

Dup

6

ur 6



UNSATISFACTORY REPORT

1. ACTION AGENCY

2. CATEGORY (1. EMERGENCY 2. URGENT 3. ROUTINE)

SERIAL NO.
PROJECT NO.

☐ REPORTING ACTIVITY ☐ MAJOR COMMAND ☐ ACTION AGENCY

3. REPORTING ACTIVITY

UR SERIAL NO. **41FW1-59-201** DATE **28 Mar 59** ORGANIZATION **41st FANS** STATION **Fandal A.F.B.**

4. IDENTIFICATION

5. SUPPLEMENTARY DATA

ITEM **Camera - Vitessa T**
PROPERTY CLASS **Fedora**
STOCK OR PART NO. **6760-524-4123**
PRIME CONTRACTOR **O K A M A**
MANUFACTURER **Voigtlander**
ORDER OR SHPMT. NO. **Unknown**
PARTS CATALOG TO NO. **10C1-57-14**
FIGURE AND INDEX NO. **1-1**

QUANTITY IN USE **1**
QUANTITY IN STOCK **0**
QUANTITY INSPECTED **1** QTY. DEFECTIVE **1**
NO. PREVIOUS FAILURES **0**
LAST RECOND. ACTIVITY **N/A**
6. USAGE (HOURS-MILES-OPERATIONS)
SINCE NEW **57 hours**
SINCE RECONDITION **N/A**

7. INSTALLED ON (INDICATE MAJOR COMPONENTS AND END ITEM ON WHICH DEFECTIVE ITEM INSTALLED OR APPLICABLE TO)

NAME	TYPE, MODEL AND SERIES	SERIAL NO.
Camera	Vitessa T	
Fan	Kt.S.F.	15259311

8. EXHIBIT DISPOSITION AND INCLOSURES (PLACE X IN PROPER BLOCKS)

☐ Attached ☐ Sent under separate cover ☐ Held for disposition Instructions ☐ Repaired or returned to service ☐ To overhaul facility indicate below ☐ Disposed of (explain below) ☒ Inclosures (Indicate below)

9. DETAILS (1. Circumstances prior to difficulty. 2. Description of difficulty. 3. Cause. 4. Action taken. 5. Recommendations)

1. Camera was utilized to preserve for posterity highlights of the Solacon.
2. When film was developed and printed, it was discovered that camera had taken pictures only of persons known not to be present at the convention.
3. It is believed that the peculiar aura of the convention, one of extreme fannish goodwill, attracted the astral bodies of those unfortunates who were unable to physically attend this Mecca of conventions. The camera lens was found to be not properly seated on the camera body. It is postulated that due to this misalignment the camera would not focus upon the fan actually present, but that the astral bodies of the fan not present, emitting alpha radiation, were photographed whenever the shutter was opened.
4. The lens was removed and checked, cleaned and reseated on the camera body.
5. That a second camera be provided at the next convention and that an attempt be made to duplicate the conditions obtaining at the past convention, including the fannish goodwill, in order to provide a complete recording of the gathering.

ELLIS T. MILLS
Kt.S.F. 41 FANS
Initiator

I. B. LEVIT
Fals 41FW
UR Control Off

1st Indorsement: Submitted to the 19th Mailing of the Off-Trails MagPubAssoc. by Ellis T.Mills, P.O.Box 244, Carswell A.F.B., Texas.

U R P !

Hello, you lucky people, you. This is UR # 6, still the Magazine of Apartheid, published by the U R P ress, A Sergeant's firm, at P. O. Box 244, Carswell A.F.B., Texas. Editor and sole owner of the firm, T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills. Circulation quarterly or thereabouts. Printing run this issue, 220 copies. Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!, Get 'em while they last. Distribution to OMPA (20th Mailing), to SAPS because they are and I am on the M-L, to various other needy organisations and individuals. Subscriptions limited, no cash accepted. A good letter of comment will ensure the receipt of the next issue, as will trades and some not-so-good letters of comment. Some people don't know how to get off my list, others will probably never make it. Opinions expressed herein are those of the editor, the publisher, or the author, and do not necessarily remain consistent amongst those three. Opinions expressed by the readers will be welcomed, and disregarded as necessary. The United States of America * has no official connection with this magazine except in-so-far as the minions of the Summerfield distribute it and who seldom express an opinion on such material beyond postability.

The U R P ress is a profit seeking firm, it can't help the fact that the owner is a crazy philanthropist. Besides U R, other unsURPressed Publications are NEMATODE and THE VINEGAR WORM, edited and financed by Bob Leman, 2701 S. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado; and BRONC and HI, edited and financed by Eve Firestone, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming. The distribution of these publications is at the discretion of these editors. NEMATODE and BRONC are sent to saps, HI is sent to members of an Over 45 SF Club. The VINEGAR WORM is sent to a mailing list that Bob has been complaining about the unwieldyness of. He is apt to cast a jaundiced eye upon the least responsive of the recipients of it and cut them off the mailing list.

Inquire about our reasonable rates, and all-round service. Write the U R P ress if you have a printing problem. If uninspired mimeography can solve it, we'll do our worst. Special service to APA members; free deadline reminder quarterly.

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NOTES OF THE FOOT TYPE:

* UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA (50 ea)
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[#] Excepting OMPA; reprints from UR
 + OMPA only. Dormez Vous?

THE OLDEST MILLSTREAM

A PRIME
EXAMPLE

(FANDERGASTE - Go HOME)

That upstart Fandergaste Makes Me Mad! (Down, Boyd) Without so much as a bye your leave s-he appropriates my title and proceeds to ignore me completely after I point out the usurpation. The least that s-he could have done was apologize. in which case I would make no attempt to press the matter. But no, s-he cannot be gracious enough to admit the plagiarism, (nor shall I, for that matter) and proceeds to add insult to injury by appearing as guest columnist in several different fanzines, in an effort to consolidate her/is claim. Nonsense! (NO, 5¢) In consequence, I have determined that I shall not concede defeat! THE OLD MILLS-TREAM is mine, all mine!, and I shall use it as I please. The worst part of this matter is the supposition of some people for a brief moment that I might possibly be this skulking title-thief. Fie! say I! This issue is rather heavily weighted with NIGHTMARish material. The cover illustration was put on master by ye editor who worked from a publicity photo of the GORGON and was reproduced by Mr. C.E. Hubbard, representative - Multigraph division; Addressograph - Multigraph Corp., Ft. Worth, Texas, who was kind enough also, as part of his demonstration to print the 'U R' on the inside cover. The JET-PROPELLED SCREAM is a sequel to THE SILVER SCREAM and BREAKFAST WITH GORGON is a further chapter in the saga of Charnel 11. SONGS ANOTHER TAUGHT ME this issue replaces those of my M*O*T*H*E*R (who has completed two-thirds of an ode to the T-Drinkers, but has lost the ms.) with one of GORGON's mundane self's contributions to Leman's Complaint. Une PROTESTATION is a film-review of an epic seen at the cinema. (Not TV this one) The VINEGAR PRESS this time is excerpted from NEMATODE # 4 and concerns the Crime of the Disc Jockey. I hope to run a retort to this article in the next issue by Dave Naugle, co-author of Mary Lou. The PROCLAMATION and Contest have been smouldering in a corner for some months now and are brought to your attention as a Public Service by the Adversaries Council. The political Advertisement is paid for by the Adversary.

GRITS comes to you from the miller over there, the non-Penelope Fandergaste, Sid Birchby, while GRIST comes to the OMPans only from the local Mills, at P. O. Box 244, Carswell A. F. B.

The pictorial essay on Housebreaking is copied from a dittoed sheet picked up at Goodyear Aircraft in Akron. The Highway Signs are the logical sequel to those in UR # 5 and were designed and executed by the editor. The backcover originally appeared as the cover of HI!, the most recent issue, offered to the Over 45 SF Fan Club of which Eve is a member and is a rerun of her stencil.

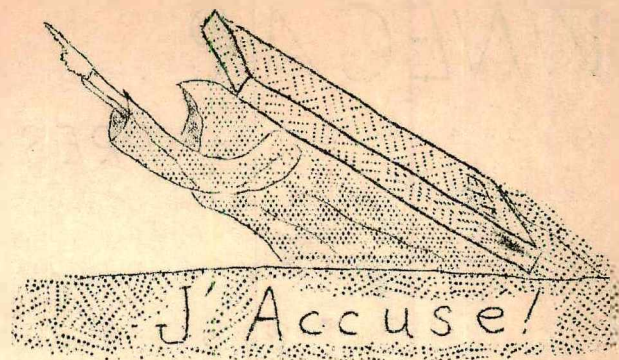
I have more to thank GORGON for than the inspiration for the material appearing here, his mention today that KFJZ is now FM as well as AM and is planning stereo programs led me to replace the radio I had had which was stolen three months ago, with an AM-FM table model set. As soon as I could get back to the barracks with it I tuned to KFJZ-FM. Five minutes later I tuned to WBAP-FM and am still there. I am sorry, Bill, but... It's really some treat to hear good, uninterrupted music without lugging out the taperecorder and setting it up. I can, and do, lock this room, so perhaps I'll be able to hang on to this set. By some wizardry of Higher-Finance, the purchase of this little gem reduced my payments by half - monthly. Of course, I'm in hock for 24 mos. instead of 10 but one must aid the economy, y'know. Yes, Virginia, I have finally read J.R.R. Tolkien's Ring Cycle.

Material signed 'etm' is by the editor. The SAC Supplement is not signed by anyone, least of all Curtis. Illos on pages 14 and 15 were received a looong time ago for the VINEGAR PRESS is traced to POLARITY # 3's cover (sue me, Buz) and the TOASTMASTER'S INTERNATIONAL HANDBOOK FOR CLUB PRESIDENTS inspired the ad on P 16. UR 5 was distributed to OMPA in two lots the second of which was combined with GRIST for Spring 1959. Unstaple GRIST, remove the last four pages and affix them to the first batch, and you'll have as good an U R as anyone else.

Deadline Pressure has forced Anderson's straight Talk out this ish. 30 etm.

une PROTESTATION:

"Though recently a film has brought him into the limelight, it forms so vulgar a travesty of his work that the gain is doubtful. The statue over Verne's grave may, as is stated on the inscription, show him as thrusting aside his shroud and reaching 'Onward to immortality and eternal youth'. It now suggests that he is bursting from the tomb in indignant protest against Hollywood's vulgarisation of his theme." *



Quantius P. Murray, affectionately known to his parents by his given name, John, one evening suggested that we attend the base cinema. I fired up the old popcorn popper and prepared us some sustenance lest the offering prove to be total loss. Wonder of wonders, 'From The Earth to The Moon', plus a selected short subject, was being displayed. After the show I resolved to re-read the book as I hadn't thought that M. Jules had been that far off in his scientific background. A careful perusal of the Didier Publisher's edition of 1949 supported this contention. Although J.V. allowed his meteors to glow and even to burst in a grand pyrotechnic display, he did not allow them to whistle past the Columbiad. I had thought such pueralities to have been left behind with 'Rocketship X-M'. Verne had a reason for the incandescence of the meteor too, he wished to show the 'invisible moon' to the watchers, a circumstance which seems to have been overlooked by the script-writer. I find in the book that Barbicane was a religious man, as indeed, Nicholl and the side-man, Ardan, were also, not surprisingly as view of the generally moral tone of Verne's writings, yet I had gained the impression from the film that Barbicane was not particularly religious, indeed he appeared far too self-centered and ruthless to be deeply religious. Nicholl, in the film version, is portrayed as having all the zeal that Barbicane has lost and his actions might be taken as a case against some of the most fanatical sects members. The lovable, laughable, Frenchman is replaced by a young mechanic of undisputably American heritage, who also dis places the loyal J. T. Maston. The love interest which Verne saw no reason to introduce is provided by Nicholl's daughter who deter-

mines to share the fate of her father and her lover and stows away, hiding in one of the space suits. Her life is preserved in the shock of take-off by the leakage of the special 'inertia gas' which must be drawn out of the centrifugal apparatus in which the men survive the initial blast within a very short period of time to avoid permanent ill effects. The girl is proof that that precaution was unnecessary as she lives even though exposed to the gas for a much longer period. In view of the current state of scientific development, the producer of the film strained at the gnat's idea of propelling the vehicle by an initial charge of gun cotton, but he exhibited no reluctance to swallow the camel-type idea for the Vehicle. After all, one must stick to the book somewhere. For propulsion an arrangement was made to allow the film producer to use a secret formula which tapped the energies of Mother Nature and has been dubbed 'Power X'. All we needed at this point was a sublim projection to 'Drive With Care...' etm.

* The quotation at the head of this article is from the introduction to I.O. Evans' tribute to "JULES VERNE: Master Of Science Fiction" published by Rinehart & Company. It seemed particularly apt. I can't be sure that "FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON" was the target of the author's diatribe, since I do not know when the book was published. It seems to be a recent addition to the Base Library's shelves, but that proves nothing. The British outfit that printed the book took great care to ensure that no dates appear on the dust-jacket or in the book which would tell me when it first appeared. Perhaps I should engage Mr. Eney, Tracer of Lost Copyrights, to ascertain the facts in the case.

This has been page 5 of UR # 6,1 of a series

THE

VINEGAR

PRESS



A feature of the past UR which turned out almost too popular to be repeated was THE VINEGAR PRESS, an excerpt from Nematode #1, Bob Leman's SAPHZINE. I have over-ruled a jealous, deflated ego to continue this department. My apologies to those of you who are SAPH, but I feel that again we have something worthy of a larger distribution than that of NEMATODE #4. Here Then we have Surgeon General Hoaxer Leman with a diatribe intended to shame the disk-jockey and the book-borrower. Speaking of a book reminds me of the shameful part I took in defaming a good ladies character. I wish to apologize to Miss Dorcas Bagby Whittier, whomever she might be, for the letter published in CRY 126, I succumbed to the temptation of furthering a harmless hoax. Now that it has been shown to be a good deal less than harmless I wish to be among the first to publicly retract any statements about a good lady's fine grandmother.

e t mills 23 April 1959

And, speaking of surgery, does anybody know who has my copy of Titus Groan? I lent it out some time ago, and I gather it's changed hands a time or two. I recently found a copy of Gormenghast, and I'd like to have the two together on the shelf. Narks and stoolies are invited to slip me the word, if the present holder is known to them.

*

I have, in the course of a long and largely misspent life, made many egregious errors of judgement, most of which I have had ample opportunity to regret. My latest blunder, however, is of such magnitude that its consequences may yet see me incarcerated in the laughing academy. But the fact is that right now the prospect of a nice quiet padded cell is strangely appealing.

My 9½d went into my mouth shortly before Christmas, when I said "Yes" to a suggestion that we buy our elder daughter, who is ten, the radio for which she'd been hinting. And this initial blunder was hideously magnified when I was daft enough to buy a tiny transistor radio instead of a heavy piece of equipment which would perforce remain in her room. This little radio is exceptionally portable; and somehow it is always being ported into the room in which I am seeking a moment's peace and quiet. I seems to me that every waking hour I have spent at home since Christmas has been drenched with "popular music"--a torture calculated to make the ancient Chinese sit up and open their eyes. Only one who has lived intimately with the "Top Forty" can know the full seductive powers of the death-wish. In fact, it took only a single playing of a Jerry Lee Lewis record to bring to me for the first time a full comprehension of Beddoes' lines:

Pq 6

"Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,
The little snakes of silver throat,
In mossy skulls who nest and lie,
Ever singing, 'Die, oh die.'"

In case you are lucky enough not to know what the "Top Forty" is, let me explain. One of our local radio stations does nothing but play records. Oh, there's a five-minute news broadcast every few hours, but apart from that they present only records and commercials. And, if my understanding of the thing is correct, they play only forty records; when they've played them all, they start the whole cycle over. These forty records are styled "The Top Forty."

I have been at some pains to determine just what is meant by "top" in this context. I was at first persuaded, by the quality of the music, that it meant that somebody had grabbed the top forty records off a random stack; but the laws of chance would have inserted at least one decent record into such a selection, so that couldn't have been it. "Top" certainly cannot mean "best in quality", since these wretched bleatings and rattlings are dignified beyond their deserts by even being called "music". How, then, "Top"?

Well, according to my advisor in such matters--an adolescent boy in our block--these are the forty most popular tunes. He's not sure whether they're the most popular in the whole country, or only in Denver County, or simply in the radio studio, but By George, they're the top tunes. And it appears that their top position makes it obligatory that all adolescents worthy of their salt listen to them for as many hours a day as possible.

Now it is my belief that these records are popular--if they are so in fact--simply by virtue of the frequency with which they are played. The question then arises, why are they played so much? Why, your adolescent will tell you, because they're the most popular. They're played because they're popular; they're popular because they're played. Circular reasoning with a vengeance!

Of course, somebody has to start the cycle; and these innovators are, I assume, the men who play the records and read the commercials--the "disc-jockeys", to use their own jargon. They select records and play them all day; by playing them all day, they make them "top". And we are thus misled into believing that the natural taste of our young people--and, indeed, of the many adults who listen to this sort of thing--is for these "top tunes".

I submit that that is not the case. I put it to you that these "top tunes" represent initially nobody's taste but the disc-jockeys'. And perhaps not even that: surely some of these men must possess enough taste to realize what dreadful trash they're purveying. And such men are, it seems to me, unbelievably cynical and arrogant. They're saying, "Here, you slobs, this is about your speed."

I am particularly exercised about this matter at this time for a purely selfish reason, of course: I have a pre-adolescent daugh-

ter who has already learned from friends with older brothers and sisters that one listens to this stuff if one is not "square". (Or whatever the word for it is now.) There is a fierce pressure upon adolescents from their contemporaries to conform. (If you doubt this, take a look at the kids at the local high school; the way they dress amounts to uniform.) And of course the adolescents themselves have a powerful desire to conform to the folkways of their peers. It is not correct, therefore, to say, as some do, that a child's taste will remain uncorrupted if he has been exposed to, and instructed in real music at home from an early age. The pressure is such that a youngster who expressed an honest revulsion to the caterwaulings of Ricky Nelson, say, would be branded a "creep" --or whatever the current equivalent of that word is. But in most cases the youngster simply does not feel this revulsion; the normal herd-instinct of the adolescent has effected a very real corruption of taste, and he comes actually to like the stuff. One hopes that there is an especially ferocious sub-circle in hell reserved for the disc-jockeys who are responsible for this.

I am not speaking here of genuine jazz. I loathe jazz, as it happens, but I am just about persuaded that much of it is an honest attempt to make honest music. No, my quarrel is with "popular music"--rock-and-roll and its relatives, hillbilly anthems pretentiously hoked up, lovesongs and laments which ooze like a sock full of sorghum, and the like. A good part of it defies labelling: what is one to call a record which, from first groove to last, features a noise much like that of a small boy dragging a limber stick along a picket fence; has a largish band doing its dead-level best to drown out the stick-and-fence; and a chorus which tries valiantly, if unmusically, to drown out the band? There is such a record, called "Bird Dog". It is one of those things that you still can't quite believe after you've heard it. And a substantial number of the "Top Forty" are much like it.

The love songs are quite as bad, in a different way. For the most part they lament the pangs of unrequited love, and to listen to two or three of them can only be likened to being drowned in a mixture of Karo and chicken manure. Semi-literate words of tedious similarity are set to tunes of the most aching banality, and the whole thing given a rococo but unimaginative arrangement. It is then played in a saccharine fashion by a band, and sung with sublime ignorance of the principles of vocal music by a "vocalist". The singer in most cases employs some grotesque mannerism; this is called a "style".

I am, I suppose, something of a Rip van Winkle; when last I paid attention to musical prolefeed, Glenn Miller and the Dorseys were the bellwethers. Perhaps if I had followed the degeneration step by step it wouldn't shock me as much as it does. But if these unspeakable noises are truly popular, then God help the American people.

*

"For this important contribution we cannot thank Dr. Au too much --if at all."

--Robert Benchley

BREAKFAST

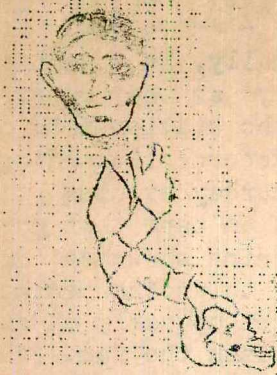
with

GORGON

I was honest enough to send a copy of UR5 to Gorgon, complete with the Silver Scream. In due time I received a pleasant acknowledgement, expressing a desire to obtain more of my work. As I had just finished NO TIME FOR PIZZINES for Bob Leman and Norman Metcalf, I called and arranged to meet the monster after work. Armed with an old rear-vision mirror and sworded reviews of his most recent program, I ascended to the lair of the Gorgon. In everyday life our host is a 'Sales Manager' and travels under the mundane name, Bill Camfield. He has only recently shown an interest in SF, after he had shown a number of films in the category and had seen what good stories could be written in the medium. NIGHTMARE is primarily concerned with fantasy and horror stories, but an occasional bad SF picture creeps into the run. Even more rarely, a good SF picture finds its way to the Silver Scream. Bill discussed quite frankly the programming policies of the station and admitted that my review 'The Jet-Propelled Scream' (see page 14) was not inappropriate. He offered one defense, the film was so lousy that showcasing was nearly impossible. Bill conducted me on a tour of their facilities and we then took our separate ways home. Bill had mentioned that his next offering "Black Friday", while several cuts above the "Planet Nova", was still nothing to write home about so I made arrangements to see the program from the studio. Lyle Carr and I arrived about an half-hour before the action was to commence, slightly in advance of two leather jacketed youngsters who passed the time in the lobby torturing each other. Minutes before we were allowed into the studio a family appeared and a semblance of quiet ensued. At a signal Lyle and I preceded the rest into the presence. Gorgon was engaged in a last minute rehearsal, when he finished he greeted us and escorted us to the control booth. The air was filled with directions, the warning 'one minute' silenced the lot, 'standby', 'cue', and the monitor screen showed a pair of eyes in a flickering light as his standard monologue, pg "Who dares..." was intoned. After the 9 program Bill invited us to return anytime, and I did several times with troops

from the squadron. Finally, in a vain attempt to escape my 'army' as they referred to them, Bill talked the station into obtaining a Video Tape Recorder. Accordingly I was informed one Saturday evening that NIGHTMARE had been put on tape that morning. I watched the opening showcase from the lobby before going to another engagement and resolved to get up early on some Saturday morning and watch the fun. When I did get up on time I witnessed the procedures for showcasing the "BRIDE OF THE MUMMY". Bill is quite justifiably enthused over the results obtainable with VTR. He tells me they call their Saturday tape sessions 'Breakfast With Gorgon'... For BRIDE OF THE MUMMY two sets were used, one was the homey living room of the Gorgon, the other an interior view of an ancient Monastery. After the opening declamation Gorgon invites us to journey to the old Monastery and with a mystic gesture, and a smart splice of tape transports us to said Monastery. He introduces us to the lovely mummy of the Princess and demonstrates the awesome power of the broth of 7 Tanna leaves by giving the Princess the wholesome draught. As the Princess' hand appears over the edge of the sarcophagus, Gorgon informs us that he'll leave us alone, which he does instanter with another splice. The Princess sits up and we fade into the picture. The showcasing between the commercials was devoted to a simple view of the Tanna Leaf Cooker (Special at Everybody's Dep't Store with purchase of 10 pounds of Tanna Leaves, this week only) or of an unadorned skull or a telop made from a still from another Mummy picture, showing the Mummy in 3/4 profile. At the end of the film we return to the Monastery for a final disquisition on the futile efforts of the Priests of Amon-Ra by Gorgon. He makes the declamation with his back to the Princess' sarcophagus but is not unaware of her attempts to encompass his neck in her begauzed hands and at the appropriate moment whirls and commands her return to her crypt. He then smilingly assures us that there is no more danger from that quarter, and returns us to his quiet, comfortable room. But as the scene fades we see the lovely Princess advance and Gorgon's laugh is stilled...@tm

SONGS ANOTHER TAUGHT ME*



MARY LOU, MARY LOU, WILL YOU MARRY, MARRY ME
And be my loving wife
And share with me the pleasures of
A simple farmer's life.

My poor old dad, God rest his soul
Worked with his back and his hands
And left me a tractor and a cow and a plow
And a hundred acres of land.



I sold the tractor and the cow and the plow
and paid for the railroad fare
And the rest I took to the capitol town
To give to a friend down there.

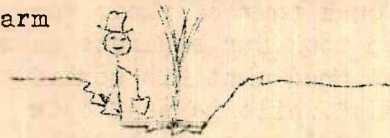


I just got back from the governor's house
and guess what they have planned?
They're goin to build the new highway
Right through the middle of my land.

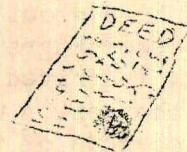


Mary Lou, Mary Lou, will you marry, marry me
And be my loving wife
And share with me the pleasures of
A simple farmer's life.

A bunch of fellows were diggin' on the farm
And they have found I'm told
A lot of rock and mud and sand
And oil at the bottom of the hole.



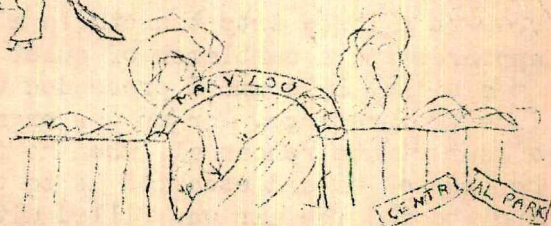
Now I don't have the farm at all
But I don't worry at nights
'Cause when I sold that old homestead
I kept the mineral rights.



Come marry me, sweet Mary Lou
We'll leave the old home ways
I've bought us another little piece of land
Where we can spend our days.



I'm a son of the soil and a child of the land
And I've bought us just a few
Acres of land in a quiet spot
Along Fifth Avenue.



Mary Lou, Mary Lou, will you marry, marry me
And be my loving wife
And share with me the pleasures of
A simple farmer's life.
(Repeat and fade out...)



"Mary Lou": Written by Bill Camfield & Dave Naugle; Campbella-LeBill Publishing Company, 1959; (Fort Worth, Texas) Published in UK by special arrangement with Gorgon.

PROCLAMATION!

Whereas recent independent laboratory tests* reveal
that the year 1959 commemorates the 100000000th
anniversary of the first Discovery and Use of

~~Aluminum~~ FIRE ~~Aluminum~~ and

Whereas FIRE has proven to be a True and Faithful
master to Mankind as evidenced by its selfless
contributions in the area of Slum Clearance



(Rome, London, Chicago, & Elsewhere) and

Whereas FIRE has proven to be a Potent force in the
exorcism of Malevolent Influences



(Jean d'Arc, the Library at Alexandria, etc.) and



Whereas FIRE has proven to be a Mainstay of our
economy by providing employment for Millions

(Firemen, Insurance Agents, Construction Men and
Many Others) and

entertainment for Countless multitudes

We Proclaim 1959 to be FIRE INVENTION
YEAR

* A LEADING, LABORATORIES INC.

SPONSORED BY THE UNITED
NATIONAL ARSONOPHILES

CONTEST

CONTEST

CONTEST

In Honour and Observance of
FIRE INVENTION YEAR,

The Native League of Redhot Burners(NLRB)
announces The FIRE INVENTION CONTEST:

5000

FIVE THOUSAND

5000

Ohio Blue Tip Matches will be given as a

GRAND PRIZE

to the inventor of the fire determined by
the Board of Judges to be the most orig-
inal and/or destructive during the period
between 0001 hours on 1 January 1959, and
2400 hours on 31 December 1959.

To Qualify for this award, the creator of
the holocaust must have complied with the
following regulations:

1. All details of the proposed incendia-
rism must be outlined and submitted in ad-
vance of the event in the special contest
envelope* sealed and enclosed in a plain
brown envelope addressed to;

CONTEST

BOX 1959

PESHTIGO

WISCONSIN

2. The applicant will use the second con-
test envelope provided to submit cuttings
taken from the local newspapers after the
event to the Contest in the same manner.

3. Entrants will be judged upon original-
ity and adherence to the proposed plan.

4. Applicants apprehended in or after the
act of initiating the conflagration will
be disqualified.

5. Employees and members of the NLRB and
the Adversary's Council and their related
families are not eligible to compete.

All entries will remain confidential. No
signature is required on the contest app-
lications but the winning entrant will be
required to present the third contest en-
velope, sealed and dated prior to the ev-
ent by a Notary Public and containing the
carbon copy of the application at Contest
Headquarters by 31 April 1960(Mercer's Day)

*Complete Contest Rules and Contest Envel-
opes will soon be available at your local
Fire Department or Brigade.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE MADE UP OF?

Is it made up of Scientific Marvels, In-
terstellar Travel, Rockets to the Moon, A
More Complicated Way of Life in a Simpli-
fied Manner? After considering this prob-
lem I have come to this one conclusion,
the FUTURE is made up of MONSTERS...

What are these Monsters of which I speak?

Mine is a quadruped, antagonistic, pugil-
istic, avaricious, wriggling, noisey car-
bon copy in miniature of the species Homo
Sapiens. This Monster with grubby hands,
grabbing fingers, wandering eyes encased
in a cherub-masked face is topped off by
a very, very, inquisitive mind and is fed
at one end and wiped at the other.

What do these Monsters do?

These Monsters aggravate, annoy, exasper-
ate and antagonize, they worry you till
you swear to God that they will put you
in your grave. They are addicted to Gar-
gantuan Stray Dogs, Beetles, Spiders, Pussy
Cats, Nails, Snails, and Garbage Pails. They
overcome your shortening temper by a huge
sticky, grunting hug which is more elo-
quent than all the Bards of yore. When
your world is at your feet, and no hope
remains, it's strange, very strange, how
a wet, gooey, and noisy kiss makes you...
better... not beat.

What do we do for these Monsters?

We feed and wipe, spank and squeeze, play
and teach. Teach these Monsters of Love,
of the Love of God, the Beauties of this
Earth and the Universe surrounding us, of
the joy of Creation and the joy of creat-

When the dust and the din of day are done
and this little Monster is resting his
weary head, if you wander in his room and
after searching through bunnies, bears,
books, arms, legs, and padded seats, a hot
little hand grasps yours in trusting em-
brace, if then you look down and say,

"That's my boy!",

if then you know of these things, you know
of me, of what I am and what my Future
will be.

William G. Tretinik
Speech given to the Peacemakers Toastmas-
ters Club (#2181) at Carswell A. F. Base

GRITTINGS TO ALL...

from S. Birchby

GRITS: Hominy'll you have?

'You are short,' wrote Ellis to me, 'of inclination to publish, but like writing. I have the inclination to publish, but am short on material. What better solution to both our problems than a regular contribution from you to my zine? or even an irregular one.'

That's what I like; the really level approach to life... the computer-like precision with which the data is fed in and the answer slides out. I'll bet you all feel better for knowing us.

Not having to turn out this article to a deadline, and having complete freedom of subject matter is a delightful feeling. Anything, man, Anything! were Ellis's last words.

And so, friends, if he doesn't object, and you don't, I'd like to copy the example of Mark Twain's horse, and just lean up against a post and think. Very very soothing and as the horse found out, it does a power of good.

To start with something fannish, I might mention the episode last evening when the phone rang, and on answering it, I heard the following sounds:

- (1) a disguised voice talking at top speed so as to prevent me from asking who it was.
- (2) in the near background, feminine giggles.
- (3) in the distance, a noise like 'chuffchuff fwoop boing-g-g'

All this added up to Ron Bennett and girl friend in a call-box near the railway station and Manchester Cathedral, while the bells rang for evening service. Easy, isn't it?

It seems they had been to Liverpool on BSFA business, and were changing trains in Manchester on the way back to Harrogate. There wasn't time to meet, but we exchanged news and talked about the coming convention at Birmingham this Easter. John Berry will be there, he said.

((GRITS is continued at top of next column and thence to page 15...))

This is Page 13.

You know, I may be wrong, but Birmingham always seems to be a fannish desert on the map of England. Try as I may, I can't think of one fan, BNF or otherwise, who's been thrown up, or even out, in Brym. And that's peculiar, because it's one of the major industrial centres, as ugly as sin, and should be as capable as, say, Liverpool or Chicago of producing the sort of frustrated intellectual we know, and need, in fandom.

Yet never a sign of intelligent life. The city goes on churning out its brass cooking-pots, horse-collars, and other aids to gracious living, with not a duper of fanzine for endless miles. I just can't understand it.

Another Bad Thing about Birmingham is the way it sprawls across my path whenever I drive South from Manchester; a great lumping city composed, it seems, of smogworks and firms making plastic raincoats in converted cinemas. Who would ever guess that it was in the same county as Shakespeare's birthplace?

If Shakespeare were alive today, and had any time to spare from erasing his name in the rude rhymes of public conveniences I wonder what he would think of his native county?

Stratford he would find cheerfully cashing in on his reputation, but none the less giving value for money, and not too phoney, except maybe on April 23rd, his alleged birthday. He would burp a lot at the civic procession and hifalutin speeches. Yet he was a good businessman, and a ten percent cut might settle his stomach nicely.

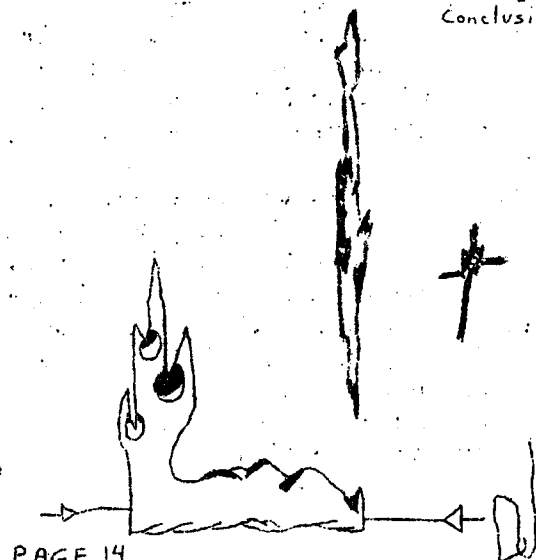
He would find changes in Warwick, that ancient city of feudal lords and rebellious barons. He'd look in vain, for instance, for the once numerous flocks of kites scavenging for offal in the streets... so common and typical a bird that one nobleman put them on his family crest. Today there is not one left in England. A few survive in Wales, where six pairs bred last year, under the tender care of bird protectionists; but in Warwick he would find only sparrows and starlings in the streets... clean streets, though. (please continue-15)

THE JET-PROPELLED SCREAM...

Friday, December 13, (which disguised itself as a Saturday this ¹⁹⁵⁸ year) brought the little box in the corner & our host, Gorgon, and a tale of interplanetary exploration. I feel that I must give Gorgon a sharp rap across the knuckles for his treatment of the station breaks and the selection of the film on this occasion. I mentioned earlier that I enjoyed the station breaks on NIGHTMARE, this was chiefly due to Gorgon's imaginative handling of the props and logical tie-in with the subject matter of the film for the evening. The commercials are merely to be tolerated. On the evening herein dissected, the opening was up to par, as it was the stock introduction, but the breakaway between the film sections was curtailed to a mere flash of the laboratory before and after the commercials. This in part was due to the nature of the offering, concerning a visit to the planet NOVA. I venture to make a few deductions concerning this planet. It is inhabited by a supremely intelligent race of beings, whose intelligence is demonstrated by the fact that not once in the picture do they reveal themselves to the exploring party. Their presence is adduced from the circumstances surrounding the arrival of the planet in our Solar system... The film begins as a documentary describing the arrival of a message in Washington from a remote observatory. The observatory has detected the presence of a new planet in the system. Approximately the size of good old Terra, this planet has unobtrusively taken up an orbit near our own. [Here for the careful observer is the first clue, what other than a race of S I B's could materialize a full-blown planet in orbit around another Sun without the slightest perturbation of the orbits of the planets already occupying that system and do so without revealing their approach? Obviously, the planet was warped in through hyperspace and its gravitic force must still be directed into another dimension, enabling it to circle our furnace and to absorb the beneficial radiations of our young and vibrant star.] The documentary continues with an explanation of the new technologies that were developed in the race race to be first to the new body and the selection of the team to man the rocket. We watch the rocket leave the Earth and oc-

cupy a few minutes with shots taken from military rockets showing the curvature of our planet, etc. From time to time we take a look at the rocket, steadily blasting toward the new planet as the narrator tells of the months consumed in the journey. We are spared any transparent attempts to simulate free-fall during the trip by the low budget of the film which only allows for showing the same scene of the rocket blasting onward again and again. At length the ship arrives and settles gently in a clearing which is overgrown with non-flammable vegetation. (Or possibly it grows quickly to knee-height) Bravely, half the crew descend in their imitation spacesuits to make a few preliminary tests. One way to beat a low budget is to prominently use a name-brand tape recorder to record the data on the expedition and to use certain well-known fast printing cameras, etc. [One expects commercials between the acts but really, darlings, some people carry these things to extremes.] It is discovered that the air of the planet is not too injurious to human type beings since only about forty percent of the micro-organisms present are unknown, and the rest of the party descends as the first man and woman take off their fishbowls and breathe the unpolluted atmosphere. The geologist makes a few tests and declares that this is a very young planet. There is even volcanic action still going on! (wherefore art thou, Paricutin?) Conveniently, for the finance department, the primary flora and fauna much resemble that of certain areas of our own planet.

Conclusion on page 15



the jet-propelled scream... concl.

Aside from a mysterious island, there is little danger on this friendliest of all possible worlds. True, the Doctor has a rollicking time wrestling an alligator after he strolls away from camp with one of the girls and a couple of snakes get inquisitive, but history repeats itself, they say, and once or twice again those insolent upstarts, the mammals, give the axe to the fine, and noble tribe of Reptilia. One of the girls (not the injured Doctor's innamorata) is entranced by the wonder of the dark and foreboding island lying low against the horizon and she seeks out with the other male to see what she can see. The island is the "Lost World" of this planet, abounding in reptilian life cleverly enlarged through the magic of process photography, and a plenitude of buzzards. Naturally the intrepid explorers shoot at the first of these reptiles they see, an overgrown Iguana that is the spit and image of our own Tyrannosaurus Rex, according to the learned man. Rex is provoked by this, and chases them into a cave. He is distracted from his attempts to enlarge the entrance of the cavern by the arrival of another beastie. While Rex is polishing him off, the beleaguered mammals fire a red flare from their Very pistol to summon aid. Rex is not hungry, and returns to the excavation, leaving his conquered cousin to the buzzards. Yet another lizard is determined to try his luck, and occupies Rex's attention for the critical period when the entire party is reunited. The Doctor has brought the portable Atom Power Plant in a case about six inches deep, eight wide, and fourteen long. This contains instrumentation and a timer so one may readily note the strides in atomics. The rocket itself is fueled atomically, and might be expected to blast continuously. The portable plant is hastily converted to an atomic bomb and fused to go off in half an hour, just enough time to permit the expedition to regain the mainland and hug the dirt. With a striking shot of an atomic test in the background, we are solemnly told that we have at last brought civilization to Nova.

Some people have weird ideas of the civilizing influences. It is high time the clarion call was sounded for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Extraterrestrial Beings in SF (?) Movies. etm.

grits...

concl.

Kenilworth, where knights offered allegiance to Good Queen Bess, would still give him wet feet. It must be one of the few towns where double-decker buses splash through a ford across the riverbed, and where any pedestrian, picking his way across a wooden plank, has to cross his fingers and run if he wants to avoid a wetting.

The whole county, and indeed all England, would, I suppose, be the same mixture of old and new to him. There is still a herd of deer in Charlecote Park, where he is said to have been copped for poaching, and the March wind still whistles across the old Roman Fosseway. But one thing would be new, and wholly unpleasant, I'm sure; the damnable Government taxes on writers and artists. It wouldn't be long before he went the way of Arthur Clarke and Sam Youd, and made his home on, say, 'the sea-coast of Illyria'.

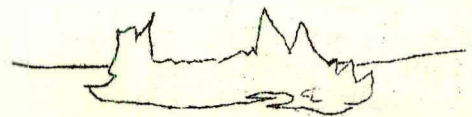
Talking of Arthur reminds me of my brother's comment that Ego seems to have gone overboard for undersea exploration.

The same brother, John, writes to say that he has lost touch with the London Circle and that I can have his SF collection for the cost of carriage. This is a noble gesture, especially since some of the items date back to 1927, but I am sad to know that yet another fan has gone gaffia.

What's the matter with us all? Is it tied up with the waning enthusiasm of some of us for the prospects of science? Or are we too busy dashing around in our bright new cars to care any more for the humble pleasure of an SF magazine by the fireside?

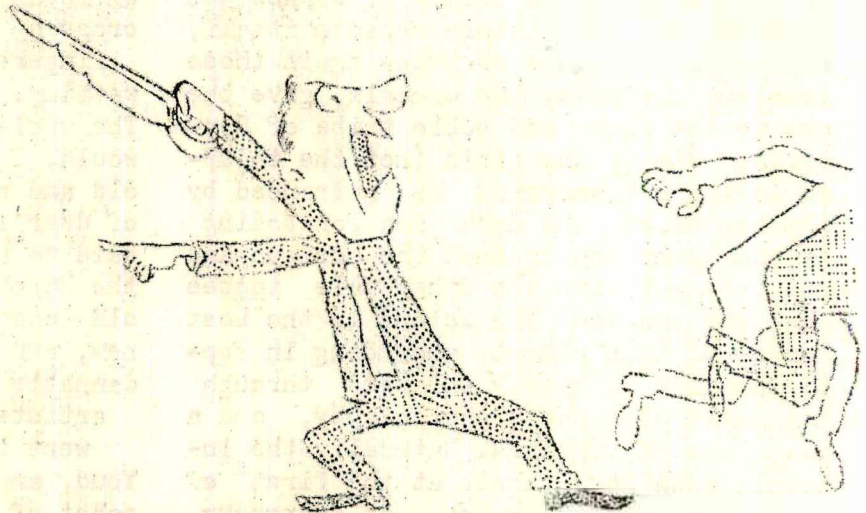
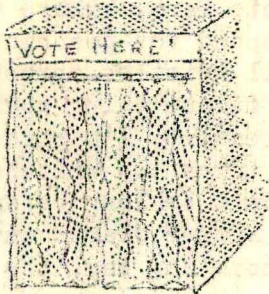
I leaves you now.

Sid Birchby



Just Being A Leader...

WON'T
GET YOU
ELECTED!



ELECTION TO HIGH OFFICE IN THIS DAY AND AGE REQUIRES BACKING AND POWER:

NOW! YOU CAN GET THE BACKING AND POWER

YOU NEED!

I HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF RINGS OF POWER WHICH WILL ENABLE YOU

TO:

MOLD PUBLIC OPINION (IN YOUR FAVOUR)

DISCERN ANY OPPONENT'S STRATAGEMS

SWAY ANY OPPONENTS TO YOUR WILL

DISSAPPEAR WHEN CONVENTENT AND/OR NECESSARY
(BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY)



THESE AND MANY OTHER REMARKABLE GIFTS CAN BE YOURS WITH AN AUTHENTIC



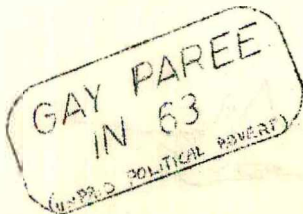
ACT IMMEDIATELY! SEND FOUR COVERS FROM "THE VINEGAR WORM" (\$22.50 at most newstands) TO:

'POWER'

BOX 606

BARAD DUR

MORDOR



Page 16

THIS LIMITED OFFER CANNOT BE REPEATED! ONLY ONE RING TO A CUSTOMER, PLEASE.
(State Race and type of being in application.)

STRAIGHT TALK...

To: The Congress of the United States
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dignitaries:

In a ghost-written speech which you will of course ignore, our president has again set his cleated foot down in favor of a balanced budget. His milk-toast determination to stay within the all-time-high \$77 billion ⁽¹⁾ budget will little change our time-honored system of checks and balances - gigantic checks and no balances, for 24 of the last 29 years.

Senator Byrd is trying to pass a bill to give the president veto power over certain spending items in a bill without killing the whole bill. Now that would really hurt you fellas back home. You couldn't tack on your pet pork-barrel and log-rolling projects. And that'd sure hurt your "look-what-I-gotcha" speeches to the home folks.

Recently President Eisenhower finally released \$100 million for slum clearance and "urban renewal," from money you voted in past years which he had allowed to lie around unused until he got in the mood. Couldn't you make a law - or get the Supreme Court to - saying that the Executive branch has to spend what the Legislative branch votes, with all deliberate speed?

While it spends more than any other Administration in the history of our little world, this Administration has fallen down on being able to spend it as fast as you can vote it. For togetherness, we either need more experienced spenders as president or fewer as congressmen. Shouldn't we either limit the number of terms you fellas can serve or de-limit the years a president can serve? It's hard for even a military man to get accustomed in eight short years to spending \$80 billion a year.

You have been busy little beavers these past few months slipping your favorite vote-getting bills into the hopper. Even though you may know now that a presidential veto is inevitable, you can prove to the homefolks that you tried.

Don't worry your little heads about all this prattle about cutting down on spending. The nibblers haven't got a chance. No alcoholic ever cut down on his drinking for very long. Old alcoholics never fade away, they just die, or go on the wagon. I'm sure you won't let the turn-back-the-clock crowd intimidate you into any pay-as-we-go program. We can

afford all those nice things you give us, we just can't pay for 'em. We still "owe it to ourselves" and in 25 more years what we're due to collect from ourselves will be absolutely fabulous. Your co-owners, Walter Reuther and George Meany, have presented a ten-point labor program which would end mass unemployment, raise wages, build houses, uplift depressed areas, aid schools, balance the budget, and reduce taxes. And Mrs. Roosevelt's ADA has just recommended an additional \$8 to \$10 billion program of new welfare necessities by which we could spend our way out of our present \$12 billion deficit. New billions for college dormitories, reclamation, dams, rivers, highways, illegitimate babies, pensions, veterans, and "urban renewal." (You've taken over the states, now you can take over the cities.)

Some people gripe because one farmer got \$322,012 of our grandchildren's money for taking 127,239 acres out of production of wheat. Always picking on the poor farmer. U.S. News And World Report said recently that one drunk who had been arrested 285 times in one of our larger depressed areas had cost that city \$45,373. Yet you don't hear any great clamor to do away with the drunk program.

Only 2,422 farms in this country got price support payments of more than \$10,000 each in 1958. Only 11 farmers got more than \$100,000. So you fellas are helping the poor little farmers by showing them what you can do for them when they get big. There are only 149,473 full and part-time government agricultural employees, federal, state, and local. With their children, these agricultural employees would comprise a city considerably larger than Birmingham. Kill the farm program? That'd be like throwing every breadwinner in Birmingham out of a job. Even Bear Bryant couldn't get away with that. To complicate the farm program further, we have fewer farms each year and that means more government agricultural workers. The less there is to do, the more government workers it takes to oversee it. ⁽²⁾ Speaking of overseas, fellas, the Hoover Commission reported that of the 115,250 persons employed in giving away our Foreign Aid, 84,560 were not even Americans. If we killed the Department of Agriculture could we let 84,560 of those displaced government agricultural workers take over those jobs from the foreigners? (continued overleaf)

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR ONE COPY OF U. R. # 7, WHEN FILLED IN.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT IN TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS OR MORE:

I LIKED, DID NOT LIKE U. R. #6 BECAUSE _____

Most people think that our dynamic debt in recent years has been caused by so-called Defense spending. They don't realize that since 1954 Defense spending has decreased \$300 million, from \$48.6 billion to \$48.3 billion. During that same period you've increased non-Defense spending \$14.3 billion, from \$19.1 billion to \$33.4 billion. You voted most of those billions for us, and we should appreciate it. In 1958 you appropriated \$1,250,000 a minute, based on 138 eight-hour-days you were in session.

In the olden days, when charity was a virtue instead of a government department, President Hoover spent less on everything than you spend on mere interest on the federal debt. Ever since Harry Hopkins invented "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" we've had a thinking man's frills and a spending man's taste. Money won't buy as much today as it would in the depression when we didn't have any. But don't let anybody fool you with that "money is worth only what it'll buy" routine. We like lots of money regardless of what it buys, whose it is, or where it came from. So keep on printing it, borrowing it, and spending it on us. We're all back of you 20%, your present program of cutting down on Defense only is fine, until we go broke and the Russians attack. If there's anybody left, the next ex post facto War Crimes Trials may be held in some Smoky Mountain cave. Guess who'll be Castroed? You.

your humble servant,
/s/ Tom Anderson

STRAIGHT TALK was taken in its entirety from THE INDEPENDENT (on sale at Biundo's Drug Store, Cleo's Drugstore, and Cucchiara's Drugstore) V18, Nr.10 published for the homefolks of Independence, La. on Friday, March 6th, 1959, by the MURRAY PUBLISHERS, Box 192, Hammond, Louisiana.

The opinions expressed in "STRAIGHT TALK" are those of the author and not an actionable expression of those of the UR Press, however, we enjoyed it and thought that you might be moved by it to chuckle or to scream and write to your congressman. I dare not. The opinions expressed in any unURressed Publication are not to be regarded as an indication of the support of those beliefs or the encouragement thereof by the USAF or any portion of our government. We remain, for the moment at least, a free agent, subject only to our own discretion and the bounds of our conception of good taste.

Mr. Anderson's column was received from Quantius P. (John) Murray of Hammond, Louisiana, publisher's son, who indicated that Mr. Anderson is editor of a Farm-and-Ranch magazine and that there would probably be no objection to my re-printing the article. We hope not. etm

(1) The word 'billion' in this article refers to the colonial interpretation of 'one thousand million'.

(2) This is a derivation of Parkinson's well-known Law.

Notes by etm.

A MOTHER'S QUIZ; FOR A SON IN THE SERVICE WHO HAS NOT WRITTEN HOME IN SOME TIME:*

Check one answer

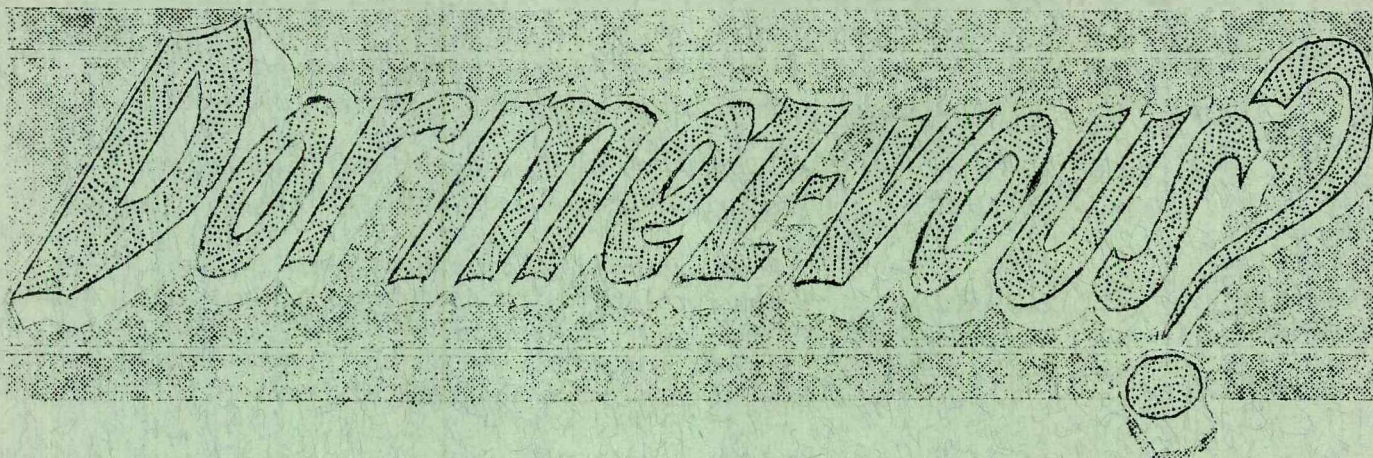
YES MAYBE NO

1. Did you break your arm?
2. Are you dead?
3. Did you get caught in a Texas Longhorn Stampede?
4. Did a Texas Beauty kidnap you?
5. Did you get caught in a sandstorm?
6. Did a 'gusher' come in and drown you?
7. Did your typewriter fall on you?
8. Did you fall out of your bunk?
9. Are you conscious?
10. Are you just saving your strength, stamps?

* Quiz furnished by Quantius P. Murray, from his voluminous correspondence files.

GIFT CERTIFICATE: Unless you are especially favoured you will not receive UR # 7 without returning this special GIFT CERTIFICATE.

I am rigourously pruning my address file, and since I do not request filthy (or clean) lucre for this magazine, think it only reasonable to expect some show of passing interest in my effort. Make an appropriate entry on the reverse of this coupon, detach it from the zine and mail it to T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills, P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas and you will receive UR #7. This is a THREAT. As a promise, I shall cut off ^{many} of the most quiescent names from the list. THIS OFFER VOID WHERE TAXED, RESTRICTED OR OTHERWISE.



Le SAC découvre un ICBM

PAGE 4

Les Témoignages de SAC luttent pour la liberté
en Washington

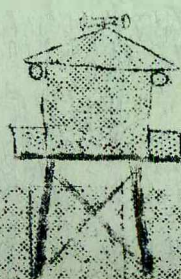
PAGE 6

Depuis les flèches enflammées jusqu'aux
satellites atomique

PAGE 8

Que dit le SAC sur les "commandements dix"?

PAGE 12



1 AVRIL 1959

No 69

The SAC Ten (10) Commandments:

I

THOU shalt have no other authority before you, nor make or take unto thyself any graven image or other interest. (Noet 1 and SACR 205-69)(U)

II

THOU shalt not take the name of *SAC*, thy headquarters, in vain lest the wrath of a numbered air force be brought down upon thy head. (U)

III

REMEMBER the seven day work week and keep it in effect lest ye permit thy thought to dwell on subjects foreign to the dictates of thy superiors. (U)

IV

SEVEN days shalt thou labor and do thy work, and on the eighth shalt thou bow down thy head and thank *SAC* for the military career. (Note 2) (U)

V

HONOR thy *SAC* and numbered air force headquarters that thy days in uniform may be adequate for the retirement which thy income tax payments have seemed to justify. (U)

VI

THOU shalt not kill.. time, lest ye be found wanting when the next economy sets in, nor shalt thou taxi with gear up. (U)

VII

THOU shalt not be found guilty of furthering the condition known to all as "SNAFU", but better to make it appear the doing of others. (U)

VIII

THOU shalt not steal.. until the responsibility for a report of survey is on someone other than thyself. (U)

IX

THOU shalt not bear false witness against thy fellow soldier, for thine own sake.. he may be a reserve officer and come to outrank thee shortly. (U)

X

THOU shalt not covet thy fellow soldier's flight pay, nor his pro pay, nor his allowances, nor his favorable position in the eyes of the C.O., nor the five day work week of the other air forces, nor the freedom all but thee enjoy, nor anything else thou seest accorded others and denied thee due to thy position, because thou art stuck my brethren, and thy best counsel is as follows; keep thine eyes on high places, thine ear to the ground, thy shoulder to the wheel, thy nose to the grinding stone, the seat of thy pants in the saddle, thy best foot forward, thy heart in thy mouth, and thy mind a blank - completely receptive and submissive. (Note 3) (U)

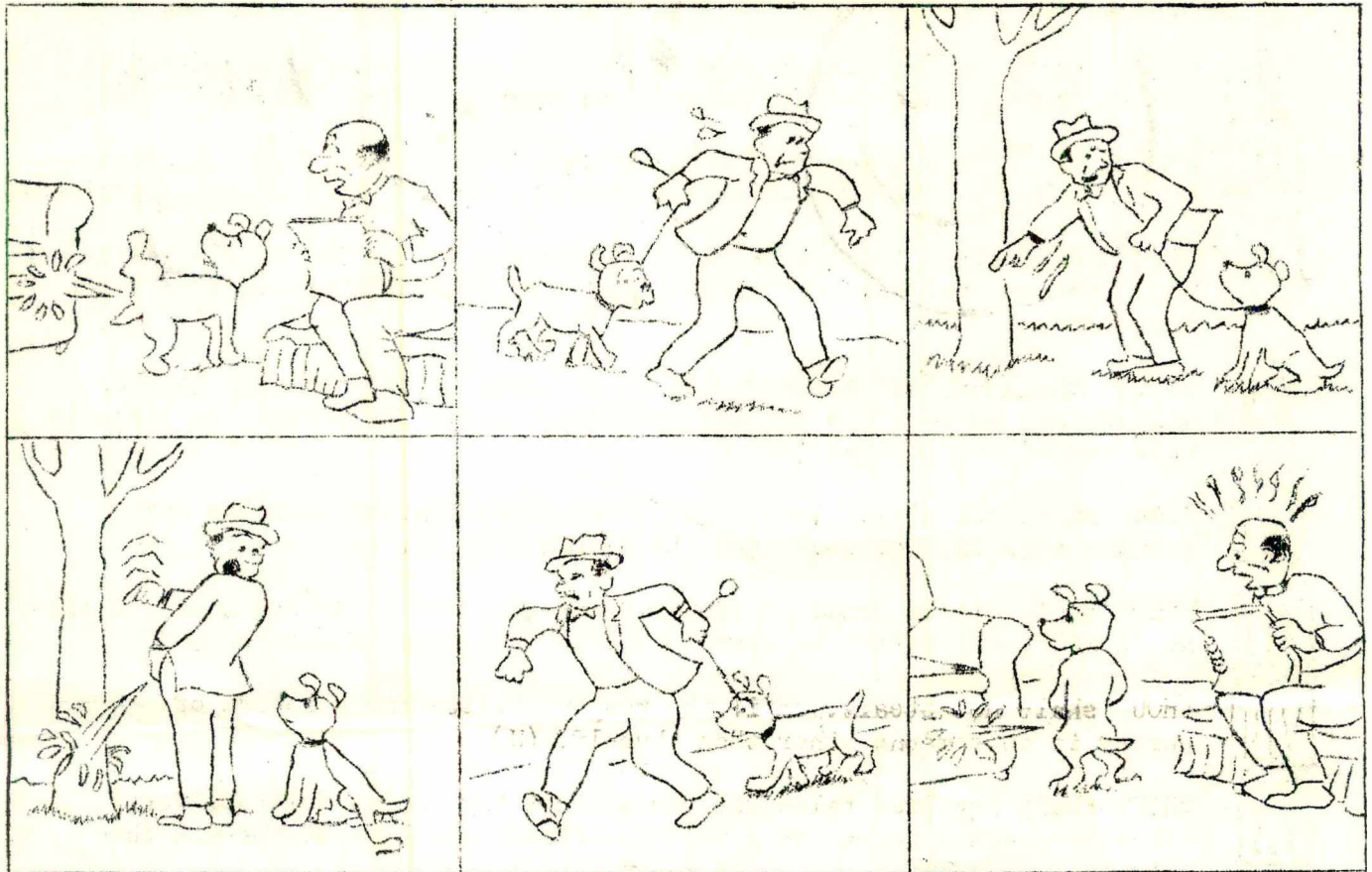
NOTE 1: 1955 ruling of the Comp Gen determined that this is intended to include the categories of wife or hobby. 1959 ruling added specifically the hobby known as 'fanac'. SACR 205-69 has been revised and is being distributed. (U)

NOTE 2: The SAC Calendar, established in 1945 by THE LEMAY, as you know contains 53 weeks per year of eight days each, SACDAY being added. Each day, except SACDAY is 25 hours in duration. SACDAY is one hour in duration. (U)

NOTE 3: Now try to work in that position. (U)

HOW TO HOUSEBREAK YOUR DOG...

(Reprinted from a production of ASCARP-Anonymous*)

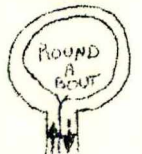


*Amalgamated Society of Copied Artists Rarely Paid-Anon.

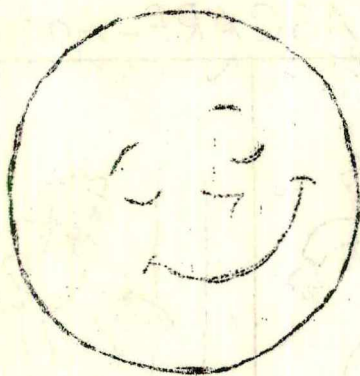
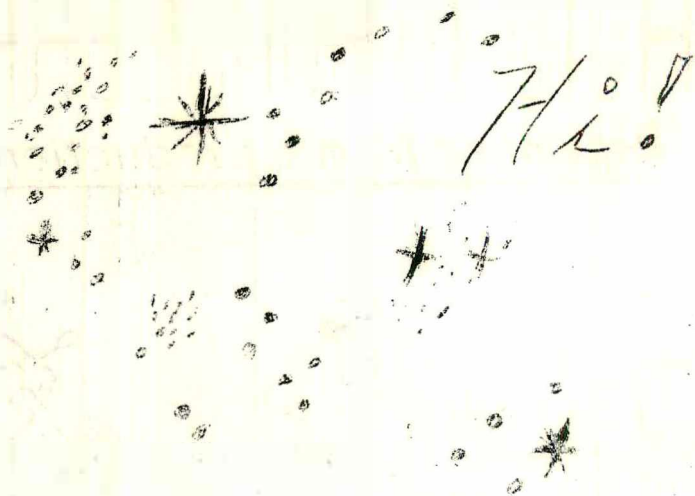
ENGLISH HIGHWAY SIGNS DIFFER IN SOME RESPECTS FROM THOSE THAT (DIS)GRACE OUR TRAVAIL-NET;



If you are able to read this notice you have commendable visual acuity, however, if you are doing so, the Roadways Safety Council respectfully wishes to remind you that the careful vehicle operator directs his attention primarily toward the roadway and does not permit tediously verbose announcements to divert that concentration upon the hazards of traffic!!!



e.t.m.



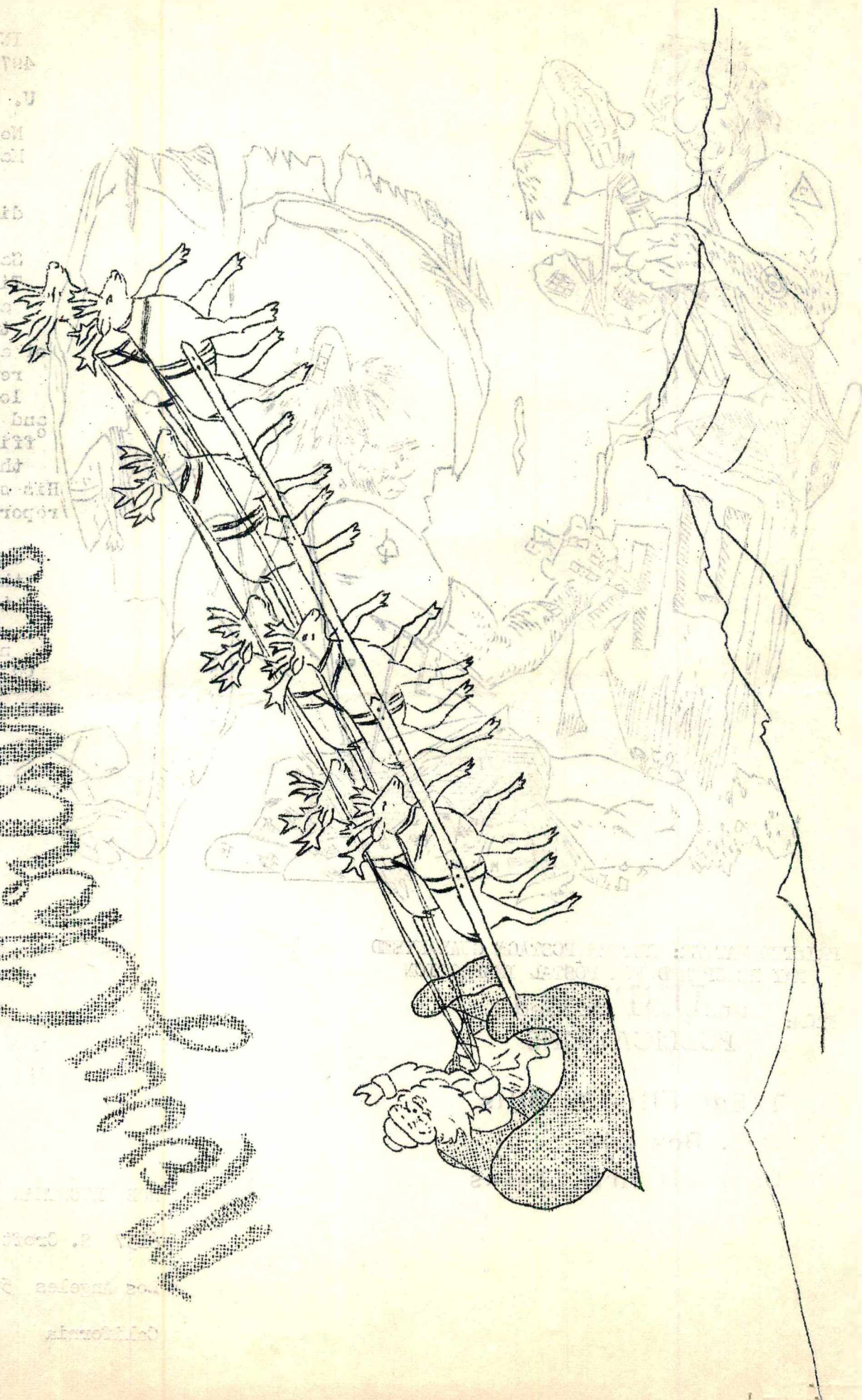
IN THE YEAR
1907, 1908, 1909
U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

Department of
Agriculture
Bureau of
Plant Industry

Washington, D. C.

Report on the
Invasion of the
United States by
the European
Spruce Sawfly
in 1907, 1908, and
1909
by
J. B. Robinson
and
H. C. Houder
with
illustrations
by
J. B. Robinson

European Spruce Sawfly



U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

Bureau of Plant Industry

Washington, D. C.



IN THE YEAR
497,000 B.C.

U. R. McWOG,
Neanderthal
Maintenance
Man,

discovered
that
Sabre Tooth
Tiger's Fat
applied to
the thongs
of a war club
resulted in
longer life
and increased
efficiency to
the weapon.
His subsequent
reports on the
subject
established
the system
that bears
his name:
namely the
UR or Unsatisfactory
Report
System

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