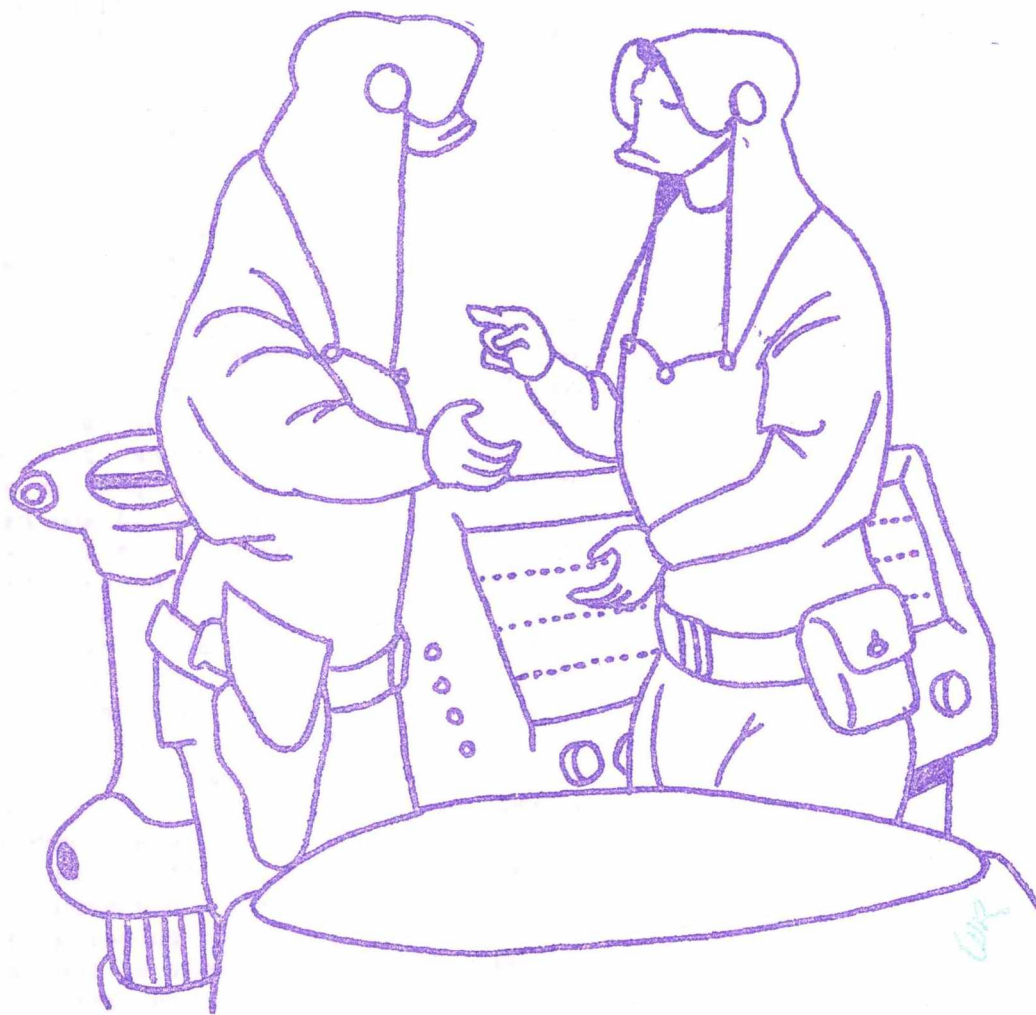


SANBO



AUGUST 1960

ISSUE NO. 9

Like, wow!

2.

This is none other than that old procrastinator....Sam Martinez!

Okay, so I haven't been in a mailing lately (that's lately) I been sick! And I have, too. Nothing horrible, like leprosy or the creeping flidgits, but a good old-fashioned case of whoping cough! Did someone say 2nd childhood? Anyhow, I've been pronounced non-contagious and am back in circulation again. And, just for the halibut, am starting out on an issue of SAMBO for the next FAPA mailing. Was horribly depressed, not to be able to attend this year's Sodacon, held at Rochester, Texas this year, at the domicile of Marion Zimmer Bradley. I attended last year at Dan McPhail's and had a dandy time. Next year, let's make it at Martinez Manor, eh kids? Of course, I did hold a small con of my own....sort of a bheer con, you might say. The occasion? None other than my old pal and ex-beatnik, Dale Hart, last seen in the wilds of Los Angeles, and now residing, of all places, in Dallas! But soon to return to Nature's wonderland, he assures me. Ah, what a life! At any rate, he was prowling about Oklahoma looking up some of his many relatives and acquaintances and in the process showed up in Tulsa. We would have held a festive fannish get-to-gather, but alas, fandom is not what it used to be in Tulsa. Ever since William Clyde left for Locust Grove....but that's another story! At any rate, the only live (?) fan I knew of in town was Kent Corey, he of A LA SPACE, and so, armed with a bottle or two of liquid fortifier, Dale and I descended upon Kent's previously peaceful domicile. Needless to say, both Kent and frau were delighted to roll out the red carpet, and the festivities more or less galloped along spasmodically for several days, Kent and I taking time out to perform out various menial duties from time to time, so as to preserve our employment. The rest of the time we lived it up, gossiped about fans, fanzines, prozines, girlie zines and sex....although in the opposite order....and even spent an enjoyable interlude up at my cabin at the lake. There we listened to old and rare folk songs and other # jazz, consumed charcoaled steaks and bheer, and took life easy in general. The trip was quite peaceful, except for when Kent fell out of the hammock. Don't ask me how? I'm just reporting facts. At any rate, we decided it would be a wonderful idea to put out a one-shot, except that none of us seemed to have the energy. Dale did go so far as to produce several splendid little features, but Kent was slightly under the weather and didn't quite make it. At any rate, it was a select little fannish session, enjoyed by all. The first annual Bheer Con! Shall we make it again next year, Dale? But all good things must come to an end, and Kent and I regretfully saw Dale off for Oklahoma City, hence to Dallas.....For those of you who have met Bob Lee, my oldest son, one of the new generation of fans who threatens to eclipse his old man (without a struggle) We are all quite proud of him around the Sam Household. Bob is intensely interested in Biochemistry and pathological cellular studies, and managed to win himself a fellowship this summer at the Oklahoma Research Foundation in Oklahoma City, working in their laboratories. Since he won this in competition with high school juniors from all over the state, we are naturally quite proud of him. In case any of you SAPS members wondered what had happened to Bob this summer....that was it! Have been carefully hoarding my shekels in hopes of getting to attend the Worldecon this year, but I've done that for the past ten or fifteen years and haven't made one yet, so I suppose this year will be no exception. Have been kept extra busy at the office this past year and have not made very many trips around the country so am out of touch with many of my fannish acquaintances. The oil industry has been rather shaky and the Publications department has shrunk to just me! So I don't get around much anymore. Besides, Dow split loose out Industrial Cleaning Division, so all my travelling is South and West anymore. Ah, for the good old days!

Well, I see I am rapidly approaching the end of the page so I had better cut short this rather rambling dissertation to tell you that this is SAMBO # 9 prepared for the August, 1960 FAPA mailing #92.

Sam Martinez.

TOUR DE TULSA-FORCE

Alma Kaler¹ delivered me, from Dallas² to Tulsa³.

And Sam Martinez⁴ received me the first time I knew receivership
could end in such solvency⁵.

And Kent Corey received both of us, with the aid of his beautiful wife
(but without the aid of a Midnight cat or a Tiny dog)⁶.

The jazz got gutty.

The gin came in buckets.

The tonic and the gin was a mixed blessing.

GUT-BUCKET JAZZ! O MORE! O GREAT!

GUT-BUCKET JAZZ! GIN-HEAD KINESTHESIA⁷!

O EUPHORIA! O EUPHORIA TO THE SQUARE ROOT OF PLEASURE⁸!

And it was good!

And it was better!

And then it was bester than bastard⁹!

....With the cats going wild¹⁰; the flowers blooming¹¹; the colors rioting¹²;

and the muddy path of human endeavor becoming a rocket-road to Nirvana....

and so we arrived in Heaven long before our appointed time!

AND WE'RE STILL THERE, REALLY, AWAY FROM IT ALL - - - HUZZAH AND HURRAY!

Key To Understanding:

.....DICTATED BUT NOT READ BY E. DALE HART,
IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, ON THIS TWENTIETH
NIGHT OF JULY, 1960.

1. My blonde chauffeurette;
2. An evil city;
3. Another delightful place;
4. A technical editor who specializes in eclectic proportions, feminine and liquid;
5. Almost the universal type;
6. The cat was black but the dog was misnamed;
7. Not taking the dance form;
8. Bet you didn't know I meant the verbal root!
9. No reference to Alfred or illegitimacy;
10. Dale, Kent and Sam (not Midnight);
11. Not along the primrose path;
12. Except red, J. Edgar!



LINES OF DOUBT

(For Lois Hanna)

Of Laughter there is dancing in your eyes
More than enough to fill an endless hall,
And Sorrow dies unmourned within your heart---
Yet ever do you seem as masked Despair,
Lover of Life but worshipper of Death.

There is some mystery here: I cannot tell
Why Death should peer at me with canny stealth
From out the depths of your unshadowed eyes.
I do not know---surmising may be mad---
But you seem both the Doubter and the Doubt!

----DALE HART
Autumn, 1939
Baytown, Texas



A long vignette by

Sam Martinez

I only knew Oscar for the brief span of five weeks, but I doubt if I will ever forget him. It has been twenty years, yet I can still see that tall, gangling lad with his unruly shock of hair, and the expression of his baby-blue eyes peering myopically at me through his horn-rimmed glasses. And every time I think of Oscar, I chuckle!

Oscar was a farm boy, no matter what his surroundings. He towered a good six foot, three inches, and his wrists and ankles stuck out of his trousers and shirt like an oversize rag doll. His good-natured grin twisted through the hollows of his face from behind the ramparts of his protruding teeth. But most unforgettable of all was his drawling speech with its tortured pronunciations and half-swallowed words.

"Pleased ter meetcha," was his hearty greeting when we first met, "My name's oscar Oscar Mayberry. I'm gonna be workin' here with ya," and my hand disappeared into his huge, calloused grip. He pumped my arm vigorously until I somehow managed to escape. I quickly passed on to meet the other workers.

I had taken a temporary job in a sugar beet refinery laboratory until the end of the season. There were six of us working there as analysts, and a chief chemist, Charlie Reynolds, who held his job by seniority rather than by superiority. Oscar was our sample boy, who spent his time washing glassware, when he was not making his periodic trips through the plant to pick up samples.

They were a chummy bunch there in the lab, mostly college students, and the lulls between samples were mostly filled with bull-sessions and horseplay. I soon found that I had better keep my eyes open to avoid the booby traps the others obligingly set before me. Bitter third-draw liquor, from which all sugar had been extracted, substituted for the coffee in my thermos; a long, smouldering string pinned to my shirt-tail, sending me frantically searching for a non-existent fire; sawdust blended into my tobacco pouch; rubber bands threaded through my cigarettes; and a thousand other pranks designed to keep life from becoming too dull for the "new man."

But if I suffered, how much more so did Oscar! He was fresh out of county high school, and this was his first crack at holding down a paying job. He was quite puffed up to think that he was working in a chemical laboratory, and he lost no opportunity to display his golden store of knowledge. Any time two or more of us stopped to talk together for even a moment, Oscar would startlingly materialize to join in the conversation.

Listening only long enough to learn the topic of conversation, he would immediately start expressing his views on the subject. We soon learned that Oscar was a vast storehouse of misinformation. He would seriously engage in an explanation of some wild theory, contrary to all the basic precepts of science, naively explaining that he learned all this in a General Science course he had taken in High School, which covered "just about everything." It was useless to try to tell him differently, and after a few vain attempts, we took precisely the opposite tack.

First, one of us would devise some elaborate scheme to hoodwink poor Oscar. Then Charlie, the chief chemist, would gather a few of us around him and explain the essentials of the plan and what part each of us would play in it. In a matter of moments, the ubiquitous Oscar would saunter over, with one ear cocked to pick up the conversation. From there on, it was clear sailing!

Like the time we took our physical exams! A week after the beginning of the sugar beet season, the Michigan legislature passed a law requiring all workers to take an annual physical examination. As a result, we were all forced to make appointments, on our own time, with the company physician who incidentally was the only one in the small factory town. This was quite a windfall for the doctor, who rushed through some 250 employees in five days. The examinations were brief and to the point. We were asked our names.... had we had any serious illnesses....did we feel all right? We were then weighed and our temperatures taken. Then, "Three dollars, please!"

Oh yes! That was the part that hurt! We were forced to pay for this farce out of our own pockets! Or quit! We all felt pretty hot about it, and had quite a session over it in the lab the next day. The upshot of it all was that, as Charlie pointed out, we were all in the same boat and there was nothing we could do about it.....so what was more natural than to take it out on Oscar? When our prey came moseying in, a short while later, he found all the chemists discussing the inestimable value of a thorough physical examination such as we had all undergone on the preceding day. Oscar immediately piped up and said that he didn't think it was so much!

"That's strange," mused Charlie, "I considered it a very thorough check-up."

"Well, all he did was just ask me a couple of questions."

"You mean he didn't take your blood-pressure, X-ray your lungs, analyze your urine, make a microscopic blood count, run an electrocardiogram, test your basic metabolism, or check you for acidosis?"

"Nope. He just asked me a few questions."

There was much general head-shaking and tongue-clucking.

"When did you go down?"

"Right after work."

"You mean, just before supper?"

"Yep."

"Well, that's it, then. The doc was probably in a rush to get home to supper, so he just sloughed you off. That's too bad!"

"You really think so?"

"There's no doubt about it!"

Oscar went off to think this over. During the next hour, he sat silently stewing by himself in the corner. Finally he could bear it no longer.

"You know, that was a dirty trick. Me payin' good money for an exam and then not gettin' examined right!"

"Yeah, it sure is!" we all sympathised. "You could have something terrible wrong with you, and never find out about it."

"Didn't he even test you for acidosis?" insisted Charlie.

"I don't think so. How do they do it?"

"Why, it's very simple. You just put a little caustic in a glass of water and spit in it. If you're normal, it'll turn red, but....if you have acidosis the acid in your system will neutralize the caustic, and it will stay colorless!"

I might explain at this point, there is a powdered white chemical, with an unpronounceable name, which is colorless in solution, but which turns a deep crimson in contact with caustic. Needless to say, we had all prepared ourselves for the occasion with a liberal coating on our tongues.

"Well, daggonit! He never did that to me!" insisted Oscar, pounding his huge fist on the top of the workbench. "I gotta good notion to go up there and make him examine me right!"

"I'll tell you what," suggested Charlie. "It's a simple test. Why don't you try it for yourself, right now?"

There was a chorus of agreement and encouragement from the other chemists, and in short order a row of half-filled drinking glasses had been assembled, each containing a few drops of added caustic. At a signal, we each spit into our individual glasses. They all promptly turned a brilliant red. That is, all but Oscar's! He stared at the colorless water in dismay.

"Try again," urged Charlie, encouragingly, "Maybe you didn't spit enough."

Oscar did try again....and again....and again! But no use! The water remained colorless. In vain did he try fresh mixtures of water and caustic; he spit until he was dry without producing the faintest shade of pink. In silent misery he watched us turn these self-same glasses a deep red with but a single expectoration. Toward the end of the day, we interrupted Oscar's brooding to console him.

"You know, Oscar, I wouldn't feel too bad about that acidosis test. After all, it may not be too late to arrest it." Charlie patted him on the back. "You may only have a light case, you know. There is another test which is a sure indication for extreme cases. Here, let me show you!"

Pouring part of a sugar sample into a water glass, he told Oscar to spit into it. Then he set the glass down carefully, and we all stood back to await developments. What Oscar did not know was that the water glass into which the sugar had been dumped contained a small amount of concentrated sulfuric acid.

The reaction between sugar and sulfuric acid is nothing less than spectacular. At first the sugar lies quietly, soaking up the acid. Then it starts changing colors, turning yellow, orange, red, brown, and finally a jet black. By this time it is melting and fusing, swelling up and out of the containers, foaming over the sides in a seething mass, from which hiss jets of choking steam and vapor. The reaction finally ceases, leaving only a burnt-out cinder of black, porous ash.

And Oscar.....as he watched this awe-inspiring transformation, he trembled until he had to lean on the desk for support. His jaw sagged open and his eyes threatened to pop right through his spectacles. As he finally fled with the rest of us, coughing from the fumes, he was literally in tears.

When things had quieted down, and we had cleaned up the mess, we all clustered around Oscar, trying to console him. Gulping rapidly, he assured us he was all right.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it," murmured Charlie sympathetically, patting him on the shoulder, "on a strict diet for two or three years, it will probably clear right up. It may be something with your kidneys....."

"Yeah, I know!" interrupted Oscar eagerly. "We learned all about that in Science class. Your kidneys is s'posed to drain off all your acid, but when they don't work, then it leaves you acid at one end and alkaline at the other. Right?"

"Um, something like that!" Charlie coughed discreetly. The rest of us quickly turned away to head homewards, while behind us Oscar suffered, but not in silence.

"You know, that gripes the heck outa me! After me payin' out my good money, and that doc didn't even give me a good goin' over! Why, if it hadn't of been for you guys, I might never have known I had acidosis. Leastwise, not until it was too late. I think I'll go down and give that guy a piece of my mind. The robber!"

It was a red-faced Oscar that showed up for work the next morning.

"That was a dirty trick you guys played on me yesterday. I went down to see the doc and he told me you was just stringin' me along. He said I didn't have no acidosis at all! You guys is always trying to fool me! Well, you won't catch me again!"

Oscar sulked out on his sample tour, coughing and sneezing. As soon as he was out of sight, Charlie called us together.

"I see our friend has a slight cold. We really owe it to him to help him out in his affliction. Who isn't busy?"

Being in a lull between samples, I volunteered and drove to the town drug-store to pick up some methylene blue tablets, those innocent looking, candy-coated pills, that color the urine a deep blue. By the time Oscar returned with his samples, I was back at work.

"I see you have a cold, too?" inquired Charlie, sniffing into his kerchief.

"Yeah," agreed Oscar, dully, "I must have kicked off my covers, last night."

"Say, I've got some new cold medicine that's supposed to be real good. Want to try some?"

"Sure!" said Oscar. "I sure need something bad!" And the trap was sprung!

The rest was strictly routine. After sampling one of the pills, Oscar drifted over to where the rest of us were having an absorbing discussion of venereal diseases. For once, he was quiet, listening in fascination to our lurid descriptions of non-existent symptoms, such as blue urine. That afternoon he came around to each of us, nervously asking for more details regarding causes, effects and cures. Our answers, while perhaps scientifically implausible were certainly entertaining....at least to us!

That night, the doctor had a visitor.....

Oscar was furious the next morning. At first he refused to speak to anyone, but finally the floodgates burst.

"Think you're smart, don't you? Well, you didn't fool me at all! I knew all the time you was ribbin' me. The doc says you guys are just playin' tricks on me again. Well, don't you worry! This is the last time!"

Yet fifteen minutes later, Oscar was sidling over to pick up some carefully contrived misinformation a small group of us were discussing for his particular benefit.

Poor Oscar! He tried hard, but his thirst for knowledge betrayed him to the whims of a bunch of playful college boys. His unshakable confidence in his own questionable store of knowledge made him the butt of a thousand jokes, and over and over, he was awakened by rude laughter and jeers. Yet always he came back for more. The wilder the tale, the more eager he was to believe it. And, ironically enough, the only time we failed to convince him was when we were telling him the truth!

It came about like this! One of Oscar's daily chores was to sample the beets out in the storage yard. Unless you have actually been in a sugar beet factory, it is hard to visualize those mountains of vegetables, resembling great, overgrown turnips. The huge heaps, containing hundreds of tons each, extend in every direction and, what is even harder to believe, are used up and renewed daily. The yield from all the surrounding country is contracted for and scheduled for delivery on a certain day at a certain time, so there is a steady, never-ending influx of sugar beets, twenty-four hours a day.

The day before the final loads were scheduled for delivery, Charlie came around, giving us all notice that the grind would end at about ten o'clock, the next morning. Oscar was dumfounded.

"How come?"

"We'll run out of beets! That's all there is! See you next year!"

"Oh no you don't," said Oscar, his eyes narrowing. "You can't make me believe that. We ain't nowhere near out of beets. I grabbed a sample out there this morning, and there's enough beets out there to run us all winter! I know you guys like to fool me a lot, but this time it won't work. You see, I can SEE them beets out there!"

And there the matter stood! Oscar merely gave us a knowing grin when we tried to convince him the plant was really shutting down the next day. We were all waiting expectantly when he returned from his sample tour the next morning.

"What's the trouble?" Charlie asked the dazed boy.

"All all them beets is gone!"

"Sure! They ground them all up last night!"

"Aw! You know they couldn't do that!"

However, by the end of the day, when we had cleaned up our desks and put away our apparatus for the last time, Oscar had finally figured it out.

"Somebody must have hauled them beets away during the night!"

* * * * *

Why Fen Have No Tails!

by Larry Walker

It was just a few hours after round red Mr. Sun had gone to his home behind the purple mountains. All of the Merry Little Fen were gathered around the smiling pool where Old Father Martinez was floating on an old rubber inner-tube, dreaming of nude women, and snapping up foolish little glasses of Scotch. All the Merry Little Fen were chatting of this and that, wondering when Old Mother Chappell was going to bring out some more hootch, when Old Father Martinez cleared his throat in that funny way that told them he was either drunk, or about to tell them a story.

"Oh, Hell!" began Old Father Martinez in a deep voice, snapping up a foolish little glass of Scotch. (Old Father Martinez always started his stories with, "Oh, Hell!") "Many, many years ago," he went on in his whiskey-soaked voice, "when the world was ever so young....."

"Even before Palmer?" asked one very foolish little Fan.

Old Father Martinez just gave the Foolish Little Fan a nasty look, belched, and went on with his story. "As I was saying," here he paused to vomit into the smiling pool, "when the world was young and Hugo ruled the world, all Fen had tails!"

Of course, all the Merry Little Fen were quite startled when Old Father Martinez said that, for try as they might, they just couldn't imagine what a fan with a tail would look like.

"Yessir, they had tails!" went on Old Father Martinez, snapping up another foolish little glass of Scotch, "They were just like dogs or jackasses! Well, you can imagine how proud the fen were of their tails, because as long as they had tails, no one could possibly mistake them for a pro. Everyone knows that pros only have long ears, never a tail! Then one day, ever so long ago, some fan did a very foolish thing....he became a pro! Well sir, you can imagine how mad all of the Merry Little Fen were when they found there was a pro with a tail."

Old Father Martinez paused for a moment to brush away a tear, harking back to the days of old, when BEMs were BEMs, and Bradbury was a fanzine editor. He sighed and went on with his story, "So on a special day, all of the Merry Little Fen got together to outlaw the fan with a tail who had turned pro, just as they sometimes outlaw things today."

At this point, Old Father Martinez fell off of his inner-tube (he was very drunk by now) and all of the Merry Little Fen had to jump into the Smiling Pool to pull him out again. But a very terrible thing had happened! You see, Old Father Martinez had swallowed the foolish little glass which you remember he was snapping Scotch out of, and he couldn't say a word!

Well, to this very day, none of the Merry Little Fen know why it is that fen have no tails. However, they hope to get Old Father Martinez sober again, one of these days, and perhaps he will tell!



THE SORROWS OF A STEFFANISH HEART 10.

(A Partial List)

- 1929: Insulted by the Public Librarian - - - "Little boy, are you sure that you want to read all those big books?";
- 1930: Not able to buy all the treasured magazines directly from the racks, or to find any person sharing my interests and living nearby;
- 1931: Same as 1930;
- 1932: Same as 1930 and 1931;
- 1933: First attempt to find a pen-pal ended in failure;
- 1934: Futile tries to catch the Houston stefans at home;
- 1935: No satisfactory pen-pals yet, and no personal contacts with intellectuals (but now had money to buy prozines and fianzines);
- 1936: The news of Stanley G. Weinbaum's death - - - sadness of not being able to write more often to Richard Wilson, Jr., John Bristol Speer, et al - - - rueful recognition that I was too young to fight Franco in the Spanish Civil War;
- 1937: The chagrin I felt when amateurish material with my by-line appeared simultaneusly beside other Hart pieces of a more polished caliber;
- 1938: Deep gloom when I considered my chances of attending the First World Science Fiction Convention in New York City;
- 1939: Heartbreak when I found that Dale Hart, nor anyone else, could reverse the decision of the Convention Committee to exclude certain fans from the Convention Hall;
- 1940: Sorrow felt because i couldn't be active in fandom, due to work and college;
- 1941: Same as 1940, plus the despair all Americans felt after Pearl Harbor;
- 1942: Same as two prior years, plus the grimness of Naval Air Corps training;
- 1943-4-5: As a bust Boatswain's Mate, I still found time to deplore the spectacle of world insanity;
- 1946: My lack of time to be active in stefandom because of work and college, except for the three months prior to the Pacificon (as Welcome Man);
- 1947: Lack of time to gafiate;
- 1948: Same as 1947, except that college ended with my graduation in June from UCLA;
- 1949: No real sorrows this year - - - Hurray! - - - since I had a beautiful wife and an excellent job;
- 1950: Forced to give up magazine collecting - - - went to Mexico;
- 1951-2-3: Just a happy gringo in Mexico;
- 1954: More happiness in Los Angeles, with a beautiful woman and a Technical Writing position;
- 1955: Same as 1954;
- 1956: A year-long ball in Europe (France, Spain, England, etc.);
- 1957: Mostly living it up in New York City;
- 1958: The sorrows of being an Infernal Revencoeer for Uncle Sugar, mitigated a bit by being the Honorary Chairman of the Southwestercon VI in Dallas;
- 1959: A sad love affair, boys;
- 1960: My present sorrow that I feel in having to leave Tulsa, with Sam Martinez and Kent Corey, two bon vivants left behind - - - even if I am returning to the City of the Angels, also known as Fan-Mecca!

.....Sobbed to the tune of an IBM Electric;
Tulsa, Oklahoma; July 21, 1960; by that
well-known author, critic, connoisseur,
gourmet, and bum.....

DALE DUCLAIR CHAMPAGNE HART.

COREY'S COMMENTS:

11.

* Few Selected Words By

KENT COREY

To those of you who I have written to and traded fanzines with, I sayb HELLO AGAIN, its been a long, long time. I quit publishing when I left Phillips University in 1958. Since then, I have been in dear old Tulsa, Okla. where I am snug in the arms of Mother Gafia.



I would like to thank my dear friend and publisher, Mr. Sam Martinez, for giving me this chance to again view my ideas. By way of introduction, I am a professional social worker for the State Welfare Deapartment, and also I am attending Tulsa Law School at night. If my views seem unduely liberal, please excuse me, some of the dogma may have stuck on me.x

I was very pleased the other night when a light rapping begain on my door. My wife and I jumped up from the ~~bed~~ sofa and I pulled on my pants.

"Who is it out there?" I inquired.

"Its Wild Sam, from across the dam,
and Darling Dale from across the jail!" Was the reply.

Any night but this, I thought! No food, drink, or anything for a party. But when I saw Sam Martinez and Dale Hart, I knew that we had a party going, like it or not. (And I quickly learned to like it. Dale brough the magazines and Sam brought the jokes. We jumped in Samsmobile (a 1930 Essex) and wheeled down to the local pub. After a brief discussion was held, we decided on GIN. (Gaa! Pine needles.) However it was such a good buy (reduced from \$3.29 to \$3.25) that we got two fifths. We managed to make it back to my pad before we had an accident. (On the way over, we had to break the news to Mrs. Martinez that dear old Dale was staying with her. Correction: with her and Sam and the five kids.)

We discussed Dale's hobby of Girlie books and Sam's hobby of Girlie books and jokes, and my hobby of convincing my wife that my hobby was not collecting girlie books! One of the things Dale mentioned which was very interesting, was that Dallas was not capable of handling a Worldcon due to the fans seemingly great lack of maturity. The failure of the Dallas group to build on the past Oklacons was mentioned as a reason for the mess as the last Dallas Convention in 1958. Dale felt that the leading fans at Dallas were not able to grasp the problems at the convention and left all the hard work and arranging to Dale.

While this is true in any group that the majority of the members are inactive unless they receive the glory. However, what Dale said had merit. I attended that convention and found only one port in the storm- Dale Hart. His leadership also his ability to handle any problem, were the sole reasons for the success of the convention. He was able to bring a world premiere to Dallas, Texas for a regional Science-Fiction meeting, and the irony of it all: only 25 attended!

One of the great mysteries of the convention was the unusual loss of one case of assorted beverages- such as gin, rum, wine and burboun. (Southern spelling for bourbon.) My sincere regrets to a good friend, Ted Wagner, for this loss, but this does not excuse the Convention officials from checking every room and every leaving car. The last laugh was on them as the crooks were not found. (Or were they Ted?)

My greatest wish would be to build fandom in the South. But this seems a great problem in the days of Television and the Comic Book. Anyone mentions SF and the general public replies, "Oh yes, my little Irving reads it and he(the little darling) is only five." How can mature SF readership develop here? The days of the dear old fanzine are almost gone. Conventions will grow but then die. Why SF in a SF world? Today in America, anything is possible. Von Braun said were 13 years overdue in Space. (A fine time to tell us!) Ike tells us that soon our Army, Navy, Marines ect., will be equipped with Atomic arms. Big deal: we read about this in 1930 in SF. But why read SF when you can live it. Some day Captain Future will have a TV series. Then the Bradbury stories will be made into a serial. The next thing they'll have Farmers, "The Lovers" on Alcoa Presents. Why read SF, you can live it.

The next question might be, "Why fandom?" Why do we need a cheering section after the team has gone home? Why talk of fandom when all America is turning into SF fans of one sort or another. Even the one time

'Fake Fans' are wise to our lingo, our BEMs, our BNFs, they are being used on disk jockey shows. The

BNF (Big Name Fans) are now the EMOC (Big Man On Campus). The squares on TV now call our beloved monsters "BEMS- that means BUG EYED MONSTER folks, or thats what my Science Fiction friends call it."



Today these private fan words are spached ...er splashed over the TeeVee screens. I can hear those famous words now, "And because you asked for it, Harlin Ellison of New York, New York, we now go to a Beatnik Science Fiction Convention." SF fans are ridiculed by the press, TV, radio, government, and 'learned' persons who think anyone who reads SF is in the fifth grade, wears sunglasses, speaks in jive time, and has pot parties. Maybe so, but had Fandom produced a leader? Other minority groups like the NAACP, KKK, AFL-CIO, have leaders who can speak for them. Who do we have? The prozines? Never. The fanzines? Too immature. Ackerman? Nice try. Bradbury? No time.

Who crusades for SF anymore? Hugh Hefner of Playboy does. He speaks for many liberal groups. Those believing in good clothes, good music, good cars and also good reading. But we find this leader in another field-- not Science Fiction. It would be a great shot in the arm for national fandom if Hugh was invited to the World Convention. He could bring national attention on the convention though his magazine and he might bring a couple playmates to liven up the convention.

... not a bad idea!

Mr. Martinez now informs me that he will personally send a copy of this splendid fanzine to the editor of Playboy and so I ask you fans reading this to write the Worldcon and request that Hugh be invited. Give him an award, "The Man Who Has Helped SF Fandom The Most in 1960."



Corey Compliments....

While some fans condemn the non-fans and the gafia-fans, I can only remember the bitter article Richard Ellsbery wrote in the September, 1955, copy of my fanzine, Alice. Rich said that there comes a time in every fans life when he must break with fandom and the trite customs of the past. He went on to College, never to be heard from again. By now, he wishes he were back, I guess when he thinks of the fun he had as a fan and the gring (thats typo for grind) of real life.

Fandom for me was a happy time. Something new always happened/ or failed to happen to liven my life. I sought new friends and found them. But I also found friends at college. Later I was forced to go to work (a nasty word) and it seems that I no longer look for the postman to bring a new zine, I merely shudder with the thought of another bill. (another bad word)

It's really strange how terrible the words "work" and "bills" can sound, but to those fahs who have never experienced these strange sensations- please don't knock it. Good luck to the Worldcon and I wish I were there. As Lynn Hickman would say "I LIKE IKE" then I would say, "NIX ON NIXON." If Dicky is elected, I may return to fandom, from the distant hilltops of Mexico. Also a great big Good Luck to Dale Hart on his trip to California and If anyone is in the Tulsa area, please call us any time, my home phone is WE9-7966 and my office phone is the County Courthouse. Not the horrible jail but the Welfare Office where all the money is given out.

Hoping you are the same,

Ken

The Bitter End.....

And so we approach the end of another issue of SAMBO....not the best, nor the worst. Whenever the spirit moves me to go into a production, I am never quite sure what the result will be until the final Master and stencil have been typed, run off and assembled. This one certainly turned out to be a hodge-podge, but a pleasant one at that. It was fun doing, and as you are by now aware, Kent did come through after all! Yes, our original one-shot session became a two-shot, a week after Dale had departed for parts unknown, or at least unrecognized by us loyal Okies. So, glasses in hand, we toasted the dear departed, and proceeded to complete SAMBO #9 in time, I hope, for the Fall mailing. I have received a somewhat cryptic communique to the effect that Dick Eney is the OE pro-tem for this mailing. I could have sworn he was the OE for SAPS, or maybe that was pro tem, too. At any rate, I won't be too surprised I guess if a bunch of SAPSzines show up in the next bundle.

This issue is sort of a gin-ricochet!

I see the FAPA waiting list continues to grow (44 as of May 1960). I have a suggestion to make. When it reaches 50 members, they ought to hold an election, choose up officers and put out their own mailings, as a sort of PRE-FAPA-APA. This way they could practice on each other until time came for them to graduate into the ranks of the papa, or should I say fapa, organization. I venture to predict that it would soon become a contest between FAPA and FAPA, JR. to see who could put out the biggest and best mailings. Who knows, in the end a lot of our members might like the new group's mailings so well they would deliberately default on dues or activity requirements just so they could be kicked out of FAPA and join the waiting listers! Could be!

This could be quite a vast project.....or maybe only half-vast!

I am constantly amazed at the public's taste, or lack thereof, in the choice of TV fare. I know some of you will claim that the network, not the viewing audience, has the choice of what is shown, but don't kid yourselves...any show that doesn't meet a good public response is dropped, but quick! The obviously inescapable conclusion is that the American public's tastes have descended to the level of the olden-day's pulps, which consisted of equal parts of western, detective and second-rate love stories. Even the comedy shows have deteriorated. I suppose a lot of you Western-lovers will rise up in righteous wrath and say, "You don't have to watch them!"to which I have the perfect answer....."I don't!" Of course, from time to time, a special show comes along that is worth watching, and on such occasions, TV is well worth the investment involved, but the rest of the time..... I must admit it makes an efficient baby-sitter for my battling brood, but I shudder to think of the channels being carved in tender, unprotected minds. Even my three-year-old can recognize beer and cigarette brands by sight, and chant nauseous breakfast-food commercials in a sing-song voice.

I hope you all noticed the fancy Rotoler illos this issue. Thanks loads, Bill! Well, enough on that unpleasant subject. I really didn't intend to get carried away. Back to science-fiction. What's the matter with the stuff? Magazines folding right & left, fewer books, even TV (ugh!) has given up, at least in this locality. And as for movies, the horrors (and I use the word advisedly) that have been coming to Tulsa are distinguished only by the copious quantities of imitation gore spurting about, often in full, glorious Technicolor! One drive-in features a special show every Saturday evening in which five of these monstrosities are shown. Of course, every so often a really good science-fiction show comes along (such as Forbidden Planet) to give one courage to hope for more of the same. But in general, movies and TV seem to be working for the same end....a fast buck, lure in the sucker, and to Hell with the Future....we'll find some other gimmick to hook him later on! Which is probably why they just finished making a parking lot out of what was once the largest and most exclusive downtown theatre. Even some of the out-of-town drive-ins have gone out of business. Serves them right! Though I guess it really isn't the theatres' faults but back where they make the damn things. With all the really excellent science fiction classics available, why waste money on some of the crud they use for movie scripts? I'll never know. Rotoler, there's a good rproject for you. Bring quality science-fiction to the Television air-ways! It's up to you to protect us poor helpless humanity, and on that happy note, I bid you all fare-well!

Sambo!



"A WHITE HORSE?"