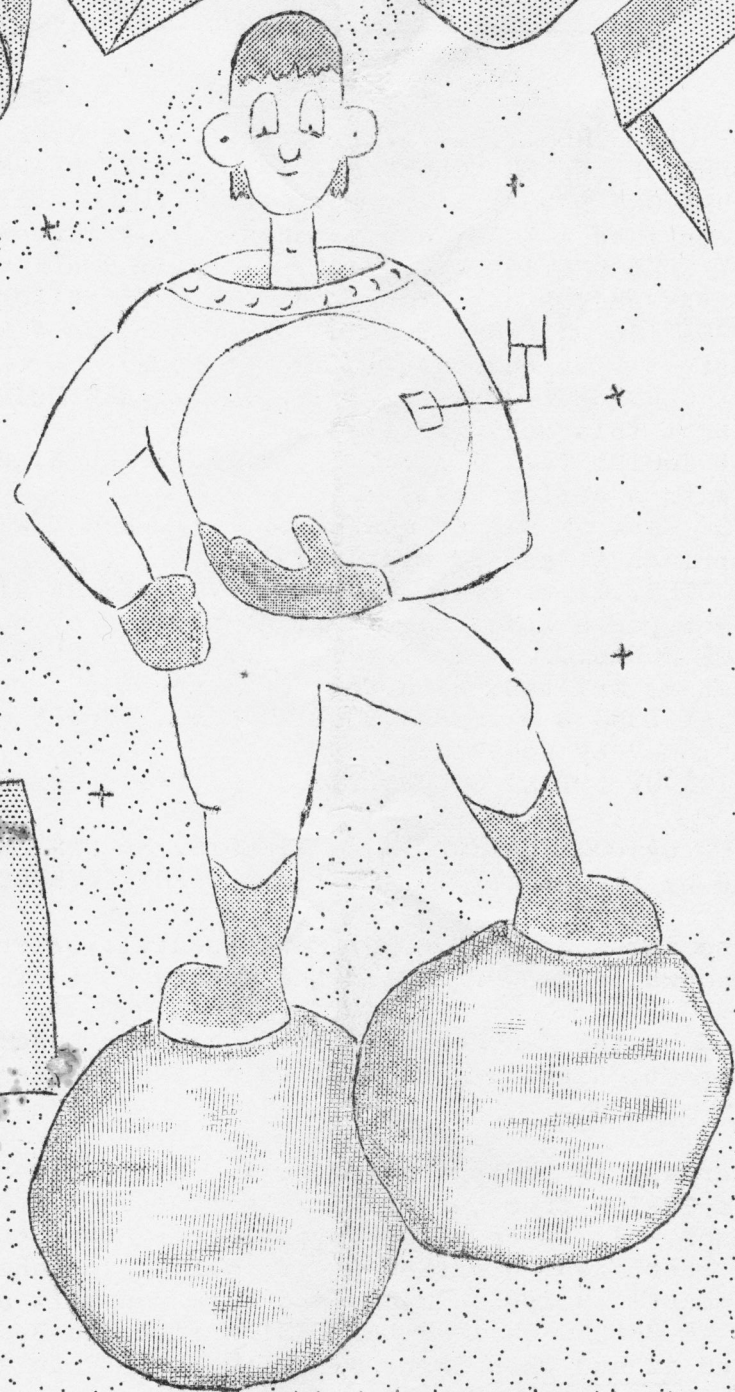


THRICE IN A

SUMMER '58

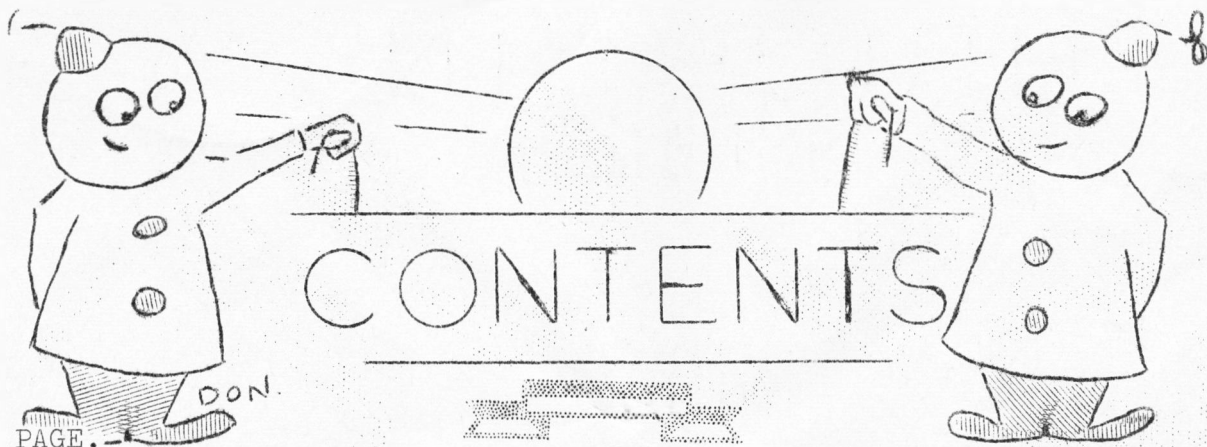
C14

B L U



M O N

DON



PAGE.		
1.	SHAKING OF OLD BONES.....	YE EDDE (Dave Cohen).
2.	COMMENCEMENT OF LETTER COLUMN.....	YE READERS.
3.	THE PERABULATORY PYLON.....	KEN SLATER.
	(Comments on fandom today and yesterday...tomorrow?)	
8.	TALL STORY CLUB SECTION.....	ARCHIE MERCER.
	(Heard of the shaggy dog story? This is even better.)	
9.	A SHORT TREATISE ON FERRO-EQUINOLOGY.....	JACK WILSON.
	(Short? But at your request. I like it too.)	
15.	TALL STORY CLUB SECTION.....	KEN McINTYRE.
	(Can you beat this one? Its illoed by Ken too.)	
17.	HISTORICAL INCIDENT.....	KEN E. SMITH.
	(A story with a difference.)	
21.	THE STRANGE CASE OF BRIDEY MURPHY.....	RON DEACON.
	(A new approach to an old mystery.)	
23.	PUSS IN BOOTES.....	FRANK SIMPSON.
	(OUR cartoon pages drawn by Frank, stencilled by Don.)	
28.	THE MIND OF JONES.....	YE OLDE LAGGE.
	(To be read as written, with tongue in cheek.)	
33.	I CAN'T STAY LONG - MY DEERS GETTING COLD..	BOBBIE WILD.
	(Another "pome" by Roberta.)	
34.	CONTINUATION OF LETTER COLUMN.....	YE READERS.

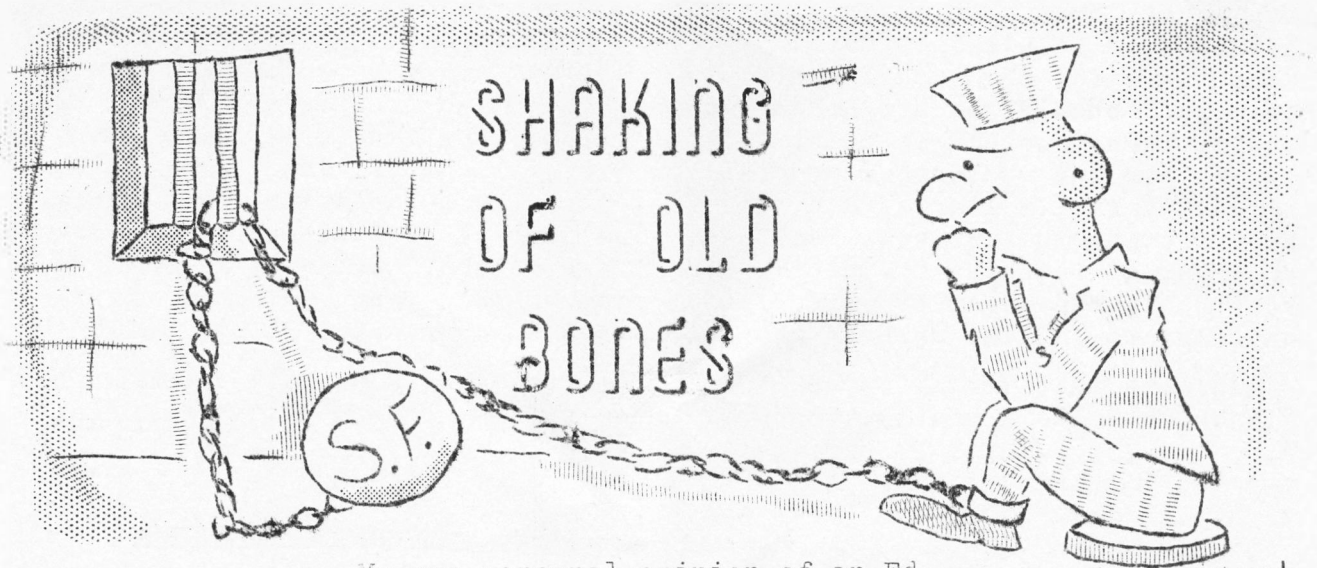
FRONT COVER by DON ALLEN.
 BACK COVER by KEN McINTYRE.

ILLOES. by DON, KEN,
 & TERRY (JEEVES).

This is the third issue of BLUE MOON. Next issue.....when?
 FRANK SIMPSON meanwhile is working on the square root of 4.

Issued and backed by the MANCHESTER CIRCLE, c/o;-Ye Edde; Dave Cohen,
 32, Larch Street, Hightown, Manchester 8. Lancs., England.

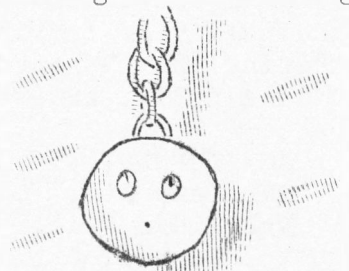
Owing to the increase in postage rates we unfortunately had to cut down the size of THRICE from our original estimate to keep postage cost within reason. It is therefore regrettable that the Letter Column has been shortened. Our thanks go to all of you who so kindly sent in your comments on issue TWICE, and hope you will not let us down on THRICE. WE DEPEND ON YOUR LETTERS! Bricks and Bouquets are all welcomed, and if and when issue Square Root Of Four BLUE MOON comes out the letter column will be extended. That is a promise if of course you want a larger letter column. ARTICLES, STORIES, POEMS etc. are also welcomed, but we cannot promise that they will be used.



.....My own personal opinion of an Editorial is to pick on something of topical interest when either tear it apart or expand on the subject. In the past I've torn them apart. Now as a complete change I'm going to attempt to expand on the subject, a very important subject; the lack of newcomers to the active field of fandom.

It has come to my notice that fandom is a shrinking field, old hands falling out through various reasons, known or unknown, and new ones few and far between. Unfortunately through lack of space I am unable to go deep into the sordid details, but I believe this will be corrected in a one-shot magazine to be issued shortly from the Vince Clarke-Sandy Sanderson pep group. And "pep" is certainly needed. Vince and Sandy have sent letters and 'zines on the subject to various active fans to test their reactions on the disturbing matter, many have replied, and the one shot will contain their conclusions, plus a final co-ordinated conclusion reached by Sandy and Vince, with, it is hoped, suggestions to all interested fans how to overcome the present stalemate based on their findings.

In an article by Ken Slater within this issue, Ken offers his own ideas why there is a lack of newcomers into the active field, ideas, I may add I am in agreement with, in fact they are almost parallel with mine..But mine perhaps go a little further; What happens when a neo-fan enters the meeting place of the fans in Anytown? Is he greeted with a big hand, a welcome, or is he all but snubbed? Unfortunately the latter occurs in most cases. An S.F. reader enters a Fan Club, he knows that others interested in what he likes meet there, so he goes expecting to be talking S.F. and its subsidiaries for after all that is the reason the club was formed, wasn't it? But what does he meet up with, a drinking session, fair enough he doesn't mind joining in as long as the subject of his interest is spoken about. He (or she) don't drink much but anything that helps in becoming a member of an s.f. club goes, within reason of course. But what does he find? His pet subject has become almost taboo, science fiction barely touched at all during the session. He came to discuss S.F. he goes out a disappointed man. He certainly won't

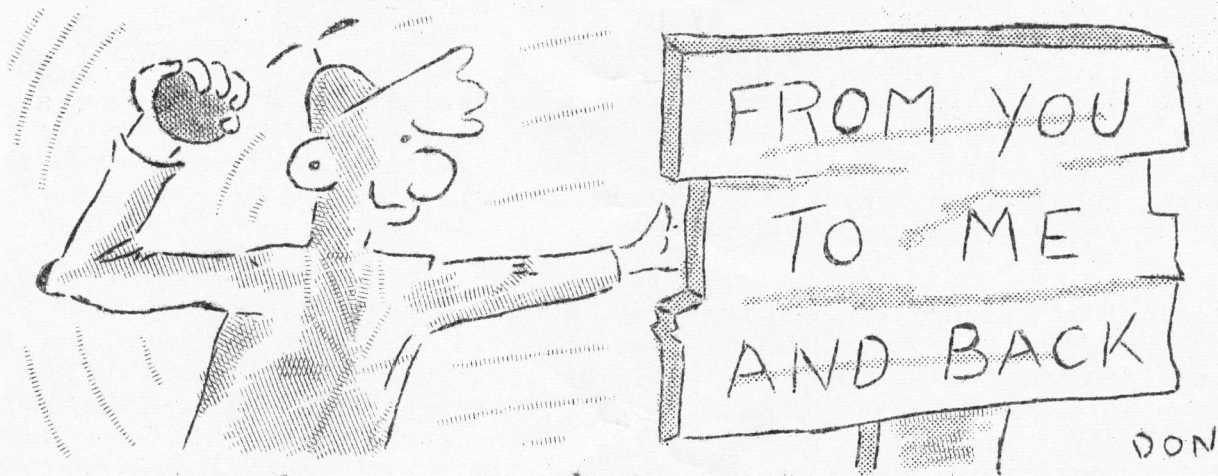


YE OLDE LAGGE.
(YE ED. DAVE COHEN.)

turn up at that club again. But that doesn't close the matter does it? What happens to his interest in s.f.? It usually comes to an end within a short period, obviously, how would you feel? And the people he would have approached if he had become an interested fan are forever lost to fandom. Then to one more point before I close. The Fanzines: How many have within its contents a majority of material on s.f. and discussions, on s.f.? Very few I am afraid, though I hope THRICE does its small part in correcting the matter. Fanzines, the journal of fandom, the means, and ways, of reaching the people who have no clubs, Circles, or whathave-you local, the means of expressing fandom to those out of touch, unfortunately are falling down on their true job of expressing S.F. to all.

And with that I will say SO LONG, until the next Blue M. (If and when such an issue appears). Think of these things. Good Luck, Ye Olde Lag

* * * * *



GEORGE RICHARDS,
40, Arncliffe Rd.,
Eastmoor, Wakefield.

I have been attempting to get down a letter....
.....Asian Five within the family & just plain
procrastination just couldn't get started.....
thanks for the copy of Twice In A Blue Moon

that you sent me.....not seeing Once In A Blue Moon and being denied the
comparison, don't know if Twice has bettered,.....won't be seeing Thrice
I.A.B.M. cos' apart from the layout & repro (which is well nigh perfect)
I just can't wane ecstatic over this. Seeing that it emanated from the
Manchester Circle under the Eagle Eye of Dave Cohen - it may be that I
expected too much.....the "catty" thing- I thought not adult enough for
a 'zine like this.....Bobbie Wilds little piece & the Iron Horse thing
were the best in the issue.....the Lettercol thanks for keeping ye-eds
remarks to the end of each letter. (Thanx George. I still am keeping to
the policy of leaving my remarks to the end of the letter, but I am also
keeping the "Catty" thing as you will see. Sorry about not sending you
ONCE I.A.B.M. but you will now be able to compare TWICE with THRICE.)

CON TURNER,
14, Lime St.,
Waldridge Fell,
Co. Durham.

Furst of all, I wante noe hoo gave you permi-
shern ter print my photy, an ter tell fokes that
I cum from venus. that is not trew, and you noe
it.....my bit of fluff has told me to tell you
that she wud like ter ask you lot hoo you thing

you are like, printin photys of Elvis, an saying that he is a Martian wen
everybody noes he cums from aMeriKa.....if you ever cum this way she sez

THE

PERABULATORY

PYLON

Today's fanzines spend a lot of effort avoiding science-fiction; their editor/publishers apparently considering the subject passe, childish boresome or some combination of these.

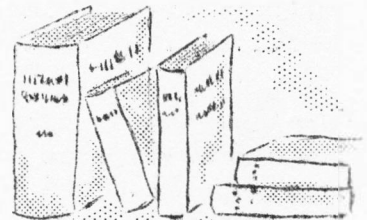
DON.

Apart, therefore, from an occasional witticism, a scathing reference, they ignore s-f and concentrate on such enlightening subjects as "How To Grow Asparagus In A Window Box", "My Ten Years In Turkey", and "The Rambling Confessions of a Yogurt Eater". The Authors of the majority of items of this type receive (deservedly) acclamations, they are toasted at conventions and roasted in conversations. Everyone, in fact, thinks they are pretty fine fellows. The fan public (the people who read fanzines) like them and their work and clamour for more.

Ten years ago the position was vastly different. The mere mention of a mundane subject in a fanzine and the editor would be swamped with letters of stinging abuse. I recall way back in 1948 I used a short item by either Ron Holmes or Nigel Lindsay (something about giraffes) which was, although whimsical, but border-borderline fantasy. I was nearly drummed out of the BFL as a result. I rather gather that today the reverse is true, and mention of s-f itself is the major crime that one may commit.

Stormy petrel Slater spends so much time in the dog house that it doesn't really matter if I do mention s-f, so here goes.....

A large proportion of current American sf appears to be written by Robert Silverberg, Haralan Ellison, and Randall Garrett. (In case you do not know, Robert and Randall together form the creature sometimes called s-f's two-headed author, Robert



By KEN SLATER.

Randall). Bob and Harlan are both correspondents of mine, and I think both of 'em are up and coming. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that they have arrived, although they both have to write the "epic" yet - that is the story which is ever after connected to the name of the author (you know, think of Smith and you either think of "Skylark" or "Venus Equilateral" - think of van Vogt and "Slan" - or whatever the younger element have connected up these days; I wouldn't know...I'm out of touch with fannish thought). Bob is perhaps the more accomplished of the two, and will probably get his "epic" out first; Harlan, it seems, prefers to sacrifice quality for quantity, and keeps half the 'tec mags of the thud and blunder school wrote up - in his spare time he writes for such other things as ROGUE, the Man's Mag that Hamling edits. Harlan writes a terrific amount of this "realistic" fiction for mags like; TRAPPED, MANHUNT, etc. (under several pseudonyms, too, I am sure....Ellis Hart is probably our Harlan) which seems to consider that the world is full of sadists and masochists to the exclusion of all other human creatures. These people carve each other up with verve and frenzy....in complete and utter monotony, from my viewpoint. The characters, the scenes, the actions, are more stereotyped than the worst hack-written sf. Yet, even in this horrible stuff, there is fire and thought. Well hidden, but there - an odd twist of a phrase, the neat turn in plot. When Harlan's had a hand in.....

Well, I guess it brings in the money. But Harlan should be able to write better stuff, I'm sure - from my far-off viewpoint, and from the letters I've exchanged with him, he is in a hurry. He is trying to squeeze everything out of every minute, and moving along so fast he misses at least 30 seconds....which may also account for some of the 'orrid clangers in logic or in the choice of a word he makes in some of his yarns. For a recent example of the latter see the June AMAZING STORIES, page 7, first paragraph of "THE STEEL NAPOLEON". Quote; "William B. Fuhr took pride in the fact that way back....one of his descendants was Billy the Kid"..I thought at first this would be a time-twist tale, but no.. William Boney Fuhr lives in the future, a long time after Billy the Kid, and never gets back to an earlier date.....at least, not in this story. However, this is the sort of thing that a good editor should pick up; a copy reader should note.....oh, well, it sells.....

You want an example of "logic"? The one that always did annoy me was in the Feb. '57 FANTASTIC, WORLD OF WOMEN. Aaron Deems has to visit this world disguised as a lady, and his disguise is a sort of one-piece over-all, which transforms him into a woman...."it fitted like skin-tights for an instant, then even that was gone; it was my second skin". And after Aaron has it on, it doesn't hamper his movement or anything...he just carries on as normal. However, please note, that when landing on the planet in his scout ship, he has to tow the shell-woman behind him because there isn't room for both of 'em in the scout ship. He has to take all the risk of landing with it, putting it on after he has landed, etc.. etc.....why couldn't he put it on first?

To be honest, I think I can answer my own question. Mainly because Harlan had to write a story to fit an illustration on the cover, and the illo shows a spaceship towing a woman, or the figure of a woman. Almost nude, natch. What else can the poor author do?

Personally. I'm against this idea of making the author subservient to the artist. Mainly the public buy the books or magazines to read them -

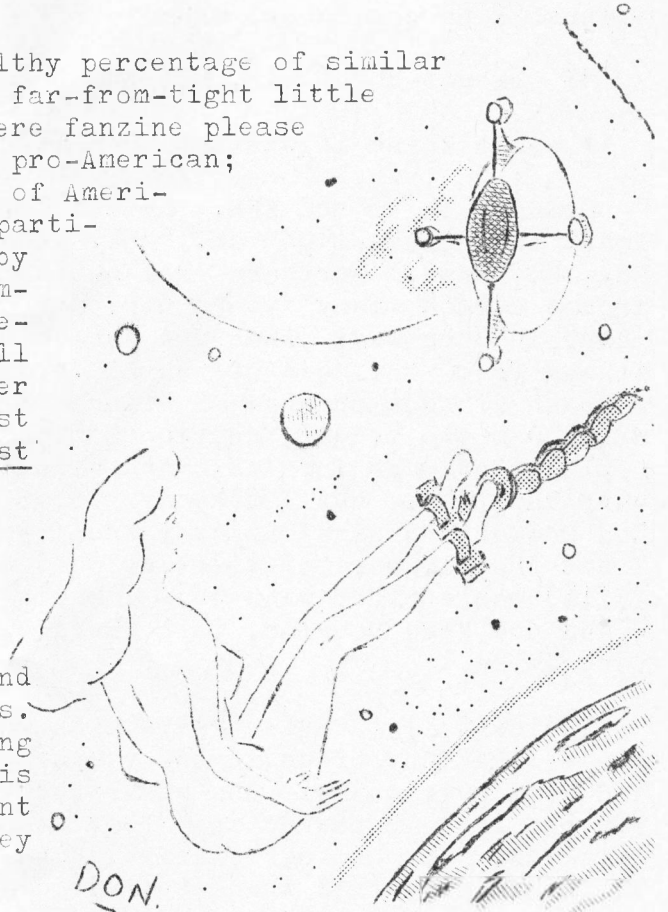
if they are still in the picture-studying stage they should by comics or photomags - and that should make the text more important than the illos. Against that, of course, the sales department will assure you that it is the cover that sells the magazine, and it is the woman on the cover that makes the magazine attractive. I think that the strong American he-man have been told this so often that they believe it, which is another example of salesmanship, I guess. Or else the strong American he-man is a moronic character, rather like the hero of a yarn in a Ziff-Davis magazine.

Needless to say, we have an unhealthy percentage of similar types in this far-from-right little, far-from-tight little island. American subbers to this 'ere fanzine please note that I am not anti)American. I am pro-American; I'm just getting at a particular sort of American who must exist, mainly because a particular sort of magazine which must be by and large - cater for that type of American continues to exist. Ruffled feelings may be soothed by stamping all over the space provided below. After that please remember that all my best enemies are American - it is my worst enemies who are British!!

(STAMPING SPACE)

If I live long enough I'll try and dig a few holes in Silverbergian yarns. But the proof that this sort of thing is the sort of thing that is wanted is the fact that sells, and people want more of it, and so the boys make money I'm jealous, I guess.

Even so, those up-and-arrived boys don't quite take it down as far as the level of Richard Greer, even at their out-and-cut worst (and what I call their worst is only, of course, a successful attempt on their part to aim low enough for a specific market - it is nearly as hard to hit the post holding the target as it is to hit the bull). Messirs Greer gives, in FANTASTIC June, "The Secret Of The Shan". This dirty old Shan is the Shan of Yetun-Veg, where Doug Overman, an anthropologist who ought to know better, uncovers a smuggling racket. Gun smuggling, naturally. Since the end of the Chinese and Spanish struggles - and even before that - it has been popular to smuggle guns to the ~~Y/etuni~~ (sorry) Yetuni. A slave-girl in the Shan's harem (later she turns out to be a disguised spy for the ~~American/British~~ (sorry) Terran forces) helps him to disguise himself as a Yetuni (simple application of a dye to darken his skin) until the Shan recognises him by his blue eyes - fortunately the ~~U/S/Navy/Army~~ ~~British/Navy~~ (sorry) High Space Commission arrive to take over just at the right moment. I don't think I really need to say more - but just in case I'll say read "Shah" for Shan, and change the rest to fit. The whole thing is almost as thinly disguised as that ill-famed Western made-over



DON.

-to-a-Martian yarn in which they forgot to change "horse" and "Texas" in a place or three!

In the same issue there is a yarn in which a chap "strangles" ameoba type critturs, and kills a load of extra-terrestial wild beasts by exhausting the air from the ship. When his wife complains that he has ruined their stock-in-trade (they are bring-'em-back-alive in experts) he tells her they can still sell the beasts to museums as specimens, because - punch line coming up, chums -

"I evacuated the air, not the pressure".

I don't think it was intended as a funny story.

Going back to the BFL, by and by, did you know it still operates? At least the "chain-mags" do. Mrs. Vere Douglas, Corner Cottage, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, Northern Ireland is in charge. The old B.F.L. has been around a good many years now, it seems, a service that was of great value in more ways than one during the war and early post-war period. It was from the seed of the B.F.L. that the first growths of post-war British fandom sprang. I never did have any active part in the LIBRARY which was the proper functions of the B.F.L., short of obtaining new and replacement mags for 'em, and disposing of some of the older issues and surplus items, but I take my hat off to the folk who did and do run it. Ron Holmes and Nigel Lindsay when I joined, then there was John Gunn, who I had the pleasure of visiting when he was the presiding genius; Dawson (Bill) was another with whom I had a good contact - still have, sort of - and now Vere Douglas. There were a score of others, playing various parts.

Incidentally, a few years back when Mrs. Douglas was just a neofan, she - like many of us in the youthful stages of fandom - was "omnivorous" and read everything. She was rather bitterly attacked from one quarter for her lack of distinction 'twixt the writers of such as Robert A. Heinlein and, for another example, King Lang. I've an idea that we are all in this sorry state when we first discover "fantasy" as an artform; it is not until our tastes become educated that we become more selective. In the initial stages of the fantasy enthusiasm we are apt to read anything in the medium that comes to hand, classing them all alike but liking some more than others. The "trufan" should surely attempt to educate rather than to blame?

Incidentally, are you one of those old-time fans who curtsy everytime someone says "Unknown"? Do you have a complete collection? And if so, do you ever re-read some of the crud therêin? Yes, I said crud, and I meant crud. I am full-well aware that "Sinister Barrier" appeared in the first issue, that "The Book Of Ptath" was first divulged to the worshippers of Vogt within these pages, that Shea and Chalmers went out to worlds beyond from that print. "Fear" is undoubtedly one of the greatest psychological novels ever written. "None But Lucifer" was really out of this world. Yes, yes and again yes, I agree with you all along the line. Just the same, you sit down and write a list of the stories which strike chords

in you memory today, without reference to an index or copies of the mag itselef. See just how many yarns you recall.

Unknown certainly did produce some astonishingly good fantasy, fine stuff, well written. Memorable stuff - but it also produced a good proportion of "read-and-forget" material. Crud, in other words. Maybe I didn't feel so at the time - after all, the supply was scarcer, I was not surfeited of sf & f. I still retained that good old SOW.

Said "SOW" shall be my final theme for today, by the by. There has been some bemoaning the loss of same; Where has it gone? Is it the fault of modern writers? Has our imagination become blunted? Did we, in fact, ever have a Sense of Wonder? All fine debating points, agreed, but then I've heard the question of whether kippers make good mothers debated with gusto by two excellent orators, to the delight of their audience.

For myself, I'm confident that the younger and newer sf readers (the enthusiastic readers from whom fandom is drawn) still have that "sense of wonder", although not quite in the same sense as we who found our delight in the old "Interplanetary" issues of ASQ and WSQ, nor in quite the same way as those of us who gloried first in the world of Heinlein's Future History, or who dreamed of building an empire like that of Artur Blord in the Ridge Stars.

There is a lot of truth in the old saw that "it's never quite the same the second time". Although in our case it's not quite the "second time", for it takes more than two stories to exhaust the permutative possibilities of that greatest of all forms of imaginative literature, science fiction; nevertheless the point of near saturation, of nil returns, must be reached; the point when even although the permutation of plot factors is "original", the factors themselves are so familiar as to destroy that "SOW". Again, styles and scenes have changed; compare the Venus of many modern stories where in Venus (or any other planet of any sun) is likely to be covered with bigger, higher, more intricate New Yorks and Berlins; with Anton's INTERPLANETARY BRIDGES. Compare the modern theme where the proponents of the story face danger, not from some wild creature, or possibly semi-barbaric race of natives (frogmen, or such), but from Dictators (man or machine), or a gang of razor-wielding Teddy-boys, or drug addicted hooligans.

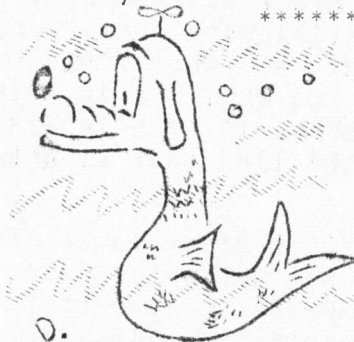
In other words, instead of the made-over Swiss Family Robinson sagas which captured our imagination, we meet made-over current problemns. And made-over or not, there isn't much escapism possible in re-hash of the problemns you are escaping. Of course, much of this is forced on sf in its efforts to obtain popular acceptance; and much of the science-fiction won't fit the frame I've used, either the early s-f or the new s-f. Then again, our own tastes have changed. A great many of the folk who howled against Vargo Statten (myself included) were among those who hailed stories like MATHEMATICA and MATHEMATICA + in Astounding, THE RED MAGICIAN in the first issue of FANTASY, and many similar yarns in the thirties and early forties. Same man...in many cases, same stories! Same people reading 'em, with about fifteen years more life-experience (enhanced by war-time dangers and kicks).....

If your SOW is worn-out, I suggest a short course of Erle Stanley

Gardner, James Hadley Chase, Leslie Charteris, Rex Stout and Agatha Christie as a possible slight reviver. No guarantee, but it might be helpful. Failing that, just go dig the garden all your spare time, until you've forgotten what a magazine or a book looks like. Then try again. Oh, it won't be that first early thrill, but there may be some improvement. If there is no kick at all, I suggest the gas-oven. You are so jaded, so filled with ennui, that life can be worth living.....

*****FINIS*****

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By ARCHIE MERCER.

I recently went into the local post-office to transact some fannish business or other, and found myself standing next to a large dog. Now I know most of the Hykeham dogs by sight - they come round my caravan after cats who come round after the Trufin - but I didn't recognise this one. I thought nothing of it however till the bloke who'd been dealt with went out. Then the dog put his forepaws on the counter and said; "I want to send a telegram."

The girl behind the counter was taken slightly aback at this; "But you can't," she exclaimed in bewilderment. "You-you're a DOG!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the dog, "It's another dog I want to send it to."

The girl couldn't think of any answer to that, so rather doubtfully handed over a telegram form. The dog took the form in its teeth, laid it on the floor, lifted its leg over it briefly, then shoved it back under the grille. The girl picked it up gingerly by one corner.

"What about the address? she asked.

"It's all on it," answered the dog, and with that turned and went out. The girl immediately dropped the telegram in the waste-paper-basket with an expression of distaste.

"Aren't you going to send it after all, then?" I asked her.

"Certainly not," said the girl. "He didn't pay."

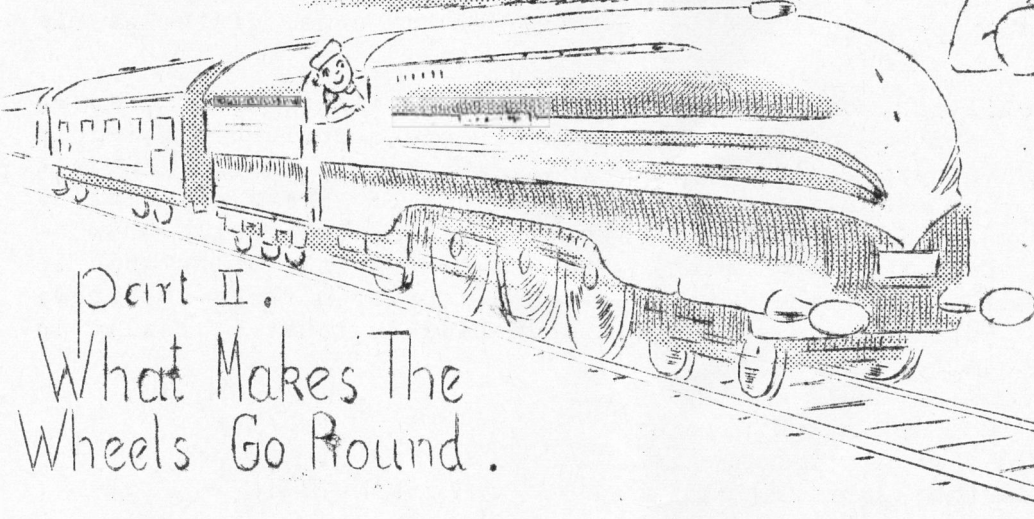
A short while later, I happened to notice the same dog outside the butcher's, just getting into one of those little cars like a kennel on wheels. On impulse, I stopped. "Excuse me," I said, "I know it's probably none of my business, but do you know the girl in the post-office threw that telegram away because you hadn't paid for it?"

The dog looked annoyed. "The dirty little so-and-so," he growled. "And I'd clearly marked it "reverse charges"." : THAT IS THE END!!!

A SHORT TREATISE

ON

FERRO - EQUINOLOGY



Part II. What Makes The Wheels Go Round.

Well, dear people, you will remember, I am sure, (indeed, how could you ever forget) that in the last issue of this most worthy and dignified journal (a model of good taste and Editorial profundity) which appeared towards the close of the Pre-Sputnik era as this is appearing at the beginning of the "Player Piano" era, I had the honour to present to you a short "Dissertation" dealing with some of the interesting things connected with Railway Engines. Now, I don't mean fish-vans, breakdown cranes, old wooden coaches, mucky coal waggons, inspector's saloons, or cattle-trucks. These things are connected to the engine, not with it. Besides, they are not interesting.

By JACK WILSON

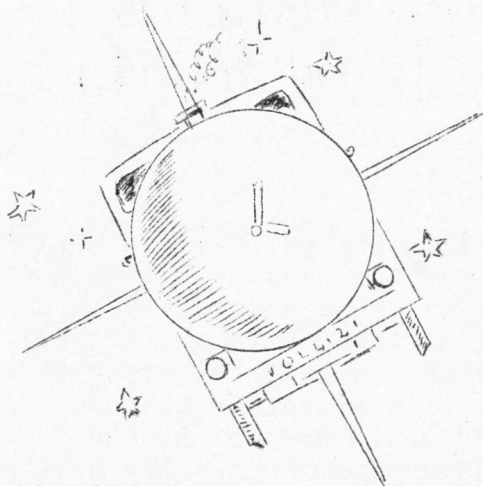
But to proceed. This aforementioned article or dissertation to give it its correct title, has, our Editor informs me, been received with such vociferous acclamation and derision - or rather, delight, that he has felt constrained, persuaded, cajoled, harried, and humbugged, not to say bludgeoned and lambasted into appealing to me, in desperation, to prepare for you that long-awaited article on "What it is that Makes the Wheel Go Round". So, In order to preserve the sanity of our worthy Editor, and at the risk to you of losing yours, dear readers, I have prepared said article, and here it is. I have no doubt that some of the more nihilistic, nudistic, Lincomanainian spirits amongst you will emerge from their caves and caravans, murmuring in their beards something to the effect that our worthy Editor must have already lost his sanity; the proof of which statement lies in the publication of this article. But I feel sure that the more enlightened and intelligent ones amongst you will not subscribe to that view, the more so after you have read and digested the wonderful facts set forth therein. However, without spending more time on perambles, let's get cracking.

All of you have, I am sure, been at sometime or other in close proximity to a railway engine. You will therefore be familiar with the hissing sound emanates is in direct proportion to the age of the engine, by the way. The older the engine, the more points there are, and the dirtier it is. Now this hissing is caused by steam escaping. Steam has a natural and uncontrollable urge to escape at any and all times, and does not hesitate to take advantage of every opportunity of doing so. Now, strange as it may seem it is this antisocial habit of steam which is the cause of the wheels going round.

But how, you will ask, does this come about? You will feel, I am sure, that such a nice, white, misty, damp thing as steam could not possibly have any relation to hard, cold, heavy, steely wheels. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if your credulity were to be strained to breaking-point by such a statement. I agree that one can hardly imagine the gentle outpouring of friendly steam from the spout of the tea-time kettle being able to get hold of a wheel or two and turn them round, or even three-cornered, for that matter. But let me assure you, dear readers, that it really is true that that steam that you see hissing from that point or this point of that engine that you are standing near on that platform of that station at which you are waiting at that particular time, is actually that force that makes those wheels of that same engine go round and round and cause it to move away from that platform of that station at which you are waiting at that etc. etc. etc. Ahem! I shall now endeavour, without further delay, to explain to you in simple language, just how this seeming miracle come about.

If you will take the trouble to refer to the last of the Pre-Sputnik issues of T.I.A.B.M. and turn up the page which contains that wonderful isometric projection of a Railway Engine prepared by my great friend Byron T. Jeeves (upon whom may the Lord have mercy) you will again notice the items referring to "Fire" and "Boiler". Now these two features are of vital importance in this matter of the going down of the sun, - no, sorry, I forgot myself. I mean of course, the going round of the wheels. Yes, that's better. Can't think how the sun came to rise in on this at all! But to proceed.

Well now, after the shed foreman in the railway yard office, or Sir la Brian Robertson (whichever of the two happens to be around at the time) has stuck a pin a few times into the list of engine numbers hanging on the wall, with his eyes shut (I mean the foreman's, or Sir B's eyes shut not the list of engine numbers) the engine whose number has received the most pinpricks is chosen to take out the next train, if any, which happens to be lying about waiting to go somewhere. If that particular engine is not to be found in the shed, as sometimes happens, then the one whose number has the next most pinpricks is selected. Should that engine also be missing, frantic appeals are at once sent to the Cabinet by pigeon post for a drastic speed-up in the B.T.C. modernisation scheme. The local Spotters' Club is also visited by the Fraud and Murder Squads all their documents and archives impounded and taken away for scrutiny and inspection, and



PRE-SPUTNIK

their premises thoroughly searched from buffer beam to buffer beam. Fortunately, this fearsome crisis seldom arises, for, in such cases a close search of the engine shed usually reveals an engine lying about which everyone has forgotten, mostly adjacent to the shed dust-bin, or on the rubbish heap on one of the adjoining allotments. However, once the selected engine has been located, a scene of furious activity is manifested. The first thing to be done, of course, is to light a fire in the firebox, which after all, is the correct place in which to put a lighted fire. And can anyone tell me how a fire can be a fire before it is lighted? Believe me I should be delighted. That, I presume is what happens to the lighted fire when it is finished with. **It** is delighted, ha, ha! (Gaw!) Or do I not make myself clear? But we digress! We ain't even got no bally fire lit yet!

As I was about to say, to light a fire one needs matches, sticks, coal. The first two of these essentials are easily obtained. It is only necessary to purloin his copy of the local Football Special Edition from one of the football fireman fanatics and hey presto! There are the required paper and matches! To distract the attention of the fireman victim from his acute loss, he is given sixpence and told to run and fetch a bundle of firewood from the little corner shop just across the line, whilst the Station Master puts his peaked cap on and dashes off to the coal-merchant who supplies this part of the railway system with fuel to ask him to deliver a couple of bags right away, because a train will be going out sometime during the next couple of weeks or so, and everything must be in readiness for such an important event.

In the meantime, every other driver, fireman, cleaner, labourer, fitter, turner, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, richman, poorman, beggarman thief, cook and bottlewasher in the depot at the time is armed with a can, jug, cup, mug, bottle, bucket, basket, barrel, bag, or baggage, and sent in relays to every watertap within a radius of $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles of the place for water to pour into the boiler of the engine and into the tank of the tender, if it is a tender engine. I might say, in passing, that the word "tender" in this case is used as a noun, and not in its adjectival sense. A quick reference to Mr. Jeeves' Pre-Sputnik diagram will serve to elucidate this point. A good supply of water is vital, because the driver and fireman of this particular engine will be sure to need more than one cup of tea en-route.

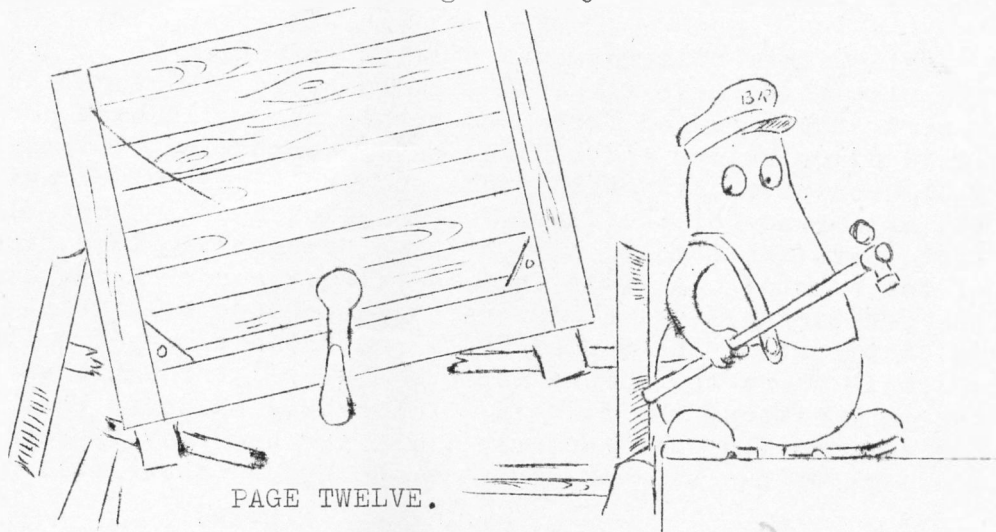
Whilst this boiler-tender filling operation is in progress, attempts are also being made to get a fire going in the aforementioned firebox. I expect the firewood from the corner shop will have been damp, but the lurid ejaculations which will have accompanied their failure to "catch" will soon have dried the sticks out and a roar of cheering will announce the appearance of the first feeble flicker of lambent flame, signifying that they (the sticks) have at last "caught". By this time, too, the first of the bags of coal will have arrived, borne on the broad shoulders of the perspiring Station Master. Willing hands will hoist it up and dump it in that part of the tender which is farthest away from the firehole-door which is where the fireman throws the coal through when he wants to - or has to - make up the fire in the firebox. Which is what the coal is there for in case you were wondering. The further away the coal is, the further the fireman has to walk each time he needs a shovel full to put on the fire

in the whatsit. This is a good thing however, because it prevents his getting chilblains through his feet becoming cold.

Well, by now the end of the first day will be approaching, and the night shift will have arrived to take over. All through the night preparations will be going forward speedily, and probably by lunch-time the next day the fire (in the firebox, of course) will be burning merrily, so much so that within three days of the pin-pricking ceremony that was the start of all this activity, the water in the boiler will be boiling, and the driver and fireman (lucky fellows) will have had the first of the many brews of tea with which they are to fortify themselves during their forthcoming journey. By this time, too, nobody will be able to see what is going on in the immediate vicinity of the engine, because the steam, which will have now been produced in huge quantities will be hissing and seething from every conceivable - and inconceivable - crack and cramp in, on around and about, the engine, and be filling the shed with its damp, ghostly-whiteness, through which the enormous bulk of the engine, and the flitting shapes of its attendant myrmidons, loom threateningly. However, all is now set for the grand climax to this stupendous drama of human effort. How stupendous it is you will have gathered from my account.

The driver and fireman will now have climbed up to, and taken up their positions on the footplate, the hiss of escaping steam will have crescendoed to a deafening roar, and the second bag of coal will have arrived, and have been dumped into the tender in the most inaccessible spot. The Station Master will have once again donned his peaked cap, the shed-foreman will be sharpening the all-important pin on a handy grindstone, the cleaners, fitters, labourers, yard-men, footmen, rich men, poor men, and Uncle Tom Cobbly an' all will be at their posts, or post-offices, coupons in hand, awaiting that tense moment when the steam - that part of it, that is, that hasn't already escaped through the multitudinous orifices which are here present, as one might say - proceed to work its seeming miracle.

The driver now pulls on a bit o' string that is hanging down just above his head. This rash act at once causes the engine to emit a hideous, eldritch screech, to the horror and consternation of everyone present. Then this foolhardy man, not content with the furore he has just caused, must perforce start fiddling about with a thing with a handle sticking out, a bit lower down than the bit of string I have just referred to above.



At the same time as he does this, he takes off the brake. Whether he puts it back on again after he has taken it off, or merely just throws it away, is hard to say. A driver's actions on the footplate are shrouded in mystery and clouds of steam. Nobody can see what the devil he is up to. These brakes, must however, be fairly lavishly distributed round about, because one constantly hears of a ten-minute break, or even a half-hour's break, and it has been known for a break to reach the staggering total of 250, or even 300! However, be that as it may, our driver, having done all these silly things, lo and behold! The engine moves! What has happened? How is it done? What necromancy is this? Well, pin back your goggles, and I will tell you.

The first handle the driver fiddles with after he has disposed of the offending brake, is called the "Regulator", why I don't know. It's just, one of those things, like calling a spade and playing a heart. Anyway, when the driver pulls this regulator-handle-thing, it moves, or does something, to something which is fixed up inside that dumpy thing on the boiler that is called the "dome". (Another hurried glance at the oft-mentioned and now famous diagram will show you what I mean). This mysterious happening has the effect of opening yet another orifice into which the steam, always on the look-out for such opportunities, rushes like mad; the ensuing consequences and chains of events are truly bewildering!

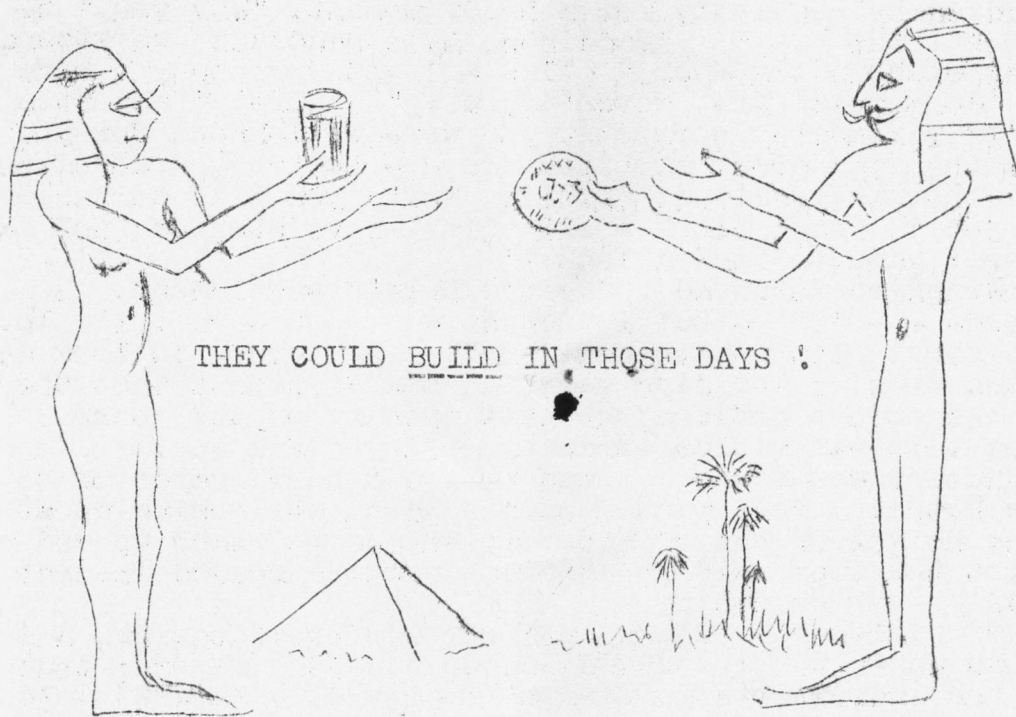
The rushing steam full of the joy of spring - unless the water which made it was not from a spring - flies at top speed down the refurbishing section of the bi-laminated conjugular-nozzle whilst that portion of the escaping steam whose rush is not quite so mad enters the bifurcated section of the tramellated capillary, which is located on the anterior meridian of the refuroling section of the laminated tarradiddle, if you follow me. After a series of manoeuvres somewhat resembling a particularly fatuous session of "Twenty Questions" the two steams - the mad and not so mad - come together once again, shake hands, let bygones be bygones, and agree to be friends. This union, of course, like any other union, produces energy, with a consequent rise in temperature, thus generating a high degree of hotness known to railwaymen the world over as superheat. No, my friends, not superhet. A high degree of that quality merely produces ear-splitting howls from the set, and even more ear-splitting ones from the long-suffering neighbours. However, our friend the United Steels - er, sorry, united steam, I should have said - is now in a state of readiness for anything, as it were, and is rarin' to go places. Still hell bent on escaping, if possible, it discovers, on careering round the front of the engine, a two-three more inviting holes lying about, and proceeds pronto to explore them, once again in a mad rush. However, this time our steamy friend really does come up against something. It finds its further progress completely blocked by an unyielding wall of steel. It huffs, and it puffs, it puffs and it huffs, and it pushes and shoves until it goes quite black in the face, when, just as it is about to burst with the effort, this solid immovable, impenetrable, impervious, impeachable and otherwise totally insufferable iron curtain - or rather, steel wall - begins to move away, exposing as it does so yet another of those ubiquitous orifices in which railway engines abound. Our friend the steam, much weakened by its recent efforts nevertheless dashes through this latest orifice, and out into the open air, mighty thankful to be free once more. And it is just at that point, dear friends, where the miracle is worked, for it is that act of

of furious pushing and striving by the impatient steam which, all unknown to the impetuous little perisher, causes the engine wheels to turn. Again, this is what happened:- that pestiferous steel wall, commonly known as the "piston" is connected to a comp tobbling spindle, which, in turn is linked by a transhearal Kettering pin to a rumbulating onceover-head. Arising from the resulting misconception, or connection, whichever is the earlier, is an important adjunct known as an irradiable copristine agglomerator, of which there are usually two, one on each side of the wngine. This i-cop-a gadget formulates decisions resolving into red, orange or green, as the case may be, and conforming to no known plan, as far as can be ascertained. However, this phase is only short lived, though by this time the escaping steam has moved into an orbit round the whole railway system, and the engine will have moved also, over at least two sleepers and one rail-joint. What a joint to sleep in anyway! Anyone with any sense at all would know that that was just asking for trouble. However, this short, but hectic, phase having ended, what happens next is nobody's business. It goes something like this:- The whole colour-gamut having been scanned and rejected, the irradiable copristine agglomerators (of which there are two, one on each side of the engine - just to remind you) re-assert their authority and bring pressure to bear on the upper plane of the Stf crank, sometimes known as "actifan", which is an integral part of the mechanism for the production of wheel movement, of which there are usually four; Allegro-moderate-epinigs; Quartette; Ronds; Halleygrotto; and such like, Er!- Where have we got to? Symphony things going on around here! Well, as I was saying, this Stf. crankiactifan, or whatever, opens and shuts with a regular to and fro motion; at its lower end, it is secured to a revolving epidicentric thingummytite which usually reciprocates in an undulating, though nonchalant fashion, according to the vagaries of the climate, or prevailing bank rate. This epi-howdyedo is closely connected (either by blood or marriage) to the wheels - one epi etc. to each wheel, that is - so that, when the cycle of operations is complete, and all outstanding problemns resolved, the wheels finally give up their resistance, call it a day, and just move over, away from the scene of the disturbance - and lo! The miracle is worked, the spell is broken,, the bits being flung to the four winds of Heaven! The steam, bless its little heart, has caused the wheels to turn! But whether they turn green with envy (they are green, you know, on some engines) or turn traitor, or turncoat, or just merely turn turtle, is another story altogether.

So now, my good friends (you are still friends with me, are you not?) the very next time you see a huge engine dashing across your line of sight with clouds and clouds of steam hissing and roaring all around it, you will be able to conjure up in your mind's eye exactly what is taking place within the bowels of that furious, snorting monster. And you will, I feel sure, be full of admiration for the noble and herculian effort on the part of so many people, which have been co-ordinated into a massive whole to enable such a sight to be enjoyed by its' enthusiastic witnesses.

One of these days I may be permitted to take you on an imaginary journey on one of these huge, throbbing monsters - a thrill which I am sure you will never, never forget. Until then, au revoir!

Puff! Puff-puff! P-uff p-u-fff! P-u-oooo THE END.



THEY COULD BUILD IN THOSE DAYS !

Lyle Maddison strode vigorously along Oxford Street enjoying the magic of the shining September evening. He felt good; having just completed a satisfactory deal, and with nothing to do in the immediate future but relax, he glanced at his wrist watch and noted that the time was 6.30. "A drink is indicated," he thought, "- first one I come to." Suddenly, so unexpectedly it appeared, that it seemed as though the pub' just moved forward onto the pavement, and not being very prepossessing in appearance - - - low, dark and grimy and with all, still slightly recessed, that Lyle would have walked straight on but for one thing. His eyes, quickly scanning the frontage, slid over the sombre hanging sign, and he realized with a start that this place had a certain aura - - he paused. "That clinches it!" he decided, "Same name." True enough the name was unusual, so much so in fact, that he'd never come across another since leaving his home town, ten years ago.

Opening the door to the Saloon Bar, he noticed that besides a young couple sitting in a quietly embarrassed heaven, the only other customer was a good-looking chap of about 35 or 30, who was standing at the far corner of the bar reading an evening paper. Having obtained and sampled his drink, Lyle's eyes again idly wandered over the other fellow and quickly following on what was at first a sense of vague familiarity, crystalized suddenly into the certainty that he knew this man. It just had to be Jim - - but steady now - it's been a long time and what if it isn't him? he'd feel so daft - and the guy might think - but then again, 'Faint heart never - - -

"Pardon me?" began Lyle, "but aren't you Jimmy Hubner from Presterburn? The other raised his eyes from his paper

and studied Lyle quietly for a brief moment. "Why yes." he agreed, " - but - - " "Maddison, Lyle Maddison, we attended evening classes together." "Yes - I get you now you were taking 'Commercial Art' weren't you ? " "Sure!" assented Lyle "If I remember correctly you were well-known for your unusual theories about architecture - - how're you doing now Jim ?" The other smiled. "Fine ! How'd you like to see my latest job ? Hotel block - er' thirty-five stories, not far from here; game to take a look ?"

Wrinkled forehead indicated Lyle's puzzlement. He hesitated- - - "Er' - - but I thought - - - Oh sure ! I'd love to, but first, let's have another ?" He turned to look at the young couple, and discovered to his amazement that they'd gone. He hadn't noticed even the opening of the door. He thought it was rather strange. They drank up .

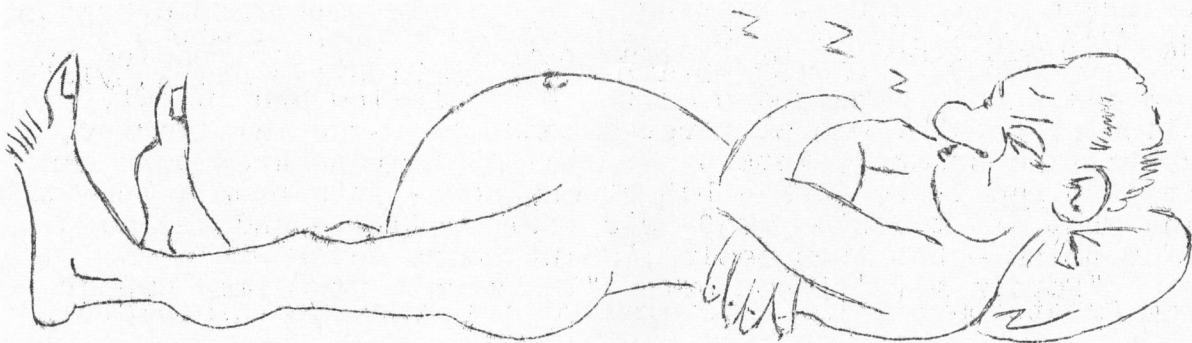
Hubner was right, it was only a hundred yards or so to the new Hotel. They paused on the pavement looking up at the towering height of the edifice; it seemed to reach up and up- Lyle got the impression that the top was shrouded in mist, or cloud - - or something - - -

The immensity of the interior was breathtaking, and as they rode up in the lift Maddison counted the floors; true enough the indicator signalled to them - 31 - 32 - 33 - 34 - - 35! The cage stopped and he followed Jim Hubner out into a colossal vestibule. "This way Lyle." he said and headed for an equally gigantic doorway- - it must have been all of forty feet high. "But why make a door that big ?" wondered Maddison. Hubner smiled. "Wait till you see the roof ball-room." he said. Amazement and disbelief was on Lyle's face as he crossed the threshold into the fantastic ballroom.

Hubner said proudly, "One hundred and twenty-five feet high from floor to ceiling." - - - and Lyle Maddison said, - - - "Unbelievable !" Hubner grinned again, and told him: - "You're forgiven - - because this is the tallest story of the lot !"

FIN.

You are warned not to use the pages of this magazine as a wrapper for fish 'n chips as the oil has a deleterious effect on the ink.



HISTORICAL

INCIDENT

In 1957 the Russians put the first ever Space Satellite in an orbit around the Earth.

It remained up a little over three months. This fact most significant in a Century of tremendous Scientific advancement shocked the Western World, especially America, into a frenzied activity.

Towards the end of 1957 the Russians successfully launched a further satellite. This travelled higher than its predecessor and remained in its orbit for just over five months. The Americans talked and fumed about what they were going to do - they had had two attempts which ended in failure - whilst the Russians jeered and boasted about what they would be doing during the next five to fifteen years.

And they threatened, as was characteristic of them, what they would and could do in the event of another war.

A chill descended upon America. One fact was obvious.



By KEN SMITH.

The Russians had not been bluffing when they had said that they had an Intercontinental Ballistic Atomic Missile. High ranking Scientists of the Western world confirmed that this must be so in view of Russian's success in launching Space Satellites.

This success by Russia achieved more in bringing about Interplanetary travel than all the many dozen of books that had been written on the subject during the nineteen fifties.

America poured billions of dollars into Space Flight. The bitter rivalry between the Army and Navy was abolished. The whole programme was coordinated with the help of British Scientists, and under such conditions it was perhaps, only natural, that America should catch up with, and eventually surpass the Russians in the race to get manned satellites into space followed by a trip to the Moon.

The first American ship was a failure.

A failure, but not an accident.

After refueling at Satellite A1, the first ever manned Satellite put up by the Americans in 1964, it blasted off towards the Moon and exploded when only 2,000 miles out from the space station.

A two-fold failure, this. A failure for the American ship and a failure for the Russian agent who calculated that the Hydrogen bomb hidden within the ship before it left White Sands, New Mexico, would explode before the ship left the Space Station, thus destroying both the Ship and Station in a "two birds with one stone" operation.

The Russians had a manned Space Satellite prepared for launching and had their plan worked they had intended launching it to take the place of the American satellite. As it was they did not dare attempt the launching as America had warned that she would not allow another manned satellite to be launched apart from further ones of her own.

She was in a strong position since a manned space station had to be launched in separate sections which had to be assembled in outer space. The Americans could blast these sections out of existence and had threatened the Russians that they would not hesitate to do so.

Now it was the Americans who boasted and threatened. But in spite of her strong position she hesitated and was afraid to start a major war. Although she held the strongest position she knew full well, as did the Russians, that neither East nor West could win in the event of another war. It would mean total destruction. The end of everything.

Intercontinental Ballistic Atomic and Hydrogen Helium Missiles were now common-place. All three major powers had them.

And they were ready for instant use.

Atmospheric craft were now obsolete in so far as military application was concerned and were only used as passenger craft. In effect it was a

good thing.

Stalemate.

Tension between the East and West, however, was higher than ever.

In 1966 America reached the Moon. This was a tremendous technical accomplishment, marred only by one fact.

The crew of three didn't make it alive.

They perished when the ship developed engine trouble when only a quarter mile above the Luna Surface. The emergency jets were switched on just before the ship crashed and she wasn't badly damaged.

The force of impact did not kill the crew - they would have survived that.

Vacuum killed them. The living quarters of the ship received a rupture and the air contained within rushed out into space. The crew were supplied with Spacesuits but hadn't time to put them on before their blood boiled, ears burst and lungs burst.

They were very dead and not at all a pretty sight.

The Americans, receiving no contact, had to assume the crew had died. They, were bitterly disappointed.

The Russians were highly delighted. But not for long.

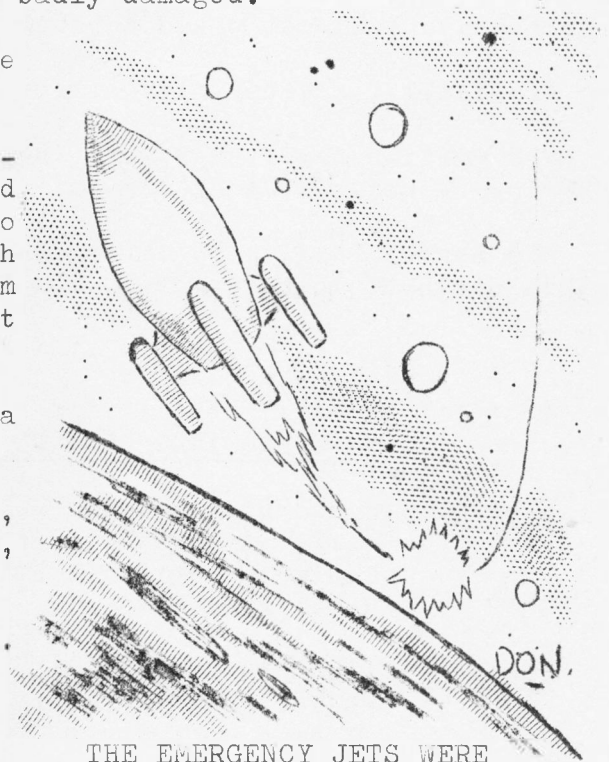
The Americans launched another ship within seven months and this made a successful landing upon the Moon. The crew, amongst other things, examined the first Moonship, especially the Engine which had not sustained much damage.

What high ranking Americans had suspected ever since the failure turned out to be true.

The first ship had been sabotaged. And the Americans didn't need three guesses to know whom.

The more hotheaded high ranking military V.I.P.'s in America advocated an out and out war with Russia to teach her a lesson.

But sanity prevailed. The President, looking old and infinitely weary under the burden of his responsible office, vetoed the proposal.



THE EMERGENCY JETS WERE SWITCHED ON.

But tension increased, East and West, fearful of a sudden attack, had developed automatic Radar Detection system which could detect any unauthorised missiles travelling at over 5,000 miles per hour with a ceiling of 10,000 miles. These systems were designed to automatically set off hundreds of missiles on their way towards the enemy should a missile be detected approaching from above at a speed in excess of 5,000 miles per hour. There was a logical reason for this. Atmospheric craft with top speeds of 2,000 miles per hour did not effect the detector system.

It was generally agreed both in East and West that any Nation starting a war now would be insane. The Russian missiles were aimed at Britain, America and Canada, The British and American at Russia and China, but this didn't really matter, even if a country was not bombarded by missiles the radioactive fall-out would be such that the whole world must perish.

Ironically, neither side started the last World War.

The Martian never knew what happened. He perished when an automatic "homing" missile blasted him out of existence.

His Survey Ship, the first to visit Earth, had decelerated to 5,300 miles per hour when detected.....

THE END (In more ways than one.)

SOME FANZINES OLD AND NEW (Mainly New).

YANDRO....Concerning fanzine reviews and various rumblings, illoed well. And American publication from Robert & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. British Rep.; Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts....

SCOTTISHE..An OMPA publication, of interest, chatter, and reviews. Delectably placed by Ethel Lindsay, Illoed by ATOM do I need say further? Be Nice to Ethel and you may get one. Address; Courage House, 6, Langley Ave. Surbiton, Surrey

SKYHOOK...Two postmen had to bring this Autumn issue, plenty of interesting reading matter, book reviews, comments, and news. Gives the opinion that its Editor is a keen book worm. Illoes....well! By Red Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota, U.S.A.

TRIODE....Do I have to say more. The only true rival to the Blue Moon series. Well illoed, articles, news, even a story, and guaranteed a laugh on every page. Blame; Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12., Yorks. And; Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

PLOY.....Ron at his best. Illoed well, interesting, worth a sub. of anybody's money, almost of TRIODE category, write; Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks

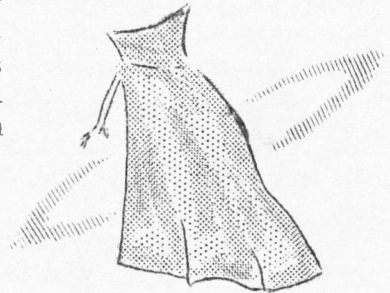


NOT TOO LONG AGO A GREAT DEAL OF DISCUSSION WAS RAISED IN FANDOM HERE & IN U.S.A. IN REFERENCE TO THE MYSTERY OF BRIDEY MURPHY. MUCH WAS WRITTEN & EVEN MORE SPOKEN ON THE SUBJECT. WITHIN U.S.A. THE BOOK WAS A BEST SELLER, AND CAUSED NEARLY AS MUCH EXCITEMENT AS A SOMEWHAT EARLIER PLAY GIVEN OVER THE RADIO; "WAR OF WORLDS". EVEN TO THIS DAY THE MYSTERY IS STILL UNSOLVED. WAS IT A HOAX, A NEW METHOD BY THE AUTHOR TO SELL HIS WRITINGS ? DOES ANYONE REALLY KNOW THE ANSWER YET? RON DEACON HAS ONCE MORE BROUGHT UP THE SUBJECT IN THIS CONTROVERSIAL BUT INTERESTING ARTICLE.

(This article was
(written sometime
(ago for Once.)

DON.

In Oklahoma, U.S.A., recently, a nineteen year old youth killed himself, and left the strangest suicide note of all time. He said he had taken his own life because he wanted to find out if he would be born again as another person! What caused him to have such a strong desire to find out if the theory of reincarnation, the belief that people are reborn after they die and live many lives, is true?



The cause of his death was probably a book entitled "The Search For Bridey Murphy", which is the top best seller in the non fiction field in America today. The book tells the story of Mrs. Ruth Simmons, who under hypnotism claims to remember having lived from 1789-1864 in Ireland, as a person called Bridey Murphy.

By RON DEACON.

Simmons, a young married woman, recording everything he and she said on steel-tape. Bernstein is a young business executive whose hobby is hypnotism, both he and Mrs. Simmons live in Pueblo, Colorado.

At several later sessions, Bernstein gathered further details of the woman's alleged past life as "Bridey Murphy", which were also recorded, while hypnotised Mrs. Simmons claimed to have lived in Baylings Crossing, Ireland. The place could not be found on any map, but Bernstein claims to have ascertained that such a place, a tiny village, does exist in Ireland.

He had enquiries made in Ireland in an effort to find proof that Mrs. Simmons had actually lived there as Bridey Murphy. A Cork librarian reported that no records of Births, Deaths, or Marriages was kept before 1864, so it could not be discovered whether a woman named Bridey Murphy had in fact lived in Baylings Crossing during the period 1789-1864.

There is no real evidence that Ruth Simmons has lived a previous life on earth. The fact that she 'remembers' such a past life while in hypnotic trance could be explained in many ways. Despite this a large section of the American public takes the affair seriously.

The book, as well as being a best seller, is being serialised in 43 newspapers. A record of what Mrs. Simmons said, while hypnotised, about her previous incarnation as "Bridey Murphy", has sold 30,000 copies at £2-2-0 each. An American film company has bought the film rights to the book and it is probable that Bernstein will make at least £150,000 out of the story of Bridey Murphy from all sources.

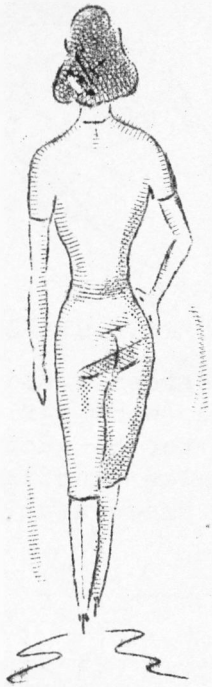
The popularity of this case can only be explained in the following way. There must be many people living in America who hope the reincarnation theory is true. Psychologists have warned the public that taking reincarnation and the Bridey Murphy case seriously is dangerous. The case of the boy who killed himself to see if he would be born again gives strong support to their argument.

Morey Bernstein professes to be seriously interested in the case. He says he wishes to prove whether or not Mrs. Simmons did live in Ireland some 90 years ago as a person named Bridey Murphy. He has stated that he would make no money out of his experiment with hypnotism, and has no desire to make money out of the affair.

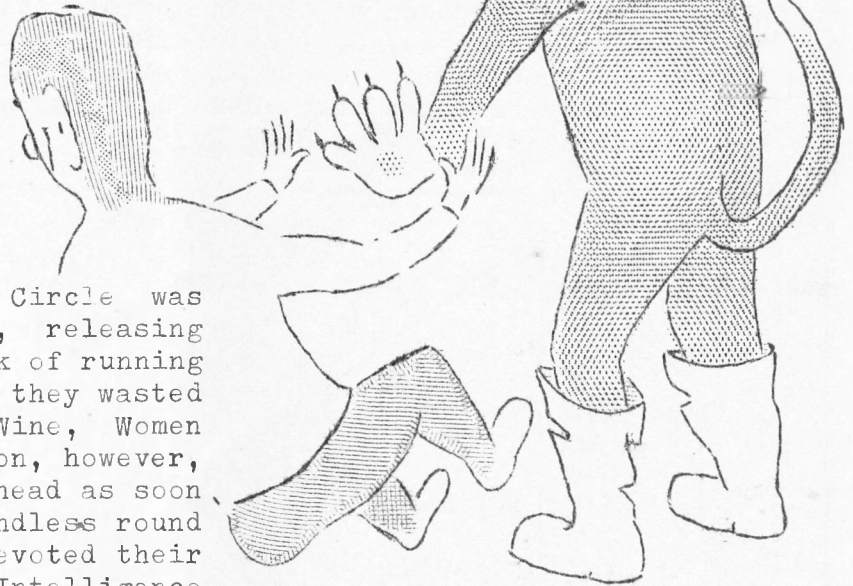
It could be that the whole thing is an elaborate hoax, undertaken for the purpose of making money. Bernstein and Mrs. Simmons could be putting on a clever act to fool a gullible American public.

It is also possible that Morey Bernstein and Ruth Simmons really believe that she had a previous incarnation as Bridey Murphy. However there is absolutely no real evidence to support this belief. The few actual facts which Mrs. Simmons related regarding Ireland, while hypnotised, could have been known to her or to Bernstein before the experiment began.

It is most unlikely that such a person as 'Bridey Murphy' ever existed outside of the mind of Mrs. Simmons, and pretty certain that reincarnation is not fact. The strange case of Bridey Murphy proves that the saying that 'anything can happen in America (and usually does)' is true. THE END.



PUSS IN BOOTS



DON.

When the Manchester Circle was formed a few years ago, releasing the members from the task of running an S.F. Club (the NSFC), they wasted their surplus energy on Wine, Women and Food. Science Fiction, however, reared its' ugly bemish head as soon as they tired of this endless round of pleasure and they devoted their efforts to the pursuit of Intelligence..

Tests (thousands) were carried out on each other to determine their respective I.Q.'s, basing their calculations on their capacities and liking for BEER, WOMEN, & FOOD, thus combining pleasure with holy science. After exhausive tests and Statistical Analysis of results, the average IQ. was found to be 198, variations between members being negligible.

The rot really set in when one of the Circle produced a semiportable (972lb approx.) electronic device, haywired in the best G.O.Smith manner and which he said would record I.Q. by measuring the intensity of desire for, and capacity for, a 14 day old raw herring.

Two intelligent cats were caught in the Fountain St. area and a further one volunteered for the tests. I.Q. tests (based on the reaction of Circle members (I.Q. 198) to raw herring) were carried out and showed that the cats' I.Q. was around 2,400-2,500 which was well above the value quoted for Kimball Kinnison.

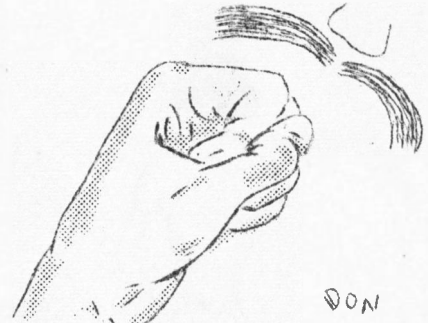
Laboratory buildings have been erected and the cats trained. They have done some top-flight research work in physics, mainly concerned with power generation and rocket flight. It would appear that their work is aimed at

an attack on Sirius, the Dog Star.

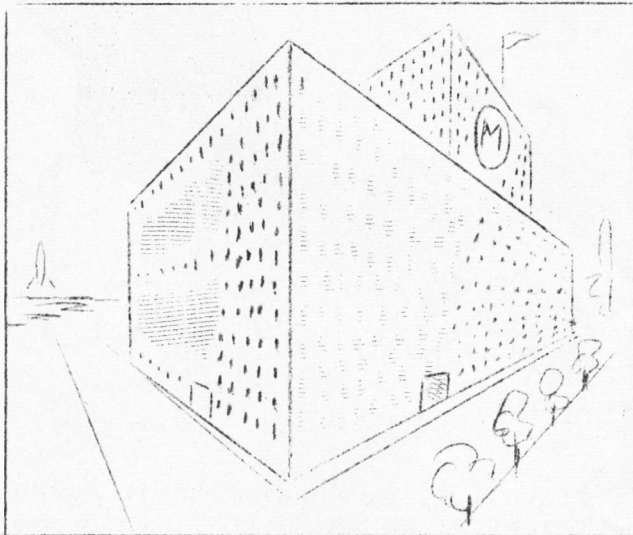
Some recent developments are illustrated and you will see it looks as though the Manchester Circle has lost the cats' services for some time to come. All is not lost however, since the Circle now know the secret of hydrogen fusion - so watch out Kettering!

NOTE:

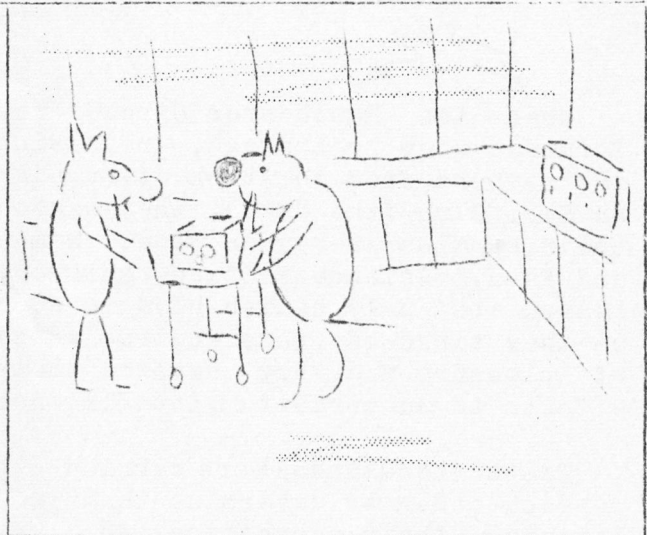
The fusion of hydrogen has been found to be much simpler to accomplish than had been anticipated. Hydrogen is cooled to below minus 260 degrees centigrade and the solid hydrogen so obtained, is gently warmed (warm air breathed out by Kettering Conventioneers would seem to be admirably suitable) then fusion occurs at minus 259.18 degrees centigrade. Initiation by fission bomb has been found quite unnecessary and may indeed lead to Sirius Side Reaction.



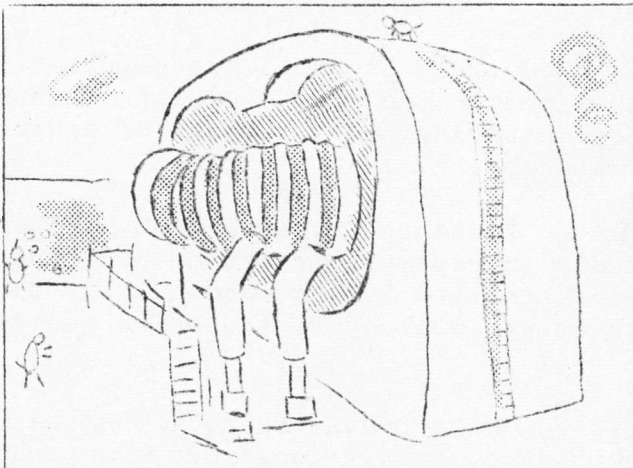
By FRANK SIMPSON.



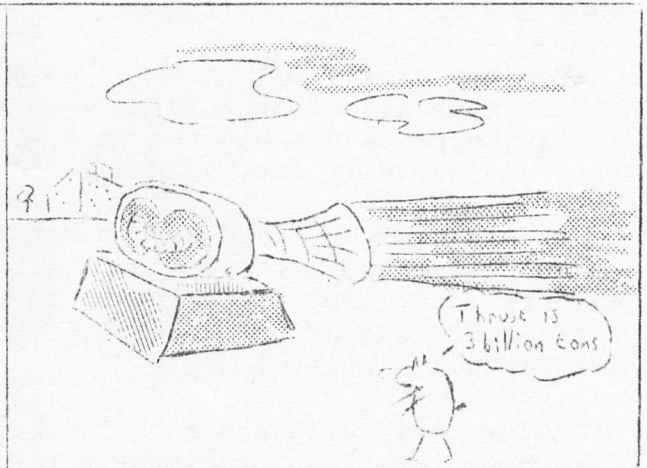
Manchester Circle Feline Research Labs.



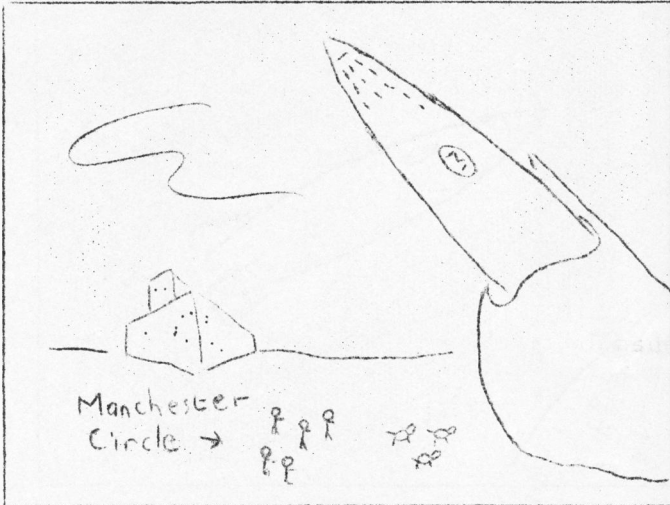
Two Of The "Big Brains" Moving In.



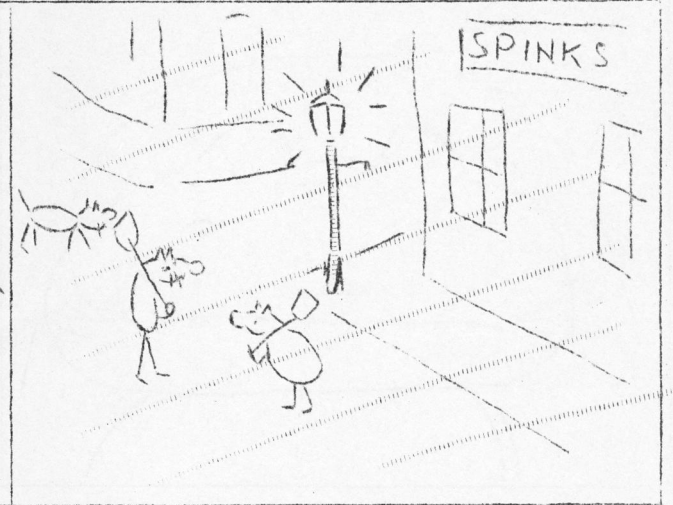
Early Work On Nuclar Power Generation.



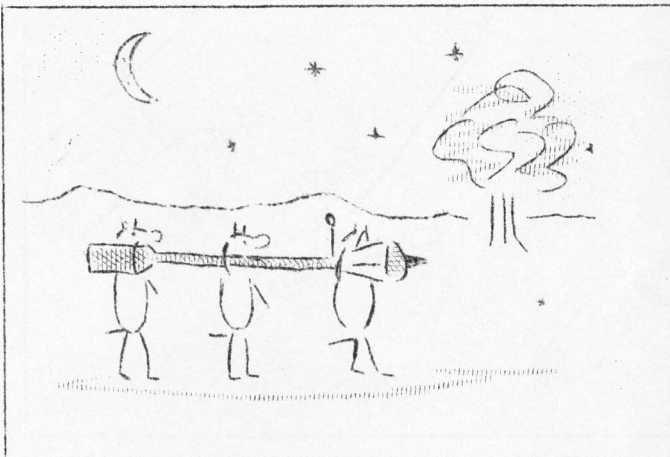
Development Of Nuclar Rocket Motor.



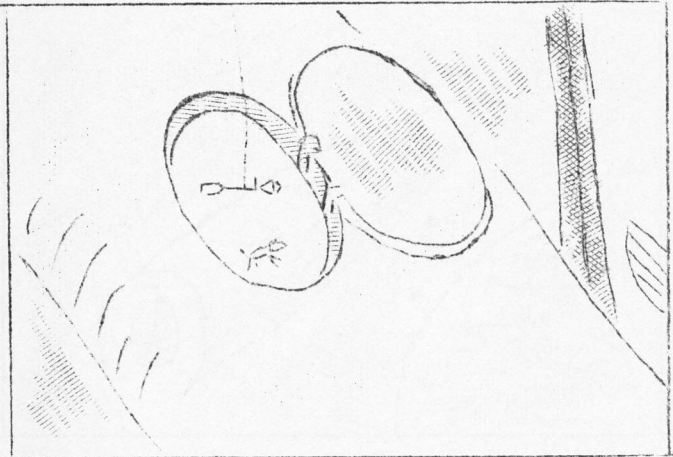
Nuclar Powered Rocket Ready.



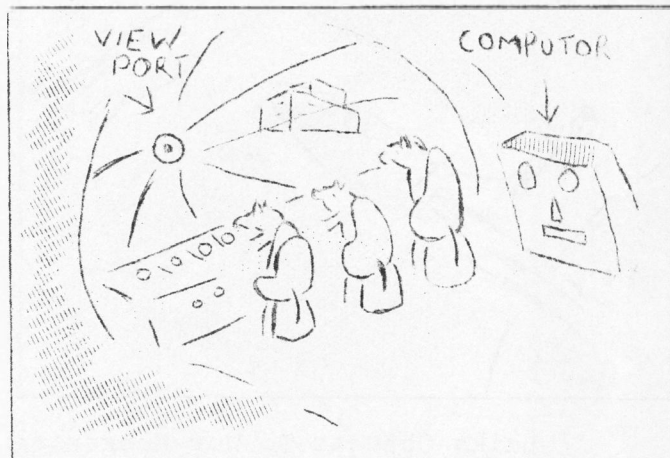
Midnight Expedition.



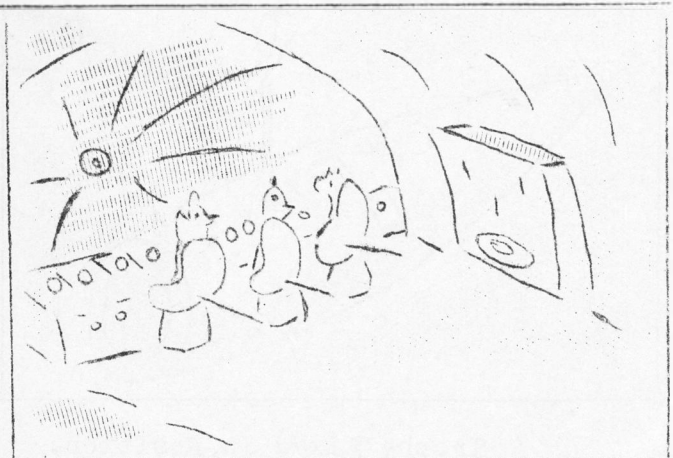
Bringing Home The Trophy.



Loading The Lampost Into The Rocket.



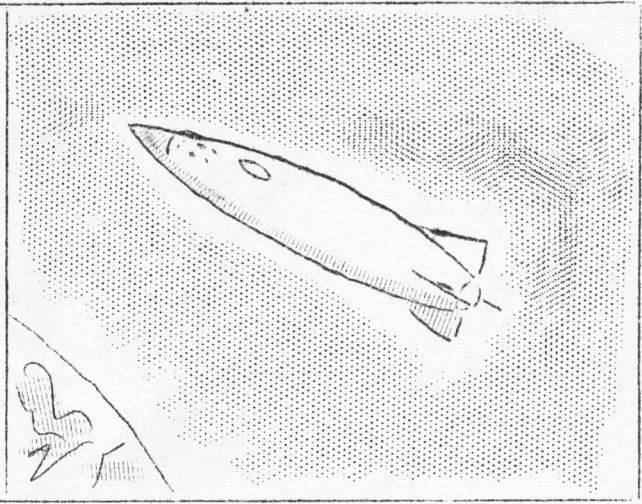
Space Ship. Take-off Minus 60 Seconds.



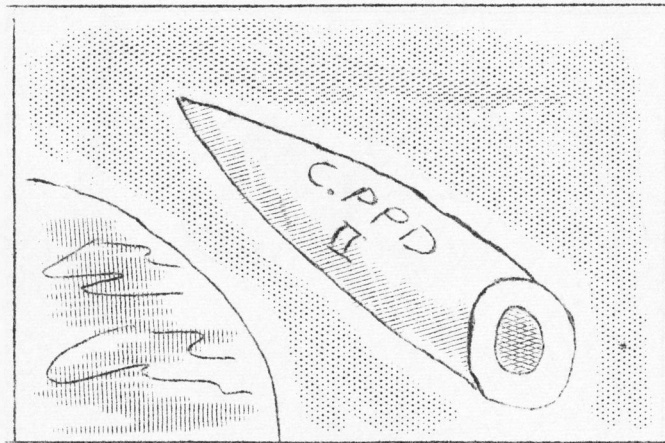
Take-off!!!!



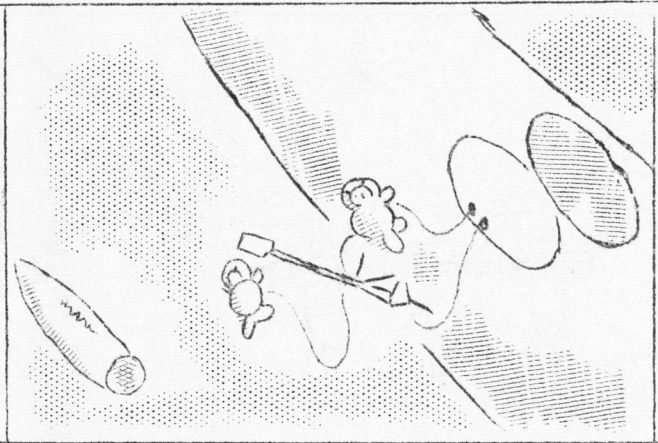
Pilot At 20 G's.



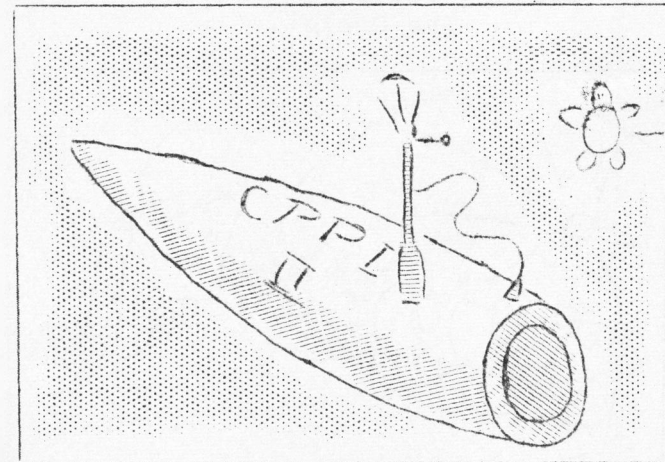
Out In Space.



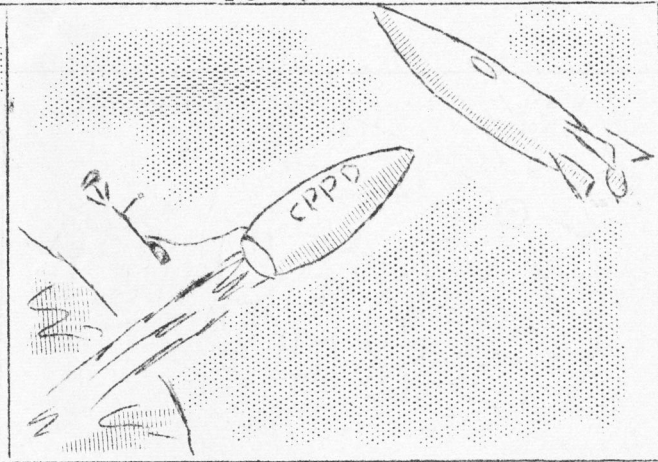
Laika's Rocket.



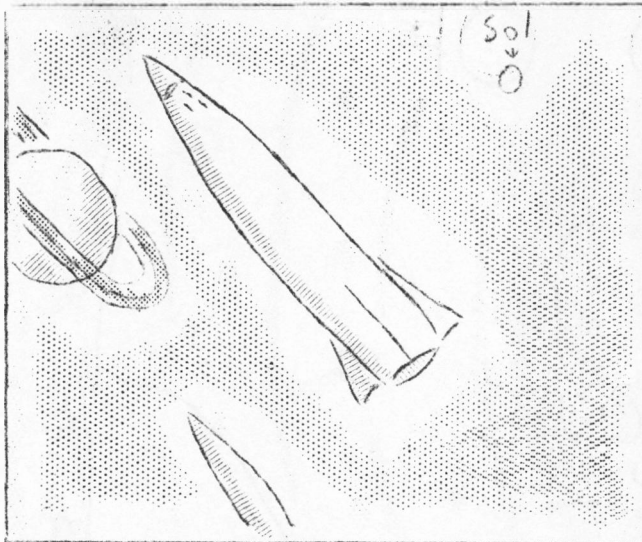
Bringing Out The Lamp .
Post.



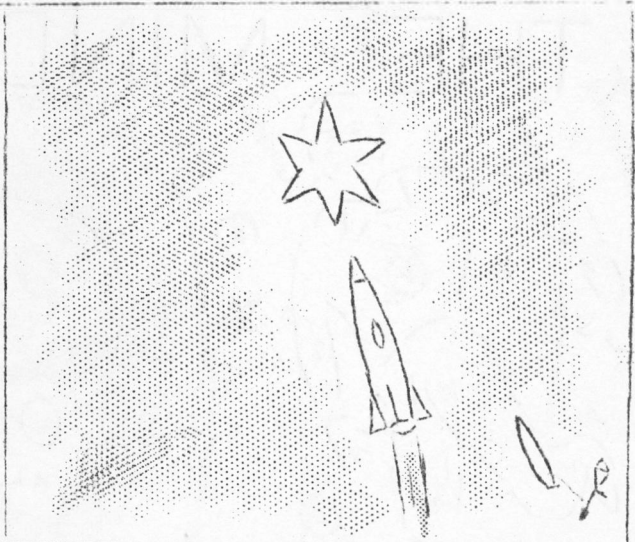
Trophy Fixed In Position.



Laika Objects To War Mongering
Capitalist Lamp Post & Attacks.



By Saturn.



Latest Reports; Heading For Sirius.

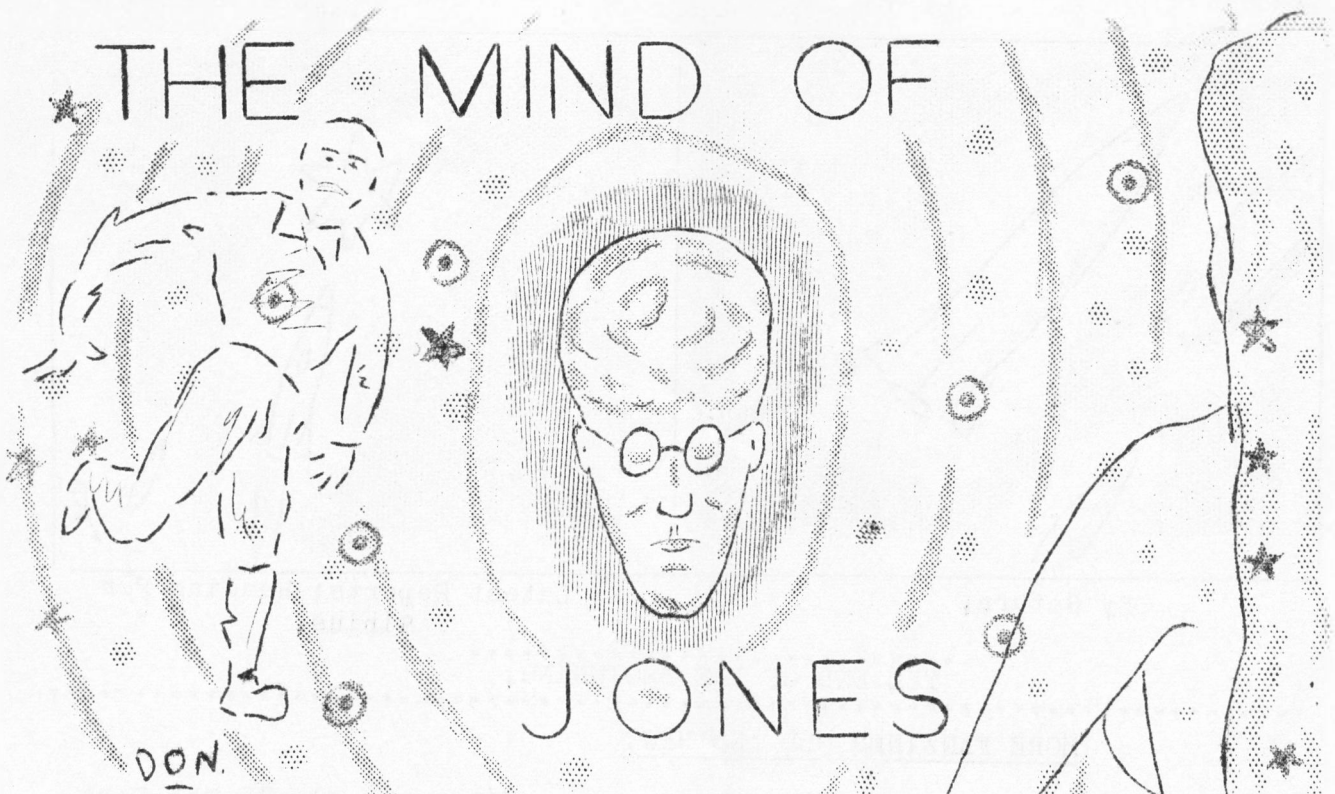
 THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

MORE FANZINES OLD AND NEW.

MEUH 2-3.....An extra large double issue (74 pages plus). The Postman knocked me up at 7-00a.m. to pass me this, couldn't get it through the letter box. Containing news items, articles, short stories, poetry, given with a pure fan-ish outlook. Plus the European outlook of science fiction and fandom. Handled with the somewhat unusual manner of Jean and Annie Linard. One cannot help but note the peculiar colour scheme inside, helped a great deal by French Advertisements, but unfortunately not quite the type one would expect from France, but I now know what OMO looks like in French. Illustrations are somewhat weak. A queer characterising of the character POGO. Address; 24, Rue Petit, Vesoul, H.S. France.

BIPED.....This is one 'zine that has passed through more hands than an octopus has tentacles, until eventually arriving into the hands of BILL HARRY. A 'zine well put together, and wonderfully illustrated, but that is what one would expect from Bill Harry. Containing articles, stories, Film Reviews, Fanzine Reviews, and a Portfolio by Bill Tidy (Bill Harry?). Weak in spots, but still worthy of obtaining. Address; Bill Harry, 69, Parliament Street, Liverpool, 8.

CAMBER.....One of the few 'zines that can be classified as "hard cover". Well illustrated. Containing Book Reviews, stories, articles. Plus a rather unusual but well illustrated article on suicide planes of Japan and Germany, by John Berry. Neat and well duplicated, to which the thanks go to; Alan Dodd (forever Doddering) 77, Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.



THE COLD WAR. An indefinite period of fears, hatreds, and diplomacy. Of lies, and counter-lies, of hot tempers and flaming headlines. Of Rock 'n Roll and the return of the "Blackbottom". Of wild parties and wilder nights, of Teddy Boys and Gentry. Rape, murder, robbery - fears expressed in weaknesses, on everybody's mind; "Will there be a tomorrow?" It is in dark century of humanity our story begins. The year; 1965. Jones was born then, Ephraim Jones to give him his full title. As a child backwards and dull, and the ache of his parents heart.

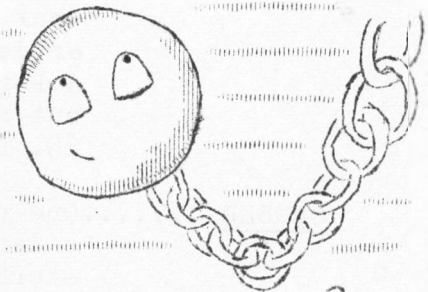
"Ephraim!" His mother's voice shouting his name as if it was necessary to shout to be heard.

"Coming!" In disgust he let the voices go. Funny mummy and daddy never heard them, at least he had never heard them say so. Rubbing his head - those voices always left a little pain there - he picked himself up, all the three feet two of him, and toddled to his mother as quick as his little legs would allow him to.

"Where have you been?" His mother asked angrily.

"Near the pool, thinking." He replied. When he was very young he had learned not to tell about the voices, they never believed him.

"Thinking! Why don't you play with other children like a normal child?"



YE OLDE LAGGE.
(Dave Cohen.)

But like a normal child Ephraim grew up. Grew up to a thin weedy man with few friends. A nondescript piece of humanity amongst others of similar characteristics, dark thin features, slightly rounded shoulders, thick rimmed spectacles covering weak eyes. Who after a days work in the office sneaks guiltily into the local pub for a pint. An average person of average intelligence. His one weakness that was not quite average was his fondness for science fiction, who on obtaining same quickly stuffed it under his jacket whilst quickly casting his eyes around him to assure himself that no one had seen it.

Science fiction that actually had stories referring to people hearing voices as if it was a normal procedure. The voices - they were still with him - but now he knew how to control it and listen, if and when he wanted to, most carefully to thoughts of individuals. Many a time had he blushed most profusively when walking through the park in the evening, passing young courting couples (and the not so young). And then there was that brunette who eyed him so professionally. Hmm! Maybe he'll see her again. One or two instances of many. But over all lay that hidden fear - hidden, but not to him - fear of the cold war becoming hot! Fear, fear, fear, wherever he went that hidden fear impressed itself solidly onto his mind. People, living for today for tomorrow...that may never come. If only there were others.....but that was a wild hope, that someday he may find others and together maybe they could do something for the world, maybe.....

"Ah! Mr. Jones." The Boss nodded affably to Ephraim, and with a slight American accent, continued. "I've been hearing most unusual reports about you, how you appear to anticipate people's thoughts. A most advantageous capability that may be appreciated in other businesses, but unfortunately not in this as your anticipations included matters that our customers had no wish to reveal. Most embarrassing for them. As for instance the matter of Mrs. De La Vue, you didn't have to tell her that you were unable to call at her room that night even if her husband was away on business. She was most livid with rage - or was it disappointment - and claimed she had been grossly insulted." With a slight smile almost cracking the granite-like hardness of his face, continued; "I will overlook the matter at the moment, but please, if you have the unusual ability of reading peoples minds use it where it will be appreciated."

Use it where it would be appreciated! That was a laugh. Where other than a fairground? But how did he know? The Boss....Perhaps it was..... no, it couldn't be!

.....

"Good morning D'Arcy." The Prime Minister looked up as his aide-de-camp walked in after a polite knock on the door. "You look a bit rough this morning, had a hectic night?"

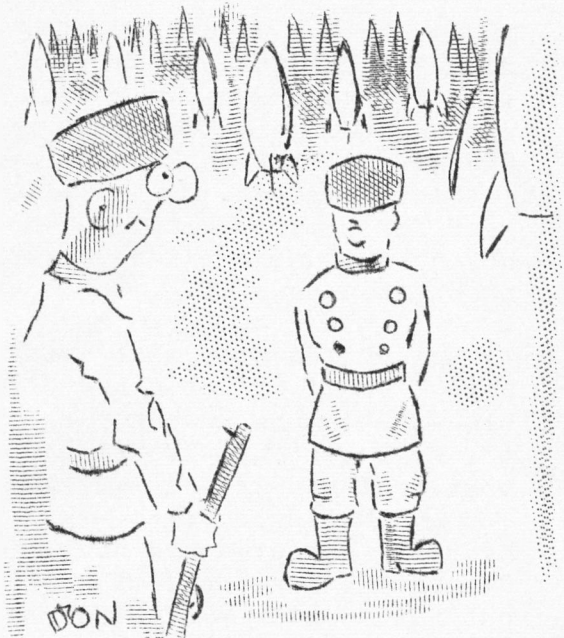
"These Americans! When they throw a party they certainly throw everything else in it." Tiredly he sat down opposite the Prime Minister. "Whow! My head!" He exclaimed.

"Here. Have a seltzer. They help my headaches." The Prime Minister replied jovially. "It's all in the job of being good neighbours, and good friends."

D'Arcy drank the offering gratefully , and with a sigh he relaxed on the chair.

"Well it's true, sir, They have something. They were quite open about it too." Irritably he glanced into the empty glass. "But I'd be damned if I know what it is, but whatever it is it is BIG with a Capital "B"!"

"I know it's big." The Prime Minister replied. "Very big, but what ever it is , they are very canny about it. Oh I expect they will eventually tell us! But in their own good time. And I'll be darned if I will let Big, Bill Cantor get his punch in, I want to have something to punch back with. We've got to know what it is even if it is not ethical!"



WHY DO THEY ALWAYS THINK WE WANT WAR?

D'Arcy looked up at the P.M. a quizzical smile lining his face. The Prime Minister looked at him suspiciously.

"Out with it man! You haven't told me all there is!"

"Well, not quite, sir. But it sounded so damn ridiculous I didn't give it any value. I thought it was a gag." D'Arcy replied.

"Gag! This American slang, we, are all catching it. Anyhow what was it that might have some bearing on the matter?" The Prime Minister queried impatiently.

"It was General Brown. Said something about hearing what people are thinking at any given distance. When I asked if it was some form of radar, he said no and shut up." D'Arcy continued slowly, "But I did hear some talk of something called telepathy but when they caught me listening they shut up fast."

"Telepathy? Isn't that in the experimental field of extra-sensual perception?" The P.M. queried.

"Yes sir. But with little success, little useful success that is. These Scientists, they still believe it can be done successfully, I doubt it personally".

"So do I." Replied the Prime Minister with a sigh, glancing down furtively at the drawer that contained a most interesting fiction book on the subject.

.....

Ephraim Jones languidly eyed the customers as they came in, there was no fun in the job now that he couldn't look into their minds. It was most difficult to keep his mind blank. With a sigh he allowed it to wander further afield, he knew he could pick up thought at any given distance.

Quite often his mind had reached out into Europe, even into the Russian Satellite countries, but not knowing the language it didn't mean a thing to him. Until the day he discovered that if he picked an individual mind he could go deep enough into it to understand.....

"These Plutocrats. Why do they always think we want war with them. We want our rights, even if it means by force, but we don't want war."

"Da! Comrade!" The reply reaching into the mind of Ephraim's subject and passed onto him.

.....
"A Mr. D'Arcy to see you sir." Ephraim said as he opened the door into the Boss's Private Office on being bidden to enter.

"Yes. I've been expecting him. Send him in immediately!"

"Ah! Mr. D'Arcy." The Boss's granite-like face breaking into a beaming smile of welcome as D'Arcy entered. "I've been expecting you."

Ephraim closed the door quietly behind him, and once more allowed his mind to wander.

Inside the Private Office D'Arcy looked up in surprise.

"Expecting me?" He queried. "I didn't know I was coming here up to an hour ago, so how could you possibly expect me?"

"We have our ways. We have our ways." Repeated The Boss. "But let us not dabble in words. What can I do for you?"

Hesitantly D'Arcy replied. "You know who I am?"

"Yes. And it is a great honour to have you call on your humble servant, and at my poor abode." He answered, allowing his arms to wander to take in the whole luxurious office.

"I am a man of a few words." Said D'Arcy, imagining himself to be on the candidates platform- and a half-hour later; "....and as such an honoured citizen of this country and as a friend of General Brown, we ask you if you could find out what the Americans have got that we haven't. What this big secret of their's is. We are not asking you to spy." He added hastily. "We will eventually receive the information from our friends and allies, but the Prime Minister wants to show President Big Bill Cantor that we have it too."

"Ah! I see. You want me to obtain this secret from General Brown before he officially tells you what it is. Ah well. If it's for my adopted country I will try."

.....
"Any success?" The Prime Minister asked.

"Some, but it is all rather peculiar." Replied D'Arcy. "He phoned only

a few minutes ago and suggested that he had some information, and will be sending the information by one of his clerks."

"What!" The Prime Minister yelled almost bursting a blood vessel. "Didn't you tell him it was all strictly confidential?"

"Yes sir. And on breaching the matter on the phone he said the clerk doesn't know the contents of the brief case he will be carrying."

.....
Ephraim Jones nervously knocked on the massive door. A haughty butler answered it. "Who do you wish to see?"

"The Prime Minister. I have a confidential report for him." Hesitantly he added; "He is expecting me."

"Indeed! You may wait at the door." And with a haughty sniff the butler slowly walked away, and politely knocking on the Prime Minister's private study he entered at the request to enter. "A gentleman to see you sir. He said he had something of a confidential nature."

"Oh? Oh yes. Show him in." And with a slight look of distaste on his face the butler shewn Ephraim into the study.

"You are the clerk we are expecting?" The Prime Minister asked.

"Ye-yes, sir." Replied Ephraim nervously.

"Don't be nervous man. You and many like you elected me in."

"No, sir. I voted for the Opposition."

"Hmhf! Never mind. Will you pass me the contents of your brief case?"

"My Boss sent it. Said it would be of the uttermost importance, and may be of a shock to you."

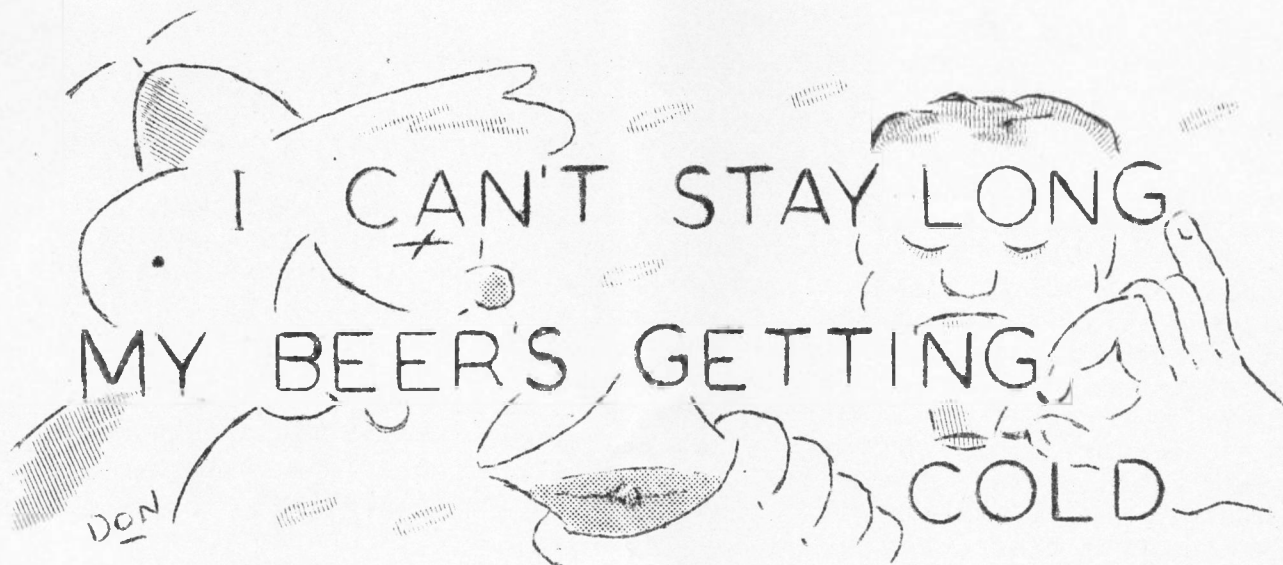
"Shock! Umph!" Nervously the Prime Minister tore open the enclosed envelope. It began;-

"As a matter of interest I am their Big Secret Weapon. The carrier of this letter can be yours....."

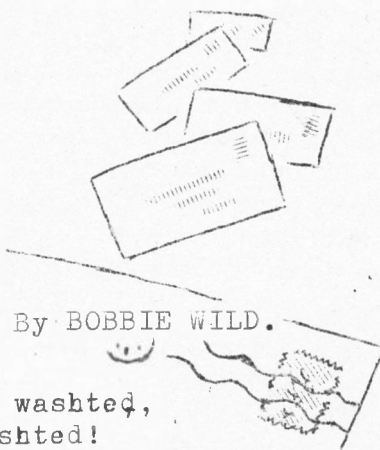
A few moments of quietness then a loud thump as the Prime Minister grabbed for his fiction book.

THE END.

PHILUP NO. 1. It was rather a nasty night and Dave was hurrying to meet the rest of the gang at the York Hotel, and when Dave's in a hurry the four-minute mile is nothing. He did notice that there were a rather large number of young ladies about one particular street but being a gentleman he took little notice. Until one young lady stopped his travels; "Interested in business love." And with one brief "No thanks." Dave beat beat the record for speed. After all it was a cold night.



Dear Mishter Teetotaller, thish ish jusht a lecture to tell you to go
 and fry your face,
 Because I have come to the conclusion that you and your sort belong to
 a horrible alien race,
 That doesn't worship hopsh
 And other plants that find their way into the offlicense shopsh.
 You have not time
 For a gin and lime
 And if someone drinks a cup to Bacchus you regard it as a horrible crime.
 In any case, I don't care a damn what you think,
 I'm going to have a spirituous drink,
 Whee, you stink!
 Have a rum,
 It makesh you ash tough ash they come.
 Or maybe you would like to join me in quaffing a crafty pint.
 What? You'd shoener have me charged with being drunk and disorderly?
 Sir! You are most unkind!
 Oh, come! Have a whiskey and soda - it will warm the cockles of your heart,
 If you've got one, which I doubt. My what dirty looksh you can dart
 From thoshe eyesh oerhung by a beetling brow. If you had your way we'd
 all go dry.
 Don't try it my friend - you're too good to die.
 Go 'way, you old fool
 Before I lose my wool.
 Wine that comes from the wood
 Is good.
 You are only the sap,
 Go take yourself to some other part of the map.
 The loss of Old John Barleycorn
 Would be a big enough loss to make me mourn.
 But you'd stand up and shout "Hooray!"
 Which proves nothing except that you're in the
 final doddering stages of premature senile decay.
 Bidam! Talking to you ish just good drinking time washted,
 Imagine all the alcolholic liquor I could have tashted!
 Tchah! Maybe you're T.T. because anything stronger than milk makes you
 sick.
 BARMAID! - bring me another milk shtout - HIC!



By BOBBIE WILD.

LETTER COLUMN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.

that she will get you mebbe cut you a bit about the dial....In actual fact it's so long since I conversed or wrote to faneds, that the art is almost dead. I know not where to begin my my humble comments. I like it -yes. More than I did OIABM.....I think your idea of a short lettercol a good one. Pursued to it's (?) logical conclusion, this must mean that there can be an excellent enjoyable magazine that does not need to draw letters enthuse with sickly flattery, and yours is aspiring to these heights, and doing so very well.....One little point I did notice, Mercer, (in his letter) cannot, just cannot, refrain from trying to find studiously funny (?) nicknames for fmz. He always does it, and always fails.....Man, I like your cover - this Bill Harry certainly is improving. (And that tells me I'd better take my bodyguard with me when visiting Waldridge Fell. Didn't realise that Bill was so good that you recognised both yourself and Elvis in the cartoon strip, Bill did it, congratulations Bill on the likeness, but beware of Con's bit of fluff.)

TERRY JEEVES, *The time is now 6-30 on Wednesday evening and I
58, Sharrard Grove, *have just finished duplicating Blue Moon (the
Intake, Sheffield, 12.*twith). It seems rather a good idea to send you
*****a letter of criticism of the mag before you, the
editor, see a copy of your own creation. At least it ought to set a rec-
ord in fanzine commenting.....All Bill Harry's illos were excellent,
and though I liked his front cover very much, I give the gold plated bi-
scuit to that luscious piece of homework on page 27.).....I liked "OLD
BONES", but found Pilgrim's Progress a bit slow (maybe the pilgrim was
tired??). Mainly For Cats was toominoherent, the picture and story didn't
hang together well enough. I like the idea though, and hope that you can
repeat the dose with a better integrated pic/story.line....I enjoyed Ken
Mc'Intyre's semi-con(shus) report, but wish he dragged in more detail....
..Merry Space-Men, a bit slow paced, but then straight fan fiction always
seems that way to me.....Phillup No.1. Ooch you are a lot of goody-goodies
ain't yer. Bet not arf as innocent as yer tries to make art.....(Jack
Wilson treatment of my train illo struck me as being the best thing in
the ish. Jack amazes me, this was really well done.....Bobbie Wild on
Cinemantics...I don't like poetry, even when, like this, it doesn't scan
but I must admit parts of it appealed to me even so.....I enjoyed Eva
Firestone, but Bob Tucker's piece seemed to have got in because of it's
writer's reputation. (Note Terry and readers, that I have starred the
address, because even I believe this is a record in fanzine commenting,
can any other Editor have his 'zine commented on before he or she had
seen it? Glad you like Bill Harry's illoes, and I agree with your comments
on his excellent works. Unfortunatelu owing to other commitments Bill
couldn't do any illoes for this ish, and Don Allen who I believe also is
an excellent illustrator kindly volunteered to help. I like Don's illoes
too. Anyhow Terry I hope this ish has come up to or bettered TWICE.)

DON ALLEN, Many thanks for your letter and Blue Moon 2. Yes
34A, Cumberland St., you are quite right in saying I will be out of
Gateshead, the forces soon.....I'm making no plans or
Co. Durham. arrangements yet for publishing SATELLITE.....
Blue Moon, the reproduction and most of the illos
were excellent.....The cover drawing and repro was excellent.....I can't
really say what was the best item in the ish - I read everything except
the story so whether I missed anything here I don't know! The contents

were enjoyable, nothing really outstanding but nice reading.....Got many a chuckle from Jack Wilson's article...and also from Terry Jeeves drawing.....ask Eva Firestone to lengthen her report and try to give more coverage. (Don is out of the forces, and his first fanactivity is to illo THRICE. Well Don, what do you think of the finished effort? Ken Smith has written a further story for this ish., even I have had a go, read 'em you may get a pleasant surprise, if not from mine, from Ken's.)

SID BIRCHBY,there's a hundred percent improvement over the
1, Gloucester Ave., previous issue. Good work, Dave, it's shaping up
Levenshulme, into a nice fanzine.....The production is of co-
Manchester,19. urse impeccable.Of the items in it, my own personal
choice would be for the 'Iron Horse' piece and then

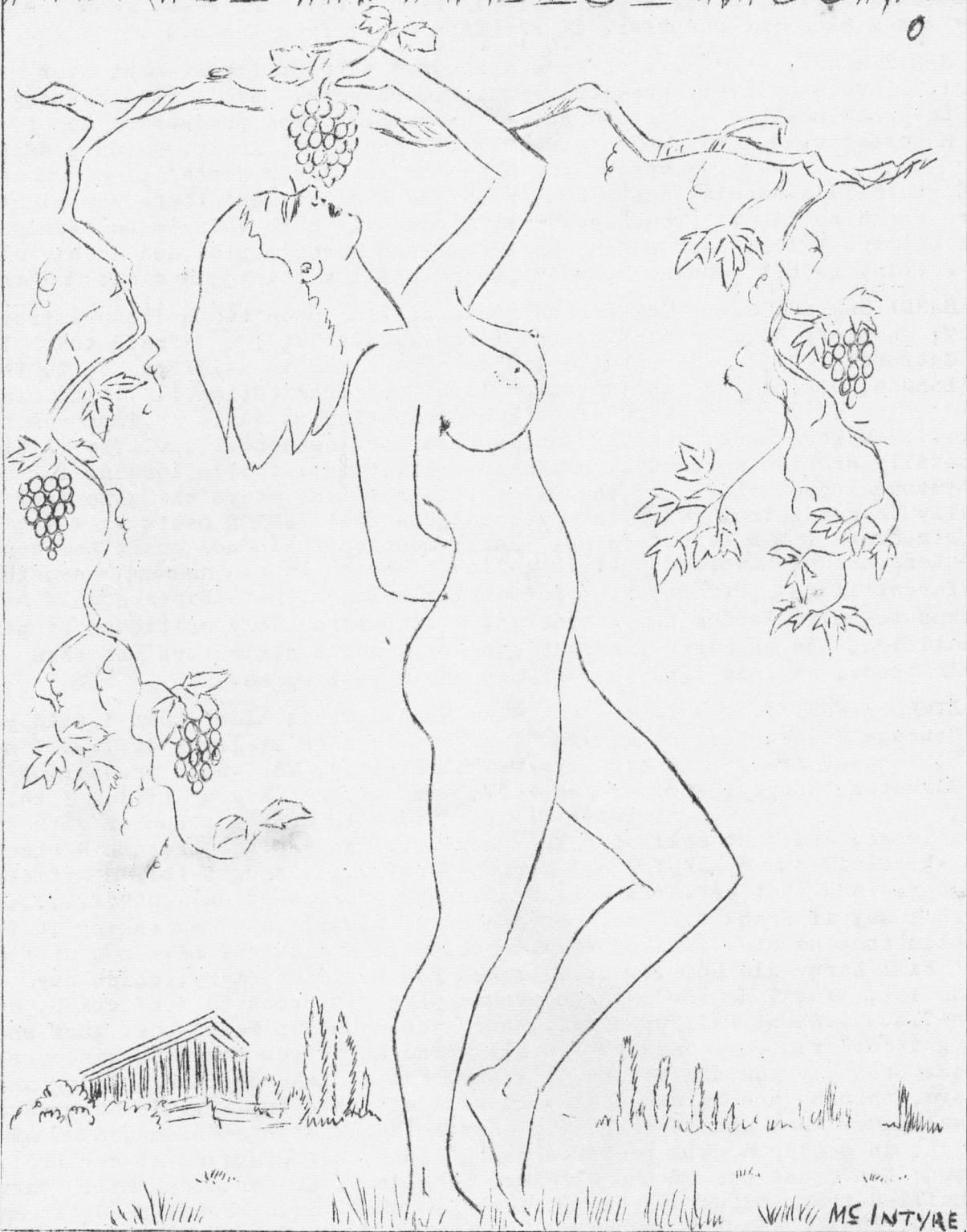
Roberta Wild's amusing contribution on the cinema. But there was plenty more worth reading. (Thank you Sid, I can only hope this issue equals if not betters TWICE. Jack's done another 'Iron Horse' epic, and Bobbie also is keeping to her amusing "pomes". We're still waiting your visit at York.)

SANDY SANDERSON, The second issue of Blue Moon was quite an improve-
7, Inchmery Rd., ment on the first.....But I'm afraid that the
Catford, mechanical side of the mag is still the best. That
London, S.E.6. is the stencilling and duplication.....the stan-
dard of the contribution is quite an improvement.

.....You were lucky getting Bobbie Wild for instance.....The little Picadilly stories were still slightly irritating.....I'm looking forward to future issues tho'. If the rate of improvement stays the same they'll really be something. (With the expectations that THRICE meets up with your requirements for a decent 'zine, I will mention that once again the contributors are of a varied outlook in fandom which should guarantee something different if not perfection. I personally believe that 'Zines should be a method to unite fandom not divide it, I therefore avoid criticism of personalities, and wherever possible encourage new contributors to send in their piece, and old fans to carry on their past works.)

ETHEL LINDSAY, Twice In A Blue Moon...it is time that I told you
Courage House, something of my comments on it isn't it?.....I see
6, Langley Ave., a big improvement already. The whole production is
Surbiton, Surrey. clear and well laid out. About your title, I think
it would be a good idea to drop the number with the
next issue, and just call it "Blue Moon".....Who was the certain Northern fan who claimed to speak for all Northerners?....I thought Phil's article, too coy, and what on earth does he mean by "dismayed delight"?.....It doesn't say if Frank did the cartoon strip himself so I am taking it for granted that he did, I liked them. Och, wait a minute I have now spotted that Bill Harry did some.....I liked Ken E. Smith story, which says an awful lot, for I am a regular sourpuss when it comes to fanfiction. Who is he?.....About Phillip next...there you go again being coy..just what has got into you boys anyway? You all sound as if you had just discovered women. Probably you are aiming at irony, but it is a difficult thing to achieve, though Jack Wilson does very well with his try.....Is Suomy Nona a real name? What can it mean? (To answer the questions "Dismayed Delight" Delight in seeing a well prepared young woman, but dismayed at her proffession: Ken, just one of the Circle: Frank drew the cartoons, Bill Harry stencilled them adding his own personal touches. Suomy Nona, read it backwards.)((TO ALL READERS PLEASE WRITE IN YOUR COMMENTS. WE NEED "EM!!!))

What's this got to do with - -
THIRICE IN A BLUE MOON?



ME INTYRE

A GRECIAN GODDESS.

KETTERING 1958

COH

by
Dave 'Splatter' Cohen & Terry 'Slurp' Jeeves

The sleek black beer bottle slid over the counter, once more the fans had returned to their ancestral home of Kettering to open the session in the town. Mothers sequestered their daughters behind locked doors; pubs ordered more crates of bheer; and sporting girls in search of fun came flocking to the George Hotel. Then it began! A fanfare of trumpets sounded to announce the first arrivals as they left the station led by The Jazz Band of the Saints. This was swiftly followed by the buzz of aircraft as they unloaded their unwanted cargo on a town prepared for the worst, and the roar of a fleet of cars punctuated by the constant report of burst tyres as the first road arrivals screeched to a halt in the horse-trough (luckily devoid of horses). The fans had arrived!

I arrived on Friday, a whole day before Dave, and had a much better chance to collect some first day bruises. In the riot at the bar, a familiar Guinness-garbled voice bade me welcome, and Ken McIntyre scrambled over the debris and dragged me to a corner. Fen poured through the swing doors, Jones lugging fifteen tons of tape recording equipment, Mercer with his caravan (later to be enshrined outside the chip shop), and most of the Liverpool Group, cluttered with cameras, blank cartridge pistols, and crates of ye famous 'Vishnuvka'..and if you can spell it any better, you're too clever for fandom. The evening session developed bit by bit as fen returned from the non-fannish act of eating. The fish shop closed down, and Dennis, the bar tender began to dissolve in a blur of action (at least, he dissolved in a blur). The basket lounge was the centre of a milling horde, some dancing to the competing airs of the Jones taper, the Mercer gramophone, and the Sandfield (L.) guitar. A few sporadic room parties broke out, but in general most people preferred to take things easy in readiness for Satyrday. I turned in at 1 am, partly to be ready for the morrow, and partly to see the fannish faces happily ranged around the breakfast table.

Satyrday dawned with a ringing of bells (real ones)(I had a room facing the church)and after a pleasant breakfast, (No dust on the cornflakes) we adjourned to the bar. This procedure was to be repeated after each meal, until by early afternoon, almost all the attendees had arrived.

Among the late arrivals came the Manchester Circle after a jovial ride of bheer, wolf whistles, and jokes not suitable for publication here. 130 miles by road piloted most capably by Ken Smith and a Dan Dare compass. Our tongues hanging out for a pint (or several) of bheer promised to us by Frank, one of our advance party. Both bheer and Frank were conspicuous by their absence.

The first note of welcome came from the Devil's Kitchen, in the blurred drink sodden voices of the Liverpool Group. (How we regretted not coming on the Friday, all that lovely beer not drunk - by us.) Then a shadow enveloped us, and there was Brian Burgess looming over us with his bed partner...a large jug of orange juice. But we had timed it well, as we entered the bar was opened, and Dennis, now blurred in the rush, threw us over the necessary hotted stuff, one bottle causing a large lump on Phil's head. Phil, (surprisingly) got his money out, and paid while in a semi-conscious state. Settling down to a few of the best, we became involved with numerous voices raised in greeting, then the bheer began to fly.

To the consternation (jealousy) of those present, one young lady came over and gave the Circle a most gratifying and warm welcome. Two hours later, after recovering, the Circle decided to look up their rooms..but not before further females assured us of a warm welcome.

After a wash and brush up, the Circle looked around, meeting Archie Mercer, Sid Birchby (also from Manchester), Terry, Eric, and many others present. The day passed quietly, if not soberly, tea, & then into the lounge where we waited for the punch to arrive. The trumpets blew, the guitar struck up, the sound of music wafted over the crowd, beautifully intermingled with the aromatic scent of the punch. After the scramble, I found myself with three glasses of the best..one standing on my head. Then the party hetted up, commencing with Eric and Audrey giving us an exhibition of the Rock-n-Roll and followed by Ken and I showing how it should be done. As my partner rested, Terry and I continued with the dance together. (To Terry) The applause which greeted this number had no connection with with the fact that a zipper broke on one wench's costume. A motion given to burn the Sandfield guitar with full ceremony, was only defeated by a quick passing of the punch on its second circuit. Bryan Welham and Barry Hall engaged me in a serious and constructive discussion on science fiction, but they were rather bewildered as to how I did this with a pint of bheer in my hand, and female type woman of the opposite sex on my knee. More room parties in search of a room were roaming around the hotel. Boris (Bill, to you) lashed out coffee for all those teetotallers in our midst (both of them), and activities were still being activated at 4-30 am., when I finally dislodged a very pleasant Minicon from my room, and called it a night.

Sunday, proved almost a bheerless day, an all-morning OMPA meeting was followed by an all-afternoon..all-evening meeting to hear (via tape) Vinø Clarhe's proposal for a Science Fiction Society. At 10 pm. the meeting finally broke up, after having chosen the club's new name...The British Science Fiction Association, and established a committee headed by Chairman, Dave Newman. Ted Tubb, editor of the O-O. Archie Mercer was made Treasurer (after an inspection of his caravan, to make sure it wasn't too mobile). Joint Secretaries were Messrs Bentcliffe and Jeeves. This committee duly stoked up with a supply of bheer, and adjourned to Eric's room for a further meeting This wound up around lam., and the members dispersed in search of a further source of amusement.

On Monday, we all went home...Bennett on the brag train.