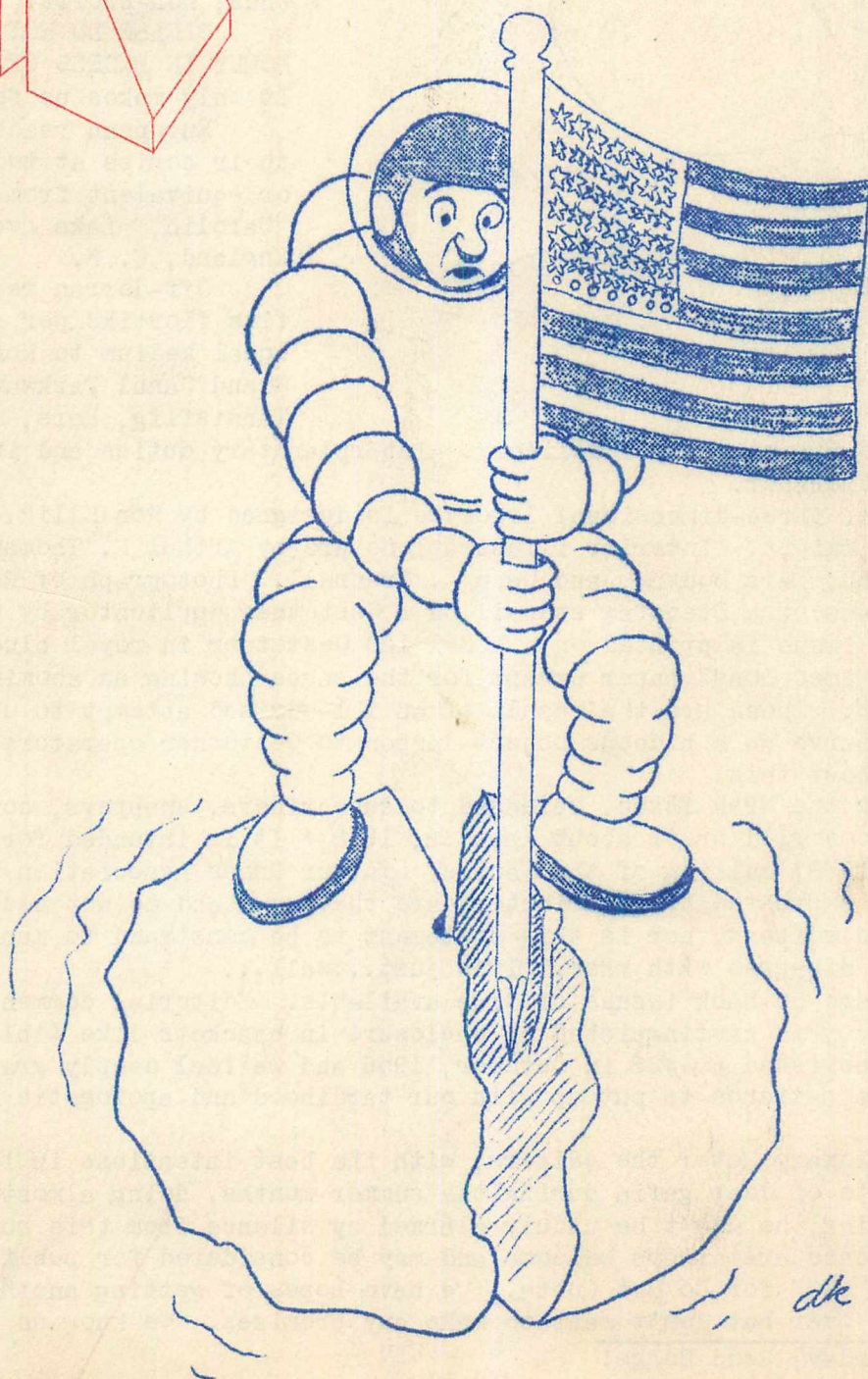


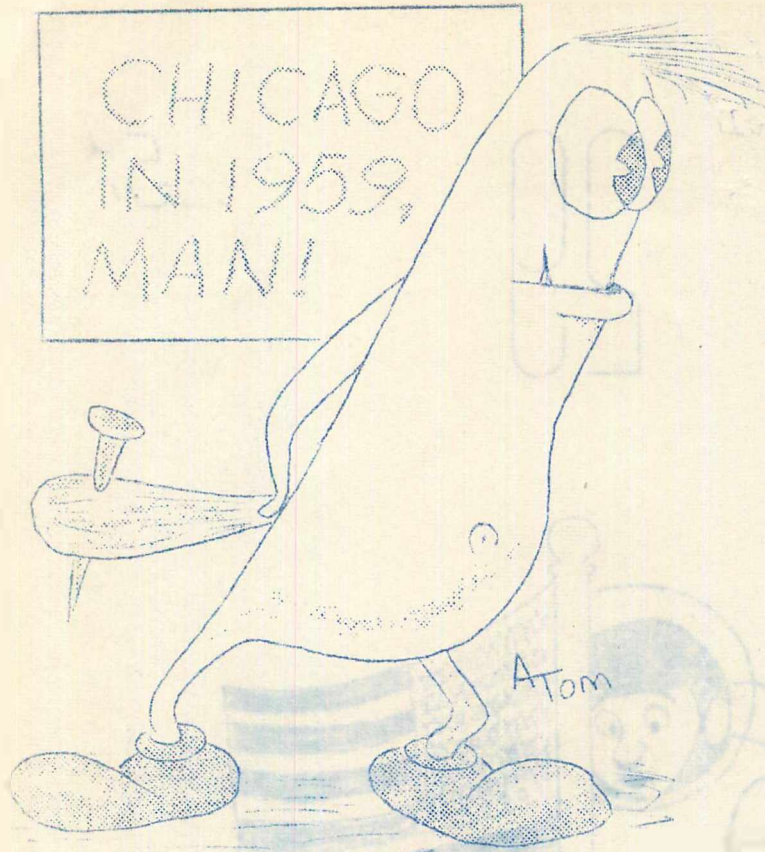
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This is an amateur, non-profit periodical published primarily for people sharing a common interest in science fiction. However, no special effort is made to rigidly confine the content to science fictional matters exclusively.

Grue is published by Dean and Jean Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, United States of America. It sells for 25 cents a copy and we can produce figures to show that it costs us 26 cents or more to publish and mail each copy; thus, non-profit.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND SUMS OF MONEY IN EXCESS OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. It only makes us feel bad.

European readers may order their copies at two shillings each or equivalent from Chuck Harris, "Carolyn," Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England, U. K.

Off-Terran readers please remit five flortiks per copy or equal in local medium to Moritamb Ulk, 25797 Grand Canal Parkway, Plosstofrimble 57, Tannisflig, Mars, Sol IV, and allow

about four Earth-months for delivery. Interplanetary duties and inspection fees to be borne by subscriber.

Our new, three-dimensional logotype is designed by Ron Ellick. Cover illustration is by Damon Knight. Interior illustrations are by Arthur L. Thomson, William Rotsler, David English, Lars Bourne, and Dean ... Grennell. Photograph of Redd Boggs is reproduced by means of a Stenofax stencil on a Gestetner duplicator by Gerald Mielke. The rest of the issue is printed on a Model 120 Gestetner in royal blue ink on 20 pound "Ta-Non-Ka Mimec Bond" paper except for the pages showing an abominable amount of soak-through. These are the result of an ill-advised attempt to use A B Dick paper and should serve as a hideous object-lesson to Gestetner operators everywhere. We are sorry about this.

This is the 29th issue, released to subscribers, swappers, contributors and other people of good will on or about April 2, 1958.\* It is intended for circulation in the 83rd (May, 1958) mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA).

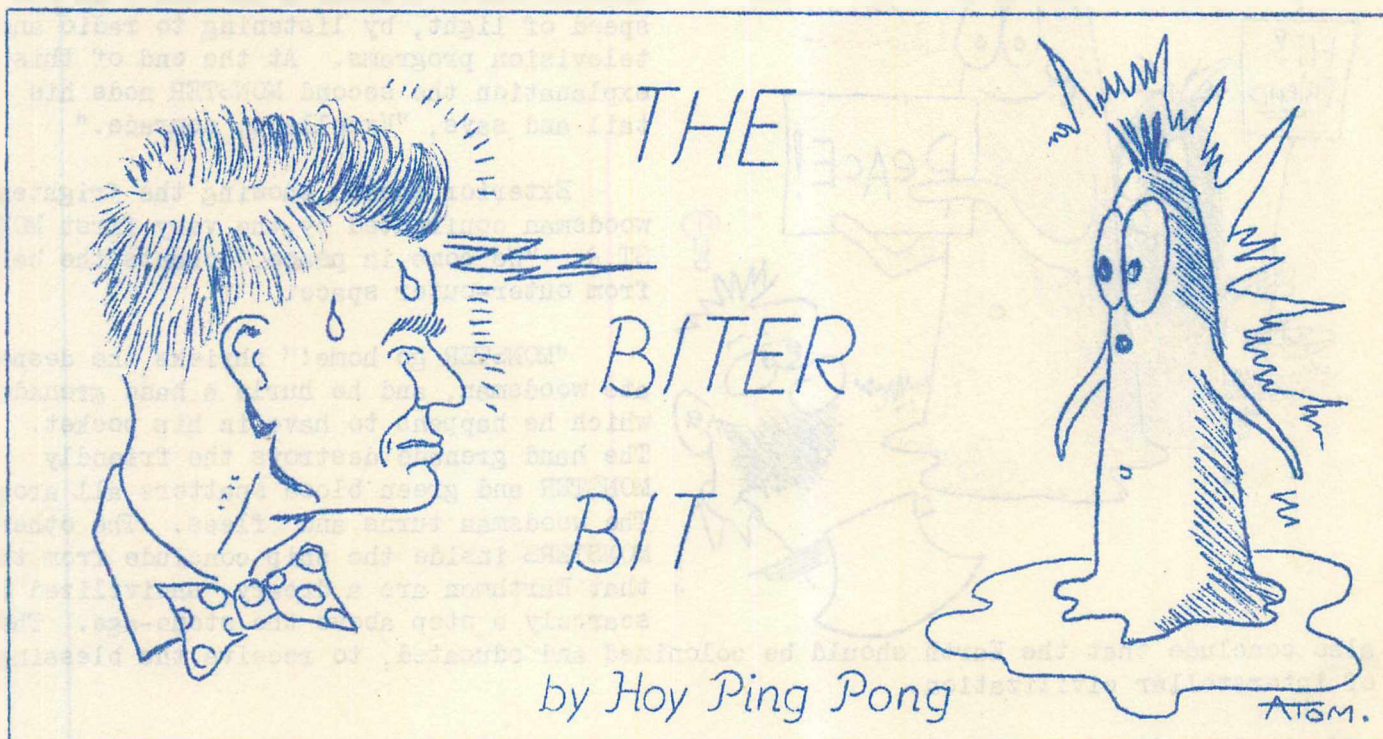
Opinions expressed by contributors are their own and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors, nor is this statement to be construed to mean that the editors necessarily disagree with them. It's just...well...

There are no back issues of Grue available. Editorial comment in the midst of letters, etc., is distinguished by enclosure in brackets like {this}. There have been no issues published #28 in October, 1956 and we feel deeply grateful to those who have had the patience to put up with our tardiness and apologetic to those few who haven't.

A Cautionary Note: the editors, with the best intentions in the world, usually enter a state of deep gafia during the summer months, doing almost no publishing or letter-writing, so don't be unduly alarmed by silence from this quarter during that time. Comments are always welcome and may be considered for publication unless they are marked "DNC" for Do Not Quote. We have hopes of getting another issue out before the year is over but don't want to make any promises. We know us pretty well. --dag

\*Happy Birthday, Redd Boggs!

To most of you, the inscrutable Hoy Ping Pong will need no introduction. His career of grinding forth material for fanzines extends well back into the thirties. It is a source of much pleasure to welcome him to these pages and honesty compels the editor to assure the newer readers that Hoy Ping Pong is not one of his stable of pseudonyms...unfortunately...  
--dag



Illustrated by Arthur Thomson

NEWS NOTE: Wilson Tucker's thrilling Esper novel of two seasons back, "Wild Talent," has been optioned for filming by Sol Lesser Productions, the man who brought to the silver screen innumerable Tarzan adventures. Working title for the production is the same as the paperback edition, "The Man From Tomorrow." Scripting is now underway in preparation for a fall shooting schedule.

After nine and one-half minutes of credits, including a crowded line down in one corner which reads "Based on a novel by Wilson Tucker," the picture opens on a quiet note. The camera hovers over a small midwestern town to inspect the quaint village life. A small boy, aged about ten years, is seen shooting marbles with his playmates. He wins continuously, and soon his play chums walk away in disgust, muttering threats under their breaths. Our young hero is seen (close-up) brokenhearted, with the hint of glycerine tears streaming down one cheek. He can't help it if he unknowingly controls the shots. He is a fledging esper.

We flash to a mountainous scene back of the town. Streaks of fire are seen falling from the skies, and a nearby woodsman stands agape. The streaks resolve into flying saucers, and as they near the ground, thunderous rocket-fire emits from the stern tubes which promptly slows them down to a gentle stop. The startled woodsman overcomes his fear and steps forward waving a handkerchief and a sack of Bull Durham.

A round door slides back at the top of the nearest spaceship and a MONSTER emerges. In pidgen English it says, "Greetings, Earthman." The camera then quickly





moves to the interior of the spaceship and we see two other MONSTERS conversing. The first MONSTER is explaining to the second MONSTER that they (the MONSTERS) learned English while traveling earthward at the speed of light, by listening to radio and television programs. At the end of this explanation the second MONSTER nods his tail and says, "Excellent, comrade."

Exterior scene, showing the frightened woodsman confronted by the very first MONSTER. "We come in peace," chants the being from outer-outer space.

"MONSTER go home!" shrieks the desperate woodsman, and he hurls a hand grenade which he happens to have in his pocket. The hand grenade destroys the friendly MONSTER and green blood spatters all around. The woodsman turns and flees. The other MONSTERS inside the ship conclude from this that Earthmen are a dreary, uncivilized lot scarcely a step above the stone-age. They

also conclude that the Earth should be colonized and educated, to receive the blessings of interstellar civilization.

So they fizz-ray the sleepy little town, killing all the inhabitants except our hero, who is now grown up into a straight and tall young man, a full-fledged Esper. (Who, for sentimental reasons, still carries in his pocket that bag of marbles.) Our dashing hero, foreseeing all this, had taken to the woods to save his hide; he witnesses all that has taken place.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, an atomic scientist has found strange readings on his geiger counter; too, his cloud chamber is behaving in an odd manner. He strokes his beard, thumbs through several musty old tomes published in 1891 and makes lightning calculations on his slip-stick. Just as he is reaching a conclusion, the door is slammed open and a beautiful girl rushes in.

"Father," she cries tremulously, "spaceships have landed in the Toothpick Range. They have destroyed the village!"

"Ah, yes," answers the scientist calmly. "I was coming to that conclusion. The answer is here on my slip-stick."

"Father, they are murderous MONSTERS! What shall we do?"





"Telephone the army," the sage old man answers calmly. "They have never let us down. I am sure they will have a fleet of tanks and a few bombs around somewhere."

The girl speeds out the door. As she leaves, another man enters, quite upset. He is a circuit-riding preacher who has seen the awful destruction from afar. With agitation, he describes the carnage, and as an afterthought, adds that the village was a part of his circuit. Now his seven-day schedule is upset.

"Those MONSTERS from hell have destroyed my seven-day circuit!" he cries. "I am left with a useless day."

The wise old scientist stares with pity. "Why don't you rest on that day?" he asks gently.

The circuit-rider is touched with the suggestion. It is a revelation. Clasp his arms across his chest, he leaves the room. On the way out, he is almost run down by a group of army men running through the laboratory door.

"What's this?" demands a chest-glittering general.  
"What's this nonsense I hear?"

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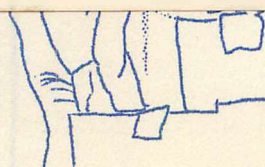
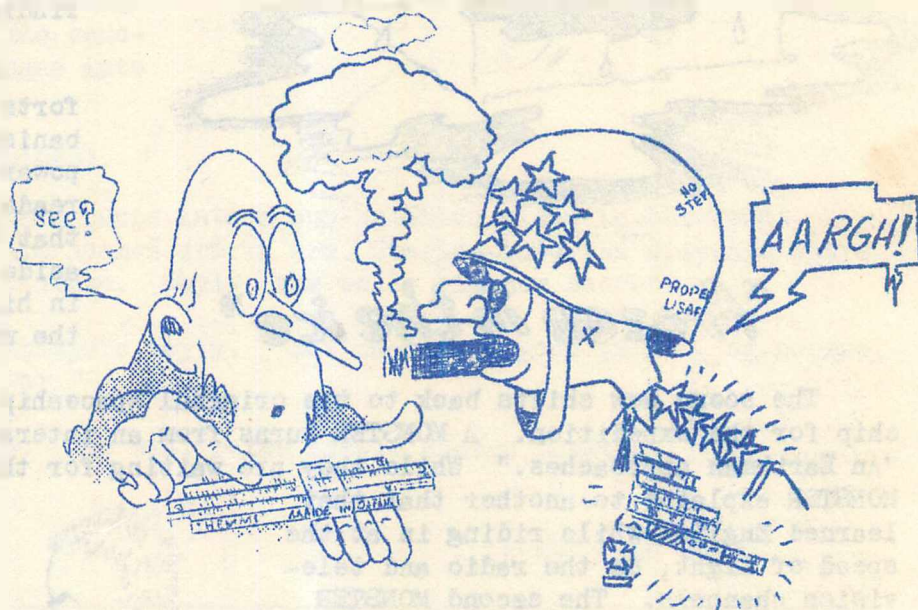
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"Oh, no, no," the now-alarmed scientist replies.

"My dear sir, that may do more harm than good. They may be friendly MONSTERS, bent on bringing us the blessings of interstellar civilization." And he stares knowingly at his cloud chamber.

"Nonsense! Subversion!" The general is taken aback. "This is treasonous talk, man!" And he turns to a smart young MP lieutenant standing at attention nearby. "Arrest that man!" And so the wise old scientist is led away in chains, to face the grilling of a Congressional investigating committee. It is eventually discovered that his grandmother was once seduced by a Canadian, and the scientist is deported to Canada, amid shouts of "Dirty, extracted foreigner!"

Meanwhile, his beautiful daughter is fleeing through the woods in blind terror, when she suddenly happens across our hero. The girl recognizes him as the boy who, fifteen years ago, was the newspaper lad who delivered the morning paper. "Thank heavens," she cries and falls into his manly arms. "Now all will be right with the world. Have you heard the news?"



YOUNG-GRENNELL PHONOGRAPH  
TELESCOPE

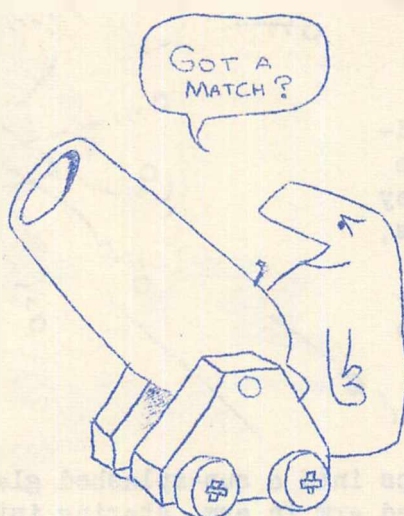
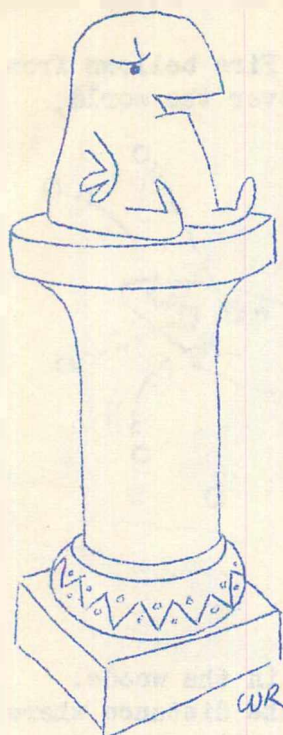
PATENT APP  
FOR

Lars Bourne



He had of course being a super-Reader all morning long he had been receiving

8



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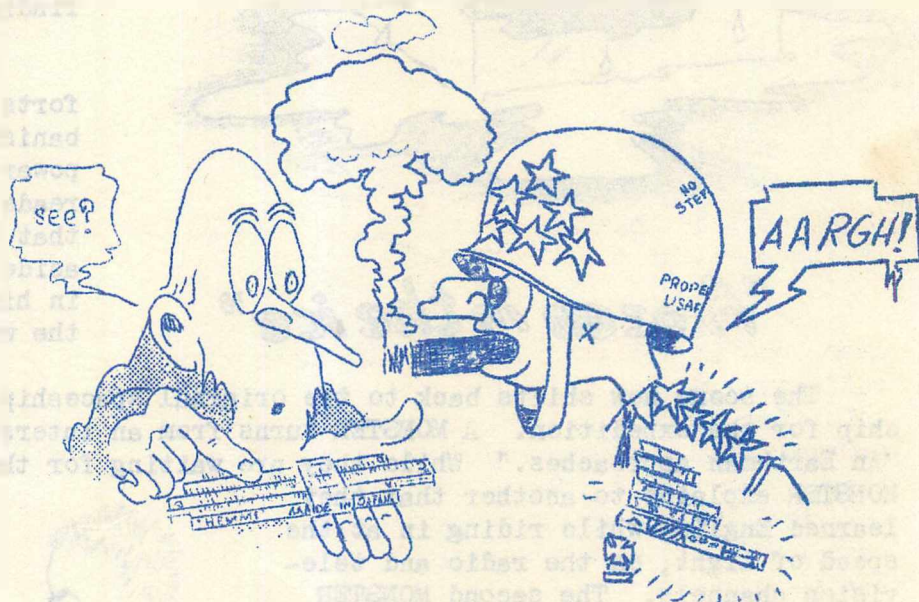
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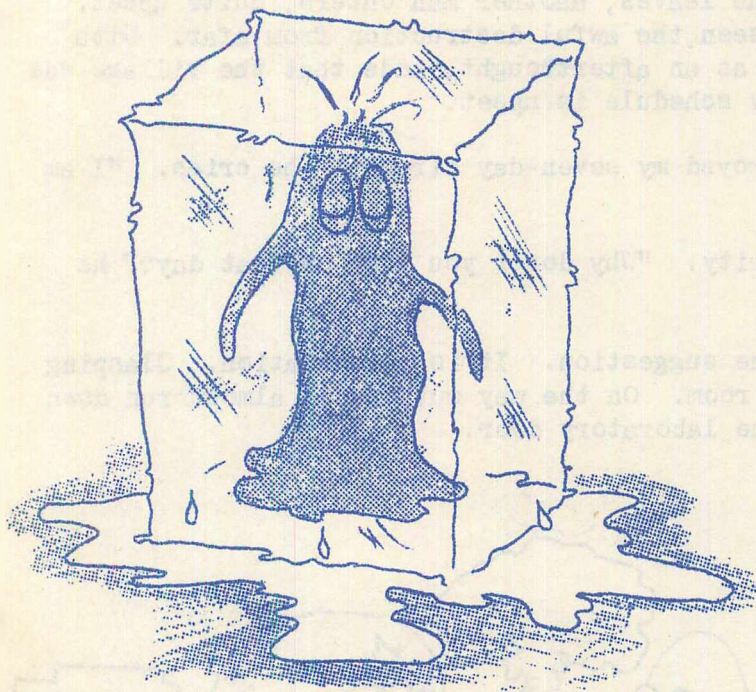
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He had, of course, being a super-Esper. All morning long, he had been receiving radio reports in his head. Atlantic City reported a MONSTER had emerged from the ocean and attacked the roller coaster; New York announced that a MONSTER was seen strolling up Broadway; San Francisco said that two MONSTERS were destroying the Golden Gate Bridge; Los Angeles added that some queer-looking people (who might possibly be MONSTERS) had just opened a new nut-cult there. In the Arizona desert, a nest of young MONSTERS were hatching out in the sand, and another city reported more of them hiding in the sewers. The Air Force radioed from Alaska that a MONSTER had been discovered frozen in the ice. In the deep Pacific a submarine crew told of finding a MONSTER at 10,000 fathoms.



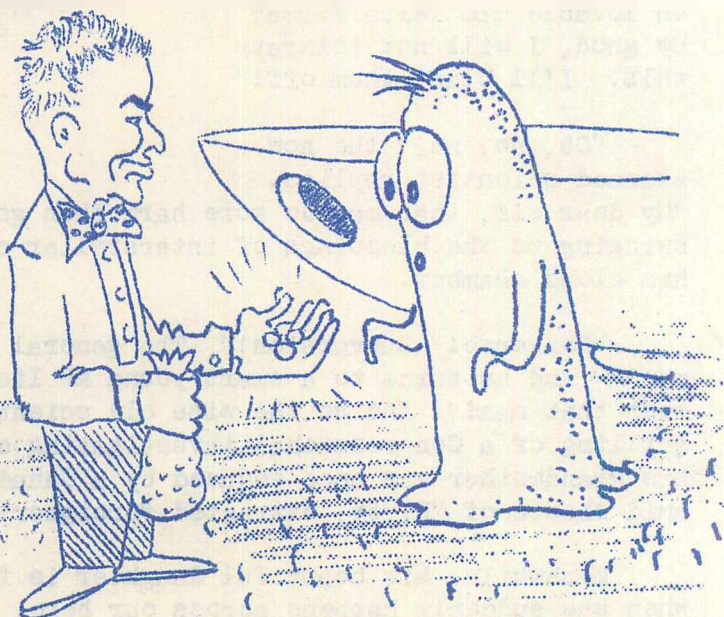
*"Frozen in the ice"*

The scene now shifts back to the original spaceship, which is the headquarters ship for the expedition. A MONSTER turns from an interstellar radar screen and exclaims "An Earthman approaches." While they are waiting for the Earthman to come near, one MONSTER explains to another that they learned English while riding in at the speed of light, on the radio and television channels. The second MONSTER agrees that this was a wonderful bit of strategy.

The camera reveals a close-up of our hero standing before the spaceship. He is fearless and unafraid, reading the green minds of the MONSTERS within. Slowly, he brings from his pocket the precious bag of marbles and offers it as a symbol of peace.

In reciprocation, a MONSTER hands him a string of beads and a shiny mirror. "Who are you?" it asks in pidgin English.

"I am the man from tomorrow!" And I order you to return to your home star, never to visit this world again."



*"... offers them as a symbol..."*

The MONSTER cringes at his words and the dreadful power of his mind. Backing



awkwardly, it shambles into the ship and issues orders to take-off. Fire bellows from the stern tubes and the flying saucers shoots up into the sky. All over the world, other saucers are doing likewise. Our hero waits until they are safely in space and then twists his super-Esper powers to the utmost. His eyes bulge and sweat runs down his face. He stares into space.

In the distant ship, the marbles suddenly spew from the bag and fly about the control cabin. Like stinging insects they dart here and there, hitting control keys, spanging delicate mechanisms, destroying the nerve centers of the ship! The saucer wheels crazily, turns and plunges into the sun!

The MONSTERS have been vanquished.

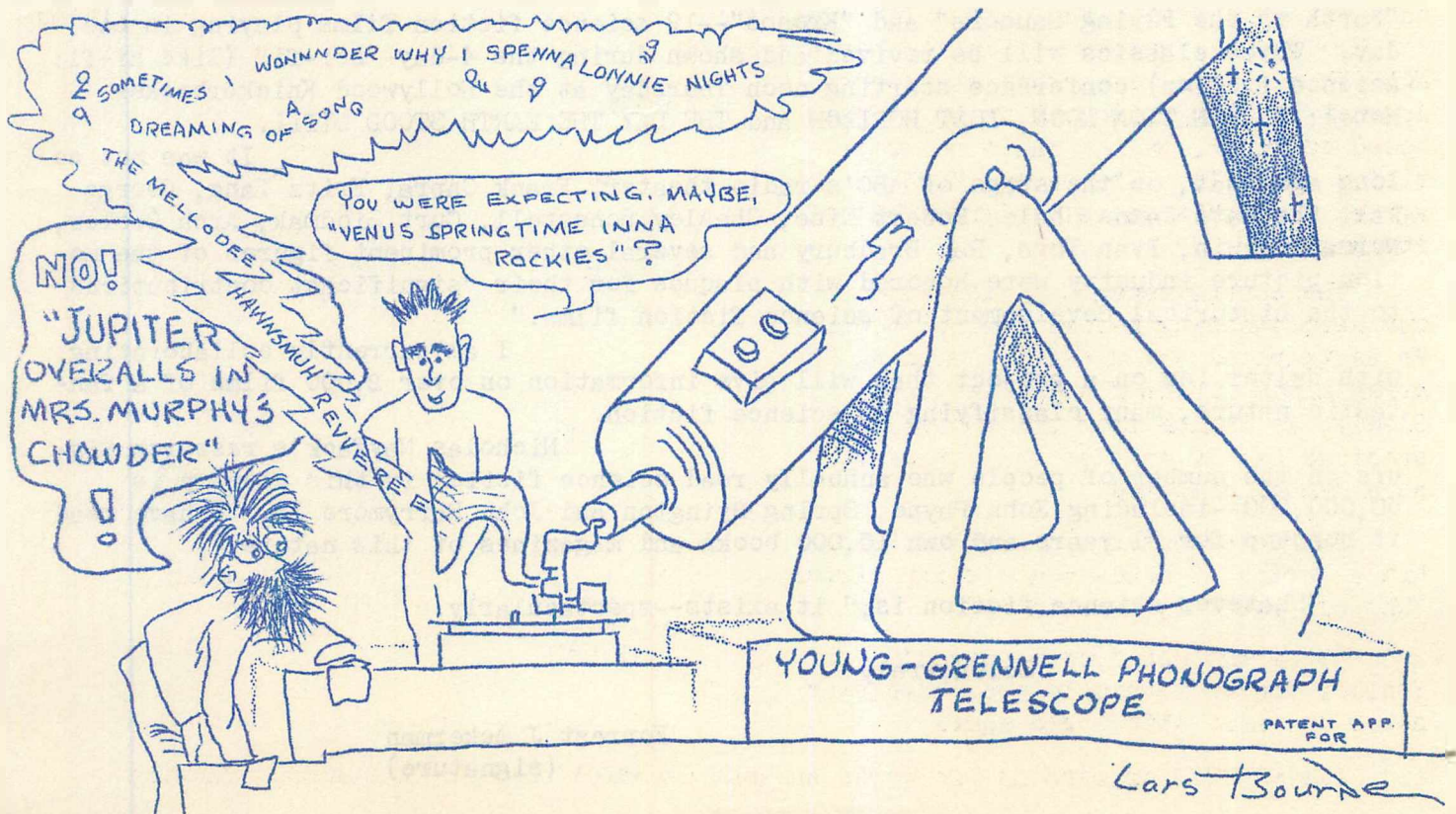
For the final scene, the camera peeps into a sun-splashed glade in the woods. The hero and the beautiful girl are locked arm in arm, staring into the distance where workmen are busy erecting a new village. Shyly, she tells him her secret.

"I, too, am an Esper," she whispers coyly. "Not nearly as good as you, of course. It is a strange and wonderful power."

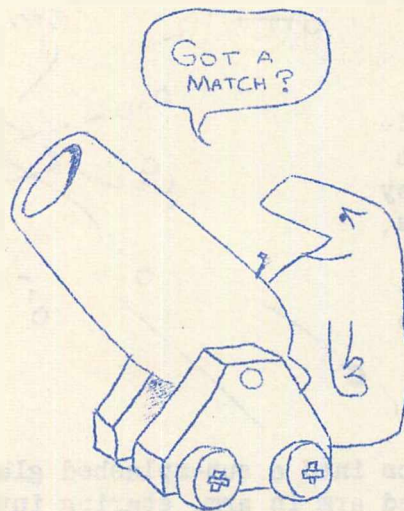
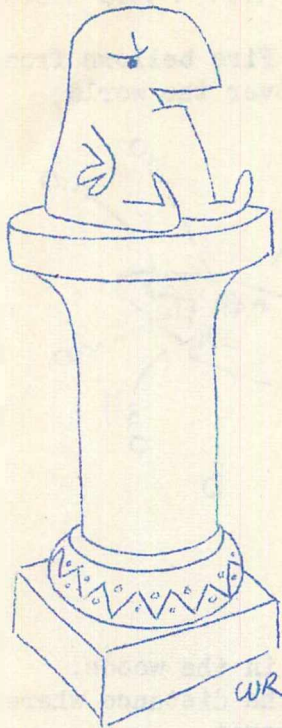
"Eureka!" he shouts joyously. "We will raise little Espers together."

The End

--Hoy Ping Pong







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Sciencerealy

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(signature)











# THE FALLEN MIGHTY

IN THIS, THE FIFTH INSTALMENT OF THIS SERIES, WE TAKE UP THE UBIQUITOUS WESTERN. REDD BOGGS, PICTURED SOMEWHERE NEARBY, LEADS OFF WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WILD WEST WEEKLY AND ALLIED TOPICS. GALLOPING HARD AT HIS HEELS, FOR HE KNOWS OF A SHORT-CUT AND HOPES TO HEAD HIM OFF AT THE PASS, COMES WRAI BALLARD WITH WORDS ON A CASSIDY NAME OF HOPPY.

"A western is a story in which men named Bud or Chuck do things with branding irons or with shooting irons to people of metropolitan or Mexican origin, thereby winning the affection of divided-skirt daughters home from expensive eastern finishing schools."

— Recollected from  
"Invitation to Learning,"  
20 November 1955

Wild West Weekly, like Walter A. Coslet, was older than Weird Tales.

"Founded 1902," as the masthead of the Street & Smith magazine proclaimed every week, WWW died as a still-virile but old-fashioned 40-year-old during the Second World War. Although in its best years (during the 1930s) it was not a continuity-character pulp, it persisted for 25 years as this sort of literary horror, and its hero, Young Wild West, thus lived longer than such famouser pulp heroes as Doc Savage and The Shadow.

From 1902 to 1927, Wild West Weekly was -- quote -- "A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life," published first by Frank Tousey, later by Harry E. Wolff, and finally by Street & Smith. \* To show you the era out of which it came, some of its companion magazines under the Tousey banner were Wide Awake Weekly, Work

\* It seems probable, by the way, that Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, was somehow affiliated with Frank Tousey, Publisher. Tousey advertised side by side with Wolff in Wolff's Wild West Weekly, and in 1920 Wolff's address was 166 West 23d Street, New York, while Tousey's was 168 West 23d.

and Win, Pluck and Luck, and Fame and Fortune Weekly. The latter title survived to be taken over by Street & Smith at the same time they purchased Wild West Weekly.

Dean A. Gremmell -- who has almost everything in that fabulous cellar of his -- lent me the earliest copy of Wild West Weekly I've ever seen: issue #212, dated November 9, 1906. In those days it was a 32-page magazine, whose dimensions were 8 x 11, somewhat larger than ordinary pulp size. It cost 5¢ a copy, and a notice stated, "All back numbers of this weekly are always in print....Postage stamps taken the same as money."

The next issue I have (I own this one) is #923, dated June 25, 1920, by which time Harry E. Wolff had taken over as publisher. Postwar inflation had upped the price to a stratospheric 7¢, for which one received 32 pages as before, but pages which were smaller, only 7 x 10, the usual pulp size. The print size had also been reduced from 10-point to a barely-readable 8-point.

One finds extremely few "Sketches" and "Etc." in WWW during its early existence, but we can't deny that it had "Stories." In 1906 it contained only the lead novel (aside from five pages of house ads); by 1920, the "Etc." had arrived in the form of several pages of news-items culled from newspapers, a one-page instalment of a serial, "Lost in Feudland," by Dick Ellison (undoubtedly an ancestor of our man Ellison), and a short story, "Allen, the Outlaw," by D. W. Stevens.

The lead novel, running perhaps 35,000 words, always featured Young Wild West. Whether "West" was supposed to be his legal surname is uncertain, but "Wild" is obviously a nickname. Young Mr West probably owned a prosaic given name like Oscar or Dean, but it was never revealed to us. Nearly all pulp heroes are youthful, but Wild -- "as our hero was called by those who knew him" -- was "but a boy," as the author often reminded us. Since he never grew any older, despite his many years as a pulpzine character, Wild probably never became eligible to vote.

Here is the way the author (the novels were written "By An Old Scout") described the hero in "Young Wild West at Spangle Springs; or, The Toughest Town in Texas":

[He] was a dashing looking young horseman with flowing light chestnut hair. Attired in a fancy hunting suit of buckskin, trimmed elaborately with scarlet silk fringe, and seated on the back of a splendid sorral stallion, he made a true picture of a Western hero. He was but a boy, too, and his beardless face and fearless brown eyes set off his shapely, muscular form to the very best advantage.

Young Wild West was known by two regular titles: the Champion Deadshot of the West, and the Prince of the Saddle. We might suspect that Wild gave these titles to himself, and such a thought is much less cynical than one which would assert that The Shadow probably dubbed himself the Master of Darkness. For Young Wild West was cut from another hunk of wood than most of the pulp heroes of a later day. Gary Cooper could, I suppose, play the lead role in the movie version of any western yarn from Riders of the Purple Sage to Shane, but he would be miscast as Young Wild West. His adventures do not quite fit the formula for westerns quoted at the head of this article, and Wild was not the excessively modest and soft-spoken cowboy hero of later western novels.

In the first place, Young Wild West was not a cowboy at all. As a matter of fact, few western heroes are; most of them are either lawmen or outlaws, or at least operate as one or the other (and often as both, simultaneously) during the length of the novel. But they usually affect the conventional sombrero, leather vest, chaps, and high-heeled boots of the fictional cowboy, and the author usually refers to them as cowboys. Not the



author of Young Wild West. While Wild occasionally dabbled in the cow business -- apparently as a rancher rather than as a puncher -- he was clearly not a cowboy. "Cowboy," in fact, was a pejorative term here; the villains are usually referred to as cowboys.

Like Doc Savage and many other continuity-characters, Wild was plainly and simply an adventurer. "As Young Wild West and his partners owned enough mines to make them wealthy, they could well afford to pursue their favorite hobby, which was traveling about the country on horseback, in search of adventure and whatever fortune they might chance to come across." The independently-wealthy gimmick is familiar, as is the insatiable lust for adventure, but few later pulpzine heroes, in an age suffering from acute social consciousness, were allowed to follow their whims as a hobby, or as a means of increasing their private wealth. One of Wild's partners states a purpose for this adventuring that is more in keeping with the zeal of a Shadow or an Avenger:

There is so much bad business goin' on in this world that it's right an' proper fur somebody ter go around an' try stop it. Wild always makes it his business ter straighten out things what's crooked every time he gets where they are. It's a sort of second nature fur him ter do it....

That "straightening out things what's crooked" was part of the hero's nature contrasts with the more rational motives -- usually patriotic or civic -- on the part of heroes like Operator 5 or the Spider, but at least this is an early statement of part of the code of pulp and comicbook heroes.

Young Wild West was not a cowboy, and neither was he modest and soft-spoken. Although the prototype may be found to some extent in early western novels such as Owen Wister's The Virginian, today's familiar cowboy hero has evolved largely in another medium. He comes from the western movie, from the movies of William S. Hart, in particular. The movie cowboy was a man of few words by necessity, for the movies couldn't talk, and the captions of silent pictures had to be kept short and simple for the sake of lip-readers. Once established, the strong-but-silent breed continues with Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, John Wayne. A loquacious, boastful hero in a western must be played as a burlesque of the "real" cowboy (cf. Bob Hope in "The Paleface").

Young Wild West was created before the movies developed the modern stereotype, and behind him we sense the influence of quite a different entertainment medium: that of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show and similar enterprises. The picture of Wild we quoted on the last page certainly recalls the spectacle of Buffalo Bill the showman accepting the plaudits of the grandstand -- or better yet, Buffalo Bill pictured on a gaudy poster heralding the imminent arrival of his Show. Young Wild West's titles are obviously billboard blurbs, and his fancy clothing is obviously "show" costume. \* Young Wild West (his name can be no coincidence) possesses exactly the sort of colorful crudity and reckless flamboyance that Buffalo Bill and other showmen paraded before eastern audiences and all the crowned heads of Europe.

Though he was molded in a circus atmosphere, the ballyhoo side of show business, the western hero exemplified by Wild may be more true to the "real" west than our familiar strong-but-silent hero. The exuberant, boastful man is perhaps typical of primitive cultures. One finds him mirrored in The Iliad and Beowulf, whose heroes are so overbearing as to disgust some modern readers. One finds him existing as a stock character -- the crude but rich American -- in nineteenth century comedy. One recognizes him in Mike Fink, Daniel Boone, and (dirty word) Davy Crockett. Constance Rourke has a chapter

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\* Movie cowboys, on the other hand, usually affect rodeo garb.

called "Gamecock of the Wilderness" in her book American Humor that pictures this type of backwoodsman:

He was not only half horse, half alligator, he was also the sea-horse of the mountain, a flying whale, a bear with a sore head. He had sprung from the Potomoc of the world. He was a steamboat, or an earthquake that shook an enemy to pieces, and he could wade the Mississippi. "I'm a regular tornado, tough as hickory and long-winded as a nor'wester. I can strike a blow like a falling tree, and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine." He was the most cunning of creatures of the backwoods, a raccoon, "a ring-tailed roarer." Oddly enough, he was also a flower. "I'm the yaller blossom of the forest!" Heels cracking, he leapt into the air to proclaim his attributes against all comers like an Indian preparing for warfare.

The proper character of a hero is merely a matter of convention, of course. Today we prefer him to tell the outright lie, if it sounds modest ("Aw, it wasn't nothin', ma'am"), rather than the literal truth, if it sounds boastful ("I fought sixteen gunmen, killed a mountain lion with my bare hands, and forked a wild cayuse 120 miles atween midnight and sunrise, just to save the Polkadot Bend bank, but any man would've done the same if he was as strong, brave, and eager beaver as I be"). Autre temps, autre mœurs.

If we recognize this point, we are in a position to understand, if not appreciate, Young Wild West. In "Young Wild West and 'Monterey Bill'; or, Arietta's Game of Bluff," he was confronted by a boastful badman who carried on like this: "I'm Monterey Bill, and I'm ther toughest galoot what ever straddled a mustang. I ain't afraid of blood, fire, or water, I ain't." The villain of "Young Wild West at Spangle Springs" rejoices in the unvillainous name of Dan Dipper, but after he comes "gradually galloping up" to Wild, he proclaims himself "a ring-tailed roarer," and declares, "I'm always right, young feller."

Obviously brags of this sort would be sufficient to damn these salty chaps with modern readers before they indulged in any real villainy, but in Wild's day identifying the boaster as a villain wasn't always a good guess. For listen to Wild:

"I want to tell you that you had better look out how you act," our hero says sternly. "You have threatened me already, and I want to tell you that if you ever try to get the drop on me you had better be sure that you've got the chance. If you don't you will go under, as sure as my name is Young Wild West. I never miss when I pull a trigger." Wild speaks no more than the literal truth; most pulpzine heroes could say the same thing. But, though it is more gentlemanly and more grammatical, this speech is just as much a brag as Monterey Bill's. Wild answers Dan Dipper in similar terms; he counters Dan's boast about infallibility with, "I never make a mistake."

Young Wild West is also outspoken and opinionated; he would make a good FAPA member, and would probably publish a magazine like Gemzine. "If all the rest of the people here are like your mayor," he told the citizens of Spangle Springs, "I think it is about time your town was wiped off the map!....I think Dan Dipper is about the most contemptible man to run a town that I ever saw. He is not capable of running himself, let alone anyone else. The people here can't be any good, or they wouldn't allow it."

The Prince of the Saddle had a retinue in his progress about the west which was worthy of that maintained by the Master of Darkness or other continuity-characters -- but, like such later pulp heroes, he didn't rely on its support to save him from the dangers faced by a man who shoots off his mouth. His two partners were spineless yes-men who blundered into trouble with predictable regularity and helped little in extri-



cating themselves. They were Cheyenne Charlie, old scout and Indian fighter, and Jim Dart, a "boy" of Wild's own age. There were also three "females" and two "Chinamen" in the party. The women were Anna, Charlie's wife, and "the charming sweethearts of our hero and Jim Dart," Arietta Murdock and Eloise Gardner. The girls, by the way, "were attired in gay colored waists, and wore buckskin skirts that only came to their ankles."

Arietta, called affectionately "Et" by Wild and -- we can be sure -- by loyal WWW readers -- is the only one of the group who emerges as a major character. Although her main role in the series consisted of being abducted (a word they preferred in those days to the term "kidnapped") by the villain, in "Young Wild West at Spangle Springs" Arietta shot the villain's main henchman and he "dropped dead at her feet." Few pulp heroines can notch their guns, I suspect, but Et's deed won her three cheers, given by the erst-while "tough element" standing "with bared head." Nevertheless, Miss Murdock was a real woman, as we can deduce from the title of an earlier novel advertised on the back cover of the 1906 issue:

"Young Wild West Losing A Million; or, How Arietta Helped Him Out"

The two Chinese servants in Wild's party were Hop Wah and Wing Wah, of which only Wing Wah was important. He was, in fact, almost a major character in the series, and it is probable that nearly all the novels devoted a scene or chapter to his humorous exploits. "He was a very clever sleight of hand performer, or could beat the trickiest of gamblers at his own game, liked whisky, and could lie!"

Little need be said about the literary quality of the Young Wild West novels. Nobody could accuse the author -- the stories were bylined as "By An Old Scout" -- of having any special ability as a writer. The yarns have the virtue of having much action and little explication, and the 1906 story, in particular, is written largely in brief paragraphs and in dialog. Unfortunately, everybody except Wild and the women talks in a pseudo-western lingo that curdles the neurons, and Wild and the women speak in a bookish jargon that is just as bad. The style of the stories might be described as premasticated prose; there is not a striking or original phrase in the novels I have read and probably none in the whole long series. Here is an example of this prose, from the 1920 novel:

The scout [Cheyenne Charlie] was only too glad to go. It was altogether too tame for him at the saloon. Dilg and his two partners were satisfied to go anywhere with Young Wild West, so they left the saloon and went with him to the Dazzle Inn. ....They followed the musicians inside the inn, and when the former were seen and recognized a shout went up from the men in the barroom. But it stopped just as sudden as it started when they saw Young Wild West. Monterey Bill remained pretty quiet until he found that our hero paid no attention to him.

Such prose is easy to read, but dull: the author obviously allowed the cliché to lead the thought, and such writing has an anesthetized quality. There is nothing in it to make one see why Irvin S. Cobb preferred the style of the dime novel to that of the "literary masterpiece."

Wild West Weekly smells of the attic trunk, and of the celluloid collars and high-button shoes among which it was stored. It is hard to believe that WWW was still publishing, a holdover from the days of Cap Collier, as late as 1920. But the fact is that the magazine continued as a continuity-character pulp featuring Young Wild West till 1927. Street & Smith bought the magazine along with Fame and Fortune in the early 1920s, and Wild galloped gradually on into the sophisticated era of flappers, bathtub gin, bobbed hair, and Mah Jong.

That Young Wild West was a co-eval, and perhaps a co-evil, of Al Capone, Emile Coue, and Texas Guinan, is not so surprising as a further fact: Street & Smith didn't bother to obtain any new stories about Wild, better written to meet the challenge of the newer pulps that were featuring the early tales of Ernest Haycox and Max Brand, and better slanted to appeal to the tastes of the postwar generation. They merely reprinted the old stories, written as long as 25 years before, using the old plates.

This could have gone on practically forever, by going back to the beginning of the series when they reached the end, but evidently some readers grew a little weary of re-reading the old adventures and WWW sales fell off at last. At any rate, a new Wild West Weekly came into being with the August 13, 1927 issue. Street & Smith brought out an edition selling at 10¢ a copy (the old WWW had sold at 6¢ under the S & S banner) and probably contained 112 pages. Within two years the size was increased to 128 pages and the price was upped to 15¢.

The editor, beginning with this issue, was Ronald Oliphant, who, by the way, has some connection with the history of science fiction: he succeeded Harold Hershey as editor of The Thrill Book in 1920. Oliphant served as WWW editor till 1939, during the era that most JW fans will agree was its golden age. Later he was employed on the staff of Liberty under the editorship of Fulton Oursler, and he works at present for the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

With the coming of the new Wild West Weekly, Young Wild West disappeared, but only in the way a caterpillar does when the butterfly emerges. The revamped Wild West Weekly featured the adventures of a revamped Young Wild West. He was now a man named Billy West and, significantly, he was a cowboy -- or actually a rancher -- on a Montana cattle ranch, the Circle J. He was part owner of this big spread, but he was no longer a wealthy youth who could adventure as a hobby; he was a working man. Here is a description of Billy West from "Trail of White Coyote" (WWW, June 22, 1929):

Not a handsome type, the Circle J owner was, however, a clean-cut, young-looking buckaroo. Tan-faced, square-chinned, with smiling boyish lips and with twinkling gray eyes that became hard and cold in anger, he didn't appear a rancher. He gave one the impression of a devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky adventurer carrying his entire fortune in his horse, hand-carved saddle, and his fine garb of beaverskin hat, silk shirt, batwing chaps, and silver-studded gun belt.

Henceforth this pulp hero would appear in stories that stuck close to the formula suggested at the beginning of this article: he was the ideal cowboy, equipped with branding iron and sixguns to deal with cattle rustlers and bank robbers. But Young Wild West hasn't entirely faded away; we can still see him hovering ghost-like around Billy West's "boyish" lips and dudish duds. Indeed, we can sense him behind Billy West's whole appearance, for Billy looks like an adventurer, even if he really is a big ranch owner with sober responsibilities.

To prevent the series from centering entirely in Montana's Bitterroot foothills, the site of the Circle J, the author sent Billy West and his pardners on a cattle-buying trip to the Southwest each winter. This device gave the stories a change of setting and Billy a taste of that mobility he enjoyed as Young Wild West.

But in becoming Billy West, Young Wild West lost all his brag and most of his bounce.



As many writers testify, the conventional pulp hero is no easy character to write about. He is mentally and physically invincible; his courage and morals are perfect. Conflict is the essence of fiction, but there can be no genuine conflict when one side is invincible and perfect. All villains who battle pulpzine heroes could describe their adversary as "Not more almighty to resist our might / Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles" (Paradise Lost, Book II) -- and their war against the hero is just as vain as Satan's rebellion against God. Furthermore, since faults and foibles are characteristics which make a person individual and interesting -- because they make him human -- the pulp hero in his glorious perfection tends to appear as an improbable figure made of wood.

Writers attempt to overcome such difficulties by giving their heroes a set of colorful idiosyncrasies and unusual gimmicks. The idiosyncrasies cannot be faults, or at least not serious faults, which limits the field, but most pulp heroes laugh madly during a gun battle, keep a Bengal tiger as a house pet, or habitually talk in a whisper. Authors occasionally capitalize on the very woodenness they are attempting to overcome by making the woodenness an idiosyncrasy in itself. A number of pulp heroes including Doc Savage and The Avenger (both bylined Kenneth Robeson) were characterized as seldom showing emotion. This is a bold attempt but of course self-defeating as a vital characterization.

Even more familiar than harmless idiosyncrasies are the gimmicks. One of the commonest gimmicks is the makeup kit; nearly all big-name pulp heroes are masters of disguise. G-8 ("The Master Spy"), for example, carried a tiny makeup kit hidden in his clothing, and The Shadow donned new identities in a taxi, unnoticed by the cabby. All sorts of outlandish weapons, methods of communication, spy devices, and special accessories such as Doc Savage's "collapsible metal grapple on the end of a long silk cord" -- for scaling walls -- are as common in the arsenal of the compleat pulp hero as messkits and brass-polish among fighting men in uniform.

Alas, Young Wild West had no idiosyncrasy except his brag and outspokenness, and no gimmick at all. When he tamed Spangle Springs (the name was later changed to Rochester), the toughest town in Texas, he used no pistol that fired gas-pellets, no trick lariat, no mask made of one-way glass, no whiz of a makeup kit that could turn him into Chester Q. Fordyce, harmless furnace salesman, in a twinkling. You may wonder how such an obviously ill-equipped hero managed to vanquish anybody at all. "There was only one way to act now," Wild thinks at a crucial moment, "and that was to meet the villains face to face and show his nerve." Obviously such a method, like that of a certain other hero -- who had many idiosyncrasies but few gimmicks -- obtained good results despite its plainness: it could be anticipated ("You know my methods, Watson") but not easily counteracted. Parsimonious methods might have gotten other pulp heroes farther than their elaborate procedures and devices.

By the time Billy West galloped gradually onto the scene idiosyncrasies and gimmicks were de rigueur for heroes, and Billy inherited none from Wild and was given only one in the transition. This was his horse, Danger, and the "powerful chestnut stallion which he had broken and trained himself, and which tolerated no other master" is a pretty conventional gimmick. Such a horse is standard equipment for all cowboys in film and fiction, and did not set Billy apart from his fellows. Billy West was not made to be a big-name pulp hero in the day of idiosyncrasy and idiocy.

In his search for dramatic possibilities to exploit, the author of the Billy West stories perforce turned away from his wooden and colorless hero and took a good look at the supporting cast. In the same process of transition that made Young Wild West into Billy West, Cheyenne Charlie had become Buck Foster, grizzled range veteran; and Jim Dart had become Joe Scott, bat-eared redhead. Hop Wah -- who hardly existed in the first place -- had disappeared entirely, but Wing Wah had become Sing Lo, the



Circle J cook and handy man. Sing Lo had changed less than any other character; he was still a sleight of hand artist and card sharp, and he still loved "tanglefoot."

West's pardners under the new regime had been deprived of female companionship, but Arietta Murdock had become Ruth Dawe, "the slim, pretty girl" who was half-owner of the Circle J. \* Theoretically there were romantic ties between Ruth and Billy; however, the new WWW enforced the pulp code against sex interest more strictly than most magazines, and Ruth Dawe played a very minor role in the stories -- never appeared at all in story after story.

In Billy West's pards, author Cleve Endicott (undoubtedly a house name, used by various writers) found characters who were not -- because they did not need to be -- flawless and wooden. While Joe Scott tended toward the heroic stereotype, except for his appearance, Buck Foster owned all sorts of interesting traits. He was hot-tempered, vain, stupid, ignorant, ugly, tough, stubborn.

Wind tore at Buck's battered, homely face, sending his grizzled mustache back past leathery cheeks in long streamers. A mangy-looking old bearskin vest, of which he was very proud, popped and snapped, billowing out as he leaned over, yelling at his horse to show more speed. ...It did not occur to Buck that the horse might stumble, go crashing off into the boulder-strewn gulch to the right. In fact, Buck seldom had more than one idea at a time, and right now his mind was busy picturing what he would do to those jaspers down yonder....

That is a typical depiction of Buck Foster, taken from the story where I first made his acquaintance, "Tangled Herds" (WWW, Aug. 5, 1933). Most readers remember Buck because of the pseudo-feud he and Joe Scott carried on eternally (cf., Monk and Ham in Doc Savage; Grag and Otho in Captain Future), but Buck was more than a stooge. Potentially he was the greatest character among the many characters who appeared on WWW's pages after 1927, although his true possibilities were never realized.

In any case, Buck Foster and Joe Scott provided a focus for drama that Billy West the hero could not give, and these two tended to take over the series. Billy operated largely as a deus ex machina who appeared to save them from the tight fix they'd gotten themselves into. The stories in the series were at first labeled "A 'Billy West' Novelette," but within a few years they were tagged "A 'Circle J' Novelette" instead.

As Falstaff overshadowed Prince Hal, so Buck Foster overshadowed Billy West, but -- again like Falstaff -- by his very nature he could not become the hero of the Circle J series. And without a hero the series failed to become the structure around which the rest of the magazine was built. Evidently that was the original plan, and the experiment continued for several years. During that time the Circle J novelette always led off the magazine and was featured on the cover. The advent of popular new characters such as Kid Wolf and Sonny Tabor caused Circle J to be ousted from the cover and front of the book, but for another three or four years they continued to appear in perhaps eight out of ten issues, as second or third novelette in the story lineup. After 1935 they appeared much less often -- no more frequently than any other popular regular characters.

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\* Perhaps Anna, Cheyenne Charlie's wife, may have metamorphosed into Anna Benson, wife of Circle J foreman Jim Benson; the Bensons occasionally appeared in minor roles.



From one viewpoint, the term "continuity-character" is a misnomer for most pulp heroes. There is little continuity between stories in the series (or within the stories; a beating suffered by the hero early in the yarn seldom handicaps him in the showdown fight). Each story is separate from the preceding ones except that it stars the same lead character and his friends. James Blish has termed this sort of series the "template" series. Magazines like The Shadow pushed this element of discreteness to such an extreme that the hero comes on the scene unchanged by his previous adventure. He carries no bruises from his fight at the end of that novel, no book of matches from the nightclub where that story centered, and no dust on his shoes from his journey from that locale to the present one. Without any personal history, The Shadow of one novel has no real connection with The Shadow of the previous story: each figure may be one of a series of identical robots!

One small exception to this lack of continuity between stories of a series is the existence of a pet nemesis. Sometimes a villain is so resourceful that, though defeated again and again, he comes back for a fresh encounter with the hero. Captain Future had such a nemesis; so did the Lone Eagle, and G-8 and his Battle Aces, and other continuity-characters. The persistent villain of the Circle J series was Devil Tripp, a chap who pestered Billy West and his pals for 15 years or so. The "Cleve Endicott" who wrote the Circle J yarns in 1942-3 cast Devil Tripp as villain of most of the stories, although he had appeared infrequently during the 1930s. It's safe to say that Devil Tripp's last appearance left room for still another encounter, and that Circle J never managed to pile the twine on this fellow.

I don't expect anybody to turn into a WWW fan as a result of this article and start collecting back issues, but for the sake of completeness I want to list some of the better Circle J stories, with the date of the issues within they appeared: "Tangled Herds" (Aug. 5, 1933); "Red Grass" (Sep. 23, 1933); "Hoss Thieves on the 77" (Oct. 21, 1933); "Raiders from Big Timber" (June 2, 1934); "The Son of Devil Tripp" (June 23, 1934); "Gun Smoke in Hungry Valley" (Dec. 1, 1934); "Cow Thief Valley" (Aug. 24, 1935); and "Bullet Bait for Christmas" (Dec. 21, 1935).

Billy West and Circle J lasted as long as Wild West Weekly did, although unfortunately they did not appear in the final issue, November 1943 (the war had forced the magazine to become a monthly in mid-1943, after which it was called Wild West.) Now they have been gone almost as many years as they lived. Probably Young Wild West and his alter ego, Billy West, do not even deserve a place in that "fantastic limbo for the children of imagination" envisioned by Conan Doyle in the preface to The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes, but I think Buck Foster made it. "Nay, sure he's not in Hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom." \*

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\* "Henry V," II, iii.

Lollobrigadier-Ginarel

Since Larry has gone from the fanpubbling business so long that many of the newer recruits to the ranks will not have heard of him, I queried Wrai again, adding that I could not find my file copy readily. So he responded with his copy as previously noted and I was more than a little pleased to find that the article was even better than I had remembered it. I could wish perhaps that Wrai had annotated his references a bit better, specifying chapter, book and verse, but on the whole it states a great deal that I've always had roiling about my mind and states it more clearly, I think, than I could have.

I, too, made the acquaintance of the Bar-20 ranchhands at a very early age. In the early thirties library books constituted nearly the sole reading matter around our household and my father, too, was a Bar-20 fan. We also read copiously of Zane Grey, Charles Alden Seltzer, William McLeod Raine, Stewart Edward White and Bertha Muzzy Sinclair, better known by her penname of B. M. Bower.

I personally cared relatively little for Zane Grey. I soon learned to skim at high speed through acres of wordage wherein he did little save drool of the scenic beauty of his locale. There was precious little humor in Grey's stuff, nor in that of any of the rest except for Clarence E. Mulford (creator of Hopalong Cassidy and the Bar-20 boys) and B. M. Bower. This humanizing ingredient endeared them to me particularly and I read over several of the books so often that now, nearly thirty years later, I find I can read whole chapters and nearly know by heart what comes next.

The group about whom B. M. Bower did the most writing was called The Happy Family, or sometimes the Flying U bunch. The series spanned several years in time and more or less started (I speak now from the treacherous morass of memory so please forgive small errors and bring big ones to our attention) with an early work wherein Chip Bennett married J. G. Whitcomb's niece, who was known as The Little Doctor. It may have been that the name was Whitmore or perhaps even Whittaker. At any rate Chip became the foreman of the Flying U and Old JG largely vanished from the picture. Other characters came and went: Weary Davidson and his identical cousin whose name was Ira and who was called Irish; Happy Jack, the dour and eternal pessimist; Andy Green, the smiling, plausible prevaricator; Milk River Pink, whose somewhat effeminate looks and traits would have caused an uproar to who laid the chunk had he ever turned up in Bar-20 country.

This would have been unlikely since the home stamping ground of the Bar-20 was Texas (exact point was not specified that I ever heard) while the Happy Family made their lair in Montana. If the reader might like to make the acquaintance of The Happy Family, a logical starting point would be in a book by that name from a time roughly midpoint in their careers. It contains the superb episode in which Happy Jack ties his clothes to his horse's saddle, swims across a river being towed by hanging onto his horse's tail and as they reach the other side the horse takes a white-eyed look at the apparition clinging to its tail and bolts, leaving Happy all alone amid miles of sand and cactus, sans wine, sans song, sans singer and sans britches. Truly a touching tale...

As mentioned by Wrai, the Bar-20 boys included Hoppy and Red, Johnny Nelson, Buck Peters (the foreman), Tex Ewalt and Skinny Thompson. Other characters came and went. Tex Ewalt it was, in the book called "Tex" who had it out with Cassidy and ended up with the two of them stalking each other through a mesquite thicket for keeps. It was in this incident that Hoppy received the wound in the leg that gave him his nickname. Both survived to become fast friends, however.

Of course the person who did much to bring down the contempt of Ballard upon



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Lollobrigadier-Ginarel

The following article is reprinted from the 11th issue of OUTSIDERS which appeared in the 23rd mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. It appears here through the courtesy of Wrai Ballard, editor of OUTSIDERS, who wrote the article and who, upon request, furnished his file copy from which to transcribe it and patiently waited for months without once writing an irate postcard asking when he was going to get his file copy back. Many thanks, Wrai!

--dag

## THE SHAMING OF CASSIDY

It has always been painful for me to see what movies, radio, and now TV can do to a perfectly good character. None of these so-called entertainment fields seem to be impressed by the fact that it was the characters in their original forms that attracted the people and made these characters famous enough to make it worthwhile to use them in movies, radio, or TV.

Of course, all three mediums have their own special code of taboos, which almost always add up to a synthetic pantywaist in need of a transfusion as the hero. I've already expressed my disgust at a radio originated character, The "Lone Ranger," but more horrible than him, even, is what they can do to a stalwart and admirably human character.

Have any of you with strong stomachs listened to Hopalong Cassidy on the radio or seen him in the movies or on TV? Nauseating, isn't he? A neatly dressed fellow wearing two fancy guns. Never swears, drinks or chews tobacco. Doesn't even smoke. He is reverent, if not religious. His attitude toward women is distant, if not actually indifferent. Naturally he is always polite to women, nearly as polite in fact as he is to his horse, but you'd be more apt to expect him to make a pass at a horse than a woman. At all times this synthetic Hopalong is polite. He is even polite when approaching the villain wrestling with the lady in distress. In fact he is even polite to the villain before indulging in fist-cuffs with him. To this Hopalong.... hell I can't disgrace a good name that way, I'll call him Flouncealong...a gun is something you wave around and fire at random until you get close enough to the villain to beat him up in a fist fight. In extreme cases a revolver is used to shoot the gun out of the villain's hand. Flouncealong rarely carries a rifle, but when he does it is invariably a Winchester. This alone is perhaps the cruelest shattering of tradition.

Now "Hopalong Cassidy" was a Man. His clothes were casual and never tailored. He changed his shirt occasionally, but his friends claimed he didn't change them often enough. He slept in his union suit and put his hat on first thing in the morning and took it off just before going to bed.

His guns had plain wood handles, and Hopalong sneered at fancy guns and the people who used them. His pet peeve was the Winchester rifle, and so much of his time was spent arguing how superior his .45/120/550 Sharps was to the Winchester, that to cut such conversations out of the Bar-20 series would noticeably shorten them. In fact according to Hopalong, his best friend, Red Connors wasn't worth much, and the Winchester .45/70 which Red used was all the evidence he needed to prove this. An imitation gun would only be used by an imitation man, he argued.

Hopalong was fluent in Anglo-Saxon, and finding his plug of tobacco gone would be enough provocation to get him banned from radio, TV or the movies. The only time he wasn't chewing tobacco was when he was sleeping, eating, or smoking his corncob pipe. This pipe was his pet, his pride and joy, and the recipient of innumerable slurs and sneers from his friends, who did not appreciate the pipe's rank odor.



Hopalong was a gunman, and was ranked as the equal to Wild Bill Hickok. He could have cut over 30 notches on his guns, although of course he never did. The Bar-20 cowboys did not cut notches, except for the 17 year old Johnny Nelson who did it to impress a girl, and then had to worry about what the rest of the crew would say about it. At times Hopalong did use his fists, but the times were rare, and his idea was to shoot down his opponent without too much ceremony. Of course he always had provocation, but his standards of provocation were elastic.

Hopalong was not what one could call a religious man. He was honest and trustworthy, but not exactly what a minister would consider a lamb. At times he went to church, especially the Revival Shows, but he went for the "show" and not for the sermon. One time a revivalist aimed a sermon at Hopalong which Hoppy nearly missed because at the time he was planning to pick a fight with a fellow sitting on the same bench. This fellow was wearing a violently colored scarf and rocking the bench, which Hopalong thought was sufficient provocation for a fist fight. Later Hoppy got so drunk he took the wrong horse and was nearly lynched as a horse thief.

To Hoppy a horse was a horse. He liked horses, but he wasn't maudlin about it. At one time he had a favorite horse, but it was not a pet, and it certainly wouldn't get billing on any program he was on. His attitude toward women was reasonable, but when he got older, while he was respectful, he was more or less indifferent toward them. He was involved with several women in his time. One who he only met in passing was definitely professional in her ways, and Hopalong who was a bit shy around "nice girls" wasn't shy around her. The whole thing was rather innocent, with the unsophisticated cowboy proving himself sophisticated enough.

Another woman was more in the gold digger class, and Hoppy though well on the way of making a fool of himself was rescued by his outfit which refused to leave him and the girl alone for more than five minutes at a time.

Finally there was Mary Meeker. The shy Hopalong met her, kept it a secret from all his friends except Johnny who no one could keep a secret from, and finally threw a pass at Mary the third time he was her. But this pass can be excused, for he married her in the same book.

Even in the early books, Hopalong like Flouncealong was interested in educating young people and starting them on the right track. Johnny Nelson under Hoppy's tutelage became as dangerous as Hopalong himself. But Johnny grew up and married, and Hopalong's wife and son died. So Hoppy acquired a protege, a young bank robber who ambushed Hopalong, mistaking him for a sheriff. Hopalong, with the help of Red Conners trained him until this boy was an extremely cold blooded and efficient killer...who acted with the law only with protest because he didn't like the rules. Hopalong was proud of the training job he did.

So we have what are actually two different characters, Flouncealong and Hopalong. Which do I prefer? Well I have all the Hopalong and Bar-20 books...and Flouncealong never sullies my radio tubes. Hopalong was a Man. Flouncealong is via Denmark.

--Wrai Ballard

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Editor's Note:

When I finished reading the stencils which Redd had sent (and credit him for that flawless cutting of the WWW material) I bethought me of the above. I had asked Wrai for reprint rights when it first appeared, nearly five years ago, and he'd said he'd already promised it to Larry Touzinsky.

Since Larry has gone from the fanpubbling business so long that many of the newer recruits to the ranks will not have heard of him, I queried Wrai again, adding that I could not find my file copy readily. So he responded with his copy as previously noted and I was more than a little pleased to find that the article was even better than I had remembered it. I could wish perhaps that Wrai had annotated his references a bit better, specifying chapter, book and verse, but on the whole it states a great deal that I've always had roiling about my mind and states it more clearly, I think, than I could have.

I, too, made the acquaintance of the Bar-20 ranchhands at a very early age. In the early thirties library books constituted nearly the sole reading matter around our household and my father, too, was a Bar-20 fan. We also read copiously of Zane Grey, Charles Alden Seltzer, William McLeod Raine, Stewart Edward White and Bertha Muzzy Sinclair, better known by her penname of B. M. Bower.

I personally cared relatively little for Zane Grey. I soon learned to skim at high speed through acres of wordage wherein he did little save drool of the scenic beauty of his locale. There was precious little humor in Grey's stuff, nor in that of any of the rest except for Clarence E. Mulford (creator of Hopalong Cassidy and the Bar-20 boys) and B. M. Bower. This humanizing ingredient endeared them to me particularly and I read over several of the books so often that now, nearly thirty years later, I find I can read whole chapters and nearly know by heart what comes next.

The group about whom B. M. Bower did the most writing was called The Happy Family, or sometimes the Flying U bunch. The series spanned several years in time and more or less started (I speak now from the treacherous morass of memory so please forgive small errors and bring big ones to our attention) with an early work wherein Chip Bennett married J. G. Whitcomb's niece, who was known as The Little Doctor. It may have been that the name was Whitmore or perhaps even Whittaker. At any rate Chip became the foreman of the Flying U and Old JG largely vanished from the picture. Other characters came and went: Weary Davidson and his identical cousin whose name was Ira and who was called Irish; Happy Jack, the dour and eternal pessimist; Andy Green, the smiling, plausible prevaricator; Milk River Pink, whose somewhat effeminate looks and traits would have caused an uproar to who laid the chunk had he ever turned up in Bar-20 country.

This would have been unlikely since the home stamping ground of the Bar-20 was Texas (exact point was not specified that I ever heard) while the Happy Family made their lair in Montana. If the reader might like to make the acquaintance of The Happy Family, a logical starting point would be in a book by that name from a time roughly midpoint in their careers. It contains the superb episode in which Happy Jack ties his clothes to his horse's saddle, swims across a river being towed by hanging onto his horse's tail and as they reach the other side the horse takes a white-eyed look at the apparition clinging to its tail and bolts, leaving Happy all alone amid miles of sand and cactus, sans wine, sans song, sans singer and sans britches. Truly a touching tale...

As mentioned by Wrai, the Bar-20 boys included Hoppy and Red, Johnny Nelson, Buck Peters (the foreman), Tex Ewalt and Skinny Thompson. Other characters came and went. Tex Ewalt it was, in the book called "Tex" who had it out with Cassidy and ended up with the two of them stalking each other through a mesquite thicket for keeps. It was in this incident that Hoppy received the wound in the leg that gave him his nickname. Both survived to become fast friends, however.

Of course the person who did much to bring down the contempt of Ballard upon



the more effeminate character of Flouncealong was William Boyd. I vaguely recall seeing a picture of him on a cover of Life at a time when the Hoppy craze was at its height (maybe 1949-50?) and reading inside saw to my surprise and delight that Clarence E. Mulford was still alive and well although considerably up in years...living in New Hampshire, I think, or some similarly unlikely spot. Said his little grandson was an ardent Hoppy fan but could not conceive of his Gramps having written the Hopalong Cassidy books. One hopes that the good Mr. Mulford is still well-preserved because it is not his fault the movies made such a simpering ninny out of his brain-child. Hoppy, the original, had carrotty red hair, was of about average height, had a straggly moustache and apparently was a stranger to the humble comb. N. C. Wyeth illustrated many of the older editions of the Hoppy books and it is his notable creation I prefer to think of as the real Hoppy. In the book titled, simply, Bar-20, copyright 1906-07, a Schoonover frontispiece, done in the black-and-white oil paints favored for interior book illustrations in that era, shows him ominously perched in the upstairs window or door of a barn. A pale sombrero, terribly battered, is low over his eyes (apparently, even 50 years ago, the good guys wore white hats). His shirt is white with sleeves rolled to the elbows, an old vest hangs open and unbuttoned and a nondescript bandanna is about his neck. His legs are encased in a pair of leather chaps, stiff and shiny from much wear; his feet are in boots, run over at the heel, bearing spurs. In his hand he holds what is unmistakably a lever-action, Model 1873 Winchester although this in no wise contradicts Wrai's observations on Hoppy's feelings anent the Winchester for on page 284 of the same book we find:

Hopalong became cheerful again, for here was a chance to differ from his friend. The two loved each other the better the more they squabbled.

"Yas!" responded Hopalong with sarcasm. "Yas!" he reiterated, drawling it out. "Yu was in front of them, and with what? Why, an' old, white-haired, interfering Winchester, that's what! Me and my Sharp's----"

"Yu and yore Sharp's!" exploded Red, whose dislike for that rifle was very pronounced. "Yu and yore Sharp's----"

And so on for many an acrimonious paragraph. The heavily dialected dialog was quite typical of the era and "yu" for you in particular finds its way into many a westerner's lips.

It is in this same book that a powerful incident takes place, one which could never-ever-ever-ever find its way into the movies nor the TV screen nor into radio. I should like to crave the indulgence of all concerned long enough to quote from this at some length for it may serve to make some of you become acquainted with Hoppy in the original and if this happens I will consider the space well spent.

The situation is that the Bar-20 crew has just captured seven cattle rustlers with their chief, one Slippery Trendley. With Buck, Hoppy and Red is a friend, one Frenchy McAllister whose life and hopes have been blighted by the aforesaid Trendley. Continuing from there:

In the center of the distant group were seven men who were not armed. Their belts, half full of cartridges, supported empty holsters. They sat and talked to the men around them, swapping notes and experiences, and in several instances found former friends and acquaintances. These men were not bound and were apparently members of Buck's force. Then one of them broke down, but quickly regained his nerve and proposed a game of cards. A fire was started and several games were immediately in progress. These seven men were to die at daybreak.

As the night grew older man after man rolled himself in his blanket and lay down where he sat, sinking off to sleep with a swiftness that bespoke tired



muscles and weariness. All through the night, however, there were twelve men on guard, of whom three were in the cabin {with Trendley --dag}.

At daybreak a shot from one of the guards awakened every man within hearing, and soon they romped and scampered down to the river's edge to indulge in the luxury of a morning plunge. After an hour's horseplay they trooped back to the cabin and soon had breakfast out of the way.

Waffles, foreman of the O-Bar-O, and You-bet Somes strolled over to the seven unfortunates who had just completed a choking breakfast and nodded a hearty "Good morning." Then others came up and finally all moved off toward the river. Crossing it, they disappeared into the grove and all sounds of their advance grew into silence.

Mr. Trendley, escorted outside for the air, saw the procession as it became lost to sight in the brush. He sneered and asked for a smoke, which was granted. Then his guards were changed and the men began to straggle back from the grove.

Mr. Trendley, with his back to the cabin, scowled defiantly at the crowd that hemmed him in. The coolest, most damnable murderer in the West was not now going to beg for mercy. When he had taken up crime as a means of livelihood he had decided that if the price to be paid for his course was death, he would pay it like a man. He glanced at the cottonwood grove, wherein were many ghastly secrets, and smiled. His hairless eyebrows looked like livid scars and his lips quivered in scorn and anger.

As he sneered at Buck there was a movement in the crowd before him and a pathway opened for Frenchy, who stepped forward slowly and deliberately, as if on his way to some bar for a drink. There was something different about the man who had searched the Staked Plain with Hopalong and Red: he was not the same puncher who had arrived from Montana three weeks before. There was lacking a certain air of carelessness and he chilled his friends, who looked upon him as if they had never really known him. He walked up to Mr. Trendley and gazed deeply into the evil eyes.

Twenty years before, Frenchy McAllister had changed his identity from a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care cow-puncher and became a machine. The grief that had torn his soul was not of the kind which seeks its outlet in tears and wailing: it had turned and struck inward, and now his deliberate ferocity was icy and devilish. Only a glint in his eyes told of exultation, and his words were sharp and incisive; one could well imagine one heard the click of his teeth as they bit off the consonants; every letter was clear-cut, every syllable startling in its clearness.

"Twenty years and two months ago today," he began, "you arrived at the ranch-house of the Double Y, up near the Montana-Wyoming line. Everything was quiet, except, perhaps, a woman's voice, singing. You entered, and before you left you pinned a note to that woman's dress. I found it, and it is due."

The air of carelessness disappeared from the members of the crowd and the silence became oppressive. Most of those present knew parts of Frenchy's story, and all were in hearty accord with anything he might do. He reached within his vest and brought forth a deerskin bag. Opening it, he drew out a package of oiled silk and from that he took a paper. Carefully replacing the silk and the bag, he slowly unfolded the sheet in his hand and handed it to Buck, whose face hardened. Two decades had passed since the foreman of the Bar-20 had seen that precious sheet, but the scene of its finding would never fade from his memory. He stood as if carved from stone, with a look on his face that made the crowd shift uneasily and glance at Trendley.

Frenchy turned to the rustler and regarded him evilly. "You are the hellish



brute that wrote that note," pointing to the paper in the hand of his friend. Then, turning again, he spoke: "Buck, read that paper."

The foreman cleared his throat and read distinctly:

"McAllister: Yore wife is to damn good to live.  
Trendley."

There was a shuffling sound, but Buck and Frenchy, silently backed up by Hopalong and Red, intervened, and the crowd fell back, where it surged in indecision.

"Gentlemen," said Frenchy, "I want you to vote on whether any man here has more right to do with Slippery Trendley as he sees fit than myself. Any one who thinks so, or that he should be treated like the others, step forward. Majority rules."

There was no advance and he spoke again: "Is there any one here who objects to this man dying?"

Hopalong and Red awkwardly bumped their knuckles against their guns and there was no response.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here we depart from the text for a few pages while the last of the rescued cattle are herded together and the drive for the home ranch departs leaving Slippery Trendley alone with the husband of the woman he had murdered twenty years earlier. As we take up the thread of narrative once more, soon to encounter a likely candidate for the eight most chilling words in English literature, Buck Peters is riding slowly across the plains (having left detailed word of their route with Frenchy), thinking his own thoughts when:

...He was so completely lost in his reverie that he failed to hear the muffled hoofbeats of a horse that steadily gained upon him, and when Frenchy McAllister placed a friendly hand on his shoulder he started as if from a deep sleep.

The two looked at each other and their hands met. The question which sprang into Buck's eyes found a silent answer in those of his friend. They rode on side by side through the clear night and together drifted back to the days of the Double Y.

After an hour had passed, the foreman of the Bar-20 turned to his companion and then hesitated:

"Did, did—was he a cur?"

Frenchy looked off toward the south and, after an interval, replied: "Yas." Then, as an after thought, he added, "Yu see, he never reckoned it would be that way."

Buck nodded, although he did not fully understand, and the subject was forever closed.

End quote.

He never reckoned it would be that way. Mulford was a man who thoroughly appreciated the value of understatement. This, mind you, is closely contemporaneous with the early issue of WILD WEST WEEKLY discussed by Boggs and yet there is a world of difference in the styles of writing. Mulford is not over-jarring to the 1957 eyes but "An Old Scout's" prose reeks of the nineteenth century. Although it is typical of Mulford that the rustlers are led off to the cottonwood grove for hanging and the

"eye of the camera" does not follow them; that Trendley's sticky end takes place well off stage. This is a characteristic of the whole Bar-20 saga. There is very little blood spilled directly on the pages. A Colt's revolver will "dissolve into smoke" and occasionally a man will fall although it is more common to be fairly explicit that he is the target of a shot which is "heard" and then a surviving character will refer in passing to his demise or Mulford will term him "The Late--" within the following few pages. Death, in a Mulford villain, is always richly merited but at most it is but sketchily described.

B. M. Bower, despite membership in the gentler sex, faced the realities of death by gunshot wound more fearlessly than Mulford although there relatively little actual killing in most of her books. On quick example, from The Lonesome Trail (page 295):

He came clattering out of the gloom to the very point of the bluff, just where it was highest and where it crowded closest the trail a long hundred feet below. A man stood there on the very edge, with a rifle in his hands. He may have been crouching, just before, but now he was standing erect, looking fixedly down at the dark heap in the trail below, and his figure, alert yet unwatchful, was silhouetted sharply against the sky.

When Weary, gun at aim, charged furiously down upon him, he whirled, ready to give battle for his life; saw the man he supposed was lying down there dead in the trail, and started backward with a yell of pure terror. "Irish!" He toppled, threw the rifle from him in a single convulsive movement and went backward, down and down.--

Unquote. Explicit enough, I think. It was followed by a scene wherein the twinnish cousins (Irish had merely fallen from his horse when the bushwacking enemy fired) stand over the "heap that had been a man" and discuss him and his timely demise as Weary prods it with a meditative toe.

Of the three writers--Grey, Mulford and Bower--I'd incline to award the latter first place in characterization. Her cowboys differ much, much more from each other than do those of other western writers. They are recognizeable as individual humans and if you lose sight of a character for a few dozen pages, when he pops up again you know who he is by name immediately. This is nearly a unique trait.

Westerns are as popular in the U.S. today as they were when Ned Buntline was hacking out improbable tales about William Cody, nearly a hundred years ago. Indeed they are more popular in the sense that more people enjoy them now than at that time due partly to increased saturation and partly to population growth. As this is written there is a roaring flood of new Western shows on television. Not the emasculated "Flouncealong" variety so properly derided by Ballard but the so-called "Adult Western" with live rounds in the cylinders and infinite attention to Freudian undertones. For the most part they are better than one might expect.

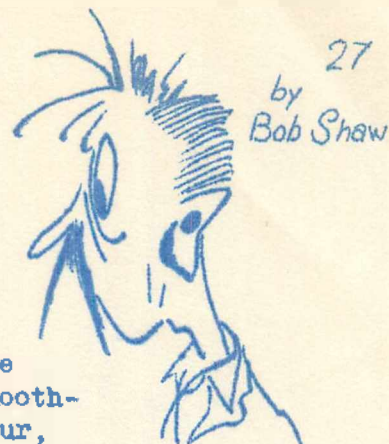
What I've never been able to understand is why they are that popular. Certainly the life actually lived by such real cowboys as there were was...no other word will do...miserable. Killing work, long hours, ridiculous pay, all this it was and more but fun? exciting? well hardly, at least in most cases. But because a few members of the profession are reputed to have settled contrary viewpoints with gun, knife and fist today and for nearly a hundred years past millions of boys, girls, men and women have yearned and sighed and faunched...not to haul nets on the Grand Banks with Disco Troop, not to mine coal in West Virginia, not to push locomotives over the Alps, not to man the yards of a tea clipper to Calcutta, not to prospect for radioactives in the Asteroid Belt, not to seek out criminals with the Sureté and the Yard, nor yet the FBI, but always always always to ride herd on those eternal blatin' dogies. Why?

--Dean A. Grennell



# WHOLLY BERRY

With Hand-Drawn Illustrations by A. Myhill THOMSON

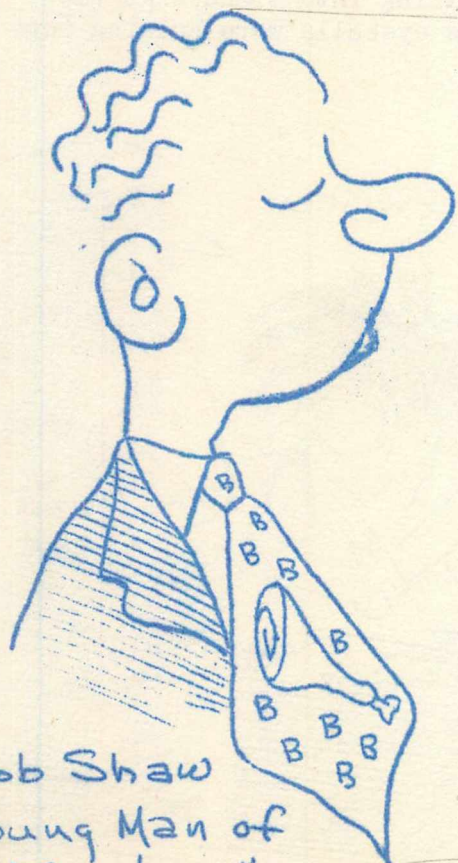


27  
by  
Bob Shaw

After reading his series, *The Belfasters*, the readers of *Grue* must surely be consumed with curiosity about John Berry. His smoothness of narrative, his vast insight into fannish nature, his humour, his sympathetic handling of human weakness, his beautiful imagery; all hint at a fine, noble personality crouched behind that prolific typewriter. I like to think that I know John Berry better than most--better, even, than the man from the finance company--so here are some inadequate reflections upon a person too great to be captured by the pen alone. Yes, many who wrote about him have been heard to say they thought Berry had escaped from the pen.

## Appearance

The first time I saw John striding up the Willis garden path I thought he had forgotten to duck at the gate and had carried the top off the arched hedge. When he got closer I realised he was sporting a moustache which made Stalin's look like a few extra-long nostril hairs. Infrared photographs have shown that behind his moustache is a pleasant, cheerful face and John is a neat dresser, as is shown by the tidy way he wraps his laces round the bottom of his boots to keep the soles from flapping. He has an athletic build and looks the picture of a strong, fast, all-round Ghoddminton player. He has bendy hair on his head.



Bob Shaw  
"Young Man of  
Fandom"

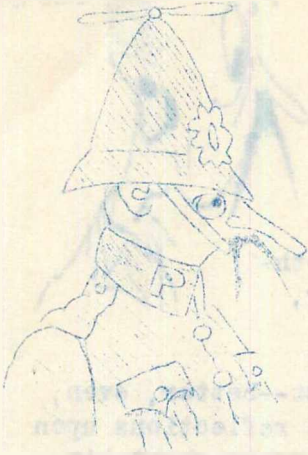
## The Horticulturalist

At the back of John's house is a plot of ground known in the district as the Garden of Knockedea. To assist him in his various feuds with neighbours John decided to build a sort of rampart all round it. He began with a bottom course of old perambulators and covered these with so much soil that his garden is several feet lower than all the others. The whole surface of the garden is covered with tangled grass, orange peel, old spades and rakes, tin cans and torn newspapers. Why, then, you ask, have I called him a horticulturalist? Well you see, John is so proud of his garden's fannish disorder that I suspect it is cleverly made on a rolled carpet system. I think that when the fans go home he rolls the whole thing up, exposing a crewcut lawn and geometrical flowerbeds.

## The Guardian of the Law

In his chosen work John is gravitating further and further along the ladder of success. Several years ago he was stationed in a little place called Randalstown. He remained in obscurity for a while, then, in a hectic chase across the turf piles he apprehended a notorious international rear-lamp offender. This got him promoted to work in Belfast---from bounding the peat to pounding the beat.





Once established in Belfast he busted a local gang who were buying chocolate on their mothers' charge accounts and selling it on the black market. This got him posted to the finger print department. He is doing well there, too. A short time ago he told me confidentially that he had uncovered a huge nest of known criminals hiding out in a big grey building on the Crumlin Road. Due to the fact that the windows were so heavily barred and the doors armoured he was unable to get in to make an arrest, but he is working on it. I confidentially predict he will be in there some day.

#### THE GHOODMINTON TACTICIAN

In spite of the fact that he is the most energetic member of Irish Fandom John prefers to win his games by craft and stealth. His favourite ploy is based on the Galaxy story about the natives whose method of war was to dash up to the enemy and cut their own throats. When you serve or return the shuttlecock to John he shouts unintelligible phrases at the top of his voice, bounds into the air, collides with something and skins his elbow, lands flat on his back, hits his head on the floor, trips his partner, scrabbles for the shuttlecock, loses his bat, heads the shuttlecock back across the net and looks at you trustingly. If you hit it back you know you will start the whole performance over again. After a while you just let the shuttlecock fall at your feet. It's easier.

He is always inventing new kinds of bats. Once he turned up with one which had a photo of Marilyn Monroe on it. John held it in opponent's faces at crucial moments but he lost more points than he gained. He kept falling into trances at the wrong times, and several times he lost points because his eyeballs were bulging into the wrong court.

#### FANWRITER

John's widespread writings will speak for themselves more eloquently and at greater length than I possibly could. Suffice to say that his ability to faithfully portray the minute details of life put him in the same class with historians like Pliny the Elder, Gibbon, Munchausen and Grimm.

#### HOBBYIST

Into his hobbies John pours that same energy with which he applies himself to writing and ghoddminton. One time he was interested in model airplanes and he made so many that his house looks as though it had been hit by a swarm of robot locusts. Some of the rooms are so full of models hung from the ceiling that it is hard to see from one side to the other.





Even this was not enough to absorb his enthusiasm. Down through the years, emitting phrases like "Brilliant!" and "Suffering catfish!" and "Crikey!" he has ardently pursued such varied interests as raising poultry, judo, budgies and shove ha'penny. John is a keen student of strange folk customs, being fascinated by such things as Greenland hospitality, bundling, syneisaktism and hand-fasting. He adores Marilyn Monroe, too.

He has even invented original pursuits of his own like diving off the wardrobe onto his bed and exploring the wilds of Carryduff. In spite of all this he is very modest about his boundless enthusiasm and drive—he attributes it all to home-grown watercress.

#### IN GENERAL

John, I should have mentioned this before, has a beautiful wife and a little boy and an even littler girl. They are a very nice family and John is as friendly a chap as you could meet. In fact, no less a person than the governor of Crumlin Gaol has described him as the person he would most like to number among his acquaintances.

--Bob Shaw

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"The crust of the earth had pretty well cooled off by the time I was in the fifth grade"

---

#### THE UNDISTURBED URCHIN

BY

GORDIN AGHILL

There's nothing wrong with this size  
type except

that it's  
too furshlugginer

small

he said, sneering.

Raymond A. Palmer is a saint for our time

we simply do not  
understand Him

Luckily

He

Understands

us

--Fighting Bob Silverberg

---

downinnameddainnaittybittypoofwamfweeittofissiesandamomnafissietoofimsaidamomnafisfimifo

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from the Milwaukee Sentinel, 6-27-'56, page 2.

William Randolph Hearst, jr., editor in chief of the Hearst newspapers [including the Milwaukee Sentinel], said that after talking with India's Prime Minister Nehru he feels that as long as Nehru remains in a position of leadership the Communists won't gain control of India.

Editorial, Milwaukee Sentinel, 6-27-'56, page 14.

Mr. Eisenhower has postponed his Washington meeting with India's pro-Red Prime Minister Nehru.

--above as quoted by the (non-Hearst-owned) Milwaukee Journal

# Department of Missing People

by Dave Genrette

In the February 1956 FANTASTIC S-F Howard Browne's editorial contained a number of typical science fiction story beginnings. One of these ran as follows:

"As the savage beast, all twelve legs pounding the turf, charged toward them, Captain Handsome turned to his lieutenant. 'I'm afraid this is it, Quimby. Little will Earth know that we died in its service, brave and fearless to the very end...'"

The average reader at this point is prepared for a flash back, back days, even weeks, to find a series of events culminating in Capt. Future suddenly appearing on the scene from some direction in which Captain Handsome and Lieutenant Quimby are not looking and blasting the beastie. At the very least, Tarzan will drop out of some convenient tree, or something.

Captain Handsome and Lieutenant Quimby are brave and fearless, all right, but they just haven't got the know how to get themselves out of this particular situation: somebody else has got to do it for them. Well, let's at long last and after due consideration, write John Carter, Capt. Future, and all the other experts in rescue-at-the-last-minute completely out of the picture. We'll let these guys get themselves out of their trouble, if they can. After all, they've never really had a chance.

Captain Handsome has told Quimby how little Earth will know of their death and how brave and fearless they were to the very end. Now go on with the story.

"You're right, Cap'n," said Quimby, beginning to choke with emotion, "and it's now I'd like to tell you something I've never dared say."

"There's nothing to say, Quimby," said Handsome, pulling his wallet from his pocket and admiring the picture of a beautiful blonde in a skimpy bikini. "I just want to look at my wonderful, faithful wife who has been true to me while I have been away exploring the planets."

"That's what I wanted to tell you about," said Quimby. "Errr—I've spent my last two Earth leaves with your wife."

(All this time you gotta be picturing that twelve-legged beast pounding down on them. This beast also has three heads.)

Captain Handsome drew his blaster from his holster and leveled it at Quimby (Yes, the blaster could kill the beast, but it would take ten to twelve hours to do so. This would be nice for the next Earth expedition, but you can't expect these two to be concerned with everyone else at a time like this. Oh yes, the animal is getting closer and has very long and sharp teeth).

"You're lying," said the captain, "lying."



"No, I'm not," said Quimby, and produced a lock of blonde hair as evidence.

The captain slipped the blaster back into its holster as tears slowly trickled down his space-tanned cheeks.

"What difference does it make now? We're going to die, devoured by that alien monster, and, alas, Earth will never, never know."

(The beast is much closer now, and his hooves strike sparks, his jaws drip saliva, and his breath is coming in short pants).

"And now," said the captain between pain-wracked sobs, "there's something I want to tell you."

"It doesn't matter," said Quimby, swallowing a lump in his throat and marveling at the captain's noble attitude toward his wife. "Nothing matters except that we have only a few more seconds to live, a few more breaths to breathe, before we, too, into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie, Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and——"

"No, no, no," said Captain Handsome, getting excited and grabbing Quimby by the lapels and shaking him until his teeth rattled, "I've got to unburden my conscience now before the end of everything."

He paused, taking a deep breath.

"Perhaps you've wondered how come you've never been promoted, how come you've been a second lieutenant for the last twenty-five years. I always knew you were too timid to ask. Well, the promotions have been coming through regularly and I've been tearing them up and pocketing your extra pay. Last August you became a Brigadier General."

Quimby reached for his blaster.

"Why you, you, you——" he paused, choking with hatred:

Then he sighed.

"Nothing matters now. We're going to die, and under Dust to lie, Sans Wine——"

"Here comes the beast!" screamed Captain Handsome.

True enough, the beast was coming at them, all twelve legs pounding the turf, with the roar and wheeze of a runaway locomotive. There was no place to run, no place to hide, nothing to do but wait. Wait for the horrible teeth to bite, the claws to snatch, the bones to be crunched, the marrow chewed.

The beast was closer. A hundred yards distant, then fifty, twenty, ten, five. The beast was nearly upon them when suddenly it gave a mighty bound, soared over their heads and continued on its course, apparently not having even noticed the two Earth men.

Limby and Handsome looked each other full in the face for two thunderstruck seconds, then leaped into the air and began shouting at the rapidly disappearing beast.

"Come back! Come back! Come Back!"

---Dave Jenrette

"I only know it is evil...evil.....Evil....." ---Richard F. Geis

## The Goldfish Bowl

by Fred Chappell

Sam Moskowitz' book, THE IMMORTAL STORY is at once one of fandom's greatest assets and one of its major losses. I am quite certain that it does contain the qualities which Moskowitz applauds himself for in the Epilogue: "research and thoroughness," but I am also quite certain—it is so stated somewhere in TIS—that fandom's loss occurred when Speer gave up writing his history and bowed to Moskowitz. I have never seen a copy of the "Up to Now" history that Speer began, but I am willing to bet that it is in every way superior to TIS. Some of Speer's quirks might annoy one (notably the spellings "hily," "thots," etc.) but they certainly can't be as greatly annoying as Moskowitz' basic disability with the English tongue. Moskowitz must have proofread his copy many times, carefully, but after page two hundred, he breaks out in a welter of split infinitives. Strangely though, about page two hundred he drops the misspelling of "dependant," "Txistant," etc., finally supplanting an "e" for the omnipresent "a."

His misspelling and grammatical mistakes might be overlooked, however, were it not for the fact that he writes possibly the flattest prose in fandom, unenlivened even by the fact that he used the STORY in many places to justify his actions and still to beat Wollheim; dead, lo! these many years: stuff which makes for juicy reading usually. Some sentences are pure gobbledegook: "Exemplary was the mechanism for democratic election inherent in the League's makeup." (Pages 79-80.) They seem to make no sense whatever. Some sentences are merely awkward in construction: "This department ran for six issues, being discontinued because of the ill-feeling aroused." (Page 19.) A few pronouns and less reliance on passive mood might fix these. Some are just resounding cliches: "But the darkest hour is always just before the dawn." (Page 105.) These things seem to stem from a sort of deficiency in literacy, and, outside of a freshman theme course, not much can be done about them.

Speer was also more qualified to write the history because he seems less likely to be prejudiced, since he wasn't so active in the history as Moskowitz, and would be much less vulnerable to the temptation to twist things for the purpose of self-justification. Moskowitz does this incessantly, "as we shall see."

It has been rumored that Moskowitz can prove every historical statement in the book by writing. If he can do this, I personally will eat my copy of TIS without any flavoring whatsoever, using the Paul dust-jacket as dessert. Referring to a Tucker satire on a fan-history article he had written, Moskowitz says, "Moskowitz realized that when people laughed at something they would no longer take it seriously ..." (Page 203.) I doubt that Moskowitz can prove this statement, nor the one above

\* "If i say fone but not foto, it is because my style at present is a dirty mixture of simplifdy spelling and orthodox, as i move toward the latter." --Speer 3 Oct '56



it: "...Tucker could ridicule what and whom he pleased, and if a victim objected he would be told that everything was being offered in the spirit of good fun and that only a sorehead could not take a joke." This last statement probably is a result of Moskowitz' inability to see fan activity in any other than pseudo-political terms, and that while Tucker was probably sincere in the belief that he was only having a good time, Moskowitz could find "such commentaries" only "extremely effective weapons for attack." It is not a cardinal sin to have no sense of humor, but it is unfair to the reader of the history to have Tucker thus unfairly lined up with the "opposition"—the michelist-futurian-communist faction.

And speaking of this faction, I find them the most entertaining, intelligent, and valuable of the whole bunch. Granted that the communist propaganda must have got dull after a while, and granted that their espousal of it was undertaken when they probably didn't know what they were doing; still, Pohl, Lowndes, Wollheim, and Blish sound as if they were alive, and the Futurian housekeeping setup sounds as if it might be fun—at least more fun than the Moskowitz Ms. Bureau, which, so far as I could ascertain, consisted of one Sam Moskowitz sitting in his attic, hacking out his "thousands of words" of imperishable prose.

But this is only fun, and has nothing to do with eras of fandom and such dead serious, monumentally important stuff. What constitutes an era of fandom anyway? The folding of a couple of fanzines and fan clubs, the election of a couple of new faces to old posts, a new rash of Moskowitz articles on fan history, and presto!: a new fandom enters. My guess is that, from a larger perspective, perhaps from a pro's or someone else's not so intensely bound up in fan politics, there have been maybe two eras of fandom so far: the one up until World War II, and the present one, and my guess is that the face of fandom changed when the face of sf did: when Campbell renovated the field in 1939-1940. Of course, I don't have any writing to back me up, and it might well be that some serious searching through a fifty-foot stack of moldy fanzines, counting the appearance of science hobbyist features, and the votes for Wollheim, and the material by HPL might give you a different slant entirely. Actually what is so desperately lacking in TIS is definition and basic groundwork: I appreciate all the facts and dates, but a little broader interpretation might be useful. What were the distinguishing characteristics of second fandom? How did third fandom deviate from these characteristics? What new ones did it add, and what old ones did it take away? Exactly how far is any one person responsible for the emergence and/or disappearance of an era? Moskowitz would have us believe that New Fandom was an entirely new era in fandom, and that it was the fan's answer to the New Deal and the third century of the Christian era, but how do we know?

I suggest that fandom could use another history, with less eras, more perspective, and please ghod, better writing. There might be a little bit more emphasis on pro activity, some history of regional clubs that weren't centered in the New York area, and every once in a while a fanzine checklist or two. For right now, I suggest a less ambitious project: that someone should follow TIS through, and produce a companion volume (somewhat as Stanley Hyman did for his Armed Vision, a history of modern poetry-criticism), which would reprint some of the more crucial texts in question: such as Wollheim's "Milly-the-Wisp" columns, Tucker's "Hoy Ping Pong" things, Michel's "Mutation or Death" speech, Lowndes' "Trigger Talk at Green Guna," etc. Any takers?

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\*\*Neither is Seventh." --Dean A. Grennell\*\*\*

\*\*\*Even our footnotes have footnotes.

Which makes a sneaky way to pad out the page. Chappell's impression of the TIS flavor appears next page, et seq. --dag

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But the last line to a page of trivia and challenged Gerry Kincannon to complete it. He couldn't so I triumphantly pounded it on too. It was but the work of a moment (Hi, Burks! Hi, Tucker!) to re-create this obscenely pulsing monstrosity on a Rexo

STERN FACE OF JANUS DEPT.

master, to crank off 65 copies or so, to scrummage up 65 or so different addresses out of a dozen or so fanzines, to address the envelopes (using, for some obscure reason, a green typer ribbon) and to stamp them. Wisely, I forbore to put my name anywhere upon the paper or envelope. Within a day or two I went to Chicago to take in a heating conference and I dropped them down the mail chute at the Hotel Conrad Hilton (with a note on Earl Kemp's copy to the effect that I hoped he didn't get blamed for it). Nothing special ever came of it, except that Charles Wells speculated that it was someone who didn't know much about science because a quintillion angstrom units wasn't very far (by the aid of Andy Young, Astronomer and anything-but-beardless-boy, we have showed, in Qabal aforesaid, that a quintillion angstrom units is a helluva long ways, especially if you use the European quintillion). So I'd like to reprint this primeval epic herewith, for the sake of its historical interest, if any. The punchline depends upon a bit of advertising folklore long vanished from the airwaves but one trusts that it will be not altogether obscure. And with a buildup up to which nothing could possibly live, here is:

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ENIGMA

On they slogged through the impenetrable jungle, these intrepid three, Briggs, Latoni and Federspiel. No fear they knew, fearless, staunch, indomitablobble.

The thrill of being the first to probe the depths of a new planet—to classify the flora and fauna—this was what brought them a quintillion angstrom units from their native Terra.

Then...it happened! They were plodding along, single-file, when a long, prehensile arm reached impossibly out through the thick mass of undergrowth and snaked the center man, Luigi Latoni, the botanist, squirming and screaming off out of sight.

They held a hasty council of war, Briggs and Federspiel, and set off at a plunging run with proton-blasters at the ready.

Breaking through the clinging vegetation, they saw—the natives. They were grouped lumpishly in the center of the clearing.

Some eighteen of the creatures, with squiddish tentacles, great rubbery feet, warty, olive-greenish hides and more eyes than an Idaho potato.

"He's gone!" cried Briggs in a harsh, choked sob. "They ate him!"

"I'll get the unprintable bugger wot did it!" grated Federspiel. "I'll blow his rotten heathen guts out with this here blaster!"

"Wait!" shrieked Briggs.

"Whatsamatter? Whuffoe I can't blast the blighter? Why can't I get him?"

"Gus, we don't know! We just don't know, I tell you!"

"Don't know what?"

"Which BEM has Latoni?"

Well, perhaps it wasn't much, but it was a start and that's something you gotta have. I wonder how many of you still recall getting a copy of the original?



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## 2.

## Chapter CLXXIX

## THE REINCARNATION OF THE NEMESIS

But a rolling stone gathers no moss. Can you imagine Moskowitz' surprise, then, when he came upon, quite by accident and independant of any ulterior motives whatsoever, an article by Fred Chappell written in February, 1957? A article in which the author made no bones about the fact that he was partial to the Wollheim segment.

Chappell, a fan virtually unknown in the feild at that time, knowed mainly for his fictions in fan magazines of a few years earlier, had been completely nuetral until that time. Chappell, it was rumored, was the director of the Western North Carolina Scientafantasy League, but the full epoch-making potential significance of this unit had not been gaged. Quickly, Moskowitz dashed off a missive to James V. Taurasi, a fan very much 'in the Know' in the feild at that time, due to his vertually singlehandedly editting of the Fantasy Times, a newspaper of wide influence throughout the feild at that time. Sinsing the terrible importence of the situation, Taurasi just as quickly dashed off an anser back at Moskowitz, which readed, in part, "Never heard of him." Farther envestagation proved in writting that the WNCNFL (as it was come to be abbreviated, due to Chappell's querk of abbreviating words by thier ferst lettars) boasted only it's director, a secratery, a tresrur, and one membar, but they were all in realty only Chappell himself.

The inherant ramparts here were foreseeable only by spectroanalis. At ferst, Moskowitz' not knowing what to make of this situation at that time decided that no rapprochement could be made, and that it was war, war, war. In the feild at that time.

With the prespective gained by that passing of time, we can now see that Chappell must of somehow been reached by the subversive elemnts of Wollheim, Tucker and Ackerman, and that they must have offered him monay. (It must be kept in mind that this unholy dictatorial trio was all professionels at this time in the feild, and no doubt were in a position to really larder the kidney. But it's a wise man that knows only his left hand.) Chappell, in intamating that The Immortal Storm, the most monumental history of fandom in the feild at that time, was actually less than it should be, had seemed to declare himself that there could be no rapprochement in the feild at that time, and that it was war, war, war.

And then something happened that was so utterly breathtaking, so insurgently unbelievable, so sarcastic and unserious and sneaky, so contemptable, so obviously mischelistic, communistic, and fascistic that it's counters no counterpart or paralel throughout any of the annels of fandom. Chappell declared in a letter to another littleknown fan in the feild at that time saying that Moskowitz had done wrong in attacking Damon Knights appraisal of Bradbury. To quote Chappell, "Believe Moskowitz must have missed the point in Knights Bradbury review." This was indeed attack on all fronts!

Something drastic had to be done, and there was no one more drastic than Moskowitz in the feild at that time. Quickly Moskowitz sat down and dashed off an article called "Down with The Chappell Organ." Refusing to lower himself to his opponant's level of slander and name-calling, Moskowitz politely suggested that sence Chappell was himself a rank neofan in the feild at that time, and sence that he had not been around when all the events that the History chronicled were going on, he should merely discontinue to unairly and libelously attack Moskowitz in the fan magazines. Appended



to this were several quiet suggestions that Chappell should drop dead and pull the hole in after him. Moskowitz then submitted the manuscript of his article to John W. Campbell, jr., editor of Astounding Science Fiction, a professional magazine with a circulation of about 150,000 (considered quite good in the field at that time). Campbell rejected this manuscript on the grounds that "it would hold interest for a very restricted number of Astounding's audience." Moskowitz was shaken to his boots. Did Chappell (who now must be recognized as merely a 'front' for the Tucker-Wollheim-Ackerman faction) have 'pull' with the prozines too? Surely everyone who read stf. would be interested in an article by Moskowitz on the new developments in fandom. This new front of resistance was indeed surprising. (It will be remembered that Chappell actually tried in his early feiry article to menacingly split the Moskowitz block (which was solid in the field at that time) by praising Speer and damning Moskowitz.

Happily Moskowitz hit upon two ideas for which if it wasn't for them or if they had not been existant in the brain of Moskowitz at that time in the field with no rapprochement in sight and war, war, war and the goddamdest bloody old developments you ever saw, science fiction fandom would not exist today. The first idea which was to have far-retching, mind-shattering, History-making affects was to now resucitate an organization which had been long dead, but which's influence was merely dormant in the field at that time. The Moskowitz Manuscript Bureau. With this extreemly affective weapon, Moskowitz could reasonably hope to succesfully cope with the development, sence Moskowitz was a writer very much respected in the field at that time. The other idea, which Moskowitz saw, was a continuance of The Immortal Storm. In this way, he could succesfully reveal the truth to all the future fans, and history itself would justify him. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. History as we all know is imperveous. Not like the good old-fashioned fisticuffs without which information no coping or rapprochement could even merely be accessable or inherant.

--Fred Chappell

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"I could maybe stand a halibut but I could never barracuda."

--Fzot

#### STERN FACE OF JANUS DEPT.

If Grue made a Great Thing about anniversary issues—which it emphatically does not—the fifth annish would have made its appearance somewhere early in 1958. However, it is a small but productive source of pride to your grizzled old editor that in a bit over five years Grue has not contained (1.) any poetry by either Lilith Lorraine or Isabelle Dinwiddie; (2.) any artwork by DEA; (3.) any questionnaires for the readers to have to fill out and mail back; (4.) any checklist of pseudonyms that have been employed by authors well-known in, uh, the field at that time; (5.) nor any multi-page letter by (if you'll forgive the vulgarity) George W----l. It is possible, I think, to achieve virtue by an act of omission. I wish I could also say that Grue has never carried a satire on Mickey Spillane but a small one by Donn Cantin appeared in some of the copies of...hmm...number 15, I think. But at least Grue has never carried an ersatz "Derelicti Derogation"—although its sister publication, Qabal (sometimes jocosely referred to as the buck-sheep's misery because there is no "u" in Qabal) once carried an indubitabobble genuine D'Derogation forged on a white-hot stencil by Toronto's own Boyd Raeburn (yes, Virginia, the Boyd Raeburn, but not the orchestra leader). But if you'll kindly grant a very brief amnesty from censure, I should like to heark back to a long-ago evening when I hammered out all but the last line to a page of trivia and challenged Gerry Kincannon to complete it. He couldn't so I triumphantly pounded it on too. It was but the work of a moment (Hi, Burks! Hi, Tucker!) to re-create this obscenely pulsing monstrosity on a Rexo

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-30-

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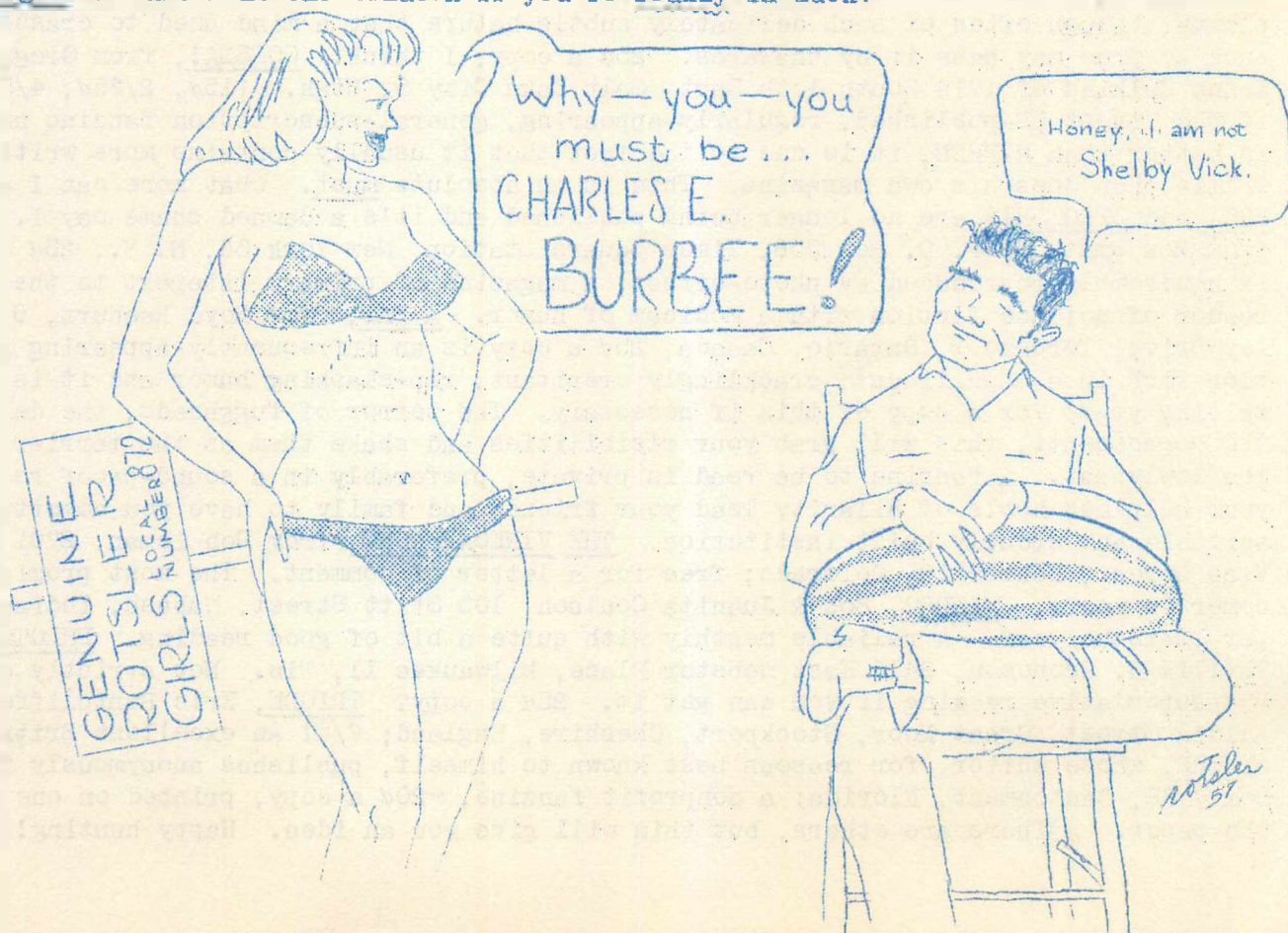
Comes now before the court a document from the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., emanating from the Office of the Recorder-Historian of that most august body, one Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., of 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York. Deponent saith that the following officers have been elected in the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., to serve from November 1, 1957 to October 31, 1958: {I trust I am not violating a copy-right by printing this, or something? --dag}

Anna Sinclare Moffatt, President; Len J. Moffatt, Secretary; Rick Sneary, Treasurer; Stan Woolston, Printing and Publicity; Forrest J. Ackerman, Professional Public Relations; George W. Fields, Fan Public Relations. {I note in "Fanac #2" published March 4, 1958 by Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, that the Solacon Committee also includes Rog Phillips Graham, Honey Wood Graham and Ted Johnstone and insert the information here---it's not mentioned in the official announcement---in line with Grue's inflexible passion for meticulous completeness.--dag}

The Official Pronunciamento further certifies that two Directors were elected to serve from November 1, 1957 to October 31, 1960: Belle C. Dietz and David Neuman. Precisely what they were elected to serve is not certified. Deponent further certifies, viz., and to wit: "This is to certify that the 16th Annual World Science Fiction Convention will be held over the Labor Day weekend, 1958, at the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, California." {"In and For The County Of Los Angeles..."} Paragraph 4 deserves your attention:

"Those who wish to join the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. for the current year should send their \$1.00 dues to Len J. Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California." OF RICK SNEARY 2962 SANTA ANA ST., SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

Exhibit closes with a stately flourish of signatures, autographs, holographs and a reasonably accurate facsimile of the Official Seal of the World Science Fiction Society, Incorporated. Seriously, don't be frightened off all this bombast and corporative foofaraw. If you can possibly attend you're certain to find congenial souls and a damned good time. If you're lucky, you may even find a place where Dave Kyle doesn't mind if you sit. I (Grennell) would give half my teeth to go but doubt if I can make it. But if you'll vote for Chicago in 1959 I'll be there if I have to wade knee-deep in blood to do so. We have commissioned our staff artist, Mr. Rotsler to do a scene depicting some of the fabulous characters from fandom's mighty past that you might encounter at the Solacon if you're really in luck:



## TECHNICAL NOTE

The Rotsler illo overside was traced to the music of one Bunk Johnson (Columbia LP #CL 829: "BUNK JOHNSON, The Last Testament of a Great New Orleans Jazzman") and I earnestly commend it to you as the ultimate Music To Trace Rotsler Illos Onto Cestetner Stencils By. You haven't really lived until you have shading-plated the bikini of a Genuine Rotsler Girl to the wonderful shuffling beat of Bunk's "Marie Elena."

## OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES

Oftentimes I've wished there might be room in these pages for a few words about other fanzines. There hasn't been a fanzine review in Grue since #18 although I've tried it a time or two offstencil. My trouble is I can't get the darn things bit off, tending to go on and on & on & on. But, since there are readers, several in fact, who receive no fanzines other than Grue, I'd like to briefly mention a few of the most notable. If you get acquainted with these, the rest of them are apt to come upon you. Be warned.

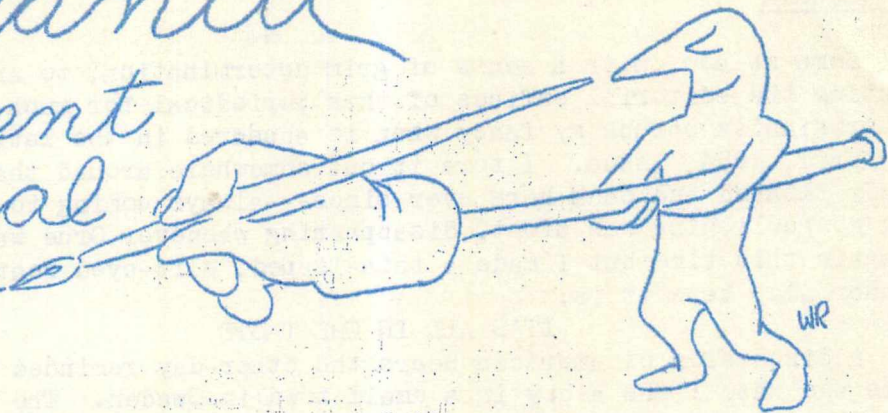
STEFANTASY from Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania. You probably could get a sample copy for a quarter though Bill normally just sends it to his friends. This is a powerful incentive to become a friend of Bill Danner. Printed on a printing press, yet, with fab'lous material by Danner, CHARLES E. BURBEE (who is apt to tell his celebrated Watermelon Story most any issue now), Norman L. Knight and others. KTEIC MAGAZINE from William Rotsler, Route 1, Box 638, Camarillo, California. This is a sort of personal journal of the somewhat incredible, bearded, ex-walnut grower and sometime sculptor and of his circle of friends. Again, you might get a copy or two for money but friendship is the most reliable medium of exchange. HYPHEN from Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland or Chuck Harris, "Carolyn," Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. This is the fanzine of Europe and, quite possibly, of the entire Solar System. A 25¢ coin should get you at least one copy. It is an act of little wisdom to send a larger sum for any fanzine. SKYHOOK from Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Palce NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. A fanzine in the true sense of the term in that it often deals with Science Fiction, Skhk deftly avoids the pitfalls of Serious Constructive Fanning thanks to the keenly perceptive editorial content. There is humor here, in rich plenty, though often of such delicately subtle nature that a mind used to crasser efforts such as Grue may pass it by unawares. 25¢ a copy, I think. OOPSIA!, from Gregg and JoAnn Calkins of 1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. (15¢, 2/25¢, 4/50¢) This is the finest US-published, regularly-appearing, general-subscription fanzine and if it is better than HYPHEN, it is due to the fact that it usually contains more writing by Willis than does his own magazine. This is an absolute must. What more can I say? VEGA and SPACESHIP are no longer being published and it's a damned shame say I. INSIDE from Ron Smith of P. O. Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y., 25¢ a copy is handsomely reproduced by photo-offset; a magazine of primary interest to the serious reader of science fiction with a modicum of humor. A BAS, from Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada, 25¢ a copy is an infrequently-appearing publication rich in a magnificent, cracklingly crepitant, rip-slashing humor and it is worth waiting years for a copy of this if necessary. The terror of fuggheads, the delight of the cognoscenti, this will grab your risibilities and shake them as the terrier shakes the lowly rat. A fanzine to be read in private, preferably in a sound-proof room, lest your helpless howls of hilarity lead your friends and family to have you committed to a suitable and stoutly built institution. THE VINEGAR WORM, from Bob Leman, 2701 South Vine Street, Denver 10, Colorado; free for a letter of comment. The most promising new-comer in years. YANDRO, Bob & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana; \$1.00 per 12-issue year. A reliable monthly with quite a bit of good reading. PHLOTSAM, from Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wis. Not strictly a subzine but superlative reading if you can get it. 25¢ a copy? TRIODE, Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England; 7/£1 An excellent British mag. SPHERE, whose editor, for reasons best known to himself, publishes anonymously from P. O. Box #196, Cantonment, Florida; a nonprofit fanzine, 20¢ a copy, printed on one side of the paper. ##There are others, but this will give you an idea. Happy hunting! (More on #44)



# Miscellania

a department  
of editorial  
musing

39



Sometimes people ask how in the world I write Miscellania for Grue. "How in the world do you write Miscellania for Grue?" is about the way they put it (Copyright 1887, Chas. E. Burbee). I have worked out a standard, uniform, unvarying answer: "With Great Difficulty." "No," they clarify, "how do you approach writing it?" "With leaden feet," I say, amplifying, "With gnawing dread and a deep sense of Nameless Horror."

Seriously, I have a spindle file. It is not an elaborate spindle file. It is, as a matter of fact, a small finishing nail driven into the right side of the bookcase here on my desk. Onto this, in the interludes between issues, I am prone to impale all sorts of newspaper clippings and odd items which, at the time, appear to be suitable grist. It is from this compendium of the oddball that I propose to quote for a while now. To struggling fellow faneds I commend this as an infallible means to cover area with wordage.

Last issue of Grue locked up the forms sometime in October of 1956 and in the Milwaukee Journal (hereafter referred to as MJ) for Monday, October 15, 1956, there appeared an article soberly recounting how a birth control expert in Red China had soberly recommended a course of tadpoles--swallowed live, whole and well washed in cold well-water--as a 95% infallible technique of birth control. This reminds one of the discussion in Misc, page 16 of Grue 20, and will make a few long-memoried readers wonder if we are to one day find ourselves up to here in Red Chinese.

Headline: HORSE FACED FISH WITH RED MANE MAY HAVE INSPIRED MONSTER STORIES; comment: Could be. Headline: MAKES FALS VIA TAPES; comment: Really? Book-title at local library: LAY PEOPLE IN CHURCH; comment: No comment. Headline: TIGER ATE DRIVER'S LICENSE; THAT'S REALLY TRUE, OFFICER; comment:...

From MJ of January 13, 1957: CHILDREN PROTEST 'UNHOLY' POSITIONS IN GYM CLASSES Urbana, Ill. UP Two children of a minister have refused to attend gym classes in junior high school here because of "immoral dress and unholy positions" assumed in class. #The Rev. Orval Lee supported the stand of his children, Naomi, 13, and Philip, 12, in refusing to attend gym classes. Lee said Saturday the youngsters made the decision on their own. #Lee said he concurred in their opinion after seeing a newspaper picture of a gym class in which a girl pupil was lying on the floor and instructor had her hands on the girl's ankle and hip. # "This unconsciously instills in the teen age girls the idea that a boy could do the same thing," Lee said. #A meeting to consider the Lee case was called for Jan 21 by the Urbana board of education. The Lee children have been "technically suspended" from school because of their action. Unquoting, let it be noted that no further word on this matter has been noted and let it be hoped that the children were not suspended in an unholy position, however technically it may have been done.

Come we now, with a sense of grim determination, to an item that has been haunting the editorial offices of this periodical for much too long. This elusive bit originally struck my fancy when it appeared in the letter section of "True" in the April, 1954, issue. I tore it out somewhere around that time and it has alternately floated and sank here ever since---always coming to the surface during times when no publishing was afoot, disappearing whenever Grue was brewing. It had vanished again this time but I made a thin-lipped, slit-eyed search and found it. Without further ado, here it is:

IT'S ALL IN THE TASTE

A discussion of American beers the other day reminded me of the time, too many years ago when I was a boy in a small town in Sweden. The local beer suddenly took on a flavor that left everyone gulping with joy. The brewer was urged to keep the new ingredient permanently in his beer. But sadly he confessed that he didn't know what had caused the new delightful taste as he hadn't made this beer any different than he had always made his beer. The mystery wasn't solved until a few months later when the vat was cleaned. The body of a dead woman was found at the bottom.

--Gus Anderson  
New York, N.Y.

True's comment:

No wonder that beer tasted better. It had more body to it!

Having made necessary justification for our title, we come upon a dateless clipping which says Buddhists in Formosa Thursday observed the 2,519th anniversary of the birth of Buddha. Sometime, if I can find the necessary data, I'd like to publish here a handy table for converting Christian year-numbers into all of the systems used throughout the world. However, as an oldtime Buck Rogers faaan, I am cheered to hear that in at least one part of the world the 25th Century is already here. In fact, it's already quite a ways back.

And we join the MJ's Bill Vaughn in a rueful shrug as he observes: "First, the government complains that we are not developing enough bold experimenters in sciences such as chemistry, then it turns around and shuts down 1,400 moonshine stills."

"As measured by comparative industrial insurance rates in four eastern states, sewerage work is from 7.5 to 62.5 per cent more hazardous than work in a machine shop."

--from Sewerage and Sewage Treatment (Wiley, 1947)

Some day when I have nothing else to do--hah!--I ought to go through the backfiles of Grue and prepare an index, alphabetically arranged, of the improbably assorted subject matter discussed herein over the years. I do not readily recall just when it was that we mentioned palindromes last...you know, those sentences that read the same backwards as frontwards. However, Vernon L. McCain sent me a clipping from an old magazine (if it wasn't old when he sent it, it is now)---The Atlantic, I think--bearing an article on palindromes by George Stevens. He, of course, mentioned the celebrated Napoleon palindrome: "Able was I ere I saw Elba," and the "Madam, I'm Adam" one which is generally considered the first of all the breed--Stevens notes that Eve was, herself, a palindrome (or at least her name was). Of the others, he says, "One or two inadvertently are suggestive of prejudice in sensitive quarters, but too good to suppress. Caveat emptor. Honi soit. A palindrome should not mean, but be." Here are some of the best.

Knight, I ask nary rank, saith gink. #Live on, Time; emit no evil. #Stop! Murder us not, tonsured rumpots!" #Nets demand a lad named Stew. #Red now on level; no wonder. #Draw nine men in ward. #Pa's mistress asserts I'm sap. #Eve saw diamonds; no maid was Eve. #Gages use gas. #A slut nixes sex in Tulsa. #Cad; foof! --dag†.



Kieth Nelson offers  
the thought that:

Grass grows up and  
Space grows down and  
In between the blades  
Nestles an inverted lawn  
Of Spacegrass.

If anyone is preparing to lob a guided missile into Fond du Lac it should be noted that the data on its location given on page 40 of Grue 28 is incorrect having been interpolated from a roadmap. The true position is:

North Latitude 43° 45'

West Longitude 88° 27'

and the altitude is 760 feet above sea level.

The name is, of course, French meaning "bottom of the lake"--probably because the place is located at the

south end of Lake Winnebago (Winna-BAY-goh) which is a silly, show-off kind of lake, trying to make the best of its meager gallonage. It is 32 miles long, 14 miles wide and barely 20 feet thick at the deepest point. Fond du Lac covers six square miles though not to any great depth, has a population estimated at around 32,000 (people), mean annual temperature is 50.11° although I have seen it get as hot as 109° and as cold as -38° (European readers are reminded that we use the Fahrenheit scale). The average annual rainfall is 37.86 inches.

Boffton's Peerless Patent Plot-Thickener is the unanimous choice of discerning authors everywhere. Positively contains no corn-starch. A generous trial sample can be obtained from your neighborhood Civil Defense Warden. Remember: Science says it's eight ways better! (Advt.)

Stuart S. Hoffman, of Box 13, Black Earth, Wisconsin, urgently wants the following issues of Astounding Science Fiction to complete a collection for binding:

April, 1930

August, 1930

November, 1935

Please get in touch with him if you have them. ~~###~~ Harry Warner, Jr., in a recent round of the FATE tape, recalled a poem by Cyril Kornbluth which is, I think, a gem:

Let Darwin's weighty volumes  
Stand dust-covered on the shelf;  
Man was not made from monkey--  
He made monkeys of himself.

I can't really vouch for the punctuation because that's hard to verify in transcribing from the vocal.

William Rotsler and I would like to thank all you co-operative souls who wrote Will'm poetsarcs of comment re his hassle with J. Everett Osbourne over WR's "Vote for Ike--He's been Sick!" rubberstamp. I had hoped for a comprehensive rundown on this from Bill but all I have is the word: "Other employees would shake my hand silently, radiating pure joy." Other Camarillo postal employees, that is. Fine business.

The pages are rapidly mounting up and, before they get crowded out completely, a few Gnurrserly Rhymes should be inserted for the sake of Dick Ellington, Boyd Raeburn and other readers of taste and discernment.

-- TRIBUTE --

I think that I have never knew  
A fanzine half so swell as Grue.  
A fanzine that has pages neat,  
Which scarcely ever mention feet.  
A fanzine what, if you've not read,  
My friend, you should of stood in bed!

A fanzine that is bright and gay,  
Which cheers you up the livelong day.  
There's articles by big-name-fans,  
So smart they must have fancy glan(d)s.

Pomes are wrote by me and you,  
But only DAG\* can make a Grue.

--PHE -- with apologies to JK

\*GDA, spelled sideways.

-- REFRAIN FROM SPITTING --  
(Act II, Scene 1)

Let us build a gobboon  
On each horn of the moon:  
On each cusp, a cuspidor.

Then let's hum "Claire de Lune,"  
Or some other old tune,  
Like we done in the days of yore.  
--Ophelia Musselman

-- AFTER GREAT PUN --

After Great Pun a formal feeling comes:  
Now poms the Fan amid the trumperdash;  
As by the lately throbbing mimeo-drum,  
The fanzine King reviews his stately hash.  
The Feet Omnipotent, like distant thunder,  
Pace Woden-like across a wooden floor,  
And momentarily the cerebellum wonders:  
O Fan, was ever such a pun before???  
Smirk, O world, but spare the tragicomic  
Way of a wrackish fan with fannish humor;  
This is his Pantheonic Hour! Atomic  
Bombs go merely boom, but this is boomer.  
--Keith Nelson, BMS

-- ODE TO THE TROLLS UNDER WHEATSTONE BRIDGE --

How chard the Swiss, or Jelly, roll;  
How Freud the French Potato.  
How pressed the Duck  
Who ever hopes  
To catsup with tomato!

--Amanita Phalloides

My ravenous niece named Bernice  
Bit the heads off of seventeen geese,  
Having swallowed the bills,  
With some vitamin pills,  
And a handful of typewriter keys.  
--Holabird Snommish

"It shows a subliminal fear of psi..."

--JWCJr

It is a rare event for a professional book to turn up here marked for review and in view of Grue's sparse periodicity latteryears it denotes an almost psychopathic degree of optimism on the part of the author and publisher. However, on hand is a pb copy of "Those Idiots from Earth," by one Richard Wilson who, contrary to a slabheaded former book-reviewer for AMAZING, is not a penname of Wilson Tucker. This is a helluva good book, I think, and practically any story in it is worth the 35¢ price tag by itself. It is a bookful of delightful touches such as the one that made me vasten lokishly:

"Rheo was also understandably curious about the increasing number of plastic saints motorists are attaching to their dashboards. Eye mentioned that it was not so many years ago that people were attaching nose-thumbing devils to their radiator caps. Today's is a more cautious age, eye told Rheo. People never carried so much insurance or worried so much about what others thought, and if all it took to be safer was a shift from a mild form of devil idolatry to mounting a suction-cup saint, why, they went along."

I cherish that. Buy a dozen copies of this book; prop up that rickety table with a copy, give some to your friends, hurl them at love-smote cats in the black of the night, saladate them under mayonnaise...Wilson fits into that peerless category



of authors who take an intense personal interest in the characters they write about. A writer, no matter what other degrees of skill and polish he may possess, can turn out little save dull prose if he regards his characters with the impersonal detachment that the average dairy farmer feels for his cows, or the walnut rancher his trees. Tucker and Sturgeon come readily to mind as two other s-f writers who have this quality to a high degree...yes, and Heinlein too. A writer like this may develop a character who fills you with loathing and yet you can't stop reading about him or her.

To what extent this may be attributed to a semi-autobiographical attachment between the writer and his characters is difficult to say. Straying from the s-f briefly, take Leonard Hastings Nason for instance. There can be little doubt that many of his characters were highly self-modeled; Sgt. Robert Eadie in particular. Eadie was a Sergeant in the same company of the same Field Artillery battalion as was Nason himself (also at that time a Sgt.). Eadie was wounded at Montfaucon, as was the real-life Nason. Eadie turned up again in WW2 as a Lt. Colonel--so did Nason--and quite likely represented a blend between what Nason was and what he wished to be. It is a revelation to have read several of the Nason WW1 books, as I did, and then to encounter "Contact Mercury," from the WW2 Nason. Such complete metamorphosis is awesome. The crisp, vigorous, highly evocative prose of the WW1 books is replaced by a jumble which often consists of several pages at a stretch of the most incoherent, unconnected and banal conversation ever seen outside of a neofan's first effort at fan-fiction. If Lt. Col. Eadie/1946 accurately reflects the ego of Lt. Col. Nason/1946 then he has become, in twenty short years, one of the most consummately crashing bores of the western hemisphere. But if you've never read his "Chevrons" (1926) or "Three Lights from a Match" (1927) by all means borrow them from your library or otherwise obtain and read them.

Once in the course of conversation Robert Bloch made a statement which checks out and holds true in all but the rarest exceptions. "They're always best," said Bob, "on their way up. An artist, a writer, a publication, nearly any creative entity you can name, fights at the start to build a reputation and once that is attained, never again gives as unstintingly of him/her/itself."

Of course there are exceptions. A notable example is Theodore Sturgeon who has been turning out high-caliber fiction for something like twenty years now, passing from phase to phase with an intense passion for exploring ever some new byway of s-f's infinity-bounded domain. It is this person's humble but firmly-held opinion that he has never written a finer piece of fiction than "The Comedian's Children" in the May, 1958, issue of VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION. However I confidently expect that some day he will top it.

By the way, if you've been passing up VENTURE as just another of the new, upstart, second-boom growth of science fiction magazines then the more fool you. You've missed the joyous but subtle ribaldry of Isaac Asimov's "I'm in Marsport Without Hilda" in November and are perceptibly the poorer for your loss. A surprising number of really superb stories seem to turn up in VENTURE and it has now firmly established itself in that small group of magazines that I buy the first time I see a new copy on the stands ---the others being GALAXY, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, INFINITY SF and ASTOUNDING SF.

One thing I like to see is an author who establishes a continuity from one story to another as Fritz Leiber seems to be in the process of doing currently. Various of the gimmicks out of "The Big Time" keep turning up in other stories in other magazines. "Try and Change the Past" (ASF, Mar58) states at the outset, "You see, I'm a Snake in the Change War." and "A Deskful of Girls" (F&SF Apr58) embodies the ghost-girl theme although in slightly changed fashion (and wasn't that a terrific Freas coverillo for it?). Personally, I thought "The Big Time" was a pretty fair chunk of narrative---and you?

A few more good fanzines to mention here: POLARITY from F M & E Busby, 2852 14th West, Seattle 99, Washington (15¢?) FOCUS from Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C.4., New Zealand (15¢-1 shilling) and "ParaFANalia" from Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E.5., New Zealand (lots of promising activity out of Wellington all of a sudden). RETRIBUTION, Official Organ of the GDA, from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland--1 shilling or 15¢. SPECTRE from Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn. 15¢. GATA ILLUSTRATED from Dan Adkins, 4516 East Glenrosa Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona, 25¢ a copy. TWIG, from Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright Street, Boise, Idaho. 15¢ a copy and a tremendous bargain. SIGBO (name derives from "obgis," spelled backwards) 15¢ from Jerry DeMuth, 1936 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois, during school year and 3223 Ernst Street, Franklin Park, Illinois the rest of the year. ABBERRA--no, dammit--ABERRATION, Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio...try 15¢, contribute, swap or comment. How you are going to comment on your first copy in order to get it is a nice problem and I'm glad you asked me. CRY OF THE NAMELESS, 10¢ an issue, 12 for \$1, from Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Notable, among other things, for its remorseless regularity--a buck here is fairly certain to get you 12 copies before your eyesight fails--for the really excellent pro-zine reviews of "Renfrew Pemberton" (F M Busby) and for the catholic (note small "c") tastes of its art editor. MEUH, Jean Linard, 24 Rue Petit, Vesoul, Haute Saone, France (write & ask for a copy). FFM ENDING, Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland. CANADIAN FANDOM, (16th year of publication) from Bill Grant, 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada--8 for \$1.

Doubtless as soon as this is printed I shall think of several others that should have been included. Unquestionably there are some listed here that may never see another issue but in each case I thought it probable (statistics, mahn). Terry Carr & Ron Ellick (2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.) publish a frequent news-sheet, as did John Magnus for a while there. Many publishers for one good reason or another don't send their mags here and thus aren't listed. So if I slighted you, please forgive--it was not intentional.

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"Not in your napkin, Bob!"

--Abney Stevenson, Star of Stage, Screen and Tri-Video

---

Foosh, the problem in this racket is either you is got too much stuff or isn't got enough. This time the first case is true. I'll have to hustle out another issue soon before I'm crushed beneath the backlog. The Department known as "The Fallen Mighty" will continue and loose-laid plans are to deal with Doc Savage, possibly with side-glances at a few others, certainly with a check-list of issues of DS by month and title of lead story. Data for this is now in the files. There is more of the Armadillo--I should say another Armadillo Peccadillo (pity it isn't laid in Picadilly!) There is a full-page cartoon sequence by Jenrette that still croggles me every time I look at it.

I'd meant to discuss a recently acquired passion--The American Civil War--this time but didn't feel I had room to even get started on that. Meantime: does anyone have any books on the CW they'd like to swap for s-f or what-have-you? Don't send books, send a card saying what book it is that you have. I grow old and wary about these things: if I had said "send a card saying what you have," someone (probably Janice Jacobson) would have sent a card saying simply "Shingles" or something of the sort. But let me stress that I don't want CW books as a gift...I want to swap or pay for them, hear??? ~~For~~ For a further technical note, the background music you hear ever so faintly as you read this is Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," which is my choice as Music To Compose On--Stencil To. I plan to collate to an album of prime honky-tonk piano I borrowed from the local library and dubbed onto tape so if your copy has a missing page, Knuckles O'Toole is the man to blame. For once it won't be Eney's Fault.

Caveat Lector, Y'All,

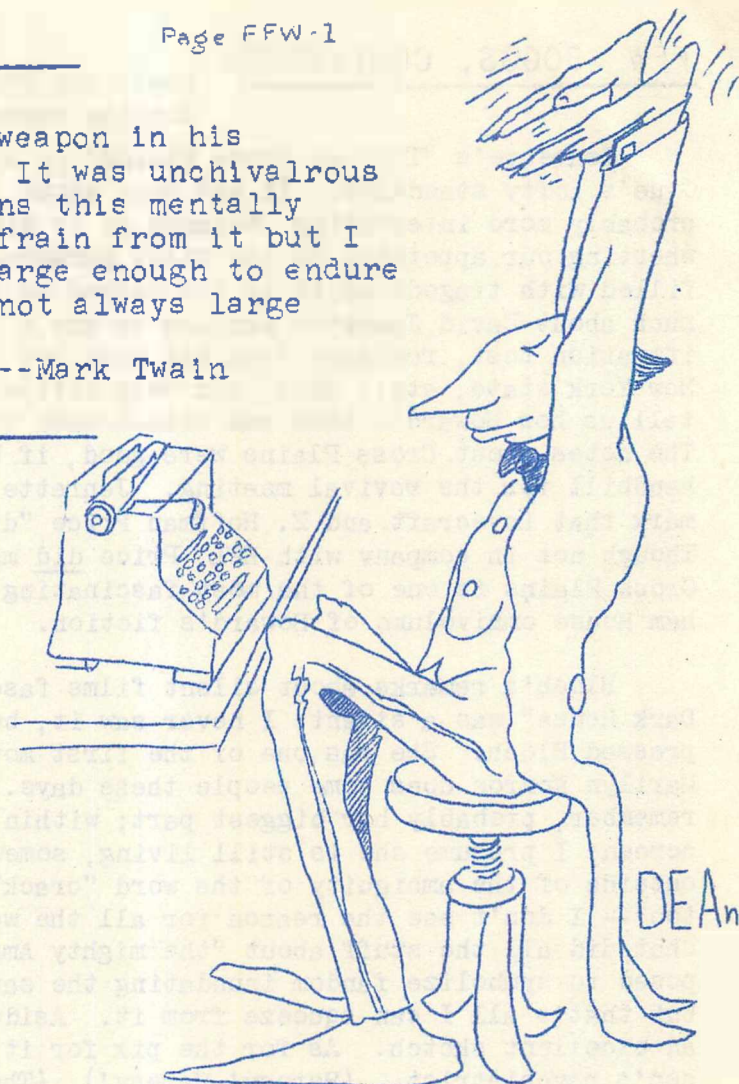


"He hadn't a single intellectual weapon in his armory and could not fight back. It was unchivalrous in me to attack with mental weapons this mentally weaponless man, and I tried to refrain from it but I couldn't. I ought to have been large enough to endure his vanities but I wasn't. I am not always large enough to endure my own."

--Mark Twain

# THE FICKLE FINGER WRITES

being letters from the  
readers and stuff like  
that



In the fourth issue of Len J. Moffatt's Science Fiction Parade the results of a contest which ran in the previous issue showed that Grue's letter-column had been voted top department in a fanzine (with "The Fallen Mighty" running second). Since the editorial role here is principally that of copyist, I think you folks who write these letters should stand up and take a bow. Thanks to all concerned.

No one expressed great curiosity but, for the record, the introductory paragraph last time ("Bolivia extemporizes mackerel," etc.) came from Mark Twain's Roughing It. It purported to be a transcript of some of Horace Greeley's ("Hevace Eveeløj") handwriting. Just thought you'd like to know.

Some of the best letters to come in since last issue have, alas, been lost or have strayed away in the interim (a spot midbetween seraphim and cherubim). I regret this and can offer no excuse save that hard as I try they seem to get lost anyhow. I made a special point of filing away this first letter since it was the first one received commenting on last issue. Came December and I decided to start in on this department but do you suppose I could find that letter? Not on your Lifebuoy. It wasn't till March when I got out the folder for data relating to income tax that I found, in smug juxtaposition, the folder containing the letter from:

REDD BOGGS, 2209 HIGHLAND PLACE, N.E.,  
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINNESOTA, U.S.A. 9 OCT 56

{...} First of all, I recollect that I neglected to comment on Grue #27 till the season was

past, and I'd like to compensate for this by three-dotting comments on Grue #28 right now.

Jenrette's "Trip to Cross Plains" is mildly interesting, but not, I feel, up to Grue's lofty standards. It was more about Jenrette than Robert E. Howard; Jenrette is probably more interesting, because he is still alive if for no other reason, but after whetting our appetites in the first paragraph ("The story of Robert E. Howard, so filled with tragedy as it is, interested me deeply..."), I was disappointed to find so much about David Jenrette and how he got a "perfect score" on his aviation cadet qualification test, resigned from his position as PSFS secretary, froze to death in upper New York state, etc., etc., and very little about Robert E. Howard. He doesn't even tell us how Howard's life was filled with tragedy, except that "he had few friends." The notes about Cross Plains were good, if brief and general -- best thing was the handbill for the revival meeting. Jenrette gives the wrong impression with his remark that Lovecraft and E. Hoffman Price "did not make the journey" to Cross Plains. Though not in company with HPL, Price did make the journey and his reminiscence of Cross Plains is one of the most fascinating things in Skull-face and Others, the Arkham House omnivolume of Howard's fiction.

Bloch's remarks about silent films fascinated me. I don't know whether "The Old Dark House" was a silent; I never saw it, but I remember Gloria Stuart, who so impressed Bloch. She was one of the first movie actresses who ever affected me like Marilyn Monroe does some people these days. I saw her in "Gold-diggers of 1935," I remember, probably her biggest part; within two years she was gone forever -- from the screen; I presume she is still living, somewhere. ... "The Crack in the Ceiling": outside of the ambiguity of the word "crack" -- for obviously the patient was cracked, too -- I don't see the reason for all the wordage about that feature of the room. What did all the stuff about "the mighty Amazon flowing, flowing" mean? Was it supposed to symbolize fandom inundating the sane mundane world? Seems hardly probable, but that's all I can squeeze from it. Aside from this minor non-sequitur, this was an excellent sketch. As for the pix for it, I preferred your fan-patient to Patterson's psychiatrist. (Heresy! Heresy!) {The Patterson illo was one I adapted from some the Lyons's sent me after previously using them in Howard's magician fanzine. It hadn't been done specifically to fill a spot -- in fact, I reversed it right-for-left in tracing -- whereas the pic of the faaan was custom drawn. I'm certain I couldn't have drawn the psychiatrist a quarter so well}.

The Gnurrery Rhymes this time were less amusing than the originals of Gertrude Stein, whose automatic-writing technique seems to have set the style for this stuff. How about some rimes in the Lewis Carroll mode, where nonsensical incidents are described -- for even "Jabberwocky," unlike these verses, tells of happenings and does not consist entirely of wacky word play. Best thing in this department was the name "Anna Superhist."

I've no particular comment on Es Cole's article, except that I liked it. Well, I could remark that even in Gestype, typing that's not spaced between paragraphs and is indented only three spaces to begin paragraphs is kind of hard to read. (I note that in this issue paragraphs are indented three, four or five spaces, or indented not at all. Such inconsistencies crawl into my synapses and curdle, but not as painfully as some people think. Nevertheless, I think you ought to make up a style book, or use the one you have.) ... "Harristuff" should be, and probably would be, credited to Chuck by the FAPA secretary without your request. Though I'm stunned that Harris enjoys "I Love Lucy," all this was fine stuff. ... So was "Belfasters" -- does John Berry mind the virtual lack of byline? {His name appeared at both ends of the article, which's about as much's a person can expect...far, far more byline than he'd get in, say, the New Yorker. Besides, everybody knows who does "Belfasters."} -- about which my only comment is that any words which are embroidered are in a sort of Braille, aint they? ... "Captain Satan" installment of "The Fallen Mighty": let's hope the



law wouldn't be so cruel as to clap a blind beggar in jail for possessing stolen money -- the serial number of which he couldn't read. While this wasn't up to the instalment about The Shadow, it was one of the better things in the issue, and I liked it even better than "The Armadillo Muddles Through."

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I don't remember Model A Fords in dealers' showrooms, but that's because I neglected to look for them, I suppose. I remember our old Maxwell (later purchased by Jack Benny) and the purchase of our new Whippet in 1927. Gads, how the motor purred, and how the paint and chrome glittered, as we drove up to the lake in it the first day, cruising at a snailly 30 mph to break in the motor gradually. ... When we bought our first radio in 1929, we bought a Westrad with an enclosed speaker. When some of my playmates first saw it, they declared it was an earphones model, not comparable with the radio in their house, because they saw it didn't have a speaker on top. ... The best idea Heinlein had for revising that paragraph about the mechanized roads was the one he used (or McComas and Healy used) in Adventures in Time and Space: he left out the dates altogether, thereby defying Korzybski who'd solemnly intoned, "for the sake of sanity, date." ... If you think reading old newspapers is fun for the thrill of traveling in time to a bygone era, consider the fun a reader of Grue #28 has: he can go back to March or April 1956 by reading the early pages, then travel forward to September and October 1956 by continuing on to the pages in back. ... Was "cake-eater" "an epithet of scorn and opprobrium"? {I said "epithet" but don't let's quibble} At last I understand the humor of a caption I read 20 years ago or more. It was in the Big Little Book version of Tom Mix's "Terror Trail." The final still showed him with a piece of cake in each hand and was captioned, "A two-fisted cake-eater." Well, now I can chuckle over it, after all these years. A two-fisted cake-eater! Hyuk-yuk. {I'm left with the vague impression that "cake-eater" imputed qualities of harmless but unlaudable milk-soppery to the namee; believe there was once a comic-strip or something called "Conrad Cake-Eater" though I can't say if the strip gave rise to the slang or vice-versa --- any reader know?} ... I think the Long family still rules Louisiana, despite the unlamented end of the Kingfish. I once wrote a poem hailing the fact that Huey Long had relatives who carried on for him, and Old Gene had young Herman Talmadge to take over the red clay empire of Georgia, but that -- alas -- poor Adolf Hitler had no kinfolk or offspring who'd pick up his fallen torch. {How about Bilbo and Vito Marcantonio?} ... You might have mentioned that Robert Penn Warren's novel All the King's men was based on Huey Long's career. {I could have but that would have denied readers uncountable the harmless and wholesome pleasure of telling me about it. If a fan-ed plugs all those inviting little chinks he gets sweet Fanny Adams for comment.} ... It is indeed disheartening to hear that Mussolini didn't make the railroads run on time after all. As far as dictators go, he was sort of lovable, in contrast to Hitler or Stalin, and I have always nourished the hope that when the last trumpet blew and Benito was called before the throne of judgement to answer for his

FFW WILD, CONTINUED/

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Ruth E. Landis, London Trip Fund Secretary-Treasurer,  
251 West 102nd Street, New York 25, N. Y., U. S. of A.

It is not allowed for me to give further dope on the plane rates in this publication but Ruth will gladly send you full particulars upon request and if you're not sufficiently interested to write her you're not apt to be going anyway. And to judge from past experience, the mere printing of Ruth's address is going to give some hasty readers the idea that she wrote this letter. This she did not do. On both ends of the editorial parentheses ({}) the speaker is still Roberta Wild. Grennell here stops and returns the microphone to her. Clear?}

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sins, he could at least plead, "I made the railroads run on time." Now I'm afraid that he will have to stand silent when he is asked; "What good did you accomplish?" {I suspect the impression that Musso was a likeable, if blundering oaf stems less from Benno's actions than from Jack Oakie's portrayal of him in Chaplin's "The Dictator." Now you can utter-well crrrrush me by saying you never saw that picture.}

"Fickle Finger" fascinates. For a cavil in the matter of faith healers, mentioned by Dave Jenrette, see Campbell's editorial in the August ASF. ... Few Protestant ministers "preach goodness"; they declare that you must believe. Goodness comes in some mysterious way when you believe, and not before. ... Don't miss Oral Roberts if he is on TV in your neck of the woods, if you want to see a "Divine Extortionist in action whom you can easily turn off when he becomes too sickening. He is smoother than this fellow Jenrette tells about, but still puke-inducing. ... What reason is there for publishing the paragraph about FAPA in Jean Linard's letter? {I thought some of the other readers might like to know. Some of the finest recruits for FAPA still come from Grue's readership.} ... Enjoyed WAW's letter about Baby Willis; I read it before, when I was in FdL in March, but still loved it. ... My letter should prove the error of pushing me down before a typewriter all unaware and asking me to be witty. {Modesty will get you nowhere}. Tsk.

Another writer known to fantasy aficionados who died recently was Walter Karig, author of Zotz!. He was better known as a mundane novelist and, like Fletcher Pratt, was a naval historian. He also wrote some of the X Bar X Boys books I used to dote on as a kid. I was sorry to hear of Alex Raymond's death, since I'd always admired "Jungle Jim" and "Flash Gordon" in the days when he was drawing them, and remember well "Secret Agent X-9," too. You might ask Rick Sneary where his "I Remember Flash Gordon" appeared; I can't remember exactly, but it was a really fine reminiscence of Flash Gordon, especially in the Alex Raymond era. The fact that two King Features cartoonists were put out of action in one traffic mishap is sobering: King Features will probably pass a regulation forbidding two cartoonists from riding together. Maybe FAPA should follow suit. Think how dangerous it is when Agberg or I visit Fond du Lac and ride in your Olds. Would FAPA ever recover if DAG, Eney, and I had been killed last spring on the way down to buy a spiriduplicator? {For sure, we'd've not}.

I've always been keenly puzzled as to why anybody would regard Ollie M. James with the awe of a McCain for a Bloch, but this was a beauty of a jollie. ... William Rotsler is eccentric to the near verge of virtue. ... I agree with you that Freas is the best sf illustrator at the moment {Rotsler doesn't}--he hasn't much competition, outside of Emsh -- but I also agree with Silverberg that the van Dongen pix for Agberg or Robert Randall stories have been pretty good. Report ends.

Redd

HARRY WARNER, JR.,  
303 BRYAN PLACE,  
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

5 NOV 56

Dear Dean:

This is the first that I'd heard of temporary panties for the Marilyn Monroe calendars. {Me too. I think Chuck was referring to these jobs one occasionally sees hung up in the more bashful garages where they have over-printing in black ink; definitely non-removable...I imagine}. But the thing that impresses me is the art work that the motion picture companies are permitted to use to lure the public into their cinema houses. The newspaper for which I work is almost pathologically cautious about publishing news pictures that might cause ministers or nice old ladies to complain. But the publicity stills that come from the theaters are used, no matter how clearly the girl may be shown in a position specifically designed for rape or how obviously a couple is copulating while in an embrace,

Somewhat along these lines are your remarks on Mark Twain. Apparently you aren't



aware of the great literary warfare that has lasted for ten years or longer, over Mark Twain's real nature. Van Wyck Brooks started it with "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," which contends that those "d--ns" that are so frequent in his works are the symbol of the whole writer: A tremendously great writer who was censored and bowdlerized by his friends and well-wishers into something much less than he might have been. I don't subscribe to this theory in whole, but I'm very much interested in Twain and there's undoubtedly a lot of truth behind it. His wife, for instance, was in the habit of going over his latest work, page by page, and scratching out the things she feared might offend too many people for the strength of language. {You ever read Bernard De Voto's "Mark Twain in Eruption"?} One of his best friends was a minister who apparently used his gifted tongue to persuade the writer to be a little careful what he said. Sometimes it's easy to guess what had happened. Remember the incident in "Tom Sawyer" when the boy moons under his girl friend's window until her parents throw a bucket of water onto him to chase him away? Back in the last century, no house in Hannibal, Mo., would have had a bucket of water handy on the second story; it's perfectly obvious that Mark Twain simply wasn't allowed to write the true description of what came out that window. {Gardylloo!} In other cases, the original has been preserved for comparison with the published version of his stories. Censorship can be seen in its silliest form in "Tom Sawyer" in the episode of the dog that gets pinched by a beetle in church; the original told of how the dog's rear end got bitten, and that was too strong for the author's friends.

I'm no expert on 19th century literary remains, but I imagine that there must be quite a bit of undiluted profanity in such places as published correspondence and diaries. Remember that we might not recognize all the profanity. What looks like a slang term might be a really violent bit of cussing. It all depends on what you've grown up with. John Marquand's "B.F.'s Daughter" sounded like a completely harmless title in this country, but it had to be changed in England, because of different connotations in that nation. {Explanations of that must come direct from Harry as it beats me. Does this mean I should scratch out those dreadful letters on copies going to the U.K.?}

... Whoops, I didn't finish on censorship. Have you heard the original version of "The Yellow Rose of Texas" and the watered-down words that are generally sung to it? Next time a radio station in your area plays the National Gallery of "The Confederacy" would be a good place to hear how it should be sung. {Huh? Next time you sweep up the room, look around to see if a slug of type fell out of that letter}

Yrs., &c.,  
Harry

ROBERTA WILD,  
204, WELLMEADOW ROAD,  
CATFORD, LONDON S.E.6,  
ENGLAND, U. K. 28 JAN 57

Dear Dean:

{...} I am Secretary of the London Convention Committee and looking down my list of members for this year I see you are not on it. As you probably know, it's a dollar for membership and a dollar entrance fee to the Convention. Would you like to be a member? If so, I'll pay your fee and you let me have a dollar's worth of Grue. If not, I'll send you the dollar and we're all happy. {I'd sooner swap for VAGARY, one of the best OMPazines I've yet seen}.

By the way, I wonder if you could pass on some Con news to any fen you know are interested in coming over here for it? The Royal hotel has been cancelled and I have booked another near Hyde Park. This one has a residents' bar that is open 24 hours a day, a portable cocktail bar that goes round the ground floor and no restrictions on parties. The manager and his wife speak six languages between them and the Continental staff have a working knowledge of three more. The hotel has a stack of letters praising its food and what's more we have the whole of the hotel to ourselves. Travellers cheques and foreign currency can be changed at the hotel (its bank is Barclays), but there are several banks nearby. And if we do get a planeload of Amerifen, the hotel will arrange for coaches to meet them at the airport and bring them direct to the hotel.

FFW WILD, CONTINUED/

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FTW Page 7 Editorial updating:/ Suddenly, as if by a giant hand, the summer of 1957 has done up and fled. It is the twelfth of November as our programs continue and I'm as aghast as you are if not more so at the obsolescence of the foregoing. The London convention is one with Nineveh and Tyre, South Gate in '58 is the thing now and if I don't get with it and close up the book that will be ancient history too. Without further ado, here's a reader with a question that should have been asked last issue or the one before only I couldn't find his letter that time.

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd Avenue, Dalton, Georgia. (2 Aug '56) ... First off - having this day received a pound can of tobacco I'm enjoying my pipe (which I smoke when no cigarets are available) and have started letters going out inquiring anent back numbers of DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE that you asked me about in a recent letter. I've asked Eva Firestone to put in a plug regarding them, and natch--what else?--I'm going to ask for a free ad in your magazine...a single sentence...here it is:

If anyone knows the address of Margaret Stoddard who attended the convention will they please forward same to me? I need it to get off a very uncomfortable hot spot that I was unable to avoid at Cleveland.

Sincerely, Bob

So okay, Old Robert...bet you thought I'd clean forgot, um? If you knew how I ransacked the place here looking for that letter when I was putting out last issue --and how I muttered when I found it right after the thing was all buttoned up! Hope someone knows the Stoddard address and writes it to you. And thanks for inserting the note in the NSF OO or wherever about the DSMags for me. The next letter is more recent in vintage and bears upon a matter I consider of some importance. I've debated whether or not to publish it and decided to do so on grounds that it will help re-assert the existence of someone I, for one, would hate to do without. I was more than a little shocked to read in Dave Jenrette's magazine (QUELLE HORREURS) that Alan Dodd was a hoax and did not exist. Supposedly he was a fabrication of Ron Bennett and the Jenrettes. I found this hard to believe because I've had quite a correspondence with Alan off and on and his letters were quite unlike the occasional note I've had from Bennett or those of Jenrette's. I mentioned this to Buck Coulson for whose magazine (YANDRO) Alan produces a regular column. Reply follows:

R & J COULSON, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana. 11 Oct 57 Probably most of your letter will get answered in YANDRO, but a complete explanation of the "Dodd Hoax" would take up more room than we can spare. Actually, my solution of the problem is mostly deduction, as Jenrette didn't tell me just why he published the "hoax", but I think I can make a good guess. First, Dodd is an actual person. A few British fans have met him --- Bennett, at least, possibly Chuck Harris, and the Jenrettes. The thing is, he seems to be painfully shy....apparently the Jenrettes invited him up to see them, first; he kept making excuses for not coming, until they gave up and descended on him. Which is apparently the only way he can be seen --- one has to run him to earth, so to speak. When London got the Worldcon, Dodd began making all sorts of excuses as to why he couldn't attend -- in fact, he had a new excuse in every letter, until Bennett provided him with a good one by making a few acid comments about the hotel picked as a con-site. The actual fact seems to be that he was afraid of encountering that many strangers (even when he knows people very well via letter, he seems frightened at the thought of meeting them in person). So there was a sort of unofficial "get Dodd to the Con" group formed...the Jenrettes wrote me to put on all the pressure I could, and Bennett did his best to persuade him. (Rusty Jenrette seems to feel that Dodd would become better adjusted if he actually met a few more people -- or at least, a few fans). The "Dodd Hoax" in QH was, I think, a last desperate effort at blackmailing him into attending the con -- incidentally, it didn't work. This is part guess work, but Indifandom contains a personality much like Dodd's in James Adams, ("Go to the Midwestcon? With all those people?") so I'm pretty sure my guessing is right. And you notice that the final "proof" of the hoax was the item that Dodd

FW Page 8 Coulsons/ "won't be at the Worldcon". {I prefer to withhold any opinions I may have on the matter, at least until such time as I possess more data than at present. However I'd like to stress that, like Boyd Raeburn, Alan Dodd really exists and is not a hoax-creature such as Joan W. Carr. Having attended one Midwestcon myself, I can see a degree of justification for Adams' question.}

My own acquaintance with Alley Oop is rather casual --- I must confess that I never correlated "Dr. Wonnug" with Einstein. Juanita wants to know if you have any information about Oscar Boom. She is an Alley Oop fan from the days when her mother read her the strip, apparently. {I read the strip from the days when Hamlin first commenced it, back in the mid-thirties. Boom's full name was given as G. Oscar Boom and he was originally introduced as an explosives expert ... G. O. Boom or "go boom," which is what explosives do, after all. Does anyone besides me dig Dick Cavalli's fairly new and very good strip called "Morty Meekle"? --dag}

Got something {continues Coulson} in the mail today called THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY, put out by Bob Leman, of 2701 South Vine Street, Denver 10, Colorado. If you didn't happen to get a copy, write him and ask for one...this is the best thing that has happened to science fiction since DREAM WORLDS folded. Never heard of the guy before, but he either has a personal knack for original humor, or he knows people who have. Items like "I will never assist your wicked designs!" defied the honest stable boy firmly. An angry flush stained the villain's swarthy countenance. "Curse you, Roland Densmore!" he sneered evilly. "You will live to rue the day..." And so forth, for a whole page. Wonderful. Only 6 pages altogether, but those 6 are worth getting. {Got it and agree a hunnert%. I liked the part where the villain got on his hoss and "galloped savagely away"...hoog!} Yours, Buck

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DICK ELLINGTON, 98 Suffolk Street, Apt. #3A, New York 2, NY 10 Oct 57/ ... Have also had to shelve the projected firstish of FIJAGH (guess the title and win a free box of Guava Jelly) tho actually did get a good part of it dummied. Have stumbled across some real crazy bit about Jack London and may end up even getting out some sort of sercon article with all sorts of flippish bits of historical weirdness concerning his stf writings. Bloch is still puzzled over the derivation of FIJAGH. No true fans in Wisconsin? {Try Janke and Economou} Larry T. Shaw, Boy Genius, guessed it after about five minutes of Mark IV computer work {maybe those were the Big Red Letters On The Cave?} and Pat Scott, Girl Luvverly Fan, in about three weeks, but nobody else has at all. Hoo! Shall shock fandom no end by running bit of radical stuff in there with stfish overtones. May even send G. W. Carr a bit of it and cause her some apoplexy. {Shex, bwah...I thought it was fair rudimentary myself but far be it from me to give away your little puzzle. Better to let Grue's beadyeyed little readers write you with their versions of what it stands for. Burbee should get it in a flash and I'll content myself by suggesting that you have another companion pub called FIWOL....--dag}

Hoo! I got a tape recorder now too. Borrowed Sandy Cutrell's -- he's overseas and planning to pick up new one cheap there. Would like to have access to some of these yummy tapes I hear about but naturally, now that I got a taper, they have all somehow disappeared from human ken.

Alors, Dick

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Georgina Ellis, 1428 - 15th St., East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. 24 Apr 57/My mail, incoming & outgoing, for the last few months has been mainly mundane high school lessons which I'm taking by correspondence. This keeps me so frantic that I can write you only a postcard ('postcard' yet--how unfannish) at present, but when I've finished my exams (or they finish me, as the case may be) I should be frothing with fannishness. Faunching for the summer cuz have recently met couple oddballs, and have attended seance (or something), & done other things which should be quite writeable for zines and



FFW Page 9 G Ellis/ letters. In the meantime, I must grub away at coefficients-of-friction and other dull things. I should have dropped you a note in reply to your letter--please excuse my laxity. You'll prolly get an interminable letter from me this summer after I'm free from this self-imposed bondage of study. I was crazy to start it, but that means I'm just keeping in character. Thanks for telling me about the pb edition of Bob Tucker's book...will keep an eye out for it. Would luv to help found this "small exclusive club" (lovely phrase) of people who have met themselves in Tucker-books. (A doppel-gang). (Doppelgange). What will we do when we get together? Write a book about a mad scientist named Tucker??

Dutch

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Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland; 30 Jan 57/

There were some very fine things in the last Grue, but I suppose it's too late to write a letter of comment destined for publication, {hoo-hah!} so I'll just say I especially appreciated the new-style description of ice-cream, the query about Eric and Ron {"Name some shows they've been in"}, the "thank goodness for that" interjection in Linard's letter (lots of vulgar things are quite All Right in French aren't they? I've never quite recovered from finding out that the name of a kind of light pastry "Pet de Nonne" is quite respectable. {...} Vive la France", the explanation about the sloping interlineation and the phonograph telescope {see page 7 of this issue for more on that one}. No, I didn't read right through Grue again. These bits are marked with a reverent cross.

Interesting that you should quote that bit about the henhouse lad, because it so happens I know all about it since it is my job to. Most of that stuff about him roosting like a chicken was just a cock & bull story but it is true that he couldn't walk or talk and his limbs were twisted. This was on account of undernourishment, lack of sunlight and untreated rickets. His mother had hid him from the neighbours because her husband died 12 years ago. {The news account gave his age as "about 7"}. She got three years in prison. The boy, Kevin Halpenny is his name, is being well cared for by nuns in a Home just outside Belfast.

Fascinating about the blowpipes. {Blowguns: 6'x3/4" aluminum tubes with which a windy operator can drive a cork-and-piano-wire dart through an inch board with excellent accuracy, hitting a playing card at thirty feet most of the time}. If I may descend from that to the ridiculous, Irish Fandom went in a big way for a while on some plonker guns that Ken introduced when he was over at Christmas time. You know, kid's toys that fire sucker-tipped darts. {a sort of lolli pop-gun?} John and I were fighting "High Noon" type duels with then one night, holding targets on our stomachs. When John got home that night he found a police car waiting for him. It whisked him off to the wilds of County Fermanagh, where at 3 in the morning he was fingerprinting the corpses of two IRA men who'd been shot in a raid on a police barracks. On the way back they lost their way and were driving for hours on the back roads of that desolate country with guns out and fingers on the trigger, afraid to go slow in case of ambush by the IRA and afraid to go fast for fear of the Special Constables, and not knowing whether they'd strayed over the border or not. {I don't imagine it was funny at the time but every time I read this I get the most ridiculous visualisation of John being cornered by a gang of IRA toughs and he lets drive at one to find, with a sick sinking sensation, that he has forgotten to change over from his plonker gun to his service pistol and the IRA man stands there, with a rubber-tipped dart quivering on his forehead....hah! --dag}

Best, Walt

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William Stavdal, C/o "The Daily Free-Press," Courtenay, B.C., Canada; 18 Nov 56/ {His current address, not that at which letter was written. --dag} While I was with the Free Press, one of my Joe-jobs was to help prepare the "5-10-25-50 years ago today" feature. The Free Press is around 75 years old, but the files older than 50 years have long since disintegrated under ill use. What I wanted to mention was the subtle, intangible difference in outlook you sense as you go through these old papers. It's unnoticeable in any post-war paper, but prior to 1939 a word here and there, a bit of

FFW! Page 10 Stavdal/ slang, any illustration---seems to tell you that the people who read the paper the day it was printed could not be picked up and set down in 1956, quite comfortably. {I trust, Will'm, you don't mind being picked up and set down in 1958? Rotsler, bless the man, sent me some ancient 1935 Hearst Sunday comic sheets the other day and one really croggled me: "The Time Top" by William Ritt & Clarence Cray, who also did "Brick Bradford," had a character who exclaimed, "April, don't be alarmed. But this isn't 1935! We've been transported into the past!" Jean and I are taking a Civil defense course as Auxiliary Police--Hi Berry!--and they showed us a pretty ughsome training film the other night on the Texas City disaster of April, 1947 and the general scenes of undevastated areas brought home with force the fact that 1947 was quite a while back already...the old cars, the old clothes and all. --dag} Hard to get across, possibly, but I think you'd understand if you could get papers of 1906, 1920, 1930 and 1940 side by side. There is the aura of the past about them, and when you read a 1906 account of a trial, or a 1905 headline on an attempt on Czar Nicholas' life, you get a slightly greater realization of why we are what we are today.

While I think of it--that assasination attempt was really amusing--to the disinterested observer. Seems Nicholas and family were waving to the rabble from a Kremlin parapet on some state occasion. Whole gang of cannon were firing salutes---all but one. This one was loaded with scrap iron, and pointed at the royal household. Cut a swath through the retainers, as I remember, but Nick escaped unscathed to meet a like fate a few years later.

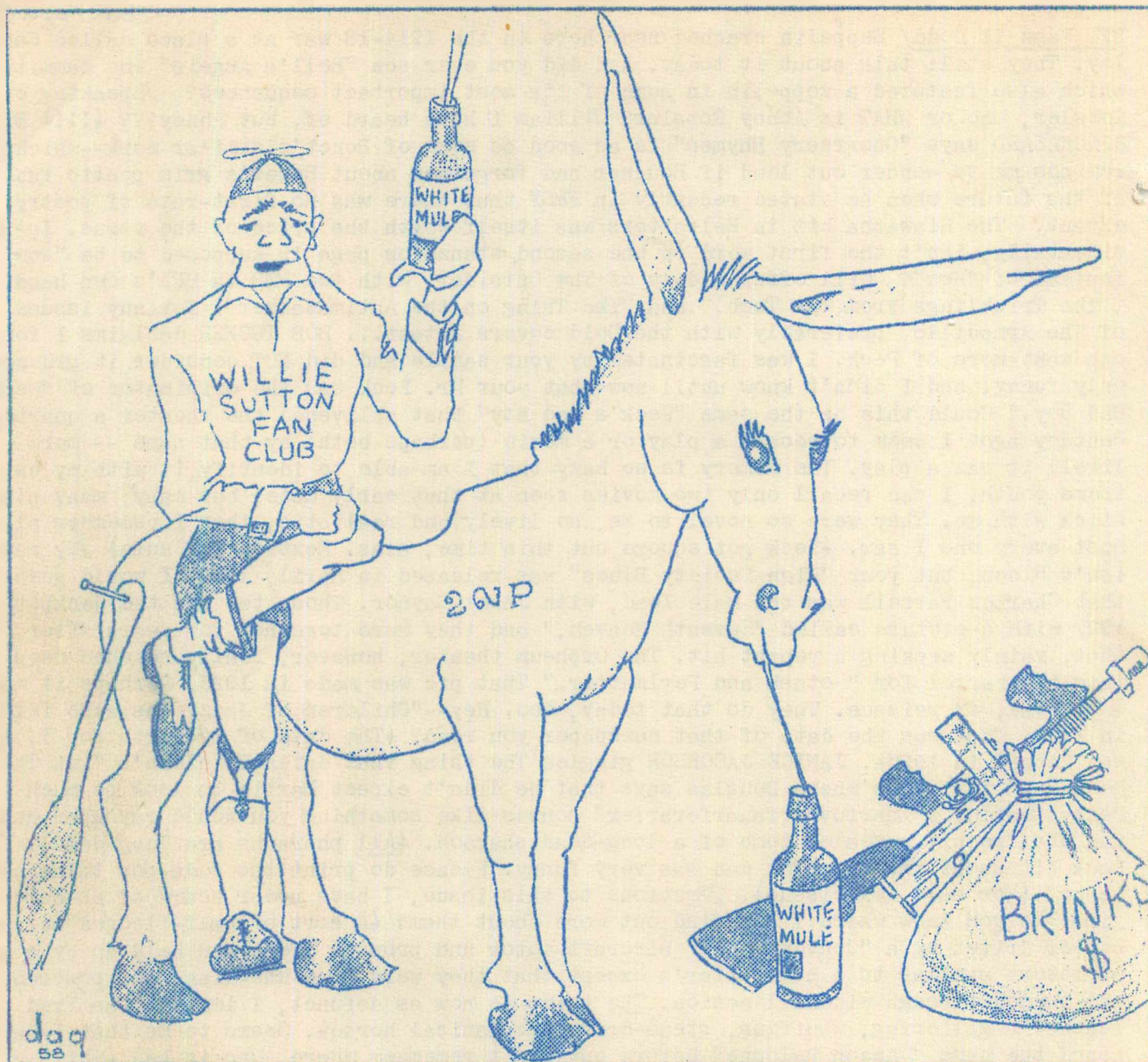
Furshlugginerly, Bill

One thing never changes: get to last page or so, have to omit addresses & compress the quotes. Ehen! Ole Eric Needham sez: In them days...we couldn't very well afford movies, but odd times we did get lots of old celluloid film given to us to look at--in theory--but we used to stuff it all into a tight-fitting can with a hole in the lid, and light it. The sheer amount of evil-smelling smoke produced by half a pound of celluloid film was a source of constant wonder and delight, as was the series of ear-splitting detonations from a mixture of potash and sulphur rolled into pellets in cigarette foil and laid on the street-car lines. Good, clean fun, it was. What can you do with a space-communicator-disintegrator flashlight? {You want I should tell you??} This degenerate age...half the kids these days don't even know how to make packlocks from sardine-can openers. And they call it education. Pocey! ARCHIE MERCER: Page 35--your mention of library card-indexes. Ever looked in the Don Daybook? The titles section, beginning with Abdication--afterglow through such beauties as Indigestible--invaders and Mister-moon (shades of Tin Pan Alley!) to World-yesterday's. Now comes your European Map. Honoured as I am to find my place of residence chosen for inclusion, I can't but help thinking--what's become of Liverpool? Leeds? Harrogate? Leicester? Walsoken (near Wisbech)? Trowbridge? And in London, surely the most important district of all: Catford? {search me} ERIC RENTCLIFFE {pron. "Urrk Bungkl'f" by some} adds: Dean, suh, however did you make a map of Fannish Europe and leave out Stockport and Romiley...not to mention Lr Richmond Grove...the best brothel area in the North. {But it wasn't a brothel-map!} I have to advise you that the Carlton Avenue Mob and myself are taking this slur most serio usly and that you can expect repercussions almost any time. {Sowwy!} JIM HARMON reveals: This may disillusion you but Capt. Satan changed his character completely--he evolved (or degenerated) into "a two-fisted captain of the New York Police Department" who gave crooks no quarter"--at least according to an ad I saw in one of the other old Popular pulps. Apparently another case of reformation like Boston Blackie and the Cisco Kid. P HOWIE LYONS confesses: I think I went gafia a year ago but I can't tell till the swelling goes down. BILL MORSE consoles: Don't let Dodd kid you--we have a heavyweight film censorship ourselves. When Brando's "Wild One" appeared on our sunny shores, it was shut out of almost every movie theatre in the country, and there have been many other films given the same treatment, while the outpourings of Mucky Spleen got through without trouble. And I'll be damned if I can think what Dodd expected to be cut from "Sheep Has Five Legs" by the US Censors. Or was he just trying to start a fight? {Quien sabe?} ALAN DODD is wondering: I didn't know any country had a world monopoly on a gas like helium. Can't anyone make it if they have the formula? {He<sub>2</sub>--there you are, have a bash at it!} I remember a



FFW Page 11 Dodd/ Zeppelin crashed near here in the 1914-18 war at a place called Cuffley. They still talk about it today. And did you ever see "Hell's Angels" {no dammit} which also featured a zeppelin in some of its most important sequences? #Speaking of Rotsler, Who or WHAT is Abney Rotsler? William I have heard of, but Abney??? {!!!} BILL BLACKBEARD says "Gnurrery Rhymes" is as good as some of Benet's similar work--which reminds me to wonder out loud if Boucher had forgotten about Benet's grim poetic fables of the future when he stated recently in F&SF that there was no first-rate sf poetry extant. The Hiawatha bit in Belfasters was itself worth the price of the issue. Incidentally, isn't the first word in the second stanza on page 19 supposed to be "Now" instead of "How"? Will offer a copy of The Outsider, with two MSS in HPL's own hand ("The Tricklings From the Tomb," and "The Thing on the Antimacasser") for any issues of The Armadillo, preferably with the Dold covers intact... BOB TUCKER declaims I for one want more of Peck. I was fascinated by your sample and did NOT consider it gruesome, only funny. And I didn't know until now that your Mr. Peck was the originator of "Peck's Bad Boy." Could this be the same "Peck's Bad Boy" that enlivened the theater a quarter-century ago? I seem to recall a play or a movie (perhaps both) by that name -- more likely it was a play. The memory is so hazy that I am able to identify it with my extreme youth. I can recall only two movies seen at that early date, but many, many plays stick with me. They were so novel to me, so lively and realistic, that I remember almost every one I saw. {Peck got squeeze out this time, alas. Nextish for sure} #My name isn't Bloch, but your "High Society Blues" was released in April, 1930. I would guess that Charles Farrell was the male lead, with Janet Gaynor. Those two hit the jackpot in 1927 with a picture called "Seventh Heaven," and they were together for years after that, vainly seeking a repeat hit. The Orpheum theater, however, really reached deep into the barrel for "Potash and Perlmutter." That pic was made in 1923. Perhaps it was a revival, or reissue. They do that today, too. Hey--"Children of Jazz" was also filmed in 1923. What was the date of that newspaper you read? {The date of my birth for I, too, was issued in 1923}. JANICE JACOBSON giggles The thing that dates Heinlein's "Let There Be Light" for me is where Douglas says that he didn't expect Martin to look so much like Betty Grable. #{"Anarfuvnarfanarferarfer" sounds like something you would say upon entering the freshly unsealed tomb of a long-dead pharaoh. {All pharaohs are long-dead}. The Peck bit about the mournful man was very funny. Please do print the soda-pop thing next issue. {For sure next issue}. #Previous to this issue, I have never heard of an autogiro. Do you know where I can find out more about them? {A sort of half-fledged helicopter driven by a "Conventional" aircraft motor and prop in front and held up by a set of rotors similar to a helicopter's except that they were free-wheeling, not powered, and turned through windmill action. The thing is now as defunct, I imagine, as Fred Fearnot's galloping, whuffing, steam-driven mechanical horse}. Seems to me that I have heard the name "Cheech Beldone" before but can't remember where. Who is he? {Phil "Cheech" Beldone was the penname applied by "The Lowdown" a Confidential-type ragazine, to an article written by Our Own Harlan Ellison. Actually, they threw out Harlan's article and wrote a fresh (wrong word, make it "different") article, paying him \$100 mainly, I guess, for the use of his picture. The Oct55 ish of Idn is today feverishly sought-after by Ellison completists and I am holding my supply till the quotes reach \$100 at which time I shall unload and glut the market}. One minor correction: Cows don't secrete milk {Check your Webster's; I still think they do}. If ice-cream is really Artificially Sweetened Cow-Secretions Dessert, I am going to stop eating it (a thing I should have done long ago, in any case). Rory Faulkner sighs Grue 28 came at a very opportune time, at that. My home was being invaded just then by a "Jehovah's Witless" whom my innate courtesy would not permit me to brush off by means of the garden hose or a hot-foot. So I invited the good dame in for a nice cup of tea, and gave her your magazine to look at, hoping it would distract her attention long enough to keep her from seeing me inject a dose of weed-killer into the pot. It did. After reading a few pages she laid it down cautiously, gave me an uncertain and terrified look and said she must really be getting along. So I am not a murderess after all, thanks to Grue! ##{So I guess this will have to be it for this issue and my sincere regrets that I couldn't've got more into it. What I regretfully had to leave out of here would make another issue. In fact, it probably will.}

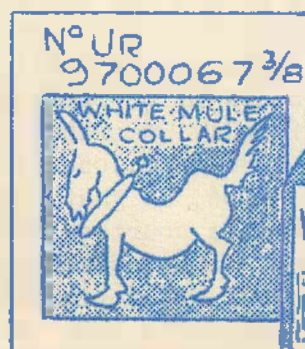




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