

Until the 1960 World Science Fiction Convention, there has been no award or honor of any sort for which the fanartist might be encouraged to produce his best in creative endeavor. Then for the first time, fanzines, societies and individuals joined in presenting awards to outstanding entries in the Project Art Show at the PITTCON, and fanartists gained tangible recognition. Also, for the first time, fandom found that "our" own artists are capable of producing professional artwork.

The encouraging turnout of contributions for the last Christmas Art Supplement to Shangri-L'Affaires began to convince fandom that artists could put on a worthwhile show; and once the fanartists found they could work together, there was no holding them back. And so they had the most exciting display at a convention--while fandom, represented by the PITTCON committee, backed the fanartists to the hilt. Fans were eagerly buying fan art, while popular voting on the Award of Merit totalled 35% of all the convention attendees.

Now, full of fresh ideas for the 1961 world convention in Seattle, fanartists will experiment in wood, glass, copper and stone and oils; in a galaxy of design and colors. But for a Christmas present to fandom, they have forced themselves back into the old established medium of artwork suitable for mimeography. In these pages, you will find art by many artists whose work was on display at the PITTCON, including several award winners. Here is a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from science-fiction fandom's amateur artists, from the regular contributors and from all of the members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and a very special salute from the staff of Shangri-L'Affaires!

---Ron Ellik---







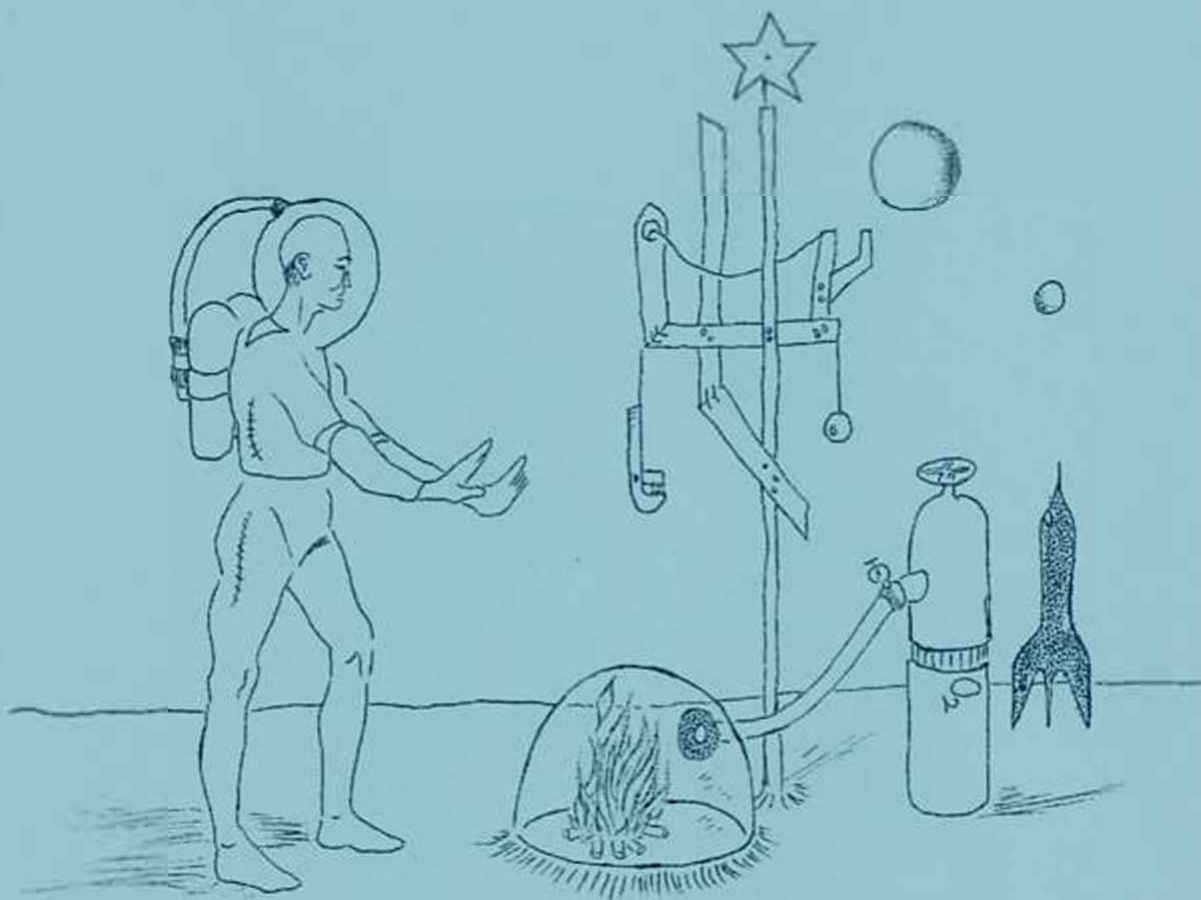
JERRY 60





"JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!"

PROSSER  
6



MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

*James Lawton*





DEA.



CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS  
FROM CHARLES  
SCARBOROUGH  
AND THE STAFF OF BEYOND  
1960





Oh, Christmas is a-comin' and juke-boxes are alight  
And the Christ-child's really swingin' on that  
rockin' Silent Night.

If you don't like Christmas Mambo, will a  
Christmas Cha-Cha do?

If you don't like Christmas music, well then  
God bless you.

Chor: God bless you, Gentlemen, God bless you; If you don't  
Like Christmas music, well then God bless you.

Oh, Christmas is a-comin' and now Santa has appeared:  
He's a thin man with black eyebrows and a dirty  
cotton beard.

If you don't like one store's santa, there's a santa  
next door, too.

If you don't believe in Santa Claus, well, God bless you.

Chor.

Oh, Christmas is a-comin' and the stores are open wide  
And all the things that Christmas means are clearly  
priced inside.

If you hate hand-painted gimmicks, we've electric  
geegaws too.

And when you get your Christmas bills, well,  
God bless you.

Chor.

----Leslie Norris.





MERRY  
XMAS  
1960!





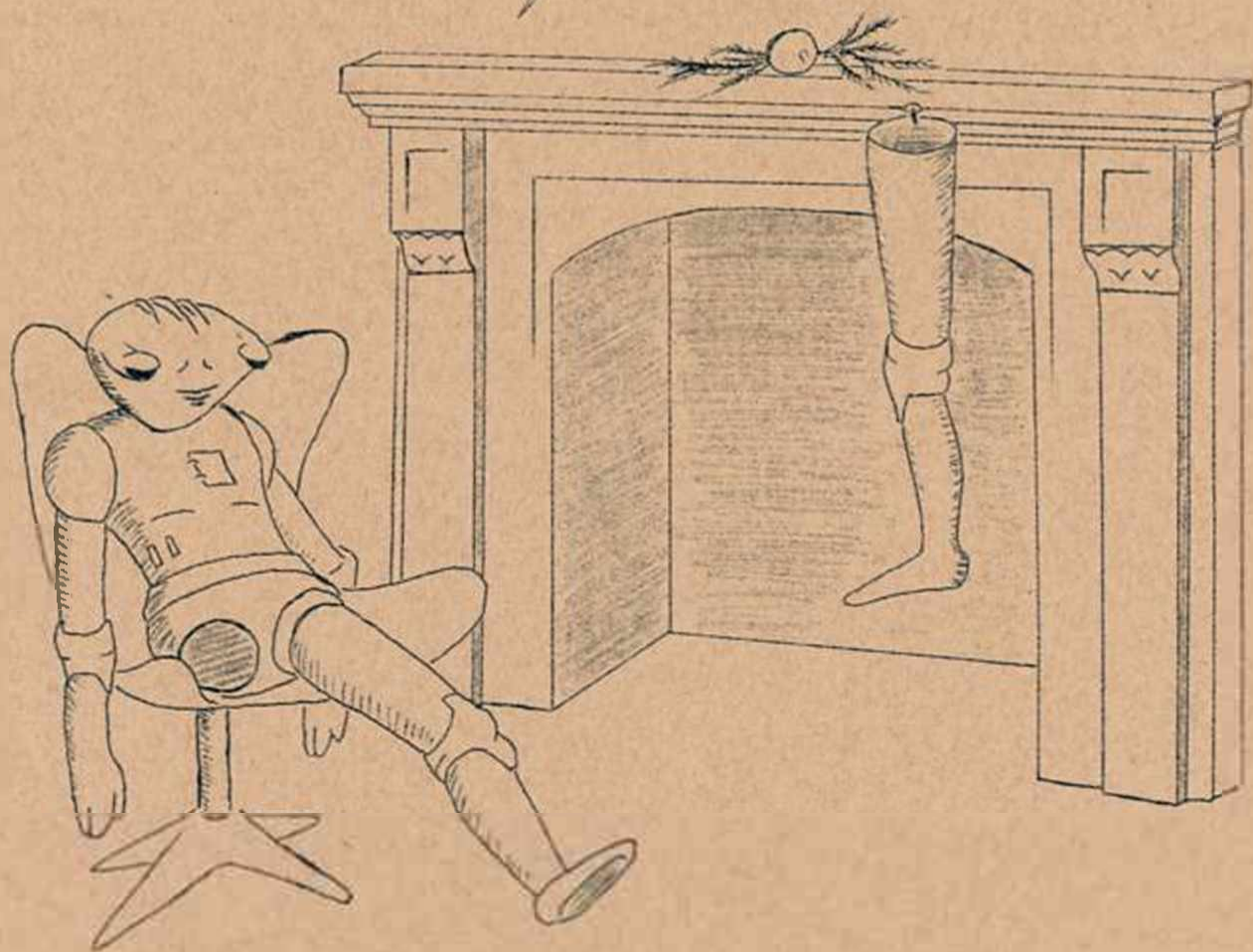


"Merry Christmas, Sam." "You too, George."



BEST  
WISHES  
FOR AN  
HALCYON  
XMAS

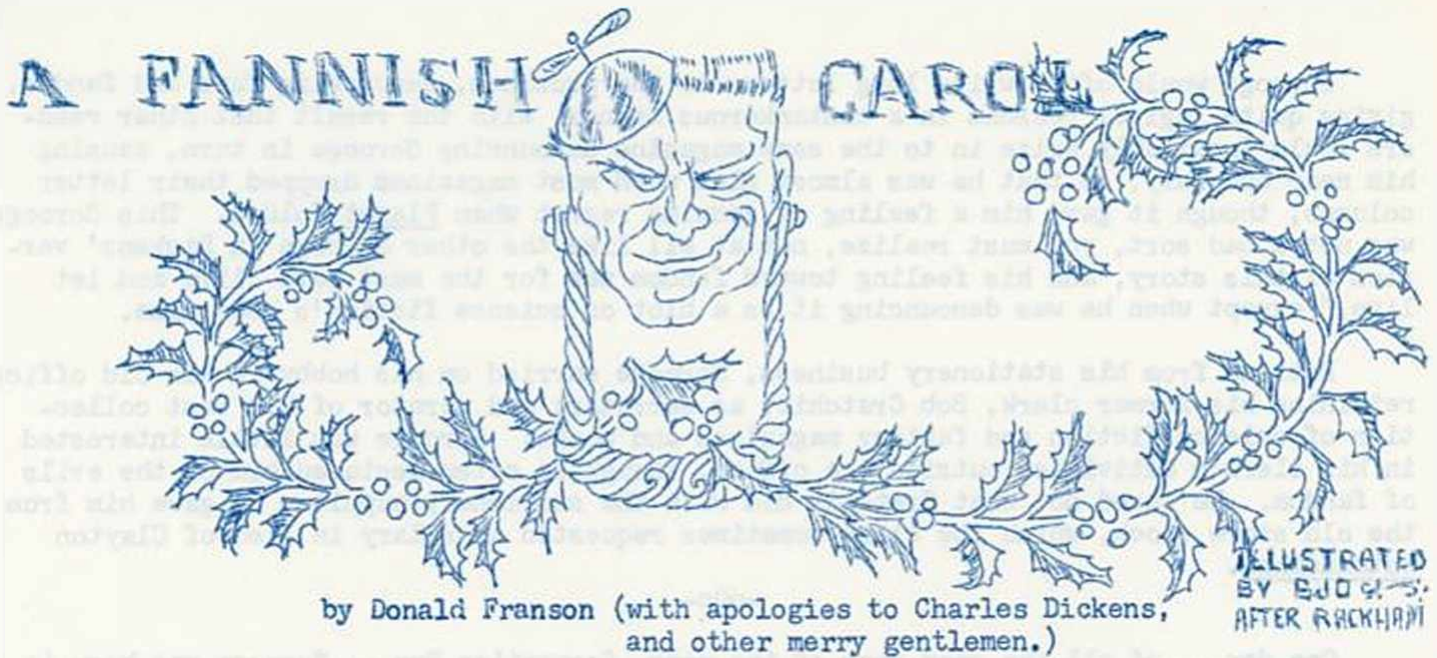
*from... Robert Lee*







- AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR  
FROM DOHEUG AND  
KAREN ANDERSON



Oh, fandom is a way of life,  
No matter what they say,  
Where we escape from mundane strife,  
If only for a day,  
When we forget our cares and woes,  
And hope they go away:  
Oh, fandom and friendship and joy,  
Friendship and joy,  
Oh, fandom and friendship and joy.

Tucker was dead, to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. The notice of his death had been published widely, not only once but on two separate occasions, fourteen years apart; and everyone believed it save Tucker himself, whose facetious writings carried no weight anyway. Scrooge believed it, and Scrooge's name was good in Brass Tacks for any opinion he chose to put his mind to. Old Tucker was dead as a staple, Scrooge was convinced. Remember this; it's essential to the story. Also, you may as well know, if you haven't already guessed, this is not the same Scrooge you may have read about in Dickens' Christmas Carol. This is another Scrooge, the time is the present, and the place is the never-never land of Science Fiction Fandom.

Eandobinder Scrooge was a science fiction fan, according to almost anyone's definition. His only connection with Tucker was as a fellow fan, back in the days of First Fandom. Scrooge had not sent for a fanzine since 1940, though he received them occasionally and sometimes glanced at them. He considered them all to be irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. Scrooge read and collected science fiction, and wrote letters to the editors of the science fiction magazines, for he was a man of many strong opinions. Over the years, reading those letter columns and occasional fan columns, and hearing about fan doings from his nephew who was an active fan as well as a professional writer, Scrooge developed an extreme distaste for fandom in all its aspects, and would expound at length on its shortcomings to anyone who would listen, usually his nephew or his clerk, Bob Cratchit (not the same Cratchit....similar names crop up all the time.) Scrooge could not be induced to attend any fan gatherings, not even the local club, which he characterized as an institution for zany nincompoops, having read about it in The Immortal Storm, which he had bought under the impression it was science fiction.



Scrooge would often write long letters to the prozines, denouncing fans and fandom, giving quite logical reasons in a cantankerous manner, with the result that other readers would inevitably write in to the same magazine denouncing Scrooge in turn, causing him near apoplexy, so that he was almost glad when most magazines dropped their letter columns, though it gave him a feeling of genuine regret when Planet folded. This Scrooge was not a bad sort, you must realize, not at all like the other Scrooge in Dickens' version of this story, and his feeling toward fandom was for the most part "live and let live," except when he was denouncing it as a blot on science fiction's good name.

Retired from his stationery business, Scrooge carried on his hobby in his old office retaining his former clerk, Bob Cratchit, as secretary and curator of his vast collection of science fiction and fantasy magazines and books. Scrooge was little interested in his clerk's activities outside the office, though he often lectured him on the evils of fandom. He cared not what Cratchit did with the stationery supplies he gave him from the old store stock, which the clerk sometimes requested as salary in lieu of Clayton Astoundings.

-oOo-

One day -- of all the good days of the year, Convention Eve -- Scrooge was busy in his old office, dictating to Bob Cratchit, who was typing as fast as he could, considering that Scrooge's old typewriter was a relic of First Fandom too, and the keys kept sticking. Scrooge was saying, "My opinion of the Dean Drive is..." when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice.

"Happy fandom, uncle!" It was Scrooge's nephew, who had come into the office from the busy sidewalk outside.

"Fandom," said Scrooge, with feeling. "Humbug!"

"Fandom a humbug, uncle? Surely you don't mean that?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Happy fandom! Bah! What reason have you to be fannish? You're pro enough. Where did you get that name, 'Robert Bloch' anyway?"

"I made it up," said Scrooge's nephew. "Oh, I may be a dirty pro, but I've always thought of fandom as a friendly place, where men and women of all ages and stations open their hearts and minds freely to one another, and think of themselves not as fans or pros, but as fellow-passengers on the same space-ship or hell-bound train. And therefore uncle, though it has never put a big check in my pocket, I believe that fandom has done me good, and. I say 'Bless it!'"

The clerk, who had stopped typing to listen, involuntarily applauded. Then, conscious of this impropriety, he started to type so furiously that a key flew off and landed in the wastebasket.

"Let me hear another word out of you," said Scrooge, "and I'll cancel your subscription to Galaxy!"

The nephew intervened. "Don't be angry, uncle. Come, why don't you go with me to the convention tomorrow, and I'll show you what I mean. I'm sure you'll have a fine fannish time. And it's a golden opportunity -- there won't be another one in this town until 2010."

"Conventions! Out upon conventions!" said Scrooge. "What's convention time to you but a time for having fun without funds; a time for going without sleeping; a time



for finding yourself a year older and not a penny richer; a time for meeting hundreds of other idiots in the same situation as yourself? If I had my way, every nincompoop who went around extolling fandom would be locked up in his own convention room with nothing to eat but his own fanzines. Fandom is nothing but a hobby -- and a silly one at that."

"Fandom is more than just a hobby to many people. To some it's a way of life. But whether it's a way of life or not, fandom is friendship, based on mutual interests. I don't see why you don't get into fandom. Look at this collection -- you're fan enough. Your interests in discussion -- you'd be an asset to fandom."

"You keep fandom in your way, and let me keep it in mine," growled Scrooge. "You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. It's a wonder you don't speak at the convention."

"Well, it so happens I'm toastmaster at the Banquet. Come, be my guest tomorrow. Some of your old friends will be there."

Scrooge said that he would see him... Yes indeed he did. "I'll see you in hell first," said Scrooge. Nevertheless, his nephew left without an angry word. As he was leaving, two other people came in.

"Mr. Scrooge, I believe?" said the older one, a youth scarcely out of his jeans.

Scrooge nodded curtly. What had Cratchit let these characters in for? They looked like -- perish the thought -- fans.

"Mr. Scrooge, some of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to send a worthy fan across the ocean to England..."

"Are there no fans in England?" asked Scrooge sarcastically.

"Well, yes, but the English fans would like to meet an American fan, the TAFF representative. They are having a convention there next year, and the fund is to pay the fare of this fan so that he can go to the convention..."

"Are there no conventions on this side of the ocean?" demanded Scrooge. "Are there no regional cons? No fanclubs that this fan can go to at a lesser expense?"

The two youths looked at each other. The younger one muttered, "I thought this was a live list."

Scrooge pressed relentlessly. "Are there no postcards? Isn't the Post Office still in operation? I help to support the establishment, and....well, good afternoon, gentlemen!" They had gone.

Meanwhile, the day grew darker, as it drew to a close, and Scrooge ordered Cratchit to turn on the lights in the office. Scrooge finished dictating his letter to Brass Tacks, and as Cratchit prepared it, Scrooge stood in the doorway, looking out at the hurrying foot traffic. An urchin came up to the door and began to sing in a thin, unsure voice,

"Oh, fandom is a way of life,  
No matter what they say,  
Where we escape from mundane strife..."

but Scrooge scowled so furiously that the urchin's meager courage deserted him, and he fled.



Scrooge turned back to Cratchit. "I suppose you will want all day off tomorrow?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," grumbled Scrooge. "I don't understand why you want to go to the convention anyway." He signed the letter with a flourish, as well as a pen.

"It's just to buy books, sir," said Cratchit, sealing the envelope. "There's a certain big-hearted gentleman who is selling his grandfather's collection, and...."

"I could sell you all the books you need. Well, all right, as long as you don't mingle with the fans. They're bad company, with out the slightest sense of shame or wonder. Be here all the earlier the next morning."

"I'll try, sir." said Cratchit, and he went out, leaving Scrooge alone.

-oOo-

Scrooge lived in this place, and after Cratchit had left, he merely turned the office into a living room and library. He didn't feel like going out to eat, so he went into the kitchen and cooked up a mess of crottled greeps, the recipe for which he had learned many years ago from a passing furnace salesman. After his lonely meal, Scrooge returned to his library and turned out all the lights but the one by his easy chair. He searched for a book, finally taking down a thrilling Van Vogt adventure, sat down and began to read. Soon he nodded.

Scrooge awoke with a start. He had heard a strange noise. There it was again... a rustling. It seemed to be coming from his file of Weird Tales across the room. They seemed to be crumbling, disintegrating before his eyes in the semi-darkness. A cover dropped off and fluttered to the floor. Another with a snap, crackle and plop. Strange things were going on. The light flickered for an instant.

Standing before him was a ghostly figure. It was transparent, and Scrooge could see a stack of Unknowns right through it. He could even read the dates, 1939, 1940, 1941.... The spectre looked vaguely familiar. Scrooge didn't go in for monster movies, but this was a special effect worthy of the best of them, an ghost which looked quite human. And somehow....facetious.

"Who are you?" said Scrooge. "Don't tell me...let me guess. Not...Tucker?"

"The same," said the phantom, smirking.

"I don't believe in you!" said Scrooge. "I don't believe in ghosts. You must be a figment of my imagination. You're very pale and colorless. There's more of figment than pigment in you, heh, heh."

The spirit groaned.

Scrooge went on, emboldened. "You may be an undigested bit of crottled greep. There's more of greep than creep in you..." Scrooge groaned inwardly himself as he said this, as puns and plays on words smacked of fandom.





"You think I'm not a real ghost," observed the ghost.

Scrooge nodded eagerly. "Fandom is full of hoaxes. Even your death may have been a hoax. Maybe you are really alive now, writing stories. There is a Wilson Tucker.

"If I'm not dead, what am I doing here?" said the ghost. "This place is a morgue. No fannish action. Where's your fanzine collection?" he flicked his finger along the spines of a row of Astoundings, and they disintegrated even to the latest Analog.

"Stop!" shrieked Scrooge. "I'll believe in you! I'll believe in anything! I'll even believe in Floyd C. Gale! Stop that...horrible destruction!"

The spirit walked around the room, making himself at home. He flipped through an old Wonder Stories pulp while the pages disintegrated in his hands. Soon it was nothing but a snowstorm of bits of pulp paper falling to the floor. The ghost wiped his hands. "Remember the SPWSSTFM? The Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Scientifiction Magazines? You were a fan at the time. Fun, wasn't it?"

Scrooge managed a smile, but he didn't feel much like humor at the moment.

The ghost said, "Don't you remember the letters you wrote? Defending the IAOPUMMFSTFPUSA, and maintaining that Wonder Stories should be stapled on both sides so it couldn't be opened?"

Scrooge winced. "I was silly. I don't care to remember. I haven't indulged in fandom for many years. I've....matured."

"Matured? Yes, I guess you have. You would. But there are plenty of old time fans around who haven't 'matured'."

Scrooge was not quite so frightened since the apparition had begun to argue with him. He could still see the bookcase through Tucker, however--he had always said he could see through Tucker--but this was too much. He shivered and tried to make conversation. "Uh...where have you been keeping yourself, Bob?" As soon as it was out, he knew it was a boo-boo. But the ghost was not offended.

"Oh,...around!" he snickered. "But I'm having a good time. I have nothing to feel guilty about. I keep in touch with fandom, and they haven't forgotten me. But you, Eandobinder Scrooge, you will never know the real pleasures of fandom and it's your own fault. It's because you are narrow-minded."

Scrooge was surprised. "I, narrow-minded? A science fiction fan, narrow-minded? I have broad mental horizons, a cosmic viewpoint. I even have a place in my heart for UFOs, Hieronymous Machines, L. Ron Hubbard and other harmless devices. I believe in everything -- within reason, of course."

The phantom kicked a Wells book on the lower shelf and it fell to pieces. "Yes, but you don't believe in fandom. That's why I'm here tonight. I've heard that you've gone completely unfannish -- if that were possible for anyone to do. You told a BNF right out that fandom was a humbug. Scrooge, you are not a science fiction fan!"

Scrooge protested, "But I subscribe to all the science fiction magazines. Even Fate!"

The ghost looked accusingly at Scrooge, and all the Amazings in the bookshelves directly behind Scrooge crumbled to confetti. "Everywhere, fans are starving for lack of egoboo. Do you give it to them? No. You rail at them and call them zany nincompoops. Come to think of it, that's what they are, but that's neither here nor there. Hundreds of fans gaffiate every year for want of encouragement."



"That's not my business," said Scrooge.

"You could make it your business. Anyway, I have no more time to spend with you. I'm going to turn you over to my three stooges; you will be haunted for your own good. The first one is outside now."

Scrooge looked dismayed. "Couldn't you tell him to wait in the car?"

"Expect him when the clock strikes one. Well, I gotta go now. I have to publish another issue of Le Zombie. On my spirit duplicator."

When he said these words, the ghost disappeared. There was a long, loud silence.

Scrooge tried to say "humbug!" but couldn't. He looked at the gaps in the bookshelves, and the confetti on the floor. He looked for the book he had been reading, but it had disintegrated too. He dozed, the last thought in his mind his own voice saying, "there's more of greep than creep in you." He groaned and fell asleep.

-oOo-

Scrooge woke to two sounds. The clock was striking one, and there was a knocking. Then someone came through the door without opening it.

"I was told to wait in the car, but it's one o'clock now," the visitor murmured, amiably. "Eandebinder Scrooge, I am the Ghost of Fandom Past." The ghost looked faintly like Ackerman, as Scrooge remembered hi.. But Ackerman wasn't dead...was he?

"Well, I haven't got much time," said the ghost, "and I've got a lot to show you. Traffic conditions being what they are, I'm not going to take you on a flying tour of the world. Instead, I've brought some slides. What's all this confetti?" He kicked a space clear, gestured and a slide projector and screen materialized. In a few moments the show began, and Scrooge saw in color, very life-like, a youth sitting in a room, reading.

"That's you, reading your first science fiction magazine," narrated the ghost. "And here you are...oops, upside down. Here you are, writing a letter to an editor. It was T. O'Connor Sloane, I believe."

"I was happy then," said Scrooge.

"You certainly were. Here you are in a drugstore, looking eagerly through a magazine for your letter and not finding it."

Scrooge sighed. "That was my first disappointment."

"But you persevered, and here you are an established prozine letterhack, buying a big box of envelopes in a stationery store. That's how you got your start in business, wasn't it?"

"It was," admitted Scrooge. "I was in that stationery store so constantly the owner thought I worked there, and he put me to work. Eventually, I owned that store."

"You might say you were one of the first fans turned pro-prietor."

Scrooge chuckled.

The next slides showed Scrooge a few years older. Here you are running off your first fanzine. Say, that mimeograph looks exactly like the one Bob Cratchit has."

Scrooge looked sheepish. "He wanted it to print church announcements or such, so I gave it to him a few years ago. I wish...."

The slides clicked on. "There you are, typing up stencils for your last fanzine, number two, I think it was. Didn't it have an editorial denouncing Wollheim, Wiggins, Moskowitz, Madle, Lilith Lorraine, Dr. Keller, Festus Pragnell..."

"I wish I could apologize to all those people," said Scrooge.

"It doesn't matter," said the ghost. "That sort of thing runs off a fan's mind like water off a duck's back. They've forgiven you, years ago."

The next slide was spectacular. "Here you are, burning a huge pile of fanzines. There goes a VOM up in smoke."

Scrooge was full of remorse. "Were they very valuable?"

"Well, maybe not then," said the ghost.

"Ghost, I confess I've destroyed fanzines since then, right up to this morning. It was a sickly greenish thing from Iceland or somewhere, and I used it to wrap garbage."

"Oh, well," said the ghost philosophically, "that makes the remaining ones even more valuable."

"I'm sorry," said Scrooge. "I'll never throw away another fanzine. I'll save them for my nephew, even if I don't read them."

"By the way, how is your nephew?" asked the ghost.

"Oh, fine. I talked to him today. In fact, the last thing I said to him was...."

"You'll see him in hell first," said the ghost mildly..

"Oh, spirit, I didn't mean it! What will happen to him...or me?" moaned Scrooge.

"That's not my department. I'm Fandom Past. You'll have to take that up with Fandom Future, the ghost after next. Well, I seem to have run out of slides." The ghost looked at his wrist watches, "I must be leaving. There'll be another ghost along."

-oOo-

Scrooge looked at the clock, and it was a quarter to two. No use going to sleep again, he'd wait up for the next ghost. He sat watching the clock and the door alternately.

Promptly at two the ghost came marching briskly in the back way, with an air of efficiency and assurance. He was a studious-looking ghost and carried a bulging briefcase, which he set down on a pile of confetti.





Scrooge spoke first. "And you are?"

"The Ghost of Fandom Present," said the spirit. "Also Menace of the LASFS. I also haunt Hallowe'en parties, cheap. But enough of this idle chatter. I'm here to show you what goes on in the world of present-day fandom."

"You have more slides?" asked Scrooge.

"Sound movies." The ghost snapped his fingers, and a projector and screen appeared. Sound filled the room as the movie began.

The scene was the Cratchit's home, and the sound that of well-organized confusion. Bob and Mrs. Cratchit were pecking away industriously at antique typewriters, which were perched on rickety tables; Master Peter Cratchit was laboriously cranking Scrooge's old mimeograph; and Belinda was in the kitchen noisily making coffee.

Mrs. Cratchit looked up. "How do you spell...I can't even pronounce it.. 'execrable' "

"Make it 'lousy'," said Bob. "What are you doing, fanzine reviews? I'm having trouble with this editorial; it's got to be something special---this may be the last issue of Tiny Times."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"How are we going to keep it going?" argued Cratchit. "These typers have had it. That ratty mimeo Scrooge gave me is about to fall apart."

"You can say that again," said Peter.

"I'm not going to; I've said it too many times. As soon as that thing collapses, Tiny Times will fold."

"Couldn't we go hekto?" asked Belinda, bringing in the coffee.

"500 copies?" Cratchit looked serious. "It isn't just the equipment. It's supplies too. I'm having a tough time convincing Scrooge I need all those stencils for church announcements. And I've got to take some of my salary in old magazines and cash."

Peter brightened. "Hey, maybe you can sell a few old magazines at the convention, and get enough money to keep going another issue."

"Well, look in the cupboard and see what's left."

Mrs. Cratchit said, "Couldn't you squeeze more supplies out of Scrooge if you asked?"

"I've got to be careful. If he suspects I'm publishing a fanzine...goodbye job!"

Scrooge broke in excitedly, "It's all right, Bob. I didn't know you were supporting all this fanac....I'll...."

"He can't hear you," reminded the ghost.

Peter came back on the screen. "Just one left. A 1958 Super Science."

Cratchit said, "See? Tiny Times will have to fold. But let's finish this giant convention issue, and go out in a blaze of glory, even if it takes our last penny!"

"But isn't the subscription money pouring in?" asked Belinda, as she served coffee.

"Well, not exactly," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Here's a letter from one of our

subscribers. He's putting out his own fanzine now, and wants to trade with us from now on. That cuts our subscriber list in half."

"Who's the other one?" asked Bob.

"Scrooge's nephew. Oh, he's a Good Man -- how different from his uncle! Not that his sub does us much good, but he sends us notes of appreciation, when he has time."

Cratchit raised his cup of coffee. "I propose a toast to Scrooge's nephew." He drank, and then said, "And now -- a toast to Mr. Scrooge, our sponsor." Mrs. Cratchit choked, spilling coffee; her inability to speak was more eloquent than words.

Scrooge turned to the ghost, imploring, "No more! I deserve it, but..."

The ghost said, "Shhh!" Scrooge was quiet and heard Bob Cratchit saying, "...isn't so bad. Gave me some well-meant advice today. 'Stay away from fans', he said. I can't follow it, but he meant well, anyway. Well, it's nearly two-thirty, and we should finish tonight so we can have Tiny Times ready for the convention tomorrow."

Scrooge noted that the time was the same as by his own clock. "Are these live movies?" he asked the ghost.

"Yes. Anything is possible in fantasy."

"Tell me, will Tiny Times fold?" asked Scrooge anxiously.

"I see a vacant place in the Fanac Poll next year," said the ghost. "If the future is not altered, this fanzine will die."

Now the picture left the Cratchit home, and began to show other scenes of Fandom Present. There were club scenes and conventions, and a scene where Scrooge's nephew was holding forth in a small room before a crowd of intellectuals -- Scrooge noticed many of those present had glasses. Some of them had bottles.

Though Scrooge was very much interested in all this, he was getting increasingly sleepy, and the last scene he remembered showed a man sitting in a rocket nose-cone, waiting for the count-down; reading a fanzine.

-oOo-

When he awoke, the movie was over and the room was silent and in the place of the brisk ghost stood another spirit. It was three o'clock.

This ghost was young, thin, and almost seven feet tall. He had a bundle of Psi-Phi's under his arm. "I am the Ghost of Fandom Yet to Come," he announced.

Scrooge feared this ghost more than any other ghost he'd seen. "I fear you more than any other ghost I've seen," said Scrooge. "What have you to show me?"

"The future, you kook," the ghost looked around the room. "What did the last ghost do with the projector and screen? Oh, well, I'll materialize my own."

The movie began; it was silent and the scenes were cloudy and formless. After a few moments of this, Scrooge said, "Why is there no sound?"





"You want me to give with weird music, too?" Scrooge shook his head hastily.

The spirit said, "I'm trying to focus. It's hard to film the future, you know."

"Is this the future that will be, or the future that may be?" asked Scrooge nervously. The ghost did not bother to answer.

The shifting scenes flickered on, and one took form. A group of men was talking on the sidewalk in front of Scrooge's office. Scrooge fidgeted. "What are they saying?" he asked the ghost. "Please...I want to know."

"Oh, all right," said the ghost, and the picture was replaced by a sub-title.

"I THINK I WAS HIS CLOSEST FRIEND. WE USED TO ARGUE ABOUT PSIONICS IN ASF."

The picture came back on, showing the men laughing, then they dispersed.

The camera moved through the door and into Scrooge's office. They came into the same room where Scrooge was sitting now, but it was different on the screen. The bookshelves were bare, and the furnishings had been removed. Two disreputable-looking junkmen were picking through the last of the rubbish on the floor. One picked up something and turned to his fellow.

"WEIRD TALES, HA HA! GEEZ, LOOKA THE DATE, 1925. DIDN'T HE THROW ANYTHING AWAY?"

"Ghost of the Future!" pleaded Scrooge, "Don't show me anything more! I always believed in alternate time-tracks -- give me a chance to undo all this!"

The ghost looked reluctant. "I was going to show you the Cratchits' home without Tiny Times, but it is a little depressing. Oh, all right, I think you've had enough. I've got a lot to do, anyway, the shadow FAPA mailing is due." He waved a hand, and the projector and screen vanished. Then he vanished himself.

-oOo-

Scrooge rubbed his eyes and looked around the room. It was day -- glorious day! And the bookshelves were filled with magazines and books, and there was no confetti on the floor, and everything was as it was; even to the Van Vogt book on the chair arm -- not disintegrated after all.

He got up and went to the door, opened it and stepped outside. What a beautiful beautiful morning! He knew it was morning because it was broad daylight; yet there was hardly a soul on the street. He saw a small boy with a funny cap on his head, a cap that had a propeller on top of it, and called to him.

"What's today?"

The youngster, who might have been the same urchin who had serenaded him the night before -- or was it a lifetime ago? -- cried, "Today? Why, it's Convention Day!"

Scrooge excitedly motioned him to come closer. "Do you know that new office supply store down the street?"

"I should hope I do!" said the boy. "The owner asked me yesterday if I worked there

"Remarkable boy! Do you know that big Gestetner they have in the window -- not the little mimeograph, but the great big one with all the extra attachments?"

"Do I? Goshwow!" cried the lad.

"Intelligent boy! Well, take this credit card and buy it for me, and tell them to deliver it to Bob Cratchit." and he gave him the address, tipping him an If. The boy ran off, and Scrooge felt better than he had in years.

He went back into the house, had a light breakfast, dressed up in his best clothes, and went out again.-- it was such a glorious day -- and walked, in no particular direction. As he neared downtown, he began to encounter pedestrians, and he beamed at them and they beamed back at him. At last he spotted the two youths who had approached him on that charity matter the evening before -- FATT, or whatever it was. He surprised them by offering a large contribution and his help in canvassing, bid them "happy fandom" and went on, engrossed in his new thoughts.

As Scrooge walked along, he made all sorts of resolutions. He would subscribe to Cratchit's fanzine, write for it, too. He had an excellent idea for an article, an apology to Wollheim, Moskowitz, Lillith Lorraine....he chuckled happily.

"Tiny Times shall not die." he said aloud, "If I have anything to say about it, Bob Cratchit shall have all the stationery he wants, in addition to his salary, which I'll raise at least one pulp a week." He looked at once so devoted and gay that other pedestrians turned, and one said, "There goes a science fiction fan -- they're having a convention in town." Scrooge overheard this and beamed even brighter.

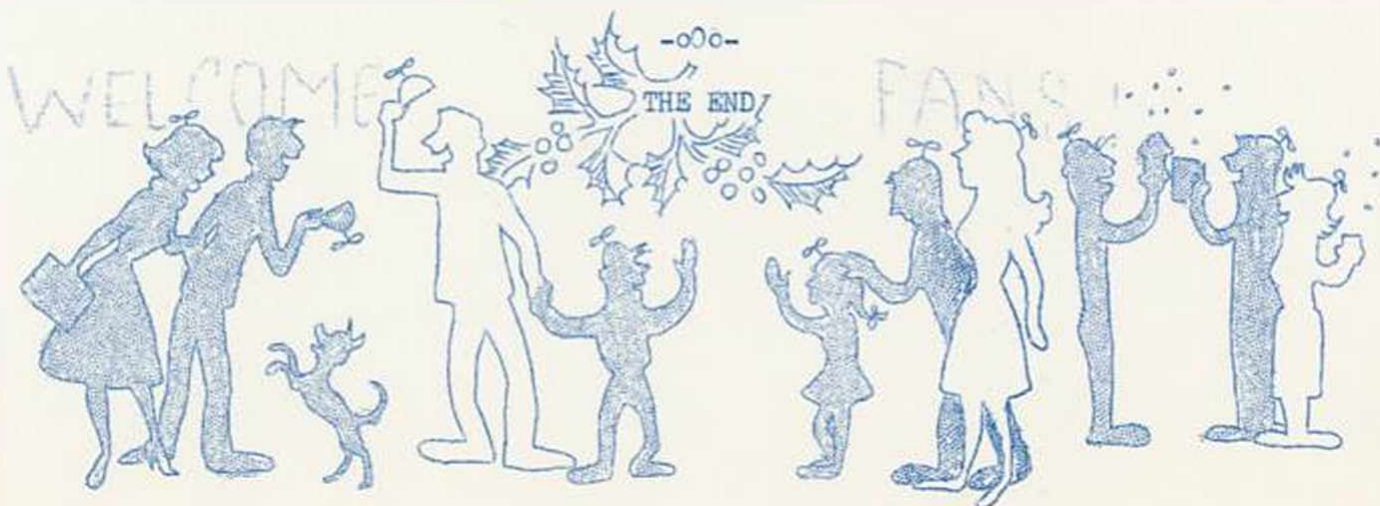
While Scrooge was making all these plans, he hadn't noticed where he was walking, and now he found he was directly in front of a small hotel. Through the open door he could hear sounds of shouting and singing. Curious, he walked inside. As he entered the lobby, he saw a group of people standing by the elevator, and this was where the singing and laughter was coming from. Above them, on the wall, was a sign: WELCOME FANS...WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

Scrooge went to the group, and most of them turned to greet him. A few continued to sing, then stopped in amazement. He recognized all of them now; there was his nephew, and Tucker -- he was not dead after all -- and he saw others he knew, too, among the many strange but friendly faces. There was Bob Cratchit and his family, and the boy with the propellor beanie. And others.

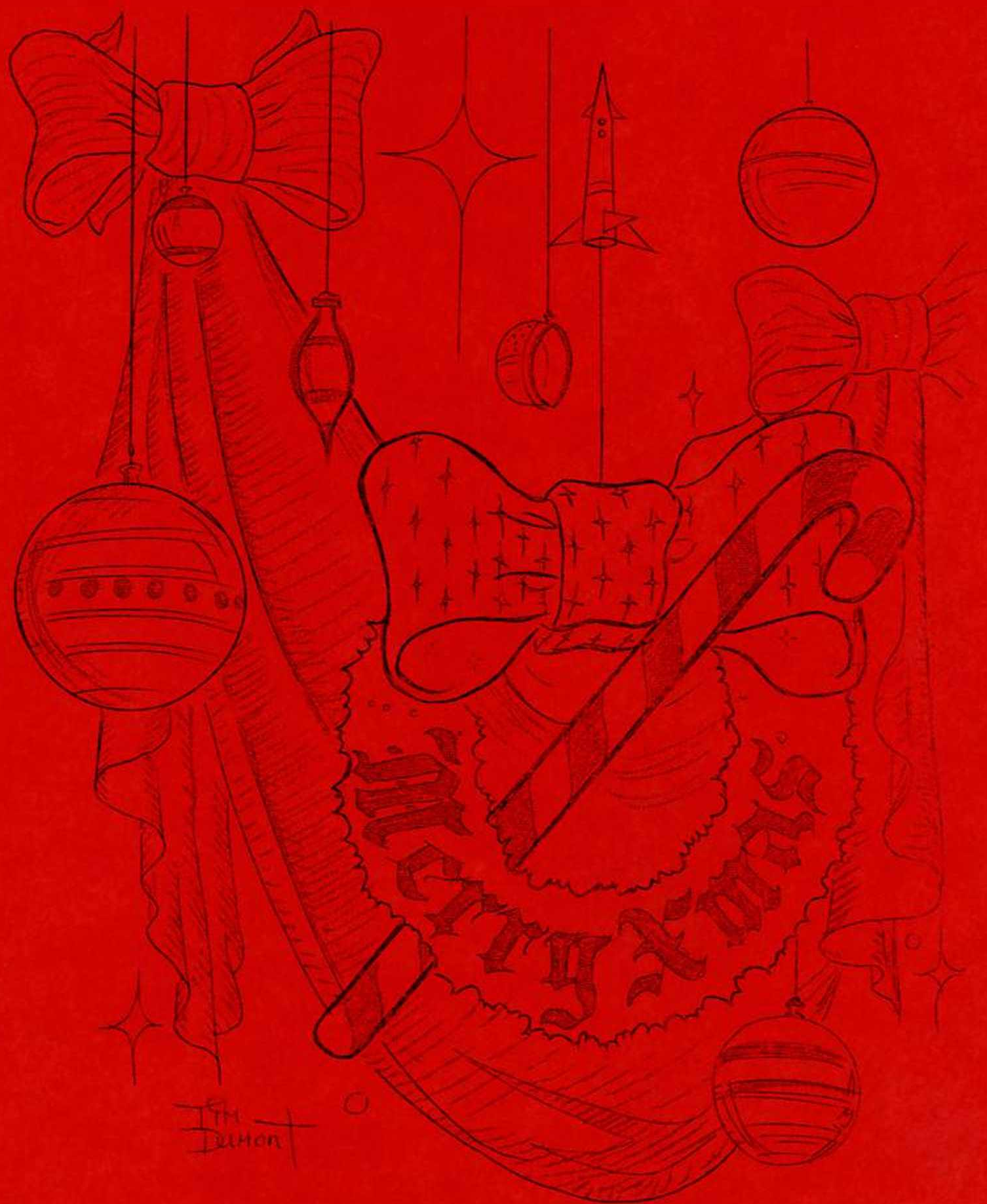
"Sam Moskowitz!" Scrooge chortled. "And Forrest J Ackerman! Where have you been keeping yourself?" Soon Scrooge was surrounded by fans, everyone trying to shake his hand, and presently they began to sing again; taking up where they had left off. In joining in, Scrooge found his voice was not so cracked as he had thought it would be.

"When we forget our cares and woes, and hope they go awa-a-a-a-ay----"

Eandobinder Scrooge had returned to the fold.





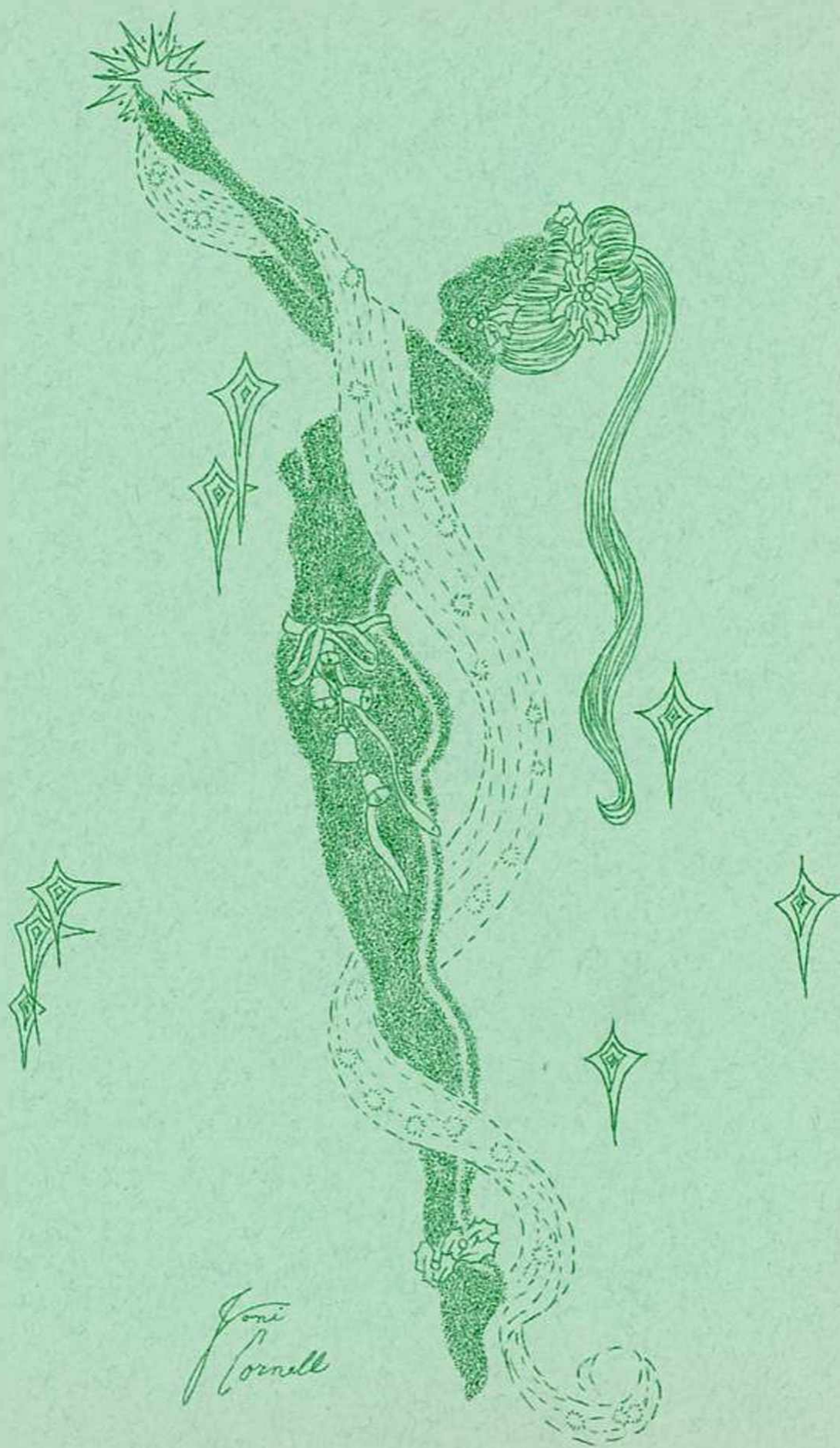


GAWD! I DON'T  
DIG THIS AT  
ALL!



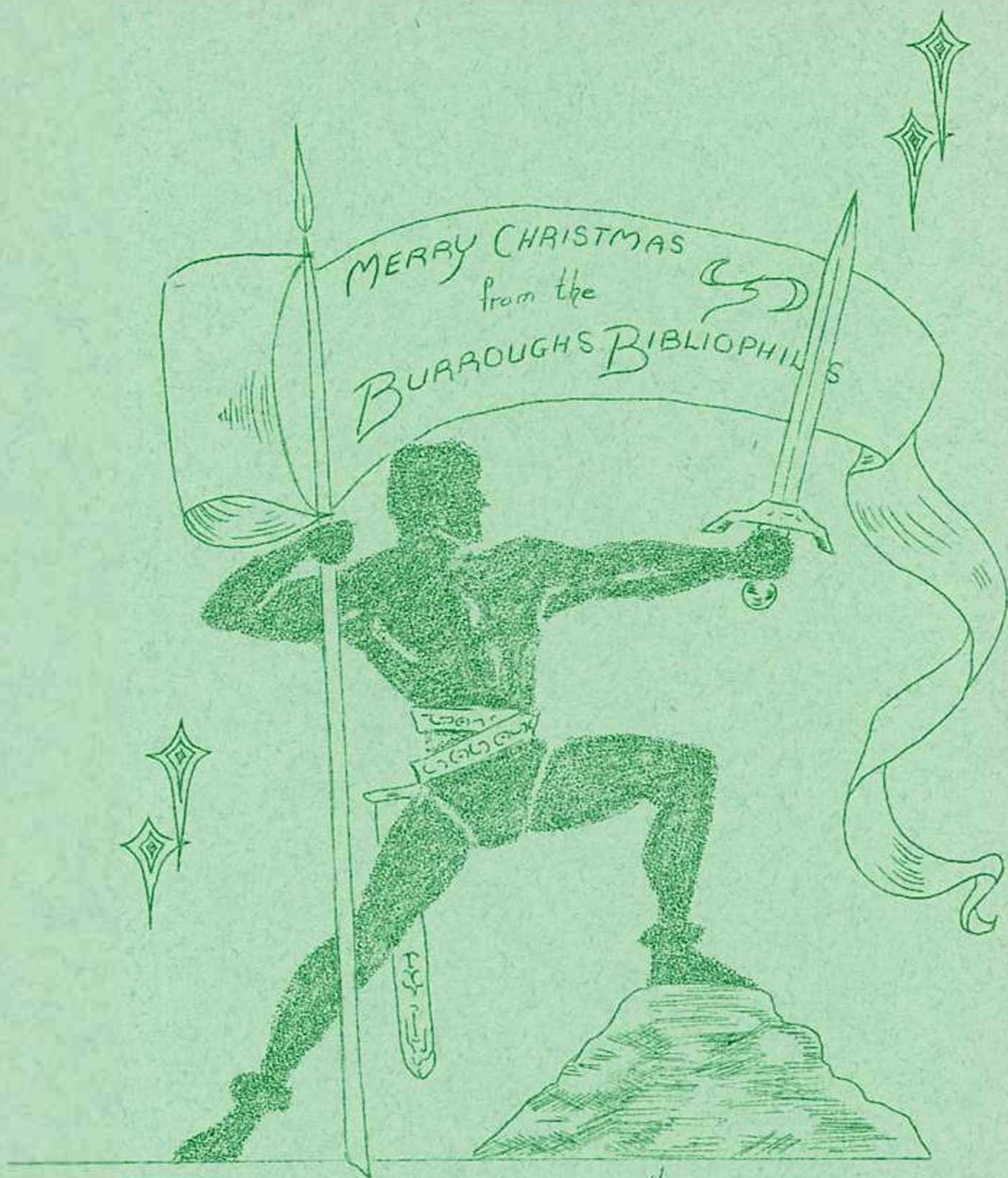
*Cynthia Goldstone*





Joni  
Cornell





HORATH  
1907



A blue line drawing of a stylized, abstract figure, possibly a deity or a person, with a large, prominent eye and a long, flowing beard. The figure is surrounded by swirling, cloud-like patterns. The drawing is on aged, textured paper.

.....

.....

.....Well, you begin to get  
the idea. Besides, I do believe  
that I'm spreading my welcome  
thin. In any case: MERRY  
CHRISTMAS!!! .....

Stiles

Cleveland, Ohio  
The-Day-Before-Christmas, 1960

Dear Old Saint Nick & associates:

Honestly, Old St. Nick (may I just call you Old Nick, this year?) I'm still all shook, trying to follow your fine suggestion this year that we dream up some out-of-this world Greetings. But why ~~on/earth~~ did YOU RUN US RAGGED at holiday time, with this compulsive idea? Actually, I sat earnestly at my typewriter for 3 days. --What was accomplished? Not a single solitary thing, except that my housework went completely to pot -- messier and messier --- papers, papers, papers everywhere, strewn all awry on rugs, tables, chairs, bathtub, etc.

Frustrated, I determined very early this morning (4:00 a.m.) not to moon over the project any longer. Fiercely cleaning everything up in a cloud of dust, I channeled my concentration on our holiday menu. For our main course: duck....or should we perhaps have something a little meatier?

It was then, with a frightful gulp, I realized that I MUST become calm at once. So at 8:00 a.m., fortified by a big pink apron and a little something else, I indulged in a little holiday baking. I have just taken from the oven these beautiful fruitcakes (4, I think). Now, where am I going to hide them for safekeeping?--potato bin?-library?-den? Better yet, in the dining room; nobody ever looks for food there. (The reason I must hide these 4 fruitcakes is: usually my constantly-coming-over maiden aunt tarries in the kitchen when I bake, and if I leave for a minute, she could wolf 3, if not all 4.)

As you can see, our kitchen activities increase, while those in the den ebb.

In closing, dear Old Nick, there is really little I crave this Christmas, except more S&SF (Sables & Solvent Funds) plus a little more down-to-earth peace & Quiet.

In all sincerity (by gritting my teeth a little) I hope that nothing (---) your holiday this year, & that everything goes exactly as you (--- ---).

With the same old Season's Greetings,

Most cordially,

Jessamine Greer







Bj.



NOTT

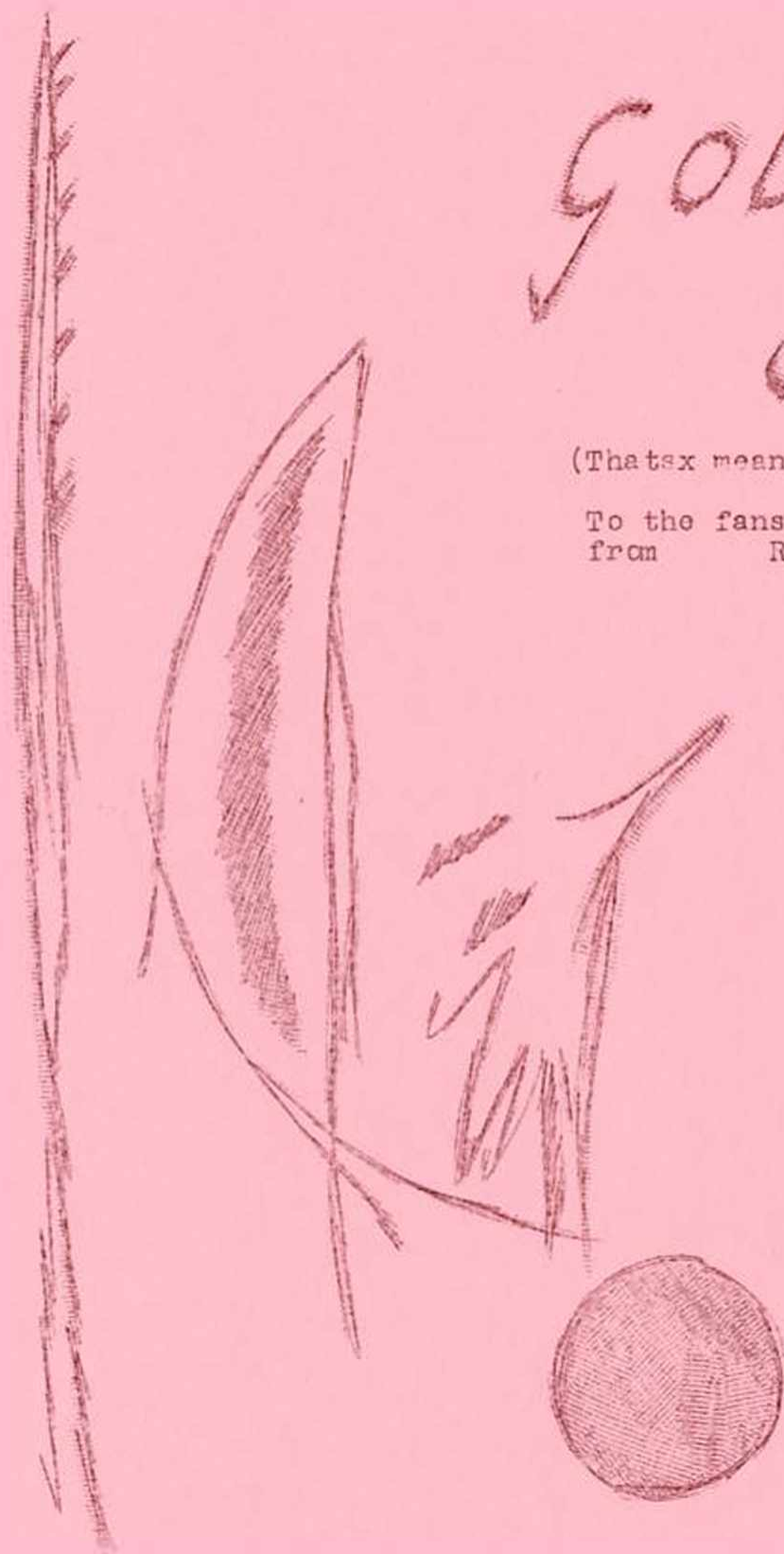


GOD

JUL

(Thatx meansx Merryx Christmasx)

To the fans all over the world  
from R. Ingemar Eriksson.





The Spirit of Hope  
for the New Year



1967

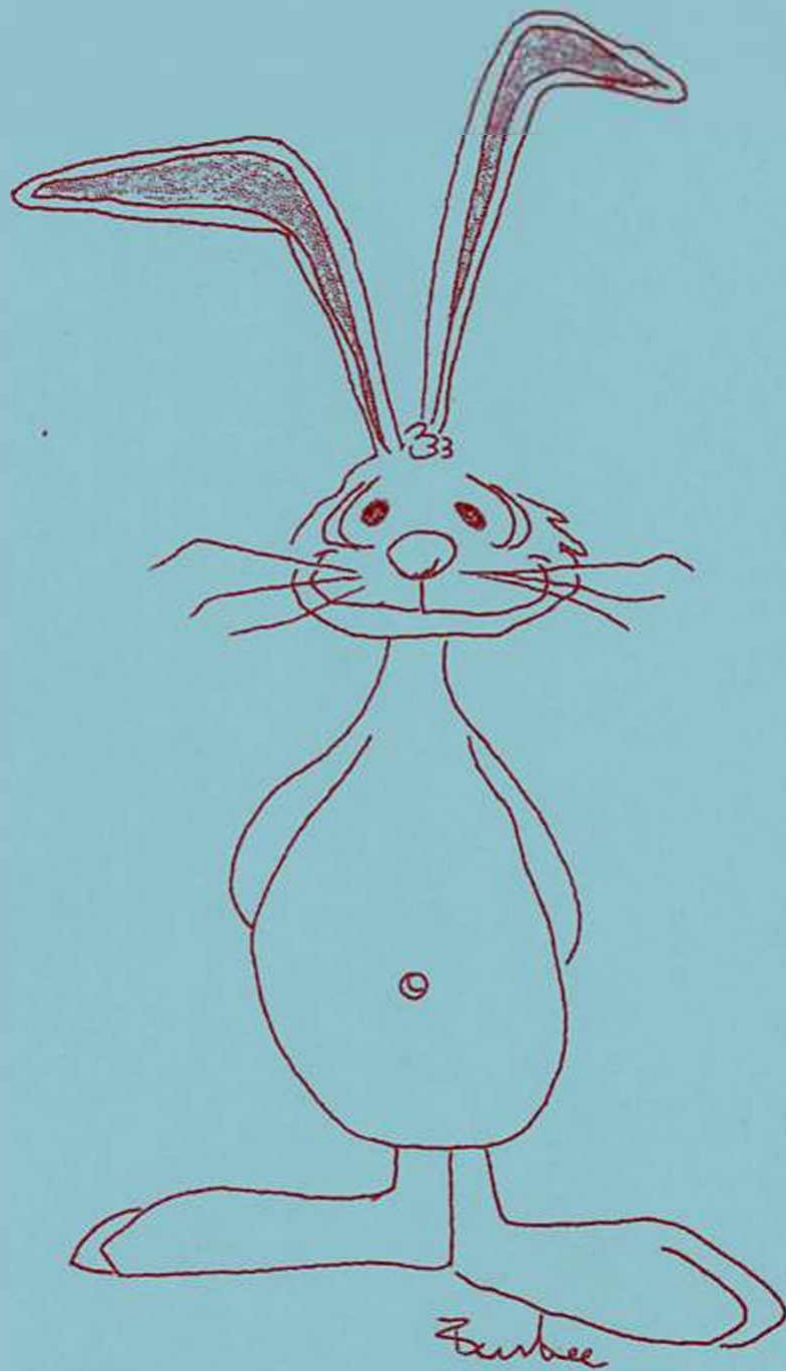




Zuber '60







66 I'D LIKE TO BE THE FIRST TO 99  
WISH YOU A HAPPY EASTER!



RAN  
SCOTT



A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

AND

A

HAPPY

NEW

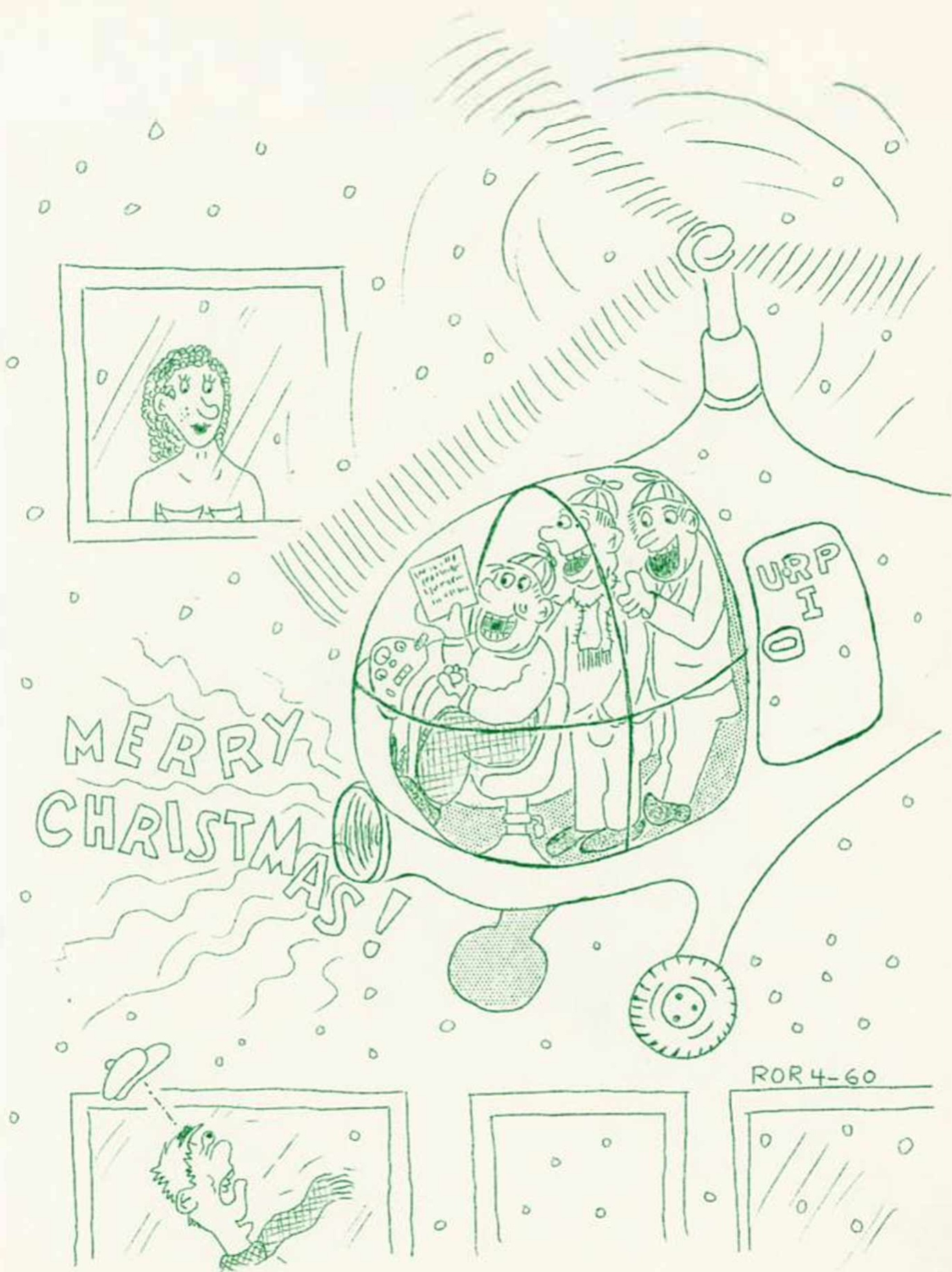
YEAR

BLOG

JEEVES

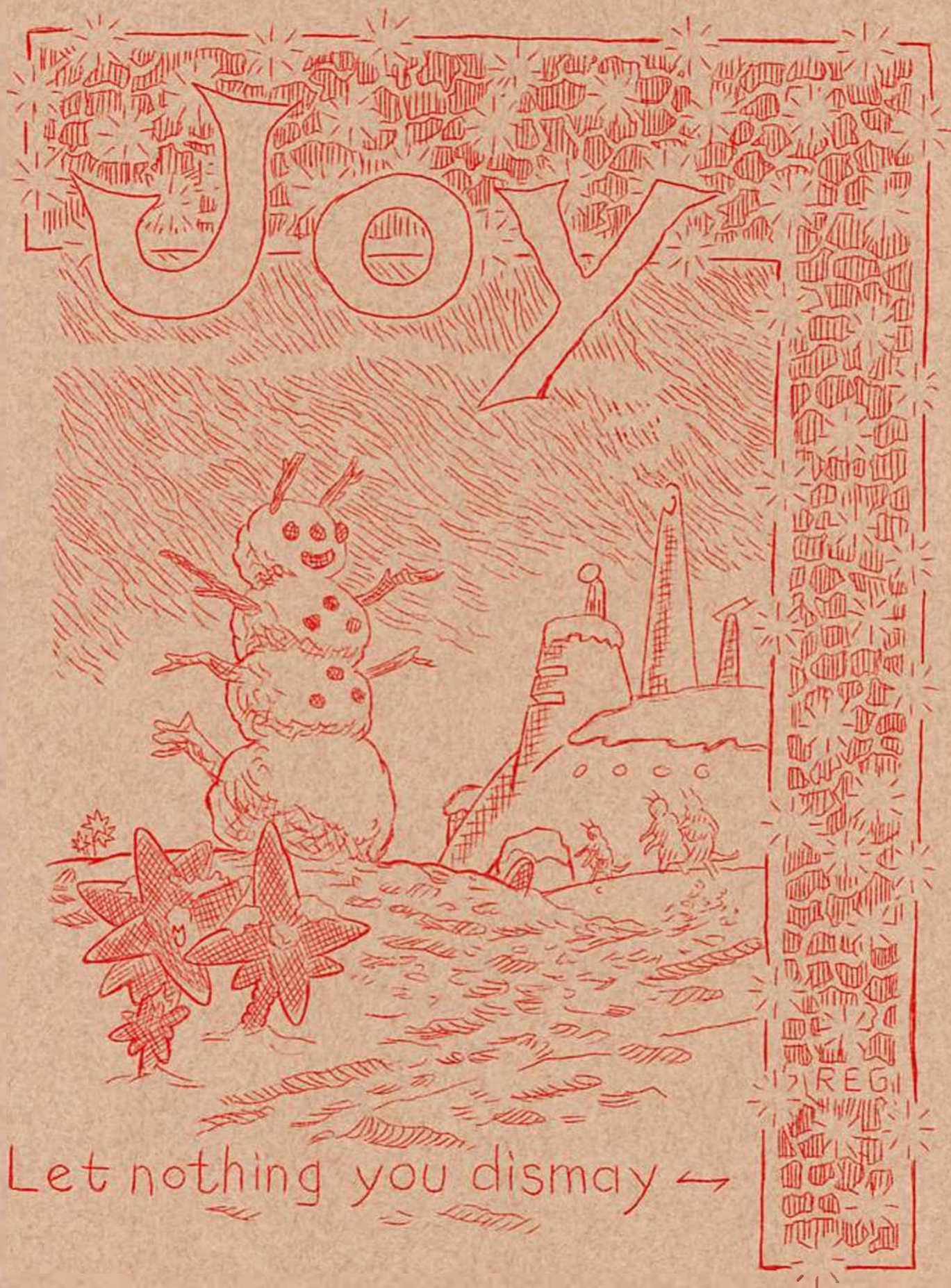






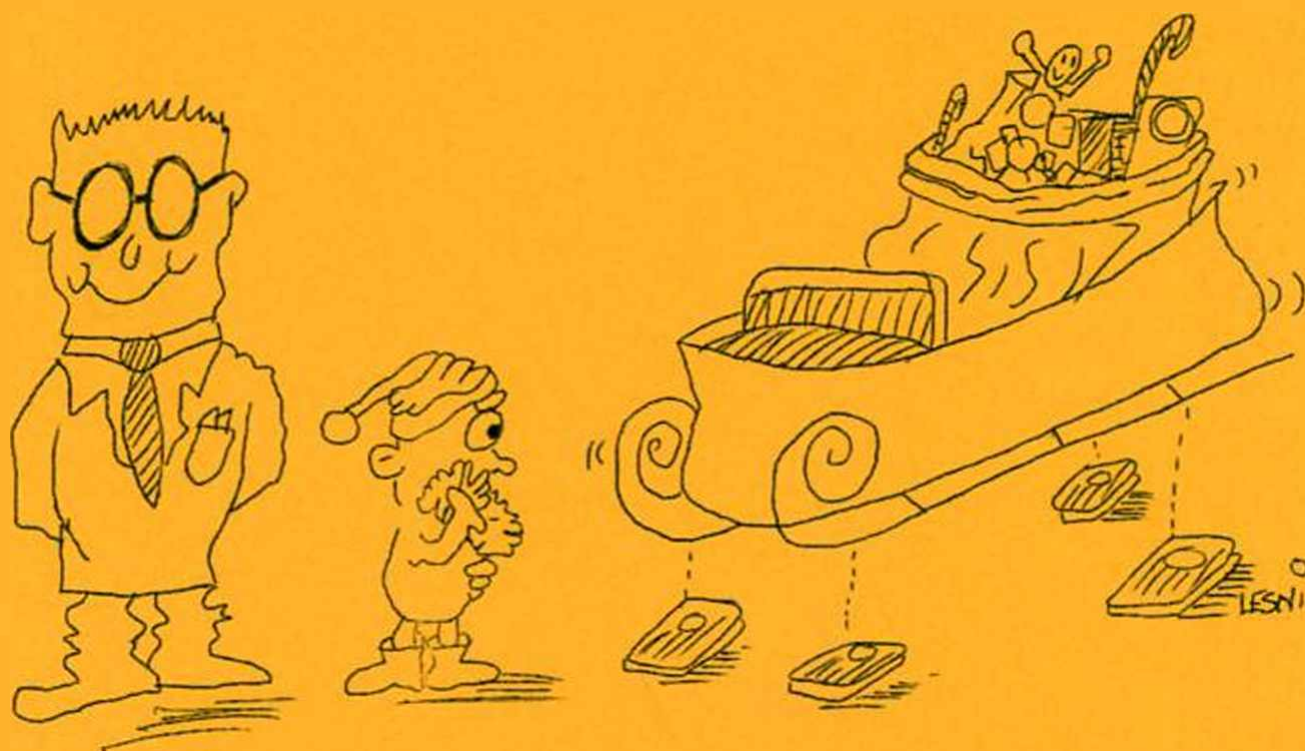
ROR 4-60





Let nothing you dismay →





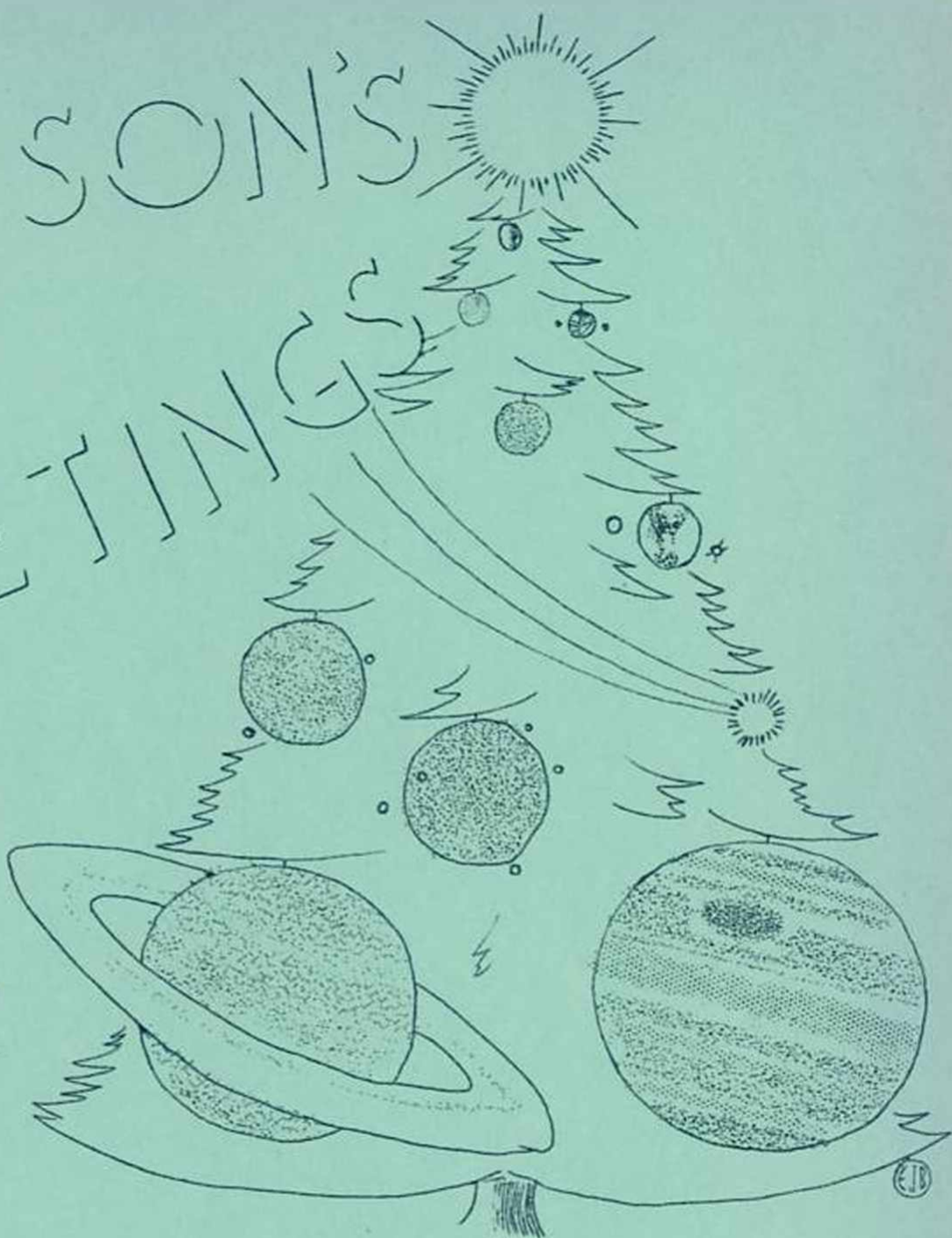
"Yes, Mr. Claus, using the Dean Drive, you will be able to do away with Prancer and Dancer and Donner and Blitzen and Comet and Cupid and....."



SEASON'S

GREETING

FROM



Ed Baker · Fred Patten

Fred Patten

\*

Ed Baker









JOYSVILLE IN YOUR PAD, MAN!

Like, THIS CHRISTMAS.

I MEAN GET WITH IT!

Eddie  
Jones

K.S.F. ECLS.FS.



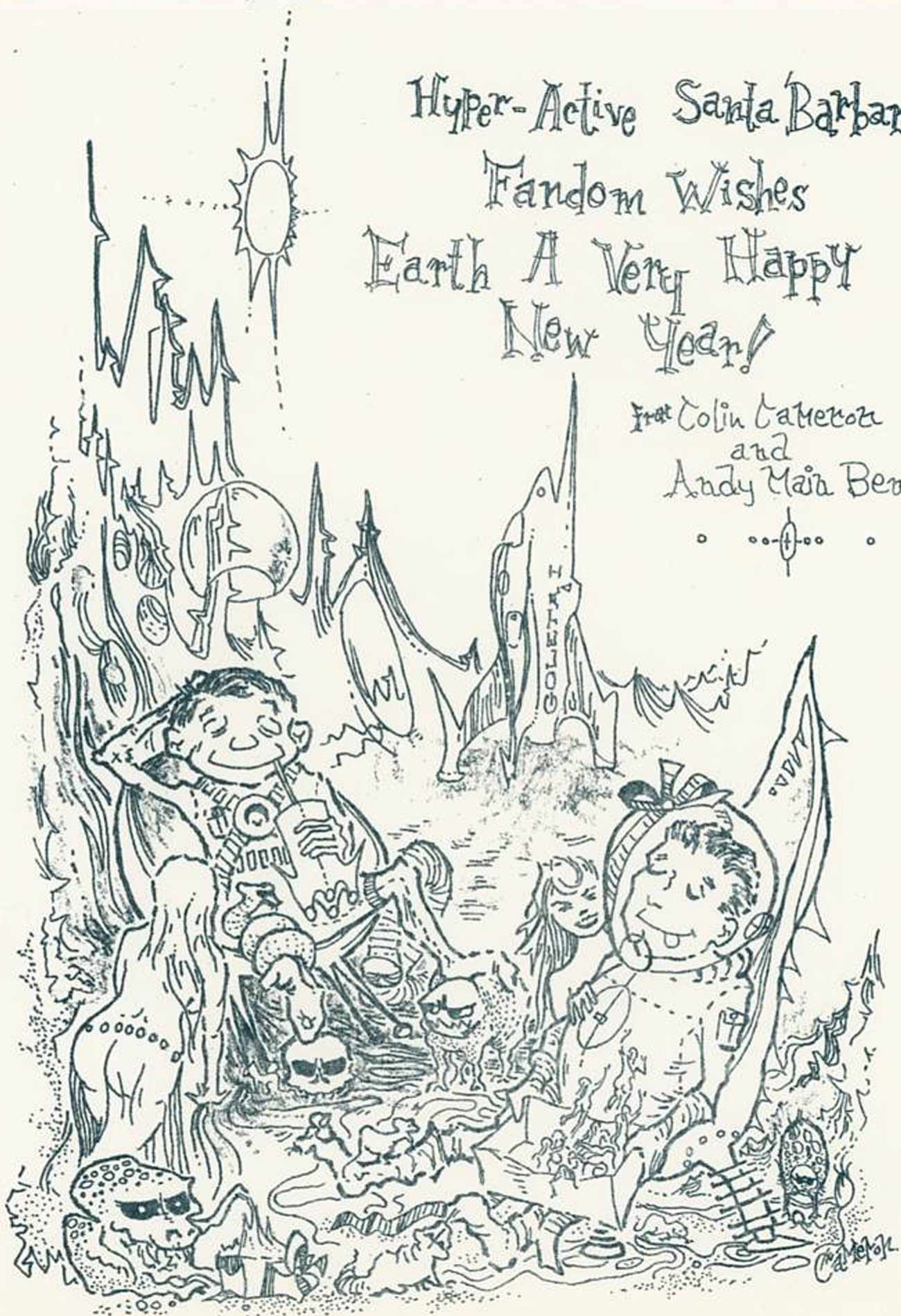
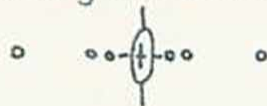






Hyper-Active Santa Barbara  
Fandom Wishes  
Earth A Very Happy  
New Year!

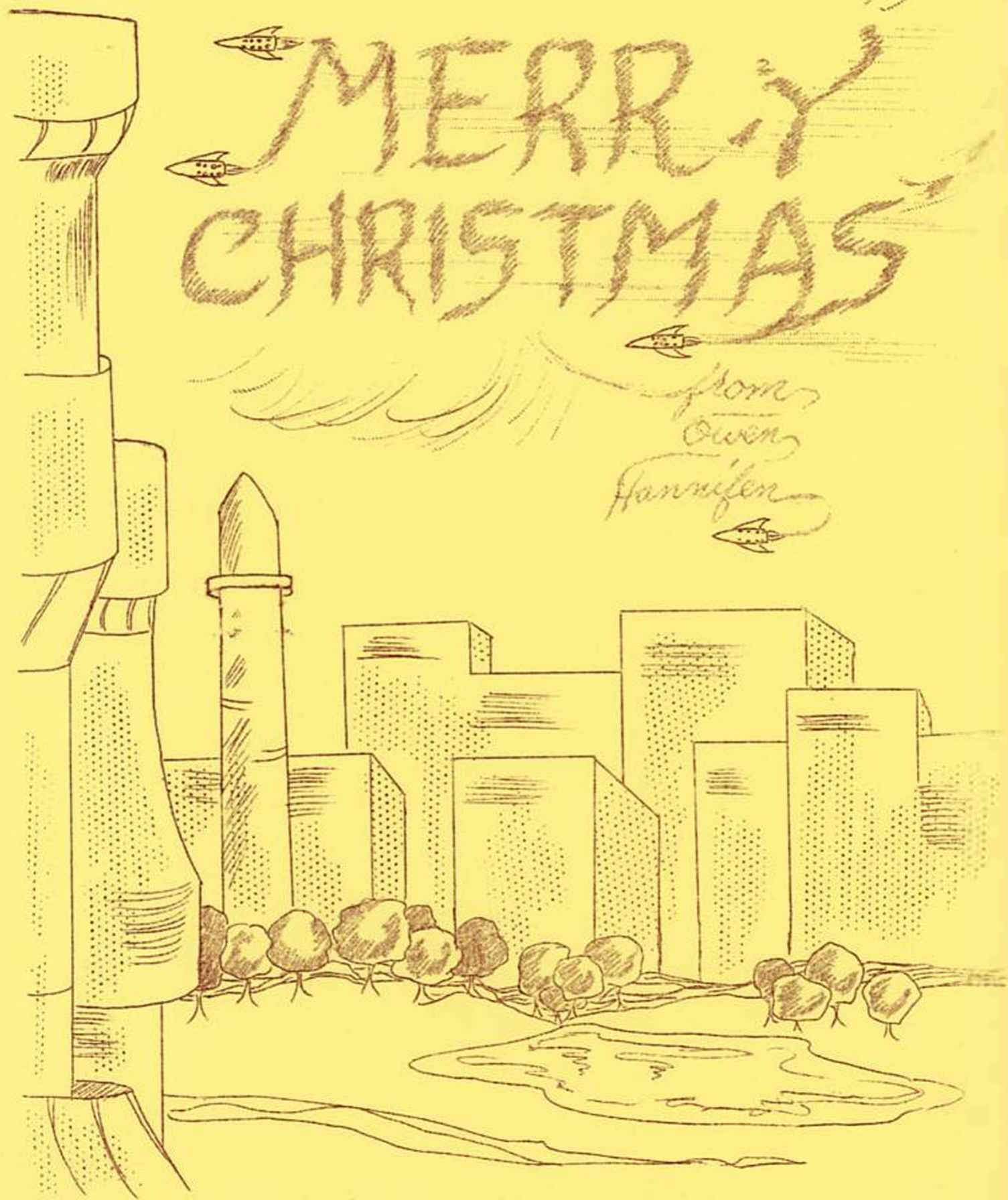
Frat Colin Cameron  
and  
Andy Main Bem





# MERRY CHRISTMAS

from  
Owen  
Hannifen













Ray Nelson

GOT ONE, B'GHOD!





## OTTO SCHMORK

Meet Mr. Otto Schmork, a man of good will and global benevolence.

He is about to strow joy and largesse across the surface of the planet from the antipodes to the poles and most of the way back.

#

That long package there is a handwoven jai-ali basket he is sending to his cousin, Pedro Schmork, in Montevideo, Uruguay. Pedro doesn't play jai-ali but Otto figures it will be nice to put on the mantle and fill with guavas or breadfruit or whatever they put on mantles in Uruguay. It is just over the legal limit in combined length and girth for acceptance by the US postal department, but Otto knows that the Uruguayan postal department measures in centimeters instead of inches so he is sure that everything will be all right. He hasn't filled out the customs declaration yet be-

cause it isn't firm in his mind if they speak Spanish or Portugese or maybe Uruguayan down there and he wants to ask the clerk if he maybe has an Uruguayan/English dictionary handy so he can help fill it out.

That cubical package in the crook of his right elbow contains a bowling ball for his maternal grandmother in Cucamonga. She doesn't bowl, of course, but she's an ardent scuba-diver and wants it for pounding abalones. He may send it air-mail if it doesn't cost too much, otherwise it might be all right to send it parcel post with special handling. He will have to get the facts and weigh out his decision.

The envelope is an autographed photograph of Mr. Schmork, framed under glass, which he is sending to an old school chum who now runs an Atheist mission-hospital in Tuamotu, French Oceania (and why shouldn't Atheists have missions too?). He is worried for fear the glass will get broken and wants this insured to the hilt with return receipt requested and all that sort of thing.

Then there's a link of blutwurst for a sister living with her husband in Waichow, Kwantung, China (which must somehow be labelled "Perishable, Keep Away From Heat" in a few of the more popular Chinese dialects although Mr. Schmork doesn't speak any Chinese). And a dime-store rattle for a new niece in Karachi, Pakistan..... same business, of course, with the customs declarations, insurance, and so forth.

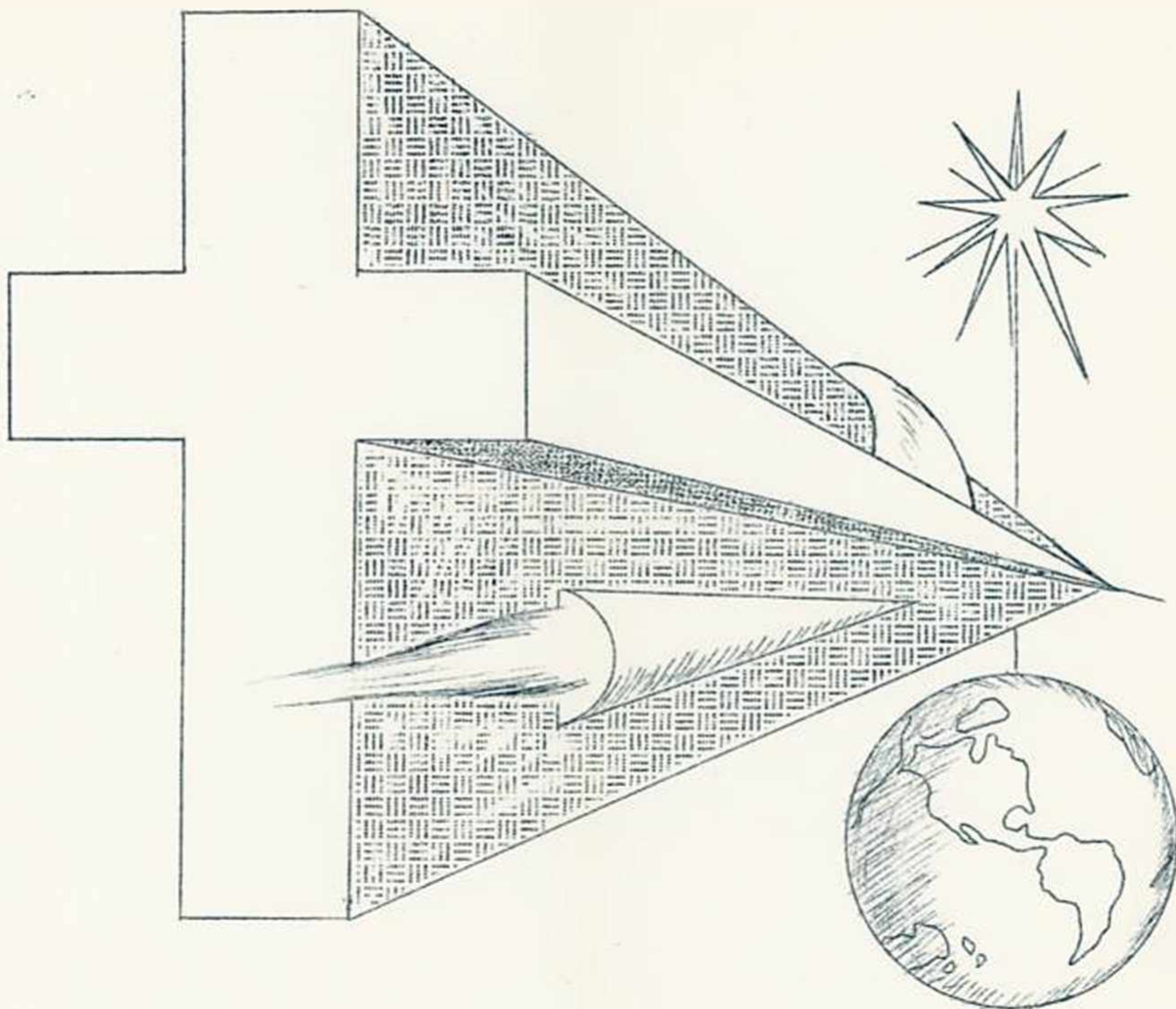
You'll be hearing more details about all of these things the next time you double-park and run into the postoffice to pick up a three-cent postcard because Mr. Schmork will be right there in the line ahead of you.

---Dear A. Grennell

PEOPLE <sup>to</sup> KNOW





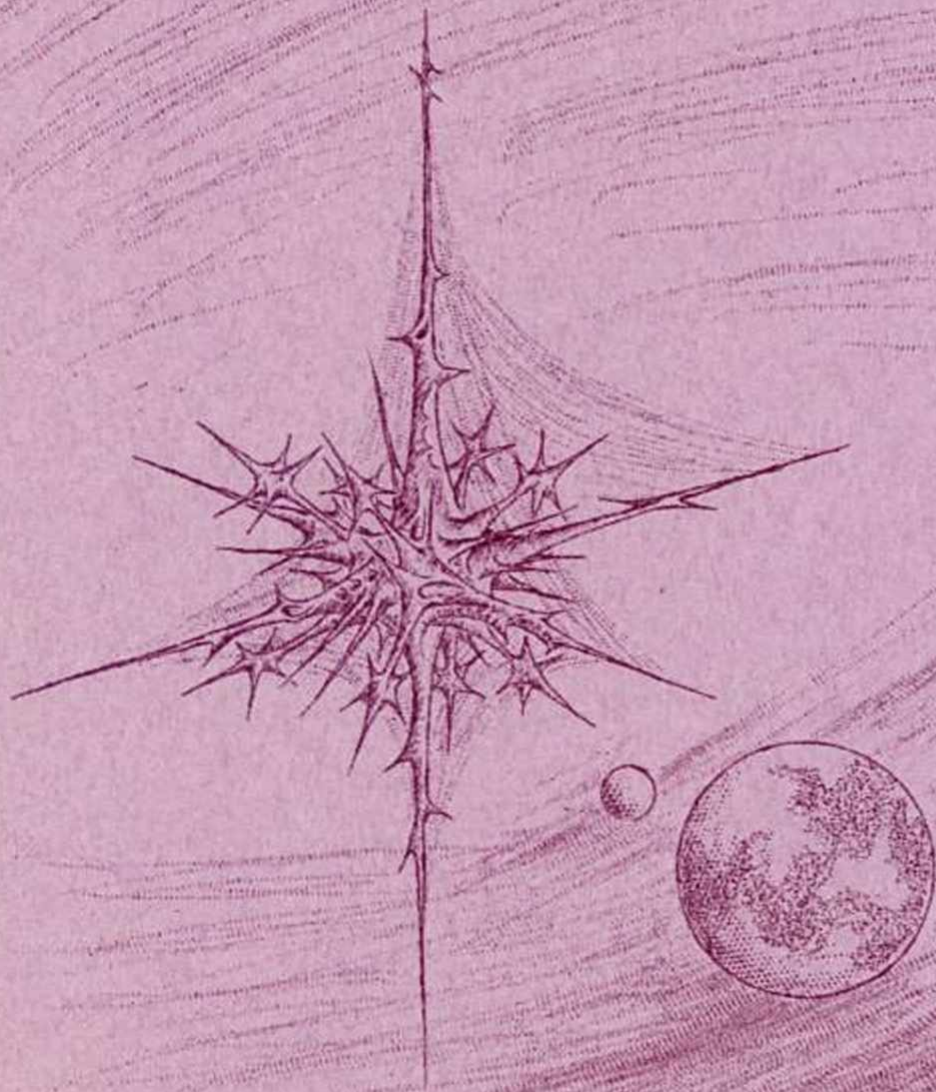


"And behold, the star that they  
had seen in the East went before them until  
it came and stood over the place where the  
child was. And when they saw the star they  
rejoiced exceedingly."

St. Matthew.

-Merry  
Christmas-  
-Lack  
Cascio  
'60





Simpson '60



THE GOLDEN MILLENNIA of DAWN ARE PASSING.  
THE ABSTRACT AND empty CATEGORIES HAVE PRESENTED  
THEMSELVES TO OUR VISION IN THESE LATEST  
YEARS AND WITHIN IS AN INFANT - FROM THE UNIVERSE  
WE HAVE FORCED AN ANSWER - AN ANSWER ALREADY  
PREGNANT AT ITS BIRTH - AN ANSWER TO THE  
DAWN CRIES of PREHISTORY - AN ANSWER TO THE  
JUNGLE LIONS, AN ANSWER TO THE CRIES FOR  
REDEMPTION, THE WAIL FOR JEHOVAH and THE ANGELS  
of GOD. THROUGH THE YEARS of THE BILLIONS OF US  
HAVE TRAVELED TOWARD BETHLEHEM TO SEE -

"... WHAT ROUGH BEAST - ITS HOUR  
CAME ROUND at LAST, SLOUCHES TOWARD  
BETHLEHEM TO BE BORN." <sup>years</sup>

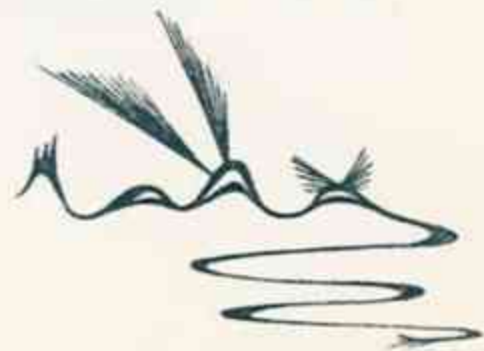
WE HAVE SCRABBLED at THE UNIVERSE AND IN 1939  
WE SAW THE STAR of BIRTH - AND 1942 - 1945 -  
SLOWLY AND hesITANTLY WE, INDIVIDUALLY, HAVE GREPT  
UP TO LOOK UPON THE FACE of GOD !

TO PARAPHRASE MORAES :

"... THEN WEATHER FOR THE BIRTH of MAN !  
— NO WIND AT ALL, "RAIN LIKE SPEARS" -  
CAME ON THE HILLSIDE, WITH A MIST  
as BLINDING as a MIST of TEARS."

A MERRY & THOUGHTFULL CHRISTMAS to YOU

I AM E. LORING WARE





*Peace on Earth, too.*



Ron Elik  
 Howard Miller  
 Brian Donahue  
 Jerry Stier  
 Dave Prosser\*  
 James Lanctot  
 Margaret Dominick  
 Charles Scarborough  
 Leslie Norris  
 Jim Cawthorn  
 William R Scott  
 Robert Lee  
 Karen Anderson\*  
 Donald Franson  
 Tim Dumont  
 Cynthia Goldstone  
 Joni Cornell  
 Bob Horvath  
 Steve Stiles  
 Jack Harness\*  
 Jeessamine Greer\*  
 Bjo Trimble  
 Nellie Ott  
 R Ingemar Erikson\*  
 Gregg Trendine  
 Bernie Zuber  
 Kathy Bernstein\*  
 Randy Scott  
 Terry Jeevas\*  
 Rory Ringdahl  
 Robert F Gilbert  
 Les Nirenberg  
 Ed Baker\*  
 Trina  
 Juanita Coulson\*  
 Eddie Jones\*  
 Barbi Johnson  
 Colin Cameron  
 Owen Hannifen  
 Bobby Warner  
 Ray Nelson  
 Dean A Grennell  
 Richard Schultz  
 Jack Cascoi  
 Donald Simpson\*  
 E Loring Ware  
 Terry Carr\*  
 Johnny Burbee  
 &  
 George Barr

\*Thanks to you...who  
 put your art on stencil!

#### Angels:

Forrest J Ackerman  
 James E Warren  
 Elmer B Perdue  
 Dave & Ruth Kyle  
 Marijane Johnson  
 Bruce Pelz  
 &  
 the LASFS

#### Blood, Sweat, & Tears supplied by:

Ernie Wheatley  
 Al Lewis  
 John Trimble  
 Ed Baker  
 Fred Patton  
 Don Fitch  
 on Gestetner  
 Don Simpson  
 Jack Harness  
 Bjo Trimble  
 on Mimeoscope  
 Ted Johnstone  
 Brian Storey  
 Karu Beltran  
 Ann Seidel  
 miscellaneous services.