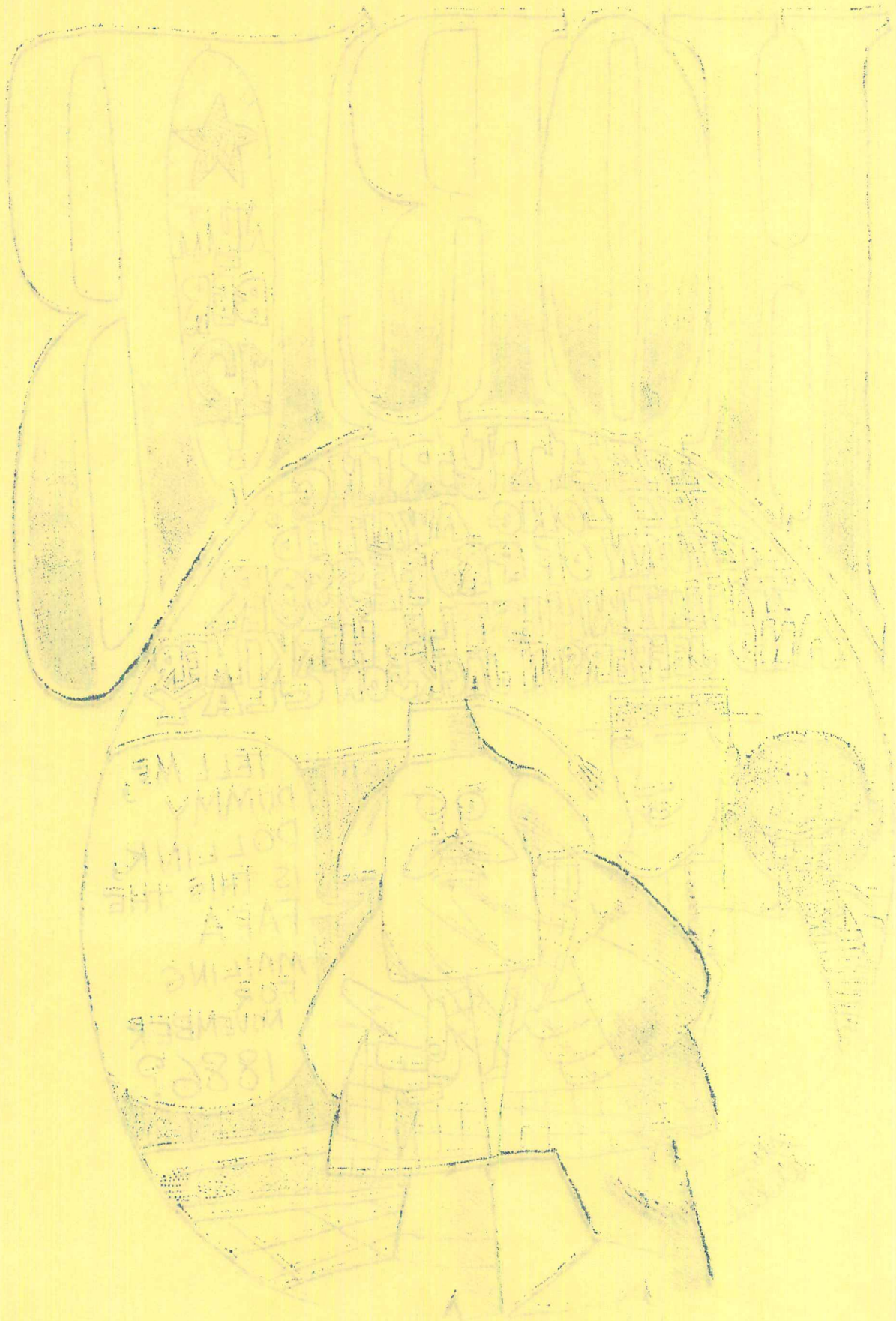


WORLD

NUMBER 12!

FEATURING:
THE LONG AWAITED
RETURN OF PROFESSOR
THINTWHISTLE, HERKIMER
AND JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY





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 +
 + HORIB 12 is published by Pat and Dick Lupoff, Merry Hill Road, Pough-+
 + keepsie, New York 12603 for the 125th (wheel!) FAPA mailing, +
 + November, 1968. A few additional copies are distributed on a some- +
 + what willy-nilly basis to friends beyond the FAPA pale, but Horib is +
 + not generally available for "the usual methods." Or is that "by"? +
 +
 +

"THIS ISSUE"

This issue of Horib, if it makes it into the intended mailing (a questionable prospect as of writing [October, uh, 13 '68]), marks three complete years of FAPA membership for us Lupoffs, during which period there has been a Horib in every quarterly mailing (plus a couple of one-shots, contributions in others' fapazines, duties as election tellers, etc). It has been an enjoyable membership, one entered into with the intention to participate fully and regularly in the affairs of the Association.

The past quarter has been an unusually busy one from the viewpoint of both mundane and stfnal obligations, leaving little time for preparing an issue of Horib, and at the moment I don't know what will be on the cover (or even whether there will be one), whether I'll get the usual JKBangs reprint stencilled in time, whether I'll get mailing comments done, or even whether there will be anything in the issue except for a couple of pages of first-person rambling. One thing pretty certain: still no Professor Thintwhistle. Pascudniak and Farnsworth had intended to revive the feature and even arranged to hold a script conference over lunch one day, but somehow signals get crossed and the whole thing missed fire (to mix a metaphor). I hope they'll get an installment done for the next issue, but no promises....

I mentioned a high degree of business (or, more properly, busy-ness). To bring fellow Fapans up-to-date, here is a jumbled review of what's new around here over the past three months. The sequence is neither one of sequence, er, temporal sequence...nor of significance; just random....

The Ace reprint of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE is well on its way, and should be on sale within a week or two of your receiving this mailing. There's a fair amount of new stuff in the Ace edition, including a new introduction. Here's a paragraph from it, about the other changes:

"The present Ace edition is not a cimple reprint of the hardbound Can-
 averal edition. Considerable new material is included in the text. A num-
 ber of errors which had crept into the first edition despite all efforts an
 accuracy have been weeded out and correct information supplied. Certain
 new information, both of historic and current matters, has been added.
 Finally, a number of points which were made in the first edition have been
 somewhat clarified and expanded."

The cover is a Frazetta -- reprinted from the Ace edition of THE BEASTS OF
 TARZAN. All the interior artwork of the Canaaval edition -- by Frazetta,
 Williamson and Crandall -- has been retained. It goes for 95 cents and it
 should be a pretty good value for ERB fans.

Let's see, I might as well round up the "pro" front while I'm at it. Larry
 Shaw has moved up to Dell Books from Lancer, but of course ONE MILLION CEN-
 TURIES stays behind. I still haven't got a royalty statement, but based on
 Lancer's eagerness for a sequel it must have sold well. Mebbe \$\$\$ coming.

Novel #2 is still unsold, but one editor has expressed a strong interest in it at less-than-novel length, so the thing may yet see daylight as a long short story or novelette. If that should come about, I suspect that it would encourage me to complete a novel version and try to peddle that -- on my own if my agent continues uninterested in the piece. But then, the whole project might fall through so I'll say no more until there is a more definite indication of things to come.

That much-vaunted short story "At the Esquire" finally did turn up in print -- in Dude magazine. Same publisher as Nugget, for which it was originally purchased. I dunno why the change, but I think that Dude pays a little better than Nugget, so I have no gripe. That is, I won't have a gripe if I ever get my goddam check, which is not yet in hand. Oh -- just in case you feel compelled to rush right out and buy a copy, it's the November issue. And remember: you read it first in FAPA.

One other item: We have a contract from Ace for a book version of "All in Color for a Dime," from Xero. "We" is Don Thompson and me. There's a lot of typewriter-pounding, correspondence and assorted semi-donkey work involved in getting the thing ready for publication, which I have neither the time nor the inclination to undertake. In exchange for 50% of the \$\$\$ and 49% of the glory (equal billing but I come first) Don is doing most of that work. And am I ever grateful!

The book (title may be changed) will be quite different from a "mere" reprinting of the original articles. Several will be dropped, others added, and the remainder rewritten. Those dropped will be my own "The Several Soldiers of Victory" and Don Thompson's "The Wild Ones" and Richard Kyle's "The Education of Victor Fox" and "Sparky Watts and the Big Shots." I'm really sorry to lose the "Fox" piece but Kyle started out requesting -- well, to be more accurate, demanding -- control over typography, illustrations and scheduling that it just wasn't possible to give. So he chose to drop out altogether. The other two pieces seemed to minor in both subject and treatment to warrant perpetuation.

On the other hand the rewrite of "The Big Red Cheese" runs to something like 11,000 words, as against something like 5500 in the magazine version. Table of contents tentatively looks something like this:

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Introduction. | Dick Lupoff & Don Thompson |
| Ch. 1 The Big Red Cheese. | Dick Lupoff |
| Ch. 2 The Spawn of M.C.Gaines | Ted White |
| Ch. 3 A Bunch of Swell Guys. | Jim Harmon |
| Ch. 4 Okay Axis, Here We Come! | Don Thompson |
| Ch. 5 Me to Your Leader Take | Dick Ellington |
| Ch. 6 Captain Billy's Whiz Gang | Roy Thomas |
| Ch. 7 Kid Gangs in the Comics | Tom Fagan |
| Ch. 8 The Granddaddy of Them All | Bill Blackbeard |
| Ch. 9 The Reformation of "Eel" O'Brien | Don Thompson |
| Ch. 10 The Pie-Face Prince of Old Pretzleburg. | Harlan Ellison |
| Ch. 11 The Losers | Ron Goulart |
| Ch. 12 How Could You Leave Out.... | Don Thompson & Dick Lupoff |

Our contract calls for completion of the manuscript by January 1, which may or may not be tough to meet. The exact chapter list is still uncertain, and the order of chapters is as yet completely unset. They're listed above pretty much as they appeared in Xero, with the new stuff tacked on the end, but we should have a more rational basis than that for the sequence printed.

Well it's now October 15, and in a mere twenty-four hours I have remembered that there's also supposed to be a chapter by Chris Steinbrunner ("Next Week the Phantom Strikes Again" -- that ring a bell, buddies?). And there might conceivably be one by Don Glut ("The World's Greatest Villain").

In fact, if everybody comes through as promised, we may have enough material for two volumes. Not that I expect Ace would want to publish the thing in two volumes, but if we pick enough for one book and it's a success they might like to follow with another.

Also: I finally received payment for that story in Dude. Not a helluva lot, but it'll buy me a new suit, which is the way I regard the money from freelancing -- as an income supplement with which to buy new suits, fancy expensive books and other pleasures. If/when I should ever make the break with American Industry and try freelancing full time, I'm sure that my attitude toward that work will alter substantially.

"And Now, Folks, It's MAILING COMMENT Time...."

IDLE THOUGHTS (Tackett): Yes, I guess at one time fans did regard themselves as being in the vanguard of the Great Literary Revolution (science fiction) and the Scientific Age (which would bring about the conquest of the universe, utopia on earth, etc. Now I think we realize that SF is just another branch on the tree of literature, along with detective stories and westerns and romances and weird tales and pure fantasy and pornography and baseball stories and so on. And as for the glorious Age of Science...we combat disease and increase food supplies and reduce infant mortality and produce -- instead of Utopia -- the population explosion. Although we have more food it is less adequate than ever. Ah me. What's the expression, welzmersh?

PONG (Tucker): As I've said in a more personal context, I enjoyed The Lincoln Hunters enough so that I've set out to read as many of your books as I can get. Which isn't too many, so far: Time Bomb, Wild Talent, The Stalking Man. And of course I read The City in the Sea a goodly number of years ago. I'll continue to keep an eye out for both used copies of OP books and new editions (plus of course new books).

KIM CHI 12 (Ellington): Terry Carr, Carol Carr, Sid Coleman, Alexei Pan-shin, Pat Lupoff, Dick Lupoff, and possible some others, all love Pat Ellington and Dick Ellington better than we love Planet Comics, and we love Planet Comics a whole lot.

HORIZONS (Warner): This is a hobby, and the cost of paper isn't that high (although it is high). I find huge, page-filling blocks of solid copy hard to type and hard to read, so I use that white space (or in the case of Horib, gray space) as a positive layout element. I don't mean to knock you for the great blocks of solid copy in Horizons -- you're doing your thing and I'm doing mine. Er, for "lyout" above, read "layout." ### Cloddish audiences in theaters, whether movie or live, are an abomination. But I find a much greater sense of complete experience, of sensory and intellectual immersion, in a theater, than I do in my home watching television. That would be so even without cuts and commercials. C&c's only make things worse. Maybe another generation, conditioned to TV rather than theaters, will feel very differently. They're growing up now.

PURPLE HAZE (Lichtman): Man, was I ever evoked! I guess I've had my say about FAPA mlaers and the fairness of staying on & occupying a precious membership when one participates only to the minimum required extent. I've had my say, and if everyone else agrees, I will try to consider it a closed topic. ### I enjoyed your essay on fascism; I must say that the past few years have changed my political views greatly, from those of a conservative Republican to the point where I now find the Democratic Party far too far to the right. Shortly after the two conventions in August I found myself participating in the following dialog with Norman Kassow, a friend in New York:

DICK: Well, I've been a Republican for twenty years, but I'm just about ready to give up. So I look around for somebody else and I see Chicago....

NORM: Your think you have troubles! I've been a Democrat for thirty years!

Well, I suppose that somehow the nation will survive four or eight years of our next president, as it has survived assorted bad guys, incompetents, and non-entities in the past. But I'm not 100% convinced of that.

MOON SHOT (Moffatts etc.): There really is a film called "A Space Oddity." I watched Victor Concepcion edit it in New York in September. About twenty minutes of carressing closeups of a nude, accompanied by weird electronic music. A little of it is a stimulating curiosity, but much more is just a dreadful bore.

OMAHA 2 (Stiles): A nifty zine Stephen! Seliously, I enjoyed every bit from the (God Bless) Tiny Tim cartoon to the serious note about the arrests at the end. But mostly your run-in with Military Intelligence (a paradox, that term). Suddenly it came to me as a novelet. See, this fella is being questioned, just as you were, and he goes off into these little fantasies, just as you did, only they're not so little. They are big fantasies, complete other millieus in which he dream-lives. Kinda Walter Mitty, okay, but each fantasy is set off by a turn of the questioning. You can write it, baby. Draw on your own experience, as they say.

ESDACYOS 16, 17 (Cox): Well I hope "The Adventures of...." will resume in this issue. If not, then next time for sure. Or for pretty sure. Ahah. I just finished "my" most ambitious film to date for that Large Industrial Concern that employs me, and by osmosis Scrivener Pascudniak is learning something about visual planning and pacing, that should show up in better comics scripts. As for Farnsworth, ask him. ¶¶¶ I got the OMC cover from Lancer because Larry Shaw (now with Dell) is a splendid fellow and Jack Gaughan is a splendid fellow. That is a splendid parlay.

WARHOON 24 (Bergeron): This thing of beauty, from cover to cover, will be slighted because I do not have the patience and/or intellectual perseverance these days to make adequate comment. (How's that for a cop-out?) But I will at least supply certain additional infor on SF52 (I don't think there was a space in there) and ONE SHOT WONDER. There were a total of five issues of SF52 (you have 3 of them). The first, January 1952, was a quarter-size fanzine, vol. 0 number 0, intended as a

pilot edition, a sort of exercise/experiment. The material was largely the same as appeared in vln1 the following month. There were, however, plain paper covers instead of the cardboard of later issues. One thing that the pilot edition did was convince me that quarter-size was not a viable format without photo-reduced type. You just couldn't get enough words-per-page in full size type. Since I never did plan to circulate that thing, I destroyed all the copies -- didn't even save one for file, which I regret.

The fifth issue (vol 1 no 4) was a single sheet announcing the "temporary" suspension of the magazine. Well, it might be time for vol 2 no 1, now to be dubbed SF69 I suppose, shortly. Or then again, probably not.

ONE SHOT WONDER had two issues. The first was Pal Maxy Science Fiction, and the stories were reprinted shortly thereafter by Bob Peatrowsky, in his fanzine (also half-size, but dittoed) MOTE. Remember the editorials titled "Re:MOTE"? The second OSW was titled "Joe's Occasional Fanzine," and was an extremely crude lampoon of the fanzine cliches of the era.

As I recall my Smith-Corona portable, it made 3 legible carbons, using regular weight paper. (I didn't know about onionskin.) So I typed each issue twice, for a total production of 8 copies -- two originals, six carbons. It was pretty much chance as to who got an original, first, second or third carbon. Even my own file copies are mixed.

I wouldn't pay \$70 to own those zines, but I might pay that much to have you suppress them.

CHAIRMAN MAO (Eney): Hey, man, that's my bag you're in.

LOKI 12 (Hulan): Most enjoyed the report on the 61st Hugo awards.

SAMBO 17 (Martinez): Just to reassure you, in case JKBangs doesn't make the current Horib, he will be back in the next. Hain't dropped him as a feature, it's just that I may not have time to cut the stencils and still make the mailing. On the other hand, I may not have time to cut the stencils or make the mailing, in which case you will see this issue in Febtuary, or whatever that month is called.

DAY TRIPPER (Main): I think your brief paragraph on the double role of police in our society was beautiful: I think the best (brief) description of the situation I've read. Yeh, I'm all in favor of cops preventing murders etc or apprehending murderers after-the-fact if prevention fails. But I'm all against their trying to impose (to use a kinda yechy phrase) a certain "life style" on people who just don't want to live that kind of life! Personally, I do fine with cops; I have the protective coloration of a business suit, a house in the exurbs, wife-and-children, etc. If we all went out as out True Selves, though....

BASSACKWARDS 1 (Lyons): I think Gina Clarke (or was it Norm?) mentioned surprise at the omission of Boyd from the Circle of Sophistication. Waal, I didn't know Boyd in 1963. Glad you liked the F&G Book.

SERCON'S BANE 37 (Busby,FM): "The Butterfly Kid" fringe SF? Pure quill, as I read it. Future setting, imaginary drug, privately-owned ground-effects vehicles, earth invaded by BEMs....

Hey, man. that's not very fringe-y as I read it. Now a thing like "Seven Days in May" or "The Man," that's fringe-y. Even "The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything," which was kind of semi-pure stf, was not presented as SF. But "The Butterfly Kid"...y'know, I'm not trying to be nit-picky and argumentive about it, but I just don't see howcum you consider this fringe-y.

RUBBER FROG 1 (Ecklund): Jeeps, a funny thing about this Burroughs business. Ever since I started being active regarding Burroughs, general fandom has tended to regard me as a fanatical admirer of ERB's, while the Burroughs Bibliophiles have (not unanimously, of course) regarded me as some sort of iconoclastic despoiler of the Holy Shrine of Greystoke. What I've been saying actually is, "Look, you anti-Burroughs people, the guy had merit which you're ignoring; he really does deserve some attention and credit, and by simply considering him beyond the pale you do him an injustice and deprive yourself of some enjoyable reading." AND "Look, you Burroughs idolators, the guy wrote a lot of kicky adventure stories; three cheers for fun and all that, okay...but fer gosh sakes, try and get a little sense of proportion, willya?"

That kind of sane, sensible, rational, realistic, balanced, middle-of-the-road attitude -- is inevitably destined to draw fire from both sides.

THE RAMBLING FAP 43 (Calkins): Funny thing about this space travel - lunar landing bit: I think we all-along imagined some kind of self-contained unit for power source, fuel, control and passenger (crew) compartment, so that the space pilot would go zoomin' around outer space pretty much the way a fighter pilot zooms around the atmosphere. Instead, between the big fall-away boosters and the pre-plotted and ground-controlled orbits, actuality is a lot more like Verne's ole space gun, circa 1880 or whenever he wrote "From the Earth to the Moon." Somehow if I were a space jockey I think I'd feel a lot happier knowing that I had a power source tacked onto my tail, and that I could control it. Like, it scares me to think of those guys in their Apollo or Soyuz capsule, and somehow they're a little bit off-course but there's almost nothing they can do about it 'cause their main power source is back there in some burnt-out and fallen-away booster stage. So they just go sailing o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-f-f-f-f into the Great Black Void of Space.

Maybe we'll yet devise a more compact/efficient/lasting power source so the astro/cosmonauts can really fly, self-contained, instead of getting flung into essentially free-fall orbits.

A PROPOS DE RIEN 124 (Caughran): Time for more cat genetics:
Silverbergs' male Siamese + female calico produce Kitty, who looks like a female calico. Kitty + male Siamese Honey produce one black male, one black-and-white male, one calico female, and Supercat (male, blue eyes, creamy white with orange Siamese-like points). Supercat + Siamese female Mandy produce 3 white kittens. One dies, one female is adopted by Carrs, third...to be announced. Now: what kind of points, etc, will the Carrs' kitten develop?

SHAGGY DOG STORIES (Grennell): Surprised to see you creating SDS!

NULL-F 45 (White): Cong's on new job. Lovely cover on Null-F.

End of Mailing comments. Chee. Hellen Wesson: Hello, Helen!

MRS. RAFFLES

Being the Adventures of
An Amateur Crackswoman

Narrated by Bunny

Edited by
John Kendrick Bangs

Harpers, 1905

II. THE ADVENTURE OF THE NEWPORT VILLA

There is little need for me to describe in detail the story of my railway journey from New York to Newport. It was uneventful and unproductive save as to the latter end of it, when, on the arrival of the train at Wickford, observing that the prosperous-looking gentleman bound for Boston who occupied the seat next mine in the Pullman car was sleeping soundly, I exchanged my well-worn covert coat for his richly made, sable-lined surtout, and made off as well with his suit-case on the chance of its holding something that might later serve some one of my many purposes. I mention this in passing only because the suit-case, containing as it did all the essential features of a gentleman's evening attire, even to three superb pearl studs in the bosom of an immaculately white shirt, all of them, marvelously enough, as perfectly fitting as though they had been made for me, with a hundred unregistered first-mortgage bonds of the United States Steel Company -- of which securities there will be more anon -- enabled me later to appear before Mrs. Van Raffles in a guise so prosperous as to win an immediate renewal of her favor.

"We shall be almost as great a combination as the original Bunny," she cried, enthusiastically, when I told her of this coup. "With my brains and your blind luck nothing can stop us."

My own feelings as I drove up to Bolivar Lodge were mixed. I still loved Henriette madly, but the contrast between her present luxury and my recent misery grated harshly upon me. I could not rid myself of the notion that Raffles had told her of the secret hiding-place of the diamond stomacher of the duchess of Herringdale, and that she had appropriated to her own use all the proceeds of its sale, leaving me, who had risked my liberty to obtain it, without a penny's worth of dividend for my pains. It did not seem quite a level thing to do, and I must confess that I greeted the lady in a reproachful spirit. It was, indeed, she, and more radiantly beautiful than ever -- a trifle thinner perhaps, and her eyes more coldly piercing than seductively winning as of yore, but still Henriette whom I had once so madly loved and who had jilted me for a better man.

"Dear old Bunny!" she murmured, holding out both hands in welcome. "Just to think that after all these years and in a strange land and under such circumstances we should meet again!"

"It is strange," said I, my eye roving about the drawing-room, which from the point of view of its appointments and decoration was about the richest thing I had ever seen either by light of day or in the mysterious glimpses one gets with a dark lantern of the houses of the moneyed classes. "It seems more than strange," I added, significantly, "to see you surrounded by such luxury. A so-called lodge built of the finest grade of Italian marble; gardens fit for the palace of a king; a retinue of servants such as one scarcely finds on the ducal estates of the proudest families of England and a mansion that is furnished with treasures of art, any one of which is worth a queen's ransom."

"I do not wonder you are surprised," she replied, looking about the room with a smile of satisfaction that did little to soothe my growing wrath.

"It certainly leaves room for explanation," I retorted, coldly. "Of course, if Raffles told you where the Herringdale jewels were hid and you have disposed of them, some of all this could be accounted for; but what of me? Did it ever occur to you that I was entitled to some part of the swag?"

"Oh, you poor, suspicious old Bunny," she rippled. "Haven't I sent for you to give you some share of this -- although truly you don't deserve it, for this is all mine. I haven't any more notion what became of the Herringdale jewels than the duchess of Herringdale herself."

"What?" I cried. "Then these surroundings --"

"Are self-furnishing," she said with a merry little laugh, "and all through a plan of my own, Bunny. This house, as you may not be aware, is the late residence of Mr. and Mrs. Constant Scrappe --"

"Who are suing each other for divorce," I put in, for I knew of the Constant Scrappe in social life, as who did not, since a good third of the society items of the day concerned themselves with the matrimonial difficulties of this notable couple.

"Precisely," said Henriette. "Now Mrs. Scrappe is in South Dakota establishing a residence, and Colonel Scrappe is at Monte Carlo circulating his money with the aid of a wheel and a small ball. Bolivar Lodge, with its fine collection of old furniture, its splendid jades, its marvellous Oriental potteries, paintings, and innumerable small silver articles, is left here at Newport and for rent. What more natural, dear, than that I, needing a residence whose occupancy would in itself be an assurance of my social position, should snap it up with an eagerness which in this Newport atmosphere amounted nearly to a betrayal of plebeian origin?"

"But it must cost a fortune!" I cried, gazing about me at the splendors of the room, which even to a cursory inspection revealed themselves as of priceless value. "That cloisonne jar over by the fireplace is worth two hundred pounds alone."

"That is just the reason why I wanted this particular house, Bunny. It is also why I need your assistance in maintaining it," Mrs. Raffles returned.

"Woman is ever a mystery," I responded, with a harsh laugh. "Why in Heaven's name you think I can help you to pay your rent --"

"It is only twenty-five hundred dollars a month, Bunny," she said.

My answer was a roar of derisive laughter.

"Hear he!" I cried, addressing the empty air. "Only twenty-five hundred dollars a month! Why, my dear Henriette, if it were twenty-five hundred clam-shells a century I couldn't help you pay a day's rental, I am that strapped. Until this afternoon I hadn't seen thirty cents all at once for nigh on to six months. I have been so poor that I'd had to take my morning coffee at midnight from the coffee-wagons of the New York, Boston, and Chicago sporting papers. In eight months I have not tasted a table-d'hote dinner that an expert would value at fifteen cents net, and yet you ask me to help you pay twenty-five hundred dollars a month rent for a Newport palace! You must be mad."

"You are the same loquacious old Bunny that you used to be," said Mrs. Raffles, sharply, yet with a touch of affection in her voice. "You can't keep your trap shut for a second, can you? Do you know, Bunny, what dear old A.J. said to me

just before he went to South Africa? It was that if you were as devoted to business as you were to words you'd be a wonder. His exact remark was that we would both have to look out for you for fear you would queer the whole business. Raffles estimated that your habit of writing-up full accounts of his various burglaries for the London magazines had made the risks one hundred per cent. bigger and the available swag a thousand per cent. harder to get hold of. 'Harry,' said he the night before he sailed, 'if I die over in the Transvaal and you decide to continue the business, get along as long as you can without a press-agent. If you go on the stage, surround yourself with 'em, but in the burglary trade they are a nuisance.'"

My answer was a sulky shrug of the shoulders.

"You haven't given me a chance to explain how you are to help me. I don't ask you for money, Bunny. Four dollars' worth of obedience is all I want," she continued. "The portable property in this mansion is worth about half a million dollars, my lad, and I want you to be -- well, my official porter. I took immediate possession of this house, and my first month's rent was paid with the proceeds of a sale of three old bedsteads I found on the top floor, six pieces of Sevres china from the southeast bedroom on the floor above this, and a Satsuma vase which I discovered in a hall-closet on the third floor."

A light began to dawn on me.

"Before coming here I eked out a miserable existence in New York as buyer for an antique dealer on Fourth Avenue," she explained. "He thinks I am still working for him, travelling about the country in search of bargains in high-boys, mahogany desks, antique tables, wardrobes, bedsteads -- in short, valuable junk generally. Now do you see?"

"As Mrs. Raffles -- or Van Raffles, as you have it now?" I demanded.

"Oh, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny! What a stupid you are! Never! As Miss Pratt-Robinson," she replied. "From this I earn fifteen dollars a week. The sources of the material I send him -- well -- do you see now, Bunny?"

"It is growing clearer," said I. "You contemplate paying the rent of this house with its contents, is that it?"

"What beautiful intelligence you have, Bunny!" she laughed, airily. "You know a hawk from a hand-saw. Nobody can pass a motor-car off on you for a horse, can they, Bunny dear? Not while you have that eagle eye of yours wide open. Yes, sir. That is the scheme. I am going to pay the rental of this mansion with its contents. Half a million dollars' worth of contents means how long at twenty-five hundred dollars a month? Eh?"

"Gad! Henriette," I cried. "You are worthy of Raffles, I swear it. You can be easy about your rent for sixteen years."

"That is the size of it, as these Newport people have it," said Mrs. Raffles, beaming upon me.

"I'm still in the dark as to where I come in," said I.

"Promise to obey my directions implicitly," said Henriette "and you will receive your share of the booty."

"Henriette --" I cried, passionately, seizing her hand.

"No -- Bunny -- not now," she remonstrated, gently. "This is no time for sentiment. Just promise to obey, the love and honor business may come later."

"I will," said I.

"Well, then," she resumed, her color mounting high, and speaking rapidly, "you are to return at once to New York, taking with you three trunks which I have already packed, containing one of the most beautiful collections of jade ornaments that has ever been gathered together. You will rent a furnished apartment in some aristocratic quarter. Spread these articles throughout your rooms as though you were a connoisseur, and on Thursday next when Mr. Harold Van Gilt calls upon you to see your collection you will sell it to him for not less than eight thousand dollars."

"Aha!" said I. "I see the scheme."

"This you will immediately remit to me here," she continued excitedly. "Mr. Van Gilt will pay cash."

I laughed. "Why eight thousand?" I demanded. "Are you living beyond your -- ah -- income?"

"No," she answered, "but next month's rent is due Tuesday, and I owe my servants and tradesmen twenty-five hundred dollars more."

"Even then there will be three thousand dollars over," I put in.

"True, Bunny, true. But I shall need it all, dear. I am invited to the P.J.D.Gasters on Sunday afternoon to play bridge," Henriette explained. "We must prepare for emergencies."

I returned to New York on the boat that night, and by Wednesday was safely ensconced in very beautifully furnished bachelor quarters near Gramercy Square, where on Thursday Mr. Harold Van Gilt called to see my collection of jades which I was selling because of a contemplated five-year journey into the East. On Friday Mr. Van Gilt took possession of the collection, and that night a check for eight thousand dollars went to Mrs. Van Raffles at Newport. Incidentally, I passed two thousand dollars to my own credit. As I figured it out, if Van Gilt was willing to pay ten thousand dollars for the stuff, and Henriette was willing to take eight thousand dollars for it, nobody was the loser by my pocketing two thousand dollars -- unless, perhaps, it was Mr. and Mrs. Constant Scrappe who owned the goods. But that was none of my affair. I played straight with the others, and that was all there was to it as far as I was concerned.

= = = = =
NEXT: crysamityhownelldwyno? (Solve that one with your Secret Squadron Decoder Badges, gang!)

= = = = =
RAFFLESIANA QUIZ ANSWERS (Courtesy of Dean Dickensheet):

1. Raffles' first name was Arthur ("An Old Flame" in Raffles.)
2. Bunny's first name was Harry ("The Last Word" in A Thief in the Night.)
3. Bunny's last name was Manders (Mr. Justice Raffles, ch.X.)

These works are of course in the authentic Raffles books of E. W. Hornung -- not the pastiches of John Kendrick Bangs.

QUO VADIS YOUTH?*

by Les Nirenberg

As one who is deeply concerned with the plight of youth, I for one have felt it necessary to do my part in narrowing what has come to be known as the generation gap. To the youth of today, this question, and this alone, stands out in their minds, as the most important of all. Many youngsters I have run into in my travels have asked me, "Why don't you understand us?"

My answer to you, the young Canadian of today, is, and I think I can speak on behalf of most of those of us who are over thirty, is, "Believe me, we're trying."

A few years ago, as a child, I can remember vividly being sent to bed without supper, as, I am sure, many children in less fortunate countries round the world are today being sent to bed without their supper, not because I was rebellious, militant, or drug oriented, but because, as my father would say, "You're too fat." And I remember, as a result, hiding behind the garage every so often with a friend, and dropping a little chocolate, shooting a little peanut brittle, or smoking a licorice cigar.

What I am trying to say is that we too suffered. Some of us suffered through a depression -- thank God I wasn't one of them. Today you, the youth of Canada, must try to understand your parents as I have tried, God knows, to understand the youth of today. For example, recently I stopped a young man on St. Catherine Street who was selling newspapers -- copies of the Gazette, I believe, and I took him aside gently and asked, "Why don't you get a haircut and a job?" As I expected, he refused to answer me. Whether the policeman's grip on his throat had anything to do with it, I can't really say.**

The point that I'm trying to make is that time and again the lives of our boys in blue are endangered by these dope-maddened young people who insist on hitting the policeman on the fists with their heads. As a result there are many policemen with bruised fists. Some extremists feel that these people must be flushed out of society and made to go to work -- and if they refuse, to be drafted into the army and whipped. But no, I say patience should be first and foremost. After all, we had our crazes too: frat parties, panty raids, hazings, football games, World War II. And they were all great fun -- but we all turned out as good citizens, didn't we? We knew how to enjoy good clean fun. The trouble with today's you is that they don't know how to enjoy good clean fun. They should all be put into the navy.

Worst of all, they don't know the value of a dollar. My parents worked their fingers to the bone so that I could enjoy the essentials of life: a house, a car, a membership in the Columbia Record Club, Vic Tanny's***, the Playboy Club. I don't really know how they fought their way through life without these necessities. Today we have them, along with freedom of speech, freedom of the publisher to print whatever he wants and freedom to worship in the church, synagogue, or supermarket of our choice.

Yes, few people realize that the old values are really the best. When I went to school we were taught that the most important thing in the world was money. It's true. With money you could buy a house, a car, a striped shirt, a garter belt, a good time for twenty minutes or a Molly-O candy bar. How many hippies, I ask you, have you seen lately eating a Molly-O candy bar?

But please pardon me if I appear to chastise you. I assure you I am here on a friendly mission. Despite this meal, at least one good thing has come out of this confrontation. I can see from the look on this great sea of faces that what I have said has had some effect. Already you are asking yourself, "Quo vadis youth?" I can see the searching look in your eyes, notice the heavy breathing; I can hear the rumblings within you -- the washroom is that way.

But aside from that I can feel the feeling of serenity and calm that is sweeping this room. Even now the old values are surging through this multitude of heads. I can hear you asking yourself the old questions, the questions my generation asked themselves, the questions that, when answered, would make a better world for us all. And, dear sweet youth, it is you who will answer these questions.

My generation has already climbed the ladder of progress and discovered the cure for polio, pasteurization, and throw-away bottles. It's your turn to find an answer to air and water pollution, Communism, and athlete's foot. It is you who will banish from the world forever cancer, heart disease and acne, and the evil practices that cause them: smoking, drinking and self-abuse. It is you who will have to find the long-sought-after answers to all these questions. My question, then, dear sweet youth, is, "Are you equipped?" Are you ready to deal with it? Look now into yourself. Will you be able to make the sick, the poor, the hungry people of the world into better shoppers? Or not?

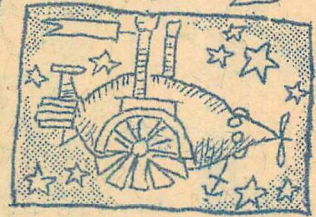
In closing, then, my young friends, let me humbly suggest that you re-examine the old values -- the values that made our nation great. Re-examine the value of cleanliness, of good teeth, a clean mind. Re-examine the values of saving, clean finger nails and staying away from strange toilets. In short, re-examine everything, as I and my generation are re-examining our values, and trying to understand why you are so revolting after we've done everything for you.

*A speech before the debating tournament banquet of Sir George Williams University, Montreal, October 19 1968.

**College students had recently published a bogus edition of a leading Montreal daily, headlining "Mayor Drapeau Shot" (full of holes by his political opponents). The fake Gazette was being peddled along Montreal's main drag, St. Catherine Street, to vast public amusement, when the Mayor discovered that he was being made a laughing stock and ordered the local fuzz -- normally a rather cheerful and easygoing lot -- to crack the kids' skulls and put 'em out of business post haste. Shades of Dickie Daley!

***Remember Vic Tanny and his string of high-pressure, high-price plush gymnasias? Did you think they were at one with the Frazer automobile and the Atwater-Kent radio? Not so! Vic Tanny is alive and well in Canada, getting rich all over again running a string of -- high-pressure, high-priced plush gymnasias!

PRESENTING THE LONG HERALDED
 RESUMPTION OF THE UNPARALED
 VOYAGE OF THE VICTORIA I
 CREWED BY THE BRIGHT
 LAD HERKIMER
 JEFFERSON JACK
 CLAY AND SON
 SWEEP
 OUT BY



(LAWSY)

CAPTAINED
 BY THE INTELL-
 ECTUAL MARVEL
 OF THE MCKINLEY ADMINISTRATION



*they LAUGHED AT
 HIS THEORIES, AND
 CALLED HIM A MADMAN*

PROFESSOR THEOBALD

THINTWHISTLE!

REMEMBER, READER, THE
 FATEFUL TAKEOFF OF THE
 ETHER-FLYER FROM
 BUFFALO FALLS (Pa.) BACK
 IN MAY, 1884?

BONK
 BLAT
 BAM

HUZZA!

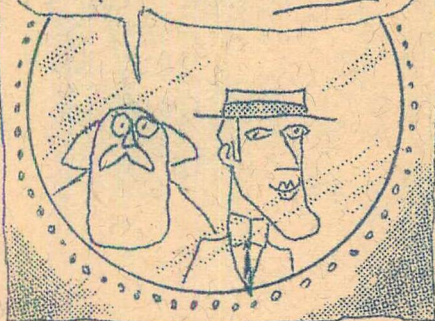
And the
 NARROW
 ESCAPE
 FROM
 BREVET
 LEFTENANT
 BUTHERING
 SNIPE AND
 HIS
 ASTEROID
 ARMY?

COURAGE,
 MEN--
 LET US
 MEET
 OUR FATES
 AS TRUE
 SONS OF
 THE EMPIRE!





Yes, HERKIMER, DEAR, FOR ONCE IN YOUR IDIOTIC LIFE, YOU ARE RIGHT.



MY BOY, It is none other than our dear Mother EARTH'S SOLE CELESTIAL COMPANION, THE COLD WORLD SACRED TO DIANA THE HUNTRESS.



And now we must
commence the FANTASTICALLY
INTRICATE LANDING
MANUEVER, ere we set
foot upon the surface
of 'LA LUNE'!

JEFFERSON! HERKMER!
QUICKLY! HASTEN to the
REAR OF OUR CRAFT!

YOWSA!

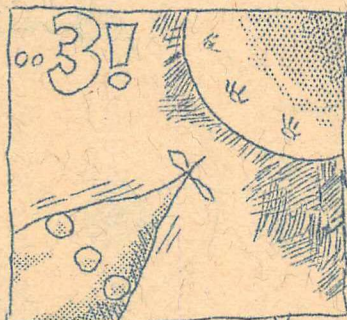
YES, DEAR
MENTOR!

REAR
→

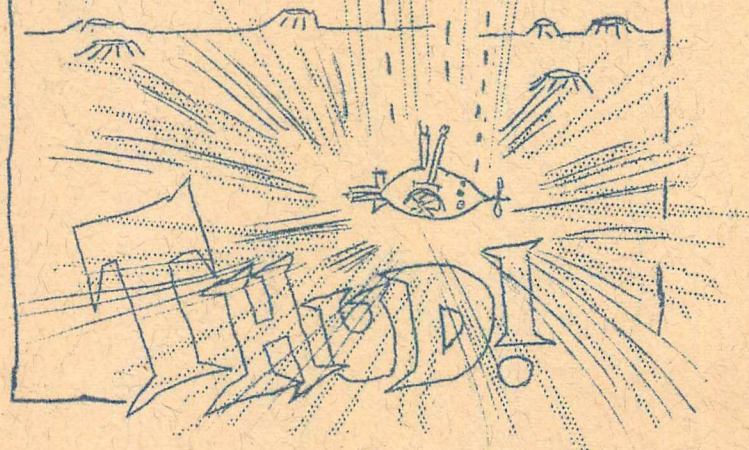
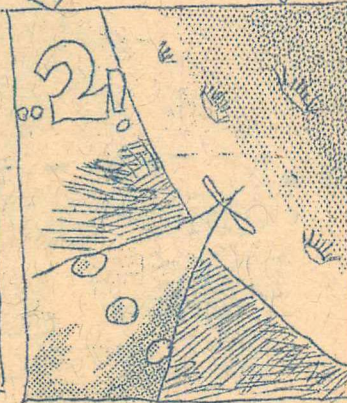
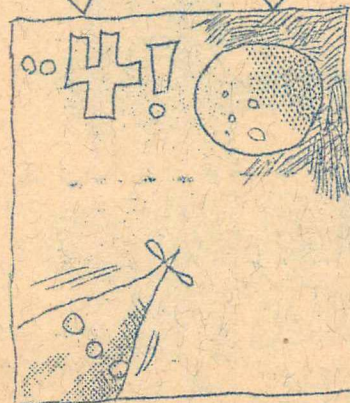
TILT! ZOOM

EXCELLENT!
WE HAVE
ACHIEVED
THE
NECESSARY
18° DRIFT!
AND NOW,
STATION YOUR
SELVES
AT
STAR-
BOARD!

TILT!



ONE!
ZERO!



At Last! the Epic Journey COMPLETED!

We are here! Now to disembark!

HOZZAH

YOWSA

BUNDLED UP in fur against the FRIGID LUNAR AIR, OUR INTREPID HEROES SET FORTH UNDAUNTED!

GIVE ME THAT, JEFFERSON, BEFORE YOU INJURE SOMEONE!

YOWSA, MIST' PERFESSER!

ALL IN GOOD TIME, BABY!

BF(PA)HS

IN THE NAME OF THE HONORABLE WILLIAM MCKINLEY & THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, I CLAIM POSSESSION OF THIS TERRITORY!

GRACIOUS, WHAT STRANGELY YIELDING MATERIAL THE MOON IS MADE OF!

BF(PA)HS

Suddenly, A GREAT VOICE IS HEARD FROM the SKY!

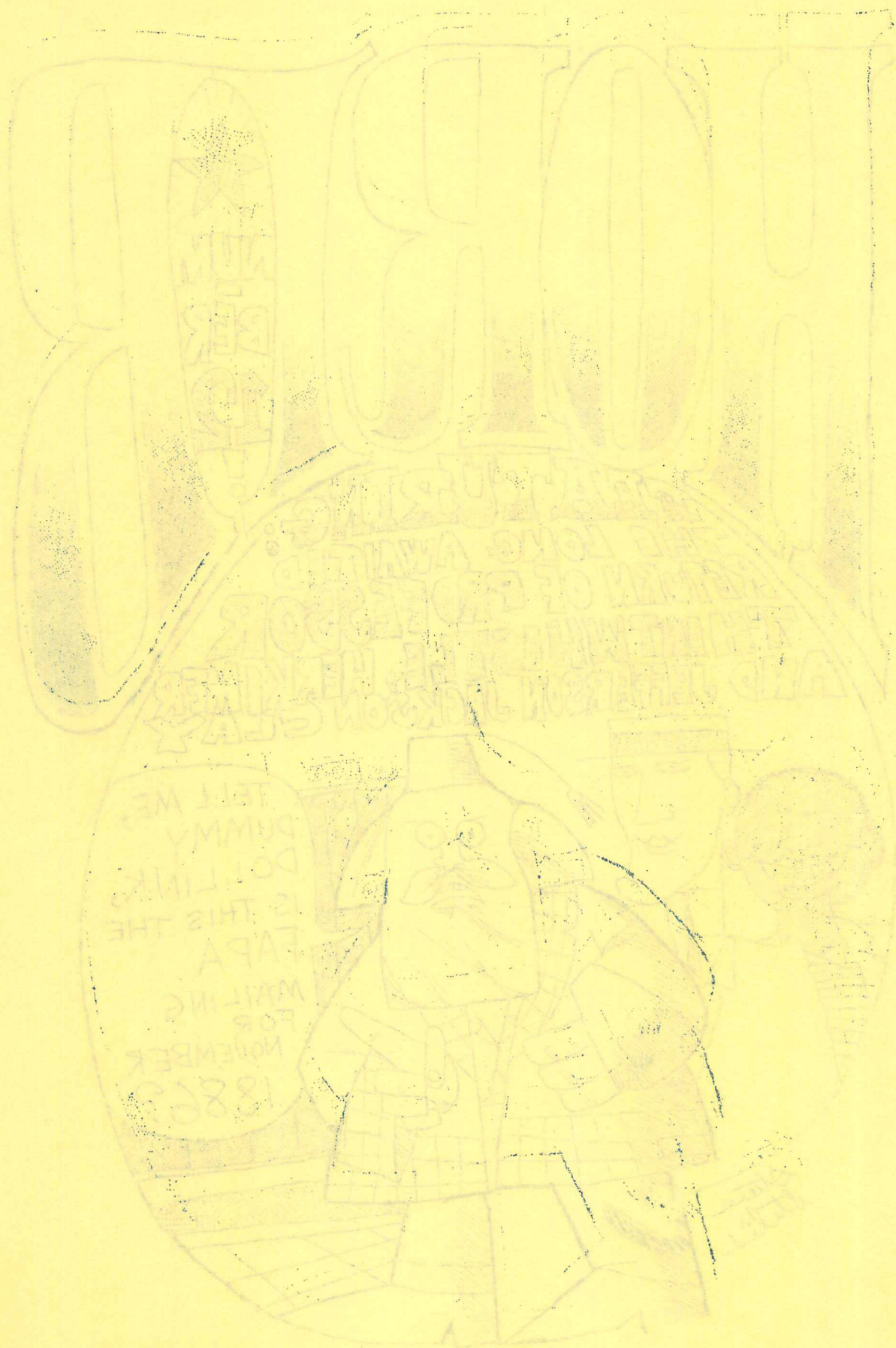
GOD DAMNIT! SOMETHING JUST STUNG ME ON THE BOOB!

GRRR!

GOOD GRIEF, BABIES! WHAT NEXT?!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT, OR YOU MAY NEVER REST AGAIN!

--Fenton Farnsworth
--Pascal Pascudniak



BER

NOVEMBER
FOR
WAITING
TAPPA
IS THIS THE
DOLLING
DUMMY
TELL ME

1886



HOB

NUMBER 12!

FEATURING:
THE LONG AWAITED
RETURN OF PROFESSOR
THINTWHISTLE, HERKIMER
AND JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY

