



UR-ANALYSIS:

5 MARCH 1960

E. MULLS

A city column of country life:(hi:PF)

Those of you have read the index are probably wondering what kind of multilith cover this is. Due to the affinity of the masters to grease and to my failure to stress this danger, Roy, while putting a lot of fine crosshatching on the original also put a lot of heavy shading across the middle of the picture. Lynn couldn't salvage the master, so I tried to reproduce the main features on stencil. I have decided to hold off on the UR originally scheduled for this page and to replace it with another page of editorial comment.

The title for this column came to me after reading the March 1960 Reader's Digest report on FOLK MEDICINE, a best-seller by Dr. DeForest Clinton Jarvis, 78-year-old Vermont advocate of apple-cider-vinegar and honey as dietary supplements. Dr. Jarvis feels that too many of us shorten our lives by eating wheat products which "create an unhealthy alkalinity in one's urine" and recommends that we rush to our druggist for a bottle of Nitrazine papers, one of Lugol's Iodine Solution, and one of castor oil. He suggests that we should test our urine twice daily and if the desired acidity is not maintained that we must take at least two teaspoonsfull of apple cider vinegar in a glass of water every morning. This is to give you that nice 'Seattle grandmotherly' attitude. The Iodine is to pick you up when you get an overall run-down feeling and the castor oil is fine for piles.

I have not confined my literary excursions to the pages of the RD, not at all. I recently finished reading Stewart Holbrook's engaging and informative book, THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUACKERY, a circumstance which undoubtedly gave impetus to the interest I took in FOLK MEDICINE. Had I submitted to analysis after finishing the Holbrook epic, the result would have been quite strongly acid, indicating my pleasure with the book. Holbrook begins by referring to Samuel Hopkins Adam's series in Colliers at the turn of the century, "The Great American Fraud." Holbrook acknowledges his great debt to Adams and records the adventures of Asa T. Soule and his Hop Bitters Ball Team, which I had previously noted in GRANDFATHER STORIES.

by Adams. Holbrook also alludes to Asa's later entry into the sport of sculling and the skullduggery associated therewith, an episode more fully related in GRANDFATHER STORIES. The GOLDEN AGE...has many interesting and enlightening chapters. I quote from the section on testimonials:

Writes Silas Harcourt, Midland, Michigan;

"I have been troubled for the past year and a half with a disease which baffled the doctors, and not one of the many who treated me could bring relief. I finally bought and took one 25-cent box of Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer; and soon enough, to my great astonishment, I passed a tapeworm of some size, it measuring, head and all, a full fifty-five feet...."

I have also read, and enjoyed most, of the many fanzines received since UR-6 was distributed. Since I am not sure exactly which ones were sent in retaliation, all those editors will receive this issue. In addition, I think it only fair to warn you that I am contemplating using the title of this editorial to head a review section in the next issue and plan to rate your zines according to their acidity. The reviews will not take the form of mailing comments, nor will I consciously adhere to a "tear 'em to pieces" attitude. I am constitutionally unfitted, since having my brain laundered, for such reviews. Also I hesitate to tell anyone outright that I would rather not see future issues of his zine since even a SICK ELEPHANT might vomit forth something worthwhile.

The opinions expressed herein are my own or those of the authors of the articles and this zine is not to be construed as an official USAF training manual. *et in*

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THE OLD(est) MILLSTREAM:

Well, real soon now, UR #7 will be going to press. I had hoped, when I sent out UR #6 that #7 would be ready for the Detention. I should feel fortunate that I was ready for the Detention. Perhaps this will be out in time for the Boycon, or, at the latest, the Pittcon. Ah, yse, PITT'S IT IN SIXTY.

I have been busily gleaning material for some months now, and the letters and fanzines have kept rolling in. Finally a happy chain of events has led to the imminent appearance of this, the UR #7. The long-awaited school materialized and I found myself in Denver on the 14th of November. I contacted Norm Metcalf immediately and was invited to that evening's meeting of the Colorado Fantasy Society. These old-timers opened their hospitality to me like true-fake-fen. I have attended their meetings and they have encouraged me to perpetrate this zine once more. Roy Hunt even went so far as to provide a cover for me, and it is this cover which, uncharacteristically, announces the title of the little magazine you now hold. Another, somewhat more obscure member of the CF3, Professor C. U. Niforum, who heads the Department of Oriental Cultures at Denver University, unearthed a rare tablet in DU's fine collection, which, upon translation, appears to be rather familiar. It is the written complaint of some humble clerk in the city of Abraham's birth about the quality of the clay furnished him for his record-keeping. This seems to be unique, and I can say that at present it is the only known U.R. of the Chaldees. I have, with the gracious permission of DU and the Professor, who did the actual translation, cast this precious document in more perishable form as the inside cover of this issue.

Sid Birchby appears once more with a new ramble and a question. I relented and asked John Berry for faction and illos, so throwing my cloak of respectability to the winds I stand revealed as just another Berry fan.

I sneakily got next to Doc Smith before a deluge of other publisher's and requested permission to publish his re-

marks made at the Detention. BJO answered a request for artwork with a cover illo that I can't use right now, but I thank the little lady just the same, and I also thank her and Ed Urbanks for his cartoon, included by BJO in her letter. It really has no connection, either express or implied, with Doc's speech save that I couldn't find any other place to put it. Art Wilson responded to an inquiry with the artwork which appears as a one page portfolio of Wilsonisms and all you lucky people, well nearly all, who are receiving this wrote letters or returned coupons to be sure of seeing UR #7. And a good thing you did so, I might add, for not only did you give me enough ~~to~~ to publish a letter-column, you also did insure staying on the mailing list which was pruned nearly thirty percent.

The same old ground rules apply for receipt of UR #8, REACT!! If you liked this zine, in spite of the lack of me in it, or even because of the lack of me, take those few moments to let me know. I have been roundly cursed by the completists out there for venturing to suppose they would detach and return even the least portion of any zine that came into their clutches, and must clarify the situation. Not only will I accept returned coupons, I will accept such reasonable facsimiles as letters of comment. I am still adamant about cash. I have no need or desire to recoup the expense of these ventures, in coin of the realm. I much prefer EgoBoo and, if the quantity forthcoming is sufficient, may even return a portion by printing parts of your epistles in the next issue.

Since the last issue Gorgon, alas, has left his stand and no longer ladles out that brew of horror that I delighted so in scorning. I do have a few scripts of his showcasing and having already secured his permission await only your desires to have them published. Indeed, he is still presenting an horror-show of sorts, he is now showcasing the Three Stooges with a slapstick 'Glam-Bang Theatre'. Shortly before the demise of the shock program, 'Nightmare', Gorgon received a letter from one of his avid, al-

THE OLD(est) MILLSTREAM: (cont. from pg.1)

beit younger, fans and has granted permission to publish it. (Lacking confirmatory permission from the sender, I am withholding his name.) The illustration which accompanies the letter is one that was enclosed with the epistle to Gorgon. The original was done in Black crayola with just a hint of yellow edging the shoulders to indicate "DRACULA MELTING IN THE SUN". The other pictures he mentions are quite clever, but not as adaptable to this medium.

There is a plethora of Songs this issue, I even have one or two held in reserve. Actually I had scheduled only the 'Songs My Mother Taught Me', choosing the 'Ballad Of the Tea-Totalers' which I've had since shortly after the publication of UR #6. I had offered this epic to another fanzine which appears on a regular schedule. It's non-appearance there has driven me to this action. The details in the poem rather surprised me as I hadn't thought I'd revealed that much about the action and she was not present. The author is my mother and is a second-generation fan in a reversible sort of way.

Riding along with this issue will probably be a one-shot, the second issue of the Kanadu Review. This evil thing was conceived in the warped mind of 'Matches' Metcalf and executed during our stay at the Wyoming State Pen. (Mailing address, 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming.

You may have noticed that this issue of UR, besides being extra-large, is enclosed in an envelope. This is partly in deference to one of you who expressed his disappointment at the condition of UR #6 when he received it. Now I do not mind expending my pay for this magazine, and have indeed gone so far as TO PUT OUT EXTRA CASH FOR THE ENVELOPES, this time. However I leave it to you as to the condition in which you wish to receive UR #8. If you want your copy pristinely pure in an envelope simply enclose a one-cent stamp (uncancelled) or a one-cent coin with your coupon or your letter of comment on this issue. (Overseas subscribers will receive any future issues of UR in envelopes and do not need to worry about enclosures in

an air letter form of comment.) If you care not how dirty and beat up your own copy of UR #8 is when you first get it, just return the coupon. If you'd rather hear no more about the whole business, just sit there and vegetate. No writee, no readee. (Instead of one cent you may return the envelope that this issue was sent in for credit, if it is usable.) NOTE THAT THE COUPON IN THE MAGAZINE IS A DUPLICATE OF THE ONE TO BE RETURNED. I defy you completist rabble!

Several pages of UR7 have been dumied and/or stencilled by Norm Metcalf, member of the CFS, the Denver Council of Four, publisher of New Frontiers (the magazine for those of you who are distressed by the lack of serious material in UR; send money - 35¢ will do - to the address given in the letter column), and 'o' cutter-out extraordinaire.

UR #7 is published by the URPress, a Sgt's Firm, which is a deucedly non-profit organization dedicated to the proposition that 'fanning can be fun - in moderation.' The editorial address of this firm until the 17th of May, 1960, will be P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver, 30, Colorado. After that time we shall probably be found at P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas.

Opinions expressed in this periodical are those of the authors and artists concerned and do not necessarily resemble those of the publisher. All references to persons, places, or things herein are creations of the authors and artists and any resemblance to anything is purely coincidental.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

Robert Leman, the learned author of the diatribe against today's popular music (in our last issue) has an axe to grind. He has had in the dim past, some success in the song-writing medium, and drawing on his own experiences, composed that popular song of some years back, "Why, Oh Why, Did I Ever Leave Wyoming." Unfortunately, he has discovered, that Sheriff has a phenomenal memory.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? JOHN BERRY

There is no doubt that the quirks of fate are strange. Who knows what deeply mysterious entities guide the aura's of us all into such fantastic complications? Is there any method to it, or any organization -- or is life just meaningless, and such amazing coincidences as do arise, are they merely to be shrugged away as chance?

I have a reason for wanting to know. A rather peculiar sequence of events has just jarred itself on my mind. Don't think it's just juvenile fancy -- I mean, dammit, it is 1970, and I am 43 years old. And further, if you can bear the strain, is my theory correct?

You don't know what the hell I'm talking about, you ask?

I'll soon show you.

See this book I'm reading?

See the title "Top Secret Classification of United States Missiles: 1969-70." Of course I know that I shouldn't have it, but some stupid brass-hat left it on the back seat of a Greyhound bus, and I picked it up, and you know I'm really keen on missiles and such-like. And scale drawings, too!

But this is what's worrying me -- at least, this is the first of several things that have got me bewildered.

Look at this category, "SPACE to SURFACE" -- wait a moment, page 26, now then, let me read this to you . . .

"The PWM - 36 is, in its way, the most devilish thing the United States has ever invented. PWM stands for Psychological Warfare Missile, and it is made by the Army Ballistic Missile Agency. The PWM - 36 is only 14 lb. in weight, and is carried in the Observer XIV satellites which are at the moment (1970) circling the earth. At a radio signal from a base station, one or more PWM - 36's are discharged, and rapidly glide to their target, which, shall we say, is an unspecified city in Russia. Exactly at the height of 3 miles, a complicated mechanism ensures that the nose cone flies off, and from a compressed helium cylinder in the base of the 18

inch missile a steady flow of helium is forced into the extremely thin rubber bladder in the main part of the missile. This is forced out of the open end, and gradually, a colossal, a gigantic, a stupendous gas-bag fills the sky, some five miles long and one mile wide. The terror this can instill into a bewildered populace can easily be imagined. The gas-bag cuts off a big percentage of natural light, and this is the most fiendish part of the PWM - 36. A little transistor, hardly as big as an acorn, flashes a light along the whole length of the gas-bag, and a microscopic cinematograph throws messages on the skin of the gas-bag. These messages are fantastic diatribes, propaganda, misstatements, and they are planned to throw the watching populace into unholy terror.

Now I ask you, isn't that a monstrous device to set loose on the Reds? I know it's a brilliant idea, and I don't need you to tell me it is the device of a warped mind, but here -- here is the strange coincidence, this missile is called the JEE-ENN-KARR.

You can't see anything strange in that? Look at page 127, category, "SURFACE to SURFACE". I'll read it to you,

"Dr. Wernher von Braun decided that his ICBM "Gigant", designed in 1965, whilst possessing the ultimate in propulsive power, was unsuitable in general design. This was because the power unit became available several years before it had been provisionally planned.

von Braun also conceded, after several failures, that his 1967 design, the "Columbus" had a superb overall configuration, but was radically underpowered.

It suddenly occurred to him to install the "Gigant" power unit in the "Columbus", and so, on its initial long range test flight, the new XB-147 became the first missile to circumnavigate the Earth and hit the surface close to where it was originally fired . . ."

That's what this top secret book says, and you've got to admit that an ICBM as phenomenally accurate as that

put the States way ahead of any other country -- but again, what do you think they've named it? Well, I'll tell you, it's called the KARLBRAN-DON.

There's nothing funny in that, you say? Well, this last example should demonstrate conclusively what I'm trying to prove. Here we are, page 303, "AIR to AIR" category. I'll read the pertinent parts . . .

"This sleek air to air missile was only fired a few months ago, and has proved to be the most accurate missile of its type in services. Its career has been phenomenal, it was designed by the Development Operations Division, and was being tested within 11 months of first being conceived. The basic design is so sound that new radar appliances, and improved propulsion units can be fitted with the minimum of structural alteration. Every firing shows that operational expectations are 50% more than the design team ever anticipated, it is by far the most promising design to be built and flown, and it is hoped that the peak of its performance is yet to be reached."

WHAT'S IN A NAME (cont.)

Ah - ha, now then, that air to air missile is called the BOBLEMAN.

Even that doesn't signify anything? Good Ghod, I thought you were a faan. You are? Well, I don't think so, surely the JEE-EMM-KARR, the KARLBRAN-DON and the BOBLEMAN are peculiar names for guided missiles? And surely, as I said at the beginning, it must be a strange quirk of fate, or an amazing coincidence for them to be so named?

It's not ?

You expected it ?

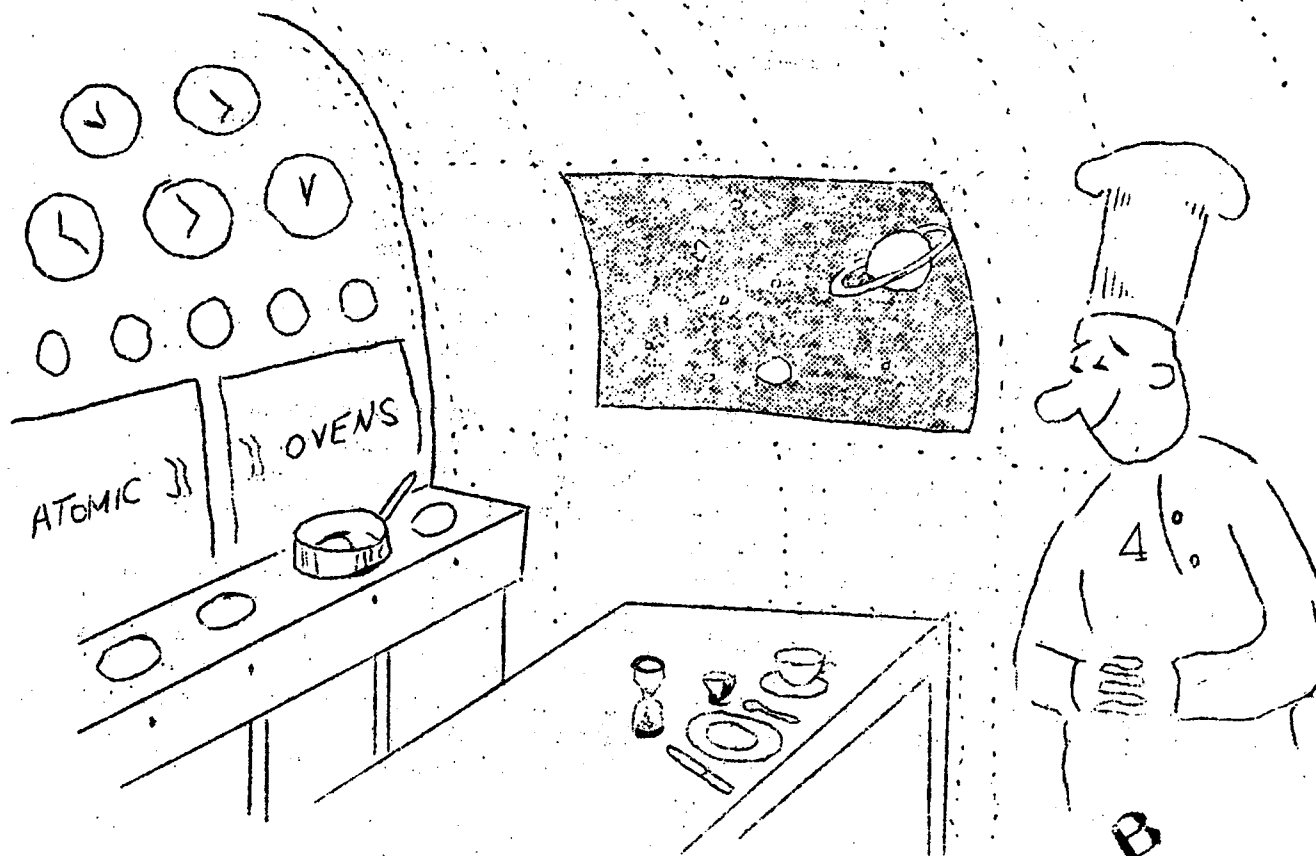
You must be mad -- what's that, turn to the Appendix? -- ah-ha -- look down the A's and see if a name is familiar? -- um, yees, my Ghod, that's funny, Adams, Esmond -- page 572 -- I'll turn to page 572 -- Suffering Catfish, Esmond Adams is the Chief Executive of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency at Huntsville, Alabama.

Great Suffering Blochs.

I see what you mean.

JB/nm/etm

the end



WHERE Do I Get My IDEAS?

E. E. SMITH

Over the years I have been asked a great many times -- "Where do you get the ideas for your stories?" -- and the Detention Committee thought it might be interesting to some of you to have me answer that question here. Unfortunately, the answer is neither light nor funny. Fortunately, however, it is short. In two words, pure speculation. For example, let us speculate; thusly --

Can you explain to a red blood cell -- assuming that each such cell is an intelligent entity -- the significance of modern art or the usefulness of a two-thousand-inch reflecting telescope on the moon?

Can you -- no matter how deeply you have delved into Nature's secrets -- explain in non-mathematical language to non-mathematical me the ultimate particle -- or wave! -- of what we know as matter? Or the nature and extent of the Macrocosmic All?

Do you understand even such self-evident things as time and space?

Do you understand reality?

The answers are NO?

Both intelligence and knowledge are relative. Also, they are limited; not only by the mental capacity and ability of the entity concerned, but also by his-her-or-its environment, physical make-up and tools. While it has been said, and perhaps rightly, that a mind of sufficient ability would transcend environment and would have no need of tools, such a mind would be at least one order of magnitude above the human and does not concern us here.

While knowledge is the product of intelligence, the reverse is also probably true; intelligence is probably the product of knowledge. Thus, if a human baby were born without any of our normal five senses and without any sixth or higher sense -- that is, without any way whatever for its brain to receive information -- it would probably never become intelligent.

Without going into any of the many reams of philosophical writings on the subject, it is highly probable that intelligence, being based upon information, is affected by the nature of the senses by the use of which the information is obtained. If human beings had always

by the use of which the information is obtained. If human beings had always had six senses instead of five, our intelligence would have been vastly different than they are now -- and probably incomprehensible to us as we are now are.

Postulate, then, that red blood cells actually are intelligent -- admitting our ignorance of the superfine structure apparently required by such a postulation. To make that intelligence comprehensible, we will have to endow them with five senses closely approximating our own.

Without too much effort we can grant them touch, taste, hearing and smell. With a little more effort we can grant them a radar-like sense, analogous to sight, by virtue of which they can observe their environment. They can communicate; they can make and use tools -- which must be, however, consistent with and appropriate to their environment.

Intelligent red cells, being carriers of oxygen, would understand oxidation and reduction. They would understand osmosis, heat transfer, solids, liquids, gasses, and so on. They could derive many, perhaps most, of our basic chemical laws; and some of the basic laws of physics. They could map the size and shape of the human being who was their "world". They could understand the natures and functions of the other constituents of the blood stream and could theorize upon such matters as clothing, the bafflingly random motion of other "worlds", the ground, and all other things coming within their range of observation.

They could not, however, by any possibility, understand gravitation. Living from "birth" to "death" in an environment of forced liquid circulation, they could not possibly know that such a force could exist. Even if they saw, and wondered at, falling objects outside their "worlds", they could no more design apparatus to study gravitation than we can to study the actuality of the fourth dimension of space. For them, in their environment, the force of gravity would not and could not exist.

Thus, they could not formulate any theory of even the solar system, to say nothing of the galaxy of which our solar

Where Do I Get My Ideas: concluded

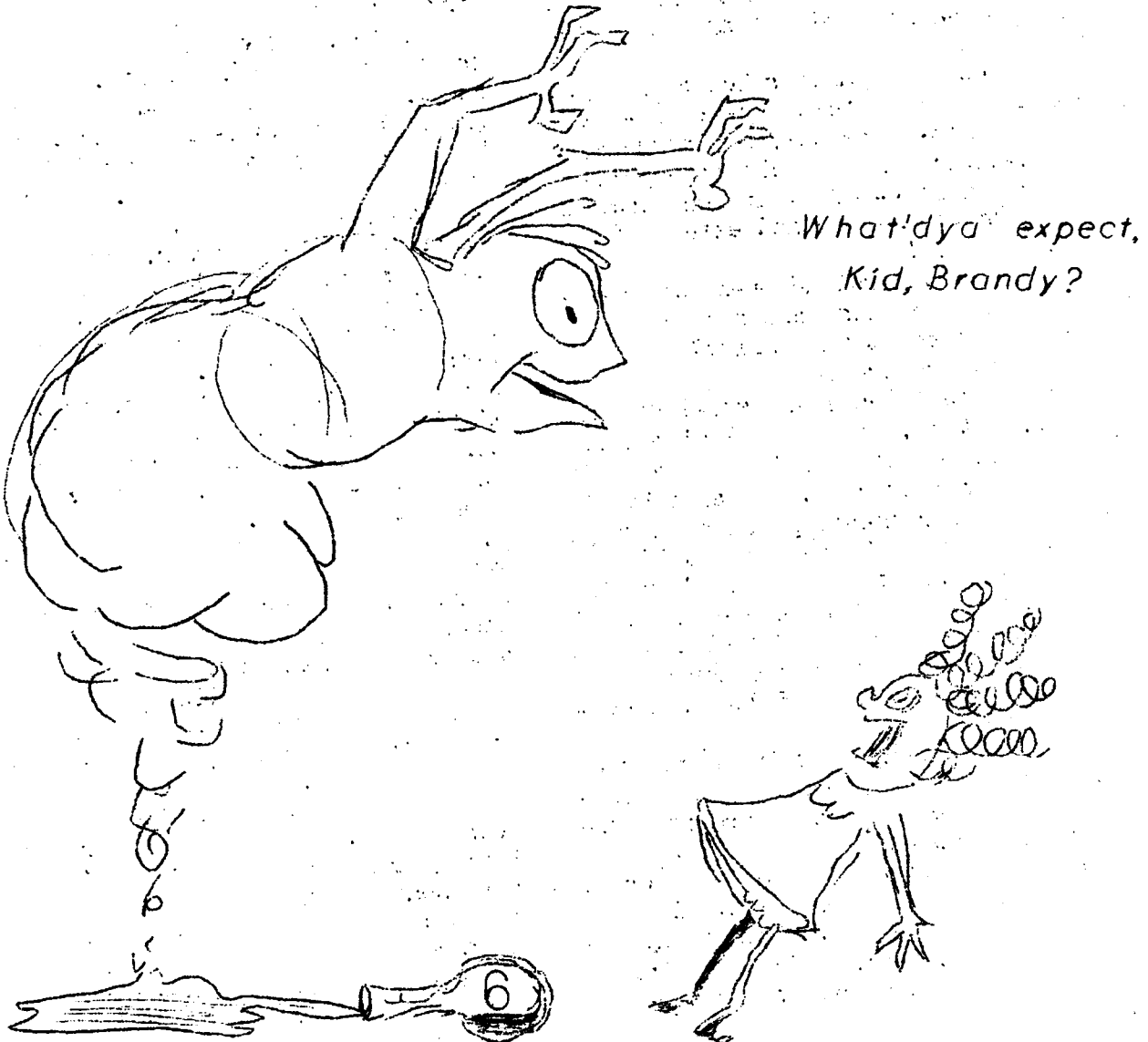
system is--such an infinitesimal part and to say less than nothing of the Cosmic All -- whatever that All may in reality be. Hence, the probability is vanishingly small that any individual blood-cell's imaginings would or even could approximate the truth.

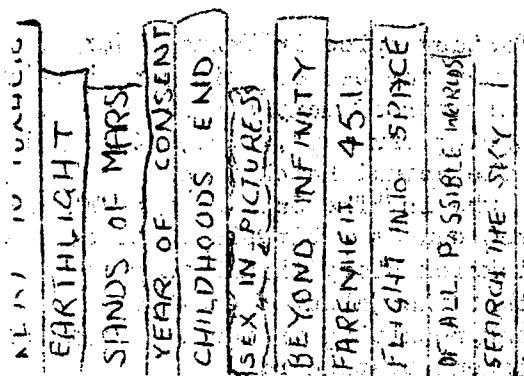
Where do I get my ideas? Basically, from pure speculation. It was from the exact speculation outlined above that my latest-published story came into existence.

And the possibility is vanishingly small that that story approaches any facet of reality any more nearly than would our postulated blood-cells' speculation upon galactic cosmogony.

Thanks for listening.
the end

UR #7 is produced by the URPress at Little Siberia Training Camp (at the sign of the crossed pick and shovel) for distribution to friends and enemies of the proprietor, T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills, P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver 30, Colorado. This issue was produced on or about New Year's Eve, 1959, New Year's Day, 1960 and subsequent days by slave labour in the person of Norm Metcalf who has attained the position of chief dishwasher and auxiliary typist at L.S.t.Camp. You are receiving this issue because you returned the coupon in UR 6, or a reasonable facsimile, you spoke to me at the Detention and expressed a desire to stay with us, you wrote a letter or sent your own zine(s), or because I decided to let you have one last chance. Very few fall into that last category and everyone'll have to react to this one somehow.





TRUFAN

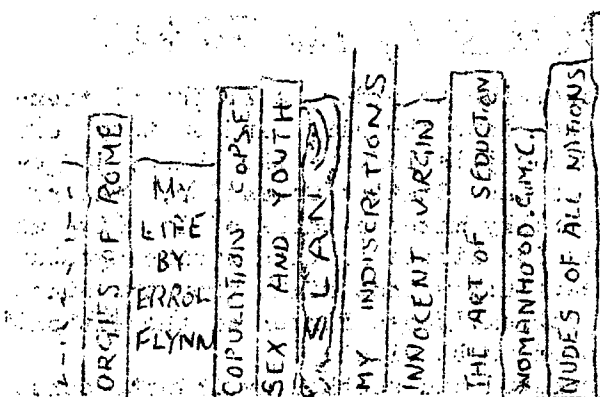
BOOKS by the FIRE:

There's a great pile of unanswered letters and fanzines on my magazine stool; there's another pile pushed out of sight under a coffee-table (that must have been when the vicar called); there's a third spilling over the top of the bookshelf. You would say that I must have been straying from the true fannish path in the last few weeks, and lingering in the Glades of Gafia.

In a way, I have. One of my favourite second-hand bookstalls in Manchester came up with someone's cast-off SF collection, by the look of it, and I bought several items which I fancied. Having read them, I began to browse through my collection. The fact is, then, that the cause of my gafia is --- I've been reading SF!

It's a practice I can recommend. Maybe if more of us adopted the religious habit of going into retreat, and for a week or more used all the spare time otherwise devoted to fanac in quietly reading SF, then there wouldn't be so much permanent gafia, which I'm convinced is caused by compulsive fanning. But that's by the way. I thought that you might like to know what I have been reading. It's all old stuff, and very likely you will have read it, too. If you care to reply to any of my comments, I hope you will do so.

The first was vanVogt's "Weapon Shops of Isher". This was for years regarded as a classic, and a hard-to-get classic, at that. I had not previously read it, and I expected a treat in store. Generally, though, the book is spoilt by a peculiar lack of depth to all that hap-



FAKE FAN

Sid Birchby:

pens. Characters and scenes drift before the reader in dream-like fashion; cryptic remarks are made to seem deeply portentous, again as in dreams; and all the plot is as a play acted out by shadows upon a backdrop of clouds. Yet I am attracted, as always, by vV's flair for holding the interest, as in the trick he has of halting the action every so often while one of the characters takes a hard dispassionate look at himself or at the mess he is in:

"Cayle felt himself irresistibly hustled across the room and into a dark corridor. He was thinking in despair that, once again, he had put himself into a position where other men decided his fate."

Or again, as when, in the middle of a crisis to end all crises, the Empress Innelda sends up a think-bubble:

"'I'm like a child,' she thought self-critically. 'I can't let anything get out of my control.'"

For me, this sort of aside, even though it does flatten out the pace, and cause a series of downbeats which grate on my ears, is well worth struggling through the bizarre plot. I should say that for vV, the plot is nevertheless relatively simple and well knit.

The next novel was less good. F.G. Rayer's "Tomorrow Sometimes Comes" . . . a post-bomb story complete with evil mutants and a preposterous electronic brain, the Mens Magna, which Rayer causes to contradict itself left, right and centre, and to act at times as if it were smoking reefers. Even the basic premise of the story is unconvincing, namely that

BOOKS by the FIRE:

the decision to order a flight of atom-bombers into the air, and so touch off World War 3, is left to the chancy judgement of the Station Commander, who not unnaturally makes a balls of it. Give us credit for little in this atomic age, but at least allow that right from the start the problem: 'Whose finger on the button?' was seen to be vital.

I relaxed and soothed my injured sense of wonder with Arthur Clarke's "Earthlight", a triumph of fine atmosphere and sane writing, and then the C. S. Lewis trilogy. I chuckled over the sardonic "Study in Still Life" by E.F. Russell in the Jan. '59 ASF and read for the third time Murray Leinster's "Pirates of Ersatz" in the following issues.

Lastly, I mourned the downbeat of de Camp's final Viagens story in "SF Stories": "The Tower of Zanid". Here we see Anthony Fallon, once the dashing King of Zamba, as an aging, drunken bum, betrayed and robbed by his slut of a mistress, and left at the end to sink lower and lower as a petty spy in some alien Skid Row. It is never nice to see an author's heroes kicked into the gutter like that. It happened once before, in the days of de

Camp's fantasy epics in "Unknown Worlds", when he put the bee on his hero Harold Shea, survivor of many a zany dimension ("The Roaring Trumpet", etc.) Curiously enough, the actual hatchet man was L. Ron Hubbard, who in "The Case of the Friendly Corpse" causes a bit player to relate a sicksick story (though they weren't called that then) about a spell that once went wrong, resulting in the sad death of some innocent bystander:

"Let's see, what did he say his name was? Hair...Harole She or Shay. Harold Shay, that was it. He said he was a magician from another world."...I figured he must be pretty good. But, by golly, the snake just...ate him up before I could do anything about it."

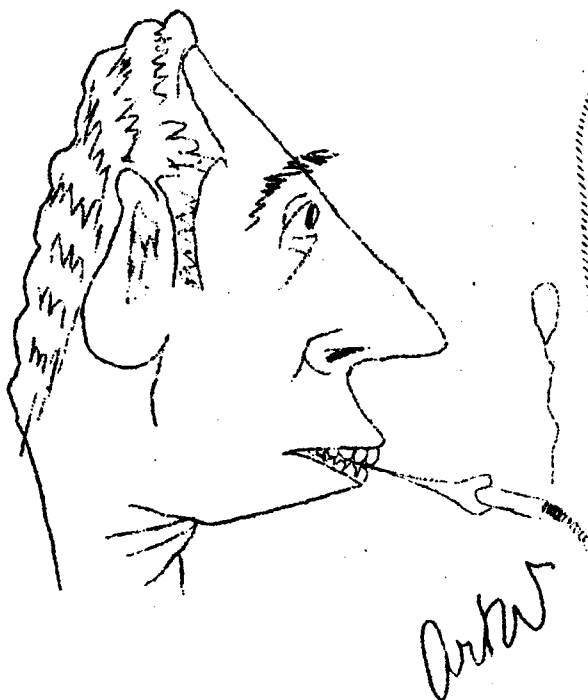
Whereupon the other characters say "pretty good" and admire his spells and pass on to other things.

I have never quite forgiven either Hubbard or de Camp for this; Hubbard for polishing off someone else's hero, or de Camp for...I presume...allowing it. It would serve Hubbard right if de Camp had Anthony Fallon break a whiskey bottle over the head of Ole Doc Methuselah!

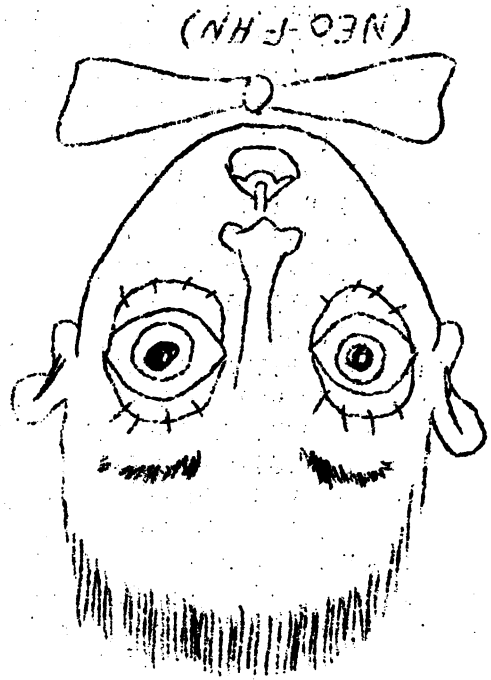
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WILSON, A PORTFILLER:



WILSON, A PORTFOLIO



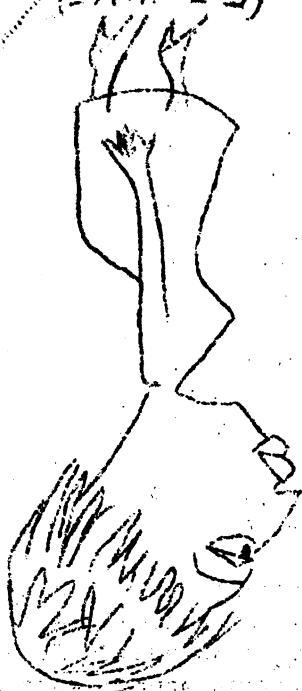
(NEO-FHN)

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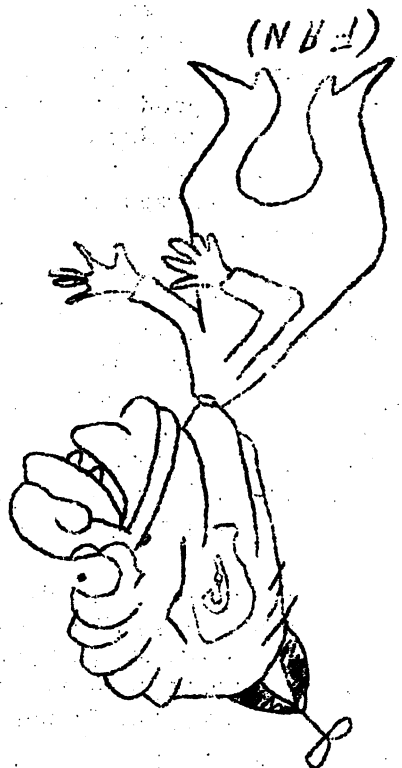


(HIPPY-FEN)

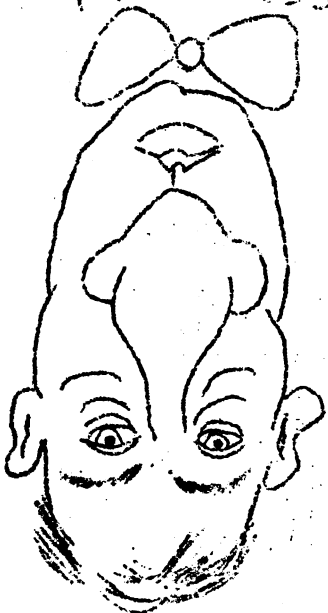
(FANNY)



(FBN)



(SERCON-FHN)



AND YOU COULD HEAR A PIN...

I have just been informed that CBS television is going to present a performance of a phenomena that has been sadly in absentia these past few years. It appears that a group of college students has discovered the commercial value of 'silence'. They started out in a modest manner with an Hi-Fi Lp record of quiet, ordinary silence. This record proved to be so much in demand that they ventured to issue a stereo recording of silence, and now CBS proposes to present a special program wherein a twenty-piece orchestra will not play for the duration of the airing. Guests are welcomed, provided they observe certain necessary rulings. They must wear sneakers, and, if they felt that they might desire to applaud the 'silence' they must wear heavily padded gloves. Women must refrain from wearing jewelry that might jingle, clatter, or otherwise detract from the purity of the presentation. In lieu of popcorn, marshmallows were to be served as refreshments. Presumably, people in imminent danger of colds would be advised to enjoy the performance outside the studios.

Now this impelled me to make a few experiments. I have found that occasionally a bit of silence is quite welcome, and my roommate is in agreement with me fully on this point. I trust that the tape manufacturers shall not get on to the bit of information I am about to impart to you. For several years, the tape manufacturers have been, unknowingly, offering for public consumption this product which has so recently become popular, 'silence'. If they realize this, I shudder to think of the probable effect upon fannish life. Tapes will immediately soar in price, as instead of selling mere un-recorded tapes the companies offer "pre-recorded Stereo Hi-Fi SILENCE!" This will either cause the impecunious fan to divert monies that might better be spent on such ventures as this fanzine towards meeting the increased cost of taperespondence, or cause the same fan to leave off the rewarding practice of vocal correspondence, wherein one is reasonably certain of a high percentage of response, for the more chancy method

of contact afforded by written correspondence and/or magazine publishing. Perhaps even MaB Productions might find the increased costs a definite burden and (Woe)discontinue the issuance of Taperas.

As I mentioned, I have conducted a playing through an ordinary, un-recorded tape on my stereo recorder, that the tape in question did indeed have a particularly fine quality recording of 'silence' impressed upon it. Several other tapes gave similarly satisfactory performances. I discovered that, while the excellence of the recording was best demonstrated at a speed of 7 1/2 inches per second, the record was admirably good at the slower speeds also. So we know now, that in addition to being Hi-Fi and Stereo, the tapes are multi-speed recordings.

During these trials I was distracted no little bit by the hum of the tape-recorder's motor. I was about to hide the recorder in a closet when it occurred to me that if I switched off the motor, it would cease its annoyance. This I proceeded to do and was gratified to observe that the 'silence' now was even Hi-Fier. (Hier-Fi?) Now my recorder has seen better days, and I suspect that one or two of the valves might be somewhat overdue replacement and I detected still a slight background hum, with an occasional pop, splutter or crackling which I found came from the amplifier. I switched this off and then decided that, since power, disconnecting the mains was the next logical step. While this did not materially better the quality of the 'silence' obtained, it did not detract either so I coiled up the cord and stowed it in the case of the recorder. I was then reminded of some tales I had heard about the efficacy in some devices of using simulated components. I determined to replace the tape in its carton and to simulate the tape recorder. To my astonishment, the tape gave a truly Astounding rendition of its recording of 'silence' while securely stored in its carton at the bottom of my closet. I now simulate playing this tape each evening. It's so relaxing that I go right to sleep. I recommend 'silence' for all insomniacs. etm.

ERG-O-A PAGE TO PUZZLE JEEVES & BERRY

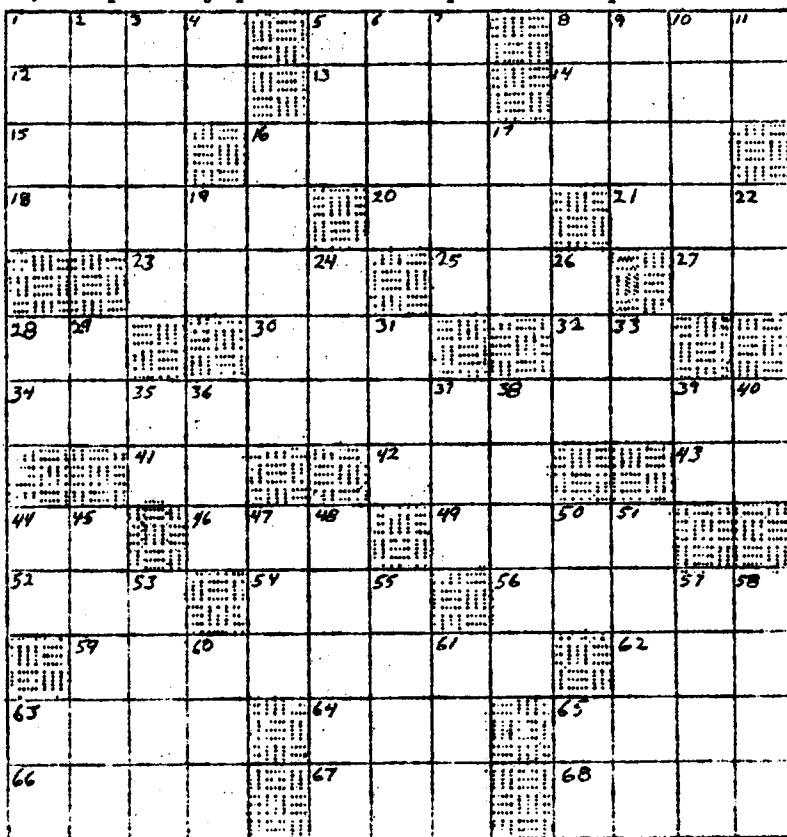
Terry Jeeves presented a crossword puzzle in ERG that came close to being a professional job. Not to be outdone, UR proudly presents its puzzle complete with tricky definitions. All answers may be found in Webster's Unabridged, or in the Fancyclopedia. (If you don't have the latter, shame on you, that's not Eney's fault.)

ACROSS:

1. Annual Fan Award
5. Follower
8. Spat
12. A Head of GAPG
13. ---O, State
14. Dill
15. Thief from Thieves
16. Inducing Sleep
18. Woody Substance
20. Marshy People
21. German Article
23. Dave Kyle would yield
no seat,
His wife would take
no ----.
25. Sheep, India
27. French Article
29. At Home
30. Edge
32. Geometric Dessert
34. Eney - Speer us from
a spate of words
41. Activity (ab)
42. Affirmation
43. Science Fiction (ab)
44. Official Organ (ab)
46. Ungery Outfit
49. Ampubbers
52. Cover Girl
54. --- Tse, Founder of
Taoism
56. F. T. -----
59. It spawned The Comet
and Science Fiction
Digest.
62. Halogen Suffix
63. Lyre-like Hebrew
Instrument
64. Air (comb. form)
65. Lady Macbeth's Bane
66. Robots (slang)
67. Nameless Magazine
68. Holly, U. S. Type

DOWN:

1. JoCs
2. ---- Duckling
3. Bar-B-Que adjunct
4. Diphthong
5. E. Everett Evans,
the Ol ---
6. ---- \$3.75 Mimeograph
7. Numbers
8. A Ford F undation
9. In The Same Place (ab)
10. Rallying CRY; -----
Point
11. Measure
16. Un-e-zy Grimmer
17. T. Carr's zine
19. A Smith
22. Direction
24. --- Knacks
26. S&derson's Pride
28. Wheels Of --
29. Where Canfans Are
31. Work at
33. Source of Instinctive
Energy
35. Sodium
36. Organization for Get-
ting Pornography un-
published (ab)
37. APA Officials (ab)
38. Sacred Peem
39. Exists
40. Lowry -- Base, Bennett,
please note.
44. Obligation
45. Some fans need exercise
because they are -----.
47. State of ProFANity (ab)
48. Newszine
50. Fatherly State (ab)
51. Cuts
53. Anthology
55. German River
57. Biblical Name
58. Abominable Snowman
60. Fellow, Royal Society
61. Of (suffix)
63. Exist
65. Samarium
73. Best Regards



MORE PUZZLES FOR BERRY BENNETT & JEEVES

Some time ago, an acquaintance presented me with an interesting geometric exercise.

"Construct," he said, "any triangle, $A B C$."

"Upon the vertices of this triangle construct angles of thirty degrees and extend the lines so formed to their intersections at points A', B', C' ."

"Now join the points A', B', C' ."

I did so and discovered that I had constructed an equilateral triangle about the first triangle. Experimentation revealed that this was true irrespective of the dimensions, or shape of the original triangle.

I knew at once that there must be a mathematical proof as to why this should occur and after much travail derived one. I suspect, however, that I may not have chosen the simplest, most obvious proof and invite you, dear readers, to submit your solutions to this enigma.

Figure 1 is a representation of the completed construction.

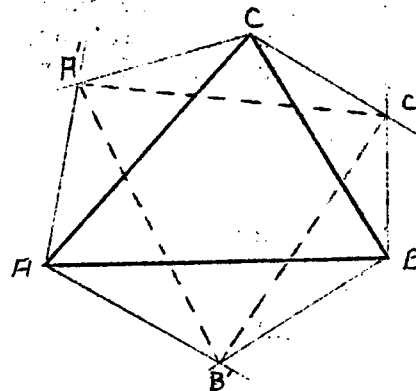


Figure 1

Some little time later, while browsing in the base library, I espied a book entitled "Mathematics In Fun and in Earnest", authored by Dr. Nathan A. Court. I have not dipped too far into this book as yet, but have come across another exercise therein that might interest you. The solution to this was more readily apparent.

Construct a line containing four points A, P, Q, R so that segment AP equals segment QR .

Erect perpendiculars to this line at the four points and mark the points B, C, D , on the perpendiculars so that $PB=AQ$, $QD=QR$, and $RC=PQ$, ensuring that B, C are on one side of the line $APQR$ with D on the opposite side of the line.

Join A to B and D , and C to B and D .

Figure 2 shows this completed construction.

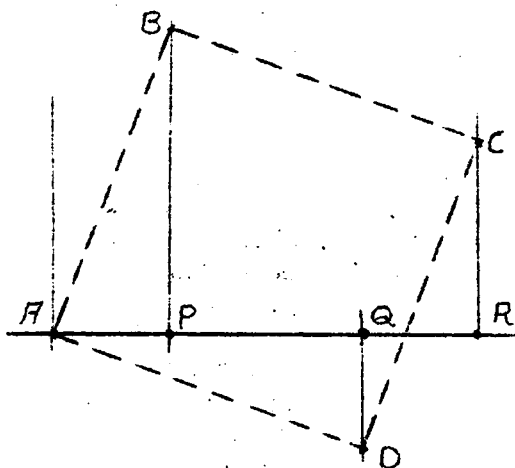


Figure 2

12

will always be, a square.

The first 150 correct answers to these problems and/or to the crossword puzzle contained in this issue to arrive at P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Colorado prior to May 17th, 1960 will inexorably entitle the submitters thereof to UR #8, or the current issue, should I get ambitious and put out #8 before that date. The earliest correct answers will be compared with my solutions in the next issue of UR and contributors will receive a certain amount of ego-boo.

SONGS MY MOTHER TEA-TOTALERS;

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Oh, I went down to the Solacon
To the Solacon in South Gate
And there I had the gonest time
I'll tell you if you'll wait
There were fen from here and yonder
And fen from near and far
You'd see them everywhere you looked
And especially in the bar
To get them all together
From each and every state
And also out of deference
To Bennett, Ron, TAFF delegate
There was proposed a contest
To prove capacity
All those who wished could enter
And vie in drinking tea
Water was set to boiling
With many pots lined up
And each contestant took his place
In front of a saucer and cup
It took most as many to brew it
As those who were to compete
The judges were picked from those who
Could watch the rest and not cheat
As the tea was ready they poured it
And everyone started together
There was plenty of sugar and lemon
Or milk if one cared whether
He wanted his tea same as always
Or preferred it straight from the pot
But careful - for whatever else was -
That tea for certain was hot
One could pour it in a saucer to cool it
As long as one drank every drop
But any spilled over and not drunk
Meant more could be added on top
There's many who often sit down to
One or two cups of afternoon tea
But to sit down and drink ten or a dozen
Calls for one who's a real devotee
To experience the feeling of floating
And being wafted out to sea
One really doesn't need the ocean
Just to drink a gallon of tea
There were those who left the race early
Declaring "Not one more drop"
For them the brewing and pouring
Could just as jolly well stop
But some must have been dry as Sahara
For each kept returning his cup

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SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME (cont.)

The judges sat watching and guzzling bheer
And discussed whether they'd drank it all
To sell keys to the washroom was considered
But when they called for a vote
The humanitarians thought it
Might strike a gruesome note
The number gradually dwindled
As each round brought more tea
And as the cups drank neared twenty
The contestants dropped to three
Can you imagine the effort called for
Or think of the feeling instilled
Having drunk a full twenty cups of tea
In lifting the twenty-first filled
You've heard the sad fate of the Indian
Who drank all the tea he was sent
And drowned all alone in his tent.

THE

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M. B. Mills

14

YE HANDY INDEX & VALUABLE COUPON

Ye Instructions for the use of this coupon: Do not detach coupon from magazine !
Fill out duplicate coupon enclosed with magazine as follows; In column marked Rating, enter your rating of the feature. Make any additional remarks on the reverse of the coupon. Mail to: T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills, P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver 30, Colorado. In return you will receive UR #8 when it appears.

Rating	Title	Author	Artist	Page
	Front Cover (<i>multilithed by L. Hickman</i>)		Roy Hunt	Cover
	The OLD(est) Millstream	E. Mills		1,2
	What's In A Name	J. Berry	J. Berry	3,4
	Where Do I Get My Ideas	E.E. Smith		5,6
	Cartoon	E.	Ed Urbanks	6
	Books By The Fire	G. Birchby	J. Berry	7,8
	Wilson, A. Portfillero		Art Wilson	8,9
	You Could Hear A Pin	E. Mills		10
	ERGO; Puzzle Pages	E. Mills	E. Mills	11,12
	Songs My Mother Taught Me	M.B. Mills		13,14
	Index	E. Mills		14
	DOWN (letter-column)	Ye, Reader	J. Berry (C) E. Mills (A,F)	A-K
	Bacover		E. Mills	L

and the LETTERS came floating in like DOWN BY THE OLD MILLSTEAM

Whatever is this world coming to? Not only does Mills publish Berry, he starts a letter-column in the very same issue!

Exercising my prerogative as editor I have carefully extracted bits from the letters I chose to publish. I regard it as a point of honour, not to mis-quote or to extract in such a manner as to alter the sense of the writer. One may be struck by the preponderance of approbation indicated in these letters, I suppose that, in the main, those few who didn't like my zine preferred not to comment in the hope that I was serious about not sending UR 7. I was. The circulation of UR 6 was about 250. At this moment I have selected 115 people to receive UR 7 and will run about 150 copies off. The OMPA's were not notified until this mailing that I was withdrawing UR from OMPA and I am running a few extras in hopes that some of them might decide they'd like to keep on getting UR. Distribution of UR 8 will be on the same basis as of this issue, that is one must react to this issue in order to be sure of the next.

Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado

I liked U.R. #6 because it had that delicate and fragrant odor about it that carries me back to the ancestral crypt. The smell of death was about it in great profusion. Mainly it reeked of old mimeo ink and decaying paper.

Do I detect a familiar face on the cover? ((No, but, the background is familiar being paper.)) It seems to be a portrait of Prof. Duohed, Dept. of Ghoulatology, Miskatonic Univ. That lively expression expressing great concern for one's welfare reminds one of those who 5 or 6 stripes + diamond on their sleeves.

Leman is as good as usual (or better, or even worse if you want to be that way (which I'm sure none of us wish to be). Rereading this was no bore. It reminds me of the time when KLAC (L.A.) went Top Forty (or some such number). The largest selling record in LA was Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite. It was never played and probably never will be. (The sweet, innocent illusions of youth are easily shattered by mundane reality and hypocritical disc jockeys.)

PROCLAMATION!: Very good. It reminds me of a membership card done by a friend of mine, complete with appropriate illoes.

THE JET-PROPELLED SCREAM: An excellently penetrating review (or so it seems without having seen the original). The plot is the same, only the names have been changed to protect the script writer's income.

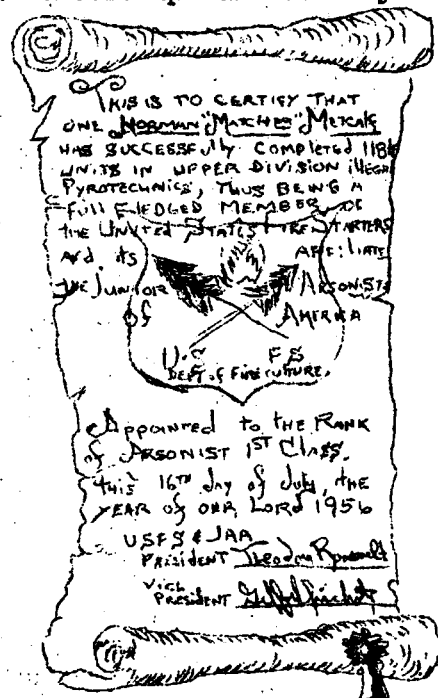
Well, the Lords of the Ring have turned their attention to this mundane sphere. Where else is The Vinegar Worm available on 'most' newsstands? Leman wouldn't have you to know that the Worm is available on all newsstands in this dimension (0 by 0 by 0).
##All interjections in the above were by the author of the letter. My comments, if any, will follow each letter. etn##

J. A. Christoff, P.O. Box 212, Atlanta 1, Georgia;

I couldn't say it in twenty-five words. I could go on much farther I'm sure:

I liked U.R. #6 very much and want you to keep me on the mailing list from now on. I like the whole atmosphere of your publication. Its cleverness is always enjoyable, always subtle, and never pretentious.

Which is interjected by way of putting across Joe's subtle plug for his own zine. Get it. ((Sphere, of course.))



KEEP AMERICA BURNING

A

further DOWN by the Old Millstream

WALLY WEBER: Box 267, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington

Into my hands were thrust a pile of loose sheets of paper this day. They turned out to be UR #6. By some freak of chance I had time to read it at once, and from the looks of things I can even write a letter of comment before my disorderly schedule becomes crowded once more. We shall see. If you don't get this letter, you will know I was wrong.

There is a certain something I can't define about UR that causes me to appreciate. I would guess it is the general attitude of the thing, but it could be hypnotic mimeograph ink instead.

Your editorial expresses a policy on running a fanzine in a manner I approve of. It seems that you run your fanzine rather than letting it run you. I can't really believe that this is true, however. In true life you are probably a mere slave to UR, feeding it before yourself and taking care of its needs before your own. But at any rate you sound free enough in the editorial, and perhaps it will spark an uprising in the world that will eventually emancipate fanzine publishers.

##Indeed I am the master of my Fate, I am the Sergeant of UR. Witness the late appearance of this. Verily my manuscripts have cried out to me, "Publish!", my stencils have mutely implored, "Cut!", my correspondents screamed, "Answer!", yet long have I dwelt in the Glades.##

ROBERT LEMAN: 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming

All three editions of UR#6 were appreciated all to hellangone. I must say that the footnotes to the table of contents indicate an almost insanely complicated problem in assembling the various editions; they remind of problems that used to be set in examinations in my logic course in school. I derived considerable jolliment from the "(Soapbox)" label on the popular music diatribe. Ditto for the United States of North America "(50 ea.)".

Oh yes it was a complicated task that really didn't get done right at that in all cases. I have been advised that there are not now and may never be 50 states in the Union, some being Commonwealths.##

G.M. CARR: 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington

I LIKED, DID NOT LIKE U.R.#6 BECAUSE I couldn't figure out what the Hell you were talking about, most of the time, even when I could locate the page numbers and track down the which-belongs-to-which. Having two page 13s didn't help it much, either. Wow, man, like -- what I mean, how can I dig you that way? pages reversed, duplicated, etc, etc??? When I recovered from my bewilderment enough to read it all, I liked it fine -- except I still couldn't follow it. 6mos between ishs makes it difficult to remember columns and stuff like that there... Who/What, for instance, is GORGON? Huccom Xmas greetings for Memorial Day? Is Rob't Benchley a faaaan now -- a neo, maybe? Beautiful mimeo work, wish I could go and do likewise... Keep it coming, I like it anyway.

##Gorgon was a master of ceremonies for "Nightmare", TV station KFJZ's shock program. The program ran for two years and was on the verge of showing the films for the fourth (and in some instances, fifth) time, when Bill Camfield (Gorgon) decided he'd rather play the fool showcasting the Three Stooges.

B

LINARDS: 24 rue petit, Vesoul, Hte. Sne., France

Yes, yes, yes, we did received UR, tho don't feel really like pasting the coupon hereon, and we did deed indeed like it, how not too, pray tell.+++ But our new tight and firmly heavy schedule of time now that we have practically doubled (Annie and I) our Professional work time, forbids us apsolutely to write for more than a few battered lines thrown on paper here and then and now and there.. quite haphazardly and deucedly.++ for that matter we miss your multilingual letters as well, Ellis T. Mills. Ah.

DOWN: by the South Gate to the old Millstream

RICK SNEARY: 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California;

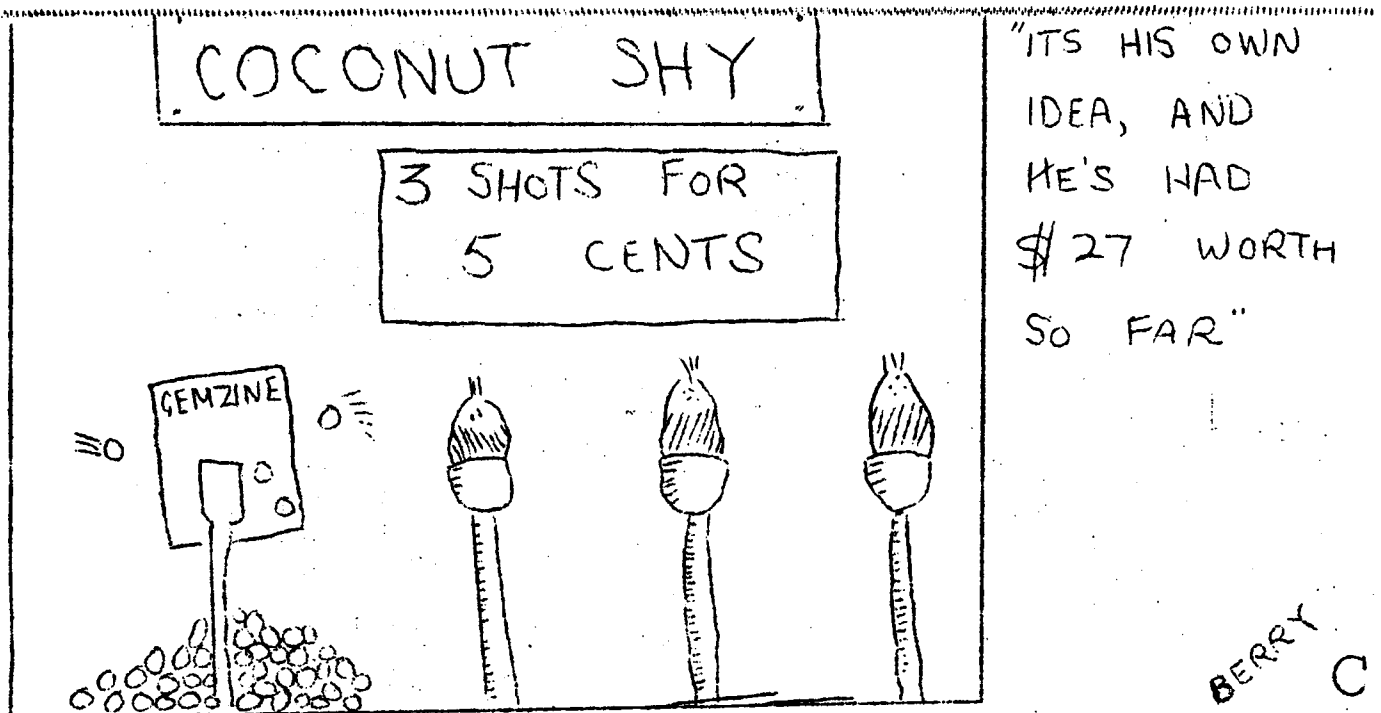
Leman's horror at the "top 40" is well taken.. I once worked for a week, for a boss who insisted on playing the radio all day.. True, they played Hits from the past as well, which were usually better, but in an eight hour day, you could count on hearing the same song (and they seemed always to be songs) at least three times.. I was lucky enough to be so incompetant as to be fired, and haven't worked sence.. --- Congressional investagations seem to be explaining how the Top 40 get picked... Not so much because the DJ is a (four letter word) but because he plays what some hood has payed him to play.. A crook owns a record company, so he slips the DJ some loot to play his disk, which makes the jd's think it is popular, and they by it.. Making the crook richer. It is an evil world we live in... And think, one plane load of you boys could clean it all up.. A bomb on Mr. K., and his boys bomb us, and back and forth, and soon the Bushmens drum beats are on the top Ten.. ((Well, maybe they are now.))

Interested in your meeting with Gorgon.. LA no longer has a horror show as such.. Infact, no movie MC's with any pattern or imaginations... We have had two though. One may have been the first, as she was long before the issueing of King Kong, which seems to have touched off the current interest.. I referr to the unbelievable Vampira.. You have no doubt seen pictures of her, but unless ---- well, you may have met here, come to think of it, as I believe she was at the SFCon.. I wasn't so don't know if you were.. But she had a quite unblieveable figgure, which she made clear was all her own. I don't know what her masurements really were, but the realitionship was something like 40-20-44. Was almost unblievably corny in reteans, but then the whole bit was for laughs and sex.. -- As this was before many stf films, they never had anything but old horror movies... -- A later series, with a little-old-lady-type-creep, had better material and films..

Well, hope you are never stationed on the Moon. I fear the AF would never be able to deliever your mail to you..

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010 !

##You are well advased to be rid of such noxious employment. I have long suspected that the Bushmen's drum beats were the "Top 40". # I did get to the SFCon and saw Vampira, at a distance. The press of the crowd was too great to get in close. # I blush to admit that, while the AF might have difficulty in delivering mail to me, they would have only too little trouble delivering my irregular answers. ##



DOWN and round we go ...

MARTY PAHLS: 720 Stinaff St., Kent;

Until I read your editorial I didn't think it possible to swipe a MILLSTREAM --but lots of luck in recovering it and making it flow back where it properly belongs. As for une PROTESTATION I have read "From the Earth to the Moon" but not seen the movie--quite the reverse of the modern trend, I fear. But my opinion of making movies of Jules Verne stories is that the original should be hewed to as closely as possible. So what if things do seem to be a bit outlandish, in the light of recent or not so recent discoveries? The chief charm of early sf today must be its quaintness, and I'd much rather see a film that preserves this flavor than just another "I was a Teen Aged Frankenstein Monster from Outer Space," or "Rocket Ship XM" type imitation documentary with the title (but not plot) of a famous old book. Who knows--if kept at long enough, it could even start a trend. Ever read "The Absolutely Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfall" ?

The only trouble I can see with Bob Leman's writing is you never know when his tongue is in his cheek or when he's serious. Now, his latest VINEGAR PRESS bit could be taken as a devastatingly satirical swipe at those Evil People who disclaim rock'n'roll...or it could be taken as an unabashed substantiation of the views of just those people. If the case is the first, my congratulations to Mr. Leman. If it is the second, I beg to differ. Rock'n'roll is a legitimate idiom of music. It cannot help it if the rnr scene is cluttered up by Dick Clarks, ten year old children with no voice muttering slow dragging mumbles...This is not rock. Mr. Leman (if satire is not his purpose) grossly misunderstands his subject matter. His introduction to this style music has obviously not been that which would endear it to him. The piece, as with all Leman's stuff, is excellently written. The tone and the wry humor makes me chortle aloud. I hope it was supposed to be funny. Nothing makes me laugh quite so hard as exaggerated, misdirected righteous wrath.

By far the best thing in the issue was PROCLAMATION. I firmly second every word of this. Fire indeed is worthy of our every attempt to spread. In line with this belief, I have burned the mag.

Far be it from me to put words into my contributor's mouths and to cause Mr. Leman to say that the referenced article was either of the alternatives you suggest. It would seem, however, that the majority of readers of the selection hold a contrary view of the matter. Hollywood is in business at the same old stand and will continue, I suspect, as long as the GROSS seems to justify it. One can only wish for the day the SF movies will be less popular so that the Mammon-minded Impressarios will turn their endeavours into some other field.

D. FAULKNER: 7241 East 20th St., Westminster, California;

You call it the Magazine of Apartheid - is Apartheid the opposite of Togetherness? If so I am all for it, as the latter is a dirty word in my book! I live alone and like it, and am a "lousy reactionary" and a foe of the "group" as advocated by our social planners. I am especially irked by the efforts to persuade me to join groups in my age bracket for recreation and stuff. People my own age bore the hell out of me!

I loved the VINEGAR PRESS's diatribe on the "top Forty". Since I have a lot of adolescent grandchildren, I can no longer spend much time visiting my daughter, as the radio blares them out without ceasing at the top of its tubes, making conversation next to impossible.

I would like to enter that Fire Invention Contest, but the only project I can fondly imagine is giving a hot-foot to Jimmy Hoffa, and he is not handy.

D (I LIKED, DID NOT LIKE U.R. #6 BECAUSE of its obviously sarcastic comment on our life and times, which are quite to the point -)

Yes, Rory, you're right. I despise "Togetherness" and feel that it is time a determined minority spoke out against it. I am willing to offer UR as the (blush) focal point (to fill the void, you understand) of such a movement.

DOWN and DOWN we go ...

N. G. WANSBOROUGH: 84, Wyke Road, Trowbridge, Wilts., England (Translated from a Runic Script.)

I LIKED U.R. 6 BECAUSE it allways contains interesting material and is readable and I hope I can have UR 7.

I'm in mourning for my lost S&PS membership, and 'cos no matter how I try I can't seem to put out a legiable fanzine (sob).

HARRY WARNER, Jr.: 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

I do not intend to fill out your coupon, because coupons always bring either soup or encyclopedia salesmen, even when they are supposed to be associated with fanzines. However, I think that I owe you some kind of thanks for this issue of UR, which arrived as a pleasant surprise. It seems to me that I remember hearing you on a tape somewhen, probably one of those from Jan Jansen or someone in Europe somewhere, but this is the first that I've seen of your publishing endeavors. And I'm not on speaking terms with fans just now, until I get the tape recorder repaired, so my continued ability to read fanzines is my only means of communication with the outside world just now. June 9, 1959

I think I enjoyed Bob Leman's detonation as much as anything in this issue, if not more so. It's a strange thing about this hit parade stuff: teen-agers usually do strange things with the attitude that this is what's expected of them, so they might as well go through with it, and that accounts for the attitude of semi-boredom that they display so much of the time when adults are around. But even the intelligent ones seem to lap up this popular music as if it were the milk of human kindness, even when they're simply listening to records or the radio and can't see the visual attractions that some of the singers indulge in. Apparently there's some sort of basic appeal that is contained in the stuff, its very monotony and sameness quite possibly, and that fills a need that jazz and classical music don't satisfy for the adolescents.

The fire proclamation is good enough to have come straight from the pages of Bill Garner's Stef. I don't know if you thought it out from the satirical standpoint, but it does possess a very cutting commentary on all these wonderful causes that bring forth so many excellent reasons why the world would come to an end if this or that activity weren't active.

I can give you a long list of pictures that I'd like to have from the Solacon, if you can supply prints of those people who failed to attend. Carl Brandon, in particular, and it would be nice to see what Claude Degler looks like, after all these years. However, it's interesting to wonder what would happen if a copy of UR came back to your box for incorrect address, got banged around so badly that the front page fell off, someone in the service picked it up and absent-mindedly put it through whatever channels this kind of form usually flows along. Suppose a Congressman got hold of it and decided that this is a secret photographic development about which Washington has not been kept informed.

E

Do you mean to sit there and assert that you do not need any soup or encyclopedias? Now I'm certain that a forthcoming production of the UR Press, The Encyclopedia of Fannish Hoaxes, 1001 Delightful Stunts to Amaze Fen, is a must for any True (or Fake, or even True-Fake) Fan's Library, and I'd even consider making you a special pre-publication offer. I note also that the Kitchens of Little Siberia training Camp have a quantity of delicious goose broth which they are considering canning. A quick note on your part would assure you of a share in this exotic product. I don't remember how much of the fire proclamation was drafted consciously and with malice aforethought. Early in October, 1958 I grew so tired of posters for fire-prevention week that the proclamation sprang into being in protest. The announcement of the contest, and the accompanying story were written later, just prior to publication and were premeditated. The mind boggles at the thought of a congressman getting hold of any UR, particularly this series. I'm sorry to report that in moving here, all the negatives of the non-attendees got lost.

So... further DOWN by the Old Millstream;

RON BEENNETT: 7 Southway, Arthur's Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England;

Very sorry that you won't be coming over here for several years to come. Remembering what Walt did in creating Mercer's Day, I've been trying, as OMPA prexy, to get 1963 moved from its previous position in the calendar so that it falls between 1959 and 1960. Unfortunately, it appears that London has plans for holding a convention in 1960 which they insist is next year (the mad fools) so that it looks as though we shall, after all, have to wait awhile before we again see you over here.

Can't you arrange a transfer, maybe? At Kettlesing, just outside Harrogate, there is an enlarging U.S.Camp. Only yesterday I was down in town lounging around the railway station when a train drew in crammed with American airmen. They looked lost and cold. The temperature was in the 70's, but heck, they looked cold. And I don't doubt for a moment that they were cold. Anyway, see what you can do, will you?

It is perhaps just as well that you didn't succeed in advancing 1963. You would have had, in addition, the unenviable task of convincing the USAF that I was due the leave I shall have accumulated by then and the pay I hope to have saved against the day when I shall be heading for GAY PAREE IN SIXTY THREE. # No doubt the coldness of the G.I.s was due to the famed British 'warm reception' of strangers.##

STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEISS: 477 Woodlawn - Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio;

U.R.s #5 and 6 arrived respective eons ago. Both were, like their predecessors, enjoyed immensely. Your "fillers" are always a joy and in #5, the roadsigns were especially yukworthy. Flipping through that issue again, I think Leman's scholarly essay was particularly worthwhile, I find, at last, that the space operetta Virginia and I have written (using Sir Arthur Sullivan's music for H.M.S. Pinafore) is a pastiche with satirical intent. It's good to know what it is. The terminology applied to this sort of work has bothered me, but I was always too lazy to sort it out for myself. Now, happy day, I whip out U.R. #5 every time an imitative work appears, to see what I've been reading.

(I LIKED, DID NOT LIKE U.R. #6 BECAUSE you sent it to me. U.R. comes in five delightful colors. U.R. tastes good like a cigarette should. U.R. is superb!!! I have good taste.)

Leman, the poor fan's Fowler. # U.R., the poorer fan's Delsey; beats Sears-Roe-buck catalogues any day.

EDGAR ALLEN POE: % 1453 Barnsdale Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania;

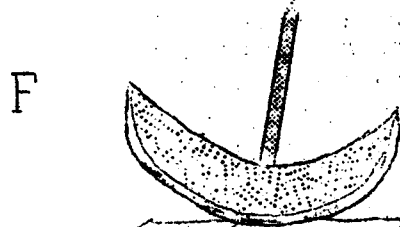
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ANN CHAMBERLAIN: 2548 West 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California

I take it you are well set up with various lettering stencils and imp-le-men-TS. (Z) You have access to, or own, two typewriters. Both make for clear reading.... which is convenient, to say the least. The comic strip on the last page is so really funny, that one could not put thumbs down on it for vulgarity. My son had a huge shorthaired dog (a true henna color all over him) who insisted on squirting the bookcase. He thought the books would smell better that way. We thought it was little improvement...not an SF book among them! Oh, well; we finally found him a new home where there was no bookcase, and he went stark raving... (what kinda glue U use?)

I had access to (owned) two typers, but was dissatisfied with the way the Olivetta cut stencils, so sold it to my brother. This issue is being stencilled on two machines, but both are portable Smith-Corona Electrics. My machine is overdue an overhaul which it may get when I finish this. # UR, the family magazine...

STAN WOOLSTON: 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, California;

The way the cinema-fantasts (producers) change the original stories and books are well known, and the way certain mythologies grow up (that meteors glow and scream in space) may be another cinematic fantasy of these great minds. Frankly, I went to sleep in the middle of this movie of Verne's and do not know what all of the atrocities might have been perpetrated on the viewers, and which ones Verne initiated are also a mystery. Maybe too many such goofs would lead me to the dreadful opiate of pop-corn myself, except that the films themselves serve to put me to sleep.

Since reading about Titus Groan in The Vinegar Worn I bought a copy, but to the best of my knowledge it isn't Leman's copy. There were no names inside, and I got it from the nearby Goodwill store. But I have not read it yet, and apparently will not be able to try for some time as other matters come up...

Perhaps that portable radio could be traded in for a more permanent one...just get an old tube and trade it, and then when the machine doesn't work take it in for repairs. A trade would of course be the "solution" to the matter outside of buying up all the radio stations or tying up the daughter...I'd advise him...

The word "top" in context of the same old records used over and over is: they go round and round like a top...Billboard and a few other mags list what they call the top tunes but I've not investigated this lately. It varies from place to place to some extent but remarkably little, so there must be some common "standard" the disc jockeys use. I suppose it is the matter of the way they seem to repeat on a single record so that a listener sort of considers them an old friend after one spinning and so listens again...and again. Personally many of them startle me greatly that they are so beloved but then I'm not sadistic.

G ## As per usual, the cinema fantasts have gotten their grubby meat-hooks into yet another Verne story. This time 'Journey to The Center of The Earth' suffers the Hollywood treatment. It rather shocked me to discover that Pat Boone was starred and that a woman was accompanying the intrepid adventurers as they descended into the bowels of the planet. After seeing the previews, I expected that the film would resemble something that had been ejected from bowels, but was pleasantly surprised to note that it might have been worse. Once one admits the premise from which Hollywood operates, that ya gotta have 'box-office' (and Pat Boone and sex are 'box-office' in the minds of the producers), one has to admire the lack of damage done to the book in writing in the 'box-office' attractions. The reactions of the non-stf-fan members of my class to the picture rather amused me. They were most incredulous about the mode of egress from the sub-terranean chambers; they didn't worry too much over the possibility/probability of the existence of such a lost world, probably accepting that as necessary to the story; what bugged them was the rate of ascendance of the party. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion that the party, shooting aloft at that speed would not deign to remain with us, but rather would have been a fore-runner of Sputnik. Of course the class as a whole was not troubled by any vague remembrance of the book and therefore enjoyed the picture, as in truth, did I. ##

We're still plucking DOWN by the Old Millstream

GRAHAM B. STONE: Box 4440 G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. AUSTRALIA;

Thank you for sending your publication which seems to be titled UR, No. 6.

Most of it is not of much interest to me, and the poor duplicating in places does not help. The practice of sending stuff like this through the mail unprotected is one you would do well to drop. It arrives, if at all, in a dirty and often tattered condition, and the impression is not good: in fact, I for one find it very offensive, and have to make an effort to even look at anything that comes this way. I suggest that if you don't think I'm worth an envelope you drop me from the mailing list.

Your points are taken, Mr. Stone. You are receiving this issue (in an envelope) because you replied to the last issue, are quoted above, and sent SF NEWS. I fear that we shall probably not be able to come to an agreement on the type of material each wishes to see in the other's publications and I would suggest that you may let the matter drop here if you wish. You might find the content of New Frontiers more to your liking. Norman Metcalf, the publisher, has still several copies of Number One on hand as well as a quantity of Number Two. He would welcome any subscriptions he can get. (4 issues for \$1.00)

JEFF WANSHEL: 6 Beverly Pl.; Larchmont, N.Y.

Liked all the film reviews in the ish, as I usually like film reviews, and find them not much in fanzines, I am all for it. Liked Breakfast With Gorgon a lot for it's fine good-humor, even tho I didn't give a damn about the film. The fault was this - tho you gave King Dinosaur (the one with the planet Nova) a fair bamboozeling, you didn't really tear the film apart as you should have. For instance, the plot could be made into these sentences: "Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water. They met a couple of dinosaurs and blasted them in due order." Make sure you recite it in a sing-song voice. And the acting. The ACTING.. "Oh Jack, do not go to the island, there are terrible hideous beasts there. And there is rough land where you might stub your toe." "Fear not, fair lady; for I shall go to yonder island and return safely." Etc. And with the mistakes science-wise they made - it easily deserves an Emmy. Yet you think this is bad, you have yet to see "Flame Maidens From Outer Space." Mighod. This movie - I'll not go into details, the other one made me sick enough. After seeing FMOS, go and watch "Cat Women of The Moon." If it weren't for having just barely half-decent special effects this charmer would go down in history too.

Is an 'Emmy' a slang term for an emetic? ## Thanks for the warnings, Jeff, I'll be certain to give both pictures the widest possible berth, in the vault with all the other stinkers Hollywood has been putting out.

B. PELZ: (temporarily) % Al Lewis; 706 San Lorenzo (Jones?), Santa Monica, Cal.

Sorry I cannot return the coupon from UR #6, but as I am a completist, it would be against all principles. Besides, the cat got hold of that page when she was teething, and there isn't much left to send. Stupid cat - I TOLD her to use SPHERE, PSI-PHI, or some other slick-paper zine! She ought to know regular mimeo bond doesn't agree with her digestive system.

Seeing as how you reprinted "Straight Talk," you would probably enjoy reading a feature of the new American Heritage publication HORIZON (bi-monthly hard-back), in which a letter from a historical figure is phoned up, aiming at a contemporary counterpart. For instance, the most recent has a letter from Seneca to Tennessee Williams. Very interesting reading, to me, at least.

I was one of the would-be-intellectual snobs who took advantage of HORIZON's appeals. I am now pleasantly into my second year of receiving this publication.

H

Downey by the Old Millstream;

LEN MOFFATT: 10202 Belcher, Downey, California;

Enclosed find coupon torn from U.R. #6 Good For One Copy Of U.R. #7, etc. I think this coupon bit is a fine idea. I usually write when a fanzine pleases me, but there are times when I'm just too busy to write a proper letter, so the coupon comes in handy. In fact it suggests a wonderful idea for a Contest, which you are welcome to use...

Save all of the coupons returned after each issue. At the end of the year put them in a fishbowl (preferably an empty one), or hat (ditto), or wothavia (like-wise). Shake well. The container, that is. Pull out a coupon. Thus you will have picked a Winner. The winner of course wins a lifetime subscription to U.R. -- your life or his, depending on who dies first. The Winner will be on your U.R. Mailing List 'til death do you part, and will not be obligated to send in any more coupons.

Do this every year. Say you send out approx. 200 copies each ish. So in about 200 years everyone on your mailing list would be getting U.R. without having to send in a coupon each issue. But by that time you might not care anymore anyway; in fact you may be completely gaffiated in the next 100 years. It's possible you know.

The gimmick in this contest is (naturally) to get readers to send in a coupon after each and every issue. Those who skip an ish or so wouldn't have as many coupons in the drawing at the year's end as those who respond faithfully each time, and thus the latter would have the odds over the former.

Think it over.

Thanks, Len, I may do that yet. But the improvident chaps who don't respond to each and every issue are apt to discover that the next issue will be a long time in reaching them, longer even than the interval between U.R.s 6 & 7. In fact, they probably won't get the next issue.

Also I wonder about the unfortunate Winner who wishes to gaffiate and be no more reminded of fankind. Under your scheme the only way he could stop getting U.R. would be to arrange for either his own or my own untimely demise. He might see objections to the first alternative, and I don't think I'd care for the second. ##

DONALD FRANSON: 6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, California;

Thanks for sending UR#6 several weeks or months ago. It's entirely different from other fanzines and maybe that's what makes it interesting. I liked the unsatisfactory Report, the editorial, Breakfast With Gorgon, and Birchby's column. Also I approve of movie reviews that pan. Every ridiculous SF movie must alienate another potential science fiction fan for life. I've seen other reviews of "From the Earth to the Moon", such as Tucker's, wondering if Jules Verne was to blame for the nonsense. Granted, they had a problem "modernizing" Verne, but why did they have to modernize? They could have done a purely historical thing, a literal pictorialization of Verne's dream. Disney could have done this, and he would not have dispensed with Michel Ardan.

Among the movie people there must still be the same cynicism illustrated by the anecdote in which the writer complains to the producer that they are misrepresenting some incident in the life of Richelieu. "What difference does it make," says the producer, "To the public, Richelieu is Rasputin, anyway."

Perhaps one should say, rather, that every ridiculous SF movie keeps somebody happy that might otherwise find his way into fandom and louse it up for the rest of us. I feel that the discriminating observer of SF movies will realize that the movies are not true to type and if he is fannish in inclination, the movies will not drive him out away from us but may even bring him into the fold in defence.

SID BIRCHBY: 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19, England

Add to English highway signs one on the Northwich by-pass, near a salt refinery: "Beware of Steam Vapour". Ken Bulmer may have had it sited there!

we are nearly All-en, but still are gleaning DOWN by the Old Millstream:

DON ALLEN: 34a Cumberland Street, Gateshead, 8, Co, Durham, England;

You know I don't believe that Bob Leman is as dumb to the current music trends as he tries to make out. Hell man the latest pops are thrown at one from all directions. Radio, television, the kids round the house, in the street, the guys at work, etc., they all screech out, and talk about, the current pop tune. Unless Bob lives in a world of complete silence then he can't possibly escape from it. Unfortunately. Yes, we too over here have 'Top Twenties' etc., and I am in utmost agreement with Bob that it is the guy who plays the discs over the radio who decides what's going to be popular. They play the same records so often, every records program is playing the same ones, that they can't help but come popular. Plenty of GOOD records slip by each month without getting even one play over the radio. These good discs being the classics, jazz, Lps, stuff by artists who are so well established that they do not need this repeated drudgery by the disc-jockeys to sell their records. I collect records, yes, but I don't give a hang about the so called Top Ten, Twenty, what-have-you, charts. Every month I go through the catalogues and study the complete field, make a note of what looks good, ask for an airing of such at the local record-dealer and what I like I buy. Though I must point out that I do have my favourite artists and these do get preference over all others. At the moment I am concentrating on building up a good selection of Lps. A few years ago I was collecting Country & Western, Hank Williams, etc., (I still am but in a smaller way). The pop records come and go every month and are soon forgotten but the real good stuff, the classics from jazz, musicals, opera, Sinatra, Crosby, etc. stay on forever. And so they will.

Was greatly interested in reading about this Breakfast With Gorgon biz. Sounds like a good program. Am amazed at the fact that in America nearly every town and city has its own private radio station. In England we have three. BBC Light, BBC Home, and BBC Third. But we can tune into umpteen continental stations such as Radio Luxembourg, AFN from Germany, etc...

What's the T in T/Sgt. stand for? Technical? It is almost two years now since I finished my two years spell of National Service. Was a gunner in the RAF Regiment. Quite a good mob - don't really have many complaints about it all, had plenty of good times. Though I don't think I'd fancy being in the forces for life. Is that what you are in for, or is it just a short term engagement?

It would seem that several record companies are also in agreement with the opinion that the guy who plays the discs decides which are to be popular. At any event there is quite a to-do about PAYOLA nowadays. I sent a copy of UR #6 to the publisher of the SUN and he retaliated by reprinting Bob's blast in his editorial. No doubt it rather shook the good burghers of Louisiana. ## Yes, the T is supposed to be Technical. I'm aiming for twenty year retirement, have accumulated nearly twelve toward that goal. I am currently a mechanic on the gunnery system used on B-52 type bombers and am attending an advanced course on the equipment.

ART WILSON: % CAT, Kaitak Airport, Kowloon, HongKong BGC;

The story on the agenda here is that I would like to receive more of UR, whether or no you prune your recipient list, & since you do not accept money, & since I do not as yet pub anything, I shall comment long & loud about the virtues of UR in the fatuous hope of receiving more. Like Mr. Leman was the best bit in #6. I hope you use his stuff frequently, if not constantly. That's the first I've seen from him, which yes I know makes me a peasant. The rest of the book was good, but that article was superior. Probably because I agree with Mr. Leman about music. I wonder has he heard Chinese opera? It comes on like a cat being slowly mashed. That's the South China variety - the Northern type is more like two cats being slowly etceterad.

You now have U.R. #7, would you care to try for #8. Same rules, no money except from clients of the URPress (ad). Inquire about our unreasonable rates.

Dear GORGON,

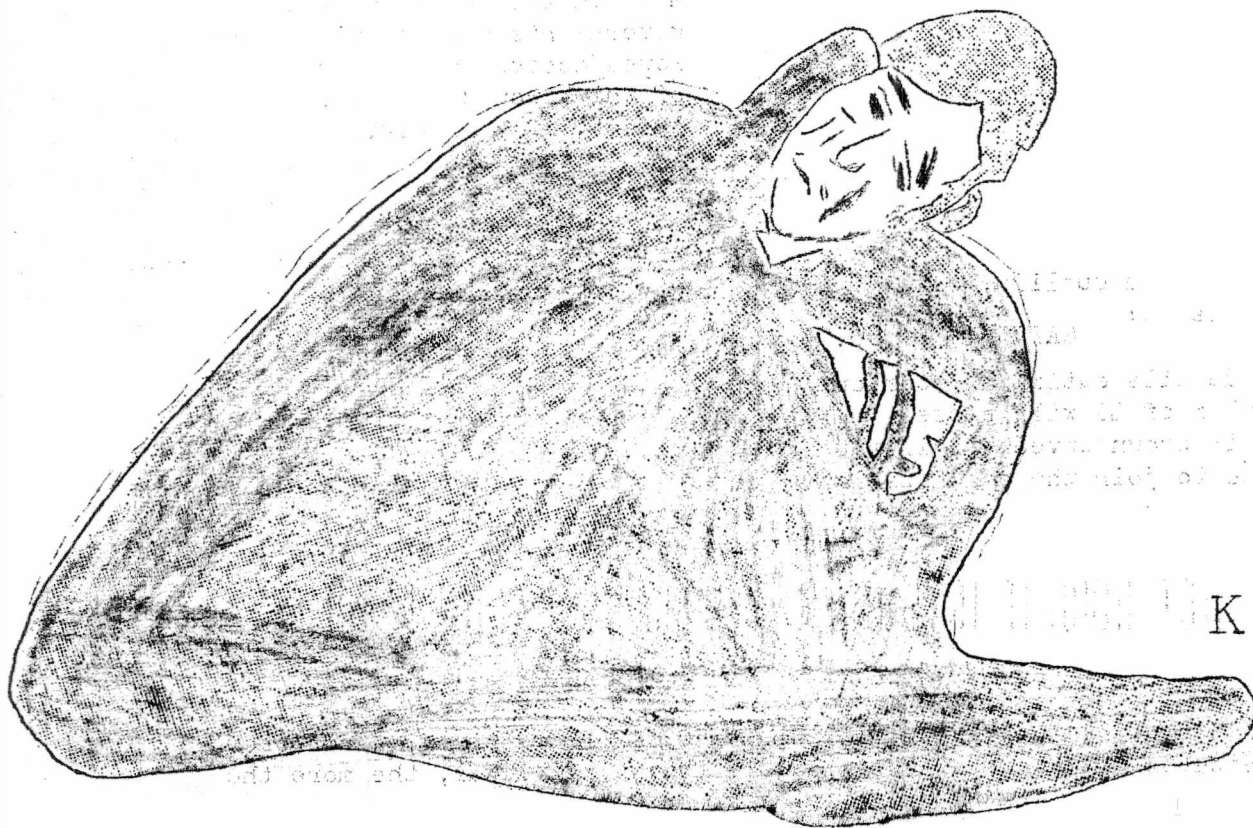
Since the beginning of television, I have never seen a program I've liked better, nor a host I've admired more than you and your gruesomely wonderful program, "Nightmare." Besides watching horror movies, I like to draw, so I drew you some pictures of my favorite characters I've seen on your show. The picture with no printing on it are some suggestions of ways for the actors on your show to die. (The actors in your studio, not in the movies) The picture shows Dracula melting in the sun, the Voodoo Man falling into a headshrinking formula, the ape-man and the mummy falling off a cliff, Frankenstein falling from a second-story window, and the wolfman being shot by a silver bullet. The only reason I didn't draw you is because my simple drawing couldn't do you justice.

I have noticed that on your show, you have a bat that doesn't flap it's wings. If you would like for me to, I would make you a black felt marianett vampire bat. I would be glad to make it, so just drop me a line if you want one.

I like Dracula movies better than any other horror movies. If you can I wish you would show them more often.

Sincerely yours,

D _____ P _____
(Age 13)



K

APARTHEID;

ANYONE?

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 Fill out duplicate coupon enclosed with magazine as follows; In column marked Rating, enter your rating of the feature. Make any additional remarks on the reverse of the coupon. Mail to: T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills, P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver 30, Colorado. In return you will receive UR #8 when it appears.

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