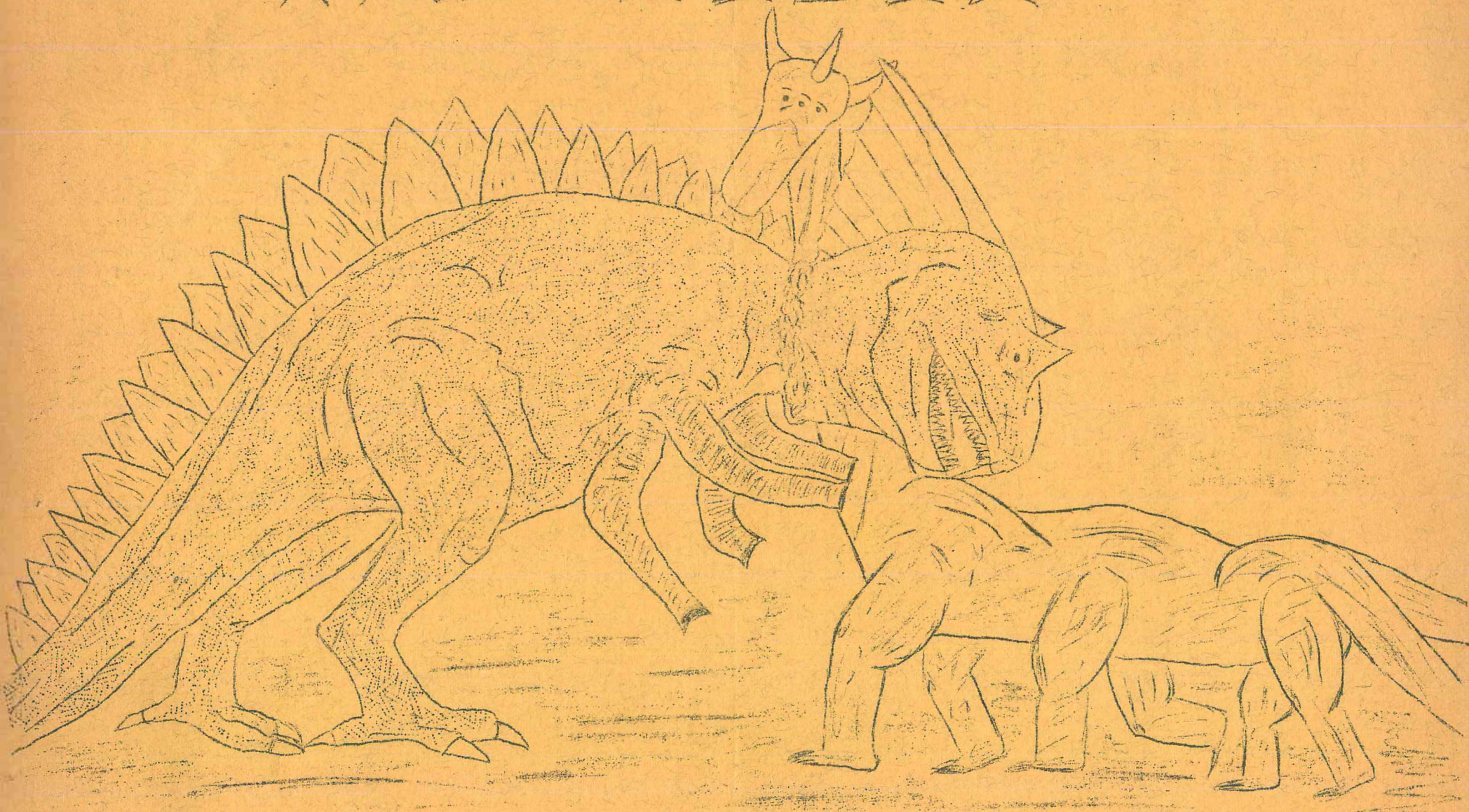


THE REBEL



MJOLLNIR

-AN EDITORIAL

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For those of you who no doubt wonder why you got this fanzine as well as who I am I am supplying the following information; actually I am really doing it just for egoboo.

My name -the printable one, that is- is John Jackson, born in Los Angeles, raised all over the country, and presently residing in Crown Point, Indiana, 20 or so miles south of Gary a slightly greater distance southeast of Chicago. I'm 16 -or so my parents claim- and a junior in high school. I've read sf in one form or another for more than half of my life. I became aware of fandom thru the column of Sky Miller in AN-ALOG (then ASTOUNDING), where I read about the DETENTION, which I inquired about, tho too late to plan to attend. I joined PITTCON the next year and was fortunate enough to get there. As a direct result, I started reading fanzines, joined N3F, started corresponding, and here I am.

It has certainly been fun, all the way, tho at times it has stretched both patience and monetary resources. I'm looking forward to a mass riot at CHICON, and hope to meet many of the fans I now know.

THE REBEL will be published irregularly, whenever I get the time, material, money, and other such prerequisites. It is going to many fans for trade, preferably all-for-all, and that is one of the main reasons for its existence. It will also be available for contributions or subscription- 15¢ ea., 7 for \$1, since I am also pubbing because I want to publish. However, as a rule, THE REBEL will not be available just for a LoC, tho these are welcomed when in addition to one of the other aforementioned ways. There are exceptions, when I get a really well-written long LoC, but as a rule, in the main, this will be followed.

Contributions of articles, fiction, verse, reviews, art, or anything else are welcomed. As long as something is done fairly well, even tho I personally may not like it, I will publish it, since others may like it, or I'll do it just to arouse controversy or comment. I like lively discussions and don't shirk arguments. I've got definite views on many things, and I'll argue any one of them with anybody. I'm not afraid to try something different and welcome new ideas. Fiction of any type -sf, faan, weird, horror, or just mystery or adventure- will find a home in THE REBEL, as long as it is fairly good, and shows some thot.

Contributors will get the ish their work is in plus the following issue. I'd like to have some reviews of some sort for succeeding issues since I don't think I have time to do them myself. As I say, I don't know right now whether or not I'll have time to review the fanzines I get. Or for that matter, the desire to do them. What do you think about having reviews? What kind, if any, do you want? Tell me what you want in THE REBEL, or it may not get in. What I want in the zine will always be in, but to include what you want requires your expressing your desires and interests.

I will have a lettercol, if I receive comments, tho its size will depend on the space available, the length and quality of the LoCs, and other such things. I'd like comments on the articles and stories, and numbered LoC ratings of those items. This helps me find out what you like, and also is interesting -to me, anyway. Discussion-type LoCs may also be a boon, and the subject matter is of course not limited to sf, tho most will probably be about this. Articles are also unlimited, tho something on some aspect of sf or fandom is preferred.

Well that about wraps up my first editorial; I haven't the slightest idea what I'll do nextish--we'll have to wait and see. The comments here will be of a more serious nature than in REBELiously, but...??

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 // is not usually free for comment, except in rare cases of/
 // a very good and long LoC. Comment is appreciated, howev-/
 // er, when in addition to one of the aforementioned methods/
 // of obtaining the zine. //

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NEXTISH, we will have stories by John Berry and Scott Neilsen, articles by Seth Johnson and Peter Marrer, more verse by George Jay Crawford, as well as the usual features. Also a lettercol of undetermined length, and whatefer else comes up in the way of fannish material. We probably have some art, if fanartists will please contribute some, to liven up the ish, but there won't be too much artwork, as written material is still the backbone of THE REBEL. However, we may have some cartoons, depending on how things work out. Nextish will be out whenever I get the work done, which is not a very reliable date at all. Expect #2 around March sometime, but nothing promised. Till then, I'll see you all nextish, with more fannish goodies. Merry Christmas in the meantime, and I hope y'all will have a fine year in 62. Adios & Aloha.

THE LAST LEGION

by DON F. ANDERSON

The old man stood on the balcony on the top of a very old building and looked out across a very old city that was now crumbling into dust. The sun still shone down on it as brightly as before and maybe even more so now, for the clouds were few and far between and they seemed but whispers of the once great armadas that they used to be. The city lay in desolation and ruin, but beyond the walls of the old fortress stood the mighty forest that had conquered the earth again as it once had stood before. The grass was green out there and the breeze fresh and the old man yearned to lie beneath the mighty branches and look into the golden sky with the sounds of birds in the trees. The birds never ventured into the city for some reason and the man never asked himself why, he just stood and watched. The sun was practically at its zenith and the air was stuffy and hot. "I must go below," he thought and reluctantly he walked down the steps into the building. It had been his home for as long as he could remember. His mother and father had lived here and their parents before them. After his father had died the people had left and none had returned and the city fell before him. Now only he was left and the setting of his life was near.

"I must go," he said aloud to himself to reassure himself that he must do what he had to do. Long years he had found the city beckoning and never bothered to look beyond the walls. Now that he was old and all the mysteries of this great world were open to him and bored him, he found he could only look toward the trees and the grass. "Yes", he screamed, "I will go."

He set off when the sun was just starting its run toward the evening and the air was cool. He had no trouble walking for he knew every path and nothing much could have changed since he was last out over five years ago. His face was lit up with a broad smile and his gait was easy and fast. "The city hasn't changed much in the last six years," he thought as he walked on. "The tower of the webs still stands." He looked upon a tall, crystal building whence from its sides to all others near it, clear tubes of plastic expanded. It had once held the government and the men had traveled in the tubes, but the old man didn't know anything about that and cared even less. Most of the taller building still stood, but many of the smaller had crumbled in upon themselves and had clogged the once wide streets so that only pathways remained. Through these the man walked and night overtook him.

He sat on a stone and watched the sun set behind the trees. He stuffed the last of the sandwich into his mouth that he had been eating and stood up. The shadows lengthened around him, then dimmed and he looked up into the night sky in wonderment. Before him and lighting up the night was a halo of golden light and the city around him sparkled in its caress. The old man had seen the moon in the night and had praised its beauty, but this far outshone the stars and the moon together. He did not linger long for he saw the light as a chance to reach the forest before the next morning and his feet once more took up the march to the wall. His happiness expanded and he took the light as an omen of the good-will of the gods. His steps echoed through the street and it sounded as if the ghosts of the ghosts of the dead had risen to make the last march to nature.

It was nearing when he neared the wall and the long closed gate. Through its rungs he could see the trees outlined against the rising, morning sun. The light in the sky still shone down and even seemed to rival the star itself. The only thing that stood before him and the gate was a crumbling building that had fallen since the last time he had been here. "Nothing," he thought, "I'll just crawl over it." And that he did. but as he was scrambling down the slope on the other side of the stones that had fallen, he loosed them and he came down with the stones behind him. He fell to the ground and they bounced over him, all but one. That fell on his legs and he could feel the fragile old bones give way beneath it. It rolled away and he lay there sobbing quietly to himself. The gate lay not more than # yards in front of him and when he saw this, he crawled. The stones bit into his hands and his blood coated the earth, but still he crawled on. He reached the gate and tried to pull himself up the rungs to swing open the gate, but his strength deserted him and he fell to the ground. Again he lifted himself and again he fell and the gate stayed closed. "No," he hollered to the sky and beat his fists against the gate, "So far and now--" He put his face in his hands and his tears mingled with his blood.

"COME", the voice sounded and resounded over the earth, "Come, my son, and join us." He lifted his head from his hands and looked through the gate. The light had settled under the trees and his father and mother and the people stood before him. "Father?" he raised his voice in puzzlement, "But how, Father?" "Come, my son, raise yourself and walk," he answered and his calm voice settled the old man. His mother's face was filled with her loving smile he so well remembered and his father's beckoning face raised his hopes and he once again pulled himself up. He stood before the gate in amazement and looked down at his hands. They were no longer the old and wringled hands he so disliked, but young again and he knew his whole body was the same. "But how, Father?" he asked again, and when the answer came he knew it would be so. "Do you not know, son, that we are the last legion of the earth and have only waited for you? You see, my son, we are the angels of the Lord." The man turned and looked down at the old body that lay there--his body. "Father," he cried and walked out from the city and rose into the sun with the light.

DUMBESQUE

by GEORGE JAY CRAWFORD

Do not call a brother dumb;
 It is unbecoming to you.
 He might reverse your words
 And prove that he is true.
 Never say one is unlearned
 Unlettered or such thing.
 Lest in dying he brand you
 By leaving you his ring.
 So that every time you see
 A finger fear will arise,
 And you sink with him to the
 Grave---joined in demise.

RADIO TELESCOPES & THE CREATION OF A NEW SCIENCE

by RICHARD C. FINCH

Foreword

I would like to acknowledge the help of Mrs. Teel, who is a reference librarian at the Whittier Public Library of Whittier, California.

Chapter One- The Beginning

The prototype of the radio-telescope was radar development around World War I. Radar-telescopes sent a signal out that bounced back, thus giving a picture of what the object was like, but this depended entirely on the signal strength. Part was lost in transmission, and part in returning.

Then the radio telescope was made. Just as an antenna of the radio telescope picks up radio waves from the sun and other stars. The signal is then recorded, in much the same way the blips of the human heartbeat are recorded.

At first the radio-telescope receivers were easily confused by electric razors, passing trolley cars, and even their own crackling vacuum tubes, or valves, as the British refer to them. But now they are buist so as to block most interference.

The first good radio-scope was at Jodrell Bank, England. In the United States, Greenbank, west Virginia, has an 85foot parabolic reflector antenna, and, according to Time Magazine of Nov. 23, 1959, has a 140-footer under construction and hopes to have two other dish shaped antennas, 300& 1,000 ft. wide respectively.

Chapter Two-Outside Our Galaxy

In April, 1960, according to "Science Magazine" for that month, up to 14 radio sources had been detected and located outside our own galaxy. Nine of these were located in the first two months of operation of a radio-telescope belonging to the navy and run by personnel at the California Institute of Technology. More than 100-- had been detected but not located according to "Science Magazine".

The Cal-Tech 'scope consists of two 90-foot parabolic antennae mounted on a 1600-foot-long track running east and west.

Chapter Three-A New Concept

To begin with, man thought life on earth was unique. The ancient Greeks were the most civilized of all peoples until 1700 AD , and even they thought themselves as being at the center of the world & the world at the center of the universe. Until the Roman Republic came into existence, the Greeks had the only free civilization. The others were slaves of their culture. The Roman civilization was really Greco-Roman, with Greek religion, Greek culture, Greek morals, and Roman laws. The only Roman gods were household gods.

(cont.)

Until now, the concept has been that man is unique. The fact of a round world & of its being at the rim of a very small galaxy in the center of a very small solar system was long accepted. Now comes the concept of other life--life in other galaxies, remote from our own.

The persons particularly involved in searching for life in the solar systems of other galaxies are Doctors Frank Drake & T.K. Menon of West Virginia's National Radio Astronomy Observatory. They have set up monitoring equipment, (see Chapter 1, on Greenbank), and called it "Project Ozma", after the Queen of the Land of Oz. The West Virginia location was chosen because of the relative seclusion from man-made radio sources.

Chapter Four-What They're Looking For

The scientists of this project look for stars like our own, and hope that a planet about the age of ours (4.5 billion years) exists with an atmosphere similar to our own. But atmospheres similar to ours vary, some like that of Venus & Mars, and some will probably be variations of the three planets of our solar system, with a slightly warmer climate than ours and slightly more oxygen, or a few degrees cooler & a little less oxygen, or vice-versa, capable of sustaining life, but with intelligent life as yet undeveloped. Others may contain life far beyond us in intelligence. Also, the intelligent life form may be one particularly repugnant to us. We will have to get rid of a great many prejudices before contacting any of these races for a face-to-face talk.

But I have digressed enough. To get back to the subject, the scientists of Project Ozma listen for artificial patterns mixed in with the natural background of radiation given off by stars and other bodies.

Chapter Five-Recent Discoveries

Approximately 6 billion light years from earth, a staggering distance, even when compared with a light year (6 trillion miles), a single galaxy or two galaxies colliding (as ours may do someday with the Hercules constellation) has been located in space with the aid of the CalTech Radio Observatory in Owens Valley and the Mount Palomar 200 in. telescope.

The clue to the distance of the galaxy from earth was given by the University of Manchester in England and the CalTech Radio Observatory in conjunction, obtaining the same accurate position for the object. This is only one of fifty "radio-stars" pinpointed by CalTech.

With new equipment being added at CalTech and other observatories it is hoped to find out what the radio stars are and what causes their strong radio emissions.

The reference materials I used in writing this article are as follows:

"Time Magazine": Nov. 23, 1959

"science": April, 1960

"Reader's Digest": June, 1960

Other material was gleaned from newspapers.

THE CALL THAT SAVED THEIR LIVES

A True Story by JOHN MELVILLE

The date was Sunday, July 9th, 1944, and the place London, England, where I was then stationed. June 6th had been D Day, and the invasion of France was going well. Final victory seemed somewhere in the offing, but the Netherlands, my native country, was still far from being free. I was awaiting my assignment to take part in its liberation. But that was not to come till airborne landings in September.

London, which I had learned to know and love, was anything but peaceful. Since the middle of June, the flying bombs, or doodle bugs, or buzz bombs, as we usually called them, made life uncomfortable, to say the least, especially at night. Many were intercepted, but enough got through, mostly in bad or foggy weather, to cause serious losses. London could take it, but it was nerve-wracking. Sleep often became difficult, if not impossible. One could hear the doodle bugs coming from far off, buzzing like angry, giant hornets, bent on destruction, and headed, or so it seemed, straight for one's self. One got tense, as they came closer. One knew one was safe, as long as the buzzing lasted, even if it sounded right overhead. The anxious moments came when the buzzing stopped, and the fuel ran out, as planned. Then there was a short, ominous, silence of a few seconds while the pilotless, 2000 lb. bomb nose-dived into the city. It then exploded with a thundering racket and a shattering blast, often uncomfortably close by. For some reason, if any, churches were often hit, especially during the day.

The thing to do, of course, was to ignore the buzz bombs entirely, or to pretend to, which is the whole of the rather wonderful game. The thing to do was to go about one's business as unconcerned as possible in daytime and to go to sleep at night. No nonsense about it. Nor was it considered cricket for anyone in authority, and certainly for an officer, to go to one of the many shelters, the best of which were afforded by the vast underground system of the subways, where a large part of the London population sought refuge and sleep at night. And yet such is human nature, that when all danger of the flying bombs had passed, they were missed by many for quite a while, like an evil thing to which one has become accustomed, and when finally eradicated, leaves a new and strange emptiness.

The British proved once more during the war that they are a most hospitable people. They expect one to respect their own standards, but they are most tolerant of other ways of thinking and of speech, even if they consider their own vastly superior, as comes to them so naturally. They believe strongly in being well bred and in having good manners. It was good manners which, in the particular instance related in this story, saved the lives of a family. And the misunderstanding of a word, which has a slightly different meaning whether used in Great Britain or elsewhere.

The word call, to be exact.

It was Sunday morning and I was walking in St. James's Park, as one walks in parks on Sundays, even during wars. The buzz bombs had kept me awake during most of the night, one of them coming down in the immediate vicinity of the club where I lived on the Thames. Windows and walls had shaken violently and my room had suddenly seemed unstable as well as confining. The problem, as always, was whether to get dressed

or to stay in pajamas, to lie dressed on the bed or to get up, to stay indoors or to go out. I tried to ignore the whole business, as I knew I should, but, as can be seen, without too much success. It had been a relief when daylight came. Somehow the doodle bugs worried me less during the day. I could even watch them approaching, or sailing overhead, with a semi-detached air. I related the malevolent, fiery birds in my mind to the phoenix, as from the destruction they created, an even greater London would be rebuilt, and on the continent, once Hitler had been destroyed, a new, free, and vigorous Europe must arise. At the same time I watched them with a wary eye and ear. If the engine spluttered, about to stop, I ducked to the ground instantly, seeking the best cover I could find. Powerful is the instinct of self-preservation.

After breakfast that morning I called Lady Stenhouse, an English dowager who had been most kind and hospitable to me. I had planned to ask if she would be home for tea that afternoon and if so, whether I could bring a fellow officer and friend, whom I thought she would enjoy meeting. The maid had answered the phone, informing me that her ladyship was not down yet. Could she take a message? I said please tell Lady Stenhouse that I would call later that morning, at about 11:30.

Lady Stenhouse was a small but imperious woman in her sixties. Her nose was sharp and slightly curved, but the most arresting feature about her were her eyes--dark brown and at times nearly black--which could speak volumes. She still dominated, to a great extent, her two children--Ian, a colonel in the Coldstream Guards and a hero of the African campaign, and Meg, quite lovely in a typical English way. Both were married and had young children, but retained a deep respect for the mater, as they called her. Lady Stenhouse could be abrupt, if she chose, but she also could be very charming, in the grand manner. She either liked you, or she didn't, and made either extremely clear. There was no nonsense about her, and she disliked what she called nonsense in others. She detested half way measures, hesitancy, and fuzziness in thought or speech.

"Speak up!" she would say, no matter who it was speaking indistinctly or expressing himself in a muddled fashion, "I am getting deaf!" She was only pretending, as she could distinguish, clear as a bell, any word spoken or even whispered right across her large sitting room. She loved London and absolutely refused to budge because of any bombings. "Bosh! I can't hear them anyway!" would be the rejoinder if her son or daughter tried to get her to move to the country. To ask her to go to a shelter would have been an insult. It was Lady Stenhouse who was said to have coined the phrase: "Hitler would not have started all this nonsense if he had been properly married!"

It was past eleven and St. James' Park was peaceful. The sky was overcast, but that was usual enough, even in summer. People were strolling, as I was, or sitting on benches. Most of the London children had been evacuated, but a few were playing near the lake, admiring the ducks which were squawking and hungry, like all ducks anywhere. Just beyond a rise one could see, at the end of the park, the Chapel and Barracks, home of the Brigade of Guards, composed of the famed Guard Regiments. In the Chapel, morning service was in progress.

Suddenly one became aware of the approach of a doodle bug. The once-peaceful atmosphere became tense, as the angry, low, vibrating buzz grew ever louder. Then all could see it plainly, low in the sky, headed straight for the park, in the way they always seemed to head directly for any place in the city where one happened to be. I was watching it closely, with a sudden sense of foreboding. Sure enough, the engine stopped and down the buzz bomb dived. Uniform or not, I ran

towards the nearest bushes, the only covering of any sort available, and lay down flat, as I had been trained to do, with my head buried in my crossed arms, and my eyes shut. Not a second too soon, for the bug exploded with a hellish clatter and thundering noise not far away. The blast, which followed immediately, shook me like a thousand winds concentrated in hurricane force, and left me dazed.

The next thing I remember was that I was home, at my club, although to this day I have no clear recollection how I got there. I must have recovered my senses soon, for I called Lady Stenhouse before one o'clock. I explained what had happened and why I hadn't called earlier. All she said was, "I hope it wasn't the Guards' Barracks!" With a horrible sinking feeling I realized that that was probably exactly what had been hit. But I wasn't certain and answered reassuringly that I didn't think so, but that I had been so stunned myself I didn't know what had happened. She then asked me if I felt well enough to come to tea at five. I accepted, and when asked, she said she would of course, be delighted to meet my friend and by all means bring him along.

This friend, one of my closest, was coming to lunch. He had a long and complicated Dutch name, difficult to pronounce for any non-Hollander. It sounded something like Woodpecker and he was therefore so nicknamed by some of his English speaking friends. When he came, he saw that I was shaken pretty badly, but he knew nothing about what actually had occurred in St. James's Park. Nor could we ask others. Many bombs dropped and much destruction resulted, but it just wasn't done to go about asking information. It would look peculiar, especially for foreigners. Every one was very security conscious. Spies were still occasionally found. Nor was it the thing to do to stress disasters or to talk about them in public. That would depress home morale and thereby, indirectly, give comfort to the enemy, as the saying goes. I knew that well, as I also happened to be a Security officer myself. There were special cards, some of which I always carried with me. When any one, whatever his or her nationality, whether military or civilian, even were he a general or a cabinet minister (and these, of course, knew the greatest number of secrets), was overheard talking loosely or too much in any public place, they would be handed such a card, without a word being said. The cards read: "CARELESS TALK. Keep Your Bl.... Mouth Shut!" They were very effective.

I had no appetite for lunch. I had to know what had happened and the only way to find out was to go and see. So after a rather sketchy meal, preceded by a couple of much-needed drinks, the Woodpecker and I made our way to the Guards' Barracks. As we came near, it was clear that my worst forebodings had been realized. The whole area was roped off, and civil defense crews, ambulances, doctors, and nurses were busy at work, calmly and efficiently. It was the Chapel that had been hit, the buzz bomb having dived in to the middle of the congregation. The Chapel had been wrecked. Bodies were still being carried out from under wreckage. There was nothing we could do. The number of victims must have been huge. I never knew, nor asked, how many. I kept thinking of the various Guardsmen whom I knew, and fervently hoped that none of them, including Ian Stenhouse, had been there. Most of them, anyway, were at the front.

At 5:00 we arrived at Lady Stenhouse's in Kensington. She seemed particularly glad to see us, but looked tired and not her usual vivacious and brisk self. Ian's wife, Pamela, was there, rather to my surprise, as I thought she was in the country with the children. There, too, were Ian's sister Meg, as lovely as ever, and her husband, a Major in a Scottish Highland Regiment. Quite a family gathering. I then

learned to my astonishment that Ian was in town also, having arrived unexpectedly for a short weekend the day before, and was due to leave again that same evening for the front. They all knew about the ghastly business of the Guards' Chapel. But before I could even ask, I was reassured. Ian had not been there that morning at the fatal time, although he was there now, doing his bit. We did not talk about it any further as they seemed to want to drop the subject.

We had tea and discussed the war in a general sort of way. How one had to beat Hitler first, and then Japan, and take a chance on the Russians, who even then seemed to distrust their allies for no good reason. I remember we admired Shilchik's wonderful cartoon in the Daily Sketch, which he called "Heads of the New Order" with the sub-title "Dreams of a Berchtesgaden Seer", in which he burlesqued Hitler so very humorously. First as Fuehrer of Germany, then successively as Marshal Hitlin of Russia, President Hitlerski of Poland, King Adolph of Austria, President Hitleritch of Bulgaria, King Adolphos of Greece, King Adolfo of Italy, President Hitleur of France, as the Mikadolf of Japan, President Adolf Hytleer of the Netherlands, King Fadolf of Egypt, then as President Hitlerez of Brazil and Mahitla Gandolf of India, and fi-

nally as Uncle Samolf and Adolf Bull himself. It was one of the wittiest and best cartoons of the war.

We took our leave early, as we felt that the family would probably like to be left to themselves. Though they had not mentioned it, they must have lost many friends, and possibly even relatives, in the morning's tragedy. Then, just as I was about to go, Lady Stenhouse drew me aside, alone, in the hall and to my amazement said:

"You know, you saved our lives today."

I didn't quite follow, and said so.

"Well, you telephoned this morning early, didn't you, and left word with my maid that you would call at half past eleven?"

I agreed, but still did not realize what she was leading up to.

"You didn't show up, but I was expecting you. Ian was quite annoyed, as he wanted us all to attend morning service at the Guards' Chapel, and have lunch with him afterwards at his mess. I told him I could not possibly go, as you said you were coming. He insisted, but you know me, once I have made up my mind, I am adamant. So the upshot of it was that none of us went."

The whole thing then dawned on me. I explained that I had told the maid I would call at eleven thirty, I had meant telephone, not call in person.

Lady Stenhouse smiled, as she said: "That is what I realized when you telephoned the second time, at one o'clock." She then added: "To our English ways of thinking, people from abroad sometimes have peculiar ways of expressing themselves. Lucky for us today, wasn't it?"

Then Lady Stenhouse made me bend over and kissed me lightly on the forehead. "Bless you! Thank you from all of us!"

Deeply moved, I replied, "Not me, Lady Stenhouse, but Providence."

For sale, just arrived-(see REBELiously for terms, as well as other items)-THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION-Aug 1951; Jan, July, Sept, Nov, 1960; Jan, April, July, Sept, 1961; OTHER WORLDS-July, Sept, 1955; FUTURE # 30; SCIENCE-FANTASY*Spring 1953; Vol 4, # 10; SF QUARTERLY-May 1956; Nov 1957; SUPER SCIENCE STORIES-May 1943; WORLDS OF FANTASY # 4; also a number of old pulp AMAZINGS; send want lists on those that you are interested in. All mags also for trade.

PATH TO PARADISE

by SETH A. JOHNSON

I'd be very interested to get other reactions to PATH OF THE MASTERS by Dr. Julian Johnson, an M.D. who went to India to sit at the feet of His Holiness, Sat Guru (Master Saint) Kirpahl Singh Ji and wrote the whole idea of Ruhani Satsang up in this book with explanations for practically all of the world's religions, Saints, prophets, and so forth and explains all about the world after death and reincarnation. I found it to be fascinating reading, and the thing that really caught my imagination is that it is not necessary to die to enter Paradise, but through grace of Master Saint one may do so and return to the body and live out rest of life. No pie in the sky but heaven right here and now. I've got some pamphlets and stuff, but the Book is ever so much better as information.

We live forever according to all authorities. According to Kirpahl Singh Ji we are bound to the wheel of karma and must return to this world again and again till we have penetrated the illusion and know that material things are of no value whatsoever and concentrate all our thoughts and wishes on things spiritual. Those who contact and are accepted by Master are released from wheel of Karma and the Angel of Death has no power over them. In their meditations they have already experienced the astral worlds and thus have no fear of death and experience no pain in death, but merely leave the body to follow Master to one's reward although it's possible they still might have to spend some time in purgatory to cleanse themselves of past accumulated karma from this and past lives. However, once cleansed one enters astral regions and Paradise.

However, all others, those not contacted by Master, must be seized by the Angel of Death and brought before the Judges and sentenced for their greater sins after which they return to live another life with the lessons of Hell firmly engraved on them so they will not make mistake of committing the same sins again. Eventually all will rise to point where they will seek out Master and be lead to eternal bliss. Read the book and find out more for yourselves.

PATH OF THE MASTERS explains all questions on the subject quite rationally if you can call a treatise on occult and psychic worlds rational. I suspect this would disqualify the thing in many people's eyes immediately, but I found it to explain all the miracles, occult experiences of Saints of all cults.

My own explanation, and this is strictly off the cuff and without authority of any kind, although I probably read it somewhere, is that all life evolves up from virus and is constantly in form of evolving. Thus as animals reach a certain point they reincarnate into low type savages or aborigines, and then up the scale to more civilized type men. Eventually they become fit to seek out the Master and be released from karma altogether.

Well by eating meat you acquire the karma of the animal you ate, thus keeping you on earth for some more thousands of years. Well it's odd but I don't really feel any craving for meat although I've been on a vegetarian diet for a year now. Just wish for more variety, tho.

Main thing I miss is the beer and the gossip and discussions at local ginmill. However, when someone is accepted in RUHANI SATSANG, he would be taught method of meditation that would more or less orient him towards a totally new way of life and developement. PATH OF THE MASTERS explains all this.

According to Hubbard we have a somatic mind which has the blueprint of just what we commanded it to make of our body. Only trouble is the reactive(or subconscious mind) also has access and is able to command somatic mind or feed data or misinformation into it. Thus clearing up the reactive mind automatically clears the somatic mind and gives us as near perfect health as we rate. One thought, though, is our karma might through the somatic mind inflict a number of things on us as reaction to something we piled up in former lives.

Mind is the tool of spirit for operating body. However when mind takes over as is case with most of us then spirit is helpless. So we must drive thoughts away from material things and contact spiritual things after which we will become conscious of the audible life stream or the divine emanation of God. It then becomes part of us and orients our every thought and attitude towards cleansing the soul of karmic depth and preparing soul for eternal bliss in Paradise.

Well if enough scientists start researching things like LO and BOOK OF THE DAMNED by Fort then I'm sure they eventually will come up with scientific formula for all such phenomena. In the meantime, it's much easier to read PATH OF THE MASTERS and get this info all ready for use.

THE VENUSCORP MAN

by DAVID G. HULAN

Hot stinking swamps with a fever-breeding fetor
Strewn in the rays of a cloud-hidden sun;
Pallid men, listless with a deep Earth-longing
Suffer in the knowing that their work is never done.

Harvesting the yart, with its life-giving nectar,
Trading with the natives for the dream-inducing dran,
Hard work daily in a man-destroying climate--
Such is the burden of the Venuscorp man.

Daily men are coming on a seven-year contract,
Daily men are dying ere the time has passed;
Out of every ten who take the obligation
Scarce even one can survive it to the last.

Venus is a death-trap, never made for Earthlings,
Bitterly she fights 'gainst the other-world clan.
Still come the ships with the valiant sons of Terra,
Bearing the burden of the Venuscorp man.

A KIND OF JUSTICE

by LENNY KAYE

Dan Carter trudged down the dirt road, feeling miserable. His dulled mind could only concentrate on one lone sentence- "They smashed my duper and typer....my duper and typer..." This echoed in every corner of his brain, so that it became an obsession with him; "They smashed my duper and typer...They smashed them..."

He stumbled off the road to seek comfort in the shade of an oak tree. He threw himself on the ground near the roots. "They smashed my duper and typer...they smashed it..."

He lay there for an hour or more. Finally his mind formed the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle that showed just what had happened--who had smashed his duper and typer, and what had passed in a little town called Maple Corners.

* * * *

Dan Carter stepped into the sunshine and breathed deeply. Ah, it was great to be a fan. He surveyed his surroundings. "Nice place, this Maple Corners," he thought. "Not crowded either. Only 322 people." He laughed, "no wonder they call me the Dan Boone of fandom. Always wanting elbow room." The mailman was making his rounds. Carter went out to meet him. "Morning, nice day," he said amiably.

"Uhhhh...yep," replied the postman.

Carter collected his mail and trotted back inside. He threw it all on a pile with other letters. He pulled his typewriter over and commenced to answer, humming an off-key tune all the while.

The house next to his was occupied by one Sadie Tompkins, town gossip. At this moment she was talking on the telephone to one Matilda Pemper, runner-up for the title of town gossip. Sadie was speaking; "And I tell you, Matilda, I suspect something is going on. That Carter character looks suspicious. Every day at the post office he receives at least one package. And if you mention this to no one, I even saw the return address on one. It was from...Germany! One Klaus Eylmann, I believe. And you know what happened in Germany!"

Dan was blissfully unaware of this. He had just about cleared the backlog of letters and was feeling pretty good. "I think I'll publish a fanzine!" he announced after he had finished. "I'll call it...lessee...yeah...I'll call it "WATCHAMACALL IT!"

As the next few months were hectic for Dan, so were they for Sadie and Matilda. Sadie: "Y'know Matilda...I believe he is a Communist!! Look at those leaflets he running off on that mimeo! I can feel it in my bones something is going to happen."

Dan stood back and looked at the first issue of WATCHAMACALLIT. From the beautiful cover by Frosser, to the end, it was a work of art... to Dan at least. All the copies were stapled, stamped and addressed. All that was left was to mail them. He loaded them in a box and put them in his car. Then he drove off to the Post Office.

Sadie was watching all these proceedings very carefully. She picked up the phone and dialed Matilda. "Matilda," she said, "he loaded all those pamphlets in a box and is going to the Post Office with them. I'm going to call them to stop this Communist activity!"

She hung up and dialed the post office. "Hello, this is Sadie Tompkins; a man named Dan Carter is coming in with a boxload of Communist pamphlets. Stop him!!"

"Okay," said the Post Office man, "Here he comes now." He hung up. In came Dan Carter, struggling under the load of 200 fanzines.

"And what can I do for you???" asked the man.

"You can mail these for me, please."

"What are they???"

"Fanzines. This is an amateur publication."

"Sure," said Dan, and he opened an envelope and showed a copy of "HATCHAMCALLIT" to the man.

The man eyed it suspiciously. "What's this??? 'Bring Walt Willis to the Chicon'???"

"Oh, well..." Dan started to explain.

"He's probably a communist leader," said the man.

"Oh, no, he's a..."

"He's a rotten commie!" interrupted the man. "I can't pass these!" Saying this, he knocked the box off the counter, scattering its contents.

"Hey!!" yelled Dan.

"Rotten commie..." said the man. He stooped, picked up a handful of "HATCHAMCALLIT"s and proceeded to tear them up.

"What are you doing!!!???"

"Destroying Commie literature."

"Why you rotten ~~if you do~~..." said Dan, exploding. He brought up his left fist, aiming straight for the man's chin. The man blocked it and retaliated with a left that picked Dan up from his heels.

"Get him out of here," said the man gesturing to two other postal employees.

Dan picked himself up out of the gutter and limped home. "What the devil happened??" he asked himself.

When he arrived home there was a crowd in front of his house. News travels fast in a small town. There were shouts of "Rotten commie", and "Dirty Red".

Dan ignored them and opened his door. All he wanted to do was go to sleep. After he woke up, he would write a letter to the Postmaster General.

"There he is," called a woman in the first row. The woman was Sadie. The power of a heated crowd is great, and no doubt Sadie had stirred them up. They surged as one toward Dan and the open door.

"What the..." said Dan.

His cries were to no avail. The mob was as one, wrecking everything in sight. They smashed in his duplicator, shattered his typewriter. When there was nothing else left to smash they turned on Dan...

Finally the mob left. The house was ashambles...and so was Dan. "I gotta get out of town!" he muttered. He staggered toward where he had left his car. It was still there, in front of the post office. But it was useless. It had no motor. What was left of the motor was strewn all over the street. He limped off, broken-hearted, leaving what was left of his life behind. As he left, the same postal employee who had ripped his fanzines to shreds, remarked, "He seemed like a nice guy. Too bad he was a Commie. Well, we sure gave him justice..." He picked up what was left of a fanzine, and stared at it thoughtfully. Then he sat back and lit his pipe. "Too bad he was a Commie..."

And so, Dan Carter lay under an Oak tree, his life a shattered fragment of what it had been. The life that had been full in a place called Maple Corners, a town where..a kind of justice had been done....

STARSHIP LOST

by SCOTT NEILSEN

Way out upon the Galactic Rim
Where the stars are few and the light is dim,
A starship lost is said to roam...
A ship that can call no place its home.

The saga began one fateful day
When the Admiral called his Lieutenant to say:
"We are sending out our new starship;
We hope it will move at quite a fast clip!
And it will be your job to see
That it doesn't lose course by one degree."

The ship took off and was doing quite well
When through the ship was heard the bell!
An asteroid had punched a hole,
And the ship no longer was under control!
What horrible fate befell the crew? -
They all are dead and their faces are blue.

Now the ship floats on through endless space
With only the stars to track its pace...
The name of the lieutenant is said with disdain,
For everyone knows that he was to blame...

THE SOUL OF JOE

by SCOTT NEILSEN

There once was an astronaut by the name of Joe,
Who into space was the first man to go.
His wife, she waved a tearful goodbye,
As the ship took off into the endless sky...
And as she stood in the horrible din,
She knew she'd never see him again.

In the ship, Joe hummed a cheerful tune...
Unaware, he was to die very soon.
The spaceship crashed in a final surge,
And the stars stopped shining to sing the dirge.

Now his wife has stopped her hopeless crying
To look at the space where he is "lying..."
That murderous place that is called the sky,
And she wonders why he went there to die.
Now the soul of Joe is said to roam
In that endless space it now calls its home...

"Who so would be a man must be a non-conformist" -Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called" -John Stuart Mill

"Do the thing (you fear), and the death of fear is certain" -Emerson

DEATH COMES

(written by a class of senior English students-
reprinted from "THE INKLINGS", the CPHS newspaper)

Night was falling over the skeleton of the city as the hunter returned to his shelter- a rabbit and a few wild ducks slung over his shoulder in a bag. The sun was still casting a faint reddish tinge over the western horizon as he prepared to dress his game for the pot. The bare bones of the once great metropolis were plainly visible -the gutted skyscrapers shooting their jagged fingers to the sky, the weed-covered humps where the bomb-shelters were beginning to crumble away, the pitted, pock-marked superhighway, the scene of some fabulous jams in the good times before the war. But the hunter just cut away, gutting, skinning, and plucking, impervious to the solemn grandeur about him.

Suddenly he straightened and with one hand to his ear stood listening intently for the faintest of rustlings, but the only sounds were the moaning of the wind playing hide and seek among the jagged walls of its private cemetery and the comforting little night sounds of the tiny insects, who would one day inherit the earth.

"Must have been the wind," he said as he returned to his task. He finished the rabbit and tossed him into the squat black pot, sitting in its accustomed place among the ashes like a pot-bellied little Buddha. Then he proceeded to the battered bedpan which served as a washbasin. He washed his hands and started to dry them.

"Lusn't get rabbit fever" he chuckled to himself. Then he heard it - the faint growling sound which signified his doom. Slowly, ever so slowly, he turned, trying not to alarm his formidable adversary. He measured the distance which stood between him and life - about five feet to his knife, seven or more to the gun. He had made the one fatal error that was most obvious to the greenest of woodsmen. He had forgotten his gun and his knife, leaving them in a position to which he could not possibly get. He moved slowly, toward them - hoping against hope, but it was too late for anything but prayer.

He screamed once, ripping the darkness asunder with his death-rattle, and then it was over. The only sound now was the ripping of flesh and tearing of cloth- and crunching of bone. The moon shown through from behind a cloud, and a silvery moonbeam sparkled on a bright metal collar strapped around a jet- black throat. As the mighty jaw muscle tightened and released, the inscription engraved upon the collar came into view, a few letters at a time. It read: "Black leopard, Felis pardus, Property of the Central Park Zoo."

"A lie travels around the world while truth is putting on her boots" -
C.H. Spurgeon

"What people say behind your back is your standing in the community" -
Edgar Watson Howe

"If men be good, government cannot be bad" -William Penn

"A great city is that which has the greatest men and women" -Walt Whitman

"The whole art of government consists of being honest" -Thomas Jefferson

REBELIOUSLY

by JOHN JACKSON

Being another place for ye ed to sound off on anything in general and nothing in particular. However, in thish, this column should possibly be called "MERCENARILY" or some such, since most (or maybe about all) of it this time will be a listing of some of the sf books and mags I have for sale or trade. Almost all are in good condition with both covers and contents completely intact. Prices for all pb's and mags (unless otherwise noted) are 25¢ each or 5 for \$1.10. Hardbounds are \$1.00 ea. except where otherwise noted. Prices on hardbounds are flexible and I'm willing to haggle over most, depending on what and how much you are ordering. All items listed are also for trade, and if I have room, I'll include a partial want list in thish or next. All books are postpaid. Address is (if you're too lazy to look elsewhere) : John Jackson, RR#7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana. So without further ado...

Assorted Mags: AMAZING-Sept, Aug, 1959; ANALOG/ASTOUNDING-Aug, 1959; Feb, Mar, 1961; IF-June, 1958; FUTURE-Aug, 1958; SATELLITE-Aug, Dec, 1958; SPACE TRAVEL-July, 1958; IMAGINATION-Oct, 1958; IMAGINATIVE TALES-Mar, May, 1958; GALAXY-Aug, 1958; April 1961; AMAZING-July, 1961; FANTASTIC-Dec, 1959; March, 1961; THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION-Apr, May, 1959; Jan, May, 1961; SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION-June, Oct, Dec, 1958; April, June, Aug, 1959; SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN (these are 40¢ ea, 3 for \$1.)-Nov, Dec, 1956; Feb, Apr, May, June, July, Oct, 1957;

Comics-I have many comic books, especially DC comics, from the last 10 years. If interested, send me your want lists on these.

Hardbacks-DR. JILLYLL & MR. HYLE-R.L.Stevenson; BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL-Jameson; TOM SWIFT & HIS AERIAL WARSHIP, TOM SWIFT AMONG THE DIAMOND MAKERS-Appleton; READING FOR MEN("The Unforgiven", The Little Black Book" and other excerpts); THE MAN OF BRONZE-Robeson (\$3); MARIE (\$1.50), JESS (1.50), FAIR MARGARET (\$2.00), CLEOPATRA (\$2.50)-H. Rider Haggard; BEYOND EDEN-(\$2)-Duncan; BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS-Wolfert; MAKING YOUR OWN TELESCOPE-Thompson; THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT-(\$3)-Meredith; SPACE STATIONS-Ley; MAN-MADE SATELLITES-Ley; ROCKETS AND MISSILES-Bergaust; TOM CORBETT: STAND BY FOR MARS!, DANGER IN DEEP SPACE, ON THE TRAIL OF THE SPACE PI-RATES-Rockwell; BOMBA: THE JUNGLE BOY, THE MOVING MOUNTAIN, THE GIANT CATARACT, JAGUAR ISLAND, THE ABANDONED CITY-Rockwood; TOM SWIFT, JR.: HIS FLYING LAB, HIS JETMARINE, HIS ROCKET SHIP, HIS GIANT ROBOT, HIS ATOMIC EARTH BLASTER, HIS OUTPOST IN SPACE, HIS DIVING SEACOPTER, IN THE CAVES OF NUCLEAR FIRE, ON THE PHANTOM SATELLITE, HIS ULTRASONIC CYCLO-PLANE, HIS DEEP-SEA HYDRODOME, IN THE RACE TO THE MOON-V. Appleton II; THE NAKED SUN-Asimov; THE BLACK CLOUD-Hoyle; THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP-Maine; A TOUCH OF STRANGE-Sturgeon; THE LINCOLN HUNTLERS-Tucker; NO PLACE ON EARTH-Charbonneau; NOT IN SOLITUDE-Gantz; THE ENEMY STARS-Anderson; OSSIAN'S RIDE-Hoyle; THE FOURTH GALAXY READER-Gold; LEVEL SEVEN-Roshwold; THE WORLDS OF CLIFFORD SIMAK-Simak;

Paperbacks-A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ-Miller, Jr.; PLANET IN PERIL-Christopher; THE POWER-Robinson; PILGRIMAGE TO EARTH-Sheckley; FORBIDDEN PLANET-Stuart; TIME IN ADVANCE-Tenn; POINT ULTIMATE-Sohl; EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH-Asimov; A MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY-Bradbury; THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO-ed. by Bradbury; NIGHT RIDE AND OTHER JOURNEYS-Beaumont; YONDER-Beaumont; THE SPACE PIRATE-Vance; BLAST OFF-Cooke; ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE-del Rey; SATELLITES, ROCKETS, AND OUTER SPACE-Ley; THE GROWTH OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE-Jeans; BEST TELEVISION PLAYS (contains "Visit to a Small Planet")-ed by

Vidal; SON OF MAD-Gaines; WING LEADER-Johnson; STUKA PILOT-Rudel; TIGLER IN THE SKY-Scott; GOD IS MY CO-PILOT-Scott; THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE-Condon; THE PRICE OF COURAGE-Anders; I'M ALL RIGHT JACK-Hackney; THE DEATH RIDE-MacNeil; 4 AGAINST THE MOB-Fraley;

Ace: THE HIDDEN PLANET-ed by Wollheim; ADVENTURES ON OTHER PLANETS-ed by Wollheim; CITY-Simak; THE GREATEST ADVENTURE-Taine; SPACEHIVE-Sutton; FIRST ON THE MOON-Sutton; FIRST ON MARS-Gordon; FIRST TO THE STARS-Gordon; RING AROUND THE SUN-Simak; THE TIME TRADERS-Norton; STRANGER THAN SCIENCE-Edwards; Doubles: THE PLOT AGAINST EARTH-Knox/RECRUIT FOR ANDROMEDA-Lesser; EDGE OF TIME-Grinnell/THE 100TH MILLENNIUM-Brunner; ECHO IN THE SKULL-Brunner/ROCKET TO LIMBO-Nourse; SIEGE OF THE UNSEEN-Van Vogt/THE WORLD SWAPPERS-Brunner; EARTH'S LAST FORTRESS-Van Vogt/LOST IN SPACE-Smith; BOW DOWN TO NULL-Aldiss/THE DARK DESTROYERS-Wellman; THE SECRET MARTIANS-Sharkey/SANCTUARY IN THE SKY-Brunner; THE MIND SPIDER-Leiber/THE BIG TIME-Leiber; THE 1,000 YEAR PLAN-Asimov/NO WORLD OF THEIR OWN-Anderson; THE MARS MONOPOLY-Sohl/THE MAN WHO LIVED FOREVER-Miller & Hunger; MEN ON THE MOON-Wollheim/CITY ON THE MOON-Leinster; ACROSS TIME-Grinnell/INVADERS FROM EARTH-Silverberg; LEST WE FORGET THEE-EARTH-Knox/PEOPLE MINUS X-Gallun; WAR OF THE WING-MEN-Anderson/THE SNOWS OF GANYMEDE-Anderson;

PALLANTINE; A CASE OF CONSCIENCE-Blish; DRUNKARD'S WALK-Pohl; TALES TO BE TOLD IN THE DARK-ed by Davenport; TROUBLE WITH LICHEN-Wyndham; TOMORROW'S GIFT-Cooper; REACH FOR TOMORROW-Clarke; THE CASE AGAINST TOMORROW-Pohl; THOSE IDIOTS FROM EARTH-Wilson; E PLURIBUS UNICORN-Sturgeon; THE FUNHOUSE-Appel; FAHRENHEIT 451-Bradbury; STAR SCIENCE FICTION #4-Pohl; STAR SCIENCE FICTION 5-Pohl; OCCAM'S RAZOR-Duncan;

GENUS HOMO-de Camp & Miller; 13 GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION-ed by Conklin; CITY AT WORLD'S END-Hamilton; 3 FROM OUT THERE-Hamilton, Knight, Asimov; GET OUT OF MY SKY-ed by Margulies; 5 TALES FROM TOMORROW-ed by Dikty; FOUR FOR THE FUTURE-Conklin (ed); THE SKYLARK OF SPACE-Smith; PEBBLE IN THE SKY-Asimov; THE CAVES OF STEEL-Asimov; THE STATUS CIVILIZATION-Sheckley; STARSHIP-Aldiss; THE DEEP RANGE-Clarke; THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY-Clarke; ISLANDS IN THE SKY-Clarke; THE DEMOLISHED MAN-Bester; STARBURST-Bester; THE SEEDLING STARS-Blish; GALACTIC CLUSTER-Blish; DESTINATION: UNIVERSE-Van Vogt; ON THE BEACH-N. Shute; TWICE IN TIME-Wellman; A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS-Pangborn; THE WINDS OF TIME-Oliver; SANDS OF MARS-Clarke; THE WORLD THAT COULDN'T BE-ed by Gold; NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME-ed by Healy; THE MIND CAGE-Van Vogt; WORLDS APART-McIntosh; THE TORTURED PLANET-Lewis; CHILDREN OF THE ATOM-Shiras; 2ND FOUNDATION: GALACTIC EMPIRE-Asimov; DOOMSDAY MORNING-Moore;

This is really just a partial list, of those right at hand, and I have many other current pb's and mags available to me, so a want list of current stuff will be given attention.

I am interested in obtaining the following items. I'm willing to trade for any books on the above list, or I may even pay cash-type money, but not high prices for these. However, in buying or selling, I'll listen to any fair offers.

Any books by Robert A. Heinlein, and the Oct. ish of F&SF, 1958, which contains the concluding installment to HAVE SPACESUIT, WILL TRAVEL Poul Anderson titles-sf, fantasy, or historical-such as THE BROKEN SWORD Any of de Camp & Pratt's fantasy novels, such as INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER etc ANY of Robert E. Howard's Conan series, hardbound or paperback, such as the Ace double, CONAN THE CONQUEROR & THE SWORD OF RHIANNON Leigh Brackett's fantasies, especially the Venus ones

PLANET STORIES-1948-1953, and esp. March 1951
AMAZING STORIES-any of the pulps featuring Shaver, Burroughs, etc.
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES-with lead novels by Livingston, Pelkie, Geier, etc
FANTASTIC NOVELS-any with A. Merritt, Stilson, or Bloch, esp. '48, '49
UNKNOWN WORLDS-Brackett, de Camp, Pratt, etc.
Doc SAVAGE-any of these for reasonable prices that I can afford
ASTOUNDING-early '40s, esp. any issues with stories by Heinlein

I'm also interested in others of those types, and if you have anything in this line -especially if I have items you are interested in- contact me, and we'll see if we can do business. OK?

Nuff of that stuff, and on to more fannish doings:

Over the Thanksgiving weekend, Martha Beck, about the only fan in the Gary area, and my nearest fannish neighbor, had a small fanclave at her house. The Kemps drove in from Chicago with their brood and Jim O'Meara in tow, and Dean McLaughlin was also buzzed in from Michigan via Chi and Earl and Nancy Kemp. There were also some friends of the Becks whose names I can't remember who livened up the evening with a running discussion about UFO's with Dean and sometimes Mr. Beck, which lasted most of the night.

This was my first fannish gathering except for Pittcon, where I didn't know anybody. At the Becks I still felt neoish. But I did enjoy the visit, and before the thing was over, I found myself agreeing to help in the N3F Room at Chicon. Which should be interesting, tho, and I'm itching to try my hand at that 3-D game which was such a success at Seattle.

Earl and Nancy showed their slides of the trip to and from Seacon, with Jim and Dean adding their helpful comments. Except for the fact that going to the con at Seattle would have made me miss a week of school and several weeks of football practice, I too would have been among the Car-Go bunch going to the con and getting to see Robert A. Heinlein, my favorite author, again. But I hear that Heinlein will be in Chi, so it won't be too bad.

I did have fun at the Beck's, and I am looking forward to plaguing fandom with my presense at many more such fanclaves and especially at Chicon (which reminds me-I haven't paid my \$2 membership. Hmmm...I'll have to do something about that). And a free plug: this should be one of the best cons in years, so get going with your reservations now. Just \$2 to George Price, Treasurer; 20th World Science-Fiction Convention; P.O.Box 4864; Chicago 80, Ill.

And since I now find myself in the rare position of forgetting the thousand things I wanted to say, I'm forced (sigh-) to close this meandering thing...So till next issue, to all you kiddies out there in fanland...Haveto! (which means, more or less, that I'm thru-happy day)

THE REBEL
John Jackson
RR#7, Box 137-D
Crown Point, Ind.

Dick Schultz

19159 Helen

Detroit 34, Michigan

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