

WILIT'S



Wrambling!

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WRALT'S WAMBLINGS  
Published  
by  
Lalt Wiebscher  
Pwenty-tive Foplar  
Mattle Beck, Crichigan

Efen there is a black cover on this ish, embel  
lished with white ink, then it worked, if dere  
aint, it didn't work. If it worked - aint it  
pretty?

If this issue of Waddy is small, blame it on  
Chanticlear. Channy one was weel liked by all  
and sundry. Incidentally, if any of you FAPA  
pipple want issue No. 2 and haven't subscribed  
you better kick in or you den't get none too  
yet. Included in 2 - the following: Four  
page article on the Michicon - by Red Gallus  
Fubar, or Tales of the Galactic Legion - by  
Milt Rothman, Ol' Foo Evans MYFFSAW, Those Gay  
Deceivers - by Laney, two pages of 'What They  
Are Abouts' by Rosenblum, Something About Bur-  
ton - by Bill Watson, Bibliopinions of Ye Ed-  
itor - by me, and a pretty pome by Ogden Nash  
Rooster. Other stuff too, so den't miss it.

BOOK STUFF

THE LAST SECRET - Dana Chambers - Published by  
Dial Press. \$2.00

What is the 'last secret'? Our old friend a-  
tomic power. An American proseffor discovers  
it, using an entirely new method, sans cyclo-  
tron even. The Nazis have an atomic ray, too,  
but it turns out to be a fake. The prof gets  
bumped off - carrying with him the secret. An  
average whodunit, which, if developed rightly

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might have been a likeable fantasy. As it  
stands, leave it fall - in the gutter.

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I wonder how many FAPans are acquainted with  
the works of Robert Nathan. Do you ever get  
tired of ordinary fantasy, either in mags or in  
books? Then run, do not walk, to the nearest  
book store and pick up a Nathan tome. Some of  
the most beautiful prose in the English lan-  
guage can be found between the covers of any  
Nathan book, ceptin his poetry of course, and  
that aint bad. How many of you have read his  
"Portrait of Jennie"? "Jennie" is one of the  
most beautiful and compelling fantasies ever  
penned by man. Nathan writes, what I term as,  
unconscious fantasy, for while reading his  
books you accept the fantasy so readily that  
you are practically unaware of it until you  
finish reading. All of his works are not fan-  
tasy, tis true, but even his non-fantasy books  
have a sort of dreamy quality that I've never  
seen duplicated by any other author. Some of  
his best fantasy books are: "Portrait of Jen-  
nie", "The Fiddler in Barly", "The Woodcutter's  
House", "The Bishop's Wife", "There is Another  
Heaven", "The Enchanted Voyage", "But Gently  
Day" and his delightful "Tapiola" stories. The  
latter are dog stories, but what dog stories!  
If you want to read fantasy that is literature  
by all means look up Nathan. You wont find  
rockets, gadgets, or electrical problems in  
his tomes, but you will find a wealth of read-  
ing that should make the heart of any true  
fantasist pump for joy.

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REMEMBER THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS

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From BOOKMAN'S HOLIDAY - By Charles Collins - which appears in the Chicago Tribune.

The literary background of the war on the Russian front will presently include, we feel, a famous shrine of horror stories - nothing less than the castle of Count Dracula, in the wildest part of the Carpathian mountains. The German occupation of Hungary was partly motivated, perhaps, by the desire to hold this place on the Borge pass, for Hitler ought to have been born there. The Russian pressure on Bessarabia should soon come within howling distance of the vampires and werewolves in Dracula's preserves.

See the description of the location of this horrendous chateau in Bram Stoker's classic of supernatural shudders, which was written in 1897:

"I find that the district he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states--Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina--in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe." Bessarabia is a close neighbor to these provinces of modern Rumania, and Dracula's attendant vampires are, no doubt, in a high state of excitement as the war approaches their domain.

"Dracula," as book, play, and movie, was the parent of the present trend toward horror in literary entertainment. Its author was too busy as business manager of Henry Irving's theatrical enterprises to be a copious producer of fiction, and his few lesser works have been quite forgotten. But "Dracula," a veritable textbook on vampirism and lycanthropy, is a towering monument in the field of fiend-

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ish fantasy. Incidentally, it contains the (\*  
rules that should govern the burial of Hitler, (\*  
who may be a reincarnation of Count Dracula: (\*  
Drape a string of garlic around his neck and (\*  
drive a stake thru his gizzard. It's the only (\*  
way such spirits can be held down. (\*

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A collection of short stories dealing (\*  
with the supernatural from the pen of an ac- (\*  
cepted tho not widely known master of the gen- (\*  
re is among the recent reprints. This is "The (\*  
Best Ghost Stories of M. R. James" (World Pub- (\*  
lishing Company). Here is a generous assort- (\*  
ment of admirable tales, two of which, "The (\*  
Mezzotint" and "The Treasure of Abbot Thomas," (\*  
have been honored by inclusion in several an- (\*  
thologies. (\*

Montague Rhodes James was a professional (\*  
antiquarian, and his stories give delightful (\*  
evidence of his scholarship. He was associa- (\*  
ted with Cambridge university for many years, (\*  
and the last 18 years of his long life, which (\*  
ended in 1936, were spent as provost of Eton (\*  
College, The writing of ghost stories was his (\*  
hobby, and, once a year, in the Christmas sea- (\*  
son, a group of Cambridge dons assembled at (\*  
King's college to hear him read his latest (\*  
tale of hauntings, yawning graveyards, and hel- (\*  
lish apparitions, plausibly reported. He (\*  
wrote much on learned subjects, and his fic- (\*  
tion is represented by only five titles, pub- (\*  
lished between 1905 and 1931. (\*

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August Derleth, who spent the past week in (\*  
Chicago and then returned to his place of (\*  
Hawks at Sauk City, Wis., as a passenger on an (\*  
egg truck, should be interested in Maugham's (\*  
"The Magician," for it falls in his special (\*  
field of the weird and horrible. The book (\*  
curdled our young blood considerably, and we (\*

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recommend it for inclusion in the famous Derleth collection of hair-raisers. Perhaps he has read it, but it was published the year before he was born.

As one old horror story fan to a younger, we asked Derleth if he had ever read or heard of "Flames," by Robert Hichens, the "Garden of Allah" man. This stumped the Sage of Sauk City, and so, if we can find it, we intend to lend him our copy of an unknown masterpiece of the Mauve Decade. "Flames" was published in 1897."

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From BOOKS ALIVE - by Vincent Starrett - which appears in the Chicago Tribune.

### An Overlooked Volume

"In the mounting enthusiasm for the books of C. S. Lewis ((author of "Out of the Silent Planet" and "Perelandra" - WCL)) the Oxford don whose Inferno and Paradise currently rival in popularity those of Dante and Milton, an important volume has been overlooked. His "Pilgrim's Regress" (Sheed and Ward) has been available in this country since 1935 - a modern "Pilgrim's Progress" with much of the faery charm and troubling significance (I will not say simplicity) of the great original. The author calls it "an allegorical apology for Christianity, Reason, and Romanticism," but don't let that frighten you; it is also a glorious dream story in the best Bunyan tradition. Just as a sample, it is a "true relation" of the adventures of John Mansoul and his companion, Vertue, in their wanderings from Puritania, thru the cities of Claptrap, Thrill, Ignorantia, Luxuria, and Superbia. In spite of thumb bum

the "Screwtape Letters," a delightful jou d'esprit, it is possible that "Pilgrim's Regress" is Lewis' masterpiece.

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From the Chicago Tribune Book Section:

### Tales of Wonder

"Pause to Wonder," an anthology of stories dealing with the marvelous, the mysterious, and the miraculous, has been completed under the editorship of Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries. Publication by Julian Messner will come later this year.

### THE NEW BOOKS

PERELANDRA - C. S. Lewis - Published by Macmillan. \$2.00

This time the author of "Out of the Silent Planet" takes us to the Planet Venus, a young new world, in the initial stages of civilization.

MIRACLES AHEAD! - Norman V. Carlisle and Frank B. Latham - Published by Macmillan. \$2.75

A preview of what to expect of modern living after the war.

REPRINTS - The following fantasies are obtainable in almost every dime store in the country.

- Best Ghost Stories of M. R. James
- The Lodger - Marie Belloc Lowndes
- Donovan's Brain - Curt Siodmak
- Werewolf of Paris - Guy Endore

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Tales of Terror - Ed. by Boris Karloff  
World's Great Mystery Stories - Cuppy  
The Uninvited - Dorothy Macardle  
Creeps by Night - Ed. by Dashiel Hammett  
Winter's Tales - Isak Dineson

The last three mentioned are dollar editions, printed with the original plates. The Hammett volume is one of the best collections of horror stories available. If you dint read "The Uninvited", it's about time you did. As for the Dineson book, unusual tales well told and well worth reading.

MR. G. STRINGS ALONG - Robert Wilder - \$2.00

Are you hungry for a good hunk of Thorne Smith pie. Well, brother, this is it, with all the whipped cream you can heap on top of it.

Mr. G. is a meek little man who owns a factory that produces tin frogs. He is mighty proud of his tin frogs, too. One morning he awakens to find the government tearing down his factory, converting him for war production. When the job is finished, Mr. G. is the proud possessor of a housing project, playground, a beautiful flag pole, and all the trimmings, all except a factory, which the government somehow forgot to build. Mr. G. goes to Washington to complain, but gets nowhere fast. But he does manage to get gloriously plastered, and wakes up the next morning on a bus, with the 'high priestess of the lamp' at his side. He returns to his 'war factory' to find that everyone thinks him a cad because he isn't hiring anyone to work in it. An ubiquitous 'servant of the Lord' moves in one of the houses, several of which are already occupied by two



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delightful wenches, who call themselves 'Victory girls, a laborman and his wife, and an uproariously funny Nazi, who came to 'blow up the joint for the Feuhrer'. Merry adventures take place in the spicy little community, until, one day over in China, Little Long Whang saves the day by scaring off a locust swarm with his little tin frog. For it is then that the government decides to convert Mr. G's 'war factory' into a frog factory. When the second conversion is finished Mr. G. is left with exactly what he had in the first place.

Read it. I guarantee you a bovy of chuckles and at least four belly laughs. The effects of lend-lease on the Chinese family are very amusing and the boys will just love little 'high priestess', who is always wanting to know things like "how Siamese twins did it".

#### WHEREIN I PROVE THAT FLEN ARE SLEN

Saturday night, May 6, I went to bed thinking about the palatable bunch of stuff that Abby would whip up the next day, for you see it was my birthday on the morrow. I had chosen my own menu and my particular brand of cake, and my slavering jowls drooled prolificly in anticipation. Sleep consumed my pulchritudinous hulk and the usual nightmare, wherein Abby Lu beats me on the head with the jawbone of an ass, and Al takes a bath, reiterated itself for the umpteenth time. But this time my dream developed subtle ramifications, for suddenly Al and Abby disappeared and Evans came floating down on a cloud, his ethereal wings flapping in the breeze. Six angels blew a fouty fanfare and with much ceremony, Ol' Cherub Evans presented me with Gershwin's "Concerto in F" for my birthday. Believe it or don't, that's what I got for my birthday. Ergo-FLEN ARE SLEN!

