

QABAL-5

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For the Nov. 1959 FAPA
MAILING
BJO for TAFF!



John Trimble
Steve Tolliver

Jim Caughran
BJO

Ernie Wheatley
Ronel

Jack Harness

Ted Johnstone
Bruce Pelz

{Cover Symbol: "It is a Proud & Lonely Thing to be invaded by SoCal Fandom."}

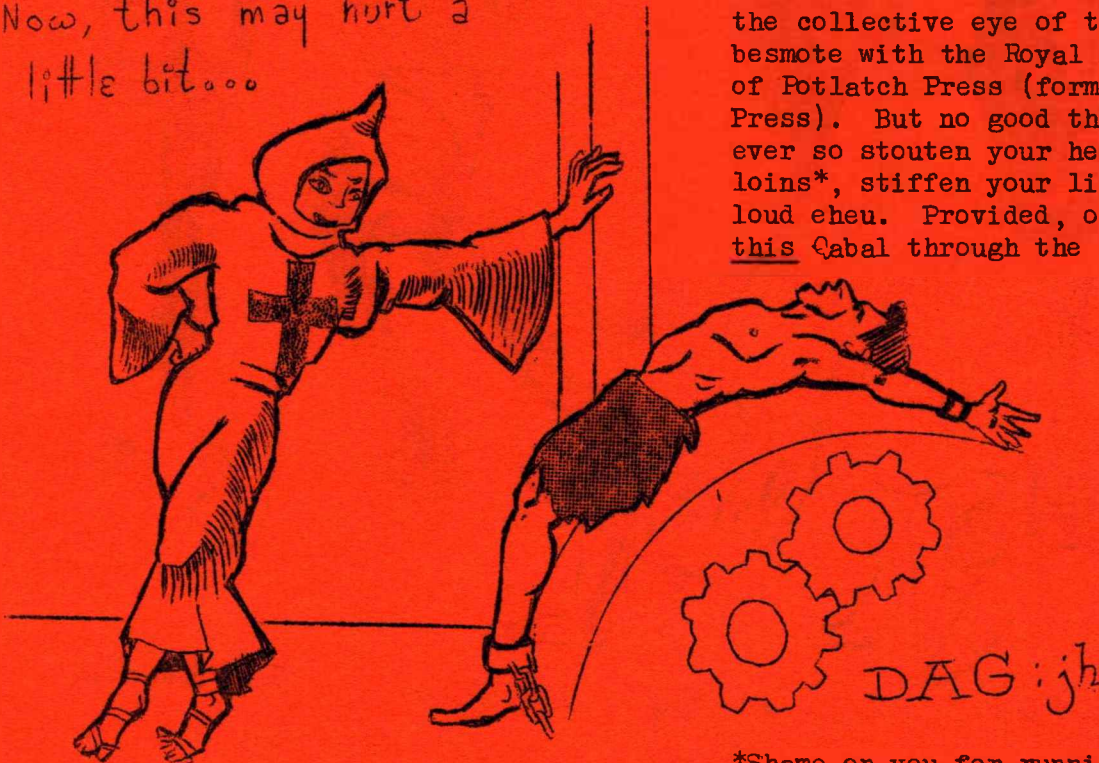
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For the benefit of those curious

some time ago, maybe late '55 or early '56, I had a discussion, not untinged with acrimony, with my brother as to the existence of any words in the English language which had "q" for a first letter but didn't have "u" for a second. He claimed that u always follows q and, offhand, I cited Saqqara as an exception. A place-name, he sneered, not a word; an Egyptian place-name at that and spelled Sakkara often as not. Stung, nettled and begrothed, I sought solace in the Unabridged Webster (did you know the terminal item therein is "zyzzogeton"). There were no words in the main body of its text starting with q and unfollowed with u but there were some down in a kind of segregated ghetto at the bottom of the page--second-class words, as it were. These were alternate spellings, little-used words and like that. One was, I think, something like "qabbala"--won't swear to the spelling--an alternate spelling of cabal. I've some doubts about this (and no Unabridged to check against) because someone, Speer, I think, said they thought "cabal" was initialsese being the initials of five celebrated members of the first cabal (definition is somewhat like "the secret artifices of a few persons united in a close design: intrigue" or "a secret association of a few designing persons; a junto."). So okay--I just did what I should have did first: I looked in my Webster's Collegiate and they give the definition above along with the derivation: from the French cabale which is from the Middle Latin cabala which is from the Hebrew word, qabbalah which literally meant the received or traditional lore. And now I have the feeling that I have dwelt on this in publications past. If so, forgive. At least it may enlighten the newer members...for out of all this mishmosh (Linards: read "pot-pourri") I slumgobulated the title of "Qabal" as my own private misspelling. It is used for publications produced with the direct-presence help of visiting (fannish) firemen as the vehicle for one-shots and wotnot. You might say it is a one-shot with continuity, only not much.

This issue, allgowellling, will include a discreet spot of mlg comments as well. It has been a full while and long since the collective eye of the Fapate has been besmote with the Royal Blue Gestetner ink of Potlatch Press (formerly known as Mafia Press). But no good thing can go on for ever so stouten your hearts, gird up your loins*, stiffen your lips** and cry the loud eheu. Provided, of course, I can ram this Qabal through the official channels...

Now, this may hurt a little bit...



*Shame on you for running around ungirded!

**Especially the upper.

Redundancy, thy initials are D.A.G. * * * * * Corflu is cheaper by the gal-
lon department

Our first speaker is an

itinerant fingerprint expert from the wilds of Northern Ireland by name of...uhh...
you there, what did you say your name was again...?

* * * * *

Um, er, yep, my name is John Edward Berry, aged 33 and a few days, and when I was
back home a week ago I had two children, but I won't be specific, because my wife
has a very warped sense of humour, and her maxim has always been that one cannot
have pleasure without pain. I am sitting at this typer (one of the MANY DAG
typers - off hand, I'd say he has about fifteen) with instructions to put down
whatever comes into my mind. Now if I were to rely on this, I'm afraid this page
wouldn't ever get filled. You see, I have a rather strange sort of mind. I work
to an abstract principle that was formulated by my father. He always maintained
that ones mind was designed for much more refined things than just thinking. And
looking at the situation squarely, he has a point. The way we Berry's work, to
think is an admission of defeat. The species to which we belong, homo sapiens,
has been evolved all these millions of years to the stage where nervous break-
downs and permanent beds in mental hospitals are becoming more and more a sign
of the times. This is all brought about by thinking. What I mean is this.....
of course the cave men had to think. Look at what a hell of a mess they were in.
Great big mammoths and things waiting outside their caves for them, and wild
women with long hair inside the caves waiting to be bopped on the head and
dragged away. And if they had the sudden urge to draw a spontaneous illo, what
to do but start swinging from a clump of vine and scratching like mad on the hard
bare wall of their cave, without any light ! It was this situation which brought
about thinking, and as man has evolved through the ages, instead of being satis-
fied with the natural inclinations which have ensued, man has tried to do the
impossible, i.e, to think more and more, when instead, as civilisation has
developed, the lineal tendency should have been to think less and less. It boils
down to this, in my estimation. If it requires more and more thought to survive
WE HAVE NOT IN FACT DEVELOPED (AS A RACE) AT ALL ! Physically, we have reached the
ultimate. Well, when I say we, I don't mean us, I mean them. I mean women. You have
only to look at Jayne Mansfield, or Diana Dors or Marilyn Monroe or any of the
475,387,456,309,226 females which inhabit this world ! There is no room for
development there. Everything is as well organised as it possibly could be. No,
I have no complaint at all with females. And this, in fact, supports my new
non-thinking theory. In my submission, in only one basic human trend has thought
become secondary..... AND THAT IS IN CONTEMPLATION AND PERCHANCE (HEH HEH)
ACTUAL CONTACT WITH WHAT I HAVE ALREADY TERMED THE ULTIMATE IN PHYSICAL DEVEL-
OPMENT. So where does this get us, save reaching for the bromide ? I'll tell you
where it's got us now. It's got us to the stage where we have to think about

.....
OCKKROACHFANDOMIBELONGTOCKKROACHFANDOMIBELONGTOCKKROACHFANDOMIBELONGTOCKKROACHFA
.....

thinking about THINKING, and I, for one, am not satisfied. What I say is, if man can
send a rocket past the sun, why cannot man not think ? I demand an explanation. I must
be modest and confess that my studies over the years have produced remarkable results.
I have gotten to the stage where my appreciation of women brings a subtle smile to
my lips without thinking about them at all. Admittedly photographs help, but the whole
technique is dependant upon utter and complete blankness. Oblivion, pure and simple,
if you will. Weeell, maybe not pure...possibly down to Earth...but simple. I know what
you are thinking, and you shouldn't. I don't mean you shouldn't have those thoughts, I

mean you shouldn't think about them. Don't get me wrong. There is a definite line of thought in not thinking. And this is it. Settle back in you chair, because this will blow off the back of your head. The whole technique about not thinking is not only to not think about not thinking, but not even to THINK about thinking of not thinking. The moral is obvious. So obvious that it doesn't bear thinking about, and if that's the case, I'll tell you anyway. The only true and utter bliss in this life is to lie back and guide ones mind into a complete vacuum. To keep ones mind, as it were, in a delightful stage of non-thought. Oh, how can mere words describe the tranquility of this new sensation. In fact, I'm going to let you into a secret. So adept am I at this mind over matter that for months on end I'm able to go without thinking.

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And don't think I'm the only one. Amongst us is a mind so great that even I a non-thinker of considerable repute, sit back in awe at his words. Because his words are so over-powering in tone that what he says is accepted throughout fandom AND HE NEVER THINKS WHAT HE WRITES AT ALL.

Why is this man amongst us? I am going to bring him forward now. I am going to ask him to stencil three or four hundred pages and show us the true facts...to show us why he is such a genius. Because this man has produced a monumental work, the second FANCYCLOPEDEA, and all without thinking. In fact, as you read these words of his, I want you to marvel, because although it may not seem so, his mind, as he stencils, will be a complete and utter blank. Only a literary mind of the very highest could do such a thing, and this man, this utter bastion of fannishness, is not only a non-thinker, but that rare and beautiful thing, the highest category of all, a fully certified thinking non-thinker. Can it be? It can and it is. For stepping up to the typer, and ignoring the cracks in the concrete as he steps forward, is one of the most solid men in fandom. Let me introduce you to Richard Harris Eney, of whose fault it is. Non-think, Dick, non-think and give.....

.....Not-thinking about fanzines is one of the things I don't do well, but I'm practicing constantly /practicing non-thinking is done by meditation; that is, to practice non-thinking one not-practices it; i.e. one thinks. The converse, so far as I can tell, is also true: not-thinking for a sufficient length of time will eventually cause the patient...begga poddon, I mean practitioner...to begin to cogitate. Yes, hard as it is to belive, Dirty Gertie and Scribe JH will eventually be able to practice "thinking", even as you and you and you. I estimate that it shouldn't take more than about 36 years more. Apiece./ and making progress every day. Yesterday, for instance, I gave up thinking about the entire area between Gary, Illinois, and a point just south of Milwaukee, so tomorrow we'll be able to make it to Detroit ~~ix~~ just under five hours. Aside from the crowds on the road...non-thinking doesn't work on people, just objects. Result of the Hellenic principle of dike, which in this case means that non-thinking only works on things...or I mean entities...which can't non-think back. No relation to the Hollandic principle of dike, for an exposition of which see Stephen Potter's Brinkermanship. Those dikes represent a universal instinct /law of nature: even people who are ~~xx~~all wet resent being so for long periods/ which is shown by such things as the Japanese arigato, Tibetan gling-Ch'ds, and cognate structures known in other countries by other names; for instance, in the American South the system in its entirety is known as the Levee en masse. Drafting things like this is one of the chief supports of our economy, according to the experts.

John, as you probably all know, is the chief and principal operative of the Goon Defective Agency (branches in all major cities -- plug!) and the Berry Trip To the Con will undoubtedly appear as a Berry Factual Article, thereby ending a tradition. Previously...oh yes, ending one. I know that Berry Factual Articles often follow Berry Trips; but previously BFAs have been exaggerated a bit.

This one won't be.

The California ops are due to meet the Goon in Detroit, and the Seattle

6 So comes the random mutterings which we could do without section of this, with John Trimble on the Underwood (or at it, 'cause even a DAGtyper wouldn't stand up to that!). Talk about hospitality; fans (and the Grennells in particular) are fine folk -- whom else could nine fans drop in upon after midnight; and be welcomed with genuine delight, coffee'd, and the like, treated to fine talk, and all, and find that their hosts hadn't sized the gendarmes upon them during the early morning. Like, we're all appreciative. "Archie and Mehitabel" playing now, and I think that I almost feel like stopping such a fannish pursuit as this one-shot in order to further enjoy it. Fen dens (not referring to the Seattle breed of the species now) are always interesting places, but this place Dean has here is darned close to fabulous. Like, sigh, this is the sort of place I'd love to be able to come up with. But, in SoCalif, it'd have to be out back, or attached to the house on the ground level, or something, as we don't have basements in Ghod's Country, nor too darned many multiple-storey houses. Maybe someday.... Oh well, I really don't have anything to say. Will think of something shortly after we hit the road again this afternoon in the Peugeot and Hillman (Ronel and I are driving the latter), in the way of all one-shot sessions. And next, I believe, is Jim Caughran (pronounced Justin O Sputnik). Well, Jimbo?

Continuing Mutterings we could do without, this is Pakistani fandom's rejectee, inflicting myself on the bunch of you, who and wherever you are. Somehow it should be that one shot writings such as this should be improving as one goes into the zine further; the people to the end have the before writings to draw upon for ideas, and like that. In this case, however, Berry started out so dogbone fine, that anything else suffers by comparison. Eney continued wonderfully, and where does this leave the rest of us? I think I'll practice nonthink by not thinking on how great a crime this writing is. This not-think could become a good thing; think of the use to struggling neofen who could not-think about putting out poor first issues, and would thus become bnf's in almost no time. I leave you to ponder other consequences yourself, and suggest you not-think about Bruce Pelz, who is next on the agenda.

I'm afraid that if I too state that these are mutterings we could do without (a verity, whether or not stated) Dean will simply remove this page from the zine, and I might lose my only chance to appear in a QABAL. So I shall ignore the fact and go on to other matters. Such as the idea that Florida fandom is becoming extinct (if Dave Jenrette wishes to claim exception, OK). As far as I could find out, I was the only Floridafah at the Detention, and here I am heading for LA. I'm calling it a vacation, but it's a cover for an expedition to spy out possibilities for getting a library job somewhere out of Florida. I would have gone to Seattle with the same

He is living proof that seventh fandom is dead.

-Taj

Scribe J.H. speaking. I'm surrounded here in the Grennell basement by more different materials than I could possibly mention, all in decent order, except for the fans. Dean has a unique mimeoscope; I've used better equipment for torture in the Spanish Inquisition, of course, but it's difficult to get that equipment built these days. I'm slightly rotunded by various Grennellian-type liquid and solid food. The gang has just decended from the dinner table, and maybe they'll inspire some decent ideas. In front of me is a stack of valentines and other cards which Rotsler has done commercially. Bjo's white dog Tammy is making up to Maud*, a black cat indiginous to the local household. Those Grenellings too young for school are contributing moral support to the L.A. party...oops, back to Pelz::::: [Ravr! - Asmodeus]

...JackH grabbed the typer before I got back. Lemme finish quick-like: the same purpose, but they were taking The Goon back with them, and they figured that two of the GDA would be too much on the trip. So LA is the victim. So gimme back my

plonker, Harness, and come back to the typer.

"You just woke up nine people!" Patty Grennell, 7:00 AM 9/9/59 on telephone (7)

JH / 20 = AA 194 speaking. Grennell has just been mending Tammy's harness, a most lamentable fact what with us fan-types around to make jokes. Dean is still presenting us with drinks and other bounty. Most of us slept in the living room last night, a couple of us in the cars. After the insomnia of the convention and the limited space to horizontalize in our hotel suite, the sight of a vacant floor was most welcome.

Tucked away to the left here is a framed collection of various moneys: a \$1 check from H.L. Gold, a Canadian dollar bill, and a Ten Centavo bill marked "The Japanese Government"... I was wondering if Dean had penetrated to a parallel time continuum until he explained that it was Phillipine occupation currency.

Well, and it is a good morning after a cup of coffee, a small glass of Gluck Stite ale, a taste of a Crimson Comet, a tall glass of Vaca Morada, a bowl of soup, some home-made bread, and a sip of Pink Squirrel to finish off the fruitcake. Bjo here, slightly soggy, feeling well-fed, and standing in line to put my name on the waiting list for DAG's lilly white hand; should he ever decide to bake bread and coffeecake in Sunny California. Howcum all the handsome men in fandom are married????

We should have been on our way hours ago, but the warm hospitality and fun here seems to make all of us rather reluctant. I suspect that we are all waiting for some other guy to be mean enuff to make the first move. It's not going to be me!

I'd rather visit Dean Grennell than Bryce Canyon National Park, any old day!

Well, this is about all you'll hear from me; for in the lovely fannish clutter and collection in the basement where I'm typing, I've just spotted some Norris (of the Vancouver Sun) cartoon books. Now, if I can only get them out the front door.....

Now find a short con report... Sights seen:

Donel sprawled on the lobby floor doing a Jules Feiffer dance to the last day of the Con. Bjo moderating a four hour fan panel. Harlan Ellison yelling across an elevator in "stage whisper" to a willing croney "The next time you hide a body be more careful, you left his hand hanging out of the car trunk."
Bjo at Fan Ed panel telling a room of sixty chattering fans to be quiet and then listening to Ed Wood say what he thought wrong with fanzines to a completely quieted room. Harlan Ellison selling "Wood" illos blind at rediculously low prices to anyone who would trust him at the con auction. Rog Sims looking more like a tired Winnie ther Pooh than Mr. Sanders ever did. George Young telling Ellik that he only allowed fen that he liked to make passes at his wife and recieving a bewildered look in return that set Mary to laughter. Karen Anderson in one of the most beautiful gowns in the world at the masquerade ball. Bjo floating on pink clouds after talking to Frank Kelly Freas. Movies by Emsch which showed the creation of covers used by S&SF and IF. Dave Kyle giving an impromptu talk on Science Fiction which sounded like a carefully prepared speech. Randy Garrett standing up in front of a room full of fen to start another impromptu speech with "I've got something to say, and you aren't going to like it."

Spilled in and around and through that were four days of fun, games, and conversation which makes me for one happy that I was able to make the Detention. Somehow I got the picture that it was a pretty universal feeling.

Grennell back on-mike. We'll long remember September 1959 as a wonderful epilude --I mean intersode. We'll always be grateful to the people who went 'waay out of their way to stop off here for a few 14-minute hours. The joy of meeting people with whom you have corresponded for years, of seeing old friends again, is not readily expressed in the words I have handy. The thrill of receiving Number V-10 of Fancylopedia, printed on handsome vellum paper, direct from the publisher--the tongue-struck gratitude when Jean Young offered to stay here watching our brood (including the burly tomcat to whom she is acutely allergic) so that Jean (Grennell) and I could go to Detroit--the look on Berry's face when I sprang a pun of what I dared to hope was almost belfastian caliber (Berry had picked up a dishtowel while JeanG was still clearing dishes; I told him, "She isn't far enymph along for you to dryad.")...selling Ted Johnstone a few old ASFs like a real vile huckster (you'd have been so proud, Tucker) for the price of the Willis antho he's publishing...saddling poor old Pelz with a couple ton of old fanzines (and discovering the long-missing carbon of the "Dropper" mss therein)...just looking at Bjo Wells...fondling the Fanac Hugo ("It's only a symbol." ... "It sure is, ain't it?") ...these are the stuff of golden memories. Faans are a Goodness, verily.

a rotsler kind of thing happened today

I was working on the publication of this estimable occasionallyodical this afternoon when Jean's father called from downtown. A deer was running loose in--to use the expression--the Heart of Downtown Fond du Lac; hordes of armed police, rubbernecking crowds, "I thought Dean would like to know about it." That's just one reason I seldom find anything funny in in-law jokes--mine are so darn nice. Normally, living out here in quiet quasisuburbia we never hear about exciting events till we read the garbled version in the local paper a day later. Nothing exciting has happened on Maple Avenue since the day the neighbor boy went starkers and tried to strangle his mother and on that day we were out of town.

So anyway, not sure of what function I might want to act in, I grabbed two cameras and one gun and took like off. The deer was back in the corner of a parking lot at the corner of First and Portland, across from the A&P store where so many of you have shopped one time or another (on a quiet evening, clerks tell me, one may still hear faint echoes of Andy Young's voice...). I scraaped to a halt in the vacant A&P parkinglot and with an eye to the abysmally dreary existing light and possible need for great mobility I took the Ikonta in its neckstrap case rather than the bulky, hand-occupying Speed Graphic. Prudently, I left the gun in the car, snugly nested in its grab-ready case. The spectators, including the photographers, were being kept at bay across the street. I shambled over and joined the knot of six or eight police who were watching from the near edge of the lot, perhaps 50 yards from the deer, a young buck with two or three points on each antler who lay there with his head up, looking bored and painful. He had been clipped with a car on the west edge of the city and had progressed maybe two miles since being hit, going to the ground occasionally, then lurching up and moving on. Things were at an impasse for the nonce since the state Conservation Department has jurisdiction over wildlife and, unless the deer started to imperil life and valuable property (and/or, I meant), the police couldn't properly do very much to him. A wise chap across the street was volunteering at the top of his lungs to lasso the thing if they would only wait for him to go home and get his lariat.

Just then word came over the radio of a nearby squadcar that the local Chief Game Warden had radioed from out in the country to go ahead and destroy the deer. Orville Rietz drew his .357 and another officer pulled an auto-loading riot-gun loaded with 00 buckshot from the car. I told Orville I had the .44 in the car and should I get that. He said yes, it might be well to have that for a back-up since buckshot, especially at that range, would be apt to ricochet off the pile of galvanized water tanks behind the deer. So I cased up the Ikonta and metamorphosed from freelance news photographer into a sergeant of the Fond du Lac Auxiliary Police by hotfooting back to the

Batter Saints, 9 to 2

By CLEON WALFOORT

Desire is the all-important factor in a contact game—such as football, or hockey. Everything else being at all equal, the team that wants to win badly enough, usually will.

That was the case with Milwaukee's Falcons on the Coliseum ice at state fair park Sunday afternoon. They had taken all the abuse they intended to from St. Paul. So they skated out at a terrific pace and maintained it throughout to turn on

their tormentors, 9-2, in an International Hockey league massacre witnessed by another meager crowd of 1,288.

"Maybe it was just the Saints' turn to have a bad game," said Fiori Goegan, the assistant coach who has been handling the Falcons while Johnny McLellan attends to business details, including a search for new players. But Goegan might as well have winked when he said it, because he knew better. Few

passed with a new efficiency, have defended all passes better, have punted a little better. The Badgers have handled the ball a little more cleanly and have defended against rushing a little better.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing, statistics-wise, lies in the performance of Stanford's Dick Norman against each. Against Wisconsin, in driving rain, he completed 17 of 25 passes; against Washington, on a dry day, he completed only four of 15.

But then Wisconsin's pass de-

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the second through the Hornung, again passed 30 yards to the fourth. McIlhenny through tackle for seven yards and the fifth. The Rams, who presumably have the finest talent in professional football and who were supposed to finish first instead of last, scored their first touchdown on quarterback Bill Wade's eight yard run around end; their second on Joe Marconi's five yard run through the middle after Tom Wilson's 85 yard kick-off return to start the second half, and their third on

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Pro Football

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
Baltimore	8	3	0	.727	329	225
San Francisco	7	4	0	.636	241	201
Chicago Bears	7	4	0	.636	227	182
Green Bay	6	5	0	.545	212	232
Detroit	3	7	1	.300	189	250
Los Angeles	2	9	0	.182	216	270

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.	Pts.	OP
New York	9	2	0	.818	260	160
Philadelphia	7	4	0	.636	247	250
Cleveland	6	5	0	.545	242	193
Pittsburgh	5	5	1	.500	222	196
Washington	3	8	0	.273	175	326
Chicago Cards	2	9	0	.182	214	289

Clinched division title.

SUNDAY'S RESULTS

Green Bay 38, Los Angeles 20.
New York 48, Cleveland 7.
Philadelphia 34, Washington 14.
Chicago Bears 27, Pittsburgh 21.
Detroit 45, Chicago Cards 21.

NEXT SATURDAY'S GAME
Baltimore at Los Angeles.

NEXT SUNDAY'S GAMES

Green Bay at San Francisco.
New York at Washington.
Detroit at Chicago Bears.
Cleveland at Philadelphia.
Chicago Cards at Pittsburgh.

New York Fans Stage Victory Riot

From Press Dispatches
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hundreds of New York fans ran wild with less than two minutes to play Sunday as the Giants defeated the Cleveland Browns, 48-7, at Yankee stadium to wrap up the championship in the eastern division of the National Football league.

Some ripped down goal posts. Others took swings at each other. Some took swings at the Browns and some at Paul Brown, coach of the Browns.

The demonstration was set off by a pistol shot in the bleachers. The report was mistaken as a signal that the game had ended.

Police needed 20 minutes to restore order while the game was halted. The Browns escaped to their dressing room and the Giants were hopelessly scattered from their bench.

"I was afraid that they (the officials) might forfeit the game after we had the thing almost won," Coach Jim Lee Howell of the Giants said. "As the home club we are responsible for the crowd. But the coaches have to coach football and can't do too much to keep a crowd like that in hand. I was afraid some of our boys were going to get hurt."

Paul Brown was also disturbed by the display. "My team left the field for

their own protection," Brown said. "Some of those people were taking punches at us, trying to rip off our coats."

"I went over by the dug-out (access route from the dressing room to the field) to keep from getting mobbed. I didn't take the players off the field. It's the first time we've ever been run off the field by spectators."

Brown said that he would not ask for a forfeit. "We didn't even belong on the same field with them today," he said.

Three players were injured in the game, none in the melee that interrupted play.

Cleveland fullback Jim Brown suffered a slight concussion on the first play from scrimmage. "He didn't even

know where he was out there," Paul Brown said. "He was running into the wrong holes and not carrying out his assignments. Finally Milt Plum came over and told me and we took him out." Brown came back early in the second half and wound up with 50 yards in 15 carries.

Fullback Phil King of the Giants suffered a spinal concussion and will be hospitalized for two or three days. End Pat Summerall, the Giants' field goal specialist, was treated at a hospital for a pulled groin muscle and released.

The Giants seemed to get more satisfaction in beating Paul Brown than in wrapping up the divisional title.

"We always want to win,"

CITRUS INVITATIONAL

Rollins 78, Atlantic Christian 65 (championship)
Catawba 64, Florida Southern 63 (for third).

CARSON-NEWMAN INVITATIONAL

Carson-Newman 68, Belmont (Tenn.) 56 (championship)
Lincoln Memorial 79, Tusculum 68 (for third).

GEORGIA INVITATIONAL

Prairie View 84, Grambling 79 (championship)
Kentucky State 63, Clark 46 (third place).

REDLANDS INVITATIONAL

Redlands 77, Pasadena-Nazarene 47 (championship)
Chapman 69, Cal Poly (San Luis Obispo) 61 (for third).

we hated to give up Thomas but we simply had to have a relief pitcher," said Manager Fred Hutchinson of the Reds. "We lost 27 games last year after being ahead in the sixth inning."

Manager Charlie Grimm said Thomas would be used exclusively in the outfield.

Major league owners met with player representatives and

Turn to Baseball, page 16, col. 1

ard Offer Rejected

Miami Beach, Fla. — The Braves Sunday turned down offer by the St. Louis Cardinals of second baseman Blasingame and shortstop Alex Grammas for pitcher Bob Buhl, shortstop John Logan and second baseman Chuck Cottier.

him in 1957 for Early Wynn and Al Smith. They gave the Indians Bubba Phillips, outfielder and third baseman; Norm Cash, outfielder and first baseman, and John Romano, catcher. They got, in addition to Minoso, pitcher Dick Brown and left-handed pitcher Don Ferrarese and Jack Striker.

Thomas, acquired from Pittsburgh in the biggest trade of a year ago, was a disappointment

passed with a new efficiency, have defended all passes better, have punted a little better. The Badgers have handled the ball a little more cleanly and have defended against rushing a little better. Perhaps the most disturbing thing, statistics-wise, lies in the performance of Stanford's Dick Norman against each. Against Wisconsin, in driving rain, he completed 17 of 25 passes; against Washington, on a dry day, he completed only four of 15. But then Wisconsin's pass de-

State Colleges

MIDWEST CONFERENCE

	Conference		All Games	
	W	L	W	L
Coe	2	0	2	0
Grinnell	2	0	2	0
Knox	2	0	3	0
Monmouth	2	0	2	0
Carleton	0	2	0	3
Lawrence	0	2	0	3
Ripon	0	2	0	3
St. Olaf	0	2	1	2
Beloit	0	0	0	2
Cornell	0	0	1	0

Games This Week—Tuesday, Coe at Cornell, Monmouth at Bradley; Wednesday, Ripon at Beloit; Friday, Knox at Ripon, Monmouth at Lawrence, Grinnell at Carleton, Coe at St. Olaf; Saturday, Beloit at Cornell, Knox at Lawrence, Monmouth at Ripon, Coe at Carleton, Grinnell at St. Olaf.



74 Stores ... There's More to See at ...

CAPITOL COURT

CAPITOL DRIVE AT 60TH AND FOND DU LAC

Weller	6	0	3				
Muffer	3	4	4				
Reardon	1	3	3				
Milner	7	1	1				
Totals	20	18	23	22	12	15	
Messmer	11	15	10	22	58		
Plus XT	17	12	14	13	56		

Free throws missed—Messmer 10, Plus XT 8.

	St. Benedict			St. Joseph			
	FG	FT	F	FG	FT	F	
W. Wilder	16	2	1	Heller	3	8	4
Orr	6	1	2	Bierdz	7	0	3
Engwood	0	0	3	McAleer	7	4	3
Smith	2	1	4	Spitzer	4	0	3
Nichols	6	2	2	Cravotta	2	0	1
Jenkins	0	0	0	Hensgan	0	0	0
Briton	0	0	0				
Totals	30	6	12				
St. Benedict				17	17	16	16-66
St. Joseph				18	11	16	9-54

Free throws missed—St. Benedict 7, St. Joseph 5.

muscle-building bar, complete for easy installation in your bedroom, recreation room or basement. Strongly built to hold up to 350 pounds.



Price: \$1.95 Each, Postpaid (No C.O.D.'s)

QUICK BODY DEVELOPER

Horicon, Wis. Dept. J-12-7

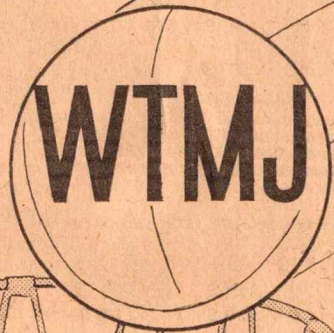
Cash, check or money order for \$..... enclosed, please send..... Quick Body Developer(s) to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone... State.....

BASKETBALL



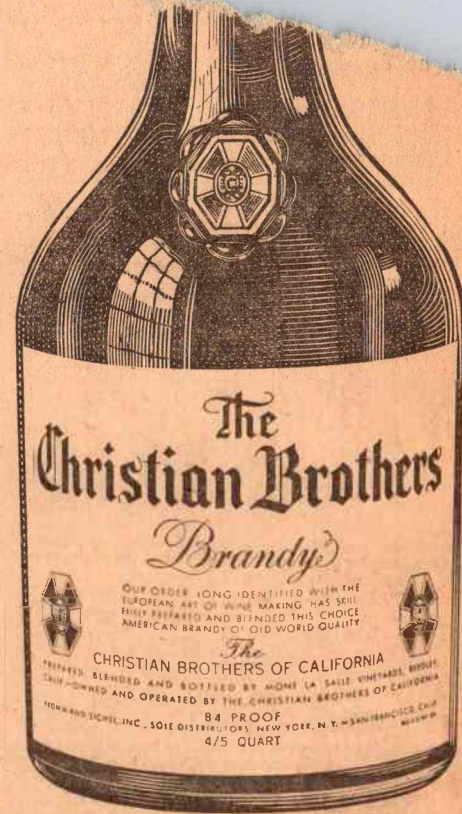
620 on your dial

Wisconsin

vs. Notre Dame

Tonight, 8 P. M.

The exciting play-by-play description by Chuck Neinas, directly from South Bend, Ind.



One taste will
The Christian Brothers
is the largest seller
in Wisconsin and
selling brandy in

The Christian Brothers

84 Proof. Sole distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., New Orleans, La., S.

*Rumbles,
anyone?*

Olds for the trusty Smith & Wesson (unexpected egoboo, Fred & Helen?). I slid six maroon-tip loads (250 grain flatnose Keith bullet, 17.0 grains #2400 powder) into the chambers and rejoined Orville--the riotgunner on my left, Orville on my right. Orv took aim for the head while I sighted for the center of the body-mass which was tail-first to us. Those .44 punkins take a power of stopping and I was taking no chances on the slug going through the water tanks and a flimsy garage behind them to wreak havoc on a path southward through the city. A hot .44 load will go four inches into a pile of gravel after barreling through four two-inch planks. But I figured that once lengthwise through a deer would take most of the ginger out of the slug. I got a good steady sight picture and hauled in all but the last couple ounces of pull and waited for Orville to lead off. There was the sharp, splintery crack of the .357, which I barely heard and, milliseconds later, the jar and blast of the .44 erupting 875 foot-pounds of ravaging destruction*, which I barely felt.

Both shots were good. Orville got him low in the side of the head, the half-jacketed slug went through and punched a set of dime-sized holes in the bottoms of two water tanks before denting to a stop on the rolled rim of a third. The .44 slug took him on the right flank, shattered the pelvis, sending shards of bone in all directions, coursed downward through the entrails and slid out between two of the forward left ribs. The deer had started to rear his head up at the first shot but the supergoose from the .44 everlastingly anchored him.

He was thrashing about considerably as we cautiously walked up, hammers down but ready for another quick shot if needed. We stopped about ten feet away while Orville planted another 158 grain pill from the .357 behind his shoulder. The buck raised his head in profile. I spotted a telephone pole about 12" diameter lying next to him and maneuvered to one side to line that up behind his head for a backstop. Then I took careful aim and slammed a second .44 at the base of his right antler. The slug hit true, went pulping through the brain, blew out the left eye and about a teacup of gory mess, and came to rest in the pole. That pretty well did it. The buck stiffened, shot out about eight inches of bloody tongue and collapsed, gave three mighty kicks with his hind legs and became venison.

I slid the .44 into my hip pocket, unsnapped the case on the Ikonta and reverted back to lensman status, climbing atop a tripledecked pile of watertanks for a couple nice shots of the officers dragging the carcass out by the antlers. We took it back to the squad car and Orville reported mission accomplished while I reminded the riotgunner to put his safety back on before a twig or something brushed the trigger. Gus Schmitz' voice came over the speaker: "Suppose you'd better get busy and gut him out--probably all clobbered up from that buckshot." Orville: "We didn't use any buckshot, just the .357 and the .44" Gus: "Who had the .44?" "Dean Grennell had his here--helped me shoot it." "Dean Grennell is there??" "Yeah." "Tayun-FOUR!" (Wish I could have got that '10-4' on tape. Gus can put more different expressions into those two words than most people can with a hundred words--the Coulsons may remember him since he stopped in the night they were visiting here).

And so it came to pass that your editor bagged a deer, out of season, sans license, with a gun not sanctioned for hunting in this state, within the city limits where discharge of firearms is verboten, in front of a hundred or so witnesses including half a dozen police...and not only got off scot-free but was congratulated by the chief of detectives. It's a screwy world.

Like I said, a rotsler kind of thing happened today. To me.

Oh. If you're wondering what happened to the deer. The Conservation Department took charge and they will sell it for around 30¢ a pound--it weighed around 130# or so--but we don't care for venison and the head is ruined for a trophy so anyone with \$39 can have him for all I care.

(The trouble with footnotes is I always forget them at the bottom of the page. Referring to line 13, page 9:

^Come right down to it, what's vanVogt got that I don't?)

Most of my trouble, I guess, stems from madly continuing to cram five or six lives into a single lifetime. Or at least trying to. Within the last 24 hours I have been a cabinetmaker, a chess instructor, a heating salesman, a faan-publisher, a photographer, a reserve policeman, a gun expert (to use the term quite loosely), a cook and a private tutor. Any one or two of these could use up all the time a person has and I, like a dope, try to do justice to all nine among other things. This may help to explain --though you probably won't agree it excuses--the difficulty I've had in getting even a modest amount of material published for FAPA. I'd meant to have more pages in this and a batch of mailing comments but time gallops onward and it begins to look like an idle dream.

Last week was a horror for getting things done fanwise. I got a few pictures mailed to people and a few hasty notes dashed off. It was the one week out of three when I am home every night; the week I always enter with high hopes and leave with deep frustration. Monday night was teacher conference at grade-school (three teachers to see); Tuesday night I had to work at the office after supper (in addition to selling and doing heating layouts, I now handle part of the purchasing); Wednesday night had to take the boys to a meeting of something called the YMCA Indian Guides, again at grade-school--an unexpected dividend here: a small black tomkitten, maybe six months old, turned up in the school building and I rescued the frightened little thing from a horde of small ersatz redskins. Since he looked gaunt and hungry and was almost an exact replica of the cat we already had (white patch under chin slightly smaller), the boys and I brought him home, christening him "Loki" (from the Norse god of mischief, plus "low key," a photo term for a predominantly dark picture). The kids adopted him into the family with whoops of utter bliss although Modey (otherwise Asmodeus Kohlmein vanKatnipp Grennell) was less delighted. In fact, ever since, he has been withering us with green stares of immense scorn. On Thursday night we hied off to junior highschool for PTA; grocery shopping Friday night; company over Saturday night and Sunday night--tonight, 25th October--wonder of wonders, a spot of fanning gets done! Remnant of page is fondly given over to a quaver of genuine Jean Young yobbers, so:



The end is not yet department.

1 November and I find that the deadline for this mailing is not until the 14th and since there are some fantype people here again today, it behooves me to add yet a bit more to the current Qabal. Leading off will be Mr. Lewis J. Grant, of the Chicago Lewis J. Grants.

THE READ QUOTES ARE COMING DEPT.

It has always struck me that most of the famous sayings in American history don't really fit the people supposed to have said them. Ergo, I present here a revised Bartlett, (me and Bartlett are a pair.) Like:

Go West, Young Man - Queen Isabella.

Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead! - Casey Jones.

I'm not talking while the flavor lasts. - Socrates.

I have not yet begun to fight - Dempsey.

The public be damned.- Tennessee Valley Authority.

What hath Ghod Wrought - Sir. Henry Bessemer.

Down with Burgendy - Carry Nation.

Apri moi, le deluge - Noah.

Mf. Watson, come here, I want you! - IBM's newest computer.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears - Marconi.

Speak softly and carry a big stick - Hercules.

S--- - Hercules, (upon seeing the Augean stables.)

Jerry DeMuth here. Came up to Chicago from Southern Illinois University for a few days when Earl Kemp pressured me into taking a trip to the Grennell's. So here I am writing this which (since I haven't been pubbing my zine for a while and owe people all kinds of issues) I hope those of you who receive this issue of Qabal will consider to be a Sigbo substitute. Anyway the first thing I noticed on all of the Grennell bookshelves was a complete lack of science fiction (or science-fiction for those who prefer a hyphen) which made me feel at home. But then in a corner of the basement I noticed two metal racks (drug store type) filled with science fiction paperbacks. Now I have heard of fans walking off with a paper back or two but let me say that Dean is the first fan who has grabbed the whole damn rack. And for those fans who have been wondering, let me say that there is no chance of Dean ever running out of those delightful Rotsler cartoons. He has a whole box full and surrounding it (one can draw his own conclusions) is the famed Grennell gun collection.

Earl Kemp here - Guns or no guns, I prevailed upon Dean to let helpless me, as far as getting artwork is concerned, make off with two of the above mentioned Rotslers for use in SaFari, for SAFP. Since Jerry made a commercial out of his comments I might as well do the same. Incidentally, dear FAPAS, I am now on the waiting list, and Ronnel tells me I have only four weary years to wait--before my number is up. So you can get ready to start another of those campaigns in a few years when I get, say as high as 16 on the list. A pity I hadn't the foresight to enter a pseudonym, say two names ahead of me for real. I'm rapidly running out of things to say, without going into some sort of commercial spiel, like plugging books, worthy causes, down with SFTimes or support Pittsburgh by sending money. But I'll leave all that type jazz for Dean to do somewhere else in this issue of QABAL. Seriously, the 8 Chicago fans who made this trek to Fond du Lac today have had a tremendous time, talking a little, looking at Dean's guns, books, this issue of QABAL in the process of being born, and reams and reams of glorious old photographs of old-time fans: i.e., a young Ellison, a Silverberg without a beard, various type people posing with someone named Bloch, and Evelyn Paige, and Phyllis Economou (who incidentally joined us today for the trek here). We want to thank Dean for his hospitality (this is our 2nd annual trip here), and re-affirm our threat to drag him bodily to Chicago to visit him soon if he doesn't come freely. See U in 4 years.

"Ist das nicht ein einschiesssitzung?"

"Ja, das ist ein einschiesssitzung!"

Lewis Grant has just announced that he has been studying tilting at knight school. How this man has eluded the press gangs of FAPA this long eludes me.

So what can I say -- What? At 8:45 this morning, (Nov. 1st) Earl, Nancy, Four kids and the very charming Josephine Knuth, come barging into my little abode on Niles hill, and after drinking down four pots of coffee, shanghi me off into the moors of the Wisconsin Dells, and someplace called Fond du Lac. But thanks to the incomparable hospitality of Dean Grennel and the ever increasing Grennellfandom -- well, I'm here and I am very glad that I was Shanghied. Anyhouuu, It is rumored that JOE - JIM that fanzine about town may see a third issue -- I can only answer, that it may, it may! At present time I am working on a novel and Jim on ways of dodging the draft, when worries on these and other matters are taken care of, we may once again present our case before fandom. Long live PEANUTS, Schroeder, and Ludwig van Beethoven.
Dr. Jonas Sarno, co-creator of JOE-JIM monster

Jim O'Meara here. As Joe said I am worried. This tripto Fond du Lac has gone too well. Every other time the Chicago group has taken to the road on a fanish type trip we have had no end of trouble. It has cost me about \$15.00 a trip in engine repairs. Take this trip. It took \$35.00 just to get my car in shapeto try to make Fond du Lac. The thing that makes these trips wothwhile are people such as Dean. Seeing Dean is worth the cost. Earl is now laying plans for this same trip next year and I'm worried because my car hasn't made it home from this one.

Knockknockwhosthere?Gus.Guswho?

Gus Hundeit

The tumult and the shouting dies; the fakefans and the faans depart. And the publisher is left with 30 lines of stencil to fill. It is a day later, three months lacking Ground Hog Day or, as my gafiated colleague from Rainham would have it, Guy Fawkes minus three. I am in Green Bay on the first night of a three-day trip. I lugged along the unportable Underwood and I packed a clutch of gestencils in a box along with the last two fapamailings...and then went off and left the stencils at home. So that looks like a put for the chances of getting any mlg comments in this issue. I view pessimistically the chances of getting anything on stencil on the few nights I'll be home before the mag has to be stapled and sent to the Youngs. But honestly, my intentions were the best.

To time-bind a bit: this has been the quarter wherein the Russians gave us a glimpse of the moon's (if you'll forgive the expression) b--kside. (Can't be too careful: a certain waitinglister is apt to get hold of this if his fan in our midst forwards it per custom.) So presumably we will be spared, in the future, cartoons showing the far side as hollow and lettered "Act I, Scene 2." The first few of these were funny but the theme is getting as tired as the desert-island bit. #Also this has been a time of trial and searching of souls for the personnel of quiz programs. On this day nothing happened sufficiently startling to keep the Milwaukee Journal from giving the major frontpage headline to "Van Doren Confesses He Got Quiz Answers." Next thing I bet you they'll be saying that Paladin works from a script too and all those guns are only loaded with blanks. Crimanently! #Since August last we have entertained the top banana of the USSR (we as a country, not the editorial we)--if not with a tour of Disneyland, then at least with the spectacle of numerous mayors, gentleman-farmers and assorted high mukamuks fashioning of themselves a bray of consummate asses (for the sake of Truth-Embroidering George and the Postmaster General, the word "asses" is here used in the biblical sense, meaning donkey). #Continuing with the progress of one of the most unvintage years, weatherwise since the invention of mankind, we here in Wisconsin have just rounded out the wettest, coldest, dankest, gloomiest October in local WBureau history. #And I might add that Grue #30 is still unkeeled so please don't encourage people to send quarters; it costs me 4¢ each to mail them back. #See youse in February & Merry Xmas. --dag