

## MORE! MOORE!

GHLIII Press Pub #817, a rider to **Challenger** no. 3 from Guy Lillian, P.O. Box 53092 NOLA 70153-3092. Just wanted to acknowledge that page 89 in some early copies of **Chall** was printed where page 87 should have been. I think I caught the error by the generous printer -- Quik Print, not Kwik-Kopy -- before most copies were fouled up, but if you got one of the screwy issues (as did SFPA), sorry about that. Nothing is perfect except Allah.

Also wanted to catch everyone on the disposition of Harry B. Moore's endangered magazine collection. On November 19th it was sold, at auction, here in New Orleans. Remember his heirs' promise that I would be given first chance at the magazines I particularly wanted? The Buck Rogers **Amazing**, the Skylark and Black Destroyer **Astoundings**? At least I got to see them again.

I wouldn't even have known about the auction if it hadn't been for John Guidry's warning to Dennis Dolbear, who passed the word on to me.

So I was there, along with DD and Guidry, locals Doug Wirth, Dr. Jack Stocker, and Ken Amos, plus the nice surprise, Camille Cazedessus from Baton Rouge, Louisiana's first Hugo winner (for **ERB-dom**). Moore's

collection was put up in lots, most of which fell to an anonymous phone bidder. Dr. Stocker and Caz scored some of the magazines, but my **Amazing** went to this unknown moneybags. The cost -- \$300 for the Gernsback publications, about the same for the other lots -- was too dear for the rest of us, and we sat on our hands.

The phone bidder also paid \$6750 for this work by Earl Bergey, the cover to the February '48 **Thrilling Wonder Stories**, the only large piece of art auctioned. I mean no offense to Bergey, but is a pedestrian giant bug painting worth *that* much? None of us thought so.

When the buyer -- whoever he was -- gets a look at most of his purchases, he's going to scream at the auction house's description of the collection's condition as "fair." When I saw the magazines, they were in awful shape. Too bad. Sold *as is*. Caveat emptor.

So Harry Moore's neglected collection passes into other, hopefully more caring hands. Of the precious letters and receipt books and convention registers, there is no word. And if anyone sees Moore's relatives, the ones that reneged on their promise to let me buy that **Amazing**, please tell them Guy Lillian said they can kiss his ass, OK?

