

THE FANZINE FROM KENTUCKY

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B. L. White

Martian Holiday

by
R. G. Butler

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Byte, husband of Herl Br, was vainly calling his ten offspring to dinner. Finally, in a burst of reasonable rage, he switched on the transmitter and sent out a mind blasting call. From the dwelling next door there issued a loud wail and the patter of tiny tentacles. Byte gave a maddened shout. "For the love of Orse please hurry. You know tere well that this is my only century off from work and I want to have a little fun before my time is up. If you hurry we'll all go to the circus this afternoon."

"On daddy, do you really mean it?" screamed Hol Prt, the youngest of the offspring.

"Yes, yes I mean it, but please, don't take a week like you did last time."

Four hours later the entire family was assembled at the Martian equivalent of a table. Every time one of the children would ask for another helping of pritig Byte would tune in on the time and frantically wave his tentacles. "Please, for MY sake hurry up and let's go. By the holy bladder of the six blue sacred cows of Junha you take more time eating than a Gert putting on her twenty girdles."

"All right dear," replied Herl Br, "you go put your best four hats on we'll go."

"You're sure you want go go? Don't want to stop and knit a sweater or something. And dear, take the children to the bathroom before we go this time. Remember last time we went to the circus? Wvery ten minures one of the brats would be inevitably drawn to that most sacred of places.

"Go start the plip dear, and stop yapping so much. By the time it gets warmed up everyone will be ready."

Byte, with a scowl on his four faces, walked out to the garage and gave the lock signal. The metal door silently slid open and the sleek body of the plip was revealed. He gave another lock signal and the doors swung out. Byte gave the ignition signal and stepped on the accelerator. The counter on the panel clicked but the motor refused to turn over. Turning all sixteen eyes upward and silently praying for no trouble he once more tried the accel-erator. The geiger didn't even click this time. If an earthman was capable of receiving telepathic impulses he probably would have the impression of many little four letter words describing the moral and ancestral characteristics of the plip. With a savage kick Byte spit on the ignition. With a blast that almost took his gold pants off the uranium caught. Once more the air was filled with little four letter impressions.

"Byte, for the live of all that's holy watch your language! Do you want to corrupt our childrens' minds?"

"Listen honey, I've heard those brats exchange jokes and Believe me, it would take more than all the immoral persons on Mars know to shock them."

"Daddy, are we going to see those biped freaks? Huh, daddy? Dad--"

"Ah, shut up! If you aren't quiet I'll probably fix you so you won't be able to see any freaks. As a matter of fact I bet you look like freaks to them." Speaking of freaks dear, are your parents coming to see us again soon?"

"OH NO! Now look who's talking about freaks! I can remember a time when a man from the circus was arrested for mistaking your uncle for a Grelo and putting him in a cage with a very unsanitary floor."

"Well, here we are kids. Now please don't ask the keepers such silly questions as you did last time. How would he know if female Dopya wear bras?"

"Daddy, I have to go to the--"

"HA! I knew it! Well, this time you'll wait. And if you don't you'll wash your own clothes."

"WHAAA! I gotta go. I gotta go. BAW--"

"AW, for the love of Nenki. Just duck behind a cage."

Byte, having solved one of his many problems, or so he thought, interestedly gazed at the caged lotres. They were large, fleshy metazoans that used sticky looking pseudopods in the place of tentacles. After having satisfied his curiosity Byte started to move over to see his wife was waiting out something to nine of the children.

Suddenly a big muscular tentacle seized Byte by the seat of his pants and jerked him back. He turned around and found himself face with a big guard with a shiny badge.

"Hey bud. This your kid?"

"Hnm, why yes. What's wrong?"

"She says you sent her back here behind this cage."

"Why yes, but you see--"

"Look Bub, I son't know where you were raised and I don't especially care, and if I ever see or here of anything like this again I'll run you in for a few years. We try to keep things around here sanitary. Byte wiped the perspiration from his four heads and dragged his ward to his wife.

"You take care of her. Tell her to have a good time to day because tomorrow I'm taking her to see a doctor. The very idea of that nosy!"

"Honey, let's go see the Bylls. Maybe they can put you in a better mood."

"With a feeble grin on his mouths Byte consented, and grabbing five of his children began the walk to the Byll section.

For the benefit of the readers we had better describe a Byll. First of all they are birds with two instead of one, pairs of wings. They are much more intelligent than Earth birds and unknown to the Martians carry on audible conversations. Being lazy by nature, the Bylls didn't mind in the least flying around and performing tricks for the Martians.

"Well, here we are dear. Let's walk through the cages and get a good look at the Bylls."

"L.K. honey. LA de dum. They are pretty at that."

"Notice the graceful way they circle over you?"

"Yeah. They even have a somewhat intelligent expression."

"Beautiful plumage, what?"

"Uh huh. And you know that I think--"

Here Byte stopped talking and slapped his hand to his head. Once more the little four letter words were given graceful wings that carried them over so far.

"Why dear. What happened?"

"Beautiful. Nuts! Once a Byll always a Byll." he philosophized gently wiping one of his heads with a handkerchief.

"Oh, let it go. I want to go over and see those new freaks they captured from that space ship the other day."

"Me too. I hear that the inhabitants of one of the planets placed those freak animals aboard to see if they could stand living conditions here. It's beyond me how they expected the animals to send the answer back. The ship has a lot of instruments on it, but we don't understand them yet."

"Oh daddy. Hold me. They scare me."

"Now son, they can't possibly hurt you. Look at those thick bars. And even if they did get out they couldn't harm a hair on your heads. Look at them. They don't even have tentacles. Just those two weird branches hanging down from both sides."

"Byte, why don't they ever make any noise? And look at the way they wave those branches at us and move their mouths."

Perhaps they're not telepathic. We have instruments that prove communication possible without concentration of thought."

"Don't be absurd. You've been reading too many SF mags."

"By Tar! They do have intelligent looking eyes. It's pretty obvious that one of them is a female."

"Aw, shut up Byte. Let's go home this instant! And you'd better let me start the plip. It'll take you all day."

"O.K. smarty. I'll bet you five thala you can't do it."

Here Br gave the lock and then the ignition signal and then stepped on the accelerator. The counter avsolutely refused to register.

"OH! ↑XXX--."

"Why honey. Look who's cussing now."

"Son't stand there. I admit I can't work this thing right off, but it 's all your fault."

"Whatta you mean?"

"if you weren't so cheap you'd trade in this old heap and get a new gamma model."

"Oh my Orsc! You just keep on trying and I'll get back and push."

For several minutes Byte pushed in vain. Unknown to him Gro Vut his youngest son, shoved five new pieces of uranium in the sonverter.

As soon as the smoke cleared away they found Byte lying on the curb with a pained look on his faces and a pained feeling in his. He could only add that the part of the Martian anatomy that Byte

Four centuries, one of Earth's years, later, Byte was preparing the plans for the holiday vacations. He opened several envelopes and put the tickets on the table. Two were for himself and Herl and ten were separate tickets for the kids.

The writing on two of the tickets said, "1 & 2" burle flooti" which means in English, "2789 Lake Mitere of the Marsh." The other ten said, "Burtle mid % \$ %" or in English, " Babbling Brook Rest Home For Delinquent Brats."

"SO I HAVE WRIT"

by Jan Dacon

The sun came up,
Passed overhead,
and then went down; followed by the moon.

The boldest of the stars came out too;
Close, yet, a respectful distance behind.

Then, according to their rank and file,
Came all the others;
Jubilant,
Happy,
Free. The Night People of another realm far,
Distant,
Uncrowded.

Down below and insignificant,
Laying flat on his back,
An Earthman cushioned in the green grass of Earth,
Saw it all.
And he became lonely;
Deeply unhappy;
Jealous,
Filled with envy.

Upward and outward went his eyes;
Yet, not really.
With them went his spirit;
Like a hand reaching out.

Time was not; nor distance in miles.
A bit of magic of the Universe;
Little known and understood.
Comprehension is the veil between.

There is a way, however;
it lies within.
At least so reasoned the man.
And he was right.
I should know;
I am that spirit;
So I have writ.

SALUTATION TO THE DAWN (Anonymous)

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn.
Look to this day! For it is life;
The very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities
And realities of your existence.
The bliss of growth!
The glory of action!
The splendor of beauty!
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow only a vision,
But today if well lived.

Make every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look not for tomorrow, but live today!

FRIED. REPORTS

BY LESTER FRIED

WATCH OUT! DON'T BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU READ HERE!
FRIED IS THE WALTER WINCHELL OF FANDOM.

LET'S NOT GO OVERBOARD.....Have you ever played checkers or some other similar game hour after hour after hour. After a while don't you get sick of what you were doing? The latter statement is just to illustrate a point I have been preaching of late and that is; don't go overboard in your so called love of science-fiction and anything that is imaginative. Like myself when first finds that science-fiction and fantasy exists you will no doubt buy the newsstands and the second hand shops dry while the Post Office day after day brings package after package containing back issues and books. Even trying to have a complete collection of certain mags is OK but don't read the stuff without a few let-ups! Soon maybe sooner than you think ASP won't seem anymore interestion than the first issue of Planet Stories that you read way back when. The point I am trying to bring out is that if you read other reading matter other than science-fiction you will enjoy science-fiction much more when you do read it. Go ahead! Drop science-fiction and fantasy for awhile. Become interested in other types of reading matter. If like me you have a sense of humor? by and read books that will give you a good laugh or if you like adventure get Jack London, Edison Marshall and others. On my bookshelves you will find such titles as "ATreasury of Laughter", The Holiday Reader, Comic Dictionary and The Good Humor Book among others. Try my way for awhile if you have been losing interest slowly and you will see that reading Science-fiction isn't everything. After all there are females!

WHO CARES? DEPARTMENT...(I DO) .. Super Science, Fantastic Novels, Avon Fantasy Reader, Fantastic Stories Quarterly. These are a few of the new and revived mags that are all top grade and well worth re-reading. You can't turn your back on such writers as Hamilton, Fragnell, Fearn and Weinbaum. Foru times a year is a long wait between issues. How about calling it Fantastic Story bi-monthly?

For some weeks now they pro and con on the Hydrogen bomb has appeared in papers all around the country after reading both sides of the question which includes the possible results of the H bomb I am now ready to state how I feel about the possible construction of the H bomb. I am 100% against the building of the H bomb. First of all let's look at the cost of such a bomb. It may seem fantastic but it would cost between two and four billion dollars to build an H bomb. Even after spending all this money which might be put to better use we are not assured that the bomb will work. And if the bomb does work it will cost untold billions to build up a supply of them. Unlike atomic power which will come as a result of using the atomic bomb the bomb will have no other use other than to be used as a killing power in mass production. Anyone can sit back and day "Go ahead and build it." "It won't affect me in the least." You can also say that my friend, but who pays to build the new weapon of science to kill many? YOU! The tax payer will pay for it out of your pocket to help kill people whom you have nothing against. What can you do about it? Brother you can't and won't do a damn thing except maybe complain. A hydrogen bomb is now possible simply because the uranium-plutonium- bomb generates heats as great as those of the interior of the sun. The principle of the H bomb is simple to understand. Fission of the uranium plutonium will generate heat that will send hydrogen nuclei crashing into the hearts of other atoms. As a result the nuclear fission will continue that after with hundreds of the thousands the destructive force of nuclear fission until the whole charge of the bomb has been consumed. Unlike the uranium plutonium bomb it is open-ended as the physicists put it. There is no critical size that puts a limitation on its power. In short the ability to build such a bomb is in theory the ability to blow up the world. If we don't destroy ourselves with the H bomb which will be built against any objection I wonder what kind of bomb will be built next.....THINK ABOUT IT.....

Not happened to Chad Oliver's fanzine? Anyone know? It has been some years now since I sent a sub off Like many other fans did I'm sur . If this zine isn't going to appear why don't we hear about it? As far as I know it was put to any good use. As far as the principles of

Mail at Dawn
(The readers speak)

Dear Dreamers?

Comes this, ahem, the Kentucky fanzine, and what kind of vats do you guys keep the stuff in? Frankly, this was a DAWN with three heads--you must've stayed up all night just thinking about it! Next time, pass some of that thought around, boy! But not only is this a dim DAWN, the memo job indicating that someone must've sipped the printer's ink by mistake--all right, I'll admit you Dixie guys like it strong, but what'd you use for a chaser?--but whoever typed the stencils must've been reading by radar and using his imagination for correction fluid! (SO THAT'S what you used for a chaser!)

Anyway, having removed the staple and bandaged my thumb, I guess it's just silly of me to keep sitting here in a pool of my blood holding the DAWN thing. I may as well decipher it.

First off, we meet Les Fried, Russ Watkins, Bill Wentworth, Ronbutler Jack Moyses, Harry Fisher, Sandy Weiss, and Sgt. Thomas, the 30 yr. man. Anyone for canasta? WE gotta 'nuff guys here for a stud game, pinocle, and whao's bouncing the bones in the corner? But I can just see Les roosting in his book-walled coop watching Wentworth chew on a novel, while Butler stares dreamily at the ceiling and Moyses doodles a pawn. And back behind 5000 Burroughs volumes we find Sandy Weiss mixing paint and Hank Fisher ogling Clark Ashton's bust. Fine bunch of boys. Call me when a girl joins.

As we proceed (ahem) into the misty DAWN, we observe Appleman's Postmark. After studying it for some moments we reach the conclusion that this was probably why the rooster donned red pants. As we proceed (ahem) we find that you only have three letters in this issue! Must be a paper shortage in Kentucky--only 16 pages. How do you expect to get any letters into an issue with only 16 pages and 4 1/2 pages of articles and 2 pages of ads and me at the same time? Better invent that rubber type Campbell's always dreaming about!

And get a load of this gleesome threesome, willya! I gotta bang outta that line: "--when an arthritic condition you don't in his arms"--my tendrils curled on that one! You Dreamers, you! But get a load of this Thornburgh from Napolis! Old Speedy, himself!

and observations." (Now go back and read the last of his letter!) "However," he continues, "this must be observed in their favor: such contributors are in reality incentive activators to readers who sit back in ease with a box of candy or popcorn and sip chuckles from the pages of their DAWN." Somebody pass the pretzels please? YAHOO! DAWN the fanzine from Kentucky!

Personally, I think that "Mail at Dawn" heading stinks. Beatrice can certainly do better than that. And next--aha--we have this Apple-boy! "I wonder," he says, "why it is that the fact that a person has once tried his hand at writing--whether or not successful--makes him feel that he has a special right to bite into anyone else's work." Gads, don't tell me the Old Apple-polisher can't take it!

Then comes, "considering that the resources of the world ad hoc temporum are roughly enough to support one third of its present population--" which indicates Old Gider Jug has been hitting it a little too hard! Whatta you read, Apple? Ad hoc temporum the world can support roughly feve billion people with present known resources, according to the UNO boys--who at least are trying to do something about it. But when I ran into--"Mankind in general has shown all too well in past years that it is totally incapable of deciding anything as momentous as his own future"--THAT explained everything! All right, Apple, so you aren't human. So what?

And now, if somebody doesn't tear my letter word from word, it'll be a miracle. What's more--or can't you guess?--I will suffer deep disappointment.

Por gusto,
JOE GIBSON
JERSEY CITY, NJ

Dear DAWN:

UGH! 'what in the name of Ghu do all letters have to start out with the same old stereotyped salutation? Is it that we lack originality, or are we just afraid of defying convention, or is just sheer laziness? I suspect the latter in my case, but anyone with the short guts that would

write a three page letter to a publication like yours should have enough originality to

energy to think up something a little bit different from the usual. Of course, I am referring to the letter of Joe Gibson, in the January issue. I liked the issue a lot, but why did you print that mess on the deos? Seems quite inappropriate to a magazine of your quality. In appreciation of said quality, I'm sending in my subscription. That is a rather neat policy you had, of sending out two free issues of the mag to all new members of the NFFF, and then after they get food and interested, inform them that if they want any more, they have to pony up the price of a subscription or get their letterzine cut off in the prime of their interest. I will again join the rank of the plutocrats. To paraphrase a song that came out some time ago, "What a difference a pay makes". It's such fun to have dollars... Then I can eat drink and be merry for yesterday I was broke. Ah, yes, this weekend will be one of wine, women, and song, and the next, one of wine and song, since women are the most expensive of that list, and the weekend after that one of song, and one after that one of dull despair, for I will again be broke. Tsk! And so the months fly by... Regarding the most expensive item, women, and in particular the Chinese women referred to in Joe's letter, I share his opinion as to their beauty, but would go a lot farther than he. I really don't know anything about the Chinese girls, but I recently got back from Japan, and some of them are darn beautiful, don't let anybody ever tell you any different. I know of two cases at least, of guys who turned down a chance to come back to a tech school here in the states, and re-enlisted, just so that they could stay where they were with their Japanese mistress. It was often the practice for the soldier to have a household in the nearest town to the base, and support his corbito in positive luxury, at least in comparison to what she had been used to. Immoral? Ha. Disregarding the personal and private opinion that I have that most people are hoity-toity about morals because they are too stupid to know anything about right and wrong, and have to accept the accepted code, we'll look into the question. We'll take the case of the girl first. For perhaps the first time in her life, she has the opportunity to be well dressed, well fed, and clean. The prices that the Japanese have to pay for things in terms of man or woman is something terrific. Reasonably pretty things, and

is to forego the food for her body in exchange for food for her soul always providing that there is a soul. Being a lot more practical than ideal, she goes out to see what she can pick up in the way of a G.I. boy friend. GI's are by their standards, almost incredibly generous, so she finds a guy without a permanent attachment, and sets up house with him. Why not? He will be so much more kind and considerate of her than any Japanese husband could ever be, that she has done one thing that will bring her the assurance of happiness for a long time to come. On the part of the guy, if he is unmarried, as most of the men overseas are, why on the green earth of Ghu should he deny himself the outlet for the basic creative urge, and end up with one of the most beautiful psychoses you ever saw? You know, as well as I, that psychotic personalities are the ones in which one or more of the drives are in conflict. If the desire for approval of the moralistic crowd outweighs the jungle urge, he will refrain from contact with the women, that is until he either goes nuts, to be crude about it, or is sent back to the states. All I have to say, is, thirty months or so is one long time to be without the, ahem, kiss of a woman. Perhaps, though, I had better get off of that subject. It isn't accepted in the best of circles as the thing to talk about, but then who travels in the best of circles without getting dizzy? The whole thing will probably get me a lot of scathing replies, which was one of the reasons I wrote it, because the more I can argue on anything the happier I am. That, to me, seems also to be one of the qualities of fandom in general, a happy, crazy, extremely vocal and essentially egotistical lot that love to argue on anything that they have even the slightest scrap of knowledge about. We have more fun that way. I want to take issue with Joe on one thing though, and that is the number of fans. If there were, as he states, just 500 fans, then how could ASF have a circulation of 30,000? Even if he means just the actifans, I believe that there are more than that, but I wouldn't be able to come right out and say so without the definite reason to back up my beliefs. There is a definite reason for belonging to a fan group, and that is the interesting correspondence you get. Also, a fan organization tends to initiate and conduct the sacred

The opportunity to be well dressed, well fed, and clean. The prices that the Japanese have to pay for things in terms of man or woman is something terrific. Reasonably pretty things, and

could otherwise ever make it, and make him feel a lot more welcome than he otherwise would. It is the unfortunate tendency of some of the older fan to squash with great delight the thoughts that the neofan have, which often serves to make said neofan slightly bitter, to say the least. On the other hand, the Welcom- mittee of the NFFF is one of the friendliest groups that anyone could ever want to know. I am speaking from personal experience here, since my correspondents, as a whole, were about 3/4ths gleaned from the Welcomittee. That's one of the main reasons why I like the NFFF so much, it has such swell people in it.

Sincerely yours,
FRED REBUS
GRUTE FIELD?
ILLINOIS

Dear Dreamers,

In the early days, it seemed as though Dawn might suffer due to lack of something to talk about. Not so now. The NFFF discussion goes on and on, changing nobody's opinions, improving nothing, yet givint everyone one whale of a good time.

It was NFFFer Sneary that roused my ire enough to again stoop to the tripewriter, and this, strangely enough, to come to the defense of a person at whom I've previously slung plenty of brickbats, and at whom I'll probably hurl more sooner or later. The name? Louis E. Garner, Jr., ex-president, WSEA. Garner, as stated by Sneary, does not like the present system of choosing convention sites, and wanted to change the system so that the members of the convention committee (those guys who are willing to fork over a buck to help make that convention a success), vote, by mail, on the site for the convention the following year. There are difficulties to the plan, but it seems only fair that those fans who have demonstrated enough interest in a convention to help finance it should be those who help choose where it will be in the year to come.

As to Sneary's statement that convention societies are bad because they have neither past nor future, that's just plain downright silly. Is there any complaint over the handling of the last three conventions? I thought they were wonderful. Why does a convention society need to have a past? Or are you, Rick, a worshipper of a family tree?

Convention societies do have a past of the club from which the members are drawn, and that of the

PRECEDING CONVENTION SOCIETIES. And how, pray tell, would NFFF sponsoship give the society a past, providing it didn't have one? By merely saying that since it was a step-child of NFFF and since NFFF had a past that it, too, had a past? A convention can be handled only by people who are in frequent personal contact. Therefore, the society must be composed of new people for every new sity. Making those people a special subdivision of NFFF will not help them work any better or more efficiently, nor will it give them any more of a past than they already have, save in name only.

Garner can, and probably will, explain your exchange of letters with him. But you accused him with acquainting others with his idea. Why shouldn't he? You accuse him of not telling others of your idea? Why should he when he disagrees with your plan? And is NFFF with its vaunted O.O. publicity officers, letter writers important fans, and innumerable committees incapable of spreading its own propaganda? If Garner, a single and unaided individual, and one new to fandom (approx. April, 1948) can spread his gospel so much better than the tremendous (300 or so) "Active Party"-run NFFF (it even has a past!) maybe you should fold up shop. I'm inclined to think so. I disliked Garner's use of the NFFF's O.O. for the Capicon bid. (As some of you know I disliked the whole darned Capicon bid and idea for 1950.) That's beside the point. He presented the bid to the NFFF, and those who were impressed with the idea voted for Washington. NFFFers, nobody else, because TNFF is limited to NFFF members.

If Garner doesn't reply, Rick, I'm ready and willing to back the "much like a mulc" set-up of convention societies. Fire when ready.

While sitting here thinking about how to end this letter it occurred to me that it was rather peculiar that the new, activated NFFF didn't come out and say that it would be willing to sponsor a fandom EBB, as per recent DAWN discussions. It's a new idea, requiring contact with numerous fans for information purposes, contact with new fans in order to be of any use, needs to have an official organ of some sort, a need amply filled by a page in TNFF, etc. Perfect for the NFFF. Well...we're waiting.

Dear Dawn.

Having perused your recent issue of The Fanzine of Kentucky I have been brave enough to venture forth with a letter to same. And frankly I think you need it! Your past Dawns have been quite good, but not this one. I hope you will not continue to remain in this hapless state.

The letter by Mrsr. Joe Gibson was the only worthy thing in the issue. I am certainly glad you printed it since I would not have had anything enjoyable to read in the whole mag.

For goodness sake keep the deros out of Dawn. I have seen enough of them elsewhere. Leave them to Shaver and the other fanzines that go for that stuff. Keep the high quality of the past issues and I will be pleased. In my opinion have at least one-half of the pages devoted to letters. Or more. You have had some good articles and stories but fans can get them from other fanzines. Yours should be aimed at fans and their affairs so they can chew the rag publicly so to speak.

But enough griping. I can hear you saying "Shut up". And I should if I'm only going to complain. But I have a couple of subjects of scientific interest to bring up and would like to hear the comments of other fans.

One is this poppycock about the Hydrogen-bomb destroying the world and all mankind. I most certainly disagree with anyone who predicts that man can destroy himself and all his kind. I am surprised that so many scientists fail to understand the astronomical, astro-physical, and cosmogonical impossibility of man's annihilating civilization. Man would have to produce a weapon that could simultaneously contaminate the atmosphere of the whole earth to destroy civilization instantly. The orderly constituents of the earth's atmosphere alone make it impossible that man could wholly contaminate it. Well, that is off my chest and I expect to hear hear some outlandish answers to my opinions. I hope I can manage to reply to them.

And secondly, this rolls forth from my ball-pointed pen. I think that the authors of Science-fiction and fantasy are running

out of fresh ideas in their stories. I have been reading this type of story for a long time and think that I have never ran across so many stories so much alike as they have been producing recently. Are they writing just any old hack for the money only? X Bradbury and most of the ASF authors are the only ones I can stomach of late. Maybe the future they have once explored so amazingly with their once fertile imaginations has overtaken them. It is true that even in the field of the unusual in SF, that truth is stranger than the fiction. Ha, scientists are even coming up with things that SF authors never even thought of. Yes, you now hear of rocket ships and moon trips being discussion matter-of-factly and even dully in military journals and such. Perhaps one day, the robot we have been worshipping will suddenly take over the business. Maybe the authors should shift their field of operations from Mars and the planets back to Earth. Yes, let them tell us of the windshield wiper that always works in all sorts of weather. Or of an atomic furnace that never, never lets you down on a freezing day. Or of the device to control the rain so as not to rain only at the time people come and go to work. Oh well, I am a dreamer too.

I saw in the paper the other day where someone on Mars has invented the H-bomb. Or I presume that they did so since this article tells of a large explosion that has taken place there. Maybe I was wrong a while back. But no, I don't think so.

Came across a item that would make a good story for ASF if it could be worked up right. It concerns three small patches of gray matter at the back of the brain. These are essential for seeing. Of one of them is injured, the victim becomes wholly or partly blind. If the second is injured, one sees as well as ever but cannot tell what he sees. Of the third is injured, vision also is unaffected, but the patient never can recall what he has seen. Mixed injuries result in such weird symptoms as inability to recognize one's own body or tell the number of a cat's legs,

although intellectually a person may remain entirely normal.

The weirdest symptoms come from lesions of the recently recognized parastriate and peristriate areas, which are not the brain centers of visions itself, but of the interpretation centers of what is seen. The patient does not bump into objects when walking through a room. He sees and avoids them, but does not recognize them when he sees them. The patient may declare he has no head, or that he does not know where it is or how it feels; that the left side of his body does not feel like his own. As another example the victim sees an animal which he knows, so long

as it remains in his visual field, is a cat. As soon as the animal has disappeared he has not the slightest idea of what cats looks like.

Interesting, eh what?

I hope to see a better Dawn next issue. Just keep pluggin and I'm sure you will improve.

Truly yours,

KARL KING
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

"WORLD 'CREATED' IN THREE HOURS"
(That is what thesis of scientists claims)

by
RAY
REBEL

The creation took place in less than three hours! Or so claims the two doctors that published this thesis.

It required between 2,000 and 10,000 seconds for all the 92 elements out of which everything in the universe is built to be created out of a chaos of elementary particles. These were, protons, neutrons and electrons which were packed together in a compact mass a few billion years ago.

This thesis was described fully in the December issue of Physical Review, published by the American Physical Society. This thesis was presented by Drs. R.A. Alpher and R. Herman of the John Hopkins University Laboratory. This thesis based on the assumption of the expanding universe, the quite widely accepted concept that everything in creation--all the stars and all the galaxies and everything on them, once was concentrated in a single mass which suddenly "exploded". The present stars and family of stars are flying fragments from this explosion, it is held.

At the instant of the great explosion, the heat would have been far too great for any atom to have remained intact, Dr. Alpher explains. Cooling would have been very rapid, however, and the atoms constituting the present known elements would have come together in time, which can be calculated. Much depends on the life span of the neutron, the non-electrical, radioactive elementary particle, which has been calculated as between 15 minutes and half an hour. Once the temperature was right however, the formation of atoms would have gone on with great speed.

Could these two scientists be right? If so, the teachings of a great and world wide Book is wrong. We were taught that the world took seven days in the making; six days was what we were taught, on the seventh the maker rested. The Book could be right so could the scientists. Could it be that the days were that much shorter in length, thus the old legends of people living to be 600 years old. Maybe these old legends are not so wrong at that.

THE END

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a Thousand Nights and a Night

PART 1

It is my contention that the Arabian Nights should be regarded as a savage, barbarian bit of work...savagery that makes ones blood run hotly through their veins, savagery that magically takes us through the forgotten door into ourselves, where we live and die the lives of the colorful ancients. I also believe that for those who love to analyze the minds of Easterns, these are good pickings. Let's take these tales apart.

THE PORTER AND THE THREE LADIES OF BAGHDAD

Once upon a time, in Baghdad, a porter was lazily absorbing the sensation of life, philosophically contemplating the values of life when he caught sight of a woman whose, according to the book, was enough to make G.B. Shaw turn hand-springs. The woman, blinking her big loach eyes, called to the porter in a voice capable of seducing Frankenstein.

Naturally, the porter placed his basket on his head and followed her, all sans questions, sans anything but a glazed look in the eye. Taking in the round of stalls in the market place, the woman showed an idiosyncrasy of which all females are possessed...she bought everything in sight. Probably a bargain sale, no doubt was going on.

Then, shaking like a pile of jello in an earthquake, she walked to her home, a castle imported from Spain, solid and with a foundation. She knocked on the door and...well, I' swan, a swell looker, (I shan't repeat the adjectives; so vivid) opened up, giving the porter a look that made him want to give up portering and become one of Kinsey's staff members.

Soon, these two gals quit giving him ideas and led him to a third dish who attracted the porter like a mausoleum attracts Derloth. Naturally, our hero formed a ~~few~~ few plans and after the eats and drinks, he gave out with a spiel asking to stay for dinner, promising to keep the ladies amused. (I don't know how!)

After putting on the dog, reading a few lines of verse, standing on his head, etc. (So that's how.) he persuaded the ladies to sit down and eat and drink. Mostly drink. After a few Arabian highballs the gals decided to keep the porter around for a little tete a tete for the remainder of the evening. Of course they made it very clear that in order to do so he would have to be a good boy. And to ask no questions about anything no matter how screwy it appeared. Being a healthy porter, he agreed.

So, they commenced with the drink again, the jokes, etc. until suddenly there was a knock at the gate. (Probably the porter's mother come to take him home.) When they opened the gate, three one-eyed Persians came wandering in asking for shelter. (Maybe it was a STF convention.) The gals agreed, under one condition...these guys had to promise also that they would ask no questions. Needless to say, they did, for the more the merrier. Our Arabian pals were having one heck of a time when there came another knock on the door. (OH NO!) Promise to keep a secret? This new guy was the Caliph, who had been taking a three mile hike from his palace to a phone booth when he heard all the racket and decided to investigate.

So, they let this rascal (in disguise) enter under the same condition...you know...no asked question. The night progressed, the drinking progressed, the men progressed, etc. Then, to bread the monotony, the gals began to cut capers. One of them turned some flips another did a frenzied strip...in general they acted like nuts. Well, curiosity tempted the boys, they opened their mouths to ask..... and poof! Some mellow, mysterious slaves tied them hand and foot. The gals commenced to get nasty, demanding that these guys tell them their biographies or go minus their heads.

Place to leave you but CONTINUED NEXT TIME.

The Atomic War

BY JOE GIBSON

Enough time has elapsed since Hiroshima for the A-bomb scare to be counteracted by a general apathy toward even mentioning the atomic bomb, and for that apathy to die as public interest turned to other matters, that we may now consider the possibility and probable limitations of an atomic war with less emotional furor. Especially we science-fiction fans. After all, we were discussing the post-war world, atomic power, and advent of space travel when Hitler was the Al Capone of Munich; we're not prone to ignore possibilities of atomic research, experiments in Extra-Sensory Perception, or the formation of the Solar System now--fandom isn't just prozine collections and Finlay originals, by far.

And we're no longer tired of hearing about the horrors of an atomic war because few people are crying doom now. As the flying saucers and Rita Hayworth's wedding came along, atomic doom stories gradually disappeared from the prozines.

So let's talk about an atomic war.

There's no concrete evidence, so far as I know, that anybody has developed a rocket missile that can jump the Atlantic or the Arctic Circle. I've read statements that if the Russians should develop and test an A-bomb of their own, our seismographs would record the shock of the blast unmistakably as the effect of an A-bomb, and statements that the Russians aren't believed to have one yet. Suppose they did? (ED. NOTE: This was written before the news was released that the Russians do have an A-bomb.)

Suppose a fleet of bombers were launched against the United States and Europe. Most of the larger cities would be hit and a few hundred thousand civilians would be killed. Our counter-attack would have about the same results. The enemy's next move would be to send their armies across Europe and perhaps across into Canada; ours, to send armies to stop them at strategic defense points, then to launch a counter-offensive. Since we're habitually unprepared for immediate hostilities, the enemy would undoubtedly make terrific advances the first months of the war and our defensive task forces would probably find their missions as suicidal as Bataan and Corregidor. A terrific air battle would rage between bombers and interceptors. Anti-aircraft rocket missiles would probably lead to the swift development of inter-continental missiles, bringing in the 'push-button' phase of the war. But we'd need armies in Europe and the Arctic and we'd have to supply them. Large cities would perish, but factories would still be running. The sea-lanes could be blocked by radio-active mines, far deadlier than explosives, and land transportation could be blocked for months by an A-bomb dropped strategically in the natural pass of a mountain range or the intersection of main supply routes. Constant aerial liaison would be necessary for both sides.

It wouldn't be any 36-hour war.

But suppose they wait, muster their fighting strength, and prepare for a real, up-to-date atomic war? Indications are that this would take five or ten years. Then picture a rocket missile attack on our cities, with giant transports waiting to bring in armies of shock troops on the heels of the attack. This, however, would take such a tremendous amount of military preparation that it could hardly pass unnoticed by Allied Intelligence. True, we might be so lax as to try to stop it with obsolete jet fighters and inadequate radar screens. But it's more likely that we'd have our own defense rockets and a tight radar coverage to augment them, if not a complete inter-continental counter-attack in complete readiness. Again there's the large cities destroyed, regimentation of the civilian population much as London experienced during the Blitz, and combat troops as the First Citizens of the world. But even with our cities knocked out and scattered shock troop units in our midst, victory would still be a matter of destroying the enemy's war machine and invading his country with large armies. Again it would take years.



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