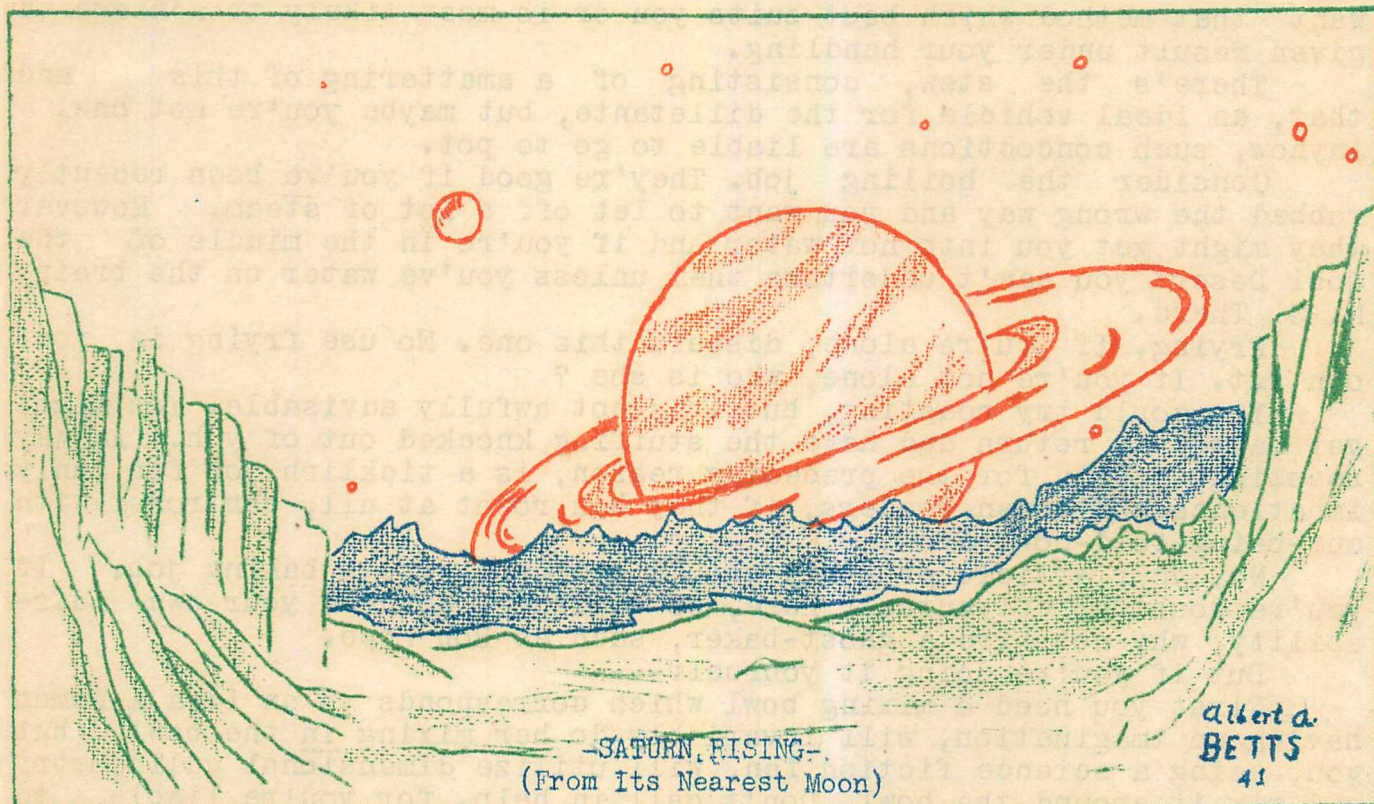


Pluto

DENVENTIONEER



HOW TO COOK UP SOMETHING

By

DALE TARR

(Faye Manning is at the bottom of the responsibility for this thing. Vincent, Marvis, Faye and I were scattered around and over Plutopian HQ No. 2 considering material possibilities for the Pluto Denventioneer when Faye threw something at me. I threw something back and Faye asked why I didn't throw them together. Marvis thought it was just the thing for the DENVENTIONEER and Vincent grinned broadly at the possibilities. With everybody tossing in sumpun or other I went at it heavily.)

We had laughs galore during the writing and I found enthusiasm enough to sweat over it. If you don't think it's funny, it may be the way -I-told-it. Anyway I hope it hits you in the pink of condition---dt.)

Every now and then someone takes a notion to do something up brown for a fanzine, or if they're as good as HWjr. Someone takes the

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notion for them. To not comply is to take their flattery in vain and if you're of Pro calibre, and there's money in it this applies with an extremely pleasing overtone.

The very obvious aim of this farceful article is to help all you fans who'd like to be a tuckerriot, create a stink, too.

As is--there--any good housewife knows you shouldn't start to cook up something unless you know the ingredients obtainable, and whether you are equipped to handle your project. Sit down, before your mixer and go over your stock.

There are several methods of cooking something up; you want that method which best suits you or is most likely to achieve a given result under your handling.

There's the stew, consisting of a smattering of this and that, an ideal vehicle for the dilettante, but maybe you're not one. Anyhow, such concoctions are liable to go to pot.

Consider the boiling job. They're good if you've been recently rubbed the wrong way and you want to let off a lot of steam. However they might get you into hot water and if you're in the middle of the Gobi Desert you can't undertake them unless you've water on the brain. N. G. There.

Frying. If you're alone, discard this one. No use frying in your own fat. If you're not alone, who is she?

You could try roasting, but it's not awfully advisable. You might get basted in return and have the stuffing knocked out of yuh. Anyway roasting, mainly for the preceding reason, is a ticklish job for manly impatience and women readers, if they can roast at all, can roast-with-out-being-told-how.

No, your article or story should ordinarily be a baking job. If you're doubtful of yourself here, or willingly concede your own disability, why not hire a ghost-baker, such as Bob Hope.

But if you're doing it yourself-----

First you need a mixing bowl which corresponds to an idea. A Woman having no imagination, will invariably do her mixing in the bowl, but you, being a science fiction fan, will utilize dimensional culinometry and mix it around the bowl. Don't call in help, for you're liable to get all bowled up.

If you've milked your memory dry of impertinent and incidental facts, pour off the cream and cream well together a quarto (2 pintos), of sweet sounding words and a large cup of lard. If you must indulge in personalities, use a little lard, for some might think you're trying to skid them.

Now can you remember where you laid those eggs? They should be fresh or reasonably stale. Rotten eggs won't do for their smell ain't no yolk. Add them shell and all, or they won't be hard to take.

Run in exactly two cups of the milk now, and beat it if you feel you can---but briefly---. If you add too much milk to your story, it runs together instead of hanging together.

At this time add your bad character. You need a villain like uno-hu to darken things generally so dash in two heaping tablespoons of cocoa, or one square of unsweetened chocolate. Two squares if you feel bitter about the whole thing. Never ring a drinking crowd in on your villain, for it gives your shady work a plastered cast.

Next, you must thicken your plot. Sift in a quantity of flowery phrases, or, if all this has taken the starch out of your collar, mix it with a little corn and use it instead of the flowery phrases. Corn-starch is much better.

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By now you ought to know what you're going to get out of this. If you take the cake----devil, cheese, or whatever --- you now have two procedures open to you. You can ice it or not. Icing is a sort of personal flavor which lends individuality to your baking. Kummer Jr. has found it expedient to leave his baking un-iced. Such a procedure does give a definite result which is rather distinctive. If you dont ice it, the oven might give it the cold shoulder and if you do ice it you might even thaw him out.

Whichever way you decide on you must stick it in a pan, address it with a prayer and let the oven have it. I must caution you against, unnescessary jarring such as incurred by walking the floor at this timetime. No matter how much gassing you did in it if you fall down, this once, you won't get a rise out of it.

Watch the time it's in the oven. If it's not in long enough it's underdone and not a little doughy. If it's overdone, you have to scrape it or scrap it as Marvis M. says about the breakfast toast.

Maybe you wound up with a pie which this undoubtedly has been as easy as. Maybe you've drawn a lemon. Got a pie shell, oh, you've got a little crust already? Well, grease your brainpan and maybe you'll get this one in the slicks, then you can really make the dough.

Got any more eggs? Probably. Seperate the-way-you-told-it from the yolk and beat the former up with an equal amount of vanhoutenilla. If you haven't any more eggs (you're that good or poor as the case may be) use the whites of your eyes. They should be showing up by now.

Like the icing on the cake, this meringue should come out on top.

Done? Fine. Slap this in the oven and see whether the editor thinks it's digestible. If so you can have your pie and eat it too.

Now, fan, sit down at your picamixer and unowot.

Fantasy Farm Footnotes

Faye M. Manning

Honestly chums, It's getting to the point where I can't wake up in the morning without seeing one at the window; or take a drive down the street, (Decker's only drivable street,) without someone waving me down and saying "Here's another one of 'em, Faye, looking for the club House and Fantasy Farm."

Such Too, was the arrival of the famous D. T. (Poet Lagurate of Science Fiction.)

Sleepy came limping in to Fantasy Farm about 8 p.m. mumb-ling something about his car jumping into a ditch----- He was greeted with the usual horse-laugh, as we have decided long-ago that he drives like an old

woman. All samee we file out and down the road to see what can be done about it.

Sloopy managed to hit Mark's finger with a hammer, trying to detach a chain from the bumper---- but he apologized very nicely to Mark by saying he thought it was Vince's finger all the time, and that he was sorry.

Once upon a time there were three fellows who edited a fan mag.

Dear Mr Archibald: We the intellectual Brotherhood of Pro--Scientists, wish to warn you that upon reading and the Quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dogs; sld fg aasfdg.lkjhh..Nnew.sldfjg;;;;; sldkfjghfjdksl ;Nnew. 7980.