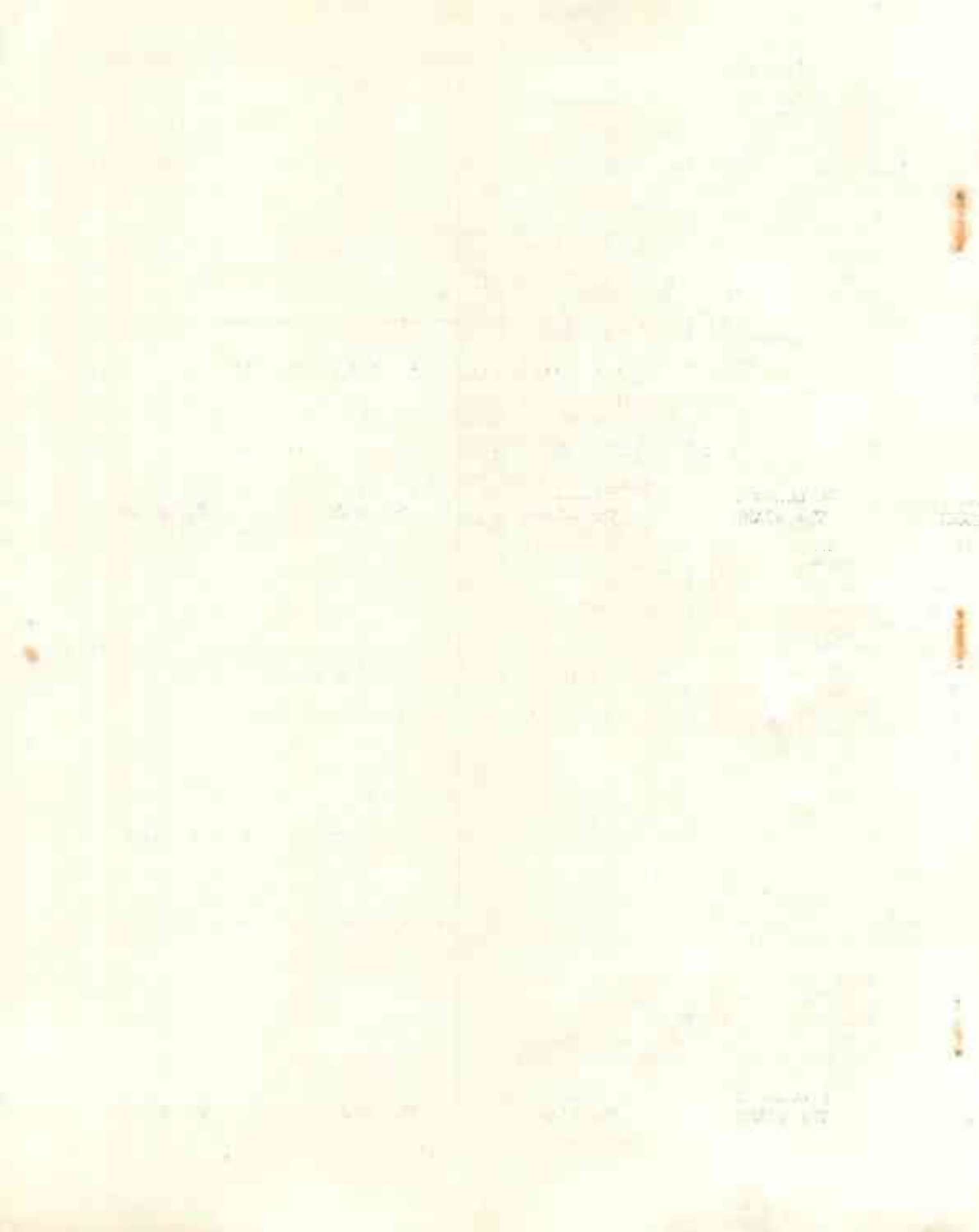


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George J. O'Hara
3 Lancelot Avenue
Bangor
Northern Ireland

number one
April 1963



Front Cover (Pfui!)

Inside Front Cover (Echh!)

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Tailpiece 14

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Backcover A Martian Sunrise, or — depending how you
hold the page — a Martian Sunset.

Interior Artwork by Smithfield T Archer

Printed and Published by - - - - -

George L Charters 3 Lancaster Avenue BANGOR Northern Ireland

EDITORIAL

As far as I'm concerned the Royal or Editorial "We" is out. Other editors may we-we as much as they like - I won't.

For many years I have wanted to produce a Science Fiction Fan Magazine but have always been scared off by seeing how good some fanzines were. (Whatever became of GRUE?) But in spite of my innate modesty the hankering grew.

Then I met James White and somebody suggested that we produce a fanzine in collaboration. We even went as far as writing editorials, and Walter Willis volunteered to help us run it off on his duplicator. But somehow this project failed to materialise.

At last I decided to put my name down on FAPA's waiting list. (This was in the good old days when one had only four or five years to wait.) But when the time came to join I was not too well and the chance was lost.

Last summer I finally decided to go ahead with it. I got promises of articles from Ian MacAulay and Bob Shaw. I got a Gestetner, the kind they call an educational model. I got stencils. I got ink. Then I had to go into hospital with a detached retina and came out five weeks later wearing dark glasses which prevented me reading.

So here I am now, in March, 1963, struggling with the problems of over-inking, under-inking, correction, and keeping my hands clean.

The first problem, however, was selecting a name for this effort. I wanted a name with the same number of letters as a certain well-known Irish 'zine. (Whatever became of SLANT?) I found it in a book called ACTION AND PASSION. And that, children, is how the SCARR began.

Most fanzines, I have noticed, proclaim in their first issue all that they are going to do or hope to do. I'll do likewise:

The SCARR shall be published monthly or less often if I haven't got time - and I seldom have enough time. There will be a reprint in each issue if I can manage it. There will be no articles about guns unless I decide to print one. Artwork will be non-existent except when it appears. The ink will continue to be black until I decide to change it, and the paper will continue to be white while I make up my mind about the colour I really want. (Some of the front covers were charred brown - I ran the Gestetner too fast.)

Subscriptions: The price per issue will be Thirty-three Pounds or One hundred Dollars in civilised money. Of course some may object that this charge is exorbitant, but if you care to write me a letter, article or even a postcard I'd have to send you another issue or two.

JWC may write sixteen-page editorials - I won't.

Slainte,

ROGET AND OUT

Ian
MacAulay

I WAS JUST half-way through my fifth pint of Whitbread's Pale when George interrupted and asked me quaveringly to write something for his new fanzine. Under the circumstances I agreed to dash off two or three pages of discourse on some topic of burning relevance to the Human Situation or something. Well, if Bob can write the definitive Ulster Sex Novel and if Walt is taking on the mantle of James A Fitzpatrick, I thought I should do something to keep the influence of the Republic of Ireland prominent in the eyes of fandom. However, now, even after three and a half cups of tea, it doesn't seem quite such a good idea.

I suppose I could make a complete volte-face and tell George I wouldn't contribute after all, but George would assume I was merely grimacing after a severe electrical shock and probably extend the deadline another week so that I could work unhampered by worry.

After all this cogitation I've come to the conclusion I'd better write about something nice and uncontroversial like science fiction. Science fiction is, after all, in a moribund condition and it's not likely to arouse much controversy.

Reading the current issues of the sf magazines merely serves to give one a sort of masochistic feeling, and frequently the utter carelessness of plotting, writing and editing is so appalling that dozens of prospective fans must shudderingly resolve to stick to Penguins in future.

NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION is by no means the worst of the currently available magazines, and indeed the series of Guest Editorials appearing in recent months has been consistently readable, stimulating and entertaining. In these pieces, various people, both of professional and amateur status in sf have given their opinions of science fiction, where it's been, where it's going, whether it should and why.

The latest in the series is by our own James White, who claims that the unfortunate professional writer is keen to write good, interesting stories

that will be popular with the fans and that we shouldn't all act as if we were going to jump on him from a great height every time he writes a story falling short of masterpiece level.

James himself is a thorough and painstaking writer, and after I'd finished reading his guest editorial I will confess to feeling a small pang of guilt about all the brickbats I had hurled or thought of hurling at various authors on the occasions when their stories had irritated, annoyed or disgusted me. I thought to myself that in future I would try to be more understanding towards the unfortunate professional authors who spent an appreciable fraction of their time, I gathered, sobbing their hearts out because they had made an error of one thousandth of one per cent in the value for c , or ignored the effects of Coriolis force in landing a rocket on an asteroid.

Then I read the first story in that issue of NEW WORLDS. In this short story, entitled "Twice Bitten," by Donald Malcolm, the characters are prepared to go to great lengths to avoid actually saying anything; words are muttered, interjected, continued, snarled, demanded, shouted furiously, protested petulantly, conceded gruffly, and then, on the fourth page, somebody says something. For the remaining twenty pages of the story very little is said. However, a great deal is responded mournfully, disagreed, complimented, answered simply, quipped, concluded, asked courteously, remarked blandly, prophesied darkly, ruminated, exclaimed, interrupted casually, and breathed. From this story I gather that the future planetary survey departments will not say a lot, and on the odd occasions when something is said it will be said quietly or said evasively or any other adverb you care to name. All in all, adverbs are very popular with Mr Malcolm: hills slope unhurriedly, people sneeze violently, things are examined critically, nodding is done sagely and eyes prick hotly.

The sea is described as burning like a vast rippled sapphire, and waters run in a sparkling mixture of emerald and diamond. Insects are compared, en masse, to a scattering of gold dust, and, singly, to a lost coin. In fact, by the time I finished the story I felt I should deposit that particular NEW WORLDS in my friendly neighbourhood bank vault for safe keeping.

Now, to some of you this sort of criticism may seem like nit-picking, but I reckon that my literary standards are not very high, perhaps due to reading so much sf, and I don't notice writing style much. Because of this, I take in my stride writing that makes some of my friends throw up their hands in horror. So if the style of "Twice Bitten" obtrudes itself into my awareness it must be pretty bad.

Notwithstanding all of James White's apologia for the professional writer, no one who writes in a series of cliches and indiscriminate adverbs should be a professional writer. And even if they are, no editor should accept that sort of stuff.

Finally, I admit I can't think of sf plots, even ones as lousy as that of "Twice Bitten." I concede that I couldn't string together twenty-odd pages of reasonably grammatical writing, even cliché-ridden writing. But I contend that the lead, or any, story in any sf magazine should show some sign of being a little more than a careless collection of strung-together phrases.

Here endeth a few uncontroversial remarks on contemporary science fiction.

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS there was a well-proven recipe for making fanzines: all you needed was a review of "Destination Moon," a discussion on Dianetics, and a news flash to the effect that Ed Noble was getting married. But now that we've all become older and more blasé the game is to protest at great length about the corniness of science fiction. Way, only the other day I heard a formerly keen reader attack the latest Fantastic for a solid hour — in fact, he was so nearly dancing with rage that you might have said he was liping the trite Fantastic.

Of course, it's good that fans have this highly-developed critical faculty, but we must try to be more positive in our approach. . . . We should show the pro writers how to wrest fresh new themes from the hard facts of scientific progress. Just to start the ball rolling I will demonstrate how a recent news story (about the ultra-sensitive mobile equipment for detecting unlicensed TV sets now operating in Belfast) can be used for a hard-hitting human drama. I give you. . . .

DRAGNIT

by Bob Shaw

Among the serried ranks of traffic in Belfast's busy Milk Street a sleek black Fordson van was moving easily through the lines. At the wheel was Clint Kinnison, Ulster's ace spotter, wearing the grey whipcords of the profession. Across his back was the Spotters' emblem: a red hand of Ulster cupped at a huge magenta car, over the phrase "Canis moribundum regurgitans licentious" -- "Die, dog, or cough up the licence."

"This new engine they've put in the van is running well," Clint remarked. "What size is it, anyway?"

"I don't know," his pretty assistant Maggie McVickers said. "It's a new Italian engine. It was tested by a thousand top Italian drivers and they all agreed it was perfect."

"Then it must be a thousand si-si engine," Clint replied. "I'll open the bonnet and show it to you afterwards."

"You mean — you're going to take me to your litre?"

"Not bad, Maggie, Clint said, "but remember you're the straight man around here."

Maggie nodded and took a deep breath, revealing her unsuitability for that role. "What's this new mission we're going out on?"

"Well, it's been discovered that a gang of TV licence forgers is operating in the town. The chief has made up a list of suspected viewers

who are connected with some kind of home printing business. We've to check them out. The first one is called Willis --- we're on our way to his place now."

"In that case," Maggie said, "I'd better warm up our expensive, highly-sensitive mobile equipment which is so acute that it can not only tell whether a TV set is on in a house but which channel is being watched, and even what corner of the room the set is in. Pardon me for spouting so much hot air, Clint, but that bit was all plot."

"You like your air in plots, do you?" Clint smiled. "It suits you. Here we are --- 170, Upper Newtownards Road --- it's a big house and the signal will probably be faint coming through all that brickwork. Better give the equipment full boost, maximum sensitivity."

"Okay, Clint." Maggie switched on the mass of electronics in the rear of the van and immediately several indicator needles wrapped themselves around their stop pins, sparks showered from half a dozen black boxes and the van filled with smoke.

"Ruined!" Maggie screamed. "The equipment's all ruined! That was the strongest signal we have ever received. There are only four people in that house, and two of those are children, but they must have sets going on every floor. Talk about the affluent society!"

"You mean affluent, don't you?" Clint snapped. On second thoughts maybe in this case you're right. Anyway, the fiends have ruined £20,000 worth of detection gear. We'll have to go back for a new lot --- the chief isn't going to like this."

As the black van sped back down the road, inside number 170 Walt Willis said to Madeleine, "I'll keep trying for the golf on Scottish Television this set, you watch out for Hancock on Ulster Television on yours, tell Carol to keep tuned in for the tennis scores on BBC in her bedroom, and send word up to Eryan in the attic to give us a shout when the science fiction serial starts on Telefis Eirann."

* * * *

"There," said Clint Kinnison, tightening down the last nut, "that's the new equipment installed. Now we'll try the second name on our list."

"Do you think this fellow Shaw will be tough?" Maggie asked.

"Nah!" Clint replied confidently. "If he tries anything we'll soon have his teeth chattering with this." He patted his holstered cavity resonator and the black van roared off towards the Castlereagh Hills. After half an hour of steady climbing the engine was beginning to labour in the rarefied air and the scenery had grown bleak and forbidding, with rocks jutting up in the roadway and masses of vegetation looming on each side.

"I don't like this," Maggie said nervously. "Do you think he'll

have a watch-dog?"

"I'm not worried if he has — most watch-dogs are quite harmless. They shoo off more than they can bite, in fact. Get it? Hee, hee, hee!"

"I still don't like this. We must be nearly at Shaw's house, but did you ever see so much grass? The van's beginning to stick in it, Clint — do you think you could lean out and cut it with something as we go along?"

Clint shook his head. "No mower for me, thanks — I'm driving. Hee, hee, hee! Never worry — there's a small mound of dust and stones. I'll drive up on top of it and see where we are." He spun the steering wheel deftly and the van swung towards the mound, which — too late — revealed itself to be a large, unwashed Triumph saloon. There was a loud clang as the two vehicles collided, followed by a series of tinkling noises as £20,000 worth of delicate electronic equipment fell to pieces in the back of the van. In the dim unnatural light that filtered down through the overhanging weeds Clint and Maggie stared at each other aghast.

"Oh, look," Maggie giggled, "your face has gone all puke coloured!"

"You mean puce, don't you?" Clint snapped. "On second thoughts — maybe in this case you're right. The chief definitely won't like this, you know. There's only one more set of equipment left." He jerked the van into reverse gear savagely and it trundled backwards down the hill out of sight.

Inside number 26 Sadie Shaw said to Bob, "It's high time you cut our grass, Fatso. I thought I heard a bang at the front door a moment ago, but the weeds might get the children if I open it." Shaw only sipped his beer.

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"We're not going to take any chances with this White character," Clint explained as they buzzed along the Upper Falls Road. "This is the third set of equipment today, and at £20,000 a time that comes tohow much?"

"Work it out yourself," Maggie said. "Doing sums gives me a headache."

"Me too — it's called the aftermath. Anyway, the chief says we're sacked if anything goes wrong this time, so we'll go really carefully up to White's house, tune in on him and prove that he has a set, then we'll burst in and ask for his licence. If it's forged....." Clint patted his cavity resonator grimly. He made a tall, powerful figure in his grey uniform, the severity of which was relieved only by the Lens strapped to his left wrist. The Lens, which shone with a strange glow in the afternoon sunlight, was never removed from Clint's wrist. When he raised it to his eye and peered into its flickering depths — he could tell the time by his wrist-watch! His trouble was that he was nearly blind, but too conceited to wear glasses.

"We're nearly at Riverdale Gardens now," Maggie said. "God, these

roads are nearly as bad as at Shaw's place! Just look at all that mud and muck -- it's like something the drovers in Rawhids would have to plough through."

"Yeah," Clint agreed, "those guys have a hard time. Personally, I just wouldn't put up with it. If they asked me to work in those conditions I'd say, 'No mire for me, thanks -- I'm driving.'"

"Here we are now, Clint." Maggie expertly clicked all the right switches and the equipment emitted a faint hum as it warmed up. A puzzled look spread over her face as she adjusted her earphones. "I thought we were getting a signal, but it's so faint I can't be sure. Even a nine-inch set gives a bigger signal. It's really strange."

"We've got to get the goods on this guy," Clint said. "Try harder! Give the detector maximum power!" He leaned over and twirled several knobs.....

"Careful!" Maggie warned. "Careful! The equipment isn't made for picking up signals as faint as this seems to be."

"A man's gotta do what he's gotta do." Clint threw a variable resistance handle to the end of its slot, the equipment made a loud moaning sound and suddenly sagged to the floor with little puffs of smoke issuing from its insides.

"You fool!" Maggie screamed. "You've done it again."

Clint went white. "What will the chief say when I ask for more equipment?"

"I know," Maggie snarled. "He'll say, 'No more for you, thanks -- you're driveling.'"

Seizing his cavity resonator she started banging him round the head with it, and they disappeared from view in the general direction of Ballymaguigan.

Inside number 10 a smile of satisfaction spread over James White's face as he sat in his attic staring happily at the sine wave he had just brought in on his ex-WD 1½" diameter oscilloscope.

BOOKS WANTED

Any title by

George Griffith

H Bedford Jones

Alan Hawkwood

Francis Gerard

H M Egbert

E Charles Vivian

Victor Rousseau

Gordon Keyne

Donald Bedford

John Wycliffe

Gordon Stuart

Elliott Whitney

Montague Brissard

Michael Callister

Lucien Penjeau

Cleveland B Chase

John Frederick

Evan Evans

David Manning

George Owen Baxter

PRICE, DATE, ETC to
Darrell C Richardson
Auburn
Kentucky
U S A

THE STERLING QUALITIES of the editor of this eminent fanzine is shown by the fact that his appreciation of high-class literature is a rare and precious thing. Not only did he ask scientist Ian MacAulay to write for him, and sometime pro Bob Shaw, but he actually asked me. The letter came this morning. I have it with me now. I'll reprint the first telling sentence or two, so you can share the thrill with me. I hadn't realised that I'd really hit the big time in fanzine writing status:-

Dear John,

Thank you for your twenty-seven letters, but I happened to misplace your address. The question you ask is ridiculous — do I want a John Berry article?

Touching, isn't it, the subtle way he approached me to write for him?

Then, of course, this suggestion coming from him like a bolt from the blue I had no idea what to write about. It is always a wonderful moment when a fanzine, a brand new fanzine, makes its debut. Usually the editor is too modest, or too inexperienced or hasn't enough space to write about himself.....about his real self. George Charters, whom I've known, man and beast, for almost a decade, also has refrained from giving you the pertinent facts about himself, therefore I feel that the general tenor of the issue would have more impact if I used this space and opportunity to tell you about

A FAMILY AFFAIRE

by John Berry

the Sunday I actually visited his house at 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor.....a write-up of which has rarely or ever appeared in a fanzine, because George has always been reticent about this mystic temple of fandom and Western lore.

But I was there.....

The house has a definite atmosphere about it. It isn't a house which attracts attention. Perhaps, in passing, you wouldn't even notice it..... that is presumably the reason for the withering privet hedge. Once you've forced the front gate open, the pathway (purposely unkept to stall the unwelcome visitor) doesn't provide too much of an obstacle provided you've done a Commando Obstacle Course. I had, so the barbed wire and deep ditch didn't provide more than temporary respite. Eventually I got to the front door. I pushed the bell, and deep down in the bowels of the earth, where I judged a cellar to be, I heard the resultant "boing."

Eventually George appeared, toting two .45s, one on each hip.

"Oh, er, John," he said, "glad to....er....see you."

"I had nothing to do this Sunday, George," I explained, "so I thought it

would give me material for an article if I wrote about your house. Can I come in?

"Oh, most certainly," he murmured. I fancied I saw him making mystic movements with his hand — the one which was behind the door.

He gave me a chair in the living-room. He sat opposite me.....looking at me. The shawl, the pattern round the edge depicting a lot of stags at bay, hung loosely over his shoulders.

"Well," he said — as though he was in a hurry.

"George," I said, craning forward, "you have some — er — correctine on your cheek."

"Correctine on my cheek?" he thundered. For a moment, I thought he was going to draw, but the itching fingers only served to pull the tartan blanket further round his knees as he reached for a heavy silver hand-mirror which lay on the hand-carved side-board. He blinked at what he saw, then, with a deft movement of a gnarled hand, he took it off in one swipe.....

"I was cutting stencils," he mumbled.

"I like the decor, George," I confessed. I did, too. Above the marble fireplace was a picture of a shaggy Highland bull, antlers rampant, looking at a cow a couple of hills away. The gilt frame was worn and chipped, but it had obviously been in the Charters family for many years. On the other side of the fireplace were almost life-size statues of Roman Maidens (Vestal Virgins, George confided with the emphasis on "Vestal") clothed in nothing except bunches of grapes ("Reminds me of my studies of Roman Classics," admitted George).

What was supposed to be an original Goya took up the far wall, the one opposite the fireplace, and numerous other oil paintings, mostly of girls in artistic poses, comprised the remainder of the illustrations. The furniture was Victorian but tasteful..... and near the fireplace (a homely touch, this) was a rough wooden structure on which clothes were hung, the better to get warmed by the heat from the crackling logs. The clothing was what you'd expect from a confirmed bachelor: a red woollen vest, three pairs of khaki socks with newly-mended holes in them, two pairs of long woollen underpants, several large handkerchiefs, a brassiere, a thick scarf, a.....

A brassiere??

"Er — where's your — er — sister, George?" I asked. "Is she preparing tea?" I hinted.

"Sister.....sister? What nonsense!" he remonstrated.....then his eyes flickered for a moment towards the clothes-drier.....

"Did I tell you I'm taking up the Flamenco?" he suddenly asked.

Before I could reply he leapt to his feet, only his gritting teeth betraying the extreme physical action with the movement. He swirled the tartan blanket round his shoulders, spun it round once more like a matador with a sudden surge of exhibitionism, and in doing so it flashed across the clothes-drier; and then George sat down again, breathless. I stole a

look at the clothing: the bra was missing, and whilst he was shuffling with his bag of humbugs I swear I saw something shiny and black being eased into his cardigan pocket.

"I'd like to see your celebrated Max Brand Collection, and your Science Fiction Prozone Collection," I said, when I noted that my subtle suggestion hadn't taken effect.

George seemed to ponder over that one. Then he shouted, literally shouted, "Oh, my books....we're going to the book room." Then he tapped his walking-stick sharply against the ceiling. "It's in that room above us," he told me; then once more he shouted loudly, "WE'RE GOING UP TO THE BOOK ROOM."

I was going to tell him that I wasn't deaf, as his shout reverberated all round the room, but he was still toting the .45s, and, let's face it, I really was anxious to see his famous collections.

He stepped remarkably lightly ahead of me, up the wide staircase, with deep plush blue carpet, and into the room, filled from floor to ceiling with all the prozines you ever heard of....ASTOUNDINGs from way back when I was only interested in catching tadpoles....all the IFs....AMAZINGs.....F&SFs....all the British reprints. And then his Max Brand books.....old ones....new ones....hard covers....soft covers.....a proverbial goldmine of Western literature.

He was looking proudly at them, glasses pushed back onto his forehead, when I heard a noise next door, from where I judged his bedroom to be (I mean, it had "George's Bunkhouse" burned on it.

"Burglars," I panted, reaching to race past him and apprehend the criminal.

"I'll catch the pesky varmint," yelled George, and drew the .45s. He went into his room and slammed the door after him. I heard voices.....his and a delicate female voice. Then silence. A moment passed.....then a couple of sighs and he came back out again, .45s pouched.

"No one there," he said with finality.

"Er....George," I panted, "you've got correctine on your face again."

He wiped it off with his handkerchief, then staggered downstairs again.

"I'd love you to stop for tea," he mouthed, pushing me out of the front door, "but I've a lot of work to do with my new Max Brand anthology..... please come again some day...."

I fought my way to Lancaster Avenue again, and when I reached the safety of it I just had to lean on the fence of number 3 and take one more last lingering glance at the house.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, George sure has a damn fine collection of books, and now that he has started his very own fangine it should be a notable literary landmark, one that may be remembered for many years to come. Maybe it will even win a HUGO.....who knows?

But if perchance his schedule appears to flag somewhat, don't hold it against him. He'll be doing his best.....but we all have our little diversions, don't we?

ΨΨΨ ΨΨΨ ΨΨΨ ΨΨΨ ΨΨΨ ΨΨΨ

((You needn't feel like a Peeping Tom (or a Peking Man, either) if you read this diary. You've already read the Inchmerry Diary, haven't you? All that might offend your fine fannish susceptibilities has been omitted. What's left is just crude raw ore. And for this first short instalment I'm going back only a little way.))

March 18 Monday Wonder does every fan-publisher have the same teething troubles (including grinding, gnashing and gritting) as I have with this intransigent, recalcitrant mass of insensate metal called an Educational Model Gestetner. If it's a model wonder what the real thing is like? Ugh! :: Ran off some covers this morning after getting home from work. Ran off? Limped off. One spot, couple of square inches only, refused to become ink. Queer, because everything else in the room is ink-smeared. Turned crank 517 times. No joy. At last, with the door locked, took stencil off and dabbed ink on it and dabbed more on screen and rollers. Had a hell of a job to get stencil back on without creasing it every which way. Not good but it'll have to do — this thing must be out before Summer. :: Ink everywhere. Big cardboard box full of crumpled smudged newspapers. Must get a few more tins of Omo. It seems to take the ink off my hands and face; but the name annoys me. Perhaps I should write them a testimonial.

March 19 Tuesday Ran (Ha!) off the rest of covers. Sometimes it takes two at a time when it's going good, sometimes a dozen. Sometimes it kinda lifts them half-way and sometimes it smears them back and front with ink. And sometimes I think optimistically that I'm only using twice as much ink as I should. Top of covers blurred or smudged so used correctine on stencils without taking it off the machine. (I'm not that stupid.) Rested from my labours by reading John Lymington's THE COMING OF THE STRANGERS. JL wrote three sf stories before this: NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT (very good); THE GIANT STUMBLES (well, every story can't be a winner); THE GREY ONES (alien vegetable invasion); but this.... The invaders here come from the sea where they have an old civilization; they are invisible; they kill people casually. They act stupidly: they besiege some people in a house but make little attempt to get in except by influencing their minds. The besieged spend their time in senseless, acrimonious argument that goes on for page after page after page. Come to think of it there are damn few people with any sense in this book.

March 20 Wednesday No duplicating this day. Up at six and went to 170. Told Madeleine, Walter, James, Bob all about my bitter struggles with it. WAW showed me how to hand-feed the thing when th'other system doesn't work. James suggested I should write an account of it all. Bob suggested publication in pamphlet form. WAW said, "Yes, and you could call it 'Mein Pamph.'" Bob also advised me when I go to the States in July to remember that over there the driver sits in the passenger's seat. Before I left Walt gave me a Gestetner instruction booklet.

↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓

That's all for this time. But next time you may not be so lucky: you may get twice as much and only half as many words underlined.

TAILPIECE

I finish as I began -- on a Monarch Visible Writing machine, having used up two Imperials on the way. These new-fangled machines simply haven't got the stamina.

This is the first and last all-Irish edition of The SCARR.

As for the contents of future issues, there will be a letter column, I hope. There will be articles, I hope. There will be cartoons, I hope. There will be.....

There is no special significance in the fact that the publication date of this issue is 1st April.

You've had it.

Slainté,

Geo

BOOKS WANTED

BOOKS WANTED

BOOKS WANTED

BOOKS WANTED

Max Brand Black Jack Calling Dr Kildare Children of Night Crooked Horn
 Clung Danger Trail Dr Kildare Takes Charge Fate's Honeymoon
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