

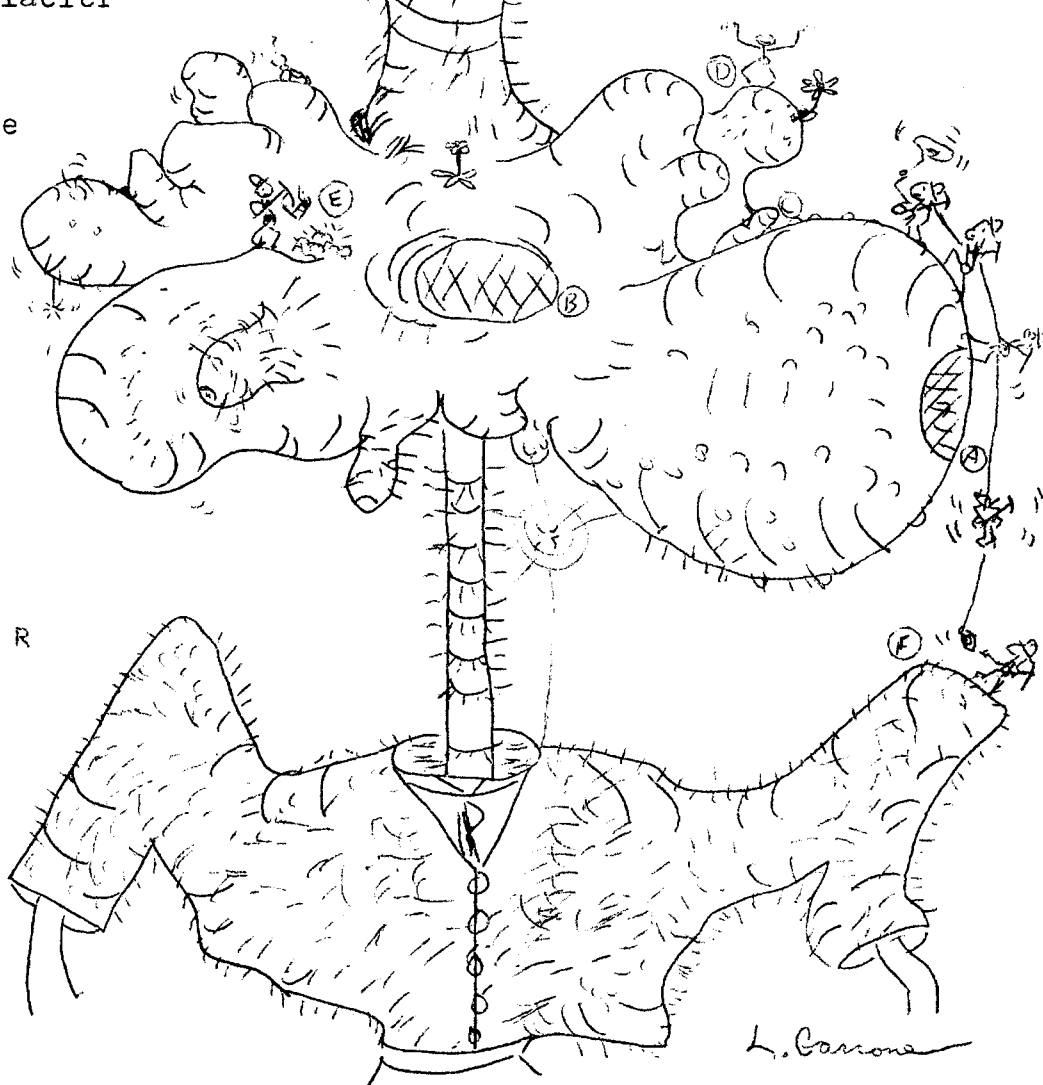
(By special request by the editor of WRR, due to lack of the Ric West picture which should be here, we present a scene from the forthcoming movie "The Conquest of Wally Weber's Adam's apple".)

POINTS OF INTEREST:

- A. Eastern glacier
- B. Old wound
- C. Camp 2.
- D. Summit
- E. Guano mine
- F. Camp 1

VOL. 2
No. 7

NOVEMBER
1960



Revolving Thoughts from a WRRing Editor

by

BOP

Aha! We have succeeded in getting out our scheduled WRR on our unscheduled date after all. So there, you scoffers, you unbelievers, that will show you that we can do something when get our minds to it. Now, if we only had a mind.

In response to the many request for some goshawful illoes in our lettercol, we have conducted a great search, we have spared no expense in trying to find the most goshawful artist we could get. Trouble is, we couldn't find any artists who could draw goshawfuls, so we had to settle for something else. Therefore it is with deep regret that as of this issue (sob) our art editor will be (woe) none other than (bah) that horror of horrors (gasp) L. (ech) Garcone (growph--gasp). Remeber, YOU asked for it.

If I'm not mistaken, our dover this time is by Ric West. I hope I'm right. It's the cover that we were supposed to have, but with WRR, you can never tell.

Congratulations to the CRY for winning the HUGO, I hate to spoil your fun, but the CRY was second choice. You see, they wanted to give it to WRR but we knew that the CRY needed something along that line to keep it's morale up, so in the interest of fandom, we turned it down.

Our friend, Varda Pelter is back with some more of her inventions and Mike Deckinger answers her with inventions of his own. Then Bjo Trimble exposes Wally for what he is, Wally in his turn exposes nothing (he's bashful) in Banana Split. Then we top thish off with a small lettercol.

We were going to have a lot of news for you on the forthcoming WRRcon, but in order to get WRR out on its unscheduled date, we have to postpone the details'til next ish.

Speaking of next ish, if you want your letters in it, you had better get them to me by Dec. 20th. The same goes for all contributions. That reminds me.

WRR can be had for letters of comment, trades, contributions and old campaign buttons. This is WRR Vol 2. No.7 and is published in Seattle, 5, Wash. Somewhere around 2911 E. 60th. Publisher is Wally Wastebasket Weber and ye olde editor is Blotto Otto Pfeifer. Chief assistant Editor is Patricia Pfeifer (she cooks and helps assemble and puts up with ye olde editor) and the Art Editor is horrible L. Garcone. (he eats letterhacks) WRR is an incurable disease, vaccinations are no help and no fan is immune.

10 MOST WANTED INVENTIONS

by Varda Murrell

1. TRAPDOOR DISH Ends messy chicken bones, other litter. Hostess fills your empty looking plate so you eat more and more and don't look like the glutton you are.
2. TRANSISTORIZED VIBRATOR WAXER Combines exercising with floor waxing. You strap what look like two scrubbing brushes on your feet and stand still -- but not for long! The vibrators inside each keep you shaking while the waxed brushes shine your floor.
3. HATCHECKS TO CHECK HATCHECKS This is a serious problem, especially for the pocketless. We girls used to put them in our shoes, but with backless shoes we've got to come up with an answer soon.
4. CONDUCTOR MIRROR To me, the most interesting instrument to watch at a concert is the conductor's face. However, unless you bother to join an orchestra, you can't do this. Why not mount a huge mirror opposite him and you could watch his contortions in the reflection?
5. OLOGISTS With so many ologies being invented every year, why not set up a branch just called, "Ology," whose members, the ologists, would compile lists of all the ologies?
6. CELESTIAL CEILING PAPER Cover your ceilings with these large maps of the heavens and your star-gazing problems are over. No longer do you freeze while watching Jupiter, astronomy students. And you lovers, you can spend nights in under the stars all year around. Eliminates binocks, too.
7. SPONGE MATS FOR DRIP DRIES Europe is being flooded yearly by American tourists who hang up their drip-dry shirts and let them drip all over the hotel floors. To prevent this continent from being washed away, let's invent sponge mats to absorb the drips from the drips.
8. MAGNETIC DOLLS Essential for sanity of American motherhood who spend hours nightly looking for the child's current fetish, the *sina qua non* they cannot go to bed without. Each child would wear a magnetic wrist band, preventing Dolly from escaping.
9. PSYCHOLOGICAL ATLASES Who wants to know where the Seychelles are anyway, or how wide Puget Sound is at its narrowest point? People don't want geography, they want psychology. For bachelors, maps showing greatest density of spinsters. For drinkers, states with least blue-laws. For music lovers, places with most concerts.

10. SOME WHY DON'TS Why don't they make thread spools out of colored plastic? They'd be prettier and lighter. Why don't they have a pop bottle holder to secure it when you try to open it? Why don't they have checks printed on post cards to save envelopes and stamps in bill paying? (This last is from my favorite bill-payer, my new husband, who is also a Why Don'ter.)
-

TEN LEAST WANTED

INVENTIONS

Compiled by Mike Deckinger

1. A NEW CALENDAR EACH YEAR (Look fellas, the picture on my Marilyn Monroe calendar hasn't even begun to fade yet. What do I want a new one for?)
2. A HAIR-RESTORER (Who wants to play billiards with balls that are covered with hair? It's very difficult and just louses up the game.)
3. AN ELECTRIC SHAVER (I like the fuzz on a peach. I'll be damned if I'm going to shave it off.)
4. THE POST OFFICE (If I wanted to mess up my fanzines I can do it on my own. Why should I pay for the privilege of having others do it for me?)
5. TELEVISION (I find sitting in front of revolving washing machines to provide just as much action as the average tv show.)
6. ICE-SKATING (I can slip and fall on the ice without getting fancy skates on, so there.)
7. ROCK AND ROLL (After hearing a half hour of Elvis Presley singing, radio static sounds good to me.)
8. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS (Who needs them anyway -- let's all defecate to Russia.)
9. DRINKING (I'm underage in most bars and I'm also selfish; if I'm not allowed to drink, I don't see why anyone else should be.)
10. WRR (What's-a-matter, isn't CRY good enough for you?)

NORRIS CARTOON EXPOSE

by Bjo
Trimble

Wally Weber is a scheming, vicious, mean, evil brute! He plotted to undermine Shangri-L'Affaires, the Los Angeles Travel-con and the general morale of all West Coast Publishing Giants below Fresno! Yes!

And here is the evidence, the proof; and the story -- all of it true, with only a bit of embellishment by way of decoration. Ask anyone on Fan Hill, ask anyone at the PITTCON; ask Ed Cox.

It all started with a simple, harmless-looking postcard from simple, harmless-looking Wally Weber, addressed to John & Bjo Trimble. It said that there were some Norris (of the Vancouver Sun) cartoon books available, and did we want them? OF COURSE we wanted them, and I said so immediately, tho with some restraint because we certainly couldn't afford them at the moment. And, in a flash of girlish enthusiasm, I offered to kiss him when we met at the PITTCON, just to show my gratitude for his thinking of us like that.

So another simple, harmless-looking postcard arrived a few days later saying that only fantastically lucky people could own Norris cartoon books, anyway, and since we'd proven to be fantastically lucky people by marrying each other, the books were to be a month-anniversary present. BUT, if any female kissed Wally Weber at the PITTCON, the Norris cartoons would immediately--thru some spell--turn into Squink Blog stories!

The present was such a nice idea, and we were so pleased about this that the true, awful intent of Wally Weber remained unknown until the fateful day the books themselves arrived! Even then, we did not suspect the foul deed until it was almost too late. John was home that day with a cold, and so was the first to fall under the maddening spell of having seven whole Norris cartoon books to enjoy. He was supposed to be resting in bed, so that he could return to work the next day, and also finish his part of the next issue of Shangri-L'Affaires so we could take it to the PITTCON with us.

But when Al Lewis, Don Simpson and I came back from a shopping trip, we found John too weak from laughter to even drink his hot lemonade-and-JD! (This is a time-honored cold-remedy in our family; it doesn't get rid of the cold, but it sure makes you happier about having one!). When pressed to write his editorial, John only reached for another cartoon book, snickering the while.

Al Lewis, with all good intentions of simply glancing at Norris' insidious work and then getting to work on Shaggy, was finally roused from his fourth book by dire threats. But the minute I turned my back, he'd snagged another cartoon book and was deeply engrossed. Obviously, I was to get no work out of him for quite a while; Al is a slow reader.

Simpson maintained his usual calm except for occasional bursts of giggles, while plowing steadily thru all of the cartoons in all of the books. He was supposed to be helping Al with Shaggy.

Well, I gave up any hope of getting some fanac out of these three, and waited for Ernie Wheatley to come home. I knew he would eagerly start publishing whatever stencils we had ready; in the meantime, I decided it would do no harm to just glance at this Norris cartoon book that John handed me.....

Everyone was roaring with laughter, trying to keep track of the books they'd already read, and not paying much attention to dinner. This was unusual for Ernie, who likes his food better'n almost anything this side of fanac--or convention parties. Dinner got cold, and Shaggy got colder.

Bruce Pelz wanted information about the Travel-Con, and Jock Root had arrived and wished to join us on the trip. Bruce unwisely sent Jock and Jim O'Meara to our side of the hill to get details about the journey to the PITTCON. Jock fell on the cartoons with glad little cries, and disappeared from view behind #3 of the set. The last we heard from him for the evening was a request for an ashtray. Someone managed to drag their attention away from Norris long enuf to hand him something; Ernie had harsh words to say about cigarette butts in his shoe when he discovered them later.

Jim was a bit more polite, exchanging a smattering of small talk before succumbing to curiosity and picking up a book. Soon he too was engrossed in the detailed cartoons and their hilarious captions. Comparative silence reigned; punctuated by snorts, hoots, and guffaws. Shaggy had little chance of being published that nite!

The next morning, in the cold light of day, the cartoons looked just as good, but we finally had to sober up from our Norris jag and look at our situation. We had allowed ourselves to be led from the clear path of fanac; we had let the last possible deadline for a PITTCON issue of Shangri-L'Affaires drift by us on the Norris-limned wings of humor. Worse, we knew that we had been betrayed by evial Wally Weber into forgetting fandom for a whole day! We were covered with rue, filled with remorse; and figuring that things couldn't possibly get worse, we returned to the cartoon books.

By the time we'd learned almost all of the cartoons by heart, it was time to leave for the PITTCON. I rushed to finish the cups which were to be prizes for the costume cabaret, nearly killed myself getting out the final issue of PAS-tell to exhort artists to get their material in to the art show, packed hurriedly the morning we were to leave, and left a house that looked as if it had been cleaned with a live hand grenade! But the Norris cartoon books were neatly stacked in the bookshelf, of course.

At the PITTCON, I was in a constant tizzy to make sure that no female even got near Wally Weber, for I remembered the threat; who needs seven Squink Blog books? So I trailed him all during that time, and it was a job, for Wally's natural animal magnetism makes it impossible for women to remain in the same room with him without forgetting their own natural feminine shyness. Fighting off desperate females who only pleaded for one little kiss became my second job at the PITTCON. (The first one being directorship of the art show; of course!)

Finally, as I knew it must, Fate stepped in. Actually, Joni Cornell, sexy blonde, stepped in, which was certainly much more of a problem; I could have handled Fate much easier!

Jim Broderick, Fred Prophet, Al Lewis, Joni and I were all going to dinner when we met Ed Cox and Wally Weber, returning from dinner. Someone told Joni that Wally never kissed girls; a challenge to any red-blooded female, and she determined to do something about this situation.

She asked Al which fan was Wally Weber, and Al said, "The shy one, of course!"

So, as Wally stood his ground, looking brave and ready to fight back, Joni swept past him to kiss reticent, shy ol' Ed Cox. What a surprise for her when the shy one didn't fight her off; what a surprise when she couldn't break the hammer-lock good ol' shy Ed Cox suddenly threw on her. What a kiss!

However, it was the wrong shy one, tho Ed didn't seem to mind the mistake at all. Joni was a good sport about it, and seemed to take the whole thing as good, clean fun; which was kept that way because we were standing in the lobby of the hotel and because Jim, Fred and Al restrained Ed Cox.

Joni then turned to Wally and approached. He retreated. She drew closer; Wally drew away. Joni is a better artist, and soon she had him cornered. Wally, being taller, could fend off the blonde's advances, and did so successfully for the nonce. The call of food was stronger at the moment than even the tempting idea of sullyng Wally, and Joni desisted from her project. As Wally dashed headlong up the stairs, she called a promise to meet him later and this spurred him to such effort that the speed of his exit set two potted palms afire.

After dinner, we went to one of the last stand-offs of the convention, where they were packing boxes of plastic name-tag holders, PITTCON program booklets, and other con parapher-

nalina. Wally Weber was there, and Joni fell on him with a shriek of triumph. Wally responded cordially with a karate chop at her ear, but she avoided that to clasp him firmly around the neck. Wally countered by jumping onto a chair, but this ruse did not work too well, because Joni's grip was not broken and they both became rather foot-entangled trying to maintain their balance on the chair. This piece of furniture had obviously never been intended for gymnastics of any sort and showed good signs of toppling over at any moment.

By this time, the struggle had reached epic proportions, while still maintaining all semblances of decorum; something which I can only attribute to Wally's unshakeable dignity and faith that Something would happen before Joni kissed him. Joni looked appealingly at him and said, "If you keep on like this, I'll fall off the chair!"

Wally acted like a true gentleman, never lessening his guard, but suggesting politely that he hoped she'd land gently.

Finally, with tremendous effort, Joni succeeded in her purpose, kissed Wally and jumped from the chair. She turned a flushed and triumphant face to the interested observers and smiled. Her hair was awry, her blouse unbuttoned, her lipstick smeared; but she had won!

One of the bystanders chided Wally, "Why did you pick on this sweet little girl?"

Weakly leaning against the wall, still on his treacherous chair, suit rumpled and hair mussed, Wally sighed, "I'm just a brute, I guess!"

I heard rumors about Joni kissing Wally a second time; a wild story about chasing him under the bed in Hans Santesson's room to do so. I don't know the full details of this escapade, but mayhap Mr. Weber isn't as shy as he pretends--perhaps he is only playing "hard to get"? This awful suspicion was discussed, in Wally's presence, by Ruth Kyle, Virginia Schultheis and me; the conclusion being that if he's going to start kissing blondes, we brunettes, brownettes and redheads will demand equal time!

If the Seattle convention committee is interested in a real money-making idea for the auction block, we gals submit this: put Wally up for auction, with only female bids accepted. I can name quite a few of us who would be interested in getting Wally in our clutches for a whole hour; maybe we'd even get together on a combine so lots of us could share him for that hour. The bidding is guaranteed to be brisk. And surely, with all the interest Wally has in seeing the convention succeed, he would not quibble about giving up one little hour of his time?

At any rate, we're home now, and Shaggy did make it to the PITTCON, tho it had to be mailed. So Wally's nefarious scheme didn't work after all. And LAFandom will ever be on guard against plots like this one; never will we stray from trufandom!

Al Lewis just started to reread the Norris cartoon books. He opened the first page. He read aloud, "Drop that gun, Squink Blog, you're thru.....arghhhhhhh!"



*Drawn from a sketch made by Bjo
at the scene of the crime*

end

BANANA

by
Hallucinated
Wastebasket
Zheher

SPLIT

There is, somewhere in this vast and incredibly complex issue of WRR, an article from a Los Angeles housewife. You readers should know the facts; that article is being printed over my dead body.

Why Mr. Pfeifer insists upon printing such an article in his otherwise exceptional magazine is more than I can understand. The article is cheap, degrading, obscene, lurid, and an insult to the caliber of the readers' mentality. In short, it is a vile pack of truths, and has no place in a magazine such as WRR.

Unfortunately, the article is in this issue, and I have my dead body to prove it.

Considering the circumstances, I feel I must defend my character and motives regarding the events described in the unwholesome article under discussion. This will be difficult to do in view of the fact that the article is entirely true as far as it goes, and the article goes farther than I cared to see it go. The author has put down each sordid fact as cold-bloodedly as a biologist dissecting a snake, and she has been mercilessly thorough. (I am assuming Otto did not add to or detract from the actual text of the article when he read it to me over the phone -- he has been careful to keep the manuscript out of my hands.) Like all great catastrophes, it must be faced up to. It happened, but if we are strong and keep our heads level, we can prevent it from totally blighting our futures. Merely because the methods for the utter destruction of life on Earth exists today, that is no reason to assume that such destruction is inevitable in our lifetimes.

Good grief, I'm babbling.

Getting back to level heads and all that, you may be wondering what it is I am complaining about. After all, as the article points out, I was cornered and (steady there, let's face it) kissed by one of the more desirable fannies at the Pittcon. What more could I possibly ask for? Er, well, I guess that was an unfortunate way to put it. What I mean is, what could I possibly be complaining about?

Well, there is this matter of the battle I put up. This sort of thing could cause talk, and in a social system such as Fandom, where communication has been developed and

indulged in to a fantastic degree, wrong impressions can be spread in an awful hurry. And it is a wrong impression, I assure you.

Examine, for a moment, how it must look to you, the incompletely informed observer. There is this skinny, somewhat homely bachelor, getting on in years but still well within his prime of life, being presented with this unusual opportunity to be kissed by a sexy blonde. But what does this idiot do? Certainly not what every red-blooded American bachelor -- or married man, for that matter -- would be expected to do. Instead, the imbecile flees and has to be cornered on a chair, if such a thing is possible, and puts up such a struggle that by the time he actually gets kissed he is too worn out to enjoy it.

Now this looks bad. There is obviously something wrong with a fellow like that. Even Les Gerber, who is more inclined to be charitable than some, feels such a person must be lacking in hormones or something, implying all sorts of unsavory possibilities with the, "or something."

That should be enough for the prosecution; it's now time for the defense.

First of all, it isn't that I prefer boys to girls when it comes to kissing. Although I admittedly make this statement without the verification of actual laboratory research into the matter, and even in the face of testimony to the contrary from most of the girls, I instinctively know that kissing boys is as uninspiring a thing to do as civilized man could devise.

Second of all, it isn't that I object to kissing girls. Although my experience along this line is negligible compared to that of most of my contemporaries (I'll explain about that later), I have kissed a few girls and found it a very enjoyable way to be friendly. Yes indeed. True, a good percentage of these girls were relatives, but when you have as many relatives as I do, it isn't easy to find somebody who isn't related to you in some manner. Also a certain amount of my kissing was done in the line of duty, such as one encounters at family reunions, weddings, and funerals, but this invariably involved married women, who actually can't be qualified as "girls" any more no matter what their age. None the less, it takes very little experience along this line to enable one to determine how he feels about it, and I can truthfully say that kissing girls is fun.

So here we are at the complicated part of this explanation. How come I haven't been eager about kissing girls lately?

Well, I think I was lucky. By a peculiar quirk in my social life, my early associates included not only my close relatives and friends my own age, but a large number of friends whose ages varied across the entire spectrum of ages above mine as well. Just among my personal friends I could see the various fates that could eventually be mine. It took me a while to assemble the fact even after I had them, but when I did, I saw one common pitfall in the path of man. It was girls. Not that girls themselves cause any trouble, but they invariably turned into women, and women are problems, each and every one of them.

So I like kissing and I like girls, and I even like women as long as they are somebody else's problems rather than mine. But kissing girls is like taking any other habit forming narcotic; you can't take too much of it without being hooked. So even though kissing Joni would be lots of fun at the time, even though it would make my pulse pound and send delightful shivers up my spine, even though it would....

Say, just what the hell was wrong with me at the Pittcon, anyway? Maybe I need some hormones...

HACKING THE LETTER HACKS

CONDUCTED BY *BLOTTO OTTO PFEIFER*

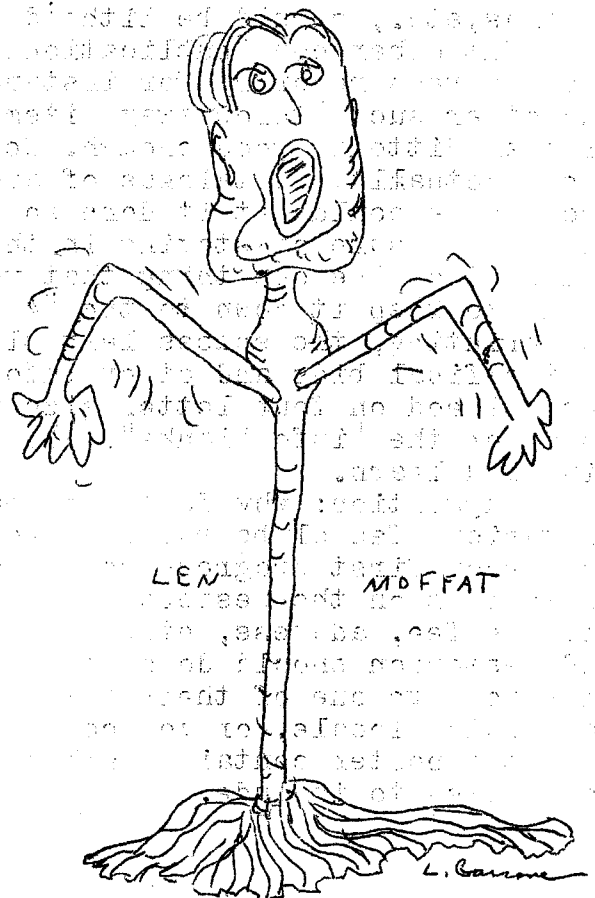
Dear Otto & Wally,

First of all, belated but sincere congrats to Otto & Bride. Enjoyed the write-ups of the wedding and the honeymoon trip, tho if I may be a bit critical (I may, mayn't I?), Wally's account of the wedding was a bit too long. That is, it did have a number of funny lines, but it would have been more effective as a shorter piece.

I assume that WRR now stands for WorldCon Regession Report, and that the next issue will represent the "first progress report of the Seacon/Pucon.

Your gimmick of "rotating" fanzine reviews almost WRRRlllled me into doing a column of same for you. Would have saved me a lot of letter-writing, but would reviews in "rotating" column (where I might appear only once a year or so) be acceptable to the fanzine publishers-- that is, what I mean to say is.... would they send me their next ish on the basis of my reviewing their current ish in WRR? Anyway, I decided to stick to my slow but steady method of writing letters. About 10 more on hand to acknowledge, and I suspect more will arrive before I get these 10 acknowledged... Needless to say, but I'll say it anyway, Franson does a Good Job of reviewing fanzines, and unlike some reviewers he knows where of he speaks.

Thanks for publishing my long letter re WorldCon dues, and Buz's reply. As I told Buz, I could understand his, and your, Anxiety re Maybe Not Getting ENOUGH Money to pay for the con; it is the same anxiety all con committees have, and the cure



for it is those things I've outlined...shopping, budgeting, using all the free talent available, etc. I'm glad the flat 3 buck fee wasn't voted in, and that a compromise of sorts was effected. In other words I'm glad that you got what you wanted, making it 2 bucks to join and a 3rd buck to attend, and of course, the usual 1 buck a head for overseas members. But I still think that charging 1 buck to join and 2 bucks to attend would be better in the long run. As you may know (by now) main objective in sending my proposal to the Pittcon Biz Meeting was to counteract the flat 3 buck fee deal, in the hopes of coming up with a compromise. The compromise I would have preferred was simply keeping the fee at the flat 2 dollar level, as it was for the Pittcon and Detention. But I'm not crying at the compromise that did result, and I know you all are happy with it. At least it is better than the flat 3 buck deal.

The last line of Buz's reply (in WRR Vol.11, No. V1) was a little too harsh, I thot. "Let's see, now..." he says, "how much could we save by doing the Reports on hecto???" Ooooh, such sarcasm! Now I'm sure Buz knows that I wouldn't recommend doing the Reports on hecto as a part of my budgeting suggestions. But I see no harm in neatly layed out and mimeo'd progress reports-- that is, mimeoing combined with litho, the latter for the benefit of the paid ad space. (Am sure most advertisers, especially the pros, would like their ads to be in litho, natch.) But much of the material in the reports could be mimeod. These two types of printing have been combined in mags before with excellent results. We didn't do it with the Solacon reports as were able to find a printer who did good work for a reasonable fee, and no doubt you will be able to do the same in a city as large as Seattle. But IF it works out that a combination of mimeo & litho would be less expensive, well...why not? I do feel, tho, that the Program Booklet, which is the thing most fans want to save and, when the occasion arises, show to non-fan friends, etc., should be litho'd throughout.

But other con "publications" can be mimeod, as well as parts of the progress reports. For instance, if you use pre-auction bid slips, and other such "throw away" items, there's no need to litho them; mimeo or even ditto is good enough. We had a little 4 page (one sheet folded over, actually.) catalogue of auction items, which was litho'd only because we could get it done so cheap--and by that late date we were reasonably sure of staying in the black anyways. But this could be mimeod too. The one thing that we didn't like, was the crowding we had to do to keep it down to the "4 pages", and after the reduction in size for printing, the spaces left blank for the ardent collector to fill in the final bids and other info were just too small, methinx. Had it been mimeod on four letter size pages, there would have been more room for the "info blanks", and it would have been easier to read. Like, live and learn.

Suggestion: why don't you make up a series of posters for posting on various fan clubs bulletin boards? I know Bjo has posted the Westercon first progress report at LASFS. It contains info re Season as well as on the Westercon, but an 8½ x 11 poster with easy to read info re fee, address, etc. would attract more attention. Both Worldcon and Westercon should do something like this. You could ask each fan club to have one of their artist members do the poster for you for each particular locale, or you could supply them yourself, thus being sure that the poster contained all of the correct info, or any special info you wanted to include.

.Mimeod "flyer sheets" could be sent to co-operative fan publishers (not only FANAC but other regularly appearing fanzines with good circulations), said sheet giving all the details on how to join, WHY one should join, etc. Suspect most fanpubbers wouldn't even charge you for this service, as one sheet added to their fanzine wouldn't make the postage more, and most fans are willing to help plug the Worldcon anyhow.

So maybe you've already thot of these ideas--or are making use of them--but thot I'd mention them anyway, as they do help. Suppose you know that the sooner you contact the pro mags for auction material and free plugs, the better. For the latter, a letter of comment to the mag, including Worldcon info, is usually the most sure way of seeing print.

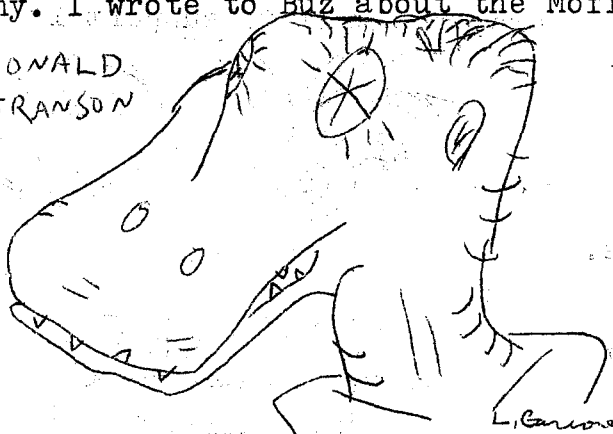
Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

(Wow all sorts of helpful suggestions. Since ol' Blotto Otto isn't on any committee or such thing, I don't know if the Seacon group will follow any of this through. I will say that the WRRcon committee will look into it.BOP)

Dear Otto,

WRR #6 recieved and enjoyed. Wally's "Banana Split" is especially funny. I wrote to Buz about the Moffatt proposal. I'm for it, and against

DONALD
FRANSON



an increase to \$3, because this will cut down the number of members, especially to a west coast con, which is too far away for most fans to actually attend. They will send \$1, possibly hesitate to send \$2, but will never send \$3. But whatever you decide, after discussion, will be okay with me. It's your con, and if you don't want to bother with absentee members or cater to their trade, by making it easier for them to join, maybe you wont have any

absentee mebers to contend with. However, Seattle can't depend on local fans, either, as L.A. did, and there will be fewer traveling fans than at any midwest or eastern con, so I think you should try to get the absentee members more than any previous con has--you need them. The \$1 fee will attract more, and you can cut expenses on the booklets sent out. With a straight fee of \$2 or \$3, there is no incentive to send in money early, either--fans will hedge in case they can't make it, but will consider the first \$1 as a donation.

The letter column (of WRR) is interesting; it even has an apparently uncut Dick Schultz letter. This is a good thing for aspiring faneds to practice on, a long schultzletter to cut, as I never see any uncut ones in other fanzines, so if you are going to put out a fanzine, you must practice on how to cut a schultzletter, from 11 pages to 2 paragraphs.

So much for WRR. On to more important things, like..well..cutting out these long letters, or denouncing Seattle in '61, or quitting fandom or something.

Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

(Aha! That was a cut Schultzletter. 'Tis strange how the more you cut a schultzletter, the more it grows. Prospective faneds had better practice on how to uncut one. We have succeeded in cutting him out entirely this time, mainly because he didn't write.BOP)

Dear BOP and WWW,

I see that you've relented at last and are providing us with copies of SINISTERRA again and not just the cover as you did last time. This time I have the cover for Vol.2, No.6 of WRR, but the contents of SINISTERRA. Tell me, when am I going to get complete copies of both?

As usual, BANANA SPLIT and Pfeifer's column were the best editor-written features of the zine. Honest, you must get more by these hacks who are rapidly making a name for themselves these days.

Franson's reviews weren't bad either, though I fail to see why TWIG would fit into the category of zines not reviewed often. I have a better idea for the continuance of this column, review the zines here that are never reviewed anywhere else. There are certain zines that just don't see review in the current fanzine review columns today, and it seems to me something should be done about remedying the situation. Therefore, I propose that Franson render us reviews of: POLICE GAZETTE, ANALOG, THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, THE DAILY WORKER, and the wrapper from a pack of Elvis Presley cards and bubble-gum.

But then we come to the pseudo-CRY lettercol. Now tell the truth friends, isn't this lettercol actually made up of rejects from CRY? No, on second thought, Cry is probably made up of rejects from WRR.

Moffatt's proposal, unfortunately, didn't go through at the con, much as I would have liked to see it myself. The idea that you can either pay 3 dollars all at once, or 2 dollars now and 1 later has only one advantage; if you're sure you won't be there, but want to support it anyway, you can pay the 2 dollars now.

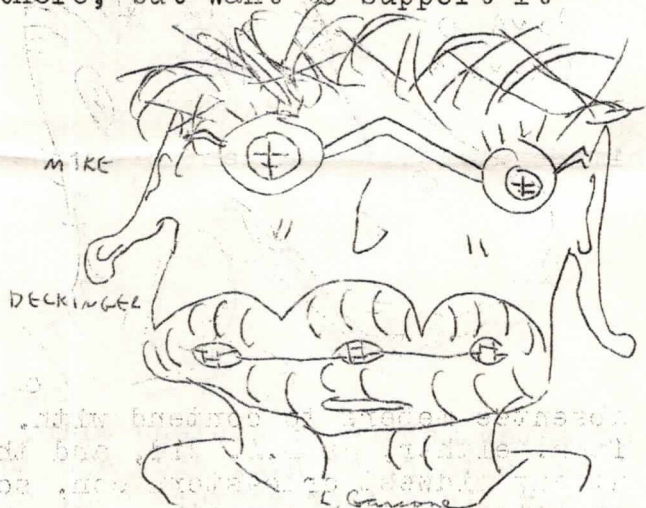
Why do we operate under the assumption that future cons will be a loss? Is there any evidence to indicate that? Let's have more raffles and drawings, and by all means offer more items of interest on the auctions.

For instance, as I recall there were few, if any, back issue prozines being auctioned away by Harlan, the majority of material consisted of other stuff. Why not get some back issue dealer or other angel to contribute a sizable amount of back issues for auction purposes. Another thing that could be auctioned away is old fanzines. In many cases they just clutter up the cellar and could do far more good on the auction. But let's not let inflation take hold of the con, and adopt new measures that will do more to discourage attendees than anything else.

Doesn't Ken Cheslin realize that the last WRR was in reality SINISTERRA? Why even I noticed that it was nothing but reprints from the old zine. Hell, even the letters were reprints, just new names were added.

Howcum nobody liked Hal last time. I read his reviews and besides his stuffy egotism, his fuggheaded ramblings, and his unsufferable conceitedness, I could not find a thing wrong with them. No seriously, I met Hal at the con and found that he is not a "db" the way he would have you believe. But then, how many of us really are?

I was sorry to see the Science Corner missing this time too. I like to keep up a well-rounded education in science, and the absence of Mr. Cox's usually very informative and important column means that I'll now have to turn to other places to read about the latest scientific developments. Crudsheets like SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and POPULAR SCIENCE which simply can't compare with E.M.Cox for fairness, accuracy, and entertainment. Bah, if it wasn't for WRR, it would have ruined my whole day (but WRR did it for me).



If canaries know what to do with copies of WRR, think of the results if you had given it to a cuckoo. Or was the canary cuckoo after reading it? Well, I still think carrier pigeons should be used.

Incidentally Wally, you have my sympathies, and I hope you've recovered from your harrowing escapade with Joni Cornell. It must have been a terrific strain upon you, to bear the brunt of her attack unflinchingly, and you have my admiration for smiling in the face of danger so bravely, and going down fighting. And was she ever able to present you with the painting later on?

I thought WRR was already the focal point of fandom. Tell me I'm wrong someone--go ahead, I dare you. Just try and tell me that I'm wrong, that WRR is less than a focal point of fandom. Look didn't the CRY win the Hugo this year? And what made the CRY what it is? Why WRR, naturally. Therefore, it is WRR that deserves all the credit.

And WRR will remain the focal point of fandom. Because WRR has many things, it has pages, it has ink, it has illos, and it goes snap, crackle and pop when you put it in a bowl and pour milk on it. WRR is also found in the best places and its varied uses only further attest to its worth (lining garbage can, used as paper airplanes, etc.etc.). Someday in the very near future, CRY will get tired of the hectic life that fandom forces itself into. The issue they skipped in September was only an indication of this upheaval. And as CRY gets tired of it all, it will slip rapidly and let WRR take over. Today CRY, tomorrow the world. Remember that, comrades, and let's keep our feet and heads pointed in the same direction.

Don't forget, that with me writing, you will also have a very intelligent lettercol. But is intelligence what you really want in a lettercol? Come now, don't you look for something deeper, below the surface? Was it now Shakespeare who said: "Alas poor Yorick, I knew him Horatio", as he bent over the body of a dead crook named Yorick who used the alias of Horatio.

What's this that Hal Lynch is doing, actually trying to write a WRR letter in one sentence while he should realize full well that this can't be done--nope it simply can't, for a number of reasons-- why not, you might say, because you need to use all the punctuation marks in whatever you write no matter what it's for and a period is one of the most used in the language (which reminds me, how often would Berry use a period, has anyone ever taken the time to count them all up, why not start a project to count up all the periods in Berry stories, then after that we can turn to commas and question marks and even the lowly apostrophe which deserves no better reward than to dangle above the letters like a crazy balloon--do you like balloons Wally, I used to play with them a lot till one busted and I never went near one again because the loud noise scared me and I told my mother and said don't be afraid--"When you hear the loud noise just hide under a bed and wait for it to go away" and that's what I did, and eventually it did go away, so I know that today if the bomb falls, the only thing to do is to hide under the bed and wait for it to go away, and sure enough after short while the loud noise will go away and you can come out of the bed with a smile on your face, and walk away into the radiation and flames and atomic dust knowing that you, yes you escaped the worst part of the bomb and have only to look out for its after effects which certainly can't be as bad as that loud bang--firecrackers are like that too, but they're generally not so loud, and I can close my eyes long enough for them to go away--did you ever try closing your eyes when you hear a loud noise, I've often wondered why people do it--close their eyes that is, perhaps they feel that closing their eyes also shuts the ears --well actually it depends on how tight they're closed--you know, some

people can close their eyes very tightly and others just can't, it requires concentration and a lot of other qualities including common sense--common sense not to try it in the first place) and now that we're out again, where was I: I digressing isee, but I can't find out what I was on before I paranthesised, oh I know what I was on this paper, I still am but it's the subject I was on that confuses me now--I have a faint inkling of what it was, but it's so unreasonable that I just can't imagine myself ever tackling the thing--you see, I thought I might try and outdo Hal Lynch in writing a paragraph without using periods but anyone knows that this is impossible including the girl who missed on, so here I am wandering around in a daze with nothing to do but end this sentence--how should I end it?

What is this, actually printing unexpurgated Schultzletters? this is too much--the next thing you know you'll be printing unexpurgated Deckinger-letters. I suppose you're aware that I slowly taking over WRR and stifling it until it either suffocates or surrenders. I have many ways of doing this too. I may send you a letter under some of my various pseudos (Lichtman, Schultz, Gerber, Moffatt, Franson, etc.etc.) or send you letters under my real names as well and there's the fact that I have already precipitated one calamity in WRR, getting Otto married. Just who do you think it was that influenced Otto's thoughts into hitching up with this girl? HEhehehehe. And Beware Wally--because you are next.

After that I shall force WRR to be increased to 50 pages an issue in order to handle the sheer volume of mail that accumulates. Wally and Otto will drop out of SAPS in order to keep up with the WRR publishing schedule, which will go weekly in a short while (and the editors will have been weakly for a longer while). Then, and only then will I exert my influence a bit more, and one day, lo and behold, thou shalt find that the credits no longer bear the name of Otto Pfeifer and Wally Weber, but of those of Brother Frank Jares and Ferdinand Fughead. And you know who controls those two don't you? Heh heh, only the shadow knows. Beware, a great catastrophe shall be visited upon thee as Deckinger slowly draws WRR into his clutches. What are you going to do about this?

Mike Deckinger
85 Locust St.
Millburn, N.J.

(Ummm yes. What are we going to do? Nothing....We will just sit back and publish a few letters and contributions each issue, the rest we will shove in a big store-room, when the store-room gets full and all letter-hacks and contributors are clamoring to have their stuff published, we will inform them that you, Mike Deckinger, have taken over and that you promised to print all of their unprinted stuff in one giant issue. Also that you promised to have said issue out in one weeks time. If there is so much as a period missing, they shall set the hounds upon you, cover your feet with honey and turn the bears loose, cancel your sub to RETRIBUTION and last, chain you in a room with the Golden Gestetner just outside of arms reach. BOP)

Ahwwrrr, the cover came out wrry well eh? Certainly the richest, most opulent looking cover I've seen, well, ever, on a fanzine. I can't recall (during my 18 months in fandom)- ever seeing one that turned out this good, tho I realise that you did have it done by a professional firm.

I wonder what tribe that Andy George belonged to, and I wonder wether the mounties will ever throw him in goal. I think it's a shame

that the big ox should go around beating up those poor mounties. I don't suppose you noticed if he was troubled by the skeeters or not? I thought that perhaps he might have a truce or like that with them, maybe that's why he likes bumping mounties, he's made a bargain, you don't drink my blood, he says, and I'll keep you supplied with nice fresh policemen's gore.

m Of course a journey of 800 miles may be quite commonplace in the states but do you realise that that sounds an awful long way to us foggy isle inhabitants? If I were to travel 800 miles north, the longest bit of land lies north and south, I'd be a hundred miles out at sea when I stopped (always assuming I could swim that far).

I don't get it, HOW can Mike say that the WRR lettercol is like CRY's? Surely, he must have noticed that CRY's lettercol is like WRR's? Mind you CRY isn't a bad little crudzine, they do keep plugging away and I'm sure that their efforts will one day will be rewarded, they may even rise to be the No. 2 fanzine, after WRR of course. I'm very glad that WRR decided to subsidize FANAC and CRY, it adds tone to the fanzine field, sort of enriches all fandom to have the bold pioneering spirit of WRR spread abroad. How are you making out on that takeover of SKYTRACK?

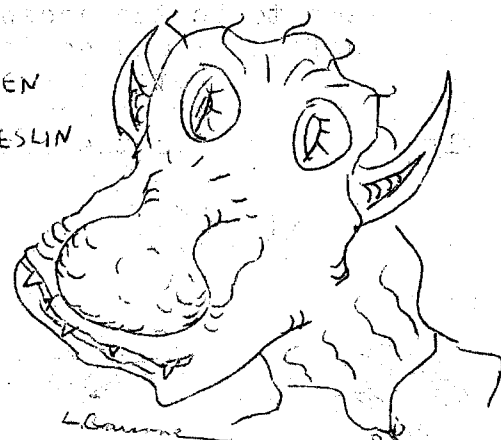
Saaaaay! How about some goshawful illustrations like Reiss used to do.... that's a good idea Dom Franson.

I don't know what Dick's getting at when he talks about the "shock value" of swear words.

As I see it, the main thing anyone can get from using them is a sort of guilty thrill, like he knows that the use of swear words is officially frowned on as being....well, practically immoral, the sense of release and defiance when he uses these words, the rebelling against authority feeling contributes more to the user than any shock value that it might have on the hearers/readers. I remember hearing a radio program once wherein some children were telling each other their favorite "swear words", the wonderful sense of guilt you could hear in this child's voice when she whispered "district nurse!" and the delighted surprise of her companions. And then the adult comes in and reproves one of them for using "silly old cow" to describe a neighbor, and the child's amazement that "fancy a little word like cow" being a swear word, or like that.

The whole point I wished to make, being, there is no such thing as a true, immoral swear word.

KEN
CHESLIN



Ken Cheslin
18, New Farm Road
Stourbridge,
Worcestershire,
England.

(We have shelved our plans for taking over SKYTRACK, the next zine in our plan is a small little thing called LES SPINGE.## How do you like the goshawful illo on this page?)

Howdy:-

I don't care, see, but I can't help but feel uncomfortable when writing to you. Feels too much as though I were writing to a hoax. But, since it seems to be the accepted thing these days, I might as well become a conformist and do the same. Vol. 11 #1 on hand, and even with an excellent photo cover, I still got that feeling.

While explaining Fandom to a non-fan is difficult, my experience, recently, on my way to the Pittcon, at the Toronto airport, with me

holding up the plane, the U.S. Customs man wanted me to explain what an SF Convention was about. I will never forgive that man.

But, what seems to be the best thing in this issue, is not yours, but Wally's plans for your wedding, and how you kept double-crossing him. I'm sure that Pat is to blame for all the changes in Wally's plans, you threw in. But, I still can't figure out how Wally got a

chair under you before you hit the floor, when in that restaurant. I still can't see how there was enough room for a chair, when you were on the floor, a mighty slim chair...maybe a psionic chair? One like the Heironymous machine, where a schematic only was supposed to suffice? Was there a sticky feeling? But, I will say that Wally, at the Pittcon, was determined to remain a bachelor. Ask him about Joni Cornell.

But, as for the SEACON, I still say that no one from Seattle made the bid at the Pittcon. I KNOW Wally didn't, in fact, by the time he realized he should be saying something about the SEACON, it was all over with, and Seattle had the bid. But, suppose the confusion had been at some other convention, and let us suppose that Seattle had not wanted the convention?? I still think that some other city actually made the bid for SEATTLE, and that Seattle is NOT BOUND to hold the SEACON.

But, I'm hoping to be able to be in Seattle next year, come con time, but do have some fears. I'll never be able to forgive Wally Weber for double-crossing me at the Solacon. Here I spent nearly an hour trying to convince him he should be in the tea-drinking contest, and he ends up serving the tea to me. So I hope to be able to pull some trick on Wally when I get to the SEACON, haven't had the chance at either the Detention or the Pittcon. I have an extra good photo of him though, I could get gestafaxed....and put it on MEMORITOR....that would be sufficient to get back at him.

Arthur Hayes
R.R. 3
Bancroft, Ont.
Canada.

(Now, about that chair, I suppose I should explain. Since I was in a state of collapse, Wally used the only chair that he could use....a collapsible chair.## I keep telling people that my name is Pfeifer not Hoax. You keep getting mixed up with Josephus P. Hoax. Old Joe Hoax became pretty famous when he invented Hoax Tale Soup. Well...he didn't really invent it, he just told everybody that he did and they believed him. BOP)

++++
Remember to enjoy all the fun at the WRRcon.
++++

Dear Otto (and Wally)

At first I thought it was some sort of miasmic, nebulous fever dream, misting up through the fogs of post-PITTCON memories tangled in twisted remembrance of the things that happened, both real and imagined, in the crazy jumble of things like parties and drinking and running up and down the elevator shafts, dodging the elevators, going out to bars and consuming quantities of beer and bourbon and cigarette smoke, and watching, even holding one arm of Wally Weber while poor Joni Cornell tried to kiss him.....all these things in a great, kaleid-oscopic swirl through my fevered brain as the PITTCON receded into the past...and yet, through the maelstrom came this image, glimmering up through the disturbed pool of memories and it...it showed Otto..I'd never seen a picture before...but he was standing at some sort of sacrificial altar...no, it was a WEDDING CHAPEL...and the bride, they were both smiling as if to say, any-minute-now-we'll-both-realize-what-we've-done...and it faded away again.

I thought it was only a chimera, a fantastic bit of dream-smoke...THEN--

One day in the mail came the new WRR. Oboy! I thonk and I opened it up and THERE!...THERE!!...IT WAS REAL! Mighod, you really did get married!

But it seems as if fandom has gone overboard on this new kick. I think it started with the Jacobs. Lee and Jane. Then others in the far off reaches of this country went at it and then John and Bjo Trimble. And Jack Harness is engaged. Rrt Rapp and Nancy Share are gonna link up and some guy...Thompson and Maggie Curtis...and...it's sort of mind croggling! Everybody wants to join the apas the hard way these days; these damn fads! Where's it going to end? Hell, the memberships will be swollen with Instant Members. The worst of it is that all the newly

married ones instantly start plotting how to marry off the remaining single ones. Ernie Wheatley lives in grave danger these days; me, I've successfully fouled several foul plans and sly as the fox I've learned how to evade even the most treacherous traps. Ernie however is too prone to succumb to the lure of food. I fear for him.

One of the funniest things I've read all year or for many a year was Wally's installment of

"Banana Split" this time. It was simply hilarious in many places and a perfect example of Wally's inimitable non-slapstick writing style. What else can I say about it? Especially at this late date but when poll time rolls around again...

Only overshadowed by Wally this time was your own account of the honeymoon trip and you were, no doubt, still skaky from the experience. But then, Wally might have been shaky from his, I dunno. These were 14 top-level pages of humor and fun. Sure glad I'm getting WRR.

Wow, 15 pages of letters. Almost as large as a CRY letter column. Let's face it, the letter columns of the two Major Seattle zines are major items in the success and popularity of the zines. They seem to be entertaining on their own merit and are pretty interesting even if the reader hadn't read the preceding issue of the zine (as in my case with CRY #143).



And that seems to be all for this time. I realize that this is extremely late and the next issue is already probably in the works but I'm trying to institute a policy of writing letters to all the fanzines I get these days which might get me more fanzines so I will write more letters to the fanzines which will....mebbe I won't after all.

Ed Cox

984 So. Normandie Ave.
Los Angeles 6, Calif.

(Glad that you find the letters entertaining, if you only knew how nights we go without sleep, just to write ourselves all of these letters. Someday we may actually send out WRR and recieve some honest to real letters. BOP)

Dear Otto;

Well, first of all, there was your cover. Actually, firstst of all, your cover wasn't first of all, first of all. I left a large part of my thumbnail behind when I removed that first staple; it must have left me in a state of shock, because before I thought of anything else, I had removed all the staples. By then, of course, I was hurt to the quick....literally. So did I stand there with a hand-ful of pages in my hands, looking like an idiot? Yes. Then I tried to look at the situation from the standpoint of logic and reason. What a miserable flop that was. I mean, I must have been in a state of shock (probably Massachusetts, somewhere near Boston), because in trying to do everything in accord with my reasoning power (about 1 1/2 volts, on good days, and if the wind is traveling in the right direction) I decided that the new staples would have to go into the old staple holes. You've probably guessed it--I used three staples. Yes. Well, to make a long story short, I was still in Boston, so I tore the two side staples out. Then I said the hell with it, and left it the way it was. I read the zine sideways, from back to front, which is why I didn't notice the cover until last.

Since we've started with the cover, we might as well continue from it, going toward the back, I guess, because if I go the other way I won't have anything to comment on. That, in itself, wouldn't be so bad if it meant I'd give up and stop writing right here. Unfortunately, that's not what it would mean; it would mean that I'd have to make up my own subjects as I went along, a sure-fire prediction of who will win the presidential election, the Sex' Lif of Bridget Bardot, how to make your own expensive liquors for 2¢ a gallon, where to get postage stamps cheap, etc. So, you see, either way you wouldn't be rid of me.

Here we are at the editorial, and already I have something to say. About the first paragraph, even. Boy, I'm really on the stick today.

What I wanted to comment on was your bit about schedules. You figured that, since you predicted a specific date for a schedule last issue and goofed off and missed it, if you don't predict a specific date you'll be on a schedule, anyway. As much as I hope you're right, I'm afraid this will prove that You Just Can't Win. Because, if we follow the strict rules of logic (or, in this case, not exactly strict; leaning more, probably, toward just being smited), we must say this: If, when you predict a specific date, WRR does not come out on that specific date, THEN, when you do not predict a specific date, WRR will come out on a



specific date.

Just finished re-reading Wally's coverage of your wedding and your follow-up; both of which are pleasingly amusing, side-splitting and having a good-deal of charm. Or, summing up briefly. Wally did a good job of covering your wedding, you added the sleeping bag to make it singularly (in my case, not yours) warming; and it's nice to note that no one made a wet-blanket of himself.

Ah, hacking the letterhacks-- a letter column as out of the dear, daed past; the type thar's being emmulated by wuite a few fanzines, CRY of the Nameless (a new zine; with a few hundred issue of experience, it might turn into something most notably. Well, let's see what we can do towards turning it into a PLANET Lettercol Substitute.

Len Moffatt/F.M. Busby: I'm afraid I side with Buz, and for 'most of the information he relates; for, even if it turns out that the extra dollar isn't needed at the beginning, at least it can be turned to a good use later--whereas if it turns out that it is needed, it's certainly nice to have around.

Ken Cheslin: You reminded me of something...yes. I remember getting letters mixed up, myself. It hasn't happened recently, but I do remember once, after I'd written four letters, I addressed the envelopes and sent Robin Wood a letter of comment on YANDRO and YANDRO a letter to Robin Wood, or something. Of course..yawn..that was because I finished the letters rather late. and I was..tired..and rather..sleepy. Erhm. Hmmm..Harry Warner Jr., are you reading this?

Hal Lynch: I'm quite sure that now you've got WRR it's a disease you see that you have something to read besides CRY and Shaggy and Fanac and Spec Review and Rogae and Manhattan Telephone Directory which is great on characters but lacks a bit on plot and the labels of aspirin bottles and the wallpaper and your navel which contains so little reading matter and by now you should have figured out unless someone told you that WRR stands for Wanton Revenge toward the Readers which is the fiendish sort of thing Otto and Wally like to pull and I think it's kind of cute don't you in it's own impish, fun-loving, light hearted sort of way...such as is used in mass murders, incinerations, and the exploding of atomic bombs on large cities with a dense population of young children. Yes?

Dick Shultz: Ah, just to be young again, like you, m'lad. Once, I, too, had great ~~absolutely exact~~ ideas, such as taking over CRY and destroying SAPS. Look at me now, look deep into my eyes--can't you see the sorrow, the hurt, the unecstatic implicitness, the lop-sided cornea (oh, ghod, how cornea can you get?) can't you see that it's Just Not Worth It? Oh, in my younger days, I thirsted for such measured and exacting Power; I felt the desire to practice my vile and sadistic ways on fandom; can't you tell, from looking at me, what will surely happen to you? I was strong once, youthful, full of life, enjoying myself and my abilities and using them to their full extent unbridled, unselfishly, until the day ~~the day I decided~~ I decided to test my great Power and Influence over all of fandom. Do you want to end up the epitome of Fuggheadedness, cursed by your fellow fen? Do you want to be the unwilling slave of a living entity of a magazine and/or an organization?? I would say yo do not--so turn around, while you will, while you still have the chance, while you still have a will to call your own. Not to do so is madness--I know, for I know what lies ahead of you, I have been there. Drop sadism for happyism, before it's too late. And if I cannot, in this short paragraph, convince you, then I must tell you, advise you--for Squink Blog told me himself this Unspeakable Secret which may, if you have the brains, i

guts, and determination to stick it out, make you the Master Of All Fandom--that in order to do this (that is, become Master Of All Fandom) you must...mfghh, krzxt mrtkl wdkng thply mnujp...-well, what do you know... it really is an Unspeakable Secret! ##Why, chee, no, I mean, being one of those Glean (I-use-Clorox) All American Sojer Boys, I would have never thought the "db" after Hal Shapiro's name stood for "damn bastard". But I'm really glad you told me, because I'm interested in all sorts of fannish esoterisms, and like I say, I would never have figured it out otherwise. I thought it stood for dumb bastard.

Hey, how about that, now I'm almost thru with this letter...not quite, but almost...the ending will be along any minute, now... hold on there, it's coming...now, don't be surprised when you see it, it's really much less frightening than a beginning...just any minute now, I can feel it in my bones...yes...here it comes...it's coming...getting closer...should arrive just ...about....now!

Rich Brown

Box 1136

Tyndall AFB, Fla.

(You want to turn the WRR lettercol into a PLANET type lettercol? What a satta you boy? You maybe got rocks in der kanoedle? Iss der bats in der belfry playing tag? You are, perhaps, a member of the civic improvement league? Cheese, you want to improve things alreddy yet so soon. Why the next thing you'll want us to print PLANET type fiction. Why we can't even get Polaris type fiction. Any more of this nonsense and we'll fiction you. That's our ace fixer, Horatius Q. Fiction, he fixes anything lamps, fights, races and shoestrings. You might say that he started out on a shoestring, he only had one shoe. But he stuck with it and now he has two shoestrings, still only one shoe, but he's working on it. Only 1,231,009 box-tops and it's his. I don't know why he wants shoes made out of bx-tops, but I guess he wanted to save on shoe leather. BOP)

Well, this seems to be about all for WRR for this issue, We didn't receive too many letters this time, so we had a short lettercol. Who knows what will happen next time. We have some things planned for you next issue, tho I doubt if we can get them through the mail, however look for the next issue around the first of the year. We will have one announcement to make that may be of interest to you, if not, we will still make the announcement. After all, what good is an announcement if you can't announce it? Everybody likes to be able to announce an announcement once in awhile. And by golly, we are going to announce and announcement. So in case I haven't mentioned it, next issue, we are going to announce an announcement, if we don't forget it, that is.

Blotto Otto Pfeifer

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