

"SONNY TUFTS!" t h e answer should have come from Soupy Sales, Fran Allison, or one of the other four panelists, but the Mystery Guest disguised his voice so effectively that no one could discover him (they were masked, after all) and Henry Morgan, the moderator and quiz-master had to let them unmask, whereupon all recognized their guest. There was no need to turn to the judge, Bergen Evans.

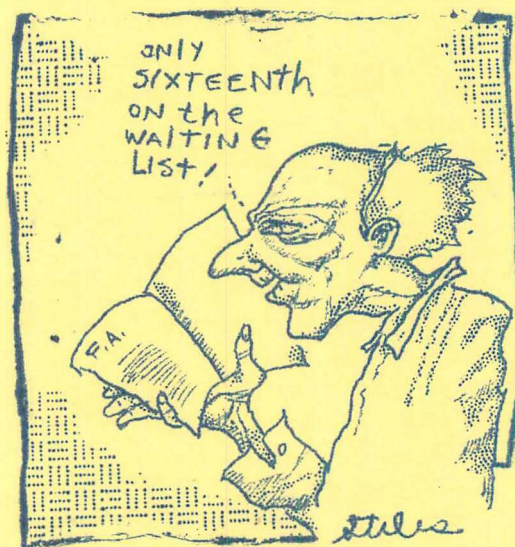
The occasion was the television broadcast of the National Trivia Test, "A Public Affairs Presentation of WNEW-TV," New York Channel 5, on April 3, 1966.

As well as being an amusing lampoon of the various self-styled National Tests of the past year or so's television fare, the National Trivia Test offered an amusing hour long review of old-time radio, movies, comics, and even the early days of TV itself. (In the last case, "early days" refers to the late 40s and early 50s.)

There were questions involving radio-show sign-on themes, supporting role motion picture actor identification (the immortal Vera Hruba Ralston showed up), a lovely session of properly pairing comics heroes and villains (including the World's Mightiest Mortal and the World's Maddest Scientist), and a generally good time for all. There were 10 questions for home audience answers, which must in honesty be admitted to have been easier than the ones asked of the panelists.

Being an honest man, I must confess that my score was 100%. Pat's was not, although she passed. She is, after all, Below 30, thus could not fairly be asked questions requiring prenatal recollection.

(Continued on page 9.)



horib₂

(concluded from front cover)

This whole nostalgia business gives me a distinctly odd feeling, a little bit (as I said in a talk at the Discon) like the feeling Dr. Frankenstein must have felt. Not that I claim to have created the whole phenomenon...maybe it was just Nostalgia Time, as the Fortean would tell us, and I nostalgized, and everyone else is nostalgizing.

Still, you will forgive me if I tend to date things from the summer and fall of 1960, and "The Big Red Cheese," and everything...everything...that has followed. And, speaking of the days of "All in Color for a Dime," plans are currently afoot for Don and Maggie Thompson, nee Curtis, to visit Merry Hell this July, hit New York for the Comicon (being put on mostly by stf fans, plus John Benson, who is mostly a movie buff), and return to Cleveland with the bulk of the comic collection that I accumulated in the early 1960s. I guess that makes me the Laney of comics fandom.

Alzzzo, there are plans afoot for a book edition of "All in Color for a Dime." Actually, there has been for well over three years, and if plans had gone through when first they were broached, the book would have been out long ago. It was, after all, pre-pop, pre-camp, pre-trivia, and even pre-Feiffer. Well, maybe late '66 or early '67. Don't hold your breath.

And that's Trivia for this mailing.

MAILING COMMENTS DEPARTMENT (The 114th Mailing):

THE EFFAY (O. F. Esheldom): Regarding Institutional Advertising, 's okay here. Regarding Baxter, 'sokay here. Regarding VP's and OE's reports, 'sokay here.

F.O., KTEIC 141, QUOTEBOOK II (Rotsler): Lemme take this opportunity to say that I have enjoyed and admired your work in innumerable fanzines over a period of many years, 'nI don't think I ever told you so. Pat and I did see you at the Pacificon in '64, but I don't think we ever got a chance to talk. Speaking of the Pacificon, did anyone ever point out to you Hulbert Burroughs' reaction to Jody's (was that her name?) costume? And after all those naked ladies on Barsoom, and in Pellucidar, and all over the place!!! No special comments on these three fmz, maybe another time.

BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL 3 (Bob Tucker): Maybe Tars Tarkas is done for, Misser Tucker, but old Carson Napier, Duare, Nalte, Ero Shan and the rest may be in for a comeback. Back in '63 when Mariner IV zipped past Venus and sent back readings of a hot HOT H-O-T, dry DRY D-R-Y planet, 'nall the scientists and them there wise-acres was saying that Silence Ficcin had been proved dopey and there could certainly not be no life on Venus, I wouldn't believe 'em, and just to prove this isn't 20/20 hindsight, anybody with a copy of "The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor" can dig it out and look on page

 *Page 9, that's continuous numbering from Horib 1. Should make it easier, over a period of many issues, to look things up, etc. --ed.

err, page 8, ¶7. And, Lor' bless us every one, today's (April 18 '66) New York Times has a big article headlined NEW DATA ON VENUS SUPPORTS THEORY THAT LIFE COULD EXIST, and it's all about how William Plummer and John Strong, both Doctors (so it must be so!) from Johns Hopkins's Universities "contend that temperatures in reality are much lower and that certain areas of the planet may be capable of sustaining life... that the thick cloud layer of Venus was made up of water clouds like those existing in the earth's atmosphere...[and] that although Venus's temperatures around the equator range between 340 degrees Fahrenheit and 580 degrees Fahrenheit, there are extensive regions where man would find a comfortable temperature. These they said, are more extensive than earth's land area."

And what I say is, Bring Back them Steaming Jungles, Bring Back them Stinking Swamps, Bring Back them Fish People, Them Frog People, Them Sweating Penal Colonists, Them Xzstybb1-weed Paddies!!!!

ATOMIC GALAXY 1 (David Tucker): Your father is a fiend!

DEADWOOD 2 (George Locke): Another Goddam Other Fandom. Not long after this issue of Horib appears you will, I hope, be paying a visit to Merry Hell, where we can have a good yak over old OLD science fiction. That 1907 Hallen book you sent me, ANGILIN, looks like a doozie. I've only read the introduction, and frankly I don't know when I'll get to the book, eager though I am to read it. No need, I suppose, to elaborate on the multiplicity of fannish obligations that call, plus an extensive reading program, plus some more or less pro-ish things that either want to or have to write, plus trying to earn a living and raise a family....what I need is at least a 30-hour day and a 10-day week, and then I might have some kind of a fighting chance to get caught up.

PANTOPON 14 (Ruth Berman): You and other Tolkien fans (who Don't Take It All Too Seriously) should get a huge charge out of Jack Gaughan's "The Fellowship of the Pot," which Terry Carr says he might publish. Gaughan is mostly known for his serious illustration, but his comic (in both senses) adaptations of Fu Manchu and of the Ring are incredibly funny and witty.

HELEN'S FANTASIA 16 (Wesson): Err, the coverillo of the frontispiece from the first edition of Frankenstein had considerable curiosity value, but otherwise I'm afraid that the issue rather left me cold. Nothing really bad about it, it just didn't grab me. Maybe as I get to know you better through FAPA there will develop a rapport similar to that I feel for most other FAPAns. I mean, I've drunk homemade wine in Ruth Berman's house, and broken a bed in Dick Ellington's, Calvin Demmon has called me a Pile of Crap and Dean Grennell has told my wife that with a waste-basket on her head she would look like Queen Nefertite. That's rapport!

VORPAL dRAGON 1 (Harrell): My ghod, Phil reading VD almost brought back my S---- of W----- again. Somehow (how can I say this) seeing FAPA through your eyes, it looks the way I dreamed it would years ago when my eyes saw things much better than they see them now. You manage to retain an eager innocence than I envy but cannot emulate. Well, more fool I.

HORIZONS 105 (Warner): Much fine reading here. I thought your story "The Most Happy Fan" was excellent. Among other virtues the denouement was both a surprise and a satisfaction. No cheat, all legit, a good story. One thing I couldn't help, for much of the story, was trying to pick out the "models" for Sav, Jim Hearn, and maybe the narrator, although the narrator was presumably Harry Warner. I guess, though, there were no models...or were there?

Ah, I wait for your Fan History. Your possible blackouts call to mind a series of headaches I suffered a few years ago when Pat and I were living in Manhattan and I had to travel to Poughkeepsie every once in a while. I used to get the gawdawfullest sinus headaches from the difference in atmospheric pressure of humidity or whatever it was. Somehow the aches come much less frequently now that we live near Poughkeepsie and visit New York often. I'm not sure why.

STUPEFYING STORIES 77 (Eney): Mainly, I want to mention Harry Warner's notes on the perpetuation of apocryphal stories in Musicology. They're fun, and I've recently come across a dilly -- in fantasy, rather than in music, however, -- concerning Arthur Machen. Seems that in 1914 he wrote a short fantasy about medieval archers appearing in a battle in France, stopping a German column and saving a British force in the first World War. In the first (1915) book version of his story, "The Bowmen," Machen devotes a 27 page preface to swearing by everything he can think of that the story was fiction, but nobody would believe him. Somehow it caught public fancy, what with the outpouring of patriotic feeling, and his denials of its truth never did catch up with the people who insisted on believing it. And just day before yesterday at the Lunacon I was leafing through a Ray Palmer magazine of fairly recent (1960ish) vintage, and came across the same old story, told once more...as gospel truth! Proof that there are Etheric Armies, I'll have you know!

Anyway, Dick Eney, good luck in Viet Nam. What good you'll do for Viet Nam, America, or the world, I dunno. But come home in one piece.

THE RAMBLING FAP 38 (Calkins): Ah, there, Oldest Fannish Acquaintance and friend, so there you are! What's the reciprocal of "Welcome"? Well, what I wanna say to you is approximately welcome, although of course I'm the new arrival not you. Your discussion of weapon serial numbers made me go 146582755...I think I've jumbled one or two rifl numbers, one or both of my army serial numbers, maybe a couple obsolete phone numbers there. Couple years ago I was opening a bank account, told the man my name, address, employer, and then he asked my Social Security number. One three oh - two eight - four seven five five, I told him. "Ah, you guys from IBM know all about numbers," he grumped in reply.

BT: HIS PAGES 15 (Tucker): Of course you must have seen the front pages when your friend Monique Von Cleef got raided awhile ago. The cops now have her mailing list, so you know your name is in Good Hands. After a couple days, the story was suddenly dropped... could it be pressure from people in high places? Tucker, your name is in Good Company as well as Good Hands.

HORIB 1 (Us): Well, that's Houses for the year.

SERCON'S BANE 27 (F.M.Busby): A fascinating review, there, of "Greek Love" by J.Z.Eglinton. But I had the impression as I read that you weren't giving me anywhere near a complete picture. Of course there is the dictum, which I myself have preached at various folks, that "Reading book reviews is no substitute for reading books," and I suppose one could read your review better if one would first read the book. Nonetheless, I would have appreciated a fuller description of what you were ripping up before you advanced to the ripping.

GOLIARD 838 (K.Anderson): I was tantalized but dissatisfied by your trip photos; Pat and I hope to make the trip next year. Oh, why did I say that about your pics? Well, they look as if they should be fascinating pictures, but the quality of them, as mimeo'd, is pretty poor.

Anyway, we've been invited to stay for a while with Mr. & Mrs. Roger Lancelyn Green at their house in the town of Poulton-Lancelyn, where the Lancelyns have lived since they came over 900 years ago this year. The good Anle-ish neighbors are still a little suspicious of them. And of course we are going to want to see -- again -- all our British fan friends, the Bentcliffes, Willises, Ethel Lindsay, Ella Parker, ATom -- and those we haven't met yet but look forward to meeting: George Locke, Jim White, Archie Mercer, Eddie Jones, maybe even Fred Hunter, etc.

THE THOUGHT OF THE OUTSIDE (Jacobs & Co): Lupoff's Law of One-Shots says, They're almost always fun to produce and almost never fun to read. Or, what was that classic line, Pete? Unpleasant, unfunny, forced? Or something like that.

ELMURMURINGS 1 (Perdue): Yours is about the closest to an eye-witness report of that Watts mess as has appeared in fandom. And I suppose that the recent small-scale repeat must have thrown a good scare into much of the LA populace. Unhappily, the more I read, hear, and think about these problems, the tougher the solutions, which I once thought very simple, become.

NULL-F 41 (White): Where the hell is your chapter, White? Your con report only made me sad, once again, that Pat and I missed the Loncon. All the more frustrating too. What with the need to buy a house and two cars in the space of a year we were thoroughly broke... but only temporarily so. This year, other time commitments stop us. But as I was saying to Karen a few paragraphs ago, Wait Till Next Year!

SYNAPSE (Speer): Easy reading and good writing, but I must say that I am depressed at the endless rehashing of the Boondoggle. Not that it was a trivial matter (at least in our tiny world), nor that it was ever definitively settled, but rather that it's been talked to death and never really resolved, and now we've gotten to the point where we get no new evidence, and no new argument, but merely unceasing repetition and personal acrimony. May I suggest -- unless you've something new to say -- let it go. Please.

Well ding-blast it, I see I'm all out of Gestetner "Duplistencils," and all I have in the house are some old leftovers of the "Quality" brand, a monumentally misnamed type of stencil that I experimented with many months ago and decided not to use because the quality was so poor. Also, you can't see what you're typing, so my usually high ratio of typos-per-line will, I suppose, get even worse. Well, if you can bear it, so can I. I guess.

On with the emcees.

ASP (Donaho & Rogers): Firstall, Alva, consider this much belated thanks for the hospitality you and Sid offered us in Berkeley two years ago...or did you? No, now that I recall rightlier, it was Donaho who was the host at that party where we met you. Well, it was a pleasure anyhow, and thank you, Bill, for the hospitality.

Anyway:Alva, Richard Dix was for me a mere legendary name until about two years ago Pat and I caught him in "Transatlantic Tunnel" at the New Yorker. It had George Arliss too, I recall, playing the Prime Minister, and C. Aubrey Smith as, I think, an American industrialist who helped finance the tunnel. A terrible, terrible picture, for all that it made Curt Siodmak's reputation. It must have been at least two hours long and seemed at least two years! But at least, at last, I got to see the legendary Richard Dix. And he was good! With "TT" was "The Shape of Things to Come," the Wellsian drama, with Raymond Massey and a cast of trillions. Very likely the finest science-fiction film ever made, a few bits come through as too arty and corny by contemporary standards, but it's just a matter of changing styles. All in all, the picture is a delight to watch.

Couple years ago the Fantasy Film Club (of New York) founded by Dave Foley and Chris Steinbrunner and carried on by Chris after Dave's death, had "The Phantom Empire" for one of its Sunday shows at our old apartment on 73rd Street. Standard format was to show half the chapters, break for dinner (there was usually a huge order of pizza, heroes, antipasti, etc., from Buon Appetito over on York Avenue, plus various good from a couple of local delicatessens) and then on with the rest of the serial.

"The Phantom Empire" was a joy. The sheer idiocy of the thing lifted it from the ranks of the merely bad serials, into the sphere of the sublimely incredible. Ahh, the lost days of 73rd Street. Remind me, some time, to tell you the story of the multiple showings of the Captain Marvel serial. Or what happened when The Purple Monster Struck. And "The Secret of Treasure Island" from an original story by L. Ron Hubbard sohelpme. Ah, ah, ah, Warren Hull indistinguishable from Nelson Rockefeller in the role of Richard Wentworth, the Spider. And Victor Jory as one of an endless series of Green Archers in an utterly indescribable adaptation of Edgar Wallace's thriller.

If you're interested in Sax Rohmer, I'd suggest a few non-Fu books: "The Day the World Ended" (stf); "She Who Sleeps" (borderline fantasy); "Brood of the Witch Queen" (pure-quill weird fantasy); "Tales of Secret Egypt" (reads like Damon Runyon in Cairo)....

Well, that last stencil was mangled with the help of a plastic backing sheet. This page I'll try it without one. But these \$\$\$%\$\$&\$\$ Quality stencils have got to go!

DAMBALLA (Hanson): A very impressive cover. How you did that, Chuck?

I note you're a Savoyard as well as a Holmesian. I too am both, although both in only a small way, and I wonder how many sfans combine their enthusiasm for science fiction and similar dedication to the worlds of Watson, Gilbert, and Sullivan.

It has always seemed to me that G&S should have adapted a Holmes story, or at any rate used the Immortal Roomies in an operetta. Somehow the whole style and atmosphere of G&S seem appropriate to the Holmes saga. A pity they never got together.

And I'll see you at the Tricon!

ALIOUOT (Hevelin): Speaking of Chris Steinbrunner's Fantasy Film Club a few paragraphs ago...not long ago Chris showed us (in his cellar in Queens) the first two Shadow films, "The Shadow Strikes" and "International Crime" with Rod La Roque as the Shad. Another legendary figure I'd long wanted to see. He wasn't bad, but the scripts and direction were terrible in both pictures.

One of my favorite pulp heroes was Kendall Foster Crossen's Green Lama, from the old "Double-Detective" magazine circa 1940-42. He had three identities (Jethro Dumont, Dr. Charles Pali, and the Green Lama), a Tibetan servant, a mysterious lady compatriot, and generally a good series of adventures. The character had just the pazaaz needed for today's campiness, plus some plain good writing and cleverly plotted adventures. I wish somebody would pick 'em for paperbacks.

BIN X 1 (Grennell): Always good to hear from you, even a one-pager. But...I hope this move does not mean that you & Jean won't be at the Tricon. I thought we were to be co-house guests. Coshes, Dean, meeting you was one of the real high points of the Chicon III for us, and we've looked forward to renewing acquaintance. Say it isn't so, Dean!

CAT FUR 1 (Caughran): Of course you've heard that Ace and JRRT made up and he's received a fat royalty check. I've also heard that Professor Tolkien has not received any money from Ballantine, publicity and/or sanctimony notwithstanding. But maybe that isn't so.

I'm afraid that you'll have to list me as a NY-culture-snob. I've lived in New York, New Jersey, Florida, Indiana, and visited for varying purposes and periods in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa, and California, and there is just no place in these United States that can stand up to New York. It's just so, Jim, for better or for worse. About the only saving grace of Poughkeepsie is that it's within two hours of New York. Beyond reasonable travel of NY, most of this country is a big nothing (culturally).

ANKUS 18 (Pelz): I'm afraid I've missed most of the Willis reports, and I hope and trust we'll see a complete version under one cover one day...and before too long, too. Hmm?

Ah, back to Gestetner Duplistencils. It is now Monday, April 25, and I ran over to the local Gestetner agency on my lunch hour and bought a quire. I suppose in conscience I ought to retype those last two pages done on the ill-named Quality stencils, but they're too hard to read. I'll just hope that they come out legible when I run them. In case they don't, the following zines' editors got gypped out of their due paragraphs: DAMBALLA, ALIQUOT, BIN X, CAT FUR, ANKUS, and ASP.

Anyway, while I was in buying the stencils, I looked at a used Gestetner 260, the precursor of the current top-of-the-line 360. [Which designation always gives me a kick, because Big Mother's current line is called System/360.] Anyway, the 260/360 is hideously expensive new, but used it is only ugly expensive, and with some value in trade for the old BDC M2 we've used for the past year and a fraction, and a few bucks that are just coming in from a couple of windfalls (a finder's fee for an old Public Domain novel that I "sold" to Lancer Books...and a dispute, originated by My Employer, over an ancient expense account, that looks as if there will be an adjustment of a hunnert bucks in my favor) we might wind up before long with a reconditioned electric Gestetner. Wow!

Trouble with the M2 is only one thing, the paper feed, but that, unfortunately, is not a matter of getting the machine into proper condition (it's in fine condition) but a basic Design Flaw. Like, once every so often the feed either misses a sheet or picks it up late, so that that sheet is ruined, the impression roller gets inked, and the next copy or two are also ruined. This may be a trivial matter when you're doing low-volume (10-15 copies) one-side work. But for 70 to 100 copies, and having to overrun Side 1 so as to allow for anticipated spoilage of Side 2...it can be very expensive of paper, ink, time and energy, and one's nerves as well. So...we shall see.

I see by the Effay that I have left one fmz uncommented upon:

THE LARGE FLYING BIRD (Demmon): Calvin Demmon, in 1963 I sent you a tape full of messages and Fun recorded by me & Steve Stiles and Gary Deindorfer (I think) and maybe some other New York type guys, and I sort of think three years is long enough for you to have got some sort of answer to me, and you haven't, and I'm getting Miffed, and impatient.

Avram [Blessings upon his umbilicle] Davidson, his letter stimulates the following recitation. Edward Ferman wrote to me recently and asked for a copy of Avram's great letter "He Swooped on his Victims and Bit Them on the Nose" from Xero 5, for possible use in PS, Mr. Ferman's professional nostalgia fanzine. I supplied it as requested. I also reread it, and doubled over midst mixed laughter at its content and tears of nostalgia for Xero. Getting nostalgic over nostalgia itself is a terrifying thought. But I concluded reluctantly that the letter was so much in the context of the time and the fanzine that, lifted and reprinted in PS (er, P.S., sorry, Mr. Ferman) it would be just about pointless. Not to say quite incomprehensible.

That's down-beat stories for this mailing, and that's mailing comments. For this I waited six years?

MISCELLANY & TRIVIA DEPARTMENT: Glancing over the last Effay it looks as if two-three vacancies will occur this quarter, and be filled by Daphne Buckmaster, Bangs L Tapscott, and maybe Fred Patten. In which case, "Welcome to FAPA, Daphne, Bangs, and maybe Fred Patten." If, on the other hand, some dependant clause in the tiny print at the bottom of the FAPA Constitution says otherwise, "Forget it."###

###A solid brass google to the first reader who can identify the following quotation:

The next novel, based on a dream, was called "In Search of Qrart."

What is Qrart? I decline to divulge this secret beyond saying that Qrart was a product of the civilisation which now sleeps under the snows of the pole. It was an article of the utmost value to humanity. Farther I do not intend to commit myself. The Bride of a God was one of the characters...

...Another story will deal with the Icelandic discoverers of America. Mr. Kipling, however, has taken the wind out of its sails with his sketch, "The Finest Story in the World." There are all the marvels and portents of the Eyrbyggja Saga to draw upon, there are Skraelings to fight, and why should not Karlsefni's son kill the last mastodon, and, as Quetzalcoatl, be the white-bearded god of the Aztecs? After that a romance on the intrigues to make Charles Edward King of Poland sounds commonplace.

A hint: the author of this piece is also the author of a novel in which a murder trial hinges upon the evidence of a witness as to an occurrence he saw from an airplane in 1886. George Locke, Terry Carr, and Pat Lupoff are disqualified from entering this contest, due to special advantage.###

###Damn Frustration Department: As most who have known me in the past few years, my stfnal interest has turned increasingly from the contents of the latest monthlies to the collecting and reading of antique science fiction. I prefer not to define that latter too stringently, but for a much-exceptioned rule of thumb, let's say, anything that appeared in-or-around-or-prior-to-1910. For several years the Number One item on my want-list has been Across the Zodiac, a novel by Percy Greg published by Trubner in two volumes, 1880. It is fairly widely regarded as the cornerstone of the modern interplanetary adventure novel, just as Skylark of Space is the pioneer interstellar. Last Friday night I succeeded in buying a copy. The only hitch was: it was only of Volume II. Less than twenty-four hours later I was offered another copy of the book. Also only one volume. Also Volume II. I am forced to the inescapable conclusion that somebody out there is collecting Volume Is. [Volumes I?].###

###This looks like the end of another Horib, unless Pat gets ambitious. Omitted from this issue are my autobiography, Part II (don't you just weep at missing another six pages of house plans?) and "The Xero Fun and Games Book," which was squeezed out of the final issue of that fanzine and has lain in wait of readers ever since. Maybe Next Time.

RAL

SURPRISE! Here are Pat's meanderings for the quarter: I've never seen a meteor in my life and suddenly this past week I've seen two! One on Friday night (April 22) when Dick and I were on our way up to Hartford. And one last night. To me they looked like green balls of fire falling swiftly across the sky.

I work in a school for physically handicapped children a few hours a week and today one of the little boys was terrifically excited about seeing a meteor: "Did you know that people all over the world saw the meteor last night? Even as far away as New York?"

Thanks to our four-year-old son Ken, we now live in a world inhabited mainly by Batman and Robin and all their jolly companions. At times Ken is Robin (usually when Dick is home). When Dick is at work Ken is Batman. I am Catwoman, our cars are both batmobiles which are put away every night in their batcave. Once recently I had to keep Ken and a little girl from killing each other -- they both were adamant in insisting that they were Robin.

MOVIE DEPARTMENT: On one of our frequent trips to New York Dick and I saw an excellent French whodunit, "The Sleeping Car Murders." I found it extremely refreshing to see a real old-fashioned whodunit. No nasty psychological twists but a very clever gimmick at the end of the movie, which takes you completely by surprise.

HUDSON VALLEY NEWS: A few weeks ago Dick and I drove up to Woodstock, New York, home of Theodore Sturgeon and the gray collies. Alas, we had arrived there minutes too early, the female gray collie was due to give birth at any moment. After trying to sell us a full grown dog the owner of the kennel told us to come back in June. Here's hoping.

I mentioned a few lines above that I work in a school for physically handicapped children. It is very stimulating and rewarding work. The classes are small. I have ten in the class that I help out in and the ages of the children range from eight to eleven. There is only one girl in the class; in fact, I noticed that the majority of the children in the school are boys. When I inquired about this I was told that it is because many of the children are cerebral palsy cases and that this is more frequently found in boys than in girls.

The first day that I went there I came in the middle of recess and all the children were outside digging a huge tomb-like hole in the ground and flinging dirt and stones about with what looked like murderous precision. When I asked them what they were doing they replied that they were digging Dracula's grave. Poughkeepsie may be a deadly place but the kids who live here are brought up in the finest tradition.

The only other great thing about Poughkeepsie aside from its swinging children is the great ice cream places that open up from April to October. These are usually establishments that have their ice cream made from dairy products supplied by adjoining farms, so you can eat your ice cream cone and frolic in the fields with cows, bulls, horses, and sheep. It doesn't always smell so great but the ice cream is delicious.

A MESSAGE TO TED WHITE: I understand that you like to look for houses in depressed places of the country. May I recommend Milton, New York? Terry and Carol can testify that Milton is crumbling into ruins, indeed Milton can be described as all one slum. Milton is where they filmed "The Fugitive Kind" with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Joanne Woodward. The local story is that the producers were looking for a place in the vicinity of Manhattan to make the picture, because the interior scenes were to be shot in New York.

They couldn't find a place that looked like a rundown souther town and in desperation appealed to the New York State trade promotion bureau (or whatever it's called) and asked for advice. Back came an enthusiastic report recommending Milton, which is only 75 miles from the city.

Milton is dreadful. Dick and I have good friends there. They rented the best looking house in town and it's no bargain. (Well, the rent they pay for eight rooms is extremely low...but the house!) But the most expensive houses sell for about \$10,000. Those are the old estates. Milton was once inhabited by millionaires who owned huge apple orchards, so if you and Robin like apples, Ted -- and a town where the main street is the only street -- and a huge monstrosity of a bank with a beautiful chartreuse iron safe -- come look for a house in Milton.

-PEL

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A SORT OF POST SCRIPT TO THE ENTIRE ISSUE: I've now run off all of Horib 2 except for pages 17 and 18, and I really must apologize for those two pages run from Quality stencils. Page 13 is bad enough; page 14 is just about illegible, and I'm tempted to recut and rerun the two. I'm tempted, but I will not succumb. I will try, in the future, never to use those stencils.

Meanwhile, back at the library (the Lupoff Library of Obscure Imaginative Literature, that is) I've started reading Volume II of Greg's "Across the Zodiac," and I must say that it is a pleasant surprise. Some folk who've mentioned "struggling through AtZ" may have been disheartened by a slow start. I wouldn't know. Starting with chapter 13 may cause a little confusion as to who's who and what's going on in the story, but matters are fairly readily reconstructed, and the novel seems to be a good one.

Burroughs Bibliophiles who object to finding sources for ERB in earlier writers are referred to AtZ, Vol II, p 18ff, and the description of the Martian therne, "large white-plumed or white-haired creature(s)." When mortally wounded, incidentally, the therne roars "with pain and rage," a favorite ERBian phrase. And the Martians of AtZ sleep in something suspiciously like silks and furs. Ah, ah, ah.

How would you like to be the most hated man in two fandoms?

-RAL



"SONNY TUFTS!" t h e answer should have come from Soupy Sales, Fran Allison, or one of the other four panelists, but the Mystery Guest disguised his voice so effectively that no one could discover him (they were masked, after all) and Henry Morgan, the moderator and quiz-master had to let them unmask, whereupon all recognized their guest. There was no need to turn to the judge, Bergen Evans.

The occasion was the television broadcast of the National Trivia Test, "A Public Affairs Presentation of WNEW-TV," New York Channel 5, on April 3, 1966.

As well as being an amusing lampoon of the various self-styled National Tests of the past year or so's television fare, the National Trivia Test offered an amusing hour long review of old-time radio, movies, comics, and even the early days of TV itself. (In the last case, "early days" refers to the late 40s and early 50s.)

There were questions involving radio-show sign-on themes, supporting role motion picture actor identification (the immortal Vera Hrubalston showed up), a lovely session of properly pairing comics heroes and villains (including the World's Mightiest Mortal and the World's Maddest Scientist), and a generally good time for all. There were 10 questions for home audience answers, which must in honesty be admitted to have been easier than the ones asked of the panelists.

Being an honest man, I must confess that my score was 100%. Pat's was not, although she passed. She is, after all, Below 30, thus could not fairly be asked questions requiring prenatal recollection.

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