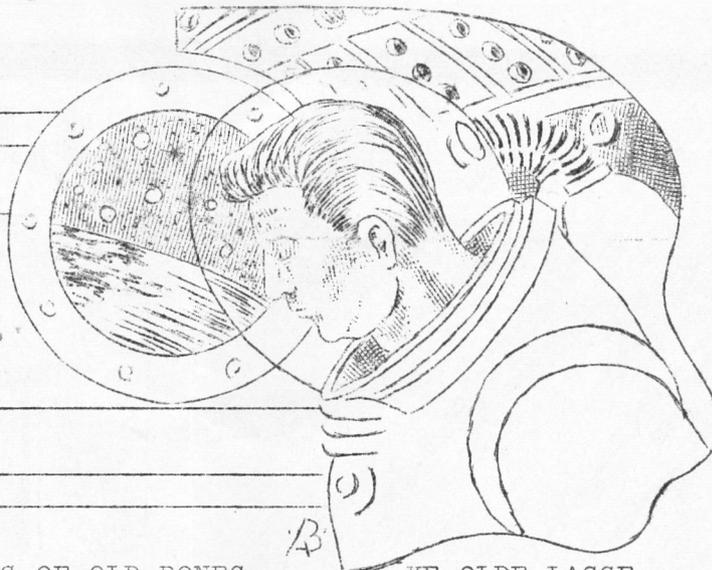


TWICE IN A BLUE MOON



-BILL HARRY-

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BY: TERRY JEEVES, BILL HARRY, KEN McINTYRE.

All Letters And Replies to;- Manchester Circle, c/o Dave Cohen,
32, Larch Street, Hightown, Manchester, 8., Lancs., England.

*Shaking
of old
bones.*

S F



To our surp-
doubt to yours, it
of course refering to
let there be no doubt on your mind, this is your mag, even though an
organ of the Manchester Circle. For it is the wonderful response we
received from you, the reader, that decided us on publishing a further
issue of "BLUE MOON" under the title of "TWICE IN A BLUE MOON" (what
we are going to add to the title after "THRICE" at the moment is beyond
us). Many of the contents enclosed in this zine are based on your
requests, so please don't hesitate in sending us comments on this fanzine,
favourable or otherwise.

We feel kinda' proud of this issue for we believe we are still
keeping to our somewhat independant outlook yet whilst attempting --
and we believe successfully -- to make its contents of popular appeal.

In this issue we have broadened the field of our subscribers from
the first issue by introducing to you some well known fans, and pros,
as Bill Harry, Ken McIntyre, Bobbie Wild, Jack Wilson, and of course
Terry Jeeves, who do not live in Manchester, besides our overseas
staff as; Eva Firestone, and Suomy Nona, all this and Ken Smith, Frank
Simpson, Phil Sless, and myself, too.

But a halt to blowing our own pipes!

Of recent months an item has turned up that
was not only unexpected, but also most unreason-
able, or so I believe. I refer to certain com-
ments made by a popular fan in the 'zine "NEW
FUTURIAN" on the consite. Not only did she run
down the hotel sufficiently strong to deter,
perhaps, some visitors attending the Convention,
but also choosing the most inappropriate moment
to make the statement, a moment when the Com-
mittee were at the peak of their endeavours to
plan a successful convention, when arrangements
had been made for a chartered plane for our



YE EDDE,
DAVE COHEN.

American visitors, when not all that previous there were representatives of the Liverpool Group who actually stayed at the hotel for a few nights, leaving with an exceedingly good impression of same, and personally I prefer to accept the opinions of the Liverpool Group rather than the author of said article. For to me it is obvious, how can anyone possibly criticise a hotel during a period of off season alterations and decorations, when only a skeleton staff is employed? No one, whomsoever they may be, can expect a 100% service during such a period, and it is because of this that I am surprised that the contents of said article was published at all. I know Mike and Betty Rosenblum, and think they are a great couple, and I can only presume that the article was written in all good faith even though somewhat biased in nature.

Rumours are going around that a certain Northern fan has been making statements claiming that he was speaking for all Northern fans on certain critical matters. I will not go into the matter deeply for I do not intend to light the fuse of a Northern vs. South feud, or even cause a spark in case it does light the fuse, for I think as do the rest of the Manchester Circle; that the whole matter is too ridiculous for words, there's enough "anti's" without adding more. But I will say on behalf of the Manchester Circle, that we consider this feuding business, especially if it is taken seriously, too childish for apparently intelligent adults to take seriously and it is time the whole damn silly business was dropped.

How many clubs are doing something at the Worldcon? From what I hear there are a most discouraging few, but even with this handicap the Programme Committee are successfully planning a programme that will no doubt appeal to everybody, and it will be a full programme. It is hoped that we of the Manchester Circle will be doing our little bit on the programme.

To a pet subject of mine; Flying Saucers! (Did I hear a few groans then?) Recently there was published in a Sunday paper, a report, presumably from the Air Ministry that though a greater percentage (95%) of the so called Unidentified Objects have been proven to be balloons, tricks of weather, etc., there still remains 5% that are still unidentified. All very nice. Yet the mid-week papers - apparently published in the same country - state that the Air Ministry claim all unidentified objects have been identified, and the so called Flying Saucers are but a myth.

Now claiming myself almost as the average man-in-the-street, all this appears mighty peculiar, why should the Air Ministry even go to the trouble of writing a report, with all the usual red-tape involved, about something that doesn't even exist???????

Seems I have come to the end of this Editorial, now taking the damp towel from around my head, there is one question I would like to place before the reader. Though this magazine requires no subscription as yet would the reader be prepared to pay one if required? YE OLDE LAGGE.

PILGRIM'S

PROGRESS

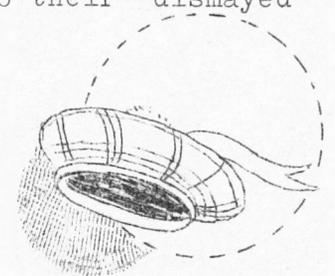


IN THE BEGINNING there were four; EB.TW.FR.DC. They were not ordinary mortals. They had a "divine quality", they spoke not of Vargo. They stood out from the rest of the community, and if any of you know D.C. personally I think you will agree he does. These devotees of S.F. put their big heads together and decided to form a "Circle". No joining hands, table rapping etc. for them, just a few snappy adverts in the proper quarters, and wait for the deluge.

The first meeting with others of their kind took place in the Buff Room of the Waterloo Hotel. A perfect setting for the primitive struggles of this new age. The tribe flourished for a number of years, about four, but alas many of them fell by the wayside and were probably devoured by these cursed buffaloes. It was then that the elders decided the tribe should leave the primeval forest and seek richer pastures in the hope of raising a new generation of fanmanics. The trek began, down Moseley Straight, through Piccadilly, up Portland St., and back once more through the Piccadilly wilds, and waterways.

After a long hungry trek through Piccadilly, the tired and footsore, and by now much depleted band of heroes finally decided to set up home in "Thatched House/s", just along Market Straight, (within easy reach of Piccadilly.) For a time these House/s rang with the merry quips and belly laughs of the "Circle". But then it was discovered that the numbers were once more slowly diminishing. So once more they hopped and hoot and travelled east looking for a place in the sun. With set lips and a tight grip on their wallets they sailed through Piccadilly, finally landing in an Eastern Land which they at once called "Ping Hong". For a fairly long time they revelled in the strange Eastern customs of eating of Curried Rice with a knife and fork, doping themselves with Double Centuries, drooling over delightful females, while making a mental note of the sidelong glances of the Chinese serving-maids. But alas and alack they were bitten by the wanderbug again. So, without more ado they cut sharply back through Piccadilly.

Wandering slowly up Fountain Straight they discovered a hostelry with the rather unexciting name of "The York Hostel". Feeling rather thirsty, they naturally entered through the rather sombre portals of the aforementioned pub, and on seating themselves discovered to their dismayed delight that this very place was a meeting place of a circle of another kind, for seated across the room was the reason for their tightly gripped wallets. A chapter ends, the great trek halted. They stayed in place they could call home, where they could sit and natter and swill. Can this be the end of the trail? Is this Nirvana? Who knows!! At any rate they certainly enjoy the beer, the nattering, and the other! This may possibly be their last stop, the cycle is completed. In the beginning there were four, in the end there are four.



BY PHIL SLESS.

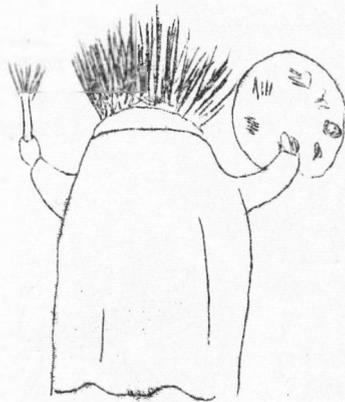


The following sketches were carried out by a neofan starting aged 9) in the early days of science-fiction (1927-1930) and show the degrading influence of this genre (good word that and Carnell likes it too!) on a susceptible victim still infested with galloping fandom today.

BEING THE ASCENT OF FELIX SUPERIOR OR THE INFLUENCE OF S.F. ON AN ARTIST CHILD.

Firstly the preface to the collection (comprising 800 sketches some in colour):-

"Pussy was born in 1927 A.D. He was once wild, but it is plainly seen by his tail that his ancestors were domestic cats. He is nothing like a professor. He goes out every night and comes in with gammy ears and legs or covered with manure and mud. He goes under the stairs instead of in his cinders. He dirties every cushion he sleeps on. Pussy sleeps in beds and gets through windows at night. He is the daftest cat in the world.



PARTLY
Illustrated by
BILL HARRY.

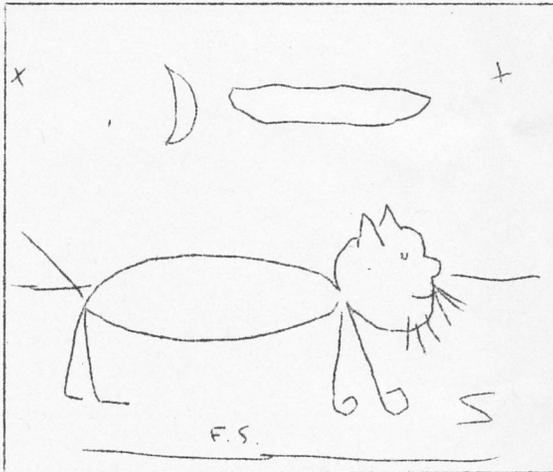
"These are our cat's adventures, 100% of these being pure imagination."

Now for two sketches

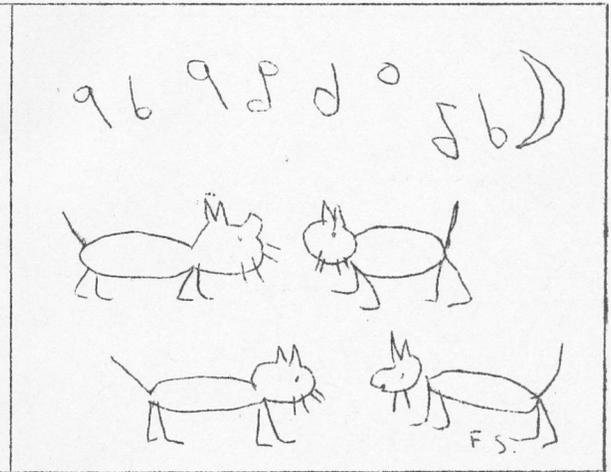


Illos. and
story by:
FRANK SIMPSON

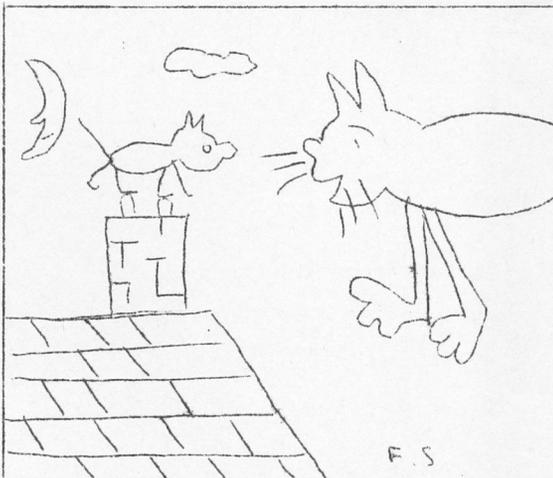
(1 & 2), free from the corrupting influence of S.F. followed by No.3 showing the effect of weird stories including "DRACULA" and No. 4 illustrating the effects of Edwardian humour (from, I suspect, "Pearson's Magazine" for 1905). Then Nos. 5 & 6 the dawning of Astronomy (ripe ground for S.F.)



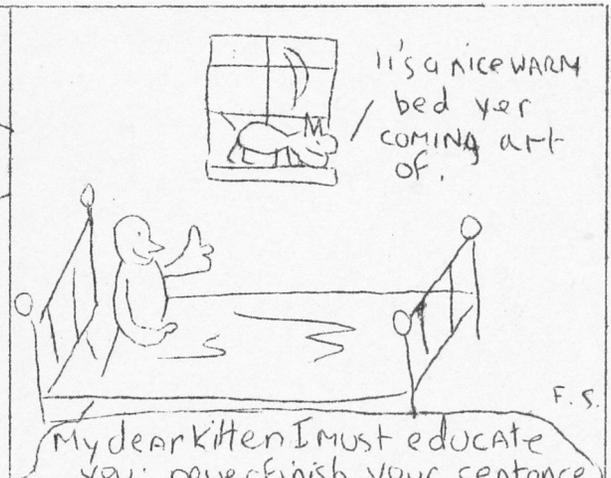
(1) Sketch of Pussy at Night.



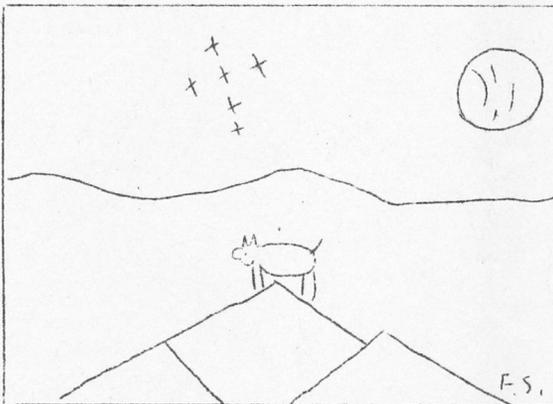
(2) A quartet.



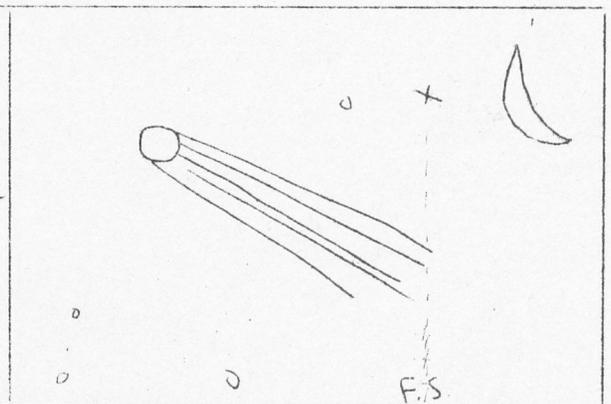
(3) A nightmare on house top.



(4) With a preposition.
My dear kitten I must educate you: never finish your sentence



(5) The Southern Cross.



(6) A Comet.

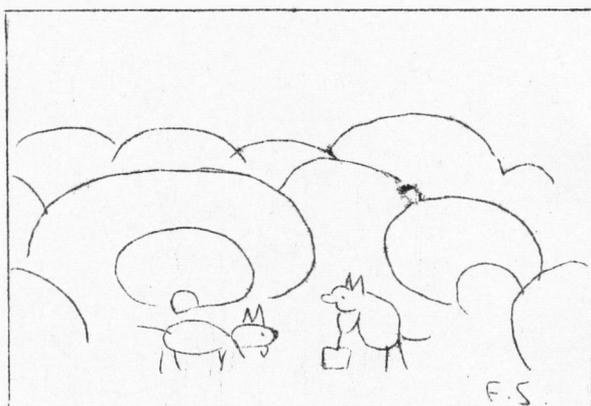
And now a bit of Edgar Allan Poe (or maybe Stevenson) (Nos. 7 & 8) which were followed by a headline from a newspaper:

"GREAT DISCOVERY OF TREASURE"

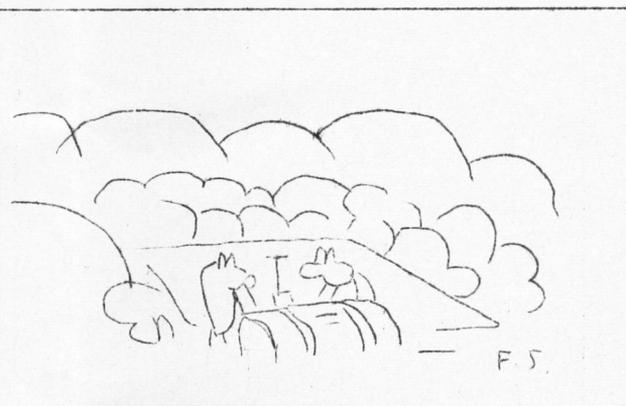
"Worth £2,000,000."

"Pussy and The Melpat Isles Horde."

(£2,000,000 was a lot of money in those days!)

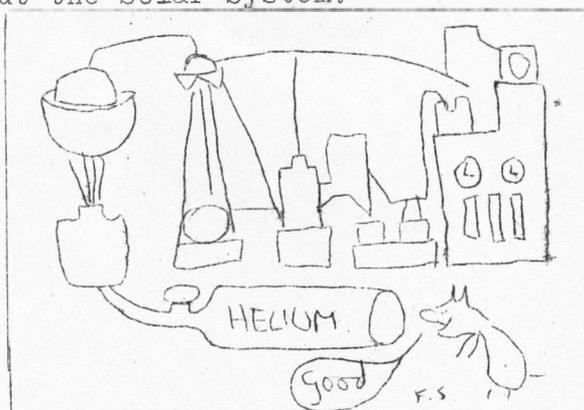


(7) The Spot!

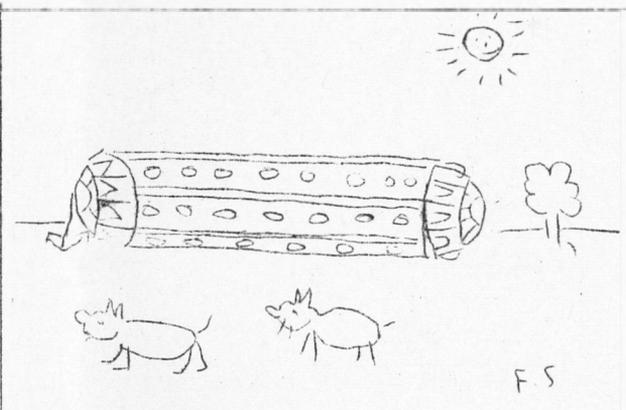


(8) The Treasure Found!

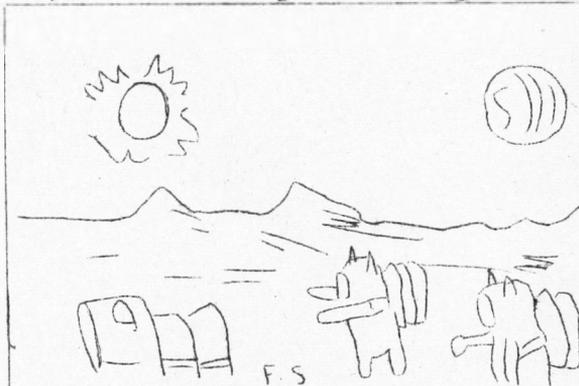
Now S.F. influence creeps in, and a space ship (a la Wesso or Paul) appears for the first time (No.10) and is followed by a modest trip round the Solar System, Luna first, followed rapidly by Mars, Venus, and Mercury. BEMS as well as inhabitants were well to the fore through-out the Solar System:-



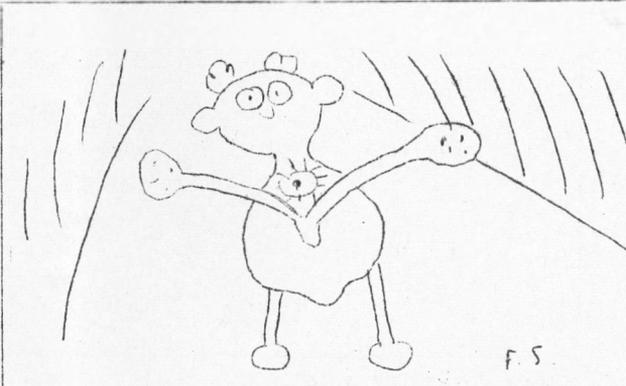
(9) Our cat experimenting!



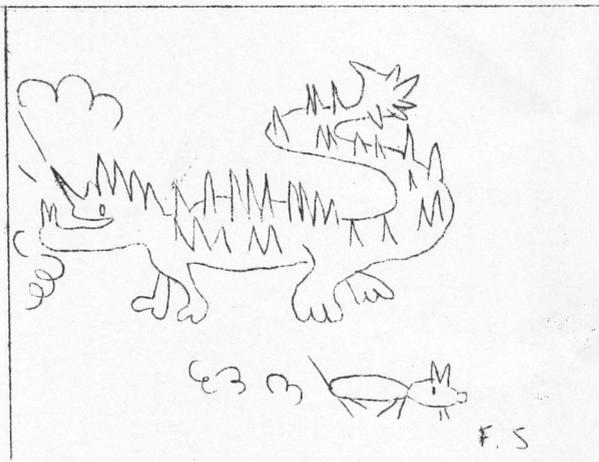
(10) The result - a mysterious mach.



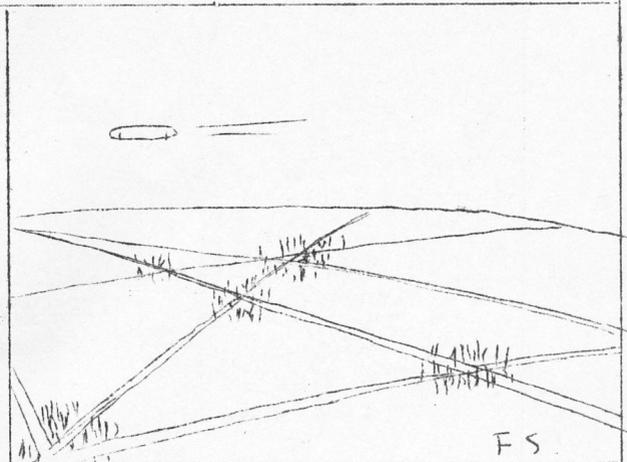
(11) On the moon exploring.



(12) A Lunarian Selenite or moon-man discovered in air filled tunnel.



(13) A moon dragon!



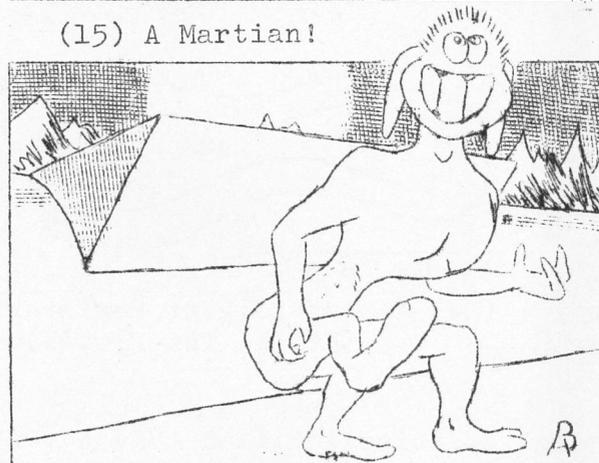
(14) Nearing Mars!



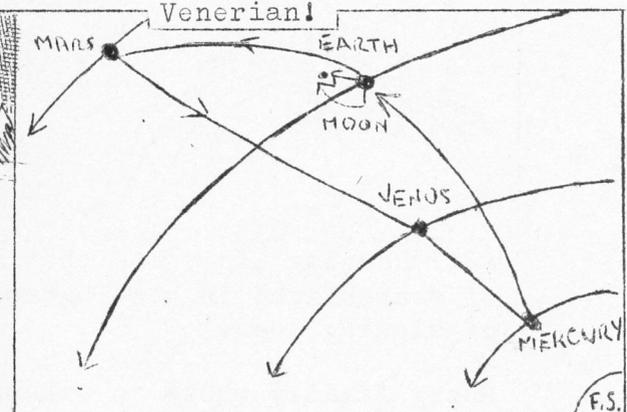
(15) A Martian!



(16) Head & Shoulder's of a Venerian!

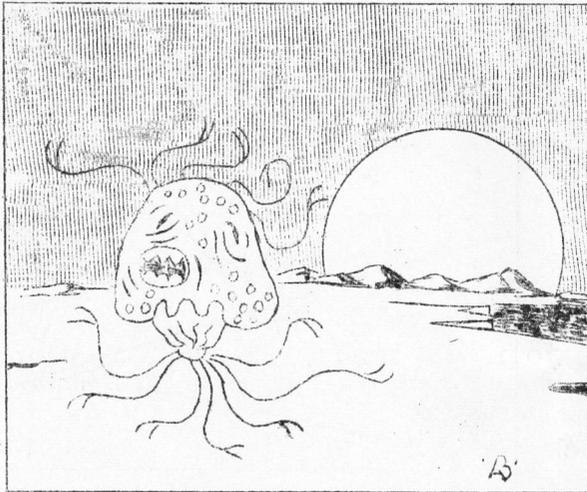


(17) A Mercurian!

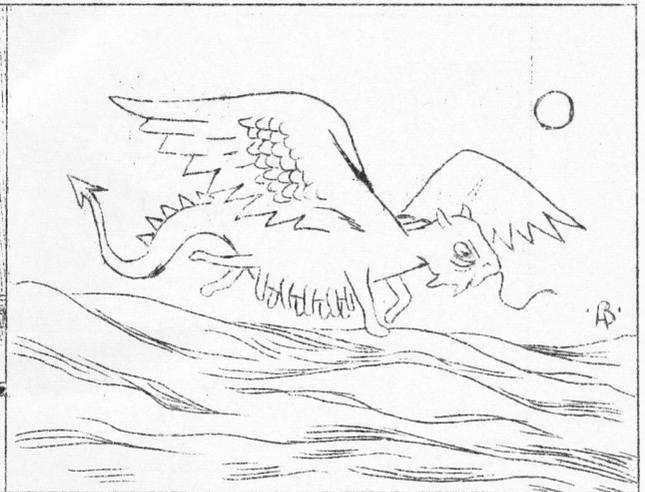


(18) A Map of Pussy's voyage!

A whole series of adventures follow based on ideas from H.G. Wells, Conan Doyle, Jules Verne, and from the "pulp";-Amazing Stories, Air Wonder Stories, and Thrilling Wonder Stories. Then the influence of E.E. Smith crept in (well it more than crept) OX in Hercules was visited at one hundred thousand million times the speed of light. Inhabitants of planets of OX in Hercules are then shown (19 & 20). The first lived at a temperature of 45degrees F. and the other at - 248degrees C (below the temperature of liquid air and methane).



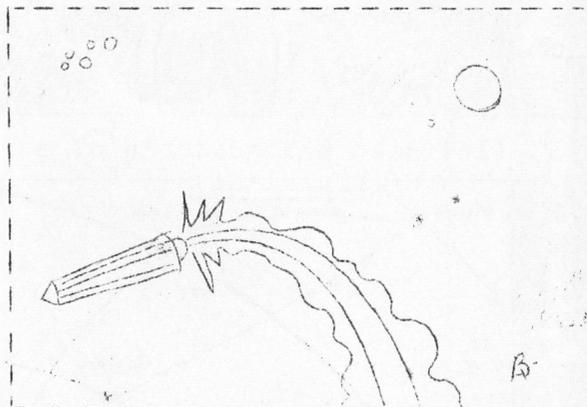
(19) An OX in Herulesian.
(Alpharodesian.)



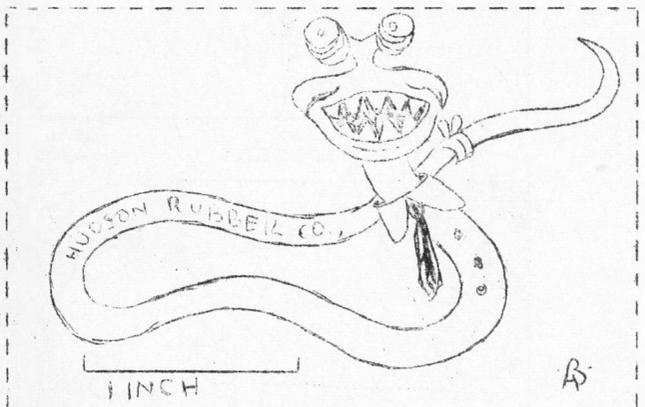
(20) "Man" of the second planet
Flying.

The "man" illustrated in No. 20 is described as having a green body and red wings (some appear to be yellow and red) and have ten legs, 2 wings, 4 arms, 1 tail, 1 feeler, etc.

The Pole Star was also visited (population were blue and red atmosphere-floating jelly fish) as was Eta in the Plough (163 light years).



(21) Nearing Eta, note that ray
of searchlight is bent because
of slowing down.



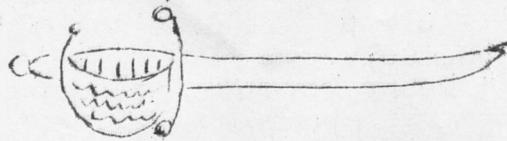
(22) An intelligent Englatarian.
(Eta in The Plough).

Pussy finally wrote an exhaustive treatise entitled "My Adventures In The Universe Both Far And Near" which needless to say, was a best seller and was translated not only into all Earth tongues and dialects but into those of the Galaxy which he had covered pretty thoroughly, before his untimely death on June 14th. 1932 at the age of five.

Some of his descendents have taken part in adventures inspired by "Unknown Worlds" but these are in 3D Technicolour and expense precludes there being reproduced here.

All this, may I add was carried out without the aid of drugs, Bass, Double Century, or that 20th Century boon; BLOG!

FINISH



At Kettering last Easter, '57, I had the singular misfortune to make the acquaintance of an Edgar Rice Burroughs type character named Chef - er - Chuf - hold on - - - Geoff Shatter; who, believe it or not, claimed membership of the world-famous Winkle Club, having(he says), joined some seventy-five years ago.

Now; the bono-fido members of this Authentic(any dice?) left-hand thread club refused- but definitely refused to recognize this pernicious Davy Crockett type bit player and said so in no uncertain terms- - - they told this geezer Shuttup to beat it, but he needed a blueprint, so they beat him up, and that's what makes me an historical(not hysterical)reader.

Of course, I'm quite aware of my initial mistake; I was polite to Shuttered: I should have gone to work on his dentistry with one of those picturesque but nonetheless very efficient looking relics that adorn the walls of Devil's Kitchen! If you can't stand the sight of blood- - Lady don't turn over, but if'n ya can- - - listen! Grab an earful of this.

The main reason I keep my Gatling mounted and ready, is that in the unfortunate event of invasion by vague neofen, I should feel it incumbent on me to reciprocate-er-pro rata!

Whilst on the subject of Shuttle I rather thought a tiny goon type germ war would be quite a nice change, but please don't jump to the conclusion that I'm taking any chances. Oh no! I'm not only recognized, accepted and revered, but I'm a member! I am a germ! Come to think of it; I had a most marvelous opportunity to molder da bum one morning, but naturally suffering from the usual 'Confixed' lack of focus- - - I muffed it! I shoulda let the rat die !! Y'know what? Shuffle invited me to look him up if ever I'm Sheffield way - - sure I'll do that, but first I must warn the innocent bystanders- - - -

One other little thing I'm going to arrange. Jack Wilson must be replaced. I don't really see any logical reason why I should continue to subscribe to a situation that aids and abets the 'Spalding Crocodile'. Just who does he think he is anyhow - - - - Billy Butlin?

Jeeves - - I'll forgive - - but with due consideration, - - I've nothing to forgive him for, and he stood up to my "Wakey-wakey" calls quite well. Which reminds me: Who locked a certain pro-editor in a wardrobe?

Honest! Some of you wherd-type fen would try



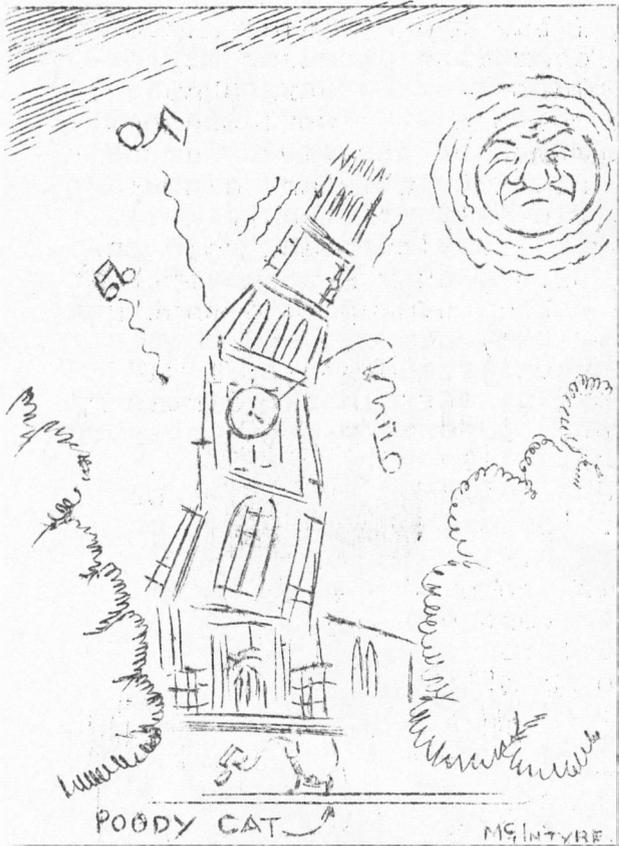
MCINTYRE



By
KEN MCINTYRE.

to sell lollies to an Eskimo - - - fancy letting him think he'd bought a 'copter' ! S - o - o , it didn't really matter, I'm sure they all enjoyed themselves. I seem to recall that he'd apparently just joined a Lonny Donegan type group and was wash-boarding hell out of a 'George Hotel' straightjacket container. Thank Ghod I haven't an ear for music. I decided to beat it - - to bed !

I snarled and grimaced at the clock in the church tower opposite, but realizing that sterner measures were called for I flashed my badge, said - "Sorry ta pull a J.Arthur on ya, but ya gotta shut up ! " - - and got into bed. This was at a little after 3 a.m. The threat musta registered, because it paid off. I slept soundly without hearing the unprintable thing until a little after 8 a.m. which only serves to establish more firmly my belief that De nihilo nihil fit !

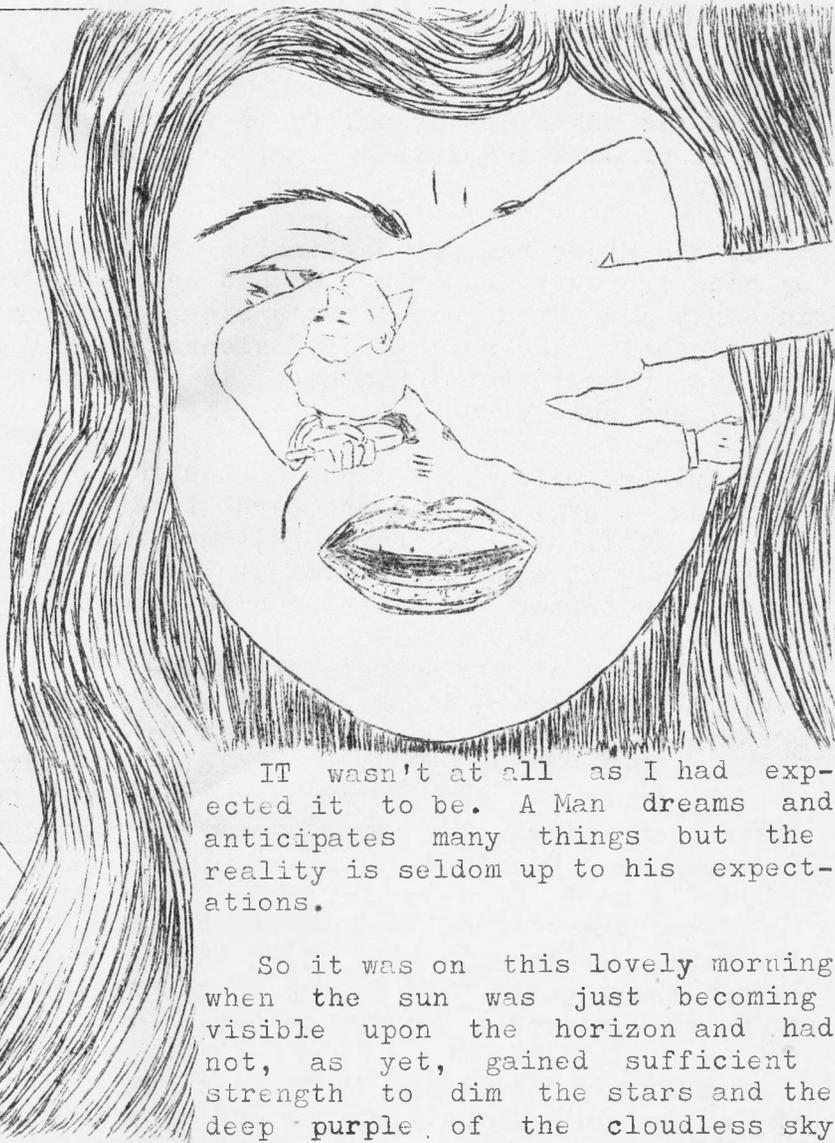
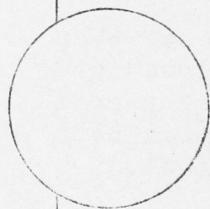


This being a very hot evening, I thought it might be worth while to sample some of my home made wine that I put down on 6th Sept. 1956. Well, it was quite a good idea - - - I think - - - it's pleasant to the palate uok ! pardon ? and very warming - - - jush - - just the job for a Winter's night - - Ethel shez - - says I ought to keep it for th' Winter - - hah ! thassa laugh! I'm trying to identify the taste, iss like something - - - 1st - - iss - - It's remindist - - - remindizz - - - it's like - - yes - - - wait ! I'll fill my glash - glass an' make sure - - - Thassright, iss plum and apple - - and oronganapple - hup ! Parn ? Th - think I'd better get on with thstencil or I'll - - or I'll - - - or - - - eh ?

P.S. - - P sst !! Ssh! Hush ! - SHUSH!
Thought you'd like to see the Foody cat again, here's a close-up.



THE MERRY SPACE - MEN.



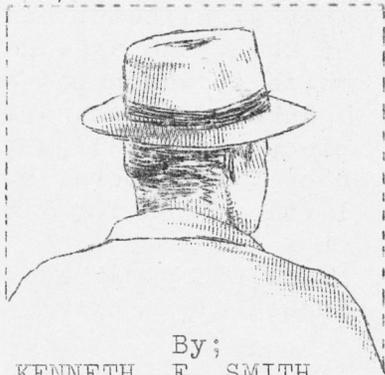
IT wasn't at all as I had expected it to be. A Man dreams and anticipates many things but the reality is seldom up to his expectations.

So it was on this lovely morning when the sun was just becoming visible upon the horizon and had not, as yet, gained sufficient strength to dim the stars and the deep purple of the cloudless sky above. It was cool, but not cold, yet within the hour the desert sands would be uncomfortably hot.

We walked slowly across the sand towards the great ship that awaited us, it's tip, towering 300 feet above the desert sands, reflecting back the light of the rising sun. We were three. Me, Jeff, and Al, and on what should have been the greatest day of my life, I swear was the most miserable I had ever wakened to!

I felt sick to the pit of my stomach. My head pounded and pounded. Each stride I took alongside my companions jarred up my legs and spine to explode in beats of pain and dizziness in my head, which felt as though it didn't belong to me. And how fervently I wished it hadn't!

On this day of all days, when I should have been on top form, physically and mentally, I felt as though I could gladly crawl into bed and die. When we were being briefed by Major Patti-



By;
KENNETH E. SMITH.

son it had taken all my willpower to hide my condition. I hadn't even told Al or Jeff and keeping my face impassive had cost me considerable effort.

If the Major had got any inkling of my condition he would have had my hide for sure. Last night we had been instructed to, above all, turn in early and get a good night's sleep. And under no circumstances have any alcohol. Like a fool I had cleared a half bottle whiskey plus some rum and brandy that I had kept in my quarters. I reflected bitterly that I had some excuse.

Mary. My wife. But maybe I should have used the past tense when thinking of her. But it was hard to think that way. I had loved her dearly. Still did. The way I felt now, even after three months, proved that. You just couldn't switch it off at will so you did the next best thing. You turned to something else. Something to help you forget.

In my case it was secret drinking. I had never been teetotal. I could always take a drink. But it wasn't until I arrived home unexpectedly and found Mary in bed with.....But why go on? It's an old, old story. But the shock had been severe and complete. I had never even given the possibility a thought. I guess one never does.

It was then that I had taken to persistent drinking. It was the only thing that helped to lessen the burning ache I got in the region of my heart whenever I thought of her.

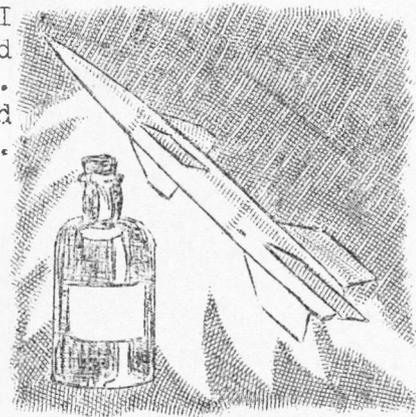
I had had two things in my life that meant the whole world to me. My job and my wife. I realised, now that it was too late, that I had neglected the latter because of the former. No woman likes to be taken for granted. Especially a woman of Mary's beauty and temperament. But although my reason told me that perhaps she had some excuse for what she had done to me, my heart condemned her bitterly for her infidelity.

Such was my state of mind on that dawn of all dawns, Perhaps the most significant and important dawn in the history of Mankind. The dawn of the space age. Here was I, feeling like hell, approaching the ship which it was hoped would be the first to reach the Moon. A thousand, a hundred thousand men would have jumped at an opportunity to take my place and yet I just felt like crawling into bed and dying! I had had hangovers before, but never as bad as this. And I swear I was still a little drunk for I could hardly walk straight.

Al, "Big Al" we called him, for he stood 6'3" in his stocking feet, looked at me strangely.

PAGE FOURTEEN.

A CHEERFUL DROP OF TRIODE DOES YOU GOOD. TAKE ONE ISSUE FOR HEALTH.



"You all right, Gerry?"

"Uh? Wha-? Why, sure Al," I answered, caught off guard. "I - uh - guess it's the thought of this trip," I lied, "It isn't every day a guy travels to the Moon." I laughed feebly. Al's face sobered.

"You're right there, Gerry. This trip isn't going to be any push-over!"

I knew what he meant and was really thinking. This would be the third attempt. There wasn't anything left of the previous two ships that had tried the jump. Nor enough of the six guys that had manned them to permit decent burial. What exactly had gone wrong was not known for sure. The Medics were of the opinion that the failures had been due to the crews. Certainly, the back room boys who had designed the ships were as sure as they possibly could be that the failures were not due to mechanical factors. We would know what had happened from first hand experience within a few hours for it was when the ships had lifted clear of Earth's Grav-field that the failures had taken place. Although the powers that be hadn't informed us I had a pretty shrewd idea that they knew a little more than they had seen fit to divulge to me, Al, and Jeff. We had discussed it between ourselves last week and it stood to common that they MUST have had SOME idea of what had happened to the previous crews. After all, there was two-way radio between ship and base on tight beam (this latter for security reasons) and the crews must have got some message back to base before whatever happened to them took place.

We had arrived at the ship now and proceeded to the scaffolding lift which whisked us up about a hundred feet to the entrance porthole. Below was a hive of activity as mechanics and other personnel withdrew the mobile scaffolding. We took one last look out of the port and then operated the electric mechanism that swung the circular disk of a door to a close with a metallic clang that resounded throughout the ship, - and my head.

We climbed a further forty feet up a metal ladder to the control room which looked JUST like those you see in S.F. films, complete even to the three reclining heavily padded couches. I lowered myself gingerly onto mine with a sigh of relief. It was good to lie down the way I felt! A thought flickered through my mind, that despite how I felt brought a smile to my lips. And I was the pilot!

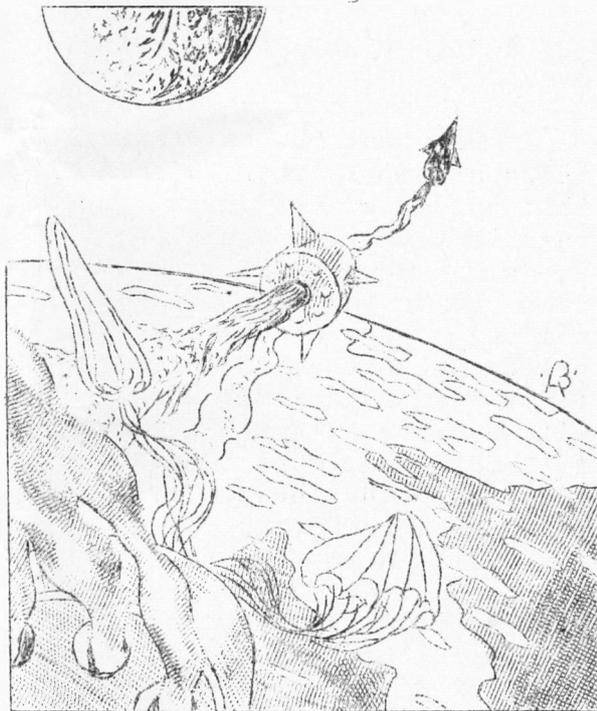
Then came the testing of various mechanisms that we had rehearsed so many times. We chatted to base confirming that "this" was working and "that" was O.K. I almost said: "EVERYTHING O.K. but the pilot." But I didn't. It would have taken more moral courage than I possessed to say: "We had better cancel the trip, Major, because I am a little drunk and have one hell of a hangover!" I shuddered to think of the explosion that would have been forthcoming from the Major had I done

PAGE FIFTEEN.

TERRY JEEVES & ERIC BENTCLIFFE; 58, SHARRARD GROVE, SHEFFIELD, 12.

such a thing, and with that thought, the vague intention I had had of saying how I felt was discarded immediately.

The blast off, when it came was, as we had expected- severe. I forgot how I felt for a while and concentrated on breathing. I think that is the worst sensation you get at blast off - the feeling of suffocation. The increase in weight is bad of course, and damned uncomfortable, but it's the fighting for breath that is worst of all. It was all I needed, the way I felt, to throw in the towel and groan; "Let me just lie here and die." How indeed I regretted my secret session last night. "Never, never again." I thought weakly. But how many hundreds of times does a man take the solemn pledge the morning after the night before throughout a drinking career? As soon as the hangover IS over the thirst returns and nothing seems so desirable as a glass of cool, cool beer - or whiskey.



(THE FIRST TWO STAGES FELL BACK)

This was a three stage ship we were riding and between each stage there was a brief respite as the empty, detachable units comprising the first two stages, fell back to Earth, their fuel exhausted. And then, abruptly, free fall. And it wasn't at all as I had expected.

"By God," I thought, "this is the best hangover cure I have ever come across!" I felt light, free, it was a pleasure to breath easily once more. But most of all - amazingly - my hangover was GONE. Completely. And what a relief THAT was!

The ship was silent now that we were "coasting". The remaining fuel in the last stage, which was part of the ship proper, would be used for the landing on Luna and the takeoff back to Earth with sufficient left over, we hoped, to get us down on Earth again in one piece.

And then the silence was shattered by the most horrible groaning and moaning I had ever heard!

Al and Jeff!

Never in all my life had I seen two men so sick! The hangover I had was nothing compared to what those two boys were going through. Sick? That word couldn't explain the half of it! I've never seen two sicker

PAGE SIXTEFN.

YANDRO THE ZINE..FOR YOU. B.A.ALAN DODD 77 STANSTEAD RD. HODDESDON, HERTS

men in all my life. Globules of nausea floated all over the control room as they retched and retched and continued retching when there was nothing remaining in their stomachs. And yet, here was I, feeling fine! It didn't make sense, especially after the way I HAD been feeling.

"Base calling ship! Base calling ship!" Blared the speaker. I turned my attention to the Radio Controls after pulling myself, floating, over Al's retching form. Although he was the Radio Operator - amongst other things, for we were, of necessity, a very specialised crew - he was incapable of ANYTHING at present.

"Ship calling base! Ship calling base!" I answered. Receiving you loud and clear - O'Brien speaking. Over."

Immediately came the Major's voice and I could tell from his tone that he was startled.

"What the hell." I thought. "Didn't he expect a reply?"

"O'Brien - O'Brien, you alright? I repeat, are you alright?"

"Why, sure Major sir." I answered. "I'm alright but I am afraid the other two are in a bad way."

"Just a moment, O'Brien," came the Major's voice again, And damned if he didn't sound excited! I was beginning to have the horrible suspicion that the Major had half expected we wouldn't be alright. Had, indeed, been surprised to have received any reply at all from the ship. A new voice came on, also excited. I recognised it as that of Colonel Jackson, head of the Department of Space Medicine.

"Now listen carefully, O'Brien. Listen very carefully - this is most important. Why aren't you sick like the others?"

I swear that question was the last I expected.

I switched back. "I beg your pardon, sir!"

"Look O'Brien," came the reply. "If we find out why you are immune to Space Sickness, I tell you it will be the biggest step forward since we first attempted Space-flight. Do you realise man, you are probably unique! Now, listen - No! - wait. Can you think of any reason, anything you have done which might account for your immunity? ANYTHING!"

I pondered that a while before answering and then, like a flash, I got the most horrible suspicion. There WAS something. But it didn't make sense, it couldn't be THAT? I had had one of my worst hangovers. I had been drunk - no use to kid myself - I HAD been drunk when climbing aboard ship. And my hangover and drunkenness had vanished immediately we had reached No-grav conditions!

PAGE SEVENTEEN.

USA ADDRESS: BUCK & JOANITA COULSON, 407½ E.6th. St., NORTH MANCHESTER INDIANA.

It was too much of a coincidence!

I told the Colonel.

There was an utter silence. If it hadn't been for the crackle of Solar static I might have thought I hadn't switched through to 'receive'. Then the Colonel's voice exploded in two words.

"Great Scott!"

We didn't reach the Moon. Not that trip, anyway. I was instructed to return to base immediately and although I was guided down by Radio Instructions, it wasn't easy.

I was a hero. Me. All because when I went on duty I was drunk. It's a crazy world I guess. I got the full story when I got the ship safely down at base again with Al and Jeff still as sick as dogs even after we had touched down and were once more in Grav-field. And they were sick for two days, retching, retching all the time. And it was so bad that the Medics had the Devil's own job pulling them through alive!

Apparently, the biggest obstacle to Space Flight had been nothing more than Space Sickness. When a man got into No-grav his body rebelled. The Balancing Mechanism of the Inner Ears went haywire and the Cortex of the Brain received nerve impulses which, in 300 million years of evolution, it had never ever received before and this caused unique physical and mental effects. The brain started sending command nerve impulses to the various glands of the body that began secreting adrenalin and other hormones into the system which, to put it mildly, caused one hell of a mess. The sum total of the whole messup, both physical and mental was that a man became really, utterly, and completely sick in a way that could never happen under normal Grav-conditions.

The Medics explained to me in as simple a way as possible that alcohol dulls the Cortex to a certain extent. And when a man has been a REGULAR drinker the brain accepts the effects of intoxication. And it just so happens that when the Cortex was dulled by alcohol it did not go haywire when receiving impulses from the Balancing Mechanism under No-grav conditions.

I gathered that even the Medics could not yet explain why this should be. They were thankful enough that it was.

Now-a-days they have a drug. They call it "Intox". It is an essential part of supplies aboard all Spaceships. Spacemen take one tablet every four hours WITHOUT FAIL when in space under No-grav conditions. The Spacemen don't mind. The drug has the same effect as whiskey, although the intoxicating factor is not as severe. AND NO HANGOVER!

PAGE EIGHTEEN.

ALPHA "BETTA": JAN JANSEN, 229 BERCHEMLEI, BORGERHOUT, BELGIUM.

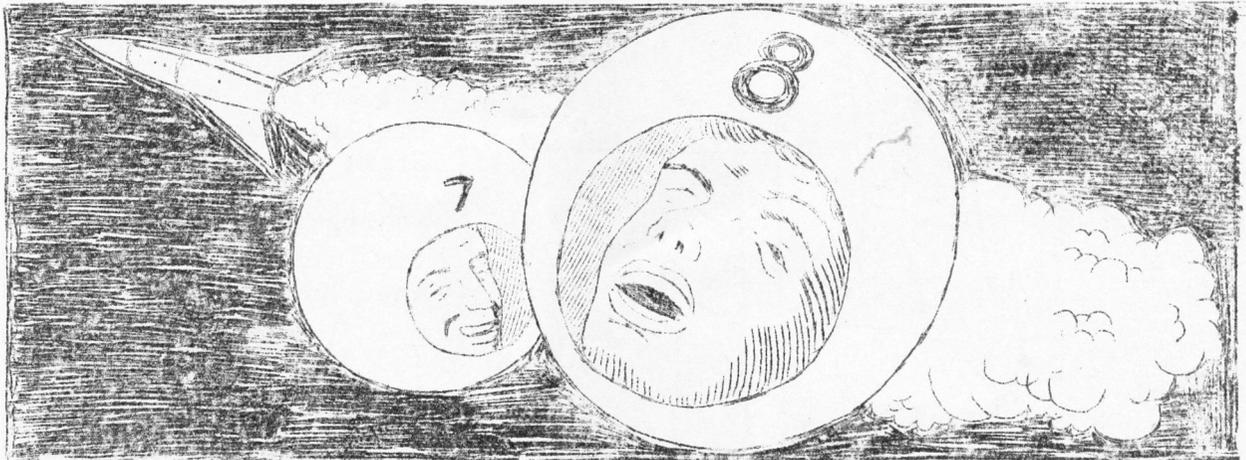
Spacemen, of course, are a merry lot. Another thing. The Medics can't explain it, but a man has to be a drinking man for some years before the drug does him any good. And has to keep up his drinking.

It is the accepted thing now, and nobody thinks anything of it, to see Spacemen staggering and singing as they get aboard for a journey.

It's a NECESSARY thing.

The ancient song has been altered somewhat.

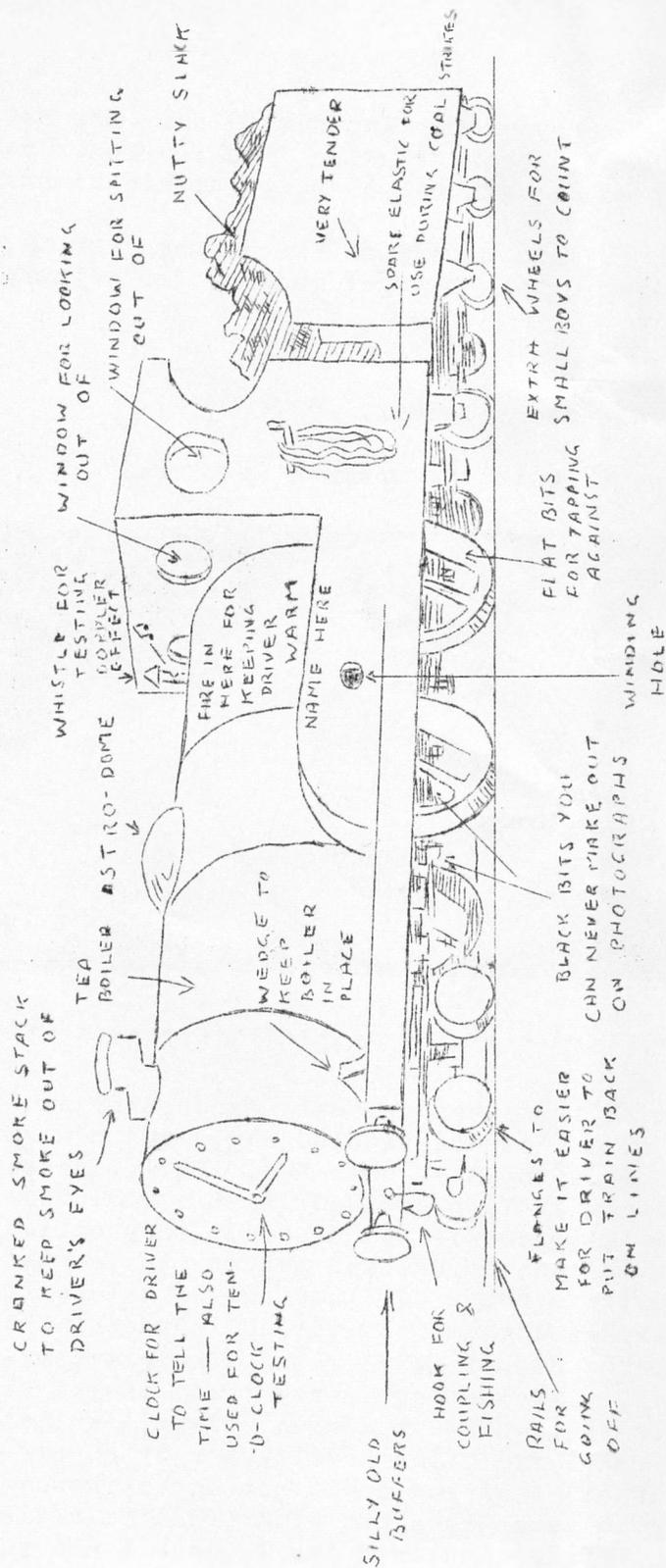
Now it goes: "What shall we do with the Drunken Spacemen?"



B

PHILUP No.1.

It was one of those warm sultry evenings that Manchester was having, a rare evening, with a cloudless blue sky, and a warm red glow was slowly sinking in the west when Ken, Phil, Dave, Frank, and Phillip, meeting in Town decided that a cool refreshing drink of bubbling Olympic Ale was needed. They called at a pub not previously visited before and sat at the corner of a smallish room opposite a group of luscious females. To their surprise a few unexpected comments passed between the opposing females that somehow didn't quite match their appearance, one commenting that her sleeping partner of the night before complained to her that he wanted some sleep, whilst another referred to some monetary offer made to her by a person of discouraging appearance that she could not accept however high it was. It did not need much thought after that to realise the profession those females indulged in. To doubly assure the conclusions of the members of the Manchester Circle, as they left the Hotel, one rather attractive brunette that they had noticed inside approached Dave with an offer, that was flatly refused, even though she called him "darling". Somehow the Manchester Circle members escaped safely.



NOTES:-

(1) Engine design is a skilful job - the train height & wheel diameter must be calculated exactly, so that the train just touches the rails.

(2) Some trains can go in the opposite direction - hold page to mirror to observe the effect.

(3) Trains must start slowly, as they can't start any other way.

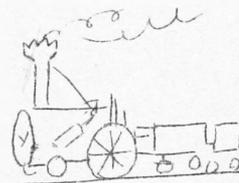
(4) Railways must have a time table, as you'd never know how late trains were

(5) Spaces are left between rails so that teachers can talk about them in science lessons.

(To all our dear readers. For that which is to follow we claim no responsibility whatsoever. Our Editor unfortunately suffered from Spring Fever when permitting this and that which follows to be published in this otherwise respectable 'zine.)

ILLOED
BY TERRY JEEVES.

A SHORT TREATISE ON



FERRO-EQUINOLOGY

I have been asked
by my very good friend, Byron t. Jeeves,
to say a word or two, and make a few comments,
in regard to this most illuminating and instructive dia-
gram which he has just prepared of a member of that worthy class
of humble servants of Man, the Railway Engine.

As a railway enthusiast of long standing (both in the corridor and on the bridge that spans our local branch line) I feel both pleased and honoured at being given this opportunity to discuss such an all-absorbing subject. I will also, if you will permit me, introduce a few further points of interest in addition to those so ably depicted and presented by my lifelong and very good (?) friend, Byron t. Jeeves. also, I would like to include, if space permits, a brief and non-technical dissertation on what makes the b----- thing go - I beg your pardon; on what it is that makes the wheels go round (as if they weren't round to start with!!)

Well now, if you will take a look at this splendid diagram you will observe that Mr. Jeeves has noted quite a few of the more important details and fittings which do so much to distinguish the railway-engine from, let us say, a haystack or Calder Hall Power Station. But, as I have remarked already, I would like to add one or two more details, which, whilst perhaps they are not so obvious, are none the less indispensable to the smooth and efficient working of our friend the enemy --er, sorry, engine.

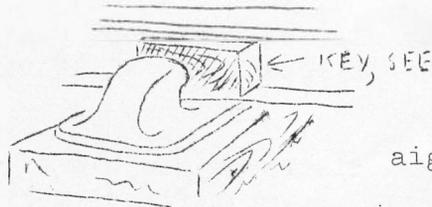
Now, putting the cart before the iron horse, as it were, I would like to draw your attention to two objects always found on the front of the tender. Not the tender behind; that is only applicable to youthful spotters when they have been getting in the way of the station porters. I refer, of course, to the tool boxes. These contain the repair outfit, which every engine-driver needs at some time or other. He never knows, of course, when he is going to get a puncture, an event which calls for prompt attention, if he is to

BY JACK WILSON.

reach the next station before his fire goes out! Then he has, from time to time, to stop his train, and get down to prize out from his wheel-tyres such things as drawing-pins, hobnails, and football boot studs, which are invariably found on the line after a heavy shower has passed, such as Manchester United, or the Liverpool Circle. In these two boxes are stored a great variety of articles to enable the train crew to cope with any emergency. One may find in them anything from a bull-dozer, or corkscrew, to a copy of Old Moore's Almanack. This latter is always necessary for the driver to know or at least to have some idea of, the time he will arrive, and at what station, if any, in about 18 months from now, and also, the times of high and low water at London Bridge in case he decides to go back home that way.

Another indispensable fitting which must be mentioned, is the shovel. Now, although it has been known for this instrument to be used in that process known as "mending t' fire", its main function is, of course, to provide the driver and/or fireman with something on which to lean on those occasions when, having sufficiently warmed the front of his/their persons at the fire (the position of which is clearly indicated on my good (?) friend Jeeves' diagram), he/they find it necessary to turn around and warm the backsides of his/their persons. A very necessary procedure with which I feel sure you will agree. It is also essential that the driver should stand this way, to enable him to see where he has come from, and so that he will be able to find his way back by observing familiar landmarks, such as "Gentlemen" on wayside stations, and "Halt At Major Road Ahead". (Though why Major Road is not with his army I am not sure).

You will also have noticed on Mr. J's diagram a round hole which he has designated the "winding hole". This always appears, on that part of the engine just above the big wheel, and which is laughingly known among the more plebian railway circles, as the "splasher". The reason for this strange cognomen is obvious. This "splasher" is the thing into which half of each of the big wheels disappear into, each in turn, for what reason, no one seems to know. All the later, and more self-respecting engines don't have these unsightly and mysterious things, they have been well coached and refuse to have any truck with them. Though where they have their winding hole I wouldn't know. But to continue. Ah yes, the winder, and its hole. (No, the thing you look through is spelt wiNDOW). Now a winder and a hole postulates a key, don't it - they? Well, Do-You-Know, there are, provided by an all-seeing and all-together-bo--er, efficient railway organisation, literally thousands of keys chucking about all over the whole length and breadth and thickness of our railway system. This profusion of keys is vitally necessary, because the driver never knows just when his engine's spring is going to run dry --- or rather, down. One always needs a tonic to key one up when one is run down, and engines are no exception-- Seems we are getting somewhat wound up here. Nevertheless, these keys **are always to be found** in handy positions at the foot of the track, and by the side of the lines. I have put a little drawing (that I have done all by myself) here, to show you just what I mean:- (OVER).

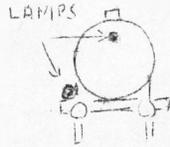


So much for the keys and their winding holes, though it is much more easy for the driver if the hole is a straight one.

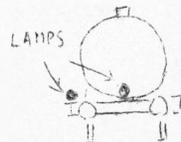
We shall now move to the front of the engine, where one usually sees a lamp or two, (not shown on my friend's diagram, by the way). These lamps are, of course, put there for the purpose of showing the engine driver where he is going, especially at night-time when it is very often dark. Otherwise he would never be able to steer his train round the bends in the line, nor would he be able to read the signposts as he passed them. These lamps are always left on the front of the engine, both by day and night. This is to prevent them being left at home by lazy and forgetful enginemen, and also so that they will not be stolen by the local council during power-cuts. You can quite see how difficult it would be if a driver found himself overtaken by darkness while still a long way from his terminus, without having a single lamp to light his way!

Usually it is the fireman's job to decorate the front of the engine with a lamp or two, and he does this job according as to how the fancy takes him, and whether or not he is a past member of the Fantasy Art Society. He often arranges them to suit the prevailing curvature of the line. Thus, for a line having right-hand curves, he might place the lamps so: -

What could happen to a right hand plate. These, of building of en-us here. Some-like this: →

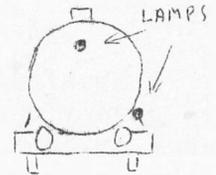


the fireman behaving just man-of course, been is what the bo-gral part of all



hearing the call, drops the lamp he is holding in the handiest place, and of course, subsequently forgets all about it. This, by the way, is an event which invariably makes the old buffer beam! There are sundry other places where one finds these lamps on the engine front, but I wouldn't know the reason for this.

For a left hand curve so:-
pen if a left-handed came is too terrible to contemplate, are used in the engines, and do not concern times the lamps appear



Now this is usually brought about by ing hurriedly called by the driver, he shed the tea, (the water of which has, boiled in the boiler, which, after all ilder is for, tea mashing being an inter-railway workings). He (the fireman)

This system of lamp-decoration is known as the "Head-code", which is what the driver often gets by keeping his head stuck out of the cab window in foggy weather, though what the connection is between the two is somewhat misty to me.

The silly old buffers indicated by Mr. Jeeves on his diagram are, as perhaps you know, always in a state of jittery apprehension. The reason for this is that just behind them, lurking between the little wheels at the front of the engine, is a BOGIE! Now, everyone has a

pet bogie of one sort or another, these silly old buffers just can't get away from their's! Try as they might. That's enough to drive any buffer back on to himself, I am sure!

The black bits, which Mr. Jeeves indicates so discreetly on his diagram, are, of course, the engine's secret parts, never referred to by name in the better circles, but usually called, in railway parlance, "her motion". I shall say no more about such a delicate subject, I am sure you would not wish me to do so. One has one's finer feelings even when concerned with ferro-equinology!

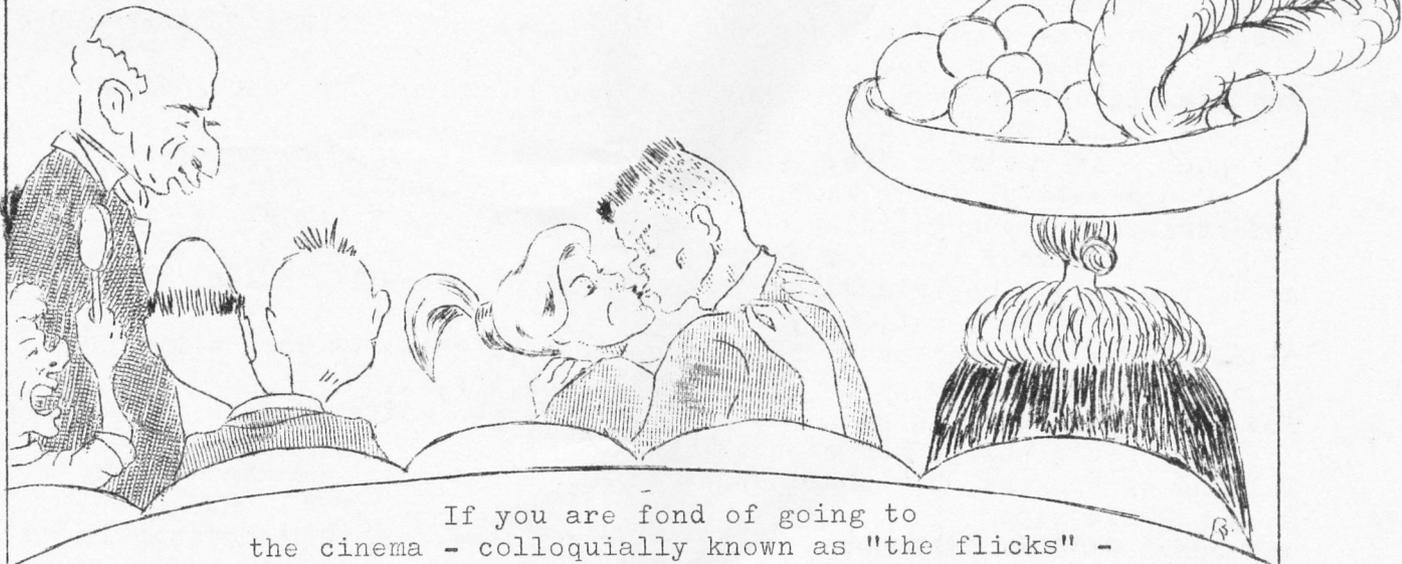
I think I have now described a sufficient number of interesting details about the ENGINE, which, taken in conjunction with Mr. Jeeves' notes and diagram, will, I feel sure, stimulate your interest into observing for yourselves numerous others to be found in all engines. For instance, you will observe that some engines have a lot more wheels than others have. This usually happens when engines are being built at times of maximum steel production, or when the local scrap merchant has managed to get hold of one or two second-hand pram-wheels. These multi-wheeled types are always used on the lines frequented by fully experienced spotters. It makes it harder for 'em to count 'em.....

But I think I have said sufficient to cause you to be up and away to the nearest railway-line, when you will be well on the way to becoming a loco enthusiast -- which is, of course, what all enthusiasts are!

I am afraid I have not the time or the space, or the inclinations to give you a promised dissertation on how the b---- thing -- er, on what it is that makes the wheels you - know- what. Publication of this learned and absorbing exposition must wait until such a time as our esteemed Editor thinks suitable, which, if I know anything at all, will be later than never!

D T H
N E E

cinemacrobaties



If you are fond of going to
the cinema - colloquially known as "the flicks" -
Perhaps you will agree most heartily when I enumerate the following kicks.

Have you ever noticed that if you enter the cinema before the programme begins and get comfortably settled down, That a well wrapped picturegoer takes the seat in front of you and he turns out to be the type you could crown? Because as soon the film commences he stands up and removes layer after layer of clothes,

And by the time he's settled down again you haven't the faintest idea of how the plot of the picture goes.

Providing, of course, the film has a plot.
Most of them have not.

Or maybe someone's unlovable offspring will have a seat near you and I'm very much afraid,

That it will crunch candy, eat an apple, suck an orange, then noisily drink lemonade.

May all the saints defend you from the pest who has seen the picture before

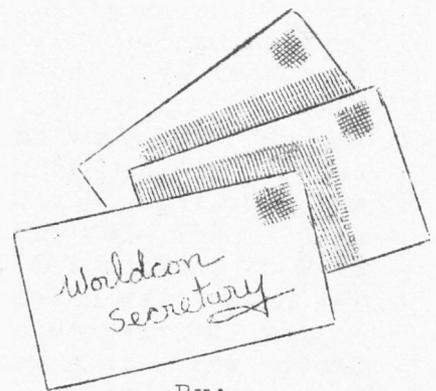
And insists on telling everyone what happened next and will not realise he is a bore.

Or perhaps you've been tramped over by a couple of fat females, who've had a couple of pints, then sat in the middle of the row,

And when they suddenly have to dash past you, they usually manage to tread on the tenderest corn on your toe.

But it's your own silly fault if you choose to sit in a seat near the back

As you should know that you won't hear a thing because of a courting couple's osculating smack,



By;
BOBBIE WILD.

Whose idea of cinematic bliss
Is to sit for hours exchanging kiss after kiss.
You may have even had the misfortune to sit next to a tired type who
will go to sleep for sure
And you've been unable to hear what the actors said because of his re-
verberating snore,
And you bitterly resent the fact that he is using your shoulder on
which to rest his head
Although, if you're a man, you wouldn't mind if the sleeper were a
beautiful young lady instead.
Unfortunately, young ladies don't go to the cinema to sleep - they
just drop in for a chat
About the latest boyfriend they've collared or to call a mutual acqu-
aintance a cat.
Or maybe the film has just reached a terrifying climax when a tap on
the shoulder gives you a shuddering fright,
And it turns out to be some idiot of a smoker who wants to know if you
could oblige him with a light.
Talking of smokers, the cinema ought to ban the man who smokes a smelly
old pipe
And bungs it full of tobacco that is not only mature, but definately
overripe.
Instead of putting up with all these inconveniences don't you think
your safest bet
Is to give up going to the pictures and invest in a television set?
Then you can sit all evening and watch with uninterrupted delight,
That is until your hardup neighbours find out you've got a T.V. set
and promptly invite themselves round for the night.

FINIS.

THE WORLD CONVENTION OF 1957.

It is still not too late to become a member, if you send a 7/6
postal order, cheque, or stamps (the type that prove to be worth
around £200,) will be very helpful to the Convention Committee.
Write to Bobbie Wild, Secretary Worldcon Committee, 204, Well-
meadow Road, Catford, London, S.E.6.

If you are unlucky enough not to obtain accommodation at the Con
site, The King's Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens, Bayswater,
London. Don't be discouraged, there is further hotel accommoda-
tion near by, and you will still have the run of King's Court
Hotel.

Amongst the many fans and professionals anticipated attending
are Bob Bloch, John W. Campbell, E.E. Smith, Forrie Ackerman,
and etc. from over the water, and all your favourites from this
side. DON'T MISS THE FIRST BRITISH WORLD CONVENTION HELD THIS
YEAR OF FANDOM, 1957.

The Manchester Circle hope to be there, why not YOU!
As for the programme, this is in the good hands of the Liverpool
Group, which is a good assurance of a successful programme.

MICRO- CON I.



For reasons of security, all names, places, and dates, have been suppressed (or are fictitious). Those attending Microcon 1 desire that Microcon 11 (and may it be soon) should not become Macrocon 1, and then again there is the security angle which cannot be too greatly emphasised.

Some time ago (it seems years ago now) several fannish types (sub type A which have a liking for booze, women, and fleshpots) were successful in obtaining late passes from their official commanding despite work of national importance on the home front.

On our journey to a neighbouring city (where it was felt they were not so well known and reports were not so likely to reach their units) we stopped and refreshed ourselves with tea. We were there regaled with stories told by a blonde of uncertain age and weight - both were large and the weight was certainly great, - about the hundreds of man-hungry, beautiful females: who would undoubtedly cluster round us in a few minutes if only we would wait and have more tea and cakes. We weren't certain whether this was inspired by the lecherous glint in our eyes or was simply sales talk. However alcohol was our goal and we manfully resisted temptation and departed to the depraved strains of some song or other from a Juke-box (was it "The Omel Shark, He Tore Her Satin Limbs Apart" or "My Sweetie Gotta Sugar Toe"?). Doesn't matter anyway - I'm a cube, (one step further on than a square,) and they all sound alike.

So we passed on to our destination, we were worried about losing a wheel at speed but nothing happened. At our destination we were extremely fortunate in securing the services of a native guide, he was well known to our con organiser and knew all the best (and worst) places.

An exclusive tour of local hostelries followed and we sampled all the local brews and speculatively viewed all the local talent. I remember two characters in particular - one was an enormous fellow said to have more "wives" than Suliman. (on whom be peace) himself, and the other



BY OUR SPECIAL
FINNISH CORRESPONDENT
SUOMY NONA.

a predatory feline blonde who was rather like an aged Mata Harii complete with mink stole. We decided she must have earned the mink between World War 1 and 11 or else it was really 'stole'. Later we visited a lovely establishment full of luscious blondes, brunettes, and redheads, and flowing with lovely booze. The girls were awfully friendly but mostly drank liquors. One of our company offered to buy 2 cwt. of some local and revolting delicacy, prepared we are reliably informed from the clotted blood of some animal and confined in its intestines. The rest of just drooled.

Our guide introduced us to Dolores (who was a beer drinker) who took us to a club called the "Coq d'or" (or maybe the Dindon d'agent".. The others had an interesting ride - I was in the front and merely got a shoe in the back of my neck. There we drank and danced beautifully - I wasn't kicked once - until finally the bar closed & the band departed.

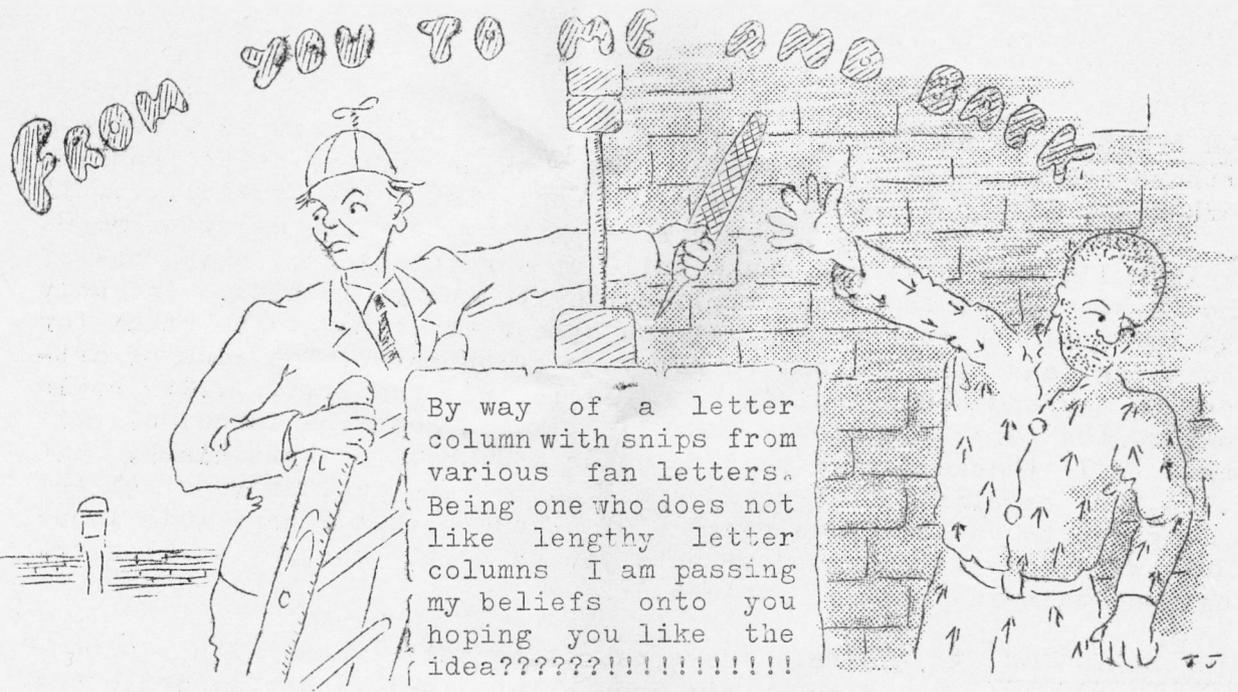
It was only midnight and we still were thirsty, fortunately Dolores and our guide knew of "a place". Through narrow streets and alleys, through cobbled ways we went, until we tapped three times on a door and muttered a password. There we drank bottled beer from bottles and were fed (by Dolores) with winkles on a pin. I never saw such a place - rather like a film view of a dive in Montmatre or a Russian view of a decadent down trodden worker's home in a decadent Capitalist state. Fortunately the beer was excellent and Dolores, in black satin, had a lovely figure and was of delightful texture.

Finally even our befuddled minds realised that our passes would soon expire, and being filled to capacity and a long way from our units we took Dolores home (that took some time too!) Finally travelling back Home just as the Eastern sky became touched with delicate pink and green.

Microcon 11, as you will realise, is a must and will be held as soon as possible - we must visit that lovely establishment and once again meet Dolores and her friends resisting most manfully the temptations, particularly of 2cwt. of local delicacies.

PHILUPS No.2.

It was one of those rare occasions when only two of the Manchester Circle were present at the usual meeting place. It was a warm night, and a cool drink went down very well. They were having an interesting debate on Science Fiction Authors when a queer character approached them. Staggering towards a nearby chair he sat down with a resounding thump. Facing the two M.C. members he remarked; "Wanna dame. Can fix you up with two in a nice flat, cheap." They looked at him with disgust, and firmly answered; "NO!" Not to be beaten the character made further suggestions to disgusting to comment on here. Not satisfied with the answers he received the character got up unsteadily on his feet and in a rustic voice commented; "Well I won't let you buy me a drink then!" They didn't either.



JIM MARSHALL, 32 Millway,
 Sheriff Hill, Gateshead, 9,
 Co. Durham. Co-Editor to
 "GESTALT":::

I think O.I.A.M.B. is one of the best first issues which I have come across.... The 'zine tended to be a little esoteric, but I suppose that is to be expected.....

The experience related in the article on "Pressurised Waste Removal etc. etc." secure my wholehearted sympathyThe article on radioactive waste disposal was interesting, but said nothing really new.....theory printed on SUPERNOVAE was a new one on me.....I must say that it is a change to read a fanzine which contains science fiction or something connected with it.....better watch it or O.I.A.B.M. will get a name for being serious and constructiveyour first ish certainly contained some unconventional materialDuplicating is good, like the paper colour too.....I hope you intend to go into more or less regular pubbing. (Thanx Jim, your criticisms were most welcomed, and your bouquets double so.)

ALAN DODD, 77, Stanstead
 Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.:

.....wasn't till this and BLUE MOON that I realised that there was a Piccadilly in Manchester. Those little philups anecdotes throughout the mag were very choice indeed.....NO CHOICE was a smooth piece of fiction but PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL was one of the funniest little items of mistaken identity I've ever read. I presume Jeeves was responsible.....OBSERVATION ON & etc.--Hm. I wonder if the same theories would work for air liners?.....THE STRANGER--don't tell me this touching piece came from booze sodden hulks of the Manchester O.

(Yep! 'Fraid Terry was the guilty party. Never thought of what OBSERVATION ON & etc. would be like on an air liner. Terrible thought 'specially if the craft was still grounded. Sodden hulks huh! We have solid gold hearts. Expensive ain't we?)(Alan is British rep. for YANDRO.)

DON ALLEN, c/o 26 Sidney
 Grove, Gateshead 8., Co.
 Durham;:::

Many thanks for O.I.A.M.B. which was very much appreciated and enjoyed. Reproduction was excellent. (Good to hear from you Don. If the I.R.A. didn't get you Fandom will)

RON BENNETT, 7, Southway,it was - and indeed is - quite a
Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, neat issue which suffers only from its
Yorkshire, Editor of PLOY. lack of contacts in the field.....if
you were putting out the magazine regu-
larly, I'm sure that you could build up a reputation of being one of
the best fmz in the country.....The atmosphere is nice, friendly
and informal throughout and yet you appear at times to be stuck for
something fannishly topical to get your teeth into...The lack of art-
work on a grand scale indicates, I feel, this point.....it boils
down to the fact, I think, that I'd like to see more issues of this
mag. (Well thanks for those nice words and helpful criticisms. But
O.I.A.M.B. regular!! That would spoil our reputation! We've still got
a long way to go before we reach PLOY standard, but I hope this issue
meets with some of the improvements you suggest, and yet still keep-
ing a certain independent outlook.)

DICK ELLINGTON, 98, Suffolk Have naught to controverse with you peo-
Street, Apt. 3A, New York. ple about but feel I should write and
N.Y., U.S.A.::: say thank you and cast a little egoboo
upon the bheer. I did enjoy the mag
muchly and thank you kindly for same. (We like our bheer, within
limits of course, bottled Olympic and Double Century is favoured.
Glad you liked the first issue.)

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House,I liked the title and thought
6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, the production throughout very good
Surrey.::: and clear.....'fraid Frank's art-
icle was way above my head and you
know I'm not keen on fan-fiction.....the humour in "Clewless" seemed
rather laboured. I wish I could say I thought it was very good (O.I.
A.M.B.), but I can't really.....I was rather surprised too at the
general air of schoolboyishness smacking of lips over "popsies".....
(Criticism we like but Ethel---WHOW! Thanks for telling us, we hope
this issue is better. The only time a man is considered old is when
he stops looking at women, and we don't feel old. There were certain
items in FEMMEzine that made us feel that women felt the same way.)

JOHN RUSSELL FEARN, 5 Princeway,and I have read O.I.A.M.B.
Blackpool South.::: and quite enjoyed it. Duplicating
is excellent too. Seems like a
notion well worth continuing if you are willing to put so much time
for nothing. (We enjoyed doing it too. Our thanks go to Terry Jeeves
for the wonderful duplicating. Thanks for those kind words.)

ALVAR APPELTOFFT, Klammerdamngatan,Have you pubbed any fan-
20, Halmstead, Sweden. Editor of fiction 'zines before this first
KOMET::: (??) MOON?.....NO CHOICE was
acceptable fiction.....liked
the scientific articles etc. especially SUPERNOVAE, and others; but I

PAGE THIRTY.

NEW FUTURIAN, Mike Rosenblum, 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton,
LEEDS, 7.

couldn't appreciate THE STRANGER.....if He had been a Martian observer etc. I'd have liked the story.....(O.I.A.M.B. was the first fanzine we Edited and published. Sometime ago when the Nor-west S.F. Club was going, centred in Manchester, Eric Bentcliffe was Editing and publishing a fanzine SPACE TIMES for and on behalf of the club, it was left entirely in his hands).

TERRY JEVES, 58, Sharrard Grove,quite a fair first shot....
Intake, Sheffield, 12.::: ..have already heard from several other sources that it was a pretty good issue.....Jack Wilson was particularly intrigued by my little insertion beneath the railway train - "With apologies to Jack Wilson". Keep up the good work. (Thanks Terry for making O.I.A.M.B. possible. With a 'zine like TRIODE as our standard we realise we have a long way to go. To those interested TRIODE is co-edited by Terry and Eric).

LESLIE C. JEFFERSON, 15 Normanthe cover was O.K. but gad,
Row, Leeds, 5. Yorkshire.;;; the moon has a moustache!.....who is Ye Olde Lagge?.....The fiction I enjoyed. "No Choice" was fair. "Purely Circumstantial" good and quite amusing. "The Stranger" a story? Pretty good anyhow.....the illos are a bit lacking.....philups were amusing, if a little you know what, especially No.4.....(The moon was supposed to be a Chinese Mandarin a symbol of O.I.A.M.B. and our meeting place of then the Ping Hong. Fiction will be kept in any future issues of BLUE MOON as in this. Philups --- well fact is stranger than fiction).

KEN McINTYRE, 1, Hylton Street, Thanks for Blue Moon. So glad to see
Plumstead, London, S.E.18.::: you back on the ball again after so long away from it all.....Blue

Moon strikes a very pleasant and lighthearted note.....lotts a humour a little serious science and a waft of the sea breezes from good old Manchester.....I particularly liked: AN OBSERVATION ON; T.C.A.D.O.P.B.W.W P.R.P.I.C.W.S.L.T. and PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL.....to keep your Philups, they are quite interesting.....
...QUITE CONTRARY, very concise, and is, I feel, having a polite slam at the space opera fiends.....I must also pay tribute to the general useful information contained therein, and to your quite neat format. (Seems you liked the 'zine. Yes it has been a long time since I was a somewhat exceedingly active fan, perhaps I've become older, I don't know. Anyhow I can't be all that old, for here I am banging my head against fandom's door once more. Afraid the Philups have



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VOID. JIM & GREG BENFORD, 10 Liliencron Strasse, Frankfurt/Main,
West Germany.

been cut down somewhat but you'll find one or two about).

FRANK RICHARDS, 174, Hollin Lane, Middleton, Manchester, ::: Thanks a lot for "Once In A Blue Moon" quite a super-produced 'zine. Nice paper, well-laid-out, very neat, in other words it was a nice job.....That pub where you met the character who thought you were a policeman intrigues me.....why not start a "Tall-Tale Section" in O.I.A.B.M.? (Thanx Frank, glad you liked the 'zine, remember the headaches with the first one you edited on behalf of the old N.S.F.C.? Your idea of a "Tall-Tale Section" intrigues me. ANYONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE IDEA PLEASE LET ME KNOW, and maybe such a section will be placed in the next issue of BLUE MOON, if there is one).

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln.:::title's too unwieldy. Several contractual possibilities present themselves----- "BLOOM"; "SINNER"; "NAB"; etc.....anyway I like O.I.A.M.B.--- what there is of it.....my main complaint is the lack of a guide to who's who. The little signature-sketches is a good idea if only one knew whose was whose.....Radio Active Waste Disposal I found strangely interestingThe supernovarticle I found simply boring.....then there's the strange case of "The Stranger". Well written but overdone. Norman Wansborough was plugging it for all he was worth..... ("BLOOM": "SINNER": "NAB": fitting for the philups but somehow not quite for the mag on a whole. You will note in this issue who's who is WHO now and with symbols too! Articles - well we are still keeping them. Now an interesting article on fish by you-----).

SID BIRCHBY, 1 Gloucester Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester, 19.:::full marks for technique..one fault that mildly irritated me was that none of the contents had author's names to them.....it's a beautifully produced 'zine and you have every right to be proud of it.....at the same time it did leave me just a little disappointed.....maybe I should have anticipated the not-very-coherent stuff that you did in fact print. You start off well enough with a well written Editorial, but after that nothing seems to click.....First issues are always a bit chancy, and I'm quite sure you wouldn't have much difficulty in hitting a really high standard next time.....(I hope Sid that we have reached that higher standard with this issue. First issue as you say is very chancy, but we received a good response critical or otherwise).

LAURENCE SANDFIELD, 25 Leighton Rd., London, W.13.::: Was rather a shock to receive a zine from MANCHESTER..... Didn't like Radio Active Waste Disposal, no more on this line please.....NO CHOICE now was quite good, wasn't particularly well written, but the choice lack was a rather surprising one.....A Seat In The Circle, now as typically fannish.....It would seem that the Manchester Circle is composed of

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ORION, PAUL ENEVER, 97 Pole Hill Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex. GOOD.

near humans, after all.....Purely Circumstantial was a dream. Some really genuine humour, here.....Didn't like Observation On-----....
...The Stranger was old stuff rehashed, but somehow this sort of thing always gets me.....The Local Colour is mentioned so often in the pages of Blue Moon that I'm beginning to wonder if it's all wishful thinking.....ghood luck with the Moon and may it really be green cheese.....(Hoping you have recovered from the shock, here's another 'zine from Manchester! Thanks for your comments, but would inform you that if "the local colour" was wishful thinking some men have a terrific imagination).

EVA FIRESTONE, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming, U.S.A.: Yes, I did like the 'zine; "Once In A Blue Moon" and have had it out - right next typer for weeks - promising myself to send comments.

(I was wondering how you received the 'zine, Eva, after reading a certain comment in one U.S.A. fanzine as; "Seems strange to find Eva in a mag which contains so much -er--ah- "down to earth" (?) humour." May I satisfy the party by stating that Eva had no idea what the contents of O.I.A.B.M. were until actually receiving the finished 'zine. And personally I have seen much worse in certain U.S.A. Fanzines.)

FANZINE REMARKS ON O.I.A.M.B.;.....Amusing in spots, tho sometimes the references elude me.....SCIENCE FICTION PARADE. Edited by Len J. Moffatt, 5969, Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, California, U.S.A.

TRIODE 10.....rather a typical first issue, striving to great things but not achieving them. It's well duplicated (by Terry), and although the layout suffers from lack of imagination it's neat enough. I'd like to be able to say something nice about this one because I know it's perpetrators pretty well, but honest;y I can't praise it. One thing about the mag which irritated me was the fact that none of the contributors are named, or given credit for their pieces.....I believe that this is deliberate, and in certain cases can understand the bashfulness! (Though not intending to comment on fanzine reviews I feel that this does require an answer. First, we have fully stated elsewhere that our thanks go to Terry for duplicating, we are not trying to hide the fact as apparently you are inclined to believe. Second, it was mutually decided amongst the contributors that we would try symbols instead of names, a matter which has been corrected in this issue. Third, I doubt if it was lack of imagination but rather lack of material. Fourth, bashfulness amongst the Manchester Circle? You know us better than that! Thanks for your comments, Eric, they were no doubt of some help in the shaping of this issue). Co-edited by Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, 12. And Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

Our thanks go to SANDY SANDERSON, PETE REANEY, and many others who kindly responded to our first 'zine; and the Editors of the following 'zines;- SCIENCE FICTION PARADE: THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH: ANDRmeda : YANDRO: IMBROGLIO: NEW FUTURIAN: KOMET: PLOY: SFAIRA: and many others.

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SFAIRA. Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3. SWEDEN. (WORTHY.)

news from America



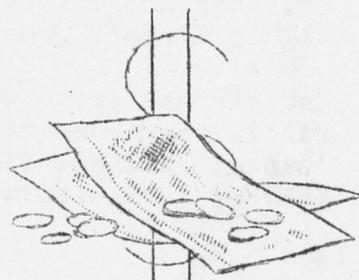
Peter Hartman of Ellensburg, Washington, seventeen years of age, member of the NFFF and of ISFCC, is one of 830 high school students in the United States awarded National Merit Scholarship in a nation-wide competition. Names of the winners were announced May 1st. Pete's scholarship award is substantial; four years, all expenses paid, in any accredited college in the United States, and free choice of any course of study leading to a baccalaureate degree. He has decided to enroll in the California Institute of Technology and major in mathematics or electronics. Pete also has been awarded the General Motors Certificate of Merit and was one of the top 300 in nation who were given honourable mention on Westinghouse Science Talent search. B

K. Martin Carlson will be spending the month of June in Sweden. It will be his first trip to the land he left at the age of five. Martin's wife and nine year old son will accompany him.

Rory Faulkner is making plans to attend the London Convention.

In the SAPS Pillar Poll for the year 1956, Art Rapp won first place again, Wrai Ballard won second place, Nan Gerding third, Nancy Share fourth, and fifth went to Jack Harness. All accept four members voted. Nancy Share is now OE.

Alberta Leek's Round - Robin started late October made the tenth round this May, thus gaining the required twenty activity points for 1957 for each ISFCC member in the group of five;- Alberta Leek, Dennis Murphy, Bob Farnham, Mark Curilovic, Eva Firestone. This Round-Robin made a record for speed in Fandom. Another originated by Alberta, with six members and one of them living in the British West Indies, is finishing its second round in less than six weeks. Two points are given to each in the group at the finish of every trip around of the robin.



FROM:
EVA FIRESTONE.

The first edition of Ray Palmer's new magazine: Flying Saucers From Other Worlds; is interesting to read and certainly worth the price.. It is the June issue.

Several Seattle fans are planning to attend the Midwescon scheduled for June 29th, and 30th., at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The YOUNGSTERS are now a thriving group of twelve active members. Forgot to say in the first issue of this Manchester 'zine, that ten joining the group are writing under pseudonyms and I (Firestone), publishing our YoungstersZine, am the only one knowing the identities. This was my request at the start and it has proven to be a lot of fun. Real names may be used, of course, and some do.

Quite a number of free fanzines have been published by members of N3F and ISFCC for the members of these two fan clubs, and more came out recently. Others are in the planning stage. A few were one-shots but most of them are to continue,.....

The weather is fine. I am fine. And hope You Are The Same. Adios.

**

A few quotes from a letter received by your Editor from BOB TUCKER:.....

".....I became a grandfather in late March, and at the same time Fern became the youngest grandmother known in these here parts. The crittur is a blue-eyed girl-baby with the resolute Tucker chin.....In mid-April about the 15th., Avon Books published TOMORROW PLUS X, which is really the 1955 novel "Time Bomb" in disguise. The cover is quite catchy. And sometime this year, Ace Books will publish GO DOWN IN SILENCE, which is a crime-chase book you haven't read before. I suppose it will appear as one-half of an Ace double volume.....Bob Farnham has been sending clippings from his local daily, The Dalton Citizen. He makes it regularly about once each week or ten days with a longish article....
...A few days ago I finished reading Erik van Lhin's POLICE YOUR PLANET, which contains a prime example of a secret agent who begs to be shot. Firstly, his superiors mail to him a letter written on official stationery, which is delivered to his place of employment, but despite this flagrant breach of secrecy he continues undetected.....Fred Pohl, in his recent book SLAVE SHIP, also commits some funny stuff with his secret agents. Two men from a secret project get drunk and blab about their work -- which isn't too surprising, considering, They aren't kept on a reservation (such as Los Alamos, for instance) but are allowed to wander into town, and frequent saloons. No damage was done in this instance because they are unwittingly talking to a government security agent, but the agent doesn't report it.....read Frank Herbert's THE DRAGON IN THE SEA (serialized as "Under Pressure" for good agents".



twice in
a blue
moon



THE MOST DANGEROUS FRONTIER
OF THEM ALL LIES JUST 724689¾
INCHES (AS THE CROW FLIES) FROM
YOUR BACKYARD DOOR.....

Davy Crockett

ON THE
THRESHOLD
OF SPICE

20 CENTRIES SOCKS PRESENTS A
"SINANSEXEMASCOPE" PICTURE
CACOPHANEUS POG AND PLYMOUTH
SOUND.
COLOUR BY PICASSO..... STARRING
HAROLD BEDSOCKS JEAN DIGGER, SAM
& DAVY, JOE M... & MAMIE VAN...

- BILL HARRY -