







B E Y O N D

a magazine of creative fantasy

Rosco E.. Wright, HA 2/c, Editor

January 1945

F A P A

Number 4

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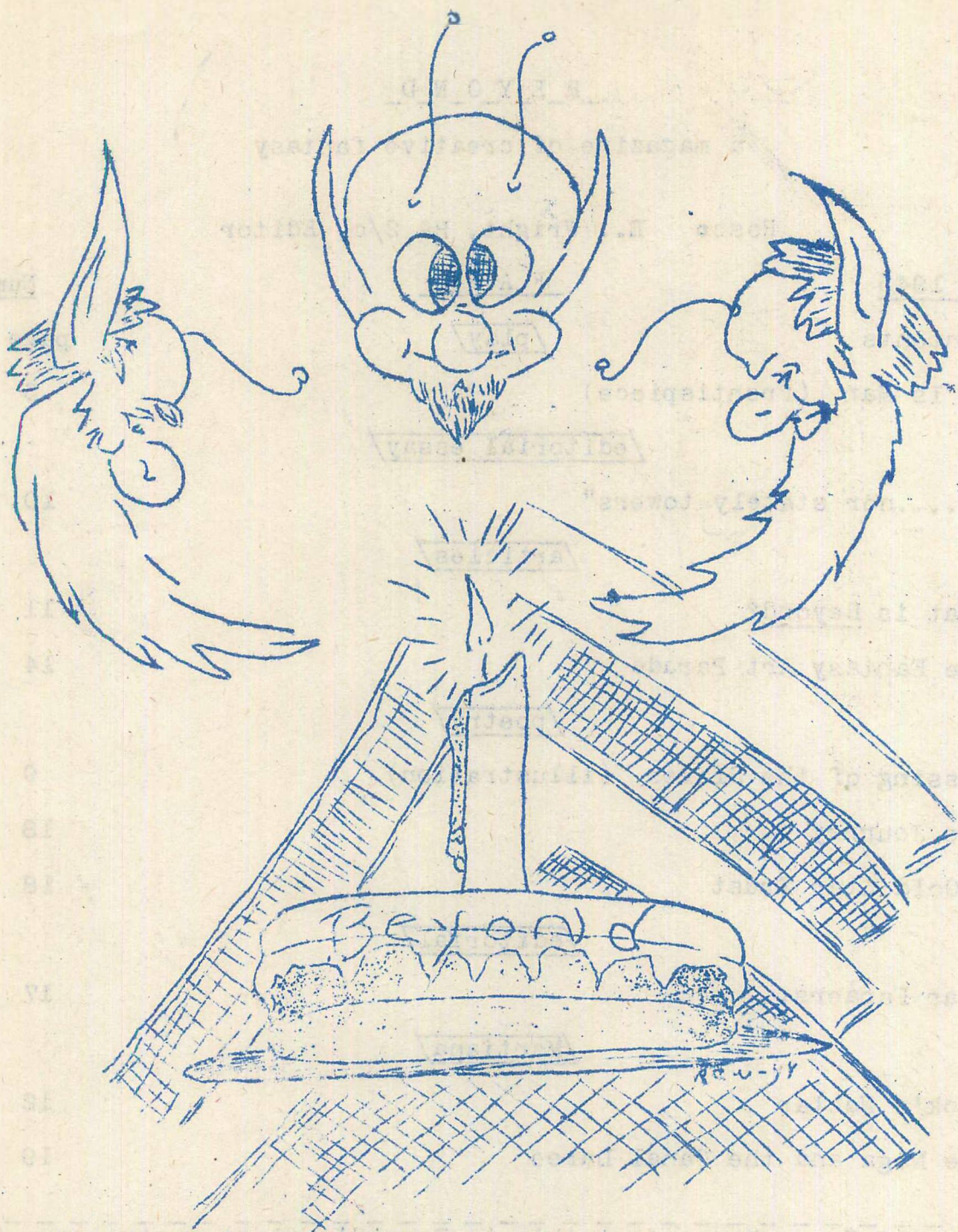
We wonder if Rosco knows that this is Beyond's first anniversary issue?

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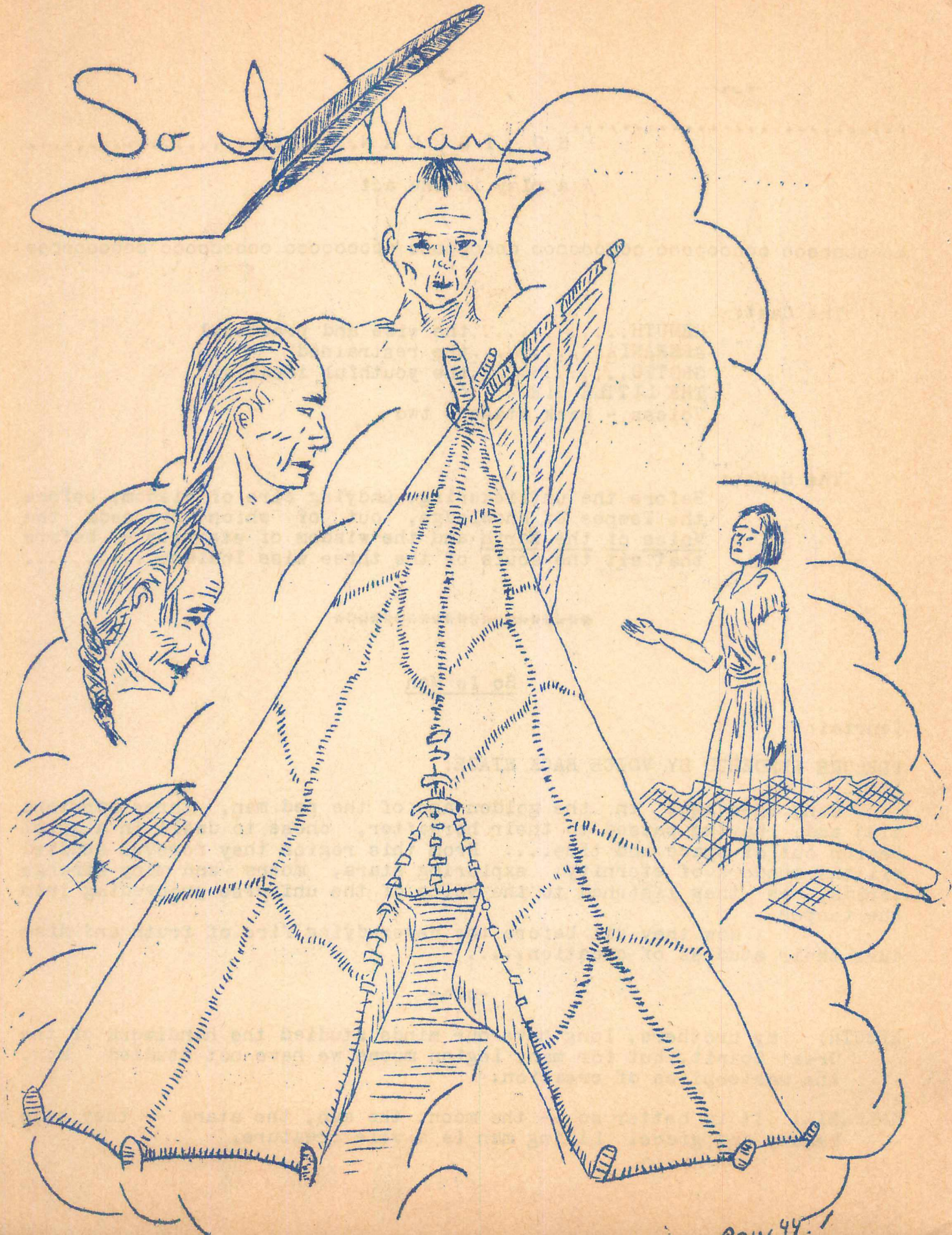
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So I Man





..... S O I S M A N.....

a play in one act

oooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo

The Cast:

HEMUTH.....the wise and practical  
 ARKWANIA.....the restrained  
 GROTTTO.....the youthful idealist  
 THE LITTLE GIRL  
 Voices - back stage - two

The Scene:

Before the unflickering, undying Fire of Wisdom; before the Teepee of Knowledge, out of which proceeds the Voice of the Earth and the wisdom of eternity -- before that sit the souls of the three wise Indians.....

\*\*\*\*\*

So Is Man

(curtain)

PRELUDE RENDERED BY VOICE BACK STAGE:

Long ages ago, in the golden age of the red man, three warriors died and, having passed to their hereafter, chose to dwell in a quiet region out of space and time.... From this region they forever studied all the wonders of eternity; exploring stars, moons and many strange worlds, as they listened to the voice of the universe proceeding from the teepee.

Now they sit before the never-dying fire of truth and discuss their studies of creation.....

-oOo-

HEMUTH: My brothers, long have our minds studied the handiwork of the Great Spirit, but for many legion moons we have not studied Man, the masterpiece of creation.

ARKWANIA: It is better so -- the moon, the sun, the stars -- they have beauty and grace. Living man is a vile creature.



GROTTO: Aye, Arkwania, thou harsh judge, truly Man is a low creature. But Man strives to surpass his lowness, and therein lies virtue and nobility.

HEMUTH: Even so, Grotto, what doth it avail us to study Man when we can no more touch him than we can stay the stars in their courses?

ARKWANIA: It is well. Man is too vile to touch.

GROTTO: Why speak you so of Man? Since we came to this hereafter to sit and see and think we have not looked upon Man.

HEMUTH: Well spoken, Grotto! Let us listen to the Voice of the Earth. Perhaps Man has changed and become ennobled.

ARKWANIA: It is doubtful. Evil and selfishness were the elements of Man when last we saw him. So was Man... So is Man... So will be Man---Yet, I will listen a moment to the Voice of Earth.

GROTTO: I would that you listen, my brothers. Remember that we were once men. Perhaps men are evil now -- but some are good, thus all can be good. Perhaps we can help them.

HEMUTH: We cannot help them. With discretion, we may stay the elements, but Man is beyond our hand. It is the law that all living beings should work out their own destinies.

(silence falls on the trio)

VOICE OF A WOMAN (back stage): John! John! Where has that brat gone now?

(telephone rings)

WOMAN: Oh-----there is the 'phone, and just when I was going to put John in bed and go to the show!

(telephone taken from hook)

WOMAN: Hello -- Hello! This is the Mackburn residence.

(silence for a moment)

WOMAN: My husband in jail for misconduct? Well, let him rot there for disgracing me so!

(receiver is slammed down)

WOMAN: What a home! What a home! It's just ruined--nobody is half way human around here except me!

(sound of knocking on door)

WOMAN (curtly): Come in.

(door opens; closes)



MAN'S VOICE: Madam, I'm sorry to say that your son, John, was involved in an accident.

WOMAN: W-w-was he hurt?

MAN: He was----he----is now at the City Hospital.

WOMAN: Oh----I--uh--suppose I should go to see him -- But I did want to see that show.

MAN (grimly): Madam! The show will keep---your son is dying!

WOMAN (gasps): Oohhh.....

(no more sound from back stage)

ARKWANIA: That is enough. It is better that Man die and be consigned to his proper sphere for Man today is truly an inglorious creature.

HEMUTH: If they have homes such as that, and must be imprisoned for their actions, they are not worthy of consideration.

ARKWANIA: Let us be silent. I believe that I hear the sound of footsteps approaching our lodge.

HEMUTH: I feel that someone or something draws near.

(footsteps approach -- a small girl steps into sight and approaches the three Indians)

ARKWANIA: Whither goest thou, little one?

HEMUTH: Are you lost, little soul?

GIRL: I do not know, sirs. Are you Hemuth, Arkwania and Grotto? The souls of the three thinkers from the golden age of the Red Man?

GROTTO: We are, little one.

GIRL: Then, Sirs, I'm not lost.

HEMUTH: Do you mean that you seek us, soul of few years?

GIRL: I have come to seek your aid for my friends....

GROTTO: Do not stand, little one. Have a seat beside our fire, and tell us how you came and why you came.

(the girl seats herself)

GIRL: Once I lived in a city on Earth. The War came. One day some planes flew over. I and my brother rushed to the cellar. It was awfully noisy for a long time and we huddled together in a dark corner.

ARKWANIA: The ways of the world are a flame of destruction to the innocent ones.



GIRL: Indeed they are, Sir. The house caught on fire and we could not escape from the basement. It kept getting hotter and hotter until my brother and I fell asleep. When I woke up I was lying alone in a green field. A beautiful lady in white appeared and took my hand and led me to a shining pathway that stretched over mountains and up into the sky.....

HEMUTH: My little child, did not the white lady speak to you?

GIRL: Yes, she said that I was a spirit -- that I had died, and she would show me the path to the pearly gates, which I must travel alone.

ARKWANIA: Little soul, did she not tell you of all the bypaths, and that if you turned off at one of the side roads you would be eternally cursed or doomed to become some object of nature, like a tree or a star?

GIRL: Yes, Sir. She told me of all that and she told me of what lay at the end of each side road. She told me of you three wise men.

GROTTO: Tell me, little one, how could one so innocent as you betray a final trust and prove unworthy of a pleasant afterlife?

GIRL (tearfully): I thought of my brother in the cellar with me, of my father killed by the enemy, of hungry people, of the soldiers on the battlefield and the bad men who started the war.

HEMUTH: And you came to us for help, knowing the reward of your disobedience and not being sure we could help?

GIRL: Yes, Sir -- But won't you help my people on Earth?

HEMUTH: Oh, little one! Little one! Why did you sacrifice your eternity for the brief night on Earth?

GIRL: They are my friends. I would do anything for my friends.

GROTTO: You are a precious heart. It is too bad there are not more of your kind among the living.

GIRL: But there are many better than I am. Won't you help them?

ARKWANIA: Little one, do you not know that we are governed by a law? We can command the things of nature, but it is written that the soul of one who is dead shall not touch one of the living.

GIRL: I know it is so. But you can command the elements: The wind, the stars and the growing things hearken to you.

GROTTO (smiling): I see, dear soul. You would have us control the weather and the seas and mountains to win the war for your people.

GIRL: That is what I want you to do. When one of our soldiers is fighting on the burning desert, cause a cool stream of water to flow near him; if he is in cold lands, give him warmth; if he is in the jungle, keep him cool with a breeze.



HEMUTH: So be it, little one. You have warmed our hearts and we will gladly do that for you and your people.

GIRL (arises, smiling): Thank you, Sirs. Now that I have accomplished my aim, I am willing to take my punishment.

GROTTO: You are too good to serve time in the realm of those who are condemned to chastisement. I am sorry, but the rule of the hereafter allows you only one other choice.

ARKWANIA: Choose well some object of nature you would like to be for a time - for we want you to be as happy as possible then.

GIRL (looks around--up into the sky--and smiles): I know what I would like to be. I would like to be a star in the sky above you and make your life brighter for having helped people.

HEMUTH: Let it be so -- When you pass from our presence you shall be a star in the sky.

GIRL: Thank you! Thank you!

HEMUTH: You are welcome, little one. Go in peace.

(The three, Hemuth, Arkwania and Grotto, stand. The girl leaves. A star flashes on in the background.)

GROTTO: Lo, brothers, a new star lights our way.

ARKWANIA: Let us keep faith with it.

(Curtain draws closed as the three are going off stage. Backstage, By the Waters of Minnetonka is played and sung.)

-The End-

/Note: A letter from playwright Rosco divulges the following item of interest: "The play, So Is Man, was enacted on the Eddyville ((Oregon)) High School stage before the kiddies, poppas and mommas and granpaws of thereabout." (rew) -- nfs/

----- Hemuth: Speaking for Bolskone? -----

Here, chums, is the fourth issue, dated January 1945, of BEYOND, a would-be quarterly magazine inflicted on the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and others by Rosco E. Wright, HA 2/c, Field Medical School, Co. A, Class 90, T. C., Camp Pendelton, Oceanside, California, Editor and Payer-of-the-Bills. Published on Mephisto, the diabolic Duplicator, by one Norman F. Stanley, 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine, Vice President in charge of stenciling, mimeographing and interlineating.

----- Howzabout sending Rosco your comments on this issue? -----



## PASSING OF THE SLAVES

All the earth's high noon  
 Bent its beastly light  
 To aching, striving backs  
 That fear the whip's cruel cracks.  
 The reapers toiled on,  
 Until the day was gone,  
 And through the sleeping night  
 Yet swung from left to right;

Weary,

Weary,

Weary -

Longing for the rest  
 Of the earth's firm breast.

All the earth's wan moon  
 Bent its ghostly light  
 To haggard, fallen souls  
 In Hell's coarse, seething holes,  
 Who, gone from earth's harsh shore,  
 Will reap the grain no more,  
 Nor spare a feeble curse,  
 Nor think their fate the worse;

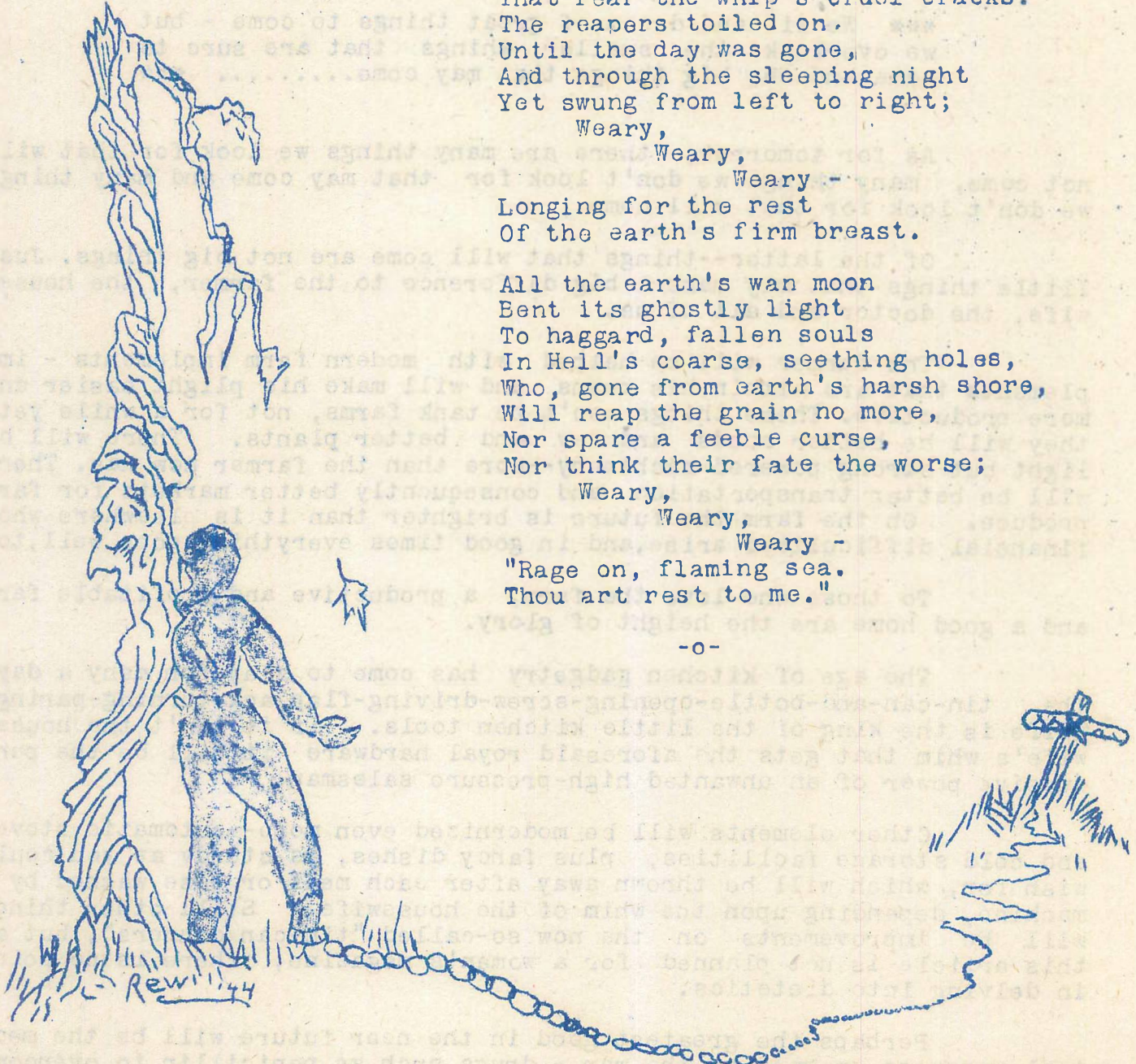
Weary,

Weary,

Weary -

"Rage on, flaming sea.  
 Thou art rest to me."

-o-





".....nor stately towers"

\*\*\* We sit and dream of great things to come - but we overlook the smaller things that are sure to come and the big things that may come..... \*\*\*

As for tomorrow, there are many things we look for that will not come, many things we don't look for that may come and many things we don't look for that will come.

Of the latter--things that will come are not big things. Just little things that may make a big difference to the farmer, the housewife, the doctor and all of us.

The farmer will be helped with modern farm implements - implements that are within his means and will make his plight easier and more productive. These things won't be tank farms, not for a while yet, they will be better seeds and new and better plants. There will be light but strong powered machinery--more than the farmer now has. There will be better transportation and consequently better markets for farm produce. On the farm the future is brighter than it is elsewhere when financial difficulties arise, and in good times everything goes well, too.

To those who love the farm, a productive and profitable farm and a good home are the height of glory.

The age of kitchen gadgetry has come to stay for many a day. The tin-can-and-bottle-opening-screw-driving-flapjack-turning-paring-knife is the king of the little kitchen tools. If it isn't the housewife's whim that gets the aforesaid royal hardware it will be the persuasive power of an unwanted high-pressure salesman.

Other elements will be modernized even more--automatic stoves and cold storage facilities, plus fancy dishes, as sturdy as you could wish for, which will be thrown away after each meal or else washed by a machine, depending upon the whim of the housewife. Still other things will be improvements on the now so-called "tin-can dinners", but as this article is not planned for a woman's magazine, there is no point in delving into dietetics.

Perhaps the greatest good in the near future will be the medical progress spawned by the war - drugs such as penicillin to overcome everything from a cold to syphilis. Better instruments and better trained doctors will go a long way in pulling the stinger from the stern of death.



In the entertainment field, books, magazines, radios, carnivals and circuses will boom to heretofore unachieved heights of artistic and quantitative magnificence. Yes, television and science-fiction will be doing well, too!

But as for the stately towers, it's like this: Pop Jenks owns a little beanery -- not very up-to-date, but Pop likes it and doesn't want to change to a streamlined, mechanized cubicle. The Acme Company has a big office building of ancient design -- it is old, but it was built well, and built to stay. And stay it will.

The gleaming towers will come by a slow process of architectural evolution. When a new building is built it will be the latest design approved for the purpose. Yet those old buildings, built to stay, will stay. They will stay until earthquake, or fire, or too many decades fell them.

Of course the towers will come in time -- if the race doesn't lose its civilization too soon. But they won't be apt to come in time to be seen by those who read these words.

tomorrowandtomorrowandtomorrowcreepinthispettypacefromdaytodaytothelast

#### WHAT IS BEYOND?

For those who receive Beyond and are not members of the FAPA I offer this explanation as to what and why Beyond is:

Beyond is an amateur magazine devoted to the future, science and science-fiction, fantasy, philosophy, fantasy verse and all unusual art and arts. In addition to that, Beyond is a member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, known as the FAPA and usually pronounced "fay-pay" ((or "fah-pah", or "fapper" --nfs)).

The FAPA is a literary club comprised chiefly of science-fiction and fantasy fans. The members publish or contribute to amateur magazines of various types for the FAPA. As the membership is now limited to 65, that number of copies of each FAPA magazine is sent to the club editor, and bundles, containing a copy of each magazine, are sent out by him to each member.

-- The Editor of Beyond

syllableofrecordedtime-ifthisismisquoteddon'tblametheeditorhedidn'tdoit



-----  
 : AROK'S NECTAR :  
 -----

- a translation from the Fables of Amerk -

"The laughter of the Mad God echoes throughout the literature of old Mars." -- Professor Rhu, Scripta Martiana, 5, 1119.

-o-

Nimroo, a hillman of North Mars, left his wullah\* early one morning in late summer. He was on his way to the barter center to meet the plainsmen of the southern seabeds. But the way was long and so it was that dusk was fast overtaking Nimroo as he urged his mighty Noyak on that the ford of the Ton River might be crossed ere the night fell. There were holes in the crossing, holes filled with quicksand and water, holes that had held many a wagon overnight, or even longer.

Though the Noyak's fleecy shoulders dripped sweat that day, yet the myriad eyes of night looked down when the Ton River had been reached. Nimroo halted in a state of indecision - until a snowflake fell upon his cheek. Then he knew that in a day or two the road back would be impassable. No time must be lost! With misgivings, Nimroo prodded his Noyak into the stream. Cautiously they felt their way, a quarter of the way, half the way, three quarters! Nimroo smiled with relief.

But then came a severe jolt; the plodding Noyak was abruptly checked, and a flash of profound misgiving swept over the hillman's face. Then with a gesture and a cry of "Begone, Arok!" he climbed down and began tugging at the great wheel of the wagon.

However, time soon told Nimroo that his mightiest efforts were to no avail - Nimroo anticipated a sad wullah for the winter.

Then out of the night a voice spoke: "Good Hillman, I will come in the stream and help you -- for a price."

Nimroo turned and beheld, standing on a rock, midstream, a strange hillman. "I will pay the price!" he cried. "Get me safely through the stream and I'll pay well!"

"That you will." agreed the stranger as he leaped into the stream, tossed Nimroo into the wagon seat and easily lifted the wagon from the hole. The stranger waded beside the Noyak and guided Nimroo safely to the shore.

The hillman turned to the stranger. "In the name of my wullah I thank you. You have done me a great service."

---

\* "wullah" - variously translated as "home and/or family".



"Thank me not." replied the stranger, "All was done for a price."

"And what is your price, strange one?"

"As payment you will lend me a jug of nug-berry juice. This I will return to you when you come back this way."

"A small request." commented Nimroo. "Here you are. Perhaps I can do more for you another time."

The stranger laughed disquietingly: "You know not how much you do for me."

Nimroo returned from the bartering--it had been a good day for him and he was quite merry. He was rather surprised when he came to the Ton River ford, for there, holding the jug, was the eccentric stranger. Nimroo halted, nonplussed; the stranger quickly slipped the jug into the wagon at Nimroo's feet and, turning, glided silently into the night. Only a hollow laugh echoed in his wake.

Nimroo frowned slightly, then shook the reins. "On, tired Noyak. That was the foe of all Mars -- Arok of the ancient Gods. Perhaps my bargain with him was not so good, after all."

There are those who will say Nimroo was right and there are those who will say he was wrong in his misgivings, yet all through the winter whenever he touched nug-berry juice to his lips his wullah rocked with the laughter of Arok. And in the years to come all the hillmen learned to drink the enchanted laughing juice, and as time went on the plainsmen came to call them "moyo mi gungu" or "the wobbling red-nosed ones."

----- ..and the swerol got up and slowly walked away -----





# The Fantasy Art Parade

by I. C. Penwise

-o-

Whose drawings have you  
been looking for lately?  
Mr. Penwise presents the  
lowdown on them.....

-o-



They come and they go. Some of them get rave notices, some are spurned, some appear but a moment and vanish into the unknown, all of them are underpaid.

There was and there is the omnipresent Leo Morey, chief of stf's mass-production artists, who has probably appeared more times than any other artist except for Paul. Morey, as seen today, is a quite sloppy artist. At least his work, as is published, shows a lack of care with details and general application of his ink. Perhaps a lot of this is due to the reproduction, but still that makes Morey an average stf artist with ability to sloop off a fairly presentable pic any old time.

Another artist familiar to all is Virgil Finlay, now in the army, who was also known in the American Weekly for his clever fantasy cartoons in the cooking section of this publication. Finlay is an excellent example of how to do fine art for pulp paper magazines. Also Finlay is capable of producing beauty in a particularly entrancing manner. His character sketches might seem overdone to some, in that he portrays the mental and social as well as the physical nature of his subjects. However, though some consider otherwise, I maintain that to be a point in Finlay's favor. Furthermore, some of Finlay's symbolics are symbols of symbols, but they're still fine art and usually good for a brain teaser or just for their own sake. Ideas are buried in them, and a Finlay original or folio is something to treasure.

With all who pass before our eyes we must not forget Frank R. Paul -- "the tradition of science-fiction art" -- an example of the fundamentals of stf illus-



trating and a man whose works other stf artists should study. Paul's machines, cities and aliens are excellent, his humans and space ships aren't so good, the humans are too typed and machine-like, his space ships are fancy, but have too many superfluous decorations to be practical. However, the latter is a matter of taste. I kinda like some of Paul's feminine forms, though.

For a moment there flashed on stf's screen, and mostly in Planet Stories, one burst of excellence in the form of A. Leydenfrost, a past master of shading and color technique. He is an artist who climbed to Esquire and rather left science-fiction to two promising boys, supposedly his sons, though they spell their name with an "L-a-i-d-" rather than an "L-e-y-d-". More room, more careful engraving and smoother paper would have done Leydenfrost more justice than Planet did, but at that the excellence of his work was still evident.

Weird Tales, whatever its stories may be, still surprises us with a constant flood of excellent art and good reproduction. Brundage, the lady artist, is remarkable for producing weird beauty; she is a true artist. The same may be said of Humiston's distinctly wrought illustrations and Dolbokov's graceful, sweeping symmetry.

In the parade, for those who have a sense of humor, is the unparalleled quaintness of Edd Cartier's unique ugliness. Cartier was the best illustrator the magazine, Unknown, could have secured. Those gnomes, withered with age and pouchy with pagan wines are a boon to the industry that pokes slyly at the faults of this poor old world. Many will doubtless welcome post war Cartiers and meanwhile you and I may amuse ourselves with those little monstrosities frolicking through yesterday's Unknowns.

With pleasure must come disappointment, so with regret there was observed an increasing carelessness in the work of Marchioni, Schneeman and Wesso. Wesso was once very good and is still good but not what he used to be, and I'm not sure it's his fault. Schneeman slipped when he changed to cross hatch. Marchioni is evidently too busy to do the good work he did about 1938. Dold is also a disappointment, not because he slipped but because he is unable to appear any more.

My eyes have watched with increasing interest the climb of a group of new illustrators. Among them is knight, the gentleman from Oregon, whose art work is a little like Bok, a little like Dolgov, but more like knight. There is Lawrence who may be a successor to Dold if he keeps at it or, in another line, a successor to Finlay.

Giunta and Forte both struggled at first but Giunta kept climbing while Forte, good at designing and landscapes, never went above the run-of-the-mill level. Perhaps in Lowndes' mags had not vanished the story would be different.

So much for prodom, and so we turn to those enthusiastic amateur artists. Tom Wright can equal Finlay's best and promises to go far with his painstaking production of beauty. Lencicki shows great promise in portraying people and though he still needs practice, like all the rest, he reveals real talent. His friend, Frank Wilimczyk, is a good cartoonist. So far I have observed no real art by him, but I do like his work.

Duane Rimel doesn't consider himself an artist, but he did achieve a novel effect with his linoleum cut on Acolyte. As a steady artist Duane would face some difficulties, but every once in a while he turns out something that really has a wonderful kick.



As for Wiedenbeck, his airbrush work is becoming a highly pleasing collection of patterns cleverly cut from some mental rainbow -- the more I see the more I like them.

At this point I will take the liberty to comment of Rew. Rew is an artist with plenty of imagination and ambition; his weaknesses are in anatomy and in handling his tools and mediums. Practice and study will help him, but now that he is in the Navy he won't be able to do much of that. However, Rew firmly, and for several reasons, intends to be an active fan all his life, so it's anybody's guess as to what he will do.

In Joe Gibson we have, or we had, the opposite of Rew. Gibson is very good at anatomy and human features and in handling his mediums, while his imagination isn't so original. Whether this is for better or worse depends upon the tastes of those who see the art. As for me, I like Gibson's work very much.

Rhyme and reason and visions go into a frame of symbolism when Robert Hoffman starts drawing the surrealist work of "Rah". Some of his pics are too deep for me, but I always welcome his work, especially his "cute little critters" from never-never land.

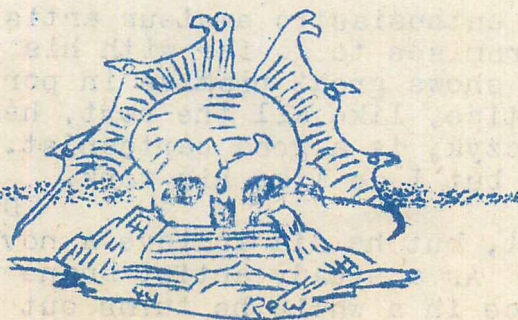
Of all fantasy artists who decorate the pages that parade before me I am especially interested in three.

One of these three is Alex Schomburg, whose pics in Wonder and Marvel appealed to me because of their smoothness, neatness, beauty of design and - well - women. Another of those artists is fardom's new star, Ronald Clyne, one of the best illustrators now working for the pro mags. Clyne is good with both ideas and technique. His best work so far is his symbolic cover for the last Fantasite, showing a space ship flying from Mars, god of war.

Now, considering all artists I know of, both professional and amateur, one stands above all the others as being the real artist of the lot. This artist doesn't draw beautiful glamour girls and his animate people are a bit grotesque at times, but the grotesqueness and general technique are manifestations of real art. The work of this artist is magnificent and different. His name? Hannes Bok, of course.

As for pro fantasy art as a whole, any artist who does good work deserves far more credit than he will likely get. At five dollars per illustration they can't take pains and at the same time make much money. Consequently few besides the "hobby artist" will do good work. Yet stf and fantasy magazines constantly produce better art than any other fiction magazines. Personally I'm out to give all fantasy artists all the support possible.

How about the rest of you?





Dear F a p a e r s , . . . . .

---

It would be fun to start this column with a host of comments on fellow publications, but as I have not seen a glimmer of the last two mailings I'll have to carry on on my own, using some grapevine news for fuel:

It seems as if there is one person among the fans who dislikes certain FAPA publications because they at times contain scantily-clad feminine forms. This man also threatens to turn such publications over to the Post Office. Now if yours truly should see fit to use feminine charms in Beyond to convey a particular artistic impression the trouble-maker would evidently try shoving a law suit in my face. If I did choose to use the feminine charms I should do so with a clear conscience and would not give an ounce of stardust for anyone's opposition. Of course when such appears I might be overseas fighting japs and caring for wounded Americans. Now when I'm busy I hate to be annoyed by self-hallowed crusaders. Then after I come back home I'll have a lotta fun battling it out with the honorable crusader.

There is a little matter I'd like to bring up for what it may be worth to my fellow "service fans" and myself: Before I became a member of the FAPA I understood that voting was a requirement for membership. I have never received a ballot. I am able to pay dues, and, with the invaluable aid of Norm Stanley ((it says in the script --nfs)), give you Beyond. I'd hate to be removed from the rooster ((sabotage! --nfs)) because I was unable to vote. What's the score on this, fellows?

The US Naval Hospital at Shoemaker is really a swell place. Everybody was friendly and the duty was good. Even the nurses were rather better than you'd expect them to be, but despite that I still maintain that they express executive inability and waste good training.

My work at Shoemaker consisted of four educational months on a urology ward, including one month of night duty when I enjoyed being on my own. Finally some new corpsmen came in from Diego Corps School and so the older hands had to work elsewhere. I got a lazy man's job in commissary, with lots of Waves, lots of liberty and little work.

Well, fellows, there's nothing like extending your neck! I got tired of shore duty - now I'm celebrating my first anniversary in the Navy by my second day with the Fleet Marine Force. When I first joined the Navy I never thought I'd be studying and training to be a foxhole corpsman! Well, I was told never to volunteer but I'm one of those stubborn optimists who "must see for himself."

This issue of Beyond presents something a little different: A one-act fantastic play, So Is Man. The stage setting for this play can be easily acquired and set up....of course you must also get a little girl. I'd like some fan

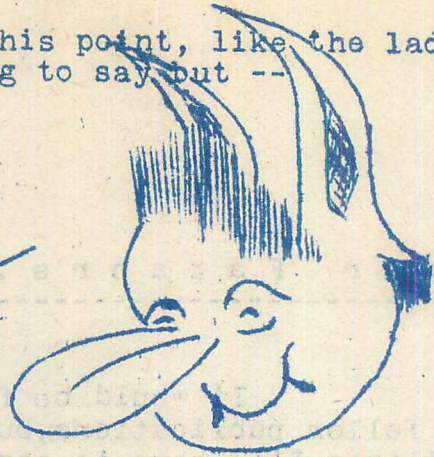


reactions to the play, please.....

And at this point, like the lad who spilled his whiskey in church, I have nothing to say but --

All's Beyond

Rosco  
#



rosco's in the marine corps now we'll never get him out unless we buy more bonds' never

# THE JOURNEY

As swift as light  
I glide through night  
Over hill,  
Over dale,  
In the still,  
In the gale;  
And tempest's batter  
Will make no matter,  
For I'm now bound  
For hallowed ground.

As swift as light  
I glide through night  
Over clouds,  
Through the air  
Past dim shrouds  
To a lair  
In which there lies  
The strange surprise  
Awaiting all  
Who heed the call.

As swift as light  
I glide through night  
Down the stairs  
Of my life,  
With my cares  
And my strife.  
For this great call  
That stays my breath,  
The all in all,  
Is final death.

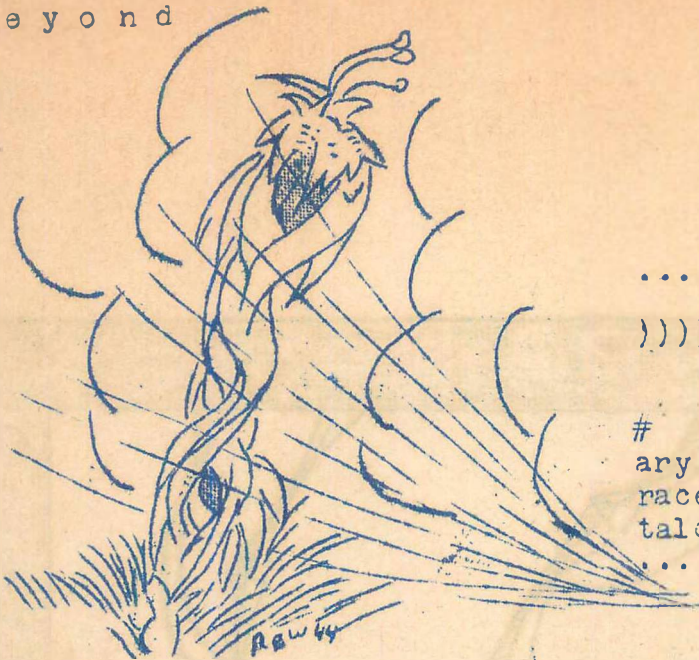
# A GOLD STAR TRUST

Some of us  
Lie in briny deeps;  
Some of us  
Lie in jungle keeps.  
But when we fell by fours,  
And when we fell by scores,  
And when we thundered woes  
Into the hearts of foes  
We gave our crimson blood  
To battle's raging flood,  
That men might till the sod  
And fear no ruling rod.

Some of us  
Gave a trust to keep;  
All of us  
Watch and lightly sleep.  
We never suffered pain  
Or fought or died in vain.  
And if, by mortal pains,  
A dark oppressor reigns,  
Our waiting bones will rise  
To meet those selfish eyes,  
And all our host of dead  
Will come from earthen bed,  
Assembled in their might  
To end the pagan blight.

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# THE NAGA AND THE CANAL LAREE

.....  
 )))) another fable from Amerk (((

# Here we present the first literary evidence of the former Martian race's great faith in coöperation. A tale of two who made a worthy union.  
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One late summer, by a Martian canal, a Canal Laree, almost buried in its foliage and budding with youth, peeked up at a tall Naga stalk, brown with age.

Said the Canal Laree to the Naga stalk, "Soon will come the rains and the cold winds of winter. Then, my friend, you must go. Why must it be so? You are a good companion in the early summer and late winter when we are allowed to live at the same time."

The Naga stalk returned, "It is sad, little one, but it is the way of nature --- in winter the cold bursts me with its brittleness; in the summer you wither from thirst."

The winter came and one bitter evening while the icy winds howled over the canals the Naga called to the Laree: "Farewell, little one!" And burst into a dozen lifeless brown pieces.

The Canal Laree settled down to a night of grief.

In the early summer the Naga grew anew from its roots and beheld the Canal Laree already beginning to wither from thirst.

"Wither not, little friend. I have an idea."

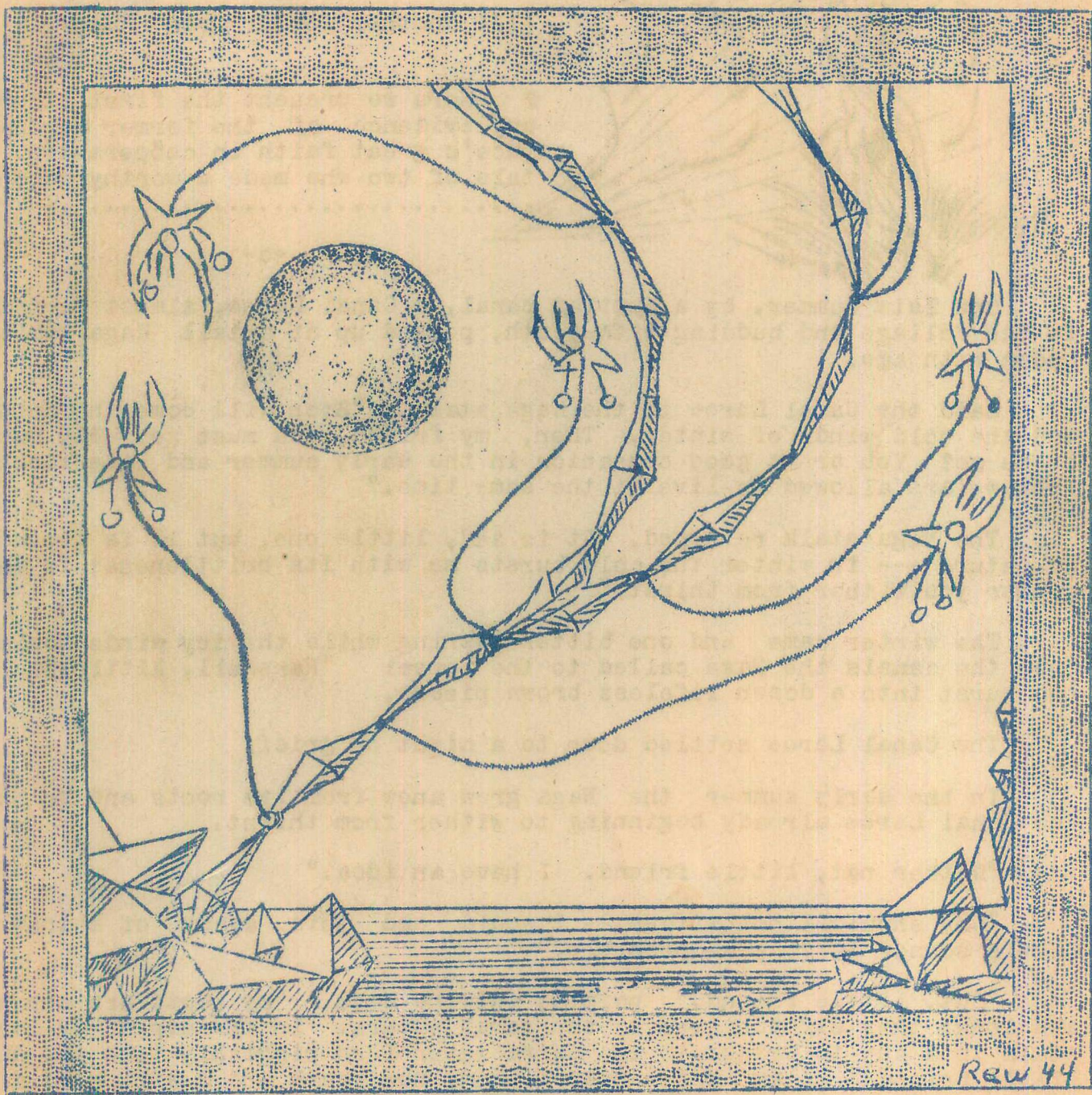
"Why should I not wither -- I would end this agony of thirst a little sooner if it were possible."

"But, little friend," pointed out the Naga, "my roots are strong and long; they stretch even to the canal waters. In the top of my long stalk is a cup to evaporate the extra water I so piggishly take up. And, little friend, I am yet tender with my new youth and I will bend and place you on my head so that your roots may find moisture."

The Naga stalk bent and grew up through the summer with a bright, happy friend on its brow nodding at the glaring summer sun. The winter came and the Canal Laree defied the old familiar ice blast as it clung as a protective cloak about its stalwart friend.

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