



"The Predictably Unpredictable
Fanzine"

Special All-Letter Issue, 1
with words from: Thom Perry,
A Thomson, J Berry, R Sneary,
C Riddle, M Alger, E Needham,
H Turner, W Deek, E Robinson,
S Hoffman, L Jacobs, L Hoffman,
R Kirs, J Broschart, Willis,
Bloch, Eney, Tucker, Bentcliffe,
Harris, GMCarr, D Emery, M Z
Bradley, W Ballard, H Warner,
J Curtis, B Coulson, Hickman,
Jo Carr, H S&erson, G Ellis,
G Calkins, A Mercer, Charters,
H L Gold, Jansen, Boggs, Ag-
berg, Speer, Burbee and the
Youngs, both J & A.

There is absolutely NO PRIZE
to the person finding the most
typo's in this issue.

Issue #26

Dec. 1955

"All I want for Christmas is a Davy Crockett shrimp-sheller."

LETTERZINE, ANYONE? The situation is like this: I have a goodly quantity of letters on hand, Grue skipped an issue last spring so I'd normally only have three issues this year unless I squeeze in an extra, the mainline Grue still has a run of 150 copies or so but a lot of the readers profess to care little for letters while others like them. There are other considerations but it seems like a good idea to use the letters on hand to put out an all-FFW issue, with perhaps a few scraps of random nattering on my part inserted here and there between. This issue will have a much shorter run, won't be submitted to FAPA, will be sent to contributors and others who wrote letters recently, will (I hope) serve as a reply to the letters since right after I get this off I will have to dig in and get the next issue ready for the February FAPA mailing. This, the 26th issue of Grue, is not for sale but is distributed free to the deserving and needy. Next issue things will be different. Grue #27 will contain John Berry's further probing of the idiosyncracies of Irish Fandom with special emphasis this time on Bob Shaw, with countless scintillating and profuse illustrations done by Arthur Thomson, who is a Good Man--there should also be a followup on The Shadow by Ken Beale, there will be a story which I hope you'll like (Lee Hoffman wrote it--'nuff sed?). I mention this, not so much to make you faunch and not to make you subscribe since you will all get the issue anyway (this ish only goes to the steadies) but to prevent a rash of misstatements to the effect that Grennell has converted Grue to a pseudo-VoM. Just for this issue only, he has.

A word on format: Paragraphs this issue, where necessary, will be indicated by a five-space indentation but not by a skipped-line. Robert W. Lowndes thinks this would improve the looks of things and I'm curious to see how it works out. I will occasionally inject remarks within the letter {like this} although I'll try to hold them to a sensible minimum. My comments at the end of a letter will be preceded by a line across the page of underlines and asterisks (* * * * *) and it will be terminated by a line of underlines and periods (.). The purpose of this is to make it easy to tell whether the reader is still talking or I am. Some sort of identification is necessary to avoid confusion and I don't like to be forever sticking 'dag' here and there because, after a while it seems to smack of vulgar ostentation. And so, if you will turn the page over, we'll commence with a letter from.....

THOM PERRY, 4040 Calvert Street, Lincoln 6, Nebraska, (' Dec 55) DAG: O hum. What with Geis missing a payment or sump'n and retiring, I subsequently lack a super-duper with which to make use of these. Enclosed, then, is the remainder of the quire...them as ain't been scribbled on. Good cheer.

Thom Perry

And Perry enclosed the above note inside a package containing 19 Gestetner stencils which--like Howard Browne's qualms--are mint-flavoured (or anyhow, green). Never in the history of Mafia Press (Founded 1953) has there been such a stock of stencils on hand. You see, Harlan Ellison sold Larry Shaw an installment of "The Murky Way" I'd written for DIMENSIONS and Larry Shaw co (Fake Pro) paid me \$5 for the privilege of running it in some oncoming issue of INFINITY (which is a helluva good magazine). So I took the \$5 and bought two quires of navy-blue, film-type Gestetners for next issue. That's why we shift the blame from Eney this once. This time---

IT'S PERRY'S FAULT!

ARTHUR M. THOMSON, 17 Brockham House; Brockham Drive, London S.W.2, England, U.K. 8 Dec. Dear Dean, The 'Shadow' is terrific, well up to your Op' five expose' I loved every line, an' like to have bust a gut over that bit about his all black get up and flashing 'ring'. I had picked up an Op' five in a secondhand bookstall a few months ago..So I guess I better hunt around for a 'Shadow'.

Liked too, your editorial and letters, you string them all together to form an easy to read and interesting style of writing. I like your "Comon in an' hear this" sorta style..

So you've an Arthur in your name too, The 'M' in the middle of mine stands for (and I blush to say it)...Myhill, seems I was named after a great uncle who runs a small boat building concern in the state of Maine...Rochester, I think. Somewhere up there where they all say "Nup" and "yup".

Heard that Ted Tubo is taking over ed' of Authentic from Bert Campbell who is moving on to a more scientific sercon prozine. More to Berts taste as he has just gotten his bachelor of Science. Ha's got more letters after his name now than he has in it.

Been working on stencils for John and mine's (I know thats the wrong phraseology) mine and it should be out around Christmas...will be sending it to you...Merry Xmas..

Best,

Arthur

Since we've already got Perry and Larry on this page, we might as well add a few words from Berry too and make it a party. Pity we haven't room for Sneary on this page too.

JOHN BERRY, 1 Knockeden Crescent, Flush Park, Belfast, Northern Ireland, 21 Nov 55:

Dear Dean, Do you find that television interferes with you fanac. ? I bought a TV set about a month ago, primarily to keep my wife happy when I was over at 170, but I have been bitten by the bug, too. I'm getting over it now. The unfortunate thing is that in the house I occupy at the moment, a new house, by the way, there is only the one long living room, so, with TV on all the time, I have to curl up in a corner, and type away as best I can. On the dreaded Shaw-Berry typer, too. Anyway, I am taking the bull by the horns and dumping the Shaw-Berry typer, and purchasing a good machine. (Not the Harris Imperial, surely?) Maybe you heard that Arthur Thomson and myself are putting out our own fanzine. (Entitled THIS GOON FOR HIME--hits you like a mickey, with gore spillane all over the place, not Irene either.) Weeell, I suppose it isn't a fanzine as such. I am doing all the writing, and ATOM all the drawing. You'll be getting a copy, natch. It is due out on 28th December---we want people to enjoy their Xmas first. We're so very considerate, seev Hey Dean. Talking about television....I was on TV last Saturday night. There was a short programme about the Royal Ulster Constabulary. I was on the screen about four times, purely as a spectator. I didn't have to say anything. Willis says he had his TV on at the time, but he didn't recognize me. Every one else says that they could recognize me easily so I guess Willis is worrying about the next HYPHEN. Best,

John

Actually, John, I find that TV interferes with my fanac hardly at all. Perhaps this is because we have no set. Possibly if I lived in Belfast I might have one but the stuff you get on the things over here is so utterly atrocious that I can't see laying out a couple of hundred dollars to pipe it in. To give you an idea of the tempting fare set owners are offered here, I ate at a restaurant not long ago and their set was on. A fat old man with three chins and horn-rim glasses was walking up and down among orthopedic mattresses, thumping first one, then another, making a big sales-pitch on them. He continued this all during the meal and was still at it when I left some 20 minutes or so later. Real entertaining.

{Comes along a handsome picture postcard, showing the cowboy neon sign over the Pioneer Club at Las Vegas. Postmarked Las Vegas, Nov 26, it says:} Ed Cox stole a \$20.00 jackpot from me, before we got Rick out of bed at 7 a.m. Lee Jacobs

I didn't!

Ed Cox

Gerrrr! They did Rick Sneyary {Latter, in later letter, says:}

Enjoyed your article on the Shadow muchly. I read my first and only SHADOW last summer, though I listened to the radio version for years when I was a wee-mere. The copy I read was about 1939 I believe. It might be interesting to compare the writing styles in SHADOW, DOC SAVAGE, and ASF of the same eras. Not me, though.

My own impression was much like yours. Though I believe by the time I read it, The Shadow was Lamont Cranston. I am not sure of this, but I don't remember any other implications. Also, I was impressed by the amount of blood that was spilled. The Shadow's aim seemed about the same, but still a lot of guys got killed, one way or another. And with about as much emotion as the sub-hero in THE FAIRY CHESSMEN. I had heard so much about The SHADOW that I wanted to read at least one copy to see what it was like. I couldn't have reviewed it as well after reading though.

Oh yes! There is someone that doesn't know who Plato Jones is. Namely me. My return to fandom has been mostly limited to fanzines. I am not an inner-circler, nor do I correspond with any of the currently active fans. So I don't know these things. I'm not even sure I'm right in thinking McLeod is Geis. {I am sorry, Rick wrote 'McLoad' instead of McLeod and I accidentally corrected it but, looking at both, I think I like his spelling the best. I've heard no evidence to indicate that the hyper-dour McLoad (love that) is really Richard Erwin Geis. Your guess is every bit as good as mine tho.} The current list of suspected pro-de-plusses has me lost too. If I was in town, and Ackerman didn't guard things like that with his big gleeful life, I might find out.

Yours in 58. (?) (?) Rick S.

Rick is currently quartering at: 14B Lincoln, C. P., Henderson, Nevada. But he says he may not be there indefinitely and it's suggested that his other address be used. That's 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate 58, California.

CHARLES LEE RIDDIE, FNCA, USN, / USS CASCADE (AD 16), FPO, New York, NY {And dig that new address, correct as of 4 December 1955, superseding all others.} Grue #25 rec'd & read with interest. I sympathize with you in your problem of circulation -- I have the same one myself. Last issue of PEON ran over 400 copies! {Jeez.} Don't mind the stencil work, love the mimeo, but oh that assembling!! Hope we can continue to exchange as I'd miss Grue a lot if cut off!

Lee

I can offer a suggestion to harrassed faneds on that assembly problem. I made a rack with 17 8"x11 1/2" shelves arranged vertically about 2" above each other. I put the stacks of pages in these and pick the issue up in about 1/3rd the time. I also rigged up two small staplers to the top of a packing crate, with appropriate guide-bars and stuff so that I can take the handful of loose pages, tap them once on the box, shove them under the staplers and fasten the whole business with two quick thumps. This effort to bring time-motion study to the fan-publishing field has been of real benefit to me. Next step will be to mimeo the stuff on the envelopes instead of rubberstamping it.

MARTIN E. ALGER, 118 North Center Street, Royal Oak, Michigan. (5 Nov): Hi, Dean: Well, I recently touched off six rounds of cal.50 m.g. from the shoulder. (quite a bang, but not too bad recoil in the 30 lb rifle. Not as jolting as the .450 in the 8 3/4 lb rifle.

Martin

I suppose it would be silly of me to inquire what you propose to shoot with that thing, now that you have a shoulder-gun for the caliber .50 machinegun cottridge...especially since the BDSA is currently working up to a 12-gauge cannon to fire .716" lead balls. We're starting on a small scale and working up---have built and tested a cannon to fire BBs with good results. A larger one, to shoot 00 buckshot is partially completed but untested. The 12-gauge will be bored out of solid, cold-rolled 2" bar-stock, shouldn't be restricted to black powder and should deliver close around 5000 foot-pounds, we hope. Is it true that you are now negotiating to obtain an atomic cannon from the government and that you have already purchased a redwood tree in California to carve the stock from? Another chap interested in guns is:

ERIC S. NEEDHAM, 30 Richmond Grove, Manchester 13, England. (Thanksgiving Day): Dear Dean, Thanks for the Grue which I found when I came home. I can honestly say I laughed like hell at most of it -- and even more at the additional pages enclosed. I suspect Bob Bloch is in reality a team of expert writers. No ornery human bean could be so ornery. {Who told you?}

I was delighted to see an enlightened article on the Colt .45 automatic pistol. Sometimes I wonder what became of the 20-shot Dillinger automatic, developed around 1934 or so to Dillinger's private requirements. {Doubtless the Lady In Red kept it as a sort of souvenir /sic/?} But as you know, Harry Turner and I, jointly, together, are involved in research into the Battle of the Alamo. {Want to borrow the loan of my time-machine?} And ever and ever I come across references in the press of today about The One-Armed Bandits. Here is a problem which needs to be solved.

At the time of the Alamo affray the weapons in use were the Derringer single-shot pistol and the Colt's revolving pistol. Now a Colt revolver of those days must be cocked manually before the trigger is depressed, allowing the hammer to fall on the pin-fire cartridge. It is apparent that a one-armed bandit could not cock a revolver and fire it with one hand. Further, to maintain a rapid rate of fire, the gun must be "fanned"... not to cool it, since the gun had no water jacket, but simply because the hammer had to be cocked before each shot. Therefore, to maintain a high rate of fire, the One-Armed Bandit must had an assistant.

Now if the assistant had TWO hands, he could manage a gun alone and could indulge in banditry at leisure. Since he teamed up with a bandit, solely in order to cock another man's pistol, it is reasonable to suspect that the assistant also had one hand of arm. In proof of this theorem I offer the fact that One-Armed Bandits are always referred to in the plural.

This in turn raises grave considerations. What means of transport did they have? Two one armed bandits would have difficulty riding one horse. Steering a horse with one hand allows of no possibility of firing his revolver at the pursuing, avenging Sherriff's Peace. I plump for the sole logical means of transport...the monocycle, ridden by one man with his assistant on his shoulders....thus leaving both hands free. Such a spectacle might well go unnoticed in New Orleans at Mardi ras, New York on St. Patrick's Day, or in Fon-Du-Lac on Washington's Birthday. {How about Man-Chest-Ter on the fifth of November?} Though I have heard that the traditional home of One-Armed Bandits is Los Vegas or Reno, notorious places of entertainment when scarlet women and acrobats abound, where villainous bandits riding monocycles would be a prominent feature of the landscape. England is a law-abiding country, and mighty thankful am I that we have only the IRA to deal with. {You forgot Wansborough?}

Know what you mean, Dean, 'cause NOW & THEN runs to 120 copies. And with the 1913 duper we got, of hell, it's murder. Each sheet is individually fed in and removed. Still, both of us can endure it! I like the informal style of production, because you never know what is coming, and so do not miss it if it doesn't, if you know what I mean.

Who is Chuck Harris? Dunno. Met him twice, but can't offer any opinion. A thing that strikes me is that this Earth may have been bombarded with charred non-chicken feathers, charred horse-feathers, for instance.

Do the people of the States really buy hotcakes from news-stands ? Incredible ! {You think that's incredible?--we buy the syrup for them at the iron-monger's...all seriousness aside, I have seen window-type summer air-conditioners for sale in the window of a chemist's or, as we say, drugstore. This I regard as unfair competition. It is as if some Harley Street practitioner were to take in window-washing on the side}. I admire the broodings on the medical-faith-healing fraternity, too. And if anything Forryack's puns get worse. Don't quite know what to make of the Burks article. Esoteric, I suppose. In all, I don't care if you write Grue all on your ownsome, just so long as you keep on pumping it out. Don't suppose you could institute some research on 1836 Colt's, could you? {What do you want to know? I think I mentioned in the letter that they weren't pin-fire, didn't I?}

Finally....I got Grue 24 and didn't think much of it, apart from the superlux duplicating. I DID like this issue, ever so mery much, kind sir, and thank you very much from the bottom of my heart for the kindness of your heart for sending it to me, and just to show you how much I like it I'll pass it on to Frances Evans, who can read.

Me, I'm bashing my brains out on "Second Rate Lensworm." Best wishes,
Eric Needham. (Estimates Free.)

Thanks for passing G25 to Frances. If she can write as well, ask her to drop me a line, won't you? Might even put her on the mailing list if she includes her address. As for the One-Armed Bandits, well, that's a long story. Actually, it isn't a desperado at all but a sort of gaming-device, differing from a One-Legged Bandit, which is a parking meter....or do you say metre? Never mind, I'll ask Waltre Willis or Harry Turnre next time I write them. Speaking of whom:

HARRY TURNER, 10 Carlton Avenue, Romily, Cheshire, England, (28 Nov): Dear Dean: Another Grue---I really must break my silence to tell you how I enjoyed the informality of this ish. Usually I find myself struck dumb by the sheer mass of material and the immaculate duplicating---this time even a lazy reader like myself could browse and cope with everything effectively. I grinned fiendishly at the Beau Brummell quote---are you wilfully misrepresenting matters or have you actually gotten hold of the wrong end of the stick? While the word "toilet" is increasingly used over here as a respectable word for lavatory or w.c., the dictionary still gives the meaning of "a mode of dressing, or that which is arranged in dressing: attire: dress: etc." In view of Beau Brummell's reputation as a dandy it looks as though that is what the author intended to convey. Sure that sentence didn't read "at his toilet"? {Nope, Harry, Cadet Honour and all that, it read "on his toilet." I double-checked to be sure---though I knew what he meant, of course and...oh well...} Anyhow, while the Beau probably didn't need Widower's Castor Oil, we appreciate the free plug...or am I being Redd Boggsish about this? (Personally, I am in favor of fans being Redd Boggsish). You have my sympathies on your production problems---you only need send one copy for Eric and self if it will help out. Hope you can keep up the informal style...

Our next ish is an Alamo Memorial number. We still have a few copies of NOW & THEN numbers 5 and 6 if you know of any deserving cases...

Yours,
Harry

It might be noted that the above was handwritten, but such handwriting! You haven't really lived till you've seen Harry Turner's handwriting. Same applies for the Needham /Turner publication NOW & THEN. If you haven't seen this, send for a copy to either of the above addresses. Fabulous is hardly the word for it, what with Harry's illos, and now and then some of Pat Lyons', plus the vibrant prose of Needham, Nigel Lindsay and Dortha "Rory" Faulkner...to name but a few. Get it.

Wm Deeck, 8400 Potomac Avenue, College Park, Maryland, (29 Nov). Dear Dean:

Ah, such are the trials and tribulations of a young fan who wishes to remain a neo-fan. I shall have to go through life oblivious to such pleasures as Grue ovvers...never again to read of the wild exploits and derring-do of the old pulps...destined to miss all the pointed, concise, and witty comments of Eldrin Fzot. I weep.

To be honest and blunt, I do not care for your informal style. Merely one man's opinion...but such a good man!

What! I thought Jose Maniah was relatively unknown---not that he should be. Good kid, Jose.

Three cheers and a huzzah for your suggestion that Beau Brummell use Castor Oil. But I think that in Beau's day they would have used Holland's substitute for ExLax---Old Dutch Cleanser. {There's no substitute for Ex-Lax on Hallowe'en when the trick-or-treat gangs drop by with out-stretched shopping bags!}

Finally we reach The Fallen Mighty #2. And if I may be allowed to say it, it's about time. I just don't like the informal style. However, it doesn't make any difference now that I have been ostracized.

Love that illustration, boy! Ghuckles {sic} galore and like that. Not much else one can say about TFM #2 except that it was good. You covered it pretty well, and I have never had much to do with the Shadow.

The rest was so-so. It's that damn informal style that ruined it all!

Sin, without 'cerely, Wm. Deeck

EDDIE ROBINSON, 3005 Arlington Avenue, Riverside, California, (11 Nov). Dear Dean, I received Grue #25 yesterday. Thanks very much for a very enjoyable magazine. As usual, it was well worth the quarter. Please find enclosed another 25¢ for issue #26. If you take me off of your active mailing list I will commit suicide. {Steady, boy---but if it should ever come to that, I suggest you commit suicide by dying of old age.}

You asked for comments on the "free and easy" informal format. Personally, I didn't like it. I am sure the majority of the readers will, so keep it up; but I would much rather see Grue put out in a systematic manner. By that I mean a specific section for letters, a book review column, and set up in general like a well planned, well situated magazine. This, as I said before, is merely an asked for opinion, and my personal one. Which ever format you choose to use is fine with me; I just like a formal one. And above all else, keep Grue comin' to my mailbox.

Best regards,

Ed Robinson

I trust the two of you noticed back on page 1 that the next issue will return to the usual format. That of #25 was scarcely a matter of choice, since I had no outside contributions of a size to fit and was faced with filling the issue, somehow. As you can see, opinion came back both ways but, between us, I confess that I sort of prefer the semi-formality of the earlier issues myself. By the way, I have a clipping here from the Milwaukee Journal headlined in bold caps: WHO SAYS CRIME DOES NOT PAY? CERTAINLY NOT EDDIE ROBINSON! If I don't forget, I will include it in with your copy, Ed. Turns out they mean Eddie G. Robinson.

STUART S. HOFFMAN, Box #13, Black Earth, Wisconsin, (8 Dec). Dear Dean, To say that I enjoyed Grue is putting it mildly. It's terrific. One of the highlights was the HOW IT BEGAN bi Forry Ackerman. And the cartoons, especially the one at the beginning of the Shadow article. That I like.

I also enjoyed immensely the FAPA BOOZE No. 1 {Bob Tucker's FAPazine} article on Gilgamesh. That is the type of fantasy that I really go for. Hope Tucker comes up with more fiction based on the Gilgamesh epic. Put a flea in his ear, will ya? {...}

Happy Days Stu

Me put a flea in Tucker's ear? I don't know if he'd stand still for that...}

LEE JACOBS, DP&XOEFAPA, 984 South Normandie, Los Angeles 6, Calif., (27 Nov). Dean,

This note to you is the first contact I've had with the outside world since I've gotten the Crimson Comet, {some sort of miniature automobile --dag} and things have been piling up in the Normandie Nook. However, now that I've finally mastered the ancient art of down-shifting at 80 mph while negotiating a sharp curve, I'm back among the walking dead. Soon, I hope to be back among the living. {I hope so too, I'd hate to see you among the lying-down dead!}

By the way, damon knight {the clean pro} has applied for membership in the fapa in a pactsarcd to me. As far as I know, he's the 32nd on the waiting list.

As one who once held a complete collection of CAPTAIN FUTURE, I thoroughly approve of your idea to write a review of the character. While I no longer have any copies of the magazine, I do have fond memories of the character -- and Simon, and Eek and Oog and Crag {Crag, wasn't it?} and Otho and the Comet and so forth. There was a really fine stfmag! {Or was it Grog?} {Gregg?}

No, the Crimson Comet was not named after Curt Newton's spaceship...

My Saps dues expire after the upcoming mlg (#34) and I do not plan to renew. However, as in the Fapa, I'll be dropping down to the bottom of the waiting list. Ed Cox threatens to pay my dues out of the \$20.00 jackpot he stole from me in Las Vegas {Out of a One-Armed Bandit, Needham.}, but I've already instructed Karen {or will, after this note} to accept such payment as advance dues on my next incarnation. After six complete years of Saps membership, it's time to take a break.

Even tho I'm no longer a member of Saps and the Fapa, I do hope you keep me on the Grennell mailing list. I won't be back in the Fapa or Saps for a couple of years at least {if I have a chance before then, I'll decline with thanx} but I hope to keep on receiving CHOOG and other non-Fapa distributed things from you. {CHOOOG---with 3 O's--- is distributed out of Savannah, not Fond du Lac, but I know what you mean and you'll continue to get it.} Grue will be read in the Mailing -- I'll be at the assembly sessions, of course, and will read one of the surplus mailings. I've long since got rid of the collecting bug, so not physically having the mailings is of little consequence to me.

Naturally, after dropping out of ajay, I've acquired all sorts of ideas for fan-type writing. Someday they might even be written. Best regards, DX es 88's to Jean {omdb!} *Lee wants to buy a helicopter beanie -- anybody have one for sale?* Lee

I guess we're both as good as Ex-Saps by now. This was about the last weekend I could have got my 6-page minimum off to Saps in time for the deadline and I didn't make it--- tssk, and me with dues paid for two more mailings! O well, the treasury can use the dough and maybe my replacement will be more active. Hope so. #Let's see...Stu Hoffman, Lee Jacobs...how about a few well-chosen words from Lee Hoffman? († stencilled 10 Dec.)

LEE HOFFMAN (GHE&BNF), 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia, CSA, (29 Nov). Dear Dean,

My favorite episode of Wild Towns, or one of my favorites, was Clay Allison in a ten gallon hat, and spurred boots with a holster and belt around his middle, and nothing else, galloping his big black steed down the streets of Dodge (I think) shooting off his gun. Clay, you know, died with his boots on, like any good Western badman. He was riding drunk in a wagon, fell off and broke his back.

I liked him.

Thanks muchly for the fotographs. Do you want the one of Tuck back? {Not unless the termites return to our attic.} Yours,

LeeH

I recall hearing of a similar incident from my dad: happened in Kansas in the early 1900s sometime. Bunch of the boys drove to town in a wagon and this one fellow got rather crottled so when they got ready to go home they just heaved him in the back of the wagon and set out at a brisk pace over the rocky, ruddy road with the wagon, which had steel-shod wheels and no springs. He lay on his back the whole way home and when they arrived

and went to lift him out the whole back half of his head was soft and mushy to the touch.

Who sawed The Hop Bitters?

RICH KIRS, 1451 Overing Street, Bronx 61, N. Y. (14 October). Dear Dean:

I especially liked the shadow's arrondissement, mostly because he happens to be one of the few radio programs I remember from that part of my childhood when I could hear. Though at the time too, uh...young and innocent to judge it other than to have unformed and slightly odd questions, I find that my present maturity (sic?) {I guess so} allows me to look back and, occasionally (and probably mostly without good cause, but oh well) give out with a good laugh.

There was one episode, as my eidetic memory recalls, wherein somebody---presumably Lamont---was tied up in a room on the top of an observatory. He was placed in such a position as to be in (or so one was given to understnad) line with the rotation of the telescope, which apparently went 'round and 'round in eerie circles even when no one was using it. Thing was, the scope would rotate until the eyepiece happened to point at Lamont's forehead, whereby the beam of (hah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah) {you're getting redundant} magnified sunlight which was streaming from it would burn a neat, round hole in his dome. Slowly, with terrible clicking, whirring sound effects, the scope revolves. No mention was made as to how the hell a beam of magnified sunlight was supposed to emerge from a reflecting scope----the only kind, or so I believe, which is sufficiently important to be housed, automatic and eerilyyrevolving machinery and all, in the dome of an observatory.

Another involved a pit full of red, man-eating ants. Peoples were chucked, screaming horridly and to the accompaniment of a nasty rustling sound which was probably made by rattling sand in a dish, into the pit. One merely asks, in a meek, small voice, why did not the ants climb out of the pit, and if they were trained not to, where did they come from in the first place. Me, I wouldn't like the job of collecting enough maneating red ants to fill up a large pit.

***** Rich*****

Well, I suppose the arch-fiend went on a lot of picnics and Andy Young (who will be along in a minute) can doubtless tell us if that kind of telescope could burn a hole in your head. Meanwhile, I have wanted to print part of this letter for a long while and I'll probably never have a better chance. Note the date.

JAMES BROSCART, Rural Route No. 1, Towanda, Pennsylvania, (23 January, 1955).

Dear Dean, {...} Oh yes. Almost forgot to let you in on the news: I got a letter the other day from my old buddy, Albie Einstein. He's been dabbling in chemistry recently {Like I said, note the date. --dag} and just came up with a revolutionary new formula:



{If you try it, better follow the formula very closely. It's easy to slip up on something like this}. The formula has great commercial possibilities, too. Bananas have a peel for so many people.

Inclosed is half a rock for the next two issues. I would have bought a dollar sub, but I do so hate to pass the buck.

Sincerely,

Jim

I wish you'd write again one of these days, Jim--I got a wham out of that letter---and if all goes well, next time I hope to be able to answer. That happens so dishearteningly damned often: letters come, I'm busy at the time and, in the rush of getting another issue out it gets carried over till next time, at which time I'm still busy...o woe.

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WALTER A. WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtonwards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland, 10 Dec 55./9
Dear Dean, First, thanks thanks thanks for that wonderful tape. It's been dominating my life for more than a week now, and let me explain why. In the first place the only tape recorder I can borrow...the only twin-track one that is...is an elderly Grundig, with a Continental sense of direction. After much beating of brains and vain attempts to do something as obviously simple and as completely impossible as to persuade the machine to feed the tape through an eighth of an inch higher or in the opposite direction I found I could play SSD tapes by twisting them round so that they played through the back. But the Grundig has only one speed---7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ---so that when I borrowed it for your tape I got just fluent gibberish. {I suppose you thought the machine should have been named Grundoon?} I sampled it on both sides every five minutes until I found the 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ bit and then listened to the recordings of the radio programs with an expression of agonised frustration on my face {where else?}. The only way I found out what was on the rest of the tape at all was to illtreat the unfortunate recorder so that the playback and fast rewind controls were on simultaneously (which is theoretically impossible on this thing, which is all interlocked push buttons.). By slowing down the spools with my finger I was able to get odd phrases, but the nervous strain of this---I don't know if you've ever tried it, but it's like listening to a conversation where everyone is alternately goosed and sandbagged---got me down. After brief aural glimpses of the Promised Land I put the tape away carefully and dedicated myself to getting a taperecorder of my own at once. After wasting a lot of time studying circuits and lists of components I made up my mind I'd better buy a commercial job on the hire purchase...the money I'd save by building one myself wouldn't compensate for the time it would take...so I wrote away about one for £40 {that's supposed to be a pound-sign}, carried the leaflet about with me all day and went to sleep thinking about it. I'd scraped enough money together to meet the deposit by cashing in my little hoard of dollars. Now damnit this morning I get the hire purchase agreement from the firm with a note that they won't be able to make delivery for 28 days. I am all disconsolate. I wanted it for Christmas, mainly so I could play the fans the tape before BoSh leaves, and 28 days is for ever! I shall scour Belfast for 2nd hand taperecorders and try and borrow the money. So help me Ghod Dean I shall hear the rest of this wonderful tape (the bits I heard were anyway) and hear it on my own taperecorder and make one for you on it. I swear.

I borried Grue from John and read it avidly. {Ed note: As a member of FAPA, Walt gets his copy in the FAPA bundle but that doesn't arrive till later.} It's fine, fine, very fine. Even the piece about The Shadow, which I'd have skipped if it had been by anyone else, was remarkably interesting and the miraculous melange of the rest of it was all very fine reading. I think my favourite interline was the one ab_out considerable education {take a bow, dfk!}, though George went for the one about the metacarpal. He would. You're a couple of twisters...words, that is...and I'll bet you like that awful book George and I sent you last week. {"London Society," circa 1866} I guess I must admit I do too; it's probably only long association with Bob Shaw, humour perfectionist, that gives me a guilty conscience about unintegrated puns.

Funniest thing in the entire issue was the bit about the chicken feather. A classic of monumental proportions which must be included in any anthology of fan humour. The finest ingot of irony I've seen for many a long day. {Why thank you Mr. Willis, sir!}

I wouldn't be surprised if Doodles Weaver reads Grue. I know he reads sf, f_or he had a letter in a prozine some years back. Can't remember which one, but I think it was ASF. Anyhow as I remember it was a fannish type letter, or at least one with fannish type potentialities, and I put him on the Slant mailing list for a while to see what would happen. Nothing did. The records show he got Slants 4 and 5 and that his address was Winstead Doodles Weaver, 360 N.Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Plenty of faans round that neck of the woods and I wouldn't be surprised if one of them is bootlegging him fanzines.

After several years of vain attempts, Esquire succeeded in shocking me this evening. I read it here in my siblings-in-laws' house, where I'm baby-sitting. Dean, can it really be so that the presumably sophisticated and upperclass American adult who reads Esquire does not know the meanings of the words "cockatrice" and "coven"? They have a piece

10 (WAW, continued)

by Aldous Huxley in this issue (November) and the publishers have, Ghod help us, a special little article explaining the hard words. These are supposed to be two of them. I haven't been so upset about anything in America since ~~WAAAAA~~ {sorry Walt, my error} McCarthy. It wasn't just that they thought these words might baffle some people; they regarded them themselves as being completely unknown. In fact it was said that Huxley had astounded people in California by playing the word 'coven' in a game of Scrabble. Apparently these people, who should know, believe that not only does the educated American not know the meaning of the word but that he's never even heard it. Can such things be?

Is Bloch still busy? I want to write him about one thing and another and the last I heard from him (indirectly) was that he was sort of incommunicado as far as fandom was concerned. I don't want to bother him if he's busy poking at wolves through the letter-box.

Enough. The baby has started crying, ghod help me. Best, Walt

I should explain that ever since I first got access to Curtis Janke's tape recorder I have been faunching to send a tape to Willis and---rather more so---to get a tape from Willis. I could swear that I read somewhere fairly recently that Walt had someplace over there where he could borrow a twin-track taper capable of playing American tapes in both of our common speeds (3-3/4 and 7-1/2 inches per second). So I had Bloch put an account of his trip to Cleveland onto the first part of a 1250-foot reel and thinking he was going to have a lot more to say than he did, I "cut" it at 3-3/4 ips (Lee Hoffman vocalizes this as a single word about the way a cockney might pronounce hips). I was left with a staggering amount of blank tape so I recorded a performance of Heinlein's "Requiem" over the radio program, "X Minus One" and left the rest with the recording of various jazz stuff off of "Monitor," which it had originally contained when Bloch and I started in on it. I hope you didn't have to pay duty on it, did you Walt? I sure tried to plaster it up with admonitions to the Customs that it was old tape, to be returned, etc. And I did not mean to disrupt your peaceful existence that way, especially not now with Xmas coming on and every thing else. But take cheer in the thought that if you get in a position to hear that tape you will also be able to tune in on all sorts of people over here: William Rotsler, Lee Jacobs, Lee Hoffman, Wrai Ballard, Bill Danner, Charles Burbee (who is said to be in the process of buying a taper too), Boyd Raeburn, Curt Janke and oh I don't know a whole veritable great multitude of fabulous fannish characters. I will then be able to send you the celebrated tape of Tucker and I at the "Gruesome Zombie" session and also you'll most likely get to hear the tape of the Bulmers at Hoffman Hovel in stately and picturesque old Savannah (TSOTS). Why you'll even be able to hear Abney Rotsler singing Kirby songs and Burbee doing count-downs as Rotsler prepares to blast off and...well, there's a million thrills awaiting you and Gore-blimey (Irene, that is) if I don't envy you. If someone hasn't erased it by this time, you may even hear Marion Bloch scream... #As for the words---well, I knew them both but that proves nothing since I never buy or read Esquire unless there is a Charles Beaumont story therein and not always then. For what it's worth, "coven" is not listed in the Webster's Collegiate although "cockatrice" is there. A cockatrice, in case you've never risen above the level of Esquire's readership, is sort of like a basilisk, resulting from when a snake hatches a rooster egg. Really, when you stop to think of it, that's pretty vital information for a person to have and I don't see how one could very well face life anew each morning without knowing what a cockatrice is. Do you? #I note, reading back, that the hair-trigger left margin stop of the Underwood just slipped a peg somehow. Sorry. But if you haven't noticed already, I am not greatly worrying about impeccable reproduction this time. Typo-hunters will founder themselves and die painful deaths on this issue. #As for Bloch,...

Robert A. Bloch, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin, 10 December 1955. Dear Sir: It now looks official that I'm taking over the FANDORA'S BOX column for Hamling in IMAGINATION. Mari Wolf has sold out to the hot-rod gang (her husband being a Jaguar-tamer). I took on the assignment on the following considerations (a) Hamling promised that I could run the column any way I choose, without formal fanzine reviews or editorial restrictions and (b) as Frances said, as long as I mess with the field I might as well get paid for it. Ex-

(BLOCH, continued)

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pect, therefore, to be up to my neck in 'zines and have already batted out the first stint upon receipt of a stack of mimeography from Bill. Aside from that, about all I've been doing is taking penicillin for strep throat acquired in Milwaukee during Marion's trip down there. Just about back in shape now and ready for the holiday treadmill. But I thought I'd pass the news along. Hope you're all well. -RB

So now I suppose it will be Pandora's Box #362, uh? I shall await your first appearance therein with well-concealed patience...no, that's not the cliché I want...ill-feigned impatience?...ill-bred impotence?...owell, you know what I mean. And now if we may quote from STUPIFYING STORIES, created by the Fabulous Eney (who is sometimes termed the Bob Tucker of Japan or the Nippon Tucker), here is a bit called:.....

NOT QUITE A TALE OF NUCLEAR FIZZ SIN AND SEDITION

I just did manage to escape court martial, but it was worth it. There's a disk jockey on the local Armed Forces Radio Station, FEN-Hachinoe, {!} who talks (or talked) the most hoked-up hybrid---or better, mongrelized---mixture of Alabaman and Texan-Southernspeak I ever heard, and last week I couldn't stand it any more. So I wrote out a postcard (which is what one uses for mundane communications fans would put on a postcard) and told him that what "we'd" like to hear (he runs a request show) was him speaking Received Standard English, in accordance with his Brooklyn ancestry. Got ten signatures in half as many minutes, so I gather other people disliked his faking as much as I did. Anyway, to get back to the story, one of the people who refused to sign advised me to go over to HQ and get Major Davis (the adjutant) to sign. Some time after he saw me again and asked me what the Major had said, & looked all disappointed when he learned I'd decided not to bother a busy man. Eventually he explained that there's some sort of regulation, on pain of court martial, ^{against} the circulation of petitions by, or among, GIs, and he'd hoped the major would suppress the petition and prefer charges against me. By he'vn, these hillbilly fans aren't to be trusted, that's all I can say. {Your experience bears out my own, Eney-san, Bwana-Sahib. I recall the sense of shocked sorrow I felt when I first discovered that there are a surprisingly large number of people in the Army who'd like nothing better than to send someone to the guardhouse for no special offense against themselves. I don't know quite what it is...a soldier's life is hardly the lap of luxury at best and you'd think that the pore unfortunates would stick up for each other but that isn't the way it works out. You will get along better in any branch of the armed services if you set up your basic-basic postulate that everyone else in the bunch, from Yardbirds on down to Five-Star Generals and such is born out of wedlock in the conventional, colloquial, non-literal sense and is out to get you. You assume this, as I say, and act accordingly. I don't mean you try to strike the first blow, but you should keep this hidden streak of sadism well in mind and watch your step. Every fellow GI should be regarded as a...uh...love-child until proved otherwise and even then you shouldn't lose sight of the fact that he may have only proved himself either a clever or a likeable...uh...love-child. A cynical and hardened attitude, it's true, but any other can easily land you in the glasshouse.} And now I'd like to quote Eney quoting Redd Boggs:}

REDD BOGGS, GRIPPED BY SOME OBSCURE COM-PULSION, WRITES "...The move to this new address, including a three-week period...while I waited for the carpenters to finish...has jarred me out of the old groove and I wonder if I'll ever go back into it?...I intend to continue in FAPA, of course. However, I'll probably withdraw from the KIBIC mailing-list and do some other drastic curtailing of fannish activities and obligations. The trouble is, I feel like reducing my fannish activities and find I am already fairly inactive. I wish I belonged to SAPS so I could resign from it." {Eney decorates SS with a cliptoon of a very emaciated-looking girl, captioned, "I know it's rugged---but I'll stay on my hunger strike till Boggs publishes another SKYHOOK..." Well, I hope she makes it. Exit Richard Hornblower Eney, chuckling a Mr. Moto-type chuckle tinged with traces of a Virginia drawl, inimitably as all hell.}

12 BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois (20 Dec 55). Cheers, Lad: {...} I intended doing another LeZ this winter but it has already been pushed into the limitless future. House-building and painting came first, and now, first thing after Christmas, I intend to get to work on a new mystery; a healthy start on the book is long, long overdue and if I don't get started right away I'll never finish it by summer. I also have an historical novel on Gilgamesh started, but the end of that is a year away, at least. So, later on, if we are both in the proper mood, there may be another LeZ. I'm not the fanatic fan I used to be. {Who is?} Blossings,

Bob
PS: is the negative available of that LeZombie skull cover?

What a fine Xmas card it will make next year! {Ja, sure.}

* * * * *

ERIC BENTCLIFFE, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England, (16 Dec 55)
Dear Dean, {...} We also have a weekly serial featuring Jet Morgan, and entitled Journey Into Space, this is rather similar in type...it's been running off and on for three years, and still shown no signs of becoming in any way adult in its treatment of s-f. Jet, has a couple of buddies very similar to Jock and Snowy {two stooges in another series}...the formula for BBC serials seems to have become something of a tradition and you know how reluctant we British are to overthrow a tradition.

Having nothing else to do last Monday evening tho' I listened to Jet Morgan and his merry men, and was greatly surprised to hear a group of prisoners on an asteroid giving forth with The Green Hills of Earth...using the Heinlein words. It would seem that Charles Chilton (who also writes western scripts) does at least pinch his ideas from a good source even if he can't put them over intelligently.

That photo of Bloch, Ego et al which nobody got round to publishing is in T5...and I'm abasing myself because I forgot to say you sent it. {That's all right Eric---at least you published it, which is more than the first five people I sent it to ever got around to doing. I'll try to mention it in Grue some time so that people will know from whence it came. If any of you don't get TRIODE, I suggest you write to Eric for a copy. It's very good.}

* * * * *

CHUCK HARRIS, "Carolyn," Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England, (17 Dec 55). Dear Dean,

I trotted into the post office last night to send cards to you, Bloch, Eney and Lee. They were the lightest cards I could find, but they still tipped the scales over the minimum weight, and I'll be damned if I'll subsidise the GPO to the extent of half a quid. I guess I could send them by surface mail to wish you a Merry Retrospective Christmas, but I guess that all four of you would probably rather have a letter than a four-color illo of a group of drunken Dickens-type carollers. We will just gloss over the fact that you would have gotten the letter anyway, and that any reasonable person would have mailed his Stateside cards three weeks ago.

Various people may inform you that I have resigned from "..." Kindly ignore them. I have resigned before, but I could never stay away long enough to have my name dropped from the inside front-cover {no name-dropper, that Willis}. Walt is always sympathetic when I resign, but I doubt if the news of my return will ever surprise him. I was going to finish for good this time and concentrate on making a pot full of dough, but it's a hard thing to quit when you're right at the top of the wave and the future looks so bright. I guess I'll stick around for another couple of issues. {...}

Was pleased to see you expect an article from Carol sometime. You very, very nearly got one last issue! She had a piece published in her school magazine and I was going to reprint it in "...". It was going to be the end-piece, but I couldn't squeeze it into the bottom of the last stencil, -- I misjudged how much space it would need. When I recut the stencil I decided that Walt might not like it, -- so I left it out. It will probably be best if she makes her debut later on, -- there are quite enough fans in O'Bleak House already without Carol making backver quotes (altho', come to think of it, she's done that already, and has at least one of hers on the back). Best, Chuck
{Well, I should hope you'd stay on the staff! After all, you've achieved a truly significant achievement by stencilling "Funk & Wagnalls" without a single typo!}

G M CARR, 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Wash., (15 Dec 55)

Dear DAG, Perused Grue over a liesurely breakfast this morning, and I guess that must be the way to take it, because I found it very entertaining and amusing. Only one complaint -- I found nothing controversial in it, nothing to object to, and a letter of comment which contains nothing but praise is a very boring thing indeed! (Boring to me, that is -- I don't know how it seems to you!) {Oh, I try to bear up}

Cheer up, DAG, I still love you -- even though I spend pages of GZ in verbally tearing out your toenails with red-hot pincers. {Sweet of you to warm them though -- nothing worse than having ones toenails ripped out with ice-cold pincers...bet you always warm the water before you drown kittens too.} After all -- why should I miss the one opening you gave me? (...after two dozen almost monotonously praiseworthy Bleens and Grues) But I put my praise where it will do some good (instead of merely endangering your hatsize) {Glory-be, GM Your Ma'amship, don't mess 'round with my hatsize none. It's 7-5/8 now and even a big hat-store doesn't carry more than 5 or 6 hats in that size so the selection is nearly nil. Last time I bought a hat I had to pay extra to have the holes stopped up where the horse's ears were supposed to come through!} by listing you and Grue respectively as #1 Editor and #1 fmz in the FAPA Poll.... {Why thank you, Ma'am!}

Illogically as ever, G M Carr

DES EMERY, 93 Hemlock St., St Thomas, Ontario, Canada, (26 Nov 55). Hi Dean: {...} The other day, espied an ad for "Beer for Britain" in Time. So I ordered a Case for Willis. Now I hope he isn't a teetotaler. {Rest easy, he isn't.} With all the tea they drink at Oblique House, they may not recognize bbeer. {Saints above, you don't suppose they'll mix it....o no not that...} It must be the Christmas Spirit, I'm sending a sub to Maclean's to Ron Smith and to Lee Hoffman. Though I doubt if LeeH has ever heard of this mnf (microscopic name fan) from the hinterland of Canada. But if she's as agreeably surprised as you were, I shall be content in my fannish way. {...}

Des

{I hope they like Maclean's---me, I love it more with every copy!}

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY, Box 246, Rochester, Texas, (3 Dec 55). . . Dear Dean, {...}

I recognize in you another fan of the old-scale adventure pulps. Do you remember the old pulp-size ARGOSY with the different-colored ships and oceans on the covers? Always the same ship, but in ravishing shades of blues, greens, crimsons, indigos, and one beautiful burnt-umber tint. And BLUE BOOK. When ARGOSY and BLUE BOOK went "slick" and took on their "up-to-date" and "modern male" look, I'll bet they lost all their old readers. They probably aren't worrying ---modern style "article" and "modern fiction with a new look" readers probably are more plentiful than the fans of romantic adventure, but I'll never cease to regret the adventures of H. Bedford Jones, Talbot Mundy and the others who jammed the pages with marvelous reading. {...} Regards,

Marion Bradley

{I do indeed remember and mourn those old ARGOSYs and BBS...especially the series that H. Bedford Jones had on "Arms and the Man". And there was one other yarn in BB which I read around 1934 or 35..."Springfield #707120" or something like that, I won't vouch for the number...which I remember the details of more clearly than most stories I've read this year. Really, though, today's BB has some fair reading now and then---they had a condensation of "No Time For Sergeants" in a recent issue and Earl Kemp says there's a c'dnse of a Frqnk Robinson story upcoming soon. But today's ARGOSY is a pretty ghastly travesty indeed.}

WRAI BALLARD, Blanchard, North Dakota, (29 Sept 55). Dear Dean, {...} Hope you had insurance on your Olds. Somehow reminds me of something that happened in Fargo the other day. A fellow got hit by a hit and run pedestrian. He was driving along in his car and this fellow came dashing out in the middle of the street, rammed into the side of his car, broke the windshield, the radio antenna and side mirror, took a horrified look at

the guy when he started to get out of the car, and ran away down the street and got away without giving his name or anything. Wonder what the law is on such things? (We'll have to ask Speer for an opinion. As for the dented Olds fender---sure, I had insurance. I am up to here in insurance but fat good it did me. You see, this guy hit me while I was parked and away from the car and left without bothering to leave his name. My collision policy is \$50-Deductible, which means they pay any damage over \$50. Got an estimate of \$12-15 to fix it, had it fixed, got a bill for \$23 and some cents...which means that I had to sell \$460 worth of stuff for nothing to pay a bill that the #%%&*'s insurance company would have footed without a murmur. I suppose I oughtn't kick though, that's only the second time in about a third of a million miles that I've gotten diddled on that deductible policy and if I'd had the total-coverage job I'd have paid a lot more for extra premiums than the damages cost me. It's just the idea---that 23 bucks could have paid for the next Grue.)

By the way, when shooting the S&W double action, how do you hold the gun? I found I had to hold it off center, with the line of the barrel at an angle to the right of the line from my forearm. This ofcourse is for spilled lead out the barrel in fast bursts, not target stuff but just throwing lead at a target. Hard to explain exactly, but the grip is different from when you do ordinary single action shooting with a revolver. (I slaunch it off to the right a bit too for double-action work, so that the end of my trigger finger touches the frame just before it lets off...funny thing but I often shoot a better score double-action/rapid that way than I do shooting slowly and cocking the hammer for each shot).

This letter is descending helter skelter so I better close. Was diskling fall plaowing to break up the lumps and got punch drunk. I shouldn't sit down while doing that for it bangs my brains around too much. Sincerely,

* * * * * Hrai * * * * *

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland, (10 Nov 55). Dear Dean: It looks as if we're regular correspondents now, under the famous Fancyclopedia definition --two people who never get around to writing to one another. This has been a rough fall for me. {...} Putting out Horizons was a dreadful task, one that I thought I'd never complete, because of a series of delays. After that was done, I suddenly discovered that I needed glasses in the worst way. It was a very odd way to discover it. I had no suspicion that anything was wrong, until we were horsing around at the office one night, and I was trying on other people's glasses. One of the society reporters turned out to have eyes just about the same as mine, and I like to fall over when I discovered that it really is possible to see things at a distance of more than six feet. The blur had crept on so gradually in my vision that I hadn't been aware of it; the instant I realized it was there, I realized that I'm half-blind. An examination shows that I've gone from the 20/20 I possessed at my last draft exam, seven or eight years ago, to 20/90. Obtaining and getting used to glasses naturally knocked out some more time. Then I got a five buck raise at the office, and such an event always inspires me temporarily into putting some extra time into the job. That's wearing off, as it always does after three or four weeks. (To return to the glasses an instant: something odd had been happening in my sight psychology. I was unconsciously substituting sharpness of focus for the normal method of depth perception, in part. Now that I have glasses and the near-sightedness is corrected, I have trouble determining the distance of things, because everything is sharp. In dime stores, I feel an occasional sense of panic when I sense that all those crowded counters are only a few feet distant and that I can't move in any direction.)

My lack of a tape recorder is leaving me with a left-out feeling. I suspect that I'll return from my next expedition to Washington with one of them tucked under my arm, if the Contax lure doesn't prove too strong. The only thing that gives me to pause is a lurking fear that the methods may not yet be standardized. Specifically; I suspect that 15ips will eventually become more or less standard for recording music, after tape prices decline and still thinner tapes are produced. And you can't get a tape recorder that works at 15 ips for less than \$375 or thereabouts, I find after poring through the latest survey in Audio Record. (Excellent publication, incidentally. If you don't get it, a permanent subscription is free for the asking from Audio Devices, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue,

New York 22, N.Y. It plugs the firm's tapes and accessories only in the form of advertisements, devoting the rest of each issue to quite excellent articles about tape recorders, their use and maintenance.) Then again, I'd probably use a taper very little for musical purposes, because the fidelity on records is quite good enough for me, and pre-recorded tape is hardly likely to become as economical as records in the lifetimes of you and me. {Speak for yourself, Harry---I plan to survive Lazarus Long, myself}.

Did you know that Paris has or had a Rue de Grennell? Spelling not guaranteed, but probably authentic. {I didn't know but I'm not surprised. It was probably 'Grenelle,' that being the way my hot-blooded Huguenot ancestor spelled it...de Grenelle, that is}. I ran across it in the Journals of Arnold Bennett while half-asleep one night, and can't find the reference again. Bennett also disconcerted me by referring repeatedly to the grues of France. I gather that they're young girls on the make, though I haven't taken time to check a French dictionary. {Good Scramgravy! I did check a dictionary just now and I am rather more than somewhat startled by the slang connotation they give for the word 'grue,' which of course means crane---bird-type, that is---in the strict sense. In the popular colloquial sense, in France, 'grue' means a lady of easy virtue. Redd, how come you didn't list this in that article you did for #23?? And maybe that explains why I never heard anything out of those copies I sent to French readers. Wonder what they thought when they got a mag named 'Grue' out of a clear blue sky, so to speak. And why doesn't someone tell me these things?? Huh??}

{Speaking of odd names...} I finally found out how to reach the Hades Church of the Brethren, which actually exists a few miles north of here (founded by a man named Hade, but the apostrophe is always omitted), and a new firm has just opened in the downtown section, named Peter's Dry Cleaners. We had an accident victim the other day named Fannie P. Hott.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

If you haven't bought that tape-recorder by now, Harry, I might suggest you get in touch with Lee Hoffman, who wishes to sell her 1955 model WebCor. This is their so-called "Hi-Fi" model, has three speakers (one tweeter and two woofers), records at 3-3/4 and 7 1/2 inches per second and is generally a very good buy to judge from LeeH's description on the recent visit of the FATE tape. She wants \$185.00 for it plus packing costs and the thing cost---I believe---around \$259.95 when new. I would imagine that a machine like that would deliver all the fidelity you'd want at 7 1/2 ips and it seems to me that at 15 ips the machine would make enough noise in operation to negate the slight gain in fidelity. But I could be wrong. You should have heard the Wilcox-Gay just before its owner, Curtis Janke, stopped around and fixed it last time...talk about fidelity.

.....

MARGARET (JUDY) CURTIS, Fountain House, RD#2, Saegertown, Penna., (29Nov55).

Dear? (Dean, Mr. Grennell, DAG, ect.): {You calls me Mr. Grennell, chile, and I whangs you one. It's Dean or anything else at all but that. G'il vous plait y bitte!} Oh sir, do not cut off from us one of our main sources of thrills and ect., Grue that is, we pray you.

We are enclosing a poem ("we" meaning my mater, Mr. Macauley {not Ian?}, Mr. Thayer and myself), in the hopes that you would read it. It's in a fairly battered condition, but e'en so we felt it was passable, and so it will arrive (we hope) in amongst the rest of your mail.

#We went to the Clevention. I glee. #This ball point pencil is almost as bad as a thirddenary rate mimeo job. #Clabberfitz. #I laughed so hard on the Shadowskeedeboom-boom article that I'm still wondering even now why our Home Ec. teacher didn't pounce upon me with "eaming glize." {Wot's that?} Wonnerflust issue. Smurgsplb,

Margaret (Judy) Curtis

Thanks oof'ly for the letter (Judy)---let's see, you must be 10 now, nearly 11 if my memory is still water-tight (and googols of pardons if it isn't!). Thanks for the look at the poem from "Lays of Ancient Mudville" and tell your mother I'm faunching to read her story in the next issue of INFINITY, That Good Magazine. Weamishly yet. Yawls, --dag}.

16/ R. "BUCK" COULSON, 407 $\frac{1}{2}$ East 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana, (22 Nov 55).

Dear Dean, {Background data: I'd written Buck saying that I had a .25 automatic pistol, Colt, and we'd had surprisingly accurate results from it. He comments:}

I've never thought much of .25 autos, though the only one I fired --- a German gun; don't recall the make --- was accurate enough. I keep remembering Dad's statement about being on a coroner's jury several years ago, investigating a killing. Seems someone had been shot 7 times with a .25 auto. No, he wasn't the victim; he was the defendant. After getting well riddled, he'd managed to get close enough to his tormentor to brain him with a shovel. (I believe the jury voted not to indict). Anyway, I've regarded .25s with suspicion ever since. The big trouble with all autos above .22 caliber is that the steel-jacketed bullet won't expand on anything less than pretty thick bone. One reason, added to velocity, why your .45 auto won't affect the cans of carrots as much as the .357 --- a regular .38 special would probably do more damage than the .45. {Sure, because it goes faster...I neglected to mention that the .45 was firing cast lead bullets. You think I go about blasting with tailor-mades at 11g a throw? On the .25 automatics...Jeezst! I will stick to the .357, I think, for social shooting purposes. It may have been General Hatcher---and it may not have been---who once wrote of the .25 auto, "If you ever shoot me with one of those things, and if I ever find out about it, our friendship is pfft!" }

Seems we have rats in the walls. Shades of Lovecraft! Just saw the tail of one disappearing into the basement. Hmmm...maybe I ought to go down in the basement with Juanita's .22 single shot and some shot cartridges. {Heck, don't be a piker---take the .30-40 Krag! Rats right in your own home...gee, some people have all the luck!}

I read one real hot item a couple of years ago in BLUEBOOK, Seems there was a rogue elephant loose around in India or somewhere, and our imperturbable hero is approached by someone in authority telling him to be careful. "Oh, that's all right," he remarks, reassuringly, "I have my Luger with me." Hah! {Maybe it had a very long barrel?}

Yours, Buck Coulson

PS: That letter was real cool, son, and thanks to

you I have fulfilled a lifetime ambition to make a real bona fide non sequitur. Goody.)

LYNN HICKMAN, c/o General Delivery, Columbia, South Carolina, (24 Nov 55). Dear Soccy:

The wife forwarded the latest Grue down here to me knowing how much I enjoy same. Enjoyed your bit on the Shadow. As a young lad I followed The Shadow, Doc Savage, G-8, Dusty Ayres, and the various Sky-War mags almost as avidly as I did Stf and Argosy. I still have 100 or so old Shadows and Doc Savages stored somewhere in the basement. Tried to re-read a Doc Savage a few months ago, probably in a way, trying to recapture the glow of my teens and the pleasure I received from them at that time. 'Twas no good, I could stomach the thing. {I'll bet you meant to say you could not, right?} They didn't hold up as did the tales in Argosy and All-Story. {I used to be quite fond of an old Street & Smither called, simply, "The Popular." Ever encounter that one?}

Am once again in the land of the Stars & Bars selling peanut pickers and transplanters. Will move the family down to Columbia around the first of the year. Have joined the Stf group in Charlotte, N. C. Madle is pres. and has a good group going. We're going to hold the 2nd SECon there in March. Should be fun. Hope to have Manly Wade Wellman and Nelson Bond as speakers. Larry Shaw & a bunch of N.Yers have said they will be there. Will you? {Alas, probably not, but hoist a Jack Daniels for me, won't you?}

{Note new address.}

Yo's Lynn

Sgt. J. W. Carr - Clearing Wing - Regimental Pay Office (ME) - British Forces Post Office 53 - c/o G.P.O. England - 7 Oct 55. {With marginal notes by one H P Sanderson, a character and Sergeant as well}. Dear Dean: When your letter turned up I told myself I must answer it before the sea mail arrives because sea mail is liable to take a long time and it wouldn't be fair to Dean to make him wait a long time for the pearls of wisdom and quaint English sayings that drom from my lips although why I should worry I just don't know do you? And ---

Well, here we are, with the sea mail in four days ago and this letter still not written. I'm rather sorry about that really but it's just one of those things. If you want

(Joan Wad Carr, continued)

17

to hurl abuse at po' li'l me you can go straight ahead. (This bit typed with tongue in cheek and the firm conviction that you, sir, are too much of a gentleman to take me at my word. In any case, even supposing you weren't a gentleman I'd only hurl abuse back because I'm no lady /-You're not!!? You mean I'm wasting my time? HPS-/ and who knows

but that one of us might learn some new words?) {I, Sergeant, Ma'am, am a Corporal--rather an Airman Second Class (USAFR, Retired) and a Gentleman. And isn't this deliciously confusing with trying to figure out whether it's you talking or Sandy or me?--dag}

Want List. Ah yes. This is right up to date:

MAD: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22, and 23.

PANIC: 1, 4; 5, and 7.

And just to be really cheeky, I'll add:

QUANDRY: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 17 and 30.

I also have a feeling you sent me some of the above, especially MAD 22 and 23, but they never reached me. No doubt somebody is now laughing like blazes over them in some post room. Hope he chokes! {Amen to that...but the path of mail between BFPO 53 and 402 Maple Avenue is a rugged go to judge by the appearance of the envelopes when they arrive here. Often they're so patched up en route by kindly British and American postal clerks --signs of both are visible--that the original envelope is barely visible. They look as if lobster passed them across the ocean floor, from claw to claw.}

What town are we near? {On the Island of Cyprus}. Well, strictly speaking we're not near any town. This place is called Dhekelia, tho' whether that is the name for the area of the name of a small village somewhere around I wouldn't like to say. We are on the South-East coast between Larnaca (9 miles away) and Famagusta (18 miles away). The capitol, Nicosia, is roughly 40 miles inland. Since transport is almost non-existent and relations with the Cypriots just a little strained, you can realise that we don't get around a great deal. {I hope not! I near get heart-failure every time I hear about some unionist over there pegging a bomb into a hotel-full of British soldiery, or a dance or something. Either stay close to the base or teach Sanderson to shoot better or something. If you knew how I worry about you two...}

Le Gruesome Zombie tickled me pink. Normally I'm a kind of whitish colour excepting when I've been out in the sun. Then I'm coffee-coloured. {Black or with cream?} Do people call you the Terrible Trio? They should do. {No, people hardly ever call Tucker, Bloch and me the Terrible Trio, probably because they're afraid of what we'd call them.}

Love to Jean and the family.

Jo / HPSanderson

You'll never know how it hurt me to have to prune down that letter, Jo, all 5 legalength
singlespace elite pages of it, but it seems there's no end to the letters and I've got
to commence getting ready to chopthis off somewhere in the next few pages.

.....
GEORGINA ELLIS, 1428 - 15th Street, East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, (16 Oct 55). Dean,
FIE isn't folded---quite, or exactly. After a long silence Harry has staggered back
into the fold...covered with printer's ink (not mimeo) and journalistic ambitions. The
covers used in WENDIGO were multi-lithed attempts that didn't turn out very well.
Methinx that either Harry or I were too ambitious in those days (many months ago now--
maybe a year...) because the repro wasn't too bad at all.

Yours for better Fellowship in Fandom, Dutch

{Give Calnek another nudge--he must've gone back to sleep.}

Sgt W G Calkins, 1341270 USMC, HqBn, 13-A-1, MCB, Camp Pendleton, Calif., (17 Nov 1955).
Dear Dean & Jean: {... skipping about} Assembling is hard enough in itself and always
leaves me with a sore back, and stapling with a sore arm. I lick the boredom problem by
singing as I assemble, which amuses me to some certain degree...approximately the same
degree to which it annoys the neighbors, I have no doubt. {By golly, if I sang while
assembling, I'd be really bored!} Even so, 150 copies is puh-lenty. And addressing is
pure pain, including stamp-sticking-on, rubber stamping, bookkeeping and treating my

18 (Gregg Calkins, continued)

writer's cramp. I drew the line at 150 copies long ago and I refuse to go over that, demand as they will. I've never advertised much or even gone in for prozine reviews too heavily or sent out sample copies for the last dozen issues (with a mag like OOPSIA!, you don't have to), so the demand isn't too great from the casual samplers. If people have heard about OOPS via fanzines or a friend's collection, they are usually interested enough to subscribe either for several issues or not at all.

Des Emery, strangely enough, also holds the record subscription to OOPS...it runs for a dozen or more issues yet in the future, I think. Whew. I don't deserve such faith. #Dogbone, I don't know how you did it, but the picture on page 13 (thank goodness you number your pages) is just as close to being my dream-girl as you can get. Please...who was the model? And where can I find her? {Hey Juanita---you want to take pity on this guy?...You can write her at the same address as Buck Coulson, back a few pages.}

Best,

Gregg

ARCHIE MERCER, The Mercy Archer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, LINCOLN, England, 27 Nov. Dear Dean. {.....} Among the pulp-heroes whom you treat of, have you considered Sexton Blake? I'm not sure how well-known he is over in those parts, but this side of the big water he's a household work, and has been so for the last umpteen years - since the early years of the century, I rather think.

He has not, so far as I know, ever been on the wireless (though with the new commercial TV that may soon be altered - also Luxemburg), but at least one film has featured him, also comics, schoolboys' "blood" magazines, etc. But his main and (I think) original home is the Sexton Blake Library. These are little pbs of 64 (or possibly 96) pages, very small type in two columns, each comprising a complete Sexton Blake adventure and virtually nothing else. Uniform with them there's a Western Series, a Romance Series, a Schoolgirls' Own Series, etc. Each series puts out (I speak without the book) twin volumes every month, each costing 9d - which is CHEAP. (Pre-war, a Penguin used to cost 6d.) {Not's the price of poultry got to do with books, huh?}

Blake himself seems to owe part of his origin to Sherlock Holmes - his general appearance is somewhat similar, and he too operates from Baker Street. His assistant is an (eternally) young man called Tinker. Some books admit that his surname's actually Carter, others simply refer to him as "Mr Tinker". Mrs Bardell (I teenk) is the landlady, any other semi-regular characters (Yard men, underworld contacts, etc) varying with each author. Some of said authors are Names outside the Sexton Blake field, others seem to specialise. Sometimes though, I get the impression that some of their authors are house names that are slapped haphazard on to the manuscripts. Probably the answer's a bit of everything.

The stories themselves vary widely. Sometimes they're simply dry tec-stuff, all interrogation of suspects and hunting for clues and such. Others are excellent adventure-stories in which the Baker Street pair (as they're continually collectively described) play a very minor role, merely enough to justify the book's inclusion in the series. If more of the stories had been that type, I'd probably have read a lot more of them - unfortunately the tec-angles tend to predominate. Blake doesn't confine his activities to this country, either - he has been known to go on safari across Africa in the course of his adventures, for instance, in fact he's liable to turn up just anywhere the author chooses to set the story, for variety. Though of course he tends to stick around. I'd say more of his stories have British (which usually seems to imply Londonwards) settings than otherwise.

All this from memory - I haven't touched the stuff for the past two-three years. As I say, if more of the stories were basically adventure instead of whodunit, I'd be far better up in these matters. {.....}

One thing, though, I CAN claim to have worked out for myself. It was for long a source of much intensive speculation on my part just WHAT sexton Blake was called by his childhood playmates. But the many hours of patient contemplation eventually were crowned by success. It was obvious, really, when one came to think of it.

(Good Ole /h Chee, continued)

They called him Tony.

19

Mercatorially as ever ^{rch^e}

The illegitimate offspring of Sherlock Holmes, Archie, are uncountably a-teem. Only the week before last I noticed a "Sherlock Holmes Comics" on the stands. I gave it a prefatory stand-scan and noted that Dr. Watson has been replaced by an ex-Scotland Yard man name of Smithers or something like that. Time and locale were contemporary American, and that's pretty goddam silly when you come to think of it since the first of the SH stories were copyrighted in 1892 and if SH was, say, 30 at the time he would now be a well-ripened 94 or so, and perhaps a bit gone in senility. But anything is possible in comics.

.....
GEORGE CHARTERS, 3 Lancaster Avenue, BANGOR, County Down, Northern Ireland, 10 Dec 55.
Dear Dean, Before I forget I would like to ask you about the name of your home town --Fond du Lac, I know a few words of French (enough to make a lousy pun like "He burnt down his house for the insurance money but admitted it was a feu pas"), and I think it means "lake bottom," but I don't get it. It just couldn't have been built at the bottom of a lake (unless by a group of eager beavers). If you ever explained it in a Grue, I didn't see it. Well, I think I gave some words on the subject back in Grue #15 but that may have been before your time. Fond means "bottom; bed (as in ocean bed); foundation; gist; essence; basis; background; back..." etc. In this sense it means "bottom of the lake," which probably stems from the fact that Fond du Lac is located along the southern shores of Lake Winnebago...south being, for some reason, termed the lower side--probably because it's always on the bottom on maps.}

I liked your Frankensense monster. This phrase I intend to steal, returning it later in a somewhat worn condition if you wish. I have already stolen the metacarpal interlineation. I like the cartoons and illustrations too, but what really made me laugh out loud was the paragraph beginning, "There was a stock scene..." on p.19. It's the funniest thing I've read for many a long day. {You couldn't have laughed any harder than I did over your retort to your hospital room-mate, Mr. Ball!}

COMPLAINT, COMPLAINT. I got pp 26 and 30, but no 27, 28 and 29. You just can't realise the feeling of relief that sweeps over one when one finds anything wrong in Grue. Or even looks like it might be wrong. If there were never any errors in it, it would develop into what a distinguished American called a "Frankensense monster." {About those missing pages: I thought I had G/#24 finished on page 26 so I bundled up 68 copies and sent them off to FAPA's OE. Then along came Porry Ackerman with a nice 3-page article on German SF and I decided, rather than holding it till next issue, I'd run it off and attach it to the general copies, saving back 68 sets of the pages to moorge onto the FAPA copies of G/#25. So I ended the general issues of G/#25 on page 26 and stapled the leftover pages 27-28-29 to the 68 FAPA copies and, since this left me with a blank page and since I had a few more things to say, I ran off a 30th page and, since it made mention of a matter of possible concern to UK readers, I sent most of them the 26-page general issue, minus the article on SF in Germany, which they'd seen the previous issue, but I threw in page 30, since they hadn't seen it. Clear?}

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Gruesome New Year,

Slainte, Geo L Charters

Thank you, George...and I hope Walter publishes that howlarious account of your hospitalisation...I like to died! Writing to Horace Gold a while back I confessed that, on serials, I often wait until the last installment, then just read the synopsis and the final portion. Said I didn't know why I did this and thought it seemed silly. He said:

.....
(505 East 14th, NY9, 2 Dec 55) Dear Dag & Jaygee: ... I know a lot of people read serials the way you do. It's a shame. When Slave Ship comes up in the March issue, you'll be missing some really fine scenes if you just read the synopses. I won't tell you my favorites, but I got dough that says yours will closely match mine.

20 (H I Gold, continued) {I'd pointed out to Aitchell the apparent inconsistency of an ad by this "GENIAC" outfit on page 5 of the Jan55 issue. They give a "test" and say, "5 YES-You're a 100% GENIAC! 4 YES-90% GENIAC!, etc." and I asked if this was the kind of answers you got out of a \$19.95 electric brain. He says:}

That GENIAC advertising is weird, but the outfit putting them out is weirder still. We have to keep a page an issue open for them, so they can decide if they want to advertise, which they confirm, when they do, like a kid having to go to the bathroom -- last minute and banging desperately on the door. If you had a GENIAC, I suspect, you'd see right off why four yeses come out to 90%. The secret is that they don't start with 0%! NOW do you understand? EVERYBODY is at least SOME part GENIAC! My guess is that the lowest anyone can score is 10%, which works out, no? {Next time I visit a museum, I'm going to hunt up a mummy and say, "Cheer up, old raisen, at least you're still 10% GENIAC."}

Horace

Would have loved to run some of the rest of that letter but, as always, wasn't sure of possible effects, repercussions and stuff so followed time-honored rule; when in doubt, don't. Damned shame though. There's a need for a tight-beam, closed circuit where such things can be printed without fear of leakbacks to The Wrong People. #Gotta make with quick excerpts now if I'm to get all the ear-marked stuff squeeze in here in the next two pages. This is the last of Perry's green gestencils but we'll finish on the blue jobs.
.....

JAN JANSEN, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium, 6 Dec 55. Dear Dean, Re your mention of alcoholics. We in Belgium are still under a sort of prohibition restriction which is still a leftover from the 'gin' days of the turn of the century. It is not allowed (by law) to sell alcohol or liquors in restaurants or cafes (pubs) over here. Which means that if you're well known you can have whisky, gin, cognac, or anything you like, but if they don't know you, the best you can hope for is martini, port or sherry. { I suppose, by 'martini' you mean what we call vermouth? Over here, a martini is a compound of dry vermouth and gin, with a small olive or onion stuck in it. I don't like them}. Beer, of course, as much as you like in various strengths and various tastes, Belgian mostly, but imported brands from all Europe being available in various pubs. No restriction on opening hours, all night if you like, but no music after midnight except on special holidays, festivals, etc. No restriction on age either.

You can of course buy liquor and things in shops as much as you like and take it home to drink, and get thoroughly boozed. Sure. Or at 'private gatherings,' club meetings, as long as they're held behind closed doors. So if you held a convention and closed it to outsiders, you'd be able to have official liquor. If you didn't you'd still have it, but it'd be sort of under the counter.

Yours,

Jan

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn., 26 Nov 55. Dean: I liked Bergeron's spaceship and the curvy waves, but the total effect was less than striking. Thus the cover hardly ranked with the best Grue covers. One thing I approve of, though: the cluttery titles and captions have been removed. Nearly all the interior pix were Grue-like (not gruesome), I thought; I think I liked Fleshman's cartoon (p 2) and Patricia Scott's (p 14) best, outside of your own deliteful heading for the Shadow critique.

"Doug is the past tense of Dag" is a nice line, though it seems more logical to expect that Dag is, after all, a noun rather than a verb (don't you feel like a person, place, or thing?). {No. Right now I feel Awful, and that's an adjective, is awful}. In this likelihood, I suggest that it's a matter of cases, not tenses, even though I can't think of any whimsical applications of this paradigm such as are suggested by Andy's line. I'm no etymologist, but the word "Ouija" does come from "Oui" plus "Ja," according to Merriam-Webster. Doughtabit, in that regard, I should have noted in Cabal the cleverness of the name "Yahweh Ouija" ("The Wally Balloo of 8th Fandom") in Skhk #22's "Behind the Eighth Ball." I meant to reveal "Yahweh" as sort of an anagram of "Ouija": Ouija -- Ja-oui -- Yahweh. Saint Swinburne! A rime for "orange"! You must still find one for "silver," I think. {Would you settle for "pilfer"?} {or "Wilbur"?}

(REDD BOGGS, continued)

21

Spiegl's article was kind of dull, but left me with whirling thoughts as I mulled over Campbell's statement that Europe has a different cultural background that prevents science fiction from being accepted there. But his explanation, and Spiegl's report on the Americanization of young Germans, are superficial analyses of aspects which are not quite opposed to each other. This subject could stand a full-length study by some expert in cultural patterns and/or the history of ideas. If you could get, say, Arthur Lovejoy to write such a full-length study I'd be pleased. And surprised. (For all I know, he may be dead.) #Brave fan! By all means take on Harvard astronomer Fred Whipple. That is, if you feel you can whipple your weight in fredcats. Redd

..*.*.*
BOB SILVERBERG, Apt 3D, 611 W 114th St., NY 25 NY, 18 Nov 55. Dear Dean: ...so Danner thinks I have a British accent, eh? Odd; HL Gold said the same thing, the first time I spoke to him. Tell Bill it comes from long years of reading Authentic Science Fiction. #Matter of fact, Karl Olsen now lives upstairs in this incredible building, and he owns a tape-recorder -- so if you sent along a tape we could play it and the whole crew here could record an answer. {one of these days, I will take you up on that} ...Just saw a very funny (and bawdy) French movie called "The Scandals of Clochemerle." You won't be able to see it, since I took it in at a local arty film society not subject to censorship, but I'd recommend the 25¢ Bantam version, which is uncensored and j-yously funny in the best Gallic manner. {Read same years ago. Agree. } Ad maiorem gloriam, Bob

..*.*.*
JACK SPEER, North Bend, Washington, 22 Oct 55. Dear Dean: {Most of this 4-page letter deals with last issue--#24--but you might find interest in a couple paragraphs on the choice between "that" and "which"}.

The general rule as between the relative use of "that" and "which-who" is that the former is used in restrictive clauses and the latter are used in merely descriptive clauses. If the clause introduced by "that" should be omitted, the statement would not be true of all the class indicated by the word before "that", whereas a clause introduced by "who" or "which" (depending on whether it's a person or thing) is a mere parenthesis (albeit it may contain the real meat of the sentence) in a statement that is perfectly true without it. An easy way to remember it is that the who- and which-clauses can be set off in commas as a parenthesis (though it may not be good usage to employ the commas), whereas a that-clause must run smoothly, without a break, from the preceding word.

As for "Gestetner has a piece of advertising that/which shows the model they gave to the Vatican", the statement that they have a piece of advertising is completely true, and therefore I would say that "which" is indicated. But I doubt if the strictest school teacher would feel that there was anything wrong if you used "that". Which is about how important this rule is, to anyone that doesn't have to deal with lying jugglers who keep the word of promise to our ears and break it to our hopes.

Jack

..*.*.*
CHARLES E. BURBEE, 7628 S. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Calif., 24 Dec 55 Dean: Thanks for original and refreshing Xmas card. #I suppose you know about the article about rolling your own ammo which appears in the current (January) True. By Lucian Cary, gun crank. Not so good as your exclusively circulated one-shot, either. #I now have a 2-speed tape recorder, a Xmas gift from my family. Started out with 4200 feet of tape and we're now almost at the point where we need more. All of us have our own reels. burb

{FB on the taper, will call you up on it one of these days. And bless you for a true friend for the kind words on the loading article. Two-three years ago I tried to sell True on an article on the subject, with photos by the author, and they said that if they ever got around to running such an article (they talked like it was unlikely at the time) they would of course have it by their gun editor, Mr. Cary. I read it and thought the same--no fresh info for the person who knows and yet too confusing for the neo to understand. I still think I could have done better but, as I said, thanks! } *.*.*.*.*

22 JEAN YOUNG, 10 Sumner Road, Cambridge 38, Mass., 27 Dec 55. Dear Dean ... The other day over at work, one of the girls was cutting up some cardboard with an Exacto knife, and the knife slipped; I heard her murmur in a surprised voice, "Blood, my blood" --she sounded almost delighted. Well, anyway, she went out and got a bandaid (it was just a little cut), and when she came back, all fixed up, she took a Kleenex and wiped off the Exacto knife, and I couldn't resist saying, "It was but the work of a moment to wipe the blood from my knife." Got a laugh, too. Yesindeedy, a real live natural of a situation.

{ANDY Young, now}: I'll gladly relate the story of the horse that sat on grapefruit, but I think you have us confused with six other guys on the hornet that stung an armadillo; if you find out the latter, let us in on it too. {How 'bout it out there? any of you know the story about the hornet that stung the armadillo? or the one about the one-legged coffin-salesman and the mortician's cross-eyed daughter? I've been trying for years to find someone who knows the latter!} {Gandy Rosin reports that when she was taking Chemistry this summer at Western Reserve, she noticed that the coffee at their snack bar tasted pretty bad; taking it to the chem lab, it proved to have a pH of 5. ! And you think Ralph has corrosive perspiration! And did you notice that Greg Benford, reviewing Grue in VOID, said, "...Dean charges 1/2¢ a word, thish is about 15¢."? {Nope, missed that-- must have been that 30-word annish} Andy/Jean {or Je&y}

And that, I regret to say, will have to do it for this issue. I had a lot of other letters I wanted to include---many of them as good or better than anything that did get included---but I have got to bring this to a close. It was fun turning loose on letters again but frustrating to run into the inevitable bugaboo of having to leave out some fine letters and hoping the writers thereof will not feel hurt. Apologies, then, to William Danner, Vernon McCain, Evelyn Gold, Howard Lyons, Boyd Raeburn, Fran Ianey, Larry Shaw, Ralph Watts, Peter Vorzimer, William Rotsler, Ken Beale, Lee Sorenson, John Quagliano, George Spencer, Neal Wilgus, David Bartholomew, John Hitchcock, Bill Courval, Damon --- errr..I begga podden!---demon knight, Bob Hoskins, Bruce Kidd, Calude Hall, Nan Gerding, Ron Smith, Harlan Ellison and 29 other people whose names I'll remember the instant I take this out of the typer. There probably won't be another all-letter issue till this time next year but I wanted to skim off and mount a representative sample of the more-or-less active fans of 1955. Certainly science fiction fandom, bereft of the people named above and herein, would have been a much quieter affair in the year just past.

Caveat lector now, won't you?

1st January, 1956

dag

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