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30 CENTS


CHALLENGE



RRP



CHALLENGE



Prophetic poetry is not an escape but a challenge,
not a day-dream but a blue-print, not the Swan-Song of an
old world but the Dawn-Song of the New.

Editor and publisher, Lilith Lorraine, Associates, Stanton A.
Coblentz and Evelyn Thorne. Sponsored by the Avalon World Arts
Academy, Rogers, Arkansas. \$1.00 per yr. 30cts per copy. (Final No.)

CHALLENGE WILL MERGE WITH DIFFERENT

With this issue we bring to an end not only the first year of our publication, but our existence as a separate entity. We have decided to merge CHALLENGE with our seven-year-old "slick" publication DIFFERENT for the following reasons:

1. Although we had intended to issue CHALLENGE in printed form at the end of its first year, we find that pyramiding printing and postal rates make that impossible. We have discovered to many rising poets and developed so many more through CHALLENGE, that it would not be fair to them to continue to publish their work in mimeographed form. Therefore we have decided to give our best CHALLENGE POETS the opportunity to submit to a magazine of long established standing in the literary world, one that offers wide opportunities for broadcast, reprinting, book publication, prizes, contacts and other professional opportunities. We want all of our CHALLENGE POETS to begin sending their work to DIFFERENT. The standards are somewhat higher in craftsmanship requirements, but science-fiction poets have the greater vision, and we will give them special attention in the way of revision suggestions.
2. We intend to use more and more science-fiction prose in DIFFERENT and this will bring your work not only to the attention of poets and lovers of poetry but to a very wide prose-reading audience who have been clamoring for the poetry denied them in most science-fiction magazines. It will also bring your poetry to the attention of the international reading audience already attracted by the global scope of DIFFERENT.

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH THIS ISSUE: We hope that you will subscribe to DIFFERENT. DIFFERENT becomes a quarterly with the Summer number off the press May 1, and its rate is \$2.00 per year, or \$1.00 for six months. Give it a six months (two issues trial), anyway, and you will never regret it. Single copy fifty cents.

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DOES NOT EXPIRE WITH THIS ISSUE you will get ONE copy of DIFFERENT for every copy of CHALLENGE which you will miss. This will be quite a profit on the \$1.00 which you have paid.

IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER TO DIFFERENT AS WELL AS TO CHALLENGE, we will extend your subscription to DIFFERENT by as many copies as are already coming to you on CHALLENGE. We know you won't object to this profit.

TO OUR EXCHANGES: We have been most grateful to the fanzine exchanges

with whom we have traded magazines and ads. We shall continue to exchange our magazine for your regardless of the difference in production costs and subscription rates. But we can advertise for you only once a year, because advertising runs up our second class rates. THEREFORE, if you will give us a FIVE LINE typewritten ad in each of your issues, we will give you a five line, half column width add ONCE A YEAR, PLUS an exchange of our magazine for yours. Fair enough? But PLEASE send us this ad and REQUEST this service and PLEASE reciprocate in good faith, bearing mind the difference in our production costs and the fact that in order to promote better literature and to encourage rising authors we too, operate at a loss. We regret that a certain proportion of the fanzines who requested to exchange with us, and whose ad we have run have failed to run ours. This may be due to oversight or overwork, and Lord knows we understand that, but wa't you kindly check up and see if you have run our add and if we have run yours. We shall gladly correct any oversights.

REMEMBER ALSO that DIFFERENT IS USING ONLY FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION IN ITS STORY DEPARTMENT. Please write us for our requirements before submitting science-fiction stories, for which we are decidedly in the market, although we can pay only \$10.00 per year. But we are trying to train future authors of this field in the new techniques that the reading public are clamoring for and that many editors, hidebound by the traditions of the pas, ignore. While the pay is low, we take infinite pains in helping you to make your work acceptable either to us or to magazines who can pay better. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with sufficient return postage with each submission of poems or stories, and with each letter, unless you are a fellow-sufferer, I mean editor.

CHALLENGE IS NOT DEAD BUT HAS ENTERED A LARGE LIFE. LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEXT DIFFERENT. Address all letters and make out all checks and money orders to DIFFERENT, ROGERS, ARKANSAS.

Stanton A. Soblontz

SPACE TRAVELER

Out of some bright green isle in luminous space
 A wanderer found our planet, in the night
 Of numb December's wide, now fallen white,
 Where skeleton trees, in the sleet-widn's embrace,
 Twisted and groaned.... Low in a squalling place
 Of ice, under a blue-domed glacial height,
 Month-long he lingered, sighing for the sight
 Of nesting birds and some faint burgeoning grace.

Then, when nude howling March was young and raw,
 He lifted his wings, and sought the stars again,
 And mourned, "I wanted long, alas ! and saw
 It's always winter in the world of men !"

While, still unseen, the live gap welled below,
 And crocus golden thrust beneath the snow.

AVALON BOOKS: LET THE PATTERNS BREAK, complete poetical works of Lilith Lorraine in a de luxe 306 page format, pronounced by well known critics as "superior in craftsmanship and running the gamut from Poesque erri-ness to devastating satire on modern evils. \$3.00.
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Emili A. Thompson

TWO MARTIAN SOLILOQUIES

Martian Dusk

We sit together in the dusk of Mars,
Lonely and silent gliding overhead
Two silver-moons are lost among the stars -
We wish it were the mellow moon instead
That shone on Terra.

Silhouetted clear

Against the sapphire sky, they seem so near,
Rise ancient turrets, reared long years ago,
When Mars was young, untouched by age and snow;
When crimson-petaled passion blossoms grew
High on the mountains, fed by morning dew
And golden sunshine -

Now the flowers are gone,

And on the hillside frosty diamond stars
Sparkle in joy bloom - Time's clock ticks on -
Now you and I are here on haunted Mars.

11

Haunted Towers

If those bronze-carven portals should once more
Swing wide, and the strong tread of marching men
Re-echo on the tessellated floor
Of blood-red Martian marble; if again
The long lost host of warriors should rise
In armored ranks against the alien foe;
With tall grave queens to wave the last goodbyes
And scatter attared leaves, where now lies snow...

We would not see them pass; no mortal eye
Could bear to view them - in the purple dusk
They come and go, dimensionless, a husk
Devoid of substance, as they seek in vain
The once tall-towered cities of the plain,
Where over rust-red mounds chill breezes sigh.

Helen Reid Chase

OUTCAST OF THE STARS

Inert, he lay within the capsule shell
That fled infinities, as light years streamed
Liquescent by. And while he slept, he dreamed
Of Lora. Soft her hand in his. The spell
Shattered. He woke to his small confined hell,
And solitude. Alone in procreant space,
Outcast of stars that birthed no human race -
His cosmic thirst unslaked, unquenchable.
He plunged a needle home, once more to still
The mad aeonic whirling of the spheres.
"Lora!" he cried. A voice rang in his ears:
"He does not know the dreaming from the real."

Alan Donovan

TELETCO WAITS

Now he sits muttering in his cave of ice,
Teletco, upon whom the mountains fell
when the world tipped over.
Across a floor of violet ice are strewn the bones
of all his court, gleaming like tubes of alabaster,
and here and there a skull, polished by cold,
that has become an urn for dreadful flowers,
flowers that were his last thoughts,
frozen as they streamed from dying brains.
The white cloud of Teletco's breath
shivers among the stems and petals till they wail
in small staccato torrents; this and one other sound
Teletco hears, has heard for eons,
the cracking of the glacier, half a world deep,
that is his roof. He waits, his blue transparent hand
along the throne-arm where the ice stalactites
have grown down to pierce his robe.
Teletco waits; what are the centuries to him?
The earth will tip again.

Emma Ring Daly

THE QUEST IS UPWARD

A yet unpeopled land somewhere in space
Beyond the range of fire and cannon-ball,
Too close to heaven for man-made bombs to fall
And spread oblivion on a peaceful race,
Awaits the eager feet of man to trace
Its star-lit regions free from earthly thrall,
Where rocket-flares can never hang a pall
Of smoke above his humble lodging place.

For man cannot too long endure the shocks
Of modern war, its greed and gore and lust,
But questing he may chart the upward way,
Or bound to earth may call upon the rocks
And cry in vain, or choke in stubborn dust
Of atom bombs or roses that last day.

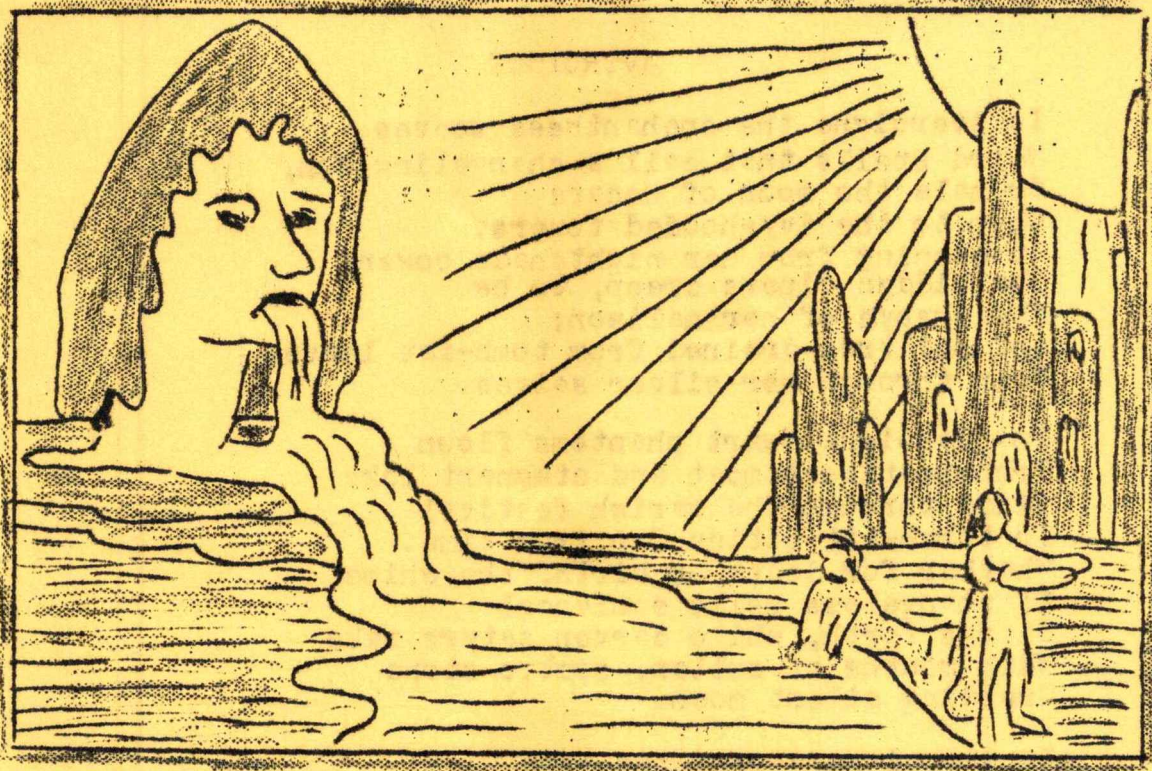
Dariell Dunay

I WRITE THE FILLERS

When the book of life is ended
Like any corny thriller,
My mission still I must fulfill
I've got to write the filler.

Goodbye to Bill and Bessie,
To Percy and McGinnis,
For Dariell must wait a spell,
I've got to write the finis.

THE WATER GODDESS



Michael Wolf

Illustrated by Dariel Dunay

The space-men tell a gruesome tale in taverns of the stars,
About a hidden goddess that was found on ancient Mars,
Within a ruined city-state, half choked with cosmic rust,
Beside a centuried water-way, as dry as planet-dust,
They found a crumbling parchment in the old galactic tongue,
The universal language when the solar race was young,
When the inter-stellar empire flung the mighty seed of man,
Across the boundless universe to time's remotest span.
The haughty empire shattered as every space-man knows,
Who finds its archives scattered on every wind that blows,
And so they found the parchment in a city where of old
The System's mightiest warriors waxed arrogant and bold.

When Mars was waterless - they read - and every hope was lost,
There came a flame-souled goddess from the gulfs no man has crossed,
A golden giant Amazon, tall as the loftiest spire,
Who sank neck-deep into the soil as through the softest mire,
Then from her mouth the water flowed across the thirsting plain
And filled the deepest reservoir like floods of silver rain.
And Mars took on a verdant life beneath a cloudless sky,
Where no rain fell and yet no stream was ever low or dry.
Men worshipped at the Goddess' shrine, until came one more bold,
Who kissed her granite massive lips.....and then the air grew cold,
The mighty waters ceased to flow, the great thirst took its toll,
The dark and awful tragedy played out its dreadful role.

A spaceman told the story when the tavern lights grew dim,
And all the star-explorers drank deep and questioned him,
"Yes, Yes, I found the goddess by the ancient water-way,
And the goddess smiled upon me as spirit smiles on clay.
I saw the water start to flow"....." and then, what did you do?"
"I saw the water flowing, and then....I kissed her too."

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

AVEROIGNE

In Averoigne the enchantress weaves
Weird spells that call a changeling sun,
Or hale the moon of Hecate
Down to the ivy-hooded towers.
At evening from her nightshade bowers
The bidden vipers creep, to be
The envoys of her malison;
And philtres drained from tomb-fat leaves
Drip through her silver sieves.

In Averoigne swart phantoms flown
From pestilent moat and stagnant lake
Glide through the garish festival
In torch-lit cities far from time.
Whether for death or birth, the chime
Of changeless bells equivocal
Clangs forth, while carven satyrs make
With mouths of sullen, sombre stone
Unending silent moan.

In Averoigne abides the mage.
So deep the silence of his cell,
He hears the termless Monarchies
That walk with thunder-echoing shoon
In iron castles past the moon - -
Fast-moated with eternities;
And hears the shrewish laughters swell
Of Norns that plot the impested age
And wars that suns shall wage.

In Averoigne the lamia sings
To lyres restored from tombs antique,
And lets her coiling tresses fall
Before a necromantic glass.
She sees her vein-drawn lovers pass,
Faintly they cry to her and all
The bale they find, the bliss they seek,
Is echoed in the tarnished strings
That tell archaic things.

Dariell Dunay

MERRY-GO-ROUND

McCarthy said to Pearson,
When both were mildly drunk
Suppose in transmigration
That I were born a skunk?

Pearson told McCarthy,
(It wasn't very nice),
Don't worry, for you can't be born
The same thing twice.

Evelyn Thorne

DREE-NOOR-DREE

We heard it moaning behind the moon
As our silver ships flashed by,
And the stars grew pale with the echo
Of that lost and lonely cry,
The cry of a thing forgotten
That never can hope to die.

We asked at the glittering spaceports
"Tell us what terrible doom
Lies in that gulf of nothing,
Sobs from the timeless tomb,
Where never a seed of star-dust
Has burst into wan white bloom."

But none could give us the answer
Till years from the galaxy,
A blind old minstrel from outer space
Sat under a coral tree
Singing his songs for paltry coins,
And one was of Dree-Noor-Dree.

"Oh, Dree-Noor-Dree, the first of the gods,
Was alone in endless light,
So he breathed the worlds like bubbles
From his laughing lips; and bright
And dark like great round jewels,
They floated from his sight.

"So Dree-Noor-Dree strode after them
But their million years was his day,
And each world had created its own dull god
Of wood or stone or clay;
And Dree was forgotten in all the worlds
He'd created for his play.

Now even he is very old,
But the first god cannot die,
Somewhere in the star-waste he sorrows still --"
I looked at the bell of the sky
And knew when we passed earth's moon again
I would weep for that desolate cry.

Derrell Dunay

SLEEP SOUNDLY

The saint lies mouldering in his tomb,
And dreams his heavenly dawn,
The lost soul lights his flaming hell,
The little worms gnaw on.
The mind lives on and cannot die,
Millenniums come and go,
Perhaps the world itself has died,
But we shall never know.

THE GOD-MEN

Vera L. Eckert

They ride their chariots with lightning steeds
Up through the firmament.... the avatars
Of worlds beyond our own. Each god-man speeds
Across the patterned orbit of the stars.
We are so little like them; who can say
When one of them might venture here and send
A message to his comrades in the gray
Expanse of sky with undiscovered end?
And should they come, the god-men, they would see
The wreckage of our cities, where we spurned
The Proffered sanctions of divinity,
As Moloch smiled beside the pyres that burned.
Then we, the war-mad mortals who remained,
Would find our world subjected to the rules
Of those whose mission here was pre-ordained
By One who tired of watching human fools.

INVISIBLE WEAPON

Orma McCormick

The monster gloated. Earth had fallen prey
To Jupiter's enslavement plan. Now he
Was God of Terra, humans must obey
His slightest whim. Experiments would see
What death they feared the most, then all his race
Could join the sport of torture. Men were frail,
Not armor-clad like Jovians, could not face
Ammonian liquid flames or lava scale.

First victim of this weakling horde was brought
Before the fiend with heavy-plated chest,
Then suddenly, the loathsome Lord was caught,
And paralyzed by means he never guessed.
The secret this young man of earth had found,
One thing no Jovian could withstand....was sound.

Lois T. Henderson

THE QUESTION

When I am bone and less than bone
Scattered by the sea,
What waves will drum against the shore,
What sand sift over me?

Will there be water, cobalt blue
Will there be earth and sand,
Will there be anything at all
To cover my fleshless hand?

Or will a twisted horror lie
Naked to sea and sky?
Will atom dust drift everywhere
Desolate and dry?

ROSETTA BOUVIER

THE MOON IS RED

The moon is red tonight; its slender bars
Are shadow-marked upon the frozen earth;
And green and limpid hang the jaundiced stars.

Millenniums have passed since any birth
Or death transpired; and eons since the wars
Annihilated everything of worth.

The weary planet manned by avatars,
Wears criven grubs upon its swollen girth
And gnawing lytta pencil hideous scars.

And green and limpid hang the jaundiced stars,
The moon is red tonight.....

JED GARRICK

ON THE VERGE

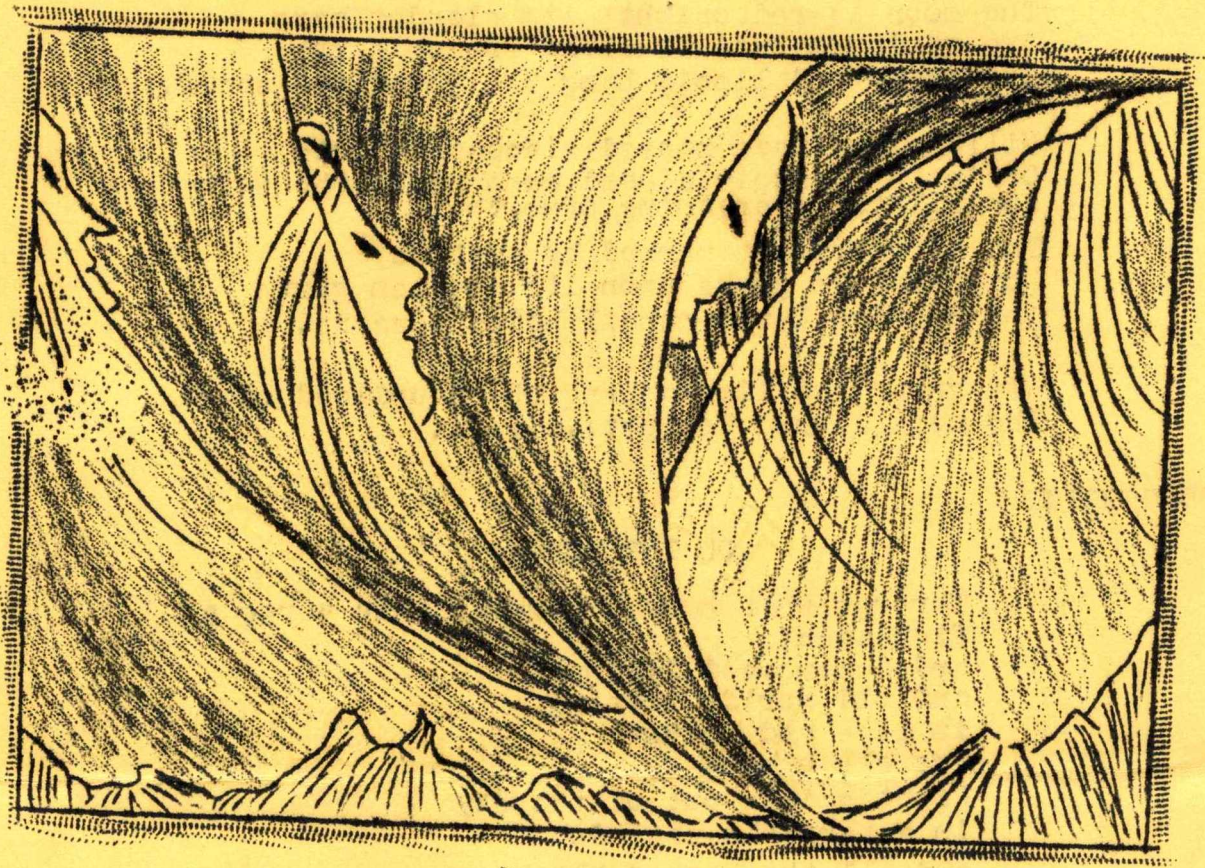
Through what have I come to this verge ?
fish eyes
and decomposed dynamos
and old worlds rotting
in lies and lechery
are all behind me.
Light spills out of the sky
in a terrible cascade
and all the banked blackness
breaks like a barricade
whose last defenders
died in defense of darkness.

I have lived so long with darkness
Crawled through it on little snake-feet,
drank deeply of its black-rose wine
wrapped its liquid hair around me
in the worm's dominions
kissed its lidless eyes in the leprous wastelands
Until at last I have come to the edge of darkness.

Shall I take another lover?
will the light be faithful,
I stand on the verge
and wonder.

This poem was inspired by the contemplation of Dali's
illustration, "On The Verge".

SINGING GHOSTS OF GANNYMEDE



Lilith Lorraine

Illustrated by Dariell Dunay

High on the hills of Gannymede, beneath the ebon moons,
Strange faces drift with swirling sands above the shifting dunes,
And as they float above the moat, they sing their cursed tunes.

They sing the songs of Gannymede who perished in her power,
The ancient songs her sirens sang in her imperial hour,
Whose rapturous notes died in their throats before their love
could flower.

For doom came over Gannymede in clouds of clawing dust,
That drifted in from outer space where evil planets rust,
And choked the seed of Gannymede with dark and loathsome lust.

But still the songs of Gannymede float free upon the air,
And still the maids of Gannymede are perilous and fair,
And men lie dead who have not fled their planet-circling snare.

Yes, men lie dead, the valiant men, of many a space-command,
Who dared the siren planet that the Guardians have banned,
Lie tightly wrapped or grimly trapped in shimmering shawls of sand.

Hugh J. Smith

POET AND SCIENTIST

The poet looks at stars and sees the eyes
Of women, goddesses and demons stand
Beside the throne of God, in inky skies,
And sits and writes it with a poet's hand.
But on the drawing board no hand moves free --
The pencil slides along the ruler's line.
The poet wonders what the stars may be
And talks of comets as he drinks his wine.
But busy men with slide-rules figure weights
And change mass-ratios and strengthen beams,
And check the tables for the proper dates --
The poet sits alone and dreams his dreams.

The scientists make a tiny splash of light
And plough celestial furrows in the night.

Clive Jackson

THE EXPLORERS

And so, hour after hour
From the ranked batteries of tubes,
The graduated throats of fire
The silent incandescence streams a stern
Thrusting the shining sharpnosed ship
Impudently at the void.
Until at last it dwindles and is lost
In the silver-dusted maze of Heaven's hanging gardens,
And staring, straining Earthbound eyes
No longer catch its fading glimmer.

"Ah, now it's gone !"

"No, see there...."

Or is it just a star?"

"How brave they are."

But in their insulated shell
The explorers take no heed of fear or courage;
They listen to the whining turbo-pumps
As bearded Scott and Captain Oates
Listened to their throbbing diesel sleds.

"Yes, I think it must be just a star,
How brave, how very brave they are."

Lilith Lorrains

CYCLE

The planted earth-flowers on the moon
Rooted in soil she brought from earth,
They bloomed above the dark lagoon
With mushroom shapes of alien birth.

Then spoke a moon witch who with star -
Deep eyes shut out her cold world's dearth
"Once when our space-ships travelled far,
We planted moon-flowers on the earth.

Edith Ogutsch

PINNACLE

The dawn breaks chill; the sirens shrill,
The robots start to bore and drill.

The sounds into the bedroom creep
And rudely wake the man from sleep.

The rolling stairway takes him down
And rips his metal dressing gown.

The food machine awaits his wish
And starts to make his breakfast dish.

A metal arm slides from the wall
And braces him, as he would fall.

And unseen lever holds the door -
A man steps out into the roar.

The robots' rhythmic clangor frees
A host of newfound harmonies.

For underneath the robots' ward
The world has come to one accord.

The man observes the gleaming steel,
The spinning shafts, the humming wheel.

He sighs, moves on without a plan -
The earth's last lonely living man.

With nothing to anticipate
No future bound in child or mate.

No point at all in drawing breath,
Except at last to welcome death.

Yet orderly the structures rise
Without man's aid into the skies.

What folly for the human drive,
To build so well, yet not survive.

A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

Dariell Dunay

The judge from far Arcturus, the planet of my birth,
When he had heard my nameless crime, my pitiful defense,
Ignored my plea for mercy-death and with no least pretense,
Pronounced his awful judgement and sentenced me to Earth.

THE SEARCHERS

The searchers dig to no avail
And sift the dust where night and day,
The searchers come. New searchers fall
To find one stone that would betray
The place where that brave city lay.
I know the spot. I know it well.
And I could speak of wild dismay --
Of how that mighty city fell.

How from the temple came a wail
As bronze-skinned maidens knelt to pray,
How rough hands rent the temple veil.
Then while they fled in disarray
The trembling maids were borne away.
My own voice rose and then a bell
Rang out in doom. It clanged a lay
Of how that mighty city fell.

And there are none to find the trail
To that white shrine - to that far day
Where warriors marched in battle-mail.
The earth has fed on its decay,
And only vines and wild beasts stray
Where once there rose a citadel.
And poets sing in roundelay
Of how that mighty city fell.

The searchers come to make survey,
But will not listen when I tell
How that great wall has turned to clay
And how that mighty city fell.

Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

WALK SOFTLY

Walk softly in this resting place of the dead
Let no harsh word be spoken
They can hear it overhead.

Here is peace.
Save for the song of the bird,
The silence is unbroken;
Whispers of the dead, unheard.

Memories,
They recall the bygone years,
And parents, sister, brother,
Hope and life with all its fears.

They commune
In the stillness of the night,
Have speech with one another,
Underground, and out of sight.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF DARIELL DUNAY

Due to frantic requests from female earthlings for a portrait of myself, I am presenting the above which is a fairly good likeness. Not being in technicolor it does not portray my ever changing aura revealing the infinite play of my emotions, the shimmering luminosity of my tentacles nor the golden hypnotic brilliance of my many-faceted eyes. The primitive crudeness of earthly art materials brings about an almost total eclipse of my magnetic personality attributes, yet this may be a blessing in disguise as it may stem the avalanche of letters proposing marriage, which I have been told is an obnoxious earth custom, arising from the fact that man has only two tentacles, which greatly inhibit his amatory propensities, since one of these tentacles has to be used for driving. Dariell Dunay.

OUR EXCHANGES

Editor's note: Exchange editors please read the editorial for information on future exchange arrangements under the merger of CHALLENGE with DIFFERENT.

AD-O-ZINE, The biggest little adzine in fandom. If you want to sell, buy or trade, place an ad with AD-O-ZINE and get results. 30¢ for a full page 4x6 ad. 2058 Atlantic St., Philadelphia, 34, Penna. Per year, 25¢, per copy 5¢.

BIZARRE, Sterling Services, Holly Circle, Sterling, Va. The best of the newer fiction fanzines. All material is written "by fans and for fans." The first issue has stories by Art Rapp, Ed Noble, Paul Cox and others and many fine features. Second issue will be even better. Send material to editor, Tom Covington, 315 Dawson St. Wilmington, N.C.

CATAGLYSM, bi-monthly of sf, and fantasy POETRY. Editors, Del Close and Bob Birney. Send poems to Birney 561 West Western Ave., Muskegon Michigan, art work to Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon, and subscriptions to Del Close, 1726 Manhattan, Kansas. 10¢ per copy, fifty cents per year.

EXPLORER, a fanzine which tries to have something about everything of interest to the s-f and fantasy fan - trading lists, hobby lists, an outlet for aspiring writers who write for the fun of it. It's for the International S-F Correspondence Club. If you want an idea of what it's like, write to Ed Noble, Jr., Girard, Penna., for a copy.

GARGOYLE, edited by Michael De Angelis, 1526 East 23rd St., Brooklyn 10, New York. A now printed zine which welcomes material for publication. The first issue was dedicated to August Derleth and Arkham House and a forthcoming one will feature Clark Ashton Smith. Derleth's story Logoda's Heads, appeared in the first issue and excellent yarns are scheduled to appear in the future.

MINNIVERSE, News and views for Leaders and Learners. We welcome real news from your community, of interest that you think will be valuable to readers throughout the world. Also we want oodles of people to request free sample copies of this experimental journal. Write to: Minniverse Services, 702 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, 27, California.

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NEKROMANTICON, Manly Banister, editor, 1905 Spruce Ave., Kansas City, Mo., Amateur, weird, fantasy and science-fiction ms. welcomed. About 5,000 words preferred. Payment, free copy containing work. Advice on unacceptable ms. if requested. Sub. 4 issues, \$1.00. (Also art work suitable for reproduction by line-engraving process.)

OPERATION FANTAST, Britain's newest printed fanzine, edited by Capt. K.F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.O. B.A.O.R. 23, % G.P.O. England

PHANTASMAGORIA, a new British Fanzine, contains stories, poems, art icles, and a column by Walter Willis, editor of Britain's professionally printed magazine "Blant." All the current news from near and far in "The Editor Squeaks." No fixed policy except that of printing good material whether on or off-trail. Order from Dorke Pickle, 41, Compton St. Dudley Hill, Bradford Yorkshire, Eng. 1 year's sub. (4 issues) for 1 issue of a prozine.

THE AMERICAN SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, the most progressive institution of its kind, desires members with creative ability to take part in its activities. Services such as: Low-rate sf book service, manuscript and literary department, swapping and correspondence. The Circle Letter Club, Shaver Mystery Department coming in the future. Write to C. Thomas Beck, 7312 Blvd. East, North Bergen, N.J.

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