

SAMBO



#3

L O O K !

How quickly can you find what is so unusual about this paragraph? It looks so ordinary that you would think that nothing was wrong with it at all, and in fact, nothing is. But it is unusual. Why? If you study it and think about it, you may find out, but I am not going to assist you in any way. . . .you must do it without coaching. No doubt, if you work at it for long, it will dawn on you. . . .who knows? Go to work now and try your skill. Par should run about half an hour. First fan submitting right solution wins stf book (p.b.) "Dark Dominion" by David Duncan. Mail solution to P.O.Box 4251 Tulsa, Oklahoma

THE FAN IN THE GAY FLANNEL DRAWERS

Which is about as innocuous a way as any to start off a review of the 75th FAPA mailing. My comments this time are going to be short and snappy, for several reasons. First of all, this business of fifteen to twenty pages of remarks is carrying a good thing to far, and I am going to try and self-discipline myself and hold it down to three or four or five or..... What is more to the point, I seem to have let the deadline date slip up on me and if I don't get with it I will end up post-mailing Sambo like I did last time. At least I have one advantage. I've read my mailing through already, which saves me a month work.

For some reason or other, the last six or eight months I've been on a dead run in connection with my job. (A very unsatisfactory state of affairs, as Lee Jacobs would be glad to tell you.) Together with assuming some new (and time-consuming) duties, I seem to have been taking an unprecedented number of trips over the country. I enjoy the travelling, but it plays Hell with my fannish activities. I don't know of anyone in FAPA that I don't owe letters to, and my good intentions along the line of sending multitudinous tapes to fen all over the country remain just that...good intentions. Ah well, it can't last forever. In response to my pleas, the company has finally consented to hire me another assistant, and I hope I can call a little more of my free time my own.

An executive is a man with a worried look on his assistant's face.

ZIP - I found copies #8 - 9 - & 10 in my bundle, at least I think I did. I have them on the table beside my typewriter, anyhow. But I see no mention of #8 in the F.A. so I'm not sure....oh, well! Ted, you certainly are a most prolific producer. Let's see...3 zips, a mini, a Mull-F, a Double Whammy, and a post-mailed Stellar. Oh yes, and a big toe in Go D.C. Let me whip out my mental calculator.....100 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages, no less. Wow! A one-man apa!

Just a quivering bundle of nerves.....

MINI - I noticed in one of the last Ballantine books I bought, that they are now publishing a check-list of science-fiction stories (Ballantine ~~stf~~ stf, that is) plus a coupon to join the Ballantine science fiction club. Somebody apparently has decided that science-fiction is here to stay.

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MASQUE - Another classic to preserve for posterity. All this and Kteic, too.  
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HORIZONS - Speaking of unburdening one's most secret thoughts in Fapazines, I feel somewhat ~~like~~ like some forgotten writer (forgotten by me, that is) who said he must always be careful to remain mediocre, for if he ever dared to become famous, people would dig up all the crud he had written during his life and publish it in his collected works. Pretty horrifying thought, isn't it?

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Who says I've been casting my pearls before swine?  
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LARK - Speaking of 3-D shorts, I suffered through a whole handful the other night. Admittedly it was my own damn fault, but I was curious.... A local drive-in advertised a dawn-to-dusk show, and I wanted to find out just what kind of a damn fool would go to an all-night show! They showed eight features, all different, and in the wee hours of morning (about 4:30) they dragged out a bunch of short subjects (dances, skits, and strip teases....penny arcade vintage) supposedly made more palatable by being in 3-D. Ehhhhh!

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NITE CRY - Welcome as a confirmed member of FAPA, Don. Frankly, I was beginning to fear you'd never make it. Now if we can just get Larry off of his big fat..... and fanpubbing again, our little TULSA (The Unadulterated Lost Slobs of America) fanclub will all be FAPAs. Nice issue. Hope your recent move won't keep you from continuing. Are you going to be able to get back for the Oklacon? The date, in case you hadn't heard, was set up to August 18-19, 1956 at Martinez Manor.

FANTASY SAMPLER - Whoops...Murdock is still a waiting lister, isn't he? Oh well, I still enjoyed this zine very much, even if it isn't an official post-mailing. Cheer up, maybe you can be a full-fledged member in a few more mailings. Was interested in your choice of favorite science-fiction books. It would be interesting if all the Fapa members could be persuaded to list their top-ten all-time favorites, and tabulate the results. Wonder which book would get the most votes?

STEFANTASY - So the Phewillac has risen again? This doesn't happen to be the classy little model that Flattop, Jr. has been driving around lately? I seem to detect certain similarities in style. Where is the built-in stove located? Stop Me If You've Heard This One Dept.: A young bride walked into a drug store and approached the clerk timidly. "That baby tonic you advertised," she began, "Does it really make babies bigger and stronger?" "We sell lots of it," replied the clerk, "and we've never had a complaint." "Well, I guess I'll take a bottle," said the young woman. She left but returned a few minutes later and whispered to the clerk: "I forgot to ask you about this baby tonic. Who takes it, me or my husband?"

POO - What's all this Peeping Tom business about spying on Venus in broad daylight from the roof of your house? And hiding behind the chimney to boot. Doesn't your wife object to such damn fool goings-on? Your dissertation on Reativity leaves me speechless. At the risk of betraying my ignorance, I have just one question to ask? Don't astronomers calculate whether other stars are moving toward or away from the Solar System by the shift in spectral lines (also calculate their speed)? This would indicate that light does not travel at a constant speed with respect to an observer. Please correct me if I've missed an important point somewhere.

THIS GOON FOR HIRE - Who says fan-fiction isn't fit to read? I got a big kick out of this. Hard to comment on but fun to read. Let's hope the goon returns soon.

FIENDETTA - You seem to have been having the same difficulties that I have, namely of having your fanzine reviews run away with you. I am being deliberately brief this time, and if I am lucky will get all of my comments on four pages. However I must admit I sometimes enjoy reading long comments. I guess it all depends on who is doing the commenting. Your suggestions regarding the organization of FAPAP are interesting, but I wonder...while your plan and others have been circularized throughout FAPA for discussion and consideration, I wonder if anyone has polled the waiting-listers to see what they want, and if so, with what response? It seems to me that any plan we might set up would be bulky and complicated and would meet with objections from some of our members. Why not just encourage the waiting-listers to solve their own problem. An informal organization is all they need anyway, for a temporary (?) stay on the waiting list. I'm more in favor of the recent proposal to trim the waiting list by having each waiting lister acknowledge the FA each quarter (a la SAPS) and request that he be retained on the waiting list. Potential deadwood would never make it, with such a system. Where's your proposed amendment?

SUNDANCE - Is this what Charles Wells affectionately calls a hashzine? Certainly plenty of variety here. Lots of interesting stuff here. By the way...congrats on the baby. Life should be anything but dull for you. Wait till your kids get up old enough to want to start publishing fanzines on their own. We've got one fanzine editor in our family now (besides me, that is), our oldest boy (age 12) to be exact. And not a bad job either. Would fit right into a FAPA mailing.

STELLAR - The indefatigable Mr. White again. Fortunately, unlike other fen with duplicating diarrhea, your stuff is consistently good, and therefore enjoyable. I'd like to volunteer to try a chapter of "The Death of Science Fiction" whenever you can schedule me in. I notice on your title page that you do custom mimeograph work for helpless fen, and also that you sell mimeo supplies at .25% off....let's see that would amount to about one cent on each four dollars worth.....?

FANTASY AMATEUR - I guess that ought to about finish the reviews. Well, this is election time, and FAPA will soon have a brand new set of officers, for better or for worse (my typing seems to be for worse...made the same mistake twice). I do not intend to run this time (did I hear cheers) but limit myself to fannish activity in the form of sniping from the sidelines. FAPA is now in the healthiest state of activity in its history, with a minimum of deadwood and record size bundles. While I cannot take full credit for all this, I like to think I had a small part in prodding things along. A lot of new amendments up for vote, and more new ones proposed. It will be up to the new præxy to determine whether or not we hold a special election. There appears to be considerable opposition to increasing the number of zines to send in, so maybe that's not the answer to our current treasury problem. All of you had better vote for the dues increase however, or the new administration will really have their hands full for a while. I think one of the biggest troubles with our sale of surplustock is that we are advertising it only among the members, all of whom already have received the mags in their mailings. We need to let the non-Fapans know what we have available for sale. Why don't some of you members who publish subzines do FAPA a favor and publicize our surplustock to outsiders?

I'm sort of a sports fan myself (spectator, that is) and enjoy following current football, baseball, basketball, track etc. however I ran across an item the other day that had me completely baffled. It was an Associated Press release from Nottingham, England and read as follows: "England had Australia in a tough spot after the third day's play in the first test cricket match today. Going for runs quickly on the wet pitch, they declared at 217 for 8 at the tea interval. Then they had Australia struggleng on a dry wicket and took two wickets for 19 before rain ended play for the day. Much of today's success belonged to Peter May, captaining England against Australia for the first time. He and left hander Peter Richardson made more of the runs when play got going after rain had delayed the start most of the morning. Richardson was cheered back to the pavilion when he was out for 81. May made 73."

.....Would one of our British cousins care to translate this?.....

Speaking of sports, I was reading about a football player named Claude King, from Vicksburg, Miss. King was scheduled to go to the University of Mississippi, but instead enrolled at the University of Houston. The two schools are now having a big squabble over whether or not foul means were used to lure him away. King's explanation is simple and to the point. At Mississippi they offered him a summer job paying only \$1.20 an hour --- \$58 a week. But at Houston, he's taking a job of caring for three airplanes that belong to H. R. Cullen, chairman of the board of Houston Univ. King washes and waxes the planes and keeps them full of gasoline. For this he gets \$2.60 an hour, or \$104 a week. Looks like I'm in the wrong business.

I think that I shall never see,
A recent movie on TV.
Most every night I stay up late,
In hopes it will be up to date,
But all of them are elderly,
Made about 1933.
Each cowboy yells and shoots his gun,
And puts those bad men on the run,
The cars and fashions clearly say,
"These shows are of another day."
Old movies are watched by fools like me,
Attracted just because they're free.

I sneezed a sneeze,
Into the air,
It fell to earth,
I know not where,
But hard and cold,
Were the looks of those,
In whose vicinity
I snoze.

That's all for this time....
Try and make the Oklacon if
you possibly can. -Sam

1956
COME TO THE #33 OKLACON

Due to a current shortage of trains & Indian guides, it has been found necessary to issue the following instructions for reaching the 1956 Oklacon. (You are coming, aren't you?) If you are driving (and it is easier that way) go East from Chouteau on Oklahoma highway # 33 until you reach Sam's Corner (no relation). This is about 7 miles or so, but you can't miss it. There are highway signs every few feet warning you of its approach. Turn left at Sam's on an old dirt road (if you think this is bad, just wait). This road heads for low water dam (3 miles) at which spot, overnight cabins are available, however to reach the Oklacon, you only drive 0.4 miles past Sam's and then turn left again, through a dry creek bottom, and then off and away cross country. (I'm only kidding, it is an all-weather flint rock road) The road then takes a number of twists and turns, including several forks, however if you will remember to always keep to the right, you should have no trouble. The main fork to look for leads to Maple Ridge and away from Hammond Heights. Once you are in the Maple Ridge addition, after a few ups and downs, you will pass three roads on the right hand side. Take the middle one. This road wanders back through the woods, and after a decided turn to the left, arrives at MARTINEZ MANOR. SITE OF THE 1956 OKLACON * * * Festivities commence at the break of dawn on Saturday, August 18th with an early morning bird-watcher's hike. From then on...watch your hat and coat!
SEE YOU AT THE OKLACON * SEE YOU AT THE OKLACON

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C.H. Michaels

1956 Oklacon Chairman

