

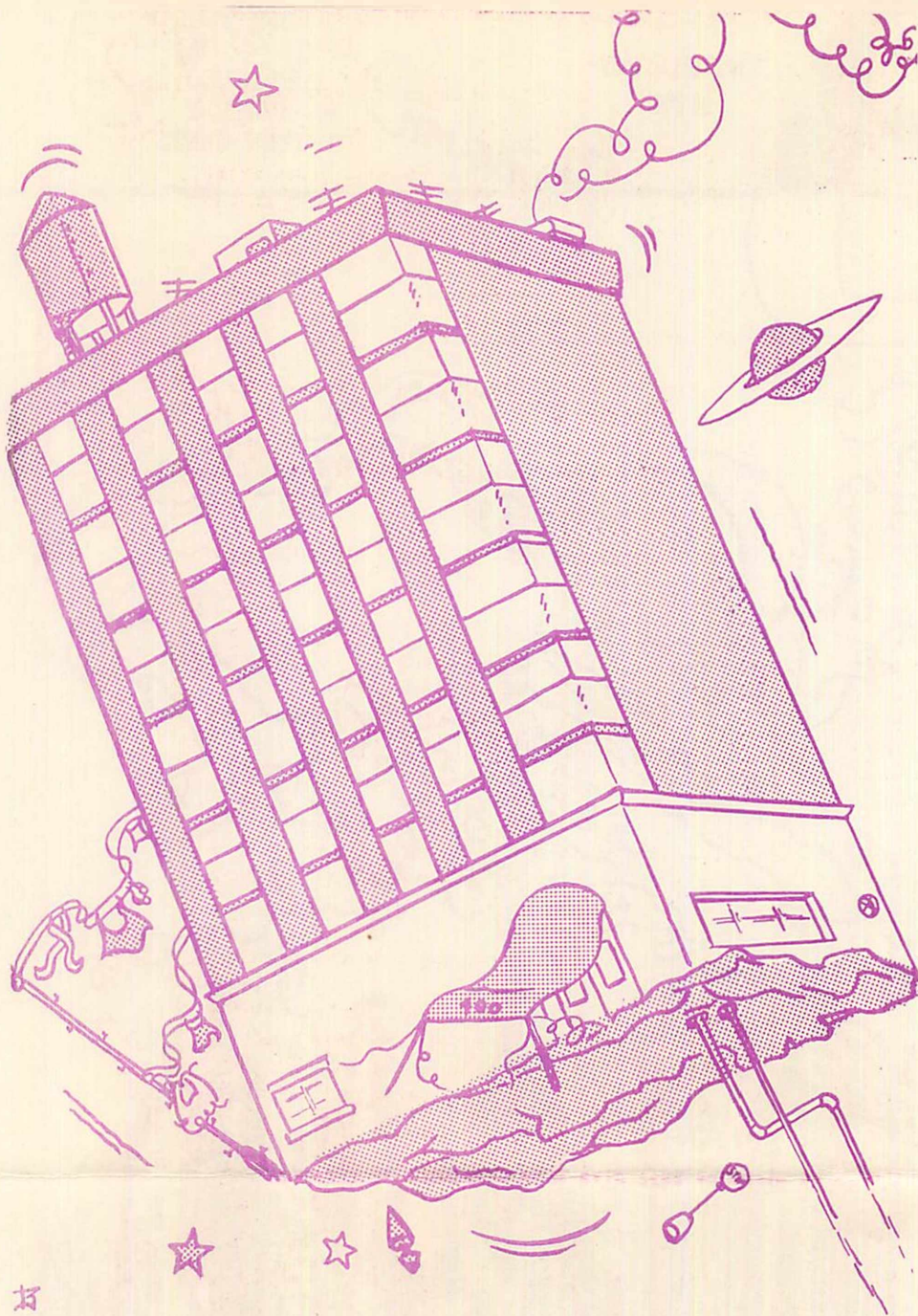
ORB

"WITH AN
EYE
ON

Freedom

* NUMBER FOUR *
APRIL — MAY
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FIFTEEN CENTS





" THE AWAKENING! "

Everybody went to bed last night. It rained a little at first. The air was cool and fresh. There weren't any disturbances. —At least nobody thinks there were.

Morning came—suddenly. The pearly light woke everyone up. Usually, the sun rises. Today we see no sun.

There is blue sky outside—but no sun. You can't find it anywhere.

You could just shrug your shoulders and walk away... The only trouble is: where can you walk to? You look outside. —Outside is nothing—absolutely NOTHING but blue sky and pearly light.

A religious old lady of our apartment house began to pray. "Oh Lord, deliver us from . . . "

Mr. Wilson (in the apartment next to mine) stared and stared. The baby in the apartment underneath me has been fretful all morning.

Mr. Wilson adventures out of the building now and then. Personally I don't see where it gets him. For after one step, he flounders in the air with his feet towards the apartment house.

"Mr. Wilson! You can't do that. It's against the law!"

"What law?"

"The law of gravitation—and common decency. Go away or I'll close the window and draw the shades."

"I'm just trying to be friendly."

"Well, you don't have to be so friendly that you climb up four stories vertically, then stand outside my window when I'm wearing a nightgown. Besides, you aren't quite fully dressed in those pajamas."

Mr. Wilson left by walking down the side of the apartment house.

A couple of little kids keep on looking for their 'lost' playmates. Maybe...they're the lost ones. Nobody's frightened—yet. The air outside is good, so we won't suffocate. It is—or was—summer, so almost everybody is away at the country. Thus there weren't many people here when we awoke this morning.

This house has a huge water softening tank and hot water heaters. —The ends of the pipe which would be broken if the house was moved, seem to fade off into nowhere. —So we have water. Mr. Wilson's hobby is a roof garden where he grows vegetables. —Therefore, we have fresh food. We also found a small camp stove and oven, so we are able to cook our meat and a few vegetables— and make toast, too.

By virtue of his knowing gardening, Mr. Wilson—Bob Wilson—is now our leader. (He's twenty-four.)

"That's very nice of you."

"What's nice of me?"

"Saying that I'm the leader."

"Well, you are!"

JOIN THE UNIVERSAL MUSKETEERS! (paid adv't.)

"And just how many times have I changed your thoughts? Verily, woman, iron stubbornness is thy name."

"Oh, go away. Far away."

"In our present circumstances that is impossible. —No! DON'T!"

My blue satin bedroom slippers hit him squarely on the chin. His chin dripped drops of blood daintily.

"Oh Bob, I'm sorry." I began mopping up operations.

This consisted of dabbing his chin with my lips. He seemed to enjoy it.

I see that I haven't told anything about myself. The name is Mona Dories. I'm twenty, green eyes, brown hair, a major in science at College: that's probably why I'm writing this. It would make such an odd essay! That's why I'm putting everything down exactly as it happens.

"May I come in, Mona?"

"Certainly, Bob . . . if you're fully clothed."

Bob squared his shoulders slightly, and entered— through the window.

"Have you thought of any explanation for this?"

"I've been toying with several ideas. The first being that we were catapulted into another section of the four-dimensional world we live in. The second is that we were somehow put into a gravity-free area."

"Do you remember when you walked outside? Your feet pointed towards the house. This shows that it is the center of gravity."

"But why should there be air?"

"The gravity seems to be normal, consequently it would be strong enough to retain an atmosphere. It is as though sufficient air to sustain us was brought along."

"Mona, at times I feel as though someone were watching us."

"When I was little, my father sometimes took me for auto rides. We traveled through lonely countryside. —And, often, as I looked out of the windows, I saw nothing save blue sky. This seems like a monstrous amplification of that childhood experience." I stared thoughtfully at Bob's mop of auburn hair.

"In any case, we're here. We'll have to make the best of things. Let's see, there are seven of us: —Those newly-weds, Granny Smith, the boy and girl she was minding, and you and me. We blushed in unison."

"Looks as though we were meant for each other!" I quipped.

"Oh, I'd say it was just fate," Bob replied.

Days pass swiftly. The newlyweds act like newlyweds. Granny Smith continues minding her charges. Bob and I alternately romance and try to find a way to get back home. Success is however not in sight. —Not speaking romantically, though. . . .

"There's one thing that seems to stand out about this," I said tiredly—dropping into an easy chair.

"What's that?"

"It's as though somebody had picked out the apartment house with the best chance of surviving independently. Do you remember that write-up in the 'Examiner'? This is one of the few apartment houses in New York City with a vegetable garden on its roof, and it has the largest reserve water tanks in the city."

"Why, that sounds like someone is watching us and wants us to survive for observation purposes—like a zoo!"

"That's just what I meant."

"If we're going to be observed by somebody, we might as well give them something to observe."

"Why Bob?"

"Stop blushing! Hm. On the other hand—keep right on. —Makes you look cute."

I wrinkled my nose.

We stared out into the sky. It surrounded us utterly. At twelve hour intervals it became alternately bright and dark, in a manner that suggested to us both, the turning on and off of electric lights.

With the coming of darkness we both go to our respective apartments. We are growing fond of each other—in a bantering sort of way—in these last days.

The children stop playing when Granny calls them. She loves all children. She loves these two also, even when they disobey her (as they generally do). The newlyweds have made a satisfactory adjustment to themselves and their environment. Since the building has no electricity, when dark comes, we all go to bed. There is nothing else we can do. We converse most of the day. The only thing to be tended is the garden, and Bob has full charge of that.

Food is conserved strictly. The husband and Bob have entered each apartment and tabulated the edible contents. Foods most likely to spoil first were eaten first. All the refrigerators have stopped running, so once a can is opened it has to be eaten quickly. Everyone eats together to conserve food. Food wastage is not allowed.

This caused some consternation on the part of the bride and me. Neither of us can cook very well.

"What kind of spinach is this? It tastes like sand!"

"Oh—we forgot to wash it off!"

"This toast looks as though it's been sharpened. Did you mistake it for a razor?"

"Well—I burned the toast, so I had to scrape it."

These are minor examples of our culinary capacity.

Sanitation is an urgently pressing problem. The building has to have a closed cycle to be self-sufficient for any long period. The best that can be done with human wastes is to place them in the airtight garbage disposal room in the sub-basement. It cannot be used as fertilizer. There is not sufficient water for drinking, watering the garden, and cooking vegetables which could be eaten raw.

"Mona, I—I've wanted to talk to you about this for a long time."

"About what, Bob?"

"A—about us. I think the best thing to do would be wait six months. If by then we can't return home to be married, let's consider ourselves married." He stopped short, and his face had a pleading look, which was remarkable, considering that it was running completely through the spectrum almost twice a minute!

"Lovable libertine!" I didn't have time to say anything else. Bob kissed me then. —To think I never realized before this happened how much Bob meant to me. —The way he screamed when he met me in the halls—the way he said "Hello!" when we both went to the subway in the morning—the way he laughed when I stubbed my toe on the steps and fell flat on my face—and then picked me up.

The next morning everyone awoke as usual. It was the fourteenth day we were in this never-never land. The only trouble for us was that it looked like an ever-ever land.

Bob threw open the door and ran into my apartment . . . as usual, clad in pajamas.

"Mona, Mona! We're back home! --Let's get dressed and go outside."

I needed no further urging . . . nor did any of us.

Within a few moments, we seven were dressed and out on terra firma once again.

Outside, a strange congregation awaited us. The President, his aides, and many foreign dignitaries watched. Standing by themselves were beings for whom there were almost no names on earth. Tall, stately, more like the kind of men that were supposed to have been before the fall, than like modern man. Nevertheless, they were men. They smiled at me and Bob, and Granny Smith, and the children, and the newlyweds. Then the leader spoke. . . .

"Men of Earth, you have been tried and found not wanting. You are therefore welcomed into the United Worlds."

"The United Worlds! Why, that's the galactic confederation Earth has asked to join. --And they said we would have to be tested," exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, Bob, and I thought it would make such a good science essay! It looks as though truth is stranger than"

I never finished the sentence. How could I...when Bob was kissing me?"

The End

One
Sam's
Opinion

"The atomic age began at exactly 5:30 Mountain War Time on the morning of July 16, 1945." I remember reading that. A guy named William L. Lawrence wrote those words in the New York Times on September 26, 1945. Nineteen forty-five to nineteen fifty . . . the atomic age is almost five years old now. Still, to this date, a workable method of controlling the use of this new power has not yet been proposed.

The delay in finding a good method of atomic control is not to be disheartening. I think it is very understandable.⁽¹⁾ The question that seems so vital now is, "Will we learn to control our atomic greed?"

The answer is a resounding "Yes!" Let's break down the problem.

There are but two paths we may follow. The first leads us up the rosy road to a workable United Nations and complete disarmament of atomic weapons. This future is never impossible however dark it may seem.

Our second path is dark . . . but not completely black. Sometime in the future one nation will unleash an atomic attack on another. Then, as the night follows the day, the first atomic world war will be inaugurated. Although this seems impossible, this path and the first path have the same end! They both end in an enlightened civilization.

Science has a way of compensating. Where the inevitable laws of physics drag us to death . . . a radioactive doom . . . another one of the laws, the laws of chance, lead us from the valley of death... Pure chance dictates that, in the event of an atomic war . . . no matter how terrible . . . it is unlikely that more than two thirds⁽²⁾ of the earth's peoples will be wiped out.

I agree with you that this would be an awful tragedy. But, I maintain, that the civilization that we are striving to keep ascending will not be destroyed. For, the remaining third will not die out. They will carry out the task of rebuilding civilization. You must remember, these remaining men will still be capable of thinking and enough books and machines will remain to give these people a good start to a new and better civilization . . . who may regard the first atomic world war as a wonderful cleansing purge.

"Without Sorcery" is a book title that is a lie. The book is, without a doubt, a perfect example of modern sorcery. After reading this collection of Ted Sturgeon's short stories I began to muse over the alphabet. Did you ever consider how wonderful this collection of curves and angles is? No matter what the followers of Korzibsky say, the alphabet and the words that are made up of those letters are pure magic . . . magic enough to weave new worlds . . . magic to transform the commonplace into the magnificent. If you don't believe this is possible, let your imagination go and enjoy the freedom of Ted Sturgeon's short stories through the medium of "Without Sorcery."

I'd like to leave you with a little bit of wisdom that had me thinking for some time. I think it is the founding factor of science fiction. I don't know just who said it, but whoever said it used a good deal of common sense when he said, "What the mind of man can imagine, the hands can create."

(1) "Anything constructive in relation to atomic energy must inevitably be novel and immensely difficult." From a report on the international control of atomic energy. (Published March 16, 1946)

(2) "I do not believe that civilization will be wiped out in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Perhaps two thirds of the people on earth might be killed, but enough men capable of thinking and enough books would be left to start again, and civilization could be restored." Albert Einstein in "Einstein on the Atomic Bomb." Atlantic Monthly (November, 1945)

(3) "WITHOUT SORGERY," by Theodore Sturgeon. Prime Press (1948). This book contains such stories as "The Ultimate Egoist", "Shuttle Bop", "Brat", and "Microcosmic God."

A MINUTE AFTER MIDNITE

page
4

He stood in the cramped darkness between two grimy buildings waiting. A cold drizzling rain seeped down soaking his dark suit until it clung damp and dripping to his thin frame. He sensed it was near midnight. Any moment she would be coming past this very recess where he now waited. Any moment and he would be feasting on the warm blood which pulsated in her marble-white throat.

He knew she would pass this way for he had watched her three nights in a row. She always came down this same dim street just at the last stroke of twelve. Tonight would be her last trip. Tonight she would supply him with the life-sustaining blood so necessary for his existence; so necessary for the existence of all the living dead!

He had seen her for the first time just three nights ago walking silently down this somber street in the direction of the apartments farther down. She was pretty. Even he realized that. Tall and slender with thin lips and a soft beautiful throat. He had stood across the street under the gray awning of an undertaker's parlor watching, waiting

It was then the mania for mortal blood became an obsessional craving, flaming in him like a raging fire. How many days he had gone without his necessary blood, he no longer knew. He knew he could not find peace in the lead-gray coffin of his tomb by day. It was even there to haunt him, warning him that unless he had his feast soon he would die: die forever.

He crouched in the damp shadows and listened. Somewhere a clock was tolling midnight in deep mournful tones. She would be coming soon. Perhaps she was one who worked until the bewitching hour and who lived in the apartments down the street. He was not interested in that. He felt no pity, no shame. He felt only the strange burning inside him, the diabolical lust to sink his sharp teeth into the flesh of her throat and gulp at the blood like a crazed animal. After the feast he could rest. He could rest until the urge again came raging inside him.

The rain started to sheet down hard and little gushes of frigid wind whipped it into his white, pinched face. His lips had peeled away from the razor-sharp teeth in readiness, and his legs were set to spring the moment he caught sight of her passing form.

Any moment now; any second, he should hear her footsteps padding down the street. A sudden raw terror rose and knotted inside him! Perhaps she had seen him watching her from across the street these past nights! Perhaps she had suspected something! But she could never have suspected him of being a vampire! A vampire in the middle of a big city—ridiculous! To moderns, vampires were outmoded things which existed only in the imagination of people in Old England. No one today could possibly associate a vampire with the thriving bustle of New York. He had no right to feel terror from any such supposition.

But then perhaps she had seen him and suspected something else. There were other things which strike terror in mortal hearts. More logical things. Even if she had seen him, she had only seen the darkly dressed form of a man and could not be certain he was watching her.

He began to wonder, however. The time was ticking away and he could not even hear her footsteps. Maybe he had picked the one night in the week when she didn't work. Maybe since it was raining someone had taken her home in an automobile.

There must be a reason. The craving had reached his throat making it ache and the dark cells of his dead brain screamed in anguish and starvation.

He glanced around the corner of the building but there was nothing in sight. He felt weak and strangely stiff and cold. She must come soon. He couldn't stand it much longer. Another moment or two and he would be too weak to attack. Even now he felt his strength rapidly ebbing away. "HURRY! HURRY!" his brain screamed. And when he looked again and saw nothing, he felt all strength leave him and he knew it was over. He felt his cold body wither and shrink.

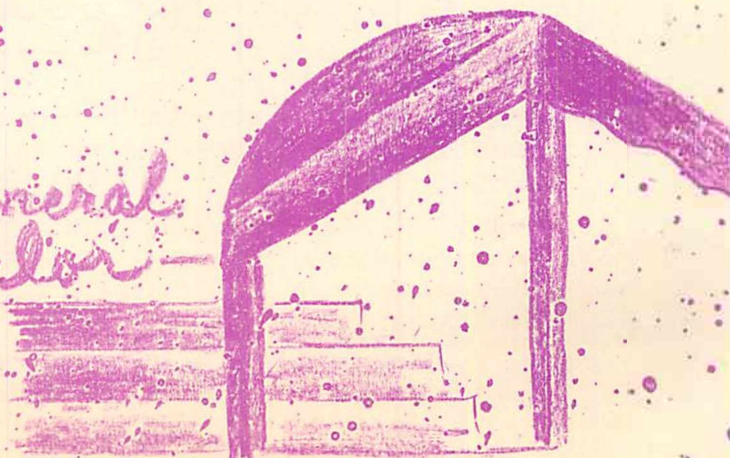
Suddenly — there was nothing but a dark grotesque mass of rotting flesh lying between two tall buildings.....dead forever.

Across the street, crouched close in the doorway of the undertaker's parlor was she.

The rain beat against her cold features and her lips were curled, showing a set of sharply pointed teeth. She couldn't exist much longer. The burning, the craving, the desire, it was welling in her and she could feel herself growing weak. He must come soon! The blood! She needed the blood! Then, as she felt herself unable to longer stand erect, she knew she had been waiting too long; waiting for him to come and stand under the gray awning. —Stand under the gray awning, as she had watched him do, three nights in a row.....

FIN

Funeral
Parlor



"Come," said a voice.
"Yes, why don't you come with us?" said another.
"No!" shouted Morgan. "Why don't you let me alone?"
"We don't want to hurt you," said the voices. "We only want you to come with us."

"Shut up!" screamed Morgan.
"No. Not until you come," said the voices.
"Who are you?" asked Morgan.
Silence--and then, again, "Come." This time more insistent.
Morgan rolled over on his cot and looked out the porthole at the stars. "Go away and let me sleep. Tomorrow's going to be a hard day."
"Come," said the voices.

Morgan was third assistant director-in-charge of the I. P. D. STAR SONG. He had signed on as a rocket man seven years ago when the ship started out. In those seven years he had come up to his present position.

In three more years he could retire with 50,000 Interplanetary Federation dollars. When he started out he thought it would be worth ten years' work on a patrol ship. Now he wondered.

At first he hadn't minded being on the patrol ship. He had been a little bored, of course, but so had the 5,000 other men on the ship. That was before the whisperers had come.

It had happened that night a week ago when he had heard a slight hissing in his room. He was about to press the emergency alarm button to warn everyone in that section that there was an air leak, when he realized it was a voice saying, "Come."

"Who's there," he had asked.

"Come," said another voice.

After that his nights had hours of misery. As soon as he got undressed for the night the voices came. One night he had managed to get to sleep in spite of them. He had awakened to find himself walking along one of the great passages that ran the length of the mile-long ship.

He had hurried back to his compartment and stayed awake the rest of the night.

He wondered how many men on this or any of the other ten great ships that patrolled the galaxy were tormented by the whisperers. He had asked some of the men during mealtime.

"Say, do you ever hear voices at night? Whispering to you and asking you to come?" he had asked. The look they gave him had shut him up. He didn't say any more about them after that. He had to be careful. They were liable to get the idea that he was crazy and put him in the psycho-ward. He knew he wasn't crazy. He really heard the whisperers.

He had thought of hanging himself one night when they had become more insistent. "No," they had said as he was fastening his belt around his neck. "Don't do that. Come."

"No," I'll kill myself first! he shrieked.

He climbed up on the chair again and was going to jump when, "No, I can't do it," he said. He climbed down and got a book and tried to read.

"Come," whispered the voices. He couldn't concentrate on the printed pages. They became more blurred until he couldn't see them at all.

"All right," screamed Morgan. "I'll come. --Only, stop that whispering!"

"Come to the door," said the voices. "Open it. . . . now down the hall . . . "Morgan did as he was told.

"Now stop here. Press that button." Morgan did, and a door opened.

"Step in and close the door . . . " said the voices.

Morgan obeyed mechanically. He turned the handle slowly; then suddenly, with a terrific blast of air, the door was wrenched from his hands. The same blast blew the shattered remains of Morgan out into space. --The airlock closed, and slowly resumed normal pressure.

You wonder why we tell you this, don't you?

It's really very simple. You see, the whisperers call you. They will visit you every night. --Some night, you're going with them. We won't trick you like we tricked Morgan. Come.....Come....Come....

THE

TAIL - TAG PUZZLE

In this puzzle you take the last two letters of the preceding word and make them the first two of the next word. The first word and the first two letters of the next word are filled in to give you the idea. Dashes indicate the number of letters in the word.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| (a) number | (a) N u m e r a l | (f) mistake | (f) - - - - - |
| (b) That branch of math | (b) A l - - - - - | (g) beginning | (g) - - - - - |
| dealing in equalities | (c) - - - - - | (h) To mix with, or | (h) - - - - - (-) |
| (c) Half the diameter | (d) - - - - - | scatter. | (i) - - - - - |
| (d) Customary method of | (e) - - - - - | a, a+a, 2a+2a, | (j) - - - - - |
| utilizing something. | (k) - - - - - | 3a+3a, etc. | (j) - - - - - |
| (e) One who uses the sci- | (k) Extension, characteristic of | | |
| ence of earth measure- | the pseudopod family -- might | | |
| ment. | be termed 'limb'. | | |

(k) - - - - -

ANSWERS: (a) given. (b) Algebra (c) Radius (d) Usage (e) Geometer (f) Error (g) Origin
(h) Intersperse (i) Series (j) Estimate (k) Tentacle

FACET

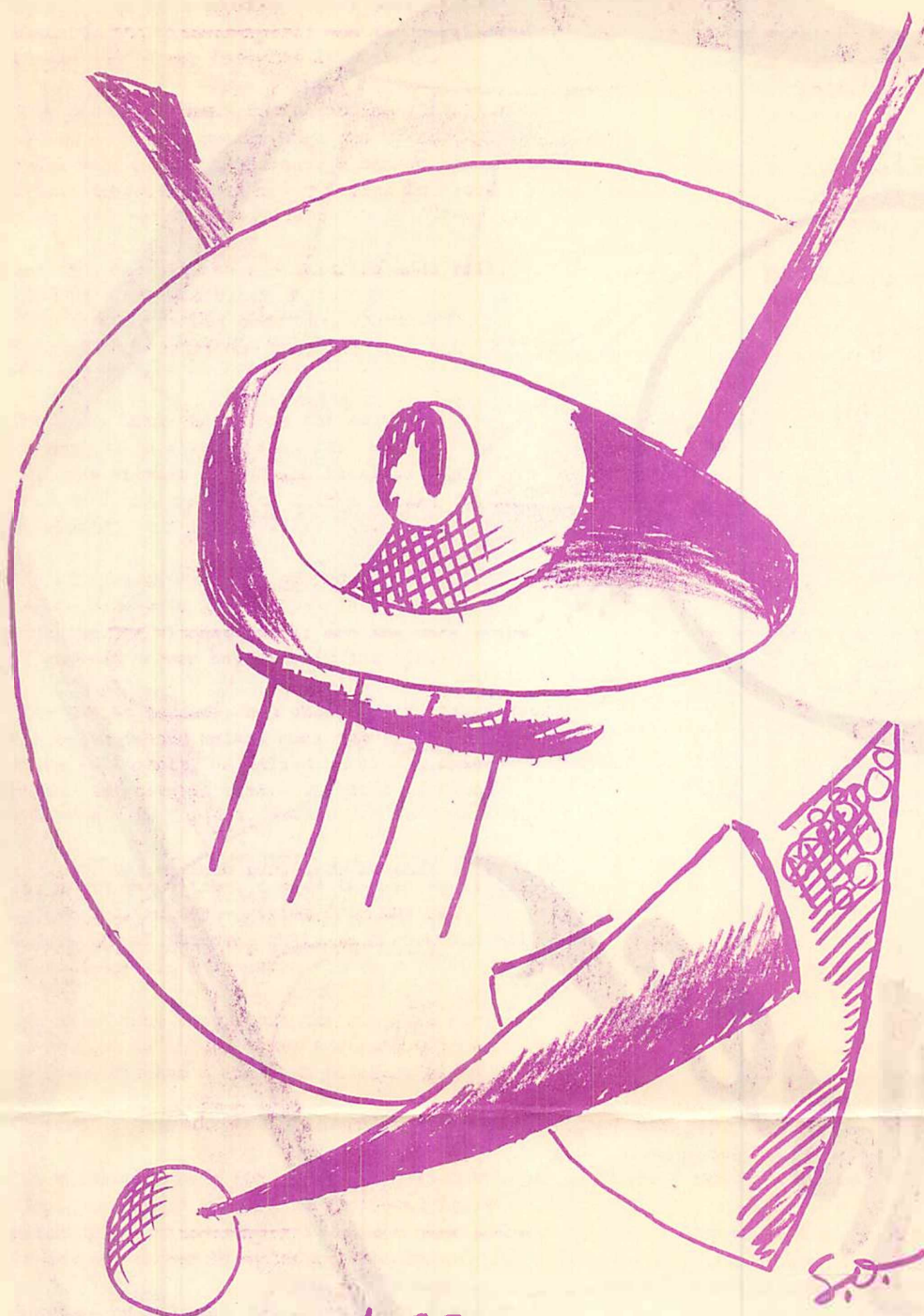
Once in ancient Hellas
An urn was graved
And then 'twas lost
In antiquity.
The Sun became cold ----
Man had fled
To warmth elsewhere.
GO type suns were not so rare
Eternity passed.....
Till we returned.
This urn was graved in Hellas,
Oh, long ago !

— Sandy Charnoff

FLIGHT OF FANCY --

Mind's Eye reaches upward
Ever upward
Toward, onward, forward.
You seek an answer
To the eternal mystery
Of the heavens.
Imagination is enough
In a flight of fancy.

— Sandy Charnoff



#23

WITCH DANCE

The night the witches danced the air was still;
Oppressive, sultry - rising from the sea
Came hints of thunder, while each rock and rill
Whirled merrily in restive vision free.

The stars hung misty; but the moon, as pure
As wrought in silver, shed its mellow light
Upon the witches - and each luckless wight
That trod the dance with them and felt the lure
Of sere'ry, embraced evilly: the night.

The witches danced; but in the market square,
Struck mute with terror, people stood agape -
Watching the witches whirl; and the dark shape
Of ancient horror hov'ring in the air.

They danced to dawn; but where the village stood
Now only stunted briars mark the place,
Where evil dwelt, unchained, a single space
Of our terrestrial time - The seas in flood
Rose fast and furious, leaving not a trace.....

And thus the witches perished, legends tell;
Lost by their own black magic, when the seas
Came roaring in and broke the eerie spell,
Leaving yet, ruins and memories.....

— Emily A. Thompson

TALE OF THE PURPLE PERCH

I thought I saw a Purple Perch perched in a willow tree
And at the time I deemed it a peculiar sight to see
Since this occurred a long and dusty distance from the sea.

The Perch was picking plums, such was my first impression.
(And unripe ones at that, if you will pardon the digression.)
"O Fuschia Fish," I greeted it, "I have a strange confession.

"I've seen strange sights in distant lands, and stranger ones
at sea,
But nowhere is a queerer one stamped on my memory
Than glimpsing you, a Purple Perch, plum-picking in a tree."

Said he, "How rare that sight would be, if it should come to pass,
But, be that as it may, I fear you are a stupid ass --
A perch, indeed! I'll have you know I am a Small-Mouth Bass."

— R. T. Rapp
reprinted from SPACEWARP



UNITED: Three

Beautiful Terra —
Earth, man's bright home.
In all the dead worlds
You bear life alone.

Stardust-ringed Saturn,
High-towered Mars
Cloud-Hidden Venus
Call from the stars.

Laugh we and live we
On alien land;
Still we return
As we had not planned.

We send our ships outward,
Flung to the sky;
But every old spaceman
Comes home to die.

Beautiful Terra —
Earth, man's bright home.
Of all the dead worlds
You give life alone.

— Charlotte Picard

By Bob

We're off to see the Wizard!
The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

SCENES

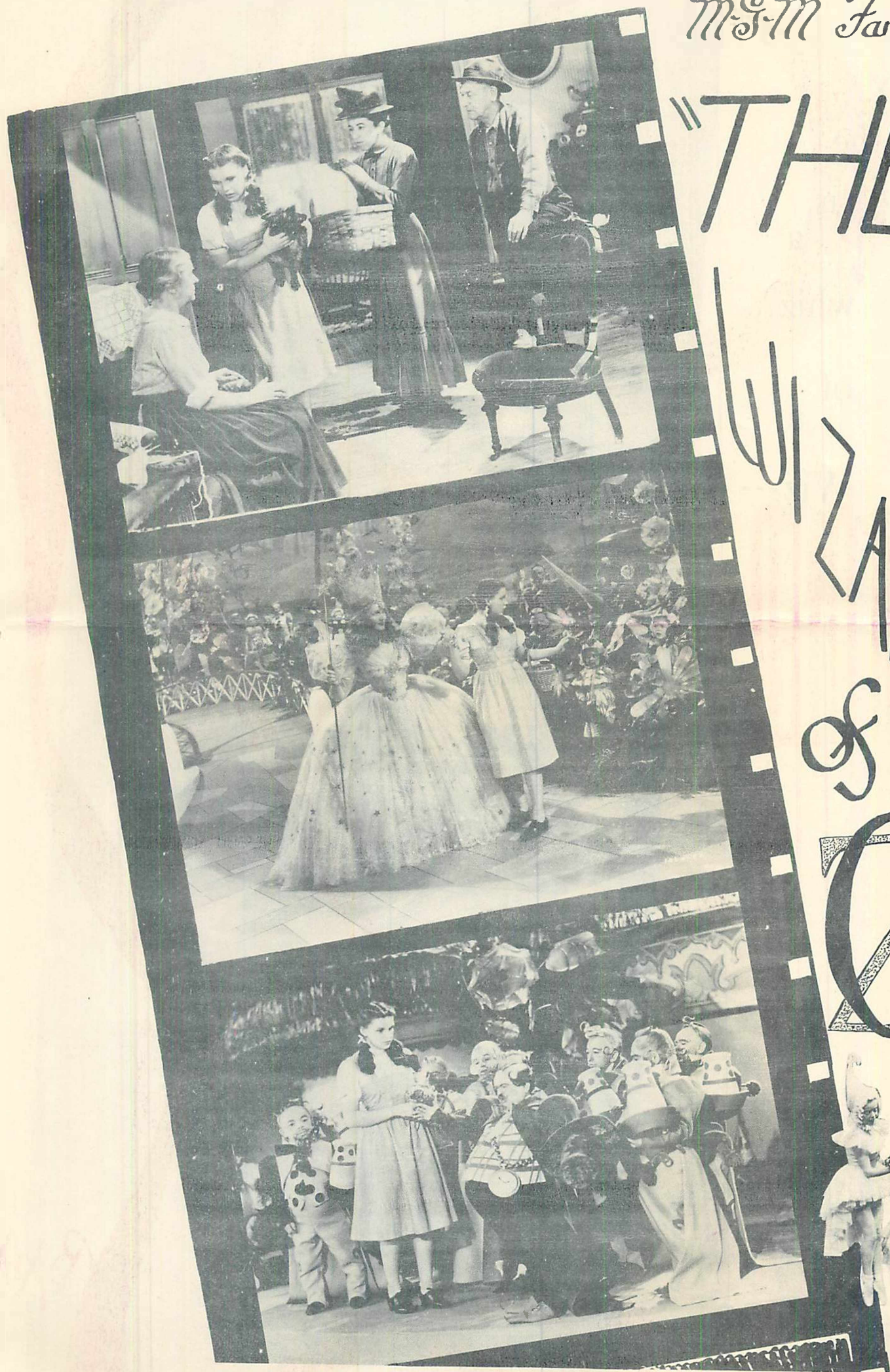
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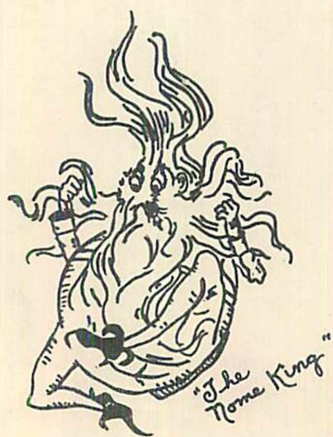
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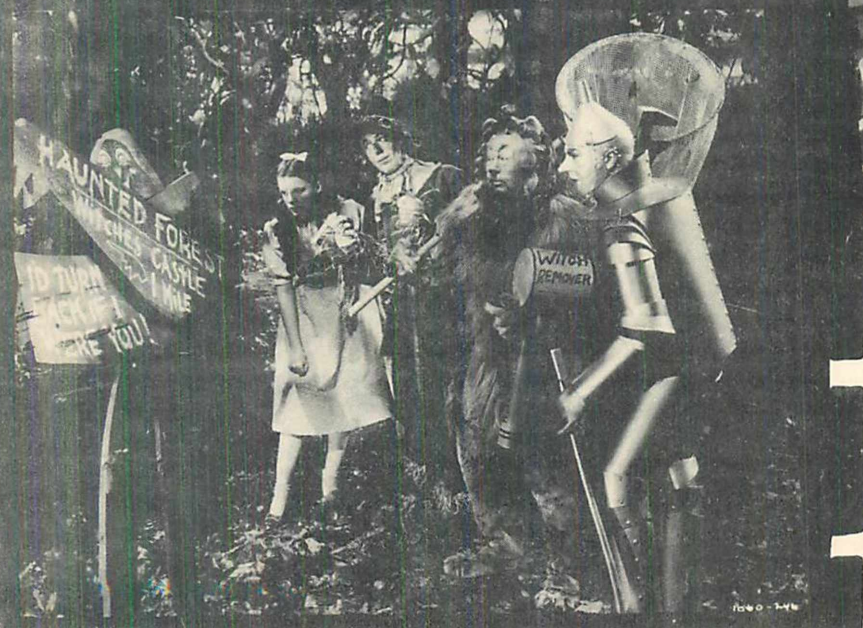
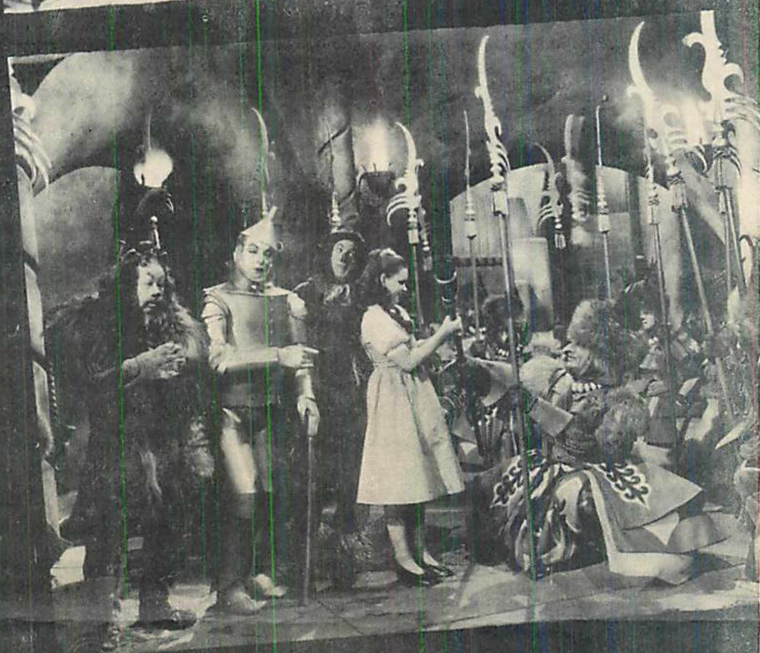
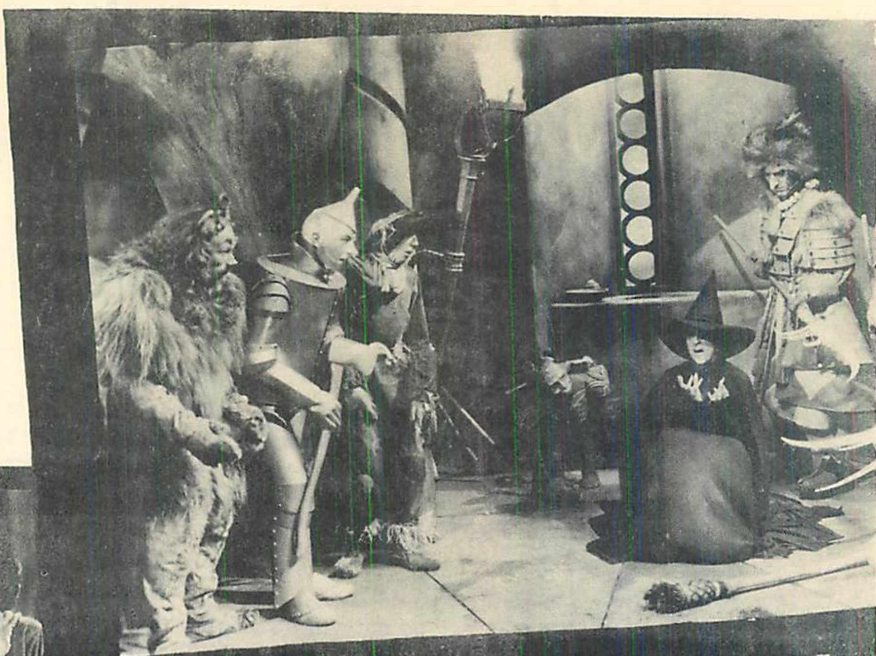
"The
Lullaby
League"

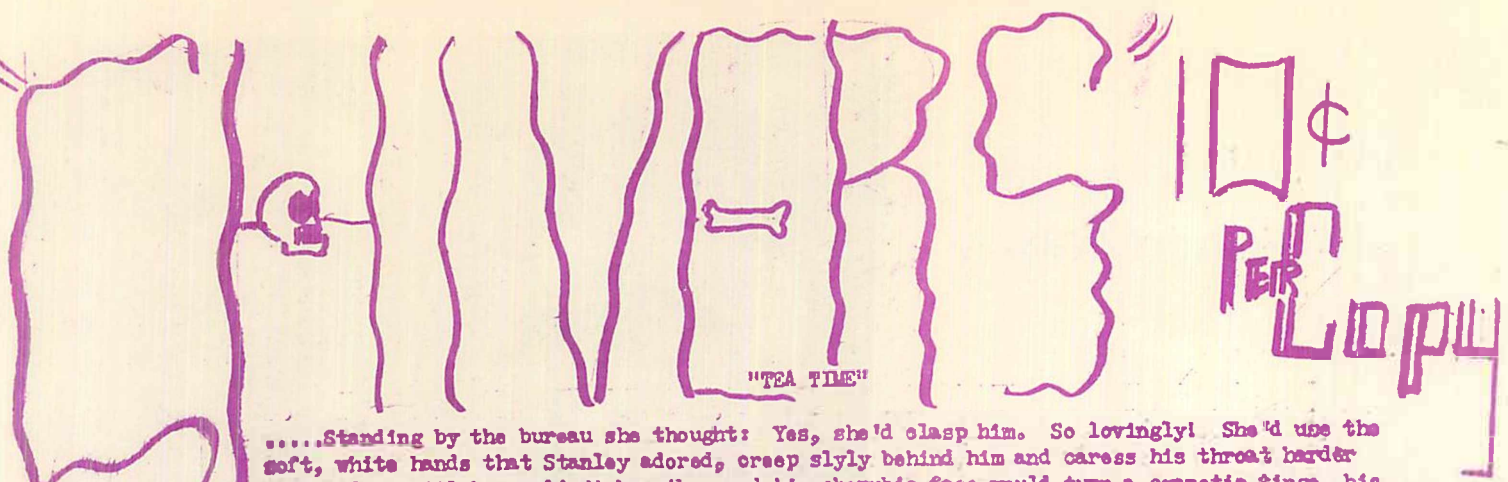


They
say
he
is
a
whiz
of
a
Wiz---



If ever a Wiz there was....





PER COPY

IT'S
HERE
AT
LAST!

.....Standing by the bureau she thought: Yes, she'd clasp him. So lovingly! She'd use the soft, white hands that Stanley adored, creep slyly behind him and caress his throat harder and harder until he couldn't breathe, and his cherubic face would turn a cyanotic tinge, his tongue loll between liverish lips and, against puffy lids, his watery-green eyes would resemble rotten, melting grapes.

"There'd be no more drooling, then, nor half-hearted conversation with the imbecillic brat."

"No, that would be too obvious," she whispered. Mummy Vera would have to think of something else. So adoring, and gleeful, she knew what was best for little Stanley.

FEATURED STORY: "TEA TIME", by HS Weatherby, HML, USN
also

- "UNCLE HENRY FINDS LOVE"Charles L. Hames
- "Death?" (verse)Jack Cuthbert
- "Night Scene"Jack Cuthbert
- "THE PHANTOM BLOT"Henry A. Ackermann
- "Return" (short-short)Herman S. King
- "Star-Gazer" (verse)James Lane Doyle
- "AN ECHO FROM ETERNITY" (novelette)R.F. Dikeman
- "Description"Marion Schoeberlein
- "Buddha's City"William du Bois
- "The Silence"Mina Fox
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

WINTER ISSUE

"TO KILL, THAT IS THE QUESTION!" by HS Weatherby, HML, USN
also

- "The Feast" (a horror poem)John Blyler & H.S. King
- "No Escape"Norine Gibson Corby
- "The Hrist See"Ronald Bourgea, HM2, USN
- "TROUBLES WITH RELATIVES" (short-short) Charles L. Hames
- "SOME SHADES I'VE KNOWN"H.S. King & W.L. Hudson
- "Fanzine Review"Yr Navy Editor I
- "Guilt" (verse)W. Leslie Hudson
- "THE POTS"Ed Ludwig
- "Legend of Telkh-Akhvat"Henry A. Ackermann
- "City Neath The Sea"Jack Cuthbert
- "Winter" (verse)Stella Halit
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

SPECIAL ISSUE

- "SPIRITUELLE IN HIGH C"H.S. Weatherby, HML, USN
(reprinted from PEON, also, and ORB magazines)
- "NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL MORNING"Michael Avallone
- "WED GAVE WED THE BIRD?"Hal Shapiro & B. Singer
See what happens to bad little boys..
- "HOUSE ON THE HILL" (verse)Jack Cuthbert
- "MR. OLIPHANT'S PINK ELEPHANT"Charles L. Hames
With his bottle, Hector brought up a playful companion- but who would want to lose her? -
- "Review of Fantasy and s-f Publications..editor
- "The Taxi" (short-short)R.F. Dikeman.
Came the call of a father's love- and pride!
- "WEIRDITIES"Johnny Blyler
- "MIDNIGHT LUNCH" (verse)Jack Cuthbert
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

SPRING ISSUE

"DEATH COMES TO DOPES"H.S. Weatherby, HML, USN
Gloria Denning, Broadway stage actress, never realized the horror of the awful house until she and Hayward escaped the flooding street..

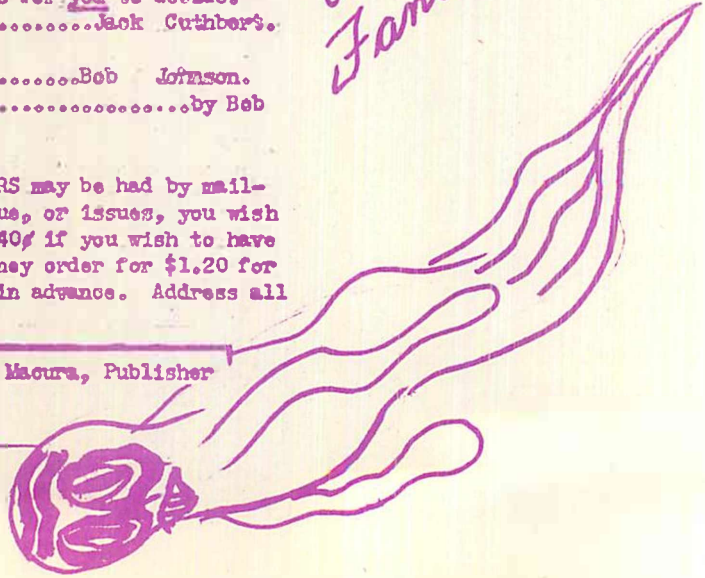
—also—

- "LETTE"Herman S. King.
- "Premonition" (verse)Henry A. Ackermann
- "A LETTER OF NOTE" (a department)Arline E. Doane.
- "DARK UNEASE" (verse)Al Toth.
- "Playthings"Jack Cuthbert.
- "PHANTOM NOCTOURNE"Henry A. Ackermann
- "Song of a Nature Lover"Herman S. King.
- "IT'S FOR YOU TO DECIDE"Julie Tucker Devine
What sort of woman is Sue Poloski? It's for you to decide.
- "WITCHES' BREW" (verse)Jack Cuthbert.
(SHIVERS Novelette)
- "POLTERGEIST IN HIS PANTS"Bob Johnson.
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

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SHIVERS MAGAZINE, Andrew Macura, Publisher
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Bridgeport 8, Conn.

For the discriminating lovers of Fantasy Fiction



Imagine meeting you here!

--No, maybe I'd better not. --I've got a column to write. --And lots to say.

First of all, an apology. The powers that be played me a dirty trick. I ordered a 'light shade of purple...a sort of violet'. I was sent a tube of magenta. --I'm talking about the color of ink in the offset section. We were uncomfortably near deadline, anyway, so I had to use the stuff anyway. --Anyway (to carry the phrase into monotony), I hope the quality makes up for the (gaah!) color. --End of apology

Then, too, there's a section of photos. I hope you're happy! Due to the large amount of material in this ish, plus the photos, this present ORB is costing us nearly that of Don Day's illustrious FANSCIENT. If you don't know the story of "The Wizard of Oz," you should go sit in the corner ... (isn't that where the dunce's stool is kept?) I have attempted to tell the story through pictures, and have tried to combine the most enjoyable aspects of both book and film.

Also, please notice that our offset section is justified. Thanx to Manly Bannister for sending me a copy of his booklet on justification! It is only 50¢ & well worth it! Write for it -- 1905 Spruce Ave. Kansas City, Mo. --Maybe, I'll start justifying the rest of ORB later, but not unless it is appreciated. Too much time is spent for little thanks, unless you're given an occasional pat on the back.

Thirdly -- or is it Fourthly?...mimeo and ditto are back. Not much ditto -- I've decided to get reacquainted with my machine. However, it'll be back in full force next issue -- and BLACK! I've finally discovered a fairly workable black ditto, but don't expect too much. Black ditto is the hardest of all the colors to handle.

The mimeo section is back by popular demand. It was ORB's first mass reader reaction. Everybody wanted it -- so it stays. Satisfied? Hmmm?

FANZINE REVIEWS

Ah didn't want one, but it seems that ah'm stuck. Okay, okay....

SIRIUS

An odd little fanzine, just the very slightest bit ORBish, but with its own very definite twist. Some above average fanfiction is included. One, "The Stuff of Dreams" is really very good. The most fannish -- and fascinating part of SIRIUS is the "Classifiend Advertisements". All sorts of things listed therein. One for a slightly blood-spattered copy of THE NECRONOMICON gave me a real laugh. Try it. --It's definitely a matter of taste. STAN SERXNER - 1308 Hoe Ave. - Bronx 59, N.Y.

THE X-RAY

Official organ of the Universal Musketeers, and the principle reason why I'm staying in this club. --To improve it. The editor is Ronald Friedman, and I mean absolutely no offense when I say that he seems to be rather incompetent. He obviously tries very hard, but editorial work, just as obviously, isn't in his line. The format, plus lack of diligent use of correction fluid, combine to create a really ghastly example of fanwork. Many hektoed zines are much better than this.

FLASH!!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS DEAD!!

The multimillionaire creator of Tarzan died at his California home, while reading the funnies. He was 74. This is indeed a great loss to fandom and the world.

STATTICHATTER: Two more new promags. --Poor Mr. Muir! --remember his laments last ish? One is FANTASY FICTION. Evidently based on the old formula, 'two is better than one'. In this case, referring to "The Magazine of Fantasy." Unlike MoF, however, this zine has a slightly FATE-ish twist. For my money, the other zines do better in their respective ways than this one does in speingthem both. One word of praise: the cover is one of the finest fantasy color fotos I've seen in a long time.

FUTURE FICTION is the other. After almost a ten-year lapse, this Columbia publication is again back. Oddly enough, it states itself as 'Volume One, Number One', and yet on its masthead, it reads 'combined with SCIENCE FICTION Stories. I wish it'd decide one way or another. This am confoosin' an' not amoosin'.

The oddest thing happened while the offset portion was being run off. I tried to read r-t Rapp's poem to our printer's wife. Near the middle of the second verse, she rushed around to the other end of the room, held her hands over her ears, and SCREAMED. I swear, this is absolutely true! --I don't believe the average person can assimilate fannish poetry.

NOTICE TO FANEDS:

I am in the market for a faneditor who will give a substantial reduction (at least 10%) on a full year's subscription to 25 NBF members. Just think! If you charge even 2% above the actual cost of printing your fanzine, you will almost clear even if you accept this. Anybody willin', huh?

PETITION FOR AN AMENDMENT TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Have you ever noticed that often in long, and complicated sentences, how you get entangled in the complexities of wording, spelling, etc., and in your mental meanderings forget that you are supposedly reading a question, and instead end up with a declaration? My suggestion is: why not copy the Spanish, and put a question mark at the beginning (upside down) as well as the end of the sentence. I get tired of reading along on what seems to be a beautiful, completely declarative sentence, and have it suddenly become a question, don't you? Enuf of this non-fannish nonsense.

I see I forgot to mention the UM address. Oh, well, we've got an ad for them, so why give 'em a free plug....

NEW PLAY IN MANHATTAN

"THE INNOCENTS" --- adapted from Henry James' "The Turn of The Screw." has hit legit...and according to critics, "tswonderful!" As does the story, the play often whispers rather than speaks, suggests far more than it explains, and calls up something not only eerie, but evil. (too bad you can't whisper on a typewriter. That last sentence could have been infinitely more effective.)

"The Innocents" inhabits a different world from the usual, or even unusual mystery thriller...."

Its best scenes involve the children, brilliantly played by David Cole and Iris Mann. As the governess, Beatrice Straight is quite competent.

And off to other vital (hah) matters.

Has anybody noticed Redd Boggs' rather vile attacks on several well-known fans, and at times, ORBreaders? (mcee, toooo) This has occurred mainly in POSTWARP. --He's breathing a scab on his nose.....

I got a letter from some company trying to sell me a geiger counter. It seems that s-f fans all over are buying them from this company at a discount. Gad! Why would the normal s-f fan pay around \$140 for a geiger counter. --Maybe JWC is trying to kill off fandom with printers' ink, combined with a plutonium compound? EGAD! A conspiracy!

NEXT ISSUE: THE FAN FOTO GALLERY, "SHRIEKING APPROACH" (H.S. Weatherby's breathtaking sequel to "SPIRITUELLE") with illustrations by Gaughan and that female Bergey (who is also my girlfriend), Elizabeth Flautt (pronounced Flawt). Also a cover by BENULIS, and poetry from ACKERMANN & Charnoff.

As for the rest -- I haven't the vaguest idea. Wait and see....

'Bye now,

Bob

ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S KRISS KROSS

FANDOM FANTASYTIMES
A A F R W P
N WSFA O SAPA GAAA
Z FN N Z F C
I B TIMEWARP E
NAMLEPS N N F T W
E A M P E KOOLINDA
G A U A U F R
N MUTANT Y FB F P
O N I O M U F
R F U P AMTORIAN
WELCOME I R U F
E U A TORCON F
SUNSHINE F R E SF
C K V A FAPA
VOM YOUNGFANDCM PS
N E O E C Z
SFI W O TRITON I
P F SHARL T T N
POLARIS B IF! C FEM

YUCK!

A GREEN MOLE, A PINK ELEPHANT, AND A PURPLE FROG AMBLED INTO THE CORNER COCKTAIL BAR.

"YOU'RE EARLY BOYS," SAID THE BARTENDER. "HE ISN'T HERE YET."



I'm all over that illness Bob mentioned in the last ORB. I want to thank all of you that sent flowers; and to the thoughtful fan that sent the hamburger I devote my undying love. (Next time, with onions, please.)

And, so, on with the dirty work. I have quite an assortment of missiles on hand that I am dying to pass on to you. To wit (Or is it corpus delecti?):

Hi Bob:

First things first --the cover. The life form Bill Kroll has depicted is certainly unique.../Unique to say the least. Rumor has it that Rapp was the model, but I don't believe it. Dern thing wasn't smoking a pipe.7

Oh, how true are Steve Muir's sentiments in regard to mag space. This is especially annoying if a fan has unsympathetic parents; mine are always ready to throw my zines away any time of the day or night.

Bob, when you run puzzles, you generally run the answer also -- or, if no peeking, you should have them in the next issue and state so. /Bob informs me that he natcherly thot everybody would know that the answer would follow in the next issue. Natcherly...7

Your illo on page 5 was very nice, except that the center portion reminded me too much of sunny-side-up eggs down /Bob is trying to get an ad from Eggs, Inc.7 Ah -- Dawn of the Space Age -- you did a beautiful job on that dittoing -- and those colors! /ORB is nothing, if not colorful.7

'Eye,
Sandy Charnoff
2234 Ocean Ave.
Brooklyn, 29, N. Y.

Dear Bob:

Received ORB 3. Congratulations -- your best issue to date, speaking of contents. The Artrappism "Signpost" of excellent quality. "Chips" well written. Why don't you fire your printer -- with enthusiasm? Has he never heard of black ink? /What's Black Ink?7 Cover cute, though a trifle blobby in this size. (Cover also came off. I have very good reflexes, tho, and am no more awkward than I should be at my advanced age.) /Goody for you.7

Why louse up your letter column with religious discussion -- or political -- or anything but stf ((for one thing, ORB leans more toward fantasy than stf, altho it includes both - BJ)) You have no idea how silly it sounds. /ORB's policy is a new color each issue. How do you like the latest? We agree about the religion that has been hashed in this column. There is a question I'd like to know what answer fans would give to (horrible grammar). In your fannish opinion, when will the first passenger rocket leave the atmosphere of earth and travel in outer space? Make like Drew Pearson and give with the predictions, fans7

Regards,
Manly Banister
1905 Spruce Ave.
Kansas City, Mo..

Dear Bob:

So you want your readers to tell you "when you find things about ORB you dislike," do you? Okay, I'll take you at your word. Frankly, I think you wasted your money when you paid for multilithing and mimeoing this issue #2. There isn't much in it that's worth reading. That's my opinion ...you asked for it. /Ouch!7

Charnoff says he was ashamed to show his teacher ORB #1 because of the cover pic. /Charnoff's teacher is sot in her ways, obviously. Sandy, you will be happy to know, is a she, not a he ...7 I'd be ashamed to show my teacher because of ... "The Home of Diana deLune." Not to mention the "poem." Gaw. "The Erratic Guest" was a little better, but not interesting enough to read through to the end. Was it supposed to be humorous? What else can be inferred from the line "ta-pocketa-pocketa..." at the top of page 4? Shades of good old W. Mitty! /It's enough that we printed it. Don't ask for interpretations without forwarding a fee of \$10.007

"Sing a Song of Venus" is an acceptable nursery-rime-of-the-future, but Bourgea's "Satan..." was about the best thing in the issue. A well-expressed and amusing verse, and a bit above ORB average technically. Where did you dig up "Don Rogers & the Beggar Fan?" It might have been humorous circa 1943 ... "It's Dark Inside" was adequate, but hardly worth giving space to. That's the crudest Grossman pic I've ever seen.

"Lonely Worlds." Why does everyone have to write a certain amount of that experimental stuff. Everyone does. It's too bad some people don't have the strength of character to tear up the stuff after they get it out of their system. Some phrases were pretty good, but as a whole this mighty parable was nauseating. Quinn can write when he tries. I wish he'd try.

That's all the things I dislike about ORB #2. I hope you won't take all this to heart ... but I do hope you'll improve the mag next issue. I hate to see you spend all that money ... /Not as much as we hate to spend it.7

A final word of praise. The lettering for the "As Others See Us" and "Here's Looking At You" department headings was fine. Gaughan's pic for "doLune " was pretty hyper, by the way. /Gad -- can we stand this flattery?7

Sincerely,
Rodd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St. N.E.
Minneapolis 18, Minn

Dear Editor:

UNTITLED: TWO and LA BEAUTE tie for first place in the Febmaorb; SIGNPOST in number 2 spot; IN THE VALE OF EVANDER in close quarters and number three; CHIP IN THE MAELSTROM is a fast-climber in fourth position. ((Raspberry's in a jam !!! AND IT'S ...feetlebaum...-BJ)) The others are all on a basic minimum interest floor and out the vanity department: AS OTHERS SEE IT and print more of your fine quality poetry.

The cross-word puzzle is original; I don't advocate them, for your puzzle solver is a pervert who fiddles around with his mind because he is unable to use it good and hard for a definite and natural end. /Gnu to you, too/ Still, you are original . . .

Coming big-wheels paragraph: Bourgea, if you can keep him from having a big head. Will need to read Picard more to rate him. /him is a hor7

Henry Ackermann
5200 Maple Ave.
Baltimore 15, Md.

Dear Bob:

For lack of anything else to do, I shall write ORB a letter this cold winter eve in Tucson. The current topic seems to be Shaver and Religion. Shaver is the easiest to write on, tho the hardest to write anything original on.

He is a good writer ... He wrote one for AS a while back about an alien ship in the jungles which some explorers find. A good story, proving that he can write worthwhile stories. His ideas on his mystery are his own business, natch, but boring eventually . . .

Religion is deeper -- Obviously 90% of fandom is not atheist --

Picard's "Untitled: One" was the best thing in ORB 1, Gaughan's pic on page 1 (story, too) is the best in ORB 2. Best wishes for better issues and congratulations to you for artistry.

Hunt Small
Box 1791
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Bob:

ORB #3 received, and I am amazed -- 'tis a wonderful job you are doing, and here's hoping you can keep it up for many ORB's to come.

By the way ... due to your practice of not putting the bylines at the titles of the items, and my practice of reading a zine from front to back /Gad! How unorthodox!7 I read my "Signpost" wondering whyinell it sounded so familiar. Couldn't remember rejecting it from Spacewarp, and I didn't know where else I'd have seen it in manuscript form. Talk about absent-minded professors!

Your columnists are your best feature. All in all, one of the most interesting zines I've seen in months.

Luck,
ahrapp
2120 Bay St.
Saginaw, Michigan

Dear Bob:

Like Capt. Future, I'm back. And you can bet your little circulation list /little is right/ I'll keep coming as long as ORB does.

First the cover: Ah! That Kroll can really draw! The cover was a Beaut!

"Signpost" by Art Rapp: The Rat Trapp graces ORB's pages with his ever-present briar pipe. /Foul thing that it is/

I'll mercifully skip the non-fantasy pomes.

"Chip in the Maelstrom" was a quite nice little collm. Not a thing in it I can pan. Boo Hoo!

The fanactivities Kriss Kross: My zine's name was right there in the six letter words. /Doesn't your zino have 7 letters in the title?7

JOIN THE UNIVERSAL MUSKETEERS! (paid adv't.)

"Untitled: Two" was good; and now we come to "As Others See It."
Sorry your letter ed is sick. /Thanks for the hamburger/ Five letter
writers showing off their illiteracy in fine form; Ed Cox & Alan
Grant seemed to be the only ones with anything to say.

I still say Shaver is TOPS -----Grrrrrr!

Your subscriber /We love you/
R. J. Banks, Jr.
111 S. 15th St.
Corsicana, Texas

Dear Bob:

Enclosed find 15¢ for which send me ORB #4. It's a nice little
mag but it is hard for me to understand because I'm stupid stupid,
I'm stupid. -At least they said so in your letter column. /Don't
give up trying/ As an outcast in the world and also an undesirable mem-
ber of fandom, I'm very lonely. . . . And, Bob, seeing you hate
me, too, how about selling me a copy of ORB #1? ((Just a shot: if any-
one else wants an ORB #1, they'd better hurry. With issue #5, the
first issues will be raised to 20¢.))

Take it easy /don't worry/ and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Ralph Packard
Poynette, Wisc.

Dear Bob:

ORB #3 popped in yesterday and by now, it is completely read, di-
gested and ready to be writ to ...

Uh, was the red ink this issue intended to coincide with Valen-
tine's Day this month? Hmmm, I must write a gory weirdie with Valen-
tine's Day as the theme. -Anyhow, it wasn't bad on the cover, but when
reading that microprint, it rather brings out the red in your eyes. A
more soothing blue or green would be better for this microprint.

Liked Art Rapp's short-short. He can always turn out a good piece
of work, whether it be fiction, article, poetry or what have you.

ORB needs more heavier pieces of fiction or articles for the poems to
cluster around. As it is, the poetry, while nice, dominates and one
feels like he's eaten a lot of small snacks throughout the day instead
of three square meals. If that ... simile ... will do. Metaphor is
closer, I guess. (I should have paid more attention in English class).
((Just to clear you up: when you say 'my car is like a jet plane' - that
is a simile. -When you say 'my car is a jet plane' - that is a meta-
phor. Happy? - BJ))

Let me skip back to the cover. Sure, let's have more by him. Like this
a lot. Reminds one of a cross between Cartier and Rod Ruth, two of my
favorite artists. It has a distinction of its own, of course. Bill
has become yet another to break across the line of fan-prodom.

Was once a time that you'd find a regularly appearing column, but
most of them died out. These days the zines have them right and left...

Spacewarp seems to be taking the honors . . . tho. It'll have four
in its March ish.

I notice that this is the first time Henry Andrew Ackermann's last
name has been spelled right since I've been seeing his name appear in
zines lately. With the one 'n' I thought his work was some old stuff
of FJA's deceased-brother-recently-discovered or something.

To comment on the poem, good. That's about all I can say since I'm
not really qualified to criticize poetry. I do notice that it is free
(or blank?) verse.

Page 3 gives more poetry and a brain-twisting thing. There have
been fantasy cross-words before, but this is different! It gives the
answers and you fit them in, working from two already given. If any-
body solves it, I'll want to know how long it took them to do it!

Untitled: Two. The poem-pic combo was very good. One thing about
ORB is its headings, illustrations and decorations. Adds to the mag a lot.
...my only complaint. . . . is the lack of a long feature item or two...

The letter column seems to be shaping up. A nice argument or two is
in the offing as the result of Grant's and Banks' letters...

Sandy Chiarnoff's book review lacked a few vital statistics. Such as
the cost, date of publication, where do you get it, etc. I prefer Willy
Loy's latest, though.

Uh, Muir's column was supposed to start next issue and didn't.
Hames' story was supposed to be in this issue and wasn't. Editorial
mixup? /But definitely?/ Guess this is all of the comments on ORB #3.
Keep it coming and it'll really be up there.

Yours,
Ed Cox
4 Spring St.
Lubec, Maine

That's all for this time, Fans. Chew on the above, digest it, and
send me your burps

CRBishly yours, BILL WARREN,
Letter Editor.

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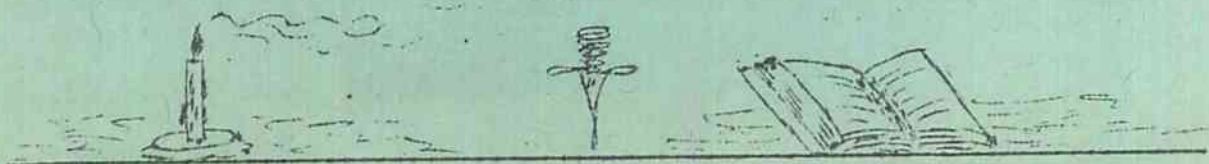
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