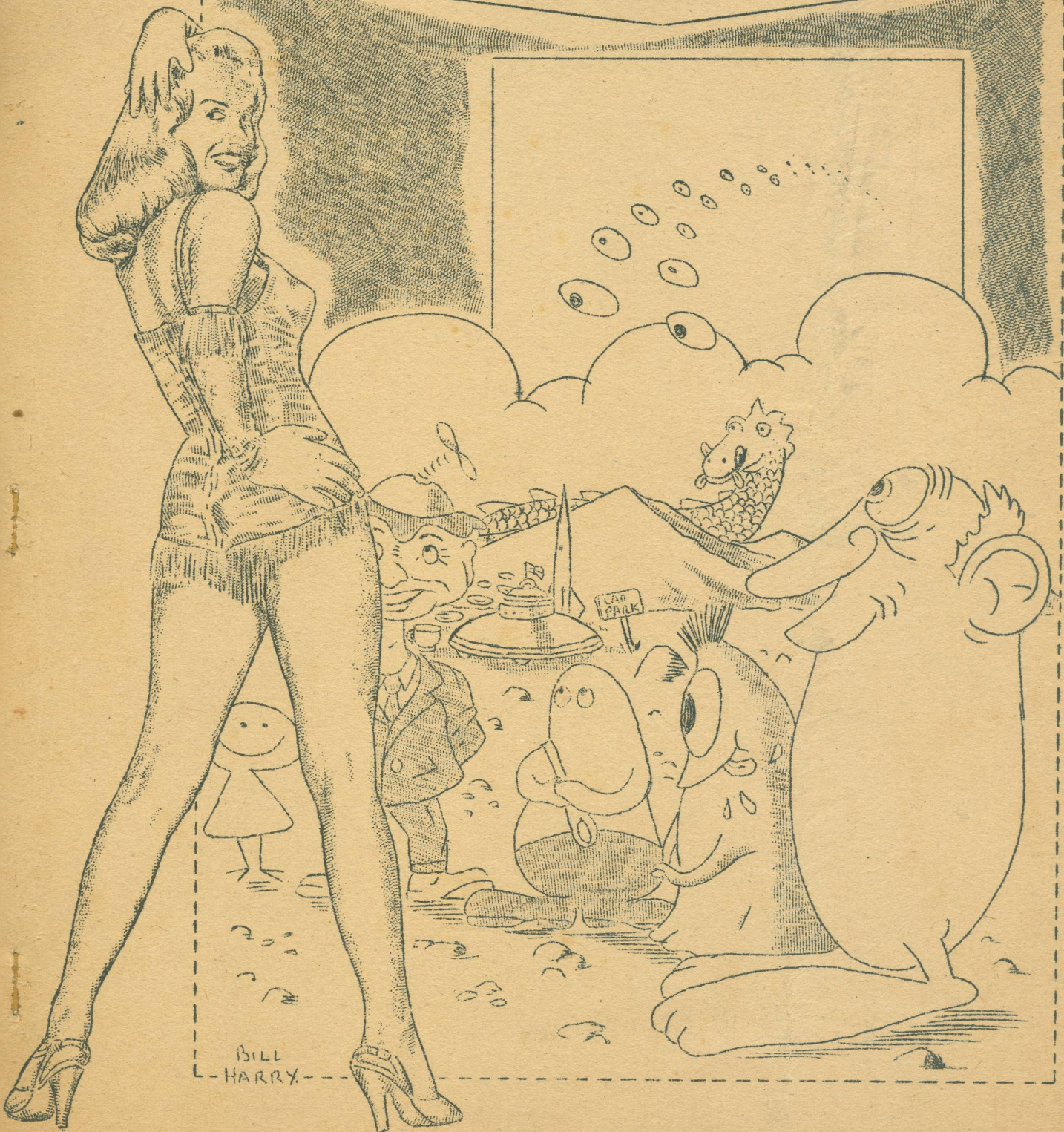
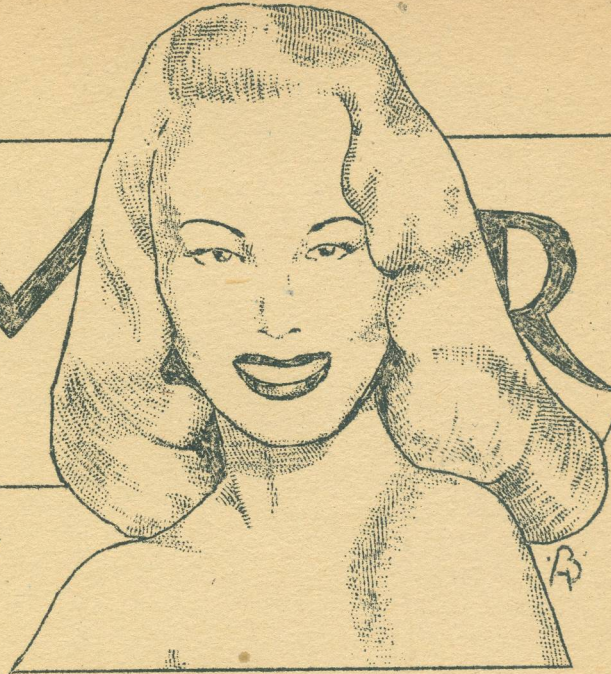


CAMBER 8



BILL HARRY

CAMBER



Cover.....Bill Harry
Bacover.....Dea.

A Doddering Production.

Dodderings.....	1.....	The Only True Dodd.
Little One(Fiction).....	6.....	Don Stuefloten.
Another Kind (Review).....	9.....	Jack Williams.
Lunch Hour(Fiction).....	11.....	Peter Reaney.
Terragraph.....	12.....	Les Aristots.
A Train, A Moon, A Cliff.....	16.....	Don Stuefloten.
Suicide Aircraft(Factual).....	17.....	John Berry.
Final Act.....	22.....	Alan Dodd.

CAMBER is a Doddering Production edited, produced and directed by the original one man genius himself:-

Alan Dodd,
77 Stanstead Road,
Hoddesdon, Herts.,
England.

Camber is produced with almost criminal irregularity and sells for 1/- or 15¢ per copy and is exchanged with all kinds of fanzines and other unusual objects. Contributions are always welcome.

Doddnotes.

I expect you may wonder why there is so much aircraft material this issue - well, just a phase of mine and another facet of John Berry who is something of an authority on such things which you might not have known. So much fiction? Yes, but I consider Stuefloten to be a master at it, working with the word as Rembrandt with the brush. Now the art credits:- Robert E.Gilbert 1,5: Bill Harry 2,3,6,7,16, Cover: Joe Lee Sanders 3: Plato Jones 4: Larry S. Bourne 4: Dave Rike 8: William Rotsler 9,10,27: Eddie Jones 11, 22,23,25,26, and Cartoon: Terry Jeeves 12,13, 14,15: Arthur Thomson 17,21,: John Berry 19: Dea - Bacover. And thanks to Jeeves, Eddie and Bill and Arthur for all cutting the artwork at a time when all were muchly pushed with other work. Thanks boys.

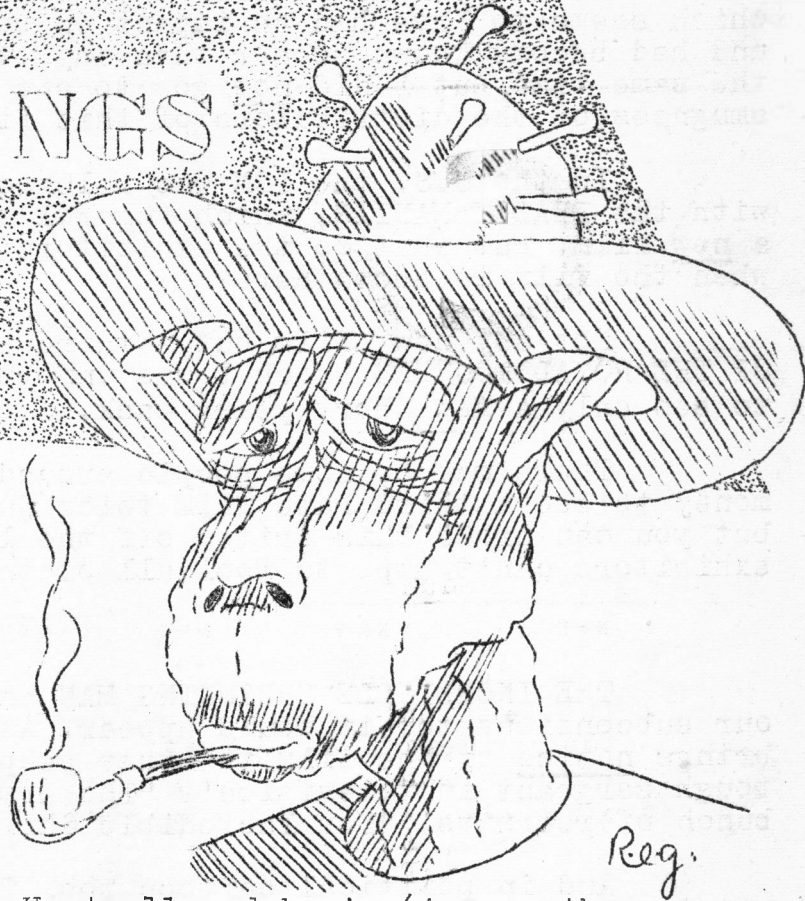
DODDERINGS

by ALAN DODD.

There are times, I must confess, when I feel rather like the man who sat down on the bacon-slicer. He got behind in his work!

*** ***

The other evening I saw a man who undoubtedly deserves the title of The Most Pompous Man I Have Ever Seen on Television. His name is Norman Hartnell and he is, (Among other things), the Queen's dressmaker.



A polite interviewer was trying to draw Hartnell out on the subject of how much money some of these silly women must pay for his dresses. He started to mention tentative prices of two or three hundred pounds (Hartnell's dresses fetch anything up to ten times that price) but Hartnell, the supreme egotist, cut him short with the most pompous reply I ever recall from anyone on television.... "Art is beyond guineas."

"Art is beyond guineas". Remember that, will you? No more do I want to read about how much your fanzine costs you or how much you lose every time. I don't want to know how much a ream of your paper fetches. Who's interested in how much your postage comes to? Whadda I care how expensive your printing ink is? Tchah on the cost of your envelopes. To heck with how much you spend on staples.

You don't seem to remember --- ART IS BEYOND GUINEAS!!

*** *** *** *** *** ***

Recently I had intended to see THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN which seems to have had an impact on both the Press and public alike, and had become known sooner than any other science fiction film in the same time. But I did not go to see it due to the overbearing smugness of the distributors of this film. I'll explain.

In the U.S. the ISM was released as half of a double feature with the DEADLY MANTIS, which regardless of its quality was at least a new film. But what do the exhibitors dig up for supporting programme when the film is shown here?

Not any new film but a third rate Alan Ladd western, O'ROURKE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED which I was unfortunate enough with many others to see only a few short years back.

There may be some people around willing to pay out good money to see a third rate film twice just to see the big picture but you can cross this writer off the list straight away! The film exhibitors can't hope to fool all of the people all of the time.

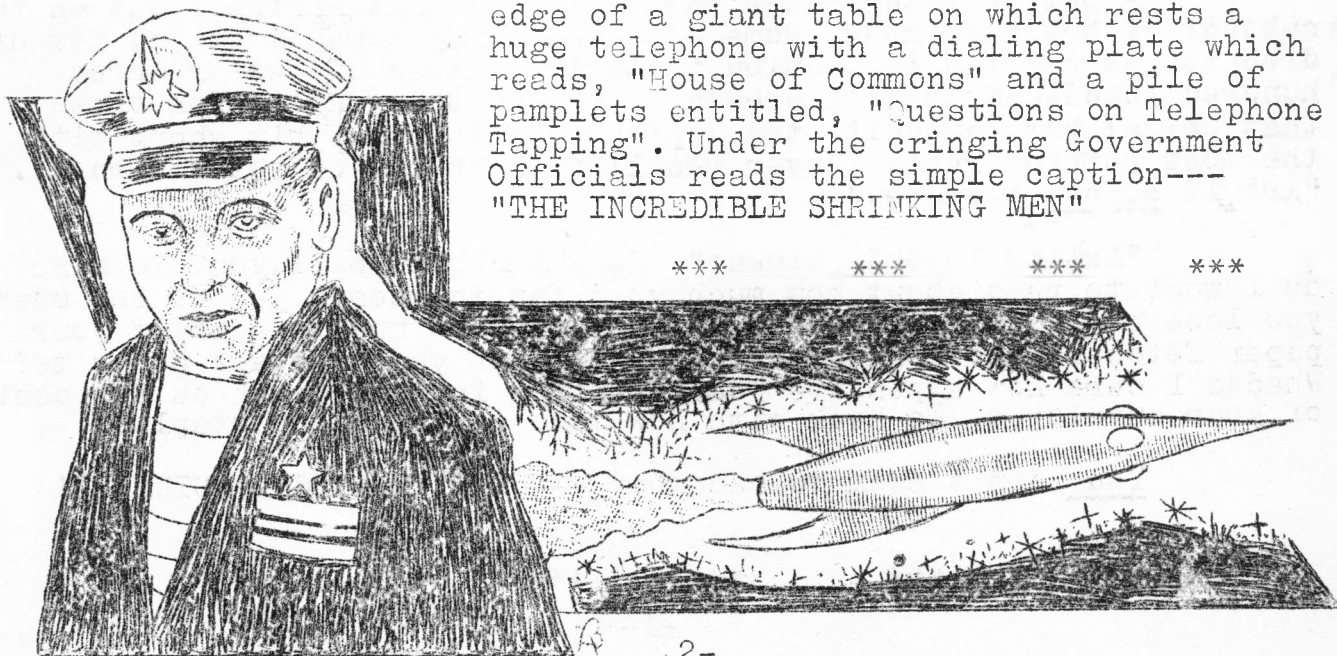
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THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN has penetrated even further into our subconscious too it would appear. As an insult - but an insult that brings notice of the film to other people. William Hartnell as the tough sergeant in television's "The Army Game" roars at a shivering bunch of recruits, "You Incredible Shrinking MEN!!!"

And in political cartoon too, The ISM being released at the same time as the furore over the Government tapping of telephones. Cartoon shows as follows. The three top Government Officials are

shown timidly crawling up and over the edge of a giant table on which rests a huge telephone with a dialing plate which reads, "House of Commons" and a pile of pamphlets entitled, "Questions on Telephone Tapping". Under the cringing Government Officials reads the simple caption---
"THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MEN"

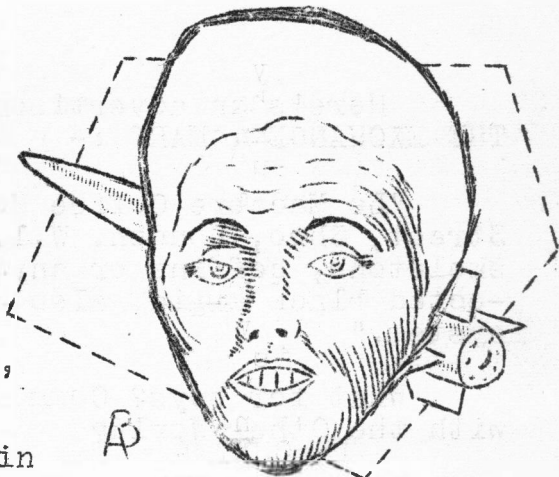
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There was a cartoon in the RADIO REVIEW, an Irish paper I have every week, which went as follows. The picture showed a group of American police with oodles of guns surrounding a house in the city.

The caption read, "Flanagan, take Riley and cover the back door. O'Brien, you get out the teargas gun. Johnson, you and Hall take the front door and McNamara, you sell those spectators some tickets to the Policemen's Ball".

It would appear, as you see, that in whatever line of business you are, even fanzine publishing, you just gotta be an opportunist.



Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever be one?

*** *** *** *** *** *** ***

Take the other day for instance when I saw a car of the future.

Oh, it was a car of the future all right, not just a futuristic one. Because it was made twenty years ago.

It stood alone and neglected in a car dealer's yard in Brixton, next to the White Horse Public House. You could see it didn't belong there just by looking at it. It didn't belong with a host of tinny third rate cars of later years, it belonged to the past and the future.



It was white. Ivory white and vast as a giant elephant's tooth. Sweeping lines broken by a bonnet with the jut of an Italian armoured car. Twin hoses protruded from each side as the mark of power and the eyelids over the lights were closed as if in sleep.

It was made many years ago by the Nostradamus of the car world in America, a man with foresight, with an eye for the future, with no thought for the past, with a name that was Eli Cord.

Such a gargantuan was not appreciated by others I learnt on ringing the dealer, because the extras on it "had all been pinched". It was though, he said, "The kind of car people stare at - if you like that sort of thing." And it was going for a song too. What a sad pity it's voracious appetite for fuel would have eater me out of house and home.

Leaving it in that place made me feel like a man who has left a thoroughbred racehorse in a knacker's yard.

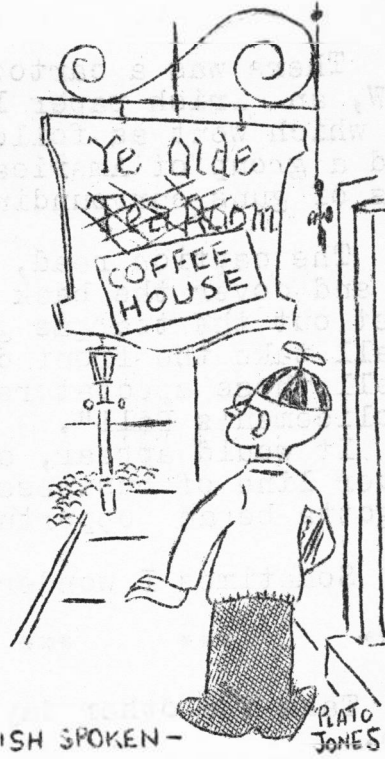
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Here's an advertisement from
THE EXCHANGE & MART :-

"Le Macabre Coffee House, Meard Street, Shoo, London. W.l. require skeletons, coffins or anything connected black magic, also an intercom system."

What for boys? Communication with the Other World?

Still it might be expected from a place that has a death mask in the doorway and serves the coffee on a coffin. Le Macabre is on the site of Bet Flint's old house, and a better choice couldn't have been made. For the house of Bet, a girl friend of King Charles II - is reputed to be haunted by her ghost. In fact the whole of Meard Street - Nell Gwynne lived there too - is said to be haunted by the ghosts of "Good King Charlie's mistresses.



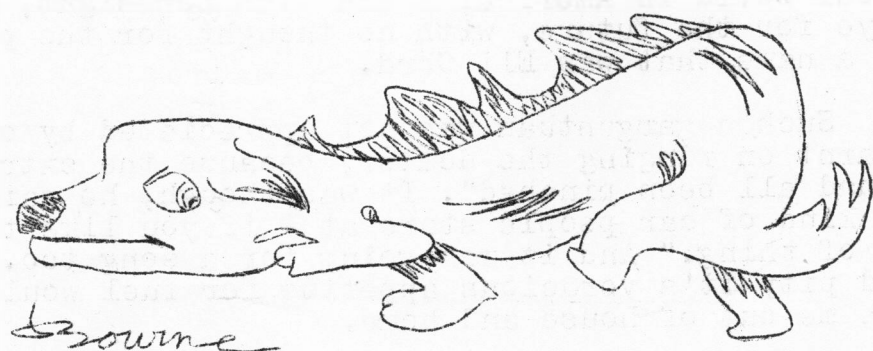
ENGLISH SPOKEN - PLATO JONES
AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD

Which covers a lotta ghosts I suppose?

*** *** *** *** *** ***

Does anyone happen to know the words to the song LUCKY PIERRE or if there are any words to the other new number, EVERYBODY LOVES PIERRE ? If they do perhaps they'd like to let either me have them or send them direct to Pierre Versins, Frimerose 38, LAUSANNE, Switzerland.

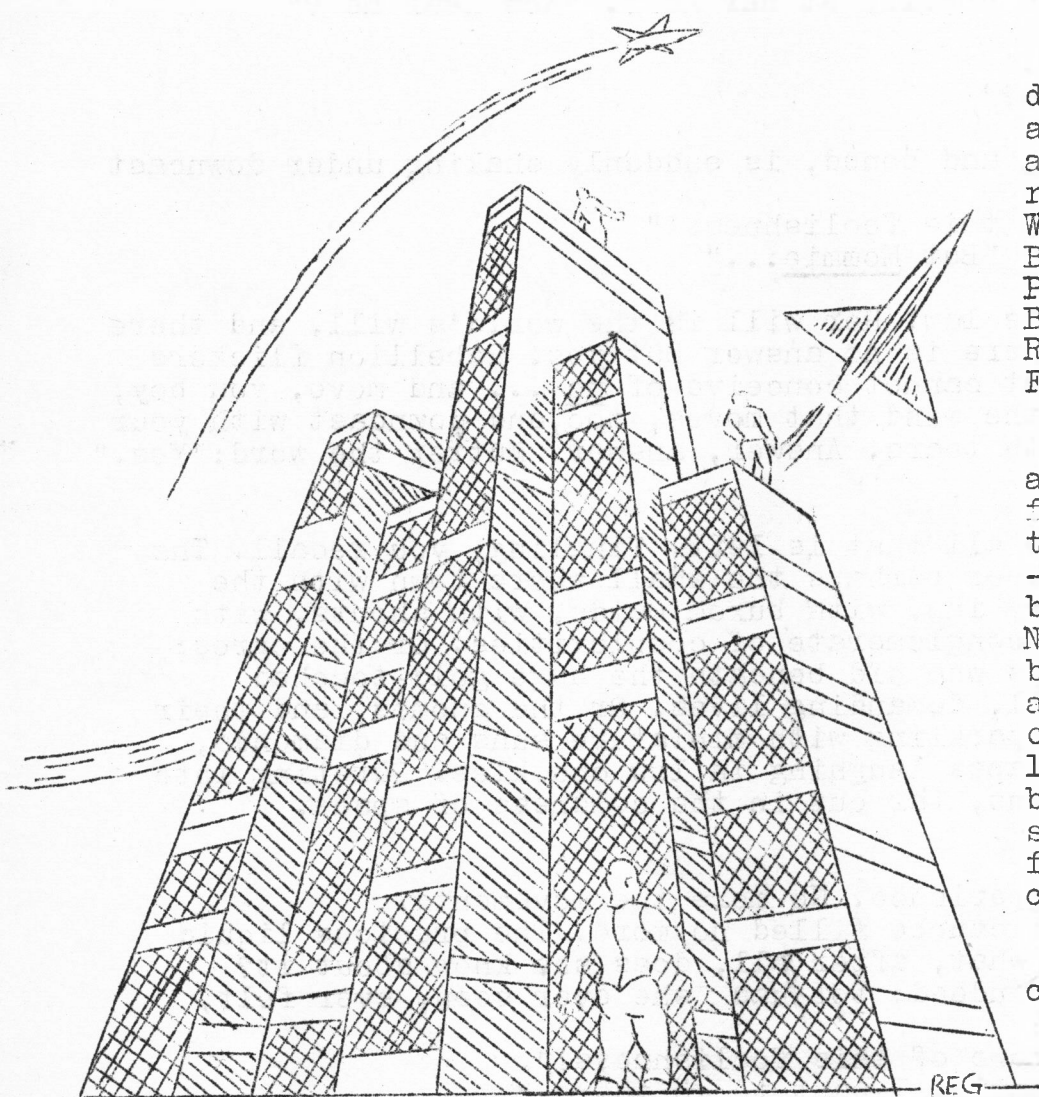
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Browne

Under the heading "No Room at the inn" there was a recent article in the STAR which went something like this. "London's tourist season is now in full swing and, as forecast, it is almost impossible to get a room at a London hotel unless it is booked well in advance. But in one area, Bayswater, tourists and visitors are at least spared the endless trek from hotel to hotel. For the Bayswater hotels are now in the second year of their own reservation plan, in which, if a hotel is unable to meet a guest's wants, they are then switched to another hotel, often in the same locality and at a price comparable to their original requirements."

Bayswater, needless to say, is the site of the 1957 World Convention.



For further details of the hotel accomodation in this area I suggest you read "A Perfect Weekend" by Ron Bennett (And he's a Prof too... Michel Boulet) and Mike Rosenblum in NEW FUTURIAN.

Among the many and varied guests from North America that will be attending this year will be New Yorker, George Nims Raybin who is, believe it or not a genuine barrister, or American court lawyer. It will be interesting to see whether anyone from British fandom can talk him down.

No, I guess they couldn't, not even,

Dodderingly,

Alan

"LITTLE ONE"

by
DON STUEFLOTEN

All the time he thought it was real.

"But Mommie," he said, full of faint misgivings, "it is so real!" "Now listen," said the harassed woman, full of wisping gray hair and shifting eyes, "I told you it isn't, that this --this -- right here and now -- is real, and now you listen, and know what I tell you." She brushes angrily at her hair. "Now hear me?"

A nod, silent.

"You will stop?"

Hesitates.

A finger, long and boned, is suddenly shaking under downcast nose and eyes.

"You will stop this foolishness!"

The boy wails: "But Mommie..."

But her word is law. Her will is the world's will, and there is naught but obey. There is no answer but yes. Rebellion flickers but dies in a mind that cannot conceive of no ... and move, you boy, you young thing with the mind that moves, too, and downcast with your eyes, and brimming with tears. Answer, answer. Mutter the word: "Yes." Your fate.

Remembrance is all that is left. Tingling, you recall. The island again, perhaps, or perhaps the small shore town with the drunken brawls in every inn, with buxom maids, with shouts, with people who were not a conglomerate of complexities. Or the ogres: gnarled, twisted things who hid beneath the huge gold-touched bridges, demanding toll, demanding lives. Or the gnomes, and their underground caverns, sparkling with miniature suns and diamonds, dark passages, damp shapes laughing in low chuckles. Bursting into light: between twin suns, far out in the coldness of space.

All, memory.

No more the experience. No more the movements.

Ah, the vessel can be filled no more. The precious liquid is now forbidden: but what, after all, does she know about it? Puzzling, think. What indeed: for has she ever seen, ever felt, ever heard, ever known?

"No more! No more of this foolishness!"

"I want to, Mommie. I want to go there."

"Go there, there, there is no there!"

"There is...you've never seen it."

A sniff, haughty. Dogmatic statement: "There is no there."

Young eyes that should be laughing are large and serious. A mouth that was made for a smile is touched with sadness, turning down, the corners finding a home below, rather than above in dimples. A chin that trembles when there should be only a rock-like security.

A mother who is large in body and tiny in mind.

"But you don't understand what it is like....."

"Enough! I am tired of all this arguing. Now do what I say... mind now, like other boys. Go out in the field and work...help Daddy."

The mother is a large swaying shadow, towering so high, so far, so unreachable. Her chin is hard-clefted, darkened, casting its darkness down to the fat breasts, whose darkness follows down to the protruding belly, and from the belly to the thick thighs from whence the boy sprung, a wet babe, spanked, and sudden crying. The slow awakening to the surrounding. First there is only the mother and the nipple: a sucking mouth and warm milk. Smothering affection. Kisses from large lips, dwarfing kisses. The emergence of the father: what is he? Loud booming noisds, a stout shoulder, a yo yo heave ! and up into the air, half turn over, come down, squealing, and strong arms are there to catch.

The horizon spreads.

There is a sky. Blinking, your baby-eyes squint upward. Mother and father work in the field, having set you under a tree; now crawl forward a short ways. Gurgles wetly in the throat, with a brief slobber slurping from the lips. Head turns up. Startled: eyes open wide.

Huge.

So terribly huge!

It is blue. It is cloud-flecked. The horizon is far, touching the flat pancake of ground. And the blue, the light blue, to the horizon, stretching, limitless, its vague and untroubled depths a yearning promise of more, beyond.

Head turns down: eyes are suddenly intent on nothing.

No rational thought yet. But the impression is left.

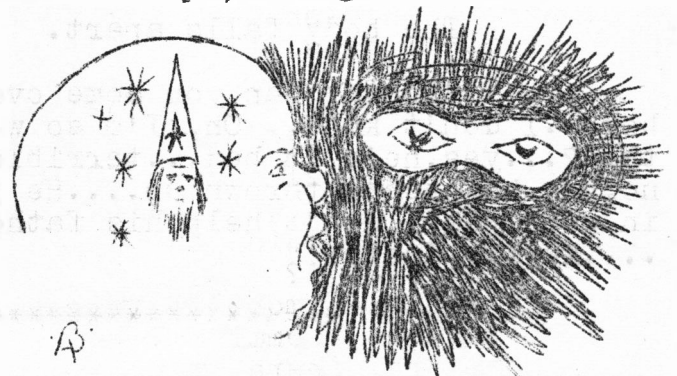
The first books, other than the drab primers used in the schools: perhaps ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Perhaps, through a strange cast of Lady Luck, you find Oz.

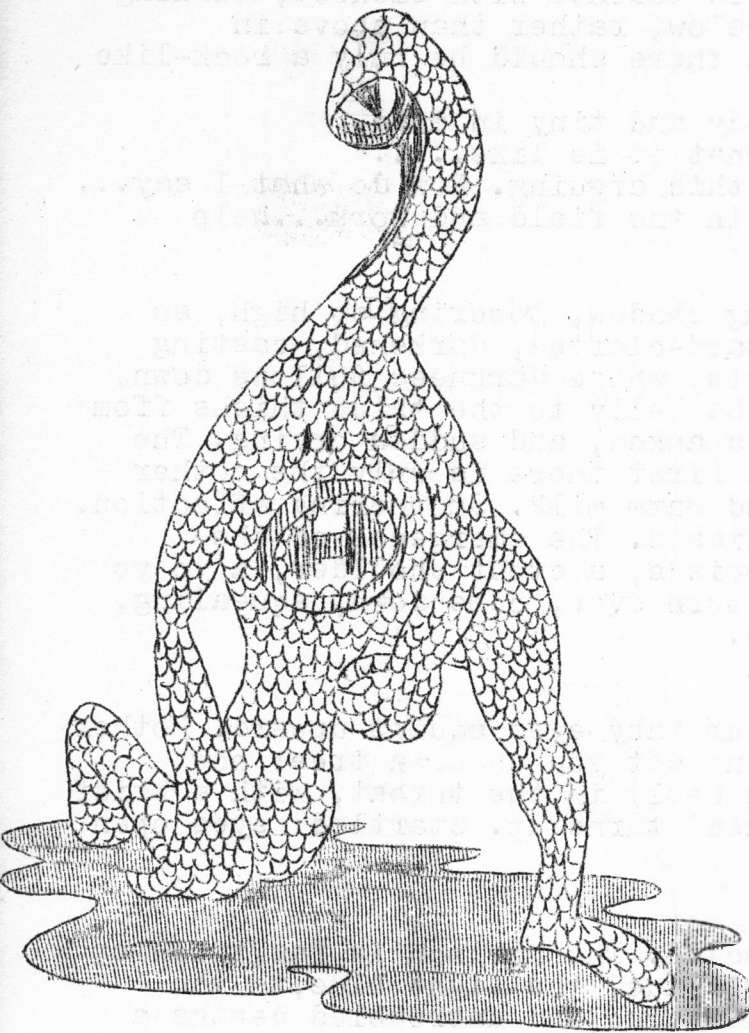
Hand-clapping joy. Let your imagination follow the words. Let your imagination bring the pictures, so vivid, so wonderful, so real. Listen to the sounds, coming not through your ears, but through the mind.

And then, discover people.

People have motives.

People have patterns.





The lady next door who threw her husband out did not do so through pure chance: there was a reason, an innate part of herself, of her association over a period of time with the man. She fits into her pattern. He into his.

Stuffed with words. With pictures. With people.

The next move was, logically, to make your own people, build your own lands, full of all the strange and different things you cared to invent. Know the people well enough, you can tell how they would react to every circumstance. So create the events: watch the people move:

Simple enough; and so real.

And now, the world cut off. Slice the boy in two, mother. Take your hatchet, woman, and centre it carefully on the top of the child's head. Tap it with a hammer. Like an eggshell the skull cracks. Peel back the bone, the skin, brush back the wild mop of hair, digging, exposing: vibrant gray matter, pulsing: Wicked woman.

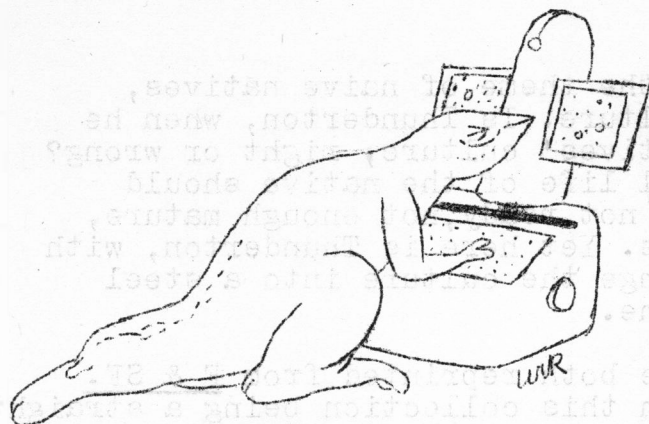
Foolish woman. The hatchet goes dee, into the soft, into the putty. Cleft the nose, the lips. Watch the warm red spurt from the gushed throat. Click, click, click! through the ribs. Play down the piano keys of the spine, a tinkling tune, woman, pound! Crash! All through Finish!

The body falls apart.

"Doctor, can you come over right away?"... Yes, it's the boy... I don't know. Oh, I'm so worried! He just won't... what's that?... yes, he's in bed... terrible temperature... hundred and four... no, no, he hasn't thrown up.... He just won't do anything! No interest in work, play, won't help his father... and then sick... yes, of course.... Hurry, doctor!"

*****the end*****

BIPED - From Bill Harry, 69 Parliament Street, Liverpool 8. at 1/- per copy which is worth the price if only for Sophia Loren as Deja Thoris - plus superlative artwork. Recommended. (Free Ad).



ANOTHER KIND

Reviewed by JACK WILLIAMS.

ANOTHER KIND by Chad Oliver, published by Ballantine Books, 35¢.

There are but seven short stories in this collection of works by ex-fan and letter-hack, Chad Oliver. The emphasis is mainly on alien civilisation or society, mode of life if you prefer it, an extremely interesting approach to s-f. The writing is mature, as is a necessity when dealing with human problems subjected to different conditions from those we are used to in everyday life. Take the first story as an example. This is an original, THE MOTHER OF NECESSITY. George Sage invents a new culture, Full-circle, one which decentralises government and which gives security to the individual without the worries of keeping up with the Joneses. The author realises that he's up against a problem here, and a fairly tough one at that: how can he formulate his ideas without preaching and without subordinating his characterisation. He manages it well. The very approach is one of informality and we are shown that Sage is a classic example of a prophet without honour in his own land.

RITE OF PASSAGE is reprinted from Astounding. The Juarez is "a death ship." Most of its occupants have died from a mysterious disease. Three survivors manage to land on an unknown planet where the natives are unbelievable primitive, yet anachronisms are found to exist. A puzzle which will hold the reader throughout, even if the solution is little more than convenient. Martin Ashley strikes one as a Spender who is lucky enough to fall on better times (and a place) than did the Bradbury realist.

From Science Fiction Plus comes SCIENTIFIC METHOD which provides a logical and amusing solution to the old problem of having two alien (to each other) races meet for the first time. How far can one race trust the other? Both wish for friendliness but both are suspicious. The answer is evidently to send a chosen representative of each race to a previously chosen site. And what a representative. The fallacy in argument that each race fears the other equally is easily overlooked; though it seems to me that the people from Capella IV have, with force fields and interstellar overdrive, the advantage over Earth which possesses cobalt bombs and interplanetary travel. What is there to prevent the Capellans from bombing Earth and getting the hell out, safe in the knowledge that once out of the solar system they would be safe from pursuit?

NIGHT, from If, returns us the theme of naive natives, here exploited by a more advanced culture. Is Thunderton, when he deliberately attempts to ruin the natives' culture, right or wrong? Superficially he is wrong; the tribal life of the native should surely be preserved. The natives are not ready, not enough mature, to be taught the intricacies of tools. Yet here is Thunderton, with axes in his possession, ready to plunge the culture into a steel age when it settled in an age of stone.

TRANSFORMER and ARTIFACT are both reprinted from F & SF. TRANSFORMER is wholly out of place in this collection being a straight fantasy on a boy's electric train set and layout. The little people who live on the site, are alive you see, and a darn dreary life they lead. A dreary story too.

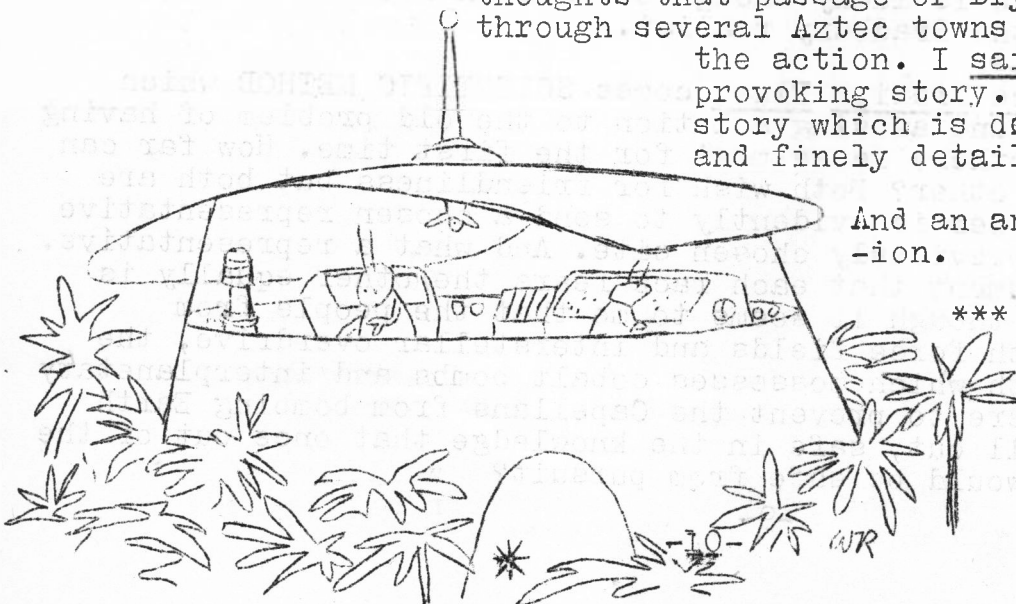
ARTIFACT is another variation on the Oliver theme of a culture and its tools. Dr. Dixon Sanders is taken to Mars by the U.S. Government to investigate the findings of a spear point where there is evidently no life - and never has been. The outcome is again conveniently unconvincing, though Oliver's sincerity at preferring the 'simple' life carries the story well.

THE STAR ABOVE IT is another original and this story is also by far the best in the collection. Wade Dryden is faced with the problem of a time-paradox, for in an age where time-travel is an accomplished fact, horses have appeared in Central Mexico. The argument - a logical one - is that had the Mexicans possessed horses in the sixteenth century the Cortes invasion would have met with defeat and the Aztec culture would not have floundered and died, and that in all probability the culture would have been superior today to the white in the Americas. Very thought provoking and there are some neat touches in the story, linked with passages of sustained-interest writing which have nothing to do with the unfurling of the "action". For instance there is the part where Dryden...no, on second thoughts that passage of Dryden's wild rides through several Aztec towns has a lot to do with the action. I said it was a thought provoking story. A time-travel story which is definitely different, and finely detailed.

And an anthology of distinct-

*** **

TRIODE - from
Terry Jeeves, 58
Sharrard Grove,
Sheffield 12, Yorks.
The only True Blue
fanzine.





((Here for the first time in an English fanzine that I recall is a small piece of fiction by the greatest author of unpublished fan fiction in the world, and part-time arch-fiend of English conventions. The punch lines to this story are rather on the sub-
-tle side and there are many of you who probably won't get the meaning behind it until after reading it more than once. I don't believe in using too much fiction if it can be helped - no matter who writes it, so for what it's worth - here is a short vignette - with a rather horrible little theme. Digest it.))

The planet Quasm revolved around Sirius once every twelve Earthly years, also because of it's distance from the star, the weather there was like the weather on earth.

Two men were sat in the park enjoying the sunshine, also their dinner. Each was watching the children playing on the swings enjoying themselves and squealing with laughter every time one of them fell off. "Good job they belong to rich parents isn't it" the fat gentleman said. "Why is that?" "You mean to say you don't know what I'm talking about, surely you must be joking?" "Oh, er, you mean the extermination of course, how silly of me to forget, but we must have some kind of system to keep the population down, and this is a very useful system." "Oh, I'm not saying it isn't," the fat gentleman exclaimed, "as you say, we have to keep the population low, it's just what those children have missed that I'm glad about, glad that they are rich. Each in turn will grow older and lead his or her life, while children poorer than themselves will only be allowed to live to a certain age, and then -- DEATH."

"Maybe so, maybe so," murmured the other, "but don't forget, after all, they do die for a useful purpose." "Well, I suppose it is useful," remarked the fat gentleman, "I suppose it is useful."

Suddenly a shrill scream pierced the air then gradually ceased into a sobbing wail.

"Well, well, they do come in useful as well, half past one by now, time I was back at work. Good afternoon, see you tomorrow."

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TERRAGRAPH



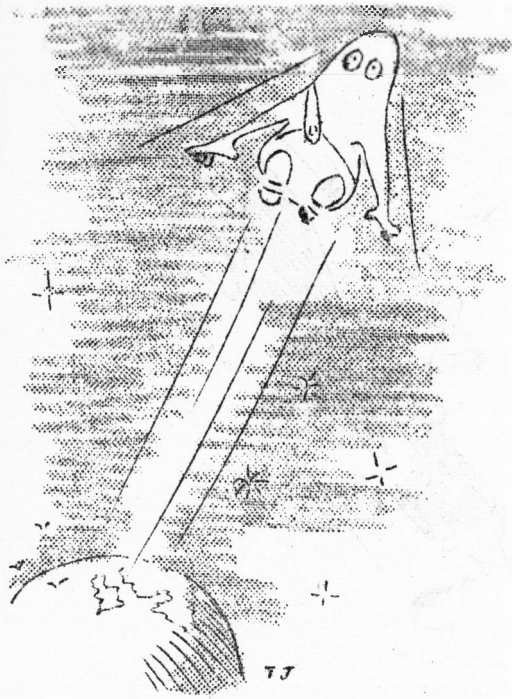
Time again for another letter column and what better way to start off than with a letter, exactly as it was written, by the human dictionary himself:-

RICK SNEARY. Santa Ana Street, SOUTH GATE, California, U.S.A. Delays, delays. That is all my life is made up of. Mixed with a little sorry and woe, to ballance the fandom. Well, to put it frankly, I have alternately not given a damn about fandom for four months, or have.. Camber Pot sat around unread with most of the other fanzines. This is a bad thing, and my conscience has been bothering me.. I quite reviewing magazines for SF PARADE because I could not bring myself to write reviews of zines without reading them. (Merwin admitted to me resently that he used to do this at times.

But I have read it, and due largely to the flatering things you said about me, I'll try to express a few thoughts on the last issue, No.7. -- Don't get me wrong, I love fandom and science fiction, and no matter how inactive I ever become it will only be cause I lack the time or energy to do more.. There just are times when nothing seems importen..

Pardon the attempted joke farther up.. Yes, we have such things as "chamber pots", though I have never seen them in use. In the East perhapes. Out here the houses are small enough so the bathroom is always in easy reach. Of course in my Mother's time they were very common. -- You probably never heard of one in connection with America because of some notion that to talk of them is in bad taste. At one time people never mentioned legs, sex or chamber pots. Legs and sex are still with us, and have slipped into common useage.. Not so with the c.p's. --- Which some how calls to mind a odd querk of US TV policy. (Actually, movies as well.) That in travel log films it is alright to show native girls in Africa or the So. Pacific, nude to the wast, but not "white" girls in low cut gowns. Even if the "natives" are better built by our standards. -- There maybe some logic for it for us white folk, but what about the viewers that are the same colour as the natives.. Oh, I tell you, them flying sauser men never will figure os out.

Dispite my remarks about Berry in the last issue, he is one of my favorite authors.. I feal very sorry for the fellow, being sucked dry by you leachish editors. But my words will do



no good. I'm sure nothing can save him from burning out in another 18 months. So, I might just as well set back and enjoy it while I can.. He has a remarkable talent for always turning out material of the same grade of quality.. He never seems to have "off" days. No doubt he will go in one great swo-o-o-sh!

Oh yes. I have a note to myself to tell you, and other Britons to stop using the word "quid". Other than a small amount of tobacco, it has no meaning to me.. Why doesn't someone print up, as a service to fandom, a rate of exchange card, for fandom? Now that there are five fanations at least.

((All right Rick, we'll quite using "quid" for £1 -- if you can get U.S. fandom to drop "buck" - meaning a male deer or something rabbitly - for a "dollar". 'Kay?))

Did you hear of the condemned man? Went up to the hangman and said, "Here's twenty quid -- if you keep your trap shut...

The next letter comes from the Rocky Mountains of England - or the equivalent thereof and in answer to my query as to whether the wind on the hill blew thro his house in winter I got the following reply from:-

WITTY WHITMARSH. 60, Rickman Hill, Coulsdon, Surrey.

My Dear Mr. Dodd the wind blows through No. 60 at all seasons.... we arn't like the common people.... just have a wind in the winter, we have one all the year round, anyway there is so much open space (fields, not gaps in the house.... but come to think of it, there are a few of those too) near us that you couldn't stop the wind if you wanted to.

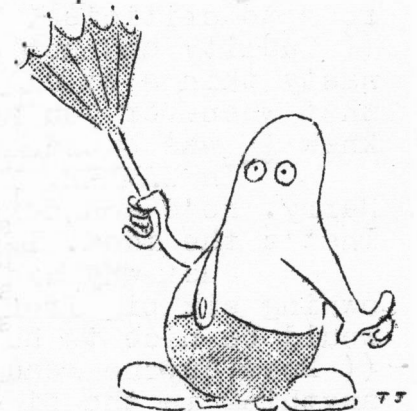
((But you've never tried bicarbonate surely?))

... I wouldn't say that Hoddesdon was a small town - it's just that when I plug my electric razor in -- the street lights go dim.....

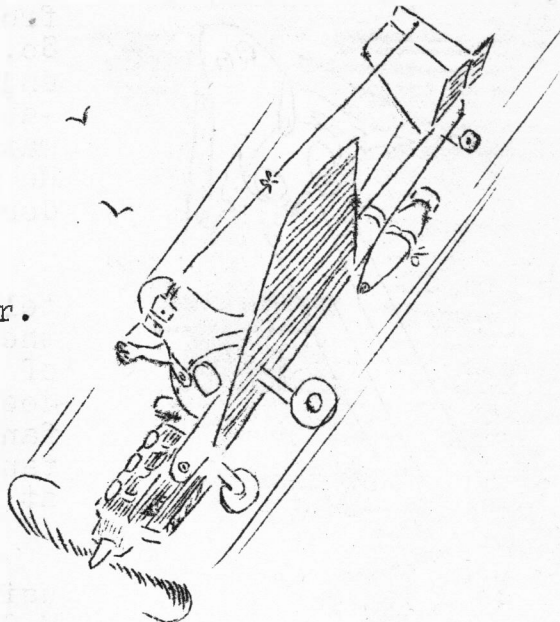
....No I don't know what the "C" stands for - probably "Charlie".....

JERRY C. MERRILL. Boulder City, Nevada, U.S.A.

A passing thought. They did line the kamikaze cockpits with explosives. They did not have any other armament, and were gotten

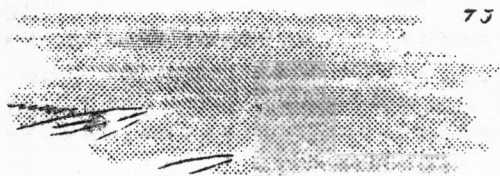


off on a dope binge and all before they were sent off. The planes were stripped down of all but the bare necessities to fly. Naturally, with the pilots on a dope binge and all, they did not have much organisation. It was mostly a religious type thing to do.



Say now, what is this next monster. After the book review, which I didn't read, I mean. ((Dave Jenrette's story)) This story that isn't all there. Do you always make a practise of not finishing stories? Or is this thing supposed to be this vague?

((Explanation it was a complete story - the pun lying in the song, "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" and the punch line "Waiting for the Robot Ee Lhee". So write out a thousand times 'Fans who live in Nevada must not write silly things about First Lts. in the U.S.A.A.F. who have their own atom bombers' -- Especially since you are so near to Yucca Flats.



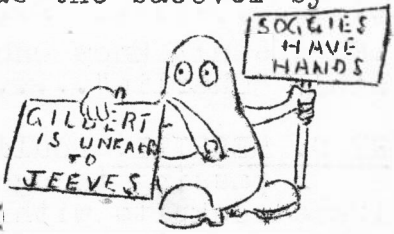
 Guess it would be cheaper to go and temporarily live there permanently if it wasn't for the fact that it would probably cost too much..... Mike Baldwin in EXTANT.

Raise your big white hat, friend - here's a man from Dixie..

ROBERT E. GILBERT. Jonesboro, TENNESSEE, U.S.A.
 Just because I say nasty things about your slowness in publishing CAMBER is no reason for you to wear yourself to the bone putting out three fanzines at once. What an effort! After all, I have no room to criticise. You know the kind of fanzine publisher I am. ((Quality and not quantity is your motto Robert and they weren't nasty things at all you said about my slowness. I just remarked that whenever you asked when the next CAMBER was due - then I knew I was overdue already.))

In CAMBER, I think the best drawing was the bacover by Harry. He's conquered the hand problem, too. That's the idea. Leave them out.

Just why did John Berry object to owning six pig iron Romans? I think it would be nice to have six pig iron Romans. ((Does anyone readin this happen to have anything in the pig iron Roman line around?))



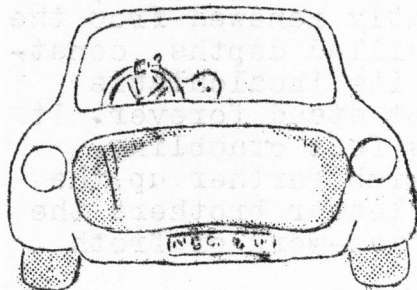
I'd also like to take this opportunity to congratulate Robert E. Gilbert on a number of recent science fiction stories he has sold to several magazines including Infinity Science Fiction, notably among the latter being HUNT THE HOG OF JOE and VOLCANERO.

.....Handel's Largo? ... why he never drinks anything else..

KENT MOOMAW. (Fascinating name!) CINCINNATI 27, Ohio, U.S.A.

I dig your Society for the Protection of Anita Ekberg's exterior the most; I would rather protect hers than any exterior I can think of.

Enjoyed CAMBER No.7. verra much, from one cover to the other. Trouble is, a number of items evoke little or no comment from me, enjoyable tho they were. I've seen pix of Warren Link's auto in various of the hot-rod mags, but never on the local roads; perhaps their diminutive size, as cited by Link, is the Reason Why. They sound like fascinating vehicles, ((They aren't - I've sat in one and I know!)) if you're not particularly worried about missing out on all of the so-called "advantages" of the Detroit monsters. Personally, I'm not. The family has just bought a '57 Plymouth, and the damned thing is such a massive cow in city traffic that if I didn't already loathe big cars, this would be reason enough in itself. Ghhhaaaa!



((Rather reminds me of the other week I was coming back from Newmarket - no, not the Races - when a giant American Ford Fairlane in yellow and white with wire wheels swept by me waving it's Tennessee license plates. You don't suppose it could have been Elvis Presley do you? There were six characters in the car and they all had Presley haircuts, still it's better than crewcuts I suppose. But 'aint there any American haircut that's in between??))

WILLIAM ROTSLER, Camarillo, California, U.S.A.

I did like the idea of the CAMBER ART FOLIO, though. Didn't care much for the legal size. With few exceptions (such as GRUE or Willis-mags) I take apart those fanzines with my stuff in them and file. How in hell do I file legal size with letter? ((Larger files!)) Shame on you. I must say I think it's the first fanzine from England or Ireland that didn't shed it back page immediately upon taking it from the envelope. You must practice the black arts.

((You mean I made it? After all these years I got a British fanzine whose covers don't fall off?? I'll put a chalk mark on the wall or something. Imagine that? The covers didn't.....))
Which just about finishes the letter column this time - letters of comment are more than welcome - so please write next time eh?

A TRAIN... A MOON... A CLIFF.....



The train is a long clattering ensemble of murk. It hooowwlls in the night, baying at the stars and the moon, always clattering, over the rails, swift over the guided path, through space and time, clattering. The moon shines down on it. The moon light is reflected, or the moonlight peeks into the windows like a curious old man. You beard is long, old man. The old man smiles self--consciously, touching his flowing white beard with his hand, his incredibly ancient eyes peering, delving, nodding, through the flowing windows of the train.

Ah, the old man says. Look there.

Where? Where at?

In this wondow. In here. This young man.

The young man has a cliff of a face, full of knolls and crags and clay. The ocean has beat on this cliff. The waves have attacked, smashing and pounding, wearing, the shouting waves, angry waves, sullenly departing to be constantly renewed from the same army, constantly recruiting from the chilled depths, constantly throwing them, hurling them with all its incalculable force at the cliff, wearing. The cliff cannot stand forever. It changes. Here a massive embankment finds its feet crumbling. Shocked, frightened, the bank struggles to climb further up the cliff, away, but has no grip. Amid a hail of lesser brothers the mound falls, screaming, into the sea. A lattice-work of froth surrounds its grave.

Where is he going, old man? Where to, this cliff?

There is only one direction for this man. One place for him to go.

The moon withdraws from the windows of the clattering ensemble of murk. He touches his beard again, his eyes full and deep and soft with sadness.

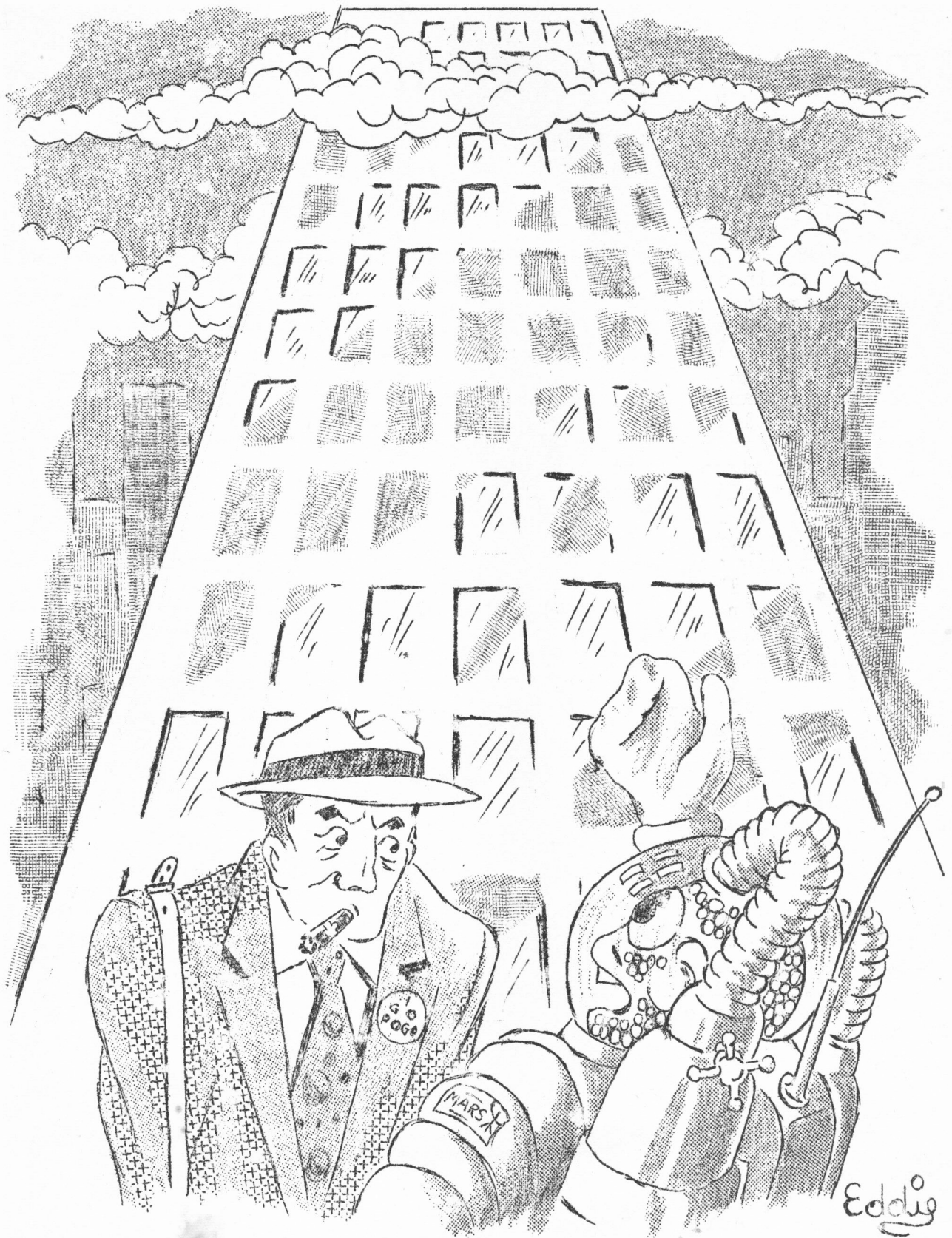
His direction is backward. He is going to defeat.

The old man curses.

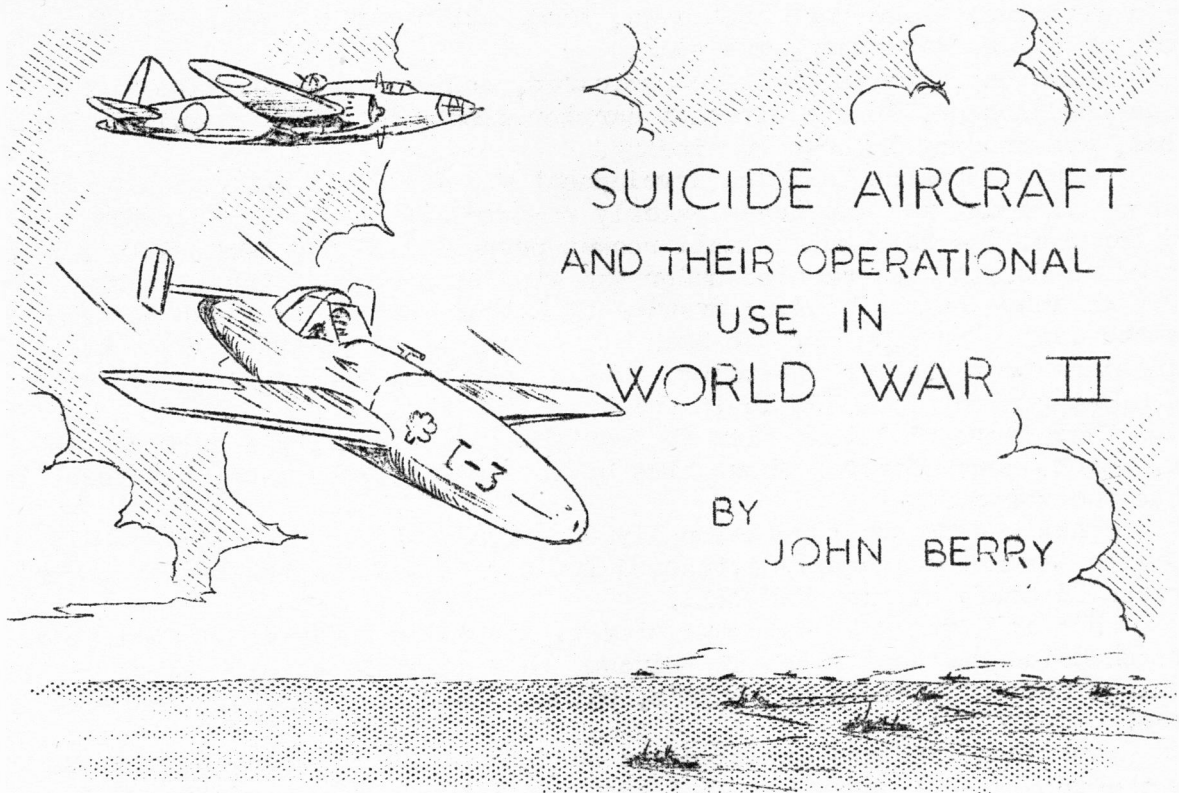
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I wonder if I mentioned before the fan who decided to take up a study of music? He went to the Verdi College of Music and after passing a number of exams they gave him a degree.

It was a sort of Verdigris.....



"I SUPPOSE IT WAS DESIGNED TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF HEIGHT?"



SUICIDE AIRCRAFT AND THEIR OPERATIONAL USE IN WORLD WAR II

BY
JOHN BERRY

I was prompted by Alan Dodd's comments in CAMBER 7 to suggest to him an article on suicide aircraft, giving many hitherto relatively unknown details of both the types used and their operational successes. Alan, although conversant with the Japanese Kamikaze, was very surprised to hear that the Germans used suicide aircraft in the last war, and had in fact a very highly organised group specifically for training suicide pilots.

A couple of years ago I spent considerable time on research into this fascinating subject, and I sincerely hope that this short non-technical account of Japanese and German suicide aircraft, training of pilots and operational use will prove of interest.

,

JAPAN

The Japanese High Command was forced to use suicide pilots because the American offensive in the Pacific gradually gained momentum, and the orthodox bombing of the American fleet proved inadequate.

The Japanese word 'Kamikaze', meaning 'Divine Wind', was chosen as the name for the pilots and their aeroplanes who volunteered to crash their aircraft and themselves into the American warships.

The volunteers wore a special tunic before embarking to their deaths, a tunic emblazoned with the Kamikaze emblem, a cherry blossom with three leaves. Each pilot also wore a silk scarf.

The first Kamikaze attack was in October 1944, and was made by four Mitsubishi A6M5 Zero's (fig .1.) each carrying a 500 lb bomb under the fuselage. Two were shot down before reaching their targets, two hit the American aircraft carriers Santee and Swanee. A few hours later, six more

Zero's attacked, three were shot down, three hit their targets, one of which, an aircraft carrier, was sunk.

Next day, twelve Kamikazes appeared, and caused a great deal of damage and carnage. On one aircraft carrier alone, 85 American sailors were killed, and as many injured or missing.

A new Japanese Kamikaze development was the Oka 4 (Oka meaning Cherry blossom) although the Americans quickly re-named it baka, the Japanese word for mad. The baka was a small rocket-propelled flying bomb, with a wing span of 16 ft, and was carried under the wing of a bomber, the Mitsubishi G4M2 (as shown on the heading drawing by Arthur Thomson). As can be seen from the side view (fig 2), the baka had a very small cockpit, which had rudimentary controls for the pilot. In the long nose was an explosive war-head of approximately 2,500 lb in weight.

The 'mother' plane flew to near the target area, and dropped the baka, which, powered for a short time by the rocket propellant, blasted its way to the target.

Baka's were used operationally on March 10th, 1945, although only one, with its mother aeroplane, reached its target and crashed onto it, the American aircraft carrier RANDOLPH.

But in April 1945 came the climax. Literally hundreds of Kamikazes approached the American fleet at Okinawa. This gigantic suicide fleet contained not only Zero's and baka's, but old obsolete aircraft and sea-planes.

American fighters attacked and shot down many of them; some accounts rate the total as high as 500. But some got through and duly aimed themselves at the warships.

The following day another mass-Kamikaze raid took place, and Kamikaze attacks continued up to June 21st 1945, finally accounting for the formidable total of 35 American ships sunk and 299 damaged.

And, as a final gesture, after the atom bomb had been dropped, and the Japanese government capitulated in August, thirty Kamikazes took off and crashed deliberately onto the aerodrome at Okinawa. Even more fantastic, a further Kamikaze formation flew out to sea, and one by one, each pilot turned his aeroplane downwards, and dived into the sea.

Some authorities, writing about the Kamikaze, blithely use the phrase 'the Oriental mind' to sum up the mental outlook of the hundreds of men who were willing and actually did use themselves as human bombs... who circled above American ships, selected their targets, and then aimed straight at it, ignoring flak and machine-gun fire, solely intent upon getting their aircraft and its bomb load onto the most vulnerable part of the ship.

It is a staggering thought to picture one of the most amazing episodes in military history, hundreds of aeroplanes, one vast armada of potential suicides, intent upon smashing the enemy and themselves at the same time.

'The Oriental Mind.'.....

But how about the German suicide pilots

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GERMANY.

Two distinct suicide pilot organisations functioned in Germany during World War II.

SUICIDE AIRCRAFT USED DURING WORLD WAR II.

JAPAN.

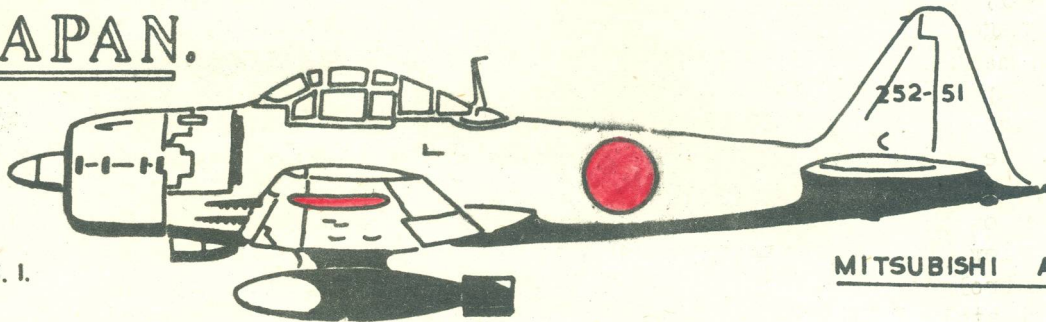


Fig. 1.

MITSUBISHI A6M5c ZERO-ZEN.

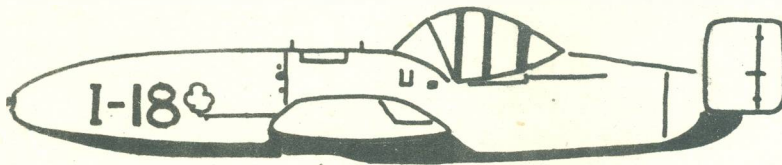


Fig. 2.

OKA 4 (BAKA).

GERMANY.

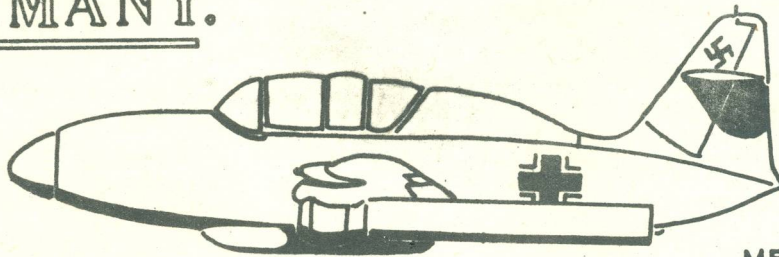


Fig. 3.

MESSERSCHMITT Me 320 B.

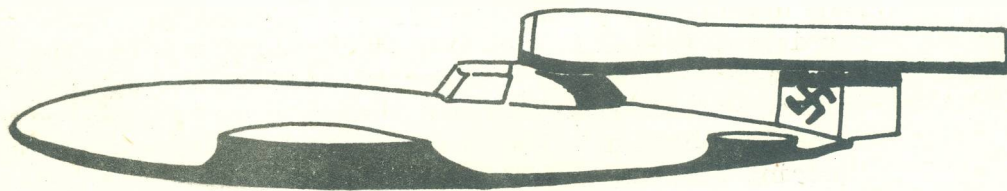


Fig. 4.

REICHENBERG III.

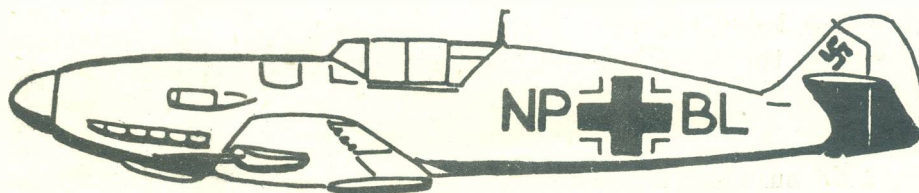


Fig. 5.

MESSERSCHMITT Me 109 G.

The first was visualized in 1943, and despite much planning and detailed research and development was not used operationally. It was a scheme put forward by several leading Luftwaffe pilots to use piloted flying bombs to sink allied naval craft. The method was to aim the flying bomb into the water near the ship, at such a speed (over 500 m.p.h.) that the flying bomb would disintegrate and a torpedo carried in the suicide bomb would enter the water and explode under the ship. Hitler objected in principle to the plan, but because of the military situation gave the order to carry on with preparations.

An aeroplane of advanced design, the Messerschmitt Me 328 B (fig 3) was allocated for the actual suicide aeroplane, and was extensively tested for the purpose. For some unknown reason, which the planners took to be official reticence, no production models of the Messerschmitt 328 B were forthcoming.

The suicide group accordingly looked for a temporary design to fulfil the role, and selected a piloted version of the notorious flying bomb used against England, known as the V 1 (or, to give its correct designation, the Fieseler Fi 103 or FZG 76) Named the Reichenberg, this aircraft (fig 4) was extensively tested by the famous German woman test pilot, Hanna Reitsch. The Reichenberg was carried under the wing of Heinkel He 111 (a German bomber used throughout the war, some thousands of which were built), then dropped. Hanna Reitsch reached speeds of 530 m.p.h. in dives under power. But as the war progressed to its inevitable conclusion, and even though 175 Reichenbergs were completed, the strange German procrastination complex, evidenced in other spheres, finally ensured that the scheme was never used. If it had been so utilised, it is interesting to conjecture what successes it would have gained...but perhaps it was just as well for the allies that the plan was not wholeheartedly supported by Hitler and Co.

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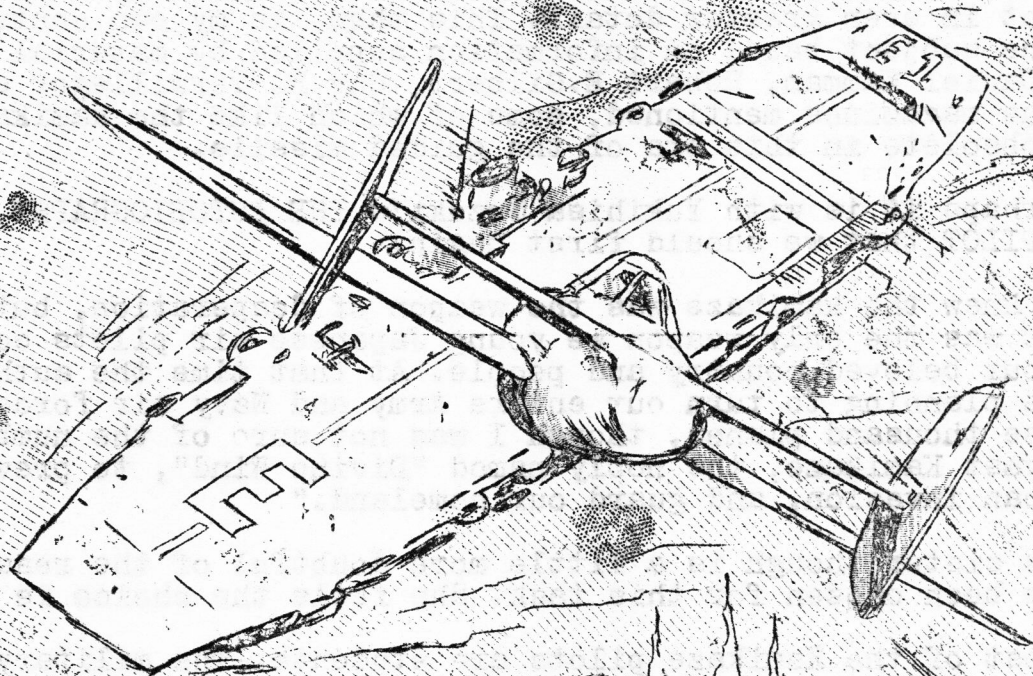
Goering issued an Order of the Day in March 1945, asking for volunteers for dangerous but unspecified operations, and quickly got results.

The idea was to ram allied aeroplanes, especially the American day-bombing Fortresses which ranged far and wide over Germany. The type of aircraft used was the Messerschmitt Me 109 G-10 (fig 5), a German fighter, the basic design of which remained unaltered throughout the war. Initially, to encourage ramming, all armament was removed from the aeroplanes, but later it was restored.

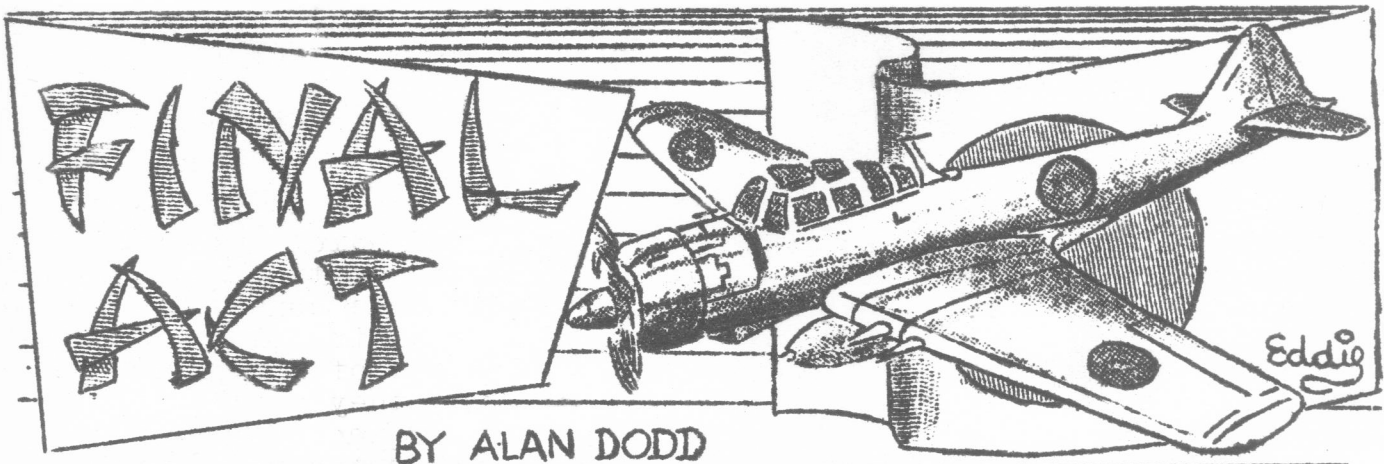
The first operation of the Gruppe occurred very late in the war. The ram planes assembled over Magdeburg, intent upon intercepting Fortresses on their way to Berlin. It was in some ways a comedy of errors, because beside the promised fighter escort failing to materialize, bad weather interfered with the operation. Also, understandably, some suicide pilots decided that the war was nearly over anyway, and to sacrifice their lives would be rather a waste at that particular juncture. But the fact remains that some Messerschmitt 109's did ram American bombers, although many others were shot down before completing their missions.

Once again this scheme originated too late to help the German war effort.

John Berry.



ATOM



BY ALAN DODD

In the previous article John Berry has covered the subject of the kamikaze with such interest to me that I recently went into the subject in even greater detail. This then, is my own contribution to the subject based on information supplied by material given to me by Daniel Kamman, Robert E. Gilbert, Guy E. Terwilleger and the various magazines mentioned, some of which like the kamikaze are also obsolete in this era of the guided missile.

Perhaps it is with Yukihsa Suzuki's THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A KAMIKAZE PILOT that we should first begin.

"I knew the kamikaze was the weapon of desperation, but I thought it was the only weapon we young Japanese air pilots could take for our beloved country and people. At that time the authorities were planning to turn our entire Army and Navy air force of about three thousand planes, though I was not sure of the number, into one vast Kamikaze, the nobly named "Divine Wind", to prevent the American invasion, and guard our homeland."

His sister though is a little more doubtful of the reasons why he has been chosen for this task. She feels the choice is unfair.

"Most of the Kamikaze pilots are students. The military leaders are sacrificing the corps made of students first, and saving the professional soldiers. However I'm not sure whether it's true or not."

"It might be, but I don't know for sure either. Anyway, we students are not going to die for the military leaders but for our country."

He does however eliminate all ideas as to just how and why the kamikazes are selected: "Perhaps they tell you that the Kamikaze Korps are formed from volunteers, but they are not. They are taken when their turn comes, according to their training hours and their skill. The planes were so scarce, and those which were going to be used as Kamikaze planes were so old both as to model and equipment, we thought they wouldn't be able to fly more than a few hours.

"One of my friends, Nemoto, said, "What a pity to commit double suicide with such a poor plane! I hope I won't be shot down on the way."

He records with graphic simplicity the final ceremony before a kamikaze squadron takes off.

"Soldier mechanics were carefully testing the engines of the planes which were to be used for the attack and which our friends were going to pilot, and the noise was loud and continuous. The planes for the Special Attack tactics at that time consisted almost entirely of the ones which had been used as training planes, and if they were thought capable of carrying a bomb and of flying to their targets with enough fuel for a one-way flight, they were going to be used for the purpose of overcoming the ever increasing handicap of diminishing air strength, no matter how poor and old their equipment might be. Of course we hoped to be able to hit the American fleet, but we also knew that this was almost impossible on account of the heavy barrage from the American anti-aircraft guns, because of the American fighters flying up in the sky near Okinawa to watch for our attack, and due to the wretched condition of our own equipment. What made us especially uneasy was the fact that we wondered how long we would be able to fly such rickety planes. However, once the Special Attack planes took off from the base, they did not and would not come back again."

Again, selected sections of Suzuki's narrative relate the last final touches at the airfield prior to actual take-off:

"As we watched near the warming up planes, our classmates appeared wearing new flight clothes on the back of which was painted a small national flag, a crimson disc on a white ground. They had green parachute belts. White silk scarves were around their necks. Some of them wore a white cloth around their flight helmets; some had sprays of cherry blossoms which was the symbol of young and vigorous soldiers, especially young pilots, as the beautiful but fragile blossoms bloomed for only a few days and then fell just like the young men who died in their prime. Some had small dolls or other mascots hanging from their belts.

They were all smiling. Then, the order of the attack was given. About fourteen planes took off, raising up sand and dust in thick clouds. We all waved our hats and hands. We couldn't help crying. Can you imagine the scene? They were not human beings any longer, but the incarnates of patriotism. They went with a manly smile. They were not willing to die. The only thing that made them die with such a gentle smile in high spirits was their eternal love for their country and their



people. This is the love common to every nation."

And although Suzuki can record the preliminaries of the kamikaze in incisive and garish detail it is left to the American cameramen on board the ships to catalogue the ultimate phase in a series of blurred photos and shaky newsreels. The last Suzuki can hear of his fellow pilots is the final, rapid radio message from the attacking planes:- "Discovered the U.S. fleet. Discovered the U.S. battleships and aircraft carriers. Here come six Grummans. Here come six Grummans. Goodbye, everybody, goodbye everybody. Many thanks for your kindness to us on earth....."

There is no doubt that they were all shot down.

Martin Caidin, the author of *WORLDS IN SPACE, ROCKETS AND MISSILES* and *ROCKETS BEYOND THE EARTH* in his article "Ram Them Out of the Skies" in which he advocates the use of American suicide planes to pick off any enemy bombers that get through the guided missile field, follows the same subject from the other side of the fence.

"Suicide is defined in the dictionary as "self-murder" " But the Japanese who hurled themselves against our ships in the Pacific, who deliberately ramméd B-29s in midair, in no sense of the word committed self-murder. They were, to be sure, sacrificing themselves. But what is sacrifice? Again we turn to the dictionary, which defines sacrifice as: a giving up of some desirable object in behalf of a higher object.

The reader should understand that no Japanese who ever flew to his death in a kamikaze attack committed suicide. It is the American description of these attacks which brought to the subject its misnomer. Here is the explanation of Lt. General Kawabe, director of kamikaze operations in the Phillipines and Okinawa.

"They were in no sense suicide. The pilot did not start his mission with the intention of committing suicide. He looked upon himself as a human bomb which would destroy a certain part of the enemy fleet. He considered it a glorious thing.

We believed our spiritual conviction in victory would balance any advantage, and we had no intention of giving up the fight. No matter how you look at it, everyone who participated died happy in the conviction that he would win the final victory by his own death."

How effective were the Kamikaze Tokubetsu Kogekitai, as the Japanese called their special attack squads? No weapon we have ever faced in our history has been so devastating as the kamikazes. The able historian, Robert Sherrod, said in his *HISTORY OF MARINE CORPS AVIATION* :

"The near-panic caused within the U.S. Navy by Japan's suicide pilots was not generally known at the time and is not

fully realised even yet."

In the eighty-one days of the Okinawa campaign the 48.1 percent damage to all U.S. warships is recorded in John Berry's preceding article, while the Japanese losses were less than the number of marines who died taking Iwo Jima.

The official American attitude toward the kamikazes was greatly different from the scorn which readers found in magazines. The United States Strategic Bombing Survey called the kamikazes:-

"Macabre, effective, supremely practical under the circumstances....."

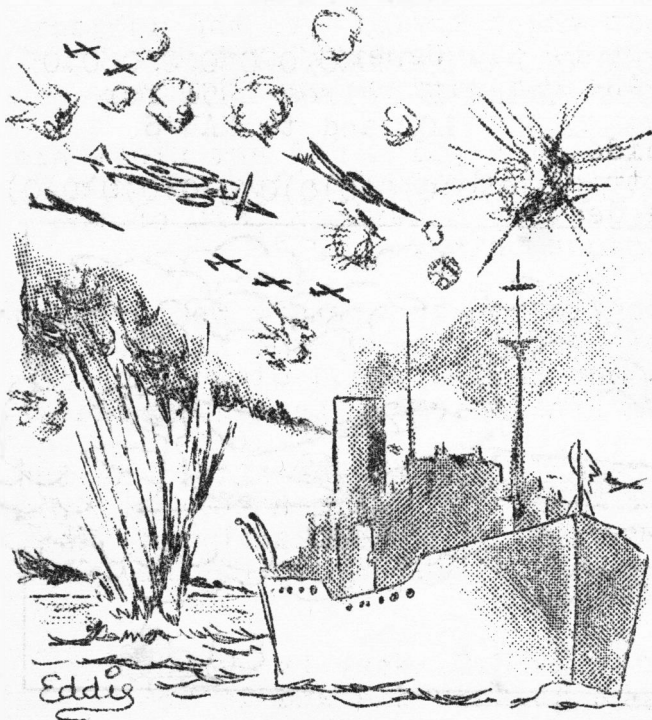
Guy Terwilleger, who now has the less hazardous task of editing TWIG recalls:-

"While in the Navy my tour of duty was in the Pacific. I do know a little about the kamikazes, but not too much. I know we were always on the lookout for them when in dangerous waters. I was on a small troop ship, and while they concentrated mainly on the larger wagons, they weren't above hitting a small trooper to get rid of the soldiers. It was the damndest situation when they were attacking. All you could do was watch, if you had a post that allowed watching, which I did at times, and hope to God that they didn't single out your ship as a target. All the while you'd wonder how in the hell they could be so stupid as to kill themselves that way. Always expecting one to get close to the ship and then turn up to miss --but they didn't. You can talk about fanatics, but I have never run into men like these before.

Afterwards, while in Japan, the people just didn't look like the type who would kill themselves so readily. Small in stature, mostly looking down at the ground, very polite. It just didn't make sense to most of us."

Martin Caidin continues his narrative with the final phase of the operation as to what might have happened:-

"And all this was nothing to what would have happened had Operation Olympic, the invasion of Japan, ever taken place. For the Japanese had hoarded some eleven thousand planes to be hurled in mass waves against the U.S. Invasion Fleet of 3,300 ships. Eleven thousand pilots, determined to die in



crashes against our vessels, coming in waves of four hundred every hour....."

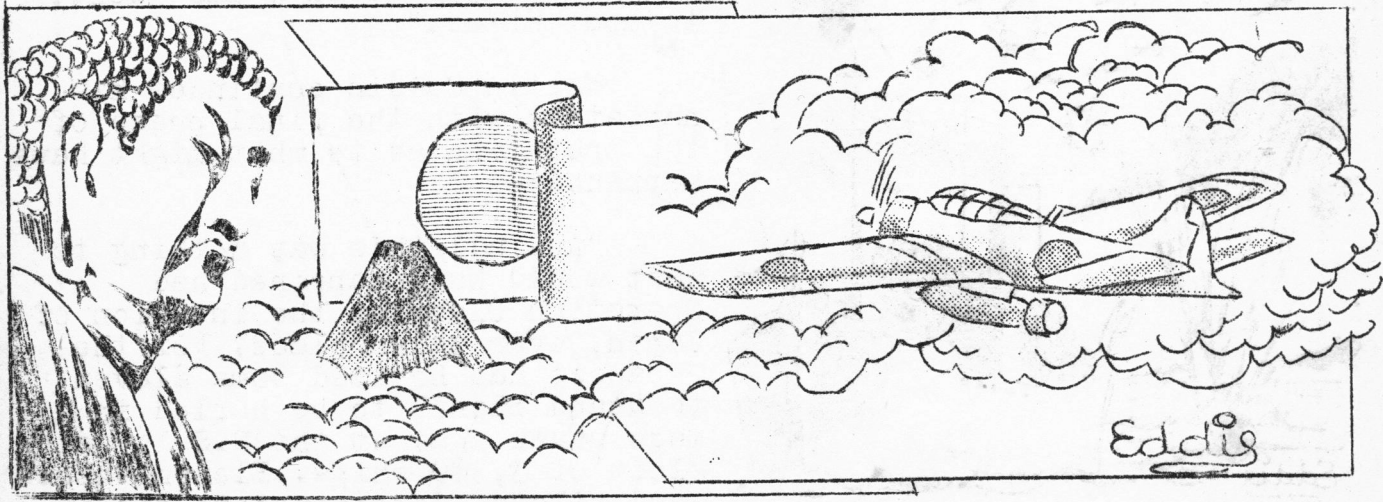
Suzuki confirms this operation save that his is not so optimistic over the number of planes available. His figure is considerably less than the 11,000 quoted by Caidin. Neither account though makes mention of Japan's heavy bombers - the weighty Mitsubishi aircraft which owing to their size and lack of manoeuvrability could not be used as kamikazes. Were they destroyed? Used as decoys for the carrier planes to allow the lighter Zero planes a better chance of getting through? No one seems to know.

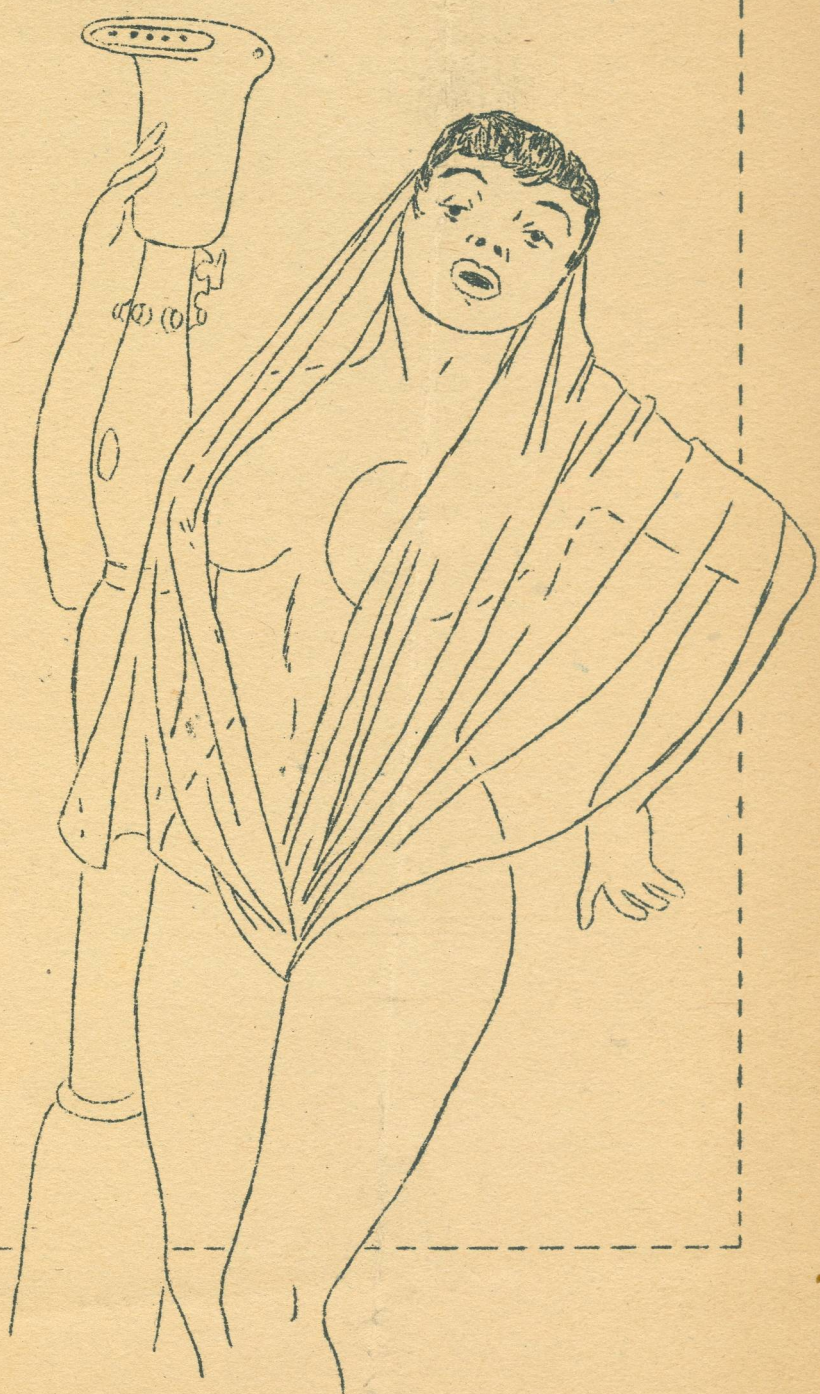
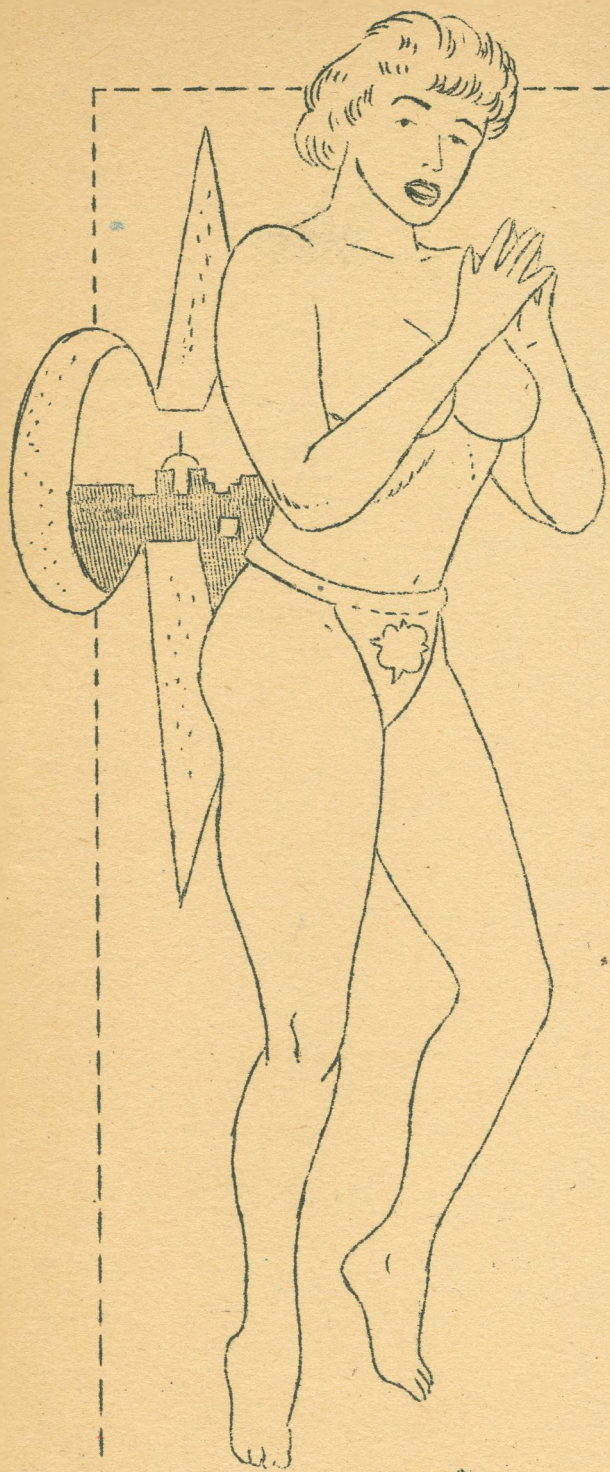
It is perhaps however in the ultimate sentence of the final paragraph of Yukihsa Suzuki's article that he reveals in so simple a few words the whole motion and futility of warfare itself. A collection of nine simple culminating words to a final paragraph.

"The chief's plane took off first and others in succession without any accident, raising clouds of dust. When all of them had taken off, they made up the formation and flew three times around above the airfield and headed southwest toward the final base in the southern part of Kyushu. Their planes became smaller and smaller, first like eagles, then sparrows, and then flies, and then tiny black dots and disappeared into the white cloud hanging quietly in the distant blue sky. We just stood looking without a word or a move. They had gone away and they would never come back."

They had gone away and they would never come back.

My acknowledgements please to BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE circa 1951 for selections from AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A KAMIKAZE PILOT and to MAN'S ILLUSTRATED 1956 for Martin Caidin's items.

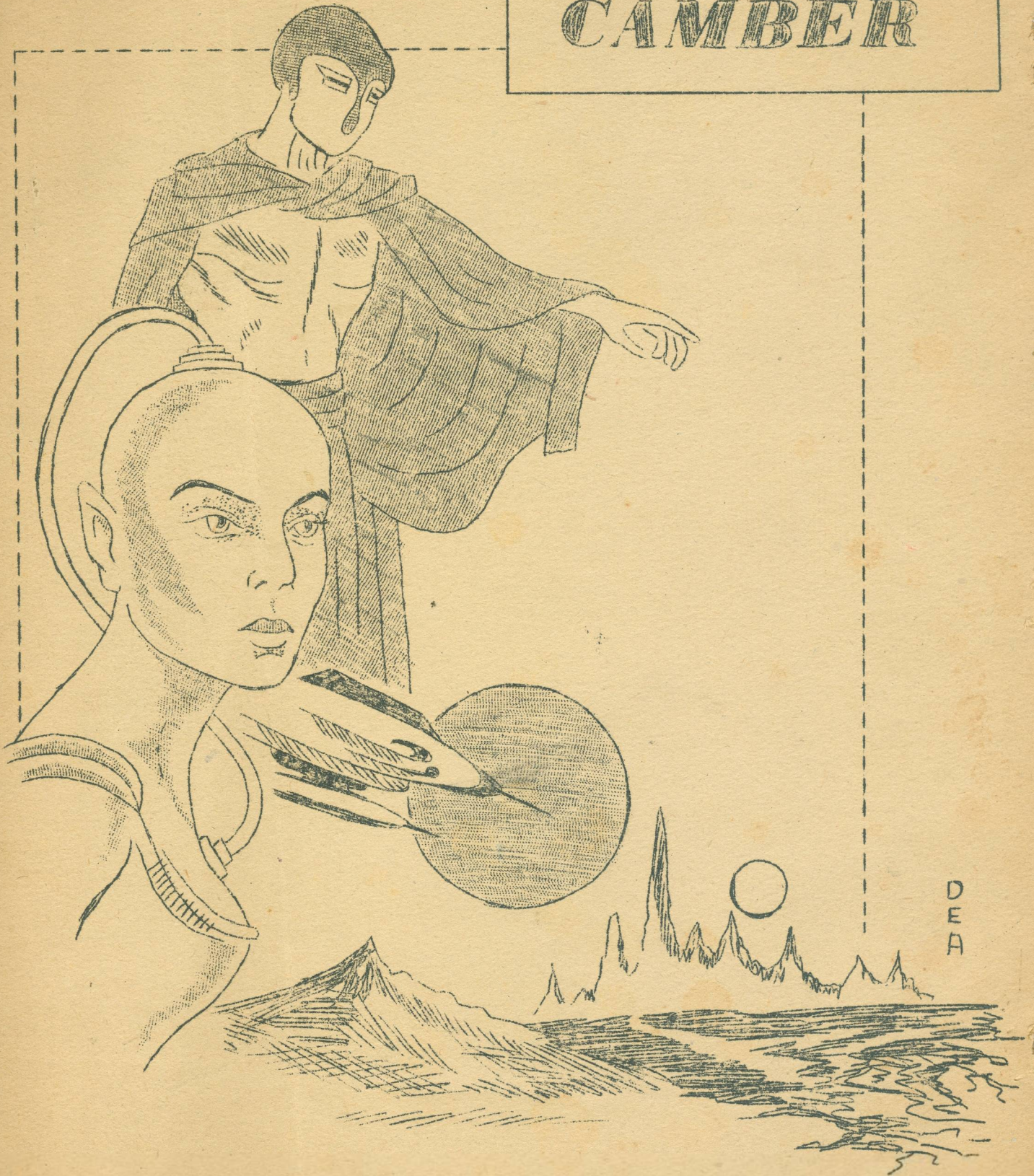




Walt

Walt

CAMBER



DEA