

Senator H.P. Pong presents

1940 CHICON SCRAPBOOK

and

EVERYFAN'S GUIDE

including

PONG'S, RULES OF ORDER

---

CONVENTIONS THRU THE AGES

---

LITTLE DAISY SELF-INTRODUCER

and

PONG'S PATENT AUTOGRAPH PAGE

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slicker talks you

into it

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**Bob Tucker**

-- Fantasy Fictioneer --  
Box 260 — Bloomington, Ill.

# THE BUSY FAN'S LETTER TO THE ED.

Next time a professional magazine appears and you are rushed for time, just clip this page at dotted line, check the statements that apply, and mail to the editor for whom it is intended. This saves you a letter!

Dear Editor ☐ Campbell  
☐ Weisinger  
☐ Palmer  
☐ Hornig  
☐ Pohl  
☐ Gnaedinger  
☐ McIlwraith  
☐ Reiss

The \_\_\_\_\_ issue of your magazine has just arrived, and my comments on this (stinking, swell, bang-up, horrible) ((underline one)) issue follow:

☐ Oh my gawd its awful!  
☐ Gosh! Wow! Boyohboy!  
☐ Cancel my subscription!

I found the cover painting:

☐ garish  
☐ much too loud  
☐ too subdued  
☐ putrid  
☐ my cover was torn off

The interior illustrations are:

☐ neatly executed  
☐ just plain executed  
☐ a trifle sexy  
☐ Orban is slipping  
☐ didn't illustrate

I have just finished the lead story " \_\_\_\_\_ " and frankly did not like the ending. In my opinion, the:

☐ hero should have shot the heroine and blew up the world  
☐ hero should have joined the pirates and looted the system  
☐ hero should have made love to the vampire and marry her  
☐ invaders should have been given the key to New York City  
☐ characters should have all died in the first chapter

Now about these trimmed edges. Why don't you:

☐ trim them?  
☐ ignore the kickers?  
☐ trim the upper half and leave the lower ragged?

As to the type, I prefer:

☐ ten-point type  
☐ twelve-point type  
☐ scarehead type  
☐ small legal type  
☐ blank pages

Now about that letter in the letter column from \_\_\_\_\_ . My answer to him is:

☐ By dissolving that solution in boiling nitrate, the result will be as you wish and the formula completed.  
☐ I never saw such an ignorant critter!  
☐ He's nuts. Everybody knows Saturn revolves in 98 hours!  
☐ He's an egocentric, publicity-seeking soandso  
☐ Who gives a continental what he rated the story!  
☐ Why do you let those radicals have space?

I am waiting for your magazine to:

☐ appear monthly  
☐ appear bi-monthly  
☐ cut its price  
☐ use slick paper  
☐ publish on time  
☐ fold-up

And so I close, with a:

☐ Sciencesneerlyours  
☐ Fantamaggotlyours  
☐ bombasticallyours  
☐ Scientisnappilyours  
☐ Oh go to H--- !



PONG'S PREVUE of the 1940 CONVENTION  
(things predicted in March of this  
year. Have they come true? . . . .)

(( Stolen, most blatantly  
from Tom Wright's fam-  
mag, "The Comet". ))

(Foreword: Late this summer the annual social event of fan society is to "happen": the second World Science Fiction Convention. There, in Chicago, the cream of fandom is to assemble and curdle. The editors take pride in presenting this article, which chronicles what happens when YOU, Joe Fann, attends that mighty blow-out. )

- -

Aha! Down the alley, shuffling timidly so as not to disturb the two-legged denizens of the place, comes a mild little figure: it is you, "Joe Fann", searching for the 1940 Chicon! You are in Chicago. You have an address on a scrap of paper in your hand. Fearfully and uneasily you are peering at the numbers. You are in a dingy alley because there is where the address has guided you . . .

Alas! Just as you are about to give up in hopeless defeat, a window opens somewhere overhead and the foghorn bellow of Erle Korshak floats down:

"Hey, Joe! Here we are, up here! Take the door under the newsstand. Fifth floor. C'mon up!"

Alack! After much patient searching you do find a newsstand, and the one-armed proprietor of same ceases scratching his belly long enough to point out the stairs. Somewhat puzzled, you wheeze up the five flights. Leather-lung Korshak flings open the door. There is a howling mob at his back, all peering excitedly at you. Gosh! So you're the famous Joe Fann? You don't look so hot! Your pocket is picked immediately. Korshak shrieks his latest Confuscious joke in your ear and cautions you not to let it out. The mob migrates elsewhere. The din is earsplitting.

Aha! Over in the corner you spot Reinsberg. You make your way towards him, certain details in your mind demanding an explanation. The dingy Hall -- the smelly alley -- all those girls downstairs -- . Oh yes, there is an explanation for that. You see, Joe, we couldn't hire a hall anywhere downtown for a decent price. This is the only thing we could get for somewhere near a respectable figure. Girls? Oh, you saw those girls downstairs? I forgot to mention. We rented this hall from a bagnio . . . . yeah, that was it downstairs.

Ohmi! You are not there ten minutes until your toes have been trod on forty times, three more people have riffled your pockets (the last one didn't even bother to mask the disappointed expression on his face) your tie has been stolen from your neck, two fans have rudely cornered you and smeared the fanmag you publish, your little exhibit of rare books and illustrations you brought along have been pawed thru and "borrowed" from, your intelligence has been insulted, one strange person has had the termity to question your parentage, and to climax it, along comes a burly gorilla demanding:

"Where's your button, buddy?"

But aha! Korshak rushes over and saves you! Erle explains that the "gentleman" is a bouncer provided by the establishment to keep the wrong kind of fan away. Three fans wearing the wrong lapel pins tried to sneak in, and were beaten to a pulp. Korshak steers you to a window and points out the "fans" five stories below. Just a smear.



At last! Something approaching sanity is restored. A tall, skinny gook mounts the dias and bangs a gavel on the nearest solid surface. All is quiet, except for:

Korshak shrieking another Confuscus joke  
Wollheim and Lowndes arguing over the merits of 16th Century art  
Wilson, Avery and Bradbury fighting over a copy of the Planetoid  
Fortier and Dikty sponsoring a cockroach race  
Hodgkins removing his shoes with loud sighs  
Freehafer selling sixteen fans a copy of Polaris -- the same copy  
Perdue starting a chain letter in Esperanto  
Racic shouting the plot of "One Million B.C. across the room"  
Schmidt rattling the pop bottles looking for "strawberry"  
Speer slipping a hunk of ice down Wright's back  
Wright making known to the assembly the facts about Speer's ancestors  
Roberds auctioning off copies of Abbatoir  
Widner sprinkling sand in the peanut-butter sandwiches  
Perri doing a chorus from the Russian Ballet atop the sandwich table  
Gilbert exhibiting a portable radio, tuned to maximum volume,  
giving forth with a twangy hillbilly "tune".  
Horning bang-banging with a toy ray gun  
Merritt and Dean running a footrace about the hall  
The madam downstairs banging on the ceiling for quiet  
The gorilla exhibiting and shooting off a few practice rounds of  
his "little equalizer"  
The newsstand man hawking Amazing Stories  
Pauley laughing at Korshak's joke -- for the ninth time  
Kornbluth being embarrassed by a smuggled-in bomb prematurely  
exploding, scattering parts of fans in all directions  
Tucker on the platform giving an address of welcome  
Reinsberg behind him selling EE Smith a copy of Ad Astra  
A bookie gliding along the rows taking penny bets  
Morojo screaming at the top of her lungs for an aspirin

Ah yes! It was indeed quiet. But then-- this blissful peace was instantly shattered! Outside were heard the bells and sirens of the approaching fire brigade. Someone had 'snuk' into the cloakroom, piled all the hats and coats on the floor and set a match to them.

Following this noise was another. The sound effect of a solid mass of cops dashing up flights of stairs! Now of course, you expect only one ending: the noise of the key being turned in the clink on hapless fans . . . but no! Oh Henry Pong never lets you down. The convention went merrily on, for the cops only came as far as the floor below where they raided the bagnio.

(the end)

---

( advertisement )

Could we, perhaps, interest you in a small subscription to LE ZOMBIE ? Le Zombie, you see, is the really unique fanmag in fandom -- it has no policy, no rules what you will find next issue, or anything like that. It prints almost anything from personal news items such as Joe Fann winning two-bits in a crap game, to world-stunning articles such as you have just read. Pong appears in every issue. Humor, hardly anything but humor, abounds thru-out.

The price is five cents per copy, or six monthly issues for 25¢ .

P.O. Box 260

Bob Tucker

Bloomington, Illinois



PRE-  
SENTING

## PONG'S, RULES OF ORDER

AND  
"LITTLE DASH"  
SELF  
INTRODUCER

Are you nervous about meeting strange fans? Will you be tongue-tied with fear and strangulation when that famous fan shakes hands with you? Are you "in the dark" on what to say to them, and how to conduct a proper conversation with a given personage? Follow the below Pong Rules of Order. Let them guide you thru-out the Chicon. This little manual, the "automatic introducer" we call it, will get you around.

-----

Mark Reinsberg. "Down South Murky" as he likes to be known, is the Chairman of the convention. Make things interesting for him by jumping up at every opportunity and screeching "point of order!" He will then ask you what about it, and you mumble something to the effect that you've "forgot what, now" and be seated again.

Forrest J. Ackerman. Be sure to dot the "J" when addressing this lad. Several people do it by kicking him in the rump and saying "don't mind me -- I'm dotting the jay!" Ackerman is a great fellow to talk politics with. He is in favor of intervening in the war.

Donald A Wollheim. Rather the opposite of the above. Dislikes politics, a strict isolationist at heart, will give you the cold shoulder should you mention 'war'. Has a rather shallow intellect, use nothing more than one syllable words when conversing with him. Young, as fans go, and "up" on all the newer comic books.

Paul Freehafer. One of fandom's most talented. Is extremely partial to science-fiction, and hates weird fiction to the extreme. A great kidder, likes to corner a stranger and impress him with his "important chem istry work at California Tech." Actually never got beyond Sophmore in high school, but he's okay.

Damon Knight. Handle this one with kid gloves. Has a cynical, sour outlook on life, can find humor is absolutely nothing, and is apt to walk out on you should you commence a lively joke. Suggest you throw your heavy, technological discussions this way.

Jack Chapman Miske. Probably the most popular lad present. You'll have to fight your way thru the crowd to get at him. A lover of the world and all the fans in it. Has a kind word and a cheerful slap on the back for the lowliest fanmag, the rottenest piece of fan writing; a sincere friend of the wayward fans. Easiest touch in the lot; Hit him up for a dollar if you're running short.

Milton Rothman. Writes professional fiction in Captain Future magazine under the pen-name "S.D. Gottesman". Likes to have his works admired, out loud, in his presence. Hates music. Likes Wilkie and will stand no arguments on the Republican party.

Ray Bradbury. Snappiest dresser in fandom. Likes to play baseball in full dress suit, top hat and all. Once, during the 1939 Convention game, he stoped midway between 2nd and 3rd base to brush a speck of dust off his patent leather dancing shoes. Usually carries an old skull or two rattling around in his pocket. Is a fanatic of the Townsend Old Age Pension Plan.

Ted Dikty. A real kleptomaniac. In jail several times, but doesn't wish to be reminded of this. Steals shoestrings from shoes you're wearing at the time. Likes to throw pickles in your soup.



"UNCENSORED REPORT OF THE FIRST : (As reported in a recent issue  
 PEORIA stf CONVENTION" : of 'FANTASY NEWS' , last Nov.  
 : 16 Tucker and his alter-ego ,  
 -by- HOY PING PONG : Hoy Ping Pong visited Walter  
 : Fleming of Peoria. Results:)

---

Fleming was waiting for Tucker and Pong at the station. (Okay , Kornbluth, we'll call him Hoy) Gee, Fleming is a funny looking human. If he is human. Fleming said: "hello Tucker" . Tucker said: "hello Fleming." Hoy P.P. said: "there goes some %\$#!\*& with our suitcases".

After retrieving the Gladstones (!), Tucker and Hoy retired to the swankest hotel, turning down an invitation to stay at Flemings shack. But the hotel management wouldnt let Hoy in, untill Tucker hired him as his valley. Then, in a windowless room overlooking the river, the great confrence began:

Tucker: "Whatcha think of Marvel and Dynamic?"

Fleming: "Pffft!"

Tucker: "How about Astounding?"

Fleming: "Now you'r talking. Its getting as adult as Bernard Shaw!"

Pong: " Who's Bernard Shaw? 'WONDER' never printed him!"

Tucker: "Have you read "Black Flame" yet in the new STARTLING?"

Fleming: "Have I! Just! Say, I bet that yarn was as sexy as ---- before it was edited. That forest scene, especially. I read between the lines a bit there and Weinbaum.....say, you gotta copy of his Memorial volume?"

Tucker: "Yeah. But it was edited too. Didnt bring it along.

Fleming: " Thanx." (Sarcastically)

Hoy: "Ain't it about time to eat? You know, go do what every fan get-together does, then fill unending gossip columns about what you ate and how much you had to drink?....."

(Intermission \*\*\* Convention reconvenes at local 2nd book store.)

Fleming: "Here's your best bet back here. Old Argosy shelves."

Tucker : "Uummmm. Gosh! Here's part two of "Girl in the Golden Atom" ! Say, I....."

(Sound of Fleming snatching part two from Tucker's talons.)

Tucker: "Why you "#\$%\*!&%\$#@ ....."

Hoy : "Gentlemen, gentlemen!"

Fleming: "Well, dont take it so hard. Here. Here's part one of "When Worlds Collide" . Cover's torn off tho. You can have it. I got a good one at home."

Tucker: "Doesnt it just break your heart to give it to me?"

Hoy: "Here boss, is a dandy: "Tom Swift's Giant Telescope".....

(Rude stares at the innocent Oriental.)

Fleming: "I found a complete "Snow Girl" here once. Cheap too..."

Tucker: "Stop, your breaking my heart! I havent....."

Hoy: "Say fella's look what I see! Right across the street there is a saloon that....."

(Editors note: At this point this manuscript was rejected, the editors believing that there are entirely too many so-called fans running around loose now telling in their departments & columns about how many drinks of what they had, and at what cute little cafe they dined at, and what they ate. -editor. )

(END)



" REPORT OF THE 196th CONVENTION of the S.F.L." : BY  
 : HOY PING PONG .  
 : Member No.  
 - Reprinted from WONDER STORIES for 1934. : 1234567896  
 :

The 196th Annual Convention of the Science Fiction League was held the week of June 45 to 51, 2132; or 197, SFL., at Ackermanville, Cal. A goodly crowd was there, nearly tripling the original population, but all delegates were comfortably housed, I mean housed with the exception of 3 Hindoos from Skindoo who had brought their pet elephants along. As Mayor Ackerman doesn't allow elephants in houses, the boys from Skindoo were forced to sleep in the park with their pets. The first day was spent in seeing the model city of Ackermanville. It boasted even of a large printing house where "STFICTION STORIES" and "MACABRE TALES", F.J. Ackerman, Editor, were published. Free copies were given all delegates, but I think H.Q. later got the bill.

The second day the Convention formally opened in Ackerman Hall. Promptly at nine o'clock Pres. Ackerman banged his gavel on the table top. But unfortunately, a delegate from Peru had gone to sleep on the table and the gavel descended on his head. The victim didn't complain, so after he was carried out, the meeting progressed.

First up was delegate Foozle from Australia. The gentleman from 'down under' complained that he had talked 345 people into joining his Chapter, but each of the 345 wanted to be Director. The delegate asked the President to refuse the 345 newcomers admittance because he himself wished to keep his Directorship. It was a delicate situation and strategy was needed. Everybody waited with baited breath for the President's decision. To pacify the whole mob, the President formed 345 new Chapters and made each new member a Director of each. Applause was rendered.

Next, two travellers from Mars took the floor and gave a very vivid account of the deplorable conditions on Mars. They said the Martians were actually starving! A motion was made to take up a collection for the Martians, and such was done. Later the Treasurer announced the sum of the collection: 3 dimes, a bad penny and 2456 shirt buttons. Applause was again rendered. At this point the Special Investigation Committee interrupted to inform the house that last year, after a collection for starving Martians was taken up, the Treasurer had spent the entire sum on chocolate sodas. The President ordered the Committee down however, for he had participated in the sodas.

As it was then lunch time, the entire house walked out and made for the "Ye Ackermanee Cafe" where a very excellent meal was served. Some one suggested saving the scraps for the starving Martians, and was tossed out. Proprietor Ackerman then presented the diners with their bills and he was tossed out. Once started, there was no stopping the revelry! The rest of the second day was lost in chaos. A couple boys from Egypt found a cache of rare wines in the President's cellar, and informed the town. Everybody got drunk including the two Skindoo elephants.

The Ackerman Special Police, expecting just such an emergency, boarded themselves up in the City Hall and stayed there until dark. Meanwhile the merrymakers had discovered the printing plant, and breaking in just as the latest issues were going to press, proceeded to change "STFICTION STORIES" and "MACABRE TALES" to suit their whims. Recent reports indicate that those two magazines never enjoyed a bigger boom than that issue. In fact, they boomed right out of existence.

However, to get back. The delegates went about the town shooting it up with their rocket guns and light pistols. It required the next 4 days for the Special Police to gather up the stragglers and deposit them in Ackerman Hall for the final day's session.



(---continued)

This time, remembering the accident of the first day, the President first put his hand down on the table and felt for heads. Finding none he brought the gavel down -- right on his hand! Time out was taken while the President informed the delegates of his feelings. So hot grew his words that the Ackerman Fire Dept. was called out to wet down the smoking rafters. When order had again been restored, the Missionary reports were asked for. Five minutes were spent in trying to get Missionary Gadzook to his feet. He reported the missionary work of converting heathern Saturnites into respectable Science Fiction "eaguers was progressing fine. He said that last month, he alone converted 4, and of the 4 only 3 later deserted. When asked what became of the 4th, he said the poor wretch died of fright upon viewing some of the officers of the League for the first time. Somebody made a motion that the above mentioned officers be given medals, but same was lost amid boos.

Next missionary Ka Plump reported that his work on Pluto was going fine, altho "he could use a little more money". (Applause here). He said that he lost only two converts out of the last hundred. When asked how he lost them, he answered that they had refused to kick in to him with a weekly tribute and they had lost their heads. A medal of honor was given brother Ka Plump.

As this ended the missionary reports, time out was taken for lunch. Remembering the skinning they had received before, the delegates shunned the Cafe and went down the street to the "Ye Olde Coffee Potee Inne" - F.J. Ackermanee, Tropee. One of the Skindoo elephants tried to get in also and was stuck in the door, penning the delegates inside for nearly two hours, untill the Ackerman Derrick Co, came to the rescue.

Once more back in Ackerman Hall for the closing session, the boys sat in silence, waiting for the President. He arose and begin:

"Gentlemen, (somebody snickered), this years convention has been a most profitable one. I have here a bill for \$850.12, which I shall send to H.Q. and let Charles Hornig the IX worry about. This covers all damages you boys have done here. I hope you all have had as fine a time as I have had, and I want to see you all out to next years convention, which will be held in Ackermanville, N.C. In closing, let me say that next years password will be 'fugwump' and that the last train leaves tonight at 9:30. Dont miss it!

Applesauce, I mean appluase was rendered. True to his word, Engineer Ackerman pulled the Ackermanville Flyer out of town that night at nine thirty with one delegate aboard. Nobody seems to know how that one got aboard, but someone suggested that he might have wandered there while sober. \* \* \* \* Reports have since reached H.Q. that it took the Ackerman Special Police two full months to round up the last delegate and send him home. This last was finally found playing Tarzan at the Ackerman Zoo. Somebody else left his pet elephant, and as the freight bill to Skindoo is TCO high, the ponderous pachyderm is still wandering about Ackermanville, eating Ackerman grass. (END)

-----



# PONG'S PATENT AUTOGRAPH PAGE

( kindly place your autograph below under any of the items)

---

"I promise to buy Pong a drink"

"I wish to pay Pong's  
hotel bill"

"It shall be my honor to pay  
for Pong's meals today"

"I love you Pong"

"I Vote for Pong as top fan"

Any bills incurred by Pong while  
in Chicago will be payed By:

"I hereby donate five  
dollars to Pong"

"I turn over all my insurance  
to Pong"

"I promise to buy Pong  
another drink"

"Pong, you're a  
dear!"

"It shall be my pleas-  
ure to give Pong a  
years subscription to  
any magazine he names"

Pong's bus fares will  
be payed by:

"I will buy Pongs  
lots of drinks"

(for ladies only)

"In several private less ons,  
I will teach Pong how to  
properly spell "paid" "

"Anything I have is  
yours, Pong!"

"C'mon Pong, lets go put on  
the feed-bag -- on me!"

-and vice versa-



