

CENSORED

FAPA - NFFF
MAR. 42 #3

BOVARD

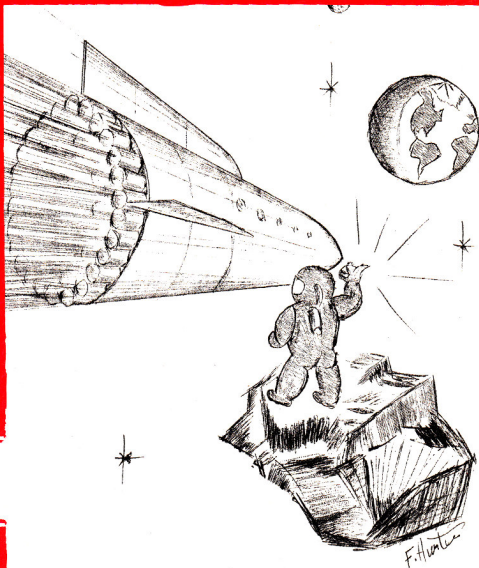
CRUTCH

PECK

MASON

HURTER

10¢



CENSORED - WAPA - WFFF - MARCH -

- The Staff -


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Blank

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Number 2.

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Silk-screen printing on cover - Ron Smith, mimeography - Fred Hurter, Interior illustrations by - Ron Smith, Fred Hurter, and W.Calhoun,		

Censored is Canada's foremost fanmag. Censored is Canada's foremost fa

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Will trade with any fanmag -



- favourable comments welcome

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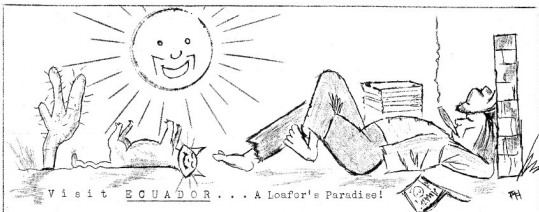
A few copies of "Censored" #2
are still available, that is if
you have the lucre necessary -
10¢ per copy

Advertising rates for this sec-
tion are as follows: \$1.00 per
full page, .50¢ per half page
25¢ per quarter page. Other
sizes, 1¢ per square inch.

We didn't know what to put in
this space.

So What?

The Astronomer:--A dreamer.
The Astrologer:--A wise guy.
The Astronomer:--Says, "Such will pass so and so".
The Astrologer:--Says, "Pay me for omens I know".
The Astronomer:--Teaches and dwells in pure fact.
The Astrologer:--Makes it hub and an act.
The Astronomer:--Sighs and pulls his belt tight.
The Astrologer:--Grins and eats well every night.
- Barbara Bovard....



Stack your mags, and read at leisure.

This ad by: La Compañia Voluntaria de Propaganda del Ecuador

The Editors Blurb —

Well, here's another issue. The third issue, the one that was going to contain flawless mimeography, and in all ways be a gala issue. Sad to say, the correcting goo was not available for several pages, and finger-nail polish, which makes a poor substitute had to be used. However, it's still legible, (I hope). Then too, the proper equipment for drawing on stencils could not be found, and a make-shift affair had to be used, that was forever tearing the stencil. However, do better next time "?" BUT, what do you think of the cover by Ron Smith?

Canadian fandom is booming; at least, it's looking less like a dead cat. Funny thing, all the new fans, judging from letter sections in Canadian fantasy mags are girls.

A new Canadian fantasy mag has appeared on the stands. It's the Canadian reprint edition of **ASTONISHING STORIES**, and is illustrated by a Canadian artist, who is darn good at that. Latest issue of **SCIENCE FICTION** has a good cover and is still the same neat mag. Large size, trimmed edges, and no advertising. Even **UFOCRAFT** is getting passably good, though the cover on the latest edish would turn the stomach of Old Nick himself. Any of you American fans who want to trade American for Canadian mags, step right up.

Just got the latest issue of "FANTASTIC ADVENTURES" (listen to the Canadian fans gnashing their teeth in envy) Yup, the very latest issue. Has an excellent cover, by Fuqua and McCauley.

That man Peck from out Vancouver way, has put a bit in the latest "Light" about "Censored" not being the first Canadian subscription fanmag, the rat. It seems he had nothing better to do than dig up the fact that Miles H. Frome had published a fanzine previous to "Censored". And that, just after it was established that "Censored" was the first. Speaking of Miles Frome, there is an article by him coming up soon, and story by Peck, the cad remind me to make plenty of spelling mistakes in his story, I'll fix 'em!

You will note that in this issue we are starting the latest Hurter fad. The one part serial. Most people don't like

to wait for the various installments of a serial, so we come to their rescue with the one-part serial. Smart eh?

The next issue will have a one-part serial by none other than Oliver Saari, it's called "The Missing Universe", an excellent story that I'm sure you will enjoy. Coming up too, is more by Barbara Bovard, a three thousand worder to be exact called "Castor Oil and Pirates". Isn't that enough to make you sick? (pardon the pun, I just can't help myself) It's a good yarn though. William D. Grant will appear in a coming issue also. Mason has another story here, "The Tatcher", and Crouch will, I hope, come through with one also. AND of course, there will be something by that unsurpassable, super-doooper vest pocket genius Fred Hurter! Even his worst, is never rejected here. He got kinda squeezed out of this issue by the sudden flood of material. Funny thing, last issue we didn't have enough to fill an issue, and this issue we have three times as much as we can print, and not go too much in the hole. Ah me, I mean we, such are the ups and downs of the publishing world.

Ye ed. dropped into Toronto a couple of weeks ago to see the Toronto group of fans. He had a swell time, and met such notables as Clarence Rowe (heh! heh!) Ron Conium, that guy Mason, and others. Ye ed. spent his time drooling over old issues of **ASTOUNDING** owned by Howes, and listening to fantastic tales of Ron Conium's collection.

There seems to be a slight objection to the name of this mag. A radical faction lead by (you could have guessed it) Peck and Crouch, are all for changing it. Hummm might do something about it.

A strange thing happened this issue, but maybe not so strange if you know ye ed. He was in a horrible hurry to get the silk-screen part of the cover run off, but all he succeeded in doing was covering himself with paint, and turning out 20 not so hot green covers. He wisely left the rest for Ron Smith to run off. Ron Smith turned out 120 excellent red covers. And that's how some of the covers got green. FH

The Hero of the Spaceways

by BARBARA BOVARO



When the Colonel heard about the disturbance, he naturally sent for me, Rick Radford, the best man in the Service of Interplanetary Patrol ever had. I swaggered into his office, flipped a hand in salute, and grinned at him.

"Rick," he glared --- he was always glaring, liked to show off his bushy eyebrows "Rick, I want to see you put down the piratical acts of the Holy Terror on Asteroid No. 111994466332."

"Yes, sir!" I flipped my hand again, and left. There was no need for me to ask why wherefor and all that. The night before, my trained Martian monkey told me something was brewing in the Old Boy's skull.

I went out to the Rocket Field and told them to haul out my littel number, Goldie, by name. She was a trim-lined little craft, with all the wiles and wits of a gold-digger. Sometimes, she led me to believe she took lessons from my girl-friend.

I stepped in, buckled myself down, swallowed some headache powder, and let 'er go. I shot into space in a millionth of a second; the acceleration making me feel a bit dizzy. I had long since learned how to avoid loosing consciousness. I just thought about my income tax.

After cruising for about ten hours among the asteroids I came across Asteroid No. 111994466332. It was one of the smallest asteroids in the System, which meant that I had to set on my stabilizers, run

out the rope ladder, climb down, pick up the asteroid, and bring it into the ship. Hardly had I closed the airlock, --- I didn't bother with space-suits; don't do justice to my figure---, when I heard movement behind me.

Turning around, I saw three creatures step off the asteroid and survey me malignantly. They were the funniest creatures I'd ever seen, and I've seen quite a few; especially after a few rounds of 'bodka'. They were about six feet tall, thinner than beanstalks, and with six or eight arms, and two or three heads. Also, they sprouted every so often and had to break away the new arms, and legs so they could see.

The smallest one, gnash - ing his teeth, stepped forward and growled at me:

"I yam the Holy Terror!"

"Pleased to meet you," I answered, sitting down in the pilot's chair. "Can I get you something -- er, some water?"

"No thanks. What's the big idea of picking up our asteroid?"

I shrugged my broad shoulders.

"Colonel's orders. No piratical disturbances allowed in the Solar System. I just gotta take you in and turn you over to the patrol."

"I'll boil you alive!"

hissed the Holy Terror.

"Can't," I grinned impudently. "I just had my skin made impervious to all sorts of outside matter. Try again!"

"I'll smaother you!"

"Can't do that either. I had my lungs taken out, they



were too much bother".

"Er, I'll choke you to death."

"Sorry, but I'm surrounded by a death screen, and nothing comes any closer than I want it to."

"Lessee, I'll bore you to death."

"Um, shouldn't doubt it. Well, I guess the Earth's swung back to its normal position, so I'll go back."

The Holy Terror burst into tears.

"Not even one little disturbance?"

Grim faced, I shook my head.

"Colonel's orders."

"Oh, dear. All right."

And he went over to the corner and sat down to wipe the tears from his nose

We arrived back on Earth amid a great celebration. I

I had wired back that I had single-handedly captured the vicious Holy Terror and was bringing him back.

The crowd swept me up on its shoulders, and I rode in triumph back to the Colonel's office. The crowd also swept up the Holy Terror. I found pieces of him in the wastebasket the next day.

The Colonel, his face streaming with tears, kissed me on both cheeks and presented me with a large new medal

"Just had it made," he beamed. "I hope you can pawn it for something."

And so I was a hero forever and ever.

- the end -

Here's a little item we clipped from a recent newspaper: 'ROME, Dec 1 - A new type of propellorless plane, driven by compressed air and hot exhaust gasses apparently on the rocket principle was credited today by Stefani with a 235 mile flight The news agency said that Colonel Mario Debernardi, well known test pilot, had flown the plane from Linate airport near Milan to Guidonia airport near Rome in 2 hours, 15 minutes & 45 secs.

I paused for a moment, then, stepped from the circular airlock to the red sands of Mars, that swept away before me in long sinuous undulating dunes to the nearby horizon: harsh, barren. The sky was a deep blue-black in which the stars glittered coldly. To the west the small Sun sent its feeble rays slanting across the dismal dunes, casting long black shadows against the blood-red waste. As I watched, the shadows moved, wavered as if alive; then the thin wind struck me, its bitter cold like a breath from the frozen hell of the Norse-men, piercing my heavy fur-lined suit. I checked my oxygen supply, moved 'round the charred hulk of the ship, and set off across the crimson dunes toward the canal I had noticed a few seconds before the landing.

I walked for what seemed hours through the dreary monotony, under the bleak stars; surrounded by death and frustration. With every step I became more and more depressed, and it was with the utmost joy and relief that I greeted the first signs of life. Life, for there, on the rhythmic slope of a high dune was a small cluster of stunted cactus-like growths thrusting their dusty, sickly green knobs through the sand. I tried to break one off as a specimen, but try as I might, I could not break it - it seemed to be made of leather. I then tried to dig it out, but after following its cable-like root down through four feet of sand, I gave up, and crossed the dune. Before me as far as the eye could see, stretched an immense plain, covered with the cactus-like growths. The contrast was almost as sharp as that between the harsh red of the desert and the cold blue-black of the sky. Behind was barren death then suddenly, life --- life of a sort anyway. To the right and, to the left, the sharp cleavage

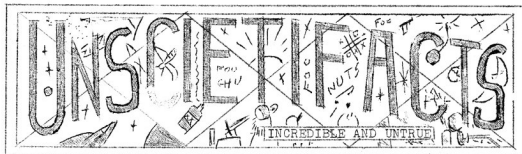
extended, as though some deity decreed that here shall there be life---and here there shall be death. True, here and there the desert poked a crimson finger in - to the dusty green, and here and there a few isolated clumps of green reared defiantly out of the red, but the artificial aspect was undeniable. To the left a few streaks of white among a mass of rather angular dunes attracted my attention. I slowly walked toward them.

The white streaks resolved themselves into ruined walls- the bare bones of some civilization that perished in the relentless grip of Time. As I gazed at those silent testimonials of ultimate doom and futility, I recalled the words of Sir James Jeans....

"Is this then, all life amounts to - to stumble almost by mistake into a universe which was clearly not designed for life, and which to all appearances, is either totally indifferent, or definitely hostile to it, to stay clinging on to a fragment of a grain of sand until we are frozen off, to strut our tiny hour on our tiny stage, with the knowledge that all our achievements must perish with our race, leaving the universe as though we had never been?"

The wind blew past stirring the crimson grains; I glanced up. The sun was close to the horizon the temperature, already fifty below was dropping rapidly. I turned with a sigh, and headed for the ship. At the summit of dune, I looked back for a moment - the sun was dropping below the horizon- the mocking stars seemed to look down upon the ruins in cynical amusement; then went on through the dark and the cold.

- Fred Hurter Jr



- SOLUTION UNSATISFACTORY -

Jimmy Graft found the way to close his Pullman window, finally. Now he's having the sash cut away to get his arm out.

-PLAGIARIZED PHENOMENA-

On Earth is the well known phenomena of symbiosis, where animals, and or plants make a living sponging off each other. The species of Mammalia known as Homo Sapiens, (sap for short) carry out this practice regularly, in a manner known as "in-lawing." The "lower" animals are quite incensed by this plagiarism.



-TREE TRUNKS-

Elephants, it is well known have trunks; but on the island of Kittichicoo, in the Venerian Ocean, there is an elephant with three trunks. He gets a Venerian Porter to carry his luggage.

-STRANGE CREATURE-

Our scientists recently brot back from Mars the weird, and rare critter known as the "Mag-iter". No one knows how he developed on Mars, as his sole article of diet is Pan-mags..

Some of the more overripe ones give him indigestion. Censored nearly killed him.



-DAM SALMON-

Two thousand salmon paraded through the streets of Portland Oregon, one day, to demand their rights. The dams across the Columbia river had stopped their migrations. Refused, their petition, they flopped back into the river, and swam away. That is all.

-THIS INCREDIBLE WORLD-

If all the molecules in the world were placed end to end, how far would they go? To the end...a six toed man was found recently. He uses the extra toes for bait when he goes fish-ing...it's a well-known fact that girls drank lye to keep their skins white. It does... it has just been discovered that the Man in the Moon is cross eyed...the average man to day uses less than three tooth-picks per year...a noted scien-jus: estimates that 59873239956 people on this Earth sneeze, every second....a firm on Siam has patented an inflateable rubber fish for fishermen to show to their friends.....B.B.

7 " HE WAS POOR...
... BUT HE WAS HONEST
— BY GORD PECK —



"I'm sorry, Mr. Dunk, I understand how you feel, but business is business."

Elmer Dunk eyed the little agent.

"But Mr. Bronney, I've already told you I'm getting close to a lode. All I need is a couple weeks...."

"Tut, young man, my time is valuable. If you haven't the money by noon tomorrow, Earth time, your property will revert to the Saturn Finance Company. Good day."

Elmer snickered as the prissy little agent stumbled over a coil of air hose and fell flat on his pince-nez.

"Ha! ha! Many happy returns!" chortled Elmer Dunk, and Bronney vanished into the airlock, muttering,

"I mustn't swear, I mustn't be profane...."

Dunk sat down on a drum of octolene and pondered. Fourteen hours to save his mine from the grasping tenacles of the SFC.

"Guess I'd better go out and have another try at that lode," he murmured hopelessly, "But whoever heard of blasting away about twenty feet of durite in fourteen hours?"

Grunting, he heaved to his feet and looked out the lucilite port at the surface of Saturn. Cold and rugged it was, lashed by furious gales that tore with futile fury at the plasteel dome which Elmer Dunk called home.

Opening the suit locker, he yanked out an old 2017 model air-suit and climbed into it. Once inside the cumbersome suit, he ruminated on the impossibility of blasting away the durite with even the high powered PQ blasters. But he had to remove twenty feet of that super dense matter to get at the lode of syrinamide, which

would bring him fifteen solars a gram at the market at New Nuyork.

He opened the lock, stumbled out onto the rocky plain. The gales swirled futilely about him as he approached the syrinamide workings.

Then he halted, dazed. Before him, where once a hill of durite had defied his feeble attempts to remove it, stood a heap of slag, in the ceter of which nestled a pool of pure, sparkling syrinamide!

Dunk rubbed his faceplate, pinched the steel seat of the suit, but it refused to vanish. No hallucination, this!

Walking up he put his gauntlet out to touch the glittering wealth. Hard as rock, it had evidently been, like the hill of durite, melted under terrific heat, and then cooled by the atmosphere almost instantly. As he watched, the syrinamide began to break up into convenient-sized crystals.

Then Dunk remembered. The SFC had recently developed a radically new drive for space ships. Sub-etheric fission, it was called. It fell into place with the rest of the evidence.

Bronney had used one of the nu ships, and the blast had melted the entire mine workings!

"Whew! Lucky it wasn't the shack!" grunted Elmer Dunk, perspiring. He set to work loading the precious syrinamide into his space tractor.

- Ether is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in various amounts. The new drive mentioned apparently split up the molecule, and exploded the carbon and hydrogen in the oxygen. No fuel, would have to be carried in such a ship. - Ed.

At noon the next day, E. T., Theophilus Bronney rang the bell of Elmer Dunk's shack. Elmer opened the door and the little agent stepped from the air tube connecting his ship with the shack.

Facing Elmer, he extended the mortgage papers and a pen.

"Just sign here and get out", he said in what he hoped was a grating voice.

"Oh no," said Elmer.

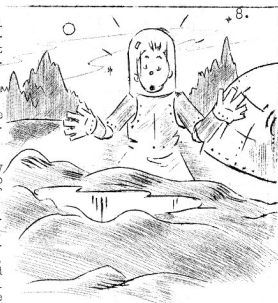
"Young man, if you don't comply I shall be forced to resort to force -- er, I have a couple of torpedoes outside."

"Look here, you shriveled, malformed, atrophied, desiccated, twiddle-brained, cross-eyed, bow-legged, buck-toothed, knock-kneed, dried up ----," here Elmer stopped for breath, "Why don't you call your office? They'll tell you I've paid."

Bronney had recourse to his wrist radio, then started to scream. He stumbled over the same coil of air hose, and as Elmer guffawed, limped out muttering,

"I mustn't swear - mustn't be profane", but his self control yelled.

"Wow, what a vocab!" said Elmer.



HE SAID: "TO 'L WITH PRACTICAL SCIENCE"

Why? If he knows, as is obvious, from his mournful meditations every constellation, every galaxy every what-ever-else, why should he feel that way? Why should he think the Universe is flat and meaningless?

If once he thought the infinite space was terrible in its majesty and distance, he will always think that, no matter how his mind was crammed or with what. If anything, he should be more cognizant--my, my!-- of the wonder of the Universe. I know it sounds a trifle stale to translate size and shapes into figures, but even the most ignorant layman will blink if you tell him the nearest star is 275,000 times 93,000,000 miles away.

Such figures are beyond his comprehension, but they are neces

Heck, you have to know some thing about the **practical side** of science in order to appreciate the aesthetic side.

Perhaps you must name Vega, Arcturus, Polaris, Deneb, and Aldebaran. It gives you a feeling of assurance, of reality. Think, just a moment, of how you would feel, if you couldn't tack down and catalogue the stars. Each time you looked up into that awful darkness, where pin-points of light, twinkle with a cold glimmer, you'd feel your hair rise at the terrible impersonalness of bodies of light and heat. Who knows what they are and what they will do?

Knowledge is necessary--almost for sanity. Of what we are ignorant, we are afraid.

- Barbara Bovard

The DIGGER

If the Earth decided all of a sudden that it wanted the Moon tied on so that it wouldn't wander off, it would do it by physical contact, wouldn't it? Would it?

Just to show you what a tremendous force our gravity has on the Moon, it would take a solid pillar of the very best stainless steel, 240,000 miles in length ---- with an added elasticity of 13,000 miles for precession ----- and a thousand miles in diameter, to equal gravity's pull.

So what? you ask.

I dunno, except that it's a good idea for a story.

Puzzlin' question: what's the astronomical name for mooshine, and I don't mean the hillbilly... kind.

Just to prove that this ole world isn't entirely educated, listen to this:

In Florida, U.S.A., there is a sect of people who firmly believe that this earth is as flat as a pancake, disk shaped, with the heavens an inverted bowl fitting snugly over the edges. People go around the world, yes, but in a circle. The inverted bowl extends an interminable distance upward, revolving about the disk. No one knows what the disk stands upon.

Au contraire, in South Dakota, U.S.A., is a sect firm in the conviction that the Earth is square. Yes, square and flat, something on the order of a piece of paper. It floats gently in space somewhere, while the heavenly bodies turn about and over it. People talk about the four corners of the Earth!

An enterprising file clerk in a Washington, D.C., library sent a set of Florida notes to South Dakota, and vice versa. No one ever learned what happened.

Distances, given in billions, trillions, and decillions of miles don't mean a thing to the layman.

Even the astronomer finds it hard to grasp such awing facts. Howsomever, put a thing into a scale with comparative sizes, and the idea begins to seep through, the grey matter.

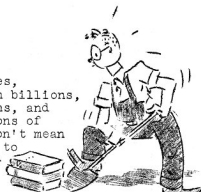
It is possible, but impractical to build a model of the Solar System: it would entail delicate processes and large areas of land. For instance, for a model of the relationship of the Sun and Earth the Sun represented by a six inch globe, would have to be half a mile away from the Earth, represented by an eighth inch marble. It would be impossible to build a working model of the solar system if size and distance are drawn accurately to scale.

On the same line, but ignoring sizes, a model of the solar system and outer rim of our celestial sphere, would be as follows:

The Earth is placed 1 foot from the Sun. Since the average distance to the Sun is 93,000,000 miles, Vega one of the nearer stars is 250 miles from the model of the Sun! Now, where would you stand, to look at a model like that?

Our Solar System is all by its lonesome. Universe trotting is a long way off.

- the Digger..



"And through night to morning,
The world runs ruinward"

Useless From Uranus Says



Whee-ee-ee,

It seems that this copy business is catching. Say, are the publishers and writers, not to mention cartoonists, running out of ideas, or something? Not even the innocent (?) comic magazines are free from copy. (No puns!) Take the story "Armageddon", for instance, which appeared in Unknown. Where should it pop up, now, but in the November 1941 issue of "Shadow Comics". Of course, it's all the same house, but it shows a lack of originality that is depressing.

Speaking of comics, ---I was---, you know, some of them are fairly good. Superman stinks, though. He gets boring after a while. The Spectre is unusually good, because it - quote - opens new vistas of thought- unquote. Also, Doctor Midnight is an intriguing possibility.

Say why do the stf. magazines insist on putting out quarterlies? I suppose it's because the people who read them, can't remember the best stories. Hmmm, can't be very good then.

Won't you have another cup of tea dearie?

What member of our once-respectable group of fans turned wolf and ran to the other side? Who went to Denver, and kept on going? Who was once a miniature publisher with an aspiring----gee, I like that word---magazine, a good cartoonist, a fair to middlin' poet, and suddenly turned his talents to petty thievery? Who?

MUST-SEE PICTURE OF THE YEAR: HERE COMES MR. JORDAN.

Can't anyone do anything about those cover illustration? Now, I ask you, man to man, or any way else, how can you work up enough enthusiasm to read a magazine that has a cover that might have gone with the Rover Boys? I thought that the old-fashioned idea of monsters---gad! what messes! went out with prohibition. And those technical cover, with their rocket-ships, time machines, death-rays, or what - have-you, since when have they been coming back? And Heaven preserve me from the dashing hero saving the heroine by the skin of her teeth. It ain't decent. Give us a cover with a half-way good illustration of something in a story, something real, something scientific, and not so^mething that Hollywood might have gotten up for publication. Ah, me still beefin' about something.

But, no foolin', why not let the heroine have her beautiful face scratched up or something? Why not pick those classic illustrations I seem to remember seeing somewhere, of imaginary views of various sundry plants, worlds, and suns-why not give something to speculate about? The possibility of life somewhere else, the reaches of space, the views through telescopes; keep fiction scientific, instead of low-class, vulgar, vivid, and just no good.

Maybe I ought to be an art critic-----even if I can't draw.

Confidentially, Weird Tales is the lousiest magazine on the market outside of a few yellow-backs. What's happened to the spine chilling stories that kept you awake nights in a cold sweat of horror? Unknown has tried to emulate something of the sort, but either all the good writers have gone to the respective Hells of their creation, or they've retired on their Social Security. No one can turn out a good story, now, that makes you cower in your chair, start at the least noise, leap screaming into the air if someone touches you. Ah, me, I give up.

Speaking of Unknown, it stinks. So do I. WHO SAID THAT?

- Useless from Uranus

Comments favorable OR OTHERWISE!

Hi you space bums, the old Major is taking over this blasting pit, 'to teach you rocket rookies your "Q's" and "X's", and slap you in your places. These swivle chair pilots that come blubbering in, will have their jets out a-plenty. So belt yourselves in, while I get my screens up, and my blasters ready. And here comes the first blast from J. Grant Donnelly....

...Was I amazed when Upon opening a small round bundle, I found: (nuf said). What ever inspired you to dream up a nightmare like Censored? BUT, not at all bad for a second attempt, it at least shows we Canadians are not all saints. And please do improve the simply darling rocket-ship on the cover; it looks like (censored) a broken down disconnected sewer pipe with a brace of Campbell's soup cans nailed to the "back", "front"?

The Guest Editorial ---- stunk with the great and glorious humor of that up and coming kid; Tremblin Ormaine. Useless from Uranus - now that was a scholaristic masterpiece, given in the inimitable style of Barbara Bovard....gad what a futuristic mind that gal's got. Requiescat was excellent.... that lad will go far (I hope), but it takes a good story like "The Moth, to haul this moth - eaten waste of paper to fair anyway. (Please have more of this type).

I rekin that's all for now solong dear editor. Yours till the sidewalks (censored). J. Grant Donnelly. 231 O'Connor St., Ottawa

..(Boy what a blast, burned out three screens. Well, I'll be the sun of a Lunar sea-cook; by the red eyes of a Martian Foo- Foo calling the Major's own ship, the pride of the spaceways, a disconnected sewerpipe. I warn you, you you, you, I'll have the ed. slap a brace of the BE'd BEM's that you ever saw, right on the cover.)

...and here comes a squib of soft soap)

Not bad, dash it! Not bad ! A good story, a story that's not so good, a stray article, what-more would you want? Blasted good if you ask me. (Yeah, I know nobody did) - Barbara Bovard

(now that's the kind of letter I like to get, but what have we here, a bouquet of Martian Zennias mixed with some Venorian Stink Weeds.)

..received the latest Censored okay and still think that it's a helluva hame, so do other Canadian fans. Sounds too Goddamned Englishy silly. Here's ratings according to Warner's system: COVER 3; GUEST-EDITORIAL 4; LUNA & LUNACY 8, illustration for same 8; THOUGHT HELMETS 5; USELESS FROM URANUS, comment on Canada's fantasy mags, (so called) elicits 8 for this; EVOLUTION good and funny 8; UNSCIENTIFICTS 5; whatever it is on page 12 by Hurter 5; REQUIESCAT 8; THE MOTH, best in this issue, 9; COMMENTS etc. 7; IDLE CHATTER 8; SWAMP COUNTRY 8; THE EDITOR'S BLURB 5; "I" 6. - Leslie Crouch. Box 121, Parry Sound. Ont.

(Heh, heh, you wouldn't be prejudiced in the case of The Moth? pass me the Zeno...ah, here's another squib. Hmm, from Toronto that dead city on the shores of Lake Ontario.)

...I enjoyed Censored from the

first to the last page. I liked the spacing you used for The Moth, and think double columns should be used for articles only. Shorter Guest Editorials. About the cover, I would try to picture a scene from a story, and see how the reader's take it. You should have interior illustrations depicting scenes from stories, and, bigger extracts of letters of praise or otherwise. - William D. Grant.

(Well, as regards covers, the ed. tells me that William D. will be taking care of future ones, he hopes, and so do I. Wheeu, I saw one of them, and can that rookie swing a pencil. I'm pinning up a couple of his sketches in the crew's quarters....wheeu, but here comes a blast.)

.....I was interested in seeing Censored, but very much disappointed at the attitude expressed editorially on page 18. I see no reason to invite contributors to make slanderous attacks and backbiting remarks against authors, publishers or any other group they might not happen to like. As a matter of fact, I feel that your readers, (if there are any after this issue), will ignore the invitation to be boorish and ill-mannered.

Mentally you are undoubtedly a minor. I can quite understand a fan criticising an author for a poorly written story; or a fan who dislikes the work of a particular author expressing his or her distaste for the type of fiction turned out by that particular author. However, I cannot understand why it would be necessary to slander or engage in backbiting against a person unknown to myself personally and unable to defend himself against attack.

There was a ray of sunshine however, in the first issue of CENSORED. The Moth, by Leslie Crouch was good reading, and, probably the best piece of writing in the issue.

One gets the impression, Mr. Hurter that you are the editor of CENSORED. Your name is mentioned a total of fourteen times; ten times on the index page itself, which is a pretty fair average!

May I add my voice to that of Juan Aguayo and say: My God, you don't expect to sell this! -

- Jacqueline Berke, 6 Denison Square, Toronto, Ontario.

(Boy, swung wild and hard as only a rookie can swing 'em; clean thru all the screens; no wonder the ed turned this department over to me. She sez she's against slanderous attacks, but what would you call that? Wheeu, it's still got me reeling. Yup, the ed. is a mental minor, otherwise he wouldn't be putting out CENSORED. As for not selling, I never saw a better jet cleaner than this mag..but here's a kind word from Lamb, that'll give the screens time to build up.)

...Cover very good. Suggestion-keep price off as it makes it seem too commercial. However it's your cover-do as you please. Personally I like to think of a fan-mag as something more or less personal, not like one of the pro mags. Mimeography - excellent... never saw such a good job. Now for a brickbat; quite a few mistakes in spelling, task, task, task!

General format - fair. Suggest you allow about 1/8 page for title of story; give author's name at beginning if possible. Spacing in Luna & Lunacy is better than The Moth.

Guest Editorial - lovely take off on the super Burpo that Hugo Gernsback used to bring up. Keep going with one per issue and your mag should go places. Need I say where? (Humour or such.). Luna & Lunacy - very humorous. I seem to have read something similar, but it wasn't intended to be funny. I think you must have read the same story, (or was it 10000 similar stories). Thought Helms articles are always welcome,

(continued on page 15)

— GESTURE —

by JOHN HOLLIS MASON. —

Hugh Dalton - last man! If he had thought of it whimsically, it would have seemed very different to the actuality he was now experiencing.

But there was no time for that as he opened the throttle. The ship was accelerating, faster and faster. Through a mist, the instruments on the control board before him danced eerily, then the hideous weight that crushed in from all sides was too much.

He didn't lose consciousness, for he could still feel the mounting heat of the vessel's interior as friction tore at it. But all he could see was a dancing red haze.

Then the ship was through. Gradually the pain receded and with it the numbness. Perception returned to him and a weary, tired feeling inside as though his viscera had been put through a meat

When he finally staggered to his feet and threaded through the maze of the cabin to a rear port, Earth was spinning away in its orbit. Dalton bit his lip suddenly in an effort to control the boiling pent-up emotions within him.

There was still something incredible about it all. Everything had happened so quickly. An unsuspecting Earth, then they were there and mankind was suddenly fighting for existence, trying vainly to stem the tide of the invaders.

Man had never learned much about the invaders. There wasn't time for that. But it was known that they could breathe earthly air. They were smaller than Man, used to the gravitation of a world half the size of Earth. And they had crossed interstellar space to find another home when their own planet was exhausted of its natural resources, and extinction stared them in the face.

They built their ships and crossed the abyss between the
#

stars. A hundred light years, and some said more before they reached the Solar System. Earth's atmosphere was the most similar to that of their home planet, its resources barely scratched and in abundance.

A tentative base of operations was established on Mercury. The invaders dug into the inhospitable little planet and studied the third world carefully. Preparations went ahead. Great space vessels built to carry supplies were rapidly converted into heavily armoured dreadnoughts. Deadly weapons were installed. Then they struck!

Man was reeling from the violence of the onslaught before he realized that cosmic invaders were at his throat. But opportunists rose to the aid of the stricken race, and out of his initial stupefaction, a united Man rose to strike back with all the power at his command.

The most powerful weapons, barely affected the invader's ships, and only thru suicidal sacrifices could Man destroy them. But the cost is not counted in a battle to the death and in the face of Man's ferocious counter-attacks, the enemy hesitated and ... was driven back.

Man thought he had won. He paused to get his breath and take stock of his losses. Then the invaders were upon him again. That was were humanity lost.

Terrestrials rallied to the defence and the toll their suicide squadrons took of the aliens was gigantic, but they were out-classed. The invader's ships were faster and better protected, their weapons vastly superior. This time there was no stemming the tide. Humanity's forces were segregated and decimated. Disorganized, vestigial, the remnants were cut to ribbons.

Dalton had been in one of the suicide squadrons at the end. How

he managed to escape death in the holocaust was almost as incredible as how he survived the crack-up of his tiny flier after a fifty mile plunge through the atmosphere in free fall. Somehow his automatic ejector remained intact and,unconscious,he was shot clear of the machine, his parachute opening automatically.

The next thing he remembered was a hospital room. He had been brought to an underground retreat he learned subsequently - a place where those who were left had gathered to escape the death meted out by the conquerors above.

When his broken body was again whole, he was released from the hospital. And his grim determination to fight the enemy was unshaken by the disgusting fatalism he encountered in the subterranean hideaway. These shattered remnants of humanity quailed even at the thought of offensive action against the invaders.

A few days after his release, Hugh Dalton discovered a hidden shaft that lead to the surface and once more came to the outer world. He found a truly change world. Already the usurpers were tearing down what remained of man-kind's works, and building in their stead strange, alien buildings. Man was hunted in those days - his thousands sought after with methodical efficiency that was nauseating. The invaders, were taking no chances of losing their hard gained world. Man must be thoroughly extirpated.

What few humans Dalton met were pitiful specimens, for, his civilization gone, Man sank back into the mire. Already the world that Man had mastered was becoming but a legend.

Dalton, however, remained unchanged, and as the months gave way to years, his resolve became a terrible burning thing that lighted strange fires in his eyes. Finally he built himself a camouflaged hideout in the fastness of a great desert and here he began the task of co-ordinating the information he had uncovered during

his years of wandering.

He had learned that the invaders depended upon a huge machine on the Moon for their power-a machine that was energised by the vast powers of solar radiation. It was built on the Moon mainly because greater quantities of sun-light could be captured there than on Earth and because it was beyond the reach of vindictive Terrestrials.

But the invaders hasn't taken into consideration that one man might live through the holocaust, and duplicate a space ship. This however, was what engaged Hugh Dalton for the next decade, for he cherished a dream of vengeance that would not be denied. Somehow he resisted the madness that clawed at his mind through the years, and always worked on, on towards the day of vengeance.

Then the tiny space vessel was finished. The knowledge that his task was done was like a soothing balm on a raw wound - the raw wound of his memory.

That night Dalton tuned in on the radio of the conquerors. He had recently discovered a way of rendering intelligible their communications to aid him in his task and now he was putting it to the test for the first time. It was then that he learned he was the last man.

Hugh Daltons loneliness crushed in upon him like a tangible weight. A queer, listless feeling, of futility nearly took possession of him. But he was the last representative of his race. The knowledge seemed to give him a sense of responsibility, for there was no one else now. It was his job to strike the last blow. He could not fail.

An hour later his tiny space ship leaped down the firing rails and up into the air. Behind it, the laboratory geysered high into the air as the carefully-laid time bomb went off.

Now the Earth was spinning away far behind, and Luna expanding into a brilliant crescent in his vision screen. In the right hand

corner he could just make out his objective as a tiny changing spot of brilliance. Another two hours.

Suddenly Dalton cursed. A dial was flashing intermittently on the instrument board- the proximity detector. It could mean only one thing. His ship had not left Earth undetected.

The last man grasped the throttle of the rocket blasts, abruptly accelerating. The little space vessel was away like a shot.

Five hundred miles behind, the cruisers of the invaders gave up all pretense of caution and set out in full chase. Only for a moment did the Terrestrial's ship

widen the gap between them.

As he slanted down towards the power machine, Hugh Dalton knew he was fighting a losing game. His tiny craft was no match for the fast ships that were rapidly overhauling him. There was still a thousand miles to cover before he would be within range of the solar power machine and he would have to begin slowing his terrific pace soon.

There was only one way. A vision of a once great race rose before his eyes as he paused, hand on the throttle. Then he thrust the throttle wide open....

-the end(obviously)-

(continued from page 12)

whether I agree with the writer's opinions or not. Useless from Uranus - very interesting. If U From U is disgusted with Merritts "The Snake Mother" as it was reprinted, let her read his book "The Face in the Abyss" as it was printed by Lwerights in the U.S.A. It wasn't cut up; it was absolutely ruined. It had both the Graydon stories stuck together, then hacked down to make an ordinary sized novel. When I pay out good money for a mutilated thing like that, my blood boils. Grrrr. Evolution ? - very welcome. Amorous STF poetry(?) is rare. I love it, and never see enough of it. The illustrations were nifty and set off the poem very well. More and yet more! Unscientific facts - text and pictures good, but keep them more or less scientific. The first one was out of place. To 'L With Practical Science- very good amplification of the old adage "Familiarity breeds contempt" Too true, alas, as I have discovered in my short life. Requiescat - dolf but logical. Could you write a poem with a more cheerful idea something like Man's future accomplishments. Nice am I not? Just ask you for such a tall assignment and expect you to go ahead. "The Moth" very good story of weird railroading. Must tell Les I liked it or might be cut

off his list of friends (joke-ha,ha,) Comments- always nice to see different viewpoints. Who is this Fred Hurter Jr. who writes his comments? Doesn't he like your mag? Idle Chatter- put this on the first page after Contents. Any comments on American stf. mags are welcome as I very rarely see them now. If you have any, or hear of any for sale, (1941) editions, let me know pronto, and I'll take them. Name your own price as I want to get them. Could you announce any future articles or stories in "Idle Chatter"? Swamp Country - just enough horror to be weird. Fine composition. Get more from knight - he's worth reading. Editor's Blurb - combine with "Idle Chatter" and make it a full page as per suggestion on "IC". "I" - good except for second line of first paragraph. Could be rewritten and this defect fixed. (please don't throw anything at me, they're only suggestions that you asked for). All in all, you have a real nice mag. Well, I guess this will be all for the present. Yours weirdly & stflly. L/cpl. Norman Lamb, B52537, N.V., B. Company, #20 B.T.C., Brantford, Ontario.

(I guess that's all fer now, as I lost a letter from Peck so, adios mis amigos -Major Jupiter)

THE OF DISSENTION

Some people, it seems, don't agree with certain of my opinions expressed in past articles, and wanna argue. So here is a column in which you can thrash it out with the ed. or among yourselves. This publication assumes no responsibilities for injuries sustained thru, arguments started in this column. And now, let's go.....

Why Not Thought Helmets?

#

There can be inter-communication by thought. Of course, there is always the image idea; think of a thing and it forms a picture in your mind. However, that is not altogether good, because it would apply only to concrete forms. Abstract thoughts would depend on the sender's idea of them. Some people say "beauty" and think of sunsets, trees, etc. while others say "beauty", and think of peaches and cream, chocolate fudge, or an ice-cream soda.

But that is beside the point. Thought transmission in different languages, can be done very easily. Today in Washington, and in probably every other important capital, there is a gadget, of a million or so parts, that takes a speech made by any nation, and translates it into the language of the one listening. 'Strus so help me! Now, what is to prevent some aspiring scientist---- don't look at me!----from inventing a gadget that will work on the same principle, with this difference; it catches thought waves instead of sound waves and turns them into the language desired? The cute little trick in Washington has a large receptor that catches the sound waves and translates them into different languages indiscriminately. No one would want to carry a ten ton machine around naturally, but I insist that it can be done. - Barbara Bovard.

If that machine exists, I will grant that you have me to a certain extent. But I don't believe that there is any such animal.

If you have studied any foreign languages at all, you should know that there are so many idioms; so many shades of meaning, of pronunciation, that it is doubtful if a machine with even two million parts could translate a speech. Moreover, think what a mess such a machine would make if the speaker lisped or stuttered. And even if such a machine would work, it would still be necessary to learn the language of the race you wish to communicate with. -ed

"Think Chapeaux"

A person thinks not in words but in pictures. Granted one does at times think in words, but a person's thoughts are not in words. No sir!

(a) That animals can think is a proven fact, but if dogs thought in terms of barks, they would have had a lingo long ago.

(b) You ought to know that at times especially in crises, a person thinks in seconds what would take him minutes to articulate. And if the mind can think that fast, in words, you ought to be able to say them that fast.

(c) You've often tried to express something which you knew as well as your own name, but couldn't put in words. Has there ever been a satisfactory explanation, of love? No. Ill-qualified as I am, I yet say that we all know what love is, but put it into words; impossible.

(d) Also, when one gets an idea for a picture or machine or such one does not think of it in words.

because one is liable not to know the name of something they think of. Look at the work of Salvador Dali. Three quarters of the stuff he paints has no name, and yet a person can think. Suppose you were building a machine, and you needed a piece shaped like this.



What would you call it?
Ok now, admit like a man
that you're beaten.

-Gordon Peck. 214 W. 15th. Van. B.C

Beaten nothing. Now watch this
(a) Just what do you mean by thinking? Learning by experience or association, or reasoning. Almost all creatures, even fish, can do the former, but few the latter, and dogs are not among them. Your analogy is false.

(b) This statement is nonsense. Merely because we are unable to do something because of some physical limitation does not say that it is impossible. Merely because we cannot see thousands of stars with the naked eye, doesn't say that they don't exist. Hmm better watch my own analogies. Have you ever noticed that you can read faster if you don't mouth each word? And my dear boy you are absorbing words, not pictures, and faster than you could say them.

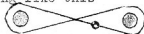
(c) The argument isn't about explanations, but about whether we think in words or in pictures. We're not arguing about explanations in words, but whether we think of something merely as a word, or as a picture. Anyway love is an emotion, and not the product of thought, as a glance at what some people marry will show. (d) I wish you would not confuse the issue. "Visualizing", as you do in connection with painting, can hardly be called thinking. Moreover, it is extremely limited. No man can visualize above six. I can visualize about four, which, is slightly better than a crow can do. So, we merely think in words, and overcome this handicap - it would be absolutely impossible to think, in pictures of any large amounts, such as a hundred

or a thousand. Why that is our chief difference from other animals; that we can think in words; that we can use abstract terms. Just what picture would you have for such terms as "impossible", because, improbable, perhaps etc. As I have said before, this business of thinking in words, is very noticeable, if you thoroughly study a foreign language. When you have spoken it for some time, you will begin to catch yourself tinkering in the words of that language. Sa fact. I can speak four and 'sture. O.K. now, admit like a man that you're beat.- ed.

Two Suns for Mother Earth?

Has anyone stopped to figure out what would happen if this world and solar system had two suns each of about the same gravity mass? Oh I know, the whole Solar System would probably fly into little pieces. But just suppose that there was an equalizing force that kept matters as they are at present.

In the first place there would be the matter of orbits. If there were two suns, which would the bewildered earth choose to revolve about? It would probably fly apart from sheer indecision. On the other hand, Nature, which most assuredly has a sense of humour, would probably allow something like this



Which brings us to the problem of day and night, as well as seasons. They would be double what they are now, the days would be twice as long--don't ask me why--the nights would be perfect for lovie-dovies. The moon would still be chasing after us, but it wouldn't show up much because there would be no night. How could there be, except during the winter seasons on the far side of the suns? I'd better give up, I'm getting involved. See you later.

Barbara Bovard

Fourth Dimensional Mixup

by Leslie Crouth

"Well, my boy, if you've finished playing the glutton, I'll tell you why I had you come here tonight."

I glared across the remains of an inch-thick steak at the hunched-up old man sitting across the table from me. Thin, stooped, shoulders topped by an enormous head, he resembled some vile bird of prey. And the way he looked at me: gloating, sneering, sarcastic! Tight fisted old money-bag squeezer that he was. Even if he was my uncle didn't change my opinion any, or my feelings either, as far as he was concerned.

He was deucedly clever, and rich as all get out, too. No, I wasn't jealous of his money, but when I thought how he had got his wealth, something would rise up in me, and I'd get sick to my stomach and my hands would itch to get hold of his srawny old neck and do a little gentle twisting. Oh no, I wouldn't murder the old buzzard - at least not quite, I'd just make him squeak a little, like the rat he was.

Perhaps after that tirade, I'd better tell you something about him, or you'll get the idea I'm a tough guy that should be cooling off under a warden's care.

Old Nat Judson - that's his name - was my father's only brother. Dad had worked like the very old devil all his younger days to make a little money while Uncle Nat had sponged on him and just monkeyed around with this and that. Always inventing things he was, and I'll have to admit that his inventions worked - sometimes. Well, he borrowed money off Dad for one of his nutty ideas. It was something to do with television, I've forgotten just what. But it was a howling success, and Uncle Nat made quite a wad out of

it. Then Dad had an accident, and was unable to work, and he asked if he could have his money back, but Nat said "Nuts!" and moved out. For lack of the proper medical attention, Dad died soon afterwards.

Besides that, Nat was always acting superior to the rest of us, as if we were dirt; wouldn't give us a helping hand when we needed it, and that after we'd played the Good Samaritan to him lots of times.

This night, though, old Uncle Nat had phoned me he'd like me to go over and see him. And just to be decent, I went. Just because he was an ornery old devil was no reason why I should act the same.

There being no love lost between us, and me being a man and under no obligation to him, I answered with a snappy retort: "Hold your horses. I haven't finished this steak yet!"

Uncle Nat glared. I guess no one had told him where to get off for a long time. But he didn't say anything.

When I had finished, and I sure took my time about it, he took me down the hall to a big room that must have been where he did his work. It had all kinds of motors, little electric lights that blinked on and off, and cables as big as pipes running everywhere. But the strangest thing in the whole place was a nice looking ar right in the middle of the floor.

Uncle Nat led me to it. With a funny little smile on his face, and waved his hand at it, saying nothing.

Gee, but it was a swell looking bus. One of the latest models. Must have cost him a

pile of money, and I bet it hurt him to have to fork over the necessary coin of the realm for it, too.

As I said before, it was a swell looking car, ordinary looking at first, but after a second look, I saw something no car ever had on it before. That was a layer of small brass tubes fastened on top, they were open at both ends, and from their middles a lot of wires ran down inside the body; where, I couldn't see just then.

"Well, what do you think of my time car?" Uncle Nat asked.

"Your what?" I asked back. A 'time car'? What in sam hill was that?

"My time car, idiot! I can travel back and forth in time with it," he explained.

I was still no further ahead. I guess my face had a stupid expression on it, for Uncle Nat launched into a more detailed explanation.

"By using the fourth dimension I can go into the past, or ahead into the future with this specially equiped automobile!"

I had read stories of such things, but that it was possible was a moot question as far as I was concerned. What the fourth dimension was I had a hazy idea. Seems like it's the other three dimensions, namely height, breadth, and thickness or width, extended into time, or something.

I didn't know much about it, so instead of disclosing my ignorance, I snorted:

"Nuts!"

Uncle Nat glared. Maybe he thought I was infering that he was nuts. At least he came back with:

"You're like the rest of your family. Ignorant, and making fun of anyone that you can't understand."

Well that got me. My family ignorant! Why, the old.....the old skinflint.

"Yeah, maybe we are a bit low in mental power. We must be, or

you'd never have got all Dad's money, you old theif!"

To my surprise, he didn't say anything to that, but he glared plenty. For a minute I thought he was going to throw a fit, he got that red in the face. But he finally cooled off.

"Now, now, my boy, there is no use in fighting", he said in an oily manner, rubbing his claws together, "I admit I owed your father money, but he died before I could pay him back. That is why I called for you to come over."

I was taken aback at this. Something was up, I realized, for old Uncle Nat had never gone soft hearted before. He had something up his sleeve, and I intended to be mighty careful.

"My heart is bad, my boy," he said. "My doctor has given me only a short time to live, perhaps a month at the very best. I may die any time."

Hurrah! I thought.

"And before I go," he went on, "I wish to give you this time car of mine. I have no money, and I wish to repay your father for all he had done for me in the past."

I grunted. No money, indeed! Where had all of it gone to? We all knew he was rich as Midas. And instead of paying us off as he should have done, he was giving me this time car. What use would I have for it, even if it worked?

"How's it work?" I asked, determined to see it through.

His eyes lit up with a fanatic -al light. Turning to his work bench he picked up a comical looking framework of heavy wire. At first I thought it was a cube then I saw it wasn't. It looked like a cube, but had an extra thingumabob on it that looked like something out of the D.T.s.

"What's that?" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"This is what mathematicians call a tesseract," he answered.

"A- what?"

"A tesseract. A cube extended into the fourth dimension.

I squinted at it from every angle. A tesseract hecalled it but it looked like a crazy mess of wire to me.

"I still don't know what it is," I confessed.

"No? Well, I'll try to explain it to you in syllable words,

Picking up a pencil he drew a straight line on a pad of paper that was handy.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's a line. Now ask me something hard!"

"I know it's a line, but what dimension is it?"

That was easy. Any student of geometry knows what dimension a straight line is in.

"One dimension. The dimension of lenght," I answered.

"Good. Now if I draw a line at right angles to the first, what dimension do we have?"

"Two, lenght and breadth."

"And if I draw a thir line at right angles to the other two?"

"Three; lenght, breadth, and height."

"Fine, fine. Now suppose I draw still another line that is at right angles to all the other three, what have we then?"

I thought for a moment, and decided it was impossible. I told him so.

He smiled and shook his head.

"No, my boy, it is not impossible to do. The fourth dimension thus formed would be that of time."

"Huh?"

"Time, time! The three dimensions extend into the fourth; time. There has to be a time extension for an object to exist, you know."

I grinned weakly. Plausible, the way he put it, but still I couldn't get it. But I said nothing. Turning to the car, Uncle Nat said:

"This is an ordinary car, equipped with a machine by which its extension into time may be speeded up or reversed!"



"Oh!" Inane? Well, at the time it was all I could say. But I was wondering whether Uncle Nat was as crazy as they made believe he was. Or perhaps he was even crazier than everyone thought.

"You see, if the car's extension into time is speeded up, or made greater, it will travel thru time faster than its surroundings. Thus it will go into the future. If its extension is reversed, it travels back along the time stream into the past. Do you understand?"

"Uh huh!" Was all I could say. I was flabbergasted at the possibilities suggested by the thing.

"Just think of the possibilities of this machine, my boy. You could go into the past and see your childhood days again. In the future you could see what was to happen to you. You could tell the trend of the stock markets, and on your knowledge reap millions!"

I had thought of all that, and why Uncle Nat, an old money grabber who would practically murder his own grandmother for two cents would let such a powerful thing out of his hands, was beyond me. Yes sir, the more I looked at it, the less I liked it.

"But first, there is a little job I wish you to do for me," he said, with a sly grimace.

Ah hah, so there was a string to the whole offer after all? I had suspected it.

"Yeah? And what's that?" I asked cautiously.

He stepped a little closer and looked up into my face with a smirk on his own. He chuckled as he answered:

"A little trip, my boy. Ah yes a little trip!"

I didn't like the way he said that. It sounded to me like: 'will you step into my parlour, said the spider to the fly'!

"Well?"

Again he chuckled, and rubbed his hands together with a rasping sound, like old dry leather being rubbed with sandpaper.

"A trip into the future, my boy, a nice little trip into the future!"

It sounded too easy to me; there was something mighty fishy about the whole thing, and I didn't like it. But I might as well see it through, it wouldn't hurt to do that. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, you know.

"What's the job?"

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"In one hour, or a little less now, at exactly nine o'clock, you will arrive in the future. There you will go to the hall, on the little table there, you will find a black satchel. This you will bring back to me."

"Is that all?"

"That is all!"

Something not on the level here, I thought to myself. But what the heck, what could I lose?

"Okay, I'll do it," I assented.

"Fine!" he said in a triumphant voice, as if he had won a momentous move.

"Will I start now?" I asked.

"Certainly!"

And now starts the craziest adventure any human has ever experienced. Don't accuse me of being drunk and seeing all that followed. I was as sober as I am now, and I'm absolutely sane.

"How do I operate this buggy

of yours?" I asked him.

He opened the door and pointed to the dashboard. On it were a pair of dials, like old time speedometers, a switch, and a couple of knobs.

"This dial," he pointed to the one on the right, "tells the operator how far into the future he is travelling. This little knob, it is the time controller, that you use when you are travelling into the future. The farther to the right you turn it, the faster you go. This other knob and dial is for control when going into the past. This switch, when turned, returns you to the present instantly. As you can see, the dials are marked in minutes, hours, and years.

I could see that, as I wasn't blind, but I didn't tell him so. With the feeling of the man who sticks his head in the lions' mouth in the circus, I climbed in and closed the door.

I turned the knob that sent me into the future. Contrary to the efforts of the science-fiction writers in describing a trip through time, I didn't see any hazy scenes of the passage of time; instead, all went black, dead black.

But as I went, I carried one picture with me; that was of Uncle Nat, and he was laughing.

The dial said nine o'clock. Uncle Nat had told me how to start this darned contraption of his, but had said nothing about stopping it. However, common sense told me to turn the future knob back. This I did, and I was in the future one whole hour.

I sat in the car and stared out the window at the workshop. The clock on the wall read nine.

Slowly I opened the door and stepped out. This being in the future made me a little nervous; and the same sensation one has when living in a dream. But this was too darned realistic to be just a dream.

I left the room and entered the hall. Sure enough, on the

hall table was a black satchel. How did Uncle Nat know it would be there? Had he seen it when he travelled into the future some time? If so, why hadn't he taken it back with him then? Why send me for it? Why not come himself?

I could hear voices in the parlour. Deciding to make the most of this little excursion in Time, I peeked in. Uncle Nat was talking to a big stout man, with a huge black mustache. The town banker, Mr. Wells. What was he doing here?

Ah hah, I thought, now I can wait untill nine, and see about Mr. Wells. If he comes, I'll know this machine is no fake; if he doesn't, then Uncle's a fraud, and I've been taken in by a hoax.

Thinking which, I picked up the bag, and went back to the work shop and the time car.

Entering the door, I almost dropped in surprise. What the devil! It couldn't be! Yes, it was!

Instead of only one time car, there were now two in the room! And getting out of the second, wasme, or my twin brother! As I haven't a twin, and as I know myself from acquaintance in the mirror, I knew that across the room was a second ME!

I came across the floor and looked at him, or should it be "me"? He looked decidedly anxious and seemed very glad to see me. As for myself, I was very surprised, and didn't know quite what to say. He, I, whoever it was, opened the exchange of words.

"Thank God, I got here in time!" he said.

"Who the devil are you anyway? I demanded.

He looked surprised.

"Why, I'm you, Garth Brooks Judson!" he answered.

I started at that, how the devil could he be me when I was myself and not him, when I was here and not there.

"I don't believe it," I said.

"It's the truth," he assured me. "I'm from nine-thirty, while you're from nine o'clock."

"That's plausible," I thought.

"What d'you want?" I asked him aloud. Or was it myself I asked?

"That bag!"

"But, I have to take this to Uncle Nat," I refused.

"DO you know what's in it?"

I shook my head.

"Then open it and look," he commanded.

I did so. It was literally overflowing with what I took to be bonds!

"Do you know who it belongs to?" he asked me.

"To my uncle I suppose."

He shook his head. "It's really Wells', the banker."

"Huh! What?" I couldn't understand this at all.

"Uncle Nat phoned Wells to come here with all these bonds. Uncle was going to buy them, and the deal was to take place here in this house. Wells agreed. Uncle Nat sent me, or you, into the future to steal them. Then he would have the bonds without having to pay for them."

That almost floored me.

"But why send me? Why not do the dirty work himself?" I wanted to know.

"He had to have an alibi," my double across the floor told me.

"If he is with Wells all the time he's here, then he will have an air-tight alibi. He has it all fixed for us to be the guilty one not him."

"How?"

"He had, or has, a camera rigged up in the hall. He took my picture when I took the satchel. That makes me the thief, then."

I saw it alright. I'd be railroaded to prison, maybe for life, while the real criminal would sit back in safety and laugh up his sleeve at the smart trick he'd pulled.

My double, I have to call him that, broke in: "So, if you give me the stuff, perhaps I can fix it so I'll get clear."

I handed him the bag.

"Now you'd better return."

I returned, with my blood fair-

ly boiling at the mangy trick played on me.

How could I turn the tables on Uncle Nat? Suddenly an idea struck me, and I chuckled. Yes, that is just what I'll do, I decided.

I found my uncle waiting for me. His welcoming smile turned to a look of rage when he saw I was empty-handed.

"The bag!" he cried, "The bag! Where's the bag?"

"I couldn't find it," I snapped right back.

"Couldn't find it? Why it was right there on the table in the hall!"

"I don't give a damn where it was supposed to be; it's not there now," I snapped back.

"You found that bag," he accused. "And you hid it somewhere. You've stolen it from me! I'll get even with you for that!"

At that moment the front door bell rang. Still muttering threats, Uncle Nat left to answer it I followed.

Sure enough, it was Mr. Wells, the town's one and only banker, and he carried in his left hand the now familiar black satchel.

I was wondering how my uncle would manage to have Wells leave such a valuable bag in the hall unattended for even the few moments necessary for the theft. But he had, that I knew.

Wells was hanging up his coat and hat, when Uncle Nat spoke:

"Before we-ahem- attend to the business you're here for, Mr. Wells, how would you like a glass of my best wine? Pre-war, it is." And he motioned to the parlor.

Wells' eyes lit up. It was common knowledge that he was a enthusiastic embiber, and never passed up the chance of a drink free or otherwise. I knew he wouldn't let this offer slip thru his fingers. In fact, the first glass might well merge into several before the "business" was attended to. Forgetting all about the bag, he followed my uncle. How easily it was all carried out. So simple, there was little chance that it would go wrong.

I entered the library, which was across the hall, and stationed myself just inside the door, where I could watch the hall and bag where it sat on the table.

I glanced at my wrist-watch, and saw it read just ten to nine.

Sure enough, at nine, or a little later, I saw myself come from the workshop, walk down the hall, pick up the bag, peep into the parlor and then return.

Suddenly a thought struck me, and for a few moments my head swam with the immensity of it.

Here I was, in the hall, and there were two of me in the workshop talking to each other! Phew-wwie! Three of me in existence.

Stepping across the hall, I entered the parlor. Uncle Nat and Wells were wiping their lips and, grinning quite self-satisfyingly. Wells was preparing to leave the room. Now the fireworks would begin with a bang!

The three of us stepped out into the hallway. At once Wells missed his bag. He made a quick search, easy for there was only the table in the hall. Uncle Nat smiled wryly. Wells let out a bellow that would have done credit to a bull who had been stuck in the back of his belly with a none too dull pitch-fork.

"The satchel- the bonds! THEY- REGONE!" Wells shouted.

"Ah- so I- or- see." My uncle eyed me with a none too friendly air.

I coughed.

The next ten minutes were filled with pandemonium. Wells yelled for the police. Uncle Nat managed to pacify him with assurance that the thief would be caught. I hung around with an indescribable feeling in me.

Finally Wells left. Uncle Nat turned on me furiously.

"Well, smart aleck, where's the bag?"

I didn't say anything, just grinned.

"You won't get away with it, you know," he snapped.

Walking to a light fixture above the little hall table, he

took down one of those little can-did cameras.

"I've got a photograph of you taking that bag, you know," he told me.

"Yeah?" I snapped right back, "Maybe so, but you can't do anything at all about it."

He was taken back at that, and before he could say anything, I was striding down the hall to the workshop. Entering it, I walked to the time car. I got in and closed the door.

Uncle Nat came running in, his face red and wild. He was yelling something, but I couldn't hear what it was. Raising my hand, I placed it thumb to my nose and wiggled my fingers at him in a none too complimentary salute. Then he faded into blackness as I turned the knob.

Where was I going? Back to get the bonds of course. Uncle Nat had tried, was trying in fact, to make me the guilty one. Now I was going to fix it so that his little trick would boomerang on him. How was I going to do that? By getting the bonds from myself and taking them to Wells' house, then when he returned he would find them there. As he had them, he couldn't very well accuse anyone of stealing them. Of course, he would remember taking them over to my uncle's house where they had disappeared; but he would likely think that the thief had suffered a bad case of cold feet, and returned them, or he might think he was a little unbalanced.

So back to nine o'clock I went. There I met myself, as you already know, and whom I persuaded to hand over the bonds to me.

Now I had the task of returning the bonds to Wells' home. I couldn't very well walk, as it would take me a good fifteen minutes to make the round trip. I could go far enough back in the past in order to have the necessary time, but I disliked the risk of running into myself or my uncle.

Suddenly the solution came to me. I could go into the future

to the time when the house was no more. Then I could use the car to drive to the road, where I could return to nine o'clock, and then go to Wells' residence, return the money, and reverse the whole procedure.

This I did, and it passed without a hitch.

Now there were four of me in existence at nine! One stealing, the money; the other meeting the first; the third watching the first two meet; and the fourth, returning the bonds to Wells' home! Also, there were now two bags of bonds instead of one. One bag was in the workshop with two of me, and the other was with me being taken to Wells' place.

Fourth dimensional multiplication, if you ask me!

But Uncle Nat had that photo-graph of me taking the bag. That had to be discredited some way or other. How? Ah ha, by creating an alibi for myself. And how would I do that? Easy, by appearing some place with someone whose word was reliable, at nine o'clock of course.

Now, who would I go to see, in order to establish this alibi, which had to be hole-proof? It had to be somebody whose word would clear me without any doubt.

Who would fit this purpose better than the local chief of police? Fortunately, I knew his son Harry very well. It was at his place that I read all the science fiction that I do.

Good. To Harry's, then, I would go!

I chuckled at the thought as I drove from Wells' to the house of my friend, Harry Thorntunn. Wouldn't Uncle Nat be in a heck of a stew when he found I had fixed myself in an air-tight alibi!

Back in time I went to eight-thirty. Parking my car down the street a bit, I walked to his home, and rapped on the door.

It was opened by Mrs. Thorntunn. "Oh, it's you, Garth," she greeted me. "Harry will be so glad to see you. He sprained his ankle this afternoon, and hasn't been

able to go out."

"Oh, that's too bad", I sympathized.

She took me upstairs to Harry's room where I found my friend lying in bed. His father was there also. They had been playing checkers.

When Harry saw me he let out a whoop of delight.

"Boy, but I'm glad to see you Garth," he said. "Pull up a chair and park yourself. Dad's been beating me again at checkers. I can't play 'em worth a darn, but euchre- I- we'll knock the stuff-in" outta him!"

Boy, but how fate was playing into my hands. What an alibi! Playing cards with the chief of police's family. Uncle Nat couldn't do anything now.

We played, and true to Harry's boast, were winning consistently. But I spoiled one play, that was when I glanced at the clock and saw it was five minutes past nine I fumbled my cards, and dropped three when a thought flitted thru my mind. Five past nine.....and there were five Garth Brook Judsons now in existence!

There were three at Uncle Nats place. Those you know about; there was a fourth at Wells'; and a fifth me here, playing cards! The thought of it was enough to make a horse laugh!

Just think- FIVE me's when there was only one brought into the world in the first place! Whatta laugh!

At a quarter to ten, Harry went to sleep, so I left. It took me very little time to return in the time car to the workshop. I timed my arrival- or should it be return?- to within a few minutes of my departure. I found my uncle, waiting for me.

"You impertinent young pup," he snapped at me, "where did you go just now?"

I grinned at him saucily. I felt fairly confident of the outcome of the whole affair, and was content to just sit back and let things run their course.

As was to be expected, Uncle

Nat felt I had stolen the bond for myself, and he notified the police that he had the man who had stolen Wells's bonds that night.

Wells hadn't reported the theft, so they picked him upon the way over. He was pretty mystified and bewildered, and had very little to say.

But he told his story and Uncle Nat produced me as the villain of this little comedy.

Chief Thorntunn looked at me questioningly, and then stared at Wells and Uncle Nat.

"Do you accuse this man of robbery?" he asked, emphasizing the "this."

Wells said nothing, only looked the more bewildered. I could see, that he didn't understand what this was all about. But the old money grabbing uncle of mine, had plenty to say and he said it too.

"Yes, I do accuse this man," he poison-tongued, "I have irrefutable evidence that he is the guilty person!"

Chief Thorntunn looked at me with a puzzled look on his face.

"Er- let me see this evidence you claim to have Mr. Judson he demanded.

Uncle Nat's face wore a triumphant look as he handed a small photograph over. It was the one taken by the candid camera.

Chief Thorntunn looked, and his puzzlement grew.

"I- I don't understand this" he told my uncle.

"Isn't that a picture of him taking the bag?" Uncle Nat snapped

"Y- yes, it looks like it!" Thorntunn admitted slowly, then hastily added; "At least it looks like him!"

"Looks like him?" Uncle Nat fairly exploded. Things weren't going as he had expected, and he didn't like it.

"Yes, I said it looked like him. You see, Mr. Judson, Garth here was playing euchre with my family and me at the time he is supposed to have committed this crime!"

That literally floored Uncle Nat. He looked scuttlerly flabbergasted, that I felt a tinge of pity

for him. He looked so let down, so bewildered, so disappointed.

Here Mr. Wells took a hand, as I had been expecting him to do;

"I don't see why there is such a mystery being made of all this" he said.

"But-it was your satchel," how weakly Uncle Nat said that.

"Well- er- I'm not at all sure there was any er- robbery committed, Mr. Judson. You see, I er- that is- when I arrived back home I found the er- supposedly stolen bonds in my hallway!"

The chief of police turned on Wells.

"You say you have your property back?"

"I didn't say that. I said I'm not sure there was any robbery committed!"

Chief Thorntum braced himself

solidly on his legs and glared belligerently.

"Say, what's going on here anyway? Are you trying to make a monkey outta me? I'm called here on a robbery that doesn't exist. I'm shovna criminal that was at my home at the time this non-existent crime was perpetrated.. I think you're screwy" - this to my uncle - "and I got a good notion to run you in."

"Aren't you going to arrest me?" I asked, with a sly grin I'm afraid.

"What for? Something you didn't do? Don't be silly!"

We left Uncle Nat standing there, a slightly stupefied look on his face, which was slowly turning to one of dawning understanding

-the end-

-ROCKET SHIPS-

"Take a look at the cover of this magazine. Amusing rocket, isn't it?" asked the Sceptic.

"Well, I admit those rakish fins are a bit ridiculous, but they're only for show. The lines of the ship are all right," answered the Scientifictionist.

"You missed the point. The amusing part about it is that it and the majority of scientifiction rockets wouldn't work. Ignoring the freakish fins and gadgets that clutter up the average stf. ship, the design is all wrong. The ships consist of a long slim cylinder, with rocket jets at one end..."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" interrupted the Scientifictionist

"Have you ever considered what would happen as one of those stf. ships attempted to take off? - No I suppose not. On such a ship, the center of gravity would be above the point of thrust. It would be very top heavy, something like a cane balanced on the end of a finger. In all probability it would topple over and crash!"

"That's a bit hard to believe"

"Why do you think that they put those sticks on ordinary sky rockets? Not just to make them easy to launch, but to get the center of gravity below the point of thrust. Try launching one some time with the stick removed. I did, with several, thinking that they would go farther without the weight of the stick. Some managed to rise all of eight feet before toppling over into the ground. No about the only stf. author who was aware of this, was Weinbaum, with his flying triangles, very sound and stable ships."

"But what about the experiment -tal models made by the various rocket societies?" They're long, with jets at one end."

"Yes, but you should note that they have very long heavy fins, that bring the center of gravity below the point of thrust. What's more, many of them depend on their speed thru the air to steady them, and are launched from elaborate guides. Once out of the atmosphere, this steadying influence would be gone. No; rockets, of the stf. variety, won't work."

