

Why?
Do you
like
tangerine?



BEE SICKY

Do you need that energy?
Do you need Roger stuff?

Do you like me too?
This is tangerine.

Why are you so funny?
Do you appear?
Why are you so funny?
Why are you so funny?
Why are you so funny?

February
1958

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
But they don't
Get around
like
Dandelions
Do!

Why?
Do you like me too?
Do you like me too?
Do you like me too?
Do you like me too?
Do you like me too?

Why? Why are you turning
Why? Why are you turning
Why? Why are you turning
Why? Why are you turning
Why? Why are you turning?

23 December 1957, Morning

Dear Science-Fantasy Friends,

As most of you know, I've come by an awful cropper of a case of gafia, and it isn't absolutely sure to me if tis permanent but seems so at this time. Thus can't say if there will be another Beepsky or not..but think there will be because I do want to hold contact with all of you in this special group, soooooo tis probable cometh Beepsky #3.

Hope you've read the editorial in January (current issue) Astounding, "Project Me Too!" -- which expresses my own feelings and thoughts to a T, and no doubt yours too. Robot In this same issue is a delightful story by Stan Mullen- "Guppy." Am pleased to notice more writing coming out by him now days. Have not read the other stories and probably will not- too much war in them.. Always turn first to the Reference Library by P.Schuyler Miller.. My top favorite book-reviewer..friendly and chuck full of humor, besides that- our likes and dislikes, and views in general (most of the time) agree; therefore- hardly is possible for him to be otherwise than my top favorite.. who can resist a writer who seems almost to be taking your own opinions and putting them on paper.. For one example, this- "Frontiers of Astronomy, by Fred Hoyle.. This is the 'bible' of the 'new' astronomy--the steady-state cosmos, in which matter is continually created in open space to fill the void left by the expanding.. universe. It's essential reading for anyone who may have missed it.. A warning: you won't be able to tell what's orthodox, what's reasonable supported hypothesis, and what's pure moon-shooting. Hoyle is a slick and thoughtful writer." I have two books by Hoyle (one is the above described) and read them avidly.. er- that is to say-with more interest than a great many tales of fiction. Then another quote at end of his comments on "The Isotope Man"-- "So Delaney, and girl Friday, proceed to louse up Scotland Yard's well planned campaign to straighten things out. I'm sure it will be a movie." Hah! no doubt! And ESPECIALLY am delighted with his defense of Merritt.. "the love of words and the ability to enjoy their lavish use in painting fantastic pictures.."

Have about sixteen stencils ready to run- and am in mood now to mimeo- so, perhaps after finish typing this one- I'll be starting the run-off.. that's if nothing downstairs interferes tonight Hope this issue turns out neater than the last one did.

The newspaper clipping sent by Ollie, was an article about the Great Newspaper Hoax in reference to life on the Moon.. August 1835, in the New York Sun.. The story- "Great Moon Hoax" -originated in the mind of the editor. He was 35 years of age, a writer of considerable ability and a friend of Edgar Allan Poe. This editor's name was Richard Locke. The story was spread all over the world and newspapers sold like hot cakes. "Each installment (in the Sun) was carefully labelled a reprint from a supplement to the Edinburgh (Scotland) Journal of Science." Had anyone.. taken the time to look it up, he would have found that the Edinburgh Journal of Science had gone out of business several years before." The public was vastly entertained with vivid descriptions of fantastic life on the moon--supposedly seen thru a mighty glass by a famous astronomer.. The ending of this hoax was ok but the reading public accepted the fact, they had been hoaxed, with good humor and kept on buying the paper. Would like to have copied article, but it may have a copyright....

Happy Daze Yu'all -- from W Y O M I N G

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There is a thing that nothing is, And yet it has a name.

'Tis sometimes tall and sometimes short; It joins our talk,
It joins our sport, And plays at every game. What is it?

"The other day I heard a MAN say that if space travel is ever accomplished, the pilots will be women. I don't know his reason for statement except perhaps the growing aptitudes of women and the fact that they are active in more and more fields formerly considered for men only, and of course the increasing life span of women, which the men do not seem able to match. Perhaps the whole story is concealed in Genesis. When man was reprimanded about the fall, he was told that he should eat of the dust of the earth all the days of his life. Woman did not receive that ultimatum, and although it has always been interpreted (by man) that that curse was upon both, maybe something has been overlooked! After all, man lived a spell before woman came-- how long we don't know, so it isn't illogical that she may live equally as long without him.. could be- reach the stars alone." L W

There is a theory, that Venus is greatly ahead of Terra in evolution. I have a fanciful thought while looking at chart of planets in orbit, and keeping mind on Vail's theory about the rings and canopy(Terra's). Ignoring the planets beyond Saturn- because at the moment they do not enter into my thought, also I would need to refresh memory about them by a brush-up reading; we will start with Saturn.

Saturn has rings, and the appearance of a canopy-those misty bolts... within which the planet proper is veiled from our sight. Next comes Jupiter, entirely covered--enveloped in misty belts--a canopy. Then Mars--not much atmosphere, then Terra with a fairly good covering--- enough to sustain life but not so dense as to hid the planet. Fifth we see Venus hidden under a thick canopy. Sixth there is Mercury of which very little is known.

Could it be that the orbits are gradually shrinking, so that all the planets are moving closer to Sol, and as they move inward- evolution rises? By the time Saturn has an orbit about where Jupiter is now.. or perhaps closer inward--because Saturn is a much smaller planet, the rings will have disappeared and only a canopy remaining. And Jupiter having by then swung into an orbit, perhaps 2/3rds of the way toward present orbit of Mars, and having present thin atmospheric appearance of Mars; while Mars will have moved into or almost into the orbit where Terra now travels, and will have gained an atmosphere such as has today's Terra. We, Terra will be where Venus is traveling now and Venus closer to Sol. And as for Mercury.. dunno.. Mercury is very changeable.. mayhap escapes outward because inhabitants wise enough to engineer the escape. Perhaps Uranus, Neptune, etc., did same, is reason they are on tuther side of Saturn at present time--1957.. Well, have read less rational ideas in prozines and in "ism" publications.

High Lights That Hit My Eye

ABOUT SEVEN YEARS FROM NOW-(1957), a team of space explorers should be able to make a trip to the moon and return to earth, says rocket ship planner Darrell C. Romick. Romick, 42, heads the Goodyear Aircraft Corp. astronautics group at Akron, Ohio, and directs the designing of Meteor Jr., a three-stage rocket satellite. He informed newsmen that Meteor Jr. could be used either as a space station circling the earth's orbit or as an interplanetary ship carrying 3 men and provisions for two months.

Missiles expert Wernher von Braun predicts it will be four to five years before the United States can send a man into orbit and return.

America's first manned space ship will be more crowded than a rush-hour bus if everyone who wants to climbs aboard. Project Vanguard receiving bids for the flight from Maine to California.

"Until the time comes when the Phi Beta Kappa has the same social standing as the football player, we are going to fall behind in our technological race with the USSR."

A Soviet HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATE must have completed five years of physics, four years of chemistry, five years of biology, one year of astronomy and ten years of mathematics; including trigonometry. And it is my understanding that in Russia, the schools are ten year schools- rather than twelve as in the U.S.A.

Anthony Netboy of the Portland, Oregon, State College- wrote that in France, bread is bought every day, the French would not think of eating stale bread, nor would they accept the degenerated and airy stuff wrapped in wax paper which we Americans eat. That the French regard our factory bread as unfit even to serve to their hogs. In short, in France bread is still the staff of life, not a compound of chlorinated flour, artificial shortening, extenders, and air...

And the Republican Senator of Maryland, John Butler, spouting off as though he figured that the atmosphere around Terra was private property.. ours.. tsk. Wish newspapers had not published his silly blat.

Sputnik is out of orbit. Sputnik is not out of orbit. It will be falling soon. It will not be falling soon. It will stay up there another week. It will stay up there maybe for months.

World Citizen Davis runs afoul Paris Law.

Scottish Scientist is changing from man into woman. This Scientist is chief of a research team at a big naval base at Rosyth, Scotland.. Is a brilliant scientist, forty years of age, has wife, two sons 18 and 16 and a daughter 8. Will be no break-up of the family-

Possibility that Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer may be requested to return to work in behalf of the United States' missile effort.

Underground atomic blast lifts Nevada Mountain six inches.

It IS Southern California in 1958

Boboff sez-- Cuckoo backs out and asks what time it is? HAH!! Thassa way things hoo-
 ppun at my house, too! The engine that made that 127.1 speed record
 was No. 7002, a Pennsylvania passenger engine. She made that run with three coach-
 es filled with high brass who were so frightened at the awful speed, one of them
 fainted- the rest were still unable to speak when the train stopped; I was in corre-
 spondence with the District Passenger Agent on the section of the Pennsy where 7002
 made her run; at 81 years, the agent dropped dead during excitement of an argument
 over a minor matter... I once had entire record of this incident but all-including
 pix-were lost in a flash-fire in my den several years ago..have forgotten even the
 names of those concerned with the making of the speed record. This DPA wrote that
 when 7002 roared past the depot she almost tore it down with the wind she made in
 passing; he said the dust didn't settle for nearly 20 minutes...

I am amongst those convinced flying saucers are real and am also convinced that we are under observa-
 tion at all times..

Why not number the issues of BEEPSKY--start with no.2 on next ish? I'd like that-personally- so I can file them in order of issuance?.....

When e'er there are no letters lying
 In my mail box,
 It sort of turns this world around
 And slows down all the clox.
 Tho' the sky may be so clouded
 That the day is dark and gray,
 With Letters in my mail box
 The sun comes out - - -
 And all is once more gay.
 To me there is no better way
 A lonely day to spend,
 Than to read a mighty welcome Letter
 From a distant and well loved Friend.
 So if you can spare a few minutes time
 To pen a word or two,
 You'll chase away the clouds so Blue
 With a Nice Long Letter,
 Just . . . From . . . You



Quote from letter (October 24) by one in our group. ..gleaned from private conver-
 sations with experts at ..Aircraft here.. concerning rocket devel-
 opment in the U.S., as it relates to interplanetary travel..it is estimated that the
 Russians are about a year ahead of us. Their rate of progress is about twice that of
 ours, so there is no chance of "catching up" unless the government makes a sudden re-
 versal of policies. The biggest problem is getting really qualified scientists and
 engineers to return to the government service to work on it. Most of the best men
 were hounded out of the service during the witch hunts. The constant investigations-
 and suspicions not only created an atmosphere which made it impossible for them to do
 any really creative work, but they were always in danger of having their career for-
 ever ruined by an unjustified accusation by some professional government informer.It
 was not necessary to prove the charges -- the mere casting of suspicion on them was
 enough to ruin them. When Oppenheimer was ousted under the familiar cloud,the other
 scientists saw the hand-writing on the wall, and began to quietly move out of govern-
 ment service and into private industry -- those who were high enough up in their pro-
 fessions to get a job elsewhere. Now those who moved out are quite happy. They like
 the atmosphere of non-classified work, and they like the pay. It is going to be very
 difficult to convince them that they should return. (continued next page)

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As to time-tables: They think the Russians have rockets which could get to the moon at any time they want to send one up. That would be a plain rocket - no instruments of any sort in it, and so would be merely a propaganda stunt if they did it. A rocket carrying instruments which would send back scientific data will take a couple of months longer. The time table for a man-carrying rocket -- one which could land and return to earth -- would depend somewhat on what they find out from the instrument carrying one. Maybe three to five years. That is, of course, on a "crash program" basis.

The U.S. could put an instrument-carrying rocket on the moon in about a year IF they are given sufficient money, and IF they can get some key rocketmen to rejoin

SPACE "TALK" (The STAR) Oct. '57

A Dutch mathematician, Professor Hans Freudenthal, claims to have evolved a language which will enable man to exchange knowledge with intelligent life from outer space, according to an announcement by the Netherlands Royal Academy of Sciences. The language, called "lingua cosmica" or "lincos" is described as having the sound of wireless signals of different lengths in time and wavelength. Four chapters in mathematics, time measurements, human behaviour and mechanics, have been completed in the new language, which is being developed.

Esther Richardson. November 26, 1957

Dear Eva;

"Beepski" arrived safely today and I think the new name is swell. I thought your illos real cute especially the scenery in the background. Looks just like those rolling hills of Wyoming.

Loubel's poem "Resignation" sure tickled me. What kind of poem would you write about a girl of 29 going gray like I did?? I've been gray haired so long that I can't remember what color my hair use to be.

A few weeks ago I picked up a paper-back book titled "Philosophies Of India" by Heinrich Zimmer. It deals with the different types of religion in India and although it is a bit deep in spots I found lots of enjoyment out of it. Jainism is the one belief that would not appeal to me as it is very severe. Non-violence is carried to an extreme. They must, for example, not drink water after dark; for fear some small insect may be swallowed. They must not eat meat of any kind, or kill bugs that fly around an annoy; credit may be gained, indeed, by allowing the bugs to settle and have their fill.

Well, it seems that the only sort of bug I've been bitten by is the SF bug and have been trying to catch up with the past five years of SF reading. I have SF zines scattered all over my bedroom and in my clothes-closet. I stumble over them trying to find a fresh dress, slide over them on arising in the mornings, they even tumble out of my dresser drawers. Expect you wonder why I keep them in one small room when we are living in a good sized house? Well, I have a sweet daughter that gets the cleaning up bug every once in a while and if I don't watch her all my precious SF books would be on their way to the Salvation Army and I would be tearing down there to buy them back.

Has anyone read Hog Phillips story in the Dec. "IF" titled, "Captain Peabody"? He has a system of writing a man's story that gets me interested. In fact I got so interested in this one that I was down on my knees with the 'Captain' helping him gouge out the bully's eyes. Morcy, I didn't realize that I could have such cruel feelings. Anyhow, Captain Peabody fixed one bully so he didn't pick on anyone any more. ((I read that story..and admit I was doing same as you were doing. SF))

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F. W. Zwicky

December 4, 1957

Dear Eva:

In today's mail I received the copy of "Beepski" and hasten to thank you for it. As you know, I am one of the newcomers in organized fandom, introduced via SF by Seth Johnson, to whom thanks also.

Now that most of the brouhaha has died down and one has had a chance to consider the real effect of "Sputnik I and II", he finds that their only known value is in the field of propaganda. The newspapers are, of ~~COURSE~~, having a field day, but I am sure the public interest is lagging behind. The permanent interest lies, I am sure, with scientists and dilettantes such as SF fans. Since the field of satellites comprises much more than just getting one into an orbit, I am sure we know there is no reason to assume the Russians are ahead of us in over-all knowledge.

Also in today's mail was a letter from a friend in London. He asks, "Is it true that Sputnik has upset American life?" The question illustrates the fact that to Englishmen and Europeans the American is known about as well as the Hottentot. ((Agree? Everyone I've talked to- just laugh about the Sputniks-SF))

If you haven't already done it, tell us a little about Loubel Wood. I liked the poems and the play- "Treatment Z" was good too. ((Well, Loubel is one of this group and has been in fandom a long time- she lives in Florida- is a member of ISFCC- has been my pal for more than ten years.. Woody, her husband is an engineer- a S.F. fan too, & both study Spanish- Woody worked in South America one time- and they have ideas of maybe going down there for a while. Loubel is a slender little lady with a delightful sense of humor- and a beautiful imagination- and real talent with fan writing))

Guess we SF fans will have to assume the public taste in SF is as juvenile as the producers seem to think. That must go for TV too. I gnash my few remaining teeth every time I recall that "Destination Moon", a really GOOD SF movie, was a box-office flop, while "The Thing", a pourile monstrosity, was a financial success.

Interesting thought for the few SF fans who might not yet have heard of it, Maxwell's Demon. A long while ago, a Frenchman (I think) discovered that if you take a tube of a given diameter and length and fasten it endwise to a smaller tube of specified size, and then solder a small tube into the intersection in such a manner that when air is blown into it, it will revolve into the larger tubes before exhausting, an astonishing thing happens. Out of the larger end of the thing comes warm air, and out of the smaller end, cold air.

I think the apparent miracle has been explained by now, but the eminent scientist Clark Maxwell was asked for an explanation and he said that inside the tube there was a little demon with a club. When a warm molecule came along he knocked it in one direction and the cold molecules were knocked in another. Hence, Maxwell's Demon. I had thought about making one of the things, but before I could get around to it I lost the dimensions. Has anybody tried it?

Am I the first to bring up the subject of what Esquire magazine calls "Sick Jokes"? Esqy says these jokes are a release from continual walking a careful path to avoid offending anyone, so they are designed to deliberately offend everyone. They say highbrows find them funny and lowbrows find them revolting. Lately I have been testing this, and find that most men think them at least mildly funny and most women are revolted. Funny thing. ((hmmmm- I am one of those who are not only disgusted with these jokes but am bored at such-- so, that lets me out of the highbrows.. with all the other fems.. grrrr))

Since the unknown ((what?)) plutocrat who finances "Beepski" asks for no financial support, the least we can do is to write once in a while in the hope that you can glean something from the letters worth printing. You have been doing well so far...
(continued next page)

Can't wait until the next one. Love to "Beepski," its staff, and to its readers.

And now a quote swapped from one of Loubel's letters. "I'm afraid these sputniks are going to cost us a lot. We've got to match them now. We've got to have the pretty nubbles too. You can begin to understand now how Saturn got its rings."



Twinkle, twinkle up on high
Little Sputnik in the sky.
Tell, me, tell me in your hullnik
Is there room for Ike, and Dick
and John Foster Dullnik?

(LoubelWood)

Music Loving Walter Williams celebrated his 115th birthday in November 1957, and said, "My grandpappy lived to 119. I'm going to beat that. Don't see why I can't if nothing turns up." Williams was born in Mississippi in 1842, and at 18 he joined the Confederate Army.

The Bible tells us that men lived to a great age, hundreds of years, prior to the last deluge. Adam- 930, Seth- 912, Enos- 905, Cainan- 910, Mahalaleel- 895, Jared- 962, Methuselah- 969, Lamech- 777, Noah- 950.

Back in 1946

Dr. Hugh Mackintosh (Troon) wrote in the British Medical Journal, the following:-- Your correspondents appear to have overlooked two rather important indicators concerning longevity. First, human remains have been disinterred by archaeologists, almost certainly pre-Flood, having characteristics that indicate longevity far greater than anything we can at present conceive. The most striking indication is the extraordinary way in which the teeth are worn right down into their sockets by long usage. Thus "the ancient cemetery at Ur (i.e., Abraham's Ur of the Chaldees), and the still more ancient one (circa 2,000 years older) at the neighbouring site called "Al-Ubaid, testify strongly to the accuracy of the Bible in ascribing long life-periods to primeval mankind." And Sir Arthur Keith states: "Certainly, as physical anthropologists measure people, the later people of Ur were not the equal to the earlier people found at Al-Ubaid"; and again: "The ancient Sumerians were a large-headed, large-brained people, approaching or exceeding in these respects the longer-headed races of Europe.. The teeth of the early Sumerians of the Al-Ubaid cemetery were worn down to an extraordinary degree--much more than those of the people buried in the later cemetery of Ur itself." Actually there is ample secular evidence to show that there once existed on this earth of ours a race of men of magnificent physique, splendidly muscled, with a brain capacity exceeding that of modern man, and having all the signs of extreme longevity. My second point is that in trying to estimate the claims of the Bible for great length of years your correspondents are assuming that climatic conditions on the earth have always been as they are now, whereas there is much evidence that that is not so.

In his book EVOLUTIONARY GEOLOGY, McCreddie Price shows that the geological evidence supports the view that at one time the earth enjoyed a uniformly warm climate from pole to pole ideally suited for the growth and long life of plants and animals. The plants and animals that existed then and whose species have survived to the present day were giants of their kind. He also shows that a catastrophe of world-wide character occurred that could only be explained by the Flood of the Bible. There is only one thing that can be visualized giving a uniformly warm and equable climate--namely, something that would envelop the whole earth so as to prevent the direct rays of the sun from penetrating its surface and at the same time act as a heat-trap. The only thing that can be imagined as doing this is a complete envelope of water vapour high up in the atmosphere or at its upper limit. Under such conditions the climate would be uniformly warm, with no extremes of any kind, and there

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MOON FLIGHT

-- Grace Warren

The first rocket flight to the moon went off without any of the expected difficulties. There were no saboteurs from jealous foreign powers. There were no last-minute technical delays. The personnel selected for the incredible journey remained healthy and sane. The general public supported the project financially and with keen interest. The only adverse comment of any nature came from one of the mechanics at the field. "What's wrong?" asked he. "This goes too easy."

Thanks to the development of powerful telescopes, thanks to the use of radar and like aids--thanks, in brief, to the whole broad field of science applied to human affairs, the first flight was able to be watched and charted with real success. Daily radio bulletins kept the world informed; people with television sets enjoyed charts and diagrams as well as what were said to be photographs of the rocket in flight and on the moon,--photographs taken of telescopic views. For the time of the flight, general world affairs seemed somehow less important. War and the thought of war receded--except perhaps in the minds of military strategists.

In due course the rocket returned safely. Although the government agency responsible for the whole project refused to allow reporters or camera men at the field, many a reporter claimed off-the-record information and many a camera man exhibited privately pictures of the arrival. The agency announced a safe return and promised more information as soon as possible. It was generally understood that much would be restricted--for reasons of military safety--and that much would be too technical for general understanding. Thus, when Washington announced a delay in publication of flight data, the general public was not particularly annoyed or disturbed. After all, the flight had been successful--and beyond that? Well, perhaps the average mind could not stretch itself far enough to want to know details.

Flight II, therefore, aroused some interest without stirring up too many questions about Flight I. The censorship of war had taught the nation to be patient--to accept drawings in Sunday supplements and shrewd guesses--and then silence about all major projects in the charge of government agencies. The moon seemed, to the man on the street, a commonplace article which was, along with being commonplace, something hardly likely to affect his daily life. HE had no wish to colonize the moon. HE had no chance to invest in presumed mineral deposits on the moon. As for using it as a base for military operations or as a base of interplanetary travel--that had best be left to men of science; He, the little man, took pride in supporting scientific research, especially when it asked for support through taxes, not through personal contribution. Taxes were as commonplace as the moon.

The reporting of Flight II was not as widespread as that of Flight I. Why should it be? Flight I to some strange X is adventure; Flight II is the beginning of routine. And for a number of weeks, no one outside the government agency thought much about it. Inside the agency a degree of restiveness began to appear. In spite of promises to release data on Flight I, nothing had been released as far as most of the personnel knew. There was an undercurrent of grumbling; these men were cleared for service as military personnel--surely some of the data should be available to them. A rumor began--that the crew of Flight II had gone with only the vaguest directions, only the most fragmentary knowledge of the results of Flight I. Someone remembered that the crew of Flight I had disappeared; naturally, at first, the personnel of the field had supposed Flight I's crew had been sent off for rest--such a journey would indeed be exhausting to the human. But Flight I's crew had never come back. Where were they?

Once rumor begins, it has a way of spreading underground--and by the time of Flight II's return, rumor had begun to infect the general public. Here and there a newspaper commentator began to ask questions, or to hint at horrible findings. Those responsible for publicity releases from the agency pointed out that rumors were inevitable, sooner or later, when promises to publish information were not kept. "IF,"

said one publicity man, "you will let us hint at such tremendous value that we dare not publish lest foreign powers become too interested, we can quiet these rumors." Another pointed out that such a statement would certainly set "foreign powers" to wondering. Finally a statement was issued: "The results of Flight II are, in every way, as satisfactory as the results of Flight I. Owing to the highly technical nature of the data, no public releases will be made until the data from this flight has been compared to and correlated with that from Flight I. The work will be done as quickly as possible by trained scientists and the information obtained will be released as soon as they have completed their work. Unfortunately, work of this nature may require many months." Newspapers and radio commentators were urged to make much of the last sentence. The general reaction was encouraging; rumors began to die and people went about their business calmly. Again, man's indifference to the moon checked his curiosity.

When news of Flight III leaked out, in spite of all the precautions the humans in charge could devise, indifference to the moon began to fade. "I don't mind scientific research," said the common man, "and I don't mind paying my share--but I don't like getting nothing for it! What happened up there? What DID they find? Why can't they tell us something?" The sensationalists whispered tales about indescribable plagues brought back; warmongers hinted at "foreign powers" having already occupied the moon and preparing a new war. Men had learned to live with the threat of atomic war--but the threat from the moon had a more personal element. It might indeed be a commonplace object in the sky; that made it now the more terrifying as people identified it with a source of disaster. The pressure grew and grew until the President was forced to issue a public statement. Bowing to the right of the public to know, he promised a full report upon the return of Flight III.

A sort of half-panic took over the nation. Since no one knew--or admitted to knowing--anything at all, any tale was credible. Religious sects prepared for the end of the world and thousands of people, driven into fright by what had once been a symbol of romantic love, rushed to join the ranks of believers. Those who profit by panic profited--until they too began to break under the threat of disaster; they were then in the front ranks of prayer! Those for whom this life is but the stepping stone to a better remained serene.

Other nations became uneasy--then anxious--finally panicky. The entire world waited for the return of Flight III. Perhaps fortunately, the very unknown-ness of the danger saved the world from war. If the earth were to be destroyed by its sister moon, of what use was earthly war.

As with Flight I, and to some extent with Flight II, the course of Flight III was charted and followed. Newspapers honestly tried to keep panic out of their reporting; radio commentators honestly tried to keep it out of their voices. Scientists combined to give all the reassurance they could. The best minds and hearts of the world united in an effort to quiet panic. A few of the wisest said, "If only we could unite our best all the time, what an earth we could have!"

Flight III returned. There was, of course, wide publicity, and nations stopped their normal pursuits, the common man went home to sit by his radio. Some answer--what answer?--was now to come.

The commander of Flight III was whisked immediately to Washington, where President and Cabinet waited for his report. Commander Lewis was tired--tired beyond all human tiredness and tired to such point of exhaustion that he no longer knew he was tired. He walked with that determination characteristic of the utter fatigue which drives the body on and on. To the men waiting, his approaching footsteps had a mocking sound--as though Doom herself walked down the hall.

"Well?" said the President as Commander Lewis carefully laid on the table the folders which held the data from Flights I, II--and now III.

"Flights I and II are right in their report." said Lewis.

There was a sigh. No man had believed the reports of Flight I; no man had more than half-believed the report of Flight II. Now--what was left but to accept? No panic closed in upon that quiet room--only a great despair.

"I CAN'T tell the people," said the President. "They will not believe me."
"I can't help that, sir. The reports are true. There is nothing there."
"Nothing at all? Radar--tides--light--?"

"Nothing at all, nothing at all." Lewis paused, looked with unutterable weariness at the men about him. "I can't tell you the answer, gentleman. All I know is --there is no moon."

Items from LABOR

Excitement reigned at the U.S. polar base on McMurdo Sound, Antarctica, when 2 air hostesses arrived for a short stopover on a commercial flight. The pretty girls were pressed in as judges of the best beard grown by Navy personnel at the base.

Tom Wauhab, still an active cowhand on his son's ranch near Sunol, California, said he's decided now to drop part of his work. Wauhab is 102 years of age.

R. L. Parks and F. B. Beckwith of Dallas, TEXAS, were driving home after a fruitless day of deer-hunting when a buck leaped a roadside fence, rammed into the side of their car and fell dead in the road. The buck dressed out at 172 pounds.

A Veterans Administration report says more than 650,000 veterans are enrolled under the Korean war "GI Bill" for educations.. That 400,000 (about that many) are in colleges, and the rest are taking such courses as "on-the-job" and farm training.

A soldier who had lost his rifle was lectured by his captain and told he would have to pay for it. "Sir," said the soldier, "suppose I lost a tank? Surely I wouldn't have to pay for that?" "Yes, you would too, if it took the rest of your army life." "Heck," muttered the soldier.. "Now I know why a captain goes down with his ship."

The Great Charter of Liberties
("Consolation" July 1946)

In the age-old struggle for freedom, one such victory occurred some seven hundred years ago. It was June 15, 1215 when the most famous document the Magna Charta... was signed. There are only four copies... of the original in existence today, the

most nearly perfect being known as the Lincoln, so named after the cathedral wherein it had been kept up to the time of World war II. Another copy was kept in the Salisbury cathedral, while the two other copies were deposited in the British Museum. In August 1939 the Lincoln copy was brought to the United States by the Queen Mary and was put on display at the New York World Fair, where it is estimated that 10,000,000 people got a glimpse at this notable manuscript. When Britain entered the war it was decided that this famous document should be turned over to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., for safe-keeping until hostilities in Europe ended. Now the Magna Charta is safely back in England making the return trip aboard the Queen Elizabeth sealed in a special case made of zinc. It is worth noting that after the United States entered the war the Magna Charta together with the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Gutenberg Bible were secretly removed from Washington to Fort Knox in Kentucky. This is significant because the Magna Charta is so often spoken of as the "forefather" of the Federal Constitution, the American and British Bills of Rights, the American Habeas Corpus Act and the Declaration of Independence. Certain provisions of the Magna Charta, and even some of its words, are woven into the United States' Constitution.

The influence of this ancient document is reflected in constitutional provisions of other countries that have fashioned their governments after the American model. Even the preamble of the Charter of the United Nations is an offspring of the Magna Charta.

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would be no showers but a heavy dew to water the surface of the earth. Nor would the seasons exist as they do now, nor the clear distinction between day and night that a direct view of the sun, moon, and stars gives. If, by some chance cause, this belt or envelope of water vapour were to be precipitated on to the earth, the result would be a flood of the extent described in the Bible, with all those extremos of heat and cold, moisture and drought, that we now experience due to the action of the direct rays of the sun. So it would seem that conditions for animal and plant growth and survival were once much more ideal than they are now, and that we cannot judge the possibility of the extreme longevity claimed in the Bible on the assumption that climatic conditions were the same then as they are now.

The preceding ties in with Professor Vail's theory- (of which I am an exponent) and there are numerous indications in the Bible pointing to the theory- One being that prior to the Flood- no man had ever seen a rainbow! Another (credit to Loubel) is that there is no mention of a blue sky in the Bible.. Genesis says there was no rain but a mist went up and watered the earth. As I said- there are more- if you search.

POETRY FROM LOUBEL "written in 30ies"

I never felt that you were gone
But only that you wandered on
Beyond the place where I could see.
I only hope that Heaven may
Lend you to me one hour each day,
And that one hour will be to bless
The dreariness of all the rest.

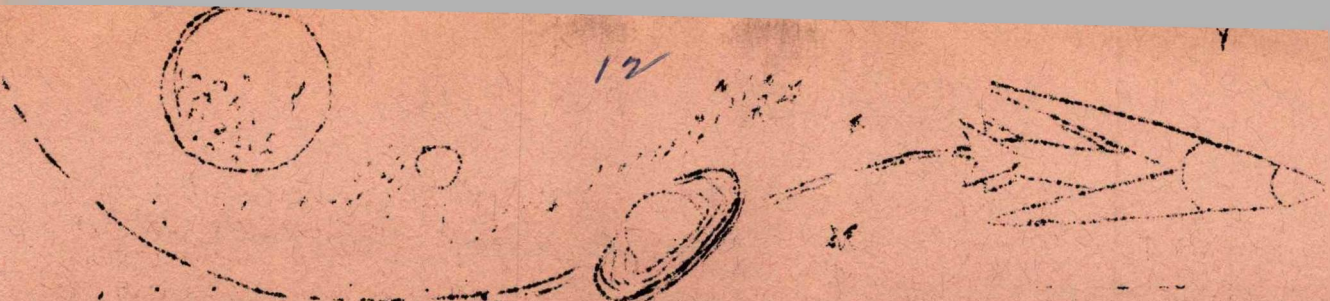
In the shadow. In the sun.
We'll dream again when day is done.
Through time and space we two shall meet
Down an old familiar street.
And though I can't caress you there,
I'll see the star dust in your hair.

I'll keep this key of rendezvous
And spin a tryst at eve with you,
Beyond the place where I can see.
I'll weave my skeins through all the years;
Some happily and some in tears.
And through the pattern parts will gleam
Where you and I did meet and dream.

In the shadow. In the sun.
Our hearts will always beat as one.
Through time and space we two shall meet
Down an old familiar street.
And though I can't caress you there,
I'll see the star dust in your hair.

Dear Mimoo-Pals, I've stencilled the shorter short, Moon Flight by Mrs. D. Warren, which thoroughly delights my soul and greatly pleases me to mimeo for your reading. This is the type science-fiction goes over big with me. No mushy biological angle in the plot. The longer short is a bit too long for my energy to handle- so am returning it to Grace, to whom I'm very grateful for "MOON FLIGHT."

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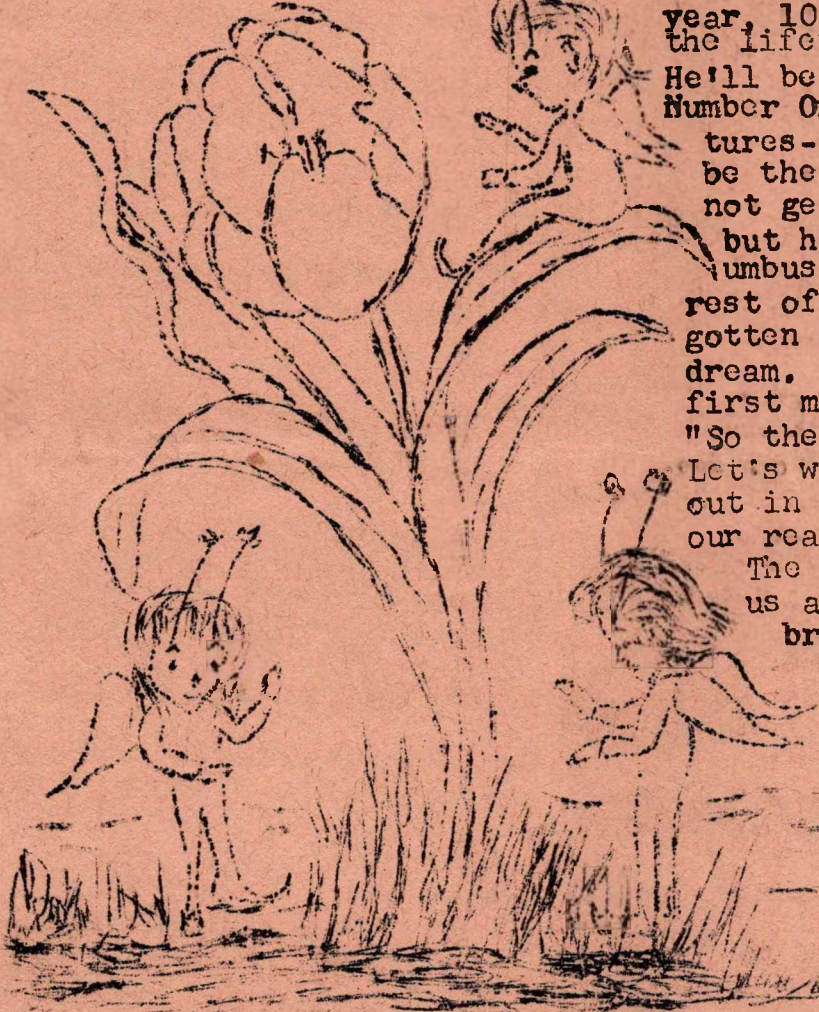


Mott, N. D. (AP) -Dec.18,1957.. A glowing object in the sky to the east of here was seen about 3 a.m. Monday by Chris Amann of Mott. There was no explanation of the object, which Amann said appeared to be moving slowly upward at the eastern horizon. Amann said he was up at 3 a.m. and noticed the object for about five minutes. There were no reports in this area of discovery of any materials that might have fallen...

"Born in the depths of protoplasmic mire
And given power to make his world, or mar,
Stumbling, fouled by his own desires, this frail clod, Man
Yet reaches up his hand to touch a star." (Rory Magill)

(newspaper clip from Esther)- The Man For The Moon Is Here by Robert Browning. "The First Man to walk the sterile sands of the Moon is alive somewhere today on this planet Earth. He may be a week old, a yr, 20 years, even 40. He may be an American or a Briton or a Russian or a Chinese or a man of any other land and color. No matter his age no matter his nation--he's here. He may

be on the Moon tomorrow, next week, next year, 10 years. But he'll be there in the lifetime of most of us now living. He'll be the Number One guy of the Number One venture of all man's ventures--the conquest of space. He'll be the Man in the Moon and he may not get back--not this first man--but he'll be remembered when Columbus and Magellan and all the rest of that great company are forgotten forever. This is not a pipe dream. The technologies to get that first man to the Moon exist today... "So the heck with the stars for now. Let's worry about the Moon, right out in the backyard. The Moon is in our reach and soon we will grasp it. The first man to touch it is with us already. Keep an eye on that bright tough kid next door!"



Grace Warren November 28, 1957

Dear Eva and assorted Beepskites

Sorry not to have got a letter off earlier. I swear I'm living on at least four time levels and in several directions at once! How come? Well--there's the domestic time level--in which, if work not done "on time", create clutter. Now, I'm very good at ignoring my housework, but even I have a limiting point. When I can't find what I want--and fall over my youngest's shoes, and can't see my husband for the pile of newspapers he has built up beside his chair--then I actually clean house. (About once a month. The rest of the time, I blow--and stack everything in neat piles and clear the chairs. Then my guests ask how I manage to keep house so well and work too!)

Time level two is the maternal level--three offspring. Son in army (he's at Fort Ord at present); we never know when he'll turn up... when he does, every planned thing gets swept under the piano. My daughter and her husband at least ASK if they can come down from Berkeley; they will, of course, no matter what I say--so I always say Yes. The youngest has a job at dinner time each week night and Saturday--what that does to the dinner hour can be imagined as well as described.

The third time level is library. I have the doggiest schedule you ever saw. We are now open from 12 noon to 9 pm; I put in 40 hours a week and my assistant 21. So that means I take all the split shifts, most of the night work, and every other Saturday. Being occupied five mornings a week, two full afternoons (12 to 6), two part afternoons, and three nights can mess up any long-range planning, I must say

Social life makes up the fourth time level--the less said of THAT the better. Informality is the key--otherwise we'd have NO social life. And I suppose my personal time level creeps in here as best it can.

Add 'em up. Is it any wonder I have trouble finding my "spare" time? But I love it--and wouldn't change places with anyone.

I enclose a copy of one of my shorts--the longest one, I think--but it happens to be one I'm quite fond of. It isn't really science-fiction, but more fantasy--if not just outright wishful thinking!

Tell Esther Richardson to send me some of her ideas--there is no reason we couldn't have fun working out things together by mail. I've done it before--poetry series mainly with a friend no longer available. I'll either act as critic and secretary (proofreader type)--or we can try collaborating.

We could have some fun with the fanzine name--you know: masculine, Beepskoff; feminine, Beepskree; plural, Beepskates. Why don't we foul every one up and change our name each issue? The Russians may get their satellite up first--but we surely haven't lost our sense of humor? (By the way, I find I frequently refer to that thing as the sagittal orbellite).

Merry Xmas--and may the New Year bring you fine fantastic dreams and science-fiction-come-true. Beepskoal!

P.S. I've put in a shorter "short" but both are really too long for your purposes, I think. ((They are fine. Thanks. BF))

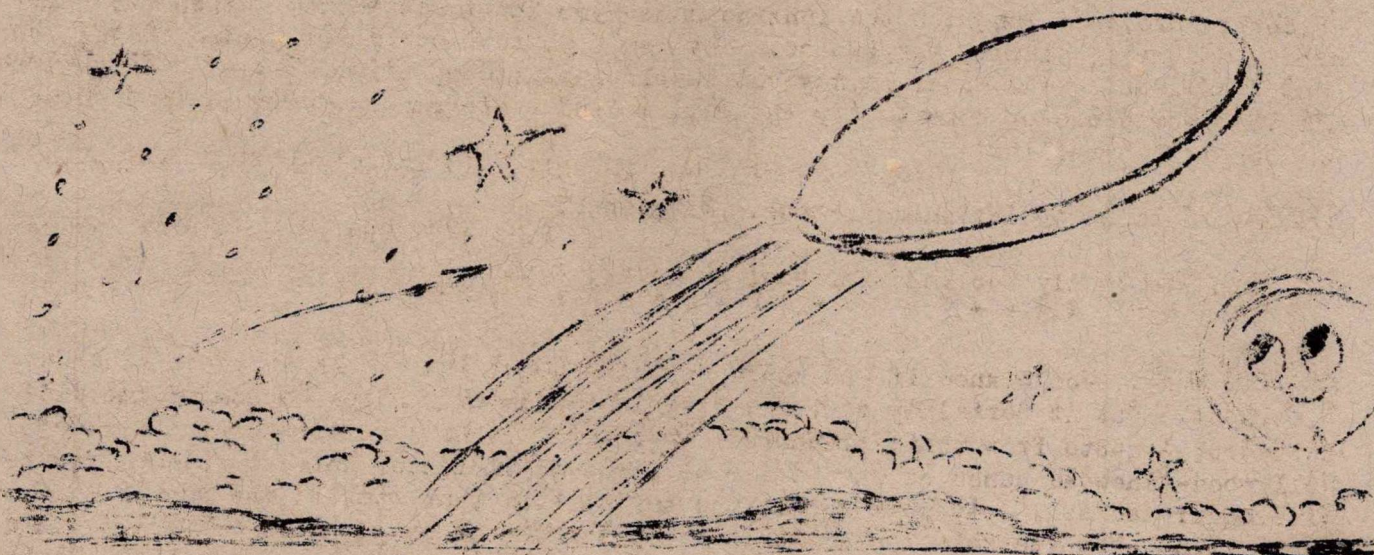
BRITISH NEWS.. Don't know if you heard anything about The New Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool. But it certainly caused a stir in fandom over here. Reason of the disturbance; I quote from their brochure- "There will be no war films in the present Hollywood-Pinewood sense of the word - or films of violence, horror, science-fiction or exaggerated sex." It wasn't only the bar on s.f. that started the wheels of fandom rolling, but its actual position between horror and exaggerated sex which would tend one to believe all have a connection. This fandom wouldn't have so Vince Clarke (continued next page)

distributed a circular amongst fans...I receiving one...asking for fans to write to the Shakespeare Theatre. Apparently it was taken notice of, for it was apparent that besides my letter to the Shakespeare other fans had written too. Anyhow in reply I rec'd from the New Shakespeare a letter more or less stating that they will amend their rules and include only GOOD science fiction, plus an invite to call in there whenever I may be in Liverpool. Nothing further has been heard in reference to an Easter Convention, to be held in Kettering, though I have sent numerous enquiries. No one seems to know anything about it. Rory, as you know, was at the world Convention in London. What a grand lady she is, she joined in all the fun and had a really wonderful time. I had the opportunity to talk to her a few times, and was, I admit, somewhat surprised in her keenness in s.f. Now when I reach her age I'll be quite happy to be like her. Amongst other U.S.A. fans and professionals attending, as you no doubt know, were: Campbell of Astounding, H. Beam Piper, Bob Silverberg, and many others well known in the field of fandom in the U.S.A.

Rosalind is in standard three at school, in the "A" stream, the top grouping for her age, and now she is going in for tests that will eventually lead her to the Scholarship exams.. You can well imagine how thrilled she was when I shown her- her story in an American zine. Thanks a lot for publishing it... ((this letter from Dave Cohen- born too late for our group))
 * * * * *

Notes about the LonCon from Ethel Lindsay--also born much too late for our group...

The Con, I think was a big success. I was on the registration desk a lot, so met many fan that way. The Campbells made wonderful guests of Honour. They praised everything and really seemed to enjoy themselves. I loved Mrs. Campbell, and he gave a wonderful speech at the luncheon. I was spellbound. It was grand seeing so many different countries represented. I met Akerman and Madle, Moskowitz and Raeburn, fine fellows all. I made great friends with Frank and Belle Dietz, a fine couple. I took home proudly, as a memento, a beautiful coloured cartoon by Atom. The fancy dress was a big success and lots of hard work had gone into the dress. Lots of parties of course, bed by 5 a.m. was the average. Some tru-fen stayed up all Sat. night. It developed into a contest between James White and Mal Ashworth to see who would have to go to bed first. Mal won! The fanzine award was a big disappointment to me. Hyphen lost by about 2 votes. Not that I don't think Fantasy Times good, but it has won it so often.



PROZINE-COVER COMMENTS

September 1951 by one of our Deepsky group

Dear "Stumped Editors." Tell your artists not to be so impatient in the future, and hold on to their contact until they get the story of the picture as well as the scene. Fortunately, however, I happen to have known the gal well, and have heard the tale of the incident pictured many times, so can fill in the gaps for you. Her name is Lola, the only daughter of Derk, who was the Proctor of Atlantis some 3400 odd years ago.

The "heavy" in the incident, who isn't shown, was one Fogart, who had been a captain in the palace guard. He had been broken out of the Guard by Derk on a long list of charges, which included insolence, insubordination, and cruelty to prisoners. Fogart gathered a crew of unsavory characters around him, mostly deserters from the Guard, and staged a surprise attack on the palace at the height of one of their numerous festivals. The raid was a complete success. The palace was sacked and burned, and Derk carried away to force him to abdicate his position and appoint Fogart in his place.

Lola was visiting friends at the time, and returned to find the scene of ruin... which the artist has pictured. However, Lola was very decidedly not the swooning and hand wringing type. Her mother had died at her birth, and she had been raised by her father without the gentling influences of feminine hands. As the artist quite accurately pictures her, she had flaming red hair, and at times meant every hair of it! I can certify to that fact -- but that's another story. So she dug up a needle ray gun, which she is holding in her right hand, plus a communicator device (a sort of ancient walkie-talkie) which she is holding in her left hand, and started out after them.

The little guys? Well, that's just what they were; the little guys who were always around somewhere. They still are, as a matter of fact, but nobody but the Irish will admit it these days. They really had nothing to do with the incident... Were just tending to their business of merely being around minding their own business when the whole thing happened. But, being around, they know all about it, of course. As a matter of fact, they were the only ones who did know about it, because Fogart didn't leave any witnesses behind him. They sort of liked Lola, as everyone did, and admired her temper. Besides that, she was always polite to them, or as polite as she was to anyone. So they came out of their holes in the ground and told her the who, when, where and why of it. In the picture they're just giving her the ancient Atlan version of "They went thataway, poaner."

Just for the record, she did catch up with them. The rebel's position was impregnable from the front, and anyone with even a smattering of military training knew that it would be suicide to try a frontal attack, so they were naturally concentrating on the defense of their flanks. But Lola didn't know anything about military strategy and tactics, and cared less, so she barged right in the front with her needle ray blasting. When she finished, Fogart didn't live there any more, and a lot of deserters from the Guard were sort of sorry they were ever born. Derk returned to his job unharmed, if you don't count the injury to his pride at being rescued by a woman.

The incident wasn't exactly news around Atlantis in those days, because Lola had a habit of getting her man, and no one expected any other outcome. She could have got me without any trouble at all from the time she was 19 -- but she didn't want me, dammit!



MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS SEEN AGAIN -- The Rapid City Daily Journal

Rapid City, South Dakota, Sunday, November 24, 1957. Three residents of the Vale area are convinced the slow-moving lights they watched for 45 minutes southeast of here Friday night were no ordinary type of aircraft, or any natural phenomenon... Latest of the Black Hills area's "flying saucer" stories came from Preston Hills, his daughter, Lorelei, and Richard Pauley, all of the Vale area. Hill and Pauley reported their sighting of an unidentified flying object to The Journal Saturday afternoon. According to the two men, the three were out for a drive in Hill's new automobile about 10:05 p.m. Friday, driving east on the farm-to-market road about three miles east of Vale. They sighted the strange lights in the sky as they stopped at a curve in the road and were preparing to turn around to return to the Hill farm. Hill and Pauley said the bright orange lights, flashing intermittently, apparently came from an object about a half mile away from the car. The hovering object started to move slowly as the trio watched. Besides the orange light, the object gave off flashes of greenish and yellowish hues, they said. A fourth observer, identified by Hill and Pauley as Mr. Richards, came along the road as they watched and also took part in the sighting. After watching the slow moving lights for about 15 minutes, Hill and Pauley said they decided to return to the Hill farm about about three quarters of a mile away to pick up other members of the family and a pair of binoculars. They drove to the top of a nearby hill and continued to watch the lights for another 10 or 15 minutes until they disappeared in the northwestern sky. Joining them on the hill-top were Mrs. Hill and three younger children.

Altogether, Hill and Pauley said, the object was in view from 10:05 until shortly before they returned to the farm house at 11:50 p.m. Describing the motion of the unidentified lights, the two men said when first sighted the object was at an altitude of about a thousand feet and it rose slowly to about 1,500 feet before starting its slow drift northwesterly. Lights given off by the object appeared to be shining straight out and were not beamed toward the ground. Even with the binoculars, the observers were unable to distinguish the shape of the object but they were able to see the various colors better. They speculated the shape was long and flat and apparently "pretty big." "I was so darn scared I couldn't hold the glasses still very long," Pauley commented. Hill agreed the experience was "Kind of scary." "I've never seen anything like that before. I've seen lots of planes in the area but never anything like this," he said.

Weather in the Vale area was clear and not too cold but the wind was strong from the northwest, the men pointed out. While watching the object, the observers were on the windward side and could hear no sound from the direction of the lights. Authorities at Ellsworth Air Force Base, contacted by the Journal, said no planes from the base were in the Vale area Friday night. The South Dakota National Guard's helicopter was also ruled out as a possible explanation for the lights by Guard officials who noted their helicopters have been grounded temporarily until new equipment is received...

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Gals and Guys, Please to excusing poor mimeo'ing again. Had a dickens of a time in running off some of the stencils.. This is December 26th.. ruined stencil had typed of the above UFO news.. so, made this'un.. Have decided to mail BEEPSKY #2 in a few days- rather than late January as mentioned before. Am going to call Beepsy just a letter...not a fanzine...because it seems I just simply can't seem to become a good mimeographer.. after three and a half years of trying..I still am no good..so we'll call this a circle letter HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL Dan Firestone..