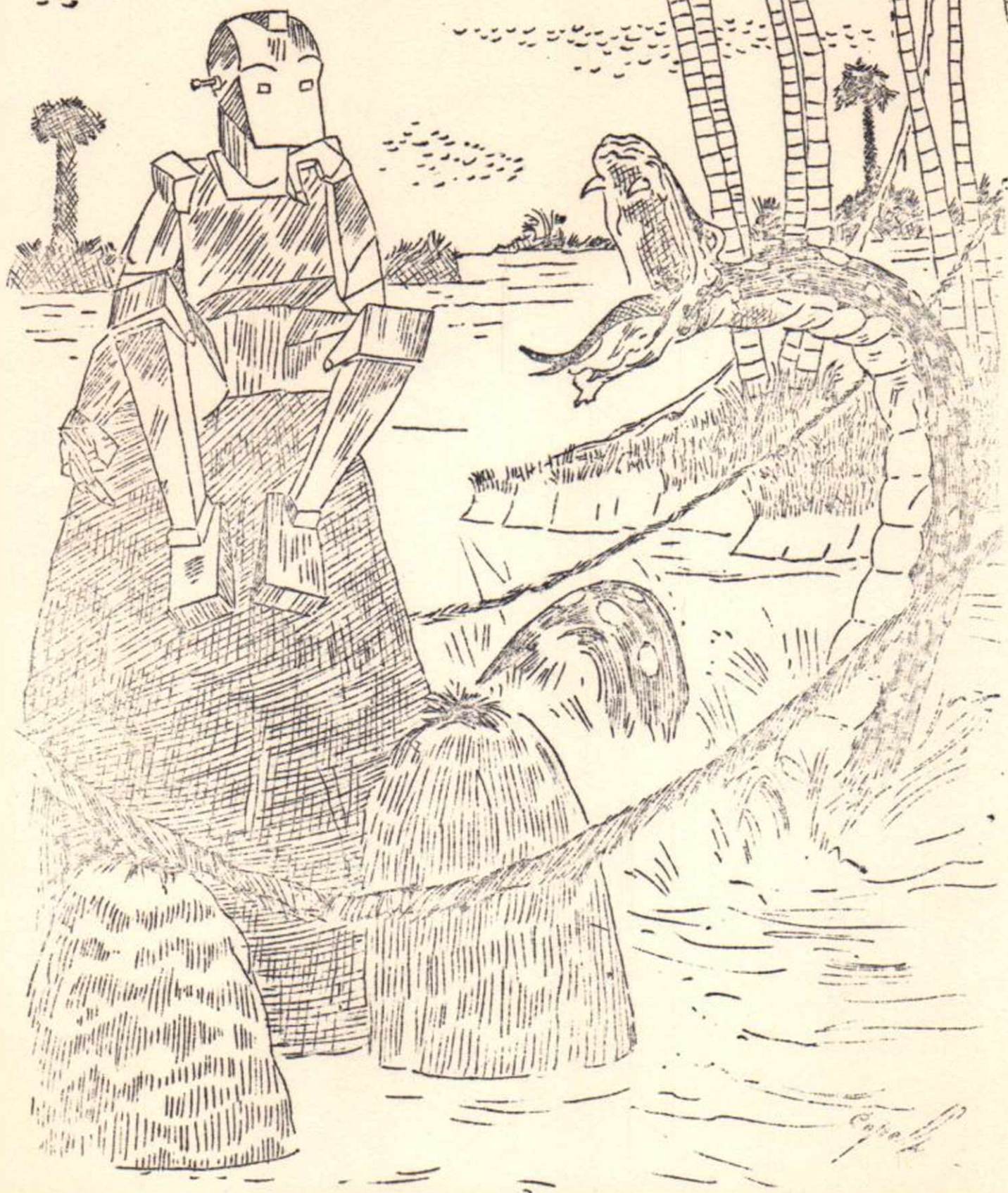


Shangri La

#36



EDITORIAL-contents-LETTERS

MOST OF YOU WHO READ THIS WILL PROBABLY BE EXPECTING AN EXPLANATION OF SORTS AS TO THE FORM THAT SHANGRI-LA IS IN THIS ISSUE AND AS TO THE DELAY IN PUBLICATION. I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU. BUT FIRST : A SOMEWHAT CONTENTS PAGE.

EDITORIAL....WHEREVER IT FITS IN.

MINUTES OF THE 785TH MEETING.....ED CLINTON..FIRST ARTICLE
MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR....RICK SNEARY...NEXT.

THE LONLEY MINUTES.....FROM E. LORING WARE.. "

THE GREAT ONE-HALF.....HELEN M. URBAN..... "

WESTERCON-BESTERCON....FORRY ACKERMAN..... "

THE 8TH WONDER....ANTHONY MORE.....LASTLY

POEMS: EDITOR ON A HOT TIN ROOF....BY I..WHEREVER FOUND

SONG : I SAW, SIR, THE SAUCER.....PIKE PICKENS.. "

CREDITS :: HOWARD MILLER-ART DIRECTOR

ED CLINTON & JESSIE WILT- STENCIL CUTTERS, CRANK
TURNERS, PAPER SLICERS, AND PAGE COUNTERS EXTRAORDINARY. (MANY THANKS)

RON ELLIK: PRE-EDITOR

RAY CAPELLA-COVER AND INSIDE ILLOS

ANNA MOFFATT- ILLOS

LEN MOFFATT- FOR OFFER OF CRANK HAND

AND ALL OTHERS WHO GAVE ENCOURAGEMENT OR HELP

NOW FOR THE EXPLANATION: THE REASON FOR THE DELAY IS VERY SIMPLE. THERE HAVE BEEN TWO EDITORS BEFORE ME ON THIS ISSUE (PETER VORZIMER AND RON ELLIK) AND WHEN I TOOK OVER, ABOUT 3 WEEKS AGO, ABOUT HALF OF IT HAD BEEN PUT ON STENCILS-I MIGHT ADD THAT ALL OF THE WORK ON IT WAS DONE BY ELLIK-. ALL OF THIS SHIFTING AROUND TOOK ALMOST THREE YEARS OF THREATS, PROMISES, AND DEAD SILENCE. HOWEVER, HERE WE ARE, AND JUST IN TIME TO PROCLAIM THIS THE 15TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF SHANGRI-LA, THE MAGAZINE STARTED PUBLICATION IN SUMMER, 1941. -OVER-

AS FOR THE FORM: I DON'T BELIEVE IN CONTINUING ANYTHING TO SOME OBSCURE CORNER (EXCEPT MAYBE EDITORIALS); I DIDN'T THINK A CONTENTS PAGE AND NUMBERS ON PAGES WAS NECESSARY; AND THE LETTER COLUMN WAS NOT WORTH SEPERATING. A STATEMENT OF POLICY HERE:- THERE WERE MORE LETTERS THAN THOSE PRINTED, BUT THEY HAD TO DO ABOUT FUEDS AND I WOULD RATHER NOT CARRY ON ANY OF THOSE.

AN APOLOGY FOR AN APOLOGY: NOT HAVING ROOM, THE LAST TWO SENTENCES OF MR. ACKERMAN'S ARTICLE WERE NOT INCLUDED. WE HEREWITH ASK HIS FORGIVNESS AND PRINT: "POSTERITY PLEASE NOTE: THE FOREGOING ACCOUNT WAS A FIRST DRAFT ONLY, HURRIEDLY DONE ON DEADLINE DAY. PLEASE BE KIND? FJA".

INSERTED LOOSLY AS WELL AS FIRMLY ATTACHED YOU WILL FIND A QUESTIONARE. THE ONE INSERTED LOOSLY IS SO THAT NO ONE WILL BECOME SQUEAMISH AND USE IT AS AN EXCUSE FOR NOT FILLING IT OUT AND SENDING OR BRINGING IT IN. ALL YOU WHO HAVE NURSED IN PRIVATE THE URGE TO JUMP UP AND SCREAM "I HATE BOOK REVIEWS!" "WHO'S BEHIND THIS PLOT TO STAMP OUT GOOD AMERICAN BOOK REVIEWS!" OR, "WHO CARES ANYWAY.", NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!!!! AND INCOGNITO TOO.

HAVING NOTHING FURTHER WORTH SAYING, WE TURN TO: LETTERS.

ERIC T. BENNETT 7 NORTHWAY, ARTHUR'S PARK, GLOS., ENGLAND.

SHANGRI-LA IS COMING OUT AGAIN? GOOD! I REMBER WHEN THE LASFS WAS THE ONLY FACET OF AMERICAN FANDOM THAT WE KNEW OF OVER HERE. BACK DURING THE WAR, WHEN IT SEEMED THAT EVERY OTHER PACKAGE IN THE MAILS WAS A PARCEL OF MAGAZINES FROM SOMEBODY NAMED WEAVER WRIGHT OR SOMETHING (HEH HEH), COMPLETELY UNREQUESTED AND VERY GRATEFULLY RECEIVED. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM 4E SINCE THE WAR, THOUGH...I SUPPOSE THIS ISSUE OF SHANGRI-LA WILL HAVE A CONTRIBUTION BY HIM?.....

GEORGE ADAMSKI C/O ADAMSKI'S HOT DOG PALACE, MT. PALOMAR, CAL.

AS AN ARDENT SCIENCE-FICTION FAN, I RECEIVED WITH GREAT PLEASURE YOUR ANNOUNCEMENT THAT YOU ARE THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY. IF YOU LIKE, I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CONTRIBUTE AN ARTICLE ON ONE OF MY SIDE-HOBBIES, SIGHTING UFO'S, AS THE AIR FORCE CALLS THEM, TO THIS MAGAZINE. PLEASE INFORM BY RETURN MAIL OF RATES YOU PAY, YOUR CIRCULATION, ETECERA. I WOULD APPRECIATE KNOWING IF YOU HAVE EVER MET A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, PETER KRANOLD VON ROSZLA. HE MENTIONED BEING A MEMBER OF YOUR SOCIETY ONCE, AND I'M SURE HE MENTIONED YOUR NAME. HE MENTIONED ALSO SOMEONE NAMED ACKERMAN, WHO SEEMS TO BE A DRUNKARD OR SOMETHING FROM PETER'S DESCRIPTION. AND A PERSON NAMED CAMPBELL, WHOM HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO SEE IN JAIL... COULD YOU TELL ME ANY OF THESE THINGS?

(THESE LETTERS TAKEN FROM ELLIK'S DUMMIES. I LEAVE IT UP TO THE READER WHETHER OR NOT TO BELIEVE 'HONEST RON' ELLIK)

PAUL TURNER--EDITOR
1884 STANLEY AVE. , LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

MINUTES OF THE 785TH MEETING

of the Los Angeles Sci-fis Socy

September 4, 1952

At 8:15 o'clock of the evening of September 4, 1952, two bems, in size a trifle smaller than a man's hand, of negative weight and of color just outside the range of human perception, materialized a few feet above the floor of our meeting room and tumbled in a rolling confusion to the concrete.

"So this," said Theosophilus, sitting up and looking at the crowd, "is LASFS."

"What's a LASFS?" demanded Sam, who was just a shade shorter and a bit plumper.

"That's what a lot of people would like to know," expounded Theosophilus. With that he ran as fast as he could across the floor and leaped up onto a table at one side of the room. Sam lumbered after.

"So these," observed the scholarly Theosophilus, "are science fiction fans."

"What's a science fiction fan?" blinked Sam as he rifled through the Shaggy on the table.

"It's on the order of a person," replied Theosophilus. "Shbhhh! I think they're starting!"

They stood up and watched as the s-f fan behind the table banged a gavel. "The director is late tonight, so I, Rick Sneary, shall start the meeting," announced the gavel-banger.

"What's a director?" hissed Sam, poking Theosophilus in the ribs and almost knocking him over.

"I think it's a person who has belonged to LASFS at one time or another. Shush! Things are happening!"

Sam shrugged and went over to the gavel, poked it experimentally with his fore-finger, and then sat down on it. He stared up at Sneary, who went on talking.

"The secretary will now read the minutes."

Sam whirled on the head of the gavel. "What's a secretary, Theosophilus?" he gurgled.

"It's a desk, of course."

The secretary began reading his minutes. Sam leaned elbow on knee, chin on hand, and stared at him. He sighed deeply and leaned on the other hand. "Theosophilus," he asked, "what are minutes?"

"They're what took hours to happen. Now shut up!"

At last the secretary finished. Sam stood up and looked about. He bowed with deep dignity to the applause that pattered around the room. Theosophilus grabbed him and yanked him down.

"Sam, what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm playing fan. Can't resist the applause--"

Just then he was flipped thirteen feet into the air as the acting director banged the gavel. When he came down, feet first, of dourse, Sneary was saying, "Also absent is our treasurer. Now I have collected some dues tonight. As of now, the treasury thus stands at \$1.05."

Sam jiggled excitedly from one foot to the other. "Theosophilus, what is a treasurer? What's a treasury? What are dues?"

Theosophilus tore his hair. "Sam, I'm sorry I brought you. I'll have to explain everything to you. A treasurer is a fan who comes to meeting every Thursday and hunts for buried treasure in the members' pockets. A treasury is something you pay the rent with. And anybody knows what dues are--dues are the opposite of don'ts. Good members dues pay, and bad members don't. Now, go 'way!"

Sam leaped from the table and scrambled across the floor, around the room, and back to the table again.

"Now, quiet, the secretary has some new business," growled Theosophilus, adjusting his glasses.

Theosophilus folded his arms and dangled his legs over the table edge as he listened to the secretary propose a resolution that all discussion of flying saucers be banned.

"Theosophilus," Sam called, "What's a flying saucer?"

"A flying saucer," pronounced Theosophilus through gritted teeth, "is something provided by the Air Force to give S-F fans something to talk about."

On the far side of the room several members struggled to control a writhing, infuriated fan who shook his fist at the secretary and shouted: "No flying saucers! What are you trying to do, railroad something through this club? No flying saucers! . . . I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Sam slid down the table leg and skittered across the room to squat before the now becalmed fan. He stared up at him unblinkingly for a moment. "So this is a fan," he said to himself.

He turned as he heard the acting director say, "We will now hear from E. Everett Evans, who will tell us about the CHICONII."

"What's a CHICONII?" demanded Sam, dashing over and climbing up to sit on Evans' shoulder.

"It's a place where a game is played--fans hunt for other fans hiding among the professionals," replied Theosophilus with a great show of annoyance.

Sam crossed his legs and listened as Evans told that over a thousand fans were at the CHICON. He leaped down to the booklet in Evans' hand and read the brief review of events at what Evans said he considered a most successful convention. Evans then announced that after some excited balloting, Philadelphia won the bid for the 19 53 convention.

"What's a Philadelphia?" burred Sam.

"A Philadelphia is another city that gets two conventions, silly," laughed Theosophilus.

"Look, somebody's coming!" shouted Sam, pointing at the door.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sneary. "Director Wilson and our treasurer, Albert Hernhuter."

"Sorry as hell I'm late," said the director mournfully, taking Sneary's place. "However, let us continue."

While Evans concluded his report, Sam crawled in the treasurer's cash box and counted \$30.46.

The director cleared his throat.

Sam looked up out of the cash box. "Is he going to make a speech?" he gasped.

"As director, I hereby refuse the resignation of Editor Wilson."

"What's an editor, Theosophilus?"

"An editor's a director."

"What's a --"

"And a director's an editor. And a resignation isn't much of any thing. Okay?"

Sam shrugged, leaped to treasurer Hernhuter's shoulder and then slid down his curving pipe with gleeful abandon.

The director then introduced Ed Clinton as editor of the new Shaggy. Clinton gave the deadline on material as October 2.

"What's a deadline?" demanded Sam, teetering as he ran tiptoe around the edge of Albert's pipe.

"That's when the magazine died from lack of material," Theosophilus cleaned his glasses with his mop-like tail.

"We will now have announcements," announced director Wilson with great gravity.

"Great gravity!" gasped Sam. "What are announcements?"

"They're like the fillers in Hearst newspapers--they take up the space that's left open by the lack of nothing to print." Theosophilus adjusted his glasses.

Sam momentarily interrupted his inspection of Emma Hernhuter's birdcage pocketbook to remark sadly, "Gee, there sure are a lot of announcements."

The director asked for reviews. Sam jabbed his fists into his hips. "What on earth are reviews?"

Theosophilus shrugged. "A review is a fan sounding very intelligent about literature."

Ed Clinton read a review of THE RED PERI. "Tsk, tsk," said Sam, "Is he full of it!"

Wilson reviewed the Rhodomagnetic Digest and led off a discussion of H. L. Gold.

"What's an H. L. Gold?" squealed Sam as Theosophilus gragged him towards the door.

"That all depends on what time of month it is," snapped Theosophilus.

Somebody named Eph Konigsberg reported on the Kerr cell for faster-than-light photography.

"That does it!" gasped Sam. "Let's go!"

As they slipped into other dimensions, Sam wondered brightly:

"Hey...what is science fiction, Theosophilus?"

"We'll never find out around here!"

They just missed being trampled by the hordes rushing for the exit at meeting's end.

by Ed Clinton,
One-time secretary.



A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

HAVING TAKEN OVER THE GAVEL, I AM NOW FACED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF THE OFFICE. AS AN ADMINISTRATOR-TYPE, I WILL BE RELYING ON THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE (STEVE TENNIKE, SECRETARY; BARNY DANARD, PRES.; FORRYACKERMAN & LEN MOFFATT, SR. & JR. COMMITTEEMAN) AND YOU THE MEMBERSHIP, FOR IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS ON WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

THE MAJOR PROBLEM IS ONE OF ARITHMETIC. OUR CLUB ROOM RENTS FOR \$30 A MONTH. OUR DUES ARE 35¢ A MEETING. MEETINGS HAVE AVERAGED BETWEEN 15 AND 20. IT DOESN'T TAKE A SLIDERULE TO SEE WE MUST EITHER GET MORE MEMBERS TO ATTEND, OR MOVE. DO TO INCREASING PRESSURE FROM THE HOTEL MANAGEMENT, THE LATER WOULD BE THE MOST DESIRABLE. BUT THIS LEVES US WITH THE QUESTION OF WHERE WE GO. IF ANY OF YOU CAN FIND US A PLACE IN THE WEST-CENTRAL AREA, FOR LESS MONEY, LET ME KNOW. OR, MAYBE YOU CAN SUGGEST SOMETHING ELSE AS AN ALTERNATIVE. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE IDEA OF RENTING A HALL FOR ONLY ONE NIGHT A WEEK? (THIS WOULD PRESENT THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO WITH THE CLUB PROPERTY.)

BUT, IN THE RELM OF POSATIVE ACTIVITIES WE ARE PLANNING A NON-CON PICNIC AND GATHERING FOR THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND FOR THOUGH POOR FANS NOT ABLE TO ATTEND THE "WORLD CONVENTION IN NEW YORK. ED CLINTON IS THE SITE COMMITTEE, AND YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED AS TO TIME AND PLACE.

ANOTHER AVENT COMING UP SOON, THAT I WOULD LIKE SUGGESTIONS FOR IS LASFS'S 1000TH MEETING ON OCT 25. WE WILL BE INVITING THE OLD TIMES DOWN FOR A REUNION, AND TO TALK ABOUT THE OLD DAYS. BUT WE WANT TO INCLUDE SOMETHING ON THE PROGRAM THAT WILL ATTRACT SOME BACK.

IN LINE WITH THIS, AND TO HELP ME PLAN REGULAR MEETING OF MORE INTEREST, I WOULD LIKE YOUR HELP BY ANSWERING A FEW QUESTIONS. I WANT TO FIND OUT NOT ONLY IF, BUT HOW MUCH, YOU LIKE CERTAIN TYPES OF PROGRAMS. SO I WANT YOU TO RATE THE TYPES BELOW ON A 1 TO 10 SCALE. A "1" BEING BAD, AND NOT WORTH ATTENDING. WHEREAS A "10" IS EXALENT, AND YOU WOULD BE SURE TO ATTEND. AND, "5" WOULD BE OF AVERAGE INTEREST, LIKE THIS.

BAD POOR AVERAGE GOOD EXALENT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BOOK REVIEWS? ____ HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THEY SHOULD BE? ____ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PRO-MAGAZINE REVIEWS? ____ AND THERE LIMIT? ____ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MOVIE REVIEWS? ____ WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ANY OTHER TYPES OF REVIEWS? ____ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SHWOING PROFESSIONALLY MADE SHORT MOVIES OF INTEREST TO THE GROUP? ____, AND OF ONES MADE BY AMATURES? ____ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RECORDS OF TALKS? ____, OR S.F. PLAYS OR PROGRAMS? ____ OF RECORDINGS BY FANS? ____ OF AMATURE PLAYS OR PROGRAMS? ____ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TALKS BY MEMBERS ABOUT THEIR JOBS OR OTHER HOBBIES? ____ OR ON A SUBJECT THEY KNOW ABOUT ____ TALKS BY PROFESSIONALS ABOUT THEMSELF AND THEIR FEILD ____ OR ON SUBJECTS SUCH AS GIVEN AT CONVENTIONS? ____ HO DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DEBATES (TAKING TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION?) ____, AND DISCUSSION GROUPS (PANELS TO TALK ABOUT A SUBJECT)? ____

PLEASE SEND YOUR ANSWERS, AND ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS YOU CAN TO ME.

RICK SNEARY
2962 SANTA ANA STREET
SOUTH GATE CALIFORNIA

7/10/56

THE LONELY

MINUTES

by the secy.

On going back and reading the musty file of LASFS minutes I was surprised and gratified to find them still containing strong life and full of the spirit and intelligent dissention which marks the Science Fiction Fan. So full of life are they, it seems not so strange or out of our time to see the following:

From the minutes of the 615th meeting, May 19, 1949:-

The big surprise of the evening came from Walt Daugherty. Walt has had some extra time lately, and he's been spending it by going through and investigating the minutes of the club from its very inception. The results were rather startling. For example: One thing he discovered is that the club is much older than most give credit for. That's because of various reasons such as the fact that the club started off as Chapter #4 of the Wonder-sponsored Science Fiction League, but even after we broke with that organization there was much confusion in the minutes. Walt showed that the numbering of our meetings didn't begin until long after the club had been in operation under its new charter. By actual count, he estimated that the club had had 615 meetings instead of 495 as our old count would indicate. The first meeting of this society was on October 27th, 1934. That meant that Oct 27 of this year would be our fifteenth anniversary. Everett looked at his pocket calendar and discovered that Oct. 27 of this year fell on Thursday--that was enough for us. That'll be quite a meeting. It was suggested that we hold the Westercon on the same day and have a double celebration. But after mucho discussion --that's Spanish for "much discussion"--it was decided that that wasn't practically for a variety of reasons--one of them being that it approached too close to the 8invention. Jean Cox, Secretary.

Or the time that 4sJ murmured thusly:

From the minutes of the 648th meeting, Dec 1, 1949:

Our main speaker this meeting was Forrest J. Ackerman, alias Forrest Clark Ackerman, who told us about the thrilling days when science fiction was young and he was, too, and good ol' "Honest Hugo" Gernsback was editing Science Wonder Stories and Air Wonder Stories. He told us about Charles Tanner and The Marble Virgin, Raymond A. Palmer and 4,362 slogans from which "The Magazine of Prophetic Fiction" was selected, and the cover contest, and Jerome Ackerman, and Hugo Gernsback's sleep machine and--in all seriousness, many wonderful things which can probably be understood by a science fiction fan, and, more specifically, a science fiction fan who lived through fantasy-doms golden periods. He also held a little contest in which he read an old letter which appeared in an early Science Wonder Stories; the idea being that we were to guess who wrote the letter. Ray Bradbury spotted Henry Kuttner's characteristic style right away and won the prize, whatever that was. (Oh, yes!: A kiss from Freddie Hershey (female), which was -- as far as is known -- never collected.) Jean Cox, Secretary.

But 4c wasn't dwelling in the past--far from it, he seems in fact to have been forced to live in the present more than any charter member should be, as witness the following:

From the minutes of September 22, 1949:

The club's own Forrest J Ackerman, namely Forrest J Ackerman, returned from Eastern parts just in time to announce that the treasury held \$10.00. Mr. Ackerman, author of the forthcoming book, "Beyond Civilization to Cincinatti," announced to the startled multitudes that he was resigning his life-time position as treasurer of the LASFS. He explained that during his few weeks away in the hinterlands he has been overwhelmed with a feeling of relief--yes, a feeling of relief at no longer having to guard that most sacred possession of the club, THE TREASURY BOX; no longer being responsible for this organization's vast financial resources and always being faced with the tempting knowledge that all he needed to get that new Cadillac he wanted was courage, daring, resourcefulness and lack of integrity. Since he was departing we decided to appoint someone who didn't have these qualities--that is, the quality of lack of integrity--so Freddie Hershey was given the post. Kenny Bonnell made a motion that he be made Super Honorary Treasurer. Russ Hodgkins objected that there was no provision made in the Constitution for such an appointment, but that just shows the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn up. Jean Cox, Secretary.

But hope springs eternal in something-or-other, and we tried with someone else, as witness the scandalous proceedings set down here:

From the 878th Meeting, June 24, 1954:

OLD BUSINESS: Mr. Weisman brought up the matter of the number of electrons in the universe.

NEW BUSINESS: Elections were held. E. Everett Evans elected Director 10 to 6. The rest of the nominees were unanimously elected: David Weisman, Secretary, Barney Bernard, Treasurer, Kenneth Bonnell, Senior Committeeman, and Forrest J. Ackerman, Junior Committeeman. A motion was made to make Mr. Bernard the club's permanent Treasurer--it was declared UNCONSTITUTIONAL. --David Weisman, Secretary.

And an echo of strife; its full vigor is palely hinted at here:

From the 879th meeting, July 1, 1954:

The meeting was called to order at 7:58:35 P.M. Mr. Evans gave a brief speech in which he stated that he would call the meetings to order by his watch. Mr. Weisman replied that the times indicated by his watch would be recorded in the minutes. D.W., secy.

Of course, the low periods which come and go and always seem to leave the club just as strong as ever should be represented. See how your arithmetic ability is as you read this:

From the 881st meeting, July 15, 1954:

This meeting will go down in history as The Meeting Of Which The Majority Had an Attendance of Twice as Many Guests as Members. There was an overall total of 6 in attendance. It will also go down as the society's smallest regular meeting... There were four guests: Hazel Virginia Porter, Arthur Dix, Hazel Lucille Fizzell, and Russell W. Fizzell... Messrs. Bernard and Evans left the meeting at 8:10; in so doing, Mr. Bernard stated that, due to a night job, he would not be able to attend the society's meetings for the following two months, and was granted a leave-of absence for said period... The meeting, while it officially existed, did not follow any form, and, in the opinion of the secretary, did not during its amorphous proceedings produce any events worthy of being recorded. David Weisman, Secretary.

And here is a little gem which proves conventions are not always money losers, and answers a few questions along that line in the process:

From the 640th meeting, October 6, 1949:

It was motioned by Walt Daugherty and passed that \$25.00 of the profits of the Second Westercon be put aside in a special fund "For a Rainy Day" which couldn't be dipped into without a special vote being taken... Jean Cox, Secretary.

And for egoboo, since I am compiling this list, here is a bit of byplay recorded while E. LORING WAKE was secretary of the LASFS:

From the 927th meeting, June 2, 1955:

1.) Rick Sncary made a motion in the form of a letter which 4E read. It advocated arming the Sgt-at-Arms with a water shooting device. Suggestions were then forthcoming as to what material to fill the device with: water, hydrazine, black ink, laughing gas, chloroform, sulfuric acid, beer, &c.

2.) Barney then proposed an amendment to the motion: That a majority of the members present approve of each case of use of the device before it is used.

3.) A motion was made to table the motion. This motion was defeated.

4.) Dave asked the director to rule Barney's amendment out-of-order because it contradicts the original motion. A bit of argument and no action.

5.) Ed Clinton then added a proposal that 4E give warning to the person involved before signalling use of the device.

Barney cleared up a point regarding rules of order.
6.) THE VOTE: Barney's amendmtn - 2 FOR, 5 AGAINST (Helen Urban and Barney Bernard voted for it. Noted here by request.)
Rick's motion- 10 FOR, 4 OPPOSED PASSED.

7.) Motioned, seconded and passed that Marjorie Knox be Sft-at-Arms.

a. She is a new absentee member who will not be able to attend for a long time.

b. This is an appointive office.

8.) BARNEY WISHES HIS OPINION RECORDED: He is definitely against the motion as passed because it gives the director dictatorial powers, subrogates free speech, etc. Peter Kmanold also wishes to echo these statements. E. Loring Wake, Secy.

And to end our little trip into the past, nothing could be more to the point than the following, considering our present decade and the state of political controversy:

From the 787th meeting, Sept. 18, 1952:

But the biggest news of the week was that science fiction, or at least part of it, or at least some disaffected followers, had begun the long trek down the primrose path of Communism. In a long article in the current INDUSTRIAL WORKER (read by director Wilson) the social significance of such stories as GRAVY PLANET and the Heinlein History hair-raiser was exposed. Theorized anti-popularity minded Dave Fox: "I knew it! Now we'll be investigated!" Chad Oliver, ex-fan grown professional, mid Ph.D. UCLan extraordinary, put in his own thoughts. "I do not conceive of any magazine in the field as being particularly politically oriented. My feelings are that science fiction presents the concept of alternative ends, or courses, or political systems." Commented Society Savant David Weisman: "Scientifically Inaccurate." Concluded blustering, red-faced, pipe-smoking, graying Albert (The Smiler, World of Ice) Hernhuter: "Drop Dead." Ed Clinton, Secretary.

-finis-

I SAW, SIR, A SAUCER--PIKE PICKENS

SOME PEOPLE LOVE TO GO TO MOVIES;
SOME PEOPLE LOVE TO WATCH TV;
BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
PUTS ME IN A RUT
OF SHEER ECSTASY...

I LOVE TO...

WATCH THOSE FLYING SAUCERS IN THE SKY--
LOOK AT 'EM FLY!
A-WAY UP HIGH!
LOOK AT 'EM GOOOO--
FASTER THAN SIN!
I JUST KNOW THEY'RE LOADED
WITH LITTLE GREEN MEN.
OH, HOW I LOVE TO WATCH 'EM
GO ZOOMING BY...
THOSE FLYING SAUCERS IN THE SKY!

THE OTHER NIGHT I STAGGERED HOME
FROM A PARTY THAT WAS WILD.
THE EFFECT OF LIKKER ON ME
IS NOT VERY MILD...
BUT THOUGH I WAS BLEARY OF EYE,
AND SHLACK OF JAW...
I CAN DESHCRIBE
EGGSHACTLY WUT I SAW...

I SHAW THOSHE--FLYING SHAUCERS IN THE SHKY...
LOOK AT 'EM FLY...
A-WAY UP HIGH...
LOOK AT 'EM GOOOOOOOO...
FASHTER THAN SHIN...
I JUSH KNOW THEY'RE LOADED...
LOADED? WHO'S LOADED?
OH, HOW I LOVE TO WASH 'EM GO ZOOMING BY...
THOSHE FLYING SHAUCERSH IN THE SHKY...

NOW PEOPLE SAY I'M INSANE;
THEY THINK THAT I AM FRANTIC,
BUT I KNOW THE SAUCERS THAT I SAW
ARE REALLY QUITE AUTHANTIC.
YES, YOU MAY THINK THAT I
AM CRAZIER THAN A LOON...
BUT I KNO IT WAS A SAUCER--
IT HELD A CUP AND SPOON!

OH, HOW I LOVE TO WATCH 'EM
GO ZOOMING BY...
THOSE FLYING SAUCERS IN THE SKY!

WESTERCON-BESTERCON

BY FORRY ACKERMAN

BESTERCONS, LIKE MOVIES, ARE BETTER THAN EVER. I RECENTLY//////
HAD A ROLLICKING GOOD TIME AT THE 9TH ANNUAL CALIFORNIA-WIDE CON-
FERENCE OF SCI-FI FANS AND PROS THERE, FROM THIS SINGLE STATE,///
TWICE AS MANY AFICIONADOS CONGREGATED AS AT THE ORIGINAL WORLD///
CONVENTION IN 1939. ALL PRAISE TO ORGANIZERS PAUL & MARILYN TUL-
LEY (MR & MRS) FOR A SMOOTH SHOW IN CONGENIAL SURROUNDINGS. IT///
WAS NOT A LOST WEEKEND BUT A FOUND ONE, IN WHICH I FOUND MYSELF///
MEETING THE POPULAR BUT RARELY PUBLICLY SEEN (AT LEAST IN S.F.///
CIRCLES) JACK VANCE; RENEWING ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHARLES D. HORNIG
ORIGINATOR OF THE SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE FROM WHICH THE LASFS E-
VOLVED; AND OBSERVING HOW FAMILIAR FACES FROM HOME-ANGELENOS DICK
MATHESON, TAD DUKE, SHERWOOD SPRINGER, BILL NOLAN, EVERTT THEL-
MA EVANS, CHRIS ROBINSON, MARTIN VARNO, THE CHUCKS PRITCH & BEAU-
MONT, FRANK RILEY, AUDREY CLINTON, WINONA MCCLINTIC, LEO KOVNER,
RICK SNEARY, JEROME BIXBY, PAUL TURNER, ET AL-COMPORTED THEM-////
SELVES WHEN 450 MI. REMOVED FROM THEIR USUAL ENVIRONS. AS A "AT-
TER OF FACT THEY DID A NOBLE JOB OF UPHOLDING THE HONOR OF THE///
SOUTHLAND, ALTHO BARNEY BERNARD WAS HEARD TO SLIP ON ONE OCCASION
AND MAKE A PUN. (FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE UNFAMILIAR WITH THE////
NAME OF BERNARD-INITIATES PALE AT THE MENTION OF THE MAN- HE IS A
FAN WHO WAS BORN WITH A SILVER PUN IN HIS MOUTH... AND HAS BEEN//
STIRRING UP A STORM WITH IT EVER SINCE. A STORM OF PROTEST, THAT/
IS. BARNEY BERNARD: THE PUN WHO TALKS LIKE A MAN.)

OAKLAND, CALIF, WAS THE SITE OF THE CON: 30 JUNE-1 JULY AT//////
THE HOTEL LEANINGTON, HERE 250 IN ALL SIGNED IN AT THE REGISTRA-
TION DESK. EEEVANS, FOUNDER OF THE WESTERCONS, MADE THE WELCOMING
ADDRESS, AND TONY BOUCHER INTRODUCED CELEBRITIES PRESENT. IMMEDI-
ATELY AFTERWARDS I FOUND MYSELF I PROMPTLY PLUNGED INTO A PANEL/
WITH POUL ANDERSON, JERRY BIXBY, AND MARGARET ST CLAIR AND MIRIAM
ALLEN DE FORD ON THE DISTAFF SIDE, LETTING DOWN OUR HAIR ON THE//
TOPIC OF "NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLES I'VE SEEN". MY OPENING RE-///
MARK WAS THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I WAS DOING ON SUCH A PANEL, AS/
EVERYBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN-IT'S REPORTED REGULARLY IN/
THE HEADLINES AND PAGES OF FANTASY TIMES. THAT MILLION DOLLAR
SUIT, FOR INSTANCE-"WHEN I NEVER PAID MORE THAN 50 BUCKS IN MY///
LIFE FOR A SUIT. TRUE, I'M A FASTIDIOUS DRESSER, BUT THAT'S BE-//
CAUSE MY SOX ARE FAST AND MY TIES ARE HIDEOUS. MEANWHILE, BACK//
AT THE PROGRAM: MARGARET ST CLAIR LAMENTED THE DEEPFROZEN RATES//
TO S-F WRITERS AND THE CHILLING SPIRALING OF THE COSTS OF LIVING.
EDITOR BOUCHER INSERTED AN OBSERVATION FROM THE AUDIENCE TO THE//
EFFECT THAT THE 50¢ S-F MAG WOULD HAVE TO COME AS A MATTER OF E-
CONOMIC NECESSITY. BUT, THE QUESTION WAS RAISED, MIGHT TOO MANY//
READERS BALK AT A 4-BIT BITE, WORSENING THE FINANCIAL RETURNS TO/
PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS? NO ONE BUT NOSTRADAMUS, IT SEEMED, COULD
SAY FOR CERTAIN, AND HE APPEARED TO BE ABSENT AT THE ADJOINING//
BAR. MIRIAM DE FORD, IF I RECALL CORRECTLY, CRITICIZED MODERN SF
FOR HAVING TOO MUCH SCIENCE AND TOO LITTLE FICTION, AND I REAL-//
IZED THEN AND THERE THAT THE WAY TO SNAP HER SANITY WOULD BE TO//
CONFINED HER IN A ROOM OF CERNBACK AMAZINGS AND WONDERS, 1926-36.
TOM GODWIN'S ASTOUNDING SUCCESS, "THE COLD EQUATIONS" WAS IN-///

STANCED AS AN IDEAL 5TH DECADE S.F. YARN FOR BOTH CENTURY READ-
ERS. "THAT" SATURDAY REVIEW ARTICLE BY CAMPBELL WAS FREQUENTLY
QUOTED. AND ROBERT BARBER JOHNSON, THIRD TALES-BLUEBOOK AUTHOR
OF "FAR BELOW" (EDITOR'S CHOICE) ROSE FROM THE FLOOR TO OBSERVE
THAT, "YOU CAN'T CREATE LITERATURE IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF MONEY-MAK-
ING. HP LOVECRAFT DIED OF MALNUTRITION." THE PANEL WAS TAPED AND
MAY HAVE BEEN EDITED AND BROADCAST LATER IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.
DESCENDING FROM THE PLATFORM, JERRY RIXBY SOTTO-VOCED TO MODERA-
TOR POUL ANDERSON, "WELL, WHAT DID THAT SESSION PROVE?" QUIP'D
POUL. "THAT WE COULD WHILE AWAY AN HOUR!"

AT THE FANQUET, 100 FED THEIR FACES AND THEN BECAME ALL EARS TO
HEAR GUEST OF HONOR RICHARD MATHESON STATE "SCIENCE FICTION IS
MUCH MORE THAN ELEMENTAL COMIC BOOK HOKUM. IT IS A FORM OF LIT-
ERATURE IN WHICH NO THEORY IS TOO ADVANCED, NO IDEA TOO SIZARRE,
NO CONCEPT BEYOND THE BORDERS OF PRESENTATION. IT IS A FORM OF
LITERATURE IN WHICH EVERY ASPECT OF EXISTENCE LIES WITHIN THE
WRITER'S PROVINCE. IT IS A FORM OF LITERATURE IN WHICH YOU CAN
WRITE A STORY THAT ACTUALLY SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT PEOPLE WHO ACT-
UALLY MEAN SOMETHING." TO THE PROS OF THE FUTURE WHO WERE BUT AM-
ATEURS IN THE AUDIENCE AT THE MOMENT, HE HAD A SPECIAL MESSAGE:
"DEVELOP YOUR CRAFT WITH HONESTY AND OUR FIELD WILL GAIN IN STA-
TURE AND BE RECOGNIZED MORE WIDELY AS A LEGITIMATE CHILD AMONG
THE FICTIONAL ARTS."

SAME EVENING, A POWERFUL PLAY (MAGNET) WAS PERFORMED WITH THE
BIX AT THE BLACK-&WHITES AND THE KLEIG-LITES LIMNING STELLAR
PERFORMANCES BY BOUCHER, ROG PHILLIPS, HONEY PHILLIPS, BARBOUR
JOHNSON, AND (IN GUEST APPEARANCES AS CHILDREN OF THE LENS, COM-
PLETE WITH PINK BONNETS AND CELLULOID BABY-RATTLES) JACK VANCE AND
YOURS SCIENCECERELY. THIS EVENING OF LEGITIMATE(?) THEATRE WAS A
SPOOF OF SHAVERISM AND SMITHISM, THE LATTER OF THE HERR DOKTOR
EDWARD EL'ER VARIETY.

CHAS BEAUMONT & BILL NOLAN, SUBSTITUTING FOR TRADITIONAL WESCON
AUCTIONEER WALT DAUCHERTY, DID A BANGUP JOB OF BANGING DOWN THE
GAVEL AND GARNERING BEAUCCOOP DE LOOT FOR A WHOLE MURFUL OF ORI-
GINAL MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS PAINTINGS. AN ORIGINAL ASTRONOMICAL
FILM BY DOLLENS WAS EXHIBITED THE SECOND NITE, IN CONJUNCTION WITH
A REVIVAL OF THINGS TO COME (31ST VIEWING FOR YOURS SCIENTIFILMA-
TICALLY) AND CABINET OF DR CALIGARI AND THE ALAN NOURSE FILMIZA-
TION OF MATHESON'S CLASSIC, "BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN".

REGINALD BRETNOR GAVE AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING TALK ON "THE
POLAR BEAR (A PUN ON "PALLBEARER") AND SCIENCE FICTION", BLAMING
THE DEARTH (IF NOT DEATH) OF SF ON "PENNY-PINCHING PUBLISHERS WITH
NO IMAGINATION. WHY, IF THOMAS MANN, THAT GREAT GENIUS WHO TURNED
OUT ONLY 500 WORDS A DAY, HAD BEEN PAID AT SF RATES, HE WOULD
HAVE EARNED \$1800 A YEAR!" BRETNOR REVEALED DURING THE COURSE OF
HIS SPEECH THAT HE WILL SOON BE THE PUBLISHER OF A DELUX AND VERY
LIMITED (2-3000 COPIES) SIGNED EDITION OF ISAAC ASIMOV'S ASF SU-
PERBITY, NIGHTFALL.

AND SO, AS IT MUST TO ALL CONS, MIDNITE FINALLY FELL ON WESTER-
CON #9. IT'LL BE THE HOLLYCON IN '57, WITH THE STEF-IN-TEENS OF
THE CHESLEY DONAVAN SOCIETY MASTERMINDING #10 IN HOLLYWOOD. MEAN-
WHILE, THE TULLEYS, UNDAUNTED BUT HAUNTED BY THEIR EXPERIENCE OF
PUTTING ON THE WESTERCON, PLAN TO TAKE THE GIANT STEP AND BID FOR
THE WORLD CON OF '57 FOR BOUCHERVILLE (ALIAS BERKELEY) CALIFORNIA.

--FJA

THE GREAT $\frac{1}{2}$

by Helen M. Urban

Consider, for instance, a man of forty, with two grown children and a wife to go with them. She, in a fit of temper at his stubbornness and unwillingness to please her every whim had wished him out of existence.

His mother, however, being a woman in her sixty's, and having a certain nostalgia for his baby days, had wished him, understandably enough, back into her arms, a baby again.

We then have the entertaining spectacle of a three-month-old infant, for that is the age she wished for him, being the husband of a thirty-seven year-old woman and the father of two large and overbearing teen-agers. He was a spectacularly bad-tempered infant, for he had his mind on the details of his business, which he was sure would be in complete dissolution by the time he had grown up enough to be able to assert his ownership. For in her wish his doting and, we must admit, doddering-minded mother had neglected to wish for him an infant's mind.

That he shall surely grown up and just as surely find his business non-existent, and that its non-existence shall be an insignificant detail does little to dispell the gloom with which he chooses to regard our felicitous times.

He had been an accountant.

Naturally the Great One-Half produced a revolution in the houses of the world, for what housewife could resist wishing the dirt away; wishing the beds made; the laundry laundered; the ironing ironed or the baby fed and changed. Inevitably, the sale of reducing pills would have increased if they could not have been wished into existence, but of course they could.

Any commodity was to be had for the wishing. Machines would have worked themselves had there been a necessity, but of course the production of material things was dependent only on the whim of the wisher, so the great factories and the little shops closed their doors and the power was turned off in favor of the New Way; the way of the Great One-Half.

Possibly it would be a good idea for us to come up to date on the details of the New Way under which we now live so luxuriously. To understand the Great One-Half it is necessary to understand the psychology of the Great Wisher and the motivating factors behind her great gift to humanity. No one who lives in these enterprising times could even suggest that her gift was not great, except a certain minority, but that comes later.

The Great Wisher was, happily, an indifferent student, and the subject to which she accorded her greatest disinterest was arithmetic. We do not say mathematics, for her knowledge of the now outmoded techniques of arithmetic could not be construed to advance to a definition

of mathematics. Her ability to count was strictly limited by the number of her digital extremities, and her ability to add was limited to the calculations necessary for counting the change out of a dollar bill from a ninety-nine cent purchase, provided there was no complication in the way of tax.

She had learned to read well enough, for her greatest delight was to cuddle up to a confession magazine and a box of chocolates and improve her emotions with a good, printed cathartic.

But we digress. Her comprehension of arithmetic came, one day, to the inevitable place past which there was no going. Having been given the benefit of much automatic passing from the lower grades to the higher she found herself, an admittedly over-aged senior in high school, still struggling with the intricacies of one and one.

Her knuckle-headed high school math teacher, who has since been elevated to minor sainthood, tried, one day, to explain to her understanding the mysteries of why one-half times one-half equalled one-fourth and NOT one, as she insisted. The scene was full of pain, not only for the pupil, but also for the teacher, for he considered himself to be a more than adequate instructor, holding as his point of greatest pride the fact that he had some not inconsiderable ability to lead the reluctant into the use of their analytical potentialities. He had attained the major mathematical triumph of bringing her to the understanding of the fact that one-half PLUS one-half equalled one, and this piece of educational revelation she had snatched upon as a great truth, nor was she willing to let go of it at the mere whimsical insistence of her physically undesirable teacher. Had he had the great fortune, or misfortune, depending on your outlook, to be handsome and therefore desirable to her, she might have ACCEPTED his word that one-half times one-half equalled one-fourth. As it was, bless us, he had been born with the physical talent for the approximation, in looks, to a shaved chimpanzee. His shaved appearance was further enhanced by the fact that he was well passed middle age and totally bald. He was stooped and slender and she stood over him by at least five inches in her well-polished loafers.

She had developed the technique of bouncing her shining, yellow, well-perfumed curls in the face of her handsome, young English teacher; considered his sidelong glances to be well worth the slight effort involved in perfecting this not too difficult technique. She considered her math teacher to be unworthy of the effort of sensory seduction, so she carefully kept her alluring head as far from him as was possible.

This effort of maintaining her distance also was carried out with her mind, and she managed to stay, mentally, completely out of orientation with the classroom and its subject.

This mental absence was easy for her; one might almost say automatic, if one did not mind being designated a heretic, but as we are happily classed with those who revere the Great Wisher, we shall say that it was easy, thus avoiding the disreputable implication of attributing to the Great Wisher a lack of intelligence by saying that her mental absence was automatic.

Her math teacher's insistence that one-half times one-half equalled one-fourth she rightly regarded as being contrary to fact.

"How," she argued with irresistible logic, "Can he say, one moment, that one-half PLUS one-half equals ONE, and then turn right around and say that one-half TIMES one-half equals one-fourth. ANY moron can see that if you have a half and multiply it by another half you MUST get ONE."

A very positive person, Her High Wishness, and being fertility-minded had always at the back of her thoughts the concept of multiplying as being an increasive mechanism, and no amount of cold logic or divided pies could convince her otherwise. Her fury was so great at her teacher's non-comprehension of what, to her, was a basic law of the universe, that she struck an elegant pose and said, with the force of complete conviction behind her speech, the eighteen words which are the credo of the New Way:

"I DO wish you were wrong! It just HAS to be one! It can't be any other way!"

Thus, Mohammed moved the mountain. So, the Wish was instituted, for with her mighty belief the laws of arithmetic were changed and sanity now reigns where once only confusion was possible.

Naturally, the mathematicains dissented.

Einstein had been completely discredited. Planck had had his quantum theory erased with sweeping finality. Mathematics, beyond the level of simple addition and subtraction, and very little of that, had been reduced to a series of slightly smutty jokes. (Did you hear the one about the a plus b which refused to become ab?)

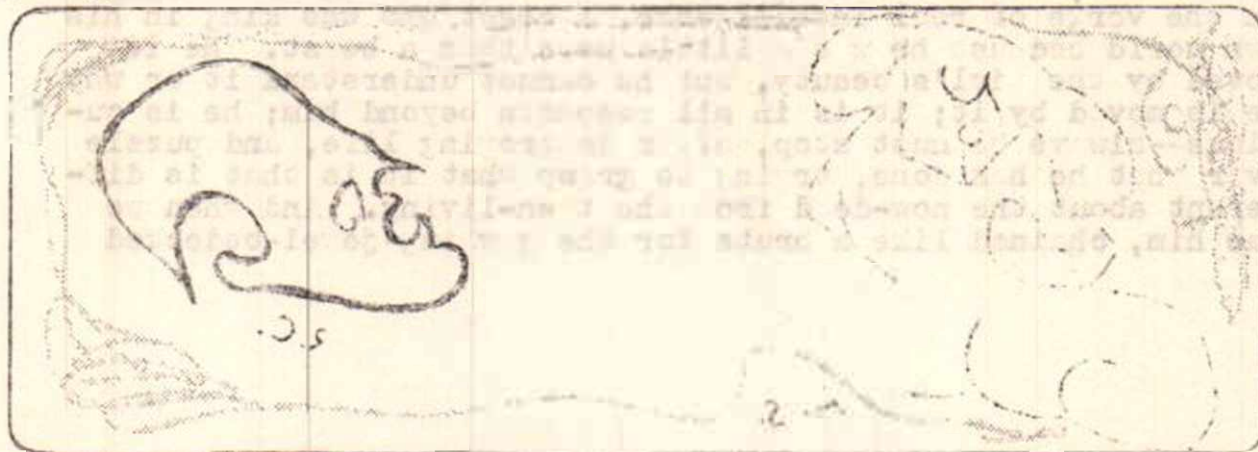
Thus the New Way has come. Through the courage of our beloved Great Wisher and the irrevocable law of the inescapable One-Half, our life is now jolly. Plenty is on hand for everyone. Just wish, and it IS.

A palace? . . . Consider it so.

A paramour? . . . Accomplished.

A porterhouse? . . . Ah! But there is the rub, for it is the law of the Great Wish that the Great Wisher's wishes should supercede all others, and as she has so often said, "I just LOVE cows," and being a farm-reared girl, their wish is her command, so unless you desire to become a juicy morsel of grass, ... Well . . .

Have a chocolate. Her High Wishness just loves to have you love them.



THE 8TH WONDER...

BY ANTHONY MORE

KING KONG with Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, and Bruce Cabot, and King Kong, the Eighth Wonder of the World. Music by Max Steiner. Produced and Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack.

Seeing KONG again after all these years was a trepidatious experiment--it is in the peculiar visual exactness of a film to make revisiting often disillusionment. How often have we all had this happen to us? One approaches the second experience wondering if the archaisms of acting, style, and direction which he is certain he will encounter will cancel out the pleasant recollections of the original experience, gained in a time when the archaisms were current standards.

And there they were--those archaisms: the rough-hewn acting, the angular dialogue, the technical adolescence. But startlingly, and happily, what really showed through, as effective today as when the new film KING KONG was a cinematic sensation, were the honest flamboyancy, the directness, the unashamed sense of spectacle, the downright wonder and adventure. There is little of this remaining, it seems, in Hollywood today: the self-conscious need for respectability has crushed the imagination.

In a sense, it is sufficient evidence that KONG is one of the handful of films actively surviving from the early thirties. After all, it is the whole-cloth of any creative effort that will determine its durability and success, not its great or maudlin details. And as such, as an entity, this inherently silly film is a hell of a good movie and exciting good fun.

Two outstanding characteristics lend KONG its strength: initially, the sense of excitement and the very eerie mood which the construction of the early scenes generates. By the time, a third of the way through the film, that Kong actually makes his appearance, the "willing suspension of disbelief" has been most thoroughly achieved and the vic or is adequately prepared to accept the preposterous figure of the giant ape. This is achieved largely through the use of extremely low-key lighting, which is maintained throughout the film; even the daytime scenes are grey, foggy, primordial.

But the real strength of KING KONG is the at first surprising fact that Kong himself is a real personality, possibly one of the outstanding characterizations created in all the cinema. "It was Beauty killed the Beast," remarks Kong's captor at the film's end, and this is in every sense true: Kong is a creature on the verge of real intelligence, a beast who was king in his own world because he was a little more than a beast. He is moved by the girl's beauty, but he cannot understand it or why he is moved by it; it is in all respects beyond him; he is curious--always he must stop, after destroying life, and puzzle over what he has done, trying to grasp what it is that is different about the now-dead from the then-living. And when we see him, chained like a brute for the gawking jewel-bedecked

so-civilized New York audience that has paid ten dollars a seat for the privilege of staring at him, we are embarrassed for our humanity. We cannot help feeling compassion for his unleashed fury as he wanders through an environment for which he was not made, a noble creature reduced to bestiality by the inhumanity of man. And there is something pathetic and wonderful in his childish arm-waving, as he ascends the side of the Empire State Building--impudent delight at leaving behind the concrete jungle that has been so beyond his powers. The tragedy is sharpened as, even at the end, riddled with machine-gun bullets from the pestering airplanes that have been sent to destroy him, he touches his wounds and looks at the blood and tries to understand something just a fraction beyond him. Only a moment before, he had reached his greatest triumph--atop the Empire State Building, he stands above all men in his essential nobility, in his strength, unassailable, the greatest city on earth spread like a carpet at his feet.

The last thing we see is his body, brought tumbling to the earth, and gathered round it frightened and curious throngs of the one beast that was mightier than Kong--cruel man.

—Anthony Moore—

EDITOR ON A HOT TIN ROOF

BY PT

ONCE SOMEONE DID ASK
THAT I TAKE ME A TASK;
AND A VERY BIG TASK IT WAS TOO.

BUT BEING NEIVE,
THINKING NONE WOULD DECIEVE,
I ACCEPTED WITH GLEE IT IS TRUE.

HE SAID , MY DEAR LAD,
DON'T THINK I'M NOT GLAD.
THE WHOLE THING'S YOUR'S TO PRODUCE

I SUDDENLY TURNED PALE
ON HEARING HIS TALE
BUT, BY GOD, HE'D CONSIDER NO TRUCE

THEN HE TURNED AND RAN
LIKE A DRUNKEN PAN,
AND HIS LAUGHTER WAS HEARD FOR MILES

AND IT SEEMED TO ME,
THE LAST I COULD SEE,
THAT HIS FACE WAS A CLUSTER OF SMILES

NOW I SIT HERE AND WAIT
AND CONSIDER MY FATE,
FOR I KNOW I MADE A FAUX PAS

FOR WHAT COULD BE WORSE
THEN TO HAVE TO NURSE
A 3 YEAR PAST-DUE SHANGRI-LA

