

The Newark Evening News for August 23 1924 tells the story:

"WOR cocked its ear wistfully towards old Mars last night and what it got was this: 'E..U..N..Z..A.' It sounds like a Martian snoring in his sleep. Scientists poo-pooed the idea of life on Mars, and predicted failure, but the strange sounds began to come to WOR about 7:30 pm and continued intermittently until 11 oclock. No one could identify their possible origin.

"They were weird strange sounds, unlike the Morse code or any other mode of communication used in the world. An effort was made to record the broken waves which were repeated most frequently, 'EUNZA' was the result."

Nobody guessed they were hearing the first deodorant commercial .

SCIENCE (THE ANACHRONOUS) FICTION: It was also in February that we made another in the mad series of treks to the wilds of Michigan, to spend a goofy week-end at Slan Shack. (Incidentally, there is absolutely no truth to the rumor that slans inhabit the place---they are as human as you and-- as you.) Among the many other astonishing things we saw there were the plans for the postwar three-dimensional chess game .

We think it was in an ancient Astounding that we first stumbled across this little time-killer. Some manly hero or other whiled away his leisure moments at the board, awaiting the next dragon to slay. The Slan Shack mob have brought the game from the magazine pages to the drawing board, and they await only the end of the war and the availability of a transparent plastic to whip the diversion into shape.

Meanwhile, lacking the actual board, they get along very well by playing an entirely mental game, so to speak, in the thin air before their eyes. We sat in on one game while awaiting dinner and promptly lost 75%. Abashed, we must admit our mentality isn't up to it, and besides, we suspect they cheated a little. After all, it is rather hard to pin down a move when the opposite player made it only in his mind.

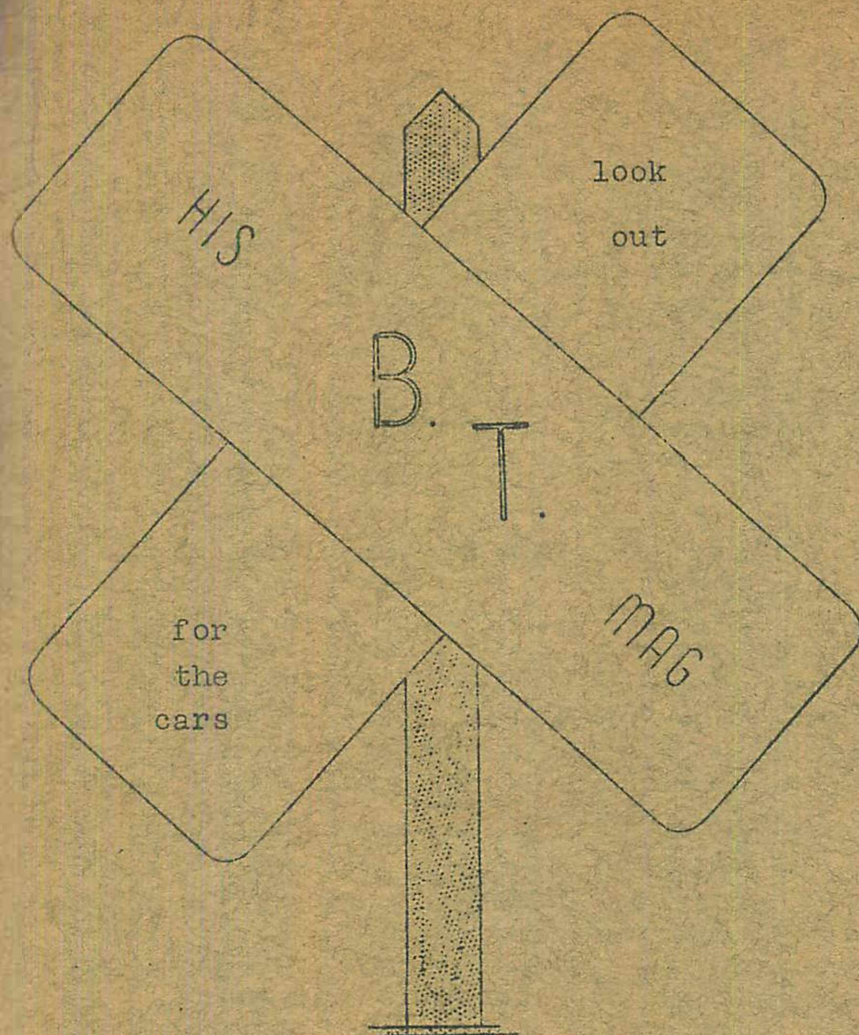
We left for home, thoroly dominoed and checkered.

FORWARD FANDOM'S LEGIONS: From time to time in the past, this strange plaything we like to call fandom has broken into national print with unpleasant results. There was the Time affair of 1939, the result of a playful reporter diligently capturing on paper the rather juvenile (juvenile in the light of present-day fannish attitudes) speech of an over-enthusiastic conventioneer.

Likewise, there was the New Yorker write-up of 1943 in which stef and stefandom got the good old razzberry, again traceable to one or more eager beavers shooting their traps. (In between there was a bare mention of a 'science-fiction jamboree' in Life, 1940.)

With fingers crossed then, we come to the meat of the matter: the NFFF can, we believe, be justly proud of the four mentions it has thus far received in a national magazine, each mention being in a straight repretorial manner. The poet, William Rose Benet, is responsible; he conducts a weekly column in The Saturday Review of Literature. To collectors and sour-grapers, the dates are: November 25, December 9, and December 30, 1944; and February 3, 1945.





#### FLORIDA COMMUNIQUE:

"Recently the medical specialists of this fair city felt it desirable to puncture my right ear drum, perform an operation on me, and confine me in this institution so that I must miss school and possibly fail my Senior year.

"This naturally will result in repercussions of a GRAVE NATURE, engendering the outbreak of bloody conflict thru-out fandom.

-Raym Pong"

#### SENATOR PONG WONDERS:

Just why is it that magazine illustrators invariably put large, round breasts on female robots??

**THE FORWARD MARCH OF CIVILIZATION:** One day in February the newspapers carried the following squib from the UP wires, out of Chicago: "William B--- was in critical condition at Oak Park Hospital of injuries received when his son Robert, 17, stabbed him five times with a pair of scissors early Wednesday.

"Robert told police officers that he 'went a little nuts' and grabbed 'the first thing handy' when he saw his father choking his mother on the living room floor."

In the bedroom, no doubt, the baby was skinning the cat.

**MARCONI AND MARS, THE INSEPERABLES:** You undoubtedly remember or have heard of the Orson Welles Martian broadcast of 1938. Harry Warner (writing in the sixth anniversary issue of Le Zombie) tells of a repeat of that famous broadcast recently in South America, with much the same results-- riot, civil commotion, and uprisings, as the insurance policies put it. There is still an earlier Martian episode on record, also connected with radio.

In 1924, Mars and Earth came closer to each other than they had been for the past 120 years. Naturally, newspapers and radios gossiped about the possibilities of radio contact with that planet.

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an amateur publication, scurrilously circulated without charge by boob tucker, post office box two-sixty, bloomington, illinois. turn the page



## THE FAN WORLD

Edited and published by  
Dale Tarr - 703 Jackson  
Anderson, Indiana

Issue No. 1, March, '45  
Short material of any  
nature welcomed.

Dear Fen

This is a very small venture (?) into fan publishing but I yearn to put out something however small and limited it may be. I might draw the old saw about acorns and oaks but some fan or fanne might write me that this effort is more comparable to a radish seed. That would be a telling blow at my morale.

So I shall say nothing at all and thereby incur no caustic wit not already occasioned by the material presented herein.

\*--\*--\*

### Editorial

It is my belief that the NFFF is a good organization and that since it is already established and in operation it should be a dominant factor in the enhancement of fan fellowship and fan pleasure in the post war era. With proper support and consistent use of the ballot on part of the membership, the NFFF can be an organ of accomplishment in diverse fields of interest to the fan. To adequately concern itself with those fields of interest however, the membership should be larger, much larger, than at present.

Therefore I recommend that membership in the NFFF should be of easy access to any fan of apparent interest regardless of the amount of any previous activity on part of the applicant. The activity of the fan on application is immaterial. If he is not very interested he will drop out and if he stays in he will be of value to the fan group in some way, however small.

\*--\*--\*

### A Trilogy

by

Jess Watt Yummean

Weird arn sarree far Hector Dubbs  
Hoose pentis tymin doepree sentin  
A tote allof elev unpubs  
Angot wumlet er baccom mentin.

Ful nu fan inlow le place  
Seddout tooke th fourmos face  
Tored thisend helong di dish u  
Fo toes wich maid gud toy let tish u.



Shedda teerfar Ned D. Lee  
He readsal hecull leks bi g  
Sinse hecull leks tubeet the ban  
He hasn tym toobera fan.

\*-\*-\*-\*

THE GOATHERD'S COLUMN ----- Will he get your goat?

Greetings, goatees! Here's a couple of items to giggle and gloat over. Or will you gripe?

We find that of late Bob Tucker has allowed a tremendous amount of unanswered correspondence to pile up on his desk. We may deduce that the creaks and groanings of the desk as it sags under the accumulated weight is a very pleasant sound; it really must lull him to sleep nights for if it kept him awake, the very least he could do is turn in the paper for the scrap drive.

Suppose we imagine a horrible fate for him as punishment for his delinquency.

One morning Tuck went thru his desk and then quite suddenly came bounding out to his wife. He waved a small rectangular piece of paper with mounting exuberance and loud cheers.

"A thousand dollar check," he proclaimed, waving his newly found asset wildly. "All mine to carry on fan work."

His wife (( ? )) took the check and looked it over.

"But you're a little late," she told him, "this check is dated Jan. 12th and marked 'void after Feb. 12th'. This is 18th!"

Tucker seized the check and scanned it.

"Indian Giver!" he shrieked.

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Ah, these balmy days of the year 2000. You, my friend, are a member of a revolutionary party and are at present in the nice town of Marquette where the buildings are no more than six stories high and widely spaced so that the rich golden sunlight can flood down onto the spacious parkways, tinted sidewalks and frequent flower gardens.

Knowing Marquette, you realize that the city is rectangular with North and South streets labelled from 1st street right up to 100th street and that each North-South block is but a quarter mile in length. The East-West streets are from Avenue A to Avenue Z and each block is a half mile long. Also you know that the only roads leading out of town are: North & South, 42nd & 69th ; East and West at F and Q Avenues. At present, you are standing at the intersection of 51st and Avenue L.

Yours is a dangerous predicament and you must answer immediately and correctly this question:

What is the quickest way out of town?

--- The Goatherd ---

\*-\*-\*-\*

That's all this time, fen. Nov shmoz ka pop.

The Editor.



: page five :

YOU MAY FIRE AT WILL, MR GOATHERD, BUT DON'T FIRE AT BOB: The foregoing two pages are (with the exception of the borders) a faithful copy of a one-sheet carbon-copied fanzine received from Dale Tarr in February. Its reprinting here will come as a complete shock to Editor Tarr; rather wistfully we hope it will be a pleasant shock. You see, we just couldn't allow a fanzine of such obvious and sterling worth to be lost to the oblivion of a five-or-six circulation. Mr Tarr will not be charged for this service; we like to make magnanimous gestures. A small round of applause and perhaps a bravo or two will not be received discourteously, gentlemen.

HOW TO BECOME A SLEUTH & FOLLOW OPERATOR 381: Here's a teaser we'd like to put up to the FAPA brain trust (and any other big noodles among the readers whose nimble minds need the exercise) in hopes they can crack a baffling enigma that has stopped --cold-- the best police and medical authorities of two cities.

Last Xmas Eve in New Orleans, and early in February in Chicago, two women were found dead in bath tubs filled with water. Neither of them had drowned. Neither of them had died of heart failure. Neither of them had been poisoned by any known poison. Neither of them had been strangled, beaten, gassed, shot, or killed by any known or visible method. The two killings are linked in that the same man ---an escaped convict--- was seen with each on their last night alive.

They were murdered --but how? Exhaustive autopsies have revealed absolutely nothing. Anything you might commonly think of (and plenty of fancy ideas) have been investigated and ruled out by police and physicians. So baffled are the police they have not dared issue a murder warrant because they cannot prove murder; instead they merely wish to pick up the convict "for interrogation." Perhaps they'll wind up by begging him to show them how he did it.

We've run across one "perfect murder" in science-fiction. You may recall the foul deed committed by a dagger of dry ice, that melted and left no trace. Mayhap we have an actual perfect murder here. All worthwhile suggestions received by the fifteenth of the month will be forwarded to the Chicago detective bureau. You need send no box tops. As an extra, added award for promptness --if you hurry-- you may dash to the nearest newsstand and purchase a copy of the latest Dime Detective Magazine for fifteen cents. (Help fight inflation!)

ANOTHER CREDIT IN THE NEXT FANCYCLOPEDIA: Once we thought fandom needed a term for the interplanetary westerns so prevalent in pro mags. We offered "space opera" and was duly gratified to see it catch on. Now we believe fandom needs a term for the slap-happy editor/publisher who cranks out as many different fanzines as his machine will bear, under the impression he is setting an enviable record of some sort.

We offer "fanzany" .

PITHY PARAGRAF FROM THE PACIFIC: The following from Dick Wilson, is edited to match the space: "My big gripe when I was a medium-sized gun in the fan world was against people who put out magazines with no qualifications for the job aside from ownership of a mimeo. .... I mean to get back into amateur journalism after the war. It's about the second most fun there is." (( We also like to eat. ))



WINTER FANTASY

by

Florence Stephenson

From a distance I watch, in the soft stillness, the snow flakes as they fall in stately grandeur from the dense, white sky above. See how fleecy soft and big they are. They grow bigger and bigger. I try to brush the snow from my shoulders. It will not brush off; my suit is made of white.

Then I hear a great rushing sound and I look up. I'm dangling like a doll from a great silk parachute. I look about me and there are other chutists falling; so many that the sky is white with them, all slowly descending. Far below me I see a long, silvery ribbon winding its way thru the snow, and in the middle distance, a cascading waterfall.

Now my vision is clouded for I am fighting my way thru a thick, spongy mist. Suddenly I come down into the brilliant light that is reflected up from the ice below me. My parachute is gone and I land safely, lightly, on silvery skates. My companions are with me on the lake and we are skating in rhythm to the eerie music of an unseen orchestra. At first we skate in great, confused circles, but as more and more of us slip off in the same direction, we gradually fall into a semblance of parade formation and make our way upriver.

The ice narrows and the winds spring up. The banks are lined with tall pines, snow clinging to their branches, until they look like cold Indians, wrapped in blankets of green and white. The air grows cold as we pass thru trees so thick as to be a forest and the sky can no longer be seen above us; sunlight has ceased to trickle down, leaving only gray patches. Suddenly we break out of the forest into shimmering, dazzling sunlight, reflected by ice and snow, and just ahead there rises a thick, golden vapor.

Now I sit on the bank above the ice, watching the others as they slowly vanish into the golden mist, and the music is fading away. I seem to be shrinking for now the distance across the lake is many times what it was before. Out on the ice I watch a drift of high snow, slowly it moves and grows higher and higher until at last it becomes a great white throne.

Suddenly in the distance I hear a twinkling sound and see a procession gliding into view. It moves closer until at last I see a number of rabbits gaily hopping, scampering squirrels with bushy tails, fawns prancing on tiny hooves. There then appears a beautiful girl attired in a Grecian gown of misty, pink cloud, with a rainbow of a sash gathering it snugly about her waist. With a great crescendo she is seated upon the throne, the animals about her feet.

At the sound of soft deep echoes I look into the sky to see four great birds flying, each carries a corner of a golden square. Gradually they descend to lay it on the maiden's lap. She opens it, and it is like a great book cover, without contents. Then from out of the golden vapor about the waterfall, swing small snow birds, each carrying in its mouth a white page, which go into the book. The maiden lifts her slim hands, and lo! each finger is a silver tipped pen; she covers the pages quickly.



I strain to see what she is writing, but I cannot. Then the huge pages upend themselves before me; still I cannot read them. The language is strange to me, and my disappointment is great. The scene fades from view.

Now I find myself in a beautiful garden, green with spring, and the air is perfumed with flowers. Before me stands a tall, gray-marble cathedral and in the next instant I am within it. I stand alone in a great, gray unfurnished room where several columns reach up, up, up to the high ceiling. There are no windows yet it is pleasantly light and warm. The translucent walls seem varnished with lovely pastel shades. Then it seems to be no room at all, but rather a wide corridor.

When I come to the end of the corridor I face a door standing ajar and I pass thru. It is a small room with a very low ceiling. Here also are the translucent walls of the great room and the corridor. I see on one side of the room a large bed curtained with soft, white satin. In the corner stands a white curtained dressing table with a large mirror.

At the dressing table sits the maiden, still in her pink gown, her silvery fingers brushing the long hair which cascades down her back. At the one small window the sun plays with it, causing it to be fine, soft spun gold.

Then she turns her bright smile to me, I see the beloved face of the girl on the throne. Soundlessly she rises and comes toward me with open arms, and I slip easily into them. We are together again, if only for tonight's dream.

.....

NOW ABOUT THAT JANUARY (FEBRUARY) MAILING:

Treasure trove: Toward Tomorrow; Phanny; Horizons; Sardonyx; The Precipitant; STF Comment; The Time Binder; En Garde; a ; Fantods; Yhos; Fapa Index; Fantasy Commentator; "Neither Blind Nor Idiot"; The Bedside Fassbeinder; Walt's Wramblings.

Quite readable: Fen; Outlandi; Agenbite of Inwit; Fan Dango; Take-Off!; Beowulf; A Tale of the 'Evans; Inspiration; Chartreuse & Shocking Pink; Number One; S F Savant; Blitherings; Beyond; 21st Century; Devil Take the Hindmost; both Phantagraphs; Fantasy Amateur.

Fool's gold: Aagh!; McSnoyd's Bulletin; Phantasphere; "Because of circumstances..."

Will some one (preferably the editor) please explain what happened to the copy of Les Croutch's Light I was supposed to receive??

We were surprised and a little put out not to find a word in the FA about the (then) current resignations. It had to come to us via air mail and Mike Fern, discounting the fact of course that we heard of it by word of mouth from Prexy and Vice-prexy Ashley.

We think maybe its time to stop fooling around with the FAPA offices and put people in them we can rely on for their full term.



TURN (AND KEEP!) THE RASCALS OUT: Anyone who has been hanging near Fapa for a number of years can easily remember earlier and similar emergencies when our organization very nearly went to the rocks. Oddly enough, those within our membership-span all happened in the East.

There was the Taurasi affair in which records were subtly pried from him via personal visit; there was the Philadelphia blitz in which the approach wasn't so subtle; and now comes the Futurian crisis in which, as Fern implies, either an astonishing number of coincidences piled up to block the sending of the mailing .... or plain skullduggery was afoot. The fact that another APA movement was born in the same room (?) where our January Mailing lay gathering dust is significant to this dimwit.

We voted for Lowndes and Shaw last June. We now regret it. That both should desert us in mid-year because of (surely expected) opposition to their practices is enough to drive us to drink, almost. Coming on top of that there is the affair of the missing treasurer, Suddsy, of which so little is known at this date that we cannot, in fairness to him, comment upon it at length; we only know that he was gone for weeks when Fapa funds were needed, and that several strong letters sent him by Prexy and Vice-prexy Ashley have gone unanswered.

We do know this: we shall never again vote for a Futurian or a Futurian fellow-traveller aspiring for a Fapa office. We've had quite enough, thank you.

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this is issue number one, prepared for the April Mailing, 1945. yeahhhh

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BANG! THAT RUMOR IS BLASTED: There is no truth to the rumor that a certain obnoxious author, hearing for the first time that science fiction is going up in the world, has prepared a sequel entitled "Tumithak of the Escalators."

CUTTING CRITICS TO THE QUICK: -or- "Here's those damned bound fmz back again!" We aren't quite as boneheaded, nor as rich, as Watson implied when he mentioned the waste of binding useless fanzines. Only the best is protected by hard covers and our pocketbook, please sir. The crud making up perhaps 50% of fantasy amateur publishing today is bound just where it deserves to be-- in dime store ring-binders.

At the present time we have 18 volumes of fanzines, containing the completed sets of 23 fmz, plus of course many one-shots such as convention booklets and annual indexes to this and that. All these, as we believe we've mentioned before, are bound in maroon. In addition there be 16 volumes of pro mags in various other colors.

At present were working on the orders of Paul Spencer in far-away India, a curious three-way hook-up in which Trudy is involved. He wants his Unknowns, an Argosy serial, and his Marvels and Dynamics bound. Also stored in Box 260, awaiting transportation to the bindery, are about 60 magazines belonging to Seaman Frankie Robinson, and a couple of doz. more belonging to the wandering philanderer, Rooster Liebscher. We're afraid we've let ourself in for something.

