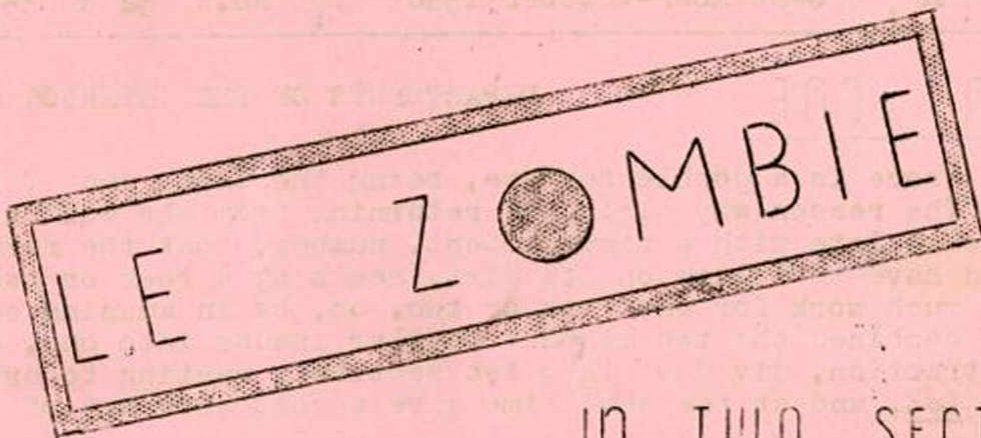


NO.'S
32-33

Combined
SEPT-OCT
Issue

This issue
only
-- 10 c



IN TWO SECTIONS.

1

The Ghouls Ghazette

Joe Gilbert
Walt Sullivan
Bob Tucker
Scientific Crossword
Puzzle
Dept.s of the
Interior
LeZ Letters

2

The Chicon

Morojo
Dale Tarr
Dept.s of the
Chicon
Roy P. Pong
Notes and
Announcements
Reprints

- One insert -

Help "LEZ" Celebrate
IT'S SECOND ANNIVERSARY!
BUY A NICKEL BOOSTER!

LE ZOMBIE SUPPORTS DENVER IN 1941 /

Published monthly	Bob Tucker's	5¢ a copy
from	LE ZOMBIE	Six issues 25¢
P. O. Box 260	The Ghouls Ghazette	Twelve for 50¢
Bloomington, Ill		Confederate-not
Vol. 3, No. 9 & 10	September-October 1940	No.s 32 & 33

SECTION ONE

DEPARTMENTS OF THE INTERIOR

ALIBI DEPT: This issue is a double feature, being the Sept. and Oct. issues combined. The reason why is: upon returning from the Chicon, we found we would be so late with a regular Sept. number, that the regular Oct. number would have to follow on its dirty heels by a week or two, and that was too much work for any week or two. So, by an amazing contortion, we have combined the two month's regular issues into one, and to give added attraction, div d it into two sections, wanting to present the regular LeZ, and at the same time give a good coverage of the Chicon.

This first section contains the regular LeZ; you'll find lots of dope on the Chicon in section two. Meanwhile, the November issue is expected to presented as usual, ten pages-five cents, about the first of November. Your subscriptions and credits are being adjusted to take care of this double number. Ten cents is being lopped off each credit, and as dated above, you are receiving two months' issues. Okay?

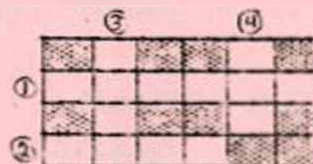
LE ZOMBIE SCIENTIFIC CROSSWORD PUZZLE DEPT:

-Horizontal-

- 1: Scientific California fan.
- 2: Scientific Illinois fan.

-Vertical-

- 3: Scientific California fan.
- 4: Scientific California fan.



The answer is on page 125 -- if you MUST look !

HOW TO SQUANDER A NICKEL DEPT: Coming up in two months is the Second Anniversary of LeZ. In December of this year LeZ will have peaked its second year, and began its third. Hoping to bulldoze many of you out of extra kopecs, we immediatly declare a special Anniversary issue for January 1941, and invite you to buy a Booster Ad in the issue, at five cents a whack. No Confederate coin or Canadian dimes accepted.

DEPT. OF QUESTIONS & ANSWERS: Sez our dear suscriber Joe Gilbert: "What the devil will happen to fandom when the older fans have to leave for conscription? Will LeZ be discontinued or something? This is going to be an important problem to a lot of us." Well Joe, a few of us can always get together and issue the "Camp Powowtan Fantasy Dugle", providing the top sarge will excuse us from peeling pertaters.

GIVE THE MAN A CIGAR DEPT: Among a million others things, dear subscriber Jack Miske once said Fantastic Adventures is about ready to soap it's skids and descend into oblivion. It now appears that Miske spoke true words. There's gonna be some chest-thumping in Cleveland!

STORY-KILLING DEPT: There is no truth to the rumor that Miske is human.

-3-4- Its a mile up to Denver; do you think you'll make the grade? -3-4-

-Sully

REPORTER GETS REPORTED -- ^{that's} news!

-by Bob
Tucker

(Foreword: I am, like most Americans, extremely secretive about my public affairs, such as my connections with a convention, as far as the press is concerned: Hence it was with great surprise I was rolled out of bed at an outrageous hour one morning, about a week before the Chicon, to be greeted at the door by a pert young thing. She was (so I knew) a feature-reporter on our local daily bugle -- and she desired an interview, with photographs. 'Who, me?' I said with my eyebrows. It, as I have just mentioned, surprised me no end --- I had done nothing to publicize my connection with the Convention except to send a two-page letter and a copy of the pre-Chicon issue of 'Antsy Fictioneer' to the paper. Hence this public knowledge was most amazing.

Following is a somewhat fictionized account of that interview ----- I don't imagine Miss Fitzhenry (the gal reporter) will object out loud. After all, I said what I could, and thought a lot more, but then one doesn't bare one's innermost thoughts to a strange young blonde on first sight --- not with an eye to the future, one doesn't. -bt)

"Good morning!" she said as she stepped thru the door, giving the impression that rising before 10 AM was an everyday occurrence with her. "You're Mr. Tucker?"

"Uh-huh" . . . somewhat cautiously.

"Fine. Tell me, what is this thing 'fandom'?"

Fast, wasn't she? In the house 1/2 seconds, and demanded the answer to a question our best fan-minds have spent fifteen weary years wrangling over, without yet producing a comprehensive definition!

"Now about our Convention---" I hedged; "we're gonna have some BIG names there"

"What about these science-fiction magazines?" was her next. "I had never noticed them before!"

Not only fast, she was inhuman! Explain, to an "outsider", a science fiction magazine, just like THAT! ((sound of snapping fingers))

"Hummmmm," I hummed; "well ... lemme see. They print stories. Yes! That's it--they print stories. Uhhh -- imaginative stories, like Wells & Verne wrote."

"All of them?" (I had previously explained there were 18 existing.)

"Well, no --- we have one magazine called Capt. Future that uh...uh well, they print yarns by a guy named Ed Hamilton. And ummm -- that is, some of us, don't exactly believe him to be a Verne, or a Wells"

"Have you ever written for these magazines?" (Torturer! Only last month when I moved, I burned a stack of rejection slips so high the good neighbors grew alarmed and sent in a fire alarm.) "I see they pay good rates: one to four cents a word!"

"Gal (I sez to myself), you've been reading your office ABC reports! Couldn't Hornig, Pohl and some of the others like to hear that!"

"Now," she now-ed, "what is this 'Lo Zombio' on your letterhead? That name fascinates me!"

('I wish to hell more of my readers shared her views', I thought bitterly. 'Fascinates' isn't the word the critics use!')

((next page))

So I dutifully explained fanmags and their functions in fandom. With seeming delight she poured over my bound volumes of Spaceways, LeZ, Sweetness & Light, Polaris, Ad Astra, Stardust, The Fantast, and etc., examining the fan-artist's work, reading bits here, pages there, mostly reader columns and contents pages. She wasn't slow:

"Almost always the same set of names appear, everywhere." (I had explained that fandom consisted of an estimated five hundred fans.)
"Hardly a hundred of the grand total. Why? "

I understand people stop Einstein on the street and inquire of him the date the sun will explode, killing them all. And I'm far from being a genius like Einstein.

"Now about our Convention---" I hedged; "we're gonna have some BIG names there "

"Alright. About the Convention. What is to take place there?"

"Ohhhh, (she called my bluff -- now what?) we're gonna talk and eat.....and dance.....and uh, eat.....and show a movie.....and things."

"Oh yes, that movie." (I then showed her a book of stills from it, Ackerman's Chicon booklet) "Who is this Ackerman? What is his connection with the Academy? Why does he use that form of spelling?"

"Aw," I informed casually, "Ackerman is a west coast biggie. I don't know his exact connection with the Academy --- but I saw a picture of him once, guarding the golden Oscars at the Academy dinner! About the method of spelling-- our Mr Koenig wants the same answer you do. "

"How much of an attendance do you expect at the Convention?"

(Think fast Tucker: would 'five thousand' be too expensive? Yes, it would; so:) "Oh, about two hundred. Perhaps more, perhaps less."

"I read ((and here she dropped another bomb)) this account in Time of your Convention last year."

"Wouldn't-you-care-for-a-cooling-lemonade?" I asked real fast-like. "Rather warm for this time of year, isn't it? Do you think Hitler has a chance? I see the papers say rain. Social security is a great thing for the workingman. Bought your winter fur coat yet?"

She was interested in the IFF and its international aspects --- indeed, English and Canadian fans and fanmags and pro mags amazed her more than did our American activities. She made note of the French fan who survived the Battle of Dunkirk.

And finally she posed Sully and I before my fan and pro mag collection in my basement den, idly thumbing thru a fanmag. Sully told me later it was a copy of Sweetness & Light. I wouldn't know. I was too busy assuming the pose and expression of a typical fan, and trying to still not look like an idiot.

(Footnote: The news article written as a result of the interview, together with a photograph, rated a headline four columns long, and the story itself occupied four quarter-columns. Fans wanting a copy of the paper for their files should send five cents (coin) to: Circulation Dept., The Daily Pantagraph, Bloomington, Illinois, and ask for a copy of the (Saturday) August 24, 1940 edition. The story appears on page three. - editor)

OUR SEARCHLIGHT DEPT

Lighting up
some queer
deals .

Postcard from Joseph Dorn, N.S. Pittsburg:

"Dear Bob (man without a brain) Tucker-- Having heard that you're stf publications are the very best available I was intrigued enough to waste a penny postcard. Please forward all stf-mags edited by you. Hoping you are sport enough to oblige, I am, the one, the only, the original - Jos. Dorn."

((And right along with it, on another postcard in the same ink and pen, came this one from Katherine Baum, same city:))

"Dear Wit (and I'm only half right) - Am thinking of suscribing to some good fan mags. Yours were highly recommened to me. So please forward some sample copies of D'Journal, Le Zombie, Variety and all the others. (P.S.- I'm just another femme in the stf field) - Hopefully.
Katherine Baum. "

Our answer to Jos. Katherine Baum Dorn was a corker, and wouldn't bear repeating here. In short, we informed him th t we were just witty enough to be collecting greenbacks ourselves, and if he would send us a sample of every denomination he carried, we would gladly send him our fanmag . Meanwhile, this evil must be stopped. Jack Nisko may give away all the copies of this mag as he thinks best, but when it comes to Tucker giving them away to something questionable, like the above, that s a monster on another planet. How many other fanmag editors bit on this Pittsburg laddie?

All fanmag editors would be better off to form an alliance against the grafter and gimmie-a-free-copy-and-go-to-hell-guy, and set a rate at which sample copies may be obtained. I'd appreciate answers. - bt

"THEY NEVER COME BACK" DEPT

They don't,
oh ?

Postcard from Bill Groveman: "Fantaseer has been revived on a mimeo I've bought. I still want to exchange, and will mail you the next issue out Sept. 1st and every month thereafter. In return send me LoZ, please" -18 Maryland Ave., Hempstead, New York.

((Lino alone will tell if I have placed this in the wrong dept. -bt))

Ditto from Blaine R Dunmire: "We are expecting to publish a fanmag within the next three months, and earnestly desire your undivided cooperation. We invite any articles or fan gossip you might choose to contribute. *** Name: Cosmic Argosy, price: 4c. If you're interested let us know." - 414 Washington Ave., Charleroi, Penna.

((Hold on to your hats boys, and subscribers scream for your winter dens; the Fall upswing of new and rejuvenated fanmags has begun! -bt))

LoZ ACE REPORTER RLPORTS !

"Tucker elected President of F A P A in closely contested ballot- battle! Voting was 13 Tucker to 10 Lowndes; Warner, jr. Vice President ; Rothman Secretary-Treasure, and Purdue for Official Editor. Write-ins included Ackerman & Tucker for V.P., Moskowitz & Wellheim for Sec-Tres, and Madle for Editor. Amended Constitution was passed with only one opposing vote."
- 44J

7th & FINAL CHICON CONFERENCE ---

No longer have Reinsberg and Korshak a reasonable excuse for coming down to Bloomington -- the 7th and final Chicon Conference is a thing in history, and the last 1940 Chicago Convention business has been discussed and buried, officially. All there remains now is to issue the next and final issue of Fantasy Fictioneer, giving a complete resume of the Convention, and winding up IFF business; the ending being voted by the IFF members at the Chicon.

Saturday, Sept. 21 there came to Bloomington: Reinsberg, Korshak, Tullis, and Finley from Chicago, to meet with Tucker and Roberds for the purpose of carrying on important conversations: at a midnight session we covered pretty thoroughly the conscription situation, and how Roberds was going to get by because he was colorblind. *** But first we went downtown and stocked up on liquor --yeah, I know that aint science fiction-- to last us the night. It didn't last. As the night progressed tall stories came about; Chicon reminiscences were hauled forth. We re-collected Widner's drunk imitations, Chuck Wright's party and his sister, Reinsberg's fainting spell, and Morojo's school-girlishness as she appeared in one photograph. Reinsberg's FAPA magazine was dashed off, with much Tucker therein. Somebody hauled forth one of Ackerman's puns and attempted to pass it off as original: "This is known as going around together" as the car (on our uptown trip) swung wildly.

Roberds gave reviews of his racy records with bad harmony, Reinsberg killed two bottles of ginger ale, Tullis said "no thanks, I really cannot stand another drink", Korshak looked bored and told over and over again how he moved an uptown "No Parking Here" sign so we could park for a few minutes in an otherwise forbidden zone. We had the laugh on him later when we explained the quiet man watching him was a local cop in plain clothes.

Just what the Conference produced in a constructive way, no one can figure out, except straightening out details of the forthcoming Fantasy Fictioneer. Otherwise, for the first time in months care and concern over a convention was forgotten, and everyone had a good time, except Tuck's wife and youngster, both of whom were awakened numerous times by loud and blatant disharmony in song and argument. Everyone polished up and sprung their lousy "tourist German", Reinsberg voiced the notion to go read some Shakespear, while Tucker recommended Thorne Smith; and followed up with a corker: unable to hold a cigarette, he suspended one from a string attached to the ceiling, and grabbed a puff on it every time it swung by, pendulum style. Meanwhile Korshak and Roberds were busily engaged in discussing the descendants of Mary Queen of Scots, and her connections with William of Orange ---altho just what all this above has to do with science-fiction we were never able to figure out.

Someone advanced the theory that Rasputin, not Yngvi, was a louse.

The night after the four returned to Chicago, Roberds and I went on a genuine, honest-to-goodness ghost hunt. For the past three years, a "ghost" has been "haunting" the neighborhood around 922 W. Division st. and many have been the police and citizen's attempts to lay him. They never succeeded, and neither did we, staying up till nearly sunrise to catch him. This posky ghost makes himself annoying by climbing thru basement windows, wandering around in one's cellar, peeping in bedroom windows, and generally scaring the living daylights out of people, who always knowing he may pop up, still never expect him when he does. -bt

THE FAN MIRROR

News of the
fanantics

At the Chicon, Don Mollheim displayed and sold copies of The Phanta-graph, claiming it to be the now oldest fanmag in existence; the fanmag having seen its first issue in May 1934, and its latest is dated Aug. 1940. * * * * Also, in one of their convention publications (The name of it eludes me) they announce that Ivory Tower is no more, the lease being given up.

In the last issue (Aug. 1940) of Looking Ahead, Sam Moskowitz expressed the optimistic opinion that possibly the Chicon "was being held a little early on the heels of the" Nycon, "and apparently being mishandled, altho I may be wrong". Will 130-some conventioners please step forward and tell the gentleman how wrong he was.

In California just recently a "little convention" came off; Doc Smith and family from the Chicon hit Los Angeles late in September, and the LA group announces record-shattering attendance. * * * Morojo and Hornig have left (seperately) town for vacations, I presume. ... Hornig for several months and Morojo for six weeks. * * * Paul Frechafer, now back in Pasadena (at the same old address) for the winter, never got to New York as planned; illness in his family caused him to turn back in Ohio. Your tough luck, New York fans! * * * And Morojo, having missed a fanmag while at the Chicon, announces the following: "Who sent me a magazine which would have arrived in LA about Aug. 29th? Don't all speak at once! There was postage due on it in the amount of 3¢ & as I was out of town & did not call or send for it within the 15 days prescribed by law it was discarded by the Post Office Dept. I want the mag & will pay for a second copy if it is possible to determine which it was." --Morojo.

The Fall mailing of the FAPA appeared a few weeks back, with only four vacancies left. It now has a new set of officers, as mentioned in FJ Ackerman's Dept. elsewhere in this issue. Those interested in joining should enquire of Milton Rothman, 1730 "P" St., NW, Washington D/C In explanation to outsiders, the FAPA is an organization of fifty fans who contribute to, and publish gratis, private FAPA fanmags; said mags are mailed free to all members every quarter. Membership is fixed at fifty, hence a waiting list is the usual sight. Probably the most prized fanmag in the FAPA mailings are Mr Swisher's Check-List, which lists alphabetically the hundreds of fanmags that have been, and are being published from 1930 to date. Even "announced" fanmags that never appeared are duly recorded in this Check-List.

Art Widner now bus getting out Fanfare, the Stranger Club (Boston) bull-shoot. Art's fan-poll is to be found on another page in this ish. The poll of authors has closed. In the future you are to vote on fans, artists, and fanmags.

Higgins and Martin have started the 1941 Denver Convention ball going. They have broken out with fancy letterheads, stickers and membership cards. To get the last two items, you send fifty cents to Lew Martin, 1258 Race St., Denver, Colorado and tell him you want to help with the Denver Convention. In return, you receive a membership in the newly-formed Colorado Fantasy Society, the club formed to sponsor the Convention (The word "Denvention" has been coined for briefness).

And here is a correction: somewhere in this issue is a notice to the effect that John Millard of Jackson, Michigan has an 8x10 photo for sale @ 75¢. This is incorrect. Millard advises that the 8x10 didn't turn out well, but all his other convention photos are as advertised.

ART WIDNER'S "GALLUP" DEPT

Conducted
at Box 122,
Bryantville, Mass.

The author poll has been closed, and here are the final tabulations as to how fans rate them:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Campbell-Stuart(804) | 11. Burroughs (229) | 21. Bond (97) |
| 2. Weinbaum(718) | 12. Binder (220) | 22. Leinster (85) |
| 3. EE Smith(677) | 13. CE Moore (193) | 23. Van Vogt (82) |
| 4. De Camp(610) | 14. Stapledon(173) | 24. Simak (73) |
| 5. HG Wells(443) | 15. Hubbard (151) | Schachner (73) |
| 6. Jack Williamson(405) | 16. Coblenz (144) | 26. Guttner (71) |
| 7. Merritt(400) | 17. Stuart (136) | 27. Dol Ray (65) |
| 8. Lovecraft(381) | 18. CA Smith (113) | 28. Howard (63) |
| 9. Taine (265) | 19. Heinlein (104) | 29. T Smith (59) |
| 10. Keller (257) | 20. Verne (100) | 30. Callan (56) |

The numbers in the brackets are the total votes that author received. A total of 157 persons voted in this author poll, the largest number ever polled in a fan undertaking. Author poll is now closed.

In the present and future, you are to continue voting for the favorite artists, and your favorite (or should I say "best"?) fan magazine. And here is a point: Widner wants the five best artists, in each of the following classes: Covers; Interior; All-around. And you must name five to make your total vote valid! If you send in only one or two names, your vote cannot be counted.

The same with the fanmags.... you must vote for ten the ten best, or your vote is not valid. Meanwhile, here are the standings to date:

Artists

- | (cover) | (interior) | (all-around) |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Paul (215) | 1. Finlay (242) | 1. Finlay (215) |
| 2. Rogers (158) | 2. Paul (174) | 2. Paul (199) |
| 3. Finlay (140) | 3. Jesso (117) | 3. Jesso (122) |
| 4. Jesso (109) | 4. Bok (93) | 4. Bok (70) |
| 5. Brown (81) | 5. Lold (69) | 5. Portier (65) |

Fans

(85 have voted)

1. Ackerman (505)
2. Tucker (408)
3. Lowndes (311)
4. Warner (293)
5. Moskowitz (258)
6. Wollheim (230)
7. Wright (129)
8. Sykora (115)
9. Portier (106)
10. Swisher (104)

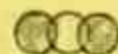
Fanmags

(22 have voted)

1. Spaceways (155)
2. Stardust (101)
3. Le Zombic (95)
4. Snide (92)
5. Comet (72)
6. Voice of Imag. (71)
7. Pluto (68)
8. Fantasy News (66)
9. Sunspots (65)
10. Sweetness & Light (48)

Now its plain to be seen that votes on these last three items fall far short of the author poll which netted 157. Therefore, its up to you each and every one of you reading this, to send Widner a postcard today with your votes. After all, the poor guy can't read your mind, much as he' like too, for he has a hidden streak of blackmail in him. Vote!

The 2nd Anniversary issue of LeZ is coming up. Be a good sucker and send us a nickel to get your name in print. (advertising dept.)



My den would inspire a Futurian to sing revolutionary songs in sheer extasy. There is nothing of the bloated aristocrat about it, nothing reminiscent of capitalist-snatching-bread-from-the-mouths-of-widows-and-orphans. It is severely --indeed one might say extremely-- proletarian. It seems to say, "Come, Comrades, let's have another chorus of the Internationale!" My fan activities seem to have effected it however. It has been singing the Technocrat's marching song, of late. It's fickle.

My den has been called everything from "The Black Hole of Columbia" to "That --ugh!-- of Gilbert's!" For awhile I had a sinister warning above the door, reading:

GILBERT'S INFERNO

Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here

I had to take it down when a hard-looking ghoul shook a blackjack at me in a suggestive sort of way, and said that I couldn't have A BANDON without using union musicians. Not that I have anything against ghouls. I've had dates with some very nice ghouls.

My retreat consists of a small room about 8ft long, by 5ft wide, on the back porch of our house. There are two shelves in it. One holds my complete collection of Doc Savage, the other all my stf. mags. Of course the copy of Capt. Future which I bought in my young innocence, stinks most marvelously, but what the heck. I'm used to it; after all I write fan articles, don't I? ((I wouldn't know, Joe; never having read one.))
-editor

Facing north-north-west in one corner is a book case constructed by my father. On it is the miniature radio I keep eternally hot, and the inevitable alter-ego of every fan: mine's a Royal portable, purchased on the installment plan. On the top shelf are the two Yearbooks, my entire collection of fanmags, and several recent letters I haven't answered yet, or have just finished replying to.

By the door is a box occupied mostly by my correspondance, a copy of Fanfare that refuses to remain on the shelf with other fanmags, carbon paper and carbon copies, odds and ends and rejection slips. Another box receives waste paper and spare junk. There is also a book of short stories by Wells, a handbook for writers loaned by McQueen, two books on graphology ((Hey Joe --all that in the trash box? -editor)), and assorted books and magazines on photography, including the one in which the un-lisko-ish Mr Tucker found a picture of a young lady in a remarkably ungarbed state. ((He is referring to the article on my den, some months ago. -editor)). I haven't read the articles in the magazine yet, but find the pictures quite interesting.

The final distinguishing feature of my den is a black pipe three inches in diameter, which runs up thru the ceiling to the bathroom, and serves as the ground for my radio.

My pet ambition is to trap Forrest J Ackerman, of whom you might have heard, in my den, indicate my collection of Doc Savage with a nonchalant wave of the hand, and say, "Appropriate don't you think, for a collection of stories by Lester Dent to be in here?"

If he doesn't shriek in horror and lurch out into the cold world, a changed man, then I'll send him a copy of New Landom and see how he stands up under that. Dear, dear, we sadists!

It's still a good place to sing revolutionary songs, tho.

(END)



INTO DARKEST ILLINOIS

--Walt Sullivan

After threatening to visit Tucker for over a year, I finally accomplished my only immediate aim in life. About the 3rd of June I wrote that I would visit him within a week. About the 27th of the month I arrived in Bloomington. It was the last stop in my fan visits for about a year. It was the culmination of a hectic month of travelling from Albuquerque to New York and back to Oklahoma during which I had attempted to see Marconette in Dayton, visited Tom Gardner in Columbus. In New York the time was spent in visiting the Futurians, attending the Queens social, running around with Lou Kuslan and Bob Studley seeing nearly all the pro editors and L.S. de Camp. ((See current issue of Spaceways)) There was also a look-in on a meeting of the Newark SFL. The next stop was Chicago, altho I passed thru Ft. Wayne too early in the morning to dare rouse Dikty.

Upon arriving in the Windy City, I was met by Korshak and Reinsberg who proceeded to show me their city's wonders. The first place we went was to the offices of Sun Publications, where nothing whatsoever was happening; from there it was but a short cut to the Ziff-Davis offices where I was introduced to Ray Palmer. In spite of the fact that I don't think much of his magazines (I may be wrong -- not having read one in 6 months), I agree with Erle and Mark that he is about the most friendly and generous of all the pro editors. I left his offices with copies of Amazing and Fantastic, and an original from "Black World". The next point of interest was the Hotel Chicagoan in which is to be held this years Convention. ((Yeah -- I know this is dated. -bt)) If anyone is looking for a convention theme-song, I would like to suggest: "I Drempt I Dwelt in Marble Halls". Nothing could be more appropriate. To compare it with the hall of the Nycon would be like comparing Future Fiction with Astounding. That is, if you look at those mags the way I do. If the IFP didn't sell its soul ((ha ha -- what soul? -bt)) for that hall, it got a hell of a good bargain!

Five a.m. the next day saw me unmercifully dragging Mark from bed to show me a street car to the bus station. The day previous I had dispatched a telegram to Tucker: "Am Leaving Chicago (thank God!) stop Will arrive in Bloomington about ten tomorrow". Upon descending from the bus next day I looked about for something that would be a coupla fans. My gaze finally settled on two individuals, the queerest of the queer lot hanging about the station. One was a slim country hick puffing a cigarette, the other a little more human looking, tho a bit fatter than the first. Muttering a vile oath beneath my beard, I gave myself over to my fate and my hosts, altho why I deserved such a fate I was never able to understand.

After the exchange of greetings we drove out of Bloomington and headed for the open country. After admiring farm houses scattered along the road for many minutes, I suddenly realized we were passing thru Tuckertown, or, as it is known to the few hard-headed inhabitants, Downs. The inhabitants must live on a diet of sleeping pills! It is a wonder that Reinsberg was able to awaken a few of them with that notorious sprint around the town (which took two minutes and fortynine seconds flat, despite a strong westerly wind). We drew up in front of the Tucker manse where I was introduced to the wife and offspring; the rest of the afternoon was spent in just loafing. The peace was broken occasionally by discussions on stf and other things, including a heated debate on the family to which a little bug belonged that happened to wander along the porch rail.

(next page)

Tucker insisted it was a doodlebug or something, and Roberds was just as persistent that it was a box elder bug. It looked as if there might be an interesting fight for a while, but such was averted by the bug in question falling off the porch rail, thereby proving itself a tumble bug. About this time all things were interrupted by the advent of dinner, which was very welcome, as I had been catching my meals when I could, and my catching mitt was in bad condition. I might add that Mrs Tucker is a wonderful cook. It was the best meal I had had in a long time.

After dinner we again retreated to the shady porch and before long Tucker discovered I was studying to be an anthropologist, and in the course of my studies, dug up dead Indians. ((I possess an amazing record -said Walt- sixty two dead ones and nary a live one yet! -bt)) This seemed to delight him exceedingly. It seems that his lifelong ambition is to be able to pick among some dead persons ribs. It still strikes me as very funny. Perhaps it was the way he said it and the expression on his face that accompanied it. Before long, I had promised him a skull to adorn his den, along side his pictures of nekkid wimacn. Roberds remarked that he knew of a cemetery nearby, at which I suggested we go there and pick among a few ribs to find a skull for Bob. Tuck veto'd this, as he believed that if a grave was robbed and he (Tucker) turned up with an extra skull, people might leap to conclusions. While holding to the old adage that two skulls are better than one, Bob's case is somewhat an exception; another skull knocking around would provide too much confusion disastrous to fandom.

As both Tucker and Roberds had to go into town to work at sundown, we stepped out into the yard to snap a few pictures, the best of which is Bob picking among Sully's ribs. * * * * Someplace in Bloomington Sully got away from us. After visiting the postoffice to see what new prizes Jim Farley's lad had deposited in Box 260, we proceeded to the Living Theatre where Bob works off so industriously at changing a reel every twenty minutes.

Before going to work Bob escorted me into the theatre past a leering doorman and told me to see the pictures on the house, for which I am forever thankful. To my utmost joy, that day was playing two fast-moving super-spectacles (and I do mean spectacles!). I believe that one was a "Renfrow of the Mounted" or some such thriller ((right-- and the other was a Scotland Yard murder drama, Walt. Remember me waking you up to inform you another chap had just been stabbed? -bt)) . To show my appreciation I snored throughout the first showing. I later learned that two or three murders had been committed meanwhile.

Tucker gets paid in a saloon; for the next day was payday and about noon the whole family came to town, whereupon Tucker and Sully immediately dashed for a bar, to receive their pay checks. ((That is but one of our many secrets Walt. Many localites would like to know howcome we get our salaries from a jinjoint. -bt)) Uncountable beers were warped into the fifth dimension. (These midwest drunks are what gives fandom a bad name!). Came two oclock, and while Tucker again had to work, Sully and I dashed for the bus station where I departed, never to return to that vile place of bug-doodlers and skull collectors! !!

BIG HEAD DEPT: Sully Roberds recently received from Joe Gilbert a long article dealing with the analyzation of his (Sullys) handwriting. The report was extremely favorable indeed -- so favorable, in fact, that after reading it many times, Sully pulled that old one: "I think I 'll try that trick of walking on water!"

LEZ LETTERS

Our readers write -- from
soup to nuts -- most of
us are .

DAVE McILWAIN (England): "5 seconds ago I received (July) LEZ, and the first thing to catch my eye was the foto stuck on the front cover. Oh, terrific! I intend to have it copied $\frac{1}{4}$ plate and enlarged to fotomural size. *** Either you're standing on a chair or you're a ten-footer! ((Dave, can't you guess what I was standing on?)) You look like an elongated Geo. Raft; slightly orientalish features, if I may say so --- or have all these years of Pong plugging produced a drastic Sino-Japanese remodelling of thine features? *** My particular conception of thee was a kind of tubby individual with a perpetually beaming visage and an air of hapless insanity. (Just as Sully Roberts appears in the photo!) Instead you turn out to be a sinister Mephistophelean spirit peering forth from the shadows of the local woodshed (or is it a W.C.?) ((Translator's note: in England they call them W.C.'s --- here we call them Chic Sale specials, or just plain privys)) . *** And Korshak is the perfect mad scientist, even to such details as the enormous specs (or so they appear on this print) and the toothless mouth. Reinsberg I see has his fangs bared and is meticulously supporting the woodshed. Even so the roof tends to cave in slightly above the door. *** While Sully is either in hysterics or hasn't had his daily dose of Macleans Powder. ((Translator's note: in England they call it Macleans Powder. Here we call it Epsom Salts.)) He may be doubled up with laughter, or then again he may be doubled up with acidosis - - - . "

JOE GILBERT: "Sohnert and Debrueq withdrew from the Tennessee Fictioners last week; accordingly it has cracked. So S. D. and Trimbach have founded their own organization, and this one is going to accomplish things. First of those things is a Southern farmmag. It will be contributed to, and published exclusively by, Southerners. *** Incidentally, why not spike Ackerman's (milkshake) with a dose of strychnine at the Chicon? Then you could be number one fan. *** "

MALCOLM REISS: "Pardon the delay in answering this letter ((a letter he owed me -bt)), but I've been pretty loaded down with work due to the fact that this is the beginning of ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL ANNUAL time. " ((Now that wouldn't be an advertising plug, would it Mr Reiss? -bt))

D.B. THOMPSON: " Is the Chicon Program Booklet going to be available to all fans, or just those in attendance? I would like to get one, if its possible. "

((And here is a plug, pure and simple: all fans wanting a copy of the Chicon Booklet send 10¢ to Erle Korshak, 5555 Hyde Park Blvd., Chicago, asking for one. Naturally the number of copies is limited. -bt))

JOE FANN: "Anybody wanna buy a slightly used Esperanto course, cheap?"

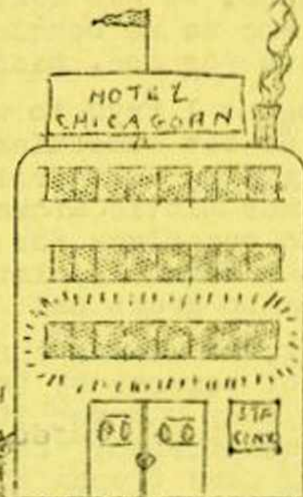
ROSS KUNTZ: "We (Kuntz and Brady) have indexed my whole stf collection from 1926 thru 1938 ... and are thinking of mimeo'ing the whole thing and offering it for sale....(in a manner similar to YEARBOOK) (we want to) conduct a preliminary survey to see if we would get enough prospective customers to warrant (its) issuance... " - 2532 Burnside Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. ((Fans desiring the appearance of such an index, as an aid to their collection, should drop the boys a postcard and tip them off that their prospective magazine is very much wanted! -bt))

A sticker here, means just what it says:--

SECTION TWO

THE CHICON

1940



Morojo whispers:- CHICONFIDENTIALLY, I DARE NOT TELL :

I dare not tell just how much the CHICON meant to me although I may say my investment was returned with about 500% dividends (all in pleasure & enjoyment, of course). Meeting and becoming acquainted with Senator Pong alone was worth all the privations of the preceeding year. ((Oh, blush - blush! I shudder to think of all the milkshakes and cakes of soap you went without, for my sake! -pong)).

My limited vocabulary cannot begin to express my feelings (I live by my emotions) but I shall do my best to let the readers ((six hundred of 'em Morojo --they're thicker than fleas, and about as pesky. -bt)) of this item who were not present at the Chicon in on something they shouldn't have misst. ((Let the editor mention here that most of the words in this article are sic....the authoress doctored them. wow!)) Those who were present will bear me out, I'm sure.

Here attendance at the Chicon could not have netted everyone my first pleasure in connexion therewith: the trip to Chicago with he & Pogo. It began with a sudden change of routing for Pogo & me about 15 mins. bfor train tym. When Pogo went to the window to buy a ticket lyk myn for \$65 the agent informd her sho'd have to pay \$80 for such a ticket & that I'd receive a bill for the difference between what I'd payd for myn & \$80 . Well, after all, I wanted to cat & sleep while in Chicago so I readily agreed to change altho we had to give up returning thru Denver to see Wiggins. Luckily, the tickets were not very complicated so they were ready in tym to check our bags onto the train with us. This completed , we flew to the Chicago coach. accompanyd by Pogo's chum Charlotte Malby, & settled ourselves for the take-off. It all seemd lyk a dream. Could it be true we were setting out on a long journey? "Pinch me!" ((with pleasure, gal. -bt)) I love to ride on a train. Pogo's excitement added to myn. He was very calm but I noe he was excited too. We waved farewell to Charlotte & the train crept out of the station.

It woud take a book to cover this trip in detail. We rote letters . We slept the sleep of three exhausted persons we were after the rush of getting ready to leave. We awakend in the morning & went early to a delicious breakfast. We had two typriters with us so we wrokt & rested as the day passt. We visited Salt Lake City in the evening. He & I had a midnyt lunch at Green River, Wyoming. We were up in time to see Lar- amie in the morning. Pogo and I jumpt off the train & took pictures in

(Morojo - p2)

Cheyenne. We had left an airmail letter in Salt Lake City for Joe Kucera of Omaha so we bounded off the train at Omaha and spent 30 or 40 mins. looking for Joe. Missed him. Disappointment #1.

Pogo & I tryd to wake up in tym to see the Mississippi Friday morn - ing. We saw something big but I'm not sure it was the Mississippi. ((Investigation among railroad officials by Le Zombo reveals that what was seen was Little Kickapoo crick. -editor)) Thereafter, we dressed & ate & preend ourselves for our arrival at the C&NW Canal St. station. Off the train & down the platform looking everywhere for stfans! None in syt. "o one to greet us! Disappointment #2.

But, oh! what a thrill when they did show up while Lo was trying to contact someone by fone. & what a chase down the platform to catch them bfore they had run its full length & wore themselves out! (As if they were not already about to drop from fatigue!) Three prominent world - famous fans ((whoa there Morojo....this is LoZ you're writing for! -bt)) & members of the 1940 Convention committee. Mark Reinsberg, Erle Korshak & Richard Meyer, & Calif-Idaho conventioneer & prominent stfan Paul Freeshafer made up the welcoming committee. We felt deeply honored. ((Honored by that mob? Sis, where s your sense of values? -bt))

After having claimd our baggage we were taxied in Erle Korshak's car to & installd in the YMCA Hotel where to our amazment & delyt we learned Olon Wiggins & Lew Martin from Denver were registerd. The fates are kind!

Thereafter our hours & minutes were full to overflowing. Erle had the car all day Friday & we dasht about Chicago helping (actually getting in the way) with convention business. We visited Cliff-Davis' & RnP. We made arrangements for a movie projector. We visited defunct Colossus Comics. We went to the laboratory at 3156 Cambridge Ave, the home of RI Meyer. We went to the print shop where the Convention Booklet was in process. We went back to the laboratory where we lost four of our group. Erle's car was due down south at 4:30 so he delivered Pogo to the Hotel & me to 3411 S Michigan Ave where I had some personal business to att - end. ((I looked up that address Morojo -- what business did you have in a pretzl factory? -bt)). That finishd by 5 o'clock I returned to the Hotel to bathe & dress for welcoming Senator Pong at 6:30. ((Maybe I did miss a few sights by not arriving sooner -- or didn't you mean that last statement as it sounds? -bt)).

Pong arrayvd at 6:20 & met us as we stept out of the elevator on our way to the bustation to meet him. Pogo recognized him instantly & almost squeeld "Fucker!". I'm sure I woud have recognized him too had I been tall enuf to see above his chest without looking up! It was too, too thrilling! ((Gee, Morojo, I wish you hadn't made that statement in print.....I have a sneaking feeling it is going to reappear in Koenig's column! -bt)). His first plea was, "Don't look at me like that!" But how could we help it? Who woudnt look if heshe had a chance at Bob of Bloomington?

What happend after that? I don't noe. It was a whirl of happy events & late hours. I shall try to recall a few of the events. We visited the Convention Hotel, the Chicagoan, on Convention business at which tym I enquired about rates, registration & mail & found a letter there for me. I failed in my promise to fone Trudy ((denkin)) because I was such a hick I didn't noe I had to buy slugs in order to operate the public telefones of Chicago. I kept running around town trying to find a fone in which I could use a U.S. nickel.

We waited til 12 o'clock that nyt for Fred Shroyer & Ted Dikty to arryv from Decatur, Ind. Their bus was several hours late. They came in 15 mins. after we had given them up to return to the Y. Morning was upon us & tym to turn in for a little rest. Just bfor we reacht the Y we met Wiggins, Martin & two new arrivals, Earl Singleton from MIT & Art Widner -the Poll- going out for a beer. Ryt there Pogo & I lost the fellows. They joind the beer-drinkers & we didnt see some of them again til the following evening at the Scientifiction Parade.

Pogo & I were in the group which met Miltie ((Rothman)) at 7:30 next morning. That was Saturday, the day we transferd from the Y to the Chicagoan. After said transfer we went in the Skylark of WOO WOO ((an alleged automobile -editor)) to attend to picking up the Convention Booklet. While at the printer's we saw copys of Stardust which were just being bound & trimd. Thence we returnd to the Chicagoan to dress for the press & await the arrival of "Doc" Smith. Sometym during the day Gertrude Kuslan was escorted to the new Hotel. Unfortunately, Pogo & I were not informed about the tym & place of her arrival so were not present when she was welcomed to Chicago. ((Item of interest: Trudy's welcoming committee received an air mail letter, informing the time of her arrival, just fifteen minutes before her train pulled in! -editor))

Pogo, Gertrude & I had a room together which soon became semi-offi - cial convention headquarters. Fone calls & telegrams were referred to us & new arrivals & local visitors were parked in our room while the Hall downstairs was being decorated. Some of those with costumes used our room for dressing. Oh, what fun to watch fans laboring with needle & thread & what-have-u ! ((By any chance Morojo, are you picturing the same scene I am: Buck Rogers Speer perched on bed #3, busily patching his gun holster with spike-and-hemp? -bt))

Someone kickt the lyt plug out of the socket & I wanderd around two hrs trying to find the trouble. I had begun to think I'd have to call on the hotel for help or wear my clothes in wrinkles when I discovered the disconnexion. Then did I go to town! I prest costumes lyk a house afire & had them ready in plenty of time for the Parade.

After a delytful walk we returned to the Hotel & went to bed fairly early. No sooner had we turnd out the lyts than the fone rang & - - - What do you think? The New York Futurians (one carload of them) were in the lobby. I drest & went down to see them. How glad I was to be there talking with them when I learnd they almost didnt make it in, having rolld their car over somewhere along the route. Not that I woudnt have been happy to see them anyway. This only made me thankful none of them had been seriously injured & all who had started were present & smiling. Finally I bade them goodnyt as we were all seriously in need of repose & returnd to my little baddy.

The next day the Convention proper began. Read all about it in Mar-ky's Midwest News & the Fantasy Fictioneer! If the pre-convention days coud thrill me so that I find words inadequate for expression U may be certain the Convention, itself, & the following day were also inexpressable. If you want to noe what a science fiction convention is lyk come to the DENVENTION! ((Denver, Colorado in 1941 I -editor)) Olon & Low will certainly have a swell tym pland for all, but getting together with our own kind for a few days once a year without plans of any sort woud alone justify conventions from my point of view! ((Anen! -editor))



(Foreword: In writing this report upon the Chicon '40 it shall have been my intention to present as factual an account as possible. While at the Convention I took copious notes but events moved so fast that much had to be entrusted to my memory. Therefore where there is any doubt in my mind as to any incident or scene, I will express that doubt by appropriate words. In the matter of quotations I shall strive, where possible, to retain the original phrasing, but at any rate the quotations the same sense. -tarr)

I arrived in Chicago early Saturday morning and about ten oclock dropped around to the Hotel Chicagoan to see what was going on. Nothing. I went back down to the lobby wondering whether the Chicago boys had forgotten to hold the Chicon, and there I met Dikty, Wiggins, Martin, and Shroyer. I had only time to say a few words to them and then I was off to the bus station to meet authors Rocklynne and Tanner who were coming in from Cincinnati.

The three of us checked in at the Central YMCA and then rushed off to the Field Museum of Natural History where we spent the afternoon seeing just enough to whet our desires to see the rest of that gigantic storehouse of knowledge. Around six oclock we went back to the Y and there met Widner, Singleton and someone else whose identity I can't be sure of now. They were just starting for the Hotel Chicagoan (hereafter termed HC) so we all went together.

Morojo, Pogo and Gertrude Kuslan had taken a room at the HC and we went up there. A decision to have supper was reached and six or eight of us went out in one party. ((I recall that meal Dale -- we went to a 'Harmony' help-yourself-joint, where I traded you some crackers for your cookies, and then stole them back after I had consumed the cookies. "remember? -bt)) Afterwards we returned to the HC and gathered autographs. At one time there were 29 people in Morojo's room.

Reinsberg came in as Buck Rogers and since the west-coasters had come with masquerade outfits, we picked up the fabulous EE Smith, Ph.D. and walked to the offices of the Chicago Tribune ((you err, Dale. It was the Herald-American offices. -bt)) where we shook them down for two photographs, but they shot only the group in masquerade.

((And at this point the editor wishes to unfold a sad tale. Reinsberg hasn't the heart to say it, so I will: the masqueraders were being 'shot' for nothing. The picture was never intended to be used, and the photographer didn't even bother to develop his plates. He simply popped off a couple flash bulbs to get rid of us. Fans please remember this when buying a newspaper in Chicago in the future. -bt))

EE Smith was dressed in gray, the shirt having the design of a compass on the back with needle pointing to the northwest. "Northwest Smith", character from the CL Moore stories. He carried a gun with two silver buttons on the side of the butt. Pressing one caused a strong beam of light to flash from the barrel.

"The other button," EE remarked, "works my death ray. But its disconnected now."

Ackorman was in futuristic garb-- shorts, shirt and a yard-and-a-half-long scarf (or cape) hanging down his back. Morojo was similarly clad with feminine differences and Pogo had on an ankle-length pink skirt (?) coupled with one of those abbreviated tops which show skin

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on both sides. Clarissa MacDougall Smith ("Honey" -- EE's daughter) was garbed as Nurse MacDougall of the Gray Lensman stories.

Afterwards we paraded back to HC, meeting on the way Emmanuel Angstrom of Cicero, Ill. who stopped us on the street to tell us he "read 'em all" and to see if we were the Sf-ers meeting at the Chicagoan. He asked to be introduced to Ackerman and I performed the function. Funny how we all want to meet he and how we are all glad we did afterwards. Back to Morojo's room where we adjourned later.

Sunday: Tanner, Rocklynne and I got back to the HC about tenthirty. Around eleven they called the first day to order and people quit milling around the fanmags and convention booklets to sit down. The registry for that first day totalled 160 some-odd names --that right Bob? ((No chum, I'm sorry it isn't. A belated count and check, made a few days ago, shows a 130-odd names. The complete register will be printed in the forthcoming issue of Fantasy Fictioneer -bt)) --- and elsewhere I have provided a (partial) list of fans and celebrities present. Not all of them of course. Sorry to leave a few out.

Tucker opened the session and then handed the gavel to Reinsborg who was supposed to make a speech. Reinsberg hadn't been getting a great deal of sleep and he promptly got sick, calling on Korshak to take over. Korshak did an admirable job altho he had to cover up quickly a few times when he said something that had an unconscious edge to it. He read from the register the names of those present and as each name was called that person stood up to let everyone see him or her. I might say here that practically all of Amazings writers were present, as was Smith and Farley.

During the day Farley made a talk, Palmer said a few words and EE Smith gave a speech on Fantasy. Farley has a nice clipped voice and Smith's oratory is excellent. Smith lent his prestige to the stand that science fiction is not escape literature. ((Also present and speaking were: Weisinger, Otto Binder and Schwartz. -editor)) ((Solon Weinbaum was present but did not speak. -editor))

Sunday night was the masquerade and there were too few in costume. Beside those already mentioned were Cyril Kornbluth as the Invisible Man, someone else as Johnny Bear, Widner-- with a pillow in his shirt and a bottle in his hand --as Giles Habibula, and Lowndes came as a strange character. Judges Smith, Rocklynne and Tanner rendered the decisions and fine pieces of artwork were awarded the winners.

Afterward came the auction and it moved forward into the wee hours of the morning, highest prices being paid for a Paul cover (\$5.10) and another going at \$4.80. Interior illustrations went for anywhere from a dime to better than a dollar, including Cartiers, Boks and Finlays. Finally a lot of illustrations were given away, there being more than two for every one there.

Monday: Perhaps the most interesting day of all because of the discussions. With Reinsberg as Chairman and Pong jotting down the actions we got under way almost immediately with a confab over the scene of the 1941 convention. Miske arose to say that he would try to hold it in Cleveland if no one else made an offer. Then there was quite a discussion over whether to hold one next year or not.

This was decided as it should have been, in the affirmative; EE Smith had stood up at the beginning of things to say "Do I qualify as a fan?" There was much applause and when the convention banquet was all over later, all of us knew that EE was not only the author of stories we

liked to read, but a man we loved to meet!

The issue was clouded for awhile as Lave Kyle --who perhaps did more talking than anyone except EE-- rose to ask that the '41 be held in NY for a second time. Opposition arose because the LA group did not feel that they could come east every year and at the same time they did not want to miss a convention. Wiggins had previously offered to hold the '41 in Denver, and the LASFL endorsed this location. The discussion became quite heated with many points coming up and finally a short recess was called, and thereafter a vote gave 1941 to Denver by a large majority.

Someone then introduced a motion to bar the future issuance of any subscription fanmags. Everyone was astonished at this infringement of democratic fandom and Kyle stood up to demand that the last word be stricken from the motion. This was ridiculous and made no sense, leaving the motion to read "bar the further issuance of any subscription fan". At this juncture EE Smith left the Convention Hall, not, he later said because he was irritated or disgusted, but as a strategical move designed to halt any further silliness.

I introduced a measure thanking motion picture studios for their fantasy productions and asking that they try for better stories in the future. This was passed with an amendment as to manner of submission and soon thereafter the afternoon session came to a close.

Before the honor banquet started that night we milled around in the convention hall. EE was going west after the Chicon was over and with him were his daughter Clarissa, his wife, and a very nice young lady, a non-fan named Mrs Jeanette May. The Smiths were given the head of the table with some of the Chicagoans on their right and one on their left. Directly across the table seats were held for the Los Angeles group. During the dinner and speaking, flash photos were taken at frequent intervals.

The dinner began with what someone later told me was a cocktail. It consisted of different varieties of chopped melon. I forgot whether we had soup. (eh Bob?) ((No zoop, chum. -bt)) Then came meat and vegetables, nice meat, and followed by pie. Coffee, of course, went around. EE then made the afterdinner speech and professed his belief that such talks should not be on a serious subject as laughter was an aid to life. His talk was of not long duration but thoroughly enjoyable.

58 were in attendance at the Banquet (my count, the only one reported. -BT) ((You are correct. Of 63 tickets sold, 58 used them. -editor)) and each person stood up to tell how glad he was that he attended the Chicon and any other item he happened to think of. The Banquet closed with everyone joining hands around the table and all singing "should old acquaintance be forgotten?" rocking back and forth as we did so. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment and if everyone's heart ached like mine did as the Chicon officially came to a close, there was one helluva big pain in that banquet room!

Tuesday: ...was supposed to be open house around Chicago. Tanner having gone back to Cincinnati after the Banquet, Rocklynne and I were together most of the time, being separated for short times when Trudy Kuslan was with him. Other times she was with Earl Singleton with whom she was muchly impressed. Earl is a handsome devil.

After going thru a great deal of mixed times of meeting, a good many of us managed to get to Korshaks house which is practically across the street from the Museum of Science and Industry, to which we all went.

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Pong, Rocklynne, Kuslan and I being the last to arrive. We all had dinner near the museum and then went back down town. Several people went back home that evening, while those of us left went to Riverside Park Tuesday night. At train time Frechafer dashed off to find Tullis and Pogo who had wandered away together, while I went after Rocklynne and Kuslan. The rest had left when we got back to the gate and it was a great disappointment to me that I did not get to see Morajo and Pogo off. However I was consistent for somehow I had missed all the group seeings-off of the convention.

Wednesday:morning found Bob Thompson wandering around in the Y lobby like a lost butterfly, Frechafer was leaving, and later Rocklynne, Kuslan, Ackerman and I breakfasted together. It was a much-enjoyed meal being enriched by humor of a very punny sort. We four skipped over to the postoffice building to see Tullis -- I had left my camera in his car the preceeding night-- and on the way back downtown he stopped at a record shop to increase his stock of Bing Crosbys. He said he thought that he had them nearly all but at a dime each he bought another \$3.80 worth.

And with only Rocklynne, Kuslan, Ackerman and Thompson remaining of the outside-Chicago attendees, I took my leave, thus closing this futile effort to grant to others the same transcendental feeling, the human splendor of something which none of us can possibly forget. ON TO THE "CONVENTION" !

(Part two of this article, entitled "Things I saw and heard there", is coming up in next months issue. -editor.)

REPRINTS FROM ELSEWHERE DEPT: (Chicon notes that have already appeared in other fanmags)

From Pluto, Sept. issue: "AMAZING STORIES, Ziff-Davis, & RAP have caught nine kinds of hell on their policies in publishing these past few years. It strikes us as being an oddity, that some of the fans who have raised the most stink on the subject, were among the most eager to obtain the priceless Paul originals, which the above mentioned were so gracious to furnish gratis, for the auction at the....Chicon. "
((Nothing 'odd' about that Pluto.....thats just typical of fandom. -bt))

From Milty's Mag (FAP) Fall issue: "The march thru Chicago. Reinsberg stands on top of a garbage box outside the hotel shouting things to the public.....the populace gazes on with much amusement, and I sadly set up my tripod in the middle of the pavement, and set off my flash. "This is not an invasion from Mars," Reinsberg howls. "This is a science - fiction convention!" Whereupon I fold up and go back into the hotel..."
((Wasn't it you, Rothman, who sidled up to me and hissed: "Look yon, Tucker, and recall that it was you who bewailed loudest the Time write-up of last year." ? Alas and alack, Rothman, it was indeed I. -bt))

GNASHING OF TEETH DEPT: Tuesday evening, while on our way downtown from Korshaks house to join the gang downtown, Erle and I wandered thru the bus station and there found a disgusted and growling Miske, one lonely little illustration clutched grimly in his forepaws. "Look!" he snarled, dollars --- DOLLARS --- I bid for Paul paintings, and someone else got them! I'm going home with this stinking little drawing! Gnats!" "e two, apparently, were Miske's sole send-off committee. -bt

IS IT WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU ?

-H. P.
Pong-

Foreword: Few pastimes are as entertaining and lively as giving someone the gentle joke known as "the hot foot". Mr Cyril Kornbluth, the angel from Brooklyn, has proven himself a past-master at this fiery art, as witness his antics at the Chicon upon the honest soles of several persons thereof. The place: Convention Hall in the Hotel Chicagoan; the time: Monday evening, September 2nd. Following is a somewhat condensed record of Mr Kornbluth's little time-killer:)

7:26pm - Kornbluth slides up from leeward and applies the "hot foot" to Marvis Manning. Manning is seen to leap sixteen feet in the air, crack his head on the ceiling (leaving a greasy spot thereon), return to the floor to land on his neck and back (losing an overstuffed wallet in the transaction), crush to splinters two chairs beneath him, and remark excitedly: "Bah Jove -- how quaint!"

8:14pm - Wriggling slyly as a snake, Kornbluth approaches the unsuspecting author, Charles R Tanner, and leerily applies the "hot foot". Tanner promptly completes three somersaults, knocking over the speakers rostrum, upsetting two pitchers of ice water and twenty glasses, strays a pipeful of hot ashes across the rug (thereby setting fire to same), tripping a round dozen innocent bystanders in his path, and springs up to shout: "Eureka! What a sensational plot for my forthcoming time-travelling tale!" Tanner thereupon pays Kornbluth the standard pay of ten cents for supplying ideas.

8:56pm - The wily Kornbluth attempts to give Tucker the "hot foot"; the wily Tucker wisely knows what foul jest is in the offing, and offers to pay Kornbluth the sum of one penny to forget the whole thing, in regards to the person of Tucker. Kornbluth agrees, accepts the penny, and wriggles away to vanish amidst a mob gathered about the fanmag table.

9:03pm - A high-pitched screech is heard from the pack of fans gathered about the fanmag table, a figure soars into the air with shoe soles smoking, to execute a neat powerdive over the heads of many astounded onlookers and land in the innards of the piano; wherefrom issues many discordant sounds and jumbled tunes as the still-unknown figure endeavors to smother the flame consuming his sole.

9:38pm - A most terrifying howl of frustration and disgust is heard over and above the general hubbub of a fan gabfest. Tucker knowingly cocks an eye to find the unfortunate victim. It is none other than Kornbluth! Amazed, hosts Korshak and Weinsberg dash over to the prostrate victim to find him rubbing his leathers and giving vent to some of the more vitrollic words in a mule-skinner's vocabulary. Oddly enough, no other fan is near. In answer to excited queries, Kornbluth pauses momentarily from his angry smashing of chairs to jerk an accusing thumb over his shoulder.

Behind him, grinning sardonically, reclines "Oscar", the skeleton from Decker, Ind.

CONVENTION PHOTO DEPT: First word on Chicon photos has just arrived. John Millard, 917 West Ganson St., Jackson Michigan announces that he has a set of nineteen different pictures, plus one 8x10 enlargement, for sale. Small pix (size 4x5) are 15¢ each, the big one is 75¢ plus stamp. These pix were taken by flashbulb, and include many nice interiors.