

D Y N A T R O N

No. 41, November, 1969. An artless, coverless fanzine published mostly quarterly by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. No cover this time because I'm bucking the trend towards giant fmz. You get 20 pages and that's all. Dynatron, the fanzine that declares: No Fishing, No Hunting, No Trespassing, No Nothing. is obtainable for trades, contributions, letters of comment, or as otherwise suits the editorial whim. Sample copies (one) available for 25¢. All material this issue, except Wolfe's column and the letters, is by the editor. WARNING: Genuine sercon science article immediately below. Happy Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, Winter Solstice, New Year and Sam Umbrage's birthday.

XX

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

The proper study of mankind, said some Greek or other, is man. Or perhaps it was the other way around. Or perhaps it wasn't a Greek. Or perhaps I don't have the quote right anyway. It doesn't matter. What does matter is the study of man.

The puzzle of man's origin and antiquity is one that has occupied me for a number of years. One of the first things we get as children is the story of Adam and Eve, a charming bit of mythology and about as valid as any other mythological story of creation. When I was in school the text books showed the usual conventionalized drawing of Neanderthal man along with some small comment that these "cave men" lived in Europe several thousand years ago. And that was about all. But it was enough. There is considerable mystery contained in that simple statement and while most of my classmates put it down as something that would probably show up on a test I found it to be the beginning of a study that stretched over the years and the volumes of books and other material involved makes a considerable pile.

Anthropology books are, generally speaking, frustrating in their incompleteness. Each author writes a little about this and a little about that but there are so many gaps--perhaps because the prehistory of man itself is full of gaps--that I cannot think of a single volume that really gives one a complete picture. Another failing of anthropologists is that they just cannot seem to get anything in order and skip around the millenia like children playing hopscotch. For the most part anthropologists specialize and when they write their books they devote most of the text to their own specialty with short notes about the rest of the field. It takes a large number of notes and charts to begin to fill out a complete picture. Rather like putting together a jigsaw puzzle or assembling the fossilized remains of some prehistoric creature.

During the past year I have finally had the time available to put things to order and come up with something like a comprehensive picture of the evolution and development of man. Like all jigsaw puzzles it went slowly at first and there was a lot of muttering about where does this chap fit or how does one account for that skull but eventually the picture emerges. Assembling the puzzle was remarkably simplified by the discoveries at Olduvai. Fortunately man has lived there for four or five million years and the whole of pre-history is written in the rocks there. Ah, it is easy now. When the question of man's ancestry is raised now the answer--most all the answers--can be found at Olduvai.

What difference does it make? That is a question I've had to answer a number of times. What difference does it make how man got to this particular point in time and space? Who cares whether man evolved from some ape-like creature or whether he appeared, as Judeo-Christian mythology has it, full blown in his present form? What use is such information any way?

Well, I care. Generally speaking, of what use is any knowledge? With me it is strictly a personal matter because I was curious and wanted to know. I concede there is no practical value in what I have learned--not for me--but there is immense personal satisfaction. An answer, in a way, to the question: who am I? On a more general level a lot of people should care about man's beginnings. No one should enter the fields of sociology or psychology or medicine or any human-oriented field without first acquiring a background in anthropology for human behavior and human motivations are rooted deep in the plains and jungles of Africa. Man is the product of millions of years of development and it is only by understanding his past that we can understand why he is what he is today.

I am not going to include in this essay a lot of references and mentions of this skull or that fossil. Nevertheless what is included here is fully documented in bone and stone.

Where does one begin to look for man? How far back does one go? One could go back some 500 million years or so to the appearance of the first traces of life on Earth and say that it begins there. Which, of course, it does, but that is carrying this a bit far. To trace the ancestry of man we don't have to go that far back but we still must go back millions of years into Earth's past. About 70 million years should about do it. The dinosaurs have long since passed from the stage and mammals are ascendent. The world is warm, much warmer than it is now. Tropical and subtropical climates extend across the world. The great rain forests are found as far north as northern Germany. A warm, wet world. Certainly man will not be found this far back in the past but it is here we look for his beginnings.

Those beginnings may be found, perhaps, in a little pro-simian creature called Plesiadapis. Plesiadapis bore little resemblance to man, or ape, or monkey. He somewhat resembled a small squirrel--about the same size and shape--a long-tailed little animal who seemed to have a few things going for him. His eyes were set forward in his head--he hunted more by sight than by scent--and he held his food in his front paws while eating--a good start for hands instead of paws.

However, the main thing Plesiadapis had going for him, and the thing that makes him a strong candidate to be ancestral to man, is what he ate. He ate nuts and berries and seeds and insects and bird's eggs and, perhaps, even baby birds. In short, he was an omnivore.

This is the one characteristic that marks man's ancestors throughout the ages and, indeed, contributed more than anything else (in the beginning, at least) to his success as a species. He ate anything and everything. Other animals specialized--they became carnivores or herbivores and when climactic conditions changed they had it very rough and lots of species died out. But man and his ancestors didn't have to face that particular problem--if one type of food disappeared he ate something else. It is this particular characteristic, also, that makes it possible to trace man's ancestry across the millions of years. What an animal eats shapes his teeth and jaws and the teeth and jaw of man is quite distinctive. Apes are vegetarians. Their jaws are heavy, the teeth massive. They have to be to handle the ape's diet. The teeth and jaws of man, and his ancestors, are more delicate and more generalized. Ape teeth are arranged in a rectangular pattern. Human teeth are arranged in an arch.

Consider Ramapithecus who roamed the forests of Africa and Asia some 14 million years ago. He was a smallish (about the size of a half-grown chimpanzee) ape-like creature of no obvious external difference from the other apes. But it is there. Ramapithecus is the oldest creature so far found on man's direct line. His form and his face are apelike but his jaw and teeth are man's.

And so we come to Africa--and likely southern Asia, too--some four or five million years ago. It is still warm but not as wet. There is a lot of grassland now and a lot of modern-type animals. There are elephants and antelope and horses and big cats and pigs and crocodiles. And there is Australopithecus.

In the ten million years or so that have passed the descendants of Ramapithecus have made the full transition from the trees to the ground and from semi-erect quadruped to fully-erect biped. About four feet tall, Australopithecus, below the neck at least, is not much different from modern man. Above the neck his head is still apelike--small brained and brutish but he doesn't shamble around on his knuckles as do the apes. Australopithecus walked, full erect, across the plains of Africa eating what he could find: fruits, berries, insects, eggs, birds, carrion, small animals. And he used tools: handy rocks, bones, wooden clubs. In a few thousand years he learned not only to use tools but also to make them.

There is an interesting parallel to be found in Africa about 1.5 to 2 million years ago. Australopithecus was not the only biped on the veldt. Another creature, called Paranthropus, strode across the African plains. Paranthropus was larger, more robust than Australopithecus, but in more important things he was less advanced than his smaller cousin. Australopithecus was an omnivore. Paranthropus was a vegetarian. Australopithecus used and made tools. Paranthropus did neither. Australopithecus evolved. Paranthropus did not. He had found his ultimate form and was still around when Homo Erectus lived in Africa. The primary difference between the two can be simply summed up: Paranthropus was a man-like ape; Australopithecus was an ape-like man.

Diet and tools and the brain make the difference between the two. The diet of Australopithecus stimulated the use of tools and the use of tools stimulated the development of the brain. Paranthropus was a vegetarian gatherer and had no need for tools. Australopithecus ate vegetable matter but he also ate meat and he found the use of tools made his task of hunting and killing easier.

Australopithecus roamed Africa following the game and as he roamed he evolved, changing over the thousands of years until a point is reached, about 700 thousand or so years ago, where we no longer call him Australopithecus. We call him Homo Erectus and acknowledge him as man.

Homo Erectus. Upright man. His range has extended considerably and we find him not only in Africa but in the far reaches of Europe and Asia. His tools are better, much better, and he hunts big game. He has learned the use of fire and he undoubtedly had a language of sorts.

The millenia roll on and about 150,000 years ago we arrive at the age of Neanderthal man. Ah, yes, Neanderthal man. We are all familiar with him. Here is the typical caveman of picture and cartoon: shaggy, stooped, brutish of visage. Alley Oop. The man who has generated a huge body of erroneous literature.

When fossil men were first discovered in Europe one of the questions presented to anthropologists was whether or not Neanderthal man was an ancestor of modern man. The question has puzzled scientists for years and caused no end of arguments. He is. He isn't. He couldn't be because he was still in Europe when modern man arrived there. Well, if he isn't where does he fit? He is on the direct line. He is not on the direct line.

It all depends on what one means when he says "Neanderthal man."

For most people the term conjures up the cartoon caveman who was supposed to have inhabited Europe before the coming of the Cro-Magnon. Well, true enough. That was Neanderthal man. But the Neanderthal type is not restricted to the pre-Cro-Magnon inhabitants of Europe for this is a general type of man, the next recognized step beyond Homo Erectus. Neanderthal remains have been found in Asia and Africa and they show the continuing development of the species. These Neanderthals are direct line ancestors.

How then to account for the European Neanderthals? Where do they fit into the overall picture? Once again climate enters the picture. Homo Erectus was in Europe half a million years ago and in the normal course of evolution developed into Neanderthal man. But the climate changed. The world entered the great Ice Age and Europe, locked in ice, was cut off from the rest of the world.

There has been a lot written of late about the human gene pool and the effects of continuous mixing of genes from the gene pool. Man is a wanderer and as he wanders he selects his mate and breeds. There is constant variation. Generally speaking the species improves. So in Asia and in Africa man continued to draw from the gene pool, to mate with others from outside his own immediate family or tribe.

The European Neanderthals, however, trapped by the ice, were cut off from the gene pool. The migration of new people into Europe was no longer possible and the Neanderthals in-bred. While the great bulk of mankind continued to intermingle and evolve the European Neanderthals came to a standstill. In the south evolution continued and Homo Neanderthal eventually became Homo Sapiens.

Recognizable remains of Homo Sapiens dating back about 50,000 years have been found in Africa and Asia. About 35,000 years ago a warming trend permitted Homo Sapiens access to Europe where he found, and presumably exterminated, his Neanderthal relatives. The ice advanced again, of course, but Homo Sapiens was better able to cope with it than the Neanderthals and, too, the later glaciation was not as severe as the earlier ones. Europe was not completely cut off as it had been in the past.

And here we are at the present. Once the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle begin to fall into place the whole span of human evolution can be seen at a glance. The picture is far from complete, of course, but there are not as many gaps in it now as there were 25 years ago or even 10 years ago. The records of Olduvai are almost complete. Layer upon layer the prehistory of man can be read there from Australopithecus up to the present.

We can see that human evolution is a continuous process. It is slow but it goes on with each generation, perhaps, slightly different from the last. Homo Sapiens, modern man, you and I, is the product --and not necessarily the end product for evolution goes on--of millions of years of development. The happy circumstance of a creature that wasn't fussy about its diet, that ate anything and everything and that also was a primate led to the most successful species the world has ever seen.

Because they were primates man's ancestors developed hands instead of paws and because they were ground dwellers they developed a bipedal upright stance. A bipedal ground dweller doesn't need his forelimbs for locomotion but they are handy for picking things up--like rocks and sticks. Rocks and sticks can be thrown and the use of tools discovered. The use of tools stimulates the activity of the brain and as the brain develops natural tools are replaced by manufactured tools and the use of better tools provides more stimulation of the brain. It is rather like a feedback loop.

Australopithecus, Homo Erectus, Homo Neanderthalis, Homo Sapiens. These are but labels for recognizable stages of human evolution and they form a continuous line. Looking backwards we can see that modern man slowly blends with the Neanderthals and they, in turn, shade into Homo Erectus and Homo Erectus eventually is seen as Australopithecus. Back beyond the Australopithecus the picture is extremely hazy but Ramapithecus can be dimly discerned and beyond him are others. There is no mystery here, no supernatural creation, but only the unbroken line of man climbing upward towards the stars.

It certainly is a wonderful thing.

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WRITINGS IN THE SAND

CRIME MARCHES ON. Albuquerque fan Mike Vassi who has been making the convention rounds of late works the night shift at the KOB radio transmitter. On 30 October Mike left his apartment to go to work and, much to his surprise, found a hood trying to hotwire his car. Mike grabbed the man by the shoulder to haul him out of the car. The hood came out of the car with a knife which he planted in Mike's chest. Not fatal, fortunately, and Mike will be pretty well recovered by the time you read this. From now on, says Mike, he goes armed.

The police were unable to apprehend the assailant, of course. It was dark and identification was difficult.

IT DIDN'T WORK, JOHN. At the October meeting of the Albuquerque SF Group we fell to discussing The Yingling which led to a general discussion of ESP and to the subject of dowsing. Many people swear it works, you know, and assorted utility company workers use dowsing for finding buried pipes, cables, etc. After some discussion we decided that at the November meeting we would experiment.

Came the November meeting and Vardeman arrived with a pair of dowsing rods. We were going to find the well at 915. Fan clubs, said Speer, had come full circle. They were back to performing scientific experiments. Woody Wolfe opined that it was a bunch of damned foolishness. I gave them all general directions and they set off one at a time to dowse for the well. About ten fan altogether.

After each had his turn we all went out and each stood at the spot ^{where} he thought the well was located. Let me tell you they were strung out from the gate to the back fence. And nobody stood atop the well. Harry Morris was closest. He missed by only 10 feet.

And I guess the only thing we proved is that fans will try almost anything.

No reports yet on what the neighbors thought.

Recently saw a half-hour NASA film, The Flight of Apollo 11. It was a brief history of the Apollo program and the moon landing. The final scene was the one that struck me most, though. It was a photograph of Earth from space and the most prominent feature was Africa and I thought how appropriate that we should be looking back at man's original home. It is a long climb from the caves to the stars! We might make it. If we can make the equally long--and more difficult--climb from adolescence to maturity.

Macroscope is Piers Anthony's most ambitious novel to date and his most disappointing. It is a long (471 pages), rambling, confused and confusing work filled, indeed over-filled, with a vast number of things. In structure Macroscope resembles 2001. It opens with a more-or-less straight SF adventure story, has a far-travelling segment in the middle, and ends with a psychedelic segment complete with flashing colors, sounds, hallucinations and astrological symbolism. Throughout we are given lectures on Mr. Anthony's views on racial prejudice, education, poverty, the structure of the universe, the origin of the solar system, and an assortment of other subjects.

Including astrology. Above all,
astrology.

The time is 1980. Sometime during the 1970s the macron, a particle of gravity? pseudo-light? is discovered (is gravity electromagnetic in nature?) and the macroscope is constructed in solar orbit five or six lightseconds out from Earth. The macroscope can tune in on macrons from anywhere in the galaxy and give the viewer something like a television picture of planets and events thousands of lightyears away. Because the macrons are apparently electromagnetic in nature, however, they are limited to the speed of light so when the macroscope tunes in on a planet a thousand light years away, for example, it is viewing events that happened a thousand years ago.

Ivo Archer, a slim young man of 25, poet, flutist, wanderer, is roaming through Georgia when he is contacted by Harold Groton, space construction engineer and agent for Brad Carpenter, chief scientist at the macroscope. Brad is Ivo's friend from childhood. Groton takes Archer to Cape Kennedy where a special rocket takes them to the macroscope station. Carpenter explains to Archer that it has been discovered that someone is using macrons for communication and has sent out a program that repeats itself over and over again. It is an educational program that has one drawback to it: at a certain level there is a destroyer signal that burns out the mind and destroys the brain of the viewer (provided the viewer is of a high IQ. Low IQ types aren't affected but then they don't understand the programming either.) Three or four eminent scientists have already been turned into vegetables while viewing the program. There is, Carpenter explains, only one person in the world who can solve the problem--the erratic genius Schön who disappeared from human ken 20 years previously. Ivo Archer is the only man in the world who can contact Schön. Archer, however, must be convinced that Schön is the only way and for a number of reasons that takes a lot of doing. Carpenter even turns his mistress, (and secretary) Afra Summerfield loose on Archer.

Meanwhile Senator Borland, a first term with presidential ambitions, arrives to investigate the macroscope. He has found out about the brain-burned scientists. He wants to see the program. He challenges Carpenter and Archer to view the program with him. Carpenter accepts and so does Archer somewhat reluctantly. Archer has the peculiar facility of being able to see where a road is going without travelling the whole distance. He pulls out of the program in time. Carpenter gets mind-burned. Borland dies. Since Borland has powerful connections the macroscope personnel know there will be a demand to shut the scope down. They decide to steal the scope and remove it from Earth's vicinity. Archer wins the right to do this and accompanied by Afra, Groton and Groton's wife, Beatryx, they hook up an atomic powered rocket to the macroscope and head for Neptune. Why Neptune? Well, Schön might be there.

Pretty straight stf adventure
so far. From here on it gets wilder and wilder. Ivo finds away around

the destroyer signal and learns to tap and use the secrets of the universe. The four of them (a wandering musician, a space construction engineer, a secretary, and a housewife) terraform Triton, use Neptune itself as a spaceship to jump around the galaxy, discover the solution to the mystery of macronic communication and the destroyer signal, find an ancient galactic civilization and, through the secrets of astrology, find the maturity and destiny of man.

Macroscopic is, as mentioned above, very 2001ish. Not to mention Lord of the Flies, Childhood's End, Axolotl, Metamorphosis, and a host of others.

Some of Mr. Anthony's ideas are rather weird: man is an immature starfish; the solar system was formed from the debris of burned out stars and super-novae, etc. The book is full of discussion points although few of them are really fresh. I found Mr. Anthony's characterization of Ivo Archer to be very well done. The reader gets to know him well. The other characters do not come across as strongly as Archer but for the most part they stand up, too. Beatryx, the author's stooge to whom everything must be explained, is handled quite well. Schön is completely unbelievable. The heavy emphasis on astrology will put off many fans but I don't suppose Mr. Anthony really cares about that. The cover, by Charles Scribble, is designed to attract the hosts of readers of Estrallit's daily astrology column as well as the Aquarian Age types and the like. The book is published by Avon at \$1.25 and is billed as a straight novel, not as SF.

I would put Macroscopic below Cthon and Omnivore. Despite its length it doesn't come up to those two. There are some well written passages and some badly written passages. The story is difficult to follow and, on the whole, the premise is preposterous.

Heh! I note Piers is now obtaining his copyrights as "Anthony" instead of under his real name.

Macroscopic is an uneven book. Recommended with reservations. If you go for that astrology crap you might enjoy it...or as a curiosity...but not as a serious book.

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New Mexicans go to the polls in December to decide whether they want to adopt a new state constitution. The old one, adopted with statehood in 1912, is sadly out of date. Among other things it still prohibits women from voting--a noble thought, that--along with Indians and other second-class type citizens. Over the years section after section has become obsolete. Last election the people empowered the legislature to create the mechanics for a constitutional convention which it did and this past summer an assortment of lawyers, housewives, businessmen, and politicians, all duly elected by the people, met in Santa Fe to write a new constitution for the great state of New Mexico. A vast number of new proposals were considered and discarded, compromised, re-written, changed around, reconsidered, and finally the delegates came up with a document which, in the tradition of political instruments, satisfies nobody. Still it seems to be a rather routine document with no startling changes.

It reduces the number of state elective offices, changes the term of office for the governor from two years to four years, lowers the voting age to 20 and the like. There are strong prohibitions against polygamy and arms control legislation. All rights under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo are reaffirmed.

It was amusing, during the convention, to watch the divisions between the conservatives and the liberals. On

the question of the voting age, for example, the liberals wanted it set at 16. The conservatives held out for 21. The liberals represented the younger members of the constitution, generally, and the conservatives were the older types and the professional politicians. Although, of course, that doesn't hold true in all cases.

Surprisingly, there is a big push against adoption going on at the moment. The reasons behind the campaign are rather unclear to me although I assume some politician's toes were stepped on. Anyway, the opponents are pushing a big scare campaign citing many things that have no connection with the new constitution.

I don't know whether to vote for it, against it, or just ignore it. I suppose I'll vote in favor of adoption on the basis that it must be all right considering the people who are out against it.

I suppose that if I had been a delegate I would have fought for a clause in the bill of rights section on the protection of a person's right to be different, to be an individual, to be wrongheaded, uncooperative and just plain cussed.

A Spanish SF club is looking for contacts "for a mutual exchange of ideas, plans, fanzines, and stories." They publish a fanzine, AD INFINITUM, which comes in Spanish with an attached English translation. Contact Circulo de Lectores De Anticipacion, Apartado de Correos 1573, Barcelona, Spain.

In regards to international fandom I recently asked Mike Barnes, head of NFFF's overseas bureau, if he had any information on sf and fandom in eastern Europe. Mike said that he did but no effort at contact was being made. An inquiry to the State Department had brought the answer that such contacts were disapproved of and discouraged by the governments of both sides....

Of course if fen were in business and wanted to make contacts in regard to purchasing oil or steel that would be a different proposition.

The hypocrisy of all forms of government...and the stupidity of the people they govern...is a never ending source of amusement.

There is a great deal of discussion going on these days about the place of Science Fiction in the field of literature. A number of articles have appeared in an assortment of place including, surprisingly, THE NATIONAL OBSERVER. The New Wave vs. Old Wave argument continues hot and heavy. Characters like John J. Pierce appear out of the woodwork and point with alarm. Other characters appear to tell us they are taking this dreary field and changing it into art. Still other tell us how good their own writing is. It usually isn't.

Man and boy, as they say, I have been reading science fiction, fantasy, what ever tag you want to hang on it, for around 35 years. I am deeply involved in this field. I have friends in both the fan and pro ranks. I am, I suppose, a flawed type. SF is without doubt my favorite reading material. But not to the exclusion of everything else for while I do prefer SF I also read large amounts of general fiction and non-fiction.

SF is properly considered from a number of viewpoints but what I want to try to do here is wrench myself around from my normally subjective view of the field to take a look at it strictly as literature.

As literature, and from an objective viewpoint, SF is minor and trivial. Generally speaking, it is juvenile, cliched, escape fiction that is poorly written by second-rate writers. SF is the last survivor of the pulp era and shows it. It is 25 years behind the times in both literary and scientific concepts. SF is, pure and simple, pulp fiction written by pulp fiction writers.

In a televised discussion of the field a few years back Theodore Sturgeon took umbrage at that definition. "Pulp is a grade of paper," he said. But it is more than that. It is also a style of writing. It is stereotyped formula stories ground out for 2¢ a word by hack writers to make their bread. And that, for the most part, is science fiction.

The SF field has produced writers by the hundreds but there is only one of any stature when measured against all literary standards. Ray Bradbury is the only writer with roots in the SF field to have won recognition as a major writer. When one discusses the rest it becomes necessary to preface "writer" with the modifier, "SF". Heinlein, Clarke, and Asimov. are generally considered, by people outside the field, to be the giants of Science Fiction. They are first rate science fiction writers. Which is comparable, say, to being judged the best baseball player in the Texas League--no matter what the accolade, it is still a bush league. And that, essentially, is what SF is in the field of literature--a bush league.

Periodically new writers complain about the restrictions of the SF field and express their desire to achieve success and recognition (and money, of course) as authors without the SF modifier. They are not going to do it writing science fiction. Most of today's newer writers grew up in the field. They read SF as kids and when they decided to try their own hards at writing they wrote SF. Unfortunately, they write SF much as it was when they first read it and they are trapped in the ancient and dying literary backwater of pulp writing. A few have tried their hands at contemporary mainstream fiction but the critical clobbering they get usually sends them right back to the SF pond. They either go back to writing straight formula stuff or attempt to find a style that is considered startling to readers conditioned to straight pulp fiction. Depends on whether they are interested strictly in buying groceries or in becoming talked about in the field.

There are, to be sure, successful writers of science fiction but they are not "SF writers." They are mainstream writers who learned their craft unfettered by the pulp formula.

There is at present a strong attempt being made by concerned writers in the field to get SF accepted by the literary world as a legitimate literary form. I don't think it will be successful. The prejudice of mainstream critics is far too strong for SF to really overcome its pulp magazine image particularly when the image continues to be reinforced by SF writers who grind out the same old hackwork. SF will never be considered first rate until it is regularly written by people who are considered to be writers without any modifier and no SF writer is going to be considered first rate as long as he devotes himself exclusively to this field. To make themselves and the field a success the writers are going to have to take the plunge into the mainstream and earn their laurels there. I don't think many of them are up to it and the chances are that SF will continue to be trite, juvenile, pulp fiction.

Despite which I remain one of the faithful. The Bible and the Koran are pretty bad writing, too. There is no ghod but Wells and Gernsback is his prophet.

BOYTAC'S REVIEWS

THE MARTIAN WAY by Isaac Asimov (Crest #R1289, 60¢).

I think this is the first paperback printing of this Asimov collection. Included are four of the Good Doctor's tales from the early 50s. The title story, The Martian Way is the best of the four, a tale of colonist's reaction to being cut off by the mother planet. A good story in that it is still pertinent today. The other three, Youth, The Deep, and Sucker Bait are all vintage Asimov well worth reading--or re-reading for that matter.

SCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES, edited by Groff Conklin (Pocket Books #75413, 75¢).

A re-issue of an oldie. This one was originally published in 1955. Conklin was probably the best of the SF anthologizers and his collections are always worth having on hand. This one has 15 stories ranging from well-known tales such as Fredric Brown's Arena and Heinlein's They to lesser known, but still good, stories such as Paul Ernst's The Microscopic Giants and Margaret St. Clair's Prott. A rather mixed bag, this, of stories designed to send a shiver down your spine. And they do.

THE FARTHEST REACHES, edited by Joseph Elder. (Pocket Books #75456, 75¢)

Ah, now here is a new anthology of original stories on a theme that is a grabber...stories set far, far out in both time and space. Brian Aldiss has, in The Worm That Flies, a remarkably interesting story of a time in the far future and a place far, far away. Poul Anderson, with Eyrie, and Robert Silverberg, with To The Dark Star, both use the investigation of a super-nova as a theme and write very different, very good stories. Terry Carr's The Dance of the Changer and the Three is one of the best alien treatments I've seen in ages. I've been changing my opinion of Norman Spinrad lately and his A Night in Elf Hill helps that along. Excellent tale of the fascination of hallucination. On the other hand there is a story by Ballard and one by Brunner and neither is very much and there is a minor A. C. Clarke (is there such a thing as minor A. C. Clarke?). All told a dozen new stories and well-worth the price.

THE LIVING SHADOW

THE EYES OF THE SHADOW all by "Maxwell Grant". (Bantam Books, 60¢)

THE SHADOW LAUGHS!

Old pulp characters never die...they move on to paperbacks. Bantam presumably intends to reprint the whole Shadow series and maybe come up with a whole new generation of fans. Dated but entertaining.

THE FUNCO FILE by Burt Cole (Doubleday)

Conformity, bureaucracy, and computers all get whacked in this whacky tale of four espers (or Psis, if you will) whose wild talents turn out to be absolutely useless. (What good is being able to write in the air with your nose?) This one is just for fun and does provoke the chuckles.

A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS by Fritz Leiber (Walker & Co.)

A broad satire about how it is when Texas inherits the Earth that runs down about halfway through the book. I didn't finish it.

NOVA by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday)

A ladyfinger.

EARLY AMERICAN SCIENCE/FANTASY FICTION

by

C. W. WOLFE

Part III

Three of the early day S/F authors whose works will not be covered in this list are Edgar Rice Burroughs, Abraham Merritt, and Otis Adelbert Kline. All three have been more than adequately covered in other sources and anything that might be included here would be just repetition.

GEORGE ALLEN ENGLAND

George Allen England had the distinction of being one of the most popular of the Munsey writers during the period from about 1911 to 1932. Science/fantasy comprised about half his output, but he also wrote in many other fields such as mining camps, north woods, mystery, intrigue, etc., and did well in all of them. A complete bibliography of his output would be impossible to compile unless one had available a complete file of all the Munsey magazines and very few of these complete sets exist. Most likely the publisher's file still exists but it would not be available to the public. Fortunately the reprints have carried us through most of the tight spots and perhaps some lucky Munsey collector can help supply the missing data. England's greatest fame came from his "Darkness and Dawn" trilogy.

1. DARKNESS AND DAWN, the first book of the trilogy, appeared sometime in 1912 in CAVALIER, probably after that magazine changed from a monthly to a weekly. This trilogy was published in an abridged form, under one cover, by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, in 1914. The title of this omnibus was DARKNESS AND DAWN and the first part was titled The Vacant World. This may have been the original title of the magazine serial but I am uncertain of this. The story was reprinted in FFM, August 1940, as Darkness and Dawn. It was also reprinted in hard covers about 1966 by Avalon Books with reported cuts and alterations. Avalon made five books out of the original three.

2. BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION, the second book of the trilogy, was a serial in CAVALIER WEEKLY in 1913. Reprinted in FFM, June 41. It was Part 2 of the omnibus mentioned above in 1914. Also reprinted by Avalon about 1967 but just how the trilogy was divided into five parts is not known by this writer.

3. THE AFTERGLOW, book three of the trilogy, was serialized in CAVALIER WEEKLY in 1913. Reprinted in FFM, Dec 41, and, of course, as Part 3 of

the omnibus mentioned above, and reprinted by Avalon about 1968. This series is fantastic adventure with not too much science. A man and a woman wake up in a strange and savage world after a thousand year sleep. Excellent reading.

4. THE ELIXIR OF HATE. Published as a serial in CAVALIER starting August 1911. Reprinted complete in FFL, Oct42. Also reprinted in A. LERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE in Oct50.

5. THE GOLDEN BLIGHT. Published in 1912 in either CAVALIER, ALLSTORY, or ARGOSY (exact data not available). Probably a serial. Reprinted in FN Mar49.

6. THE EMPIRE IN THE AIR Serial - 4 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 11/14/14. No reprints known.

7. THE FATAL GIFT. Serial 4 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 9/4/15. No reprints known.

8. THE FLYING LEGION. Serial - 6 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 11/15/19. Reprinted in AIR WONDER STORIES as a 4 part serial starting Jan 1930. Reprinted complete FN, Jan 1950.

9. THE MAN WITH THE GLASS HEART. Short Story. Published in 1911, probably in CAVALIER. Reprinted in FFL Nov 1939.

10. THE THING FROM OUTSIDE. Short story. Published in the first issue of AMAZING STORIES, 4/26. Gernsback said this issue was 100% reprint so this story probably appeared in one of the lunsey magazines before 1914 but I have no records available on it.

CHARLES B. STILSON

Charles B. Stilson was a popular writer in ALLSTORY and ARGOSY during the years 1915 to 1924. His stories tended towards the fantastic adventure type with only a small science element. Stilson is most famous for the "Polaris" trilogy, the three components of which are named first below.

1. POLARIS OF THE SNOWS. Serial, 3 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 12/18/15. Reprinted in FFL, July 1942. Published in book form by Avalon about 1966 but reported to be cut and abridged.

2. LINGS OF SARDANES. Serial, 3 parts. ALL STORY WEEKLY 8/12/16. Reprinted in FN, Nov49. Also reprinted by Avalon, abridged, in 1967.

3. POLARIS AND THE GODDESS GLORIAN. Serial, 5 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 9/15/17. Reprinted complete in FN Sep 1950. Reprinted by Avalon, abridged, 1968.

4. A MAN NAMED JONES. Serial, 5 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 10/25/19. No reprints known. A fantastic adventure with a lost race, white goddess, the works, on an uncharted Pacific island.

5. LAND OF THE SHADOW PEOPLE. Serial, 5 parts. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 6/26/20. This story was caught in the ARGOSY-ALLSTORY merger and was completed in ARGOSY. A sequel to A Man Named Jones. More fantastic adventures high in the Andes of Peru.

6. LIBERTY OR DEATH. Short story. ALLSTORY 3/10/17. Reprinted in FN 7/50 under the title The Soul Trap.

Titles #7, #8 and #9, below, are firmly believed to be science/fantasy stories. We have read mention of them in other sources, however, we do not have copies on hand to verify their exact classification. #10 and #11 are definitely S/F.

7. TRAPPING MEMISIS. Short Story. ALLSTORY WEEKLY, 9/7/18.
8. OUT OF EGYPT. Short story. ALLSTORY WEEKLY, 1/18/19.
9. YEDRA OF THE PAINTED DESERT. Short story. ALLSTORY 3/27/20.
10. DR. MARTONE'S MICROSCOPE. Short story. ALLSTORY WEEKLY 3/27/20.
11. THE SKY WOMAN. Novelette. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY WEEKLY 9/25/20. Reprinted in FFM, Feb 1940.

C. W. WOLFE

XXXXXX

The 23rd Annual West Coast Science Fantasy Conference will be held July 3, 4, 5, 1970 at the Francisco Torres Hotel, Santa Barbara, California. Professional Guest of Honor is New Mexico's Jack Williamson (Good-o, Jack) and Fan Guest of Honor is the Sage of South Gate, Rick Sneary. Memberships are \$1 for children under 12. \$2 for supporting membership. \$3 for full membership (advance until 22Jun70) and \$5 for full memberships at the door.

Address: WesterCon XXIII
P. O. Box 4456,
Downey, California 90241.

Make checks payable to David G. Hulan.

Since the Worldcon will be in Europe next year, Westercon will be THE con in the U.S. in 1970.

REPEAL THE NINETEENTH AMENDMENT

Old buddy Len Moffatt is the auction co-ordinator for Westercon 23 and is in need of auction material. If you have anything in the s-f line to spare, old prozines, books, artwork, manuscripts, etc., you can earn Len's gratitude by sending it along to him at the address listed above for Westercon.

What we have here is doodling space for Ed Cox.

LoCs

JIM PEARSON
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I just found a copy of Dynatron with a May date. Egad! I knew I was behind in my LoCs, but this is ridiculous. Profuse apologizings, and if you give me another chance it may happen again. Okay?

I enjoyed C. W. Wolfe's article. I quarrel a bit with his definitions of science fiction and fantasy, but what the hell, we're talking about the same stories regardless of what mental category we fit them into. I'm a collector of sorts, and this material goes right to the heart of my interests. In fact, I need only one copy to have the whole FFM/FN set (anyone out there have an Aug 1940 FFM for sale/trade?). I've recently become interested in collecting ARGOSY, but as yet have only a few. Your description of Wolfe's collection left me drooling; most of my stuff is at my parent's home in Kentucky. Just one more reason for getting it all together, I guess. Anyway, I think there is a definite need for the info that's contained here and I'm looking forward to the other parts of this series.

LISA TUTTLE
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Got DYNATRON #40, began reading it, and suddenly wondered if I'd read #39. Promptly went digging thru clutter to emerge with D39, which had been long buried along with various notes from members of the family telling me to call various

people, and notes from myself to myself informing myself that I need money!! (some things never change) and listing the things I needed to buy when I had money. Since there is no date on it (and people who do not date their fanzines arouse me to fury--page numbers I can do without but I like to know when it is written or published or something) I don't know how long it has been there, but I guess it arrived during exams... and when I wasn't studying then the only things I read were Georgette Heyer books and the comics. ((Ah, but Dynatron 39 was dated. Go to your room and stay there until you find it.))

What I'd like to do would be to put out a fanzine with a gorgeous cover and no interior illos. Some people think ya gotta have interior art, but I like the way you do it. Also it is easier to sit down and type all the stencils without worrying about leaving room for art, etc. I have no taste for layout. (No, that sounds like I eat it, and I don't.)

"Writings in the Sand" was interesting--I like to read your stuff even when I don't agree. Take the tv "news commentators" you mentioned: oh, come on now. They're not so bad. I'll admit to being prejudiced because I wanna be a journalist when I grow up, and tv news commentators are, or will be, close kin. But I think you're hearing disappointment (when all goes well) and glee (at a malfunction) that isn't there. They aren't ghouls. Yeah, at times I could have done without them on my tv set, but...they're human. And doing a job. And I'm sure they were excited. It's a shame that what is considered news is so often disastrous or tragic, but it's a mistake to condemn journalists (of any kind) as heartless or ghoulish because they are involved and must get the facts.

←Ah, Lisa, the weakest excuse or explanation I know of is "they're human". That excuses or explains nothing.→

RICK SNEARY
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When the Old Sarge sez everyone will write letters of comment for Dynatron...by golly, everyone better write letters of comment...

The cover message is suitably brief and rememberable to ring down through history. Armstrong said he had given thought to what he was going to say before, but made up his mind (or thought of the words, I forget which) while in flight. I hate to doubt the word of a for-real hero, who shows he has a lot on the ball but that line is almost too good to credit to a single fliers mind. The proper amount of pride, humbleness, and lack of chauvinism. Something out of the ten million words spoken that week, worth remembering. I think of myself as being loyal to the memory and ideals expressed by John Kennedy, but I agree it was right and proper to have Nixon's name on the plaque. He is the boss right now and in this country that is what counts. If they had listed all those that were responsible for the flight it would have had to been in the form of a frieze, going all the way around Spider. I would have liked to seen the U.N. flag go up, at least beside ours, but agree that I'd agreed to anything, just to get one there.

Despite Veep. Agnew sounding like a pro-space man, he doesn't come off too popular with the people in the business. Particularly since Mariner 7 showed so little of interest on the Mars fly by. Or maybe I'm just too close to JPL and hear more of the un-manned exploration story. Their argument is that they can learn a lot about the planets at a fraction of the cost (they don't have to be sure Mariners get back) and sooner. Man to go when we have learned as much as we can by machines. Not as interesting to us, but it makes sense. But their (and NASA) plans for a sweep of the outer planets in the mid-70's really croggles the minds. Ships to go out on a eight year cruise of three to four of the outer planets, sending back data all the while. Compared to the problems involved, it makes Mariner 1-4 look like a V-2 on a summer day. I'm for man in space too, but think it is going to take something beside the sky-rockets we use now--big though they be.

I'm not sure whether I am a Radical Centerist or a Radical Moderate. My opinion on what it means is, people with a center or moderate point of view who are tired of seeing the extreme Right and Left gain their demands through radical and sometime violent means, rather than the traditional democratic system. Getting a little fed up and seeing that it is the squeaking wheel that gets all the gravy, the Radical Centerists are starting to squeak a little louder.

Gilliland's article is a fine example of the old science fiction system of taking an idea and extrapolating it out to teach desired conclusions, and ignoring any information or logic that might weaken the desired result. While it is possible that genetic manipulation companies might be set up, of what use would it be to big companies to spend money for "supermen"? How could you buy a superbaby and know he would stay bought? You buy an electrical engineer and when he is 21 he decides he wants to paint.. What you going to do? Reposes him?

C. W. Wolfe is interesting in an abstract way. Though this is the very kind of article I started my Index of Fanzine Writers for. Material like this should be collected, at least on a card file.

Lien's view of what FAPAfolks are like might make a good article sometime. When you have been on the Inside so long you lose touch with the way the rest of the world looks at things. Could we be all that strange and terrorable? Your the new President...you ought to know!

The rest of your readers were not so exciting or Comment Hook making. Your readership is less provoking than some, and no good arguments going. Why don't you insult P---- A----- in your own pages and maybe you could find someone to defend him. There must be someone....

←If I did that I'd feel obligated to send him a copy and I don't want to waste the postage that way....Armstrong, of course, had a strong sense of history at that moment, something not too many of those who have made history have had.→

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The opening section of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" was perfectly chosen for "2001", and I'm not opposed to its use as the unofficial space theme--but that's like using a symbol you don't understand.

How many people have heard the entire symphonic poem? The first time I did was shortly after seeing "2001". At first I was disappointed--the magnificence of the opening never recurs. The purpose of the opening is to state the "World Riddle" then which dominates the poem. Subsequent sections deal with various attempts by Man to solve the "World Riddle". The conclusion is mystically ethereal. Altho the poem ends, the listener is left with the impression that the "World Riddle" is yet unsolved. What I'm trying to say is that the use of the opening as a symbol is comparable to using a word you don't understand--it may sound right, (and it may (as in this case) be just the right word, but its users (or most of them) haven't the vaguest idea of what it means or how to spell it. ←Somewhat comparable to using magic, one might say, wherein much symbolism is not understandable to the user but he uses it anyway and gets results. Or so they say.→

If Radical Centerist means what I think you mean it to mean, I think it's a great term. Very unfortunately, all people who want action are gradually being forced out of the center. I've been trying to talk sense into a radical leftist friend of mine. When I try to use the if-there's-nothing-in-the-middle-the-whole-thing-will-collapse argument, he just replies that's what he, and his ilk, want. Polarization--Collapse--Rebuilding in a new image. That's what these guys want. I can't say I'm completely against it (at least the last part), but I have not been able to find any good or anything constructive in throwing a brick thru a college building window. ←Yes. I am thoroughly in agreement that change is needed but the alternatives presented by the Radical Right and the Radical Left are equally repugnant. Damned near equally alike, too, for both repress the freedom of the individual. In the final extreme there is no difference between the Radical Right and the Radical Left.→

During the summer I'm working as a box-boy at a local supermarket. The other day, I was bagging groceries for a middle-aged woman who was holding the sound-track recording from "2001". I said something about it and she said she had never seen the movie. I immediately started bombarding her with ~~dozens of~~ numerous endorsements for the movie. Then, realizing what I had done, I said half-apologetically (we're supposed to be polite and subdued when dealing with customers) that I was a bit overenthusiastic about it. She replied that to an old sf fan liker her it didn't sound at all enthusiastic. I forgot to ask her name and I didn't even find out if she knew about fandom.

C. W. WOLFE
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Who is Dennis Lien? ~~Who?~~ And does he live in Lake Park, Minn. or in Tucson, Ariz. or does he commute back and forth? Is he married, or is he just in the process of taking to his bosom a wife? My sincere condolences. So

he thinks that you and I, and Don Wollheim, are all aliens and "possessed" by something from "outside". Tell him that we are now Whoomangs and if he will stop by to see us here at Albuquerque, that we have a special new "unused" grub that we can arrange to implant in his skull and thus bring him into the fold. In fact I can offer him full time employment (no pay of course as Whoomangs serve their Masters for free) binding my ARGOSYs into book volumes. It has to be a hand job as I can not afford a professional binder and it looks that I will never live long enough to get it done by myself. Meanwhile, to show him my good will and desire to win his confidence, I will give him some of that information about the Munsey magazines for which he asked. No guarantee of total accuracy but it is fairly close.

The whole thing started with Frank A. Munsey who was a real true-to-life Horatio Alger story. Munsey was born in Mercer, Maine, in 1854. He learned telegraphy and became the Western Union operator at Augusta, Maine. In his spare time he wrote fiction and dreamed of publishing a magazine (named ARGOSY). His dream became an obsession, and finally in 1882 he resigned his telegraph job, and went to New York City, with \$40 in his pocket and a suitcase full of manuscripts--some of his own and others he had purchased or had on consignment.

How Frank Munsey accomplished the publication of the first issue of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY would be a long and complicated story in itself and much of its details are probably lost. A friend back in Maine who had promised \$1500 in financial assistance was known to have backed out and even refused to answer his letters. But in December of 1882 Munsey got out the first issue of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY in a kind of newspaper format and specially designed as a boy's story magazine. It was similar in format to WILD WEST WEEKLY, BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY, and NICK CARTER WEEKLY. Munsey managed to keep the issues coming every week but for a long while it was nip and tuck, and many times he did not know if the next issue would appear or not. Finally it caught on and started showing a profit. By 1888 THE GOLDEN ARGOSY had reached a circulation of 115,000 copies per week--this in a population of 80 million in the U.S. and Canada.

But times were changing. Sunday newspapers came out with supplements on actors and actresses, clothing styles of upper society, and dozens of human interest stories. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, as a boy's magazine, started losing circulation and Munsey's keen insight told him an adult magazine was needed. Rather than lose the good thing he had he brought out a new magazine (an action repeated many times in his career). In February of 1889 he started MUNSEY'S WEEKLY, an adult magazine. In 1891 the title was changed to just MUNSEY'S and publication was changed to monthly. In April 1894, after 585 issues as a boy's weekly story magazine, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY became a monthly adult fiction magazine as THE ARGOSY.

Costs were rising, however, and, in spite of good circulation, the two magazines were marginal on profit. Munsey had to do something to avoid financial ruin. At this point he did something that had never been done before, and possibly was never repeated--he broke with the American News Company which had a monopoly on national magazine distribution. He sent letters to all newsdealers

to order their magazines direct from the Frank A. Munsey Co. But the dealers were indifferent and no orders came. So Munsey sent out a crew of more than 50 men to tour the U.S. and gave away over a million Magazines, he took out full page ads in all leading newspapers, some carrying chapters of a new serial--to be continued. Again he used MUNSEYS magazine for the test. His campaign started working. A printing of 20,000 sold out, another printing of 10,000 sold, two more of 5,000 each sold for a total of 40,000 for that issue. In about a year he had reached 700,000. Naturally ARGOSY now fell in line with the same system. ARGOSY dealers learned to reserve copies for their regular customers, put names on them and keep them under the counter. Only a few extras were ordered for the "walk-in" trade. It is believed that the order-by-mail system continued during Munsey's lifetime, but after 1930 a new Independent Distributor's Company sprang up and the Munsey Company joined with them.

The years 1900-1925 saw the Munsey Company in its prime. It was one of the great publishing firms of America. In the magazine field only Street & Smith could be called a competitor. The many magazines will be covered in a later paragraph. Munsey also entered the newspaper field. He bought several newspapers during his career, merged some, then sold them. He was owner and publisher of the NEW YORK SUN at the time of his death in December 1925. He owned his own printing presses for the magazines.

ARGOSY magazine probably reached its peak circulation in the early 1920s. It had just merged with ALL STORY WEEKLY in 1920 and picked up a very large circulation from that magazine. In December of 1922 ARGOSY boasted a circulation of 600,000 weekly.

They were shooting for one million but it is doubtful if they ever made it. Radio was here, silent movies were here and competition for the entertainment dollar was rising. Magazines and reading stories were bound to suffer. In fact one wonders how they have survived at all. {<They haven't. RT>} A circulation of 50,000 is considered good today. With a population of 200 million, how few of our people read for pleasure. Frank A. Munsey died on December 22, 1925 and his empire was still intact. What a blessing that he did not live to see it all crumble in ruins.

MUNSEYS magazine continued as a monthly until late in the 1930s when it was dropped. ARGOSY continued as a monthly from 1894 until October 1917 when it was converted to a weekly. On July 17, 1920 it was merged with ALL STORY WEEKLY and the name became ARGOSY ALLSTORY WEEKLY. About mid-1929 the ALLSTORY was dropped. In 1940 ARGOSY went bi-weekly and changed to a large-size, single-foldover type format with photocovers instead of artwork. Popular Publications bought the entire Munsey group in 1942 and changed ARGOSY back to a standard-sized monthly pulp. In August 1943 the last pulp issue appeared and September 1943 saw a new slick ARGOSY.

ALL STORY began as a monthly in Jan 1905 and switched to ALL STORY WEEKLY with the issue of Mar 7, 1914 and continued until it merged with ARGOSY. Other Munsey magazines included SCRAP BOOK which started as a monthly in March 1906. In July 1907 it was printed in two sections, one for fiction and one for fact. This didn't work out and SCRAPBOOK became one magazine again in Sept 1908. It merged with CAVALIER in Jan 1912. CAVALIER started in Oct 1908 as a monthly and changed to a weekly when it merged with SCRAP BOOK. In May 1916 it merged with ALL STORY and the name ALLSTORY CAVALIER was carried for about a year. In Sep 1924 Munsey bought out FLYNN'S DETECTIVE STORY WEEKLY which proved to be their second best leader. Flynn continued as editor until he either died or retired after which the title was changed to DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY. The magazine continued popular for many years but was dropped about 1941. There was also a RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE but I have no information on it.

The last days of the Munsey Company, from about 1938 to 1942 were a period of many changes and fluid conditions. The

company was rapidly losing money and was trying anything and everything to keep afloat. One idea was to keep ARGOSY alive with new material and use reprints in the other magazines. FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and FANTASTIC NOVELS proved successful in the fantasy field so the company tried a swarm of reprints in every field. Most of them lasted only long enough to get back newsstand reports, about 3 or 4 issues.

By 1942 the Munsey Company was washed up--a sad, sad day--and sold out to Popular Publications. No figures were ever announced.

WATF: Response to the last issue was remarkable. I wish I had room to print all of the letters. I may publish an annex or something if I can come up with the wherewithall. Thank to DOUGLAS WENDT, LEON TAYLOR, NEAL GOLDFARB, ED COX, JACK SPEER, BOB BROWN, JIM PEARSON, HARRY WARNER, KLAUS BOSCHEN, MILT STEVENS, DAVID PIPER, EDWARD CONNOR, ED SMITH, BOB STAHL, HARRY MORRIS, BUCK COULSON, and whoever else I left out.

Roy

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