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CONTEMPLATION! -- Loubel Wood

When the spent earth in aimless flight
Fumbles its way across the night,
I think that somehow I shall still
See apple blossoms on a hill
Shall gather violets in some dell
Just like the ones I've loved so well.
I think wherever I shall be
I'll hear the songs you sing to me;
Shall run my fingers through your hair
Most lov'd touch, no matter where.
Ah! Perhaps the world must go,
But these will always be, I know.

CONSOLATION! -- Loubel Wood

The Fortuneteller

Come, cross my palm with silver and I will tell you tales
Of reckless Saturnalia along the starry trails.

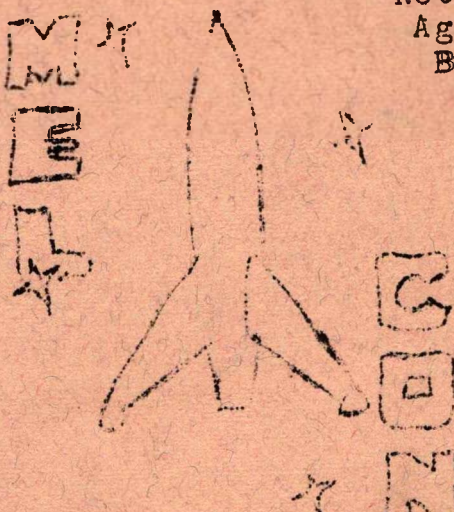
Come, cross my palm with silver and for one lavish hour
I'll babble of your kingdoms and prattle of your power.

Come, cross my palm with silver and I'll conjure complete
A mystic sphere, millennium, and lay it at your feet.

Come, cross my palm with silver while time is young and bold;
Through all the mundane pages e'er you'll have one page of gold.

RESIGNATION!

It's pretty good to just grow gray
And be content to be that way,
Not get unstrung by tints and dyes
And pre-arranged tonsorial lies.
Not get yourself commiserated
By facts of life reiterated.
Not fight, and fret, and fume, and rage
Against uncompromising age.
But glide, conventional with time,
Into a standard forty-nine.
(Loubel Wood)



6th AUSTRALIAN
April 5 1958
Science Fiction

16 Oct. 1957

Dear Eva,

HELLO yourself, and thanks,... Esther Richardson's complaint about the space-opera-haction tales brings up a good point. I'm somewhat out of touch with current prozines since I sub to the 3 Top mags and ignore the rest (can't keep up with them: old ones folding and new ones coming out so fast it makes me dizzy), but there used to be and probably still is a fairly distinct division between science fiction and the fantasy slanted 'zines. Myself, I prefer the latter, and as far as I'm concerned, Boucher's MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION is the #1 'zine. I like ASTOUNDING because of the editorials and the emphasis on sociological problems; GALAXY because of its occasional UNKNOWN-type humor. Dunno if FANTASTIC and BEYOND and IF are still running, but they were somewhat fantasy-slanted in a gruesome sort of way. Actually, it wouldn't be a bad idea at all if someone made a brief survey of the current prozine field to show the editorial slant of each. That way, people who enjoy whimsy and fantasy would not be tricked into the sex-and-sadism or the jaw-breaking pseudo-science fiction stuff.

I had a wonderful time at the Midwescon, Met Stuart Hoffman there and was pleased to see what a big vote he got in TAFF. (I wish I had a current membership roster so I could check off against the TAFF report and see how many N3F members were represented). ((the number of N3F members represented - fourteen - and they are- Holland, Hayes, Carlson, Gerding, Caughran, Mills, Sneary, Carr-yourself, Linard, Firestone-me, Jansen, Farnham, Hoffman-Stu, EESmith.. EF)). Met Gerald Steward for the first time although I've known him in N3F for his good work on the Welcommittee. He's a tall, dark and handsome young man -- looks more like a movie star than a fan. ((Gerald really is not a tru-fan of science fiction..since he does not read it- EF)).. ((or that is what he claims in his fanzine writing--EF)). Boyd Raeburn looks like a slender Mickey Rooney (if you could imagine such a combination).

Most of the fans were ampubbers and N3F wasn't mentioned so we didn't have any get-together of members and I don't really know who all were there. But there were quite a few SAPS present. George and Mary Young, Howard Devore, Kent Moomaw, Rickhardt, I can't remember them all.

Personally, I got most fun out of the swimming pool. I went in every chance I got, although most of the fans ignored the pool and hung around in the Seascape Room. G'bye now, GMCarr

NEWS FROM ENGLAND - Extensive research into "unidentified flying objects" during the Geophysical year is being made by the Flying Saucer Research Society, with headquarters at Milton Hall, Deansgate, Manchester. This society would like to be contacted by anyone seeing any unusual objects in the sky. This is not a Flying Saucer Club, but a society catering for serious minded intellects, not fanatics of little

green men from Planet X. Officials of the society travel all over the British Isles to conduct personal interviews when news of "The more positive sightings" is received. Less significant reports are followed up by post, but all reports and queries are answered. Tape-recordings of interviews of special interest, are taken. Other work of society consists of analysing reports &

written articles, holding public meetings once a month on such subjects of astronomy, and the latest scientific reports, organising a library of cuttings relating to unidentified flying objects, and maintaining units who carry out-- independent observations.

* * * * *

"Man is not master of the universe because he can split the atom. He has split the atom because he believed in his own unique mastery. --Barbara Ward." Science Digest,

The First Flight on earth was probably made by an insect! (Sci.Dgt)

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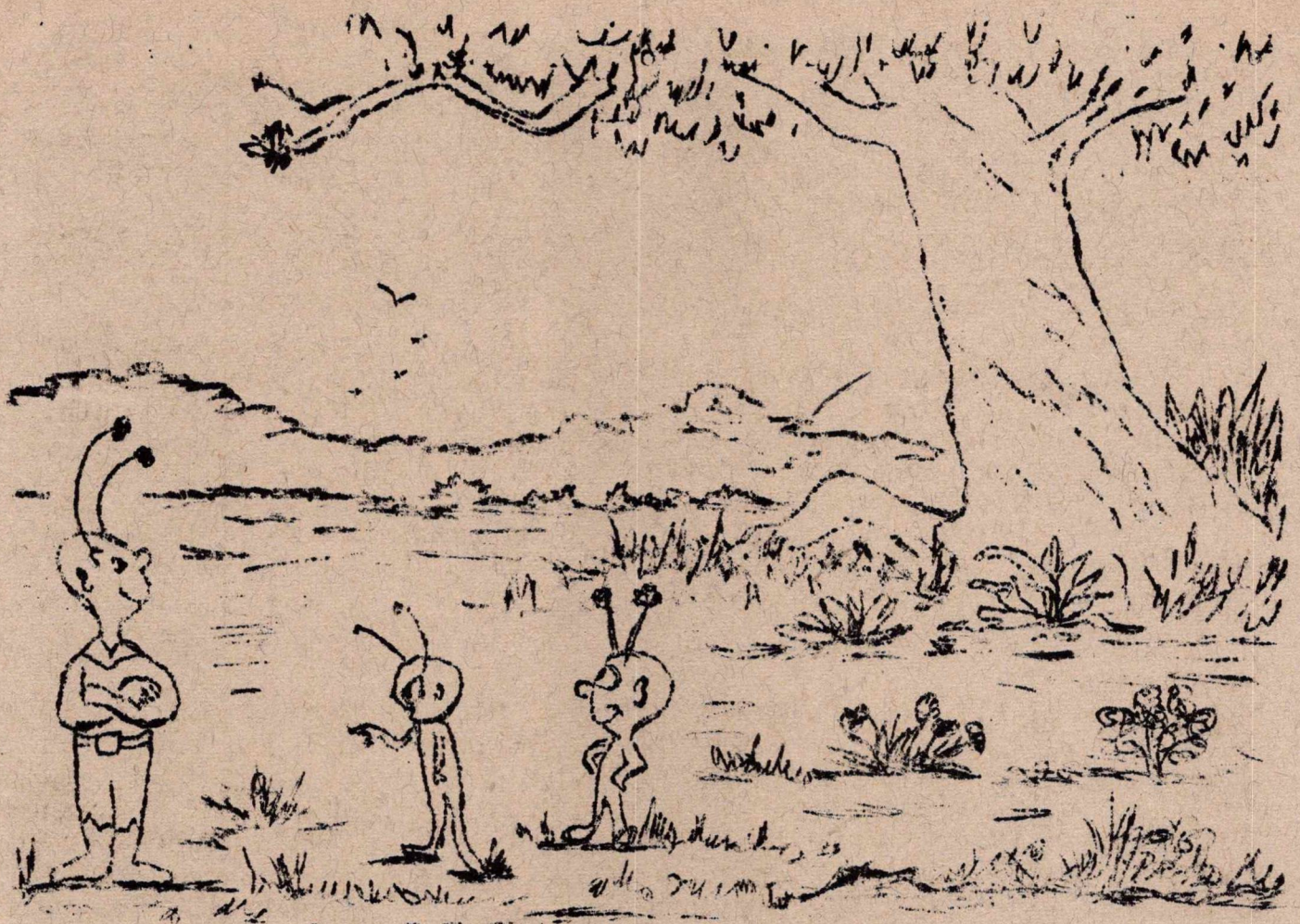
Quotes from an AP article - by Ed Creagh.. Here we were in the middle of the "beat" generation and now we find ourselves in the "beep" era. It is almost more than mortal man can bear. Maybe you didn't know we've been "beat." That doesn't mean "defeated" or "all tuckered out," as well it might. ~~It~~ ^{It} means we're hep. That we have the raw nerve exposed.. This may surprise those of us who can feel beat enough, without anybody's help.. But the "beat" generation has been getting a good deal of play lately in the highbrow publications. And the word has been seeping down to the rest of us... Writer of a best-seller, Jack Kerouac says the "beat generation" includes anyone from 15 to 55 who digs everything, man... beat means beatitude, not beat up. You feel this, you feel it in a beat--in jazz--real cool jazz--or a good rock number.. This is us? But it's no use quibbling. Generations come and go.. It seems quite possible a new generation started when that Soviet moonlet began circling the globe, uttering its unearthly "beep . . . beep . . . beep." And so in a moment we progress from "beat" to "beep." How now? Are we tuned in to outer space? Has the man with both feet on the ground been replaced with a fellow whose head is among the stars? It may be that most of us don't feel a bit different... We survived the "lost generation" after World War I, somehow, and most of us didn't even know we had been missing. We fumbled through the "silent" chatter. We've been riding out -- it seems -- the "beat" generation without any particular feeling except to wish somebody would turn off that damned juke box..... The "beep" generation? It may soar to the moon or even rocket to the stars. It may confound our geography and play duckpins with our philosophy.. But has it changed us so far? It's taught us a new sound - a rather uninspiring "beep" -- and it's given some of us a crick in the neck from looking upward...

WEEKEND MAIL (London) 17/7/1957..

Q "What can I tell people who laugh at me when I say I believe in flying saucers?"

A "Tell 'em Lord Dowding, war-time Fighter Command chief, is a believer too."

"And then there's Admiral Lord Mountbatten. He reads the Flying Saucer Review every month: He keeps bang up to date on U.F.O.'s--unidentified flying objects. Lord Mountbatten has even paid his subs. for next--year!"



"Ideals are like the stars--We never reach them, but like the mariners of the sea, we chart our course by them." (Carl Schurz).

A six foot black bear who made an impromptu visit to the University of Wyoming campus late Tuesday night apparently reconsidered advisability of furthering his education and sauntered back into the wilds of the nearby Snowy Range Mountains. The large bear was first encountered by Campus Patrolman Roy T. Johnson, who didn't stay to get acquainted. He returned with a quickly organized party, but Bruno had departed. (AP)

AP-Sept. 4, 1957.. Police in the remote Arussi province of Ethiopia yesterday reported sighting a new style of flying saucer. It made no noise, trailed two rainbow-hued tails, hovered nose downwards, then disappeared northwards at tremendous speed.

"Fifty years is about the average time taken for the most specialized research equipment in "pure" physics to become a standard industrial tool." (Mitchell Wilson)

LABOR. June 24, 1957. James R. Williams, famous "human interest" cartoonist who began as a rail fireman and a machinist, died in Pasadena, California at 69 of a heart ailment. He sold his first humorous cartoons to a newspaper feature syndicate in 1922 and lately 750 daily and more than 300 Sunday newspapers were publishing his work, including "Out Our Way," "Born Thirty Years Too Soon" and "Why Mothers Get Gray."

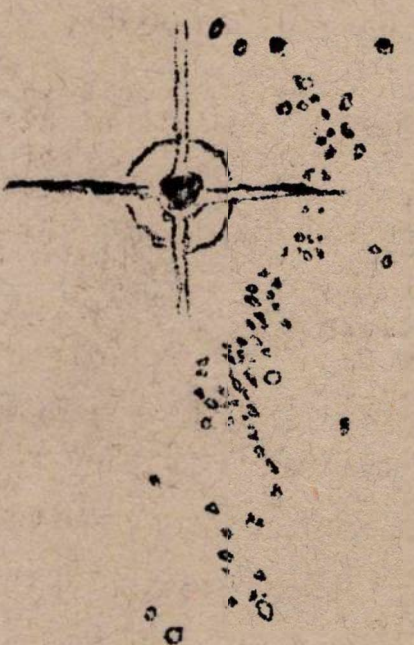
TO YOUNGSTERS FROM SETH JOHNSON

Is Rosalind Cohen a member of Youngsters? After all isn't she a little young for our select company. She wrote a pretty good story though. Far superior to many I have seen in the fanzines. Could be she will be an inspiration to would be authors and fanatics.

Fate has so many letters in regards to U.F.O.s and the local radio station WOR has a program that runs flying saucers, etc. for five hours a night, from midnight till five, with many breaks for commercials. So in spite of the fact that I am convinced we are under observation from outer space or by some unknown world or parallel world it is getting monotonous. But just that same for the benefit of those who are interested I am enclosing a leaflet or letter rather with information about the latest "saucer" organizations. It might be of interest to some of you.

The Television science fiction stories are strictly from hunger in my book. Most of their plots resemble the plots of the old Gernsback days of the late twenties. Why can't Hollywood do some of the good stories by vanVogt and Bester or Asimov? They seem to take it for granted that all fan are juvenile. Is there any way to convince otherwise.

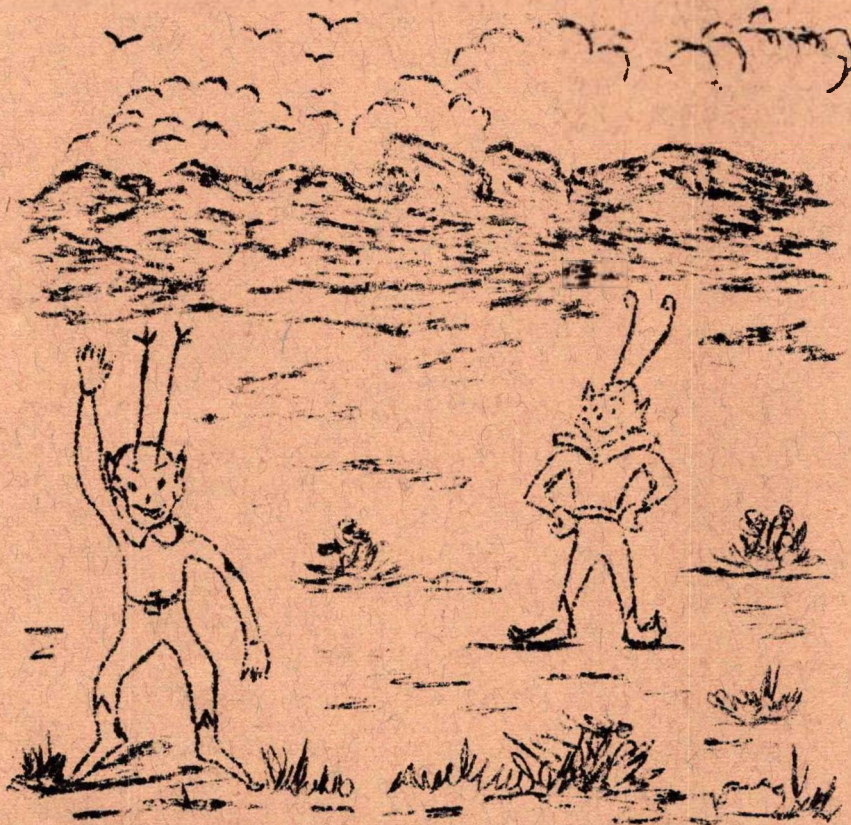
It looks like Marc Curilovic will get a chance for one wish. The stone from the moon I mean. If the Russians are going to send the first rocket up there they could almost finance the deal by issuing a special stamp issue as postage for moon rocket. That ought to be a real collectors item. Would be a joke though if they started peddling all the dirt from Siberia as genuine moon stones. Might even finance a five year plan on a deal like that. I guess the fandom are the only people that regard the Sputnik as a victory for mankind rather than a defeat for Uncle Sam. Well, if it serves no other purpose than to take the top secret lid off so many of our government developments it will have done us more good than harm. At last Eisenhower is going to take steps to give scientists a chance to compare notes. Only trouble is, according to an article by Asimov, a long time ago- there is so much news and so many papers being written up by scientists the World over that it would take a mechanical brain to contain it and itemise it all. Don't doubt however that mechanical brains will take the place of our technical libraries. If on top of that they could make said brain telepathic in some way so all scientists could draw information as they work and become aware of



20 November 1957 in Wyoming

Hello! Dear Nice Science-Fictionites.

I think this zine contains some very VERY FINE material, for which many Thanks to all who contributed. If certain fen (who have been dropped from mailing list) happen to see this fanzine I bet they will be sorrrry! Sorry they didn't write at least a note for publishin So their names could have-remained on mailing list.. Page 4- Lofty Musings - is from Mark. Page 10, letter from Ollie mentions send-ing feature article on the Great Moon Hoax of 1835. I am reserving it for later. Page 12, Esther's letter.. We have a number of items in this zine from Mark. Am sure you'll enjoy all. Did not hear from Mrs. Warren. Am wondering if she rec'd the last one- I mailed all via first class but Mark didn't receive his copy, so I had to send another and it was not a very good one Twas the only one left.



Bobeff- If I ever discover that Dinny Murphy is ok age to join us... there may be a bit of trouble for the lad. He didn't even acknowledge my hint- tsk! Seth, thanks for long letter- it is interesting and I hope another will come along for the first 1958 issue- perhaps Feb.. Gem, I like your letter and glad you sent it. Be sure send one again for next ish. Well, All of you reading this zine- hope you enjoyed Loubel's little space opera as greatly as I did and Ciphero's Gray-e Fog. Oh yes, just in case all do not know- the initials "mro" stand for Mark Curilovic. All of the "art?" work this time is my own try at decorating our mag. If I were good at stencilling illos I'd ask for some, but as I said.. there is that big word "if" in the way... Re second to Last page.. the ICARF.. after stencilled that page, Seth sent an application- the dues are \$5.00... too expensive for me..... Loubel suggested "BEEPSKY" (I changed it to Beepski) as name for our zine and gave these reasons.. "in honor of Sputnik. It goes round and round. It reports conditions--lotsa of it in code. It is space bourn." Hmamm thought comes.. believe Loubel's spelling is better.. Her "Y" at the end tells us there is a beep in the sky.. and my "i" at the ending does not indicate so clear a meaning.. Yes, I like the Y better and will use another time.

Happy Daze to You All... Eva.



From England comes a newspaper clipping and letter about the U.F.O.s

THE STAR (Sheffield), 5.11.57 ((that date means 5 November- EF)). The U.S. Air Force has ordered an investigation into the widespread reports of a mysterious flying object shaped like a cigar which has been seen as far apart as Chicago, Mexico, South Africa and Suva, capital of the Fiji Islands. Eyewitnesses say the object, estimated to be about 200 ft. long and 75 ft. in diameter, dims car headlights in its presence. The earliest known sightings of the object were made more than a fortnight ago in the Fiji Islands, where an European clergyman and four natives reported seeing a dazzling white object in the South Pacific skies. The fishermen, from the island of Vanua Levu, said they saw a strange object white in colour and circular in shape descending from the sky. "They were very near it and saw it hovering at a steady height of 20 ft. above the sea," a report just issued by the Fiji Government said. "It appeared to be revolving and on it appeared to be the figure of a man," the report added. "As the Fijians approached in their boat a blinding light shone on them. They said it dazzled them and made them feel weak. Then the object went straight up into the air and disappeared into the night sky." The report said the clergyman Mr. R. Aveling, of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, reported seeing the same object on the same night but at a different location. He said the object was stationary at about 5,000 ft when he first noticed it and swinging in a balloon-like motion. "The light was brighter than any of the surrounding stars and its colour varied from clear white to deep flashing red before it disappeared suddenly after hovering for several minutes." Three policemen near Chicago reported seeing the object close to the ground on Sunday.... They followed it by car for more than a mile but decided against making a formal report to the police station. Earlier, two separate military patrols reported that they had seen an isolated flying object ~~flying~~ ((sorry- no correfluid- excuse plix- EF)) early on Sunday over an isolated area of the U.S. White Sands missile proving grounds, New Mexico. Their description fitted that of the Fijians. Later, Mr. William Haggart, public information officer for the testing centre, reported officially that a very bright object had been seen by the two patrols...

And now a quote from the letter of sender of the clipping.. "Can you please circulate all interested societies (people) with the view to obtaining further information on sighting or sightings. According to American Forces Network in Europe, Nov. 4, 57, many witnesses, i.e. public, saw U.F.O. at close range in Californian area: (Reported to me by individuals listening to A.F.N. late news broadcast.) Please if possible try to obtain results of official inquiry, if and when findings are made public. (may take time!). Particularly required are details of sighting of object(s)."

Above request is from - Alan Bramhall, 25 Greystones Avenue, Sheffield, 11, Yorkshire, England. Please send any information directly to him. Alan - born far too late to be in our group, keeps a file of UFO data. His bracketted comment "may take time!" is an understatement.. I've my doubts there will be any findings made public.. "officially". That is something quite- quite quite- unknown over here.. tak. All we ever see is a "phoo hooing" item when item is official-

A June Oh

Yesterday this area was treated to a drizzle which floated down as if from nowhere, soaking everything in sight, with as much thoroughness as a drenching rain. As if it were meant to be so, some time later a pelting rain interspersed its individual members throughout the atomized droplets already there. The miniature ponds and lakes which naturally resulted from this dual onslaught soon indicated the presence of the heavier precipitation by a series of liquid ballet dancers, ... which, after first meeting the elasticity of the top surfaces, proceeded to bound back from the surrounding waters in lively little globules, leaving perfect little dimples. Returning, then, each of the dancers re-entered the minute depressions, causing a radical change in the appearance of the minuscule hollows. A diadem of exquisite gems, skirting the circumference of the rapidly changing indentations, created sparkling fairy crowns, now turning into burnished gold, in the slanting rays of the dying sun. Through broken clouds, the half-light of the mid-autumn day star streamed through for a brief minute or so, as if in rare treat, and then added the entire tableau with a dark mantle of low-hanging thunder-heads. (mrc)

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This is by NanGording..copied by me from her SAPSinc- Nandu

Girls with more elegance
Need twice the intelligence
Cause diligent eloquence
Fends malefice fraudulence.

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"He projects an optical illusion
which obscures his actual configuration" (GemCarr in GeeZee)
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This is October 31. A few nights ago, Bell Telephone put on a T-V show, "Cosmic Rays" - interesting and recently we saw the third of three parts- AndyBurnett Saga, by Disney. Good, better than majority things come over our channel. However, not an event was given of Andy's Mountain life- program ended where he was leaving N.Mex headed for the Rockies. We were greatly disappointed. The story just starts getting to be thrillingly exciting from there on... Hope Disney gives us that era in near future. hmmm some inkleash in that last sentence..

worshiped cats. (Awake mag).

"Loafing and begging are being outlawed throughout the Soviet Union. Soon a law sanctioning the transfer of able-bodied adults who live off unearned incomes to other areas will be in full effect throughout Russia. The townspeople will act as judges to determine whether the deportation sentence should be applied to any of its loafers. There will be no appeal. However, those who have committed crimes, the law states, must be prosecuted in court. Technically, idleness and vagrancy will not be criminal acts, but social crimes punishable by a citizen's peers." (Awake mag.. I think).

"No cats are mentioned in the Bible. The Hebrews had seen enough of them during their sojourn in Egypt, for the ancient Egyptians

Summarized report of pilots making regular flights at heights of 14,000 feet above the ground:-

Even with sun glasses and shades it is only possible to take momentary glances into the sun which has a dazzling white appearance resembling burning magnesium. Its contour seems to have a fuzzy ragged appearance.

It is not possible to say whether or not the sun is disclike or globular in form.

The sun is more brilliant and as there is little or no diffusion of light, the boundaries between shadow and light are sharp; objects directly outside the path of sunlight are very dark.

The whiteness of the sun does not appear to alter with height.

The color of the sky becomes very dark -- a sort of greyish blue -- no stars are visible by day.

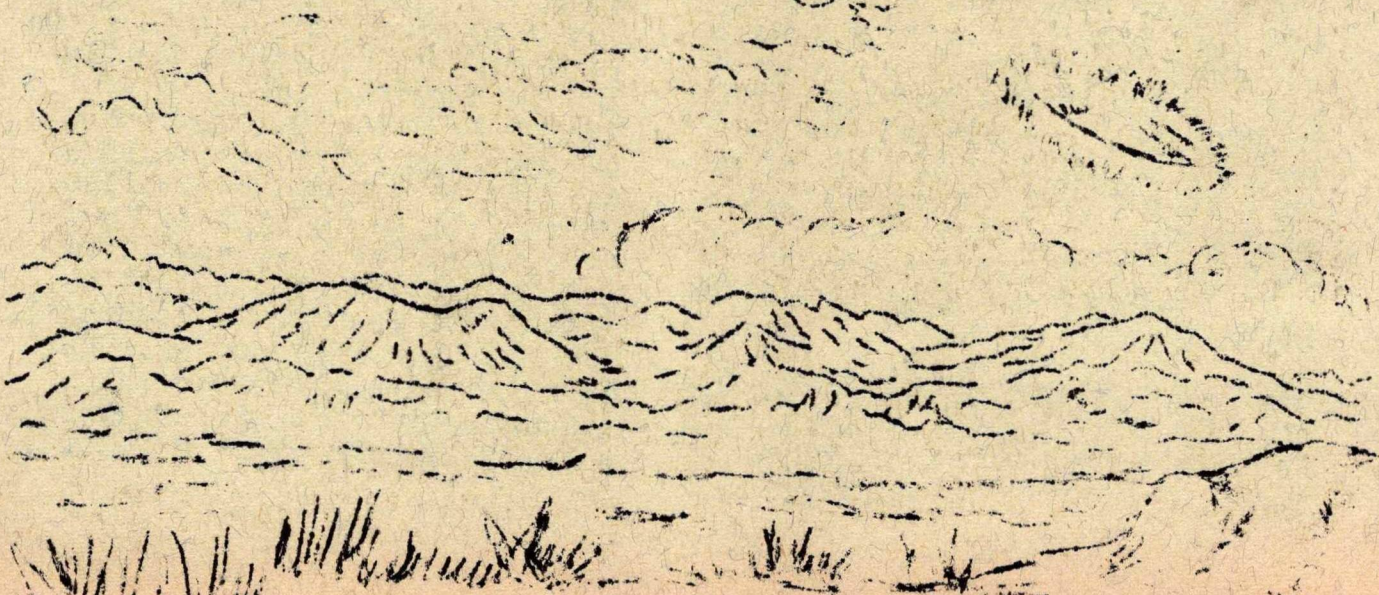
And a number of competent observers have reported, that the scintillation of stars is increased during an aurora, showing a coincidence with magnetic disturbances. (*as viewed from earth surface)

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A British member (of the Fortean Society) is searching for Elizabeth Dowdell, a survivor of the Titanic. She is alleged to have been rescued with a baby in her arms from lifeboat 13, and taken aboard the Carpathia. If anyone knows her, please address The Advertiser, 37 Catton Grove Road, Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Traveling in an aluminum capsule 8 feet high, 3 feet in diameter, attached to a plastic balloon, Maj. David G. Simons of the United States air force soared (August 20) to a record altitude of over 100,000 feet, or 19 miles above the earth. There in outer space



Simons tape-recorded his physical and psychological reactions to his journey. The stars do not twinkle at night but glow like coals, he said. The daytime sky is purple-black up there and the sun-rise was a magnificent and awesome sight. The purpose of the 32-hour flight was to help pave the way for space travel and to determine man's adaptability to live in space. (AWAKE magazine).

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from Loubel Wood- a clipping- Miami Sunday News- 7-7-57.. It tells the story about the 130 scientists who came to the United States from Germany. Names mentioned are- Dr. Wernher Von Braun, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, Dr. Martin Schilling, Wilhelm Angele, and Hannes Luehrsen. At this place where research and development work is going on- there are about 15,000 people working. It is a fantastic place, where scientists talk seriously of going to the moon or Mars within the next 30 or 40 years. These German-American scientists created the Jupiter-L which has been reported to have flown 3,000 miles at a speed averaging 5,500 miles per hour. Dr. Wernher Von Braun heads a team of 30 former German Scientists at the Redstone Arsenal in Alabama.

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Beep Beep BEEP..that's all I can think about nowadays..beep beep BEEP
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In case any of you want to subscribe to SKY AND TELESCOPE, here is address:- Sky Publishing Company, Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.. \$4.00 per annum. Circulation Manager is Nancy R. Bolton. (this info from Mark)

Also from Mark- (Electronic Industries)..Meteors cause radio whistles, with tone indicating the speed toward observer. The effect is similar to that observed on a television screen where illumination periodically brightens and blacks out, as airplanes fly overhead.

LOFTY MUSINGS

High up in the exosphere, where no respectable meteor has been known to signify its presence by an incandescent streak, rides a small sphere, defying gravity, traces of atmosphere, and meteoric dust still in solid state. Accompanying this bold traveler is a cone and a shell. With the passage of time, the three companions, once closely associated as a team, are now widely separated. At least two out of the three will leave in a comparatively short time. Leave for regions below, that is, in a long, descending spiral, to end in a fiery demise. The lone remainder will continue...perhaps a few months... perhaps a year.., to roam those frigid regions, until the forces acting upon it favor it no longer, and it, too, will join its brothers in the same spectacular way.

Last Night

I went for a walk,
And strange though it may seem,
I somehow sensed
New life within
A vague, inspiring dream.

(mrc)

"WHERE'S THAT GUY?"

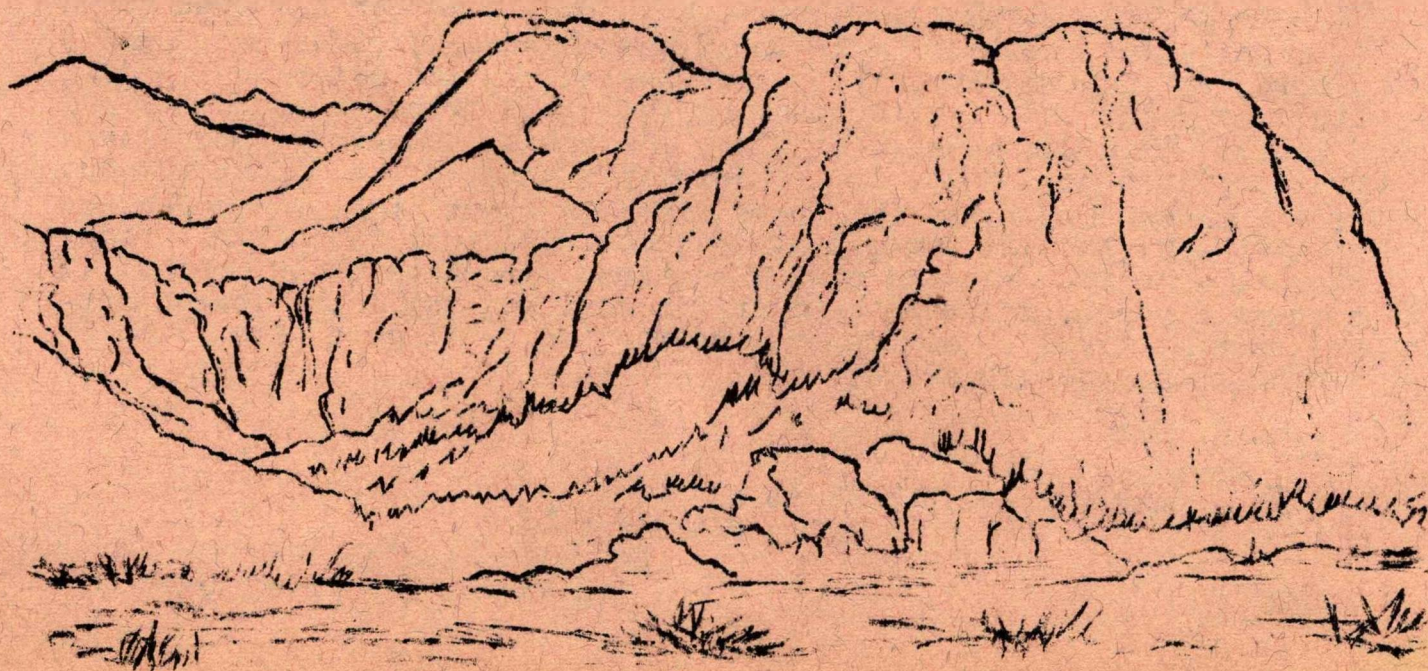
Writing in Harper's magazine, Oliver Jensen says in "The Persuasive Roger Baldwin": "One day in 1921, Baldwin sent Dr. Holmes and Norman Thomas to test an anti-Socialist ordinance in Mount Vernon, New York. They took a stand on a street corner, together with several others, and Dr. Holmes in his fine minister's voice began to read aloud the Declaration of Independence. He had got only to the truths the signers felt were so self-evident, including 'the right of the people to alter or abolish' their government, when the group was arrested. 'I didn't say that,' protested Dr. Holmes as he was led away. 'Thomas Jefferson said it.' 'Where's that guy?' demanded the policeman, 'We'll get him too.'" (AWAKE)

During the recent period of gas rationing in Britain, Mrs. Alice Klouda of London was driving her car home one day when she ran out of gasoline and ration coupons. She obtained some whisky, poured it into the tank and drove home. "The car went like a bomb," she said. (AWAKE)

Harder than steel and lighter than aluminum is a new ceramic. Corning Glass' new family of basic materials called Pyroceram. It is nine times stronger than plate glass! Even at temperatures of up to 700 degrees centigrade the new ceramic loses very little strength. It resists heat deformation up to 1,350 degrees C. (AWAKE)

A letter from Bagdad arrived at the post office in Cremona, Italy. It was addressed to "Antonius Stradivarius" and said: "I read your address inside the violin of a friend of mine. It's a splendid job and I would like to buy one. Please send me your catalog." (News item- Sept. 1957)

Dr. Wm. C. Glenney says that humans could well take a lesson from cats in the art of relaxation. The cat "will eat only what it wants and leave the rest--while humans usually gorge themselves. Cats don't burn themselves out over matters that don't matter in the final analysis anyway."



Act I - - - - - Scene 1

Characters: Mack and Joe. Also Zack and Zoe

(Scene on Mars showing lush vegetation. Rocket ship lands. Mack and Joe emerge from ship)

Mack: It's a relief to be out of there for a while.

Joe: Mars! What scenery! Trees! Are they blooming or is it fruit?

Mack: Fruit. Much fruit.

Joe: Red. All red. Even the leaves, and the air is fine. Notice that, Mack? It---it smells good.

Mack: It does at that. (Sniffs). Look at that river, stream-- The water is pink too. Look at that, Man. Pink water.

(They walk around a bit examining the trees, grass, etc.)

Joe: Look there, Mack. It's wheat. Donfound! Pink wheat. Look at the size of it. This soil must be rich, but rich.

Mack: So it seems. Who said Mars was a dry, barren Planet?

(He pulls a luminous pink fruit from a tree)

What you say, Joe. Shall we eat?

Joe: I would like to know where the people are. The natives don't seem much excited over us being here. Evidently there are not many around.

Mack: Look. A couple of guys coming this way. (Points).

Joe: Just two? What am I seeing?

Mack: Two people, yes. But they have three arms each. An extra arm right in the middle of their backs. Looks limp and useless. What do you know about that? The Welcommittee.

(Enter at right two Martians with an extra arm on backs)

Zack: Howdydo! You come long ways. From earth place maybe?

Mack: That's right. We sighted your place here and came down for air. Kinda empty up there. (Looks up and grins).

Zack: (Grins). I know. Empty. (He looks at other Martian and they laugh. Mack and Joe laugh).

Mack: I'm Mack. He's Joe.

Zack: I'm Zack. He's Zoe. (They all laugh).

Joe: Nice Planet you have here.

(Zack and Zoe quit laughing).

Mack: You know it is strange but we have always thought Mars was barren and worthless. Earth Government never thought it was worthwhile to send an exploration party up here.

Zack: We know. (Zack and Zoe look sad).

Mack: But it's not barren. It's--it's very rich---lush.

(Zack and Zoe look sadder. Their extra arms bounce feebly)

Zack: Sad ain't it, Zoe?

Zoe: Much sad.

Joe: What's sad about it? This is what we were looking for. A Planet with a rich productive soil. Our soil is all shot. Too much radioactive fallout from experimental bombs. We had to do something. Got to emigrate somewhere before the people all starve.

Zack: It's sad.

Zoe: Much sad.

Mack: But it isn't sad now. We can come here. Much better than going clear to another system. Much better. We can move one half the population here to raise food and the other half can stay down there and test bombs.

Joe: It is wonderful. And think, we only found it out by accident. Always thought this Planet was worthless. Small population, and all this good rich soil. Perfect!

(The extra arm on Zack's back falls off).

Zack: There it goes. (He weeps).

Zoe: It is sad.

(Mack and Joe stare at fallen arm).

Joe: Oh, well, it was pretty useless, wasn't it? Why weep about it being gone? You've still got two. That's all I've got.

Zack: You don't understand. We have two arms now, but how long we have two arms? We are born with six arms and with six legs. We need them all. But they fall off. We don't know why, or how to stop it. Pretty soon, they all fall off.

Zoe: Then the heads.

Joe: The HEADS?

Zoe: Everything goes. See. Yipes, there goes mine, Zack.
(the extra arm on Zoe's back falls).

Zack: It is so sad.

Joe: Confound!

Mack: We have made a mistake, Joe.

Joe: Confound! Let's get out of here. Confound!
(Mack and Joe jump into the rocket ship and take off)

Zack: It worked.

Zoe: Confound!

Zack: They won't be back. Not for a thousand years anyway.

Zoe: We'll think of something else by then. Confound!

Zack: Yes, Zoe. We Martians gotta keep the Terra Firma boys from horning in here. We've got to keep this place camouflaged.

Zoe: Six arms. Six legs. Confound!

* * * * *

Sept. 23, 1957

Dear Eva;

Received your Fanzine and enjoyed every bit of it. Naturally, with a whole page of my tale in it. ??????

Please thank Mark for that beautiful answer he wrote for my poem. I LIKED IT I LIKED IT I LIKED IT..Let's have some more- Please, Mark.!

I hope that Mrs Dana Warren will send in some of her SF stories to you. Have a hunch we will enjoy them and find them interesting

I have never tried writing a story since my high school days. My pudding head is just chuck full of weird ideas but I would need some one like Mrs Warren to help me with my English, as I have sure slipped the last hundred years along that line. Too much association with this slangy younger generation(God bless 'em) I still love them.

I witnessed a lovely and weird sight last night in our Seattle sky. It was the Northern Lights in varied colors. The phenomena was reported by viewers throughout the Northwest. It made one feel rather tiny gazing up at what seemed like an over-sized brilliant-ly colored star of emerald greens, reds and Chinese blues.

The United States Weather Bureau said the appearance of the Aurora Borealis coincided with a cycle of sunspots and had also been reported that the clear view was made possible by the clear atmospheric conditions.

I never knew before that it was unusual to dream in color as I have done that most of my life. Gosh! is that good or bad??? The color is generally blues or yellows. Will some one tell me what that means??.

Sure appreciated that Presley joke. Can't see why so many object to his undulations as he just is filled with rhythmic tunes of his songs.

This is all for this time. Am looking forward to our next issue of the fascinating, enjoyable Fanzine. Good Luck and Best Wishes,

Esther C. Richardson

Sept. 20. 1957

Dear HELLO!

As I write this it is RAINING!.. and the water is pouring off the roof past the window in a sheet that cancels visibility completely. IT's Been doing that for the 5th week now ... then comes frost and a fire in the Crummy's stove.(I've rechristened my Shakk The Crummy out of deferrence to one Dinny Murphy).

Was surprised as all heck to find MYYYY cartoons in EXPLORER, on TWO pages, and one of them a full page! Maybe I've been missing something?

You're right about Mark!. What's a single year? Anyhoo he'll be after catching up with that missing year in another 12 months or less and we NEED fans like that feller, don't we?

I definitely LIKED that poem by Loubel Wood!!! MORE from her WHO IZZA guy with more MONEY'n he knows wot t' do with? I'D BE HAPPY TO ENLIGHTEN HIM!!

Fireflies... hmm.... TSK! . . . Bobeff--

GRAY FOG --- By Ciphero

It was the night after Christmas, 1940. Outside a cold drizzle was wafting, rather than falling, down on nearly deserted streets. Somewhere a radio was playing, and the song was "Humoresque," Not very fitting for such a night. I pulled my collar up around my ears and started walking out toward the lighted, main thoroughfare. The street lights, trying hard to penetrate the thick mist, succeeded only in making weakly colored halos within the small area of each lamp. It seemed as if nothing could make one more---or less-miserable, than trying to feel cheerful at such a time.

My walking took me past a small store in whose window was a small Christmas tree, covered with tinsel and silver spheres. The few lights on the tree lit up my features in such a manner that I was able to see my face reflected in the large pane of glass before me. The distorted glass made my own face look even more weary than I felt, and I was about to turn away, when I felt, rather than saw, a tiny being sleeping under the small tree. The miniature gift boxes beneath the tree were piled helter-skelter and it didn't seem possible that anything was resting there, but I couldn't shake off the feeling. Peering through the wet glass, I could make out a vague form, in a white gown. I suddenly noticed that one of the lights on the tree was blinking, and in a few seconds it went out. A blue and green light remaining made the scene beneath the tree even more eerie. I decided that I did not see anything but a small doll, perhaps, when suddenly the tiny figure arose, pointed a tiny staff to the burned out bulb and stepped back into the shadows beneath the tree. The light, a violet-colored one, suddenly became lit again. The figure was nowhere to be seen.

I walked back towards my home, very slowly, and was nearly there when I noticed that it had ceased drizzling. I looked up toward the sky, and there, in all the gray above, were two nearly round openings in the cloud blanket overhead. A glittering white star came into the area of one of the two openings, passed on, entered the second, and seemed even more brilliant there. After a bit, it passed through as in the first. The drizzle began again, just as I entered the house, and once more the outside world was plunged into gloomy mistiness.

"When anything goes wrong at my house, I just get busy and fix it," a husband was telling a guest. "Yes," commented his wife, "he fixed the clock the other day--now the cuckoo backs out and asks, 'What time is it?'"
(Labor)

When the first common-carrier railroad was opened in America in 1830, the population of the United States was 12,866,000. All with the exception of 161,000, were living east of the Mississippi..
(Labor)

"Might as well rescue myself..a man could starve to death while he's drowning waiting for somebody to save him.." (Walt Kelly)..

October 4, 1957

Dear Eva-

Today's daily read like a '45 s/f bulletin: Birth of a new island in the Azores group... a flying saucer which outran one of our fastest jet planes...and a feature article on The Great Moon Hoax of 1835. Somehow I've missed the last one; never heard of it before.. Will send it along.

September UAPA Bundle brought me a shock. Secty's report carried this statement: ISOBELLE DINWIDDIE PASSED AWAY APRIL 19 after a severe heart attack and stroke. Conclud you had not heard either or you would have carried the report in one of the zine's issues. Think it likely many other fans are likewise uninformed. Might be a line you'd like to use next issue.

Maybe there is a better name for this group than YOUNGSTERS. I've no tip o' the tongue suggestion ready but I did dig Webster for a rundown on the name we're known by; and here are my findings. "Immature; having no experience; green; raw; a junior;" and a final reference to JUNKER which turns out to be strictly male. ((my dictionary says, Junker refers to a member of a class of aristocratic landholders, esp. in Prussia..EF)).

Once in the early flush of fan participation, I recall a young chap who surprised me by expressing his pleasure in our correspondence, and his hope that it would continue. He countered my suggestion, that I thought he would find someone nearer his own age more interesting, with a sage remark I've never forgotten: - "When minds meet, ate is inconsequential." Now somewhere in that truism there should be a name for a group such as ours; put your nimble wits to it for mine have misplaced all claim to agility and refuse to jump. The prefix META might be a few letters to begin juggling; no doubt you have half a dozen better ideas percolating by now. ((nary a one..EF)). To hold the thought: We formed this group of adults as one apart from juveniles, (who generally view any age past 40 as bordering on doddering senility, as I remember my own teenage conceptions), does make YOUNGSTERS appear a trifle incongruous - if nothing worse. But the cognomen is not exactly irking me.. I'll go along with the majority, peaceful and amicable.

This latest advertising angle, Subliminal Projection, stirs my thought processes far more than the query -By what name shall we be known? I'd like to know how the rest of you feel about having your subconscious centers under sneak attack by this invisible selling technique. Only the 'invisibility' part of this is questioned by psychologists. The words, which will flash on your TV screen for one three-thousands of a second at five second intervals, they hold cannot impress a suggestion on the subconscious and remain invisible. But let's see how it worked during the tryouts. The word 'Popcorn' was used on a theater audience as explained above; sales at the popcorn stand in the lobby immediately skyrocketed. Next the name of a popular soft drink -and the audience suddenly craved the beverage; the rush was on for this particular brand. The subconscious 'sold the craving idea' to the conscious mind (so tis claimed) though the conscious mind had no small idea why it suddenly craved so and such. And the subconscious, (a plane of awareness supposedly as individual as our pulse beat, and as closed mouthed as a dumb mute most of the time), played by Subliminal Projection into a burst of activity which concerns itself with such trivia as popcorn and pop, is to become a blabbermouth who dictates

when and what to buy! Nurtz! I think I'll still be reading ads my workaday mind can assimilate in spite of Subliminal Projection Corp's majestic claims to the contrary.

Still haven't found any good postcard views of our sand dunes. Re: Coos Bay, Oregon sand dunes, it is interesting to note CB Chamber of Commerce members have now with them a scientist from Holland to assist in tests and experiments as to the likelihood of obtaining sufficient water from these dunes for wider manufacturing activities than their present water supply now allows.. Late reports from project affirm this can be done here, as it has been done in Holland.

Tut - tut -tut. No praise for the best issue you've yet mailed out. And no mind paid a-tall to Russia's satellite, orbited and beeping its short life away while we, the Mighty and the Great, sit on our hands and toss words, words, and more words, upon the internal fires of Labor Racket Exposés and Desegregation Woes with the usual political frenzy. What is there left to say?

Bye now. Lovingly, Olive Morgan

Quotes from a future member(1959)- Say, wasn't it exciting about our little space ball? I say, "ours" with my tongue in cheek of course, but I do mean of earth of course. I surely would give anything to be connected in some way with the work the IGY is doing. Did you see where a group of our deep freeze boys from the Antarctic were sent home ill? It wasn't front page though. I meant to cut it out and keep it, but somehow the paper got pitched out. You asked if anyone knew Tom Walsh's new address. He didn't move, after all. He has same address. Just got a letter from him a couple of days ago. Recently rec'd some literature on this organization of World Tape Pals. I'm quite interested. Think it would be ever so much fun, and noticed that there were several listings of SF fans. I'm thinking of joining. Not sure yet. Don't want to get in over my head. I just joined the Civil Air Patrol as a Senior member. Actually, I'm just a glorified chaperone with a uniform. But it's really fun working with the kids. My eldest daughter is a Cadet. She likes it fine and it is wonderful training.

LABOR - The day he reached the age of 97, reports Grit magazine, Andy Anderson received a telegram from his employer, an Ames, Iowa, shoe company, congratulating him and promising him a pay raise when he gets to be 100.

Anderson's reaction, said Grit, was as follows "I'm saving that telegram. It's a contract, and I intend to collect on it." If he joined a union, added one wisecrack, he might collect sooner.

It IS South Gate in '58

LABOR - The 127.06 miles an hour reached by a Pennsylvania passenger train on June 12, 1905, near Ada, Ohio ---- still stands as the speed record for American railroads.

PACHYDERM SUNSET --Mark C.

I looked into my telescope. When, to my great surprise, I saw a herd of elephants smack before my eyes. They bellowed out in awful rage and thundered 'cross the skies; I'm glad I wasn't in their way 'Cause these are awful lies.

all developments of interest to themselves. What a leap of scientific progress we would witness.

As for dreams, I still dream about pretty girls. And not in technicolour.

On a new kick for anyone interested.- Synergetics or a method of enabling mankind to make maximum use of his mind. Synergetics is a planned study in the art of thinking. One of the basic assumptions is that most of what anyone says is "noise" i.e. irrelevant and immaterial. About ten percent of it is "signal" or what the person is actually trying to put across. Several exercises devoted to methods of separating noise from signal.. said exercises called "tuning." Then there is something called group tracking. This consists of using a sequence in thinking. CEDA sequence or Consider, Evaluate, Decide, Act. Thinking done in this manner and order is supposed to develop speed in thought, and decisiveness. There's an awful lot more of it than that of course; but if anyone wants more information he will have to write Art Coulter, 297 Canyon Drive, Columbus 14, Ohio. He is a new member of ISFCC incidentally and I have introduced him to quite a few fen via RR.

Just borrowed the book, "Oahspe." Heavy reading written in very ponderous Biblical style purporting to be a history of Gods and men for the past 25,000 years. It is rather redundant to my way of thinking with an awful lot of repetition and Gods galore. According to Oahspe the earth has had a new God appointed to rule it every thousand years or two. It portrays an intergalactic hierarchy with Jehovih at apex and all mortals at base of pyramid. According to Oahspe Jehovih placed a race of man-like beings on earth known as Ihin; these were the true chosen people who remained holy. However they had a habit of mating with troglodytes of earth and the offspring of this was the Ihuin. A race of very muscular Red men. These in turn mated with Ihin and with troglodytes to produce two new races. The world population was wiped out a number of times..thus allowing the Gods to start all over again. The book is rather confusingly divided into two parts. The top half of each page being devoted to the doings of the Gods in the heavens above earth and in other heavens at the different stars. The lower half of each page devoted to the doings of gods and angels and mortal men on earth. Takes a little concentration to keep track of it all. It makes interesting reading though. Only trouble is the tome is too heavy to take to bed or to read in the buses and waiting rooms where I do most of my reading. So have almost 300 pages read so far. That is the way you read a space opera.

I am beginning to wonder if it would not be a good idea for activity manager,(of ISFCC),to launch introductory Round Robins to get newcomers introduced around a little bit. These RRs could be launched but not participated in by said manager. If the RRs had between seven and ten participants,which is way too many for ordinary RRs, it would mean that each newcomer would get a chance to have one letter read by oldermembers and also pick out which of the older fen with whom he or she would like to correspond. And these RRs could be dropped after three rounds if the participants did not particularly care to stay with it. Of course there is the possibility of their getting so interesting that no one would like to drop out. But it seems to me that some such method should be incorporated into the activity program of ISFCC.

At present I am involved in over 30 RRs, mostly launched for the purpose of introducing new fen to the olddr fen. If they ever come home all at once I will need a mimeograph to answer them all. Well Eva asked me to write for the YOUNGSTERS. This is it. Hope you like it, Eva. Seth A. Johnson

INTERCONTINENTAL
AERIAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION
Temporary Headquarters
1038 N. 21st Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Dear Friend:

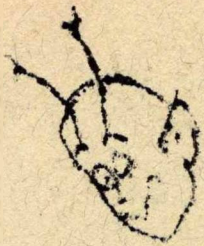
Being an SF Fan, You are probably also a U.F.O. Fan - That is, you are probably more interested than the average person in wanting to learn the answer to the U.F.O. If you are, you may be interested in joining our organization in some capacity or other. We are setting up a worldwide network of observer posts and filter centers, and are expanding everyday. But we are still far from our goal, and we are going to need every bit of additional help that we can get if we expect to find out what the saucers are and what they are doing in our skies, as well as their origin, whether it be Russia, Mar, or Doakes Aircraft Co. If a filter center has been established for your state or province, it will be listed below; write to the filter center for details and registration forms. If a filter center has not yet been set up in your region you may write to the address at the top of this page. We are particularly interested in having persons join who have cameras, binoculars, and astronomical equipment that they may use in obtaining data and photographic evidence that is vital to our research. We earnestly hope that you will represent your town, city or village and add another observer post to your state network. Please write for information if you are interested in joining ICARF.

Sincerely,
W. G. Jordan

Spell of Rain -- A visitor to New Mexico was talking to a sun-browned native, and commented on the lack of rain. "Doesn't it ever rain here?" the tourist asked. The native thought a moment and said, "Mister, do you remember the story of Noah and the Ark, and how it rained 40 days and 40 nights?" "Sure I do," said the tourist. "Well," drawled the native, "we got a half-inch that time."

Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world, whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw and feathers.---Hare.





LOCKY
H A W E
T F O U N D



in the newspapers

(Doubt mag) N.Y. Times, 4-21-57. In Northern Rhodesia the Zombesi River is being dammed for electric power. The valley which will be under 150 feet of water is now the home of an estimated 1000 elephants.. "Game rangers are trying to move the herd . . . but so far they have had little success. They are meeting with what appears to be organized resistance from the animals."

(Doubt mag).. To the Chicago Tribune a letter, from T.J. Bergen of Milwaukee, mentions "a persistent rumor that there is a bill pending granting a 10 billion dollar loan or gift to either Mars or the moon."

(Doubt).. Well, now, just as we go to press.. 10-5-57 ..Henry Wadsworth Redfellow has shot his arrow into the air. The Russ artificial satellite is alleged to be up there, 560 miles from the earth, travelling at 18,000 miles per hour. The "evidence" that it is 560 miles up is a beep on short-wave radio sets. If it was only 300 miles up you would hear a burp. Just what is making the thing travel 18,000 miles an hour is a Red secret..

(Doubt).. Ine Louis Labory, Dax; France, tried for months to teach a parrot to talk, without success, but a canary in a nearby cage learned "to speak a dozen phrases" by eavesdropping. Chi Tribune, 3-4-57..

Sheridan Press (Wyo).. Gillette, Wyo.-The deer in the Gillette area are stopping the show. Recently a buck and doe deer strolled in front of the picture screen at the Sunset Drive-In theater. A movie was showing. The flashing picture failed to scare them, and they proceeded to graze. The management cut the movie, turned on the lights so everyone could see, but only after people began to get out of their cars and walk toward them did they turn and leave.

(nuther from Doubt)- Mrs. Mary L. Schoⁿheit is fighting the school authorities of Missouri for the right to educate her daughter at home. Mrs. Schoenheit, a former school teacher, says the schools turn out trained seals.

When hungry, killer whales go hunting in a pack of from two to forty. If they happen to be in the Antarctic regions and there is a layer of ice above when sighting a shadow overhead, they swim deep, then turn about and zoom toward the surface, gathering momentum and smashing into the ice with their backs, shattering it and spilling the victim into the water. (partly quoted from Awake mag)

Good advertisement- the Space encyclopaedia- 288 pages, 320 illus, this book only 35s (first looked at that price- I thought it was 35 cents- reason for the word "only" then noticed that little letter "s" which means shillings). I guess 35 shillings to be about - \$4.90..eek!

