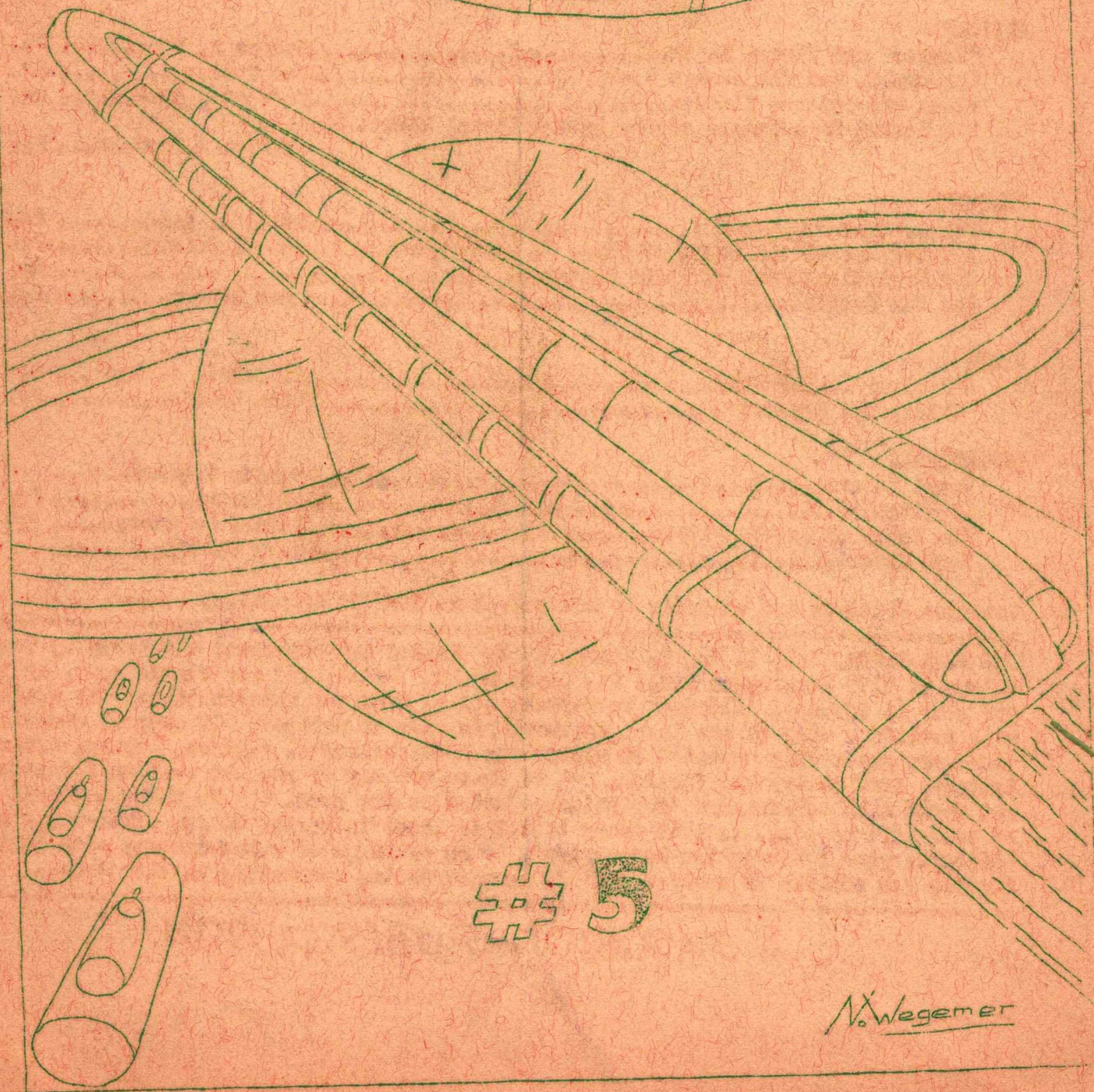
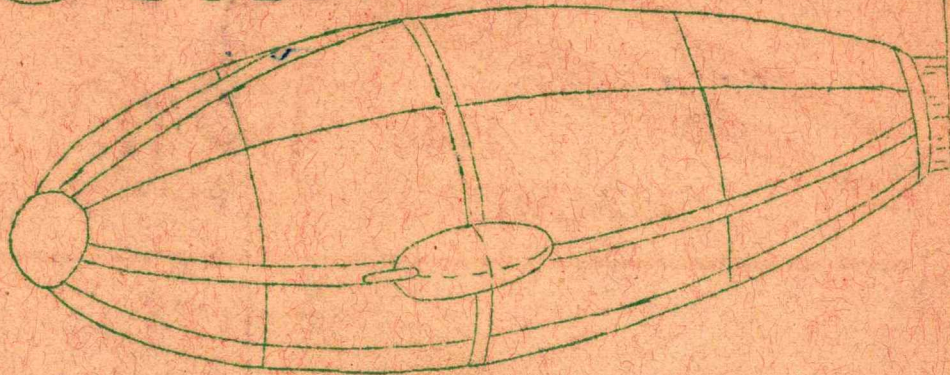


THE STAR ROVER

It's



#5

N. Wegemer

The

Vol. 1 - No. 5



STAR ROVER

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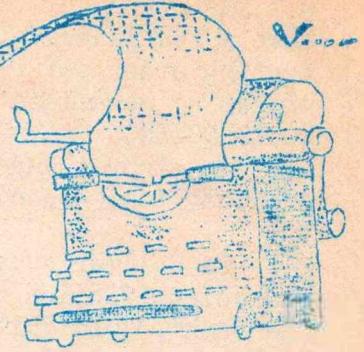
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THE STAR ROVER, Vol. 1, No. 5, Summer 1946. Edited and published quarterly by Van H. Splawn at 5175 Kensington Ave., St. Louis 8, Mo. Price: 10¢ per single copy, or 35¢ per year (4 issues). Although no payment can be made for contributions, the author will receive a copy of the issue in which his work is printed. Of course, contributions are gratefully accepted in almost any case; articles, reviews, essays, art-work letters, good poetry and fiction. *** If there are any of you who publish a fanzine, and would like to exchange 'scriptions, just give the word. *** Be there a pencil mark of some sort here , it means that this issue is coming to you either as a sample copy, your subscription has expired, or an exchange of subscriptions with that fan-mag you publish is desired. *** Be sure to write, commenting on this issue. VHS

A PARAGON PUBLICATION

L'EDITORIAL

The Editor Speaks His Mind.....



Ah, the editorial! Practically every fan-magazine that has ever existed has had an editorial; for a number of reasons, of course. 1. They're very handy for filling up several pages. 2. The editor can get by with saying just about anything -- well, almost anything! 3. The editorial is very suitable for explanations, thank-you notes, and apologies -- which brings us around to the Summer issue of The Star Rover. We have a number of pardons to ask of you readers this number -- the Summer issue. Yes, Summer issue. What? You thought #4 was the Summer issue? Hmmm. Take another look. Uh huh, what does it say? Sure, just like we told you! It reads 'Summer 1946'. Apparently you are seeing things. You should see an eye-doctor, or a psychiatrist. You are undoubtedly insane -- besides, #4 was mislabeled; it should have read 'Spring 1946'.

Wethinks it was Franklin Lee Baldwin who once stated in The Acolyte something to the affect that "if you have to apologize for your fanzine, don't send it out". Well, we realize that The Star Rover has its faults as a fan-mag, but we're damned if we'll heave this entire issue into the ash-pit, particularly after all the trouble we went to to get it in the mails. Our stenciling isn't so hot this time, and there are maybe a few spelling and typing mistakes. We have a new typer and we're not quite adapted to it as yet. Be patient, though. Too, we've not had a lot of time to work on the 'zine, summer schooling being the fly in the eratment. Likewise, the stencils we used this time aren't so hot, and are hard to cut. Then, our headings and illustrations this issue are sloppy, and very un-uniform. A lot of the fault is in that damned Rollo Quid, tho.....if he wasn't so stinking lazy... Oh, misery, misery.....

Please note our new address. 'Tis 5175 KENSINGTON AVE., SAINT LOUIS 8, MISSOURI. Don't forget to send in your comments on this issue, along with an article or two you've written lately. We'll be pleased to take them off your hands. Yes indeed.

We're very interested to read the outcome of the report that Raymond A. Palmer, editor of Amazing Stories, was found babbling away in a coal-bin, trying to shoe out the Deros, with the aid of a magnet, or something. It sounds phoney to us, even if Jeffus did phone Chicago, and Ziff-Davis admitting all was not well with RAP. We think Palmer is too smart to let Shaver's bunk go to his head, even if he didn't get along with certain fans. Anyway, this is the chance you humorists have been waiting for: go to it.....

July 25, and the world's fifth Atomic Bomb (note capital letters on AB; shows respect!) will explode in Bikini lagoon, a small atoll of coral islands in the Marshall group. It will be the underwater test, and frightfully interesting, especially to stf fans. To us, of course, atomic power is old stuff. We heard the last Atomic Bomb test -- Operation Crossroads. Plenty of tension and excitement, although few Americans heard the explosion over their radios. At several times we heard the ticking of the metronome aboard the U.S.S. Nevada, even up to the point where they yelled "Bombs away!" Brrrrr! Very ominous.

((Continued overpage.))

Well, it looks as if the city of St. Louis might have a Science Fantasy Society all its own soon. We've met several fellows here in town who are addicts, and we've made a few plans, although they're rather nebulous at present. Main trouble is contacting other stf fans, and there are bound to be quite a few, else where does those stacks of magazines go during the months? We've sort of decided on the title "THE ST. LOUIS SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY" and we're trying to work up an emblem, constitution, as well as other things to help get under way. Has anyone a few suggestions? We'd appreciate 'em, especially from those fon who've taken part in the org. of local clubs.

In Collier's magazine about a week ago there was a short no-fantasy story by that old scientific master, Raymond Z. Gallun, who authored such stories as "Seeds from the Dusk", "Old Faithful", "Son of Old Faithful", and "Child of the Stars". Also, Paul Ernst, old-time stf author, occasionally writes a love-story for some of the popular ladies' mags. In SatEvePost, July 6, 1946, there is a short fantasy, "Port of Call", by Bud Hutton. Concerns the Flying Dutchman, carrying a passage of notorious nautical heros throughout the ages. Very interesting. In the end, they get blown up by the Atomic Bomb!

William H. Young, a local stfnate who owns an almost complete Burroughs collection, notifies us that we've erred in the Burroughs article on page ten. Says Will: "The Outlaw of Torn was not a fantasy of the John Carter series, but rather a story set in Olde Tyme Englande. Touche!

We've just recently read W. Olaf Stapledon's "Odd John" in DAW's Portable Novels of Science. It was our first time, and we were pretty much impressed. A novel novel, so to say. In our local library branch we've found S. Fowler Wright's "Deluge" which we intend to read, and we hope they get Balmer and Wylie's "When World's Collide" and its sequel "After World's Collide" which is appearing in down-town bookshops. We've been able to get hold of a lot of the old tales we've heard so much about, such as "The Blind Spot" and its sequel "A Spot of Life", "The Green Man of Graypec", "The Moon Metal", the "Darkness and Dawn" trilogy, and heaps of other old astounding "thought varients". And, as soon as we've dispatched this issue, we'll settle down to some stfictional history.

Has anyone in the audience a copy of the final issue of The Acolyte for sale? We didn't get our copy, and we want to keep our files off that mag as complete as possible. Please let us know, giving your price. Thanks.

Ah, we've just received great news (to us, anyway). Our old friend Arthur A. McCourt has been discharged from the army, and is at home at Pine Bluff, Ark. Oboy!

Vom #49 just blew in, accompanied with that "we ain't got long to live, so make the best of everything" attitude, which we definitely don't like. An interesting letter from Landser Herbert Hausler, late of the German Wermacht, who is an old-time stf fan. We wonder what ever happened to the Hungarian stf-movie maker, Andrew Leonard.

All for now. See you again come The Star Rover #6.

Van Splawn

SALE
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George R. Fox "*Topper*"and
discusses Thorne Smith



A favorite writer of mine, Smith is, without a doubt, one of the greatest writers of fantasy to appear within the last twenty years, easily ranking with Merritt, Lovecraft, and all the rest of the masters, and at times surpassing both. His writing style is definitely superior to either, and is the most absolutely unique I've ever had the pleasure to see, particularly in the art of passing a definite mood onto the reader and making it stick until he wanted to let go, the remarkable ability to switch from comedy to tragedy in the most perfectly natural manner, without a trace of any sort of phony or false quality in the doing.

Although generally classified as humor, I've never thought of Smith's work as such. Instead, as philosophic fantasy sugar coated to appeal to the average reader. As a whole, I find his humor rather bare and half hearted, although always exceptional when compared with the output of his imitators.

It's not hard to pick out the moments of sheer philosophy and beauty in his novel such as the wonderful scene in The Stray Lamb when the hero is transformed into an old sick dog and wanders throughout the country side, meeting all sorts of characters in various stages of the dumps, and the brief bit in Topper concerning a trip to an old abandoned mountain tavern.... "Hard days had fallen on the inn. It attracted no longer now the flower of the land. Laughter warmed its heart no more and the silvery chiming of goblets were forever stilled. And the great paunch-like celler of the inn is empty.....The sea had once been there. The rhythm of the surf still lingered in the air. And if you stood quite still and listened to the wind thrumming through the pines you could catch an echo of waves falling on vanished beaches."

Smith's treatment of the sex angle is hardly as unusual and distinctive as many people think of it. I remember one fan who told me that the only reason he read Smith's novels was the fact that he enjoyed the sexy situations presented therein immensely. Despite the obvious stupidity of the remark it also has its silly points. The fact remains that sex plays a very small part in his books, and what there is of it is usually satirical in nature. I've often wondered of the manner in which the various announcements and advertisements of a Smith reprint edition play up the so-called ribaldry of the volume, despite the fact that only one of his books can actually be classified as sexy humor.....Topper Takes a Trip, which was remarkably inferior to its marvelous forerunner. For the most, a deliberately underwritten attempt to escape from the realities of his boring personal world. The aforementioned reader was undoubtedly completely taken in by the blurbs displaying Smith's work, his imagination and not overly bright mind did the rest. Such blurb, though undoubtedly making the book attractive at first, to the average reader, actually lowers the ordinary perception of Thorne Smith. Instead of seeing his fiction as it really is, well written philosophic fantasy, the man on the street, so to speak, pictures it as "racy stuff" and fails to take the worth of his work seriously.

The motion picture versions and radio performances degrade his work even further, giving the impression of being slapstick comedy, completely dropping every bit of beauty or seriousness from the storys. Of the half-dozen photoplays based on Smith books, only one is actually worthy of mention...Turnabout.....released about six years ago. It happens to be one of the few motion picture comedies that I've ever actually enjoyed and absolutely the best fantastic comedy I've ever seen presented on the screen.



A Nuclear Wonder Tale

by K. MARTIN CARLSON



"Now, you see how it works," said Dunk, turning the dial on the machine. "The higher the dial reading, the more gravity disruption."

"Say, that would be something to show the gang at the Pacificon," remarked Roy.

"Sure, but now it's time to get home. It's 5 in the morning, and I go to work at 9." answered Martin.

There had been an allnight session at Dunk's Den and he had been showing Roy and Martin his latest scientific machine. A machine that would lessen the gravity pull on any object that it was connected to. Dunk had told them how a small atomic unit in the machine split the atoms of gravity attraction into smaller neuclii, thereby reducing the pull of gravity on an object. Of course the machine was only in the formative stages, but it was strong enough to lift a considerable load two feet off the ground.

"Well, let's get going then," said Roy, "I'll take you home in my car. Hope I can get it started in this cold weather. Must be 15 below at least, and it's been standing there since 6 o'clock."

So putting on their coats, rubbers, and other paraphernalia, they left the house and got into the car. Roy stepped on the starter and the motor turned over grudgingly. But it would not start. After several attempts Roy mumbled furiously under his breath.

Just then, Dunk -- who had seen their predicament thru the window, came running.

"Hey Roy! Let's try the anti-grav machine on your car. If it will raise it up high enough, we can push it down to a garage."

"OK," answered Roy, "hook it on and let's see what it will do."

So they busied themselves with the hook-up and Dunk whirled the dial to maximum, slowly the car rose. One foot off the ground!

"Swell," said Martin. "Now all you guys need to do is push -- while I steer. Hah!"

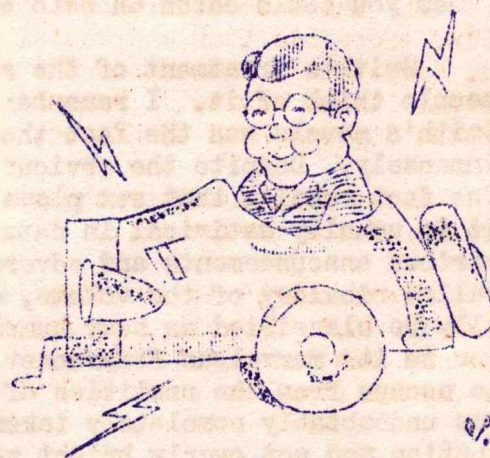
"Nothing doing," retorted Dunk. "I think I can fix that too." He rushed into the house and in a few minutes reappeared with a cylinder under his arm.

"This ought to do the trick," he smiled, and he hooked it on behind the car, and pulled a length of cable into the front seat.

"All aboard. Let's go!" he yelled and turned a small lever in the end of the cab. Both Roy and Martin jumped into the auto and waited, expectantly. Dunk climbed in, leaning back at the rear of the car. Small jets of blue flame were shooting out of the cylinder and the car began to float along, slowly at first, but then more rapidly.

"Whee! At last we're moving," exclaimed Martin. "What do you call that gadget?"

Dunk laughed. "Just an old jet rocket from a 1946 space ship -- with a nuclear power attachment. Works fine along with the anti-grav machine, eh?" (Concluded pp. 26



"Dunk"



QUICK, THE ERASER!



by Donn Brazier

"There has been a mistake," the chief recording angel spoke; "a terrible mistake." His shining face was obscured in dark frown, and his delicate white fingers restlessly twirled the long, pen quill. "The boss must be notified of this at once."

The first assistant angel looked up from the huge book he was working on. He twitched his wings twice before he spoke. For the last three centuries he had worked without rest, recording entries and departures, rising slowly from junior recorder to first assistant. The position was important, full of responsibility, and he hoped that the mistake was not his.

"What mistake, sir? I hope it was no fault of mine."

"No, no, no fault of yours," the chief said hurriedly. "It must have that new dispatcher on Earth Terminus who sent that Nazi Minister of Propaganda up here to Heaven."

The first assistant's wings shuddered violently. "Sir, this is terrible, really it is, what can we do?"

"We can't do anything, for we're just recorders, but the boss will dispose of him, rest assured of that."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so," the first assistant wailed. His wings drooped at the thought of a Nazi, and a Minister of Propaganda at that, in Heaven, enjoying the nectar, the wondrous music of the harps, and the golden light.

The chief recorder scratched his quill across an inter-office memo. He wrote: "Sir, there has been a dreadful mistake. A Nazi Minister of Propaganda has been assigned, dispatched, and admitted into Heaven. We have already enscribed his name in the role. Please advise." He muttered over it hurriedly, attached a buck sheet addressed to the Supreme Head of Heaven, and handed the note to a messenger angel.

A few minutes later the messenger angel returned with a flapping of wings, and poised on the window sill. "Sir," he said, "the Supreme Head wished to see you at once!"

"Take over," he directed to the first assistant. "I told you the boss would know what to do." He smiled confidently. Then, seeing the drooping wings of the first assistant and the worried look on his face, he patted him briefly on the shoulder before he leaped from the room, and with a swirl of wings was gone.



The Supreme Head was stern, his wings folded quietly at his sides. His voice was as deep as rolling thunder. "Chief Recorder, you have recorded this Nazi Minister of Propaganda. Did you not recognize his name, and know him for what he was?"

"Sir, I have not been free to read the papers of late. The war, you know....so many entries." The chief recorder spoke (Continued overpage)



nervously, for he spoke to the Supreme Head, his boss.

"No matter," he gestured gracefully with an arm draped with silk. "It has all been arranged, and the person -- the Supreme Head puckered his lips and wrinkled his nose in distaste -- is now in Hell where he belongs."

The chief recorder gathered all his courage and asked, even then somewhat timidly: "How was it done, Sir? I thought that no one could be forced to leave here, once they had been assigned."

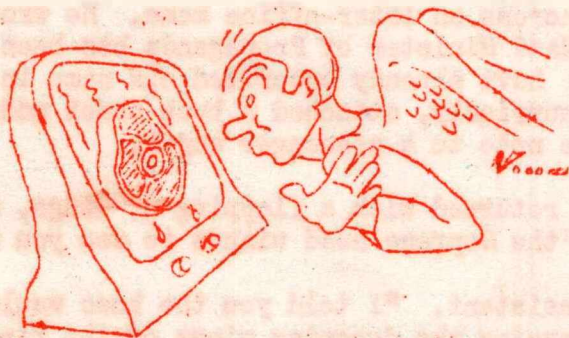
The Supreme Head smiled at the mortal curiosity of his faithful servant. "He was not forced to leave. He departed of his own free will and choice."

"But how, Sir? How was it done? Surely no one would choose to spend eternity in Hell."

"Would you like to glimpse him in Hell? Perhaps you will find the answers to your questions there."

The chief recorder nodded his head. He was so thrilled he could not speak, and as he was escorted to the viewer at one corner of the room his wings trembled as though he were just the first assistant. Oh, wait 'till he told his first assistant about this. Imagine getting a glimpse into Hell!

The viewplate swirled with green smoke. Then flames streaked through the smoke, and flaming sparks shot out like exploding rockets. The Supreme Head still sat on his throne, a smile playing on his face. He watched the chief recorder, whose face was pressed close against the glass of the viewplate. His face was a study in horror and relief, too, that Hell was a long, long way from Heaven.



...the sizzling as of
frying steak...

The focus of the instrument lowered into the smoke and flame until a boiling, bubbling sea of molten fluid came into view. The sea was filled with struggling bodies! The instrument began to search out across the sea for the Nazi Minister of Propaganda.

The booming voice of the boss directed the chief recorder to put on the ear phones. He put them on, and cringed at the sounds that suddenly burst into his ears. The shriek of the struggling bodies, the sizzling as of frying steak, the bubbling of the molten liquid, and the crackling of fire in the air above the sea.

Suddenly the scene stopped shifting, and the view moved in for a close-up. A face grew larger and larger in the viewplate. It was the Nazi. He looked directly at the chief recorder, who jumped back startled.

"Can he see me?"

"He can hear you too," the boss' voice boomed out across the throne room.

The Nazi screamed at the chief recorder, "What's the meaning of this? Where are all the pretty girls? Where's the piles of money and jewels? And the tables set with real meat? You promised....."

(Concluded on page 16)

CENSORSHIP AND THE ATOMIC BOMB

EVERYONE knows to what great and sometimes fantastic lengths the government went to keep secret the research and manufacture of the atomic bomb. Precautions to keep undercover the nature of the Manhattan Project even included the muzzling of the press and the comic strips ("Superman" fell under the axe), with one important exception: Campbell was permitted to continue printing 'atomic' stories in Astounding because the sudden absence of them from his pages would be a dead giveaway.

But it occurs to me in passing that could not the same be said of all other publications as well? This country, long noted for mechanical and scientific pursuits and speculations, publishing a lot of matter anent atomic energy in the years before the war. Astounding wasn't alone in the field, nor were science-fiction magazines in general. Therefore, wasn't the fact that everybody and everything but Astounding was muzzled, a clue in itself?

Probably one of the best censorship stories concerning the atomic bomb appeared in the February 23rd issue of Stamps, a magazine for the philatelist. The magazine reported the censoring from the point of view of the stamp collector interested in first-day covers, unique covers, and the like.

In November, 1943 a rare thing happened in the United States, something that has never occurred before: the War Department invoked its powers of censorship at a military post within the continental limits of the country. The military post was a place simply referred to as "The Hill", at Los Alamos, New Mexico. This censorship continued until December 1, 1945, and served to conceal the activity going on there.

No one connected with or working at "The Hill" received their mail at Los Alamos; in fact, the city never existed as far as the War Department was concerned. The correspondent for Stamps, who was at "The Hill," reports the town was kept as unreal as Alice's Wonderland. Most of the mail flowing into the place (and coming from it) was handled by the postoffice at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Some few pieces for

special personnel came direct from Washington.

The army set up three separate post office boxes at Santa Fe for people at Los Alamos: one box for civilians technicians, another box for military technicians, and a third box for civilian and military non-technicians. Censors rigidly (sometimes twice) each letter coming into those those boxes as well as letters from "Hill" employees going out. When Joe, who worked at Los Alamos, wrote to Jill in Chicago, his letter was naturally read. When Jill replied to Joe, her letter, too, was read, before it was delivered to him.

by Bob Jucker

Should the girl be so unwise as to persistently ask questions of the boyfriend who lived in a post office box at Santa Fe, the FBI eventually got around to her. Precautions were taken to keep any outsider from knowing the mail was being censored. Naturally, those on the inside at Los Alamos knew it, but were forbidden to mention it. They mailed their outgoing letters with the flap open so that the censors could read them without having to slit the envelope. And of course no censorship stamp was placed on the envelope. Of course soem few relatives and friends of people working there knew what was happening to mail, but they signed a form promising to forget about the entire matter.

Letters coming into the Santa Fe special boxes were opened, read, and stamped with the regulation army seal as was used on overseas letters during the war. The censors themselves were stationed in Santa Fe and did not know what or why they were censoring: they were simply instructed to keep an eye open for mention of anything scientific.

Still other precautions were taken: magazines for the personnel were address-

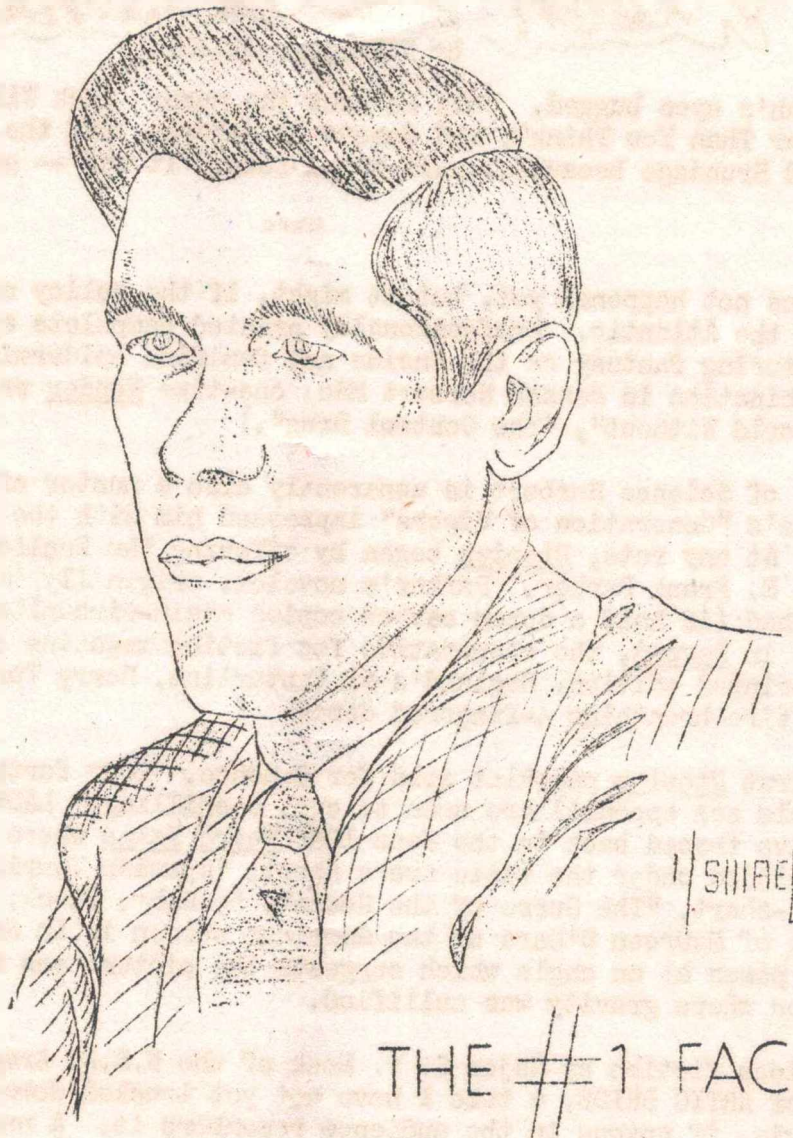
(Continued on page 16)

A COMPLETE CHECKLIST OF

THE BOOKS OF EDGAR R. BURROUGHS

BOOK:	Compiled by: VAN H. SPLAWN	PUBLISHED:
1. Tarzan of the Apes.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1914
2. The Return of Tarzan.....	{ " " }.....	1915
3. The Beasts of Tarzan.....	{ " " }.....	1916
4. The Son of Tarzan.....	{ " " }.....	1917
5. A Princess of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1917
6. Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1918
7. The Gods of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1918
8. Jungle Tales of Tarzan.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1919
9. The Warlord of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1919
10. Tarzan the Untamed.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1920
11. Thuvia, Maid of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1920
12. Tarzan the Terrible.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1921
13. The Chessmen of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1922
14. At the Earth's Core.....	("Dave Innes" series).....	1922
15. Tarzan and the Golden Lion.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1923
16. Pellucidar.....	("Dave Innes" series).....	1923
17. The Girl from Hollywood.....	(Information lacking on this book)...	1923
18. The Land that Time Forgot.....	{ " " " " " " }.....	1924
19. The Cave Girl.....	{ " " " " " " }.....	1924
20. Tarzan and the Ant Men.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1925
21. The Eternal Lover.....	(Information lacking on this book)...	1925
22. The Moon Maid.....	(Fantasy, but of what series?).....	1926
23. The Mad King.....	(Is this a fantasy title?).....	1926
24. The Outlaw of Torn.....	("John Carter" series).....	1927
25. The War Chief.....	(Fantasy or western?).....	1927
26. The Tarzan Twins.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1927
27. The Master Mind of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1928
28. Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1928
29. The Monster Men.....	(Information lacking on this book)...	1929
30. Tarzan and The Lost Empire.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1929
31. Tanar of Pellucidar.....	("Dave Innes" series).....	1930
32. Tarzan at the Earth's Core.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1930
33. A Fighting Man of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1931
34. Tarzan the Invincible.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1931
35. Jungle Girl.....	(A female Tarzan, I think).....	1932
36. Tarzan Triumphant.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1932
37. Tarzan and the City of Gold.....	{ " " }.....	1933
38. Pirates of Venus.....	("Carson Napier" series).....	1934
39. Tarzan and the Lion Man.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1934
40. Lost on Venus.....	("Carson Napier" series).....	1935
41. Tarzan and the Leopard Men.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1935
42. Swords of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1936
43. Tarzan's Quest.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1936
44. Back to the Stone Age.....	(Information lacking on this book)...	1937
45. Thehad and the Lion.....	{ " " " " " " }.....	1938
46. Tarzan and the Forbidden City.....	("Tarzan" series).....	1938
47. Carson of Venus.....	("Carson Napier" series).....	1939
48. Synthetic Men of Mars.....	("John Carter" series).....	1940
49. The Land of Terror.....	(Information lacking on this book)...	1941
50. Numerous stories and novelettes in "Argosy", "Amazing Stories", "Fantastic Adventures", "Blue Book", and other magazines and newspapers throughout the world.		FINIS

Folks, meet Bob Tucker...!



THE #1 FACE

BOB TUCKER -- know internationally where be there fan or fanzine. This veteran of science-fiction has been repeatedly polled as "Science-Fiction Fan Number One". This is usually meant of the entire world, as practically all stfnates are American. This is our good fortune, of course.

Bob is noted for his #1 fan-publication "LE ZOMBIE", published every time a zombie awakes. Of late, the zombies have taken to dope, and they sleep for long periods. The Tucker is or was publisher of "D'JOURNAL" and other famous magazines of bygone eras. He authored "The Chinese Doll", a Farrar & Rhinehart mystery, with often references to fandom. One dictator of the SPWSSTFM (Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Scientific Fiction Magazines), he is now usually recognized as World's Number One Rooster-Baiter.

Rollo J. Quill



Flesh & Science Fiction

by FORREST J ACKERMAN

Joe Fann's eyes bugged. Well he knew the name: Jack Williamson, of "Legion" fame, "Darker Than You Think", and dozens of others. But the cover of the pamphlet! It surpassed Brundage because.....it was a foto. It was -- gulp -- a nude!

This has not happened yet, but it might, if the policy of Utopian Publications Ltd should span the Atlantic. Professionally printed pamphlets are currently appearing in England featuring fantasy on the inside and feminine epidermis on the out. Behind the curious combination is Benson Herbert MSc, one-time Wonder writer (of "The World Within", "The World Without", "The Control Drug".)

Master of Science Herbert is apparently also a master of salesmanship. Maybe Philip Wylie's "Generation of Vipers" impressed him with the axiom that "sex sells everything". At any rate, Utopian began by offering the English public GIRL IN TROUBLE by Anglofan E. Frank Parker. Parker's novelet, originally "Stolen Space Ship", had been published (if half a dozen carbon copies chain-circulated could be considered publishing) in Beyond, the cooperative fan fiction magazine of the Cosmos Club. For the 36-pg printed edition, England's #1 fantartist, Harry Turner, drew an inoffensive nude and a fire-breathing 4-fingered demon.

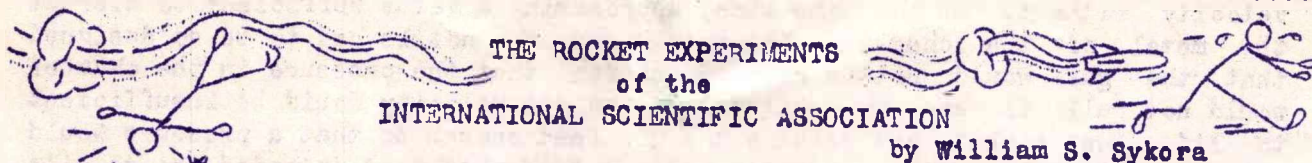
The first Utopian pamphlet sold for 9 pence. Four further examples (sexamples? They've ample sex appeal!) are seen to cost a shilling. LADY IN DANGER by Jack Williamson I have traced back to the June 1934 Weird Tales where it was titled "Wizard's Isle". Included under the title are a short, "Spanish Vampire", by E. Hoffman Price, and a short-short, "The Curse of the House", by Robt. Bloch. On the cover a model reminiscent of Maureen O'Hara of the American screen is in danger of catching cold as she boldly poses at an angle which suggests the picture was shot at a spot between earth & moon where gravity was nullified.

"American fiction by Major S. F. Meek of the U.S.A. Army" is the billing given on the cover of ARTIC BRIDE, a tale I have not yet tracked down. Clue is the mythic country of Campestria, if anyone in the audience remembers it. A nude turns her back to a very naked skeleton, on the cover. Under cover is also a short by Maj. Meek, "Nasturtia" (#1 Strange Tales).

A mermaidish model is seen on the cover of SEA KISSED, a collaboration by Bloch & Kuttner, which I seem to recall in Weird Tales. "Lady in Wax", "Beetles" & "Totem Pole" round out the publication, making it almost all-Bloch booklet.

Strange offspring of science & sex! It's STRANGE OFFSPRING & THE MALIGNANT ENTITY by Ray Palmer & Otis Adelbert Kline, odd companions in the booklet featuring the most eye-tractive nude of them all. "Strange Offspring" seems to concern a "synthetic birth machine". Science Can Give You a Son! declares a newspaper headline in the story. Are of The Star Rover's readers recall it? ((Yes, Forry. The story appeared as "Three from the Test-Tube" by RAP in the December 1935 Wonder Stories)) Kline's "Malignant Entity" has been a long-lived story. It first appeared in Weird Tales' first anniversary issue, the combined May-June-July 1924 number. Amazing Stories reprinted it in June 1926. The Fall 1934 Amazing Quarterly re-reprinted it. And it would not surprise me if it had been anthologized in one of the Not at Night series.

THE END



From March to November of 1935, the writer conducted a series of experiments with powder rockets for the International Scientific Association, for the purpose of developing such a rocket powerful enough to carry airmail. A total of 22 official and unofficial tests were made on rockets with paper fuel chambers, and 7 tests were made on rockets with metal fuel chambers.

The tests with the paper rockets were conducted for the purpose of finding a method of packing the powder into the fuel chamber, and to determine, in a general way, the best proportions of fuel chamber, size of nozzle, amount of powder and various weight considerations. The tests with the metal rockets were conducted in order to determine the lifting power of the fuel, and to see whether the facts gleaned from the tests with the paper rockets could be applied to rockets whose dead weight was much greater.

The first series of tests proved that the powder I used was quite satisfactory. This powder is known by the commercial name of Berg's Blasting Powder, and is supposed to be insensible to shock or detonation. It is a mechanical mixture consisting of varying proportions of potassium chlorate, potassium chromate, sugar and beeswax. By a special method of packing, the density of the powder was much increased so that its weight per unit of fuel chamber volume was in favorable ratio to the dead weight of the rocket. This ratio, in the most successful models, reached a 1:1 value. I packed the rockets by inserting a tablespoonful of the powder at a time into the fuel chamber and then ramming it home with a metal-capped ramrod and a heavy axe. One of these models rose to a height of approximately 300 feet.

Observers were surprised that the rocket did not behave like an ordinary fourth of July rocket at all. Instead of consuming its entire charge of fuel during the first fraction of a second of flight, it continued to burn steadily, uniformly increasing its acceleration during almost the entire time of burning, which amounted to some 14 seconds. This led me to believe that I was on the verge of developing a powder rocket capable of competing in performance with the well known liquid fuel rockets constructed by the various societies throughout the world.

Encouraged by the success of the paper rockets, I proceeded to experiment with rockets having metallic fuel chambers. Here, however, difficulties were met with from the outset. Whereas the dimensions of the paper rocket chambers were approximately 1" in diameter and 6" long, the metal chambers were 2" in diameter and 15" long. The superstructure of the paper rockets consisted merely in a slender wooden stick about eight times as long as the fuel chamber. The superstructure of the metal rockets, however, consisted in a complicated tripod arrangement about seven feet in height, while the chamber itself was encased in a sheet metal cylinder eight inches in diameter and 18" high, surmounted by a pointed cone for the purpose of reducing air resistance. This outer casing was provided for the purpose of holding the mail while the rocket was in flight.

Six of the fuel chambers were machined from aluminum tubing and one was of steel tubing. The walls of all the chambers were 1/16" thick, far too thin as I later discovered. The ends of the tubes were closed with duralumin plugs 1/2" thick, one of which was solid and one provided with a hole to act as a nozzle. The nozzle diameter varied from 3/4" to 1". The purpose of the nozzle was not only to direct the flow of emerging gases but also to release these gases in such a manner that the gas pressure in the fuel chamber would remain at a cer-

tain fairly constant maximum value, which would provide for a maximum gas exit velocity without, at the same time, approaching a value sufficient to disrupt the metal of the chamber. In other words, the nozzle had to be so designed that the gas would not be released so fast that the pressure in the chamber would not fall to so low a value that the gas velocity would be insufficient to lift the rocket, yet release the gas fast enough so that a pressure would not be constantly built up until a value was reached that exceeded the tensile strength of the chamber, thus disrupting it and causing an explosion.

This was my most serious difficulty. Every one of the metal rockets exploded with terrific force. Knowing the extreme danger involved in these experiments, I constructed, with the aid of members of the New York branch of the International Scientific Association, a barricade of heavy planks about fifty feet from the place where the rockets were fired. Only one member of the club besides myself was permitted to stand behind the barricade. The rockets were all provided with minute fuses (except two, which were fired electrically) so as to allow sufficient time for the rest of the spectators to retreat to a safe distance. In spite of the fact that all the models exploded, some of them did behave like true rockets, in that they actually rose into the air for some forty feet under their own power. The difficulties experienced with the nozzles asserted themselves, in that the gases could not escape fast enough to prevent a dangerously high pressure being built up in the fuel chambers. The result was that these rockets burst in mid-air, scattering their fragments for hundreds of feet around. The most thrilling of the tests occurred when the sixth metal rocket was fired. In this case, a steel chamber was used, whereas hitherto all the chambers had been of aluminum. It was hoped that the steel, having a higher tensile strength would be able to withstand the terrific pressure that was generated during the burning of the powder. In the case of the aluminum rockets, the tensile strength of the aluminum was not very great. Another important fact concerning this metal is that it is very ductile. Due to this property, the rockets never broke up into small pieces, but the fragments were always comparatively large and small in number. This decreased the danger from flying pieces as the velocity of these large fragments was not very high on account of their comparatively large mass. Steel, on the other hand, though very strong, is not ductile and will not stretch. When its yield point is reached, it will abruptly break up into numerous small fragments that behave just like shrapnel. This was what occurred in the case of the steel rocket. One spectator was seriously wounded in the upper left arm when a piece of the shell entered the muscle and lodged there, while another had the skin torn off the forefinger of his right hand. This rocket actually had risen into the air and had been burning for some ten seconds before it exploded while in flight.

It was impossible to continue the experiments after this accident. A lawsuit was involved in which the writer lost a considerable sum of money. Ever since, it has been my earnest wish to continue these experiments but various other matters have invariably intervened. Nevertheless, several important facts had been learned from these tests. In the first place, it was found that if from a 1:1 to a 1:2 ratio of fuel ^{weight} to dead weight could be held, the rockets would fly. Secondly, it was found that the nozzle area was undoubtedly too small, but further experimentation would be needed to determine the most efficient value for the nozzle area. Thirdly, it was learned that the material of the fuel chamber should have been of heavy, not light, walled material, whose tensile strength was as large as possible without incurring any sacrifice of ductility. And finally, it was believed that here was a powder rocket that was capable of giving a flight performance surprisingly like that obtained from liquid fuel rockets.

Let me conclude with a word of warning to audacious experimenters, lest
(Continued on bottom of next page)

Our PERIODICAL PACK OF PRIZE POETRY

CONGRATULATE ME
by Richard Pucker

Over the hills and far away,
A cave, I know, exists;
It certainly is well hidden,
And its cavern turns and twists.

I went into this cave once, long
Before I read of Shaver.
Behind the walls I heard a girl
Cry for some one to save 'er.

An entrance through those walls, I sought;
Of course, there wasn't any;
I picked a ten ton boulder up
And threw it like a penny.

It hit that wall both hard and fast
And went through like a bullet.
(The wall was only three feet thick--
Some trick! Think you could pull it?)

Inside I found what Shaver found;
That surely ought to prove
That Shaver's tales and R. A. P.
Are really in the groove.

Of course I did not publish this
For fear of unbelief--
But when I read the Shaver yarns
I felt a great relief.

For here was proof that someone else
Had likewise learned of dero;
But since I really fought them first,
I guess that I'm a hero.

SONG OF THE ROCKETEERS
(To the tune of "The Vagabond King")

Sons of strength and daring,
Down the spaceways faring, --
We are the Cosmic Rocketeers!

Men of steel and granite,
We will guard your planet,--
We are the Cosmic Rocketeers!

Upward, upward, upward to the stars!
Upward, upward, thundering to Mars!

Venus shines beside us,
Saturn's rings will guide us,--
We are the Cosmic Rocketeers!

by Fred W. Fisch
From THE SOUTHERN STA

NOTE

"Oh, see my shining row of tubes!
My big machines, my hoary books!
Indeed, are they not large enough,
That you are not impressed with looks?

And God looked down upon the man
And smiled; for he alone could see
The earth and little man compared
To all the cosmic mystery. . . .

-- Al Weinstein

THE ROCKET EXPERIMENTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION by Wm. S. Sykora
(Concluded)

some be inclined to follow in my footsteps. Such experiments as described in this article are rife with the most terrible danger. It is a wonder to me now, having later investigated more thoroughly the properties of Berg's Blasting Powder, that I did not become a mere spot of grease and phosphate spattered against the wall before which I packed those metal chambers. Given the opportunity, I would do it all over again; but feel it my duty to warn others that "fooling" with rockets is no "kid stuff" and may very easily and highly unpleasantly result in loss of life and limb.

THE END

((Editor's Note: I would like to thank Henry Elsner, Jr. for his donation of two pre-stenciled pages of the above interesting article on rocketry. Thanks again, Henry.))

ALTHOUGH SCHOOLING PREVENTS MY ATTENDING, I WISH EVERY SUCCESS TO THE PACIFICON --VS

A NUCLEAR WONDER TALE -- by K. Martin Carlson (Concluded from pp. 6)

"You bet," remarked Roy, "this is better than the car motor can do."

A pedestrian, who was weaving back and forth along the street, stopped to look at the strange sight.

"Holy mackerel!" he exclaimed, "that must have been strong stuff I had tonight!" He yelled at an officer who was approaching his signal box.

"Hey, Officer, call the wagon, will ya? I think I'm going nuts!" Then pointing to the approaching car, he said:

"Do you see what I see?"

The officer looked up in astonishment, as the floating car, with blue flames spouting from the rear, disappeared rapidly down the street.

"I'll go with you, fellow," said the cop, shaking his head. So, arm in arm they, also, disappeared down the street.

THE END

QUICK, THE ERASER! -- by Donn Brazier (Concluded from pp. 8)

The chief recorder turned toward the throne, his eyebrows raised in doubt. "What does he mean?"

The attendant, who was busy at the dials of the machine twirling first this dial then that, explained: "We tuned in on Hell's Supreme Head, and arranged a program with him which the Nazi was to see."

The chief recorder's face lit up. Eagerly he asked, "You had the Nazi Minister of Propaganda look in here at Hell, and he saw pretty girls, money, and good food? How was that done?"

The voice of the Supreme Head shook the room with laughter. He really was not so stern as the chief recorder had at first thought. When he had explained, he concluded: "Now, return and erase the entry from your book."

The chief recorder fluttered into the office and ordered the first assistant to bring him the book with the entry which was so objectionable. "We can erase this entry now."

The first assistant's face broke into smiles, and his wings lifted spiritedly. Then doubt showed in his face. "What entry shall we make for authority for the ersure?"

"Authoitiy of Supreme Head through special arrangement with Minister of Propaganda, Hell!" The first assistant stood motionless, his mouth open. "Well, don't stand there. Quick, the eraser!"

THE END

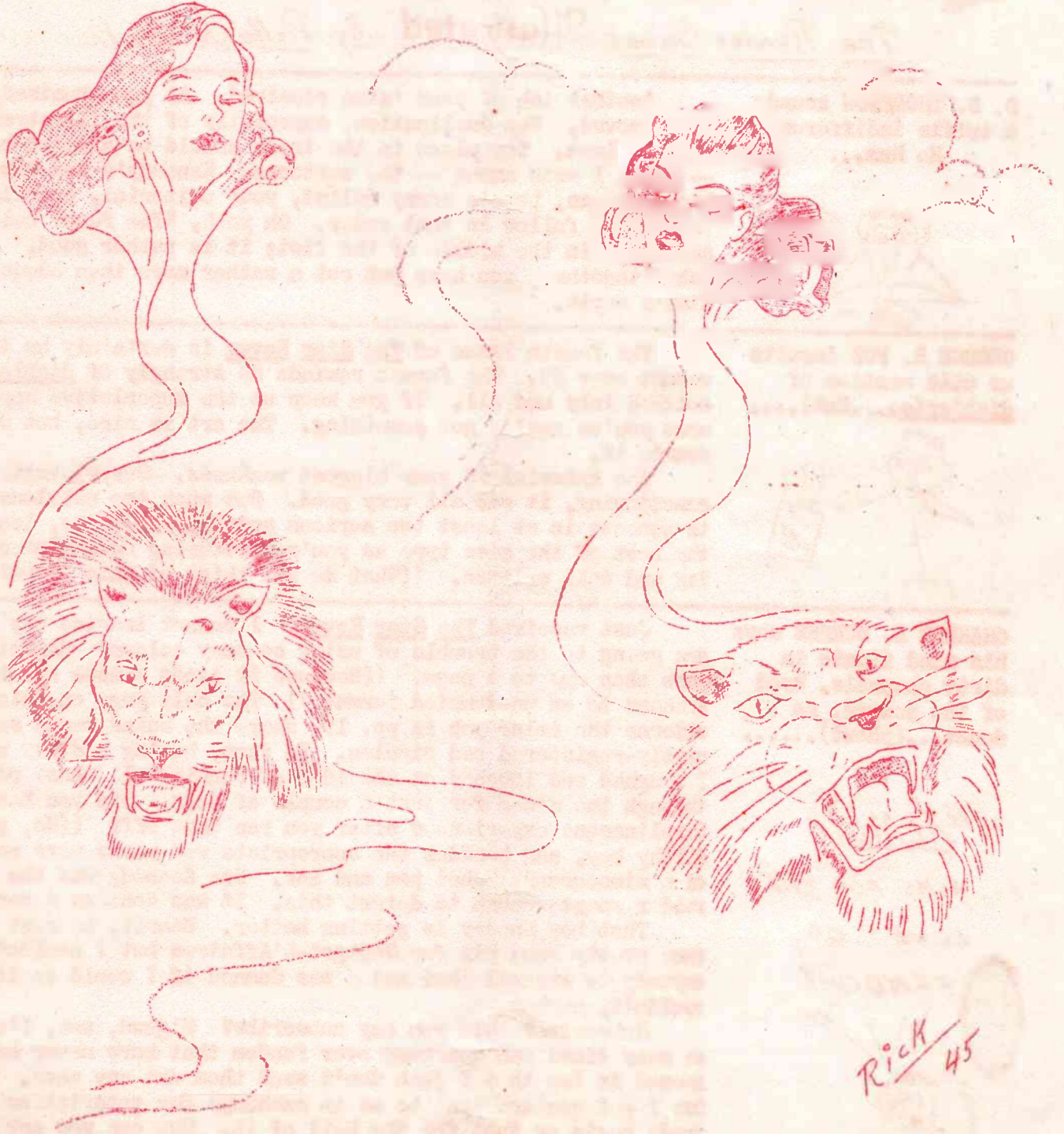
CENSORSHIP AND THE ATOMIC BOMB -- by Bob Tucker (Concluded from pp. 9)
sed to a post office box in California; scientific equipment and supplies came via way of the University of New Mexico, naval stations thereabouts, and an army post. The Stamp correspondent wonders how they managed to deliver to Los Alamos the sixty inch Harvard cyclotron without sacrificing security.

That's probably a story in itself.

THE END

The Cat People

by RICK SNEARY



THE VOICE OF



PROFANITY



The Reader Squeaks - Illustrated by Rollo J. Quid

D. B. THOMPSON sounds a trifle indifferent. Ho Hum...



Another ish of your 'zine received. As you promised, it is improved. The duplication, especially of the illustrations, is excellent. Top place in the issue should be divided between -- oops, I mean among -- the cartoons. Kennedy's and Ramsay's book reviews, Lane's corny ballad, your editorial, and Riggs' "alphabet" follow in that order. Oh yeah, "The Fear" belongs somewhere in the middle of the list; it is rather good. All taken together, you have put out a rather more than adequate dime's worth.

GEORGE R. FOX insults us with mention of diablerie....Ugh!....



The fourth issue of The Star Rover is certainly an improvement over #3. The format reminds me strongly of diablerie, colored inks and all. If you keep up the superlative appearance you've really got something. The art is nice, but don't overdo it.

The material is your biggest weakness. Surprisingly enuf, considering, it was all very good. But much too nebulous; try to squeeze in at least two serious articles an issue, leaving the rest of the same type as you're featuring now. Entertaining and well written. ((What do you think of this issue?))

CHARLES E. BURBEE says his mind floats in dirty channels. Bred of the sewers, no doubt...(phew!).....

ALMS!

ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF FANDOM!



Just received The Star Rover. I cannot imagine why you are going to the trouble of using so many colors. Especially more than one to a page. ((Because it lends a note of attractiveness to an un-dummed format.)) The only page on which I endorse the color job is pp. 15, where the naked wench sports neatly-registered red nipples. In fact, having a dirty mind, I laughed and laughed at the idea of running all those pages through the mimeo for just a couple of dots. Did you have any Chaplinesque experiences after you ran that off? ((No, you filthy boy, and besides the appropriate red marks were not done on a mimeograph. Just pen and ink. Joe Kennedy was the only reader smart enough to detect this. It was done as a gag.))

That boy Sneary is getting better. Dammit, he sent me some pretty good pix for Shangri-L'Affaires but I couldn't get anybody to stencil them and I was damned if I would do it. I couldn't, anyhow.

Subscribe? Did you say subscribe? Migawd, son, I've sent so many dimes and quarters over fandom that have never been redeemed in fmz that I just don't send them out any more. The fmz I get now are sent to me in exchange for material or on a trade basis or just for the hell of it. How can you ask for money when I sent you so many Shangri-L'Affaires free of charge (and will again if I ever take over the mag). You'd better consider me a trading customer. ((I appreciate the free maga-

zines you've so kindly mailed to me in the past, Charles, but I believe that it was the LASFS who decided to give them away free in the first place. In the second place, the LASFS treasury finance Shangri-L'Affaires, whereas my paid circulation is very small, and I have to defray the cost of this publication (?) myself. Then, finally, you aren't the only gullible soul who has been rooked out of his popcorn money. I keep an account of how much dough I mail out for stfictional reading matter, and if I ever get what I paid for. Right now, Joe J. Fortier owes me either \$1.00 or the assorted old STARLIGHT publications I ordered. And I won't fall for the old "non-receipt" gag. I hope someone shows him this. Nor have I ever gotten "Skylark of Space" for which I disposed of 3 perfectly good \$1.00 bills. That's \$3.00, in case certain people can't add. I ordered Marvel Tales #5 from Mel Brown of New York for \$.35, the price asked. I never got that, either. It's not that 35 coppers is a lot of dough, but that 5th ish of MT would have completed my files. "I, too, find science-fiction fandom a very pleasing hobby.....")

WALTER A. COSLET gives us the once-over -- twice, too!



Some comments on The Star Rover #4. I really didn't care much for the cover this ish, in spite of the intricate work -- because it didn't seem appropriate. Contents page: worthwhile addition. What happened to Hoffman? ((F. Drendl Hoffmann is now in the army, but expects a discharge soon.)) L'EDITORIAL: You need more material (you say) -- especially enuf so you can select what you want? Well, I'm sending a big batch along, which ought to be enuf with what I sent last time. Eh? I hope so. ((R-right, Coswal, and I want to say thanks '1,000,000.' Sincerely, readers, if it weren't for the generosity of Walter A. Coslet, yours truly would have a tough time meeting schedules. So, I doff my battered derby to that gentlefan of the first water, Mr. Walter A. Coslet, and his NFFF Manuscript Bureau. And thanks to you NFFF writers who make the Bureau possible. Luve anduh kissus, Van Splawn.)) SCANNING THE BOOK-

SHEP: I've wondered about WINTER'S TALES so the review was very welcome. Ditto the Lovecraft item. RAP CARTOON: needless to say, it was OK. One of the best Lemurianisms I've seen. BALLAD OF SPACE: Nice pic. FANTASY FRAGMENTS: ((This means no comment, I take it?)) Riggs' ORIGIN OF OUR ALPHABET: Pic OK but I didn't go for the advt. on the old clay mss. ((It was just a spur-of-the-momment filler.)) STRANGE HUNTING: Reprints from old fanzines ALWAYS welcome. Rick's pic on p. 10: I'd forgotten all about sending that and thought you got it direct from Rick at first. (Ouch!) ((Ouch? I did get the drawing from Rick. And it's a pretty good one too, eh?)) THE OTHER WORLDS: OK in spite of age. FANTASY IN RADIO: WHAT? No mention of BURN, WITCH, BURN or SCANDLE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION or TAKEN FROM HEAVEN? ((I didn't hear these. I'd like a short review, thought, if you are inclined.)) THE DIAMOND LENS is really an old time story. You really do the pix nicely. THE FEAR: Mediocre fantasy poetry. Pic didn't seem appropriate to text of poem. A LETTER TO THE EDITOR: McCourt's editor is much better than his postman. Carlson's and Streiff's letters interesting. In connection with latter, I might as well confess (yeh, call it "ego-boo" if you wish) that I supplied the conclusion to DRASTIC PATROL myself, and I wish I knew what Perry thot of it. But, my dear Van, do you ACTUALLY MEAN to tell us that you don't know of "Ogden Nash Rooster" and his fmz CHANTICLEER? ((Yeah, oi've 'eard O'im. Character, in't 'e? Wot?)) Liebscher is quite a guy. I met him while in LA, by the way.....

I guess that covers everything. The best pic is your jovian. Purple on yellow certainly gives a rich, black impression. Very striking. ((More letters on next pp.))

STF STUFF -- by Rollo J. Quid



Y'know, Joe. Stf fans are all in the same rut! Yeah! In a rut so deep, they can't get out! And what happens? They're in the rut for life -- so they keep on the move! Sure, 'n b'gosh, they'll all go to hell together!!



BENSON "BOFF" PERRY
comes hacking thru...



Well, here I am back again. Took me a blasted long time but I've finally caught up with my correspondence to the point of your publications -- four of them.

Phoenix 2 inspires little comment. I accept Innman's apology. He should have been safe in the first place. Ghu noes no fanzine should have to print crud like that. ((What made it 'crud', Boff? I'll bet you that if Innman had not written the apology, the pastel would have hardly been noticed. As it was, you and several others really fell for the apology, thereby falling victim to the 'power of suggestion'. Several others displayed their fangs, calling it "cheap drivil." Very amusing, it was!)) Another little thing, however. When I first entered fandom I sent a dime for a copy of Vulcan. ((Innman's fmz)) To this day I have heard nothing of it. Robbery! ((Calling all T-Men....))

Mars, Fantazine, Phoenix, Fandom on Parade, Star Rover, Fantascience Fan. Gad, why don't you stick to a title? ((All these were separate ventures with the exception of Phoenix and The Star Rover. Just like some individuals having trouble finding colors that suit them, I have the same difficulty in fanzine titles....))

"Fantascience Wavelength" is superfluous with Kennedy's "On the Beam" column running in Vampire. ((Our apologies to JoKe -- but then, TW was an article, not a column))

The Star Rover shows more promise than practically any other new fmg out. If you can keep up the standard, it should score high in coming polls. ((Thanks Boff. We intend to keep out present title and format.)) Your format is downright beautiful.

"Drastic Patrol". Hmm. I do recall sending this to Coslet's mss. bureau. Editorial revisions worked wonders with this except for the spinal-liquifyer which I object to Gorkworthy using. ((Walter Coslet added the punch ending line, while I -- gulp -- admit injecting the "spinal-liquifyer." Pardon, O illustrious Boff!)) Someday I will write the sequel, "Secong Rate Henchmen." ((The Star Rover requests publication rights

ART R. SEHNERT
giffs mit a few
vords.....

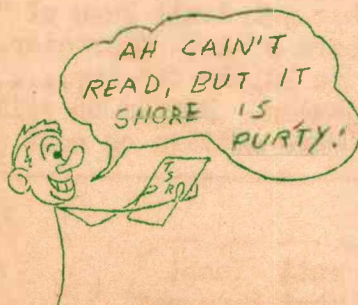


The Star Rover #4 arrived today and it's a pleasure to see something so nice.

May I compliment you on the intricate mimeography? ((Sure, if you want to.)) As neat as possible.

Don't fret yourself about the dummying -- what's the use? It only takes up a lot of time and really your're neat enough to get by without a dummy.

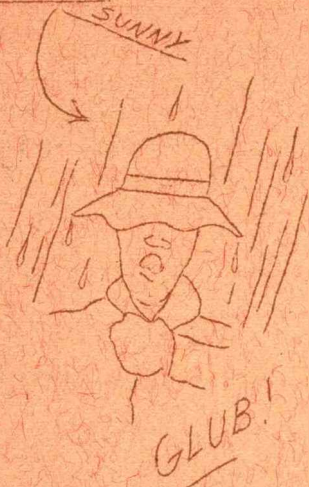
JOHN COCKROFT wrote
this while in the US
Army...I understand
he is a civilian now.



Issue #4 was superb, from the beautiful ship (of Ishtar?) on the front cover to the very back of the back(?) I am speaking from a constructional point of view cuz I haven't had time to read it. The artistic construction is darn near perfect. I can't think of anywhere where I've seen such detailed drawings. Anyone that takes as much pains as you do, should be able to stencil one of my pics, line for line. (I've got a mad habit of sticking all kinds of little lines all over my pix. The only other way my pics could be reproduces would be by litho, and they aren't good enough for that.)

I see you were fortunate in obtaining some heavier paper this ish. That, right there, improved the mag 100%. Your use of colored inks and 2 tone pic is very gratifying to behold. Just how do you make those 2 color pics anyhow? Doyou use 2 stencils or do you (no, that isn't practical; I won't even mention it.) ((When space is available, I use the same stencil for several different inks; when not, I use two stencils.)) I just took a closer look at Riggs' "Alphabot." Pretty good -- your pix were good too, or did he do those? ((If signed V... , I did.))

JACK RIGGS feeds us some moldy fodder from Californy way.....



Got The Star Rover a little while back, but was in the process of being discharged from the Army, and so this is the first chance I've had of answering. The issue was the best in illustrations and format that my weak old eyes have feasted upon for quite some time. I especially like the cover. The editorial was second, and very good. By the way, where do you find those nice little fillers? I was surprised to find three items of mine in it. More or less had the idea that Coslet would send only one to a customer. Looks like I'll have to get on the ball and write some stuff for your rejection or acception so I can continue to receive The Star Rover.

Too bad you can't get some really hot material for your 'zine, the well nigh perfect mimeoing deserves something to work on. The stenciling looks as though you've done a lot of it before, it is so clear and sharp. Enjoyed Rick's pics, they look clean lined and stuff. Also like the idea of receiving a 'zine in an envelope, but where do you get the money for things like that? ((It's pretty tough on a pore high school lad like me, but I usually manage -- beg, borrow, or steal.))

HENRY ELSNER JR., editor of The Scienti-fictionist, writes...



THE STAR ROVER #4 was very good indeed. The format was the most pleasing to the eye that I've seen in months. Art, as usual, was tops -- with the exception of Alva Rogers. Plainly, Rick Sneary's field is art, not writing. Contents were pretty scant, but such as they were were pretty good. I especially enjoyed Riggs' "Origin of Our Alphabet" and Lane's "Ballad of Space". The book reviews were well written, although I personally think Stong's "Other Worlds" was quite bad -- in fact, it was a stinker.

AL WEINSTEIN, the rising Arisian, gives his comments on #4...



Received STAR ROVER ((The Star Rover, you mean, don't you Al? Grrr!)) in the mails today, and I was quite impressed with it. Art work is the first consideration, and except for Innman, you can give me that sort of stuff any time. ((Innman's drawing was really much better than the stenciled edition.)) Ah yes, I thought that Alva Rogers' thing was pretty crude, and what a time you must have had centering those paps. Man oh man! ((Disgusting, wasn't it? A number of readers expressed disapproval. T'won't happen again.))

The Fear was pretty punk, and if the nude was an attempt at humor, it was in pretty bad taste. If not, it had no business as an illustration for that particular poem.

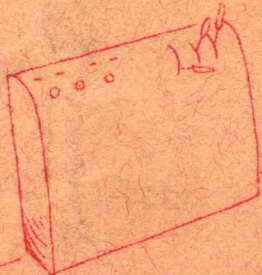
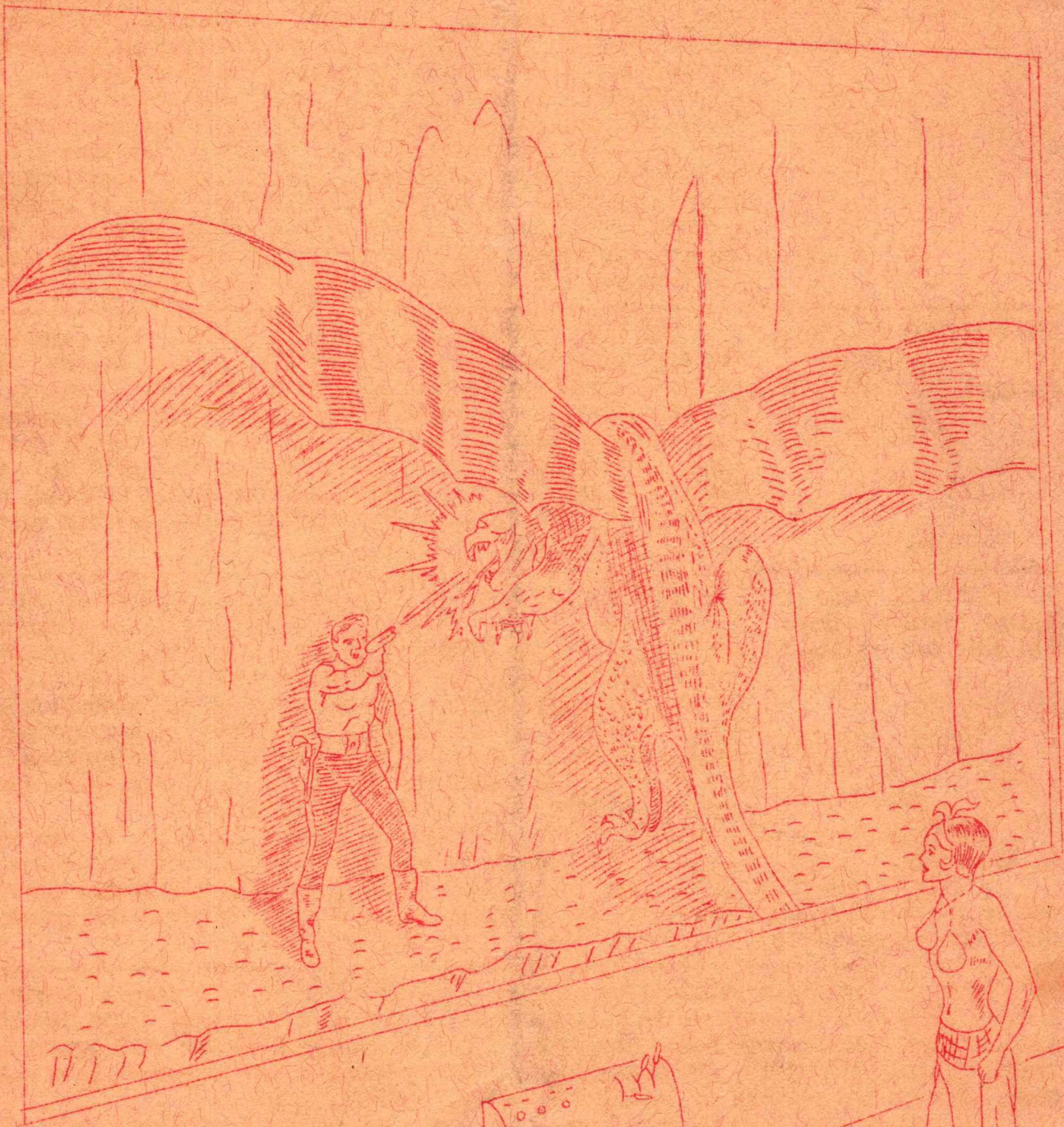
I imagine you went quietly insane anywhere between three to six months ago. Els why in the world would you attempt to do pages in two or more colors. And using five different colored inks. And you wanted to dummy it, no less!

Lack of space prohibits publication of other commentaries on last issue. Interesting letters from such as Gerry de la Ree, K. Martin Carlson, Jack Speer, Telis Streiff, Joe Kennedy, Rick Sneary, Dale Tarr, etc., but I do hope all of you will continue to write, giving your views, criticisms, suggestions, and the encouragement that helps so much. Now to the ratings of last issue, THE STAR ROVER, #4:

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Format and art work | 5. "Listen, mah chillun.." | 9. Fantasy in Radio |
| 2. Ballad of Space | 6. Strange Hunting | 10. Reader's Section |
| 3. Cartoons | 7. Scanning the Book-Shelf | 11. The Fear |
| 4. Editorial | 8. The Other Worlds | 12. Fantasy Fragments |

Remember, those fen who write stand out above the others -- so do.

The Ed.



Rick...