

NO. 17 - JAN. 1950

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# THE LASFS

## REVIEWS

### 1949'S

## BOOKS

FREDDIE  
HERSHEY

The year 1949 saw a remarkable awakening of member participation in giving book reviews at meetings. The absence of warring factions, the smoothly run meetings and the general interest in actually discussing the common hobby, have led to some of the most interesting that LASFS has ever had in its long and varied career. And about time too! All this has been spurred no doubt by the vast amount of sf and ff that is now appearing between hard covers; and the weekly raffle of some new or well known reprinted book has also stimulated the members to get up and really give their opinions. The discussions that have followed these book reviews have become a highlight now and are eagerly awaited by the membership.

E. Everett Evans, always dependable and willing to start off any new idea that will benefit the group, gave the first review on March 17. The book was A. Merritt's Ship of Ishtar, with which most of us were familiar. But on hearing again several of the beautiful descriptive passages as read by Ev, interest in this old favorite was rekindled. And of course there was the new, lovely edition put out by the Borden Publishing Company---a true labor of love, with Finley illustrations and containing every word of the original story as written by Merritt.

Once in a while a book comes along that excites the imaginations of all people, and if it happens to be scientificfictional as well, we are indeed overjoyed. Such a book that leaped into world prominence was George Orwell's 1984. And when such a reviewer as Epg Konigsberg got up and told us that it was a fine piece of work, we were impressed. For Eph, by nature a debater, who can evaluate the merits and shortcomings of a work, and by training a fine speaker, gave us a very real

picture of the world as it could become by 1964. Orwell's Big Brother, who rules the world by all the opposite attributes that have been written for every Utopia, latches on to the scared soul of the chief protagonist. Through his eyes you get a frightening picture of civilization as it might become. Eph was very appreciative of the work and compared it favorably with Arthur Koestler's Darkness at Dawn. This was reviewed on June 9th.

On August 25th, Freddie Hershey reviewed the book that she had won the week before in the raffle. At her suggestion, it was decided that the lucky winners of the books give a review of same, as soon as they could be read. The Lady from Venus by Garnett Radcliff was reviewed as a highly entertaining yarn of an uninhibited, young Venusian lady and her trials, tribulations and adventures in the land of the Egg-Eaters, (Earth). A very clever story, in which the author shrewdly rips to shreds our solemn social customs. A must for the fantasy lover.

The meeting of Sept. 8th had two book reviews; an extemporaneous one by Eph, and the report by Len Koffett on the book he had won. Eph gave a highly entertaining few words on William Temple's Four Sided Triangle. This new book is a twist on the eternal triangle. Two men love the same woman. To satisfy them both, a duplicate is made of the woman. Unfortunately, the original gal only loved one of the men. And like the reviewer, I refuse to disclose the end. If you have some such problem, read this and you will.....

Len then gave his opinion of Summer in 3000 by Peter Martin. This story of the future gives a picture of two distinct types of co-existing civilizations. One is a happy, scientific, highly technocratic and Utopian society, and the other war torn and full of hatred. Everything that has ever been written about future civilizations seems to have been tossed into this book, and according to Len, life must have seemed as confusing to the hero as it did to him. The gimmicks include painted on clothes, food organs, and a Little Brother who rules the warring factions. The hero's coming precipitated the two worlds into conflict. If you care how it all came out, I'm sure Len will be glad to lend you his copy.

Forry Ackerman, who of late has been content to sit by and give the newer members a chance to speak up, finally broke down and gave us a review of Max Ehrlich's The Big Eye. While he thought that the book was light on science fiction, he found the story well done. A huge planet, which contains a large crater in its center that makes it look like a giant eye, is approaching Earth, and doom hangs over the nations. Wars cease and all efforts are bent to combine talents and abilities to forestall the disaster. The reactions of the common people to the coming catastrophe make up the better parts of the book. In finishing his report, Forry told us not to fear. The planet took off for other parts and never did hit the Earth. This all didn't happen on Sept. 22nd.

And with a succinct "it stinks" Eph dismissed Arthur Leo Zagat's Seven Out of Time. However he went on to give a rave review of Robert Graves's Watch the Nothwind Rise. This radical departure in stories for Graves concerns the Utopian Utopia of New Crete. A modern day man



is brought from the Cretan past (The late Christian Era). Between his desires to learn of the mores and morals of a land where the Thire Goddess is worshipped, and the trouble he has with the various women around, (one a reincarnation of an old Earth flame) the hero manages to cause quite a series of disturbances. The writing was described as brilliantly satirical and the story a fascinating allegory. Highly recommended.

On Nov. 10th, Eph again was not able to contain himself and rose to deliver three more reviews. The first was L. Ron Hubbard's King Slayer, which consists of three short stories, one new and the other two reprinted. The new tale has the typical Hubbard touches and is the story of a young college misfit, rescued by a new Group, who suddenly finds himself the heir apparent of the entire solar system. As Eph says, "It's old hat and trite, but Hubbard makes it interesting."

The second was Dr. Keller's Homunculus, and Eph considers it the best work that Keller has ever done. The book is not considered a true novel by the reviewer, but more of an exposition. A retired doctor, using an old formula, and assisted by two supernatural helpers, creates a baby parthenogenetically. The doctor's strong belief in succeeding in his attempt to accomplish this feat is the theme of the book. That is: if you believe in a thing strongly enough, it can be accomplished. Eph says he experienced a feeling of gentle pleasure in reading this latest work of Dr. Keller.

The last report that he gave on this date was another rave review on George Stewart's Earth Abides. The story is of man's decline and his attempts to rise again. While this has been done many times, never has it been done so admirably and with such attention to detail. The writing was labelled as masterful, the characterizations as superb. The most minute details are carefully presented and the struggles of the pitifully few remaining humans, after a disease has wiped out most of mankind, are explained from the sociological, psychological and ecological viewpoints. "It is", Eph said, "unquestionably one of the finest books that has come out this year."

The same evening Dot Faulkner gave a short review of the book that she had won the previous week. Her quickly told but humorous report had the members howling. According to Dot, John Carstairs--Space Detective by Frank Belknap Long is a series of space detective stories for the adolescent, so therefore she, who is merely sixty, enjoyed them very much. The villains of the stories seem to be various forms of extra-terrestrial plant life, and in her words led to a lot of "man vs. vegetable". But she was happy reading it. We are now trying to arrange for Dot to win another book soon. Her review was terrific.

As the urge to tell about the latest books they had read grew upon the members, and became an important part of the weekly meetings, it was inevitable that reviews would pile up when meetings scheduled for scientific talks and other business left insufficient time. Such was the case for a couple of weeks. On Nov. 25th the dam broke loose and there was a veritable rash of book resumes. This is spite of the fact that Eph Konigsberg was not present at the meeting. What better proof that the discussions of sf and ff books had grown to become an accepted part of LASFS meetings?

Freddie Hershey, having read Earth Abides after the unqualified recommendation at a previous meeting hastened to assure the rest of the members that it was well worth the reading. She suggested that copies could be obtained from Torry for \$3.00 and was a bargain at that price. She went on to review Nelson Bond's Exiles of Time and expressed regret that an author that has turned out such well written works in the past had seen fit to publish such a miserable book. It was full of hackneyed situations, poor dialogue, stereotyped characterizations and the gimmicked plot helped very little. The tale itself is of a group of people from vastly different walks of life who are gimmicked into the past. There they react according to their latter day characters and play their parts in seeing the destruction of the civilization that was Lemuria.

Speaking of gimmicks led to a spirited discussion on that favorite gimmick user, Robert Heinlein, and both E. E. Evans and Dave Fox gave their interpretations of the fine use Heinlein put gimmicks to in The Red Planet. Other authors and their ability to use the gimmick or new twist were also discussed for a while.

Meanwhile Rick Snerry had to sit patiently by to give his report on a book that he had won: The Coming of the Amazons by Owen Johnson. This is a dream sequence story and Rick reported that it was pretty inconsequential. The hero, in 1929, has a discussion with a doctor friend about suspended animation brought about by freezing. Upon arriving home he finds his wife and friends having a spirited discussion on women suffrage. The combination, fresh in his mind, coalesces to form the dream. The hero is frozen, awakens on a floating hospital, and finds that the world is now run by Amazons. A war in 1984 had destroyed most of the male population and now every 25 women have to share one man. Quite a world, according to Rick's excellent review.

Dave Fox, an associate member from Glendale, who doesn't get down as often as we would like to see him, finished off with an impromptu talk on Silverlock by John Myers Myers. This unique book is in the nature of a continual puzzle. The hero, a very ordinary fellow of only average intelligence, has a series of adventures. In these he comes in contact with figures from history and some from well known fictional works. He also visits mythical and historical places. Throughout he is unaware of the identities of the characters, whose names are not told, but clues to the reader are given in the conversations. Dave admitted that he had not been successful in identifying all of them yet, but was enjoying the game immensely.

On Dec. 1st, Hal Braham, an occasional visitor to the club, and an author of western and detective fiction, came down and gave a review of the book that he had won a few weeks past. His impressions of Edmund Hamilton's Star Kings were most interesting to the group, as he compared the space opera with the horse opera. Unfortunately the book was not the best one he could have gotten for such a purpose, but he says he did enjoy the tale.

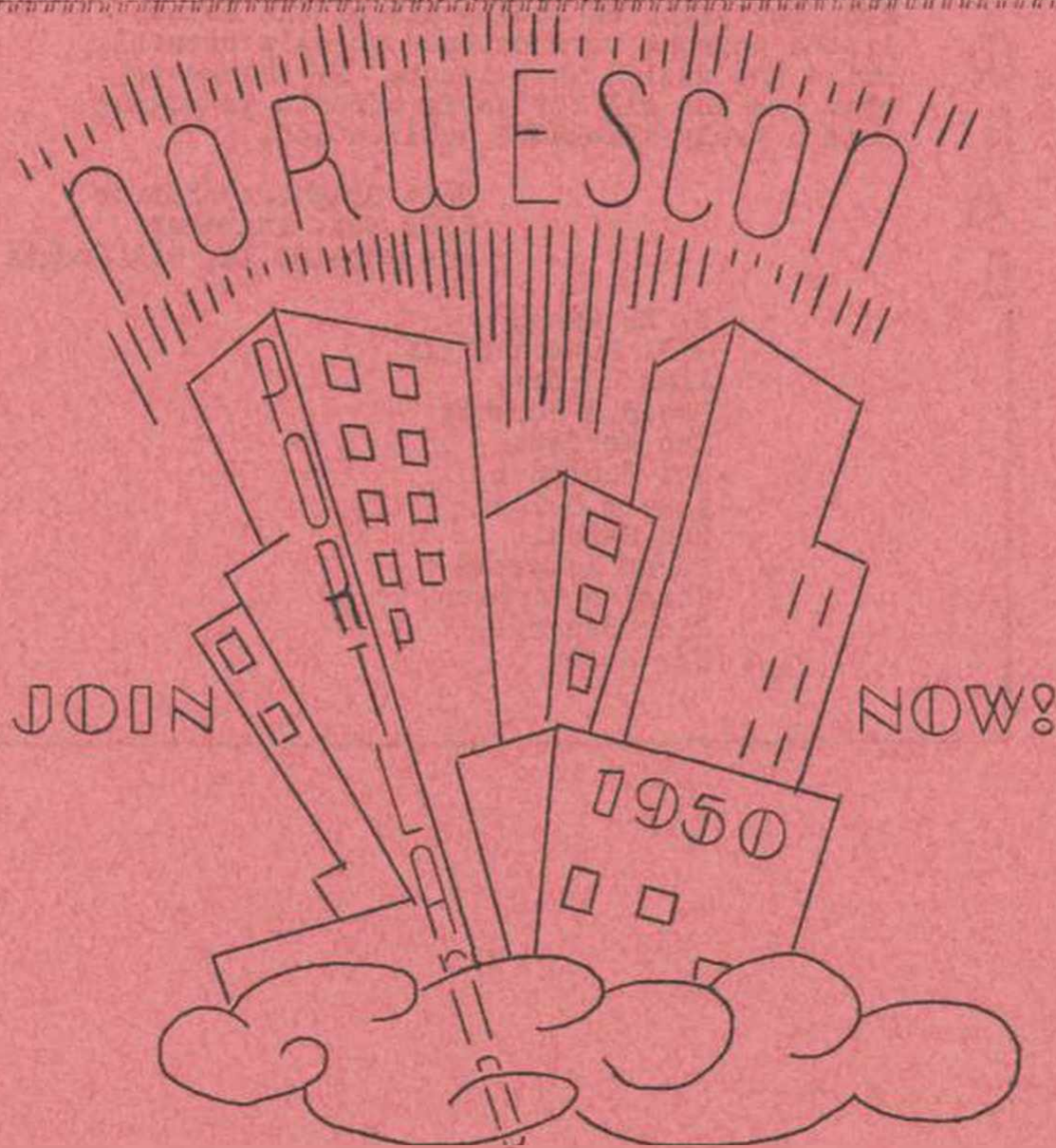
When Hank Richner became a member not so long ago, we knew we knew we had been fortunate in acquiring an artist of the first water, but scarcely suspected that we had also latched on to such a terrific natural comedian. Those that missed his fabulous review of Murray



Leinster's The Last Space Ship. Half perched on the Director's table, Hank told us his tale of woe in following the story. Among the few items the reviewer (this one) got throughout the hearty laughter were the following: The hero was a bad boy in a world of molecular beam transmission. After being punished by the queer array of punishments that prevailed at that time, he takes off in an old relic of a space ship and proceeds to get lost among the various galaxies. Hank chased him all over hell and gone, lost as was the hero. His recitation of the worlds visited was a hilarious one. He ended by saying that he wished the hero had stayed lost the first time around.

So, in the future, with the examples given in the past for guidance, there is no doubt that the coming reviews will be of great interest to all the members and guests, who are always welcome to attend the meetings.

May 1950 be an interesting scientificfictional year to you all.



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I would like to follow EEE's design for an editorial with this issue too but I can't pass up the credits for this issue as this subject practically encompasses the whole club. Reminding me greatly of the old Clifton days of the club when we used to gather at Russ Hodgkins place on Sunday all of the below listed persons were on hand to help stencil, write and design this issue. My thanks to them one and all for their efforts in making this a truly all-LASFS publication.

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E. E. Evans  
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Ron Seidel  
Porry Ackerman  
Charles Simpson  
Rick Sneary  
Ira Rosen



# COX'S ESP 1950

ARTHUR J. COX

What's going to be presented here is, in its own way, rather unique; I'll get down to business. This is mostly a retraction.

On March 13th, 1947, I gave a talk before the LASFS, vaguely entitled, "Concerning ESP". Not only did I have the misfortune to give the talk, to pile injury on insult, it was published in Charles Burbee's "LASFS" magazine, Shangri-L'Affaires, #37. (It was about this time that FIL's infamous article, which shall be nameless but whose initials were, oddly enough, "HIT LASFS", appeared; at the time, I was dismayed by the publication dates of his and my essays being so close but now I've come to regard it as oddly appropriate.)

For some time I'd been interested in what has come to be called "extra-sensory perception". My talk centered around my meager experiments and vast number of speculations on the subject; but the nucleus of the presentation was a "psychic experience" I had had some few years previously, 1942, to be exact. (That is not the date which was implied in the talk and article but chronologically, also, it was all SNAFUed.)

I'll tell it here as I might have told it then though in much briefer form: "...I was twelve or thirteen. A situation arose where my younger brother and I had to be "boarded out". An advertisement was placed in one of the local newspapers. I made a prophecy that the lady (we assumed it'd be a woman) who answered the ad would be tall, have dark hair which she did up in a bun, live in a two-story house, and that her name would be Evelyn. Two women answered the ad; one fitting it exactly."

This wasn't the first time I'd told of this incident; I'd proudly recounted it several times before; just after the event took place. I became known as a "boy with second sight."

When the article was published in Shangri-L'Affaires I read it and received a mild shock of surprise because I didn't remember telling it in the form it was presented there. But there was little doubt that they were my own words. Actually, the "mild shock" was merely some of my own doubts jumping about on the surface. I took a form of action whose purpose was rationalization. I wrote a letter to my mother and brother (who were living some few hundred miles north of Los Angeles) stating in succinct form the story and asking them both to sign it, as one would notarize a statement. A few days later I received it back, signed. (I still have this) So, at least, they remembered the statements. I wasn't satisfied. A few months later, my brother came south to stay with me and I questioned him more closely about the subject. Briefly; Well, he didn't remember it happening, but we had all talked about it a great deal at the time...

That was that!



Some minor speculations about what the answerer of the ad would look like...much conversation...elaboration...and falsification of memory. (As far as I know, my mother to this day "remembers" the remarkable prophecy.) It is a familiar process: The confusion of two happenings--the filling in of a gap...

This was the false-to-fact basis of my talk and article; the rest of it can be discounted as over-emphasis and rationalization. (Page 3,4,5 & 5½ are not so bad: The "game-experiments" talked about in them are to the best of my knowledge and memory--I've checked some of them--factual. But then, so what-- they mean little in themselves. And many of the speculations are based on nonsense-assumptions.)

This, of course, raises a lot of questions in several areas. These can't be gone into here because of space-and-time limitations, but others. Some of the special questions rising from this incident are as to the validity of most statements of experience along "psychic" lines and means of determining their validity. (this does not necessarily imply that I consider all or most such experience to be of the same, or similar, nature to mine.) Are there peculiar personality characteristics of persons who indulge in these self-falsifications? More immaturity, "neurosis", paranoid tendencies...?

These are questions which are being answered and will be answered in coming years; I, also, will be investigating along these lines. Perhaps three years from now, I'll have still different attitudes toward the subject...

Never the same river. I'll let you know.

\* \* \* \* \*



THE LASFS CLUB ROOM AS IT WAS QUITE SOME LITTLE TIME AGO \* QUITE \*

# LASFS

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIPS

Because of the many requests received by the L.A.S.F.S. we are now opening the membership rolls to associate memberships. The idea was presented at a recent meeting and passed by the group. The membership is made available principally for two types of fans. There are many local fans who are unable to attend meetings regularly but desire to keep in touch with the Society and receive the club publications. Outside of Southern California there are fans from all over the country who have requested information on joining so....Here you are.

Associate memberships are \$1.00 per year plus 35¢ for each meeting attended. This entitles the associate member to all publications of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and notices of all special meetings.

Send your dollar today to

Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society  
1305 West Imperial  
Los Angeles 14  
California

\$1.00    \$1.00    \$1.00    \$1.00    \$1.00    \$1.00    \$1.00



## LET'S GET ASSOCIATED!

Here is just one of the comments we have received on the new associate membership offer made by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society :

"I think the offer of associate memberships in the LASFS fulfills a long felt need. At least for me. Frankly, I believe that your organization is the best of its kind; and if my application is approved, I'll be proud of the fact that I, too, can say that I belong to the LASFS! Sincerely, - Charles Lee Riddle "

Why don't you send in your dollar today and become a member of this 15 year old organization -- Yes, we've been having regular meetings each week for 15YEARS! Join the list below today and receive your membership bundle by return mail which includes your membership card, stationery, and a full years subscription to SHANGRI-LA. Here are the new ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:

Eugene J. Allen  
Lee F. Baldwin  
Wrai Ballard  
William Berger  
Elbert George Burns  
Ed Cox  
Patricia G. Crossly  
Hal Curtis  
Roland H. Dishington  
Mrs. Jane L. Fisher  
David L. Fox  
Guy Gifford  
Clare Winger Harris  
Louise E. Hilliard  
Arthur Louis Joquel, II  
Arthur Levine  
Lillian Lorraine  
Karl H. McNeil  
Eugene C. Mack  
Mrs. Rhoda Marshall  
Daniel R. Meyers  
P. De Witt Miller  
Hal R. Moore  
Olive Morgan  
Sam Moskowitz  
Kris Neville  
Bob Olsen  
Fred Owen  
Sam Peeples  
Robert C. Peterson  
Arthur C. Putnam  
Charles Leo Riddle

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T. E. Watkins  
George Weiss  
Winne A. Everett  
Stanley Woolston  
Richard Young  
Vaughn Greene  
Bill Venable  
Albert Hernhurter  
Beverly Doe  
Don Moore  
Don J. Nardizzi  
Roger Nelson  
Vol Molesworth  
Dr. Harry Segal  
Jonne Hanlon  
William D. Knapheide  
Weyman Robinson  
Bernard Tarshis  
Lionel G. Shelley

There you are - 54 of them.  
And all it takes to add your name  
to this list and to add to your  
own fan reading enjoyment is to  
send your dollar now to:

Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society - 1305 West Ingraham - Los Angeles 14, California.

# WONDER USED TO SMELL

BY FORRY ACKERMAN

YES, back in 1929 Science WONDER Stories used to smell--but I mean that literally and not necessarily literarily. I don't know whether it was the paper or the ink, but the big ole early Wonders had the prettiest stink! Recently I got nostrilalgic for a whiff of that Wonderful odor, and this reminiscent article is the result.

\* \* \*

Gernsback had lost Amazing, and solicited subscriptions for a new stff pub from his coterie of readers. As I recall, you could get the mag in advance for 12-1/2c a copy, and, sight unseen, I took out a sub for 2 or 3 years. He also presented a number of possible titles for vote (via circular) altho the name finally chosen was a write-in.

So one noon in '29, in San Francisco, I came home from grammar school for lunch, and there waiting for me, from the morning mail, was the June--#1--SCIENCE WONDER STORIES. That selfsame issue is at my side as I stencil. On its cover is a sticker stating Forrest C. Ackerman. The "C" was not a typographical error but stood for Clark before it was replaced by the J-no-period.

The first thing I noticed about the magazine, after observing Paul-my-favorite's fine cover, was the already mentioned "perfume" of its pages. As I eagerly leafed thru the contents, my nose was initiated to this alien odor, and all I can say is that it really scent me! Oldtimers, I am sure, will bear me out (if the newer fen don't beat them to it) that that smell was something special.

Well, so much for that...before you become nose-ated by the pungency of the puns. The first issue of SWS was notable for a couple of things. The story "Warriors of Space" was a curiosity because, as was learned later, its sequel had already been published! As I recall, the previously published was a Munseyarn called "The World in the Balance". The story in the issue that caused the real controversy was "The Marble Virgin". When a solid statue was brot to life, a storm of protest resulted in the readers' section. Everybody wanted to know about her insides: granting the marvel of metamorphosing inanimate mineral to animate animal, what kind of a miracle was responsible for giving a statue a brain, organs, et al? The author rallied to his own defense, but I don't believe he convinced anyone--rally I don't.

En passant: In the introductory number a number of prize-winning letters were published on the subject of "What Science Fiction Means to Me". Honorable mention mss. were published from such chaps as Jack Williamson, Edw. E. Smith and Richard Tooker. Williamson found it a "tremendous contribution to civilization", Smith found in it an "uncoualled lure", and for Tooker it constituted food for "inspiration".

The first issue had an exciting announcement: A companion magazine, AIR Wonder Stories, would be issued in a couple weeks! It was always like this in the early days of Wonder: We lived in a delightful dither of forecasts and flashes--next there was to be a Science Wonder QUARTERLY...now Scientific DETECTIVE Monthly would be



issued...a Science Fiction CLASSIC was available...the Science Fiction SERIES was available...a reproduction of a Paul cover was available... In fact, if the money was available you could pick up a whole stack of Jam First Editions at bargain prices, such as "Ralph 124C41+", "The Earth Tube", "Last and First Men", "Quayle's Invention" and many another classic rarity of today.

In the 3d issue Dr Keller had an unusual story titled "The Feminine Metamorphosis", about a woman turning into a man, or a man turning into a woman, I forget which; at any rate, as I said in my speech to the LASFS, "You will note that this story was written a generation before anybody ever heard of Francis Laney," a remark so obscure that I am afraid it will be understood only by members of the LASFS and 99% of fandom, and so I believe I shall omit it from the published form. Concluded in the issue was "The Radium Pool", the serial that established Ed Earl's Reputation.

Interesting In the 4th number was "The Onslaught from Venus" from the standpoint that it was by the creator of Buck Rogers and also because a little later the story was serialized in a Los Angeles newspaper.

The 5th issue of Gernsback's Stellar Publication previewed the cover of the first Science Wonder Quarterly, the literally golden cover that pictured the German step-rocket later to be used as the lapel emblem of the Science Fiction League.

"\$300.00 for the best short, SHORT Story written around this picture" announced a circle on the cover of the Nov '29 number, which pictured a couple of flying saucers abducting the Woolworth Bldg and the Eiffel Tower. Editor Gernsback himself contributed "The Killing Flash", a 1400 word example of what he had in mind. Fired with youthful enthusiasm, Master Forrest Ackerman (age 13) confidently composed "The Skyscraper Kidnappers" and submitted the sure winner. Is everyone here familiar with a song called "I've Been Waiting for Your Phone Call for 18 Years"?

In this same 6th issue Dr Keller's memorable "Human Termites" was concluded, and as far as I know the question was first asked, "Is Keller a genius or a fool?" Two decades later the topic does not seem to have been resolved, altho Moskowitz, Spencer, Ackerman, Derleth and others have come out in favor of Keller, and McComas, Boucher, et autres, can't abide his works. I once knew a fan who hated stories by the good Doctor so that when he saw one in an issue he wouldn't read the story in front of it nor the one after!

Skipping ahead to the Mar '30 ish, a 30% increase in wordage was accomplished by a reduction in type. The April issue carried one of my favorite covers of all time, a gorgeous orange sunset affair by Paul, picturing a metallic clad man of the future literally walking on air. Cover illustrated a novellet by an author later to become a collaborator of mine (rather the emphasis should be the other way around): "An Adventure in Time". (Three years later he wrote up, from my plot, "An Experiment with Time", which was published in Fantasy Magazine, a couple years later in newspaper form as "Into the Future", a few years ago in revised form as "The Time Twister" in TWS, and lastly--so far--south of the border in Spanish in the Meximag Los Cuentos Fantásticos.) The Flagg yarn was one that helped interest me in Esperanto, as its people used the artificial language.

In the May '30 issue SCIENCE FICTION WEEK was announced. Now comes the good part of the article,

as I am going to quote--verbatim--with the especial permission of no one in particular, Hugo Gernsback's editorial for that issue. Remember that it was written 20 years ago. Note how it applies to today:

SOME TIME AGO, one of our readers requested that we designate a week to be devoted to the presentation of science fiction to the public at large.

It was in the mind of the originator of the idea that, if the public at large would learn more about the aims and purposes of science fiction, a tremendous following could be achieved, not only for science fiction itself as an ideal, but incidentally as a means of practical help to the public itself.

Great and beneficial ideas to the public have met with opposition, ever since the world began. No matter how good a new idea, no matter how greatly it is certain to benefit the public--the public, as a rule, will have none of it in its initial stages, altho the benefits are apparent.

When printing was originated, no one could see its great importance. When Fulton invented his steamboat and Morse his telegraph, both were ridiculed; and so it was with the telephone, phonograph, motion picture, and other important inventions that make up our civilization.

It is true, also, of science fiction. Not only is science fiction an idea of tremendous import, but it is to be an important factor in making the world a better place to live in, thru educating the public to the possibilities of science and the influence of science on life which, even today, are not appreciated by the man in the street.

The average person considers science something too difficult for him to try to understand. With this mistaken idea, thousands of people are endlessly sick year in and year out, and die, simply because of this ignorance. Despite the tremendous advance of science, the world is mentally still in the Middle Ages.

No one can doubt, then, that science fiction--which means thrilling adventure stories based on future scientific achievement; stories of trips to other planets and adventures on those worlds with strange civilizations; trips into the interior of the earth; stories of travels into the future and the past; all of these and more--is a means of educating the public to the meaning of science, as well as providing the most delightful and stimulating entertainment.

Talk to the average man and woman about the most obvious scientific achievement of the day, and they will know little about it, or their knowledge will be so superficial that it cannot be used to assist them in their lives or in bettering their condition. This is an unfortunate situation; and whatever can be done to rectify it, will be so much of a gain to the world at large.

If every man, woman, boy and girl, could be induced to read science fiction right along, there would certainly be a great resulting benefit to the community, in that the educational standards of its people would be raised tremendously. Science fiction would make people happier, give them a broader understanding of the world; make them more tolerant. This is not



an idle statement, but a truth which a moment's reflection will easily reveal.

The purpose, then, of SCIENCE FICTION WEEK is to induce every true lover of science fiction to spend this allotted time in educating friends and acquaintances, and others, in the merits of science fiction. Copies of magazines featuring science fiction, such as Science Wonder Stories, Air Wonder Stories, and others, should be loaned to friends and acquaintances. Letters should be written to them. Those occupied in offices, stores, factories, or attending colleges or schools, should call the attention of their co-workers to Science Fiction Week, and make them read a few stories to convince them that they have overlooked something of great importance. It has been proved many times that, if the average man, who looks askance on science fiction, is once persuaded to peruse a few of these stories, he almost immediately becomes converted and reads science fiction in preference to almost any other form.

A number of our readers have already volunteered to lecture on science fiction to different assemblies of friends and co-workers; while others have sent in for thousands of posters and stickers,\* which our publications are distributing to science fiction lovers in all parts of the country. These posters are put on display, to acquaint the public with the importance of science fiction.

But, even should you be too late for SCIENCE FICTION WEEK, or if you have already made your effort during this week to acquaint the public with science fiction, remember that, as a lover of this new form of story, you have the same mission to fulfill all year 'round.

It is from these efforts, of you, the pioneers, that science fiction will become the mighty force it is destined to be; and you will then know that, because of you, the world has become a better place to live in.

\*These stickers and posters must be among the scarcest items in all stefiana, as in 20 years of viewing collectors' curiosia all over the country, I have never encountered an example of either. When I sent for my set, I was informed the supply had been exhausted. -Eja/ End of Editorial

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Bah! Humbug! Since stenciling the above, a week has passed; and in the interim I have managed to misplace my notes! I still have with me a few of the magazines to which I referred during the course of my talk, so I'll have to limp along with them to the conclusion. Skipping ahead a year, I exhibited the cover of the Feb '31 Wonder, a Paul for P. Schuyler Miller's "Dust of Destruction", the original of which I raffled off at the 100th meeting of the LASFS, many years ago. The April issue featured an article on Hugo Gernsback's hypnoscopes, the "learn-while-you-sleep machine" on which we recently had a lecture. As there is now not room for it, you will fortunately be spared the quotation of a letter from the June '31 ish by the Sage of Old San Francisco, Master Ackerman.

With considerable coaxing, this article could be continued rather than concluded. Are enuf of you out there in the audience genuinely interested?

# INTER-PLANETARY

## ENTYMOLOGY

They spoke of high adventure,  
Beyond the stars to roam,  
I'm sick of this adventure,  
I want to go back home!

On Jupiter or Venus,  
I gaze on mystic seas,  
And ever in my bed at night  
Those damn trans-spacial fleas!

I eat with Martian sand-worms  
A-swimming in my soup,  
While thru my doughnuts, spiders  
Gaily swing and loop.

However vegetarian  
These insects seem to be;  
I cannot help but wonder,  
Just when they'll start on me!

--Duval



They came running down the road, the old man and the boy, spurred on by the wolves heard in the distance. The howling was coming closer every minute. It had been a lean winter, the pack would not hesitate now to attack a man, and they had no weapons with which to defend themselves.

The village was close, very close now. They should make it, it only,-- at the thought came the pain, the cramps in the old, crippled leg. Gramps stumbled, fell. Billy knelt by him, gasping, half sobbing:

"Gramps! Gramps!. Get up, Gramps, you just got to get up!" Billy's voice broke. "Only a little more, and we'll be safe. Please, Gramps."

"I'll never make it, Billy. My leg's gone. You go on. Send someone back. I'll hold them off, somehow."

"I will, Gramps, I will." Billy's words came brokenly through his sobs. "Here's my pistol, my magical one. You take it. As long as you're shooting it, I'll know you're okay." Billy turned and ran.

Bill will make it, Gramps thought. But help could never get back to him in time. Gramps looked down at the tiny cap pistol in his hand. Billy's magical gun, the one just like Rex Titter's, that could shoot five hundred times without reloading, and hit something every time!

Billy would be listening for the sound of shooting, and the shots might, just possibly, slow the wolves down for the extra minute needed for help to arrive. Gramps sighed, raised the gun slowly as the wolves burst around the corner. He pulled the trigger slowly on the ridiculous little cap-gun, pulled it again and again until a dozen shots had rung out. Billy would have reached the village by now. He dropped his hand.

They found him sitting there when they came down the road. Half-frozen, numb; he didn't seem to hear their queries, just sat there, looking in a dazed way from the tiny little cap pistol lying limply in his hand, to the twelve big wolves lying rigid in the road.

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### LASFS ELECTION

The semi-annual election of LASFS officers was held Dec. 29, 1949. All officers were unanimously re-elected. Jean Cox, secretary, had to resign due to pressing night work. Hank Eichner was elected to replace Jean. Hank is also our cover artist for this issue.

For those who are not "in the know" the officers are:  
Alan Hershey - Director, Freddie Hershey - treasurer and  
Hank Eichner - Secretary.

# the case of the *Big Name* AUTHOR



by Con Pederson

At the tender age of eleven, Con Pederson looked fondly at his precious Startling Stories and soon had informed his proofreading seventh grade classmates that he was going to be a big name science fiction and fantasy author. With this grim conviction he buckled down to constructing epics of no less than colossal nature. The first of the not-quite-completed yarns to roll out from under his grimy pencil assumed the insipid handle, "Battle For Venus". This gruesome Pacific First began thusly:

Out across the mist of Malpon, Calvin heard the shrill cry of a Marsh-loon echoing into the surrounding hills of Venus. It was growing dark; only eight days or so left, then it would be dark for nearly thirteen days, except for the artificial light from the reflectosphere in this region.

Mercifully, the qualification came, explaining that

The reflectospheres were giant globes in the sky so adjusted that the light from the sun would enter the reflectosphere at one angle, then be distributed at any time, as they stored light. In this way an artificial day and night equal to Earth's and Mars' was created.

The story was divided into chapters, so obviously it was intended to be some fraction of a novel. The plot was basic: man stumbles thru nite, finds inn, meets two men, a girl, go to Crypt City, hunting Bad Boy (Detrip), latter threatens to blow Venus to hell, traps hero and two straight men get caught, escape, and had the story run its course everyone would've been happy and killed, respectively. Such was the formula of "Battle For Venus".

So Pederson, never to be left out when the plots are dug, scribbled on. There was soon a tiny morsel called (fittingly enuf) "Shaggy", and the story is small, so it may be reprinted here: .

## SHAGGY

Similorr smiled thinly. Gazing from the mountainside he could see the tribe of ignorant cave people teeming in the valley. They lived vicious lives, destroying each other in small battles, fearing the things they knew nothing about, reverting to disorder at the thrust of a spear. They were the people that the two-named one found so interesting.

From here the cave people could be watched, but they



could never reach the cleft still fifty feet below if they should try to climb.

Turning his head, Similon saw the two-named one looking down at the cave dwellers. It was what Arthur Ross had usually done in the last two days.

Similon turned and entered the cave. Before him stood an immense open doorway that led to the Big Room. He passed idly through and entered a second door into his chambers.

Ross still stood leaning against the boulder, eyes in the valley. His mind was somewhere else. He was still puzzled. His past--up to two days ago--was still a blank. He knew his name well enough, but he didn't belong here. Not without a past. His life before --he must know!

There were strange lights in the fog over his mind. He was gazing at two which shone the brightest. One light symbolized where he had come from. The other--?

The other light seemed to come from a great castle or an island on the sea of eternity. And in that castle was something that Ross must find. It was a being--a being that had cast him from one time and place to the other side of eternity. He shivered as he thought of that creature. A hideous slimy thing that was so alien it was maddening. Ross called it--shaggy.

The other side of eternity. What era this was Ross didn't know. But because of the cave dwellers Ross thought it might be the beginning of humanity. But Similon and the others--what of them?

That was how Arthur Ross interpreted it. It was the closest he had yet come to a memory.

The sun faded behind a layer of clouds. The heated earth welcomed the cooling shadow along with a faint breeze from over the mountain.

The abruptness of the change disrupted Ross' thoughts.

Far beneath him the mountain tapered into the valley where the cavemen carried on their day. Strange--they never noticed this place a hundred--maybe more--yards above their heads.

At this point something must have disrupted Pederson's thoughts as well, for the weird manuscript ends. Had it terminated with more completeness, it would have been clear that the fellow Similon was one of a gang of hotrod doperunners from a far galaxy that had once infested earth, and the cavemen would have been the missing links, or something. I'm sure, however, that given the time Pederson would have completed this sterling pioneer effort. He probably just got sick of it himself.

But not for long. A similarly unfinished story called "Slaves



of the Silver Sun" soon reared its ugly head, wherein someone finds he is one person who is really one from another dimension. Neat.

And later, "World Beyond the Dream", wherein someone finds he is one person who is really one from another dimension. Keen.

And there the pile of scrawled manuscripts before me ends. But this did not imperil the author. He got a shiny new typewriter, which he promptly named Kuttner, and the stack in front of me is renewed another foot, this time in neatly typed, although painful pages. So we find Pederson tiring of "Battle for Venus" and using a few of the names and such. His first reject was an abortion entitled "Dreamer's Dawn", wherein a guy finds he is one person who is really one from another dimension...more or less--really neat. This author never is bad off for plots.

But this all changed with his masterpiece. "Day" was written, and it involved a person who is a whole mess of people from a whole mess of dimensions. We go quantitative.

And while this was going on Pederson had discovered fandom, and soon short stories by him popped up. His own fanrag published three of them, thus giving necessary pap to an author exposed to the toil of crifanac. Thus an obviously big name science fiction and fantasy author was deteriorating his own stuff.

For no longer did he produce stories. Most authors painfully put an idea of the plot in their mind, and force the structure onto paper, and with effort grind out a tiring manuscript. Not Pederson. Not Pederson. He started with a title and then proceeded to entertain the title. Since he would soon get stuck, he decided to have the hero from another dimension. So after many of these he recognized himself as having promise. But growing a wee bit older was his downfall.

Somebody told him how to plot, another showed him how not to characterize. He read his markets. He studied other authors. He worked on his stories. He became so obsessed with how to write a story, he became introversal in his productions. No longer could the reader understand the stories. They grew obtuserer and vaguerer. This was so distressing he involved more and more the intricate manufacture of a masterpiece. It became futile.

Now he has a large pile of paper upon which words are written. There is a typewriter before him and a blank look on his face.

He looks at "Battle for Venus", and manages to copy: "The night was cool and shadowy when Galvin awoke, and he strode along, rested and hungry."

The crowning touch. A fitting close to reflections on a frustrated would-be author's efforts. He suspects he will sell his typewriter and buy a box of pencils and ten pads of paper, and retire himself to writing again.



# TOMORROW OR TOMORROW

DOROTHEA FAULKNER

Why is the sun so much brighter this year?  
Why is the air so much clearer,  
The outline of the mountains so knife-sharp?  
The birds sing more sweetly than ever before,  
And at the scent of the orange blooms I grow faint with delight!

The gentle laughter of the children  
Rings like fairy bells on the fragrant air;  
We love more deeply, live more swiftly,  
Our senses keenly tuned to the quickened pulse of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is it because we are living under the very Wind of Doom?

We lift our eyes to the blue vault of the sky  
And know, without sensing how we know,  
That on day - perhaps tomorrow - or tomorrow -  
There will come a flash too bright for us to bear -  
Too bright even for the sun itself to bear!

And over our heads will open a vast umbrella of death,  
Spreading, boiling, churning -  
The very earth will melt away beneath our feet  
And we shall vanish in a monstrous agony  
To eat her with the world we murdered!

"Today is an image with thumb  
and forefinger running along  
tomorrow and drawing it

Taut  
as a bowstring."

Con Pederson

How thin is the line between today, tomorrow and yesterday? When does today cease, tomorrow begin, or yesterday leave off? Today, you say, is when we prepare for tomorrow...yesterday, we prepared for today, and so on...

I wonder...

In this new year of 1950 A.D., fandom stands on the threshold of great promise. Great promise; neat phrase, but how deep does it go? This new half-century will see the dream, hope and life of fandom, an actuality. Science-fiction is no more doomed to slink along in the shadows, buried in the pulps, spoken of in jest--- All of us are aware of the new interest in S-F, the publishing of better books, the acceptance of the movie trade, the radio shows, to mention but a few of the advancements. Whoopie, hooray, and great guns!

But what about tomorrow?

What about fandom-of-the-future? We look into the yesterday of fandom, and find that fans are people...but people of a special sort. The kind of people you are. They were never handed medals for being special but you will find in copious quantities, courage, foresight, friendliness, intelligence, and the never ceasing struggle to earn and learn understanding. Loyalty, too, and faith for a set of ideals. Never blind faith but, rather, honest, open and frank discussions, questions unhesitatingly asked, unstintingly answered, to the best of their combined abilities...and always that helping hand to the next guy. Fans no longer hold bitter discussions about racial tolerance, master-race, military-morning--they accept man as each man presents himself, and together, all of fandom, by living the life they believe in, has set an example of man's worth.

Fandom-of-the-future will have many struggles, spotlighted by the public interest in S-F, will be watched by many eyes. Some eager for learning, some waiting for one false move, some interested, some amused; awed, some aghast...but all looking. Opportunity knocks! Here, on a silver platter is the chance of--what? A life-time? More, indeed, it is the chance of an era--the chance to prove, by living example, that man can live with man, sharing, joining and contributing toward a perfectionate goal of infinite and successful living.

Draw this against tomorrow's bowstring, fandom, and let fly into the future.



# RUMBA

The night winds down in Cuba  
Sing a strange and stormy tune  
While bongos sound their voodoo rhythms  
Teoserenade the moon.

The throbbing of the bongos,  
The glow of leaping flames  
Will disappear with dawnlight,  
But with moonglow, rise again.

When the full moon over Cuba  
Sheds its strangely silver light  
The tom-toms, drums and bongos  
Will fill the cuban night.

Dark hands, lean and supple  
Beat out the dancing sound,  
While the bare feet of the dancers  
Match their rhythms on the ground.

The flame-lit, sweating dancers  
Have the grace of leaping fire,  
The grace of wind-blown swamp reeds  
As the blood goes surging higher.

Golden eyes and flashing teeth  
Shine in the firelit glow,  
And softly calls the drumbeat  
As the embers burn down low.

The thunder of the hard bare feet  
Shakes the earth, as does the drum,  
And into the moonlit midnight,  
The voodoo spirits come.

But not to haunt or torment,  
But to join the dancing throng,  
To beat out the thunder-rhythm,  
To sing the wind-flown song.

When the full moon over Cuba  
Makes the midnight weird and bright,  
The spirits join the dancing,  
In the leaping firelight.

--Duval

# WE WANT SPACE OPERAS!

by E Everett Evans

I like Space Operas! The more out-spread they are; the bigger or better the gadgets they use, the more I like them. The tremendous concepts of science and super-science; the far-flung lines of battle with their thousands or millions of ships; the ever-mounting complexity and astoundingness of their weapons -- these are my meat!

I am one of those who still feel sad at the defection of John W. Campbell, Jr., into the ranks of the editors instead of continuing as one of the two out-standing writers of space sagas. I feel the loss occasioned by Doc Smith's having to work for a living so we can't have one of his yarns at least every year -- preferably oftener. For these two were the tops of all time -- and I am sure still could be if they wished.

I feel that JWCampbell has let us down in two ways -- not only by quitting the writing of his tremendous epics, but by not making (or letting) his writers write them, and not printing them when they do. I know he has an occasional one by Van Vogt or by Williamson, but not those tremendous tales built along the old lines.

This isn't just a living-in-the-old-days feeling. I read those old yarns over and over, and still get as great a bang out of them as I did then. They STRETCH the imagination -- and that's what I like about Science Fiction. We get nothing today to compare with the scope of the Arcot-Morey-Wade series, or "Uncertainty", or "The Mightiest Machine" trilogy, the "Skylark" trilogy and the "Lensmen" series. No, nothing like those are printed now in the magazines. And more's the pity! Loved those yarns!!!

Oh, sure, I want better writing in my space operas than we got in those earliest epics. More real characterization -- "real" people instead of mighty mind-and-muscle super-heroes. Science Fiction has now grown up enough so that those things are the accepted literary norm.

But just because we want our heroes and our villains to be "real" people who can and do act logically and have a knowledge of psychology and an acquaintance with sociology and ecology doesn't mean that we do not still want the epic battle-grounds to cover this and/or other universes, with the tremendous scope and galaxy or universe-wide battles and struggles we used to get. Doc Smith has shown in the Lensmen series that this can be done; Van Vogt in the Null-A duo put in lots of the newer sciences of the mind, as well as the tremendous concepts and wide spread of conflict.

I've talked with lots of fans from all over the country. I'd say that by conservative estimate at least 70% of those with whom I have discussed this subject agree with me -- they still want the great Space Operas, but brought up to date as to writing and characterization, as I have mentioned above.



Asimov's "Foundation" series get a touch of it.. He covers the scope well enough, but still those wonderful, wonderful gadgets are missing. The scientifically-trained heroes and villains who came up with bigger and better weapons every chapter; who go from a simple and primitive space-ship with maybe a new operating principle to larger, bigger and more complicated ships with greater and ever-more-powerful and more mind-shaking, thought-provoking, imagination-stretching weapons and fields of protection -- ~~are~~ those are the things we want -- we miss them!

The alien entities, both evil and favorable to men, who hinder or help the hero's quest; the brilliant concepts dreamed up by the authors, of new planets and suns and systems with ever-more-fanciful forms of life with ever and greater powers and skills -- what delight to get acquainted with them, and to remember them!

I've talked with many of the authors, and they haven't run out of ideas for these epics. It's just that they don't bother writing them because they can't sell such yarns if they do write them, not to magazines of the genre, at least. And it takes a lot of brain-work just to figure out things of that nature. You ought to see the pages and pages of mathematical calculations Doc Smith does in figuring out some of his wonderful gadgets and worlds. Trencro, for instance, required the use of complex slide-rules and a wind-tunnel -- a really big job of figuring to get it exactly and mathematically correct.

Let's all of us who still love Space Operas start deluging the editors with letters about our love! Let them know we still want to read stories of that type. Point out how the book-reprints of the old-time "great epics" are selling. Tell them it's all X by us if they want their writers to ring in the newer sciences. The heroes can be semantically trained or Sociologists or Ecologists or Behaviorists or Freudians or anything the editor especially dotes on. But let them at the same time be inventor-physicists or chemists or electronicists who can go on and on and up and up into the really mind-shaking heights of ingenuity in the making of bigger and better gadgets, to cover greater and more far-reaching distances and scope.

Let's have more galaxy-wide empires battling for what they think is right, against other galaxies from other dimensions or other universes, who think oppositely. Let's get some tremendous weapons and shields; planet-shaking bombs and/or rays or machines that change the laws of ordinary nature to do things not hitherto thought possible. Let's start out with a rocket ship and come back with one powered some way by all the energy of the whole cosmos.

Let's have more Space Operas! Bigger Space Operas; better Space Operas; more gigantic and more imagination-stretching Space Operas! We want more wonderful aliens, with greater knowledges and skills.

Give us SCORE! Give us POWER! Give us anything and everything that will enlarge our horizons and stretch our imaginations!

More Space Operas!

# LETTER GO •

All in all, Shaggy #16 appears to have been a well received issue. We have a few letters to prove it, a complimentary review in Charles Lee Riddle's excellent Peon, and many verbal pats on the back.

But, dear reader, that is not enough for our greedy little souls. Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the fan letter, and we want MORE, MORE, MORE ! In order to induce some of you more lethargic fan, to get off your dead gluteus maxima we are offering a mint copy of Robert Heinlein's "Sixth Column" to the fan who sends in the best letter on this present issue of Shaggy. Not the letter with the most egoboo, mind you, but the letter which an impartial board of selection will choose as best written, best thought out and most constructive or critical.

Confidentially, the impartial board of selection will probably be the editor of this issue and the next issue, and I have heard ugly rumors that they plan to send in letters themselves. But take a chance anyway, won't you? There can always be a slip up in these matters, you know.

Alan Hershey-----

And now, THE LETTERS:

STAN WOOLSTON: Shangri-La cover is quite a painting. Perhaps the most thought-provoking thing is the photo-like vividness of its representation--especially that "signature" in stars. That would be something to see in the telescope -- stars that spelled out the artist that "made" them. Reminds me of several of my dreams -- of sky-writing done by "nature" or some omnipotent creature beyond.

This issue is, typographically very vivid. The covers help in this, and that gray interior paper with the interesting stencil-work for heading also. But gray paper is less clear for the readers to see, and for this reason I was disappointed in its difference.

Surely that "Editorial" wasn't controversial. It reminded me of one of the books of last year that have been judged by printers, et cetera, as the best typographically ... a book of poems was spaced one four-line poem to a very large page, so that there was space to "separate" one idea from the next, and so avoid overlap as might occur if the eye need only drop from one poem to another on the same page. It's too bad the editorial didn't say anything.

Hoishey deserves his leading spot in the zine. The Campbell magazine is, in several ways, an "engineering" magazine ... it seems that authors take one theme and write a story for each of the possible twists that there could be -- for example, note the "thinking mechanoid" series. Robots versus man. Perhaps it is inevitable that an editor will vary from what is considered best by a large number of his readers, merely because many readers are being changed in many ways: his own knowledge of science, his fiction and non-fiction diet, his love-life. And others. Surely TWS and Startling have, as a rule, a stronger human appeal than the technical Astounding.



It's been said many times that as time passes the type of science fiction that a magazine must use must change. Theoretically it must evolve from a simpler adventure theme to a more complex, perhaps more accurate-to-reality, story. Reality--life as it is known today and may be tomorrow--is a sort of triple existence where the individual, the small familiar group of the individual, and the individual against the wider universe are intermingled. When there is too strong an emphasis on the plural side of existence the personality of any character is altered beyond coherency.

I still like Astounding, though. Sometimes I think my main reason for liking it is a sort of feeling that the stories are puzzles, ingenious but too-formal to be real, like a crossword puzzle that has no "significance." And so many Astounding tales are considered significant. Maybe my sense of humor is warped a good deal.

Shag 16 I enjoyed. Many items appealed to the "old fan" in me--reminisces in things past and things read. In book reviews I prefer the side-view to the direct glare, and therefore the type that's in Shag met with my approval.

JEAN MARSHALL: Have just had the pleasure of devouring (avidly) Shaggy No. 16. You are to be congratulated for a very neat issue, especially the beautiful lithographed covers and the glare-proof paper.

I am watching with some amusement the Earle-Princeton-Reader feud. It seems that Mr. Princeton gets himself all unhappy about some book or other, and then the readers get all unhappy about Mr. Princeton. Mr. Princeton has a skilful, appealing style of writing, which, to my way of thinking, much surpassed the style of writing in the book he reviewed.

I found the book review by Dorothea Faulkner refreshingly short, aptly phrased, and altogether delightful. In fact, it left me with a desire to read the book, which I probably shall.

The editorial rates three cheers, three times over. Never has it been my pleasure to read such a short, sweet, and to-the-point editorial.

All in all, Shaggy No. 16 is one of the best Shaggys I have seen to date. Once again, congratulations on a swell issue.

RICK SNEARY: As a minority report, let me say that while I loved the cover, the grey paper read very poorly. Why, I only read my letter 6 times and the words started blurring.

Alan Hershey is a rarity among fans. A Guy that only talks when he has something to say. To paraphrase Shakespeare "He hears; yet says not much, but thinks the more". Alan, along with Koenigsberg and (hoh) Princeton, are your best article writers. Hershey writes with clearness and ability of a pro while Koenigsberg spouts flame and eloquence in such a spectacular manner, that you enjoy reading it, even if you disagree with what has been said.

# VILLAINY

BY CURSES MICKAPPLEJUICE

When you consider that, in the usual run of adventure stories (or any other kind, for that matter), a villain is generally a man with little or no patience, a burning drive to get someplace over somebody's (preferably the hero's) dead body, Ronnie is a rather unusual villain. He is not only not in a hurry, but he has no place to go. No place that he wants to go, nothing he'd rather do, nobody he'd rather be. Sounds like a very uninteresting character, doesn't he? Ah, but wait--you haven't heard the half of it yet. To return to the beginning--

It was a beautiful summer night, and the patio was half-lit in the reflected moonlight. As he heard--or rather, felt--footsteps approaching, Ronnie darted quickly under a small stone bench, peering anxiously out to see who was wandering around this time of night. Presently the master and mistress of the house came into view. Ronnie crowded back even further under his bench. The master and mistress did not like him, he reflected idly, so he could let them alone, too. He only hoped they didn't catch sight of him.

They didn't. They were too busy discussing their daughter's current romance--or perhaps deprecating would be a better word. The master was growling about "young whippersnappers" and the Mistress was carefully dissecting the young man's looks, education, manners, and family. She didn't leave much. When you yourself both ask and answer your own questions, you're not likely to run into much opposition.

It had been quite some time since the Mistress had had so little opposition to her dissecting tendencies, and it rather went to her head. Presently she turned toward her daughter, and tried an experimental slice here and there. This was a little more trouble, since the dissected parts of the daughter must, naturally, derive their defectiveness from the master. It was unthinkable that the Mistress had contributed any undesirable strain to the offspring.

The tirade from the Master ran down and came to a screeching halt. With unbelieving ears he listened to the Mistress as she recounted faults of which he knew himself unblemished--and if he were innocent, then so was his daughter.

About the time the verbal brannigan reached its height, Ronnie saw two shadows slip silently across the lawn. He struggled to keep from making any noise, for he knew that it was the daughter and her much-discussed fiancé en route to their elopement. On the other hand, he reflected, any noise he would make would be well drowned out by the argument.

Ronnie waited a few tense moments until the vibrations from the engine of the car came to him, telling him that the couple was safely on its way. Then, with a great surge, he leaped joyfully from under the bench.



The master and the Mistress heard the car at the same time that they saw Ronnie. Putting two and two together, the one figure being the noise of the car engine and the other the obvious joy in Ronnie's manner, the Mistress came out with four and a half.

"You little villain!" she exclaimed, "If I thought you helped them escape!" she stepped toward Ronnie, her hand uplifted murderously. Then it dropped slowly to her side.

After all, what can you do to a goldfish?

\* \* \* \* \*

