





## A TALE OF THE 'EVANS

My gosh, how Tempus does Fidgit! Here is the beginning of another year of FAPA for the perpetrator of this little Journal, who has sometimes been called "Th' Ol' Foo", otherwise E. EVERETT EVANS, residing now at 628 South Bixel Street, in the City of Angels, in Sunny (it says here) California. This, then is VOL. IV, No. I.

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WHEREIN I DO A LITTLE "SOUNDING OFF".

The lamentable and absolutely unnecessary lateness of the recent mailing has forced me to do something I seldom do -- get quite peeved in my writings.

While admitting that the Secretary had a right to be late with his report, seeing the mess the records were in when he received them, that certainly was no reason for holding up the entire mailing. It could have been included in the next Official Organ, or could have been mailed out separately when ready.

It seems to this observer that there is and has grown to be, entirely too much willingness to be late with entries for these FAPA mailings. Some of the contributors seem to have got into the habit of making a fetich of being late always.

It cannot be the force of circumstances every time. For simple instance, I made the move out here to California during the middle of last Summer, and had a lot of packing to do, and many, many details to attend to, yet I got out both the Summer and Fall issues of BOTH of my magazines. In additoon, for this last mailing, I had 12 pages and cover of A TALE OF THE 'EVANS; 30 pages and cover of THE TIME-BINDER, and 12 pages and cover of Michael Rosenblum's BROWSING, and yet I got them finished and in the hands of the Official Editor BEFORE THE DEAD-LINE!

Certainly the other contributors could have done so, IF THEY REALLY WANTED TO.

I think, in fairness to all, that publishers should be more careful and considerate, and get their mags into the hands of the Official Editor before the dead-line.

And I certainly think that the OE should send out the Mailings ON THE DAY SPECIFIED, whether all the mags expected are in his hands or not. Maybe if these dilatory publishers had to pay the costs of post-mailings a few times, they would be a bit more prompt thereafter.

Selah, I have spoke!

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A VERY HAPPY CIVILIAN NEW YEARS TO ALL OUR SERVIFEN FAPA MEMBERS

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CONCERNING "THE TIME-BINDER" AND FAPA.

I notice that my good friend Heck Koenig objects to the inclusion of my magazine THE TIME-BINDER in the FAPA mailings.

Also, that our new President, Norm Stanley, seems to be of the same opinion, although he does not come out directly and say so.

Incidentally, Norm, it was nice of you to wait until the end of that article to explain what the percentages really meant. For a few minutes I had the pleasure of thinking that you were giving me the top rating for my effort.

I readily and cheerfully admit that TTB is not a Science Fiction magazine, nor a Fantasy magazine, nor a Weird magazine. Yet I do believe that it has as much right in FAPA as some of the others that appear therein.

Nor am I ready to admit that discussions of the Social Sciences, and of Philosophies, Psychological and Sociological Conditions, etc., are not applicable to the meanings of our FAPA set-up.

I certainly believe that such discussions are as germane to our ideals as those of higher mathematics, which only two or three of the members can even begin to understand, or to campaigns against the use or misuse of the expression "hiss".

However, I am such a guy as is willing and anxious to be doing those things which will bring pleasure and happiness to as many people as possible, and as anxious not to displease anyone, as may be found.

Therefore, if it is the general consensus of opinion that THE TIME-BINDER should not be included in further FAPA mailings, the majority have but to express that opinion, and it will cheerfully be withdrawn.

(In such case, any members who desire to continue receiving it, should be sure and drop me a postal so signifying, and they will be put on the mailing list.)

However, before you start banning such a magazine as TTB, I would suggest that you carefully define just what is allowable in FAPA, that no one can ever again transgress, even if they have the best of intentions, as I had. Every member should be supplied with a distinct list of subjects on which it is permissible to write, and no one should be allowed to write on any other subject whatever.

That certainly should make for a beautiful FAPA mailing!

Maybe?????

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MY VENTURE INTO S-F AND FANDOM.

By K. Martin Carlson.

The earliest I can recall of showing an interest in S-F stories was around the year 1922. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY was my favorite magazine at that time. I'll admit that, at first, the Tarzan stories by ERB were the big attractions to me. After that ANY story by ERB was welcome. The John Carter of Mars stories kept me busy for some time.

Then AMAZING stories caught my eye (some of those covers really did stop you), and I couldn't get them fast enough. I believe that Ray Cummings' "The Girl In The Golden Atom" was really my first love. That ran as a serial in the ARGOSY-ALLSTORY.

Soon I was reading FFM, AMAZING, PLANET and others very regularly. Working in a Drug Store, I had first chance at the copies as they were delivered. How I wish I had saved some of those old-timers. (But I'm not a collector of magazines, even now.)

A letter by Dunk, that was printed in one of the promags, really started me off in Fandom. I noticed that his address was Fargo, N. D., (just across the river from me), and decided to write to him about trading promags. He called me on the phone the next day, (I never had thought to look him up in the phone book), and invited me over to his house.

That first morning there was a real thriller for me. Bookcase after bookcase of books and magazines, piles and piles were on the floor and everywhere. A READER'S HEAVEN (if there is one). Incidentally, his music albums are swell, too.

Then came the FARGOCON -- meeting E. E. Evans, Art Saha, Roy Paetzke and others was indeed a pleasure. Friendliness by the members towards neofans certainly was shown there. With a Hobby in common, we had lots to talk about. Something more interesting than the weather or rationing.

I believe that there will be a grand future in store for fandom. Now that the Atom Smasher and Cosmic Energy are facts, the reading public will take more kindly to our promags. Many youngsters will be attracted to our organization through the medium of the promags. Undoubtedly there will be continued interest in the planned "Trip To The Moon" now that they deem it possible. I notice that the space suits, rocket power and various other items for space use, are not unlike those told of in the mag stories.

All in all, I think the future will be very exciting for Fandom in general. And our NFFF will also prosper, if we keep active in it.

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MY FAVORITE "WAR" STORY.

Two colored G.I.s were on a transport crossing the Pacific Ocean, and had been enroute for several days. The unending and apparently limitless spread of ocean finally got one of them. He would stand at the rail for hours staring down at the sea. Finally he spoke to a fellow G.I.

"Man, man, that's certainly a lot of water 'tween here and there!"

"Yep," replied the other phlegmatically. "An' you is only lookin' at th' top of it, too."

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DIABOLICUS

Out of the homung glept the sleening greer,  
All frink and flooming in its voolusness,  
It fleered into my sweenly glamorous nier,  
And ain me in its slanking moolus fess.

I kibbered in my waneful frile, and nelled  
And flobbered that my ongret nurely flem,  
While fleaber smope that frorried, plingent geld,  
To graw me bawn to flevous burdegrem.

It's mootley xews blipped damun ryle and fleen,  
It's felid creath my livvring bostels feup,  
I keened and lemmed to dree, but rean and rean,  
It slove . . and flunt . . and then it ate me up!

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I GLOAT! I GLEE! (OTHERS SLOBBER!)

Shortly after it was written, my good friend Doc Smith presented me with the original typescript for "SECOND-STAGE LENS MEN", the copy which we fortunate ones had read and marked with our various suggestions during its preparation. Now I have this MSS most beautifully bound, in grey-leather (for the Grey Lensmen), and the printing of the name and author in red (for Clarissa, the Red Lensman). It is a beauty. I gloat!

## ALAS, THERE'S ALWAYS A LOOPHOLE!

The curious quirks and circumlocutious cerebrations of some people's minds is mystical and wonderful to behold, not? Aye, aye, it is to laugh with exceeding great heartiness. And none of these brain-storms have been more fearful and wonderful to behold and marvel at, than those which struck one yclept Professor Archimedes Q. X. F. Loophole, resident student at Duminthehead College, situated at Answers-On-The-Cuff in the beautiful little village of Notabrain, Mass.

Behold, there was this here, now, bozo, whose classmate I was unlucky enough to be, deep in the preparation of the thesis by which he hoped to gain his coveted Master's degree. And such a thesis! Disdaining the multiplicity of decent and valuable subjects on which he might study and write, the poor sap had chosen for his theme song the title "Were Jokes Ever Told For The First Time; And If So, For Pete's Sake, Why?"

In pursuance of material for this masterly epic, he had -- at least, to hear him tell it, he had -- travelled the length, breadth and thickness of the land; sailed eight of the seven seas; taken trips to outer and inner space; gone forwards, backwards and sidewise in Time; all in wonderful machines of his own invention. From all this, he had gathered together a selection of what he considered "first editions" of what are now our popular and time-worn jokes and wise-cracks.

These, he sometimes told to small gatherings of his intimate friends -- thass a damned lie, no such bozo could ever have any friends! -- or any others he could impound long enough to listen to one of his bizarre tales.

Such an one is this strange bit to which I suffered one Winter's afternoon when a party of us were snow-bound for a time on a stalled interurban car; from which, unfortunately, we were rescued too late.

### AN INDIAN TRAGEDY \*

It was mid-winter of that marvellous year known, according to modern chronology, as 14,687 B. C. -- that winter so well remembered because it was so warm in the day-time that one wore but a G-string, yet needed two or three blankets under which to sleep comfortably during the night.

One certain day, of which we now speak, great consternation, which was NOT the name of the Chief, reigned amid the teepees of the Whatalotaknees, a very neat and tidy community which nestled so nestly beside the Mother of Waters. Aye, yea, and even so, the camp was in an uproar, a downroar and a sidewaysroar, and all because a most unprecedented happening had unprecedentedly happened.

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\* This, Gentlemen of FAPA, IS a Science Fiction story -- it deals indubitably with the Science of Anthroposophy.-- Author.

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One of their braves had, startlingly, killed a man!

MURDER... In capital letters, and followed by three upright but quivering exclamation points, the horrid word rushed through the many wigwams, throwing great handfuls of consternation (which still is NOT the name of the Chief) right and left among the natives, as one might strew confetti, wild oats, or holy water.

In front of the tepee of the Great Chief Mendosapants (see, we told you "Great Consternation" was NOT the ruler of that community!) -- repeating, we repeat: in front of the Chief's palace wigwam, which (stop us if you've heard this one), was neither a wig nor warm, were seated the Great Chief himself, and the old men and the wise men and the other men, in solemn conclave over this most momentous occurrence.

As we approach the stoical group with due dignity and solemnity, we see and hear the Great Chief Mendosapants, of the Whatalotaknees, interrogating the culprit -- one stalwart and handsome warrior brave by the grandiloquent name of Pete; which, being translated into the Indian language, means "Heap Big Jackass Who Has Nothing Whatever In His Upper Story".

Let us listen to these direct lineal descendants of the seven successive generations of antediluvian patriarchs.

"Ugh!" stated the Chief, impressively and severely.

Pete was startled by this sudden denunciatory turn of events, and his face paled so noticeably that many of the spectators whispered excitedly and whisperingly among themselves, "Hah! Pete pale-face!"

A slight pause of perhaps twenty-one or -two minutes, and again the garrulous Chief broke forth into a torrential tongue-lashing of the cringing culprit.

"Ugh!" he declared, spiritedly. Then, indeed, did that mighty brave, that great warrior and noble hunter, Pete, quail. Indeed, so realistic was his quail, that it like to have cost him his life. For Sub-Chief Mike (translation: "Bum Shot Who Can't Hit a Barn-Door") fired at the quail, and the trial had ended then and there had the arrow not gone far astray -- as usual.

But at this juncture the Medicine Man -- old, bent, wrinkled, and filled with piety and tizwin (beer, to youse lugs) -- now Old Man Medicine, tiring of this long-winded argument, which he felt was futilely getting them nowhere, put in his kopek's worth by asking:

"But Pete, Old Deah, why in the name of all that's holy, did you kill this here, now, bozo?"

"Thy pardon, Reverend Sir, and thine, too, Oh! Most Sovereign My Lord and Chieftain, for daring to life mine rude voice in thine august and exalted presences. But thy humble servant knoweth not the whys nor the wherefores of his mental reactions, metaphysical



reflexes and psychiatric psychoses. Suffice it to say, that we met in the glade, this stranger and I; and as I stepped aside, courteously as is habitual with me, that he might pass unmolested and without discomfort along the narrow trail, I was over-whelmed by great undulating waves of nausea that benumbed me as he did approach. Ugh! Heap much malodor! Heap big stink! Gentlemen, I give you my work, the chappie had BO!, but definitely!

"Although, as I have just stated so clearly and succinctly, I was nearly overcome by that charnal stench, yet quickly I regained my usual composure, and on my most winning and dulcet tones, inquired sweetly, 'Hey, why the Hell don't you take a bath'?

"A pained expression, as of deep shame, crossed the stranger's face at my apparent solicitude, and tears started from his booful blue eyes at the friendliness of my manner. Tremblingly he spoke, 'Tank youse kindly, Boss. Me take bath in Spring'.

"Thus," Pete shrugged deprecatingly; "Thus, there was nothing else for me, as a conscientious citizen, to do -- I killed him with ninchalance, aplomb and surety, also with celerity and dispatch, not to mention my tomahawk."

"But, my Deah Friend and Compatriot," perplexed the Medicine Man, perplexedly, "I still do not comprehend your motive."

"Of a verity, Most Reverend Sir, it is most simple. Could I let him pollute the civic water supply of our very neat and tidy community, by bathing that filthy carcase in our spring?"

And Pete, that Heap-Big-Jackass-Who-Has-Nothing-Whatever-In-His-Upper-Story, folded his magnificent arms across his manly chest in the immemorial manner of the Noble Red Man, and smiled superciliously and contumeliously upon his lesser comrades.

But Great Chief Mendosapants, his majestically stern and regally uncompromising face working in a spasm of perpendicular pain and horizontal horror -- not to mention his chewing gum (this was Pre-War time, remember) -- sprang hastily and longitudinally to his feet, and delivered himself of the greatest oration of his long career as a public orator and after-dinner speaker -- a speech of such uncompromising condemnation that it stands today as a classic of Indian uncompromising and condemnatory literature.

"Ugh!" he ughed, "Ugh!"

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We didn't say it was GOOD, we said it was Science Fiction, and it really IS!

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NOTE: Further episodes of the search of this here, now, bozo, Archimedes Q. X. F. Loophole, will appear in future issues -- Oh, you lucky, lucky people!

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PLUG: More fascinating than the mysteries of Lemuria. Don't miss a word or a single chapter of these great tales!

MAILING MUSINGS

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FAN-TODS . . Channing's defense of George O. Smith was not really needed -- the Venus Equilateral stories are all X by this interested reader....Math was 'way over my head, naturally. I'm a strictly 2 plus 2 guy....Yesterday's 10,000 Years continues to be Fandon's most interesting column....Revista very interesting, and entertaining....See page 2 for comment on his FAPA-FANTASY question...A very excellent issue all around, Norm.

BROWSING . . Was proud to have had a little hand in this fine mag. If I had known the dead-line was to have been so long delayed, I could easily have finished all the material Mike sent me. But I am such a guy as has been taught to believe in dead-lines. Maybe some of our dilatory publishers should be put in a "dead-line"!.. ..Brown's selection of books coincides with my own to a surprising degree, except that I list THE SHIP OF ISHTAR first....Doug Webster's GREAT BRITAIN OUTSIDE FANDOM was one of the finest articles I've read in a long time in any fanzine. Gives us USers a very clear picture of our British friends and their thoughts. We could well do with more such articles....Keep 'em coming, Michael my lad.

THE MAG WITHOUT A NAME . . I still get a tremendous bang outa the PEOPLE STORIES pic. One of the cleverest ever drawn for fanmags. The expression on the face is really terrific!....Warner's article on Fandom very good; gives quite an accurate picture of our clan....LASF'S MEETS WOLFMAN gives a chuckle. Nice ish, Dunk.

ALLEGORY . . A veru interesting and well-told tale, Jack.

NONESUCH . . So glad that Ron is with us with such a fine mag.... AUTOBIOGRAPHY very interesting....RE-INCARNATION is something of which I've thought a lot, and studied quite a bit, but of which I have not quite been able to make up my mind. There are so many things that point to its being possible. Have personally had a lot of mental pictures of past things that I cannot tell whether they are "memories", or products of a vivid imagination. Am trying to keep an open mind on the subject until I get more data for making a decision one way or the other....Ferguson's article on art work very interesting, presenting some ideas for future consideration....More, please, Ron.

FANTAST'S FOLLY . . It is very, very pleasant to be hearing from our British friends once more. They are certainly a very welcome addition to the FAPA Mailings....This observer personally enjoys these tales of visits among fans as much or more than anything else published in fanzines. Helps us get to know so many people.

PHANTAGRAPH . . PHANTASPHERE . . These little mags are very high class, in an arty sort of way....The poetry is good of its kind, although this observer personally prefers something he can understand better, such a A SAD SONG OF THE SPHERES.

AFTERTHOUGHT . . Sorry, Doc, but I agree with Warner that ordinary newspaper articles DO have as much effect on the nation at large as fiction.

READER AND COLLECTOR . . . Butman's article starts off very interestingly, and should be well-worth continuing. But Heck, since you want to take exceptions to what is or is not published in FAPA 'zines, do you think it wholly cricket to use the work of non-FAPA writers instead of having ALL of each mag done by the publisher-member. And even though you do take the quotations from STF and Fantasy magazines, is the hissing campaign really within the limits of what you expect others to publish in their mags? Not that I'm kicking -- I think this ish of R&C one of the best in this mailing. But you have raised the question -- now let us carry it through to a logical conclusion, and get a ruling from a specially-appointed committee as to just WHAT may appear in a FAPA mag, and what is taboo. And, repeating what I said on page 2, I honestly feel that discussions of subjects under the Social Sciences is REALLY of a Scientifictional-Fantasy character, and thus has a real place in FAPA. However, I'll gladly withdraw it if that seems the general consensus of opinion, and will mail it direct to such FAPA members as express a desire to continue receiving it.

HORIZONS . . . If all "yellow" journalism were as interesting and truly informative as yours, Harry, I'd be more in favor of it, . . . DOWN WITH THE MONEY-CHANGERS has some good points, but I think you boys are overlooking one point -- nobody HAS to pay the prices that dealers charge unless they wish to do so. It is true that it is possible to collect some fine books at extremely low rates, if one has the time and the opportunity. However, there are cases where a steady collector has looked high and low for years for some particular book he especially desires, and, if he has the money to spare, is glad to pay a seemingly exorbitant price for it from a dealer. Also, because dealers do charge those high prices, they are able to pay high prices. I was glad to sell my copy of THE OUTSIDER for \$25, because with that money I could buy several other books which I valued a great deal more than said OUTSIDER. So it works both ways. All it needs is a little judgment on what you buy and sell. . . . Agree wholeheartedly about CENTAURI. It is a fine mag. . . . This reader, for one, is always glad to see music discussions in FAPA and other fanzines. But watch out, HW, you may be banned because "it ain't Fantasy". Heh!

THE VOICE . . . Think Crutch has a good idea in separating his two mags, and putting purely FAPA stuff in this one. That was my idea in having both PTB and ATOT'E. No further public comment on either THE VOICE or LIGHT, since I've written Les personally about 'em.

INSPIRATION . . . Lynn remains one of our clearest thinkers, and his mag is always good for lengthy consideration. THE COMING OF THE MACHINE AGE, and ON TIME AND STUFF are no exceptions -- they have a lot of points that really make one think. Keep up the good job, Lynn, and I hope you are a civilian by now, or very soon.

1944 FANZINE YEARBOOK . . . This is a needed and very welcome addition to any fan's library. Thanks for a job well done.

MILTY'S MAG . . . From a "rolling stone" that refuses to become a "moss-back", and swell, as always. Have thought several times, lately, that your plans to become an Astrogator won't have too many years to wait, milty. Wish I could be with you on your initial flight, but I'm one of those who will be grounded because

the old pump couldn't possibly stand the take-off acceleration. I'll have to wait for one of the type of ships our writers have described where there is no feeling of movement in 'em....Your descriptions of your journeyings are most, most enjoyable. Wish I were with you. Hope you're home soon, I long to see you again.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS . . It was a good party, wasn't it, Walt? You make a beautiful ballet-dancer, no kidding....Book reviews interesting as always....Poetry funny, as always also.

FAN-DANGO . . Glad to see you back, Fran. I didn't really think you'd quit publishing for FAPA.....I'll second your motion to put the membership list up to 75, but I'll balk at the proposals to raise it to 100, as that would be altogether too unweildy....

JAZZ DEPT. Thanks for not calling it "Music Dept". As you know, I'm strictly a long-hair (even if I do wear my hair shorter than anyone else in fandom that HAS any hair.) And don't laugh because I have two albums of Beatrice Kay -- that gal really sends me!

FANTASY JACKPOT . . A noble effort, containing some good stuff, and some grand pics. Hope it was enough to keep all you boys in good standing, but more of your old-line regular stuff hereafter, pliz.

SUS-PRO . . Your challenge to balance one man's hunches against another's that do not come true, wouldn't solve the problem at all, Jack, any more than one man's ability to quickly solve math problems against another's dullness would give a mean-level of mathematical ability in the human race. I do like your phrase "instantaneous sub-conscious evaluation of all the available data", and maybe you have something there. I'm still groping, but I DO still believe that there is SOMETHING in hunches, but what or how much I don't know....Bacover hilarious.

FA . . OK about Ashley handling the Surplus stock, and thanks are due Al for being willing to undertake the onerous job....I am not in favor of eliminating the Official Critics, but think they ought to be made to criticize, not merely list....

MAILING AS A WHOLE . . Excellent, although still burned up that it was so late. Still the best value for your money in Fandom -- am willing to put the dues up to \$2.00 per year, and still think it would be a bargain, as well as helping solve the financial problem.

Also, a hearty welcome to new members Marlow, Thomas, Sykora, Sehnert, Baker and Blish. Shall be looking forward to your initial efforts.

Goom-bye, now! And a happy New Year of joyful fanning.

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January 11, 1946

Last night I attended the Los Angeles ATOMICON, where A. E. VanVogt gave us a splendid talk, after which the various attendees gave some of their ideas of the new Atomic discoveries, and what will follow those discoveries.

And I was amazed! Here we fans have been reading, writing, talking and thinking about such a thing, for the past twenty-odd years. We have investigated, through the efforts of our various authors, the possible effects of such inventions and discoveries on all sorts of civilizations, including our own present type.

It has been our hope, our dream, our life, that it would arrive in our time. And now it is here -- a fact.

AND FANDOM DOESN'T BELIEVE IT!

It was so plain to see from the things that were said, and not said, last night, that the fans actually CANNOT CONCEIVE THAT THIS NEW AGE IS UPON US!

Vainly I tried to steer the talk into serious discussion of the sociological and psychological changes that MUST come to us, because we have reached the end of one era, and the beginning of a new and totally different one.

And I was stunned to find that Fandom -- which I had always thought was so forward-looking; so keenly alive to changes; who would be the first to recognize and welcome the actuality of the New Worlds that we had been studying and talking about for the past two decades -- our Fandom just can't make themselves FEEL that it is now true.

Oh, yes, VanVogt told us very interestingly, of how we could use the by-products of atomic conversion to change the climate of various parts of the world -- and it was a splendid address. But it didn't go nearly far enough -- it stopped so far short of the REAL and vital problems that confront us.

In reply to a question of mine, asking him about the possible sociological changes, he gave a straight-forward answer -- AS FAR AS IT WENT -- but didn't seem to see anything more important on the horizon than that the people who lived nearest such possible projects would want the government to bear the expense.

The talk quickly degenerated into a discussion of the Atomic BOMB, and that probable crisis between the US and Russia. Later, I tried in my poor way to bring the discussion back to the important sociological questions -- which was what I understood was to be the real basis of the meeting -- and got exactly nowhere.

On the day that the first Atomic Bomb was dropped, I was so proud of Fandom, and proud that I was a fan. For while the general mass of people were saying "Now we can kill all the yellow b-----s; now we can blow their damned island off the map", Fans were saying, "Now Science Fiction has come of age; now we have

the power to reach the stars."

Yes, I was proud of Fandom that day. Now, I dunno! It was so terribly apparent last night that Fandom is in a blue funk! They are actually AFRAID to let themselves think seriously and deeply about the very thing of which they have been reading and talking for twenty years. Wise-cracks take the place of serious consideration of the underlying problems.

I have heard that one of our finest authors, who has been well known for his predictions that fans would best survive any coming change, because they had thus been reading and studying about such changes, has now become almost neurotic with fear; and feels that mankind cannot survive another 5 or 10 years.

I have talked with those who have been fans from the very beginning of Fandom, and they are afraid to plan ahead for the next few years, because they cannot make themselves believe that man is able to solve the problems that now confront him. One of them is seriously considering if it is worth while for him to continue his habit of saving and trying to make provision for the future.

All this astounds me with the vast underlying implications, that are apparent in the talk one now hears from our supposedly far-seeing, far-thinking Fandom.

I have been accused of being an incurable optimist; a Pollyanna. I gladly, proudly, plead guilty to the accusation. I AM AN OPTIMIST ABOUT MANKIND! I feel positive, as sure as I ever have been of anything in my life, that man will solve these tremendous problems he now faces.

Not correctly in every single detail right away, no! There will be costly mistakes; there will be set-backs; there will be those whose over-weening selfishness will cause them to work for their own glory (?!), rather than for the good of all mankind.

But there is a greater majority of clear-thinking and well-wishing men and women who will continue to work for the greater good, and THEY WILL PREVAIL! It is so apparent even today, if we will examine more than casually the news of the day, and not just take the croakings of some columnists, who must view-with-alarm each day in order to keep people reading their columns.

Fine, great men from every country are meeting constantly to iron out the problems that face the entire world. Of course they have different ideas from each other at first, and these are given lots of space and headlines in the papers. A few days later when they reach an accord that is for the greater good, the news is usually relegated to a few lines in the inside pages. But the good work DOES go on; man IS achieving peace; man WILL grow!

And the Atomic Tomorrow will be a certain thing; and it will be a GOOD tomorrow, albeit most certainly entirely different from the world that we have known heretofore.

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