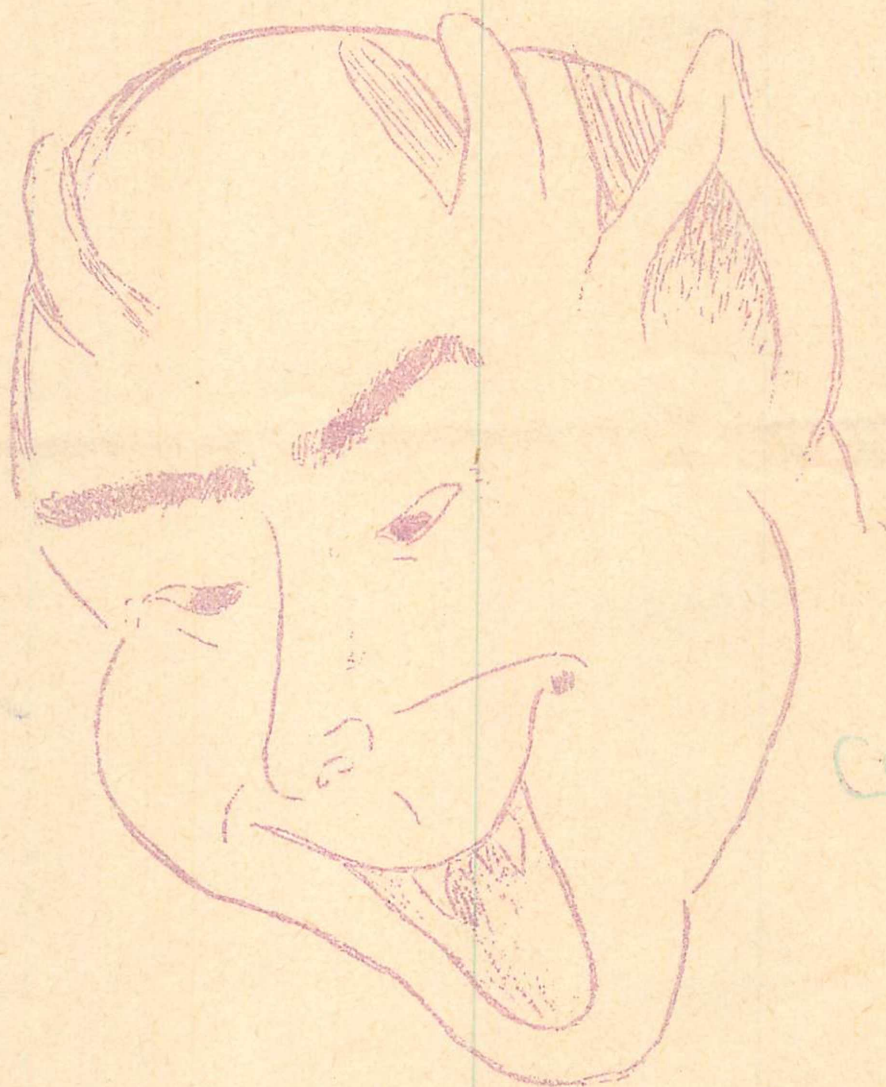


SHINILLA
#7



CAR R

ANNISH

SCINTILLA

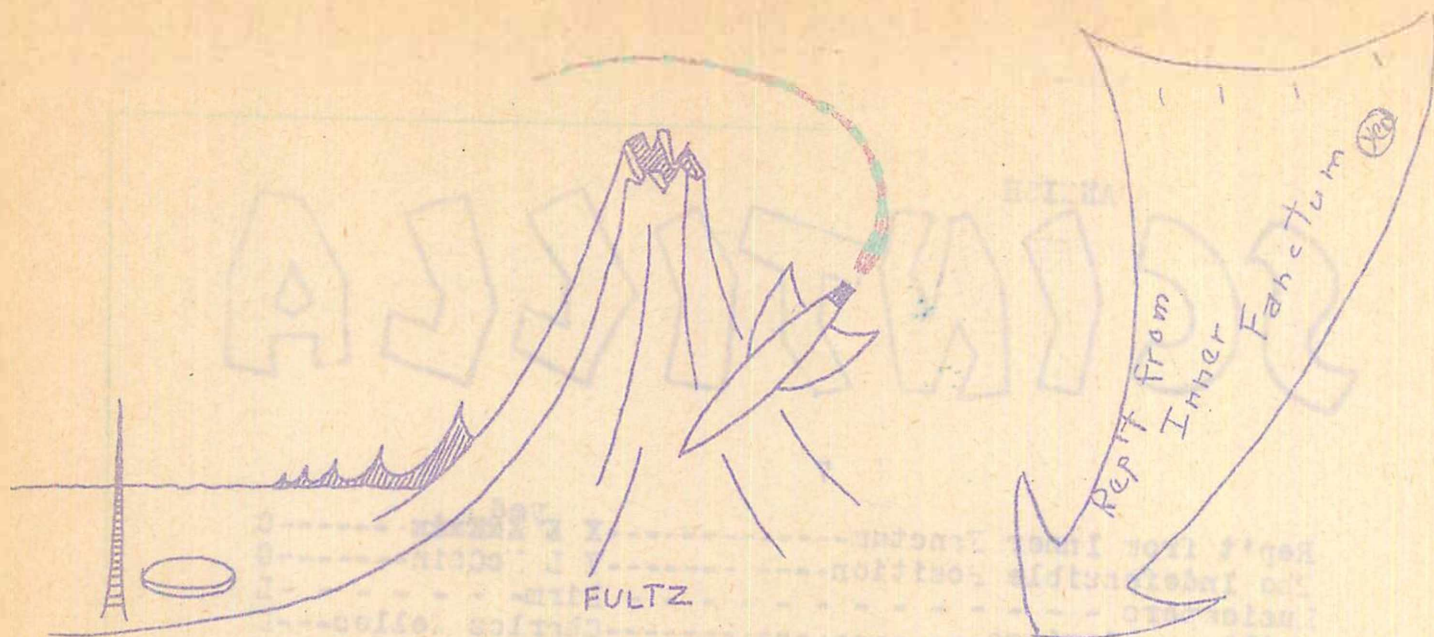
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Rep't from Inner Sanctum-----	X E Kennedy -----	C
The Indefensible Position-----	V L McCain-----	G
Lusitapers -----	Birm-----	L
Scilly Wanderings-----	Charles Welles-----	H
CannViews-----	-----	P
Carr's Crypt-----	Terry Carr-----	S
Bomber-----	Ive English-----	V
Icy Visitor-----	Orma McCormick-----	X
The Man With Hyper Hearing-----	J R Adams-----	AA

Hope you like the annish. It is binger, better, but with a little more fiction than usual. Hope you like it all.



Scintilla is published by Locot Press, edited by Larry Anderson at 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Price is 10¢ per single issue and 25¢ for 3. Ad rates upon request. Material printed in Scintilla is paid for by one copy of the issue in which it appears. Opinions in scilly do not always agree with me, but you talk to the authors if you want a feud.



REPT FROM Inner Fanctum Yea

Well, here I am again. I know you must all be ready to slit my throat for having to wait this long for scilly. Now I know the trials and tribulations of a fan editor. Of just any editor for that matter, but especially a fan editor. I had everything to delay me from a stopped-up nose to a varnishing job on my room, to include the handle coming off of my ditto machine. Foof. Well, the fatal words, "I'm really sorry." I really am, tho, and hope the quality and content of thish will make up for the delay. I have more fiction than usual, but only the best. Among others, the finest story ever printed in Spaceship (Bob Silverberg---plug) or at least the greatest in my opinion. This is "The Man With Hyper Hearing!" I hope you all enjoy it.



I have received several zines lately. Among others, COMET, a little article from Karl Olsen that I have just removed from under the leg of my typewriter with the pad missing. Don't blame me if this line slants..... COMET is half-size and greatly reminiscent of SOL. Sells for 10¢, has a sort of light cover this time. The reproduction is greatly reminiscent of Sol, too, in other words, not too hot. In spite of this, COMET manages to be interesting enough to hold the reader. Send to Karl Olsen, RFD two, Allendale, N. J.

Recently arrived, also is Orma McCormick's poetryzine, STARLANES. Now for fan that appreciate good, solemn poetry, Starlanes is really the thing, but for a fan like me that likes only humorous poetry, you only get a couple of real funny ones each time. Starlanes has recently expanded to a larger size and a lot more art, this adds a lot to it. I highly recommend Starlanes to the serious, constructive fan. Send to Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst, Ferndale, 20, Mich. You'll get your full twenty cents worth.

Okay, W. Max, your turn. Recently received IT in the mail again. I don't know what you'd really call it, but Keasler calls it OPUS, and I don't want to cuss here, anyway. This mag is definitely not for the serious, constructive fan. The lastish was one gigantic Chicon report by Richard

Ellsberry. It took about???????? 24 or so pages, not looking at it just now, so have to dig it out....whew, I underestimated Max by about ten pages. 34 all together. Very entertaining~~xxxxxx~~.....
Send to Max Kessler, Box 24, Washington U., St. Louis 5, Mo.

Another fan that's doing a swell job on making his mag one of the top ten is Charles Welles. Now Charles and me are pretty much buddies.....at least I hope he is after I pirated his music column this way. His mag, Fiendetta is pretty much the same to scilly, but more humorous. It's dittoed (and a good job, I might mention) and has color. He hasn't been alert, courageous, and all that sort of junk, so scilly beat him to black ditto. Too bad Charles. The last cover of Charles' was one of the most superb colored mimeo demonstrations that I have ever seen. The cover alone, is worth the dime he wants for it. Not only that, he makes nice remarks about me and scilly. Send to Charles Welles, 405 E. 62 St, Savannah, Ga. Heah, he lives with the Witch of Wagner Street.

FAN TO SEE is published by Larry Touzinsky for a dime an issue at 2911 Minnesota Ave., St Louis Missouri. (Thas St. Louis 20, Mo.) For a dime you get a large, very large, assortment of stories, poems, articles and everything a fan mag should have. Plenty of illustrations and a nice cover. Its a bargain. Try it.

PEON, edited and pubbed by Charles Lee Riddle for 10¢ per ish. Chas. resides at 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut. Peon is an old-timer, and shows it. Plenty of good articles, but sort of reserved. I'm sure you'll like it, tho.

AND now we come to a little article called Si-Fic. This is the firstish and good at that for a firstish. Dan MacMurray, the ed, must think that he should be able to get the price of the

whole ish out of the firstish out of it, including the mimeo. It's two bits, and worth about half that. Dan lives at 41 50 Street, Weehawken, New Jersey.

I wanna thank Malcolm Willits for the many poems he contributed to this ish from DESTINY. OmniViews is mainly composed of s&d rymes. I also wish to thank him for some of the excellent artwork he sent me. Unfortunately, it is suitable only for photo-lith in the present condition, so I am either going to have it translated, or have a few pages of lithography in scilly sometime.

I want to explain a new scheme. I am putting out what I call "bonus books." They are small booklets, complete in themselves with one story in them. The first is "Moon of Atlantis" by David Stone, reprinted from BE WAR #2. Anyone subscribing to scilly will get a copy. Individual copies may be obtained by sending two three-cent stamps to me at Robot Press.

seeya all soon, I hope.....I want all coments and contributions.

Starlanes

Orma McCormick - Editor
1558 W. Hazelhurst
Ferndale 20, Mich.

Robot Press
2716 Smoky Lane
Billings, Mont.



Scintilla
Baroom Bugle
Vendell
planetoid

Vulcan
Omega
Ed + Pat
Terry Caplan
134 Cambridge St
San Francisco
Calif.

FooView
Barclay
Johnson
878 Oak St.
Winnetka
Ill.

The



Indefensible Position

by

V. L. McGinn

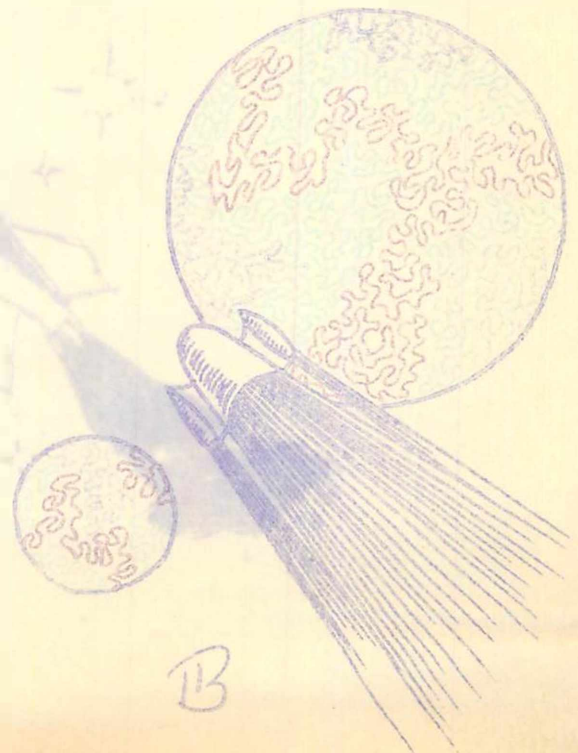
Once upon a time there was a man named Hugo Cernsbach. This may sound improbable but it is true, nevertheless. This man named Hugo Cernsbach was interested in something he called science, which is sort of a diversion some people have which isn't very practical but gives them many long ~~hours~~ hours of pleasure and thus justifies its existence.

To popularize this thing he called "science" so it would be something everybody had heard of and maybe even had a xbit of in their homes, Mr. Cernsbach thot and thot till he finally thot up a wonderful idea. He'd invent something called science-fiction which would be little pieces about science which hadn't been developed yet, cleverly disguised in the form of stories. Since people are lazy and would much rather read about somebody else doing something than go do it themselves, this should prove very popular since people would be fooled into thinking the stuff Mr. Cernsbach had invented were stories as they appeared to be on the surface, and having read them then lots and lots of people would bot interested in this hobby of Mr. Cernsbach's called "science."

(Actually a couple of fellas called Wells and Verne had already had this idea, but we'll just ignore them since they weren't good enough to get themselves printed in pulp magazines.)

So Mr. Cernsbach started printing his "science fiction" stories and everybody thought this was just peachy-keen so first thing you know Mr. Cernsbach up and starts a magazine called AMAZING STORIES which didn't print but science fiction.

Everything went fine for quite a while and sure enough an awful lot of people were fooled into reading the magazine because they were too dumb to realize that what they were reading was any-



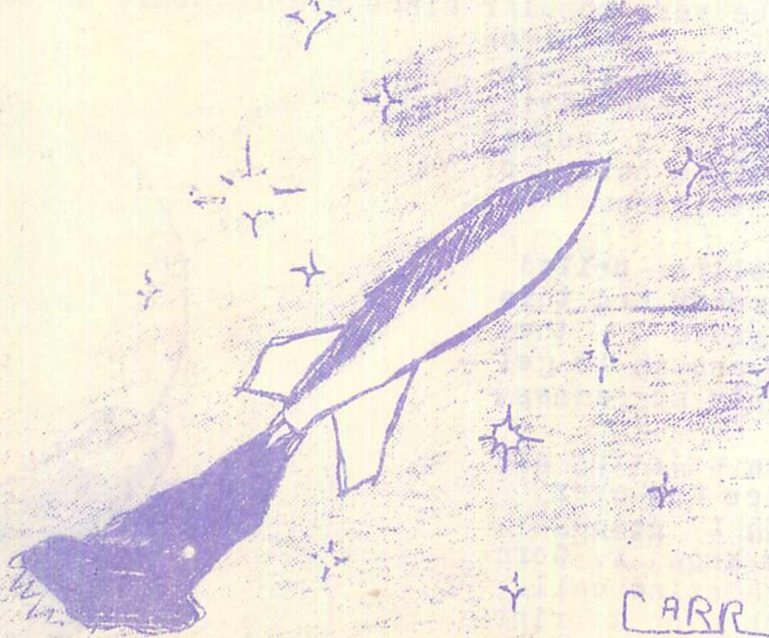
but then this Dr. Bernsback and the men who published SCIENCE FICTION stories disappeared. Dr. Bernsback was and leaves and goes and writes a bunch of "science fiction" stories of his own. The publisher was a nice old gentleman named Stern and he really wanted to know the difference.

Well, I think I'm getting better right away since a depression is a pretty good thing. You know a depression is real stimulating. It does help you to get rid of some fat if you're overweight. A real thing. But of course a depression makes it possible to get out of the rat race in staying on the same job year after year. Just all in all, a depression is a pretty good thing so I'll, everip, be very happy.

The real science fiction magazines don't make as much money, sometimes, but I think you know the publishers of SCIENCE FICTION found they were getting a lot of copies as they used to. (The same thing happened to Bernsback's magazines, also, so don't you go worrying about him, but he doesn't have anything to do with the story from now on. You can just forget about him.) And to make matters worse, there was a real low-down underhanded character named Dr. Bernsback editing another of these "science fiction" magazines and he had trouble selling his magazine he cheated and took a lot of money of science fiction publishing to the wind. You know, I think after all these years of getting by with real science fiction magazines were written and started writing real stories, written in real science fiction.

You can see that
the lazy people
the Bernsback
the Bernsback

the Bernsback
the Bernsback
the Bernsback
the Bernsback



He got so busy that he couldn't handle it all himself so he hired a man named Hamling to help him out, editing Mr. Palmer's other magazine, Fantastic Adventures. Mr. Hamling was so grateful that he set out to make himself as much like Mr. Palmer as possible and he was pretty successful. Never as good as the original, of course. He'd slip once in a while like the time he printed that story by Theodore Sturgeon called "The Dreaming Jewels." All the people who ordinarily wouldn't read Fantastic Adventures liked that story, and you can bet it took Mr. Hamling a long time to live that blunder down.

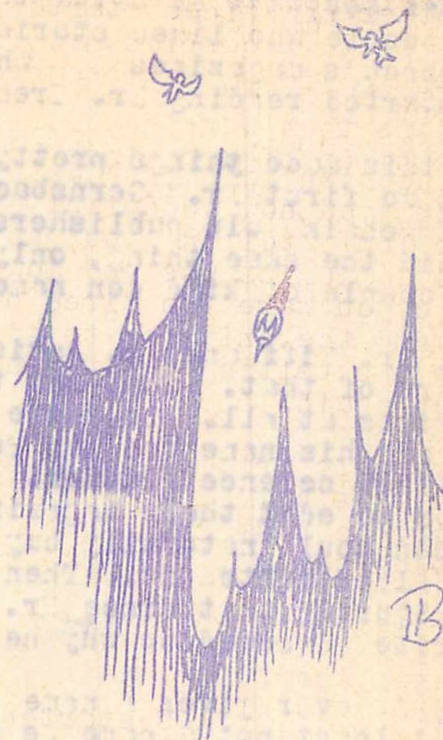
But Mr. Palmer was so successful and Mr. Ziff and Mr. Davis paid him so well that he was able to save his money and start his own magazine called Other Worlds. He made a mistake and hired a girl named Mahaffey to help edit it. As a result Other Worlds wasn't very much like Amazing Stories at first, but Mr. Palmer fell and hurt himself on the steps one day and landed in the hospital where he had lots of time to think things over and he realized that he was off on the wrong track so in no time at all he got the magazine back into shape and first thing you know the whole magazine was written by jin-dandy authors like Mr. Shaver, and Rog Phillips and S. J. Byrne and even Mr. Palmer himself and they were printing all sorts of true stories about the flying saucers and how Mr. Palmer could foretell the future ever since he broke his hip and how we were all being poisoned by these awful atomic bombs. Well you all know what a fine magazine Other Worlds is today.

But in the meantime Amazing Stories wasn't doing so good. They'd hired a man named Howard Browne to take Mr. Palmer's place and Mr. Browne liked detective stories but didn't like science fiction. In fact, Mr. Browne hadn't read hardly any science fiction so he didn't know what to avoid. Mr. Hamling tried to help some but Mr. Browne found the safest thing was just to print detective stories instead. As long as he had the author stick a time machine or an invisible woman in them why the Amazing Stories readers would never know the difference.

Then Mr. Browne, he wouldn't let well enough alone with what Mr. Palmer had built, he decided to make good old Amazing Stories into a slick magazine. This was back in 1950. Well we got into a war and he couldn't do it so he had to muddle along for a while.

Realizing what a narrow escape he'd had, almost having to work on a slick magazine, Mr. Hamling evidently figured ~~that~~ he'd better get out so he bought another magazine Mr. Palmer had just started called Imagination and while it isn't exactly like Other Worlds, Mr. Hamling does his best and it's pretty near the same if you've already read the current Other Worlds and need something to pass the time.

But Mr. Browne, he kept fussing and figeting and before you can say Edgar Allan Poe man his soul rest in peace why Mr. Browne was up to his old tricks only this time he was trying to make Fantastic Adventures into a slick.



You can see what an awful thing that was, can't you? Right away the lazy people who liked stories quit reading AMAZING STORIES and Mr. Gernsbach's magazines -- which featured all that wonderful science and started reading Mr. Tremaine's magazine.

All this made things pretty tough for both Mr. Gernsbach and Mr. Sloan so first Mr. Gernsbach sold his magazine to one of those nasty big chain pulp publishers and then the men who owned AMAZING STORIES did the same thing, only they sold it to a smaller outfit owned by a couple of kind men named Tiff and Davis.

Well, Mr. Tiff and Mr. Davis they weren't nobody's fools, you can be sure of that. They saw that this science business wasn't selling magazines at all. So there was a man who liked science fiction real well and his name was Ray Palmer and he knew just about everybody who liked science fiction. So, Mr. Tiff and Mr. Davis hired Ray Palmer to edit their magazine because everybody who liked science fiction would naturally buy the magazine as long as their good friend Mr. Palmer edited it. Then Mr. Palmer he threw out all the science, and figuring that since Mr. Tremaine had all the people who knew how to write -- sewed up why he'd go out after a different market.

Nobody's ever given a name to the sort of thing Mr. Palmer published (or at least not a name we can put in a family publication like this) but it really wasn't too important. Mr. Palmer, he'd sit in the front of the magazine and before you could get back to the fiction section he'd grab hold of your labels and hang on and jaw away telling you how wonderful each item he'd printed was and he'd keep on so long, telling you just how good each thing was and how good AMAZING STORIES was and how good Mr. Palmer was that by the time he let go you were too tired out to really be able to tell for yourself and the only way to find out was to buy the next issue and see if he was telling the truth. And darned if the same thing wouldn't happen again.

Some people tried starting to read at the back of the magazine to avoid this but Mr. Palmer he caught onto that trick in a hurry and he hired a real good artist named Paul to print pretty pictures on the back covers. If anybody was so low as to try and sneak in the back way they'd get blinded and couldn't read and that sure fixed their little old wagon.

But it seems that Mr. Tremaine's unfair tactics sort of caught on and other magazines started printing good writing and stuff like that, so that worried Mr. Palmer. Some people got addicted to those kinds of magazines before they'd ever happen to pick up Amazing Stories and give Mr. Palmer a chance to show them how his magazine was best.

He added pages and made his magazine real fat, but this didn't help much so then he found a man named Shaver and from then on Amazing Stories spent all it's time printing true stories (Mr Shaver himself said they were true and Mr. Palmer backed him up on that) about caves and thing. This made a lot of money, and a lot of people who'd never liked other science fiction (which by now was so well written that it didn't have much to do with popularizing science like Mr. Gernsbach had intended and Mr. Gernsbach wouldn't have anything more to do with it) started reading Amazing Stories which just goes to show that Mr. Palmer knew what was good all along and it wasn't that snooty old good writing and stories that the other editors used.

Well, somebody stopped him ((may their soul rest in peace)) so he had to be content with starting a brand new magazine for his slick which he called Fantastic, just so nobody would get confused. Now you mustn't blame Mr. Browne too much. Even if he did put out a slick magazine he played it safe at first by printing a lot of his disguised detective stories although one slipped by before he remembered to disguise it.

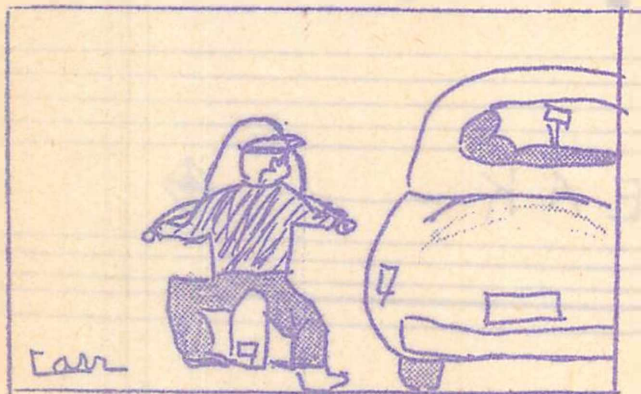
The first two issues weren't too good. A lot of people bought them but they weren't the right kind of people; not the sort of people who read Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures and Other Worlds and Imagination. Naturally, Mr. Browne and Mr. Ziff and Mr. Davis just didn't feel at home around this sort of people.

But they fixed it. The third issue had a real keen story by Mr. Mickey Spillane who is almost as good as Mr. Shaver. ((Not quite)) But I guess the real good readers didn't trust Mr. Browne cause even this it didn't sell.

He'd gone and announced he was gonna fold Fantastic Adventures after the October issue and make Amazing Stories into a little slick like Fantastic, the same month.

It was enough to make a faithful reader of Amazing Stories blanch. But evidently Mr. Ziff and Mr. Davis stepped in again or maybe it was the war like in 1950. Anyway, Fantastic Adventures showed up at the newsstand just like always and Amazing Stories didn't look any different than ever with their November issues.

Mr. Browne may not live up to his word very well but you'll have to hand it to him. If he keeps on he'll be even more like Mr. Palmer than Mr. Hamling is. Won't that be wonderful?



I clocked you at 70. Where you going----a fire?



"No, to a funeral!"

FANTASTIC

Musicians

THE Venusian War Chant

by Birnam

March

Briskly

E E A K

This column is a direct swipe from Pienettes, as Charles originated it in his last issue. We hope that you, too, think it is worth carrying on. I do think it adds a touch to scilly, don't you? If you have a short tune, preferably without words, submit it to the editor and he will have it read or played and you may have your start in music. (your start and end.)

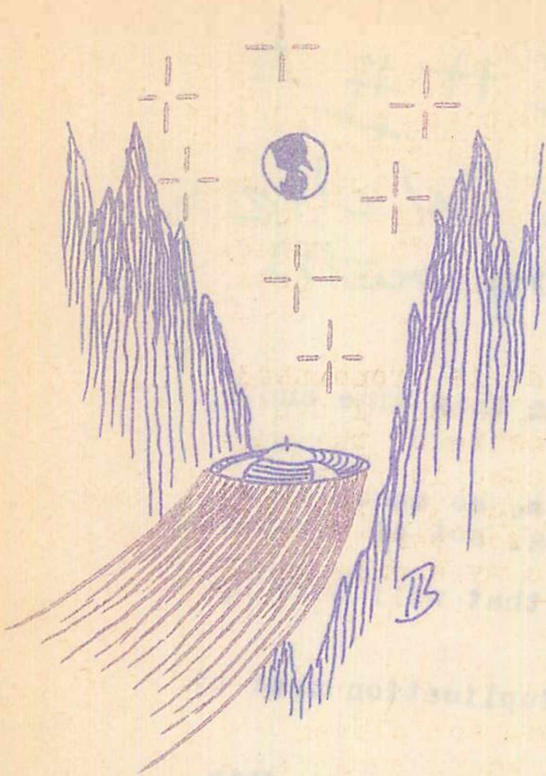
• Larry has asked me to write him an extra-long column this time and I haven't got the material. I repeat:

However, he also asked me to be funnier in my column, so inasmuch as I can be funny (?) ((EGADS!)) on absolutely nothing, not all is lost.

Let us discuss ((and cuss)) the various forms of duplication used by fans:nes.

MIMEOGRAPH: This is the most widely used form of duplication in fandom. It is about twice as expensive as hektotyping, but is much less messy and produces many more copies. It involves a stencil which is a thing you type on that holes are cut in on when you type on it. (This is grammer?) You put it on the mimeo in such a way that the ink comes thru the drum from the inkpad and thru the holes in the stencil where the centers fell out of your 'o's and 'a's and therefrom onto the paper messing it all up with lil' black splotches. They don't have to be black splotches if you happen to be Hoffman or Boggs. Mimeos are rotary machines whereas hektos are flatbeds, but they also make rotary hektos and flatbed mimeos. One jerk fan made his own flatbed using a pair of old pajamas for his inkpad.

DITTO: 'Ditto is a trade name; its real name is 'spirit duplicator'. It is the reverse of the hekto. In the ditto you type on a masterset, which is a special piece of paper with a special carbon hooked on the back of it facing forward. So when you type or draw on the front the carbon comes off on the back reversed. You tear the carbon off and put the master on with the backwards-facing carbon side on the outside. The paper goes thru the innards of the machine and gets dampened in the process, and then comes out over or under the drum (depending on the brand



of machine you have) pressed against the master. A layer of the carbon deposit comes off frontwards of the paper, leaving an image. It's not much of an image, I can tell you. They also make flatbeds, which are no good. Ask Larry Anderson.

MULTILITH: This is nothing but a poor man's lithograph. It uses specially prepared plates, either paper or metal. You draw or type on the front with grease pencil, ordinary typewriter ribbon, or grease & ribbon. Then you put it on one of the drums of the multilith; the ink sticks to the typed-on or drawn-on parts but is wipeable-offable on the rest of the plate. There is a wiper that wipes it off. No longer do fans have to get

one hand all black by holding it against the plate to wipe the ink off. So the order of the Black Hand has folded. This plate prints onto a rubber mat thing. The rubber mat thing prints on the paper, so as to reverse the image and to protect the plate. I have it on good authority, tho, that the Little Men's multilith doesn't use a rubber mat. It uses Charles Burbee's skin.

MULTIGRAPH: I would rather not discuss this, inasmuch as I say it is a poor man's printing press that prints thru a special ribbon like a typewriter and looks just like typing and has a special typesetting machine, but Lee Hoffman says it is the same thing as a multilith. I daresn't say it is a poor man's printing press that prints thru a special ribbon like a typewriter and looks just like typing and has a special typesetting machine for fear of incurring her wrath. ((Pity poor, misinformed Lee and Charles. To a few of the elite, mainly me, it is known that it (Multigraph) is both of these. Their brand names are the same, tho all.))

LITHOGRAPH: Also known as offset, photo-offset, planograph, and litho. This is just a multilith that won't use a paper plate. They are no good. You can't do good work on them. Look at such horribly messy & zines as Science Fiction News Letter and Cosmag and Science Fiction Digest and you'll see what I mean. I know it's no good because Vernon McCain said so.

PRINTING PRESS: This is a thing that prints from ink smeared all over some type. There are a whole slew of kinds of these. Some will even print woodcuts or linoleum cuts. Linoleum cuts are no good. I know, because once I cut out a perfectly beautiful rocketship out of the kitchen linoleum on the floor and I squirted green fountain pen ink all over it and put a piece of paper on it and lifted it up and all it was was a big smear. You don't use a typewriter with a printing press, instead(((I KNOW THAT COMES / IN'T LEGAL? BUT IT' THERE AIN'T IT?))) you have a big thing full of little pieces of type and you take this type out of the drawer one at a time and put it all together. If this type happens to spell out a word you are very lucky. Then you take

and put it in the press some way or other and put the paper in and do things to it and the paper comes out printed! I have had experience with only one press. That one was Henry Burwells. With it, you put a piece of paper in and jump down real hard on a handle thing. I worked real hard one night with it. I slipshotted while an name Barge or Bergey ((bet it was Burge)) or something jumps and down. Henry Burwell sold it for some reason.

ROTOGRAVURE: Also called intaglio. One of those words is pronounced ro-to-gruh-VUER-ruh and the other is pronounced in-TAH-lyoh. I don't know which one is which, tho. This is just the opposite of the printing press. In the printing press the part to be printed is raised, but in the rotogravure the part to be printed is lowered. The ink collects in the depressions and is wiped off from the raised part like in the ~~my~~ multilith. This is fabulously expensive and to my knowledge has never been used in fanzines.

THINGS I SOMETIMES WONDER ABOUT: There is a big three-leaf clover the front of the latest of. Now there is one thing I wanna know. Has it just three leaves??

Oh, of course, it's for the Belfast Triangle.....

THE END

FAVORITE QUOTES FROM EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"My Princess!"

"MY Chieftans!"

"Egads! If that blow had lit it would have made me as heedless as a rycore!"

"-----I presently heard a sound that spoke more plainly to John Carter a fighting man, than could the words of my mother tongue--it was the clank of metal--the metal of a warrior's harness--"

As Charles said, you ordinarily can't use black to print with spirit dippers or hektos. This is contradicted by the fact that his very column is ditted in black. Well, silly just isn't an ordinary fanzine.

Larry

This space costs only

10¢

for advert

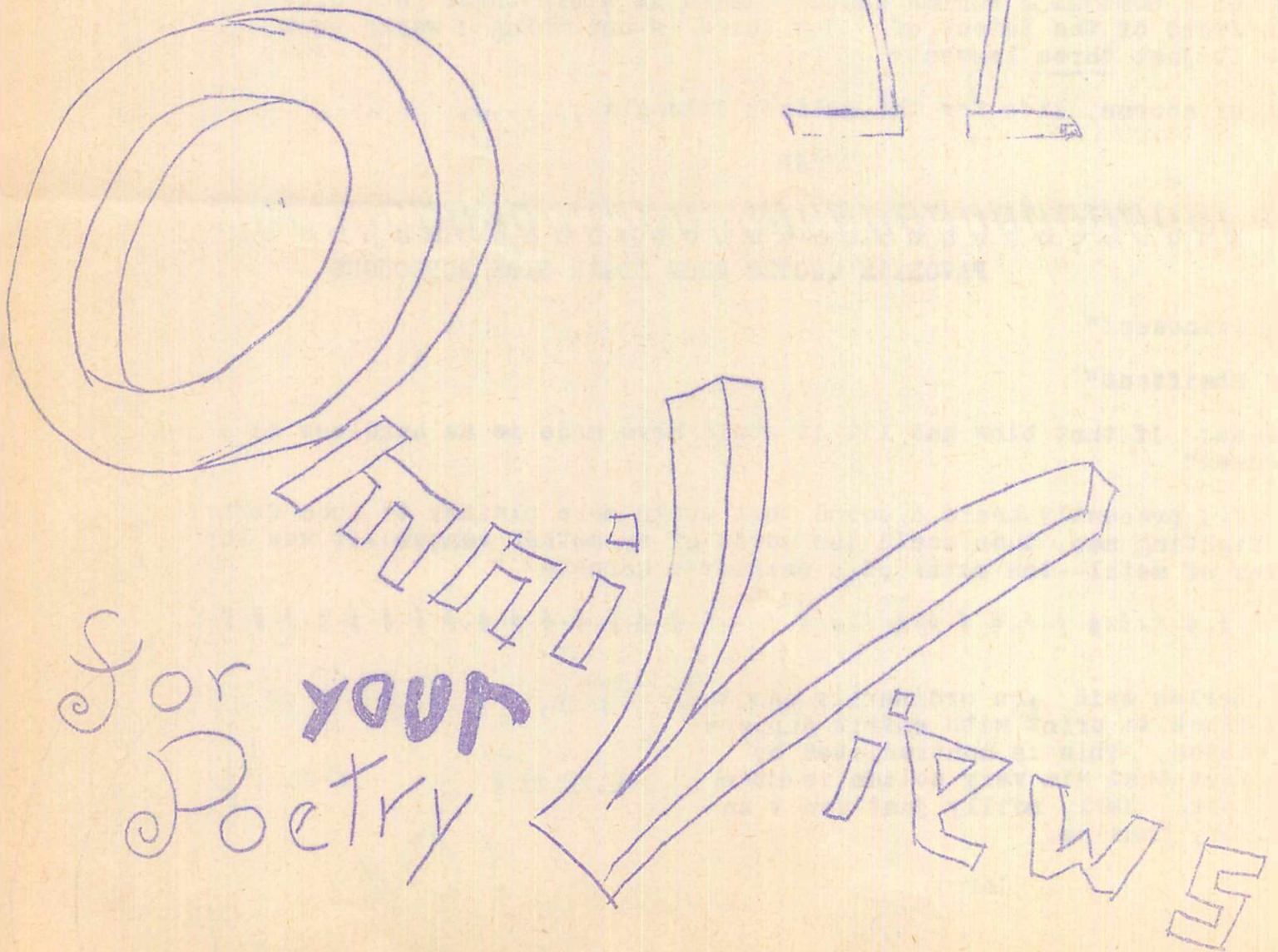
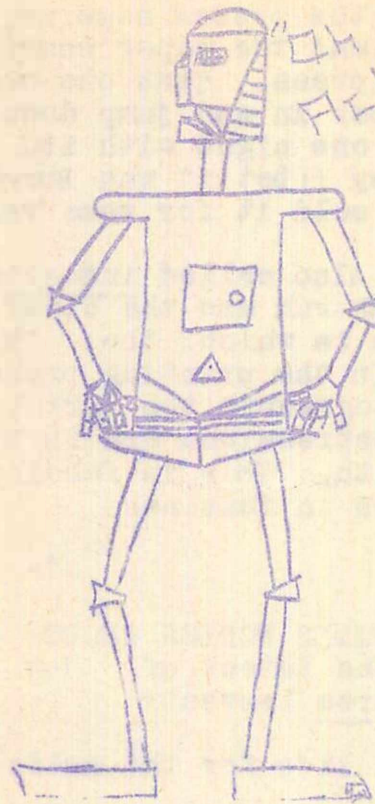
sing

METAMORPHOSIS

The legend of the battered hulks
That barely made the port
Converts them into argosies
With bridges theigh-high in bort.
Shimmering, clean-lined craft
That sung through past-time seas.
These the scribes call rafts
Of rotted timber,
Unsafe far from ground.
The scramble of the solar years
Has left this wrong undone.
True vision cannot be won
Until they sail once more.

Henry A. Ackermann

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by the author.



DARK DREAMER

(Occasioned by a painting by Deli)

Imprisoned, straining from the blackening sand
That clutches with a Titan's grip his limbs,
~~Imprisoned~~
The faceless Dreamer glares across the land
In wild and mute despair.

The daylight dims
Out of the heavens, and a crimson glow,
Bringing the doom of all dark dreamers, swims
Upon the hapless prisoner below.

--Andrew Duane

HYMN TO PAN

They lied who cried:
"Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!"
The lamentations, thunders, groans
Were vain, were vain, were vain.

He shakes his shaggy head
Today, and laughs a rumbling laugh,
mocking:

"You bow a mock obeisance
To the new gods, but---you worship me!"
He walks the haunted, green gloomed woodlands---
He stalks sun misted, verdant vales---
The cloven hooves a flash fire
From the porphy of silent, secret ruins,
Gaunt ghosts of man's amorphous past.

Look! Look! O Look
Behind facades that crumble as they rise
There lurks a massive face,
A knowing full lipped smile
And deep set, wisdom shadowed eyes.
Across the city's sun espicing,
sunlight shafted splendour
Poises his great, hairy hand,
And dims the sky.

----Walt Klein

Surfeit

Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

When Death's cold clammy hand
Reached out to clasp my own,
I told him in halting words
I would not share his throne.
He drew his ebon robes
Slowly before his face
And back to his dark kingdom
His steps retraced.
Now, I am old and weary,
And would welcome his call,
No ebon comes from his voice,
No wound of his footfall.



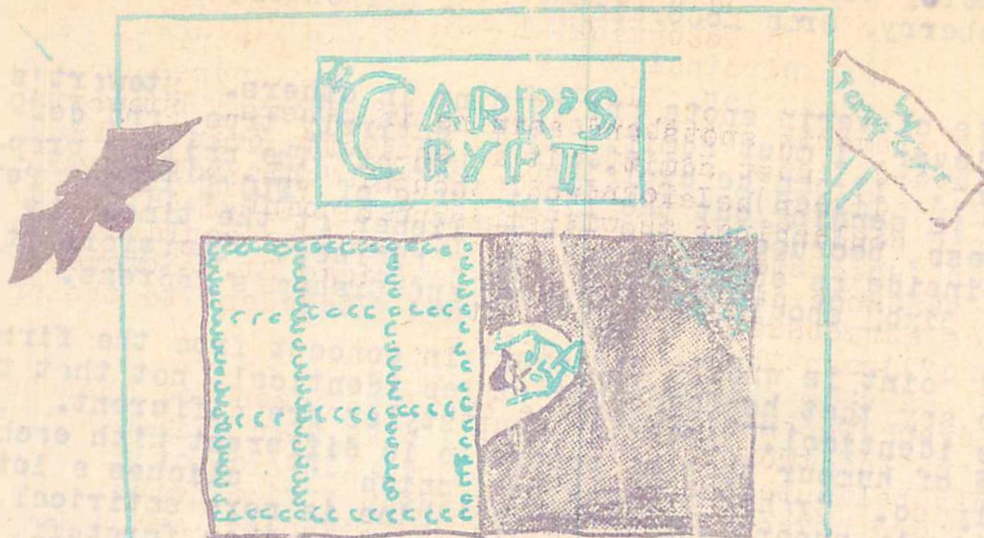
You Never Can Tell

On a desert of sand
And snow and ice,
I found a tea-cup
Of colored lice.
With an earnest face,
And sober, solemn,
I ran and
In the weekly column

Of lost and found
And strayed and stolen
And sure enough,
A Mr. Bolen
Appeared and cleared
The cup of lice
And paid for it
A handsome price.

----Hal French----





Last column I told you about the Willis Death Hoax. This time I'll tell you about another hoax, which also emanated from San Francisco this one just recently. A neofan named Bob Stewart pulled this one. It, like the Willis Death Hoax, was done via postcards sent to various people. Main differences were that this was reproduced by ditto, and the WDH cards by mimeo, and that this hoax had a total circulation of ten (though it is possible that these ten will pass it on--though the very nature of the hoax makes this unlikely.) The following is how the card went:

Dear-----

A few days ago I received a manuscript from Terry Carr that was to appear in my fanzine, BOO! After reading it I have come to the conclusion that Terry Carr is none other than Peter Graham.

I base my assumptions on the following;

1. Terry Carr's fanzine, Vulcan, that was recently reviewed in SS, was under Terry Carr's name, but Peter Graham's address.
2. In all of Terry's work I find that same style of writing and that same ungodly sense of humour as in Peter Graham's.
3. After going over to 134 Cambridge (Terry's address) I found that it is a vacant lot.
4. Neither I, nor any other fan has ever seen "Terry Carr."

Bob Stewart
274 Arlington St.
San Francisco, Calif.

About a week ago I heard rumors that Stewart was pulling a hoax concerning Peter Graham and me. He, knowing Peter, knew of the Willis death Hoax and got the whole idea of fanish hoaxes. It seems that one day he got mad at Peter and me (for rather indefinite reasons--we acted bored with life or some such thing; and thought up this hoax. By the time I heard of it he had already sent out the cards.

So far he has received one answer, this from Dave Hammond;

Bob--

So Peter Graham seems to be Terry Carr. What a wonderful discovery! Who is Terry Carr? Who is Peter Graham? Remember there is no such thing as bad publicity. If I dislike someone I just don't mention them at all. By mentioning "him" (I got a Willis is Dead card too) you are making a name for the rat. Next you'll be saying that

Daney is Lucker.

Aside from Dave Hammond, Stewart also sent cards to the following fans: Gregg Galking, Shelby Vick, Lee Hoffman, Robert Chambers, Henry Burwell, Richard Elsberry, Orma McCormick, L. W. Carpenter, and Charles Lee Riddle.

The hoax itself is clever in spots and asinine in others. Stewart's first point is clever, I must admit. It is entirely true, and definitely misleading. It can be explained, though. The mailing wrapper that we used in sending out the first issue of VELCAN listed Peter Graham's address, because he was the publisher at the time. My name was listed inside as editor, and not my address. Therefore it was logical that Bixby should list my name and Graham's address.

Stewart's second point is wholly different in concept from the first. He is careful to say that he found our styles identical, not that they necessarily were identical. Actually, our styles are different. The "unghodly" sense of humour that he refers to is different with each of us, and vastly so. Graham's leans on Finnish ~~and~~ cliches a lot, with lots of entirely superfluous material. Mine is more satirical, and I go in for satires on promags and editors more than fanstuff, though I do that, too. When we work together we sort of counterbalance ourselves, Peter supplying many of the punchlines, and me supplying most of the satire. At any rate, I doubt very much that Stewart has seen much material by either of us.

Stewart botched up his third point miserably. 134 Cambridge St. definitely is not a vacant lot. It is a house, with houses on either side of it. I live there. Up the street a way from my house, however, there is a vacant lot. Had Stewart said "Going over to 134 Cambridge (Terry's address), I found a vacant lot" his point would have been true and misleading, as with his first point. As it is, it is entirely untrue. Stewart apparently thought he could say that the "it" in the sentence did not mean 134 Cambridge St. However, by the very sentence structure there is no other antecedent to the pronoun ((not a dirty pro?)) than 134 Cambridge.

His last point drops to asininity. If he has never seen me, then he must be blind, and the two or three times I have seen him--and talked to him--certainly belie that assumption. And plenty of other fans have seen me. There have been Bill Knapheide, Laurie Lemus, Keith Joseph, David Rike, Henry Ceser, Neal Clarke Reynolds, and a host of others, including Alfred Perez, who writes "those letters" to AS and FA gushing about Milton Lesser. Charles Lee Riddle has snapshots of both Peter and me.

I've heard rumors recently that Stewart is planning another hoax, because this one apparently didn't come off. For his sake I hope he doesn't. If there is one thing that will ruin a fan's career, it is to be heard of first as a hoaxer. Peter Graham is finding that out right now. Whether he will ever have a career in fandom to speak of is debatable at the moment because of the prejudice against him all through fandom. And it's a crying shame, too, because Peter has got a lot of potential talent. But then again, whatever happens is his own fault.

All in all, Stewart's hoax probably won't accomplish anything. It won't bring as many blasts as the Willis Leath Hoax did, because it has not got the damage-potential that the WDH had. So what if people do believe the hoax? That won't stop them from printing my work, though I might start getting letters saying something like "why don't you give up the pretense, Peter, and quit hiding behind that name?"

Everybody knows it's you, and you're only admitting that you feel you must conceal your identity when you use the name."

The Carr-is-Graham Hoax did have one redeeming factor, however. It provided me with something to write about in this column at a time when I was stumped for material.

So, with two Crypts written so far, I find I've covered two hoaxes. Let me assure you right now that I don't intend to devote this column entirely to hoaxes: it's just that these two hoaxes happened to be connected with me and running the rounds at the times of writing of the two columns. Future columns will most likely be written around different subjects.

ADDENDUM: Last minute notes.

Since the above column was written Stewart has received two more answers to the hoax. The first was from Lee Riddle, who "kicked the hoax apart"("...Peter does not have the sense of humor that Terry does, nor can he write half as well....") One part of the letter I enjoyed ~~xx~~ muchly; this: "o no one has ever seen Terry Carr, huh? Well, my friend, this might have thrown me, except for one thing--I lived in Alameda, California from 1945 to 1950; talked to Terry many times, and on December 31st of last year, talked to him while on my way from Honolulu to New York." All the above true--and misleading. Sure, he talked to me all ~~xxxx~~ of those times--talked to me. Over a phone.

The other answer was from L.W. Carpenter, with whom I ~~xx~~ corresponded for a little while. Carpenter, to my utter surprise, cut away at me like I was a tree. ((You must remember the season, Terry.)) Apparently he had his own reasons for ~~xx~~ his accusations (among them that I was a space-opera fan, was absolutely impervious to logic, was rude, and had entered fandom only recently), but I find base for very few of them. Apparently he thought I was a space opera ~~xxxx~~ fanatic because I defended AMAZING on the grounds that it is sort of a kindergarten for sci readers, where new readers first learn about the field. And as for entering fandom only recently--well, I entered it about four years ago...I wonder when he did--?

"TOUCHE"

THE END

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* * * * *



Book



It was the year 1952, but things hadn't changed much: there was still talk of war with Russia, prices were still rising, and people lived, loved, and died pretty much as usual. And people still played Canasta enthusiastically.



For fifteen-year-old Tony things had changed even less, for his was the constant, dark world of a blind person.

He still lived with the relatives who had rescued him from bombed-out Italy. And he still went to see Dr. Kinney, the psychiatrist, who tried to talk him out of his phobia.

Reprinted from *Spaceship*

He sat in one of the green metal chairs on the front porch, his feet up on the railing; and felt the growing darkness. He knew, he could tell by the coolness in the air, that it was about nine o'clock, and the street-lights were winking one on Fredrick St.

He listened to the sounds, the warm, emotion-filled, intimate sounds that a small town can and does produce. People walking and talking, babies crying, cars purring up and down the street, the gay conversation of people playing Canasta, and the murmur of a turned-down-low television set.

A fear-sound came down from the sky, invading the small-town peace.

The sound of an airplane.

Tony sat and trembled. "Bomber! Bomber!" His frightened thoughts screamed. The same droning, the crashing of bombs, followed by the thunder of great buildings collapsing, and the screams of the dying. The memories echoed up and down his mind.

This isn't like the war, he told himself, this isn't like the war! He said it over and over again, uselessly. Then he tried to remember the precisely-worded encouragements of Dr. Kinney.

These failed too.

"Bomber! Bomber!" he shouted, jumping up and running.

He went straight for the cellar; his subconscious mind had taken over now; his conscious one could only stand by and watch, trying without success to tell him not to be afraid.

In the living room the Canasta players looked up, surprised. They saw Tony hurrying toward the cellar, feeling his way with practiced swiftness, stumbling only once--and then only over an unforeseen upturned edge of rug.

The room was a little smoky--Mr. Peterson, the visitor, had a cigar; Tony's uncle puffed on a pipe; both men's wives had cigarettes. On the floor sat the younger children; they watched television and ate popcorn with greasy fingers. Mary, three years older than Tony, sat in a chair, reading a rather poorly-written novel. She looked up, wearily.

"Wha--what...?" gasped Mr. Peterson, just as Tony slammed the cellar door behind himself.

"He was in Italy during the war," explained Tony's aunt, "and that was the effect it had on him. Dr. Kinney--that's the psychiatrist; he's been treating Tony--says the shock of being bombed so many times gave him a...phobia, he called it. He's afraid of airplanes."

"Oh," said Mr. Peterson.

"What do you do when this happens," asked Mrs. Peterson.

"There's very little we can do. We just try to explain to him that it just isn't a bomber, and after a while he calms down--"

And "Mary, will you go down and see what you can do for him. You seem to be more able to help him than I am. That's dear--"

Mary dutifully marked the place in her book with a piece of paper torn from the edge of a newspaper, and walked to the cellar door. The expression on her face (turned away from the parents and guests) was one of boredom. Everyone thought, how good Mary is to her unfortunate cousin.

The Canasta game progressed. Up above, the airplane dived over the house, again seeming to circle the small town. It passed over the house twice after that. "Wonder what kind of plane it is?" said Peterson. His wife told him to watch his cards.

Down in the cellar, they could hear Tony's muffled sobbing; they could hear his cousin, Mary trying to make him stop it.

The plane roared along until it was over the center of the town.

"Don't worry; it's not a bomber," came Mary's voice from below.

JUST THEN THE PLANE DROPPED ITS ATOMIC BOMBS!

Lady Visitor

by

ORMA MCCORMICK

I edit a poemzine. My first contact with the woman I shall call Lady X, was when I received a parcel post package containing material for my delatation. After laboriously untying seven ~~was~~ seperate strings, I ~~managad~~ unearthed a reams of her atrociously penned manuscripts. Deciphering the first page, it sounded like this:

Stars, stars, lanes to stars,
Lanes to stars! Stars!
I am here, you is there.
There you is, here am I.

I'm uncertain of this because of the ink blots; the punctuation is mine. Her name, an odd one, was prominently displayed, but no return address.

I continued through the entire bundle. Each page was folded differently, but I contrived eventually, to discover the remainder was worse.

I examined my files for her address to return her work, but she was not listed on any of my membership rosters. I hid the material under the bed.

One hot summer day two weeks later, Lady X was at my door. Had I known that this thin, extremely tall woman, was the "package-poet", I would have spared myself a great deal of misfortune by keeping quiet behind locked doors--but, no, I greeted her "Hos do you dok may I help you?"

"Is you McCormick?" Her voice was off key, and twanged like an over-tuned wire. The "is" should have warned me, as this grammatical error was prevalent in her material. I nodded.

"Then ~~x~~ unlatch!" she commanded. "I'm a writer."

I hesitantly unfastened the screen door. She was "at home" with two strides of those lengthy lower limbs, dumping my work off the card table, and putting in its place a bulging briefcase that had excoaped my notice.

"I didn't got your check," she stated coldly.

To cover my displeasure at the abuse of my work, I muttered something about not ~~x~~ owing anybody.

She straightened backward in my old chair with a violence that made it creak in anguish, and entered into a long-winded tirade which made my head vibrate. Her final sentence told me her name.

I ~~xx~~ began, as politely as I could, "It's customary....."

She interrupted, "How much of my work have you stolen?"

I steepled my voice, "You may have ALL of your material back right now!" This failed to impress her. I retrieved her package from under the bed, and piled the ~~frank~~ junk beside her briefcase on the card table. I added, sarcastically, "If you'd included your address, these would have been returned immediately."

But I didn't want them back! I wanted you to use them and pay me."

I studied her narrow face. Her black, deep-set eyes met mine. I shivered. She looked about thirty-five, strong, and wiry. I thought of a barbed wire fence.

I checked my emotions, and inquired, "How did you happen to send your work to me? If you've been reading my publication, you'd know I cannot pay for material, that yours was unsuitable, none of it is science fiction."

"I don't read what others write, it confuses." She reached into a careless pocket, lit a cigarette with a kitchen-type match that flamed an odd, blue fire, and dropped it on the floor unextinguished. I stepped on it as quickly as I could, but not before a large hole was burned in the rug.

Ignoring this, she explained, "A friend of mine told me you needed real pomes." She laid the cigarette on the edge of the card table instead of in the ashtray I proffered. "I could be your staff writer for as low as fifty dollars a month, and all I do is real pomes." She extricated from the briefcase a handful of more monstrosities, which she insisted I read.

I wanted to be rid of her. I tried to think with half my brain, while I read her "real pomes". ~~At~~ One line I remember:

"Kill stars....blood run....is black"

I was scared. It would be hours before my family returned. I'm only five feet tall, and frail. Throwing her out by physical force was impossible. I made a reservation of what I'd say to the "friend" who had recommended her to ME!

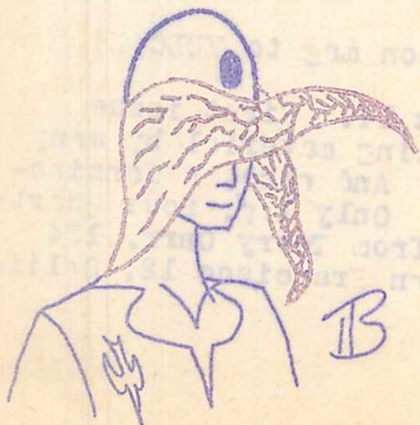
I stalled, "Who did you say told you about my poemzine?" She laughed! This chilled me more...I trembled. I was a fleeting picture of a whistling arctic blizzard. She answered frostily, "But we can't give away our little secrets, now can we?"

I wondered if she would leave of her own free will, if I told her she was a genius, or that her art was too good for my miserable mimeoed zine. I could send her to someone else. I shuddered when I thought of her return if I gave her a false lead. I had quit shaking because I was numbed through. Even my brain felt frozen. My heart must have retained some warmth, for my conscience would not allow me to foist her on anyone else.

I ventured, "Why don't you publish your own poems?" and bravely put her cigarette in the ashtray.

"I tried, but the fools expected ME to pay them!" With this screech, I thought I ~~was~~ saw my eyes flash a weird black fire. I told myself that this was absurd, and I believed my imagination had tricked me. I was feverish. My ~~own~~ numbness had fled. My nerves tickled with icy needles. I was sick..... with fear! And fear was the one quality never to show a deranged person, it could incite her to violence!

I dared, "I'm sorry I can't use any of your work. It contains a singular art of its own which would be misunderstood." So she would not discover my increasing terror, I walked to the window. Then I observed my housepla-



FILE 17 Jan 1970

Hyper Hearing

reprinted from Spaceship #13

by James R. Adams

The little guy approached me diffidently. His pale blue eyes looked here, there, and everywhere but directly at me.

"You take bets on the wrestling matches?", he asked, nervously fingering a drab black tie. The high, thin voice was exactly what I had expected from such a money-looking specimen.

I looked him over and carefully said, "Could be. What man you pickin'?" ~~he~~ he took a thin roll from his pocket, peeled a ten-spot.

"I want to put this on Homocide Hogan. He'll take the match with two straight falls."

So I stared at him, unable to believe my ears. "Are you nuts? Homocide Hogan hasn't won two straight in years!"

"If you don't want to take the money--" he began, starting to pocket the bill.

He looked down at his empty hand. I folded the ten lovingly and slipped it into my wallet. I wasn't letting a sucker like this get away!

"A receipt?", he asked timidly.

I gave him one.

"No squawking now when you lose your dough." I told him sharply.

He looked shocked, "Oh, no! I wouldn't think of it. But I can't possibly lose. You see, I heard Wild Wankovitch himself agree to let Homocide Hogan win."

It was my turn to be shocked. If the fight was fixed--and a lot of them are.... I began to sweat. It wasn't the ten bucks so much, but it always hurt me like hell to be outfoxed.

"You heard that, huh?", I said sickly. "How'd you get into the dressing rooms?"

He didn't even crack a smile when he answered. "Oh, I wasn't in the dressing rooms. At the time I was a mile away in a taxi!"

Well, brother, you can bet I forgot my worries right then. I backed away a couple of steps, glancing furtively over my shoulder to make sure I had a clear track.

"Nice" I said, stalling for time. "You got damned good hearing, fella".

"Yes" he agreed with a pleased smile. "Very exceptional. I don't like to boast, but I can hear a sound which has originated on the other side of the world."

That did it. I whirled and ran, the loudest scream you ever heard ready in my throat in case the madman fulfilled my terrified expectation and pounced cackling on my back to throttle me joyfully. I didn't stop until safely lost in the anonymity of the crowd outside of the arena. Then and only then, did I collapsed against a wall and gulped in huge mouthfuls of air.

Homocide Hogan won the match. Two straight falls--coincidence, naturally, and don't think it changed my opinion of the little guy any. He was still a one hundred percent, bona fide, potentially dangerous loony, and I had no intention of finding him to pay off the bet. Untidy purple fingerprints on my neck don't appeal to me.

I left by a side exit, hoping

from his mad eyes until I could reach the curb and slip into a taxi.

"Crazy as a bedbug," I whispered to myself. "Hears things from the other side of the world."

Hardly had I uttered the words, when a familiar figure appeared around the corner and hurried toward me. It was the little nut! I tried to get my feet moving, but before I could he was on me, hand grasping my arm in a gentle but firm grip.

"Ah, there you are!" he said, not at all angry. "I waited for you at the apartment entrance, but I guess you forgot about me. Luckily, though, I heard you speaking around here and hurried to catch you." He looked hurt. "Really, now, whatever could make you think I'm 'crazy as a bedbug'?"

My exact words! I gulped and stared at him in open-mouthed incredulity. This was fantastic, indeed! I couldn't believe it had happened; and if it had, what was the gimmick?

His quavering voice broke into my chaotic thoughts. "Here is my receipt. If you will pay it, I'll be on my way. I have an engagement--"

"Wait, not so fast!" I gave him my best smile and brought my mouth close to his ear. "I'm not one to pass up my bets, and if the little guy could really do this thing..."

"I'd like to see more of this ability of yours," I whispered.

"You would?" He beamed at me like a kid who's just been handed a new toy. "Wonderful; I'd be glad to demonstrate it for you. But my engagement--"

"It can wait, my friend, this can't." And before he could offer further objections I had him inside a cab and on the way to my apartment.

I was convinced. Abner Thomas--that was his name--could actually hear the tiniest sound at seemingly unlimited distances. The 'demonstration' had proved it beyond doubt.

I had placed Abner in the bedroom and gone myself into the tiny kitchen, closing the door and making sure there was no way he could peek through and possibly read my lips. Then I whispered, very softly:

"A good tip is Lightfoot Lady in the fifth at Pimlico."

I opened the door... "A good tip is Lightfoot Lady in the fifth at Pimlico," Abner said, grinning at me from his seat on the bed across the room.... He had done it again! A good guess? Brother don't want to be stupid!

I tried it again, this time with the table radio blaring out a jiff piece. When I went out Abner calmly repeated my words, adding that he had a sort of selectivity whereby he could single out a particular sound from a whole jumble of them and even place its source, whether in Hoboken or Hangechow.

The last test was the clincher. I left the apartment and rode a taxi to a point some five miles away, where I mumbled; "With those amazing ears, I wonder if you might even hear voices from other planets?" (Oh, I got my share of imagination even if I am just a two-bit bookie.)

The hack-driver, thinking I was addressing him, turned and glared "Listen buddy, let's keep our remarks about my ears to ourselves, shall we? Your own dirt-catchers would make an elephant pretty damned proud. But I ain't sayin' so, am I?"

I ignored him.

Abner greeted me at the door with "With those amazing ears, I wonder if you might even hear voices from other planets." "Paul. What a fascinating speculation! I can't understand why it never occurred to me. But of course--" and his face fell--"it won't work. Space is a vacuum,

"How do you know?", I demanded, feverish with excitement now that all my doubts about Abner Thomas's super-hearing had been thoroughly dispelled. My brain automatically translates everything into dollars and cents, and in this I saw enough money-making possibilities to make us a billionaires twice over. If--

"How do you know? Who says so, besides a bunch of moss-backed scientists who've never been there? Now look, Abner, there's lots of dough in this."

It took time, but I argued him into it. Abner was weak-willed in spite of his incredible ability. The money angle interested him, too.

"Don't expect too much, though," he warned. "Chances are space is a vacuum, after all. Or my range of hearing might not extend that far. Or there might not be any intelligent beings on other planets."

We sat down in the kitchenette and Abner began listening. I could do nothing but watch and wait, smoking on cigarette after another as the minutes ticked by.

My idea? Very simple. If Abner could "tune in" on a culture and its language could be translated into English, who knows what technical stuff we could eventually pick up? "How to build a spaceship in ten easy lessons." "Formula for Dr. Whosis' Elixer of world. An hour dragged by without results. Then all at once Abner opened his mouth and started "talking" at a mile-a-minute.

"Xtuy q;aleiz dkt ale itk," said he. "Yi kul poolmin t'gan vo xtuy ee fiki d'some. Umi ze;al8fh---"

I nearly dislocated my shoulder in grabbing up pencil and paper and shoving them into his hand, frantically ~~appeal~~ commanding;

"Write it down; Write it down, Abner. Damn ~~ams~~ if you haven't done it. Write, man write!

Abner wrote. He had to deduce the spelling from the pronundiation, but if he got even a percentage of it right we'd have something to work with. For an hour and a half his pencil moved rapidly, taking down that weird gable from another world.

It took a year. Twelve long months of painstaking, exhaustive mental labor in cracking the language. That was real solving, brother--what can you call an amazing feat. The five grand it cost me blasted my nest-egg shell and all, but I wasn't worried. There would be more. A lot more.

Naturally the language guys wanted to know more about the gabble, but we stalled him off with the promise that we'd slip him more info later on. He accepted only when he ~~xxx~~ saw it was that or nothing.

And at last Abner and me were all ready to set ourselves up in business in a big way.

During the past months Abner had written down whole reams of the alien talk. Idle conversations speculation on world events, gossip---nothing we could build a machine from or present to our savants as a great scientific truth.

Just yesterday had come our big break. Abner had tuned in on a scientist of this unknown planet who, apparently, having ~~xxx~~ been on vacation, was returning to his work. We intended to be listening to his every word from here on out, until we learned every scrap of technical data his mouth divulged.

And it wasn't any trouble locating him again---not with Abner's ability. My fantastic friend simply plumped himself in a chair in my apartment, got that "evesdropping look" in his eyes, and pretty soon was parroting the unseen scientist, syllable for syllable, only he translated into English as he went. This last for my benefit---I had now taken over the task of

recording what Abner said.

"THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SPACE-DRIVE, Abner spoke, "IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, CRINE. YOU MERELY HAVE NOT TRIED TO UNDERSTAND IT."

I suppose the man--creature--was addressing an assistant. I didn't know and I didn't care. All I could think of just then was that we had finally stumbled on something important! This being, on another planet, was about to give away a secret worth millions; and Abner and I had a person-to-person hookup on the thing.

My hand was trembling as I waited for Abner to continue. I controlled it with an effort, darkly promising myself I'd slit my throat if I botched things now.

"I WILL EXPLAIN TO YOU, CRINE," Abner resumed. "BE ATTENTIVE. YOU MUST FIRST REALIZE THAT-- WAIT!"

There was silence a moment. I stared questioningly at Abner, but he shook his head in puzzlement. He stood up--uneasily, I thought--cocking his head as though the better to hear what was going on in that other world. His lips moved slowly.

"CRINE, SOMEONE IS LISTENING. I SENSE SOMEONE LISTENING!"

My heart climbed into my throat, then turned to lead and dropped sickeningly back. Somehow, somehow, we had been discovered. I didn't like it a bit.

Abner didn't like it either. He had turned pale, & sweat popping out of his face in little glistening beads. He looked as if he wanted to run but couldn't. He seemed held in hypnotic sway, unable to break his world connection.

The voice spoke again. I & listened with frozen horror as Abner enchantedly repeated the fateful words.

"DON ME A MOMENT, CRINE. I MUST TAKE CARE OF THIS--" And just like that, seemingly out of nowhere and before a breath could be drawn, muscles moved, the air crackled briefly, viciously, and a thing appeared, crouching, in the center of the room. There was a twinkle of something clutched in its hand; I knew with a dreadful certainty that it was a weapon.

"Ve domo. Domi t'pol!" the thing hissed, and pointed the tube at Abner.

Blue flame filled the room. I reeled back, clapping at my eyes and screaming. Something tripped me and I hit the floor, striking my head a glancing blow. A cannon-cracker exploded in my head and I stretched out, blissfully out cold.

There was a faint light on Abner. His left shoe, badly scorch- ed; a belt buckle melted into a shapeless mass and a few buttons. Of the little guy who had even an atom remained to show he had ever existed. The thing was gone, only I knew it was still alive in one ugly, mangled mass in too many pieces to count or even fine.

It took me weeks of sleepless nights to figure it out. And I'm scared.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
I listened in on another planet at all, see. What he had to do was to make connection somehow with another dimension, one that lies right beside ~~the~~ ours. And judging by the "people" of the other dimension can penetrate the barrier.

But obviously they don't want any
Maybe in their eyes

we're less than animals. Or maybe it's something we can't understand even if we knew. Anyway, they do have a reason, or they would have made themselves known to us before this.

And---they don't like snoopers. Abner had been a snooper, and Abner had been eliminated as soon as he kept in contact for a long time with one voice---the scientist.

NOW, I'VE GOT IT ALL DOPED OUT, and I see the implications. Wish I'd quietly gone crazy instead. I don't have Abner's ability, but I know about them and they might decide I'm too dangerous to live. All I can do is move from place to place---and keep my fingers crossed.

I hope your hearing isn't too good---

THE END

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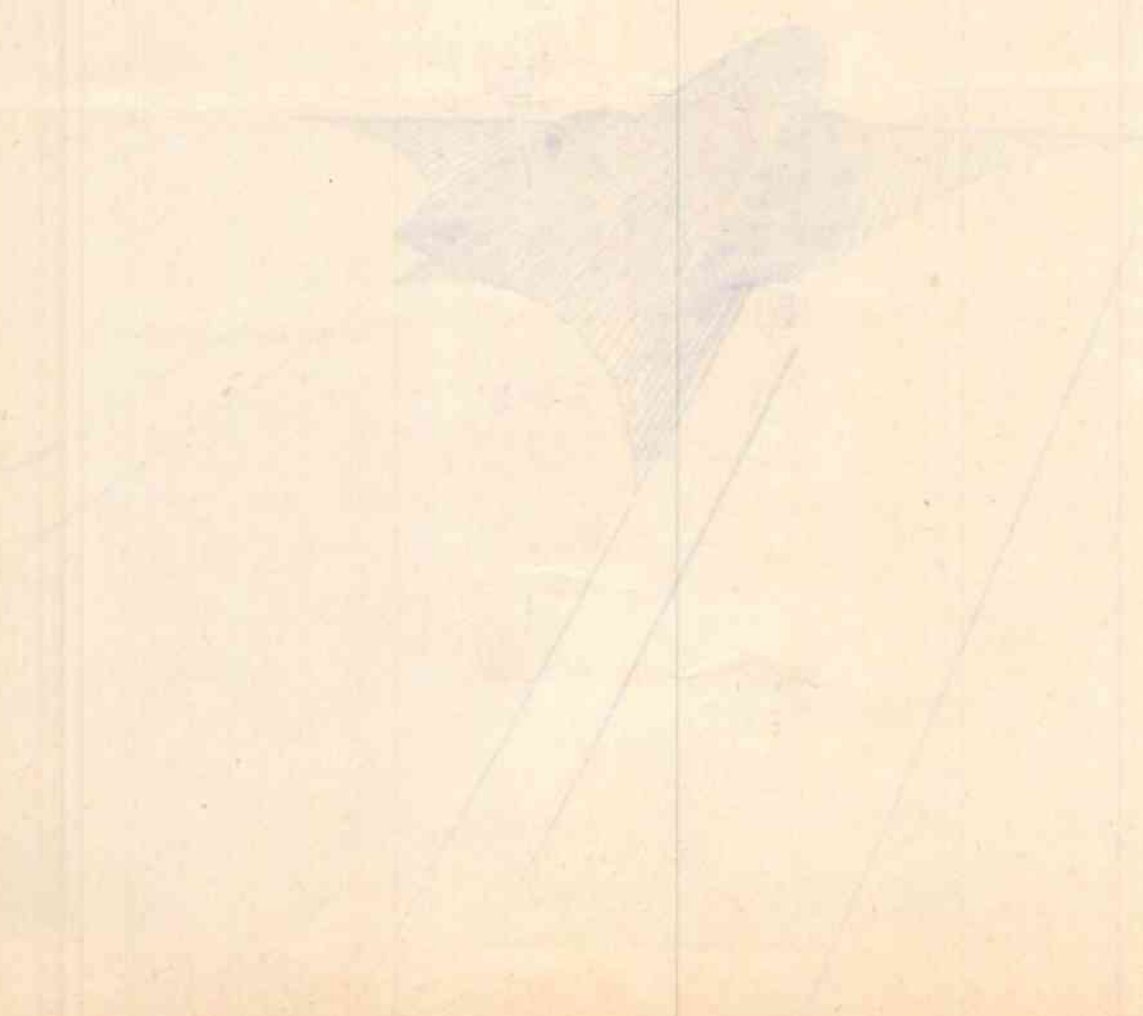


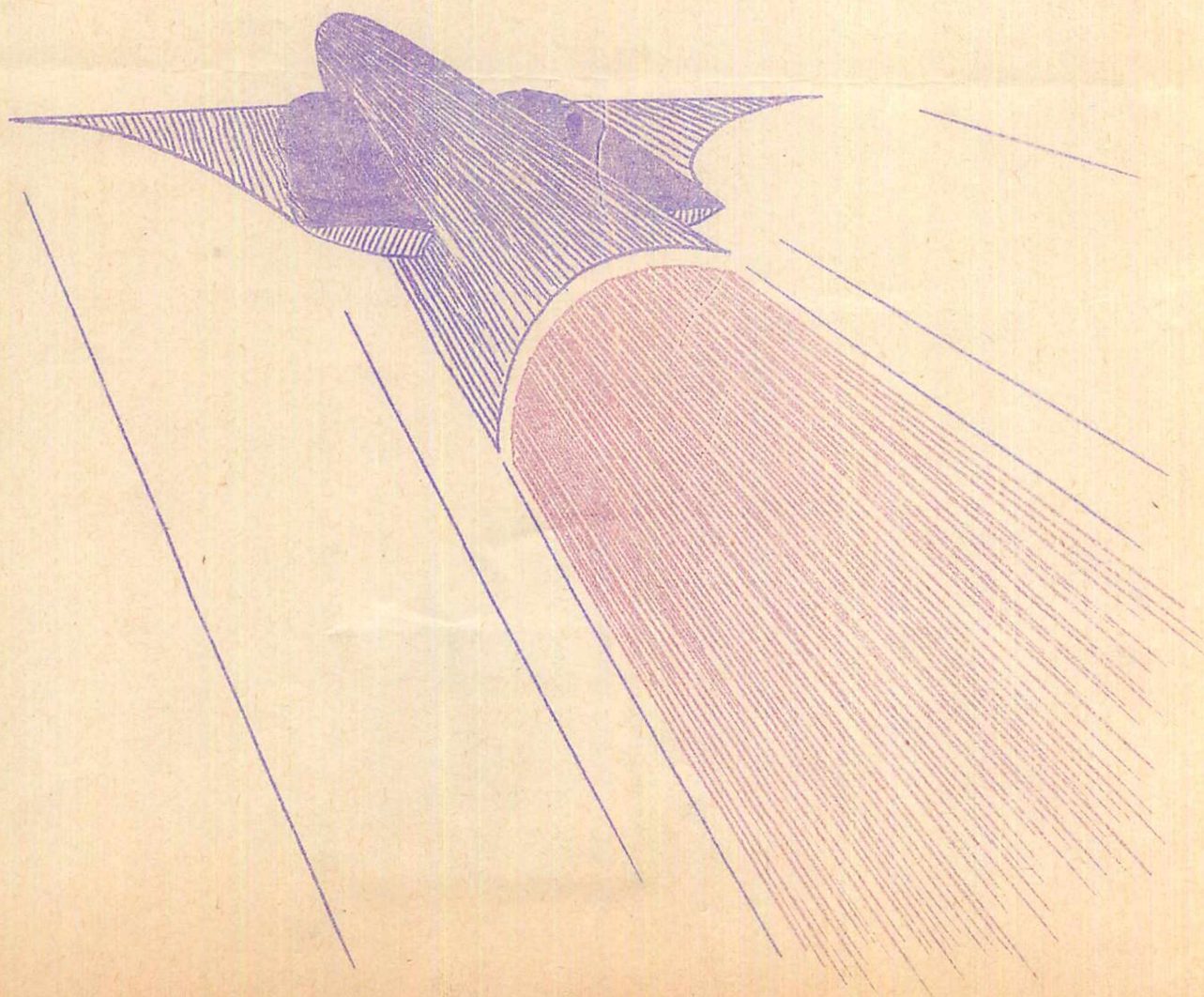
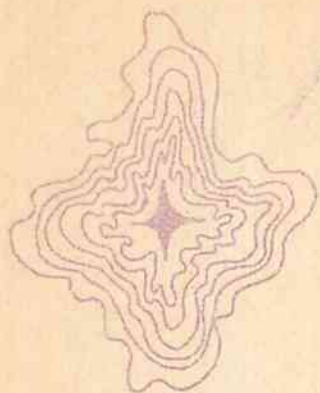
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