

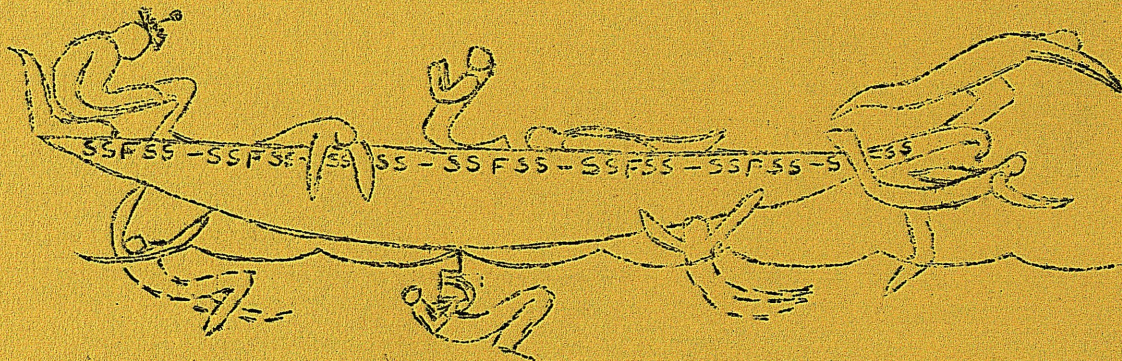
I'm not sure just what the title of this news-sheet means. Am I supposed to write the whole thing in verse? I can't detect any scansion in former editions. On the other hand it may be a left-handed reference to scandal-sheets (but would we sink so low?) Or maybe just because one scans the rag.

Monday's theatre party seemed to be a great success; personally, though, in regard to the "War of the Worlds", I suspect that some of the cacaphony towards the end was the sound of H.G.Wells spinning at high speed in his grave. Mawkish sentiment and science fiction don't seem to mix too well. I had heard that two old friends of ours had been sent complimentary tickets; perhaps their non-arrival was due to their retiring from fanactivity (or perhaps not so much "retiring" in the sense that they have withdrawn, as in that they are being pensioned off).

The ARCTURIANS are coming! To the Con, we mean; we have an assurance that this drama group, who gave us such a good show earlier this year, will be putting one on for next year's Convention. Welcome!

Sympathy to Mrs. Joyce, Adelaide actifan, who is ill at present; we all hope she recovers soon.

Petrov or no Petrov, it appears the revolutionary virus is spreading: we hear there have been quite a number of resignations from a certain conservative organisation which shall be nameless in these austere columns. I once recall a certain fan saying "Feuds are fun!"; at last he seems to be taking an open hand in the present schism.



" WHO'S ROCKING OUR DREAM BOAT? "

Plug for Don Latimer: I just got back a very nice job of bookbinding from him (no bill yet, by the way); I can thoroughly recommend his work for a neat job on your pocket-books or magazines. See his ad. in "Etherline".

We understand that a certain science-fiction-reading dentist, well known to us, does not provide suitable waiting-room reading matter for his friends. What about it, Brian?

=====