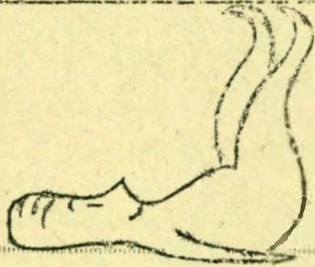


QUANDRY

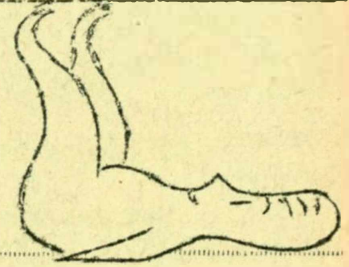
Vol. I No. 7

A SURREALIAN SAINT-PIET PUBLICATION

February 1951



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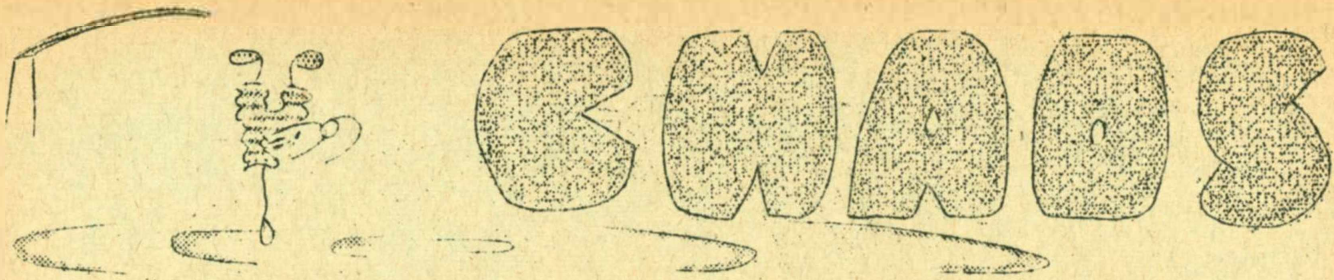
QUANDRY Vol. I No. 7 is dragged up monthly by slave labor on the part of the editor who has discovered that Savannah is by no means the Shangri-LA of the South. It can be had for 10¢ an ish or a buck a year. Also for old fmz, proz, and the like. Address all communiques to 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia. All letters will be considered for publication unless we are told to do otherwise. We will gladly trade Q for other fmz. Please send us a note with the info requested in the editorial if you wish to trade. If you should wish to advertise herein space is 10¢ an inch, smaller prices for bigger slices. Write for particulars. Write for publication. Write for the next issue (and enclose money - we need it). Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or L. Ron Hubbard. Lousy mimeo job this ish is due to the fact that some one of the persons with whom we share the mimeo inked it with multilith ink and ruined the pad. We cry. Hope you'll forgive us. 'Tain't our fault.

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia

10¢ per copy

\$1.00 per year



For the sake of the editor, haggard and harried by the frantic frustrations of trying to stencil, mimeo, assemble, and mail a twenty-five page fmz in ten days meanwhile attempting to live a pseudo-normal life, mailing date for Quandry is being moved to the 15th of each month. Look for the next issue five days later than usual. Deadline for material will remain the 1st of each month.

Or has so oft' been said: "It's a hell of a thing to do for fun!"

New fmz received this month is S-F NEWSCOPE, edited by Larry Campbell, 43 Tremont St., Malden 48, Mass. That Columbus, Ga. fmz we mentioned last month is still in the making. Guiding lights and stencil cutters involved are Paul Cox, Van Splawn, and Jay Oliver. Proposed title is WORLDS APART. Judging from reports this is going to be an outstanding first issue. Address J.T. Oliver - 315 27th Street - Columbus, Ga. That's not the address we gave last month for Jay has moved since then.

With the coming of 1951 we would like to "take inventory". Some of you are receiving Quandry in trade for some publication of your own. If so the word, TRADE, on the back cover is encircled. If you are receiving Quandry in trade please send us the following information before the 15th of next month: Name of your publication - frequency of publication - date of last issue - proposed date of next issue. You will receive no more Quandrys until we have this information.

If you wish to trade for Quandry send the above information with a note to the effect that you are not already on our trade list.

Vernon McCain's story in this issue is longer and more serious than our customary material. We bring it to you as a sober thought with which to begin a rather frightening year ---not that we particularly want to frighten anyone. But that we are rather frightened. Anyway don't consider this story a change in policy but a slight deviation.

Next month we plan to have a new surprise for you. Mebbe two or three. So don't miss the next issue. To keep from missing the coming issue write soon. Remember Quandry is a monthly and it's easy to miss an issue.

No more copies of Q#1, 2, 3, and 5 are available from this office. There are still a few copies of 4 and 6 on hand which will go to the first callers.

In answer to inquiries: Anyone is welcomed to submit material to Quandry. Return postage is appreciated. Unfortunately, as an amateur publication Q cannot make payment for material other than a copy of the issue in which it is used.

For those of you who do not have lettering guides and screen plates: we will cut stencils of drawings and lettering for you for the cost of the stencil and postage. Twenty-five cents usually covers both. Or send stencil and stamps. Also include complete details and layout.

See you at the Nolacon!!!

South Gate in '58 !!!

SFA SLANTS

NEWS OF THE SOUTHERN FANTASY ASSOCIATION

from BOB FARNHAM

SFA is moving along slowly, but steadily toward the Goal for which we have been striving for some time, the unification of southern fans and fan clubs. To date we have almost a dozen members, the latest of whom is R.J. Banks, Jr. of Corsicana, Texas. We have a Publicity Agent, an Editor-Publisher (Lee Hoffman of G), a Secretary and Treasurer,

Harry B. Moore, one of the organizers of SFA, has been silent (no letters) for quite some time. Probably he's been busy with the coming NOLACON.

The folling are offices of SFA. Those vacant must be filled before we can really swing into action.

Secretary treasurer; Anna Lee McLeod
Editor; Lee Hoffman
Publicity Agent; Paul D. Cox
Corresponding secretary (to answer letters re SFA info.) VACANT
Equipment Officer; (to contact members and keep a list of those who have, and are willing to use duplicating equipment in cooperation with other members); VACANT
Stencil cutters; (anyone with access to a typer) VACANT
An officer to fold, staple, and mail O-O and attend to similiar duties re association business); VACANT

If you are interested in any of these positions pro tem please contact BOB FARNHAM - 104 MTN. VIEW DRIVE - DALTON, GEORGIA

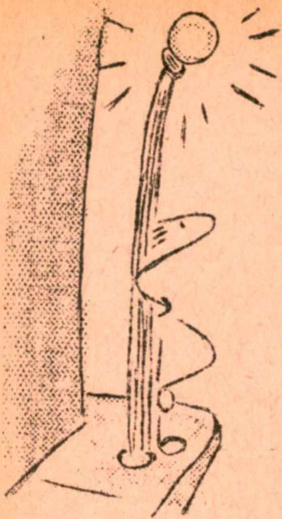
At present SFA is not asking for dues, however donations in the form of 3¢ stamps will not be turned down, (NOT by a long shot...) We are not even going to discuss such mundane matters as dues until the offices are filled and ready to go to work. We'd like, tho, for all members to send their suggestions as to the amount of dues to be asked.

If anyone has a check list of Southern fan clubs a copy would be appreciated very much by Bob Farnham at the above address.

If any member can handle the office of Corresponding secretary please let us know as soon as possible. UNLESS you have the time (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) to handle the job and answer OFFICIAL MAIL with a minimum of delay - please don't ask for the office.... we can't all do as we please with our time, we realize that, but anyone knows that delay is Deadly Poison to any club...so! Any takers?

That's all the news to date on SFA but as it comes along it will be reported in QUANDRY... One advantage of SFA is the Best Books program at reduced prices. Write Bob Farnham! Example...near-mint copy of Derleth's BEYOND TIME AND SPACE (values at \$4.50) I, Bob Farnham, will trade this for a sub to TWS. OKAY? Let's hear from you!

And be back next month for special news concerning SFA and Little Monsters of America!!



KONNER'S KORNER

I twisted his arm. I burned his soles with cigarette butts. I gouged his eyes with fork tines. I poured hot lead in his ears. I gave him a session of the torture rack. Finally, when I poured acid on his typer, Lee Hoffman took the hint and agreed to let me borrow space in Quandry once-a-month to revive this Korner.

This is the third revival of the Korner. It first saw light of day in 1939 in a semi-weekly newspaper, The Carolina Watchman, published in Salisbury, N.C. At that time it was a general interest column, filled with gossip, anecdotes, poems, household hints.... anything. The paper folded when the publisher ran out of both funds and advertisers. The column went into moth balls for a few years--ll to be exact. Then Art Rapp decided he had space to waste in Spacewarp...he asked me for a column, and the Korner went in until Rapp went back to soldiering. Now, Hoffman is stuck with it.

If you have a copy of Worlds Beyond, put it in moth balls. The first issue was also the last. ((We have a copy of issue #2 which we are told is the last -Ed)) I don't have any dope on why it is being discontinued. Surely there was money enough. Probably not enough reader response And I have an idea as to what caused the mags to go stale on the stands. That little sticker they put on the cover: "Are the flying saucer men real?" People took one look, said, "Hell, another one of those flying saucer gags..." and left it alone. Of course, that is my opinion. It is theory only. I can't prove anything. Of course, paper is getting hard to get. I work in a printing plant and I know how serious the paper situation is. But surely an established concern such as Hillman could get paper. So my theory of no sale is probably the right one. A shame, too. Worlds Beyond had promise.

Lynn Hickman is organizing a fine club for those who are in anyway interested in advancing science fiction and its older brother, fantasy. At present Lynn is concentrating on the Southern states. If you live in the South, chances are you will receive a letter soon out-lining the aims and benefits of The Little Monsters of America. Just in case Lynn misses you, why don't you drop a card to Lynn A. Hickman, 804 W. Bell Street, Statesville, N.C., and get all the details? Tell him you saw it in this Korner and he'll believe in advertising. I'm not kidding, folks. I've talked to Lynn about this club...it is a wonderful thing he's doing for stf. He's spending lots of money and time and it is really a unique organization. One that is apt to become THE stf club. You owe it to yourself to find out about it to-day. Drop a card to Lynn before you put this aside. You'll be glad you did!

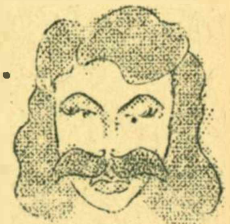
One of the features of this column is its lack of organization. I refuse to write according to a prescribed formula. If this were commercial fiction

it would be different. Thank Ghu it isn't commercial so I feel I have a write to write as I write without worrying. In other words, this column is like a drunkard's argument. One word leads to another...and so on. I don't try to spell correctly, use proper English or grammar. I don't attempt fancy wordings or phrases. If the mess is readable, well and good. If it ain't...well, blame it on Hoffman. He edits the stuff, you know!

Speaking of Worlds Beyond...there's a story in it by a guy called Battell Loomis. Loomis is 61 years old, lives in Manhattan Beach, California. He's a wonderful writer...comes from a long line of writers and artists. Yet, he's had surprisingly little material published commercially. I've read reams of his sf and fantasy. It is wonderful. There's only one thing wrong with it. It is not written to the commercial formula. It is too fresh, too off the beaten path...so it scares hell out of any editor who reads it. Damon Knight recognized the genius that Battell Loomis is. He dared publish one of his stories. He would have published more. All that Loomis needs is a publisher. Because of the commercial-minded editors who can't bear to stray from tried and ture corn, the world is missing a vast store house of wonderful fantasy and sf. I hope that somewhere there is an editor with courage enough to defy his business manager and print Battell Loomis. His is the spark that sf needs to endow it with the true greatness that this form of literature deserves.

I'm going to wish you a happy New Year, but with the world in the mess it is in today, there isn't much chance of real happiness. The only way to have real happiness is to have peace. And we shall have no peace as long as communists threaten the way of life we hold so dear. Communism sounds swell on paper, but it doesn't work in practice. One has only to look at the mess in Russia to see what happens when it takes hold of a country. Let us imagine what would happen if Russia took over America. American publishing, that is. Sam Merwinovitch Juniorski would edit Stalinski Storieski. Russians would be the conquerers of spaceski and all the planets would be communist. That people would have everything. There would be Dollar-Eyes Monsters on the cover. The heroines would have Stalin-like mustaches draped over their shapes. All of Kuttner's pen names would have ski on them. Russians would invent the time machines, space drives, etc. And you and I wouldn't get to read a word of it. They wouldn't send the rag to Siberia or Manchuria, where those of us who lived but who had at sometime or another written or read words like these would be. Dollars may be the root of all evil, but I'd rather have the idle rich than the no rich and no nothing of communism. I'd a damn sight rather bow down to the dollar than to Stalin. Wouldn't you?

This Korner, beginning next month, will review fanzines... such as the author receives that he considers worthy of space. So if you publish a mag, send me a copy. I'll get mention of it in print. The address: 1618 McFarland Ave., Gastonia, N.C.



Longhammer's Hammerings: Konner's back and Quandry's got 'im. And as far as I'm concerned, Quandry can keep him. As for me, I'm going to write Lynn Hickman and find out about his club!

Wilkie Conner

fan file #4

SHELBY VICK



Firstly, I'm known as Shel, Shelvick, Tom and Shelby, among the things I care to repeat. Personalities go something like this: Six feet (tall, that is); weight, 140; age, 22; hair, brown; eyes, blue; feet, big; long chinned and of long wind.

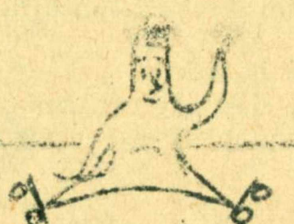
I've read sf and fantasy from my first reading days, starting with the standard -- Oz books, Flash Gordon, and Buck Rogers, finally working to Planet, Thrilling and then an avid love for ASF, the first mag I collected. I've been a somewhat-active fan for the last two years, starting (as should all good fan) with membership in the N3F. (Unpaid political adv.) I have a regular column in VAST LBASKET. I've turned out several slurds (SLanzine, UnRead) and organized Wirez, the wirezspendence club, free membership to all owners of wirerecorders or those with access to same. (Plug.)

I like to skate.

At present, I have two main ambitions along the sf line -- one is to contact those many readers of sf in Fla, Ga & Ala who buy mags from the stands and are never heard from. The other--well, I've long had delusions about being haunted by little big headed peoples called "puffins". I hope I can become dianetically cleared and get rid of 'em...

I could go on and on, but I understand there's supposed to be an absence of length on this page, so --

Luck!



Shelby

RING IN THE NEW

vernon mcain

The fresh new calendar in that wall says January 1st. This is it. New Years Day, 1951. And here I sit with an almost empty fifth of scotch, trying to get drunk.

Why today? That's right, most people celebrate on New Years Eve, don't they? Not me. I was far too busy searching last night, to do any celebrating.

But it's all over now, there's no longer any point in searching. All that's left for me to do is get drunk. And, damn it, I can't seem even to do that.

Everybody else is home listening to the football games, or getting over their hangovers. And here I sit.

I'd never have believed I'd end up like this twenty two years ago. 1928. Somehow it doesn't seem that long ago. Not a full twenty two years. It could have been yesterday, it's so fresh and vivid in my mind.

I was sitting in a bar that time, too. It was New Years Eve and I'd gone out with a bunch of the college crowd to paint the town vermillion. We'd been circulating from one speakeasy to another all over town, and somehow, in the warm golden haze that encircled me by this time I managed to get lost from my friends.

It didn't bother me greatly, however. I had enough bootleg gin burning the lining of my stomach to feel very man-of-the-worldish, and was wholly confident that no one would question my age, or suspect that I was only a college freshman.

Why the wrinkled, white haired old man ever bothered with a punk youngster like myself, I don't know, unless it was because he was considerably more inebriated than even I.

At any rate, shortly before midnight I found myself sitting at a corner table in the smoke-filled speak listening to the old man tell me the story of his life.

Had I been sober, I'd have walked off and left him before he got well started, but I was in a mood where the whole world was enveloped in a rosy-colored atmosphere.



I had evidently blanked out, for all I remember is being jarred into attention by hearing him say "---so I took m' time machine and went from 1950 back to 1920...."

I stared at him, unable to believe my ears. "You took your what?" I asked.

Ring In The New (con't)

He looked annoyed at the interruption. "M' time machine. Like I've been telling you. Completed m' time machine in late 1950. So I went back to 1920 to live. And when I first got back...."

But I interrupted him again. I was so thoroughly removed from the everyday world that I didn't question his statements. I was merely trying to get things clarified. I'd read Wells' "Time Machine" so I knew what he was talking about.

"Let's get this straight." I said, leaning forward as far as my ticklish condition would allow. "You built a time machine in 1950 and came back to 1920. Right?"

He nodded his head vigorously, at the same time wiping a brown trickle of alcohol from one side of his mouth.

"All right," I said, "That I understand. Now, tell me this. Why?" For some reason I felt as if I had scored a brilliant point in some debate, and I leaned back against the wall in satisfaction.

"But I jush got through tellin' you why" the old man protested. Then with the air of one explaining the multiplication tables to a child. "I built my time mach---, mach-ine, see?"

I nodded.

"And that was in November of 1950. See?"

I nodded again.

"So like I jush told you I made a test run into the future. Six months to be egsact. See?"

I nodded, anxious to be agreeable.

He took another drink from his glass. "Foul stuff" he remarked, "but this is thirsty work. Dammit, I tel' you all this once."

"I don't remember" I said, apologetically.

"S'alright, s'alright" he held up one hand. "I'll tell y' over."

He lifted his glass again.

"I got all shtarted and wash relashin' until I got there. I 'spected to find a surprise all right. But nothin' like was waitin' for me."

I leaned forward eagerly. "What'd you find?"

"Well...." he said, as if relishing his story. But then he stopped. After that one word a shadow seemed to fall over his face but he started to continue "I opened the door, and looked out and..."

Ring In The New (con't)

He seemed to almost have to fight for his words at this point, and finally he put his hands over his face as if to shut out the memory of that sight. "I can't do it" he said "not even with this bootleg stuff inside me. I can't describe it twice in one night." He looked at me accusingly. "It's too much to ask."

"All right, all right" I said appeasingly "but why did you come back to 1920?"

He seemed glad of my question. "It was because of what I saw in 1951, in the middle of the year. After that there was no point in living ahead in the same time-stream, waitin' for it to happen. So I thought things over awhile and decided I'd go back to 1920. Those 30 years between 1920 and 1950 are probably about as good as any in Earth's history and I feel comfortable in this time, so I decided I'd spend the rest of my life livin' em over. I've made the trip back twice now. Don't suppose I'll live to make a third." He took another drink from a seemingly bottomless glass.

"These times are pretty good ones, all in all. Modern conveniences - less people dying - oh, you had yourselves a depression and a war, and you thought both of 'em were things you couldn't live through, but actually they were little troubles. You didn't know what real trouble was."

He turned away from me to the bar. "Hey, Joe, bring me another bottle. I've got a thirst from talking too much."

I asked him "Do you use the same time machine each time, or do you build a fresh one?"

He winked at me. "Use the same one, lad, same one. Watch the sense in buildin' a fresh one. I just keep it parked in a little abandoned garage here in town. Move it back from 1950 to 1920 and the time stream carries it forward again for me. Right here in this town. I always come back here in December so's I can check and make sure it hasn't been disturbed. Wouldn't want to get stranded. No, I wouldn't."

He looked up at the burly bartender who was standing over us with a fresh bottle. He had been listening to the last few sentences, it was obvious. My new friend reached a claw-like hand for the bottle, but the man pulled it beyond his reach.

"I think you've had enough for tonight, pop." he said, "Better be moving along."

The old man started grumbling under his breath, but then he brightened. "I have to go check the garage tonight, anyway." he said.

The bartender turned to me as the old man made his way shakily through the smoke to the door. "Don't pay any attention to him, Young feller." he said. "When he gets enough inside him, he spouts off that story to anybody as'll listen. Harmless old coot though."



Ring in The New (con't)

"Did you want something else?" he asked, but then his eyes sharply sized me up. "Say, how old are you?" he asked.

I was really too far gone to think up a good answer quickly, and he continued. "Doesn't matter, you're too young for this joint. Freddy shoulda never let you in the door in the first place. The cops yell if we serve you young kids who haven't even started shavin' yet, because the old biddies around town jump all over them." He pointed one thumb with unmistakable purpose, "Out"

So, still dazed, I followed the old man's path to the door.

Outside, the fresh air cleared my brain somewhat and I thought back over what the strange old man had said. Naturally I didn't take him seriously. Even if I had been disposed to credit his tale otherwise, I knew it was merely a fantasy of an intoxicated brain because he had mentioned a depression and a war. And every well-read person in America knew that war had been outlawed, our last one had ended in 1918; and we also knew, even more surely for we had daily evidence of the fact, that America was on a permanent, endless spiral of prosperity. So I dismissed him from my mind and went home to get some sleep.

But I remembered a few years later. For there was a depression, as I had good cause to know. It was three years of dreary unemployment and underpaid inadequate jobs I went through after I graduated from college before I finally got the job I'd been trained for.

And I remembered again in 1941 when I was removed from my reserve officer's status in the army and placed on active duty.

And now it's 1951. And the blood-red, boiling, pot of war is once again being stirred. This time, I fear, with far more serious consequences.

I am an engineer by training; but my work has thrown me much, in the last two years, into the company of physicists on government projects. It's still a closely kept secret, but I think I know what it was that the old man saw in mid-1951.

If I'm right, (and everything points to it) he was justified in his choice. There is no reason for any human being to attempt to continue living into 1951. There is every reason not to, in fact.

Maybe it's cowardice. I don't know. But ever since early December I've been searching this city for an abandoned garage with a peculiar piece of machinery inside, waiting for it's owner to return. I found many isolated, seemingly-abandoned garages but they all were disappointments. I kept up the search until midnight last night. Even several hours after, in case of a slip. For if I could.....if I only could locate it, I'd wait for the old man. Maybe he died but he said that he'd made two earlier trips and perhaps I could contact him one of those times. If so, I'd have offered him anything in my possession to have his machine carry back two passengers to 1950 this time. But I finally gave up at five this morning. I'd failed completely to locate the garage.

And now it's too late. I'm trapped.....stranded, as he put it. Stranded in time....and nothing to do but wait for the middle of 1951 to catch up with me.

So here I sit. With an empty bottle of scotch. I'll have to open another one. I'm still cold sober and I can't take much more of it. Oh, Good Lord, why can't I get drunk!"

[illegible]

Send your want list of back issue science-fiction and fantasy magazines to:

-Adv

1. 凡在本行开立存款账户的客户，均可申请开通网上银行服务。

Are you interested in getting in on the ground floor of a new fan club? Become a charter member of the FANTASM SCIENCE-FICTION SOCIETY and help the club grow. If you have suggestions or desire information or even want to join for a year (Dues 50¢ a yr.) just write to the president: Lawrence R. Campbell; 43 Tremont Street; Malden 48, Massachusetts : Full details on request. -Adv

-Adv

BIZARRE

No? Bizarre is published bi-monthly by Sterling Services for the Science Fiction Division of USCO. Rates: SFD members - six issues for 50¢ Non-members - six issues 75¢ Single copies 15¢. Edited by Tom Covington
Address: 315 Dawson Street - Wilmington, North Carolina

Intelligent, educated, and literate young man desires job as editor of a quality science-fiction magazine. Salary no object provided I am allowed to purchase my own stories at prevailing rates. Wire: Ralph Tyro - Box 124C41 -c/o Quandrv

We will accept old FIZ, PROZ, what-have-you, for QUANDRY. What have you? Write for further info. Lee Hoffman - 101 Wagner Street - Savannah, Georgia

[illegible]

Say you saw it in the QUANDRY please...

[illegible]

"...FROM DER VOODOORK OUT"

perpetrated in the name of fantasy fiction as a slightly-less-than-annual feature of QUANDRY.

I. Ziff-Davis

If you've got a cold now, you can get 162 finely-made tissues plus two shiny sheets of paper ideal for Nolacon confetti for only 25¢, courtesy of Ziff-Davis Publications. Howard Browne is vice president in charge of kleenex at Z-D.

It's too bad that the collector-instinct in us forces us to get each issue of AMAZING STORIES that comes out...for we haven't read one since being forced to read the August 1950 issue (isolated far from a newstand, on vacation, and couldn't get anything else to read) and probably will not read another copy for a long time. I'm just piling up nice, mint, unread copies in my collection.

At the Norwescon, Browne made an amazingly revealing speech which said that AS was aimed for the adolescent graduating from comic books...and it probably is, though we couldn't say, not having read it for so long. But I'll bet that the fans who howled for the head of Ray Palmer for so long are now wishing that he hadn't gone.

For Palmer, in his twelve-year tenure at Amazing's head, did put out some creditable science-adventure stories: stories like AFTER AN AGE, GODS OF THE JUNGLE, THE NEW ADAM, the Burroughs stories, THE STAR KINGS, and so on down the line. True, the stories were aimed at a general circulation which wanted fast-paced adventure, but the stories were at least readable. Ray's unfortunate trend in 1946 to the occult virtually killed the mag, and when Browne took over in January 1950, he had very little to work with.

It's strange how much poorer the stories he's bought have been than even the goriest Shaver story--at least the Shaver tales hung together into a narrative. Browne has filled the book with a lot of short stories and novelets--and doesn't seem to realize that a book of 196--or 162--pages needs a novel as its backbone. The stories, I've heard, are of the lowest quality in a sf.

But at the next desk, fan-turned-pro Bill Hamling is doing a fine job at the head of FA-- he's turned the mag into a model of the old Unknown, and has presented a group of long novels in recent months all of which would have been taken, with some revision, by Unknown--such as YOU'RE ALL ALONE, THE DEVIL WITH YOU, MASTERS OF SLEEP, MISTRESS OF THE DWINY, WHEN THE WORLD TOTTERED-- and all have been good, well-written stories, with the possible exception of the second and third.

Why?

How can Hamling and Browne turn out such dissimilar mags--one up in the top five of pulpdome, the other deep in the skeleton. We dunno.

More from Out der Voodvork

Backbiting Department

Before the Norwescon, one Luis de Rayo circulated one of those poison pen things which are so common before fan conventions--entitles "The Politicon". It read:

"We invite you to support

THE POLITICON

World's first sfan political convention. Guaranteed to establish the dominance of one of the New York clubs over the others! Not a minute without a spectacular argument! Not a day without an attempted sabotage by one of the excluded N.Y. clubs!

(Of course, if you don't like politics there's a bid for the '51 con from New Orleans. But New Orleans hasn't any bones to pick with anybody, so it would only throw a wonderful con--not a political one. So nobody will vote for the Nolacon.) You, too, can ruin fandom: Vote for New York in '51!

Cordially,

Luis de Rayo"

This sort of thing is bad.

Fandom in general, and de Rayo in particular, has the impression that there is a separate fanclub for each of New York's eight million. It ain't so.

There are a number of small metropolitan groups with limited membership who wouldn't think of sabotaging a world con--they're much too small. Perhaps the most active fan group in the metropolitan area right now is Will Sykora's QUEENS SFL.

Right outside the city, in Newark, is Sam Moskowitz' Eastern SFA. These two groups are the only rivals in the sector--and note that they are in different states. The Moskowitz-Sykora enmity is several years old, and goes back to many personal reasons which the two have dragged into their clubs. The disturbance at the Norwescon arose when Sykora protested that the Hydracon in NY in July had sucked away many of the celebrities, who couldn't spare the time to attend both cons. He claimed that it was in opposition to the world con. Perhaps.

Perhaps there is fighting between the two men, and, only incidentally, between their clubs. There was, however, no need to circulate the postcard above...and we hope that New Orleans won its con without the aid of that little bit of tripe.

Dianetics

The most recent laughing piece at dianetics is Albert Q. Maisel's lengthy story in LOOK which portrays Hubbard in his role as the Great White Father and Eraser of Engrams. The fantastic claims of the dianeticians have been getting more belly-laughs than anything else...yet Campbell, one of the most hard-headed of men, has gone so far overboard on dianetics that he has turned Astounding into a veritable Auditors' Monthly Journal. --and it's always dangerous for an editor to go overboard on something...witness Palmer and Shaver or Payne and thud-and-blunder.

(con't over)



From Der Voodvork Out Yet More

Does Dianetics have something? I don't know. Jerry Bixby of Planet Stories, who entered into therapy with Jim Blish last spring claims that he's hit prenatal and that his eyesight has improved.

Almost every sixteen-year-old who's read the opening two chapters of The Book has set himself up as an Auditor.

In fact, one youth at a local fan club showed up and began to mention casually that he was an Auditor and would give sample trots along the time track free (but \$2.00 for each further auditing). He looked to be about twelve, had a high soprano voice wore glasses and chain-smoked Parliaments. I didn't catch his name.

A friend of mine decided to give the kid a chance, so he went home with him after the meeting and was audited. He told me, afterwards, that the "Auditor" continued to talk at him until he was "back on his timetrack"--though my friend reported no appreciable backtracking-- and then "restimulated an engram" or something like that by constantly repeating it. It didn't work too well for the first hour...after two hours my friend made up an engram and ran it himself, inventing somatics as he went along. They went thru it several times and then the "Auditor" pronounced solemnly that he had relieved a serious engram.

I've read The Book but I don't think that this is dianetic therapy. Yet there are many of these cut-rate auditors operating in New York.

Maybe de Rayc didn't want a Nycom 'cause he was afraid of dianetics?

Perhaps I'll go to a meeting of the Dianetics Research Institue uptown and report on it next month, if I live through it. I'm just a skeptic, I suppose.

By the grace of Ghad and Lee Hoffman, we'll continue these ramblings and dissections next month and thereafter. Comments and dissections are very welcome, both by Lee and myself.

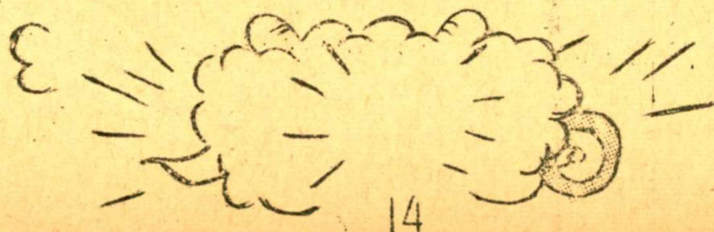
Bob Silverberg

Attention

FANS

Do you want to keep informed?

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GUERDON

To find a perfect poison was the will
Of Jarl, who tested deadly drugs to kill.

"Your Excellence, here is the rarest find,
The proper lethal instrument," Jarl whined;
"A drug without a color, smell, or taste,
Untraceable in autopsy, no waste,
And much to swift for common antidote,--
Your enemies will die without a vote.
I'll leave the vial here till tests are made,
Then you can see how well I should be paid."

Jarl's celebration dinner was his last,---
Why PAY him, when his usefulness was past?

by

Orma McCormick

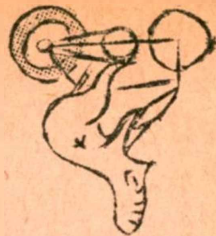
AD-
FANVARIETY - the fanzine with an complex, are you half human, on the loose for something different. Then read FANVARIETY. The main policy of the mag is to print SF & non Science fiction, it will publish articles on any topic under the sun, (well almost. Lets not get wild about it) So send those articles, stories, artwork and something called "subscription" to
W. Max Kasler
420 South 11th St
Poplar Bluff, Mo.
If, in a weak moment you do send in a subscription it is 10¢ per issue/50¢ for six & \$1.00 for the large size or 12 issues. This zany zine is edited by Ray Nelson & W. Max Kasler and a few other loose ends of random. *

(((Honest; This is the copy Max sent - letter for letter - and at the angle desired)))





SI



AD-

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W. Max Keasler

420 South 11th St

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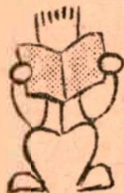
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((Honest! This is the copy Max sent - letter for letter - and at the angle desired))

CASH for your back issue stf magazines!

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Mail me whatever magazines you wish to sell and if they are in acceptable condition you'll receive my check by return mail. Mags not acceptable will be returned, postpaid.

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GERRY de la REE
 277 Howland Avenue,
 River Edge, N.J.

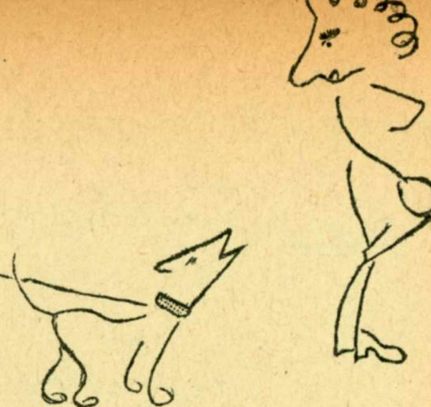


-adv.

Say you saw it in QUANDRY, please...

SLURP

the ultimate column



I'm back again and rarin' to go!

Pet gripe this time is fandom's lack of originality. That's right, and with the accent on "lack". A good example of this state of affairs is the "electric fan" joke. This has been used hundreds of times; as far as I know it was originated by Bob Silverberg or Saul Diskin (co-editors of SPACESHIP) but I wouldn't be willing to bet you as much as a plugged nickel on it. ((We saw it first in VAMPIRE #1 - Spring '45)) Zine names are another item too often "swiped". I'm told that Ganley is the third fan to use FAN FARE; ((on this subject Mr Ganley himself says, "I'm sorry if I happened to pick a name that was used before, but originality (even when individually original) is no longer original.")); look at the similarity between SCIENCE-FANTASY REVIEW AND FANTASY REVIEW; Tucker's SCIENCE- FICTION NEWSLETTER has been used once before (Bob is one of the few fan to ask permission of the originator): my own SPACETEEN (soon to be published) is an almost direct steal from Lin Carter's SPACETEEN. ((Not about UTOPIAN and UTOPIA?)) Probably at one time or another some nut perpetrated a column by the name of SLURP but I've never heard of it. Fandom lacks originality, agree?

With the developement of an artificial heart and lung arrangement which is expected to actually work, stf long-dreamed-of suspended animation seems to be a near reality. A person's heart can now receive wonderful rejuvenation treatments while the steel heart and lungs keep him alive. I am told that it can nourish the real heart and lungs while putting no strain whatsoever upon them. All that remains is to put the patient into a cataleptic trance while the heart is in operation, and to have someone present to cut off and disconnect the machine. It stands to reason that this could prolong human life for ten, twenty, or a thousand years, provided an automatic cut-off could be developed which could turn it off in case the rest of humanity had killed itself off in the interim. Any volunteers?

Arthur Joquel II, whom Laney bioged in one of his last " Fanzine Scope" columns, received mention in a recent editorial of the local paper. He was listed as a California rocket expert who claimed that had it not been for World War II, flight to the Moon would already be an accomplished fact. Joquel said that an international rocketry research center was in the making until the advent of Hitler and company scatched it.

It has now been officially announced that George Pal is going to o produce the Balmer-Wylie epic, "When Worlds Collide." This is one fan rumor that I'm definately glad to see become truth. Also soon to be released it "The Thing" from RKO, this is really JWC's year "Who Goes There?"

(More over)

Slurp

One thing that has been accomplished by the anti-fanfiction boys is the raising by several degrees of the quality of the very thing they thought to eliminate! I know that in my own case, I've done considerable rewriting, replotting, and retreading of various stories which, while they would have been acceptable to most fanzines, were improved considerably by the working over. Also, since the beginning of the current stir, I've noticed a marked improvement in the work of almost every other fanfiction writer. I want to be the first to acknowledge the debt fanfiction owes to those who would have killed it!

If you haven't noticed the rapid rate at which the SatEvePost and Colliers are buying up science fiction, you are in a very small minority of fandom (if, indeed, you can claim being in fandom at all). But do you also know that the so-called "girly" mags are also rapidly developing into science-fiction or fantasy magazines. The material printed in these mags is usually of a very low quality, but since it does often deal with ghosts, shouls, or "Men from Mars", completionests will buy them. I, personally, am trying to crack this market with my own stories. I am almost certain that stories which Amazing wouldn't even consider as filler would sell readily among the "girly" mags. Of course, one should polish any material before submitting it, but this market definately has great possibilities for fen.

Art Rapp is, of course, fandom's greatest loss to the "National Emergency" but there have been other. Latest of these is Tom Covington, editor of BIZARRE; contributor to several other mags. Tom is expecting to go into the Coast Guard in a few weeks in order to escape the draft; there are dozens of other teen-aged and older fans who may be forced into similiar actions. The National Emergency is becoming more than that---a fan-wide emergency. If this keeps up, the NSF may be forced to take action!

R. J. Banks, Jr.

ISFCC

One of the leading clubs of fandom, International S-F Correspondence Club offers the EXPLORER, a bi-monthly O-O with a trading column, a collector's column, and material by some of fandom's leading writers. No club dues... merely 50¢ a year subscription to the O-O, EXPLORER...for complete info write to ISFCC c/o Lawrence Kiehlbauch - Route 2 - Box 223 - Billings, Mont. or Ed Nobis - Box 49 - Girard, Pennsylvania.....Adv.

QUIZ!

THIS MONTH A NEW TYPE QUIZ BY BOB SILVERBERG

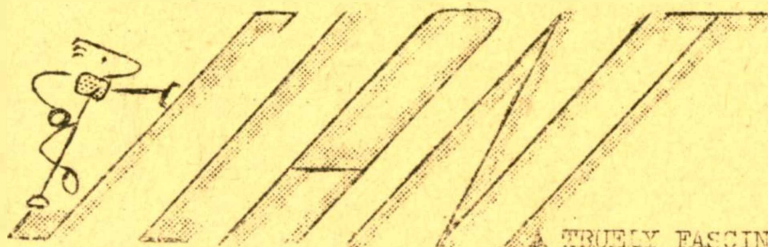
First last month's answer: Jack Williamson

And now try to nab the author named after each clue. If you get him on the first clue you qualify as a Semiotic Superman. Second hint gives you the Lensmen degree; third makes you a Struggling Spacehand. If you need a fourth prod, you'd better have your engame removed, and if you can't name him on the fifth, brother, you ain't read nothin! -- and no pecking at clue five!

1. This author, now dead, was the founder of a new school of sf writing.
2. His sister became a fantasy writer after his death. Four of his novels have been published posthumously.
3. Of these four, one was published by a book company and republished four years later in that company's pulp mag; one was published in the first ish of a still-extant promag; one was published six months later in that promag's companion; the fourth recently was brought out by a California book publisher. (A novelet was published in a magazine also after his death.)
4. His first published story appeared in Wonder Stories in 1934; in his 17 months as a fantasy writer before his death, he contributed to Wonder, Astounding Stories, and Amazing Stories.
5. The name of his first story was "A Martian Odyssey".

* * * * *

Answer (as if you didn't already know) and details concerning the questions will accompany next month's quiz. Be back then.



A TRULY FASCINATING EMZ!!! Printed (not mimeoed, not heltoed, not lithoed, not carboned, not engraved on stone slabs, but printed) by Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland...

Walter will trade SLANT for U.S. prozines. And believe me (the editor of Quandry) SLANT is worth it. You'll never know until you try it. Postage to N.I. is only 5¢ for a letter or 12¢ per for magazines.

Write WALTER A. WILLIS - 170 UPPER NEWTOWNARDS RD. - BELFAST,
Northern Ireland

* * * * *

More Silverberg

turned out, as I expected, to be a blast against fan fiction, but it made good reading.

Otherwise, the zine was its usual meaningless self...but that lightweight atmosphere is getting more and more welcome these last few issues. Cuts were nice, artwork at a minimum but still clever.

Letter column notes: JF Streinz: Van Vogt is two people. His wife, E. Mayne Hull, is the "E" in his signature and collaborates on all of his stories. Jay Oliver: Vance is Vance, despite what deCamp says. Kuttner has plenty of psuedos, but he's not Vance.

Xmasly,
bob silverberg

Walter A. Willis
170 Upper Newtownards Rd.
Belfast, Northern Ireland



QUANDRY

Dear Lee,

I like the magazine very much indeed. I think it's very much the sort of magazine I would like to turn out myself if I had been mimeographing instead of printing, though I doubt if I should have done so well. There's nothing really special I would like to comment on in #5 except the little pics which seem to have been deservedly praised by everybody already and Vernon McCain's story which I thought was very funny, but the whole magazine has a very pleasant individuality. The cover must be one of the best on any mimeographed mag: too often they are all cluttered up with ambitious "artwork". This is neat, attractive, and amusing--and actually takes advantage of the limitations of the medium instead of kicking them and the readers in the face, like some I could name.

Where did you get the title, by the way? I always thought a quandry was a place where you washed clothes.

We see FLASH GORDON over here too, you know. He is one of the few luxuries of American civilisation that is not denied to us wretched Europeans. He was received most enthusiastically in Belfast, though unfortunately some of the audience were so deeply moved as to burst into hysterical laughter from over-excitement. What I would like to know is, who writes the dialogue? I treasure a wonderful phrase: " You mean.....THE DEHUMANIZER!!!!!"

Sincerely,
[Walter]

Walter A. Coslet
Box 6
Helena, Montana



Dear Lee:

Q6 just arrived. You are now hitting your stride! From here on, Q should be the equal of Spacewarp. Boggs and Warner top items. QQuiz ans. is presumably Jack Williamson.

Bob Tucker
P.O. Box 260
Bloomington, Ill.

582

Cheerio:

Q6, now being held before my eyes as I type by a scantily-clad blonde, is an unusually good issue. As she slowly turns each page for my scrutiny I mentally congratulate you again and again for the good physical appearance of each page. Good typing, good inking, good ~~in~~magraphing.

YOU

The small pix are fine and really help dress-up the magazine. I believe I prefer the colored paper to white, and offhand can think of no radical changes needed anywhere to improve the publication. For only six issues in which to experiment, you are doing remarkably well.

The material in this issue was worthwhile, too, with the top interest being in the contributions ((honest)) by Harry Warner and Redd Boggs. In regards Warner's last paragraph, I believe there were (and possibly still is) more than one Negro in fandom.

[Bob Tucker]

Gerry de la Ree
277 Howland Ave.
River Edge, N.J.



Dear Lee:

Quandry #6 had the best lineup of material to date. I especially enjoyed Harry Warner's article, which is, in my opinion, the most interesting piece you've yet published. Tucker's contribution was also among the better items you've had.

Banks' column was interesting to the extent that I was slightly amazed at his list of favorite stf authors. Knock out Phillips, Shaver, Bradbury, Hasso, and Merwin and he has a pretty good list. Yes, that's right, Bradbury too. The great Ray can write good fiction, but not SCIENCE fiction. Phillips started off well with some excellent ideas, but has slipped woefully. Shaver never did have it, while Merwin writes a fair tale, but I'm sure even he would hardly classify himself as an stf author.

Sincerely,

[Gerry]

Bob Silverberg
760 Montgomery St
Brooklyn 13, N.Y.



Dear Lee:

Q6 arrived today; it shows even more of the improvements that you've made so nicely so far. Glad you've decided to have longer articles. I didn't agree with Tucker, but seeing an article by him again was interesting...Warner's article is the best thing you've printed so far, I'd say. Boggs fiction turned

(con't over)

Redd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St. NE
Minneapolis 18, Minn.

Dear Lee:

You've made great improvement in the format since I last saw a Quandry. I'd rate it excellent now.

Best thing in the issue was Harry Warner's article on fandom hoaxes. Except for his opening paragraph, which I imagine was meant facetiously anyhow, Harry was consistently interesting. The nearly everything was a rehash, as far as I'm concerned. I think that the only thing that was new to me was the fact that A. Merritt fell so hard for Unger's Odd Tales hoax. Re hoaxes about whether or not this or that fan was real or just a pseudonym for another fan, I wonder if Sully Roberts ever existed? His name was closely tied to Bob Tucker's in the late '30's, and I've heard stories supporting his actual identity and stories showing him to be a figment of the Pong imagination. And re "hoaxes unrecognized because the truth never came out": there was an article in the penultimate Rapp Spacewarp, I believe it was, called "A Stif Master Nobody Remembers." Though I have heard no one mention it, I believe this item was an elaborate hoax on somebody's part. It described a writer named H O Axtell--note the first four letters!-- and his great stif tales, none of which seem to exist. Apparently this hoax slipped by unnoticed.

J.T. Oliver, or rather Damon Knight, in answering that query about fanzine copyright, is a bit inaccurate, I believe. Speer's research on the problem was, far as I know, devoted solely to the fanzines circulated exclusively in the FAPA or a similar apa, not to a fanzine circulated outside. There's not the slightest question that material in a fanzine like Quandry becomes public property unless copyrighted.

James Kepner's remarks in Western Star, as quoted in "Sez You" by Lionel Inman, aren't a very good argument against holding the 1951 con in New Orleans, it's true. I'll be there, by the way, if there isn't a war by that time. But that attitude shouldn't be linked by the implication to communistic "antagonism toward just about everything." Many other liberal minds have felt similarly. An attitude, to which I myself subscribe to a slight extent from a passing observation of Texas--where the South is diluted by Southwestern influences--during the last war, was voiced by H.L. Mencken to the effect that "Obviously it is impossible for intelligence to flourish in such an atmosphere [the South]. Free inquiry is blocked by the idiotic certainties of ignorant men." By the way, Lee, here's a quotation to try on for size, from the same Mencken outburst ("The Sahara of Bozart"): "Virginia is the best of the south today, and Georgia is perhaps the worst. The one is simply senile; the other is crass, gross, vulgar, and obnoxious." (!!)

Don't think I agree with that statement!

The quiz answer is Jack Williamson. No? ((Yes))

Sincerely,

[Redd]

((Editorial note: Just how many of you fans who are prejudiced against the South have been here and observed conditions in cities that would give a fair cross section of Southern opinion and attitude??.....))

(More letters over)

Lionel Inman
Ripley, Tenn.



Dear Lee:

Quandry #6 was the best ^{ish} I have seen to date. Your mimeoing and layout show constant improvement, and for the most part the material is excellent

Standing head and shoulders over everything else was Harry Warner's "Some Of The People All Of The Time". Only a long and intimate acquaintance with fandom makes it possible for one to write an article of this type. I regret that it did not grace the pages of Southern Fandom rather than those of Quandry. Bob Tucker's article was good--which is poor for Tucker. Bob suffers a curse shared by all great humorists from Mark Twain on down--when you read something under his byline you expect something hilariously funny, and you are disappointed if you don't find it. He has never written anything I would be ashamed to publish in a fanzine of mine, an enviable distinction shared by no other I can think of, and "How To Kill A Fanzine" is no exception.

Sam Basham's piece, while showing no especially shrewd appraisal of fandom, was thoroughly capable and enjoyable. I recall we carried on a rather lengthy correspondence about skepticism, and especially skepticism about one of America's principal religious faiths, before we met. When I visited him, we found that we did not differ nearly so much as I had thought. I admitted that there might be a god, or there might not, but that I preferred to believe that there was not. He also admitted that there might or might not be a god, but he preferred to believe that there was.

The Boggs' story seemed a little juvenile to me. It is a darned shame, for his concepts written in a less hackneyed manner might conceivably have been worth the space they occupied.

I fear I panned de la Ree's poem in the fourth issue a little too vehemently. I still think his previous poem stank, but he proves he can write poetry by turning out a creditable job this time.

Your letter section lacks distinction. It is just a lot of short letters, with nobody saying anything, except that they did or did not like your fmz. A good letter section is frequently the best part of a fanzine.

Lionel Inman

richard elsberry
413 E. 18th St
Mpls 4, Minn.



Dear Lee:

By some quirk of fate I didn't receive Quandry #5. I am annoyed all to hell. Just cause I didn't have time to write you can't do this to me! I am hurt. After all, I did pay for one issue. What more does an editor want?
((money))

Maybe I write something for you someday,

[rich]

More Sez You

C = K

Dear Lee:

I was not too pleased to learn that fans are gullible sceptics. This issue of Quandry informs me of that. Warner says that we're gullible. Basham says we're sceptics. All in the same issue. You shoulda waited a few issues to print one of them and everybody'd be forgotten the other. That way we'd be sceptics for a while and later gullible for a while---not both at once.

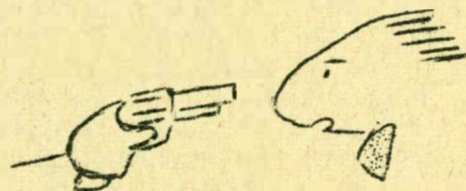
The Quiz in Quandry #5 was too easy. This time it's too hard.

Just noticed that "sceptic" is spelled with a K.

s'long

Paul

Orma McCormick
1558 W. Hazelhurst St
Ferndale 20, Mich.



Dear Lee:

That was a swell illo you used on my Lady from Mars, my only regret was the three errors you made this time. Your mag is being read by pros, and I wish there was some way they could be told that those mistakes were not mine.

Sincerely,

[Orma]

Ralph Bailey
354 W. 56 St
NYC 19



Dear Lee,

Quandry #6 wreeseeved and wred. Kinda esoteric this time. (I must look that word up anmetime and see if it means what I think it means.) Look here, Editor, we want trimmed edges. We want an editorial at the front of the book and one at the back also. We want an illustrated letter seckshan. We want - wait - hnn. I see we got it. Say, is that nice. Nothing to find fault with! Ah, I got it! Where's the tomato or tomatoes au naturel? You know, the pretty girl with her bare face hanging out and, er, well, you know.

Perfumed pages? There's an idea. Maybe an issue comes up someday that the editor has gotta say to himself "Pal, this ish stinks, I gotta admit it." So what does he do, he goes to the Drug Store and says gimme a large bot of eau de Cologne or Lavender Water and an atomizer, then pesky readers ain't gonna say my mag stinks!

In the article "How To Kill A Fanzine" in Quandry #6 it says we oughta criticise pro-zines. Alright, I'm willing. How's this: May Quandry be someday, if humanly possible, even one millionth part as good as the Editor of Galaxy Magazine blabbermouths that Galaxy Magazine is, and quandry will be lucky!

Thass all this time,

Regards,

[Ralph]

'2'

editorial stuff

Well, we and our tonsils are back from Christmas holidays. Back down to the business of fan publishing and maintaining our status as student at the local college.

Look, please forgive a personal note here but we seem to have failed to answer a letter received recently and we can't find out which one. In other words we owe a letter to someone and we don't know whom. So if you've written lately and you don't hear from us soon please write and bawl us out so we'll know that it's us that have forsaken you and not the other way around. Please.

We had all number of little things to say here...and all number of little slips of paper with notes on them...but we can't find them so---

We have in line for next issue an educational article on Science-fiction fandom by Joe Kennedy. This article, tho aimed at the neofan, should be of great interest to both the newcomer and the oldtimer. Also coming are guest li'l people by Walt Kessel. And many other features such as Konner's Korner, Sez You, and Chacs.

We'll be back next month...mebbe with a more interesting editorial... we hope so. At any rate...we wish you the best of everything in this new year. And we'll seeya at the Nolacon.



NOLACON

CASH

TRADE

CONTRIBUTOR

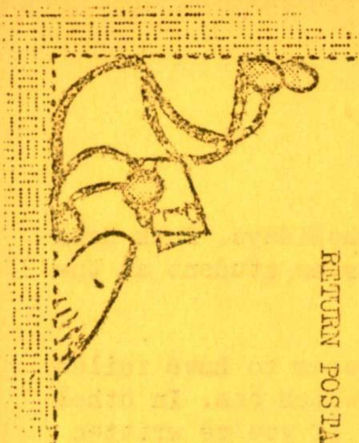
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