

ScientiFiction

Autumn, 1997



The First Fandom Report



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Cover showing Sam Moskowitz at Sercon 3, Louisville, Kentucky, Spring 1988. Photo courtesy of John L. Coker, III.

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NEW FIRST FANDOM AWARD TO HONOR SAM MOSKOWITZ

There will be a new award within First Fandom beginning next year. The award, the "Sam Moskowitz Archive Award," will be given for excellence in science fiction collecting.

The award will have nominations and voting during the same frame as the Hall of Fame award, and will be presented at the annual First Fandom reunion.

The suggestion for this award was made by Joseph P. Martino and Julie Schwartz. These worthies put their heads together at Marcon and developed the idea which they then presented to the officers, who agreed that the time was right for it.

Sam Moskowitz was one of those remarkable people who helped create both science fiction fandom and its passion for collecting. It is only fitting that he be remembered in such a way.

SAM MOSKOWITZ: AN OBITUARY

by

John L. Coker, III

Sam Moskowitz, widely regarded as the leading authority on Science Fiction and Fantasy, died April 15, 1997, at the age of seventy-six. During his lifetime, he witnessed the evolution of modern Science Fiction, and significantly influenced its development for seven decades. Sam's exhaustive interdisciplinary approach to the genre led him to earn a unique reputation as fan, collector, correspondent, conventioneer, author, biographer, reviewer, literary agent, critic, researcher, publisher, editor, anthologist, archivist, scholar, and historian.

Born June 30, 1920 in New Jersey, Sam lived his entire life in Newark or the surrounding area. His parents were Russian immigrants, and as a youth, Sam helped in the family businesses and enjoyed boxing, soccer and baseball. He discovered Science Fiction in the pages of *Astounding Science Fiction* and *Amazing Stories* in the early 1930's, but it was several years before he could afford to begin buying magazines. It is estimated that when he began in fandom in the

mid-1930s, there were approximately one hundred active fans in the entire world, and at that time Sam knew every one of them, either by correspondence or reputation.

Sam was a pioneer with many first-time accomplishments. In May 1935, he co-founded the Newark Science Fiction League, and in the Fall of 1936 began his first fan correspondence with Julius Schwartz, the editor of *Fantasy Magazine*. A charter member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association in 1937, he remained active for the rest of his life. Sam chaired the First World Science Fiction Convention (NYCON I) in New York City in July 1939. He founded the Eastern Science Fiction Association in 1946, and remained active for more than forty years. In the early 1950's, after serving as Hugo Gernsback's managing editor for *Science Fiction Plus*, Sam edited several prominent trade journals in the field of frozen foods. He has been credited with teaching the first college level course in creative Science Fiction writing in 1953 at City College, New York.

Sam had more than sixty hardcover books published, and sold articles and stories to many of the Science Fiction magazines. His books on the history of Science Fiction can be found in the reference sections of every major library in the United States. "The Immortal Storm" (1954), an incredibly detailed

history of Science Fiction fandom from its earliest days through 1939, is considered by many to be Sam's most important book. Included in his non-fiction works are the well-known "Explorers of the Infinite" (1963) and "Seekers of Tomorrow" (1966), both of which are collections of essays profiling the influences of literary figures on Science Fiction. Among the dozens of anthologies edited by Sam are "Editor's Choice in Science Fiction" (1954), "Exploring Other Worlds" (1963), "The Coming of the Robots" (1963), "Masterpieces of Science Fiction" (1967), "Futures to Infinity" (1970), and "Out of The Storm" (1975). These always featured worthwhile stories which typically had not been reprinted, accompanied by Sam's extensive introductions and heavily-researched background information.

Sam's personal collection of Science Fiction is one of the world's largest, and is designed specially for research. It features a complete set of every Science Fiction magazine published in English as well as most of the Fantasy, Supernatural and associational magazines. It also includes nearly every fan publication from 1930-1950, more than 6,000 hardcover books, thousands of photographs, original art, manuscripts, and all written correspondence that he received since 1936.

The passing of Sam Moskowitz marks the close of an extraordinary career, leaving a

vacuum that simply cannot not be filled. In spite of his many publications, it is the staggering loss of his first-hand knowledge and the sheer volume of information which he possessed and was willing to share that is so tragic. His overall contribution to the field is almost impossible to estimate, but it would be accurate to state that without Sam Moskowitz, Science Fiction might never have flourished to reach its present state. Sam is survived by his wife of nearly forty years, Dr. Christine Haycock, a surgeon specializing in women's sports medicine.

NECROLOGY

Fred Cook

APPLICATIONS

The following has applied for associate membership:

Everett Slosman

NEW MEMBERS

The following has been made an Associate Member:

Bob Silverberg
Box 13160, Station E
Oakland, CA 94661

Welcome Dinosaur!

DEADLINES

The deadlines for First Fandom events and StF are as follows:

First Fandom:

May 31, 1998 -- last date for nominations for 1999 Hall of Fame award. Last date for nominations for 1999 first Sam Moskowitz award.

SciFiction:

October 18, 1997 -- Closing date for Winter, 1997 ish.

January 17, 1998 -- Closing date for Spring, 1998 ish.

April 18, 1998 -- Closing date for Summer, 1998 ish.

July 18, 1998 -- Closing date for Autumn, 1998 ish.

DUES

Dues in First Fandom are now \$6.00 per year. The number on your mailing label will tell you to

the end of which year your dues are paid. Please keep your dues current if you possibly can.

REVENGE OF THE SCIFAN

Why Collect?

Two very interesting things happened recently that gave me cause to pause and reflect on from whence we came and whither we are going.

The first was the suggestion from Julie Schwartz and Joe Martino that we create a new award, the Same Moskowitz Archive Award to be given for excellence in science fiction collecting. I liked the idea, so did Ray; it gives us yet another opportunity to recognize an individual who has enhanced the hobby by creating a collection of the genre.

The second was Ray's decision to sell his collection. Since reaching completion he found it did not really hold that much interest for him. The fun, it seems, was in the chase and not in the contemplation of the completed assemblage. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that it was the afterthoughts of his collection, the *Spicy* the horror, the outré, that would bring in the Big Bucks. The

current crop of collectors just isn't interested in complete sets of *Startling Stories*, *Amazing Stories*, or even Clayton Astoundings.

This was Good News in a way for Ray. He had spent so much time and effort putting his collection together that he was delighted he could have his cake and eat it, too. How many of us can be that fortunate?

But the bad news is that the origins of science fiction are being forgotten. The pulps, which gobbled up so many cheap words and gave so much in the way of escapist entertainment, are being forgotten or ignored by the collectors. The fora in which so many dinosaurs had their letters printed almost immediately after they were hatched are being ignored, the pages in which they essayed their first stories are being lost.

We have already seen how the ed-bus., the university establishment, has co-opted science fiction as an area about which it can Publish (as opposed to Perish), and we have been appalled by the lack of veracity which has accompanied this move. Now I dread that we can look forward to a time when our roots are truly forgotten, when all that remains is a hoard of collectors who proudly display their "limited edition" Star Trek plates, and leather-bound Asimov volumes, but who do not know from whence

they came.

And if one does not know from whence he came he cannot know who he is.

A hearty thanks goes to Charles Hornig who sent me a copy of the state of California resident income tax return, but thoughtfully ecksed it out both front and back. Perhaps he thought I would inadvertently fill it out. No chance, Charles, I had a bout of filling out four separate income tax forms a few years ago and vowed never to do so again. It's interesting, though, to note that Californians have 12 separate contributions of one dollar or more they can make on their returns. A few more and they wouldn't be paying income taxes at all, just earmarking dollars the way some folks do for the United Way campaigns.

I don't often get a chance to play computer games, and when I do I tend to like something that's over quickly since I tend to forget what I've been doing in between playing sessions. But when I found out that Wal-Mart in my area was selling "Myst" for less than \$15 I dashed out and got a copy. For those who don't know what this title is, it's been one of the hottest fantasy games around for the past several years. I couldn't resist the opportunity to see what all the shouting was about.

This is a game that is vastly different from any I've played, and a lot more enjoyable, as well. The theme is simple: Artris has the ability to create different worlds just by writing about them. He has disappeared. By reading his books and solving puzzles the player can visit Artris' worlds and find out what happened to him.

Woah! Here's a game with no aliens out to zap you, no half-visible demonic heads that eat your lunch, and no hand-held Howitzers with which to frag everything in sight. This is a leisurely game with no time limits and no death traps. How novel.

The entire game is a pleasure to play. The graphics were designed and executed on Macintosh computers, machines that are acknowledged as the best graphics stations around. The musical score is simple, yet has a haunting quality to it. Each world has its own feel, its own ambience. Playing the game is the closest I've ever come to reading a book. And at the price I paid, it cost less than a book.

If you take my advice and get a copy of "Myst," and manage to complete it, do yourself another favor and get a copy of "Pyst," a parody of the game. It's not as much fun, but it is cute. It's also a lot cheaper.

Sally and I went to Albuquerque the other week. It

was an expensive trip. I discovered, only 10 minutes before the stores closed the day before, that I desperately needed a new set of tires. The next morning found me camped out in front of Pep Boys awaiting their opening. For \$200 they kindly replaced my worn-out tires with nice new ones. Then, after Sally and I had shopped the day away I expressed my interest in a new hard drive, but I was concerned because of all the money I had already spent.

"Go ahead," she advised, "you might get lucky."

So, as luck would have it, Egghead had a 2.1 gigabyte Western Digital Caviar drive for \$199.97. Yeah, I bought it. After all, my 340 megger had cost me \$300. It's hard to believe that three years ago I spent \$100 per megabyte of storage; today I spend only \$100 per gigabyte. It boggles the mind, it does.

NOTICE

Dues checks continue to come in even as I put this issue to bed. I am trying to make the necessary changes to dues letters and mailing labels as I go along, but it is entirely possible that I will miss someone.

If you see that your expiration date is incorrect, or if

your dues letter indicates that you owe money when you're paid up, or both, please realize that the correction has probably already been made and will show up on your next mailing label.

DINOSAUR DROPPINGS

Dear Mark,

I was much interested to read Joseph Martino's obituary for Roy Wood. He and I exchanged a few letters, and he corresponded with other friends of mine, but I did not know too much about him other than he had been a fan for a long time and had joined the N3F soon after it was founded.

Being a Philadelphian, I enjoyed Robert Madle's letter nominating Rothman, Baltadonis and Agnew for the First Fandom Hall of Fame, and he is right, it is a good year in which to honor them.

One minor quibble: that's a "z" at the end of my name, not an "s." It sounds very similar -- no peppermints jokes, please! -- but not quite the same.

Sincerely,
Catherine Mintz, Sustaining Patron

{Catherine, I'm sorry if the spelling of your name does not conform to the way in which my computer wants to spell it; I am barely responsible for my own spelling as it is -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

I've a vague recollection of having informed you of this before, but there is a term for dinosaur droppings that have petrified. Any that didn't petrify are longgggg gone. The word is coproliths.

I enjoy watching both Hercules and Xena on the b-tube and quite often videotape the latter. There are times I think Xena's sidekick Gabrielle comes close to purloining the show. I assume you saw the writeup on Ms. Lawless that appeared on page 144 of the May, 1997 issue of *Playboy*?

One assumes there will be a more extensive obit for Sam Moskowitz in a forthcoming issue.

With cordial best regards,
Dean A. Grennell

{Dean, I allus thot they was called "crusty creations of a craven creature that crept into the crypt and crapped." You are just stuck on Gabrielle because you can now see her pupik, a costume change that I heartily approve of. Sorry, I haven't read *Playboy* in more years than I care to think about. I did see an interview of the much-corseted Lucy,

and was surprised to discover that she has a very broad N.Z. accent. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

Very interesting ish this time. I still recognize names of some of the old timers coming in, but most of them I've never heard of. However, I do know Robert Silverberg and support him wholeheartedly. He's been a long time fan, FAPA member and is now fully established as a pro author.

Re mention of all the spin-off cons, I'm surprised there is so little interest in Richard Hoagland's battle with NASA re the pictures taken by various probes. To me that area seems a more likely "science fiction" filed than the TV-Hollywood stuff mentioned. All "fiction" but no "science." I managed a couple of glimpses of the Hale-Bopp comet but Seattle skies are usually too cloudy for stargazing. However, listening to the Art Bell late night radio is almost like listening to a bunch of SF at times.

Cheers,
G.M. Carr

{Hmm, I seem to remember that Bob has written a little stf here and there. -- Mark}

Dear Mark and Ray,

Thank you very much for accepting me as an Associate Member of this August body. I was thrilled to tears to receive such an honor. It is no secret that I already medically qualify with my arthritis and my hearing aid.

I was in KC over the memorial day weekend and spent a good deal of time with Tucker and John and Jim Tibbetts. We all went to Jim Tibbetts's for the afternoon to play with the awesome collection he has amassed over the years and to talk books and baseball and eat and eat. It was a most enjoyable day.

Jonie Knappenberger

{Good to have you aboard, Jonie! -- Mark}

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the honorable mention in our summer ish. But, then on the next page I see "where the fen are judiciously separated from the real people."

Odd. All this time I'd thought we were real people, had cons so we could for a while separate our values from the mundanes.

As to the "other organization," I suppose you know the military brass called us "premature antifascists" because we

fought fascism while they were still rooting for Hitler. And the history of the world since 1944 is evidence that they've never forgiven us for the war we had them fight in 1941.

Clifton Amsbury

{Sorry, Clifton, but have you seen the current crop of fen? -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

My correspondence is all way behind. Things have been drifting. My blood is thick and sluggish, and consequently I have a tendency to be sluggish, too. And my blood pressure is all over the lot in response to my medication for hypertension and Raynaud's Syndrome and to the decrease in blood volume when I have a phlebotomy. But I'm not due for another one until the end of August. But four days after my last one (very successful at 500 ml on May 12th) I had an involuntary one, for about the same amount, while preparing to depart for KEYCON 14. While I was alone in the house a weak spot (low on my left leg) in a varicose vein gave way, and blood was spurting all over the place. After an ambulance trip to, and a stay at, our community hospital, I returned home. After a while I reconsidered my hasty decision to cancel going to the convention -- with the observation that I damned-well wasn't going to be bullied by a stupid vein. So, with a bloody-great

pressure-dressing on, I went to KEYCON anyway. Of course I was forced to be cautious. That lousy vein did it to me twice to me last year. Although it does improve the circulation it's messy, expensive and hazardous.

To turn to someone with REAL health trouble, I am glad to learn that you are doing so well. I guess you'll never kid Ray about his surgery again, though, I trust that he's holding his own, too. By the way, if Ray thinks that he's in need of a move to a place with milder weather, let him consider how much more desperate is the wintry fate of us up here in Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota. And we get floods, too! I was displaced to the University of Manitoba for over a week when our area, St. Norbert, was evacuated.

While my travel misadventures are beyond most persons, I modestly admit you beat me hands-down chum. I am quite happy to be No. 2.

We are losing our members at a steady stream, it seems. And now we have lost SaM. I saw him last at L.A. Con III where he arrived late and left early. He was the usual enthusiastic Sam -- full of plans. In his busy lifetime of not quite 77 years he accomplished two or three times as much as most persons do -- at least. AVE!

Well, at least we had a

successful First Fandom party (Thanks to Marjii) at LA Con III. The few of us at INTERSECTION saw one another only intermittently -- usually at the convention itself. We were housed across a fair-sized spread of Glasgow. Party going was not very convenient. Anyway, I had a lovely three-week stay in dear old Glasgow. The middle week was at the convention. There were many new changes in the city since my visit in 1978. Rutherglen had become part of Metropolitan Glasgow, rather than just part of Greater Glasgow, and my father's school there has become a high school only. Many businessmen had vanished from Argyle Street and Union Street. The pedestrian precinct on Buchanan street had been much enlarged, and a good part of Sauchiehall Street had become a pedestrian precinct as well. I have no quarrel with that. Of course, the "Dirty Old Town," along with Edinburgh and London, isn't so dirty any more. Gas instead of coal makes a great difference. But it was strange to have a heat wave, and blue skies, in Glasgow. In a city lacking much air conditioning so much heat caused great hardship. On the morning of departure for Toronto it was raining cats and dogs (and maybe pitchforks and guns, too). The good thing about bad weather when leaving is that one is not so sad about going. Even so, I was sad enough.

This letter will be collected tomorrow morning, and tomorrow I

shall be 74 years old. And think of Sam on the 30th; he would have been 77 then.

This year at least, KEYCON will have some competition as a Winnipeg convention. CONQUEST will be held in October. Forry will be there, and so he'll be able to visit Chester again. (You're still spelling "Winnipeg" as "Winnepeg"!)

It will be quite a while before I attend another Worldcon. I often feel that they've outlived whatever usefulness they may have had. Anyway, they're just too big. They try to be all things to all men, and they too often end up being nothing to anybody. A good Regional is far more fun.

Regards,
David Blair

{David, don't you think a jar of leaches would be a lot cheaper? I am, however, sorry that your bandages kept you from shimmying like your sister Kate. Those leaches would have had you up and dancing a jig, I bet. -- Mark}

Dear Mark:

It was quite a shock to get my copy of The First Fandom Report and read about Sam Moskowitz. Knowing Sam for many years I missed seeing him these last two Philcons.

Regarding the letter from Bob Madle nominating three members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, Rothman, Baltadonis and Agnew for the 1998 First Fandom Hall of Fame award I would like to add that when I joined they along with Madle and Train made up over half the membership. I have about 25 or 30 Fan magazines this group made and published and have photocopies the covers of three of them. Most were in color.

Sincerely,
John Newton

Dear Mark,

As I was looking through the pages of the New Jersey Star-Ledger on April 17, 1997, I happened to see, on the obituary page which I seldom look at, the headline in large letters, "Sam Moskowitz, 76, top historian of sci-fi." It was a big two-column writeup by Russell Ben-Ali of the Star-Ledger staff. I was both shocked and saddened to learn that Sam had died.

I first met Sam at the first World Science Fiction Conference in Manhattan in 1939. To explain the circumstances of our meeting, I must go back in time to when an organization, the ISA (I believe it was called the International Scientific Association), met monthly in the home of Bill Sykora in Queens. Among the members were, besides

me, Donald Wollheim, John B. Michel, Fred Pohl, Herb Goodket, George Hahn, Walter Kubilius and a few others. I loved the meetings, and they were fun for us teenagers and for the few who were in their early twenties. Differences developed between Wollheim and Sykora that became so bitter that one day Sykora barred everyone from his home and ended the club. But we fans had enjoyed being together, so Wollheim decided to form a new club and call it the Futurians. Most of the people who had met in Sykora's basement decided to join. We found a place in Brooklyn that let us use their headquarters for meetings when they weren't using it.

The Futurians has a left wing connotation and fans like Moskowitz, Taurasi, Sykora and others considered them to be enemies of fandom. When Wollheim conceived of the idea that it would be nice to have a worldwide gathering of fans in conjunction with the 1939 World's Fair it sort of languished until, under Sam's leadership, the notion came to fruition. Sam had the unique ability to get John W. Campbell and other science fiction editors and writers to offer suggestions and help agree to attend the conference, meet fans and even speak.

Wollheim, Michel, Pohl, myself, and one or two other Futurians climbed up the steps of the rented hall to attend this first

world science fiction meeting. The person collecting admission fees at the door wouldn't let us in and called Sam who rushed over. Sam decided not to admit Wollheim, Michel and Pohl. This is a public meeting, Wollheim argued, and we have the money to pay for admission. Sam said he didn't want any fans there who might disrupt the meeting. Wollheim, Michel and Pohl were forced to leave.

But there I was, standing mouth open in shock, my admission fee in my hand, awaiting Sam's judgement. He looked at me and thought for a moment.

Even though we were supposed to be on opposite sides, I admired Sam from the moment I saw him. He was handsome, broad shouldered, confident and "alive" in both action and appearance. He seemed to be everywhere at once, and was called upon repeatedly to solve problems and make decisions. Sam was in charge and everyone knew it.

Now he was called upon to decide whether I could attend or not.

As he stared at me his face relaxed. "Go ahead," he gestured with a toss of his head. "Let him in," He instructed the one collecting admission fees.

I don't know what made him admit me. After all, I had come

with Wollheim and the others. I was known to be a member of the Futurian club and he considered the Futurians to be his enemies. Yet he let me in.

Years later, when I met Sam at a science fiction convention in Manhattan, I told him that if he had not had charge of the 1939 convention, even though Wollheim had plugged for it, the convention would not have taken place. That was my opinion. Wollheim was good with ideas, but Sam was the kind of person who could get things done. The 1939 convention was Sam's baby all the way through.

From time to time I would meet Sam at conventions and we would spend a few minutes together. He told me he stopped considering Futurians enemies after he visited their shared lodging (I wasn't part of the group that lived at that apartment which they called "The Ivory Tower") and found nothing in the refrigerator except some moldy cheese. He realized that the fans living there were virtually starving. Sam felt so sorry for them he just couldn't ever again condemn them.

I saw Sam at the 1990 Philcon, the last one that Isaac Asimov attended. Sam had to touch something on his throat every time he spoke and his voice came out without inflection, like a robot's. I never asked why; I simply accepted him as he was, a warm and

interesting person. We spent some minutes together.

The last time I saw Sam was at a Lunacon meeting. We were talking to Elsie Wollheim, and she told us that Donald had had a stroke and was in a hospital. Sam insisted upon visiting Donald even though Elsie warned him that Donald's voice had been affected and his speech could hardly be understood. But Sam did go, and what transpired between two people whose voices had become impaired I do not know.

Sam urged me to write about my science fiction experiences and send them to him for his records. I started but have not devoted enough time to finish them. Now I don't have Sam to send them to when I finish.

Of the former Futurians, the only ones whom I know may still be alive are Fred Pohl, Robert Lowndes and myself.

Sincerely yours,
Jack Robins

{Jack, thanks for sharing some history from a Futurian standpoint with us. -- Mark}

Dear Mark,

The Summer issue is up to your usual high standard. The

variety of featured articles makes it especially entertaining and informative. The convention reports always offer the next best alternative to actually attending, which I highly appreciate since I don't attend many myself.

Mr. Tibbett's t-shirt, if it says what I think it says, reminded me that I may have a photo suitable for a future StF cover. A few Years ago, Sam Moskowitz helped me track down A. Merritt's grave. The cemetery isn't far from my home, so I drove right over the day Sam's letter arrived and took the enclosed photo. If there are any loyal Merritt fans around, the probably belong to First Fandom. So if anyone would have any interest in seeing where the master is laid to rest, they probably read your fine magazine.

A grave may be a rather morbid subject for a photo. Last year, though, you ran John Coker's photo of Poe's grave, so I don't think this photo would be too inappropriate.

Very best regards,
Sean Donnelly, Sustaining Patron

{Sean, many thanks for the photo, which I promise to run soon. I think you're right in your assessment of where Merritt fans hang out, although I don't know how many of them actually read this mag. As far as morbidity is concerned, I would rather run a photo of a grave than watch Alice Cooper perform "Cold Ethyl." --

Mark}

Mark, m'bhooy --

Free advice: always keep a dog or cat in your automobile so that if your feet get dirty you can wipe them on your car pet.

I'm presently doing volunteer work with the National Child Search Foundation. We put pictures of missing children on semis, in truck stops, store windows and wherever else we can. Other projects are fingerprinting and videotaping children for parents' records and publishing a Drug Education Manual which is given to public and private schools for distribution. And like every other charity in the country we're in trouble. So if any Ffer has donation money to spare it would be warmly received at NCSF, 26-A Jefferson Street, Jefferson City, MO 65101. Tell 'em Hal sent ya.

Now that Silverberg has applied for membership can Ellison be very far behind? Maybe one of them will tell us the dinner competition stories when they treated (?) One another during visits. I always enjoyed the versions from Harlan.

And Ray, have not yet seen a Playmate pictorial where she did not have a nice spread.

Re the give-aways

mentioned by Ev Bleiler: yes, I entered everything I could that did not cost more than a penny postcard or three-cent stamp. The only results were offers to buy or sell magazine subscriptions and, on three or four occasions, shipments of salve that companies wanted me to send money for and sell (in that order). I gave the salve to my mother and ignored the follow-up letters.

CU whenever,
Hal Shapiro

{Hal, will you please stop doing good deeds; it sets a bad example for the rest of us. -- Mark}

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Mark is telling me that the deadline approaches again. It has been a slow summer. I made time to attend Midwestcon. It was the usual relaxacon. The new hotel was an improvement over the well-worn Norwood Quality Inn. First Fans in attendance were Margaret Keifer, Roger Sims, Mike Lalor, Dal Coger, Bill Bowers, Bill Cavin, Fred Jackson, Howard DeVore, Joel Zakem, Frank Johnson, Larry Smith and Bob Tucker.

I managed to get to Inconjunction on the last day. I spent about two hours talking to

those people that I know. The only First Fan that I saw there was Mel Schmidt.

I am getting ready to go to Pulpcon at the end of July. Paul McCall will be going with me. This may be my last time since many of the people I used to see there are no longer with us. Also, the pulp material is much more sparse that it used to be, plus the fact that I need very little to complete my collection.

I recently talked on the phone with Bob Madle and Julie Schwartz. Julie is recovering at home from surgery. Last Saturday morning I received a call from Roy Lavender. Roy was the first fan that I met as a teenager when I started attending conventions. It was good to hear from him.

Several months ago I received a visit from an old fan that I had not seen or been in contact with for over 30 years. Out of the blue Sandy Cutrell appeared on my doorstep. That is a name some of you will not remember, and those of you who do may not want to. Sandy was from the hippie generation and hasn't changed much. I did enjoy the afternoon of conversation with him.

That is about all I have for now. Till next time...

Ray