

B.H.H. *IF YOU WERE GOING TO GET A BEST MATE? WHY DID YOU SETTLE FOR SECOND BEST? # BUT WE'RE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE WHO EVER STARTED HOUSEKEEPING WITH A CAR-OPENER AND A STACK OF DIXIELAND RECORDS. # BUT, GEORGE, IF YOU'RE ELECTED OR, I'LL END UP DOING THE MAILINGS! # SYBIL DEVORE AND I ARE THINKING OF PUTTING OUT ANTI-ELECTION PROPAGANDA. # IT'S RUMORED THAT HOWARD'S THREE YEAR OLD DAUGHTER WRITES HIS MATERIAL: DO YOU REALIZE THAT OUR CHILDREN WILL BE FIRST GENERATION FANS?...YEAH, SORT OF LIKE BEING BORN WITH A CANCER OF THE BRAIN. # IT WAS THE SCOTCH INVENTION OF THE WHEELBARROW THAT STARTED THE IRISH STANDING ON THEIR HINDLEGS. # BLESSED ARE THEY THAT RUN AROUND IN CIRCLES? FOR THEY SHALL BE KNOWN AS WHEELS. # IN MICHIGAN, THERE ARE ONLY TWO SEASONS: WINTER AND THE FOURTH OF JULY. # GOOD HEAVENS, A BIG HEARTED OE WHO PUTS GRAPE JELLY ON HIS SALAMI SANDWICHES....ALMOST AS BAD AS PUTTING CHOCOLATE MILK IN MACARONI AND CHEESE. # ...THE FIRST ONE WE GOT DIED, THE ONE WE GOT THE WHEELS FELL OFF.SEE, THERE'S THIS ALLIGATOR SNEAKING UP ON THIS POOR HELPLESS LITTLE CHILD. # SO GEORGE GIVES ME THE COPY OF PLAYBOY TO HOLD.... # YOU KNOW, STEWARD, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO KEEP HIM FROM WALKING OFF FROM THE SPORT CAR SHOW WITH A COUPLE OF LITTLE CARS STUCK UNDER HIS COAT. # "I HAVE BEEN FOOLISH AND DELUDED, AND I AM A BEAR OF NO BRAIN AT ALL. (WINNIE THE POOH) # IF I'D VOTED, I WOULD HAVE VOTED FOR B.H. HOWARD. # REMEMBER THE OLD QUAKER FARMER WHO CAUGHT A BURGLAR IN HIS HOUSE ONE NIGHT AND SAID, "FRIEND, FREE STANDST WHERE I AM ABOUT TO SHOOT." # TEDDYBEAR FANDOM SLEEPS ALL WINTER. # IF HOWARD GETS ELECTED, HIS WIFE IS MOVING BACK TO MISSISSIPPI UNTIL IT ALL BLOWS OVER. # I BELIEVE IN ME. # 99 AND 44/100% FREEM. # BIG BROTHER IS SOUSED. # IT'S AN HONOR, HOWARD, HONEST IT IS! # TEDDYBEAR FANDOM SLEEPS ALL SUMMER. # GENERAL LEE HAS JUST CROSSED THE MOAT....WHAT WILL WE DO? SEND FOR MORE ARCHERS! SEARCH THE CASTLE! PICKETT'S CHARGING....LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE! # BIG HEARTED HOWARD IS MOVING TO ALASKA UNTIL IT ALL BLOWS OVER. # IRENE, COME BACK! # IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE SAPS HAD TWO CANDIDATES WHO WORKED SO HARD TO PUSH THE OESHIP OFF ON EACH OTHER. # I THINK TEDDYBEAR FANDOM'S DEAD. B.H.H. -"MOST OE'S QUIT; AT LEAST IT TAKES A LITTLE GUTS TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT. # WHY BE IMPOSSIBLE, WHEN WITH JUST A LITTLE MORE EFFORT, YOU CAN BE BIG HEARTED. T.H.L. -"PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE SEX AREN'T GETTING ENOUGH." # TRANSPORTING HAYSTACKS WITHOUT A LICENSE....# ARE YOUR LITTLE ENGRAMS SCRAMBLED? # WHO CAN READ THE LAST PAGE OF QUASTIE? # LET'S RAILROAD ED COX FOR OE. # HEARD A RUMOR THAT RAY & PERDITA NELSON HAD STARTED DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS# DICK ELLINGTON- I'M A FATHER, CRAZY JUST HAD KITTENS # NEGATIVE THINKING IS POWERFUL # NEGATIVE THINKINGS BASIC CREDO:" I DON'T WANNA. THEREFORE I AIN'T GONNA!" # QUIT SICKING THAT DAMN ROBOT ON ME, MARY # WE'RE GONNA CALL IT GESALT, THE FAMILY MAGAZINE. # GEORGE IT'S TWO IN THE MORNING, WHY ARE YOU PLAYING DIXIELAND RECORDS. # IF YOU CAN PLAY RICHARD DYER-BENNET AT ONE IN THE MORNING, I CAN PLAY

TAILGATE

YOUR EDITORS



ALASKA UNTIL IT ALL BLOWS OVER. # IRENE, COME BACK! # IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE SAPS HAD TWO CANDIDATES WHO WORKED SO HARD TO PUSH THE OESHIP OFF ON EACH OTHER. # I THINK TEDDYBEAR FANDOM'S DEAD. B.H.H. -"MOST OE'S QUIT; AT LEAST IT TAKES A LITTLE GUTS TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT. # WHY BE IMPOSSIBLE, WHEN WITH JUST A LITTLE MORE EFFORT, YOU CAN BE BIG HEARTED. T.H.L. -"PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE SEX AREN'T GETTING ENOUGH." # TRANSPORTING HAYSTACKS WITHOUT A LICENSE....# ARE YOUR LITTLE ENGRAMS SCRAMBLED? # WHO CAN READ THE LAST PAGE OF QUASTIE? # LET'S RAILROAD ED COX FOR OE. # HEARD A RUMOR THAT RAY & PERDITA NELSON HAD STARTED DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS# DICK ELLINGTON- I'M A FATHER, CRAZY JUST HAD KITTENS # NEGATIVE THINKING IS POWERFUL # NEGATIVE THINKINGS BASIC CREDO:" I DON'T WANNA. THEREFORE I AIN'T GONNA!" # QUIT SICKING THAT DAMN ROBOT ON ME, MARY # WE'RE GONNA CALL IT GESALT, THE FAMILY MAGAZINE. # GEORGE IT'S TWO IN THE MORNING, WHY ARE YOU PLAYING DIXIELAND RECORDS. # IF YOU CAN PLAY RICHARD DYER-BENNET AT ONE IN THE MORNING, I CAN PLAY

DIXIELAND-JAZZ # GEORGE, IT'S THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS. THEY WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU DON'T TURN OFF THE PHONOGRAPH, QUIT THAT LOUD TYPING AND GO TO BED. IT'S THREE IN THE MORNING. # GRUMBLE, MORGAN BOOTS SHALL HERE OF THIS. # OH WELL! BACK TO THE OLD BLANKET. #

TAILGATE

VOL. 1 NO. 3


MARCH '53

This is the sixth issue of TAILGATE for the 35 mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Fandom had better be a way of life, if I find out this is all just a ghoddamn hobby I'll shoot myself. Co-Editor this issue and all the rest of them, Mary (Southworth) Young. New address, 1172 Progress St; Lincoln Park, Mich.

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COLOR MIMEOING THIS ISSUE BY

BIG  ED HOWARD

COMING NEXT ISSUE

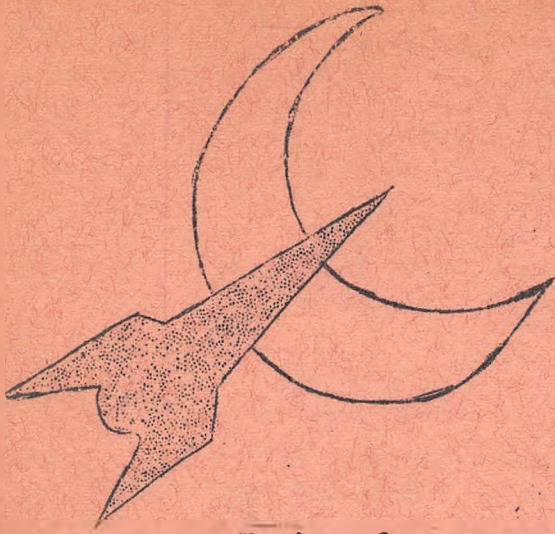
THE AGTHING CHRONICLES

Wherein we are going to grab an alligator by the tail, so to speak.

"WHERE THE SAPS CAME FROM"

BY JOE KENNEDY

② A history of the founding of Saps by one of the founders. Reprinted from Huckle #7 1951 fall Saps mailing - Redd Boggs Editor.



REALLY THE BLUES

.....,mostly by George.....

Reviews for the 35 mailing of the
Spectator Amateur Press Society

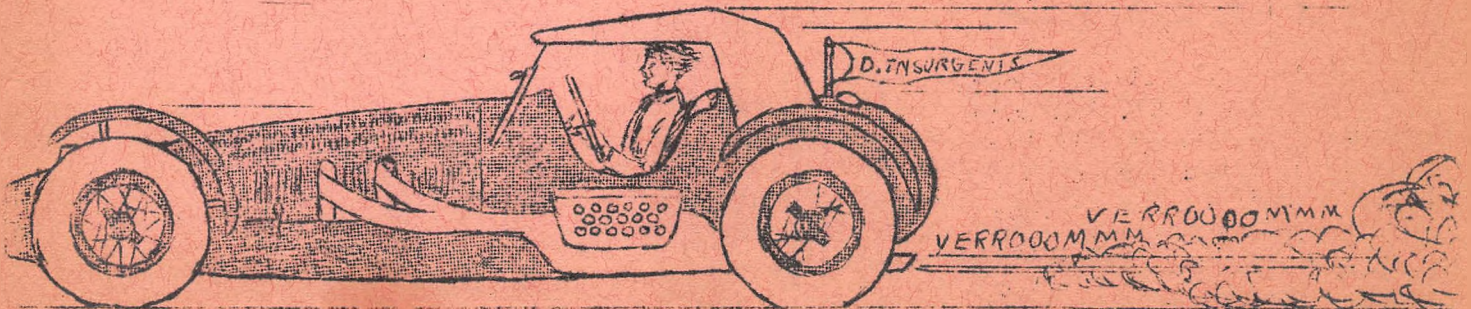
Egoboo for you, you lucky people. You should live so long
and be so lucky, hah!

Lee, Ed, and Steve **My** ghod, that was some assitant editing you had in the 33
mailing. Some cover you had on that TTTT. How come you did-
n't get Metchette in the picture though? The last time I saw a picture of Stu he was
dressed in fatiuges and was holding up the wall of a twelve man tent. I still carry it
in my wallet. I WISH TO HELL THAT MOR SAPS WOULD PUBLISH PICTURES OF THEMSELVES ONCE
IN AWHILE. The prints on the cover cost about 6¢ @ which is too much but I was in a
hurry. You should be able to get them for 5¢ @ at any good drug store. You people sh-
ould be able to afford \$2.00 once a year or so. And just think how honey a picture of
yourself, your wife, your husband, children, ect. would look on the cover of your zine.

Getting back to Metchette, EdCo, how about you working on him and Jacobs and get
them pubing something for the next mailing. C'mon Stu, you been sitting or your pratt
long enough. Get with it kid. Saps awaits (not with baited breath either) yeur immortal
words of wisdom. For a start Steve, why don't you tell the Saps about the time you
were standing inspecting and how the CO picked you out of the whole barracks to spot
check your wall locker. And then tell Saps what was on the inside door of the locker
stareing the CO in the face when he opened it up. If you could get hold of Betty Jo
you could show them.

Jacobs, COME BACK.....and bring some beer when you come.

Gasp..Gerald Steward That fan in sunny Calif., whose name you forgot, he goes by the
name of LEE JACOBS. Remember now Ger??



How about that Ger? I was going thru an old 1951 Argosy the other day and came
across this little beut. It was Argory's dream sport car for the year. I may kid
you from time to time about sport cars and other things but it's only in fun.
If we can't have a few friendly feuds in Saps, why the heck belong to the thing.

Right now I am driving a '51 Packard coupe. This is mostly because of financial reasons, funny as that sounds. I have over 20 miles to drive to work and the same home each night. I have to have a car that will go the distance at about 80 per and keep on doing it week after week for the next year. I also like to drive home on the week-ends and home is 200 miles away right now. And when I want to go from here to there I want to get there in the shortest amount of time. I average between 300 to 500 miles a week all year round. This car cost me \$500.00 just about 2 months ago. I know that was too much for the thing but it was in remarkable condition and I was in a hurry. It gets a rousing 10 miles to the gallon but only uses 1 qt. of oil about every 2,000 miles. Anyway, I lost the thread of my story. We were talking about sport cars. Argosy had an article along with the pictures and for your edification I will include a small part here.

What is a sports car?

A sports car is a machine which is driven for the sheer pleasure of driving. It must have impeccable handling qualities, precision steering, train-like road adhesion, powerful brakes. It must have perfect visibility, good lights. It should please the eye, not necessarily of the mob in their Detroit stock cars, but the eye of the connoisseur who knows what to like. In other words, it should be a delight to wheel it, shining and growling, out of its garage, just to drive it for the fun of driving it fast. In concept it should be the de-tuned racer, rather than the hotted-up production car.

Well, on to other things Ger. I would like to say that I enjoyed your zine. Mostly because of the fine stencil cutting job and the neat layout. I know the Gestetner helps but it wouldn't be worth a tinkers Dam without clean cut stencils. Nice articles too. More, more..

I'm pretty sure that B.H.Howard will get elec. O.E. He has too many enemies in Saps

BEER

FANDOM

This is the way that Rapp would run Beer fandom if he had the gut to hold it. The beer that is. You see Rapp, you start by drinking 40 or so odd bottles of beer and then steaming the labels off of them. Don't share the beer with your friends (unless they are connoisseurs, like me) as they have a tendency to scuf up the label. I think that next time I will put out a whole fanzine on beer labels. I think that i should have guts enough to prepare a pile of beer labels in that time. If I can't Howard will help. This is the best local beer brewed here today.

COLLECTOR:
B.H.DeVore:

A man knocked at the Heavenly gate
His face was scarred and old;
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold.
What have you done? St. Peter asked,
To gain admission here?
I've known Big Hearted Howard, Sir
For many a many year.
The Pearly Gates swung open wide
St. Peter touched the bell -
Come in and choose your harp, he said,
You've had your share of Hell

- This poem was sent to me by another
Sap who whises to remain anonymous -

JACK DANIELS:
LYNN HIGHMAN:

Since I didn't have mailing comments in the last mailing I would like to thank you for the Kellogg illios. Of course I had a chance to see them several months before they appeared, but they look so much better on the magazine. Sorry that we couldn't make it down to the Charlotte - con. I just couldn't take the Saturday off work. It would have cost us about \$60.00 for the two days and we are still fresh in debt after getting married. Now if you and your better half would like to come down to the Midwestcon we will greet you with open arms. And that goes for the rest of the Saps. How about you Gerding. Will we see you at Cincinnati, May 26th - 27th?? B.H.DeVore will be there. So will Teddybear Sims, Agthing Harook, Martin(rolling-block) Alger, Mona Rhines, and if Jack Harness gets off of his Dianetics kick maybe he will get there too. I lost the last mailing so I am commenting from memory on your zine. No, No, No, I do not want to buy a Fan-belt. I still love ya Caroline, if you would only get rid of that skinny husband and lay in a fresh supply of Jack Daniels, well.....

cont. page 12

ATLANTIS

BY
MARY A. YOUNG

ring
of sunlight -
of its world.

s of a great ocean,

ships -

and shape

to wear about her neck,

in from everywhere;

in their holds, busy, bustling

shouts of unloading.

Atlantis gloried in these things:
the enchanted stares of the dark-skinned.
The contemptuous glares of those
who would compare her beauty with
that of their own lands.

And she did not reject them.
Proudly, she showed her harbours,
and markets, great sprawling things
that sold the wares of the great ships.

Sometimes the wares were human.
In the markets
the cries of the human cattle
answered those of their newly bought brothers;
primitive chants of the far-off jungles.
Mournfully, an accompaniment to the ring
of their chains upon the streets.

Atlantis, the island,
all green, white and gold, a jewel
in the satiny blue-green crown
of the great western ocean.
Green of her fertile fields and fine gardens.
The city, all white and gold,
magnificent with houses and temples,
envied by all the world.

Golden-roofed temples reflecting the sun's warmth,
blessing the city with golden-washed glints;
reflecting, too, the benign face of the moon -
old and wise in the ways of man -
reflections of the stars - cold ships of light
that sailed through the Heavens for Atlantis alone!

Scene 2

The red-robed priests trembled with
the terrible forebodings; dire warnings
filled the air, and threatened the people.
But the people did not heed them.
And the gods turned their faces away,
the ones that looked - frowned.

The ground shivered, groaning, it shifted
beneath them, and the walls about them
trembled with fear.
Looking up - they saw the water.

Water!
Wall-high, sun-swift, roaring down upon them.
Churning green coldness filled the streets,
crushed out life, and crumbled the walls
beneath its merciless advance.

The earth groaned again, pathetically,
and moved slowly under the rushing, pounding
weight of the water. Protestingly, she sank
to her watery grave, like an old woman
who will not relinquish life.

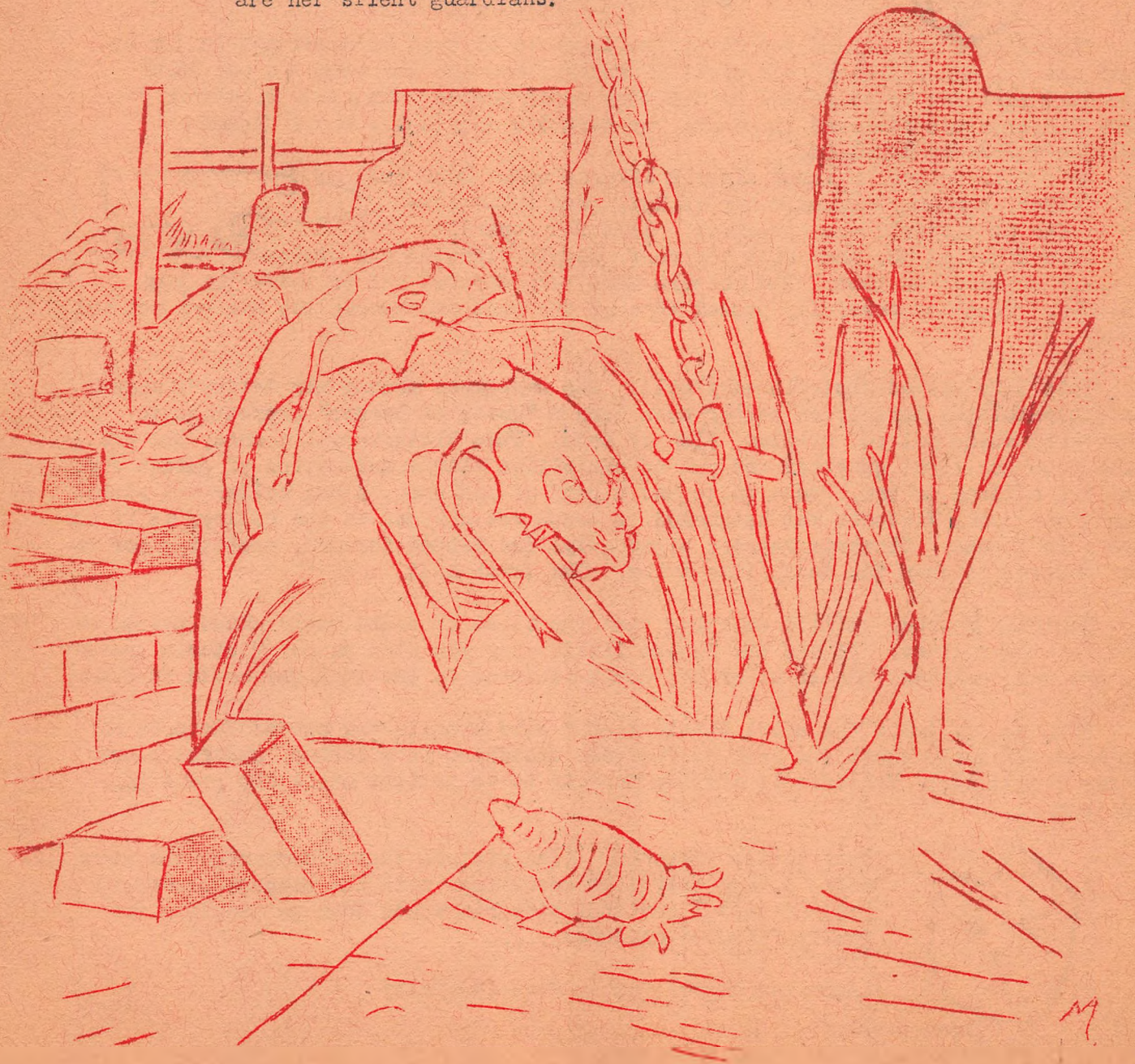
Quiet descended, and the soundlessness
was broken only by the slow lapping of waves
playing about the floating debris.

Scene 3

Now the city is peopled not by human beings
but by the curious fish of the depths
that glide in and out.
Fish, many-colored and oddly-shaped fish
in and out.

Under the waving seaweed covering
the brightly frescoed walls
the story of the great and beautiful city
is recorded.

Now the depths of the sea, the green and blue sea
hold the secret of the city
and the curious golden-eyed fish
are her silent guardians.



To hell with George ... he can do his own mailing comments.

I'll do something for myself. Couple of good pieces I've been wanting to plagiarize.... er, use for a long time.....

PLACERIZE RESEARCH

Quite a while ago the Detroit Free Press ran this article: LION CUB VICTORIA GETS SHOCK OF LIFE: SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS FIERCE UNTIL SHE MET THE CHILDREN.....

Victoria is a lion and the thing she likes to do best is scare people. She thought she was doing pretty good until Thursday. Then she was taken to the Belle Isle Childrens Zoo to be petted by the very young people. This was the worst shock Victoria has recieved since she was born two months ago in the Detroit Zoological Park in Royal Oak.

Life with mother, a large African lioness named Dane and with father, a sinewy animal known as Rex, was satisfactory as far as Victoria was concerned. Lots of respect.

When Dane and Rex made with the roar, people blanched and clutched their children to them. The keepers were very careful not to leave the gate unlocked. Food was carefully passed through the bars and nobody let his arm get too close.

This life suited Victoria very well. She swaggered around her mother's cage and congratulated herself on having been born a "Queen of Beasts" impressive to everything which walked, crawled, flew or swam. Then Victoria was weaned. She was taken from her stout quarters and put on exhibition with a collection of guinea pigs, rabbits, a llama or two, some goats and a pack of monkeys. A dog collar was placed around her neck. Victoria was astounded. A leash was snapped to the collar, as if she were a Pekingese. Victoria reacted vigorously. She leaped forward, expecting her mighty muscles to snap the leash like twine. The leash held.

Victoria roared, little doubting that the blast of sound would cause people to flee for their lives. It was the cutest little roar you ever heard. Victoria snarled. She was confident the sight of her fangs flashing in the sunlight would be impressive.

"Oh, monny, looka the sweet little lion," said a child and patted Victoria on the head. Victoria spent the rest of Thursday crouching in a corner, baleful glare in her violet eyes. Victoria is willing herself to be patient until she grows up. And then.....

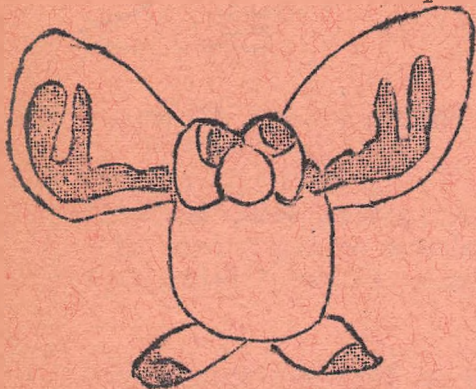
Poor little Victoria. (The picture that accompanied the story shows a very tiny lion crouching with the saddest expression imaginable.) I bet that Victoria would love to mangle a few grubby-fingered children.....

(Agonized expression by Fred Chappell)



AGONY X

Other notes of interest: X MINUS 1 over the NEC network. Stories from GALAXY, I've heard Simak's JURYARD, and the story for this week was DeCamp's GUN FOR DIN-LSAUR. Only one problem....I can't pick up the program over Detroit's NBC station, so I have to tune in Cleveland, Boston, or Philadelphia to get it. Must have something to do with the fannish way of life. Oh, yes, heard Bradbury special guest on the CBS FORKSOP when they did a couple of his short stories.



Speaking of more radio (we can't afford a TV)...my favorite disc jockey is an idiot in Philadelphia by the name of "Big" Wilson. Plays a pretty decent piano and good records between poking fun at the sponsors. He even brings his dog into the studio and makes it sing for the people.....sometimes the dog will howl even when the piano isn't being played.....Wilson, "Keep my dog quiet. ...How?.....I don't know...stick your foot in his mouth or something." Occasionally, amidst the confusion he comes up with a monologue which sounded something like this.....

"Grandpa, ya better get that funny looking old hound dog of yours out of here...this here bulldog of mine is mighty vicious. If'n he get loose, he's liable to kill the old dog.

"Opps, he got loose. Gonna be a fight!"
(Growls...etc, etc.)

"Hey, Grandpa, that old hound dog of yours done bit the head clear off'n my bulldog...without moving from the spot.

"Where'd ya get such a dog?"

"Well....my cousin in Africa sent him to me...sued to be real funny looking until I shaved all that hair off from around his head...."

"But, Grandpa...that's a lion!"

"T'ain't, never told a fib in my life....."

Then there's the snatch on the cover from E. Allen Smith's book REBEL YELL which broke me up the first time I read it. Gave it to George to read, and I thought he was all but going to roll on the floor. Guess it really is funny. Reprinted from TRUE, March 1950, without permission.



DOUBLE THE GUARD AT GETTYSBURG

It came to pass recently when I found myself again in the vicinity of Gettysburg I made a decision. I would go to that battlefield and find out what happened on it if it took a month of intensive study. My wife and I drove to the town of Gettysburg on a Monday afternoon and checked in a hotel facing the town square. Then I bought a book about the battle and sat down to study. After three hours I decided the picture was beginning to come into focus and I was ready to cover the actual ground. That would come early next morning. Meanwhile, we had an early dinner and walked around the corner to a movie theater. By the time the short subjects had been run off and the errors were flying in Sherwood forest the auditorium was filled. I noticed that the audience was made up largely of college students who had moved in by brigades and had me flanked on my right as well as my left.

The picture was concerned with Robin Hood's bold invasion of Nottingham castle for the purpose of rescuing a blond maiden from a fate worse than death - marriage to a heel named Baron Tristram. The father of the maiden, Lord Fitz-Alwin, was a fat jerk of no principles and he was having dinner with Baron Tristram and another nudnick named Sir Philip Something. Suddenly a guard wearing armor poked his head into the room and announced excitedly that Robin Hood had crossed the moat and entered the castle.

Lord Fitz-Alwin let his turkey leg drop from his mouth, stared in consternation at his dinner companions, and then shouted:

"Double the guard!"

Baron Tristram stood up and howled:

"Double the guard!"

The man in armor at the doorway turned and bellowed:

"Double the guard!"

Then from a hundred collegiate throats in the audience came a mighty roar:

"DOUBLE THE GUARD!"

Now milord Fitz-Alwin cried from the screen:

"Search the castle!"

"Search the castle!" shouted Baron Tristram, and Sir Philip echoed, "Search the castle!"

"DOUBLE THE GUARD!" roared the audience.

From that moment on the thing became an audience-participation show. In addition to the doubling and searching cries there were caterwaulings on the screen of "Send for more archers!" and "Lower the portcullis!" And these two were taken up by the college kids.

Eventually the picture reached a happy conclusion and we left the theater and went back to the hotel and to bed in a room overlooking the town square. But we didn't sleep for a long time. I'd just be dozing off when from across the square would come the cry:

"Duh-h-h-hhble the guard!"

And in response, from beneath our window:

"Search the castle!"

It seemed to me that the shibboleths of Lord Fitz-Alwin had been taken up by the entire town, and the shouting continued through most of the night.

Early next morning we were ready for the Battlefield of Gettysburg, though I was far from being my analytical best, owing to lack of sleep.

We had been winding through the battlefield with the guide delivering his running commentary, for perhaps an hour when we arrived at the High Water Mark of the Confederacy.

"Over there on Seminary Ridge," said the guide, pointing, "General Lee gave the order to General Longstreet that Pickett was to move forward. General Longstreet was..."

"Wait a minute," I broke in. "Take it slow along here - I want to get this clear in my mind."

"General Longstreet," the guide resumed, "was against it, knowing it would be disastrous, but there was nothing he could do. He moved to the rear and Pickett came up and asked if he was to move forward. With tears streaming down his face he just sat there on his horse and nodded his head. Now.....see those woods over there....."

An automobile moved suddenly alongside of us, stopped, and out of it came a voice:

"Search the castle!"

Our guide, abandoning Pickett in the woods, whipped his head around and cried:

"Double the guard!"

And some demonic pressure inside me caused me to yell:

"Lower the portcullis!"

There was much laughter in the other car, which bore an Ohio license plate and which, like ours, was occupied by a man and his wife and a guide.

Our guide tried to pick up the thread of his narrative, but things were never quite clear to me after that. The car from Ohio was close behind us for the remainder of the tour and when we arrived at the Devil's Den the driver got out to



people in behind the big rocks where the Confederate sharpshooters had been concealed. Then he looked around at us and called out:

"Robert E. Lee has just crossed the moat! What'll we do?"

"Double the guard!" I suggested. The cry went around; his wife...one of the guides...my wife.

By the time we circled around to lower the portcullis in Spangler's Woods where Pickett's charge began, I didn't know Pickett from a Posthole. I could see the fields, now, where Pickett's archers moved toward the portcullis, and across the moat there was a statue of Lord Fitz-Meade, but the air was so filled with arrows that I couldn't make much of it. Thus the tour ended and for about two weeks after our return home I was subject to nightmares in which I thought my wife was yelling "Double the guard!" in her sleep, whereas she said I was the one who was yelling it.



Just this week I was a guest in a friend's home and he was showing some of his books to me. Suddenly he thrust a volume in front of me and I blanched. It was a big thick thick book entitled GETTYSBURG.

"This is a real good book," said my friend, "I think you'd enjoy it."

"No thanks," I said, rather weakly. "The movie spoiled it for me."

H. Allen Smith

the above paragraphs were just a page or two out of REBEL YELL wherein Mr. Smith goes looking for an authentic Rebel Yell.....

Wish some member of Saps would start picking on Howard and George....I get awful tired of hearing them chortle over their plans to antagonize others.

SAPS PERSONALITIES: LYNN HICKMAN



MIDWESTCON

I think that there will be a Midwest-con held some damn place in Ohio, sometime around the end of May or the first of June. It is rumored that it will be held in a Hotel or Motel that has a big outside bath-tub in the back yard. I can't understand why anyone would want to bath in the back yard in Ohio in May or June. BBRrrrr. Room rates sound reasonable, about \$7.00 to \$10.00 per head. Bob Blochs admitted free-no head.

Don Ford will probably know where it is to be held. If I find out where it will be and my rich uncle dies (of bullet wounds) I will be there.

News Item: Lynn Hickman will not throw away even an empty Jack Daniels bottle.

BEER IS THE ONLY TRUE GHOD!!

REALLY THE BLUES (cont. from p.5)

Claude Hall It's too bad that Claude dropped out of Saps. I was getting to think
come back of him as an old friend. It seems that every time Howard or I start
to pick on someone in Saps to have a friendly feud with, they up and
quit on us. It sure takes all the fun out of fanning. Maybe Claude will see this
anyway. It is reprinted from an old SpaceWarp, about '50 I believe. I was saving this
for a final crushing blow at Claude and he went and quit last mailing. It was written
during WWII.

There is
a rather
vast ex-
panse of
rattle -
snakes &
sand with
chiggers populated dense, a god-
forsaken land. The sunbaked nat-
ives, strangely, of this hellhole
are proud, and tell the world about it in ac-
cents strong and loud. They do not like the
U.S.A., nor likewise Mexico; They think
that history started when they built the
Alamo. When we've defeated Nippon
why don't we change our
maps, and heedless
of Nip pro-
tests --
cede it
to the
Japs
?

I wonder if Harness read that last page of Quastle.

SAPROLLER(one S) It seemed that this would be the
Jack Harness appropriate place to review a
Jack Harness zine. Right next to
a Jack Harness illustration. That should boost his ego
for this issue.


Chuckled over your cover on #6 for more reasons
than one Jack. Thats slapping down Cosvall.

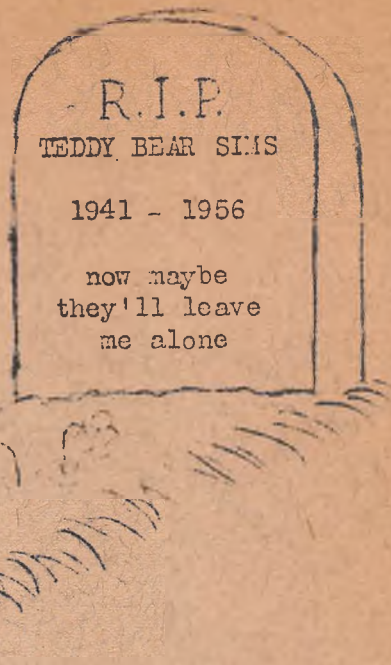
Transporting a haystack without a licence, Hah.
If you and Remus keep hitting Steward and Raaburn with such as this you may have a
small feud on your hands. Oh well! Such is the enjoyment of Fandom. I hope to see all
of you at the Midwestcon. That is if you are back towards Ohio at about that time.

Mailing comments wonderful. Two sets of them yet. Why did you miss the last
mailing???

Roger Sims; In case any of you haven't guessed, the Teddybear Editorial in the
nothing?? last issue of TAILGATE was 90% hoax. The 10% that was not hoax was the
fact that Sims has gone to hell as far as fandom goes. Howard and I
thought that if we ridiculed him we could get him mad enough to put out something in
retaliation. He doesn't even have enough backbone left to get mad with. A few weeks
ago, Alger came out to Howards house on sunday. I went over to Sims house about
9:00 in the A.M. and hauled Sims out to my house. We were supposed to get a major
portion of our Saps mailing done. Howard and I live about a 4 minute drive from



each other. Then we got to my house, Sims said I had got him up too early and proceeded to take a nap. Mary made dinner and we ate. Sims said that he felt a little loggy and lay down again. I worked most of the day on this and told Sims that if he would help put some of the material on stencil he would get page credit for this mailing. Howard gave him page credit the last time to keep him in saps. I got him up about 4:00 and we drove over to big  's to get some lettering guides and things. Alger and Howard were setting there drawing full page cartoons of Art Rapp. Sims took a look at Howards completed stencils and saw the Teddy Bear cartoons. For once he showed a little agitation. He said, "I'll fix you DeVore". He grabed some paper and sat down with a pencil to write with mad abandon for a few minutes. I left Sims there and went home to finnish this. I hear that Alger didn't leave until 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning to take Sims home. Too bad. I and Howard both offered to stencil and mimeo the artichel for Sims but he said he didn't have it done and would get it pub on the school dito. If you see it in this mailing you'll know he got it done.



AGTHING

ALGER - PAGER HEROZ

Screen about alligators will you Aggie. I saw this the other day and just couldn't resist. For you dear....



Hey Aggie, do you know the difference between a Sport Car and a Detroit bath-tub yet. I thought that Alger and I had taught you better than that.

NEWS FLASH - READ THIS - NEWS FLASH

LARRY SHAW (Editor of Infinity Science-Fiction) and LEE HOFFMAN Savannah Ga. girl fan and one time editor of the fanzine Quandry were married in New York about Saturday March 10th. I'm not sure of the date but I am sure of the marriage. Reporter Dave Pollard - Fanarchist, Cell 14, New York.

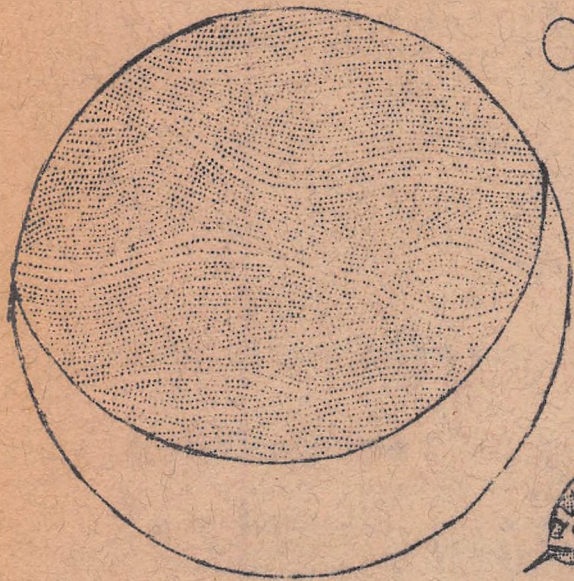
 Since they are married, it is rumored that Larry and Lee are going to combine their two magazines and call it Infoundry.- The Shaws.

Explanation Time: This is the last page of the Editorial and it is past time to put this thing to bed. I would like to thank my wife for the help she has given, with love, on the cutting of the stencils, while she cussed out this old L.C. Smith of mine. She hasn't even yelled at me for having a mimeo sitting in the middle of the living room and the whole house in an uproar this past couple of weeks. She has also spent time gluing photos and beer labels, trying to get me to talk to her when she was lonely, cooking, getting me off to work so that we would have a pay check at the end of the week. I thank you dear.

The last page was done about the first of Feb. Howard and I both did one to send out as a post mailing. They laid around a week or so and Howard remarked one day, "It's near the end of Feb., Saturday is the first day of March, we only have about two weeks to get something in the next mailing. I put it on the back.

SOMEBODY HAS TO BE O.E.

WHO SHOULD IT BE ME?



ONCE IN A BLUE
MOON SAPS GET
STUCK BETWEEN
THE DEVIL
AND THE
DEEP BLUE
SEA

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES

If you are one of the normal 2/3 of SAPS, you haven't sent in your ballot for SAPS next O.E. And if you don't hurry, I'm liable to get stuck with it. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you? Get your ballot out now and vote for big Hearted Howard, or write in a vote for Lynn Hickman or somebody else you don't like. VERroom VERroom Steward or someone like that.

In case you haven't heard, and I'm sure most of you haven't, since the last mailing of SAPS I have gotten married. Mahikinda makes you wonder, doesn't it? I married a fan named Sam, or maybe that was a femme named Mary. Anyhow, it's female, has long Satiny black hair, a few freckles around the nose, a strong right arm, she's built like a brick --- --well you get the idea. At least Lee Jacobs will. Besides she loves me: She whispers sweet nothings in my ear. Sweet little nothings like, well, you know, like, "BUT GEORGE, I DON'T WANT TO BE O.E. OF SAPS." (Silly girl. Can you imagine anyone not wanting to be O.E. of Saps? And this from a member of 7th fandom, too.)

All kidding aside, I'm sure that Howard would like to be big cheer of SAPS and I'm more positive that I would like to be the same. Who ever is elected the other will more than likely do half the work anyway. The half that is left after my wife does her half of the work. She's sweet really she is, and she can type with ten (count 'em, Ten) fingers at the same time. And my wife will type for me, Caroline.

News Item: If all went as scheduled, Harlan Ellison, prime mover of 7th. fandom, was married to a young lady named Charlotte Feb. 19th. at Chester, Pa. I wish Charlotte all the luck in the world.