

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE, OKEFENOKEE, AND OGEECHEE

OCCASIONAL GAZETTE
combined with

THE

WASSAW AND OSSABAW

BACKWATER JOURNAL

AND

TANGENT

plus rotogravure-type section

A LA TABUNKO

WITH ADDED FEATURE:
PORTIONS OF

LUNA PONO

LEE HOFFMAN: DIRECTOR

In case you're wondering, the title of this fanmag is...

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE, OKEFENOKEE, AND OGEECHEE
OCCASIONAL GAZETTE COMBINED WITH THE WASSAW
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PLUS ROTOGRAVURE-TYPE SECTION: A LA TABUNKO
WITH ADDED FEATURE: PORTIONS OF LUNA PONO

And it consists mostly of Chooogical comments by Hoffman with a large splattering of Hoffman in A LA TABUNKO, assisted by Fred Warth, Walt Kessell, and Joe Ebbson.

The official address of the editor is

Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner St
Savannah, Ga.

although time bombs and other destructive criticism should be directed at Redd Boggs, whose very fine fanmags undoubtedly earn him very little destructive criticism which he can call his own...at least not the kind that this sheet will probably draw.

The casual FAP should hereby be informed that while perusing the stencils for this issue we have seen many of the errors of our way and will ~~xx~~ do our best to rectify many of them in the next issue.

On the other hand we are quite forn of some of our faults and will do our best to keep and exploit them, despite your attempts to divert our interest or methods.

But let us here reiterate the slogan of the outstanding candidate in the forthcoming FAPA elections: "I LIKE ME." If eac of you will remember that slogan, apply it to your own life, and LIVE BY IT...that is, like yourself... it would undoubtedly cause profound repercussions among the ranks of FAPA. If that statement isn't cryptic enough just tear the top off of your neighborhood FAPAN and send it along with \$25 to cover the cost of mailing to the editor and you will receive for your very own, one completely cryptic sentence, such as "IT'S AN ILL BIRD THAT CAN BUT GRUNCH"* this is merely a sample and must not be construed to represent the Real McCoy, McCoy being on vacation and his substitute, Cadaver, on duty tonight.

One more witty motto for you to embroider into your sampler and then let's all quit for the night: Starling Stories, a prozine for the birds." Play that once on your piperonal. I found it in the swamp. (Actually it was in the marshes.)

HOW I WANDER AS I WONDER aka LEE HOFFMAN

It's hideous, I tell you! Hideous! I suspect Boggs of siponing viruses (viri?) into my FAPA mailings. I do know that I cannot hold a newly arrived FAPA mailing in my hands for more than 30 minutes, without becoming involved in reading it. By the time I have gone three or four pages my typing fingers (all seven of them) begin to itch. A few more pages and I find my hands groping for the typer. By the time I'm finished the first perusal of the mags, the typer is under my fingers and the stencil is in place. Subsequently only that material read on first and second perusal gets commented on. But that is about everything, except long dull-looking stuff and most fiction. But nonetheless, I must comment. I am compelled to by some quirk of psychology or else the virus bottled by Boggs.

LARK: I, kind sir, would that I knew the ways of typers. To disassemble mein Underwood into a half-dozen pieces, get the surface rust off them and get it all back together again, is the ultimate of my ability. And even then I don't know what I'm doing. I just start off unscrewing screws, and taking off anything that comes off. When I've finished, I put them back by memory and hope fervently that the memory serves.

No, kind sir, I seldom type with my toes, altho in weather like that I am at present suffering, I strip to the bare essentials while I must sit under the glare of this 100 watt lamp that practically sits on my shoulder.

Someone tell me what is wrong with tape recording? I hope someday to have a tape recorder of my own. At the time I got my wirecorder I was not at all familiar with tape.

"methinks the lady doth protest too much", unless that's Juliet, I'd say it was Kate. Someday when my Shakespeare is dogeared like Boggs' instead of shiny and new like the day it was bought I'll be able to spot these quotes.

FANTASY JACKASS: Goodly friend Tucker, Chooog has three 'o's, please. # A suppliment-ary note to the Log, if you don't mind. Dispite the fact that it was the best butter, the works have gone afoul and the go-devil didn't go South after Indian Lake as proposed. Wish you'd write mailing comments, Friend.

HORIZONS: Maybe Boggs' virus affected you the wrong way. # Your comment on Lark was a thing of beauty. Of course Danner wasn't trying to pass off LARK's mimeoing in the same way a lot of people try to pass off their inkless wonders. # By the way, I have joined the ranks of people who, having discovered that they know far less than they thought they knew, no longer count themselves as experts, or even as competent critics. So mimeo on, you inkless wonders, and fear not the wrath of Hoffman. and bear in mind that a person who does a mediocre mimeo job on poor equipment is far more deserving than he who does lousy work with good equipment. Take care, lad, and don't trip over my sackcloth and fall in the ashes. Genug?

Those Indian names interest me too, but since I have an inbred distrust of libraries and librarians I don't know their original sources. Savannah, tho, I can discourse on. There are two main schools of thought. One that the word is from the same Spanish root as savanna, meaning an open plain or meadow without trees. This is apt, as the city is atop a bluff seperated from the sea by quite a few miles of salt marsh. On the other hand, at the time when white men were first wandering gleefully about this neck of the woods there was a tribe of Indians here called the Shewano.

Since there isn't a reference book in the house on Indians, I can only rely on my memory for this material, and over long distances the memory traces fade out. Anyway, the Shewano may or may not have been Shawnee. I do know that at that time the Indians around here were mostly Cherokee. In fact Savannah is practically on top of the site of Tanochichi's village, Yamacraw. Anyway, a lot of early map-makers titled the river, The Shewano River. And a lot of historians say that Shewano was corrupted into Savannah, and of course, the city was named for the river. I favor the opinion that the Spaniards associated the Indians' word for themselves, Shewano, with the Spanish word for the 'grassy plains' so common to the area, and did the corrupting. But then the Spanish explorers are noted for that.

I would love to visit Hagerstown. Was that an invitation?

I'm afraid there isn't much left to show down this way. Sherman and 'progress' replaced most of the beautiful plantation manors with pine woods, factories, and housing projects. A lot of the hills in the golf-course over here tho are the remains of slave-built fortifications built to keep the damnyankees who took Ft. Pulaski from taking Savannah. They weren't used tho, because the yankees in Pulaski didn't really need to take Savannah. A blockade was sufficient. And I've yet to see one of Sherman's "hairpins".

The title of the shirttail fanzine is WASSAW AND OSSABAW BACKWATER JOURNAL. Good Indian words again. Georgia is thick with them.

I form impressions of people I've never seen same way you do. For instance, altho I've seen a number of pics of Ed Noble, I still occasionally think of him in terms of a friend, Bob Noble. Likewise John Davis and Jack Davis. And word-sounds. For instance a certain well-known FAPA's name always makes me think of a 1930's type character in a single-breasted suit.

By the way, in connection with your double mimeo, I am at present pondering an automatic fanzine assembler. As soon as I overcome one difficulty (in practice, the theory is perfect) and get a model built, I'll publish the plans.

When you refer to 'the Strong theory' do you mean Phil Stong, or am I wrong about that spelling?

Fie, Burbee told me Burbee was the pioneer of the realistic school of fan-writing. #I was surprised and ego-filled, to find my name wandering about within your article on influential fans.

I like FAPA the way it is. Pro status quo. Afraid of progress, I suppose.

IRUSABEN: The odd sized Chooogs weren't that size for novelty along. #Tell me, what is average hight for a man? I am appalled by the number of short men I see in uniform nowadays. Seems that the American Male used to be typified as a 6'plus. I am only 5'8", but I keep having to look down at soldiers. This is discouraging. My descriptions weren't intended to be accurate.

Describe me my masculine alter-ego sometime. And maybe I'll describe my 'dream man' for you.

The 'two chaps' at the end of Tan #1 weren't both chaps.

** * * * Sure 'nuf, they don't have holes in the middle.

One of my favorite words is "absquatulate"

Cave canem? Thanks. My knowledge of Latin, aside from "Hibernia insula est." or something like that, is all gleaned from the back pages of a pocket Thesarus.

VIEWPOINTS: Welcome, Roscoe. Lovely contribution here. Lovely. One "correction", not to you tho. To Ed Wood. I was quoting Mort Paley with "Did you ask fandom if it wants a respectable convention?" Mort seems to have escaped the fracas more or less undamaged. The rest of us have scars to show. Do you want a knife in your back? If

you don't, I'd suggest you go easy on this business. Or quit the human race maybe. Sides you left out Tuck's lengthy treatise on conoms.

Re A PLACE OF WORDS, Bewitched, kindly sir, is one of the Atlantans, as is Bothered and Disenchanted. I, noble friend, am Bemildred. Is that clear? Want I should draw a picture? Well, whether you want it or not, here are those noble and erstwhile Georgia fans, You may count them if you wish. There should be four. Altho in Pogo there are only three, I can personally assure you that all four are bats.



FANSPEAK: This item is Boggs brainchild and should be accredited to him and Art. Had Hoffman paid a red cent or two instead of embezzling about two bits of Boggs' funds she might have earned credit. But as it stands she was paid for her services. I have a complaint. Boggs' ridiculous religious prejudice against Ghughu crept into this. It is a shame. Fie, everybody knows that the yobber is mightier than the poo.

TANGENT: WASSAW&OSSABAW BACKWATER JOURNAL: CHOOOG, all for the record.

A LA BABOOM: Very fine cover. No, the WK drawings were by me. # I've had those troubles with Webster once, Max. Not to the extent you have 'em tho. But I won out in my case. And personally I prefer your misspellings to the pages others type in OPUS. You got character. Your art is real gone and your stencilling techniques even moreso. Besides, your stencilling technique has a definite personality. Talk more, Max. We like the pretty pictures but we like you too.

ELFIN: Fine Bergeron cover. You got a good staff artist there. By the way, my diary is much duller now that I am working 9 hours a day. Nothing but bending over a hot typer or a cold circuit. # I am not for more feuds in fandom. I just published in Tan what I was requested to pub, or offered for pub. # Mere' one correction on Laney's stencils: Morse on bacover of Tan #1 says "This has been a rebel yeastpublication. The South Shall Rise." Not WAHSAW, but WASSAW. It isn't Polish, but Indian. MYOB has avoided away, Coswal. The few mags issued in it that I know of were Embers, the fanzine printed on money, and an untitled item from the Arctic Circle, and then there was another item, but it didn't really count.

OBLAST: Sounds like something out of biology. ?swodniw ehtno sneercS I'm not sure I completely agree with your choise of additions to FAPA. I think you should have a good strong-willed States' rights Democrat to go with that S.F.Wright-ist. And a good Christian martyr. # Your haven sounds fascinating. # I don't think John Lyde Wilson was concerned with MEZ and FTL when he wrote the book, but if I ever run into him, I'll inquire. # You kinda weak if'n you need both hands to lift Chooog#2. What 'd you do with the Quish? # Please don't slash your wrists, Richard, we'd miss you. Someday I will write the adventures of an all-american girl in the radio repair business for you anti-radio-repairists. By jinges, if you could see the hashed up mess that some amatuer repairman made of a wirecorder we had in the shop today. Foosh. # The Loyal Order of Pogo isn't as provincial as it sounds. We have branch offices everywhere. Max Heasler is head man in charge of the Mississippi and Missouri, and Bill Morse (Moldy Mort) is in charge of froze over swamp north of the Arctic Circle. And WAW in our Belfast Representative. All these are honorary positions. # See Tucker if you want to start an org to do away with wire staples in s-f magazines.

UNASKED OPINION: Did WAW have anything to do with the Proxyboo Ltd., ad, or did you

Chooog(4)

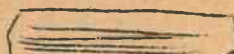
Merely help yourselves to his idea and title? I shall refrain from commenting on the article about stf movies. I am in no position to comment on other people's taste in literature, as a lot of other people think I have odd tastes in literature. # Where in the FAPA constitution ~~it~~ does it say that a person only gets half-credit for work in another member's mag? I doubt that Redd will ignore your question about o-eship etc., but I don't want to ignore it myself. Despite the fact that Redd is o-e he has the right to publish anything he wants to like other members. He can pub Virginia Blish's poetry, or Shakespeare's even, and as long as the funds come out of his pocket instead of the FAPA treasury, his activity is that of a member like yourself. I note that this Unmasked Opinion contains material by people other than yourself. How do you consider it in relation to your standing as a member of FAPA? # So you like SAPS better. Some people prefer FAPA. It's a matter of taste. # The Batmen in that Clyde Beatty film were from Joba, not Doba. Did you see Crash Corrigan in THE UNDER-SEAS KINGDOM (real stf about Lost Atlantis)? Same year (1936) and same background music. # Tsk, tsk, G.M.C. you used an unmailable word. # No wonder the man couldn't get the door open. He was standing on it. MV equals MV.

DUCKSPEAK: It's amazing how much personality Royal can get into his mag. Marvelous. You, goodly sir, will probably have received your membership in the Pogo organization by now, embellished with the siggytoons of us three bats. Welcome. # Has Scotty been staring at the plagiarized portraits of Pogofenokee-ites in Chooog? I cry. No mo'. # Cluck of the Leyniers was fun. I didn't have one specific character for my writing when I was in that phase. My favorite of the lot tho was a Western hero, a half-breed Cherokee called Friday. Too bad this is a Fantasy Press Assoc. I might run one of the Friday stories.

MACABRE Index: Noted and appreciated.

NAMELESSENTIALS: I guess you know that you mis-spelled my subzine's title. Isn't this item just a wee bit elderly?

PAU: What does Hal Curtis plan to do if he gets a reply? The photo of Hoffman and Tucker was in Wastebasket. Shore, I'll do a cover for PAU if you aren't particular. If you make the Chicon look for the Atlanta report of a desoto full of fans and their trip to Indian Lake. That was a journey to end all fan-excursions. And it almost did. At least ours.



DUNKLEBERGER ITEMS: Know anyone who'd like to publish a folio of Hoffman art? What is the old Joe Gibson drawing on p 33 from? I'll trade you two full pages ads in Q (sell for \$1.50 each and circulate over 220 copies) for the three Finlay folios. And a repeat of either one for the Fanews Folio.

TPPMPI: Hi, Bill.

LIGHT: Prices on the mimeo stuff I now use: Mimeo paper 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 - \$1.35 per ream. ink, black, 1 lb - \$1.25 a tin. Stencils per quire \$2.15. All plus Herman's tax. # Yes, the stuff in my room is mostly junk. But I like junk. I feel at home surrounded by it. ~~As~~ I imagine that as usual, you don't look at all like I'd picture you but I'll venture my mental image: short, stocky, brown hair heavily greyed. The type for casual clothes instead of suits. Okay? Now explain me the differences. # I'm in the market for a tape recorder myself, if I can sell the wirecorder. # Rates on repair, we use Philco's set rate charts, and will vary the price if the trouble is an easy one, or is particularly difficult to find. Tracking down a capacitor that some amateur has stuck in to suit his own tastes, or re-wiring a switch like the one in the previously mentioned wirecorder, which some boy-genius has re-designed to short

out in one position and ground out in the other, isn't the sort of thing you can put a flat rate on. If a fellow had a set rate for something like that, he might be inclined to set it aside for something simpler that would make him as much cash for less work. Do you service TV? What about movie projectors? By jinges, what has everybody got against the WASSAW & OSSABAW BACKWATER JOURNAL? It isn't as difficult to spell as Chooog's full title is.

VULCAN: tsk, you used an unmailable word too. Maybe it's only unmailable in certain parts of the country.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Statistically I note the following people with more than one item each: Dunkleberger with 22 non-standard mostly, Hoffman with 32 and 1/3 of Fanspeak for a total of 36, Danner with 14, not all S, Boggs with 32 counting his third of FS, plus 8 as o-e for a total of 40, Austin with 46, not all standard, and McCarr with 14 counting her share of Slothful Thing. And 8 pages from Art Rapp. That's a total of 180 pages from a total of seven people. Folk with 10 or more pages were Dunkleberger, Hoffman, Danner, Boggs, Austin, Carr, Tucker, Warner, Croutch, Wright, Hunter, Terry Carr, Eney, Drummond. Folk pubbing over 20 pages each were Dunkleberger (non-S), Hoffman, Boggs, Austin and Terry Carr. Almost 20 was Roy Drummond's 19 pages. A healthy looking mailing. Six members supplied 184 pages or roughly 55%.

If I've left anyone out, I'm sorry.

"Wee hauken!"

Hah, hah, lucky you. I had entended to let this be it for this mailing. I mean a miserable 5 pages of Chooog, no cover, no nutting else. But then I decided not to put out an August Quandry and so there I was with all that ambition and no Q to have to get out. Since I'd planned a big annish pf Q, I had a pretty large amount of ambition and nothing to do with it. Well, I wanted to cut some stencils, I mean of drawings, experiment with styli and all that, and it is a far far cheaper thing to do a FAPA mag than to do an ish of Q, what with havjng to make so many less copies and all that. Besides, I paid my dues and want to take advantage of the opportunity. So you FAPAns get the results of my excess ambition.

It is a funny thing. I mean I decided not to pub an August Q, mainly because it gets so hot here and I didn't want to expend the effort to get a Q out, even tho there is plenty of material to do it with. So then I list me down and beat out this FAPA stuff. Ah, me, life is a wearisome set of contridictions. Mine is, anyway.

I think the crux of the situation can be got at easily enough tho. In FAPA I can toss together 68 copies of stuff as pleases me. No maximum or minimum to the number of pages I must put together. And I can ramble on in my own casual manner. But Q is a sort of Frankenstein monster. It's too big to be handled easily. Even with help the job of assembling and addressing and stamping and all, is quite a task. And although I try to let the contents of the mag be a casual thing, I have a sense of limitations. Then, too, I don't get my name and typer into it much anymore and so I don't have the pleasure of chattering along like I do here. So as much as I love the Q, it has its problems. One of these is, of course, money. Some months the take isn't so much as other months, and those times I have to scrounge up some of my own cash to get the mag out.

Discouraging as all this may ~~soun~~ sound, I love Q and the work that I have to do on each issue. Like I was telling Redd, if I had the time and money, I'd put out a 50 page monthly, instead of a 20 page one. Or maybe a weekly. But the way things are I can't do everything I want to (so who can?). And so for August, I'm vacation-

ing from Q. Sort of a busman's holiday.

FAPA is a great thing, as far as I'm concerned. I can sit here and talk or draw pictures or doodle or whatever I want to, toss it together, run off 68 copies, and I have a fanmag that you'll sit around and look at, and maybe comment on.

For instance, SF FY. Now, I couldn't have put that out as an ish of Q. That paper costs too much, and I could never have gotten 250 copies of that cover. And other pamphlets and one-shot type things, like the Code of Honor; where but in an apa could a person circulate a thing like that so satisfactorily?

One of the beauties of FAPA is the limited circulation. It isn't a bad drain on the wallet to knock out 68 copies of a zine. And done a few pages at a time from left over Quandry paper and stencils and ink, and the ink I swipe from Tucker, it's hardly noticeable.

So if you're under the impression that I'm sold on FAPA, you're right. I like it.

 * * * * * "And when we got there, Tucker had eaten all the strawberries."

I went to a conference, you know. At least you know about it if you read Quandry. It was the Midwestcon at Indian Lake and it was fun. Hah. It seemed simple enough when Jimmy Streinz, Walt Guthrie and I drove to the Burwells for an ASFO meeting the night before we planned to depart for the wilds of Russell's Point. I met a lot of the ASFO'ies, and greeted ShelVY and Paul Cox who were polite enough to ask what the heck was in the huge briefcase I'd been carrying all day. While I was showing off my handywork and letting ShelVY read a mss I'd brought especially for MaxKeasler, Kay passed around coffee and cokes. Guthrie immediately spilled a coke all over the rug. After it was cleaned up and the WAW With the Crew Fund had been reported on, the meeting broke up. Kay (the power behind SFD) then showed some of those of us who were left, the basement where the ASFO has a small economy size plant. A Sears mimeo, and ABDick 90 and a small press were among the various and sundry equipment; but the piece among the lot was the paper cutter. A professional model that's just the thing for cutting off fingers and/or hands.

At some unghodly hour the Burwells aroused those fans who were their overnite guests, and fed us. Then we whizzed down to some intersection where we met JayeFe and where I got my first glimpse of Hull Teagarden, one of the most fabulous characters I've ever encountered. Jimmy was adorned with a sun-helmet of the Frank Buck variety, with a sun-cloth over his neck like so:

And this was Hull, who wore a sun-helmet inscribed "Hallcrafters" and "To the Mountains of the Moon" if my memory serves. So I whipped out my rebel cap with the insignia of the 118th Cannon-eers on it, hauled up my Stars and Bars, and we hit the high road for Bellefontaine. As the road went up and down, so did our hopes of ever arriving in Ohio.



First it was Burwell, who had mapped out a route that would "save us 45 minutes in Knoxville." He didn't mention that he planned to lead us some miles astray to Chattanooga which was on the South-bound end of the highway that we were supposedly heading north on. But we waved him down and explained that the road signs pointed toward the towns they named, not away from them. So he hollered, "Well, you lead!" and then plunged ahead of us, never again to be seen by the wayfaring deSotons. At least, not until we reached Indian Lake. But it was before that that the truck almost hit us, and not much later than the truck when our wheel almost came off. But Jimmy

tightened the wheel bolts while Shelby tested the helicopter he'd bought along the way somewhere and soon we took off again. Of course, Guthrie and I encountered a bit of trouble when the back seat kept slipping out, but that was a local problem.

It was just after the rain started, around dusk, when we discovered that the windshield wiper wouldn't work. Hull got upside down under the dash and tried to work it, but nothing happened, except that Hull got red in the face, so we drove a while. Hull would watch his side of the road and direct Jimmy and whenever we could see headlights ahead in the dimness, Jimmy'd pull to the edge of the road and stop. But that was slow progress, so we pulled off the road and Jimmy crawled under the dash. Eventually, by disconnecting the driver's windshield wiper, the other one was made to work, so we progressed, with Hull navigating and Jimmy flying by instruments.

Somewhere near Bellefontaine Walt hollered: "There's a blackwidow!" and the car did a full turn as we backtracked to an airfield where a Black Widow stood in the darkness. After looking it over, Jimmy started the car and we drove on. Suddenly, as we were driving through a town Walt asked "Is this Russell's Point?" No one knew.

So we pulled off into the driveway of a cemetery and turned around and went back to a road sign we'd passed. Parking in the middle of the road, we discovered that the town was not Russell's Point. We also discovered that there was more traffic on the road. He managed to pass us on the right tho and by the time he had stopped, we were away again. He never caught up with us tho.

After a while we were at the lake. Looking through the fog, which was so thin at that point that one could see for three or four feet ahead, we saw water to the right of the car. We could see nothing to the left. Jimmy (I think) casually commented that he hoped we were on a bridge, not a pier. We drove off the other end tho, and up and down eight or ten different roads, looking for Beastley's. Eventually we found it. That was out biggest mistake.

 "I know where my future lies."

ZAP, ZAP, ~~SN-GUN~~ IS PASSE WITH LOCALES: Not that I'm bragging, you understand, but usually when the rest of the country is taken by storm by a fad of some sort, Savannah is stirred only slightly. And the fad is probably over in the bigger, more blase cities by the time Savannah stirs. It's a fine, old traditional city that clings to the past. And besides, we don't have television in town yet, merely a beat-up signal from Florida. The names of Buzz Corey and his cadet, Happy, were not echoed through the streets of the city. S-F comics were tossed carelessly onto a corner of the comic shelf, and Startling Stories was mixed indiscriminently with the True Ranch Romances and I'll Be Glad When You're Dead Detectives. The dime stores did not feature moon-man space helmets, but were just getting into the swim with Hopalong Hats and Roy Rogers cap pistols after finally depleting its stock of Buck Jones Somboreros and Tom Mix T-M Bar clicker-guns.

But you can't keep things from kids for long, I suppose. At this very moment I can hear youthful laughter and the dry "I'm Tom Corbett with 88-jet power!" And to top this, the local air-force base is putting on a "Cosmic Carnival" for space-minded people." If I had a hole in my head I might go.

They're raffling off some automobiles. They had the cars set up on some of those looming military trailer-trucks and had pointed noses and psuedo jet tubes at appropriate ends of them. Besides that they had three fellows in satin shorts and capes making like Satan Strong, or maybe Manny, Moe and Mack. I didn't ask them. But anyway it looks like a goshwowboyoboy affair, replete with atomic golf and radioactive hot dogs. If I am sufficiently aroused from the lethargy of acti-fanning I may go,

Chooes (1)

and report on this Event for EAPA. Ah, the atomic age.

ONCE UPON A TIME, when I was young and full of vim, vigor and Wheaties, the breakfast of Champions, I had energy. I used to go out into the sunshine and gallop about on an invisible steed, firing an inexhaustable six-gun with remarkable accuracy, killing off all my little play-chums, robbing stage coaches (I had a tendency toward being the villain), and enjoying the sundry happy pastimes of childhood.

But, By George!, I'll swear that the temperature didn't zoom up to the three figure mark in June and hover there for the remainder of summer. Why, I can remember when a mid-summer temperature of 102° was out of the ordinary. But when during the fourth week of June and the first week of official summer, the mercury sits on the three-figure mark all day and doesn't drop down (officially even) until 7 p.m. I get discouraged. And when the mercury comes into the house to ask for a glass of ice-water, that's too much.

Seems I was reading about some town up around the arctic where the anti-freeze freezes over.....

But what am I saying?

SPEAKING OF NOTHING in particular: Did you know that cohort, Walter A(astute) Willis, now pubs two fanzines: "/" "&"-"? Did you? Chuch Harris helps out on "-" by treading around inside the mimeo-drum with his shoes off, crushing overly dark grapes, to ink the machine. Dispite popular opinion, there is no truth in the rumor that Mr Harris is or ever was a member of the Blackfoot Indian Nation.

"Ugh"

A DILLER, A DOLLAR, A TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR: Time ~~xxxxx~~ traipses past, and I traipse along with it. 'Tis July now, and a great deal cooler than it was in June. This here type-face signifies that the stencilling is being done at work. Now at work I do not keep a bottle of obliterine so when I make a mistake I must "x" it out. So I may "x" up this bit quite a bit.

SPEAKING OF CAMPAIGN SONGS, someone on tv was speaking about what he would do when he was elected president. I don't know who he was. He was a republican tho and was proclaiming that he would repeal the new deal and was shouting about no-deal. So here is a campaign song for him. If you want to run on the no-deal ticket you are welcome to it.

(To the melody of The Battle Hymn Of The Republic)

Let us all go out and repeal, let us repeal the New Deal,

ditto

ditto

You'll get no deal from us.

~~EXX~~ Glory, glory to the no-deal

ditto

ditto

you'll get no deal from us.

Now that you're all enthusiastic about elections and things let us skip merrily on to the next page, eh wot?

Chooog (9)

DO STENCILS DETERIORATE WITH AGE?

Walt Kessel strolled into the shop the other day with a stranger whom he introduced as Fred Warth. Fred, it seems, is back from Germany and relocating in Savannah. And, while we were discussing the six or seven years since Fred folded LUNA PONO, he mentioned that there were some stencils still hanging around his abode with art on 'em that had been intended for LUNA PONO #10, the first anniversary issue. You can see them by flipping pages over to the final section of CHOOOG/W&OBJ/T/ALT/LP. I sincerely hope Fred can be persuaded to do more art for this mag. The cover drawing is, of course, by Fred (and some of you should recognize the style from the latter LPs), the full-pager stencilled by Fred is by Joe Gibson, whom many of you will remember as an artist from VOM, and a few will recognize as one of the recent pros in OTHER WORLDS' stable (you do read science-fiction, don't you?). And then there is the poem. This we present in memorial to the many many annishes that never came out and the material that was scheduled for them. This may be the last you'll ever see of LUNA PONO, but I hope it isn't the last you'll see of the works of Warth.

AND OF COURSE THERE IS KESSEL, omnipresent, if not in fact in influence, for would fandom have known your editor's talented tripewriter if Kessel had never introduced her to the microcosmos, is represented in the art section too. Stencilling by Hoffman.

LOOK YE FORWARD TO THE SECOND ISSUE of Science-Fiction Five Yearly, in 1956. I have some big plans for that magazine. I hope that it will outshadow the first issue by a great distance, and that it will put the technical work in mags like CHANTICLEER, PLUTO, and maybe even SKYHOOK into the roll of mere dabblers. Lawdy, have we got plans. So stick around. This super-mag is due in the final mailing of 1956.

THE DATE OF THIS TYPING is July 26 so most probably this is the last page of Chooog. So far (16 days after deadline) none of our noteworthy columnists have reported in. Walt Willis is probably busy due to Hyphen, Slant, and his number of columns, and the WAWishes and other commitments. Vern McCain is on the road again and besides there may be some slight changes in the arrangements with him for FAPA stuff. There has been no word from F. Towner. His last Quandry was returned marked "Moved. No address".

EGAD! I'VE MISCALCULATED! No, I don't mean we've missed the moon and are rushing at break-neck speed for the goodly planet Mars. I mean that, with a spare ream of paper and a full beer-can of ink, I've run out of stencils! Lawdy, lawdy, what a sin. Here in one hand I have a number of drawings by Walt Kessel which I told him would appear in this. But alas, no stencils. Most of the stuff in LA TABUNKO was cut before WEK gave me this stuff. The only item cut since was done on a damaged stencil, although I was positive that there were more long green sheets in the box. Now, NOW, I discover that those long greens are typed up with an article for Q#23. Under normal conditions I might run down to the ABDick people in the ayem and buy more stencils. But I am cut off from that source of supply by a large ominous deadline. So this evening, I will try to scrounge up enough pieces of stencil to run off the Kessel-art. Look, and if you find only one drawing by Kessel, you'll know I failed. And if I fail, I shall expect mayhem, since WEK is aware of the fact that I was aware of the fact that I was running low on stencils.

GOOD-BYE

TANGENT

PARENTS!

Is your child picking up dirty words from fanzines you leave lying around?

Does Junior come out with expressions that would shock F. Towner Laney?

Bring your babe up right!

Give him a copy of



The Child's
Garden of
Cuss Words

contains 365* words, each in a simple lesson that the child may learn in one reading. A word a day.

* if leap-year; send 10¢ extra for the February 29th supplement.

BANNED BY THE U.S. POST OFFICE

ARE YOU BOTHERED?

Are you bothered by shredded tobacco? When you tear open a cigarette to see if it's interior is fully packed are you left holding a handful of limp tobacco? Try

ZIPPO!

the cigarette with the built-in zipper.

Just zip - it's open. Remove the special glue-treated tobacco plug and examine it. You'll find no air-holes or loose ends. Then replace it and - zip, it's closed and ready to smoke. Remember: NO LOOSE ENDS!

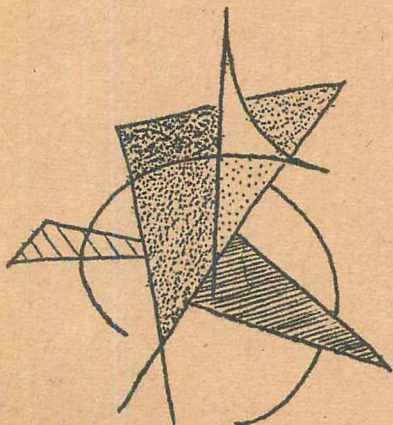
AND IT'S Milder, MUCH Milder!



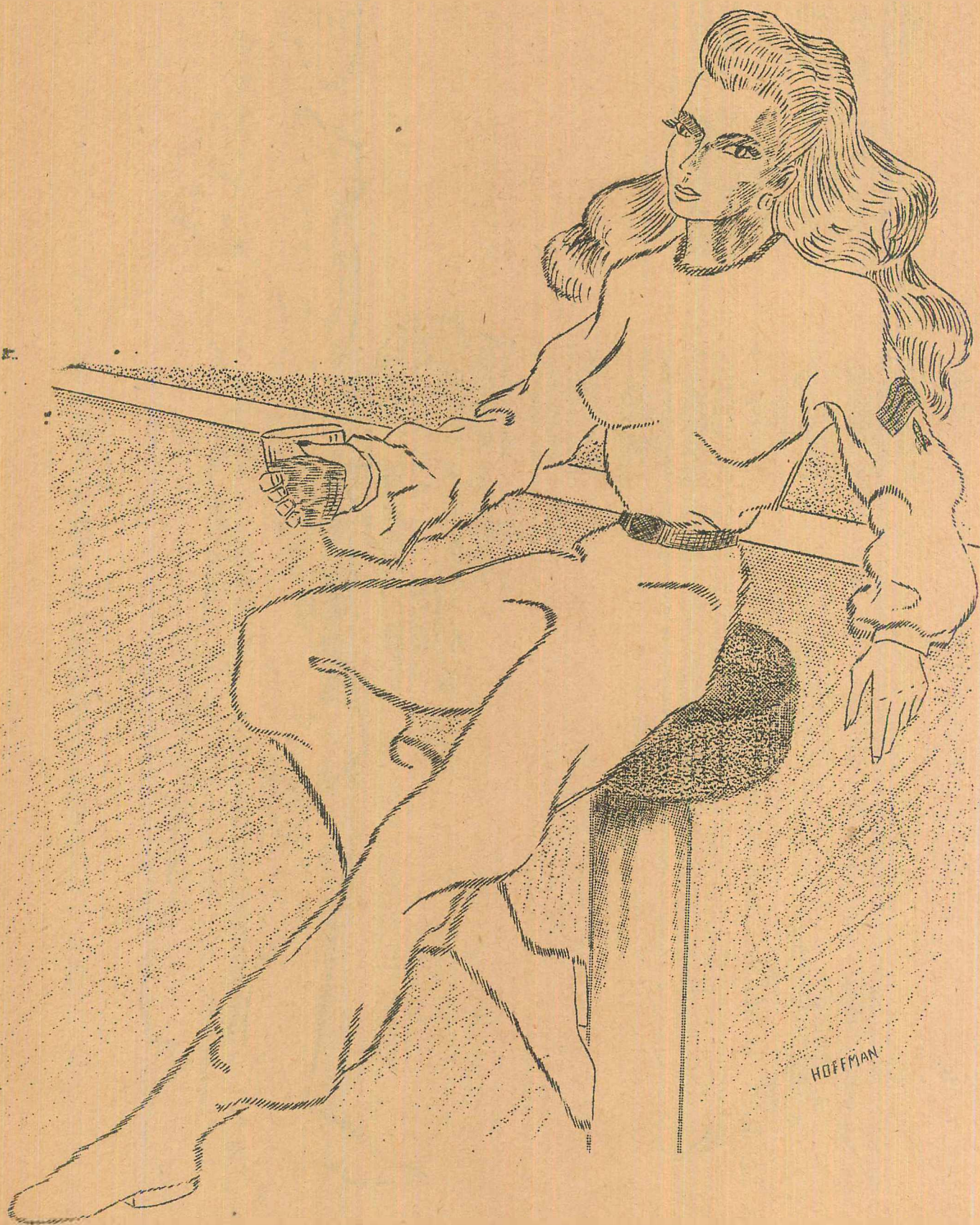
LA

TRABUNKO

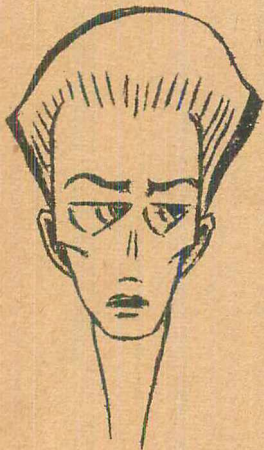
A PICTURE SECTION



HOFFMAN

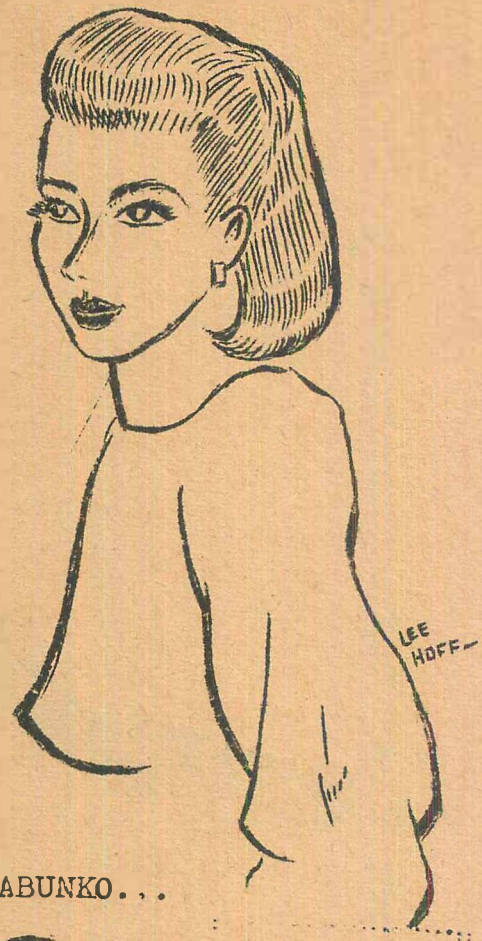




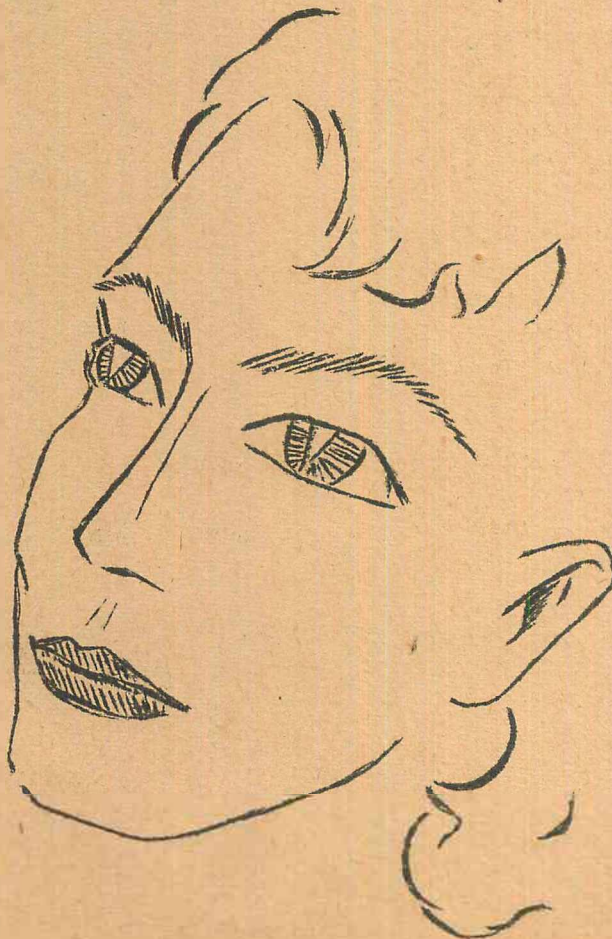


This is
A LA TABUNKO, a
department full
of pictures for
you all.

This →
picture
was cut entirely
with a bent
crochet needle
(10). It was
composed on
the stencil
and executed,
Perhaps the
artist should have
been, but then with-
out the artist where
would you get A LA TABUNKO...



All of the drawings
on this page stencilled
with a #10 crochet hook
(slightly bent)



THIS

IS

This is,
it is supposed,
as is the rhino
a perfect place for
his horny skin,
and the alligator
to become a handbag,
and the moon
green cheese,
this is...

Or would be,
Yes, it would
be, if you
like and read such,
but I am without
Yes, without,
for without is
not inside, nor
is it here
nor there,
but this is...

Truly this is.

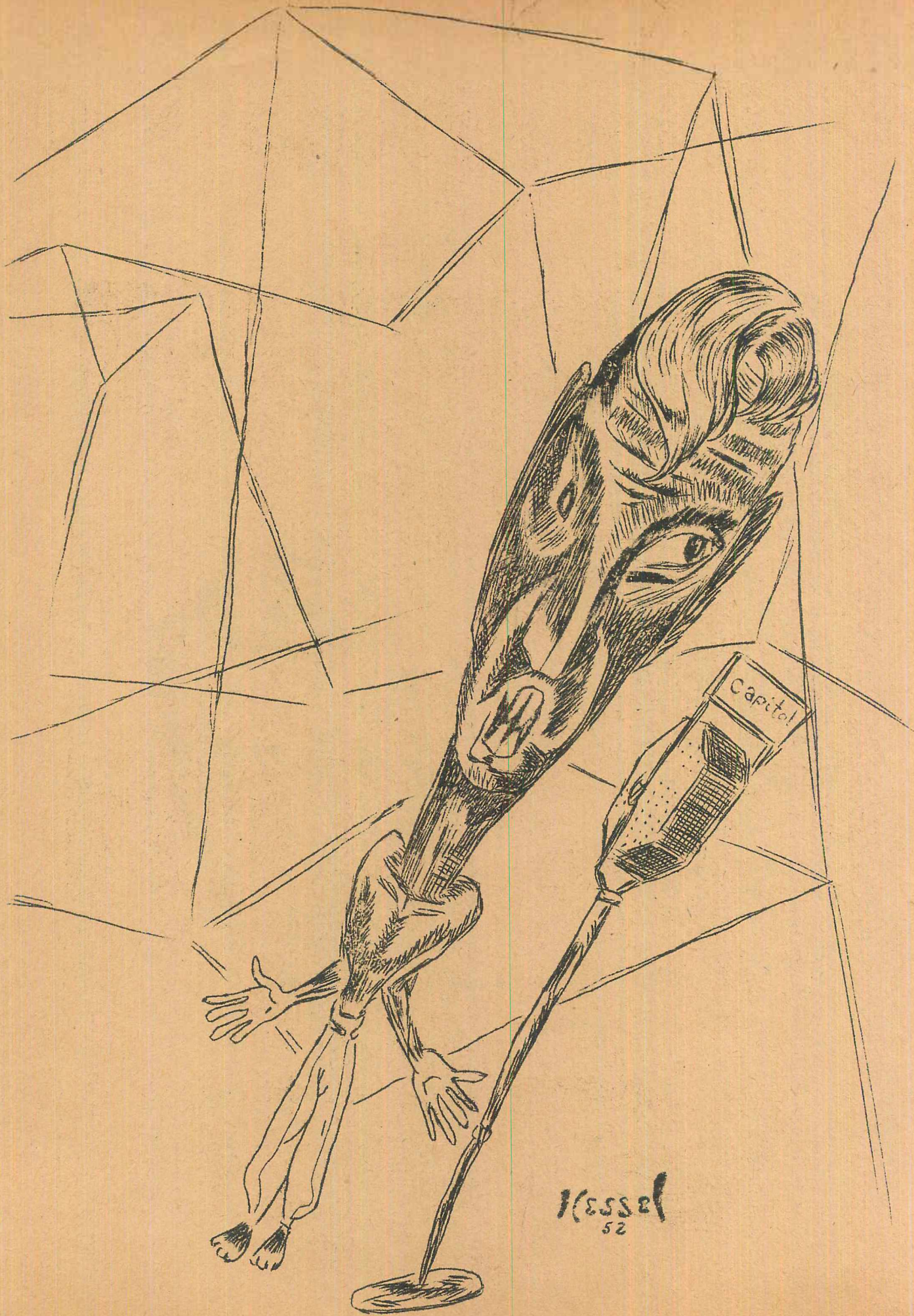
I tell you in
so many words,
I repeat, this
is

It is the perfect place for a poem.

But I have none to put here.



HOFFMAN



Vol. - I **Huna Hono**

No 10

the anniversary issue

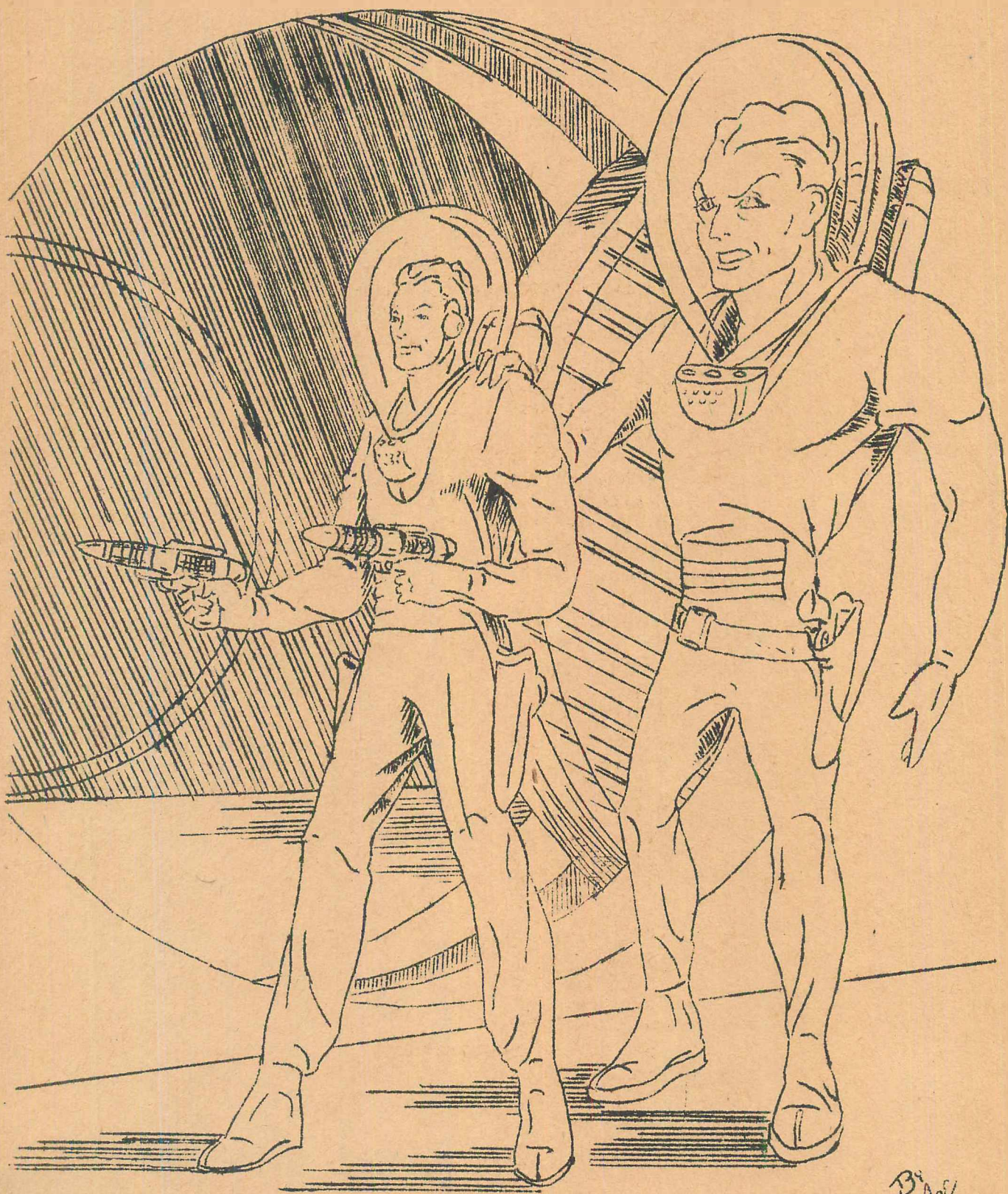


INTO THE

SCRUNCHFINITE —

Onward!
Into the scrunchfinite!
Fandom, forward to our
Sacred heritedge. Never
Will we rest until the day
Arrives
When we reach
Our ultimate
Goal. Forward.
Ever onward.
Into the scrunchfinite
With never a moment's
Hesitation.
Nearer to the
Object of our
Search
We draw.
Onward. Into
The scrunchfinite.
At last the
End is in
Sight.
Our tired eyes
Behold
A sight
Never before seen
By
Human eyes. A
Vision of
Beauty and
Lovliness.
Gaze,
Fandom, at
The result of
Your journey
Into the scrunchfinite.
The
Anniversary issue of
Luna Pono!

- - Lowen Behold



B. J. for

Repro by - W. G. R. M.

