

# Orion → 28



ETHEL LINDSAY-----THE WELL-KNOWN TAFF candidate

Entered fandom in 1951, although she had been reading S.F since the age of ten. Became a member of the Newlands SF Club of Glasgow and helped with the production of their zine HAEMOGOBLIN. Remained with them until her work took her to London in 1956.

Active member of Operation Fantast from 1951 until its demise.

In 1953 was invited to assist with the preparations for the 1954 Supermancon and became a member of the Committee as Assistant Secretary. Has attended all subsequent cons with the exception of one, and has served on the Committees of the Citricon, the Worldcon in '57, and the Lexicon in '61 and has also helped in the behind-scenes, unpublicised graft at most conventions.

Has been a prolific letterhack since entering fandom, and today is in touch with around 250 fans all over the world, writing on average 10 letters per week. Despite this enormous activity has been unable to cope with the flood of fanzines requiring letters of comment, so to deal with this started HAVERINGS, a zine of comment, specially slanted to aid prospective readers. Is also the proud holder of a CRY letterhack card.

Also a member of the Romiley Fan Veterans and Scottish Dancing Society - a rare honour indeed.

Became a member of OMPA with its second mailing and has been one of its most constant contributors through her zine SCOTTISHE. In 1961 she published over 100 pages of activity, although the required contribution is only 16 pages per annum. Altogether produced during the year nearly 200 pages, mostly of her own writings, but supported by her two famous contributors WAW and ATOM. Both SCOTTISHE and HAVERINGS are available by subbing, and in 1961 she donated all new subs, to either zine, to the Willis Fund. Was voted Top Editor in OMPA in 1960. She was also Assistant Editor on FEMIZINE from its inception, putting in a vast amount of work persuading femmefandom to write for its own zine. After the Joan Carr hoax was revealed, took over full editorship until it died from lack of support, putting out the last two issues virtually single-handed.

Joined the London Circle on arriving in London and attended regularly at the Globe. Founder member of the SF Club of London and its present Chairman, holding open house to members and their guests for club meetings. Also an active member of the BSFA and IPSO

Bookwise is a member of the SF Bookclub and subscribes to 5 promags

Despite all this is catholic in her literary tastes, reading anything from James Thurber to Andre Gide.

Extra-fannish activities include collecting records, the cinema and gardening. Also she regularly attends evening classes taking subjects as diverse as Cookery and Public Speaking. Takes a keen interest in both British and American politics and is happy to debate these for hours.

Altogether Ethel is certainly one of Britain's Top Three Fans in activity, output and popularity, she's an entertaining conversationalist, a good dancer (Scottish or ballroom, though she performs the former more readily when she is, to use her own words, slightly puddled,) and could be the first genuine, one-hundredpercent, kilt-swinging Scottish fan to go to America.

SEND AMERICA A WEE DRAP O' SCOTCH (50 cents duty!)

# ORION

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*no date*

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### CREDITS:

The front cover and most of the headings were done, as usual, by ATom. ATom wrote, apologising for not having done well this time. He "didn't feel up to it." I didn't have time to wait until he did and I'm no use with a styli myself. I have heard rumours and, I hope that's all they are, that ATom is considering GAFLA once more. I've only seen him twice myself since I got home. Maybe we are overworking him? If we are, it's up to him to say so and we will lay off until he regains his enthusiasm. I for one would hate to be a **cause** of his feeling we make use of him too often. Tell us, Arthur, please.

Heading for the Advert. page was done by Jimmy Groves. Thanks, Jimmy. Only 30 pp this time. Hooray! It makes work a pleasure.

What's the betting I've forgotten something? Oh well, it's too late now. To the duplicator!

ORION's Greeting Card is late this year. I wonder why? Anyway, I hope you will believe me when I say the sentiments expressed are sincere.

Bacover by Don Allen.

LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65!

# Specs



Hello! I'll bet you ~~never~~ thought ORION had folded. I may have but, ORION?  
No!

I am just about settled back into the usual routine. Exchanging information on our conventions as compared with yours in America, finding out why this sudden rash of marriages in Britfandom as soon as my back was turned, discovering what the SFCoL and the BSFA have been doing since I left home, and so on. Also, I've been catching up on some of the fanzines that came while I was away plus those that I've received since I came home. I don't know what's got into all you faneds lately but, there have been so many items on which I've felt compelled to comment....if only I had the time! Once I got my mail straightened out I felt I had to get on with this so, though I haven't written, I've had the idea of answering some of the more pungent items here. I hope this is satisfactory to you all?

(Pause for Harry Warner to duck out in case he's bored with the subject.)

SHAGGY: I am almost certain it was in one of your issues that I read an article by Jack Harness on TAFF. I must be wrong because I've searched through my files and I can't find the article in question. I also looked in YANDRO but, can't find it there either. No matter. The subject has been having a going over from all quarters so let's see what we can make of it. With the exception of the fan I met while I was in the States: (he wants his name kept DNQ but, he admits he doesn't hold with TAFF as run and never supports it), I imagine we are all in sympathy with the ideas behind the scheme? Good! Jack Harness voiced in print an opinion which is shared by many, namely, that TAFF has lousy publicity and needs new methods of generating support in order to gain more money for the fund. He says TAFF should have an 'Official Fanzine' and a PRO. At first glance these seem to be excellent suggestions but, there's one thing you have to consider, in fandom especially and, that is the likelihood of gaffiation on the part of your PRO or 'Official Fanzine' editor and/or publisher. Nothing and no-one is reliable in fandom. Allowing for that let's look at what can be done.

To begin with, TAFF already has two P.R.Os. or at least, I thought it had. If that isn't one of the jobs supposedly done by the Administrators then I am very much mistaken. Admitted, there is much room for improvement and that is where the idea of an 'Official Fanzine' comes in. I know that one of the fears by which our TAFF administrators is dogged is, that if fandom becomes aware of how much is in the TAFF kitty, they won't bother to subscribe more. I'd like to see them proved wrong. The ideal way to run TAFF is to have sufficient in the funds to pay the winning delegate's trip before the voting takes place, even before the campaign gets started. I can hear the old and selfish (yes, selfish) arguments swirling round my head already. "Why should we pay into a fund like that when we don't know who is going to benefit from it?" I ask you! Does it matter who benefits? All you need to know is that a fan will benefit....you never know, it might be YOU!

For gawds sake, leave us not drag TAFF into the dust. I for one, would hate to see TAFF fail because we were so all-fired careful with our pennies because we were afraid someone we didn't care for/agree with in fanzines, might benefit by a trip. If we could agree on this point then we could make it known we wanted an 'Official Fanzine' which would keep us posted on the state of the treasury and any

*Extra Cash for what? Then delay cost of publishing TAFF reports*  
other news pertinent to TAFF that they think we should know; because of course, it will be the Administrators who will be responsible for publishing it. It need only be a newsletter type thing of two or three pp and, if it comes out quarterly it shouldn't mean a lot more work for the fund's Guardians. There is no doubt that interest in TAFF is flagging (interest, that is, in making sure the fund has ample money. There is still a lot of interest in guessing who will accept nomination and who will win), and it is up to those of us who care, to see that it doesn't die altogether.

Why can't we have auctions carried out through the fanz for items that will benefit TAFF? In that way we in Britain get the chance to make bids on things not normally available to us. At the convention the bidding could start off with the last postal offer made; this is another use that could be made of the 'Official Fanzine'. Certainly, it seems we are going to have to find something to take the place of the TAFF reports. It has always been my opinion that these are an imposition on the winner. Ignoring, for the moment, the farce which obtained last year when we had four of them for sale at the same time, just think of the waste of a fan's hard cash at a time when he can least afford it. He has to finance stencils, paper, ink and, (because fans have come to expect it), photostencils. On a gamble, he runs off 200 copies for the benefit of TAFF. By how much does TAFF benefit from all the unsold copies still in their hands, the author's hands, I mean. Let us not have a state of affairs, which I can see coming, where you'll have fans fighting not to be nominated because they couldn't afford the after-commitments. They are more than ready to work on behalf of TAFF in some repayment for their trip, what more do we want from them? Blood?

I would be much interested in hearing from you the reasons you have for choosing just whom you will vote for. What do YOU think are the attributes that will make one person rather than another the best Delegate? Is it for the report you think/hope he will write, or their sociability, or what?????

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Joe Gibson in G<sup>2</sup> No.6. and in SHAGGY No. 58. had some things to say about leeches and the like in fandom. I read what he had to say with mixed feelings. The first thing that occurred to me was, that if Joe himself has suffered at the hands of these people, why didn't he do as he urges us to do, and name names? Maybe I am particularly naive but, I often think the offenders do what they do from sheer thoughtlessness. Don't laugh! Just because you wash your hands prior to sitting down to a meal and wouldn't dream of eating without having done so, you will probably think that any visitor to your house who doesn't do so is a savage. I am a heavy smoker so, I have lots of ashtrays round the place. There is one fan I know who seldom, if ever, uses them. Always I have a pile of ash to sweep up when he's been here. Putting an ashtray at his elbow is a waste of time; maybe I always put it on his blind side, I wouldn't know. I don't even know if he has a blind side.

Maybe things are different in the States but, there's one thing that really annoys me and that is when an uninvited fan comes to stay, expecting food as well as a bed and, instead of offering money or groceries he stays for a week or more and thinks he's done his bit when he buys me a box of chocolates or cigarettes on leaving. If only they'd buy me the chocolates when they first come I could offer those for supper instead of my meal I was going to have myself. That sounds horrid but, it has happened so often it's no longer funny. I still say it's thoughtlessness but, it's my own fault. If I won't tell them I want them to help provide their own food I can't expect them to read my mind. It strikes me we are stupidly proud or afraid to talk money among our fan friends and I'm damned if I know why.

As for the other kind of trouble Joe sees blowing up in fandom; I take it he's talking about Amerifandom in which case I am not qualified to comment. From here I'd say that Joe is shying at shadows but then, he could be right, I hope not.

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HELP LIFT OUR CONVENTIONS OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS. Briefly condensed, that is what I'm asking you to do. There must be many of you in the States who don't have any idea of how many difficulties we face each year. Briefly, this is what happens.

We seldom attend one of our conventions armed beforehand with the news of who is going to do the following one or yet, where it will be held. In the few years I've been around I have never yet heard of different groups/people bidding for the honour. Usually, we sit looking blank, waiting for some sucker to volunteer. Everybody looks at everyone else in the wild hope they might suffer a temporary mental aberration which will land them with it. And the reason for this very real reluctance? We always have difficulty in finding a hotel that will accept our business. I'm not denying that a lot of our troubles would vanish if only the hotels were a lot more cooperative but, we could do something ourselves if we had YOUR support as a convention member.

First, of course, we have to discover if you, the Britfan are interested in us continuing to have conventions? If we are to keep our end up in TAFF participation then we must. Even if you can't attend them would it really break your heart or your pocket if you paid membership fees? With your annual support we could probably reach the stage before long where we could put on an annual 'do' that you wouldn't want to miss. We could have two charges; one for those intending to be there and a lower one for those who know they won't be able to make it. If you intended coming and then, for some reason, couldn't manage it, you would have half your membership fee returned.

Once we got the Convention Fund really solvent we could find an hotel that is just the right size for our conventions and book the whole place, money on the nose. Right now we don't have the cash in hand to be able to do it. We have tried sharing a large hotel with mundane types and usually, it means some sort of row with the management because of noise at late parties and the like. The ideal solution is as suggested above; a hotel we could 'take over' for the weekend. Your membership in our efforts would help us to realise this ambition. It would also make for bigger and better conventions because, having got our hotel we would be able to publicize our convention well in advance so the attendance would be bigger. I hate to think of the number of folk we have lost at these things just because we haven't been able to advertise in the promags well in advance.

After all, you join the American conventions, some of you, knowing you have no hope of being there, why not spread some of this charity at home? Yes, we would welcome U.S. memberships too. Oh, and by the way; you had better get your finger out. London is bidding for the Worldcon in '65. I know, we're raving mad but too, we are willing to do the work involved if you will give us the kind of support we sadly need. Think on it but, not for too long and then DO SOMETHING.

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You thought you were going to get away without me mentioning my visit to the States, didn't you? Ha!

This issue of ORION is giving me more pleasure than usual because I'm going to be able to visualise many of you sitting in a particular room (NO! Not that one), and, in some cases, a particular chair, while you are reading it. You can't imagine how close and personal that makes it all. I can see Harry stuffing it hurriedly

into the top drawer of his desk to await its turn for comments. I can see the Busbys reading it, either at table or sitting in the chair by the other stack of 'zines they have there in their living room. Jock Root will, no doubt make himself the inevitable cup of coffee and sit 'in his own chair' for a read. Avram will be pushing the kitten off his lap. Betty will be either on the sofa or in the chair in her bedroom in front of the T.V. Either place she will have her feet up on a stool (comfy, Betty? Good). Oh, it's almost as if I were back there. I only hope you realise what it meant to me, meeting all of you. To put into cold print how grateful I am is impossible. Thank you, thank you, a million thank yous for the marvellous time you gave me. I hate to repay such hospitality with a threat but it's your own fault. I'm coming back, one day, so watch out! You are all Good Pipples and I luv you, everyone.....yes, you too, Gerber.

Now, do I write a one-shot report of my trip or would you rather I serialised it in ORION.....you know, Parker type editorials? You choose. I can't make up my mind. I still wonder if you are getting tired of these things. Maybe. I promise the majority vote wins.

Looks like I've done quite a bit of drum-beating thish so let's wrap it up for the nonce.

I'm a bit worried about the mailing situation here. As I write this our post men are 'working to rile', (that should have been 'rule' but it is so apt I've left it), and mail is being held up all over the place. I don't even know if they are accepting any kind of 'printed matter'. I do know they are refusing circulars and the like. They have even stopped the parcel post from and to London. Public Service? Nuts! Parcel post from overseas isn't affected. So, if this is much delayed, please, don't blame me.

You can tell how out of practice I am at cutting stencils. I've been and gone and knocked hell out of the centre of some of the letters. That means there are going to be black spots in front of your eyes while reading. Don't rush off and consult your oculist. I'm sorry. It doesn't help any but, I'm sorry.

I am sorry too, we don't have Ken Bulmer or Rory Faulkner with us this time. Rory hasn't been feeling up to the job of writing lately. Cheer up, gal and keep well. How's the wrestling going? On T.V. I mean! Ken is, so I'm told, making preparations for moving house. As he is moving right out of town I can only regard this as a sneaky, low-down trick to avoid being nagged by me for material. I hope he won't be too busy rearing his own neo femmefen to do further columns for O. Don't desert us altogether, Ken. We need you.

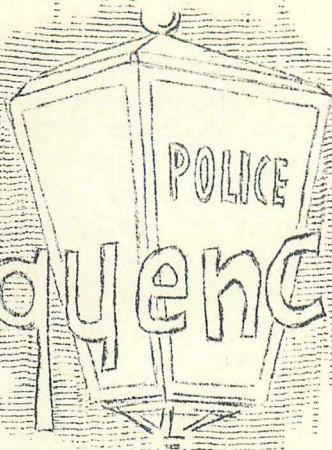
I know this isn't new to fandom but there are new fen around these days so ORION is taking a new look at 'Other Fandoms.' I would like some articles on whatever other fandoms you consider yourself to be a member. Come to that, it needn't be another fandom. If you have another hobby, no matter what, and you have something of interest to say about it, would you write it up and send it on for consideration, please? Guns, rocks, fishing, caving or, whatever. Ta.

I apologise for the large wads of unadorned text in thish. As it says on page 3, ATom is suffering from a surfeit of work and I'm no good at that kind of thing. If only Dave Kyle lived in England. Sigh.

All for this time. See you nextish. 'Til then.

ELLa.

# The Right Sequence



John  
berry

"Berry," said the Sergeant, flicking a spot of blackcurrant jam off the front of his tunic, "do you know anything about fingerprints?"

"Not much," I admitted. I didn't in those days you see.

"Humph! Look at this - got it from the window frame of Mrs. Bunnetts' sweet shop this morning."

Tenderly, lovingly, he handed me a triangular piece of broken glass. I looked at it carefully, held it up to the sunlight. Ah---

"Like I said, I don't know much about fingerprints, but, as an initial diagnosis, I would say that the culprit had just eaten a jam sandwich, as is evinced by the big jammy thumb at the corner."

I handed the broken glass back rather proudly.

The Sergeant squinted unbelievably, then turned a ruddy beetroot colour.

"That's my flippin' thumb," he raged, "I've just had me breakfast. Now look again at the opposite side."

I looked again. Faintly, I could see four finger impressions....loops, I thought they were...

"All you've got to do is to find out who made them and your breaking is cleared," I said, with, I thought, a rare spasm of intelligence.

The Sergeant's eyes grew and grew. His fingers drummed an accompaniment to "Tiger Rag."

"Fancy that," he said quietly - too quietly. "D'you know, I would never have thought of it. So that's what the Single Print Collection at Headquarters is for, Berry. I'm going to recommend you for promotion to plain clothes duty in Bigglesworth....that's where you should be."

I looked down modestly.

"Well, if you really think so-----"

"Anyway," he frowned, "I've just been thinking about it, and I've concluded that the shop-breaking was committed by someone between eight and twelve years old."

"Wonderful," I beamed in admiration. "May I be so bold as to ask what clever deductions enabled you to arrive at that superb Forensic conclusion."

He blushed slightly.

"Mrs. Bunnett told me that all that is missing is a packet of Dolly Mixtires, a stick of liquorice and two sugar-covered lollipops."

"So," I smiled, "let's go and see the kids at the Kindergarten and ask 'em who likes lollipops and liquorice and ---"

The Sergeant's jaws clamped firmly shut and his chin seemed to harden. He shook

himself like a retriever coming out of a pond with a duck in its mouth, though not quite so proudly.

"I think those fingerprints are loops," he said eventually.

"I agree," I nodded.

"Right hand?"

I nodded again.

"So - the field is narrowed already - there are all sorts of different patterns on the fingers, arches and tents and things-----" he paused.

"--- and twin loops and whorls," I added.

"So if we first of all sort out all the boys with loops in their right hands, we'll be much advanced in our investigation."

"But why not send the glass to the Fingerprint Branch and let them work it out," I asked in my innocence

"And let them get the praise? Besides which, they'll have us running from now until next Christmas fingerprinting all the kids in the area."

"Uh-hu - but how are you going to sort out all the boys with loops in their right hands?"

He grinned slyly, his few teeth rampant with cunning.

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"Excuse me, Miss Sylvester," said the Sergeant. He put his helmet under his right arm, and leered at the schoolteacher. He tried unsuccessfully to keep his bulging eyes off her shapely plain and purl tight-fitting jumper, the palest of green in colour, with cable stitching in the ribbing at waist and sleeves.

"Yes, Sergeant?" she said, blushing, folding her arms nervously--"what can I do for you?"

The children looked at the Sergeant, as if expecting him to abstract a rabbit from his upturned helmet.

"Er - where was I-er-um-phew-er, oh yes, Miss Sylvester-er-I've noticed that the kids-er-children have very dirty hands, and I thought that if I inspected their hands here and now, it would frighten the little b-er-blighters, and make 'em more hygienic in the future."

His eyes were glazed as if trying by hypnotic powers to make her unfold her arms.

She blushed again---and calculated if an agreement would get rid of the Sergeant quicker than an argument.

"Very well," she smiled, her teeth sort of rigid....

"I will look at their hands," he said, breathing heavily, "and I will send the boys with dirty hands on this side of the room, and Mr. Berry will take their names - just to frighten them- you know?"

He winked at me, spoke to the children, and about one in every three he sent over to me.

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"Seventeen boys had loops in their right hands" I said, looking down the list in my notebook.

"Cripes," he growled---and he looked pensive---and then snapped his fingers. "Back here at 2.30pm," he snapped.

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"Er, Miss Sylvester," he said - and then he stopped-- his eyes swivelled to

her dress--a low necked red dress it was---and the Sergeant rose on tip-toe to obtain the most advantageous view. I had to strain myself to peer over his shoulders, which heaved up and down passionately.

"Another visit, Sergeant." She tried to do up buttons which weren't there.

"Um - oh yes. Mr. Berry suggested - and I agreed - that it would be a good object lesson if I looked at the boys who had dirty hands this morning, and see if they've washed them?"

The teacher nodded, sort of baffled at this sudden interest in hygiene - and the Sergeant ordered the seventeen boys to the front of the class, looked closely at their hands and sent but one, Fatty Tompkins over to me, and I ticked his name on my list.

"Thank you, Miss Sylvester-er-Gladys," he panted.

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Back in the office he seemed triumphant.

"John," he said (a good sign when he used my christian name), "pop down the village and tell Fatty's mother to bring her son to the station at 4.30. this afternoon and we'll charge him with shop-breaking and larceny."

"But how did you know---?"

"Easy," he said with the suggestion of a sneer---"at lunch time I looked at the fingerprints again, and then read a book I have on fingerprints, and saw all sorts of ridge characteristics and things--you wouldn't understand....and damnit, when I looked at Fatty's fingers, why, he had the same ridge characteristics as those on the broken glass."

My admiration for the Sergeant increased enormously. For what had he done? He'd examined extremely faint fingerprints without a magnifying glass - he'd studied the exact science of fingerprints (years of work) in one lunch hour, and he'd identified fingers - and small ones at that - back to front, because, in order to make a usual identification, I knew that the prints on the glass should have been compared with inked impressions on a form. The Sergeant had, in fact, transposed the characteristics on the broken glass in his mind, and, like I've described, identified them in reverse. He was undoubtedly a genius!

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Dead on time, Fatty Tompkins and his mother knocked at the station door, and I ushered them into the Sergeant's office

"Mrs. Thompkins," he said, in a voice reminiscent of a judge producing the Death Sentence, "I am sorry to say that your son Fatty broke into Mrs. Bunnett's shop last night and swiped sweets-to wit-one packet of Dolly Mixtures-one stick of liquorice and two lollipops. Right, Fatty?"

The boy looked at the Sergeant, at his mother, at the Sergeant again, then nodded vigorously, tears brimming at the corners of his little piggy eyes.

"I will take his fingerprints, and Mr. Berry here will take a statement."

The Sergeant sorted through a drawer in his desk, pulled out three Hank Jansen novels; a pin-up calendar dated 1953; the book "Sex Life in Ancient Rome;" which he'd borrowed from me three years previously; one dried orange; numerous lengths of string, and finally found a tube of black ink. He got a marble slab off a shelf, put it on the table in front of Fatty, and took the top off the tube, and squeezed the end.

Nothing happened.

He gripped the end with thick grimy thumb and spatulate forefinger and pressed. Still nothing happened.

He laid the tube on his table, looked round furtively, picked up a hammer and bashed the end.

The stream of black ink was a yard long, terminating abruptly along the waistline of Mrs. Tompkins' light yellow swagger coat.

"Er- so sorry, Madam. Um, go next door and my wife will wipe it off for you."

She left us, muttering under her breath. The Sergeant ran a finger along the stream of ink, wiped it onto the slab, rolled it into a thin film.

He took Fatty's fingerprints, one by one. So engrossed was he that he inadvertently dabbed a few of his own on the form too. In fact, the completed form looked like a chess board, a very sticky chess board!

The Sergeant, smeared from head to foot in black ink, looked at me in bewilderment before he departed. I burst out laughing...I couldn't help it.... I visualised him saying "Mammy" and rolling his eyes.....

I took a long statement from Fatty, put the fingerprints in an envelope, addressed it to the Fingerprint Branch at Headquarters. I also picked up the cardboard box, addressed to the same department, in which the Sergeant had fitted the pieces of broken glass, together with a rather boastful report in which he'd stated he'd identified the imprints as those of Fatty Tompkins, and would they kindly confirm, so that he could tell the magistrate.

I mailed them on my way home.

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I was alone at the station the following afternoon. The telephone rang in the Sergeant's office. I answered it.

"Sergeant there? - Headquarters here."

"No sir," I said panting.

"Oh" - a pause - "This is Inspector Gribble here. Tell you what-er-I don't want to send this out officially. Who took Tompkins' fingerprints?"

"The Sergeant, sir," I said.

Another pause.

"Well, Tompkins didn't make the marks on the glass, but some of the finger marks round the edges on the form are identical with the marks on the glass. There's a hell of a mix-up somewhere. Tell the Sergeant to send in a form saying that Tompkins refused to have his prints taken, and I'll destroy these and the broken glass. If you've a statement admitting the offence, that will suffice. But forget all about the fingerprint end. Goodbye."

"Thank you very much sir - goodbye."

My hand was clammy with sweat when I put the receiver down.

What the hell had happened?

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When the Sergeant came in, I gave him as much of the message as I could without letting him know that I'd seen through his bluff. He looked at me peculiarly, grunted, and told me to send the requisite form to the Fingerprint Department. He was shaken though - and I think I know why.

I worked it out this way.

The Sergeant had gone to the breaking, and in his normal clumsy way had carried out an examination of the scene so efficiently that he'd left his own fingerprints on the broken glass and discovered it a little later.

He had genuinely tried to discover the culprit by the four loops in the right hand sequence, but when confronted with seventeen suspects, he'd realised

he was lost.

Then he had a rare stroke of genius - or so I reckoned - and a paragraph in Fatty's statement sort of confirmed this -

"And after school at dinner time I ate the stick of liquorice -"

The Sergeant's second examination of the hands in the afternoon had not been to examine fingerprints but to look for liquorice on the fingers - a seemingly forlorn hope, but he'd been lucky.

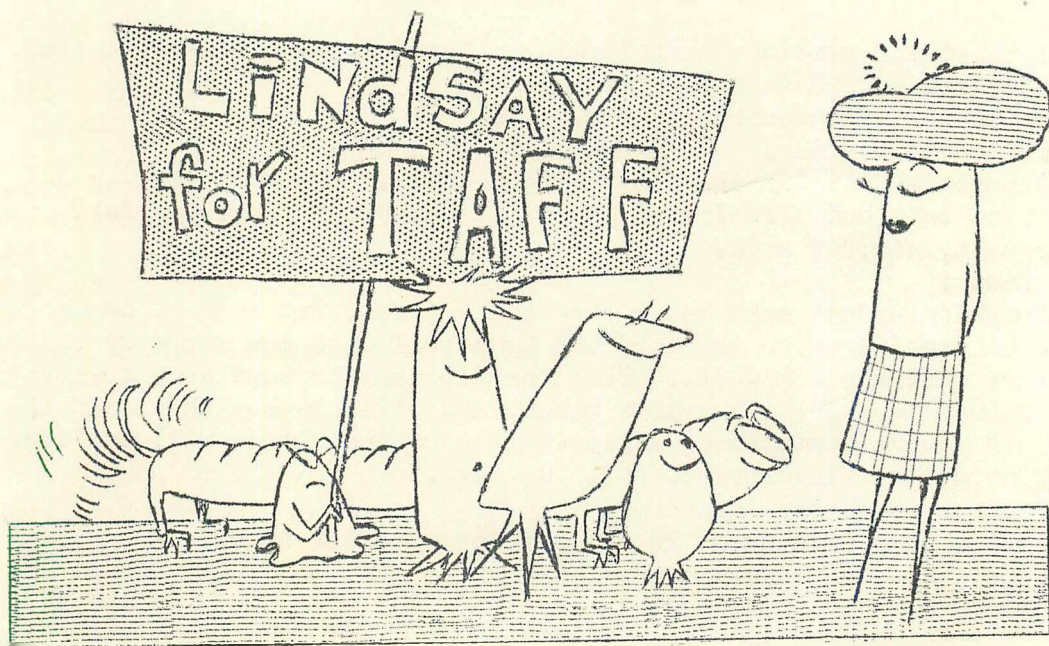
But to try and demonstrate his prowess, he'd bluffed - as he usually did bluff - and in the end he'd almost convinced himself that he was a fingerprint expert.

And when he'd taken Fatty's fingerprints, he'd left his own on the form, him being untidy, and the authorities at Headquarters had been very kind to overlook it....

Of course, knowing the Sergeant, there was just one other possibility-----

Miss Sylvester was a smasher for sure - with a figure that would make the statue of Lord Byron break into a sweat - and the Sergeant had used every pretext all summer to see her in her light summer frocks - and as she said herself, three Road Safety Lectures per day was a bit much----- and after all, Fatty Tompkins had broken into Mrs. Bunnetts' nine times before (but she hadn't reported it until she got fed up the tenth time), and he seemed to be the logical suspect-----

There's such a thing as wheels within wheels.-----



# A PAGE FOR READERS

NEVILLE GOLDBERG.

BY

There are quite a lot of books in existence(to say the least). They can be found in many places; under table or piano legs, beneath cushions, in railway carriages, and occasionally, but more rarely, in book-cases. The problem of selecting a suitable book should, therefore, not be very great.

or lady  
don't turn  
Over

The factors governing your choice can be many and varied. I personally prefer a book of substance; something good and thick, with gold-edged leaves and, if possible, a nice crimson Morocco cover. If it is embossed with gilt lettering, then, so much the better.

In view of the fact that so wide a selection is possible don't be too hasty in making your decision. Libraries are not much good as one has to return the book once it has been read, whereas, a copy of your own can come in useful for all kinds of things.

As opposed to the book lover of olden days the modern bibliophile has the advantage of "paperbacks": these are particularly excellent in view of their brightly coloured covers which tone well with most contemporary decorations. A word of warning, however; the comely females on the front cover of some of these books are inclined to be somewhat distracting and they cause one's concentration to digress from the essential matter.

Authors need not, at this juncture, be discussed. They are of little real value in choosing one's literature.

Titles, of course, are of some importance. There can be few things more impressive than such works as, "A Study of the Evolution of Homo Sapiens," or "An Early History of Basutoland. Vol.26." In any case, the impression created by such titles is much greater than, "Don't Rush Me Baby", or "Blood on His Bicycle".

All things being equal, we are well on the way to selecting our book. There remains one point to clear up; that of the language difficulty. Do choose something in English! It seems such a pity to go to the trouble of selecting a suitable work of the correct weight, colour and thickness, only to find it written in some obscure foreign language like Swahili, Urdu, French or Pectoral. It is an unfortunate fact that most Englishmen can read books written only in their native tongue whereas, I have actually seen small children, as far away as Berlin, reading books written entirely in German!

You have now made your choice. You have your book to exact specification and you are ready to read it. The question is, where? The living room is useless; in all probability the T.V. will be on and you will never get the opportunity to be really alone. The kitchen isn't much better; the smell of kippers is so very distracting and the temptation to watch the clothes swishing round in the washing machine may prove too great. (I honestly think that the little round window in these machines will eventually replace T.V.). How about the garden? No, too windy. The bedroom? Too sleepy! No, there is only one place left that would be absolutely suitable. You will have to retire to the smallest room in the house. There, and only there, can you be sure of perfect peace. ((cntd. on page 16)

# BEHIND the CURTAIN

BY  
Fred  
Hunter

Thank you, dear, kind  
"ORION" readers for the interest  
you evinced in my letter (0.25)  
regarding Russian water-tankers calling at  
Lerwick. For your further information, I shall  
try to give a more general picture of my impressions of  
Russian life.

It wasn't easy to make friends with the Russian crews at first. Not surprising, I suppose, because we (meaning, Jim Irvine, Alex Campbell and yours truly) didn't speak Russian and few of them spoke English. It was only after we had made repeated visits to the ships that the atmosphere began to thaw and the wary, suspicious looks were replaced by smiles of welcome. And it took even longer to persuade them to come to our homes.

Eventually, though, we were accepted and our fumbling attempts at Russian phrases drew loud guffaws and polite corrections. To Alex Campbell must go the credit for making most progress with the language. He threw heart and soul into the task and in a couple of months could make fairly fluent conversation. I achieved my aim, too, by being able to say "I do not speak Russian" in perfectly-accented Russian. Gad, it wasn't easy. To illustrate the difficulties, I might mention an occasion when we were being shown round one of the ships. We'd reached the after-dock where reposed the ship's boats and life-rafts. Waving an arm expressively, I said or, rather, I thought I said, "Very nice ship's boats" in Russian. The mate didn't look altogether pleased until Alex broke in with what was obviously an apology on my behalf. What I'd said was, "Very nice lavatory."

The biggest drawback to our attempts to find out about life on board Russian ships and in Russia itself, was the ships' Political Officers. Usually they held the rank of mate although they took orders from no one on board. In fact, they told the Skipper what to do. It was impossible to dodge them. No matter how surreptitiously we crept on board, they would hear us. A knock on the door of the Captain's cabin was enough to cause them to appear out of thin air. A Polit. could take the Evil Genie part in a Christmas pantomime any day because they have mastered the art of materialising from nowhere.

On one occasion we did get to the Captain's cabin unobserved because the mate had had to go ashore for a few minutes. Grabbing the chance with both hands we plied the Captain with all sorts of loaded questions and he was opening up nicely when, without knocking, the mate stormed in and sat down looking mad as hell. He brought with him the Big Freeze as far as the Captain was concerned. After his arrival, it was as much as we could do to get the Captain to admit it was a fine day.

It was, in a way, quite pitiful to see the Captain of the ship so completely dominated. Sure, they all learn to live with it and accept the fact that, for them, the saying 'walls have ears' is only too true.

The same thing applies among the lower-ranked members of the crews. Maybe worse. There, they can't be sure their best pal isn't a Political Officer in embryo, so to speak. Promotion, we found out, comes easily to the bod who can turn

in his mates for 'subversive' statements. The remark, "Khrushchev is a bum" would rate fifteen years in Siberia, I reckon, and the bloke who said it would probably have his family with him for company.

Strangely enough, they think that we British are a lot worse off.

"How can you endure such taxation?" they ask. "Why do you let yourselves be completely dominated by capitalists?" "Only two weeks holiday per year?" in amazement.

Nothing we could do or say would convince them that we were in a better position than they. In an attempt to prove something, we each trotted out our prized possessions. A first-class camera perhaps, or a 4-track Stereo tape recorder. "Very nice," they said politely, "how many weeks wages for this?" pointing at the camera. "Oh, maybe 10-12 weeks wages." Smiles of triumph from them immediately. "In Russia only two weeks wages."

Could be true, mind you, because we gathered that luxury items are, indeed, very inexpensive. I've seen many of the officers carrying cameras worth £120 in this country. I've tried one, too, and the results were staggering. The lens was easily equal to that of the Leica.

Alex, however, had been reading about life in Russia and he asked, "isn't it a fact, though, that foodstuffs are terribly expensive?" There was an expressive silence, then one of the Russians changed the subject. This was a point to our side because a Russian will never admit to being wrong but, when he changes the subject it's a tacit admission of defeat.

They are horrified that the workers in Britain go on strike. "In Russia we never strike," they state. Natch, they can't. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for their industrial policy. They have a vast labour potential and when the Kremlin issues an edict that 'next week is Shoelace week', well, all their resources are thrown into the manufacture of shoelaces and, naturally, production comes up to the required amount. The following week could be 'Blast Furnace week' and, by Ghod, blast-furnaces will be on hand, or else. Forced labour is to be abhorred, of course, but it gets results of the highest order.

I've digressed, I notice, instead of instancing a few personal characteristics. For one thing, they hate to feel under an obligation to anyone. Occasionally, one of us would bring along a bottle of whisky to the ship and, as soon as it was planked on the table, heaven and hell were moved to match it with a bottle of Vodka. They wouldn't drink until they felt honour was satisfied. They'd ask to be excused then huddle in a corner jabbering at high speed with waving arms. Then the group would break up and one of them would bow and say, "one moment, please," and disappear to some other part of the ship. Until his return, the others would sit around looking worried but, broad beams of delight would spread when their comrade returned victorious nursing a bottle of Vodka. "NOW, we will drink," and the party was on.

They didn't seem to do all that much reading. Of modern authors they knew nothing. Dickens' works they knew well because, I think, their school teaching included studies of his work. Quite a few of them could, and did, quote at length from the poetry of Robert Burns, and Jack London was mentioned quite often. The trend is obvious. Novels depicting poverty among the down-trodden masses are ideal propaganda material and the Russians are led to believe that those conditions exist to this very day. They do believe it, too.

We noticed that a great deal of studying was done. It seems that promotion can be worked for and obtained by studying, a similar system to ours, of course. The officers sit examinations every so often and, if they pass, a better post is given them. A number of the Captains to whom we spoke had graduated from trawlers and a particular friend of ours received promotion while at sea, and was immediately transferred to the several-thousand-ton mother ship which accompanies the fishing fleet.

They can't pick and choose their posts, though. Oh, no. For instance, each water tanker carries at least six 'motormen', a rank not to be confused with engineers. The motormen are concerned with the operation of the water pumps and engines. Well, on one ship all six motormen had been taken from the same class at engineering school. One of them showed us a photograph of his class then introduced us to five of the others who appeared in the picture. Apparently, at certain times an official strolls into the class-room and says, "You, you, you, and you. From tomorrow you are motormen on tanker "SAMBOR" or "ORSK" etc." Perforce, they go.

We spoke about war often. None of them wanted war and were very vehement in decrying it. I must say, too, that most of their war-mongering charges were laid on America's doorstep. "The British do not want war," one Russian said, "but they are being corrupted by American activities." He shook his head sadly, "War is ver bad, my tovarish."

There's umpteen other things I could mention about our friendship with the Russian seamen but, I find it difficult to recall exactly what was said or done at the time. Like our editress said in the last issue of ORION - "you either sit apart and take notes or, you get in there and start pitching."

Summing up, I'd say that our strongest feeling is one of pity; pity because of the distrust and suspicion that exists between our country and theirs and, most of all, between themselves. Nice guys mostly, apart from the few dyed-in-the-wool Communists but, when you can't say, "This man is my friend" and mean it.....well, I ask you.....

F.H.

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((contd. from page 13)).

The actual reading of the book itself may prove a little more tiresome than was at first imagined. It is therefore advisable to keep some little refreshment by you - say, a poached salmon, or a grilled turbot - in order to relieve the monotony. A good supply of cigarettes and a small footstool are also handy accessories.

So, there you are, seated on your, well, let us call it "chair", all aids to comfort at your side and the tome of your choice in your hands. Now, all that remains for you to do is open the book. Most books read from left to right, but for a little variety you might try it the other way round. It isn't really so important, as long as you enjoy it. You do not, of course, necessarily have to be interested in the actual contents of the book. Many happy hours can be spent counting the number of words to a page, and much useful information can be got by ascertaining how many Xs and Zs appear in each chapter. Reading backwards is another delightful pastime. For the real enthusiast this can become quite an asset at parties and the like.

Of course, getting the most out of your book will take years of constant practice, but even though you may at times get discouraged, never, never give in. I have always felt that reading, like sex, is here to stay. And, as Betty McDonald nearly said, "Anybody can read anything!" Well, you read this, didn't you?

N.G.

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# FREE ADVERT

page

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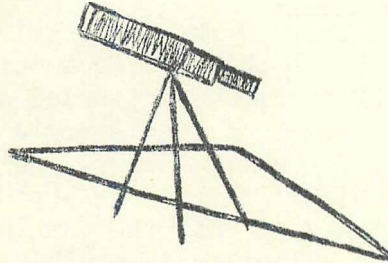
### WANTED:

Material, articles or what-have-you - no faan-fiction - for future publication in ORION. MSS should be submitted to me, Ella A.Parker at the editorial address to be found in back.

# European PUMBLE

## PART 3.

ANDY YOUNG.



A less impressive but somewhat more interesting trip was made to Leiden, where we saw the church from which the Pilgrim Fathers left to settle in a Strange Foreign Land somewhere to the west, populated only by illiterate savages....some say it's still that way, I guess. This was the only church into which I stuck my nose during my European trip; It was, I think, worth the effort. It is one of those gigantic old European cathedrals you read about, with an enormously high roof that towers over you when you are inside, great stained-glass windows, and an incredibly ornate pulpit. The stones of the floor are the gravestones of persons so long dead that the passage of thousands of quiet feet has gradually effaced their names and dates. It is an impressive experience to walk about in such a building at least once in one's life, though I would have little interest in doing it again. The palaces of religion have always struck me as rather sinister places, and give me the creeps.

From there we went to the Leiden market, a large assembly of open-air stands, from which hawkers were extolling the virtues of everything from buttons to fish. We had, unfortunately, only a half-hour, which is not only not enough time to buy anything in, it isn't even enough time to look at the whole market. Furthermore, we were turned loose with the terrible warning that "anyone who doesn't meet at the bridge by half past one will be lost forever, because the busses will have gone from where we left them to go to the Leiden Observatory." Such an admonition does not promote the necessary mental calm for discussing prices with anyone who stands a good chance of not knowing English. Besides, it was a large and crowded bridge, and no one knew what part of it we were to meet at.

Eventually, however, we did manage to extricate ourselves from there, and to make our way through the botanical gardens to the observatory. I fear that the technical details of optical observatories are of little interest to my readership, so I shall conclude my account of the Leiden trip at this point --although it was here that the day really became interesting for me.

But wait! I am forgetting the most unusual event of the day's activities. We were well on our way back to the castle when the busses stopped at a little crossroads town, and the announcement was made: "We have a little surprise for you. Professor Oort knows a miller who lives near here, and we are going to see his mill."

We got out of our busses and walked across the road and down the side of a dike and across a field and up the side of the dike again and across a cow pasture --where it became easy to tell the native city-dwellers from those who had spent at least a little time in cow pastures-- and on and on and eventually we were there.

And there was the windmill, a very typical one. And the miller would describe the operation of the mill for a minute or so, and then Westerhout would translate; and then the miller would go on some more, and so on. I shall not attempt to describe the operation in detail, as it really requires a mill to demonstrate on; I will describe some of the work the mill does.

Like nearly all the mills in Holland, it pumps water. This mill is the only pump to empty the drainage canals of a rather large area, on the order of a square mile. The water is lifted in wooden buckets through a height of about two meters, and flows into a larger canal at the higher elevation. At one time, the government put a tax on mills--sort of a tax on the wind, as it were-- but this caused the cessation of mill construction, so that the wind is now free; the miller pointed out another mill nearby which was only nine years old. His mill was about 500 years old, as I recall, and his family had been millers for five or six generations (though not at this mill). He had started out as an apprentice at another mill nearby, and had been running this mill for about 60 years. He was rather old. He permitted us to climb on the sails which are of wood; in operation, cloth sails are stretched across them. The mill can be turned to face the wind, and the base of the mill contains the two or three rooms in which the miller lives. It seemed a rather limited life to me, but he seemed happy with it.

The sun had nearly set, and it was quite cloudy; I tried taking pictures, but they were all rather too dark. I wished Jean had been there to climb the sails, since she loves climbing so.

Not all the trips I took were organised ones. For several years we had known and corresponded intermittently with a Dutch reader of science fiction who lives in Rotterdam, Wim Struyck. So on my first free Sunday, I mounted my bicycle and rode to the Breukelen station to catch the 10.27 for Rotterdam. I had the vague idea that bicycles could be left at railway stations for a small fee, and anyway the station agent at least spoke German, didn't he? By the time I arrived at the station I had an approximate line of inquiry mapped out in German.

The first shock was a sign on the bicycle shed, evidently saying it was shut for the weekend. As I was wondering what to do, the agent appeared. It was a different one this time, so I tried him on English first (you never can tell....). Nothing. So OK, we try German. Still nothing. My resources are now exhausted; he surely doesn't know any Russian, and I can't remember the word for bicycle anyhow.

However, my man is resourceful. I may not speak Dutch to him, but that won't stop him from speaking Dutch to me. And, through some quirk of linguistics, I can sort of understand simple Dutch, because most of it is like either German or English. And anybody can answer yes or no. So he asks me do I want to put the bicycle in storage, and I say yes; he produces a key, unlocks the shed, puts it in, gives me a ticket, and asks for ten (Dutch) cents, which I pay him. I then express my desire to go Rotterdam, and he elicits the information that I want a round-trip, not one-way. I even manage to ask when the train comes, and he says ten or fifteen minutes. I go over to the platform and wait.

The train arrives on time--trains seem always to run rapidly and on time in the Netherlands-- and soon I am getting out at Rotterdam-Noord, having travelled through all sorts of Places I Had Heard Of, like Gouda (where a well-known type of Cheese is made) and also, as I recall, Edam(ditto).

Wim was waiting at the station, and quickly took me to his house on his motorcycle. This brought back rather happy memories, for my closest friend in high school had had a motorcycle, and I had ridden it with him on a number of memorable occasions. We had lunch and Wim proposed to show me the city. I am not ordinarily

much interested in seeing cities, but I'm glad I accepted his offer, for Rotterdam is the most beautiful city I have ever seen. Most of the centre of the city was completely bombed out in the war, but by now it is almost completely rebuilt with handsome modern buildings. I took a number of pictures, all of which turned out well, even one taken inside the central station; but a wide-angle lens would be needed to capture the impression one gets in Rotterdam. Even in a modern American city like New York or Pittsburgh, a good-looking modern building stands out conspicuously among its older companions; in Rotterdam, one is surrounded by them. Each new corner reveals yet another delight. We wound up the afternoon with a trip into the countryside, some of which reminded me of a country road leading into Fond du Lac, Wis. Ah, pleasant memories!

At last we returned, drank some very nice lemon-flavoured gin (which has a wonderful clear yellow colour), talked some more about sf, about fandom a little --Wim is not much interested in the fannish side of fandom--about jazz a bit(Wim himself plays piano with a small group in nightclubs), and recorded a piece of tape to Betty Kujawa. Finally, we had supper, and I left for the train(again carried on Wim's motorcycle; he was on his way to work). In due time I was again in Breukelen, reclaimed my bicycle, and returned to the castle -- to find that two other groups of astronomers had also been to Rotterdam that day!

While the mention of jazz is fresh in my mind, perhaps this is the time to mention the subject of jazz in Europe. I do not think the average American realises just how popular it is. He has heard, of course, that jazz is "popular" in Europe, and he supposes that this means something approaching the popularity of jazz in this country --approaching, but not equalling it, of course. Not to assess the popularity of jazz here, consider what sort of music one hears on the radio: in Boston, the AM band contains perhaps 8 or 10 "popular music" stations, which play just that -- the general sort of crud(teenage love ballads, rock&roll, etc.) that is popular here. Occasionally a bit of jazz slips in here, but it's likely to be at off hours. There is one station which plays jazz all night. On the FM band, there are about six classical-music stations, plus the FM branches of some of the ordinary stations; occasionally a classical-music station will have an hour or two of jazz, but it's mostly the college FM stations which play it, and it makes up only 10 or 15% of their time at most.

In England, one hears much the same proportions of music as one hears here, though the fraction of real jazz may be as much as 20%(rough estimate based on inadequate evidence, please note!) But in the Netherlands, I rarely heard anything else. Cruddy "popular" music seems almost non-existent, and classical music seems to be reserved for concerts and special occasions; jazz may be 80% of all music played. The bartenders at the castle had a record player; the stack of records they had available contained only two classical discs.

Go on, you Europeans; tell me how wrong I am!

Another memorable feature of my trip to Rotterdam was a statue, about life-size, of a Dutchman -- round-faced, a bit chubby, arms behind his back, one hand holding a conservative-looking round-crowned hat; he is wearing an overcoat, and is staring into space with a mildly complacent look on his smooth homely face. A second copy of this statue stands in the yard of the museum in the Dutch national park, and while in the museum(this was another of our conducted tours) I was delighted to see a man who could have been this sculpture come to life, walking sedately through the galleries.

This museum is supposed to be most famous for its van Gogh collection; but I thought the municipal museum at Amsterdam had more van Gogh, and I am not much of a v.G. fan anyway. I was very much impressed by the sculptures in this museum, however. Alas, it was a rainy, cloudy day, or I might have photographed some. As it

was, there was one I felt compelled to shoot (and it turned out alright, too): a statue of a woman who looked exactly like the women Edward Gorey draws. If you do not know who Edward Gorey is, I am not surprised; however, he has done a number of cover drawings for -- I think -- Anchor paperbacks, particularly for books on Henry James and other writers of about that time.

Every national park has to have its centre of natural beauty or spectacle, and this one is no exception: it contains a Mountain. Which is pretty scarce in Holland. To be sure, you don't notice it sticking imposingly up everywhere you look; it is a shy, retiring mountain.

After we had eaten lunch that day, someone proposed that we go climb the mountain. So we set off. The first thing I noticed was that, in order to reach it, we were going downhill. Some of us began to suspect that they had dug a trench around the mountain in order to make it seem higher. Eventually we reached its base; and there, to be sure, was some sort of wooded hill sticking up in the middle of the forest. With steps in it. One of our party counted the steps. There were, I believe, something like 187 of them to the top.

The "mountain" consists of a glacial moraine. It must be all of 150 feet high. So much for Dutch mountains.

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Rather unexpectedly, I found myself making a second trip to Amsterdam, on the last Sunday of the conference. It happened this way: in making arrangements with the Linards for my visit to Vesoul, Jean asked me whether I had seen Niels Augustin yet. I said no, I thought he was on a trip round the world; but that if he were still in Amsterdam, please let me know at once so I can see him. The arrangements were hastily made, and I got the bus in front of the castle and headed for Amsterdam.

The ride is a pleasant one. The road which runs by the castle used to be the main road from Amsterdam to Utrecht, and the busses plus a lot of local traffic still use it, although a 4-lane divided superhighway now takes the through traffic. We drove along from one small town to another, seeing lots of picturesque Ditch houses and narrow cobbled streets and boats on canals and cows in fields, which is a very cheerful sight to watch for half an hour or so. Before long we were in the bustling metropolis, and I realised that I had very little idea of where I was.

This didn't particularly disturb me; I knew that I wanted to get to the central station, and I figured that I couldn't be terribly far from the centre of town. I could recognise a few church steeples, which gave me a general sense of direction. Finally, although Amsterdam is not laid out on a rectangular grid, there is a certain degree of regularity to the streets which makes it fairly easy to figure out.

After walking six blocks in what seemed to be the right direction, I came to a traffic circle with a fountain in the middle and trolley tracks all around it. I took a picture of the fountain, and walked over to a reasonable-looking trolley car stop. Sure enough, the sign informed me that two kinds of cars stopped there on their way to the station. After missing one because I didn't know which end to get on, I managed to enter one, pay my 35¢, and quickly arrived at the station. At the station I entered a phone booth, discovered to my delight that the directions were in English, German and French as well as Dutch, and soon obtained directions from Niels on how to get to his place. He would, he said, be carrying a science-fiction magazine....

The Augustins live in a very pretty apartment on the fifth floor (shades of Ted White) of a rather new apartment building in a large, modern residential

district called Flesmanlaan(there's KLM again!). They have an excellent view of the city and a jungle collection of cacti and other living-room plants. They serve an excellent supper -- but everyone seems to in the Netherlands. Niels is devoted to jazz and to comic strips; he has also a good knowledge of bookstores and art shops and art itself. He is a good person to show you the city.

Unfortunately, I had pretty well seen the city on the conducted tour, so we went to the municipal museum, which is, I think, the largest museum devoted wholly to modern art that I have ever seen. We saw it all; I am a completist at museums.

Niels was, I think, rather tired at the end of our museum tour; I was so happy at having seen so much good modern art that I didn't mind being tired. He proposed that we stop at a little sidewalk cafe for a while before returnin home for supper, and I was pleased to discover that it was in the block next to the KLM office, an area which I knew pretty well by now.

After supper -- at which I had yogurt for dessert for the second time, and decided that I really do like it -- we went to a movie. It was three old Charlie Chaplin films, one of which I had seen before; but this time there were Dutch subtitles. In fact, since the films were originally silent and had had titles stuck in anyway, the lino

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even the subtitles had subtitles.....  
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inevitably forced itself into my head.

After the movie there was just enough time for us to catch our various trolley cars to Plesmanlaan and to the station; but I promised to return on my way back from Vesoul. The trolley whisked me off to the station, and I discovered that the last train to Breukelen leaves from a different platform on Sundays; good thing I consulted the schedule. On the train, however, I was a bit shaken: the conductor took my ticket, read it, and said something in Dutch, from which all I could extract was "not (something) at Breukelen". My first horrific thought was that the train did not stop at Breukelen. From my worried expression the conductor evidently felt obliged to explain, and said something else. After he had moved on I realised that he had said "no controle", and began to realise that the Breukelen station simply had no ticket taker this late on Sunday. Then another thought began to worry me: I had had to unlock the castle gates to get out that morning: would they be shut when I got back? It seemed likely. The walk from the station to the castle was not as enjoyable as it might have been, I am afraid; however, when I got there, the gates were indeed standing open and I got in without any trouble.

Two days later, the conference was over. It was time for our last conducted tour: up the Vecht by boat to Muiden, to be received by the organisers of the conference at the Muiderslot. This, I think, was the most enjoyable of all the organised trips; the work was over, and we could simply relax and have fun. The day was one of those rare sunshiny days, and the boat passed many beautiful estates and fields on the way. Furthermore, some unscheduled entertainment turned up, for we had not gone more than a few kilometers up the river when we came to a stuck drawbridge.

Now it is important to realise that there are many drawbridges across the rivers and canals of the Netherlands. We had already passed under one at Breukelen, and I think we had gone under one at the next town north. These were both old-fashioned wooden ones, raised, as I recall, by hand. But about five kilometers north of Breukelen there is a main road which crosses the Vecht, and here a concrete and steel bridge has been built, which is raised electrically. This bridge had been stuck, we learned, since the previous afternoon. However, the workmen thought it was just about ready; another twenty minutes, perhaps, would do it.

Our boat tied up to a piling beside the bridge, and we waited. After a few minutes I became bored with waiting and stepped off onto the piling; pretty soon another American joined me. I think this must have been the initial move in the formation of a landing party; there wasn't much room on the pilings, but there was plenty on the bridge. So before long someone noticed that the boat occasionally drifted close enough to the bridge for a person to step out on it, grab the railing, and climb over. Soon there were three or four astronomers walking about on the bridge, and conferring with the workmen.

The workmen were trying to crank the bridge up by hand. There was a hole in the roadway into which a long-handled crank could be inserted, and this they were turning round and round in an effort to raise the bridge. As soon as our land-locked members saw what was being done, they turned to help. However, even with a mob of astronomers pushing the crank around it was no use: the bridge did not budge. The reason, clearly, was to be sought in the mechanism; so the exploring party vanished down the manhole at the side of the road. I was surprised at the capacity of the manhole, for it held six astronomers as well as two or three workmen.

By this time it was clear that the delay would be considerable, and Professor Cort and Dr. Westerhout went off to the next town to telephone our hosts and inform them of the delay. Finally I could stand it no longer, and I myself got off onto the bridge and descended into the manhole.

It was at once clear how the hole had held so many people; it could have held five times as many. There was an enormous room, which contained the space through which the counterweights must move as the bridge was raised. It was lighted by fluorescent tubes, and in the centre was a raised concrete platform on which the actual gearing and levers which actuated the bridge were mounted. By leaning my camera solidly against the wall I was even able to obtain a fairly good picture of this cavity. The bridge was supposed to be raised by an arm which pulled it down at the back; however, the arm had to move relative to the bridge itself, so a wrist pin connected the arm to the bridge. The plate which held the pin to the bridge was held in with bolts or screws of some kind, and it was one of these which had sheared, making the raising of the bridge impossible.

To cut a long story short, the sheared bolt was eventually replaced, the astronomers returned to the boat, and the bridge was raised. As we sailed off into the distance, we looked back at the bridge which had given us so many hours of amusement....it was going back down...down...and stopped, about half way down. Until it vanished around a bend in the river, we speculated on whether it was now stuck open.....

In the next town, Westerhout and Professor Cort were waiting for us. But for some reason it was impossible for us to take them on there; they had to run upstream a few hundred meters to get on at the old mill. We gave them quite a welcome, along with warnings that if they weren't careful, we'd leave them behind and they wouldn't get any supper. And by now, we were beginning to get concerned about supper, for it would be four hours or so before we got to the Muiderslot.

We continued up the Vecht and eventually reached a set of locks through which we were admitted to the Amsterdam-Rijnkanaal. There are no drawbridges over this only high permanent bridges like the one at Breukelen, and we passed under many of these. We also passed under a very interesting water gate, used to block the water of the canal entirely. Finally, near Amsterdam, we reached the locks which would admit us to the IJsselmeer. Here we all got off and walked about on the locks while other boats arrived and filled the lock we were in, the gates were closed, and the almost imperceptible difference in water level was equalised. (The difference was so small that we had heated arguments about which side was the higher.) Then the word was passed around that we must get back on the boat and be off. We began

pulling out of the lock, when a great commotion arose. "Stop the boat! Dr. Plant is being left behind!" And so he was. Well, we did stop and let him back on board; but I think the boat's crew must have had a rather wild view of astronomers by the end of that voyage.

As we pulled out into the IJsselmeer we looked back to a beautiful sunset over Amsterdam. And as we moved toward Muiden we saw other interesting sights: a freighter with black smoke pouring from her stack and drifting miles off into the distance, which we passed downwind of and thereby had a beautiful demonstration of optical depth, the cloud being a transparent grey veil from the side and a coal-black clot when seen endways. The Muiderslot itself was a beautiful sight in the fading sunset light, which enhanced the red of its ancient bricks. The prospect of food made it even more beautiful, for we were by now all quite hungry.

As we walked up to this ancient castle, we could see the moat had been drained and was now populated with shrubs and small trees interspersed with weeds. The draw-bridge was still necessary however; it was narrower than the one at Nyenrode, and sounded hollower; and the brick-enclosed courtyard made our footsteps echo in a most impressive fashion. It was the sort of place into which one would like to gallop a horse, crying "The British are coming!" or something equally appropriate.

The Muiderslot looked, on the whole, a good deal more like a castle and less like a big brick building than our familiar Nyenrode had. There were tall, narrow iron plates hung in niches in the walls, and when you lifted one of them up, there was a narrow slit for picking off invaders with your trusty crossbow. We were most impressed. However, we didn't get our food. Instead, alas, they served drinks. This wouldn't have been so bad, except that the drinks were mostly Dutch gin of a kind (Bols) which most of us despised; and on a long-empty stomach, any alcoholic beverage packs a considerable punch.

After an intolerable wait -- I suppose it was half an hour or 45 minutes -- we were led to the dining room. But wait! Before you can begin your food (which many of us were already holding in our hands), you must listen to a short speech of welcome from Mr. NUFFIC or whoever. (The newspapers at the castle had in fact been addressed to Mr. Nuffic, much to our amusement.) Well, I think we listened fairly well, with a minimum of silverware-on-china noises and only one fork dropped on the floor. And the supper itself was good. Well, I have commented before that food was always good in the Netherlands, though the dining hall tended to produce a typically-dining-hall flavour in everything.

After supper there were more speeches, from us to NUFFIC and from NUFFIC to us, and these were all short, elegant, and expressive of the great mutual satisfaction that had been felt on both sides concerning the conference. Then there was a special presentation: Elsie, our hostess, was to be married in a few days, and we had gotten together earlier to contribute something. I well remember D.S. Evans announcing at the beginning of one class the results of the collection: "We have seventy-five Dutch guilders and fifty cents, and three Swiss centimes!" This sum had been spent on several dozen handsome wine glasses, and these were now presented with great feelings of good will.

In one of the speeches, it had been explained that this castle was once used as a gathering-place for the arts and sciences; that musicians had come there to give concerts to the intelligentia and that learned discussions had taken place. It was for this reason that our final meeting had been arranged at Muiderslot; and in keeping with the traditions of the place, we were given a lute recital. The lute player was good, and seemed to know songs in all languages. He first sang in French, then in Dutch, then in German, then in English. Most of the songs were folk songs; they came from all over the world, some even being American folk songs. To our delight, when asked for requests, our Mexican delegate asked for one in Spanish, and

he gladly obliged. Each song was preceded by an explanation in French and English. The overall effect was slightly overwhelming. It also reminded me of the concerts we had had at Nyenrode: there had been a harp recital one evening, which was recorded and broadcast, and had international participation; at one time there had been twelve harps all playing together. There had been a piano recital of some of the works of Chopin, and we had been so pleased that we applauded the pianist into three encores. Well. I think that for those of us who love music, the trip would have been worth while even if there had been no astronomy at all.

It was about 11 p.m. as we left the Muiderslot and walked back to our busses. I was cold and tired, and hurried to get in; the others dragged behind, many of them, and when they showed up they were bubbling over with excitement. "Did you see the American satellite?" they asked us. We were skeptical. We knew that Echo was up there somewhere, but surely it ought to be in the Earth's shadow at this time of night. However, they insisted they had seen it, and that there was no question of its being an airplane or anything else. We resolved to observe it on the next pass, which would be about 1 a.m.

Shortly after 11.30 we were home....for the last night. In the morning we must leave. The bar was to be open all night this night, and a number of us took advantage of it, though most toddled off to bed in preparation for an early start the next day. As 1 a.m. approached, we grew restless; at about ten of, we poured, drinks in hand, up the stairs to the battlements to look for Echo.

I do not think you could have found more tension, more expectancy, more hushed watchfulness among the most goshwow bunch of amateurs. "There it is!" someone shouted at last, and everyone else cried "Where?" in reply. "Just to the left of Beta Ophiuchi," was the reply, and sure enough, there it was. We watched, breathless, as the star that was not a star moved, incredibly silently, up, up, nearly to the zenith, and down again into the east, until we could see it no longer. Feeling - how? perhaps humble, and sort of proud? - we pulled the doors to behind us and descended the spiral brick staircase again, down at last into the bar. The talk was sparse and superficial, as it so often is on the last night of a convention, when one has had a long and happy time with many people of common interests, and may not get together with them again for a long time.

There had been many pleasant episodes, like the time Professor Blaauw had become interested in my ideas on galactic dynamics, and had invited me to sneak in on a sailing trip which would otherwise have prevented us from spending the afternoon together. It was a generous and unexpected kindness; I had never been sailing before, and he even let me sail the boat a bit, an experience which I enjoyed immensely. From that time on he has been, not the Galactic Coordinator (he edited an I.A.U. symposium volume on coordination of galactic research), but The Man Who Took Me Sailing, and I have a warm spot in my heart for this quiet astronomer.

There was the time a Swiss astronomer, at one of the colloquia, undertook to describe his latest work; but being less familiar with English, he delivered his talk in French (this was the one exception to the rule that all proceedings would be conducted in English). At the end there was the usual call for questions from the floor. There were few of our number well acquainted with French; besides, there was the dilemma of whether one should ask in French or English. On the other hand, it seemed rather impolite to let the man go without any response at all. There was an embarrassed silence. I suspected that D.S. Evans might ask a question, in French; he had been conversing with this same astronomer in French in the bar, and had seemed rather proud of his facility with the language. Sure enough, when it became evident that no one else would, Evans stuck up his hand. "Dr. Evans," said the moderator, recognising him; and Evans cleared his throat and began. Not only did he begin, he continued; he went on and on, evidently asking a rather complicated question (and perhaps having to double back and explain parts

of it because his facility with French wasn't all that good). To be sure, it was rather halting, unsteady French; but one must be awfully self-confident in a language to pose a question from the floor in it in front of an audience. It takes a certain amount of nerve to ask a public question even in one's native tongue.

At last he finished, and we all sat back, our collective consciences eased a bit, I think, by this careful response.

The speaker threw out a rather harassed look. "Je ne comprend votre question," he replied. The audience broke up.

It was obvious to me that it was the logic, not the language, of the question which had been incomprehensible; and it is to the credit of Evans that he manfully continued to explain himself in French after the laughter had died down, and at last elicited a reply. But what a thing to happen to one! It is the sort of thing that happens in nightmares.

There had been other Evans episodes, too. He was the concoctor, at the very first meal, I think, of "Evans' Law": that the food shuttles back and forth from one end of the table to the other as fast as it can go. And it certainly did seem oftener than chance would predict that the person who had just passed the sugar to the far end of the table would be asking for it back as soon as it was set down. Later on, nearly at the end of the conference, there was an attempt to establish Evans' Second Law, which as I recall concerned the quantization of food, but it never caught on.

There was the church-going episode. One Saturday it was learned that there would be a Protestant clergyman, imported from Utrecht, to hold services in the castle chapel the next morning. A Tennessee astronomer named Hardie noticed that no one seemed to be planning to go, and became rather concerned over this matter. He instituted sort of a crusade, going round and saying to people at supper, "here's this poor fellow they're getting up here to give a sermon in English, tomorrow, and nobody's planning to go. Don't you think that's terrible? Come on, we've got to give him an audience. Won't you go to church?" He didn't have much luck. Everyone seemed either to be Catholics or so lost in the swamps of unbelief as to be immovable. He continued his appeal that night in the bar, with no better luck.

The next morning at breakfast we could hear the strains of the organ as the chapel was getting warmed up. I sat at Hardie's table. At the appointed hour, he gave a last look round at the faces of the unsaved, deserted his breakfast, and marched off to church. Five minutes later he was back. "What happened?" we asked him.

With a look of great relief he replied, "well, I went up to the chapel, and I heard singing, I opened the door a crack and looked in, and he had twenty or more people there. So I came back to finish my breakfast."

Well, so it goes. There were lots of happy experiences at Nyenrode, and I think some of us <sup>were</sup> contemplating them that last night in the bar. We went out again at 3 a.m. to see Echo pass over, but by that time we were sufficiently tired, and exhausted, that we satisfied ourselves with just walking out into the courtyard. It seemed to me that this was a fine opportunity to keep on walking the rest of the way to bed, and I did so.

The next morning was a confusion of goodbyes. I was planning to catch a train to Vesoul, so I collected all my belongings and headed for the gate. Once again, the bus beat me to it; but there were enough people getting on that the bus was still there by the time I staggered to the door. The now familiar road to Utrecht slipped by for the last time, and in a short while I had paid my 88 guilders for a round-trip ticket to Vesoul (which gave the ticket girl, who barely knew English, a hard time; Vesoul is a small, out-of-the-way place). It was still mid-morning when my train pulled out of Utrecht, and I was off on another leg of my great adventure.

(A.Y.)

## HONOURABLE MENTIONS:

To circumvent those of you who would waste no time writing to tell me, "all the letters were sadly out-of-date," I am making a clean sweep and starting afresh. Admitted, there is nothing I can think of that dates as quickly as a letter of comment to a fanzine so, although lots of you wrote lovely letters, we will start off the next issue with spanking up-to-date comments and this time make do with this. It's a smashing way to cut down on the work too, aint it?

Bob Lichtman, U.S.A. ((Bob is back at his old address))// Rory Faulkner, U.S.A.// Mal Ashworth, Bradford// W.F. (Bill) Temple, Wembley// Walter Breen, U.S.A.// Dick Schultz, U.S.A.// Keith Freeman, England// Howard Leigh, Oxford// Sid Birchby, Manchester// Terry Jeeves, Sheffield// Wim Struyck, Holland// Ron Bennett, Harrogate// Archie Mercer, Lincoln// Jimmy Groves, London// Harry Warner, U.S.A.// Rolf Gindorf, Germany// Betty Kujawa, U.S.A.// Ian McAulay, N. Ireland// Peter Mabey, Cheltenham// John Baxter, Australia// Chris Miller, Oxford// Buck Coulson, U.S.A.... ((re The Parent Problem, Buck says:- "how about the allied one of femmefans and husbands? There are a lot of mundane husbands who don't want their wives mixed up with any activity which includes writing letters to other males. There are even fans who say that the only reason for females being in fandom is that they are sex-starved--if the fans think it, you can imagine what the husbands think."// Rick Sneary, U.S.A.// Fred Hunter, Shetland Isles.... Fred says:- "I was ambling through YSI when a sweeping statement struck me. The statement came from John Baxter's letter. "Life," he says grandly, "is dull for most of us." Well, how about that? Does any active fan find life dull? Hah, does any active person find life dull? Granted, Mr. Baxter, sir, there is a better chance of meeting Russian fishermen at my end of the globe than at yours, but I wouldn't say that such encounters were the only means I have of making life interesting. Life doesn't have to be full of off-beat experiences to be worth living. Dull? Hah, I'll only find life dull when I have done all I want to do, have read all I want to read, have learned all I wish I could find time to learn, have met all the people I want to meet, seen all the places I want to see. Dull? Yikes!!!"// Ron Ellik, U.S.A.// Len Moffatt, U.S.A.// and, to end with, an excerpt from Walt Willis, N. Ireland... Walt says:- "Bill Donaho disagrees with Harry Warner about child art, and I disagree with him. I don't think children draw things as they see them at all, I think they draw things as they know they are. I am in a position to be authoritative about this because I still draw like a child myself. In fact my five-year old son Bryan can draw just about as well as I can, and he has no artistic ability whatsoever. A child, like a primitive, draws things the way they are. He knows a dog has four legs all the same length, so he draws four legs all the same length. He knows a cart has four wheels, all the same size and perfectly circular, so he draws a rectangle with a circle at each corner. All this perspective stuff that Arthur and all those proper artists do is just a sort of confidence trick, sneaky and deceitful, and foreign to honest souls like me and Neanderthal man. Why, having given up thirty years ago the attempt to draw people full face through inability to know where to have their noses sticking out, I realised only quite recently that those sneaky arty fellows don't draw people's faces at all, they draw shadows. Can you beat that for a con game? As if people went about with shadows all over them. Human beings have noses that stick out and to just go and draw a lot of shadows is pure fraud."// Well, that's it for this time. Next time, with your help, YSI will be back to normal. Meanwhile, happy fanning.

FANZINES!

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FANZINES!

Oh, heck. There are thousands of the things lying around! I made an effort to get these pages onto stencil before I left home but, you can guess what happened to that good intention? So, there are those plus the ones that came while I was away, and still they come.

My grateful thanks to all of you who kept me on their mailing lists but, I hope that if this is all I do in the way of mentions this time, you will forgive me. It would take a whole issue to do my usual type thing. I still haven't had time to read them all anyway. Things will be back to normal next time. Promise.

Message to Joe & Robbie Gibson:- If this issue is to your liking I hope you will consider O for trades....oh, alright then, an exchange subscription. It works out the same no matter how you word it. Mind you, with your monthly schedule I can't help feeling that you are getting the dirty end of the stick. But, if you're happy, then so am I. My intention of writing to you before I left home got swamped along with a heap of other things. Sorry.

Forry Ackerman:- Many, many thanks for the heap of stuff you sent me. I love those old fanzines and have found them to be of absorbing interest. Welcome to ORION's mailing list. Welcome, too, to Larry and Noreen Shaw and to all you new subbers. I hope you won't be too disappointed.

See you next issue.

F/Lla

It's an ooold but true story. TAFF still needs your support. Why not help this worthy cause by giving all you can afford. Cash and votes to:-

Eric Bentcliffe,  
47, Aldiss Street,  
Great Moor,  
Stockport.  
Cheshire.

Ron Ellik,  
127 Bennett Avenue,  
Long Beach 3,  
California.  
U.S.A.

There are those who, on receiving a fanzine, look at it in stupefaction wondering why it was sent them. To alleviate your doubts on that score, I have sent you this because:

- (1) You are a 'lifer.' Tough. ☐
- (2) You contributed in some way. ☐
- (3) We trade. Acceptable? ☐
- (4) This is a Complimentary copy.  
You want more? Just ask. ☐
- (5) This is a free sample. Further  
issues must be paid.  
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- (6) I have heard of your 'zine  
and would like a sample copy  
in exchange for this, please. ☐
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Watch this box closely. ☐
- (8) I was requested to send it  
to you by:- ☐
- (9) Darn it, just because  
I like you! ☐
- (10) This is a free sample,  
you have one more to come  
for which you paid, 15p ☐
- (11) Ted Forsyth said "Yes." ☐

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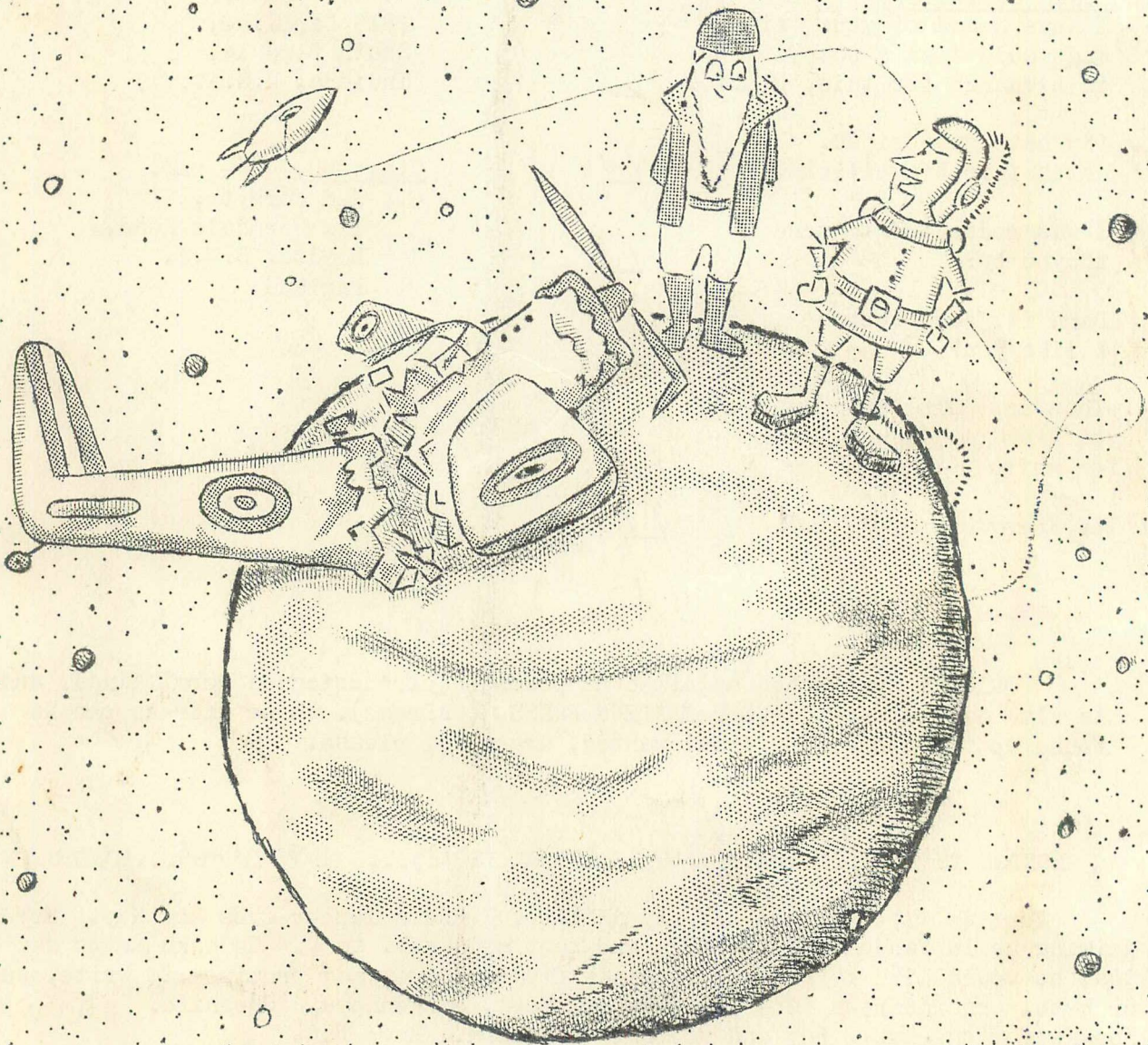
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LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65...LONDON IN '65!

Just in time to edge his way in here, I had a letter from Roy Kay. Roy is joining us in fandom via the BSFA and sent me a sub. to O. He asks me to say that he would like to receive fanzines from all over and promises to write, sub., or both. His address is:- 91, Craven Street, Birkenhead. Cheshire.  
Thanks for the sub., Roy and welcome to fandom. Have fun.

# ORION



BEEN HERE LONG ?

DON