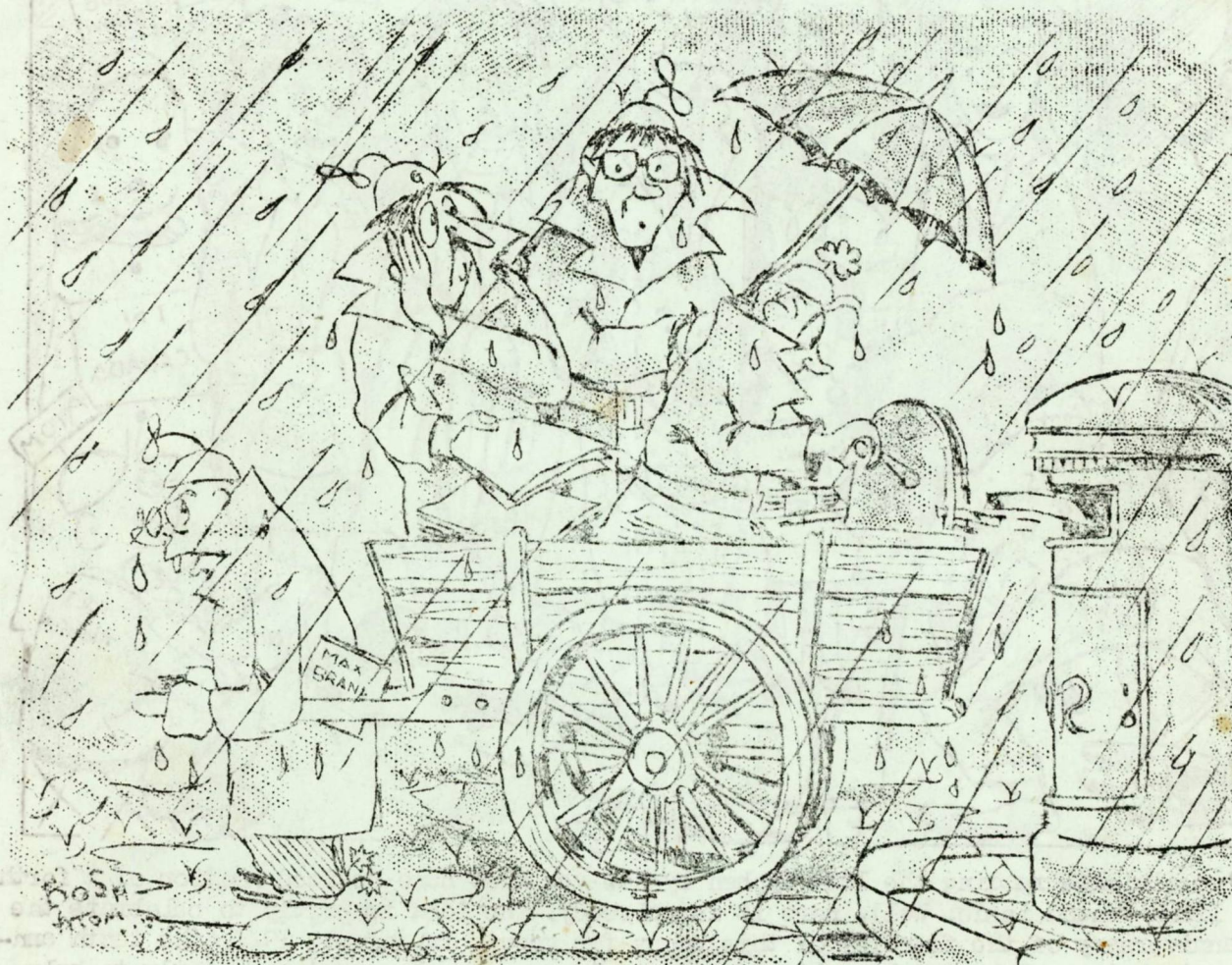


# HYPHEN

NO. 16

AUGUST

1956



"Sometimes I think these time saving ideas of his just aren't worth the trouble."

## SPECIAL IRISH ISSUE

Published by Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N.Ireland with the assistance of George Charters, John Berry, James & Peggy White and Madeleine Willis. Art Editor Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2. Associate Editor Chuck Harris, "Carolyn", Rainham, Essex, England. Foreign Correspondent Bob Shaw, Terrace Motel, c/o Sub P.O.28, McLeod Trail, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Subscription 15/- or 1/- in coin of your realm. Back issues #10, 11 & 12 available, same.





If you've finished reading the last Hyphen by now you must have noticed mention of a forthcoming Irish Fandom issue. Well, here it is, already. The idea is partly to celebrate the ninth anniversary of the founding of this happy fan group, in August, 1947 (the tenth anniversary is being celebrated by a bit of a do in London—see below) and partly to help clear up an odd misunderstanding which seems to be prevalent in some quarters to the effect that Hyphen is a cliquish and highly esoteric farmag. I suggest that this long standing misapprehension might now be allowed to sit down.

It may be true that the humour in Hyphen is often subtle—hell, it is true, as Chuck would say—but it's mostly quite comprehensible to anyone who has read the previous issues with due caution. As for the charge that we're cliquish, that's true only in the sense that fandom itself is a clique. Admittedly much of the farmish-fiction deals with a constant group of characters, but so do, for example, *Three Men In A Boat* or the BBC's *Goon Show*. The essence of character and situation comedy, as opposed to mere verbal tricks, is the creation of a small number of stock characters with familiar characteristics, the humour coming from observation of their reactions to different situations and to one another. This is exactly what John Berry is doing in his stories, and it's really quite



irrelevant that the names of his characters happen to be those of real people, whom he uses as raw material. (They happen to be Irish fans because Hyphen is an international fanmag and our group is the only one common to both British & American fandom.) The characters in, say, the Jack Benny Show are real people too, but no one calls Benny cliquish or esoteric, even if they have to listen to one or two programs to appreciate all the allusions.

This photograph was taken on Irish Fandom's annual excursion to Portrush, 'reported' in John Berry's forthcoming "Ice Cream Sunday". For key see Atomfoto opposite.



However it is true, as some people have been remarking, that Hyphen doesn't come out every week: apparently it's expecting too much for you to remember the cast from one issue to the next. I cannot understand people getting confused like this, but it seems that Claude Lyons, Norman J. Macburn, George Mason and some of the other Texas fans have difficulty telling us apart; Raleigh Hitchcock even says our names all sound alike. So, to help lost souls like this, we have prepared this little illustrated guide.

GEORGE L. CHARTERS, rechristened George All The Way by Bea Mahaffey (for quite innocent reasons I assure you) when she was over here in 1953, represents himself to be the Father of Irish Fandom. This claim has been indignantly denied by all our mothers. Although...or rather because...he doesn't look any older than the rest of us, John Berry makes him out to be of vast antiquity. He lives in Bangor, Co. Down, a seaside resort about 12 miles from Belfast. He is a reformed completist, and also a reader and collector



of Max Brand. He once had his name listed among the acknowledgements in a hardcover book about Brand by his correspondent Darrell C. Richardson. He likes puns, chess, puns, puzzles and puns. He has been to Paris. He cut the stencils for The Enchanted Duplicator.

JAMES WHITE, co-founder of Irish Fandom, was Art Editor of Slant until failing eyesight stopped him making his famous linocuts. He then descended to prowriting, and has sold to ASF, New Worlds, Nebula etc., been Conklinthologised and translated. He recently finished a novel which will be published this autumn. His major fanwork was the Beacon Report, in which he helped Bea Mahaffey down mountains and while passing a note under her door was walked on by an unobservant chambermaid. He is a member of the British Interplanetary Society, a diabetic, has been to Paris, makes model aeroplanes and spaceships, works in a tailor's shop and is married to tall, slim and vivacious PEGGY WHITE, nee Peggy Martin.

BOB SHAW, trufannish genius, original member of the Belfast Triangle, co-founder of Hyphen and co-author of The Enchanted Duplicator, emigrated to Canada early this year with his wife SADIE. Has sold professionally to Nebula, Authentic & The New York Post. He is a connoisseur of humour, an involuntary collector of erratic machinery and a sworn foe of insects. He has a healthy appetite and an equally healthy contempt for people deluded enough to think that budgerigars can talk. These latter attributes have impressed

JOHN BERRY, nova fan and specialist in fannish fiction. He has a moustache and a budgerigar called Jory which he thinks can talk. He is a police fingerprint expert, votes Marilyn Monroe the surface he'd most like to insufflate over, & is the most energetic exponent of Ghoddminton, a sort of all-in badminton we play in the winter. With Arthur Thomson he publishes his own inimitable fanzine RETRIBUTION, which is strongly recommended.

My name is Walt Willis; my wife, Madeleine, is a fan in her own right, blonde, and much prettier than she looks in that photograph. We have two children--Carol aged 8, and now Bryan, aged six months. We own Oblique House, a name carried over from the days of Slant, where all Irish Fandom meets Tuesday nights and Sunday afternoons.

All, that is, except New Worlds artist GERALD QUINN, with whom we have friendly but occasional contacts, and Honorary Irish Fen CHUCK HARRIS and ARTHUR THOMSON. These latter two do not live in Ireland, no matter what Bob McCain and those other Californic fans think. They live in England, which is an island about 100 miles to the East of Ireland, unsuccessfully civilised by us 1000 years ago. For more about Atom, see John Berry's report of his recent first visit, a one-shot available on request with Retribution. Chuck lives outside London, works for Fords, and wages a mock war with James White. He edited and published several previous Hyphens on his Gestetner. His 'Through Darkest Ireland' (TAPA) is a fan classic. His professional sales consist of a short (Omega) in the Vargo Statton Mag, for which he was paid 7/10, the mag having gone bankrupt after it appeared. (This was post hack, not proper hack.) Chuck has tended towards gaffia this year, not unconnected with the fact that the following few pages of readers' letters represent virtually all the comment on the last Hyphen.

But more about that, the present state of fandom, Lettering, TAFF and other subjects in the next issue, which will also have material by Eric Frank Russell and, I hope, demon knight and 'Ermengarde Fiske'...and be better duplicated than this. I'm sorry about the horrible mess I made of some of these pages (though you should grumble: you only have one copy to worry about--I have 210) but this issue was rushed out to be in time for the NYcon. Ken & Pamela Bulmer roped me in to help on Stateside publicity for the London 1957 Worldcon, and I thought I should try to do something better than telepathic emanations. Incidentally, I have resigned from the administration of TAFF and the British end is now handled by Ken Bulmer. Don Ford remains in charge of the Stateside end and is currently receiving nominations for an American fan to go to the London Worldcon in 1957. (129 Maple Ave., Sharonville, Ohio.) Last year's winner, Lee Hoffman Shaw, declined the Fund monies and attended Lettering as a private individual, not a representative of US fandom.

#### CORRECTED QUOTATIONS (I)

On Xanadu, did Kubla Khan,  
A stately pressure dome decree



MAL ASHWORTH  
40 Makin St.,  
Bradford 4

Muchly enjoyed Parr's debunking of the pseudo-psycho-analysts and Harmon's Security Satire, and I hope Derek Pickles' criticism of the convention-type cover ("Church, anyone?") wasn't meant to be serious.

Oh I do hope not. Heck, we solid Yorkshire sheep farmers have to stick together and it would break my heart to have to nominate a compatriot for the Rugghead Of The Year Certificate.

The other thing I was struck by was Peter Rigby's idea that the Bible might not be fantasy; and I was struck very forcibly by that. It nearly stopped me in my tracks. I'd never thought of it like that before. I'd always looked upon it as a sort of predecessor of the Shaver Mysteries; always according it a certain literary prestige as one of the oldest and most complete fantasies in our language. And now somebody comes along with a revolutionary idea like that and I have to start in and revise all my evaluations. I have to start seriously considering the possibility that it wasn't meant as a fantasy. Gnod, it may even have been a masterpiece of humour when it was first published; perhaps even an archaic counterpart of The Enchanted Duplicator. This is important. (Rigby must be right, Mal. No less a person than one of our revered promag editors, Ted Tubb of AUTHENTIC SCIENCE fiction, believes not only that Methuselah lived to 969 years but suggests it was because he was a vegetarian. (AsSF69). Move over, Palmer.)

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL Hyphen was real cool, by which I don't mean not so hot. It got me in the dream-creeper. You'd be a solid sender if you used a stapling machine instead of your Welfare State teeth. First prize this time goes to Demon Knight, the others panting close behind presumably because choked by his hell-fumes.

JACK SPITER  
North Bend,  
Washington.

As a good allegory should, The Enchanted Duplicator led me to some renewed thinking about fandom as a way of life. I have usually rejected rather quickly the idea of making fandom the main interest in one's life. This was partly due to the example of Forry Ackerman, who has sunk so much of himself in a field from which he draws less and less satisfaction. But it was also due to the fact that my generation has always had such large tasks so clearly cut out for it in the big world that there was no room for the idea that one could justifiably wrap himself up in his hobby. First there was the depression, then World War II; and it was quite apparent that failure to meet either of these challenges would leave little means or freedom for enjoying an avocation....That other problems may appear is quite probable, but they may not be felt as problems for all society to be concerned about. Without this feeling, I may not feel a compulsion to work at them, and then there is the question, what am I going to do with my life, aside from raising a family and making a living like everyone else? We have known all along that there is no imperative as to what we shall do with ourselves, and neither is there an absolute scale of values that says some activities are worthy and others unworthy...There remains a large area of free choice in which the only criterion is pleasure. I don't think that fandom as a way of life will steadily meet this test, but as I survey the other fields of reading, writing and doing into which I've advanced pseudopods, I wonder which of them would.

RORY FAULKNER  
164 Geneva Pl.  
Covina, Cal.

I gathered my nerve and wrote a letter to Eric Frank Russell expressing my appreciation for his article on astronomy in New Worlds, and to my surprise got a delightful reply from him. He thought I was a man though: I hate to disabuse him. He commented on the reaction in England to his article, and remarked that some of his countrymen had as much sense of humour as a pregnant goat. (They were kidding?) After I read the letters in a later issue I knew what he meant. I didn't dare show the article to Dr Richardson--- afraid it would mean the end of a beautiful friendship. (Ctd. on p.26)

"Water gives me a damp feeling all over."



James White, co-founder of Irish Fandom, assesses the changes wrought by that arch  
wroughter, John Berry.

THE NOT-SO-HOT GOSPELLER  
OR  
THE NEW LUKE  
IN IRISH FANDOM  
BY JAMES WHITE



Bob Shaw has gone to Canada. Bob Shaw, supreme exponent of the murderous art of Ghodminton, possessor of the only known fifth-dimensional gut, and late owner - before I bought it - of the Tower Bridge, London. A solid ~~blab~~ bulkhead of Irish Fandom since those far-off, golden days BB. His character and accomplishments have become legend - mainly because both were so unbelievable. His genius for finding money in public litter-boxes, for instance, and his unceasing quest for an entirely new and non-mechanical form of humour - a form of humour which was funny. And there was his prowess at shooting spiders with a high-powered air-rifle. But all this was in the good old days: the days of the Fansmanship lectures, the Hoffmanwoman, and of the saving of Courtney's boat, when not only Bob Shaw was a living legend . . . .

Walter Willis was engaged in a one-man massacre of Fandom by doing his best to write himself across the Atlantic, and some of the casualties are still in stitches. George Longfellow Charters was carefully shopping for a typewriter worthy of stencilling THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, wearing cowboy shirts and loudly reminding us at least seventeen times a week that his name had appeared in hard covers. And I was doing things, too. Because of that grim and watery encounter at Welling in the summer of '52 between Harris and myself, the zap-gun was introduced into British Fandom, and became so popular that it had to be outlawed. And about the same time I was proving that the age of chivalry was not dead to an unknown Antrim chambermaid by going one better than even Sir Walter Raleigh.

All these events were written up, of course, and incredible though they sometimes were, fans believed them. The Wheels of IF became known to fandom as a sensitive, cultured, happy and more-than-slightly wacky fan group to whom incredible things happened as a matter of course. Gentle, restrained and civilised was the group then, and if prone to any weakness it was that of understatement. The brutality of the fast-growing Spillane Fandom was abhorred, and though Bosh and I often lay on Walter's lawn to wait for bees too young or careless to heed their comrades' warnings regarding this danger area, these encounters were conducted strictly in accordance with the rules and usages of war.

Many a time I remember us catching a big fat one in our crossfire and bringing it down out of control, waterlogged. And then, after it had given us its name and serial number only, we'd put it on the biggest flower we could find - usually a dandelion - to dry out and refuel before returning to base. We'd think then of its comrades back at the hive waiting, waiting, until all hope was gone and the drinking-glass of the missing bee would be sadly upended. Then



suddenly a buzz would go up and the missing one would come limping in on three wings, heavy with water but otherwise unhurt, and we'd get a sort of warm glow, we'd think of the bees speculating on the nature of those awful, yet strangely merciful beings inhabiting the Willis lawn, and the stories would grow and spread. Egoboo from a bee isn't much, but the whole bee-population of Ireland . . . .!

Even now, bees from far and wide come to hover above the Willis lawn. They hang there for hours, waiting, hoping for some manifestation. Then at sunset they fly slowly away to spread the sad news that the benevolent old gods are dead, and in their place is a hairy debased creature waving a fly-swatter made from cardboard who is childishly easy to elude.



Yes, those days have gone forever. Subtly and horribly the characters of this fan group are changing. Our minds and bodies are being ruthlessly forced into a new mold, a mold formed by the diseased thought processes of the Nemesis that has lately come among us.

Nemesis has cast a dark shadow over Irish Fandom - or rather, his moustache has. Nemesis, alias John Berry. According to Berry, IF is too tame. It needs more blood and guts and Marilyn Monroe. The diffident, understated treatment of fan articles, he says, is sissy stuff. What is needed is some good old LHM-type superlatives to liven the reports up, with plenty of exclamation marks scattered through them. And as he has fifty million relatives chained to typewriters somewhere, his opinions carry weight. There are, in fact, no opinions remaining in print other than those of John Berry - at least, so far as readers are concerned. Everything which occurs in Oblique House is written up by him immediately it happens, and usually before that, and published everywhere. We don't have a chance.

Our own laziness was to blame for this at first. We should not have lain back, encouraging him as he matched, then exceeded, the combined word-output of Ireland's most active fan group. But it is so easy to take things easy. Easier even. And

suddenly it was too late to stop him. Under the weight of his factual articles - which have, occasionally, a tenuous connection with the truth - a fearful metamorphosis was taking place within us, and the old legends of IF were being swallowed up by the new, hepped-up, Berry-built mythology.



No longer the dry wit and superb punster that we knew and loved, Walter is a sneering, cruel-eyed hoodlum who spits words and reefers out of the corner of a perpetually twisted mouth. George, whose age might have been guessed as a rather worldly twenty-seven, no longer looks it. Under the intensive brain-dirtying of Berry he has become an old man. Girls still give him their seats in the train, but no longer for the chance to get sitting on his knee. Instead they smile reassuringly, telling him that they hope they look as healthy as he does when they're ninety. But they are

-JW

"Dimples windowsills."

"It's a small bedroom...we have



just being kind. Such is the power of Berry's suggestion that we fully expect him to turn up in an ambulance any day now, instead of in his wheelchair.

And take even Harris. (Yes, please do.) Harris, the vile pro and - according to white - sex-fiend, who is an honorary member of Irish Fandom, and therefore a much too insipid character. Berry made him - through a cohort - a despoiler of virgin budgerigars. And myself, vile pro and - according to Harris - sex-fiend, who never bust a dam or wore a spat in my life, am fast becoming a cross between Sir Anthony Eden, Lord Tedder and Mickey Spillane.

But Bob has been treated the worst of all. His fondness for an old green velvet jacket together with his gymnastics while playing Ghoddminton suggested something to the REVENUE-soaked mind of Berry. Ballet! Now, wherever Bob goes, snickers and hispings and derisive shouts of "Pavlova!" follow in his wake. Even his Health Card says "Roberta" on it.

Berry, you see, is responsible for Bob leaving the country. Berry is responsible for everything that has happened to us during the past year, culminating in the horrible P'ke-saturnalia of the night that Heinlein didn't come - "reported" elsewhere in this issue - which has caused our names to stick throughout fandom. Berry is also, I'm sure, responsible for the letter which Bob got recently from Canada. I only saw the letterhead before he whipped it out of sight. . . .



Bob is currently undergoing vaccination. Thorough vaccination. Shots against smallpox, malaria, typhoid, beri-beri - a bit late for that, now - heat-stroke, frost-bite and dandruff. Prominently displayed at the top of a trunk he showed us last week was a pair of snow-shoes and an outsize fur-trimmed romper suit. When he wasn't looking I peeked to see what else was under his Eskimo set, and found a pith helmet and khaki shorts. He says he's going to Canada, but sometimes I wonder, especially when I remember that letterhead. "The Calgary and District Glee, Light Opera and Moira Shearer Appreciation Club." Hmm.

Berry must already have blanketed the whole Dominion with his lying propaganda, so that wherever Bob goes he will be greeted by long-haired men and short-haired women balletomanes - long, short, and ballet-length manes. Anyway, wherever he's going, we all here wish him and Sadie the best of luck, and a goodly dollop of the misery which is supposed to befall those whose affairs prosper and who become disgustingly rich.

Yes, Bob is the only one of us who has tried to tear himself away from Berry's literary Iron Maiden. But I doubt if he'll succeed. Even should he lose himself in the trackless jungles of French Equatorial Africa - which I suspect is his plan. Who was it, after all, who first started the lying rumour that the Shaws were a race of pygmies? Yes, you've guessed it. Berry will get there first, probably with letters to the local missionary suggesting that the natives be taught more up-to-date and civilised forms of dancing. Like ballet.



This is a Berry Documentary Article.  
The names of the characters are real;  
only the facts have been changed to  
avoid confusion with reality.

'X' Certificate.

A Goon Detective Agency Exploit,  
A complete prozine-length novel,  
based on a plot by Madeleine  
& Walt Willis

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

# TWILIGHT OF THE GOONS

BY JOHN BERRY

With a muttered curse of "Suffering catfish", and making sure my false moustache was affixed, I kicked open the door of our finroom and leaped inside, facing Walt.

"Steady, boy," he grimaced, his haggard face peering over a wall of folded fanzines. I sidled over, picked up one of them. It was the latest Hyphen. Funny. They were all Hyphens. About 250 of them.

"Thought you posted all the Hyphens last week, Walt," I frowned.

He nodded.

"True, Goon, true," he winced. "But they all arrived back here again in a couple of days....all unopened. By the way, your moustache is upside down."

I ripped it off, ran the edge of my tongue over the gum-arabic, and slapped it on properly. "But why have the Hyphens been returned?" I asked, sorta disgruntled. It had been a special issue commemorating the publication of my 250th article.



"Same reason all my mail has been returned unopened, I suppose," muttered Walt, kicking at the waist-high heap of letters that surrounded him.

"Any news of Peggy?" I asked, trying to change the subject. Things were sort of complicated, and when things get complicated, I get baffled.

"I understand she has been made an honorary member of Alcoholics Anonymous," groaned Walt.

"A fitting climax to her fanrish career," I observed, handing Walt my hip flask. Neat soda water would do him a power of good in his present state.

Walt took a swig, then looked at his watch. "Goon," he said, "Bob is almost due back from his psychiatrist...I think he's doing very well, by the way, though he still means to flee the country...and before he comes I want to have an earnest talk with you. I have tried to refrain from this course of action, which is against all my finer instincts, but I have no alternative. I have reluctantly decided, Goon, to avail myself once more of the inevitable facilities afforded by your versatile organisation."

THE GOON'S MOST SENSATIONAL CASE!



Heck, I wish Willis would confine himself to words of not more than two syllables. I was working at a disadvantage as it was.

"My fee," I hissed, gripping him by the sticky collar of his dupe-shirt and pinning him against the wall.

"Put me down this minute," he ordered. "We'll discuss your fee when you've solved the mystery of why the rest of fandom have chosen to ostracise us."

I flashed a glance at the CALENDAR. "Walt, if I tried really hard, would you---"

"Your moustache has dropped off," he interrupted with a grin.

Heck. I dived onto the floor, and once more replaced my fungus. I ain't got the nerve to expose my naked upper lip after all these years. I clenched my fist at the thought of the person responsible for my nakedness. Age wouldn't save him.

"If I could just get my hands on Charters," I grated. "I'd...I'd bung up his ear trumpet....I'd--"

"Funny thing about George," mused Walt. "He hasn't been here since the Mainlein fiasco. And it was just after that my mail started coming back unopened too."

"I was just going to say the same thing, Walt," I lied. Willis is my best customer. Heck, he is my only customer.

Just then, Madeleine came in with a sack over her shoulder. She gripped both ends of it and miserably shook out the contents onto the floor.

"Oh no," sobbed Walt. "Not my OMPA mailing contribution. To think that Joy would do a thing like that to me."

Madeleine dabbed her eyes. "My article, I SLEPT WITH WILLIS, has been returned unopened by FEMIZINE," she sniffed. "Why, oh why?"

Suddenly, we heard rapid footsteps mounting the haunted staircase.

James came into the room with a brown paper parcel under his arm. He paused in the open doorway...a pitiful figure. Then, like a great Shakespearian actor, he took a pace forward, swept an arm majestically upwards, and shouted..

"I am undone."

"You mean---?" gasped Walt and Madeleine.

"Yes," he cried, "Carnell has sent back my latest story, Quimm illos and all. In fact, he hasn't even opened the parcel..."

"So it wasn't any use to get Conklin say you were a Londoner," muttered Walt grimly.

The door opened once more, and Sadie came in leading Bob by the arm. She raised a finger to her lips with a warning "Ssshhh".

"There's my boy," she cooed, leading a gibbering Shaw to a secluded corner of the room, where he sat staring vacantly at the CALENDAR.

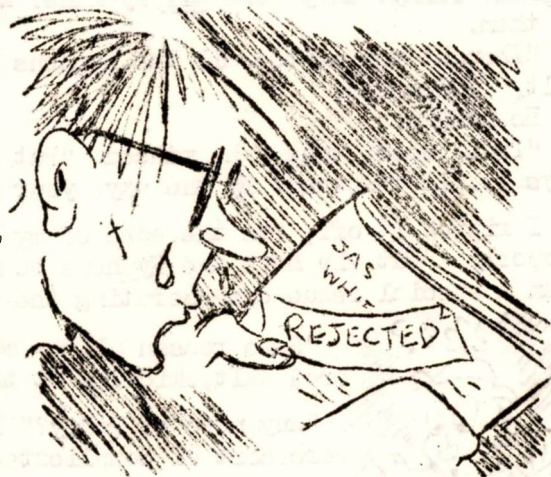
Say folks, he was worse than I thought.

Sadie tiptoed over and whispered; "Dr Glumwitch says it is a bad case of shock, allied with acute frustration of the bowels and constriction of the bladder. He is to have complete rest before he's even fit for the sea voyage."

Tears glistened in her eyes. Heck, folks, behind my dirty vest there beats an understanding heart. I laid a comforting arm round Sadie and gave her a paternal kiss.

Next moment Bob slipped to the floor with a horrible "Duuurrrhhh", saliva dribbling down his chin.

"What's wrong with the boy?" screamed Sadie.





"Give Goon his whiskers back," growled Walt, master of the situation as always. "Tsk tsk," I mouthed, as Sadie ripped my vagrant fungus off her lip and helped Bob out of the room.

A nostalgic look flitted over Walt's face.

"You know," he said, "these queer things all started to happen immediately after The Night Heinlein Never Came. I wonder....."

I wondered too. Back home, in the seclusion of my den, my mind stumbled back to the evening before Robert Heinlein was to visit Oblique House.....



WE ALL SAT BACK TO ENJOY OUR TEA after the careful preparations we had made to ensure that Heinlein's visit would be a memorable one. Madeleine was applying a damp compress to Walt's left wrist, where he had strained it clipping several tons off the privet hedge. Bob and James had just returned from their unenviable task of temporarily depositing the loaded propane kiosk in the shed at the back of the house.

I myself was exhausted after my exertions helping Madeleine to fold the table napkins. Sometimes I think Walt is apt to take my enthusiasm for granted.

"So I'll phone up tomorrow," said Madeleine to Walt, "and hire a butler for the evening."

George raised himself to a sitting position and, rapping his crutch against the wall, signified his intention of wanting to take part in the conversation.

"Walt," he croaked, "I have held a great variety of, er, occupations in my time, and it has, er, heh heh, always been my ambition to be a, er, heh heh, butler. It would be the fulfillment of my, er, wildest wish, if I could act as, er, heh heh, butler on this most important occasion. Heh heh."

This shook Willis, folks. I could see that he didn't want to hurt George's feelings, as did none of us, but after all, Robert Heinlein was a pretty important person.

"I'm sorry, George—" began Walt. George looked downwards, a spasm of resignation flickering over his venerable frame. There was silence for several seconds, and then Willis, doing the stupid thing and letting sentiment overcome his common sense, gave a big sigh, and nodded to George.

With a terrific show of exuberance, George gripped the side of his bath chair, staggered to his feet, and hobbled from the room, cackling to himself happily.

We looked at Walt.

"Listen," he said. "The best thing for us to do would be to apologise to Heinlein for George being absent tomorrow night. We'd never live it down if it got around fandom that we were ill-using Charters, even though it makes him happy."

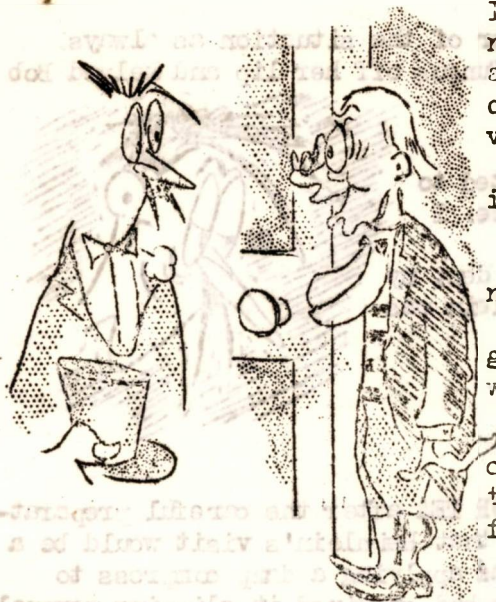
We nodded sympathetically.

As we were to discover, that was going to be the least of our worries.



"John is usually pretty accurate about everything." —Alan Dodd





I FELT QUITE PROUD when I saw George the following night. He opened the door majestically to my ring, and I nearly collapsed in the airlock at the sight of him. He looked like a penguin, his remaining silver locks brushed back carefully over his pate.

"Welcome to Oblique House, sor," he said, addressing the hallstand.

"It's me, George," I hissed.

It hit him like a physical blow. "Third time to-night," he complained. "How do I look?"

"I gotta hand it to you," I cringed, pushing him gently out of the way as I passed. I liked his red waistcoat and buckled shoes...I hoped Heinlein would.

As I entered the drawing room, and noted the turnout of all our members, I felt that this was the big time. Willis tapped his cigar ash into the roaring fireplace, and Madeleine was handing round port.

Heck.

I crossed to the French windows and drew aside the curtains to see if our visitor was coming. I saw an unfamiliar figure flitting furtively up the path. I shouted excitedly.

"Hey Walt, here comes Heinlein with a flat cap and a sack over his shoulder!"

Walt rushed over. "Boo!" he gritted, "That's the postman."

Gripping the man by the bag strap, he pulled him through the window.

"Evening," whispered the postman, "Just as I was leaving the GPO this telegram came for you, so I thought I might as well bring the morning's mail with me." He dumped a pile of letters on the carpet and dived back through the window.

Walt, with an air of foreboding, opened the envelope...read the telegram...screwed up his eyes....looked at us sorrowfully.

"Heinlein is not coming. His aeroplanes got all mixed up. He was taken to Dublin by mistake."

We groaned. It was a great disappointment, right enough.

The door opened, to reveal George leaning against the wall.

"He should be here soon," he croaked. "Oh this is the greatest day of my life! Heh heh." So saying, the lovable sage clawed his way out again.

Madeleine, the really sentimental one among us, dried her eyes.

"How can we break the news to George?" she sniffed.

"Poor old thing," agreed Sadie, "it'll surely break his heart."

Walt leaped to his feet, that look of bliss on his face revealing that his genius for improvisation had again reached the heights.

"We've made so many preparations it's a shame to waste them all...and we don't have to," he explained. "Let's pretend to George that Heinlein has come. George is so shortsighted he won't be able to tell. It'll be worth it, to see a flicker of happiness in his bloodshot eyes."

"Who's going to be Heinlein?" asked James, practical as always.

"Me," gritted Walt. "My visit to the USA in '52 will stand me well as far as the accent is concerned. I have a fedora upstairs. If I also put on my new coat and hang a camera round my neck and have a couple of flashy suitcases and a loud tie, and ring the front door, he'll be completely taken in."

Spontaneous applause greeted this inspiration of Walt's. Was this going to be his greatest triumph?



We chuckled to ourselves as Walt slipped away. Minutes later we heard the front door-bell ring. We held our breath. After a pause, our door opened once more.

There stood George. This was his greatest performance: for a full ten seconds, he managed to hold himself upright.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he quavered, "Mr Robert Heinlein!"

With a big grin, Walt swept into the room and began dishing out Heinlein hard cover editions, which I presumed constituted the entire contents of his Heinlein collection.

"Where's Walt?" asked George worriedly, trying to focus his optics.

I had to admire the verve and initiative shown by James White. He backed out of the room. In a few seconds he was back again, wearing an old torn pair of trousers, a black-stained shirt, his hair standing on end.

"Ah, there you are, Walt," wheezed Charters, looking at James. "Come and meet Robert Heinlein. But where is James?"

Bob Shaw, caught in the spirit of the thing, leaped out of the door and re-appeared almost immediately, wearing glasses and black pin-striped trousers. He went over to Peggy and gave her a couple of smackers, and grinned at George.

"Yes yes," beamed George, taken in by Bob's clever acting, "here's James. But I can't see Bob Shaw?"

Now Peggy is a girl who, up to then, I had always regarded as highly intelligent and sensible, not given to hasty decisions. It must have been her sporting instincts which led her to rush out of the room and re-appear as Bob. I could see that she had stuffed a pillow up the front of her jumper and a couple of rolled blankets down the back. I liked the added subtle touch of authenticity she gave the performance by munching a ham shank.

"There you are, Bob," said George, patting Peggy on the back. "We're all here now... except, er, heh heh, er, Peggy."

I am still trying to find out who kicked me through the door. I found myself sitting in the hallway, and a rasping voice shouting in my ear..."Quick: you're Peggy."

During my lifetime, I have had to take a number of momentous decisions. Once, some fool asked me to jump out of an aeroplane... But my problem now was the most crucial ever to confront me.

To impersonate Peggy....I should have to SHAVE OFF MY MOUSTACHE.  
GHOD....THE ENORMITY OF THE SACRIFICE.

But I just couldn't let Willis down. I ran upstairs to the bathroom. I clipped off my beautiful growth. I shaved my upper lip, blinking at the mirror through my tears.

Diving into Madeleine's bedroom, I grabbed a dress, and with the manipulation of a couple of powder puffs my disguise was complete.

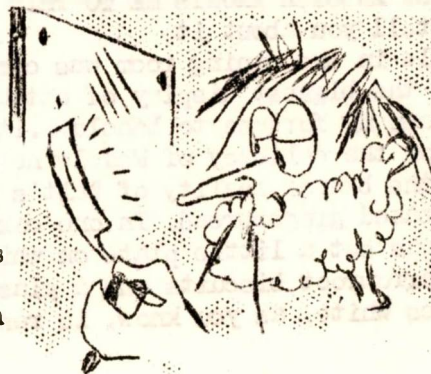
I would see Willis afterwards, I consoled myself.

"You look delightful, if I may say so," croaked George. "You remind me of Lily Langtry, or Dame Clara Butt." He pinched my cheek.

Suffering catfish.

I began to feel the Goon had made a mistake.

LISTEN FOLKS. Some fantastic things happened that night. I wanna tell you about them so you can see what lengths we went to to keep George happy. It's important too, because it all has some bearing on my subsequent investigation. But get the situation





clear before we go any further. Remember that Walt was 'Heinlein' ..Bob was 'James'... Peggy was 'Bob'...I was 'Peggy'. Bear all this in mind, because from now on things start getting complicated.

Now I'll take you back to the grim events of The Night That Heinlein Never Came.

THE SHAPE OF WHAT WAS TO COME was heralded when George entered with the drinks. With commendable foresight he brought in the glasses on a tea-trolley, thus providing himself with a crafty form of support, of which he was obviously in dire need. He free-wheeled up to me, and said:

"Here is your tomato juice, Peggy."

Heck. I fluttered my eyelashes coyly and sipped out of my minute glass, surreptitiously adjusting a vagrant powder puff. Oh for a dirty great pint of Guinness.

Then I heard a horrible groan. Bob Shaw, the real Bob Shaw that is, had fainted. George, thinking of him as James, had given him a glass of water, James' favourite beverage.

But worse was to come. Bob is renowned throughout fandom for his ability to absorb beer at a phenomenal rate. George, well aware of this and anxious to please, had brought in a quart bucket. Now he gave it to Peggy, thinking that she was Bob, see?

"Mr Heinlein," cackled George, "come and see, er, heh heh, Bob Shaw drink a quart of beer in one gulp. Heh heh."

What else could we do? We crowded round and offered encouragement. Peggy, her nose wrinkled up like an in-growing toenail, touched the frothy top with her little tongue ...and then started to turn green. She did her best, however. Oh yes. Though I did begin to get a little worried when it started coming out of her ears.

George's next move was to hand round cigars to the men.

Once more Peggy had an admiring audience as she tackled a six-inch Churchill special. It was unfortunate that she was stretched out behind the piano and, confidentially, I thought things were going too far when I espied the whites of her eyes through the cloud of smoke. James, I felt, was most anxious to give his bride some husbandlike succour, but he was supposed to be Walt and had to keep up the pretence. You had to look at everything from George's point of view.

THE SECONDS TICKED SLOWLY ONWARDS. The pseudo-American accent of Walt's impersonation grated horribly on our tortured eardrums. I felt sorta queer not being able to take a bite out of my moustache whenever I wanted, and I hated to have to use a falsetto voice every time George came within vocal range.

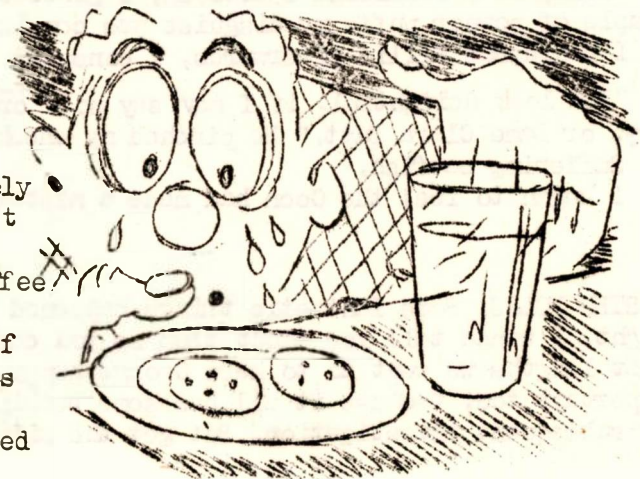
I regretted that since their honeymoon James and Peggy had been so...attached. I kept having the feeling that maybe more was expected of me. But the Goon had suffered sufficient ignominy as it was.

At long last, George announced supper.

BOB'S CRY OF ANGUISH HAUNTS ME TO THIS DAY.

Let me tell you about it.

The table in the dining room was completely covered by the biggest display of eatables it has ever been my fortune to behold...items ranging from the delicacy of Madeleine's coffee kisses to the brutal reality of Walt's own specially baked gingerbread. In one corner of the table was set a little plate on which was set three arrowroot biscuits and a glass of water. James White, as you know, is restricted





to a very severe diet. Conversely, at the other end of the table was a large tray with a mountain of cakes and sandwiches, fronted by a retractable grab, an innovation designed by Bob Shaw after a trip to the seaside...the idea being that whilst eating with the left hand, he can procure a delicacy from the other end of the table by dexterous manipulations with the right hand, thus saving valuable eating time.

As James (pretending to be Walt, remember) led 'Heinlein' (Walt) into the dining room, we followed. To our horror James, by some dormant instinct, took his place by the frugal snack, and Bob sat hunched eagerly over his invention. The gleam of bliss in Bob's eyes as he reached forward was in striking contrast to the look of fortitude on James's face as he picked up his first biscuit.

In a second, our plot would have been torn asunder.

With typical Goon alacrity, I switched off the lights and, amidst the baffled shouts of alarm, swung the table round to place Bob, James and Peggy in the positions to suit their aliases.

I switched the lights on again.

As I said, the groan of anguish from Bob was terrible, like the midnight screams of a demented person, as he saw the thin biscuits staring up at him. But he was comparatively fortunate. Poor Peggy was now fully aware of what constituted Shaw in all his diverse facets. Already she had drunk a quart of beer and smoked a cigar...now she was faced with an even more monumental effort. Her task was to clear the table, or cause everlasting humiliation to an aged fan, too far gone to be able to live it down.

The most serious part of the affair, though, was the glazed look of frustration on Bob's face as the Grab careered recklessly over the comestibles, operated by an ardent Charters anxious to keep Bob (as he thought) fully supplied. Bob's demeanour foreboded mental disorders to come. I calculated that from the long term point of view Peggy's case wasn't so bad...a few weeks fasting would see her in reasonable health again.

Irish Fandom was sure getting itself all mixed up.

I hope you're all able to keep up with me. I can tell you that the events portrayed so far constituted the most nerve-racking experience that ever befell the Goon. It is a constant source of wonder to me that I am able to present the facts to you in such a clear and precise manner. Many folks would get lost trying to explain these complex details, but you can rely on the Goon to keep things straight, as always.

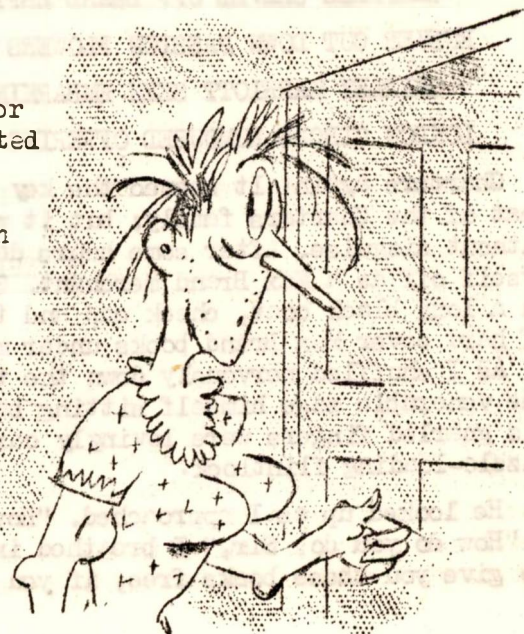
I now must relate the climax of the Heinlein affair, culminating in the strange behaviour of George Charters.

WE HAD HOPED THAT GEORGE WOULD GO HOME, or asleep or something, but he hung around persistently, delighted to be of service to Heinlein. At about 2am it was obvious the situation was desperate.

"Svy, folks," drawled Walt in a Belfast-American accent that now sounded like nothing on Earth, "I guess I better hit the hay."

"Good idea, Mr Heinlein," we chorused, and everyone left for their respective rooms.

I had to go home because Diane was expecting me, so I hung about until everyone had retired: then I crept into George's room to change. It was the only room I could go to, see, the others being occupied by Walt & Madeleine, James & Peggy, and Bob & Sadie...as their real selves, I hasten to add.



—Larry Shaw

"This is the first hotel that didn't complain because I had a woman in my room."



I had just divested myself of Madeleine's dress when George, whom I had supposed to be fast asleep, suddenly sat up in bed, his night cap quivering.

"Brazen seductress!" he bleated, grabbing his shawl. "Shame on you, Peggy. Get the behind me, temptress!"

So saying, he hobbled out of the room and entered the Willis bedchamber, intent upon making a complaint to the head of I.F.

I peered round the door, and saw George actually hopping out of Walt's room, shouting, "No, no, I can't believe it."

I saw him crawl up the stairs and heard the sound of Bob's door being opened, followed by a moan of anguish. Then he apparently opened the door of James and Peggy's room. There was a terrible scream of "NO! THIS IS TOO MUCH!" and he flashed, yes flash-ed past me and on down the stairs. Eventually I heard the front door being banged so vigorously that the fanlight smashed again.

I couldn't understand it.

The Goon was baffled.

WELL, FOLKS, THOSE ARE THE FACTS. And you already know about the phenomena that followed that terrible night. Now follow my investigation for Willis. Read on, and see the Goon in smooth rippling action....

First, I sent a coded telegram to Arthur Thomson, head of the Goon Detective Agency in England, detailing him to approach selected fans over there and try to find out why we had been sent to Coventry. Next morning I saw a GPO messenger boy screech to a halt outside my house. He rammed five buff envelopes through the letter box. Arthur had been on the ball. I ripped open the envelopes...

CHAOS AT RAINHAM HARRIS BECOME MONK ART

CAMPBELL SHAVED OFF BEARD LEFT AUTHENTIC ART

NEVER CUT DOWN PASSION FLOWERS ART

SHIRLEY MARRIOTT SEEN EMBARKING HEYSHAM FERRY ART

LONDON CIRCLE RUMOURED OFFERING CHARTERS SANCTUARY ART

Charters again! It seemed the key to the problem might well lie in Bangor, ancient seat of the Charters family; but it would never do to venture to that remote fastness without disguise. After some hours deliberation I hit on the original idea of passing myself off as a Max Brand merchant. Subtlety is our watchword, see. I fitted myself out in a long black coat, check cap and thick horn-rimmed spectacles, and tucked a couple of hard cover Max Brand books under my arm.

As I shuffled nervously down the tree-lined avenue of Lancaster Place, Bangor, I saw the venerable sage himself sitting back, grim of countenance, in his armoured bathchair. His gnarled fingers were lovingly caressing the woodworm-riddled butt of an ancient muzzle-loading flintlock.

He looked up as I approached. "Howdy," he growled.

"How do you do, Sir," I breathed in a complicated accent. "I am authorised by my firm to give you these books free, if you can produce one of our Max Brand publications."





"How do you know I read Max Brand stories, stranger?"

He peered at me suspiciously.

I laughed nervously. "I sorta noticed the BAR 20 sign hammered onto the front gate," I explained. George takes this cowboy hobby seriously, folks. I forget the medical term for his aberration.

"Heh heh," said George, "heh heh." Putting his bathchair into overdrive, shouting the while "Hi yi, Silver," he careered recklessly into the house, leaving the door open behind him.

He turned left into the library. I tiptoed right into his study. I looked around keenly, grabbed his correspondence file, flicked through the pages—

Ghosh!

I stuffed the file into a pocket, rushed to the library door and locked it, left the two books on the doorstep as a sort of consolation and raced home.

I opened the correspondence file and read it with growing horror.

No wonder we were all up the well known creek.

There were carbons of letters to the FAPA and OMPA directorates, the Science Fiction Writers of America, the World Science Fiction Association, the ESFA, the LISTS, the Outlanders, the Derelicts of Toronto, the ISFCC, the NZF, Ken Slater, the London Circle and other respected fan organisations, including the Los Angeles Insurgents. I read the last one with pangs of anguish gripping my intestines....

"...with a great personage like your compatriot Robert Heinlein in the house, I should have expected the little known and generally unsuspected eroticism of Irish Fandom to have continued to remain decently concealed. Judge then of the alarm a hard cover merchant of my standing must have felt to behold beside his bed the panting semi-clad figure of Peggy White struggling to remove a strange article of underclothing. This was not all, however. Rushing indignantly to Walt's room to expostulate, I was indescribably shocked and grieved to find that respected professional author from Max Brand's own country preparing to enter the Willis bed, whilst it was occupied by the First Lady of Irish Fandom. My one thought at this stage was to denounce this distastefully intrigue. I rushed up the stairs to the rooms occupied by the Shaws and the Whites. I shall say nothing of what I found in the first...Sadie is young and easily carried away by the blandishments of a successful professional author who has been to Paris and is a fully paid-up member of the British Interplanetary Society...but in the second room! First promiscuity, then adultery, and now this! You will understand, Mr Laney, that..."

I could read no more. It was fantastic, ghastly, but I could see what had happened. George's mind had completely misinterpreted a perfectly innocent state of affairs. That night we had flogged ourselves mercilessly, made every possible sacrifice, spared no conceivable effort to make his remaining days happy...and then in a few short unguarded minutes the whole edifice of well-meant deception had fallen on our own heads. Seeing what he thought he had seen, the ancestral pride of the Charters had come to the fore. His keen sense of justice, his sincere belief in the fundamental clean-living principles of fandom, had made him cast friendship to the winds and take upon himself the stern task of publicly revealing what he took to be licentiousness on our part. While all the time my bare upper lip bore, had he but known, silent witness to our innocence...to our selfless desire to enable George to think he had looked after Robert Heinlein.

And there is the very crux of my present dilemma. I have solved the case, only to be





faced with an even greater problem. What can we do now? It is unthinkable that Irish Fandom should continue to bear unjustly the stigma of moral pariahs. On the other hand, how can we tell George the truth? His agony would be twofold...he would find not only that he had been hoaxed by a fake Heinlein and his hour of glory was a sham, but that he had made a humiliating spectacle of himself by falsely denouncing his friends to fandom. It would be enough to bow his grey hairs in sorrow to grief.

But after much deep thought the master minds of the Goom Detective Agency have come up with a solution. This article reveals the truth to fandom at large...a special copy of this Hyphen has been printed for George containing 17 of his columns, and we can tell him their genius was such that fandom forgave us everything. It remains to reconcile George to us. As I see it, the only way we can do it without telling him the truth is to modify his old-fashioned moral standards. To this great endeavour I am willing to sacrifice myself, but I need your help. Send me anything which you think might help to broaden his mind--banned books, French poetsarcs, Marilyn Monroe Calendars, anything like that. Selflessly, I will sacrifice my leisure hours to studying them carefully and working out ways of showing them to George. No, no, I don't want any thanks for this stern task. Just part of the GDA service, that's all.

For other adventures of Goom Bleary, Private Eye, see:--  
 THIS GOON FOR HIRE, published by Chuck Harris, 'Carolyn', Lake Ave., Plainham,  
 RETRIBUTION 1, 2 et seq., published by John Berry, 1 Knockeden Crescent, Essex  
 Belfast and Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2.



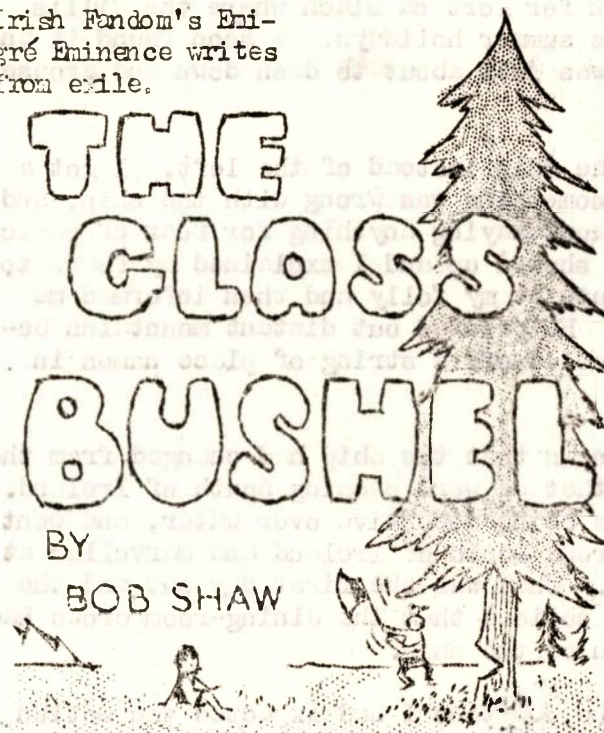


Irish Pandom's Eni-  
gré Eminence writes  
from exile.

# THE GLASS BUSHEL

BY

BOB SHAW



This is the first GB to be written in Canada, and as I have done a lot of rambling of late this article will do the same. Anybody that has moved his abode and effects over a long distance will know what I mean when I say that things get a bit disorganised, so for once the GB will not have that precision of structure, that beautiful balance and intricacy of relationship between its separate parts for which all my previous columns have been noted. I daresay it will turn out to be a sort of trickle of consciousness effort.

The journey over here was more or less uneventful.

Sadie and I wandered around Liverpool for a few hours and then went aboard the Empress of Scotland after passing through the customs. The only

thing of note there was that I found myself sitting opposite a small man with a weatherbeaten face not unlike that of a moronic gorilla. I conceived an instant hatred for him and prayed that I wouldn't see him on the voyage. We had lunch on board at one thirty and the ship sailed at four.

When the ship was wriggling out of Liverpool I went to the Chief Steward to make dining-room reservations. I joined the line and found that I was standing right behind gorilla-face. I watched his moronic face and listened to his moronic conversation with an almost equally moronic companion. It turned out he originally came from Scotland but had lived in Canada for thirty years. He liked his friends to call him Scotty. He pronounced it Scaddy.

I was relieved when a thick-set young man who looked like an intelligent Raymond Burr tapped me on the shoulder and introduced himself as David Rhodes. He was another draughtsman going to the same firm as I was. Cook's had made us mutually aware of each other some weeks previous and Sadie had sent him up from the cabin where he had called to see me. We talked for a few minutes, but the proximity of gorilla-face was too much for David and he arranged to meet me later. I booked our places at a table and got David a seat with us. As it happened, there was another structural draughtsman, from Wales, (David is from Glasgow) at the same table. We had a sort of convention.

Nothing much happened that day as Sadie and I were tired out through not being able to sleep on the crossing from Belfast on the previous night.

I rose early next morning and went up on deck. The sea was rough and the ship was rolling quite a bit. I saw the mountainous coast of Ireland quite near and remembered that the passenger list had shown the route to pass close

"His thoughts are punctuated by comas and fool stops."



to Donegal. I immediately began to look for Port na Blach where the Willis and Shaw families had spent the previous summer holidays. I soon found it and a host of other familiar landmarks and was just about to dash down and arouse Sadie when I noticed something wrong.

Ireland was on the right side of the ship instead of the left. I got a bit worried over this and decided that something was wrong with the ship, and they were putting back to Liverpool without saying anything for fear of panic. Just then Glynn, the Welsh draughtsman, showed up and I explained my fears to him. He laughed uproariously for a minute at my folly and then informed me that we were passing south of Scotland. He pointed out distant mountains beyond the first range on the coast and recited off a string of place names in the Hebrides. I was impressed.

Just then David appeared with the news that the ship had changed from the planned course to miss bad weather and that we were passing south of Ireland. Glynn muttered something about distances being deceptive over water, and went below. I took my first look at the extreme South of Ireland and marvelled at its resemblance to the North of Ireland. That was the first day out and the ship covered 316 miles in rough sea. I noticed that the dining-room crowd had been reduced to about half by the motion of the ship.

Considering that the ship weighed 26,300 tons I had expected the motion to be very slight, but the ship really rolled about. The wind was force 5, i.e., a fresh breeze. The next day the wind was 6 to 12 and we covered 415 miles. Next day the wind was 10 to 12 (12 being hurricane) and we only did 178 miles. I'm telling all this because on the menu for the last dinner it's all set out for you and it's a pity to waste it.

Eating was an experience under those conditions. The famous Shaw gut adjusted to the antics of the ship immediately and I never felt better in my life. I used to go up onto a perilous-looking bridge projecting over the extreme end of the ship and watch the sea fighting into the sky for hours. The spray-laden air gave me quite an appetite, and I used to go into the dining-room anxious to do justice to the fine food we got. By this time the tables which had started off with about ten people apiece were only seating one or two. It was fascinating to watch the reactions of ordinary people to the pitching and rolling of the floor. Most of them leaned against the roll of the ship in an effort to keep vertical. This was in accordance with the advice of the Chief Steward who walked around most of the time with that superior look that experienced seamen get in bad weather. He was an adept at this technique of staying vertical.

It only failed him once. The ship heeled over even further than usual, and the Steward was leaning forward with his nose almost touching the floor, smirking to himself. Just when the slope was greatest the ship gave a little kick which lifted the Steward's rubber soles clear of the floor, and, obeying the law of gravity he shot down the slope like a torpedo. Accompanied by a shower of cutlery, bread rolls, baked potatoes and apples he sped through a crowd of waiters who were clinging to stanchions, and ended up below the cutlery sideboard. He was still calling out in a muffled voice, "Lean against



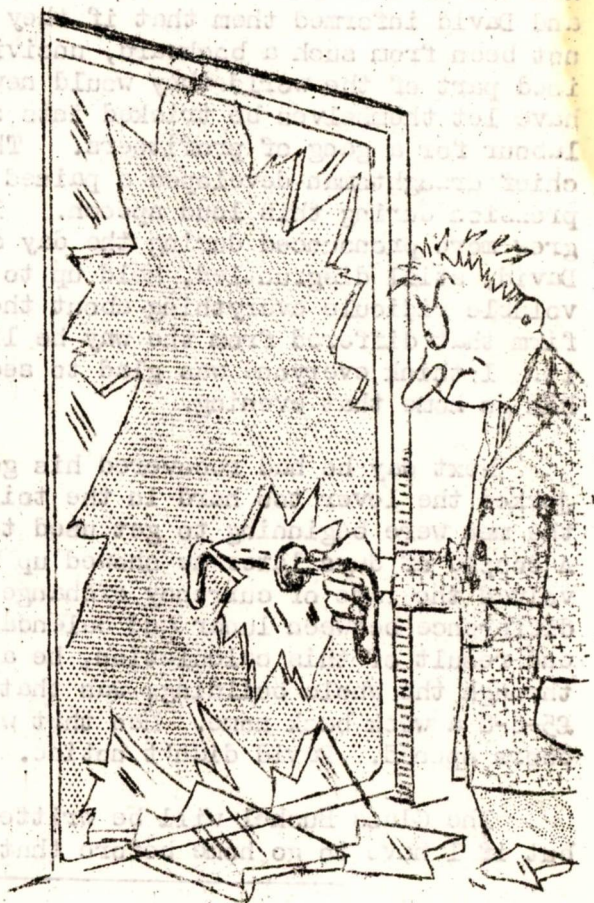
the roll of the ship! Stay vertical!"

There was another school of thought which deemed it better to go with the ship and remain in a plane normal to the floor. Unfortunately this group diminished sadly when its leading exponent, a thin, pale woman, went head over heels backward out of her chained-down chair and banged her head on a table about twenty feet away. She went around for the rest of the voyage with a bewildered expression on her face and a swathe of bandages around her head.

My own idea was to go willingly with the ship, but to keep a firm grip on something immovable. I gripped the leg of the table with my knees and am happy to say that I didn't even lose a bread roll during the whole trip. The rolls were great fun. We got them with every meal, and there was always a couple of dozen of them scuttling up and down the floor. Plates and saucers would often float quite leisurely off the tables, poised in the air for a tantalising instant and then dash themselves onto the floor. People would aim carefully at a piece of bread and then with great deliberation smear butter along their forearms. One waiter tore by us on one leg with his tray completely out of control and smashed into the wall. He must have had a sense of humour, for he looked the elderly lady he was serving straight in the eye, delicately lifted her upended soup-bowl and held it out to her, dripping and upside down. "Your soup, Madam," he grinned, and staggered away roaring with laughter.

On the fifth and sixth days the weather was comparatively smooth and we put into Halifax on a foggy evening. We went through the Canadian customs and boarded our train, and found that gorilla-face, who had been everywhere I went on the ship, was in the same compartment. He was within a few feet of me for the next two days, and he didn't drop dead, which shows that there is nothing in thought transference. The only satisfaction I got was when they found out that David was a Scot and sent for him to have a drink. David went down, drank all their whiskey, and came back.

David is like that. Nothing daunts or hurts him. The first morning we went to work he pounded up to the front door, which is one of those modern glass efforts, and twisted the handle. It didn't open the door, so he gave an impatient push with his shoulder. I said that he was like Raymond Burr - built like a grizzly bear. The door was not meant for treatment like that. It split from

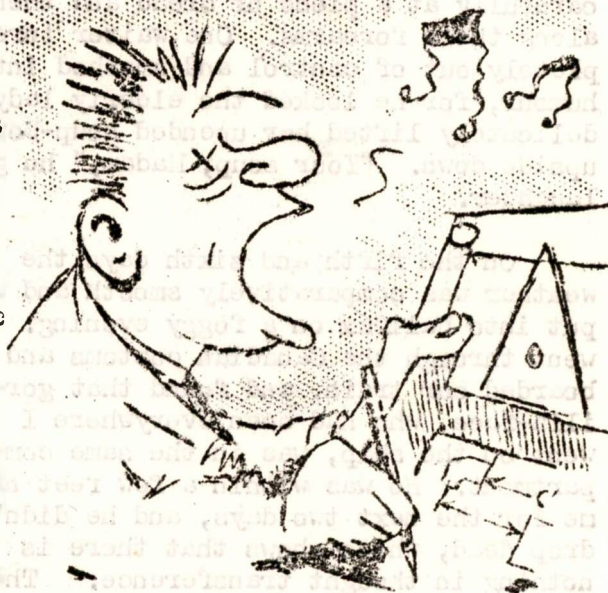




top to bottom, and the glass slowly disengaged itself from the frame and dropped into the porch. A number of the firm's employes were about, and while I was trying to shrink into the ground for having even been near him David surveyed them coldly and disgustedly, then crunched through the broken glass into the building. Those whom he had looked at seemed to quail slightly. He made them feel guilty about being in a firm that put up such shoddy doors.

David disrupted the Drawing Office when we finally got settled into it. It was the quietest, most industrious place I ever worked in, and I felt compelled to sit down and shut up. We worked for a time during which the only sound was that of racing pencils. Suddenly, at the top of his voice, David burst into a solemn ballad called The Virgin Sturgeon, which dealt mainly with the aphrodisiacal effect of caviar upon various of the singer's relatives. Several of the draughtsmen around him went rigid with shock, then sat around with sickly smiles until he had finished. Office doors in other parts of the building opened and enquiries were made. David didn't notice.

He sang at intervals through the morning, each time with the same effect, until he felt it was time for tea. When he was told that there were no tea-breaks he was astounded. The men that had broken the news to him were from Holland, and David informed them that if they had not been from such a backward, uncivilised part of the world they would never have let themselves be tricked into slave labour for a gang of profiteers. The chief draughtsman developed a pained expression during this loud speech. It grew more pronounced during the day as David, still disgruntled, held up to voluble ridicule everything about the firm that differed from the way he liked it. I think everyone was glad to see him go home that evening.



Next day he had recovered his good humour, and in an access of good spirits jerked the lever too hard in the toilet and flooded the place out. By this time the men were beginning to get used to his singing, so things were not too bad. A couple of days later he showed up with some tremendous calculation which involved the rate of currency exchange, average wages throughout the world, the difference between lunar and calendar months, and numerous other factors. The end result of this calculation, he announced in a loud voice which carried through the whole building, was that we were all being paid the equivalent of £5-6-8 a week back home. Men that were standing near him scurried away. More doors opened. David didn't notice.

The Glass Bushel will be written in Canada for the next two years or so, but if I have to go home before that - you will know the reason why.



# The HISTORY of IRISH FANDOM

## CHAPTER 1.

BY  
GEORGE CHARTERS

IRISH FANDOM BEGAN, believe it or not, in a small farmhouse in the centre of Ireland in the County Roscommon. Here, in the year 1910, was born one whose name was to decorate, enhance and emblazon fan magazines, pro magazines and hard covers both in Britain and the US. He was welcomed without fanfare of trumpets, and with no flamboyant, ostentatious displays of rejoicing (even at that age he was conservative to a degree), and if it hadn't been for some other people beating him to it he would have been the seventh child of a seventh child. This may be significant, and it may not. He came of a family which had not hitherto distinguished itself in Religion, Archeology, Painting, Music, the Drama, the Navy or the Air Force. One member did, indeed, distinguish himself in Politics, for he got himself mixed up with the Irish Republican (or rebel) Army and was murdered. Another member joined the British Army in 1914 and received a wound which even in 1956 was not healed up. Incidentally, he served with a very aristocratic regiment: they always charged with fixed bayonets.

George L. Charters. Many people, and even fans, wonder what the "L" stands for. It is just not true that he was called Lancelot because he suffered so much from boils in his youth. Indeed on this sore point no inflammation is forthcoming. Some think that because he stands over six feet (a full half inch over it) the "L" stands for Longfellow. Others think the "L" stands for Yngvi. Perhaps he is saving it to use as an alias --he may reveal all in his alibiography.

George's early life was unremarkable: his genius was still dormant

We have not space to tell here of his very early life:--how he was frightened by a platter floating in a barrel (recognition of flying saucers?); how he was cursed by a bull and had to jump in a river; how he crawled beneath a threshing machine and came off second best; how he jumped in a bog-hole and skewered both feet on a sunken log; how he won fame at school by being the only boy who could make mude noises with his hands: these things must be left to another chronicler.

As a boy he contracted no fatal disease, but being delicate he did not go to school until he was seven. At that time he could read and write, partly through his own undaided efforts and partly because his mother taught him. Even then new things interested him. Cameras were few then and he was puzzled when he saw a photograph of himself for the first time. Could the camera be cheated? To test it, the next time they took photographs he held one finger straight out from his side to see if the camera would catch it on. It did.



Every biography of great men gives a list of their books. Here is a list of George's books at this time: THE CORAL ISLAND (Ballantyne); BY ENGLAND'S AID (Henty); TOPSY TURVY (?); THROUGH FLOOD & FLAME (?); LORD OF THE SEAS (Strong); KING OF THE AIR (Strong); THE SECOND FORM MASTER OF ST. SYRIL'S (?); TALES OF A GRANDFATHER (Scott); THE BLUE BOOK FOR BOYS (not the type of book you might suppose); THE SPLENDID QUEST (Galahadina, &c); THE CRUISE OF THE SILVER FISH (?); THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (Wyss); ROBINSON CRUSOE (Defoe); THE INCORRIGIBLE TWINS (?); THE CZAR (?); UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Stowe); THE BIBLE.

Of these books Nos. 3, 5 & 6 might be considered science fiction. TOPSY TURVY tells what happens to a little boy when he goes down to live in the sea with the fishes.

Even yet George reminisces about these books with a kind of pleasant nostalgia, though he's not quite sure if he could spell either reminisce or nostalgia.

At the age of 12 he won a scholarship and was sent to Ranelagh, a school about 23 miles away in the town of Athlone. This was his first contact with civilisation. We have no space to tell here of his schooldays:-- how he became a fag although he didn't smoke; how he lost a bet he never made; how he fainted in church and was carried home; how he contracted scarlet fever and consequently got no holidays (cries of "Shame! Shame!"); how he made his first pun and got away safely; how he changed his name. These things and others must be left for others to tell.

In 1924 the family emigrated to Glendeboye, about 3 miles from Bangor, Co. Down. George was sent to the local grammar school, passed the Junior Certificate, learned to play the Jew's Harp, passed the Senior Certificate, and discovered John Carter, Winford of Barsobon, in the local Carnegie Library, much to the surprise of both individuals. At that time it cost a penny a year to borrow one book at a time, and as George borrowed one book a day he got good value for his money. Later on when his future brother-in-law began to call at his house he was able to take out a second ticket. He stopped borrowing there in 1948. By a strange coincidence it was in 1948 that the charge for lending went up to threepence a year.

In 1930 Charters pere built 3 Lancaster Avenue and moved in, bag, baggage and George ---and there George has lived ever since. The household there now consists of a gardener, a cook and a general handyman. These duties are all carried out by his Uncle.

In Bangor, also, was a branch of Woolworth's, and here, like thousands of other fans, he discovered Amazing and Astounding. Bought blushing and carried home with the front covers well hidden against his coat, they were for him the real beginning of fandom. He can still remember his horror when he got home on one occasion to find that the back cover of one of these mags, exposed to the public gaze, carried an advertisement for athlete's foot, complete with a large photograph. Thenceforward he looked at all the back covers as well as the front.

Later on, long after leaving school, he discovered an even better repository for these magazines in the secondhand stores of Smithfield Market, in Belfast, a place, needless to say, which he still haunts.

At this time also occurred one of those incidents that tend to sour an otherwise sunny nature. Passing through Belfast one day in a tram he glanced through the window for a moment and then returned to his book. Three lines later he realised he'd seen the words MARITAN HOSTEL on a building. Hurriedly he jumped up, closed his book, raced down the stairs, and jumped off the tram (heedless of the fact that he'd paid to the end of the line), then walked back until he came to THE building. It was the Samaritan Hospital.





He left school in 1928, and worked as auctioneer's clerk, rent collector, plumber's clerk, boat-minder, billiard-hall marker, etcetera. He was no good at etcetera. Finally in 1940 he became a time-recorder at Short & Harland's aircraft factory where he still is. There is no space to tell here of his life-long interest in puzzles of every kind, how he joined the American Cryptogram Association and corresponded with various members thereof, how he devised Updowners, how he wrote a book of puzzles himself, and so on. These things and others will be dealt with in Appendix XIII.

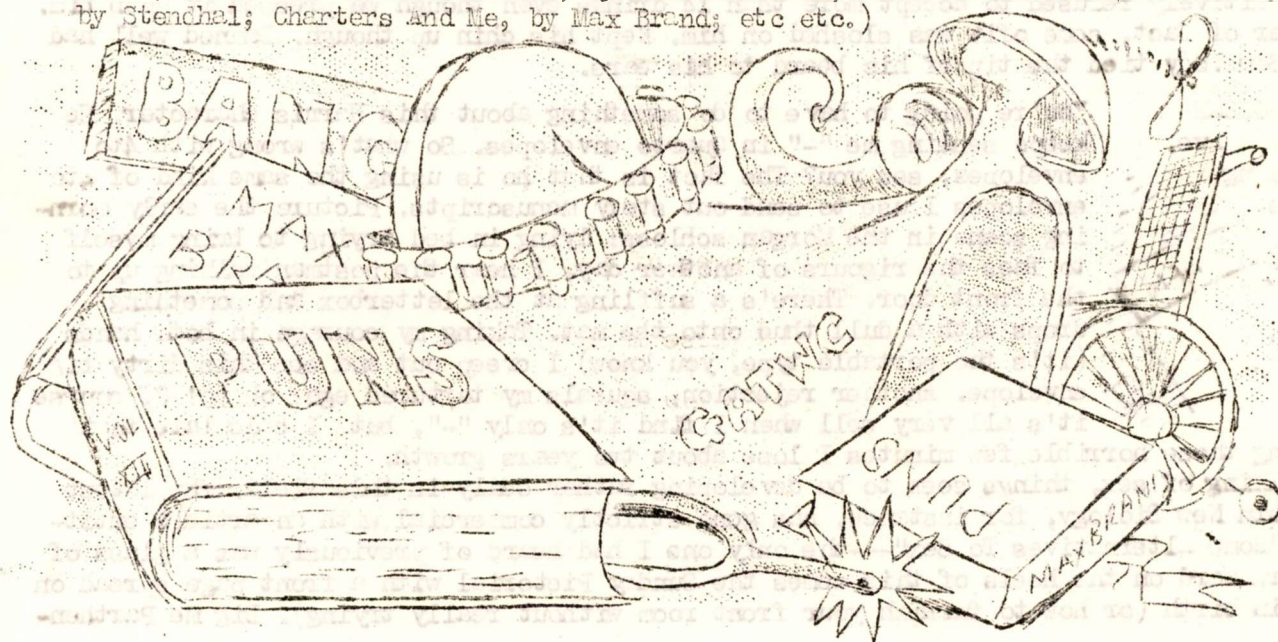
Throughout the war years there were but two tiny trickles of sf, Astounding & Unknown, the shortened British Editions of their US counterparts, published by the Atlas Publishing Co. These magazines are often referred to as Brasts and Brunks. Considering the load of difficulties Atlas carried on their shoulders they didn't do such a bad job, but it was mighty slim fare for a sf-hungry fan. Many times George read again the hundred or so copies more-or-less accidentally carried over from more prosperous days.

In 1947, he found a street-vendor who had one solitary copy of Wonder for sale. He grabbed it, and for months thereafter passed that way hoping to get another, or maybe two, but that particular site was always empty of any kind of newsvendor whatever. But through the letter columns he got in touch with British Fandom, Capt. R. F. Slater, Ted Carnell, Milcross Book Service, Dell's of Bradford and, most significant of all, S.F. Review. In addition to buying all the magazines he could afford he borrowed as well, particularly from Mike Rosenblum and Dr Russell of Romford.

On one occasion he wrote to the editor of S.F. Review, a letter which we will be kind enough not to quote, and the consequences of this were far-reaching. He got in touch with Irish Freedom.

The momentous interview with Walter & Madeleine Willis and James White, the discovery of Bob Shaw, etc., will be dealt with in later instalments to be written by the other spokesmen of the Wheels of IF.

(Bibliography: Magna Carta (The Great Charters), by King John; The Influence of Charters on Chess, by Kieseritski & Capablanca; No Accounting for Charters, by the Institute of Chartered Accountants; The Complete History of The Production of The Enchanted Duplicator, by I. Tappa Key; The Royal Charters, by Roy le Grand; The Cathedral of Charters, by Andre Melraux; The Charters House of Parma, by Stendhal; Charters And Me, by Max Brand; etc. etc.)





READERS' LETTERS (Ctd. from p.5)

GREGG CALKINS  
2878 East Morgan Drive, Salt Lake City 17

Do you realise that, except for TOTO, I've never made the hallowed pages of Hyphen? Please rush me one Hyphen page, female type, 18-25, for appropriate action.



JULIAN PARR  
Düsseldorf,  
Roland-St. 37  
Germany

The Robert A. Mud report reminds me that when I met Raymond Z. Gallun in Frankfurt last August he told me he had spent a couple of weeks in the UK before coming on to Germany. He had spent some days in London but had met only one British sf personality--Ted Carnell if I remember rightly. I thought at the time that fandom's grapevine is not operating well at all; isn't there some fool-proof way of stopping such fly-by-night visits? Where is fandom's MI5 or Immigration Authority? US visitors should be compelled to pay their respects...

ROBERT CONQUEST  
London

I'm reviewing sf for the Spectator mostly, these days. Am about to do one mainly on 'AD2500' (what crap) and Sheekley, as how not to do it & how to do it respectively...Kingsley Amis, who stays with us when

he's in London, was pleased when I showed him the inside cover of New Worlds with Allie's remark that Proust, Hardy & Amis were the novelists he respects most. Amis is a mean old reader, and was projecting an sf novel about wheel-shaped brains called Rotoids, but he is bogged down in straight stuff at present.

I think the project of holding the next Convention at Nemours (near Paris), just so that it can be called The NemCon, is ridiculous.

BOB BULMER  
Box 702,  
Bloomington,  
Ill.

Where the hell is Hyphen? I can't very well exist without Hyphen. I know you're still there because I keep reading about you...how you & your manager run up and down the stairs fifteen times just to push Marilyn's features in, and other eldritch doings. At your age too. What is a coffee kiss? What does your spouse put in her tea to make it so much desired by visiting firemen? Did you taste American tea while over here? Did you gag?



The Bulmers are charming people, although a trifle bashful. Pamela sat on my lap--just like Kettering, by cracky--but refused to show me "snogging". I was terribly disappointed because your veiled references had made it sound so nice. And, too, I thought Ken a bit backward. Being an English gentleman is all very well at the proper time and place, but a Convention is neither. He positively refused to accept more than 14 drinks even though we pressed it upon him. Matter of fact, some of it was sloshed on him. Kept his chin up though. Damned well had to. Somebody tied the tip of his beard to his ears.

IAN MORGAN  
25 East Ave.  
Burlington,  
Mass.

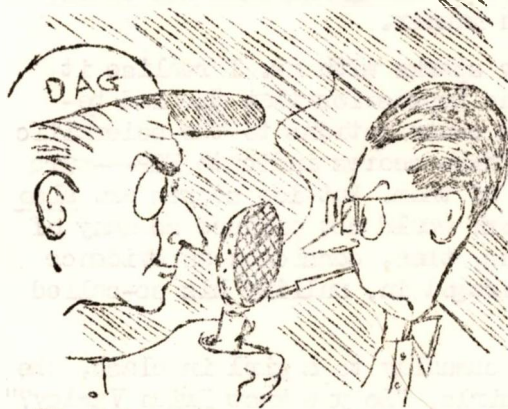
You're going to have to do something about this Harris character. He keeps sending me "-" in Quarto envelopes. So what's wrong with 4to envelopes, sez you? The fact is that he is using the same kind of 4to envelopes I use to send out story manuscripts. Picture the early morning scene in the Morgan schloss: lying in bed trying to bring myself to face the rigours of another day, I hear the postman walking up to the front door. There's a suffling at the letterbox and something drops with a dull thud onto the mat. Taking my courage in both hands (it's the portable type, you know) I creep out and see this dirty big envelope. Another rejection, squeals my tortured ego, oh no! Of course it's all very well when I find it's only "-", but I calculate that during those horrible few minutes I lose about two years growth.

Talking of sex, things seem to be developing rather oddly in this field. The latest Penguin New Biology, for instance, has gone strictly commercial with an article entitled "Some Alternatives To Sex"---the only one I had heard of previously was a glass of water. Hard on the heels of this comes the Sunday Pictorial with a front page spread on virgin birth (or how to furnish your front room without really trying). Dig me Parthen-



ogenetic Poppa I'm a Haploid Human (Key of G, with accompaniment by solo virginal). If things keep on this way it looks as if we shall soon be on a level with the Paramecium, who multiply usually by fission, but conjugate once in every umpteen generations just for the hell of it. I can imagine the sort of thing Paramecium talk about on a Saturday night after a drinking session...P.1: "Things seem awful dull around the old pond these days." P.2 (leering): "Oh I don't know. I've just been reading great-great-grandpappy's diary and it's given me an idea. Why don't...." ("Let's go fusion?")

ROBERT BLOCH & DEAN GREENNELL  
402 Maple Ave., Ford du Lac,  
Wis. Transcribed from a tape  
recorded there by Bloch on  
his way home from Cleveland.



RB: ".....About 8.30 in the morning I am awakened by a thumping outside the window. I look over to the other bed---with a certain amount of disappointment, Marty Greenberg is sleeping over there. I nudge him and he starts up. He too listens to this noise outside the window, this thumping and booming. It proves to be a large band playing 'Onward Christian Soldiers'. I looked at Marty and said, 'Darling, they're playing our song.'"

DAG: "....I am sure I would have recognised damon knight. I've read that the knight has 1000 eyes.."

RB: "Yes, it's true that knight has 1000 eyes. And all of them are bloodshot."

DAG: "Tell Walt about Boucher."

RB: "Oh yes. You've met Tony in Chicago, Walt, you know the kind of a fellow he is---naif, trusting, a bit bea---"

DAG: "Beady-eyed?"

RB: "No, I was going to say 'beat'. I wouldn't say there was anything about his eyes that reminded me of a rosary."

DAG: "More like a Four-Rosary?"

RB: "Fn. Old Tony is a naif chsp. I led him up to the hotel room and I said, 'Tony, you're a big boy now, you're 46 years old. The time has come to face the facts of life.' He looked at me and said 'Goody!' I said, 'No, that's not what I'm talking about. Tony, this is something you ought to know.' I sat him down on the bed, very quietly, and put a bottle in his hand, put a pacifier on it. I said, 'Tony, the time has come. There... is...no...Sherlock Holmes. You ought to know that. It was all made up by a man named Conan Doyle. There isn't even a 221B Baker Street.'"

"Well, Tony took it like a little man. I explained to him just how this had all come about and after half an hour or so of sobbing Tony was all right again. He said he could understand. It was all a beautiful legend; it was all allegorical, symbolic, and it had done a great deal to brighten the life of thousands of people, and he was very happy about it. And I think Tony is a better man for it; he's a changed man."

BOB PAWLAT  
6001 43rd Ave.,  
Hyattsville, Md.



" ....started me thinking about married English fans vs. married American fans. Generally speaking, in America, when a fan marries, he's a gone goose. A few survive marriage, a few marry fans, but hardly anyone here marries a non-fan and manages to make a fan out of her. This doesn't seem to be your way at all. I can't think of a single instance here where a fan was created from common clay due to the efforts of a husband/wife/fiancee. Maybe American fandom is truly sublimated sex, while yours is sublimated something-else. Then of course there are the possibilities that: (a) English fans are so strongly sexed that even after marriage they still require some sublimation, or (b) English fans don't take proper advantage of the opportunities of marriage. Considering the popularity of your Union of Fully Certified Sex Maniacs, I rather think point (a) is the proper one. How does one become a fully certified etc? How many women have been certified?

"WHY SHOULD I USE YOURS WHEN I'VE GOT PILES?"



STEVE SCHULTHEIS  
Warren, Ohio



Was interested to read Knight's impressions of Cleveland. My estimation of his wisdom and keenness of perception jumps several notches even higher upon reading his comment: "Cleveland looks exactly like any other American city and has, as far as I could find out, absolutely nothing of interest in it." I don't believe I have ever read a more concise or apt description of Cleveland....I am glad he approved of the Con. I would have liked very much to meet him myself, having long admired him as a fan, editor, author and reviewer, but was so blasted busy with Convention business that my sole impression of Damon Knight was Noreen's remark that he had arrived. Ah well, perhaps now that he has tasted the luscious Bloom of the Black Lotus of the World Conventions, I will meet him at some future con and be able to wring his hand and babble gushwowboyoboy phrases in his ear in my best neofarnish manner.

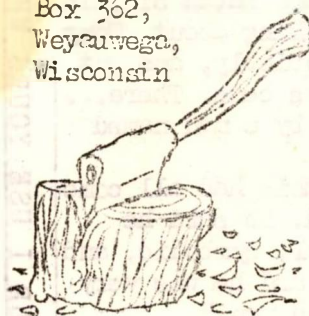
Thom Perry  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Charles Harris's article makes minor sparks with me. I realize it was written for laughs, but I get the impression that the lad believes all this babble about Rhine's contributions to the scientific method. His amusing where it goes: "high scores indicate ESP---pure guesswork would not produce so many of them. But low scores are also considered evidence of ESP---guesswork would not produce so many of them either." The venerable Dr Rhine, then, considers as evidence of ESP those scores which would, averaged in, nullify his so-called "high" scores. Really brilliant.

JOHN CHAMPION  
Rte 2, Box 75B  
Pendleton  
Oregon

Carter swears this is true: He said casually to a girl in class, the way you mention things casually to girls, "Do you know Brian Varley?" "Yes," she replied casually, "he's a bachelor, isn't he?" Of course no one around Pendleton except Carter and me have ever heard of Varley, so makeofit what you want.

ROBERT BLOCH  
Box 362,  
Weyauwega,  
Wisconsin



Dear Madeleine, Well, I am glad to hear everything came out all right. And I am especially pleased to know it's a boy. Not that I have anything against girls, but they're so effeminate.

Have been meaning to write you for some time--I never hear from what's-his-name---but I realised you were probably busy and had your hands full. Among other things. Now that you have finally arranged for the deportation of the Shaws perhaps you can take things a bit easier and devote more time to Ghodminton, tea-making and other farnish duties. I am sure you are keenly conscious of your manifold responsibilities in that direction. living as you do in a goldfish bowl. I have never seen the activities of a household given such complete documentary coverage as yours has received in the past year or so---at least, not since the yellow press investigated the domestic life of the late Dr Grippen.

I leave to others the usual remarks about your offspring and his probable destiny. From me you get no allegedly humorous predictions, no feeble witticisms. There is no reason under the sun for you to feel that your boy is doomed to grow up to be a fan, despite his father's influence. You are a woman of strong character (as your survival under the most adverse conditions attests) and you can doubtless school the lad in the ways of righteousness. Apparently you have done a most excellent job with Carol, so there's nothing to worry about.

In regard to daughters, I can speak from experience. Sally Ann is now twelve, going on thirteen---an age where she would be particularly popular at conventions. But I've managed to shield her from all that. For a time she evinced an interest in farnines and this troubled me, until I hit upon the notion of telling her that their content was entirely fictional. This apparently explained everything to her: she now placed John Berry, Chuck Harris, Lee Hoffman, Harlan Ellison and the others in the same



category as Santa Claus; in fact, after seeing photographs of Bert Campbell and Ken Bulmer she stoutly declares that she doesn't believe in anyone who wears a beard.

And of course when somebody like Tucker decides to pay us a visit, it's a simple matter to lock my daughter away in the cellar until the danger is past.

A few sensible precautions such as these will eliminate all difficulties. I also hold to the theory that if you interest a child strongly enough in some other hobby---such as sex---fandom will lose a great deal of its appeal. Once he learns that there is more to reproduction than the problem of justified margins, your troubles are over. (And his start.)

(I'm afraid it's too late to keep Bryan from finding out about fandom.

Before he was a week old he got the following letter, written on a typewriter strangely like Arthur Thomson's. What really makes us fear he's going to be a ENT, though, is that he hasn't answered it yet.)

JOE FANN  
1 Stan Towers  
London SW1

Dear Bryan, Your name was given to me by a fan, and I would like to sub to your fanz when it comes out. I sub to all the top fanz---BIPED, GESTALT, and that great Irish fanmag REPERCUSSION.

If you would like to contact another Irish fan I can give you John Barry's address, he may be able to give you some tips on fanz publishing---Why you might even get together and form an Irish fan club---You could call yourselves Irish Fandom.

All for now then Bryan. Hoping to hear from you soon, and looking forward to your first ish.

Best, Joe

PS. I think there is another fan round your way, but he is an old fan---and tired.

PPS. See you at the Con?

(Bryan got more mail than I did that day, and ever since you would really think he was involved in a conspiracy to supplant me from my place in fandom. He's a very cheerful little fellow but he refuses to believe the bits we read him from the baby book saying that babies should sleep 20 hours out of 24. At the moment for instance, 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning, I am trying to cut this stencil on the kitchen table while Madeline is catching up on her sleep upstairs, and Bryan keeps dictating alternative texts from the pram beside me. Another suspicious thing is that in this loyal Roscoeite household the baby should keep invoking "Glu"! I think he wants to get his hands on the typewriter.... b, n g Yes. Hmm, it may not be up to Norman Wansborough's standard, but it's more than I've written for weeks.

The last project I did was cutting some 70 stencils for the complete HARP STATESIDE, which should be available soon from me or Gregg Calkins, 2878 East Morgan Drive, Salt Lake City 17, Utah. 1/6 or 25¢. This has some 20 pages of hitherto unpublished material...more travelogue, reflections on America and American fandom and stuff. And some wonderful Atomillos.

I'm sorry to have lost touch with so many good friends this past year, but I hope to be able to start writing letters again soon, and I'll be glad to hear from any of you meantime. Incidentally, I now have a taperecorder (a Revere T.1100) which plays tapes up to 7" at either 3/4 or 7 1/2 i.p.s., and if anyone would like to send me a tape it'd be more than welcome.

Newsy bits: Pat Doonan & Frank Milnes married....Next EYE expected shortly....Rick Sherry back at South Gate....Jan Jansen injured in motor accident, fractured shoulder---recovering well....Brian Varley still unmarried....Bloch has fine article about fandom in September M&SF (with two quotes from Hyphen)...New Statesman & Nation for July 21 had knowledgeable assessment of sf from view of experienced reader, "Now Read On", by 'Anthony Staggers'.

COME BACK, REDD BOGGES!

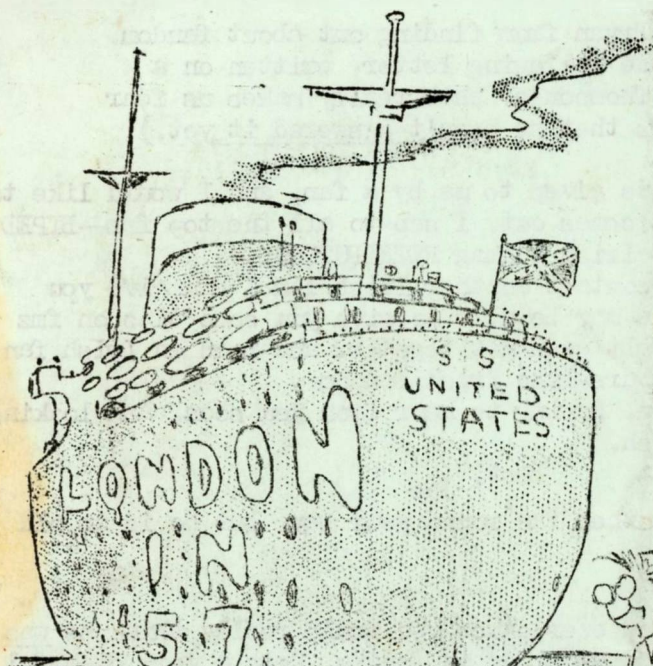
29



# L O N D O N

IN 1957

## FOR THE FIRST REAL WORLD CONVENTION



## VOTE FOR LONDON AND PLAN TO COME YOURSELF

OLDTIME FANS: Remember, this newfangled rotation plan means that without London in '57, there can be no South Gate in '58!!

LOST, at the last Kettering Convention, a pink nylon nightie. Please return to Pat Doonan, who is being driven to desperate shifts meanwhile

IF THERE'S ONE TYPE OF PERSON I CAN'T STAND IT'S A LOUSY ROTTEN SWINE.....I AM LIVING IN VIRTUE WITH A SEX FRIEND.....YOGGOTH SAVES! .....SOMETIMES I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND SAY, HOW CAN ONE MAN HAVE SO LITTLE?.....WE IGNORED THEM--WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING. GET OFF MARILYN MONROE!...I'VE READ EVERYTHING SHAVER WROTE-- NOW WHAT?.....WHY CAN'T EVERYBODY BE PERFECT LIKE US?.....HE GIVES ME AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX... YOUR BED CREAKS AND WE HAVE THIN WALLS..... I MYSELF THOUGHT UP DETERMINISM INDEPENDENTLY .....THEY WENT TO BED AND SEE PROMPTLY DRIFTED OFF INTO A TERRIFIED SLEEPER.....YOU MADE THAT A SILLY QUESTION FOR ME TO ASK..... REMEMBER, EVEN BENNETT IS PART OF NATURE'S PLAN.....I USED TO BE CONCERNED BUT NOW I'M A REAL NICE GUY.....YOU MUST ADMIT I'M A CLEAN-LIVING DIRTY BEAST.....I AM A VETERAN OF THE FIRST STAPLE WAR--PLEASE GIVE.....

TWO PEANUTS WENT INTO A WOOD AND ONE WAS A SALTED.....NEVER SEND TO KNOW WHOM THE PRIMATE FITS.... "MAKES YOU FEEL HE'S DONE EVERYTHING IN HU- PROUD... AND MAN POWER TO SPELL THE KINDA HUMBLE." WORD EXCEPT LOOK IT

UP IN THE DICTION-ARY.....WE ARE VERY HIGHMINDED --EVEN OUR DAN-NUFF GOES INTO AN ORBIT.....A REALLY BEAUTIFUL QUIN ORIGIN-AL DONE IN ICE CREAM...I TOOK SOME OF MY VALUABLE TIME AND

EXPLAINED CALKINS TO HIM.....IT MUST BE GERMAN--IT MUST'VE GOT THE RING OF TURKISH STEEL

... YOU KNOW ECOLOGY, THAT'S THE STUDY OF MAD COMICS.....I HAVE A ONE-GUTTER MIND... HOW WOULD

YOU LIKE IT IF YOU WERE A THEATRE SEAT AND SOMEONE STUCK CHEWING GUM ALL OVER YOUR BOT-TOM?.....EVERY WOMAN LOOKS THE SAME FROM THE TOP OF A WARDROBE....TENNESSEE, IOWA?.... james white 6, wow 5, chick darry 2, george charters, sheila o'donnell, peggy white, mal ashworth, ed cox, john berry, howard devore, carol willis, ken potter, love ish, e.f.russ-ell, chuck harris, ted tubb, peter vorziner, stuart mackenzie, charles wells dog

An X here means your sub has expired