

Vol 1

TAKE-OFF

No 1

TAKE-OFF! is a Fantasy Amateur Press presentation of Raymond Washington, Jr., of 117 Hamilton Street, Live Oak, Florida. 10¢ to outsiders if copies are available. This is an amateur magazine financed and sponsored by Larry Shaw, to whom we are grateful for duplicating this material, and, indeed, naming the zine. Larry is our Angel, Co-Editor, and mimeographer all in one, but can not be held responsible for anything appearing in these pages, and the association of his name with ours in this endeavor does not necessarily constitute an endorsement of our product, nor does it necessarily reflect his opinions. We will trade letters of comment on your FAPA publication should you care to do so. An independent, non-political, whimsical periodical, published when possible, accepting take-offs like the ones inside. The Editorial Office is listed above. This is a Dixie Press Publication!

RAYM RECOLLECTIONS

One morning in the early part of 1942 I received a nickle subscription to Scientifun, and a short note, from a stranger in Fountain, Colorado. His name was LeRoy Tackett, and he was a science fiction fan. A correspondence developed. (LeRoy made me feel badly by always enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that he would be sure of a reply.) We became friends immediately. Corresponding with him was interesting and pleasant. His style was reminiscant of the Conway person who was famous at that time for his abrupt, short sentences interspersed with "yeah". One letter of his, which was extremely funky to me at the time, I mentioned in Sci 2; in the third issue, LeRoy was Guest Editor and "Angel", supplying five dollars and, at my request, a "Guest Editorial", telling fandom about himself. I revised this, and looking over the details of his life, I was struck with the similarity to his character, Egbert Fann, whom he wrote of in Sci 2.

Tackett's work was popular, and Tackett was popular. By now he was receiving the leading fanzines, ordering Esperanto books from Morajo, and having letters published in Vom—settling down to a productive fan career. This happy state of affairs was interrupted upon his enlistment in the Marine Corps. He had written a number of letters to the pro science fiction magazines, first, and they continued to appear for months after his enlistment.

The Marine Corps works fast. LeRoy was overseas within a very few months. His letters, although sporadic, kept coming at various intervals, containing, among other items, requests for fan correspondents. Eventually I was snowed under by an incredible barrage of mail from LeRoy, somewhere in the Pacific. Sometimes his letters talked of Fortean dramas and legends he dug up from books or local habitants; he mentioned the unusual celestial display visible from where he was; and once when I kidded him about smooth coral sands and swaying native beauties in grass skirts, he gave me a short sketch of his immediate environment, which included jungle, sweating Marines, and burning garbage, which was not nearly so romantic as was my word picture.

Came a pause in LeRoy's flow of letters, and then, on February 23, I received a rather soiled-looking V-Mail letter from him. Said LeRoy:

3 February, 1944.

Dear Rayn,

After a forced silence of several weeks I've decided that it is time to drop you a line or two. I would have written sooner but we were in combat and the conditions for writing were not so good.

Another year brings us a little closer to that post war world. Ah, yes, the post war world. It seems that everyone has ideas about it. Nearly all the learned men want a different kind. Hell, all I want is a post war world.

Space limitations force me to omit the last paragraph, which dealt with mental telepathy.

LeRoy's interest in fandom and scientifiction has not lessened—in spite of his all-time occupation. His library was unfortunately lost, given away, but he intends to build a new and greater one after the war. You can help him by sending him your fanzines. If you wish, he'll pay you when he returns home. Meanwhile, he'd very much appreciate some letters, and will try to answer each one. His address: Pfc LeRoy Tackett, H & S Co., 7th Marines, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California. (This plug is spontaneous and paid for by no one.)

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## PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS

### ABOUT HELL

By

Mary Helen Washington

Some people think Hell is a torture of flame and fire. Others think it is of pain and horror. Still, some think that it is the Devil that pokes you with his pitchfork when you're dead. Yet children think he is a bad boogey-man, which their mothers teach them when they're little to scare them into behaving. And some imagine the Devil as horns, a tail, red, and a pitchfork. But that's not so; we do not even know what the Devil looks like. We call him red because that is our opinion of fire, but, he could be just any color as well as red.

Well, let's leave the colors now and get down to serious business. Now, I'm writing a short article to tell you what I think Hell is.

My opinion of Hell is Conscience, and when you committed a sin, and the Devil begins to grin, you lie there forevermore, thinking of how dirty you've been in your last lifetime. Now you may call my opinion silly, but, I believe it more than any opinion you've ever said. Now those of you that read this, do not get mad, I am just trying to state a fact that is the truth. There is a certain racket of science fiction, I hear. My brother happens to be one of them, and as for you, you'd better read this article very carefully. For you'll be prepared when your time comes. Well, friends, that is my opinion of Hell. You may think it wasn't worth your time reading it, but I bet it's worth

your strength reading it. You've heard quite a lot about me, if you remember correct. I'll help you to remember. Some of my stories I've written in the past few years. You remember "Monster of the Grave"\* and "Monster of the Cave"?\*\* There's plenty others, but I can't think of them just now. My friends, I'm closing this now, and I hope your mind has no more thought about Hell, for I'm sure I've given you the correct thoughts of all time.

\*Published in Scientifun #3. \*\*Published in Scientifun #2.

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### S O N G S O F T H E D E U T S C H L A N D

HEREIN we present to the public, "For the First Time", new songs released by the Office of Public Enlightenment for mass singing in Germany. These ballads, the pedantic observer will note, were all written after Germany's serious defeats, beginning with Stalingrad, and express the new spirit in Germany: that of defense, and clinging to the faith, and the will to win in spite of all odds. They are not to be confused with earlier Horst-Wessel songs—and instead of expressing a mood of "Tomorrow We Sail 'Gainst England", the atmosphere is rather one of "Shut fast the doors—guard Europe's shores!" and the delightful times in store for everyone "When the Panzers Roll Again". Here, undiluted and uncensored, is the quintessence of German morale in these troubled days, compiled from Nazi handbooks and Meisterzingerfleuggenheimengefangenlagerearhardtiststadtburgeigensteiner through the efforts of secret agents whose names must not be mentioned for reasons of security. It is interesting to note that few persons with an artistic bent remain in the New Germany; many melodies have been borrowed from popular American music to provide vehicles for these soul-stirring ditties from a nation of goose-stepping Siegfrieds.

#### WHEN THE PANZERS ROLL AGAIN, #1 (Melody: When the Roses Bloom Again)

When the Panzers roll again,  
We will all take a vow;  
We will get to Stalingrad,  
Somehow . . .  
When our planes take back the sky,  
When they swoop to the fore—  
We will cross the dear old Don,  
Once more,  
Although you've said we're beaten,  
"They've lost too many men,"  
You'll find our foes retreatin',  
When the Panzers roll Eastward again . . .  
When the Panzers roll again,  
And the war starts anew,  
You will find the German heart  
. Still true.

WHEN THE PANZERS ROLL AGAIN, #2  
(Melody: When the Lights Go On Again)

When the Panzers roll again,  
All over the world,  
When the Wehrmacht starts to win  
Our flags we'll unfurl,  
And we will have a ball in Deutschland Halle,  
When that glad day comes;  
And we'll be happy,  
In spite of bombs!  
When the Panzers roll again  
All over the Front,  
When the Reds retreat again,  
And whimper and grunt—  
Then we will laugh and waltz on Wilhenstrasse,  
And sail on the Nile,  
When the Panzers roll again  
To Victory—Sieg Heil!

THIS IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR  
(Melody: This Is Worth Fighting For)

I saw the planes of the Luftwaffe,  
And they shot down a Red from the sky;  
And I heard the Fuehrer's voice insisting,  
"Germany rules on high!"  
I watched the guns of the Wehrmacht,  
And the deadly steel shells they could hurl;  
And I heard my Fuehrer's frenzied fancy,  
"Deutschland against the world!"—  
Sometimes I stop to wonder,  
How we can hope to win—  
Though we kill hordes of Russians,  
Hordes of reserves still come charging again—  
I saw a scorched waste of flatland,  
With an army of Reds on its floor;  
And I heard my Fuehrer's jangled jingo—  
"This is worth fighting for!"

FOR THE FIRST TIME  
(Melody: For the First Time)  
(To an earth-bound Nazi ace)

For the first time I'm falling to earth,  
As for God, I recall,  
This "God-is-Fuehrer" feeling is so new to me,  
Their guns have done the thing no Jew could do to me;  
For the first time I know I must die,  
So alone in the blue;  
So while they're dialing—I'll keep on heiling,  
And they'll sing of how I flew.

AS TIME GOES BY  
(Melody: As Time Goes By)

You never should forget—  
Their guns will get you yet,  
And death awaits on high!  
And you must always serve the Reich,  
As time goes by—  
For men of brain and brawn,  
At last Der Tag will dawn,  
Though millions more must die!  
Our faith and will remain unchanged,  
As time goes by.  
Bombers and Panzers are never out of date;  
Speeches and anthems will still inflame our hate!  
Fraulein and Fuehrer are masters of our fate,  
On this you can rely.  
It's still a soldier's kingdom,  
A fight to crush der England,  
And that's the reason why  
Der Krieg will always beckon Deutschen  
As time goes by!

IN DER KRIEG VON DEUTSCHLAND  
(Melody: In the Blue of Evening)  
(Dedicated to the Fuehrer's loyal flakmen in Bearleem))

In der krieg von Deutschland,  
B-24's, how we abhors them,  
Over our ack-ack guns, their wings we can see!  
In der krieg von Deutschland,  
We give our all, bombers are falling,  
There neath the flarelit sky, they frighten me.  
In the shadows of the night we talk  
Of those we knew so well,  
Till a Fortress makes a careless run—  
We blast it all to hell!  
In der krieg von Deutschland,  
Engines of fate, roaring "I hate you,"  
There we will find our death,  
In der krieg von Deutschland.

INVASION COAST TRUPPEN  
(Melody: Toreador Song from the opera Carmen—  
with, perhaps, variations.)

Heil to the Deutschland! Heil to Victory!  
Shut fast the doors—guard Europe's shores!  
Do not fear the throbbing roar of British planes  
O'er the cold North Sea!

(continued on next page)

You are the hope of dear old Germany,  
 (All sacrifice—fight for the Reich!)  
 When you hear a blasting thunder from the sky,  
 Stick to your guns—and die.

MEIN SHINING HOUR

(Melody: My Shining Hour)

((Hitler's Festungsstruppen on Europe's Coasts))

Here we stand, in awesome power,  
 Calm and ready to fight;  
 When we charge, Commandos cower,  
 In the darkness of the night!  
 Like the guns of tanks before me,  
 Or my Fuehrer, watching o'er me,  
 This will be mein shining hour,  
 Till the battle is won.

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This definitely concludes the concert, gentle reader. Straight  
 verse from here on. In connection with the following poem, we refer  
 you to Tennyson's magnificently simple praise of England, "Of Old Sat  
 Freedom On the Heights".

"OF OLD SAT HITLER, ON A STRIKE"

Of old sat Hitler, on a strike,  
 The Wehrmacht breaking at his feet.  
 Above him shook the Deutsches Reich:  
 He heard his soldiers bleat.

There in his cell he dreamed of play  
 Along some hamlet on the Rhine,  
 But noise of bombers, far away,  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept he down from Berchtesgart,  
 To boast, and try to save his face,  
 And showed the foemen, part by part,  
 The foulness of his race—

Grave Fuehrer of Germanic hordes,  
 From your defeat you gaze—aha!  
 Do you still brandish fiery swords,  
 And grasp the swastika?

Your hate-filled eyes detest the truth.  
 The vitrol of the German soul  
 Is in them. May the Hitler Youth,  
 And you, to chaos roll,

That F. D. R. may stand and shine,  
 Make light our tax, and soft our hands,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The foul Republicans.

You have no doubt heard of afternoon in the Bronx; of teatime in England; of the morning rush in Washington, and beyond all faintest shadow of suspicion you have heard of Springtime in the Rockies and Evening in Paris, but until now, gentle reader, you have been singularly unfortunate in not hearing of

### KRIEGTIME IN DEUTSCHLAND

"Du bist wie eine Blume,"  
 Or so the saying goes;  
 But that was in the peace time,  
 Before the friends (?) were foes.  
 My heart was young and new, Ma,  
 In those old days, forsooth;  
 And when there came the kriegtime,  
 I was a Hitler Youth.

The streets of old Berlin, Ma,  
 Were crowded in that day—  
 With rany a smiling friend, Ma,  
 But that soon passed away;  
 Instead, there was the battle,  
 And the march to Victory,  
 And a sharp machine-gun rattle  
 Across the land and sea.

In Czech', the lads were sad, Ma,  
 And Poland made them curse;  
 The Slavic States were bad, Ma,  
 But Stalingrad was worse.  
 You know Fritz Haben Gootbroct?  
 They shot him in the head,  
 And Hauptnen, Heine, and Liebgott  
 Are lying cold and dead.

The people hate and hate, Ma,  
 The troops grow mean and pale;  
 The Frauleins share our fate, Ma,  
 But they, too, soon grow stale.  
 And now the time has come, Ma,  
 When Deutschland's sun is low;  
 There's nothing left but run, Ma,  
 I have no place to go.

(Continued on next page)

The days of fun are gone, Ma,  
 The flags have been unfurled;  
 And Deutschland stands alone, Ma,  
 Against the raging world.  
 Berlin, Rostock, and Hamburg,  
 Cologne, Bologne, and Brest  
 Burn on; the mighty war-surge  
 Finds all, and gives no rest—

But on! though skies may darken,  
 The German heart is true!  
 The Front is calling—harken!  
 The Panzers roll anew!  
 We die, but nor forlorn, Ma!  
 May you, and all our kin  
 Enjoy the coming morn, Ma,  
 And kriegtime in Berlin.

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Our next poem is also a product of Germany, composed under artillery fire by Fritz Eingang von Achdulieber, who was infatuated with the German Army as a little child, and made his home in the barracks since he was five years old. His long association with the military earned him an international reputation, and in the course of his lifetime he has written four thousand stories and articles about his first love, the soldiers of the German Army and their devotion to duty. He fought against the Nazi political troops, but foreseeing the inevitable, divorced himself from the dwindling Reichswehr army and helped to create the modern instrument of destruction that ravaged all Europe before it was swallowed and partially digested at Stalingrad. Herr Achdulieber has a very real love for his Army, and in this marvelous piece of work reaffirms his faith that, despite casualties, it still is capable of inflicting minor disasters on its opponents. He further believes that it can never be shattered by air attacks. In spite of Nazi egotism and a thinly spread contempt for the Allies, this saga is a most stirring and sincere one, and we can recommend it unreservedly as an antidote for Prussian pessimism. The only queer obstruction is that this German ballad bears a faint superficial resemblance to stanzas CLXXVIII through CLXXXIV of the fourth Canto of Lord Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage".

#### THE WEHRMACHT

There is a pleasure in the Deutsches Reich,  
 There is a rapture on the German shore,  
 There is a snap of heels, a march to strike  
 By the deep Rhine, and heilings in its roar.  
 I love not France the less, but Deutschland more,  
 From clubs of Strength Through Joy, in which I steal  
 From ranks I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Herrenvolk, and feel  
 That, long as blood is red, the Reich will never reel.



Roll on, thou strong and churning Panzers—roll!  
 Five million men attack thy guns in vain;  
 Planes mark the earth with ruin—their control  
 Stops with the sky; upon the embattled plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A British flier living; with a moan  
 He crashes to the earth, his bombs in vain—  
 He smashes to the earth with tittering groan,  
 Without Churchill or Rosenfelt, unGerman and unknown.

His wings do not reign o'er thy path—thy fields  
 Are not his playground; for thou dost arise  
 When raids are over; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Mocking him in the flashing, flarelit skies,  
 And sendest him, shivering in thy ack-ack spray,  
 And howling, to his drone, where dancing eyes  
 Of British girls may charm him every day,  
 And soothe his fear till he is killed—or so they say.

Blockbusting bombs which thunderstrike Berlin,  
 And shatter Wilhenstrasse with their quake  
 Are but the work of Capitalist-men  
 And Communistic Jews, who fortunes make  
 From all but Germans; and vain title take  
 Of Democrats, and Christians of the War;  
 These are our foes; all mercy they forsake,  
 And gloat above the weary ruins, which mar  
 Alike the Luftwaffe's death, or Stalingrad afar.

'Tis true we've lost some ground; we've lost the sea—  
 Tunisia, Kharkov, Sicily—what are they?  
 Mere heathen lands we tried so hard to free  
 From Jew-dominion; their dumb folk obey  
 The Russ, the French, the English: they decay,  
 Cut off from German culture!—not so, thou—  
 So loyal in the true old German way—  
 In spite of loss, thou still canst raise a row!  
 Such as the screaming Poles beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious Army, over which the Fuehrer's face  
 Grinces itself in tantrums: in all time,  
 In lull or combat, ready, full of grace;  
 Smashing the Czech, or in Italia's cline  
 Still fighting;—brave, invincible, sublime,  
 The hope of future victory!—the wits  
 Of all sly Prussians made thee; caked in grime,  
 But mighty still in endless war; each Fritz  
 Obeys thee; thou marchest forth, and scoreth deadly hits.

And I have loved thee, Wehrmacht! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy guns to be,  
 Rolled, like thy caissons, onward; from a boy  
 I marched behind thy soldiers; they to me  
 Were a delight; and if their profanity  
 Made then a terror—'t'was caused by ersatz beer:  
 For I was, as it were, mascot to thee,  
 And trusted to thy truppen far and near,  
 And laid my hand on Sergeant Schmaltz's head—as I do here.

The following extract consists of approximately two-thirds of the total. This poem was composed and dictated to the editor on the night of May 25, 1944. The remainder deals with vivid flashes of combat and a beautiful soliloquy on Mars through the bars of a prison. I may present the work in its entirety to you at some time in the future.

#### THE WAR

I was born and reared in Rotterdam, I grew up as a kid;  
 I played around the jook, and to school I never went.  
 My poor old workin' Mama, she was as good as they come;  
 She tried to raise me right, but then she lost her sight.  
 I had to get a job, to take care of Ma and me,  
 And one day I got a letter: I must sail the mighty sea.  
 So I kissed my poor old Ma, as the tears ran down her  
 cheeks,  
 And I said, "Don't cry, dear Mama, keep out of the big old  
 leaks."  
 So I packed my poor old clothes, and I gave my Ma some hose,  
 And I pat my cows goodby, as the farm began to cry.  
 And I said goodby to home, and watched the sun go down,  
 For I knew that war was comin', and I knew that things  
 were hummin', all around.

They took me to a camp, and they worked me like a tramp,  
 And I sweated blood all day, and I went to bed on hay.  
 Then the next mornin' early, when my Ma was still in bed,  
 "Get up, ya lazy-bones!" the Sergeant said.  
 So we all got in line, and they treated us like swine;  
 First was bayonet drill, then we marched up a hill.  
 We crawled under barbed wire, and we went through fire;  
 The Army's pretty tough a-goin', my Ma woulda said—  
 And just about now, she's a-sneakin' out of bed.  
 The sun is settin' pretty low: I hear the bugle blow:  
 Well, I says to myself, this is just another life,  
 I got to make out the very best I can;  
 For life is fulla strife; weeks and weeks go by, but not  
 a single cry.

— Mary Helen Washington