

We lead off with word from Larry:

DEAR MEMBERS:

Another edition of Explorer -- pretty good work on it, too -- bigger - better. With this issue I have a warning that there is a delinquent list, since Ed or I have not heard from a number of the members. These still may be interested members. If so, let us hear from you. There is a six-week deadline from the printing of the second issue. If delinquents are not heard from they will be dropped from the Roster and the mailing lists. Don't let that happen to you.

Mrs. Claire Miller has sent in quite a nice suggestion. The main idea is that we should like to find out what the members would like, that is, in the club's activities, the types of stories, the departments in theazine. Any suggestions will also be appreciated. Please send in your reactions and suggestions to Mrs. Claire Miller 356½ Water St., Helena, Montana, or to me, Lawrence Kiehlbauch, Rte. 2, Box 223, Billings, Montana. The results will be listed in the next issue of the EXPLORER.

A few days ago a member sent me another good idea. It is for a photo album of the members. If any of you are interested in this album, send a snapshot negative of yourself along with a 100 word biography, or details of likes and hobbies in the s-f world. This should be sent to Helena Schaumberger, 1370 College Avenue, Bronx 56, New York.

That is about all of the new ideas that have been sent in so far. However, if you have some idea, let's hear from you.

Perhaps there are some members who may not be aware of the original designation of the EXPLORER and the club's motto, "Ad Stellaras."

First, the EXPLORER is aazine dedicated to new trails, to be blazed on this planet, on others, and particularly in men's minds.

AD STELLAS -- TO THE STARS

The stars -- as apes we ignored them -- as men we study them -- and as gods we shall reach them.

Our club, the ISFCC, also has a trading service for its members. The trading manager is Rich Elsberry of 413 E. 18th St., Minneapolis, Minn. The lending library is run by Sherman Berg of 1125 W. Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A new branch, the Pen Pals, starts with Bill Johnson, PO Box 1041, Walnut Creek, California heading the department.

Well, enough for this issue, so, nice people --

"Ad Stellaras"

Lawrence Kiehlbauch  
President, ISFCC

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#### FLYING SAUCER NOTES

The saucers, the discs, are still flying -- gaining publicity here and there -- turned everything from outer space visitors to results of prototypes designed in Maryland and in Germany. It was but recently that they became news in this area of the states (Northwestern Penna) when one driver reported following the sight of one for twelve minutes, and a doctor in St. Mary's, Pa. says he saw 'something' that resembled the reputed saucers.

Editorially, we have yet to see one, but as one member has written: Just because the AAF says 'tain't so is no definite indication it ain't so. Things have been seen, whether saucers or something else.

West County of Wyoming reported two instances of the saucers being reported, once by Mrs. Jay Engle and her children, and again by LeRoy Griffin and Homer Gray. Reports have come in from all over, describing the things. Reports come out of Mexico, and during his March 19th broadcast, Drew Pearson observed that the statement of a saucer crashing in Mexico was to be investigated. TRUE magazine follows its Don Keyhoe article with another by Commander Robert McLaughlin of the Navy. An Italian scientist claims the saucers were a war development.

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#### THE LENDING LIBRARY

Word comes from Sherman Berg that the Lending Library is in operation. A number of books have come in and more have been promised.

As things are now planned, books and mags will go out on a round-robin basis. Listing will go with each book sent out, with a time limit set upon the length of time a member may hold a book. Beyond that limit, a 1¢ fine per day shall be put in effect.

A complete listing of available books and magazines will be made in the next issue of EXPLORER so that members may send in their reading wants. Again, if any member may have books or magazines that might be of interest to other members and if any member is willing to contribute them to the library, they will be very welcome.

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#### ELECTIONS

Very soon all eligible members of ISFCC will be receiving their ballots for the coming elections. There will be a number of amendments to be voted upon, so read them carefully. Each member, as a part of the whole, determines the way in which ISFCC continues through his or her vote.

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TALK I S F C C to your friends --- get 'em to join. A free sub to EXPLORER for five signed up members. If you've already subscribed, your sub goes on for a year longer.

(2)

\* THE EXPLORER \*

Published bi-monthly by and for the I.S.F.C.C.

Editor: Ed Noble, Jr. Girard, Penna.

Rates: 10¢ per copy 50¢ per year

\* Spring is here, and so is the April issue of the EXPLORER, perhaps not as colorfully as the crocus nor the violet, but we do hope it has improved with the passing of the months. There is the possibility of art work coming in, maybe with the next issue, if we've made our gadget right.

\* You'll note that this issue has a few more of those things called pages - more stories - more articles - all of which indicates a healthy and growing club.

There isn't much else we can say but a hearty "thanks" for the membership support thus far -- we hope it continues and improves.

FAN-FARE-WELL

It's no longer a news item that Edgar Rice Burroughs started out on a new trail and won't be putting out Tarzan or John Carter or Pellucidar or Venusian tales to entertain the reading public, but while he was here he did a good job and will not be forgotten too soon. In the s-f field he'll be classed as a pioneer, along with Verne and Wells and Lovecraft and Merritt and others.

The last "30" has been put down on an ERB tale, but they'll stay on for a long time.

LOOKING OVER THE PAGES: The following have been received by EXPLORER since the last issue:

ALEMBIC - a pleasantly mimeo'd job by Norman Ashfield, 27 Woodland Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey, England---general chatter, fiction and verse. You can get three issues by sending one US pro-mag to Ashfield, it says -- and worth it.

NIRVANA - H. K. Bulmer, 84 Drayton Park, Highbury, London N.5, Eng. - A small 'zine nicely done. Half in prose - half in verse. No rate information.

FAN-FARE - Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Rd., North Tonawanda, NY - 15¢ per copy. A new one in the field and done on hecto. Fiction and book reviews -- reads pretty well and could go places.

X-RAY - The O-O of the Universal Musketeers. Info, write Ron Friedman, 1980 E. 8 St., Brooklyn 23, NY -- contains numerous plugs for other outfits, including ISFCC for which many thanks. Monthly. 10¢ per copy.

THE OUTSIDER - a Hecto done for S. A. P. S. by Wrai Ballard, Blanchard, N. D. Interesting article on rockets back in 1814. Elegant cover.

SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS - of the SFS, 84 Drayton Park, Highbury, London N.5, Eng. News of the Sciency Fantasy Society, London Circle, articles, and reviews. Good pocket-size 'zine

SLANT - 170 Upper Newtonards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland - one of the best - you can get it for pro-zines, it says, and well worth that. "Swordsmen of Varnis" a masterpiece in the Spring Issue

SASFFR - C. T. Beck, PO BOX 877, Grand Cent. Sta., NYC 17, NY - deals with non-fiction articles and reviews. Printing should be better when the paper improves - can use material and members. Write C. T. Beck for information.

ENQUIRY - sent by Arthur Millward - a UK pro-zine. Articles and reviews of oddity, s-f, and general items. This one will be available as long as it holds together through the Lending Library, to which it is being sent.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

As a member of the ISFCC and an EXPLORER reader and now Pen Pal Dep't head I would like to invite all of you members and non-members who seek correspondents to send me their names and addresses, descriptions, ages, hobbies, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Your name will be entered in the Pen Pal Dep' Book and a list of all others will be mailed to you, or should one ask for a possible correspondent meeting age and hobby specifications, specific names could be sent from the master files.

Each month lists will be printed in EXPLORER

So, from the East, West, North, South, Canada, all the Americas, and all other continents, let me hear from you. But please enclose your stamped envelope.

BILL JOHNSON  
PO Box 1041  
WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA

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The day for having paid your income tax is past.

Spring is here and you won't need to buy so much coal or oil or gas.

Maybe, if you haven't subscribed to EXPLORER, you may be able to scurry around and locate ten nickels, five dimes, two quarters, or a half a buck for a year's subscription. Here's that blank again:---

THE EXPLORER

c/o Ed Noble, Jr., Girard, Penna.

I'd like to get my copy of THE EXPLORER regularly. Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies. (Rates: 10¢ per copy, 50¢ per year)

I should like to read the following things in THE EXPLORER (Comments, please)

Name:  
Address

(DON'T SEND STAMPS)

One of the members of ISFCC has suggested that others of the club send in items of oddities that may have occurred in their lives, and submits this episode as an "ice breaker". Have any of you had experiences to equal or rival this? Send 'em in and for the moment read about---

A SCARE IN THE PYRAMIDS - Arthur Millward, 70 Leicester Rd. off Queen's Rd.  
Cheetham, Manchester 8, England

When the Armistice was signed in 1918 we were camped just about three miles the other side of Gaza. In approximately six weeks time we received orders to proceed to Cairo, to the great joy of everyone. Apart from Cairo being a great place for entertainment, food, drink, etc., I was looking forward to seeing the wonderful Eastern sights such as the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and the Dead Cities.

I had not been in Cairo two days before I made the long awaited trip to the Pyramids. They are a wonderful sight and they and their surroundings simply emanate mystery and the supernatural. I had heard that one could go inside the Great Pyramid, but had been advised not to do so because, at that time, the East was the East and the natives were not always to be trusted. However, I was twenty one and adventuresome. I wanted to say that I had been in the Pyramid. So I climbed up the large stones of which the Pyramids are composed, each stone much bigger than a man, eventually reaching the opening that led into the pyramid itself.

Seated outside this opening were two Egyptians -- guides, I assumed. Sure enough, they were, and one offered his services for the price of ten piastres -- for this he would take me right to the center of the pyramid, to the tomb of the Pharaoh Cheops. I accepted his services. Taking off my boots and slinging them over my shoulder, I prepared to follow him into the dark interior. He had a rather short (I thought) candle in his hand. Well, we went downhill, yard by yard, for I cannot say how many yards, I carefully setting my heels into the dents of the limestone and following my guide with his little candle. Then we made a turn. After that we made many turns -- right -- then left -- until I lost all sense of direction and was completely lost. But for the guide's candle it would have been, of course, pitch dark. I was completely at his mercy and he could have cut my throat without anyone knowing, and I doubt if I would have ever been found. However, he did not do so, and eventually we reached the center of the pyramid. The chamber which had once been the tomb of one of the Pharaohs was awesome and eerie in the flickering yellow flame of the candle.

Then came the return journey. It was climbing this time -- but what worried me was that the candle was getting dangerously low! There was hardly an inch left!

"Good heavens," I thought, "if that darned thing goes out, I've had it! ~~xxx~~ I'm completely lost and at this dirty blighter's mercy!" Then it came. OUT WENT THE CANDLE! I nearly fainted. I couldn't see a thing! Talk about the blackness of space -- this was black! The guide had gone deadly quiet. I did not know which way to turn. I knew he was about a yard above me on the incline, waiting -- but waiting for what? Then he spoke.

"Candle ma fis (finished)" he said. I didn't answer. I couldn't. "Gibbut twannah piastre." Blackmail, I thought. All was still jet blackness, and don't forget that I was actually in a tomb -- no need to say how quiet it was!

"All right -- give twenty piastres," I managed to say. I would give anything.

"Gibbut now." The ultimatum came from the blackness.

"I give when I can see," I said. Then, to my utter relief--beyond words--there was the flare of a match, and there was the guide with a new candle which he had just lit. Well, I can't say just what I thought about the black devil -- no words can describe my feelings -- but I kept my mouth shut. I wanted to see the light of day. He started to move up, after some more arguing, and somehow I managed to keep him on the move. Threats, promises, showing him coins -- anything as long as he kept going. After making several turns I could see, in the distance, a very small speck of daylight. But I knew what it was -- it was the OUTSIDE, where I wanted to be. So I kept pushing the guide forward despite his protesting and shouting of "Gibbut twannah piastre--". I constantly replied with "Gibbut soon", pushing him up until the speck of light grew larger and larger. I knew as long as I kept that light in view I was safe, candle or no candle.

I will leave to your imagination as to what state I was in when I got outside, and what I said to that son of a satan, and what I gave him. When I stopped shaking I put on my boots again and then I took after him.

I shall never forget that experience -- I shall never forget the blackness that descended when that candle went out. Believe me, BOF's, that was really dark! And I was in a tomb---

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#### NEW MEMBERS of the ISFCC

Miss Dorothea Keller, 312 Elm St., Gardner, Massachusetts

Mrs. Doreen House, 3 Gladstone Rd., Heavitree, Exeter, Devon, England

#### CHANGES of ADDRESS

Edith Robertson, Box 62, Ewart, Michigan

It's almost EASTER time --- help out a youngster who wants to explore the future by buying EASTER SEALS.

The Next Issue of "EXPLORER" will be ready for you by June 1  
If you want it -- make sure of it by subscribing if you have  
not already done so.

"THE LAST BARD"

Oh, who's to sing as I pluck the strings  
And turn my face up to the sky?  
All the rest are dead, and I shake my head,  
And moan, and wonder why.

As far I can see no man there be--  
I'm alone in a world of the dead.  
From the land of my birth every land of the Earth  
Has felt my fevered tread.

I search the land for that thing so grand--  
A companion for my gloom,  
I sing as I go, though my heart is low  
As I face the coming doom.

I was young and gay when the world turned grey  
Upon that terrible morn,  
When my friends all dropped and death no'er stopped  
'Til I was left alone to mourn.

Now I'm all alone and as I roam  
My voice rings long and loud;  
But there's none to hear and none to care  
And I wonder: "Where's the crowd?"

Then I know they're dead and I hang my head,  
Still my voice, and softly cry.  
I vow to search the land for a living man  
Until the day I die.

As I rove along I sing my song  
But there's none that's left to hear;  
And I write my verse with a muttered curse--  
The last bard left down here.

Frank E. McNamar  
Granger, Missouri

SOUTH AFRICA CALLS --

From Allen Newton, 114 E. 25th St., Baltimore 18, Maryland, comes a request of ISFCC members interested in stamp collecting. He would like to know if some members should want to correspond with South Africans who want to swap letters with others. Should there be any interested, please send your name and address to: Allen Newton, 114 E. 25th St., Baltimore 18, Maryland.

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FIRST ATTEMPT --- by Cpl. William S. Vernon, USMC

In the large space cruiser Xnert passed a hand across his forehead and pressed the switch of the video-screen that would put him in contact with the home base. Five years ago, he and twenty others had blasted off from an obscure, and as yet undiscovered, planet of the far reaches of the solar system. It was to be the first expedition to the planet known as Earth. Now, after hardship and deprivation it seemed as if the goal was to be reached at last. As the face of the Galactic Council president sprang into bold relief on the screen it was with a sigh of relief that Xnert reported seeming success in their first interplanetary venture.

"It looks as if, within a few days at the most, we will be within the Earth's atmosphere, and our mission will have been successful. What are your orders?"

A smile of success covered the face of the old man whose wrinkled features beamed out from the screen, and he spoke in an excitement: "Select a suitable landing place and contact the inhabitants immediately upon landing. Use a maximum of caution, however, Captain, as they will no doubt be unfriendly at the outset."

"Yes, sir," replied Captain Xnert. "I will use the utmost caution -- have no fear of that. Too much depends upon the outcome of this to risk failure." The Captain switched off the video and settled into his seat for a last-minute check of instruments before retiring. The long trip would soon be over.

. . . . .

The Captain awoke with a start at the sound of someone hammering at the door and shouting his name. He sprang to his feet and rushed into the passage where the ship was in a state of wild confusion. The alarm bell jangled sharply. Rushing to the Control Room he encountered a young lieutenant who reported in a shaking voice that there seemed to be something wrong with the tubes as the ship was losing power and dropping. Xnert brushed past the officer and his eyes scanned the maze of instruments. Slowly his back straightened and he turned to the crew.

"The tubes are melting, men, and beyond repair in flight. Our one chance is to put the ship down on the body whose gravitational influence started this. Perhaps the tubes can be repaired there. Return to your stations and prepare for an emergency landing."

As the men rushed to their various posts the Captain took his position and began the task of trying to bring the ship down with the least amount of damage.

The surface of the red planet seemed to hurtle up at them until it filled the entire viewport. As the Captain made one last desperate attempt to slow their speed the ship hit with a rending crash. Plates buckled outward -- fuel tanks exploded with a roar that hurled fragments of wreckage for miles.

In an obscure observatory on Earth, two Japanese astronomers gesticulated wildly as their telescope picked up the Martian picture. Something had exploded there on Mars, and the two men watched for long moments and then hastened to contact the outside world to tell them of what had happened. Eventually it was written in the records that a meteor had struck the Martian surface and had exploded. It was forgotten soon by all save a few.

On the small planet that was the home base of the first expedition to Earth an old man slowly stood up and snapped the 'off' switch of the video. Shaking his head with bitter disappointment he shuffled out of the room to announce that the first attempt to reach Earth had ended in disaster. Perhaps they would try again--only time would tell.

# # # # #

A little mood music of "Valse Triste" and Danse Macabre, maestro, while we bring to you---

THE OLD MAN -- by Lawrence Licht, 33 Post Ave., New York

The little old man creaked, and shuddered, then finally rose from his sleeping place along the slimy, cobbled walls of the passage. All around him it was in shambles -- an ancient storm sewer, untenanted and unnoticed. Light came in feebly through scraggly cracks in the roof. The air was damply musty and sloven.

He shuffled around and looked suspiciously at his surroundings as if to catch someone spying on him. Then he turned quickly and sped down the passageway.

He ran like a rat, crouching and darting.

Food...food..that was what he needed...nourishment..warmth, something inside to warm him. Where could he get it? Where? He was too old and weak to be active.

Outside it was raining, not cleanly in droplets, but as a mist, descending with a sticky, enveloping wetness. The ground was soaked, spongy, and doughy, giving with each step.

He moved on, searching for food. His shoes were mud--his feet cold--his hands numb--and still he went on. Warmth--he needed warmth --to feel something warm in his mouth -- to be warm -- to be no longer hungry.

Finally he gave up. It was time to go back--back to sleep - to rest - it was late.

Back he went, hungry and empty, back to the sewer, his only refuge. He had passed his prime. Once it was that he could get food, drink, and anything that he wanted. He had been young, once. He had joined others. They held parties -- had fun. Then it had been marvelous.

He had led them once - instructed them - told them what to do. He was once powerful. If he were only like that now! Big, strong, handsome, worthy of anything.

Now he was old and small and u-g-l-y.

He went back to sleep.

A harsh voice disturbed the quiet. "Okay, Pop -- let's go. On yer feet!" The old man awoke with a start. He sprang up. There was still some life left in him.

"This is a nice place y' got y'self - far away from everywhere - all alone. Just right for me. They're looking for me, but I got away. I c'n stay right here and nobody'll know. Nobody'll get me. Y're goin' to have company, Pop. I'm it!"

"Pop" remained silent and thoughtful.

"Must say y're not much've a friend - no talkin' - no nuttin' - what is with y' anyhow?" Pop did not answer. He didn't even look up. He was thinking --

"Well, if y' needs y' sleep that much and wanna be that way, I guess I'll turn in, too." He half stifled a yawn. He situated himself in a dry corner far from the old man, a spot commanding a view of the passageway.

Soon he was snoring, curled up like a baby in sleep.

The old man awoke. It was night still. Now he was afraid. This criminal was a threat to his slight security. He might be killed, discovered--almost anything.

He wanted strength--and with it, food. The food would give him strength. After he had strength he would go away -- to his friends. There he would feel young again, and happy, and gay. What a time they would have!

But he needed food - food for strength.

The criminal - he had some. Yes, he had some, but he is strong. If he should discover -- if he should find out--AND he might find out! Then there would be no going back to friends -- no youth again -- no life.

"But I need nourishment -- I'm scared. I'm not what I used to be - big, strong. I don't have the courage - but I must try!"

He did try.

He inched closer and closer to the body of the sleeping man. He was silent, used to being silent. He moved slowly, trailing in the slime on the cobblestones. Not too fast --- the man might awaken.

His clothes were soaked, soaked from the water of the sewer and from the sweat of nervous tension. The muck of the sewer wreathed him in its stench but he did not mind.

The sleeping man snored on. Then..he turned over.

The old man froze.

The sleeping man continued to snore.

Again the old man crawled on, driven now by the victory close at hand. He had not even to hunt--his prey was here, here by its own motivation. Finally his unquenchable hunger and thirst would be satisfied. He would not wait for some time.

At last he could reach out and touch the figure. He came closer, to hover -- then he dropped down and buried his teeth in the thick neck.

The criminal slept --- and just kept on sleeping--forever.

The old man settled down. He was content. He was strong. He would rejoin his friends. There would be laughter, strength, and death ---

He took a nap.

" | " | "

Ezekiel Saw the Wheel, 'Way Up in the Middle of the Air --  
But I don't think this was the one he saw, for it is--

THE HIGH WHEEL

by Bing Clarke

There was once a wheel. It was huge and colored the customary black. Nothing unusual -- except that this wheel hung in the air where it revolved slowly, slowly. So slowly that the human eye could never detect its movement, no matter how long one watched. Yet it revolved, steadily and surely, as systematically as a precision watch.

No one knew from whence it came nor how long it had been there. Some said, in their wise ways, that it had been there for eternity, since Time and the world were young. Few cared to argue about it. It had been an essential part of their lives since they could remember. It was accepted - rarely questioned, no more nor no less than the sun that shone above the wheel, or the majestic peaks visible from afar, or the driving winds, or the falling of the rains.

Yet it was reputed, from a tale handed down by father to son through dusty ages, that this phenomenon had a special purpose. It was whispered that it should foretell some event of cataclysmic import -- something inexplicable.

Man had waited and wondered. And as time rolled on, pursuing the dust, the story of the wheel's origin was forgotten in legend, but its purpose was not.

The little village over which it hung changed but little with age. The homes were still of straw and clay and mortar; the crops were the same; the fields were sown and resown with golden wheat and barley; life was the same -- so was the Wheel.

Then, a man, endowed with the greater capacity for seeing than his fellows, began to seek the answer to the "why" of the wheel. In his home beyond the village he studied diligently, by day and by night. He did not finish until he had found the answer.

It was so simple. He wondered why no one had discovered it before. Yet it frightened him that this time-lost secret was so simple. But, because he had the answer he could tell others.

He hastened to spread the answer, this discoverer of the wheel's riddle. His home was beyond the shadow of the wheel and he hurried toward the village. It was late afternoon, approaching evening.

He ran until he reached the shadow of the wheel -- then he pitched forward. They found him in the morning. They came and put him in a box. They dug a hole and put the box deep in the ground and covered it up with formal ceremony.

The wheel still turns ----

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This third issue of EXPLORER seems to hold little of good fortune for the future of mankind, We are sorta dickering with the author of PIONEER ON THE PLANET P-U to allow his epic grace these pages. How 'bout it, Jackson?

John Carter, can't you keep your Barsoomians at home?

THE FANATIC by Ron Lyons

They called him fanatic ... Fanatic ... FANATIC ... Oh, well, it didn't matter now... It couldn't ... it was too late. In less than five minutes it would be all finished. Earth would be no more.

Jeff Lanson had started to have those dream-visitations about a year ago. They told him they would make him the ruler of Earth if he didn't talk. There was more materialistic stuff than mere whisperings --- there was gold. But Jeff didn't want to listen. He went out to tell the world.

But the world refused to believe his stories. The world didn't want to listen, and the world put him in a sanitarium. Bug-eyed monsters didn't exist - impossible!

Impossible --- ha! At this moment THEY were entering the Earth's atmosphere. Perhaps ten seconds remained. Jeff did not care ... the world had refused to believe him ... so he had joined the monsters from Mars and had listened. He would rule the Earth!

.....

The impact of the landing roacked all the world. A year later and two billion slaves bowed. Two monsters flanked a throne, and between them, on the throne, sat the ruler. Two billion slaves felt their daily impact - their lashing - the rays screened out and they cried out as they went about their daily appointed tasks.

And only one Earthman laughed - - the Fanatic.

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## TRADING CORN...ERR

Richard Elsberry, 413 E. 18th St., Minn'polis

I didn't intend to editorialize in this column, but something has got my goat. Often, in letterzines and elsewhere, you read of crooked dealers. But is not too often that one has dealings with these 'so-called crooked dealers'--fandom as a whole is pretty trustworthy. But once in awhile...! Recently I bought some ASF I needed for my collection. The price was about right and he said they were in very good condition. After three weeks of anxious waiting I got 'em. One came in two pieces and the others were pretty well beaten up. I don't consider this shape as "condition--good." They were worthless to fill the gaps in the collection. I had to buy the mags from someone else. This guy was not an ISFCC'er. This is the first time I've been taken and I feel sorta bad about it. Maybe some of you have had a similar experience and are a little leary of buying books and mags by mail. I don't think you'll have to worry about buying or swapping with ISFCC'ers, but if you think you've been cheated in any way or the books or mags are misrepresented, drop me a card and I'll do what I can about squaring things. However, I don't think you'll have any trouble with the members who list their trade wants and sales and swaps in this column.

Maybe some of you don't know it, but you can get some fine book service from two members, W. C. Butts and Lee Blatt. And here's a plug for our librarian, Sherm Berg. If you've got any books that you'd like to send to the library for others to read, the library will grow.

Here's the main part of the column, the latest in swaps and sales and seekings. I feel kind of bad about not be able to put down all the mag lists that I have, but they'd take up pages and this is not a trade 'zine. Don't let this stop you from sending 'em in, though. If anyone wants mags you have, I can put them in contact with you. If any members want mags, write to me or to the ones who offer 'em and you'll get a complete list.

## SWAPS

Cply Bill Vernon, Marine Flag All., Comdr 1st Fleet, c/o FPO, San Diego: Bill wants to trade "A Treasury of Science Fiction" for nearly any good STF book.

LARRY SAUNDERS, 170 Washington Ave., Stamford, Conn.: will trade any two of the books he has for any ONE \$3 Arkham House in mint shape. He has NEEDLE, THE BIG EYE, PEBBLE in the SKY, WALDO & MAGIC in mint condition.

BOB HOSKINS, Lyons Falls, NY - wants to swap English edition of THE WORLD BELOW for another book or mags.

BRUCE LANE, 1630 Old Shapee Rd. E, Minn'polis, Minn -- wants to swap Sherlock Holmes and works of A. C. Doyle, PAUSE TO WONDER, and some p-b's for what have you. Also wants SLAN -- will swap mint, autographed DOUBLE SHADOW for SLAN

FREDRICK MCLEAN, Box 371 Anacortes, Wash. - Has recent mags (1949) and some p-bs that he wants to trade - complete list can be received from either of us.

TOM COVINGTON, 315 Dawson St., Wilmington, NC - has STF mags (1949) to swap for other STF. Write him or me for list.

FRANK E MCNAMAR, Granger, Missouri - has STF mags from '40 - '49 and from ASF to WT. Write for list. Frank can use almost any STF before '45.

EVA FIRESTONE, Upton, Wyoming - has following books and mags for swap: STRANGE CONFLICT, RETURN OF TARZAN, also Eng. Unknowns, New Worlds, Operation Fantast, and the Psychic Observer.

## SALE

STANLEY CROUCH, Sterling, Virginia - Stan has a great collection of SF mags for '48 and '49 that he is willing to sell at 10¢ and 15¢ any 6-10¢ mags for 50¢ and any 7-15¢ mags for 90¢ Write for list. A good chance to fill in your collections.

EVA FIRESTONE, Upton Wyoming - many second-hand books in fair condition for 15¢ - 30¢ Write her for list.

BEA GLASS, 97 Baker St., Dover, NJ - many mystery and best sellers.

RICH ELSBERRY - I have some ERB TARZANS @ 40¢ ea.

## WANTS

STANLEY CROUCH - wants the '45 Amazing of Shever's I REMEMBER LEMURIA

BILL BUTTS, 2058 E. Atlantic St., Philadelphia, Pa. - Wants ERB TARZAN titles.

Send him your lists of what you have in good condition.

BOB WALTON, Rockport, Ill. - wants Haggard's AYESHA in good condition. Also has a year ('48) of BLUE BOOK to swap for SF.

JACK CUTHBERT, Box 1736, Pittsburgh, Pa - wants to buy or trade ASF, '42-3-4

GLEN PRICE, Rt. 3, Box 119, Poulsbo, Wash. - Wants any of Capt. FUTURE and needs \$5 before '48 and TWS before Feb '49. Also wants TIME TRAP.

EVA FIRESTONE - Upton, Wyo. - wants p-bs of FOX WOMAN and THE BLACK WHEEL. Also Strand Magazine for Nov. 1949, containing the Rhine article.

Well, that's that. Keep sending 'em in. With elections coming up, here's hoping I'll be in this Trading Corn...err again next issue. Ghu-bye.

\* \* \* \*

SECRETARY'S COLUMN - See'y Paul Ganley

Ed tells me that the response thus far had been gratifying, though hardly universal. So, you who read this, if you haven't sent in your subscription, can we look for your future support?

Down to business: Remember Fred Remus' two items in the first issue, about Dr. Rhine's experiments with the mind? Thus far there's only been ONE offer to aid in the experiments, Bill Vernon. Come on, now --- how 'bout it?

Another thing: There has been just about as much response to the request for self-nominations for officers. The first ballot of six offices carried nine nominees. I hope there'll be more interest in future elections!

Sec'y's Column - cont.

Sam Merwin, in Startling, gave EXPLORER a B rating, but EXP was only starting. With stories, verse, articles, and what-have-you from the members we should make that 'A' list

I'd like, at this point, to plug the forthcoming pro-printed amateur booklets soon to be released by Professional-Amateur Publications (comprised mostly of W. C. Butts and Franklin Dietz, both ISFEC'ers) There'll be six to a set, and of the best amateur work available. Pre-publication rate is \$1.50. This isn't a fanzine but a book deal.

And there's the AD-O-Zine, a pocket-size ad publication - to get it, send two 2¢ stamps to Bill Butts. To advertise - 30¢ per 4x6 page.

Other 'zines worthy of mention: Dave Hammond's INCUBUS, Sid Gluck's SKYLARK, and the Briney-Close CATAclysm, the latter a poetry 'zine and wanting contribs. Write me for info if interested.

New pro-mags out, too: FUTURE and WONDER STORY ANNUAL. Perma-books are out with Groff Conklin selection of s-f tales. Rog Phillips WORLDS WITHIN also out.

H-mm, how are we going to keep up with all these new developments?

W. Paul Ganley  
119 Ward Rd.  
N. Tonawanda, NY

#### KOLLECTOR'S KORNER

This column is, or should be, a means for hobbyists and collectors to get together. If you should have an item a fellow member could use, why not write that member? Others may, in turn, have something you want. So, here we go:

Mrs. WILMA DUNN, 94 Baker St., Dover, NJ - She collects antique demi-tasse cup sets as well as small china dolls.

Mrs. EVA FIRESTONE, Upton, Wyoming - Latches on to newspaper and magazine clippings of odd and rare phenomena. Let's keep a close watch for her.

RAY SHORT, 177 West St., Closter, NJ - Likes just about everything in records from Jones to Beecham, but can't stand be-bop. Also interested in photography.

CPL. WM. VERNON, Marine Flag Allow., Cndr. 1st Task Fleet, FPO, San Diego -- collects articles on odd occurrences, particularly Flying Saucers; interested in inter-planetary travel. Would like to contact anyone who enjoys scientific crime detection and police methods. (Write to Eva, Bill--)

ED NOBLE, Jr., Girard, Penna. - our erstwhile editor is one of varied tastes-- tops on the list, record collecting (See Ray Short)--next a camera bug -- also likes language study and theosophies sometimes. --

BOB MARTIN, Box 153, Iroquois, Ontario, Canada - Our neighbor is a phanatic about photography, enjoys astronomy, chemistry, and stamp collecting. Has quite an SF collection and works in an SF book-store.

ADDIE HUDDLESTON, 1820 Logan St., Cincinnati, O - is also a member of N3F and LORELEI - hobby is strictly SF and she collects 'zines and books. If anyone has the #1 issues of SLANT or LOKI, or a copy of LOST WORLDS by C. Ashton-Smith, please write to Addie. Also wants SNAKE MOTHER by Merritt.

STANLEY CROUCH, Sterling, Va. - seems his foremost hobby (besides ISFCC, natch) is a group called ENOSI. Stan can also offer special services on national prozines if you write him.

TERRY JEEVES, 46 Lister Cres., Gleadless, Sheffield, England - our foreign correspondent is a whiz at calculus, but still rates it 2nd to SF. Started his collection before the war and would like to get some '39-'40 SF mags. He also does a bit of art-work and is willing to swap s-f mags. Likes stamp collecting and ham radio. Why not drop him a line.

LARRY GAGE, Rt 4, Paris, Texas - His one hobby is reading and collecting famous SF stories. His favorites are FFM and FN and he's missed some editions.

W C BUTTS, 2058 E. Atlantic St., Phila., Pa - Quite an avid SF fan - collects books and has over 150. Wants a copy of ADVENTURE IN TIME by McCones either mint or good - will trade an original drawing by FAUL or buy if price is reasonable. Also publishes his own Ad-O-Zine and any can have a copy for 2-2¢ stamps.

ARTHUR MILLWARD, 70 Leicester Rd off Queen's Rd, Cheetham, Manchester 8, Eng.- Has offered to do the following for members. Will get their wants from England in stamps, mags, photos, papers, etc. Main hobby is collecting the unusual - the super natural or bizarre. Also has a century-old stamp collection with a number of duplicates which he will swap for mags.

DOREEN HOUSE, 3 Gladstone Rd., Heavitree, Exeter, Devon, Eng. - She has a different hobby - collecting pottery animals in colors - will swap for English souvenirs.

BILL JOHNSON, PO BOX 1041, Walnut Creek, Calif. - Collects Chinese Objets d'art-in other words anything native to China, as what-nots, pictures, etc. Also likes cameras and pictures.

RICH ELSBERRY, 413 E 18th St., Minneapolis, Minn -- Our trading mgr. is in keeping with his job - collecting mags, mainly Astounding and ASF - needs many back issues - if you have 'em, write to him. Also is a stamp collector.

LAWRENCE KIEHLBAUCH, Rt 2, Box 223, Billings, Montana - Here's the Big Wheel, chillun, but he's an OK Joe -hobby is making friends via the mails, and is an accordion enthusiast - collects records, and songs and sheet music for the squeeze box---

MICHAEL DeANGELIS, 302 E 38th St., NYC, NY - This gentleman is the leading light of a new job soon to be out called GARGOYLE - Good luck, Mike! He collects amateur mags and needs copies of PHANTAGRAPH, FANTASY MAGAZINE, GHOST, SF DIGEST, and SF CORRESPONDENT. His new mag will have lots of w.k. sff names



JACK SCHWAB - 58 Greene Blvd., Portsmouth, Va. is Librarian for Universal Musketees and his hobby would (ergo) be books -- has a 300 plus collection

PAUL GANLEY, 119 Ward Rd., North Tonawanda, NY - Our secretary is author of a zine called FAN-FARE - was a stamp collector at one time, but SF has since become first. Incidentally, Paul, do you still have the stamps. Perhaps some member may be interested in swaps. Has about 35 ERB titles and is a dyed-in-the-wool HOMO FANATICA -- has been reading S-F since 1947, which he considers a long time --- maybe I shouldn't let on that I've been an SF fan since 1927 --- sorta dates one, doesn't it?

BG--

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And here's a delightful little bit sent in by Chuck Harris, 90 Maxey Rd, Dagenham, Essex, England --- there is

ABSOLUTELY NO DECEPTION--

As a special treat Mr. Davidson had taken his wife and two children, John and Emily, to Coney Island for the day. The kids, replete with candy-fluff, ice cream, peanuts, and hamburgers were standing on the boardwalk, gazing in awe at an enormously fat man spiling the crowd toward his concession.

"Gather 'round - roll up!" he cried. "See M'Gombi, the albino wizard straight from the heart of mysterious Africa! Thrill to the unexplainable magic. See this first appearance in America of the one and the only M'Gombi----!"

Succumbing to the excited urgings of his children Davidson made his way to the ticket stand, bought tickets, and herded his little flock inside, to the front row of benches. When the tent was filled the lights were dimmed and the spectators hushed as the curtains were swished open.

In the middle of the stage was the great M'Gombi, clad in multi-colored robes and in feathered head-dress -- he was awe-inspiring. After demonstrating prestidigitation, conjuring, and fire-eating he worked up to the climax of his act. He strode to the center of the stage and addressed his audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for this, my final miracle, I shall saw a lady in half. Being unmarried myself, I shall require the assistance of a lady from the audience."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Davidson, who had always 'wanted to go on the stage' slipped from her seat and was standing by M'Gombi before her family knew what had happened.

"Thanks be to you, madam," bowed M'Gombi. "We are much indebted to you, but are you sure your family will not object?" He looked inquisitively at her husband and at her children.

"Not at all," laughed Davidson. John and Emily giggled. The audience cheered and applauded while Mrs. Davidson dimpled prettily and blushed.

M'Gombi pulled from the wings a long box faintly reminiscent of a coffin. He helped Mrs. Davidson into the box, which was so arranged that her feet stuck out from one end, and her head from the other. After closing the lid, he sawed her in half.

Mr. Davidson didn't mind because he had her insured, but the children were unhappy for a long time, and police made an awful fuss about it.

Our second hunk of poesy, from PHYLLIS KLEIN, 122 Howland St., Roxbury, Mass.---

A FANTASY

Envy and greed have conquered all--

Man's reign is over and he must fall.

What rules supreme on Earth, the stronger?

The ant is king, and man, no longer.

Upon man's world the sun's ray falls

And no man treads in Terra's halls--

Dark and deserted, ruined they stand

As monuments to that mortal band.

What knows the insect of joys and tears;

Of love - of hate - of hopes and fears?

Of God - Of Hell - Of wisdom and truth?

Of glory and fame; of age - of youth?

Ant, what do you leave this planet of insensates?

Music, or poems, or loves, and hates?

No, little people, I think not.

This planet of atoms and wars of greed

Belongs to man who must be freed.

Man's reign is over, but not an end.

Look out, little ones! Man's not your friend!

Once he crushed you 'neath his heel--

You were insignificant and could not feel.

Man's heritage is the hills, the trees,

The sky, the forest, the rivers, the breeze,

And there is nothing in nature left to you.

But what, of nature, interests you?

From man's servility a slave will come.

Rumor seeps from the ground - yes, hear the drum:

Man must be king on this, the Earth,

No other can encompass its girth

Back in the twentieth century

(As an old man has told it to me)

Men fought and bled and died

Because a tyrant so desired.

(cont. on next page)

Out in the desert learned man came  
 To end his dark and sinful game--  
 Weapons they had great and potent;  
 It was these arms so competent  
 That made the ant the king of all--  
 Man saw not his own decline and fall.  
 And now, in chains, we answer  
 The ant, our lord, our master.  
 We are born, we live, we die  
 In chains; no freedom here inside  
 These concrete yet intangible chains--  
 What good are man's strength and brains?  
 His pride refuses him tears,  
 But floods his mind with fears.  
 One among us - his child - his son  
 Will free us from this, our prison.  
 We look to the future for our freedom today--  
 Who among us can show us the way?  
 None among us gives reply--  
 The old one heaves a heavy sigh--  
 He remembers when we were gods--  
 Now we frighten at the paths we trod--  
 We're old and bent before our time,  
 Hands and faces covered with grime;  
 But we live and hope and plan -  
 Upon our thoughts they placed no ban.  
 In the days to come, they will fall--  
 Man must not weaken, groan, or pall;  
 Upon the world the sun's ray falls  
 And man shall walk in Terra's halls.

# # # # #

From Land, the Bruce, out Minneapolis way, cometh an informal discussion of formal and formidable stuff --

RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES

Before we delve into the subject, first, an explanation: an isotope is a form of an element which differs slightly in weight from the common form, but whose chemical properties are the same. Most elements have isotopes, but few are radioactive. Uranium 235, the 'boom' in the original A-bomb, was (and is) a lighter 'neurotic' form of standard Uranium. U-238 is common, raw, fissionable form.

SO, OK - now you dear people know what is an isotope. Those who knew beforehand will kindly keep quiet -- I am writing this.

The radioactive isotopes in use today are made so by bombarding stable elements with neutrons. If you do not know what a neutron is, go 'way. RI's are being used today quite a bit in cancer research and are 'fed' to the patient so that they concentrate at the point of the cancer. The cancer cells are thus bombarded from the inside. This advantage can be seen when considering deep cancers such as those of bones, lungs, stomach, etc. where the 'hard' X-rays necessary to penetrate to the cancer often injure the intervening tissues; radiation burns are notoriously slow in healing, which doesn't improve the condition of the patient any.

Usually radioactive isotopes don't exist naturally because, for the most part, they are too unstable. Those with the shorter "half-lives" are not found in nature, but U-235 is found. Its half-life is longer than most.

Radioactive isotopes are also being used as tracers. Carbon-14, combined with oxygen to form carbon dioxide is given to plants, and is traced with Geiger counters along its routes, points of concentrations, and excretions. Scientists hope in this way to unravel the mystery of photosynthesis. Other RI's such as phosphorus are fed through soil to plants, and routes are studied the same way to determine the best types of plant foods or fertilizers.

Lastly, RI's have their deadly use, too. In the form of radioactive dust they have become the most terrible and versatile weapons of war. (There's little need of talking about them too much -- just read the newspapers)

Hope you liked m' first literary effort. To those who don't, again I say "keep quiet" -- maybe you learned something --- and it's free, isn't it?

Bruce Lane  
 1630 Old Shakopee Rd. E  
 Minneapolis, Minnesota

PROFILES

RICK SNEARY, the VP of ISFOC (The spelling is Rick's).

I was born, July 6, 1927, in the same time I'm in now. I came into the vail of tears minus a few parts and a faulty ventilating system. As I wasn't sent with a garentee I had to stay. The first 16 years of my life were quite unaventfull. I studied at home, spent a little time on the desert, and devloped my mind by listening to the radio. When I was 16 I started reading s-f. The 1944 Spring issue of TWS was the first that I read; Planet and others soon followed. Seeing an opportunity to make friends and improve my spelling I started writing to names I saw in the magazines. I met my first fan in 1945, the year I joined NFFF. In 1946 I attended the Pacificon and was defeated in the NFFF election. I helped found Young Fandom and have held every post in it, noew President, as I am in NFFF. I was a founding member of S. A. F. S. and joined the F. A. F. A. in 1948, and was a key figger in the OUTLANDER SOCIETY. I issued two ill-fated general 'zines in my early days, but now confine my work to one of the APA's, or articles in other

'zines. I have a collection of over 500 mags, and 100 various books and p-b's. My primary interest in fandom is still the finding of friends. Fans are the only friends I have, and I will never have enough of them. I see no future and plan for none. Today is All, and the past and future but reflections of a dream.

\* \* \* \*

TAKEN FROM LETTERS:

BEN ABAS, Kennemerplein 23, Haarlem, Holland - Thanks for the mags that are coming. I received EXPLORER today--the story was clever - the twist in the last few sentences caught me napping.

DOT KELLER, 312 Elm St., Gardner, Mass.- A friend of mine told me the ISFCC was a good fan-club to belong to, so I wrote to Larry Kiehlbauch. His answer has convinced me -- I'll be looking forward to receiving the 'zine.

Mrs. JANIE LAMB, Heiskell, Tenn. - Thanks for the card and also EXPLORER - enjoyed both and would like to join ISFCC. I have the p-b version of FOX WOMAN but wanted the one finished by BOK - same size as THE BLACK WHEEL

FRANK E MCNAMAR, Granger, Missouri - I like Ray Rebel - if he keeps going it ought to be interesting all the way---this club and this mag can keep going only as we members keep it going. Let's give a big shove, gang, and make a grand go of this thing.

EDITH ROBERTSON, Box 62, Ewart, Michigan - I want to know more about Pritchard S Littlechip - how can I get a copy of FAN-FARE? (Hey, Paul--!) You should introduce the readers of EXPLORER to him...I should have joined a fan club long ago...now my way through fantasy land is cheered by letters from like-minded devotees---

BOB WALTON, Rock Port, Ill.- I like EXPLORER very much --- are there any members looking for someone to write to? I could write to a few more and would like to.

LARRY SAUNDERS, 170 Washington Ave., Stamford, Conn. - ENLARGE!! At least three fiction yarns an issue is possible!...Letter section -- larger --- more.

LARRY LICHT, 33 Post Ave., NYC 34, NY - The second ish is definitely good -- it has more of everything and a little more on the stories. The lending library sounds like a darned good idea.

\* \* \* \*

With this issue there's the opportunity to let you in on what to expect for the coming June EXPLORER -- look for Jack Cuthbert's "PIONEER OF PLANET PU", Wrai Ballard's PERFECTION, Bob Hoskins' MARTIAN INHERITANCE --- and if we can get the OK from "SLANT" maybe we'll have "The Swordsmen of Varnis" -- 'tis a classic! The hopeful negotiations are under way now---

There will be, as in past issues, RAY REBEL - discussions on Mythology by Toby Duane -- and whatever else members send in---

\* \* \* \*

Herein we carry our first formal ad --- Bill Butts asked us to insert a leaflet with the April issue, but because we're just about five days ahead of sked we'll put the announcement in thusly ---

PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS  
IS NOW TAKING  
PRE-PUBLICATION ORDERS FOR THE NEW  
BOOKLETS  
The COST for a SET of FIVE BOOKLETS  
IS ONLY \$1.50  
Send all orders to  
W. C. BUTTS  
2058 E. Atlantic St.  
Philadelphia, 34, Penna.

Articles of Interest if you haven't yet read them:

- READERS DIGEST - Condensation of "WORLDS OF COLLISION" - March, 1950
- CORONET - Picture series on ROCKET TRIP to VENUS - April, 1950 (or March?)
- TWO FLYING SAUCER articles - Jan. and March TRUE magazines
- For Archaeology fans and readers: The late Roman-early Christian findings under the Vatican - March 27 issue of LIFE

\* \* \* \* \*

WHY THE HEAVENLY BODIES ARE SO NAMED - by RAY REBEL  
(In the first issue, the sun and the moon were covered - in the second issue the planets were started, working outward from Mercury -- the last to be mentioned was our own pleasant little residence, the Earth --- we continue now with Mars and head toward the outer reaches--)

PLANET MARS NAMED for BLOOD-RED COLOR

The next planet after Earth in order of distance from the sun in modern astronomy (the ancients thought the planets and sun revolved about the Earth) is Mars. It is so named because of its blood-red color and has always been associated with the gods of death and destruction. Mars was first named in ancient Babylonia, and like the other four planets recognized there, was identified with a great god of their pantheon.

The Babylonian priests, who thought the movements of the planets represented activities of the particular gods, identified Mars with Nergal, their god of war.

Nergal, represented as a lion-headed god, was first regarded as god of the noon-day sun (destroyer of man) and ruler of the dead in the Babylonian "hell".

Mars - Cont.

The Greeks later associated Mars with Ares, their blood-thirsty god of battles, and finally the Romans named it Mars for their flaming god of war.

The Romans believed he was the legendary father of Romulus, the founder of Rome. The blood-red planet was thus particularly revered by the Romans.

#### JUPITER, BIGGEST PLANET, HONORS CHIEF GOD

Jupiter, next after Mars in distance from the sun, is named thus because it is the largest and most majestic of the planets. Naturally it took the name of the highest or chief god (lord of creation) in every pantheon since the dawn of history.

The ancient Babylonians, first to name the planets, associated it with Lord Marduk (Bel-Merodach), supreme deity. Lord Marduk was supposed to have created not only the heavens and earth, but also the constellations and planets. After that he was then supposed to have created man out of blood and/or clay.

Marduk began as an unimportant local sun-god (Asaru). After the Babylonians came into power the priests rewrote the theology to make Marduk the lord of all creation. Marduk was also known as "Young Bull, the Sun."

As the planet Jupiter, he was known as Shulpae before the 22nd century BC. The Greeks transferred the attributes of Marduk to their chief god, Zeus, and finally the Romans elected Jupiter as their highest divinity, this, apparently because he could hurl thunderbolts with the accuracy of a big-league pitcher. They thought the majestic and slow-moving Jupiter to be a lucky star.

#### SATURN NAMED FOR SLOW MOTION

Saturn, most remote of the planets known to the ancients, was so named because it was the slowest, but the association with time, from the Greek god Cronus, is an error; the chief association down the ages is agriculture.

The Sumerian religion of Babylon and Assyria identified the planet with Ninurta, primarily a war god. Ninurta championed the gods of order against the dragons of chaos or darkness, and, having chained the dragons, created the universe and man. But, after the attributes of Ninurta were usurped by Marduk (Jupiter), Ninurta became a relatively unimportant god of agriculture and harvest.

The Greeks associated him with Cronus, likewise first born of heaven and earth, who tried to rule the universe, but was foiled by Zeus, his son. His name was confused with Chronos (time), so by mistake he became a "Father Time."

This harvest god was identified by the Romans with Saturnus or Saturn, deity of sowing. The Latins regarded Saturn as unlucky star - a most melancholy and malevolent planet.

\* \* \* \*

At just about this point we bring the third issue of EXPLORER to a close --- there will be more Ray Rebel material in the next issue, thanks to Ray's coming through with adequate copy for the next couple of issues. We must remind ourselves to ask him for some dope on Icarus, the little gadget that has a perihelion of 17,000,000 miles, closer than that of Mercury --

All responsibility for the appearance of this issue must rest upon these shoulders this time because 'tis printed without the guidance of the Nat'l Radio Club, whose help has been vastly appreciated in previous issues. We hope all of it may be legible and may be liked. And so, again, we give you another

-30-

THE EXPLORER  
c/o Ed Noble, Jr.  
Girard, Penna.

TO:

W. H. Ballard

Blanchard

North Dakota

PRINTED MATTER



GIRARD