

the science fiction fans' newsletter

This is a maiden Scansion as it is the first one I have done. So, only fellow-maidens might fully understand (I believe there are very few of us left) the difficulty of doing one. To write nonsense is easy for the uneducated but for me it is hard. As everything I write makes sense to me, that is for me, but for you too bad, see now as then. Anyway, anyone reading this will no doubt understand what they are getting at. Who? Not me! You?

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT = = =

Being a democratic country, which is good for the democrats (remember Pierre) we shall endeavour to keep this on a high plane. No sex. But I did hear a few things about fellow Scansionists which startled me. These came from unimpeachable sources and anyone suing please contact Bluey Glick and I'm sure he will fix it for good not necessarily for bad or worse.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT = = =

Pat Burke has a deeply hidden secret. That beard just didn't grow. It was grown for a purpose. Pat has a scar running across his chin. So, have a close look next time. According to rumour it was not Graham Stone or Vol Molesworth but one cannot believe all these rumours. Sorry to let your secret out, Pat.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT = = =

Tom Hubble is the proud father of a boy. It came as quite a shock to learn this as I didn't think he had it in him. Tom celebrated his 62nd birthday last Thursday and spent a quiet night looking back on the chances he had missed. When he got to 187 he lost count and when last seen was looking for Veney to buy a calculator. Looks like a sale for Veney.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT = = =

Kevin Picklum is not what he seems. He could not be really. Kevin is the son of a mandarine, grandson of a mandarine, and great-grandson of a mandarine. His great-great-grandfather died a very ripe mandarine, hence the name Picklum.

Footnote NB Note Well Footnote NB Note Well Footnote NB

Being the Xmas festive season we extend heartiest greetings to all and sundry, particularly sundry.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT

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is the night for the Irregulars Christmas Orgy.

Roll up. Roll up. Roll up. Roll up. Roll up. Roll up.

Contact Lloyd Fisher, phone UJ4697 (home after 7 pm preferred) or MA6392 (work). Please get in touch before Thursday so we'll know how many tables to book and how many walls to knock down to push them together. Where? 7 p.m. at the Taiping, or for the irregulars 5.30 p.m. at the Occidental.

NB: There is a dozen beer already. Bring more if able; less if not.

PTO

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT

The rumour that Michael Duggan dissolved in his own energy while looking in a mirror amazed me. At first I could not believe this to be true, but, remembering him spurt energy all over the Bridge Club and Repins, I, a middle road scientologist, can see this could be authentic. According to his horoscope he was due for a sudden charge in the future anyway. THIS I BELIEVE.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT.

The Hay Street Irregulars, a very fine and honourable institution of which for a time I was Crown Prince, but since I have become regular I have been deposed. The election for this office will be held shortly. The fact that I have become regular has been put down to the laxative action of the beer or, some say, it's because some of the people give me diarrhoea. But, on the whole, this is quite wrong. It's a combination of too hot for tennis and a delightful wench called June, whose lovely slender hands caress the tap and pull a delightful brew. Come down one Saturday and try it yourself. Anyway, how does one do oneself?

Anyone wishing to join the Thursday night grog session at the Occidental, 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. and 8 to 10 pm, in between at the Taiping, can easily do so. The initiation ceremony, which although excruciatingly painful takes only a short time if you are a quick reader or a long while if you are a slow reader, but if you are an average reader it will only take a medium time. This awful ceremony consists of reading Let There Be More Monsters author Inkanonymous.

Dillon only knocks once.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT

All characters and names used in this Scension are entirely fictional and any resemblance to living or dead is occidental. Author and publisher L. E. Fisher, Burwood Rd., Concord. Edited by T. Butt and W. Hubble. Bashed out and duplicated by Norma Williams labouring under difficulties and great sorrow (I lost on the GGs on Saturday); don't blame me for the awful grammar, please. I never done it.

STOP PRESS: Bluey Glick has proved his manhood. On the morning of last Monday 12th December 1955, Bluey & Loralie Glick became the proud parents of a baby daughter, probably to be named Jillian. This is probably the beginning of a long line of Glicks. Congratulations and all good wishes to both of them (but not quite so much to the infant, who will be cursed all her life by having Xmas and her birthday uncomfortably close together, poor child - why didn't you arrange things better, parents?)

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT - don't forget 7 p. m. Taiping Hay Street or 5.30 p. m. Occidental York St. ((There is no truth in the rumour that Rowie Norton, Bee Miles, President Eisenhower, John W. Campbell Jr., Horace Gold, Anthony Boucher, Vargo Statten, H. J. Campbell, Peter Hamilton, John Carnell, and Vol Molesworth will be present, nor that the sole liquor permitted will be Gravy 'a la Emile Mercier.))