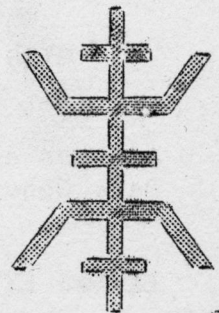


ONCE IN A
BLUE MOON



EVANS

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ANY RESEMBLANCE TO TRUTH IS ENTIRELY FALSE UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED: AND IN THE MAIN IT IS SO STATED?? IF BY SOME STRANGE HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS PLACED FORWARD YOU FIND YOU LIKE THIS 'ZINE, LET US KNOW.

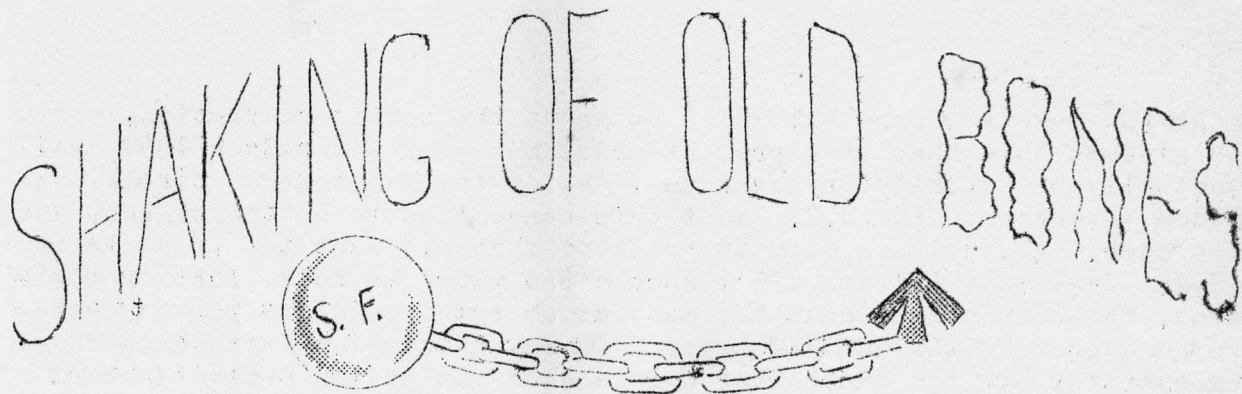
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BITS AND PIECES. YE OLDE LAGGE.

Address all replies to; The Manchester Circle, c/o.
Dave Cohen, 32, Larch Street, Hightown, Manchester, 8.

EXTRA! EXTRA! WHAT IS A SUPERNOVAE? (See Page 21.)

SHAKING OF OLD BONES



WE hear rumours scattered here, there, and everywhere....especially at conventions....that miracles do happen. Here's proof! A fanzine by the Manchester Circle. (Ye Olde remnants of N.S.F.C.) A bone shaking idea that shook us out of our reverie of Ghod Bheer when one member was brave enough to suggest it. (He has recently come out of hospital after recovering from a severe "accident"!!)

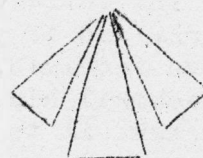
To further the miracle we are not even asking for a sub!!!!

If you like this effort, don't be afraid to drop us a line, we then may consider publishing another Once In A Blue Moon when the next blue moon shines. If you don't like it there is a little office where the paper may be useful!??

What are the intentions of this 'zine? Well we will try to entertain the reader, especially the femme reader. The latter privately of course. But in the main, to give us of the M.C. a chance to express our worldwide knowledge (?) to ye learners of fandom. (Phoof to Walt Willis!) We promise further that it is most unlikely that politics will be given mention. e.g. The footing of the bill for the fallen arches of Suez, to be rubbed carefully with U.N.O. Or..who should cross the Atalantic under the T.A.F.F., personally we are not fussy, we don't know any of them personally.

Most of the articles, stories, etc. have been done by members of the Manchester Circle only, with the added assistance of Terry Jeeves to whom our most grateful thanks are offered, and our American Column by Eva Firestone.

It is further hoped that this 'zine will have to its readers a personality of its own that will distinguish it from any other 'zine known. We feel fairly safe with this as to our knowledge there are few words left to describe without broaching on names previously used on all other fanzines.



To prove our individuality we don't even belong to O.M.P.A.!!!!

At the moment we are all "het" up about the coming convention, with the sincere hope that the present problems of the Worldcon 1957 will eventually be satisfactorily overcome. We of the Manchester Circle, as fandom throughout the U.K. want this convention to be the biggest and best ever. We, joining with the rest of fandom, want to prove to the U.S.A. fans that Britain ain't such a bad place to hold further Worldcons. The convention Committee must do everything in its power to assure the success of the WORLDCON, even if it may mean a few extra headaches. The sympathy of the Manchester Circle goes out to the Central Committee for the difficulties they are in all probability facing at the moment,, for we have not forgotten the Manchester Convention, and a Worldcon carries even more responsibilities. Yet, even though our sympathies lay with the Central Committee, we find we must insist that no stone should be left unturned to assure fandom of a successful convention.

What of our impression of the coming Kettering Convention in Easter? Well we like the idea, it is such a long time to the Worldcon that it is most unlikely that the Manchester Circle could keep on the "water waggon" for that long, so Kettering has come to us as Manna from heaven, and personally we are curious to discover what a convention without a programme is like. A convention consisting of parties only!!!! We rather like our curiosity too, and intend to follow our noses to Kettering.

It has been considered too that the Kettering effort offers wonderful opportunities to all members of the Worldcon Committee to get together to discuss over riding problems, and future plans for the success of the Worldcon.

There's an epic just come into town that has a caption; "Science Fiction". Apparently consisting of all the ingredients of a Hollywood SF. film, including a popsy with a topsy, and various other vital statistics. It carries the title of; "Satellite In The Sky". The advertisement carries a further caption; "Five men and a girl...marooned in Outer Space!" Poor girl, she'll think she's at a convention. But Girls! Wouldn't you just lo-o-ove to be in her place!!!!???

They are at it again. Just been reading a report the Mayor Of Stafford is anticipating a visit from Flying Saucers, and has even offered to put a couple of the visitors up.

The anticipated circulation of this fanzine will be around the 150 mark, so if your friend has been unlucky (or is it lucky) enough not to have received this effort, either; give it to him; loan it to him; or blackmail him into taking it. And if none of these work, you are permitted to take it to that "small office". To Ye Collectors! Save this copy, you may never get another!

Signed,
Ye Olde Lag.

RADIO

WASTE



ACTIVE

DISPOSAL

It has been suggested elsewhere, I should here record, that my dissertation entitled; - *"The Disposal Of Pressurised Biological Wastes With Particular Reference To Control Problemns In Steam Locomotive Transport " should be transcribed onto this paper. This was given between Kettering and Leicester after the first Cytricon, and was considered to be of considerable general interest.

However, with the development of commercial power generation using fissile fuels, I consider that radioactive waste disposal is a more important (if less pleasing and personal) problemn and has some remote bearing on Science Fiction.

At present atomic power is generated by the controlled fission of the element Uranium-235. Future power stations however are likely to breed their own fuel from the relatively abundant Uranium-238 and Thorium-232. It therefore seems likely that by the end of this century that perhaps one tenth of the world's electricity will be generated from atomic energy.

Now when a fissile fuel is "burnt" it breaks down with great violence into two or more heavy fragments and liberates several neutrons (which continue the "burning process") and gamma rays and neutrinos. Most of the energy appears as a kinetic energy in the heavy particles and these, by collision with other atoms, generate heat (heat is merely the degree of vibration of atoms or molecules) . Of the total energy released by fission process, about one twentieth is locked up for various periods in the intensely radioactive fission products (nuclear "ash") absorb neutrons very readily and will eventually poison the fuel and stop fission. It is therefore necessary to remove the uranium (or other fissile fuel). The fuel elements are ejected from the pile,, allowed to "cool" for several months under water and are then chemically processed to recover pure fissile material. The waste products from this process are extremely dangerous. Assuming a 10% world production of electricity by fission energy the waste products are equivalent to about a thousand tons of radium each year. The radioactivity of this falls on storage, after about ten years it would be equal to about twenty-one tons of radium and after forty years, one ton, but would not become almost negligigible for over eight-hundred years.



*DIARRHOEA!

Disposal of such amounts of waste in the oceans would be suicidal, not only would all sea life become extinct of inedible but our coasts would be dangerously radioactive, shipping would be impossible and even rain would be radioactive. It has been calculated that even one ten-thousandth part of this waste could be dangerous in the oceans.

Fortunately the total volume of fission products would amount to only about seventy cubic feet per annum, (i.e. a four foot cube) in the dry state (as equivalent radium the volume would be a twenty foot cube). This does not entirely solve the problem, however, since during the first ten years this waste would generate heat at about half percent the waste of the total world fission power generation (2,000 A.D.). The heat generation is such that one year's wastes could boil a quarter cubic mile of water (or melt an approximately equal volume of ice) in the first ten years of storage, and therefore cooling and splitting up into small lots would be essential to prevent breaching of containers and even vapourisation of the containers and its contents.

The most promising method of disposal at present is concentration into small lots and storage (either as concrete blocks or otherwise) in well monitored dumps, preferable in a dry geologically stable remote area. These dumps would require burial/shielding with at least ten feet of concrete. Suitable sites would be the central Australian desert, or possibly, in view of the possibility of useful heat generation, the Antarctic continent. Such a method would make the waste available for future use or more efficient disposal. In connection, the Moon has been suggested as a suitable place for dumping radioactive wastes.....rockets will have to be very reliable, however, before such methods are safe to adopt..... the effects of the failure of a rocket carrying such a load before a non-returning trajectory has been established could be disastrous.

In conclusion, if we are to avoid grave danger to life on Earth, the utmost care in the control of atomic energy will be needed in the future until such time as more efficient and less dangerous power sources are discovered. Possibly the generation of power from the fusion of Hydrogen into heavier elements will provide at least a partial answer to this problem.

For those interested in modern advancements in science, two new magazines are now available:

"SPACEFLIGHT"; a quarterly magazine published by the British Interplanetary Society, and;

"THE NEW SCIENTIST" a magazine covering a wider field of science.

"SPACEFLIGHT" is issued at 3/- per copy.

NO CHOICE

HE stood, feet apart, a tall, striking figure of a man, with the star strewn night above and around him, and the thin cold air of a dying world stirring in restless sighs across his face.

He stared upwards into infinity, and the aching loneliness tearing at his heart was like something tangible. Utterly alone but for the glittering, vastly remote icy pinpoints of light that were other suns; he stared; he thought; and the tears in his eyes reflected back the starlight.

He was lonely, this man. Filled with a sadness, a sorrow, a wave of self-pity. In his mind was memories, thoughts of the days on Earth when his happiness had been marred by the ever lingering shadow of the cold war. There had been many bloody wars in history, wars in which whole nations indulged in slaughter. But the Third World War had threatened to be THE most bloody war in the history of mankind....the history that had come to a sudden, devastating end.

He was the last man!! Last of the race of homo - sapien that had sprung from the green Earth, last of England's happy breed. And now he stood there, on dark red sands of an alien world, and gazed at the starry firmament above.

Six weeks before, two short days after his landing, a second sun had appeared...briefly...in the sky; it was then that the loneliness had begun, for he knew then in the brightness of the second sun that the planet which had given him birth was no more.

The Radio Operator, back on Earth, had informed him that the war had finally come, on the second day after his successful landing on Mars. The pride he felt, the thrill of being the first man to set foot on another world, had turned sour then.

Several hours later, sunlight had suddenly trebled in brilliance, and looking up into the violet -blue sky of Mars, he saw the death of a world.....his world!

Now he felt that soon he would go mad. He could live for years, perhaps even indefinitely, until disease or old age overcame him. The Hydroponics tank supplied all food



requirements, with ample to spare. Water was abundant on this planet, contrary to all expectations. Fruit and vegetable, though unfamiliar, grew wildly and profusely. And small specimens of animal life were observed by him from time to time. Indeed, even without the Hydro-tank he guessed he could live off the land. The air, though attenuated, was breathable.

His physical needs were no problem; but there was his mental stability to think about. He doubted if he could live long in such solitude before insanity came. If only he had been able to bring along a companion....a woman perhaps. But the payload of the ship had been strictly limited, although, he thought bitterly, the return fuel.....now so much useless lumber could have been left behind for all the use it was now.

He sighed, drawing the cold night air into his lungs, and then turned and walked slowly back to the ship with the leisured pace of a man who had all the time in the world. He shut out the stars; shut out the crying moan of the lonesome wind; and had soon shut consciousness in the blessed sanctuary of sleep. And he dreamed of times ago when he was not alone.

The next morning he heard a woman's voice!!

He was fiddling with the ship's radio. He often did so. He realised it was a waste of time, but he could well afford such a waste. Alone, without books ...books have weight... tending the Hydro-tank; exploring for a few miles around the ship, until such occupations became commonplace, and finding something fresh to do was a relief.

He would run through the frequency range and receive only static. But even this, originating from the distant stars, gave a measure of comfort; made him feel not quite so alone.

The woman's voice came suddenly, without warning, and so totally unexpected. His heart jumping with shock, he tuned in the voice, and basked in the sweet, soothing, silvery tones. It did not matter that he couldn't understand a word that was to him so much gibberish. To hear a woman's sweet, feminine voice once more, was the most wonderful experience of his life.

After a while he began to think again, and he pulled himself together. He noted the waveband and frequency, adjusted controls, switched to transmit, and shouted:

"Hello there! Can you hear me?"

With a sick feeling of apprehension, and a weakness in his stomach, he switched back to receive, and was dismayed to receive only static once more. He stared, unseeing, at the control panel, and then did the best thing possible under the circumstances; he broke. He buried his

face in his hands, head bowed, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

Suddenly, he stiffened; caught his breath; stifled a sob in his throat. Another sobbed also.....a woman! Quite plain and distinct now, he could hear her crying. With trembling hands he switched back to transmit and repeated his question; and reswitched yet again to receive .. Immediately, he received a reply in his own language! The woman 's voice came strong and clear, though heavily accented;

"Where are you? Who are you? Please answer! Oh please!"

It seemed they talked for hours. Laughing; crying; and laughing again. Presently he blasted off, but to land again, near the northern icecap, and a crashed ship. A ship of an unfamiliar design. It was a much larger ship, but its huge bulk must have been composed mainly of fuel storage space, for he saw the smallness of the pilot's cabin. Ridiculously small for the size of the ship.

Then he saw the hammer and sickle symbol on the ship's side, and he then realised.....the truth!

The Russian ship was different from the British one for obvious reasons. Britain had led the world in rocket fuel research, and discovered a fuel more explosive than anything else that had previously been discovered and required much less storage space. The Russians had not been so successful, and required a much bulkier spaceship to carry the necessary fuel. To get the maximum space for fuel, they had cut down on everything else, even to the pilot!

He could see her coming out of the ship's side now and come running towards him.

He sighed and went forward to meet her rushing figure, her tiny rushing figure. Sure! She was a midget...but a woman! He had no choice.

PHILUPS No. 1.

Ken, Cyril, and Dave, decided to have a break from the Ping Hong and for a change visited a pub called Listons.

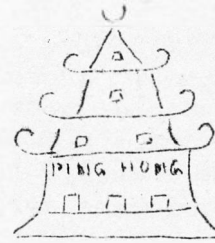
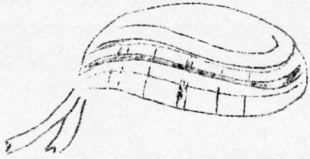
Two smashing pieces of work drew their attention, one a blond who knew how to wiggle her hips, and a brunette who believed in showing as much as possible. To their horror?? They approached them!!

Cyril and Ken began to drool, even Dave began to sweat. They came nearer rer! Dave then opened his eyes. "Layoff chaps! They're from Middle--sex." And they were, a couple of floosies! Ken hasn't been the same since.

A SEAT

IN THE

CIRCLE



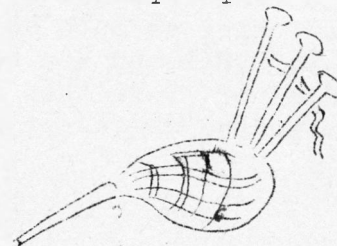
"THE MANCHESTER CIRCLE"; to some of you readers, if any, a familiar name. To others, not so familiar.

Let us examine the "Circle". I will attempt to place the "Circle" under the microscope for the information of the uninformed.....to those of you who prefer it straight;- I'm gonna' "blow the gaff" on my "chinas"!!!

A Circle:- Sometimes described as an endless line, which is exactly what you'll hear every Sunday night in the Ping Hong, Manchester. Speaking as one who has never been to a convention and probably never will be "con"sueded, purely for e-"con"-o-mie reasons, I sometimes get a little tired listening with bated breath to the blokes accounts of the "best cons of my life", furtively concealing my furious envy, when, with ears hoisted to their fullest extent, I lap up the delicious details of; Cyril's girls, Ken's yens, Dave's slaves, and Frank's pranks.

Occasionally a visitor from another "orbit" drops in, and then after an opening gambit about books, authors, and such trash (???). "Those you have loved" starts again. I should mention that, like I.T.V., these reminiscences only come as an interval between long sessions of drooling over the bright young things that constantly trip in and out of our salubrious saloon bar. I might add that at such sessions I can drool with the best of them.

In our Circle there are five main points;- Frank, Cyril, Dave, Ken, and wee me (Phil to you), and after a Sunday session, if not stinko we usually end up pie-eyed. Our aims???? To keep pace with the output of the brewing cartels, thus helping in our small way the cause of the temperance societies. Of course it could be argued that such activities tend to cause inflation, judging by Frank's ample proportions that could be so. Occasionally the talk gets around to science and other dull subjects, it is then that suspicious glances are sent round the table at the speed of light. Now and again some idiot starts jabbering about authors. Personally I could never understand any bod who boasts of being in a pub with Tubb, or on a ramble with Campbell.



Do any of you follow the thrilling instalments of the U.F.O. (unidentified flying objects)? Quite recently along with Dave I attended a meeting of the F.S.R.S. (Flying Saucer Research Society) in Manchester. A harrowing experience, I can assure you!!!!

For weeks afterwards I kept waking up in the night shouting;-"My God they've got windows! ". Not being fortunate enough to own a tape recorder I have been cudgelling my brains how to play a roll of insulation tape which is imprinted with a message of black foreboding. Any suggestions besides the obvious? Incidentally can it be true that F.S.'s have been seen over a certain area in the Middle East? Maybe some Martian Construction Company will be found ready to lend their several thousand years of experience clearing a certain waterway which of course must be nameless.

Did any of you stay up to hear the broadcast from the alien flagship? Tiring ain't it?

Anyway if any of you ever pop into the Ping Hong you can be sure of a warm welcome, and an enjoyable drool. So long mugs????!!!

The following item may be of interest to you who disbelieve in U.F.O.

"Author of the following amazing theory is Gavin Gibbons, a scholarly Oxford Graduat, who has spent two years investigating flying saucer reports in the Stafford area."

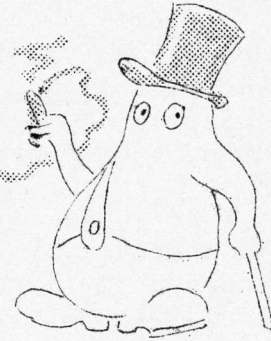
He has decided that the 12 saucers sighted....five by himself..... were survey ships from Mars or Venus. And that a large force is due any time now.

Further it is stated that these U.F.O. have a protective screen that will bounce back any bullets that may be fired on them.

There is a very well duplicated 'zine that is Edited by Pete Campbell worthy of some note. It deals in the main with subjects of speculation, covering occult, telepathy, and subsidiary matters of the unknown, also theories and sightings of Flying Saucers. Subscription; 12/- for 12 issues. Pete's address is; 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, Westmorland. The 'zine is called; EAST AND WEST, and issue at hand contains articles by; George Arnsby-Jones, Ph.D., C. Nelson Stewart, M.A., and besides others; F.R. Morrison, M.A.

Purely

Circumstantial

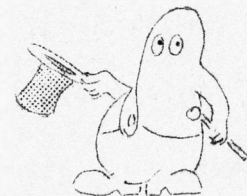


LORD Clewless was taking his regular morning exercise. A great believer in physical fitness ever since his superior speed enabled his escape from a pugnacious school mate...a hulking brute of three foot nine inches; his Lordship had made it a lifelong rule to climb out of his luxurious Rolls before it reached the office building. Invariably, he made the final fifty yards under his own power. He prided himself on the fact that other men in his position insisted on being driven right to the door, but not he. Fifty yards exercise was good for a man, and his Lordship had done it regularly, once a month ever since he could remember.

On this particular day, his Lordship was feeling very pleased. He had dismissed the chauffeur with his customary, and very democratic; "Call for me at three James".....Clewless was a great believer in democracy; and the chauffeur replied with his usual; "Certainly your Lordship" and reverent raising of the cap..... Clewless was also a great believer in class consciousness, thus he was feeling very pleased at the moment, over his principles of democracy and rightness of position. It was at this moment, that Lord Clewless noticed the poster adorning the front of his favourite hotel.....The Grand Tepid, where he usually paused for a 'bracer' before completing the final twenty-five yard stretch to his office.

WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION.....the conservative two-foot lettering stated in delicate scarlet letters. Being a true gentleman in every sense of the word, Clewless knew nothing of science. His training and upbringing had carefully shielded him from such things, being more concerned on important matters of protocol, which wine to drink with fish, and knightly orders of precedence. The sort of thing every blue-blooded Briton simply had to know. However, his Lordship was feeling democratic, and also.....having reached the twenty-five yard mark..... in nedd of his 'bracer', so in he strode.

His Lordship had barely entered the foyer, and had merely paused to regain his breath after negotiating the three steps, when his arm was seized by a bespectacled gentleman wearing a bow tie, and a sheet of cardboard in his left lapel. Clewless was about to ask if carnations had gone out this year, when the card-wearer babbled:



"Gessur Cambel, whareu bene? Notime tootalk lets get on the platform", and dragged his Lordship through a door, past rows and rows of people and up the steps onto a platform.

By this time, Clewless had so exceeded his Fifty-yards ration that speech was beyond him, and he was quite satisfied to sink down onto a proffered chair to regain his wind. Gradually his senses returned, and Clewless began to regard the people thronging the hall. A quick glimpse of queer headgear, many tentacled monsters, and several fully armed guards bearing weapons of queer design was enough....he closed his eyes. He couldn't however close his ears, and suddenly he realised that his accoster had been talking for some time..... "....W. Camble Jr. has agreed to be interviewed on the platform, and here he is!"

Clewless found himself being hoisted to his feet, and urged to the front of the platform. Then he realised every one was cheering him. Clewless had never been cheered like this since the day he broke the school high jump record, and then the cheering had stopped when he had removed The wasp from his shorts. His Lordship's democratic soul expanded. These queer people realised his true worth, he would give them the benefit of his philosophy, and raise them to a higher mental plane. He turned to the spectacle wearer and awaited the first question.

"Do you think fandom is active in the world today?"

Clewless lived in a country mansion, and naturally, it was haunted. He prided himself on being an authority on ghosts and phantoms, so in a deep voice he replied;

"I have established beyond a shadow of a doubt, that there exists on this earth, a vital force which though scoffed at by many, it is nevertheless destined to have great effects upon our way of life." Clewless paused for breath, and was mildly upset when the questioner carried on with the next question without waiting for Clewless to continue. However, over the terrific applause which had greeted his first answer, he made out the next question.

"Who do you think is the world's best fan-artist?"

Clewless blushed. Buried deep in his past, was the memory of the time when he had played hockey from his fox-hunting course and taken refuge in a variety theatre. To his innocent mind leaped the answer;

"Without doubt, it is Gypsy Rose Lee....." Whatever else his Lordship intended to say was drowned in the applause, which perhaps is as well, because probably it was not worth listening to.

This rather confused Clewless, and as the questions came thicker and faster, he was forced to answer them without thinking...although, as it had been his lifelong habit he found this not hard to do, also it was an

effort to hear the questions above the continuous applause.

Q. "What do you think of the artificial satellites?"

A. "I hate Communist controlled countries."

Q. "Do you believe in levitation?"

A. "I'm Church of England."

Q. "What do you think of Bridey Murphy?"

A. "I only drink whiskey."

Q. "Do you like space opera, or do you prefer serious an constructive stories with a basic in fact?"

A. "Absolutely."

Q. "When can we expect Stuart to appear again?"

A. "I prefer Walter Scott."

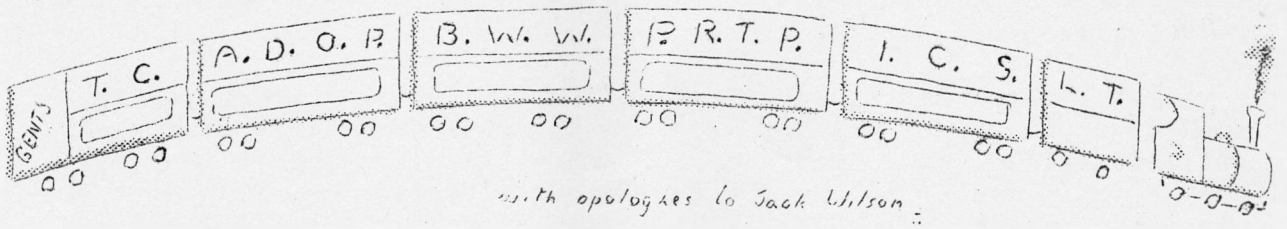
At last it was over. People thronged around Lord Clewless demanding autographs....he signed them. They ran out of paper, and presented blank cheques.... he signed them. They presented hotel bills; Army enlistment forms; I.O.U.'s, Clewless signed them all. Still they thronged around him. They stood him up for TAFF, and they sat him down for photographs. Souvenir hunters took his hat, his tie, his walking stick. One poor lad, obviously overcome with emotion took his gold watch. Another, obviously speechless with admiration clutched his wallet with adulation and disappeared, overcome into the crowd.

Clewless was touched.....deeply touched, so many times that he was black and blue. Something about his Lordship's flushed face appealed to the crowd....they threw him out.

Thses days, Lord Clewless is a changed man. He no longer takes his monthly exercise, no longer does his sleek Rolls driven by a position conscious James take its democratic master through the city. Instead, Clewless types letter after letter, reads wads of duplicated matter, and subscribes to all science fiction magazines. No, he hasn't become a fan, he's trying to find out what happened to him, and his wallet.

DON'T TAKE PILLS, TAKE TRIODE AT 4/- FOR FOUR ISSUES.
WHY SEE A DOCTOR WHEN YOUR BEST MEDICINE IS TRIODE!!!
SEE TERRY FOR TRIODE! HIS ADDRESS; 58, SHARRARD GROVE,
SHEFFIELD, 12. OR ERIC BENTCLIFFE, 47 ALLDIS STREET,
GREAT MOOR, STOCKPORT.

OBSERVATION ON



*The Control And Disposal Of Pressurised Biological Wastes, With Particular Reference To Problemns In Connection With Steam Locomotive Transport.
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

This article nearly wasn't written. How on Earth is that common word "Dyerear" or maybe "Direar" spelt? In a magazine of this calibre it is so important to have one's spelling correct. So I searched for it in the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" (if this shorter edition (2424 p.p.) what's the unabridged like!) Well I simply couldn't find it, "Dyerear" fell between "Dyer" and "Dyogogram" (a force or/and angle diagram), whilst "Direar" fell between "Dire" and "direct". Both these positions seemed appropriate but neither word was listed.

I asked several people how the word was spelt,.....some had oulandish shots at it like the Scot who said it "was all Rs".....otherrrs went red and said "excuse me, I must run?" whilst others went white and said "Sh! It isn't a polite word. I even rang our medical officer and he said he was much too busy to bother with such trivialities, rang off saying "take a good dose of castor oil!" Ex-friends who were at the '55 Cytricon gave horrible guffaws when I approached them on the subject, and everyone in the Ping Hong gave me that withering look normally reserved for a London Circle member who declares that he "Loves, simply loves Vargo Statten's stories" . (Don't join the Manchester Circle....they're drunken sots).

The matter rested there for some time, despite prods from the instigator of this magazine; frantic reading of S.F. failed to disclose the word and I had no unused copy of "Contact". Finally, however, whilst searching for more fanzines and pre-war S.F., I came across a dictionary (a consise, abridged, shortened edition that I had at school and which never had any words in it that a schoolboy would naturally want to look up), it didn't take long to go from "D" (I assumed it started with "D" to "Diarrhoea". Now I could tell the story, last told with some success on the journey back from the '55 Cytricon!

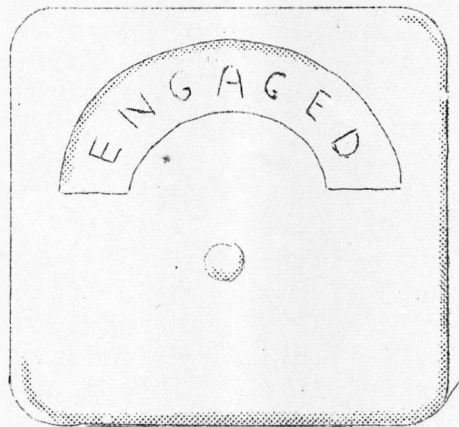
During the war I was posted from a training camp in Scotland to a camp in Hampshire and was travelling in a packed train from Glasgow to London. I had a seat and at



the time considered myself very fortunate since those in the corridor were packed like sardines.....if they got in with their hands in their pockets, they had to stay there.

After several hours, severe unmentionable internal pressures (with counter repressions) developed, these got progressively more violent, until finally I flung open the door and battled my way into the corridor. "Pardon me!", "Breathe out can't you!", "Excuse me, it's most urgent!", "Gangway! It's a matter of life and death!" Finally I reached the end of the corridor, leaving behind me an insensate trail of broken and bleeding civilians. I then forcibly ejected three bods and slammed the door. Ten minutes later (no paper) I fought my way backit took longer this time since I was more polite (less pressure) and the civilians were beginning to get organised. Five minutes later,..exactly the same journey and purpose...this continued no less than five times in the next ninety minutes (still no paper). By this time the horrible civilian corridor types (why weren't they in the forces...they were all fighting fit!) had forgotten it was Hitler's war.... it was now their war. Luckily the majority had their hands in their pockets and couldn't get them out, or I wouldn't be here to write this.

By this time, asI was quite worn like a rocket, noth-against, but then I vacuum.....quite the itate, I was rather and didn't like the Rockets are more eff-where they have noth-against. I didn 't rocket. Perhaps if I push against I would cient rocket. Hmmm!

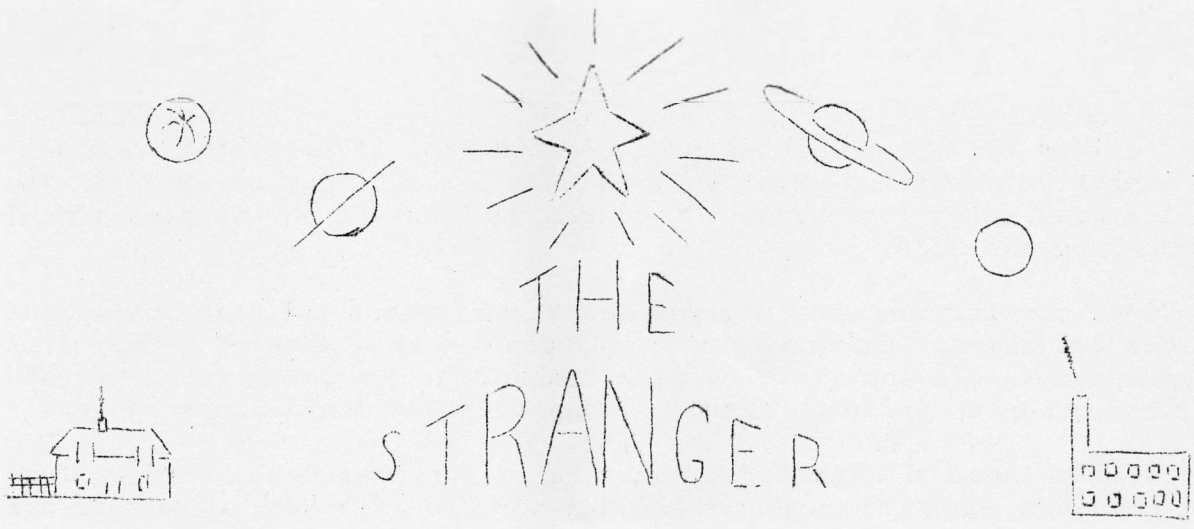


you may imagine out and had , ing to push wasn't in a reverse I cog-like a rocket sensation at all. cient in vacuum ing to push like being a had something to be a less eff-

Finally I rose to my valise and unear-pie, supplied by the Now the training were renowned, public analysts had stated that they contained on average 0.01% protein (ptomaine containing), 33% best 3:1 sand and cement mixture and 66.99% which completely baffled them (this was the Sergeant Cook's secret). I masticated and masticated till the pie was quite gone. I don't know whether it was the cement and sand or just something to push against that did the trick, but there were no more fights in the corridor.

my feetard got theda huge meat training camp. camp's meat pies

I have a slogan....suitable for any meat pie manufacturer (he can have it free): "Meat Pies Make Easy Rides!"



MY story, it could be a true one, starts.....and finishes, a number of years ago, when the ties of marriage hadn't caught up with me.

Things in general were grim, thousands were on the dole including myself. Work in the city was almost at a standstill, my parents were having a hard time, my father unfortunately was one of the thousands struggling on money hardly sufficient to keep both my father and mother on a minimum basic diet, never mind feed me. I was a growing lad requiring much more food than my dole money could buy, and my parents were robbing themselves to feed me and keep me reasonably clothed.

It was the agony of the times, watching my parents suffer so that I could have a chance, that finally decided me to seek a job outside of the City.

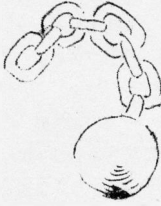
There were many tears shed when I told them of my decision, but they finally agreed that perhaps I may find a job on some farm, perhaps even more food. I whispered softly to them;

"If I find the job I'm looking for, you will have more food too!" And kissed them both fondly. I fully intended to keep to my promise, and I believe I did.

.....

After many weary miles of walking, living on what I could find on the land, I eventually found a farm in a lovely spot miles from anywhere, with a dirt road as the only means of transporting the limited merchandise from the farm. The back of the farm was snuggled closely to a low lying hill whereupon few cattle grazed, it surprised me in a way for the land apparently belonging to the farm covered many an acre. Yet as far as the eye could see no other cattle or sheep other than those on the hill could be seen. Even the land seemed to be running wild, only a few spots showing signs of recent cultivation, Somehow the scene hurt me, made me feel sad. Such wonderful land slowly going to pot. Yet I could not doubt that here I will find a job.

I entered the low slung gate, it screamed in protestation behind me as I finally shut it. I walked up the narrow dirt path towards the farm door, a few chickens scam-



bled wildly by, the few ducks quacked loudly as if protesting against my intrusion: A muffled grunt from the one pig that lay sleeping in its pen. A loud neigh as a horse popped its head out of the stable door. I knocked on the door.

"Good morning! And what may you want?" A wizzened old head popped out of the low doorway, an ancient face surmounted by a mass of unruly iron grey hair, an old lady, her bearings proud, and once, many years ago she may have been beautiful. "What do you want young man?" She repeated.

"Well ma'am, I'm after a job, any kind of job that could earn me food and lodgings, and maybe a few shillings for myself." Somehow before her I did not feel afraid to ask, there was an air of kindness, perhaps one may even say righteousness about her whole bearing. I could not feel afraid or sad before her.

"So you want a job? Come in, rest yourself, you appear to have travelled far!". She continued.

"Yes ma'am. Kind of you ma'am." I replied.

"Well make yourself comfortable while I get the kettle on the fire, make you some tea. You look half starved. Aye! I'll make you something to eat too."

"But what about the job ma'am?" I asked, somewhat overwhelmed with her generosity.

"That can wait! First you must rest awhile while I get the tea ready, then after tea we will talk. My husband should be in then for his dinner, then we can all have a cosy chat. But don't worry we'll find something for you."

With a sigh of relief I sat down to one of the finest meals I have had for sometime, how my parents would have enjoyed it.

Shortly afterwards feeling a satisfactory fullness in my stomach, I settled down to await the return of her husband, profusely thanking her for her kindness. We eventually settled down to talk about events. It was during this talk that I discovered that the unemployment had effected them a great deal until they had to cut down their labour staff to the barest minimum. They were eventually left with two men who had worked for them all their lives, but they were getting on and could hardly manage to keep in trim the limited land they were cultivating. Then suddenly they had both died, practically together, and now the old lady's husband was trying to keep the farm together to get a bare living out of it, he couldn't afford the cost of fresh labour.

For a moment I felt a deep disappointment. Then she continued: But now her husband realised he couldn't manage on his own and she felt certain would appreciate an extra hand, but she warned me not to expect much more than board and lodgings in return for my labours. I was only

too pleased to accept these arrangements and awaited confirmation from her husband.

Shortly afterwards he stomped in taking off his overboots before he entered the room. "Hello! And whom may we have here?" He exclaimed.

I explained, and told him that I was after a job.

"Well it won't be much of a job son, but we are glad to have you. I can't pay much."

"Your dear wife explained that to me, and I still want the job."

"It is a lot of hard work, son. Much harder than you will be used to coming from the City!"

"I don't mind sir. Though I'd like to send my parents some farm produce." I answered, then added hurriedly; "But I'll pay for it sir."

"It's good to hear you say that son. but you won't pay for it, we'll call it part of the returns from your work. And no, you've had something to eat, but do you care to join me with finishing this fine dinner my wife cooked?"

"No sir. I have had quite sufficient, thanks to the kindness of you wife."

"Right you are son. Soqn as I have had my dinner I'll start to teach you the ropes."

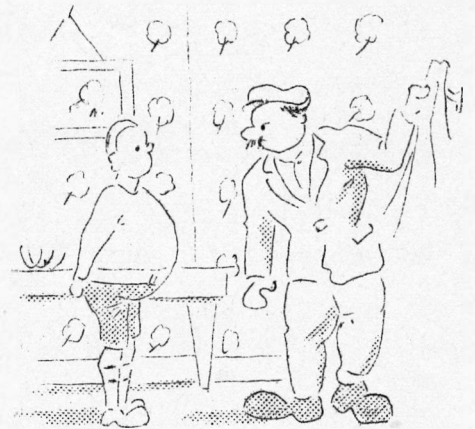
The following six months were the happiest times I've ever had, I enjoyed the work, and enjoyed the company of the wonderful couple. I even managed to visit my parents for a couple of days with the few shillings I had saved. Took with me a large food parcel that the kindly couple insisted I took for my parents. I was happy in my heart when I saw that what little help I was able to give them in food and money had cheered them up a great deal, and they did not look as half starved as I had left them. Yes I was very happy.

It was a Sunday, six months after I started on the farm that the stranger came:

I was feeding the chickens when I saw him walking up the dirt road, a somewhat ragged stranger but with a bearing that reflected the sureness of his stride, the pride of a man who may be down on his luck but certainly not out. As he knocked upon the door I approached him.

"Good morning. Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He turned to me. I looked into his eys, iron grey in colour



but tinted with a deep sadness, as if he carried the world's unhappiness upon his shoulders, yet as he replied to me the sadness was replaced by something I cannot describe, something that seemed to look right through me into my very soul, yet I did not feel fear of them. Those eyes made me feel that here was a person I could talk to, open the unhappiness of the times that lay heavy within me and spread it before him for him to diagnose and find the answer. Here was A MAN whatever the poor condition of the clothes upon him. He spoke, his voice appeared to vibrate throughout my body, it was rich in timber, deep, firm and clear.

"You wish to help a stranger, a beggar?"

"When you live upon a farm like this, with the good people who own it, no man is a stranger, no man is a beggar. To help a fellow human is all that matters." As I spoke the door opened and the dear old lady came out to greet the stranger.

"Good morning. And what can I do for you?" And as she spoke she looked into the stranger's eyes, a strange look came upon her face, I wondered if she felt as I did.

"I wish to be some bread and some water, I am prepared to do any job in exchange for this kind service."

"Bread? Water? My man, you are going to come right in and have a slap up meal, a rest, and maybe a smoke if you require it!"

"Thank you kind lady, but I do not wish to trespass on your kindness."

"Trespass be blowed!" The old lady nearly exploded in exasperation. "Your going to come right in, or else I'll ask Dave to make you come in!"

The stranger threw his arms up in surrender. "I cannot but accept your kind offer."

The stranger stayed a few days with the constant insistence of the elderly couple and myself. He helped on the farm as a common labourer but whatever he touched seemed to bloom in his hands. I felt a deep wonderment in his company. Many a time I tried to ask him who he was but somehow the question never came out. Clara, one of the cows was dying after giving birth to a calf. The stranger insisted on taking care of her, he even stayed up one whole night in her stable, and when I asked if I could help, he kindly refused. The following morning Clara was fit and well. The wheat would not ripen until the day the stranger worked on the wheatfield, talk of greenfingers!

Eventually the day arrived when he said he must leave, with sadness in our hearts we said goodbye to him, a stranger in torn clothes, a beggar!

That evening the sky over the farm was lit by an exceedingly bright star that appeared to concentrate its brightness upon the farm. Then followed a queer hum that seemed to fill all eternity, the star appeared to move, becoming dimmer and dimmer as it left the vicinity of Earth, then disappeared!

The farm became prosperous, then I was called away to help in the war effort. I have visited the farm since, and found that the old couple were still there but the work of the farm was left in the hands of a Manager, while they took things easy, enjoying a well deserved retirement. We speak many times of the stranger that once visited the farm, and how everything went right after he had left. But I didn't tell them my deepest secret, I knew who he was! And ever since I have been looking for him to join him in his work.

I saw Him today!

We hope that the above story will express our good wishes to fandom and though we are a wee bit late. May we hope you had A Very Happy Xmas, and that the New Year will be a Happy One. (To those interested, we cannot answer to any queries that may be forthcoming in reference to the above story, enquiring about its authenticity. Only one person knows that, and he won't say. Though it has been noticed that he does not drink as much, and he has a strange gleam in his eyes.)

PHILIPS No.2.

Four of the Manchester Circle entered the Band On The Wall, a Public House of erstwhile ill-repute, now the proprietor encourages the attendance of persons of repute, thus he is now friendly to the Manchester Circle, of course he really doesn't know them. They sat down; Ken, Cyril, Phil, and Dave. The waiter comes arushing takes their orders. A remnant of the previous clientele took a fancy to Phil's Scottish accent, sat down and insisted on them treating him to beer and cigarettes. His description of them was as follows:

"You." Pointing to Ken. "You are a Con man!" Reference having nothing to do with conventions.

"And you." Pointing to Dave. "You are a policeman, and I won't worry you." Then turning to Cyril:

"When did you come out?"

Then finally to Phil; "Och mon! You were one of the Delaneys!" The Delaneys (or a name of similarity) were the cutthroats of the Gorbals.

OVER A BHEER GLASS



OR WATERLOO

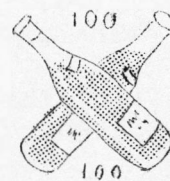
To PING HONG

It is my duty, so they tell me, to make a contribution to this latest effort from the land of sunshine....may it have more success than the last one. Please don't misinterpret me.....by success I don't mean money, the thing you usually measure it in. It is simply a method to inform the world at large that even though we may be a little elderly now, we are not quite defunct.....still have our moments, as a matter of fact!(?)

Well firstly, I'd love to know who suggested this flaming fanzine anyway!!!! However, all my fellow boozers emphatically renounce all knowledge of it's conception. I'm in no position to argue as I remember it happened one very hazy Sunday night, Before we knew where we were we'a been lumbered with it!!!! Incidentally I've noticed that every Sunday night is very hazy.....you know....shimmering figures in the mind etc.! (Vital statistics 38-26-37) Wonder if it's just common to Manchester? (Please send your replies with P.O.'s!) Guess we must discuss this phenomena!

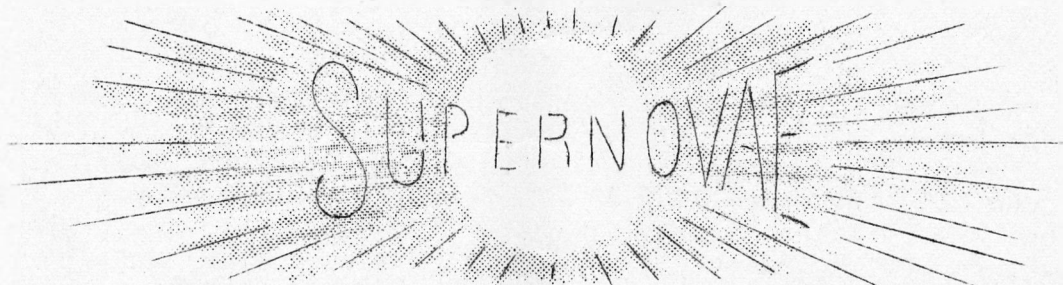
I know you are all simply dying to hear of the activities of the Manchester Mob? Well, these can be explained in very few words ;-"CHIEFLY BCOZING!" These activities were inaugurated after great deliberations and delving into the famous book; "The Decline And Fall Of Cohen's Empire," or, "Bang Goes The N.S.F.C." Looking back we suddenly realized just what was wrong with that shower, ourselves included, too much S.F. and regimentation and not enough mellowing beer. Guess it was taken much too seriously. With old age creeping on there wasn't enough time left for deep and intense delving into S.F., so on a show of hands....all a trifle grubby-stained...we decided to devote 90% of our club nights to wine, women, and song, but as you probably all know, our laws don't permit music on the Sabbath so you can see just what our alternatives were.....just our luck????.....but I guess we're getting used to it. After trial runs at various pubs we eventually settled in at the Ping Hong where we could brood and discuss this, that, and the other, Needless to say no one seemed particularly interested in this and that, but we get by.....

A point of interest now arises....namely...how we obtained the title of the Manchester Circle, rather amazing when you come to think of the "squares" in it! The idea was not copied from a mob from the "Big



Smoke", nay, it came from one of our own members....forget who....who had the misfortune to arrive rather late at night and consequently was not imbibed with the spirit of the meeting. Being more sober minded than the rest, he was in a good position to notice our gyrations on our laboriously reaching street level hence the Circle. Always said we'd never get anywhere!!!

I think that pretty well brings everyone up to date on important things, so I won't bore you with detached descriptions of the Sabrina types we have to sit and watch each night.....Bye!



Supernovae of Class I occur in our Galaxy about once every 500 years. They are characterised in being of extraordinary violence, blowing off the star's outer shell at a speed of about 600 miles per second. The light intensity falls rapidly but after two to four months the rate of fall becomes constant, the energy emitted halving exactly every 55 days over long periods. It has been shown that this cannot be due to cooling of an expanding envelope since the light becomes bluer instead of redder. The total energy emitted by a supernovae, about 99.9% is emitted after the first flash period, and this together with the 55 day "Half-life" strongly suggests energy by radioactive decay.

Of all the radioactive isotopes known, (about 1,000), only Californium 254, element No. 98, appears to fit the facts (possibility of formation in amounts sufficient to cause the energy emitted, correct half-life).

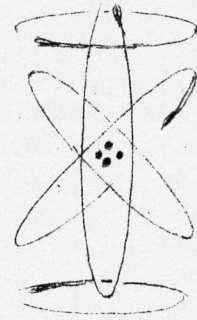
It is suggested that an old star very deficient in hydrogen and containing; Hydrogen, helium, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen, in roughly equal proportions and containing about one five-thousandth part of iron might behave as follows:

The inner core collapses under gravity (presumably because energy developed in the core is decreasing rapidly) raising the temperature to 100,000,000 degrees. This starts a rapid (10 seconds) and violent reaction between hydrogen and the other light elements and is sufficient to blow off the star's outer layer at the observed speed (600 miles per second). The magnesium and neon so formed then react to liberate hundreds of neutrons per iron atom present and the iron builds rapidly to Californium 254. The californium so formed spontaneously fissions with a half-life of 55 days.



QUITE

CONTRARY

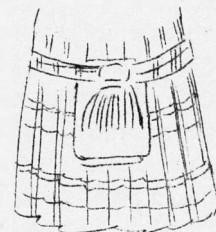


"The other day, upon the stair
"I saw a man, who wasn't there."

When I was a wee boy, (I was a boy once you know!!). I in common with other wee boys.....not forgetting the wee girls bless 'em!.....was an avid follower of the adventure of "Snow White"; "Red Riding Hood", etc., and all the miscellany of fairy tales that make up the first books one stumbles laboriously through at a very early age. Even at that age, gnomes, fairies, etc., and all their wizardry were accepted as just stories, our belief in such manifestations was only a sort of half hearted wishful thinking. Deep in our hearts we knew that such things just could not be, after all, wouldn't it be simply terrible if we turned our headmaster into a frog and forgot the spell!!! We might have a wee boy at home just like we were!! (Poor soul.) I don't remember flicking the fly leaf of one of these books and reading an introduction containing the rather startling information that all tricks, miracles, wizardry, and what have you contained therein were mere flights of the authors imagination and as such was impossible in real life. No doubt such an introduction would have had serious repercussions on the stock-market when it was realised that kids no longer read fairy tales, but preferred real life stories like; "No Orchids...(for you know who)"; or "Sugar Turn Over"; and so forth. Now it seems that what goes for the bairns don't follow for adults...!!!

I glanced at the fly leaf of a vividly coloured S.F. novel the other day. Believe it or not, the hack had the audacity to inform me that the matter of this book was impossible in real life!!!! No doubt the author is under the impression that without his quiet aside the reader is liable to be dangerously convinced of the plausibility of his tale. Which brings me to the matter of this matter;

Now and again one finds hiding among the myriad of S.F. themes, a yarn about so-called "contra-terrestrial matter". I am no student of the English language but "contra-terrestrial" I think I can safely say, is meant to convey the impression such matter is opposed to Earth matter. If there were such a material it brings interesting possibilities. Take for example, a chunk of this C.T.M. floating about in space. By its very nature it would be impossible to haul this problemn child in for examination!!!! Since every particle,



molecule, even the basic atom would be opposed to Earth matter. Any rays; light, radio, or otherwise, emitted by such material would carefully avoid contact with Earth, so therefore, to our instruments on Earth there would be nothing where there is something??? The emissions from other planets would just carefully skirt round it. Suppose we send radar signals from a ship in space, we'd find them bouncing back from the field created by the C.T.M. So, on a radarscope of the P.P.I. type we'd get an outline of a hole in space that can't be approached. Any ship diving into the centre of the hole at any great speed would either disintegrate or be thrown aside by this impenetrable barrier. Supposing there were a great number of these hypothetical chunks of matter, maybe a planetary system of them. Just picture the first space ship exploring the Galaxy, bumping about avoiding holes in space!!! My Ghod! The plot variations make me shudder!!! The same as I shuddered when that fly leaf informed me that the action of the story was impossible. Well.....really, I ask you?

"He wasn't there again today.
I hope that man would go away."

Back to the U.K. It is found that fanzine publications are still on the increase:

Biped, that elusive fanzine that was concluded will never be published will at last see the light of day through the capable hands of Bill Harry of Liverpool *(a relation of our Ken). Publication date may coincide with the distribution of this fanzine.

Also at hand is a so called professionally duplicated fanzine Edited by Gavin Brown. The first thing to catch one's eye is to see only one side of the sheet used throughout the 'zine, mainly a letter 'zine, and newszine, contains eight printed pages and eight blank pages, A European Branch Organ of I.S.F.C.C. subs at 2/- per, or one magazine. Editorial address; 47, Causeyside Street, Paisley, Scotland. Title; Cosmos Bulletin. Gavin I hear is taking over Editorship of I.S.F.C.C. EXPLORER.

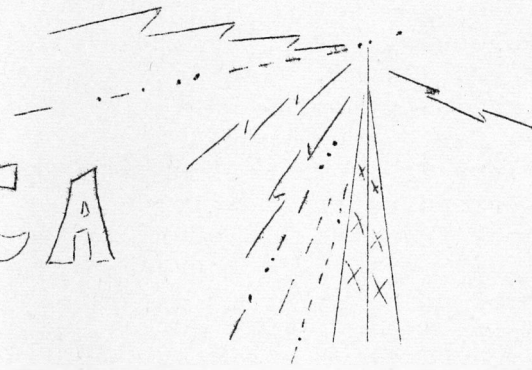
Two other 'zines worthy of note are:-

PLOY Edited by Ron Bennett, it is a well balanced 'zine usually very colourful (we've had PLOYS with at least four different coloured pages) with contents interesting to everyone. Editorial address; 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

ORION. Now back in circulation, contents usually of outstanding quality, Edited (and very well may we add) by Paul Enever, 97, Pole Hill Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

If by mischance we happen not to mention your fanzine, please forgive as we have been out of circulation for some time now.

NEWS FROM AMERICA



A small group of Science-fiction fans are engaged in publishing a letterzine for and by stfen aged forty-five and up. Any reader of required age who may be interested, please notify Eva Firestone, Upton, Wyoming, U.S.A. Name of this group is "THE YOUNGSTERS" . There are no dues!!!!

The I.S.F.C.C. (International Science Fiction Correspondence Club) now has an Activity-Requirement rule for membership. This was on ballot last fall and, of votes sent to Secretary Jan Jansen, only four were against the ruling.

Betty Kujawa and husband are spending vacation at Pompana Beach, Florida.

SHAMROCK ON THE TIDE, a book of poetry by Dennis Murphy, has been published by the Candor Press of Dexter, Missouri.

Satire articles by Bob Farnham have been appearing in Dalton, Ga., newspaper.

Stan Woolston has been re-elected as President of the NFFF, and Ralph M. Holland will be Chairman of Directorate in 1957. Other Directors, named in the order of number of votes received, are Honey Graham, Martin Carlton, Ed Robinson, and Ray C. Higgs.

The SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY, with membership limited to thirty-five, now has seven Fem names on the roster. They are; Karen Anderson, Elinor Busby, G.M. Carr, Eva Firestone, Nan Gerding, Agnes Marook, Nancy Shars. The SAFS PILLAR POLL for 1955 gave top place (as usual for several years) to Arthur H. Rapp, who received fourteen more points than second-place....to Fred Remus, Jr. We will have 1956 PILLAR POLL ballots in January 1957 mailing.

WESTERCON X. the Tenth Annual West Coast S.F. Conference will be held at the Hotel Knickerbocker, in Hollywood, California, July 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1957.

THE SOUTH GATE IN 58 PLANNING COMMITTEE:
Anna Sinclair Moffatt....Chairlady;
Lew Kovner.....Corresponding Secretary;

Forry Ackerman.....Professional Public Relations;
George W. Fields.....Fannish Public Relations;
Art Thompson.....British Public Relations;
Walt Willis.....Irish Public Relations;
Rick Sneary.....Treasurer;
Len Moffatt.....Recording Secretary.

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GNOME PRESS are now publishing their own fanzine. A full foolscap four page effort called The Science Fiction World. Three columns close printed pages. Editorial Staff;- Robert Bloch, and Bob Tucker.

Write to; THE SCIENCE FICTION WORLD, The Gnome Press, Inc., 80 E. 11 Street, New York, U.S.A. and you may be lucky to obtain a copy. No mention of subscription given.

* * * * *

An American fanzine has come to our hands that may be worth obtaining if issues are still available. It is called YANDRO, published by Robert and Juinita Coulson; 407½ (?) E. 6th. Street, North Manchester, Indiana, U.S.A.

British agent is; Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. The issue in question, No. 45, contains a full coverage of the New York Convention, a most interesting coverage. At 10d each or 9/- for 12 issues.

(To clarify any confusion that may occur; North Manchester is not THE Manchester of the Manchester Circle.)

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Back in the U.K. we hear that Ron Bennett, is preparing a Fan Directory, and if you receive a copy of Once In A Blue Moon, blame the Directory, for that's where we hope to obtain our mailing list.

* * * * *

PHILUPS No.3.

A further true story;

We came out of the Ping Hong, walked to Piccadilly. Piccadilly, Manchester is like any Piccadilly in the U.K. A regular beat for the pros. We have to pass through to obtain our busses. We called at a rather large office called GENTLEMEN. Coming out we paused at the steps holding a discussion. Four police constables approached us. Grabbed us. "Come on, you can't stop here!" And another said; "Loitering with intent?" We didn't loiter any longer. Our conclusions reached was that the pros. were having a thin time of it. Though we admire the constables for doing their duty, we think it was a bit thick picking on innocent parties.

PHILUPS No. 4.

Two members of the M.C. decided to call upon a cafe for a cup of coffee (we do also drink tea, and cocoa, and even water,) after meeting in town. They were Ken, and Dave. The journey took them through Piccadilly. Crossing the road they were accosted by an apparent partial blind young lady, judging only by the dark spectacles she wore. She asked them if they would kindly see her across the road. Ken ever the gentleman obliged by leading her across. Apparently Dave was a bit suspicious of the character as he whispered to Ken to look out. The young lady on arriving on the other side started to whisper some words to Ken, words that he didn't hear over the traffic, but Dave did. He informed Ken that this "poor" woman was trying a new approach and she was trying it on them. Ken found it difficult to accept as she appeared so genuinely in distress. Dave informed him to keep his eye on the "poor" woman, and only moments after failing with them she tried a new stunt. Dropped her spectacles and asked a passing bloke to oblige her by picking them up. He did, a confab occurred, then the bloke waved a taxi and they both went in arm in arm? She minus her specs., having no further use for them.

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