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# THE ROCKET



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ROAR

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For those interested yo olde magge is put out in LA at  
1039 W 39th Street. As to future issues you'll simply have  
wait until I get comments on the present copy... Depends ....



# The Editorial

Well! Well! Well! Here we are with vol. 1, no. 1 of the ROCKET. As I am trying to present something new in the way of a fan magazine to science fictionists I shall not start of the editorial in the usual manner by saying that to get the pub. out on time was impossible and the reason why it wasn't is that I originally set up the dummy for 72 characters to the line when our mimeograph will only print 70; Result: re-set entire dummy.

As you know the main policy of the mag is to print a fact article and a fiction article around a part or the whole of the fact article. In this issue I have covered the Tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen in a brief form, around this fact article I have written "Death From The Past", a semi-wierd story of rather unusual length for fan publication.

Another point of the policy was to dedicate each issue to some topic. The Egyptian idea seems to fit with our article and so you have the result. The second issue, should there be any written emphasis of a desire for a second one, will PROBABLY be a Prehistoric Issue.

4sJ steps up in this issue with a timely article on Rocketor Steve Leberer's semi-article on the subject of space travel his first attempt at science fiction writing. His subject is one of a nature to be agreed and disagreed upon and I'm sure he will be glad to hear your comments.

"Histeria in a Hoarse" is the result of a nightmare I had a few nights ago. Well, anyway, the results are the same. No hard feelings --- I HOPE --

The art work of this issue is the result of the labors of Bud Miller, Steve Leberer, Milton Entwistle, and myself. I can't give you fellows Bok, or Krupa but I think ours will stand up as pretty good amateur work. I've tried to prove that the old saying, "You can't do fine-line work on a stencil" is all wrong. In the case of Mr Entwistle's work its a shame that his drawings cannot be reproduced in a finer manner, as his work is in my opinion, in the same class with the top-notch artists.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the members of the L A Chapter for their valuable advice and for the time they have so generously given to make the ROCKET possible.

One last point; My mail box is big as all got out and I got As in school for reading comprehension, so send along your criticisms as soon as possible Let me know what you think of the policy, the ads, the authors and artists, and the lay-out. Till I hear from you I shall remain-

Progressively yours,

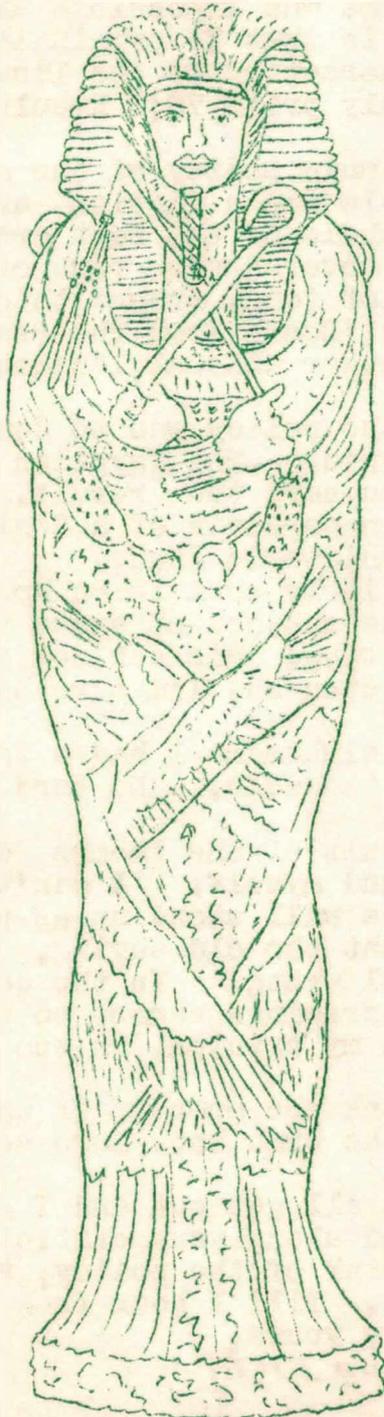
*Walt Doug Hartley*  
Director:

L A Science Fictioneers #1

L A Science Fiction League #4

# TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

-Feature Fact Article-



Tut-Ankh-Amen was a young noble who married the third daughter of the "heretic" Ankhenten, who flouted the Egyptian priesthood by moving his capital from Thebes to Tel-el-Amarna and changing the state religion from the worship of the Theban sun god (Amen) to that of the supreme sun god (Aten). When Tut-Ankh-Amen succeeded, somewhat unexpectedly, to the throne, he recanted from the faith of his father-in-law, moved his capital back to Thebes and changed his name to Tut-Ankh-Amen. His reign was short. His queen was left a young widow. But she was so successful in burying her first husband that he remained unfound among his funerary trappings until he, the last of the Pharaohs unaccounted for, turned up as the wonder boy of modern archaeology, inside the first intact royal tomb chamber ever found in Egypt.

Theodore Davis, an American, held his concession in Egypt from 1902 until it reverted to the Government in 1914 at which time it was secured by Lord Carnovan and Howard Carter. They knew the tomb had to be somewhere in the valley of the kings, but for six long years their labors were unrewarded. It was to be their final season, and like Davis they were ready to admit defeat.

On November 4, 1922, there came to light a step cut in the rock. It was only 13 feet below the entrance to the tomb of Ramses VI, who, as we now know died about 1157 B. C., cut his tomb where it is, not knowing the existence of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, who had been buried 201 years earlier. At the bottom of 16 steps, Carter came upon a door with nameless seals, but there was also a well-known necropolis seal bearing the

jackal and nine captives. Had Carter examined a few inches below the necropolis seal he would have found the seal bearing the name of Tut-Ankh-Amen, but he hurriedly filled in the steps and rushed off to cable Carnovan in England the message that swept the world, with him, into a fever of excitement; "At last we have made a wonderful discovery in Valley; a magnificent tomb with seals intact; recovered same for your arrival; congratulations." He secured also as soon as possible the help of Mace and Burton from the staff of the Metropolitan Museum, and the late Breasted of the city of Chicago.



On November 26, a second doorway was found, thirty feet below the first. Carter poked a hole and with a candle took the first glimpse; then with an electric torch Carnovan had to content himself with one glimpse. But it had been enough. Both men went crazy with joy, and the world followed them.

Tut-Ankh-Amen was lucky to avoid discovery until real archaeological science was able to handle him and his treasures. Fifty years ago his tomb would have been plundered; the gold and gems would have been highly dispersed and widely dispersed. A hundred years ago the best efforts of excavators at that time would have failed dismally, tragically indeed, to preserve the beautiful fragilities of many of the exquisite articles, for the archaeologists had not yet learned how to measure, to photograph, to record, to interperate, and to preserve all at the same time.

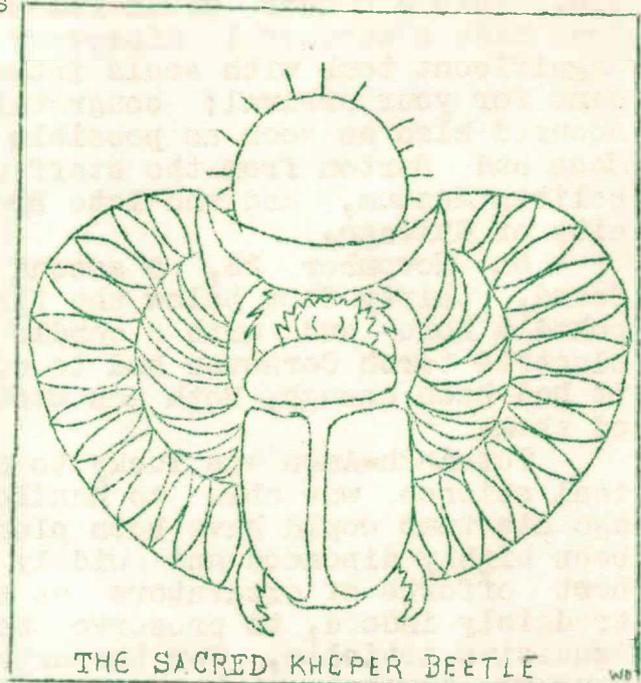
The world has not stopped marveling at the magnificent mass of tumbled household articles. They are stupified by their profusion of richness and artistry not only those first intruders upon three thousand years of Pharaohic privacy, but that still tongue-tie every visitor to the Cairo Museum. The sarcophagus of pink granite, the gilded beds, the walking sticks with carved handles of alternate ebony heads of Ethiops and ivory heads of Caucasians captives, the glut of gold and gems, made "King Tut" the resurrected "son of the sun" a household word.

Inside the store chamber and facing the door, his paws barely protruding from a shawl over his jackal figure, crouched Anubis, the ever-vigilant god of the dead. Near by stood treasure chests full of personal jewelry for the Pharaohs use in the after-life beyond his tomb.

His writing materials and palletes, his hunting chariots and decorated bow-cases for use in future hunts, the fully rigged barques in which the king would accompany the great sun god across the sky and back below the world through pitch-black caverns to the next day's starting point: these and scores, yes hundreds, of other objects appropriate to Pharaohic burial lay scattered about in odd confusion.

At the back of another chamber stood the gilded, carved shrine in which were four jars with the viscera of the dead Tut-Ankh-Amen were deposited. Before the beautifully decorated faces of the shrine stood like gardian angels, lovely statuettes of the tutelary goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Selkit, and Nuth. They face the shrine and stand with outstretched arms in upright loveliness. above the head of each is a row of fourteen gilded solar cobra heads. From the top of the canopy rise on each side 13 other large cobras, the head of each surmounted by the ever present sun disk.

When finally Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy was unwrapped, for the first-time the ritual known from the "Book of the Dead" was exemplified in all of it's complexity. Royal mummies were wrapped in a manner to symbolize Osiris, the god of the dead. As the linen bandages, the necessary sheets and pads were removed from Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy 143 pieces of jewelry of various religious import were discovered. On his thorax were found 5 gold collars and a rosin scarab all hung with gold wire. In the sixth and eighth layers of linen were found a gold dagger in its belt. Over the thighs and shins were the ceremonial aprons, a sheath with iron dagger, an anklet, the Buto serpent, and the Nokhebet vulture; in the cleventh and twelvth layers of the bandages were the Kheper beetles, the Uzat eye, the solar hawk, and the Lunar crescent. Braelets covered the mummies arms from the wrist to the elbow. The most beautiful of the peices of jewelry was the gold pectoral representing the bird that was the spirit of the king. Its outstreached wings were inlaid with turquoise, carnelian, and Lapis Lazule. The collar of the Nekhebet is a flexible pectoral of indescribable beauty. It has the form of a vulture whose outspread wings covered Tut-Ankh-Amen's chest. 225 gold plaques inlaid with semi-precious stones compose the outspread wings. Red jasper predominates on all of the five pectorals on Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy, probably the most wonderful is that of the three Kheper beetles, which support solar and lunar disks, and hang from ten strings of gold beads suspended from a claspe above an inscribed cartouche of the king.



THE SACRED KHEPER BEETLE

The fourth room to be cleared (1927-1928) was piled six feet high in topsy-terviness, a perfect example of the way the Egyptians arranged their funerary things. Among the other things was the king's throne. Its front panel depicts Tut-Ankh-Amen and his consort Ankhsenamen standing and facing each other. They are dressed in the court costume; but as if at a floral fete both wear garlands and collars of flowers, and the young queen hands to Tut-Ankh-Amen a bouquet of papyrus and lotus blossoms. Carter calls this panel the "unsigned work of a master -- A benvenuto Cellini of the period, and perhaps the finest example of Theban art work in among this hoard of art treasures

A nest of anthropoid coffins, the outermost being 30 inches long, was found. Inside the second coffin was a smaller coffin of wood, 8½ inches long inside of which was a tiny coffin that had on it the titles and names of Queen Nefertiti, the mother-in-law of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Inside the innermost tiny coffin, five inches long was a lock of Nefertiti's hair.

Important also, as are the objects of art, is a small wood chest which has sixteen small ritual impliments, clearly models, not real tools of iron fixed in redwood handles. In addition to these sixteen models, an amulet, headrest of iron, was



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found under the head of Tut-Ankh-Amen and most interesting of all, a dagger with a gold haft and rock crystal knob head, which was on the thigh of King Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy, has a blade of iron that still is bright and has the appearance of steel.

Late in 1928 several black wooden chests with vaulted lids were opened, in them were portrait statuettes of Tut-Ankh-Amen about fifteen inches in height. These so-called shawabtys (or ustabi) were to substitute for the king in the lower world, should he be called upon to do any hard work or as the text from the Book of the Dead has it "even as a man is bound to cultivate the fields, to flood the meadows, or to carry sand of the east to the west." These statuettes are important because they are similar to the deceased Tut-Ankh-Amen, because they show the correct Osiric mummification in linen, with the hands crossed and holding the flail and crozier, and, particularly because with each statue was a complete set, in copper or blue faence, of model vessels and impliments for agricultural work in the future world.



GOLD HEADPLATE OF KING TUT

The fineness of technique, the lavishness of gems and gold, the unique designs, the brilliance of color, and the tout ensemble of Pharaohic tomb display is almost incredible.

There are four rooms in the tomb. The first has been called the ante-chamber. There was found a vast profusion of beautiful objects. Beyond it to the left is the annex. At the end of the ante-chamber, to the right, is the sepulchral hall, where the great Gilt Shrine (17 by 11 by 9 feet) was found and to its right, and extending backwards to the entrance passage, is the store chamber, in which was the cobra-corniced shrine containing the viscera jars.

Such a splended find raised many difficulties. A rider to the excavation agreement says the objects in an untouched tomb go to the Cairo Museum; otherwise the finds are to be divided in half. Examinations of the seals showed that a thief or thieves had entered the tomb for it had been sealed again by the inspectors of Ramses IX. In the two outer chambers the objects were in somewhat of a confusion. There being no inventory, however of all the objects it is easy to see why a question might arise over whether an object had been touched. At any rate, Egypt claimed the entire contents of the tomb.

\* FINIS \*



Confucius say,

"ITs Chicago in 1940"

THE ROCKETORS! By  
"4Sj" Ackerman...

Ryf off the bat I bliev I betr'd say "rocketor" is no arbitrary respelling of myn of the term "rocketeer" with wich we have bcom familiar thru our perusal of science fiction. It seems while our Hamiltions & Wmsons with their Capt Futures & Legionaires have been popularizing "rocketeer" in fiction, those of the sober side of the science of space-flite have devised their own description, "rocketor".

Rocketors, represented in USA by the American Rocket Soc'y, for a decade now have publisht a journal devoted to recording the developments in man's most audacious dream, the Conquest of Space. This organ appears today as a small-size, well-printed, pictorial publication of 16 slick-paper pgs, securable thru support of the Soc'y as an Associate Member at \$3 a yr. I am such an AM of the ARS, & while it is not the purpose of this article to propagandize for this organization, there can be no dout but what it is a standout example of an effort to concretize the desire of every stfan--a rocket successfully launcht to our satellite, Luna, firststep in the exploration of the solar system & etherships spanning the spaceways to the stars!--&, as such, is a worthy enterprise to subsidize...

The purpose of this article is to acquaint the uninformed fan with the contributions by science fiction authors to be found in "Astronautics":

GEPendray, who, writing as "Gawain Edwards" authord the bk "Earth-Tube", & popular "Jupiter" storys in Gernsback Wonder, has had articles with such titles as "History of the First AIS Rocket, Recent Worldwide Advances in Rocketry, Rocketry's #1 Man (Dr Goddard), Pictorial Hi-Lites of Rocketry, & Conquest of Space by Rocket".

David Lasser, one-time Managing Editor of WS, wrote of "The Rocket & the Next War", was Editor of the Bulletin in '32.

Laurence Manning & Fletcher Pratt, who colabored on "Expedition to Pluto" in PLANET #1, told, between them, of "Getting Away from the Earth, Mechanics of Rocket Flite, External Aids to Rocket Flite, & Landing the Spaceship"...

No article about rocketry woud be complete, ofcourse, without mention of its inter-nat'l authority, Willy Ley, author of innumerable rocket articles in the stf mags' science sections, & several rocketryarns under the seudonym "Robt Willey". (Herr Ley's name, incidently, is pronounced Vee'lee Lay.) "The Story of European Rocketry, On Rockets & Their History, & Chronological History of the Rocket" are a few of his fact-articles in the ARS periodical.

Even Nat Schachner has apeard in "Astronautics": "Can Man Exist on Other Planets"!

While CPMason (Epaminondas Thucydides Snooks, Dr of Terrestrial Gravitation) told of "Principles of Interplanetary Navigation", Peter van Dresser ("Plum Duff" & other space-storys in American Boy) wrote of "Cosmecology" & the Rocket, Previewing the Aerological Rocket" etc, & Lemkin ("The Eclipse Special" etc): "Rocket Fuels & Their Possibilities".

It was not difficult for Robt Heinlein to write "Requiem" because he "was" the "hero"; & altho he will lose a \$10 bet made many yrs ago if we don't have a moon-trip this yr, he still fully believes in its eventual accomplishment. & s o d o I.

# 'DOFTISH' by dick wilson

Little Joey crawled about in the back yard among the hedges, sighting occasionally along the barrel of his rocket pistol and going "Bing". He also went "Zap-zap" and "Baroom". He was happy.

Suddenly he wriggled around the corner of a bush and came face to face with a pair of boots. The face on one boot was that of Flash Gordon, and on the other, that of Buck (Anthony) Rogers.

"Hello," said Joey.

"Hm-mm," said the boots. "Aren't you a bit old for that sort of thing?"

"Nah," said Joey. "I'm a science fiction fan."

"Really?" The boots raised their eyebrows. "How interesting. Do the writings of Henry Kuttner appeal strongly to you?"

"Blam!" went Joey, polishing off a martian. "Kuttner? No. I don't go in for the blood and thunder type. I prefer the psychological sort of stuff that Binder does."

"I like Eando myself. He and Dick Calkins, I think, represent the peak of perfection in fantastic literature."

"My idea exactly."

"Say, by the way, how would you like to go on a bit of a jaunt to our Lunar neighbor. I have my spaceship just outside."

"That I doubt," said Joey. "Strongly."

"I swear it," said the boots, "by Almighty Ghu. I give you my word ---- Cross my heart. Listen." He raised his voice: "Hey Ambrose"

There was a metallic rattle from the street.

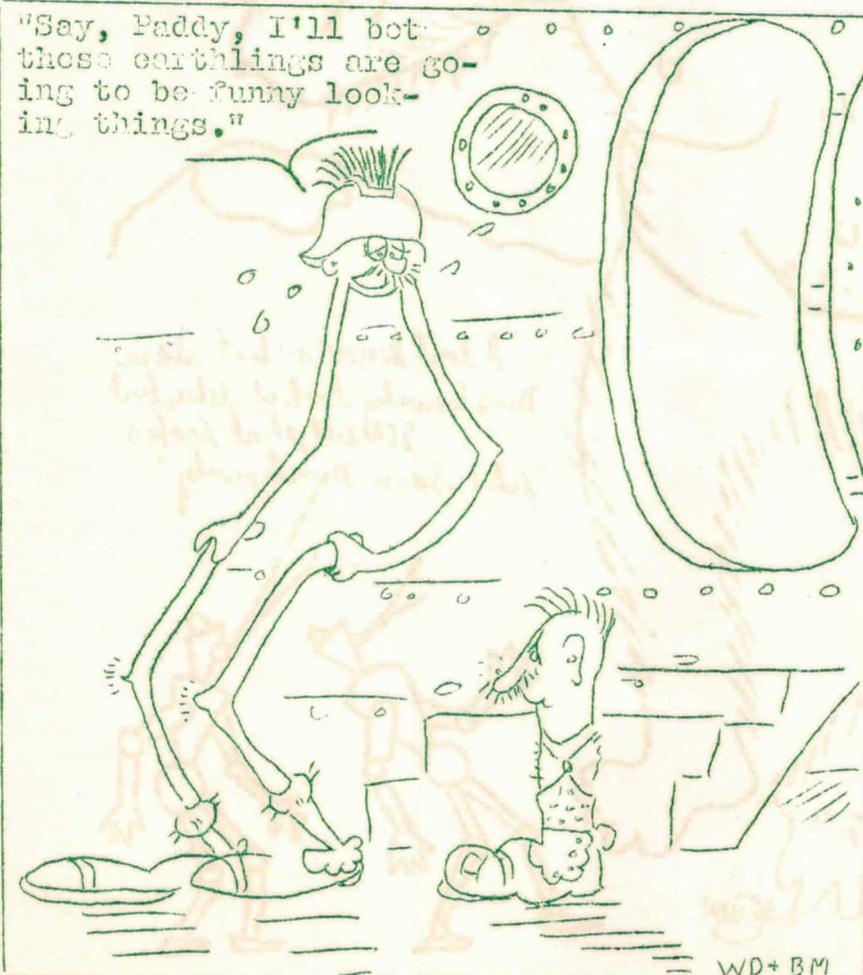
"Hurry up, will you?" queried the rattle "there's a cop out here putting chalk-marks on my tires. He tickles."

"You see?" said the boots. "Convinced?"

"Passably. Although my old man sounds like that sometimes when he gets plastered." He vanished into the house. "Be right back," he said "Soon's I get a sandwich."

The boots squatted on the grass, removed a lipstick from his pocket and reexamined the lips of Flash and Anthony, then reached up and wrote "Joey loves Judy" on the white side of the house.

Five minutes later Joey reappeared, and the two soon seated themselves in Ambrose.



A minute later they were high in the air over Brooklyn.

Suddenly Joey brandished his weapon, yelled "Martian" and pulled the trigger, demolishing the controlling apparatus.

"I shouldn't have done that, were I you," said the boots, lean-back in his seat and lighting a cigarette. "On account of how we'll all be smashed to H-----."

And so they were, landing smack in the center of Eastern Parkway and tying up traffic for two hours.

THE END ( Thank Gosh )



"I don't know what Sam Moskowitz looked like, but SEN that looks like Sam Moskowitz!"

LYRICS by  
DON WALLHEIM  
MUSIC by  
CHET COHEN

CHET COHEN



# "DEATH FROM THE PAST"



"I'VE SEEN NO LISTING OF THIS OBJECT"

BY

WALT DAUGHERTY

Out of the shadows of the past, there gleams a light exemplified in Hilton's "Lost Horizon". From the secretive bed of mother earth comes forth a story of the past, dazzling in its brilliance of treasure, enlightning in its historical background, but more interesting is the underlieing veil of mystery which prevails above all when one hears of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Being an archaeologist of little note, I am still so scientifically versed as to lay small credulity to the story I am about to unfold, however under the circumstances, receiving the story in the manner in which I did, I believe it necessary to print it in one form or another. My publishers positively refused to do so, declaring that what little reputation I had gained, would be entirely lost if I signed my name to such a fantastic lot of rubbish. I have turned to science fiction as my only hope. Read it over and compare it with fact and I believe you will stop and consider it several times before you cast it aside as a "lot of fantastic rubbish".

It all started in a small cabas, comparable with our U. S. slum cafes, on a back street in the native cestion of Cairo, Egypt. Having been given the position of supervisor of the loading of artifacts recovered by my superiors of the Metropolitan Museum on the America bound boat, I found myself, during my spare moments, greatly attracted by this nomadic section of the Egyptian metropolis. I was much as I hate to admit to my cultured side, gawlkng, open mouthed at the disreputable looking interior of the aforementioned cabas when my eyes focused upon a table covered with a small profusion of funcrary scarabs and amulets, my practised eyes assuring me of their authenticity. Seated at the table scanning the artifacts was a man of perhaps forty-five or fifty. His age was hard to ascertain as he was covered with a mingling of desert mud and Nile sand to that point where it would be hard for even a close friend to recognize him. However, the cut of his clothes was my main point of assumption. He wore close fitting, well-shaped English riding trousers with officer's dress boots of fine grain. Though badly worn from severe use, they were still well topped. Most noticable of all was the jacket he wore that hung, though badly tatered, from his shoulders in well-tailored lines. Rich threads of silk shown through the dust covering his upper left hand pocket, revealing a crest of high British-Nobility. A tropical pith helmet lay on the chair beside him, almost a dark tan, denoting a great deal of use under the desert sun.

I don't know whether it was curiosity regarding the character or the desire to purchase a few of those artifacts for my own private collection that pushed me straight over to his table. But, whatever my motive, the manner in which I approached him was far from what my American friends would call ethical. I walked directly to his table, reached out and removed his helmet to a convenient spot on the table covering, and planted myself in its place, casting him a well-coined American phrase.

"Well, fancy meeting you here."

With a startled look that seemed to mirror a trace of fear, he grabbed his head peice and started to throw his minute treasures in it, much the same as if he would have to fight to retain them. However, after grappling with two insufficient handfuls, he seemed to regain a sudden control of himself. He let the articles gently slip

to the table and slid back into his chair, changing his expression to an embarrassed and apologetic grin which only helped to outline a careworn face.

"I'm sorry," he asserted, "but an American was the least person in the world I was expecting."

Awakening to the fact that I had thrown myself so abruptly into his presence, I too grinned and tried to right my crudeness with an apology.

"Really, I am sorry to have intruded so sudden-like. The..ah... The amulets you have attracted my attention to such an extent as to make me forget myself, I'm afraid...Ah....They are very rare, are they not?"

"You are very observing, my lad. Yes, I imagine they would enhance the collection of an archaeologist of your standing. Though, without their story, they would be of little use to an anthropologist. I have hopes of disbursing of them to obtain enough money to continue my work here in Egypt."

I started to make some inquiry regarding his work, when another question arose in my mind which I cautioned him with.

"Say, how did you know I was an American, and what do you know about my archaeological standing?"

"Son, I've spent over fifteen years here with my work, and during that stay, I've seen many young hopefuls come and go. You are so typical of that group, that it would be well worth a good laugh; were it not for the fact that I have problems, immediate problems, which are far too pressing to allow time for idle humor. I must run along now,....Oh....here, this small scarab ought to give you opportunity for a little study. Goodbye, my boy..."

Still in a schoolboy daze, I sat staring at the scarab as the Englishman arose with his hatful of talismen and headed for the door that opened onto the street, only to be knocked aside by an inrushing figure, dressed similar to myself.

"Jim! Jim! Do you realize that your supposed to be at the docks? Dr Rouder has been down there waiting for you for over an hour. How do you suppose its going to look on that report that goes home? 'James Williams Stevenson Jr., 1 hour late', and besides they've brought back the most valuable pieces that we're to ship. Come on boy! Lets go." It was Fred Nicholson, a steward from our ship who had appointed himself as my official watcher, as he knew my work on this trip was being carefully checked in view of future expeditionary work for the Metropolitan.

I leaped to my feet without a word, and stuffing the scarab into my shirt pocket, I made a bee-line for the door, only to find myself confronted with my bedraggled English acquaintance and a query

"Did I hear your name as James Williams Stevenson Jr.?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Are you the son of Williamson, the Aircraft Millionaire?"

"Thats right. I'm scrry, but I'll have to rush off or I won't have a job no matter who I am." I cried over my shoulder, as Fred was using bodily force to get me back on the job.

My last glimpse of him, as Fred and I rounded the corner, showed a look on his face that seemed to show a mixture of releif and worry that was to be explained later that night.

## II

After a successful afternoon's work of loading over fifty small cases and twelve large ones, packed with the cream of the Dier-el-Bahri finds, on board and a mild reproach, much to Fred's suprise as well as my own, for my late arrival, I hurried to my hotel. Deciding

to skip dinner, I went straight to the clerk for my key, which was accompanied with a message which had been left for me. Slitting the top of the envelope with my pen-knife, I hurriedly removed and scanned the contents:

Mr. Stevenson;

It is imperative that I see you tonite. Please do not fail me. The native standing at the main entrance will see you to my laboratories.

Your friend of the Cabas'

My eyes speedily raced from the epistle to the doorway, where a large potted palm tree,, made a feeble attempt to shadow a giant negro who stood cross-armed, looking directly at me. I walked quickly over to him, much the same as a small dog would run up to its master. Motioning me to follow him, he stepped through the open doorway and into the street. I followed him for what seemed like ages, through the streets of Cairo. Passing the slum section, I expected any moment to see someone jump out from the shadows of the low tents and stick a slithe in my ribs, but we passed through with no mishap except for one huge cur dog, that made for me and would have easily taken off an arm or a leg, had it not been for my guide, who stepped between me and the brute, just as the animal leaped. the huge negro caught the beast by the throat as he leaped and threw him at least fifteen feet into the darkness, where I heard him scramble to his feet and race off, yelping with pain and fright.

By the time I had recovered my wits about me, I found we had reached the Nile where the native recovered a medium sized dhow, which he had secreted in the papyrus reeds. Thirty minutes rowing along the sluggishly flowing waters, found us heading in towards shore. We quickly alighted and found, to my astonishment, two camel staked out only a few yards from the water's edge. Another hour's ride on these well named 'ships of the desert', brought us to the mouth of the valley of the king's, the royal graveyard of ancient Egypt. I was so enveloped in wonderment at the thought of entering into this sanctuary of the ancients, that I payed little attention, if any at all, to our route which I believe was to the north-west, into one of the many little canyons there-a-bouts. At any rate, we came, rather abruptly, upon a group of low buildings hidden in one of the guttings of the side of the canyon.

Alighting somewhat unsteadily from my mount, I followed the negro's pointing finger to the doorway of the largest of the hutments, through whose windows, a slight diffussion of light appeared. Presenting a nervous rap to the door, it quickly retaliated by framing my host for the evening.

" Come in. Come in, my boy. Sit down and make yourself comfortable, I'll have some tea ready in a moment. I'm sure it will be just a little refreshing after your trip. Hmmmmmm....Looking over my specimens eh? " He questioned, as he saw me closely scrutinizing several priceless Museum pieces in preference to the offered chair.

At one particular piece, I stopped and studied a minute section for several minutes, without answering his query, then I whirled and fired a statement, denoting my astonishment.

" Why..... Why this bears the cartouche of Pharoah Tut-Ankh-Amen in his personal scribe. I've seen no listing of this object... have you found some obscure hiding place? " I cried, remembering that many of the ancients hid many of thier treasures in other places than their tomb that they might be protected from vandals, which were so numerous in the ancient world.

" No, lad, those are from the tomb itself, I removed them long

before the tomb was discovered by the British archaeologists. Come over here and sit down, and I will explain to you how I got them and how you may help me to present to the world, a gift from ancient Egypt, which will rock the medical world.

### III

My curiosity as to the circumstances of the recovery of these works of art, carried me reluctantly back to the table which occupied the center of the room. My reluctance, being due to the fact that pieces as rare as these were, were as a usual thing, not open for the assistants study until they were returned to the Museum. However the prospect of the story that was at hand, was enough to quickly seat me at the table with a last appraising glance. In a moment, my informant-to-be, started his amazing explanation.

"I came to Egypt with Theodore Davis in 1902, as the physician of the expedition he had formed, for the principal purpose of finding King Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb which he, like a few others, was sure was to be found here in the valley of the kings. Though I was of high ranking nobility in England, with an estate and enough money to keep me comfortable, I had chosen medicine as a hobby till it became an obsession with me. I then devoted my career to the study until I was given the opportunity to join Mr. Davis. I did so principally because I was tubercular and Egypt offers a far more healthful climate than foggy old London."

"At any rate, after the first few weeks of establishing my laboratory, I found myself with a great deal of spare time which I used in ramblings about the valley near camp, poking around with my stick and here and there finding a fragment of pottery or some other small artifact which would catch my fancy."

"One day as I was poking around in the sand near the entrance to the tomb of Ramses VI, I found, to my astonishment, a step hewn out of solid rock. Dropping down to my knees, I quickly made the sand fly in dog fashion, until I had uncovered several steps. My enthusiasm at the thought that I had made a real discovery urged me, at top speed, down to camp where I burst in among the men shouting out my discovery. I was, however, greatly disappointed in my reception, as many times before, I had run into camp with news of great discovery which proved generally, to be some huge boulder or fragment of statuary of so little value that it was not worth removing. Ignoring my pleadings for examination of my find, the men returned to work, forcing me, through my pride, to return unaccompanied to my find. With the indignation which arose within me, there also came the thought that if I were to continue the investigation myself, I might be able to prove that I was not so childish in my discovery as they believed."

"It took me almost three days to remove the sand and dirt from these steps, 16 of them, as my duties around camp in my medical work took almost half a day. Discarded brushes, trowels, and other instruments of excavation, helped me to do a thorough job of cleaning around the seals on the door, which I found at the bottom of my stairway. These seals being meaningless to me, I stopped and pondered for a time, as to whether I should open the door or not. It was possible that it was nothing more than an empty chamber in the wall. If it was and I managed to bring the men back to unseal it, life would be unbearable for me around camp."

"With a decisive shake of my head, I quickly removed the seals and with a mental prayer that I was doing right, I swung open the door. The sight which met my eyes, sent me reeling back to the step not a moment too soon, as a huge stone slab dropped from above

and broke into several pieces at my feet. Had I been there under it, I would have been killed instantly, as it had been balanced overhead for any intruder. Regaining my composure, I gazed in upon the most magnificent outlay of ancient Egyptian funerary tomb furnishings, that ever a man had the privilege to see. My attention was mainly attracted, to a beautifully inlaid box which blocked the way just inside the doorway. Forgetting my narrow escape, I stepped directly over to the case and brushing off the queer looking grey dust which almost stifled me, I slowly removed the lid. There under a small statue of a jackal headed being; was a huge roll of papyrus which immediately aroused my curiosity, to the extent that I quickly lifted it out and stepped out in the sunlight, where I could see and breathe freely, as my lungs were full of the grey dust which the breeze whipping into the tomb, had stirred up into almost an impenetrable fog.

"With nervous fingers, I unrolled a portion of the huge scroll which bore, much to my surprise, Greek as well as hieroglyphic characters. Interest in the language at Oxford, showed me in good stead as I read over the terrifying facts revealed thereon."

"The scroll was written by King Tut-Ankh-Amen's personal scribe who had placed the case in the doorway, sealed the tomb and killed himself, rather than face the horror that was in store for him. And I can't say as I blame him much, for I realized that I had become the victim of the worst curse ever known to the ancient peoples of Egypt for on that scroll was explained that the dust which I had inhaled carried the dormant germ of a devastating disease, so great as to wipe out the people of a whole era of Egyptian History."

#### IV

At this point the doctor paused as if he were waiting for the full significance of what he had said, to 'sink in'. Hoping to clear my mind of the hoax angle, I asked him rather bluntly, "If what you say is true, why is it the disease has not caused your destruction?"

The doctor again gave me one of those careworn grins and said, "all in good time, my boy. All in good time." His grin changed to a look which was a caution to my impetuous nature, as he continued his strange story.

"It took me several moments after reading the scroll to regain my mental equilibrium. I sat down on the topmost of the stairs to ponder over the many questions and problems which faced me. What was to happen to me? How would the disease take effect? How about the men at the camp? I had already been established in the men's minds, as a dabbling old fool, who hadn't sense enough to stick to his medical practise. What would they say if I brought back the story of my discovery, in it's full detail? Yes, they would laugh again and disregard my translation of the warning and thus give further opening for the spread of the disease. No, that was not the sensible thing to do. I had but one course to take; seal up the tomb chamber and hope that it would not be found, until I had found the antidote for this strange and all-powerful disease. I very quickly covered my mouth and nose with a handkerchief, which I moistened with my canteen, and re-entered the tomb to recover several chests which, though they appeared very small, caught my appreciative eye to be retained as proof of my story, should I desire to give my secret later but more so, I think, I took them so that I might have something to prove to myself that I was not the victim of sunstroke. Emptying a quinine bottle which I had with me, I filled it with as much of the death laden dust as it would hold and secreted it, along with the other articles, under an outcropping of sandstone near at

hand and started the tedious job of resealing the tomb. As near as I could, from what little knowledge of Egyptology I did have, I imitated the seal of one of the rulers of the Ramses Dynasty; to reseal the tomb so that, should it be discovered, I might not stand the embarrassment of being accused of thievery. I spent the rest of the day and a goodly portion of the night, recovering the 16 steps in the rock, and returned to camp, dog-tired but confident that the tomb would be found again by someone else, only by sheer accident, as I had. The next morning I resigned my position with the Davis expedition under the pretext that I had made some valuable discoveries regarding the effect of Egyptian climatic conditions on T. B., and desired to continue some research along that line, without other duties to distract me.

"I returned to London and, after putting everything I had into cash, I dashed back to Cairo to obtain permission to carry on my research in the Valley of the Kings in a remote spot where my work would not be disturbed. A little pressure brought to bear from associates in London made the task quite simple, so I immediately set about obtaining the necessary equipment to carry on extensive research. Three months later saw me here with my laboratory set up and ready for me to start on the job of blotting out this menace to civilization."

## V

I drew closer to the table, realizing that he was getting near to the explanation of the mystery. The fire which had now burned down to low embers, cast an eerie glow over the room and the sincere light that reflected in the fellow's eyes was so powerful as to break down any guard I might have against another yarn of the pulp variety.

The doctor then continued, "The native who brought you here, did most of the supervision of the work under my guidance. I had befriended him, several years previously, when he had been bitten by one of the large poisonous beetles which infest the valley. I managed to save him after the ashintos, or native doctors, had deserted his case. Since then he has been a voluntary slave to my wishes; highly cultured too, he has had three years in the trade school at Cairo.

"Now we come to the point which you are so anxious to learn more about. A close examination of the papyrus revealed that the germ, which lay dormant in the dust, took several years to return to a living state where reproduction could take place. When they did return, they spread their destruction by consuming all the living blood cells and leaving behind a poisonous secretion which was of such a nature as to destroy every vestige of living tissue. The latter caused a speeding up of disintegration that was all-consuming. Death follows in a very violent form. This disease traveled at such a rate in the early periods that it almost destroyed the predynastic Egyptians, until a man named Osiris came to Egypt from Tah-Ametsu, known to us as Atlantis. He gave them a cure for the disease, which his superior race had prepared in their magnificent laboratories. The text of this antidote was almost entirely destroyed by the papyrus beetles which inadvertently chose papyrus for food. From these nearly lost records and a few fragments of the Edmond Smith Papyrus in the British Museum, I have been able to glean enough knowledge to go about my work on an antidote."

"But," I interrupted, "If this is true, how is it that you are alive today? Surely the disease should have taken effect on you in this great length of time."

"It would seem so," he explained, "But I have been spared it, thus far, as if I were intended for this very work. Several of the men who have since entered the tomb have died of the disease, but not in its worst form, or you may be sure the press would have made more of a to-do about it, instead of merely mentioning that they died of a strange malady that has not been identified by medical science. I feel, however, that my time is near its end and that I must rush my work which calls for more capital. My fortune is gone, and I have sunk every penny I had into this effort and now I am stalemated unless you can give me assistance. That is why I called you here. There it is, my boy, you have the whole story, and I must have money to continue. I want you to return to Cairo with Assin Salu and think it over thoroughly. If you are then convinced of the truth of my story, send to your father for five thousand dollars. A few thousand will be little missed from his fortune in comparison to the great service you can do humanity."

## VI

This last sentence seemed to automatically end our conversation. I arose from the table and left in the company of Assin Salu. Our return journey proved uneventful for it seemed so as I was turning over so many things in my mind.

Arrival at the hotel had not given me sufficient time to think things out so I walked the streets of Cairo for the remainder of the night.

I won't bore you with the thousand and one do's and don't's that entered my mind but only tell you that the following morning I cabled my father for the money, promising an explanation later. Good old dad readily sent it without question.

Late the following afternoon, Assin Salu returned to inform me that his effendi was ill. Together we rushed back to the valley, which I was later unable to find, and this time I wasted no time in rapping on the door as it flew open at my onrushing. I got no further for there, sprawled over the table, was the most gruesome sight that ever a man beheld. For there was a desiccated corpse from which a nauseating, fetid odor arose to strike me like a physical blow---an unspeakable repulsion, whose offense spread from the olfactory nerves to the other four senses, saturating my entire being with utter loathing. I whirled and stumbled from the sight, rushing pell-mell down into the valley with the thought of what I had witnessed, bringing to my mind the ancient words inscribed on the curse of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen:--

Let the hand raiseth against my form be withered.

Let him die who attack my body, my foundations and the likeness unto me.

from 'The Valley of the  
Blue Moon'



LA'S OWN - SOON!



## HORROR OUT OF A PASSAGE



The history of excavation and Scientific Research in Egypt is sad but in some cases extremely funny. A true form of excavation in the Valley of the Kings did not begin until the later part of the 19th century, but slightly previous to this an account was written by one Giovanni Battista Belzoni of his travels and explorations in Egypt and Nubia which gives us first hand, laughable accounts of how he entered the tombs of Egypt to obtain papyrus which could be sold to collectors at quite a tidy little sum. No one could give a better account of his excavations in a humorous form than himself, therefore, let us pick up the narration as he wrote it;

"After getting thru these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long; you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! Surrounded by bodies and heaps of mummies in all directions; which previous to my becoming accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for the want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with their candles and torches in hand, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting. Though I was destitute of the sense of smelling I could taste the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome I sought a resting place, found one and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight but they found no better support; so that I sank altogether among the broken mummy with a crash of bones, rags and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as to keep me motionless for quarter of an hour, waiting until it subsided again. I could not remove from the place however, without increasing it, and each step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or another. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than the body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face against that of some decayed Egyptian, but as the passage inclined downward, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms and heads rolling from above."

;;;;;;;;;;

"There the people assembled around me, their conversations were wholly upon antiques, such a one had found such a thing and another had discovered a tomb. Whenever they supposed I should spend the night they always killed a couple of fowl for me, which were baked in a small oven heated with mummy cases, and sometimes the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones, hands, feet, or skulls are often in the way, for these people are so accustomed to being among the mummies that they think no more of it than as if they were dead calves."

W. J. D.

# RHYME DOESN'T PAY!

by Wm H. Moss

I hadn't known the professor long, but I had already learned that there was none of the stiffness in him that you'd find in some of the others. It made no difference to him that we all knew all about the Iliad and Odyssey and you nothing, except that he found a real pleasure in watching you catch on as he would explain. And there he was now, leaning back in his chair, with his hands locked back of his grey head and his long legs crossed on the table.

He called me in to tell me that I shouldn't pay too much of attention to the mark that he had given me. He said that it was a fair symbol of the knowledge of Greek which I had revealed, not necessarily of what I knew. At least he thought it was fair; if not, he would gladly listen to my idea on the subject. He went on to explain that perhaps I wasn't so good at Greek, or didn't care for something else, and that maybe I should take a turn at valve-grinding or house-painting or even something a little more skilled, like making ornate window frames.

He had me pretty joyful over my failure, and had about rounded out his little talk, when he said that people ought never to take themselves too seriously.

"No, sir," he said, "take it from me, it doesn't pay.

"Now, in my younger days I knew of a young man who did just that. He seemed to think that anything he did had to be better than anyone ever did before him and a mark for everybody after him to shoot at;

"Well, he was a sort of a tragic figure, and ridiculous along with it. Gloomy, ascetic, bilious. I can see him now, stalking about the grounds, alone and lonesome, too wrapped up in himself to realize that a beer or two would have put everything right

"But he had the idea that the world was waiting for him to come forth with the ultimate, the Last Thing, and then there'd be no need for more. That would be all.

"Now this young man of the inward eye, the humid, sensitive eye had a flare for poetry. Oh, I suppose he could write it all right, but no better than a lot of other people. And one day he conceived the perfect poem, which was the last thing in beauty, philosophy, wisdom, knowledge, and everything else you might think of on your day off. But there was a catch to this; this poem was to be so all-knowing that it would virtually consume its author; that is, when it was written he would have lost so much of his personality in its rhythm, meter, words, etc. that what little of him remained wouldn't be worth left to live. He would do away with himself -- a fitting and dramatic ending. And that was the tragedy of it all.

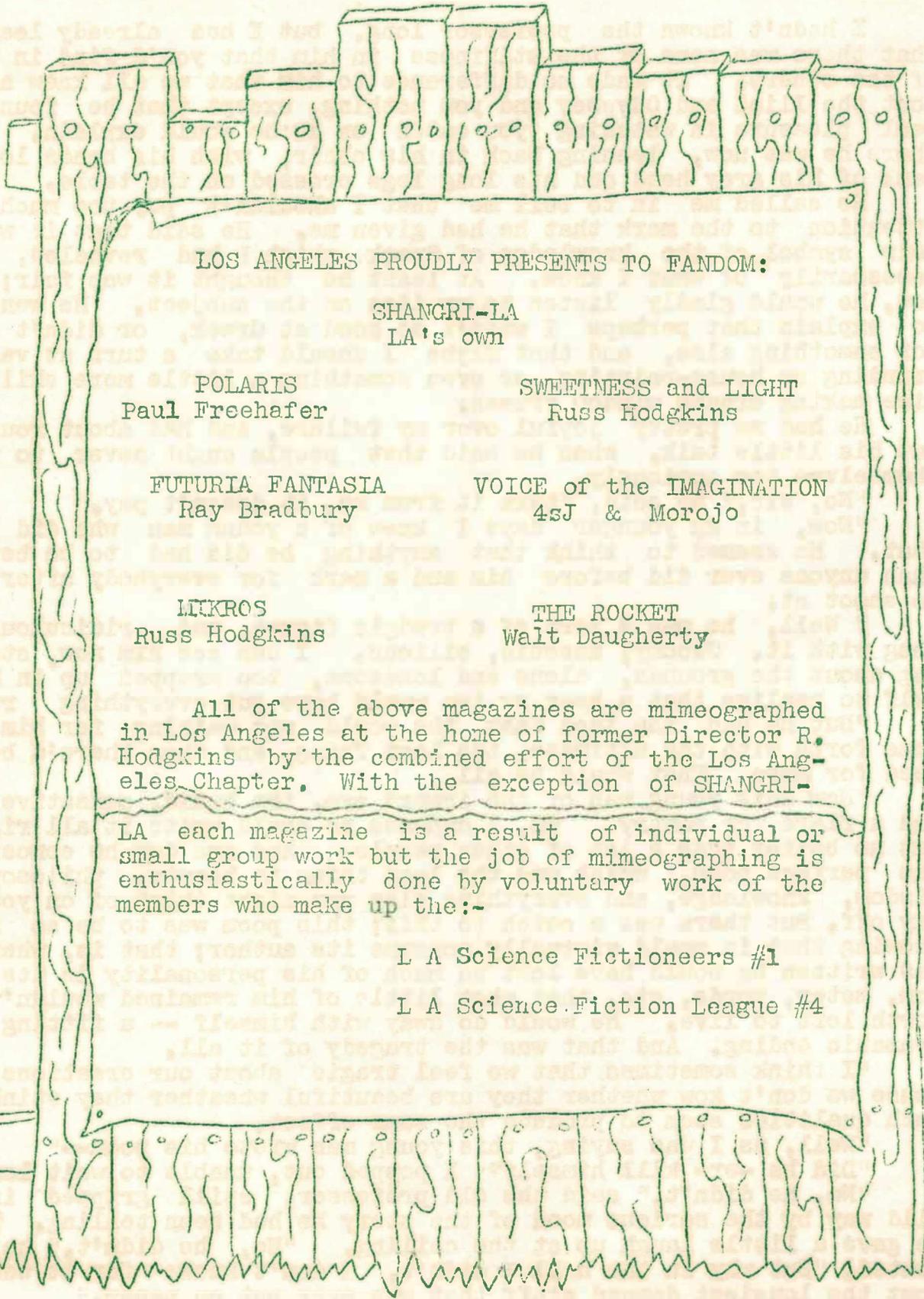
"I think sometimes that we feel tragic about our creations because we don't know whether they are beautiful whether they stink. Both qualities seem to produce the same effect.

"Well, as I was saying, this young man wrote his poem--"

"Did he -er- kill himself?" I popped out, unable to wait longer

"No, he didn't," said the old professor, still gripped in a mild way by the serious mood of the story he had been telling. Then he gave a little laugh up at the ceiling. "No, he didn't," he repeated. "But why in the hell I didn't, I don't know; for it was about the lousiest damned stuff that was ever put on paper."

--:FINIS:--



LOS ANGELES PROUDLY PRESENTS TO FANDOM:

SHANGRI-LA  
LA's own

POLARIS  
Paul Freehafer

SWEETNESS and LIGHT  
Russ Hodgkins

FUTURIA FANTASIA  
Ray Bradbury

VOICE of the IMAGINATION  
4sJ & Morojo

MIKROS  
Russ Hodgkins

THE ROCKET  
Walt Daugherty

All of the above magazines are mimeographed in Los Angeles at the home of former Director R. Hodgkins by the combined effort of the Los Angeles Chapter. With the exception of SHANGRI-

LA each magazine is a result of individual or small group work but the job of mimeographing is enthusiastically done by voluntary work of the members who make up the:-

L A Science Fictioneers #1

L A Science Fiction League #4

## HYSTERIA IN A HEARSE

by walt  
Daugherty

If N.B.C. could reject "History in Reverse" it is rather hard to say what they would do to this if I ever mustered up enough nerve to submit it. Never-the-less I give it to you in its uncensored version (Note; Even the censors won't read it.) Anyway, here it is, don't say anything until you count to the usual ten after reading it, for courtesy's sake, if nothing else. Who said "Who is that dame Courtesy?"

Orchestra: OLD FASHIONED SONG

Announcer: Tonite Ladies and gentlemen of the telioscopic audience, we present an old fashioned melerdrama of the early 25th century as near as possible in presentation to its predecessor. It's been ages since you've had an opportunity to hiss the villain. But inasmuch as hissing is applause for him, let's oil up the old hisser and give him a big hand. Tonite we present the Transplutonian Dramatic Stock Company in an untimely dramatic play entitled "Interplanetary Sabotage" or "Who Swiped the Jets From Grandma's ROCKET?" At this point we will let ACKERMAN-EASE into the role of Silas FICTIONEER the SCIENCE FICTION minded father. MOROJO will moroll you over as Mirandi FICTIONEER, the old fashioned mother who still believes that an exclusion act is a trip to the SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. Plug- "IT'S CHICAGO IN 1940" The fellow who is the object of our hisses is none other than the famous MOSCAHEIM, known to his friends and inmates as WOLLOWITZ. (Get it? If you don't you'd better get a NEW FANDOM in the FUTURIAN), who plays the role of Tobias Flint the dirtiest rat who ever wiped his feet on SCIENCE FICTION's front door mat. Our simple, sweet, and unconscious heroine is FUFU BRADBURY; he of the humorontype, the tweenie of tweenies, the emblem of imbeciles, the perfect specimen of the Spiralis Bradbillious Genera. (nuff said) And, not to be soon forgotten, is VOICE, (you can use your imagination here) the ethereal heckler who would be the star of our play except that nobody novas what he's going to say next. I won't mention his name, but should you be thinking of hustle, bustle and hodgepodge, I think you've got something there. He is the fellow who knows all, and how he tells it; In other words he puts in his two-bits in Kibitz. Our scene is the home of Silas and Mirandi. As the scene opens it is rather hard to say what time it is as we are in the void, and must avoid mentioning days and Knights. As the fog lifts, Mirandi is seated by an old fashioned gas fireplace as Silas enters from his chores milking the 'you know what' seeing that the hired hand Orion had Taurus well in hand, and replacing the bulb in the tail-light of their space ship.

Orchestra: STORM MUSIC (preferably Mendelssohn's Spring Song)

Silas: It's a turrrible night out tonight, Mirandi.

Mirandi: Your right, Silas. 'Tain't fit fer man ner beast.

Silas: Yep. 'Tain't fit fer man ner beast. God pity the LENS MEN on a night like this.

Mirandi: Well, Silas, guess we can count ourselves fortunate we've got a gravity nullifier over our heads.

Silas: You're right, Mirandi. But I'm afraid we're about to lose

the old ROCKET ship.

Mirandi: Lose the old ROCKET ship! ---- Why Silas, we've lived here all our lives, and it was right here in this very air-lock that our little Esmereldi was born. ---- Oh Silas, it seems like only yesterday that she left, to go to the fifth Galactic Universe to seek her success.

VOICE: Oh yea! She's probably trying to ESCAPE from DICK WILSON.

Silas: Well, Mirandi, I guess Esmereldi has forgotten us; we that slaved and worked to give her the best in life.

VOICE: Yea, and she ended up helping HARRY WARNER Jr get along the SPACEWAYS.

Mirandi: Yes Silas, you and me gave Esmereldi the best years of our lives. Why, we even MORTgaged the old ROCKET so as how she could collect back issues of SCIENCE FICTION & WEIRD TALES.

Silas: Don't seem right, Mirandi. But tomorrow we must leave our dear and beloved ROCKET. The MORTgage's due and old Tobias Flint is a hard man.

(SOUND OF COMMOTION--WILL SOMEONE MAKE A COMMOTION?)

Silas: There is someone off our port bow.

VOICE: I don't know about the port bow, but I could say something.

Mirandi: Who in the name of AD ASTRA can that be.

VOICE: If it's a blonde AD ASTRA.

(SOUNDS OF FALLING CANS, OR T. BRUCE YERKE THINKING)

VOICE: Sounds like WILSON's 1750 Ford; motor's so smooth you can barely hear the pistons changing cylinders.

(KNOCK AT AIRLOCK DOOR)

Silas: Sit still Mirandi, I'll get it.

(SILAS OPENS AIRLOCK AND LETS TOBIAS IN OUT OF THE RAIN)

Tobias: Evenin' Silas. Evenin' Mirandi.

Mirandi: Evenin' Tobias. We was just sittin here talking about you, and the MORTgage you hold on the old ROCKET ship.

Tobias: Well Silas, I guess you know it's due tomorrow, and I'm expecting my money right on the nail.

VOICE: He doesn't know SCIENCE FICTIONists very well.

Silas: Well Tobias, I'm afraid we can't pay it all tomorrow.

Tobias: That's none o' my business Mirandi, you know my motto,----- "Pay up or get out".

VOICE: Sounds like a good policy. I'll have to try it next meeting

Silas: You're a hard man Tobias, but you can't be so unhuman as to turn two old folks out in this cold, cold weather.

VOICE: BOO-----BOO-----BOO

Mirandi: What was that noise?

VOICE: Just a protest from the Chamber of Commerce of the Void.

Tobias: 'Tain't my fault it's snowin' ---Pay up or get out---That's my motto.

Mirandi: Oh, if Esmereldi were only here, she might be able to help.

VOICE: I'd loan you my allowance, but I helped TUCKER finance his latest LE ZOMBIE, and you know how those things cost.

Tobias: Ha---HA---HA, it's too late now. Didn't I offer to marry her and didn't she refuse me? I tell you Silas, I'm a hard man and proud, and this is my revenge, and revenge is SWEETNESS AND LIGHT to Tobias Flint. Tomorrow's the day. Pay up or get out --- That's my motto.

Silas: Have courage Mirandi, it's always darkest before the dawn.

(KNOCK AT THE AIRLOCK DOOR)

Mirandi: Who can that be? My wash isn't due from Venus till Monday.

Tobias: Why don't you go see, it may be Santa Claus with the money.

VOICE: Gee, 25th century and they still believe that Santa gag.

Silas: Have you no heart, Tobias Flint? I'll go Mirandi.  
 (SILAS OPENS THE AIRLOCK AND LETS ESMERELDI IN OUT OF THE HAIL)

Esmereldi: Helo Ma. Hello Pa. It's me in the flesh, home and -----  
 well if it isn't the well UNKNOWN chisler Tobias Flint.

Tobias: Enough of this nonsense. I'm here to collect the money due  
 me. I hold the MORTgage on the old ROCKET ship and you all  
 know my motto, 'Pay up or (THE LISTENING AUDIENCE MAY JOIN  
 IN ON THIS CHORUS).

Esmereldi: Listen, skin Flint, how much is this MORTgage you're so up-  
 set about?

Tobias: \$25.00 with an interest of 3 SUPER SCIENCE coupons.

VOICE: What! No sales tax?

Esmereldi: Here's your money and your coupons, now get out of here and  
 never darken our visiscreen again, or I'll blast you into a  
 full circulation of GOLDEN ATOMS.

Tobias: CURSES! Foiled again. EXITS (note; back way)

Mirandi: Where in the name of ADAM LINK did you get all that money?

Esmereldi: Well, the prodigal daughter's been knocking 'em dead at the  
 SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

VOICE: Some knock I'll say.

Esmereldi: Why the worried look on your face, Pa?

Mirandi: I guess your Pa's worried about the same thing I am.

Esmereldi: Well, what's all the furse about?

Silas: Esmereldi, --Are you-- what I mean to say is --'er'---- are  
 you a good girl, Esmereldi?

Esmereldi: Listen Pa, when you can get twenty five dollars in this day  
 and age you got to be good.....

(ORCHESTRA TAG: IT AIN'T WHAT YOU DO IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)

Announcer: And that, my friends was the first, and evidently, the last  
 performance of the Transplutonian Dramatic Stock Company in  
 the wrong dramatic play. For those who plan to re-present  
 this little gem of a play, we strongly advise fumigation of  
 the playhouse at regular periods. Any similarity to actual  
 persons, whether living or SCIENCE FICTIONISTS is purely---  
 --FLASH--- Ladies and gentlemen, the playwright just disap-  
 peared towards the star Vega, the cast close on his heels.  
 For the future of this program, consult your daily newspa-  
 per's death column. Thanks for listenin'.

## THE HUNT

BY

Roger

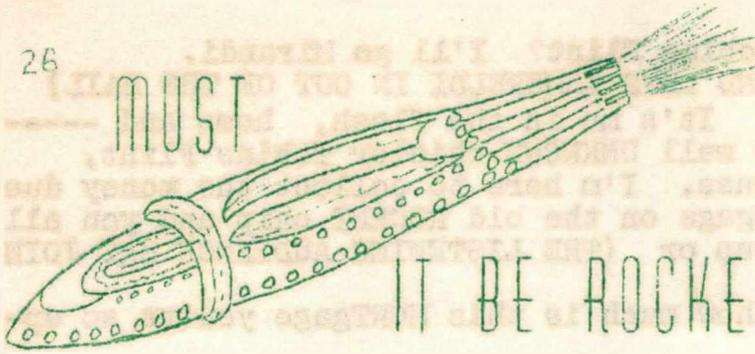
Dushington

Oh, I go hunting every day,  
 With a ray-gun, by the way.  
 I hunt the fly, get him at bay.  
 With a single splat, he's in dismay.  
 One day a fly sat on my nose,  
 Just to annoy me, I suppose.  
 I reached for my ray-gun to lose him not,  
 For he was a demon and due to be caught.  
 I fired. I missed. Where can he be?  
 The rascal has eluded me.  
 Ah, there he is upon a beaker,  
 He appears to be strong, but me much weaker.  
 Into a test tube; down through a coil,  
 The job to get him was really toil.  
 That night as on the couch I lay,  
 The house a mess I'll have to say.  
 But that's all right, I got the fly,  
 And I'll get another by and by.

MUST

BY

SA LEBERER



IT BE ROCKETS?

In this very interesting age of modern miracles in which we live, few of us ever stop to think how important they are to twentieth century existence. We, today, accept and use electricity, the automobile, the airplane, the steamship and a thousand and one conveniences of everyday life as a matter of fact even though a scant half century ago one lived, figuratively speaking, in the dark ages.

Yes, we are indeed fortunate to be destined to play our part in life's great drama during this enlightening era. However, in the true sense of the word we have only scratched the surface. In other words we are conscious of the fact that many scientific achievements and discoveries have yet to take place. In every branch of science today new theories and facts are constantly being brought to light. Science is progress---progress is what the human race strives for.

Among the many comparatively new frontiers of today one of the most outstanding is the conquest of space. Slowly but surely events have shaped themselves so that man finally conquered the seas. Next man desired to fly ----- witness the present day aircraft. Today one gazes in awe and admiration at the heavens and wonders what new secret will be unveiled when at last man leaves the earth for the first time. The problems to be solved and the obstacles to be overcome by the spacecraft engineers are many and complex indeed. Yet the situation is at a parallel with that which confronted Columbus when he boldly set sail in the Santa Maria.

As yet man has no "Santa Maria" in which to venture forth into space. Yet much is being done to solve this particular problem. Today when speaking of interplanetary travel one immediately thinks of a huge, sleek, shining space ship, not unlike a dirigible. We picture it seemingly hung in black, velvety space, long plumes of rocket fire streaming from it's tail, completely surrounded by myriads of unbelievably bright and varied colored points of light. Out of the rear port windows we see the earth, bluish-green in color, held in space by forces which are known but not seen. We are hardly a half-dozen hours departed from earth and over the dark portion we can already see the moon slowly coming into view. Yes, this could be a typical scene in future planetary travel. But --- must it be a rocket ship?

Let's use the above scene for an example of what I am getting at. That is every thing but the plumes of rocket fire and in this case a ship constructed in the shape of a hollow sphere. By what means is this ship to be powered? How is it kept under control and made to navigate the spaceways?

First there are some well known, simple facts or problems which confront the rocket engineer. Primarily it would cost approximately \$100,000,000 to launch a ship into space at the present time. Next--- in order to break free of the earth's gravitational field a speed of seven miles per second must be attained, this being the accepted velocity of escape. It is plain to see that a terrific amount of energy would be required to accomplish this because our ship would have to be large enough to store enough fuel for it's return trip.

The best known fuel mixtures so far developed are oxygen and gasoline or oxygen and hydrogen. This fuel when ignited creates a terrific heat-----far more than any metal known today can withstand for any length of time. Here also lies the danger of explosion.

At this point attention is brought to the fact that the moon will play it's part by acting as a stepping stone for the rocket ship on it's way to Mars or Venus. As planetary distances amount far into the millions of miles and the moon not even being a quarter of a million miles from the earth this seems very impractical. Better that one should attempt to cross a river a hundred feet wide by stepping to a stone two feet from the banks.

The means necessary for this new theory of flight was found by Sir Isaac Newton in 1682. We are all familiar with the story of how Newton formulated the law of gravitation by noting the action of an apple as it fell from a tree.

Now supposing we decide to journey to Mars. Judging from it's publicity Mars seems the most popular and favorite destination at the time. Our ship, which we shall call a gravity cruiser for want of a better name, leaves in thirty minutes. Therefore we hurry to the Los Angeles Municipal Airport for our departure. Unlike a rocket ship, which would require a special launching cradle and equipment away from congested districts, our ship is safely and economically launched from any modern, present-day airport.

We present our credentials and tickets to the captain who greets us with a cheerful smile. He then instructs a well dressed, well groomed steward to show us to our comfortable, spacious quarters. Before unpacking we decide to go to the solarium to watch the take off. There we find a member of the crew explaining to some of the other passengers how our ship is operated.

Our ship is equipped with an attractional field and a repulsion field. This will of course surround the ship with an invisible field of energy which will neutralize or double the force of gravity as the pilot wishes. Using earth's gravitational field as a standard we shall call this a force of one gravity. Double the force -- two gravities, etc. Power for generating the fields will probably be by electric motors operated from huge storage batteries or by atomic motors.

Seated at a complicated control board sits the pilot who follows the orders of the captain, standing directly behind him. On either side of the pilot are radiomen, navigators and assistants seated at their controls, instruments and charts. The flight crew have a practically unlimited field of vision out the clear quartz windows which form in part, the nose of the ship.

The pilot has complete control of the force fields by a system of switches, knobs, and a series of rheostats. Normal earth gravity is maintained inside the ship at all times. A gravity field in the bottom of the ship is controlled and increased automatically regardless of the force of the gravitational pull on the outside of the ship. This is of course insulated from the force fields which power the cruiser.

Presently "last call" is heard for visitors to leave the ship. The huge air locks slide silently into place and at last the order to depart is given.

The pilot gradually moves the take-off rheostat thereby bringing the repulsion field slowly into play. In other words as the field is applied the ship gradually becomes lighter until the gravitational field of the earth and the repulsion field of the ship exactly balance or neutralize one another thereby making the ship weightless.

Upon moving the controls past this point the repulsion field will take effect and our cruiser will slowly rise from its landing position and head for space. Upon applying still more control until one gravity is reached the ship will be literally falling away from the earth at a force exactly opposite to the gravitational pull on its mass when in a normal state.

All this takes place so smoothly that if it weren't for the earth swiftly dropping away from us we would think we had not yet left the ground. Very soon we are completely out of the reaches of the earth's atmosphere and whole continents and oceans are spread before us. At this time the captain will order the deflecting shield of force into operation which every ship must be equipped with to guard against meteoric fragments and the like.

After reaching a few hundred miles the pilot increases our speed by increasing our repulsion fields and by taking advantage of the sun's gravitational pull which is far greater than that of the planet's. This is done by operating several banks of controls until we are moving away from the earth with a force of several hundreds of gravities.

Many hours after we have crossed the moon's orbit and leave the earth farther and farther behind, we find that the gravitational pull is decreasing. When this occurs that part of our ship facing nearest to our objective is charged with an attractional field instead of repulsion. This will tend to counteract the weakening pull of the earth and possibly increase our speed. It will also help to swing us into the direction of our objective as no allowances were made for the earth's rotation after we took off. And so we are taking full advantage of the tremendous forces that a rocket would have to fight at least until it was near enough to its objective to feel any gravitational effects.

Eventually as we near the end of our journey the pilot begins decelerating by reversing the force fields. Soon we cross the orbit of tiny Deimos, the outer of the two Martian moons. Next we pass Phobos and finally reach the outer atmosphere of Mars. In the due course of time we find ourselves landed as smoothly and skillfully as our take-off from earth -- none the worse for our journey. What we find here and what we do now I shall leave to your Imagination!!

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I don't know what you fellows are going to do, but I am going to do my very best to be at that convention this year. OH, I for got, maybe you haven't heard, its going to be the boiling pot for Science fictionist from here to there. Who knows, you may find a long lost friend. Sounds silly, but what is more silly is the thot of missing the Chicon..... BE THERE.



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