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CONVENTION ISSUE

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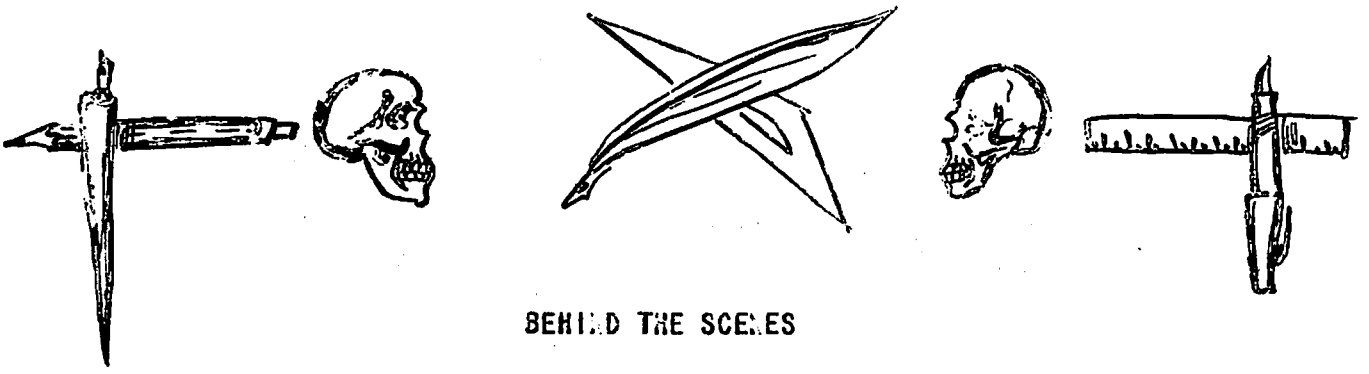
COVER *by* Robert Tschirky



BEHIND THE SCENES

Well, we're smiling—with very weary faces perhaps, but smiling. In fact we're grinning from ear to ear. Getting this issue out has been about the most fatiguing the most heart-breaking, and the most exciting thing either of us has ever done.

We've been working shifts with the Prime Press, using their office and machinery. We hope our mutual inconverience has not been too great.

We certainly have some fine art in this issue. No less than five people combined to make this from an art point of view the extra-special edition we wanted. Bob Tschirky lent us the skull drawing you see reproduced on the cover, and must have spent hours doing the beautiful lettering. W.L. Peck & Co. reproduced this on our cover by photo-offset printing, and believe us it was a joyous moment when we looked on the finished work, exactly *two days* after giving them the originals.

Bill Meyer wandered into our office one evening and insisted on staying, so we gave him the assignment to draw the map you see on the back cover. We think it is a wonderful job and certainly hope that it will be useful to the out-of-town fans.

George O. Smith, our art editor, planned a number of the inside drawings. Lex Phillips carried on for us in the emergency created by George's unexpected absence, copying his drawings, and originating a number of others.

Now for the articles themselves. We tried to split our material into two groups, one dealing particularly with our club, and another of more general interest. We received two anonymous contributions of the first type. One came in the mail, typewritten on pale yellow paper. We read it, and very regretfully laid aside three rather similar articles describing typical meeting nights. This one, standing alone, is perfect. The other three are also excellent, but we felt that, on the principle of Japanese flower arrangement, this one alone is best. The others will see print in the future. The other contribution, we find, was written by Dr. Jonathon Edwards, who teaches sociology at one of our local universities.

A word now about our magazine in general is necessary. We are, sad to say, obliged to increase our price. We have been attempting to put out issues averaging twenty pages at a price intended for issues of five pages. O course we have been taking a loss. Therefore, with the next issue, single copies are twenty cents, subscriptions six copies for a dollar, twelve for two dollars. Present subscribers will continue to get the magazine without additional cost while their subscription lasts.

Well, that just about takes care of everything. If this issue is good, it is because of the material contributed. If it is poor the fault is entirely ours.

Allison Williams
Helen E. Clowsley

IMPRESSIONS OF SOME PART OF A REGULAR MEETING OF THE PSFS---
PROBABLY "OLD" OR "NEW" BUSINESS

A MEMBER: I'd like to ask if any member has seen the new movie "A Pile of Horrors" yet?

B. DOOLING: I'm in favor of it. Let's have one every week.

J. WILLIAMS: *(aside)*. Shut up, Dooling.

A MEMBER: I'd like to make a motion---

B. DOOLING: *(enthusiastically)*. Second! I'll second that motion!

(Talkative member, buzzing vigorously in writhing victim's ear, catches attention of entire club. All stare. President pounds gavel. T.M.'s voice becomes lower and more confidential. Victim's writhings increase. Club's attention returns to "old" or "new", as the case may be, business.)

PHILLIPS: *(rising)*. I'd like to inquire if anything's been done about club subscriptions to fanmags---

A MEMBER: *(excitedly)*. It's been passed! It's been passed! Four years ago we passed a motion to subscribe to fanmags, and what's been done about it? Nothing! I think---

PRESIDENT: *(addressing club)*. Shall I call for discussion?

JACK MCKNIGHT: *(bouncing up)*. Hey! There's a motion on the floor. Bens: Dooling has a motion on the floor! You gotta dispose of that before you take up anything else.

A MEMBER: *(slightly confused)*: That wasn't a motion---it was a resolution.

PRESIDENT: Bens:, will you restate your resolution as a motion?

DOOLING: *(bewildered, but in there fighting)*. I make a motion my resolution be recognized.

(Victim escapes from Talkative Member, who, lost, stares about, catches the phrase, "I make a motion," and immediately seconds, to show he's been listening all the time.)

J. WILLIAMS: *(disgustedly)*. It wasn't Bens: made the original motion (sit down, Bens:!) it was somebody else. He only seconded it.

PRESIDENT: Who made the original motion, and what was it?

(Mover has forgotten, in subsequent excitement. To keep record straight unknown motion is officially tabled.)

PRESIDENT: Are we in New or Old business?

(Three kids and a drunk now lean over railing and howl down areaway at meeting.)

BOB MADLE: *(sitting straight up in pop-eyed surprise).* Who are they? New members?

(Sergeant-at-Arms is called for. Allison Williams settles matter by closing door. Dooling is restrained from inviting adolescent hecklers and drunken adult heckler to join meeting.)

JIM LORD: *(rising).* I say, I'd like to propose that the Entertainment Committee plan an evening of science-fiction anagrams. We could—

DOOLING: *(joyously, flourishing hand wildly).* Second! *That* I must see! I second that motion!

J. WILLIAMS: *(ferociously).* Dooling, *will* you shut up!

SLEEPY MEMBER: *(wearily).* What the hell is a science-fiction anagram?

GOERGE O. SMITH: Venus Equilateral. You spell out the name of some short story or novel. And of course, there's the Mislaid Charm and Lithconia----

(Talkative member captures fresh victim. He buzzes industriously in ear. Club jumps, startled, looks about. President pounds gavel.)

CRISMAN: I'd like to ask Harold Lynch is he's had any names submitted for the Best Story of the Year?

EXCITED MEMBER: *(speaking rapidly).* No! No names turned in yet. Not to be turned in till December. If anybody's turned any in, that's wrong----

(Bob Thompson gets up with considerable angular motion. Club grows silent (even Talkative Member) watching him. Impression is evident that club expects some portentious announcement. Thompson perceives impression, and is profoundly embarrassed.)

THOMPSON: I-er-I just wanted to ask why. I mean why. I-er-I mean I wondered why any body can't turn in the name of his selection for---that is, his selection for the Best Story of the Year before December?

(There is a moment of silence, difficult to interpret.)

SLEEPY MEMBER: *(wearily).* Labored with a mountain and... and... *(dies in a slow sigh)*

A MEMBER: *(staring musingly at the floor).* The thing is, how is this Best Story to be selected? The thing is, backgrounds are quite different. What *I* might recognize as superior----

EXCITED MEMBER: *(Still excited).* But you can't turn in names till December!

MILT ROTHMAN: As Bob Thompson said, why not?

LARRY BENEDICT: *(Patiently).* Why not let Harold Lynch explain it? Where's Lynch?

(Lynch is forced to his feet. He stands facing the Chair, but twists the upper part of his body about, speaking to the rear seats. The effect somehow gives the impression of an animal at bay.)

LYNCH: *(desperately).* It's quite simple, really. A poll will first be taken of all stories read in any one month. That is not all stories published in any one month, you understand, but only those read. Statistics will then be formed from this poll, and ratings given. This analysis will then be presented to the club, and all stories not read by all members will then be read, by the members who have not read them, of course. From this reading a second poll will be prepared, and, in turn, analyzed, and a new rating given. Any stories published in any one month but not included in this second poll will not be considered. Now it gets a little complicated--------

GOERGE O. SMITH: *Now* it gets complicated, he says!

B. DOOLING: *(suddenly).* One every week! I want one every----

J. WILLIAMS: *(resignedly).* Dooling. Do shut up.

SOL LEVIN: *(speaking, in very small voice, for first and last time during meeting. Everyone looks startled)* We still don't know whether or not we can turn in the names of our selections before December.

EVERYONE: Of course you can! NO! Not before December. Why not, for God's sake? What's December got to do with it?

(President pounds gavel, at first decorously, then more and more violently and at last viciously, until order is restored. As silence returns Talkative Member's buzz becomes audible. He has captured fresh victim.)

PRESIDENT: Are we in New or Old Business?

ALLISON WILLIAMS: *(rising with a tense and determined expression, and speaking breathlessly).* Ihaveannannouncementtomake.Variantneedsmaterialbadly.*(Here she begins speaking rapidly, and finishes in a fine burst. She sits, gasping, and the club is silent, dazzled.)*

SLEEPY MEMBER: *(sitting up for first time).* What *was* that? What was that went through here just now?

PHILLIPS: *(brightly).* That remin's me of a guy I knew once----

ALLISON: *(who has caught her breath, speaks, snappily).* It does nothing of the sort, Lex! Have you begun your article for Variant yet?

CHARLES LUCAS: About the Philcon. What about the price of hotel rooms? Milt, can you tell us anything?

MILT ROTHMAN: *(rather bashfully).* Well, in the front of the last issue of the Philcon News it said rooms could be had for $1.67½ per day. That was a mistake. But in the back it listed hotel rooms at $18.93 a day. Well, that was a mistake, too---

GEORGE O. SMITH: What are we supposed to do? Take a statistical, or a mean, average?

JACK MCKNIGHT: *(bouncing up).* Isn't there a motion on the floor?

(Club grows silent. Talkative Member's buzz is now drowsy.)

PRESIDENT: *(head in his hands, elbows on table in posture of despair).* God knows.

CURTAIN

. . . . . .

M E C H

by Sol Levin

Mighty machines. Machines releasing untold energies to move worlds, suns and even universes. Machines to carry man parsec upon parsec to distant galaxies in the twinkling of an eye. Eternal machines that repair themselves so they may serve man forever, as in Cambell's *Twilight*. Such are some of the things one encounters when reading science fiction.

I have often asked myself, "Why do such fictional machines fascinate me so?" I might also have asked, "Why does science fiction fascinate me?" But since I am dealing with my fascination for the above mentioned machines, I will consider only them at the moment.

To begin with, man, as compared to the forces of nature and the unconceivable infinity of the universe, is but a puny, ephemeral speck of protoplasm. When I view these things, I experience (as I am sure others do) a feeling of inferiority. But as I read of the mighty machines that can better the energy output of a sun of the first magnitude, quench a supernova, transport one through the vast reaches of the macrocosm at undreamed of speeds, that feeling of inferiority is swept away. Man can look nature in the eye and say, "Behold the mighty machines I have created! No longer must I quake in fear at your powers, for I can meet and even better them!"

Perhaps I sound as if I am making the machine my God. I say that I am not. I view it as an extension of man, being his creation to help him overcome the forces of nature, and to help him execute his wants.

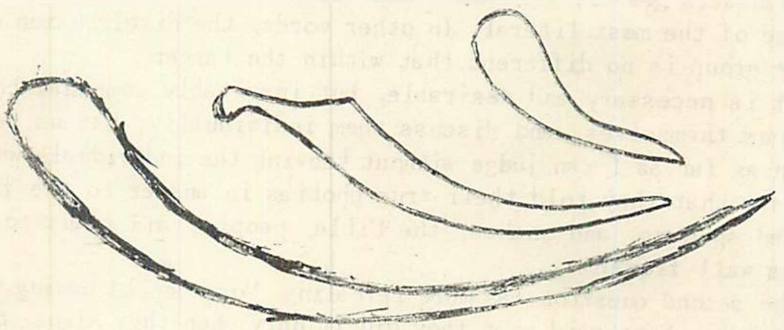
And there, in the words "Help him execute his wants," lies a sour note, for these wants are too often destructive rather than constructive. It is not man's creation that is a Frankenstein monster, but man himself. Perhaps, as time goes on, there will arise, as science fiction writers have pointed out, a superman who shall work for the ultimate good of mankind and use his machines toward that end instead of to annihilate his brother. Let us hope so.

REGISTER OF ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE PSFS AS OF AUGUST 1947

NAME	FAN DATA	PERSONAL NOTE
JACK AGNEW	Joined club 1935 Helps publish PSFS NEWS	music, art
HARRY ALSDORF	Joined club 1947	photography
LARRY BENEDICT	Joined club 1946 Took pictures at Conference	photography
JEAN BOGERT	Joined club 1943 Treasurer	hiking
CORALIE BOUB	Joined club August 1947	archeology, geology anthropology
HARRY BUCK	Joined club 1947	Automobile mechanics
RALPH CASH	Joined club Dec. 1946	Studying Chemical Engineering Wrote professional articles on rockets
JOHN P. CRISMAN	Joined club July 1947 Publisher of fanzines. *Weird Unsolved Mysteries* *S.F. Reporter*	Radio and Electronics
HELEN E. CLOUKEY	Joined in 1939 and 1946 Assistant Editor of *Variant*	Student of Osteopathy.
BENSON DOOLING	Joined club 1946	Wrote for *Weird Tales*.
AL DORMAN	Joined club 1947	Mechanical Engineer.
FRANK GOLDMAN	Joined club 1947	Book Dealer
ED HARLER	Joined club March 1947	Amateur journalist. American Amateur Press Assoc. National Amateur Press Assoc.
JAY KLEIN	Joined club 1945	Student

NAME	FAN DATA	PERSONAL NOTE
SOL LEVIN	Joined club 1947 Helped prepare Philcon booklet.	Artist, drew illustrations for *Venus Equilateral*
PETER LISTER	Joined August 1947	Television, photography, music, theatrics.
JAMES LORD	Joined PSFS 1946	Tennis, bridge, and chess.
CHARLES LUCAS	Joined 1945 Also attends ESFA	Music.
HAROLD V. LYNCH	Joined 1947 Booklet for informing new members of PSFS facts.	Interested in teaching.
ROBERT A. MADLE	Joined 1937 Publisher of *PSFS News.*	Secretary of PSFS Live-wire fan
BUDDIE MCKNIGHT	Joined 1947	paints Mother of two girls
JACK MCKNIGHT	Joined 1946	Machinist Good chess player.
T.J. MEAD	Joined fan clubs in 1935 and 1945	Detective stories
WM. P. MEYER	Joined August 1947 Drew back cover of *Variant.*	Philosophy, religion
ALBERT M. PEPPER	Joined 1941 Vice President Chairman of House Committee	Handicrafts, art, jewelry making
ALEXANDER M. PHILLIPS	Joined 1939 *Variant* illustrations	Professional writer, to UNKNOWN, etc.
ALFRED C. PRINE	Joined 1946	Prints, records, jewelry, books, machine work, and publishing

NAME	FAN DATA	PERSONAL NOTE
LT. JOHN R. BARRETT	Joined August 1947	US Army
MILTON ROTHMAN	Founded PSFS 1935	Student of Physics Wrote for Astounding. Astonishing!
TED SCHWARTZ	Joined July 1947	
GORDON G. SMITH	Denies he is a fan Joined 1946	Radio Engineer Writes
RUSSELL L. SWANSON	Joined Nov. 1946	Paints, also interested in hunting, fishing, and trapping.
ROBERT G. THOMPSON	Joined 1937	wrote story for *Stirring Science*
USHER TRAI	Joined in 1935 President of PSFS	Book collector Photography
ROBERT (illegible)KAY	Joined 1947 *Variant* Cover, this issue	Paints
ARMAND E. (illegible) WALSH	Joined 1942 Philcon Staff Member	Record collecting, drawing photography.
ALLISON WILLIAMS	Joined July 1946 Editor of *Variant*	Education Student Major in English
JAMES WILLIAMS	Joined July 1946	Book Dealer



This tells its own story. We bragged of the PSFS as unique to our professor friend one night, and he mocked our chauvinism. He prefers to remain anonymous, due to his scholastic associations.

THE SILLY QUESTIONAIRE

I have before me as I write, a sheaf of papers, partly legal size, partly letter size, entitled, as this article, *Silly Questionaire*. I have no doubt that the members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society know more about this matter than I do. However, let me introduce myself, and present my problem. I am a friend of one of the editors of *Variant*, and she requested me to go through with my promise about this foolish business. She made out the questionaires, not I. They were given to me, with the demand to write an article about the *Personality of the PSFS*, or *A Typical Member and His Traits*. Perhaps I was drunk at the time. I do not remember, but that is enough introduction----here is the article.

The first significant fact that comes to my attention is that I am told 30 of these things were mailed or handed out. Twenty-eight are in my hands. I am informed that one was mailed to a member in Los Angeles, and so may be delayed in returning. That leaves only one unaccounted for. This is significant, as it indicates a high degree of group feeling, tolerance for nonsense, and ability to cooperate. It is possible that the wording of the letter which accompanied the questionaire may have influenced this result, but I have not seen the letter, and cannot say.

The second significant point I should like to notice is the fact that the completed questionaires, as a group, fall into two divisions. About four-fifths of them are filled in completely, and suitably. The other fifth are missing an answer here and there. This fifth are more literal throughout.

The third point which may be mentioned, before we go to the actual questions and their answers, is that most of them were filled out with legible pen-writing. Ten were filled out with pencil, more or less legible. One of these committed the insult of using a dull, smudgy red pencil. Most interesting to the author were those filled out with a typewriter. If it were not for the contents of these, I should state that the type of person who would fill out a nonsensical thing like this by typewriter is the type who would keep an itemized account of the expenses of his honeymoon. However, I am forced to realize that this is a sign of the years creeping upon me. The nature of the answers greatly broadened this viewpoint, as they include some of the wittiest and some of the most literal. In other words, the distirbution of traits within the smaller group is no different that within the larger.

It is necessary and desirable, but inevitably somewhat boring to itemize the questions themselves, and discuss them individually. Let us get on with it.

In as far as I can judge without knowing the individuals who filled them out, I would say that they told their true phobias in answer to the first question. These included spiders, and snakes, the Bible, people, and *claustro*, as well as fear of being a wall-flower.

The second question was more revealing. Most denied having waked up screaming in recent years. Some said that they did it only when they slept, others said that they dared not do so, lest it break their lease, or disturb their neighbors. Someone reported that they woke up screaming in a major key, a most provocative statement and one scarcely suitable for lengthy discussion here.

Only one sad soul confessed that he woke up, not screaming, but *only tired.* This brings to my mind pictures of great fatigue of mind and spirit, utter weariness and despair.

Favorite color combinations were various, but difficult to evaluate without a better knowledge of each individual. The original answers included $20 bills, untraviolet stripes with infra-red polka dots, red on red, and black silk on white skin. One fascinating answer was *A well done drawing showing the infinity of space.* An interesting color combination indeed! (Ed. Note: Those who have seen Mr. Russell Swanson's pastel of Titan landscape will agree, for it must be presumed that the writer of the above italicised answer had seen it.)

Some people know who Mr. Perelman is; some do not. As I am unfamiliar with him myself, I will pass on to the next question, that about card playing. Speaking generally, I should say that most members of this club frown on their foreheads, and on card playing only when they are losing.

The sixth question, on suffering from itching, disclosed that many do suffer, and many do not. Usually the first question on the subject brought forth a denial. One answer included the invitation, however, *Would you like to come up and see my itching?* obviously another semantic miscarriage. Many admitted itching of the palms in the vicinity of money, and some few said they loved it, especially when it stopped. As to the second question, (Ed. Note: 'If not, how do you stand it?') I have never seen a more varied batch of remedies for itching. They include a stiff wire brush, special or anesthetic ointment, will power, scratching, mind over matter, philosophical fortitude, washing, Old Dr. Soden's Indian Remedy, and sitting or lying down to avoid standing it! Some sadly admit that they just don't stand it, or as one person answered, *miserably.*

The seventh question brought out a tendency toward secretiveness. I was forced to ask my friend editor about some of the characters in the club, especially the identity of one Mr. Smith, for all of four persons claimed that he was their Favorite Itch. Also Mr. Dooling, Mr. Selinger received a vote. The editors received two gallant *you, dears* that I am certain were not intended for this old bald head. The most common answer, I am sorry to report, was *I'm not telling,* or the simple *?!* of perplexity. I can understand either.

There was some difference of opinion as to the intention of this question, for some obviously gave their sweethearts, wives, etc., while others equally obviously pointed to their most hated enemies. As an example of the first type, I quote *Yowie! She's all right!* and of the latter type, *Certain egoists who think they run fandom.*

I have hesitated a while, considering how to discuss the problem of favorite beverages, alcoholic and otherwise. I shall state that of the first classification the ratio of alcoholic to non-alcoholic was 12 to 13. In the second, narrower classification, there are at least three persons stating *none,* and four more stating the same thing indirectly by such terms as *water, buttermilk* or *Philadelphia Chlorine Cocktail.* Speaking broadly, this indicated to me a slight tendency toward---Well, the balance was definitely on the side of drinking, as three stated in effect, *Anything as long as it is alcoholic,* five spoke for whisky, especially Scotch, six for wine, with the rest of the replies distributed among the exotic. Vodka, eggnog, spiked milk (another name for eggnog?) zinfandel, zombie, and *Lemonade with Tequila.*

Strangely enough, in this entire intellectual (Ed. Note: ?!?) crowd are listed only three persons whose favorite drinks are stimulating, two of these speaking for

coffee, and one for coke. I cannot help but suspect that the ratio is higher than this, unless they all stimulate each other, instead.

As to the delightful problem of how to hold a Martini, we see an interesting distribution in the mass. Five persons refused to commit themselves, sometimes indignantly. Six persons cautiously recommended holding it in both hands. Three persons advocated one in each hand. Two left it dependent on the feminine companionship. Two said that it should be held unless the drinker wished to lap or slup it. Four admitted it should be held. One spoke out for the right hand, one for the third tentacle, but only with Martian Martinis. Five, one way or another, said that it *actually* should be drunk immediately. One independent soul gave this logical answer, *Left hand, to leave right free for the olive.*

As to whether the members face the East when drinking said Martini, this was interpreted in many ways. Most thought it an invitation to state the direction which they do face. In this fashion, one faces the Martini, one the bar, one at the Saratoga, faces the North. Two others, probably his companions, also face North. One probably an ex-barkeep there, faces south. Two admitted they faced the East only at sunrise, and it is not difficult to see the rosy glow on their sleepy faces as they do so. Four refused to answer, and two voiced a calm and equally non-commital *no*-. One yelled bluntly, *Who the hell cares?*

Now, to tackle the poser about green hair (a) on women (b) on frogs (c) on mermaids. A very revealing thing this. Literal-minded persons definitely faltered here, so we have six with no comment on the first point, ten on the second, and seven with none on the third. Generally, however, more tried to answer it than did not. Some most enjoyable humor emerged, such as from the gentleman who filled out (a) with *My dream girl!!!!!* and the gentleman who filled out (c) with *Can't swim under water, cigarets have got my pipes.* To condense it, women got 12 votes for green hair, 11 against. Frogs got 8 votes for, and ten against, and mermaids caused a lot of comment. Three objections to their hair being green were that it would look like seaweed, and three that it is difficult to judge, as the writer cannot swim, etc. 12 came out flat-footed for more and greener hair on mermaids, and five were strictly against it.

When we reach the 13th question, we discover whether or not the member filling out the questionaire is frustrated. Here, we see the first evidence whatsoever that the members of this society have anything in common, , for 21 of them stated that they were frustrated, often going into detail, or underlining, or placing gothic exclamation points after their affirmations. Four denied frustration, and even in the denial two confessed it with these answers, *No, I've already gone crazy* and out individual with the dull red pencil, *No*. Two stated that they were not frustrated, and sounded like it with *I usually manage to get what I want*, and *Not often, being a determined person*. The latter sounds somewhat spinsterish. The remaining three refuse to comment in any way. But, remember this figure for the PSFS, 21 out of 30 confess frustration and five make no comment, at all.

If you will pardon my sounding like a zoo for a moment, I will report that the following numbers of people believe that they resemble the following animals: 7-wolf, 3-mouse, 3-lion, 3-question mark, 3-cat, 1-snake, 1-worm, 1-fox. In addition we have the following write-in votes. Members asserted their resemblance to a queen-bee, vulture, pig, hamster, monofinned narcissaclinch, louse, a spherodon and a mule. I, personally cannot avoid a deep and abiding curiosity as to the nature of (a) hamster, (b) spherodon, and (c) monofinned marcissaclinchi.

So, this is my feeble attempt at postulating the typical member of the PSFS. He is definitely an individual, and one with a well-developed, rather conventional sense of humor, modest, and quite literate. I would hazard a quess that he dresses neatly, and drinks wine usually, and Scotch whicky when he can afford it. He is not completely literal-minded, and is very fond of 'going along with the gag.'

I would hazard another quess that there is a small minority within the club of great literal-mindedness, and considerably less sense of humor, who are not so flexible mentally as the first type.

These are my conclusions at the end of the problem. For once I have had the privilege of attempting to synthesize a "general personality" of a group with a common interest without being able to do so satisfactorily. Admittedly, I believe it would have been more possible with the *Serious Questionaire*, a copy of which I have seen. However, that was not the problem. You editor challenged my didactic statement that given any fifteen pieces of data about each member of a group such as this, I could draw a picture of a typical member vivid enough to be recognizable. However, I am forced to back down, pay my wager with this article, and retire from the scene. Even the casual reader will understand that I was somewhat hampered by the nature of the questions, and the excessive (from the view of *normal* and *average*) individuality of the persons answering them.

Anonymous.

Despite our best attempts, one morning found us in the Prime Press office until nine-thirty. At nine-twenty-five, the Press walked in and caught us there.

Reactions of the Prime Press to the Appropriation of its Office by the Staff of Variant:

God rest you, merry ladies, may nothing you dismay
Prime Press can let you work at night,
But, mornings must you stay?
Through daylight hours the Press must roll,
And business come and go,
We like you all, we try to help, but must you plague us so?
The whistle sounds at nine o'clock.
Yet horns that blow at midnight, now mornings blast at Prime.
The Multi-lith and Vari-Type are used as ne'er before
The paper flies in flurries and *(The hell it does, bud!* Ed.)
The light bills upward soar.
You have your ton of paper, two tables and a fan.
And of the group who are the Press,
You let in not a man!
The door is barricaded, away we turn our feet.
Your paper will be out on time
While the Press waits in the street!

Alfred C. Prime
August 26, 1947

THE FLYING SAUCERS AS SEEN BY THE PSFS

by Robert G. Thompson

As the "flying saucers" seems to be one of the most striking examples since Hiroshima of fact catching up with science-fiction, the topic was brought up at the July 7 meeting of the PSFS. Someone recalled the "Flying Buzz-saw" (an aeronautical vehicle of quite similar appearance. (April 1930 *Air Wonder*) Also mentioned was the means of transportation of the lion men of the planet Mongo (Flash Gordon). Discussion, however, established that these were in the shape of tops rather than disks.

Theories, expressed during the aforementioned discussion or at other times, as to the nature of the flying disks, varied considerably. The most incredulous attitude found highly distinguished support. George O. Smith was inclined to suspect, "Optical delusion, coupled with a bit of mass hysteria. There have been an awful lot of people getting on the band-wagon." He declared, "Till I hear a report from an observer trained to make such observations, I will reserve judgement. I would like to think that this a contact with intelligences from outer space, but I doubt it."

Another author, L. Sprague Decamp, was even more sceptical. "My suspicion," he said, "Is that this is like the appearance of Castor and Pollux, everytime the Romans won a battle, or the angels of the battle of Mons. Everytime people get excited they start seeing things. You can't disprove them; you can't prove that you weren't created yesterday, with all your memories and the universe to match. But it seems likely that it is a lot of guff."

Benson Dooling remarked, "These things sound like they are powered with sherry."

Milton A. Rothman said, "My studied and careful opinion at the moment is that it might be anything; we cannot make conjectures without further information. From now on I am going around with a camera and field glasses by my side. Of course, I would be delighted if it were an invasion from Mars." He was, however, inclined to doubt that the disks were a product of human science, saying, "It's not the fashion among scientists to build things that shape."

Alfred Prime said, "They are either from this world or they aren't. If they are not, we cannot know anything about them. If they are from this world, we certainly won't learn anything about them, as there is probably some secret."

Few of the members were ready to commit themselves seriously to the theory that the saucers represented an expedition from another planet. Robert A. Madle said, discussing this possibility, "From the size of the ships, the people would be from a very heavy planet."

Bud Waldo suggested, "They are probably people from another planet who saw atomic explosions on our planet and came to save up from a disaster such as wiped out their civilization."

Albert Pepper thought the disks, "Some sort of airships someone has invented and shipped around the country. It's peculiar none of them have landed; they're probably radio controlled. * * * * If they were sent by some foreign power, they would have some sort of explosive attached."

Jack Agnew said, "It's a weapon that they are trying to keep secret but that got out of control. They evidently being indigenous." On consideration he declared it most probably that it was some sort of diffusing apparatus for radar.

Alexander M. Phillips commented, "According to Charles Fort, such things have been seen, not once, but many times. I'm waiting to see if it dies down and nothing more is heard of it--according to Fort the normal course of events."

The shade of the great iconoclast was also invoked by James A. Williams, who said, "I have absolutely no opinion, except that these reports are recurrant and must have some basis. The records will show that this is nothing new. This will go to the limbo of forgotton mysteries as quickly as the others."

(Editors note: It would seem that it has.)

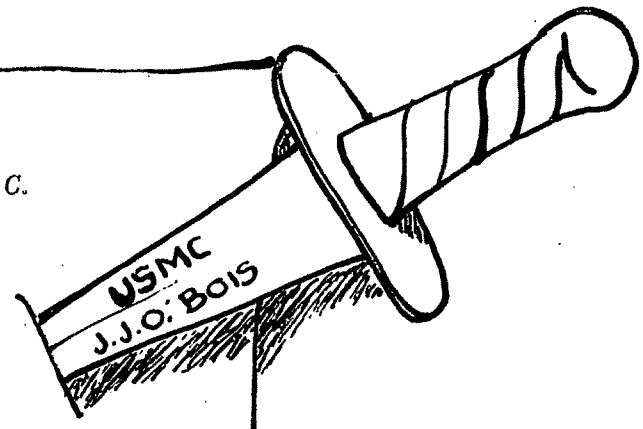
* * *

Five Inch Filler
Confessions of an Assistant Editor
OR--Corn Redistilled

The VARIANT staff was full of gin
Smith wasn't there, but we let Ozzie in.
The dry sherry flowed, but grim Allison
Put wool in her ears, and Vari-typed on.
The Multilith, growing spitting mad,
Made papers fly, and we grew sad---
The gin ran out, and after ink-----
Sherry seemed stupid stuff to drink---
Then Abby took up her sturdy broom
And pummelled the rest of us out of the room.
"I'll get it done for the Philcon today--"
We heard her shout as we staggered away.
Come morning, we found her, asleep on the floor
In her hand carbon-ribbon, it led out the door,
To mark the place where the V-typer flew---
For she tossed it out, to show she was through.
And there on the desk, in orderly piles
The last of the VARIANT, so, with kind smiles
We let her sleep--the Philcon could start.
We went to that, and so broke her heart.

Helen E. Cloukey

(Editors Note: This poem is strictly fictitious, and all characters herein are not to be confused with any persons living or dead-drunk.)



From Marine Gazette—Washington D.C.

TRAVELOGUE

By Howard Haynes

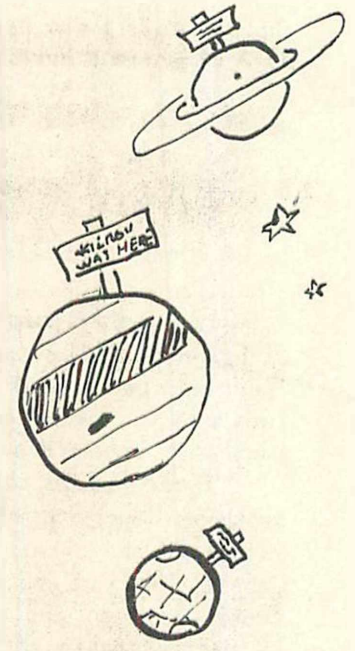
With plaudits galore and a deafening roar,
The earth-rocket shot toward the moon;
Past ruddy-faced Mars up the path to the stars
Sped the good ship "Galloping Goon."
And seated inside—we now can confide—
Were men ranking high in the arts;
Prolific, scientific, with brain power terrific,
Busy wrestling with data and charts.

The problem involved was about to be solved;
The man in the moon—who is he?
Sharp-witted sages throughout the dark ages
Had pondered the thing until dizzy;
But Science today shouted, "Gadgets away!
We'll bring it right under control."
No Doubting Thomas, nor old Nostradamus
Ever challenged a worthier goal.

At last, as moon-parked, the crew disembarked
To go hunting for fauna and flora;
There came a surprise, one stared with bugged eyes.
Exclaiming, "Hieroglyphics, Begorra!"
To report the event, this message was sent;
"We've taken a jolt on the chin here.
Our experts translated an inscription which stated,
'The Marines and Kilroy have been here!' "

EPILOGUE

By John J.O. Bois

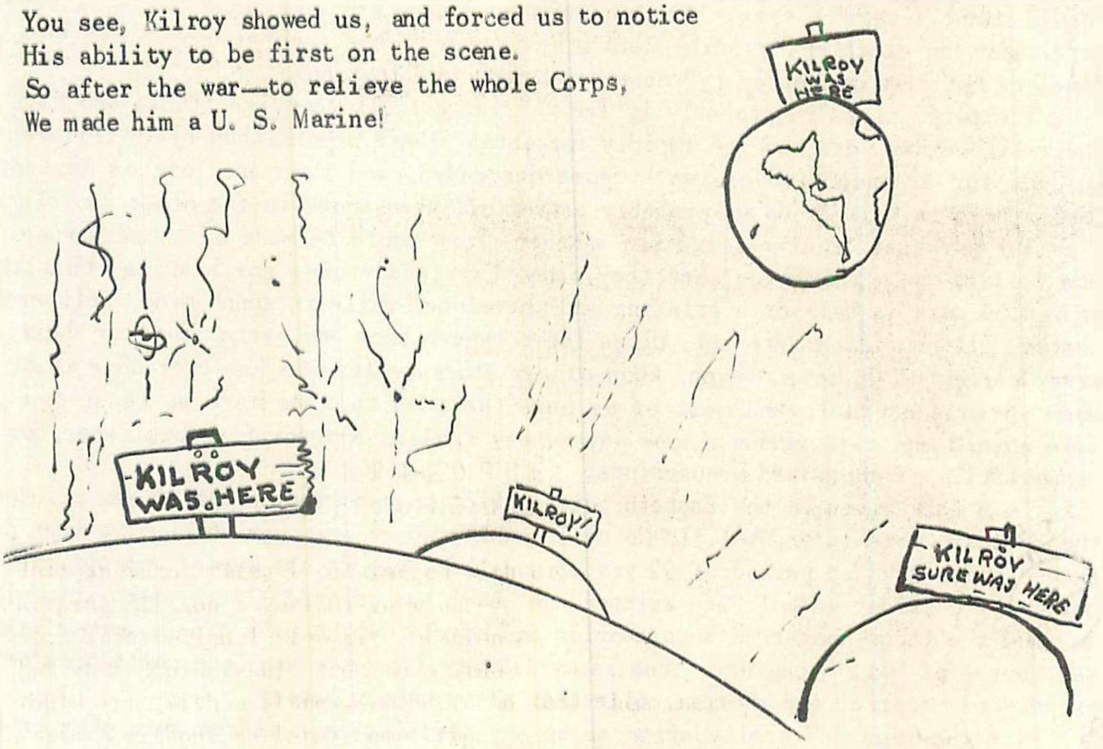


This incident rare, I considered with care,
Keeping Allison's *Variant* in mind.
Such information I view with elation—
But what would result from this find?
Would Jim, with a glare—demand, "Who took them there?"
Marines without sailors? Some trip!
Who in the hell manned the ship?"

Would De Camp, with a sneer—say, " What have we here?
Some publicity grabbing it seems!
They won the whole war, that publicized Corps,
And now Luna belongs to Marines?"
And then Milt and Bob, I can picture their sob
Of anguish—I'm sure I'd be cursed!
Kilroy 'tis said, would rather be dead
Than have the Marines get there first.

So let me explain this mild, modest claim.
Of course the Navy was in on the show.
And this may seem worse—Kilroy *was* first!
But the Army has no right to blow.

You see, Kilroy showed us, and forced us to notice
His ability to be first on the scene.
So after the war—to relieve the whole Corps,
We made him a U. S. Marine!



Who can know a man better than himself? Who can plumb the depths of any soul but his own? We present here the famous Dr. Keller, the David H. Keller whom you know. This is a reprint of his speech before the PSFS. It will be recalled by all who heard it, as an expose of his innermost secrets, the story of his unprinted manuscripts.

UNBORN BABIES

by Dr. David H. Keller

It is difficult to find in surveying literature any summary by a story teller of his unpublished writings with an analysis of why they have never been printed. There may be various reasons for this silence, and one of them no doubt, is the reluctance to acknowledge writing material that cannot be sold. Another is the hope that some day such stories will find a market.

There are, in the main, three classes of writers and it is hard to tell which group is deserving of the most pity. One contains those writers who have acquired a vogue and can obtain printing of their works as fast as they write them. Sinclair, Cabell, Kipling are examples. With many of these there is a marked deterioration in their writing, and thus they lose in reputation what they gain in output. Cabell is an illustration of this rapid descent into the commonplace in his desire to produce a book a year.

The second class contain those who have their works published after death. There seems to be a peculiar desire to rush into print everything a popular author has left unpublished after he dies. Even unfinished tales are completed by some friend. Merritt is an excellent example, and I believe that the general opinion is that his fame has not been increased by these posthumous publications.

The third class is probably by far the largest. It comprises those who have had their little day, die and are rapidly forgotten. Their unpublished brain children may be kept for a generation or two by some descendent and then are lost or destroyed. The writers in this group are probably better off than those in the other two classes.

For purposes of classification another group could be made of those writers who are willing to acknowledge that they cannot write anything worth while, that their unprinted work is not worth printing and therefore, while in sound mind, deliberately destroy all unprinted material, close their typewriters and write *finis* to their literary career. I do not, however, know of any story-teller who has ever done this, for hope springs eternal, and most of us have the idea that we have at least one good tale untold and that perhaps some day we may find an appreciative publisher for our accumulation of unprinted manuscripts.

In a talk given to the Eastern Science Fiction Association (which was printed in the *Fantasy Commentator*, Vol. II. No. 2) I considered my writings which have been published since 1895, a period of 52 yrs. Since that talk it has seemed appropriate to carefully consider what I have written and never had printed. It is astonishing to me to find the large number of such stories and novels, which have slowly accumulated in the course of half a century. Thus in my library I have a complete collection of all my printed material and another collection of my unborn babies.

The questions naturally arise as to why these brain children were ever created and, once conceived, were never born. The main reason is very simple. A man either writes for money, or he writes for pleasure. If he writes simply to make money, he

creates only material that he is reasonably certain of selling, and once he writes a story he never ceases the effort to sell it. The man who writes for pleasure consults only his own desires, he has a story that he simply has to imprison on paper. He may not even try to sell it, and all too often when he does try he is unable to have it published. Ten, twenty years after he writes it he digs it out, reads it, admits that it is a good tale but doubts its sales value, carefully puts it back into his collection of the unborn.

It is interesting to recall the comments of various editors in regard to rejections. Some of the best editors explain that the story is just too beautiful. They go on to say that the style closely resembles that of Lord Dusaney and then go on to explain that the average reader of their magazine would neither understand or appreciate it and so they cannot buy it. Several of my best tales were rejected because of some fancied sexual content in spite of the lurid seminude females that adorn the covers of the magazines. This happened to one of my stories, "The Question", which was printed after American rejection in *Les Premieres* and won high praise from Regis Messac.

One of my very recent rejects really thrilled me. The Editor wrote me that it was a powerful tale with a fine ending, but simply too horrible for their readers, who could stand just so much horror and no more. This story is called *Heredity*, and I consider the reason for its rejection puts me in a very limited group of authors. I wanted it printed and it will probably appear this year in the fan magazine *VORTEX*. If printed we can at least test the capacity of the average fan to withstand the shock of horror.

It is interesting to find the same reaction from editors that the general public has always shown to me. They either like me intensely or they hate me cordially. There seems to be no middle ground. One editor has stated frequently that he will never print anything by Keller. Obviously it is useless to submit anything to him as he would mail it back as soon as he saw who wrote it, without even giving it the most casual survey. Another editor wants Taine stories but the locale must be in the United States, so a very good Taine story remains unpublished because the hero went to Arabia.

It appears that some writers are successful from the first. They are able to write successfully from the beginning. With me there was a long period of literary training. From 1895 to 1927, in which year I sold my first story, "The Revolt of the Pedestrians", I wrote over 5000 pages of stories, long and short, without making any great effort to sell a single page. There seemed to be much to write about, but at no time was I certain of that peculiar literary attribute called style, and I can see now that I was more interested in duplicating the form of men like Dusaney, Ike Marvel and Cabell than in developing anything individualistic. But these years of training gave me an ability to develop several various forms of expression. I found that I could change style to harmonize with the story, and I was so successful that many of my short stories, and even my novels could be published under a pen name and few, if any, of my constant readers could identify them as being written by Keller.

During the last month I have card indexes all my unpublished writings and reviewed them in an effort to determine just why they have remained unborn, and whether it is worth the effort to hade any of them printed. As a convenient form for your consideration, I am going to separate them into literary types.

1. POETRY: When I was a boy all adolescents who considered themselves cultured wrote poetry. It is my opinion that such juvenile poets either cease on reaching maturity, continue writing and become Tennysons or Longfellows, or drift into dementia praecox. In my collection are over one hundred poems and very occasionally I write one more, but I have never tried to sell any.

2. THE ESSAY: Conditioned by Emerson, there was a definite period when I tried to write in this form slanted toward the *Atlantic Monthly*. I considered the titles intriguing—*Stone Fences—Glass Windows—Dragons Blood—My Fivefoot Book Shelf* and *Masters of Erotica*. Nothing happened to any of them but perhaps they taught me something as far as expressing ideas in the fewest most appropriate words.

3. STORIES ABOUT BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS: If ever reborn, I am going to own a bookshop. So naturally I wrote about such a high adventure. Some unpublished titles are *The Bookseller, Independence*, and *The Perfumed Garden*. Several have been published, and of these, *Personality of a Library* has received favorable comment. Another, which I like very much, *Eternal Empires*, is to be included in a book of unpublished stories, featuring my novel, *The Eternal Conflict*. I have very recently signed a contract for this publication.

4. ANY WORTH STORIES: In 1928 I determined to write short stories about the common people of America, and *Ten Story Book* started buying them. Perhaps the one best known of these is *The Dead Woman* which was reprinted in the *Not At Night* anthologies in England. After fifteen were printed, the magazine stopped paying me and I replied in the only practical way and sent them no more. But fifteen remained unborn and without a definite market. One of them, *The Bearded Man*, deserves a sales effort.

5 CORNWALL STORIES: Someday an enthusiastic publisher will issue them in book form. This is simply to say that such a story should start with *A Fragment From The Hubelaires*, include *Feminine Magic* and end with *Convalescence*. I understand that the latter tale will be published in England this year. Wright rejected *Feminine Magic* because a baby was born in it while the father was visiting Paracelsus in an endeavor to learn how to procreat a homunculus.

6. SHORT SHORTS: Only one of these, *The Last Frontier*. I consider they are very difficult to write beautifully. I like the one I wrote, but no one else did. However, any fan editor is welcome to it.

7. SCIENCE FICTION: In my collection is a manuscript written at the age of 15, called *Anima Postica*. I mention this simply to warn all publishers that if they start printing this after my death, I will haunt them in no pleasant manner. I keep it to make my collection complete but I have never had the courage to read it. I have some other S.F. stories, but do not consider them worth while.

8. WEIRD TALES: The number of such unpublished tales is not great and only recent

has been reduced by sale. Some are too short and some too long, and some are dated. I have an idea that eventually several will be published.

9. THE NOVEL: For years I wrote these mainly for my own pleasure. At least I never tried to sell any, but they had interesting titles, *Wanderers in Spain*, *The Gentle Pirate*, *The Adorable Fool*, *The Lady Decides*, *The Fighting Woman*, *The Dream Journey*, *The Feminine World*, *Deepening Shadows*. They were from 50,000 to 70,000 words long. Fortunately for me, I never tried to duplicate in length such monstrosities as *Gone With the Wind* and *Anthony Adverse*. I have recently sold *The Eternal Conflict* and have hopes of selling my last venture, *The Homunculus*.

10. DIALOGUE: Only one in this group, called *Improbable*. Perhaps some day this will be printed in a collection. Otherwise I doubt that it will ever be born, although it would be appreciated by every married man.

11. DRAMA: I think that every writer tries to write at least one play. I have one all ready to write, having spent many hours dreaming about it, but so far not even a note concerning it on paper. Perhaps someday I will write it, publish it in a very limited edition under a pen name, and have the peculiar satisfaction that no one will guess I wrote it.

12. AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Some years ago I finished a 400 page account of 25 years of my life spent in hospitals with the Abnormals of Society. I enjoyed writing it and had hopes that it could be marketed. But all who read it wanted it rewritten, each in a different way and this I refused to do, so there is a large book with some fine writing and unusual experiences in it and probably it will remain simply as a source of satisfaction to me and an occasional friend who cares to wade through it.

13. UNFINISHED WORKS: I have been told that it is treason for an author to die without leaving at least one unfinished work. Some years ago I wrote at white heat 70 pages of a novel called *The Abyss* and then was called to the service and for five years it remained 70 pages. I also started a revision of my novel, *The Adorable Fool* and I have 19 pages of a science-fiction tale called *The Prophet*. If I live long enough, I may finish some of these, for I am uneasy in regard to anyone doing the job for me.

After reviewing these 52 years of writing I ask myself whether the effort was worthwhile, and what reward, if any, I received. It seems that satisfaction and happiness is the chief compensation. The spoiling of beautiful white paper with well selected words and occasional perfect sentences should remain the great ambition of the would be author. Thus in this half century of writing I can truthfully say that I have followed the pattern of the ancient teller of tales

The story teller sat near the fire surrounded by the tribe and he told them stories and none could tell whether he was speaking the truth or depending on his imagination. When he finished, they cracked a choice marrow bone and gave it to him to eat, which he did, and was glad that it was a bone, and not a cup of hemlock, handed to him by an Editor.

I guess I can't blame anyone but myself fot this; I asked for "Amusing anecdotes of club members." Abreviated bathing suits indeed! It wasn't!

THE MODEST LADY

(A Peculiarly Feminine Variation on Our Human and Universal Illogicality)

She lay upon her stomach, her head rising sphinx-like above the crest of the dune. We lolled about in the hollow between the dunes, out of the brisk sea-wind. The lady wore a yellow blouse and white-striped, black dirndl skirt. Head, shoulders, and forearms alone were visible to us below, so I could not know that the pagan sea-wind played immoderately (or at least so the lady must have thought) with the hem of the black dirndl skirt.

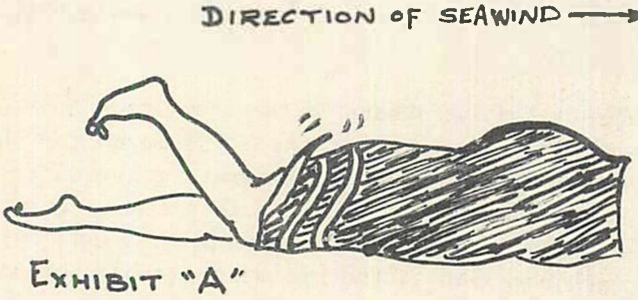


EXHIBIT "A"

At length I rose and strolled about, coming eventually to the crest of the dune. Now the full length of the lady, down to shoeless feet, lay within range of vision. And upon the instant strange contortions developed; the lady twisted, writhed, scrabbled with toes, made swimming motions with her arms. I stopped amazed. Illness? Ptomaine? Had she been poisoned? Were these convulsions? Or had some hereditary nervous defect, long recessive, suddenly emerged in this poor writhing child?

And then suddenly I saw and knew. The sea-wind whipped; the hem of the dirndl skirt rose a full inch (maybe three quarters) from the back of sandy knees; and the scrabbling was violently intensified. The lady was trying to grip the fickle hem between her knees, hold it in its appointed place, and preserve her modesty. The relentless struggle brought her to her knees, and finally to her feet, and the licentious sea-wind was abashed and vanquished.

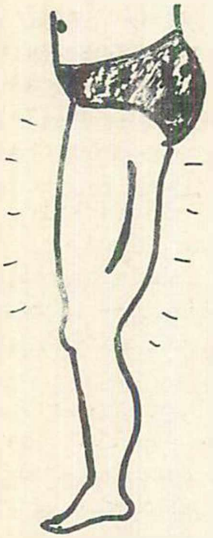


EXHIBIT "B"

I drew a long, proud breath, as when a new champion is made. So long as the coming generations were in such hands as these American Womenhood was safe. Chastity need never tremble, nor Convention bow its lofty head. And Our Civilization, could forever Point with Pride.

And then moments later the ladies returned, having withdrawn to don appropriate dress for surf-bathing, and the Modest Lady presented herself attired in something not unlike a knapkin and a gee-string! Was her knee exposed! Her entire thigh gleamed in the sea-shore sun! Did she scrabble to pull the gee-string down to cover this endless nakedness? She did not (thank all gods of Propriety!) Was she embarrassed, ill-at-ease? She was as natural as a child, and as dignified as a Dean at Commencement!

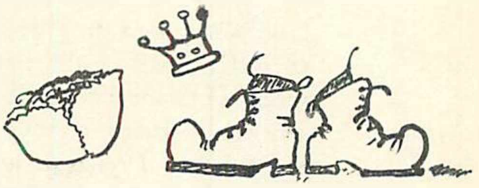
I fell back on the sand and expired, offering my last breath to the Forsaken Gods of Logic, and now, translated to a higher plane, I let them weep on my shoulder daily, between the hours of ten and twelve.

DIRECTION of expiration →

Alexander M. Phill...

THE TIME HAS COME, THE WALRUS SAID. . . . .

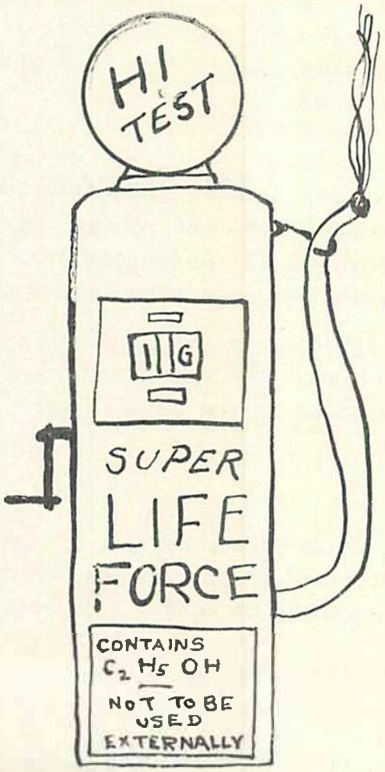
by Milton A. Rothman



The postman rang twice and deposited within my portal an item which is worth describing. It is the *Scientific Forum*, a printed journal of 32 pages for which Franklin Llewis of Los Angeles charges 50 cents. It can be distinguished from a science fiction fan magazine mainly by the fact that it costs fifty cents. No sf fan has yet had that much nerve.

I shall take advantage of the little note on the copywrite line which says, "Permission is granted to quote brief extracts provided proper credit is given." We hereby give proper credit to Mr. Llewis.

The purpose of the magazine is "designed to help its readers in solving some of their perplexing personal problems and to aid them in realizing the goals of health, happiness and success rightfully due them. Also, each issue presents facts about the constitution of the material world of special interest to physicists and top-ranking scientists, rather than the average layman, who is respectfully advised to skip them."



The cover bears the intriguing inscription, "Innermost secrets of the atom are revealed for the first time."

One might think that this was some sort of amateur science magazine, so that the article bearing the title, "Management of Time" might pique one's curiosity. Alas, it is no more than a group of suggestions on how to order one's day so as to get the most out of life and not to waste any precious moments.

We are next taught, in an article entitled, "Breath of Life" that, "when we breathe we take into our bodies the very spirit of life—we inhale a mystic substance that is the origin of life—the life current --the current of the universe—the spirit, indeed, of the current of the universe."

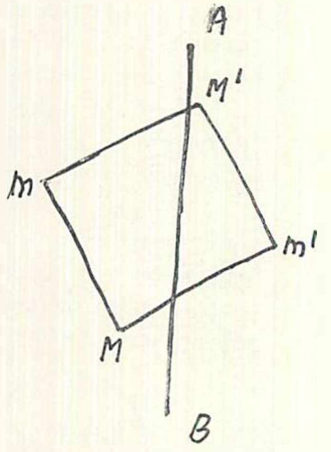
Let us pass on hurriedly to "Psychometry—A Puzzle" by Max Freedom Long F.R.F. He explains that psychometry "...is an ability found in certain persons to divine the history of, or events connected with, a material object with which they may come in close contact." This includes a section on crystal gazing procedures.

Apparently a person who thought this was a scientific publication is doomed to disappointment. Or perhaps it is the fault of my school teachers, who didn't ever tell me that science included crystal gazing and yoga.

In an article on "Immortality" we finally reach some philosophical depths. (And I do mean depths.) We begin by reading, "The great universe of which this world is an infinitely small part, is governed by Cosmic Laws which are inexorable, and from whose ultimate design and purpose there can be no turning..... the great law which man is learning on the long road from all eternity to all eternity is that of Cause and Effect, by which alone, through experience, the soul of man learns to conform and grow." We go on to find that the individual ego, or real self, never dies, but is projected into endless steps in existance.

It would be most interesting to know how this Universal Law was discovered. I could write my thesis on it.

We skip over a few papers on subjects of less world shattering interest, and go on to what seems to be the meat of this sterling publication. Perhaps now we shall learn about the innermost secrets of the atom. For we come upon a paper entitled, "The Hydrogen Molecule" by Harry LaVerne Twining, B.A. The editorial note states that, "It would appear that a problem which has bothered scientists for many years has been solved in the accompanying article by Professor Twining."



The Hydrogen Molecule

The paper turns out to be no less than a mathematical and mechanical analysis of the hydrogen molecule which is composed of two hydrogen atoms. All of this is accomplished in five pages of "mathematics" which is quite economical, since Pauling and Wilson's *Quantum Mechanics* spends about 50 pages on the same subject, and I cannot notice any problem which bothers them, which Professor Twining has solved.

The picture which the man drew of the hydrogen molecule is quite novel. In the diagram above, M and M' are the two protons, while m and m' are the two electrons, fixed at the corners of the square, attractive & repulsive forces are shown, while the entire business spins about the axis marked AB.

The mathematics which accompanies this diagram is quite interesting. As an example of the technique used in this piece of research, we have the following gem: "Since the attractive forces take place along the sides of the square, and there are four of them, we have:

$$F = \frac{4e^2}{s^2}$$

Unfortunately, they told me in school (and what is more important, I demonstrated it by experiment.) that you don't just add forces as if they were plain numbers. You have to take their direction into account. On account of this I fear greatly that this kind of mathematics isn't going to work.

There are a great many gems of unscientific knowledge in this paper, such as this one, "What is inertia? Inertia is a force. It is the force of opposition of gravitational energy to an acceleration."

I suppose that to the uninitiated this sounds like it might make sense. How

I assure you that this is a lovely example of something which the semanticists talk about all the time: a sentence which has no meaning whatsoever. The clue lies in the term *gravitational energy*. There's no such animal. In fact so meaningless is the term "inertia" itself that Whittaker's *Analytical Dynamics* which is the Bible of physical mechanics, doesn't even bother to define the term, since it doesn't enter into the mathematics at all. (Except in phrases such as *Moment of Inertia* where it really means something else.) Our boy Newton, with his head square on his shoulders, knew better than to worry about "forces" of inertia, because when he laid down his first law of motion, inertia to him was merely a word which describes the fact that a body at rest remains at rest and a body in motion remains in motion if no external forces acted upon it.

Well, boys and girls, pardon the digression. It wasn't necessary at all, but I'm at a period in which I am clearing up these elementary concepts in my own head, and I like to talk about them. As in most subjects, it is the elementary aspects which are the most difficult to get absolutely straight, and even after you have mastered the more advanced phases, it is necessary to go back and back to find out precisely what is meant by words like "force," "energy," "causality," etc.

To return to the *Scientific Forum* which we were discussing, this is not the first such publication that has come my way. Previously I have seen *Rockets* which purported to be a technical publication put out by the US Rocket Society and I had also seen the *Star-Physical Scientific* put out by Walter Graham of Los Angeles, with whom I had a knock-down and drag-out correspondence for a short but violent time.

I took this *Scientific Forum* to school one day, and the boys in the physics department had more fun than they did the time the atom smasher burned down. Prof. Ridenous (author of one of the chapters in *One World or None*) put the finger on this publication and all publications of this nature. He said, "Another of the crackpots Los Angeles is full of."

While it's easy to dismiss the matter in this way, I remain vaguely unhappy that there are guys around who know enough science to write down the equation for the inverse square law, and even enough to set up an energy integral, but who have this knowledge in such a distorted fashion that their application of it is not merely wrong but is meaningless and unlogical.

It indicated, for one thing, that mere knowledge of scientific "facts" and "formulas" is not sufficient for the possession of scientific wisdom. Two more important things are required: (1) an appreciation of scientific method, and (2) an ability to distinguish between words and phrases which mean something and those which mean nothing.

The first can be learned. For scientific method is basically nothing more complicated than the idea that the only way in which knowledge of nature can be obtained is through observation of events which actually occur, compilation of these events in orderly arrangements, and prediction by deduction from these orderly arrangements, which are called laws of nature.

The second can also be learned, although I suspect that one of the things which distinguishes between scientist and psuedo-scientist is that one was born with it and the other was not. I would hesitate in saying that such an ability as being able to distinguish between meaningful and unmeaningful statements can be inherited, except for the fact that mathematical ability is certainly congenital, and this ability which we may call "semantic instinct" is not too far off.

However, even though one is born with this semantic instinct, it is certainly capable of being developed by education, for in my own case, I have just recently—within the past few months—obtained a clear idea of what is meant by the statement "Science cannot explain; it can only *describe*."

A person who understands this is well on the way to being a scientist. It is the psuedo-scientists who fail to grasp this idea, and this is the reason that their publications are full of statements which contain little, if any, meaning.

I illustrate this by further examples from the *Scientific Forum*.

"In some books and articles written by scientists, atoms and molecules are spoken of as though they were largely holes due to the relative minuteness of the masses of the electrons and the protons, etc., compared to the space that they occupy as atoms or molecules. The idea is very misleading since the component parts of the atoms and molecules are vibrating and spinning, and also the electrostatic lines that link them completely fill the void. These electrostatic lines are really forms of energy. They are material activities since they repel each other latterly and unlike lines link latterly." And so on in a similar vein.

It is apparant that the writer of the above paragraph has read an elementary book on electricity in which "lines of force" are treated as if they were real objects and so by long association with these lines of force the writer has come to think of them as if they are the *real* reality. This is not uncommon, and is one of the causes of mental anguish when the student reaches the more advanced books and finds out that these lines of force are merely convenient fictions which make it easier to visualize the phenomena that are going on. There are no lines -- they neither link nor repel--another convenient fiction.

Well, what is really there, if not lines of force? No competent physicist will claim to know what is *really* there. The current opinion is, in fact, that this is an unanswerable question. We merely replace reality by words such as "lines of force", "fields of force", "electric charges" etc. which if used properly describe relationships between phenomena, but which no sane scientist claims to explain anything.

Let me give you a clearer example. We speak of "gravity" as being something which causes material bodies to attract each other. Yet, when we get right down to it, there is not the slightest clue to just what mechanism reaches across space and causes one body to affect another at a distance. This being the case, physicists have realized the futility of searching for such a mechanism. The law of gravity makes no attempt to "explain" gravity. It merely provides a description of the motions which bodies follow when under the influence of gravity.

And in this last sentence it is clearly seen how "gravity" is nothing more than a word -- a symbol -- which is inserted into a sentence to replace a physical reality the nature of which is completely unknown.

Where the semantic instinct comes into play is in this: a competent scientist realizes that these words are not the same as the realities they represent. The psuedo-scientists lack this realization, and use these words under the impression that they are describing and explaining reality.

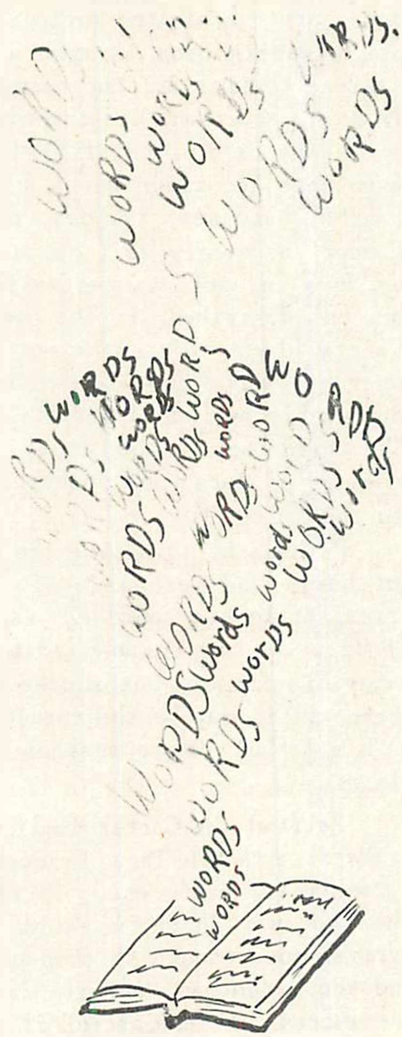
We may give as another example the quotation which we have some distance back as "...the life current, the current of the universe -- the spirit indeed, of the current of the universe."

Our boy, Shakespeare, among his other virtues, was a superb natural semanticist. For did he not say, "Words, words, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."?

The present state of science is something like one of the "black box" problems they like to give you in electricity classes. You shoot a certain current into two wires which lead into a little black box, and out of the other end of the box currents of various densities and voltages emerge in various wires. The problem is to figure out what combination of resistances and things inside the box will produce the given results.

It's like that with atomic physics, the most important piece of informationn being that when atoms are excited in various ways they give off light of very certain frequencies which make up the spectrum. Knowing this, plus certain other information given by radioactivity and such things, we have to figure out what's inside the box.

Now the answer that we figure out may have no resemblence at all to what is really inside the box. However, if we are able to *predict* the frequencies of spectrum lines which verify experimental results, then we feel that we have a result which has some kind of connection with reality. Modern quantum physics manipulates symbols which have no physical significance at all. Yet, so cleverly devised are these symbols that when they are stirred around in the proper manner they emerge out of the other end of the black box to give the proper answer in terms of things which we can see, such as the position of lines on a spectrum.



It is no use complaining that science is becoming too abstract, that it doesn't give you a physical picture of what an atom *looks* like. Bluntly, the atom doesn't *look like* anything. And if you persist in thinking of an atom as being a nucleus surrounded by negative particles in neat elliptical orbits, then you are just kidding yourself, for even with that picture you don't know what an electron *is*; you don't know what an electric charge *is*, and most important, with that simple picture you can't explain all the things that you can see with a spectroscope.

This, by the way, illustrates another important difference between the scientist and the psuedo-scientist. One knows that he does not know. The other is quite certain about what he knows.

Milton A. Rothman

THE GREATEST SWORDSMAN?

(To J.A.W., who will misunderstand)

by Alfred C. Prime

Those of us who are familiar with the John Carter series are inclined to refer to his exploits on Mars whenever we stand in need of epic comparison. Captain Carter's adventures on the fields of the red planet are thought so well known to science-fiction fandom as to need no further mention. But is this really so? There is, for instance, a hero in one of the Mars books who kills only *one* foe during the whole course of action. True, he is not the redoubtable Warlord, but he is one of his gang. So, with the Philcon approaching, I decided it was high time that *someone* should go through the nine Mars books available and make a listing of the casualties. Since John Carter's adopted world is one in which war is the rule rather than the exception, and assassination as much a hazard as automobile accidents in ours, it would be useless to list all the casualties that take place in the background. After all, it is John Carter and his friends in whom we are interested.

Mars is a planet filled with strange and warlike people, and with stranger and even more ferocious animals. The casualty list must include green men, white apes, banths, kaldanes, rykhors, calots, thoats, ulsios, and other assorted beasts. John Carter, as nearly as I can make out, kills approximately 82 green men in *A Princess of Mars*, as well as two white apes, and perhaps eight other assorted beasts which are not described. In *The Gods of Mars* he does in 80 enemies, most of them with his trusty blade, for is he not the greatest swordsman in two worlds? (This list, of course, cannot hope to mention the number of damnyankees killed by Captain Carter during his period of service with the cavalry of the Confederate States of America.) The third book in the series, *The Warlord of Mars*, takes him up into the frozen polar country of Mars, and describes the battles in which he sends the spirits of 84 foes to the Valley Dor.

Perhaps by this time the hero is getting a little tired with all this legalized butchery, and perhaps a bit bored, since we have seen many times over just how irresistible his sword arm is, and how invulnerable his person. So, in *Thuvia, Maid of Mars*, we are introduced to Carthoris, son of the great captain. The boy takes after his father, but succeeds in killing only 17 foes, ten of them red, and seven green. (This may be the result of his inability to leap and jump *quite* so vigorously as his father, whose muscles are, after all, accustomed to the gravity of a heavier planet.

We find the Carter family pushed relatively into the background in *The Chessmen of Mars*, although Tara, Princess of Helium, daughter of John Carter, granddaughter of Tardos Mors, etc., etc., is in there pushing for the household. She had no business running away during a storm, but Gahan of Gathol, disguised as a plain panthan, arrives soon enough to chop up a banth and approximately eleven kaldanes, an ulsio, and three red men, all of whom were foolish enough to come between the author and the successful termination of the story.

The average of casualties per book is dropping as the series progresses, and Ulysses Paxton, later Vad Varo, minces or one man, and even that unfortunate would have escaped had he not shown the dogged persistancy which seems to be shared by the

police of the two worlds of John Carter. The wicked queen, back in her own body once more, *does* succumn to a heart attack before the image of Tur, the great god, but the men of Mars do not kill women. Perhaps, though, her death does take place as a result of Var Varo s actions.

The next book, *A Fighting Man of Mars*, does not belie its title. Tan Hadron of Hastor stands at the greatest killer in the whole series. For, with his longsword, he gives release to the spirits of 12 men, chops up one lizard (king-size) and three screaming spiders. This work would hardly entitle him to a place with the greatest soldiers of Helium or her allies, but the last few chapters of the tale give him an unparallelled opportunity. Conning the invisible ship, armed with the flesh disintegrating ray, he whiffs the crews of battleships and cruisers out of existence. At the most conservative count, the total can hardly come to less than 5500, thus assuring him the record. So far John Carter can hardly equal this--although there may be other exploits which we have not yet seen in print. Tan Hadron eliminates these men personally, himself aiming and firing his weapon. Commander-in-chief Carter gives the orders for battles in which many are killed, but he does not give them his personal and undivided attention. And, when we are once more in action with J. C., in *Swords of Mars*, we find that he has liquidated but 19 primates and 3 lesser beasts.

This brings us to the conclusion of the series with *Synthetic Men of Mars*. Here Vor Daj had his brain transfered to the body of a synthetic homad by Ras Thavas to protect his ladylove, a fine foolish gesture. As a human being and as an artificial he destroys but seven enemies, but then, homads are practically indestructible anyway.

I leave the reader to draw his own contlusions and totals. In any case, John Carter will have to give way to Tan Hadron as the greatest fighter in number of dead enemies killed personally, although his sword arm may have had superior cunning. But then, John Carter *could* leap about with an agility unparalled on Mars.....

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This is the first installment of a serial article, entitled

LIFE AND ITS ORIGIN

by Armand E. Waldo

Definition of life: I think it is best to begin this discussion by asking a very simple sounding question "What is life?" Anyone endeavoring to write upon the subject is expected to be able to give some sort of an explanation of definition of his terms. Remember, however, as Clement Wood states, that "*nothing in the universe can be defined by limits; things can only be defined by centers.*" As cold is a degree of 'heat', good a degree of 'evil', life is a degree of lifelessness or 'death'. They merge into each other as decidedly as cold into hear or day into night. Thus, you see the impossible problem of strict definition. However, there have been attempts. "*Life is the sum total of vital phenomena*" "*Life is a state of dynamic equilibrium maintained in a unitary, semi-isolated system.*" or according to Spencer's so-called proximate definition, which of the many definitions of life has attracted the most attention. "*Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.*" It is clear, I think, that this last definition in its final analysis is but an overall assertion of the essential vital relations existing between living matter and lifeless pehnomena---between life and lifelessness. It is not a definition of life. However, apart from trys at building abstract concepts of life, there are some considerations, quite significant, regarding living matter, which are very important in the development of the knowledge between the living and lifeless.

As you undoubtedly realize, the descriptive term 'living' denotes a whole series of properties representative of 'life units'. Therefore, I think, the most correct and scientific way of reaching a meaningful definition of life is thru the roundabout method of describing the characteristics or properties of living things which more or less sharply set them apart from lifeless things. Since as I have mentioned before, life is a degree of lifelessness, lifeless things may exhibit, to some extent or other, the same qualities that characterize living things. But nothing lifeless ever displays all of them at once, or any of them in so complex a form as does the living.

What are these qualities? They are, as some biologists say:

1. Motility. The power of spontaneous mass motion.
2. Irritability. (Note: these two may, in the last analysis, be one.)

There are chacteristics in addition to the above two that should be listed. This list, while undoubtedly incomplete and in part shared by some lifeless materials is fairly comprehensive, and is as follows:

1. Living things exist as units of rather definite size and shape.
2. Each living unit is composed of numerous parts definitely organized in such a way that they are integrated into a whole.
3. Living matter is composed, to a great degree of highly complex chemical compounds that are not found in nature except in living units & their products.

4. The substances constituting living units exist in the form of infinitely complex colloidal systems.

5. So long as organisms remain alive there goes on in them a complex traffic in energy between themselves and the non-living world, which is called metabolism.

6. Living units grow in a way peculiar to themselves, in that they increase in all the living parts and do not grow by adding to their exteriors as do crystals.

7. All but the lowest levels of life develop from a relatively simple state to a more complex state. Thus a complex individual such as man starts his individual career as a single cell from which gradually develops the human being.

8. Living units are generally capable of giving rise to more individuals like themselves, these offspring rising from representative parts of the parent or parents.

9. Living units tend to co-operate with one another, the association resulting in mutual benefit. All grades of units tend to form more or less closely integrated aggregares, some of which may become units of a higher order.

10. Living units are irritable or sensitive to changes in their environment and tend to respond to stimuli of various sorts, in a variety of ways.

11. The forms and functions of living units are modified by the living and lifeless environments in which they live. In other words, living things exhibit *adativeness*.

12. Living things are changed not merely as individuals, but whole races slowly, evolve from one state to another. This orderly process of change in races is usually spoken of as *organic evolution*.

13. As a result of evolutionary changes there has been produced a multiplicity of different kinds, or species, of life units, yet there runs through the multitude of diverse types a sort of common pattern or a few main patterns of organization, a fact which makes it possible to classify them into a few major assemblages or *phyla*. Thus both variety and unity are properties of living units.

These and undoubtedly many other representative qualities of living organisms, not here listed, make up a provisory definition of life. Any less inclusive list would certainly be inadequate in any attempted explanation of life.

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CORRECTION!

VARIANT Vol 1 No. 3: Page 2, paragraph 4. "...just a ship...", read ship.

INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL
(Means of Propulsion)

by Milton A. Rothman

The idea of rockets having become so respectable, and the concept of space travel being so acceptable in this day and age, a paper like this could be given before any scientific society without danger of raising any blood pressures. In fact, papers on rockets and space travel are appearing in the physics journals in increasing number. We are witnessing another branch of science fiction being overtaken by the scientists.

In order that we may be able to distinguish between fact and fiction in the years to come, it is time we examined the ideas of space travel brought forth in the science fiction magazines, discarding the ones that are false, recognizing the ideas that are fantastic, but perhaps possible, and discovering which ideas are applicable to practical use.

An interesting preliminary question is this: just why do we want to fly to the other planets?

Aside from the purely psychological urges which cause people to climb high mountains and explore unknown lands, we may mention several more practical reasons--reasons which are useful when trying to induce someone to invest a couple of hundred million dollars in a space ship.

Primarily there is the advancement of scientific knowledge. People with money have quite recently come to realize that abstract scientific research is a goose with platinum eggs. A few men putter around in their laboratories and libraries making discoveries which apparently have nothing at all to do with practicality. A guy named Einstein writes an obscure paper having to do with the motion of objects, a Limey named Rutherford, a Dane named Bohr, a German named Schroedinger, and a couple of Frenchmen named Curie mess around with things called atoms for which nobody can find any practical use; a Scotchman by the name of Maxwell writes papers full of high-powered math about stuff called electromagnetic waves which nobody can see; a German by the name of Roentgen is puttering around with these new-fangled Crookes tubes and finds that a kind of light from them can penetrate through solid objects.

That's what is called pure scientific research, but curiously enough, out of that abstract knowledge came things which undeniably are useful, and which have been making a lot of money for a lot of people--altho, of course, not for Maxwell, Einstein, Roentgen, or Bohr.

Precisely in what manner space travel will aid scientific knowledge can hardly be predicted at this time. Certainly an obsevatory on the moon, without the handicap of an atmosphere, will immediately make possible work which is now difficult or impossible because of the distortion and absorption of light as it passes through the hundred-mile layer of air that surrounds the earth. A laboratory having on tap such a complete vacuum and such extremes of temperatures will make possible work otherwise highly difficult.

Mars, of course, is the perennial question box. Even before we are able to fly too Mars, pictures taken from the moon will surely clear up the moot points concerning the canals. Venus, however, is the great enigma. Wrapped in its sheath of clouds, it presents to us an unchanging white face behind which almost anything can be

Only a trip to Venus will answer the questions, and it is to Venus rather than to Mars that I think the first interplanetary ships should set their course. Since Venus is nearly the size of the earth, and since it has more of an atmosphere than has Mars, Venus presents more promise of interesting developments than does Mars. However, to be realistic about it, we must remember that spectroscopic observations to date give no reason to be optimistic concerning Venus. Up to now the atmosphere of Venus has been considered to be strictly poison. However, that's not the final verdict yet.

In fiction the standard purposes of space travel have been exploration, colonization, and exploitation, copying in essence the colonial period which followed Columbus' trip. I fear that this highly romantic outlook is not due to be realized for quite a long time! The sheer dangers and difficulties of space travel will make it something for but a chosen few. It's not a matter of throwing together a sailing ship out of some old lumber and getting together a crew of men, as it used to be. With space travel it's a business of riding through a deadly vacuum in a little bubble of metal driven by highly unstable and explosive forces, controlled by delicate pieces of machinery, the failure of which means instant extinction. And life-rafts don't work in space.

As for mining—a favorite occupation of fictional rocketeers—I can't think of anything mineable which is valuable enough to pay for the frightful cost of a space ship. And it seems highly unlikely that our Captain Futures will discover asteroids made of solid uranium.

However, to prove that I am not a complete pessimist, I will admit that these remarks are based on present inflated prices, and that it is likely that the cost of a space ship will go down in five hundred years or so, making the exploits of our future rocketeers a bit more practical.

In fact, upon considering the development of the modern battleship since the time of the civil war, I think I'll reduce that five hundred years to one hundred.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of the problems facing space travel, we must first consider the means of propulsion at hand. This is the core, the nucleus of the interplanetary travel problem. For the regions between the planets possess one important property which makes travel in those regions different from anything as yet experienced. There is no air there.

This means that the method of propulsion used must require no ground to push against, no air or other fluid to buoy up the vessel, no winds to blow against sails, no medium for a propellor to operate on.

Of course we need not even consider the baloons and air-born sailboats used by early fiction writers for their trips to the moon. We need not spend more than a moment considering Jules Verne's projectile, for an easy calculation discovers that to attain the escape velocity of seven miles per second with a cannon one thousand feet long requires an acceleration of approximately 21,999 times the force of gravity. A proximity fuze could stand it, but it is unlikely that a human being could be recognized after going through that process.

So we must seek gentler means of attaining the velocities required for space travel.

Perhaps a digression to explain the necessity of these velocities is in order at this time. There are two main reasons for requiring high velocities to reach the planets. The first is the great distances to be traversed. You don't want to spend half a lifetime crawling the more than 30 million miles to Mars at a hundred or even at a thousand miles per hour. You need something which will cut the time down to

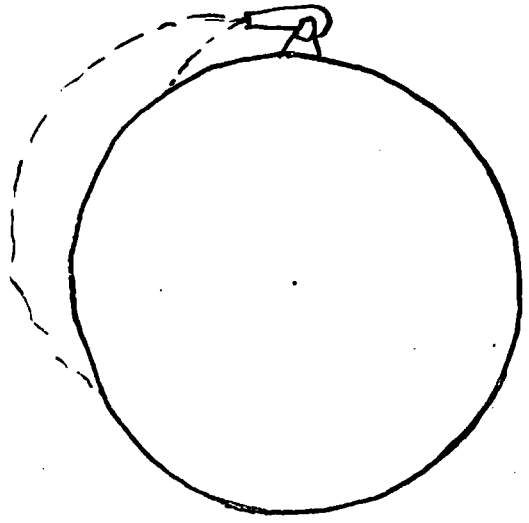


Figure 1.

a reasonable amount. This means velocities which you measure in terms of miles per second.

The second reason is more technical. Let us imagine we are situated on top of a high mountain, shooting in a horizontal direction with a cannon. As any fool can plainly see, the greater the muzzle velocity of the cannon, the farther away the projectile is going to land. Even with muzzle velocities of a few thousand feet per second, the shell is going to land beyond the horizon, and as you raise the speed, the shell reaches farther and farther around the curvature of the earth. (See figure 1)

It can be calculated that at about five miles per second the shell will go all the way around earth and come up on you from behind. That's what they call the circular velocity. If you send the shell off at a slightly higher velocity it will take on an elliptical orbit, and will proceed to move permanently around the earth. (See figure 2) The greater the velocity the more elongated will be the orbit, until finally at about seven miles per second the shell won't come back at all. And that is what they call the escape velocity.

The same general situation holds if you send the shell straight up in the air. At seven miles per second the shell will keep on going and never come back. (This incidentally, happens to be the velocity which a body would have if it fell to the earth from an extremely great distance.

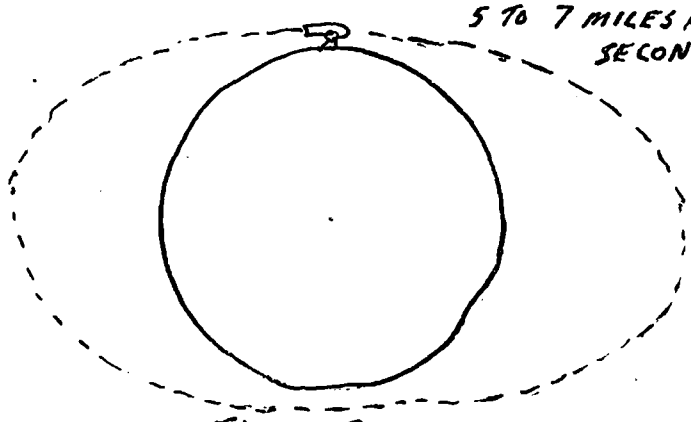
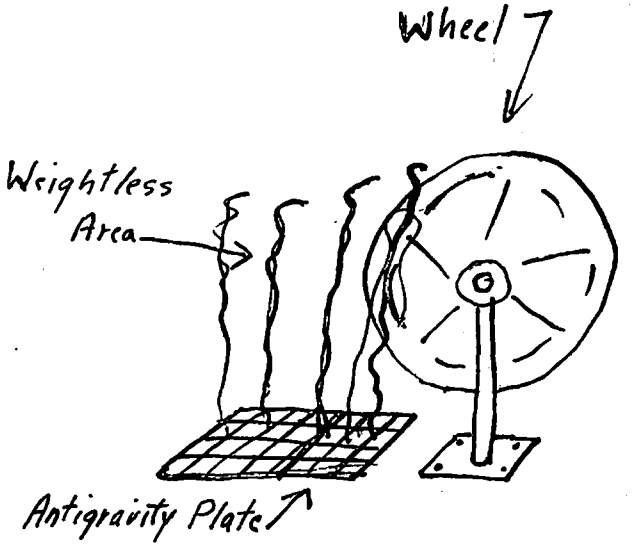


Figure 2.

You can see the possibilities that this presents. If you could give a space ship the escape velocity, pointed in the proper direction, it would keep coasting along in space until it reached a destination. Now while it is impractical to give the ship that great velocity at one blow, it certainly should be possible to take a number of minutes or hours to attain seven miles per second using an acceleration which human beings could withstand.

FIGURE 3



And this is just the idea which is being worked on at the present time. The problem still before us, however, is; what method of propulsion is available having these two properties: (1) it will operate in a vacuum, and (2) it is powerful enough to make seven miles per second a practical proposition.

We know of one such method at present. That is, of course, the rocket. Before taking up rockets in detail, perhaps we may digress for a moment and examine one or two other methods which have been proposed by fiction writers.

The most notorious of these is antigravity, in its various aspects The first one to be used, probably, was H.G. Well's wonderful material, Cavorite, which was a gravity screen or shield. This had the convenient property of causing bodies above it to become weightless. Unfortunately, general principles insist that such a material is a scientific impossibility. The reason is that it would make perpetual motion possible, since you could place above a piece of this material one side of a wheel: Since this side would become lighter than the other side the wheel would commence to turn, and would keep on turning in defiance of conservation of energy. (See figure 3) Now if there is one basic law in the universe as it exists today, it is this: You can't get something for nothing. Hence a gravity screen is impossible.

A horse of a different color is the kind of antigravity device which requires the consumption of power for its operation. These can be divided into two groups: first the kind which renders a body completely weightless at one blow, and second, the kind which merely makes the body partially lighter.

Both of these ideas entail serious difficulties the moment one begins to dig beneath the surface in an effort to find out what we are talking about. In the first place, the current notion concerning gravity is that it is not a property of the object itself, but of the space around it. That is, when a body moves under the influence of gravity, it is merely moving along a line which is the shortest distance between two points, but in a space which itself is curved. It would then appear that an antigravity machine would be required to flatten out the curvature of the space around the object. At the moment, I'm not certain whether or not that sentence means anything.

Energy considerations also create difficulties. I think that Cambell was the first one to point out in a story that to render a body completely weightless by an antigravity machine would require the consumption of the amount of energy necessary to lift a weightless body to any height with the application of very large power.

remove the antigravity, and let the body fall under its weight, thus generating energy out of nothing, which is not allowed.

Campbell, however, failed to note two highly important points which came to my attention while I was thinking this matter over prior to writing this paper, and which are, as far as I know, original ideas of my own—original contributions, let us say, to the literature of pseudo-science.

Firstly, when you start to figure out how much energy is required to lift a body to infinity, you run into this train of thought: to remove one pound of matter from the earth's gravitational field requires about 260 kilowatt hours of energy. That's a lot, but not too impossible. Then you think—but the antigravity machine can't tell the difference between the earth's field and the sun's field. Let's calculate how much energy it takes to remove the body from the sun (starting at the present distance of 93,000,000 miles.) And you find that that amounts to 10,000 kilowatt hours per pound of matter. And we are not yet finished—there is the gravitational field of all the fixed stars in the universe. It is possible to calculate what that is from general relativity, and it is apparent that this is going to run into a hell of a lot of energy.

True, most of this energy will simply be money in the bank—that is, you'll get it all back when you turn off the antigravity machine. But getting the energy in the first place is likely to be a task.

The second point is one that was hinted at, but not developed completely, by Edward E. Smith, in Skylark Three. You will recall that at the beginning of the story, the hero surrounded himself by a field of force which cut him off from the influence of all gravity. Instantly he began shooting off at an angle into the air at a velocity of over a hundred miles per hour. The reason for this, of course, was the fact that upon being released from gravity, he continues in a straight line with the velocity that he already had due to the rotation of the earth, and so his path diverged rapidly from the path taken by objects fixed to the earth. (See figure 4) This much Smith recognized, and he also noticed that since the earth is moving around the sun, the weightless object must assume a path which is tangent to the earth's orbit. However, in the story he failed to carry this through to the ultimate conclusion—that the sun is also moving in a circle around some distant center of gravity, so that the weightless body would have to move in a path tangent to that—and so forth. In other words, the object under consideration would take a path which is absolutely straight in space—which sounds like what we said before—that the antigravity machine would have to straighten out the space around it, and like I said, I don't know if that means anything.

Furthermore, will this antigravity have an effect upon the forces within the molecules and atoms of the body? Might not the body under the influence of the antigravity fly apart because of the cancellation of the forces which hold it together?

I must emphasize that all of this is the most rank type of speculation—indeed so rank that time and again I come up with sentences which perhaps have no meaning at all in strictly scientific logic. When we speak of antigravity we are in a topic that is so far ahead of contemporary science that we don't even know enough to say whether or not it is possible.

You may claim that a thing is possible unless it is proved impossible. That is a point of view not easy to dispute. You may, if you wish, say that it is possible there are elephants on Mars, since there is no evidence to the contrary. Personally,

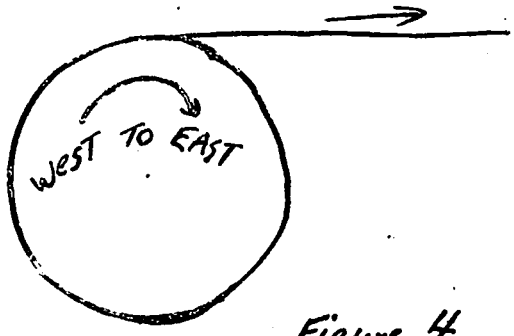


Figure 4

I would say that it was highly unlikely. In the case of antigravity I prefer to leave it with a big question mark. Our knowledge of the subject is in such a low state that we can say practically nothing definite concerning it.

This brings us down to the cold facts of life: at the present time scientists have not the faintest glimmer of the beginning of an embryo of an idea for utilizing gravity in any shape of form. To begin a research on gravity control at the present time would be like doing a crossword puzzle in which you didn't know which blocks to put the words in, and in which you didn't even know the definitions of the words to go into the blocks.

However, if this will make you more hopeful, the status of physics at the present moment is just right for developments in this direction, and the next fifty years or so should give us considerable more knowledge on the subject. At any rate, this should help answer the question as to whether science has caught up with science fiction.

The same sort of remarks apply to any of the various space drives which have been dreamed up in science fiction stories. Science today simply does not know where to start in making anything like a tractor ray, and as for the inertialess drive that E.E. Smith likes, it's simply out of the question.

However, various general things can be said about these hypothetical means of interplanetary propulsion. We can at least state the physical laws under which the machines must operate. Any machine which attempts to violate any of these laws simply will not work. I say that at the risk of being dogmatic, and with the knowledge that various authors have spoken of various devices which operate in other dimensions in which the laws of nature are different. (For instance, Campbell's faster-than-light drive in *Invaders From the Infinite.*)

All I have to say about things like that is½ show me one that works, and I'll believe it. For the present, (1947) I say that any possible means of propulsion must conform to the fundamental laws of nature which include the following two which apply especially to our problem.

1. Conservation of energy: You can't get something for nothing.

2. Conservation of momentum. This is extremely important, and is the one most violated by science fiction writers. It can be stated in various ways, all more or less technical, but for our purposes here we say it in a naive fashion: in order for a body to be set in motion, something has to push against something.

While this sounds trivial, actually none other than John W. Campbell violated this principle in his molecular motion drive in several stories. Often Campbell tries to get around this by explaining that his machines push on " the fabric of space," whatever that is. While I will not deny that possibility, we must classify that together with antigravity among th developments not yet in sight.

We are thus left with one important general principle: any kind of propulsion

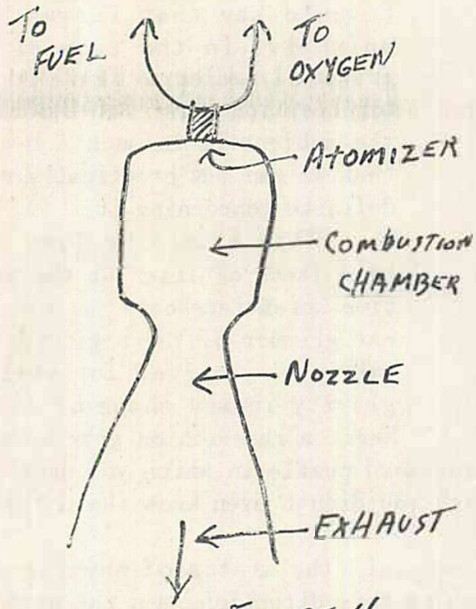


FIGURE 4

machine we make must push against something. In short, this means that no matter howwe slice it, any kind of space drive we can conceive of making at the present time must be a rocket in one disguise or another.

And so any further discussion about space travel must center around the subject of rockets.

To begin with, we must clarify this idea of "pushing against something." It used to be that whenever you said something about space ships, people would inquire in a plaintive tone of voice, "But how can a rocket work in a vacuum when there's nothing there to *push* against?"

But I think that today, now that nearly everybody has gone through the experience of having his shoulder jarred by the kickback from a 30 calibre rifle, this question is less likely to be asked. For it's clear that a rifle is going to kick back just as hard whether or not you fire it in a vacuum. The enormous recoil absorbers on a 155mm. cannon are not going to be rendered unnecessary just because of a little thing like lack of an atmosphere.

A rocket is a machine designed to expel large quantities of gas as quickly as possible. (See figure 5) (The PSFS, nevertheless, is not a rocket.) The important thing to keep in mind is the fact that this gas being expelled has mass, and the force which the rocket exerts to shoot the gas in one direction results in a force that drives the rocket in the other direction. The amount of the force on the rocket depends on the mass of the exhaust gas, and upon the velocity with which it is ejected.

The thing that makes the rocket so interesting and useful is the fact that it doesn't push against the ground, the air, or any other stationary object. It pushes against its own exhaust, and that means that no matter how fast it is moving, it is going to keep on picking up speed as long as it doesn't run out of fuel.

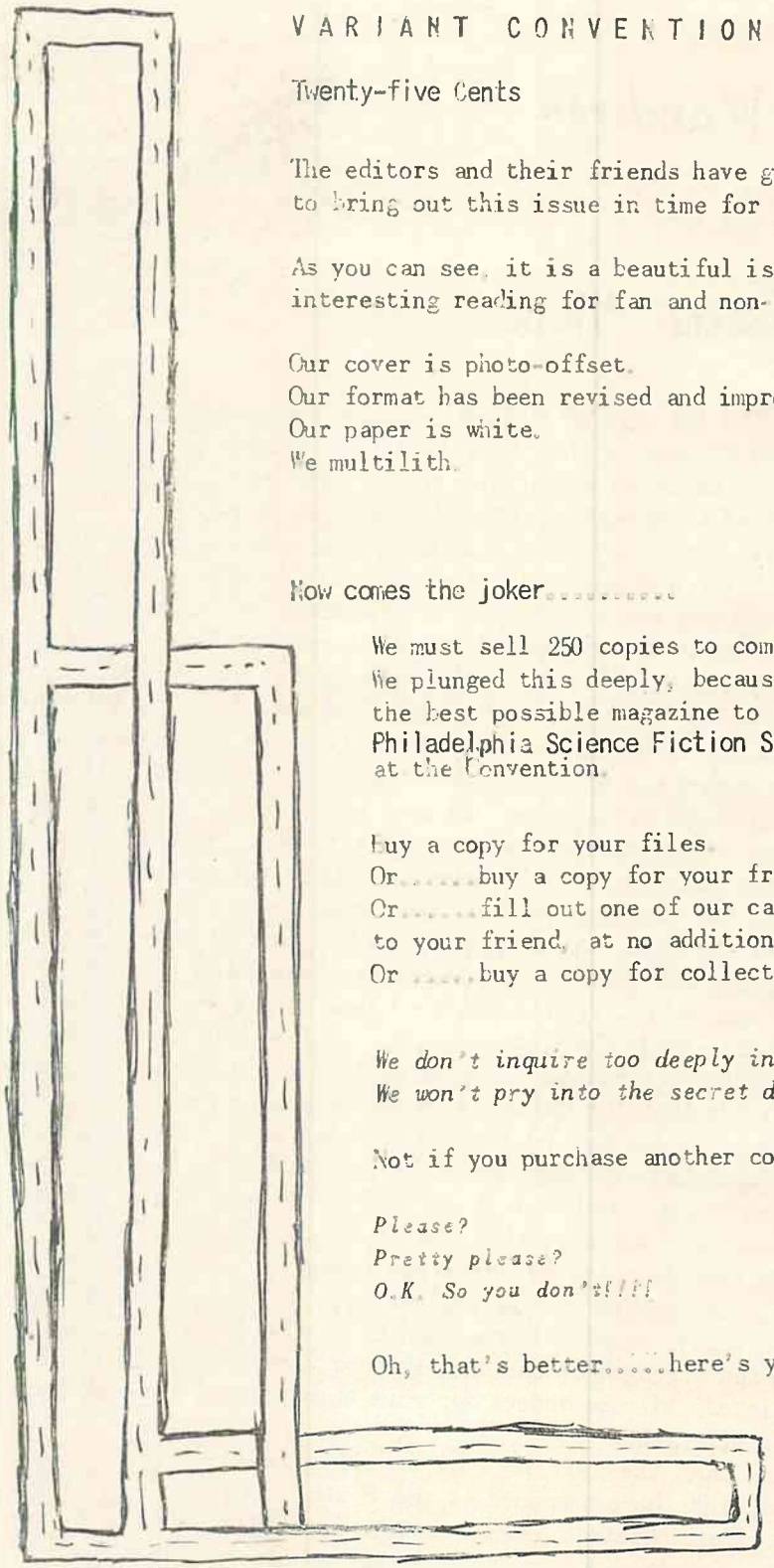
The fuel problem, of course, is one of the two tough problems involved in making rockets work. The other problem is making a motor that won't melt while it's working.

The reason for high temperatures is to get a high exhaust velocity. The faster you can eject the fuel the more force the motor will exert, and the less fuel you will need to reach a given velocity. However, to attain these high exhaust velocities requires fuels of high energy content, resulting in high temperatures within the motor.

The standard fuel at present is alcohol and liquid oxygen. Also being used extensively is aniline and concentrated nitric acid in which is dissolved nitric oxide. This, while horrible stuff to handle, has the advantage of burning spontaneously when mixed in the motor, thus making unnecessary a device to start the burning, which is usually a tricky business.

Naturally the thought in everybody's mind is how to use atomic energy in a rocket. So early in the game, all that can be done, is to make theoretical calculations as to what can be done, and I understand that a paper is to appear in the next American Journal of Physics on this subject.

There is much more that can be said about rockets in detail, but that had better be saved for another paper, this one being already sufficiently long.



VARIANT CONVENTION ISSUE

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Allison Williams

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by

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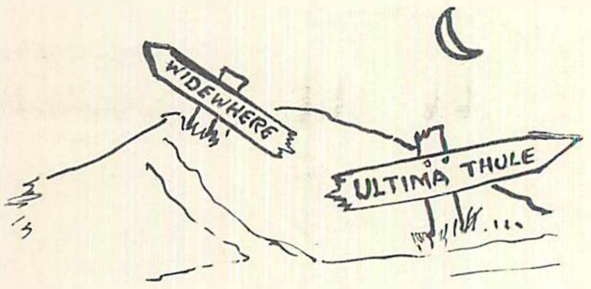


The worst thing about doing any sort of a regular column is meeting the Editor's deadline. The editors of VARIANT wanted this copy by Monday a week ago, and it is pretty hard to get down to the business of putting things down on paper. But, like O. Henry, I have a great deal of it already written—but not yet on paper.

A recent trip to New York, partly pleasure and partly business was mighty interesting in many ways. First of all a visit to Mr. Jack Bechdolt, author of *The Torch* and a writer from way back. He had not seen a copy of the story for many years and was greatly pleased to see it again. He has agreed to make a number of changes in the story, both to make it smoother and to bring it more up to date. Mr. Bechdolt told about many of his experiences in the past, and of his contacts with authors and editors. He was in San Francisco at the time of the great fire and earthquake, as a young student. He never saw a bombed out city, but the ruined city compared well with photographs of some of the European cities that had been hit hard by the war. For years he worked as a newspaper reporter, then began writing fiction. He took a job at the Munsey Company under the late great editor, Robert H. Davis. It was while working there that he met many of the famous authors of the times. George Allan England, celebrated author of *Darkness and Dawn*, was a frequent caller, and he knew him quite well. England had a glass eye, a fact that is not generally known among his fans. Ray Cummings and Jack Bechdolt are still friends and have been since way back before Cummings wrote his first story. While Cummings was writing *The Girl in the Golden Atom*, he frequently asked Bechdolt questions concerning the structure of the short story. At the time Bechdolt thought the *Golden Atom* was a pretty poor story, and could not understand why the other members of the staff at Munsey's raved about it. When the story was finally published, and Ray Cummings was launched on his long career as a writer, it was a sensation. Frederick R. Bechdolt, the well known and popular writer of western stories is Jack's brother. He is still writing. He and his wife, Decie Merwin, have written a number of childrens books in collaboration, and they are very popular among the members of the younger set. He, himself, has evidently lost none of his popularity, either. Dutton and Co. is publishing another of his books this fall, and on the strength of the dust wrapper alone, which is the only part of it that has been printed, advance orders for more than fifteen hundred copies have come in. Which is quite all right.

There have been rumors that the next book of novelist James M. Cain will be a fantasy, dealing with what might have happened if the South had won the Civil War.

Word from my old friend Paul Skeeters has it that he is hard at work on his new book of fantasy, witchcraft, etc. Paul has quite a rugged schedule, for he is a dic

teacher and during the summer is running his studio and giving lessons to private students, and working on the book on wee -ends. In the fall he will have the job as band instructor at the largest high school in Pasadena, a hundred piece band, at that. Paul has an enviable collection of books.

At last Argus has published J.O. Bailey's *Pilgrims Through Time and Space*. The book is quite good, too. I had been expecting to see something on the order of a list of books with a few words about each one—and I had visions of a very incomplete list. So I was rather pleasantly surprised when I saw what it actually was. Instead of telling about all of the books of an author, he picks out one that fits with the topic of the chapter. By the way, George O. Smith received quite a bit of space for his short story *Identity*. This story was actually one of the Venus Equilateral series, but it does not appear in the forthcoming books because it does not concern any of the principle characters.

I was a visitor at the last two meetings of the Eastern Science Fiction Association at Newark. Two speakers in a row from the PSFS, which is a record of some sort. They were Lex Phillips and George O. Smith. The meetings were very interesting and we all had a good time. The ESFA is an enthusiastic and growing group, and among the members are such well known people as Thomas E. Gardner, A. Langley Searles, Sam Moskowitz, Jimmy Taurasi, Alvin Brown, Alex Osheroff, and a lot of other familiar names. A large group of them will be attending the Philcon.

As I write this the Philcon is only two weeks off. Everything that has to be done is now done. Anything I write here concerning it is decidedly out of place. So, all I can say here is that I am glad to be here and I am glad to see you all. Some of you are old friends of mine; some of you I have yet to meet. But at any rate, hello.

Recently I was laid up for a couple of weeks and I did a lot of reading. First, the *Grey Lensman* series. I must confess that I had only read the first one before, but I certainly did miss something by letting them go till I had the time. Then I re-read *The Moon Pool* and *Ship of Ishtar* and I still say Merritt was terrific. They are just as good as when they were first written so many years ago.

A recent gathering at my home (while I was under orders to stay in bed) was quite a significant one. Lloyde Eshbach came down from Reading with the news that they hoped to have two books ready for the Philcon, *The Forbidden Garden* and another the title of which he would not reveal, a surprise. George O. Smith, Jim Williams, Milt Rothman, and my brother, Sid, of the merchant marine. Quite a gabfest that hot Sunday afternoon. We discussed everything. Authors, publishers, (guess which two were most popular) stories, people, the Philcon, and whatnot. Even a few shady stories got by.

L. Sprague De Camp recently donated to the club several original drawings, manuscripts and books. His new book is at last completed and is now in the hands of the publishers. This tremendous work is on the superstitions of mankind and a number of chapters were presented to the club in talks in the past. There are approximately 190,000 words in it, which is a lot of writing. Now that that work is out of the way, he will be back to work again writing more fiction.

George O. Smith has the unusual and unexpected distinction of being the first author to get away with a shady joke in one of his stories. He heard it, and passed it on to the editor in that manner, expecting it to be blue penciled. It wasn't. Some readers didn't get it at all when they read the story—others caught on immediately and roared. Are congratulations due you, George?

Well, as so many columnists say, " See you next issue."

FANTAGLIMMERINGS

by Robert A. Madle

While browsing through some old fan magazines from a decade or so back, I came across some interesting predictions concerning the future of science fiction. Here is what Milton J. Latzer, one time active fan, had to say in 1935: "....there seems not the slightest vestige of hope that stf will at any time produce a man whose works will be considered as a definite and valuable addition to world literature. It does appear, therefore, that science fiction will remain exactly what it is today; a type of literature appealing almost entirely to the juvenile mind."

Eando Binder had the following to say in a 1935 issue of *The Fourteen Leaflet*, published by the members of the Chicago Chapter of the Science Fiction League: " and what will stf be ten or twenty years from now? I may be wrong, but ten years from now stf will be *psuedo*-scientific fiction entirely. I think the scientific angle will be lost entirely. Science fiction will be only a branch of the fantastic group of literary types, including weird, futuristic, and adventure stories. People will buy it then for the same reason they buy western tales and detective stories--to be thrilled and entertained; not to be mentally stimulated. And its following, I sadly predict will always be small."

How prophetic or un-prophetic they were you can judge for yourself.

During the past two months several new fan publishing houses have sprung into existance. Erle Korshak, Ted Dikty, and Mark Reinsberg have formed *Shasta Publishers*, whose specialty will be books of valuable information for collectors. Sam Moskowitz, and Will Sykora have formed the *Avalon Company* and their initial offering will be " Life Everlasting and others" by David H. Keller, to appear some time in October. A few of the boys in California have formed *Carcosa House*, and their first book will be " Edison's Conquest of Mars ", the first book printing of an ancient novel by Garrett P. Serviss. Within several weeks an announcement of another fan publishing group in Philadelphia will be issued.

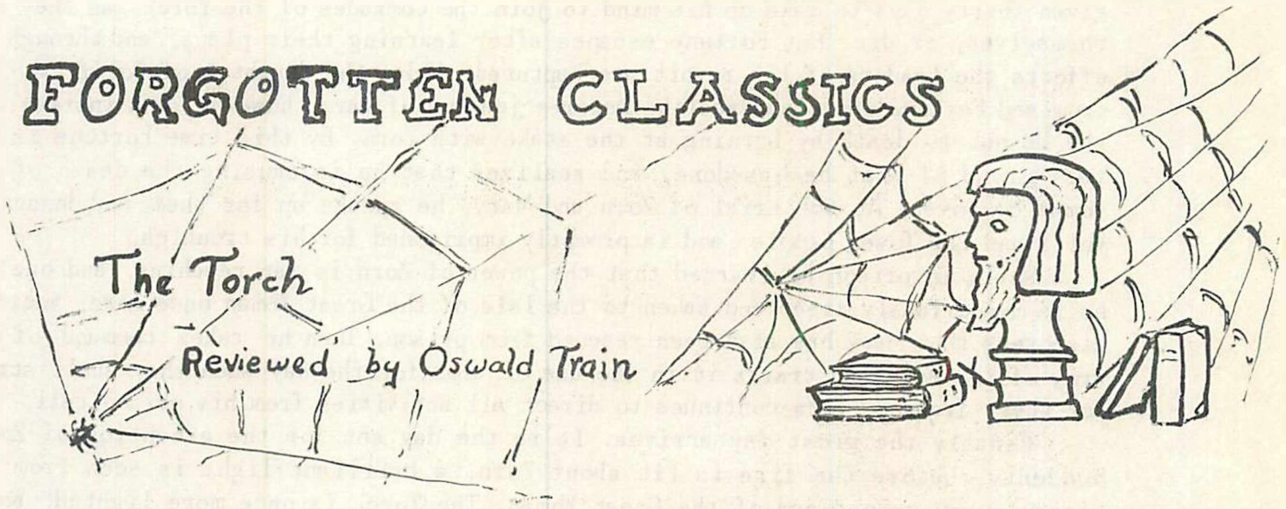
Jack Agnew and Bob Madle have formed *Fantascience Sales Service*, selling back date fantasy publications exclusively. They have about four thousand magazines accumulated to date. . . . . Speaking of Agnew, it is interesting to note that he just made the fatal plunge several weeks back. . . . John V. Baltadonic, number one fan artist of the third fandom, returns to his first love with the cover and interior drawing of the Philcon Program Booklet. He will also illustrate a forthcoming science fiction book. At the present time he is studying for a Master's degree in art.

Recent meetings have resulted in the acquisition of quite a few new members. Miss Coralie Buob, enthusiastic fan from New Jersey, joined at the last meeting. She aspires to be a fan magazine publisher, which as most people know, is all work and no pay. (Ed. Note: You said it, Bob!) Lt. And Mrs. Rankin of Valley Forge General Hospital also joined out rocketing membership. Lt. Rankin is Special Services Officer at the VFGH. Other new members are Mrs. Jack McKnight, Bill Lister, Ted Schwartz, etc..

A recent meeting was made interesting by having a scientifiction quiz. The quiz was compiled by Harold Lynch, one of our (few?) live-wire members. Harold is now in the process of making up a booklet of information for new members which will contain the answers to just about any question a new member would be likely to ask.

Well, we surely hope *everyone* has a fine time at the Philcon.

FORGOTTEN CLASSICS



It is very strange that this great story should be forgotten. It was first published in the *Argosy* back in January, 1920, and created quite a sensation at the time. It stands up favorably with the best stories of the period, by such men as England, Rousseau, Hall, Flint, and the rest. It has always been a favorite story of the writer, and it is quite fortunate that the rights for the publication of this story in book form have been secured by the Prime Press. I sincerely hope that no one gets the impression that this article is an advertisement, for it certainly is not. This is a great story and deserves to be brought out of the obscurity into which it has sunk.

The story takes place several hundred years in the future, upon the little island of Manhattan. Civilization had been wiped out by the Great Cataclysm of 1989, and at the time of the story men were just beginning to struggle back along the path to a new civilization. There were two classes of people in Manhattan, the Tower people, which were the ruling class, and the Folk, who were nothing better than slaves. These people have about the same scale as the people of the Middle Ages. Outside Manhattan deell the Wild Folk, who are nothing more than savages who are continually striving to overrun Manhattan Island. The main defense against these Wild Folk is the North Wall, manned by soldiers of the Tower Army.

There is treachery upon the great wall, and with an undermanned force, Fortune, a young captain, heroically prevents the Wild Folk from breaking through. And he is summoned to report to Wolff, the Great Towerman, supreme ruler of all Manhattan. He is waylaid, but manages to get through with his report. As a reward he is advanced in rank and is given a position of Captain of the Guard in the city, and a five day leave. Several years previously, Fortune had met a girl on the Island of the Great Woman (Hedloe's Island) and goes to seek her out once more. He is taken prisoner, however, and his servant is slain. To his surprise he discovers that there is revolt under way. Led by Zorn, one-time high official among the Tower People, and Mary of the Isle, the Folk are plotting the overthrow of the Tower people. Zorn's headquarters are in the statue of the Great Woman. Zorn sees that Fortune is an intelligent young man, and he needs a soldier of experience to lead his army to victory. So Fortune is

given thirty days to make up his mind to join the Comrades of the Torch, as they call themselves, or die. But Fortune escapes after learning their plans, and through his efforts the leaders of the revolt are captured. Alda, the daughter of Wolff, who had promised Fortune power and wealth, becomes jealous of Mary, however, and insists that she be put to death by burning at the stake with Zorn. By this time Fortune is not very proud of what he has done, and realizes that he is causing the death of the woman he loves. At the trial of Zorn and Mary, he speaks up for them, and denounces Wolff and the Tower people, and is promptly imprisoned for his troubles.

While in prison he learned that the power of Zorn is far reaching, and one day he is mysteriously freed and taken to the Isle of the Great Woman once more, where he discovers that Mary has also been rescued from prison. Then he takes command of the army of the Folk and trains it in the use of arms for the day when they shall strike for their freedom. Zorn continues to direct all activities from his prison cell.

Finally the great day arrives. It is the day set for the execution of Zorn. Suddenly, before the fire is lit about Zorn, a brilliant light is seen from the miraculousoy raised arm of the Great Woman. The Torch is once more lighted! Wolff falls dead of a heart attack, and word is brought of the attack by the army of the Folk. After a terrific battle, in which Fortune's army uses cannon for the first time in centuries (rediscovered by an eccentric hunchback, one Tringe) The Tower army is defeated, Wolff's tower is taken and at last men are free again.

For generations men had believed in the legend of the Torch. The ancient statue in the harbor was a goddess, one arm holding a book clutched to her breast, the other a mere stump. Legend had it that once a torch had been held in the upraised hand, the torch of liberty. Legend had it also that when the torch would burn again, then would men be free again and the power of the Tower people broken forever.

* *

A STATISTICAL FRAGMENT
by Helen E. Cloukey

This is a report on a paper published in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, October 1, 1946, by Peter G. Denker, M.D. It reports a study made to compare the results of general practitioners in treating psychoneurosis with those obtained by specialists in the mental field. It took a series of 500 bases, based on 500 consecutive disability insurance claims. These were due to psychoneurosis, resulting in complete disability, inability to work at an occupation for profit. Care was taken to eliminate true psychotic or organic lesions. None received more than superficial psychotherapy, that is, treatment with sedatives, tonics, suggestion and reassurance. All of these were treated by general practitioners.

The writer reviews available statistics on other series of cases, and concludes that there is no significant difference in the success obtained by general practitioners, psychiatrists or psychoanalysts. He believes that if the patients' symptoms and problems can be viewed sympathetically, if adequate time can be given for him to pour out his endless complaints, if common sense and honest reassurance are used in discussing his conflicts with him, and if there is confidence in the physician, about the same number will get well in about the same length of time.

Everyone seems to be predicting these days, but how accurately?

THE FUTURE IS ANYBODY'S GUESS

by T. J. Mead

Along the highways will run electric lines on which you will find not only passenger, but express and freight trains. These lines will ply between the principal cities and towns of the country; they will gather up the products of the farm and dump them at the freight office of the great trunk lines. The familiar spectacle of the farmer driving to town with the product of the yearly harvest will be witnessed no longer. Instead, he will merely haul his products to the nearest highway and have them shipped by electricity to town. The electric car will bring his mail to his door daily."

The above might have been from the pen of a bright high school boy of about the class of 1895. If that was your guess as you were reading it, you can give yourself credit for hitting the date pretty closely. But instead of a student, the forcaster was one of the outstandingly brilliant engineers of that period.

A reporter named Carl Snyder was interviewing Mr. G. W. G. Ferris, whose famous "Ferris Wheel" was one of the wonders of the World's Columbian Exposition, more familiarly known as the "Chicago World's Fair of 1893". The interview took up several pages in the *Review of Reviews*, of September, 1893, one of the leading magazines of the English-speaking world.

Mr. Ferris had completed and successfully operated an observation wheel 250 feet in diameter, capable of carrying the 2,100 people who could be crowded at one time into its 36 cars. The wheel was hung so that its lowest point was 18 feet above ground, so for his 50 cents the passenger was privileged to look down on the Fair Grounds from a height of 268 feet. This would be a very creditable piece of structural steel engineering even today, and of course in 1893 it was the marvel of the engineering profession as well as of the general public.

Quoting further from Mr. Ferris, "Undoubtedly the greatest practical progress of the near future will be comprised within the expansion of the use of electricity and compressed air. Indeed I am persuaded that modern life will be absolutely revolutionized so far as its practical every-day work is concerned within the next ten years. And electricity largely will accomplish it.....The condition which will determine the relative expansion of towns and cities in the next decade is the presence of waterpower.....Any city which possesses this advantage must take the lead over any city which does not."

There was one of the world's foremost authorities giving a detailed forecast of the mechanical environment of the generation following 1893. It is a pity that he completely overlooked the internal combustion engine.

Mr. Ferris didn't live to see it, but he might have seen, within 30 years or less, interurban electric railway-lines being torn up and sold for junk, because the competition of the automobile, bus and truck made their future hopeless.

Now, Nobody on earth can tell today which of our contemporary science-fiction writers are accurately forecasting the future, and which ones are as far off the mark as was Mr. Ferris 54 years ago. But we can read their stories and use our own imaginations and scientific training, and get a lot of good mental exercise and fun doing it.

THOMAS BENTWORTH CHASTOR
writer, clubman
PASSES

At two A.M. last Thursday Thomas Bentworth Chastor was found stiff on his favorite bar stool. Before him was a cocktail glass containing half an ounce of dry martini and a pearl onion. His right hand had its fingers bent as though death had found him in the act of groping. Yes, your favorite author and mine is dead! He died of starvation: toward the end he was paying his publishers only one half cent a word. Chastor's exact age could not be determined. As the barman (who never had heard of prohibition) remembered having seen him sitting there for forty years, it is a reasonable supposition that he was sixty-one years old.

Many who never read his erudite and whimsical literary compositions will recall his tall, lean, stooped, scholarly figure as it crawled (alas! at times unsteadily, but never missing a pub.) from bar to tavern along the more obscure streets of our city; they will remember his cordial leer for the women, known to him or unknown, no matter what their ages, passed along the way; his uncouth propositions, advanced with naif charm, that spurious English accent, which he had acquired from reading P.G. Wodehouse in the original; his childlike glee when he moistened some friend's upholstery. It was no unusual thing to see him arrived at a party with clothing disarranged, toss his muffins into the lap of the hostess and many recall his ingratiating smile of apology as he rose to his feet after crashing through an antique table. "Fragile thing, what?" was his *riposte* on this occasion. All will miss him.

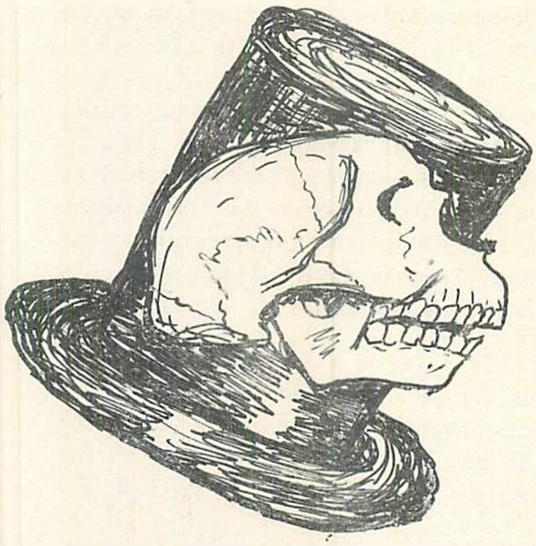
Bartenders have said that he was wittier in conversation than in his literary output. This is difficult for us to believe, and closer questioning disclosed that these estimable gentlemen were not too familiar with *Bentworthiana*. Certainly quick at repartee, to coin a phrase—rapier-sharp with the *mot juste* (Fr. wise-crack) though he was, still his literary creations bubble like a freshly deluged alka-seltzer.

Perhaps his most quoted verbal coinage is the recondite definition of *love* as *a feeling of ecstacy between blood tests*. (There is no truth to the story, once current, that Chastor flunked a Wasserman. On the one occasion when he had sufficient blood to spare enough for a test, its only ascertainable quality was a proof of 94.8. There were no abnormalities except for a trace of French Vermouth. At the time, science doubted that the stuff from his veins was blood.)

There are extant many examples of his conversational facility, of his ready wit. Sometimes, simply, he belched. One story of quick retort must be told. Once a bartender told him that he had had one too many for that nonce, to go home and take a nap and that everything would be alright in the morning. What Chastor told that bartender to do still is repeated in quiet salon corners, with appreciative chuckles, at more exclusive soires. Sharp, he was! He was quite the fellow, really!

One wonders what Hollywood might have done with the work of Thomas Bentwor-

Chastor: please to consider the possibilities inherent in his tone poem *The Lepers' Lament at the Thought of Rain*—remember the procession of these poor unfortunate folk, each with an umbrella tucked under his arm: how they hurried, to elude the threatening shower; how each umbrella is shifted to under the other arm as the first arm drops off. (Perhaps the theme is a trifle unpleasant; but mayn't we adult minds be weaned from saccahrine?) Or think, if you prefer, of the sustained suspense of *Ersatz Rubber*, with its whimsical mongoloid, in the coal bin, tweeting on his little flute to amuse the friendly rats, to make them cavort and dance; and how this cute little idiot rubs coal dust into his nostrils and into his ears, because he is lonely and because envious of the security of his baby brother who has nothing to do but to float buoyantly from side to side of a jar of formaldehyde. If a youthful actor could be found with sufficient intelligence to portray this charming idiot with the personality Chastor gave him, a film made from this psychological story should have a long and brilliant run. Hollywood may have hesitated because love interest, with this item, might be difficult to insert, as mongolian idiots rarely give sex much play. This idiosyncracy, perhaps peculiar to the type, may be due to their custom of kicking the bucket at an age when most normal youngsters engage in a tentative and invariably progressive experimentation. Perhaps there are other reasons. It is possible that mongoloids just don't care.



Enough for speculation! Chastor must be judged by the work he left. It will suffice; for his was a skill at word play and a critical acumen second to that of none of our age! Yes, perhaps second to none of any age! Shakespear? Well, read Chastor... he was more modern, anyway. His touch was subtile, terse and true. What he wanted to do he did, and if he could not find anybody to do it with him, he did it by himself. Such is the character of genius.

When Chastor was a lad in primary school he was thought to be a bit silly. This reputation, still on the school's more private records, could be attributed to an outstanding difference between himself and his contemporaries, which difference, that thing about him which stood out, was conspicuous even in early youth.

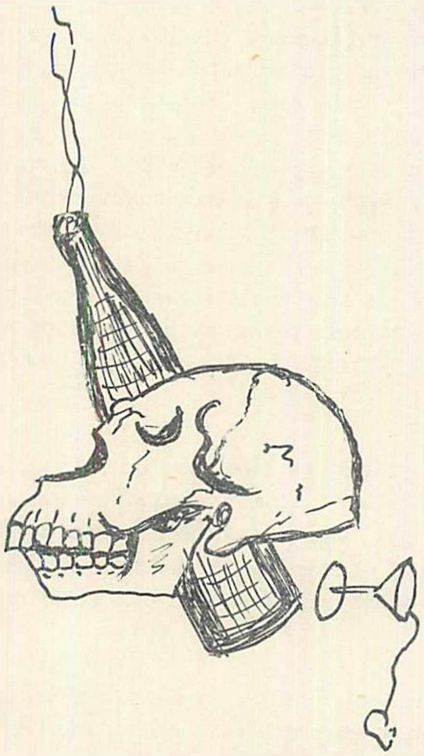
It took Chastor longer than it takes most babies to learn how to talk. This was because he looked and listened a lot. The first word claimed to have been enunciated by him (whittled into a wooden wall placque by a doting parent) was — neither *da* nor *ma*, as might have been expected: it was *Pulp*. This, in light of his later career, may seem to be significant.

To the best of my knowledge and I was close to Chastor on several occasions

when I did not have time to dodge). Chastor never was fond of goats. The once current rumour, that he adored the creatures, probably is attributable, not to a critical canard nor to the jealous fabrication of some embittered collector of rejection slips; but, rather, to a typographical error by a writer who meant that Chastor was fascinated by *ghosts*. Simple, what!

Critics, and among them scholars, have wondered that Chastor's several interplanetary stories never dealt with Mars, although there is one reference to it in that whimsical item of stratospheriana *Parsgot Abute*.

Chastor's best known work is his romantic novel, which won a reknown almost seconded by its sequal. (It is interesting to note here that a copy of the latter, with the 's' missing on page forty-seven, illustrated with curious plates——there is a resemblance to Chastor in the middle figure of the group portrayed facing page twenty-seven——brought five-dollars and eighty cents at a recent auction.)



Captious critics have complained that a miasma of the macabra tainted the scrivening of Thomas Bentworth Chastor. This we do not believe. To us, he was a realist who, in the blazing words of the bard "Painted the things as he saw them, for the god of things as they are." *(Misquote, Kipling. Ed.)*

No report on Chastor would be complete without a reference to his archaeological and architectural interests. How often, with nostalgia, he recalled the facade of Philadelphia's famous Hick's House and other gold coast edifices.

Thomas Bentworth Chastor was a member of the Saratoga bar, The Jolly Plst, Magillans, The Gateway——unfilled orders for pearl onions have been cancelled by the second listed club.

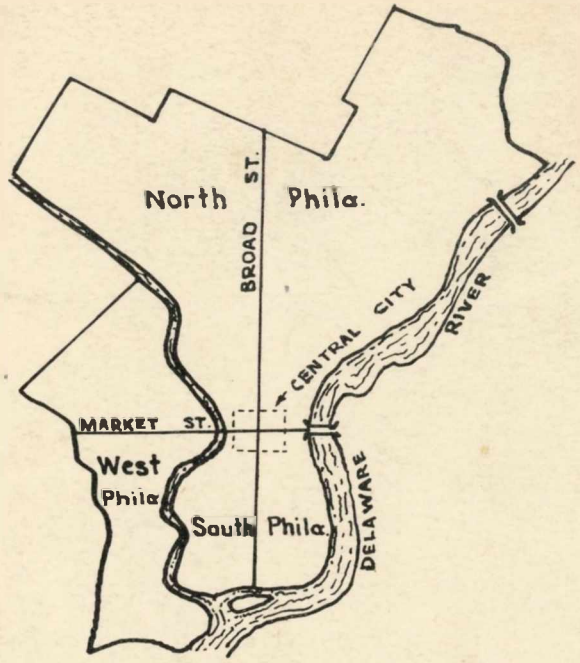
Thomas Bentworth Chastor may be viewed by barflies and literators at Oliver's Greek Funeral Emporium on Saturday evening (if he keeps until Saturday) in a coat by Finchley, trousers by Brooks Brothers, batwing by the Custom Shop, and a Dobbs Cross-Country hat in his hands, along with gloves by Fawnes.

(WHITE TIE, PLEASE.)

After a brief ceremony on Sunday morning, and the singing by his spiritual advisors, Pat, John and Bill, of *Pop Goes the Weasel*, he will be poured into the charred family cask and sealed.

requiscat in pace.

Benson Dool:

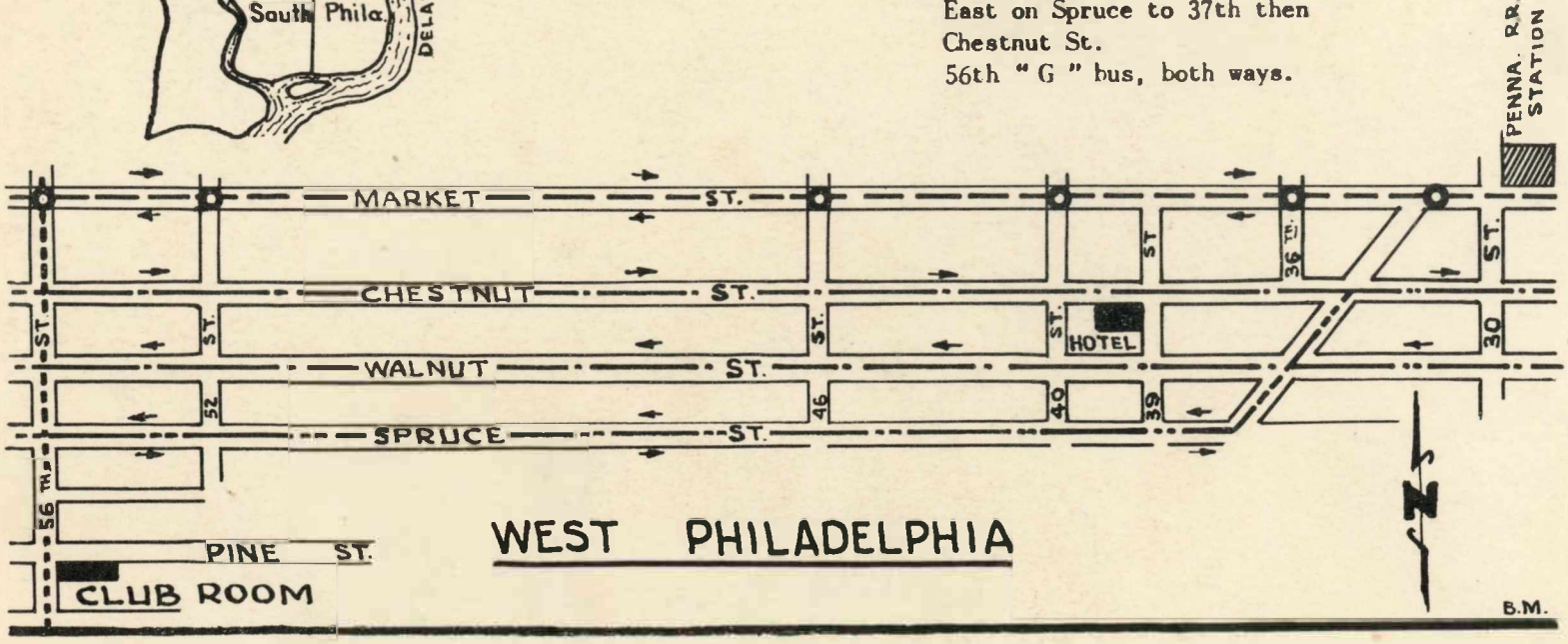


- LEGEND -

DOWNTOWN: El, both ways. o Station stops.
East & West Bound on Market.
8th, 11th, 13th, & 15th St. Stations.

" D " bus, one way.
West on Sansom to 22nd then
Walnut.
East on Chestnut to 22nd then
Locust St.

" 42 " car, both ways.
West on Walnut to 33rd then
Spruce St.
East on Spruce to 37th then
Chestnut St.
56th " G " bus, both ways.



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