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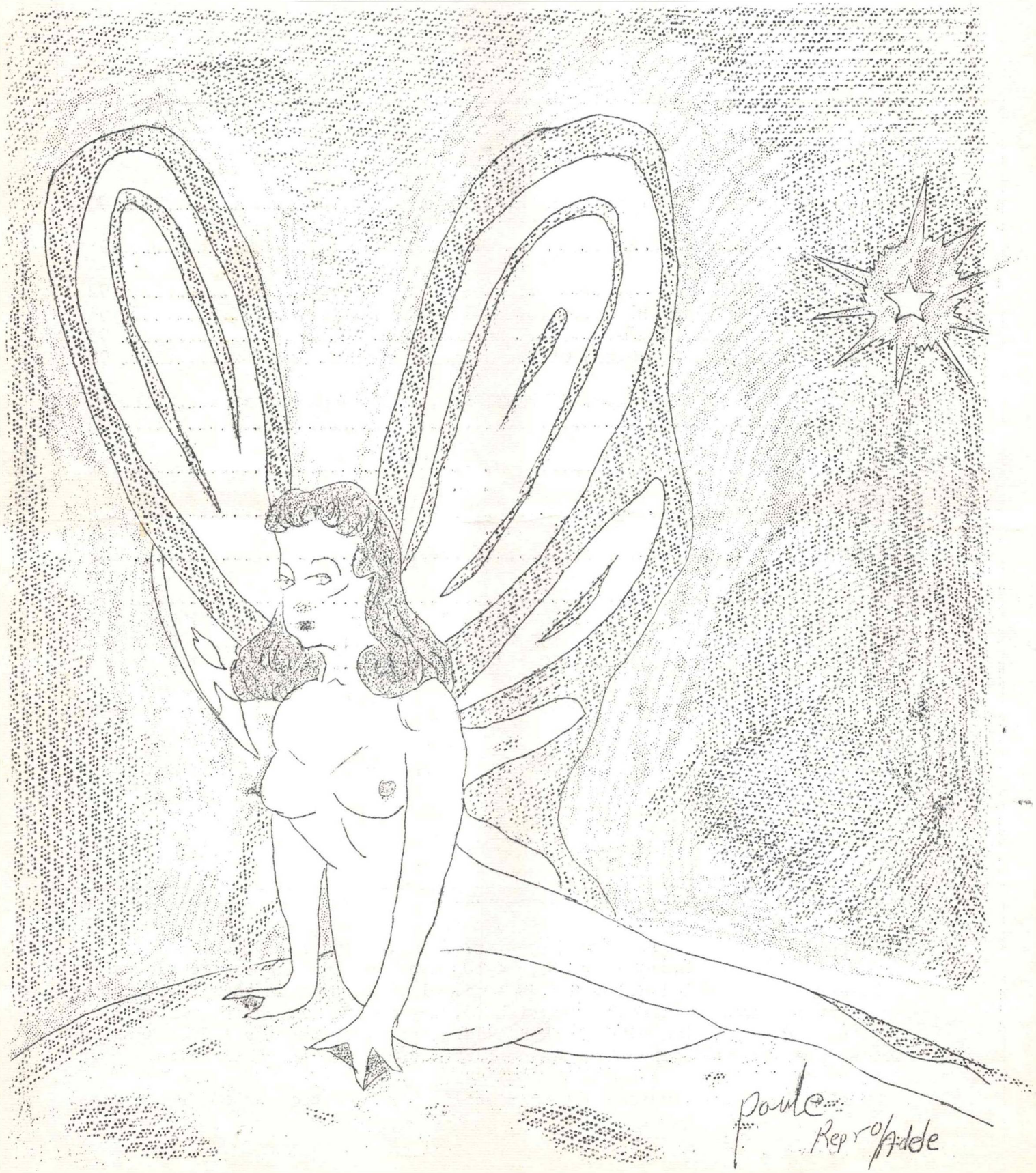
ROVER

ROVER13 THE FINAL ISSUE.

Jahzine 162 November 30 1961.

Arthur Hayes RR3 Bancroft Ont Canada



DECEMBER
1961

ROVER 13

LAST
ISSUE.

INDEX

Editor & Publisher..... Art Hayes, R. R. #3, Bancroft, Ont. Canada....

Printed in Canada, using Gestetner Duplicator and some Gestetner supplies.

THE ADVERTISING TREND

This advertising business seems to have got the world by the tail, and is swinging it around at an accelerating speed which has become almost terrifying. Where it will end I don't know, but I do know that if the tail ever breaks, our old world will go into a second orbit, around what or where your guess is as good as mine.

Our cities have been transformed to Neon forest; our highways to panaromas of driving signs and billboards; our radio programs to an endless tireade on pills and plasters, loans and easy payments, Christmas sales, fire sales, birthday sales, clearance sales, (the mystery is: when do many of the stores get time to sell their goods at normal prices) with fillers-in of cacophonous junk and snippets of news, sports and the weather; and our TV programs to a few scraps of alleged entertainment to pad the interstices between the kaleidoscope of new cars, red meat for poodles and Persian kittens, razor blades so sharp they will cut your shaving costs in three at one slash, friges at forzen prices, Sinful perfume, sunkist oranges and seamless stockings. Yes, someone once said that good advertising makes you think you've longed all your life for something you never even heard of before. And I can believe him. I heard of an oldpatriach who was interviewed on his 100th birthday and asked to what he attributed his longevity. He replied: "Well son, I hain't quite made up my mind yet. Y'see I'm still dickerin' wi' a firm o' whisky distillers, a veetamin pill manufacturer and a tempirance league... Tell me, son, what in tarnation is them veetamins.... I never heerd o' t hem till this guy makes me a fair offer, but not quite as good as the distillers. The tempirance league is runnin' third at the moment." And I heard of another case where a canny Scots doctor wasinveigled into joining a certain golf club on the suggestion that membership might improve his medicalpractice. At the offset the greenkeeper advised the doctor that for a modest fee he could have his name stamped on each of his golf balls, and that any lost balls would probably be returned. The medico accepted the offer and, after a lot of arguing on the plea of having a short name, succeeded in getting the greenkeeper to add M.D. at no additional cost.But he added insultto injury when he pointed out the 'idle' space still left on each ball, & suggested that 'maybe ye could squeeze in CONSULTING HOURS - 10 A.M. TILL 3 P.M.'

Advertising makes a nervous wreck of me when I am driving. Every time I stop for gas the lure of the encircling adverts start to work.For Safe and Carefree Driving Repack Front Wheels NOW. I'venever had mine repacked, and I'm on my way to an important appointment. O migawd! Will they hold t 'l I get there? MOTORIST! Get all the power you paid for by using BRADAWL.So that's been my trouble. No pep. And that mechanic told me I needed a valve grind and a tune-up, and charged me $2.75 for telling me. How much BRADAWL would $2.75 [illegible]? When I'm still swatting mosquitoes, and when the last rose of summer is not even a bud, the first of the anti-freeze notices confronts me: Don't let that early frost nip YOU inthe pocket book, nor your car in the radiator. Change to FROST FIGHT anti-freeze today.And ere the first fresh crocuses push their golden heads through the last reluctant snowpatches I read this: Rust can crust and bust your radiator. Don't be hoodwinked. Let us drain your old anti-freeze and give your rad an internal bath. Or this: Your engine is craving a good spring cleaning. Give it a treat with SMOOTHALL engine conditioning oil. Treat it right and it will treat you right.

Yes, I'm afriad I have poster panic. Lately I decided to look neither to rightnor left, and now it would seem that all the auto adverts have been changed to the curves. Within a mile on a tortuous highway about a week ago I was cautioned thus: What's the matter? Valve-lift clatter. Your valves are just shrieking for the filmyprotection of VALSKID. More GO in the SNOW with TRU-TREAD snow tires. Slugg ish or superperformance.. which? LISRONE keeps the motor at tune-up pitch.Unbalanced wheels can cause disaster. Brake before you are broken, but have your brakes checked and relined NOW. By this time I was a nervous wreck. I was sure my headlights had conjunctivitis, my springs arthritis, and my rear end diarrhoea. I was about to abandon the car and rent a bicycle when I reached my destination.

And you are not even safe in the foam-rubber comfort of a chesterfield within your own home, for the moment you try to relax the TV ads get working on you. If you are depressed and feeling plain blue you can be cured in a jiffy, if the right commercial comes along. Soon you will be convincedthat you are colour blind, that your diagnosis was wrong, thatinstead of feeling blue you have actually got the grey sickness. If your gall bladder goes in a huff, fear not, for the sponsors who are offering the pill that contains an inner pill plus a secret ingredient had the very same trouble; and now they

have an abundance of gall, and no bladder trouble to boot. Are you irregular? Of course you are.Well, don't be duped like a friend of mine was. He lived in a boarding house and he was irregular as the post-poll promises of a puffed-up politician till he swallowed theTV line, and then the Tick-Tock Three-in-one pill itpushed. And then he became a regular nuissance,particular to the waiting boarders whom he beat to the punch -or thepinch- each morning about 7.45.Have you pimples? If you are so afflicted you can become a Cornish miner or take the TV cure. So make yourchoice. If your wife has to keep nagging before you mow the lawn, you now have a legitimate excuse. Tired blood. That has been the trouble, and you thought it was golfitis. Another friend of mine is practically in a state of suspended animation at the moment. He took advertised tranquil[illegible] pills to make him sleep. They worked so well that he had to take another advertised pill to keep him awake. In the last six months he has been oscillating back and forth like the pendulum of Grand father's clock, and taking dizzy spells,which can only be cured by taking U2-PP pills, containing not one, but three secret ingredients, fourtimes a day and five times on Sun days. He has taken the pills for only three weeks, and now advises me he is going steady. And furthermore: he is sofull of secret ingredients that he is contemplating joining the Secret service.

W. P. Paton

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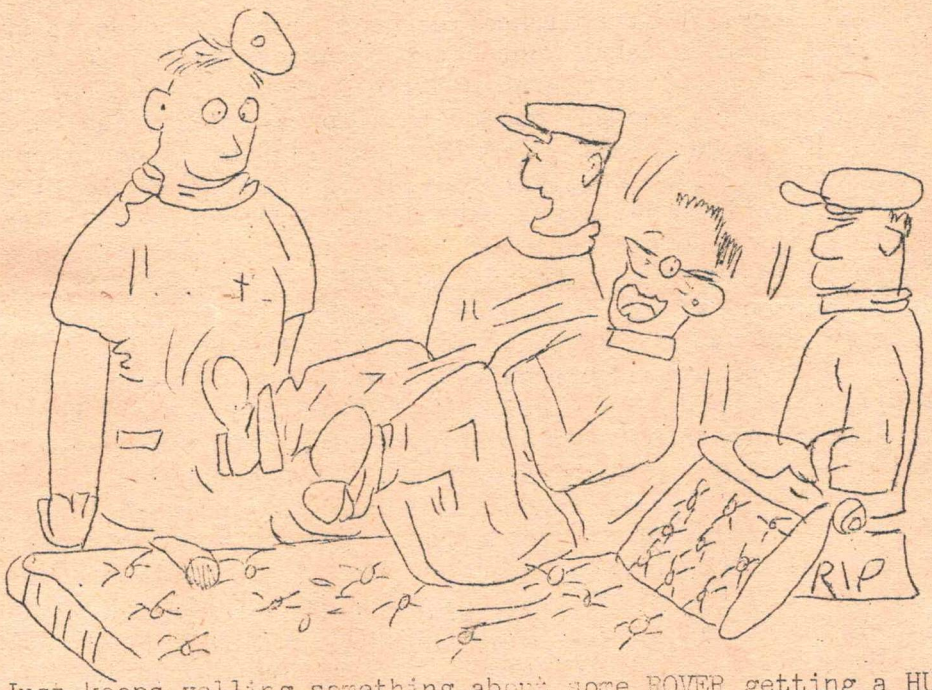

"Just keeps yelling something about some ROVER getting a HUGO!"

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TEMPER CONTROL IN ANIMALS

Animal psychologists are studying hostility among birds, mammals, firsh, and other creatures for clues to aggression by human beings. The scientists report that fights break out among lobsters, crabs, and crayfish during the breeding season. Birds ruthless ly attack other birds entering their domains. Wild sheep and goats engage in deadly duels. Ants make war, the National Geographic Society says. The dove - an emblem of peace,will mercilessly peck an opponent to deth. The gentle roe deer is a wanton slayer. Yet the Wolf - a symbol of bloodthirsty rapine - may chivalrously spare an opponent's life.

Dr. Konrad Lorenz, Austrian naturalist has reported that certain fish called cichlids seem to have a compulsion to attack during the breeding season. If no rival male is present, it will attack its own mate. Fish observed in acquariums satisfy their hatred harmlessly, however, by making a few motions at a rival seen through the glass.

Though it raises a problem in social relations, hostility serves a useful purpose in nature, Dr. Martin Moynihan, director of theSmithsonian Institution's wildlife reserve

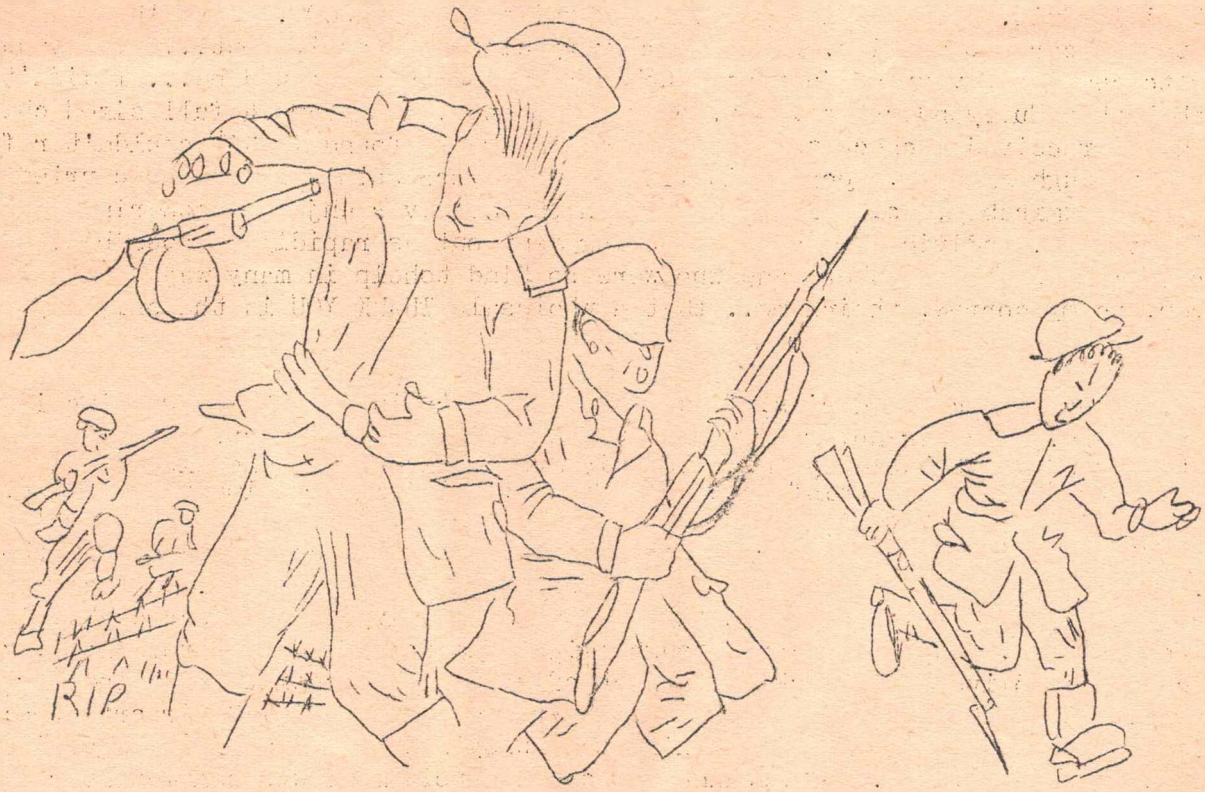
in the Canal Zone, says. Because birds stake out territories and defend them, a species spreads out over a wide range and each individual has a reasonable chance for adequate food. Otherwise, too many birds would crowd into favoredplaces, and starvation would result.

Mutual hostility can cause birds to fear each other more than natural predators.One bird watcher observed the strange behaviour of a male cardinal after bulldozers had removed the trees in which it sheltered. The stranded bird flew in one direction after another, each time it was stopped by an invisible barrier - the song of another cardinal defedding its domain. Surrounded by its hostile fellows cardinal soon fell fictim to an owl.

In a wolf fight, a defeated animal voluntarily offers the bend of its neck, the most vulnerable part of its whole body. A single bite into the jugular bein would kill the loser, but the victor stops. Controlled by an instinct as powerful as that of the cardinal defending its territory, the wolf cannot dispatch an opponent making the gesture of submission. Eventually the victor moves away and the loser escapes. Like wolves, dogs will spare the life of opponents making the gesture of humility. Many birds also will respect an opponent's appeal for mercy. A supplicant jackdaw bows its head.A sea-gull offers the top of its head.

William A.Dilger, Cornell University ornithologist, points out that wolves, lions, and tigers seldom fight strenuously among themselves, because their injuries would be severe. But many meeker animals, like rabbits,have not learned the technique of ritualistic aggression. They fight to the death.

Curiously,only two kinds of animals engage in organized physical conflict between groups of the same species, according to Julian Huxley.The two animals are men and ants. Battling ant armies spring wildly at each other, spraying poison, thrusting with their stingers, and trying to bite off each other's heads. A war may last weeks, and skirmishes occur constantly on the borders of the colonies. In an societies, females do the fighting while the weaker males wait on the side lines.



FOR THE GREATER GLORY
OF THE STATE.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MY FIRST S.F. CONVENTION
or Three days In A Service Elevator

Marijane Johnson.

That should get this off to a confusing start, butI figure this is going to be like no other con-report that any con attendee ever con-reported. My fan activities, impressions of fans & what goes on in Fandom, & just everything about this wonderful wacky fannish world are far different from those of the all-around average Fans. The events of Fandom and conventions that "send" others are not the same for me, so a great deal of patience and fortitude will no doubt be the order of the day when it comes to reading this report of mine. I can very truthfully say that my attending SEACON was the most thrilling experience of my somewhat unfannish, it seems to me, fan life, and, if any of you are allergic to the ravings of a very excited redhead, this is not for you. If not, carry on, for this is how it all happened.

I expect a lot of you knew a lot more about all that was going on in my behalf than I ever did and I'm still in a complete state of shock over the whole project. It has been a marvel to me, since the day it was practically decided for me, that such a thing was even possible. It does seem ironic that Art Hayes who was one of the first to talk about it, after attending the previous six world conventions, had to miss this one. It took a lot of 'arm-twisting' on his part to ever agree that 'maybe' I could even plan on such a venture and I'll always be more grateful than I can ever say for all whose persistence wore me down. So, those who were amongst the instigators of the plan who could not be in attendance at my 'court' were often thought of as the following experiences took place.

I will admit, before going on to the details of theSEACON, that there were more times than I care to mention, when I came very close to backing out... even though I was trying to convince everyone just how much care and bother I would be... I didn't really feel that they fullyunderstood. But, over the months, it became a full sized challenge and when I received a check to help defray expenses I found I just couldn't refuse to carry on through with it. People did find out how much bother I was and carried through their parts admirably, so, all I can say is that I never enjoyed bothering people so much in my life! Individual thanks are being sent out as rapidly as possible, but they number so many that were there and who were so kind tohelp in many ways, some I can't remember, to my sorrow, theirname.. that a wholesale THANK YOU is the only way to cover them.

So, after the preliminaries, I suppose that beginning at the beginning is the best place to begin. Said beginning getting off to a rather slow start, due to the unfortunate attacks of car trouble by theCalifornia group. Except for the expenses,I don't believe that there were any painful hurts suffered, which was the important thing. When I didn't heard by Friday mealtime as to how I was to travel I called the Busby's and checked, to find out about the car trouble, so I assured them I could get myself there by plane, the pre planned alternative decided upon by all the planners. The same people who have helped me before saw to it that I got to the airport and aboard the five o'clock plane for Seattle.After a somewhat rough flight and fortified by three small, very small sandwiches, two olives, one pickle, a bunch of grapes, a chocolate mint and a glass of champagne, which I hardly needed by then, I arrived at the SEA-TAC airport at 6:10 p.m. only to find that I had goofed in telling the Busby's what I time I would arrive so nobody showed up to meet me. The Spokane Airport had told me I was completely required to have comeone board and debcard me, that they could have nothing todo with it. But, the Seattle Airport Employees hauled me off theplane without a whimper, stashed me in my chair and called the hotel to see if there was someone there who could come after me. It was there that I met my first true-blue and probably more than a little confused, confan,in theperson of Dick Eney. I don't know yet if he volunteered or was drafted, but I'm sure he knew not what he was getting into. However, he was helpfulness personified, with very little of the same from me. While he tore the airport apartlooking for three pieces of luggage, I sat placidly by one of them, in the wheelchair, with the others, both

pieces of Clancy, parked besides me. Dick graciously accepted my apologies and trundled me out to the airport Micro-bus and lifted me in, where I refused to bend in the right places, thus leaving a portion of skin off one foot and thereby picking up my first souvenir in the way of a goodly bruise. But, I shall cherish the bruise till the last vestige fades away and sincerely hope Dick didn't feel bad about it. As I'mnot used to being lifted bodily and as this was to be the order of the day, for the next three days, I did pick up numerous and colorful spots,but every one of them was well worth it. Dick got me registered in and took me to my room, then looked up someone to see if I needed help in any way. [illegible] more than a daze, I couldn't seem to think of anything and they left. The hotel boy left the key, turned on the TV and left. It was then that I realized I had not really made it known that there's very little I can do on my own. So, I was wondering just a bit how I would contact the outside world if nobody showed up in a day or two, but my fears were needless. Of course, when Dick came back and discovered I couldn't get to the key and to the door, as well as the patio doors, all being docked. Jets were swooshing over, which made conversation a bit less than possible, but by thistime Dick must have been on to me and my 'unusual' ability of lousing things up, sohe took off for another key. Thistime he brought back theBusbys, Joni Cornell, Al Lewis and others I'm sure. My daze was deepening by the minute,but Iwas beginning to feel very much surrounded by many very welcome people.Gathering my scattered wits together I called mother in Spokane to report I was there safely and being well taken care of. Of course, she had been chewing her nails off up to the elbows for two hours while I was floundering through my end of it. Then I was taken to the N3F Hospitality room, where I met Doc Smith and compared a few notes on Spokane with him. GEM Carr phied me with cookies and tea, and Bill Mallardi, one of my special recruits to N3F, showed up and greeted me with an adopted brother type kiss. Seems like somewhere along there, someone, oh yes, Al Lewis, very kindly took me back to my room wherel made a couple of phone calls.From there he shoved me down to the Busby's room, where most interesting people were met, includingElla Parker.After visiting for a while, Joni noticed I was getting pretty droopy and she informed me I was going to bed immediately. After a day or two I discovered it was only my lack of health that kept me healthy enough to survive the whole con.Every time I fetl myself getting too tired, someone hauled me off and put me to bed which caused me to miss things I would have liked to have taken in, but which caused me to miss things I would have liked to have taken in, but which [illegible] possible for me to get in what I did.So, off to bed I went that first night, my head still inthe clouds after only a few hours of con happenings, pre-con I should say. And from here on there still won't be a lot of actual con-talk, as my personal impressions are more in the personal line all the way.

-.....-

In fact, now that I look back at the program book I figure I'll be drummed out of the con-report corps for lack of information. I see I missed more than I took in, for various reasons,but it sure was a good con, it says here! Anyhow, the next morning, Joni & Jane Jacobs snatched me out of bed and Phil Freedman, another of Joni's willing slaves and 'wonderful to help me' puters ordered us some breakfast in the room. Here I find a somewhat blank spot, but think I wound up in the N3F room writing postcards for a while and just chatting with people. When I got hungry, Gem Carr took me in tow and we had lunch in the coffee shop, I [illegible] put in a large-sized cheer for that worthy lady as she rescued me several times when there were spots between Joni's activities that rendered it impossible for us to get together. Also, Dora andRalph Holland were available to give me a hand on several occasions and they also deserve a vote of thanks. After the coffee shop lunch,Gem hustled me back down for a rest. It's beginning to sound like all I did was getting bedded down and fished back out again, but, after all, CLANCY had to do <u>something</u> on this trip, and he deserves due credit for functioning as theperfedt gentleman that he is. Also, I knew that the costume ball was coming up and that was one function I very definitely WASN'T aboutto miss ? While I was resting and visiting with Gem, the friends I had called the night before appeared on the scene. They were a girl I had gone to highschool with and her mother, who now live in Bremerton. We had a very lovely visit and then Bill Mallardi showed up to spirit my chair away to be dressed for the ball. Somewhere along there and after the chair came bcack with a coat of foil feathers on its sides Joni uped me again, got me into part of my costume, conjured up one for Gem out of practically nothing, and disappeared to costume several others who were clamoring for her. The Hollands waited with me till time to go up to the ballroom.The glass patio door was

open and one of the non-convention hotel guests keptpassing by. Each time he went past, he looked in at me, resplendant in my long green robe, with silver cat's head on my bosom, crown on my head, shook his head and grinned and said, "I don't believe it!" I was beginning to find it a bit hard to believe myself, but after it seemed that Joni had been delayed elsewhere, and with cat's head unbowed, we started for theSatellite room. Oh yes there was a foil swan's neck and head to be fastened to the chair, but we didn't know how to fasteneit so it got left behind.

This seems like a good place to explain the "service Elevator" title. The Satellite room was on the second floor and the only way to get me and my chair up there was to go through the kitchen and up in the service elevator. As there were several functions in that room I spent a good deal of the time being whisked through the kitchen, back and forth, to and fro, etc. So, the sight of me in full regalia had busboys, waitresses, and others, standing in open mouthed wonderment and grinning. I'm sure my grin matched any present, thus I arrived at the ball, feeling very much like a feline Cinderella. My title was "Queen Of The Cats" and thanks to the ingenuity of Joni, Dave Prosser and goodness knows how many others, I felt every inch just that! And, bless that service elevator for delivering me intact to such a thrilling ball.

Again,I won't even try to describe the costumes, with a "non-swivel" neck like mine, its hard to see everything in the right way and there'll be reports where notes, names, etc, were taken. But, there were weird,wonderful, wacky, beautiful, bizarre, bewildering, horrible, humorous and hectic, and every other kind imaginable as well. Again,Brother Bill Mallardi(theBEM) took me over and gave me the motive power to take me around the prescribed three rounds of the ballroom. I know my pussycat grin matched my get-up completely, as I had been instructed by Joni's Parents, "I was having a ball at the ball!" The prizes were duly awarded, all very much deserved, and many more that were very good too. Needless to say, I was delighted when my little blonde bewitching puss, Joni, copped the prize for THE MOST, which was, to say the LEAST! There were so many good costumes that I'm sure that I'm sure the judges had trouble chosing. I wish Icould have supplied a lot of additional prizes for sheer ingenuity and imagination. Flashy bulbs popped all over the place and I, for one, am most anxious to see pictures of it all.

So, after watching the dancing for a while and acquiring a pair of stiff knee-bones, not from dancing but from holding my feet back as much as possible to avoid being tromped on, I was spirited back down the elevator, through the kitchen and back to my room. The old sack felt mighty good by then. The Hotel baby-sitter "sat" Debbie Cornell AND me while the others took off on some party deals of their own. Which was just fine with me. Idon't know about Debbie,but I drifted off to sleep with the vision of Count Dracula bowing and handing me his card, while monsters and beauteous maidens cavorting around my chair. I may havemissed a lot of later hour goodies, but the ball was a real highlight for me.

The next morning, Joni insisted I hadn't been eating right and should have a nice BIG breakfast, which Phil ordered, but due to some kind of mix-up, didn't arrived till 11.30. But, hungry as I was, pancakes, eggs, juices and teas, all went down the hatch rapidly.Al Lewis gallantly escorted me to the room were the artwork was being matted and hung and saw to it that I saw everything properly. Not being a true art critic, I can't make the proper remarks as to talent and all that goes with it,but I found much that appealed to me personally. Names we all are familiar with inFan Art, marvelous colours, just lots of wonderful work to my untrained eye. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing it all and then just sitting there, watching people mill around. Al saw to it that I got lots of signatures in my program book and Bill and Phil helped me keep occupied too. Al finished up some work he was doing, and locked up the room as the banquet was about to start. I decided that my "late" breakfast had somewhat dulled my appetite so I'd skip the banquet. Al wanted to grab a bite to eat in the coffee shop, so he sashayed me back through the now familiar kitchen/elevator routine, up to the banquet room, & parked me back near the speaker's table where I planned to wait til the banquet was over and then take in the speeches. But, I soon discovered that time was running out on me again, and that it was just going to be too late for me if I hoped to get in some rest and back up again that

evening. As much as I regretted missing Heinlein's speech, as well as that of the others, I just had to stick to a routine of some sort.So,Buz B usby located Gem for me, and bless her heart, she took ove r again. She had been working awfully hard all during the con and was tired too, at least she very kindly made me believe such, so, after she had bedded me down, she flopped on the other bed and we visited and rested. Then after she left, Joni & Phil had dropped in and out, Dora and Ralph stayed with me. Joni again insisted I should order a good supper of some kind and had left some money, so the Hollands "Clancied" me out the bed and I decided to live dangerously in the eating department. With much help in tray holding and other odd little messy gobblings on my part, I devoured a plate of barbecued backribs, baked beans, french fries, and a glass of iced tea. I don't mind admitting I thoroughly enjoyed every bite of it, including the b arbecue sauce on both ears. I guess I'm just a real gone character,but I managed to lick self-consciousness a long time ago and something like that tickles me to pieces. I just hope those who find themselves sharing some of my shenanigans,don't wonder too much. I give a lot of credit for a great deal of understanding, patience, and just plain fortitude to a lot of very marvelous people that made this trip the favulousthing it was for me. I hope my lack of "ladylike" actions weren't too noticeable, but I just seem to have to be myself in a situation and "myself" had "herself" a "Never To Be ForgottenExp rience".So, after mopping up detail was over,Joni and Phil galloped me back up to the Satellite Room where a panel discussion was about to begin. This turned out to be "Editing in theS.F.field today" (See, I did get in something pertaining tothe con) with Frederick Pohl andRobert Mills and Moderated by Algis B udrys. A very interesting discussion too, with some highly significant questions from the audience. I also had a short, but very pleasant chat with Ella Parker before the panel started. Joni & Phil had been looking over the auction material too, but as usual that time snuck up on me again and off we went, down, down, down, through the nether regions to Clancy's waiting arms. Seem to have slightly lost track ofDebbie about here, but think she was with a sitter somewhere. Anyway, Joni plunked me in bed and said she'd look in on me from time to time.A very few minutes later and before Morpheus had quite claimed me, she came d shing in and said she had a visitor for me. Pleasures of all pleasures, it turned out to be Heinlein himself, who had expressed a desire to meet me... WHO.... ME? A most flattering, if puzzling situation, but who was I to argue, so Joni andPhil parked themselves on the floor, Heinlein settling in a big chair and visited! Elinor and Buz Busby wandering in, as did also Karen and Poul Anderson, Sylvia White and others, but by then I was too dazed to notice just who and now I'm too hazy to remember, but it was a fascinating session. Whooodathunkit that this crazy redhead would win up spending nearly three hours in a hotel room listening to Heinlein and other very nice & interesting folks, expounding on varied fascinating subjects, ensconced comfortably in bed yet! About wo o'clock it broke up and I was again more than flattered when he said he felt more'unwound' than he had all day. And, with his "Happy Birthday" wishes floating in my addled brain, and barely hearing Joni collect Debbie from somewhere, pop her into bed and then following, I wafted off to a FantasyDreamland again.

Sometime earlier that evening, my plans to fly home the next day had been made. I had decided that getting myself off and out before the others started their packing and planning would be the wisest move, so I had reservations on the 3:30 p.m. plane. Joni had mentioned plans for a birthday party too.... Bjo seemed to be in the know on thistoo, so my mind was awhirl with thoughts of what would be happending the next day....mmmm.. I mean THAT day as it turned out to be a mighty short "night"!

Joni got up at about 9:30 butinformed me I was to stay down as long as possible as I had a busy day ahead???? She started packing my stuff and ordered me a plate of bacon, toast, plus juice,whichI ate off my chest. Not the handiest position for breakfasting but there again, I'm used to that sort of thing. Then she called on some more assistance, from Jane Jacobs and they plus Clancy, went through the getting me up process again. By the time I was pulledtogether Phil showed up with the punch makings and Bjo materialized with a cake on which candles were placed and lit! I failed to getthem counted, but if they had had the right number, the Hyatt House would have been in danger! Even though I'm normally a prettywindy character, I asked for help in the candle blowing ceremony, then Phil assisted my hot shaking hand in cutting the first piece of cake. By the way, it was a deli

cious cake too and the punch was most tasty. People meandered in and out, ate, drank, and, in general were being merry. Joni, bless her devious little heart, came up with the idea that as all the gals at the con had endeavored to kiss Wally Weber, all the males who at tended my party should do [illegible] for me! So,this old maid type, and let's face it, muchly unkissed, female was well bussed by the boys. All the way from the downy cheeked ones, several beareded, right up to Doc Smith, which I thought was a fitting climax to any birth day.

Don't ask me who all attended that memorable affair, but music was supplied by Sandy Cuttrell & "The Hobbit", my first "fil[illegible]" type singing, by the way. The young Japanese fan was brought in and introduced. I was told that a great event had transpired in that an alcoholic beverage had passed the lips of Forry Ackerman! And, at MY party too.Does that mean that the sense of wonder is back in something or other? As I sa id,I can't begin to say who all was there, but Ihave a flock of signatures to prove it, even if I can't remem ber who was which! But, if a person has to have a birthday beyond, ahem... 21, I can't think of a nicer way to have it.

Figuring that time was scooting along rapidly, as it had been having the habit of doing, Joni and the boys got me the rest of the way packed. Clacny was stripped of his ex tra appendages, which were stashed somewhere, I thought in an extra laundry bag I had brought.Anyway, Joni checked me out and Bill, Phil, Joni,Debbie and I headed for the airport in Bill's car. She got my ticket and luggage taken careof, and B ill got permission to drive out onto the field, where I was loaded from the car onto theplane. After a few more bending in unbendable places, the boys had me in a seat and comfortably settled. Bless their hearts, I know they worried about hurting me and I'll admit it wasn't all too easy on me, but what in life isn't worth some bumps, bruises, and even an abrasion or two, if it's all as wonderful as those three days? There just aren't words to express the things that people did, beyond the call of duty, to make this all possible for me. Dick, Al, Bill, Phil, Ralph and others amongst the men.... Gem, Dora, Joni, Jane, Bjo, Jean and others amongst the gals, all were marvelous, and I just hope they all really know how I feel. As I received goodbye kisses all around and as the plane took off, I felt awfully rich in a lot of ways.

We made a stop at Portland and at 5:40, Spokane rose to meet me, as well as my folks, my good friends from the funeral home with the limousine. I was deboarded and there a slight hitch developed. The bag I thought contained some of Clancy's parts could not be located. I thought that poor old Clancy had come out short on the whole deal.But, with the promise of loc ting the bag, or making it good, Iwas brought back here to the Sanitarium where I've been living, only to discover that all but one of the missing parts had been packed in my suitcase. So Clancy heaved a sigh of relief and heaved me into bed where I collapsed slightly, but not too much to receive dropper-inners that were there to greet me. My folks brought me up some supper as I hadmissed tray-time here and I told them of my fabulous three days between bites and gulps. It was a mighty tired, but even mighty happier and somewhat out-sparkled Janey that konked out that night, but the next day brought all kinds of interested queries as to allthat had transpired and I found myself reliving the whole wonderful time over and over again.

The climax came that night when Joni, Bill, Debbie and three other fans showed up on their way through Spokane, with the missing bag, Clancy was whole again, and my ball costume.So, seeing them again, even so briefly, as it was late, was another shot in the arm so to speak. Then I was off!.... off into the land of wonderment.... that it had all actually happened.

But, it DID happen. I find out as time goes by, just how many were involved. Mysteri ous letters floated backforth , Jan & Kris Brodsky calling me at the Hyatt House as a bir thday gift, etc. Goodness is definitely the keyword in this whole project and that goodness shown by everyone who had a hand in it was the only thing that gave me the courage to carry it through all the way. Another who will never know theunconscious part he played isClayton Hamlin, buthis conscious part,plus that of all the others; made for the most wonderful and heartwarming experience I've ever had. All I can say IS GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

To those who stood bravely waving boodb ye and saying, " See you in Chicago, next year", you might at that. THAT should give you all something to think about!

AFTERMATH.

November 18th., 1961. Marijane Johnson.

But, before I digress too fur into the hinterlands, I still seem to be getting myself "shook" to my very foundation by the goodness and kindess, compassion and numberous other qualities of a lot of very wonderful people. I never had anything hit me quite so hard in my life, tears have been the order of the day several times lately, and I'm not ashamed to say so! When I started to realize that I was really going to go I started to plan on what my expenses would be. I just never even thought about such a thing as a fund, though, true, it was a great help and I appreciate the thoughts behind it more than the money itself. By the way since the whole thing was over and I thought forgotten, I received another check from the sale of a painting,Bjo's I think, at the artshow auction, and, yep, the tear ducts overflowed again. So, I don't believe the whole trip cost me more than $10. which was an awful lot of pleasure for an awful small cost. I was getting awfully embarassed, every time I'd try to pay for a meal, someone would just walk away from me, now just how do you beat that when your charriot isn't jet propelled? So, the whole thing has been almost more than I've been able to cope with in my feelings of complete inadequacy in reciprocating.

Sparklejaney.

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Con**Notes

Exerpts from I presume a Seattle Newspaper, written by DonDuncan.

*** Heinlein is an expert on "psi"-psycho-type stuff that utilizes telepathy and precognition and all sorts of occult devices. He has done some things on "supermen" that makes Nietzche look like a humanitarian. Heinlein was publishing a story on U-235 atomic bombs several months before Hiroshima. It was so accurate that theF.B.I. visited Heinlein.

"It was easy," Heinlein said. "A German refugee kicked out by Hitler, came to this country and talked about U-235.

But even the science-fiction master paid tribute to H.G. Wells, who exploded atomic bombs as early as 1911 and to Jules Verne.

*** Several physicians among delegates included Dr. Alan E. Nourse of North Bend ("I sew them up in the daytime and make them come out the way I want atnight").

*** A Tokyo delegate,Shotaro Onodera, was asked how he got to Seattle. Onadera stuck out his arms and rumbled like an airplane.

"In what?" he was asked.

Onodera - a space mystic to the end - replied with a wink.

****

HASN'T THE DECEMBER ANALOG TAKEN ON A COVER FORMAT THAT REMINDS ONE OF GALAXY?

I would like a 5 x 7 print of Marijane Johnson, preferably BLACK & WHITE, of her in her Convention costume. Said print will be returned shortly after receipt. I wish to get it onto a stencil, by electronic stencilling method, for future use. Can anyone help inthis?

****

IN LIGHTER VEIN

W.P. Paton.

The blizzard which forced us down at Thicket Portage in Northern Manitoba had continued steadily for about two days and I was fed up... four of us in a small frame cabin, alternating our recreation between cribbage and penny ante, and our victuals between moose meat with spuds, and spuds with moose meat. At thefirst sign of a lull, and against the advice of the other three, I battled my way to the Hudson's Bay post about a half mile distant. My entry might well have been that of the Prime Minister or thePresident of the USA for immediately every line of vision was switched till it settled on my face. As the stony stares continued, my position became progressively more embarassing; and soon I was complelled to move quietly to the oppsite side of thestore. It served little purpose for, like mechanical robits, the half dozen Bush-Cree natives slowly pivoted their bodies till again they could draw beads on me with their unblinking eyes. When the embarassement was unbearable, the only white 'customer' -- at least I strongly suspected he might be white if he had a good wash - approached me and in a wheezy voice said, "Howdy, Stranger!' not much excitement Here for a city guy. No siree. C'mon and met some o' the boys down to old Greassy's place."

Old Greasy, as it turned out, was a prospector who didalittle local trapping in winter. His shack, located in a small clearing about 500 yards north of the track, was log, and about 12 x 15. Furniture was conspicuous by its scarcity, for, apart from an old camp cot in one corner, a table fashioned from 7-ply and 2 x 2s, and two ricketty chairs of the same materials, there was practically nothing. The wash-stand combination was a two-foot section of hemlock surmounted by an enamel basin and the bathroom extended for about ten yards around the perimeter of the shack, or further than that if you were particular.... and if the weather permitted. A combination heater-stove dominated the centre of the earth floor, supporting a column of rusted pipes tothe hole in the apex of the cottage roof. The stove was going full blast and, as an additional service, su plied as much light as the smoky oil lamp which hung from a spike in the log wall.

As my eye adjusted themselves to the encircling gloom, Inodded in the general direction of each hazy form as it was introduced to me, and exchanged "Howdys." In addition to Old Greasy, who sat like a king in one of the rickety chairs, there were five others who sat on empty poweder boxes. The only other occupants were 26 live bottles of beer and about 22 dead ones. Apparently our entry had interupted a yarn, for when the introductions were over a fellow, who have given me his 40% Forcite seat and planked himse lf on the cot, said "....Well as I was sayin': this hocus-pocus guy says to Axel, 'Keep your eyes locked with mine; extend your arms before you and place your hands palms downwards upon my shoulders, and think on the girl you have mentioned..... think.... concentrate... concen-trate....' Yeah! big Axel concentrated all right.... to thetune of $15. That's what was in the wallet that the concentration slicker took when Axel's thoughts was chasin' the dame."

"Well sir," chirped up one who had been introduced as 'Fats', "I don't think there's nuthin to this concentration hooey; not after what I seen with my own eyes in Flin Flon just after production started. A few of us was celebratin' St. atrick's Day - only it was night - in No. 2 Bunkhouse. We was all pretty high, and the conversation turned to Hypnotism and will power and stuff like that. My pal, Jake Smith from down around Hudson-Bay Junction, said, "B oys, believe me: Faith can move mountains and concentration and sheer will power can overcome anything, even this so called gavity. Just quit yappin for a few minutes and I'll prove it. Give me perfect silence! Let me concentrate and put my will power to work, and I'll dive through that window- after you open it, of course- fly around the bunkhouse and back in right here in front of your eyes." Well, the window was opened and Smith stood there shiverin' in perfect silence, holding a drinkin one hand and the other over his closed eyes. Suddenly he dropped the glass and took a running dive through the open window to the rocks and the snow and the fifteen below weather outside.

I visited him in the hospital next day. He was cold sober - at least he was sober - and sorer than a professional tight-rope artist with lumbago. He looked up at me and said, "Fats, you're one heluva pal that would let me do a crazy stunt like that." I was still kinda woozy, and I barked back at him, "YOU'RE the heluva pal lettin ME down. I bet my last ten bucks with Freddie Floyd that you could do it."

It was only after the laughter had switched to succession of glub-glub-glubs, as a few more bottles took a pasting, that I became aware of my own danger. After each glubb er had had his glub, smacked his lips and burped loudly,he would let a stream of mixed Copen hagen snoose and beer froth go at the red-hot stove. I thought of our poor boys at Dieppe and the Normandy Beach as the phst .. phst...phst.. bombardment continued, and the uncontrolled trajectories of the frazzled-spit shells, as they bounced from the sizzling stove, turned the interior of the shack to a miniat ure battlefield. Fortunately I was only grazed on the left temple.

"Talkin of bunkhouses," said one whom they refe rred to as Frenchie,"reminds me of the three prospectors who had been out all season around Webber Lake area. Finally they worked north to Gods Lake and over to the Abandoned mine on Elk Island. It stormed one day, and as they sat holed up in one of the old bunkhouses one of them said, "Boys, what would I not give right now for a good poker game." The other two partners agreed, but pointed that they did not have even a greasy deck of cards. Methodically, they searched one abandoned building after another, but with no success. Ultimately, and somewhat disgruntled, they met in the little hospital, but a combined search there proved as fruitless as the other buildings. From a corner containing an old filing cabinet one of the three yelled, "Got it. No regular cards, but here's a file of cards showing the patients' case histories and progress. Why not use these and a little imagination. Better than nothing." The other two agreed. Fifty-two cards werecounted out and the game started.The first one looked at his hand and threw it down in disgust and said, "I'm in... fractured metacarpal-whatever the hell that is - hernia, flu, infected tow and tonsilitis." His partners kept raising till one lost his nerve, and putting in an I.O.U. for three-fifty, said, "See you". Chuckled his partner, turning up his hand: "A tight... three strained backs and a pair of pneumonias." "Well," smirked the first one, gathering up the I.O.U'S and small change and turning up his hand, "I guess the pot's mine.... I've got Diarrhoea."

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Reminds me of a radio program over a Toronto station recently, called "First Nighters and it consisted of a panel which had for its purpose, the discussion of the show, the stage show in the O'Keefe Centre, they had just seen.

Interviewing one of the male characters of the show, the talk veered towards one of the female stars of the show, a heavy bosomed gal. One guy asked, "Are they real?"

The Actor, from the US, started stuttering, and asked, "Are we on the air?" When he was assured that they were, he seemed more amazed than ever, and remarked, "That's enuf to make Jack Parr blush." He continued, "As far as I know, they ARE real."

A youngster of about 12, who was in the cast, pipes up, "They ARE real."

She joined them a little l ter, but this episode was not mentioned when she was there.

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"No, you can't do it!"

"Guard, please escort Dr. Jennings to the door. Three outbursts I cannot overlook."

"Come along, sir. Nothing more you can say will do anything."

The sympathetic guard led Dr. Jennings out of the General Assembly Room of the U.N. The doctor continued to mutter, "Bullheaded politicians! I can't stop them. I only know what will happen!"

"Sir, we are now twelve million miles from Jupiter; that's about a million miles into the orbits of the four outermost planetary moons." Lt. Jack Stevens liked to add bits of information like that to give a clearer idea of their relative position.

"Thanks, Jack. Tell those U.N. Characters to fire their space-to-surface missile. A 250-megaton H-bomb ought to give the Jovians at their H.Q. quite a jolt. God, how I hope that it ends this war!" For three years , ever since the Terrans and Jovians had met, the Jovians had repeatedly attacked Terran ships. Captain Rowe had had his fill of it.

New York (AP) -- "All of you have seen the smaller sun that graces both day and night skies. Some of you may know th t it occupies Jupiter's position. All of you wonder what it is.

Our new sun is -- or was, as you prefer -- Jupiter. It was the home planet of the Jovians who destroyed three Mars expeditions and who have continued to attack our ships.

At a U.N. General Assembly meeting four days ago, the delegates voted almost unanimously to place a 250-megaton hydrogen bomb aboard the 'ARES', the first ship converted to the Horvath Interplanetary Drive, and to send it to launch the Bomb at the Headquarters of the Jovians from a distance of twelve million miles above surface. I said almost unanimously, for I alone, Benjamin Jennings, shouted out against it. I was removed from the Assembly Room by a guard for it.

Jupiter's Atmosphere is mainly hydrogen and helium, just like the sun, in the ratio of three to one.The Bomb, momentarily duplicated conditions at the heart of the sun, beginning the fusion of the hydrogen of Jupiter's atmosphere, thereby creating a second suh.

The added heat from this second sun will raise the temperature here on Earth enough to make the tropics uninhabitable, and to melt the polar ice. Coastal cities, beware! On Mars, the martian vegetation will flourish on a strange new cycle.

But, most important of all, the atmosphere of Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, Jupiter's four largest satellites, will melt, and some of these will be fit for human habitation. Is there a colonist in the house?

And now I must leave you, fellow killers of an entire planet, and its life, fellow creators of a star, and fellow inhabitants of a most unusual binary stellar system."

The foregoing news release is a document found beside the body of Dr. Benjamin Jennings, who had just shot himself.

The late Doctor Jennings was one of our best nuclear physicists. Serviees will be held at Two p.m. thisSunday, at Terrace Lawn Cemetery.

The Editor.

- 30 -

FANZINES ON PARADE

ALBANICO #2 N3F
CDA

Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd. Willage of Norton, Barberton, Ohio. #2 published by yours truly, #3 will be pubbed elsewhere. Bi-monthly. Trades - contributions - LoCs - or 15¢ ea, 8/$1.

AD INFINITUM #2
CEC N3F

Ed Bryant, Rt #2, Wheatland, Wyoming. Irregular. Trade or 4/50¢

ARTEMUS #2
DCB

Wayne Chee k, 4 Hancock, Station #1, Charlottesville, Va. While this is postmarked 1961, on the masthead, it is dated 1960. I hear that another issue isplanned for December. 15¢ ea. contributions - trades or LoCs (with 6¢ in stamps) - Ditto - Irregular.

BANE 4 & 5
ACA

Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd. Springfield, Ill. Quarterly - LoCs - trades - contributions or 15¢ ea; 4/50¢

CINDER #5.
CCD

Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd. Longmeadow 6, Mass. This is the June/61 ish. 15¢ ea. 7/$1. Trades preferred.

COMICOLLECTOR #1
DDE

Jerry G. Bails, 1710 Kenwood Dr. Inkster, Mich. Irregular. Adzine. 30¢ each (Alter-ego, to which Comicollector is a companion). Free with Alter-Ego.

DYNATRON #7. N3F
DDB

L.H. Tackett, USMC H&HS-1 (Comm) MWHG-1, Lst MAW, FMFPac. c/o Fleet PO San Francisco. Subs and trades to:- Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W. - Albuquerge, New Mexicol 15¢ ea or 8/$1. Trade. LoC. bi-monthly.

EEK N3F
CEC

Mike Kurman, 231 S.W. 51st Court, Miami 44, Fla. Quarterly - for the SFG apa, but available to outsiders for 10¢ ea or 12/$1.

ETWAS # 5
BDC

Peggy Rae McKnight, Six Acres, Box 306, Lonsdale, Penna. Presumably trade will get it, butcouldn't find conditions of availability on it.

EXPLORER 12/2
CDB N3F

Clayton Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave. Bangor, Maine. OO for the ISFCC. Irregular. Present editor is Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr. Boise Idaho. Available for membership in ISFCC. Send $1. to Clayton Hamlin. Regularity depends on membership activity.

ESOTERIQUE #5.
CCC N3F

Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Rd. Los Angeles 49, Cal. LoCs - trades

FANAC 78
CEC

Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave. Berkeley 6, Cal. 4/50 or 10/$1.

FANTASMAGORIQUE #3
BCC N3F

Scott Neilsen, 7[illegible] Brookridge Dr. Webster Groves 19, Mo. Trade - contributions or 15¢ ea - 4/50¢. Bi-monthly.

G AUL #4
ABC 1/3 N3F

GAUL, Apt. 405, 605 E. Denny Way, Seattle 22, Wash. (Steve Tolliver). Lyn Hardy and Larry McCombs co-edit. #5, I hear is being run off no w. Trade - LoCs - 15¢ each.

THE GRIDLEY WAVE.
AED

Vernell Coriell, 5505 N. Renwood Ave. Peoria, Ill. A Burrough Bulletin Publication #3. A non-profit amateur fanzine distributed free of charge to fans and collectors of E.R. Burroughs.

HA N3F

Eva Firestone, Box 555, Upton, Wyoming. Might be available for accepted contributions.

HABAKKUK #6.N3F AAA	Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St. Berkeley 10, Cal. Free for accepted LoCs - Sometimes for Trade. 50 ¢ each. Discussionzine.
JA[illegible]'S JOURNAL AAA N 3F	Clayton Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave.Bangor, Maine. or:- Marijane Johnson, N. 5525 Lidgerwood St. Spokane 23, Wash. There might be a few issues left, but don't know if this is so or how they might be had. 280 copies were printed, and presumably all or most distributed.
JETSTREAM CEC	B ob Parkinson, 52 Mead Rd. Cheltenham.Glos. England. 6d. This ish dated for theEaster con, 1961.(Subtitled COSMOS 3)
JD-Argassy 57 A[illegible]A	Lynn A. Hickman, 224 Dement Ave. Dixon, Ill. Frequent but irregular. 25¢ ea. or 12/$2.
KA RMA #2 N3F ACB	Earl Noe, 3304 E. Belknap, Ft. Worth 11, Texas. 15¢ each, trade or used contributions.
LES SPINGE #7 CDD	David J. Hale, 12 Belmont Rd. Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worc. England. Change in Editors, #6 was by Ken Cheslin. LoCs, trade, etc. Subs not particularly wanted,but will be accepted, amount not specified.
MIAFAN #4 N3F AEC	Michael D. Kurman, 231 S.W. 51st Court, Miami 44, Fla. 15¢ ea. 7/$1. Was skipped from previous mailing since it is a small zine, and when folded amongst letters I owe, can be overlooked easily.
MIRAGE #4. N3F ACB	Jack L. Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave. Baltimore 7, Md. 20 ea.6/$1.
MONDAY EVENING GHOST. ACB N 3F	10/$1. or 15 each. Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr. Nashville 11,Tenn. every six weeks.
NATIONAL FANTASY FAN. ADA N3F	Ralph M. Holland, 2520 Fourth St. Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. OO for the N3F. Obtained, along with TIGHTBEAM, as part of membership fee for a year of$1.60.
PARSECTION #9 ADB	G.C. Willick, 856 East St. Madison,Ind. B i-monthly. Genzine, Excellent artowrk(?). 6/$1. 20 each.
PASTELL ADA N 3F	Bjo Trimble, 2282 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Cal. Frequent to Quarterly. OfficialOrgan of Convention Art Show Staff. Available for 4/$1.00. Highly recommended.
PHOENIX #4. CDC N3F	Dave Locke, P. O.Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y. Irregular. 15¢ ea. 4/$1.
PO[illegible] ACA	Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd. Toronto 15, Ont. Canada. Available only to subbers of QUE PASADO. (25¢ ea - 4/75)
PROBE ACA	Wm. E. Neumann, 2537 S. 94thSt. West Allis, 19, Wisconsin. LOCS, and maybe for trade.
SCRIBBLE #6. ADD	Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd. Knaresborough, Yorkshire,England. 10¢ to BobPavalat, 6001, 43rd Ave. Hyattsville, Md.
SI-FAN #4 N 3F BAC	Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, N.E. - Atlanta 7, Ga. Trade - contributions, LoCs, or 20¢ each. Also available for Tapes ofcomments.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW #3/3 ADA N3F — DickEney, 417Ft. Hunt Rd. Alexandria, Va. Trade, LoCs, Contributions or 3/25¢.

SOUTHERN FAN 2/1 DDA N3F — L. D.Broyles,Rt. #6,Box 453P,Waco,Texas. OO of Southern Fandom group. Frequent but still irregular. Ditto'd. Membership of SFG around 40. Activity dependent on membership willingness. Currently holding election. Open to residents of ALABAMA * ARKANSAS * DELAWARE * FLORIDA * GEORGIA * KENTUCKY * LOUISIANA * MARYLAND * MISSISSIPPI * MISSOURI * N. & S. CAROLINA * OKLAHOMA * TENNESSEE * TEXAS * VIRGINIA * WEST VIRGINIA * DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. Annual dues $2. They are forming or have formed, an apa for their members. Up to 20 from areas outside of the abovementioned areas may join, but do not have a vote.

TIGHTBEAM N3F — Next Editor: Albert Lewis, 706 San Lorenzo St.Santa Monica, Cal. I am to blame for #10. Available as part of N3F membership only. $1.60 peryear. bi-monthly, as itNational FantasyFan.

VENTURA #1 N3F BBB — Phil Harrell, 3819 Chambers Dr. Nashville 11,Tenn. (Editor) Published by R. Jenning s.

VIPER #3 N 3F — Bill Donaho, 1441 - 8th St. Berkeley 10, Cal. Published for OMPA,but available to non-Ompans at 25¢ ea - Trades, LoCs.

WHATSIT #1 CDD — Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, St[illegible],Worcs. England. Intro to OMPA. Obviously available for outsiders, since I got it. Trades?

WARHOON #3 ABA — Richard Bergeron, 110BankSt. New York 14, N.Y. Quarterly. Published As a SAPSzine, butavailable, after SAPS deadline, for 20¢ ea. 5/$1. Trade - Contributions orLoCs.

WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM. N3F ABA — L. C.Broyles, Rt #6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas. An Offset Encyclopedia of information on Fans. Not just highly recommended, but is declared a must for everyone who calls himself a fan, not only to get this 1961 edition, but to make sure that his name is in the 1962 edition. 50¢ each, and worth more.

YANDRO #103. ABA — Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt. #3, Wabash, Ind. Monthly. 20¢ ea or 12/$2. Ava ilable sometimes for Trades and for LoCs (sometimes) or for contributions.

CODE

FIRST NUMBER:- A to E. A- [illegible] to E in descending order of excellence.

SECOND NUMBER:- A - Monsterzines of 50 or more pages.
B - 35 to 50 pages C - 20 to 35 pages.
D - 10 to 20pages E - under 10 pages.

THIRD NUMBER:- A to E, in descending order of the impression the zine made on me.

N3F designation merely means that the editor is a member of N3F, not that the N3F claims any actual credit for said publication.

SIRIUS #6i ADB — Erwin E. K. Scudla, Vienna XVII/107,Roetzergasse 30/1.AUSTRIA. 6/$1. This is the first issue in many months. The ISFS OO, will appear at Irregular intervals, due, largely to non-support by fans. I have a bundle of this issue to mail, will do so with this publication, to those who are on its mailing list.

G2 # 6 ADB — Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave. El Sobrante,Cal. 3/25¢ & 6/50¢ - or 12/$1. Monthly. May trade subscriptions.

LETTERS

Lynn A. Hickman,
224 Dement Ave.
Dixon, Illinois.

ROVER 12 is the most interesting zine I've received from you in quite a while, but I can certainly understand why your Art editor wants to remain anonymous. The art, while not especially good, was completely ruined by your stencil cutting. I love decent artwork and it hurts to see ANY drawings treated in such a sloppy manner. In my own zines, I would leave them completely devoid of art work if I wasn't willing to spend the time it takes to decently trace a drawing to master.

The two items that were of most interest to me were "The Development of SF" by Charles Waugh and "Science Fiction Art- A Challenge" by Tim Dumont. While there were mistakes in both articles, (Campbell developing Cummings -- Lord, Bob Davis would churn) They were both well done and quite interesting, even though I'm not in agreement on many points, especially inTim's article.

I hope you continue articles in this theme. But, please, either spend some time on your artwork or drop it altogether. Lynn.

**Lynn has correctly interpreted the reason for the bad artwork in my zines, in part any how.Even if I did take more time to do the stencil cutting, I doubt that there would be a GREAT improvement. I realize that my stencil cutting will keep me from getting more art. As for TimDumont's article, I should have given greater prominence to the statement that it was a reprint from one of my earlier zines, of over a year before. This means that so much time had passed that even Tim had had time to change his mind on some things as he continued working along art lines. Even Tim disagrees, to some extent, with his earlier views.

xxxxxxxxxxxx

Rev. C.M. Moorhead,
Pastor, Evangelical United
Brethren Church,
R.D.#1, Box 87,
Middle Point, Ohio, USA.

RULES for theSaturnalian descent? Let them follow their Natural inclinations and they will get THERE quick enuf!

**This, to me, is the greatest INSULT I've come across in over six years of active fanning. It infers that if we do, as is natural for a human being, that we will end up with the followings of Demonology. In other words, this means that we(The Saturnalians) could, if the Rev. is right, become the same thing as THE ODD ONES. To thihk that our REWARD would be to become ODD ONES, followers of Beezlebub, etc. is to revolting to even consider seriously.

But, with modifications, I'm PERFECTLY willing to accept this dictum from Rev. Moorhead, in that it be applied only to FALLEN-AWAY Saturnalians. This would explain the revolting adherents of THE ODD ONES. This would mean that only the failures(while few in any one decade, over the ages, would still number quite a few) are LOW enough to become ODD ONES. This is more in agreement with what experience has proven about the followers of demonology.

xxxxxxxxxxx

L. H. Tackett, USMC,
H&HS-1, (Comm) MWHG-1,
1st MAW, FmFPac,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Cal.

WITCHCRAFT?: Well, let's see how good my memory is since the reference books aren't here. The only thing I have with me is "A Treasury of Witchcraft" which my ghood wife sent me as a birthday present.

I suspect we differ somewhat in concept on what witchcraft consists. By most authorities it is classified as the practice of magic - the attempt to influence the natural by the supernatural. Magic, in its various forms goes back to the begeinning of recorded history -- and beyond, of course -- and was practiced rather peacefully up until about the 13th Century.

Around that time the Christian Church, having been quite successful in eradicating

most heresies in Europe began to look for something else to be fixed upon to keep the Inquisition in business. Witchcraft was handy and the witches soon found themselves accused of being in league with theDevil.

Ah so. Demonlogy, then, was married to the witches by theChurch. But the witchhunts lasted for around 400 years during which time the witches decided that they might as well be hung for goats as for sheep and so eagerly invited Satan and his cohorts to join the club. Whatever witchcraft may have been prior to the Inquisition's intervention, it was thereafter both in theory and practice identified with demonlogy. So far as Western witchcraft is concerned anyway, and it still is.

Recent studies have indicated that the two were not the same and, presumably,some of those who play at witchcraft at the present time are attempting to revert to the old practices -- white magic. Others still enjoy the kicks that go with demonology and play at practicing it -- black magic.

For my own part I remain highly skeptical ofthe whole thing. The alleged proofs offered by the various so-called adepts are unconvincing. Roy Tackett.

** This summary of Witchcraft is exactly what I've been claiming it to be. I've always
** claimed that Witchcraft originated inthe dark unknown past, of those who found out
** various rules of nature (not supernatural, though seemingly such by the ones who did not know what it was. I've claimed that the Witches were actually theScientists of the distance past.

I'm also pleased, somewhat, to hear that Witchcraft invited the Demonological crews, TO JOIN THEM. The Odd Ones would have us believe that THEY invented Witchcraft, that THEY were the ancestors of Witches, etc. I'm pleased to hear that up to roughly 400 years ago, Witchery was a power in its own right.

****

BUNIA:- Now let's get one thing straight, here & now! I hate feuds of any sort whatsoever, & dislike getting my dander riled. Okay? JAney - Clay, HELP!!! Please set this character straight on a few things if he won't believe me! I'm not accustomed to having my word doubted, and don't know how to handle the situation! We were raised to be honest in word & deed, end have always tried to follow through in suchlike manner. When a MARTIAN WITCH says something is so, it's darn well TRUE!!!! I BLOODY WELL AM A MARTIAN WITCH!! Marcia too, naturally; Paul be ing theSorcerer of the Egg. I'm trying to realize that your (**ART HAYES**) dealings have been with Earthlings and other low types, whose integrity is to be doubted attimes, to say the least. So I'm TRYING to control my temoer over this. We're not having much success in controlling SCHULTZ and the Professor though. They're highly riled over your daring to doubt the word of one of us Martian Witches, and if they get really upset, LOOK OUT! Just ask Clay -- they even tried to turn him into a human with a spell! I've NEVER seen them as angry as that, so you'd best watch your step (There, you see; now I'm lapsing into Martian again).

Realizing your relative ignorance in these matters, due to inexperience, naturally enough, I shall try to be patient. As mentioned before, I believe,there are Martians and there are Martian Witches. Martian witches are EXTREMELY rare, we're probably the only ones with whom you have in contact, so I suppose it's only natural that you should know so little of us, our reproductive processes (quiteunique in the Universe, I assure you), and our general characteristic behaviour. Ishall try to set you straight, point by point, according to the items mentioned in your letter.

First of all, anyone claiming that Martians of ANY type are such that no one need have any fear of them knows nothing whatsoever of Martian Witches, and if they're mentioned us or our species, they're obviously either lying outright or so completely muddled as to be incomprehensible. We Martian Witches are in a completely different class from the (ugh) Terran Variety. We practice a multi-hued magic quite different from any Terran variety, but more closely allied to Terran white magic than Black magic. Our magic is so powerful that we use it seldom, it being very taxing and a terrific drain on the system in certain seasons. Also, we find it more character-buildingto get along without our 3/4 magic whenever possible, and not use it like a crutch.

As for our reproductive processes, our generation was hatched from the Egg, as is every second generation. Our immediate descendents result from planting the seed in our

seedpods; and they, in turn, will lay eggs, like unto which weh ve from come. The reasons for this rather complex process are tied in with extremely ancient Martian history, and with our Magic. More than this I cannot divulge. Except to say that there can be no possible doubt of our origins. As to our being quarried, ourEggs are sometimes preserved in an insulating material for a certain period; which must be chipped off just prior to the Hatching.... Thus we were both Hatched and Quarried.

But enough, if yourdoubts have not been dispelled by this utterly honest explanation or by Janey's, Clay's intervention, I fear for the consequences. I'm trying to reason 3/4 withSchultz and theProfessor, as well as to control 3/4 my own fits of irritation at having my word doubted. This is a most unaccustomed situation, you know.

Here again, I must diagree. A twofold disagreement, as well; you yourself recognized the fact that I was no fan from my multi-colored characteristics. And this business of being considered something whether or not you consider yourself to be such, smacks strongly of the same sort of nonsense as practiced by theCatholic church in claiming that even if you leave the church, you are still a Catholic. B osh and nonsense. A man is born the sex,color, and general physical type that he is. Beyond that, the decisions, ALL of them, as to what he should or not be, are his, andhis alone to make. So long as his decisions harm no one with the possible exceptions of himself, a man has the right to be free to choose for himself. And exercising my natural right of freedome to chose, I choose NOT to be a fan, no matter what anyone says! Period.

One litt -eknown characteristic of a Martian Witch is the fact that we can, and do, often turn into many different shapes. We transform ourselves as the mood strikesus,but only, of course, on home ground and amongst our kind, and NEVER in public, save possibly at a Masquerade Ball. Therefore, don't be surprised at anything of the sort ofscreaming, rolling, rattling, gurgling, or whatever! So,logic or not, you're WRONG!

The Wally Eber episode sounded fantastic! Like wild, man! Are you SURE heisn't just faking it? Sounds like a mighty good way of getting chased by the girls!

I do recall CLAY saying something aboutLunette in a not-too-friendly manner. Who be she? All I know is th the Venusians we've met are definitely not compatible with us, to put it mildly.

** Not wishing to make this issue of ROVER too long, I won't go into the history behind
** this un-lady-like outburst. There are some facets of the discussion(??) that will be
** left to your mind as a mystery, not intending, deliberately wishing to leave you in the dark in some aspects of the matter. But, before leaving the subject lie, I will have to admit that Bunia did some fast thinking to get out of the troubles her first claims got her into. She ain't out by a long shot though.

Maybe our Witchery expert, Roy Tackett can give us a few pointers about this type of Witch? It is obvious that whatever power the Martian Witches ever had (and this is still highly questionable), they've allowed them to atrophy, never having been sure of what they were doing in the first place, they decided that valor was better than a dead hero bit.

Those of you who have wanted to get into this ODD ONE vs SATURNALIA can surely do something about this, and not fear Clayton's Odd Ones. I have Janey's word that she is OUT of this, so there is no need to fear that you will hurt her feelings.

And, I leave it to you, good readers, whether Bunia is a FAN or not.

As for the remarks about Venus, I'll leave this to be handled by our I.F. friend, Phil Harrell, who knew Lunette intimately, and knows Venus. BEM Mallardi was in LOVE with Lunette, and HE also has a good knowledge of Venus. They should, however, remember that I still have their letters written to me, during that episode.

PAUL: TheEmpress of the Universe as you know sleeps in a collosal bed (square mile in Area, to be specific) which is carved out of a single crystal of diamond in a most intricate and beatiiful design by googolplexes of slaves who turn out a new b ed like that each night. On this bed there is of course, a mattres (also a square mile in area) and the mattress is stuffed exclusively with the tips of Gblk hairs. Not justANY Gblk hairs either, but one particular hair, the removal of which causes instant death of the gblk.BBLK, as anyone knows are the rarest creatures in the universe, and it takes thousands of death defying expeditions by gigantic parties of the Empresses subjects into

Neill Desmond Smith, Oct. 27th., 1961.
7 2nd Beach,
Clifton, Cape town, Rec'd Dec. 6th.
Republic of SouthAfrica.

Art:
I received your dissection on racialization over two hours ago and I'm still mad -- I hope I stay that way until I've finished this letter.

Apartheid is wrong, basicly and otherwise, but it istheonly policy that will protect my rights as a South African and protect my interests..

In your letter I can see so easily the voice of the whole world expressing its feelings about Apartheid, but to Hell with you and the whole world.

B ecause thepolicy is wrong, there is no sense in me seeking justification for it; but I just want to tell you how I, as a young South Affican white (Incidentally I probably speak for all white S.A., my own circle think the way I do as well) feel about the Black man. This country is my heritage and I am prepared to sacrifice everything -- absolutely everything to keep it mine. If things reach such a stage that there is war -- let there be war! The Black man is the guest, not the white. They will not have this country as theirs, even if(and this is going to sound dramatic and hackneyed) we all have to die for it. Now that I've told you my immediate feelings, I'll read your letter again.

The Swine (I'm using the harsh wordsI feel) that are'arising around South Africa' in such great numbers must keep their greedy hands away from MY country. They may well try to take it and possibly would succeed. If they democratic USA will have a continent of communist savages to contend with -- the best of luck to them. I can't tell you how strongly I feel, and I doubt you wouldunderstand if I could.

I fear the black man's potential -- that is maybe why I hate him. All boiled down, it would be better if hequit S.A. and left the country in economic ruin. At least then we could start afresh and build up again and show the world that it is out.

But will they? Will they HELL! S.A. is a plum, and they will never leave -- not even to go to the otherindependant African States. The other republics realize the country's worth and would like to have it. And the rest of the world is helping them along.

You are probably now feeling eitherrage or pity -- one or the other -- but I hold nothing against you for your ideas and words. I hate the inbred smugness that speaks them, the sage, tired voice of the U.N. that is behind them; and public feelings of "fathers"(??) and "playing the game" that is also inbred in all westerns. If I write any more I'm going to make myself ill by my ferocity of feeling, so I close.

So Long,
Neill Desmond Smith.

(*) Neill was, until about a year ago, in the Merchant Navy, though originally from South Africa, he was in the British Merchant Navy. He left the M.N. when he was declared medically unfit for further duty (I think it involved eye-trouble, but forget). Just around that time, we got into contact, as a result of his interest in the ISFCC. Shortly after our contact, he retired to Capetown. He is, or was, highly interested in S.F. and is a pretty fair writer too.

A few months ago, he brought up thesubject of Apartheid. I've other contacts in South Africa, and I knew that they took the subject of Apartheid seriously, and that anything I said had to be carefully said. I thought I was careful, but obviously not enough so. His writing, to me, shows something akin to the anger he expresses, and the result is that his writing was more difficult to understand that the easily understood writing his normal writing. I don't think that I've made any errors in reading it, but it does remain a possibility. I'm printing this letter,since at least some of you might find it of interest.

the most remote corners of the Universe to locate even one Gblk. Of course, a new mattress has to be made for the Empress every night, and the used one is disintegrated into sub-neutrinos and cosmic rays. I hope this enlightens you on the nature of Gblk hairs.

** Just quoted the above to give you a slight insight into Martian Characteristics.
** Bunia claims to be the EMPRESS of theUniverse, and PAUL is the EMPEROR of the Uni-
** verse.

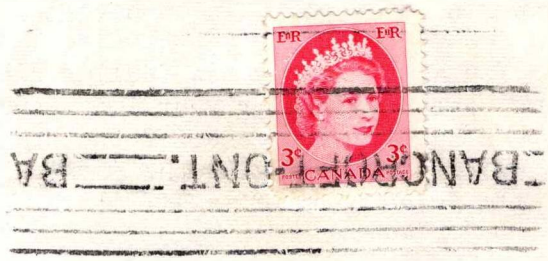
****

Joan Emerson. You are a stinker! I heartily agree. I don't think anything opened my eyes more to the workings of the brain behind the typer keys up there in Bancroft more than these little gems gleaned from letters written to you. You have kept yourself secret from me you know, or didn't you realize that? Those letters proved to me that mundane writing of letters is simply not done in any degree. I'm afraid that in your case I've done no more than that, simply because I hadn't decided on a positive course of reaching you.

First of all, I repeat, you are a stinker.

** This is just another proof that even those who've met me, still don't know me. I met
** Joan at the Detention. It looks as though I've had her puzzled ever since. This is
** naturally in line with the reserved manners of the ethically high-minded Saturnalian of even the lower echelon where I find myself. (Natch, hope that I'm not LOW enough to qualify for the RULES Rev. Moorhead drew up for Saturnalians.

I mentioned, in the brief commentaries about Paul and Bunia, that those who wish to offer their views in this matter of Martian Witchery, etc. should do so. Even though this issue of ROVER is intended as its last, I believe that your views can be brought to the attention of Interested Fans, even without ROVER.



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