



"SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I'M NORMAL!"

Walt's Wrambling S

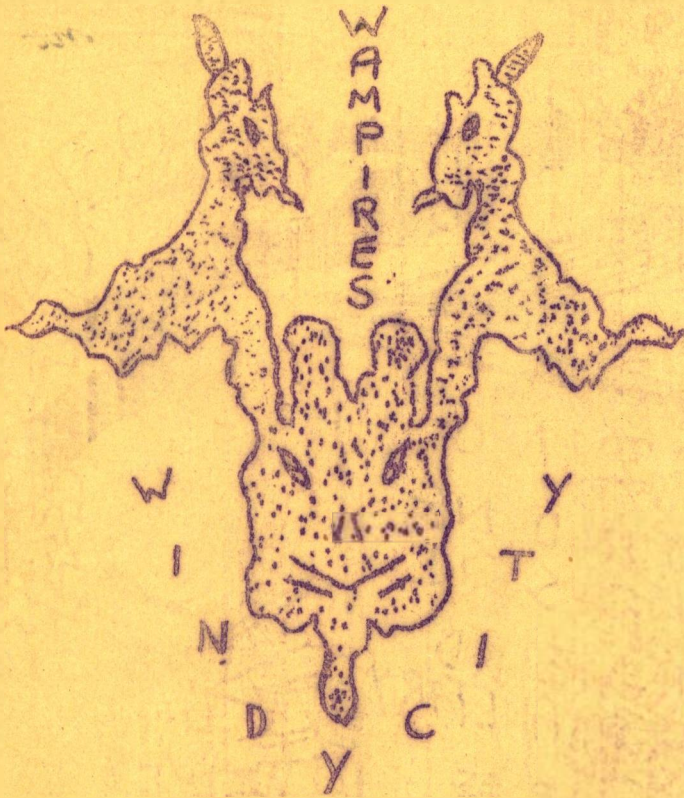
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 BY
 WALT LIEBSCHER
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FAPA

A.S.P

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FALL



TALK ABOUT DREAMS STUFF: Ashley started something with his "Beyond These Portals" two mailings back, and I'm enjoying the discussions about dreams. Personally I haven't been able to control my dreams, although I assure you I've done my best to try and do so. But, even though I can not control my dreams, I still dream, for which I am grateful. Sometimes my dreams are bad, but they are few and far between.

The other night I had a dream, one that was so interesting that I shall pass it on to you. In my dream I found out that a certain well known fan is a cad, he should be barred from fandom. Personally I've never met the guy but I sincerely hope that my dreams do not come true in this instance.

It seems that I was in New York City, looking up fans at the rate of about one per minute. I even looked up fans I never knew before. Suddenly I hit upon the bright idea that it would be wonderful to try and locate the Chauvenet plantation and meet L. R. I found the plantation in due time, and was very much astounded to find out that it was in the middle of Times Square. It seemed to be a tobacco plantation because there were

hordes of men dashing madly about the place making guttural sounds like auctioneers. I went up to the mansion (and what a jernt it was) on the plantation and inquired of Mrs. Chauvenet as to the whereabouts of L. R. She told me that he was showing his movies to a bunch of children in, of all places, the Empire State Building. I turned around and presto there was a rocket ship to take me to the show. To get to the top of the Empire State Building was quite a climb for bicycle (somehow it turned out to be a bicycle I was riding) but I made it. I entered the building through a window and confusion met my eyes. Thousands of mean little brats were running around with Buck Rogers suits on and some would even jump out of the window and float around in the air a la Superman. I began to look for Chauvenet. I found out that he was behind the candy counter, jipping the little ragamuffins out of their hard earned cash. He came out from behind the counter and started to walk across the room. I went up to him and said in my sweet fan manner, "I'm Walt Liebscher!". My answer was "So what." Perhaps," I said, "you don't recall the name but I'm a fan, and a member of FAPA." He looked at me quizzically and asked, "What in creation is FAPA?" Well, I pleaded and tried to explain to the man what FAPA was and told him he was a member himself, but he wouldn't believe me. I began to get violent for I didn't like his attitude. So he coldly called a bunch of thugs and had them throw me out of the window. So you see, my friends, you can never trust people. Now, really L. R. Chauvenet, don't you think that was a nasty thing to do.

But I'm glad you had your cohorts throw me out of window, for you see I have the last laugh. You see, my fran, I didn't fall to the ground and splatter when I was rudely thrown out of the window. Not me, I flew through the air like Superman too. Ha, ha ha, ha. Phooey on you Chauvenet.

Can anyone explain this dream to me. I know that Chauvenet is not a cad because I know fans who have met him. And I thank him from the bottom of my heart for making a Superman out of me.

Book Stuff

THE MOONLIGHT TRAVELER--Selected and introduced by Philip Van Doren Stern.

I haven't seen this volume yet but the reviews have been complimentary which is unusual for a collection of fantasy stories. Stories include W. Somerset Maugham's "Lord Mountdrago", Saki's "The Music on the Hill", others by H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany, E. M. Forster, Stevenson, Poe etc. Price \$3

TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH--Selected and introduced by Whit Burnett.

This one I have seen and I enjoyed it very much. Several stories included in this might be classified as tall stories instead of fantasy but nevertheless they are good and uproariously humorous, especially the cherubic little ditty entitled "Harold Peavey's Fast Cow". This charming cow has the physique and yearnings of a race horse and--well, read it. The title story is by Lord Dunsany and is sufficiently horrifying. Then there is the story of a camel who appeared in the dead of winter and out of nowhere and how it became a member of an English Vicar's household. Then there is the one about the incredible lady who would fold herself into her husband's traveling bag and accompany him on his trips. The title, "The Portable Mrs. Tillson". I enjoyed them all, I think you will too. Price \$3

DR. ARNOLDIWORLD D**THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN & OTHER STORIES**TO WALK THE NIGHT**

BATS IN THE BELFRY--Norman Matson.

I'd heard about this one long before it appeared. Matson, you must remember with a horrible taste in your mouth, is the guy what finished Thorne Smith's "Passionate Witch" and in my estimation ruined it. This is a sequel to "Witch"

INTRIGUE ON THE UPPER LEVELTHE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER**PORTRAIT OF JENNIE**STATION X**

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS--Margaret Carpenter.

If you are looking for a good psychological horror yarn this is your meat with potatoes and all the trimmings. The best piece of horror writing in many a day. Intelligently written, brooding suspense. A can't-put-down-till-you-finish-or-you'll--never-rest novel. Price \$2.50

RALPE 124C41*THE COMING OF THE AMAZONS**THREE GO BACK**EVEN A WORM**KILLER & THE SLAIN**

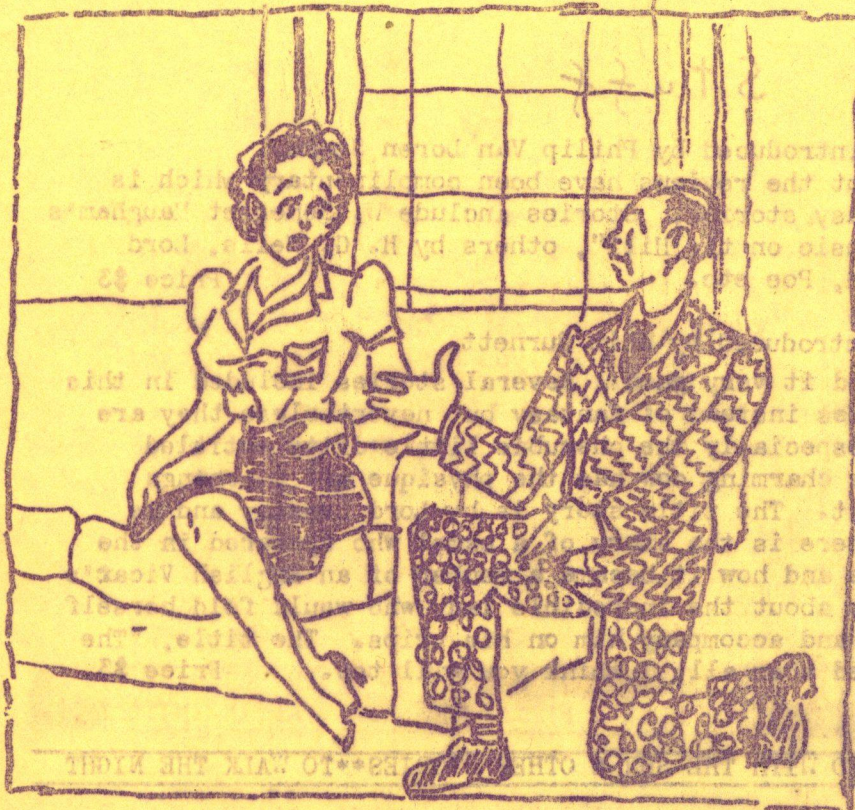
WARRIOR OF THE DAWN--Howard Browne.

This story ran as a serial in Amazing Stories. The publishers say that it received so many fan letters that they decided to publish it in book form. If you like the latter day Burroughs you should like this one. Pure adventure story of Cro-Magnan man. A typical Amazing yarn. Price \$2

DARK WEDDING--Ramon J. Sender.

One reviewer describes this one thusly: "Take Arch Oboler's "Lights Out", (both series) mix with a little Huysmans ("La-Bas") and Wells' "Island of Dr. Moreau", add Frazer's theory of the "Dying God" and a pinch of the anthropological soul-search of Levy-Bruhl. Shake vigorously. The ensuing Walpurgisnacht approximates the story of "Dark Wedding". Such characters as a child named Rusty Pants who believes his father was a wolf, a leper woman who lives in a small locked upper room and scatters papers through a little window and a German revolutionary-turned-Fascist who feeds live birds to a pet snake after first plucking the tail and wing feathers, etc." For a good dose of story and a better dose of aboriginal terror, read this one. Price \$2.50

BOOKS ARE FRIENDS



"Dearest, will you swap your super-duper comics for my amazing fantastic book?"

ABOUT THE CARTOON ABOVE STUFF: One of my best pals (non-fan) who is one of those poor misguided souls who think that fantasy and science-fiction are trash sent me this cartoon. It is probably from one of the Army camp papers. It was drawn (I deduced from the original) by Berger, SI/C, Great Lakes, Ill. Great Ghu, even sailors think were nuts.

TALK ABOUT THE LUCK OF SOME PEOPLE STUFF: Ecco Connor enters the Army, works in the induction center in Chicago for 5 or 6 months, then suddenly is called to Michigan, to some College. While in Chicago, Ecco (the dog) proceeded to clean out the second hand stores of all the old and scarce magazines, leaving slim pickins for the Chicago fans for the next year or so. Which was bad enough, but! The creature was shipped back to Chicago, and believe it or not, gets a two years course in Chemical Engineering at the University of Chicago, which, my friends, aint hay. **MORAL:** Get inducted (if they'll take you) and get an education.

MOVIE STUFF: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer planning to film Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray". Which, my friends, if you haven't read it, you've missed a good hunk of fantasy story. It is available in the Modern Library series and several other editions. Muggum also planning a musical, incorporating all the futuristic designs of automobiles, homes, etc., 'twill be a 1950 sequence. Dorothy Macardle's "The Uninvited" also being filmed, and tis rumored Cornelia Otis Skinner will play the heavy. My only hope is that this film is as beautiful as the book, which was full of beautiful terror.

WHEREUPON I PLEAD STUFF: I'm still in the throes of heartbreak, over not finding "The Circus of Dr. Lao". Will someone who has a copy please be kind enough to send me a letter describing what the book looks like, or maybe even send me the copy to read. I promise to handle it like a baby and return it unharmed. Never in my days of book hunting have I come across a harder volume to pick up. Come to think of it, just what is a hard volume, that's what I get for just rambling on like this, but it don't bother me, hope it don't bother you.

ABOUT FRANK ROBINSON STUFF: We who know have nicknamed this guy "The Collector of Absolutely Irrelevant Information". The twerp is a walking information booth. When I go in the station, pardon, when I enter the station at Chicago, Frankie usually greets me with something like this: "Did you know that the "Shadow" magazine only has 146 pages this month, it had 160 last month, which means I'm sure that "Astounding" will be cut down. Or, "Did you know that it is impossible to pick up Amazing Stores in Podunk?". Want to know something? Ask Frankie.

MORE MOVIE STUFF: herewith the cast of the "Uninvited": Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Donald Crisp, Gail Russell, Barbara Everest and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Whiskey, the cat who played an important part in the book also in the cast and tis rumored that Whiskey is costing the studio thousands of dollars because he refuses to bristle and hiss when the ghosts are supposed to be around.

MORE BOOK STUFF

TWO SERIOUS LADIES -- By Jane Aver Bowles. Published by Knopf Price \$2.50
No, it isn't science fiction but in view of the fact that most fans have an unquenchable thirst to know I believe this will interest you. This is a book with the same theme as "The Well of Loneliness". If you have read and enjoyed "Well" you'll like this.

ELEVEN CAME BACK -- By Mabel Seeley. Published by Doubleday, Doran Price \$2.00
This, in my humble estimation, is the best novel to come from the pen of this prolific mystery writer. If you haven't read this author's "The Listening House" you've missed a reading experience, and this one surpasses "Listening House" for sheer suspense. Not fantasy but a bangup mystery novel.

BIGGER FLEAS HAVE SMALLER FLEAS UPON THEIR BACKS TO BITE
'EM SMALLER FLEAS HAVE LESSER FLEAS AND ON AD INFINITUM

AIRING IN A CLOSED CARRIAGE -- BY Joseph Shearing Published by Harper Price ~~1.50~~ \$2.50
A psychological murder story based on actual fact, but don't let that scare you for it is a good horror yarn.

TUCKER'S PEOPLE -- BY Ira Wolfert Published by Fischer Price \$3.00
In spite of the rumors going around fandon that this is the story of a certain Bob Tucker's family, this is a gangster story and any similarity between this story and Pong's relatives is purely coincidental.

I ONCE CONTAINED BECAUSE I HAD NO SHOES UNTIL I MET A MAN WHO HAD NO FEET

UNFORGETTABLE READING EXPERIENCES

- The unexpected denouement in "To Walk the Night"
- The E. E. Smithish quality of "World D"
- The unusual twists and screwy ideas in "Dr. Arnoldi"
- The utter strangeness and surrealistic atmosphere of "Reflections in a Golden Eye"
- The complete finality of my search for a classic science fiction novel when I read "Exile of the Skies".
- The strong, powerful and satisfying plot of "After the Afternoon"
- My first Thorne Smith novel, I'm still chuckling.
- The beauty and magnificence of "The Moon Pool" and "The Diminishing Draft"
- The belly laughs I get when perusing "The Boner's Omnibus"
- The death of Melanie in "Gone With the Wind"
- The humor in "See Here, Private Hargrove" and "But Who makes the Bugler"

"LIFE IS THE PREDICAMENT THAT PRECEDES DEATH"

SOMETHING THAT MADE ME FEEL GOOD STUFF: Several months back I received a card from Julie Unger in which he mentioned casually that Mary Gnaedinger, Editor of Famous Fantastic Mysteries was looking for certain books to peruse for possible reprinting in that magazine. I had several of the books that were mentioned and sent "World D" and "Three Go Back" to Miss Gnaedinger. Later I received a nice letter from her informing me that "Three Go Back" had been selected as the story this magazine would reprint for the November issue. It sort of made me feel good all over to know that I had been helpful in the selection of a book to reprint.

ENIGMA STUFF: While thumbing through a movie magazine some time back I happened upon an article on the life of John Payne, the movie actor. In the article it stated that the actor was also an author and had stories published in Amazing Stories and Weird Tales. Can anyone tell me what pen name the actor used?

RADIO STUFF: Author's Playhouse broadcasts quite a bit of fantasy. They go in for Nelson S. Bond's stories quite often, I've heard three. One was "The Remarkable Talent of Egbert Haw". They also presented "The Kraken" which appeared in Unknown some time back. Story Dramas by Nelson Olmstead features quite a bit of fantasy. He seems to like short weird stories. Among those I've heard him narrate are, "Escape" by Paul Ernst, "The Soul of the Great Bell" by Lafcadio Hearn, "The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs, which by the way was dramatized on Author's Playhouse not so long ago.

FAREWELL DITTO: This will be the last issue of "Waddy" to be dittoed, for by the time you read this my job will have been terminated, that is at the place where the Ditto was available. The Ditto is a nice machine and I'd like to own one, but right now I haven't \$500 to throw away. A little explanation of how the Ditto works. You type, write, draw, with the carbon facing your master sheet. When you've finished you destroy the carbon. Then you place the master sheet on the Ditto drum, typed or drawn surface next to the drum. This leaves the carbon which has adhered to the master sheet in a position to roll over the paper when it is fed through the machine. The only fluid used in a Ditto machine is a thin coating of alcohol and these sheets gradually take the carbon off the master sheet. It is a direct process method. You can get two hundred legible copies, that is legible in the fan mag viewpoint. Five hundred copies can be made from one carbon on this machine, but they are very light.

FANDOMEMORIES

My first convention, "The Chicon"

My first fan article, "Blotto" in Stardust.

Viewing the huge collection of Jack Darrow.

Discovering that authors like E. E. Smith and Bob Heinlein

were swell people and that Leslyn Heinlein

and "Ma" (my pal) Smith were swell people also.

The first Michiconference which started the fast friendship

between Bob and Jane Tucker, Al and Abby Lu Ashley, Jack Wiedenbeck

E. E. Evans and myself.

The second Michiconference where I met that delightful and
screwy bunch, the IFS boys.

The innumerable fracasas at the Tucker mansion.

The trip to Canada with Bob and Jane Tucker.

The Denvention, the night when Walt and Eleanor Daugherty, Forrie
Ackerman, Morojo, Bob and Leslyn Heinlein and I danced, played
the piano and sang up in the Denvention hall.

The fangab at Doc Smith's house following the first
Michiconference and Abby Lu's delicious meals
for several days after.

Wonderful times at Battle Creek ever since.

MY DEAR CHILDREN STUFF: NO MARGINS AS THIS IS BEING TYPED RIGHT ON THE DITTO CARBON, PARDON, I MEAN NO EVEN MARGINS, OF COURSE THERE WILL BE MARGINS, BUT THEY IS NOT GOING TO WAS IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

MOVIE STUFF: IF A PITCHER BY THE NOMENCLATURE OF "DEAD MEN WALK" EVER GETS IN YOU NECK OF THE WOODS YOU MIGHT TAKE A GANDER AT IT PROVIDING YOU HAVE THE NECESSARY SHECKLES TO GIVE THE GAL WHAT SITS IN THE BOX OFFICE. TIS AN OUT AND OUT VAMPIRE PITCH WITH NARY A RATIONAL EXPLANATION AT THE END OF IT. THE GUY IS REALLY A VAMPIRE AND CAN WAS BE IT A BAT OR A WOLF WHEN HE IS WANTING TO. OF COURSE IT IS SILLY IN PARTS, BUT GO TO SEE IT IF JUST TO SEE DWIGHT FYRE SAYING, "MASTER, MASTER"--SHUST LIKE HE WAS DO IT TO DRACULA. T'WILL BRING BACK FOND MEMORIES. "I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE" IS A NICE BIT OF FAIR SORT OF LIKE "CAT PEOPLE". I MEAN IN THE USE OF SUGGESTION RATHER THAN CHANGING HORRIBLE FACES TO SCARES YOU. NO NATURAL EXPLANATION AT THE END OF THIS ONE EITHER.

OH, MY STUFF: RECENTLY WAS DISCUSSING STORIES AND BOOKS WITH THE GUYS AND GALS IN THE OFFICE. ONE OF THE GALS CASUALLY MENTIONED A STORY THAT SHE READ WHICH SHE ENJOYED VERY MUCH, SAID IT WAS ABOUT THE WORLD BEING GASSED AND ALL PIPPLES BEIN KILLED BUT A BOY AND A GAL AND HOW THEY TRIED TO FIND EACH OTHER OR SUMPIN OF THAT SORT. IMMEDIATELY SMELLING A GOOD FANTASY BOOK I INQUIRED AS TO THE NAME OF THE BOOK. I HAD NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE, BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK IT THE NWIE OF IT IS "NO OTHER MAN" BY ALFRED NOYES.

SEE MURGATROID MIASMA AND MANSON MEEP IN "MOONING ON MERCURY"

SOMETIMES WONDER JUST WHAT FAPANS LIKE CHAUVENET, SPEER, STANLEY AND OTHER STINKERS, PARDON THINKERS, THINK OF JERKS LIKE MYSELF FOR INSTANCE. I'M IN FANDOM FOR THE FUN O IT AND THE FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIPS THAT ARE MADE AND FASTED. FANDOM IS MY HOBBY, MY FUN HOBBY, AND I ENJOY IT BECAUSE OF IT'S FUN. I WONDER IF THE THINKERS ENJOY THEMSELVES PUTTING OUT THEIR FAPA CONTRIB AS MUCH AS I DO. DO THEY EVER SIT BACK, LOOK AT SOME WITTICISM THEY PUT DOWN ON THE STENCIL AND GIGGLE TO THEMSELVES, THINKING WHAT THIS OR THAT PERSON WILL THINK WHEN HE READS IT. WHEN I'M PUTTING OUT MY MAG I DON'T STOP AND PONDER OVER SOMETHING, DIGGING INTO THE ROOTS OF IT, FIGURING OUT ALL IT'S ASPECTS. I JUST RAMBLE ON AND ENJOY MYSELF AND TO HELL WITH ANYONE WHO DON'T LIKE IT. OH, DON'T GET ME WRONG. I WANT MY MAG TO BE ENTERTAINING AND I WANT IT TO BE ENJOYED BUT I'M NOT GOING TO OVERWORK MY GREY MATTER BY MAKING A PERPETUAL THESIS OUT OF "WADDY".

OH, YES, I HAVE ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO RIGHT ABOUT FACE AND WRITE WHAT I THINK ABOUT ELUCIDATING FOR THE EDIFICATION OF ALL PHEGMATIC NINCOMPOOPS AS TO HOW THE FAMILIAR SYMPTOMS OF PSYCHOSES AFFECT THE RUDIMENTARY SYNAPSES OF THE FRUMBLES, OR HOW THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION CAUSED GREAT MASSES OF HUMANITY TO ACCEPT FREUD AS A SAVIOUR OF THE MIND, OR HOW MANKIND IS DOOMED UNLESS FANS GET UP ON THEIR TOES AND REVANCE HOLD SAPIENS TO A GREATER THING, DEMAND THE RIGHT TO MAKE ROCKET SHIPS, JOIN THE BRADILIAN PARTY. OR MAYBE, DISCUSS THE WONDERFUL SUGGESTIONS THAT COME FROM LISTENING TO OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOME" AND THE WONDERFUL AFFECT ON THE MIND WHEN SALOME LICKS THE BLOOD DRIPPING ON THE FLATTER AND LAYS ON THE FLOOR AND DROOLS OVER THE HEAD OF JOHANAAN. OH, I'VE GOT IDEALS ALRIGHT. BUT FRANKLY AT PRESENT I THINK THE ONLY THING FANDOM CAN DO TO BETTER THE WORLD IS TO FOLLOW THE TEN COMMANDMENTS AND LET IT GO AT THAT. NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG MY LITTLE CHICKADEES. I'M NOT CRITICISING ANY ONE PERSON IN ANY FORM. I'M JUST PUTTING FORTH MY IDEAS AND LETTING IT GO AT THAT. JUST BECAUSE I PLAY "PAQLIACCI" WITH "WALT'S RAMBLINGS" IS NO REASON THAT SPEER OR CHAUVENET SHOULD SUDDENLY BEGIN PUBLISHING A MORONIC HODGE-PODGE LIKE THIS ONE YOU ARE NOW READING. LET THOSE WHO LIKE TO THINK, THINK, LET THOSE WHO LIKE TO FUN, FUN AND LET THOSE WHO LIKE TO UUN, UUN. AFTER ALL VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE AND THE LIFE BLOOD OF AMERICA. FOR MYSELF, I ALWAYS DID LIKE THE SAYING "YOU CAN'T BEAT FUN." SO I SHALL FUN.

SEE HUGH BUTTOX AND INDIA END IN "THE GREAT SPOT ON URANUS"

I ONCE KNEW A GIRL WHO COULDN'T STAND TO BE TICKLED, IN FACT SHE COULDN'T EVEN SIT DOWN TO BE TICKLED. WHEN SHE WALKED SHE SHOOK LIKE TWINKLING MOUNDS OF JELLO. SHE FLEW INTO A ROOM LIKE A FRIGATE IN FULL SAIL, SUCH ELEPHANTINE GRACE. ALAS, SHE DIED, TOOK AN EXCAVATOR TO DIG HER GRAVE, SHE WAS EVIL, SHE TURNED INTO A WAT FAMPIRE, PARDON, A FAT WAMPIRE. CORPULENT, ISN'T IT?

SEE NADIA NUPPLE AND SENSU YUMA IN "NECKING ON NEPTUNE"

HA, HA, ABBY LUE (DAMN THAT E) ABHLEY BRIED BLOTTOS AND SAID ALL SHE GOT WAS BLOBS OF NOTHING. DID YOU EVER SEE A HUGE BLOB OF NOTHING? I ONCE SEEN A FORDASORN, WITH MIMPS AND FRINTCHES.

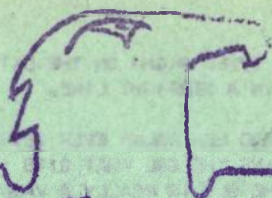
SEE CLANDESTINE PISHIRE AND ALOYSIUS B. DELICIOUS IN "ARE WOMEN PEOPLE"

YOU MIGHT DIG UP THE JULY ISSUE OF AMAZING STORIES. THE FRONT COVER CARRIES A PERSONAGE THAT HAS A REMARKABLE LIKENESS TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE ON WHICH THE LIKENESS APPEARS. ALSO IN THIS ISSUE AN ILLUSTRATION BY THE COVER ARTIST OF THE STILL TO COME OUT FIRST ISSUE OF "PARSEC".

SEE PONG, JOE FANN, ETC., IN "RALLY SAND AND HER FLANS"

A WORD ABOUT THIS UNUSUAL TYPE. IT IS AN UNDERWOOD MACHINE AND THE CARRIAGE ON IT IS $3\frac{1}{2}$ FEET LONG. JUST WHAT THE NOMENCLATURE OF THIS TYPE IS I DON'T KNOW, BUT SUFFICE TO SAY THAT I LIKE IT AND WOULD USE IT OFTENER IF I HAD FREQUENT ACCESS TO THE MACHINE, BUT SADLY ENOUGH I DON'T.

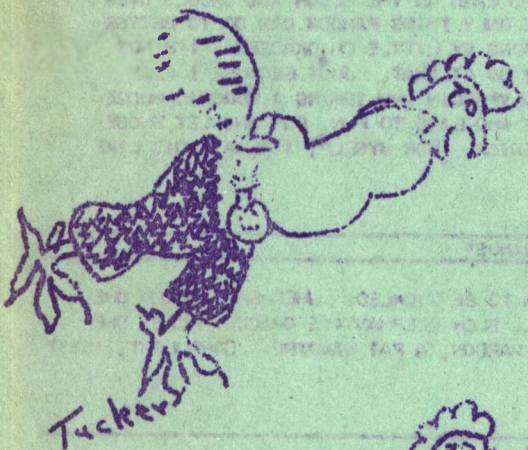
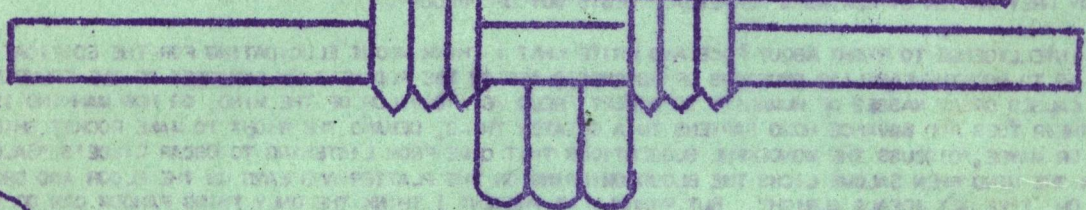
SEE FAPA READERS IN "READING THE LAST THING ON THIS PAGE"



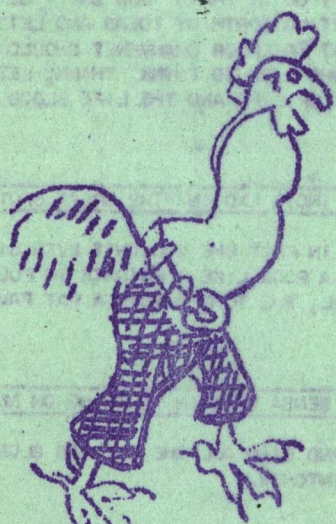
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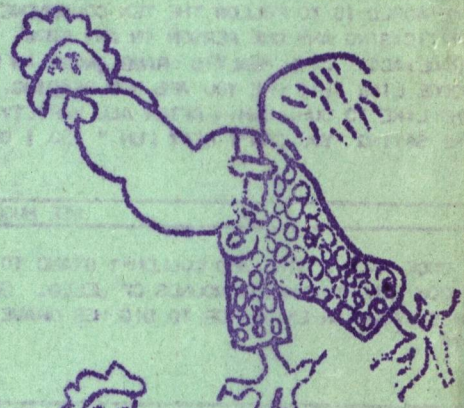
Books are Friends



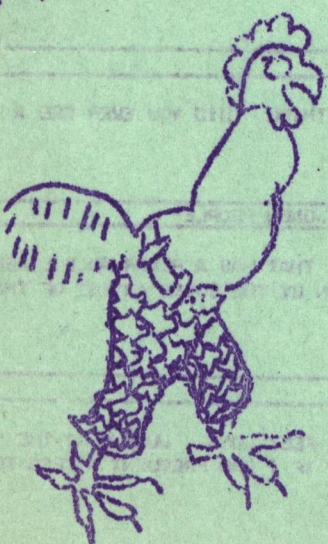
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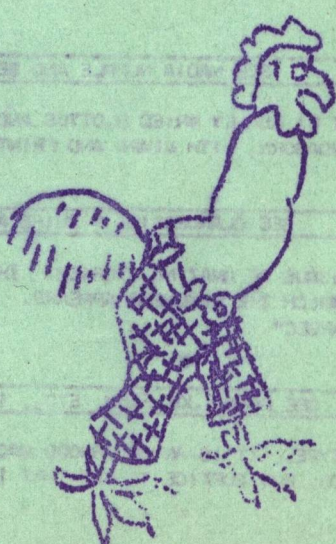
Liebscher



Ashley



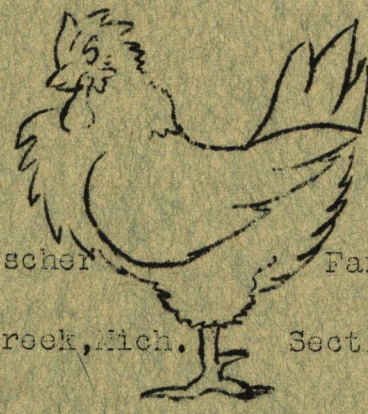
Perry



Robinson

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FAPA
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FAPA
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Published by Walt Liebscher Fandoms Rooster Booster
 36 Upton Ave., Battle Creek, Mich. Section Two This Mailing

Interesting stuff popped up prolificly this last couple weeks so I pass it on to you in this second section of "Waddy". So on to the new books.

I AM THINKING OF MY DARLING - Vincent McNugh. A new book by the author of Caleb Catlum's America, which by the way, is one of Bob and Leslyn Heinleins favorite books. This one is as good as "Catlum" if not better. It is about a new disease striking New York, which quickly becomes an epidemic. But, oh, what a malady. It is a nice little disease that has the delightful propensity of doing away with inhibitions. Picture 1,300,000 people doing just exactly what they want to do, no holds barred, and you have an idea of what you will find between the covers of this swell tome. Thousands of people go fishing, the Mayor goes home to play with his toy trains, hordes of young girls roam the streets accosting happy young men. The hero becomes acting mayor and attempts to keep some semblance of order in the city. This along with the attempts (fully explained) to find a cure for the disease, brings in quite a bit of seriousness into the story, which only succeeds in making it more entertaining. The hero's wife is an actress and she has the fever and the hero hunts his wife through a series of roles she chooses to take, that of a chorus girl, an evangelist, a fisherwoman and on ad infinitum. Certainly entertaining and such delicious pornography, mais oui.

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON - Carleton Beals. This story takes place in the year 1950. After a brief armistic war breaks out anew. Japanazis again. Plenty of action, story, 4 luscious wimmon and 536 pages.

DAY OF RECKONING - story of the trial of Hitler versus humanity.

WHITE WOLF - swell werewolf yarn now out in pocket book form.

EQUINOX - psychological story crammed full of Freudian characters. Lecherousness, incest. etc., abound. You is warned.

MOVIE STUFF - Universals remake of Gaston Leroux's "Phanton of the Opera" has turned out to be a smash hit. Technicolor pic stars Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster and Claude Rains, as the Phantom. Two Oscar Wilde stories are soon to be filmed, "The Canterville Ghost" and "Picture of Dorian Gray". The latter is and has always been one of my favorite fantasy stories. It will star Herbert Marshall. Star of "Ghost" to be Charles Laughton.

Twentieth Century Fox is filming Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' superb horror yarn, "The Lodger". Laird Cregar will be the lead. If the film follows the book, which is a story of jack-the-ripper, it should be a corker. The book had no retribution and if the Hays office doesn't demand one in the film it will be one of the best horror movies to hit the screen.

I mourn the demise of dear old Art Widner

He was hit by a meteorite in the kidner

SARDONYX - I thought your crack about Speer changing the name of his number two pub was sort of bad taste. At the time I named "Walt's ramblings" I'd only seen one FAPA mailing and wasn't even aware that Speer's mag existed. I named "Waddy" the way I did because the mag is just what the title implies. It's Walt's mag and he rambles. By the way Jack if this is the reason you changed the name of your second pub I wish you would have let me know sooner and I would have gladly changed the name of my mag instead.

PEGASUS - Sorry to disappoint you but I've seen many copies of "Ultimo" but for some strange reason I never bought it, for which I kick myself in the pants daily. I'll add my praise to the book and assure all that I'll not pass it up again.

We just took a vote, the results were unanimous

We decided that Tucker was pusillanimous

KOENIG - Thanks for the info about "Breaking Point". I picked it up the day before I got your card. Incidentally I am mighty anxious to read Hodgson's "Night Land", could borrow? I give my solemn promise to take meticulous care of it.

See Eppy Dermis and Sub Q. Taineously in "The Old Skin Game"

MUSIC STUFF - Passion of the Slan Shacklers at present is "Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" by Richard Strauss. Wiedenbeck and I go into ecstasies over Tschiaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini". Recent additions to my record library are: Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsodies" Nos. 1 and 2, Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto" in E Minor. "Porgy and Bess" album of excerpts by Tibbett and Jepson. The Ashleys picked up a Vicente Gomez album and a wonderful recording of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser.

There was an old man named Tucker into whose hands befell

The rights to an old, old castle, at Drooling-on-the-land

The Slan Shacklers recently made a trip to Detroit to indulge in that wonderful pastime of book hunting. Some of the volumes picked up were: THE PURPLE CLOUD, VOYAGE TO PURILIA, VANISHING MEN, OUTWARD BOUND, ELFWIN, ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW, DELUGE, DAY THE WORLD ENDED, IN A SEALED CAVE, FLYING YORKSHIREMAN, WIND THAT TRAMPS THE WORLD, SURVIVOR, GOLDEN BLIGHT, GENERAL MANPOWER, KILLER AND SLAIN.

Dippy

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Detroit

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Doings

It was one of those dull Sunday mornings. Yes, things were dull as usual, at least for the Slan Shackers.

Al had to go to work (a little bit of business he despises). So what happens? He wakes everyone up at 6 in the morning, asking each of us if we had seen his girdle. It developed that Wiedenbeck had made a hammock out of it and was curled curled up in the darn thing, deep in the arms of Morpheus. After this rude interruption we all proceeded to hit the snoresack again and soon were sawing so many logs we solved the paper shortage.

I awoke first. I went into the bathroom and woke Wiedenbeck (he was asleep in the bathtub). Then we went in and woke Abby and chided her vehemently because she didn't have breakfast ready. The chiding did some good, for Wiedenbeck and I manufactured breakfast and served Abby in bed.

After we were through cleaning the house, Abby Lu arose. She has the uncanniest knack of not being around when things are to be done. We called Al and he came home and did the dishes, then Abby, Jack and I got down to business.

Jack put on his clay modeling costume (a pair of underwear shorts and a Coca Cola apron) and proceeded to work on his masterpiece, a nauseating bit which he claims is a cat man. I told him that all it resembled to me was a blob, whereupon we decided to name it 'Blob Tucker'. Abby Lu proceeded to make her some-kind-of-wench over for the nth time. No buts about it, at modeling Abby Lu is a bust. I embarked upon the most ambitious project of all--reclining on a soft bed and reading the Sunday funnies. While contemplating Mrs. Prunoface second wrinkle I got a brilliant idea. I arose, assumed a heroic stance and blurted out, "Travel is more fun than anybody so why don't we go to Detroit?" A weird cacophony of gleeful snorts echoed about the room. "Well, whatinolls so funny?" I asked. Jack, between sursts of laughter, answered, "Tis a profound statement chum, and one that meets with my heartiest approval, only next time you got a brain child I think you should voice your opinion in something more than, I mean, in a little more than the, well, an natural as it were". Not to be outdone by a mere fan I nonchalantly picked up a sheet, draped it slowly around me, recited "Seven Ages of Man" from Shakespeare and haughtily walked out of the room.

Children I give you fair warning. If you ever visit Slan Shack and if you value your life DON'T SUGGEST ANYTHING. 10 to 1, one of the gang will take you up on it. In ten minutes we were ready for the trip. Preparations fagged Abby so completely that we had to carry her down to the taxi. I kept thinking about the story I read in "Two Bottles of Relish", the one about the gal that could be folded up and put in a suitcase, but I didn't have the heart to try it. Besides we had to have Abby in sight as she was going to hold Al on her knee (he was going half fare).

There were thousands of people at the station. A train pulled up at the depot and we Slan Shackers formed a wedge and plowed through the mass of humanity. This bit of chicanery succeeded in getting us aboard. We were on our way before we discovered we were on a cattle train, and that's no bull either. Jack borrowed Al's girdle, constructed his hammock, and went to sleep. Al was over in one corner of the car telling the cows how intelligent he was (he'll discuss his intelligence with anyone or anything that has ears). Abby Lu and I decided to milk one of the cows and we did a pretty good job of it. We were soon full of the milk of humane cowness. By the time we hit Detroit, the cattle were convinced that we were about as intelligent as they were.

Our train pulled in to Detroit and before you could say 'hit the stands' we were corralled in a pen. Auctioneers began to bid on us frantically. Every once in awhile one of them would point at Wiedenbeck and exclaim, "There is a prize bull if I ever saw one", then pointing to Ashley, "but look at that puny specimen". They tried to ascertain how old we were by looking at our teeth and came to the conclusion that Ashley wasn't born yet because he had none. We began to complain vociferously and yelled in unison (but with our tongues in our cheeks), "We are men, we are human". After all would you like to become a sausage? We tried valiantly to convince them that we were not cattle. Abby Lu sang "The Bull Song" from *Salome* in a sort of stinko soprano. This only brought forth such exclamations as "Look, a talking cow". Wiedenbeck began to draw pictures on the ground and they thought he was going mad so they put a harness on him. Ashley finally hit upon the idea of barking like a dog. It worked. Someone asked who in the hell put dogs in with the cattle and they chased us down the tracks. In the distance we heard someone saying, "Too bad, I bet that bull would have been county champion." So now we call him Bull Wiedenbeck.

Jack said he knew all about Detroit and would get us rooms in a respectable and clean hotel, for cheap. With typical Wiedenbeck gusto he herded us into the Book-Cadillac, the most expensive joint in Detroit, at five bucks a throw. Our rooms were on the 37th floor and as the elevator boys had been recruited by the OPA for jobs in Washington we had to climb the stairs. We crawled into our rooms and took off our shoes. Ashley leaned out of a window to see the sights and floated away on a cloud. The next day (after Ashley had mysteriously reappeared) we saw a bit in the paper. Seems as if the Fortean society had reported a "rain of strange creatures"

We were soon roat between the shoots or snorpheous in the arms of Morpheus. Abby Lu snored so loud they turned out all the lights in Detroit, thought there was an air raid drill.

I was awakened the next morning by a strange, low moaning. It seemed to emanate from the bathroom. Sheepishly I entered the control room. There was Jack in the bathtub, moaning like a sick cow and he was as blue in color as the azure sky. "Gripes man, what on earth are you doing?", I asked. "Oh, I turned on the ice water faucet by mistake", answered Jack. "Well will you please elucidate for my edification just what prompts you to remain in the frigid liquid. Dost thou not knowest thou wilt freeze thy?", I interrogated. "Forsooth," replied Jack, "I am fully aware of my predicament but I'm too tired to move". So being a slant and being able to cope with any situation I gave him the cold shoulder and left him there to freeze.

Evidently someone thaw Wiedenbeck in the bathtub for he bounced into the Ashley room about a half hour later. All and sundry then proceeded to indulge in the old, but fascinating game of "Ye Olde Becko Hunt". There follows a list of the tomes we found:

General Honpower by R. U. Eggstatis The Purple Cloud by Tumulch Beer
The Flooding Yorkshireman by Ivan Insecticide Elfwyn by S. Fowler Wrong
The Day the World Bonded by Sax Wanderer The Arabian Nights by Alhazred
In a Sealed Grave by Gugu Ghooly The Fitcher of Dorian Green by Rongcolor
Deluge by Ima Floodin Wind that Cramps the World by R. U. Binded

Yes, children we picked up our share of good books, and it wore us out. When we finished hunting we decided to go home (ascending isn't it). We left for home in a delightful mood, which would have been O.K. if the darn thing hadn't broken down in the middle of nowhere. We had to walk the rest of the way.

The next day we were all sick. We were so run down and delapidated we decided to go to the doctor, to see if he could prescribe anything to make us feel good again. Children take warning, he prescribed RAW BLOOD.