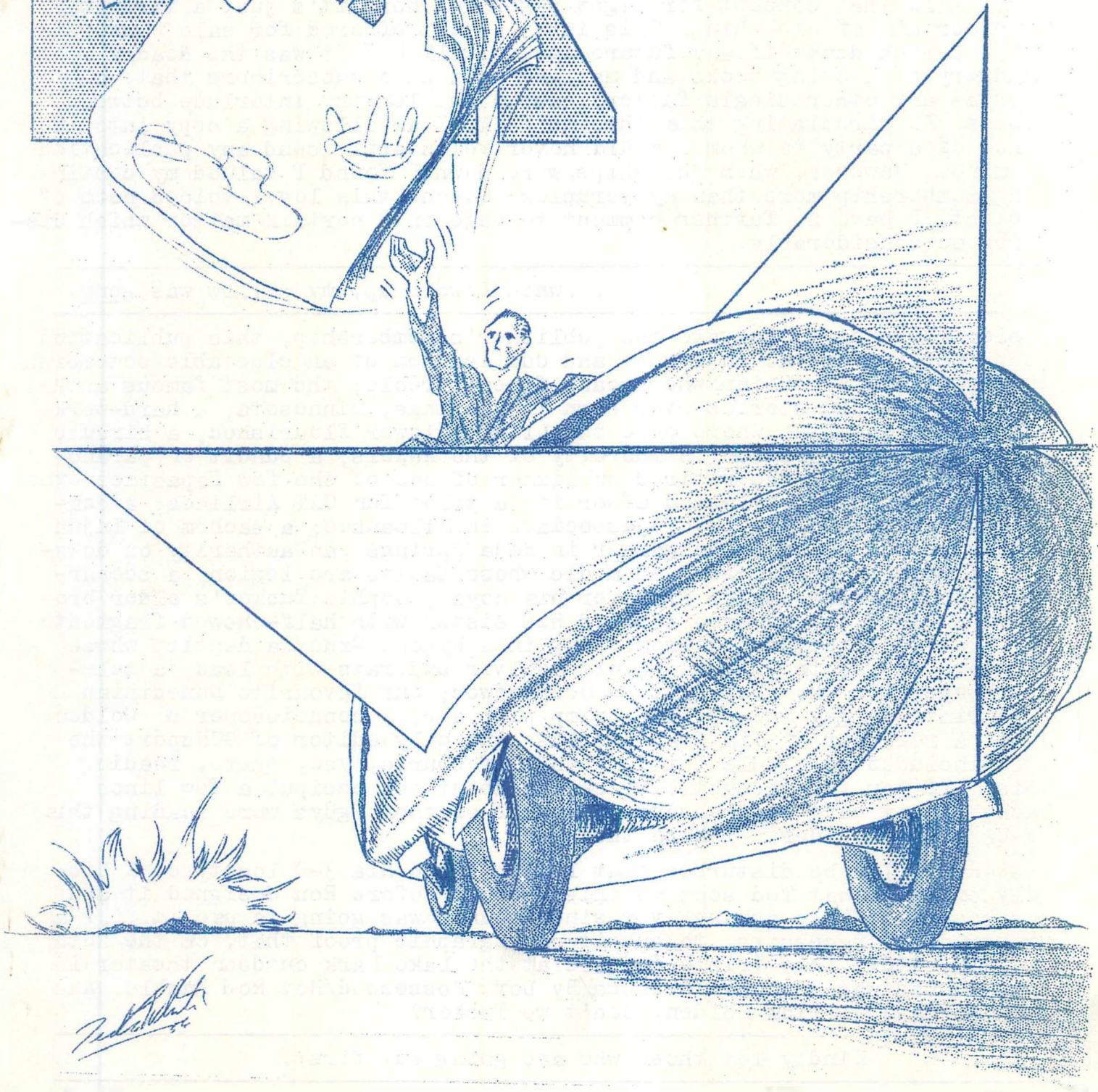
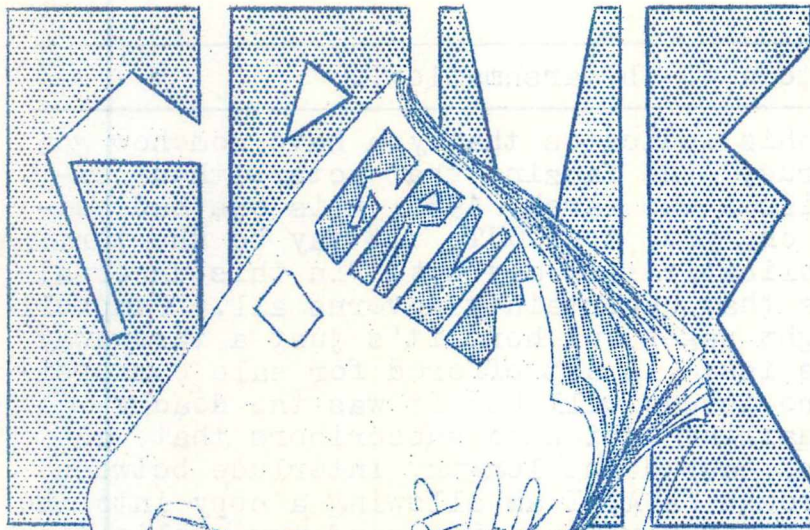


Dean A. Grennell  
Aug. 1962  
FAPA-100



*Dean A. Grennell*  
8/62



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Last night I dreamed I ate a 40-lb marshmallow...

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The fact that you are reading this indicates that you have somehow got a copy of the 30th issue of "Grue," the fanzine that acts without embarrassing urgency. Our last issue was March, 1958; this one had better be August, 1962, else I am oh, you, tee: OUT. It may be the terminal issue of this precarious publication; it may not. In this uncertain world, the only certain rule is that uncertainty governs all. Campbell could milk that concept for eight pages but here it's just a throwaway. I am certain of one thing: This issue is not offered for sale commercially. I much doubt if any future issues will be. It was the deadly drudgery of keeping books and mailing copies to subscribers that, as much as any other single factor, caused the lengthy interlude between issues. In circulating this through FAPA, I am allowing a copy into the hands of a party to whom I would never voluntarily send any publication of mine. However, when the chips were down I found I valued my continuing membership more than my scruples. Beyond this level-voiced note of protest, I have no further comment to make on a certain matter which disturbs me considerably.

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...when I woke up, my pillow was gone.

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Besides serving to salvage the publisher's membership, this publication is primarily for the enjoyment and edification of an eluctable ectomorph in Calgary; a Vesoulian who speaks fluent Cr ole; the most famous authority on western stories ever born in Hastings, Minnesota; a hard-working couple who live where once the Little Flower flourished; a hirsute purveyor of pulchritude in the city of the Angels; a pundit of parano-mania in Belfast; the retired publisher of one of the few fapazines ever to have a compact car named after it; a pilot for CAT Airlines; a commodity broker and his lovely associate in Milwaukee; a sachem of Injun Guides in Reseda; a doppelganger in Soda Springs; an authority on dowsing in Bethel Park; a goateed medic whose faults are legion; a scenarist with nicotine stains all over his Royal; Sophie Tucker's older brother, a benedict who once sprayed his sister with half-chewed fragments of baked apple because of something in a bygone Grue; a dentist whose pleasure it was to fill teeth with silver and rats with lead; a telegraph operator who never got to Oconomowoc; our favourite Dunedinian expatriate, a guy who spells shrimp with a c; a connoisseur of Golden Shag; a refiller of Jim Beam bottles; the only editor of GUNsport who ever included my middle initial; and, of course, you, there, reading this. If you felt a subtle prickling about the occiput a few lines back, it may have been because a couple of those guys were reading this over your shoulder. I hope they were.

Best Ron Ellik be disturbed that I didn't use his 3-D logotype, I hastily explain that Ted sent me this stencil before Ron designed it and has been wistfully asking ever since when I was going to use it. I am prepared, if necessary, to submit photographic proof that, on the 26th of July, 1962, the Triple-feature at the Lake Park outdoor theater in Fond du Lac was: Solomon & Sheba/By Love Possessed/Hot Rod Rumble. And then we have William Holden, don't we Tucker?

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Kindly let those who are going out first.

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## A Gnurrseery Rhyme

Somewhere west of Wednesday,  
Where the umber lumber lies  
With its knots all four-in-handled  
And a stake in kidney pies...

--from "Nostalgia for Never-Was,"  
Eldrin Fzot, 1958.

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I must, perforce, commence with the review of a book. I do this because it is a seven-day book and it already is one day past due for return.

The title is SHERLOCK HOLMES OF BAKER STREET, by William S. Baring-Gould. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., of New York, are the publishers. Price is five dollars a copy. It's copyrighted in 1962.

As some of you know, there is a hyperactive coterie of Holmes devotees who, for sheer fanatical absorbtion, make the most rabid sf fan seem pretty blasé by comparison. Mr. Baring-Gould, it would appear, must be at least an arch-beadle of the Holmesian hierarchy, and very likely several jots and a brace of tittles higher than that. At any rate the book at hand displays a degree of loving, scholarly, erudition which is impressive indeed.

What the book purports to be--and who can say it isn't--is a biography of one William Sherlock Scott Holmes. There is a photo of Holmes ("The only one ever taken") on the dust-jacket which I am prepared to believe really is the celebrated sleuth himself. It has a marvelously authentic fin de siècle atmosphere to it, with its faded sepia tone and its Procrustean shallowness of field so characteristic of the painfully heavy exposures necessitated by the lethargic emulsions of that period. The subject manages to look exactly right for Holmes without the aid of such familiar clichés as the calabash pipe or the deerstalker hat, without even so much as a gasogene. Beyond the note, "Jacket Design by Richard Kool," there is no clue as to where the credit lies for this superb job but somebody did themselves real proud.

I am not a rabid Holmes fan although I've owned the complete, one-volume edition of the Holmes saga for upwards of a quarter-century and have read it many times. I like Holmes; it's just that I'm not a fanatic about it (as the actress said to the bishop).

So if you, too, have some interest in the intrepid duo of Holmes and Watson, by all means put this title down as one that should on no account be missed. It is very seldom that I borrow a book from the library and then wind up ordering a copy for my own shelves but this one makes the grade with room to spare.

Expect to find out all sorts of hitherto unrevealed gen that you little dreamed and scarce wotted...who really was Jack the Ripper... what celebrated detective of today may really be the natural son of the Baker Street Regular...what Professor Moriarty was really like...what actually took place there above the Reichenbach Fall. And a minor mystery is added on page 261 with the mention of "the untidy roon on Baker Street." Just as I was fairly certain what a tantalus was, this has to turn up. Exercise your imagination by trying to postulate how long it will be before someone channels this much loving devotion into a book about Mike Hammer.



It is no easy matter to find Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. It is a bucolic hamlet of some 30,000+ people, situated about 60 miles NNW of Milwaukee and perhaps 18 miles SSSE of Oshkosh. However, people have found that finding FdL itself is but a part of the job of tracking the wily Grennell to his lair. Maple Avenue, on which our domicile is number 402, might have been more fittingly called Maple Alley. It is a tiny thoroughfare (one might term it a vented cul-de-sac) running approximately east/west (our streets are mostly laid out on a bias) for two short blocks. It can be reached by Ray St., but don't try that as Ray St. is even harder to find than Maple. Our main link with the outside world is Cottage Avenue, which is no Champs d' Elysée, itself.

People usually reach Fond du Lac (French for "bottom of the lake") via Highway 41, a brawling autobahn which spans between Marquette, Michigan and Miami, Florida. It links with the Chicago Tollway and is four-lane from Chicago to the south edge of Fond du Lac. Soon it will be four-lane to Appleton and beyond. Meantime, the two-lane branch from Fond du Lac north is referred to by the natives as "Suicide Lane," with a small, cold, shudder; be warned and drive accordingly. Highway 23 from the west and Highway 151 from the southwest also feed into 41 at cloverleaf interchanges; so does Highway 175.

So let's assume you're coming in to Fond du Lac on Highway 41. About Halfway around the town you will come to the Highway 23 cloverleaf. Here you want to turn east and strike through the heart of town on 23, which will shortly become West Johnson St. Make a note of the reading on your speedometer (call it the odometer if you wish) just as you turn off of 41 onto H23/West Johnson St. You cross the Fond du Lac "River" (a mangy little creek), then a couple sets of Railroad tracks, and--after 1.9 miles--you cross Main Street. Keep on going straight. After going 2.3 miles from H41, you cross Park Avenue. This will be your second stop-and-go light (the first having been on Main Street; GO STRAIGHT ACROSS PARK AVENUE TOO. Another .3 of a mile--you're now 2.6 from H41--you come to a leftward wend in the road as you approach a church which looks like a barn with stainedglass windows. Make a 90° turn to the right and you will be on COTTAGE AVENUE headed south. Easy on the gas, you're getting close. Go across Ledgeview Avenue and start signalling for a left turn because the next street is Maple Avenue. Turn LEFT (east) off on Cottage and watch for 402 on the right. By the time you get here it will be painted pale green, with a brown roof. It is the next-to-last house on the right side of the road. If there is a snooty white angora she-cat in the driveway giving you a dirty look, you have found the place.

Briefly: East from Highway 41 on Highway 23 (Johnson St) 2.6 miles past two red/green traffic lights to Cottage; turn south and cross one street; turn left (east) on next one; next-to-last house on right

If you fly in, it's easier to find. The southern slope of the roof says "402 Maple Ave., HI!" in letters about eight feet tall. I painted these in a whimsical moment. The roof is quite flat and I thought no one would ever know except for me and a few pilots and birds. However, it turns out that the lettering can be dimly seen, slantwise from about two blocks away and countless people who know me have wanted to know what it says. Knowing me, they suspect something scurrilous, ribald, or both. The general reaction, upon finding out what it says, is one of relieved disappointment.

JDean Grennell

"They call him the Prime Muenster, because he's the Head Cheese."

MEMORIES OF BYGONE GRUE Along through the early and middle fifties, this publication used to maintain a periodicity of one issue every three months, in a word: quarterly. It has been a fairish long while since last issue, March of 1958, if memory serves. The issue before that No.28, was published in October of 1956. It all began a trifle under ten years ago, about the time of the big Chicago Convention of 1952. Grue got its start in rather limited editions. I have hardly any of the early numbers in the files myself. The only one I particularly miss is Grue No.1, which had a cover which I remember as being rather cute. Grue didn't actually make it with real duplicated copies until No. 15, about which the less said, much the better. I cringe at the sight of the damn' thing, even yet. No.18 was the next duplicated issue, being the first one circulated through FAPA, which I joined with the 65<sup>th</sup> mailing, displacing F. Towner Laney, who resigned to devote his time to stamp-collecting; the year was 1953 and Towner had but five years left on this earth, poor guy. My best friend of those days, Gerry Kincannon, had less than two, and --mercifully unaware--he egged me into publishing issues about as fast as I could scrape up money to buy paper. Faster, perhaps; I still recall being in hock to Wegner office supply for as much as fifty bucks sometimes. No.18 was notable, chiefly, for a pithy observation by Bob Bloch (then of Milwaukee, later of Weyauwega and Hollywood) to the effect that "Levity is the soul of wit." The same factory-spun philosopher was later to observe that, "Nothing exceeds like excess."

Grue No.19 boasted a hand-printed lino-block cover which I still recall with a sense of glasseyed horror. It wasn't pretty but it was an ungodly lot of work. Try making 250 separate linoblock impressions by hand sometime and find out what I mean. It appeared in the 66th Mailing for "Winter" of 1953-54. As far as I can ascertain, it was the first publication out of this source to bear the motto, "Caveat Lector." It had a few cartoons and drawings and the first installment of Grue's letter column which was (and still is) called "The Fickle Finger Writes..." ("...and, having writ,/Rants on; nor all your elbow-grease and wit/Can lure praise...cajol a lauding line.../Ghod help you--don't believe a word of it!"). It speaks well for the quality of Grue's readership in those days that "FFW" went on and, one year--forget which --copped top honors in a poll as the best single feature in any fan-zine.

The best letters never saw print. I'm not quite sure why. There was a poetic description by Betsy Curtis on how to make home-brew. There was a letter from damon knight with an asterisked admonition to Bob Bloch ("You do, and I'LL BREAK YOUR FINGER!") which was so excruciatingly hilarious in the context that I still go to pieces when I recall it. There was a letter-cum-conrep from Chuck Harris telling how a German fanne name of Ann Steul attended a British convention and was drinking beer from a bottle...which was why they called her "Steinless Steul." And...well, take my word, there were letters in those days and if I had published all of them, half of fandom would today be behind bars. I'm probably exaggerating.

Grue No.20 marked a milestone, of sorts. Since No.19, the office had bought a Gestetner. The effect upon Grue's reproduction was notable. Previous issues had been done on a particularly atrocious model



of spirit duplicator called a "Rex-O-Graph." Results of this process left a very great deal for which to be wished. The Gestetner did a nice job and it still does. The first few issues were done in plain Blue ink on Ta-Non-Ka Mimeo Bond paper, Substance 20, white. Along about No. 23, we switched over to Royal Blue ink, which is a bit darker and perhaps easier to read. Grue No. 20 boasted an encouraging amount of outside contributions: An article by Vernon L. McCain called GOOD-NIGHT, SWEET PRESS (on the travails of printing by movable type); illustrations by William Rotsler; an exquisite one-pager by "Y. Y. Flertch" (James Blish) called "The Million-Year White Whale," which predicted the possible results upon hearing that Ray Bradbury was going to do the script for a movie version of Moby Dick. ("The mad sea gulped at Ishmael's minnow. He hadn't caught any whales yet. That was the way it was, on the sea, like a long summer day when all the whales were in the sky and you baited them with the bright minnows of your thoughts.") The piece was later to see professional print as it was incorporated into a longer article in "The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction." And the New Yorker was later to gleefully pick up a quote from some small town paper to the effect that they were making a movie of Moby Dick, "with Gregory Peck playing the title role." The NY asked, in its customary italics, "Wearing flippers and aqualung?"

This issue also featured Bloch and Tucker, for many issues to come this incomparable due were to enchant and delight the readership. (Tucker's pages were interlined; Your husband pretends he's a refrigerator, eh? Yes, doctor, and he sleeps with his mouth open and the little light inside keeps me awake.")

We were also hoping to obtain permission to print a takeoff on POGO by William Stavdal. We never got it. Perhaps it is as well, but the world little knows what it has missed. Sample dialogue between Ole Albert and Churchy LaFemme:

Albert: WHUEFOR is you making like a hollywood muffler in my earbone?

" : And prowling about like a de-ranged bushman?

Churchy: Does you 'spect to remain solstice-ude when you is yawpin' like a histeriwokle cretin?

Albert: I tole you I is took the cure!! I is now known as ex-cretin

Albert.

Churchy: For shame.

(and, later on, Churchy sings:)

They needed a fourth for a game of bridge,  
So one of them, with a grin,  
Cut off his leg below the knee,  
And let gangrene set in.

First Bug: Now there's a syrupy voice!

Second : Yeah, the voice of the treacle.

~~~~~ + + + ~~~~~

I don't think the original Pogo has been that funny in years. No. 20 also had the first installment of Miscellania, more Gnurrsergy Rhymes, and a 20-page batch of FFW, ending with "The Rear Visiplate," where I used to tie up all the loose ends in sight. It ran to 50 pages for a tradition that was to run through the next several issues. We were still trying to figure out who was behind the pseudonym of David Grinnell (it turned out to be Donald Wollheim). And the back page featured a PHEtoon, our first.

Grue No.21 was the one with a picture of The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms on the cover. It was enflashed by having the legend, "I am not Shelby Vick." on its chest. This referred to a tee-shirt that Shelby wore to the 1952 Chicago Convention which said that he was. Inside was something called "I Remember Degler!" by the ubiquitous Bob Tucker. As I look back through these file copies, I mourn the passing of the typewriter I used to use for the first few articles in each issue. It was a nice Smith-Corona, which cut the neatest stencils I've ever seen and this crochety Deutsch-gesprechen Olivetti is not in the same league. Unfortunately, that typer belonged to the office and they wanted to trade it in and the office-supply store offered them 125 for it and I couldn't match that figure so away it went. Among other things, the S-C at least had a dollar-sign on it. Who needs a sign for "\$"?

No.21 also bore the Number Zero issue of PHLOTSAM, a magazine destined for greater things in its whole-numbered issues. This was the convention report on Phyllis's trip to the 1954 MidWesCon and a notable report it was. Same issue also carried our early experiments with Gestafaxed photos: Abgerg--I mean Agberg--Evelyn Gold, Bill Calabrese and a shot of Bloch and Tucker which was to turn up, years later, in ROGUE Magazine.

No.22 had a notable Bergeron cover. We used to get some pretty elegant artwork and I spent hours lovingly tracing it because that was what kept the good stuff coming in. About this time I became embroiled in a minor skirmish with the whole of British fandom over the right way to spell "souvenir." They claimed there was only one "e" in it. I felt as chagrined as Bloch did when he found out that yeoman was spelled yeoman ("I brooded about this as I cut my toenails," he wrote later).

22 also contained a report on the 1954 San Francisco convention, by the Managing Editor of GALAXY (forget the name offhand)(Evvie, something-or-other). That was the con attended by Vampira. About this time the London Circle had put out something called "quote-cards." We (Boggs, Silverberg and myself) did a couple sheets of the things for passing about at the Frisco and damon knight started the idda of autographing the things and passing them along in letters. And that was the start of the great SSQC plague which raged unchecked through fandom during the latter fifties. Sam Martinez had a versified version of doings at the "Outlawcon" at Oklahoma City over the same date as the affair at San Francisco. And Miscellania that issue was headed by a Rotsler creature who termed it "The Shouting of Dean McGrue." Also there, some fiercely funny fake pulpzine ads by Bloch, a column by P. Howard Lyons (The Lyons Roar) with Patterson illo's. The first cartoons by Bob Kellogg appeared in this issue and there's a guy I'd sure like to hear from again.

23 had a fancy spatterpaint cover by Mike Rossman, and a lead article by James Blish on the woes of being a lit'rary agent which still ranks as one of my all-time favorites. Royal blue ink made it infinitely easier to read than previous issues. These were the days when everyone was kicking around the "horse of a different color" gag. Chuq Harris 'ad a bash at it this issue. I painstakingly reproduced "Investigation in Newcastle" by Speer as a followup to Tucker's piece on Degler previously. Only I, in spite of heroic efforts to be sic to sixteen decimals, spelled dilapidated "delapidated." Juffus grotched.



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 Warm Beer & Cole Porter
 

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It was kind of fun plowing back through those old issues, although time-consuming. I still think that my personal favorite was "AND THE MOON BE STILL AS CHEDDAR." Bob Silverberg has certainly written a lot of things since then which brought him more money but I can't think of any which brought me more enjoyment.

Let me be the first to say it. This is undoubtedly the skimpiest, hastiest, issue since number 15. I can only plead that time grew very short and Burbee lives a long way from Fond du Lac at the dead-slow pace that thirdclass mail travels. I had hopefully planned for a letter section but had neither the time nor the material for that. I'd hoped to have an installment of "The Fallen Mighty" in this issue but hadn't time nor space for that. It might be noted that there were several times in the last four years that I started hopefully to put another issue of this thing but each time things got out of control for one reason or another and I wound up with a quantity of stencils which I considered unpublishable for one reason or another. Blame part of this upon my habit of composing on-stencil. Years ago I decided that anything I wrote was going to be first-draft or nothing. My early experiments with re-writing proved to me that it was not the method for me, no matter how well it may work for others. I can write a thing once and, by sheer will-power, can crank it through the Gestetner and collate it for mailing. I can shoot a photo and, if I can't find a way to avoid it, I can make one print. I can paint one picture of something but I could never make a living painting scenic views, all alike, on china cups, for example. Repetition and rote-work tears crosswise through every fiber of my being. Running the same words through a typewriter twice would drive me to any extremity of ingenuity to avoid having to do it. I am not bragging; this simply happens to be the way I am put together. If I didn't place a very high value on the friendship and publications of other FAPA members, I would have dropped out of the organization years ago. Heaven knows, the last thing on this earth that I need is another set of deadlines and obligations. Sometimes I think my entire life has been one continuous, pulsating, deadline. Sometimes I think that my keenest, most exquisite pleasure in these recent years has consisted of not-publishing Grue. It has given me a safety-valve when there were dozens of other things that had to get done to know that, while Grue ought to get done, the world and the firmament wouldn't fly into flinders if I didn't get it done. Years ago when I took pride in having an issue in every mailing, I recall a few occasions when I made the mailing by the simple expedient of staying up all night working at it and then working all the next day. I wish I could do things long in advance and then happily sit back and relax with the knowledge that I was all caught up with myself. While I'm at it, I wish I had a billion dollars.

A recent visitor, more perceptive than most, looked around the basement here at the hodge-podge of typers, cameras and reloading gadgetry and asked, in all seriousness, "But what do you do for a hobby?" I was at a total loss for a reply (a rare occurrence). True, I do a bit of wood-working, non-commercially, but mainly because I desire the end-product more than the activity. These last four years, guns have been as much a business activity as furnaces. It wasn't till long after he had left that I finally realized just exactly what it is that I do as a hobby. Certainly it's not amateur journalism. What I do for a hobby is to goof off.