

APOLLO



VAN 43

Lettering By N-MANN

front cover
by
VAN H. SPLAWN
lettering
by
LIONEL INNMAN

HEREWITH THE THIRD ISSUE
of

APOII©

edited
by
JOE HENSLEY
&
LIONEL INNMAN

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THE ELECTRIC EYE

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Recieved by me a few days ago was a letter from an old penpal of mine, Tony Raines. Tony is a corporal in the Air Force, and is stationed in merry England. Tony, as some of you more avid fans will recall used to be quite a science-fiction fantasy fan, and still is for that matter. However he never got mixed up actively with fandom. I wonder what he would think of us if he ever saw any of the propoganda that Claude Degler tosses out? Not much, I'm certain.

Why must fandom always be plagued by such guys as Degler an Stein. Most of you readers have heard of Stein (a Degler satelite), who has had the colossal nerve to declare war on that organization of organizations, the NFFF. Even if Stein could be possibly right, what right has he to throw fandom into a war?

I know not what course others may take but as far as I am concerned, I do not consider Degler as a fan. Instead, unless a great change comes over him, I consider him as a worthy substitute for Hitler in case that worthy should become of the dead.

Perhaps I should not write such "nasty" editorials. I am sure that Degler would agree with me on this subject. Oh well—I, for one, say, "Toell with him and his whole damn Comic Crew."

I am sure that when Mr. Degler reads this he will forthwith proceed to Bloomington to "confer" with me on matters of policy. So for once and for all, Mr. Degler, I have nothing at all to discuss with you. Your policies and mine have nothing to do in common. So I say again, "Toell with you".

This is the last jive you will ever hear from me on the Cosmic Circle. Don't let this affect you in any way, fandom, as far as the Comic Circle (no typographical error) is concerned. I, however shal this very night, peer deep into my witches brew and breathe this eternal curse through my beer-laden mouth, "ngthref alonge, may you be cursed by Cummings and Amazing Stories. for- ever, and may your days be as limited as those of the Cosmic Circle, Degler. And thats that for this time.

THE

HORRORSCOPE

"DEPARTMENT of FANZINES"

SATURNALIA: from Art Schnert, 1414 Poplar, Memphis 4, Tennessee. The first issue of Art Schnerts now pub gets off to a pretty and good start with articles by the editor and Jay Chidsey and fiction by James Russel Gray. This fanzine looks like it will be around for a while if the material is of the same good quality-- of the first issue.

POINTS.....8.5

THOTH: from William J. Jones, 10026 Aurora Ave., Detroit 5, Michigan. Another first issue only this one was hooked. Average fan material by the editor and James Ashton. Although the first issue was rather sketchy the mag looks like it might progress to be a very good publication.

POINTS.....8.1

LE ZOMBIE: from Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. No. 55 of the "grand old mag" shows that LeZ grows better and better as the years roll by. This issue features an article about the Michicon and one about the adventures of the worlds greatest comedian, Claude Degler, the roaming Cos(man)((we hope that Degler won't sue us for enclosing man in parenthesis. He instead is undoubtedly superman!)). What with the nifty cover and the interesting features this fanzine stands head and shoulders above most others. We're sure looking forward to the anniversary ish.

POINTS.....9.5

MARS: from Van H. Splawn, 915 1/2 W. 8th Street, Coffeyville, Kan. Another first issue and pretty fair too, especially the artwork was excellent. The material was fair especially the editorial. The rest of the material in the issue except an article by Stan Haynes was done by some jerk named Hensley. Boy, did it stink!

POINTS.....8.3

CENTAURI: from Andy Anderson, 515 Ocean Ave. Pismo Beach, Cal. We seem to be rather swamped with first issues this time. This one is the best of the lot featuring articles and stories by Rinel, Daniels, Powlowski, and others. One of the best first issues we've ever seen.

POINTS.....9.3

COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR: from Degler, 214 N. 20th, Newcastle, Indiana. Quite a number of issues on hand. Really the most, of any and all fanzines, the "humoriskest". Most of the news is the vivid imaginations of Mr. Degler so far as the Comic Circle is concerned. Also rank stories of Newcastle jailbirds, exclusion acts, New York burglaries, and various investigations. I love the things because the mimeography is the only I have found that is worse than mine.

POINTS.....0.0

TEDDY BEAR



by
LES CROUTCH

FICTION

Mrs. Robbins sat in the window that snowy, Christmasy eve. It sat there in all its furry glory, with the lights shining down on it and giving the two big glass eyes a wicked little gleam. Its two stiff arms were held out in what the window-dresser had likely thought to be an almost human supplication. Mrs. Robbins, young and pretty, married just these three years, and the doting mother of a golden-haired little cherub of almost two, looked and looked.

"I'd like that big teddy bear in the window," she told the woman who waited on her. "It'll be just the thing to lay on Bobbie's pillow tonight."

"Isn't it lovely?" the girl asked when she had brought it forth. This is the only one we have left. We wouldn't have had it either if it hadn't been returned."

"Oh it is beautiful," cried Ruth Robbins, taking it into her hands. "Returned it? Why would anyone want to bring this back? Oh some little boy or girl is going to be so dissatisfied."

"It was brought in by mistake," the clerk explained. "I do not think he had any children anyway." He was too old. Must have been eighty if he was a day."

"I'll take it anyway. Wrap it up, please. I'll take it with-- oh, what is this?" Turning it over and over in her hands, the woman stopped, looked closely, then brushed the soft pile back from the shoulders. "It looks like a pin, or a needle....."

The clerk took the toy, examined the spot closely. She held it tightly with her left hand about the body as she tried to pull the pin, or whatever it was, with her right. The body of the bear slipped in her hand, the sharp pouted snout struck her palm for just one instant.....

"The--the damned thing bit me, I guess," she said, then giggled, brushing the hand on her skirt. "Sometimes the eyes are very sharp and scratching."

Mrs. Robbins was a bit dissatisfied. How nice it would have been for Bobby to have it. He would have been so pleased. She could see how his face would light up and the little cry that he would give when he saw it there on his pillow Christmas morning. Suddenly making up her mind, she said:

"I'll take it anyway. My husband is handy--he can fix whatever it was."

Poor, young Mrs. Robbins. If she had only known what the morrow would bring.....but the future is mercifully hidden from the eyes of us mortals.

The Westminster clock on the mantel chimed the hour of eleven.

The fairhaired man laid down his pipe and yawned.

"Isn't it time we were going to bed, Ruth?" He asked. "You know Bobbie. He'll be up bright and early in the morning and then there'll be no sleep for anyone."

Continued on next page.

TEDDY BEAR... continued from the preceeding page

Ruth looked up and smiled. How she loved him, she thought, as she looked fondly at his manly shoulders, and the twinkle in his brown eyes. "Yes" she acquiesced. "I was just getting Teddy ready. Look don't you think he looks nice with the red ribbon about his neck?"

John grinned. "Maybe so, dear, but isn't a teddy bear supposed to be a boy? I always thought so. He must feel like a sissy with that about his neck."

He rose from the chair, waited until she had left the room, and switched off the lights. From the corner the red, blue and green lights of the tree winked happily. Lining faintly the multi-colored packages gaily wrapped in ribbons of gold and silver and red.

They laid the bear on the pillow beside the golden head of the little lad who smiled so angelically in his dreams. No doubt he was seeing visions of wonderful things and of turkey and pudding and mince pie. He couldn't say all these things very well, but he knew they tasted good and gave tummy ach a if you ate too much. But mom my always made him well again and daddy always kissed him and then it was all right.

Smiling fondly, the two kissed him goodnight, and tiptoed softly, hand in hand, from the room.

Such joy to be so mercifully tended. Somewhere "something"--- something laughed evilly in fiendish glee. Somewhere a clock ticked on and on toward the morrow when the sun would rise and shine on in the window and on the counterpane of the bed where a little boy lay.....

Downstairs the Westminster chimed the hours away through the night. The light winked in the darkness, and before the fire the cat snored and twitched his tail as he dreamed of licking that new bulldog from down the street who thought he could boss the whole neighborhood. And down in the street the bulldog stirred restlessly in his sleep--woke and rose to his feet, then pointed his nose of ebony in the general direction of his enemy of the cat, and moaned in that scared way that animals do when they cannot comprehend that which they are afraid of.

John always set the alarm beside his bed for 7:30 to get him up in time on weekdays, and this time he had forgotten to turn it off. So it started its infernal din and danced on the cloth in fiendish glee.

John stirred in his sleep, muttered something about that "damned clock and started to snore again in a different key. But Ruth awoke with a shock. Awoke instantly alert and full possession of all her faculties. She stared at the clock, then at the window. She listened. Suddenly she was afraid, terribly afraid. She shook her husband by the shoulder.

"John--John--wake up?"

"W- w- arumph- wassa matter?"

"John- it is half past seven--"

"What of it--too early to get up."

"But John, something must be wrong with Bobbie. This is Christmas. He isn't awake yet!"

John snapped awake on the key words, "Bobbie" and "Christmas". Without an instant's hesitation he leaped from his warm bed and started for the door. He flung it open and started back with a grunt. The cat whirled into the room, wound itself around his legs, and mewled in terror.

"Whats the matter with puss?" he asked. Seems scared stiff.."

They ran from the room and across the corridor. The door to

APOLLO THE DEMON'S DIGEST

TEDDY BEAR continued:

the nursurey was open. The golden head still lay on the pillow but oh how white and still it was.

"Bobbie! Bobbie!" The heart rending cry pealed through the house. How cold his hand was. "John! John! Something's happened-- to--to Bobbie. He's cold and still-- and John-- he doesn't breathe-- John! John!" And she screamed terribly, and then was so still as she hid her face in her hands and rocked back and forth and moaned.

In the door the cat, which had followed, cried too. Have you ever heard a cat cry? It wasn't a meow, it wasn't a purr, it was something in between, and it set the man's teeth on edge, and made him clench his fists.

The Teddy Bear was gone. He saw that almost instantly and wondered dully in his pain where it could be. It wasn't until after-- after the doctor had been and gone that they found it. Not after they saw Bobbie, and heard what the doctor said.

For poor little innocent Bobbie, golden haired Bobbie, with his sunny laughter and his prattling talk, was but an empty husk. The doctor was nonplussed and hated to admit it, but from the merciless pounding of the bereaved father's words he had to give in.

"I know you'll think I'm crazy," he said haltingly, "but -- I swear it is the truth. The boy has all the appearances of having-- been sucked dry. There is no blood left in his body!"

And when they heard him go down the stairs they saw the Teddy Bear. It lay on the floor behind the door. Lay? No, it would be more apt to say it stood, leaning against the wall. And there was a smirking smile on its golden mouth.

She thought it was merely a shadow across the mouth, but then she picked it up.....

"John- John- look--" and then for some unaccountable reason she screamed and fainted. The doctor came running back, and the cat--- mewed and mewed and mewed.

For smeared across the bears mouth, and clotted in its partly open jaws, was the blackish substance she knew was blood.

FINIS

SATURNALIA

5¢ FROM

ART SCHNERT
1414 POPLAR
MEMPHIS 4, TENN.

ASTRA

10¢ FROM

JAY CHIDSEY
GREEN SPRINGS,
OHIO

FANSAY

It's a darn shame we can't read

First epistle from: Bob Tucker
Box 260
Bloomington,
Illinois.

Cheerio: Apollo No. 2 in. You may or may not know it but I try to be a completion-ist in fanzine matters. So how about sending a copy of one? I'll either pay cash, or swap back numbers of LeZ. And do you have the first 3 issues of Vulcan for sale or swap?

My chief gripe with Apollo 2 is the fanzine review department. Hellfire, Infinite is 2 years old and deadlier than a door mouse caught in the door. None of Deglers promises will cause me to believe otherwise.

And that issue of Nova reviewed is almost a year old. Ashley assures me that Nova is not dead. Some stencils are out for third issue, but I don't expect to see it before 1944. You know by now that I'm not yet in the army, and that LeZ for April is slightly out of date. By the way, where do you get those copies of LeZ you mention seeing? It always interests me to find people reading LeZ who never subscribed to it. I like to know where they got it.

May I suggest that you take more time in the actual printing of each issue. A slower speed in cranking will produce better copies.

And about the contents page-why have one? I can see no use for one in a fanzine under 24 pages. They merely waste space. Down with them I say!

You should have LeZ by now. Still want to exchange subscriptions? I'll be looking for the next Apollo.

YeEd says: Thank a lot for the helpful comments, Bob. One of the reasons for the bad copies was that we didn't know how to handle our mimeo at that time. This issue, in our opinion, looks much better. The fanzine review department is more up to date to. We enjoyed LeZ very much. I think that I'll add 2000 pages to Apollo and start calling it, "The Poor Mans' Amazing Stories."

And then a short note: Dear Joe: I got the Black Stars and Apollo on Monday. Since you sent me two copies of No. 2 Apollo I sold one to Gil Noble.
Henry Elsner
13618 Cedar Grove
Detroit 5, Michigan.

Is Apollo going to be a fantasy FMZ. Enclosed is the material for No. 2 Black Stars. What are your favorite pro-mags? Apollo was very good, especially CASE NUMBER 381 B., and CALLISTAN MELODRAMA.

YeEd says: Gee whiz, some one who actually liked us! For more letters turn to the next page.

THIS PENNED BY:
Van Splawn
915 1/2 West 8th St.
Coffeyville, Kan

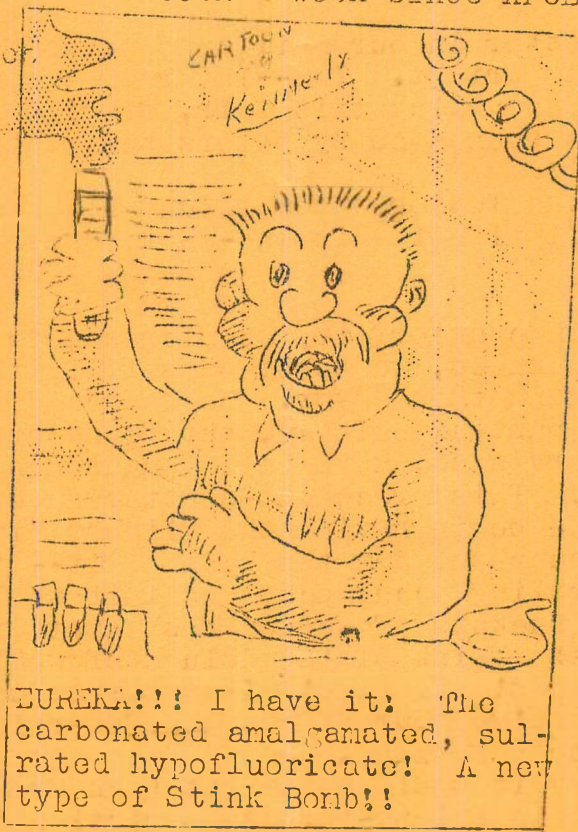
I had intended to comment on No. 1 but No. 2 arrived before I weakened. Sure I know I could send opinions anyway, but they would be late and out of date. (rhymes eh?)

Outside the poor stenciling, mimicing, lettering, and my cover, the ish was very well done and greatly enjoyed by this lowly one. Your stenciling must have done injustice to LeM's drawing for I know he can do better than that. The contents page was very messy, and also in vain because you didn't number half the pages. Take more time with your lettering and typing. I know you can do better. You were probably just a little too enthusiastic as it hadn't been a week since APOLLO No. 1 dropped into my mailbox. I tell you all that you probably know have APOLLO-sized does that Splawn

Oh well, why do technicalities, about them and anyhow. What think he is?

DIS LEDDER FRUM:
William J. Jones
10026 Aurora Ave.
Detroit 4, Mich.

ting on it. Well think I'll rate tell you what I Front and back much good. Table poor. All the particularly Tar stories were fair the Becover was fault was it any- to contribute an tional piece to



I recieved # 2 about a week ago, but never, have gotten around to commenslessee: I dont 'en, but just like and don't. covers were not of Contents was poetry was good re Boondary. The and as I said awful. Those how. I'll try article or fic- your mag soon.

YEED SAYS:

That back cover was our fault. Originally it was a beautiful color heckto pic but the hecktoeing didn't come out very good so I mimiced it. I did a very poor job too. I only paid \$5 for my mmo and I was gypped for paying that so the mimicing will be bad until I get a better mimicograph. Next issue perhaps we will have it. Also next issue we are planning to have a 24 page issue if we can get sufficient material. Also a litho cover may- a litho insert (if we can find the mazums) another article on H. P. Lovecraft by Don Grant and probably an article by LeM. in addition to the regular stuff. So long till then...

AN X OVER THERE MEANS THAT YOU OUGHT TO SEND US A TIME BOMB (ALSO SOME CASH)

HOW to QUIT FANDOM IN STYLE



BY
BOB TUCKER

There came a letter in our mail some weeks ago from Oakland's gift to Fandom, Tom Wright. Tom--informed the neatly mimeographed missive--was departing this fair, fragile realm we call fandom. Which has been done by others before him, but never so nicely.

Enclosed with the letter was a refund he owed us from our unfulfilled subscription to his one-shot fanzine, D.M.T. Real cash money.

We fell over!

Nor was the coin counterfeit, as microscopic examination proved. Wear in the knees, we beset ourself in the nearest chair to think this amazing thing over. We searched our memory, looking for a similar past experience, but found none. Never before, as memory serves us, have we had unused subscription money returned to us. This precedent-shattering event leaves us somewhat dizzy. We begin having the wildest pipe dreams!

Suppose--just suppose, for the hell of it--other ex-editors learn of this startling occurrence, and imitate Tom! Oh Glory-Be! Think of the buckets of sudden cash that will come pouring into our mailboxes! Think of the deluge of wealth that will suddenly change hands! We glee! It unnerves us to recall the nickles and dimes we've poured down the fan-rainbarrel since we first subscribed to a fanzine.

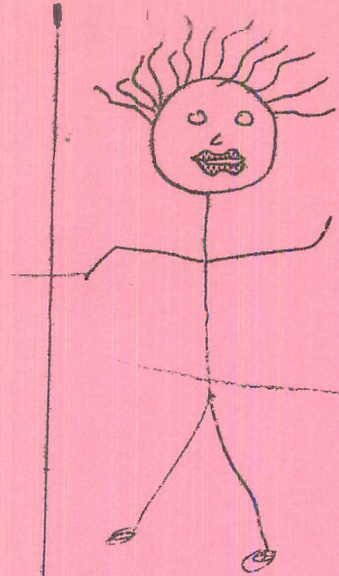
What a great day it would be to get back from Jack Hiske the dollar we invested in a long-term subscription to that lovely printed thing, BIZARRE!

We wonder what we would do with the twobits or so that might be returned from John Gergen, now that his HFS BULLETIN has bit the dust?

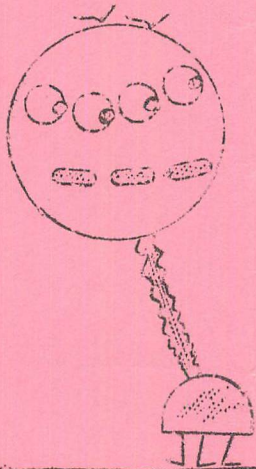
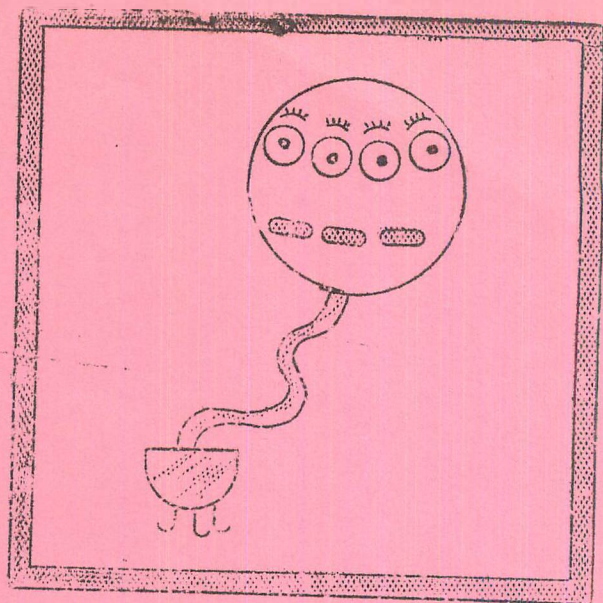
Would the government charge us an additional income tax, should Joe Gilbert suddenly come in off the high seas and give us back a not-now remembered sum contributed to SOUTHERN ST. R?

And then there is that Emperor of asps, that Ruler of Reptiles-in-the-grass, Al Ashley, and his "bi-monthly" journal NO-VI. In the last two years there have been two issues. Snake Ashley owes us \$9.80 of the \$10 which we sent him away back in 1941. He also knows our address.

We hope no one flings this article in our faces should it become necessary to discontinue LeZ...



WHEEE-YOW!



NUDE

BY MARLOW 43

PIN-UP GIRL

PONC
(ALSO 43)

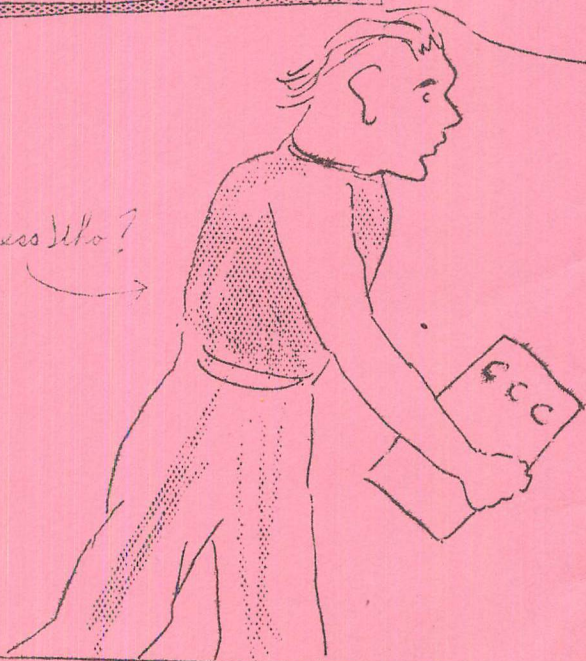
"SEX

IN
SCIENCE-FICTION"



ZILCH '69

guess who?



"THE
PERFECT
COSWOMAN"
!

Cartooning By
LeM & Tuck.

APOLLO FANZINE
411 S. Fess
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

Printed
MATTER
ON LITH

To Walt Stehr
86 ~~Winton~~ Ave.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Co Al Ashley

