

AN IDIOTIC FANZINE

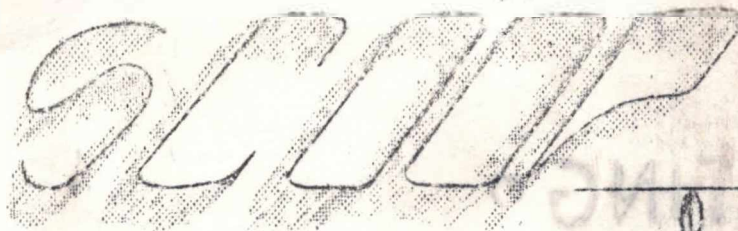
15¢

No 5



3711.15

1A



No. 5

April '55

CONTENT

Cover--Martian Easter Rabbit.	
Robertson	
Editorial.....	Cronin..3
Introducing the Staff.....	5
Harris	
Gone Fishnn.....	7
Robertson	
A poem.....	10
Seg 1	
Disturbance.....	11
Larry Cifers	
Flying Saucer Report.....	14
Cronin	
We Protest..(code).....	15
Odesser	
New Fashions.....	17
Levenberg	
The answer man.....	18
Levenberg	
Story.....	19
Yanez and Segal	
Advertisement.....	22
Letter Page.....	23
You	
Laugh page?.....	24
Schug	
Freddie's Trader Intro.....	25
F.T. Editorial.....	26
Cronin	
Ads.....	27
	28
Back Print.....	29

Art work by--

Robertson
Kotre
Schug
Harris
(?)

** THE STAFF **

B.JAY CRONIN.....EDITOR
BRUCE ODESSER.....EDITOR
L.D.LEVENBERG.....EDITOR
H.A.SEGAL.....ASSOCIATE
DON ROBERTSON.....SR.ARTIST

SCOOP is published on an irregular schedual staying as close to bi-monthly as possible.

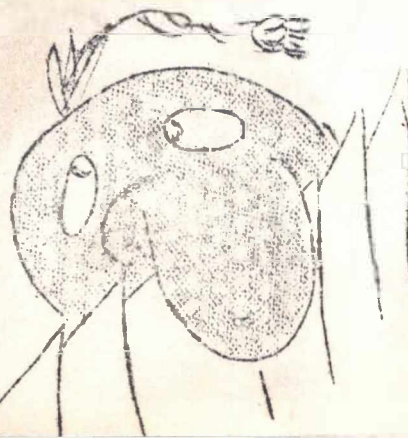
Published by STAR PRESS at
955 Walton Ave. N.Y., N.Y.

Sub rates

1 issue.....\$.15
6 issues.....\$.75
12 issues.....\$ 1.35

ad rates

1 page.....\$ 1.25
1/2 page.....\$.70
1/4 page.....\$.35



★ Press

° FIRST

PRINTING °

April 17, 1955

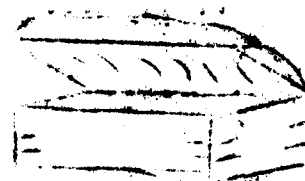
by

★ STAR ★

Press - N.Y.C.

This page was paid
for by
Mr. William Levenberg

CHATER BOX



Well here we are a little late for this ish. The reason? 'tis simple. We held this ish off purposely, so that we might be able to come out with the convention held April 17, here in New York. this is the annual New York Science-Fiction FANVET. Due to this convet their have been some changes in Scoop. Some will remain others will not.

These changes are ---- We went to single space to give the biggest amount of material for the space. This shall remain. A few new columns have been introduced this issue. These shall also remain. As for the mimeo, it shall not. With no. 6 Scoop will again be printed in color etc.

With this issue we think we have improved ourselves quite a lot (at least thats what we think) over Scoop 4. We hope those of you who have seen Scoop 4 will agree with us. We would like to hear your opinions of Scoop, this issue in particular. Just send them to Barry Cronin. Please feel free to submit any articles, drawings etc. We need 'em.

Got a letter from Denis Moreen here. (Who He?) According to this, it is the 25th anniversery of the Fan Magazine and organized fandom. The first fanzine came out 25 years ago. Yes, Ray Palmer published the Comet, in May 1930. Here came the beginning of this dissastorous thing called fandom, and its by product, fanzines. Printed on the back cover of Scoop is an emblem commemorating the 25th anniversery of organized fandom. We would like (Helping Denis out a little) for all 'zines trading with us and have not been contacted by Moreen to kindly copy over the emblem and display it somewhere in their fanzines for a few months. LET THE PEOPLE KNOW WE KNOW!!!!

With this issue we lose and gain staff members. Having lost Sr. Artist Peter Schug who left, we have Don Robertson, (cover appeared in Scoop #4) a beginning free-lance artist. Petes artwork will still appear in Scoop. Also a new edition to our staff is Associate Harvey Segal. Harvey is very valuable to us as an idea man and consultant. We now take this space to publically thank him for now and in the future.-----Thanks Harv

This issue also we combined our trade journal, Freddie's Trader, with Scoop, reserving all adds in the F.T. section. All of you who have subscribed to F.T. but not to Scoop are fortunate by receiving both. Scoop & F.T. will remain at the regular Scoop rates.

At this moment I am going to get down on my ink-stained hands and knees to beg you-----WE are broke! The Bill collectors are down on our necks and the treasury box is empty. Contribute to a good cause.....HELP OUR MONEY BOX GAIN WAIT...(whoever said we'd make profit on this furshlugginer thing?).

After the convention, our next ish., #6 should be out around June or earlier. This depends upon the amount of material we get.

Take NOTICE ALL FANEDS. Scoop will be willing to trade ads (1/2 page) with any mag ready to take us on.....Send us your ad and we will send ours.....Ads will be published no later than two issues after receipt of ad.....

Future Ideas for Scoop are;

An Article on fandom by a known fan....

More drawings by ROBERTSON, KOTRC, HARRIS, SHUG and others..

A literary book review column....

Fanaine Reviews.....

S.F. Stories.....

and STF nes.

Please advise us on what you want to see in Scoop. It will be of great value to us.....

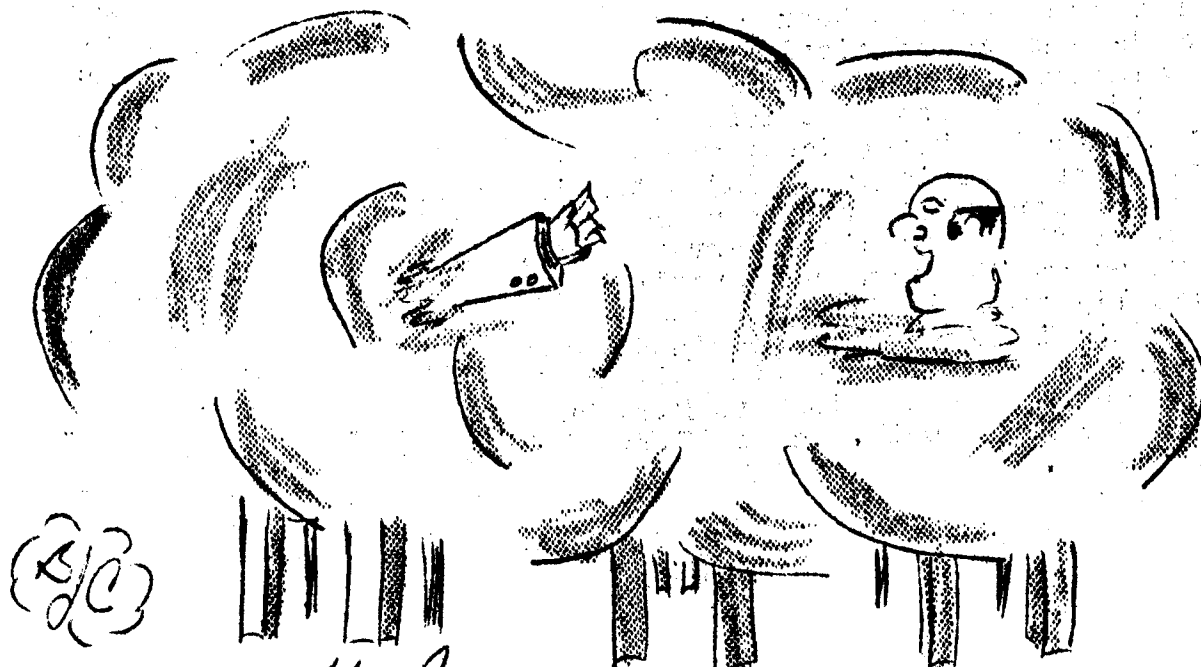
This month in our second printing after the FanVet we will carry a comple report of the con.

HELP US... Suscribe.....and...recomend!

THE EDITORS

ADIOS

- STAFF MEETINGS -



4 Aces - Bruce!
(4)

INTRODUCING
The
STAFF



Bruce S. Odesser-----The picture compliments him.



B. Jay Cronin-----This boy is MAD about money.



Larry Levenberg----Crazy about Girls



Sr. Artist, Don Robertson---Out of this world!



Well, hello again you horror
starved fiends, this is the
Crypt Keeper, in case you did
not recognise me by the poor
rendition of myself. Nuff jaw, on with
unillustrated story I am forced to call

The Last Haunt



GONE FISHINN!

by DON ROBERTSON

He hooked the wrigling branch minnow in the side, running the sharp hook in under the back-bone, right beneath the verticle fin on the minnow's slick back.

He held the bamboo pole in his right hand, and the line just above the nylon leader with his left. He swung the bait out to the left. It hit with a plop beside a dead willow stump.

Glen Brewer the fishing pole in his massive hands and watched with antispation the bouncing cork on the shining water.

To Glen Brewer, that was the only way to hook a minnow. But his brother, Rodney who sat at the front of the small boat, with the outboard moter on the back, had a different way to put on bait. Like most people who know nothing about fishing, he ran the hook thru the throat and up thru the minno's head. The minnow then hung tail-downward in the water, stiff as a board and just as dead.

Glen didn't like the way Rodney put on bait. Glen didn't like Rodney, in fact he HATED his brother, who was nothing but a loafer and a bum, who lived off his older brother Glen, like a parasite. Rodney helped himself to all that Glen had, He even found Rodney making love with his wife. That's where Glen drew the line. Glen now knew he had two choices: Kill his brother, or give him the house and B ave. Glen liked the first choice MUCH better.

Beside Glen on the seat of the boat was his tackle box, and in the box was a .45 Army automatic. A slug between Rodney's eyes was the answer to all his problems. Glen looked at Rodney as he went over and over in his mind how he was going to kill him. Glen patted the tackle box affectionately.

Rodney's mind was not on fishing, but in the magazine Cartoonists Market Letter, which he held in his hand. They were smoothe hands, not roughed by hard work. Rodney was a free lance gag cartoonist, but not a big money maker, he averaged twenty dollars a week. He sold his gags to small compition trade journals. Rodney was deep in thought over a gag and where to send it.

Lets see, thought Rodney, I beleive I'll send it to Topics, that Texas railroad trade journal. I'll have a real old timmy locomotive and a new stream-lined job run together on the track, the old one will be as sound as a rock, not a scratch on it, but I'll have the new one smashed all up, wheels torn loose and everything, and the engineers from the new one will be standing back from the wreck and one will say to the other, "They don't make 'em like they use to!" Rodney laughed to himself. That one is great! Thats one seller.

Glen and Rodney Brewer sat in the boat that drifted near the willow trees growing in the shallow water near the bank. They were fishing near the bridge that spanned Big Elleson Creek, which was actually back waters, that was behind the big power dam, twenty miles to the north. Glen started the out-board motor and headed for deeper water where the creek made a big turn, around behind the woods. He headed away from the prying eyes of the busy hiway, running over the bridge, and disappearing over a hill in a long asphalt rubbon.

"Hey, where are you going, Glen?"

"Around this bend, Rodney, I know a good spot where we might catch some shannel bass."

Glen stopped the motor and they drifted with the slight corrent, toward the deep water. Glen knew that the sun would be down in an hour and he would kill Glen then.

In the big woods to their right some men were squirrile hunting, they could hear the boom of their shotguns, and the sharp crack of the rifles. When he shot his .45 no one would know the difference. Glen had it ALL figured out to the last second.

He got his .45 out of his tackle box, and felt the coldness of it as he leveled it at Rodney.

Rodney looked up and started to say something, but he didn't quite make it. The first shot was wide and to the left. the second was a little better. It caught Rodney in the left corner of his mouth, it splattered the first tooth it hit, and with a ton driving force behind it, it busted two more teeth wide open, and split his gums to the jaw bone. The lead slug, still traveling went up and to the left, out thru the back of Rodney's throat, and came out at the back of his neck in a gyser of blood and bones. The third shot missed all together. The second shot had knocked Rodney over backwards, and the third shot whizzed over his head.

Glen put the .45 in the tool box and stared around wild eyed. Every thing except Rodney was the same. The cool afternoon water lapped against the boat, there was a deep red stain where Rodney's head hung down in the water. in the woods to the right the guns sounded now and then.

Glen tied a rope around his legs and tied the other end around some cast iron in the bottom of the boat. Then he dumped Rodney overboard and started his motor boat and went five miles up stream and turned the boat over and leaped clear and swam to shore.

He had a very good story he told the sherrif and his friends: While they were fishing, the boat accidentally turned over and Rodney, who couldn't swim drowned. He tried to save him but he couldn't. Everyone was fooled. The sherrif had the river dragged but no Rodney. Everyone thought it must have floated downstream and it would turn up sooner or later.

Six months later it all had blown over, and Glen had bought a new boat and a fifty dollar reel and rod, and was fishing near the place he had killed Rodney.

Glen sat back in his out-board motor boat and smiled as he lit a cigarette. He blew the the smoke and watched it with smiling eyes.

Glen felt a jerk on the rod he was holding. The rod was bending and he new he had a big one. He let up on the drag and reeled the fish in. The fish turned out to be....

"Rodney" screamed Glen as he looked down at the horror before him.

Glen didn't know why he said "Rodney", other than it was the first thing that came to his mind. But it was Rodney alright, but the skin was almost gone and it dripped from his bones. Part of skull was missing where the .45 slug had hit. Glen felt sick.

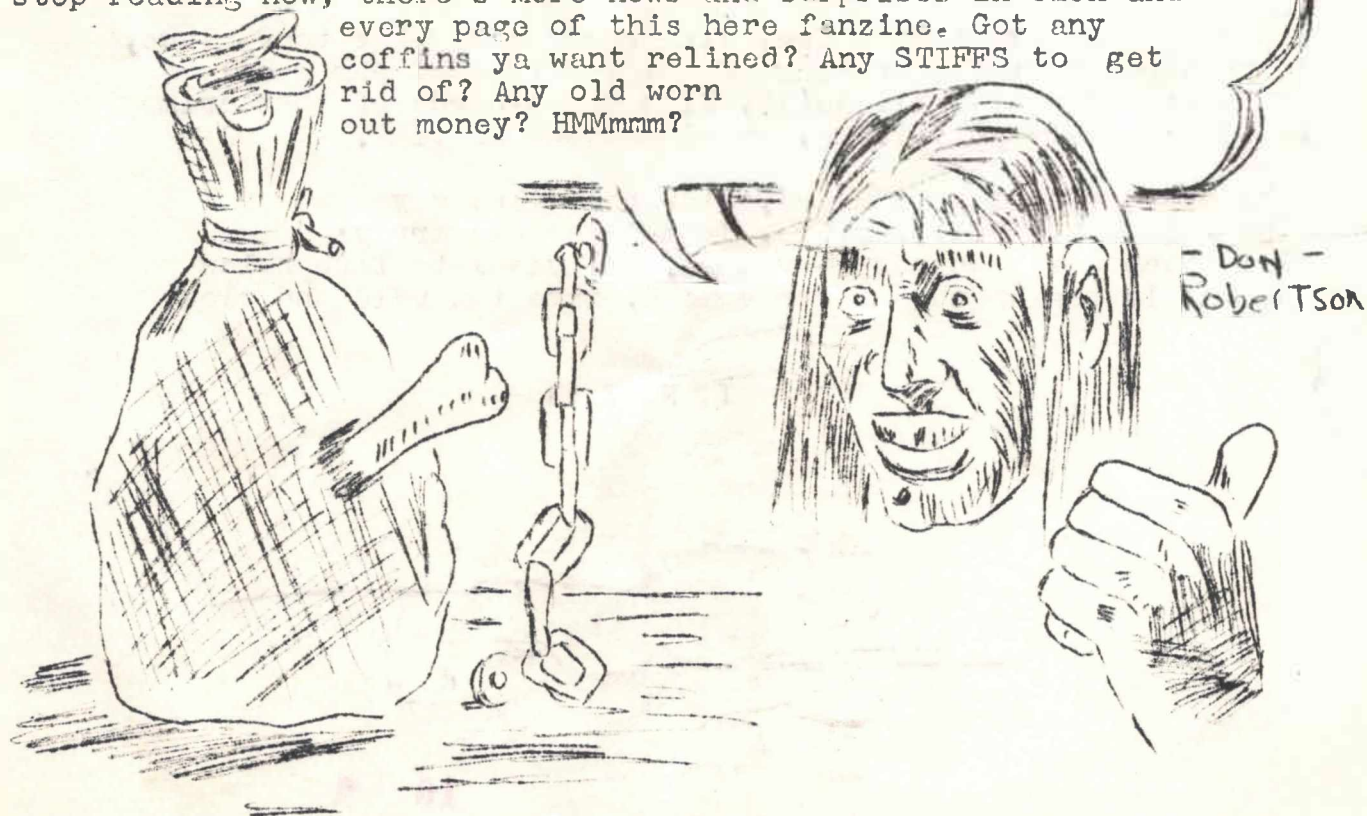
Rodney's rotted hands were pulling on the edge of the boat and his grinning face stared over the edge of the boat. Glen reached for the tackle box and the .45, as the boat was tipping over. His hands were stretched out to get it, and the box fell off the seat and the contents spilled out, but Glen didn't notice it because the boat had turned over and he was falling backwards in the water. He hit on his right shoulder, water splashing up and him going under with his arms still reaching out for the .45 as if that might make the difference.

Glen grabbed the bottom of the overturned boat, and coughed the water out of his lungs. He then realized that something was pulling on his legs. Rodney's rotted fingers grasped Glen's legs in an iron vise, and pulled Glen slowly under. Glen Brewer kicked and struggled to get free, but the iron vise would not loosen up. Glen's fingers slid off the boat and were soon submerged under water.

The air in Glen's lungs gave out, and his eyes bulged in their sockets. Glen realized dimly before he blacked out for the last time that he had touched bottom.

-THE
END-

Well that's my tale for this issue. I hope it CHILLED you a little, and THRILLED you a little. Poor Glen got all CHOKED up at the end. Hee, Hee. What's in the sack? Well, that's what was left of poor Glen. There was not MUCH to get, Hee Hee. Gotta go-my HEARSE is waiting. If you want any more of my bedtime stories, just WAIT, I'll be waiting. Don't stop reading now, there's more news and surprises in each and every page of this here fanzine. Got any coffins ya want relined? Any STIFFS to get rid of? Any old worn out money? HMMmmm?



A POEM

by HARVEY SEGAL

The sky, was a blaze of fire, O'er the Milky Way,
The ship was a silver spire, In this cosmic array,
All space was a soundless vacuum, Oblivious to life below
As the Terran space ship travelled, Into the void and glow.

For eons and eons it travelled, Since that fateful day long ago
When on Earth the professors unravelled, The secrets they weren't to know
Concerning the myst'ries of heaven, And sights upon which they dared
Till that tragic, heat-filled moment, When Earth went up blaze/gaze

But before that fateful moment, as expressed by common man
The scientists who did know So much, tested men their plan
To build a secret space ship that would leave the Earth in time;
Before the world could blow up, A man-filled ship would go up
to its destiny sublime.

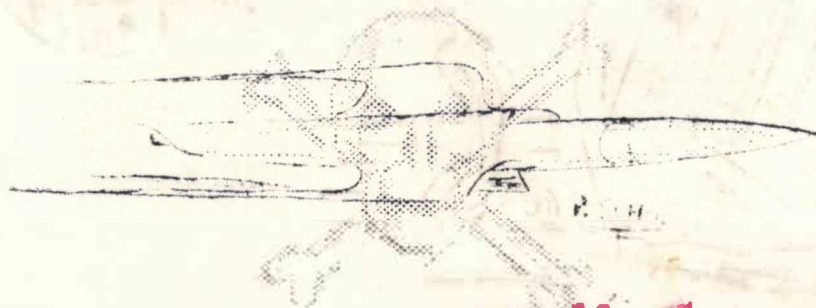
The ship was manned and ready, And before it was too late
It set courses straight and steady, To escape the Earth's sad fate;
It left before the war began and, Without any wait
Headed straight for other planets, For our race to propagate.

For many years they wandered, But they found no place to land;
On and on the space ship thundered, With Earth's last surviving band,
For years and years they travelled, And they still kept going on
But never did they find a place, With them did end the human race
And all of them were gone.

The space ship kept on going, With records of what took place,
To be sure of others knowing of The sad fate of our race;
The space ship it still sails, With the records of that crime
As it will keep on sailing, Until the end of time.

The sky was a blaze of fire, O'er the milky way
The ship was a silver spire, In this cosmic array;
All space was a soundless vacuum, Oblivious to life below
As the Terran space ship travelled, into the void and glow.

F I N I S



DISTURBANCE

by

LARRY

LOWERS

Dan Joseph annoyedly put the marker into the space in the book he had been reading and vacated the easy chair. The doorbell buzzed again, a strange floating noise waifing through the silent house.

Dan walked through the dining room, into the living room, and took the front doornob in his hand. It turned under the pressure, and the door slid back to reveal a little man in a blue suit of an unusual shade. The little man had been opening and closing his mouth, but stopped when the door opened.

"You wanted something?" asked Dan in an ad lib fashion.

The man unexpectedly brushed past Dan and was within the house before Dan quite knew it.

"Yes," answered the little man unspiritedly, "I did want something. You see, I accidentally dropped the lever on the vibration car, and the result was that it left my right shoe in your bedroom." He hurled this back to Dan while proceeding toward the bedroom.

"Hey, now! Just a minute, Mr. Whoever-you-are!"

But the minute figure was already across the dining room and opening the door to the bedroom. Dan rushed after him, speechless, remembered the door, ran back and closed it, and then ran after the little stranger.

He almost bowled the little guy over as the two of them met in the doorway, Dan going in and the little man coming out.

Dan slightly moved and the little man slithered past him, performing something of a miracle by doing so in the scant inches left between Dan and the door facing.

The blue clad figure was just about to carry his body over the threshold when Dan grabbed him by the arm and spun him around.

"Now look here," Dan breathed into the man's small and lithe face. "You come and ring my doorbell and disturb me from my reading. Then you completely ignore me and force your way into my house, mumbling something about vibrations. Then you rave on about shoes, and then you want to go and leave me with no explanation for all this whatso ever. I've a good mind to call a cop and have you spend the night in jail."

The man was slowly working Dan's grip from his arm.

"Sir, if you will let me go, I will leave without further ado and cause you no more trouble," the little man pleaded.

"Maybe I just will have Clanohan run you in. He's due by on his beat in a few minutes."

The little man wiped his forehead and tried to reason with the larger man.

"Sir, if you do not let me go, I am due back within a few sec-



onds, and I fear the transplacer will take you with me. Needless to say, The whole alteration will have a horrible effect on your body, as you are not tempered to it as I am."

"Yes, that's what I'll do. Clanohan will be glad to do it."

The little man extracted a piece of paper from his coat and offered it to Dan.

"This will explain, he explained. Just release me and let me be on my way."

Dan took the paper but did not let off on his grip.

Still working his hand on Dan's the little man waited until Dan glanced at the piece of paper, and then tore his hand from the Blue sleeve.

Before Dan could grasp the fact that the little man was escaping he was gone.

(13)

Dan raced out of the front door after him, and came to an abrupt halt. There was no little man in sight.

After making sure the little man hadn't dived into the shrubbery he went back into the house to study the paper which he held in his hand.

On it was written:

TAKE THE VIBRACAR. EDUCATIONAL AND
ENTERTAINING, ALIKE. WE TAKE YOU
JUST CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE NEXT
VIBRATION WORLD ON THE SCALE SO
THAT YOU CAN SEE THEM..STUDY THEM
....WALK IN THEIR WORLD...AND THEY
CANNOT SEE YOU.STUDY THEIR ACTIONS,
PROBLEMS. SEE HOW THEY REACT TO
CERTAIN CONFLICTS. ONLY TEN DRPLS.
ASSOCIATION APPROVED

Dan cast the piece of paper into a nearby waste paper container and closed the door.

"Nut!!" he proclaimed. "Obviously, the man was an escapee from an asylum or it was a joke."

He went back into the bedroom and picked up the book. But for some reason, he couldn't get interested in the thing. He put on his coat and went down to check with the asylum for escapees.

The END



There are as many different theories about the origin of flying saucers as there are interested persons. I am here to present my theories based on what I have seen heard and read.

It was back in 1950 or so when I resolved my belief in them. At that time I lived in a small country house in the New York suburbs. It was at that time early in the morning when I saw the supposed flying saucer. The moisture was out of the air, it was brisk and not too hot when I saw a definite outline far to the north. It had no tail or jet exhausts but just seemed to glide through the air. At first it was just an indefinite mass, as it got closer it looked like a long cigar shaped object flying at impossible right angle turns.

Now I present my theory:

I believe in them. I think that they are friendly or else (assuming that they are real) we would have found out otherwise much sooner. It is known that between galaxies, planets, and star systems a magnetic force exists connecting the universe in a vast spider web. If some far superior race could figure out how to ride these mysterious waves they could have inter-stellar travel at seemingly impossible speeds. In my reasoning out of the large amount of stars there must be other forms of life, even those of a higher intelligence than us. As far as I know and I might easily be wrong, they have appeared since the beginning of the atomic age...Possibly further back.....

The reason why they are coming is irrelevant to my theory... (that can present an entirely new subject). It is hard to say where they came from but, most certainly from out of this solar system or I there would have been evidences of such. To place them in any specific spot would be impossible...but, I will say that there is the possibility of placing them about 4-6 light years away. Why? It is my guess that there is a strong chance that we may be the only intelligent life existing in this close range. Naturally if we were in their shoes (in speaking of something alien that phrase sounds a little foolish) we would choose to observe the closest intelligent race.

To sum up----

I believe in them,
I think that they are friendly,
travel with the use of some magnetic force,
and are not too great a distance from here.
(speaking in terms of light years)

This is only my theory.....This being a democratic fanzine, we want your own ideas and theories...Do you or Don't you believe in them?.....Do you disagree or agree with my theory?

I shall be waiting to hear your opinions.

Barry J. Cronin

14

WE PROTEST!

Well here it is... What you have all been waiting for; a text on the Comics Code that's been plaguing E.C. and the other comic publishers. The code is supposed to be designed to present better and cleaner reading for the youth of the nation. The idea of a code is all right by me, up to a point. The present code is so utterly ridiculous that it would be better to have no code at all. The code as it is now is altogether too severe to the type of comics now on the market. Many of the forbidden items in the code make comic book reading, educational, entertaining, and teaches the reader to distinguish right and wrong. As it is now there is no evil. SEE FOR YOUR* SELF. (reprinted as given to us by E.C. who obtained it from the CMAA)

COMICS CODE

The code has been designed to provide a rigid set of standards for the comic publishing industry. Signatories to this code acknowledge that penalty to publishers for departing from the rules and regulations laid down by the code shall be expulsion from the CMAA.

(Comics Magazine Association of America)

Horror type comics

- 1-No comic magazine shall use the word horror or terror in its title.
- 2-All scenes of horror, excessive bloodshed, gory or gruesome crimes, sodomy, depravity, lust, sadism, masochism, shall not be permitted.
- 3-Vampires and vampirism are prohibited.

(Ed. note-in simple english, no horror comics!)

Crime type comics

- 1-sympathy for the criminal is prohibited.
- 2-Plans for unique detail to a crime is prohibited.
- 3-In every instance Good shall triumph over Evil and the criminal punished for his misdeeds.
- 4-Knife and gun-play, physical agony and gruesome crime shall be stopped.
- 5-Methods of smuggling, arson, illegal drug use and the use of liquor shall not be shown.

(Ed. note-in simpler english. no crime comics!)

GOSPEL

- 1-1- Nudity in any form is prohibited.
- 2- Dress shall be reasonably accepted to society.
- 3- Females shall be drawn realistically without exaggeration of any physical qualities.

DIALOGUE

- 1- Profanity, obscenity, smut , vulgarity, or words which acquire undesirable meanings are forbidden.
- 2- Slang or colloquialism are accepted but good grammar should be used whenever possible.

(Ed. Note- No &@/?)

RELIGION

- 1- Redicule or attack on any racial or religious group is never permissible.

(Ed. Note- I agree)

*Marriage and SEX

- 1- Divorce shall not be treated humorously nor represented as desirable.
- 2- Violent love scenes as well as sexual abnormalities are unacceptable
- 3- Passion or romantic interests shall never be treated in such a way as to stimulate the lower and baser emotions.
- 4- Seduction or rape shall never be shown or suggested.
- 5- Sex perversion or any inference to same is strictly forbidden.

(Ed. Note- NoComment)

Well that's it. What do you think? I personally think that a code is necessary but one like this should never be enforced. I would like to hear your opinions on the code and what if anything we can do about it.

Write to;

- Bruce S. Odesser
214 East 163RD St.
New York 56, N.Y.

NEW FASHIONS



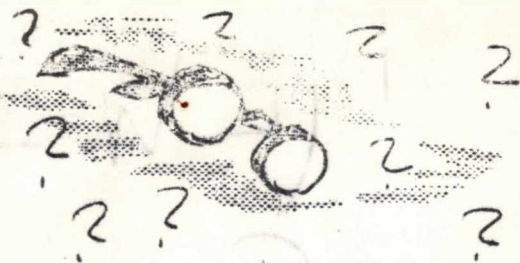
Before you read my article, I must warn you that you are in for some good and some bad news concerning E.C. To get you in a good mood (thats if you're an E.C. fan) the Mad Reader was a tremendous hit. So many idiots (rather Mad fans) bought it that they had to reprint it three times to keep up with the demand. That's the good news.

More news..... Weird Science Fantasy is changing. it's name. The reason for this is that the word "Weird" to some queer people suggests horror type stories. (a moment of silence) However their new name is not in my opinion going to change any of their thoughts on the matter since it is even more horrible. The new name will be "Incredible Science Fiction!" (dig that) The date for this change is not yet known but it should be pretty soon since the distributors might not except them if enough of these queer people get to expressing their opinions.

Now for the lousy news. It is possible that E.C. might become a thing of the past in the near future. (sounds stupid doesn't it) For those of you who keep well tabbed on recent issues of Mad you may have noticed in one of them a story called "Mickey Redent!" E.C. made a very stupid mistake when they published this story. As you probably noticed a ll of Disney's characters were duplicated perfectly. Usually when E.C. does a take-off on some T.V. or some other character they either exaggerate or change around some of the characters so that they are slightly different from the original. Some of these take offs included "Dragged Net, Captain Marbles" and "Flesh Garden" This time they didn't change adamn thing and they were sued for it. This may very well be the end of E.C. since a guy like Disney doesn't sue for peanuts,.....or cashews (ha! ha! very funny) Anyhow we shall see what happens.

L. D. Levenborg

THE ANSWER-MAN



ANSWER MAN?---

1-Why did E.C. sever relations quietly with the comics association for publishers two yrs. ago?

--At that time there were only a few publishers still in the association and E.C. being the biggest and only horror co. left were supporting them. It happened about three yrs. ago.

2-What comic has the largest circulation?

--MAD of course.

3-What happened the time the Vault of Horror had an ad in the other E.C. mags showing a hatchet in this fellows head on the front cover? When the mag came out there was only a big silver spot.

--At this time there had started attacks on horror comics so it being too gory had to be taken out. In fact the whole story had to be redrawn.

4-What would be the chances of E.C. getting the right to reprint some of Basil Wolverton's stuff done in the pre-Mad days?

--Wolverton was not well received by most fans so E.C. will not even attempt to do so.

5- Do the artist and writers see a movie more than once when doing a movie satire?

--No they consider the first impression the best and write from it.

6-Are more Kurtzman reprints lined up for future issues of Mad?

--The kurtzman reprints were used only because of his unfortunate illness..Again his work was not liked.

7-Was "I touched a flying saucer the Clavin Thomas Beck script that E.C. bought?

-- Bill Gaines--ans--HuH

repeated question

Bill;--No never heard of them.

Well that winds up the question for this ish..Next week the Answer Man will answer such questions as---

DOES KURTZMAN THINK PANIC IS BETTER THAN MAD?

and

DOES FELDSTEIN THINK MAD IS BETTER THAN PANIC?

Send you questions to--L.D.Levenberg,--70 Pkwy. North,-Wonders, N.Y.

The

NOTES

by *Carl Hanes*
Harvey Segal

this is A
type story
-Ed-

Doctor Schwartz was sitting in his office, when the nurse suddenly burst in.

"Doctor, there's a patient who says he saved the entire human race!"

"Hmnn," said the doctor, "How odd. Send him right in."

The nurse gave the signal and in walked Horowitz. He was about fifteen years of age, short, fat, and sloppy. His hair hung over his eyes, and he looked like something out of the nearest petshop window.

"Won't you have a seat, Mr. Horowitz?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Sure, replied Horowitz.

"Care to tell me the trouble?"

"Of course, that's what I'm payin' you for, ain't it?"

"Well now," said the doctor, a bit dubiously, "I hear you saved the world. Is that true?"

"Yeah, but how did you find out?"

"My nurse told me."

"How did the nurse know?", demanded Horowitz, with a mystified and suspicious look.

"You told her," said the doctor.

"Oh."

"Isn't it hard to believe that you saved the whole human race?" demanded the doctor. "When did this happen, and where, and how?"

"Oh, you don't have to take my word for it. Ask Zgleetk."

"Who's Zgleetk?" demanded the doctor. "I never heard of a person by that name before."

"Oh, Zgleetk isn't a person, well not exactly, anyway. He's a Martian."

"A what?", said the doctor. "Are you sure he's a martian?" How do you know?"

"He told me of course," said Horowitz, patiently. How else could I know?"

"Hmnn, exclaimed the doctor. Suppose you tell me the story from the beginning."

"All right" said Horowitz, but you must not make fun of me."

"I won't said the doc.", "thats what a psychiatrist is for".

"Whottsa a sykiatrist?"

"I'M A PSYCHIATRIST, said the doctor with a little more than his calm, cool, and collected voice." "Well suppose you begin you story."

"Watcha doin?" demanded Horowitz.

"I'm writing down everything you say" screamed the doctor.

"But I haven't said anything," he replied.

"I know. I'm waiting for you to begin."

He began....."I first met Zgleetk when his flying saucer sailed thru the bedroom window. He told me that he was sent by the council of Mars to investigate the possible conquering of the human race. In the meantime he had to find a place to live and start operations from. He needed someone too stupid to understand the signifisance of the situation. Naturally, I am flattered that the first visitor from Mars chose me to stay with, but I still suggested that he pay me rent, which

was the only fair thing to do. He reached down into his pouch below his left tentacle and handed me a three dollar bill. What do you think I am dumb or something?" I asked. "James Monroe's picture is on the three dollar bill, not Marilyn's." "I know sighed Zgleetk, but you must agree its nicer this way. He was right so I accepted the money and let him land on my bed without further talking. The whole night I spoke to him and in the morning I found out exactly what he was going to do. He thought I was too stupid to understand, but I did. I hadn't earned my Captain Vidio space ranger membership card for nothing. The next day I went to the police. They told me that I had a nightmare and that I should sleep it off. I did, and the next night he appeared again. He told me that he was going to terrorize the neighborhood the next morning and see what happens. After that he would make a report to the council and tell them whether it was safe for the Martians to land. The next day he went out. All over town people stopped to stare but nobody was frightened. He went up to a young lady waiting for a bus and said that he was going to dissect her.

"Not now," the girl exclaimed laughing. "I'll be late for work and my boss will kill me." The girl got on the bus and rode away leaving Zgleetk with a puzzled look on his face. Then he saw a youngster with an older woman, apparently his mother.

"I am going to eat you up", said Zgleetk.

"You better not", said the boy, "Or I'll shoot you with my cap pistol.

"FRESH!" exclaimed the woman, and she hit Zgleetk over one of his heads with an umbrella.

Many more strange things happened to Zgleetk that day. Wherever he went people laughed at him. They said that it must be a hollywood publicity stunt or something. People crowded all around him and started to pull his tentacles and poke him in his four eyes to see which ones were real. By the time he got back to my house he was shaking like a leaf and sweat was pouring from his scales. He told me what happened and asked me to explain to him. Here was my chance. Maybe I could convince he that we wouldn't be conquered.

"You see", I said, "Earth was conquered many years ago by strange things called bosses. Then the umbrella was invented and it was used to drive out the invaders. Whenever an invader would come he would find it impossible to do anything to us."

Suddenly I heard a voice. It was the message from Mars asking Zgleetk to make his report. He told how the people just laughed at him when he threatened to conquer the earth and about the bosses and umbrellas and cap pistols. It seems that the people on earth were more advanced than the Martians he told them.

That night he left and that is all I have seen of him since. My parents didn't believe me when I told them the story and they suggested I see a mind doctor, a fcy.....a sike.....you know, one of what you are.

"HMMmmmmmm..., I see," said the doctor. "Well, I suggest you take some of these pills that I give you and get a good night's rest and in the morning you'll get over these hallucinations."

"They aren't hallucinations, they're for real!"

"Well then why don't you just forget about it?" asked the doctor.

"I try but I can't," came the reply. "Every night Zgleetk's voice comes to me and tells me that he is going to get even for the way I tricked him. He said the council was sorry they sent scientists

such as Zgleetk who couldn't tell the difference between a hoax and the truth like military men. They are wrking on a machine that will transport me to Mars where they could get even with me for spoiling their plans."

"But how can they do that?" mused the doctor. "And even if they could people will remember you and wonder what happened. That would warn the world of their attack."

"OH NO!" said Horowitz. "When succedd in capturing me they will erase the incident from the mind of every one I told. Then no one will remember my story and they will be free to invade Earth any time they want."

"Nonsense. How could anything to something like that?"

"I don't know," Horowitz started to say, but never finished. Something seemed to be pulling inside of him. Doctor! he yelled, but in the next instant he was gone."

"Thats strange", said the doctor. "I thought I was talking to someone. It must be my imagination, I guess."

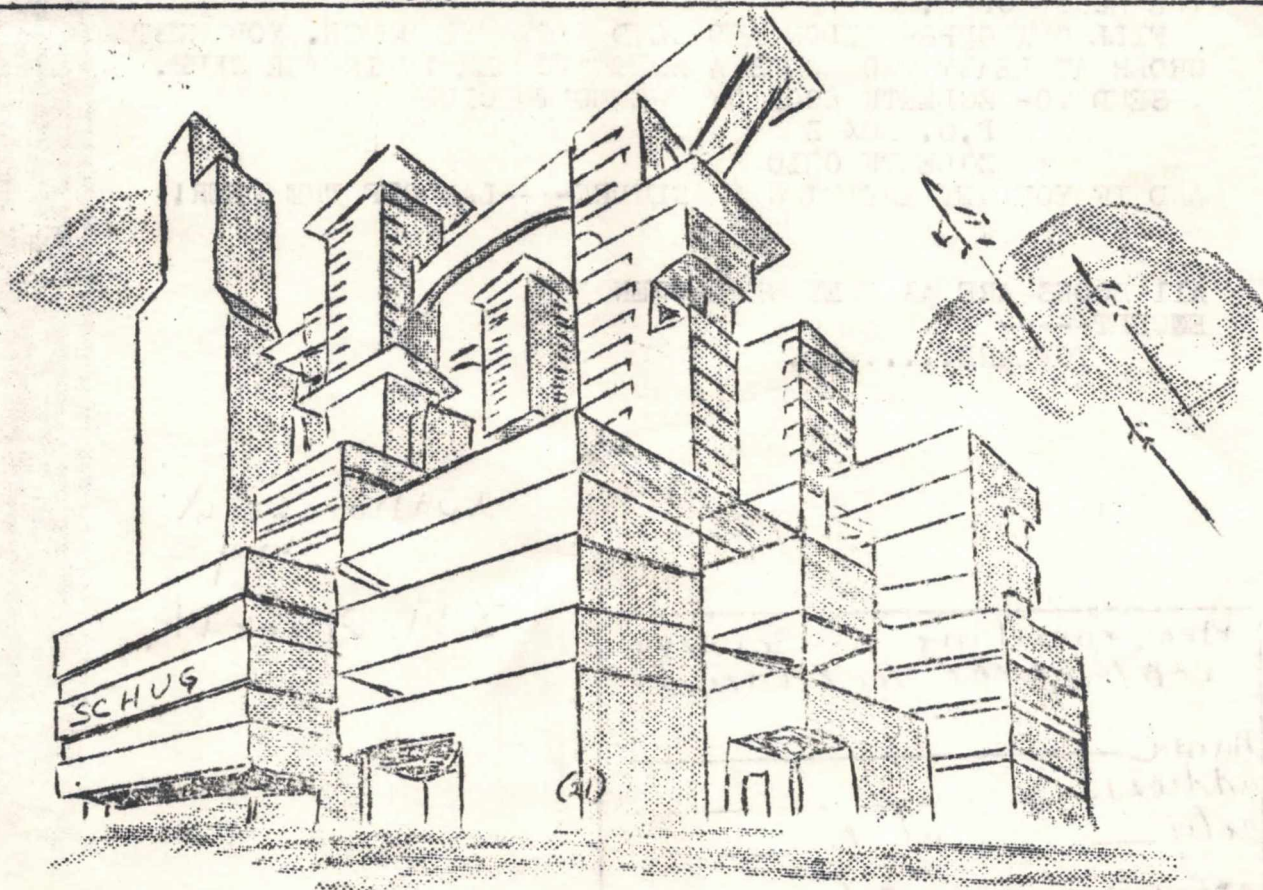
Just then the nurse came in and said, "Its time to go doctor. Isn't it awful? We didn't have a patient all day."

"Yes it is", replide the doctor. "If this keeps up I might have to go into another line of business. Well I guess I'll go now. Theres a good Science-Fiction picture playing down the block. Its about a Martian invasion or smething like that."

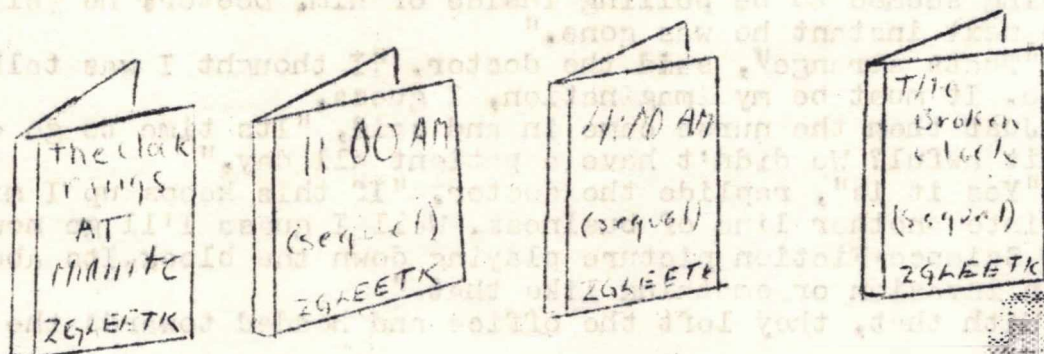
With that, they left the office and headed towards the movies.

--THE
END--

Achoo!!!



Join THE ZGLEETK Book of the Month Club.



IF YOU ORDER 1 BOOK AT THE CLUB PRICE OF 15\$23 YOU WILL RECEIVE FREE OF CHARGE A MEMBERSHIP IN THE ZGLEETK BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB.

FILL OUT CUPON BELOW AND SEND WITH THE DOUGH. YOU MUST ORDER AT LEAST TWO BOOKS A MONTH TO REMAIN IN THE CLUB.

SEND TO- ZGLEETK BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB

P.O. BOX Z

ZGLEETK OHIO

AND IF YOU GET ANYTHING IN RETURN-----LAY OFF THE PEER!

ALL BOOKS ARE AS THEY WERE THEN
EXCEPT-----

YOU ARE.....

authorized by

J.M. Zgleetk

Please enroll me in Zgleetk Book of the Month Club

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ state _____

other measurements? _____

Dear Scoop

Dear Editors,

Got Scoop #4 the other week, but haven't had a chance to answer till now. I see that you asked for a review. This I can't promise. I only did that review for PSY because I was impressed by the litho job and because I had to fill up space. Eventually I probably will have a fanzine review column in SCINTILLATION but not right now.

Scoop #4 doesn't seem quite up to the level of #3. The stories which seem to be fairly familiar last ish seem to be narrowing the gap between creative writing and plagerism (no, I am not accusing your writers of anything. But the plots have been used sooooo much that one can't help thinking "Didn't I read that story in a copy of _____ some months ago?") I think that a fanzine should be used to print creative writing and not hackneyed plots. Consider yourself disliked.

But only for that paragraph. What suits you doesn't have to suit me. You can call that criticism if you like.

Enjoyed your article on Wood, tho I think the illo could have been reproduced better. I suppose you can't have everthing with a spirit duper. Ahahah! a review on the THING. Just what I needed. My friend was busy telling me about crying carrots and what not and I have been trying to find a review on it for the longest time.

Hokay, you got ad rates. I haven't. Not yet at least. I dislike spending money. Would you consider exchanging ads? Advise please.

Potrziebie,

Mark Schulzinger

6791 Meadow Ridge Ln.

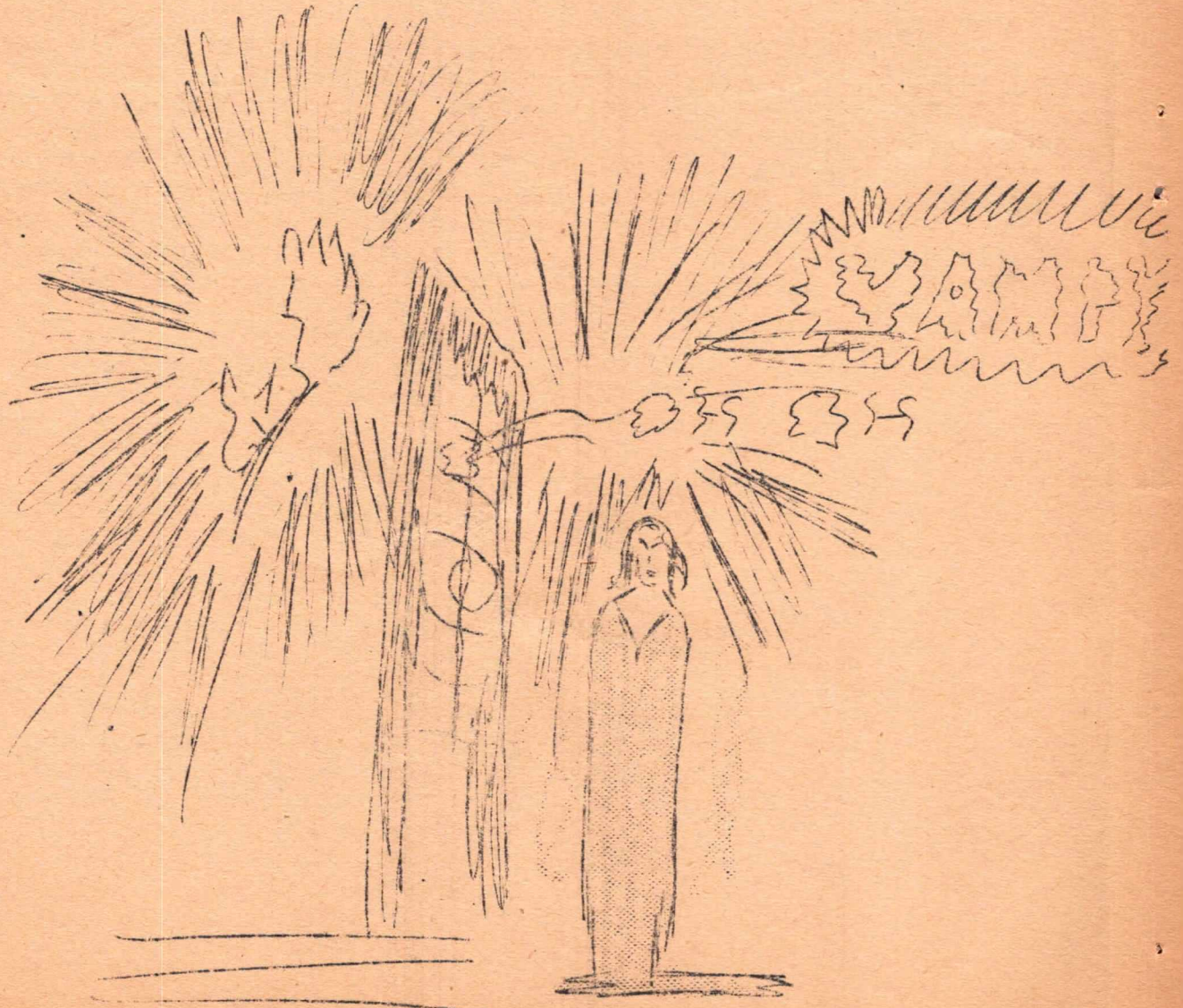
Amberly Village, Ohio

Okay Mark I agree with you. We are guilty on the count of plagerism and we are sorry. We hope we have improved ourself this ish.

As for the review on the thing---I'm glad you liked it because you were the only one. On account we dropped it.

I have not seen SC #3 yet wh t happened?
We will trade $\frac{1}{2}$ page ads if you want.
NEXT ish Fanzine reviews so get your latest into me as soon as possible HMMMMmmmm?

Barry



F. Schug

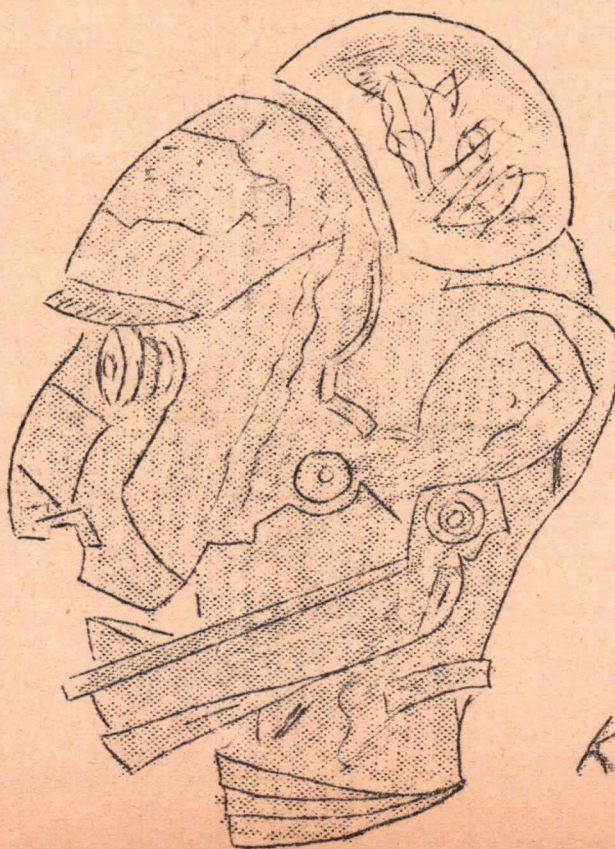
"DAMN THOSE NOISY
24 NEIGHBORS

STOP!

LOOK!

LISTEN!

ON the following pages is PART II of the combined Scoop.
This is the Freddie's Trader Advertising and trade journal. This ish
contains mostly ads on E.C. Comics sales but if'n you STF boys will
advertise we will have Science fiction ads too!



Col.
Jim
Kotrc

25

Freddie Speaks



Well Well you mean you are still with us...MY what wonderful readers...GOD bless them and their money!! There here is the section where you will see nothing but ads...ads....and more ads.

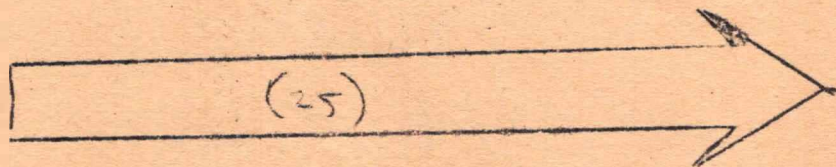
With the next issue we hope to have a classified ad dept. the classified ads will cost 4 cents a line up to as many lines as you wish. Classified ads will go free to subscribers. Every new subscriber will get a five line classified ad at no extra cost.... So now will you subscribe?

Freddie, the signet of Star Press, is very happy to have a whole magazine section named for him so lets keep him happy and subscribe to Scoop and advertise in Freddie's trader. Only one five line ad to a new subscriber from then on you pay.

We would like letters addressed specially for this section and tell us what you think of our policy, and any helpful suggestions you might have...We will be waiting to here from you. But now I suppose you Want to see the ads so quick like a bunny-

1-2-3. TURN!

B.Jay Cronin



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN BUYING, SELLING OR TRADING PLEASE CONTACT ME

AT MY HOME AT: 1625 Sunset Drive
Logan, Utah
Jim Bishop

ALL IMAGES MUST HAVE COVERS

AND NO LARGE PLACES LOST

THE ONES I NEED ARE:

TALES FROM THE CRYPT 22,23

CRYPT OF TERROR 17,19

HAUNT OF FEAR 1 to 9

THE VAULT OF HORROR 12 to 20

TWO FISTED TALES 18 to 24

CRIME SUSPENSE STORIES 1 to 16, 25

~~SHOCK SUSPENSE STORIES~~ 1 to 6, 10, 11, 17

WEIRD SCIENCE 1 to 8

WEIRD FANTASY 1 to 8

ANY OF E.C.'S ANNUALS

I will give as high as 64¢ for some old E.C.'s and as low as 25¢ for fairly new issues. If you are interested in making some kind of deal with me please send me a letter or a postcard.

I need the following E.C.'s to complete my collection. I have a good selection of duplicates, and I will trade or buy the comics I need.

Shock S.S. 2*** Crime S.S 2-4-5 *** Frontline C. 1 *** Crypt
T. 18-19 *** Tales f.t.c. 20-30*** Vault o./H. 12-13-14-15-18-20-21***
Haunt o.F. (16/2) - (17/3)-4-5-6-7-9 *** Weird S. (12/1) -8-10*** Weird
F. (13/1)- (14/2)- (15/3) -6-9 *****

Send list of comics you have and what you want to trade or so sell them for.

Greg Nedblake

3741 Garfield

Kansas City 9 Missouri

W A N T E D

CONFEDERATE MONEY

Reprints of confederate bills, Will pay : 15¢ for 1's, 10¢ for 2's
5¢ for 5's, 5¢ for 10's, 10¢ for 20's, 10¢ for 50's, 15¢ for 100's,
10¢ for 500's, 15¢ for 1000's, in good condition. Wanted for the
treasury of the "Confederate Air Corps " by Colonel J.C.KOTRC C.A.C.
Send bills to:

Jim Kotrc
3910 "v" Street
Omaha 7, Nebraska

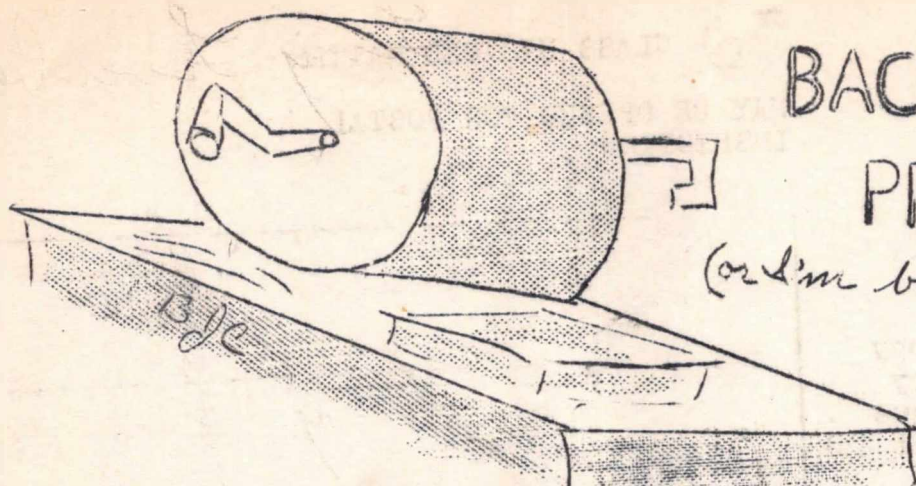
Be sure to enclose return address for payment.

LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT FANZINE? won't find it here, but you
will find a good (a darn good one-Ed.) one that goes by the name of
SCINTILLATION.

SCINTILLATION sells for the worthwhile price of 10¢ for a single
issue or ten for \$1.00.

SCINTILLATION is a fannish, but enjoyable 'zine. It is mimioed.
All this can be had for money, and not much of it. Just send you
dough to-

MARK SCHULZINGER
6791 MEADOW RIDGE LN.
AMBERLY VILLAGE
OHIO



BACK

PRINT

(or I'm back again)

Surprised to see

me again ain't ya? Well we have put in this column as a wind-up and correction page for the rest of Scoop.

One new surprise is that we have bought a mimeo and there will be no more ditto. We have taken out our color for the sake of making more copies as our sub list requests it. We hope you have enjoyed this issue and we hope to keep it this way, keeping the pages similar to the amount we now have if that is possible. The only way that can be done is with your help. This is our first try into the actual Stf field as you can probably tell by the amount of E.C. news contained herein. We want you Stf fans to help us out if possible.

SUSCRIBE AND CONTRIBUTE!

We need well written S.F. & F.S.F. stories if possible. Also articles on and about fandom. I myself and the other editors are great Stf fans from not-so-way back. I make this statement for all to see.

I AM NOT A NEO!!!

I doubt very much if we will get another issue out before June. This I am not sure of, so we shall see what we shall see.

Correction corner----

Did you dig that crazy front editorial? Man was I dreaming when I cut that. The title should have been Chatter Box not Chater. Look up Chater in the dictionary and if you find it don't come to me go to a psyciatrist. He won't help you anyway but its a pleasant thought.

That crazy mixed up story the...(OH NO! I'll let you figure it out for yourselves.) was written that way purposely. As a hint in case you haven't figured it out yet hold it up to a mirror fool!

I have said this before and I will say it again....We would very much like to hear from you on this issue of Scoop.

Also Those who are trading ads with us send it in as soon as possible so that they may get in sooner.

Attention George Jennings and Mike May---Write!!

Running out of lines now scoooooooo I'll see before the summer We hope.....

MUST GET THIS DONE BEFORE THE CON OR THEY WON'T SEE THE MASTERPEICES OF.....

BARRY CROWIN

Scoop--a fanzine/

B.Jay CRONIN
955 Walton Ave.
N.Y. 52, N.Y.

3rd CLASS MIMTOD MATTER
MAY BE OPENED FOR POSTAL
INSPECTION

YOU are getting SCOOP
because---

- it is a sample copy
- it is a trade copy
- it is a trial issue
- it is next to last ish.
- you have a sub.
- only the SHADOW knows

AN

IDIOTIC

FANZINE!!!!

