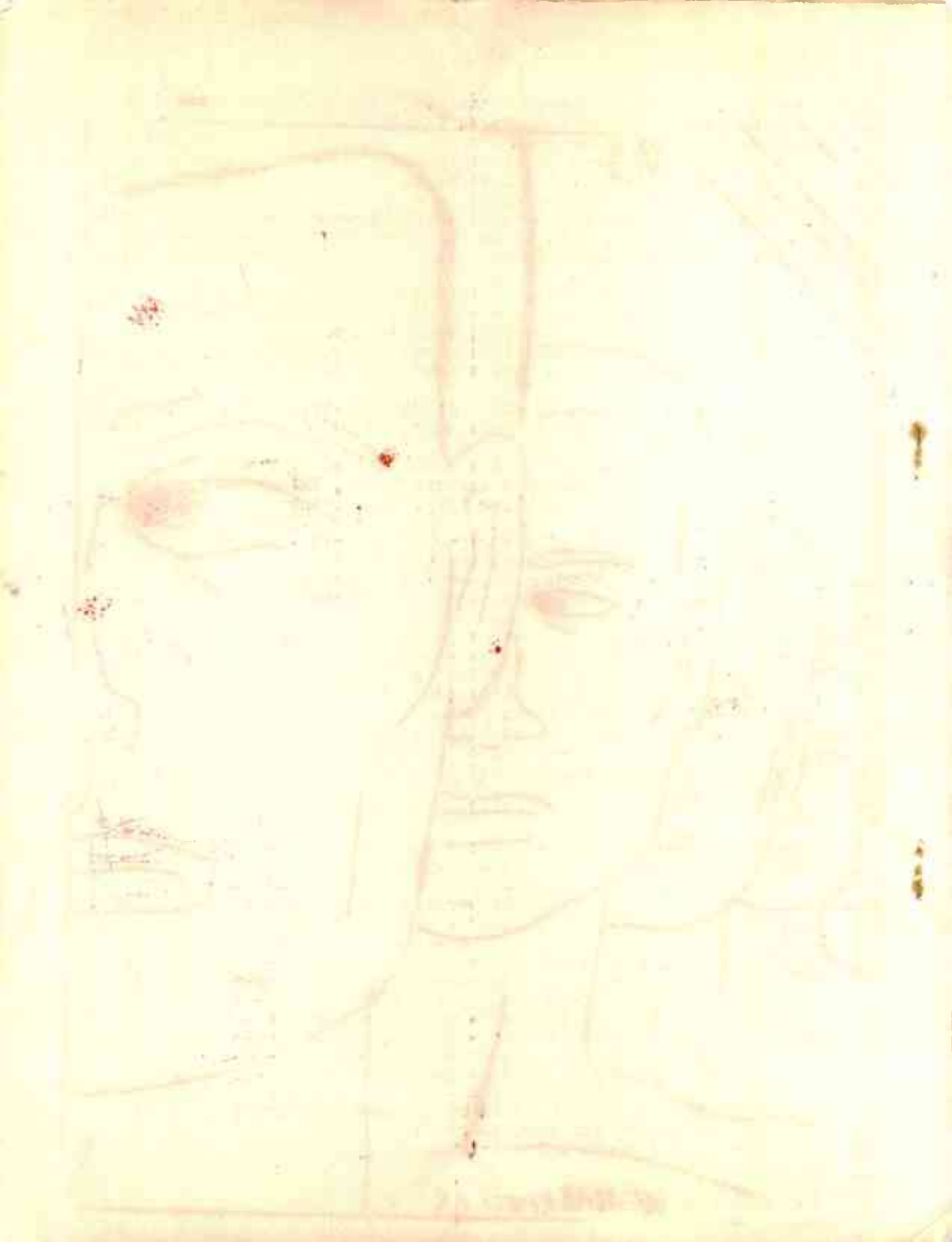


VOL II
No II



W. MAX KEASLER



After reading all of those cheerful and encouraging letters, our first impulse was to dump ODD into the nearest flying saucer.

But since we are only going down for the second time, We are not stunk, oops, I mean sunk yet. If anyone sees fit we would like a subscription are two. Its not that ODD wants to make (sob) MONEY, but just to get enough to pay the postage would overjoy us.

Look around, if you have any unusual stories, one so unusual that others would hesitate to use it, send it on to us and we will see if we can (ha!) use it. This mag would give any thing to be different if we could get enough material to do so.

Maybe by now you have noticed the cartoon strip, That we plan to make a steady feature of Odd. We also plan to make "Scientific Frauds", STF in Pocket Books; and Flash in the Pan; regulars too.

We are planning a long and continuous comic strip, but we don't have any material. If you think that you have a good plan for a plot please send it in.

Either Duke Croy, or W. Max Keasler will do the artwork. The choice of artists can be stressed by the authors; write to ODD for further discussion on this matter.

Congratulations are in order for those who helped make this issue of ODD possible. Thanks to Al Leverentz for his story, Thanks to W. Paul Gainley, and Don Jacobs for all their help. Also thanks to Richard Elsberry, for his help.

This issue of ODD has more of a variety of material than ever before. The more you send in, the more pages there will be in ODD.

Next issue ODD is going BI-Monthly and will have a steady deadline if you want to place any Adds please send them within a month and a half of the time that you receive your copy of ODD.

Anyone having any ideas, Please come forth. Your suggestions will be much more impressive if you send us some material to stress your point

ODD :: Published When I have the time, and IF I have the money.

By:: Raymound Duggie Fisher Junior

Where:: 1302 Lester Street, Poplar Bluff , missouri , United States

By:: Editor Duggie Fisher, News Editor , Richard Elsberry, Artists;

Walker Max Keasler , and Duke Croy. Editor of helpful hints Dept. ,

Shelby (Shick) Vick

[illegible]

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1. Cover By Max -co - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o ----- page 1
 2. Blank - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o ---page 2
 3. Editorial and Index - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o ----page 3
 4. Flash in the Pan by Richard Elsberry -o- o - o - o - o - o -page 4
 5. Ist page of "He who laughs Last" - o - o - o - o - o - o - opage 5
 6. 2nd page of " " " " o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 6
 7. Scrap heap(Page 1) o- o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - opage 7
 8. Scrap Heap(Page 2) O - o- -o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o,o-page 8
 9. Scrap Heap(Page 3) o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 9
 10. Ist page of "Henpecked Planet" - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 10
 11. 2nd page of Henpecked Planet" - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 11
 12. Scientific Frauds No 2 By Don Jacobs - o - o - o - o - o - pages 12
 13. THE Travelers" By Toby Du ane - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 13
 14. " " " " " " - o - o - o - o - o - o - o - page 14
 15. Science Fiction in Pocket Books by Richard Elsberry O opage 15
- Your Sub is up. Do you want to renue
----- Sample copy how about a Subscription?
----- In Exchange
----- Your a paid Subscriber
----- For some reason or other

Gnome Press has entered the periodical field and plans to have the first issue of a prozine on the stands in September. A title has not been selected yet. Phil Klass, better known under the pen name of William Tenn, will be the editor. The magazine will sell for 25¢.

It has been announced that H.L. Gold will edit two new SF mags due on the stands late in July. Titles have not been selected nor is the company who is issuing them known. It is believed that they will run on alternate months like TWS and SS and cost 25¢.

These three mags, together with the forthcoming "Imagination" and "Marvel Science" brings the total of SF and Fantasy mags to the unholy total of twenty seven which are,

1. Amazing Stories
2. Astounding Science Fiction
3. Avon Fantasy Reader
4. Abe Merritt's Fantasy
5. Famous Fantastic Mysteries
6. Fantastic Novels
7. Future combined with Science Fiction
8. Fantastic Adventures
9. Fantastic Story Quarterly
10. ~~Fantasy~~ Fiction
11. ~~Fantasy~~ and Science Fiction
12. Imagination*
13. ~~Marvel~~ Science*
14. Other Worlds
15. Out of this world
16. Planet Stories
17. Startling Stories
18. Super Science Stories
19. Thrilling Wonder Stories
20. Thrills Inc.#
21. New Worlds @
22. Weird Tales
23. Wonder Stories Annual
24. Fantastic Adventures Quarterly
- 25.-26.-27.- Have yet to be published
- *. Yet to be published
- #. Australian
- @. English

Heinleins "Man Who Sold the Moon" seems to be a best seller. One Book Store in Chicago sold forty copies in twenty minutes

Two one shot mags came out recently over in England. They were titled "Worlds of Fantasy" and "Futuristic Science". The first pro SF mag to come out in Australia made its debut recently. Its title is "Thrills, Inc."

Jerry Bixby, New Editor of Planet Stories is slicking up the format, this is the first major change in years. The issue after next Planet will go Bi-monthly and will have a cover by Lawrence Sanders. Bixby is also getting some top notch authors, buying several stories from Poul Anderson, and E.E. Smith. Also there is going to be another story about Mitkey, the "STAR MOUSE". E.E. Smith plans to continue his "Vortex Blaster" series in Planet.

CBS plans to start an STF program soon. John W. Campbell, Jr. is the SF editor for CBS and has many ASF scrips in mind. One of them is "Reirium". This could be much better than "Dimension X".

Rogers is through as a cover and interior artist for ASF. Rogers was having too much difficulty making the deadline so Campbell thought it wise to discontinue using him altogether. It is not known who will take over the burden of doing most of the covers. Campbell does plan to use a lot of Photos tho.

Editor Mitchell of Fantasy Fiction plans to change the title of his Magazine starting with the second ish.

Don Wollheim blandly states about his "Out of this World Adventures". "The Fans Don't like It." How right you are Don, how right you are.

The new slick Amazing is going to cost 35¢. Can you afford it? Brown is going to try and make his mag into a large size ASF. There will be plenty of emphasis on fact articles and the quality is going to be raised from the present bottom-of-the-heap level. (cont. on last page of Serapheap)

"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST....."

By Richard Logan



Bart Sullivan swore softly. The last shot had melted the top of the rock only two feet from his head. That guy was getting the range, and Bart was weaponless. Not only that the asteroid was small, and he and the pirate were the only two on it. There was no chance of help.

He cursed. "Prize sap number one -- Bart Sullivan, in person! Anybody who's cocky enough to try and make a living bringing in outlaws with a nice price on their head -- well, I deserve it. That's all I can say." There was a streak of flame, and a glowing globule of molten rock splattered off his helmet.

Bart had been safe, for a while. The rocks ringed him, making a small stockade that he thought would be impenetrable. At the time, he hadn't realized how easy the rocks on this 'roid melted. The pirate was methodically blasting them down until Bart Sullivan would become a sitting duck. Worst of all, the pirate was situated at the airlock door of Bart's ship Pretty Baby. Even if Bart should get out of this trap, he was still as far from getting in the ship as if it were on the Moon.

Remembering the day he had seen the reward notice, "Spaceways Gallagher, \$100,000, Dead or Alive" in the Luna IFC office, Bart mouthed a few more words that threatened to fuse his glassite helmet to his suit. "Of all the damn fool things to do, I knew the guy was smart. They wouldn't have offered so much for him if he hadn't been dangerous, and only a smart guy can be dangerous these days. But I had to play hero. I should have suspected something when I got him so easily. Instead, I just grandstand, tell the Space Officer I'll take him in myself, then fall for the old drugged drink trick."

If I'd been smart, I'd searched him -- but no, I'm too self-confident. I've carried in dozens before, but they were all petty thieves, compared to Gallagher. I'm being threatened with my own gun now. "Hey, Gallagher!" I shouted over my suit radio. A feeble, soft voice

"I ought to be able to settle this peacefully!"

Nimble dodging aside a new stream lava flowed down the rock behind me. That answered my question. I flipped my suit radio off. That damn blast missed by scant inches.

Around my feet were rounded hunks

of rock-- the lava that had flowed for a second, then frozen in the sub-zero atmosphere. I picked up one that would normally weigh a 100 pounds on Earth, then stuck it above the barrier.

"You forgot one thing, Gallagher. I can build up these rocks as fast as you can burn them down. Eventually, that gun will give out."

"Sorry, but you forgot something yourself," he laughed. "I can recharge the gun from the ship's generator in a second."

I sunk down behind rock. The next blast was a steady stream of heat. Slowly the wall of rock in front of me dissolved away. Soon, I could see the top fin of my rocket in the starlight. Then a beam of light touched it. The sun was rising behind me. I realized and it gave me a chance to escape. It was a trick all good pilots knew. Barely taking time to think, I turned off my magni-grav. Drawing my legs up under me, I leaped up and over. I shot up, and up higher, and I could feel the sun on the back of my suit. Below me was the Baby. Even as I watched a rope of fire snaked out from it, melting another hunk from the rocks where I had been. Gallagher had not seen me.

Then I was over the dark blob that was the space suited pirate. I switched the magni-grav back on, and plummeted to the surface of the 'roid. I flicked it off again just before striking the pirate. "Hello, Gallagher."

My gloved hand closed over the pirate's right arm. "What the devil...!" Gallagher's voice was no longer soft. "Where did you come from, blast you? I'll --" He twisted savagely, trying to wrench free.

Bart twisted Gallagher's arm, turned sideways to fend off a vicious knee blow.

"You'll not do anything," I said between clenched teeth. "Nothing but drop that gun. Be nice now," he said. "Spit it out in poppa's hand."

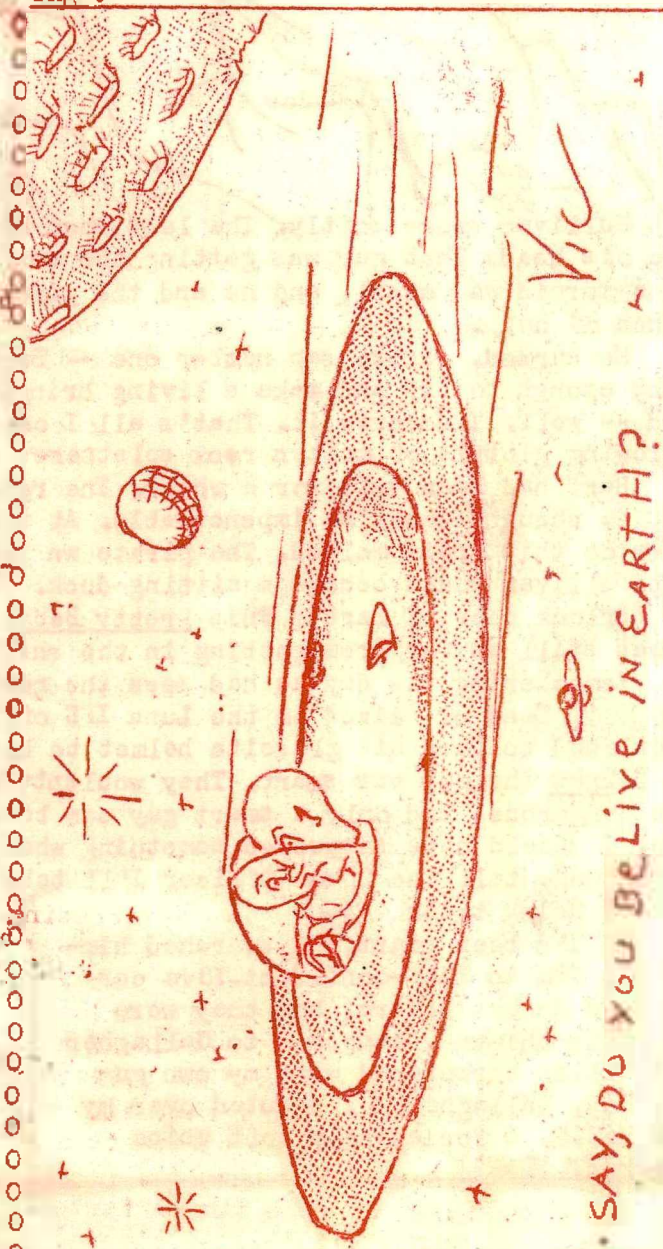
"I'll burn it in your stomach!"

Gallagher said. Then, suddenly, Bart ducked down, pulling at the pirate's

arm, and the pirate went sailing over his head. I grabbed his gun, and jerked. The gun came free from Gallagher's hand and the pirate was pulled from his

"Now," I grinned. "I'm not to make the Mistake that you made, Spaceway's. You thought that I was out from that drug longer than I really was. Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to slip from the Baby before you could get rid of me. I'm not giving you that same chance. You're going to have enough in you to keep you under for two trips home. And the Radar on my ship that'll keep any of your friends from getting away with another trick I pull -- coming in from the sun, so you couldn't see me. The only thing coming in on me will be an addition to my bank balance, after I add your reward to it."

"Come on, now -- into the ship. Get Going!"



SCRAPHEAP

PERPETRATING THAT IS

By Richard Elsberry.

Dear Duggie,

Have recieved the Nov-Dec. ish of Odd here in May. It must be that you are a little behind. Better start making like RAFF and get out an ish every two weeks to catch up.

The cover is a disappointment. You should be able to get something slightly better from the N3F Beaureau of Mss. Have you tried ?(No.) I have a fair cover that you can have if you want to cut the stencil for it. Let me know if you want it. (((WE Want It. ED)))

The illo backing up the cover should have been exculeded. I am in favor of less illos. You should know better that to stick a ballot in the middle of a magazine. Nobody will clip it out. Including me.

AH! I see I am on the title page.

This is one deathless issue that I see that I'll have to keep. I was rather surprised that it was printed tho since I only sent it to you about six mounths ago! The material is a little dated. I also see you added "Shot in the Dark", thank ye edde. I'll attempt to make this a regular item if enough pocket books come out.

Hmmm, so thats what Neo Fen is about. Guess I can't join. I only have 4 times the quota of books and mags ... but still I probably wouldn't have joined anyway. I contend that there are too many clubs in fandom anyway. Another one won't help. Probably some of the younger fen will join tho.

Warren Baldwins' article was very good. Guess I rate in the # 7 category. Warren did make a mistake tho when he said that I subscribe to all the fanzines. I don't and I doubt if any one does. Nobody could afford that Much! Otherwise pretty good.

More articles, they're always (almost) good. The Scrap Heap takes up four pages. Too long! Cut it to three. Best letters were Trapps and Johnson's.

Scientific Frauds is very interesting. Jacobs is to be congradulated on "digging" this up. Hope he'll do another. I just kind of wonder tho who is perpetrating this fraud --- DuBois or Jacobs ? How about a bibliography on such hot stuff Don ??????

Oh, oh, a story! I won't read it. I refuse to read fan fiction unless it is humorous --- intentionally that is. ((((((How about Bradbery when he first started.

Most of it is humorous unintentionally.

Science fiction in Pocket - Books: this is undoubtably the best damn thing in the whole ish. More, more!

If you print this letter then your crazyer than you think I am. Yours for a better ODD
413 East 18th Street Minneapolis 4, Minn.

AT

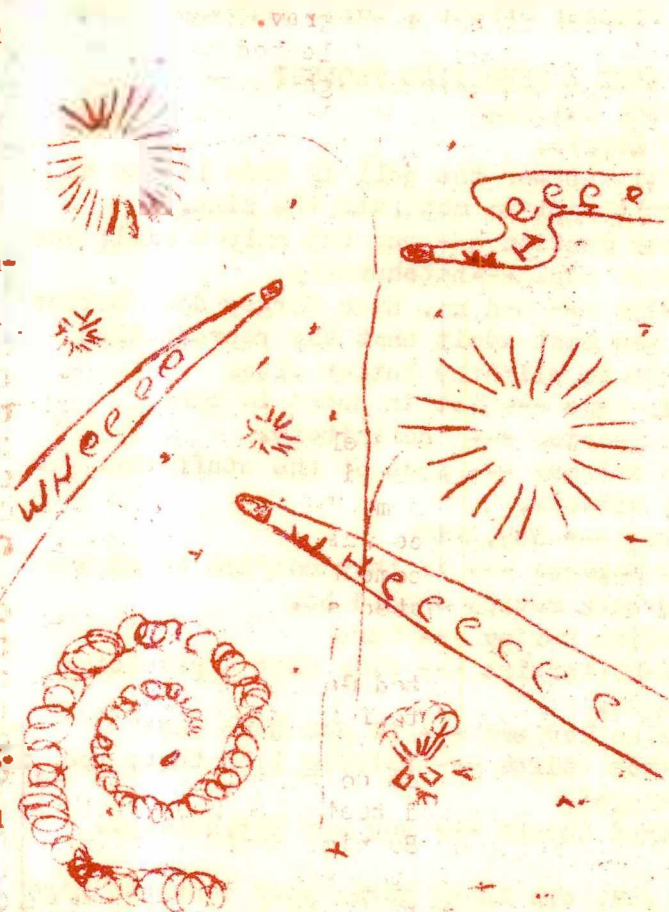
LAST

NEXT

ISSUE

ODD

IS GOING ON A STEADY BI-MOUNTHLY BASIS !



OCCASIONS TEST

By Al Leverette

Dear Duggie,

I have just had an occasion to read the November - December issue of ODD. To be utterly frank, it is by far not the best fanzine that I have ever read, But you can always progress, and you doubtless will.

Perhaps by some sad quirk of fate ODD is no longer being published, (((NO SUCH LUCK))) but, in the event that it is, I am answering your call by sending the enclosed piece of mediocrity your way. If you find that you can not use it, consign it to the nearest waste-paper basket, and all will be well.(((Can't Waste - Basket to full, You will have to wait your turn.)))

I would like to see ODD's book reviews improve, and also the mimeographing. I might mention spelling but since my own attempts are far from glorious I shall refrain from doing so. Your art is not bad at all, but the scantily clad femmes are out of place in a fanzine. (((HA! , Tell it to our circulation Editor))) (((Namely me)))

One more thing: I am enclosing one thin dime for a current issue of ODD. Best of luck
326 Stenzel Street , North Tonawanda, N.Y.

GAD WHAT A REVOLTING THOUGHT

By Paul Gainley

Dear Duggie,

I shall answer the poll in this letter as I don't want to mutilate the zine.

Letter Section --- yes but only a small one
Editors page ---natchurally

Pin-Ups --- Gad no, Even Bergey does better and you must admit that the reproduction of his is slightly better also.

Radio Page --- Wot in hades is that.

More Stories --- definitely.

Less Artwork --- less of the stuff that you call artwork.

Poetry --- Why, Not?

Book Reviews --- if they confirm to what a good book review should be.

Fan-Zine review --- Sure

Semi-Letterzine --- Gad, What a revolting thought.

Prozine Reviews --- if you have room

Science Quizes --- nothing like that, too hackneyed.

Colored Covers --- you can Try, But.....

Oh, yes, one thing more: your contents page should not be quite so definite. After all, if SCRAP HEAP begins on page 7, and nothing is listed on page eight then, we naturally assume that it was continued.

As far as I know the only way to get famous fan to send you stuff is to ask

them for it. Sincerely

119 Ward Road , North Tonawanda , N.Y.

! KOFF!

By Warren Baldwin

Dear Duggie,

I haven't got around to answering you yet. Obvious ain't it? Was surprised out of my wits when I got your zine ODD. Er, that is, it surprised me to see my article in print, in ODD. Glad that you liked it. If you want humorous stuff, why don't you write Ed Cox. He does it good. I always have a lot of trouble writing humorous stuff as I am a pessimist at heart. Thus I don't write that kind very often. But, if you are in the market for fiction... pant! pant! I might -- koff -- be persuaded.

As for your zine, clean up that horrible mimeographing and I can overlook the horrible and atrocious spelling.

Cut the letter section down! "Transportation" was lousy. "Scientific Frauds" was good. Keep the book reviews. Yorz,
407 Philip Ave. Norfolk, Nebraska

COMING RIGHT ALONG

By K. Martin Carlson

Hi, Duggie,

Your ODD fanzine is coming right along. I mean improving some. We all go thru those stages. My "Stf Trader" had the same trouble. I finally used a second backing heavy sheet on the stencil and threw the tissue paper away. Stencils are clearer if you use just enough ink to run off 50 copies and then reink.

Why not get Ed Ludwis to send you some of his stories? You'll be able to get good artwork from M. Dominick.

Whatever did you do with your stamp collection.(((Most of it is stored up in the attic)))

I'm in favor of more articles and book reviews. Enjoyed Warren Baldwin's "STF Fiends" Very much. Letter section was fine. Komar.

1028 Third Avenue South, Moorhead, Minn.

3
O
READERS ! WHICH DO YOU PREFER
A BI-MONTHLY ODD OF 16 TO 20
Pages for 15¢ OR 8 TO 10 PAGES
MONTHLY AT 10¢ ??????????????????

PLEASE WRITE IN AND TELL US, AS
THIS IS IMPORTANT ! ! ! ! !

LA DIES DAY

By Sandy Charnoff

Dear Duggie,

You asked for a flood of letters and your going to get them. About the Ballott Letter Section --- Yes very necessary
Editor's Page --- Yes, Editors do have Opinions

Fin-Ups --- No- since they have no relation Stf, I don't think that they ought to be in a fanzine. (Or is Max a Drool) (((N.C.)))
Radio page yes- But I think you might have a tough time finding out what and when there were going to be a Science Fiction or Fantasy Broadcast on the air. (((I'M afraid that you don't have the right Idea about a radio page. A radio page is for fans' who like to Tinker around with radio)))

• More Stories --- Yes,

Less Artwork --- No, just no pin-ups please.

• Poems - Yes)(After all I do write poetry myself)(

Book Reviews --- Yes - Current ones the

Fanzine Reviews --- Absoultyly not.

Better Spelling --- Yes, This is a must.

Perhaps you could have an English teacher proof read it for you.

Semi-letter Zine --- Yes

• Advertisement -- Yes, They bring in a little extra that comes' in darn handy. Hmm I did not see your add rates (((Thats No Surprise 'Cause we didn't list any)))

Colored Covers --- Yes if you can aford it.

And now back to the mag its' self.

The best in the issue is Warren Baldwin's " How Stfiends Read There ProZines." very hilarious discriptions. You asked for a note for the best letter, So I picked Art Rapp mostly Cause he mentioned the NFFF.

I I wish I knew where Don Jacobs got his infromation for his article. I have been reading a book (((NO KIDDING))) called "General Anthropology"and there is no mention of any such shenanigans in it. BYee, 2234 Ocean Avenue , Brooklyn , New York

Dear Ray,

Seems that there's going to be too much competition in the fanzine world for anything less than a superzine; that is, if you mimeograph it. You've got good artwork in ODD, and I've seen worse stories....but to make it a success, you'd not only have to go broke but bankrupt! You'd have to make at least 500 excellent copies of one issue to send around. In that ish you'd want something by Big name authors , Joe Kennedy, Reed Boggs, W. Paul Gainley, Art Rapp, Forrest J. Ackerman, James v. Taurasi, and others. You'd want something unusual in each

in the zine, too-- something no fanzine has used yet, (But not unused because of its undesirability) perhaps some new technique in reproduction, or an original combination of techniques. For instance, one issue you had a hecto'd cover, in color. Make that a steady practice, but always be sure that your colors come out clear. Good reproduction or the lack of same can make or break a mag. Your artist is good, keep him, definitely. Shelby Vick 411 Jenks , Panama City Fla.

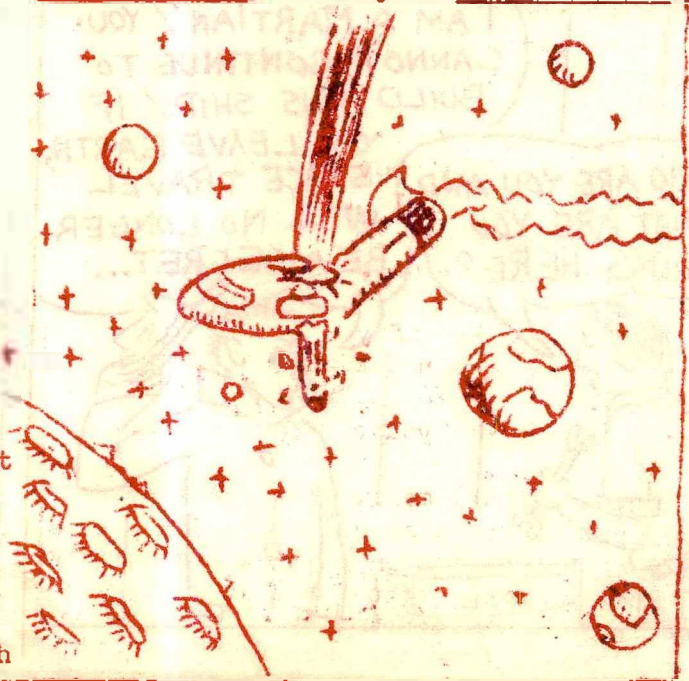
Flash in the Pan (cond.)

20th Century Fox has purchased Harry Bates's "Farewell to the Master" for an Early filming. This follows right on the heels of RKO's purchase of Cambell's "Who goes there?". Also A new Rocket film called "Rocket Ship X-1" about a trip to mars is being filmed.

The Fan Directory is ready ! Send your Quarter to Len Moffatt right away. 366 fans returned there questionnaires.

Have you seen the "Nekronomikon"? It runs sixty pages and has color covers and superb fiction and illustrations. And at a quarter Editor Bannister is losing money. Better sub to this superb fanzine at once.

Lippert has three irons in the fire for the near future. Rocket X-1, 20,000 leagues Under The Sea, and maybe Isle of Zords.



The HENPECKED PLANE

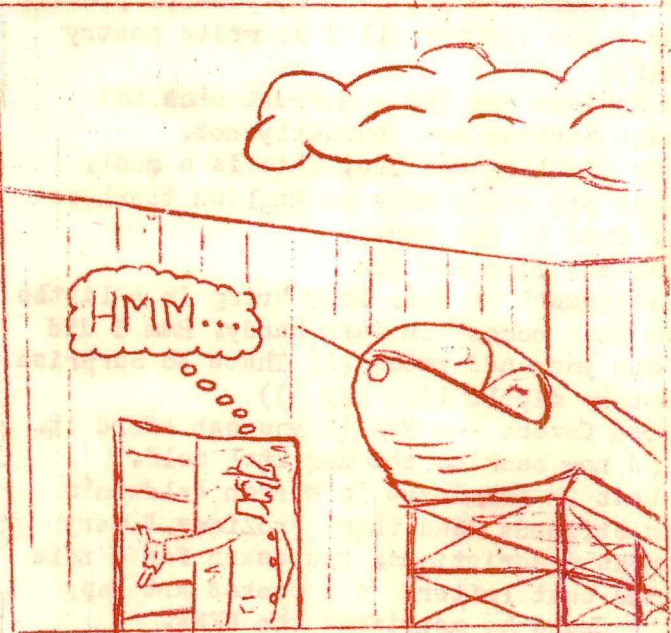
STORY BY AL LEVERENTZ
DRAWN BY DUKE CROD

I'M FROM THE CITY HALL, MRS. BREWSTER.... WE BELIEVE THAT MR. BREWSTER DOESN'T HAVE THE PROPER CONSTRUCTION PERMIT!



YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HIM IN THE BACK YARD

MR. BREWSTER BUILT THE ROCKET SHIP BEHIND A LARGE, CONCEALING FENCE, AND NOT EVEN MRS. BREWSTER KNEW WHAT IT WAS.... UNTIL.... THE RED MAN CAME!!



HMM...

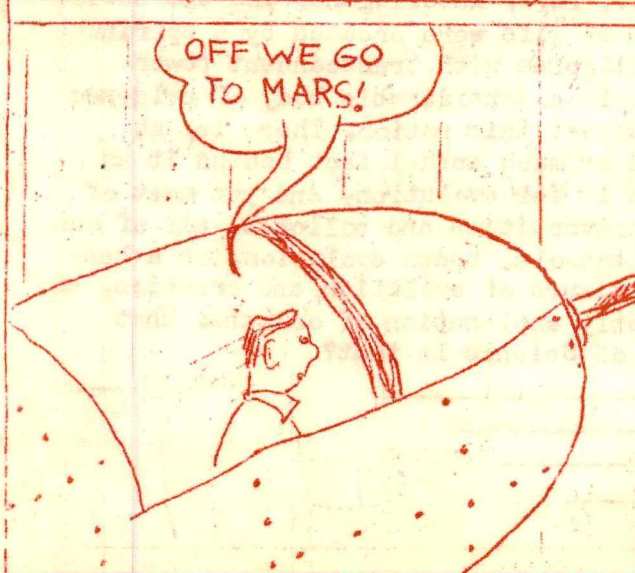
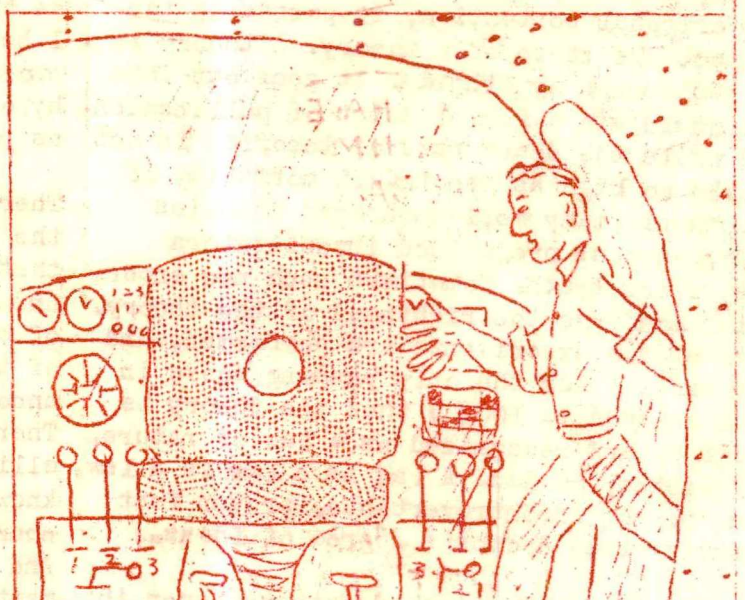
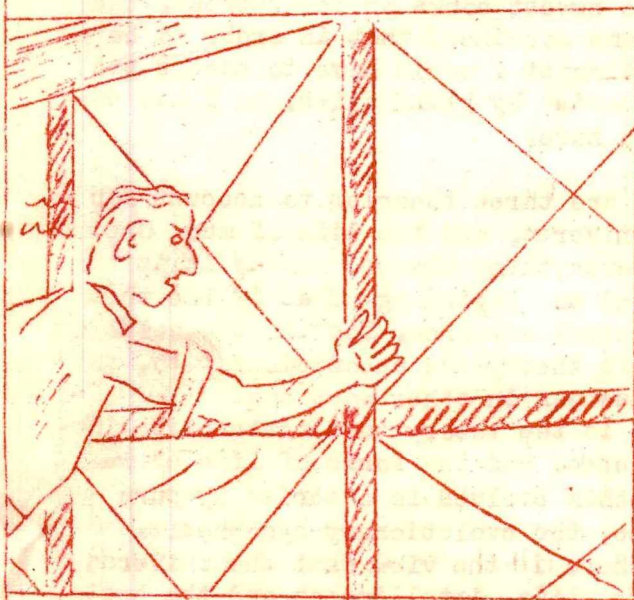
WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I AM A MARTIAN! YOU CANNOT CONTINUE TO BUILD THIS SHIP! IF YOU LEAVE EARTH, SPACE TRAVEL WILL NO LONGER BE A SECRET...



...THEN MARS WILL BE OVER RUN BY MONEY HUNGRY EARTHMEN.... YOU AND YOUR SHIP MUST GO! I AM SORRY, BUT THOSE ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS





TO BE CONTINUED.....

DON JACOBS

Unless science is to become a religion and its students blind devotees, a more careful distinction will have to be made between the concepts of "hypothesis," "theory," and "law."

Any conjecture which springs into a man's mind as a possible explanation of certain facts is a hypothesis. "Hypothetical" has acquired a bad connotation because there are so many more hypotheses than facts that most of these first guesses of scientists must of necessity prove wrong. It gives the scientist something to work with, he can dream up another and go on; but a scientist betrays his method and his craft when because of the beauty or aptness of an explanation he falls in love with it and becomes, with love, blind to its faults. Hypotheses must be coldly, coldly handled, or science falls prey to prejudice.

If experiments adduce evidence to support the original contention, it passes to the respectable state of a theory. A theory is an adolescent hypothesis. It goes out into the world via a formal debut of publication, and while the death rate of theories is not nearly so high as the infant mortality of hypotheses, many well-sponsored theories fail, as less prejudiced investigators test their truth. Sometimes each new experiment confirms the rightness of the theory. When enough experiments are performed, and all agree (for the only passing score in real science is 100%) then the theory is grown up and recognized as a law of nature, of science, of God. A law is a law, is a law, and only an incontrovertible, proven fact deserves this doctor's degree of Ideas.

An infinitude of slipshod authors, even in highschool and college textbooks, have referred to the law of evolution. Evolution is no law. It is only by courtesy a theory. Evolution is a hypothesis, unproven, which holds sway only because a large group of men would rather believe a lie than a disagreeable truth and an even larger group worships the first group and hangs on to its every word as scripture.

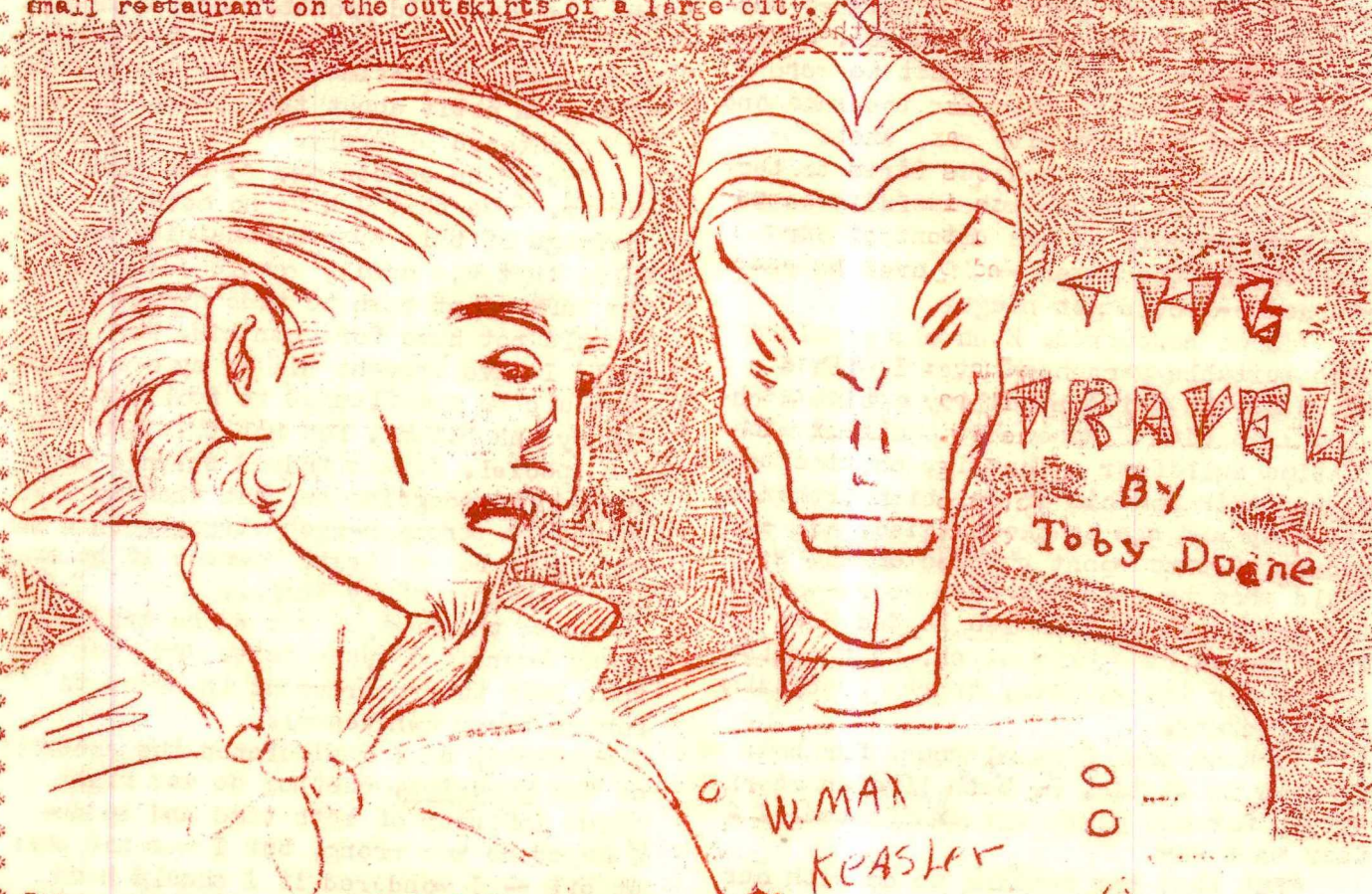
In the last issue of ODD I exposed one instance of deliberately falsified evidence to support his pet theory of the ape's descent of man. In the future articles, I shall bring many more such examples to your attention. This is just to clarify my position: I used to believe in evolution. I believed because it was the "scientific" thing to do. I wanted to be known as a follower of the latest in the brave new world of science. I stubbornly clung to that faith when my own mind pointed out weak arguments and dreadful fallacies in the logic with which the case for evolution was presented. Even as a high school student I was able to see prejudice and fanatical persistence in some of the theory's sponsors. But it was not until in college, when I majored in anthropology, took as many courses as were available on the subject of evolution itself, and read the most scholarly and classical as well as the newest books on the subject, that I became convinced that in order to be an evolutionist I would have to accept the hypothesis by blind faith, as I had done as you have.

There are three theories to account for the universe, and the life of man. One is that everything always was as it is and had no beginning. That is the theory of eternal existence. Most of the holders of this theory are unconsciously so, and unconscious in other ways too. There is the theory that matter, life, intelligence, and the forms of life as we know them evolved in a series by pure chance, the evolutionary hypothesis. And there is the view that the universe—matter, life, intelligence and the basic forms of life—were created by a spiritual intelligence with transcendent power. There is a considerable body of evidence to support this notion. There is, at least as much actual fact behind it as there is for evolution. And yet most of our universities and colleges, all of our high schools, teach evolution, or a bastard mixture of evolution and creation, as the only explanation of origins. What kind of Science is that?

a large planetoid that was whirling in a lone orbit about the star in order to fix my ship and myself. Then I had deserted the HYPERION for a while, and had traveled the remainder of the distance to the most thriving world of the six-planet system that circled the fiery sun.

I knew that I must not remain in this vicinity much longer, but there were some materials which I thought it vital to procure. What they were is no part of this tale, however; I tell you this only to give suitable causes for my presence on Antares at the same moment as he.

He sought to engage me in conversation as we both were having a bit to eat at a small restaurant on the outskirts of a large city.



It's name escapes my mind at the moment, but it is not particularly necessary to the telling of this tale. Here he sounded me out for a few minutes, and then spoke some what hesitantly.

"Sir," he said in the language of Antares formality: "You have mentioned, I believe, that you are destined for the farther part of our galaxy in your own cruiser: as far, I believe you said, as extends the boundary of the Federation. Do you think it possible to allow me to accompany you? Only as far as the Kyrran system. I, too, must get away from this system. It is urgent, imperative that I do."

"But ---" I commenced to object: but he interrupted.

"Wait. You must listen to my story: I must convince you. There is no time to tell you all of it vocally, and relating it in the swifter fashion will not only save time, but will almost certainly convince

you of the verity of what I say."

Whereupon his mind flicked out and touched my own. His thoughts said:

"Be not afrighted; our minds are merely in rapport. We are only in telepathic communication." Then

noting my obvious striving for a mental barrier: "I shall not enroach upon your private thoughts." In the space of moments he related his story. "I am neither man nor Antarean, though I appear to be such, but the inhabitant of a galaxy and time far away from this one. Long ago I made a foolish wager with another of My kind. Alhut, whose pet scientific theory (he was no scientist, nor am I) was that the Universe is spherical in shape, and that if one were to travel long enough in one direction, he would someday arrive at his exact starting point.

Well, My own theory is somewhat the same, except that it is in regard to the flow of time. I believe that time is a great circle, and that everything that has happened before will happen again, and everything that ~~will happen~~ has happened before. Neither of us was willing to accept the others logic, and thus we both agreed to test our own hypotheses. I fear, "he added with a grimace, "that we were abetted by our affection for the same one our race of the opposite sex, whose stipulation it was that the first to test his tenets and return successfully would win her, as well as the amount of our wager, ~~who~~ the loser -- if ever he returned -- would get naught.

"So we concurred. Each was provided with suitable paraphernalia: I with a spaceship that ~~in~~ reality a time machine: he with a spaceship equipped with a 'time nullifier'; That is, no time would pass within for him in relation either to his body and age or the outside, and any amount of time spent outside of the ship would soon be regained once he re-entered his machine. Each was also loaded down with instruments, as a precaution, that would verify our itineraries, thereby precluding any trickery.

"I have come far. Although for both of us time is static, we both live an eternity, for our minds are unaffected. I fear that ---

"But that has nothing to do with our story. Both he and I have been traveling for what seems to us a veritable interminableness, a horrid timelessness that threatens to last forever. During my travels I have perhaps ranged as far and as wide as he, for my machine is both equipped to travel through normal space, and is erratic, unfortunately. Too, there are space and time faults through which both he and I might fall, to have to climb back up again to the point where we had faltered. He might even cross my path someday.

"But that is not my greatest fear. My greatest fear -- is that both of us have forgotten one thing. It may be true that both space and time are curved. But they are also infinite! And nothing that is infinite can be traversed save in an

... had to believe him of course. his mental powers were sure signs of the truth of his statements. Had I required proof. But I also had to refuse him. He ~~se~~ared down cast, almost melancholy, as well as highly astonished: but I told him that he could probably rent a small craft to take him to where he had told me his spaceship-time-machine was describing an orbit about the planet. At that he brightened slightly.

"Yes," he echoed me, "I can hire a craft, save that I have no more coinage of this system remaining to me." Well, that was easily settled; I gave him sufficient cash to tide him over. I could not have forsaken him. Nor could I have brought him to my own craft. It would be camouflaged to fool any ordinary inhabitant, but not this one -- he was special. It was indeed strange that he didn't recognize me, but then my mind shield is stronger--much stronger than it appeared to be at first. However if he ever got a glimpse of my ship..

I saw the last of him as he trudged along toward the space port. And then I, too, left the restaurant in order to return to my own vessel. I wondered, as I manipulated the controls of the Hyperion, whether he was right about infinity of both time and space. I hoped he was wrong, but I was not sure at all -- I wondered if I should have made myself known to him, and then both of us could have called it quits. I also wondered which one of us had stumbled onto one of those space and time warps that he had mentioned, so that our paths could so easily cross. Which one of us, I thought, would give up first? Which one of us foolish wanderers would grow weary of trying to traverse-----
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The Flying Saucers Are Real By Donald Keyhoe. The Princess of the Atom by Ray Cummings
Gold Medal Book # 167m, 175pp 1950 \$.25 Avon Fantasy Novel #1, 158 pp \$.25

Don Keyhoe, he of True Articles, has done a very comprehensive story on the flying saucer phenomena. From the moment Keyhoe gets his assignment from True, you are on the trail of the illusive Saucers. All the evidence that he has unearthed is presented for you to draw your own conclusions from. This is not a rehash of the True articles but a true story written in the popular novel form. There is not much more that one can say about the saucers or this book, as the subject has been pretty well covered. A striking cover by Frank Tinsley will help sell this one. This is not a book that you can pass up if you want to be in the know about the flying saucers. Don't miss this.

Gladiator By Phillip Wylie, Avon # 216 , 187 pages, \$.25¢

A little late to be reviewing this classic superman story but some of you may have missed it. Gladiator is to be rated among the top four superman stories of all time. The other three being Slan, Odd John, and The Hampdenshire Wonder. The later effort by Beresford has recieved altogether to little notice.

Don't let the cover on this one fool you. Wylie can write and he proves it once again. If you can still find it, then get it by all means. It'll rate on the all time list.

The Lost World by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Pan Books, 224pp., \$. ??

An English Pocket Book edition of one of the classic lost world stories of all time. written by the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Four explorers discover prehistoric monsters on a hidden plateau in South America. Many of you have probably seen the movie version of this book and so no detailed review is necessary. It is sufficient to say that this is an excellent adventure - fantasy. If you have any connection with British fan try to have them send you a copy. The make up is excellent, and I know that you will not be dissatisfied.

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This is one of Cummings earlier works on his basic plot. Cummings's characters again cavort in the atomic world and the result is as expected. This is Ray at his best --- which is no recommendation at all for those who dislike Cummings as I do. The "Tubby" sagas have soured the fan upon Ray to the point of no return. They seem to forget that Ray can write good "Hack" if he pleases. The merits of this story are all in the mood of the reader at the time. If you despise reprints and "old" classics this is your chance ----- to save a quarter.

The Green Girl by Jack Williamson, Avon Fantasy Novel #2, 125pp, \$.25

This novel is much better than the first one, but it still has its faults. The cover features, as always, a half nude female in the clutches of a monster. The story is about a dreamer by the name of Melvin Drake. He and his guardian, Sam Walden, invent a machine called the Omnimobile and go to a hidden land below the surface of the sea. There they have several different adventures and come across the Greek girl who falls madly in love with Mel. and a Monster named Alexander. Alexander is the best character in the whole book. Finally they defeat the villain who was going to freeze Earth and then they go sailing back up to Earth. Personally I thought that this story stunk.

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