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SAPS mlg. #59

1957 April



SAPS mlg. 759

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B R O N C

S A P S mlg.#39

from Wyoming April 1957

Some weeks ago, I was sorting fanzines again and while doing so stopped now and then to read a bit here and there, naturally; and discovered a number of items in SAPS, I didn't quite savvy long ago. Not especially important of course, but just proves how a few months added to a period of bewilderment in SAPS can be an enlightening stage. A step forward on the shining path created from vicarious jewels of fannish minds. I feel that this paragraph is of a profundity most academic.

Oft times my mind recalls not that all readers are not so pleased at finding bits of thistle-down poetry as am I, and thereby, neglect to credit the author; also because usually the verse quoted is by a well known writer or poet and I just absentmindedly assume everyone will recognize the poet's work or style. So much for the introduction. On the cover of "Fantastic New Year" -mlg.#38- the second bit of mirror writing is from Carroll (Alice in Wonderland). The first, frankly I haven't the least idea.. been trying to remember which books I'd browsed thru that day of stencilling. For a number of days I'd been re-reading at random. The third verse is by a favorite of mine- Eugene Field. Following comes from "Stackalee" tales in American Folklore.

"Tell you the truth! Think I'm lyin? Had to run sideways To keep from flyin."

Hmmm beautiful philosophy that Virginian has. Like it. Thus. "No need for remembering explanations all the time. Just enjoy things. You don't have to do anything to them. Either somebody else will find out for us, or we'll achieve, eventually, a position in which we can really find out.."

Looking at Goswal's checklist makes me grin with wry amusement at myself. For years I was pleased with my great-big collection of twelve or so versions, and my "Josephus' Complete Works" all in one vol. (trans. by Wm. Whiston, A.M.) with an Analytical Index to the entire work.. and about twenty-five or thirty misc. study books related matter.. Tak. However, there was some excuse. Most people have only one Bible & usually with fine print which is a bar to reading by even the very young eyes, and only a few can boast of having read the Bible every word cover to cover. Also many, even of those who hold themselves to be real Christians and support and regularly attend the Church of which they are members, are completely, or seem to be, indifferent to fact that there are hundreds of versions not same as the one they claim is THE truth, and at same time will admit they've never even read the whole Book. What sort of thinking is that? I certainly see no logic in such an attitude. It would be impossible for my mind to accept a belief just because a priest, bishop, minister, or some other teachers say that belief is a true one. It matters not a whit how much training and education and/or spiritual meditations they have had, there is NO infallible human!!

Gem, my impression of Jack's remark about the rising of IQ was a bit of humor and no bragging nor any underlying mental "fear" connected at all. He has a whimsical mode of expression more often than not, and that "I sadly fear" pin-points a gay whimsy..

To the Young Youngs: Atree with you on your discussion page 3, Prof. Sorokin; and I like very much this ending: "While we hear of more bad things happening, more good things are happening. Living is more extensive, more stimulating... 'We're still spending a whale of a lot of time on other things than Sorokin thinks we're doing.'" Think I read that poetry by Art once before. Can't remember for sure. Seems familiar. Especially appreciate the ille end of page four. Very good methinks. Pages 5 and 6 are duplicated in my copy, in case anyone needs or just wants an extra, speak for it. Have nothing to say to Sims because he makes no mlg reviews and seldom will I talk to you either, unless comes it -Comments on the SAPSazines- Personal touch is needed..

AND I'm still, at this typing March 8th, peeved at Mr. DeVore; therefore, no talking to him in this mailing. One of these fine days.. will I ever get even with'im! Hope I don't forget.. too much anyway.. Sybil, please call me anytime you want an extra arm or two to help beat him up, or for various plots in skullduggery scheming.

Toskey, Burnett R. "they have no place in SAPS" Toskey, that is,.. Bless you, Blessings upon thee for that paragraph of comments in reference to Wally's photography.. Ever since seeing those snaps of supposed-to-be-me-myself-and-I in 1954, I've suffered a cringing inferiority complex.. Now my recovery will be a speedy one Tra la. Came to your mention of "Slither" and remembered I'd not read your Glass Veil tale. So, alas woe, I searched out the zine and did read.. Corny is right.. many aeres... Fact is, the thing leaves a Squink Blog reaction. Enjoyed entire zine FLABBERGASTING very much. Sincerely glad you've joined us. Many thanks to FM and E. Busby.

Read CREEP with interest but find no item for debate. Fascinating cover.

Big Hearty Welcome to you, Phil Castora. Read your zine three or four times and enjoyed each reading. You and Toskey are top acquisitions for SAPS. Thank you Jack.

Jack, re the last paragraph page 3. Seems to me that the answer from all, even in ere before the test bombs and since beginning of man, would be "Yes" ten years piling up naturally tends to weaken, at least a little, the endurance of everyone. I for can say, why sure I been getting "tireder" the last ten years. However, do sny agree with your comments about the present atmosphere and generally read all items in newspapers dealing with the subject; and often save clippings for a short time. Items have to be brief and concise or my patience isn't great enough to read them. Your style of mlg. comment reviews is growing on me. At first I didn't realize how excellent and therefore didn't fully appreciate you. Now I certainly DO. There are numerous check marks I made in your zine, but my remarks would sound like a YesMan type writing, so, will wait till such time as maybe I can argue about something...

Elinor, the colors on cover are very good, the blue especially is attractive, but, OH.. the flower -if that's wot tis- is soooo ugly! First, before say more words.. Apologies for misspelling "Busby" so many times in last mailing. Honest, twas typo. Never before knew of the name- and in childhood had a SS Teacher -Mrs. Bush- who is very dear to my memory.. therefore, you can see the association in my mind causing such typo. Ah, I'm jealous of your wondering praise of Jack's ability justifying margins while composing on stencil.. Shux, that's the way big-~~ME~~ does 'em allatime So does Nangee.. See, we smart too- not only that Jack Harness boy. Am now using my large Remington typer for stencil work- have a plastic plate next to platen and have no film over steneil nor anything between it and the backing sheet. worked ok for the campaign flyer.. so am hoping pages will be much neater for this mlg. than in #38 - so far have had no trouble with stencil sliding out of place this machine Legal size prevents the slithering around. Then too, this machine has seen only a number of months fanac, whereas the portables saw years of it. Twas cruelty to so use them, not to mention a bafflement to fannish efforts. Like that Bloch quote.. I must copy before forget- "Fans are people with a greater than usual desire & ability to communicate." Now in reference to your comment that in the old days "4 out of 10 children died before they were five years of age." Am not doubting that you read such a statement.. but I doubt it was a general situation because for ten yrs I was engaged in compiling genealogical records- have three of my own books pub, & these old records do not reveal said situation. On the contrary, majority of families raised children to adulthood. Were cases during epidemics when many were taken; one comes to mind, around 1830- the dread cholera swept eastern states. And in Huron county, Ohio, that epidemic killed my great-great-grandfather (vet of 1812) and two children. His father, vet of Am. Rev. lived through it ok.

Smiled at remark made by disbelievers in reincarnation "yeah but the population's so much bigger, where'd the extra souls come from?" Tsk! tsk tsk. The answer, not only to believers but to other faiths as well, seems so evident I won't go into a bit of it. But will say, NOT from animals! To that "My mind is all made up." Yes some of the movie makers should certainly study a little of science and history.. Giving a brown eyed child to bluish eyed parents, another Tsk! And definitely no fem of 1865 in any of the States of U.S. would wear blue jeans- especially in public! In fact blue jeans were not being manufactured away back in that century. Al so- GeeWhizz.. gals din't e'en have legs in those days you know..just "limbs" IF ever mentioned, didn't even have ankles (showing that is) until about 1914. I've often shuddered at some of the "historical" movies trying to portray events of American colonial period..haven't seen any for several years but will bet I didn't miss anything too wonderful.

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"Which reminds me, it is a good time to make my New Year's Resolution, but what the hell's the use, I probably wouldn't get to break them anyhow." Wrai Ballard.
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Me too, Wrai. Although neither of us would actually want to break any, it's still a dirty gyp that we don't even have the chance to use our free will and integrity. What? You "stick a thumb tack through the stencil into the roller!" Terribobble! thing to do to the platen, just awful really. Mayhap I'll try that stunt when/if use portable for stencilling again. Don't you believe a word of what Big Hearted said about listing the mags in the order of submission.. He did no such a thing.. I sent my package Bronc a long LONG time ahead of Fantastic-New-Year.. oops COFS my error.. apologies all over the place to Howard DeVore.. twas former mailing in which I was not present & tall.. Oh, I am so glad that NanShare is confusing you with her invisible letters and letters telling you about the invisible ones which mentioned the visible that were not finished -wait a minute- I'm not wording this copy as should be.. well, anyway, as I said, I'm glad because it always makes me happy when any men-type-SAPS get confused due to actions or words of fem-SAPS.. I am mean that way. Now there's a cryptic remark if I ever saw one "I've been out of place ever since 1911 and since I wasn't born till quite some later, it has been difficult." Am curious but afraid to stretch out my neck asking for the interpretation.. Possible I could find the clue in the zine VICAR.

Well Nancy, the teachings of Jesus have been so terribly distorted by all of the churches that by now, hundreds of years later, there are some awful things taught Things which a reasoning mind cannot reconcile with the basic good first teaching It isn't the fault of Christianity itself, but in the greed of the priestcraft of today and throughout all world history. I'm of course speaking in general..there are individual altruists in all eras. Why do you continue paying such prices for mimeo supplies? That \$2.59 for a ream of paper is robbery. And I notice that there is show-thru on your expensive white paper same as on my colored- bought at \$1.30 per ream from MISHEK SUPPLY COMPANY, WASECA, MINNESOTA.. and the postage.. only a slight amount (it would be less for you). Furthermore, colored paper is more of a color, not so all one shade of white, and easier to handle.. No no I am not an agent for Mishek. Had many a good happy laugh, as usual, reading IGNaTZ..

It is so peacefully quiet this evening, March 9th, that I ought to be able to think and write easily. That isn't the case however. Guess I'm too greatly occupied in mind with suggestion from my sister who lives in southeastern corner of Washington that mother, my boy and I go out there to live. She insists that the climate is very mild and the scenery perfectly beautiful- Wish it were possible somehow-

Director of Philadelphia's Free Library, Emerson Greenaway, said: "Everybody can see mysteries, westerns and love stories on television, so when they come to the library they ask for more serious books." A greater share of the library's book buying budget is spent on classics, "less on shallow stuff." The circulation of non fiction has more than doubled in ten years. Another news item of interest was this:- Scientists at Columbia University in New York have discovered and traced a crack in the floor of the oceans that is 20 miles wide, one and a half mile in depth, and encircles Terra in a continuous line that is 45,000 miles long. This is comparable to a hairline crack in the surface polish on a billiard ball.

Pioneers sitting around the fire talking of ele-times. "I'll never forget first time I got the best of an Indian." "Did you shoot him?" "Nope." "Then you had a hand-to-hand fight with your knife I suppose." "Nope, nothing like that, just ran him to death. Yep, I ran him to death--with me in front!"

Repair men went to work on the Worcester, Massachusetts city hall clock after a passerby noted it was showing four different times on its four faces--and all of them were wrong.

My younger brother, Lee, and wife are now living in Phoenix, Arizona. Went there from LA late last year. All of their letters rave about the nice clean air and lovely weather. I'm wondering if the summers are very hot. Phoenix is not far from Tucson. How are the summers down there John?

Any Railroaders in SAPS? If so, here are a few expressions for interpretation.. Butterfly, Bakehead, Shack, The Brass, Joined the birds, Wiped the clock, and a couple of easy ones- Gandy-dancers and a rattler. When a train is rushing by & a gandy-dancer holds his nose with one hand and points to the train with the other, what is he telling the train crew? If he rubs his leg and points at train, what message is being given?

Today rec'd in mail (envelope postmarked "Detroit") an invitation-- "Join Blue Cross Now. Get a Free X Ray. Heads Examined." All that in red ink, printed over the blue ad. I am greatly puzzled - Who could have sent this invitation..

Traded off my 1940 model portable for some knotty pine furniture. Still have the 1950 model and this Remington.. The portables are Underwood. Wind blowing hard. Last Saturday evening we had a dust storm for couple hours. There's an ISFCC RR of five members- started by Alberta Leek in October, and this round-robin now is traveling its eighth trip! I call that a most efficient speed for stf fen. This being only mid-March.. A couple from Rapid City, S.D. visited us the other day.. They said the noise of jets over Rapid are so annoying to the ears that various ranchers are trying to sell out and move away..

Oh, I'm too uninspired and enervated from a cold.. Will skip comment on ten of the zines.. Was nearly recovered from one- then caught another- and just not getting rid of it- neck aches like fury- head heavy- oh me..

If anyone notices that four or five of my zines are different on three pages- I mean not exactly same as all the others- the reason is this- and I sure hate to tell it.. Didn't run off sufficient number pages- AND didn't save stencils.. Soc pity me for having my words of judgement (as in Bronc of 38th mlg) fall smack on to my own head.. I had to restencil.. type fresh ones.. in order to have pages.. If you think it was a pleasure for me to repeat all my stuff.. you are mistaken. They bored me and - ah shux- am sorry for all of us.. Learned another lesson yes

page five

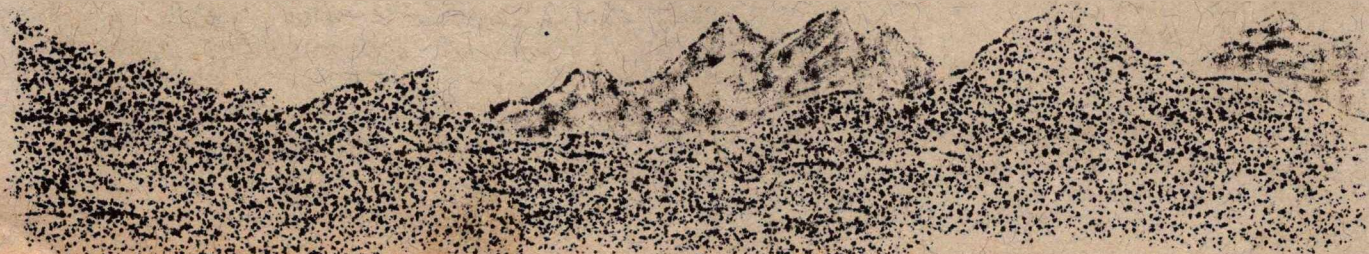
The following five pages of pica type are of stencils finished some weeks ago, for another mag I intend mailing to a group of non-SAPS the last week in April, and I thought part of the items might be of interest to some of you; besides the other is so small -only fifteen- it seemed I ought to run off more papers from stencils since it was more or less of a struggle to type them on that 1940 model portable. Before bought the plastic plate (am going to send for more of them) I didn't have much luck stencilling on this large machine. Discovered that by keeping pressure roller covered with talcum powder, much static is eliminated. Do have the tinsel stretched across where paper slides over into receiving tray but it is not enough of an eliminator. Intend sending for a can of powdered soapstone maybe and a number of other inexpensive items which may help a smoother running operation. Often wish I could watch some one doing a mimeo publishing, someone who regularly turns out neat work. I would learn many tricks of the business just by watching and am determined to do just that first chance I get. Will have to be an ordinary mimeo like mine- not one of those super deluxe outfits-Do they ever show up stunning to sight in catalogues and advertising circulars! The price too is awe inspiring..I bet, however, that the satisfaction of publishing a neat mag on one of them isn't nearly so great as when a fan succeeds in the work on a hand crank hand ink mimeo

Oh yes- must say Thank you to Jack Harness for giving address of the one who does good mimeo'ing and for a reasonable fee.. Might come in handy some time- not only for me but any reader.. Also a big Thank you to Howard DeVore who offered to publish my stencils any time I run into over much trouble and can't run them myself.

Did so want to compose a beautiful poem for Senor Toskey and makes me sad that my mood isn't in proper condition for that lovely deed at present; however, there is another mailing following #39. Also wanted to include a mathematical puzzle for both Burnett and Art. And had ideas for a dignified article becoming to my youth. Alas though- the ole haid bones refuse exit and entrance of any electricity. And was vaguely thinking about writing up a real whizz-bang mystical report for Eney. Many noble dreams I have for the benefit of SAPS. Wonder if a tranquilizing pill would make some of them come true.. No mail today but found new ASTOUNDING, so at least I'll have reading for tonight. Had nothing last night, so I spent most of it running the mimeograph machine. This evening can print this stencil and one of a cover- two covers that is- one for the other mag. Have to get these finished before next month- because April is all tied up with various time-consuming duties.

Am wondering -in case I ran out of mimeo ink- would the regular printer's ink, the kind used by small newspaper publishers, work ok for my mimeo? Think I'll experiment a little just to see. Have a couple old pads in reserve- and the editor said he'd give me a quantity- all I wanted- free to make the test.. Also told me it is not expensive stuff.. Be great if my test came up with a grand discovery for SAPS

Did discover one good thing for cleaning typer keys. Use a doggone ole new style tooth brush with those wicked plastic bristles. Was happy to find a use for them- certainly not fit for brushing human teeth.. just as well use a file on the gums. Or sandpaper.. And I doubt those for hair on head are overly good for the scalp.. Better stop- am ruining margins again - besides is time to attend work downstairs. And before I forgot- to a new member- REN PARKER. -Hope you enjoy being with SAPS.



(England). TEL: January 1957. Letter To The Editor, signed by M.P. Patch, G. Thompson, and J. Lari. Stephenson Hall, Sheffield, England.

Sir,-- On New Year's Day at 3.30 p.m. we were in St. Helens, where we observed a very strange object. We were sitting in the front room by the fire. One of us was taking a group photograph. As we were all set for the photo, we saw a flying object in the sky through the window. We all rushed out on the lawn, and called the rest of the members of the family. The sky was clear, apart from a few faint clouds. The flying object was ring-shaped, greyish in colour with definite inner and outer margins. It was travelling in the northward direction at a steady speed. It is difficult to judge the size of the object without knowing the height at which it was travelling, but undoubtedly it was quite high and was going at a very fast speed, and was enormous in size (as it was, the diameter seemed two or three yards). It passed above some faint clouds, came above our heads and shot up and vanished. It disappeared so suddenly that we were all stunned. We saw it for nearly a minute. This is not a hoax. We were all sober too. It was a pity we did not have a powerful camera, otherwise it would have been a solid proof. Many people would wonder what the object was. It was certainly neither an illusion nor any known earthly object. The group included a teacher, a Sister, a midwife, a business-man, a bank clerk, a dental student, and four medical students.

(British). THE STAR, January 22, 1957. A New comet has appeared in the sky. The Arend Rowland 1956 H -- a shining traveller from space--- is streaking towards the sun at tremendous speed. Still invisible to the naked eye, in April it may be the brightest star in the sky. By mid-summer it will be plunging off towards the outer rim of the solar system again. If this comet comes up to expectation, it will be brighter than Halley's comet.

Another British newspaper clipping- Name not on the clip.. Quote:-
The announcement in "The Star" that a new comet has come out of space and is streaking towards the sun at a tremendous speed prompts a Crookes reader to inquire if readers remember a comet which was clearly seen about 48 years ago. It appeared every evening for nearly a week and people would go on the Bole Hills to see this wonderful sight, for the comet travelled at a great pace. It was the second one seen by the mother of our correspondent, who was visiting her at the time. The first was when she was living at Grantham. People were terrified of it, and it was rumoured that if its tail touched the earth the world would be burned up. That is 98 years ago...Donati's comet 1958 which was remarkable for the extravagant brilliance of its nucleus...It is not due back for 2,000 years. The comet watched from the Bole Hills was the one discovered by Halley in 1682 and scheduled to return every 76 years. It was here last in 1910. ((Right, I saw Halley's))EF)).

MATEO TEPEE, also MATEO TIPI - (Bear Lodge), erroneously called "Devil's Tower", is the north eastern corner of Wyoming, was a place of deep mystery and big medicine to the Indian. Rumors still persist of hidden caves beneath the tower were ancient councils met. Several legends have been handed down from one generation to another. An interesting story is that Indian maidens, while out gathering wild flowers, were beset by three bears. The girls took refuge upon a large rock, and the Great Spirit seeing them about to be devoured made the rock grow up out of the ground like a tree. As it grew, the bears clawed in an effort to climb, thus making the striated appearance of this columnar structure as seen today. Finally they became exhausted and fell to their death. Then the maidens made a rope from the flowers they had gathered and lowered themselves safely to the ground... The Kiowa call this tower "TSO-AA" (a tree rock) and the Dakota mention it as "MATO-TI" (Grizzly Bear's Lodge). The top is supposed to be the home of the Thunder God who beats his drum in times of storm.

Williams AFB Arizona - some years ago - A staff stationed there sent letter to me saying that Captain Yeager, whose picture was on cover of TIME, was at his base and told the boys - the Air Force Scientists had made complete blue prints of Atomic drive and it remained only for the engineers to do the job.. and that the government had effective shields from atomic radiation.. so all now needed are for the drive and shields to be built.. to have space travel.. every thing else completed..

Letter dated March 1950 - from a staff who is now a staff author, wrote thusly- "As for the Little People, I believe that there are or have been such people on earth. Twice in my life I've talked to men who told me of them. The first happened when I was a boy.. my folks were taking me on a trip to Arizona. We met an old prospector who informed me, he had found a petrified man in a rock, and that the man, an adult and perfectly formed, was about two feet high. This would support your quotation about the mummified pigmy in Casper, Wyoming. Then, again, in the South Seas I talked to an old Australian sea captain, who declared that in his youth, about fifty years ago, I guess, he'd stumbled upon a race of pigmies, about two feet high, on a little known island."

Another letter from same writer: "I had an experience during the war, when I was in the Coast Guard. Our ship was approaching Palmyra, a little island about 800 miles southwest of Hawaii, when we received a radio message saying that a Navy plane had been lost at sea, and we were asked to join in the search. We searched for nearly twenty four hours and found nothing. Then the following night, about midnight when I was going off watch, I suddenly spied a brilliant, globular light in the sky. It was about three times the brilliancy of the brightest star or planet, and large enough so that I made out its roundness. It appeared stationary for a minute or so, then began to move in slow, slight movements. Our ship was moored in a lagoon and was perfectly still so there was no influence by the ship's movement. The brilliant ball came closer, moving for twenty or thirty seconds, and then remaining motionless. Somehow I had the feeling that we were being watched, as if the ball were observing our little island. The ball kept moving slowly, pausing now and then; and at last it covered an area of sky perhaps x of a 100 degrees. Finally it speeded up and traveled away from the island toward the direction in which the plane was lost.

I was interested enough to inquire about it the next morning, and was told that absolutely no planes had been in the air that night. And of course, I knew anyway that it couldn't have been a plane because of the slow, irregular movements, and the silence. And it couldn't have

been anything Japanese, because this was June 1944. No Japs were with in a thousand miles of us. It has me stumped...And I still wonder if that lost plane could have had anything to do with it. The plane, by the way, was lost very mysteriously. Its radio direction finder somehow reversed the direction of the island, and the plane flew in exactly the opposite direction---so said the captain with whom I talked.."

And Nine Years Ago - Over Weston County Wyoming

August 8, 1947, Mrs. Jay Engle who lives just out of the town limits of Upton, clearly saw one of the flying discs at about sun-down. She was sitting on the porch of her home, when all of a sudden, a flash darted across the sky at an upward angle. It disappeared for a few seconds, and then was seen again farther away. It was traveling at a great rate of speed. Mrs. Engle said it did not resemble a shooting star because it appeared too close to the earth and much too large. It wasn't too bright, but rather an orange color glow. Her children who were walking home from town said they too saw the flash in the eastern sky, and told their mother about it when they arrived home.

October 9, 1948. Two men, LeRoy Giffin of Osage (Weston County), and Homer Gray, working at the Federal Oil Company, were spotting a plane when they saw a huge shiny object. It was luminous, very large and shaped like a disc. After several minutes it divided in two and then disappeared.

Jan. 17, 1951. Letter Quote

Have often wondered if a large silver disc painted on the desert sands in some remote spot would act as 'bait' to draw an actual disc close enough for photographing and observation. One night driving north of Detroit, I spotted a large red object heading in the direction of Selfridge Field. It blinked on and off. No noise. I stopped and used my field glasses but it was too far away to make out.

An Old Joke - Still New

The customer had picked out six apples at the grocery store. "That will be \$1.65," said the clerk, after weighing the six apples. The customer handed over \$2.00 and briskly started for the door. "Here is your change, sir," shouted the clerk. "That's all right---you just keep it--," said the customer, "On my way in here I stepped on a grape & ruined it."

What would you do if a lion came after you at 70 miles an hour? 80.

(LABOR). Texas oilman William Negley took off for the Belgian Congo to try to kill an elephant with a bow and arrow. At stake is a ten-thousand dollar bet on whether he can do it.

When Charles Heitzler built his house in Valley Stream, New York, he left a tree growing in the middle of the den. Now it's a 70-foot cask going up through the roof.

News Item of July 1947. Nineteen times as bright as Spica & Antares,

the near-by stars, giant JUPITER stood out in all its glory and greatness last month. Jupiter! 86,500 miles in diameter, (that is 1,312 times as large in volume as the earth), has eleven satellites & takes nearly twelve years to go once around the sun. Jupiter is only about 483 million miles from Terra..

Prof. Veil said that the belts of Jupiter form a vapor canopy. Remnant of the last ring.. thus Jupiter far older than Saturn.

Victor Hugo: Where the telescope ends, the microscope begins.
Which of the two has the grander view?

December 1949 - Astronomers have a more than esthetic interest in the colors of stars, for color is the indication of temperature. From its color, astronomers can estimate the amount of light a star gives off. By measuring how much of this light reaches their telescopes, they can calculate the star's distance from Terra. Color-temperature scale, however, is not precise enough, particularly since the 200-inch Palomar telescope is beginning to explore in new depths of space. Last week astronomers of the University of California's Observatory(Lick) announced that they are starting to refine the scale.

A book written in English which would be unintelligible to most of us, is "The Desert Second Book." It was written in a phonetic sound system devised by the first regents of the University of Deseret, Utah, in 1868. A copy is in the University of Minnesota library.

Some years ago, Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko dryly suggested that the flying saucers were the result of a Russian discus thrower who didn't know his own strength.

April 1949- PRAVDA. The projected search for Noah's ark in the Near-East by British, U.S. and Dutch archaeologists is a "biblical masquerade" intended to cover up a spying expedition, as Mt. Ararat is near the border of the Armenian Soviet Republic.

January 1944.. Wyandotte, Indiana, 100 miles south of Indianapolis, is in proud possession of a cave in which is a room 175 feet in height & 1,000 feet in circumference. The cavern is said to be a fairyland of helictites and other rare onyx formations. Narrow passageways have been widened and deepened, to make the beauties of the cavern accessible to the public.

Early in this century, Russian aviators flying over Mount Ararat saw a huge boat stranded against the shore of a glacial lake. This boat was publicized as Noah's ark. In November 1948, an AP dispatch from Istanbul, told of the petrified remains of a ship found high up on Mount Ararat. Hidden for centuries, it came to light when unusually warm weather melted away an ancient mantle of snow and ice. Many people from the villages around the base of the mountain climbed to view the petrified remains and excitedly announced it was a ship....

May 1950.. Digging in the Mesopotamian valley, archaeologists are being amazed..the farther down they dig, at the suddenness with which civilization of a high order bursts into view. Men then were skilled in the use of tools, in smelting metals, in architecture, in the fine arts, and in writing. Their knowledge of engineering and mathematics is amazing to the evolution-minded. The Sumerians of 2000 B.C. had in school "textbooks" knowledge that astounded the archaeologists, and on these discoveries the New York TIMES, (Jan. 8. 1950), said: "There is evidence that clay 'textbooks' of the schoolboys of Shadimour contain an encyclopedic outline of the scientific knowledge of their time, which will necessitate a sharp revision of the history of the development of science and, accordingly, of the story of the development of the human mind."

1949 Headline- X-Rays Produce Mesons "the stickum that holds the Universe together" -- Late April report from Calif.U. laboratories.

Couple of Quotes from a non-stf (naturally) Magazine

December 1946 - Beyond the realm of probable speeds at which planes will travel in the future are the "estimated" speeds space ships will have when bound for the moon. If you cast a look of skepticism in the direction of the exponents of such "lunaships" they will tell you that a rocket has already risen 104 miles in altitude, and others are now under construction that will reach 500 miles out into space. They may even quote the New York Herald Tribune: "The War and Navy Departments revealed today (June 30, 1946) that plans are under way to launch a guided missile or rocket to the moon. If all goes well, it was said, the attempt will be made within the next twelve to eighteen months."

And how fast will these moon-bound missiles travel? Some senators say 100,000 miles an hour. For obtaining an estimate on the speed of a space ship with men aboard we are indebted to the Hindustan Times:--- "Major Alexander de Seversky, famous airplane designer, says that the first man to reach the moon will do so not in a rocket but in a space ship, powered by atomic energy at 139,000 miles per hour and controlled by artificial gravity." One wonders if the ancient Greeks, when they coined the word -lunatic- meaning 'one who is moonstruck' had a vision of men today who are planning a trip to the moon.

September 1947 - Dreamers who think they will travel to the moon in a rocket ship will be interested to learn what they will pass through. Heretofore it was thought that above seven miles' height there was a constant temperature of 67 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The thermometers, however, that were attached to the rockets shot up at White Sands, New Mexico, brought back some revealing information. Between 30 and 40 miles up there is a torrid zone in which the heat reaches 170 degrees. Then, between 40 and 50 miles the temperature drops as low as 150 degrees below zero. Still higher, between 50 and 75 miles there is a terrific heat zone estimated to reach 638 degrees... What lies beyond that is anybody's guess. Only the "lunatics", those persons that are struck with the idea that some day they will travel to the moon, are probably the ones that are worried very much... whether the thermometer hits absolute zero or the boiling point of tungsten..

Quote from a fan's letter dated February 25, 1957 - "Latest stf gossip is that the Satellite is almost ready for launching.. is pure gold-plated.. is almost ready now to ship from New York to Florida where.. it is to be launched into space.. "

Newspaper clipping- from Sheffield, England- STAR, 29.12.56 "Members of the junior section of Sheffield Astronomical Society concluded their December meeting with a Christmas social. A talk on "Interplanetary Travel" was given by Mr. B. T. Jeeves, and Mr. R. Watson presided." ((B. T. Jeeves is our Terry of ISFCC))EF)

SCIENCE DIGEST, May 1949. "The hottest thing in chemistry today is a terrifying greenish-yellow gas known as FLUORINE. Scientists regard it as the most violent, vicious, reactive element ever discovered. In concentrated form, it burns steel, lead, copper, chromium, gold, silver and platinum. It even burns asbestos, glass and water."

"A Flash of lightning can be five miles long, have a current of one billion volts and last about one thousandth of a second."

Now if we could harness THAT energy for powering a space ship....

FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE

-- Bob Farnham

There have been many arguments and discussions about Fandom being, or not being, way of life. It seems, to me at least, that in any pursuit one can find his or her own ways of making it whatever he or she wants it to be. Fandom can be a Project for the SerCon Fan, or it can be a source of pleasure that provides a complete safety valve for surplus energy, enjoyment and experience.

It all depends upon how you go about it.

Fandom is, basically, a Hobby that anyone can enjoy and indulge in without limit. A lot of fans operate on busted shoe strings, and some of those shoe strings have been busted so often they look like one continuous knot.

Some of us go about Fanning It the easy way..easy come and easy go. Others, like myself, frequently try it the Hard Way, possibly only with a subconscious desire to deviate from the beaten pathways. Raising funds to attend a world convention presents many obstacles that every fan knows about, so there is little point to discussing them.

Publishing a magazine, for instance, is a thoroughly enjoyable pursuit, expensive as the very dickens, but the egoboost it gives one to put out a zine that will draw approval, despite the hard work, knocks of Fate, and many disappointments, it's really worth all it takes out of one- and one's purse.

So many fan publishers allow feuds to creep into their zines, thinking it increases circulation. Perhaps it does, for a time, but mostly, those zines that carry feuds fold not long after a feud has died out.

Writing for a fanzine has its troubles too. No matter how good a writer may be, or what subject he might select to write about, there is always some one to class his work as crud, or snelly, and he as being likewise. This is real fun. It usually makes the writer mad enough to open fire at his critics, and thus a feud is born.

The fires rage unchecked for various lengths of time and then as suddenly as they began, they end, and the foudists shake hands on paper and become friends.

The only way to avoid such pitfalls is to ignore the critics. It is much more fun to have a manuscript rejected by a fan editor and returned minus any comment whatsoever-- and that after the editor has asked for it! That's fanning it the easy way.

The experience of one fan who must remain unnamed, points out at least one way to do it the hard way.

This particular Fan, whom we shall call by a pseudonym of MERRIE, wanted to write for anyone who would publish the stuff he wrote. So Merric, after a full year of struggle, obtained a second hand shack in which he installed a second hand coal and wood burning stove that gave off copious heat. It took him another year to locate and cover all the wind-leakes.

However, the very first thing Merric had to do was remove a nesting place of gigantic Hornets with the aid of a spray-can of BUG KILL. Naturally, the Hornet population resented Merric's intrusion and offensive, and by the time the Hornets

had been eliminated, Merrie had been stung on arms and neck and face and on that part of his anatomy he sits down on.

Windows had to be replaced, broken when the shack was dumped from a flat truck and allowed to land on one corner in a 5 foot fall, springing the shack in every nail.

At the end of the year the shack had been made useful and cleaned and painted.. Then his work really started.

His experiences in fanning it the hard way were many, but the most recent experience is the most illustrative and undoubtedly, while other fans have their troubles too, Merrie will always remember his effort to write a particular item for a certain fan editor. Rejection of the item was almost too much discouragement, considering what befell Merrie before he could even get started on it.

Being a somewhat chilly day, a fire was started in the stove. Too late, it was discovered that the stove would not draw, and the smoke and fumes from balled up newspaper, slightly green pine wood and a few small pieces of soft coal, drove him out of the shack in the midst of the first page. After three hours, the fire died out and the smoke cleared out of the shack.

Smoke had damaged the paper in the typewriter and covered the machine with a fine gray dust. It took Merrie a couple of hours to get the typewriter clean. Some of the paper was a total loss. The only thing to do then, was take down the stove pipe and clean it out. The part of the pipe that extended through the wall of the shack came loose easily. The part that goes on the stove stuck, and somewhat impatient, Merrie jerked a little hard.

DISASTER STRUCK !

The pipe came off the stove so suddenly, Merrie lost his balance and sat down on the floor. As he went down, the end of the pipe hit the stove, and approximately six pounds of greasy black soft-coal soot flowed across the stove and into Merrie's face- outside and inside his shirt, trousers, shoes and sox. Not to mention a goodly area of the rug-covered floor.

A flow of flowery language erupted that would have taken hide and hair off a pig. A piece of the stove pipe flew out through the open door, scattering more soot everywhere. The next 5 hours marked the taking of six baths by Merrie, a complete change of clothing, the cleaning up of the shack and the restoring to place of the now cleared stove pipe.

The next day Merrie started working on the item for the zine again. He got half way through when the stove needed more fuel. Meantime a heavy rain had begun, and as Merrie lifted the stove lid to put in some coal, the roof picked that instant to spring a pencil-sized leak.

The stream of water from the leak in the roof dropped neatly into the open stove.

A vast cloud of steam shot up into Merrie's face, covering it, and all his clothing with a wet, sticky coating of gray ash mixed with microscopic particles of coal... The shack filled with the ashy cloud of steam until Merrie was unable to see anything. Merrie's ball and chain, carrying a bucket of water to set out for the family dog, saw the dirty cloud of steam pouring out the door and heard Merrie yelling. Her only thought was one of "FIRE"! She ran up to the door and heaved- the bucket of water into the shack. The results left nothing missing in the way

of a second Dante's Inferno. Another bath, another change of clothing, and the realization that all of the manuscript, thus far done, was a total loss, left Merrie in a daze for a week. He wandered around like a soul thoroughly infected with a dose of Gafia. Finally, however, he decided to try just once more, and in two days had completed the manuscript and mailed it off.

It is just this sort of thing, or chain of events, that lend a certain valuable aura to Fandom, which, once it gets into the blood stream, sticks, and nothing can remove it. It is the unpredictable that makes Fandom a way of life.....

But no thrill can forge a more unbreakable chain from Fan to Fandom than the one experienced by Merrie a few days afterwards.

The Manuscript came back.

THE TENTH WESTERCON - Chairman - Chesley Donovan
Co-chairman - Lou Kovner

Committee: Tad Duke, Chris Robinson-Secretary, E. Loring Ware-Art Director. The tenth Western Science Fiction Conference - Westercon X - has entered the planning stage. You'll see the symbol above on all Westercon bulletins; it suggests the many facets of the future and symbolizes fandoms most unusual conference. (I will not try to stencil the illo -EF)). Westercon X is planned for Hollywood's foremost hotel, the Hollywood Knickerbocker, on Ivar Street, one block from Hollywood and Vine. We are breaking tradition by presenting four full days (July 4 through July 7) of well planned program and various informal activities for the usual membership fee of \$1.00. A luncheon has been scheduled for Thursday, July 4, the official opening of the conference. The banquet, Saturday July 6, will feature seven courses. You will be offered a choice of whole squab chicken stuffed with wild rice, or roast beef. We've planned a number of outstanding films, exhibits, panel discussions, fan and pro-fests, as well as some unique innovations you'll hear more about later. There is a beautiful swimming pool that should be very welcome in the heat of July, and the centralized location of the hotel is ideal for sightseeing.. Start saving now for the auction - we will have some fine material available. We suggest sending in your dollar membership early to insure your receiving all bulletins; pass the news on to interested fans and send us their names for the mailing list. Please address all correspondence to the address given above ((Westercon X, 12108 Hoffman Street, Studio City, California)); all checks should be made payable to Chris Robinson. Thanks - and see you next July. Cordially,
Chesley Donovan, Chairman..



Counting Covers there are thirteen pages in this zine. 13 filled that is. There actually are 14 but one, the inside front cover, is deep silent space..my editorial in the Wally Weber style.. This time I did not forget to give my name and address on zine.. bcover is where twill be found. I've tried to be dignified in this'ua Didn't quite manage all way thru.. habit makes me stumble.. Depending on mood..may be the next zine will be all frenetic again.. On the other hand, I might some day be able to strike a balance- you know -be only half crazy.. ah well, this is FUN!

LONG LIVE SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY -- S A P S IS THE BEST -- Adios- E.F.

IBRONC

APRIL 1957 from Eva Firestone, Upton, Wyo.

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