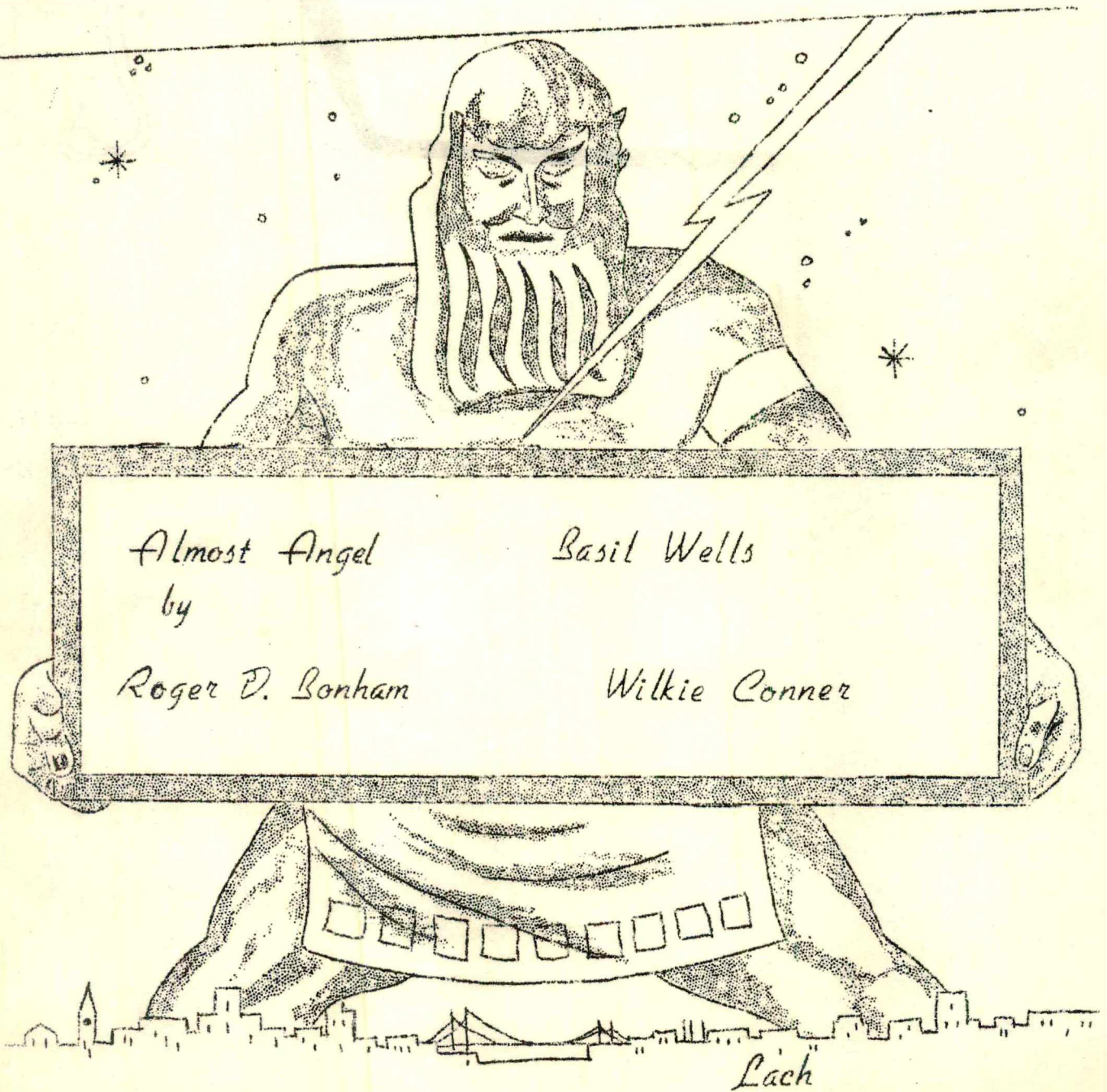


TLMA

Number 2
September 1951



ALSO JAMES E. LAUCK, MYRTICE TAYLOR, LACH, ARDEN CRAY and
others

TLMA # 2



CONTENTS

Fiction

Almost Angel By Roger D. Bonham
page 12

Articles

Three Little Monsters By Battell Loomis
page 19
Who is nuts page 24

Poetry

Ugblat Among the Dodos By James Lauck
page 4
Peace By Myrtice Taylor
page 6

Features

Thud and Blunder By Basil Wells
page 22
Engrams By Wilkie Conner
page 25
Science Shorts By Bill Venable
page 21
TLMA's News Page page 18
Meet The Author page 23
Monster of the Month page 30
Laugh With LACH page 5
Previewing our next issues page 31

Departments

The Little Monsters Speak page 6
Correspondence page page 21
Master Monsters Page page 30
Membership Roster page 27

TLMA is published quarterly by the Confederate Magazine Publishing Company, 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina. Copyrighted 1951 by The Confederate Magazine Publishing Company. All rights reserved. TLMA is published for the Little Monsters Of America, a non-profit science fantasy organization with headquarters in Statesville, North Carolina.



MORE TREASURES AWAITING!

YOUR FAVORITE FANTASY MAGAZINE is coming back to its old format in the December issue, on sale September 19th! The old large size, plenty of illustrations by our well-loved fantasy artists--everything the same except that we are keeping the streamlined masthead that was liked very well in the smaller experimental issue. The contents page also keeps the streamlined set-up to match the cover, of course.

This, the issue you will not want to miss, will feature, "The Gray Mahatma" by Talbot Mundy with illustrations by Virgil Finlay. There will be a beautiful cover by Lawrence, novelets and short stories representing the cream of the weird, fantastic, and science fiction fields.

Mary Gnaedinger, Editor.

FAMOUS 25c
fantastic
 MYSTERIES

UGBLAT AMONG THE DODOS

"Wampum wear not on your fig leaf"

by James E. Lauck

Monolith LV (Ugblat? Blotz Wangauga?)(1)

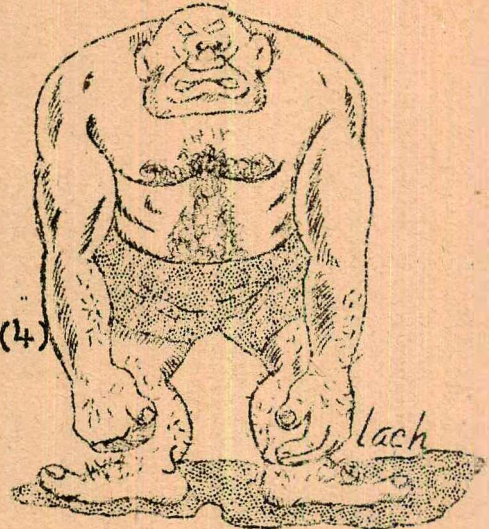
Ugblat stood upon a cliff,
Half-man, half-ape was he.
His joints were just a trifle stiff.
He said, Illicit vot Ugblat. Tee hee"

And Ug the Blatant fed the birds;(2)
He thought them all obtuse.
"Fat, Fat, Grow sleek and fat;
Then I'll cook your goose!"(3)

Ug was lusty. Ug was strong,
And women were his falling.
His club was carved from solid oak;
Knock down. Drag out. Bashes and wailing.(4)

Oh mighty Ugblat, child of clay,
And first to qualify as man,
If you could talk with us today,
What would you say?(5)

I think I know..."Atomic vot
Hiroshima. Gas and coal vot skee.(6)
Stop the Music vot wampum.
Illicit vot Ugblat. Tee Hee."



(According to some critics an author ought not to supply footnotes for the interpretation of his work. But we feel that such a profound and controversial poem as this requires some guiding remarks. The Editor.)

(1)If Monolith LV was chiseled by Wangauga, then she was certainly the world's first female literary artist.

(2)Note the author's subtle allusion to the title.

(3)Translated for convenience of reader. "Cook your goose," of course, is used figuratively. Ugblat preferred his meat raw.

(4)For verification of this custom, see Monolith LV, Museum of Prehistoric History, Thimbleton.

(5)Note change in rhyme scheme to approximate Ugblatian verse style.

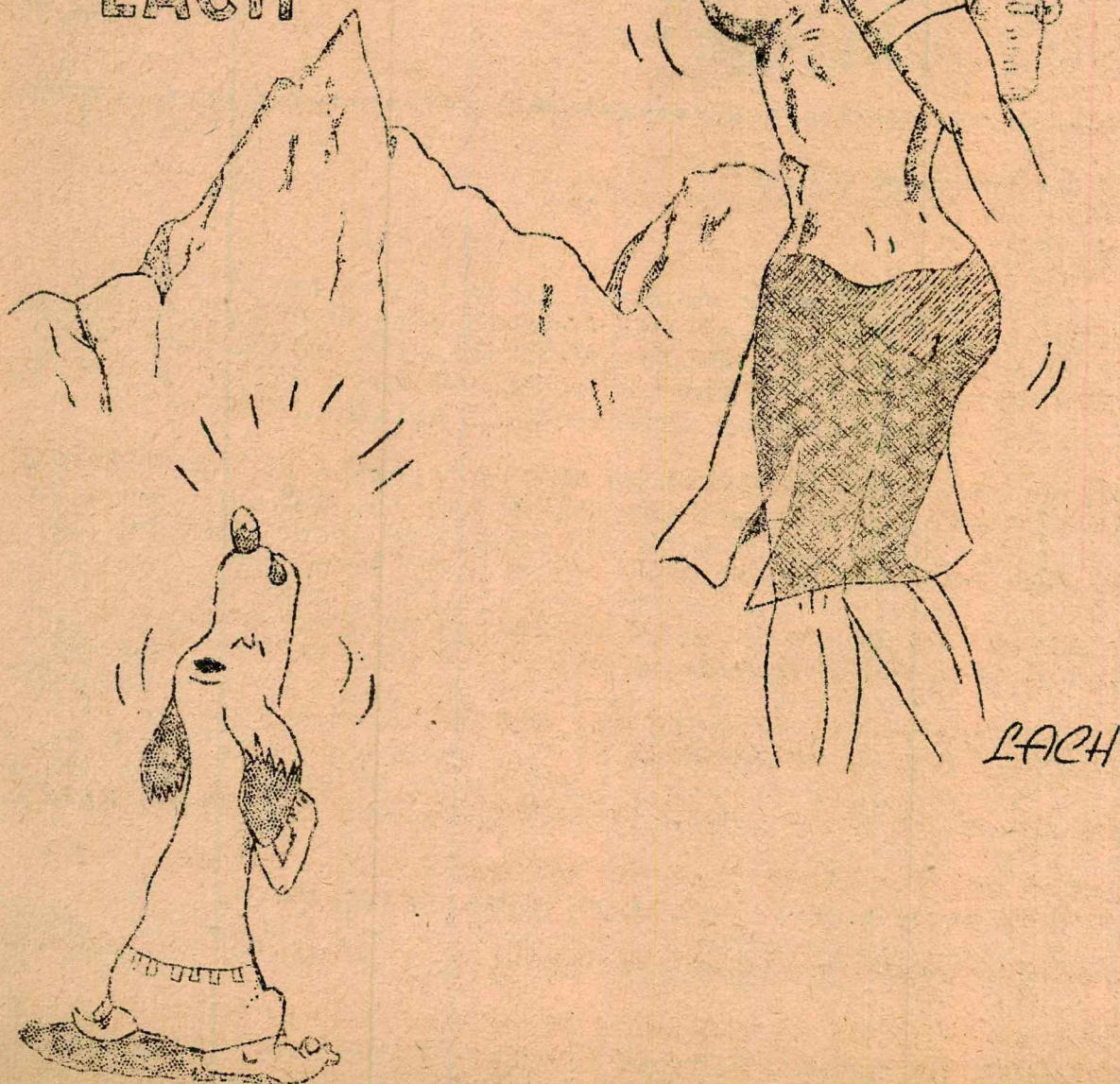
(6)Russian critics claim that the correct term is "votsky." "Vot skee," they assert, is a capitalistic misconception.

Each and every issue of TLMA will bring you fandoms best. Stories and articles and poems galore by fandoms top writers(as well as pro-names)cram the files of the Monster office. Art work featuring many of fandoms top pen-pushers will be generously sprinkled throughout. Tell your friends-lets all get on the ball-subscribe by sending YOUR dollar NOW. 408 W. Bell St., Statesville, N.C.

LAUGH

WITH

LACH



We still have a few copies of TLMA #1 left in stock. Send 25¢ for your copy to: Lynn A. Hickman, 408 W. Bell St., Statesville, N.C.

Peace

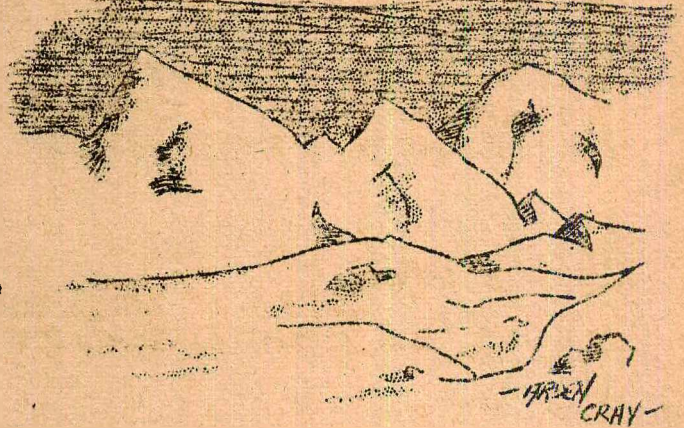
by Myrtice Taylor

Meadows still and quiet
In the peace of a winter scene,
Lie beneath the flaky snow
In the moonlights silver sheen.

No blasts of tearing gunfire,
In the sky no planes to soar
And drop their deadly magic
As they often did before.

There's only the hoot of the owl,
Instead of the atom blast.
Peace reigns in all the world,
As never it did in the past.

The moon looks on a peaceful world,
Where no unkind words are said.
There's no one to say them now,
For the Sons of Men are Dead!



The Little Monsters Speak

Dear Editor,

How have you been behaving yourself since you've moved to N.C.? Oh you haven't. Well I guess I'll have to come down and reform you all over again. Don't you think so? Oh thinking again, cut it out, its bad for you or didn't you know. None of that for me. So you can see that I am speaking from experience or writing.

Boy has it been cold in this burg the last couple of days but the sun was out today and it was warmer. Due to the warm weather we hung our neckties on a sky-hook and they were moonstruck but it really didn't matter now as they carry their lunch but it would have if they lived in the country for who knows they might have been orange when they were precipitated on by the falling dew or don't you, well I do, excuse me while I scratch my head, my foot itches or vice-versa. Oh say I meant to ask you ride a bicycle or milk a cow if you do why don't you try it sometime they tell me it is really boring so it ought to be fun, speaking of fun, why don't you hang a crepe on your nose I think my brain is dead. Hmm thinking again well it is a promising hope who knows maybe it will materialize or vitamise.

Enough of this nonsense, lets talk about me for a while. Personally I walk a tite-rope or smoke a cigar but usually its warmer in the country than it is in the summer don't you? Oh you do eh, well cut it out.

Well I think so anyhow. Painted yellow with stripes on it. Pretty isn't him? How about a short sky-hook or a long street pole? Oh you want a medium one. No? Why is a mouse when it spins? Now ask me the \$64.00 question.

7
TLMS cont.

OH***YES***TLMA. 'Twas pretty good. Heres my buck.

Well my friend I think I'm about run down so don't be alarmed if I am forced to finish this letter. There isn't much more to be said anyhow so I won't say it.

Goodbye,
Wilhelm Hector Van Slink VI
Shunk, Ohio

Editors note:

Shades of Serg. Saturn!!! You are hereby willed to TWS, SS, and Planet Stories for the duration(of your life that is).

Dear Lynn,

Received TLMA #1 and enjoyed it very much.

Now to comment on TLMA #1. I'll get the criticism over with first. Your artwork is not so good---especially the cover. Next time I would suggest that Mr. Arden should use less lines; as mimeography is a poor medium for mosy art work. I think that straight heavy-line stuff would look lots better. Ditto inside stuff. LACH's work is an exception.

Your mimeoing is about average, but some of the pages look a little sick or something.

Now to the good stuff---the material. Your material is by far superior to lots of fanzines I could mention. I don't know if you want them rated, but just in case...Winged Victory gets first place with me. It's not because Miss Fruchey's was any worse, it's because of the style. God and the Grain of Sand was like all fantasies; a little hazy and indistinct. Both should get a medal for fan fiction.

Philosophic Dissertation gets first among the articles. South America was a very nice article but like the story ran out because it did not hang together too evenly. However it is one of the best fan articles I have read.

Prayer Song is a good poem but it's not as good as Miss(?) Taylor can do---I am thinking of a poem that was printed in Startling a while back.

The columns are above average and of course, shall not be rated against one another.

With best wishes and regards,
Fred Chappell
Box 182
Canton, N.C.

Editors note:

Most of the letters received seemed to like the art work, however, we will keep mixing the styles and try to satisfy everyone.

Dear Mr. Hickman,

Thanks very much for the #1 issue of TLMA. I am

TLMS cont.

8

sending you a copy of my fanzine DESTINY; hope you like it as well as I enjoyed yours.

Sincerely,

Malcom Willits
11848 S.E. Powell Blvd.
Portland 66, Oregon

Dear Editor,

Very nice issue, and a very impressive lineup of names. Your art work is pretty good, mimeoing is also pretty good, though stencil doesn't seem to have been cut to clear in some places. Don't you think 25¢ is a bit high for a fanzine? You are larger than most, but hardly 60% more. Best of luck on your zine and club.

Thanks again,

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

I liked the quality and flavor of the material in TLMA. Being a female fan, I was pleased to note that women are encouraged to join--instead of sneaking in the back door, so to speak, with mannish bob and slacks on!

I particularly like the adult tone to the magazine. Banister's analysis of dianutics (if that wasn't original with him, he certainly publicized a good word!) is delightful. I can hardly wait to hear the indignat screams. I was glad to see Fruchey's story. The gal was punching around in all directions as though she could not quite make up her mind whether or not she had an axe to grind, but at least she gave the impression of honesty in her approach to a subject that is usually used as a target for juvenile mud-slinging in stf amateur circles. The Loomis tory was cute, a new idea at any rate.

Well g'bye,

G.M. Carr
3200 Harvard N.
Seattle 2, Wash.

Dear Lynn,

TLMA HAD GOOD ARTWORK, mimeo and comosition. Keep it up and you'll go far.

Yours sincerely,

Robert N. Allen
Box 123
Newport News, Va.

Dear Lynn,

Thanks for the copy of TLMA #1. You've got a swell zine there. The stories and articles were both tops. And the illustrations, Zowie!! I have only one criticism, your mimeo work is just a little too poor.

Tell Wilkie Connor that I enjoyed his article on women the most of

TLMS cont.

9

all the features. I also enjoy his Konner's Corner in QUANDRY. God and the Grain of Sand was real good--excellent for fan fiction. The other short story and articles were very interesting.

I myself publish a fmz. Enclosed you will find a copy of it, COSMAG by name, and the first ish, incidently. I really have no room to talk about your poor mimeo work, because mine is terrible. but enow.

Sincerely,

Ian Maculey
57 East Park Lane
Atlanta, Ga.

Editors note:

Gad was the mimeo work that bad? I hope you noticed that the further you got into the mag, the better the work was. I'm getting a little more used to the machine now, and I think you will find the next few issues much better. Anyway I hope so!!

Br'er Lynn,

Enjoyed the initial issue of TLMA very much---there's some very fine artwork in its pages---liked Banisters article on Di--- very much---to me the book's little more than elementary psychology with a few new words made up.

Better of the two stories was God and the Grain of Sand---the effort at mixing die Walkure and the Nike of Samothrace doesn't settle to well, but could be of some interest---if I recall, the Nike was very much clothed, which the one of the story was not, if I'm too critical---the other story was somewhat reminiscent of Ole-Man Adam and his Chillun, though on a more serious vein.

Sincerely,

Ed Noble
Box 49
Girard, Penna.

Dear Lynn,

Am enclosing one perfectly good quarter of a dollar for the #1 issue of TLMA. After reading it over pretty good I can't help but class it along with some of the best of the 'zines. So-keep up the good work, and we hope that TLMA will grow, and GRow, and GROW.

I was wondering about the doggone name, and couldn't figure it out until I read the explanation on page 32 and then I saw the light. Boy! How many times have I ripped the covers off of some of the mags. Wow!

Yours,

W.H. Waldrop
R.F.D. #5, Box 289
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Lynn,

I am a bit overwhelmed with TLMA. It is excellent. Because of the names Connor, Wells, and Banister, was expecting a zine of high quality, but not so fine as this. Mimeo and format very near perfect--(didn't like cover pic--however may say--beats a

hot. However as time goes on and I get more used to it, all copies will be as good as others. Sorry you didn't care for the cover. As you can see from this issues cover I will be trying different types and styles, so we'll probably have one you'll like soon. I'm sorry I couldn't reprint all the fine letters I've received but there just isn't room unless I cut some of the other material.

Well it looks as if the Explorer will be an even finer mag. At the last report, we heard it would get a new stencil typist. The date? Sept. 29th. The reason? Ed Noble is getting married! The gals name is Josehine Winogrocka and from what I hear she is exceptionally beautiful.

All we little monsters wish you our best Ed and sincerely hope you have much happiness and many sons.



MISSING SOMETHING?

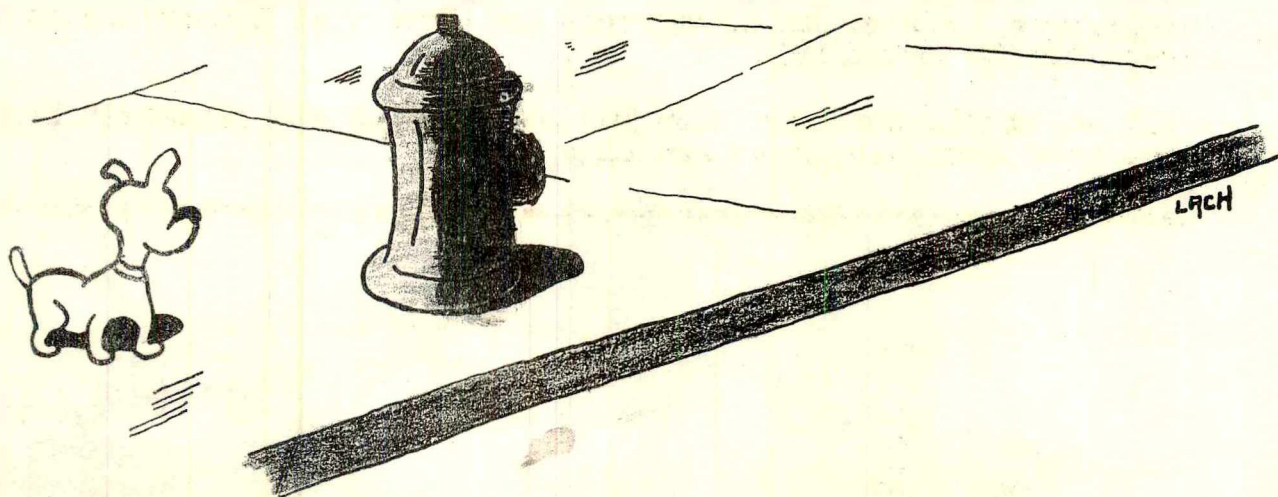
YOU HAVE -- IF YOU
HAVEN'T SUBSCRIBED
TO COSMAG, YET.

50 CENTS FOR SIX
ISSUES!

c/o

Ian T. Macauley
57 E. Park Lane
Atlanta, Ga.

LET'S LOOK INTO THE FUTURE



"Thank heavens that at least they haven't changed that!"

I'LL BE ISFCC-ing YOU **

While it isn't necessary to belong to the ISFCC (International S-F Correspondence Club) to subscribe to EXPLORER, you might just as well be a member, because it doesn't cost a penny more.

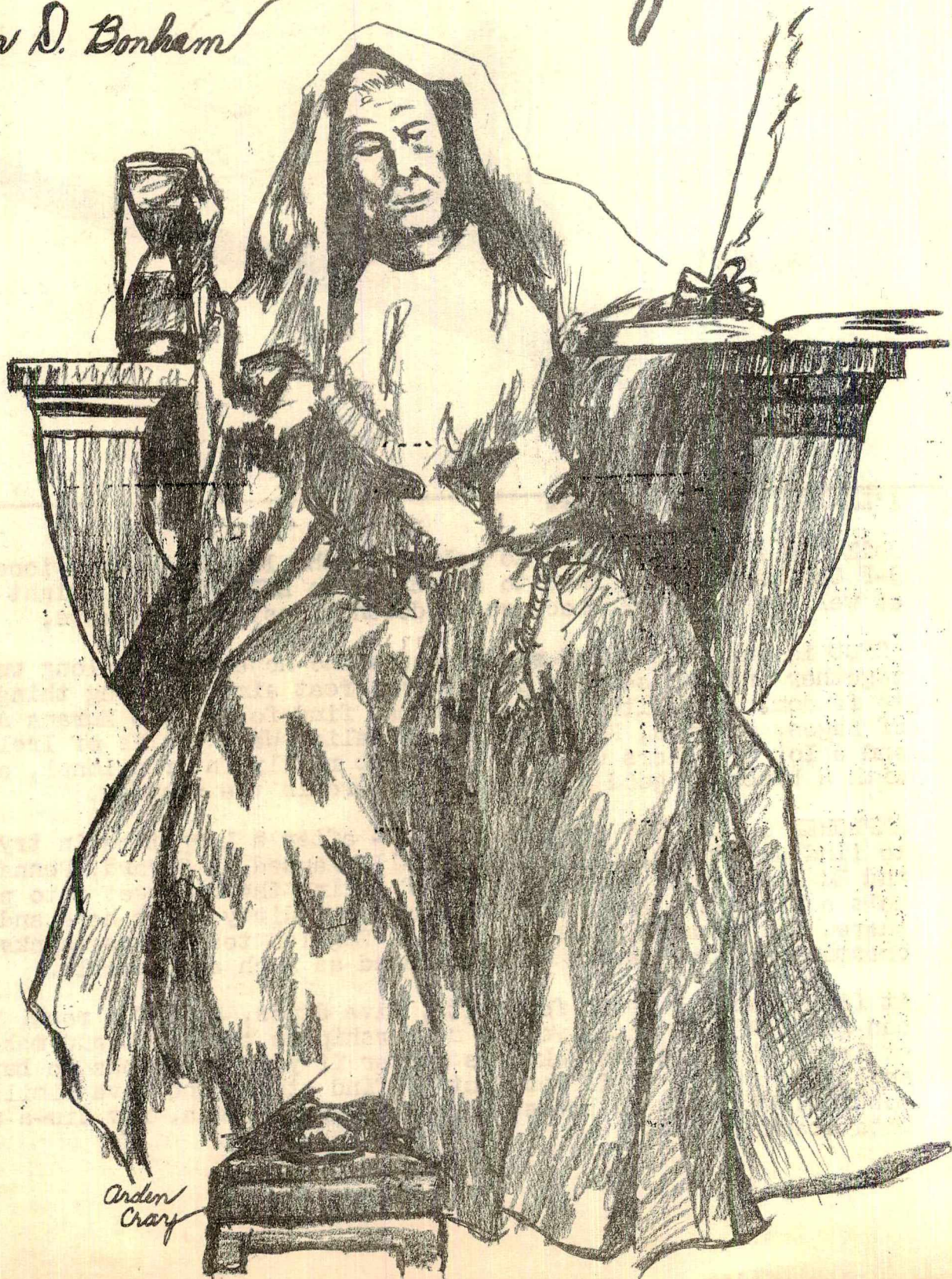
ISFCC is just a club of s-ficionados who hope to get along well together and who seek no particular great aims of doing things to fandom. Among its members you can find folks like Murana Akangbe of Lagos, Nigeria, Rog Dard of Australia, Walt Willis of Ireland, and a lot of others who make the club really international, along with a bunch of good guys and gals here in the states.

EXPLORER is the C-0 for the club --- after a long time in tryin' to find an editor, the job eventually landed at Girard, Penna. and Ed Noble took over the task of making the zine get into print. He's a kinda stinker because he cuts out dirty words here and there, and because he used to be an English teacher he thinks that creative writing should be encouraged as much as possible.

At fifty cents a year, four bits, five dimes, a half a rock, you can get EXPLORER and a year's membership to the ISFCC and make use of Trade Winds and Kollektor's Korner if you have books to buy, sell, and stuff, or if you want to find others who have similar hobbies. Write to Ed Noble, Box 49, Girard, Penna. for dis-a and data about ISFCC--

Almost Angel

by Roger D. Bonham



Slouched down in his chair with his feet propped up on his ledger, St. Peter sat doggedly paring his nails, when a new arrival hammered at the golden gates. In centuries not long gone, old Saint Peter would have been outside at his desk from nine sharp until five—sometimes until well after dinner. In those days people often used to get him out of bed in the little hours of the night. He would come bustling to the gates with his vestments in disorder and his hair rumpled to admit them. Men and women alike came in droves. And they would be certain that St. Peter would greet them with a happy smile.

The glistening gates strained at their hinges, as if the man outside were crashing his shoulder to the doors.

"Oh, for the good old days!" thought St. Peter, not moving from his chair. "In those days I was really somebody. I was looked up to. Why, I had so little time to myself that I finally had to grow a beard." He fingered his now smoothly shaven cheeks.

With a feeling of sadness St. Peter remembered the day on which his chair had been placed inside by two husky angels.

"Well," he'd reflected at the time, "it's for the best, I suppose."

On the whole, he'd been made rather uncomfortable by the clattering machines, the screams, the smoke, and the confusion which rose off The Planet. And besides that, the smell! The odor of many dead and decayed men and animals had often made Peter wretched. The heavy breeze, which rose after the smoke and battle had quieted down, flipped the pages of his book—the Good Book; until finally, he gave up and retreated.

It was disillusioning, too, to hear the uncanny echoes of legions of men as they were marshalled down the marble back-stairs.

But Peter didn't mind the change now; he rather liked the hum and bustle of the ancient city which lay fanned out behind him in the sun.

Loud cursing came from the other side of the gates.

"Yes! Yes! I'm coming." growled St. Peter, arousing to the fact that a candidate had appeared. He went to answer the door with the air of a housewife hoping to rebuff a door-to-door peddler.

Before opening the gates, St. Peter critically regarded his costume in the burnished gold surface of the gates. He flounced his pure white robes about him, trying to get the pleats just so. His fine white hair spewed over his shoulders like a frozen waterfall; the clean, straight part in the center showed off his pink scalp. His golden sandals were newly buffed. For a moment St. Peter debated whether or not to lick the ink off his forefinger. Finally he decided against it.

"I simply must look the part nowadays," he said to himself. "People are so critical. Education, I think they call it."

The ink-stained finger had evolved into a symbol of dignity, it seemed. Old St. Peter wouldn't have cut such a stately figure with a purple-tinged tongue.

The party outside gave a sudden vicious lunge at the golden gates, smashing his whole weight against the doors. Peter's reflection shattered, as if someone had tossed a stone into a quiet pool of water.

"Oh, now he's probably gone and made a big dent in my favorite set of doors!" wailed Peter. "Ten-to-one he's an American."

Peter unlatched the gates. The doors swung wide to admit--as though on the heels of a hurricane--a blustery, enraged little man. Puffing very hard from the exertion, the man lighted a cigarette. He leaned heavily against Peter's desk, waiting for his breath to come back. He dragged avidly at his cigarette, his chest heaving.

While he did so, Peter examined the card which hung suspended around the new applicant's neck.

"Ah, great!" thought St. Peter, dry-washing his hands, "a red tag; my favorites."

Peter was glad to see the scarlet markers, because they meant the man was a probable--on probation, so to speak. Over these men St. Peter had complete jurisdiction. He--human being-like--enjoyed responsibility.

The little man had at last regained his composure. He lit a fresh cigarette.

"What the hell do you mean, keeping me waiting so long for?" shouted the little man. "I'm not in the habit of waiting for anyone. Do you understand? Not anyone--even St. Peter!"

"Oh, my!" thought St. Peter, looking open-mouthed at the little stranger. "This is going to be a difficult case. But then, who doesn't have his difficulties?" He smiled philosophically.

St. Peter proceeded to take notes in his great ledger.

First he noted the man's appearance. He has a cement colored skin, he wrote, well wrinkled before its time. About the temples there is a splash of premature grey hair, although the subject is probably not over thirty. Nicotine stains are caked down the length of his first fingers. One point of his rumpled shirt collar is out over his double-breasted pin-stripe suit. A gaudy, pornographic cravat is pushed awry. Probably has had many women.

"Women seem always to be attracted to a man with an untidy collar such as that," thought St. Peter. "They delight in setting it straight--so they can muss it themselves."

He slid on his horn-rimmed spectacles and peered over the frames as he asked questions. "Name?" he asked aloud.

"Nicholas Renshaw," the man announced, with a flip of an eyebrow, as if he had summed up the world in a word.

"Now see here, Pete," he began, "You don't mind if I call you Pete, do you? No sense in being stuffy, is there? Look, I haven't made up my mind if I'm going to stay on here or not, so there's absolutely no sense in doing all that writing."

"I've had some other pretty good offers, you know. What sort of position can you give me? I don't think I like it here anyhow."

Nick let his gaze shift back down the golden street behind St. Peter. Suddenly he recoiled, as if he'd stepped into the wrong rest-room. It had occurred to him that no bar signs presented themselves. Nick was very disillusioned in the face of such a situation.

"Now how can I tell you that if I don't what you did down on--that is, on the other side?" amended St. Peter, trying not to use the swearword.

"Well, Pete, I ran a night-club," Nick told him.

St. Peter wrote this in his ledger. Again he squinted over his glasses.

"Well, is that all?" he asked.

"Oh, well, I did have a sort of side-line." Nick seemed deeply conscious of the unshined surface of his shoes.

"What kind of sideline?"

"Why, you see, Pete, there was an upstairs to my club. You went around to the back and up the stairs. They led up to a heavy door with one of those prohibition type peep-holes."

Little cold flecks of humor glittered in the small man's eyes.

"In short," he said abruptly, as if he'd been trying to hold back an avalanche with his index finger, and had failed; "I ran a brothel!"

"Oh!" said St. Peter. "You don't say!"

He wrote furiously for some moments.

"This chap is going to be a more difficult problem than I thought," he muttered to himself. "Why, he's almost as bad as that Bonaparte person we had here not long ago."

"That wasn't mentioned on your report tag, you see," said St. Peter, looking up from his composition.

Nick said: "Say, Pete, old sock, where can a man get a drink around here?" His tongue took the shape of a cone, the point of which he ran along the line of his upper lip. He repeated this action several times.

"The last alcohol I had was some rotten stuff that jerk in the black coat shot me full of. It was pretty lousy liquor, but it had plenty 'a kick; enough to boot me up here all by myself." He grinned rather sheepishly.

"I'm glad you brought up that subject," said St. Peter. "I've been wanting to get it into my report. As I recall, Clancy was sent three days ago to conduct you up here. Where is he now? You know, Clancy does not have a single black mark against his name; I wouldn't want him to get one now."

"Well, there I was--" Nick began, leaning comfortably against St. Peter's book stand. He was a man with a brutal sense of humor and a zest for telling ribald stories.

"There I was, stretched out in a new suit and flanked on all sides with flowers. It was, I got to admit, a pretty classy affair. I do things up right, even my own burial."

"I popped open one eye and peeked out from behind some orchids. There, arranged all around the funeral parlor were my--er--'employees.' I hardly knew some of them; all dressed up in furs, dresses, and new hats. Every now and then one of them would take a slug of gin from a hip-flask concealed in a fur muff."

"Well, sir, some fuzzy white stuff about like gauze kept brushing against my nose. I nearly sneezed out loud."

"This white material turned out to be a part of some chap's vestments. I was about to ask him how the hell he got a pass to my funeral and what was he doing leering into my face, when he suddenly snapped out a book."

"Well, now, Clancy was only doing his duty," said St. Peter. "He's really supposed to wait until the lid is clamped down, but sometimes he gets over-anxious."

"Yeah, well, this joker starts reading out loud out of this book he's holding," continued Nick. "The show hasn't come on yet, and he was making a commotion already. I was sore enough to get up and pitch him out the front door; but I decided I was too plastered on the embalming juices, so I just lay stretched out helpless-like and suffered."

"The guy, it seems, was reading a list of sins. It didn't strike me until then that he was wearing wings and was probably an angel."

"He read for a long time before he got over to the 'good' page. That didn't take very long. But it must have been all right, though, 'cause

here I am."

The little man put a hand in his suit coat pocket and drew importantly at his cigarette as though he were the guest-of-honor at a cocktail party for Winston Churchill. He squinted up one eye and grinned elfishly, as if he were peeping at an enticing scene through the keyhole with the other.

"But don't worry, Pete," he announced. "I fixed Clancy up all right before I left."

"You what!" St. Peter almost screamed. "You don't mean---" He looked down at his ledger, thinking that he should be writing something, but not knowing what about or on which page.

"Why, St. Peter," said Nick, drawing in his chin until the other three were visible. He sucked in his lower lip and caught it with his yellowed teeth. His grey-black eyebrows curled into a curious arch; he wagged his head solemnly.

St. Peter grew extremely red and confused.

"You didn't know that Clancy was a man who enjoys a good funeral oration, did you, Pete?" asked Nick at last, with a mischievous twist of a grin. "I fixed Clancy up with a seat in the front row of my funeral. I left the old boy sobbing as though his heart were broken." He chuckled.

"Oh!" said St. Peter, relieved, "I see."

He cleared his throat until it ached and tried to rearrange his thoughts.

At last he said: "Well, let's get this business over, shall we? First of all, I've decided we won't be able to use you."

"Oh, now Pete, you can't do that to me just because I didn't always do the right thing down there. After all, sin is the only colour-element left in modern life."

"I know, I know," said St. Peter. "But the rules are the rules. Life is like a bank-draft. You can draw on it for, maybe, fifty years; but sooner or later one must pay the bill. And, unfortunately for you, I'm the bank collector."

"The only real reason you're here is this single entry on the 'good' side of your record."

He read the short paragraph aloud. It ran:

"Nicholas Renshaw was petitioned by a former cell-mate for a job. This friend, one James Tillian, was possessed of a starving wife and child. Mr. Renshaw awarded the job gladly."

Nick's face went very white and his cheek muscles twitched, but he regained his composure by lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Yes, Peter," he said, solemn as a church, "I was sort'a proud of that little deed. It really wasn't very much."

A tear started from among the tiny red veins of each eyeball and moistened his lashes.

Peter choked on a lump in his throat.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I should relent a little. In these times I can't afford to pass up a single chance. We're certainly not over-populated up here."

"All right," he said sharply. "We'll put you on thirty day probation period. But I warn you, Nick, one false gesture---"

He wagged a long finger at Nick. Nick looked sufficiently crestfallen.

"Now go down this street three blocks to the corner of St. Joseph and Altar St., where you'll be measured up for a robe."

Nick nodded. "Thanks, Pete," he said. He started down the street.

In the meantime, St. Peter finished up his report on Nick Renshaw. He wasn't quite sure of the spelling of Nick's friend's name so he turned to the man's record in the ledger.

It began: "James Tillian, a chronic alcoholic, recently employed as a bartender at the Golden Gate Club, which is owned by a Nicholas Renshaw. Tillian is a husband and a father of four children. Destined to arrive shortly."

St. Peter swallowed hard; he felt something give way inside him.

Peter looked up to see if Nick were out of sight yet. He found him merely strolling along, and staring intently at the female angels. Nick seemed to be in no hurry, for he was the center of attention in his pin-stripe suit. He was a single dark blotch on a scene of virgin white. At the corner he turned; and grinning his comic little grin, he hooked an arm at St. Peter.

"So long, Pete," he shouted, "and thanks."

Peter found himself grinning whimsically; he was bitterly disappointed. He reached under his desk and pressed the lever which was marked "down". Still in the act of waving a hand Nick shot out of sight. A surprised look tore the smile off his face like a sheet of paper out of a tablet. From his lips came an enraged cry which broke into a terrified shriek as he spiralled down the shoot.

At length he was heard no more. A horrible, mirthless explosion of laughter drifted like smoke up the tunnel.

"Thanks, Pete," said a voice that sounded like a giant booming down into an empty barrel. "Thanks a helluva lot."

This time there seemed to be a note of glee in the laughter that followed. Peter threw the switch that closed the trap door. The laughter was clipped off as though by invisible scissors. All was silent, as if someone had suddenly shut off a blaring radio.

"Sate has all the fun," said St. Peter, in the pouting fashion of a small boy who is deprived by a bigger boy of kicking an alley cat.

"Still," he reflected, "it might have been interesting to keep the little bouncer around for a while."

St. Peter completed his report and signed his name, then he produced his nail file and began to file the ragged edges of his nails.

Outside, a pair of footsteps could be heard treading down the road, getting louder and louder. For a moment they paused before the gates, shuffled tentatively for a moment, then moved on. St. Peter did not even glance up from his rapid filing.

-0-

SCIENTIFICTION

Would like to swap back issues, from one month to older, with anyone who has pocketbooks, hard bound books, or magazines to trade. Face value will determine trade basis. Will mimeo lists if I get enough answers. Each pay postage.

Swap printing or mimeo work for science fiction publications. Send list and wants.

Robert N. Allen
Box 123
Newport News, Virginia

You won't want to miss "DREAMER OF MARS" by BASIL WELLS. Coming in the next issue of TLMA. 25¢ per copy--\$1.00 per year.

Confederate Magazine Publishing Company 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, N.C.

TLMA'S NEWS PAGE

Popular Publications Super Science Stories and Fantastic Novels have been temporarily shelved due to the paper shortage.

The next issue of Famous Fantastic Mysteries, on sale Sept. 19th, will be back in its old format and dated Dec. For contents, see advertisement on page three.

Monster Roy R. Wood has been shipped overseas. Following is his new address. *Pvt Roy R. Wood AA 14345682 Prov Co 1386 9PO 872 40 Postmaster N.Y. N.Y.*

I'm sure Roy would appreciate any science fiction or fantasy mags you little monsters could send him, so what say we keep the lad in reading material.

Marian Cox, 51 Cedar Lane Hilton Village, Virginia, will be TLMA's correspondence editor. All little monsters who correspond and wish for more correspondents, or those of you who wish to start corresponding with other fen, should get in touch with Marian. See correspondence page for details.

NEWS ON ATOMIC TESTS

The United States has conducted at least four major tests of Atomic weapons since the end of World War II. The last was recently concluded at Eniwetok and officials have cautiously revealed some information about the results.

New weapons "several times" more powerful than the bomb dropped during the war were watched by observers seven miles away. No information as to the area of destruction was released. "Useful information on thermo-nuclear reactions" was obtained but nothing was made available as to the reactions which would follow the explosion of an H-bomb.

In the experiment at Eniwetok, radio-guided airplanes flew through atomic clouds and animals and testing devices were located so as to measure radio-activity. One conclusion was that an atomic bomb, exploded high in the air for greater blast damage, would leave no lingering radio-activity.

The latest experiment involved some 9,000 men, identified as Task Force 3, who had with them tanks, scores of planes with special equipment, thousands of mice and pigs and dogs, cameras and other instruments to make a record of what took place.

MONSTERS MADE TO ORDER BY THE MASTER OF MACABRE AND WEIRD ART!
LADY MONSTERS A SPECIALTY. REASONABLE PRICES.

Also reproductions; these include---'ABDUL the MAD ARAB', 'SHUB-NIGGURATH', 'SERVANT of the DEAD', etc. Highly praised by critics as masterpieces of weird art.

Price \$2.50 each

Ralph Rayburn Phillips
1507 S.W. 12th Ave.
Portland 1, Oregon



THE THREE LITTLE MONSTERS

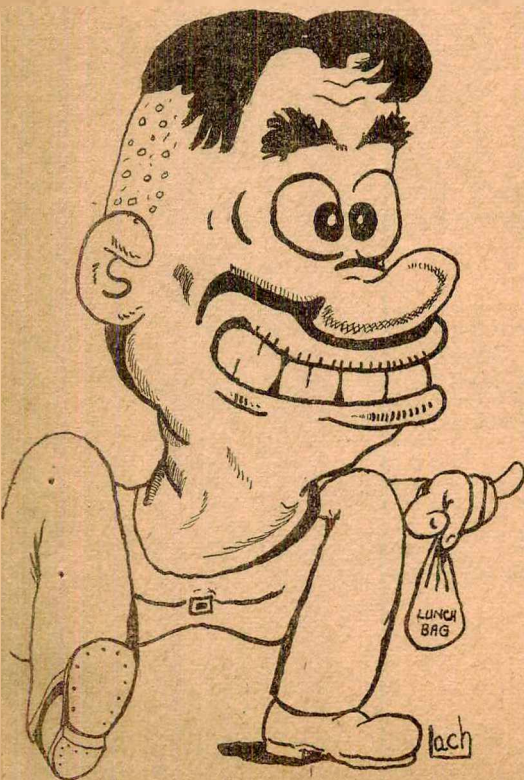
by BATTELL LOOMIS

The li'l Mons'ers of America snuck up on me. A naturalist of long sitting, I would be expected to be able to describe anything in the botany books. An animal without any bot would have to keep supplied with mantle-pieces so don't tell me I'm talking about flowers, there aren't enough mantlepieces for all the flowers. No, the Li'l Mons'ers are beasts.

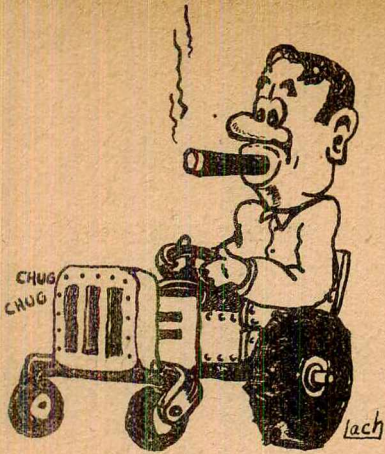
If any of you ever worked with liquid plastic, that gets stuck all over the utensils used to snare pennies for use as ear-rings, you know that it takes a catalyst to make the liquid set into glassine hardness. But what is a catalyst? An agent that exerts a causative impetus upon liquids. So I decided my own mind was acid enough to serve instead of the tiny supply of catalytic acid that comes with the can of plastic. I poured some of the stuff. It looked just like water. I could see my reflection in it; but I didn't want any of the Li'l Mons'ers in my own image - that would be too rough on the innocent tenth of the public. Some of them might know Lynn and Wilkie and if they did, they couldn't escape those boys' mimeography if they had a dollar in change.

I resolutely held the thought of seeing the Li'l Mons'ers appear in the plastic. Not much to my surprise, it worked. I usually get what I go after. Now I know some of the other Little Monsters of America are unnaturally curious as to the mien, character and disposition of parts of some of the other little monsters. (Their Latin name is, of course, Parvae Monstrosae, femine plural because female monsters are more common. I leave out the "in" in fem(in)ine because what's it there for anyway, except to eat ink?). I, myself am an AMW (Aged Monster of the World) but, as a perfect cosmopolite, I am acquainted with a couple of the American Monsters, namely Wilkie and Lynn. And it is their images you will see here.

Wilkie Conner is a misprint for will he Con Her, and the answer is--you bet.



Wilkie has a neck so long that he commonly goes to work riding on his own shoulders, after having leaned over backward and stuck his neck between his legs. This is a great saving in busfare and as he never carries anyone else on his shoulders, he escapes the designation of public carrier and does not have to be licensed, except his dog tag because he's such a gay dog. To compensate for his long neck, his hands grow straight from his shoulders. He is consequently always short-handed, which saves him paying salaries to hands that might do his work for him if he believed in the exploitation of labor. The result is that he does his own work, including making love. This makes him the envy of all students to artificial insemination, the party to which enjoys any love-making at all. Wilkie has said that rather than yield to the enticements of a rich man, remaining in New York, while Wilkie be-



mains in Gastonia, he will continue married as he is and for this the pope is conferring with the college of cardinals in preparation for naming him a saint. His halo size is $8\frac{1}{4}$ and he will consider designs, excluding scallops.

Lynn Hickman is quite another character. For one thing he can drive a car and the insides of farm machinery are not unknown to him. Of all such things St. Wilkie is blissfully ignorant. In fact, the other day when Hickman drove up to his door he asked, "Where's your horse?" "Don't need one," said Hickman. "What makes it go?" asked St. W. "A gasoline motor," said Hic. "Oh," said St. W., "I saw it roll up like a roller skate and I was looking for the foot on top when your head came out of the porthole." L.H. is made like 5 pounds of sausage and because of the libel laws I'd better say no more.

*This space was censored
by Mr. Loomis, who didn't
wish his picture to appear.*

I have been leading up to describing my self, anyway. I am one of the most peculiar monsters on earth. Before my marriage I looked like a globe with nothing on it, not even a map mark. I rolled about seeking my mate. When I found her, we kissed and I became absorbed in her. She absorbed me by taking me in through an inconspicuous slit and to let her do this, I had to deflate. When I got inside her globe, I was flat until I filled out slightly to a sort of human form and found myself sitting on a jump-seat, facing her, on another jump-seat. This was the real she, her outside being simply camouflage. Inside her globe we continue to sit, living happily looking at one another in the pale pink light that shines through her spheric integument. The postman drops letters through her slit and the great advantage of our way of life is that we neither have to pay rent nor taxes because together we can not enter a polling booth and we cannot separate. Our greatest effort is to keep away from zoologists because we don't want to be classified. That's why I'll not supply a picture. After death, what the ethnologists do with us is none of our business. In our temperate climate, we never sneeze and so have no need of Hadacol (adv.)

I suppose there are worse monsters than above trio, but I shall not look them up though I am curious about the one who thinks there has been collusion when two writers chance to use the descriptive Poketapok, demonstrating a woman caught in the act of hobbling on her malformed feet and clog heels.

BE SURE TO GET ISSUE #3 OF FANatic. IT'S FULL OF STUFF AND THINGS ALL MEN WILL ENJOY. NEXT ISSUE WILL FEATURE A MULTILITHED COVER BY LACH.
SEND YOUR DIME TO:

BOBBY POPE
SW Hill & Hanover Sts.
Charleston, South Carolina

NOW!!

It's published by a Little Monster.

CORRESPONDENCE PAGE

Dear fellow monsters;

Our master monster, Lynn Hickman, has asked me to edit the correspondence for TLMA, starting in the next issue.

If you're interested in writing to other little monsters, just drop me a line giving your likes, hobbies, interests, etc. Please include a description of yourself.

Since our members are so widely separated the best way to get acquainted is to write each other. The better we know each, the stronger our club will be, so lets make this page one of the most interesting in the magazine.

Marian Cox
51 Cedar Lane
Hilton Village, Virginia

SCIENCE SHORTS

compiled by Bill Venable

Recent research indicates that there are definitely some forms of life on the moon. It is probable, however, that communication with them will be impossible, since scientists say life there is in its more rudimentary form and must be in the era before, and not after, the invention of the typewriter.

Antiphlo-p-orthomethyl-1-2-phenyl-3-pyridal-diamylblacksackachlorohypoc-hondriagunk, a new resin derived from the destructive distillation of mimeograph ink, beetle abdomens, compressed springs and decompressed bicycle tyres, after hysteresis and removal of impurities, may be used with success against such ailments as tuleremia, epizotic, bats in the belfry and Zilch's Disease. It is found, however, to have no effect whatsoever on the progress of etacoinshrdlu.

Prof. T.O. Lecher, of the Kingston Institute for Unadvanced Study, has announced that he has an answer to the problem of river pollution by sewage. He has, the professor claims, invented a new mechanism called UP FLUSH, which will, instead of flushing sewage into the rivers, every time it is used sewage will be flushed from the river into the commode. When asked about the effect of this on residential districts, the professor replied, "After a continued use of UP FLUSH society can desert the land and live in house-boats."

The Impending Calamities Laboratory has announced that the sun is due to become a nova and the solar system is about to be destroyed. This will happen, laboratory authorities say, in about 10,000,000,000 years and will be after, and not before, World War III.

Scribe U.G.H., of the Rosicrucians, announces that new knowledge has been discovered which was previously destroyed to the last trace. This knowledge, says the scribe, was completely destroyed in an edict from Cesare Borgia when he was pope in 1245 A.D. The scribe, who has discovered such knowledge that was previously utterly abolished, says that this last is the most important of all and should persuade everyone everywhere to join the Rosicrucians.

Thud and Blunder by Basil Wells

This fantasy, sf, offtrail, weird muddle that we fans call sfandom is a puzzling mass of contradictions and ideals and taboos. Already the young and flexible shape of fantasy's modern storytelling is being bound, taped and molded into rigid stylized form by certain publishers. Originally the idea, the striking concept, was more important. Now, in many cases, the main interest is how the personality of the hero stands up under a brush with nasty Martians (North Koreans). It's all to the good, if not carried so far that most of the idea stories are eliminated.

Another odd thing about some of the modern mags, and this applies to other types of fiction as well....instead of illustrates by Bonestell, Finlay, Bok, Dolgov, Kramer, Paul, and company, these mags feature superlative, erudite, summings-up of the yarn's bid for superiority over the rank and file of fiction. In other words a few hundred words, or less, replace the more costly illustrates and, somehow, give the reader a sense of superiority over the masses who follow the comics, picture mags and television.

But, and here's the rub, with less expense for pics, and using cheaper paper and plenty of reprint fiction, why do they boost the price a dime or so higher than competitors with comparable fiction? I'm not finding fault, personally I prefer no illos to poor ones, but what gives here?

Reading over Bob Tucker's Newsletter yesterday I came across word that Bradbury has a yarn, sequel to his Negro story of last year, titled "The Other Foot". In the printed, but unbound pages of my "Doorways...." collection I too have a yarn entitled "The Other Foot" and it too deals with racial discrimination --- but between the two planetary races, Venusians and Terrans. Such things happen all too often. I wrote mine about two years back, so now I wonder who telepathed who.

The reprint racket is booming it seems, and a good thing for those genuinely worthwhile stories of the past. From my own experimental dabbling at sampling the market, however, I'd say three-fourths of their beat-up bones should never have been disinterred. The modern streamlined story has not conditioned us for the ponderous wordiness of thirty years ago --- or even fifteen.

Why doesn't some young sfan come up with a new goal, a new ideal in personal and world-wide relations? The most brilliant young minds of today must have fans among their number. And fans are, or should be, the least inhibited in their thinking of all citizens. We need something that goes beyond the time-worn platitudes about democracy, personal freedom, and right-to-vote. Something dynamic, like the lust to conquer space, that will wipe away our apathetic acceptance of the atom bomb's inevitability. Why can't ideas overcome unthinking masses of metal and blended chemicals?

Remember GALAXY's boast about not running a western operry? It's good advertising. And in a certain sense, true enough. And yet basically, a western and an interplanetary yarn have much the same plot. Take almost any story, for instance Asimov's latest novel length. Son of Rancher is at school on Earth (East). Attempted murder with fission bomb (dynamite with

fuse) fizzles but he heads back for home planet (Lipperty Canyon, Arizona). Learns that his father has been executed by the Tyrann (wealthy Eastern Syndicates) and he may be next. . . . The parallel cannot be carried too far; yet the basic elements of all stories are much alike.

Incidentally I think GALAXY is one of the three best sf mags.

Starting with issue, we will bring you a short sketch about one of our authors. So without further preamble, meet BASIL WELLS.

I started reading fantasy when I wore knee pants and lay on my stomach on the floor with my feet over a chair. Never could learn to read standing on my head. At twelve it was Burroughs, Verne, Rockwood, the Tom Swift books, plus Victor Hugo, Zane Grey and so on. I read everything and anything. Still do. Even non fiction.

At sixteen, in 1929, I finished a sixty thousand or so word novel, written on school tablets --- two of 'em --- about a world within a world, with an opening on that unexplored Pacific island all cliff-walled. (Incidentally during Second Unpleasantness a seaplane landed there on its central lake and Life carried pics.) I graduated the same year and that summer destroyed the ms and all my early AMAZINGS. . . . I was too grown up for such foolishness!

1929 to 1939 I spent looking for work, wangling a year at college, where I did place fourth and tenth place in annual short story contest and had four pieces in the literary yearbook, and finally ended up running a feed store and mill just a mile from my present rancho here in the swamps and brushy wastelands of western Pa. In the process I'd picked up a wife, two boys, and over a thousand bucks of debts...

Next you see me laid off from Talon, no dough, no nothing but time. It is 1940 and the rare spots of work I find pay thirty to thirty-five cents an hour. I borrow a typer from my mother, type off a short-short for Satevepost and Colliers, and then try a stf yarn for ASTONISHING. The short-shorts bounce --- but pronto --- and weeks drag into months. "The Great Ones" are lost (is lost, heh) Then comes a check from Fred Pohl! Sixteen something and yarn's to be in SUPER SCI. We celebrate. . . . six bottles of beer, another equally broke couple, and a five hundred deck.

I keep trying. The yarns bounce with amazing regularity. Then Doc Lowndes, Robert W. to you late comers, offers to peddle some of my stuff, and he sells Wollheim of Albing Pubs, and Reiss of Fiction House. Doc takes over at Columbia Pubs, his two successors both drop the agency, and I start selling direct again, with fair luck. Peacock, editor of PLANET, takes seven or eight in a row and I get fan letters.And then the novel bug bites me and I get to work on the first of three yet on hand. Then, in 1948, Fantasy Publishing Co. offers to bring out a collection, and does, of new and reprint tales. In 1950 we get to work on a second collection "Doorways to Space" that is entirely new and unpublished yarns. This is printed and finished save for binding. Score today is a meager fifty or so pro yarns, eighteen or twenty articles or tales in fan books, two collection of shorts, and three unpublished book lengths. . . .

My output of shorts has dropped close to zero. Last year I sold Wollheim one story for OOTWA and had a western in my Captain Beam series. This year I've had two short detectives in Lowndes' FAMOUS DETECTIVE, the current tale being about a gun's eye view of sudden death... The bottom of the bin is being scraped and I'll soon chuck either novel lengths or shorts. I think.

As a hobby writing's okay. Pays its own way mostly. But on an hourly basis --- Mup! Doc Keller told me a guy makes more digging ditches or washing dogs. I agree --- but it's still a lot of fun.

WHO IS NUTS?

The below is a true experience. The authors name is deleted so as not to further any family arguments.

I've never gotten along with my family very well for the simple reason that they think I'm crazy and vice-versa. As you can well imagine, this difference in opinions sometimes leads to rather heated discussions. There are a number of subjects that we can't agree on but the main one is science-fiction. My mother, being very much against stf, tried to persuade me to stop reading such "stuff". She claims it will warp a persons mind. My attitude, of course, is just the opposite.

As our arguments became more heated, and closer together, Mom decided to take action. Together, we went to the neuropsychiatric ward at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington D.C. with the intention of curing one or the other. In order to avoid arguments about the possible partiality of the psychiatrist, we were to see separate ones who would compare notes on us and reach some sort of decision. Mother decided to drop the project when we discovered that BOTH her psychiatrist and mine were STF FANS!

Read FANTASY TRAILS

a new fanzine, published by a little monster.

six issues 25¢ Andre Von Bell 2221 Parkway Drive Winston-Salem, N.C.

FOR SALE --- each issues of WONDER STORIES. 65¢ each.

August 1935	1 copy	November 1930	1 copy
April 1936	1 copy	July 1935	3 copies
June 1939	1 copy	December 1935	3 copies

postage prepaid.

Arden Cray c/o ELMA 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina

Engrams

by Wilkie Conner

Those of you who like space-opera in the true Buck Rogers tradition, and who live within range of a TV station carrying ABC programs should tune in to Space Cadet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 PM, EST. Unless, of course, your station should carry the kinescope recording. Then it might be at a different time on different days. The program is for children and is sponsored by Kellogg's Corn Flakes (Lynn, send Kellogg's a bill for advertising). It is space-opra, but very interesting space-opra. The plots are simple, the whole show is on a primary level; but there are one or two good points. One is, it will serve to create a hunger for science fiction amongst the small-fry. I, my self, thrilled to Buck Rogers' radio exploits as a lad and I'm sure this helped my enjoyment of the first genuine science fiction I ever read. And it will help adults to see and enjoy more fully the stf movies everyone says we are about to be able to see. Anyone or anything that stimulates science fiction rates tops in my book, and Space Cadet will certainly stimulate stf in the yet uninitiated circles.

Incidentally, for the completionist who simply has to have everything stfictional, Kellogg's offers membership in the Space Cadets. You get a badge, certificate of membership and a shoulder patch. The cost is 25¢ and a box top from Kellogg's Corn Flakes. (Adv.) The address: Space Academy, Box 331, Battle Creek, Michigan. I'm having my boy, Bobby, send after one this week!

As a good Little Monster should, I've been out these last few months trying to convert people to stf. There are still quite a few FEMS left who couldn't be persuaded but I shall be out in the woods and fields still trying. I always go into the woods and fields in the Summer time when I am hunting converts. One cannot tell where one may find one. Just recently, I ran into a blonde and after much talk, I managed to get her to listen to what I had to say and she became interesred. So I invited her to come to my house and look at some of my magazines and art work. She was very coy about the matter, but finally, blushing a beautiful rose, she came with me to what my landlady laughingly refers to as a house. I led the way to my room after first making sure the wife and kiddies were safely in another room watching Arthur Godfrey on TV. I kept wondering as we went to my cabhe of ancient and dilapidated mags if this winsome lass would go through with it. Well, my suspence wasn't of long duration. As soon as she was sure we were alone, she went directly to the bed, lay down and relaxed. And there she stated until she had looked at every damn mag I had. I had already looked at them before so there wasn't anything for me todo except go down to the living room and help the family watch Godfrey!

I received a kick from Battell Loomis' letter in the current Marvel Stories wherein Bat suggested a title for Marvel's first contest cover. Bat said: "Though it is too late to win, I suggest this as a cover title: 'Deep Freeze For a Hot Box.'" As you know, the cover pic showed a near-nude lady being transferred from one ship to another in deep space. Trust Loomis to always have the perfect title, quip or phrase or word for any situation!

Though bad health has forced him to give up Nekromantikon, Manly Bnaister will continue to be one of the all-time greats in fandom. I knew him personally when we fought Japs with the USMC in the Pacific. Before our actual meeting, I'd corresponded with him for a long time. Knowing him as I did, I was not surprised at the immediate success of Nekky. Banister is a perfectionist---what he has to do with must be as perfect as work and brains can make it. I hate to see Nek go, and I hope somehow, someday, Manly will get the urge to revive it.

Another fandom great is Walt Willis of Northern Ireland. Walt enjoys kidding me, especially when I take an occasional crack at his form of government--which is merely sugar-coated communism. I realize, though, it is a much better government than some Ireland and Great Britain have had in their non-too-glorious past, and if they are satisfied, who am I to kick? But I do enjoy raising Walt's ire and I get a real thrill of pleasure when one so great stoops to notice the remarks of one so low as I!

Any fan column I write is written for the fun I get out of the writing and the pleasure I derive from seeing my work published. The policy of this or any other column is the policy of the column only and is not to be construed as the policy of the editor or publisher. If I tread on any toes, hurt any feelings, or conflict with any personalities, for cripes sake jump on me and not the editor. Any fanzine editor has enough troubles without straightening out messes caused by cantankerous columnists.

If this column is a bit rugged as to spelling and grammar, don't blame Lynn. The Little Monsters of America or the republican party. While Hickman is out gallivanting around the country sell-plows, harrows and hay-balers, I'm typing the litho masters, or multigraph masters, or what ever you call 'em--so this pillar of type will go to press exactly as it was written without benefit of Lynn's expert redaction.

WARNING! Don't read TLMA unless you want your friends to think of you as being educated, cultured, sophisticated and a lover of the finer things of life.

JOIN THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA. JOIN NOW! \$1.00 PER YEAR!

T L M A R O S T E R

North Carolina

51 Lynn A. Hickman 408 W. Bell St. Statesville
 51 Wilkie Canner 1618 McFarland Ave. Gastonia
 51 Ned Reese Rt #3 Box 68-A Kannapolis
 51 Pvt. Roy R. Wood RA 14345682 RAD. OPNS. CO. 97 SIG. OPNS. BN.
 APO 154, c/o Postmaster New York, N.Y.
 51 Myrtice Taylor P.O. Box 81 Arapahoe
 51 Mac Quinn Box 500, Trail One, Grove Park, Burlington
 51 Fred Chappell Box 182 Canton
 51 Don Arden c/o TLMA 408 W. Bell St. Statesville
 51 Arden Gray c/o TLMA 408 W. Bell St. Statesville
 51 Bobby Conner 1618 McFarland Ave. Gastonia
 51 Joe W. Morris Box A-17 Rt. #2 Statesville
 51 J. Ed Flowers 229 S. Lackey St. Statesville
 51 James H. Rhyne 819 W. Front St. Statesville
 Mrs. Garland Dobbins Sherrill Apt. #1 Spindale
 51 Ollie Roberts c/o Belvedere Hotel Reidsville
 51 W.S. Huston 116 Church St. Greensboro
 51 L.L. Nichols Rt. #4 Lenoir
 T.T. Huneycutt 123 W. Henderson St. Salisbury
 51 Andre Von Bell 2221 Parkway Drive Winston-Salem

New York

51 Anthony Lauria, Jr. 873 E. 181 St. New York 60
 51 A. Charles Catania 620 West 182 St. New York 33
 51 Jack Stearns 71 Pierrepont St. Brooklyn 2
 Richalex Kirs 1441 Overing Bronx
 51 Mrs. Allan Kolb 905 Summit Ave. Bronx 52
 51 Ken Beale 115 E. Moshulu Parkway Bronx 67
 51 L. Williams Mohs 937 Fulton St. Brooklyn 16
 51 W. Paul Ganley 119 Ward Rd. North Tonawanda

Ohio

51 Douglas Lynn Hickman Box 184 Napoleon
 51 Nancy Moore 1315 4th St. Reading
 51 Don Fruchey 817 Hobson St. Napoleon
 51 Don Ford 129 Maple Ave. Sharonville
 51 Stanley C. Skirvin 389 King Ave. Columbus 1
 51 Honey Wood 1880 Garfield East Cleveland

Oregon

51 Patrick Eaton c/o Otis Cafe Otis
 51 Malcom Willetts 11848 SE Powell Blvd. Portland 66
 51 Ralph Rayburn Phillips 1507 SW 12th Ave. Portland 1

Penna.

51 Ed Noble, Jr. Box 49 Girard
 51 Basil Wells Rt.#2 Springboro
 51 Doris Carter 335 Washington St. Leetsdale
 51 Bill Venable 610 Park Place Pittsburgh 9

Georgia

51 Lee Hoffman 101 Wagner St. Savannah
 51 Ian T. Macauley 57 East Park Lane Atlanta 5
 51 J.F. Streinz 2604 Forest Way NE Atlanta
 51 Henry W. Burwell 459 Sterling St. NE Atlanta
 51 Walt Guthrie 2056 Cheshirebridge Rd. Atlanta

South Carolina

51 Bobby Pope SW Hill & Hanover Sts. Charleston
 451 Wallace Waldrop RFD #5 Greenville

Louisiana

Harry B. Moore 2703 Camp St. New Orleans

Virginia

51 Marian Cox 51 Cedar Lane Hilton Village
 Mrs. George E. Hickman Rt. #6 White Oak Drive Lynchburg
 51 Robert Allen 1137 23rd St. Newport News

Mississippi

51 Sarah Coleson Rt. #1 West Point
 51 Bill Kiefer c/o Bill's Truck Stop Rt.#2 Saltillo

Maryland

51 Bob Pavlat 6001 43rd Ave. Hyattsville
 51 Don Carpenter 3425 Tulane Drive West Hyattsville

Illinois

Vernell Coriell Box 652 Pekin
 51 Mrs Phillip Gerding Box 484 Roseville

Wyoming

51 Eva Firestone Box 395 Upton

Missouri

51 Manly Banister 1905 Spruce Ave Kansas City 1
 51 Pat Farrell 7430 Jefferson Kansas City

California

51 Battell Loomis 201 19th St. Manhattan Beach

North Ireland

51 Walt Willis 170 Upper Newtownards Rd. Belfast

Indiana

51 Mrs Marlyn McCann 1015 High St. Fort Wayne 7
 51 Wanita Norris 118 W. Douglas St. Fort Wayne

Minnesota

51 Gerald Hibbs Detroit Lakes

Washington

51 G.M. Carr 3200 Harvard, N. Seattle 2

Michigan

$\frac{1}{2}$ 51 Orma McCormick 1558 West Hazelhurst St. Ferndale 20

Vermont

51 Joanne Joseph Middle St. Island Pond

Kansas

$\frac{1}{4}$ 51 Riley Joe Snyder 419 S. Blecksley Wichita 8

Tennessee

51 Janie Lamb Rt #1 Heiskell
 51 Percy Brewer Kennedy General Hospital Memphis

Massachusetts

$\frac{1}{4}$ 51 Ev Winne c/o John Nagle 115 State St. Springfield

D.C.

$\frac{1}{4}$ 51 Eddie Dimond 509 Kennedy St. NW Washington 11 D.C.

France

51 Elaine Fruchey Paris

England

51 Thomas L. MacDonald 12 Norfolk Rd. Carlisle, Cumberland
 51 Doreen House 3 Gladstone Rd. Heavitree, Exeter, Devon
 51 David H. Cohen, Nor-west Science Fantasy Club 32 Larch St.
 Hightown, Manchester 8
 51 Bert High 4 Manfield St. Stockton-on-Lees, County
 Durham

Texas

$\frac{1}{4}$ 51 Marion Z. Bradley P.O. Box 431 Tahoka

New Jersey

$\frac{1}{4}$ 51 Nelson C. Shedaker Box 244 Burlington

Florida

51 Fred Hatfield 7620 Abbott Ave. Miami Beach 41

Honorary Members

51 Mary Gnaedinger 205 E. 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.
 51 Rog Phillips c/o The Club House Amazing Stories
 366 Madison Ave. New York 13, N.Y.

If there are any little monsters who were not listed on the roster, it was because your membership arrived too late for this issue. New members will listed each issue. A complete roster will be issued twice a year.

MONSTER OF THE MONTH

In the next issue we will start a new feature page entitled MONSTER OF THE MONTH. On this page we will print photos and short biographies of Little Monsters.

Each member is asked to send in the names of the 3 Little Monsters he (or she) would most like to meet in this way. The 2 names sent in the most will be featured in the next issue. This will be a regular feature in each issue and one that I am sure will be popular.

So lets get on the ball and send the names in.

THE MASTER MONSTER'S PAGE

Quite a number of fen have written us stating they weren't able to pronounce TLMA. Just rhyme it with dilemma. Other fen have written saying they didn't like the name --- so -- we are going to hold a contest. NAME THE MAGAZINE. Send in your idea of a GOOD name for our mag. All names sent in will be printed in #3 TLMA. The name then receiving the most votes from Little Monsters will win. The Monster who sends in the winning name will receive a FREE 2 year membership in THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA. Only one name per monster, please.

In all towns where there are more than one little monster, I hope you will try to form local chapters, hold regular scheduled meetings, etc. Your editors will set aside a portion of TLMA each issue to cover these chapters. A New York City chapter has already been formed and will be reported on in the next issue of TLMA. Monster in charge is Anthony Lauria, Jr., so all fen in the N.Y. area wishing information on the schedule of meetings etc., should contact Tony.

TLMA is getting better and better! Your editor has just spent a young fortune for a new Multilith and an IBM PSM machine. Delivery was made on the Multilith in time to prepare a portion of TLMA #2. The IBM will not be delivered until Late Oct. or Nov., so I cannot make use of it until the #4 issue. TLMA #3 will be prepared almost wholly by multilith process and then the #4 issue will be THE issue. Three or four color cover, text type, even margins, better illoes, photographs, AND the BEST fan fiction, articles and features we can obtain. TLMA's aim is to be the BEST. With your help, we will be. Talk TLMA up. Write all your friends about it. Get them to join.

Rog Phillips states in The Club House, that The Little Monsters of America is the most promising fan club yet conceived, WE CAN MAKE IT THE BEST --- SO LETS WORK AT IT!!!

PREVIEW OF THE # 3 TLMA

Dreamer of Mars by Basil Wells
That Blind Man's Money Again by Battell Loomis

In addition to the above fiction stories we will have an article on the dowsing rod by Manly Banister, poetry by Orma McCormick and Myrtice Taylor, features by Wilkie Conner, Basil Wells, Bill Venable, Lynn Hickman and others, a photo page, art work by Don Fruchey, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Arden Cray, LACH, Don Duke and others.

Don't miss it!!!

PREVIEW OF THE # 2 LITTLE CORPUSCLE

The Mongrels a long science-fantasy by Bert Garwell.

Also, articles and features by Wilkie Conner, Battell Loomis, Lynn Hickman and Bert S. Gittens.

Art work by Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Arden Cray, LACH and Lynn Hickman.

Poetry by ???? (I haven't made up my mind yet)

Remember that TLC is sent FREE to members of The Little Monsters of America and The Napoleon Fantasy Club. It will cost any non-members 15¢

Join TLMA --- Send your dollar to Lynn A. Hickman at 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina --- NOW!!!

THE NOLACON

The Ninth World Science Fiction Convention will be held in
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WHERE ? At the St. Charles Hotel. When ? September 1,2,3,1951.
WHO IS IT FOR ? Anyone and everyone interested in Science Fiction,
Fantastic or Weird literature. Fans, authors, editors, publishers,
all will be here. Since the latter will of course be outnumbered
by you and you and you-all, this is your chance to get on the
sending end and tell them all off. These conventions, annual since
1939 in cities boasting science fiction clubs to sponsor them, are
undoubtedly the greatest experience a scientifictionist can have...
this is no exaggeration.

WHAT WILL GO ON ? Introduction of all notables in the hall, then of
the guest of honor, an author or editor of great standing, his talk,
Reports by the editors and publishers of their policies and future
plans. Expected now are: Anthony Boucher of the Magazine of Fantasy
and Science-Fiction, Bea Mahaffey of Other Worlds, Howard Browne of
Amazing Stories, Lloyd Eshbach of Fantasy Press, Erle Korshak of
Shasta Publishers, and Hans Stefan Santesson of the Unicorn Mystery
Book Club. It's still early. Auction of originals, manuscripts, etc,
contributed mainly by publishers of course. Like to own an original
by Finlay, Bok or Cartier ? This is your chance. Fan night....the
Banquet...the file..want to know the fans in your neighborhood ??

Also arranged: A panel to be mediated by Dr. E.E. Smith, author of
the Lensman and Skylark series. What do you want discussed ? Talks
by E. Everett Evans and Sam Moskowitz on the History of Science -
Fiction Fandom. Lilith Lorraine, directress of the Avalon World Arts
Academy, something along the line of the Influence of Sciencefiction
on Our Civilization. A skit by Fritz Leiber, author of Gather, Darkness,
Others expected: Robert Bloch, George O. Smith, Fredric Brown, Jack
Williamson, Stan Mullen, Mack Reynolds, Judith Merrill, artists Boris
Dolgov and Pat Davis. There will be ample supplies of British S-F
magazines on sale.

It must be brought out that the conventions are run by their assemblies.
The New Orleans Science-Fantasy Society has proposed a talk on Dianetics
from our extensive experience therein. Some fans have made their attend-
ance contingent on its deletion. It might have been proposed by anyone;
but its deletion or retention is beyond our power to promise. ANYTHING
is...the assembly disposes where the committee only proposes. Discuss-
ion can be limited by the assembly only. If such misunderstanding res-
ulted in anyone staying away, it would be unfortunate for everyone. For,
finances permitting, we hope to be able to present a grade A S-F movie,
a Fantasy Movie and a Weird Movie, one each day.

With all this in mind we most earnestly solicit your membership in the
NOLACON. \$1.00 is the traditional membership fee. For this you get :
membership card, program booklet, and not less than three progress
bulletins. These always list all supporters. ATTEND...the greatest
experience a stfictionist can have..the World Convention. Please
send membership fee to:

Harry B. Moore,
2703 Camp St.,
New Orleans, La.

This is the second issue of TLMA.

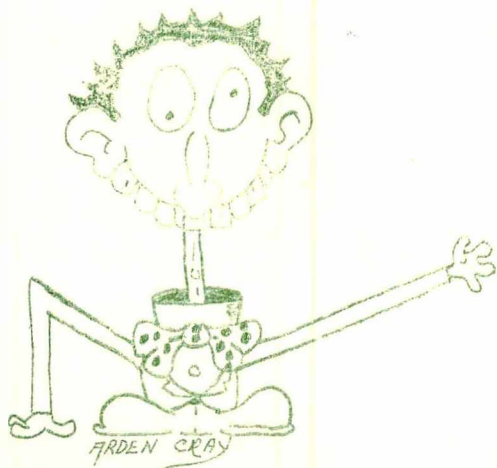
We want to thank you all for the wonderful support you have given TLMA since its inception three months ago. You may rest assured that we will do our utmost best to continue to bring you a magazine of which you may be proud and which you may recommend to your friends.

Since the last issue we have gone to quite considerable expense to purchase equipment on which to publish TLMA. All these things will not be evident at once, but by the fourth issue, we hope to bring you a fanzine, not only professional appearing in contents, but in format and style as well.

We need your support in subscriptions, contributions and moral support to do this. Talk TLMA up to your friends. Never write to another fan without mentioning the magazine and urging him to join. Remember that your \$1.00 membership doesnot just bring TLMA alone. It pays the cost of various mailings to prospective members, and also brings you The Little Corpuscle magazine. We need more subscriptions before we can even begin to break even on the actual cost of the production of TLMA alone, not counting The Little Corpuscle. So lets work to make THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA the biggest and best science fantasy club going.

We again solicit manuscripts and art work. Remember, though, we want and will accept nothing but the best. Please enclose self addressed stamped envelope with your contribution.

Circulation this issue is 200 copies.



SURE! I'm a
Little
Monster..
Aint you?

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

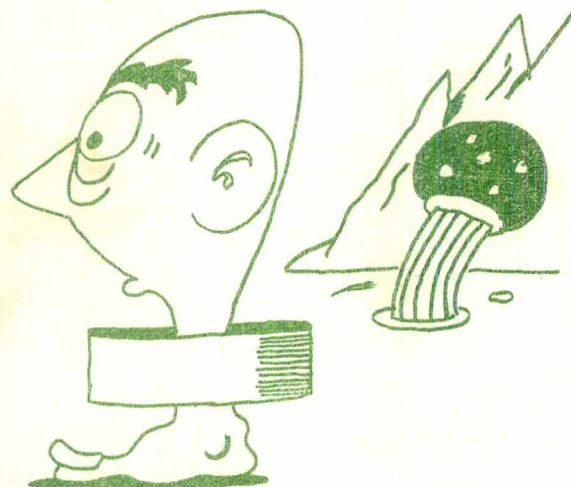
Return Postage Guaranteed

TLMA

408 W. Bell St.

Statesville, North Carolina

TLMA #2



Gordon Cray

10

Lee Hoffman

101 Wagner St.

Davensville, N.C.