

# LE ZOMBIE







5¢  
a copy

# LE ZOMBIE

No.  
52

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cover by clyne

So here we go into the fifth year. With a couple of changes which are readily apparent. The above index is one; the dropping of the volum number is another. We've decided that volum numbers are a nuisance. It seems to us that the whole-number (52 in this case) will serve adequately.

Something happened this issue that hasn't happened to LeZ for a very long time. We had to yank an article, after it had been stencilled because it was "hot stuff". In the past, we have had to censor a paragraph or two by erasing it from the stencil; but in this case an entire half page offended --- causing us to cut a new stencil. It happened because we cut the article in January, and not until April did the party responsible say: "hey, you can't print that!" Curse him. We weep.

We see by the papers that that man Hershey has given us another lease on liberty -- this time until July 1st. So, we suppose, that will give us time for at least one more issue of LeZ. If your subscription is expiring, please do not send a large sum ..... you'll only lose it. A nickle or dime will cover the situation for as long as LeZ is apt to last. Sad, isn't it?

We'd like to know just how many fanzines there are left. The first of the year brought us half a dozen. The last couple of months has brought but one or two. Mayhap the next issue gives a postcard poll to editors, surveying the situation.

Meanwhile, pip pip.

Bob Tucker





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( 3 )

## ● OUR ANNUAL EYEBROW LIFTER DEPT to wit-

Every so often it happens. The great big outside world discovers science fiction and fandom. And then there is a great pothor and fuss in some magazine office or other, as that holiest of holies, The Editor, assigns his crack humorist to write-up this newly discovered insect for the intellectual trade --- whose previous closest approach to "science fiction stories" consisted of reading newspaper advertisements for Universal mummy mellerdrammers.

This time it happens to be that satiric bible of the big city, The New Yorker magazine ( Feb. 13, 1943 issue ), which somehow stumbled over a rock in the wilds of Queens and came up with a new specimen neatly pinned and catalogued. Their gal Angelica Gibbs who concocted the magnificent essay, manages to turn up some rare data. Undoubtedly the particular insect she found in the city's wilds had just emerged from an old Queens' League meeting. The information passed on to Angelica smells -- just plain smells -- of an ancient partisan odor reminiscent of the days when that Newark club called New Fandom was forging a noisy name for itself. (We suspect Angelica's story is itself tottering with age; some of her remarks, written as current events, date it back about two years.)

Brave Angelica first encounters that hoary Gernsback tome, "Ralph 124C41". She decides that Ralph's last name is simply lovely, but insists upon decoding it, to discover that it means "one to foresee for one." To this she mutters, "Gosh!" As do we, Angelica darling. We marvel at your deducing powers and murmur aloud, Gosh! But more: our metropolitan decoding expert wades further into the book to meet Ralph's heart-throb, Alice 212B423 (which, strangely enough, fails to be easily decoded); and a little later the villian of the opus, Fernand 60010. She suddenly finds herself knee-deep in quicksand, or, in her words, "keenly irritated" when her decoding abilities fail to function properly and she finds that "his (the villian's) name doesn't mean anything either." This forces Angelica to the conclusion that Gernsback "simply bit off more than he could chew when he made up the name Ralph 124C41."

The pot is calling the kettle black, Angelica.

We now move happily on to Angelica's financial report. She names six magazines with the assertion that they are the only six which pay one cent a word or more to their hard working authors. Confidentially, this is apt to prove bewildering news to some of us who have sold to some of these six and other magazines too. We suppose tho that the outraged editors concerned (and omitted) will go on the warpath for the salvation of our collective honour. (Aside: we suspect one of the six will feel mighty important indeed. In one fell swoop, Angelica has transformed him into a big shot, privileged to sup from the same goblet as his mightier contemporaries.)

Our discerning eye then discovered Angelica quoting a Writer's Digest statement that active fandom numbered "about three thousand" persons. This figure was undoubtedly arrived at by the same method the Republicans use at election time, to convince themselves that now, this time, they are really ousting that man in the White House.

Somewhat wistfully we find ourself wishing that horde actually existed; perhaps then our circulation figure would soar to undreamed - of heights by the addition of six or eight more readers.

To further amuse her jolly crowd of sophisticated readers, Angelica mentions in passing the advertisements that share the back of the magazines with the last few chapters of interplanetary epics. Were we her editor at this point we would deliver a stiff bracing for failing to deliver the goods: she quoted only two of those delicious advertisements, omitting mention entirely of those much funnier examples concerning false teeth, taxidermist courses, giant mushroom fortunes, billfold bargains, ju jitsu, pants to match your vest, artist lessons, gentlemen's corsets, asthma cures, fingerprinting and following operator 38, phoney diamonds, gas on the stomach, night-time crystals, bald head banishers, tarzans-in-ten-days, assorted whiskeys and gins, "educated" dice, hair tints, pile pills, G-man outfits, pasteboard telescopes, sex books, lonely heart clubs, anatomy charts, song poems, childless wives, sealed tomes, insurance rackets, photo formulas, vanishing pimples, 3¢ stamp gambles, radio jobs, snappy glassware, flashlight batteries, how to stop tobacco and liquor, vitamin E pills, popular dancing, railway mail jobs, men's specials, cartoon booklets, cheap rings, and even your tombstone by mail. Oh yes -- not forgetting that gentleman who actually and literally talks with God. He says.

For once Angelica disappointed us, in an otherwise howling yarn.

With a true nose for news and gold, the first magazines to come to Angelica's attention are Capt Future, TWS, and Amazing Stories. She quotes a few paragraphs from some of the better gems to be found within their pages, with the usual enthusiastic response of an outsider; and one realizes that science fiction has gained another convert. Somehow, we are reminded of the 1939 Time write-up at this point.

We feel obliged however to correct the good lady on one minor item. Despite her finding a space ship made of inertrum in some story, we beg to report that inertrum is not a metal but a breakfast cereal. When taken internally it sets up a terrific metabolism whorl, which in turn gives off a highly activated gaseous flow to the brain. The person who consumed the inertrum then finds himself able to send and receive messages via mental telepathy. This is found to be a wonderful gift when in space, because as you probably know there is a great lack of telephone and telegraph wires on the otherside of the heavyside layer.

As is to be expected of fandom, there will be those elements who'd object to parts or all of the article by Angelica. Particularly those frustrated chaps, the Futurians. Because, you see, the Futurians come in for no little mention -- especially in connection with a convention in New York in 1939. (Did we hear groans, gentlemen?) According to the insect mentioned in our second paragraph the Futurians were nasty nasty boys who got themselves ejected for their pains, and promptly wandered quietly down the street to their homes "presumably to return ..... to the latest issues of their favorite magazines."

Angelica dear girl, you're a card. In fandom you would be known as a "Pong". Any time you care to write for LeZ rest assured you will be welcomed with open arms and our tongue tucked securely in our cheek.

- Bob Tucker



# DIAPER DEPT

## Squire Pong on How To Raze Babys

(In this enlightened day and age when more and more fans are getting married to other fans (one each of each sex, that is), it is natural that in time they will have a problem on their hands that they've never had to contend with before; a problem utterly different than meeting a fanzine deadline or turning out a ticklish article: babies.

LeZ, ever on the alert for new ways to be of aid to fandom, gleefully joins that sterling Los Angeles fanzine, VOM, in presenting a new service to busy fan-fathers and mothers: How to raise your lil genius the true slan way. (See VOM for Nov. 1942.)

Our first advice is to allow the tiny tot to ripen day by day. Do not rush things by resorting to time-travelling devices in order to age the baby in a hurry. The outside world does not admit the existence of time-travellers you know. Non-fans are apt to look askance at a child several years older than its parents.

Toys naturally will be a vital factor in determining your child's future. They must be selected with care and foresight if your hopeful is to mature differently than the brats next door. Exercise Egbert's imagination even before he realizes he has one by building or buying small rocket ships, frightful monsters, fourth-dimensional cubes and blocks, rubber balls made to resemble planets, and the dime store ray gun.

Let us consider the tiny rocket ship for example. It should be a reasonable facsimile of the real thing, down to a hollow rocket tube, in which little Eustace can poke his finger. If he can't get it out again, this is lesson one. Also, in order to lend an appearance of reality and acquaint the little fellow with the true facts of the case, we suggest you stuff the tube with inflammable material ---- flashlight powder will do nicely. Then hand the darling genius a lighted match and sit back to see what happens. Chances are, the child will know all about rocketry before his classmates and never, never ask such foolish questions as: "But daddy, how can it push against the nothing in space?

Very naturally, a delicate problem arises when the kid learns to read. And unfortunately, the libraries have no books to guide the embarrassed parents at this point. Therefore LeZ offers a tried and true test. Place little Sedlitz on the floor and spread around him in a semi-circle, copies of the five following prozines in the order given: Captain Future, Astounding, Astonishing, Amazing Stories, and Unknown. (This is the familiar rat-in-the-maze scientific test, somewhat modified for our purpose.)

Ethelbert will gaze stupidly at all the covers for awhile, and then reach for one of the five. (The parent making the test must stand behind the child, ready to act.) Each time little Rollo reaches for either Captain Future or Amazing bang him over the skull with the nearest piece of furniture. This treatment is to be repeated until the wonder-child can recognize and choose good literature at a glance. It might help by rewarding him with a stick of candy each time he reaches for one of the remaining three -- the larger the candy should be if he happens to choose your favorite.

(concluded overpage)

Dispel the illusion now that storks bring babies. Teach little Egbert at the very beginning that Tweel is responsible. Some of Edgar Allan Poe's more bloodthirsty short stories make excellent bed-time tales for the little fellow. Train him in the art of penetrating disguises so that in later years he may recognize Jimball Kinnison wherever he may run across him. (You will do fankind a good deed if you see to it that your little genius is fastest on the draw.)

Never let an opportunity pass to teach Eustace something of the sciences he will find in future reading. A good beginning is to make him acquainted with the names of the planets and their outstanding features. For example, water his milk (Venus); sprinkle sand generously in his oatmeal (Mars); spank him often (Jupiter).

-BT

## MEMORY DEPT

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO:

The Decker Dillies, five fans who used to publish Pluto (the five-color fanzine) ?

NEW YORK NEWS DEPT: (culled from correspondence) Don Wollheim is with Ace Publications, editing 10 Detective Aces, 10 Story Sports and Ace Sports. There is no truth to the rumor that the newsstands will soon be flooded with Ace Science Fiction and Ten Science Fiction Ace Stories.

Doc Lowndes holds down that editing job at Columbia Pubs, and in addition to the science books, edits a flock of westerns, sports and gets.

Damon Knight now assistant editor at Popular, occupying the desk vacated by Dorothy Les Tina. Damn sees manuscripts first for the two Popular science fiction magazines.

Fred Fohl in the army. This just came in, and out-dates any other Fohl news elsewhere in this issue (April 15th). A few months ago Fred once again became editor of Super Science and an air-war magazine. Now the army snags him.

Bob Cohen working at Columbia Pubs. Walt Kubilius expects to land a job at Standard Pubs. Mario Racic inducted into the army. Ray Van Outen stationed in a Broadway hotel, working in the army postal squad. Lyman Tiger taking radio at a New Jersey army camp. Dick Wilson at an air field in Washington state. Les Tina now an officer-candidate at an Iowa WAAC camp.

LEE-BTTES

by Art Widner, jr.

chapter 1:  
Moon  
chapter 2:  
Meteor shower  
chapter 3:  
Swiss cheese

chapter 1:  
Rocket sub  
chapter 2:  
Kraken  
chapter 3:  
Hamburger

chapter 1:  
Koenig.  
chapter 2:  
Spacesuit  
chapter 3:  
Sssssss!



# FAMOUS FANTASY FEMMES DEPT

contest  
results

As you probably found, the name of one or two of the ladies listed last issue appeared in more than one story. "Clair" for instance. There is a Clair in both Wright's "Deluge" and Mitchell's "Three Go Back". Either could be used and counted as correct. Below is our list:

- 1 Marion: Thorne Smith's two "Topper" novels.
- 2 Kathleen: Van Vogt's "Slan!"
- 3 Harmony: Russell's "Sinister Barrier"
- 4 Clarissa: E.L. Smith's "Gray Lensman" series
- 5 Lur: Merritt's "Dwellers in the Mirage"
- 6 Granny: "Slan!"
- 7 Vanny: Weinbaum's "New Adam"
- 8 Pat Wayland: Williamson's "Fortress of Utopia"
- 9 Evalie: "Dwellers in the Mirage"
- 10 Morella: Edgar Allan Poe's short story of the same name
- 11 Dara: "Dwellers in the Mirage"
- 12 "Lady Vain": name of the ship in "Island of Dr Moreau"
- 13 Margaret: Weinbaum's "Dawn of Flame" and etc.
- 14 Clair: Mitchell's "Three Go Back"
- 15 Suarra: Merritt's "Snake Mother"
- 16 Miss Brinklow: Hilton's "Lost Horizon"
- 17 Lilla: Farley's "Radio Beasts" and etc.
- 18 Beatrice: England's "Darkness & Dawn" and etc.
- 19 Lylda: Cumming's "Girl in the Golden Atom" and etc.
- 20 Nala Zura: Burks' "Exodus" and "Survival"
- 21 Mathaswentha: de Camp's "Lest Darkness Fall"
- 22 Lakla: Merritt's "Moon Pool"
- 23 Nervina: Hall & Flint's "Blind Spot"
- 24 --- what was yours chum?

No stone was left unturned, no expense spared, to make this contest the greatest ever. A squad of auditors were hired and given orders to stand by, to await the deluge in entries that would soon start pouring in. A retired policeman was hired to watch the auditors. A street urchin was paid a dime to watch the copper.

It was even anticipated that there would be complaints by persons living in the far west, to the effect that subscribers near Bloomington (& all the middlewest) would get their copies first and thus stand a better chance of winning. To overcome this, mailings were scattered thru the week. Westcoast issues were mailed first. A day or two later, east-coast copies; and after that, the midwest.

So there we were--the huge staff of Le Zombie, eagerly awaiting the incoming flood of letters and postcards, our naive hearts palpitating. So what happened?

One month after the mailing date, four entries had been made.

We hereby declare "No Contest"; all prizes will be disposed of in other ways. In future contests (after mulling over ways and means to promote interest), we've decided to give a ten dollar bill to every entrant. We figure this will insure us receiving at least a round dozen entries.

Summary: wait, just wait, until the next yap opens his mouth, complaining that a few fans no longer read stf magazines! Are we going to take delight in jumping in and kicking his tonsils!



# THE LEZ WAR DEPT

Pfc Forrest Ackerman  
 Pvt Rod Allen  
 Cpl Martin Alger  
 Pvt Manse Brackney  
 Pvt Dean Boggs  
 Pfc Dan Burford  
 Cpl Doug Blakely  
 Lt Donn Brazier  
 Sgt Lynn Bridges  
 Pfc Bill Brudy  
 Pvt John Cunningham  
 Pvt John Chapman  
 AS Robert Camden  
 Pvt Ecco Connor  
 Pvt Alan Class  
 Lt Charles Chandler  
 AS E.F. De La Roi  
 Pvt Niel DeJack  
 Pvt Willard Dewey  
 Pvt Lee Eastman  
 Pvt Emrys Evans  
 ? E.E. Evans  
 Pvt Cyril Eggum  
 Pvt Larry Farsaci  
 Pvt Don Ford  
 Pvt Joe Fortier  
 Cpl Howard Funk  
 MM Joe Gilbert  
 Pvt Bill Groveman  
 Pvt Lou Goldsmith  
 ? Dale Hart  
 Pvt James Hevelin  
 Pvt Russell Hodgkins  
 Pvt Robert Hoffman  
 Pvt Ray Van Houten  
 Pvt Charles Kidley  
 AS Roy Hunt  
 Lt Ralph Hamilton  
 MM Harry Jenkins

## American fans a'feuding

Pvt Morrie Jenkenson  
 Sgt Joe Kennely  
 Sgt Nick Kenealy  
 Pvt Jerry Keeley  
 Pvt Erle Korshak  
 Lt Dave Kyle  
 Waac Dorothy Les Tina  
 AS Lew Martin  
 Pvt Robert Madle  
 Sgt Vincent Manning  
 Pvt Carl Motz  
 Pvt Jack Chapman Miske  
 AC2 John Millard (Canada)  
 Cpl Chris Mulrain  
 AS Ray Pauley  
 Pvt Maurice Paul  
 Pvt John Riggs  
 Cpl Milt Rothman  
 Sgt Clarence Roberts  
 Pvt Mark Reinsberg  
 Pvt Bob Studley  
 Pvt B.A. Seufert  
 Pvt Norm Salstrom  
 Pvt Paul Spencer  
 Lt Fred Shroyer  
 Sgt Bob Shinn  
 Wav- Dorothy Tomkins  
 Tommy Tomkins  
 Pvt James Tillman  
 Cpl Hyman Tiger  
 Pvt LeRoy Tackett  
 Pvt Steve Takacs  
 Y2c George Tullis  
 Pvt Gus Willmorth  
 Pvt Graph Waldeyer  
 Pvt Dan Wade  
 Pvt Everett Wyers  
 Pfc Dick Wilson

A truly imposing list. Seventy-seven of them. We're expecting at least two more momentarily: Fred Pohl and Harry Warner, junior. We might explain more fully some of the above abbreviations. Where we use the letters 'AS', the chap is a seaman, of some branch or grade unknown to us. 'MM' means Merchant Marine. Millard's 'AC2' is Air-craftsman, 2nd class, which is the way they do it in Canada. Altho Millard was an "American" fan, he was a Canadian subject, hence enlisted in the service of his own country.

The two women contribute the oddest note to this war. We are reminded of innumerable amazon stories. Will the females fight the next one, while we timid males (rapidly becoming the weaker sex) stay home and knit?

We aren't having much luck keeping up with all the fans .



## LEZ LETTERS

CORRESPONDENTS' CONCISE COMMENTS,  
CANNILY CULLED O'COURSE . . . .

Donna Belle Thompson:

"Durn it Bob, about half of those names struck no responsive chord in my alleged cerebrum at all. No point in me trying to win that contest. As a matter of fact, I doubt if I could think up the names of ten additional femme characters in stories, regardless of whether they are famous or not. Let's see; there is Dejah Thoris, of Mars; and Vanya, of---oops, that one was rejected too; and Brul and Gu-ra, in "eccentric orbit", only they wern't human; and, well, I guess that is all; and as a matter of fact, I had a hard time remembering the two monkeys."

Re the secret re ASF; I got it first in Campbell's own hnt in the March issue; next in FFF, and last in LeZ; but I'll believe you if you say you mimeod that page ahead of these other sources.

Clyne's pic is good. The multiplicity of detail probably detracts from it a little, from the standpoint of composition, but certainly adds to the reality of the scene. Probably no mountains in Tyrannasaurus Rex's bailiwick, tho." - Alexandria, La.

Bob Jones takes us down a peg:

"One sour note crept in--the one by Schmarje. I'm rather surprised at you, Tuck, or rather at the lack of taste you show in treating the affair as you have. Is seriously indulging in personalities your idea of good fanzine copy? I hope not. I am not acquainted with either of the parties involved but I really cannot see how fans could be serious about such issues as social and emotional maturity and stability regarding each other.

As for the "Ladies", I don't know none of 'em except Nervina, which is a headache remedy or something." - Columbus, Ohio

Jerk Jenkins (the Hairy):

"The beeg 50 page Annish of LeZ has come .... congrats Bob on a really swell job! The interior Clyne cover was exceptionally well done, as was the Les Tina coverpiece. Dammit, can think of but 13 of your fool 24 wimmen Mister Tucker, so I ain't gonna mess with your ole contest.

DeeBee, as ever, makes xqweeseet reading -- give 'im five pages of he can fillem up. Cut out around 20 pages of this guy Pong. I did not care for Cuthelbert Jones II's offering. Some people will put plugged pennies in the collection plate!

Gilbert ... aboard a tanker somewhere on high seas. Eastman's a paratrooper. Gilbert stubbornly insists that there will be another Southern Star, so refuses to return your column. Am definitely in the merchant marine." - Columbia, South Carolina

LeZ makes comment about this page:

To Donna Belle and others-- we were not referring to Astounding when speaking of our secret, last issue. It still hasn't happened, as this is written, but watch other pro mags. \* We suppose apologies are in order to Harry Schmarje. Some readers did like the Liebscher letter, some didn't. Most took the attitude that we shouldn't have printed it. \* The Annish did not have 50 pages ... only 45, including covers. Some copies going overseas didn't have that many; back pages of advertising were ripped out, and copies mailed first class because army postoffice authorities banned third class mail to soldiers.



Art Saha:

"I'd like to comment a bit on D.B. Thompson's article. First of all, I want to say that I agree heartily with him that we should stop fighting this war fictionally, especially science-fictionally. Of all the silly, asinine stf. I've read, the current crop of war stories (with, of course, a few notable exceptions) takes the cake. If it isn't a story of the war today, it's a story of this war moved into the future. What the hell's the matter with stf. writers? Have they lost their imaginations?

And I also agree that the authors should start devoting themselves to the type of world we're going to have after this war is history. As far as I can recall we've only had one story dealing with postwar problems (and that is a short), namely, de Camp's "Contraband Cow".

Next, to Thompson's comments on how to win the peace. I'm worried, frankly. Worried as to whether or not we're really going to win the peace. We --referring to the people--. DBT says study past attempts as "just peace". Swell! And you might also study why they've all failed. Why? Well, first of all, who makes the peace? Certainly not the people. It's always been the leaders of the countries, who, supposedly representing their people but really representing the monied interests .... indulged in power politics and made secret treaties. Witness the First World War. " - Hibbing, Minnesota

A gambler confesses: Pvt. Ecco Connor:

"Dalvan Cougar of Michigan was here a couple weeks ago, and together with Frank (Robinson) and Niel (De Jack) we went to see Liebscher in the hospital at Joliet. We really got around that weekend, and I in particular was feeling exceptionally good.

Cougar bought quite a bit of Niel's books and mags, that is most of what was left after I got thru. I won over \$100 in two crap games and got all of Niel's fanzines, most of his magazines, over half of his originals, and a few books. My hotel room is now piled to the rafters with stfjunk!

Please continue Warner's column, it's much better than DB Thompson's. It's the best issue ever!" - Chicago, Ill.

Charlie Horse Burbee:

"Have just perused that 48 page monster, LeZ #51. Hyper. Profit? Hardly any, what with a 44¢ postage charge, an envelope, 14 sheets of paper, 2 lithos, a huge number of stencils, some staples, ink, and \$7 worth of Tucker time.

What shocked me to the core was my letter. This is the 1st mention of my existence in any fanmag. It is right up there with all other famous firsts. LeZ has done itself an honor." - Los Angeles

LeZ comments on Burbee:

Profit? Bah ha. The Anniversary issue cost LeZ just over twenty dollars. Luckily the stencils were donated or it would have been more. To offset this, perhaps two dollars in subscription monies were checked off. Admittedly, the free copies to fans in service is our biggest obstacle. At the present time, we're mulling over ways to surmount this. Perhaps we may have to send free copies only to those service fans who subscribed before they entered service --- that's the way we work it with English readers. Others swap fanzines or prozines. Canadian fans likewise pay-or swap. It could be tho, that the problem will be solved for us before long.



Al Ashley:

"Just received the Ann Ish of LeZ a couple of months ago. The front cover was amazing. Never saw a skeleton look so much like U. Les Tina really has talent. She can peer thru the outer veneer & see the grisly horror that lies beneath. No wonder she joined the WAAC's. I think I would too, if they'd let me. Just think, WAAC's to the rite of you, WAAC's to the left of you . . . how I digress.

Fanzine Yearbook duly appreciated. Was rather startled to find Nova listed as an annual. You cur, sir. On second thought, you were technically correct --- but must you rub it in?

Interior cover very good, but the scene portrayed is very cruel. What kind of a person is this Clyne to draw pics of fierce, savage men attacking a helpless, harmless carrion-eater like Tyranosaurus Rex?"  
- Battle Creek, Mich.

#### SUMMATION:

Our mail jumped 300% after the Anniversary issue made its appearance. More people commented upon it than have ever commented on an issue before. It would be almost impossible to rate the contents in orderly fashion. It seems as if everything in the issue except two certain items captured first place, and each of those two items hold last place.

Disliked, were the Schmarje-Liebscher letters (and my permitting them to be printed) and the Cuthelbert Jones humor (?) column. Disliked as a whole, that is. Some scattered returns were favorable, but the majority turned thumbs down. Accordingly, we have apologized to Schmarje, and issued Liebscher an invitation to go jump in the lake and not come out again. To atone for our own part in the sin, we have gone without our candy for three days in succession. We weep.

There remains naught to do but echo the sentiment expressed in letters and reviews, and dub the Anniversary issue as the very best in LeZ' four years of life. We glee.

#### JOIN THE SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB!

Four hundred thousand members now participate in this great club! Why haven't we got your five dollars? Aren't you too, eager to receive each month the nicely mimeographed, sturdily bound fanzine of the month? Many of them come with covers; occasionally the printing is heavy enough to be read; sometimes they have pictures!

No obligation to take every selection. You need buy only a minimum of five fanzines per year, at a dollar a copy. These fanzines will be superior to anything else on the market selling for ten times as much! The judges select the best fanzine every month and send out copies to four hundred thousand satisfied club members! Why not join?

Clip a five dollar bill to this announcement, and state which month your subscription is to begin. As a bonus for joining we will give U absolutely free a copy of a fanzine that was ambitiously announced in the past but never appeared. These never-appeared fanzines can be had by no one but new members joining the Fanzine-of-the-Month Club!

## OUR OWN GALLUP DEPT

Fans are People -or-  
The Poll Cat's Lament

- art widner, jr -

The reason you haven't heard how the Poll Cat fan-psychometric research came out (to confirm your no doubt accurate guesses) is that it was a flop.

Not so much from lack of co-operation (40-odd replies were received, which is a pretty fair cross-section) but from my own ignorance and unpreparedness in tackling the subject.

On the other hand, it did accomplish its basic purpose; that of discovering possible trends for more detailed investigation into the popular theory that fans are slans. However, the data cannot be accepted as scientific evidence for anything, since much of it was sketchy and incomplete. There are four leads which I may follow up at a later date (especially after I get some reliable figures for control purposes, which I have so far neglected): 1. Tallness. Fans average 5' 10" in height (including several juveniles who are still growing) as contrasted with 5' 9" for the average draftee! 2. Big feet. Again, considering several juveniles, 8½ seems bigger than avg, altho I have no control figures. Will interview a shoe store clerk one of these days.

3. Big heads. I'd be willing to swear that 7½ was definitely above avg head size. Quite a few fans are rugged boys who never wear a hat, and consequently supplied no data. 4. Here is the most exciting lead, and yet the most unreliable, because of the incompleteness of the data, as a result of a lackadaisical attitude in answering. To wit: Longevity. As accurately as I could determine, the avg fan's life expectancy (avg age of grandparents) is around ten years longer than normal. 73, against 60-63 for people. One fan had three g-ps over 90 and the other over 100! Another had two over 90 who were killed by accident! Mine avg 84 with one disappeared (vitons, no doubt) and one still living and pushing up the avg every minute.

As might be expected, 71% of fans wear glasses. This is no doubt the price of precocious book-reading as children, altho it mite be one of the undesirable features you usually get in a sport, or mutant. White cats with blue eyes are usually deaf.

The research had its amusing side also. Julie Unger--(I reveal this in reprisal for publishing the forbidden pic) measured his leg from the waistline down no doubt, and reported a shrimp of 66" with a leg-length of 42" !

Then we have the racial mixture of the avg fan: 35% English, 20% German, 15% Scotch-Irish, 13% French, 8% Jewish, and 8% Amer-Indian!

The Atlantean reports a truly phenomenal hat-size of 7 & 3/4 ! He says this is mostly bone, and relates how he quit playing football after breaking a guy's collar bone by butting him. I have had opportunity to check this, and there is little exaggeration, if any ..... One fan reported a size 8, but I discarded this as an obvious error.

Well, kiddies, even tho there is no direct evidence that fans are slans -- cheer up. You may be Methuselah's Children!

(over)



And now as to this new poll. Please write your answers on the enclosed postal and mail as soon as possible! This is important, as I am living a civilian life on borrowed time, and I must clean this poll up in a very short time for it to be a success. Thank you.

Here is what I want:

How many brothers and sisters have you ?  
If you know it, or can find out with little bother, what type of blood have you? Suggestion: go to your nearest Red Cross blood bank & slip 'em a pint. They'll give you the info and you'll be helping a good cause in the bargain.

In order of preference (loop) list your five favorite pro-authors who have written for periodicals only, or whose books first appeared in periodicals.

loop list your five favorite authors whose chief fame lies outside the periodicals.

loop list your five favorite stf stories of all time.

fantasy

the " fans you think deserve to be known as #1, #2, etc. who were active in 1942 or later.

loop list your five favorite fanzines published in 1942 or later.

And that's about all you can cram onto a postcard, because I just tried it. C'mon now, let's see those votes roll in!

awir

Note: all readers except those residing outside the country will find self-addressed post card included with this issue. Please return 'em promptly. (This dept was not listed on the contents page because it arrived long after the rest of the issue was printed. Sad, isn't it ?

- Editor

OBSERVATION DEPT: H.L. Mencken maintains in his newest book that oboe players **R** insane. We do not wish to point, of course, so shall merely refrain from turning our eyes towards Hagerstown.

TRAVEL DEPT: Al and Abby Lu Ashley, Earl Perry and wife, and mayhap J. Wiedenbeck of Battle Creek, are due in Chicago the last week in April. Liebscher. Short Frankie Robinson and crew play host.

WHISPER LEPT: Plans are being mulled in certain quarters for a new fan news paper. Discontent arises over fact that FFF is haphazard and often late, and that MFS Bulletin hasn't been seen for weeks and weeks. Plan calls for a revolutionary (to U.S.) type of dissemination.

REPETITION DEPT: As usual, publication of LeZ is subject to termination without notice, for obvious reasons.

GIMMIE GIMMIE DEPT: A notification in the space to the right of this paragraph means that your subscription has done bit the dust. BT

BT