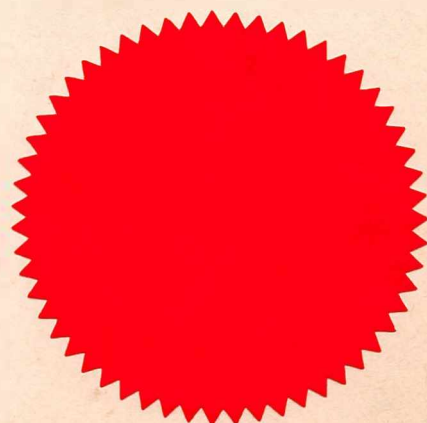


**M E R E T R I T I O U S**





AND  
HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR!

Artists are the most articulate people in the world; and conversely, as it must be, they are also the most inarticulate. Especially is this true at precisely the moment when they wish to express themselves in the clearest of creative thoughts.

At this time, some of us - call us artists or not - have undertaken to wish you, whatever your creed, a happy holiday and the best of coming years. We may say it elaborately, carelessly; thoughtfully or comically - with no other serious intent than giving you a smile.

And whatever the design and style; however schooled or untrained the hand and eye; whenever you see this endeavor, you will know it's for you - for fun, for love, for the happiness and future -- and because it's Christmas.



jean linard

"Rack up another LASFS project; and let's get started on next Xmas!"

## CREDITS

Cover and inside greeting-pun by Emphatically Anonymous  
Editorial by Bjo, who must assume responsibility for this.

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Karen Anderson  
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With gratitude and affection do I offer thanks to all the artists and writers who contributed to the Shangri-L'Affaires Christmas supplement; but most especially to the hard-working crew who made this issue possible. And thanks are so small in comparison....

Bjo



\* WISHING ALL OF  
ANGLO-FANDOM  
A HECTIC

**XMAS**

AND A  
PREPOSTEROUS  
**NEW YEAR**

FROM *Eddie*  
JONES

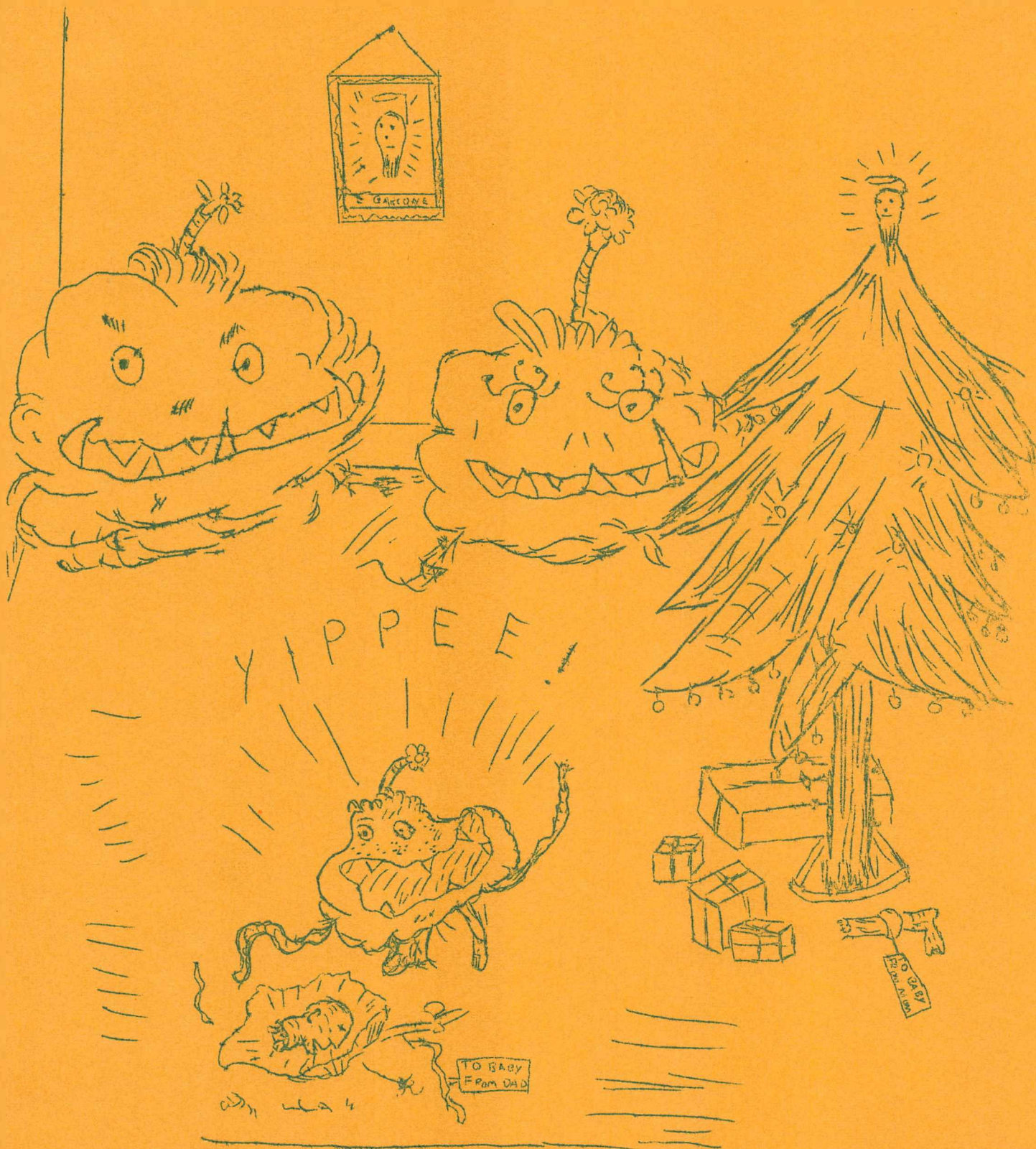
ECLIPS KSF

On the 12<sup>th</sup> day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me  
Twelve triffids thumping  
Eleven robots running  
Ten nazgul flying  
Nine vampires drinking  
Eight pagbeasts lurking  
Seven puppet masters  
Six green cats purring  
Five unicorns  
Four grinning ghouls  
Three nice newts  
Two fuzzy llars  
And a Hobbit in a Murkwood.

Pandora



PROSSER <sup>almost</sup> 1960!



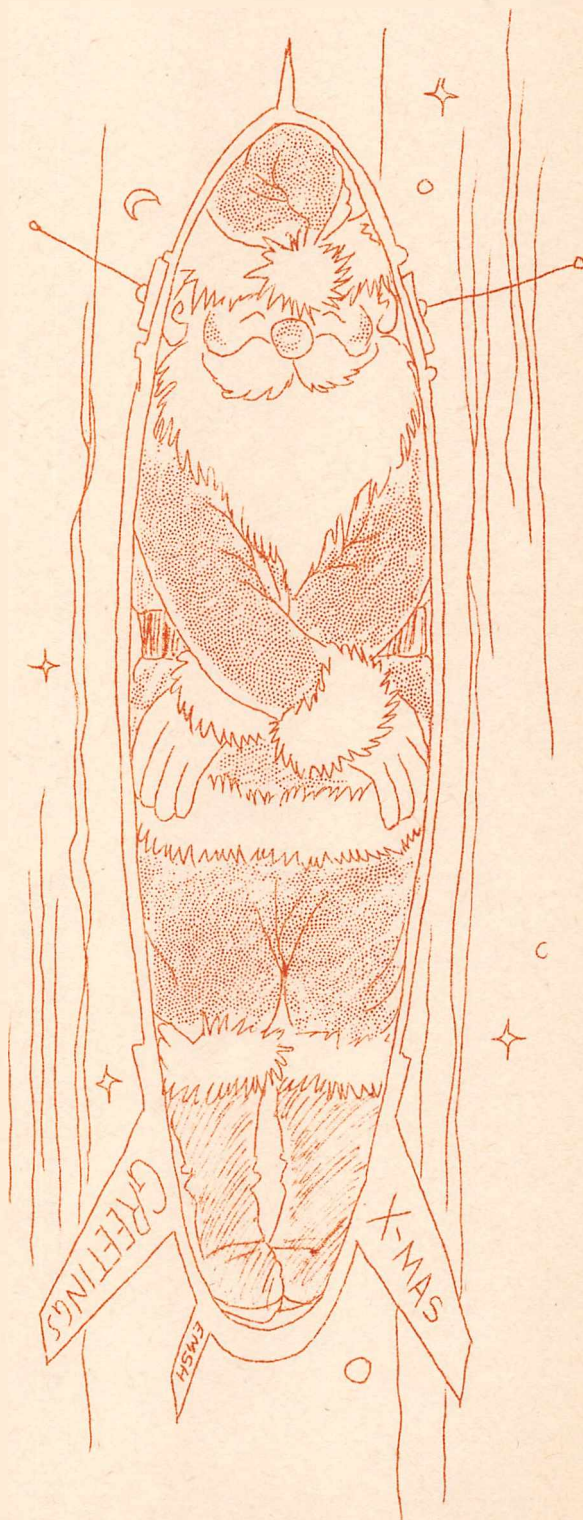
# CHRISTMASSES PAST

This will be one of the first Christmases of the space age. I admit that you can buy toy space-ships, satellites and launching platforms in any store. But the space age hasn't done yet for Christmas what the railroad age did for the holiday. That failure has set me thinking about how Christmases changed as the space age approached in one local home.

Harry Feigley was a middle-aged man when I was a small boy. He lived in a homely frame house in Hagertown's best residential section, the only insignificant dwelling among towering structures that had been erected when construction was cheap and families were big. With his elderly father, he operated a doll hospital at their home all through the year. Every Christmas, he opened to the public a spectacular.

The model railroads that run under Christmas trees had various names when popular around here -- Christmas gardens, undergrounds, and platforms. Harry Feigley's was the biggest one that anybody in three counties had ever seen. Except for a narrow strip for spectators, it occupied one entire room. I couldn't estimate how big this display was, any more than the wise men were able to measure the distance to the star of Bethlehem. But when I was pint-sized, it seemed to stretch to infinity.

Harry Feigley spent most of the summer and fall working on changes for each Christmas season. There were always three or four model trains scooting around intersecting tracks at varying speeds. Nobody had ever heard of logistics in those days, but they never collided. And these were the old-fashioned wide gauge model trains, massive enough to cause an appreciable vibration of the floor when



they passed, not the puny little model trains that are popular today, and remind the spectator of nothing so much as cockroaches.

The Christmas display had tunnels, bridges, whistles, bells, and steep slopes. Lights flashed, signals jiggled up and down, there were trolleycars, even horses and buggies and autos moving slowly along their own paths, sublimely confident at the grade crossings. Thousands of stationary objects supplemented the display, buildings, people, animals, rocks, and trees. A small church had a kind of light streaming from its windows that I've never since encountered, and organ music played constantly, achieved by means that I never discovered in those pre-tape, pre-lp days.

As a child, I never felt at the end of Christmas day that the great holiday had ended. There was always the trip to the Feigley home to look forward to. I usually went there just before New Year's.

One year, I felt sick when I went into that wonderland. Whole sections of the display were smashed up, animals thrown about, a section of the track bent crazily upward. Nothing moved. There was no light or music. I turned hastily away, then was nudged back by someone who whispered: "It's all right. This is a war scene." That year, Harry Feigley had been brooding over the depression and expressed himself in this manner.

A few Christmases after that, I was again disappointed. The display was exactly like the previous year. Harry Feigley himself told me that he couldn't give long performances, because he hadn't put up new Christmas trees and the old ones would catch fire if the lights heated up very much. I learned later that he'd had wife trouble that year.

I rarely thought of the Feigley home at any other season. But around the start of World War Two, Hagerstown experienced such a boom that nobody needed repairs on dolls. Broken dolls were simply thrown away because everyone had money enough to buy new ones. Harry Feigley took a job as projector for a theater and became more active in the American Legion and drank harder. That summer, I passed his home and saw only a hole in the ground. The property's owner had finally decided to replace it with a brick apartment house complete with basement offices.

Harry Feigley and his wife and father moved to a small house in the suburbs. He didn't build another underground. I never did learn what happened to the old one, and didn't like to think what he must have experienced when it was torn out. He knew it as a fine surgeon knows the human body. When something went wrong, he vanished under the platform, wires jiggled in a crazy dance as he worked by touch in that subterranean gloom and everything would suddenly jerk into motion again.

A few years later, Harry Feigley died. There's another Christmas garden in Hagerstown, run by the model railroad club. You pay to get in, local firms buy ad space on the little billboards, and there's a queen of the modelers contest to try to persuade the public to come.

I realize the obvious difficulties of constructing models of interstellar space. But my fannish instincts and my memories cause me to wish that someone in Hagerstown would tackle the job. I don't enjoy model railroad displays at Christmas time nowadays.

---Harry Warner---



---AND THEY CAME FROM  
THE EAST BEARING GIFTS

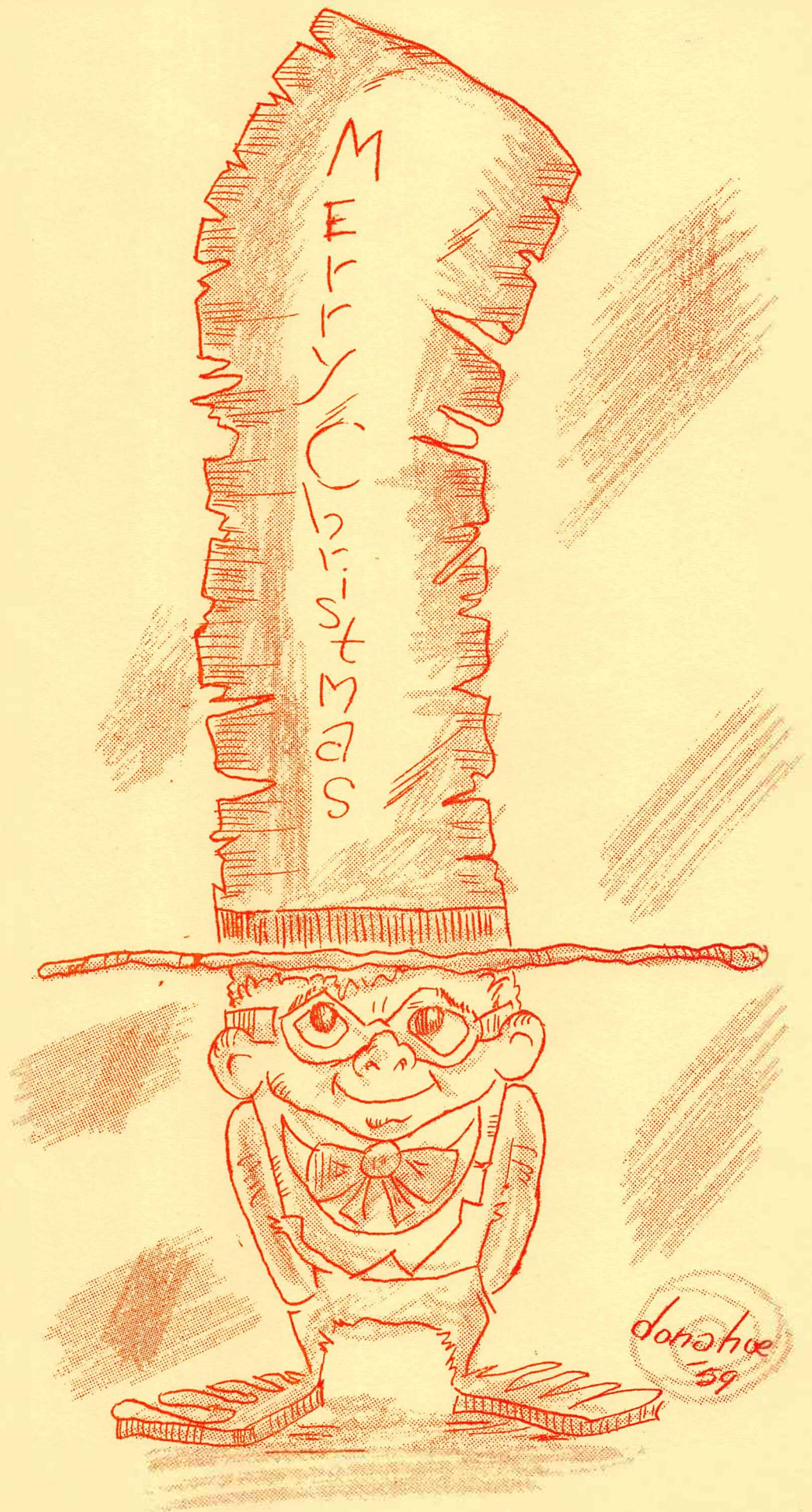


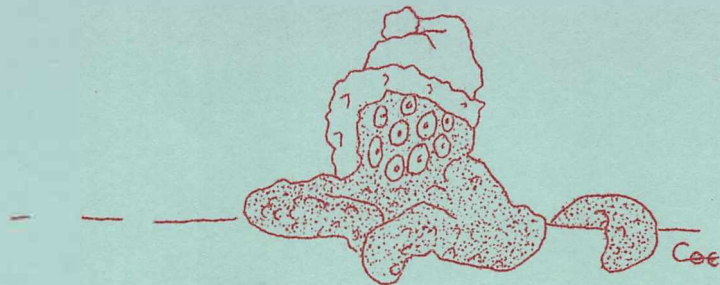
ON THE 12<sup>TH</sup> DAY OF CHRISTMAS,  
OUR TRUFAN GAVE TO US —

TWELVE ANCIENT QUOTECARDS  
ELEVEN REAMS OF PAPER  
TEN EDITORS "ED'ING"  
EIGHT ARTISTS DRAWING  
SEVEN SUBS TO FANAC  
SIX SERCON COLUMNS  
FIVE NEO-FANS  
FOUR SHADING PLATES  
THREE STYLII  
TWO MAILING LISTS

AND A COPY OF FANCY TWO!

— SHAGGY CREW —





## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all  
                  through the saucer  
Not a creature was stirring, not even  
                  a gossamer;  
The pseudopod covers were fastened with care  
In hopes that R. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The siblings were de-activizd in  
                  their wee beds  
While subconscious sugar-plums danced  
                  in their heads,  
And I on my de-gravitational "fence",  
Had just settled up for some somnolescence  
When up on the dome there arose  
                  such a cloatter  
I came out of "stasis" to see  
                  what's the matter.  
Away to the porthole, much faster than light  
(Taking care not to turn up the previous night!)  
I balanced myself on my private  
                  force field  
And rose to the opening, removed the  
                  lead shield,  
And what to my wondering feelers appear,  
But one microsaucer and octo reindeer,  
With a humanoid driver so  
                  lively and quick,  
I knew in an instant it must be  
                  R. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles (whatever they are)  
The deer driven on by our hero, Nick, R.  
And he called them by name, but I could  
                  not hear;  
For, you see, how could I - with no  
                  atmosphere.  
(Which brings up a question, an earlier matter,  
How, with no air, did I hear the first clatter?)  
As I turned around, R. Claus was appearing,  
No doubt by osmosis, and I began fearing  
That the carbon disposal would  
                  get him because  
Covered with soot was our hero,  
                  R. Claus.

(But IT must have been sleeping for  
 IT made no noise  
 Nor did IT lunge forward to  
 atomize the toys:)  
 His eyes, how they twinkled! (Though  
 there were but two),  
 His respr'atory op'ning was scarlet  
 in hue.  
 His mouth was an arc of one-80 degrees  
 As he set up 29 tweet twistmas twees.  
 He esped not a thought, but went  
 straight to his work  
 And filled all the covers\* - then turned

with a jerk,  
 And laying a finger  
 aside of his nose,  
 And giv--Horrors!  
 --out the dispsal  
 he rose.  
 But I heard him  
 exclaim, ere he  
 fooped out of  
 sight,

"M  
 E  
 R  
 R  
 Y  
  
 C  
 H  
 R  
 I  
 S  
 T  
 M  
 A  
 S

to all, and to  
 all a --

"GOOD NIGHT!"

---Nancy  
 Forsythe  
 Coe---

\*pseudopod covers,  
 Earthling.





Harness

Merry  
Christmas



from  
Robert  
Lee

## SANTA-MENTAL JOURNEY

by Robert Bloch

When you get to be my age (and, incidently, one word of advice here -- don't!) the coming of the Christmas holidays takes on a new meaning.

It is many years since I have believed in such beloved fantasy figures as Santa Claus or Bog-Hearted Howard DeVore, but I've had a lot of experience with people who do. I have come into many a gaily-bedecked room and felt a warm glow at the sight of the Christmas tree, all lit up. Of course, I was all lit up myself at the time.

Still, I confess a certain reaction watching the joyous look on my daughter's face as she unwrapped her first toy guillotine and invited the neighbor kids in to share her pleasure ("Look, I'm Robespierre, see, and you're all a bunch of aristocrats -- just lay down and put your head in here -- oops!"). My only regret is that I couldn't have been around on a similar occasion when Forry Ackerman unwrapped his first blonde.

I have seen Christmas trees in Italian homes, with tinsel made out of limp spaghetti...Christmas trees in opticians' homes, where the ornaments were all glass eyes...but never a fannish Christmas observance.

And that sets me to wondering. Fans, by and large, are not devoutly religious. True, we have our share of Druids, Manicheans, phallic worshippers, and people like myself (I worship Mammon every week at the Bank of America), but the pious element is not stressed in fanaticism.

How would fans celebrate the holidays?

Would they deck the hall with boughs of holly -- or just hang up a lot of fan-art, as in this magazine? Would they throw another log on the fire, or just use Ed Wood? Try as I may, I can't imagine a typically fannish approach. Unless we employ bald Barney Bernard as a Yule Brynner.

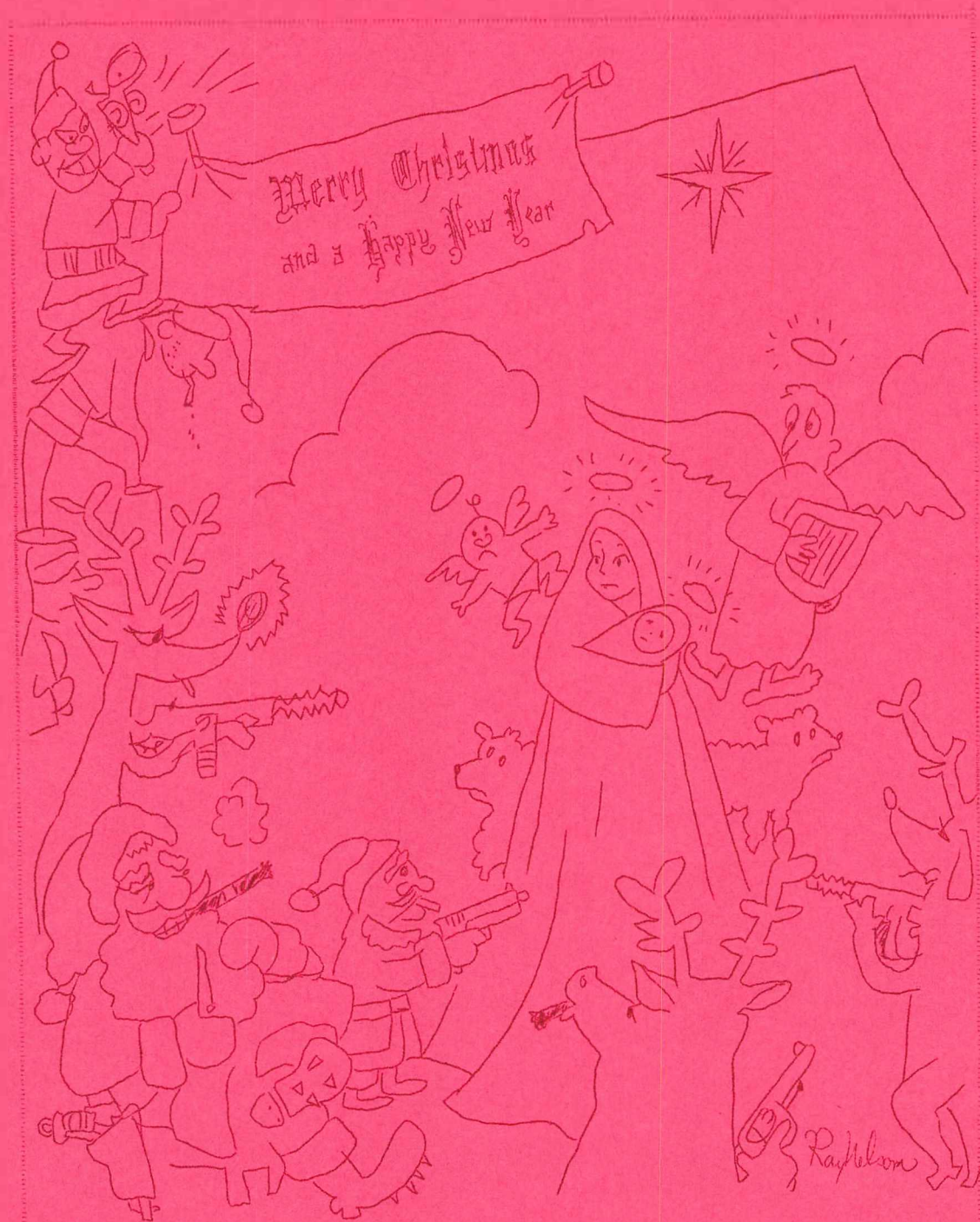
I know, though, that we fans have many reasons to join in a spirit of celebration this year and every year. And the gifts we share -- of friendship, mutual appreciation, mutual aid, a camaraderie which is not confined to yuletide but which extends throughout all seasons -- are certainly appreciated.

Still it's a pity, in a way, that we can't have a special fan-type Christmas all our own, with a special fan-type Christmas tree. And perhaps there is a solution. I can see it now... the perfect symbols...fifty or more rocket-shaped candles burning brightly in a very unique and fannish Christmas tree.

I'm willing to provide those candles. All you have to do is to persuade Rotsler to dye his beard green.

--Robert Bloch.





"YOU GOT A GOOD THING HERE, J.C., TOO GOOD FOR YOU!  
 SO ME AND THE BOYS, SEE, ARE TAKING OVER? SEE, AND  
 AS FOR YOU, SEE, YOU CAN SCRAM, SEE!

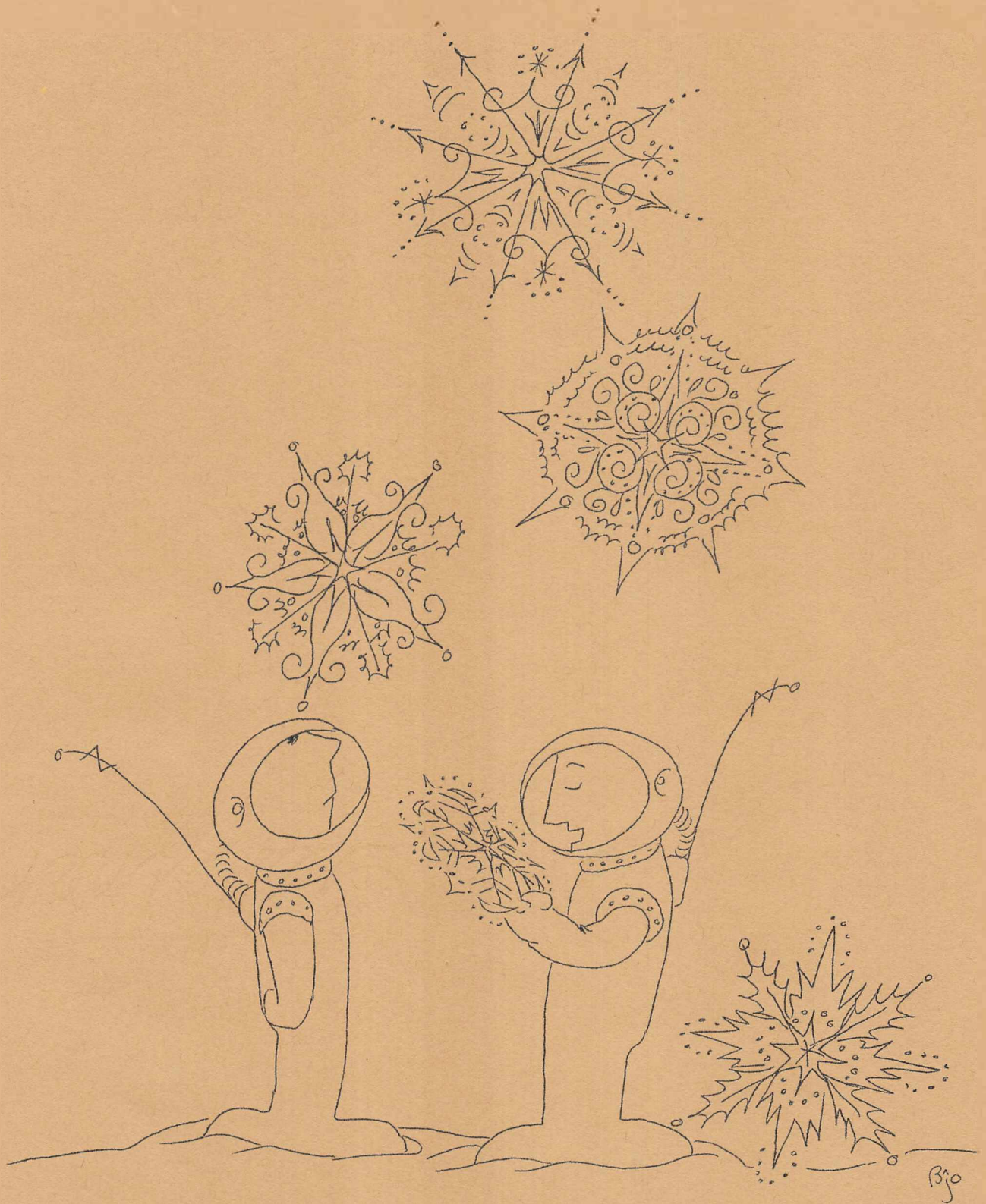
GET LOST!

YOU UNNERSTAN'?"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR J.C. —  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,  
CHA CHA CHA!







"DON'T YOU JUST LOVE A BIG SNOW AT  
CHRISTMASTIME?"



"EVERY YEAR THEY ASK FOR  
THE SAME DAMN THINGS!!"

## ST NICOLAAS

Xmas doesn't amount to very much here in Holland. It does mean a lot in the religious sense, to the religious. It also has meaning in a religious sense, for the nonreligious. That's not Xmas as you and most other nationalities see Xmas. The presents, the wishes, food, the drinks, dancing, etc. In Holland, this exists but much, much less.

And that's simply because we've got another tradition, unknown in this way, to other countries. St. Nicolaas. 5th of December! That's the big date here. In my family, we never had a Xmas tree. But when we decided, some years ago, to forsake St. Nicolaas for once, because there weren't any children in our family young enough to "live" it, we regretted it so much that we never tried that again.

Tradition! Now I did tell the story about St. Nicolaas and all the customs (and they are many) to so many suffering fans that I won't do it again, (special requests excepted.) If the fans who got my story were interested enough to tell their relations about it, by now, at least half of all Americans must know it. And it's still much nicer than your Xmas.

HA. What does your Santa Claus do? Comes from the Pole (why not, it's cold there in Winter) with some reindeers, which draw him. Lazy fellow! St. Nicolaas comes to cold, rainy Holland, from nice, warm Spain. That needs courage. And he rides a horse. Himself. And on the night of the 5th (with his horse, mind you) rides the roofs, and throws his presents into the chimneys. That's some doing, eh? And with all this modern heating radiators, too. And then the kids, and the adults, also, can't simply get their presents from a tree. No, they've got to do things, oh so many and sometimes strenuous things in order

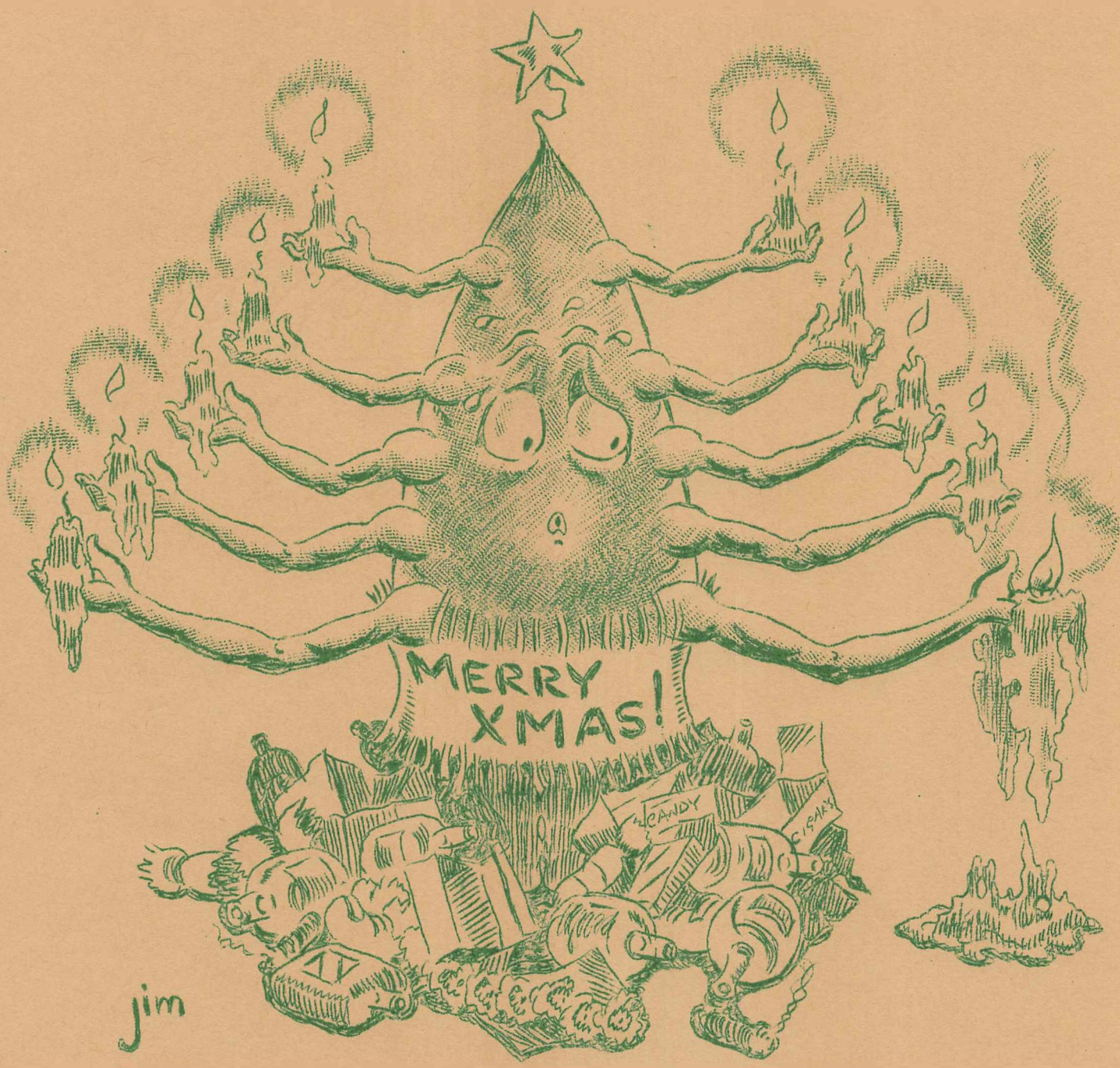
to secure their packages. So I wish you all a happy and merry Xmas. Greet Santa Claus for me. I won't see him. I wait for the 5th of December to receive St. Nicolaas. Personally. Can't write more now. Must start on making packages.

---Wim Struyck---

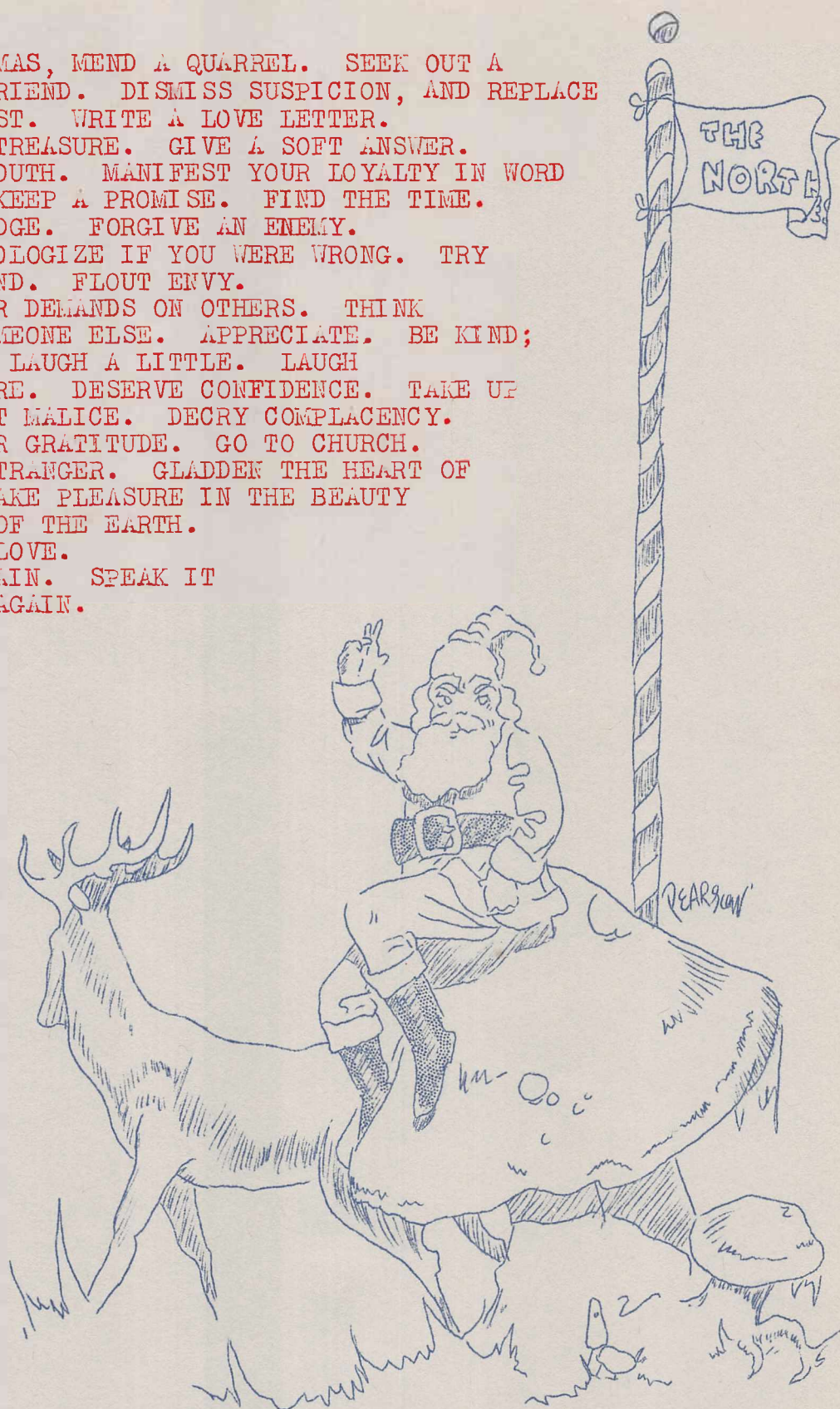




Throughout the yuletide season  
And all the coming year  
May your every waking moment  
Be filled with Eldritch Fear.  
— Donald Simpson



THIS CHRISTMAS, MEND A QUARREL. SEEK OUT A  
FORGOTTEN FRIEND. DISMISS SUSPICION, AND REPLACE  
IT WITH TRUST. WRITE A LOVE LETTER.  
SHARE SOME TREASURE. GIVE A SOFT ANSWER.  
ENCOURAGE YOUTH. MANIFEST YOUR LOYALTY IN WORD  
AND DEED. KEEP A PROMISE. FIND THE TIME.  
FORGO A GRUDGE. FORGIVE AN ENEMY.  
LISTEN. APOLOGIZE IF YOU WERE WRONG. TRY  
TO UNDERSTAND. FLOUT ENVY.  
EXAMINE YOUR DEMANDS ON OTHERS. THINK  
FIRST OF SOMEONE ELSE. APPRECIATE. BE KIND;  
BE GENTLE. LAUGH A LITTLE. LAUGH  
A LITTLE MORE. DESERVE CONFIDENCE. TAKE UP  
ARMS AGAINST MALICE. DECRY COMPLACENCY.  
EXPRESS YOUR GRATITUDE. GO TO CHURCH.  
WELCOME A STRANGER. GLADDEN THE HEART OF  
A CHILD. TAKE PLEASURE IN THE BEAUTY  
AND WONDER OF THE EARTH.  
SPEAK YOUR LOVE.  
SPEAK IT AGAIN. SPEAK IT  
STILL ONCE AGAIN.



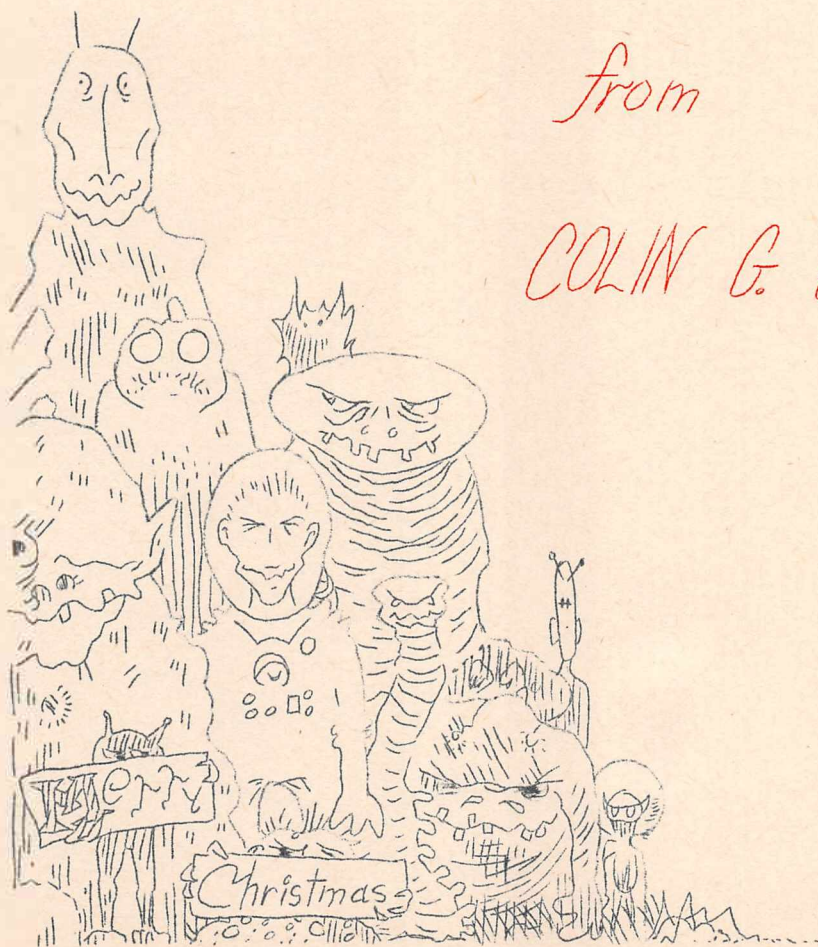
reprinted (without  
permission) from  
McCall's, 1959 (Dec)

# GREETINGS

ON A VERY TERRESTRIAL  
CHRISTMAS

from

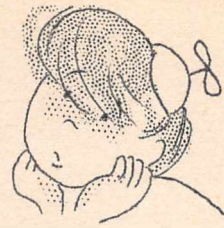
COLIN G. CAMERON





JWC

# The Littlest Fan



The Littlest Fan was very unhappy. A new Fanzine, the Greatest of Them All, was to be born this Christmas and he had nothing to contribute to its publication. Here all of Fandom was busy planning and doing wonderful things, and he had no part of any of the activity. He sat on the bottom step of the stairway leading to the main hall in the Tucker Con Hotel, watching the hustle and bustle as Fans prepared for the big holiday celebration.

"I know!" shouted the Littlest Fan, jumping to his feet so fast that he tripped an Elder Fan, and they both went tumbling in a flurry of paper.

The Elder Fan recovered his BNF button; "Twenty-seven pages of uncollated FAPazine all over the floor," he exclaimed, gathering the scattered pages together. The Littlest Fan moved out of reach.

He wandered into a room marked "LASFS -- Insurgents use next door" with the idea of helping, somehow. "Hey, Mr. Tyrannical Al Lewis, Sir," said the Littlest Fan, "Can I type a stencil for you?"

"Soon's I finish this blast at Campbell, kid," said Lewis, swearing at his typer. Then he looked up. "Here's an article by Rick Sneary, type it up." He figured this would be a safe job; who could tell if the kid made a typo?

Soon the Littlest Fan was back. And he had bungled the job badly; after all, Sneary did know how to spell his own name! So the Littlest Fan was sent to an ink-stained room to help with another job.

"Hi, can I help turn the crank?" asked the Littlest Fan of the tall, hungry-looking individual who was swearing at the Gestetner.

"Well, I dunno, kid," said Ernie, "This job requires training and sensitivity. It needs a delicate feeling for the intricate machinery and the deep understanding of the fuller meaning of reproduction...on paper, of course."

"Gee," said the Littlest Fan, "Do you think I could learn it?"

"Sure, if the machine doesn't work the first time you try it," said Ernie, lighting a cigarette, "you simply drop it on the floor; works every time." He smiled with the superior knowledge of science.

So the Littlest Fan worked industriously for a little while, then looked into the depths of the machine with some surprise. "The paper isn't coming out," he announced.

"That's probably because you are cranking the wrong way," said Ernie, calmly lighting another cigarette.

"Gee, I've got ink on the rollers, too," said the Littlest Fan, "I thought that was impossible to do with a Gestetner."

"It is," said Ernie, lighting another cigarette.

So the Littlest Fan found himself out in the hall, again, where he watched a poker game going on near the elevators. After suggesting to one of the players that he shouldn't raise with anything less than a pair, the Littlest Fan found himself shoved uncerimoniously into the nearest room and the door shut firmly behind him.

Looking around, he saw a freckled Fanne working over a light table. "Hello," he said, politely removing his beanie, "Can I help?" The Littlest Fan came closer to see the signature on each cartoon. "Gee, you're Bjo Fortaff?" he asked in awe, "Why aren't you in Europe?"

"Well, it's strange how that was," said the Fanne, looking in a shoe-box for her favorite shading plate. "You see, due to some pretty shady goings-on, the Fan who got the most honest votes won."

"Sounds fair to me," ventured the Littlest Fan, peeling into a folder full of cartoons. The Fanne snorted and went back to work. "Can I trace one of these cartoons on stencil?" he asked.

"Sure, here's a stylus; get to work," said the Fanne.

Later, the Littlest Fan presented her with a stencil covered with shading-plate designs and lines. "That's a neat Barr illo you copied there, kid," said the Fanne.

He looked crestfallen. "It's a Rotsler cartoon," he said.

With nothing else to do, the Littlest Fan went into the bar and sat down. "I have an idea!" he shouted, and turned to an Elder Fan sitting nearby who showed mild interest. "This is really big!"

The Elder Fan showed more interest, "You mean like Djinn?"

"Oh no," blushed the Littlest Fan. "I meant like a hoax or something. I could start another death-hoax like they pulled on What's-his-name so long ago! Only I'd pick someone like Bloch, say."

"Really?" said the Elder Fan, carefully fitting a filtered cigarette into his cigarette holder and studying the Littlest Fan through his glasses. "Tell me, just what would it gain you?"

"Nothing, I guess," said the Littlest Fan sadly. "I guess Bloch wouldn't like it, either. Everyone would stop writing letters and asking for Fan articles and stop sending Fanzines and maybe he would drop out of Fandom completely...."

The Elder Fan brightened, "Say, that idea has merit!" But the Littlest Fan had already wandered away.

"Is there nothing I can do?" wailed the Littlest Fan, for he knew that unless he acted quickly the new Fanzine would not contain anything from him when it went out over all the world to bring happiness and cheer and egoboo and grotches.

"Here is something for you to do," said an Elder Fan who wore a yachting cap bearing the legend "USS JGT", handing him some pages to collate. But when the job was done, every other page had been stapled in up-side-down. So the Littlest Fan was again firmly told to go elsewhere.

Soon the great day came when every Fan put down his own Fanac, and came to the place where the new Fanzine was to be born. They each brought the thing they most excelled in to be a part of the publication; the artists, the writers, the editors, the BNFs, the sercon Fans, and even a few interested pros. They formed a great assembly to give their best to the new Fanzine.

And the Littlest Fan still did not have anything to give. He sighed awhile, and warm tears came; then suddenly he knew what he could offer! Straight away to a secret corner of Forry's Fabulous Garage he ran, to an old manilla envelope he had hidden there for years without causing notice. Clutching it tightly to his heart, the Littlest Fan ran back to the Tucker Con Hotel, into the hall.

Then, walking hesitantly past the Elder Fans and BNFs, he went up to the Great Golden Gestetner with his gift. There, among the Rotsler, Atom, Nelson and Bjo cartoons, the Willis, Grennell, Warner and Hickman articles, the Ellik, Leman and Berry satires, the Weber con-reports, the Burbee editorials, the Barr, Coulson, Cawthorne and Prosser illos; the Littlest Fan unveiled his gift.

All eyes turned his way; all the eager assemble waited to see what the Littlest Fan had thought worthy of the new Fanzine.

And what was in that old, dog-eared manila envelope? Well, there was a smudged LASFS membership card - reminder of the first Fannish contacts, a bronzed copy of a 1959 LIFE magazine - still aglow with golden memories of a first convention, there was a small, floppy felt beanie that had long ago lost its propellor, and the the carefully folded receipt for a genuine Freas cover - bought directly from Harlan Ellison. And at the very bottom of the old envelope, carefully wrapped in the torn cover of a 1940 Unknown, was a small, shining object.

Everyone had been on the verge of laughing at this pitiful display of childish things, until the last one had been disclosed.

Some of the older and more cynical Fans had to crowd closer to see, for they did not recognize what it was, at first; it had been a long time since they had seen its like. But most of the Fans assembled there felt a strange, sudden surge of nostalgia, and some of them smiled a wet-eyed smile at the Littlest Fan.

And he stood there, with his offering to the new Fanzine glowing in his hand, looking wistful and eager and alone. The Littlest Fan looked at the silent Elder Fans, at the quiet BNFs, at the stillness of the gathered Fen, and he felt with a pang of rembrse that he had done a terrible thing in bringing his small offerings to the assembly. Frightened by the impunity with which he'd acted, the Littlest Fan started to recover his gift.

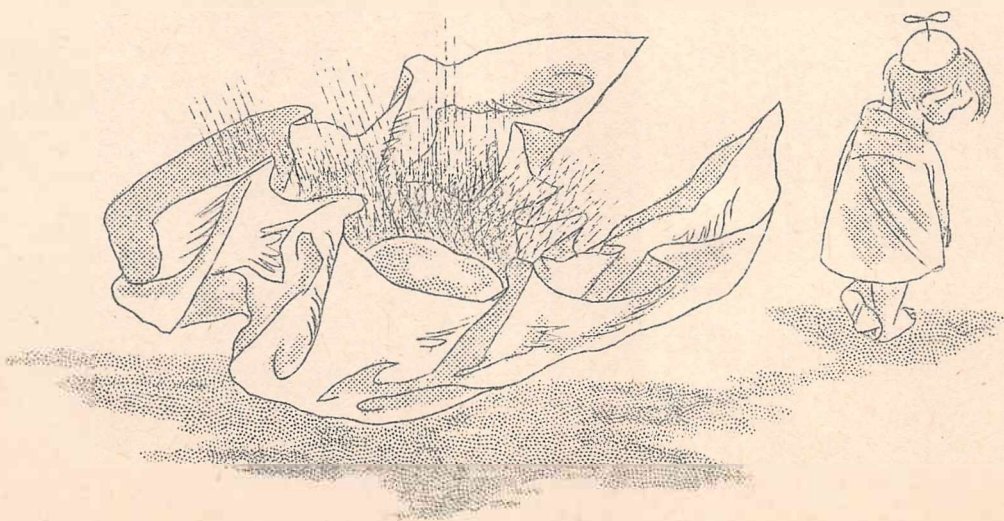
Then God looked down on the Littlest Fan and smiled, saying, "This is the greatest thing since jazz!" And all Fandom knew it was good; and the Elder Fans, the BNFs, and Other Fen smiled too.

So the Littlest Fan carefully placed the gift on the pile of wonderful things already there, and walked away.

The yellowed pulp paper of the old Unknown cover curled protectingly around the shining object; the greatest gift of all, the Littlest Fan's Sense of Wonder.

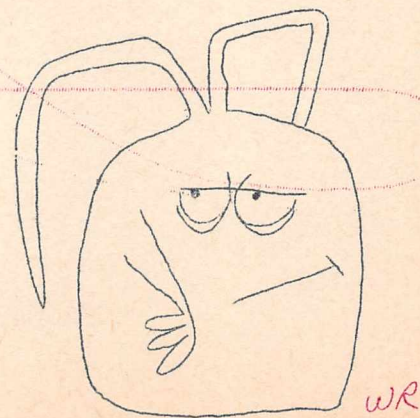
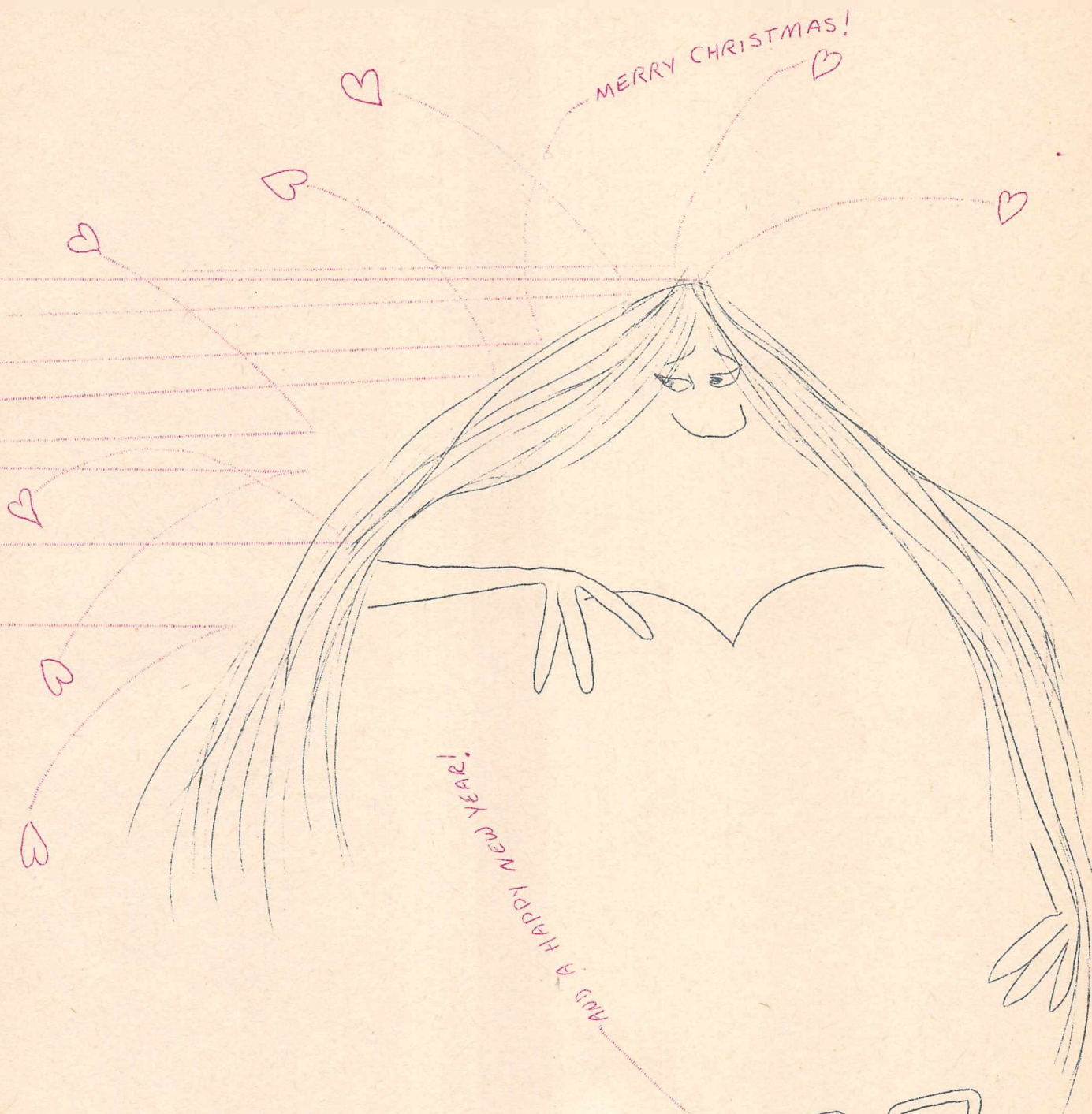
---oOo---

---Bjo---



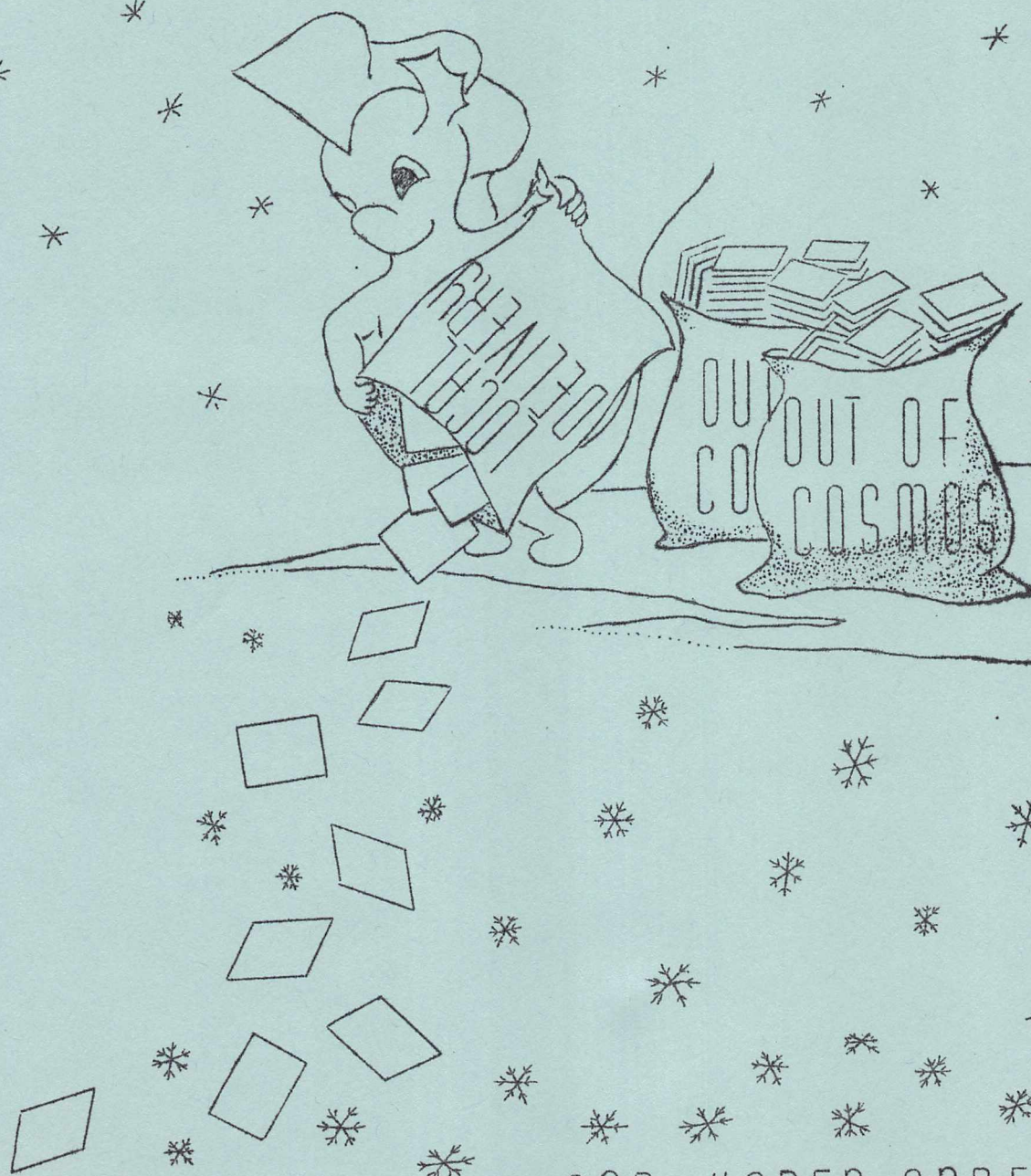


Merrie Christmas♦♦

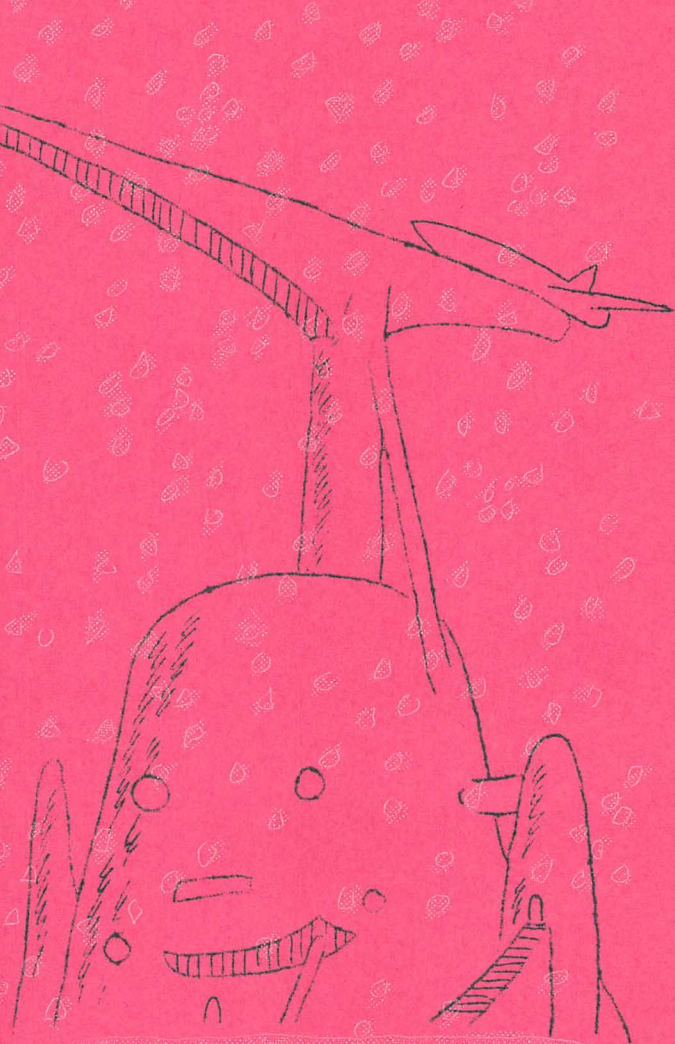
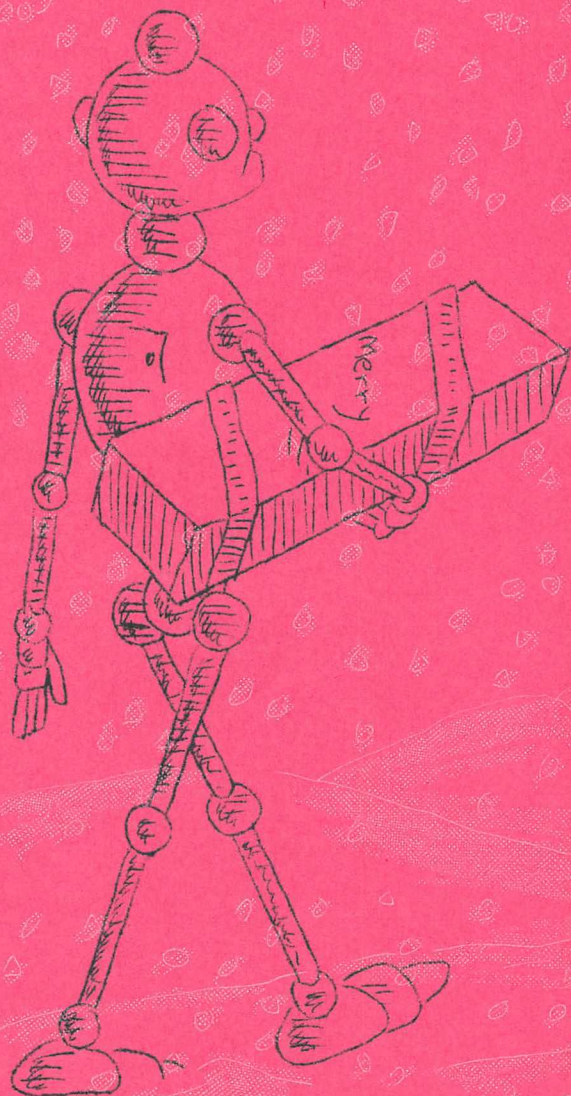


WR

CHRISTMAS \* GREETINGS \* FROM \* DOHEUG



AND KAREN ANDERSON



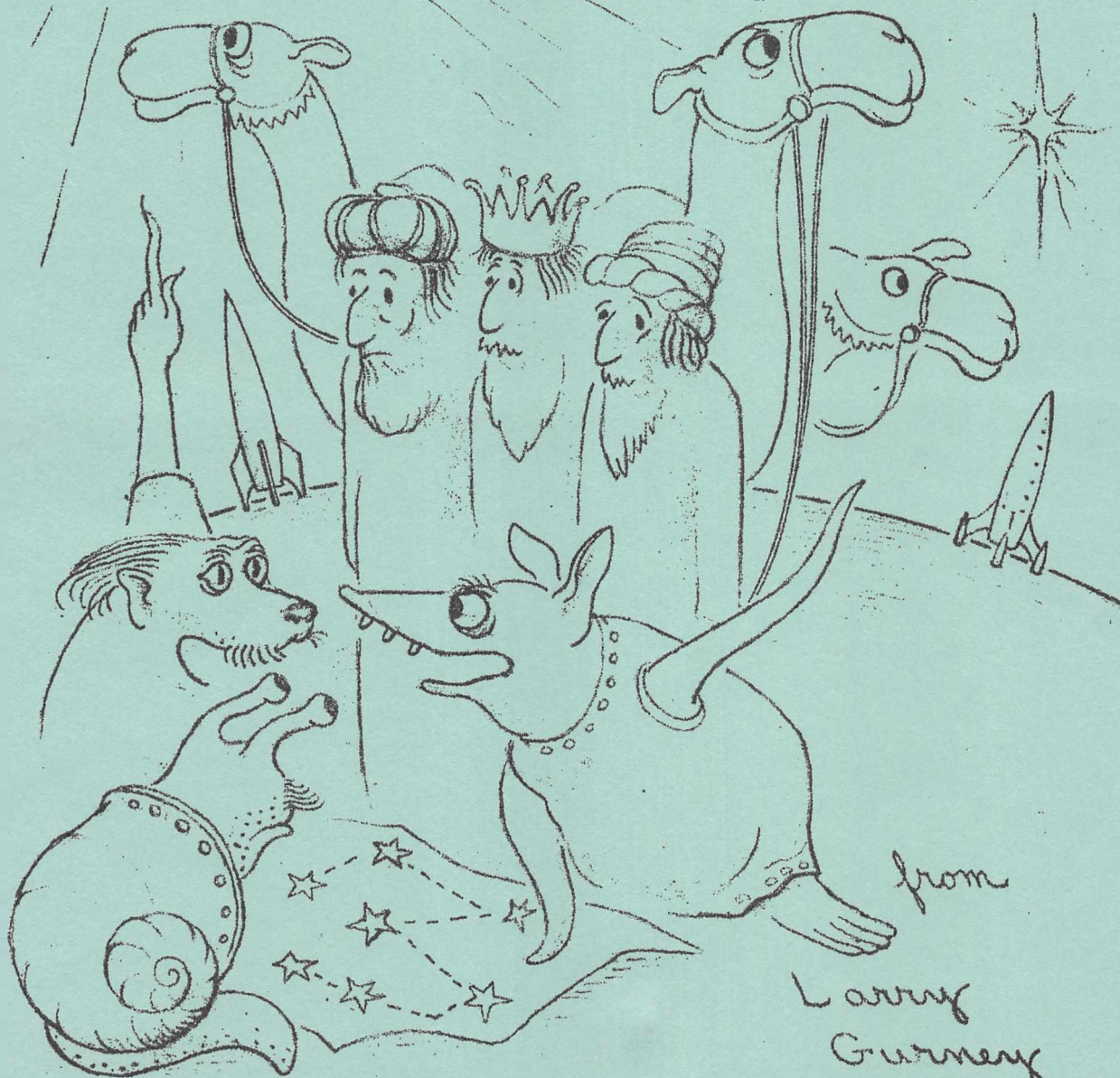


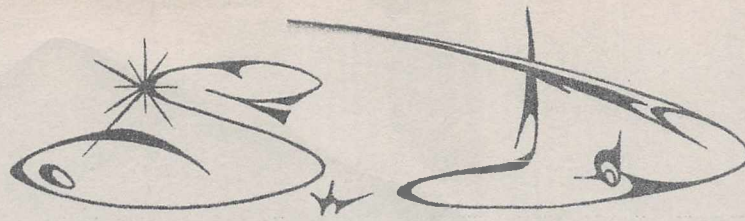
N.B.G.

1

Terry  
Jeeves

HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR!





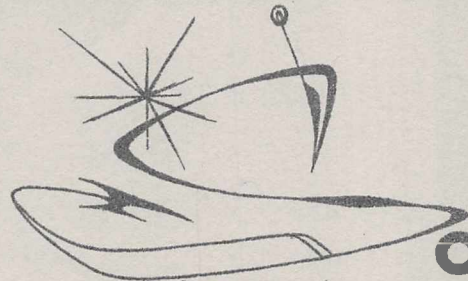
## ORADUS

is the brightest star in the known universe - a huge flaming monster 1,000,000 times as bright as our own sun. It is part of the larger Magellanic Cloud, a galaxy larger than the average near our own which contains many millions of stars. Between and among the masses of stars and dust of this satellite galaxy can be seen further reaches of the universe - thousands of galaxies even more remote - vast unbelievable universes as big as our own galaxy (of which the Milky Way is only a local, partially visible portion of one of the spiral arms). Vast incomprehensible space, vacuum and silence embedded in time - infinite in the future and in the past.

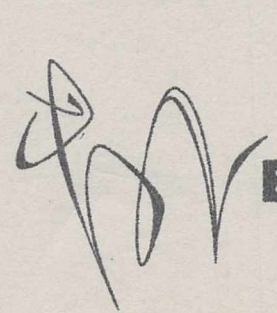


## BOUT

100 years after the man involved had died, back on the dusty frontier of the Roman Empire 2000 years ago, a couple of local prophets of an evolving tribal God reconstructed the birth of their prime martyr. In an area and time seething with gods, fakirs and holy men it was necessary to include fulfilled prophesies, the blessings of astrologers from afar and signs from the heavens to win out against the miraculous competition. Each account differed of course. Herod died four years before this particular birth for instance according to Empire records. No account was made of parallax in regard to that moving star but the times were right when the account was written and the right parts of the other religions were borrowed. For several hundred years after this it was still a close and fevered race with the worshippers of Mithra even so. And so today we know of that other star over Bethlehem.



— now we science fiction fans and citizens of a Christian culture see Christmas approaching and somehow feel in our hearts which of these stars are more important in our minds, which one means the most in each of our personal realities, which one is steadfast and unchanging in the long history of man - which one speaks truth to our instinct ridden minds.



## ERRY

## HRISTMAS