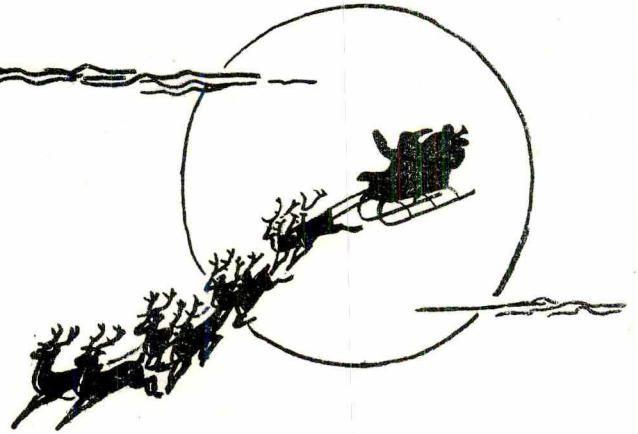


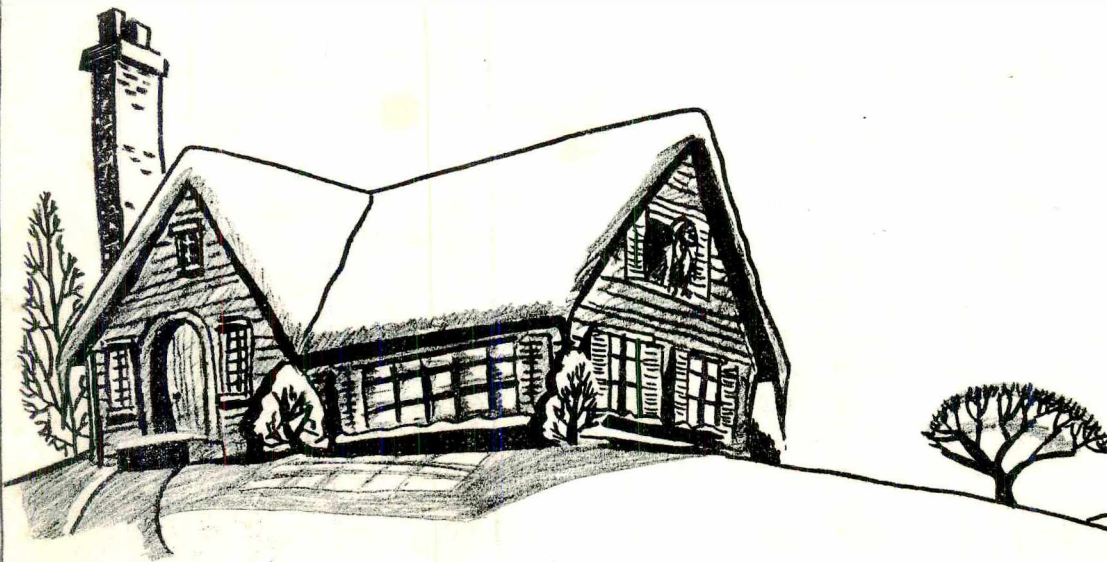
DECEMBER 1957

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GURVY NUMBER TWO



MERRY CHRISTMAS



P.J.

SCURVY # 2



IT'S A FAN
ISN'T IT?

Intended as a postmailing to OMPA 14. Published by Lynn A. Hickman at 304 N. 11th in Mount Vernon, Ill. U.S.A. This issue goes to OMPA members and a very few other friends. The two con reports are by Ron Parker and Bob Madle, the illustrations by Plato Jones and the rest of the chatter by Lynn Hickman. Scurvy is reproduced on the Reb multi-lith by the Reb Publishing Company a wholly owned subsidiary of the Confederate Magazine Publishing Company.

This is being written Dec. 7, 1957. I imagine the 14th mailing has been sent and that I will receive mine about the time I finish printing this and am mailing it off. I'll have a few capsule comments on the 13th mailing in this issue but will have to wait until Scurvy 3 to comment on the 14th.

This is the time of the year it is easy to go broke. I got my son an electric train for Christmas so that I could play with it. Real great -- all to scale. I wanted to get the little girl a set of leather bound E.E. Smith books but Carole insisted I buy her a rocking horse instead. That's what comes of having a wife that isn't a TRUEfan. I bought her an electric clothes dryer and she is going to give me another neofan.

This mailing is the first one that I have received as a member and although it seemed a little small, I enjoyed it muchly.

Veritas #5 -- Terrific covers, just what I would expect on an Atomzine. I enjoyed reading this, one of my favorites in this mailing, but am Parakeetless so ---- did buy a boxer puppy a while back. Named him Justin O. Sputnik.

Apollo Play #2 -- Good cover. We have a new salesman with our company who is covering upper New York State that this cover reminds me of. The first week on the road he parks his car on a hill without setting the brake or leaving it in gear. It careened downhill into a gas station smashing into a car there. After the repairs were made he drove out of the shop and smashed into a fire plug. He was then ok for a couple of weeks until he ran over a pedestrian. Then last week he smashed into the rear end of a county sheriff's car.

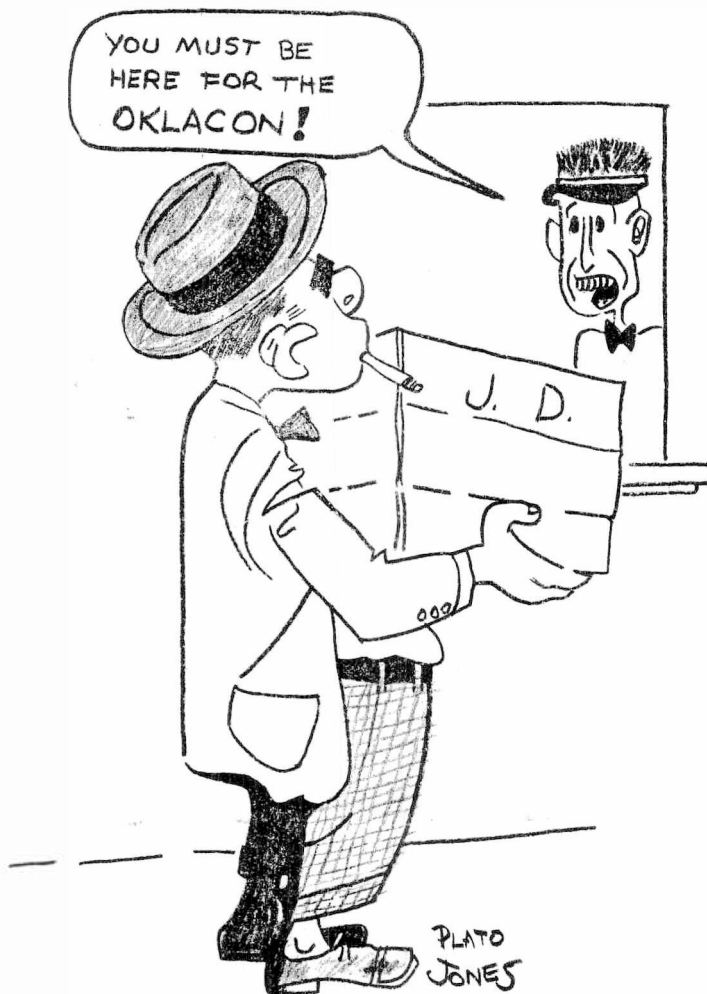
Rune -- I couldn't take the chance of ruining my eyes by trying to read these.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

THE OKLA CON FIVE

as reported by

RON
PARKER



My participation started with the planned visitation of Ron Ellik to my abode and our combined visitation to the Oklacon V in Enid, Oklahoma. I won't delve much in the gorier pre-con activities as I did in an earlier rough draft of this. But the fact remained that Ellik got here, hitch hiking the 1500 from his California home, and wandered into my door on August 29 at around 2 in the afternoon, the day before my birthday and two days before the Con, as per schedule.

A crude friend of mine dropped by shortly after Ron's arrival

and made his presence quite well known until Ron and I finally eluded him by a visit to a nearby drug store. The rest of that afternoon was devoted to the consumption of various soft drinks, talking, reading zines, and mimeoing bits of the 56 page FAPA Memory Book I'm reproducing and stenciling for Dan McPhail.

Along about 6:30 that evening friend-artist Archie Goodwin came by, rushed due to a date that evening. We all went out to his house so Ellik could look at some of Arch's 2,500 plus comics, while Arch wandered off to see about his date. After pawing around sufficiently in things, Ellik and I grabbed a bus (they're very elusive in that part of town), and went back to my hole after phoning and finding Sam Martinez was Not At Home.

So the evening pushed forward. Along about 11:30 or midnight, there came a knock at my front door. Lo, it was Martinez, accompanied by his son, Bobby Lee and his only daughter. But also

with Sam was the Big Surprise, Lynn Hickman and his young son. Fannish foofaw circulated throughout part of the morning hours, until finally things broke up as a unanimous agreement came up: Everyone wanted to go to bed. So departed Martinez and Hickman, plus families, and so went to bed the two Ron's, at some perfectly unGodly hour of the morning.

Along about 7 am I was awakened to find Ellik returning to the bed just after a conversation in the living room. As it turned out, having had to be related to me by another - I being such a sound sleeper, my Mother had come home to prepare for work and I had left the chain on the door. I hadn't anticipated her early return, as she was away from the house to allow Ellik and I full destructive force. Now fully awakened, I was forced to arise and shuffle off to my half day of work. Ellik, foolish fan that he is, went with me. After a bit of hanging around the office, Ellik wandered around a bit, and also discovered the 15,000 to 20,000 Shriners, complete with fezes, holding their three-day convention in Tulsa and really taking over this quarter million inhabitants metropolis. While walking down the streets I approached several and fannishly asked: "Take me to your leader!" Strangely, I received very dirty looks. No sense of humor, those Shriners. My favorite stunt in this melee of Shriners was walking right in with a little Shrine band playing down the street. And, with only a slow drum beat being played, I started singing "Bringing In The Sheaves" while marching in step. Ellik tried to calm me to little avail. The Shriners? No sense of humor whatsoever.

After other such assorted events, including two bands and 200 Shriners running around a huge bank lobby downtown - usually such a respectable place - I managed to get paid, and Ellik and I hurried to my house, for Lynn Hickman was supposed to meet us there at two. And there he was, to be sure, along with Robert Lee Martinez and his own son, as well as the Martinez daughter. A quick transfer of baggage from my place to the car, and we were off

Unfortunately, we were off to a circus put on by an organization Sam is in (he got us the tickets) which Ron Ellik had pleaded desperately to see.

After the circus, did we get going? Of course not. We went to Sam's, but for the worthy cause of returning his daughter. He promised to be at the con the following night, as the circus had him tied up till then. After much delaying and likewise, we were finally on our way at 5:30 or 6:00 that evening. We finally screamed into Enid at 9 the night before the con.

Now, every fan knows the night BEFORE the Convention is the night of fun. That's what we kept telling each other as we wandered around the Hotel and vicinity looking for fans. I branched off with Bobby Lee, and each time we passed a likely looking

group of people I would boom out with "So you see, fellow fan, SOUTH GATE must be the place in '58." No sense of humor, these likely looking groups.

Hickman, with a company expense account, got a room with television; room 1305. Ellik and myself located ourselves in a small but nice hole known as 618, wherein the bellboy did not get tipped, Yea, we have lived through it too,

Hickman phoned our room shortly thereafter, and both Ellik and I stumbled into the elevator and went to his room via his invite immediately. Therein Parker was sworn to swear that he was converted to Jack Daniels and that Lynn Hickman was a good man. Thereupon he was allowed a glass of JD, on the rocks. Abstaining Ron Ellik sneered actively.

As conversation evolved, it was discovered I had dice and cards in my suitcase, so Hickman and I poked our glasses into our shirts, and the three of us adjourned to 618. There dice and blackjack reigned in a pennyante affair. At around midnight, the three of us decided to wander around Enid a bit. We wandered our way two blocks into a pool hall. Therein I learned considerably about pool, since I had been able to sneak into very few pool halls in Tulsa. Bit in Enid, there is a lower age.... Now this, I will say, Lynn Hickman is a pretty fair pool player. He proved this by winning all three games, the third of which Ellik was third and Parker found Power in Pool....

At 1 AM we were having coffee in some cafe, and by 1:30 we were in bed. Bobby Lee stayed with Ellik and myself, Sam having not been able to come this soon.

Saturday-

At 8 in the morning I was awakened by a blood curdling pounding and chattering at the door. Ellik, first awake again, was just opening it as I sprang from my bed and threw on half my clothes. In walked Kent Corey, Randy Brown and Tom Reamy beaming with morning freshness,

Registration was taking place on the Mezzanine, where Ellik and I were soon dragged. The mezzanine of the Youngblood Hotel seemed to be the Semi-Hub of the Convention, as all the meetings and such were there. The mezzanine, as a fact for future reference, overlooked the main floor lobby.

During registration I panicked as I read the program. I was head of a panel discussion that afternoon. Naturally, this was news to me. Even more effective was that I was heading the Tulsa SF Club, which is limited to Martinez and myself. Bobby Lee was around somewhere, vague encouragement it was. But things turned out fine, as no one paid any attention to any of the scheduled things.

I wandered into the Enid Room #1, site of the few speeches made, and the auction. After a gathering with Corey, Richard Koogle, Reamy and Brown, I helped Reamy set up some of the auction material. Corey soon rearranged this. Reamy rearranged this, and I rearranged his handiwork. Soon, Corey was back to start the cycle again. As Reamy and I battled each other in a silent duel of placement, characters would wander in and out of the room, staring at us weirdly.

I finally went down to the main floor where the bell boy called me to one side.

"Hey," he inquired, "'Bout how many people gonna be at this Science Fiction thing."

I immediately thought of the attendance promises most Con chairmen make, and mumbled, "I dunno."

"Well, how many you think are gonna be here?"

I had visions of giving a reasonably accurate guess and then the flurry and yells of 'He promised more than that.' So, I responded, "I dunno."

"Well how many would you guess?"

"I dunno."

"Well, how many are here now?"

"I dunno."

At this he wandered off in disgust, probably looking for someone else to pump for information.

At this point Ellik and myself and one other wandered into the hotel drugstore and discovered a big, shiny pinball machine! This was probably my longest engaged recreation, even though I was run off once as the waitress seemed to think I was underage. It has been my continual problem to be judged three or four years younger than my actual age. Three weeks ago I was locked out of the office where I work without my key, and as I waited for someone to return a woman walked up to me and asked: "Are you lost, sonny?" See what I mean?

It was about noon or after when the Speaker's Session really got rolling. Corey and Bowart gave a few weird introductions, after which Lynn Hickman gave a generally fannish speech covering liquor, Midwestcon's, etc. Corey then discussed our banquet which was tentatively set as the Hotel's All-You-Can-Eat-For-A-Dollar affair.

Then came Don Norman, who played a recording of the "War of the Worlds" broadcast. I passed this up as I had heard it before. Instead, I chose to wander back to the ol' pool hall accompanied

by Jim Hitt and Randy Brown, which should prove my lust for all forms of vice. After 3 games, Randy and myself went back to the hotel and up to his room for a few Salty Dogs. These elevated my spirits enough to join Brown, Hitt and Jim Brophy at the pinball machine, where we picked up Hickman and made a quick trip back to the Enid Room. Immediately thereafter, I returned to Randy's room with him for a few more Salty Dogs. Now, let it be known that this is the only time I so much as got high at the convention. Aside from a bheer bust with Corey and Bowart I swore off all other alcoholic beverages, which became hard as people would continually invite me in for a drink. But the fact remains that at this point I did boost my spirits to, what still is to me, one of the funniest parts of the con, at least in situation. Brown, who wasn't fully sober himself, and myself went down to Enid room #1 and staggered right in. Therein was a highly sercon speech on a future civilization and all sorts of detailed predictions by some group. Brown and I, giggling and laughing, sat in the back cutting up. From what I made out of the speech, it was a pile of rot, merely some odd's highly detailed conception of a future civilization. Thusly, I continued ignoring the speaker. Dick Koogle, sitting right in front of the speaker, kept poking his hand up under said speaker's nose, trying to signal Brown to spin the propellers on a beanie cap of Bobby Lee's I was wearing. The speaker sneered actively. Then, without any realization of how it happened, I found I had just fallen over backwards in my chair, and was still sitting in it perfectly, feet waving in the air distinguishedly. After a momentary pause of analysis, I noted everyone else had noted my new-found position. I looked back at them, waved cheerily, and righted the chair. At this point, I decided I had better leave there for the time being, for although I was having a tremendous amount of fun, I was sober enuf to realize amidst my giggling that I was making an ass of myself. So, with Randy Brown at my heels, I wandered out of Enid Room until I'd sobered up more.

Still hazy, but nearly sober, I finally went back to the Enid Room to view a film on the LASFAS in England. Quite a hilarious thing.

After this, I find the victim Ellik and I had looked for. Someone to share our room and its cost... That person became Brown for two nights.

Bobby Lee catches me near the desk shortly and informs me that the person I've been waiting to see, Dan McPhail, has checked in. But I couldn't find him in his room or anywhere around, so I decided to go somewhere and grab something to eat. Which I did. I had barely gotten back to the hotel, when I was snatched up once more by the jaws of vice: pinball and pool.

I finally found a chance to relax in my room with Brown, at which point the phone rang and I was informed that McPhail was up in Lynn's room. So, without hesitation, Randy and I hurried up to 1305, where I met Dan.

At around 8 that evening the LASFAS film was re-shown, and I again sat through it, this time drinking my only other alcohol of the Con: bheer. This was the start of the lengthy blast. I soon wandered into the registration area and registered a couple of unknown arrivals, after which I went to my room. Dale Hart phoned shortly after and I went to his room. Dale was in bed a large part of the con due to some back trouble, and I went up to keep him company for awhile.. While there I picked up perhaps \$30.00 worth of old pulps for \$6.00.

After half an hour or so with Dale, I discovered the party had gone to Reamy's room, which was 1014. I couldn't help but keep calling it the Tuckahoe.

When I finally got back to my room, probably 10:00 or after, I found both Ellik and Brown had gone to bed. Deciding I wasn't sleepy so early, I rejoined Corey and Bowart and we went to Corey's father's print shop for a quiet, violent conference. Corey and Bowart, who are always arguing and antagonizing each other, hassled over a few matters while we all kept drinking bheer and more bheer. I wasn't getting drunk, but I was full up with bheer. Corey made sure everyone had plenty of bheer in their hands, which made it hard to quit.

Finally, at 1 or 2 that morning, Corey and I sat in someone's '55 Ford in front of the hotel, thoroughly depressed and holding five cans of cold bheer.

Sunday

Making my way into the hotel restaurant, a big table was obtained and 8 or 10 of us, including Hickman, Corey, Bowart, Koogle, Bobby Lee and later Joe Christoff. Joe and I discussed CONCEPT for a bit and I finally adjourned to McPhail's room to see if he had awakened by now, which was around 10:00. Sure enuf, he was just squared away, and we gabbed for awhile until he went downstairs to eat.

I went into the Enid Room and talked with Bowart. Randy Brown, who has been continually throwing around names of prominent fans in all sorts of instances including comparisons with completely illogical items or incidents, is accused by someone of being a name-dropper. The accusation was taken, and apparently given, in a light vein, but I consider it to be solid fact.

In the "Fourth Session", Alpha Hart conducted a talk on Dianetics and scientology, which was a bit more than interesting to yours truly. Dan McPhail followed up with a short speech and then came the auction, which saw a fine variety of mags, fanzines, and artwork on the block. Corey and Hickman handled most of the proceedings. Dale Hart had made it down for the event, and Dan McPhail was there as a preparatory act of getting back to Lawton.

I had been feeling a bit nauseous all day, and went to bed for awhile, hoping I'd be OK later. When I awoke a bit later, I thot perhaps a 7-up and a bowl of soup would help some. So, I went down to the Hotel Drugstore and hung my head on the counter in misery. At times like this it's nice to know you have close buddies. Two of them slapped me on the back to prove it, which didn't particularly help me out. As I slurped the soup, Hickman approached me and beat around the bush for awhile about a proposition. I rather rudely tried to get him to the point, which turned out to be to write this report. I agreed to shake him off for that moment and decided I was going to unload my stomach orally, so I retired back to my room, did so, and went to bed. Ellik dropped by later and bot me some 7-up which I, by then, was more capable of holding. I finally got down to the Enid Room, where the convention one-shot was in full swing. This was probably 9 or 10 that evening.

The Convention one-shot blared on, but I declined from participating since I still felt miserable. Sam got me to hack a few words on a master of his own, and as I mentioned my condition and wondered why it would come late today when I'd done my drinking the previous day, and Sam made the astute commentary that "yesterday was catching up with me" which is quite logical.

Koogle discovered a suitcase full of auction purchases disappeared and this was a minor panic until he later found it nearby where someone had hidden it, for some reason or another, good or bad.

I went to bed and missed the wild parties, girls supplied by the hotel, etc. During this seige Bowart picked up the nickname "Rabbit" (I never learned the origin of this, but I'm sure I have close ideas...). I later heard on tape such things as Ellik leaning against a 10th story window and cracking it... and nearly falling out... As well as snide remarks that I was dead drunk in my room and suggestions of dragging me out of bed, for which someone would surely have died had it occurred...

The highlight was when 10 or 15 fans, covered with greasepaint make-up and odd clothing, started down the stairs from the mezzanine to the main lobby at 2 AM to have some fun, when the female desk clerk announced over the PA system: "There is no meeting scheduled for 2 AM. Please go to your rooms."



Ellik got in around 3 or 4 and Brown stumbled in sometime after. Or it may be reversed. I'm a sound sleeper, remember.

Monday

At 11 that morning I found myself on KGEO-TV, channel 5, along with Corey, Bowart, Hickman, Ellik, Hart, and several others to discuss the con. I babbled out a few lies about "the fine hotel and city of Enid" and wandered off.

It might be here mentioned that Christoff, sometime during the day, wandered off for Florida, which really started the wind-up of the Con as he was probably my favorite personality next to Lynn (and I say this not to flatter our editor), and was a highlight in things.

I ate a settled breakfast, having all but fully recovered from Sunday evening, and heard Sam working on buying a multilith of Bowart's.

As I wandered around thereafter, a few persons asked me where everyone was. I didn't know. Everyone had apparently disappeared. So I decided to visit Sam in his room. I knocked, heard a come in, and walked in stepping on a couple of fans. At least 15 people were in his room listening to the tape recorded the night before. Frightening. Recorded on the tape is even a pane of glass being cracked and shrieks of "There goes Ellik out the window!"

After this bit, Hickman prepared to leave. I helped him get packed and squared away, and helped him get things into his car. We had a snack in the hotel restaurant and finally saw off probably my favorite personality at the Convention.

The LASFAS film was once more shown, partly for Sam's benefit as he had not been present the first two times. In fact, I don't believe he arrived till just before the auction.

After dinner with Sam, Bobby Lee, Ellik, Norman Terry, Corey, Bowart and Ted Wagner, we went to see a double feature courtesy some passes Corey and Bowart obtained for us. Great movies, these were. "X the Unknown" and "The Curse of Frankenstein". Tch.

As these two tremendous epics of Hollywood artistry were over, Sam drove back to Tulsa with Bobby and I alternately sleeping and arguing about music.

My participation wasn't quite finished however. I had Ellik's luggage, and he, who was staying over with Corey and Bowart, promised to hitchhike down Wednesday night. But come Wednesday night there was no Ellik.

Little known to me, Bowart and Norman Terry, teamed against Corey and Ellik, had decided on a hitch-hiking race to Tulsa.

And so, Thursday morning at 3AM, I was awakened suddenly by a pounding at the door.... It was Bowart and Terry, who hadn't actually beaten Corey and Ellik as they were asleep in a car downstairs, being kind enough not to waken me. But Bowart and Terry weren't quite that kind. Now, I am a good-natured individual, so, unlike Grennell when Bowart once phoned him at some unghodly hour, I welcomed them. I can't blame Grennell; perhaps I should also have remarked "Well, it's real nice to hear from you, but can I get some sleep?" But there they were. Soon, all four were in my living room. I finally decided not to keep my mother possibly awake anymore, and led everyone downtown to eat. We had a large dinner/breakfast/supper/lunch type of thing, and by 6 we were all asleep on Sam's front porch.

Sam was up at 7 and I finally got to work that afternoon, after seeing Ellik off from my place. Terry went with him. Corey and Bowart slept part of the day at Sam's, and left that night without seeing me again. Which is unfortunate since they took two of my SAPS mailings with them they had taken along to Sam's to read. Corey, Bowart: May I PLEASE have my two SAPS bundles back???

It was a varied convention; it was fun. It was the best Oklacon yet, by far. The 6th Oklacon is to be held in Dallas, Texas and with the large group down there, #6 should be even better (or worse, depending on your point of view). Until then, I'll be seeing you at the midwestcon and at South Gate.

Ron Parker



-- being an account of the day we made first contact --



BUT... YOU'RE A DECREPIT
RELIC OF ANTEDELUVIAN
FANDOM...



The plane arrived in London about three hours ahead of schedule the afternoon of September 3. The fifty-five passengers disembarked, some of whom were science fiction fans. Teoretically, all fifty-five were alleged to be s-f fans. However, as Dave Kyle remarked, "It's a darned good thing some of the fans have friends." Admittedly, the makeup of the plane didn't enthuse Anglofandom one iota. However, for the plane trip to materialize, it was necessary.

Belaboring this point, the passenger-group consisted of a motley crew, none of whom were of vital interest to Angloactifandom. Of the entire group, about twenty five or so were out-and-out non-fans and nonreaders. The remaining thirty was composed of decrepit relics of antedeluvian fandom, general readers, and several professionals. It must be admitted that most of those aboard were serious-constructive fans, although there were a few seriously-constructed.

First contact! We were met at the airport by a rather heavy-set artist (Brian Lewis); a rather tall, slim, slightly-graying individual, with a mustache (Ted Carnell); a somewhat shorter, but slimmer lad with a very close shave (Sandy Sanderson -- sometimes known as Joan Carr); and a long beard, behind which was an even slimmer lad (Ken Bulmer). It just so happened that they had brought along a bus which comfortably seated the entire delegation. And we were off for the King's Court Hotel.

We stopped once or twice to discharge several non-fans who were

staying at other hotels and, during one stop, we almost lost Ken Bulmer. The bus driver took off like a bat out of hell -- with Ken sprinting along like mad behind it. Someone finally suggested that it would be a kindly gesture to stop the bus and permit Ken to ride again. Finally, the bus pulled off the main thoroughfare and down a side street, stopping in front of something that looked like anything but a convention hotel. But it WAS the convention hotel. How can I describe it? Come to think of it, I don't have to, Merely read Betty Rosenblum's article in the last issue of NEW FUTURIAN. For those Americans who have been attending conventions I can say that only one hotel in recent years can be placed in the same category -- the good old Hotel Ingalls in Bellefontaine, Ohio which housed several Midwestcons -- and which will go down in fannish history as the hotel in which Jim Harmon broke through the door of success.

However, in all seriousness, at \$2.85 a night (including breakfast) I don't see how anyone can complain too much. Unfortunately, several Americans packed up and left. One of these, Viliers Gerson, even denied being a fan. Of course, everyone in fandom had been well aware of this for several years. One reading of a group of fanzine reviews by "Roger DeSoto" was sufficient to display, even to a fake fringe-fan like myself, that Gerson and fandom had nothing in common.

Getting back to the hotel: we were met at the door by Ken's charming wife, Pamela, and Mrs. Newman's charming son, David. Pamela had a broom in her hand, and Dave a glass of beer. Thinking tis over, I can't devise a good reason for Pam to be helping to clean up the hotel, although strange things occur in English hotels. Nor can I think of a good reason for Newman to have a glass of beer in his hand, God-fearing prohibitionist that he is. Newman, incidentally, made quite a hit with the American delegation in that he assumed the job of public relations and entertained the group from Tuesday until the opening of the convention on Friday evening.

One interesting bit of confusion developed upon our arrival at the King's Court Hotel. Fringe-fan Oswald Train, owner of one of the most extensive science fiction collections extant, was returning to his native England after an absence of about thirty years. His uncle was to meet him and, unfortunately, they misconstrued each others directions. At any rate, the old gentleman wound up at the hotel immediately after Ossie took off for the airport office. To say the old boy was quite shaken up would be putting it mildly. Someone handed the gentleman a bottle of beer and said that Ossie would certainly turn up in a short while. Three hours later the old boy could be seen finishing off his fifth bottle of beer. I suppose they eventually managed to meet up with each other.

There was also some hotel reservation confusion. It seems that some of those who had reserved rooms had been placed across the street in another hotel, which did not appear to be as lavish as the King's Court. One of these was fringe-fan Will Jenkins, President of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. As he walked out of the King's Court, he was heard singing, "I'm just wild about Bobbie."

Meanwhile, back at the bar. . . Yes, in short order I had discovered that the bar was on the second floor and had wended my way up to partake of a glass of the warm beer I had heard so much about. However, much to my surprise -- and elation -- the bartender had thought to ice up several bottles, and my first venture into warm beer consumption didn't occur until some time later. The first three people I talked to at the bar were Pete Taylor, John Brunner, and Reiner Eisfeld. Pete, a curly-haired lad of about 21, told me he had been away from fandom for some time, but was really coming back now. Fringe-fan that I am, I recognized John Brunner as the professional writer of the same name. John is a most impeccable individual, and is the personification of the precise, Oxford-educated Englishman as he is known in America. John, it might be mentioned, is only 23 now, although he made his first sales to ASTOUNDING six years ago. Reiner Eisfeld is a German fan, who speaks the most precise English, and who gave an excellent speech at the banquet.

Eventually Ken Bulmer came over and informed me that we were going to dinner. The party consisted of Ken, Pamela, Ted Carnell, Sandy Sanderson, Belle & Frank Dietz, Forry Ackerman, and several others. Ken, gracious host that he is, insisted on carrying my suitcase, which must have weighed more than fifty pounds. (At this point it must be mentioned that Ken had written me soon after I was announced TAFF winner, requesting me to be his guest while in London. This more than kind offer was gratefully accepted. As it turned out, this was quite convenient. Ken, being a professional writer, doesn't have to work, and was able to spend the next few days showing me about.)

Following the dinner, which included some scintillating conversation, the group split up with Ken, Pamela, Sandy and I taking the underground which was headed in the general direction of 204 Well-meadow Road, Catford. This, my first adventure with the London subway system, is somewhat of a blur -- and I was sober too! It seemed that we were constantly running up and down stairways, going down in elevators, and just missing the trains we were running after. Anyway, as I recall, we took several subways, and then a plain old railway train. Following this, a nice healthy walk to the Bulmer residence -- with Ken and I taking turns on my heavily-laden suitcase. That evening I noticed that Ken was quite a fast walker -- and a real runner when he heard the sound of an approaching subway train. Little did I realize then the amount of fast walking and running I was going to have to indulge in during the next few days keeping up with this fast-stepping lad.

And so ends my recollections of my first day in England. In reality, it was only one-half day inasmuch as it was late afternoon when we arrived. More of this stirring, stark drama is expected to be written in the near future.

Right now I want to use this medium to say hello to all the friends I made in England during my recent TAFF trip. I want to

thank Ken and Pam for showing me such a swell time and acting as my official hosts. And I want to express my appreciation to Joy and Vinç Clarke, and their roomer, Sandy Sanderson: I had a great time during my three-day stay with this trio eating Joy's delicious cooking and talking s-f the rest of the time. Much to my amazement Vinç proved himself to be the sercon type of fan. Dave Newman I thank for acting as our host while we were in Liverpool, and to the rest of Liverpool fandom -- thanks for showing us such a good time. (As an aside -- this weekend in Liverpool was one real booze-party!) To Betty and Mike Rosenblum: thanks a million for the wonderful two days spent in Leeds. The food was delicious -- without meat, too! And that incredible collection, and all the fond memories of the good old days it brought back. To ALL the English fen who showed me such a swell time -- it was wonderful -- and I have fond hopes of returning some distant time in the future,

Bob Madle

Kids just don't eat cereal by taste anymore. It's who's on tv for it, what's in the box (besides the cereal), or what is the box-top worth.

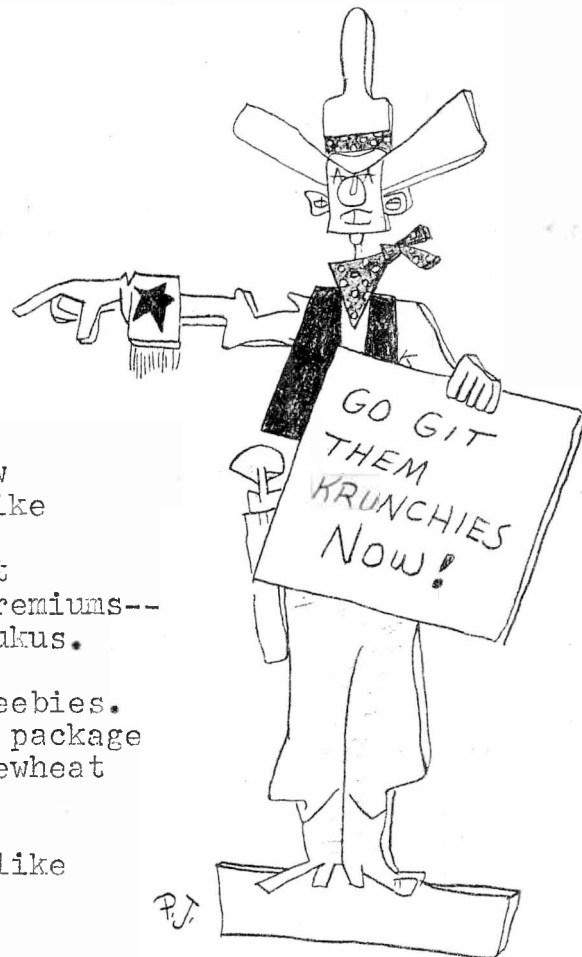
If Crunching Cal or Stupid Sol says "eat it" they eat it.

And the kids hate the stuff.

We do have one bright spot in the picture though. Wheat Chex now has an ad on their box that runs like this. ...NO TOYS!...NO NOISE!... Mothers of America, rejoice! Wheat Chex is guaranteed to contain no premiums-- no whistles, missles, rockets or rukus.

No beanies, b-b's, heebies or jeebies. Not a ball, bat, hat or gat in any package of this crunchable, munchable wholewheat cereal.

And do you know what? My kids like them.



Noise Level #9 -- Enjoyed.

Dupe #3 -- That should teach you to put out your zine BEFORE leaving on your holiday.

Zymic -- I was really surprised when I learned some of you over there were shocked at Madle's winning TAFF. I wrote Ken Bulmer telling him why I voted for Bob and why so many of my fan friends did likewise. Bob still writes for fanzines. He has a column that appears in my subzine, J.D. I'm glad you all gave Bob such a nice welcome because he's a great guy and a good fan.

52nd St. #1 -- Enjoyed this, Jim, and must say that I do not like modern. I'll stick to New Orleans.

Burp #14 -- Ha - that sounded like a lot of fun. I stop in to see a lot of fans on my business travels and its always fun to chat or put out a one-shot. I've often thought of putting out a rambling one-shot. Put out one page or so with each fan you visit and limiting the time element to about six weeks.

Steam -- Enjoyed.

The Lesser Flea -- Enjoyed this although I had only received a very few of the zines for the 12th mailing.

Scottishe #12 -- WONDERFUL Atom cover and contents page!

Archive and ABM -- I know what you mean about the cornflakes. My kids don't choose their cereals by taste anymore. It's by what toy or doodad or offer is on or in the package. We bought some Sugar Jets today so my son could send the boxtop plus 50¢ to the company for the book "SPACE PILOTS" by Willy Ley.

Vagary #5 -- Good Midwestcon report by Don Ford.

Morph #13 -- And who looks at Jane Russell's face? Or didn't you see The French Line?

Blunt #5 -- No, I wouldn't take the Post that seriously. Why everyone knows that Playboy is the true expression of contemporary Americana.

Fang #2 -- It is hoped in these quarters that you will remain in OMPA and continue your ampubbing and at least stay in semiactive fandom. HMMMMM, I didn't mean to imply that OMPA was semiactive, but that an organization of this type is only one of many facets in fanning. Ampubbing at best is only one small part of fanning, I like to indulge to some extent in all of them. Collecting, going to conventions, corresponding, etc., etc.....

Jack Daniels (especially the black label) is getting mighty hard to get around here. I was down to my last two fifths when I went to Chicago a couple of weeks ago. Stopped to see my old buddy Joe Gibson and he came to my rescue in fine style. A package store he does business with had just received a shipment so we hurried down. They were only selling one bottle to a customer but Joe talked them into 3 bottles for the two of us and then let me have his share,

We'll be heading for our folks in Ohio for Christmas again this year. Hope to have a little get-together with the Detroit group at my mothers place again this year. Detroit will be bidding for the 1959 World Convention at L.A. next year and I feel that a better choice would NOT be possible. Detroit has wanted a world con for 10 years. They put on a regional con a few years back that was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. Most of the Detroit group have been attending two or more cons a year since I can remember and should know how to put on a good one. So remember -- DETROIT IN '59 WOULD SURE BE FINE,

I'm trying something new (for me) with this issue. Parts of Scurvy will also appear in my Subzine J.D. This is being done because some of the general articles in the zine would also be enjoyed by my J.D. readers and then also it will save me typing that many masters again. A few of you who will receive both zines may be a little irked by it but I'm pubbing three zines at the present time and only being home on the week-ends, it is almost impossible to do. I do want to make all of the OMPA and SAPS mailings if I can and still publish a general zine. When I had decided to quit on my subzine before, I received such a flood of letters from the subscribers asking me NOT to quit it that I brought it back. That old egoboo of feeling appreciated will do it every time..

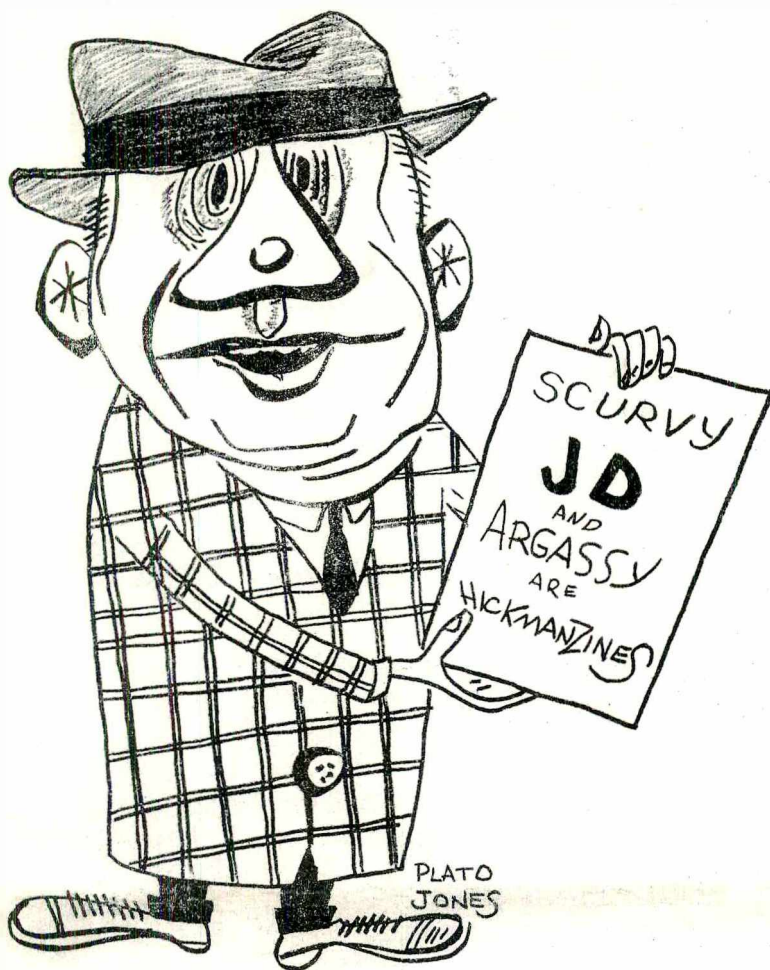
If this isn't agreeable I'll do as Dean Grennell has done and combine one of my APazines with J.D. and send the same zine to subscribers as well as one of the Apas. It has worked out fine for Dean and it might well be that I will end up doing the same thing. Your reaction on this will be appreciated.

Stopped overnight at Don Ford's in late October and as always their hospitality was the finest. Stopped over at Carrie and Lou Tabakow's to pick up Lou and then went to a meeting of the Cincy group. Don was showing some slides taken at a party in Cleveland and as Lou saw his image he took off his glasses and said do I always look like that? Don yelled "Trick or treat" and the laughter could be heard a block away.

Why didn't Don Ford name his fanzine Sven?

Why isn't G.M. Carr in OMPA?

Is Joan Carr G.M.'s daughter?



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