

Essentially the work of the member contributing, who is:

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*Caveat, as always, Lector, y'all!*

# ALL STAR Issue!

SMILE!



It could be your last chance...

- ROBERT HEINLEIN
- HARRY HARRISON
- ISAAC ASIMOV
- ARTHUR C. CLARKE
- ROBERT SHECKLEY
- HENRY KUTTNER
- SEABURY QUINN
- KURT VONNEGUT
- TED STURGEON
- E. MAYNE HULL
- JUDITH MERRILL
- POUL ANDERSON
- JACK WILLIAMSON
- HAWK CARSE
- E. C. TUBB
- RAY BRADBURY
- ROBERT BLOCH
- E. E. SMITH, Ph.D.
- JOHN W. CAMPBELL
- RAYMOND A. PALMER
- ERIC FRANK RUSSELL
- JACK VANCE
- WILSON TUCKER
- H. G. WELLS
- TED COGSWELL
- HAL CLEMENT
- ROBERT SILVERBERG
- JOHN D. MacDONALD
- FREDRIC BROWN



...unfortunately did not get their contributions to the editor in time for this issue, but

TINA HENSEL

did, thank goodness.

# MISCELLANIA



"Good Lord — it's  
Arthur C. Clarke!"

"...the cold grue of a  
thousand fiendishly  
eaten ancestors."

If the cover art gets to the printer and back in time, this will be Grue #33. Our previous issue was #31; so, unfortunately, was the issue before that one. Since the one I now think of as "31-B," I was leafing through an old looseleaf notebook where I keep such things and found that I had published another brief effort under the same title and number, back at the sometimes confused milieu of Germantown. Actually, this is in the finest of ancient traditions: Grue has ever been fearsomely casual as to its numeration. For the (barely) possible interest of completist-collectors, the first 14 Grues were put out in press-runs of one copy apiece. Number 15 was a truly horrid mischmosch committed on a Rex-O-Graph, for which I should like to disclaim all responsibility. Sixteen and seventeen returned to the one-copy pattern and the first issue that marked my entry into Fapa was numbered eighteen, also Rexo'd, as were the next few. If anyone claims to have a complete run of Grues, they are, indeed, a dedicated collector of fanzines.

I've only recently been skiffing back through some of those ancient issues and, as a general thing, it is not an edifying experience. I seem to recall the content as better than it is upon re-reading, although there are a few notable items therein. Sometime, when I'm fat on activity credit and feel ambitious, I'd like to reprint a few of the choicer items -- such as Agberg's "And the Moon Be Still As Cheddar" or Y. Y. Flertch's "The Million-Year White Whale." Recent episodes of my current veeppiship make me extremely chary of reprints in my own zine. The later gestetnered issues seem to be bearing up well under the passage of the decades so far as keeping qualities are concerned and the quality of the reproduction maketh me to sorrow passing sore.



It may have been that the typers then available were better suited to stencil cutting than either of the current IBM Exec's (Hi, Dick Lupoff), but I tend to put the blame on the fact that (1) I can't get the beloved old 20# Ta-Non-Ka Mimeo Bond any more and (2) Gestetner just isn't making ink the way they used to. The Gestink these days separates in the tube and dribbles vaguely-obscene clots of water out when one goes to ink the cylinder and it goes through the paper presently available like Schlitz through Schultz, making it mandatory to print upon one side only. Apologies for this, as slipsheeting does not seem to help at all.

NB: The illo at left was by Kitty Doyle, c. 1955 or so. She currently is dba Mrs. Joni Stopa, running Wilmot Ski Hills Resort, back in Wilmot, Wisconsin with her husband name of Jon. So far as I know, they enjoy the lonely grandeur of constituting the whole of Wisconsin actifandom in these latter years. My art backlog is sort of like browsing through the base of a glacier, with eternally preserved

mammoths peering at you with coolly twinkling eyes. It gives me a sense of unity with the ages, everytime I prowl through it in search of illo's. The cover illo -- hopefully by Dave Jenrette -- has been around for a long time, too. In fact, it may prove a bit of a project to track him down and bestow a contribber's copy upon him.

A hallmark of Miscellania in the old days was the reprintment of kooky letters and accounts of singular behavior, as gleaned from the then-local newspaper. The now-local sheet is scant on such items, but the following letter turned up for the archery title published by my present employer and I quote it as evidence that Fandom Don't Got ALLL the Boojums. Strictly sic:

Dear Sir;

I interested in learn from you if possible where I might obtain a Bow made of Brass /?/

Also since it has been quite some time since I have taken up a bow and arrow ,I need to learn if the bow must be the height of the person whom it is made for or not? I would be interested in a bow that is used for distance. Will have nothing but one that is made of BRASS ONLY.

The Brass Bow is the comming thing all over the world and Archery is going to boom like it never before did.

It will become the top sport in the field of target shooting as the year's go by .This I allredy know .

There is going to be a Call for BRASSBOW'S to the amount of (1200 and over) soon thus has all been Propheseyed in the Bible long ago but that prophesy is now just becomeing knowen on earth.

((still quoting the archery faan:))

Enclosed is a return envelope with return postage on it for your return answer.

I will subscribe to your Magazine this coming payday to pick up a few pointer's from time to time from other Archer's.

Very Truly

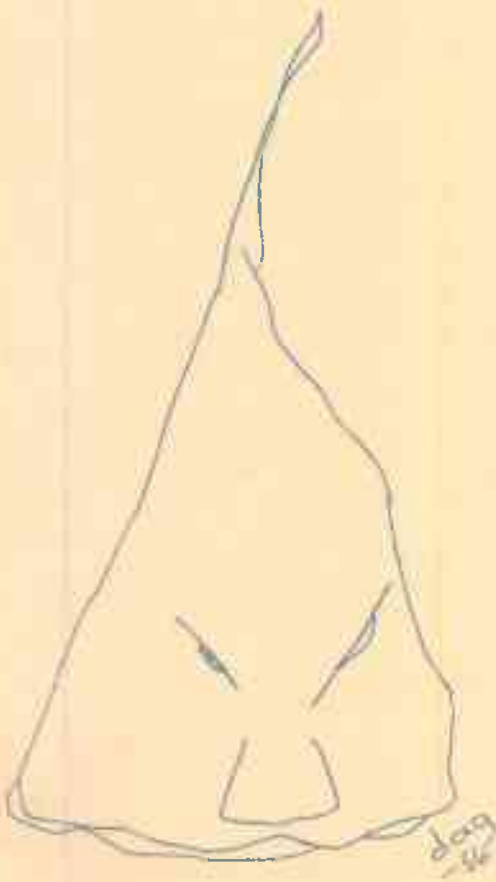
((...))

I don't think I ever realized how normal fandom really was until I started skrenning the incoming mail here. Sometimes, even the typo's are delicious. One reader of the bangzine wrote in to ask after our recommendations of the best caliber for hunting elf. Some spoilsport suggested he had meant to say elk, but we tended to poohpooch this.

*"I look at everybody else and I look at me  
and I can tell the difference!"*

-Cyrus Banning Condra, Live at a Potard Meeting

Which shows what comes of trusting ones memory: I dind't bother to take the sheet from the knotebooque into the other room while trying Judy's Super Grey Beask on stencils and I returned to find that what he really said was, "I look at everybody else and I look at me and I can tell them apart." I like Cy's version better, really. Oh well...



We had hoped to tredge together sufficient folklorica for an installment of FFW for this issue, but lastish drew two poptsarcds and one lonesomegeorge letter. I refuse to stencil a FFW heading for two poptsarcds and one letter, notable though they be. So, herewith, a Fickle Little Finger, WritingWriting:

By seniority of psotmrak, our total haul::

Dick Geis, Box 3116, Santa Monica, Ca. 90403

I enjoyed GRUE #31 muchly, but frowned at the lack of much Grennell in it. Make it a personalzine, Dean, and make it all you. Better yet, send long funny letters to SFR.

I have just assembled SFR #32 and will soon have a stiff drink.

Hoping you are the same...

21 Aug 69

Dick

((Thanks for what I choose to regard as a compliment, but I find it extremely hard to coruscate very brisantly in Fapa any more, or even to scintillate, for that matter.

It saddens me somewhat to admit this, though not excruciatingly. I've now been a Fapa member for approximately 1/3rd of my entire lifespan and I liked to think it was, in the main, a group of congenial souls who enjoy hearing each other's thoughts and comments. Currently, I'm a shade shook at the amount of currish snapping and gratuitous malice that seems to be running rife in the Fapa of 1970; not that it's all that widespread, but the view of Fapa that I've been getting as vice-pres is pretty disillusioning and causes me to wish I hadn't stood for the office or hadn't been elected. It no longer seems like the outfit a person would belong to for the fun of it. Contra-wise, the self that published Grue prior to about 1958 was a different person from sole to scalp, with a faith in the good intent of others that I now regard with a sad shake of the head. As ol' Sam Clemens used to observe, "A tomcat that has once sat upon a hot stove is reluctant to sit upon a cool one." Don't ask me to explain what I mean by all that. I don't think I understand it myself.]]

Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive,  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90046:

Thanks for GRUE, which arrived on the eve of our departure for St. Louis and the Worldcon. Knowing your general policy on attendance at such affairs, I don't imagine we'll see you and Jean there. But hopefully I'll be in touch with Bob Tucker, see Hoffman and others of their ilk. After the con, we will spend two days in Milwaukee, stirring up the natives -- then back here to resume work on one of those World Premiere movies for TV. We've not gotten out of town all summer, which is why you've not heard any bulletins regarding our arrival in your vicinity. How many people beside myself will remember the WWII source of Dave Locke's title? Bob 24 Aug 69

Roy Lavender, Apt. 8, 750 Gladys Ave., Long Beach, Ca. 90804:

Anyway, since I've never fallen over a horizontal Grenell and am not locked up on p. b. sandwiches, real or ersatz, nor even synthetic raspberry, I was at a total loss as to what subject might be of sufficient passing interest. The fandom that I knew was not given to gormandizing. Instead, there was yet a shred of sense of wonder now and then appearing in the fanzines, like a beetle's wing in the rolled oats. (English fans read porridge.) ((I'm not at all sure it reaches any English fans, Roy. --DG))

But the scale of things changes and even the rate of change is exponential. The sense of wonder gets stretched all out of shape. Now, a science fiction author is hard put to write a gadget into his story that doesn't appear at the local market, marked down to



\$8.95 while his back is turned. The gadgets I design for a living didn't exist a dozen years ago, and outside of a few s--f nuts ----oh well, you've heard that one before. In fact, NASA built an empire on that foundation.

But then that's the story of man from way, way back. 50,000 years and more. I can't visualize fifty thousand. I can do a little better with fifty. By changing scale, sometimes you can change perspective.

Compressing the duration of mankind to a half-century: Ten years ago, we moved out of the caves and started building houses of some sort. Five years ago, some smart ass invented pictorial writing, making possible the first fanzine. Two years ago, Christ was born.

Fifteen months ago, came the printing press -- still leading toward fanzines, you see. Electricity happened twenty days ago and now we get away from that hand powered press. Eighteen days, the airplane; ten days ago, radio. (Dean, remember sitting around the old battery powered super-regenerator, sharing a set of earphones to listen to the Dempsey-Tunney fight?) (Heck no. We didn't get radio till about 1939, when a neighbor subscribed to electricity and was throwing out his battery Philco. It took me till the fall of 1941 to get out of the 19th century ...))

Then four days ago there was t-v and the jet transport appeared on the scene since you started reading this.

Quite a mish-mash of different things --- hard to visualize the increase. Let's try it in terms of speed, shifting over to standard time-lapse, rather than our compressed calendar. Somewhere, way back there, some thoughty character found out (probably through not letting go at the right time) that he could go faster on the back of a horse than he could on his own feet. With lots of work and selective breeding, he could get 35 miles per hour. That speed record held for quite a while. Back in Nero's time, 35 mph was an excellent speed. Same was true when Columbus made his famous error as to where he was. A little later, some Spanish horses got loose and shortly after the Indians made the same jump in speed when they moved to horseback travel.

Somewhere around 1840, man broke the 'oat barrier' and, for the first time in 49,800 years, moved at a pace faster than that made possible by the muscles and digestive system of an animal: a very small bend in the curve. Came 1910 and the first military airplane was purchased and the contract specified that it must do 40 miles per hour or the contractor would be discounted for each mile under 40.

10% off for 39 mph; another 10% if only 38 mph. No sweat! Wilbur and Orville knew their business. Their airplane went 42 miles per hour. By WW-1, several people were topping 100 mph. Ralph DePalma on the racetrack, the Reading Railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City.

By the end of that war, the speeds were up to around 150. By the start of WW-II, there were people moving 200 mph. At the end of the fracas, 470 mph was Top Secret, but it had been done. (Roy, forgive please a few minor editorial quibbles. I've hazy recollections, as a model plane fan of that era, seeing kits for an Italian seaplan that was supposed to have turned 440 mph ... the Macchi-Castoldi, I think, but would not bet on it. On hand is a manual on the Messerschmitt Me.262, a twin-engine jet interceptor the sample of which was surrendered by its pilot, Hans Fay, to the Americans at Rhein-Main Airport, near Frankfurt, on 30 March, 1945: the first German jet-fighter captured

intact and operational, being designated Werke No. 111 711. It was red-lined at 658 mph (rather, the equivalent in km/hr), with a maximum speed in level flight of 830 km/hr, or 515 mph. Speeds of 590 mph were reported attained in dives of 20-30 degrees below the horizontal. It was found that around 590-620 mph, it reached the speed of sound and control surfaces no longer affected the direction of flight -- results were said to vary with different craft; some would wing over and dive while others would dive gradually. It was reported that, once the speed of sound was exceeded, the condition disappeared and normal control was restored. It was limited to a time-in-the-air of 50 to 90 minutes, if it got quickly above 12,000 ft and stayed up there. I have personal and indelible recollections of crowding 300 mph in late '42, watching the airspeed needle well past the redline at (??) around 220. Up front in the driver's seat was an instructor on loan from the RAF who didn't know the meaning of fear and was sort of vague on several other words ... DG)).

Then for some reason people decided to turn a corner and, about 1945, crashed the sound barrier and just kept going. While you've been reading this, several thousand pieces of space junk and a few dozen satellites have orbited overhead.

You can use the same curve to plot just about anything: Chinese gunpowder through nuclear explosives; 1,000,000 American Indians fighting famine becoming 200,000,000 people with food surplusses in the same country.

Beginning in 1945, the whole concept has to change. For example, the new jets carry twice as many people as the Queen Mary did ... oh? ... and you're a fan, too. You should be used to thinking in the fourth. The Queen carried about 1500 each way and made one round trip in fifteen days. The jet makes a round trip every day and delivers two hundred each way: fifteen days, 6000 people.

Maybe that corner back there in 1945 was an idea. The idea that progress in technology is a product, just like bananas. That's an idea with good and bad sides. Like any other product, it has no morals, it doesn't give a damn whether it's used for good or evil. It has no nationality and doesn't care whether it's used by friend or foe. And it's efficient: It will eliminate polio or people ...

Back when we were making progress so very slowly, we weren't so good at keeping up with it. Now that the curve has turned upward by several orders of magnitude, what do you think we'll be doing?

Back in the horse and buggy days, they fastened buggy lanterns to the sides of the thing. Now you park your new car at the curb and go to the museum to look at them. Maybe you're looking the wrong way.

Remember the buggy lamp showed the road ten or twenty feet ahead. That was fine for driving in a buggy at night at five miles per hour. Now walk to the door of the museum and look at the exhibit at the curb. And as you drive on the freeway at night at sixty mph, behind two beams that come from lamps fastened rigidly to the frame, you can see hundreds of feet down the freeway --- until you come to a curve. Then you turn into the dark, while those two beams continue to point hundreds of feet off into the boonies where you aren't going; you hope.

Most of us at some time or other thought our Dad was a bit behind the times. He thought the same of Granddad. With the latter, it didn't matter so much. The horse and buggy light system worked and if he was 20, 30 or 40 years behind --- well, things didn't change all that fast.

Back in the 1920s, Doc Smith and Skylark of Space happened. His first ship was 50 feet in diameter, had walls four feet thick and went intergalactic on his first flight; and it was nuclear powered.

Forty years later, by sophisticating a system that had enthralled Francis Scott Key

in 1812 -- having been conceived by some heathen Chinese a few centuries earlier -- we sent a tin teepee to the Moon, round trip. What took you so long? Of course, we did have tv coverage of the trip, something few writers seem to have thought of in s-f stories. Or did they? Doc Smith was working through projections with full three dimensional presence, wasn't he?

Back in the 'good old days,' the aftermath of nuclear war or whatever destruction found the survivors holed up in underground cities while the 'wild ones' roamed the surface. Just a month or so back, Harlan's story about a boy and his dog came out. Told from the viewpoint of one of 'the wild ones': a great story -- but it didn't do a thing for my sense of wonder.

Doc Smith was pointing the way: creating a demand for a better world. Call it a mission, call it what you will, by 1980 -- at the present rate of progress -- Harlan was writing about the past!

Sitting here at the typewriter, I can see in my 'In' basket, an ad for Unimate. A product of Unimation, Incorporated. It's a one-armed robot. You lead it through the sequence of operations once, right on the job and it's trained. No programming, no programmer (at the customer's). It can be purchased for \$22,500, FCP Danbury, Conn., or leased for \$7,700 per year. Play that one over once, thinking in the 4th. \$7,700 per year, three shifts, seven days per week; at the most dirty, tedious or hazardous jobs.

So where's your sense of wonder? On the tv tonight, a feature on satellites: Example of the use of infra-red color photography to pick out how much green grass -- which displays as bright red with that particular emulsion -- exists in various parts of the cities. Much grass equates to much money and/or pride of ownership. Suggestions that changes in the pattern could be used to monitor the morale of various communities. Equating taking care of the lawn with community pride equals bright red on infra-red color film.

Or, taken more pointedly: "Citizen 2725-17-3719, your lawn shows lack of water. Further laxity in this matter will lead to a morale citation and ten days re-indoctrination" ...

So it's the only world available and one will have to live in it or accept the alternative. Most authors know that writing is a lonely damn' job. So is inventing. Research labs can cut the time to turn an invention into a product, but the 'creative act of inventing is still the product of a lone mind,' usually working without the aid of others and very often not even employed within the industry in which he is inventing. Even the Soviet Union has admitted that the successes of the group approach 'seem to be the exception rather than the rule.

Sure the Polaris submarine and the Manhattan project were successful. But they had clearly defined goals -- and some inventor stated those goals.

So one of you lonely bastards is going to state a clearly defined goal. And popular imagination -- or a sharp promoter or a ghost writer of political speeches -- will seize on it and suddenly you'll be living in it, along with the helpless rest of us.

Sense of wonder dead?

Yours, Ron Primula

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Last summer, a friend queried me as to the source of a quote: "Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne, / He travels the fastest who travels alone." I was stymied, but managed to track it down. As I half suspected, it was from Kipling, who had a knack for quotable phrases. It's from a brief poem entitled "The Winners," and I should like to quote it in its entirety but -- for the reassurance of those nitpicayune types who worry about such things -- I shan't claim it as activity credit [sheeg]. Nextpage:



The Winners

What is the moral? Who rides may read.  
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind  
A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed,  
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind.  
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,  
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

White hands cling to the tightened rein,  
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,  
Tenderest voices cry "Turn again!"  
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel.  
High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone ---  
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall but he falls by himself ---  
Falls by himself with himself to blame.  
One may attain and to him is pelf ---  
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame.  
Plunder of earth shall be all his own  
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed,  
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,  
Sing the heretical song I have made ---  
His be the labour and yours be the spoil.  
Win by his aid and the aid disown ---  
He travels the fastest who travels alone!

-- Rudyard Kipling  
1865-1936

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

I'm certain I don't grasp but a small portion of the meaning Kipling put into that, nor if I agree entirely with what I think I do understand of it, but it seemed relevant and apposite to Roy's comments. I'm reminded of the aphorism that a camel is a horse that was designed by a committee; I'm frequently reminded of this on those rare occasions when I become involved with group activity. And most accomplishments, be they for good or ill, have been the work of some more or less tormented soul who was by no means as happy, blissful or well-adjusted as might be considered the ideal norm for a human being. In this context, I recall a story by Harry Warner, Jr., published for this group several years ago. It concerned an ardent admirer of (I think) Mozart, who sympathized deeply with his idol for the kamps he'd endured and went back via time-machine to iron out the wrinkles in Mozart's life, returning to the present all a-faunch to audit the truly great music that would have been produced by the happy, well-adjusted composer he had left. Returning to the somewhat altered Now, he rushed to the nearest record store and ordered everything they had in stock which had been composed by the adored name. And the clerk behind the counter said, "Wolfgang WHO??"

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

As I was going to St. Ives/I met a man who reeked of chives/He glared at me from eyes like knives/And now I'm breaking out with hives. --Eldrin Fzot

--By Tina Hensel

Anyone acquainted with Grue's editor is apt to be at least as well acquainted with his repertoire of atrocious anecdotes, mal mots and heinous puns [my blushes, Watson!]. It is all very well to go howling about on a Honda, but when you letter, beneath the name at the rear of its saddle -- in yellow, yet -- "De Baskerville," and cap this off by putting a plate on the gas tank that says "Hardly-Davidson," well ...

So, when he hit me up for another contribution for this issue, I tried to inveigle him out of a theme for it. And the fiend responded by asking if I was familiar with the story about the one-legged coffin salesman and the mortician's cross-eyed daughter. I said, "Groovy. Sounds marvelous. How'zit go?"

"I really can't say," was the reply, "because I never heard it, either."

Now that is rampantly unfair and you'll have to admit that anyone who'd go that far would go even farther. Even so, if you want an example of someone who really majored in Nasty, we have to turn to Dave Locke. If Dave thinks you really want to hear something, and he doesn't know the true circumstances, he'll casually manufacture some great story, and then promptly forget about it. This is bad, especially if you are as gullible as I am; in fact, it's even worse.

On a Saturday night within the current geological epoch, I had occasion to mention one of Dave's better inventions and daggoned if the fink didn't stand there and steadfastly maintain he'd never heard the story himself. I ought to know better, but I find myself believing him, even when I know it's not the truth. And I'll never forget hernia night at the faith healer's.

There we were, casually sitting around Dave's house, osmoting Margaritas, when Dave asked thoughtfully, "Say, did I ever tell you about the time I went to the faith healer's for hernia night?"

Naturally, we answered no and waited, all ears and agog, for the gruesome details.

It seems that he was visiting some friends one evening, when they invited him to accompany them to the faith healer's. Undoubtedly they hoped to impress him with the miracles that were daily being wrought there.

So they happily grundered off, each expecting some sort of sensational and utterly enthralling cures. Now Dave is the kind of person who, when he exposes a fake, feels cheated if it isn't a good fake -- if there is such a thing. He tends to come on restive if the game does not present a challenge so he was anticipating some sufferers of noteworthy disorders or injuries and you can envision his sense of letdown when he looked over the candidates for instant repair and noted that all of them looked about as debilitated as Chuck Atlas in his leopard loincloth.

"Why!" he exclaimed in tones of pettish disillusionment, "This whole setup is as phony as a vinyl tripe. Nobody has even so much as a broken leg to be cured."

His friends laughed, condescendingly. "You have to come here on broken-leg-night for that. This is hernia night and the preacher specializes in hernias."

Somewhat non+ed, Dave responded with a quizzical "Oh" and sat down to observe the healing of hernias ... or is it herniae? I deliberately omit a punctuation mark after that "Oh" because the language has no mark capable of symbolizing Dave's skeptical "Oh" -- which is capable of drawing blood at thirty paces.

Judged as a spectator sport, he found it a pretty disappointing exhibition. As each sufferer went up to be cured, he stepped behind a folding screen that had been set up

at the center of the stage. After several prayers and the actual laying on of hands, the preacher's efforts were rewarded. With an exultant cry of "I'm Cured!!!" an old truss came sailing out over the screen and he came walking from behind the screen, blithe, light-hearted and chipper as any lark that ever sang.

Now Dave Locke is a curious type and I say 'curious' in the context of having deeply rooted inquisitive instincts. He is, withal, curious in the other sense, as well, but I am saving that for some other column when the theme eludes me. Being the sort he is, our hero edged toward the stage to investigate. An ordinary person might have sidled in such a situation, but The Locke is nothing if not forthright, so he frontled. All he wanted to do was to peek behind the screen to view some of the Action. But he was grabbed by some brawny deacons who demonstrated no meager skill at the laying on of hands and they frog-marched him back to his seat. With his curiosity all inflamed and throbbing, he waited till the services had ground to their stodgy conclusion and then he essayed another sally to the rear of the screen. This time, he made it and the first thing he found -- indeed, come to that, the only thing -- was an old corrugated cardboard carton which once had contained Del Monte sliced peaches. Now, it was partially filled with trusses which were, beyond peradventure, used trusses. Ever more courageous than canny, he decided to purloin one of the prop trusses as evidence of the bogosity of the claimed cures. Aias, just as he was laying hands on the truss, the deacons did the same to him; again. They removed the truss from his fingers -- now gone suddenly limp -- and replaced it in its consecrated cardboard casket with seemly reverence.

"It is not allowed to remove the holy relics from the pulpit, sir," explained one of the deacons as they gently catapulted him on a lofty trajectory out of the entrance of the tent. At the time of the primal telling, he footnoted that the thought occurred to him, whilst airborne, that if he should incur a hernia at the moment of impact, he might have bargaining power toward the negotiation of a cure at a special discount.

Now you must understand, I didn't really believe Dave when he told this story. Even the most naive ingenue would boggle at such a yarn as I can personally testify, being one. On the other hand, it was too good to forget. So I zestfully recounted it to any number of friends and mutual acquaintances, always being scrupulously careful to give full credit to the source ... only to have the treacherous source repudiate it up one side and back down the other. I swear, if you tipped that man in the creek, the ornery would leach off and pollute the water for eight miles down and three upstream.

Dave almost always prefaces his preposterous fact-warpings by saying, "You won't believe this, but ...". So be duly warned: if the Locke ever leads off with that particular gambit, you're dealing with a rascal who will not only pack your ear with persiflage but swear he never put it there in the first place.

Meanwhile, I'm still trying to track down the details about that one-legged coffin drummer and the undertaker's strabismic daughter. But please don't wire collect.

-T.H.



### Albino Oranges and Cut-Glass Pancakes



By the way: I seem to have wound up sans a file copy of the 14-page Binx (#2?) that went out with the May'66 Fapa mailing. I offer reasonable payment for a copy of same. And hope that, somewhere, there're 3 pages of valid activity credit so's I don't have to drip sweat on stencils late next summer. Not this August, Baby!

-- DAG