

EXHIBIT

PRODUCED FOR BALTICON 9 BY EOP3FA

MINIHYMNAL

Produced for Balticon 9 by HOPSFA

Compiled by Jim Dana

Mostly typed by Charlie Hamilton

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RADIATION BLUES

(tune traditional, something like Frankie and Johnny)

Old H-Bomb went off last Tuesday
By the Second Chance Saloon.
There ain't nothing left but the juke box
And it's playing a mournful tune
Just keeps on playing those radiation blues.

I've been drinking since last Wednesday
And I should be getting high.
But the dehydration's got me,
And all I am is dry.
Can't get no edge on — got radiation blues.

Last evening when the sun went down
I went walking in the park.
Didn't mind those busted street lights,
I was glowing in the dark.
Just call me glow-worm — got radiation blues.

Had a wake for Jake the barber
One long drink, and one short prayer.
He went and shot himself this morning
'Cause the whole town lost its hair.
Came out in handfuls — got radiation blues.

Ain't no use in going noplac —
Whole damn world is just like here.
Bossmen really fixed us this time;
Guess I'll have another beer.
Ain't no use singing those radiation blues.

Words by Ted Cogswell

STARDRIVE

The Stardrive was discovered on a planet of Centaurus
By a race which built its cities when the Earth was flaming gas!
They swept out through the star lanes in the dawning of creation
And a million years of empire came to pass.

Their successors were a race of mighty insects from Orion!
They didn't have the Stardrive but they didn't ever die.
They smashed a dying empire and they settled down to rule it,
And another million years or so went by.

The insects were supplanted when the drive was rediscovered.
They couldn't halt rebellion when they couldn't catch their foes
And the Tzen became the rulers, they were reptiles from Arcturus.
And they worshipped the dark swamps from which they rose.

But the Tzen were few in number and the universe is mighty
And they felt their domination start to slip between their paws
Others fought for domination and the universe was chaos —
And on earth a creature shaped flint with his paws.

Now the first ones are forgotten and the insects but a memory
And the creature called Man stands on the threshold of his fame
But remember, puny earthmen, there were others here before you
And still others who will follow in your flame.

Juanita Coulson

THE BALLAD OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL

I will try my hand at writing science fiction
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.

I'll write a super-science tale
And call it "When The Atoms Failed,"
Said John Campbell, as he heard the Call.

Heard the Call. Heard the Call.
John Campbell was a giant standing tall.
Standing tall. Standing tall.
As he cast his giant shadow over all.

Now that I have mastered all of super-science,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell,
I'll write tales with mood and style
That will be classics for a while,
Said John Campbell, roaming far from Sol.

Far from Sol...

I have written many stories for Astounding,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.
I'll accept the job as editor
And see what will befall
Said John Campbell, answering the Call.

The Call...

I'll have very little time left now for writing,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell,
But I'll write one tale to scare
That will be beyond compare,
Said John Campbell, as he wrote "Who Goes There?"

"Who Goes There?" Down the hall...

I will raise the quality of science fiction
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.
I'll find new authors and I'll train them
And pay rates that will sustain them,
Said John Campbell, teacher of them all.

Chorus.

Isaac, this you must remember about robots,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell,
There are three Laws of Robotics,
Now go write the stories tall,
Said John Campbell, the man behind it all.

Chorus.

I have Heinlein and Van Vogt and Henry Kuttner,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.
More great authors I will seek
I found another two this week,
Said John Campbell, looking for them all.

Chorus.

We must investigate this thing I call Psionics,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.
For we must use the human mind
Or we will all be left behind,
Said John Campbell, who saw beyond it all.

THE BALLAD OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL continued

Chorus.

Now I'll change the name and logo of Astounding,
Said John Campbell, said John Campbell.
We shall call it Analog,
For we're no longer thinking small,
Said John Campbell, winning Hugos for it all.

Chorus.

(slower) Then one sad day John Campbell, he passed on.
John Campbell, John Campbell.
He left behind a lit'rature
And grateful fans who sing this song.
John Campbell, to whom we owe it all.

Final Chorus. We owe it all, we owe it all.
John Campbell was a giant standing tall
Sing of John, sing of John
John Campbell, his memory still lives on.
Sing of John, sing of John
John Campbell, his memory still lives on.
John Campbell, his memory still lives on.

Joe Ross

SPACY JONES

Come all ye spacemen if you want to hear
The story of a great planeteer.
Spacy Jones was the pilot's name,
On a fuel-burning rocket, boys, he won his fame.

Chorus. Spacy Jones, mounted to his cabin
Spacy Jones, orders in his hands
Spacy Jones, mounted to his cabin,
On his farewell journey to the Promised Land.

Now you open up the pumps and don't spare the fuel,
Prime up the pumps so the rockets will cool,
Gonna rev up the throttle till I melt our tail,
'Cause I'm three days late with the Martian Mail. Chorus.

Spacy looked at his watch and his watch was slow,
He looked at the cooling pumps, the water was low,
He looked out the window and he saw Mars ahead,
Said, "We'll make it on time if we end up dead!" Chorus.

Spacy looked down at the Martian Hills,
The rockets were screaming with an awful shrill,
The people down below heard the rockets' moans,
And they knew that the pilot was Spacy Jones. Chorus.

He was sixty miles up and a-coming down fast,
Spacy knew that the ship would never last.
The rocket was burning and the tail was gone,
But the turbines kept a-turning and the mail went on. Chorus.

Now he had no wings and the tail was gone,
The ship was overloaded cause the pumps weren't on,

THE ASTEROID LIGHT
(to The Eddystone Light)

John Boardman
My father was the keeper of the Asteroid Light,
He slept with a Martian one fine night.
Out of this match came children three,
Two were mutants and the other was me.

Chorus. Yo, ho, ho, the jets run free
Oh for a life at the speed of C.

When I was but a space cadet,
They put me in charge of a proton jet;
I cleaned the tubes and filled them with fuel,
And picked my teeth with an old slide rule. Chorus.

One night as I was heading for the moon,
And singing a well known space-man's tune,
I heard a voice come out of the void,
And there sat my mother on her asteroid. Chorus.

"Oh what has become of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
"One is on exhibit in a zoo on Venus,
And the other keeps a telepathic link between us." Chorus.

The deuterons flashed in her hydrogen hair;
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
But she telepathed angrily out of the night,
"Then to hell with the keeper of the Asteroid Light!"

Onward, Sauron's Soldiers
(blame Dick Tatge, Al Kuhfeld, Ken Fletcher - Minnesota)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Onward, Sauron's soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Eye of Sauron
Going on before.
Darkness like a banner
Shadows all the foe;
Forward into battle
See the Nazgul go. | 3. From the dread Dark Tower
To black Khazad-dum,
We'll send elves and hobbits
Shrieking to their tomb.
Men and dwarves together
Go down in defeat;
In the hunger after battle,
They'll be good to eat. |
|---|--|

- Chorus.
Onward, Sauron's soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Eye of Sauron
Going on before.
2. Trolls and Balrogs mangle,
Dragons burn and bite!
With us you must tangle,
Or run and scream in fright.
Evil is our watchword,
Pain is our delight;
Middle-earth must crumble
Under Mordor's blight!

- Chorus.
4. Conquer every village!
Yell out battle cry!
Murder, rape, and pillage,
And then spit in their eye!
See the craven victims
Quivering with fear;
We'll be leaving Mordor,
Sometime late next year.

Chorus.
(Reprinted in the sincere belief
that the authors will not mind.)

Chorus.

7

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE

Oh, dear, what can the matter be
When it's converted to energy?
There is a slight loss of parity.
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a second hand Morris,
A matched set of H-bombs that go off in chorus,
A musically talented, agile slow loris,
And other delights that are rare. Chorus.

He promised to buy me a used weeping willow,
A pair of chrome booties for my armadillo,
A hand-tatted, plaid pterodactyl-down pillow,
And other delights that are rare. Chorus.

He promised to buy me a magical locket,
A miniature coeurl to keep in my pocket,
A duocorn stallion, a Saturn V rocket,
And other delights that are rare. Chorus.

He promised to buy me a positron beauty,
A lit'rally minded transistorized cutie,
A chrome-plated robot that does double duty,
And other delights that are rare. Chorus.

He promised to buy me an incomplete wizard,
A redheaded genie, a hexapod gizzard,
A house-broken dragon, a musical blizzard,
And other delights that are rare. Chorus.

Chorus and first two verses: Don Simpson
Last three verses: Don Cochran

THE DYING ROBOT
(to Red River Valley)

Oh, this lonely old robot is aching,
And his parts, they are wearing away.
Some new parts he'll soon now be needing,
But their cost no one will defray.

Oh, my photoreceptors are failing,
And my eyesight begins to grow dim.
Some new parts they say they are mailing,
But my chances begin to grow slim.

I've been true, I've been brave, I've been loyal.
I have met each and every human test.
But as soon as this tired body wears out
They'll just toss me in the scrap heap with the rest.

Jeff Speiser

THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH
(to Gilligan's Island theme)

We rot in the molds of Venus,
We retch at her tainted breath.
Foul are her flooded jungles,
Crawling with unclean death.

We've tried each spinning space mote
And reckoned its true worth:
Take us back again to the homes of men
On the cool, green hills of Earth.

The arching sky is calling
Spacemen back to their trade.
All hands! Stand by! Free falling!
And the lights below us fade.

Out ride the sons of Terra,
Far drives the thundering jet,
Up leaps the race of Earthmen,
Out, far, and onward yet--

We pray for one last landing
On the globe that gave us birth;
Let us rest our eyes on the fleecy skies
And the cool, green hills of Earth.

Robert A. Heinlein

THE GRAND CANAL
(to Greensleeves)

As time and space come bending back to shape this star-specked
scene,
The tranquil tears of tragic joy still spread their silver sheen.
Along the grand canal still soar, the fragile towers of truth.
Their faery grace defends this place, of beauty, calm, and couth.
Long gone the race that raised these towers, forgotten are
their lores,
Long gone the gods who shed the tears, that lap these crystal
shores
Slow beats the time-worn heart of Mars, beneath this icy sky.
The thin air whispers voicelessly, that all who live must die.
Yet still the lacy spires of truth sing beauty's madrigal,
And she herself will ever dwell...along the Grand Canal.

Robert A. Heinlein

THE BALLAD OF GORDY DICKSON
(to Clementine)

On the wagon, on the wagon, on the wagon doing fine
'Till I met with Gordy Dickson
And we drank a ton of wine.

Chorus. Gordy Dickson, Gordy Dickson, Gordy Dickson is the one
Science Fiction is his hobby,
But his main job's having fun.

Social drinker, social drinker, social drinker was my game
Then I had some drinks with Gordy,
And I've never been the same. Chorus.

Couldn't see straight, couldn't stand straight, couldn't sit
straight, not at all
But dear Gordy kept on talking,
Laughing, joking - had a ball. Chorus.

Woke up groggy, woke up aching, woke up woozy, woke up sick.
But I couldn't wake ol' Gordy,
Who was sleeping like a brick. Chorus.

How he does it is a mystery. Always chipper, always bright,
Always eating, always drinking,
When the hell does Gordy write? Chorus.

Ben Bova

WHEN HARLIE PLAYED ONE
(to The Children's Marching Song)

This machine, it played one
It pushed start and program run
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played two
Overloaded voltage to the CPU
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played three
Designed its memory to one IC
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played four
Changed its logic from AND to OR
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played five
Memorized data from tape drive
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played six
Told the CE what to fix
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played seven
Printed out the road to Heaven
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played eight
Shipped itself to Rome Air Freight
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played nine
Told the Pope it was divine
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

This machine, it played ten
To sing once more push start again
It's an IBM 360/85; this computer came alive.

Robert Osband
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