

*Schoolboys' Special.* A schoolmaster, Mr. S. G. Watts of Braunton, Devon, asking if we could begin to cater for the younger generation, writes: "For the past seven years I have had upwards of 800 boys of 13 plus through my hands and they have all been gobbling up Science Fiction—unfortunately of the strip-cartoon and American Space-opera sort. Schoolmasters do not welcome such trashy material, while schoolboys themselves quietly scoff at it and will read and listen to better science fiction, although this is not so easy to obtain. It was in an attempt to fill this need that during the last two terms I regaled my forms with my own science fiction novel which we have provisionally called *The Professor from Planet Nine*. Once a week it brought a wonderful silence into the form-room, and afterwards caused such lively discussion on space, the planetary system, etc., that I must try something like it again next year!

"I know little about the economics of publishing, but I do know that up and down the country are thousands of boys with pockets and satchels, bus and train journeys; and lessons in which they prefer, surreptitiously, to journey into space. Now in their imagination, they are exploring the dark side o' the moon: to-morrow they will probably be doing just that."

*Chasing Rainbows?* Many people have written nostalgically about their boyhood heroes and asked if we can't revive some of these early stories—Grey Lensman Smith was a particular favourite. We agree that the years considerably enhance one's memories, and wonder if perhaps R. G. Long of Loughton is right when he says: "I do hope that we don't get E-g-r R-c-B-rr-ghs; I hope that isn't sacrilege? I admit that I enjoyed him when I was a boy but now . . . dear me no!" On the other hand there are a number of "classics" which are well worth re-issuing—several readers would like another Stapledon, and David Lindsey's *Voyage to Arcturus*. Other books which we have been asked to publish in the Club include: Williamson—*The Humanoids*; Van Vogt—*Slan*; Bester—*The Demolished Man*; Heinlein—*The Puppet Masters*; Wells—a selection of short stories; Bernard Wolfe—*Limbo* 90.

*SFBC Wrapper.* "First class design"—D. H. Fligelstone, Newport, Mon. "Difficult to find words which adequately express the feelings it inspires in me. The predominant one is that of emptiness and utter lack of imagination"—D. C. Aken, Farnborough. "Quite startling . . . very attractive"—B. A. Seiboth, Malta, G.C.

*Club Choices.* "They represent a wide range of the literature of science fiction, and are, I am sure, doing much to raise science fiction to the status it deserves"—Michael Ford, Durham University. "I have the highest opinion of your choice of books, damn good reading every one"—W. Higgens, London, S.E.2. "Doom! Doom! Doom! How about some humour!"—V. Kaye, Hove.

"*I like it, Eth.*" T. Glover of Leicester sent in his resignation from the Club. Reasons: "When I sit down to read a work of fiction I do so purely in order to escape from reality. I know that most people affect to despise escapism, but in my view nobody ever yet read a novel for pleasure in his life unless it was in order to escape from himself for a little while and be somebody else. Now the trouble with the books you have issued so far—for me at any rate—is just that they do not enable me to be somebody else . . . What I want to read about is a chap named Smith. John Smith. A clerk or a fishmonger. Got two children. Lost his wife in the blitz. Goes to the pictures Thursdays. Lies in bed late Sundays. Reads the *News of the World* and smokes too many Woodbines." Sorry, Mr. Glover. Any offers to write the Grove family's Space Diary?

*SF Fans in Belgium.* We have had a letter from the Antwerp SF Fan Club, who publish a magazine (in English) called *Alpha*. Any Belgian members who are interested should write to J. Jansen, 64, Fort II Straat, Wommelgem, Belgium.

We hope these snippets will provoke some comment. No prizes awarded for fulsome flattery, but if you enjoy the Club books, we are always pleased to know, and if you don't, we can take a little criticism. Letters intended for this column should be addressed to the editorial department, 44, Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

The next issue of SCIENCE FICTION NEWS will contain details of the next three books to be published by the Club