

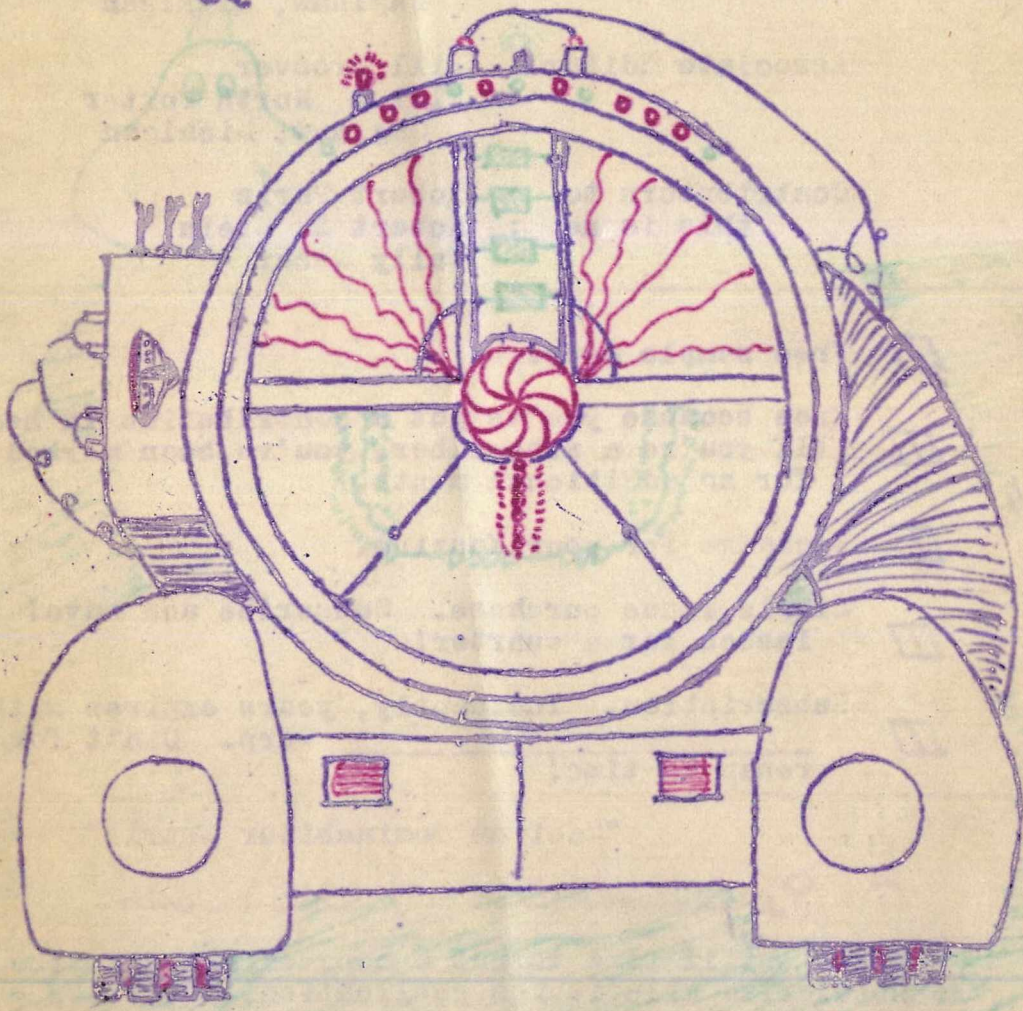
Botts

1947

THE FLEWARK

Vol. I No. 6

SEPTEMBER 1947



GROOVER

SPACEWAR

Vol. 1 - No. 6

September, 1947

Two Cents

Published by : Arthur W. Sapp
2120 Bay Street
Lansing, Michigan

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113 North Porter
Lansing, Michigan

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Is Our Face Red!

ordered as all to hell, but we really pulled a snafu on the last issue of Spaceways.

The article "General Semantics and the Scientific Method" was written by Don Gratton, instead of Donn Brazier, as the by-line stated.

Also, the illustrations on pages 7 and 17 were drawn by Robert Nelson.

Thanks to Bob Stein for calling the above errors to our attention.

THE DOME IN THE DESERT

CHAPTER 1 To Mars

The spaceship hurtled silently through the everlasting night of space. Behind Earth and familiar things; ahead lay the red Planet, mysteriously and unknowingly. There were two occupants, one young, one not so young. The former set

BY ROBERT PARIS

now in the control chair, staring at the stars and reflecting on the fate that had let him, George Benton, win the round-the-world-in-24-hour stratosphere race which nominated him for this, man's first try for another planet. The moon, airless and sterile, had been conquered two years before, in 1950.

The second occupant lay in the vessel's only bunk, fast asleep. Professor Hugh Instead, chemist and inventor of Nitrolene, the powerful rocket fuel which made this trip possible.

The ship hurtled on. Oh, now the gods of space must have laughed at this thing which did not follow an orbit like the other bodies!

Benton turned a bronze head as instead entered the control cubby. "Sir, will you check your braking calculations? I've been feeling Mars gravity for the last three hours."

"Right, George." He busied himself over his instruments.

"Hmmm. get this -- the switch-

over must begin in exactly -- ahh -- six hours and thirteen minutes, deceleration simultaneous.

Benton made a note. "Got it. Get some sleep and grub son." Instead said, "It's my watch."

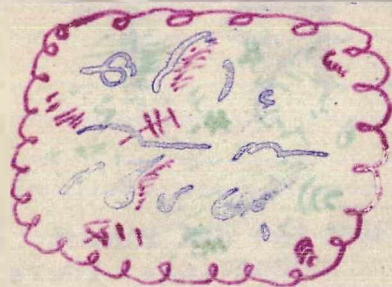
"Right, Hugh."

Only when he stood up did Benton realize how tired he was. Already the pull of the Red Planet was making itself felt.

He stumbled over to the food cabinet and got a protein bar, which he munched slowly and washed down with a few sips of water. Then he lay down on the bunk vacated by the professor. The last thing he heard was the roar of the bow jets, changing the course a bit...

Benton was awakened by Instead's head on his shoulder. "Zero hour, George," he said. "Now we either land successfully or get a bronze plaque back at the Smithsonian."

Benton followed the professor to the control seats, took his place at the board. Instead watched the chronometer for a while, suddenly threw the right bow jets on half, then full. The sudden change punched them like fists. The ship swung around as though on a pivot, so that now the main driving jets pointed directly at the planet.



al: "Ready to invade, sir."

The Admiral by this time was to all intents and purposes a middle-aged Earthman named Tom Christian.

"We will land in the sector known as North Dakota," he told the Navigator. "Equipment will be disembarked before passengers." To his fellow-travelers, the pulsing yellow of Tom's aura as he spoke indicated extreme dissatisfaction with the idea of invading any inhabited planet.

The ground crew was out the hatches almost before the ship hit the earth. With practiced speed they camouflaged the big hull to look like part of the brush-covered mountainside.



Meanwhile the officers stood silently beside the main hatch and peered into the darkness through which vague and mysterious shapes seemed to loom menacingly.

A coyote howled in the distance and the aliens huddled

closer together. The moon lanced briefly through the scudding cloud-drift, splattering the barren land with inky shadows.

The creatures, who like men, talked like men, did not think like men, wished heartily that they had never landed on this God-forsaken planet.

Soon the sky became brighter in the east, colors appeared on the horizon, and soon a blazing sunrise lifted their spirits. The pinnacles and rugged rocks took on some of the dawn-color, and soon the crew were laughing and joking among themselves. It felt good to be on land on a day like this.

It was good to see trees and green-growing things, even though their shapes were odd but Tom didn't feel entirely happy about it. Earth was another race's planet, was never meant for them. Would his people find happiness as a minority on a planet where they didn't belong? His aura glowed gloomily blue, and the others caught his mood of doubt.

In accordance with Plan A-7, the aliens dispersed across the continents of Earth, rapidly becoming proficient in their human disguises, and in a few years becoming respected citizens of their adopted



He now began to feel fuel to them, giving them all they would take. Despite the recoil seats, Benton felt as though the weight of a world were pressing on his body. Everything was by instruments now, as visibility was denied them. Benton watched a meter which said 'Feet in Thousands' The needle crept across the face--nine, eight, seven. The pressure was beginning to let up now, six, five, four. He felt as if he were floating three, two, one, suddenly a jar shaking him to the bones. They were down!

CHAPTER 2

The Dome in the Desert

The Space Team II lay near a corner of the Martian canal system, for canals they had proven to be built by intelligent beings and lined with a dark brick, darker than the

red sands.

The two men had been hard at work sampling and cataloging the few things of interest to the scientific world back on Earth, so far away. The only plant life, a sort of tumbleweed which accompanied the coher sand on its endless trip around the barren globe. The sand and the material of the canals. That was all!

Of the Martians, they found only one sign. Benton's keen eyes had seen it before instead. They had just left the ship, stepping down at the same time so that each might have an equal share of the glory. They were clad in oxygen helmets, for the thin air was not breathable.

"Look!" He pointed to a peak on the horizon, "A building!"

Instead used his binoculars. "No, a dome. His face lighted with interest. "That will

be our first stop, my boy."
They left for the dome next day, carrying three days' food supply.

The dome had a diameter of some hundred feet, and a height of seventy-five, made of some bluish metal.

It had no entrance, or so they thought at first. Benton could hear a humming inside by putting his ear to it.

"Like a dynamo" he thought.

"What now, prof?" he asked.

"How we drill. We'll cut a door."

They didn't, though. "Must have been made by the devil himself," commented Benton as he broke their third diamond drill. They tried a cutting-torch, then finally blasting, using the super-powerful Nitrolene. They might as well have used firecrackers. Then they tried tunnelling, but the wall went down and down.

"Let's get back to the ship, George," Instead said at last. "We're getting nowhere."

"Right."

As they were turning in for the night, Benton said: "Doc, that dome is the damndest thing. It's plainly made by intelligent beings, yet there seems to be no way in. There



we stand, wishing to hell we could get in, and the dome just sits..."

"What did you say?" Benton was taken aback. "That's it!" shouted Instead. "The dome must have a hidden door that is telepathically operated!"

CHAPTER 3 The Door Opens

"Walk around it, commanding it to open, until we meet" said Instead.

"Right, Hugh."

It was the next morning, Earth time. The two men started walking in opposite directions. Benton had taken about a hundred steps, wishing the dome would open, when a yell from Instead brought him on the run. A round section four yards square was turning. As he watched, it moved inward and slid to one side. Benton could see machines and mechanisms inside, and the humming was louder.

Instead, all scientist, started toward the opening. Benton grabbed him by the arm.

"Wait, Hugh. We don't know what might be in there. If I should lose you..."

"No, my boy, I must. This is a scientist's dream."

"Then I go, too."

The two men started toward the door, the chemist leading. As Benton entered, the antiquity of the place struck him

like a physical blow. Old! The very word was meaningless.

It seemed to be a laboratory museum and power plant all in one. Tubes, cables, motors--all of an utterly alien make.

Instead was beside himself, running around like a man gone mad. Both men were so engrossed that neither heard the portal closing until it was almost shut.

"Look!" screamed Benton.

With a single lunge, he hurled himself at the disc, but his weight could not overcome the inertia of the heavy panel. It snapped into place.

"We're trapped in here! God only knows what happens now!"

But they had not long to wait, for a purple ray was beating down from the top of the panel.

Benton had drawn his Electro-Pistol. The weapon fell from deadened fingers as he slumped to the floor. He dimly knew that instead was falling too.

* A logical development from war experiments. The weapon operates by electromagnetism. The bullets are of solid steel and are drawn through the barrel at a high speed, passing through a series of magnets. It would have a velocity of about 800 feet per second at the muzzle.



CHAPTER 4

The Voice From The East

They were not asleep, nor yet awake. Twilight sleep. Instead would have called it. thought Benton dimly. Suddenly there seemed to be a voice in his mind.

"Greetings, Earthmen. We long-dead inhabitants of Ver-nal greet you. Our civilisation was a mighty one, greater than your present one.

"We have long observed your planet by telescopes which were of greater power than any your astronomers have. We followed the evolution of life on Earth from single-celled amoebae drifting in the tropical seas to the two-legged

creatures you know today.

"I once visited your Earth by spacevessel, of which we were masters, when man was still a hairy primitive.

"I hoped some day to establish communication with Earth, when you were well enough advanced, and to start interplanetary commerce. But, alas this was not to be, for war broke out like a plague. The planet divided into two sides and hurled every fiendish force at each other. The battles continued for seven of your years, and finally ended in stalemate. Then a scientist named Santos Kan invented an atomic force which reduced matter to the red sand you see around you. If it had only not been used! -- for it became uncontrollable. We knew our civilization was doomed.

"We built this dome because we knew that far in the future Earthmen would master space travel and come here.

"This is our message to you, Earthmen: Forget your pigmy wars and conquer the stars!

"And now farewell, men of Earth. Do not let the plague that fell come again."

As the voice stopped, Benton found he could move again. He helped the elderly chemist to his feet. "Was it real, Doc? Did you hear it?"

"It was really a voice... Look! The door is opening a-

gain. I have a strange hunch we had better leave!"

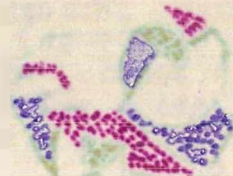
The two men left the dome hurriedly. They had gone only some hundred yards when they noticed the heat. It came from the dome and became so intense they were forced to withdraw still further. The dome began to glow red, then white, and finally melted in upon itself. Nothing remained but a pool of molten metal, white hot.

Benton turned a wondering face to the chemist. "I don't get it, Doc."

"It's simple enough, George. The dome must have been powered by atomic energy. They didn't know we would have it."

Thus it was that when Mars came into conjunction with Earth, the ship once again hurtled the void, carrying two men who would tell the tale of a mighty civilization that vanished because of war.

Ahead lay Earth, planet of promise. Behind lay the Red Planet, tomb of a mighty race. Earth loomed ahead...



LET'S SPREAD SOME PROPAGANDA!

by BILL GROOVER

There is an iron curtain right here in America!

I do not speak of atomic secrecy; I won't even mention the Washington bureaucracy -- no, not even weapons great or small.

I speak of the hell s-f fen are NOT raising outside their own little circles.

What are fen for, if not to present their views before the general public? The public is not going to come to the fen if they don't know such critters exist -- and there must be a way to make the people who don't read, or never heard of science-fiction listen to our pleas.

If we can get these people to listen, we will all benefit...

The benefits of more people in the science-fiction reading class are great: There will be more and better promags; more respectable covers on the mags; a better class of fiction.

The greatest benefit will be the variety -- the more mags in the field, the more they can ex-

periment with new types of fiction, or print more of the type the minority likes. You may be of that minority which the publishers at present do not consider.

The readers are the people who determine the editorial-policy of promags, and fan clubs are the voice of the experienced readers. With more new fen, your clubs can grow larger; and club activities more important to editors.

YOUR help is needed in that campaigning for more fen. I don't care how you help -- just do something!

Read s-f in public places and talk about it in public. Then more people will hear about it and want to buy a few mags themselves. Promag publishers campaign for increased circulation; if you help, it will mean that you too benefit in the long run by getting improved quality.

THE PSYCHIAS

...presenting the gentleman from Kitsville, Washington, and first and best subscriber...

WALLY WEBER

Ahem!

I became an extra mouth to feed at Wenatchee, Washington, on the evening of June 25, 1929. From the very beginning the power of my lungs was proven beyond doubt. My specialists, in the city, became rich overnight. Perhaps my lungs were the cause of a trip to California by parents and I soon took. My memory of the trip is hazy, but I do know we returned to Washington after a short time.

Although we were constantly moving from place to place I have never since ventured beyond the borders of the Evergreen State. Yes, Washington is stuck with me!

My schooling has been gathered at various places from Seattle to Spokane, but most of my education has taken place right here in Kitsville.

Incidentally, it was here that my lung power was put to use at furnishing wind needed in the operation of a peculiar

device called a trombone. I delight in playing the instrument, but my neighbors insist on comparing my tones with the effect of fingernails scratching on a blackboard.

My first introduction to otf was a small magazine called Comet which a friend of mine salvaged in a wastepaper drive.

This led to a timid inquiry at the local magazine stand. The man turned a sickly green and silently handed me the September Startling for 1942. My mind snapped on the shock of seeing the cover, which is my only explanation for loving the stuff.

Years of stfreading ensued. At present I stand six foot one, wear glasses of incredible thickness, have rebellious blonde hair, and am the essence of laziness. I am at present waging a losing battle to get into college. Could be they don't want riff-raff any more?

THE BITTER END



ANNIVERSARY

"No, thank you," said Morgan Botts, "No beer for me tonite."

I stared at the Stefan-inventor unbelievably. His unshaven face wore an expression of profound melancholy. He was toying with a couple of ball-bearings, rolling them here and there on the marble-topped tavern table. I scented one of his stories.

"I've never known you to refuse a drink," I told him. "What's going on here?"

"This is September the 15th" Botts replied. "I never drink on the 15th of September--it's a tribute to the memory of Jock MacTavish."

"Who's Jock MacTavish?"

"That, my boy, is a long story. It involves that famous old promag, Scientific Techni-Tales, a practical joke, and a revolutionary scientific discovery. I must ask you to keep what I am going to relate in strictest confidence, for it's a dangerous secret."

I agreed never to repeat his words. Botts did not begin at once, however. Instead, he watched with gloomy intentness as I took a long pull at my foaming stein. At last he broke the silence.

"Drink is the cure of the working classes," he said.

I wondered if he had suddenly gone batty. This couldn't be the Morgan Botts I knew! Botts saw my look of amazement.

"I'll start at the beginning" he said, "which was back about 1952, when I was a staff writer on Scientific Techni-Tales. Do you remember the mag?"

"Yeah," I answered. "That was the one that sprang up to fill the gap after somebody set off an atomic bomb in Astounding's editorial offices wasn't it?"

"Correct. ST-T bore down heavily on the science angle. In fact, so many of the stories were based on logical developments of current science that it became routine for the U.S. Patent Office to check ST-T first in their patent searches."

"What did you do as a staff writer?"

"Well," said Botts, rubbing his stubbled jaw with the back of one calloused hand, "I used to supply all those little filler articles for ST-T. You know, paragraphs about new scientific discoveries, biographical sketches of famous scientists, that sort of thing."

"Oh. And Jock MacTavish?"

"Keep your shirt on! Let me tell this in my own way." Apparently abstinence from his favorite brew didn't improve Morgan's temper any.

"It soon became a matter of pride to me to dig up more and more obscure facts for ST-T fillers," Botts continued. "Often the bits of information were so incredible that readers wrote in to check on our sources of information. As time went on, ST-T became an accepted authority on science. I began to notice stories in competing stf-mags based on information which had first appeared in our publication. Most of the stories were written by Jack MacFavish."

"I suppose you weren't very happy about being an inspiration to competitors?"

"Naturally not. It took me a long time to figure out a way to get revenge, however. After all, I had no proof that this MacFavish was getting his info from ST-T, and there was nothing I could have done about it, anyhow."

"It wasn't very ethical of him, was it?"

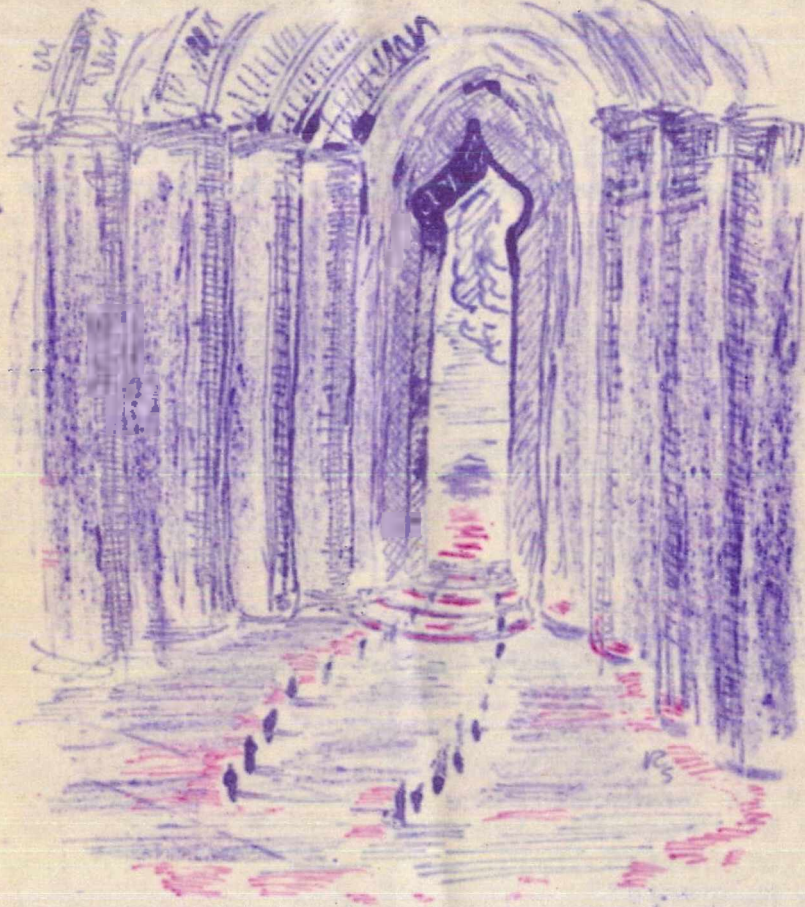
"Well, I've often debated that point. It's a matter of opinion."

One of Botts' ball-bearings rolled off the table at this point, and he conducted a long search down on hands and knees before he could locate it. I seized the opportunity to take a few refreshing gulps of beer. I hated to sit there drinking with Botts across the table and no stein in front of him. It didn't seem natural, somehow or other.

"At last I found the weak point in MacFavish's character," Botts resumed his narrative, returning to the table with the fugitive bearing clutched triumphantly in his hand. "He made his living by writing stf, but his hobby--one might even call it his ruling passion -- was scientific research. He had one of the finest private laboratories in the country, in which he tested the theories on which he based his yarns. I learned all this from an autobiographical article he wrote for a fanzine."

"What good did knowing that do you?" I wanted to know.

"Don't you see? It gave me the opportunity to squelch him thoroughly. He was proud of his ability as a chemist and physicist, and if he once began a piece of research he was



so stubborn that nothing could sidetrack him until it was carried to a conclusion."

I began to understand," I told Sotbe. "You intended to get him so involved in research that he wouldn't have time to write any more stuff?"

"That's right," Sotbe answered. "It was a difficult plan, however, since he was an excellent scientist. Then,

one evening after I had consumed my many steins of beer, I got an inspiration."

"Yes?" I asked breathlessly, as he hesitated, plainly in the grip of strong emotion.

"Well, I decided that no genuine problem would stump him for long -- he knew too much about science. The only solution was to make the trap so obvious that he would pass right over it

without noticing. Forthwith I staggered back to the ST-T office and dashed out a few paragraphs for the next issue."

"What about?"

"Well, I said that an obscure Hindu scientist had found a new way to release atomic energy. He merely put a copper and a steel sphere, each one centimeter in diameter, into an aluminum crucible, and whirled the whole thing around in a hi-speed centrifuge.

I put in a lot of double-talk theory about atomic interaction under the stress of centrifugal force, and stuff like that."

"You printed that in the next Scientific Techni-Sales?"

"Yes," Batts said, his voice hardly more than a whisper. "It was just the sort of thing Mac Tavish would use as the basis for a stiff-tale. And I know his first step would be to duplicate the experiment in his own laboratory."

"Sounds nuts to me."

"True, but it seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Well, what happened?"

"That's just it," hissed Batts, twisting the two bearings between his fingers. One was reddish-yellow and the other silvery. I noted

"It worked," he sighed.

I stared at him speechlessly.

"Don't you understand, man? It worked! I thought he'd waste a few weeks in trying the experiment. I had made my article purposely vague and ambiguous in

spots so that he'd have to try several dozen experiments before discovering the hoax. But-

"But?" I echoed, as he paused his shoulders shaking with inaudible sobs.

"Jock MacTavish blew himself and his whole laboratory off the face of the earth on the evening of 15 September, 1952! Every year since, I've laid off the beer on the fifteenth, in memory of him."

The tavern clock struck midnight. Batts paused for an



inflated. In a instant, then his head reached across the table and grasped my stein of beer. The two bearings rolled off the edge of the table and made two little clicks as they struck the wooden floor. They were plainly audible above the sound of Batts gurgling beer.

THE COSMIC INVADERS

by BILL GROOVER

A speck in the vastness of interstellar space, the ship, nevertheless, was large enough to hold the entire race of the invaders. Unwilling refugees from a dying sun, they sped thru the dark void toward the yellow pinpoint of Sol...

"We will ground on Sol III," the Admiral telepathed to his officers. Sadness tinged his aura as he remembered how pleasant life had been on Procyon IV. He longed for the half-forgotten tug of gravity once more.

"The planet is suitable for our purpose, but an intelligent race already inhabits it," reported the Captain in charge of biogenetics, his faceted visual organs scanning the jumping needles of his indicator panels. "It may mean a battle," he added gloomily.

"Not necessarily; we don't have to be known. Infiltration Plan A-7 should work."

the Admiral retorted.

"Shall I order it, Sir?"

"Yes, immediately."

The Captain barked into the intra-ship communicator. "Attention, attention! All departments attention! The ship will land on Sol III. Psycho Department, listen to what our radios are picking up, and be ready to conduct language and orientation classes by morning. Biologic Section, prepare for plastic surgery on all personnel so that we can disguise ourselves as natives. All other personnel prepare for Standard Landing Procedure 23-B. That is all."

That order set the wheels in motion, precipitated orderly confusion throughout the mile-long vessel. The gears of progress clashed a bit, but eventually settled into a smooth turning, the ultimate result being a terse report from the Captain to the Admir-



countries. They smilingly evaded all questions regarding their origin, and public opinion soon built up a story that they were a lost tribe from the South American jungle.

Then, in a flare of screaming headlines history took another of its mighty steps... WAR INEVITABLE shouted the radio; PEACE PARLEYS FAIL! the newspapers lamented. For the first time since landing on Earth, the Admiral sent commands on the telepathic band.

In all nations, his fellows went into action. They bought time on radio stations. They produced and distributed pamphlets, and even produced moving pictures in a mighty coordinated campaign to prevent war.

Encouraged by their example, the masses of mankind proclaimed their aversion to useless bloodshed. Lacking popular support, the would-be militarists were forced to forget about national honor and such convenient excuses for war.

It was at this point that the FBI began to investigate the aliens.

Admiral Christian had called a meeting of all the creatures at the site of the hidden ship and an FBI agent followed them to the spot. He was spotted by the creatures without delay because he lacked the invisible-to-mankind auras which pulsed about each alien.

The Admiral greeted the FBI man courteously. "We are here to discuss our stay on this planet," he said. "For your convenience we will conduct the meeting in verbal form, rather than telepathically. We intended to make the result public in any case."

"I represent a special United Nations committee," the G-man replied. "With your



permission, I will radio them to come here in person. They are only a few miles from here."

Which was done...

"To start from the beginning," said the Admiral. "We came here because our sun died out, and we were forced to find a new world on which to live." His shoulders drooped as he looked around at the humans to see their response. "All we could find on our own system were barren worlds that held no chance for us to live. Finally we came here to Sol III, and found it already in-

habited. Nevertheless, we decided to land here and live among these people. However, I think we all realize now that this is their planet, their home. We have no right here; we are just invaders. If we stay we will have to interfere with their affairs. This might make it more pleasant for us, but will not help them. This is their planet. We shall go back to space and live there. It will mean hard work, no pleasure except what we can find on the ship.

"You all know what it means: centuries of boredom until the race dies." Tom stared at the ground, silent. His alien comrades were deeply moved by the somber way of his avowal.

The voice of the G-man broke the silence. "You don't have to leave -- we can find a spot where you can live without interfering with our affairs."

The tone of his voice showed that he was deeply moved.

"Ja, please stay. We will

make for you a home. You have done much for us. You will be happy," a U.I member from Germany added.

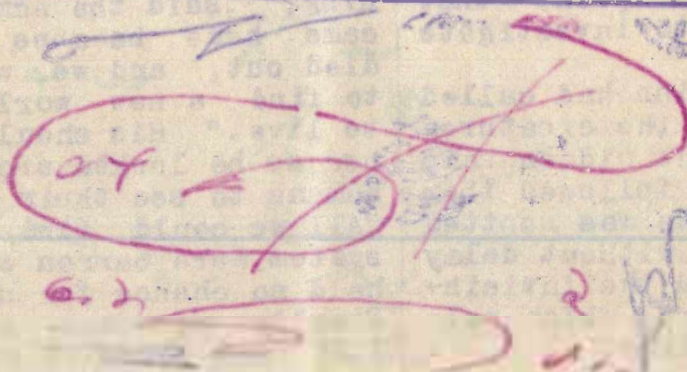
"No, we will not be happy, and we might cause you Earth people to suffer. We will vote."

Silently, by a show of hands, the vote was taken. The only opponents to resumption of the voyage were the Earthmen. They insisted that the aliens could live in harmony with the race of Earth. In every community, the aliens had already proved a benefit, and mankind offered the hand of friendship to their guests from the stars.

As the FBI man said, "So like you guys."

But the mighty space ship thundered into the void with its crew of lonely, wandering outcasts.

Grimly resigned, the Admiral spoke to the Navigator, "Maximum speed, maximum acceleration. We'll see if there is a place for us on Polaris."



5¢

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Fandom's biggest newszine

TYMPANY

Bob Stein
514 West Vienna Ave. (or)
Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Redd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St NE
Minneapolis 18, Minn.

The October issue of Spacewarp will be Volume II, Number 1, but the volume number isn't the only part of the warp that is going to be new.....improved format, new features and departments, these are only a few of the changes you will note when you read next month's warp. Check now to see if you are going to get it on your present subscription.....and if your subscription has expired or is soon to expire, renew today!

The Technopolarians have exactly one dozen copies of the big all-fiction 'zine, Bembook, left! These have not been advertised other than in Spacewarp so far, to give warp readers first chance to purchase 'em.....but if you don't want to miss such enthralling tales as "Enterprise" and "The Ultimate Variable" send AWB hap 15¢ for your copy of Bembook today... or it will be too late!

Michigan residents -- send your name and address to the publishers of Spacewarp in order to receive FREE the initial issue of The Michifan, official organ of the Michigan Fantasy Society! Help boost Michigan fandom -- join theMFS!

DOES YOUR STATE RATE HIGH, STATISTICALLY?

Interesting results are obtained by breaking down the new NFF roster by states. For instance, leading the Union in activeness is California, with 27 NFF members, while New York, home of the promags, and with double California's population, contains only 20 actives.

By a bit of judicious division, one finds that one Californian in 256,000 belongs to the NFF, while only one in 674,000 NY residents can claim that honor.

What is the secret of California's success---Hollywood or the sunshine? Could it be that New Yorkers are too interested in seeing whether the Giants can top the Dodgers or vice versa, to read stuff?

Here's the complete breakdown by states of the current NFF membership:

<u>Number of Fen</u>	<u>States</u>
27	California
20	New York
12	Illinois
8	New Jersey Pennsylvania
7	Massachusetts
6	Michigan
5	Ohio Wisconsin
4	Florida

4	Minnesota North Carolina Virginia
3	Connecticut Idaho Indiana Kansas Kentucky Maryland Montana North Dakota
2	Arkansas Colorado Georgia Texas Washington Wyoming
1	Iowa Louisiana Maine Missouri Nevada New Hampshire Oklahoma Oregon Rhode Island Tennessee Utah

The following states do not have a single NFF member:

Alabama
Arizona
Delaware
Mississippi
Nebraska
New Mexico
South Carolina
South Dakota
Vermont
West Virginia