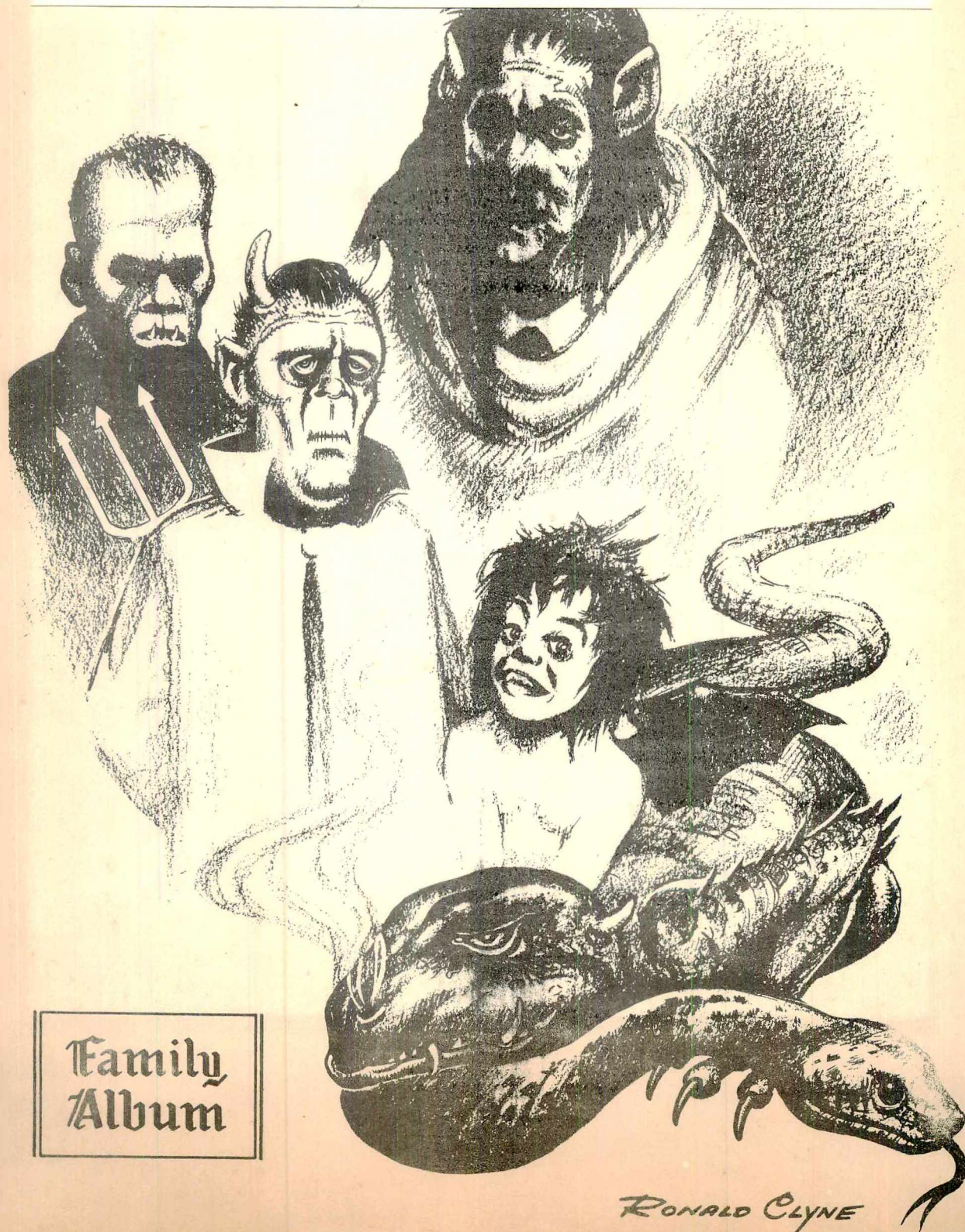


TLMA #4

June 1952

The Little Monsters of America

25¢ per copy



Family
Album

TLMA #4

Editor Lynn A. Hickman

June 1952

Art Editor Arden Cray

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Illustrations by Don Duke, LACH, Arden Cray and Lynn Hickman

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"What were your first thoughts on returning to Earth, Professor?"

The Editors Page.

I'm sorry I couldn't include ASSUMPTION UNJUSTIFIED in this issue as I had planned. Space simply would not permit-----an then I already had the other stories mastered----so, look for it in the next issue. It is one heck of a good story, so you'll have something to look forward to.

By the time the next issue is out we will have a new co-editor---so TLMA will be getting better and better. My plans for TLMA are slowly shaping up and now with Caroles help you'll be getting the magazine I WANT to give you sooner than was expected.

The Confederate Magazine Publishing Company is planning publication of a 60,000 word novel. SONS OF THRANE by Basil Wells. Prepublication price is \$1.00 Order now, as it will be sold for \$1.50 after publication. We hope to have it ready to mail in October.

Lynn Hickman

Editor

The Stuff of Dreams

by Ken Beale

There was light. It blossomed out of the darkness, a steadily growing flame. It hung there, a tiny sun, outlined against the velvety blackness, and still it expanded. He realized now why it seemed to grow. He was moving towards it, floating steadily closer. Now it was a huge ball of consucating, impossibly white fire. He was going to fall into it, directly into that hard, bright blaze, yet he felt no fear. It was as if he knew that he was invulnerable, supremely so. As he neared the flames they seemed to spin, faster, faster, the whole blazing world was whirling dizzily.....

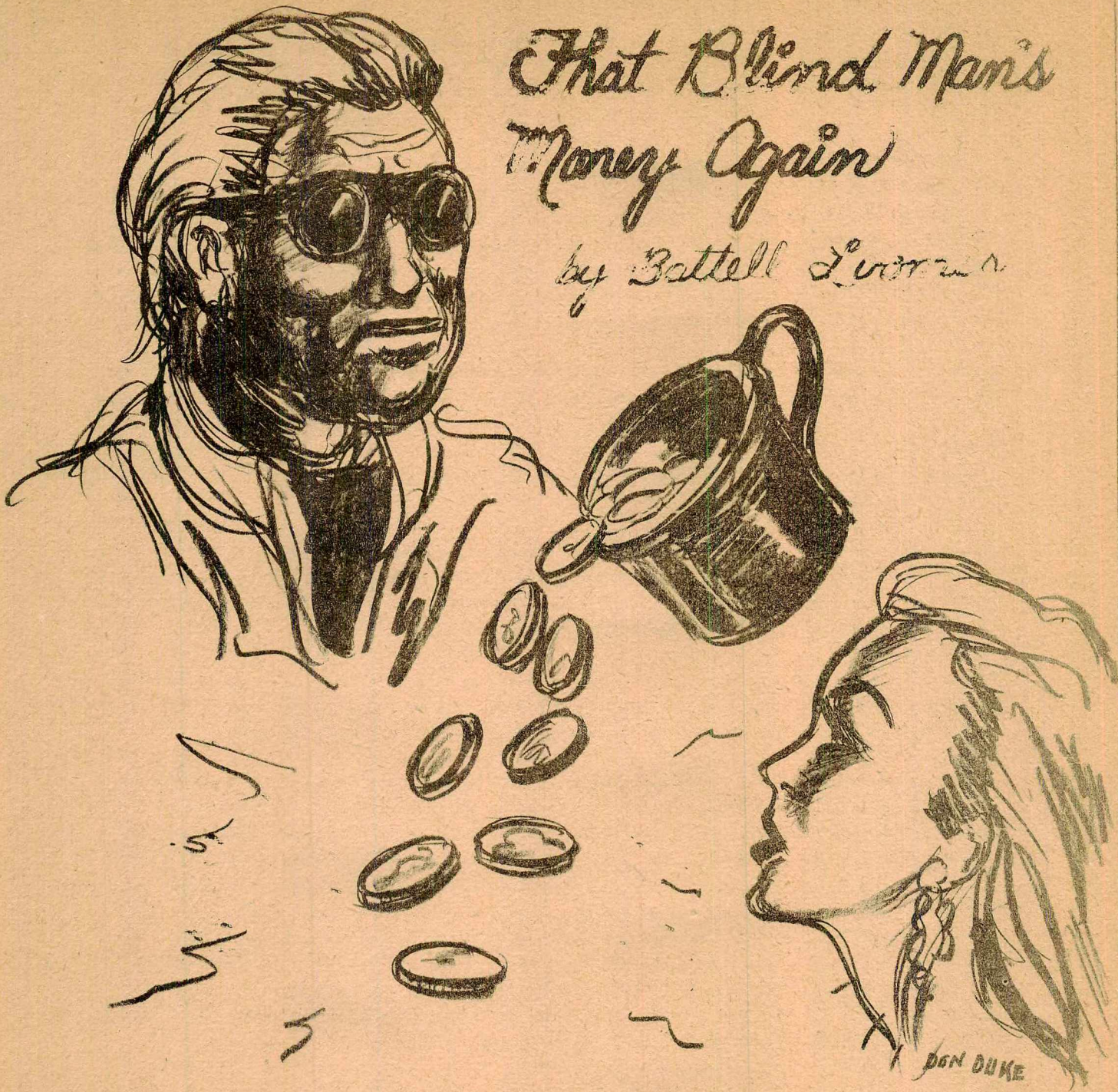
Darkness again. But somewhere ahead was a glow; cool, green, inviting. He moved closer. The light source was a cavern in a sheer wall of jet black basalt rock. He entered. Inside the light was brighter, growing steadily more brilliant as he progressed inward. He emerged into a huge vaulted chamber. In the center, on a block of black stone lay an iridescent jewel, huge, and carved into strange shapes. From it poured the flood of light. He looked about him. Standing directly before him was a girl, clad in a loose flowing robe the color of the stone. Her hair, eyes, fingernails, the ornaments on her hands and arms, were that same jade green. She came towards him and stretched out her arms. As they touched him, there was a dazzling burst of many-colored flame, which momentarily blinded him.

When he could see again, there was still an emerald glow, but it had changed. There was an azure tint to it. There was a shifting, eddying movement all around him. Sounds filled his ears, waves swirling over coral, the faint rustle of anemones as the currents moved them, the myriad noises of the creatures of the sea. Directly beneath him the sand was clear and fine, like diamond dust. Little clouds of it rose up as he walked. Overhead, a school of pink and white fishes swam past, leaving in their wake a stream of glittering bubbles. They hung there awhile, tiny bits of opalescent crystal, then floated upwards, out of sight. Ahead, half hidden in a hollow between two huge pieces of coral, surrounded by guardian sea anemones, was a brass bound wodden chest. He bent over it, tugging at the lid. It opened, and he was dazzled by the brightness of a mass of golden coins. He plunged his hands into them, and brought up a glittering shower. Quite suddenly a gulf yawned beneath his feet. He was falling, falling into an ebon, bottomless pit.....

Light, harsh, white, glaring. A dingy ceiling, peeling walls, a chair, a table, a lamp. He was in a hotel room. His ears caught the rumble of traffic outside. How much time had passed? He looked at his watch. Gone. He remembered now. He'd pawned it two days ago. There was something he had to do. What was it? He looked around, saw the hypodermic, and knew. He filled it again, from the tiny bottle, and rolled up his sleeve.....

That Blind Man's Money Again

by Battell Loomer



His Supremacy was idly amusing himself in an isolated forest glade. By a surge of His monstrous energy, He caused a blossom to issue from the ground and bloom, the arched spread of its brilliant petals shading an acre. The perfume that arose from it was a visible column, like heat waves, and its scent would overpower a horse. He caused two clouds to kiss and the lightning that resulted was the spread of a bee's wings, the thunder resulting like the boom of a six motored bomber was the buzz of those wings. The bee circled above the flower and dove into its calyx, where it sucked like a bilge-pump emptying a ship. The shower of golden pollen as it flew in a beeline towards its hive that must exist was manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. The bee vanished. The blossom vanished. His Supremacy laughed, for He was thinking--

ONLY A FEW FAKIRS IN INDIA AND THIBET CAN MAKE FLOWERS GROW IN A WINK LIKE THAT AND IT HAS NEVER OCCURRED TO ANY OF THEM TO MAKE ONE SO LARGE. NO MAN ON MY EARTH BELIEVES THAT A BEE CAN HAVE A STING SEVEN YARDS LONG, WITH A BUCKET OF POISON IN ITS GLAND, WHOSE INJECTION COULD INSTANTLY ABOLISH A MAMMOTH. YET THEY GRANT ME OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPOTENCE. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW ME. THEY THINK THAT ANIMACIES GROW BY TIMES AND SEASONS. AN INSTANT IS AS LONG TO ME AS AN AGE.

From the children of Israel (many of them bearded kids) grovelling up manna from the desert and jarring their spines as they bit into sand grains. He shifted His attention to a woman who was operating a clam-shell scoop in the excavation for a building and, at the time He looked at the blind man on the corner by the bank. He paused, momentarily, to give the blind man a merciful idea. He knew only too well how tiresome it can become to sit still in one place hour after hour. He had sat in Heaven since time was, perpetually judging people as they came to Him through the gates of death, but, of course, that was only His judicial phase. His other phases were active in diverse times and places.

This ought to be good, He thought, glancing again at the woman behind the clam-shell and again, equally, at the blind man, who was groping up from his squat to do as what he thought his hunch had suggested.

Before he went, the blind man hitched up his shirt tail in front, and placed a folded bill from his cup in his many-pocketed money-belt, a good fat belt, as the spotter noted. (He had also moved the spotter to be on hand at that moment.)

The blind man was Honduras Smiley (born when his father was prospecting in British Honduras). In due time his dog hailed a taxi for him and let the driver pilot them across a strange sidewalk into a strange store that smelled of stuffing. The dog, Pete, hailed taxis by wagging his masters striped cane from the curb when a taxi showed to his seeing eyes, or should it be said, to his knowing nose?

While the blind man was arranging with the maker of effigies to have himself drawn up in a stuffed suit with life-like waxen head and hands, the spotter, who was Myrtle Syzygy, had rejoined her accomplice, Madeline McGovern, still operating in the excavation, and had told her, He's lousy with money.

Women, as you may have heard, will do anything to men for money. Money is the life-blood of women's mercy and, alike, of their unmercifulness. So it was no time at all before Madeline had decided how to get the blind man's money belt from his person. Myrtle has assured her the blind man never went home until 6 o'clock, whereas Madeline knocked off on the blow of the whistle at 5 o'clock. That gave her plenty of time to trundle her clamper out of the excavation and along Jay street to High, at which corner sat the bank with the blind man upon its corner. The blind man was at his post, his dog nosing among the candy wrappers under the bus bench, across the walk from where the good old Honduras sat and jiggled his tin cup hopefully. Just for prudence, Madeline juggled the scoop over him and lowered its opened jaws about him. Madeline laughed merrily as she did this, but the laugh was for the benefit of passerby, apt to become alarmed if clamshell scoops swooped across their lines of march. Next day she had to work and next day Honduras' effigy was delivered to him during the 10:30 lull, when the lines had all entered the bank.

His Supremacy stopped by to chuckle when He saw the scoop tractor toward the corner of Jay and High at 5:15. He stayed the moment it took to lower the shell and cut the effigic blind man in half, while Myrtle darted in for the kill, hands outstretched to grab off the money belt from the effigean hips. No money belt! His Supremacy flitted because, though He had designed them, He could not bear the anguished shrieks of frustrated women.

While they were still screaming and screeching, Honduras benignly descended from a bus, crossed to empty his tin cup and felt the straw guts of his costly sit in. He rushed back before the bus doors closed, and had the driver identify the ditcher for him. Next day Madeline's mail brought her a bill for damages at a large enough figure to include the replacement of the effigy. She died fighting. Women are invariably poor when their pockets are touched. At that, Myrtle and Madeline were lucky not to be sued for attempted manslaughter. His Supremacy was responsible for that oversight. He could not bear the long knock down and drag out of court actions.

THUD' N BLUNDER

by Basil Wells

The crop of new mags is still coming. Latest, and best, that I've seen is IF. At the time I write this, Ziff-Davis' new semi-slick, FANTASTIC, hasn't reached our frontier village. And the flood of anthologies continues to grow. This should be near-Utopia for the lucky lil' monsters with plenty chips and spare time. The rest of us must choose three or four magazines for regular purchase, and sample the rest of the lot occasionally. The anthologies help fill in the stories we miss, but here again enters the cash problem. So now about that FANTASY DIGEST I mentioned a few months back? A fat montely containing twenty or twenty-five condensed yarns from the lesser mags. Who'll start this off?

There are a few pocketbook titles I've run across recently that, while not science-fantasy, are rather interesting. Fred Brown's HERE COMES A CANDLE, for one. A psycho killer, a nursery rhyme, a tragic glimpse into a sf fan's private life, and a novel interlarding of radio, TV, stage, screen and newspaper. Then there's UNFORSEEN, that maybe most of you have read before. Compared with Brown's fantasy book this isn't anything but ladylike. But interesting to anyone who's ever seen into the future, or wanted to. . . WORLD OF IF and SATEVPOST FANTASY STORIES are both on the stands now. Rog's book is fantasy even though labeled sf. . . If you like Taine, better get the hard cover IRON STAR. This's a nice-looking job and rated as Taine's best by most reviewers. DEMOLISHED MAN, that Shasta will soon publish, will probably bring out a rash of \$bourg, &ersons and valder---s, in current fiction. As to its lasting effect, who knows?

The February TRUE carried a story of a mutant, a canine slant, that is called the Chinook. Apparently this is a super dog. If you have a few hundred green coupons to throw away, and you're acceptable, you too can bring a slant into your home. . . What about this idea that Mars lost its seas by evaporating into space? The atmosphere --- that I'll buy, but not the water! When we land on our blushing neighbor world, we better look underground. . . Another thing --- think this over seriously before you answer --- if by pushing a button mounted on your desk you could immediately, and forever, end all human irtos, just what would be your decision? You'd end all the misery, hatred, wars, filth, and stupidity of mankind in a pleasantly humane fashion. But you'd also finish off the possibility of a truly civilized race of men ever developing. Personally, I'm glad there's no button in front of me. At times I'd be tempted.

Man, being the blundering creature he is, just what can be taken as normal? You like to hunt deer, rabbits and pheasants --- I take bowling or tennis. You like opera --- I like Lombardo. So which of us is normal? There, actually, should be almost as many standards of normality as there are individuals. Only robots, human or mechanical, conform to dogmatically accepted standards of conduct and thought without rebellion. You like GENEtic TALES, so enjoy 'em --- and I'll keep on reading ASTOUNDING. Why criticize? It's easy to sneer at READER'S DIGEST as pre-digested pap --- but to most of us fifty or a hundred magazines a month are out of the question.

Last minute addenda. Better pick up REVOLT OF THE TRIFFIDS in the P edition if you haven't read it before. And Ziff-Davis' new FANTASTIC has real class --- let's hope it continues its adult tone.

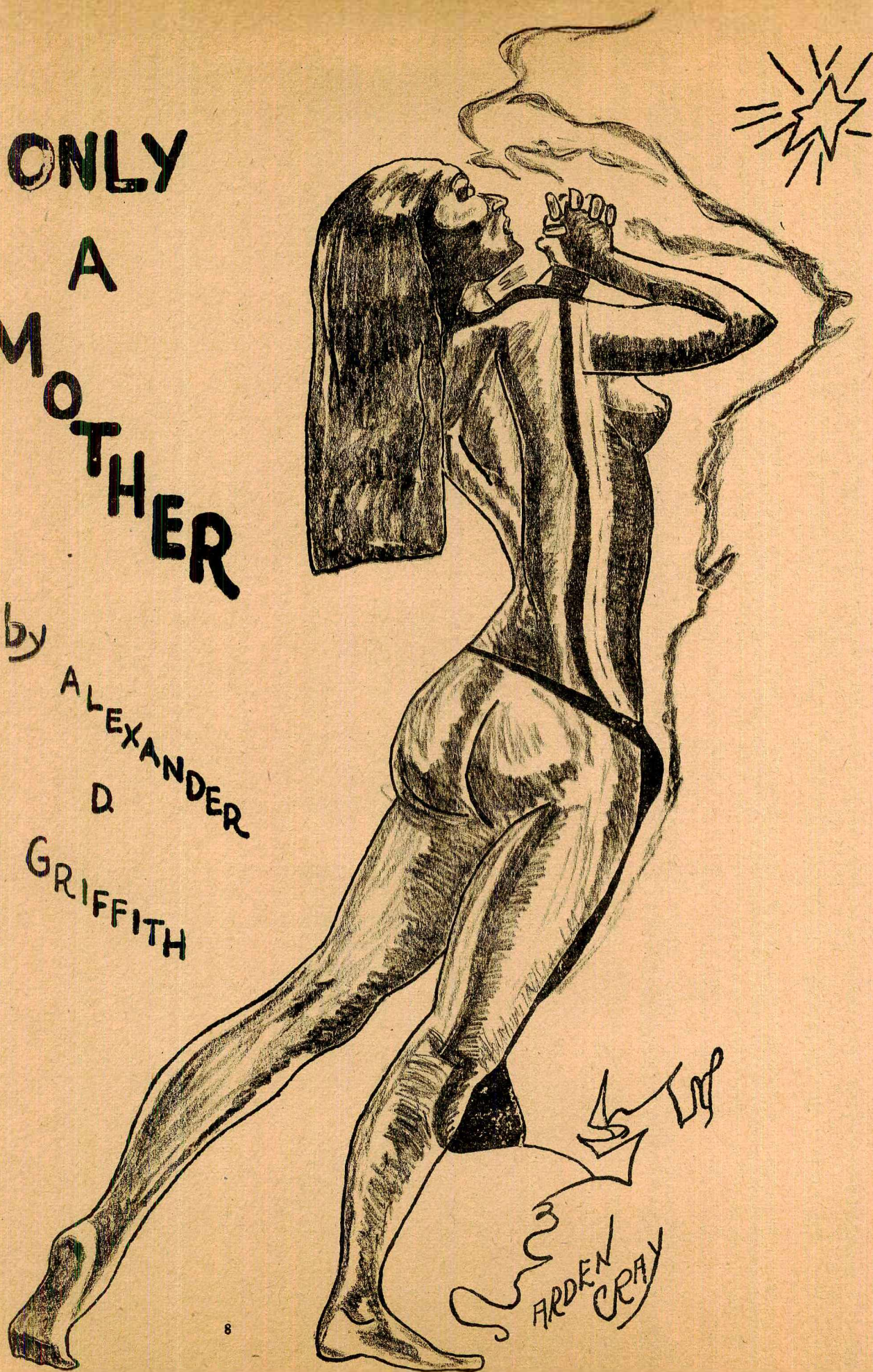
DW

COSMAG-SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST is published by Ian T. Macauley and Henry Burwell. 2 good lil' monsters. why not send 25¢ to Ian and receive a copy. I'll promise you won't be sorry.

Ian T. Macauley 57 East Park Lane, NE Atlanta 5, Ga.

ONLY A MOTHER

by
ALEXANDER
D.
GRIFFITH



She was so terribly lonely. All her life she had known nothing but loneliness.

For a long time she had thought that she would never meet another. Oh, she had seen them at a distance. And several, at times, had passed fairly close to her. But she had never really met another of her race. And she was so very lonely.

She had first noticed him from afar. At first she thought he would be the same as the others and would pass by without noticing her. But as time went by he came closer and closer and she knew that he must eventually reach her side.

She was tremendously happy as she prepared herself for his coming. She knew that this meeting would change her entire life.

Soon he had approached close enough so that she was emotionally upset by his nearness. Her whole being trembled at the fact. He was a big one---much larger and handsomer than she had ever hoped for.

Finally he came close enough for them to speak. "It has been a long time," he said. "I have been in many strange lands and have been very lonely."

"And I too," she whispered back, her whole being overjoyed at his presence.

She felt as if she were on fire---her passion for him was so intense that she felt she would surely burn up if she could not have him.

He approached and extended his flaming arms to embrace her. They did not quite reach her.

"Just a little closer," she sighed.

"No. It is too late, again. I must leave. Perhaps at some other time we shall meet again," he said retreating from her slowly.

"No, no!" she cried and flung her arms out to him.

"It is no use," he said consolingly.

Slowly, very slowly, she calmed down. She felt as if a very part of her were missing. Slowly and sadly she watched him leave.

Then she looked out about herself, and saw them.

It was what she had wanted most of all---children. Children spawned by their brief union. Companions to share her loneliness.

"You have made me very happy," she told him.

"I am glad."

"Which do you think is the cutest," she asked him, brightening.

"Oh, the small green one looks nice."

"Fine. I think I shall call it EARTH."

"It is a very good name," he said from a great distance.

But she was not listening. The gigantic incandescent mass of flaming hydrogen was pouring out her life giving rays---warming and feeding her tiny infant.

Star Song

In vast realms of infinite space
I make my endless flight
Bathed in the dazzling light of sun
Or steeped in darkest night.

I see the meteors rushing past
They flame and then are gone.
A million come and swiftly pass
But I go ever on.

Far from me, yea how far away
Pure lights like diamonds lie.
Great stars, planets, small asteroids
My brethern of the sky.

Oh what care I for mankind's wars
Or hearts that quake with fears?
Let kingdoms fall, let nations weep,
I do not feel their tears!

I journey still, my seasons pass
Untainted by man's curse.
My orbit swings around my sun
In the wide universe.

Wanita Norris

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Both of the above fanzines are published by Little Monsters. Be sure to get your copies.

Good old Sam Moskowitz has squeezed fan history dry up till about 1940. Walt Willis is now digging in Britain's fan activity of time past. That leaves a period of about ten years, from '40-'50, that remains in the dark. Guess what I'm going to do? That's right. I have appointed committee of me, to do this fine and upstanding duty. I don't have the material to give a complete and concise resume of all fan history. So I'll just bump from one high point to a couple-two low one and uppy-toppy again. A small part of my information starts around '43, and from there is rather thin until '45.

Fandom was rather in hibernation during these middle war years. Prozines were scarce and few, because of paper shortage*, which also affected fanzines. Because of the shortage, newscards were plentiful; most of them appearing weekly or even more often.

Fanactivity was slow in early 1943, but a group called VULCAN PUBLICATIONS were putting out a number of fanzines, and a newscard. Some of these Vulcan fanzines were APPOLLO, REVIERIE, and THOTH. None ever gained much fame. Junior Smith of Ripley, Tenn. seemed to be the guiding hand behind this organization.

Bob Tucker jolted fandom with news of his 5th Anniversary issue of Le Zombie** It was to have three lithographed and two air-sprayed covers. Also with JWC jrs. permission, Bob Tucker was going to reproduce content page of first UNKNOWN.

About this time a relatively unknown fan began his infamous tour of fandom that would start a minor civil war. He was Claude Deglar, and his first mistake was traveling under an assumed name*** Don Rogers was the first name he picked, but many more alias were to follow**** Degler wanted all fandom to join together under his club, called Cosmic Circle. With the lack of nothing else to do, most of the big name fans jumped on Claude accusing him of everything from Nazism to B.O.***** A movement to blacklist him was started, led by Ray Palmer and Ziff-Davis.

FLASH: Jack Speer was rejected from the draft. He was living in Washington D.C. at the time... This is an important newsbreak.

RAP furthered his anti-Degler action by writing to Julie Unger threatening to cut off all support of fandom unless they squashed Degler and his CCC. This meant no originals nor conventions or any type of publicity. This little war dragged on through the rest of the 2nd World War years, and finally died out around 1947.

Francis Laney moved to L.A. in early November. Here Laney was going to begin his famous attack on the LASF, hitting them with everything but the Golden Gate Bridge. One of the popular and more famous of fanzines to come from L.A. at this time was making regular mailing. It was called Diablerie and edited by Bill Watson. I suppose it's now considered a collectors item.

*Even a paper shortage has its silver lining.

**Bob Tucker was known to put out a anniversary issue of Le Zombie at the drop of a year. I think he published LEZ for ten years just so he could put out anniversary issues.

***Degler had a way with people, he could offend anyone, no matter what their nature.

****Claude had so many names that Bell Telephone wanted to give him a book all his own.

*****Since he hadn't any best friends, there was no one to tell him of his social error.

Continued next page

TLMA will go back to slick paper next issue. After all, I couldn't throw all this toilet type paper away could I? Next issue will feature a cover by Alan Hunter, illustrator for the English Publication, NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE-FANTASY.

One of the most active groups at this time was the Slan Shack, then located at Battle Creek, Mich. It was a sort of boarding house made up completely of fans. Al and Abby Lu Ashley were in charge of the shack. This group published Nova, a hall-mark in fanzine editing. It was full of block-cuts and airbrush paintings. Jack Wiedenbeck did most of their excellent artwork.* The Slan Shack was forever giving miniyure conventions. Over a period of a year, they put on about seven MICHIONS. Each con always averaged around 15 attending. Tucker was a regular guest.

FAPA was having a nice knock-down-lay-out feud about banning some fanzines from the mailing. Langley Searles was toting the clean up cross, but Forrest J. Ackerman did a nice job crucifying him to it. When they finally took a vote for barring racism and obscenity, it lost. There were 18 in favor of the banning, but 19 were against it. Someone didn't vote.

E. Everett Evans, then camping at the Slan Shack, was overwhelmingly elected President of the NFFF. Let's hope so; he just about founded it. EEE was president until he had a falling out with the officers over the name of the club. He wanted to change it, but was outvoted. He resigned.**

About this time, the Bart House rejected the novel, GLADIATOR. With all the copies of this book that have been sold since then, I bet they feel like throwing the editor to the presses...specially with the paper shortage. Ziff-Davis came out with a new pulpzine called MAMMOTH MYSTERY and Capt. Milt Rothman (well-known fan about fandom) was thrown into the guard house for playing a church organ.

Derleth announced a new Lovecraft collaboration called LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD. Derleth's books were noted for being out of print even before they were published. Another Arkham House book of this time was WITCH HOUSE by E. Walton. If you read hard cover books this will all mean something to you, but if you are like me, it's just so many names. Onto something else.

Most of my 43-44 sources are fiction fanzines, that carry very little news, so until I can add someone stuff of this period, its on to 1945. THE FAPA AFFAIR: In early January (1945) FAPA had just held its election and Walter J. Daugherty was custodian of the ballots. But a mailing came due before the next officers could be announced, but there was no official editor to send them out. So Larry Shaw announced himself 'unofficial editor' and said he would send out the mailing. Came late January, and still no fapa mailing; so Mike Fern, a member, decided to find out what was cooking. He called Shaw, and wanted to know what was coming off, Shaw told him he had them, but they had to be assembled yet. Fern went by Shaw's to pick up his mailing, and found a group of fen there. One of these was R.W. Lowndes who was assuming that he had been elected President of fapa. The group were vaguely and mysteriously talking of forming a new amateur press association. Mike Fern was given his FAPA mailing, along with a bums rush. A few days later he called some other Fapa members and found they had not received their bundle. Again he contacted Shaw and asked him if the mailing were out. Shaw said he had no money to mail them with, the treasurer, Suddsy Schwartz was out of town. So E.E. Evans loaned Shaw \$10.00 from the NFFF, to help get the FAPA mailing out. A few weeks later, members were writing Mike Fern telling him they still hadn't got their mailings. He tried to reach Larry Shaw, but was told he had left town:**

About now things began to clear up, and fall into place. Donald Wollheim took it upon himself to solve the mystery. It seems that Shaw and Lowndes were victims of accident and illnesses. Wollheim wanted to clear them, because they were members of Futurians and mud flung at members of the Futurians, is a fan of the same color. When asked about Suddsy, (Fapa treasurer) Wollheim knew nothing of him. Why should he. After all Suddsy wasn't a member of the Futurians. Well, the Winter Fapa mailing was finally sent out. Shaw and Lowndes then resigned to form their own apa, the VANGUARD ASSOCIATION. It later became very successful and active, but that's another story. If there is another time, I'll tell as much as I can about what happened during the spring of '45. See you when.

*This may have something to do with him being the only artist in the group. **Poor Sport!

***Some type of mass migration seemed to be in order for Fapa officers.

TLMA to have new co-editor!!

Starting with the next issue, TLMA will have a new co-editor. Now for the information of those fen not engaged in the pastime of publishing amateur magazines, I'd like to state that co-editors are hard to find, and do not grow on trees so to speak.

With that being the case, and your editor being filled somewhat with scotch blood and not willing to pay the salary required by editors, typists and the lot you need to successfully put out a



fanzine. He is signing a contract with Carole Mustwick of Napoleon, Ohio, whereby he not only secures a co-editor and typist, but also a wife! And he's not going to pay her a salary!

I know, now that the secret of this is out, that all fanzine editors will be rushing to do the same thing. I'm only sorry I couldn't copyright the idea.

Contract signing will take place June 1st.

BULLETIN: Dr. Albert Oppenstein, chief of the research staff of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, announced last night to a closed gathering of reporters and scientists that Isaac Newton made a serious error which has to date been overlooked, in his law of gravity. Dr. Oppenstein stated that the necessary correction in Newton's law shows with finality that the force of gravity is not, as thought, downward, but upward. The small, gray-haired little man said that he was writing a paper on the subject that would soon shake the scientific world to its foundations, and then left the gathering to garner more data for his report. He has not been heard from since, and anyone knowing his whereabouts should report the knowledge to the MIT Dean's office as soon as possible. When last seen the professor was falling upward over Boston harbor, travelling slightly northeast due to a heavy wind.

THREE STUDENTS of the University of Upper Lower Southwest Nutwood-on-the-Hum took to the air in an accident involving an atomic transmutator recently perfected by the head of the Physics Dept. there; Prof. O.Y. Knotte, the creator of the transmuter, said that the students walked unknowingly in front of the apparatus and were transmuted completely into molecules of air. He says he will transmute them back as soon as he can find them. Meanwhile all residents of Nutwood-on-the-Hum have been advised to breathe with caution lest they should inhale and assimilate the three unfortunate students.

YGIVNY GHUFINOFF, early Russian scientist honored as the inventor of the Automobile, the toothbrush, the sump pump, the steam engine, the straight razor, and the submachine gun, will be honored at a festival of science to be held in Vladivostok next month. It was announced that recent discoveries show Ghufinoff to be the true inventor of the corn plaster. The ceremony will be climaxed by the unveiling of a statue 100 feet high dedicated to Ghufinoff; it will be a statue of Stalin using a corn plaster. The Blue Jay Company is expected to protest.

PROFESSOR J.C. DANUBE, of Puke University ESP Research staff, announced today the discovery of a student who has remarkable powers of clairvoyance. Prof. Danube claims that his new prodigy can accurately predict all coming events a week in advance, or even more. In an interview at Santa Anita Race Track the professor told reporters, "This student will be invaluable to the future of ESP research." The professor had just cleaned up on BABY DOLL in the third race at 26 to 1.

I had intended to run a column by Rich Elsberry in this issue of TLMA. However due to lack of space and the report getting here a little late, it will be run instead in the Little Corpuscule #3, to be mailed next month. Look for THE VOICE OF FANDOM by Rich Elsberry in TLC #3.

S-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H



LISTEN TO THE
MONSTER ORGAN!!!

by
BATTALL LOOMIS

There is a use for every Little Monster. This may come as a surprise. But it is now time (since the roster has been published) for a surprise of such intensity as to amount to an astonishment. Dr. Johnson wouldn't have allowed this distinction. For those who don't know their Boswell, here is Dr. J's version.

Caught with his maid in his study (or her maid?) by his sister, the sister said, 'Dr. Johnson, I am Surprised!' Dr. J. corrected her, 'No, my dear. You are astonished: I am surprised.' He did not determine whether the maid was surprised or astonished, which shows where the right of a woman stood in his day. Probably she should have stood in bed.

Now, then, having warmed you up in my witty way, let's get down to the disclosure about to be made about the uses of Little Monsters.

In a great cathedral, located somewhat centrally in the USA, but not at Leavenworth, there is an organ with a front like any Wurlitzer (adv) but with a back perfectly unpatentable. When the keys on the four rows of clavier are touched, they do not release jets of air into huge stand-pipes with reeds in them, yet such music resounds in the cathedral as seldom has resounded in any other cathedral.

The touched key moves a pointer and each key's pointer points at a different Little Monster, each one of whom is nicknamed upon a tag worn upon a silvery chain about the neck by the name of the note, but not only of a note, also of the instrument such note is supposed to come from. For example, take Manly Banister. His note tag says F# Sax. When the pointer points at him, Manly takes a deep breath, purses his lips and makes F# like a saxophone. If alone, it sounds like a Bronx cheer, it doesn't in harmony with others to whom their pointers have pointed. Wilkie, for instance, is nicknamed Ad-Flute* and he makes like a flautist puffing a-flat. Lynn who sells harvesting machinery in which a scythe may play upon a corn-stalk like a bow on cat-gut, is labeled C-Violin and all he has to do is screech. Marion Cox, however, due to the humane instincts that prompted her to become the go-between serving correspondents is dubbed B-natural-Vox Humana and all she has to do is warble it.

*Jever see a flat flute?

All the parts of an organ musicarium are taken, one by one, by members of our unique organization, so that when a great organist, like Alexander Schreiner, Salt Lake Tabernacle (adv) mans the manuals and his hands flutter like balmy doves from clavier to clavier, no one has ever heard such music as responds - and he doesn't have to move his feet, except occasionally to dislodge the spring-kicker that serves to wake up a Little Monster lulled to slumber by the mighty (or monstrous?) harmonies. It is not impossible, of course, for the human vocal organs to imitate any musical instrument an organ is designed to imitate - even the penny whistle or the New York Italian peanut vender's whistle, though it takes a good basso, like Ed Noble, to sound-off like a bassoon, or, come to think, he's labeled A-Major Bass Viol, a nice mingling of his assumption of superiority with his inverted inclination toward the base and vile, as shown by his published disinclination to consider that any female form divine can be equally female, formal and divine when not draped in the muslin, calico, wool, silk, rayon or nylon often hung on people to keep them warm where they need it and warmer where they don't need it. Ed was my informant, you remember? that there was a Nike of Samothrace, always hitherto preserved in perfect opacity from me, whether she flew with draperies fouling her wings, or without such infringements upon freedom of motion.

The Monsters' organ even has a tabard legended Heiluvanote, Catcall, which no other church organ in the world ever had. This, worn by Lee Hoffman, may be sounded in any key natural to his imitations of cats because it is not expected to harmonize with anything. There is also an entire clavier devoted to other animal imitations because there is a composition written in honor of Noah and his three inquisitive daughters and, historically, the back-ground noises of the Ark were animal kingdomish. One of the Little Monsters is tone-deaf so she is labeled Mute-Giraffe, which is quite all right with the giraffes, as a group, non-singers. I don't name her because Arrow (adv) was never able to match her collar size from stock. It is only natural that a somely woman should dislike to have bold males looking up her neck, when all Cupid's arrows point down.

When Schreiner played (adv) at the dedication of the organ he remarked to the reporters: "I wouldn't have believed it possible!" But any of us could have told him that when science and fiction unite, anything is possible. Just wait till you get a chance to listen-in on us. We await an offer from CBS-TV (adv). (Lynn, collect for these ads. They're not free.)

INTROSPECTION BEFORE A STORM

Dark desolation veils my inner thoughts,
 shrouded whispers echo through my brain,
 weird impulses tiptoe around in my mind,
 like an evil raven darting about the dead.
 Ebony feelings taunt my fluttering heart,
 darkness now steals silently over the earth
 soon the impending storm will break
 and release my mind from the terror of rain.

PATTI SHARPE



I was somewhat hesitant and bewildered when Lynn requested that I write a guest editorial for his excellent publication. In the first place I didn't see why he wanted to affix my unworthy blabberings to the high quality of his magazine. And secondly there was a matter of the time element involved. But, nevertheless, after a good bit of persuasion I finally consented to present the following.

A topic, one of the mosted hunted for items in the writing of a fanzine editorial was what I needed. What would I write about? I could tell of all the new stf magazines that are appearing on the stands now, and of my opinions on said periodicals. But there's no use in that since that subject is pretty well covered without adding my bit to the puddle. Then I could scan over the stf movie situation, editors, fans, science fiction in fanzines, and, oh, countless other items that are being used constantly and then some. No, I won't attempt to develop any of the preceding, instead, I'll comment on something that is always prevelant in the mind of a loyal fan--how to induce others to science-fiction. I'd like to bring out that the word used in the foregoing sentence is "induce" not "subduce", in case Rich Elsberry might have read this far.

Take that fellow you saw fingering through the stacks of prozines over in the dim corner of your local newstand. You affront him smartly and attempt to start a conversation with the aim of acquiring a new local fan or reader. "Who me?" he replies, "Nah, I never read the stuff. Just picking up the extra copies of the magazines left over this month. You see, I'm the news agent and distributor here in town." With that you turn a wee crimson colour, smile politely, and drift towards the exit of the store to be lost in the mingling crowd.

After slightly recovering from that last encounter you are always eager to continue the search for another probable fan. You hang around the newstands for several days, hour after hour, eyeing the dim corner where the stf magazines are displayed quite ludicrously, until the proprietor becomes so ant-agonized with your straightening up said pile (which advice you have gotten from reading Wilkie Conner's column in The Little Corpuscule) that he reaches the breaking point and kicks you out upon the pavement. Whereupon you painfully stand up, rubbing your sore spot and brushing the dust off your clothes, cast a menacing look back at the management (who is standing in the doorway of his establishment, glaring at you with those two beedy, "don'ta handul da moichandise" eyes) and walk back home, discouraged.

Even though extremely reluctant, you are destined to grapple with fate again. You are determined to try your pitiful luck once more--and gain something by it this time, you hope! Then a tremendous idea snaps inside that huge cavity within your skull. You rush home to your precious steel ghod, your mimeograph machine, and begin to turn off little sheets of paper with the following inscription: YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT THIS MAGAZINE. THIS PROVES THAT YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SCIENCE-FICTION. WOULDNT YOU ALSO BE INTERESTED IN CONVERSING WITH OTHERS THAT SHARE YOUR TASTE? CONTACT Joe F. Fann, etc. With an armful of these printed monstrocities you rush down to a newstand, a different one of course, and rapidly insert them in the stf magazines when the owner isn't looking.

Nothing happens. Several weeks pass and then a month. One day later you receive a phone call. Eagerly, anxiously, you clutch the receiver and tremble out a weak "Yes?". "This Mr. Joseph F. Fann?" a gruff resonant voice booms out, nearly blasting your left eardrum to eternity. "Judge Lokimallup speaking. I've been informed that you have been handling some unsolicited advertising...."

After your jail sentence has expired, you trudge wearily from the prisson, clutching that new, crisp ten dollar bill, and wonder what new magazines have come out in the past twenty years. You ate still enlightened on the prospect of encouraging new readers of your favorite literature and begin to seek out a third newstand. "Take it easy, this time," a small voice whispers inside your head. and you do.

You make friends with the proprietor of this newstand, buy all your magazines there and swap short bits of conversation with him. Finally he agrees to display your sign that you have brought him, which is on the order of that unfortunate circular that you had mimeographed. Two years pass, not one new fan do you meet. Then comes the dawn. You receive another telephone call. This one is much more pleasant than its predecessor. "It's a fan!" you babble with joy, "At last!" He turns out to be a real friendly fellow and wants to get together with you and "talk" or join your club, or something. You hang up and sink triumphantly into your chair, your mission accomplished.

A week passes and you receive another telephone call from your new found friend--you still have yet to meet him in the flesh. He tells you that he's sorry, but, he has become tired with civilian life and has joined with Uncle Sam's united forces. He'll be shipped out in a few minutes.

And that does it! You have a new home---complete with padded walls. You don't have to read stf anymore. Your cell is a spaceship cabin, your bed is a bem from the slimy swamps of Neptune, and, best of all, your attendant is a captivating Martian princess complete with steel braziere---your heroine! You have become the eternal fannish triangle---what you have always wanted---what you have always talked about.

With that I'll leave it to you readers to ponder a few more ways to induce others to the literature of your choice. But don't go too far, you might end up as poor old Joseph F. Fann!

THE SCREAMIN DEAMONS

Letters from the readers....

Dear Lynn:

TLMA received, and at first glance I thought it was a handsome and commenable publication. Then I read the letter from one of your correspondents -- the one with the original method of spelling, that is -- and I suddenly saw the light.

You are, I am afraid, "juvenile" and your attitude is one of "Puerile immaturity". There just isn't any way of getting around it, you know. Unless you are willing to take hold of yourself and reform.

First reform I'd suggest is to clean house of those fen who are "engaged in the idea of seeing who could be the funniest."

Strike from your membership rolls the names of such nitwits as Keasler, Bill Morse, Venable and Elsberry. Shun mention or traffic with those who seek to drag fandom down into the mire of inanity -- people like Bob Tucker, Walt Willis, Lee Hoffman and all their ilk. Conner, too --and Wells.

You must realize, in your heart of hearts, that such persons have never done anything for true fen advancement; their activities have always been childish, and their outlook is neither serious nor respectable.

What have any of them ever done for "honest scientific endeavor"? Absolutely nothing-- I've never seen any of their names listed as either inventors or scientific theorists; they are just a bunch of maladjusted extroverts who write books, get out fanmags, attend conventions, and waste their time in foolish camaradie.

No, I can't see these people contributing anything which might help to gain STF "a great more respect in the literary world". It is undoubtedly a direct reflection of their antics that has prevented STF writers from taking their rightful place in world literature along with Mann, Proust, Joyce, Gide, Bloch, and Walt Kelly.

The sooner fandom is rid of fans like these -- and, also, incidentally, clears out those stupid pro writers and pro editors and pro publishers -- the sooner fandom stops holding silly conventions and get-togethers -- the sooner fandom drops its absurd habit of writing and putting out fan magazines -- the sooner fans quit the entirely useless business of indulging in correspondence -- the sooner fandom abandons the time-wasting habit of collecting and reading STF stories, books and magazines -- the sooner these childish and facetious practices are put aside, the better.

Just think of what would happen if people would cease all these useless activities and get down to serious business--

Instead of spending money on STF, every true serious fan could buy a CHEMCRAFT SET. Instead of spending time on STF, every true serious fan could work with his CHEMCRAFT SET and invent something or other.

Before too long, every true serious fan would be blowing himself to hell.

This -- together with an individual approach to spelling -- would surely gain STF "a great more respect in the literary world".

Respectfully,

Robert Bloch
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Lynn,

I sure did enjoy the Aprilzine, especially WHEN FANS COLLIDE by Elsberry.

Dan MacMurray
Union City, N.J.

Dear Lynn,

What a beautiful ish TLMA#3 is-- What I mean it's beautiful-- Boy-- The artwork is perfect. As for the contents, I'm afraid the only things I really enjoyed were the departments and WHEN FANS COLLIDE. This is probably due more to my own personal interests than to any lack of quality. I wouldn't know. Phooey on John McCafferty's letter.

As ever,

Nan Gerding
Roseville, Ill.

Dear Lynn,

Got TLMA recently and so here are a few words about it: The cover was good, but I think you nearly ruined it using 4 colors in that crude manner. It would have looked better in pure black but I suppose you had to do that so you boast of your colored cover. Bill Venable's column was excellent. Thud and Blunder suffered from a lack of original topics. Konner's Korner--moves dully from subject to subject without saying to much of note. Dreamer of Mars was very poor and not at all what I'd expected. Amateurish, I'd say; pfui-- The Dip of the Dowsing Rod was the best article I've seen in some time. Such phenomena as this ought to be investigated and not dismissed as superstition and put on a shelf. When Fans collide was swell. Not having been fortunate enough to be there myself, I enjoyed attending it vicariously by way of Elsberry's description. That's all for now except to sum up by saying that this was a very good issue of an above average fanzine.

Fannishly,

David English
Dunkirk, N.Y.

Dear Lynn,

About Science Shorts--if you insist on publishing such juvenile examples of idiotic meanderings, I'm all for it. Dreamer of Mars was O.K. Dip of the dowsing Rod: velly velly interesting. When Fans Collide--probably the most interesting single item in the mag. Now in accord with my first things last policy I shall proceed to dissect the cover in one sentence: Better than many promags. All in all, or even lacking that, it was a good ish. In case this treatise gets printed:-- I'd like to correspond with other fans.

And so until the next writing, my remains remain,

Larry Shannon
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Lynn, In your #3 ish I particularly liked When Fans Collide and Connors Korner. Thought Banisters article too long. The rest of the ish was enjoyable. In my opinion, you have some of the best artwork and mimeographing that I have seen.

Yours truly,

Ivan Bernbach
New Hyde Park, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Lynn,

I liked most of TLMA, especially the cover and the color printing. And above all, the review of the Nolacon. Never enjoyed a week-end as much as that one, and Elsberry's article revives some pleasant memories. The rest of the ish I enjoyed very much. I thought the illos were quite good, in fact everthing was. I'm inclined to agree wth Nan Gerding's letter in this one. As for the Chicon, I'll be there if I have to rob the baby's penny bank to do it-

Sincerely,

Jean Doriocourt

Houston, Texas

Dear Lynn,

First off, received TLMA#3 today and have a number of comments on same. Venables Science Shorts: liked it. Banister's Dowsing Rod doozie: Having experimented with divingning rods, I know what he means. Dreamer of Mars: No comment. When Fans Collide: Well now, let me see. As to letter department. Well, I rarely comment on letters in fanzines because I think it would be going down to the basic-basics and that's too damna much. However the letter of John McCafferty irks me. The way I feel about such matters, if you don't like an organization, stay the hell out of it. If it doesn't bother you, don't bother it. I joined TLMA for the same reason I am in Fandom, to have fun. I'm the type of person who can garner a bit of enjoyment out of anything, even KP in the service. I like TLMA. If I didn't like it and felt as strongly about it as b'rer McCafferty appears to, I'd go my own way and allow TLMA to go theirs.

As for you and your crusade to "rid fandom of its swaddling clothes to make room for some honest scientific endeavor..." Go ahead. If you will have fun doing it- go ahead- I'm still in the juvenile, beanie-wearing, zap-ray, space suit wearing, masquerade, hell raising era of childhood. Go ahead and have your fun. Then, when you're out of fandom, or when you've changed your mind, we might have a pleasant little correspondence and look back at all your childish endeavors.

So much for b'rer John. As for Konner's Korner, have always liked the boy since I found out it wasn't he who ran for President in '44. He seems to have given KK a pseudo-history, but I still think it originated in SPACEWARP. By the way Wilkie, can we have another LONGHAMMER fictional piece soon? I like them.

Having nothing more to say, I would normally rave on and on. However I have a few other letters to get our. See ya in Ohio.

Hal Shapiro

Kirksville, Mo.

Editors note:--Konner's Korner actually originated the way Wilkie tells it. you are wrong this time. While Wilkie isn't working on a Longhammer story at present, he is working on a very humorous type fictional piece. Since I always wanted to name all mah cilluns Homer Henry an no one would let me- Wilkie is making his hero in this new story Homer Henry Hickman. See ya in the funnies!

Dear Lynn,

Received issue #3 of TLMA; read it, studied it, and enjoyed nearly all of the contents. A few opinions are rendered herewith.

I found pages 25-27 out of place, in bad taste, and a little disgusting. If the parents of some of the younger fen read this; you are going to lose some subs, I think. A fifth-by fifth account of a drunken orgy won't gain anything for TLMA; and may prejudice it considerably. The 'zine had a nice touch, otherwise, and is well worth the money.

Sincerely,

Dr. L.W. Carpenter

Elizabethton, Tenn.

Hi Lynn:

You ain't gonna like this letter...so you better go get an aspirin before you begin reading it...better still get a box of aspirins....I'm gonna get my dollars worth of gripes.

Here goes....The article on the Nolacon in TLMA ruined an otherwise good zine. I very carefully hid it before the family could see it and say "What goes on at the cons?" Gosh Lynn, why did you have to print such a stinker? Just one Question...did your mother see the report of Rich's? (Ed. note:-- yes my mom saw it....she wrote me a much worse letter about it than you did...and when I was home last time!.....) Should I write just as I feel about this, I would have to use

asbestos for paper and the mails would not let me send it....so think of all the worst words you ever heard and apply them to the end of this and you'll have my feelings.

Now for the good parts...The cover was perfect. Inside art was fine. The articles were good(minus the one mentioned above) and for once a fanzine is easy to read, clear type...but for goodness sake don't spoil it again by a stinker. Have had to use a strong disinfectant in my mail box to clean it, as the scent came through the envelope. People on the route here will talk for ages of the day the postmaster and postman wore clothespins on their noses. In case you don't understand, I DO NOT LIKE ELSBERRY'S ARTICLE--

Best wishes,

Janie Lamb
Hieskell, Tenn.

Dear Lynn,

The features in TLMA, I liked without exception. The articles, although good, were too long, in my opinion. Both would have been improved by a goodly amount of word-pruning, which would have left room for another story or a few poems. The one story you did print was more in the nature of an interesting fragment. The cover was most effective. I have no idea what the drawing represents, but the clever colour changes in it gave the drawing a dramatic impact that makes it the most startling cover I have ever seen on a fanzine. I was almost as startled to see your self-portrait on page 11. When I read that you had become engaged to a female, by the name of Carole Hustwick, I was almost certain that you must be a "he". Yet there it is on page 11, as clear as day - a delightful female face with the name Lynn Hickman below it. To prove that there is no mistake, Lynn A. Hickman, Editor TLMA also appears at the foot of the same page. You can't be sure of anything these days--

General layout and printing was good.

Sincerely,

Alan Hunter
Bournemouth, England

Editors note:- Gad!!! I also am startled by your revelation that I am a "she" instead of a "he". To think I've been misled all these years. It will no doubt be a shock to Carole also when she reads of this. Honestly, Alan ole boy---I think you ARE coming into this American idea of humor.

Dear Lynn,

What a beautiful cover- A wonderful drawing, and I feel quite proud for having invented multi-coloured ink when I see it used so well.

Looks to me as if it would be a good deal simpler for you to list the fans who aren't Little Monsters.

Venable is good again. I could almost find it in my heart to forgive him for what he did with my film notes. That bit about the plastic was especially good. Thud and Blunder was interesting. Manly Banister on dowsing was remarkably persuasive. Elsberry's Conreport is fascinating. He's got the Raymond Chandler style adapted wonderfully to Convention Reports. You wouldn't be in the least surprised if he casually revealed that two corpses fell out of that wall closet in Room 779.

Luck Lynn,

Walt Willis
Belfast, Northern Ireland

P.S. Who is this idiot McCafferty?

Some Dublin man I'll bet.

Dear Lynn,

Just got TLMA #3. Comments---The cover is easily the best you've run yet, just as the issue is, on the whole, your best to date. The multicolor effect is quite pretty, and at the same time far more professional-looking than fan art usually manages to be, no matter how often some particular piece of artwork is praised as "pro-type." Venable's Science-Shorts were cute. A pleasantly individualistic feature. Wells' column (why no heading?) was interesting, for a change. It seems all he needed was to get warmed up to this business of being a columnist. Banister's article was extraordinarily interesting, considering the subject. Wells' story--so-called--is the kind of thing I like to see in fanmags by a pro. Obviously commercially unsaleable, yet quite absorbing. It could also be interpreted as an allegory upon all sf writing. Konner's Korner strikes me in lukewarm fashion, per

usual. Your letter section is average. In re John McCafferty's letter, his suggestion that fans engage in "some honest scientific endeavor" or other "worthwhile pastime" is just plain silly. 'Nuff said. I'm glad the mag is appearing more often, even tho' the number of pages per issue must be cut. Keep it up. You have an excellent publication there, one that has improved considerably since the first issue.

Fantasincerely,

Ken Beale
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Lynn,

For some reason your article writers seem to let go and have more to say than your fiction writers. How Come? Banister's article, if not a hoax (and I wouldn't know a hoax from a giraffe), is an intriguingly new viewpoint on dowsing. Anderson's been asking for some reputable reference on this subject, probably to use as ammo against my stand that the weirder a thing is the easier it is to falsify. (*Manly Banister or Kenneth Roberts are both reputable authorities on dowsing--ed.*)

Although uppermost in my hopes for your coming marriage is the wish for a happy, full and rich blending of souls, etc., I can't help hoping the future Mrs. Hickman knows something about proofreading. Boy, do you need it--

Good luck,

George Riley
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Lynn,

I take exception to Walt Willis' placement of me only in regard to the lack of engineering detail exposed. Long before the Eiffel Tower or the Singer building, prototypes of other building monsters, the Seven Wonders of the World were known to be what they were known to be by those who knew them; but among them I recall the Ear of Dionysos (and, because I have heard rumors of you and Wilkie 'way down souf, am I to be mistaken for that highly otisclerotic tympanum?) I also recall the Great Pyramid, a squat affair, like me, unlike me in its coverage. I have sat on 13 acres, but never with any effort to set on them, not knowing what might hatch out. It is far too morbid a thought for me to think of myself as one of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. (I have often thought the real wonder in that was historically overlooked. How soon must they have run through the population with a city's gardens devoted to hanging?) My knowledge of Eurasian history is not broad but I think the dates are against the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Taj Mahal, even if, in the latter case my name without the Mr. and once even my voice on the phone have been to denote a high-breasted one. As for the leaning tower, draw your own conclusions - I have to think, with the publishers, of the Postmaster General. If, however, I am an 8th wonder of the World, I must remain unclassified, except by that bally Britisher, who links my name with nonsense. With all the world to make sense from, how nonsensical would it be to make any nonsense of it or it's denizens- On the whole, since in TLMA#2 I was discussing two self-styled "Little Monsters", I think I did them no injustice in making them monstrous. What better can monsters wish?

Yrs.

Battell Loomis
Manhattan Beach, Calif

At the next convention, why not put vitamin pills in your whiskey? That way you can build yourself up as you are tearing yourself down.

Tell your friends about TLMA~~~~get them to subscribe. Only \$1.00 per year!

Lynn A. Hickman 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina

MEET

MANLY

BANISTER

There is nothing, I always say, like a good biographical sketch to fill up space in a magazine and at the same time give readers something they can skip with a feeling of perfect equanimity at ~~not~~ having missed anything. And believe me, the interesting highlights of my past thirty-seven years would not be cramped for room on the back of a postage stamp.

I was born -- well, yes, I really was. As far as I am concerned, that was a unique incident, as it happened to me only once. After that, I grew until I was old enough to make friends -- then left the country at the head of an irate posse of shotgun-toting he-parents. There must have been a reason for this, but I cannot recall what it was.

As I was born and raised on the Pacific coast, I could go no farther westward, so turned eastward. Settling in the mid-west, I quickly learned why my grandparents' generation went westward in the first place. They had covered wagons.

All this, of course, is beside the point and sheds no light on the real me... that which makes women faint, strong men retch, and weaklings spend their savings for barbells and chest expanders (to keep from following my horrid example).

"Louie," I said to myself one day. "You will have to do something about this."

(NB: My name isn't Louie, but I call myself that upon occasion, just for the hell of it).

Well, to make a long story short, I did something about it. I promptly forgot it.



In my youth, parties and social affairs terrified me. I was a wall flower. Then, one day, I saw an ad. The ad read, "Are you a wall-flower?" Looking at the situation frankly, I said, "I am." Then I read further into the ad. It said I could be the center of attraction at every party if I would only take the course offered, one dollar down, one dollar a month for twelve months. I took the course. Now I am the center of attraction at every party. Everybody looks to me to furnish the ultimate in entertainment. I am the world's number one volunteer target in Dart games.

Along came the war and I joined the United States Marine Corps---a great organization. There I came into contact with our mutual friend Wilkie Conner. Wilkie Conner is much more interesting than I am; about him I should tell you. But I'll let him speak for himself.

After three years with the Marines, I turned in my number and my stripes and became a free civilian again. My exploits have filled a book but I never picked a winning horse. Single-handed, I stormed the PX and captured every bottle of beer in the place---there was only one bottle in the joint, so I don't think much of this feat...or perhaps I should say foot, as I only did it once.

In spite of my obvious shortcomings, I managed to acquire a wife and two small daughters---at separate intervals. My wife's name is Edna, but Nikki's name is Nikki Loa and Michele is also called Zoe. As they are Marine Corps children, all we have to do is open the door and holler, "Chow down!" and they answer to that too.

There is a vile fiction making the rounds that I write. More to the point is that I have written---but need such a thing blight a man's life forever? We all make mistakes, and had I my chance over again, I should study hard to become a ditch-digger, in which occupation you can make real money---when steam shovels don't technologically unemploy you.

I wrote a novel once about Lesbians, and everybody thought I was a queer. I turned from that to weird tales, and everybody thought I was a follower of oriental mystic philosophy. I have done some experimenting with psychic phenomena, and some people have gained the impression I am a spiritist. For obvious reasons, I would not dream of writing a murder mystery. So now, I may state that I am an advertising copywriter, and there are bound to be some in the reading public who will gain the impression I wear thirty-dollar neckties and spend all my working hours in bawdy houses. None of this is true. I never see \$30 in one lump and I spend all my working hours in my own office.

I hope you have had enough of this by now, because I certainly have. There's nothing much I can say about my life, except that it's mine and I love it.

Now that spring has arrived you can expect to feel lazier than you did last month.

NEW MEMBERS

Bill Dignin 14612 Strathmore Ave. East Cleveland, Ohio
Janice Sadler 219 Broadmoor Drive Jackson 6, Miss.
Larry Shannon 1188 Diamond St. San Francisco, Calif.
L.W. Carpenter, D.D.S. 442 East 'E' St. Elizabethton, Tenn.
Orville W. Mosher III 1728 Mayfair Emporia, Kansas
Dorothy Merritt Box 589 Raleigh, N.C.
Heriote De Vaughn Boyles, Jr. Viewmont Park Hickory, N.C.
Rose Reynolds 4145 Oakridge Drive Jackson, Miss.
B. Williams 16 Patey St. Eoute Metta, Nigeria
David English 203 Robin St. Dunkirk, N.Y.
Hardin Ramey Yukon, Okla.
Patrick-Martin Paul Kelly 2601 S. Figueroa St. Los Angles 7, Calif.
Robert Gonzales 1221 S. California Blvd. Chicago 8, Ill.
Harry Prag 2555 N.W. Northrup St. Portland 10, Oregon
D. Baker 4695 Horrocks St. Philadelphia 24, Penna.
Sgt. Hal Shapiro 790th AC/W Squadron Kirksville, Mo.
Emil Keselica 83-04 251 St. Bellerose, L.I., N.Y.
Richard C. Spelman Leverett D-34 Camoridge 39, Mass.
Larry Campbell 43 Tremont St. Malden 48, Mass.
Charles Brusard Jr. 11 Tufts St. Camoridge 39, Mass.
Richard Doorin 69-21 197 St. Flushing 65, N.Y.
E.M. William 2903 Ashman St. Midland, Mich.
Richard Billings 610 'E' St. North Wilkesboro, N.C.
Nancy Share D & H Ave. Riverside, Penna.
Pauline Stewart 327 S. Oak St. Statesville, N.C.
Phil Picardy 1214 Boulevard Colonial Heights, Va.
Robert E. Kohls Silver Lake Drive Portage, Wisc.
Patsy L. Oldham Deadwood, Oregon
Peter Salus 1967 Andrews Ave. Bronx 53, N.Y.
Don Ley C/O David English 203 Robin St. Dunkirk, N.Y.
Breck Tilden 4028 - 44th St. Long Island City 4, N.Y.
J.W. Leake 1120 Euclid Ave. Bristol, Va.
Burley C. Meyer Box 165 Statesville, N.C.
Peter Graham 138 Laidly St. San Francisco, Calif.
Stuart K. Nock RFD #3 Castleton, N.Y.
Dan MacMurray 512 - 45th St. Union City, N.J.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Gerald Hibbs Box 4385 Oklahoma City, Okl.
Jean A. Loricourt 6406 Myrtle Houston 17, Texas
Marian Cox 79th A.V. Sq. Sioux City, Iowa

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Thats all for this time. See ya in two months. Don't forget--get your friends to join!

Lynn A. Hickman

editor



