



NOV.  
DEC.  
1941

# LE ZOMBIE

NO.  
44  
5c

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE IN SESSION  
Sunday, Nov. 16, 1941

( identification runs in five vertical rows (front to rear, A thru E), beginning at far left. )

ROW A: Walt Liebscher (with black bow tie), and behind him, Kay Becker.

ROW B: Jane Tucker (plaid jacket), and behind her Verna Smith Trestrail, Doc Smith, Abby Lu Ashley , Erle Korshak imitating a Michigan moose.

ROW C: EEEvans (with badge), and then Al Trestrail, Alan Becker, Jack Wiedenbeck and Mark Reinsberg .

ROW D: John Millard, & far rear, Leonard Marlowe .

ROW E: Al Ashley (almost out), and Dick Kuhn, Lynn Bridges, Morrie Jenkinson and Claude Legler.

(photo by BT.)

published monthly  
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bloomington, ill

# LE ZOMBIE

five cents a copy  
we xchange with  
other fanzines

volume 4-number 9

november-december, 1941

whole number: 44

bob (hpb) tucker

-"we are guilty of this"-

e everett evans

## EDITORIALS

We have skipped an issue, which is obvious. We trust you will find the reason equally obvious-- time. It would have been too much to turn out three issues (Nov., Dec., & Jan.) in about six weeks' time. And youse undoubtedly would have noticed the corresponding drop in quality. So we eliminated the November issue, so to speak, by combining two months.

H. Warner, Esq. (in latest Spaceways) states that booster ads in every fanzine anniversary issue would soon cause a glutted market. Fued! We disagree, (in addition to misspelling feud), for a recent survey of the fanzine field undertaken by us and some other fans show that one 'zine in ten lives to see a first anniversary! Therefore, our booster ads roll merrily along. Remember-- all it costs is 5¢ to place a booster in our THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. When you send the ad, you are to send along the name (or names) of the fan you love the most. The ad will then appear thusly: "Joe Fann- i love you- Egbert Fann". Same will be neatly boxed, of course.

As to contents of that anniversary issue-- shux, that would be telling secrets and spoiling surprises! Plans (hah-- what are plans?) call for that issue to reach you in three separate sections. Now you guess what it's all about! Incidentally, the issue will cost regular subscribers no more than five cents. Extra copies (all 3 sections included) come at 15¢ each. Fifty (only fifty) extra copies will be printed.

News notes: Author Graph Waldeyer informs that he tried to join the Naval Reserve and was unceremoniously booted out of the recruiting station. Fast heart from reading stf.

Editor Don Wollheim informs that his Stirring Science Stories will be with us again in January, as a large size monthly! His other, Cosmic Stories, is good and dead. New publication address is: Manhattan Fiction Publications, 366 Broadway, N.Y.C. Editors wanting their fanzines reviewed in SSS are to send them to his own address, 244 W. 74th, NYC.

Strange note: we have a photo here, taken at the Michifan conference, that proves beyond all doubt there is a vampire (-man or -woman) with us in fandom. It is a group picture, and one of the group is seen only as a suit of clothes in conversation with another fan -- there is no head or hands showing, attached to the suit in any way whatsoever!!!! It is the most eerie thing --- and the photo wasn't faked, either. The fan (whoever he is) just didn't register his self at all! Maybe we'll print it some issue.

Coming up sometime in the future: the new Martin Alger trick photo.. a spaceship rounding the moon; three Hunt originals done on the litho machine; a photo and article on Ohio fan Doc Barrett; more OK Smith Services; and of course just oodles of things to cause you to renew your subscription, chum! Pip pip.

BeB Tucker

12-5-41

# VISITING FIREMEN DEPT.

we go to michigan

Five of us assembled Friday evening, Nov. 15th at Bloomington for the trip to Jackson, Michigan and the Michifan Conference. From Chicago came Walt Liebscher & Mark Reinsberg; from Champaign (Ill) came Erle Korshak; and to round out were my wife (Jane) and I. Hereinafter, I intend to speak of these people by their first names to save space. After many hours of gabbing we bedded down for an early start on the morrow.

Came the morrow, Saturday, and Jane and I were heartily cursed as we dragged the others from their beds before sunrise. "Remember," we twitted them, "we want to be there first!" It didn't work, we were off for Michigan about 7:30 am. Nothing much unusual occurred on the trip; there were the usual rotten puns and rottoner jokes, sleeping, eating and the eternal search for "courthouses" and other odd places of human habitation. To be sure, there were some highly speculative imaginings on the appearances of the Michigan fans. Were they, we wondered, bug-eyed monsters, or what? Surely at least two of their number would be wearing horns! Some brave soul in the car boasted that he wouldn't be afraid to walk up and tweak a devilish tail, should he find one attached to a Michi-fan!

We rolled into Battle Creek about 4 in the afternoon where we were to pick up Evans. Curses, foiled again by Father Time! His landlady informed us we were too late, he had given us up for lost and had gone on to Jackson. When we crossed the Michigan state line we had been cheated of an hour of our life (into Eastern Standard Time). So we repacked our aching bodies into the car and continued to Jackson, city of Lensmen.

Maybe two hours later, and Jackson. Everybody stayed at the Otsego Hotel, located on the main stem. We tripped daintily in, and behold ---- gaping fans rushed us in the lobby! "Oh, goody, goody," they cried in unison as they jumped up and down on the overstuffed chairs, "here 's Tucker!" We remembered to blush in time. We checked in and went to supper; they had waited for us. 'Twas chicken in the rough at some establishment recommended by a book-writer or somebody; a famous joint any way. I vaguely remember someone paying my check. I know I didn't. Then back to the hotel and the burning question: "what'll we do now gang---- burn down the hotel?"

To compromise, everyone went to Ashley's room for a gabfest. According to my book of autographs, the following were in that room that evening, in addition to Jane and I:

Al Ashloy, Abby Lu Ashley, John Millard, Walt Liebscher, Jack Hessmer, Jack Weidenbeck, Doc Smith, EE Evans, Leonard Marlowe, Erle Korshak, Mark Reinsberg, Alan Becker, Tommy Tompkins, Dick Auhn, and Lynn Bridges. The next day there appeared others so we may as well complete the roster now: Al Trestrail, Verna Smith Trestrail (The Doc's dawter), Morrie Jenkinson, Claude Fogler, Ray Becker, CL Barrett, Dorothy Tompkins, Alan Stanley, and Smokey, a feline. But no horns.

Some really beautiful cover painting from Palmer (via Mark) were shown and discussed, Erle was "pressed" into the role of auctioneer for next day's auction session, and so many people crowded onto the bed that a leg was shattered. (a leg of the bed). There is no truth to the rumor that Al Ashley ripped it off for firewood, or that Pong secretly loosed termites in the room.

(next page)

## Sunday Morning - The Conference

The Battle Creek fans had made up the official program booklet, a beautiful mimeographed job; the rear cover by Hunt, and the front cover done in blue by the air-brush process (similar to the front cover on the new Michigan fanzine, Nova, which you probably received a copy of.) Scheduled to take-off at 9am, it was something like an hour late getting started, but eventually Millard, as Chief Pilot, called the meeting to order, and reading from a list of those registered (25, I believe), asked everyone to stand and say he was glad to be there, or in words and music to that effect.

Doc Smith and Dick Kuhn gave addresses of "welcome", altho as they pointed out, they weren't so much that as just "talk". The responses were listed as coming from myself, Degler, Barrett, and Bronson, each representing a different state. I made myself short and to the point. The Illinois fans had wanted to make this Michigan gathering an annual affair; in fact we were going to make some sort of motion to that effect. Then we found the program booklet listed the meeting as "This -- The First Annual Conf...." and we were satisfied, nay, tickled pink. After mentioning this I sat down to be followed by Degler and Barrett. Bronson was not in attendance.

Next on the program was a speech by Evans, on why there should be a Michigan Federation. This meeting was primarily a Michigan meeting for Michigan fans, designed to launch the state - wide organization to be known as the "Michifans". It turned out there were more out-of-state fans present than Michifans. Doc Smith suggested that instead we form (the four states present) a four-state block of fans. And we were off! Twice the meeting broke up into separate state caucuses, and reported back to the main body as a whole on progress made.

Therefore, after much discussion and voting, when we finally adjourned for lunch, the following had happened:

There had been formed: (the) Illinois Fantasy Fan Federation  
Michigan Fantasy Fan Federation  
Indiana Fantasy Fan Federation  
Ohio Fantasy Fan Federation

and the four states were tied together in a mutual block known as the Mid-West Fantasy Fan Federation

We pledge our support to the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and altho we cannot belong to that national group as a club, because they don't accept clubs as members, we nevertheless regard it somewhat as a parent organization and are taking steps to have each and every member of the Mid-west FFF join as individuals.

Each state has a chief of staff, by whatever name he may be working under. EEEvans was elected chief of the Michigan group at a regular meeting, thus he holds office untill next year. Claude Degler is chief pro-tem of Indiana, CL Barrett is ditto of Ohio, myself still ditto of Illinois. The four chiefs then in turn elected a coordinator from among themselves as the "big shot" of the whole, the four-state block. "Many activities are planned; the annual meeting the culmination of such. News letters will be issued quarterly for the members, will probably be for sale to non-members. A group trip to the Pacificon was discussed.

## Sunday Aftrenoon

As soon as the afternoon session was called to order the remaining business on the program was disposed of. (next page)

Evans announced the outcome of the luncheon conferences between the four state chiefs. The Mid-West FFF was definitely launched and rolling, embracing four separate states which were gathering momentum of their own.

Movies were next on the program. Los Angeles had shipped in the movies taken at the costume ball at the Denver Convention. These were run thru twice. Remarks were heard to the effect that there were more nude ladies present in the movie than could be remembered at the Convention. Afterwards, auctioneer Korshak went into action. Two cover pics from the Palmer offices brought the highest figures; one for \$5, the other for \$3 -- the total sales netting something like thirty-odd dollars. The hall was gratis because out-of-towners stayed at the hotel.

Adjournment for the day came after a playing of the Heinlein Convention speech. Photographs were taken all during the day by Bridges, Hillard, and myself. Doc Smith invited everyone out to his house for the evening.

### Sunday Evening

That evening! I don't believe it shall ever fade from my memory! Gads! Everyone but about five were there. Honey Smith wasn't in evidence, but her blonde sister Verna, was. Casually and innocently, about twelve or fifteen of us crammed ourselves into Doc's "office" and offered a few tentative words on this or that. Ah! How quietly that evening opened. If we only knew what was in store for us, what was to come in that gab session!

The clock slithered around, someone opened up on the subject: what would become of the fanzines if all prozines vanished --- and all hell let loose in that room! Words flow, arms waved, smoke rolled, adjectives were tossed and we bombarded each other with our pet theories! Arguing became so hot and heavy Doc was forced to call for order, and then each present was allowed their say, while the honorable opponents were held down with gags over their mouths. By the time some three hours has gone by we still hadn't decided satisfactorily what would happen to the fanzines; but meanwhile a lot of allied and non-allied subjects had been dragged in and exhausted. What an evening!

A few others, timid and discouraged by the horrible thunder rolling out of the office, attempted to spend the evening listening to Doc's recordings, but it was like watching a canary sing in a boiler factory. They gave up, wandering aimlessly around, fingering vases, pocketing objects de art. (( is that the way that is spelled? )) (( no, I don't think so. ))

### THE DAYS AFTER

Walt, Jane and I made plans to go over into Canada; we being so close to the border, and none of us had had the opportunity before. The Ashleys then arranged for a party for us at their house when we should return, and invited the Smiths, Evans, Weidenbeck and Counts to be there also. Okay, we said, look for us Tuesday night.

Monday morning we took wing, looking for book stores in the larger Michigan cities in which to spend our ill-gotten gains. We found a prize in Flint, a large dept store with a circulating library. This library made a policy of selling it's books after three months of "life". Walt and I investigated. Rare fins? Brother, you said it! I got a like - new copy of de Camp's Lest Darkness Fall for 39¢. And To Walk The Night for 59¢. They wouldn't let me have The White Wolf because it hadn't yet attained the three-month mark. Swoop was likewise forbidden. Walt walked off with The Devil and the Doctor for something like 50¢.

In later book stores we collected The Goddess by Morris and Goddard, Sorcery by MacDonald, The Great Amen by AJ Burks, at prices ranging from 25¢ to 40¢. That is, I did. I do not recall the titles picked up by Walt at the moment. Several non-fantasy books were also chosen.

Crossing into Canada, after filling the gas tank to the brim (33¢ per gallon in Canada), Walt had to spell out his last name for the nasty immigrations officer who suspected him of being a fifth columnist or something. We had decided upon London, Ontario as our destination. Never once did it occur to us that Parry Sound harbored a fan! After dark as we were bowling along the highway we passed a wolf gnawing upon the carcass of a rabbit. Walt stared hungrily at the scene. It was shortly after this that disaster struck! Bingo--and a rear tire said "I quit!" We were caught on a narrow road bounded by high fences, and by the time we reached a shoulder to stop on, there was no hope left for tire or tube.

To work! we shouted with glee (at Walt). He glared back sourily. The jack was rusty and wouldn't work. We oiled it. The car fell off of it, sending it flying down the road. A suitcase rolled down into a deep ditch. Many times during that awful hour our lensman-like patience was tried to the utmost. Walt kept remembering the hungry wolf and wasted more time watching for it than working on the tire. Done at last, and into London about 9pm. The town was so quiet! Once or twice we craned uncautious necks out of the window, looking for bombers. No bombers.

Tuesday we made a tour of London. Walt found copies of the Canadian mag Science Fiction by diligent searching. Easier to find was Uncanny. The November 1941 issue of this mag carried:

"Expedition #1" by James Francis Radshaw; "The Coming of the White Worm" by CA Smith; "A Million Yrs in the Future" by Thos. P. Kelley; "The Dream" by John R. Brooks; "The Skeleton in Armor" -pictorial interpretation by artist Callahan; "Strong Fingers of Death" by D.H. Fairley; "The Hat" by Donald Wollheim; "Strange Tree" by Leslie Merle; "The Touching Point" by Edw. Bellin; "Forbidden Books" (poem) by Wilfred Owen Morley; "Rocket of 1955" by Cecil Corwin, and a dept. "Around the Cauldron".

In comment: The cover and six interior illustrations were by Callahan; it came out later at Ashley's that "Expedition #1" is the first "Via" yarn from an old TWS, therefore making "James Francis Radshaw" Binder. The Smith and Kelley yarns you know; Wollheim's "The Hat" was first published in Freehafer's fanzine Polaris. I don't know if it has appeared anywhere else. The poem is by Doc Lowndes, of course, while we believe Cecil Corwin is Cy Kornbluth. And that covers Uncanny.

Science Fiction for November 1941 on it's contents page explains: "... edited, illustrated and produced in Canada ..... without foreign affiliation"; and then blandly offers the following by way of material:

"Martian Guns" by Stanley D. Bell (pic by Paul); "30th Century Duel" by MW Wellman (pic by Paul); "Genius Bureau" by Helen Weinbaum (pic by Dave Kyle??); "Beings of the Ooze" by John Taylor; "Star of Blue" by Milton Kaletsky; and "The Barbarians" by Wm Morrison. Cover by Bennett; the mag is large size. You recognize as many yarns as we. This November issue by the way was volume I, number 2. Walt also got a volume I, number 1.

More bookstores, souvenir hunting, swapping American money for theirs, buying a new tire and tube, and homeward-bound again.

So that was Canada, with coal \$15 a ton, matches 1¢ per book packet, gas 33¢ a gallon, tires and auto's much higher than at home, swaggering soldiers, sailors and airmen not yet out of their teens, and the most friendly people we have met anywhere. (One clothing store merchant removed a war poster from his window and gave it to us because we wanted a souvenir!)

Remember, we filled the tank before going into Canada? Well, we arrived back in Detroit with just about a quart to spare! It was late; no time to stop and see Dick Kuhn as we had half-promised. Sorry Dick! On to Battle Creek. We stopped just a minute in Jackson to find the Smiths had preceeded us. Ashley & wife had a chicken supper awaiting us when we arrived. Doc Smith and wife and daughter Verna were there, as well as Evans, Weidenbeck and Ed Counts. We showed our prizes, took pics of the group and gossiped until midnight, when the Smiths left. That was not enough, no, the rest of us were up until 3 or 4 am still gabbing.

We were invited to stay over Thanksgiving day (it then being Wednesday) because the Smiths were coming back to help tackle a turkey; but as we had to return to work, the invitation was rejected with tears. And so this sage closes. Evans threatens to buy a car and descend upon us en masse; now we shall look forward to that. Golly, how we wish you could have been there!

-Bob Tucker

SUDDEN THOUGHT DEPT: Doc Smith has two pics in his office we'd love to steal. One is the oil painting from that Astounding cover depicting the Gray Lensman -- a gift of Rogers. The other is a charcoal drawing of another Rogers cover, that for July, 1940: Crisis in Utopia. Beautiful!

PHOTOGRAPH DEPT: Millard and Bridges took pics, as well as myself, which I imagine they'd be willing to sell. Anyone interested may write us for addresses. (again) And let's call this a 'Correction Dept': It was Lynn Bridges whom I semi-promised to stop and see in Detroit, not Dick Kuhn. Apologies to both, but confusion reigned, you know.

SOOTHSAIYING DEPT: At the conference I bet EEEvans he would wind up among the "top ten" in the next fan-popularity poll taken by Widner. You have to meet the guy to realize the spunk in him!

RIPLEY, LOOK AT THIS! DEPT: The editors of Nova, the new Michigan fan-zine, in answer to a direct query, stated they spent something like \$90 on the first issue of the publication! They itemized the sum for me. It was not a padded sum, either. The full price of the mimeo is not included, only the first payment. They had made (special to order) a hand press for their lino-blocks, ordered special ink for same, did the cover by hand (a slow, torturous process) and wasted reams of paper getting just what they wanted. Take off your hats, gents, and suscribe to Nova. (86 Upton Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan. Dime a copy.)

#### LEZ-ETTES

chapter 1:  
Fan club  
chapter 2:  
Feud  
chapter 3:  
New Fan Club

chapter 1:  
Meteor  
chapter 2:  
Law of Chance  
chapter 3:  
!!!

chapter 1:  
Flora  
chapter 2:  
Fauna  
chapter 3:  
Fana

chapter 1:  
Fans  
chapter 2:  
Meeting  
chapter 3:  
Holocaust

# DEPT'S OF THE INTERIOR

by the sec'y

WAR DEPT: When we were over in Canada a few weeks ago we found ourselves in what we believed was "the real thing" --- a first-hand touch with the war. It didn't impress us much. Uniforms, posters, rationing, things like that. It seemed too far away and un-personal.

We had never really got worked up about our fellow fans in Britain, either. Oh, we knew, or thought we knew, what they were going thru; admired the way they took it. looked with wonder at the continuance of their fanzines --and that promag, Tales of Wonder. (See LeZ for Sept. 1941, page 6); why, some of us even organized a "Science fiction bundles for Britain" for those fans who were weathering some unpleasantness. One or two of we editors mailed them our fanzines. Just a few.

And then on Sunday, Dec. 7th, it came home. To us. It was all quite shocking untill we happened to remember that British fans have lived with it since Sept. 1939. But how different it seemed to read about... let us say Ted Carnell's house in London ... being beneath the wheels of an enemy bomber, only to find that San Francisco fans shared a similar experience. It jolted home, then. Hard.

Fandom and war are about as far apart as the poles; so vastly unrelated to each other that one is almost apt to laugh when he reads someone in fandom "worrying about what is going to happen to fandom." But such is the case, altho our interest isn't so much "worry" as it is speculation on the state of things to be.

Consider our fanzines. Take a good look at those about you for it is certain you won't be seeing many of them, ere long. That is a flat statement we will stick to. Fans will fold up their mimeographs for a score of reasons. We expect the coming acute shortage of stencils will be the foremost reason. Conscription will be the second reason. Lack of heretofore-free time (taken up by various kinds of defense work), will be the third. And the fourth may surprise you, but: some fans, we expect, will use the war as an excuse to fold up fanzines they no longer cared to publish anyway. It will be a very neat excuse, you know.

Which brings us to those fanzines that will continue as long as possible. Expect reductions (some drastic, perhaps) in their size and publication schedule. Fifty page gala issues will probably become a thing of the past. About LeZ? Frankly, we don't know. This is too early to state. Five photos of the Michigan conference which were to appear on this page have been scrapped; we're putting the money into stencils instead. We believe our three-section Anniversary issue will appear as planned, altho there won't be as many pages nor photographs as we had originally planned. So that is that.

Remaining concern of the moment is the welfare of Dan Wade, only fan (to our knowledge) in Hawaii. Military censorship forbids newspapers publishing locations of individuals in service; so why should we stick our neck out? Previous to being drafted Dan lived in Washington state.

So it came home. Now we can understand a bit more fully what the Britishers mean when they say "the enemy."

COMIC STRIP DEPT: The Chicago Sun, that city's new newspaper, began in its first Sunday edition (Dec. 7) "John Carter of Mars", drawn in color of course, by John Coleman Burroughs. This first chapter deals with his transition to Mars, after the Indian fight. United Features handles it.

## LEZ LETTERS DEPT.

educating fandom

LeRoy Tackett: "I have, according to my figures, been reading stf for one year and a half. I've read letter sections, fan zines, etc. and now I open this big mouth of mine and yell in protest. You big name fans talk about stuff like "Yngvi is a louse." So I say... who in hell is Yngvi? And why is he a louse? Will somebody please tell me who or what is Yngvi, and why is he, or it, a louse? (\*) Another thing: while calmly sitting in my favorite chair I happened to notice smokes and sounds of battle coming from the stf mag on the table. I cautiously creep over to see what's cooking, but some creature leaps up from the letter sectoon yelling "SFTPACOBEMOTCOSFM!" At the same time another being arises with "SABEMOTCOSFM!" Seeing that I am a stranger, they explain tht they are representitives of the societies for and against Bug-eyed monsters. This brings up more questions: who started this alphabetical drivel and why wasn't he shot? (\*) While I'm at it, I might as well join in a cry I've heard often repeated. Why don't you super-active fans stop your damned feuding and get united in one organization? (\*) The accounts of the Denvention are swell and so was the September cover. Keep up the good work but for the sake of the new fans start explaining things." -Fountain, Colorado.

(\*) Lez sez: To our mind, and to appease critics who say VoM serves no worthy purpose, we believe this letter should have been in VoM. And all letters like it. Meanwhile, to arms: LeRoy will find the answer to the Yngvi problem in the May 1940 Unknown. About these alphabet socities. It seems that in 1935 some fan whose identity is now lost to history started the first one .. an organization for removing wire staples from mags. Other societies have been in print ever since. Could the original scoundrel be found, he doubtless would be shot. As for the super-active fans and their feuding ... hasn't this problem already become a thing of the past? Altho you should no more expect everyone to lay down arms and sleep together in fandom than in the world at large. That would be Utopia, and Utopia hasn't a chance in our present-day world. To close, we should explain that VoM is an all-letter fanzine published at Box 6475, Met. Station, Los Angeles.

Edw. Conner: "Oct, 41 ish best of LeZ I've seen yet. But please don't get so far behind that you have to skip half a dozen issues! Your idea of quality over quantity exclnt, isn't it? However it remains to be seen whether you can keep up the superb work and still get the next few issues of LeZ out on time. You must have done extra work on the last couple. (\*) Is one of those improvements you hinted at the acknowledging of all letters you receive whether you print them or not? (( no. )) Or is that "advertising" section the so-called improvement? (( no. )) The long "interview" was by far the best item in #43. The cover was the next best. It was super. (\*) In regards to a remark in my last letter as to why I love LeZ: what I mean is, you write most of the stuff yourself ... it is different, unique, refreshing. Of course, you must remember that I've read only 3 issues of LeZ: There may be a higher percentage of material by other fans in what I haven't seen. (\*) What is this "assorted services" business I've been reading so much about?" -Peoria.

(\*) LeZ sez: "Services" is a business organization run by Ackerman that do little things like making photo-litho covers for fanzines and walkin dogs for pampered poodle owners. "improvement" mentioned last issue was something approaching even right-hand margins. Adn't you noticed?

Mark Reinsberg: "Palmer is going to run a fan page in Amazing with me doing the editing. This will be a monthly feature if the fan-letter response is high enough. I can print just about anything I want to, including photographs." -Chicago, Ill.

Cyril Kornbluth: "(1) Lezettes; (2) Interview; (3) O.K. Smith" (??????)

Leon Moffatt: "Here I go again, dept: Cover would have been the bestest yet if it hadn't been smudged, but then that wasn't your fault. (I liked especially Le Zombie spelled in bones.) Editorial: yeh, LeZ has improved in looks, so don't drop anything. (\*) Thanks for printing notification of my change of address but where was the announcement stating that Uranus would not appear? ((consider it announced, chum.)) "Putting N.J. on the Fandomap" -- I like this very much! Keep it up! "Ads" -- Say, you didn't by any chance get the idea for those ads from my last contribution to LeZ did you? You haven't returned "Uncle Levi Dept" yet, so maybe you accepted it. (Hopeth I.) ((consider your hopes dashed, chum.))" -Ellwood City, Pa.

(\*) Lez sez: Subconsciously, we probably did borrow your idea for those advertisements in last issue. So we hereby give you credit for their inspiration. On the other hand, we thought we had returned your item, "Uncle Levi's Dept." Oh well, we'll search the desk again. Sorry, but it just didn't click. About the "Putting Fandom on the Map" series. We run them as often as we receive them. It's up to fans in various states to send in their locales. What'sa matter with you and Penna. ?

Raym Washington: "I am interrupting a 10 page letter to write this. I can't wait any longer: WHAT IN THE NAME OF TEN THOUSAND FANMAGS (heaven forbid!) DO THESE SIGNS MEAN:- (\*) and (hpp) ??? I demand to know. I can't go on day after day, year after year reading LeZ & not knowing what those things mean. The latter is especially irritating; it reminds one vaguely of "horse power". Take pity on your subscribers... SOLVE THE MYSTERY!" - Live Oak, Fla.

(\*) Lez sez: Okay chum, educate yourself: This sign (\*) when found in these printed letters means that I have deleted something there. I can not print whole letters and still have room for many others I wish to use. So I skip around thru the letters, using a line or a paragraph here and there, and using a (\*) where I have deleted something. That, to sum up, means the whole letter isn't being used as it was written. When the sign is used before the words "Lez sez", it is placed there merely to call attention to my comments. As for "hpp" ... that is the initials of Hoy Ping Pong, a noted author in our pages. He will be pleased to know he represents horsepower. Does that cover the situation? Oh, by the by, we deleted the rest of your letter, as you can see. We simply have not the room to print it, but let this suffice: Raym Washington is engaged in putting out the newest fanzine, Scientifun, which will be full of things and stuff of the LeZ and Damn Thing order ... claim Raym. And one more thing, Raym. You are still wrong about that Alger photo on our cover two issues ago. Alger did not paint the background. Guess again.

Harry Jenkins: "(\*) 'sa good job you did on this issue. carrithers cover still good despite ackerman's 5th cm. attempt best in issue-- lez's ads, followed closely by olier k. smith's superlative advertisement. i'll be sending a booster ad along soon."

(\*) LeZ sez: Booster ads must be in by Dember... oops, December 20th ! We hope to have the issue in the mails Dec. 26th. Meanwhile, if your subscription has expired, or this is your first sample copy, you will find a sticker on this page giving explicit instructions! Thankee.