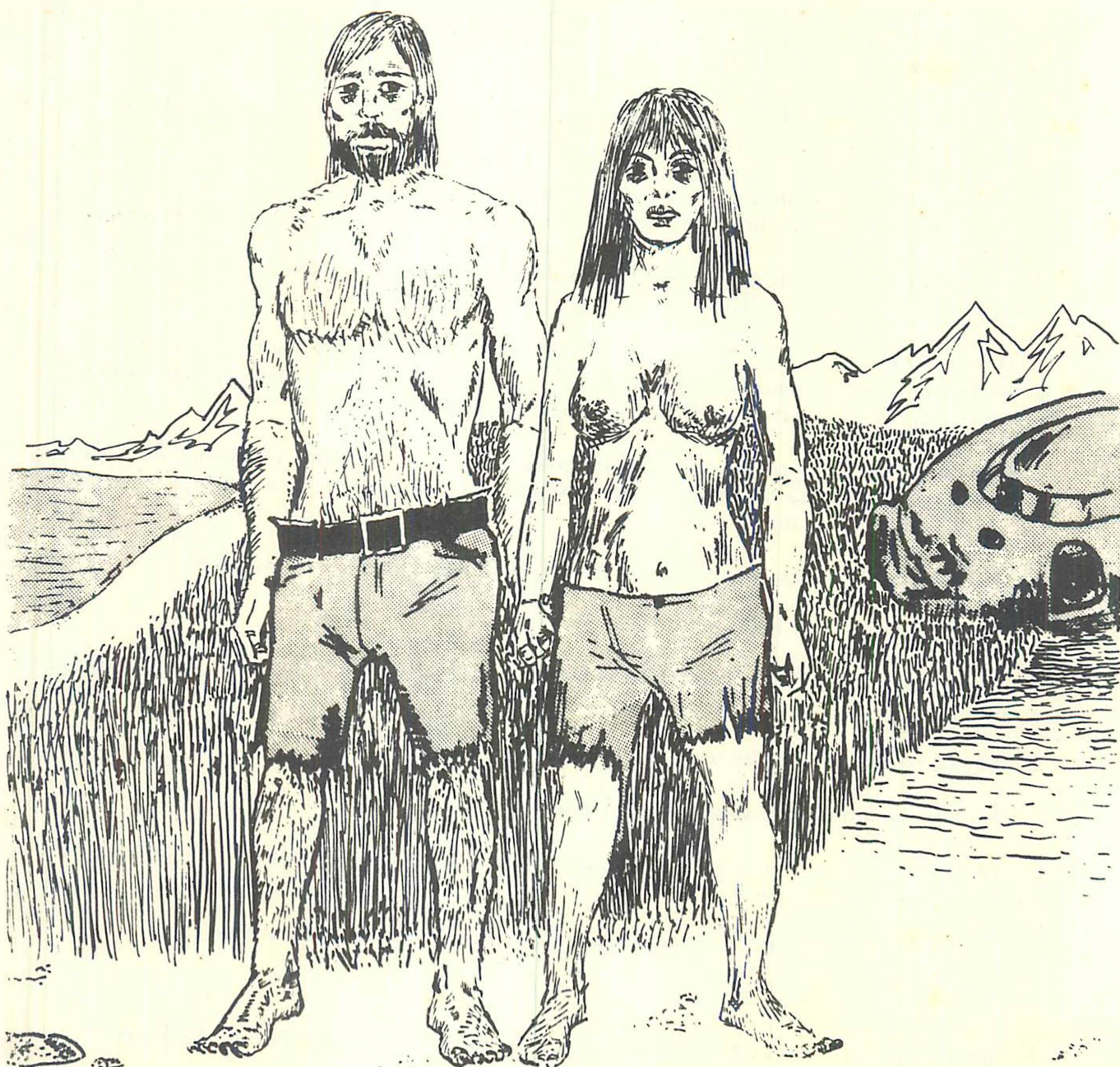


TROAT *The Fanzine that is all heart*

Issue number 4 Summer 1968



J. KINNEY —

TROAT the fanzine that is all heart. Issue number 4. Summer 1968

Troat number 4 is published by Lynn A. Hickman on the Pulp Era Press at 413 Ottoker Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Copyright 1968 by Lynn Hickman. Troat is published every once in awhile to let friends know what is going on in the big city. As we said, Troat is all heart, and is sent free of charge to those we wish to receive it. To continue to receive it you must either send material for publication, a letter of comment, or artwork. A six cent stamp to help pay the postage would also be appreciated.

Since the last issue I have bought quite abit more printing equipment, so this issue will be done partially on my model 75 Multilith and partially on my model 1250. I have also bought a DSJF Vari-typer with a number of different type fonts, a plate burner, and a Verifax copier to make line negatives.

Some of you that are receiving this haven't heard from me in years. And may not for years again. For those that haven't, I decided to quit traveling and selling some six years ago. Managed some Sears stores, but after one Christmas with them, vowed I would never work for them through the 2nd. Moved to the city 4 years ago and have been here ever since. May well be here forever. Wauseon is the center of everything in Ohio. Had a big fire here last week. 80 hogs burned to death. Big headline in the city paper. 80 HOGS DIE. Viet Nam wasn't mentioned in the whole paper. Its not around here.

I wouldn't even have known there were race riots and things like that but my wife watches television and mentioned them to me.

George Young wrote me and said Detroit was in flames. I wrote back to find out how many hogs were killed. George never answered, but someone told me he is still up there somewhere.

I used to know a sweet girl in South Bend, Ind. but since I quit buying Studebakers I haven't heard from her. Are you still there Betty?

Did you know that Barney Olfield was from Tedrow, Ohio? Thats 4 miles out of the city. Girtys Island is only 15 miles from here. Surely you remember Simon Girty. He was a dirty bastard. Gary Zachrich lives in Wauseon. Cities are full of fans.

Gary and I are going to go catfishing tomorrow in the canal over by Napoleon. We'll catch fish and talk of all sorts of fannish things. Napoleon is even bigger than Wauseon. Sort of like New York and Newark.

Did you know that the whorehouse in Naomi, Ohi, burned down. 10 pigs died.

Thats 4½ miles from here.

Eddie Linticume reads science fiction but he's not really a fan. He hasn't been drunk for a week.

We can receive both radio and television here in Wauseon.

We built an airport but nobody has a plane.

Speaking of planes, Gary and I are going to take a tin goose to Kelly's Island this summer. Gary will write a report on it.

Arlene Elling lives on a farm near Napoleon. She is no relation to Simon Girty.

She is pretty. Simon was ugly.

Barbara Pinter lives in Wauseon. She is also pretty. Wauseon is full of attractions.



Are you sure that's a breast stroke?

In the shadows along the waterfront, a dark figure crouched and peered into the darkness. A strange figure, cloaked and seemingly having the head of some strange desert beast upon its shoulders where the normal head of a human being should be. Still and quiet, the dark figure waited, beady little eyes aglint, waiting ... but for what?

At a nearby pier, a large freighter was quietly unloading its cargo, despite the lateness of the hour. It was this freighter that occupied the attention of the strange figure.

And from the darkness, came strange, eerie laughter such as might raise the hairs upon a gorilla's back. It was laughter that any evil-doer might recognize and in recognizing would react with paralyzing fear. It was the laughter of the Armadillo.

The Armadillo moved.

He moved from the shadows and crossed the lighted area stealthily and purposefully, every inch the man of action. With the utmost confidence, he moved across the lighted area, into more shadows and abruptly and with the sound of metal upon stone, into the brick wall of a building.

"Curse this mask," said the Armadillo, straightening his steel mask so that the eyeholes once more lined up with the glinting beady eyes beneath.

Finding his way, the Armadillo made his way into the building and up a flight of stairs. Already he had calculated the best way of gaining entry onto the ship and that was from above, from the roof of this building, with the aid of his silken swinging rope.

For the boat was obviously the boat of the Armadillo's Arch-enemy, Doctor Fung Us and just as obviously the cargo being so discretely unloaded at this late hour was some diabolical instrument of evil.

Upon reaching the roof, the Armadillo quickly fastened the rope, using the secret knot that would enable him to swing out over the boat from this angle. It was but a moments work to get up a good running start and to swing out over the boat.

Even now, the Armadillo realized, his enemies were setting diabolical traps. Land mines were being set up on the deck of the freighter although as yet only a single mine had been set up and that --

Come to think, the Armadillo couldn't remember just where the damned thing was.

At that precise moment, he came to the end of the arc, directly over the deck of the freighter and with a sudden jerk, the end of the silken swinging rope pulled from his hands. It was an embarrassing moment, for as luck would have it he was directly over the single-as-yet-set-up land mine on the deck of the ship.

As he plummeted toward the land mine, the Armadillo realized he was in a pretty pickle. The weight of his heavy steel facemask (used normally to stop heavy calibre slugs because Wonder Woman bracelets struck him as effeminate) was pulling him face downward.

It was this that saved him. As the nose of his Armadillo mask (touching the mine dead center, by luck) struck the mine, it went off with a shattering impact, hurling him upward like a cloth dummy. He came downward headfirst. He was as unscathed as one could expect under the circumstances but the truth was his planned entrance was a little less alert and clever than he planned.

When he came too, the Armadillo found himself wrapped in several hundred feet of barbed wire. The barbed wire roll, containing him was set into the cradle of a depth charge launcher and the freighter was now at sea. Another depth charge launcher, close at hand, was loaded with a depth charge.

Beside the Armadillo, Dr Fung Us gloated and laughed.

"Well, once again I have you in my clutches, Armadillo." He laughed an evil laugh. "How do you like my latest little death trap?"

"Frankly, as a death trap, it strikes me as being a little old fashioned," the Armadillo said. "You are losing your touch, Fung."

Dr. Fung Us glowered. "You're just jealous," he said. Then, simperingly, "You never did appreciate me."

The Armadillo tested the barbed wire bonds and found them tight and prickly.

'All right,' he said. 'So just what do you plan?'

'Evil!' shouted Dr. Fung Us. 'What else? I'm going to destroy you, my old arch enemy.' His eyes glinted.

'You'll regret this,' said the Armadillo. 'You kill me and you won't have anything left to pass the time.'

That seemed to stop Dr. Fung Us, but only for a moment. 'Oh, I'll think of something' he said, with an absent minded wave of his hand. 'Just now, I'd better explain this to you.'

He brightened like a school boy exhibiting a new toy. 'This depth charge launch will toss you into the water at the same time a real depth charge is launched. You'll have approximately 30 seconds before the depth charge goes off.' He laughed and leaped into the air, clicking his heels. 'Oh, the happiness of it all. You'll never get out of this one, Armadillo.'

'You'll regret this,' Armadillo said. 'Imagine how embarrassing it will be when you have to tell your friends you had to resort to old fashioned means rather than one of your fiendish inventions to wipe me out.'

'None of that, now,' Dr. Fung Us said, whipping out a stop watch. 'The important thing is, I win. When I rule the world, people won't point to me on the street and say, 'There goes that kooky mad scientist.'

'But you are a kooky mad scientist --' said the Armadillo.

But at that exact moment, the kooky mad scientist pulled a lever and the Armadillo was hurled into the air --
--and the sea.

Well, thought the Armadillo, now to get down to work. He began searching his mind for some means of effecting his escape. The trap seemed pretty good, this time. For a moment, the Armadillo was ready to concede that Dr. Fung Us hadn't made a mistake.

But then the Armadillo noticed something and the way out was clear to him.

Aboard the deck of the freighter Dr. Fung Us waited, his evil eyes glued to the sweep hand of his stop watch. 5...4...3...2...

One!

Ka-boooooom!

The water erupted with the detonation of the depth charge and water poured over the deck and the Mad Scientist. But Dr. Fung Us minded not. At last he had, once and for all, triumphed over the Armadillo.

Suddenly, something that had been thrown clear of the water fell to the deck. It was the barbed wire that had wrapped the Armadillo, now a tangled ball! Dr. Fung Us was delighted. Maybe it contained the mangled remains of his arch enemy!

Suddenly, from the tangled mass of barbed wire, leaped the Armadillo, a machine gun from his special cape holsters in each hand. Dr. Fung Us leaped into the air and squeaked with displeasure.

'But you couldn't have escaped,' Dr. Fung Us said, after the Armadillo had clamped the entire crew of the freighter into irons and called for the Coast Guard. 'There was no way out! You should have been blown to bits or chopped up by the wire!'

'You made a single mistake,' the Armadillo said. 'A one in a million error that enabled me to shield myself from the blast. You see, you had carelessly wrapped the wire so that the barbs pointed all toward the middle of the cylinder in which I was wrapped. While I could never have done this, had they been pointing randomly as they would have had not luck intervened, I was able to pull myself into the wire cylinder and was therefore protected when the blast went off, and the blast not only threw me back on the deck but tangled up the wire, releasing me from its hold.'

'Curse you!' shouted Dr. Fung Us. 'It was only a million to one chance that enabled you to escape and that just isn't fair. You should be dead. It was a good death trap. Even though you escaped, you still had a close shave.'

'Yes,' replied the Armadillo. 'But only because you barb-erred.'

letters

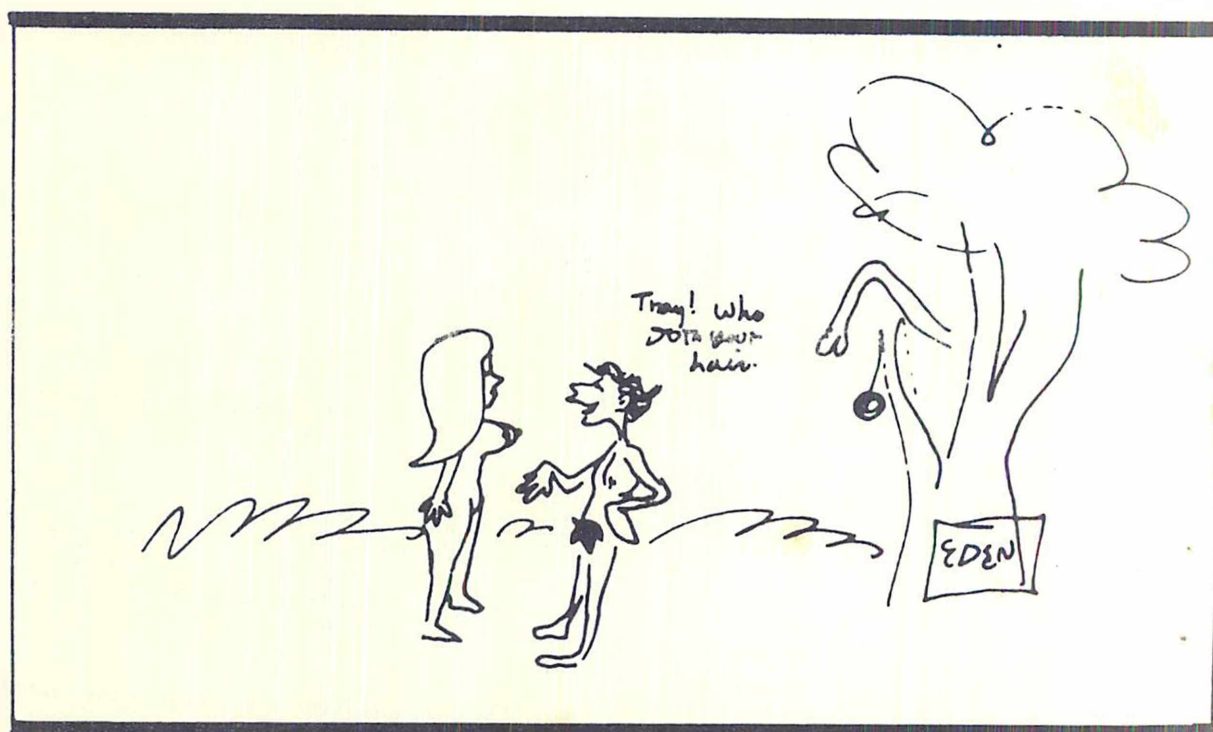
Lynn:

Thanx beaucoup for the answers to my many queries, particularly on Spicy Detective. Anyone on tap to do a piece on that mag and/or the Spicy line in general? ((Editors Comment: Glenn Lord is compiling an index of the Spicy group, but still needs a few copies. See the ad in The Pulp Era a few issues back. If you could help him on this, I'm sure he would appreciate it)) I can't even recall seeing ads for this type of literature. Troat would be an ideal place for such adverts. Re ads: I am enclosing one.

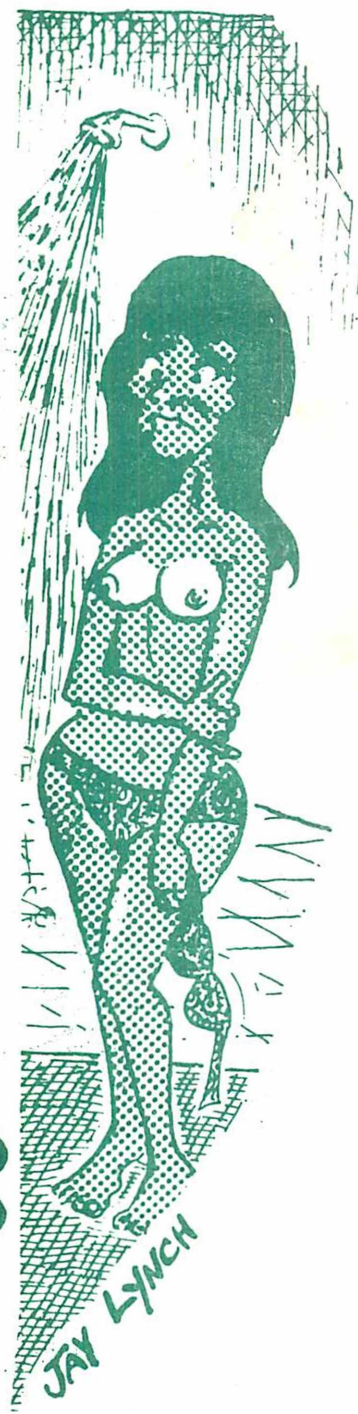
Jennie Lee "the Bazoom Girl" cavorting in a mountain stream with Gay ABANDON (the title). A refreshing nudie. An 8mm sound reel in perfect condition - as is the subject. Do I hear at least \$5.50?

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER smuggled in from Stockholm before such items were legal. Mint copy in English. \$1.95.

Jim R. Goodrich
5 Brewster Drive
Middletown, N.Y. 10940



for
people
who
hate
machines:



Am doing a lot of experimenting in this issue while learning to run some of the new equipment. In addition to TROAT, I publish 3 other fanzines. THE PULP ERA, FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE, and BADMOUTH. You can receive 10 issues of THE PULP ERA by sending \$4.00. You can receive an issue of BADMOUTH by sending \$1.25. You can receive FFM only by being in the organization.

You know some funny things happen around here. We are going to have some primary elections soon. Lester Trigg is running for re-election as sheriff. Earl Lillich is running against him. Of course both are R*E*P*U*B*L*I*C*A*N*S. I guess Lester is doing a pretty good job. We only had one murderer escape from the jail last year, but my children say that Earl is a really good man and that he always smiles when he helps the kids across the school crossings. Kids can't be wrong. I'll vote for Earl.

I'm not sure whether the Damocrats have a primary or not. I'm not sure there are any Damocrats around here. I guess they are going to run someone for President though. So far it seems that the front runners for their nomination are McCarthy, Hubert, and Wallace. I think another Kennedy was in it for awhile. I imagine Wallace will get it because he is from the South and is against riots.

The R*E*P*U*B*L*I*C*A*N*S have all sorts of good people but none of them will run. I guess Dick wants to try again, but he is not liked in Hollywood. Regan would like to run but he isn't liked anywhere else. Rockefeller doesn't need the money. Rab Brown would run, but he is for riots. I imagine Wallace will get it because he is from the South and is against riots.

I don't think you can vote for Trigg or Lillich unless you live around here. Wauseon has many advantages.

Gary Zachrich came over the other night and we had a fannish meeting. It lasted until 4:45 when my Beer and Canadian Club ran out. We discussed many fannish things. The main topic of discussion was Avalon's new book THE MAN WITH THREE EYES by E. L. Arch. We both decided not to read it.

Nick Carr from Tacoma, Washington stopped in to see me last week. Nick is a pulp fan like myself, and writes for THE PULP ERA. He is working on a survey of the OPERATOR 5 novels which I will publish as a booklet late this year. Can't price this now until we know how much it will cost to print, but I would guess at about \$2.50.

Several conventions coming up soon. Detroit Triple Fan Fair, Midwestcon, Ozarkon. I guess I'll be on a pulp magazine panel at the Triple Fan Fair. I'll probably have to skip the Midwestcon as it will fall on the same weekend as our plant inventory. Should also get to St. Louis for the Ozarkon though.

You know another strange thing is that more people haven't heard of the Wauseon potato. It is a strain developed especially for Campbell's Soup.

Fred Cook stopped in and picked up his FFM and left me a copy of BRONZE SHADOWS. I wasn't home so missed chatting with him. Fred puts out a fine zine. Send him 35¢ and try a copy. BRONZE SHADOWS 7511 Erie Street Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

I imagine Fred will be on the pulp panel with me at the TFF.

Gary Zachrich is thinking of doing research on an article on Simon Girty. I told him to go ahead. I would rather research Arlene Elling.

Jim Goodrich wrote that D. L. Champion, the creator of THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE, has passed on. He was 65.

All sorts of troubles developing in my printing here. This is being done on the old Royal Electric and the model 75 Multilith. Had a motor go out on the Vari-Typer and then the following day, one of the motors on the 1250 went blinko. Not yet sure what the matter is, but should have everything fixed and ready to go by the next issue. I'm keeping my fingers crossed as to the cost. Please do the same for me.

The season is almost here for owl-watching. Any good owl watchers out there? Barbara? Arlene?

Owl watching is quite a popular sport here in Wauseon. It should spread.

A few credits should be due here. The cover was done by Jay Kinney of Naperville, Illinois. The cartoon on page 4 was done by Jim Culbertson of Houston, Texas. I don't recall who did the cartoon on page 6, but it is better forgotten anyhow. Jay Lynch of Chicago did the cartoon on page 7. Mario Kwait of Germany did the back cover. Jerry Page of Atlanta, Ga. did the Armadillo story. The rest of this stuff was done by yours truly.

The next Troat will be done in a different format, a little fancier, a better print job, but the same old CRAP!!

I received a letter the other day from a fellow named Proctor Gamble. It seems if I buy some of his soap I have a chance of winning all sorts of things. He even sent me some coupons offering me five cents off on his soaps. Fans receive all kinds of interesting mail.

Buck Coulson is thinking of buying a Multilith. I bet his motor burns out faster than mine.

Things here in Ohio are starting to grow and really look beautiful. You should see my Gooseberry bush and Buckeye tree.

I guess I have a green thumb.

Ask Bob Tucker.

He said something about me was green.

Got another letter from the Gooseberry Growers Association of America. They can't understand how my Gooseberrys ferment on the bush. They know nothing about fans.

Some of you that haven't heard from me in a long time may not know that I am still raising the fannish population. Latest is a boy named Mark Allan. He is now two. Long live Fandom!!!!!!

Lynn Hickman

