

THE ZOMBIE

SEPTEMBER

1942



M. Nelson
"42"

THE NEW YORKER

18

THE NEW YORKER



the ghouls ghazette

Bob
Tucker

E E
Evans

LE ZOMBIE

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Titling: Roy Hunt

EDITORIALIES

This is to inform all and sundry who shall be so unfortunate as to read this, that Le Zombie, its staff, editors, proofreaders, and mechanical hands are not responsible for any material herein, either that signed by contributors, or that signed by ourselves. Advertising rates are ridiculous--don't ask us to quote some. As usual, we exchange copies with all fan publications regardless of publishing periodicity, send gratis copies to fans in service, and, if there are any copies on hand after this, send them to the cash customers on a rationing plan.

We are determined not to whoop and shout over the cover artist represented this issue, nor shall we haunt you by bragging that we have discovered fandom's newest star. Merely shall we report that there is another Nelson cover next issue--a beautiful vampire--and that that is all. If you ever see another Nelson cover you're lucky. She's gone.

As you can see by the photo-litho work last issue, this issue, and next issue, this new firm we've found is all right. For benefit of other publishers, the address: Federal Letter Co., 8 east 12th street, New York City. Covers this size cost \$2.50 for 300 copies, you pay the postage. Glossy photographs cost you extra. Write 'em.

Future: not bright, yet not too dark. To be drafted, quite likely, sometime in 1943. Our November issue planned; the January issue rather nebulous. We have two covers by Ronald Clyne for January --we're going to shoot the works on that number, not only because it will be our fourth anniversary number, but also because it will be our fiftieth consecutive issue. Golden wedding ... only no one is getting married. One of Clyne's covers will serve as a calendar -- we found out that one or two readers actually used last year's calendar as such and hung it up on the wall. This encourages us no end.

We've been getting reports of fans in service who have been receiving your fanzines -- and we thank you graciously. Some of the far away fans find them rather scarce, but there are mail difficulties in such places where third-class matter (publications) are concerned. The tide should increase and hold steady this winter. Keep your eye on the War Dept, fan editors, and send copies of your fanzines to them!

If that lazy correspondent and columnist, Donna Belle Thompson of Louisiana will attempt to get his column in here before Christmas we shall try just as hard to publish same. So long, honorable readers.

(You know what a sticker over thar means.....)

Your Subscription has Expired

---Now we don't want to get crass about this!



A FAN AT LARGE

(wherein you can see the fine hand of Mr. Pong)

Dear Mom,

Gosh, it's swell! I never dreamed a science-fiction convention could be so much fun. Here I am away out in space for the first time. As you know Mom, this is the first time the fans have ever had a convention in space. Our club --the NFFF-- has chartered this ship for a week's cruise, out around Pluto and back. There are about 300 of us and except for the crew we have the entire ship to ourselves!

Mom, do you remember that Chauvenet fella that came out to the farm last Spring and sold me the membership in the club? Well, he's in charge here. Everybody calls him Prez Louie, except the ship's captain; he calls him a ... well, I guess I better not repeat it Mom. Any way, this Prez Louie is sure a swell guy! He took a shine to me as soon as I came aboard!

He made a swell speech, saying how glad he was to see me, and what did I bring in my suitcase, and asked me what sciences I liked best? Right away I told him I just loved Rocketry. And guess what Mom? Prez Louie took me aside and in a low voice said he could really fix me up. Everybody here has a cabin to themselves. He asked me how would I like a snug little stateroom, all of my own, right next to the rocket tubes?

I said swell! Then, in a low voice, he explained that he would have to have a dollar or two to fix it for me. The purser --that's the man who is the room clerk-- had already made out the books, and would be mad at a last-minute change. However, Prez Louie said he could hush him up with a little bribe. So I gave Prez Louie two dollars, and pretty soon he came back with a key. Gee, Mom, I have the swellest little room! Snug. Its built right under one of the rocket tubes. I can put my hand right up on the ceiling and feel how hot it is.

Of course, the room is kinda small, but then Prez Louie said this was what was known as an 'outer-circle' room, whatever that is. A sign on my door said "Baffle Room" but I didn't call attention to his error. I can hear the rockets all the time. Gosh!

We cleared port at noon. The Captain was mad about something; I don't know what. A bunch of us stood around an open hatch in the keel and dropped sandbags, trying to hit some little black dots moving below us. There certainly is a swell bunch of fans on board. One of them (I think his name was Widner, or something) took me aside later and told me there really wasn't sand in those bags. He said they held powdered oxygen. Maybe that was why the Captain was mad.

We made a short stopover on the moon, landing in a big crater just after dark---well, you know, after sunset where you are. I tried to signal you from the moon, Mom, like I said I would. Remember where I told you to look for me? As soon as I knew it was dark at home I struck several matches and waved them in the air. Did you see me Mom?

The moon is a funny place, Mom. Just like in my school books. There ain't no air here at all. The Captain warned us we couldn't stay outlong without suits, and after about an hour the talking died down and some of the fans begin to get black in the face so he made us come inside.

One of the fans, a swell fella named Hodgkins, came back to the ship lugging an old skeleton he had found somewhere.

But the Captain wouldn't let him bring it aboard. Hodgkins got awful mad then and threatened to kick a hole in the hull, but we talked him out of it. We would have had to pay for the hole because the ship was chartered, and besides, as Widner told me later, space would leak in.

Did I tell you there was a swell bunch aboard! Gosh. Right after we left the moon and old fella from Michigan, name of Evans or something, took me aside and asked me if I had heard any rumors about him. I said no. Then he said that people were starting rumors that he was out to buy control of fandom, but I shouldn't listen to them. I said I wouldn't, ---- and then guess what, Mom? He asked me if I would like to publish a fanzine?

Gee, would I! So he gave me ten dollars for the first issue and told me to get busy on it as soon as I got home. He's a funny duck. He told me to keep my eyes open during the voyage for wiggle-woofs. A few minutes later I went back and asked him what a wiggle-woof was, but he said not to bother him, he was busy smoking a cigar and dictating. I think he is conducting some secret scientific experiments!

Know why? Cause I caught him two or three times when he didn't know anybody was around. He would stand by a porthole up at the front end and blow cigar smoke out into space. Then he would rush like the dickens to the rear port window and watch it float by, a pleased look on his face.

We have a bar on the ship. Now don't be alarmed, Mom, you know I wouldn't drink even if there was hard liquor at this bar. Prez Louie assured me that the bar sold nothing but soft drinks. He said most fans didn't drink. I found out later that he confiscated a quart of rye from a Los Angeles fan named Ackerman. He said this Ackerman was about the only fan who ever drank around conventions; and that he was a bad example for the rest of us. Prez Louie said if I wanted a really good drink, I should ask the bartender for a glass of mickey finn, and tell him Louie sent me.

Gosh, this trip is exciting Mom! We had to make a stop a few hours ago and pick up a fan that had fallen overboard. A fellow named Rothman had opened a skylight in the roof and was taking some pictures of the stars. A sudden gust of wind blew him out the skylight into space and it was a good thing somebody saw it happen. Rothman wasn't wearing anything but a light suit and he might have caught cold.

Some of the fans got out their costumes this evening, altho the Masquerade is a week away. A swell fella named Speer has a complete Buck Rogers outfit. He slipped outside the ship, went topside and walked along the hull until he came to the forward port window. Then, tying a rope around his middle to hold him, he hung head-downwards in front of the window and shot his ray gun at the navigator and pilot. The navigator fainted but the pilot got pretty mad.

A couple of swell guys from New York named Studley and Knight have asked me if I know how to play jungle dominoes, and would I like to get in on a little game? I told them I didn't know how to play but they said they would be glad to teach me. We are going to have a game in my stateroom this afternoon. I said that I didn't have any of those kind of dominoes, but Knight said for me not to mind, he would bring his. He says his set are 'educated', whatever that means.

Well, I guess that's all this time, Mom. I'll write you again as soon as I get a chance. Gosh, but this is a swell bunch!

yours trooly, Joe Fann



DEPT'S OF THE INTERIOR

by the sec'y

MILESTONES IN FAN HISTORY DEPT: Out in Los Angeles a few short weeks ago, Mister A went to wah. You know who Mister A is. Along with a lot of other, unprintable things, he is known as the Number One Face. For the duration (and six months thereafter), Mister A prefers to be referred to as "We've A Right" ---but for what inane reason, we can but guess at. While we do not share his views (and fears) over the matter of his name, we will do him the service of calling him as he desires: Mister We've A. Right, Esquire and such.

Mister A ---oops, we mean We've A. Right has done a lot of things to and for the fan scene in his not-brief career; some of the things raised eyebrows thru-out the land, others called for a general rolling in the aisles. We know of one chap who keeps a copy of We've ravings beside his bed to amuse him in the middle of the night (when a nightmare has brought him upright in bed, screeching.) But, we are forced to remark, fandom hadn't seen anything yet!

Not until We've A. Right went off to the wahs did the blow fall-- he left behind him an insurance policy in which one thousand dollars is to be paid to fandom if and when he shuffles off this mortal coil! The tremendous pile of frogskins mentioned is to be used to establish a fan museum of sorts-- a Foundation representing fandom as it has existed from then until now ... or for as long as it lasts. His own tremendous collection of fan and pro items are to be the base of this museum (and we are not using that word in a derogatory sense).

We are astounded, frankly. We thought Weaver had more sense than that. We applaud the idea of the Foundation, or museum, or whatever it should correctly be called; and we admire the rank generosity that can toss ONE GRAND to fandom . . . but: who, in fandom, can be trusted with a thousand smackers when every fan who subscribes to a fanzine runs an awful risk of being cheated of that dime?

And don't think some of our best fanzines aren't guilty. We refer you to Mr Koenig of New York City, and a few others, who have put enuff money in the mails to pay an editor's salary --- in vain. The magazines are still publishing; or if not, the fans are still on the scene, merrily fanning; but the dimes have vanished. So who, Mr. We've A. Right, gets the honor of wading thru your thousand iron men?

We, for one, would like a try at it. We know a place where we can get a set of new rubber for the car with a hunk of that money. (Because if you think a fan with a thousand dollars is going to spend it on a fan museum, you're nuttier than your critics claim!)

Come, come, chum. Let's do something about that GRAND. The very thought of it rolling around tortures us. Does your policy state to whom it is to be paid? Will there be any check to determine if it is being spent according to the spirit and letter of your wish? What makes you think the company will glibly hand over that money to the first pipsqueak who up and says he is a fan, ready to carry on? We love you Mister A. So much that we can't stand by and see that money frittered away on hard drinks and cigars at some future convention... so why not do something about that policy, or fix things so as to insure a responsible group getting it?

Better yet, Mister A, if you will overlook my boldness, why not put an end to my misery by coming back in due time and simply stop paying the premiums? Then fandom can rest easy and stop counting....!

WAR DEPT.

American fans in Service---

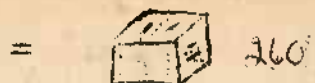
Send a fanzine, prozine or letter

Pvt. Forrest J Ackerman: Box 6475-Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles .
 Pvt. Martin E. Alger: Co. B, 34th Bn, SCRTC, Camp Crowder, Missouri.
 Pvt. Rodman Allen: Co. B, 31st Med. Trng. Bn, 4th Pln, Camp Grant, Ill.
 Pvt. Dean W. Boggs: address unknown
 PFC Daniel C Burford: 467 Engineer Co., APO 810, Iceland.
 Cpl. Douglas E. Blakely: HQ Btry, 2nd Bn, 6th C.A., Fort Baker, Cal.
 2Lt. Donn Brazier: c/o 3031 N. 36th st., Milwaukee, Wisc.
 Pvt. Lynn Bridges: 873rd Chem. Co., MacDill Field, Tampa, Florida
 PFC William Brudy: address unknown
 Pvt. John L. Chapman: (37277732), APO 3114, Postmaster, New York City
 Pvt. Edw. C. Connor: 1627th SCU, Bks 1219, Scott Field, Illinois
 Pvt. Alan Class: address unknown
 Pvt. Willard Dewey: 3rd Pln, 84th Inf. Trng. Bn., Camp Roberts, Cal.
 Pvt. Emrys H. Evans (39677641), Med. Det., 2nd Bn, 164th Inf., APO 502
 c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.
 Pvt. Cyril Eggum: address unknown
 PFC Howard Funk: HQ Btry, 1st Bn, 217th C.A. (A-A), 1931 Center st.,
 Berkeley, California
 MM Joseph Gilbert: US Coast Guard, MM Trng. Sta., St. Petersburg, Fla.
 Dale Hart: Student Barracks, Naval Aviation Base, Dallas, Texas
 Chas. D. Hornig: CPS Camp #21, Cascade Locks, Oregon
 A.S. Roy Hunt: Co. 42-272, US Naval Trng. Station, San Diego, Cal.
 Sgt. Nicholas Kenealy: G.H.Q., SWPA, APO 501, Postmaster, San Francisco
 Pvt. Jerry Keeley: 37th Sig. Pln., Sav. Air Base, Savannah, Georgia
 Pvt. Robt. Madle: Co. F, 7th Q.M.T.R., Camp Lee, Virginia
 Pvt. David Kyle: II Armored Corps, Camp Polk, Louisiana
 A.S. Lew Martin: Group I School, Class 2-43, US Naval Trng. Station ,
 San Diego, California
 Pvt. Samuel Moskowitz: address unknown
 Sgt. Vincent Manning: (35157396), HQ Btry, 198th F.A. Bn, APO 957 ,
 Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.
 Pvt. Carl D. Motz: Flight E (Band), 988th Tech. Sch. Sqd., Atlantic-
 City, New Jersey
 AC2 Millard, John L.: R-168309, #4 M Depot, RCAF, Quebec, Quebec, Can.
 Cpl. C.E. Mulrain: HQ Sqd, 34th ADG, San Bernardino, Cal.
 Pvt. Maurice Paul: address unknown
 Sgt. C.W. Roberds: Reg. HQ Btry, 202nd C.A. A-A, APO 309, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
 Pvt. Milton A Rothman: Co. D, 4th Bn, ORTC, Aberdeen Proving Grounds ,
 Maryland
 Sgt. Robt. Shinn: SF Postal Conc. Center, Troop Location Group, SFPE ,
 Fort Mason, California
 Lt. Fred Shroyer: address unknown
 Pvt. LeRoy Tackett: c/o (residence) Fountain, Colorado
 Pvt. Stephen J. Takacs: Btry E, 79th F.A., Fort Bragg, North Carolina
 Y2c. George Tullis: US Coast Guard, Room 209, Barge Office, New York C.
 Pvt. Hyman Tiger: Sig. HQ & HQ Co., AWS, 1st Fighter Command, Mitchel-
 Field, L.I., New York
 Pvt. Dan E. Wade: A.W.R., P.O. Box 3590, Honolulu, T.H.

In addition we have the addresses of a few authors but will not include them unless demanded. The above list superceeds previous lists in the Fall FAPA mailing, and the latest issue of Spaceways. There are several changes. We urge fan editors to send copies of their fanzines. This list is published in each issue of Spaceways and Le Zombie.



LEZ LETTERS



TED CARNELL, (London, England): "Thanks for all the news of the pro pubs, some of it was new to me, altho I gather much from the fantabroids, and Fred the Pohl writes occasionally from the wilds of New York. Strike me pink, but he surprised me. Hadn't heard from him for a couple of years and then he suddenly appears like a bad penny. (I spent a few hours this morning reading thru 1934-35-36 fan mags -- my, my, how the boys have come on!)

I rather liked your effort in the June Astounding. You always were a good liar, weren't you? However, I stuck in a vote for you. Now don't get me wrong--I didn't vote you in top because you're a pal of mine. As a matter of fact, I studiously ignored author's names; consequently, you pegged second place with me. I'm hoping that Campbell will publish one of my own lies shortly. I sent him off a special by air some weeks back.

Despite the war there has been much coming and going amongst the fans in this country lately. In fact, they've managed to travel greater distances than they ever did in peacetime. Some of them have been lucky enough to draw camps near other fans. I've been switched to Scotland, where I've been trying to hook up with Webster, but we both have been on the move the wrong way 'round. When I've been near him, he's been visiting in England. Now I've got back down here and he's gone again.

You say that Charles Chandler is already in London? I don't know the guy, and it would seem that he doesn't know many of us, otherwise he would have contacted somebody by now. Stacks of Americans over this way. I've met up with plenty in my travels, but haven't yet come across a real live fan! Given a break, it is possible that I'll meet Martin or Tullis-- you said they're in the Navy --if they come this way as I'm now attached to the Navy myself.

Which brings up an interesting point-- it is possible that I may be in New York before the year is out. Out of the many possible places I'm likely to go to in the next few months, I'm hoping that a brief visit to Bedlam will come first. However, there's no knowing, so I'm not holding out any promises. I'll just surprise you with a letter from there -- or some other joint -- maybe.

Thanks once again for the continued sending of your lousy magazine. I enjoy it immensely!"

JOHN L. MILLARD, (Canada): "I have moved from Hamilton & Toronto and am now in Quebec. My address is as follows: R-168309, AC2, Millard, J.L., #4 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F., Quebec, Q.P., Canada. Well, I guess that's all."

MARY EVELYN ROGERS, (Muskogee, Okla.): "As I mailed my poll card late just to be nice (?) about the whole thing I am enclosing one postcard, blank, unused, and ready to go wherever you deign to send it.

Since answering your poll my occupation (has changed). I am now in charge (under the Lieutenant of course!) of supply (Air force supply). I don't exactly know what my official rating will be, since my transfer status never made it clear whether or not they classified me as clerk-typist or clerk-stenographer, but I think it will result in a higher clerk rating--something like Assistant Clerk (CAF-3).

(Rogers, continued:) I "glee" with you over the cover. I like the reproduction even better than the others--seems so smooth.

You can cheerfully omit me in the next poll if the questions asked are to be along the lines suggested: Average weekly mail-- practically nil since my work and writing to my brothers in the service seem to be the sum total of noticeable activities.

Fanzines? I take just one, and you can take the gilded lily for that one. ((Meaning you read LeZ chum? We glee!))

Since artist and author polls are overworked, why not: "Do you write science-fiction? Is it good? Why not?" "Do you read the straight science articles in Astounding?" "Do you like stf yarns stressing science or characters--or rather, which do you prefer?"

I can add one name to your War Dept address service. My brother, James Michael Rogers is now Cpl. Rogers, 18050465, 546 School Squadron (Sp), AFAFS, Rosewell Army Flying School, Rosewell, New Mex.

Jack C. Dean is now stationed at A.A.F.S., Carlsbad, New Mex.

I really enjoy working for the War Dept ((theirs, or ours?)) and am quite convinced there's no other place like it!" ((She must be speaking of theirs. -editor))

PVT. EDW. C. CONNOR, (Scott Field, Ill.): "I have almost forgotten what a science-fiction magazine looks like, as I haven't seen one since I've been here. And it's too damned much trouble to go into town to get one. Amazing is listed in the library here but I haven't gotten around to looking for it yet. As if I would want it anyway

I will be here at Scott Field for the duration of the War, plus, of course, six months. My address will change shortly to Headquarters Company, but all mail sent to the (below) address will reach me quickly at any time.

I've been assigned to records section here and am now learning the job. I type stencils and am now learning to operate the neat mimeograph machine in our department. It is brand new and must be the best thing put out. ((Bring it home with you after the war. -editor)) It really turns out stuff fast.

I began my basic training here last Thursday (8-13-42). It's to last one month, 2 hours an afternoon, five days a week. ((Soft!)). Would like to receive that LeZ you promised--with a cover. Also would like to hear from you sometime." (Address as follows: 1627th S.U., Co. A, Reception Center, Bks. 1219, Scott Field, Illinois.)

PVT. JOHN CHAPMAN, (Fort Logan, Colo.): "A brief thanks for LeZ ----- finally received via Jefferson Barracks. Enjoyed it a lot. Wishall editors had your viewpoint as far as the khaki-clads are concerned.

My present address is below, tho it will be good only until September 1st. After that-- I don't know, tho I'll try to remember to drop you a card as soon as I find out. This is to prevent mail piling up at various points along the trail, which the Air Corps officers do not like.

A suggestion: How about publishing addresses of those science fans you know--so as to increase the possibility of s-f lads coming in contact with each other? There might be two of us in the same camp. This is prompted by the name Hyman Tiger, in your present list. Is the chap from Chicago and was he at Jefferson Barracks a couple months ago?

(Chapman, continued:) I bunked next to a soldier with that same name, unless my memory is bad. ((We doubt very much if it was he. Tiger has been located in New York and New Jersey since the outbreak. -editor.))

I think I can help you a little with your list. Don Wandrei is an infantry private, last seen at Co. G, 357th Inf., Camp Barkley, Texas. Could very well be there yet.

Donn Brazier is a Looney--you must have that by now. ((Yes.))

Cyril Eggum is in Europe. No permanent address. ((But doesn't he have an APO address in care of some postmaster?))

Doug Blakely is a Cpl. Still at Fort Baker.

Charles Schneeman of Astounding is a private in the Air Corp at Lowry Field, California."

((Chapman's address -but void after Sept. 1st: 23rd Tech. Sch. Sq. (c-1), Fort Logan, Colorado. If we have heard from Chapman since this was typed, you'll find his new address in the War Dept, elsewhere in this issue. Otherwise use above address and mail will be forwarded to him. -editor.))

PVT. L.H. TACKETT, (San Diego, Cal.): "After chasing me from one platoon to the Base Dispensary and then to another platoon, LeZ finally caught up with me. Ah, 'twas a beautiful issue, no less! Tuck, you'll have to excuse the pencil but my typewriter is in Colorado, my pen is on the blink, and my green ink is gone. Did I hear you gasp "green ink"? Certainly! You realize of course that a fan isn't really a fan unless he uses green ink!

The cover, like all photolitho covers, is something to be admired and saved for posterity, or something. ((Mostly something.))

Say, Bob, this issue of LeZ is a special one for me. It was just a year ago that I ordered my first copy of LeZ, ((sucker! -editor)) MARKING MY ENTRY INTO ACTIFANDOM! Ah, yes, I can remember the note I sent you---

"Dear Bob: Enclosed you will find five cents. Please send me a copy of Le Zombie." ((Lovely words, ain't they? Especially that 5¢ part---. Editor))

For countless eternities I waited. And then it arrived. ((No one can accuse LeZ of being punctual. -editor)) The August issue. Dippy Doings at Denver. I seized it from the postman's hands and roared thru the house like a tornado and into my den. Then I roared back and gave the postman his fingers. ((We know: "den you read LeZ?") I spent weeks in my den, absorbing every minute particle of LeZ. ((An avid reader! -editor)) Then I burst forth, a new gleam in my eyes! ((Dawn of intelligence? -editor)) I was a fan! ((Beg pardon--we thought 'twas intelligence. -editor)) I rushed to my buddy's house and grabbing him by the heels, shook two-bits out of his pocket. Of course, he protested but I yelled that it was for fandom ((and Tucker)) and I sent it to U Tuck. ((Loyal reader! -editor)).

But I wander from the real purpose of this letter. I wish to comment on the current issue.

Cover: As I have already said, it is superb. 'LeZ Done-Took a Poll': is the best thing in the issue. Tucker's humor is unsurpassed and you can say that again. ((We blush prettily. -editor)). 'As The Wind Listeth': comes in second. Depts of the Interior: third. 'Travel Dept' is 4th with Walt Liebscher coming slightly ahead of Triple E. LeZ Letters and LeZ-ettes are in a class by themselves. Both provide many a chuckle. Walt, EEE and Jack-- Give these questionable gentlemen (?) a "Pluto" on the planetary rating.

(Tackett, continued:) Charles Nutt is a. Ack's phone call --- very phoney. E.H. Evans--meet you in Tokyo, chum. The puzzle-- Well, Bob, if I ever get a spare moment or two I'll try to figure it out.

I think that you should send LeZ to my home in Fountain, Colorado, as my address here is rather uncertain."

PVT. CARL D. MOTZ, (Atlantic City, N.J.) "Just received the fan chain letter and think it's a swell idea. I'm now a bugler (('But Who Wakes the Bugler?')) and my address is as follows: Flight E (Band), 988th Tech Sch. Sqd., Atlantic City, N.J."

PVT. STEPHEN J. TAKACS, (Ft. Bragg, N.C.) "Arrived home yesterday on ten day furlough and found latest two issues of LeZ, for which many thanks. Have read and enjoyed same. I intended sending in that postcard about occupations yesterday, but the card disappeared someplace so I'm using one of my own . Occupation: formerly Clerk.

I've been in the Army now for 13 months and have spent the first ten months at Fort Bragg, and the last three months at Camp Blanding, Florida. Since last week I'm back at Ft. Bragg. Regards." ((Full address follows: Btry E, 79th Field Art., Ft. Bragg, N.C.))

PVT. ROBERT MADLE, (Camp Lee, Va.) "Just a few lines to let you know where I am -- and ahem,-- to get a free sub to LeZ. A copy sure would hit the spot right now. I've only been away since last Tuesday ((letter dated August 5th)), and here at camp since Saturday. Naturally I'm very lonely for my two loves -- stf and my gal Sal. ((We heard her name was Laura. -editor)) I'm not used to this kind of work -- on the go from 5:45 in the morning til chow at 5:30 -- and sometimes we even have things to do at night. However , most of our evenings are free, but the latest we can stay up is 11:00; lights go out at 9:30.

There is a place to buy ---- here, only I suspect it's only about a usual power. We have some brand new films too." ((Full address follows: Q.M.C., Co. F, 7th Q.M.T.R., Camp Lee, Virginia.))

LEZ SEZ: We wish to point out a rather obvious thing about these 5 pages of letters-- most of them were personal letters to us , and not really LeZ fan mail at all. Also, each and every one of 'em are from fans in Service-- including Sis Rogers, some pages back.

It was our original intention to run an all-letter issue , such as we did almost two years ago. In December, 1940 -- remember???? But no luck. Because, you see, we wanted to use nothing but letters of fans in Service for that all-letter issue -- and we simply didn't have enough of them on hand to fill ten or twelve pages.

So we did the next best thing. Filled an over-long LeZ Letter column with what we did have. We hope youse approves. If you don't we suggest you cancel your subscription at once.

This issue (and all future issues) of LeZ go free gratis to all fans in the Armed Services of the United States, and some of those ditto in Britain. In return we ask only a letter or card of comment, a reply of some sort acknowledging receipt of the issue. (over):

Publication of Le Zombie is subject to termination without notice because of the activities of a group of good citizens known as Drafters.

MILTON ROTHMAN, (Aberdeen, Maryland): "Visited home last week and was able to glance at the July ish of LeZ and also at the Sept. FAPA mailing. LeZ still much hot stuff, altho FAPA much run down because of war. Milty's Mag much missed.

Nice of you to take such an interest in us boys in the service. I like your mag distribution plan better than John Cunningham's. I'm not so poor that I have to be treated like a charity subject by an organization. If a guy wants to send me a fanmag on his own hook, it will be welcomed, altho I can't guarantee when I'll find time to read it.

The past week, for instance, I have been completely cut off from civilization. ((Lucky you! -editor)) The Company went on bivouac, where we slept in pup tents, learned how to live in the field, had mock battles between Companies in the light of the full moon, etc. ((What color is an etc. under the polarized light of the moon? -editor)) Enjoyed it immensely--it was like a vacation--spent half the time on my belly crawling thru the grass. ((We get it: a snake in the--- -Ed.))

Next week complete my basic training. After that will come either technical school or officers school, depending on how they will classify me. Who knows, you may have another "Lt." to put on your list of service men. ((In a recent LeZ article you were a Sgt. But frankly, we'd prefer to see youse a Kernal. . . either of the Kentucky or English walnut variety. -editor))

By the time you reply (if ever) my address will probably have changed, but never mind that. Mail will be forwarded. ORTC means the: Ordnance Replacement Training Center. Hola! ((Meanwhile, our deepest apologies to Private Milty for forgetting to put the prefix "Pvt". before his name at the top of this page. -editor))

ST. SGT. VINCENT E. MANNING: (overseas) "Read your 'Gentlemen, The Queen!' in the Fall, 1942 Quarterly ((look Lowndes: the Quarterly at the South Pole! -editor)) and immediatly put on my gas mask. Do they actually pay you for stuff like that?"

*ye
answer
to the
"FAN-WORD"
puzzle,
last issue*

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