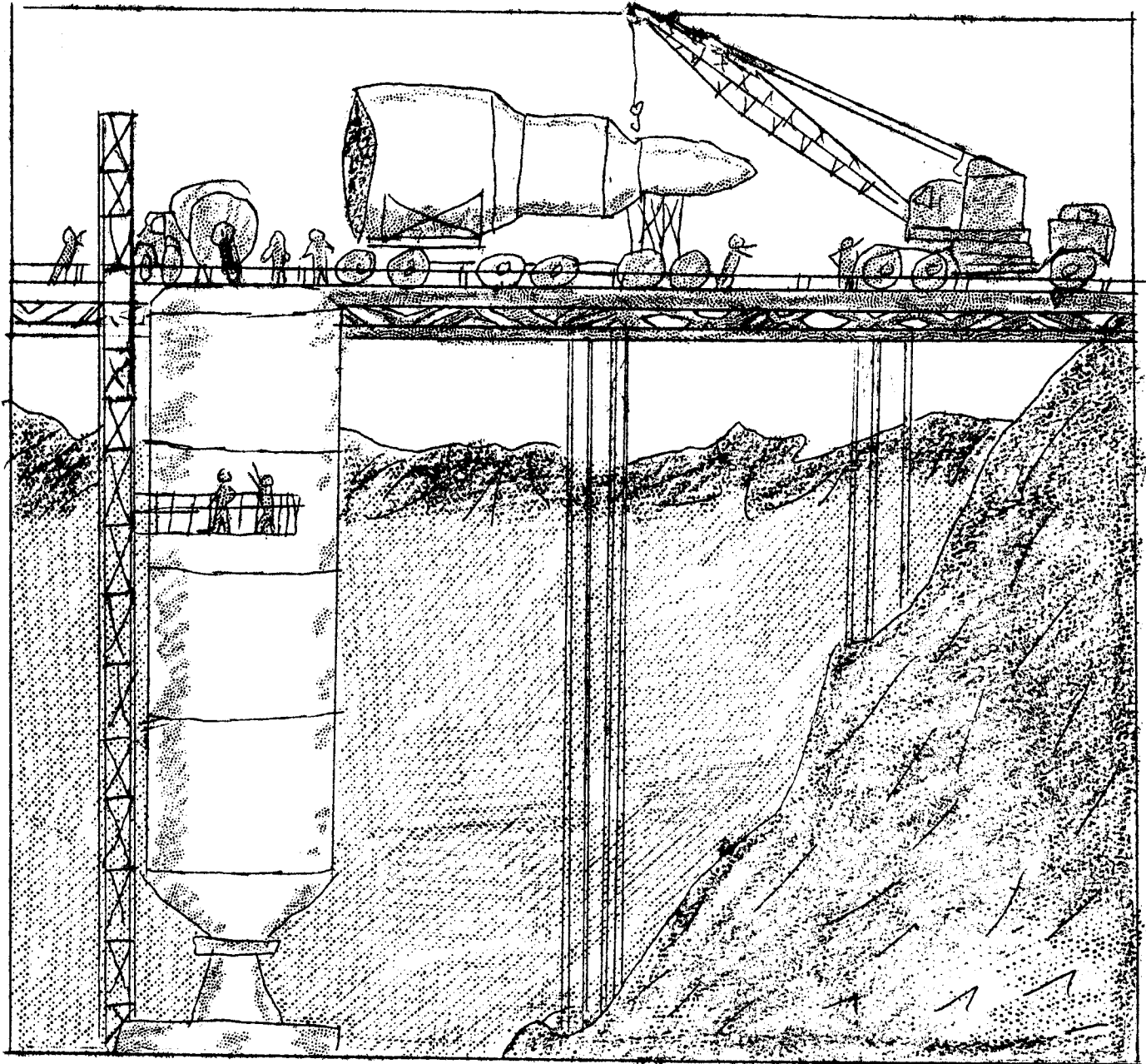


ROWVER

33

11

April 20th., 1961.
Jahzine # 130.



On-site fueling of solid fuel rockets. Solid fuel rockets can't yet be charged on firing site - (Aug. 15th. 1959), they have to be loaded at the factory. Now, however, the missile industry is on the verge of developments that promise in the next six to 8 years to make the solid-fuel rocket supreme, through on-site fueling, more powerful propellants, and control of combustion while the rocket is in flight.

Business Week, Aug. 15th., 1959.

IR O V E R

11 IDIOTORIAL

On looking over what I have on stencil now, (only this idiotorial and the Index to go yet, I find that there is relatively little that I can say here. My decisions have been made as to contents, they are stencilled.. and now only the readers will have things to say. The last issue resulted in letters that will show the non-faned some of the trials and tribulation of faneditorship. I know that even the letter writers will complain for not having cut their letters a little more, but, letters of comments are welcomed for precisely the reason shown in this issue. They can be used, and not always in the manner desired by the writer.

On both letters and articles... it should be obvious now, to all concerned, that when certain items are not desired to be printed, are of a DNQ variety or the article is not in a final form, that leaving the final polishing to the editor is a risky affair. What you do not want printed, either leave out, or make sure that D.N.Q.s are prominent in the manuscript under question.

I would like to register a few of my thoughts, however, in regards to the pirated article on the Freedom O f The Press. Without attempting to ~~copy~~ the thoughts expressed by Badger, nor the merits or lack thereof, in the case mentioned, I tend to agree with moderation with some of the sentiments of the article. To me, the article tends to be summarized by the idea that the Press expects too much for what they have done. They are trying to place themselves above everything. The Press is important, yes, but not as important as it has tried to build itself up in the eyes of its readers.

In Politics, specially, we have the situation where the men involved are more likely to try to impress the Newspaper readers than settling down to work. In the U.N. we have the situation wherein more thought is given to propaganda value than coming to an agreement. As in the article printed, too often premature publication messes up everything. In my opinion, in the case of Juvenile delinquency, it's not the comics, the T.V. or the ca ses of under-the-counter sales of pornography that is the mainspring of the J.D. I read once, a brief attempt to justify the human race. from Memory:-

We get the wrong impression of the human race, in that it seems that crime is the mode of life. If this was so, then crime wouldn't be news. If theft, murder occurs, it is news, therefore, is in the minority.

But the way in which it is reported, tend to give a glamorous impression of crime. Rather than trying to claim special rights, they, the Press, should try to deserve and be granted special rights. They have claimed without proving that they deserve these rights, on the idea of connecting themselves with the basic right of Freedom of speech. Freedom of speech does not necessarily include freedom of the Press.

But, I'm not in the mood to editorialize at length on any subject, and believe that I have yakked long enough. Of the Prodom notes of the last Issue, not included in this issue, but probably in the next, one of the Pros has decided to relinquish his cloak of anonymity and will, in the future, be named.

Art Hayes

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	Pages 23-24 Industrial Supervisor. March, 1961.		
45	Marc Curilovic	46	Editor
47 & 50	Toronto Daily Star	51-55-61	Anonymous by request.
51	From MacAlpin Envelope design.		
60 & 61	Robert Farnham.		

Editor & Publisher J. Arthur Hayes R. R. # 3, Bancroft, Ontario. Canada.

ROVER is published quarterly by Jahzine Publications.
Subscriptions: Available only via Trade or Letters of Comment.
Material not otherwise shown as copyrighted, may be translated, reprinted without prior consultation with the Publishers, provided, the usual Journalistic courtesies as observed, and credit given both the source and the publication.

Printed in Canada, using Gestetner machine and supplies.

CUSTOS NOCTIS AND THE SKUNK 36

Charles Waugh

Long, long ago, on Mount Olympus in Greece, dwelled Zeus, the father of the gods. At that time, there was no night -- only days -- and everything prospered. Each of the gods had a special animal on earth whom he favored above all others. To that animal the god gave a special gift. Now it happened that Zeus particularly loved the skunk, a playful black kitten-like creature. Zeus bestowed on this skunk a perfume more fragrant than wild honeysuckle; and wherever the animal sprayed this perfume, wars would cease, enemies would become friends, and peace would reign. To this animal Zeus gave the name Ambrosia, after the sweet food of the gods.

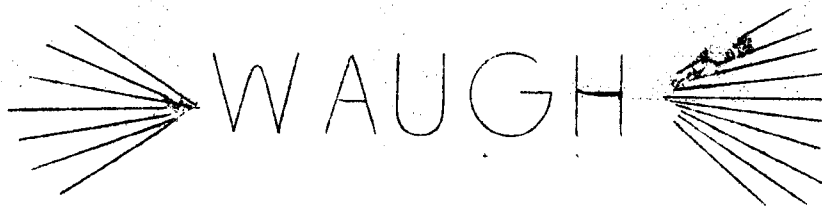
Also on the earth at this time there lived a fierce creature with three dragon-like heads and the body of a lion. Since this creature was Apollo's favorite, the god had entrusted him to guard a large goatskin bag tied with a golden cord. In this bag Night was imprisoned. Apollo gave this strange looking animal the name Custos Noctis, Keeper of the Night.

Now why was Night shut up in the bag? Years before, Night had roamed the earth for twelve hours out of every twenty-four -- closing up flowers, driving people indoors, and blotting out the sunshine. Under the cover of Night, Hades, the god of the underworld, visited each house and took the fairest from each family to be his slaves in his fair under Mount Olympus. Apollo, angered by these malefactors, devised a trick to trap Night. The god wagered that he could fit into a large goatskin bag but that Night could not. Taking the Wager, Night squeezed into it. Apollo quickly shut the bag and tied it with an unbreakable golden sunbeam. So, to Custos Noctis, his favorite animal, Apollo entrusted the momentous task of guarding Night.

Now Hades, wishing to return to earth in darkness to capture more slaves, whispered to Ambrosia, the fragrant skunk, that an odor sweeter than his dwelled in a large goatskin bag tied with a golden cord and hidden on a lofty crag of Mount Olympus. Both curiosity and jealousy drove Ambrosia to seek the bag. Wishing to prove his superiority, he sprayed Custos Noctis with his overpowering perfume, making the animal powerless to prevent the skunk from opening the bag. In fact, Custos Noctis merely wagged his thorny tail and rolled over on his back, delirious with joy. Ambrosia then opened the bag, but instead of sweet perfume, out sprang Night.

When Apollo discovered what Ambrosia had done, he hurled a lightning shaft at the skunk, burning a white streak down his back, where it is to this very day. Apollo reported Ambrosia's actions to Zeus, the ruler of heaven, and to keep peace among the gods Zeus was forced to punish his favorite. Being unable to take away Ambrosia's fragrance completely, he substituted the most putrid stench he could find in the whole world over. Now, when the skunk sprayed, people ran for cover, and, instead of peace and love, there was confusion and panic. To punish further his former favorite Zeus decreed that this animal, in the future, should keep vigil with the lonely Night.

And, to this very day, the skunk (formerly Ambrosia) is shunned by all the inhabitants of the Earth because of his offensive odor. Even the science books call him a nocturnal animal -- one which comes out only at night.



BOOK REVIEW

37

Charles Waugh.

Dear Readers:-

I have just finished reading Var Sgturn's newest novel, A DIARY OF JOHN WINGWASTE (Jozel Press: \$3.50). It is without a doubt the most realistic science fiction novel I have ever read.

Var Presents us with a planet of similar gravity and evolution to that of our own planet. The aliens are an intelligent race, with a language amazingly close to ours. These aliens, however, possess a totally different set of customs. There are minor physical differences too. Example: aliens have only four fingers.

The DIARY tells of the last days before an H-bomb war that destroys their planet, of the war's inevitable start, and of the fate of the pitifully few survivors. The characterizations are excellent, for we can sense how each man will react as he meets his doom. The author has maintained a suspenseful mood throughout the book.

Snatches of dialogue will illustrate the clever manner in which the diary technique is handled:

July 14th, 1993.

Still heading for Landis, Alph C's sixth planet, and should crash on it. Heck of a lot it matters. Bill died to-day. He makes the tenth victim of our poisoned water.

July 13, 1993.

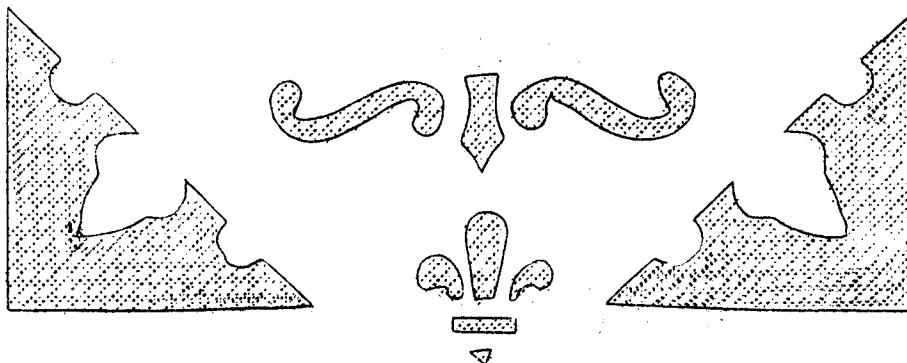
Guess who poisoned the water? It was Very Goodman. Ha! Big Joke! However he didn't think it was so funny when I shoved him out of the air lock - without a suit.

Now it is a race to try to land before we die of dehydration. The odds belong to death.

Var tries -- and succeeds in carrying out the pretext of the book's authenticity even into his Forward. He says: "This diary is being published as fiction, but it is true. Last year, not two hundred yards from my cabin, a ship crashed. My first thought was a meteor. But when I saw silver on it, I knew what it really was. But a man staggered out of the wreckage. Blood was flowing from several deep gashes; one eye was dangling, by thin milky thread, from its socket. In his charred hands was a book. He lurched toward me. The next thing I remember is a titanic explosion and the bright red flames of a forest fire.

"My friends said when they found me I was clutching this diary which I refused to leave go of, even in the operating room. This diary must be his. How I got it, I don't know."

" So far, no one has found any trace of his body or of the ship he calls New Terra."





I IF

I WERE EXPLORING THE MOON.....

A collecting of humorous extrapolations?

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creatures from another planet, I would get back to the theater to see more. I would do this because I would be afraid of the creatures from other planets and I would want to know all about them beforehand. (Girl).

IF I saw a creature or creatures on the moon, I would at first stop to see if I knew him. At first they would stop and look, then they would come at me slowly - meanly - carrying a red flag. THEN I would know what to do. I would get on top of a high hill, pull out my ray gun and then yell, "REMEMBER THE ALAMO!" (boy)

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creatures from outer space, I would try to act nice and not let them know I was afraid of them. I would get to my rocket as soon as I finished exploring. I would do this because if I acted very scared they would try to act like they were very mean. If I acted mean, they would act mean too, so, if I ever go, I will try to be nice and not afraid. (girl)

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creatures from another planet, I would hide. And when I saw that they were leaving, I would follow him to see whether he lived by himself or if he was living with other monsters. Then, if I saw him again, I would try to capture him. I would do this because when I was ready to come back, I would bring him to this planet and show him to the people of Earth. After everyone had seen him, I would kill him in cold blood. (boy)

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creature from another planet, I would do two things. First, I would radio Earth about my discovery and let them take necessary precautions, just in case. After doing this, I would make an attempt to talk with him. He might not understand me due to a language barrier. I would do this because Earth could be in danger. I would attempt to communicate with him order to learn his intentions. If they were good, Earth could benefit greatly. (girl)

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creatures from another planet, I would see whether they were harmless, but if they were harmful, I would run away from them. I would do this because God gave me my feet to run, and I plan to use them whenever necessary. (boy)

EXPLORING the moon is the most fantastic thing in this world today. IF I were exploring the moon, and saw something from a planet, I would be surprised to see anything move. It would probably scare me, but if I really liked it, I would try to help out as much as I could. But probably no one would do this, if they it it would be the first thing in so many centuries. The reason I would do this is because I feel like it's right, and then if we really did meet people from a planet, they would probably be scared and do the same as anyone else. (girl)

IF I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creatures from another world, I would try to study their method of living and ruling their world. I would do this because it would be a great help for our world and maybe theirs too. (boy)



LET THEM KNOW

INTRODUCTION

Peggy Sexton.

Anyone reading science fiction classics takes a double step out of this world, the first into the world of imagination and extrapolation, the second into the sometimes affected sounding world of 19th and early 20th century language idions which often seem very stilted to space age readers.

The first step involves no effort to S.F. readers, accustomed as they are to the unusual. The second requires a certain tolerance for the fact that language changes and a willingness to mentally cut through what appears to be excess verbiage to the main thing—the story.

The novels of H. G. WELLS lose none of their story value or scientific interest with the passage of time, although his prose seems to be a little fancy by our standards in some places. Perhaps the chief difficulty lies in the tendency to probe too hard for some "message" which has some validity now.

Well's son, ANTHONY WEST, recently took James R. Newman, book editor of the Scientific American, rather severely to task for ignoring Wells' "messages" in his review of Kingsley Amis' NEW MAPS OF HELL:

THE TIME MACHINE is in large part a social satire concerned with the genetic consequences of perpetuating a layered class society of the 19th century variety in which the upper classes would become progressively more over-refined and helpless as they did less and less, while the lower classes were increasingly toughened and brutalized. THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was an allegory of colonialism, showing the destruction of a primitive society by a technically more sophisticated one with no respect for its values and its culture. THE FOOD OF THE GODS had its primary origin in a paper WELLS read to the FABIAN Society about the way in which society was outgrowing its 18th century and earlier administrative units. The story is not about monsters but about uncontrolled growth, and the particular subjects of its allegory is the social problem created for an unprepared society by the application of the products of scientific research by people who do not fully understand them to fields undreamed of by research workers. THE INVISIBLE MAN (Wells only invented one of them) was an allegory or parable about the intellectual arrogance of the specialist who thinks that full command of his specialty entitles him to a place above all men. In justice to my father I think it should be said that he rarely if ever wrote without a wholly serious idea behind the entertaining surface of his writing, and that in his science fiction his serious intentions were especially evident." (Sic)

(Scientific American, October, 1960, p. 16.)

It should be remembered that Wells' messages must have been based on the facts of life in English Society of yesterday, and while they might have been valid messages at that time and might be valid again under similar conditions, Wells' novels are best enjoyed as the excellent stories they are, for their excitement, logical scientific extrapolation and vivid imagery.

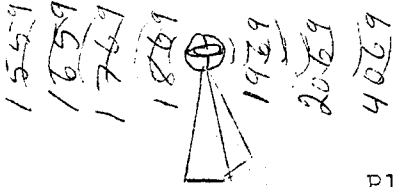
A fiction author has a perfect right to inject social criticism and philosophizing into his works, and I enjoy mental stimulation a great deal, but I personally find the stimulation more enjoyable in fiction if it is not handled in a ham-handed way. May-

LET THEM KNOW.... Peggy Sexton.

be others will agree, maybe not.

But I think most science fiction readers are intelligent enough to realize underlying meanings as a result of their personal involvement in the story, not as a result of being verbally grabbed and told: "Hey listen, Stupid! Here comes a message!"

And H. G. WELLS, through his complete mastery of the art of descriptive writing, his shrewdness about human behaviour, and his almost uncanny ability to establish empathy with the reader, is almost unequalled at getting the reader personally involved in his stories.



THE TIME MACHINE

This short novel consists largely of a narrative by a time traveller, of his adventures in the year 802 701 A.D. on the planet Earth.

Plant life has mutated considerably and so has human life, diverging into two separate species, the Eloi and the Norlocks.

The Eloi, gentle, childlike little people, live a life of indolence above the ground and apparently have only two emotions — utter apathy, if that can be called an emotion and fear of the Norlocks, a race of subterranean dwellers.

While preserving a sort of technology underground, the Norlocks are sickly white creatures who provide for the material needs of the Eloi and consume the little people as food when they reach maturity.

The time traveller rescues a little Eloi girl, Weena, from drowning, and she follows him about with doglike devotion until she is killed by the Norlocks, who have stolen the traveller's time machine.

Fighting the Norlocks with fire, which their darkness-accustomed eyes cannot tolerate, the time traveller recovers his machine and goes still further into the future, to a cold, moribund world inhabited by lichens and mutant animal life under a dying sun.

He returns to his own time only long enough to tell his story to a group of friends before leaving for some unknown time in his machine.

Theorizing on the reason for the two strange races he discovered, the time traveller relates: "The too-perfect security of the Upper-worlders had led them to a slow movement of degeneration, to a general dwindling in size, strength, and intelligence. That I could see clearly enough already. What had happened to the Undergrounders I did not yet suspect. These Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the ant-like Norlocks preserved and preyed upon probably saw to the breeding of... I tried to preserve myself from the horror that was coming upon me, by regarding it as a rigorous punishment of human selfishness. Man had been content to live in ease and delight upon the labours of his fellow-man, had taken Necessity as his watchword and excuse, and in the fullness of time Necessity had come home to him. I even tried a Carlyle-like scorn of this wretched aristocracy in decay. But this attitude of mind was impossible. However great their intellectual degradation, the Eloi had kept too much of the human form not to claim my sympathy, and to make me perforce a sharer in their degradation and their Fear."

There are enough revolutions in human history to give weight to this theory, but the present state of nuclear science would make the Atomageddon of the screen version of THE TIME MACHINE more likely now.

Perhaps the chief charm of THE TIME MACHINE is Wells' marvelous gift, apparent in all his stories, of making the most outre places and events believable, in the richness and beauty of his description of other times, people and places, and in his way of making the fantastic so logical that it envelops the reader with as much realism as one of Sinclair Lewis' fictional worlds.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU.

A classic scientific horror story, which is given added plausibility by some recent discoveries, THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU deals with the attempts of the vivisectionist Moreau to raise wild animal to the human level by surgery and education, with the apparent aim of discovering whether humans can be raised above the human level.

LET THEM KNOW... Sexton... THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU.

Justifying the misery his experiments cause his subjects, Moreau tells Prendick, the narrator, "So long as visible or audible pain turns you sick, so long as your own pains drive you, so long as pain underlies your propositions about sin, so long, I tell you, you are an animal, thinking a little less obscurely what an animal feels... Pleasure and pain—Bah! What is your theologian's ecstasy but Mahomet's hoari in the dark? This store men and women set on pleasure and pain, Prendick, is the mark of the beast upon them, the mark of the beast from which they came... Pain and pleasure -- they are for us, only so long as we wriggle in the dust...."

As befits a religious man, which Moreau claims to be, he has inculcated in his beast creatures a sense of sin and a worship of himself.

NOT TO GO ON ALL-FOURS; THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN?

NOT TO SUCK UP DRINK; THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN?

NOT TO EAT FLESH OR FISH; THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN?

NOT TO CLAW BARK OR TREES; THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN?

NOT TO CHASE OTHER MEN: THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN?

So goes the litany of the beast people's religious ceremony. And thus goes their song of reverence to Moreau:

HIS is the House Of Pain.

HIS is the Hand that makes.

HIS is the Hand that wounds.

HIS is the Hand that heals.

After Moreau is killed by one of his own creations, Prendick tries unsuccessfully to keep the beast society from disintegrating. He finally returns to civilization but is occasionally haunted by his experiences on Moreau's island, to which he was taken after being rescued from a wrecked ship, and by the traces of dumb bestiality he sees in people.

"I would go out into the streets to fight with my delusion," Prendick says, "and prowlng women would mew after me, furtive craving men glance jealously at me, weary pale workers go coughing by me, with tired eyes and eager paces like wounded deer dripping blood, old people, bent and dull, pass murmuring to themselves, and all unheeding a ragged tail of gibbering children. Then I would turn aside into some chapel, and even there, such was my disturbance, it seemed that the preacher gibbered Big Thinks even as the Ape Man had done; or into some library, and there the intent faces over the books seemed but patient creatures waiting for prey. Particularly nauseous were the blank expressionsless faces of people in trains and omnibuses; they seemed no more my fellow-creatures than dead bodies would be...."

Two things have recently been discovered experimentally which bring THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU further into the realm of science fact. First, resistance to the grafting of alien tissue is evidently an acquired characteristic of early infancy rather than inherent in the human species, and second, radiation can remove this resistance. About five Czechoslovak radiation victims were recently saved from death by transfusion of bone marrow from donors.

But why should I load your minds with dry facts? The exquisite gruesomeness of this story needs no enhancing!

THE INVISIBLE MAN.

One February day a heavily bandaged stranger appeared at the Coach and Horses Inn at the little English village of Iping and rented a room. His strange habits aroused the curiosity of the villagers, and his secret was finally revealed them when he tore his trousers and an observant soul noticed that the torn trousers were apparently not occupied by legs.

In a fit of rage, the stranger tore off his clothes and showed the villagers that he consisted of nothing but a disembodied voice.

From that point on the story is a wild conflict between the efforts of the Invisible Man, Griffith, to dominate the terrified Englishmen and the efforts of the harassed people to catch the Invisible Man. One cannot help view the Invisible Man with a little compassion despite the fact that he is a power-mad maniac.

Griffith was a brilliant chemistry student at his university, doubly cursed by lack of money and a repulsive appearance, for he is an albino. He financed his research by stealing money from his father, who subsequently committed suicide.

LET THEM KNOW... Sexton... THE INVISIBLE MAN.

The twisted, guilt-ridden man was at last successful in discovering a substance, with the aid of a four-dimensional mathematical equation, which would lower the refractive index of the human body to that of air.

With the aid of Dr. Kemp, whom the Invisible Man uses for a while as a hostage, the terror of the English country-side is finally caught. Now it would seem impossible to catch an invisible man. As it happens, it's merely extremely difficult! For, you see, this invisibility had some disadvantages.... I refuse to spoil Wells' deliciously hair-raising cops-and-robbers sequence by telling any more.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

There have been few alien-invasion stories to equal THE WAR OF THE WORLDS in the power of tying squeamish stomachs in knots and turning knees to the consistency of over-cooked macaroni.

First, the Earth is invaded by Martians. Going one better, the old saw about how some people's faces would stop a clock, the Martians' appearance would stop a maser. Wells describes them in one of the crawlies passages in S.F. literature:-

"A big greyish rounded hulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

"Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, it was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

"Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge-like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the Earth — above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes — were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread."

Leading waste the country with heat rays and clouds of poisonous black gas, the Martians, being vampires, thoughtfully preserve a few hapless Earthlings for nourishment. The hero of WAR OF THE WORLDS, fleeing the invaders, falls in with two memorable Earthlings during his flight. The first, a clergyman, gibbers ineffectually about the mercilessness of God to His creatures.

"God is not an insurance agent," snaps the hero callously, dragging the poor curate off to safety.

In hiding in a half-ruined house overlooking a Martian encampment, the curate turns to stealing rations and castigating himself loudly for upholding the status quo instead of preaching religion. Though he pities the man, the hero is finally forced to kill him to avoid detection by the Martians.

The second, a soldier, lays elaborate plans for surviving the invasion and eventually recapturing the earth, living in the London sewers in the meantime.

"...They haven't any spirit in them -- no proud dreams and no proud lusts; and a man who hasn't one or the other -- Lord! What is he but funk and precautions?... Well, the Martians will just be a godsend to these. Nice rooomy cages, fattening food, careful breeding, no worry.... They'll wonder what people did before there were Martians to take care of them... They'll be any amount of sentiment and religion loose among them.. Now whenever things are so that a lot of people feel they ought to be doing something, the weak, and those who go weak with a lot of complicated thinking, always make for a sort of do-nothing religion, very pious and superior, and submit to persecution and the will of the Lord. Very likely you've seen the same thing. It's energy in a gale of funk, and turned clean inside out....

LET THEM KNOW... Sexton... THE WAR OF THE WORLDS..

"The risk is that we who keep wild will go savage... we form a band.. able-bodied, clean-minded men. We're not going to pick up any rubbish that drifts in. Weaklings go out again...

"But saving the race is nothing in itself... It's saving our knowledge and adding to it is the thing... We must go to the British Museum and pick up all those books though. Especially we must keep up our science, learn more... They (the Martians) won't hunt us down if they have all they want, and think we're just harmless vermin."

But the would-be conqueror forgets his resolutions over cigars and good champagne.

The Earthlings are finally saved from both the Martians and themselves by the humble bacteria, which overcomes the invaders.

This is one of the most remarkable s.f. novel ever written for several reasons.

Most noticeable is the wonderfully vivid word imagery and clarity with which Wells describes everything he invents for his readers. You don't simply read about the invasion; you are there.

Perhaps dearest to the s.f. fan is the careful, painstaking extrapolation with which Wells explains the appearance of the aliens, their machines, their physiology and his speculations about life on the Red Planet, all based on solid facts available in Wells' time.

But the aspect of WAR OF THE WORLDS which should captivate any reader, fannish or mundane, is the acute representation of human behaviour during the invasion: the crowds stampeding in fear, dropping personal trivia in their wake; the animal hysterics of some; the matter-of-fact courage of others---homo sapiens accurately drawn both as individual and as a mass.

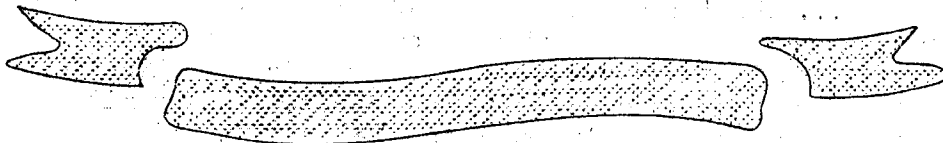
The suspense and realism of WAR OF THE WORLDS are likely to be so unnerving to new fans that, for dessert, I recommend a frizzy dose of Frederic Brown's MARTIANS, GO HOME.

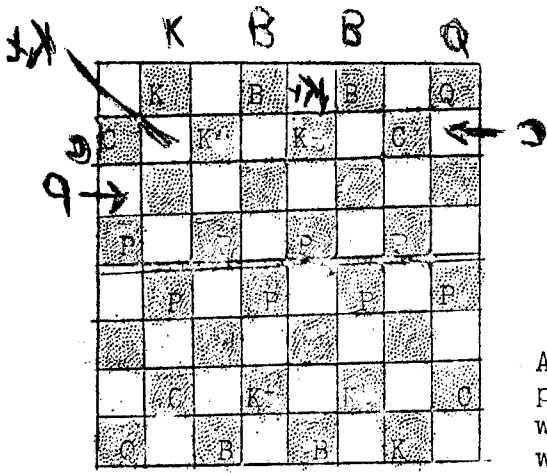
ON THE LEVEL?



It was the year 1975 when my friend Buddy and I went to a Japanese planet called Kim Ma Moco Koo Koo in English. This means Halley's Comet. We landed on this comet looking for a Russian Spy. We saw some strange creatures with big ears, squinted eyes, longpig-tails, yellowish colored faces and big teetch. Their teetch were so big we used them to open beer bottles with, and their ears were so big we used them for fans. These people were very nice; they helped us capture the spy. We gave the reward money to the people of Kim Ma Moco Koo Koo; after that we started home for Pluto. The reason we gave the money to the people of Kim Ma Moco Koo Koo was because government agents can't accept rewards. And so to the next case for the Space Investigators. (boy)

If I were exploring the moon or in outer space and saw some creature from another planet, I would try to talk to him. If he didn't understand English, I would try sign language, taking a few steps at a time. When I was near him, I would talk to him gently till I got to where he was. Then I would take him to my cabin and give him food and try to teach him how we live. I would do this so that we would be friends. Not only him and me, but later he would take me to his people, and then my people and his people would be friends. We would learn about their customs of living." (boy).





CROSS - CHESS

Marc Curilovic.

An Easier, shorter, stranger and different kind of way to play with Chessmen. First, I want to point out that those who play standard chess will understand that this is in no way an improvement on their game.

Secondly, the very simplicity of this variation will appeal to the non-conformists, fans who have no time to study at length, and who have a chess board and chess pieces lying about gathering meteoric dust.

Finally, if for no other reason than the loser's ego, the board is never cleaned off on either side. Here then, is CROSS- CHESS.

- K - King
- B - Bishop
- Q - Queen
- C - Castle
- Kt- Knight
- P - Pawn.

Most points taken wins game. Points are rated as follows:-
 Pawn 1 point Castle..... 2 points
 Knight..... 3 points. Bishop..... 4 points.
 Queen..... 5 points. King..... 10 points.

Note that not all pieces in a chess set are used.

- A. Play is on black squares only.
- B. First two moves MUST be by a Knight or Castle.
- C. A move followed by a jump, or vice-versa not allowed by any chess piece.
- D. King, Queen or Bishop may jump over own (except as stated in rule 8) men, as if these were enemy pieces, according to numbered rules, but these friendly pieces must remain on board.
- E. White starts at all times.

PERMISSABLE MOVES & JUMPS.

1. No chessman may be jumped unless square immediately next to enemy to be jumped is empty, into which jump must end.
2. Double-piece jumps must be made on PAWNS only, and square between must be empty.
3. PAWNS move ONE square at a time only, and only toward enemy board. PAWNS cannot jump any chessman.
4. CASTLES move either one or two squares, any direction.
 CASTLES may jump enemy, taking that enemy in one or two jumps. Only PAWNS may be taken on second jump.
 CASTLES jump forward.... toward enemy lines ONLY.
5. KNIGHTS must move TWO SQUARES EXACTLY... no more, no less, and only pawns may be taken on second jump.
 KNIGHTS jump forward... toward enemy lines... ONLY.
6. BISHOPS must move THREE squares EXACTLY, no more, no less, and may move in any direction.
 BISHOPS jump THREE squares EXACTLY, no more - no less, and only pawns may be taken on second or third jump. BISHOPS may jump forward or backwards, but three squares only and only PAWNS may be taken on second or third jumps. See Rule "D".
7. QUEEN may move an unlimited amount of squares on home board ONLY, provided each successive square is empty. QUEEN may jump only in a straight line, forward or backwards, unlimited jumping of ANY chessman, not obligated to take final piece if so desired. If QUEEN is placed in jeopardy because of unwise move or jump, she is not obligated to jump on next turn. This is the only piece allowed this privilege. See rule "d"

Continued on Page

PHOTOMICROGRAPHY

Marc Curilovic.

The simpler the camera, the better.

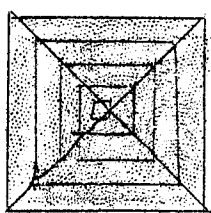
Before putting film into the camera, test for sharp focus of image by first placing the microscope (swung into horizontal position) against the lens, or as close as possible, since contact might scratch the camera lens.

The microscope mirror is then tilted at the necessary angle (about 45 degrees) to catch a bright light coming in from overhead. The test is on a ground glass in place of

film, or at least on onionskin paper cut to fit the back of the opened camera (opened only for the test for focus, of course), and held to the rollers in the camera by folding a bit of the onionskin paper. Since the microscope is in a horizontal position, liquids of any kind cannot be used on the slide unless a sealed cover-slide is used.

The best subject to photograph and determine the value of the entire set-up is a bit of evaporated table salt. Dissolve the small quantity of table salt in a small container, place a drop upon a slide and let it evaporate slowly. Rapid evaporation (as by the use of gas-heat from the kitchen stove) produces crystals that are very small, and quite imperfect. The small amount of salt, and the amount of water is best determined by trial and error system. The salt, when dissolved and then reformed on the glass slide, produces crystals quite unlike the original translucent cubical grains. Most of the crystals have been changed into transparent, amazingly beautiful step pyramids!

(when viewed by the eye) they appear as a series of diminishing squares, with a large "X" intersecting each square. Greatly magnified, the evaporated salt crystal looks about like the diagram to the left.



If the hobbyist would like to leave his microscope in the vertical position, then the light source must come from a low level to strike the mirror which is now close to the table or other surface being used. The camera must now be mounted over the microscope... a rather difficult accomplishment, depending largely on the ingenuity of the experimenter. A box camera, if such is available, is actually the easiest to work with, in regards to photography with an electric light. The light itself should be at least 75 watts.

With condensing lenses, the light should be beamed directly into the mirror, but not everyone wishes to become so involved. A simple diaphragm of blackened cardboard will do the job almost as well. The hole is about 1/4 inch in diameter. This home-made diaphragm is placed between the light source and the mirror, moving it back and forth in line until a strong beam of light is produced.

Finally, the time exposure. Since the light must pass through the heavy microscope lenses, a longer exposure is necessary. If the camera is of the bellows type, and there are varied "f" settings, then it is best to use the largest. Using panchromatic film a 75 watt bulb, f. 3 opening, an exposure of a second ought to be plenty. If the microscope is one which magnifies 150 times, the area (actually about 1/16th of an inch in dia. in the final print (if a contact print) will be about 1- 5/16th" in diameter. This is with a camera having a lens with a focal length of about 3 - 3/4". The sizes given were taken with with a simple box camera having a time exposure lever.

5TH FREEDOM

47

PASSING JUDGMENT.... D. Badger... Subtitled "The Freedom Of The Press". Western Miner & Oil Review, April 1959 issue. The following is a slightly condensed version of this article, pirated from above mentioned prozine.

For some time there has been a good deal of ill-feeling in Vancouver, on the part of newspapers anyhow, about the decision of the city's board of management to keep reporters from attending its discussions and printing accounts (sometimes garbled) of those discussions. The reporters and their employers are naturally wild with anger, and have been talking ever since about the wickedness of "secret" meetings, and about muzzling of the press and so on. Hardly a word on this subject has failed to be predictable, and almost every phrase is a sort of emotional slogan. A good reporter should compel himself to avoid catch words, most of all when discussing a matter which rouses his own emotions. But like most of their readers, the newspapermen have not only been taught to write in catchwords, but to think in them as well. They take some vague and soul-stirring word like "democracy" or "Freedom", a word packed with emotion and today almost drained dry of exact meaning, and they fire it off in any direction at all... who cares about aiming, when it is bound to hit something? Anybody can be a dead shot with a blunderbuss.

The main objection to the press was this: the four commissioners would be sitting in an informal discussion, and they would more or less agree to suggest some plan or other to the city council and see what the council thought of it. Whereupon a reporter would print this suggestion as a definite plan, approved all around and ready for action without delay. The voters would wait a while for action which never came, and would then assume the commissioners were liars or ditherers. This happened many times, and the commission got sick of it. So, it barred the reporters. It is not plain to me why the reporters were ever allowed in to begin with. A man talking discreetly for fear of reporters is not his normal frank efficient self. And it is not just a single fear, but a complex one..... fear of the report being wrong, fear of its being literally correct but still misleading, fear of actions for slander, and so on. Then, too, the very presence of a stranger gives the meeting a different tone. If he has a pencil poised, it is much worse, and if he is looking for a promotion and pay through the various "angles" he can build into a story, then no intelligent speaker is going to speak his whole mind. As for irrational fears, as distinguished from intelligent ones, those would be present too, so that it is beside the point for a reporter to say that nobody need fear little old him. To be conscious of him at all is enough to be a grave drawback. If a newspaper editor does not choose to believe this, let him ask a reporter in to sit in the background during (let us say) the editor's arguments with his wife.

The editor will here object that his private business cannot be compared with the conduct of public affairs. But all I meant was this: the editor would discover himself to be surprisingly conscious of the reporter. (I certainly would not be unkind enough to remind the editor that according to his own words, a reporter should print the most private news no matter who gets hurt.) Well, let us say that a reporter is invited to a high-level conference where his employers decide to shelve still more of their responsibility to the public.....where they decide to print even less news and even more human-interest piffle or where they decide to print practically nothing but advertisements. This IS a matter of public interest. It is vital. But if a reporter was present, would the editor just go ahead and talk freely, forgetting his presence? It seems unlikely.

There is another side to this business of free access to everything by the public press. When certain types of men are faced by a microphone or even by a reporter's notebook, they lose their sincerity. They start for effect, and not the effect on the others in the room whom they may legitimately wish to influence, but the effect on people far away... people who cannot possibly judge the real issues. In recent years we have had

countless examples of this, specially at the United Nations and at Four-Power Talks. We could see it in the recent all-talking visit of Mr. Mikoyan, where he spoke gently in the middle of his visit so that the Americans would think he was lovable old folksy Mikoyan, and spoke roughly at his departure so that his bosses at home could tell he had taken a firm stand. A friend of mine who had many dealings with the Russian tells me they nearly always followed this pattern.

It is necessary to have our courts as public as possible. This applies to Parliament also, even though the price is a stiff one: the price is parliamentary oratory, which at its windiest and most partisan is utterly remote from reality and the final improvement of the voter's lot. It is probably a good thing, on the whole, that reporters attend the meetings of municipal councils. And let me say that such reporters are not having fun... they earn every penny they get, and their pennies are few...they sit week after week in a little hell of boredom and folly. And if their presence makes the aldermen speak even more wildly...well, there's an old Irish saying: "You can't spoil a bad egg". I have known aldermen who must talk ignorant and pompous claptrap in their sleep, with no reporter present.

But there must be a line somewhere, across which reporters cannot be tolerated. I dare say there is a fairly wide no-man's land on either side of this line, wherever it is drawn. Each borderline case depends on its own merits... the nature of the business and even the nature of the reporter and his bosses. There are a few papers with a real tradition of unfairness, and in a town where they exist you must exclude reporters more strenuously and (in theory) more unfairly. Nobody would suggest letting reporters into a cabinet meeting. Nobody would dream of keeping them out of Parliament. But for meetings of a nature which lies somewhere between these two extremes, a decision is not always easy. There is no perfect answer. You can think of all kinds of cases where a "secret" meeting would be bad and a fully reported meeting would also be bad. It is certainly either childish or insincere of a reporter to suggest that every door closed to him is hiding a fascist plot.

What we are discussing here is a great matter of principle, and it might be a pity to confine it to the merits of the one case in Vancouver. But it should perhaps be said that the reporters raised one good point. If the board decides things in private and if its decisions are usually adopted by the council without discussion, then this system has (on its smaller scale) all the grave dangers of government by order-in-council without parliamentary debate. Things do tend to get railroaded through.

Far be it from that uncompromising man Badger to suggest compromise for its own sake. You should know him better than that. But it goes seem that some kind of balance has to be struck between too much idle debate on the one hand and too much railroading on the other....between too much reporting and not enough. And a little more accuracy in reporting would not be amiss either....this is the responsibility of the City Desk. Plenty of individuals and groups have reasons, based on sad experiences, for wishing to bar reporters in future. It has only hardened their mood to be told by the City Desk to stop beefing.

Last year, as perhaps mentioned before, Robert Hutchins (once president of the University of Chicago) gave an interesting interview to Mike Wallace in which he stated some profound truths. One of them was this: in the old days, a government existed to protect you from individuals, but today the individual and the whole public need protection from governments. We are being governed and bullied to death. Anything the press can do to protect us from government is just the kind of thing it could and should do best. Unhappily, the press does not do nearly enough of this most urgent work, though some individual columnists and reporters, at the risk of branding themselves as crackpots and troublemakers, do conduct one-man wars against tyranny. Anytime a reporter raises his voice against tyrannous authority, it would be a poor citizen who would tell him to run away and stop pestering people. But just as there are hundreds of cases daily when we need protection against governments, so are there a few cases daily when we need protection

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS...

against reporters. Usually, these two kinds of cases are far apart, but once in a while there is (or seems to be) a conflict. During such a conflict, a reporter would do us and himself a great service if he would keep his language as moderate and exact as he possibly can, and not go claiming rights and virtues which he does not always possess. And not ignoring the other side of the case. If a man has been badly treated by reporters, or even fancies he has, it does no good to call him undemocratic and furtive and an enemy of the people, and to make him a permanent target for what seems like a personal grudge of vindictive reporters.

A Newspaper is, or should be, a public servant as much as any elected representative ever is. And just as it is a bad thing when a cabinet minister lets personal dislike affect his decisions, so is it a bad thing when a newspaper has (or seems to have) a kind of black list. A man who loses patience with reporters is very apt to go onto such a list. It is almost as if the reporters said, "All right, we'll get you for this." Whenever that happens, or seems to happen, it is a black day for the Press.

.....

CROSS-CHESS... continued from Page

8. KING cannot mover enemy King, cannot take enemy King.

KING can be picked up and placed anywhere an empty square, but ONDY after the QUEEN's first move has been made. As in Rule C, which applies to all pieces, jump cannot follow a move. Jump may be made on next move, of course, following opponent's turn. See rule D.

.....

"Billy just got over acting silly, and now he still has no time for me beca use he's interested in science fiction."



gal braith

FANQUET

...Ann Chamberlain...

Even though the scene to the left probably does not have many points of similarity, still, there's nothing like being direct... so I will give the who, where, when, why why and try to place you as near to the actual scene as possible.

Time was 7.30 p.m. March 18th., 1961. The event was to honor Charles Neutzel who has been a LASFS member for some years and now following his artistic father into the professional field, with the publication of a large number of stories in the general field of men's magazines. This overwhelming success, & the fact that a number of these stories... like "A Very Cultured Taste", in JADE... have had a science-fictionish theme, made him the unanimous choice as a Guest Of Honor. Look for his forthcoming pocket-book "HOT CARGO" under the name of

JOHN DAVIDSON. The foregoing is taken from the printed program... rest assured you're not being misled.

This was the 13th Annual Fanquet. Thirty-three guests, including Guest Speaker Fritz Leiber. Amongst those present were Ron Elik, Stan Woolston, Bruce Henstell, Forest J. Ackerman (Editor and publisher of Famous Monsters Of Filmland) who took the floor as given him by John Trimble thusly, "We are ready to start so be quiet please. I'm not going to speak, Forry is!" The evening before, Forry had been in New York and had jetted West in time for the Fanquet.

Forry, in concluding, presented the Guest Speaker, Fritz Leiber. Mr. Leiber was concerned with some misplaced fun-poking at the wrong subject at the wrong time, and especially where Fantasy fiction is the subject. He told us something of the attitudes of editors, and pointers that writers could appreciate. A tape recording of this speech was made and probably will be played back at some future LASFS meetings.

Mr. Neutzel, abandoning his prepared speech, gave an impromptu, off-the-cuff speech, parts dealing with the suppression of certain type of material from the newstands since he believed that such inroads on freedom will eventually lead to suppression of Free Speech.

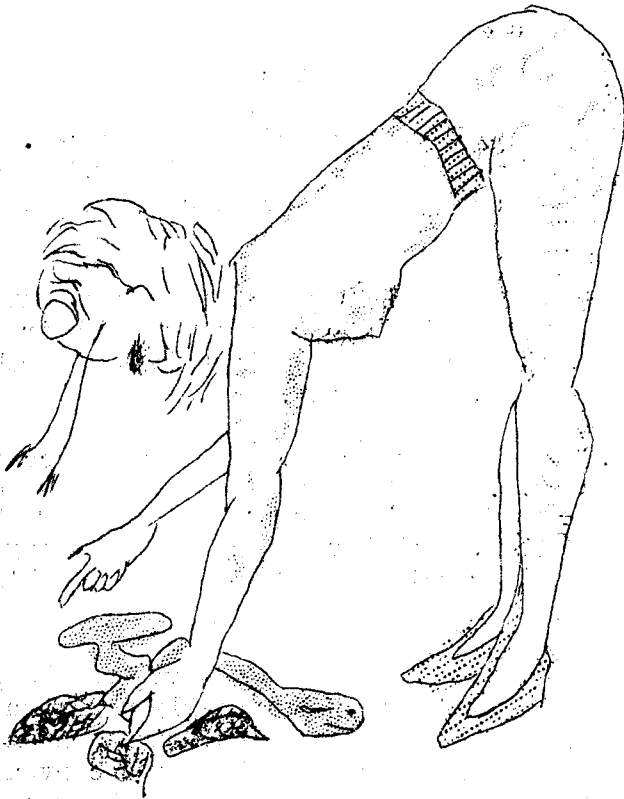
I didn't mention the "where" because LASFS, as everybody should know, stands for Los Angeles Science Fiction Society - IN Los Angeles, where else? Nowhere else, as yet, are Annual Fanquets held... at least, none I'm aware of.

There was some evidence of Forry's new zine, SPACEMEN (of Filmland). Why don't you ask him about it?



ODD-BALLS

I HAVE MET IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM....
Robert Farnham.



When I entered Fandom, a few years ago, it was a world of Wonder to me. The illustrated covers, the inside illos, the letters-to-the-editor-from-the-readers column, were always the first things perused.

Letters in Vol. #1, Issue #1 of AMAZING, lit the first fires of Fandom that had been sleeping in me, despite extreme adversity, a close shave with death in illness, a job that kept me completely fatigued almost constantly for ten years, were not enough to keep me down and I organized a Fan Club, before having been in Fandom long enough to get my feet wet. By the time the water had reached my chin, I'd learned better....

I began meeting odd balls before I had been a Fan five months, and it was the first ODD BALL who induced me to enter Fandom (Note Capital "F"), something for which I have ever

been grateful to him for. Later, I turned to him for advice on the procedure of organizing a Fan Club, and was met with a blunt insulting, sarcastic refusal to be of any assistance whatever. He regarded my query as an insult, yet, at the end of his letter, hoped we would continue being friends. We did.

Getting advice from another source, I organized my first club, and the President, another Odd Ball, suggested the name of a then controversial Author whose stories in a well-known magazine were the immediate and direct cause of between-club feuds, internecine feuds and feuds and controversies in the letter columns between fans and editors... for several months, this activity went on.

Finally, a feud started in my own club between me and the President when he wrote that it was good that I'd gotten that writer into the club, and then proceeded to send letters to the club members putting all the blame on me, and exposing a pseudonym I had been using in a feud with a west coast fan. At that time, I was in possession of a signed letter from the President of my club giving an excellent, clear, rundown on home conditions in the home of the Odd Ball who had induced me to join Fandom. Had I done as I first intended, sent this letter to the 1st Odd Ball, ye President would have received a thorough beating, unless he was able to get out of the country first. However, said letter was finally burned up in a trash fire in my alley.

I turned to my Hæctograph and retaliated with letters of my own after resigning from office. By the time I finished sending out this barrage of letters, the President had been forced to resign to save face, and the club began to break up.

Things ran along rather quietly for a few years and then I got the writing bug and made my first sale to a prozine advertizing department with a humorous tale about a bottle of aspirin and a bottle of Sal Hepatica... the sale payment consisting of an \$8.50 box of the company's product, plus a \$10. check, so I didn't do too bad for my first sale. It was not, however, until 12 years later that I sold twice to another prozine, and another five years after that, to IF magazine.

ODDBALS.

Shortly after the Chicon II, I ran into more Odd Balls. These contacts again came about dueto feuds. One was another feud in which I, as were three others, became the goat when the party we were defending resigned from office and left us holding empty sacks. I would comment further on this same Odd Ball, but why kick a sleeping dog? This feud woke me up to what an Odd Ball I was myself, and thereafter shied from all contact with any shade of feud.

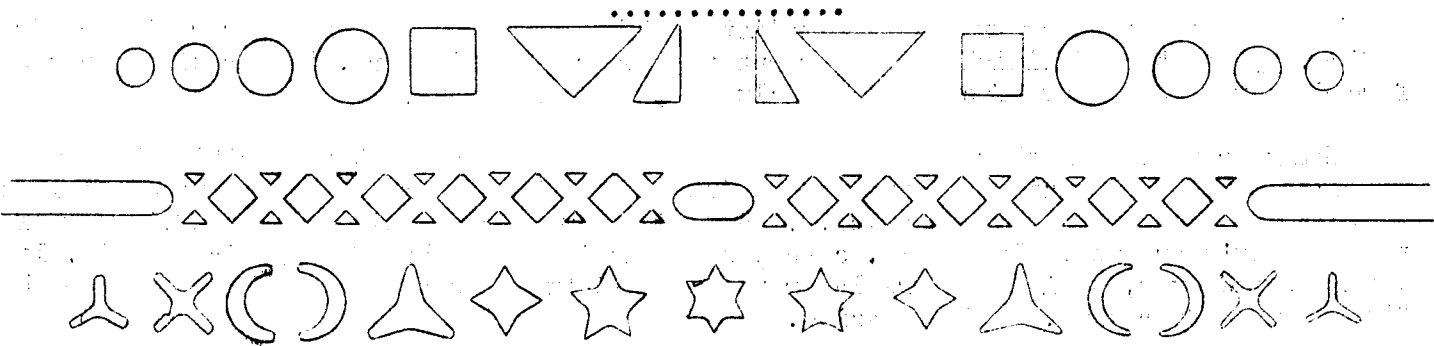
A year after this one ended, A Texan fan started a miniature war with the President of the big club I belonged to and both did their best to enlist my typewriter to their side. I listened to what they had to say about each other and then flatly told them both "goombye" and wouldhave nothing to do with either of them, thereafter.

This feud carried over into Philcon II, which, as a fan gathering, was a huge success but, as a convention was the sorriest mess I ever saw... the feudists succeeded only in stirring up a lot of unrest in the club, causing a lot of ill-feeling, getting nowhere & making very well known and remembered asses of themselves. Both have since dropped away from Fandom. There was included in this feud, a mix-up regarding the funds of the club's treasury but I never obtained a clear account of this.

But, to me, the worse type of Odd Ball that can be found in Fandom or anywhere else, is the type that goes to a convention purely for the sake of getting sousingly drunk on liquor somebody else pays for. These leeches only make themselves disliked, give Fandom a dirty name and cause ill-feeling on the part of the hotel management where the convention is held. They seem to get an unholy joy out of the acts of throwing empty bheer cans and bags of water from hotel windows. One young punk 12-year old, drunk as he could be, was taken inhand by police and sobered up, then sent home on a bus (or train). His stunts were discussed for months afterwards, and some of the letters I got on the matter were certainly not flattering to this youngster. I'm glad to see, however, from con reports of later conventions, that the disgrace of alcohol is gradually being done away with. Fandom is a realm that can hold much sense of Wonder for the neofan but if he gets the wrong slant of it from the actions of such type of "fan"(???), it's spoiled for him and he won't sta-y in it for long.

Jokes, tricks, inane stunts abound, but I have never found anyone that was or were, in any way, inherently vicious. I have found friends, a great number of them, which I have to this day.... despite the fact that my nickname is "STINKY".

I don't know.... I may write an article intended to guide and help the neo comer to Fandom. There's a lot dependent on whether I do or not. The only 'horrible experience' I had, was trying to put out my own fanzine. Having no equipment of my own, I asked another fan to do it for me. He used a Hectograph, and not being used to the eccentricities of this type of monster, the first issue was, as one fan described it, "A Horrible Mess...." The fan who had put out the zine quit Fandom there and then. I have been inFandom for over fifteen yyears, without stop, but that zine will never be forgotten by me.



FANED PARADE

53

Or Do To Others what they do to you.

Because of the long list of zines received, Fanzine Reviews will not remain a part of ROVER. This list, however, as amended by time and circumstances, will form a part of this zine. The few comments I have had in regards to this method, has been generally favourable, but most requested some indication as to what they can expect should they send for the zine mentioned. This brings us back to the review basis, something I wish to avoid. I will relent slightly by adding to the information a code. Code will go as follows:- "A" to "E" will be the categories, from Excellent to bad. First letter in letter-group will deal with duplication. Second letter will indicate average size. ("A" means monster in size - over 50 pages. "B" 35 to 50 pages. "C" 20 to 35 pages. "D" 10 to 20 pages and "E" under 10 pages.) Most zines in this list are genzines, though a few are club-zines. This fact will be indicated in the general information as in the past. The 3rd letter in the letter-group will indicate HOW I LIKED THE ZINE, again on an "A" to "E" basis. My like might be based on the over-all zine, it might be based on ONE article or ONE piece of art, since sometimes, ONE such can create a balance in favour or against a zine, depending on the impact of that one piece of art or article or story. Whether this system will be of use to you or not, will depend on how well you are able to compare my likes and dislikes with your own and make the proper evaluation.

- BANE Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd. Springfield, Ill.
15¢ ea. 4/50¢. In England. 1/ ea. 4/ 3/6. BCB
- BULLZINE Art Hayes, R. R. #3, Bancroft, Ont. Canada. Welcommitteezine. To get, one must be member of N3F, and in Welcommittee. Intended as monthly, but irregular. Mimeographed. CE?
- BUNYIP John M. Baxter. 29 Gordon Rd. Bowral, New South Wales, Australia. Formerly known as QUANTUM. 15¢ ea. for USA. DCC
- BUG EYE Helmut Klemm, Ufort Eick, (22a) Mrs. Moers. Umlandstrasse 16. Germany. German and English. Trade, comment or review. CCD
- CONVENTION ANNUAL #1. Frank R. Prieto, Jr. R. D. #1, Box 255, Warners, New York. 20 pages of Con photos and 30 pages of information. ABA \$1.50
- DYNATRON Roy Tacket, Route #2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Trade, a GOOD letter of comment, or 15¢ Each. ACC
- EXPLORER Clarton Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave. Bangor, Maine. OO of the ISFCC. Changing Editors and Publisher at present time, so send to Hamlin, club Prexy. To get, join ISFCC, \$1.00. CDA
- EPISTLES & EGOBOO. G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave. Seattle 7, Wash. FAPA zine but is sent to some outside, for GOOD interesting letters. CBB
- ESPRIT D. Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St. Kircudbright, Scotland. 1/6 or 20¢, of contribution, including published letters of comments. CBC
- FANAC Terry & Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St. Berkeley 9, Cal. 5/50¢ - 12/\$1. England:- Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd. N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England. 6 for 4/ or 18 for 10/.
- GAUL Lyn Hardy, Larry McCombs or Steve Tolliver.. Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena Cal. Obtainable on request for Trade, Letters of Comment or money, though I can't find price. BDC

Faned Parade:-

- FLUSH Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd. Longmeadow 6, Mass. Bi-monthly. 25¢ each, \$1.50 per year (six issues). Free to contributors. Ditto. CCC
- HABAKKUK Wm. L. Donaho, 1441 8th St. Berkeley 10, Cal. 50¢. Available for some LOCs & sometimes for trades. AAB
- HOCUS Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave. Millburn, N.J. 5¢ ea. LOCS, Contributions and Trades. CEC
- INSURRECTION. Bob Lambeck, Building E, Rm 215, New Freshman Dorm. Burdett Ave. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Troy, N.Y. (Home - 868, Helston Rd. Birmingham, Mich.). 10¢ Ea. 10/\$1. Contributions and Trades also. CDD
- JOURNAL of the I.E.S. 37 Wall St. New York 5, N.Y. Editorial Offices, Hans Santesson, 489 5th Ave. N.Y. 17. \$5. for four issues, which includes membership in I.E.S. Prozone. Sub also includes LOGIC AT WORK, mimeo'd zine. LAW - CED.
- CILN Ed Gorman, 242 10th St. N. W. - Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 20¢ ea. 6/\$1. Every 5 weeks ACA
- CINDER Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd. Longmeadow 6, Mass. 15¢ each. Irregular. 7/\$1.00 Ditto'd. BDB
- MIRAGE Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights, Baltimore 7, Md. 20¢ or 6/\$1.00. England: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts, 1/6 ea. 6 for 6// Formerly KALEIDOSCOPE. Can be traded. CCC
- LES SPINGE Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd. Stroubridge, Worc. England. Trade, LOCs or contributions. 15¢ ea. to Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave. Los Angeles, Cal. or 1/ to editor. CCC
- MAELSTROM Billy J. Plott, Box 654, Opelika, Ala. 15¢ ea. trade, etc. CCB
- SATHANAS Richard P. Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. 25¢ ea. 2/45¢. Quarterly. CCC
- SCRIBBLE Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, Eng. Printed by Ron Bennett. 6d in U.K. 10¢ for USA. CDD
- SEACON Sept. 2-3-4. Send \$2. to :- Wally Weber or Seattle S. F. Club, P. O. Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash. Registration, on attendance will be \$1.00. DO IT NOW. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
- SPACE CAGE Lee Ann Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove, Dr. Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind. Monthly, 10¢ ea. 75¢/year. no recent issue on hand.
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- ROVER Art Hayes, R.R. #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada. Trade, contributions, LOCS. Quarterly. CC?
- SATELLITE Clayton Hamlin, 28 Earle St. Bangor, Maine, Send \$1.00 for membership to the ISFCC and get this letterzine as well as the OO EXPLORER. BEA.
- SIRIUS Editor: Erwin Scudla, Rotzergasse 30/1, Vienna XVII/107, Austria.
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- S.F. TIMES Inc. P. O. Box 115, Solway Branch, Syracuse, 9, N.Y. Twice monthly. USA & Canada, 10¢ - \$2.40 per year. England:- H.M. JOHNSON, 16 Rockville Rd. Broad Green, Liverpool 14, 9d ea. 7/6 for 10, 20 for 15/.
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- TWILIGHT ZINE.. John Ravin, Box 4134, 420 Memorial Dr. Cambridge, 39, Mass. NOT FOR SALE. This is the OO or Journal of the MITSFS but seems to be available for contributions, Trade or good LOCs. BCC
- TWIG, Jr. Formerly PILLIKIA. Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr. Boise, Idaho. Contributions, Trade or 30 S & H green stamps. CDC
- YANDRO Robert Coulson, R.R.#3, Wabash, Idaho. Monthly. 20¢ ea. 12/\$2.00.
Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts, England. 15¢ ea. 12 for 12/ ACA
- ZYMURGY Richard Koogle, 5916 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas. LOCs or trade, or contributions. CCA
- SOLAR Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave. Norfolk 9, Va. LOCs preferred. DDB
- NEW FRONTIER.. Norm Metcalf, P. O. Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Fla. Published by Terra House P. O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, Cal. 30¢ ea. 4/\$1.00
England: James Grove, 29 Lathom Rd. E. Ham. London E 6, 2/ ea. 4 for 7/ Photo-offset. AAA

VIEWS + NEWS

PEGGY SEXTON. Box 866, Hebronville,
Texas.

I had the opportunity to sample some Canadian beer at the house of a fellow countryman of yours now living in Texas. It was a delightful experience, and it made me wonder whether frequent libations of this beverage were in part responsible for your whimsical fanciful flights of fancy.

We have, lately, acquired a young yellow Tom cat who usually acts as if he were possessed by a demon. Is it possible that we are playing host to Clay Hamlin in feline form?

I enjoyed the Dickey Article in Mem 14, but I would like to voice this warning about his placing the responsibility for the defence mess solely on the decision makers.


A democracy is a form of government in which political power resides ultimately in the hands of the electorate. Republicanism (not the party) is a form of democracy in which the people are governed by their elected representatives. Ergo, Mr. Dickey, at least half the blame for bungling by the decision makers must rest on those members of the electorate who are either lazy, ill-informed or apathetic towards the political situation.

Nope, I have no relatives in the Pentagon. My argument rests on the vast political ignorance with which I have come in contact. The

Pacificists who object to the missile bases, on the other hand, may be ignoring realpolitik and being idealistic and all that, but I regard distaste for the idea of being blown to bits in a thermonuclear spat between two other powers as a natural thing. If such occurs, few will survive, especially among those who started it in the first place, but I fear that I am either (1) cowardly, or (2) fond of living, civilization, etc., (Pick the word that suits your semantic frame of reference) enough to want to go of natural causes after a long, busy life.

.....

I like that comment by Deckinger.... How could anyone not want him to continue? Even if they didn't like the story. To go through life without knowing just WHAT was in that durned bag. Horror!



Derek Nelson,
18 Granard Blvd.
Toronto, Ont. Canada.

Now, on to Paper PLANE. Three long and loud cheers for Wayne Dickey. Now, I know I'm not alone in thinking the Canadian Government defence policy (if it has one) is the most

ridiculous and potentially dangerous thing our country has ever had. Not only that, the RCAF is the only force in the North that can meet Soviet bombers there and hit them before they release Air To Surface Missiles that can destroy the U.S. without moving south of the 49th parallel itself. (Or perhaps, "could" is a better verb because it certainly can't now with the obsolete CF100.

But, I would like to quibble with a few points Mr. Dickey brought up. First of all, Dickey keeps saying that 3,000 SAC bombers, tankers, etc. on 100 bases or so are the defence of the West. The major defence, possibly so, but not necessarily so. Of the 3,000 aircrafts, 1700 are adjudged bombers, and hence the backbone of the SAC. But outside of the U.S. there are SAC bases around the world. More important, there are bombers and missile bases of other countries friendly to the U.S. The RAF has 600 front line long-range Medium Bombers in the V series and there is nothing to indicate they are not nuclear armed. Granted they are concentrate in the U.K. but there are bases in Germany, Cyprus, Africa and elsewhere. There's a powerful force right there. Then there are THOR IRBM's in England, Jupiter's in Turkey and Italy, and other's in Germany. In the next couple of years the French Air Force will become a nuclear power and using Super-Mystere B2's and SO Vautour's will add weight to Western Offensive policy. To add to the striking power SAC is now being dispersed on civilian airfields as well as military. One more thing, he says that 'four U.S. Weeklies' are upgrading US strength in comparison to Russian Missile strength, I have to disagree. LIFE, has shown U.S. numbers at three Atlas in Soft bases. There's a picture of them along with it so I can't see how that is upgrading any figures.

This may sound like I'm bitching off because I think our defenses are adequate, I don't I think they are reasonable in some ways, but in others are inadequate. Like Wayne, I have not been distinguishing between Canada and the U.S. too closely. The US may be lagging, but obviously right now the Reds can't be all that much stronger or the mushrooms would be blossoming in North America and Western Europe.

Dickey may have a dislike for missiles but Minuteman and Nike-Zeus are different by far from Nike-Hercules, Atlas and the Blundering Bomarc. The former are solid-fueled, easy to handle and cheaper than the latter liquid fueled missiles. JFK has promised 300 Minutemen by '64, of which 150 will be on movable railroad cars, the rest in hardened sights. Most important of all, the damn thing worked on the first test, somewhat miraculous when it comes to Yank Missiles.

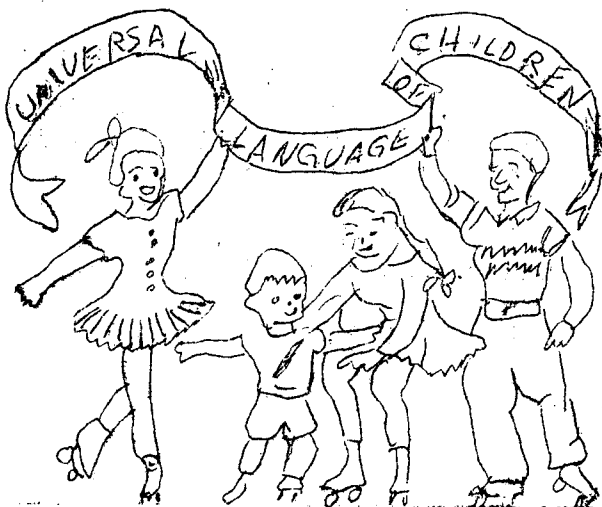
Therefore in three years the missile gap can be forgotten about and Dickey himself says, "Nikita hasn't yet but in two years he will." Two years ... and in three we will have 600 Minutemen....howmany in two?

The Warning Gap. I'm all for Dickey there. We haven't got the hope of a snow-ball in Hell at present of seeing Russian Missiles, never mind stopping them.

Both the B-58 and the B-70 may be marvellous aircrafts but the cost counts more than Dickey thinks, the US only has so much money. This is even more true with the NS-110A.

On to other things.... You know, I didn't believe the reports that you answer letters just fast enough to catch people between entering and leaving Fandom, now I'm not so sure.

This is an after-thought. You mention Dickey seems to be writing from a Yankee point of view as though it were transferred straight from them to him. However, tho' this may be so, I know in my own case when I write anti-neutralist and military related speeches or essays at School, the U.N. Club (where they don't like my 'warmongering ideas'), History Club, etc., I always seem to speak from an American slant because it may be that life or death for the West lies in Yank hands, no-one else's.



Miles MacAlpin, 7540 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. W. 51st.
Portland, Ore. USA.

Most Esteemed Canada Dry:

For how many people did your print that tedious nine pages from the world's top-flight ink-spitter Dickey? And so help me, it is headed "Part II". For good old MEMORITOR, let us say, "Requiescat in Pace". And Its Equally enjoyable "Bullzine" too. They were human, Almost.

And then the real producer of ROVER proceeds to use up another nine pages or so exhuming the dead body of that ancient event, the PITTCON!!! Dickey does over half of your zine.

Is he one of your stooges or are you one of his, I wonder? If I were Gawd I would endow Dickey with a celestial typer with endless ribbon and endless paper and a stool on cloud nine and he could sit and spit ink for all eternity.... just so I would be over on Mercury where we don't read English.

With Judicious and meticulous and otherwise careful and cautious use of magnifying glass, my Sherlock Holmes eagerness did discover an interesting little article... the one on Laos. Concisely written, the thing obviously does not come from a Neffer's mind.. or does it???? Maybe the climate in La-os will do things even for Neffers.

Really, dear old chappie, I see no atmosphere... should say I sense no atmosphere in current ROVER that would make a landing field for philosophic or metaphysical... or even Fantastic writings. I am about to embrace the sorrowful fact that I am not the stuff that fans are made of. That is the only answer I can feel at present.

How many of the 200 Neffers will wade through that other tiresome mess of ink-spit by my advrsary Clay Hamlin? On photography. Are there not dozens, maybe hundreds of authentic books on photo techniques in our public libraries? I guess I just do not know what a Fantasy fanzine is supposed to be. I wallow and cuddle in my black slimy nescience...my own little Egyptian fog. Do you not hope that some incarnation I will split my cocoon and become a well-informed fantasy fan?

How those bits of biography under title "From Prodom", or something like that...it would be nice to know the authors.... if they are not ashamed of being seen in a fanzine. But there again, any amateur writer who takes the Writers' Digest or other such mag, has read articles on writing since Hector was a Mercurian pup. Just what made these biographical sketches of interest?

Is it possible I have misunderstood the term "fan". A fan is not necessarily one who knows anything about his idol; he merely worships those who profess to know something about it. Now one prime function of any kind of fan is to make wind... to "shoot the breeze", as Y'might say. That is why the little moron bought an air-gun... a neighbour asked him to come over and shoot the breeze a while. There are, as I can now make out, three orifices in man's body through which breeze may be shot; mouth, nose, and rectum. Are all contributions to fanzines careful which of these self-contained fans is blowing as they write? As for my dense nature can perceive, the mouth is the only one of these orifices through which mind may shape the breeze into intelligent communication. Writing would seem to be picturized speech. So, it is quite possible that the more tedious and "non-sequitor" articles in fanzines come from the windy motion of mental fans as they grope around in the Milky way with hopes of someday molding their bobwebs into something recognizable and fantasy-stirring.

Gee whiz, wot a long paragraph that was! Almost fit for a fanzine but still only half long enough. If fanzine pubbers are too stingy to double-space between paragraphs, they should cut their stuff more earnestly.

Cover Picture. Damn it, I cannot tell whether the second nude in the mist is a man or a woman. The upper half is missing. The shining sun between the legs, with white rays going straight..... would indicate that these two ROVERS have arrove at a happy mutual agreement concerning inner and outer space. May their progeny rove the skyways and multiply. Our dear Joni has done a really nice job, however. A vast improvement over the mill-run zine cover. If the printer..... but there, have I not griped enough?

You will get two letters at once, I think, from this worm. The other one is out in my car, sealed and stamped, and I am too overcome with Dickey-ink to swim out in this rain and get it. I would have to extend an arm to reach the mucilage bottle to re-seal it, and I feel quite comfy as I am.

Some of your contributors.... but there! I am sure I have griped enough. Was going to make some comments about a more aphoristic style of writing.... but now I KNOW I have griped enough.

ZEVERNEVER THE OLD GRIPE.

Miles.



Views & News:-

THE INK--SPITTER, HISSELF.
MR. PAPER PLANE.
THE HIDDEN ROVER EDITOR.
THE \$%_&@t?

Wayne Dickey, 1144 Vimy, North Bay, Ont.
Canada.

Bewares the Ides of March!
Ya bugger.....

I mean after that little bit of egoboo and fiery oratory sandwiched in the middle I don't want to seem ungrateful or unappreciative like... but you loused it up again, ya clot.

Of course, we all goof off a little, now and then.

BUT DOES IT ALWAYS HAVE TO BE YOU? Nah.... I'm just gassing till I think of something intelligent to say (which may take a while) and I'm really not contented unless I'm chewing somebody off..... but Art, I do have one honest criticism, quite seriously, and I feel it quite strongly. I don't actually give a good ghod dhamn about the squawks I intend to file subsequently, but you should NOT have published the last four lines of the first paragraph, and even worse the rest of the long paragraph after Al Lastovica tucking Jan in for the night, and the paragraph following. Deleting those would have lost you nothing except sarcastic comments; including them... gained you nothing but bad taste and my wrath. Without intending any lasting offense *I think you know me better than that - I thought it pathetically poor judgement. Aside from prompting the fannish indignation I expect on both our necks and the ass it made me look like, how the hell am I supposed to show this to any of my FRIENDS? Dung on you.

There. One of us feels much better. You asked for that one, and if there's one thing I'm quicker to do than praise, it's condemn. And YOU sir, have been condemned.. Grr..... I dare you to print that.

Elsewise and Elsewhere:-

(1) Leaving that H'ro Jim looked pretty rediculous to me... unless maybe you were planning ahead and were all set to wiggle your way out of the above schmozzle by saying you left it in the form of a personal letter, eh wot?

(2) Editing on the whole was fair to middling. From what I recall of what I wrote, the odd place was a definite improvement, others at least saved space, and a couple you loused up pretty badly, like the last paragraph about standard time where you hacked completely any connection with the overweight flight-baggage which was the only reason I put it in in the first place.

3. Your added comments a definite asset.

4. Pardon my ignorance, but I am somewhat at a loss to determine what you DID censor. I can't recollect a thing.

5. HOWEVER!!!! I distinctly remember requesting you to hold off until you fished in that extra page with you and me and Buenos Aires in Cleveland from Racy Higgs. Maybe you have it already. I dunno. But it was the best part of the whole report and the funniest thing I ever wrote., Ya hick. Dammit to hell anyhow. Maybe we could still use it to start a "You Went to Buenos Aires" - "I went to Kiev" sort of thing. I'm willing, if you are.

6. What happend to the sheet of corrections I suhk two hours on, for Paper IP'ane.

7. I realize you saved a little spade by doubling and tripling up on paragraphs and scrubbing out all those cute l'il diamond sort of things, but you also obliterated any semblance of unity and coherence it ever had for which I'll get called out.

8. Your intentions are appreciated, but please read over your note on the "basic tenets" First, in the future. On reading it over, a couple of dozen spots leaped out where you tried to be helpful and substituted might for sight and such things.

News & Views, Dickey in an Ink Plane...

9. You also loused it up quite commendably, and unfortunately, a little more obviously in other places where you attempted, I trust with good intentions, a rewrite. For instance I can assure you that on Page 7, Paragraph 3, it was NOT Gen. Schriver who called Sputnik a Basketball!

10. But I thought I told you to entirely capitalize that last section except for the last sentence! Surely it doesn't take that much more ink, and it sure lost an awful lot of effect. Don't you Editors(?) and publishers EVER read the suggestions of your writers?

11. And hoot mon, I'm muchly gratified to know like me and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to your review you're ruddy we'll landing at the wrong airport. I mean it's all very impressive and appreciated, but it's also pretty imaginative. A representation of American military men as dictated to me. Chee... Of a sudden I feel rather humble. What in hell do you think I do? Tool out to the flight line and interview the crew of every Yankee clipper that drops in? Why couldn't you check with me first, dammit? More fun this way, huh? But to clear the record for your satisfaction (never mind anybody else) the only connection with the military I have in this joint is an intimate acquaintanceship with the RCAF Recruiting Bureau and a few rather embarrassing hide&seek with the Air Police on the wrong side of the fence a few years back in my younger and more foolish days. I was much closer to the wind-force back in St. Hubert actually, where I was the unofficial station mascot for my Arrow lobbying. For instance, you have no doubt heard that Unc is disbanding 433 Sqdn operating out of here August 1. The chief controller, the operations officer, and the Station CO learned it via the same teletype that fed it to your newspaper!

Secondly, I've never even seen a SAC crew up close, never mind interview one. Certainly I've seen many inside their aircraft five miles up, and listened to a few on the tower radio, but that hardly qualifies. And the only times I've been really near the ships themselves, once through the back door (and over a couple of fences) at Kinross AFB, Mich., there was thankfully NObody around), and twice through the front door at Plattsburgh AFB, N.Y. at Air shows when there was only a whole mess of guards.

12. Thirdly, how in hell would you EXPECT me to write it. Frankly, I haven't the foggiest idea how a young Canadian would go about writing it. I wrote it as a personal, non-identity, shifting nationality as the situation warranted it, while generally employing expressions such as the "Administration" rather than "the U.S. Government" as you seemed to have expected because 90% of the material covered WAS American and I attempted to produce a "homier" atmosphere for the 95% of your readers I figured would be American.

Next time, look into these things first, huh.

Otherwise you didn't do a bad job... and thanks for backing me up in your review. I appreciate it. Maybe you can figure some way to squelch any squawks with the two additional pages you should have on hand, and if not, just let me know and I'll bop 'em one over the lid myself, personal like.

.....

You fiend:-

But did you have to do what you did to Wayne Dickey's "Paper Plane" serial? I'm not talking about the uncorrected spelling, the typos, the unreadable spots, nor even where you mentioned his possibly having talked with SAC crews (though as he said in a recent letter, he's never been within hailing distance of our SAC jet men.) What I do mean is the certain - ah - ruggedness, paragraphs in the middle that belonged a page earlier, those occasional sentences which added nothing and

Jan Brodsky
"POOR HAYES!"
Fermi

Jan Brodsky,
 1814 N. Evanston,
 Tulsa 10, Okla. USA.

News & Views: Hayes still getting hell.
and the other various minor blunders.

But: - No matter how you read it, or what ignorance of the statistics and facts, you can't help realizing that he has really presented that blunt truth without excusing our faults or minimizing the danger. Witness the most recent cutback in the B-70 contract for example.

On the other hand, THERE WAS THE CON REPORT, in which I was more personally involved. Mr. Hayes, you cad, Sir; you SAID you censored it, but..... where? Now before anyone feels like sending Mr. Dickey nasty comments about imagined "slurs on my character", let's make it clear that such gestures are unnecessary. I had a chance to read it long before the zine went to press, and the only thing I'm objecting to won't be what these critics think.... see, you might not guess from the article, but actually I'm 17, more stubborn than Space Lane Brain has discovered yet, and have decided my own bed time for some years. Also, he's 17, not 45... anyhow Art, who else would have possibly have put that sign on your door? Lastovica hadn't gotten up there yet.

Lastovica can defend himself as to that other crack if he really feels like dignifying it with a reply, but I'm not going to bother. ((Hey, Art, If you print this letter - and I'm double - no, triple - DARING you to, PLEASE leave that line in. Just thinking what yells it would be to have us two burning each other on this report and simultaneously exchanging the letters we do)).

Specially like Art Wilson's insight into Laos, though if I hadn't been determined any way, his lead would have scared me past and into Caesar.

As to Wayne, Wonder whether he's sure I wasn't.....

.....

THE HYDROGEN WAR.

Charles Waugh.

Most Men were killed by the Bomb's first blast.
Were they the lucky ones?
I am the last alive that saw that day,
And I have lived too long.
For now I sit and wait by the fire for death --
A crippled, unwanted freak.
Even my grandchildren flee from me at sight,
On all three of their sturdy legs.



The perfectionists who figured I had skipped page "44" are right, I had skipped it, by error, but not altogether. Here it is.

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Art. Hayes,
R. R. # 3,
Bancroft, Ont.



To:-

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Brooklyn 20, N.Y. USA.