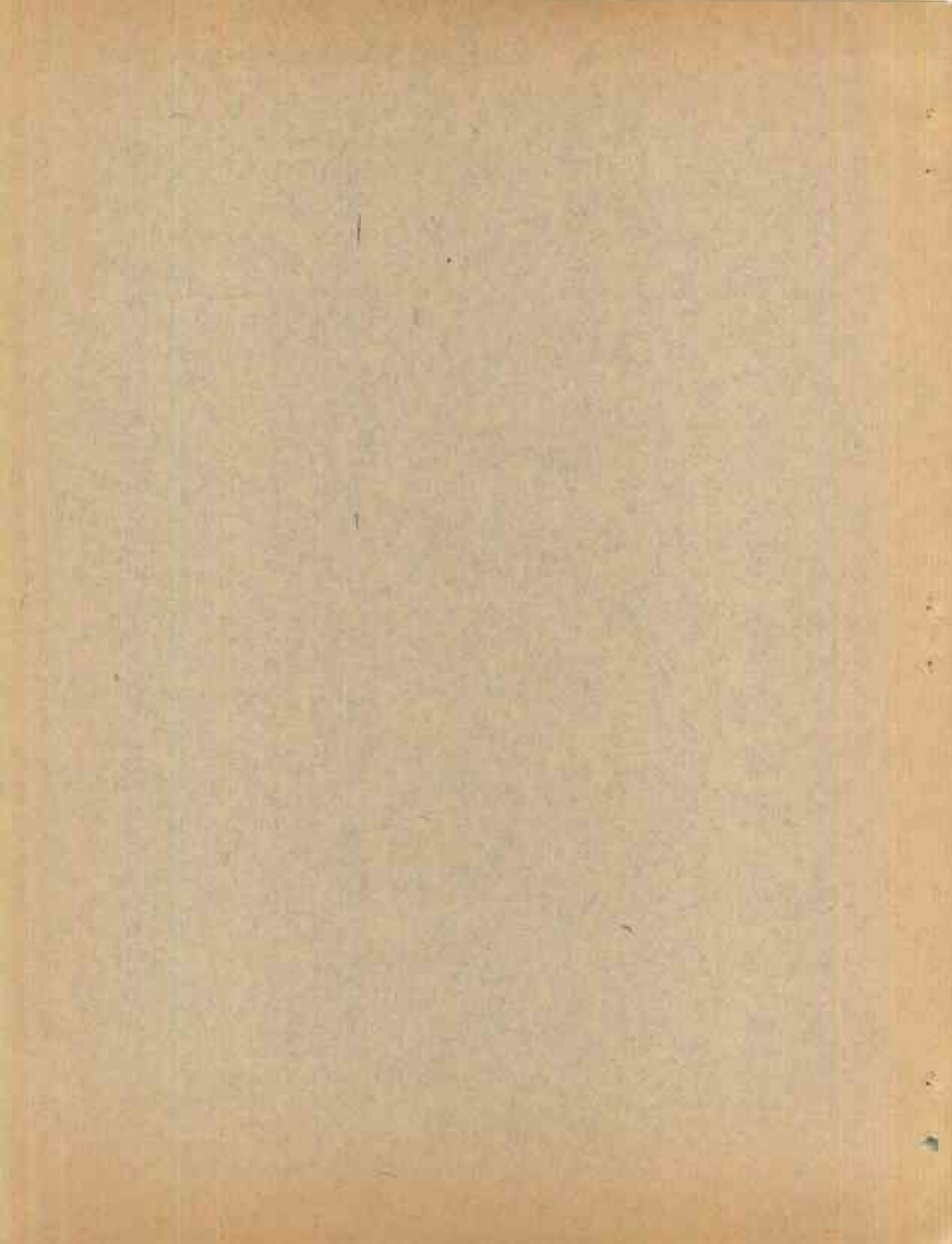


A
TALE
OF
THE
'EVANS

FALL

1944

FAPA



A T A L E O F T H E V E V A N S

Being the FAPA edition of the Journal of Th' Ol' Foo from Battle Creek, for inclusion in the Fall Mailing of 1944. Its proponent hopes there may be something therein to entertain, amuse or otherwise divert you for a short span from the pressing messiness of a war-torn life. For this purpose (and a little inflating of the ego) it has been written, mimeographed, and is being sent to you.

DEPARTMENT OF THE "MUST ONE WRITE AN EDITORIAL"?

No!

THAT UMPTYNINTH MICHICON.

At the time I am writing the first draft of this, the last of the guests from that now-historic Slan Shackon have just departed, and from the welter and confusion of my many pleasant memories of that wonderful occasion looms just one all-emphatic point -- "Boy, am I sleepy!"

Let those who will write of the many, many things that occurred during that hectic week and a half. Let them tell of the many conversations, brilliant and humorous; of the frequent discussions on every conceivable subject; of the wonderful food and other forms of hospitality, lavished by the Ashley's on their guests; of those poker games in which Th' Ol' Foo, as usual, lost his shirt --- for me there is one vastly important facet of such gatherings. That is the grand and wonderful friendships one makes in Fandom; the swell people one meets, and the magnificent spirit of good-fellowship that pervades each meeting of Fen.

During a long life of no-little getting around, I have never either contacted personally, nor heard of, any other group wherein hospitality is so taken for granted. One plans a meeting. "Wonder who would be able to come? We'll ask so-and-so, him-and-her, this one, that one." No hesitancy about their wealth, their social position, their politics, their religion. Usually no one has even met the person --- merely knows of them as a fellow Fan. We have read their mags; maybe corresponded with them. So they are invited; they come, and another fine friendship is formed.

It is to our credit, as a group, that only very rarely does one of us so conduct ourselves that we are not invited, or welcome to come any time we can make it!

Truly, any hobby that can produce such wonderful friendliness and so many fine, enduring friendships, is the best of all hobbies in which one can indulge.

I'm proud and glad I am a Fan!

"That Man" came to see us recently -- and did we have a grand gab-fest for long, long hours. Damn this war -- he has no time to write any more on that Lensman saga.

page 2.

I LIKED IT.

"Did you hear that Mrs. Murphy's little boy was run over by a steam roller?"

"Hivin ferbid! And phwat did yese do wit' th' lad?"

"We took him home, but no one was there, so we slid him under the front door."

EUREKA! I FINALEY GOT IT!

I was most dismayed and ashamed when the June BONFIRE came along, with its listing of members past and present, and the status of their financial standing with the WFFF. There, in large letters of flaming brightness, was the horrid word DUES after the name of our ignoble and disillustrious Vice President. Came the Michicon, and came the Heathen Chinee. Hardly had he turned the corner into our street when my strident tones were calling out to him, "Hey, is you is or is you ain't a'goin' to pay them thar dues?" Night and day I hounded him, until the night before he left. Came one of the poker sessions, and Tucker won. I collected his dues, which he finally and reluctantly disgorged out of his nefarious winnings. I was, at long last, successful in again making him an honest member (more or less) of the organization of which he is second high official. Justice had finally triumphed! All was well with the.....

HORRID AFTERTHOUGHT! Just as I finish typing the above, there is a strange clicking of the wheels of memory and awareness, and it suddenly dawns on me that I have been had again -- but good! I was the guy who lost in that poker game. It was MY money with which Tucker paid his dues. Oh, whoa is me!

I LIKED THIS ONE, TOO.

An Eastern University research worker has just completed her long and thorough examination in the real meanings of the various letters used to designate degrees given scholars. Her findings on M.D., D.D., and L. L. D. are especially interesting. They mean, so she discovered, Mairzy Doats, Doazy Doats, and Liddle Lamzy Divie.

THOSE CHILDISH STORIES.

I have been greatly intrigued by the stories written by various Fen in their childhood days, and am sorry that I do not have my first effort to print, but that was destroyed many aeons ago. However, I did run across an article about Space Flight that was written some eighteen years ago, when Ashley and I belonged to a Scribblers' Club here in Battle Creek. We were asked to bring in an article written for a Trade Journal (we were practicing various types of writing). I am going to inflict it on your poor suckers in this issue. (And I really don't think it's TOO bad, either.)

However, it is too bad I haven't that first masterpiece. As I recall, it was about the Spanish American War (does THAT date me!) and there was a terrific battle in which "all the officers were killed except a lieutenant and two privates". Oi, Oi, Oi!

((Reprinted, with permission, from THE SPACE PILOT; issue of April 4th, 2062.))

EMERGENCY LANDINGS ON ASTEROIDS, USING GRAVITY

PLATES AND MAGNETIC GRAPPLES

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Following the recent interplanetary broadcast from "The Pegasus", triumphantly enroute Earthward from their two-year study of the Asteroid Belt, the editors of "The Space Pilot" obtained a radiotelephone connection with Captain-Pilot Duwar Dengos; and, after much persuasion, obtained from that modest gentleman the following illuminating article, which was transmitted to us directly from "The Pegasus" by radio-telewriter. We are sure all you Space Pups will welcome this additional information from a Master Pilot, who has, without a doubt, made more special and forced landings on asteroids than any other space pilot, living or dead.)

* * * * *

Lest any of my fellow Space Pups think I am getting snooty and high-nose because I was lucky enough to drag down the wonderful assignment of piloting "The Pegasus" on the remarkable scientific exploratory journey she has just made through the Asteroid Belt; and that I am using that trip and its experiences as an excuse for trying to tell them how to handle their boats, please allow me this explanation. I have consented to this writing only after having been convinced by many people whose judgment I respect, that our experiences may be of real help to some of you other chaps who, mayhap, have so far had straighter sailing, but who may some day run into situations similar to those which have already been encountered on our two-year trip.

First, let me warn any of you who have never been near or in the Belt, that you must watch extra-carefully at all times lest you strike or be struck by rock bits large enough to wreck your ship. You all know this, of course, but I don't think it can be repeated too often, for there is constant and ever-present danger here that cannot be overlooked for one second, even after you have landed on the Asteroid that is your objective. And a tiny bit will do it, too.

During our journey, we landed on seventy-four asteroids and other rock-bits, of sizes from but little larger than "The Pegasus" to one nearly the size of Eros. What we found on them is not my story, but that of the Master Scientists of the expedition. We began our landings on the larger asteroids, but as we developed the technique of making such landings, dropped in on smaller and smaller bodies. Perhaps I can best explain our system by giving you a slightly detailed account of one or more of our landings.

Let us say we are approaching S-927, which is about 50 Earth-miles in diameter. When about a thousand miles out we slow almost to stopping, for observations and the making of necessary calculations for our landing. For smaller bodies, of course, we choose a much closer position for these observations. From this distance one assistant measures the size of the rock; another takes a spectroscopic analysis to determine the nature of the metallic content; and

from the data supplied, I am thus able quite accurately to compute the weight, mass, and consequent gravitational pull. I then plot our curve of descent; of course taking into consideration the weight and mass of our ship and that of the asteroid, using the well-known formula you learned your first week in Pilot School. Usually we can also get a good idea of the shape and general surface conditions by means of telescopic photographs, which a third assistant takes. From his continuous "lookOsecs", as we are approaching, we get a last-minute accurate location for the smoothest and easiest landing.

This quarter hour's quick work on the part of our pilot-crows finished, and our data compiled, we then start our engines again, and drop in closer to S-927, and begin the curve that will start us revolving about her. As we draw ever closer, we come at last within about twenty miles of the surface; our speed is increased and our radius shortened until we are spinning in ever-lessening concentric circles about the body, at the same approximate velocity that the asteroid is making. As we drop closer we augment or decrease our speed as necessary until we come, at a height determined by the size of the rock, to a point where our speed of rotation is the same as that of the body beneath us, and we then appear to be travelling with it, along its surface, and not around it, as we were before. Sounds cock-eyed, but you'll get what I mean.

Our gravity plates are gradually switched on, but only up to a slightly lesser degree than the gravity pull of the body; our propulsion motors are slowed, and gradually we begin to drop the remaining few hundred yards, increasing slowly and carefully the gravity attraction of our keel plates, exactly and in opposite proportion to the slowing of our motors, and according to the results of our formula as above. This is a very ticklish part of the whole show, I want to warn you. For it is here that the pilot must be most careful, in the regulation of his gravity-pull, or he will either drop too quickly with a resultant smash-landing; or, if not enough pull is exerted as the motors are slowed, his ship will then "drop upward" -- thrown away by the centrifugal force, as it were -- and lose the position that has already been gained. We were lucky enough to do neither at any time, except on V-94, when we lost position because of too-low gravity pull, and had to go into the void again and try another landing, which was then successful. Had we, at any time, used too much pull, you can readily understand that we would not be Earth-bound at the present moment.

Once the landing is an accomplished fact, we anchor the ship with our BX magnetic grapples; and, before the power is fully shut off from the propulsion motors, make now tests to get the exact amount of gravity pull that must be left in force in the keel-plates to hold the ship steady on the surface. If this were not done, the boat might float off without us -- which would be "just too bad", as our forefathers used to say. Conversely, too much gravity pull may damage the ship's underplates. Important, also -- be sure and leave your protective screens on, as the meteor-falls on these little asteroids is usually quite terrific.

Our most interesting landing, and the forty-eighth we made, was

done in the pure spirit of adventure, as we neither expected to, nor did we, find anything of interest on the rock on which we landed. But we had become so proficient in our landing work, that the Master Scientists granted our request for this experiment. It was to land on a fragment only slightly larger than the ship itself.

Strictly speaking, of course, it was not a landing. We merely "came alongside" as the old ocean skippers of Earth used to say; and made fast to the piece of rock with our magnetic grapples and gravity plates. Yet we can, truthfully also, speak of it as a landing, for we approached it from "above"; settled downward toward it, and rested on it with our keel-plates. And I am sure you Space Pups will re-live with me the thrill of that achievement. The gravity of the rock and that of our ship, with our almost total metallic content, were nearly the same, and there was some speculation, from the first, as to which would "out-pull" the other. I guess we did pull it quite a bit out of its former orbit, at that. All in all, I don't mind admitting that we had a very thrilly hour.

At first we thought we might not be able to make it, as we had to exert every ounce of power we possessed in order to make our rotation spin" equal that of the rock, and small enough to approach it properly. But at last we came near enough to its speed so that we could make a slanting power dive towards its surface, increasing our circling speed and at the same time decreasing the radius of our arc. And thus at last we came down and made our contact with its surface.

Leaving an asteroid, after the landing is completed, is not as simple as it might sound at first, either, as we found out from the very beginning. Great care must be taken because of the centrifugal force of the asteroid's rotation, which can be very dangerous unless watched constantly while the ascent is being made. Circling in a counter-clockwise direction, of course, tends to offset this force to some extent.

Firstly, we increase our gravity pull a bit while the magnetic grapples are loosened, and the pull is very slowly and carefully decreased and the propulsion motors started, so that the ship rises nearly vertically until high enough above the surface so that no mountainous projections can be a menace. We then turn about so that we are "facing away" from the direction of rotation. Our speed of rotation is increased and the gravitational pull constantly lessened until we are high enough to be beyond the point of asteroidal pull, at which moment the body appears to begin circling beneath us. The ship is then in free space. Motor speed can then be increased, and the journey taken up to one's next objective.

Another thought in connection with the departure is apparently so simple that many pilots -- unused to this work -- might tend to overlook it entirely, as we nearly did. This is, that the smaller the bit, the slower must be the lift. And though I mentioned this before, I wish to emphasize it again -- you must be very careful lest the ship be actually "thrown" away from the asteroid by its centrifugal force, in which case you will have no little trouble in orienting yourself, particularly in space crowded with small rock

bits, as so much of the Belt is. The danger of collision is very real, and very constant.

Another thing we learned, also, by the tragic loss of one of our crew -- the only one lost on the entire trip. That is, that the smaller bodies are utterly unsafe for one to venture out upon, unless the person attempting to walk on it is wearing magnetic shoes, or is fastened to the ship by means of a cable. On L-98, a rock about two miles in diameter, one of our assistant engineers stepped outside for a look-about, and, forgetting momentarily about the almost total absence of gravity, took a somewhat springy step ahead, and shot off into space. We made every effort to locate and rescue him, with the ship, but without avail.

I guess that's all. Really, I feel like a fool, trying to instruct you Space Pups in the gentle art of flying, and hope you will look upon this as an interesting (I hope) story, and not as a textbook. Incidentally, I have instructed the editors of "The Space Pilot" to make the credit-slip they tendered me for this article, payable to The Old Pilot's Home.

(Signed) DUWAR DENGLOS, M.P., F.T.P.S.

SHOULD FAN HOSPITALITY BE FREE?

As I have said so many times before, to me the greatest single aspect of Fandom is its free and open hospitality -- the constantly recurring visits forth and back between Fan. This fact, that Fan want to, and do, visit each other at every possible opportunity, to begin and renew their personal friendships and gab of things Fan, makes ours the finest possible hobby.

Of late, however, probably prompted by the recent Michicon IV, held here at Slan Shack in June, I have been doing a lot of strenuous thinking, as have all of us here, about this subject of "an open house for Fandom".

Let me state at the very beginning, however, that I distinctly and emphatically am NOT against such visiting. I want to see it increased. I am distinctly and emphatically NOT advocating that visiting Fan should feel in any way compelled to pay for his board and room and incidentals, as though in a hotel, when he visits another Fan. I distinctly and emphatically am NOT suggesting that any Fan should stay away from visiting another Fan just because he does not feel that he is able to pay his way. That is NOT the idea behind this article.

What I do want to suggest is that those Fan, or groups of Fan, who are in the habit of more or less holding pen house for any and all visiting Fan, are put to too much financial strain to have to bear it alone. I have been on both ends of this, both visiting and entertaining freely, and I think I know the proposition thoroughly. I also think most of you know so well my delight in entertaining you do not for a moment believe that I am griping about the agency thus spent.

I am throwing this out for discussion among Fan, however, and I

would greatly appreciate it if you would discuss it freely and at length. Suppose we make it a common practice in Fandom, for those who do a lot of entertaining to put up a little box with a sign on it -- "Hospitality Fund". The when a Fan visits another Fan who displays such a box, at some time during his visit, when he is unobserved by another, he can slip in a buck or more or less, as he feels able and so desires. If he is temporarily short at the moment, he definitely and emphatically should not feel obligated to make such a contribution. If he is "in the chips" he can put in whatever he so desires. Suppose he has been entertained at some place, and was short; then later goes to another place and is more flush. Naturally he would want to contribute at the second place. He is not paying for his own entertainment, he is contributing toward the cause of Fan Hospitality in general. For nobody will know WHO pays, or HOW MUCH he pays -- that is entirely up to him.

The idea of this "Hospitality Fund" is to maintain the tempo of Fan visits and entertainment, and even to enlarge it, without any one Fan feeling that he is imposing on another, or being imposed upon. Also, this seems the perfect answer for those visiting Fan who would like to offer something to their host, but feel constrained from doing so for fear of hurting his feelings.

Another reason for bringing this up at the present time, is because so many Fan (almost every one, for that matter) is hoping and planning to visit as many other Fan as possible, after the war is over. There is even talk of a Caravan of Visiting Fan.

It just happens that I know something of the cost of this recent Michicon IV, as well as other visitings. I know that, over and above the regular cost of running Slan Shack, plus the money that we received from the auction of the original pies graciously donated by Palmer, Gnaedinger and Peacock, that Al had to dig deeply into his own pocket (the rest of us here all chipped in, as a matter of course). I know that many, many other individual Fan and Fan Groups entertain just as much and as often as we do here. And so I have begun to wonder if Fan Hospitality really should be free or if we need a Code of Ethics concerning it.

Let's give this matter serious consideration, and a free and full discussion. Then, if we decide that my suggestion of a "Hospitality Fund" has merit, let us make it a commonly accepted practice in Fandom.

But don't--EVER -- let anyone refrain from visiting any other Fan just because he doesn't feel financially able to contribute to the Fund. That is NOT the idea, under any circumstances!

DEPARTMENT OF THE "A NEW FANNE IS BEING BORN".

It has been a particularly sad blow to me that none of my beloved children have been much interested in things Fan. Lately, however, my younger daughter Jonne, 'The Young' Fan, has begun really to get interested in Stf. and stuff. She even talks now of editing her own Fansine. Huzzah! A new Fanne is being born!

MAILING MUSINGS

THOSE CO PUBS: Are still the most hilariously funny things in the mailing, largely because they are not supposed to be funny at all.

THE WORKS: Nice newsmag, with some vaddy interesting reading all through it. Wellheim's and Lowndes' articles on NFFF especially appreciated by this reviewer...One gathers the impression that the editor of this new mag considers himself frightfully blasé.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Good to hear from Sam Youd. I wonder, tho, if he quite realizes the difference between English and American Unionism. While both have the same ends in view, it is sad to relate that some American Unions are little better than rockets -- a situation I do not think the English would tolerate.....I voted.

EPHEMERON: Congratulations on your marriage, Elarcy, and I sincerely wish you and your wife all of the best of everything.

YLOS: Lucky Art, to get stationed so near home...This business of Hunches is interesting, at least. I'm still trying to figure out the "whys" thereof. Thanks for the additional data, all of you.

POLL KITTEN #1: I voted. On the Sleep Question, however, I would like to amplify. I stated I needed 8 hours, and usually get 6. That is, I usually get 6 unless we have a fangab going on; a poker game; some of our Army guests; or I have insomnia. Since two or more of these situations usually obtain -- Am I drowsy?

FAN TODS: Rapidly becoming one of the best FAPazines... "Yesterday's 10,000 Years" brings back nostalgic memories of those famous Alphabet wars...In your search for stankeres, why go back so far? What about Amazing's "The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch"? Ouch!...I still think an International "Parliament" could be worked out, with the individual countries still maintaining their own right to govern themselves as they see fit. The Nationals would handle these problems purely national; the International those that concerned the peace and security of everybody in the whole world. It is no other country's business if we wish to be wet or dry; have uniform marriage and divorce laws; elect Officials or have Kings. But our right to make and sell munitions of war to other countries is NOT a national affair, but an international one. We would have a right to run all the airlines within our boundaries that we wished; but to run them into other countries would be an international affair, (as would it be if our air-liners were convertible into Fortresses) and would need the consent of the other countries involved. But I will readily admit that it is a tremendous problem, and one that requires far more brains for the solving than I possess.

BANSHILL: Design for Fanags has some good points therein. A very thoughtfully written article....Superfan's Perfect Day was wonderful, heh, heh!

TOWARD TOMORROW: Neat, mighty neat. Beeful cover, cute inside pic. Yerke's effort --- no comment. "Ethics" article fine and I

think we may need Code formulated for Fendon...Story clever; the poems some...A really goodazine.

FAN SLANTS: Wellheim's "Origin of Fendon" exceedingly interesting and informative....."Blow-Ups Happen" also interesting as another slant on the recent unhappiness at LA, now apparently healed. Covers and interior pics vaddy swell.

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN: Yerke can write interestingly when he wants to do so; shame he doesn't oftener. This one was.

FAN DANGO: Sooo sorry, Friend Lancy, that you found my remarks so up-setting. It is evident, however, that I did not express myself any too clearly, as I am not as "reform-y" as you seemed to think I am from the items you mention. I'm not against anyone who's desires from doing all the drinking they wish. Until the Doc forbade it, I did my share, and could relate some very details. What I was trying to show was how an educational campaign nearly succeeded in the face of intense opposition, as against such a total-educational system as that used by the Nazis. . . . As to paying the piper, I have sat in on those poker games that lasted until the next morning, myself, on occasions when I did not have to go to work. I was trying, in my feeble way, to write a little bit of humor, and only that....As to pronouncing "Frankie" -- it is really very easy and simple. You pronounce it "Frankie" -- than all.... "Gutless Wanders" again stresses the need for Code of Ethics for Fendon...I'm rather surprised at you though, Fran, for letting one person's sarcastic scribble change you from using a word you had thought worth using. A careful re-reading and study of Yerke's statement shows it merely a hyper-elaborated bunch of loudly sounded words, signifying absolutely nothing whatsoever.

MILTY'S MAG: It's certainly good to keep on hearing from one of my very favorite fans. Do write us that Space Ship, d'pe (oops, I didn't mean that came, I meant "that Space Ship d'pe").

VENUS-CON: Cover good; other side had words on it....Got the biggest kick out of the caption on the front "An Outsider Publication (published at the LASFS Clubroom). Hh!!

INVESTIGATION AT NEWCASTLE: A painstaking and costly effort.

CALIBAN: So Shaw is running for office. Trying also to dictate to us poor Fen whom we should vote for and against. Hey, thought I was the guy they called Fendon's Dictator! Trying to muscle in, hey?

TAKE-OFF: Strip to see it gives now in FAPA, huh? Nice going, Rayn....Poetry quite good, although I didn't care too much for the subject matter. Sorry, guess I still prefer Gypsy Rose Lee.

EMERGENCY FLARE: Thanks for the vote of confidence. I'm trying my level best to live up to all the nice things Fen are saying about me; and to profit by those criticisms which came my way.

INSPIRATION: In addition to his fine mag; we had Bridges here with us at Slin Shack for several days, and I had the chance to re-

now the fine friendship started several years ago. The boy really has grown mature and manly, and his conversations and discussions logical and solid, as his articles in Inspiration show. A fine mag from a fine guy.

BLACK AND WHITE: More pro and con on an age-old question. I sometimes wonder if those who are against the Negro ever consider the opening of our US Constitution: that "all men are created equal".

LA VIE ARISIENNE: Sounds like as much fun as our Slim Shack. It's wonderful when good Fan-friends can live together so congenially.

PHANNY: I really should get in on this Genius discussion, but to do so would expose the fact that I'm one of the best, and that I'm not anxious to disclose....The poems very good, including yours... Maybe I am all wet on this business of World Government. But if we can't look forward to something of the sort, what chance for world peace. I cannot feel that Man isn't meant for Brotherly communion.

THE NEW HIEROGLYPH: Howard's poems good; the cover very good, in a dismal sort of way.

THE PHANTAGRAPH: Don always get something worthwhile in this.

THE F.A.P.A. FAN: With Ashley holding a knife on me, I'm sorry to report I can't vote for you this time, Don.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: I agree fully with "Rebattal". You have here one of the finest definitions I have read in some time...Don's story enjoyable...Poems good, as usual.

ARCADIA: Last issue I mentioned that Liebscher and Pang were out of the picture as humorists, due to The Glad's humorous publications; now comes Sir Honig to nudge The Glad partially into the far background. Trust Mr. Wellheim and Mr. Ackerman feel their oughly chastised, and have retired to their underground levels until this Honig Era has passed on to greater glories. As Tucker remarks -- "Truly, big oafs from little ears grow".

ELMURRINGS: Don't blame you a bit for printing, Elmer. I hope some of these days to do so myself. But I'll bet that even after 25 years of inactivity at the case, I can set and distribute type a darned sight faster than you, if 5 words per minute is your speed. I used to be really fast (often I do say so myself as shouldn't.)

BLITHERINGS: They certainly were...oh, that was my line I stink wasn't it? Seriously, Seedy, you are putting out a nice little mag. "Di. League" was really good, in this reviewer's opinion. But I do not like to have to wade through your so-called spelling. Why don't youseguyslearnhowtospellandwritelikeyoucansupposedly? Can't tread it very good...I still maintain that IF the Final Men had imagination, his omniscience would not prevent him from dreaming up things that were purely fictional and had no basis in actual fact.

FUTURIA: Next issue Johnny Michel can report about that Long Distance call we had. 'Twas good to hear your voice again, Kid.

HORIZONS: Your article on Schelling is fine, Harry, and expresses many of my own views, while with others I disagree (how strange!!) ...ON DIT interesting; and, to me, personally, your review of Walt Dugherly's is especially so.

WALT'S WRABLINGS: Walt would boast us all to that Black and White cover issue, damn him!

THE STUMP: Sssh! Don't tell Al, but I didn't vote for him.

SO SAARI: I forgive the pun because of the nice, readable mag.... Hope to see you get into one of those math arguments, Cllie, even though I won't be able to understand any of the words except possibly the "the's" and the "and's".

EN GARDE: Me, too, in favor of "Tom". Only Al's to make up a bit as "sys-ton" is the name for our gal tons; the official name is an "an-ton". And how about that inertial "Tom knights in a Barred Room"?

STAR-STUNG: More good poetry. Fandom is rapidly developing (or bringing to light) some fine versifiers. Makes me wish I had to print any of mine -- and I used to think I was quite a good Eddie Guest.

BROWSING: Gives more good reviews and such of books English.... I like what you said about studying the actual words and teachings of Christ. I've been doing that for some months past, and with I went to Church and Sunday School extensively in my younger days, I find now that with my many years of experience, study and reading, his words present far deeper and finer meaning than I then thought, or than I then realized. They present a truly workable Way of Life. I recommend this reading to others...and do you realize that, apart from any religious connotations, the Book of Revelations is one of the greatest fantasy stories ever written?

LIGHT: Excellent issue. Liked the story and the poems; liked the ads; liked the cover; liked the reproduction; by gosh, must be I even like the editor.

VARIETY: As the Great Hay Ping Pong pestards everybody: Bah!!

SMILING AS A WOLF: Every quarter it gets better and better. Still consider this the finest and most interesting and most worthwhile hobby anyone who finds any interest in it wants ever could possibly find. Glad I'm in, and hope to stay for years and years.

Be cover is by courtesy of that swell guy -- Jack Wienbeck, whose sudden description of the marks of bachelorhood can't seem to have cramped his amazing ability in the least.

An

A S P

mag.

