





TLMA #3

APRIL 1952

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TLMA is going on a new  
 bi-monthly schedule!!!

Effective this issue.

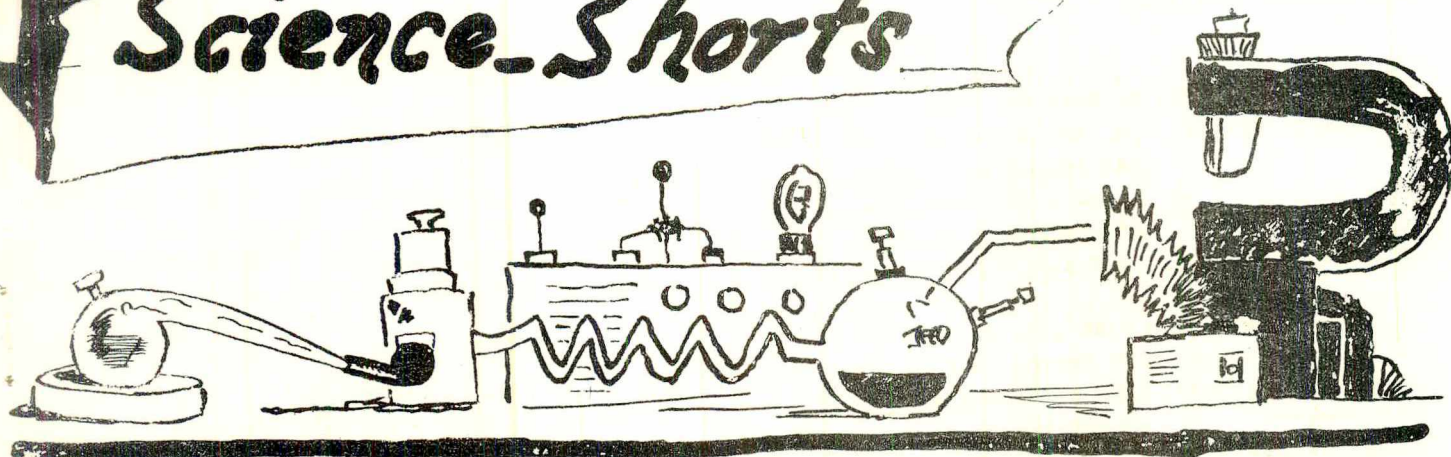
The new TLMA will have fewer  
 pages, but I think you members  
 would rather have the mag  
 smaller and more often--  
 Right?

The Editors

*If any new members were omitted from this list, please let me know and you will be listed in  
 the next issue!*



# Science Shorts



**BILL YENABLE**

---If you have a sick dog in your house he requires extra special care, says Dr. Pubness Hefwallie, director of the Greater McKees Rocks Medical Center. The veterinary research laboratories of the Center, says the doctor, recently perfected a new device to save the ailing pup worry and embarrassment. It is a bed fireplug, executed in miniature and coated with a beautiful red corrosion-resistant paint. The Doctor announces that miniature trees and telephone poles are also available, for particular dogs. They are also working, he adds, on models of human legs.

---Polyethylenepollyandherpals, used as a spray, forms a tough, protective coating over fruits and vegetables that cannot be broken, thus rendering them absolutely unusable.

--- A new attempt to reach the moon is underway, announces a spokesman for the Joke Ridge Laboratories. Biologists at the labs have discovered a new growth hormone, which when applied to trees of the Ariscopria Repens, or scrub-pine variety, causes them to shoot upwards at the rate of 6 millimeters per day. At this rate of growth, says the spokesman, the tree will reach the moon in 45,678 years, three months, five days and seven minutes. All that will be necessary then will be to climb the tree to the moon. The lab is now reported working on a spacesuit that will permit the wearer to climb trees.

--- The Boastum Compnay announces it has perfected a device for getting rid of Mr. Coffee Nerves, a villainous Venusian who has the power to cause fatigue, nervousness and other sumptoms in innocent people. Mr. Coffee Nerves does this, says the Company, because he is not a clear. When they catch him they plan to audit him until he loses the engrams that cause him to attack innocent victims. Mr. Coffee Nerves, interviewed by a reporter, was heard to mutter, "Curses o Boastum!"

Then, of course, we'll have to do something about Mr. Stomach Upse

First off here's another one of those blunders that keep cropping up. Last time I sounded off about a yarn titled "The Other Foot" that was a shadowy duplicate of a Bradbury title. It isn't so. The original story title was switched, just before final printing, to "Revellion on Venus," --so that's that.

Along the same line. Duplication, I mean....The May Blue Book had a yarn by Nelse Bond that I recognized almost at once. The pattern, that is. First sample of this story I ever read was Wollheim's tale of a slowed-down planet. Some of you memory whiz collectors probably could name the story. I can't. And the longer science-fantasy carries on the more of such repeated story patterns we'll see. It's inevitable. According to some literary "authorities" C.B. Kelland, Burroughs, and other popular fictioneers, never have written more than one story in all their scores of books. The same sort of warped logic would prove that most detective pulps never publish more than one used and re-used story....

It ain't so! The framework may be almost identical but the outer and inner trim make the story. The acid testing of any author is how he handles a wornout plot or idea and improves it...or fumbles it! A good author keeps the ancient beams and girders hidden.

At least that's my slant on similar yarns. It's all in the cooking and the chef...

Eshbach's projected line of directly sold books, classics that may never see print otherwise, should appeal to most completist collectors and the older readers of fantasy. But, and I wish I'd made this a very large BUT, why stick entirely to the aging crop of novel lengths? Why not interweave several of the unpublished manuscripts of modern authors? Should such experimental novels prove successful many a budding Heinlein might be uncovered...or rather, put between hard covers. Yeah, I know, no royalties! But what about later books and re-print rights? We could use a few more original, thought-provoking fantasies...

Hard thing to see Banister's NEKKY gone. And the Fanscient before that. Perhaps the editors came too near to perfection and the excessive work and expense finished the job. Moral---if any---don't get too good, TLMA!

Was thinking the other day about names that have dropped completely out of magazines. Leslie Stone, or was it Lesli? The woman writer, anyhow. And Amelia Long. Or are they still around and I miss them? I know Rocklynne and Tanner are with us from time to time at least are alove. Don Wilcox is another, rather prolific writer, who suddenly swore off and went back to teaching or something. D. . Sharpe, Paul Ernst, Miles J. Breuer---some of them dead, and some just tired of writing. And the mortality among fen is almost as great. Even so the



are several editors, authors, and book publishers who came up through fandom .And there will be more.

WORLDS BEYOND #3 to the contrary, the cream of science fiction, in years to come, will be supplied by men and women developed through fandom. And ,incidentally, it was a shame WB couldn't make the grade. It was beginning to print topflight fiction for any reader...

BOOKS...Following is a brief rundown on an ancient book and a more modern book. The Weinbaum volume is not rated too highly by some reviewers and ignored by others.....:

THE MARTIAN, by George Du Maurier . Harper and Brothers. 1897.(?)

As nearly as can be discovered , in a word-flooded volume such as this, the only portion of this 457 pp book that deals with Mars, and Martia the footloose, planet-hopping ego from Mars, are the pages from 364 to 377. Du Maurier's amphinious furry little Martians, with their sixth sense in their stomachs, are appealing entities. If four hundred of the four hundred and fifty-seven pages had been devoted to them a most interestong volume might have resulted.

THE DARK OTHER, by Stanley G. Weinbaum. Fantasy Publishing Co.,Inc.  
1950. \$3.00

This is a book that many did not consider because of the lack of ballyhoo preceeding its publicatopm/ And yet the story moves with a lucidity and power that "The New Adam" does not possess. The story is one that does not require a graduate physicist to translate into vulgar Americanese. In that respect it resembles the two Black Flame stories.

It is the story of an undeveloped evil twin within the brain of Nick Devine, and how the evil brain grew stronger until it all but wrecked two lives. And how the surgery of a bullet saved the situation. The action may be a trifle exuberant, and the speech somewhat dated and overly florid, but the story is eminently readable.

\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*

A BOGGEN!

AM BEING SOLD DOWN THE RIVER BY WORTHY ONCE-WIFE.  
SOUND OF LEG AND WIND: WEAK OF MIND, BAREFOOT BOY.  
PRICE, A HOME ON PACIFIC SHORES, WITH QUALITY GAL.  
WILL TRADE 5'11" PRIME MALE, WT.150 FOR 130--140 LB  
5'5" to 9" WOMAN IN NO NEED OF PAINTING TO SEEM A  
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BELL STREET, STATESVILLE,N.C.

(Paid advertisement.)

# The Dip of the Dowsing Rod

by Marly Banister

The old Negro shuffled across the field, holding an elm fork by its tips. Suddenly, the fork swept forward and downward in a quick arc, pointed quivering at the ground. The Negro grunted, seemed to struggle with the stick, as if he were having difficulty holding it. Cords and muscles stood out on his arms, tense and quivering. He sighted down the rod, stamped his heel on the sod.

"Drill heah," he said, "and yo'll find plenty watah."

The engineer in charge of the project cleared his throat.

"How far down, Sam?"

Sam shrugged. "Hard tellin', Mist' Jones. Maybe fifty-sixty feet. Feels like that's about whut 'tis. Plenty watah theah, anyway."

Do you think it probable an engineer in charge of a water supply project would call in a "water witch" to locate a source? Well, it happened just that way. But the engineer didn't realize the exactness of dowsing. He selected a more convenient spot about three feet removed from the place indicated by Sam and began to drill. The bit went down and down, but it didn't strike water.

Sam was called back. He cast around the boring with his "rod", then straightened with an accusing gleam in his eyes.

"Mist' Jones, you done didn't drill where I tole yer! I tole yer right heah—not sumplace else!"

The engineer moved his drilling rig over and began again. A plentiful supply of water was struck where Sam's rod had said it would be found.

The question now arises: Is dowsing for water ("water-witching") fact or boloney? According to Kenneth Roberts, in his book HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD (Doubleday, 1951, \$3.00), dowsing is not only fact, it is an amazing and unknown science with broad ramifications that reach deep into the realm of the mysterious.

Kenneth Roberts not only offers documented proof after documented proof of the reality of dowsing, he also tells you that the chances are 20% in your favor that you, too, can make a dowsing rod work! He describes the technique thoroughly and in detail, hoping thereby to encourage experiment on the part of others and thus possibly advance the state of knowledge in this field. I recommend that any reader interested in the subject at all get hold of Roberts' amazing book and read it.

Personally, like most people, I had never taken any stock in what we always called "water-witching." I thought it some kind of quaint superstition, and remained unaware of the vast literature on the subject that jams our public libraries. HENRY GROSS opened my eyes to the situation.

Perusal of the book tempted me to try the rod myself. To say that I was surprised when it worked in my hands is to be sparing of statement to the point of paucity of expression.



The dowsing rod, or "divining rod" as it was called in former times, has rather an obscure history. Whether it was in use before the sixteenth century remains problematical. No reference can be found in ancient writings—beyond what we may glean from the experience of Moses in the Book of Exodus. Moses smote the rock with his rod and water came out from it. But it was not just any rock. It was "the rock of Horeb". Moses had to go to that particular rock for water. In short, Moses had to locate water for the children of Israel where it happened to be—the water was not created out of nothingness. We are not even told what Moses' rod looked like, and that is a pity.

The modern dowsing rod is simply a forked branch cut from an elm, maple, cherry, peach or other tree. Practically any tree will do. Perfect symmetry is not essential, but young branches work more easily than older ones. One-year branches on a two or three year old butt handle best, are springy and sensitive. Older branches are slow working and strain the hands unnecessarily. To determine the age of the branch, make a clean cut through it with a knife and count the rings. The age is one year more than the number of rings circling the center. A one-year branch shows no ring; a two-year branch shows one ring, and so on.

It is said that a rod cut from a tree growing above an underground vein has a livelier action, and this may be so. A lot of the "life" depends on the dowser.

Extraneous branches and leaves should be cleaned off the fork, but this is by no means necessary. The rod is held by the tips of the fork with the butt of the Y pointing upward. Upper arms hang at the sides, elbows bent, forearms horizontal, palms turned up (thumbs outward), and the tips of the branches are clenched under the fingers.

Holding the rod in such fashion, the dowser walks across the area where it is desired to locate water. It seems also to be necessary for him to be thinking about finding water. If he is thinking about a blonde, for instance, he is quite likely to walk right over the stream without noticing it—as who wouldn't? At the moment, then, our dowser is more interested in finding water than blondes. As he approaches the underground stream, the rod will begin to dip or bend forward. As he comes above the stream, the tip of the rod points directly downward at the ground.

The rod is not turned or pulled down by the force of gravity. The tips of the branches do not turn in the grip. When the rod goes down, it twists the stems as if a second person were pulling downward on the tip—but none is. Sometimes the action is extremely violent. I have had the stems break with a resounding snap in my grip, and there are cases on record where the bark has been completely twisted off in the dowser's grip.

What causes the rod to perform in such an unlikely manner? It is contended by the experts who cannot dowse that the dowser causes the rod to move by moving his own hands. They say it is "unconscious muscular reaction"—whatever that is. It is, at any rate, a foul libel.

It is true that if the hands are rotated inwards, the rod will go down. Also, if the hands are turned inward on a flat plane, the rod will go down. But in the hands of a simon-pure, 100% dowser, the rod goes down when his hands do not move a fraction of an inch!

I have worked the rod thousands of times. There is neither a conscious nor an "unconscious" movement of my hands when the rod goes down. The rod seems to me to be imbued with a life force of its own. An ordinary stick has a dead feel in my hands. A dowsing rod feels alive. I seem to feel a thrill in it, as if it were throbbing with an energy of its own. You can make of this what you will.

I have this further to say on the aspect of "unconscious muscular reaction". I performed an experiment holding one end of a rod in my teeth. Another person held the other tip in the same fashion. We held hands, and the rod dipped strenuously over an underground vein. The strain on the bicusps, by the way, was terrific. Anatomists and dentists will be delighted to learn from this experiment that there are muscles in the human teeth.

I am annoyed by people who say, "Don't tell me you believe in that stuff?" "Believe" is the most noisome word in the language, and has caused more troubles than all the other words put together. Dowsing is not a matter of believing, it is a matter of doing. It does or it doesn't—you either agree that it does, or contend that it doesn't....you don't "believe" in it or "disbelieve" in it.

General ignorance in respect to the dowsing rod is equalled only by the ignorance attending the *modus operandi* of the motor car engine. I have yet to find a person professing "disbelief" for that reason in the motor car.

The dowser has a long hill to climb to prove his point. Owing to the fact that so little—or nothing at all—is known about how or why the rod works, many dowsers are not wholly accurate. If water is not found where a dowser says it is, the fact is accepted as *prima facie* evidence that dowsing is bunk. If water is found, a number of excuses prevail. Some will say, "Dig anywhere around here, and you're bound to strike water!" Others say the dowser was "lucky" (they will even call a 100% batting average "luck", but if they were gambling with somebody who had that kind of "luck", they'd settle the situation with lead). It is also said that the dowser "goes by surface indications". This is a very hazy expression which means nothing at all. What indication on the surface can there be of a vein sixty feet down running 15 gallons a minute in a line from east to west? Crowning ignominy for the dowser is the insulting suggestion that some bystander told him where the water is located! If this could be so, why fool with a dowser? Go directly to the bystander who knows!

It's a "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" proposition. People don't want to believe in dowsing. They think it smacks of witchcraft, spooks, hoodoos, or some such thing. None of these things exist; dowsing does. It is not even "psychic phenomenon". It is physical fact.

The use of the dowsing rod is the exercise of a talent. Some folks have it, some don't. The principles upon which it operates are as factual and scientific in their own unknown realm as the mechanical principles brought into play whenever you bend an elbow to guzzle a beer are in theirs. Why the dowsing rod will work for one person and not for another is as unexplainable as why one man can take a brush and paint a beautiful picture and another can not.

Unlike the claptrap of spiritualism, the hazy "supposability" of telepathy, and the gamble with the laws of probability which constitutes investigation into extra-sensory perception, the action of the dowsing rod can be definitely put to proof.

The use of the rod is to find water. Use it and find water and it proves itself. If the rod in one individual's hands fails to find water, all rods are not thereby disqualified. A cigarette-lighter without fluid will shoot sparks, but it won't light cigarettts. It takes the right dowser to make the rod work 100% accurately.

An inaccurate dowser can improve his score with practice and study.

If the rod works, it works—why do you need practice? If you can draw a little bit, with practice you can draw better. If it appears that you have a good deal of talent for drawing, you go to art school and study the fundamentals of drawing. It's precisely the same way with dowsing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12





3rd

Annual Midwest Con

May 10th & 11th

Beatley's - on - the - Lake Hotel  
Russell's Point, Indian Lake,  
Ohio

I'll be there — won't you?

Lynn A. Hickman  
Editor, TLMA

It is difficult to get across to the non-dowser the subtle differentiations of "feel" which the working rod imparts. The response of the rod may vary from an almost imperceptible quivering or "thrill" to a forthright, downward jerk that will strain every muscle in your arms and shoulders. By experience, the practical dowser learns to interpret all the shades of response the rod is capable of giving him.

As you might expect of a talent, the ability to dowse makes itself apparent in the primary ability to cause the rod to function; i.e., to dip. First, it must be determined that the rod does respond to water and not to iron, rocks, or the foot-prints of a passing girlie. From there on, practice and training help to achieve accuracy and control. If, by any chance, your rod does happen to be sensitive to the foot-spoor of girlies, by all means forget about water and concentrate on your own specialized talent.

The proof of dowsing is in the digging. You might dowse a location and dig to prove the contention. This is a lot of work, but worthwhile (though not strictly necessary, as I shall show).

I have, to be sure, sunk a few experimental, bores, but opportunities come infrequently. People resent your perforating their property without permission, even in the interest of science. To be reasonable, you must dig for water that is close to the surface. One man can sink an earth-auger down sixteen feet or so, and after that it becomes a problem strictly from physics.

If you desire to dig, be advised that two-inch earth-augers are available. This size is just right for minimum effort. But no kind of a hand-auger will go through solid rock.

I dowsed a piece of property for a man who lives about four or five miles from here. In other words, I dowsed his place from my home. I roughly mapped the underground water resources of the place and indicated on the map the most likely places to drill. Seeing the map, this property owner told me that my findings, made at a distance of miles, corresponded exactly with the information given him by a dowser who had dowsed the place a few years ago "in the field", so to speak; that is, by visiting the property.

This dowser had pointed out the same spot for a well, located thirty feet west of the house, and had advised that water was about fifteen feet deep. This man had drilled in several places with a six-inch earth-auger, but in every case had struck rock at eight feet. He opined that I should do the same.

I set my rod to find a way through the rock, and drilled at the indicated place. At eight feet, the auger struck rock, glanced off and continued downward through a narrow fissure barely wide enough for the auger. It scraped both sides. It continued in clay for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deeper, then struck hard-packed sand. I could have got through that sand, doubtless—but at the rate of four inches per hour, and I still had four feet to go! As the normal rate of boring through clay is about 15 or 20 feet per hour, I had no stomach for this offensively reduced rate.

I cite this example as one of several in which I dowsed property from a distance and had my findings coincide exactly with the findings of dowsers who had visited the properties in question. Well, if water actually lies where my rod says it is, all dowsers will have to find it in the same place. This stands to simple reason.

But you will notice the hooker in the above stunt. I dowsed the property from a distance. This is a feat at which Henry Gross is remarkably proficient. The dowser needs only a map, or merely the name of the owner and the location of the property. Henry Gross has hundreds of times proved his proficiency at this by actual digging.



In my own case, digging comes hard and seldom. I have had some results at digging—I dug up two mud veins once. I dug one place to a depth of six feet, though my rod said water should be found at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet. (It was—wet dirt). Actually, the water at this spot lies at a depth of 25 feet, so my rod was right after all.

I have dowsed property for wells that already exist. I have been given the name of the owner and the location of the property. I am asked to locate the well in respect to the location of the dwelling house. In nine cases out of twelve, I have located the well to the exact foot. In some cases I have been able to give particulars about it, such as its depth, diameter, kind of well, and the date it was dug. But there are still some who think I made a few "lucky guesses". How lucky can you get?

Let me quote you from the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Farmer's Bulletin No. 1978, titled SAFE WATER FOR THE FARM. This is an excellent booklet that tells all about proper methods of digging and safeguarding wells. I recommend it highly to all who would dig a well. But here is the quotation:

"No reliable general directions can be given for locating ground water... There is little to recommend certain patented electrical water finders or the use of a forked willow, hazel, or peach stick, although so-called forked-stick artists, from their experience and observation of surface conditions, usually are better able than the average person to judge of the probabilities of finding ground water."

The pitiful part of that paragraph is that it seems to make sense. Personally, I am just a city boy, and I don't have much chance to get out. I do most of my dowsing at home, without even seeing the property. How, then, do I happen always to agree with those "forked-stick artists" who go to the place in question and use their "experience and observation of surface conditions" to locate water? I have located existing wells as far as fifty miles away—a mighty big well curbing that would be visible at that distance!

I wouldn't know a surface indication of "ground water" if it crept up and bit me. I know nothing about geology or what the ground looks like under the surface. I did not even know that underground water runs in veins instead of "being everywhere", until I read about it in Roberts' book. But the rod reacts in my hands, my hands do not move, and I appear to be able to locate water by this means.

I mentioned earlier that digging for underground water is not a strictly necessary way to prove the efficacy of the dowsing rod. And so it isn't. A surface spring is an underground vein that has come into the open. Locating a spring fulfills all the requirements of locating underground water, with the added advantage of visible results and no pain, no strain.

Not long ago, I drove with a skeptic out upon a highway to demonstrate the working of the rod at a particular location. I had not before been upon this particular highway. On the north side of the road were some springs bubbling out of the face of a 15-foot shale cliff. The water runs down over the rocks and sinks into the ground at the foot of the cliff.

I put on a demonstration of the rod, showing how it reacted over the streams flowing under the highway and off southward under a field. But my boy was not convinced. He seemed to feel that the exhibition could be shammed.

So I said, "I will find another spring for you—the nearest other than these."

The rod pointed directly southward, away from the highway, and told me a spring lay 450 feet away. But that was all jungle. We could not possibly have gotten through

it to verify the location.

My friend practically smiled at this. It was so convenient to find a spring we couldn't get to! So I offered to find the next farthest. That one turned out to be directly eastward, along the highway, at a distance of 525 feet. He thought I was kidding him, but I urged him to pace off the distance for himself.

At 525 feet, we came upon a spring over which the highway department had built a ten-foot culvert. The pool was about 75 feet long, and occupied the elbow of an otherwise dry storm creek. No water flowed into it, but water was flowing out at a good rate.

Since then, I have performed this kind of "guesswork" several times, but I should be hard put to guess without a rod in my hands!

What is the difference between using the rod "in the field" and at a distance? In the field, the dowser might walk about until the rod goes down, and there he stops, or continues to trace veins. When working at a distance, however, he stands or sits in one place and the rod in his hands goes dip, dip, dip in response to questions that come into the dowser's mind, or may be spoken by him.

In any case, concentration of the mind is required. In the first, the dowser thinks about finding water as he strolls along. In the second, he concentrates on one phase of the problem at a time—he finds out if water exists there, how much, how deep, where, and so forth. This whole process is described at length in Kenneth Roberts' book, so there is no need to repeat it in this scant room.

Briefly, the rod will give a categorical answer, positive or negative, to any question asked of it. Yes is signified by a dipping of the rod, no by the refusal to dip. Qualifications and extenuations are exemplified by a difference in the feel of the rod's response.

It has been my experience that when dowsing on "watered" property, the rod works effortlessly when held in the position I have already described. However, if I am working the rod in dry territory (such as in my own home—there is no water under this property), the rod will not work at all held in such fashion, but needs to be held rigidly at arm's length in order to function. Why this must be so is beyond me. If the rod is made to go down by "subconscious muscular reaction", why can't I be just as subconsciously muscular at home as anyplace else? It's a good question, and I will be glad if you can answer it.

I have also worked the rod along abstract lines and have achieved some striking results. Since they are not subject to verification, however, they have no place in an article such as this.

The simple fact that the rod responds to questions put to it opens up a dozen fields of investigation for inquisitive possessors of the dowsing faculty. The opportunity is as broad as the imagination looking into it.

This being so, why not go out a rod and see what YOU can do with it?

Next issue

ASSUMPTION UNJUSTIFIED by RICHARD ELSBERRY

Don't miss it....







# DREAMER of MARS

By BASIL WELLS

LYNN  
HICKMAN '92

A STEAMING RIOT of purple and blue vegetation. Intelligent giant insects and scaly aquatic creatures who invade the soggy cerise-hued marshlands. Vast crystalline growths that spring up along the slimy borders of great rivers, lakes and seas, and possess a weird light all their own that can be seen across the abyss of airless space.

Vast oceans afloat with islands of drifting vegetation and mighty turtle creatures who cross the watery emptiness of these seas easily---turtles so large that small forests of tropical growth often take root upon their rounded backs....

Recognize Earth? Our Earth?\* Yet that is how the dreamer of North Mars, dwarfish old Aroth Hek, imagined our green world to be.

AROTH HEK was born sometime in the latter part of what we, Earthmen that is, call the Nineteenth Century. Most of his life was spent in the cavern city of Nirpath, one of the few settlements of the coarse-furred natives, where a limping knowledge of reading and writing was yet kept alive. Two brief excursions into the desolate wastelands below the polar canal systems, and a brief sojourn as a slave in South Mars, accounted for five years of his young manhood. But after his escape from the more scientific civilization of the South he wandered no more.

\* "Queen of the Blue World," PLANET STORIES



For the rest of his life, until his death in 2051 A.D., he was a herder of the blind vanools, cavern sheep, of Mars. And in the eerie dankness of the underground labyrinth beneath Nirpath his fertile fancy found the solitude it required to bring it to full flower.

In the thousands of brief sketches and short tales attributed to Aroth Hek can be discovered a weird blending of distorted science, obtained during his brief slavery in South Mars, and a fanciful reshaping of the dust-buried ancient legends and superstitions of the vanished civilizations of the Red Planet.

Aroth Hek lived to see the first rockets from Terra land on Mars, and to learn that his fancied creatures and their environments varied greatly from his dreams. Despite this his stories are read today, a hundred years after his death, with undiminished interest and pleasure, by the lusty young of three worlds.

Three great collections include the bulk of Aroth Hek's best work. These are titled: "The Blue World", "The Silver Planet", and "Lost Paradise"---dealing with Earth, Venus, and the lost lands and cities of Mars in that order. Eller, the translator and compiler of these books, is an Earth-born Martian, educated in Byrd, Little America. At the moment a vocowire edition of "Lost Paradise" is nearing completion and will be released sometime in 2149 A.D.

Representative of Aroth Hek's work, but not included in any collection as yet, is the unfinished fragment of a story about Earth that is presented below. Tradition has it that the arrival of the first Terrestrial ship at Nirpath caused the Dreamer of Mars to cut short his tale---and never resume it once he had learned that Martians and Earthmen were of similar humanoid stock....

The crystalline growths mentioned here are the Dreamer's rationalization of the lighted cities of Earth. His armored insects are undoubtedly the result of word-of-mouth distortion of history over a period of centuries. There is no doubt but that the last great culture of Mars, Raba\*, smothered now by equatorial sand dunes, sent space craft to Earth sometime in the so-called Age of Chivalry---more properly, the Dark Ages. These scale-armored knights, through centuries of legends, became the insect giants, the Yzaps, of Aroth Hek's fictional mythos....

But enough of the writer and his background. Here are the last paragraphs to be cut by Aroth Hek's nimble blade.

#### THE HUNTED

(Translated by E. Eller, 12/30/2145)

NOT TOO FAR behind were the cockleshells of Ka Thur. Swift the ovoid water craft, all driven by chained Yzaps with handled pushing tools of cupped wood. Six ships of Mera Vad's father, mounting bolt cannon in their bows, to take the air-driven canoe of Ald En!

----  
\*"Under Martian Sands"---OOTWA #2

At times drifting miniature continents of mossy blue and tangled purple, concealed them from the pursuers. Yet never for long. But for the steady breeze pressing the sail's rounded spread they would have long since been taken.

Only darkness might allow their escape. Once again they might sail westward to the double-tailed continent they had fled this dawn. But further south, below the mammoth crystalline growth of living quartz spreading at the junction of a long island with the mainland. For there was Mera Vad's father, Untus Vad, the ruler. Among the exiled criminals from Raba: murderers, allies of the hated Voldurians from space, and convicted growers of narcotic esthel spores, Untus Vad was the acknowledged leader.

"If only the sun were gone!" cried Mera Vad, her great purple-flecked eyes on the huge distorted sun of Earth.

Ald En's lips twisted wryly into a smile, his red-furred fingers gripping the steering blade's ridged grip more tightly. He was a third generation Martian born to Earth, an Earthling. Taller than the largest native Martian he was, and, despite the thinness of his hairy pelt, a handsome male.

"But it is not. Come, loveliest of mighty Raba's daughters, let us talk of something happy. Of our new home in some blue-jungled up;and valley. Or...."

"Often I dream of Raba, of the glorious sea and its islands," the girl murmured. "For long no ships of space have visited Earth. Could the sands have swept across the green paradise? Have the Voldurians destroyed her shining domes?"

Ald En laughed, little knowing that what the girl feared had indeed befallen the last civilization of dying Mars.

"Never fear, little furball," he said. "One day the ships will come to bring order and law again to Earthling exiles from Mars."

And now, looming ahead, was a tree-clotted island's mound. It was a small island, less than a thousand feet in diameter and without even a beach of muddy clay fungoid moss. Ald En swerved to miss the sullen mound of blue---and the island's projecting tip abruptly gaped open cavernously.

Under full sail they were driving full into the tooth-studded greenish cavity of a gigantic sea turtle of Earth's oceans! Nothing could arrest their speed, nothing.... (AND HERE ENDED THE LAST STORY OF OLD AROTH HEK, DREAMER OF MARS.)

(The End.)



# When Fans Collide

by RICH ELLSBERRY



Max Keasler and myself got into New Orleans about 7:30 P.M. Thursday night. I felt like a limp dishrag; it was tremendously hot. The bus air-conditioning unit went off someplace after Jackson, Mississippi, and it was murder the rest of the way in.

Someone at the busstation told us the St. Charles was only a stone's throw away, so we decided to walk. Four blocks, he'd said. We walked four blocks and asked for more directions. Only four more blocks, someone assured us. Three blocks farther on we stopped a lady. At least I think she was a lady. "Three blocks more!" was the answer we got to our question. Another four blocks and we were there.

Roger Sims and Aggie Harook of Detroit were with us. We'd met them on the bus. Rog said that Ed Kuss was coming down and so we decided to get a four-man room---the only one that the hotel had left. It was number 770. Aggie went to the YWCA.

We finally got settled in our refrigerating unit and got cleaned up. Everything in New Orleans has to have air-conditioning or people wouldn't be able to live there. (( How did they manage before the days of air-conditioning, Rich? W.C. )) Sometime after nine o'clock I and Max decided to go downstairs and see whom we could find. I'd tried to phone Harry Moore and Fred Hatfield but neither of them had telephones.

However we knew Lee Hoffman was there. He'd said he'd be there Monday and we confirmed this at the desk. But he wasn't in his room.

We trotted back into the lobby, after eating, looking nowhere in particular. Suddenly a tall, thin fellow came up to us accompanied by several other people. "I'm Shelby Vick," said the tall guy. "You're Ellsberry and Keasler?" We agreed and Shel started to introduce people. I remember none but the last one. She was a girl. Vick said: "I want you to meet Lee Hoffman."

I nearly passed out!

To say that Max and I were amazed would be a gross understatement. We were practically struck dumb. Thoughts of practical joke ran through our minds. Finally we became convinced. Then we thought: "What have I been writing to this boy? Yee Ghods!

We then migrated to Bill Morse's room, still shaking our heads. Here, a bull session of sorts was under way. We picked up a bottle of beer and got into the fray. Harry Moore popped in and talked a bit about pictures for the Con. They'd definitely arranged, "The Day The Earth Stood Still" and were working on Paramount to give them "When Worlds Collide." Harry was quite sure that LIFE or LOOK would cover the Con and he was just hoping that no one with a helicopter beanie or zap gun would show up. I think he had Ray Nelson on his mind.

Before Harry B. left, Max got his camera and took a picture of the group. Then Lee Bishop, of Santa Monica, began to tell us about INCINERATIONS #5. This one hasn't been mailed yet because the post-office didn't think too much of the four previous issues. Lee said it was already to go and sitting around in boxes. He'd looked at a copy and thought that some Rorshack ink blots were pretty funny.

The discussion shifted around to Roger Price, of "How To" fame, and then back to some of the doings at the Norwescon. Some especially interesting anecdotes were told about Ralph Rayburn Phillips and Ruth Newbury. Lee Hoffman then popped into the apartment and wanted to know if anyone wanted to go down to a radio station and get in a plug for the Con.

Did we! Seven of us got started on our way over to WWL. About a block from the hotel someone came up behind me and said: "Say, you're not Lee Hoffman are you?" I later learned he was Paul Cox. I told him who I was and introduced him to Lee. His mouth dropped open a foot! We all laughed so hard that I think Cox got embarrassed. He still couldn't believe it two hours later.

When we got to the studio, Walthers and Bishop tried to get through the revolving door at the same time by each pushing in a different direction. After a while they got wise and we got in.

We went upstairs and found the studio. They actually seemed to be expecting us. We were Paul Cox, Lee Hoffman, Max Keasler, Lee Bishop, Shelby Vick, Bill Morse, Ed Walthers and myself. Vick talked most of the time but did allow us to get in a word edgewise. It lasted only about three minutes, but we did get in a chance to explain our point and defend ourselves against Buck Rogerism.

Then we headed for WDSU in the French Quarter but it was closed up by the time we got there after twelve o'clock. So we explored the French Quarter, finally winding up at the Bourbon House for some coffee. The coffee there is the kind you can stick your spoon in and it will stand up by itself.

Here, Lee Hoffman advanced the theory of "avoidism" as taken from Roger Price's book "In One Head and Out the Other." In avoidism you avoid as much as you can. Of course, you want to be a practical avoidist, and not avoid things like eating and breathing. The "avoidist" position is face downwards on the floor with arms outstretched. In this position you can avoid everything but a cold. Then, too, there are times when things come up that you can't avoid. In a position like this you "cope" with it. Everybody avoided the check for the coffee and Bill Morse had to cope with it.

We saw one sign in the Quarter that I wanted to tear down and take along. It read: BEWARE BAD DOG. However, the sign was nailed down with spikes and we decided to leave it there. There was another sign on a building: "WOMAN EXCHANGE." But it was closed for the night, and we didn't have any women we wanted to exchange.

We hit the sack about four a.m. Looking at my notes, I see that people who showed up on Thursday were Bob Johnson, Fritz Leiber, Fredric Brown, Frank Deitz, E.E. Evans, Ben Keifer, in addition to the people already mentioned. A total of sixteen.

We struggled out of bed at ten o'clock and got something to eat. Then down to the Caliborne room to get our program booklets from Harry B.



connection with the picture they were showing us. He also mentioned that Sam Mines had got left out---and after Mines had donated a bunch of pictures to the Con. Harry was pretty certain that E.E. Smith, Boucher, Mack Reynolds, Rog Phillips, and G.O. Smith would show up, but none of them did.

We went down to the lobby where people were milling about exchanging autographs. Brown and Leiber were still the only pro's present. Shel Vick had his name and a large puffin on his tee shirt. Ken BeAle came in with a card on his chest. On it was typed his name, clubs he belonged to, zines he'd written for and other bits of trivia. Somehow, he failed to impress me.

Back to Caliborne Room we went to help Harry B. and Paul Cox in putting up the Morrie Dollens backdrop. 4sJ Ackerman got as far as Texas with it, and mailed it the rest of the way. His father had died and so he turned around and went home. It was the first Con he had missed, leaving Erle Korshack as the only fan to have attended all the Conventions.

The twenty pics in the backdrop had been commissioned only a few weeks before the Con. Dollen's must have worked like mad. I picked up one of the four photostats of the whole backdrop. That makes me one of four guys who'll remember what the entire drop looked like in about a year.

Everybody was just standing around talking in the lobby so I picked up Bob Briggs and we went out to eat. Met BeAle and Schultheis on the way and so ate with them. Back at the hotel I became disgusted with meeting people and so I went up to our room for awhile. Ed Kuss had just come in and was unpacking.

Things were dull in the room too, so back downstairs we went. There I met Virginia and Ollie Sarri, who I hadn't seen since they left Minneapolis and the MFS last year. Found out that Tucker was in and so I picked up Paul Cox and we went up to see the wily Vhinaman. Tucker's password was "Old Woodchuck"---something he'd been sustaining himself with in the trip down. Max was there, as was Par and Bea Mahafey and Mari-Beth Wheeler. We were treated to hearing how Tucker met Lee Hoffman. Lee had been writing to Bob a long time and properly expected to shock him. Tucker came to the door with his face half-lathered and in the process of shaving. Tucker wouldn't believe her and made her write her name so that he could be sure.

Desebdubg to the lobby, again, we found MacCauly, Hickman, Pope Chappel and Guthrie---the SOUTHERN contingent. Maxx and I followed Mac up to his room to get a copy of the latest Cosmag-SF Digest.

Later we came upon Fred Hatfield. He'd been wandering through the hotel reminding people to come to his party that night. We hadn't forgotten. Bob Johnson was wandering around with a stack of Orb's. The issue had cost him \$265. We took pity on him and bought a copy.

I ate fried shrimp and drank beer with Bishop, Briggs, and Kuss that evening. We broke up back at the hotel and I ran across Johnson and Harry B. We went up to see the dianetic auditor who had motorcycled down from New Jersey. His name was James Pinkham and Harry B. gave him a tough time when he tried to explain Dianetics to him. Pinkham was putting me to sleep and so Bob and I quietly slipped out and picked up some people headed for Hatfield's house.

A short bus ride took about ten of us out there to raise the total to around thirty. Hatfield's house wasn't much larger than 770,

but he had plenty of beer on ice and we didn't mind. Regal beer seems to be the only kind they have down there---it tastes like swamp water and probably is.

I talked with Frank Kerknof of Washington, who was just about the drunkest person there. He convinced me that Briggs, Pavlat, Evans, Loan, and the rest of the D.C. boys couldn't write worth a damn and that he was the only one holding the club together. Funny thing about it was when I told this Briggs later, he said it was absolutely true!

Also talked music with some fellows from Cleveland. Everything from Stravinsky to Ibert to Kenton. Then back again. Lynn Hickman managed to get in a few words at one time or another. That might be one of the reasons he asked me to write this for TLMA.

The party broke up fairly early. I was one of the last dogs to leave. Hic man had told me that they were going to have a little party in his room so I had intended to go there when I got back to the hotel. Instead I decided to go up to my room first and on the way I met Es Cole in the hall. She told us that there were a lot of people here to bid for San Francisco and that Lee Jacobs would be in sometime Saturday.

We finally got away and down to out room. Everybody was there! MaCauly, Hickman, Keasler, Vick, Hoffman. We added Briggs, BeAle and some other people. We finished off Lynn's whiskey and soon everybody was pretty well bushed. We hit the sack so we could get an early start on Saturday. I heard that a gang stopped back at 770 about three in the morning but Keasler got rid of them. I was too dead to wake up.

I staggered out of bed about nine-thirty and wandered down to the lobby. There I met Bob Briggs and we had breakfast. Later we went to the Caliborne Room where several of the publishers were setting up their exhibits. Bob Tucker came in shortly before eleven toting boxes of books and fanzines. He also had a large supply of propaganda for the Chi-Con. Up until now I had thought that Detroit had the best chance, but Chicago changed my mind. Bob also had a copy of the Times-Picayune with a write-up on the Con. It had a picture of Hoffman, Lieber, and someone else. The write-up was fairly intelligent and had none of the Buck Rogers-Flash Gordon tripe you expect. The States also had an intelligent write-up in the Friday morning issue.

Harry B. Finally showed up, with tremendous suitcases under his eyes, and broke out the convention booklets for those who didn't have them. Tucker, meanwhile, was busy setting up a table advertising his latest Mystery book, "Red Herring" and his forthcoming, "City in the Sea." Bob, at last, began to empty boxes of fansines on the table. This was what I'd been waiting for. I picked out as much of the good stuff as I could before the rest of the people in the room got wise. Max bought a complete set of Stardust and Ad Astra and then left them on the bus coming home!

Soon Tucker was busily opening another box of books. He'd gotten these for review and now was disposing of them at 100% profit. I picked up "Castle of Iron", "Sixth Column", and "Renaissance" for \$4.75.

Around noon we headed over to a nearby hamburger shop. When Therie saw a sign advertising Birch beer for a nickel he said: "Well, a nice beer! I haven't had one of those in years." He was dissappointed when he



found out it was root beer.

The first session was scheduled for one o'clock but only 120 people had signed the register at that time so they decided to wait a bit. People milled around inside the air-conditioned Caliborne Room waiting for something to happen.

At 1:40 Harry B. finally got the Convention under way. The introductions came first. First person to be introduced was Lynn Hickman. When Tucker got introduced he put in an informal bid for Niagara Falls in '52---The BarrelCon. After a while Moore resorted to reading the roster. Then he came to Merril Gwosdof, a junior Sam Moskowitz when it comes to talking. Naturally Gwosdof had to come to the mike to say a few thousand ill-chosen words. They don't come any more neo than Gwosdof.

When Moore finally came to Jean Bogart, he asked her: "Are you a hoary old fan like E.E. Evans?" I collapsed.

Leiber was finally permitted to talk. His talk, "The Jet Propelled Apocalypse", was about the man of the future. Leiber read his hand-written talk with quite a vigor at times. At the end of the talk, he had a dialog between himself and the Man of the Future, who was on a wire recorder. There were appropriate spaces left for Leiber to intersperse his comments between those of the Man of the Future. However, the recorder became overheated, probably because Gwosdof was running it. The Man of the Future then proceeded to speak in an alternately high and low voice. Leiber stood up through it all magnificently. If someone had tied Gwosdof down at the beginning of the talk to keep him from running up and adjusting the mike every few seconds, it would have been much better.

Moore wisely called an intermission after Leiber's talk. Max, Lynn, Bobby Pope, Bob Johnson, Paul Cox, and Bob Farnham and myself went out to eat. We stayed longer than we should have for when we got back the Fan Resolutions session was already in progress.

An argument was going on whether or not we should have dianetics on the program---it was scheduled for the evening session. Harry B. was drawing the session out and mis-quoting everyone who had anything to say against dianetics. Shel Vick got up and sensibly stated that we should have the session and those that didn't want to hear it didn't have to come. Naturally this was ignored. Moore asked for a vote on the subject. Dianetics was voted in.

Someone then got up and stated that we shouldn't have any sessions on sciences at all. Moore pointed out that they'd had sessions on rockets, longevity, dianetics and other things at past Cons. Les Cole then stood up, and trying to be funny said that we should bar communists from fandom. It was laughed and shouted down. Things were getting silly.

Bob Tucker, possessing a little bit of intelligence, made a brilliant resolution that we adjourn for dinner. The motion passed easily and the silly bickering was over---and dianetics was still on the program. It was Tucker's quick thinking and hungry stomach that saved us from being there all night.

Lynn Hickman picked up his convertible and along with Max, Pope, Johnson, MacAulley, and myself drove around the city. When we passed a statue of Jefferson Davis, Bobby Pope has to stand up and salute. I noted later on that all six of us were fanzine editors--no mere fans in that convertible! We stopped off for some Tom Collins' and then decided

to get back to the hotel for the seven o'clock session.

The evening session opened late, as usual. First thing on the agenda was Editors and Publishers, pushed back from the afternoon session. The turnout of editors, pros, and publishers was dismal at the Coh. The only magazine editor present was Bea Mahaffey and the book editors were Santesson, Greenberg, Kyle, Eshbach, Korshak and Ditky. Pros present were Bloch, Brown, Leiber, and Judy Merrill, who came late. You might also add Sarri, Tucker, Evans and Chad Oliver, but these fellows are more fans than pros.

Moore first read a letter from Anthony Boucher and then introduced Eshbach. Lloyd didn't add anything that we didn't already know. Santesson followed him and mentioned that Unicorn plans to use Brown's "Space on My Hands" as one of their selections soon. He also advocated better editing in the trade houses that publish science-fiction: Doubleday, Fell, Greenberg, etc. "Science-fiction has come of age" was the whole thing that Santesson was trying to get over.

Mel Korshak of Shasta built up their forthcoming book, "Beyond These Walls," by Rena Vale. Mel also told of Shasta's new original novel contest. They are offering \$1000 for new novels. As far as I can tell an author can sell a novel to a magazine for more than that, and then maybe to the books later. When Mel asked for questions, a neo-neo in the back of the room named McNeil asked him why they didn't reprint the old Gernsback classics. A tremendous groan went up from the conventioners. Korshak tried patiently to explain to the boy that that isn't what the reading public wants.

Marty Greenberg of the Gnome Press talked about his new anthology, "Travelers in Space," with the sixteen color plates by Edd Cartier. He mentioned books on their forthcoming list such as "Baldy", "City", "Mixed Men," and "Gallegher" series. He is also working on an anthology of novels, containing works that are too long for regular anthologies and too short for book publication. It will probably contain five or six. Definitely arranged for are "Crucible of Power" by Williamson, "But Without Horns" by Page, and "The Chronicler" by Van Vogt. It is a damn good idea, but only the second one mentioned is worth publishing.

We then passed on to what should have been the beginning of the evening session, "Science-Fiction Fandom Through the Years," by Moskowitz and Evans.

Sam came on, and why he used the mike I'll never know. Sam has a deep, powerful voice that he flings at you over the rostrum. He started out by telling about his trip down, and how he had unknowingly talked to Huey Long's son. Then he shifted over to this year's Disclave and how he'd been sent to the wrong hotel and met Senator Kefauver. All this may have been interesting to some, but what it had to do with S-F fandom I'll never figure out.

Sam finally got around to talking about the size of fandom and who constitutes a fan. That was a little more in keeping with the title of his talk, "What is a Fan?" At least, I think that's the title. I don't think it was ever very clear in anyone's mind.

In 1938, Sam said, the S-F editors considered that there were only fifty to two hundred fans. Now, in a speech this year, Samuel Mines estimated the total number of fans as only around 20,000! Sam considers anyone who reads one or two promags, or does anything like subbing to a fanzine, an active fan.



Moskowitz deduces that H.G. Wells must have been an SF fan , for he once praised a story by Festus Pragnell in an early Wonder Stories. In his files, Moskowitz has found early fan letters by Lovecraft, praising works of England and Burroughs. H.P.L. thought Burroughs one of the greats of fantasy fiction. ((We never knew before that Lovecraft had that much sense.)) Lovecraft was later quoted by Dereleth as being a great critic of fantasy fiction!

Sam feels that present day editors aren't doing good enough a job . Amz, he said, never dropped below 100,000 in circulation while Gernsbeck owned the mag and he also added that Unknown couldn't raise its circulation above 30,000, an amount which would have sustained it. Sam also thought that Tremaine did an excellent job when he was editor of Astounding. When he got E.E. Smith to write "Skylark of Valeron, " for him, he raised the circulation 10,000 and when he trimmed the edges later on he added 3,000 to the circulation. This more than made up for the added cost of trimming the pages.

E.E. Evans started to talk next but I didn't get a chance to listen to him very much because Bob Tucker sent Davis Kyle over to see me. Dave wanted a typer to write up a news story on the Con for Trans-Radio Press and it seems that I was the only one crazy enough to bring a typer along. I took Dave up to 770 and left him to stare into the typer. Later I came back and he was still staring at the white paper. Ed Kuss popped in and we talked over the story with Kyle.

Dave wanted something that the news commentators would use. That was no easy task. Dave was trying to think up something with a flying saucer angle. I squelched that one. Max and some other people came in but we managed to get them out with a minimum of difficulty.

I dropped down the hall to see what was going on. The dianetics session was in progress with about 45 people present. I asked a few people about 3E's talk. Everyone said it was very good, but no one remembered what he had to say. Seeing that nothing was going on I beat it back up stairs.

The story finally wound up as a day brightner. It was a little piece about how science-fiction fans believe in controlled weather some day and how they broke the back of a two week heat wave on their arrival in town for their Convention. If the heat wave had been broken, I didn't notice it.

I went down stairs to pick up the Sunday papers. Stopped in at the Caliborne Room and counted fifteen people still listening to Pinkham. Then up stairs to read the papers and talk with the fatigued Kuss. We were just sitting around when the phone rang. It was Lee Jacobs! "Is it alright if we come up and talk about Kenton?" asks Lee. "Fine, come right up!" Then I asked him if he'd met Lee Hoffman? "No," he replied. I told him. He couldn't believe it; it seems the Coles had been keeping things from him.

Shortly thereafter Jacobs, the Cole's, Tom Quinn, and Carl Murray walked into our auditorium. Jacobs had a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand. We had no ice or mix handy. I flinched as I acted the part of a good host and took a glass. Jacobs pumped me somemore about Hoffman, then we got onto the subject of Stan --the Man--Kenton. However, I'm afraid we didn't get too far. Maybe we can make it up at the Chi-Con.

Out of nowhere Reva comes barging into the room--surveys the room with blood-shot eyes---then walks out again.

About five minutes later the roof fell in. Nearly twenty people-- all carrying whiskey, gin, or mix bottles came marching into the room to set up shop. This is what comes of having the largest available room. At one time or another as many as 39 people were in the room. At least sixty must have passed in and out of that room during the night.

The din was terrible! People layed on the beds, floors, furniture and anything else we had around. Ice and mix flowed up to the room in a nearly continuous stream. The party was pretty loud and its a wonder that the house dick wasn't up there to investigate. When Max and Lynn came into the hotel around two, Max asked for the key to 770, the desk clerk told him there was a wild party going on in that room.

I remember Jack Speer trying to push his wife into a closet-- at least I think it was his wife. Then I remember going to the bathroom and finding the sink covered with green goo. Ed Walthers was the boy who had so honored us.

Finally some of the more elite fans left us and just the rabid ones-- and the drunks---stayed on. The total population of the room dropped to around twenty people at this time. I wasn't feeling so good so I went out with Paul Cox, who was in the same straights, and had a couple of hamburgers and coffees. When I finished the second coffee I felt 200% better. We also brought back some tomato juice for Bob Johnson, who insisted that he was drunk and refused to go to his room. He didn't think he could make it.

When we came back to the room the noise was deafening. A near riot was going on. Kerkhof and Bishop were lying in my bed and laughing their heads off at nothing. By this stage of the evening Kerkhof was "Sandwich" and Ed Walthers was "Squeezebox". Well, people kept climbing in bed with Walthers until he was squeezed right off the bed and under it. Walthers just layed there.

Dale Hart somehow started swinging a chair around the room. It happened to clip Bob Johnson, but in his condition it didn't bother him too much. This seemed to sober Hart up and he left the room for a while. I went back to the bathroom and found the sink running over. I showed it to Sims. He nearly died. Roger finally managed to clean it out, after he had bailed some of it into the bathtub, by putting both hands in and digging around.

When we finished that messy job, we found that Lee Bishop had tipped the bed over on top of Walthers. Bishop and "Sandwich" nearly killed themselves laughing. Walthers made no comment. He was in no condition to. Kuss walked all over the mattress without knowing there was anybody under it. I finally got Sims and Dietz to give me a lift and we set up the bed. "Sandwich" was laughing so hard he reipped over a suitcase, spilling change over the floor. Again there was riotous laughter. At that time it seemed very, very funny.

Guthrie, of Atlanta, was pretty bad off. Before the Con he'd never had a drink in his natural-born life, so someone told me. They had made him promise that we wouldn't drink at the Con. Haa! He finally fell off the bed. "Sandwich" was laughing at him lying there on the floor, groaning. Frank Duetzm holding a precariously full glass of gin, spilled about half of it on Guthrie, when the latter began to kick him. No one seemed to mind except Guthrie.



Someone finally got Guthrie out of the room down to his own. Max, who couldn't find a bed in our room, and couldn't have slept in it if he did, went down to MaCauly's room to sleep. In the morning he woke up and didn't know where he was and didn't remember going down to that room. Lynn Hickman, who was sort of chaperoning the Atlanta boys, wanted to go down and see if Guthrie was all right, so I went down with him. Guthrie was lying in bed, talking to himself. We left him to Max and Ian. We walked over to Lynn's room and had a drink and talked about the Negro problem with someone who showed up. Then we decided to go down and have some more coffee.

Up to 770 again! It was nearing 4. A.M. when Lee Jacobs got a call from someone to come and play poker---probably Tucker. Walthers was walking around the room with his tee shirt up over his head and down over his knees. Someone made a humorous comment and it was too much for Bishop who collapsed on the bed in delirious laughter.

Hart wasn't in the room, but we heard he was down a couple of flights in some woman's room. We thought about calling the house dick and sending him over there but Hart got back before we got around to it. Hart then took off his pants to be cool. Reva from Detroit was there but she didn't see, to mind. Then Deitz came up with another fifth to save the day.

About five o'clock we went down to Aggie's room to see how Hans Rusch was coming along but nobody was there but Aggie. We managed to ditch "Sandwich" and Bishop and went back to the room. Only Sims, Hart, Johnson, Deitz and myself remained in the ruins of our apartment. Bottles, cigarettes, papers clothes, bedding, and ashes were spread all over the place. What a mess! None of the others wanted to go to their own hotels or rooms so they stayed. We locked the door to keep out undesirables who were wandering around the halls.

This wild party was supposedly for the Detention, but the boys said that they planned their real party for Sunday night---I reeled! At least one thing I can say for the party---everyone said it "was the wildest orgy ever!" Kerkhof advocated "Timbuctoo on '52." He was tolerated.

By 5:30 I was writing on the days happenings and the rest were lying around talking. Bob Johnson wanted to have a tattoo put on his neck. Not a large one---just about three inches long to scare hell out of people. He got the idea from seeing the Bok on Deitz's arms. At 6:00 I was finished and hit the sack---everyone else was sleeping except Sims, who was making cutouts for that night's party. The longer I watched him the more they looked like paper dolls.

Looking over my notes I see that about 125 people attended the first session and that at last count 184 had registered. Over 400 memberships were sold.

When I got up in the morning all towels were sopping wet---we'd used them to mop the floor. Deitz and Johnson were sleeping in Sim's bed---Bob in his shirt and Frank in his sky-blue shorts. When I waved an eye-opener under Frank's nose he managed a weak: "P.U.---No!"

Dale Hart didn't want to get out of bed. Wearing his birthday suit he thought, he thought he'd wait in bed until the maid showed up. We talked him out of it. Incidentally, Hart slept in our room two nights for the price of two typer ribbons and a copy of ICHOR #3. He also profusely

apologized to Ed Kuss , in whose bed he'd been sleeping. When he'd gone to bed Sunday morning he told us to rout him out when Kuss came in. Kuss came in and tossed Hart out of the bed but Dale climbed right back in. Kuss cussed and went someplace else.

We finally staggered out of bed around 10:30. I got out to eat lunch around noon and spent the rest of the time before the auction loafing around the hotel and fingering mags in the convention hall.

With Moskowitz doing the honors we got under way shortly after one' O'clock. The first item to be auctioned was Anthony Boucher's speech telling why he could not attend. It was sold for \$2.35. There was a rather sparse attendance at first, but this gradually built up as more fans woke up. Still, the crowd never did get very b igh and you would have expected the bidding to be quite low. This was not the fact, however.

Harry Moore paid \$12.50 for a 1919 Thrill Book. The four issues of ASF with "Slan" went for \$5. Finley pics averaged around \$5. Other illustrators except Bok and Cartier went for as low as 50¢ with the high being \$4.25 for a Lawrence. Cartier averaged \$6 for three interiors and brought \$21 for a double page spread from "Darker Than You Think." This was the highest price paid for an interior.

Jean Bogart bought two Bok's. An interior for \$12 and the Convention booklet cover for \$56! That's right. Lynn Hickman was the fellow bidding her up. It was the highest price of the day.

Second highest price was for a Paul back cover that went to Hickman for \$41. Other Paul covers sold for \$31, \$16, and \$15. The MacAulay oil painting cover for Other Worlds #12 sold for only \$15.

Some fool paid \$10 for the galley proofs for "The Man Who Sold The Moon." Other items starting at a ten-dollar minimum such as "Out of Space and Time" failed to get that initial bid. Sam finally got around to Dollen's backdrop. There were twenty pictures and they averaged around \$5.50 each. The highest price was \$14 paid by Eshback.

Finally people began to walk out. Even more did when Sam stopped and turned the mike over to Gwosdof. Merrill has a loud voice also but nowhere near the talent. Things began to go extremely cheap and one Finlay went for a buck. The pics from the "Grey Lensman" sold for \$.75 and \$1.

After eating with Briggs , Moore, and Pinkham at the cafeteria across the street I went up to 770 to take it easy. Sims, Kuss, and Aggie were there making and putting up decorations for the party to follow the movie. Everything moveable and breakable was put in the closet. A sign was pasted on the ceiling: "If you're lying on the floor to read this, you're drunk." There was another one in the bathroom over the toilet: "Oklahoma Delegation Attention---This is not a drinking fountain." I got out of there.

Around seven the panel discussion , "More---Science in Science Fiction ---less, moderated by E.E. Evans, got under way. Moskowitz and Cole were for more science in science fiction and Fred Brown for less.

Cole said: "Our writers...have gotten sloppy and we just don't have as good science fiction as we used to." Sam said that there was too little science in science-fiction these days. On the other side Fred Brown who talked first said: "Use only as much science as you need to tell the story..." Tucker seemed to think that you can write goof science-fiction by using good characterization in a scientific background. "Let science take care of its self," said Tuck. 28



The discussion lasted around an hour and wasn't so successful in reaching a conclusion. Tucker's telling a juvenile S\*F'er he'd read once was the most hilarious thing of the evening.

The movies came next. I guess you could call them movies! "Castle of Doom," an old silent horror picture was shown first. It was a very arty picture, with hands sliding along and down banisters and shadows flitting along walls. The photography was excellent, though, and especially in one scene where you see everything through the eyes of a corpse being carried through town to be buried. The dialouge was terrible---most of the picture was narrated. Vampire movies leave me cold.

Ted Sturgeon's adaptation of John D. McDonald's TWS story, "A Child Is Crying" came next. This was for a TV program called "Tales of Tomorrow." The story is from the Dec. 1948 issue and is only slightly changed from the original. It was a half-hour show, complete with commercials. ((We saw this film telecast on Admiral's ghastly "Lights Out" show last Summer. Good Tv films, like old Soldiers, never die!))

Nelson Bond's TV movie "Conqueror's Isle" was the last on the evening program. This one was well handled and given adult presentation. The psychiatrist in the story was the same fellow who played a scientist in "The Thing." After the show Moore announced that "Lost World" would be shown ~~Monday~~ **morning**.

Briggs, Kerhof, Wakthers, and myself headed for the Saenger theater. We got there early and so began looking for the nearest bar. A couple of Tom Cillin's later we went over to the movie and got in. It was the plushiest movie house in town. Before the show the Fox representative had us pose for pictures. We were required to show excitement, horror, etc. Most people yawned. With the formalities over they let us see the movie.

I'll spare you a review of the movie--you've probably seen it yourself already. After the show we dashed out of the theater as fast as possible and back to 770. By three o'clock most of the people started coming in and soon the room was jammed. A few of the people there were Mart Greenberg, Fred Brown, Dale Hart, Les and Es Cole. Korhsk, Bloch, Hoffman, Ditky, Santerson, and Moss of Paramount. The latter wanted beer and we didn't have any.

This party wasn't as good as the one the night before because of all the pros and women present. About 4:30 I couldn't take it any more and we didn't have anything left to drink. I finally hit the sack, people or no people; Max had been smart and gone down to Macauly's room to sleep. They tell me that the party broke up around 6:00; I was in no position to care.

At quarter to nine in the morning the switchboard called and woke us up. This was probably Max's dirty work. We layed around in bed, though, too long and almost missed the beginning of the movie. However, they didn't start on time anyway. Fox was there taking pictures of Lee Bishop in a spacesuit. Then they took newsreels of Harry B. giving a scroll to Bishop. With this over, we let Paramount show us a good movie, even if it was in 5 reels---using only 1 projector!

The picture, When World's Collide, sticks quite closely to the novel of the same title by Edwin Balmer and Phillip Wylie. The movie opens in a South Africian observatory. David Randell is given the mission of taking

some photographic plate to New York. Randell (who looks surprisingly like Danny Kaye) learns what the others know---that two planets are approaching Earth from outer space. The larger of the two should pass close enough to Earth to destroy it. Astronomer Hendren takes this before the United Nations, in this semi-documentary picture, but they refuse to believe him. Two business men, however, come through and lend him money in his project to build a spaceship. The major part of the work, though, is financed by an old, crippled millionaire who is afraid that what Hendron says might be true. His support is in return for a place on the rocket.

The scientists take over a mountain-top and with nearly six hundred personnel on hand (played by college kids) they begin to build the rocket. There is some by-play between Randell and Hendron's daughter. They're in love, but Randell thinks he's going on the rocket just because of that (and he's so right!) but Tony Drake talks him out of it and makes him think he's needed.

When Bellus makes the first passing volcanoes break out and tidal waves rush in land, the filming is magnificent. Tidal waves rush up Times Square, dams collapse; it is superb. And, they have just 18 days left to complete the rocket before final blackout for Earth.

Work is rushed. Since only forty-five people can go, lots are drawn. These go aboard the ship in the last hours. Naturally, the rest of the people, left to their doom, don't care for this. Some rabble rouser finally stirs them up and they come charging out of their underground bunkers to thrust their puny fists and bullets against the spaceship. Hendron, in a dramatic position, sends the rocket off without him.

There are some excellent shots of the spaceship seemingly motionless in space. From the ship in space you glimpse the destruction of the Earth. And that's all you get--a glimpse. This scene is disappointingly short. All through the picture they seldom show Bellus and they never show Zyra. It certainly could have been more effective if they'd shown people standing on roof-tops looking up at the two expanding planets. I also think that people would have attacked the rocket-launching site when they knew the end was near, but they did not. Another excellent scene left out.

The landing on Zyra is right out of Buck Rogers. A belly-flopper with them skidding along a valley, luckily missing all the large boulders which just happen to be there. They open the air-lock without testing the air, even though someone was smart enough to mention that they should. Of course if the air wasn't any good they would have died anyway, since they didn't have anymore oxygen and the ship was nearly out of fuel.

For the ending you see a weird painting, probably a Bonestell, although it looks like a Paul backcover from AMZ.

As the sun sets in the cloudy sky we see Randell and Hendron's daughter walking along into the sunset, or something equally as nauseous. As Startling said, "This would never have happened if Bonestell had been alive."

One thing they forgot to mention in the picture was whether or not the planet would continue to circle the sun or would continue on into space. At least, if they mentioned it, I missed it. Despite some obvious flaws, I thought it a good picture. At least, better than Tucker rates it.



After the movie, Paramount passed out some comment sheets. There was then an adjournment until 3:00 so that people could get something to eat. I went up to 770 and found Sims, Beam, Young, Browne, and Housebel there. So we drank Housebel's warm beer and looked at some literature that Beam had picked up in the French Quarter. ((Science Fiction????))

Business for the afternoon was the nomination of the sites for the 1952 convention. Julian May talked first, for Chicago. Julian is a gal and surprised some since she is the editor of Interim News Letter.

Tom Quinn and George Finigan divided up the work between them as they placed a bid for San Francisco--the LepraChon. Ned McKneow came forward and asked that Niagra Falls, Canada, be the site of the Next Con. Ken BeAle gave a short talk for New York but you could see that he was all alone. Lynn Hickman bid for Atlanta and Roger Sims finished it up by placing Detroit's bid. Rog started off his talk by saying: "I realize my points are not as big as those of the first speaker..." It was too deep for most fans. ((Who had not previously been briefed by French Quarter Literature, no doubt.))

E.E. Evans got up and supported Detroit. A rather heated controversial triangle was brought on between Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco. This was over accessibility, cost, youngness of the fans, etc. Eshbach said that the Detroit fans were too young to put on a good Con. Tucker mentioned that the first Chicon was put on by fans of high-school age. Santerson said that San Frisco was too costly and he wouldn't go. Judy Merrill said that San Francisco had sand fleas. Then we took the vote.

On the first ballot it came out this way: Chicago 30, Atlanta 22, Niagra Falls 11, Detroit 16, San Francisco 16, and New York 3. Atlanta's finishing second was the biggest surprise. Probably because of the large number of Southern fans present.

Chad Oliver and Walter Miller had gotten out cards for Dripping Springs, Texas, in 1952. "The Dripcon" it was called, but they did not put in a bid for it.

The second ballot was taken with Chicago winning by a clear margin: Chicago 59, Atlanta 36, No Good 4. Total 99.

The whole business of selection of Chicago took two and a quarter hours because of all the heated bickering and laxness of the chairman in keeping order.

During the choosing of the Con ~~night~~ site Santerson of the Unicorn Mystery Club got up and gave those present a heated speech on why we should thank 20th Century Fox for showing us "The Day The Earth Stood Still". According to Santerson we were all ungrateful louts for not voting them an award. They could have shown the pic somewhere else and gotten a much larger crowd. Fox did this just for us---they didn't need the publicity, the two or three pages in LIFE---the publicity was all for US! Santerson finally got tired of cussing us out and sat down. Nobody seemed to notice.

After the session we went to Bishop's room and then we picked up Kerkhof and went out to eat. None of us was going to the banquet as we were broke. Keasler was busted and I had to pay his hotel bill; that just about broke me. Afterwards we came to the hall, but the banquet was still going on and we went up to 770. Bishop decided that it would

be fun to throw bags of water out of the window. He had a large supply of them and found a couple of gigantic ones in the hotel closets. Lee tossed several out the window---ccaring hell out of the people on the street below. We then hurriedly left the room.

This time the banquet was over and people were finding seats in the hall. Lee gathered up a bunch of Chicago propaganda and soon paper airplanes were flying throughout the room. The sky was full of ships. I think Lee Bishop had more fun at the Con than anyone else.

The skit got under way about 8:30. The title was "The Robot, The Girl, The Android and the Poet." Shel Vick, Judy Merrill, Joe Christoff, and Frotz Lieber played the parts in that order. There was excellent but unprintable humour throughout. The Robot invited the Girl to go with him to his home factory and build little robots...they'd gace their own punch press. The Android wanted her to go back to Vat 69 with him where they'd build little androids. While the Robot and Android were busy skreening and varishing, the Poet comes on the scene. The girl asks him if he's a man or an android. He replies: "I'm no man---I'm a poet!" Baturally the poet wants her to go with him and write poetry by moonlught---they'll have their own little typer. Disgusted by the Poet she wakes up the android. When she goes to wake the robot, he says: "No--let sleeping cogs lie." But she wakes him up and it ends with a wild finale in which everyone chases Leiber down the aisle and out of the hall.

Tucker's "feendish" exposé was next. "Through Darkest Fandom With Birdie and Camera." It was a series of slides made of pictures taken over the last eleven years. Most of the pics, though, were of recent origin, including the pics of this year's Indian Lake Conference. The pics were often intersperced with messages like: "Ned McKneow will refrain from selling peanuts and popcorn during the showing." Fans shown were Tucker, Laney, Sam, Day, Evans, Sneary, Riensbarg, etc.

After a short break they showed "The Lost World." This silent epic started around 11:00 abd quite a few pwople stayed to see it. After toreels of Wallace Beery clubbing people with his cane I gave up and went to bed. I'd had just eight hour's sleep in the last sixty-four and I was dead on my feet. Joe Christoff did an excellent job of providing a piano background for the picture. This is just about the toughest job you can give a fellow as that type of piano playing is a lost art.

After the movie Harry B. gave an informal report of the financial condition of the Con. \$150 was given to Chicago, \$50 to the Fan-Vets the way I heard it. When I talked to Harry in the morning he said they had just about enough money to send back a left-over exhibit. It was the auction that put them in the blakk.

Harry B. did a marvelous job on the Con as I think everyone will agree. He had a little support from the rest of the NewOrleans Fantasy Society. Nearly all the work fell on his shoulders. When I first saw him on Thursday he looked as if he needed about four days of solid sleep.

"The Immortal Storm" never did go on sale at the Con. Burwell's wife got sick and the finished booklets did not show up. There were rumors going around later on that San Francisco group was going to buy up all the mimeoed copies and issue the histort in a lithoed format. I'd just as soon have a mimeoed copy.

Best looking Fem Fen at the Con: Bea Mahaffey, Pat Mahafety, Gloria Hatfield, Ginni Sarri---and not necessarily in that order.



## THE SCREAMIN' DEAMONS

Due to lack of space in this issue of TLMA, I will only be able to reprint a few of the very fine letters I've received. If your letter wasn't printed, please don't feel slighted. It was appreciated and will help shape up TLMA so that I can give you members the kind of magazine you really want.

Dear Lynn,

Over in the South East corner of Hell, just past the statue of Hellron Hubbard, is a particularly fine paving stone. It bears the inscription: INTENTION OF WALT WILLIS TO COMMENT ON TLMA 1. I have about 17 excellent excuses but I won't bore you with them now. I'll bore you with comments on #2 instead.

I never know what to say about covers except that they're good or not so good--this one was good-- so I'll pass on to the contents. Pages 4 and 5 had me really worried. Ugblat Among The Dodoes, pounding on me unexpectedly like that, made me wonder whether my IQ had dropped from zero to a minus quantity, and I couldn't understand the LACH cartoon either. I think my mind is either too dirty or not dirty enough. If its the latter it will be a surprise to everybody. Reading Ugblat again I feel a little better. It's like Chinese music--the product of an alien culture but interestingly incomprehensible.

Benham's Almost Angel restored me to what I laughingly call normality. I got the subtle punch after only the 2nd reading. If I continue improving like this I'll soon graduate from a halfwit into a moron. Seriously, this story was good--very good indeed.

Loomis' piece almost threw me again, but it was very funny in parts, and certainly original. There was never anyone like Battell before and I don't think there ever will be again. He is one of the wonders of the world.

Bill Venables science shorts were by far the best thing I have ever seen him do. UPFLUSH and the bit about the Rosicrucians were superb.

I always like Wilkie Conner's writings, even when I disagree with him, and I enjoyed this column of his more than usual because of the reference to me. Thanks, Wilkie, for referring to me as a 'great', even if your tongue was halfway through your cheek. Who knows, some innocent neofan may take it seriously?

All the best with TLMA #3, Lynn. You're doing a grand job.

Sincerely,

Walt Willis.

170 Upper Narada Rd.  
Belfast, Ireland

Dear Lynn,

The #2 ish of TLMA was very good. Arden Cray's illo for Almost Angel was one of the best I've seen. I liked the story but frankly don't see how it belongs in a sf mag. All the articles were good and I think the best was Thud and Blunder by Basil Wells. Your miming is a lot better than I thought it would be. One suggestion--couldn't you get some more fiction? One story isn't very much.

Sincerely,

Pat Scholz

9909 4th Ave

Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

Editors note: Next issue will contain at least 2 top flight fiction stories.

Dear Lynn,

I really like that cover. I keep looking at it again and again. Its real eye-attracting, and the word 'dynamic' describes it in a nutshell. In fact, the art all the way through was good. The illustration on page 12 was excellent. Very pro-ish.



THE SCREAMIN DEMONS... cont.

I enjoyed Science Shorts by Bill Venable the most.

Sincerely,  
Dee Davis  
Naval Base, S.C.

Dear Lynn,

Comments on TLMA#2. I think if you keep on as you've started you're not going to have merely a FANzine but an actual very outstanding MAGazine... Which is about the highest praise I can think of.

Sincerely,  
Nan Gerding  
Roseville, Ill.

Dear Lynn,

While waiting over in Memphis I found plenty of time to look over TLMA. I'm really surprised at the huge improvement in just the second issue. Your cover and the illustration for ALMOST ANGEL on page 12 were the best artwork of the issue. The story was well written but didn't seem to fit in with the mood the drawing set. The pic could of passed on its own weight.

Ever lovin yers,  
W. Max Keasler  
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Lynn Hickman,

Cheers for the first magazine sensibly paged from right to left - the way I always scan any mag. If it wouldn't impose too hard a translative burden on the stencil cutter, I'd like to see the lines read Chinese fashion, too, as a rest for eyes forced to keep skipping from left to right.

I wonder, somewhat, whether your contributor, Loomis, is always in good taste but I realize we are living in later times than were formerly customary.

LACH is a truly great illustrator for he can follow copy. I never saw a finer portrait than that of Wilkie but am unable to check as to your likeness on the roller skate and am revolted at the knowledge that you smoke cigars.

Yrs.  
Battell Loomis  
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

American humour I frequently find rather hard to digest. This was the case with Ugblat and that first letter in the correspondence corner. ALMOST ANGEL was also something of a failure, for me. A humorous treatment of a religious theme always has to be handled very carefully, and despite a good idea and some clever writing I feel that the author did not quite manage it.

As you probably know, I am a fan artist so the first thing I did was to look through TLMA at the drawings and general layout. Here I was far from disappointed. The drawings on the whole were good, particularly the mimeo drawings by LACH. The cover I thought was particularly striking. The page numbers corresponded with the contents list (something many fanzines find difficult to do) and the printing was, almost without exception, clear and neat.

The articles and features I liked, except that piece of nonsense by Battell Loomis. This again is probably due to my inability to appreciate American humour, but as I rather enjoyed Bill Venable's little piece, I am possibly being converted slowly to your point of view.

Best of luck for the future of TLMA  
Alan Hunter  
Bournemouth, England



THE SCREAMIN DEMONS cont.

Dear Lynn,

The first 2 copies of TLMA came through recently and I have enjoyed them a lot. The first thing that struck me about both issues was the high quality of the artwork, there is no other mimeed publication that comes anywhere near you for quality in this field. LACH gets the edge for his terrific cartoons. The Arden Cray pic on page 12 of #2 is a masterpiece. Battell ~~Tomis~~' Three Little Monsters in #2 was really good and LACH's illos helped too. All in all there is hardly anything to criticise and a great deal to praise.

Fancereely,

Fred J. Robinson

South Wales, Great Britain

Dear Shnooks,

I saw that inane little epistle of puerile immaturity in the Janish of OW. If you think that any self respecting fan would condecend to join such an obviously child-rens pen-pal ~~melique~~, you must have popped your immature corks.

Along with some of my esteemed associates, I am organizing a crusade to rid fandom of its swaddling clothes to make room for some honest scientific endeavor instead of contesting in the letter columns for the most humorous and juvenile comminque.

Your club is one of the first targets on our list. If you and your members were engaged in a more worthwhile pastime rather than trying to organize the largest club in fandom, we would applaude your efforts.

Dennis Strong, in the March issue of Planet expressed my sentiments on the subject. If the fen weren't so engaged in the idea of seeing who could be the funniest, STF would gain a great more respect in the literary world.

Hoping that you will reply.

I remain,

John McCafferty

P.O. BOXES 131

Carpinteria, Calif.

Editors note: I wrote John a letter a few weeks ago that hasn't been answered as of this date. I would rather say no more on the subject here myself, but will welcome any comment on his letter.

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# KONNER'S KORNER

by  
Willie Conner



Konner's Korner moves again! First, it was a newspaper column, in The Carolina Watchman, a semi-weekly paper that was published for a while in 1939 in Salisbury, N.C. The Watchman was a revival of North Carolina's oldest newspaper. The first Watchman was published prior to the War-Between-the-States and Sherman's damyankee's destroyed it in 1864. In 1939-40, Konner's Korner destroyed it, for shortly after the paper started running the column, it suspended publication. In the hey-day of Spacewarp, the Korner was revived because Art Rapp wanted a regular column from me. The Korner stayed with Spacewarp until Art decided he would rather soldier than turn a mimeograph, and joined the army. When Lee Hoffman started Quandry, she invited KK to come aboard. Finally, Lee tired of KK...probably got tired of reading my rather hectic typing...and sent it on its merrie way. Now, it winds up here in the old Engram spot. Hickman suggested the change; though, frankly, I was intending to seek him out on the subject.

Seems as though there is a movement underway to bring Walt Willis over from Ireland for the big doings in Chicago come this September. Now, naturally, I'm not against this movement. In fact, I'm all for Walt coming over. But if he does come over, will the doughty Irishman ever leave? He'll see with his own bonnie (what is the Irish equivilent for bonnie?) blue eyes the magnificence that is America; he'll learn first hand the tremendous benefits of American free enterprise; he'll ascertain straight from the horse's mouth just how well we bloody capitalists can live, and he just naturally will want to stay here. Without a whole ocean between us, how can I say the things I say about him without him taking a swipe at me? I'm just a little guy and he is an Irishman and all the Irishmen I've seen are big, brawney guys who could knock hell out of a million little fellers like me. So if Walt does come over, and I hope he does, I still hope he goes back---for my own personal safety.

The CBS television network has a neat little Sunday afternoon show, The Television Workshop, that often comes up with a bit of fine fantasy finely presented. The time in the East is 4PM, and I believe it is on the entire CBS cable. You would do well to grab a look the first chance you get.

I've just got to get in a plug about The Little Monster's Gastonia headquarters. The lady who owned the house---if you could call it that---in which I resided for six or so years, finally demanded rent or else, so I had to move. (I'd been paying her in rejection slips, soap wrappers, coffee and gasoline coupons, but someone told her about money. I think it was Walt Willis.) Just for the heck of it, I decided if I were going to pay money for some place to live, I might as well be paying on something of my own. So I mortgaged the wife, kiddies, furniture, television set, typer, Hickman, and the old homestead and bought myself a



new house. It's really a fine place, completely modern, in a good neighborhood and I like it. Now, if the lending agency will accept old fanzines in lieu of cash, I'm well fixed. Horrid thought: suppose the crass old boys want money?

With Master Monster Lynn Hickman contemplating the institution commonly called holy matrimony, we must pause to drop a tear. For some time Hickman has been fandom's most famous bachelor. Now, once again, the North invades the South. Now, alas, a lass from the cold, cruel state of Ohio has conquered this staunch bachelor and has lured him into the fold of those who should have known better, but didn't. Seriously, this Korner wishes the couple all the happiness they so well deserve...and we know they will have. ( Recommended reading for newlyweds: "Cheaper By The Dozen.")

From across the pond comes a British newszine, Straight Up. It is published monthly by the Fandomain Press at 37, Willows Ave., Tremorfa, Cardiff, Glam. S. Wales, Great Britian. Straight Up----opposite of Slant----is a newsy little publication, though the issue this Korner received was a bit lacking in legibility. However we feel that it is an up and coming newsie and one well worth the time and effort it'd take for you to acquire a copy. If you send a promag, you'll get a six month's subscription. You can't beat it at the price.

Gotta plug Konner's Kolumn, which is now appearing in Gregg Calkin's nice zine, Oppsla, which should be in your mail box by now. If you find this crud readable, look up Konner's Kolumn.

I'd like to see some pro writer do something concerning the science of making a good cup of coffee. Good coffee making is an art... yet ,it is truly a science. We've had stf stories on almost every branch of science from A to Izzard, and it is high time some of the big boys concentrated on coffee. After all, what is so nice as a cup of hot, flavorful coffee? ((Ed. note: An armful of hot, flavorful blonde.)) What can be so friendly on a cold night? ((Ain't he kidding?)) Yet, into each delicious drop of coffee goes science. The science of growing, roasting, grinding, and brewing. Coffee is a tender, fragile fruit and requires constant care and loving appreciation. And you know and I know, when man conquers space, he'll just have to have coffee along. And will a cup of java on Venus taste as well as a cup of coffee on Terra? Or will he find vast lakes of the stuff under Venus' clouds, just waiting to be creamed and drank. Yep, coffee has been grossly neglected and I think something should be done about it.

One hears so much nowadays about science fiction replacing the detective story. As much as I would like to see this come about, I'm sure this is merely wishful thinking on the part of stf fans. Science fiction and detective fiction cater to two different reading personalities. While there are many stf fans, such as I, who enjoy good mysteries, there are very rabid detective fans who do not like stf. I feel that each fiction will continue to appeal to its own group of readers and this seemingly taking over of stf is due to the increased interest in stf from fields outside the detective fiction circle. People who never used to read anything npw read stf. These people first began reading it for its escape, but they were hopelessly trapped---even as you and I!

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: Space is gone, so I won't have my y this time. But wonder if the future Mrs. Hickman's typing ability had anything to do with Lynn deciding to marry her? Is a wife cheaper than a secretary?



## The Editors Page

This page should start with apologies. They certainly are due, as TLMA is very late. The excuses I have wouldn't mean a thing to most of you, so I'll just say I'm sorry.

Along this vein, I might add that I am going to change TLMA somewhat and also change its schedule. Henceforth, the magazine will only be 20 plus pages instead of the usual 30 plus pages. BUT--it will appear every 2 months instead of every 3, so actually you will be getting more pages per year. It will cost me more money to do this, but I've felt the members would rather receive the magazine more often even though it means it will be a little smaller..

As any other fanzine editor will tell you, getting out a mag this size is quite a task. I want to give special thanks to Dee Davis of Naval Base, S.C. and Wilkie Conner of Gastonia, N.C. for their fine help in the typing of masters. More thanx go to Max Keasler, Popular Bluff, Mo. for giving me 4 fine pics by Ronald Clyne to publish. 1 of them was used on The Little Corpuscle #2. 1 on this issue of TLMA and 2 more will be forthcoming.

In response to the changing of the name--TLMA---, 90% of the members who wrote in asked that I leave it as it is. So TLMA it will stay.

In the next issue we will start 2 new columns. The Voice of Ransom by Rich Ellisberry and Repeat performance by Max Keasler. I'm sure you will enjoy them.

Since the Nolacon I've had the opportunity to visit quite a number of our members. I would like to say something about each visit, for example, Janie Lamb took me through The American Museum of Atomic Energy at Oak Ridge, Tenn.--I became engaged to Carole Hustwick of Napoleon, Ohio-- but space will not permit, so in instead, I'll just list their names and tell you that every one of them are mighty fine people and I'm proud to call them friend.

Carole Hustwick, Patti Sharpe, Ritzman Campbell, Sue Delventhal, Connie Harmon, Fred Freer, Bob Neal, Eleanor Hustwick, Dee Davis, Don Elliot, Bruce Underwood, Dick Ryan, Andre Von Bell, Don Fruchey, Elaine Valois, Gerald Mullins, Marian Cox, Wanita Norris, and of course Janie Lamb and Wilkie Conner.

Had hoped to visit Basil Wells and Ed Noble in Penna., but bad weather kept me away.

I'm sorry I couldn't run the photos this issue as I'd planned. Will run some in the next issue though, if Uncle Sam doesn't take all mah spare cash.

See you-all next issue----

Lynn A. Hickman

*going to the mid-west con  
in May?*

YUGHTA !