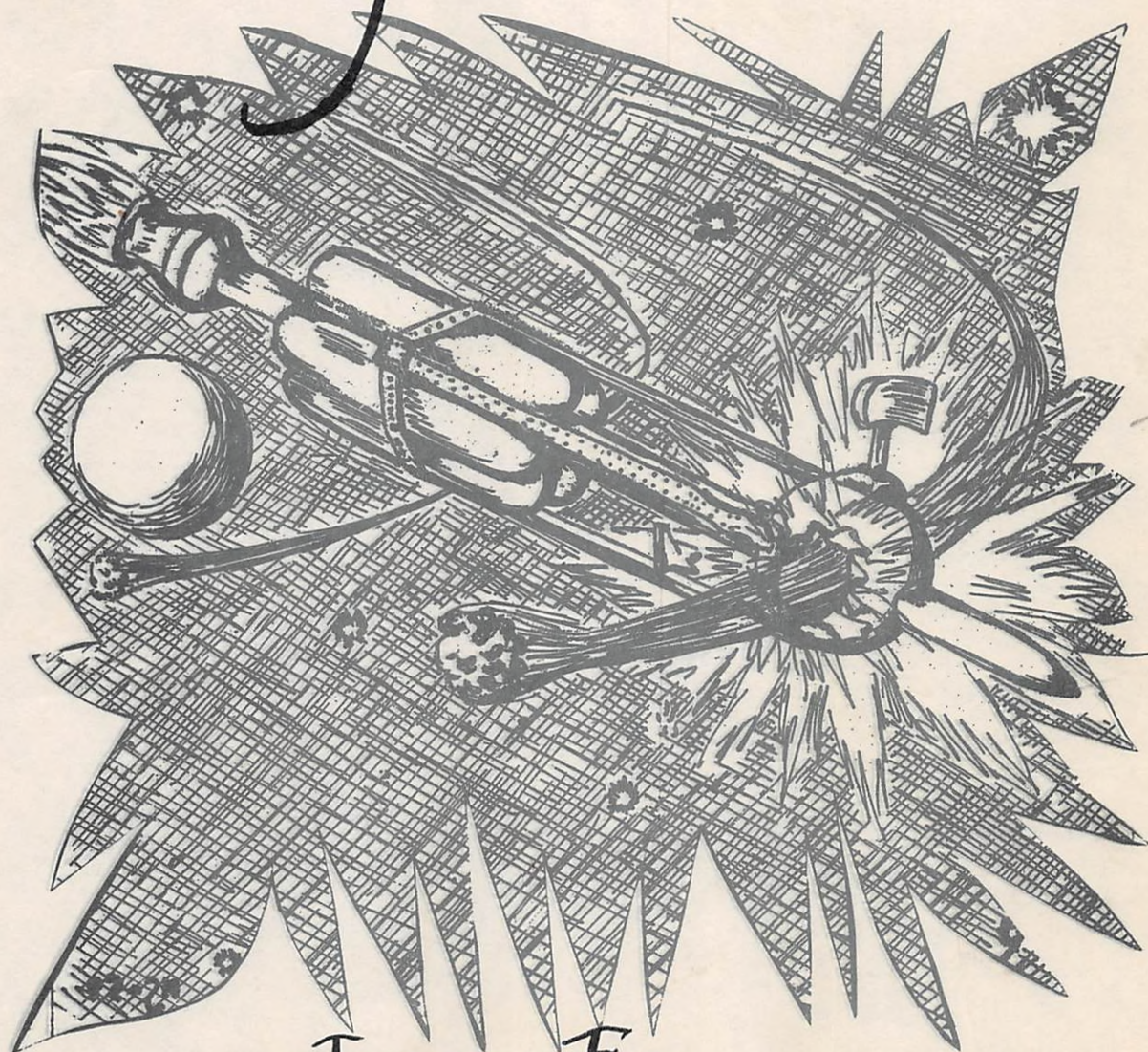


# Sphere

Trump



JANUARY-FEBRUARY  
1958



January-February  
1958

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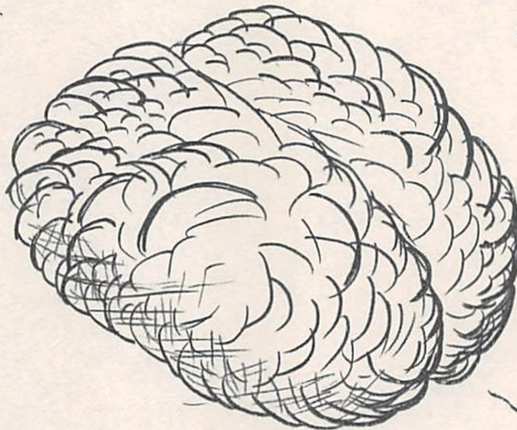
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# RETRIBUTION



BY:  
GUY TERWILLEGER

There was fog in his brain. Fog brought on by his constant drinking and self accusation.

The young man, holding his position on the bar stool by sheer willpower, cursed softly as the empty glass shattered on the bar. He watched the slivers of shimmering, mobile lightning scatter in several directions. It always ended this way! Every night for a week he had been drinking, trying to stamp out the morbid memories that refused to budge from their hidden folds in his brain, trying to blot out that one experience that was playing such reckless havoc with his life.

Rain, conceived of tears, moistened the almost pallid creases below his eyes. Slowly he moved his index finger across the polished Martian marble to the inch-long splinter balanced so delicately on the edge of the bar. A nudge, and in a bright flash of fire as it was caught in the light, it toppled to the floor where it broke again into more pseudo-diamonds.

Damn that glass, it was so like the real thing, so like the alien rocket-ship. The burst of light, the explosion as his atomics crashed into its hull, the resultant explosion like a miniature sun in nova, then nothing. Damn everything that reminded him.



What was the good in drinking if its vapor brought only fantasies to remind him.

His hand slammed down on the bar, cascading more glass in every direction. The pain from the numerous cuts in his palm failed to register on his tortured brain. Fascinated, he watched the blood ooze slowly from the myriad cuts, then, in revulsion, he threw the arm to his side as he thought of "its" blood out there, frozen, if any of it were left, in the depths of space.

Paul Janer forced his eyes to open fully, expecting to find himself still on the high stool in the Spaceman's Bar. He blinked as he recognized, instead, the antiseptic white of the ceiling in the Patrol Barracks. Realization of where he was caused reflex actions to carry him to a standing position where he swayed dizzily as the rapid action drained the blood from his already aching head.

He reached for that strangely detached head, as if holding it would calm its pounding, but stopped to stare at his bandaged hand, remembering only vaguely what had happened.

His dulled senses told him there was a hand on his shoulder, and from the swirling haze he heard a voice.

"Paul, get hold of yourself. Sit down for a minute."

He whirled to see who it was and knew he should have recognized the sound of that voice. "Oh, it's you, Larry. What....." He swayed unsteadily, "What am I doing here?"

"Quiet down. Do you want to get the boys in trouble?"

Paul shook his head, then regretted it. "What'd you bring me here for?" he asked, resting his forehead on his good hand. His lips and tongue felt like they'd been bathed in leadcrete. "You know I've been banned from Patrol quarters."

Larry shrugged. "Look, get the chip off your shoulder and stop taking a trip around the moon. We know you aren't off your jets. Whether you like it or not, the boys want to help. That's why we found you and brought you here."

"I don't need your help, and I don't need your sympathy, not one damn bit of it. Call off your spies and get me out of here!" He got to his feet in time to bring his chin into position for a three-point landing with Larry's fist and slumped back, dazed. He hardly noticed as Larry grabbed his shirt front and landed two good slaps on either side of his face.

"Now, damn you," Larry snapped, "sit down and keep your throttle closed." He raised his clenched fist in warning. "I'm not sure you aren't trying a mooner, but we're not going to let you get away with it. Now, for the last time I'll ask you. Will you tell us what happened on that first flight? We're your buddies and aren't going to watch the best crew captain in the Patrol wreck his life without a pretty damn good explanation."

Paul slumped, his mind working. He'd tried everything to forget, to get away from his friends, but they seemed to be omnipresent. He'd tried everything but telling the truth, even screening out all of the telepaths on the base. Perhaps this was the solution. Maybe telling the whole story would help him forget.

He needed a few moments to take in the new situation. The last thing he wanted was to endanger his own patrol, yet to tell them would do just that. Where was his crime? He had done what any Patrolman would have done, instinctively, without thought of the consequences, and his whole world had been thrown out of focus. Had there been a war at the time things would have been different. But there wasn't a war on, at least not in the civilized portions of the galaxy.



-RETRIBUTION-

Larry's grip tightened on his collar as he waited for the answer, ready in an instant to slam the fist hard into the face should Paul try to bolt away. "Well?" he hissed.

"O--okay," Paul stuttered, lapsing into a habit he had whenever he was excited or under strain. "I'll t-tell you. It m-might be the right thing."

Larry released his hold but remained alert to the possibility of a switch. "If it doesn't, we'll find something that will." He went to the compartment door and whistled softly.

A few minutes later, there were four other Patrollers in the room. Paul surveyed them. There was Garret Adams, Roger Russell, Don Palmer, and Dave Spencer, all of them men he had gone through space school with, all of them friends he had forgotten in this past week since his release from the Patrol.

He wanted to smile as they spoke, but he couldn't, they were as tense and expectant as he was, wanting the truth, yet afraid of what they might learn.

Roger wasn't relaxed, he knew. The deep wave of his abundant hair, which was usually just-so, was mussed and the crescent scar under the right eye and temple was livid red, a sure sign of tension.

Then, Don Palmer had limped in, something he never did unless under a strain so great he forgot how important it was not to limp. He had to be careful of that limp. The Patrol did not like infirmities of any kind in its men.

Dave's usually twinkling black eyes were lifeless under his highly arched eyebrows, his blonde hair too neatly combed for his carefree style of living. He and Rog were always a contrast in this respect, but now it was reversed.

Garret, the telepath of the team, gave the only indication of remaining calm and collected as he tossed his hat in a precise manner at the doorknob. Almost caught unaware, Paul jerked his head as he felt the gentle probing fingers unleashed from Garrett's mind. The man wasn't as quiet as he wanted Paul to believe. The thoughts were not the carressing kind, but stabbed hopefully, something Gar never did with his own crew members.

Even the friendly platitudes the five tossed his way did not steady the too electric situation. They were off beat for this group of men who had almost lived their entire lives together. The conversation was strained, almost childish.

"Hey, Gar, you haven't said a word yet. What's up?" Roger suddenly bellowed.

A cautious move of Gar's right hand dismissed Roger who turned away, grinning awkwardly. "Just what did you punks want me to spout, " he tried to cover the action.

Paul winced at this further evidence of Gar's worry. Ordinarily, his words were precise and correct. Only tension could drive him to using slang expressions.

"You been working hard?" he asked. "Your grammar is bad."

The others stopped. It had been years since Paul had taken it upon himself to correct any of them.

"Well, how about it, Paul. You ready to talk?" Larry finally began.

Paul was very silent, but whether that was because of their presence, or for another reason, they didn't know. "On one condition. Gar has to stop trying to get into my head. He knows I've never liked this mind reading act of his. Especially when it is so abrupt. One wisp of a thought from him and I stop." He was still on the defensive.



They looked to the telepath for agreement.

"I wish you wouldn't block me out, Paul. I could use projection to all of us, even you would see it objectively for the first time."

"What do you mean---projection?"

"It's like the old movies in principal. I take the film of your subconscious and show you what really happened. It might even show what caused you to do what you did, give us the reason for it." There was no response. "Here, I'll show you what I mean. I'll take someone here and show what their secret thoughts are."

It was almost as if the brain were acting as a screen for Gar's mental projector and all five of them saw the same picture. A picture Roger would rather they hadn't seen. They could recognize the time, the place and the date. Rog had played sick and not gone with them. Now they knew why. He much preferred the company of that blonde waitress. The mental image was too intimate, too revealing of things a man does not like to disclose.

Don Palmer howled and slapped Rog on the back. "That's the first time I've ever heard what you were doing called sickness!"

"I'd hate to see what comes out of your mind with that bevy of beauties you cater to," Rog countered, then, overcoming his original shock at being so openly betrayed, he too broke into laughter.

The tension was broken, even Paul managed a smile, but his mind was not still. He couldn't relax the effort at keeping up the shield. Gar was constantly at the door of his mind, and once he slipped in he couldn't be shaken.

In fact, they were all waiting, waiting for something of which he himself wasn't sure. He was trapped, he realized. One blow from Larry in the right spot and he'd black out, only to come to with Gar present. There was nothing to do but give in. The fight was suddenly gone out of him. Though his persistent drinking had not let him forget, it had done one thing---his normally powerful will had been broken down. He started to lie back in resignation, but Gar intervened.

"No, Paul. Sit up. You need to watch this, too. There could be a clue that will help you. I'll pick up from that morning." He looked at the others. "Now, just relax, all of you. I'll try to pick it up from the time the flight started."

Paul waved his hand. "Take it from before that, Gar."

The other five looked at him curiously.

"Think of something important?" Rog asked.

"N-no, I just think we ought to s-start when I took the assignment from Barry. If you guys are looking for something, you might as well know about that, too."

"Know what? Is it something related to Barry's sudden disappearance?" Don asked.

Gar motioned for him to shut up, then began concentrating, probing for the exact time spot in Paul's taxed brain. With a little time he found his goal and began projecting the mental images to those around him.

\* \* \* \* \*







-RETRIBUTION-

The morning was fresh and clear outside the building but Paul Janer didn't have time to notice as he awoke with a start and found himself looking into the face of Barry Nelton. He didn't like Barry and the other returned the feeling. There was no doubt in his mind that Nelton was the most hated officer in the Patrol since his own co-workers never had anything good to say for him.

He tried to clear his fogged brain, but flying night patrol always left him groggy. With an effort, he glanced toward the chronometer and noted he had barely had time to sleep. "What the hell do you want?" he finally managed.

Barry spoke through curled lips. "That's right, friend, be blunt about it. Never give Nelton a chance to show he's okay."

Paul didn't say anything to this. Instead he reached for a cigarette and took the necessary long drag required to get it to light itself. Then, casually blowing out a stream of blue smoke, "Well?"

"You're not flying patrol today." It was a statement, not a question.

"I flew all last night on the Lunar watch. Why?"

"You don't fly tomorrow, either, or the next day." Again Nelton was stating facts.

Paul shook his head, puzzled that Barry should have taken the time to find this out.

"How about flying my patrol for me today, then?"

Paul looked at him coldly. "For anyone else, I would. For you Barry?" He shook his head. "No! Now get out!"

"Look, Paul! I need help. I wasn't scheduled to draw duty today. They got me assigned as a replacement and I was called up. You've got to fly for me." He paused, waiting. "Dammit, I'm in trouble and it's got to be taken care of."

"What about the times I've asked you to fly for me? Or the others? You never have, no matter what the reason. You wouldn't fly extra for your own grandmother if you knew she was dying. Now get the hell out!"

Barry's eyes flickered icily. "Look here you dirty b..... I've got plans for today and you and your smug convictions fit right into them. You'll do what I tell you or your crew will cease to exist."

Paul said nothing, waiting for the implication to be explained.

"You guys think you're hot jets don't you? Don't think anyone is on to Palmer's lame hip do you? Well, I know about it! And, it would give me the utmost pleasure to turn you glory hunters in for passing him off. You guys think you're pretty damned smart being number One Patrol with a lousy cripple on your team." Barry was sure of his tactics. "Need I say more?"

Paul shook his head. "You've got us, Barry. But so help me, if you ever let that out, I'll kill you."

"Like your old man killed mine?" Barry snarled.

Paul ignored the last statement. There was no need to go back over the details of an



-RETRIBUTION-

incident long forgotten from the pirate days of space. It hadn't been his fault that Barry's father was a space-raider and had to be blasted from the stars. Nor was it his fault that his own father had been the Patrolman to do it.

Tension mounted as Barry gave the details. Never, any more than now, had Paul wished he were a telepath, able to read peoples' minds, to be on a more even footing with this adversary. He was sure the mind of Barry Nelton would reveal an evil, sordid, existence as full of schemes as his pirate father's.

With Paul briefed, Nelton turned to go. "So long, chum! Good luck on your patrol. You'll need it. See you around---maybe!"

The feeling of hatred toward Barry never left Paul until his jet rocket was soaring through space. Vaguely, in his subconscious, he could remember one of Barry's friends, if you could call any man that, warning him to watch out for alien spies on the moon run. At the time it hadn't sounded convincing, especially since he had seen nothing untoward on his other night watches and this was the same run he had made the night before.

The Earth was a complete sphere below him when he first became aware that something was missing and wrong. He wasn't sure what it was that warned him. Perhaps, he thought, it was his exceptionally keen perception at picking up projected thought waves. He wasn't telepathic and couldn't read minds, but thoughts could be put into his brain from outside without his knowing it. Someone was thinking thoughts, either at or about him. This much, he did know.

They were evil thoughts of destruction by someone he should know, or at least, someone who knew him. He could feel the pressure in his brain as the individual sought for his death, and, in that instant, knew who it was.

The radar screen flashed a warning. From behind the shadows of the Moon, a rocket was approaching at incredible speed. At the same instant his mind was whipped by a torrent of alien thoughts. He relaxed under the assault, almost slipped into semi-consciousness.

"Look," the voice soothed, "behold my world. Have you ever seen a world to compare with it?"

"Up shield!" Paul's mind screamed at him. "Up shield."

The voice droned on, pounding, insinuating, compelling. No landscape of tall, snow-capped mountains and low verdant valleys had ever looked so magnificent. Not one human form he had ever beheld had one tenth of the grace and suppleness of these creatures. Even the men were beautiful.

Paul further released his hold on reality as visions of homelife and the peace and love of these people encompassed him. A single death sent the entire globe into mourning and grieving that lasted for years, since the death from natural causes did not exist there. Here the people spent a life of leisure, no one had to work. It was the Utopia man had long hoped to achieve.

Suddenly the picture of doting parents bidding a fond farewell to this young alien surrounded him. It was almost as if he could hear their words. "Above all, son, do nothing to bring shame on your home world. Do no act of violence. Peace must be made with this world. Do your duty, then come back, son. We shall never cease grieving if something should happen to you."

From somewhere close, Paul sensed a laugh and the words "Now, Father" burned into him. He looked up to see that the spaceship was close at hand, within easy firing distance, and closing rapidly. The laugh seemed to come again, more intense than before. It was



filled with revelry and sounded almost as if it had sprung prematurely from tense lips.

Paul leaped to his feet as the void of space was filled with radiating light and heat. He poured all of the atomic war heads in his cruiser into the alien craft. When he dared look again, there was nothing.

And there remained nothing. Nothing but the thought of a happy family now without a son. A family that would die of loneliness. It was like a cancer, that thought eating and spreading through him, blotting out much of what had happened. Nothing but the thought of what he had done---without reason.

Paul stumbled back, the thought ripping through all shields he tried to erect. Suddenly, instead of wanting to forget the incident, he almost reveled in it, torturing himself incessantly.

Garrett Adams leaned back in his seat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Prolonged projection like this was always tiring.

"Well," he said, "did we get anything from this? Has it helped?"

Paul Janer said nothing. His hands twisted, then were still.

The five of them sat looking, waiting for some explanation but none seemed forthcoming. Paul began pacing up and down the room, his face contorted. For the first time in over a week his brain was clear, the obsession of guilt and near calamity of Galactic War erased.

"Do you know who I killed?" He whirled on them, searched their faces.

"I have a good idea," Gar answered.

"Cut out the espionage act and give with the jet stream," Rog complained. "What are you getting at?"

"Look," Paul began, "I was thrown out of the Patrol because I killed an alien on a friendly mission. This left the Earth open to an outside war in the galaxy. There's no danger of that since it wasn't someone out of our galaxy that I killed. They'll have to open the case again. Only this time, they'll have to try me for killing Barry Nelton."

"Barry Nelton?" Rog exclaimed incredulously. "What makes you sure of that?"

"That laugh we heard," Gar said. "I think I recognized that even before Paul did."

"He could have been a telepath," Paul mused. "If he were, he could have done it. But why? Did he hate me so much for what my father did? Was this to be the retribution he so often spoke of?" He smiled. "For once I have something to thank him for. Had he not made me hate him so much his plan would not have backfired. His laugh must have triggered my reflexes and I fired before he did."

"Knowing Barry," Gar inserted, "he couldn't help revealing before-hand, not knowing he did himself a dirty trick."

Larry got to his feet. "Come on you rocket drivers. Let's get to the Commander's office. It's time to get this mess straightened out."

A few minutes later Commander Robb looked over his desk at the six men who had comprised his crack Patrol unit. The five remaining in uniform were, surprisingly enough, one of the weaker groups, having dropped from first to eleventh place on the rating board.



-RETRIBUTION-

Robb had never understood why four burly examples of manhood and one intellectual telepath had allowed a quiet, sometimes moody, man to be their leader. Paul Janer was not outwardly a man you could see as a leader, yet he had led his Patrol to frequent glory.

Now, the young man stood before him again, defying the orders of his former Commander.

"If you please sir," Rog began, "we brought him on the base. He had nothing to do with it."

Robb knew that would be right. If those guys decided to bring Janer here, there was little he could do about it, short of murder.

Don Palmer broke into his thoughts. "You haven't found Barry Nelton yet have you?"

"No, not even a good lead."

"You won't find him. He's dead. Paul shot down Nelton, not an alien."

The complete story unfolded slowly and pointedly to bring out all the details. Gar went so far as to project part of it to the Commander so he could see the truth of it.

Finally Commander Robb arose and slapped his fist on the desk. "Gentlemen, scientific fact says the subconscious mind can't lie. Janer, your case is open again. We will have to investigate Nelton thoroughly. In the meantime---put on your uniform. Your Patrol needs you. With the threat of war gone, the department can afford to let you fly until the new case is ready."

It was months before the report came through. The Janer Patrol was on a routine mission to Saturn when the space radio brought the news.

They listened intently to the words clearing Paul of all charges. There was no motive other than jealousy on Barry Nelton's part and an attempt to exact retribution from the son of the man who had killed his father.

Garret Adams withdrew his mind from Paul. He hated creeping in on a friend, he had a job to do and had done it. Now he could make a good report.

"Hey," Rog bellowed. "Get busy. There's our quarry! The pirate ship of Saturn is dead ahead."

The six men took their battle stations, each wearing a smile. Whether of relief that Paul was free, or in anticipation of the coming battle was each one's own private thought and secret.

Paul hoped that, like his own, the other five were for both reasons.

#

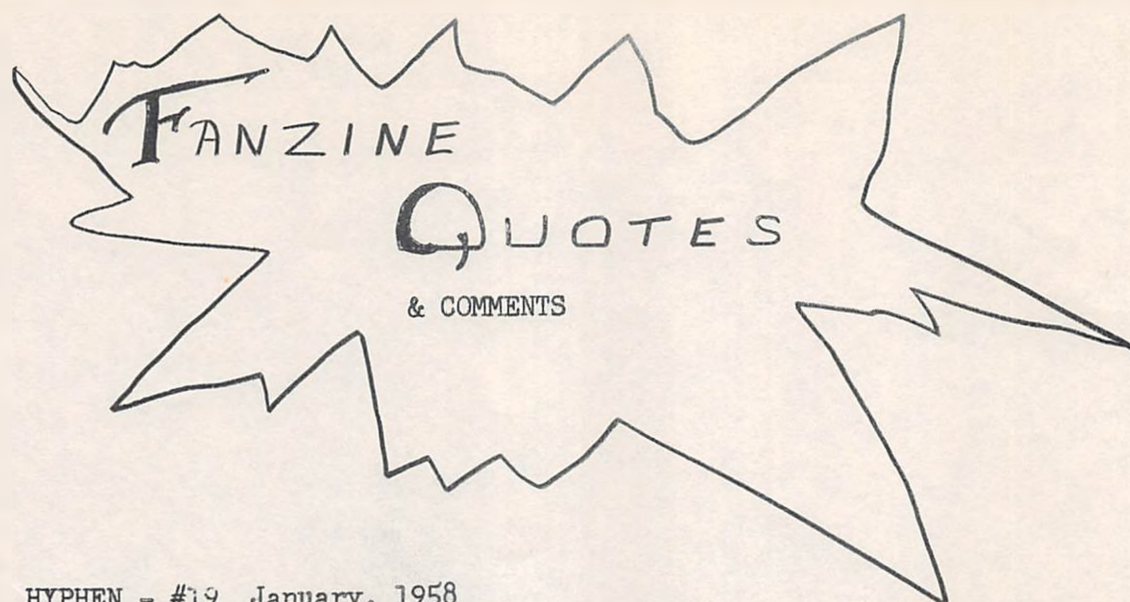


## Results

<u>MAG. NAME</u>	<u>YEAR&amp;MONTH</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>ARTIST'S NAME</u>	<u>STORY DEPICTED, IF KNOWN</u>
Astounding	1937,July	1st	H.V.Brown	"Seeker of Tomorrow"-E.F.Russell
Astounding	1952,Feb.	2nd	Van Dongen	Unavailable
Amazing	1928,Nov.	3rd	Frank R. Paul	Unavailable
Astounding	1948,Oct.	4th	Rogers	"The Players of A"- Van Vogt
Astounding	1947,Nov.	5th	Rogers	"Children of the Lens"-E.E.Smith
Astounding	1947,June	6th	Schneeman	"Centaurus II"
Fantastic Novels	1941,April	7th	Finlay	"Dwellers in the Mirage"-Merritt
TWS	1952,August	8th	EMSH	Unavailable
Amazing	1929,Nov.	9th	Frank R. Paul	Unavailable
Astounding	1948,Dec.	10th	Orban	
RUNNER-UP:				
F & SF	1956,Sept.	11th	Freas	Unavailable

-12-





# FANZINE

## QUOTES

& COMMENTS

HYPHEN - #19 January, 1958  
 1/ or 15¢ per copy\*  
 170 Upper N'Ard's Rd. Belfast, N. Ireland.

Here we have the best zine to start this, or any other year off with! James White takes over about 18 pages this issue with his complete (unabridged version) of the highly controversial THE QUINZE-Y REPORT (with foot-notes by WAW)(waw-hoo!) The Atom cover has a wonderful wealth of detail which any fan ed must admire with awe. How can one man do so much, and so well with such a difficult medium? We like very much.(\*). Oh yes, the \*, we'd like to quote-----the price..."in coin of the realm. You send it, we'll spend it." More: "The cornflakes seemed to mock us-----WAW: A dusty answer, if there ever was one." BACK PAGE DEPT.: "It is bad enough being a fan without people staring at you.....Let's take science-fiction away from the people and give it back to the fans....Joan Carr is a good man....Last American Editor we had over here was Bea Mahaffey. She kissed a lot of us. We're dead out of luck this time....." We got an (X) marked on the last page which means our subscription has expired. We've been busily digging in the Gulf shore sand dunes with treasure maps to bring up some pesos, centavos, shillings, centimes, as well as real-m coins. You may be sure we do not intend to ever miss an issue of HYPHEN....." the Intimate Fanzine." End-quotations.

YANDRO - #61 February, 1958 15¢ or 12 for \$1.25  
 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana

With an interesting cover by Eddie this issue has 19 pages of wide interest as usual. We like the art on page 12, by Bill Harry best; with DEA's on page 8 a close second. To our way of thinking DEA can be counted on to turn out a superior illustration every time! Who is DEA?

We like: "Mommie, mommie, little sister has fell out of the window!"

"Has fallen, dear.".....from Gilbert.

We like everything about this magazine. We don't like our Rating, however, and will work to get it up eventually. "The Hand" by Joe Sanders, and "The Last One" by Dan Lesco round out the Fiction for this issue which we think is above average. "Realities at Thirty-One and One-Half" by Ed Wood is the tpye article we would like to see more of; its observations and conclusions are well expressed. We are a bit curious as to the origin and meaning of this magazine's title? Someone has suggested that it is ORDINAY spelled in reverse minus an i. Even so, we feel that it is one of the better fanzines, and far from ordinary. Send for a copy, you'll want to get it often.

We saw a few more zines in our pobox this afternoon. This is all for now. Will get to them next issue.



# S Sputnik? S What?

There was Lief, Son of Eric, in One Thousand sailed forth

And returned, we learn from the runes;

Then Columbo, and the Spanish; the French to the North;

Then the Pilgrims, on Plymouth's bleak dunes.

'Twas not Svenska nor Latin who conquered New World

With their families, harvesting plenty;

Not the lone Pioneers, their stake-flags unfurled

-But the Settlers of Sixteen-Twenty.

For this is the truth - for the best and the worst

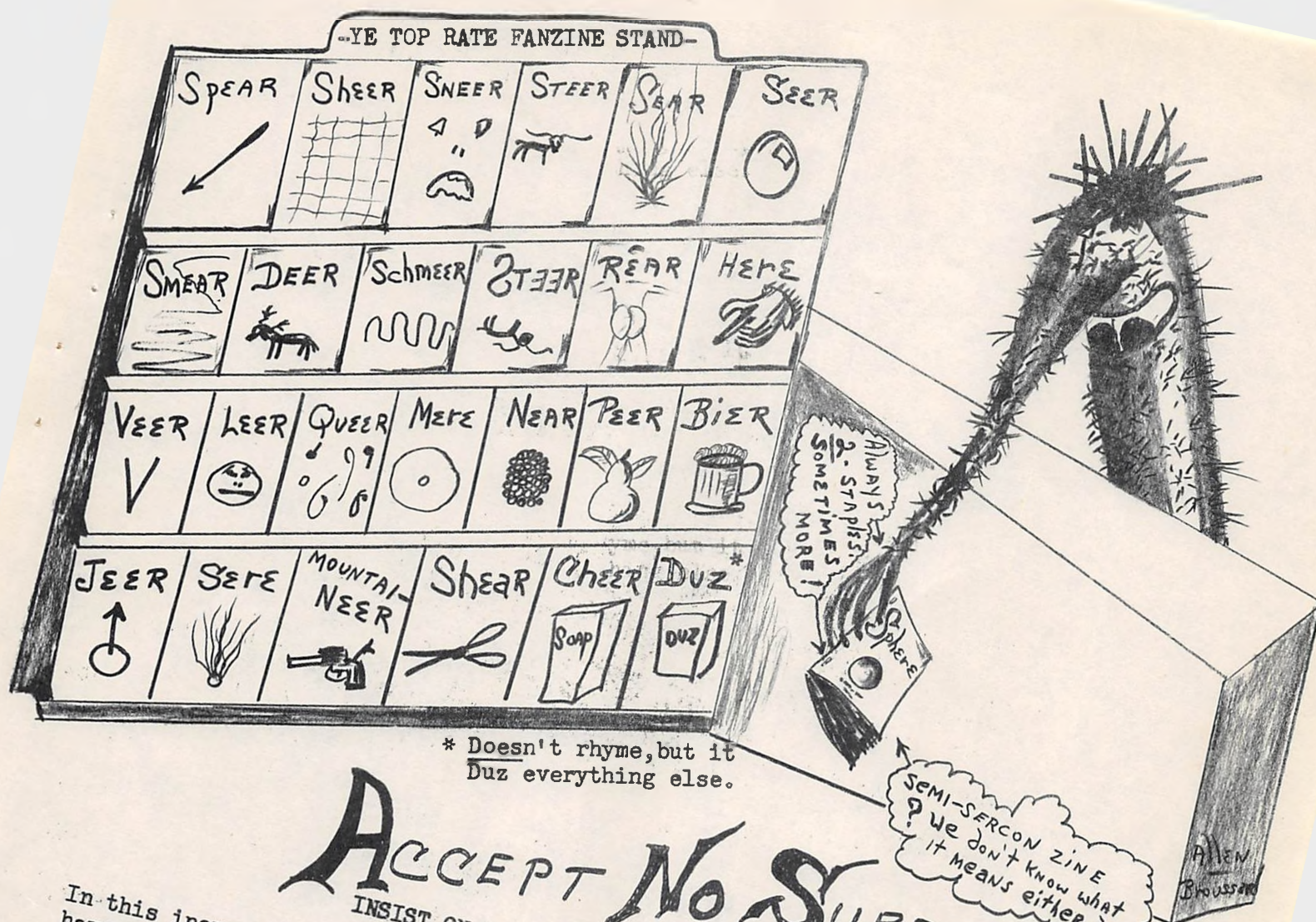
And is proved in a thousand-odd ways,

Success is not just in who gets there the first

But the one who first gets there--and stays!

-Colin Keith  
+





# ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!

INSIST ON GETTING S P H E R E.

In this increasingly sped-up world of today you, our wonderful readers may sometimes have occasion to ponder about the relative and intrinsic worth of your reading matter. Your S-F Fanzine diet in particular. Well. THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY ANY LONGER! We, the publishers, (all of us) are overjoyed to announce that S P H E R E has just been awarded this most coveted Seal of Approval:





# HEMI Spheres

Is this really 1958? It depends upon which calendar you recognize. By the Arabic it is 1377; the Jewish, 5718; the Chinese, 4656 - "The Year of the Dog." The Arabic calendar dates from the year that Mohammed fled from Mecca in 622 A.D.; the Jewish dates from the Creation which, according to their tradition, was 3760-61 years before the Christian era; the Chinese dates from the ascension of the Yellow Emperor, Huang Di. But at any rate we have begun a new year and will try to bring you more items of interest in this department during the months ahead. You, our reader, may be of special aid to us if you will send us any items suitable for this column. For this we shall be most appreciative.

Nothing is too surprising anymore. Did you see the recent announcement by the Associated Press (1-27-58) about Negovsky's predictions in Ogonyek Magazine? The article goes on to say that in Moscow they have already brought dogs and monkeys back to life through artificial refrigeration, and are now working on bringing man back to life. "I am firmly convinced," said Prof. V. A. Negovsky, "human beings under artificial refrigeration can also be brought back to life not only five to six minutes after their clinical death but a great deal later."

Washington papers are saying these days:---"If Aladdin, the Wonderful Lamp man, was here today he would be a cinch for President.....Give us Jules Verne and both parties will endorse him.....Uncle Sam was caught napping, but can be expected to make the Moscow Sput Express look like a performer on amateur night. He is a good bet to produce satellites in group formations, put on a spaceship circus and turn out a moonboat that will drop tranquilizer pills....." Now, at last we can look up into the sky and say: "That one is ours." Jupiter-C, as in 'Cape Canaveral', finally lifted and transformed our doubts from the sands of Florida out into an elliptical orbit as far out as 1,800 miles, and as near as 187 miles.

Eight top scientists have gotten together and projected their thinking into the year 2058. Food will be taken in pill form, say these gentlemen. All communication will be by thought-transferance and speech will disappear. With no food to chew and nothing to say the human mouth will shrink to a tiny hole---large enough to admit a pill. Since it will injure women moreso than men to be deprived of speech they will probably take it out on men. They will no doubt devise a way to perpetuate the race without men. This will ruin marriage, not to mention week ends, and the two sexes will separate into two warring factions, even more so than now. OUR DEAR DEPARTED in SPHERE #7 was not too farfetched we say, and it took place on Venus too.

A/P: Jan.29: Space-flight motors reaching speeds of 700 miles a second -  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million miles an hour - were described to the American Astronautical Society recently. Not yet an actuality, they should be possible, according to Dr. W. H. Bostick, of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N.J. This would be accomplished by using a cloud of ionized gas combined with pulses of electric current and magnetism generating fantastic speeds of the gas particles. Shot from the motor they would produce a tremendous thrust. Such a motor could only be used, of course, in the vacuum of space. But once this speed was attained a ship could reach Mars in something like 15 to 20 hours.

((Noteworthy items are requested from our readers and are always welcome for publication in this Department. -Eds.))



# The Vow:

A FABLE

"I will love you as long as that coral lives!" swore the young man of Maui. He pointed a brown finger offshore, toward a many-hued mass which could be seen just beneath the water.

Soon after, an American geologist, who was much interested in Polynesian coral, discovered part of the mass and added it to his collection. Within his specimen case, it died an arid death.

And by another peculiar coincidence, the young man who had made the vow met a new love. He ran away with her to an island far away, where the coconuts were more plentiful and the breezes more scented with ginger. There, she bore him many children, between complaints that he was unfaithful and a poor provider.

-----Dale Hart  
Isle of Kauai  
Summer, 1945

# Fantasy

Nothing takes you in the realm of time,  
Or runs a chill right up your spine.  
For nothing delivers equal maze,  
Than a fantastic journey for days and days.  
Suddenly it ends as once,  
The hero gets married and the villan bounced.  
Yet it leaves you with that certain feeling,  
As with anti-gravity you hit the ceiling.

-Charles Byron Culp.