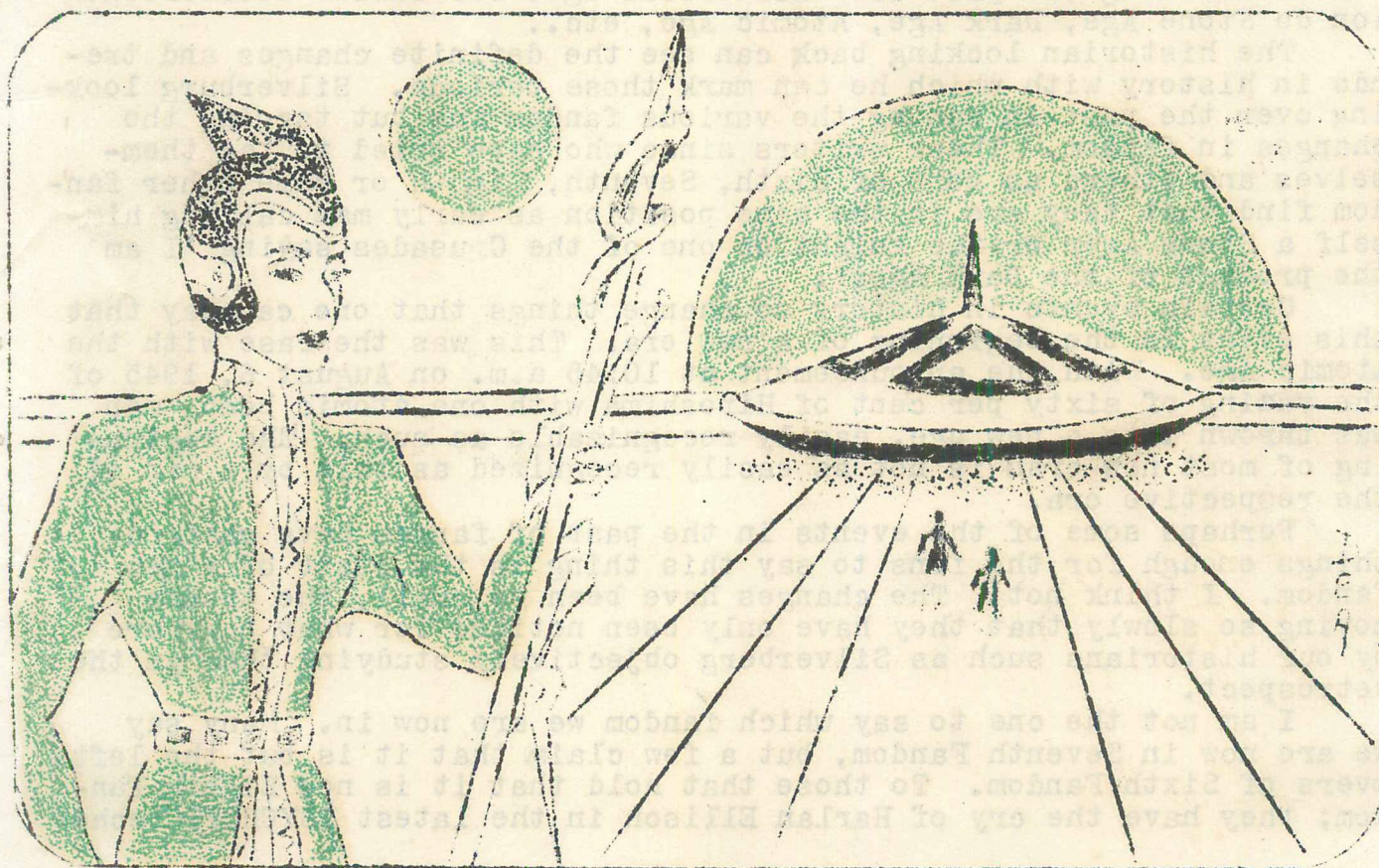


6

# NITE CRY

## AUG 1954





# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

When Silverberg came out with his article on fandom, he set off an explosion heard 'round the world. Or at least around the world of fandom. Now Silverberg was more or less taking the position of a historian dividing the past into historical ages for easier identification as Stone Age, Dark Age, Atomic Age, etc..

The historian looking back can see the definite changes and trends in history with which he can mark these periods. Silverburg looking over the past in naming the various fandom was but tagging the changes in fandom. These writers since who have tried to tag themselves and others as part of Sixth, Seventh, Eighth or some other fandom find that they are in the same position as early man calling himself a Stone Ager or the knight on one of the Crusades saying 'I am the product of the Dark Ages'.

Certain events in history so change things that one can say that this event is the beginning of a new era. This was the case with the Atomic Age. With the announcement at 10:45 a.m. on August 6, 1945 of the razing of sixty per cent of Hiroshima with one atomic bomb, man was thrown into a new age, easily recognizable as such. The beginning of most new eras is not as easily recognized as this by a man of the respective era.

Perhaps some of the events in the past of fandom have changed things enough for the fans to say this thing is the start of a new fandom. I think not. The changes have been so small, the trends moving so slowly that they have only been noticed for what they are by our historians such as Silverberg objectively studying them in the retrospect.

I am not the one to say which fandom we are now in. Many say we are now in Seventh Fandom, but a few claim that it is but the leftovers of Sixth Fandom. To those that hold that it is now Eighth Fandom; they have the cry of Harlan Ellison in the latest PSYCHOTIC echo-

Continued on page 2

DON CHAPPELL  
editor  
publisher

EVELYN  
art editor  
co-publisher

Vol. 1 No. 6

August 1954

## CONTENTS

### FICTION

The Half Shadow	E. R. Kirk	3
Dine With Me	Phil Davis	14
Unto Dust I Descend	Jann Hickey	25

### ARTICLES

Caterwauls to A Full Moon	John Hitchcock	9
Help the Blind	Warren Dunn	11

### FEATURES

Editorially Speaking	Inside Cover	
Smoke Signals	Daniel MaPhail	115
Cartoon by Hammer	John Hammer	16
The Fanzine Trail	Raleigh E. Multog	19
Fandomania	Ron Ellick	23
Ebb Tide	Letter Column	29

### ART

Front Cover		Back cover
DEA	Interiors	DEA

Bob L. Stewart - DEA - Dick Pope - Terry Carr - EVELYN - John Hammer

**NITE CRY** is the Official Publication of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Published bi-monthly at 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Donations will be accepted to offset cost of publication. 10¢ an issue. Ads. 50¢ page. Deadline for November issue October 14.







# THE HALF SHADOW

by E. R. Kirk

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE THAT THE HIDEOUS CREATURE COULD  
BE THE CELEBRATED BACILLIUS WARFARE TECHNICIAN  
-- OR WAS IT??

---

R. X. Banting, M. D., toiled his car along a deserted country road returning from a confinement case. Labor and delivery had been safe and successful and the mother and child left resting comfortably. Nature always has the final say-so with the welfare of man, Dr. Banting thought.

This final prognosis of life, he decided, was not original with him but probably only a surface reaction of the subconscious which brought to mind the well-known fact that: Future events cast their shadows before.

Had he realized how soon this last conjecture was to effect him, he would have been more prepared for what was about to happen.

The Autumn night bore a full and blazing moon, casting weird and fantastic shadows along the rutted roadside. Vision was extremely good for ten in the evening, almost like day, except when an occasional cloud passed by.

Suddenly the car's motor started to misfire. Dr. Banting pulled the car out of the rutted road, up near a farmer's mail-box, just as the motor conked out. His diagnostic mind took in the situation at a glance. Five miles from nowhere and not a soul in sight.

He got out, went around to the front bumper, and lifted the hood. This was a mere formality. He did not know a crankshaft from a piston rod. He put the hood back down. When an organ of the human body failed to function properly, he knew about that, but when a gasoline motor failed; no diagnosis. He was stranded.

Dr. Banting turned and then stopped cold in his tracks. A gaunt, tall figure was draped against the nearby mail-box.

The full moon above projected the stranger's shadow against the side of the car but intermittent clouds, snapping on and off like an electric neon sign, caused the silhouette to appear thin and ghostlike. Because of the distance between the mail-box and the car only the upper part of the shadow was reflected. It was like watching a landscape during the split-second flash of lightning on a dark and stormy night, blinking on and off....on and off, on then off.

Then the doctor looked toward the stranger whose eyes beamed two tiny shafts of light straight back to him, like a pair of miniature flashlights snapping on and off...on and off, on then off. Realistic fact, not fancy, the doctor thought.

"You will please pardon my intrusion?" whispered the tall, gaunt stranger. "I was the one who stopped your car. I thought that you were going to pass me by, not knowing exactly where I lived."

"But --my car!" interrupted the doctor. "It refuses to function. You do have a 'phone, --of course?"

"That, my good doctor, will not be necessary. Your car will run after you have given me proper medical care. Follow me!"

This demand astonished the doctor. Something was wrong with the



entire picture. He looked overhead then down the long lan toward a desolate, weather-beaten house standing beneath the moonlit shadows of tall oak trees. He tried desperately to get the puzzle pieced together. Then he had it: no 'phone wires...diagnosis, Monamania...treatment, neoropsychiatric....

"Come, come, my good man!" the stranger's voice was low and like a hollow echo. "Snap out of it. I need your help."

Dr. Banting was no coward, few doctors are. He accepted the challenge like he would an emergency call. Quickly, he went to the car door, opened it and got his medical kit from behind the front seat. Then he turned and followed the shadowy figure down the moonlit lane.

The moon, the doctor noticed, was changing from a bright ball of orange to a deep, blood-red. Again, fleeting clouds obscured the bottom half, casting fantastic shadows over the ground.

"Look!" the weird figure turned and pointed toward his shadow. "You see, the bottom half of me does not show. I have only a half-shadow."

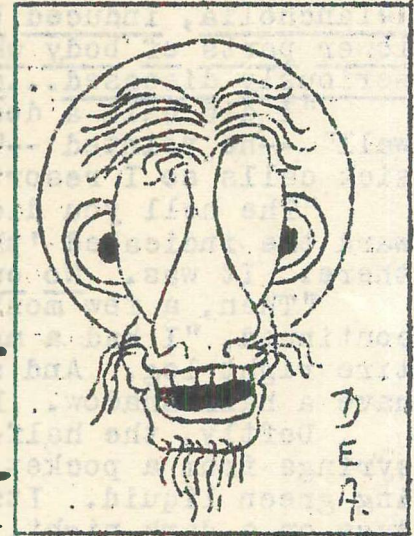
"But," Dr. Banting objected. "I see nothing at all abnormal about your shadow." Diagnosis: now acute dementia...treatment, asylum.. He hesitated.

"Ah, it does fascinate you, doesn't it? Now, my good man, snap out of it. Follow me into the house and I will give you my complete case history."

The grotesque stranger now seemed exhausted. He limped wearily into the house followed by the doctor. They passed down a long, dark hallway and at the end of it a door opened into a pitch dark room. They went inside. The stranger turned on a battery searchlight. They pulled up two chairs before a vacant table.

"My name," said the stranger pushing the searchlight towards the middle of the table, "is Jim --James Dunn."

"I see," Dr. Banting nodded, scribbling the name down on the back of a prescription blank.





"I have no known relatives."

No next of kin, the doctor added to his notes. Then he said, "Your case history, please."

"This strange malady started about five years ago," Jim Dunn repeated in a monotone. "First, I noticed an acute soreness of my right foot. That was caused, I think, by dropping a chunk of wood on it. Then, one night, I happened to notice that my shadow had no right foot. Following this strange incident, my lower right leg began to pain from the knee on down. A few nights later, I again happened to observe my shadow while bringing in cordwood for the fireplace. My shadow was following me --without a lower right leg. It was then that I began to be afraid. It was ghastly, unbelievable, like some horrible spectre of death cutting off my lower extremities...."

"You should have called a doctor," Dr. Banting remarked, dryly. Melancholia, induced by hypochondria... patient concentrates mind on lower parts of body which he believes, without foundation of fact, is seriously diseased...missing...

"I did call a doctor over that old-fashioned telephone on the wall" --he pointed --"but whomever I called, at the time, was out on sick calls so I resorted to home remedy --turpentine compresses."

"The hell you did!" Dr. Banting said. He turned his head toward the indicated 'phone on the wall just to be sure that it was there. It was. No outside wires, he thought.

"Then, a few months after that painful occurrence," Jim Dunn continued, "I had a more shocking experience --my shadow lost its entire right leg. And so it went, from time to time, until now....I have a half-shadow. Look --look on the wall...."

Deftly, the half-shadow removed a small vial and a hypodermic syringe from a pocket. He filled it with a mysterious creeping, crawling green liquid. Its phosphorescent glow was like blinking lightning bugs on a dark night.

Lethal, Dr. Banting thought. The half-shadow was slowly approaching with a weaving motion, like a deadly snake ready to strike. Those hypnotic eyes beaming two tiny shafts of light straight into the doctor's face.

The gleam of the hypodermic needle brought back past memories in-



to Dr. Bantings mind, forgotten now for five years. Newspaper flash.. famous surgeon disappears...celebrated bacillus expert...skilled bacteria warfare technician...

The half-shadow was now about to lunge, his hypnotic snake-eyes burning into those of Dr. Banting's.

Dr. Banting leaned forward on his toes, fainted with his left, then let go a terrific right to the chin.

The half-shadow hit the floor --out like a light. The hypodermic syringe lay shattered on the floor, its contents glowing, creeping and crawling in every direction. Secret Germ-laden formula, Dr. Banting thought. It's deadly virus eats the human body from the feet up.

Dr. Banting dragged the half-shadow to a chair and propped him up against the table. The tiny snake-eyes fluttered as faint words came from the twisted mouth. "Laboratory in basement, Doctor." His breath came in short wheezes.

"Feel better?" Dr. Banting asked.

The half-shadow filled his lungs with great gulps of fresh air. "Listen closely. I have a safe-deposit box at the bank. Take the brochure, which you will find inside the box, to the War Department. It is titled, "Bacteria Warfare Maneuvers and Strategy."

"Take your right shoe off, Dr. Dunn, and let me examine your foot."

Meekly, like a child obeying its parent, Jim Dunn removed the shoe and sock exposing a badly diseased foot.

Dr. Banting shook his head. "It is imperative that we amputate your foot at once...."

"That will not be necessary, my good doctor," the famous bacteriologist said. He reeled to his feet and then dropped to the floor--dead.

The phone jangled on the wall but Dr. Banting paid no heed of it. Although the corpse of Jim Dunn lay prone upon the floor, Dr. Banting could have sworn that a shadow gently arose, complete with legs and feet, and walked silently out the door.

As the searchlight on the table slowly dimmed its weakened power Dr. Banting brought his gaze upon the legless torse of Jim Dunn.

The bottom half of his body was gone.

Then the last rays cast their vanishing beam upon a blank wall where before only a half-shadow had been.

THE END

## FANTASY

### DO YOU ENJOY FANTASY?

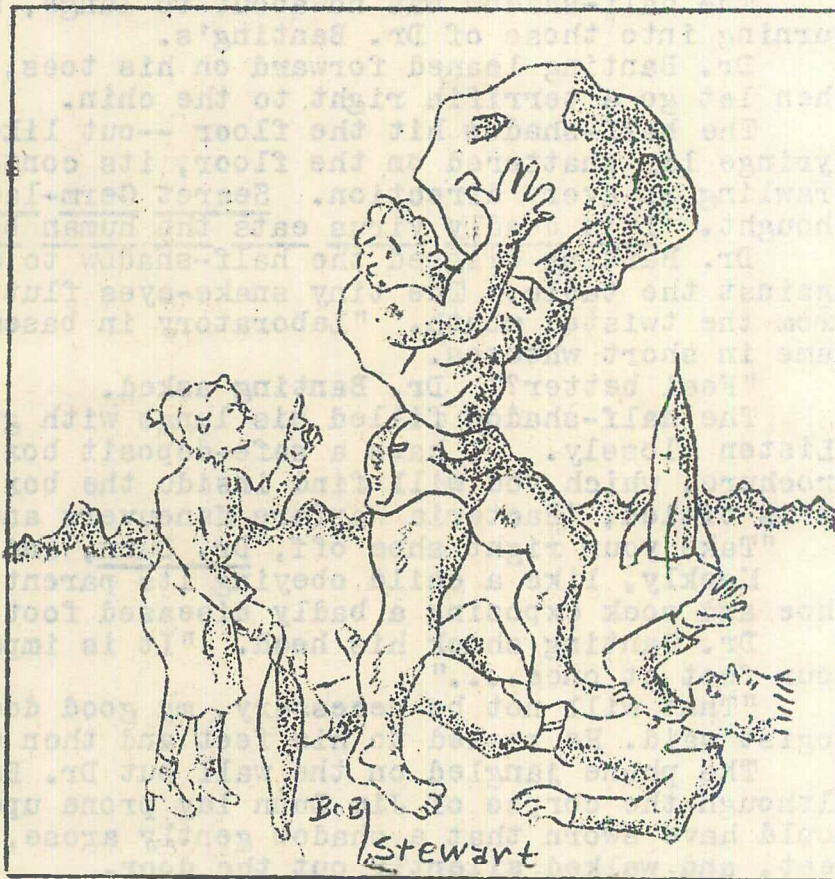
If you are one of those that enjoys good fantasy, then send for a copy of Elmer R. Kirk's new book **FOUR DAYS WITH THE DEAD**.

This first edition book is library size (5½ x 8½) with illustrations. A real addition to a collection of weird fantastic stories or just good reading for those who are looking for something different.

Send for your copy of **FOUR DAYS WITH THE DEAD AND OTHER WEIRD FANTASTIC TALES** today. One dollar postpaid.

ELMER R. KIRK  
P. O. BOX 462 NC  
BUFFALO, MISSOURI

This is NOT a paid adv.



## OKLA CON

September 4th. Biltmore Hotel  
Oklahoma City, Okla.



# CATERWAULS TO



# A FULL MOON

by John Hitchcock

**HOW TO TYPO: (excuse me, I made one.) HOW TO TYPE: by the King of all Typographical Errors, the Almighty Seaghan O Hitchcock. (Fall prostrate, all ye mortals.)**

It is acutely desirable for fen to know how to type. Less misunderstandings arise that way. Perhaps having all fen type would remove personality from letters, they say. Because, they continue, damnit, a fan's handwriting reflects himself; and an experienced person can readily analyze the handwriting. Thus that person would have insight into his correspondent, and would further mutual understanding. I agree most voluminously; in fact, I am one of those experienced persons, altho the trick of the trade are so far in the back of my conical type head that they are absolutely harmless to he who wishes to pull his wool over my eyes, or she who wishes to pull my eyes over her wool.

But wait! There is another solution to this most Perplexing of Problems. Through an intensive survey, I have found that one can determine the personality of another by observing that person's typos. Therefore, I will now conduct you out of my course, at the incredibly small fee of a thin dime. This I can do because I don't let Chappell have any of the money. We must take these perplexing typos as they are made. I have devised a systematic arrangement.

~~When-the-key-misstruck-is-struck-with-the-correct-finger-and-on-the-correct-row-~~, but-with-the-wrong-hand-type-typos: This is very important. The fan who makes the typo with his left hand only is a sinister character; he should be dealt with carefully if you value your highly questionable life. This fan is also inclined to be materialis-



tic, deeply immersed in the more material side of "life" and the natural intrigues following it. The fan who makes it with the right hand only is more of a mystic; his head is always in the clouds, and he is a very poor listener. He is apt to be very superstitious or religious (it is a fact that the two are related; if only by juxtaposition) and is always trying to benefit mankind his own way. The fan who makes them in equal ratio with both hands is on the happy medium, and you can readily detect the various shades of the fannish character by the proportion of one kind to the other.

When the keys are reserved--that is, spelling that, taht or htat--it indicates that the fan involved is either high-minded or low-minded. This depends on which letter comes first in these sets--the one struck by the right hand or that by the left hand, respectively. A fan who makes them indiscriminately can delve into the sordid depths of the obscene without losing contact with the more aesthetic qualities of life; he is equally at home with Rike and Multog. Especially if he is Rike or Multog.

When a letter is left out, it means that the fan is often negligent, and will drop a matter entirely, skimming the top. He is the type that forgets to correspond. When a letter is added, it means the exact opposite; the fan will put off what he has to do. He is the type that answers your September 26th letter on the 30th of November. The fan who makes these indiscriminately indicates that he needs further study. It is best, for practical purposes, to neglect this sign whenever it appears, because that letter that is omitted or added indicates what the fan forgets or puts off.

These are but samples of my excellent course, which will continue in future issues of this fanzine, unless Chappell gets ornery. By the way, it is a coincidence, but according to my analysis chart, I have a exceptionally good character. Remember that whenever I give you advice.....I was going to tell you how to make matches (the kind that light up--no, not cocktail elopements) but, since I have only three hours left to write Chappell a story and air mail it to his hovel, I shall have to leave you all. Codladhahd gomaith.

TTTTTHHHHHAAATTTTSSSS AAAALLLL FFFFFO0000LLKKKKSSS



# HELP THE BLIND

by Warren Dunn

When you looked at the name under the title of this article, you probably thought to yourself- "Now who in the heck is this guy, Dunn, never heard of him before."

The name Warren Dunn probably doesn't mean a lot to some of you, and probably doesn't mean a damn thing to most of you. To explain this is simple. -I'm a nobody. To define nobody in fandom terms means this-I am not an active fan. Or at least not an active one according to fandom's standards today. In order to be an active fan you must do the following things: (1) write to each new fanzine that makes it's appearance telling the editor what a terrible job he did on it. (2) point out the bad things to him, and (3) offer to give your almighty help to this poor fellow..

Now I don't disapprove of all this, I just don't engage in it. I don't write many letters to faneds telling them what is wrong with their zines. When I do write, I usually tell them what a grand job they are doing and what I would like to see in the way of changes, additions and perhaps I send him some suggestion to take or leave as he pleases. (Perhaps this doesn't apply to you older fans, but as I said before, I am only a babe in the woods.)

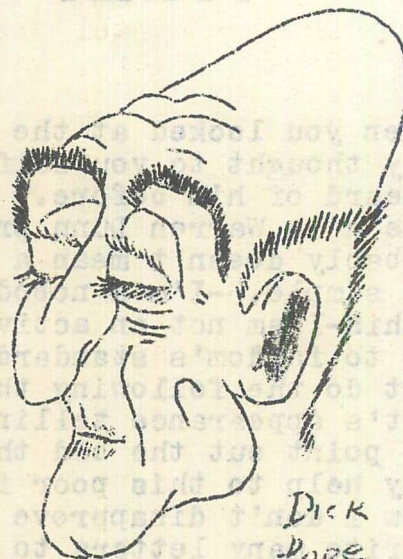
I am just one of those "Two million science-fiction fans in this country", as LIFE mag once said. I am entitled to my opinions just as much as anyone else, and I enjoy listening to other's opinions. I enjoy reading Science-Fiction-I LIKE it. BUT I don't believe any one person is big enough to change it.

Getting back to the blistering letters to faneds, I picked up a recent copy of PSYCHOTIC in which one Harry Calnek wrote an article asking- WHY NOT BLAST THE CRUDZINE? Even the title left me confused, what is a crudzine? (I'm not really that slow, but it sums up my feeling.) I thought to myself, "Just who does this guy think he is-Hugo Gernsback?" "If anyone told me he didn't think my zine was any good,

I'll tell him to stick it...."....Ah, but that was before I read the article. After finishing his little work of art, I found myself in a small crisis,- I agreed with him. (Oh, my aching head) I can now see their point. But I still don't have to agree with their (the active fans) method.

That was when I wrote to Sam Johnson, my first buddy in fandom, the one guy I could weep my sorrows out to. Amid this disgusting display, I told him his zine was the best, etc., etc. That's when I received my first slap across the face in fandom. Sam wrote back telling me he wished I would stop calling his zine, which is by the way SFANZINE and I still say that it is good, the best, etc., etc. Oh! did this slap hurt. Ohhh well, such is life. (Srug of shoulders) So much for that subject, let us move to the various stages of fandom we are now in.

The discussion of what fandom we are in leaves me in the dark. Ever since I picked up that fateful copy of PSYCHOTIC and looked at the cover (the number 11 issue) which showed a couple of grotesque characters adorning it, and they were arguing over which fandom we are in, the 7th or the 8th. The most I could get out of that cover was just that, two freaks arguing over which fandom we are in. Well, I skipped over that for the time being, decided not to worry what was on the outside of the zine, but whether, what was inside. I turned to the letter section, my favorite, and began reading. POW, another slap across the face. Right there in front of my eyes was a letter in





which the author of it (the letter), gave his views on which fandom we were in. I hastily turned away from that letter and to one that was written by Bob Tucker, a name most fans will recognize, and in it, he stated that there never had been a 7th fandom, it was a hoax, and nothing more than the 6<sup>th</sup> fandom. GOOD GOSH, I thought, am I not going to be able to escape this 6, 7 and 8th fandom deal? What is it anyway? Can anybody tell me? Please do so! I had always thought the fandom we were, and are, in is called Science-Fiction. Right or wrong? (Don't go get the eyewash just yet, stick with me a while longer.) Like I said, I happen to LIKE SF., but anymore every fan is so busy publishing zines and starting clubs, besides writing letters, that they no longer have time to read their favorite literature. This is where I shake my head and draw the line. Be a SF fan and not read it, UH-Uh! It's impossible. Well, now that's off my chest, I'll swing to an editorial I saw in A LA SPACE, a very fine Oklahoma zine, (and I say that with pride, pardner) dealing with that age-old argument-Science Fiction and the Masses. It was written by John Mangus, a capable fellow to my knowledge. In his editorial he wrote, and I quote,

"it is simple as this, if everyone is to read SF, SF must appeal to everyone. And through its weird, fantastic and highly technical connotations, it will only appeal to one class of people. If we want SF to appeal to the masses, it must be '..

For the people., by the people, and of the people."

That's all very good and everything, but are YOU sure you want Science-Fiction to appeal to the masses. Masses can do terrible things to SF, if it wanted to, SF being what it is. There is an old saying-If you try to please all the people, you wind up pleasing none. This would be true of SF. I think that you will have to agree with me to a certain extent. But that is neither here nor there in my plight. My plight is this: I do not understand Science-Fiction, or Fandom, and most of all, I don't understand SF. readers. Are some of you in the same plight? Stop and think a moment!

Well, I'm through. So long.

FINIS

-13-

# DINE WITH ME

by Phil Davis

Mr. Splurp, a well known gourmet from Vega, implores Mr. Flirth, also from Vega, to join him in a meal composed of food from a solar system famous for its culinary delights.

The mushrooms of Venus are 90 feet tall,  
Their flavor is simply devine.  
I'm having one served up for dinner tonite,  
I beg you, stay with me and dine.

The oceans of Saturn hold 3 headed fish,  
Whose eggs are a marvelous white.  
The caviar made from these wonderous eggs  
Will make you applaud with delight.

I'm having a toad from the mountains of Mars  
And I'll give you the tenderest part.  
If only you'll stay for my meal tonite  
I'll fry you its lungs and its heart.

I'll bake you a swamp worm from Neptune's third moon  
Or a giant Mercurian Flea;  
I'll make you a salad of Jovian peas  
If only you'll dine with me.

But the best treat of all will be our dessert.  
(And I know you'll stay now my dear Flirth.)  
For I'm having served up on a platter of gold  
The head of a biped from Earth.





FROM OKLAHOMA'S SCIENCE FICTION PAST

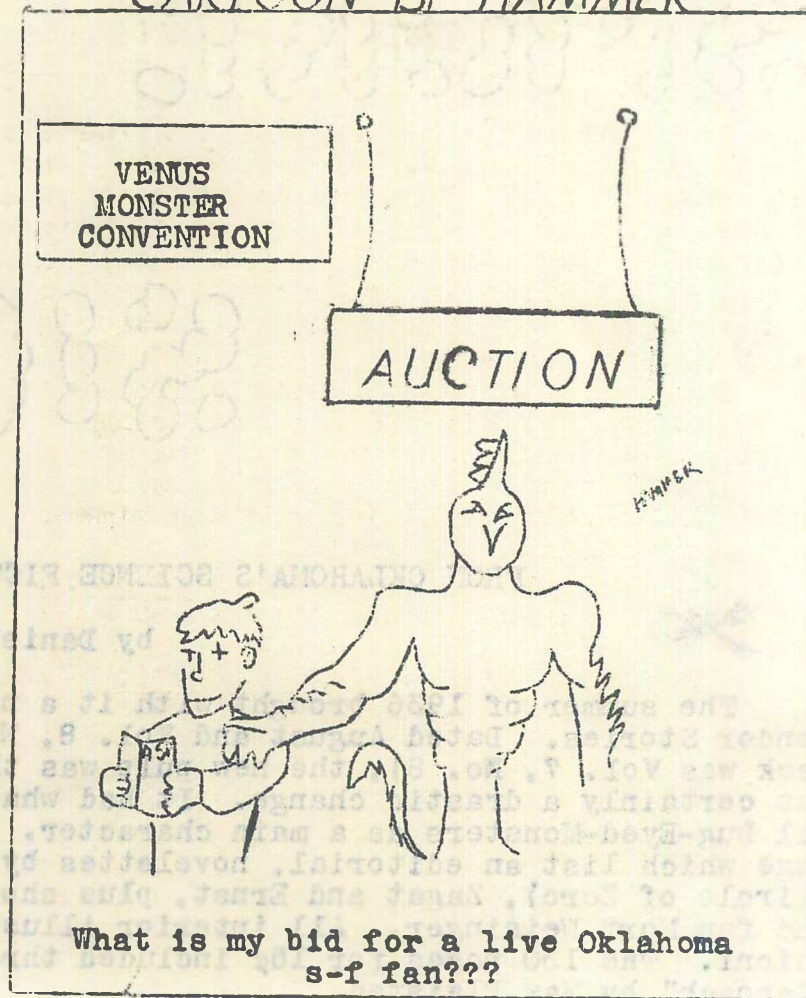
by Daniel McPhail

The summer of 1936 brought with it a new magazine: **Thrilling Wonder Stories**. Dated August and Vol. 8, No. 1 (the last WS by Gernsback was Vol. 7, No. 8), the new pulp was the same size, but the cover was certainly a drastic change. It had what must be the granddaddy of all Bug-Eyed-Monsters as a main character. Same makeup on the contents page which list an editorial, novelettes by Cummings, Binder, Weinbaum (Circle of Zero), Zagat and Ernst, plus shorts by A. Merritt, Kline and fan Mort Weisinger. All interior illustrations were by Miss Marchioni. The 130 pages for 15¢ included three of a cartoon titled "Zarnach" by Max Plaisted.

Astounding for July had a dramatic rocket cover by Brown (he almost duplicated it on an inside illo for "Pacificea" by Schachner!!). At that time I noted that stories by Don Stewart and R. R. Winterbotham were "very good". Some fine art by Dold, Wesso, Saaty and Scheenan. August issue had a fiar Brown cover, concluded Williamson's "Cometeers" and began "Incredible Invasion" by Murray Leinster. Very good stories were "Return of the Murians" by Schachner and "Proteus: Island" by Weinbaum. The illustrations by Wesso shows clearly the genius and range of his brush.

About this time Harold Hersey brought the Flash Gordon Magazine out somewhat in the form of a comic book, at 10¢. Novel of the initial issue was "Dictator of Mars". Incidentally, the first comics were making their appearance during this time, and Jack Speer's gave a

## CARTOON BY HAMMER





very fine coverage of them in a regular department in Science Fiction News.

Top-Notch and Argosy also carried some good adventure science fiction and Colliers featured Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu series.

Don Wollheim edited, and Wilson Sheppard printed (in Alabama) a very neat Fanciful Tales at 20¢ for 52 pages. A beautiful cover (5½ x 8½) was designed by Clay Ferguson (does anyone know what ever happened to him?) and it enclosed the rest of the pages which were half-inch smaller in size. Contained "Nameless City" by Lovecraft and others.

In the fan field, Fantasy Magazine led the parade with its great 4th Anniversary Issue. 60 pages with cover by Ferguson and a great many departments. Featured was a most unusual story in which five pro authors started at the end and wrote forward to the start of the yarn! A pictorial page included 7 photos of "famous names". Julius Schwartz reveals that Simon Schuster, publishers of P. E. Cleator's "Rockets Through Space", proclaim it "The season's Noble Worst Seller"---only 611 copies to date.

Don Wollheim (and Sheppard) continued The Pantograph thru the summer with 23, 24, and 25, featuring the best of the great phantasy writers. A supplement was carrying Howard's "Hyborian Age".

International Observer with issues 14 and 15 as usual had good embossed covers and 14 large sized mimeoed pages. News of the ISA, plus some fiction and articles.

The only British effort, Novae Terrae had 22 pages in August and announced a "Scientijazz" contest--a space yarn with song titles hidden in it.

Two mags, Science Fiction Critic (Claire Beck) and Tesseract were due to combine in mid-summer but some trouble developed between the editors and after a delay, each resumed their own mags. The latter was the bulletin of the S. F. Advancement Ass'n., which was started in California in 1935 and went national the next year.

Arcturus for July had a good cover by Henry Drucker and 16 pages of interesting material. This mag was put out by the Independent League for SF --made up of members who left the SFL. It had (17) members in the East plus several in Denver.



And from Denver came a new printed Science Fiction Fan (the same name was used on a never-finished mag by J. Baltadonis and Bob Madle of Philadelphia). The initial (July) issue was 5½x7½ and contained 7 pages of print and no cover illio. The second number had a good lin-oleum out by Ken Lynch. FJA was dropped from the staff (Olon Wiggins, editor, said) because they couldn't agree on the price he should receive for his column." A good news coverage by Wollheim, plus interview with editor Hersey.

From St. Paul, a young fellow hand printed and hectoed a very like able Science Fiction Collector. He was Morris S. Dollens, Jr., now associated with movie production in Hollywood. Even then he showed great skill in art. Truly excellent illustrated articles on collecting, layout, binding, etc.

Both of these mags were later to feature Oklahoma's fine art team, Mary and James Rogers of Muskogee.

As for Science Fiction News, I was hard at work with plans for my first printed issue. At the shop of the newspaper where I was employed, I toiled away after hours setting type by hand, designing layouts, cutting paper stock, etc. plus a great deal of correspondence connected with lining up material. However, I did find time to type-and-carbon a small July-August issue. It contained a write-up on a staff member, Virgil Leonard, "England's Calling" by Ted Carnell, the second in the illustrated "Rambling Round the Universe" in which James Rogers depicts a city of Mars. Radio and Comics by Speer, The Rocketeers gossip column and answers to last months cross-word puzzle completed the issue. The gossip column revealed that among small fan mags. of recent issuance were Gueer, The Scienceer, Curious Stories, all by DAW. Ka-Zar is a new 10¢ newsstand mag of adventures of Tarzan-like fellow...a talking robot greets visitors in one building of the Texas Centennial at Dallas.....WNAD, the O. U. station at Norman, during a recent talk on England, described an imaginary Earth visit of a Martian. ....OSA News Note: a charter has been granted for a chapter of four members at Muskogee with Francis Stewart Jr. as president. The cover of this issue was a printed one.



THE

FANZINE

TRAIL

by Raleigh E. Multog

On July 29, the day after I returned from visiting Stuart K. Nock, Editor of the COSMIC FRONTIER, and Peter Eberhard, Assistant Editor of STAR ROCKETS, I received a letter from Don asking me to review fanzines for him.

I am now accepting his offer and will review any fanzines, new or old, sent via my mailbox. Each zine will be reviewed carefully and fairly as they should be reviewed, and not hacked or torn apart for no good reason at all as they are done in some fanzine review columns that I know of.

So send your fanzines to be reviewed to the FANZINE TRAIL, Raleigh Evans Multog, Editor of STAR ROCKETS, 7 Greenwood Rd. Pikesville 8, Maryland.

-----

ABSTRACT: #5. Peter James Vorzimer, Editor. Published @ 1311 N. Laurel Ave., Hollywood 46, California. 32 pages. Easily readable and well typed. And the typing isn't jammed together. Pete is planning a gaint 100 page CONish which will sell for 25¢ each. The deadline for sending in the cash is August 15. I've already sent in my two bits and am waiting with open breath for it to cram itself into my mailbox. By the way, if you like to read letters, better get this zine. There's only one thing wrong about it that I'd like to mention though--and that is Pete doesn't put the date on which the letter was written.

-----

A LA SPACE: Vol II. No 1 -- April-May 1954 issue. Kent Corey, Editor  
Published @ Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma. Bi-monthly at 20¢ a copy, or \$1.00  
a year. This is the latest issue I can find around the house. I don't  
think I've seen the June issue. Kent as usual has his own original  
style of cover. There are several inside illios. 27 pages of material.  
Contains stuff by Claude Hall, John G. Fletcher, Hal Shapiro, John L.  
Magnus, Lynn Hickman, Gary Curto, Wilkie Conner, Larry Balint, and  
others.

-----

ANDROMEDA: Spring 1954 ish. Pete Campbell, Editor. Quarterly. Pub-  
lished @ 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, England. Assistant Editor:  
Paul Enever. Art Editor: George Whiting. U.S.A. Rep: Dave Rike.  
Sub rates are 2/-(30¢) per copy; 7/-(1 dollar) per four issues. Subs  
are exchanged. I notice that they pay small cash prizes for the most  
popular contributions in each issue, on the basis of their "Scoreboard"  
placing. Contains mostly fiction with a prozine review, a Fantastic-  
crossword puzzle, and fiction with a few inside illios. This is issue  
#4. The printing is excellent.

-----

BREVIZINE: Warren Allen Freiberg. Published bi-monthly @ 5369 West  
89th St., Oak Lawn, Illinois. Subs: \$1.00 for 8 issues. Managing Ed-  
itor is Raymond Christopher. Art Director: Wm. Reins. Associate Edi-  
tors: Patricia Ashburn, Margaret Cullinane, and Gale Trent. Art Edi-  
tors: Lane Marin. Contains fiction and poetry. Haven't had time to  
read all of the fiction as yet, but what I have read isn't bad.

-----

THE COSMIC FRONTIER: Stuart K. Nock, Editor. @ R.F.D. #3, Castleton,  
New York. 10¢ per ish; 3/25¢; 6/50¢. I had the honor of visiting  
Stu with Hitchcock Friday nite, Saturday and Sunday of July 23, 24 and  
25. We saw his ditto machine in operation as it turned out HANGNAIL,



a one shot one page printed on both sides masterpiece that we composed Saturday night. About 50 copies were mailed out and more would have been mailed, but Stu was short on paper then. CS contains around 30 pages each issue.

-----

DEVIANT: Carol McKinney, Editor. Published bi-monthly @ Sta. 1, Box 514, Provo, Utah. 20¢ per copy or 3/50¢. All copies will be mailed to you in an envelope. And the price is well worth the mag since I think that DEVIANT is one of the best zines on the market today. 33 pages. Well drawn inside illios. With material of interest to the fan. New or old. Latest ish is July 54 #3.

-----

FANTASTIC STORY MAG: Ron Ellick, Editor @ 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, California. Bi-monthly. According to the announcement it comes out the "15th alternate months, Jan-July, with the Annish in October. 8 issues a year; 3 of them going for 25¢, single issues a dime; longer term subs discouraged". Ron desires trade with all fanzines. Shelby Vick is Assistant Editor. Art is by DEA, Page Brownton, and others. This issue (July 1954-Vol. II, No 3) reprints material by that long gone fanzine QUANDRY. Consisting of 32 pages on color paper. There are a few illios tucked away carefully in the zine and printing is very nicely done with just one or two pages being a little hard to read. If you liked QUANDRY then you'll also like FANTASTIC STORY MAG.

-----

FANTASY-TIMES: James V. Taurasi, Editor. Published @ 137-03 32nd Ave. Flushing 54, New York. This is a news-zine consisting of 6 pages of happenings in the prozine world and also in fandom. I've received this news-zine for a long time now and I always look forward to getting it.

-----



FOG: Don Wegars, Editor. July issue. No. 4. FOG is published at that place known as 2444 Valley St., Berkeley 2, California. Material by David Rike, Dennis Moreen, Wayne Lundgren, Pete Vorzimer, Ron Ellik, Richard Geis, and others. 26 pages. The cover is a bit hard on the eyes with yellow pages. Heading of each article is in color. More yakata about 6th, 7th and 8th fandom by Peter James Vorzimer which leaves one wondering "What did he say?" The rest of the material 'ain't bad'.  
-----

GREY: Charles Wells, Editor. Vol. #2, No. 6. Whole Number #13. Also Vol. #2, No. 7, whole No. 14, on hand. This is to be got only by trade and if you're lucky maybe a free copy. This is strictly a news-sheet. General chatter of fandom with fanzine reviews and brief notes of whats cooking when and where.  
-----

KAYMAR TRADER: July 1954 ish. K. Martin Carlson, Editor. Published @ 1028 3rd Ave., South Moorhead, Minnesota. Subs: 10¢ or 4/25¢ (NFFF members get 6 for 25¢). Ish #85. This is an advertising fanzine in which fans can sell their mags or trade for other mags. If you are interested in obtaining a complete collection, or completing your collection, then this is the place for you to move your eyes too.  
-----

STAR ROCKETS. #10. Raleigh Evans Multog, Editor. @ 7 Greenwood Rd., Pikesville 8, Md. This is the OO of the Star Rocket Science Fiction correspondence Club. Sub is 20¢ issue, or 12 for \$2.25. Subbing to SR automatically makes you a member of the club and we can list you as either an active member or as a silent member and "I Write First Only" if you would like to join the club, but don't have time to correspond. 32 pages, with a large letter section. The mineographing in #10 was done by John Hitchcock, the Editor of Umbra. I goofed on the contents page. I put issue #8 when it is really #10. My apologies for confusing anybody who might be confused about this issue.



UMBRA: John Hitchcock, Editor. @ Arbutus Avenue, Baltimore 28, Maryland. UMBRA is being dittoed every month and a half by John. 17 pages printed on both sides. John is gradually getting use to his new ditto machine and as time passes the dittoing will become better and better. The way John says things in UMBRA, if you don't burst out laughing, then what's the matter with you! Oops almost forgot to mention that UMBRA sells for 10¢ an ish, or 3/25¢.

- - - - -

Gotta go for now; Send your zines this way, and I'll review them  
rem

Ron added these, fearing I would have another issue without any reviews.

## FANDOMANIA

by RON ELLIK

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER (Vol. VII, #3), Roy Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, California.

Not much can be said about SFA in any review column. Mari Wolf praises it issue after issue, but really says very little. It deserves all the praise it gets, though. It has the largest circulation of any fanzine now being published, is the acme of lithographed perfection, has covers by Morris Dollens most of the time (altho this issue's cover is not the best he has ever done), and now, to top the whole thing off, it has Bob Tucker's SFNL.

Bob has always had an interesting News Letter, and it suffers naught from being included in SFA. The only trouble at all with the entire column is that it is a slight bit dated. For instance, Bob panned the SFCon for not having membership cards, bulletins and such in this the July 54 ish. Such things have been out for almost two months now. But on the whole you won't find a better advertising zine, you won't find more mature book reviews, and you won't find more interesting conversation on science-fiction anywhere in fandom.



CONFAB (#5), Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

exchange

FANDOM SPEAKS and DAWN did a lot to let fandom know there was such a thing as a letterzine, and to really make such things popular. CONFAB is a new mag, only five issues old. But, in this fifth issue; we find names like Norm Browne, Harlan Ellison, Bob Tucker, Dick Geis, Redd Boggs, Vern McCain, Naaman, Dick Clarkson, GMCarr, son Terry, and George Wetzel.

When Bob started this zine, it was met with a wee bit of hostility in Long Beach. I was visiting Larry Balint one Saturday, and as I arrived, there was The Gleep, lying on the lawn reading a little four-page dittoed job. I looked askance at both of them (Balint and CONFAB), and plopped down beside to ask what it was. "New letterzine; Peatrowsky." "Lemme read it." He wasn't through, yet, but I grabbed it and read it anyway. I wanted to see what had become of Mote.

Wiping off our pants and walking into the house, we discussed CONFAB. Balint was of the opinion that it, like all Sixth Fandom and Seventh letterzines, wouldn't last long. Not enough people write letters, he said. I didn't know about that, exactly; but it looked good to me, and I figured that anybody who could put out Mote ought to be able to make a damned fine job on most anything else. But I waited....

Now CONFAB is the best damned letterzine in fandom, with neat dittoed repro, and BNF's for contributors. Bob limits his circulation to around 50, mainly because he's lazy. I predict that before the year's out he'll find himself cranking over 100 copies out each issue, and he'll be remembered far longer than DAWN was, as far as letterzines go.

LYRIC (#2) Jim Bradley, 545 N. E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon.

A specializing zine here, one devoted to poetry, a bit of humor and a some informality, and more than enough terrific artwork by the editor. He not only writes poetry, he does two and three color art the likes of which compares to that of Bergeron, Naaman, or RRPPhillips. Some of the poetry is a bit whacky, and I doubt the editor's sanity in other places--and in others yet you'll find fans writing at their best, pouring out a form of manuscript that 'til now has met with almost universal distaste--"A poet is a disappointed prose author", "Poetry is expression of insanity", etc. I like poems, and hope LYRIC keeps sending me more of them.



# UNTO DUST

## I DESCEND

by Jann Hickey

Try to understand.

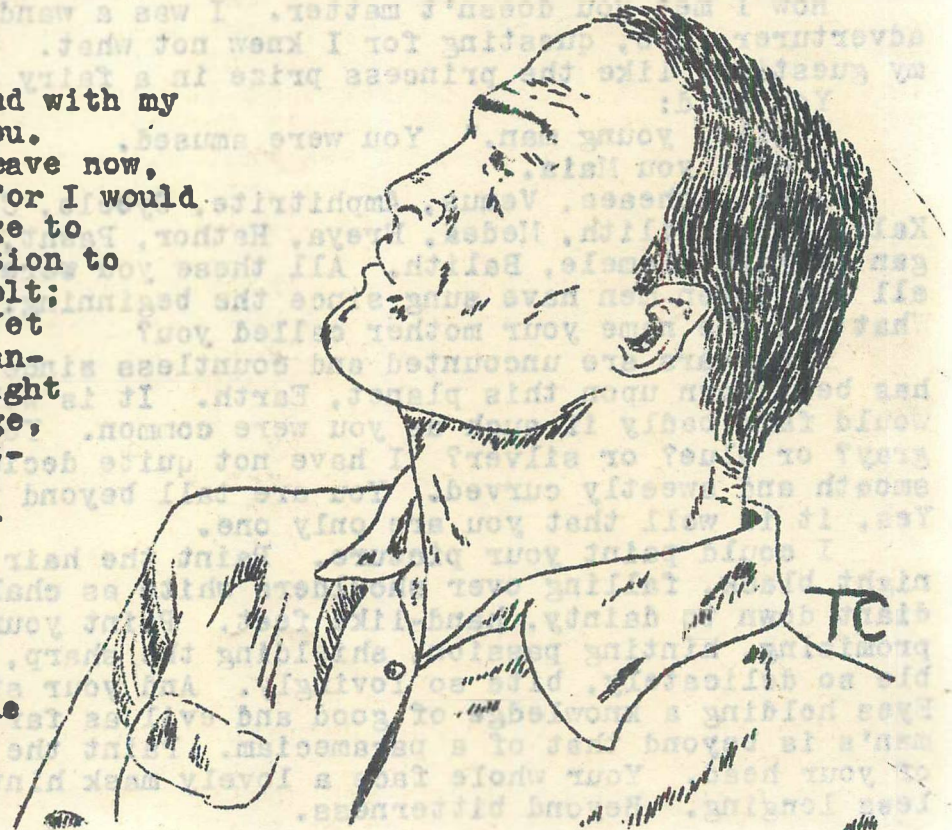
I love you.

Deeply and truly and with my  
whole heart do I love you.

Therefore I must leave now,  
while you are absent. For I would  
never possess the courage to  
speak, to explain my action to  
you. My mind would revolt;  
my very body crumble. Yet  
I must explain, for I can-  
not sneak away like a night  
thief. This much courage,  
enough to write this let-  
ter, I have.

Forgive me, my god-  
dess.

For a goddess and  
immortal you are. Per-  
haps the only one this  
planet will ever know.  
We have talked during the  
short summer nights of  
our passion. You have  
told me about yourself.





Yes, I do know much of your history. And always you have explained that it was not your fault, really. And I know you were telling the truth. Some things are self-evident.

This land is an old one. People have lived in it since the beginning of records. And before. There are no legends, no hints, nothing to tell of the digging of tunnels that I know must underlay all this land. Were they really dug? God! When I think of the sheer, horrible age of everything down here, I could almost scream.

But you are older than they. And certainly I do Not feel like screaming when I think of you. There is a difference.

How I met you doesn't matter. I was a wanderer and a poet. An adventurer, too, questing for I knew not what. You were at the end of my questing, like the princess prize in a fairy tale.

You said:

"Hello, young man." You were amused.

I call you Maia.

Agea, Athaea, Venus, Amphitrite, Cybele, Circe, Ceres, Istar, Kali, Iris, Lilith, Medea, Freya, Hathor, Pasht, Rhea, Rhiannon, Morgan le Faye, Semele, Balith. All these you were, all these you are--all the women men have sung since the beginning. I wonder sometimes: What was the name your mother called you?

The years are uncounted and countless since a woman of your race has been born upon this planet, Earth. It is well. For our women would fair badly if such as you were common. Your eyes are black--or gray? or blue? or silver? I have not quite decided. Your body is smooth and sweetly curved. You are tall beyond the race of women. Yes, it is well that you are only one.

I could paint your picture. Paint the hair soft and fine and midnight black, falling over shoulders white as chalk and strangely radiant down to dainty, hand-like feet. Paint your lips, scarlet and promising, hinting passion, shielding the sharp, little teeth that nibble so delicately, bite so lovingly. And your strange, strange eyes. Eyes holding a knowledge of good and evil as far beyond that of man as man's is beyond that of a paramecium. Paint the strange little angles of your head. Your whole face a lovely mask hinting of pain and nameless longing. Beyond bitterness.



I think I should not like to have whatever knowledge, whatever wisdom you have gained. The price is too high. Your face, the tone of your voice reveal the truth clearly. Thou, Maia, art immortal; wise, beautiful beyond the dreams of man; And never, in all your years, with all your gifts, have you known a moment of pure joy. Perhaps you never shall.

I shall never know. My body, the body which feels such passion and such pleasure at your touch, will be dust in the wind long before you come to the last day of your destiny. And I am well content.

You saw your people die; you saw this Earth become devoid of all life save your own. You saw the primeval mountains fall, and the salt seas form. (Why is it? Your kiss, your blood tastes strangely sweet. No matter---) And you saw the new life that slowly rose from those seas. I wonder what you thought when you first noticed the living scum upon the water?

Did you perhaps look forward and guess at the day when men and women in your shape would again walk the Earth?

Ah well, the world is ever changing. That, at least, is beyond your power to stop. The seas retreated and life climbed onto the land that was left. Vegetation covered that land, and insects preyed, and lizards stalked. Finally some things flew. Life was rising. And then there were mammals. Soft little things at first. Cuddley and cute. Bloodthirsty. Pets for a very tired goddess. And so the great reptiles died and the world turned on. The warm-blooded things had started their long, slow climb to lionhood and camelhood and manhood.

I wonder. I wonder, did you help that climb? You had the time. You had the knowledge, for only a great science could have shaped these caverns.

"Tell me, Maia, did you plan the rise of man?"

No matter. I will never hear your answer.

The ice came down from the poles. You were helpless to do anything about that. And the first man came from out of the trees and off of the plains into the caves. And there he lived for the thousands of years. He painted his life and his belief upon their walls.

"Tell me, Maia, were you amused?"

A savage, in your own form, growing great; but still amusing. To



be bred, to be helped,  
to be pitied, to be loved.

"Tell me, Maia, how  
does it come that man is  
of so many colors?"

It doesn't matter.

There are legends,  
Maia. Old, old legends.  
They tell of a woman.  
Mistress of the moon.  
Mother and mistress of  
man. Worshipped long be-  
fore gods were invented.

"Tell me, Maia, do I  
resemble some ancient  
lover, some son born and  
dust, ten thousand moons  
ago?"

But I do not, really  
do not want to hear the  
answers to my questions.  
I know enough.

You are immortal, I  
am only man.

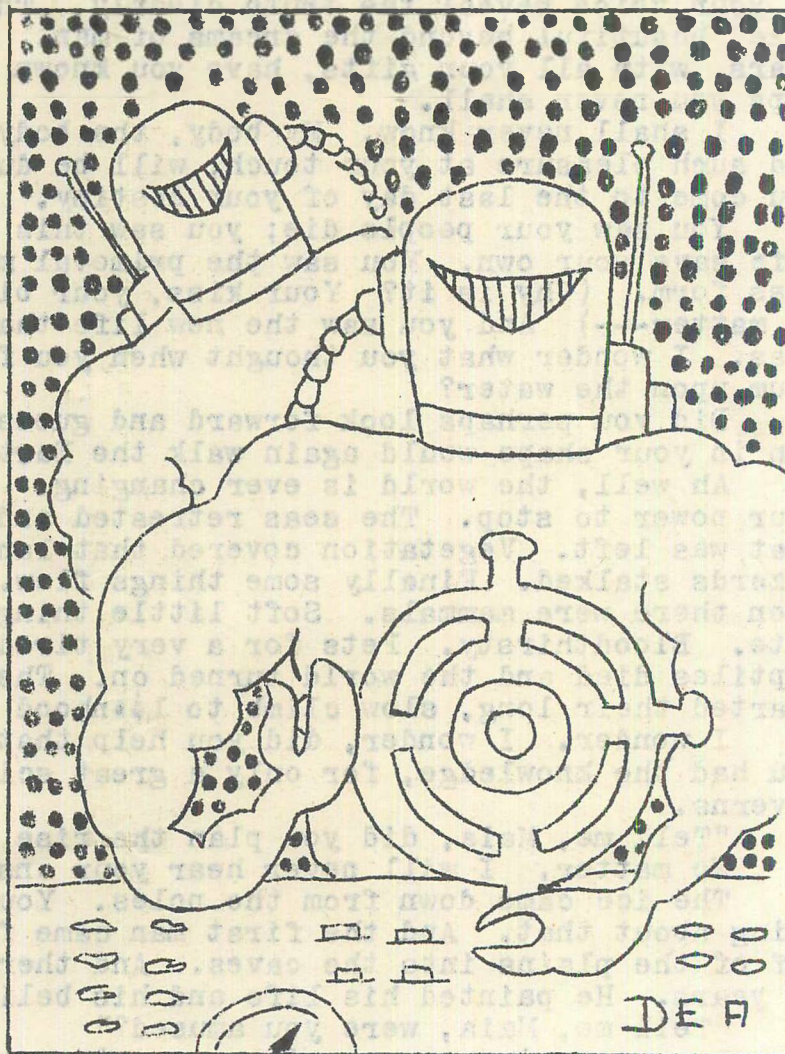
I cannot stay.

#### THE END

\*\*\*\*\*

\*WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!\*

\* We need material. \*  
\* Send your stories \*  
\* articles, poems \*  
\* and art-work to \*  
\* us today. \*  
\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*





# ebb tide

CALIFORNIA  
ILLINOIS  
OREGON

From Little Rhode Island came the following....  
Rec'd NITE CRY (#5)...Thanks...Mimeo was good, but  
I seem to be allergic to half-size (or in other  
sizes) fanzines. Try to make it full-size, if  
you can...course, I realize about paper, stencils  
etc.....Lee Riddle is pretty well tied up  
with PEON, which he is trying to get out this  
week or so...with another ish Sept. 15, or so....  
If you ever get hard up, I'll be glad to review,  
fanzines, books, movies, etc. Let me know, huh?.

.....Ummmmmmboy, a two-color cover! Good work by Bob. The other illios weren't much to see or discuss. As far fiction goes, "Perfect Disguise" was alright. Usual plot; usual ending...Nothing spectacular. Hitchcock's article was swell..note it is "Prospective" column! "ould like to see more of that boy's work..ok? It seems that Don H. Donnell likes the gal, Sally. Almost all of his stories contain the girl. Smoke Signals was good.....its interesting to not all the history of fandom. Poems were fair.....It was a pretty good ish, all-in-all. 236 Kenyon Ave., East Greenwich, R. I.

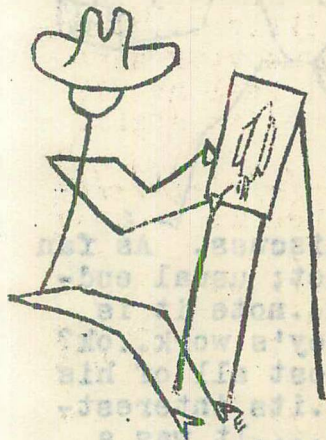
So sorry you are allergic to half-size (legal) zines cause  
thats what we are and what we are going to stay...Its too  
bad Riddle is so tied up we liked his style of reviewing.  
....Hitchcock is still with us, so you'll be seeing more  
of that boy's work (much to Geis discomfort). Would  
like to see PEON sometime, having heard so much about it.





BOB L. STEWART

From our Texas cover man comes these kind words of criticism..... Hang on to your hat--here comes the criticism. What I told you in my first letter to you about a year ago still goes. If you don't like what I have to say, just quietly scream, "to hell with Stewart!" and forget it. But it is given with the best of intentions.....In the first place, you are falling to the lair of the prime evil of small fanzines; you're trying to get too much material into too little space. This method you have adopted of continuing stories on pages other than on the preceding one is an example of this. You probably weren't even thinking of getting more stuff in when you tried this, but it is the



results. There are merits to "jumping" stories but I think the disadvantages out number them. In the newspaper game, the make-up editor will cut a story off (even though it means losing a couple of good paragraphs) before he will continue it on another page. People don't like to be interrupted in their reading, and they are lazy, they hate to look for the said page in "continued on----." ..... The remainder of space on the concluding page of a story has been put to good use by many fan-editors; it makes a good place for putting that "brain child" you can't work into the editorial, also you could over come NITE CRY's weakness of not having enough illios by using illustrations in the left over space.

.....In flipping through NITE CRY you find nothing to break the monotony of line after line of black type...Did you ever notice the amount of actual space used in advertisements used in national magazines. Chances are up to ninty per cent of the space is nothing but plain, unadulterated nothingness, and the advertisers are paying for every square inch of it. Have I run my point into the ground?..... Comes the cover-to-cover comments:.....Where, I say where, did you pick up that cover drawing? I had been hoping, nay praying, all these months that those drawings I sent the now defunct WHISPERING SPACE had been lost in the shuffle and now one turns up to haunt me. You did get good reproduction, however. Great things are possible with a





HARLAN ELLISON

From Columbus, Ohio came these few words on a postal card.....  
Your magazine is steadily improving by leaps and wiggles. Now get rid of the preponderance of local talent and start using GOOD national talent. By that I mean Boggs, Silverberg, Willis, Magnus, etc. NOT Nock, Multog, Corey, etc. Good luck. 41 E. 17, Columbus, Ohio.

/-/  
/-/ Nock! Never, never has there been anything in NITE CRY /-/  
/-/ by him.....NITE CRY is an Oklahoma fanzine and we will /-/  
/-/ probably continue pubbing Oklahomans work.....It is all /-/  
/o/ very well to say stop using Corey(?What have we used of /-/  
/-/ Corey's?), Multog, etc. but then what would we print. We /-/  
/-/ have never received material from these others you men- /-/  
/-/ tioned.....Isn't Donnell national talent??? /-/  
-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/ /-/

RICHARD E. GEIS



Dickie boy from Oregon again greets us in the mail box. I am moved to write by that columnist of yours name of Hitchcock. His preoccupation with the word "trite" is pretty corny. I've the feeling he'd rather be trite than sapient. Too, his choice of a title for his column is bad...especially considering that loaded sub-heading: "a prospective column by John Hitchcock." Obviously the title should have been "Digging for Fannish Gold.".....He's right, tho, when he mentions my blood-shot eyes.....I have to compliment you, Don, on

the very good mimeoing job you did on this issue; I was very pleased to see it, and to note the few typos. But I frowned at two things; the first is the solid pages of type without a break (I think you might paragraph in this fashion to insert a bit of space and airiness to the pages/-/Geis spaced between the paragraphs in his letter.ed/-/ And you might break up some of those looooong paragraphs into smaller ones.), and the choice of Multog as a fanzine reviewer. To my mind Raleigh has never exhibited the critical faculties and editing ability to be able to make a good reviewer; he is too easily pleased. Witness STAR ROCKETS.....Your letter section is rather tame because



you publish all the letter. I find that publishing only the interesting and most well written PARTS of letters is best. I try to keep the letter section free (except in rare cases) of the cover-to-cover review type of letter. I much prefer the discussion of current fannish interest. Quite often I'll print an article which starts a discussion of this type.....But you've got to encourage letters of this type by having a bit of controversy.....Claude Hall is wrong about the picture I look to for inspirations. It isn't of McCain. I've mentioned more than once it is a picture of Marilyn-in-the-nude.

2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon.

/-/  
 /-/ Now Dickie boy, your letter is the only one printed here /-/  
 /-/ in full. Guess you might say it was interesting and ahh /-/  
 /-/ well written.....Letters of controversy are for the /-/  
 /-/ letter type zine. Although we would not hesitate to pub- /-/  
 /-/ lish one if we had one. Controversy anyone???? /-/  
 /-/

RON ELLIK

From Califandom's Ron Ellik came these few words..... That is to say, the Stewart you have on your cover here is absolutely awful. I don't like it. I have done better myself, and I never claim to be an artist. Bobby is damnably good at times, but you seem (pun intended) to be getting the worst of him.....I'd advise you to stop using that 10¢ school kit lettering guide as soon as possible, and get a better one. \$2 will get you a nice fancy one--- if, unlike most faneds (Ellik included) you have \$2 to throw away.....You're getting damned fine repro, anyone will admit. It looks a bit dark--but as you say, the mimeo is not the newest. On the whole, you're getting one hell of a lot better work than I was on my first five.....

Viya con gato...232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Califandom.

/-/  
 /-/ Mama mia, I thinka sometime I blow my top, nulla my hair /-/  
 /-/ outa or someathing.....For the first three issues all I /-/  
 /-/ heard was 'get lettering guides!'-Send me 30¢ and I'll /-/  
 /-/ send you some lettering guides!'- 'You're sloppy get /-/





lettering guides.'-'Chaap lettering guides are better than none.'...So, I get the lettering guides, until now I have six. Then the man says throw away that 10¢ lettering guide. Brrrrrrrrrrrr. We have nice fancy ones. Ones that cost \$2. Here's what our letter guides look like and cost. Now pray tell which one is the 10¢ one you wish us to throw out???????

A 15¢ A 15¢ A \$2 A \$2 A \$1.60 A 10¢

HARLAN DANIEL

From the windy city of Chicago came these words from Harlan..... The cover of this issue was good but could have been improved, I think by using a dark back-ground. The stories were about the two best you have printed to date. Perfect Disguise was the most original of the two. The articles by Hitchcock and Hall were nauseating to say the least. Mosher's department is probably quite interesting to fans who have or are forming fan clubs. Outside of the editorial and the letter section, McPhail has the best department in your mag. Don't let him do a Riddle. Incidentally McPhail missed the boat about Amazing folding in 1936 and not appearing again for two years. It was published on a regular bi-monthly schedule '36 and '37 and during '38 until Ziff-Davis put it on a monthly schedule. 4131 N. Sheridan Rd, Chicago

The line for Nauseated by Hitchcock and Hall fans forms to the right. Yes, just behind Mr. Geis.....now about Amazing folding or not I think we had better ask Dan about that. I looked in the Checklist we have here and it shows the same thing you mentioned. Well, we'll see if we can check around. Sorry you won't be at the Con.

That's all the letters this time. You fans going to the San Francisco Con have fun, and to those going to the OKLACON be seeing you there.



FOR FRISCON MEMBERS ONLY

How To Go On The Wagon In One Easy(?) Lesson

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty them down the sink Or Else.

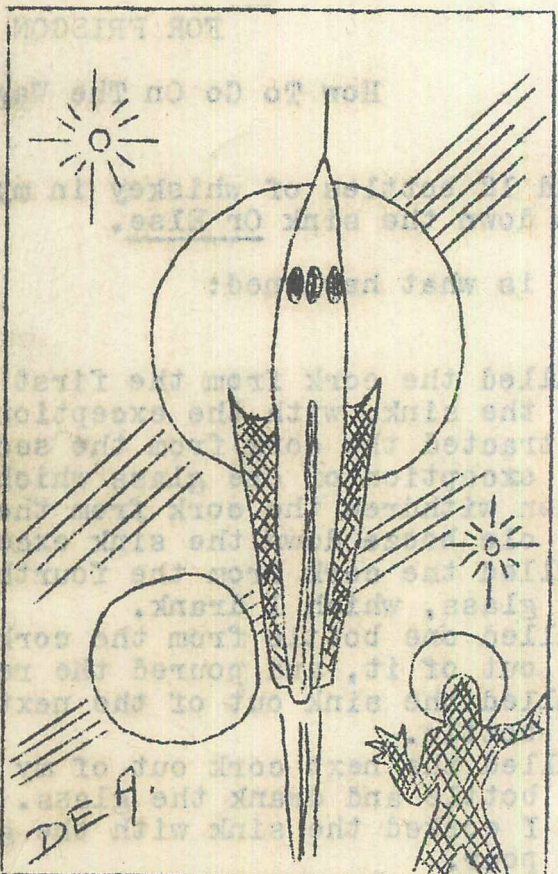
This is what happened:

I pulled the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.  
I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.  
I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good ole booze down the sink except one glass which I drank.  
I pulled the cork from the fourth sink, and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.  
I pulled one bottle from the cork of the next ~~drink~~ and drank one sink out of it, and poured the rest down the glass.  
I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle.  
I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass.  
Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.  
When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles and corks which added up to twenty-nine.  
To be sure, I counted them again as they came by, and this time I had seventy-four, and as the house came by, I counted them the third time, and finally I had all the houses, bottles, corks and glasses, except one house and one bottle, which I drank.

It was all my wife's fault.

THE END





6-NC

NITE CRY  
5921 EAST 4th PLACE  
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

FORWARDING POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
MIMEOGRAPH MATTER ONLY

To the addressee:  
Should this be forwarded,  
please accept the postage  
charge and notify NITE  
CRY for your refund.

TULSA, OKLA.



TO

G. M. Carr  
5319 Ballard Ave.  
Seattle, Wash