



## HICKMANS'S SCRAPBOOK #4

Published by Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokoe Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567. January, 1989.

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Cover by Novick. Electro-stenciled from the original drawing from my collection. It first appeared in the magazine DREAM WORLD, May 1957 illustrating the Randall Garrett story YOU TOO CAN WIN A HAREM.

When Fans Collide by Richard Ellsberry is reprinted from TLMA #3, (1952)

The lonely Half-shot is by Bob Tucker and Lynn Hickman (1957). Illustrated by Plato Jones.

Other writings are by Lynn Hickman.

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This issue is being sent through SFPA, FLAP, KAPA, PEAPS and MYRIAD. Any copies left are available for \$1.50, trade, or because of the editor's whim.

Next issue will be out in approximately six months or so. Featured item will be Lloyd Arthur Eshbach's GOH speech for the 1949 CINVENTION. Other items not yet decided on. If there is something from the old days that you would like to see reprinted in these pages, please let me know. If it is available and I feel that it is worthy of reprinting, I will try to have it in a future issue. I prefer items of a fannish or historical interest but am open but am open to suggestions.

In regards to The Lonely Half-shot, Tucker wrote pages 2 and 3 while I was off working the farmer's field day. I wrote pages 1 and 4 the following weekend at home. It was a fun thing to do.

If you enjoy this type zine, let me hear from you and maybe I'll do it a little more often. I would like to have a letter column in the next issue.

Best,

LYNN

Max Keasler and myself got into New Orleans about 7:30 p.m. Thursday night. I felt like a limp dishrag; it was tremendously hot. The bus air-conditioning unit went off someplace after Jackson, Miss., and it was murder the rest of the way in.

Someone at the bus station told us the St. Charles was only a stone's throw away, so we decided to walk. Four blocks, he'd said. We walked four blocks and asked for more directions. Only four more blocks, someone assured us. Three blocks farther on we stopped a lady. At least I think she was a lady. "three blocks more!" was the answer we got to our question. Another four blocks and we were there.

Roger Sims and Aggie Harook of Detroit were with us. We'd met them on the bus. Rog said that Ed Kuss was coming down and so we decided to get a four-man room -- the only one the hotel had left. It was number 770. Aggie went to the YMCA.

We finally got settled in our refrigerating unit and got cleaned up. Everything in New Orleans has to have air-conditioning or people wouldn't be able to live there. Sometime after nine o'clock I and Max decided to go downstairs and see whom we could find. I'd tried to phone Harry Moore and Fred Hatfield but neither of them had telephones.

However we knew Lee Hoffman was there. He'd said he'd be there Monday and we confirmed this at the desk. But he wasn't in his room.

We trotted back into the lobby, after eating, looking nowhere in particular. Suddenly a tall, thin fellow came up to us accompanied by several other people. "I'm Shelby Vick," said the tall guy. "You're Ellsberry and Keasler?" We agreed and Shel started to introduce people.

I remember none but the last one. She was a girl. Vick said: "I want you to meet Lee Hoffman."

I nearly passed out!

To say that Max and I were amazed would be a gross understatement. We were practically struck dumb. Thoughts of practical joke ran through our minds. Finally we became convinced. Then we thought: "What have I been writing to this boy?" Yee Ghods!

We then migrated to Bill Morse's room, still shaking our heads. Here, a bull session of sorts was under way. We picked up a bottle of beer and got into the fray. Harry Moore popped in and talked a bit about pictures for the Con. They'd definately arranged "The Day The Earth Stood Still" and were working on Paramount to give them "When Worlds Collide". Harry B. was quite sure that LIFE or LOOK would cover the Con and he was just hoping that no one with a helicopter beanie or zap gun would show up. I think he had Ray Nelson on his mind.

Before Harry B. left, Max got his camera and took a picture of the group. Then Lee Bishop began to tell us about Incinerations #5. This one hadn't been mailed yet because the post-office didn't think too much of the four previous issues. Lee said it was ready to go and sitting around in boxes. He'd looked at a copy and thought some Rorshack ink blots were pretty funny.

The discussion shifted around to Roger Price of "How To" fame, and then back to some of the doings at the Norwescon. Some especially interesting anecdotes were told about Ralph Rayburn Phillips and Ruth Newbury. Lee Hoffman then popped into the apartment and wanted to know if anyone wanted to go down to a radio station and get in a plug for the con.

Did we! Seven of us got started on our way over to WWL. About a block from the hotel someone came up behind me and said: "Say, you're not Lee Hoffman are you?" I later learned he was Paul Cox. I told him who I was and introduced him to Lee. His mouth dropped open a foot! We all laughed so hard That I think Cox got embarrassed. He still couldn't believe it two hours later.

When we got to the studio, Walthers and Bishop tried to get through the revolving door at the same time by each pushing in a different direction. After a while they got wise and we got in.

We went upstairs and found the studio. They actually seemed to be expecting us. We were Paul Cox, Lee Hoffman, Max Keasler, Lee Bishop, Shelby Vick, Bill Morse, Ed Walthers and myself. Vick talked most of the time but did allow us to get in a word edgewise. It lasted only about three minutes, but we did get in a chance to explain our point and defend ourselves against Buck Rogerism.

Then we headed for WDSU in the French Quarter but it was closed up by the time we got there after twelve o'clock. So we explored the French Quarter, finally winding up at the Bourbon House for some coffee. The coffee there is the kind you can stick your spoon in and it will stand up by itself.

Here, Lee Hoffman advanced the theory of "avoidism" as taken from Roger Price's book "In One Head and Out the Other." In avoidism you avoid as much as you can. Of course, you want to be a practical avoidist, and not avoid things like eating and breathing. The "avoidist" position is face downward on the floor with arms outstretched. In this position you can avoid everything but a cold. Then, too, there are times when things come up that you can't avoid. In a position like this you "cope" with it. Everybody avoided the check for the coffee and Bill Morse had to cope with it.

We saw one sign in the Quarter that I wanted to tear down and take along. It read: BEWARE BAD DOG. However the sign was nailed down with spikes and we decided to leave it there. There was another sign on a building: "WOMAN EXCHANGE". But it was closed for the night, and we didn't have any women we wanted to exchange.

We hit the sack about four am. Looking at my notes, I see that people who showed up on Thursday were Bob Johnson, Fritz Leiber, Fredric Brown, Frank Deitz, E.E. Evans, Ben Keifer, in addition to the people already mentioned. A total of sixteen.

We struggled out of bed at ten o'clock and got something to eat. Then down to the Caliborne Room to get our program booklets from Harry B. He mentioned that Sam Mines had got left out -- and after mines had donated a bunch of pictures to the con. Harry was pretty certain that E.E. Smith, Boucher, Mack Reynolds, Rog Phillips and G.O. Smith would show up, but none of them did.

We went down to the lobby where people were milling about exchanging autographs. Brown and Leiber were still the only pro's present. Shel Vick had his name and a large puffin on his tee shirt. Ken BeAle came in with a card on his chest. On it was typed his name, clubs he belonged to, zine's he'd written for and other bits of trivia. Somehow, he failed to impress me.

Back to Caliborne Room we went to help Harry B. and Paul Cox in putting up the Morrie Dollens backdrop. 4sJ Ackerman got as far as Texas with it, and mailed it the rest of the way. His father had died and so he turned around and went home. It was the first Con he had missed, leaving Erle Korshack as the only fan to have attended all the Cons.

The twenty pics in the backdrop had been commissioned only a few weeks before the con. Dollen's must have worked like mad. I picked up one of the four photo-stats of the whole backdrop. That makes me one of four guys who'll remember what the entire backdrop looked like in

about a year.

Everybody was just standing around talking in the lobby so I picked up Bob Briggs and we went out to eat. Met BeAle and Schultheis on the way and so ate with them. Back at the hotel I became disgusted with meeting people and so I went up to our room for awhile. Ed Kuss had just come in and was unpacking.

Things were dull in the room too, so back downstairs we went. There I met Virginia and Ollie Sarri, who I hadn't seen since they left Minneapolis and the MFS last year. Found out that Tucker was in and so I picked up Paul Cox and we went to see the wily Chinaman. Tucker's password was "Old Woodchuck" -- something he'd been sustaining himself with on the trip down. Max was there, as was Pat & Bea Mahaffey & Mari-Beth Wheeler. We were treated to hearing how Tucker met Lee Hoffman. Lee had been writing to Bob a long time and properly expected to shock him. Tucker came to the door with his face half-lathered and in the process of shaving. Tucker wouldn't believe her and made her write her name so that he could be sure.

Desebdubg to the lobby again, we found MacCaully, Hickman, Pope, Chappell and Guthrie -- the SOUTHERN contingent. Max and I followed Mac up to his room to get a copy of the latest Cosmag-SF Digest.

Later we came upon Fred Hatfield. He'd been wandering through the hotel reminding people to come to his party that night. We hadn't forgotten. Bob Johnson was wandering around with a stack of Orb's. The issue had cost him \$265. We took pity on him and bought a copy.

I ate fried shrimp and drank beer with Bishop, Briggs and Kuss that evening. We broke up back at the hotel and I ran across Johnson and Harry B. We went up to see the dianetic auditor who had motorcycled down from New Jersey. His name was James Pinkham and Harry B gave him a tough time when he tried to explain Dianetics to him. Pinkham was

putting me to sleep and so Bob and I quietly slipped out and picked up some people headed for Hatfield's house.

A short bus ride took about ten of us out there to raise the total to around thirty. Hatfield's house wasn't much larger than 770, but he had plenty of beer on ice and we didn't mind. Regal beer seems to be the only kind they have down there -- it tastes like swamp water and probably is.

I talked with Frank Kerkhof of Washington, who was just about the drunkest person there. He convinced me that Briggs, Evans, Loan, and the rest of the D.C. boys couldn't write worth a damn and that he was the only one holding the club together. Funny thing about it was when I told this to Briggs later, he said it was absolutely true!

Also talked music with some fellows from Cleveland. Everything from Stravinsky to Ibert to Kenton. Then back again. Lynn Hickman managed to get in a few words at one time or another. That might be one of the reasons he asked me to write this for TLMA.

The party broke up fairly early. I was one of the last dogs to leave. Hickman had told me that they were going to have a little party in his room so I had intended to go there when I got back to the hotel. Instead I decided to go up to my room first and on the way I met Es Cole in the hall. She told me that there were a lot of people here to bid for San Francisco and that Lee Jacobs would be in sometime Saturday.

We finally got away and down to our room. Everybody was there! MacCaully, Hickman, Keasler, Vick, Hoffman. We added Briggs, BeAle and some other people. We finished off Lynn's Whiskey and soon everybody was pretty well bushed. We hit the sack so we could get an early start on Saturday. I heard that a gang stopped back at 770 about three in the morning, but Keasler got rid of them. I was too dead to wake up.

I staggered out of bed about nine-thirty and wandered down to the lobby.

There I met Bob Briggs and we had breakfast. Later we went to the Caliborne Room where several publishers were setting up their exhibits. Bob Tucker came in shortly after eleven toting boxes of books and fanzines. He also had a large supply of propaganda for the Chi-Con. Up until now I had thought that Detroit had the best chance, but Chicago changed my mind. Bob also had a copy of the Times-Picayune with a writeup on the Con. It had a picture of Hoffman, Lieber, and someone else. The writeup was fairly intelligent and had none of the Buck Rogers - Flash Gordon tripe you expect. The States also had an intelligent writeup in the Friday morning issue.

Harry B. finally showed up, with tremendous suitcases under his eyes, and broke out the convention booklets for those who didn't have them. Tucker, meanwhile, was busy setting up a table advertising his latest mystery book, "Red Herring" and his forthcoming, "City in the Sea". Bob, at last, began to empty boxes of fanzines on the table. This was what I'd been waiting for. I picked out as much of the good stuff as I could before the rest of the people in the room got wise. Max bought a complete set of Stardust and Ad Astra and then left them on the bus coming home!

Soon Tucker was busily opening another box of books. He'd gotten these for review and now was disposing of them at 100% profit. I locked up "Castle of Iron", "Sixth Column", and "Renaissance" for \$4.75.

Around noon we headed over to a nearby hamburger shop. When Guthrie saw a sign advertising Birch Beer for a nickle he said: "Well a nickle beer! I haven't seen one of those in years." He was disappointed when he found out it was like root beer.

The first session was scheduled for one o'clock but only 120 people had signed the register at that time so they decided to wait a bit. People milled around inside the air-conditioned Caliborne Room waiting for something to

happen.

At 1:40 Harry B. finally got the convention underway. The introductions came first. First person to be introduced was Lynn Hickman. When Tucker got introduced he put in an informal bid for Niagara Falls in '52 -- The BarrelCon. After a while Moore resorted to reading the roster. Then he came to Merrill Gwosdof, a junior Sam Moskowitz when it comes to talking. Naturally Gwosdof had to come to the mike to say a few thousand ill--chosen words. They don't come any more neo than Gwosdof.

When Moore finally came to Jean Bogart, he asked her: "Are you a hoary old fan like E.E. Evans?" I collapsed.

Leiber was finally permitted to talk. His talk, "The Jet Propelled Apocalypse" was about the man of the future. Leiber read his hand-written talk with quite a vigor at times. At the end of the talk he had a dialog between himself and the Man of the Future, who was on a wire recorder. There were appropriate spaces left for Leiber to intersperse his comments between those of the Man of the Future. However, the recorder became overheated, probably because of Gwosdof running it. The Man of the Future then proceeded to speak in an alternately high and low voice. Leiber stood up through it all magnificently. If someone had tied Gwosdof down at the beginning of the talk to keep him from running up and adjusting the mike every few seconds, it would have been much better.

Moore wisely called an intermission after Leiber's talk. Max, Lynn, Bobby Pope, Bob Johnson, Paul Cox, Bob Farnham and myself went out to eat. We stayed longer than we should have for when we got back the Fan Resolutions session was already in progress.

An argument was going on whether or not we should have dianetics on the program -- it was scheduled for the evening session. Harry B. was drawing the session out and mis-quoting everyone who had anything to say against dianetics. Shel Vick got up and sensibly

stated that we should have the session and those that didn't want to hear it didn't have to come. Naturally this was ignored. Moore asked for a vote on the subject. Dianetics was voted in.

Someone then got up and stated that we shouldn't have any sessions on sciences at all. Moore pointed out that they'd had sessions on rockets, longevity, dianetics and other things at past cons. Les Cole then stood up, and trying to be funny said that we should bar communists from fandom. It was laughed and shouted down. Things were getting silly.

Bob Tucker, possessing a little bit of intelligence, made a brilliant resolution that we adjourn for dinner. The motion passed easily and the silly bickering was over -- and dianetics was still on the program. It was Tucker's quick thinking and hungry stomach that saved us from being there all night.

Lynn Hickman picked up his convertible and along with Max, Pope, Johnson, Mac-Cauly and myself, drove around the city. When we passed a statue of Jefferson Davis, Bobby Pope had to stand up and salute. I noted later on that all six of us were fanzine editors -- no mere fans in that convertible! We stopped off for some Tom Collins and then decided to get back to the hotel for the seven o'clock session.

The evening session opened late, as usual. First thing on the agenda was Editors and Publishers, pushed back from the afternoon session. The turnout of editors, pros, and publishers was dismal at the Con. The only magazine editor present was Bea Mahaffey and the book editors were Santesson, Greenberg, Kyle, Eshbach, Korshak and Ditky. Pros present were Bloch, Brown, Leiber, and Judy Merrill, who came late. You might also add Sarri, Tucker, Evans and Chad Oliver, but these fellows are more Fans than pros.

Moore first read a letter from Anthony Boucher and the introduced Eshbach. Lloyd didn't add anything that we didn't already know. Santesson followed him

and mentioned that Unicorn plans to use Brown's "Space on My Hands" as one of their selections soon. He also advocated better editing in the trade houses that publish science-fiction: Doubleday, Fell, Greenberg, etc. "Science-fiction has come of age" was the whole thing that Santesson was trying to get over.

Mel Korshak of Shasta built up their forthcoming book, "Beyond These Walls", by Rena Vale. Mel also told of Shasta's new original novel contest. They are offering \$1000 for new novels. As far as I can tell an author can sell a novel to a magazine for more than that, and then maybe to the books later. When Mel asked for questions, a neo-neo in the back of the room named McNeil, asked him why they didn't reprint the old Gernsback classics. A tremendous groan went up from the conventioners. Korshak tried patiently to explain to the boy that that isn't what the reading public wants.

Marty Greenberg of the Gnome Press talked about his new anthology, "Travelers in Space", with the sixteen color plates by Edd Cartier. He mentioned books on their forthcoming list such as "Baldy", "City", "Mixed Men", and "gallegher" series. He is also working on an anthology of novels, containing works that are too long for regular anthologies and too short for book publication. It will probably contain five or six. Definately arranged for are "Crucible of Power" by Williamson, "But Without Horns" by Page, and "The Chronicler" by Van Vogt. It is a damn good idea, but, only the second one mentioned is worth publishing.

We then passed on to what should have been the beginning of the evening session, "Science-Fiction Fandom Through the Years", by Moskowitz and Evans.

SaM came on, and why he used the mike I'll never know. SaM has a deep, powerful voice that he flings at you over the rostrum. He started out by telling about his trip down, and how he had unknowingly talked to Huey Long's son. Then he shifted over to this year's

Disclave and how he'd been sent to the wrong hotel and met Senator Kefauver. All this may have been interesting to some, but what it had to do with S-F fandom I'll never figure out.

Sam finally got around to talking about the size of fandom and who constitutes a fan. That was a little more in keeping with the title of his talk, "What is a Fan?" At least, I think that's the title. I don't think it was ever very clear in anyone's mind.

In 1938, Sam said, the S-F editors considered that there were only fifty to two hundred fans. Now, in a speech this year, Samuel Mines estimated the total number of fans as only around 20,000! Sam considers anyone who reads one or two promags, or does anything like subbing to a fanzine, an active fan.

Moskowitz deduces that H.G. Wells must have been an SF fan, for he once praised a story by Festus Pragnell in an early Wonder Stories. In his files, Moskowitz has found early fan letters by Lovecraft praising works of England and Burroughs. H.P.L. thought Burroughs one of the greats of fantasy fiction. ((We never knew before that Lovecraft had that much sense.)) Lovecraft was later quoted by Derleth as being a critic of fantasy fiction.

Sam feels that present day editors aren't doing good enough a job. Amz, he said, never dropped below 100,000 in circulation while Gernsback owned the mag and he also added that Unknown couldn't raise its circulation above 30,000, an amount which would have sustained it. Sam also thought that Tremaine did an excellent job when he was editor of Astounding. When he got E.E. Smith to write "Skylark of Valeron", for him, he raised the circulation 10,000 and when he trimmed the edges later on he added 3,000 to the circulation. This more than made up for the added cost of trimming the pages.

E.E. Evans started to talk next but I didn't get a chance to listen to him very much because Bob Tucker sent Dave Kyle

over to see me. Dave wanted a typer to write up a news story on the Con for Trans-Radio Press and it seems that I was the only one crazy enough to bring a typer along. I took Dave up to 770 and left him to stare into the typer. Later I came back and he was still staring at the white paper. Ed Kuss popped in and we talked over the story with Kyle.

Dave wanted something that the news commentators would use. That was no easy task. Dave was trying to think up something with a flying saucer angle. I squelched that one. Max and some other people came in but we managed to get them out with a minimum of difficulty.

I dropped down the hall to see what was going on. The dianetics session was in progress with about 45 people present. I asked a few people about 3E's talk. Everyone said it was very good, but no one remembered what he had to say. Seeing that nothing was going on I beat it back upstairs.

The story finally wound up as a day brightener. It was a little piece about how science-fiction fans believe in controlled weather some day and how they broke the back of a two week heat wave on their arrival in town for their Convention. If the heat wave had been broken, I didn't notice it.

I went downstairs to pick up the Sunday papers. Stopped in at the Caliborne Room and counted fifteen people still listening to Pinkham. Then upstairs to read the papers and talk with the fatigued Kuss. We were just sitting around when the phone rang. It was Lee Jacobs! "Is it alright if we come up and talk about Kenton?" asks Lee. "Fine, come right up!" Then I asked him if he'd met Lee Hoffman? "No " he replied. I told him. He couldn't believe it; it seems the Coles had been keeping things from him.

Shortly thereafter Jacobs, the Coles, Tom Quinn, and Carl Murray walked into our auditorium. Jacobs had a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand. We had no ice or mix handy. I flinched as I acted

the part of a good host, and took a glass. Jacobs pumped me some more about Hoffman, then we got onto the subject of Stan - the man - Kenton. However, I'm afraid we didn't get too far. Maybe we can make it up at the Chi-Con.

Out of nowhere Reva comes barging into the room -- surveys the room with blood shot eyes -- then walks out again.

About five minutes later the roof fell in. Nearly twenty people -- all carrying whiskey, gin, or mix bottles came marching into the room to set up shop. This is what comes of having the largest available room. At one time or another as many as 39 people were in the room. At least 60 must have passed in and out of that room during the night.

The din was terrible! People layed on the beds, floors, furniture and anything else we had around. Ice and mix flowed up to the room in a nearly continuous stream. The party was pretty loud and its a wonder that the house dick wasn't up there to investigate. When Max and Lynn came into the hotel around two, Max asked for the key to 770, the desk clerk told him there was a wild party going on in that room.

I remember Jack Speer trying to push his wife into a closet -- at least I think it was his wife. Then I remember going to the bathroom and finding the sink covered with green goo. Ed Walthers was the boy who had so honored us.

Finally some of the more elite fans left us and just the rabid ones -- and the drunks -- stayed on. The total population of the room dropped to around 20 people at this time. I wasn't feeling so good so I went out with Paul Cox, who was in the same straights, and had a couple of hamburgers and coffee. When I finished the second coffee I felt 200% better. We also brought back some tomato juice for Bob Johnson, who insisted that he was drunk and refused to go to his room. He didn't think he could make it.

When we came back to the room the noise was deafening. A near riot was going on. Kerkhof and Bishop were lying in my bed and laughing their heads off at nothing. By this stage of the evening Kerkhof was "Sandwich" and Ed Walthers was "Squeezebox". Well, people kept climbing in bed with Walthers until he was squeezed right off the bed and under it. Walthers just layed there.

Dale Hart somehow started swinging a chair around the room. It happened to clip Bob Johnson, but in his condition it didn't bother him too much. This seemed to sober Hart up and he left the room for awhile. I went back to the bathroom and found the sink running over. I showed it to Sims. He nearly died. Roger finally managed to clean it out, after he had bailed some of it into the bathtub, by putting both hands in and digging around.

When we finished that messy job, we found Lee Bishop had tipped the bed over on top of Walthers. Bishop and "Sandwich" nearly killed themselves laughing. Walthers made no comment. He was in no condition to. Kuss walked all over the mattress without knowing there was anybody under it. I finally got Sims and Dietz to give me a lift and we set up the bed. "Sandwich" was laughing so hard he tripped over a suitcase, spilling change over the floor. Again there was riotous laughter. At that time it seemed very, very funny.

Guthrie, of Atlanta, was pretty bad off. Before the Con he'd never had a drink in his natural-born life, so someone told me. They had made him promise that he wouldn't drink at the Con. Haa! He finally fell off the bed. "Sandwich" was laughing at him lying there on the floor, groaning. Frank Dietz holding a precariously full glass of gin, spilled about half of it on Guthrie, when the latter began to kick him. No one seemed to mind except Guthrie.

Someone finally got Guthrie out of the room and down to his own. Max, who couldn't find a bed in our room, and couldn't have slept in it if he did,

went down to MaCauley's room to sleep. In the morning he woke up and didn't know where he was and didn't remember going down to that room. Lynn Hickman, who was sort of chaperoning the Atlanta boys, wanted to go down and see if Guthrie was all right, so I went down with him. Guthrie was lying in bed, talking to himself. We left him to Max and Ian. We walked over to Lynn's room and had a drink and talked about the Negro problem with someone who showed up. Then we decided to go down and have some more coffee.

Up to 770 again! It was nearing 4. A.M. when Lee Jacobs got a call from someone to come and play poker -- probably Tucker. Walthers was walking around the room with his tee shirt up over his head and down over his knees. Someone made a humorous comment and it was too much for Bishop who collapsed on the bed in delirious laughter.

Hart wasn't in the room, but we heard he was down a couple of flights in some woman's room. We thought about calling the house dick and sending him over there but Hart got back before we got around to it. Hart then took off his pants to be cool. Reva from Detroit was there but she didn't seem to mind. Then Deitz came up with another fifth to save the day.

About five o'clock we went down to Aggie's room to see how Hans Rusch was coming along but nobody was there but Aggie. We managed to ditch "Sandwich" and Bishop and went back to the room. Only Sims, Hart, Johnson, Deitz and myself remained in the ruins of our room. Bottles, cigarettes, papers, clothes, bedding, and ashes were spread all over the place. What a mess! None of the others wanted to go to their own hotel rooms so they stayed. We locked the door to keep out undesirables who were wandering around the halls.

This wild party was supposedly for the Detention, but the boys said that they planned their real party for Sunday night -- I reeled! At least one thing

I can say for the party -- everyone said it "was the wildest orgy ever!" Kerkhof advocated "Timbuctoo in '52". He was tolerated.

By 5:30 I was writing on the day's happenings and the rest were lying around talking. Bob Johnson wanted to have a tatoo put on his neck. Not a large one -- just about three inches long to scare hell out of people. He got the idea from seeing the Bok on Deitz's arm. At 6:00 I was finished and hit the sack -- everyone was sleeping except Sims, who was making cutouts for that night's party. The longer I watched him the more they looked like paper dolls.

Looking over my notes I see that about 125 people attended the first session and that at last count 184 had registered. Over 400 memberships were sold.

When I got up in the morning all towels were sopping wet -- we'd used them to mop the floor. Deitz and Johnson were sleeping in Sim's bed -- Bob in his shirt and Frank in his sky-blue shorts. When I waved an eyeopener under Frank's nose he managed a weak: "P.U. -- No!"

Dale Hart didn't want to get out of bed. Wearing his birthday suit he thought he'd wait until the maid showed up. We talked him out of it. Incidentally, Hart slept in our room two nights for the price of two typer ribbons and a copy of ICHOR #3. He also profusely apologised to Ed Kuss in whose bed he'd been sleeping. When he'd gone to bed Sunday morning he told us to rout him out when Kuss came in. Kuss came in and tossed Hart out of the bed but Dale climbed right back in. Kuss cursed and went someplace else.

We finally staggered out of bed around 10:30. I got out to eat lunch around noon and spent the rest of the time before the auction loafing around the hotel and fingering mags in the con hall.

With Moskowitz doing the honors we got underway shortly after one o'clock. The first item to be auctioned was Anthony

Boucher's speech telling why he could not attend. It was sold for \$2.35. There was a rather sparse attendance at first, but this gradually built up as more fans woke up. Still, the crowd never did get very high and you would have expected the bidding to be quite low. This was not the fact, however.

Harry Moore paid \$12.50 for a 1919 Thrill Book. The four issues of ASF with "Slan" went for \$5.00. Finlay pics averaged around \$5.00. Other illustrators except Bok and Cartier went for as low as 50¢ with the high being \$4.25 for a Lawrence. Cartier averaged \$6.00 for three interiors and brought \$21.00 for a double page spread from "Darker Than You Think". This was the highest price paid for an interior.

Jean Bogart bought two Bok's. An interior for \$12. and the Convention Booklet cover for \$56. That's right. Lynn Hickman was the fellow bidding her up. It was the highest price of the day.

Second highest price was for a Paul back cover that went to Hickman for \$41. Other Paul covers sold for \$31, \$16, and \$15. The MaCauly oil painting cover for Other Worlds #12 sold for only \$15.

Some fool paid \$10. for the galley proofs for "The Man Who Sold the Moon". Other items starting at a ten dollar minimum such as "Out of Space and Time" failed to get the initial bid. Sam finally got around to Dollen's backdrop. There were twenty pictures and they averaged around \$5.50 each. The highest price was \$14. paid by Eshbach.

Finally people began to walk out. Even more did when Sam stopped and turned the mike over to Gwosdof. Merrill has a loud voice also but nowhere near the talent. Things began to go extremely cheap and one Finlay went for a buck. The pics from the "Grey Lensman" sold for \$.75 and \$1.

After eating with Briggs, Moore, and Pinkham at the cafeteria across the street I went up to 770 to take it

easy. Sims, Kuss, and Aggie were there making and putting up decorations for the party to follow the movie. Everything moveable and breakable was put in the closet. A sign was pasted on the ceiling: "If you're lying on the floor to read this, yuo're drunk". There was another one in the bathroom over the toilet: "Oklahoma Delegation Attention - This is not a drinking fountain". I got out of there. Around seven the panel discussion, "More -- Science in Science Fiction -- Less", moderated by E.E. Evans, got under way. Moskowitz and Cole were for more science in Science Fiction and Fred Brown for less.

Cole said: "Our writers...have gotten sloppy and we just don't have as good science fiction as we used to." Sam said that was too little science in science fiction these days. On the other side Fred Brown who talked first said: "use only as much science as you need to tell the story..." Tucker seemed to think that you can write goof science fiction by using good characterization in a scientific background. "Let science take care of its self," said Tuck.

The discussion lasted around an hour and wasn't so successful in reaching a conclusion. Tucker's telling a juvenile S-Fer he'd read once was the most hilarious thing of the evening.

The movies came next. I guess you could call them movies! "Castle of Doom", an old silent horror picture was shown first. It was a very arty picture, with hands sliding along and down banisters and shadows flitting along walls. The photography was excellent, though, and especially in one scene where you see everything through the eyes of a corpse being carried through town to be buried. The dialouge was terrible -- most of the picture was narrated. Vampire movies leave me cold.

Ted Stur geon's adaptation of John D. McDonald's TWS story, "A Child is Crying" came next. This was for a TV program called "Tales of Tomorrow". The story is from the Dec. 1948 issue and is only slightly changed from the original. It

was a half-hour show, complete with commercials.

Nelson Bond's TV movie "Conqueror's Isle" was the last on the evening program. This one was well handled and given adult presentation. The psychiatrist in the story was the same fellow who played a scientist in "The Thing". After the show Moore announced that "Lost World" would be shown Monday morning.

Briggs, Kerkof, Walthers and myself headed for the Saenger Theater. We got there early and so began looking for the nearest bar. A couple of Tom Collins later we went over to the movie and got in. It was the plushiest movie house in town. Before the show the Fox representative had us pose for pictures. We were required to show excitement, horror, etc. Most people yawned. With the formalities over they let us see the movie.

I'll spare you a review of the movie -- you've probably seen it yourself already. After the show we dashed out of the theater as fast as possible and back to 770. By three o'clock most of the people started coming in and soon the room was jammed. A few of the people there were Mart Greenberg, Fred Brown, Dale Hart, Les and Es Cole, Korshak, Bloch, Hoffman, Ditky, Santesson and Moss of Paramount. The latter wanted beer and we didn't have any.

This party wasn't as good as the one the night before because of all the pros and women present. About 4:30 I couldn't take it any more and we didn't have anything left to drink. I finally hit the sack, people or no people; Max had been smart and gone down to Macaulys room to sleep. They tell me that the party broke up around 6:00; I was in no position to care.

At a quarter to nine in the morning the switchboard called and woke us up. This was probably Max's dirty work. We layed around in bed, though, too long and almost missed the beginning of the movie. However, they didn't start on time anyway. Fox was there taking

pictures of Lee Bishop in a spacesuit. Then they took newsreels of Harry B. giving a scroll to Bishop. With this over, we let Paramount show us a good movie, even if it was in 5 reels -- using only 1 projector!

The picture, When World's Collide, sticks quite closely to the novel of the same title by Edwin Balmer and Phillip Wylie. The movie opens in a South African observatory. David Randell is given the mission of taking some photographic plate to New York. Randell (who looks surprisingly like Danny Kaye) learns what the others know -- that two planets are approaching Earth from outer space. The larger of the two should pass close enough to Earth to destroy it. Astronomer Hendron takes this before the United Nations, but they refuse to believe him. Two business men, however, come through and lend him money in his project to build a spaceship. The major part of the work, though, is financed by an old, crippled millionaire who is afraid that what Hendron says might be true. His support is in return for a place on the rocket.

The scientists take over a mountain-top and with nearly six hundred personnel on hand (played by college kids) they begin to build the rocket. There is some by-play between Randell and Hendron's daughter. They're in love, and Randell thinks he's going on the rocket just because of that (and he's so right!) but Tony Drake talks him out of it and makes him think he's needed.

When Bellus makes the first passing, volcanoes break out and tidal waves rush inland, the filming is magnificent. Tidal waves rush up Times Square, dams collapse; it is superb. And, they have just 18 days left to complete the rocket before final blackout for Earth.

Work is rushed. Since only forty-five people can go, lots are drawn. These go aboard the ship in the last hours. Naturally, the rest of the people, left to their doom, don't care for this. Some rabble rouser finally stirs them up and they come charging out of

their underground bunkers to thrust their puny fists and bullets against the spaceship. Hendron, in a dramatic position, sends the rocket off without him.

There are some excellent shots of the spaceship seemingly motionless in space. From the ship in space you glimpse the destruction of the Earth. And that's all you get -- a glimpse. This scene is disappointingly short. All through the picture they seldom show Bellus and they never show Zyra. It certainly could have been more effective if they had shown people standing on roof-tops looking up at the two expanding planets. I also think that people would have attacked the rocket-launching site when they knew the end was near, but they did not. Another excellent scene left out.

The landing on Zyra is right out of Buck Rogers. A belly-flopper with them skidding along a valley, luckily missing all the large boulders which just happen to be there. They open the air-lock without testing the air, even though someone was smart enough to mention that they should. Of course if the air wasn't any good they would have died anyway, since they didn't have anymore oxygen and the ship was nearly out of fuel.

For the ending you see a weird painting, probably a Bonestell, although it looks like a Paul backcover from AMZ.

As the sun sets in the cloudy sky, we see Randell and Hendron's daughter walking along into the sunset, or something equally nauseous. As Startling said, "This would never have happened if Bonestell had been alive."

One thing they forgot to mention in the picture was whether or not the planet would continue to circle the sun or would continue on into space. At least, if they mentioned it, I missed it. Despite some obvious flaws, I thought it was a good picture. At least, better than Tucker rates it.

After the movie, Paramount passed out some comment sheets. There was then an adjournment until 3:00 so that people

could get something to eat. I went up to 770 and found Sims, Beam, Young, Browne, and Housebel there. So we drank Housebel's warm beer and looked at some literature that Beam had picked up in the French Quarter.

Business for the afternoon was the nomination of the sites for the 1952 convention. Julian May talked first, for Chicago. Julian is a gal and surprised some since she is the editor of Interim News Letter.

Tom Quinn and George Finigan divided up the work between them as they placed a bid for San Francisco -- the LepraCon. Ned McKeown came forward and asked that Niagra Falls, Canada be the site of the next Con. Ken BeAle gave a short talk for New York but you could see that he was all alone. Lynn Hickman bid for Atlanta and Roger Sims finished it up by placing Detroit's bid. Rog started off his talk by saying: "I realize my points are not as big as those of the first speaker..." It was too deep for most fans. ((Who had not previously been briefed by French Quarter literature, no doubt.))

E.E. Evans got up and supported Detroit. A rather heated controversial triangle was brought on between Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco. This was over accessibility, cost, youngness of the fans, etc. Eshbach said that the Detroit fans were too young to put on a good con. Tucker mentioned that the first Chicon was put on by fans of High-school age. Santeson said San Francisco was too costly and he wouldn't go. Judy Merrill said that San Francisco had sand fleas. Then we took the vote.

On the first ballot it came out this way: Chicago 30, Atlanta 22, Niagra Falls 11, Detroit 16, San Francisco 16, and New York 3. Atlanta's finishing second was the biggest surprise. Probably because of the large number of Southern fans present.

Chad Oliver and Walter Miller had gotten out cards for Dripping Springs, Tex. in 1952. "The Dripcon" it was called, but they did not put in a bid for it.

The second ballot was taken with Chicago winning by a clear margin: Chicago 59, Atlanta 36, no good 4. Total 99.

The whole business of selection of Chicago took two and a quarter hours because of all the heated bickering and laxness of the chairman in keeping order.

During the choosing of the Con site, Santeson of the Unicorn Mystery Club got up and gave those present a heated speech on why we should thank 20th Century Fox for showing us "The Day The Earth Stood Still". According to Santeson we were all ungrateful louts for not voting them an award. They could have shown the pic somewhere else and gotten a much larger crowd. Fox did this just for us -- they didn't need the publicity, the two or three pages in LIFE -- the publicity was all for US!! Santeson finally got tired of cussing us out and sat down. Nobody seemed to notice.

After the session we went to Bishop's room and then we picked up Kerkhof and went out to eat. None of us were going to the banquet as we were broke. Keasler was busted and I had to pay his hotel bill; that just about broke me. Afterwards we came to the hall, but the banquet was still going on and we went up to 770. Bishop decided that it would be fun to throw bags of water out of the window. He had a large supply of them and found a couple of gigantic ones in the hotel closet. Lee tossed several out of the window -- scaring hell out of the people on the street below. We then hurriedly left the room.

This time the banquet was over and people were finding seats in the hall. Lee gathered up a bunch of Chicago propaganda and soon paper airplanes were flyinf throughout the room. The sky was full of ships. I think Lee Bishop had more fun at the con than anyone else.

The skit got under way about 8:30. The title was "The Robot, The Girl and The Poet". Shel Vick, Judy Merril, Joe Christoff, and Fritz Lieber played the

parts in that order. There was excellent but unprintable humour throughout. The Robot invited the Girl to go with him to his home factory and build little robots.. they'd have their own punch press. The Android wanted her to go back to Vat 69 with him where they'd build little androids. While the Robot and Android were busy skreening and varishing, the Poet comes on the scene. The girl asks him if he's a man or an android. He replies: "I'm no man -- I'm a poet!" Naturally the poet wants her to go with him and write poetry by moonlight -- they'll have their own little typer. Disgusted by the Poet she wakes up the android. When she goes to wake the robot, he says: "No -- let sleeping cogs lie." But she wakes him up and it ends with a wild finale in which everyone chases Lieber down the aisle and out of the hall.

Tucker's "feendish" expose was next. "Through Darkest Fandom With Birdie and Camera." It was a series of slides made of pictures taken over the last eleven years. Most of the pics, though, were of recent origin, including pics of this year's Indian Lake Conference. The pics were often interspersed with messages like; "Ned Mckeown will refrain from selling peanuts and popcorn during the showing". Fans shown were Tucker, Laney, SaM, Day, Evans, Sneary, Riensberg, etc.

After a short break they showed "The Lost World". This silent epic started around 11:00 and quite a few people stayed to see it. After two reels of Wallace Beery clubbing people with his cane I gave up and went to bed. I'd had just eight hour's sleep in the last 64 and I was dead on my feet. Joe Christoff did an excellent job of providing a piano background for the picture. This is just about the toughest job you can give a fellow as that type of piano playing is a lost art.

After the movie Harry B. gave an informal report of the financial condition of the con. \$150 was given to Chicago, \$50. to the Fan-Vets the way I heard it. When I talked to Harry in the morning he said

they had just about enough money to send back a left-over exhibit. It was the auction that put them in the black.

Harry B. did a marvelous job on the Con as I think everybody will agree. He had little support from the rest of the New Orleans Fantasy Society. Nearly all the work fell on his shoulders. When I first saw him on Thursday he looked as if he needed about four days of solid sleep.

"The Immortal Storm" never did go on sale at the Con. Burwell's wife got sick and the finished booklets did not show up. There were rumors going around later on that the San Francisco group was going to buy up all the mimeoed copies and issue the history in a lithoed format. I'd just as soon have a mimeoed copy.

Best looking Fem Fen at the Con: Bea Mahaffey, Pat Mahaffey, Gloria Hatfield, Ginni Sarri -- and not necessarily in that order.

Rich Ellsberry

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Some notes of interest: Roger & Patty Sims came down on June 5th to celebrate my birthday (the 5th -- and Roger's, the 8th.) I had to work on the 6th, so Roger, Patty, Carolyn, & Mark went out for a little golf. On the 9th hole, Roger got a HOLE-IN-ONE. His first. Talk about proud -- !!!

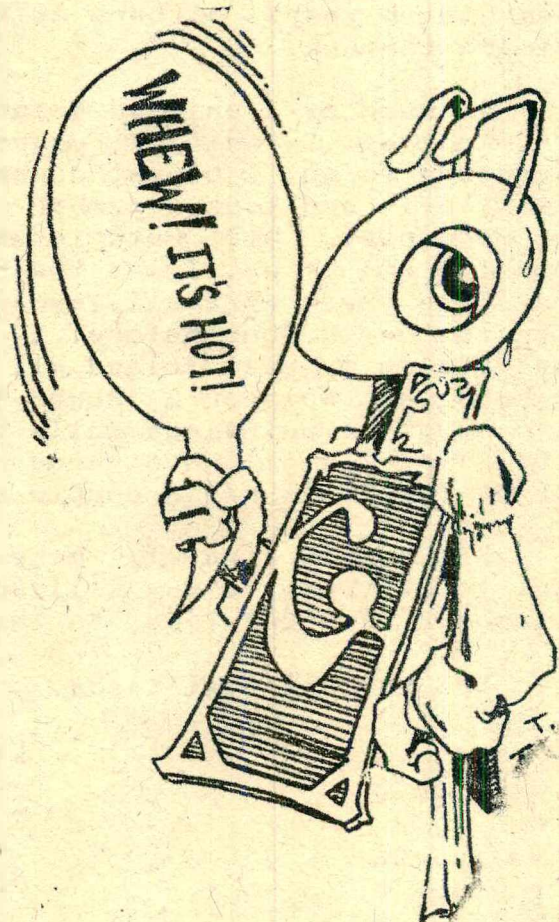
The weekend before, I went to Detroit for a surprise birthday party for Big Hearted Howard DeVore. Very well attended and the party was a blast!! I sat back and chortled as Howard is a year and a week older than I am.

In the true First Fandom manner, Howard made it through the entire evening without falling asleep and

even thinks he will have enough energy left over to make the Midwestcon.

PEAPS (Pulp Era Amateur Press Society) will have it's first mailing in July. Membership is limited to 25, but there are still a few spots open. If you feel that you would be interested in joining write to me: Lynn Hickman at 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, OH 43567 and I'll send you the details. It will be an apa devoted to the pulps.

It's a quarterly apa, so so be fairly easy to keep up with. And with the timeless information coming through from the other members, should be VERY interesting.



This has been fun to work and produce, but it did get laid back for over a year before I decided to start on it again. The main thing that got me going again was going to NOLACON II and seeing so many of the fans that had also been at #1. I figured they would enjoy reading Ellsberry's report on #1 and I'll be sending this issue to most of them.

My biggest surprise at Nolacon 2 was seeing Bob Johnson who I hadn't seen since 1951 or heard from since then. I was on a panel about Nolacon 1 with Bob Tucker, Lee Hoffman, Roger Sims, George Young and Dave Kyle and it was fun. After the panel this fellow hit me on the shoulder and asked if I remembered him. I didn't. It was Bob Johnson. We all then had a good time talking.

Lee Hoffman brought a scrapbook of photos from the con. I asked her if any of us had EVER looked that young. She didn't think so either.

During the panel, Tucker was trying to remember how much money Earl Korshak had won in a poker game. While we were discussing it who should walk into the room but Earl. I hadn't seen him in years either. As I said, a real fun time for me. I enjoyed the con.

As much as I enjoyed Nolacon 2, Nolacon 1 is still first in my memories. I was 37 years younger and it was a greater adventure to go. I bought a new 1951 Mercury convertible to make the trip in and took a number of other fans with me. Bobby Pope, Ian MacCauley, Walt Guthrie and Fred Chappell. It was a great time for all of us. I was the oldest of the bunch (in my early 20s - the rest were all teenagers), and the only one that had been to World Cons before. I also met another youngster there that became my best friend all these years and who was Fan Guest of Honor at Nolacon 2, Roger Sims. So #1 was special to me. I also bought 4 paintings while there. Two Pauls, a MacCauley and a Dollens. I still have three of them in my collection. I traded one of the Pauls off a couple of years ago for a Blakeslee.

Since this zine will make it's first appearance in SFPA, I want to mention to Guy Lillian that I, for one, had a ball at Nolacon 2. A GREAT time, So thanks for a good con!

See you all next issue.

LYNN

## THE BEFORE OF THE LONELY HALF-SHOT

Tucker: You have a sensative fannish face -- you must be a fan -- an honest-to-gosh-boy-O-boy-gee-whiz-faaan!

Stranger: You speak words of wisdom oh venerable faaan. It is the truth, I am a faaan.

Tucker: And you have come to my home to engage in fannish practices like putting out one-shots.

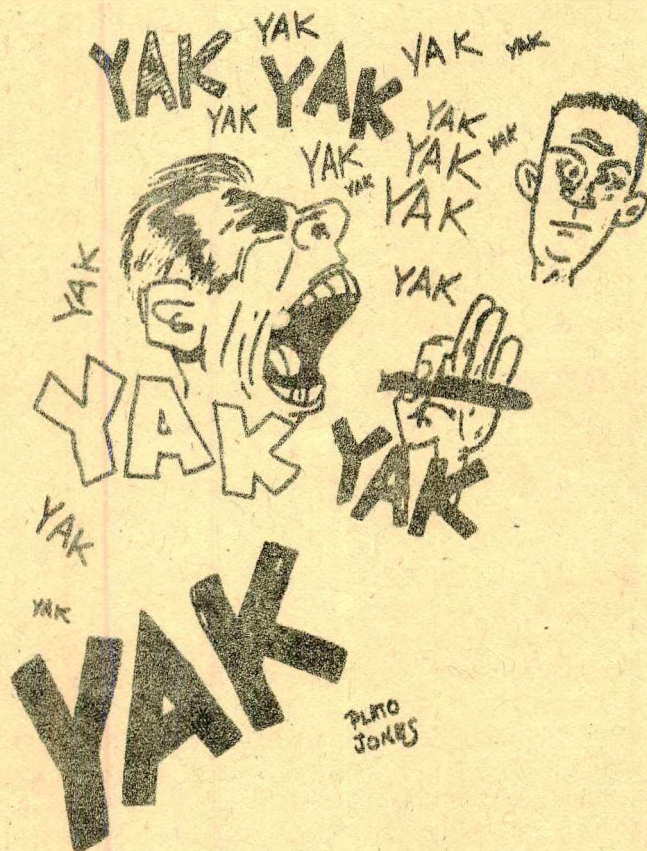
Stranger: No, honored elder, my name is Lynn Hickman and I am a real champion balloonblower. See -- I have with me 144 balloons and my automatic balloonblowerupper. In all honesty I have come to blow balloons with you and to eat Fern's fine Cherry Pie. And besides that, if you will remember, this is Monday and it on Wednesday that you insult my typewriter and sit in lonely solitude whilst I and my farmer friends enjoy those fine steaks in Bloomington.

Tucker: But if this is Monday, how do you know what has taken place on Wednesday next?

Hickman: It is a proud and lonely thing to be a faaan.

Tucker: You may enter. I will show you how to blow a double balloon that can be used as a dumbell. That is how I developed these magnificent muscles.

(And that is what we did. He told the truth. He could blow a double balloon and Fern's pie was good and I hope she bakes another one the next time we blow balloons.)



"How could  
you tell  
I was a  
salesman?"

## THE LONELY HALF-SHOT

(being a one-shot prepared in lonely solitude whilst the other faaan ((it takes two to one-shot)) hies himself elsewhere to feed the Inner Man after a hard day's work in the fields. It began in the usual manner:)

Tucker: Good Lord, cor blimy and et ceterera -- you look like a faaan!  
Stranger: Bless my soul, I am a faaan.  
Tucker: Then you have no soul. But I suspected as much -- you have the Look of Wildness about you; a certain expression of Un-together-ness. Know what I mean?  
Stranger: No.  
Tucker: Not surprising; few faaans recognize their symptoms. Twonk's Disease is an occupational one with faaans.  
Stranger: What do I do now?  
Tucker: Remove you nose from my screendoor and stand back -- let me look at you.  
Stranger: To hear is to obey, sahib.  
Tucker: Speak in capital letters when you call me that!  
Stranger: Yes, Sahib.  
Tucker: You are coming into focus.  
Stranger: Who do I look like?  
Tucker: A bit like Degler, to tell the truth, but you ain't he. And you can't be DAG because I don't see six young 'uns trailing behind you. And besides, DAG was here once, and he doesn't drive a dirty white Ford with a bashed-in Ohio license, such as now sits in my drive. I assume you arrived in that?  
Stranger: Yes, Sahib.  
Tucker: Ah, yes. Ohio --- Ohio. You can't be Barrett, or Skirvin, or Ford, or even Sven. Okay, I'll bite.  
Stranger: Surprise! I am Lynn Hickman!  
Tucker: I stopped being surprised when Palmer published FANTASTIC AD-VENTURES. Who is Lynn Hickman?  
Hickman: Me.  
Tucker: From Ohio?  
Hickman: No, I live in Illinois -- now.  
Tucker: Why?  
Hickman: To be near my center of business.  
Tucker: What is your business -- assuming it is legal?  
Hickman: I am a Travelling Salesman.  
Tucker: Hah!  
Hickman: Well, I am. I sell pumps and sprayers and things like that.  
Tucker: Things like what?  
Hickman: Pumps and sprayers.  
Tucker: I find fault with your typewriter.  
Hickman: You're not supposed to say that! I haven't asked you to turn out a one-shot yet.  
Tucker: Well, ask me.  
Hickman: Let's turn out a one-shot.  
Tucker: All right, if you insist, but I find fault with this typer.  
Hickman: Sir, that machine has served me faithfully for many a year. What is the fault?  
Tucker: The lines are crooked. It doesn't feed the paper evenly.  
Hickman: Nonsense! The fault is yours. My red readers have never complained.  
Tucker: Considering the errors in that sentence, I'm surprised you still have readers. And besides, the readers -- your readers -- wouldn't complain of crooked lines. They are afraid of being found out.  
Hickman: That, sir, smacks of a slur.  
Tucker: Let us move along to the following page.

Hickman: Well, here we are, starting anew on a virgin page..

Tucker: I find your language objectionable. Now, you were saying you are a travelling salesman?

Hickman: Yssiree! Pumps and sprayers.

Tucker: I don't want any. But what are you doing at my door?

Hickman: I am an old faasn, and tired. Especially tired. I have been working all day.

Tucker: Doing what?

Hickman: Exhibiting my---

Tucker: Watch that language!

Hickman: I was merely going to say, exhibiting my pumps and sprayers.

Tucker: It smacks of subversion.

Hickman: You persist in misunderstanding me. Looks not far from here, on a certain large farm, the farmers are having a field day.

Tucker: You'll never be a second Willis.

Hickman: I don't follow that.

Tucker: Never mind; go on.

Hickman: The farmers, and their friends the farm machinery salesman, are having a field day. There were 110,000 people there before noon! Balloons---soda pop---hot dogs---paper hats---music---noise---hucksters! It was exciting.

Tucker: Okay, okay, you've established the scene. The farmers were having a field day. But what were you doing there?

Hickman: Exhibiting my pumps and sprayers.

Tucker: I'm getting a bit tired of that.

Hickman: Can't be helped; there I was, doing that. To the farmers. I worked hard all day. Really sweated. But at last it was over. I closed down the tent and left. So here I am, seeking solace on your doorstep.

Tucker: Hey---look what your typewriter is doing again!

Hickman: I insist that it is your fault.

Tucker: Bah! Any decent pump and sprayer salesman would afford a good typewriter.

Hickman: Well, I'm still seeking solace.

Tucker: You won't find it here -- Fern did up the dishes an hour ago.

Hickman: I must go to a greasy restaurant?

Tucker: You must, if you want to eat.

Hickman: All fandom will be plunged into war!

Tucker: Don't worry; I'll pick up the pieces.

Hickman: Carrion crow!

Tucker: Them what has, gits.

Hickman: I can take a hint; I'll git. But may I leave this typewriter and this box of masters (which I just happened to have in my pocket) while I'm gone?

Tucker: Why?

Hickman: So that we may turn out a one-shot.

Tucker: But you won't be here.

Hickman: Oh, that's all right -- do it by yourself and call it a half-shot. Make up things, lots of things -- you're clever at that kind of fraud. Put words in my mouth.

Tucker: Do you really mean that?

Hickman: I do. Have a complete one-shot waiting for me when I return.

Tucker: So be it.

Hickman: Then I leave, seeking a greasy restaurant.

(And he did, and I did, and this is it. And later, when he returns, wiping food from his chin with a shirt sleeve, listen to him complain about the cracked lines, and the typing errors, and such trivia. -BT)

## THE AFTER OF THE LONELY HALF-SHOT

Tucker: Good Lord --- are you here again?  
Hickman: Yes. Did Fern bake another pie?  
Fern: I'll never bake again as long as I live. And don't you dare try to put out another one-shot.  
Hickman: But I didn't come to put out another one-shot. I came to eat your pie and read Bob's fanzines and find out why the people who went to the con in London had to eat dusty corn-flakes.  
Tucker: Did you notice up above -- that typer won't even work for him.  
Fern: We hate to see you leave.  
Hickman: But I'm not leaving. I just got here.  
Fern: Oh.  
Tucker: I'll put the coffee on. We always drink a cup just before we go to bed.  
Hickman: I can only stay a short time. Lets wait till about mid-night before you fix the coffee.  
Tucker: But its only six now.  
Hickman: Isn't that swell. We'll have lots of time to chat. And guess what? I'm gonna stop in again next week.  
Tucker: If you'll go visit Bloch instead, I'll pay for your gas.  
Hickman: Gee --- fans are nice. Did you know that the Detroit group paid my moving bill so that I could leave Michigan and move to South Carolina. They even found me a job down there.  
Tucker: Then what are you doing here?  
Hickman: The fans down South did the same thing. I move at least once a year and I never have to pay my own moving bill.

(And thats the way the evening went. Fern and Bob are anxiously awaiting my visit next week and we may even put out a whole one-shot at the same time next week.)

From:

Lynn A. Hickman	Bob Tucker
304 N. 11th	or Box 702
Mount Vernon, Ill.	Bloomington, Ill.

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To:

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