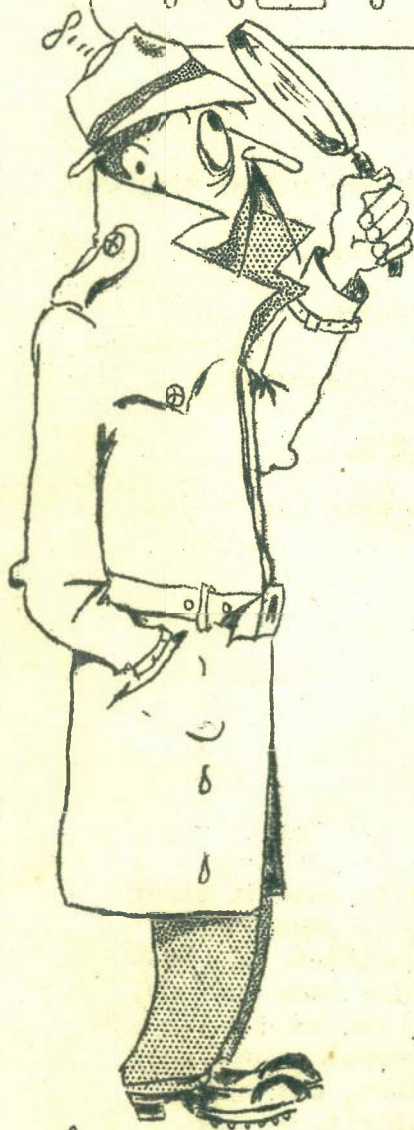


B11A

# RETRIBUTION



Atom.



No. 1

# RETRIBUTION .

No. 1.

Published during January 1956.

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NOTE. Arthur and myself would like to make it clear that we are not refugees from a psyciatrist specializing in split personalities. We felt it necessary to make this point here and now, as the thought will occur to you before you reach the last page. The material is designed to be purely escapist in nature, and we hope you will digest it in this spirit. We ask for comments on our brainchild, and we assure you that if you like it, RET will be published frequently in the future.

And would you send us some material ....?



As BNF's have probably discovered years before we two miserable neo-fen became fan-eds, an editorial is always the most difficult thing to write. From our limited experience with one issue, we find that RETRIBUTION has practically prepared itself ..... we had lots of ideas for cartoons and stories to chose from ..... it was just a matter of selecting an agreeable balance of drawing and writing, which we have tried hard to achieve. But the editorial has worried us both. Our original intention was to write it in turn, issue by issue, but on further consideration, we have decided to put our heads together, and prepare a dual editorial.

We're still stumped .....but .....

Our future policy is to vastly enlarge the scope of our fannish creation, the G.D.A., to cover the whole of fandom, right from the newest dewy-eyed neo-fan, to the oldest vile pro in the business. We realise that every day, somewhere, an incident occurs that should be handed down in fannish mythology ..... maybe a paragraph in a letter .... perhaps a successful line .....possibly an ultra-brilliant remark ..... we hate to say it, but even, yes, even a pun. We plan to mould these happenings, wherever possible, into either a Goon-type story, an item of classified defamation, or an ATOM illo. But to do this, we must have your assistance. You must tell all.

In this issue, we are finding our feet. We've given the works to the members of Irish Fandom, but they are beginning to think that they have suffered enough. So far, all the Goon mysteries have been centred in Belfast, but in the next RETRIBUTION, the G.D.A. moves it's activities to London, where Art takes charge of the investigation into the sex-life of Harris. We intend to reveal the truth, without exaggeration, as you have come to expect from the Goon organisation. We shall expose the full grim, sordid picture, so that fandom will appreciate and understand the plight of the Kinsey Investigator who fainted whilst questioning Harris. We don't feel too good, either.

You ask how often RETRIBUTION is going to be issued ? .....so do we. As you can no doubt realise, the facts that are presented to you take time to be compiled, for the truth is sometimes like Bert Campbells tie,



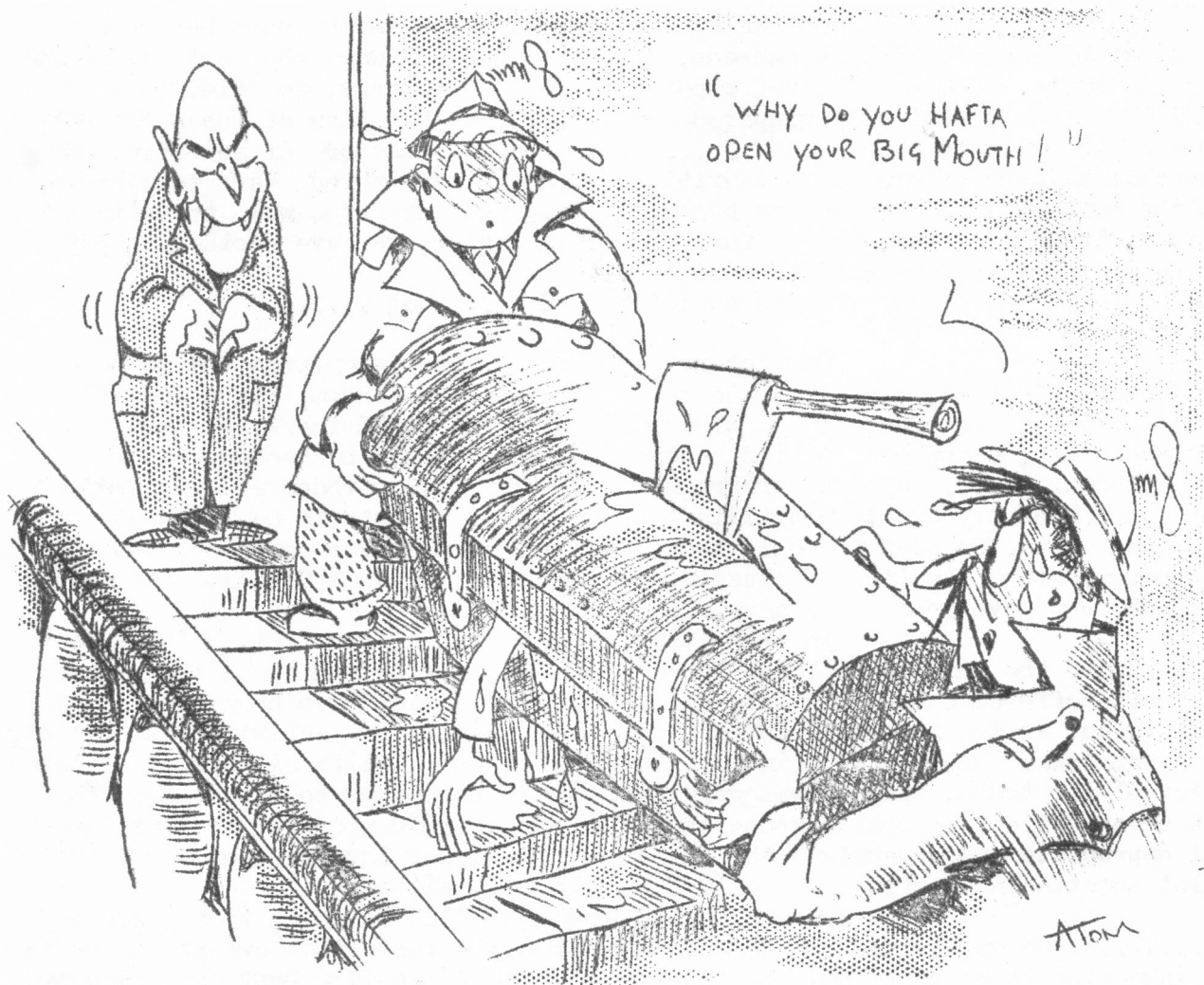
.....hidden. We hope, though, to present the G.D.A. report on fandom at least once every three months. Using our ready-reckoner, we find that works out at roughly four times a year ..... you see, nothin' but the true facts from the Goon Agency.

How do you recieve the next issue of RETRIBUTION ? We ask for no money. The G.D.A. report will come to you upon receipt of any of the following items .....ANY picture of Marilyn Monroe, with or without ..... we also accept fmz, sf prozines or other pubs. We do not accept bricks, these should be sent direct to Bob Tucker. ( O.K. Dean ? ).

The Good Defective Agency stands by, day and night, to accept any fannish case that needs investigating .....husbands, wives, lovers and Bob Tucker shadowed on request. Missing fmz, heirlooms and subs investigated ... rates on application.

The G.D.A. motto is :-

NO CASE TOO BIG TO HANDLE ....TRUNKS A SPECIALITY.

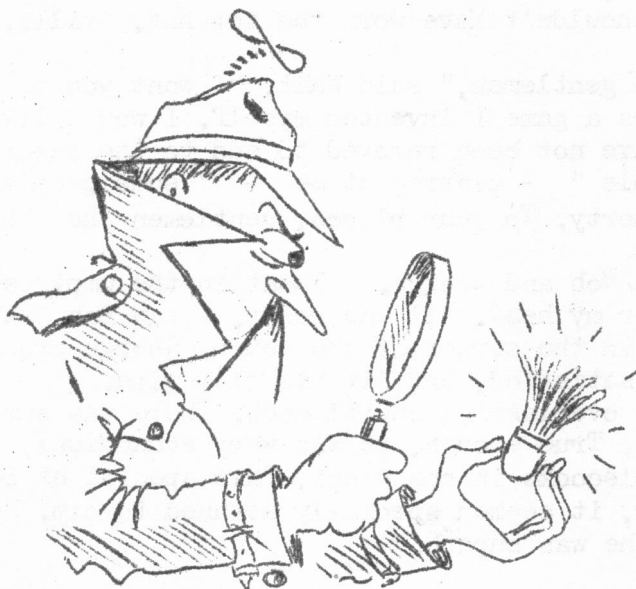




# CRISIS

AT

## OBLIQUE HOUSE



Walt cleared his throat loudly, so we respectfully looked up.

" I have an announcement to make," he said. " I have invited three potential neo-fen to come up next Sunday afternoon ... Sam Patterson, Sheila Butler and Leslie McConnell . Leslie works in my office, and I am most anxious to make a good impression. In particular, the three of them have expressed a desire to see a game of ghoddminton. Bob has been playing very well since he introduced his new everlasting shuttlecock, so to make the sides even, I suggest George partners Bob, against James and myself. I don't want the Goon to play, because our visitors seem to be most respectable people, and I don't want to scare them away."

We nodded obediently. Sure I was disappointed, but heck, Willis is the boss.

" I presume," said Charters, gnashing his gums hopefully, "that I shall be allowed to have my usual rest between services."

Walt nodded.

" Don't forget now, Sunday."

My stiff white collar hurt my neck, and I don't go for this bow-tie racket, but heck, Walt had stated that he wanted to create a favourable impression, so what else could I do ?

I was rather late, and the potential neo's were already there. Sheila Butler was a good-looker 'bout 25 years ago, and she seemed to have formed an attachment with George.....I noticed she listened attentively as he mumbled about his operation. Patterson already had a large bundle of prozines under his arm, and seemed rather bewildered with the speed of his purchase.

McConnell, the Perfect Civil Servant, emulated Walt with his striped trousers and spats.

All three of them were looking at Walt with awe in their bulging optics .

As I entered they looked at me.

"The Goon," said Walt, pointing at me.

They shook their heads, fluttered their eyebrows unbelievably, shuddered, and turned back to Walt.

Something told me I shouldn't have worn the top hat. Still.....

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Walt. "I want you to witness a ghoddminton bout. Ghoddminton is a game I invented myself. I would like to point out that the floorboards have not been removed to add to the hazards of the game. Its just that some people " - glaring at me - " some people have no respect for other peoples property. To your places, gentlemen and the Goon. Bob, er, give George a hand."

Walt and James faced Bob and George. I sat in the umpires chair, and pulled the perspex shield over my head. All was ready. I saw Bob grab Georges arm, and sit him down on a bench in the corner of the court. George crooned happily to himself, seemed quite satisfied, and lit his clay pipe.

Bob withdrew his everlasting shuttlecock. There was sumpin' queer about this shuttle of Bob's. True enough, it was very economical, as sometimes we wore out three shuttlecocks in one night. This special of Bob's had lasted six weeks, and somehow, it seemed specially attuned to him. Normally, Bob was a brilliant player. Now, he was superb.

The game commenced.

On the faces of the neo's were looks of sheer adulation as they saw Walt limbering up.

Bob served first. He kicked the shuttlecock upwards, tipped it with his elbow, tapped it on to his bat with his head, and smacked it across the table.

"Bob's service," I shouted.

It was uncanny.

He won the set 21 - 1.

They changed ends.

Bob won the next game 21 - 2.

Walt and James, on their hands and knees and gasping for breath, sank prostrate before the neo-fen. Completely and utterly exhausted.

I like the way Bob sportingly woke George up, and thanked him for his assistance in the victory. Typical of Bob.

The neo's crowded round Bob, asking him to autograph their prozines.

" I thought Willis was Ghod," I heard McConnell say meaningly, as he shook Bob by the hand. Walt crawled to a chair. He looked very annoyed. It came as no surprise to me, therefore, when he called me over after the others had left.



"Goon," he said to me, biting his lip, "you've carried out two investigations for me so far. The fanzine affair was handled in a masterly fashion. You slipped up with the Cedric business. Now here is your chance to regain some of your lost prestige."

Walt must have his little joke, see.

"I'll accept the job, Walt," I mouthed, "but --- er --- my fee.?"

He looked round.

"How about a dozen or so untouched nude photographs that Harris left behind after his last visit?", he whispered.

I nodded. Heck, I was commanding a higher fee already. Walt obviously thought I was improv'in'.

"And the job is?", I asked, although I already knew the answer.

"I want you to investigate Bob Shaws shuttlecock," he hissed. "I told McConnell that I was the big noise around here, and now he is downstairs having tea with the Shaws. If this gets any worse, BoSh will probably take over Irish Fandom en bloc. He has always been a good player, but this afternoon, one of his feats was incredible. He actually swore at the shuttlecock, and it came back over the table so fast that it went right through James's bat. It's uncanny."



I could see Walt was worried.

"So O.K. Walt," I said, "I will start work immediately."

As I went out., I saw Walt looking at a ragged hole in a square of cardboard.

I had already arranged to take a few days leave from my office, so I was able to call round to 170 the following morning. I

wanted to see Madeleine.

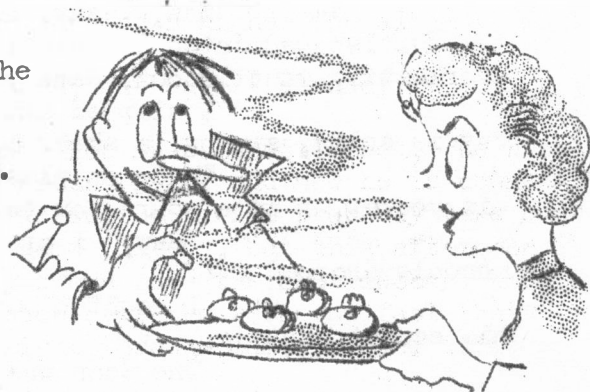
I sneaked round to the back of the house, and kicked the kitchen door open.

"Hold everything," I gritted. "I'm workin' for Walt agin' and I wanna ask you a few questions."

"Sit down, Goon," she smiled in her friendly way. "Have a coupla Coffee Kisses. I'll help you all I can. In fact, I'm glad you came. Walt hasn't been the same since that degrading exhibition yesterday afternoon. Take this morning, for instance. A very serious lapse occurred. Do you know, he forgot to leave me the key for the stutter of the prozine kiosk?"

"No," I muttered. Them Coffee Kisses are good.

"Yes," said Madeleine. "But more than that. Bob called in to see us this morning before he went to work, and he actually ordered Walt to hold up Hyphen for





a coupla weeks because he is too busy at the moment to write his column."

"Looks like Bob is taking over," I observed.

"So Walt says," agrees Madeleine, "especially with Bob getting those bulky envelopes every day."

I felt sorta tense, like when I first saw THE CALENDER.

"Bob or Sadie in?", I asked.

Madeleine shook her head.

I opened the Shaws door, and tiptoed inside. I searched every inch of the room, and finally, behind a dozen or so full tins of chocolate marshmallows, I found a stack of thick manilla envelopes. Each bore the Rainham postmark.

Oh no. Not that. Not Harris agin ..... his Cedric Hoax still caused me pangs of remorse.

I examined the envelopes .....no letters .... no nuffin'.

I let myself out, and raced home. This was obviously another job for the London Branch of the Goon Defective Agency.

My instructions to Art Thomson were very brief:-

' ..... and something queer is going on between Chuck and Bob Shaw. see if you can discover exactly what ? ....'

Whilst waiting for Art's reply, I decided to get to the root of the mystery myself. That called for a disguise, plus a little subtley, in which I specialize.

For this venture, I dressed myself in my brother-in-laws cricket outfit and school blazer. I parted my hair in the middle, brushed my moustache, and inserted two false buck teeth. I resembled a rabbit looking under a bush.

I called at Bob's office, and was ushered into a long room. A group of young men were playin' poker.

"Robert, a gump to see ya," my guide shouted.

Bob came over, looking a bit baffled.

"Haw, I say, old man," I yapped, "I am a representative of the British Badminton Association, and I have been told that you possess an everlasting shuttlecock. Name your price, old fruit."

I slapped him on the back, and nearly broke my wrist. That boy is solid, strong, a sheer hunk of rugged masculinity. (( That do, Bob? ))

"Made on plastic," grinned Bob, producing a shuttlecock from his pocket, "it's yours for thirty bob."

"Haw," I croaked, so overcome with my good fortune that my monogole dropped off.

I counted out three crisp ten shilling notes, and he gave me his secret shuttle.

The Goon was there agin'.

The job was much easier than I had anticipated. I had fixed up Walt, and held the secret of Bob's success.

"Goon," he said to me, biting his lip, "you've carried out two investigations for me so far. The fanzine affair was handled in a masterly fashion. You slipped up with the Cedric business. Now here is your chance to regain some of your lost prestige."

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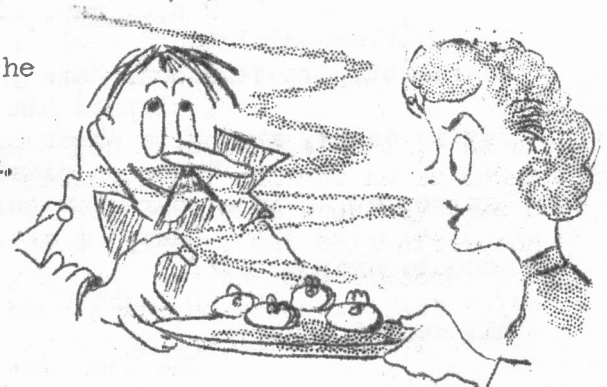
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When I got home, Art's report was waitin'. I had managed to complete the job, but I read what Art had written, in case it was interestin'. It was :-

' ----- and I have found evidence that Chuck is posting an envelope to BoSh every day, but with no letter inside. I cannot find what the contents are. I looked through Chuck's Irish Fandom file, and found the remains of a letter from Bob. Most of the letter had been burned, but I did manage to decipher the words --proceeds -- send me -- a factual account ---. I reckon it's daft -----'

Heck. Art had certainly discovered sumpin' queer. But what had it got to do with a shuttlecock ?

. . . . .

Walt was at home that evening.

He was sitting in his chair, arms hanging over the sides, legs akimbo, hair erect, eyes sunk behind droopy lids.

"Thank Ghod you've come, Goon," he croaked.

"Suffering catfish, Walt, what gives ?" I gritted. He looked all washed up.

"Shaw has asked me to get the balance of the Transfund transferred to his account," groaned Walt. "As I feared, the rest of Irish Fandom now regard him as Ghod, because of his lately acquired Ghoodminton prowess.... all except you, Goon. You're with me, aren't you ?"

Heck, Willis owed me thirty bob for the plastic shuttle.

"Sure, Walt," I breathed, "and don't think it's because you owe me three pounds for expenses."

His body twitched, as if racked with pain.

"Explain," he whispered.

"I discovered the secret of Bob's success," I crowed. "He uses a plastic shuttlecock, which makes the game much faster than what we are used to. I suggest we now play twenty or thirty singles matches, so as to gauge the new speed to perfection. Then you can get the neo-fen to attend another Ghoodminton contest next Sunday ..... you an' me agin' Bob and George."

Walt got up off the floor.

"You're a genius, Goon," he crooned, selecting his bat.

Sometimes I think Walt is very perceptive.

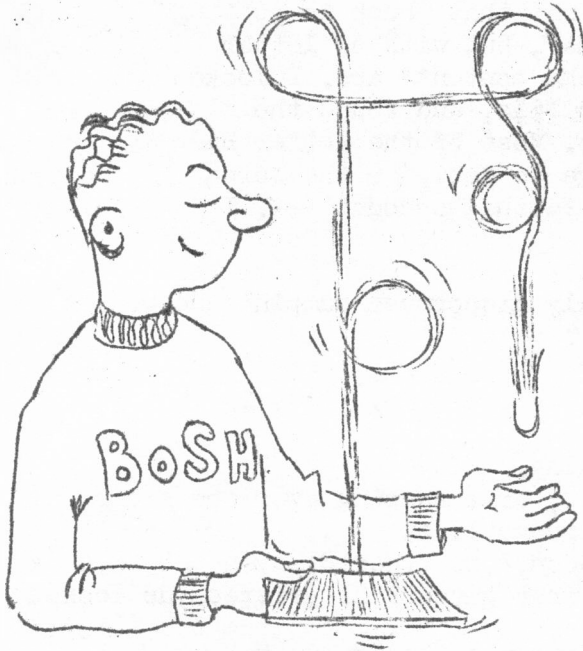
. . . . .

The neo-fen were sitting in a semi-circle, looking at Bob. Sheila had - BOSH IS GHOD - embroidered on her sweater .... Patterson was handing out quote cards inscribed - THE SHAW'S ARE GIANTS -, and McConnell was peeling Bob's banana's.

"Attention, folks," said Bob, "the contest will now begin. Willis, you take the Goon .... I'll have George. No, don't wake him, Peggy, just wheel him into the corner of the court, and put a bat in his lap. He likes to think he is helping me. "



I winked at Walt. BoSh was now going to witness the power of the Goon Defective Agency.



Bob produced another gleaming white shuttlecock. He balanced it on his nose, nodded it over his head behind his back, and it re-appeared out of his shirt sleeve.

Real clever, folks. Almost as good as that chap Hoodunit, or Dick Eney, or sumpin'.

After we lost the first game 21 - 1, I sensed I had made a blunder, a fact brought home to me only too clearly by Walt hammering me on the back of the head with The Immortal Storm.

The neo's jumped up, trampled over me and Walt, and cheered Bob to the echo. Peggy wiped a slight bead

of sweat of Bob's brow, and James and Sadie made a show of massaging his batting arm.

Walt dragged me to a corner of the room.

"Goon, did you see what happened during that game?" he asked. "I knocked the shuttle into Bob's court, the only time I managed to hit it during the game. As Bob went to return it, he slipped. I actually saw the shuttlecock suspend itself several inches off the floor for at least twenty seconds, until Bob slipped his bat underneath. This is my plan. Goon, want you to keep Bob out of the way during the next game ..... use force if you have to."

I saw a gleam of realization on Walt's kisser.

"My expenses, Walt," I breathed.

He slipped me half a crown.

"Cheap at the price," he grinned, as we staggered to our feet and prepared for the second game.

"And now, friends," announced Bob, "I shall win this game without my opponents gaining a single point."

Acknowledging the applause, he hit the shuttle a delicate tap, it whirled round his head three times, and thumped the floor on our side.

"My service, I think," grinned Bob.

Listen folks, I know I'm brutal, but I didn't want to use force on Bob 'cos he's bigger than me. But when the score got to 20 - 0, I realized I had to do sumpin' pretty quick. As Bob came forward to make his last service, I lifted up Walt's waste paper basket, and dumped it over Bob's head. This may not seem so serious to the uninitiated, but you must know that the said basket is made of very thick cardboard, and originally held an armchair. It completely covered Bob.

"Come and look at this shuttlecock, folks," said Walt, his old authority returning.

Everyone crowded round.

The shuttlecock was three inches above the floorboards. For two minutes we watched, entranced, at this anti-gravity device. Then it began to wobble. Walt knelt down, and eased his bat under the wilting shuttle, and lifted it.

A squeaky sigh reached our ears as the shuttle sort of reclined on the bat.

"Thought you were never coming," we heard the shuttle say.

My mind changed from neutral to bottom gear. The words Art had deciphered ran through my mind ..... proceeds ..... send me ..... a factual account. Oh, the cunning of Shaw. The message obviously meant .... Send me the proceeds of a True Bill. (x)

HARRIS WAS SENDING MILLET TO SHAW.

THE SHUTTLECOCK WAS REALLY A BUDGERIGAR.

"Bob planned that very well," observed Walt.

"And it would've worked 'cept for me," I lied cooly as I saw Walt count out the twelve photo's, and put them in a plain envelope. Walt sniffed as he flung the envelope at me.

"Your fee, Goon," he said, "I liked the paper basket ploy.

"Part of the service," I grinned. "But, heck, Walt, Bob must have worked for a long time on his attempt to take over Irish Fandom. I mean, look how he has continually claimed to hate budgies."

"Yes," mused Walt, "he has maintained an inbred aversion to such birds. Did I tell you that Bob has confessed all. He has secretly reared a budgerigar for years in an old orange box under his bed. He's spent many hours training it. It can talk exceptionally well .... Bob now

admits it has a vocabulary bigger than yours. It's very intelligent, too. Where did you imagine that Bob got the plot for his story that was reprinted in the New York Post ? For some time past, Bob has instructed the bird to act like a shuttlecock ... the only trouble was that he had to whitewash it after every session. The clever part of the scheme was that he didn't produce it until he sensed the time was ripe. The idea in writing to Chuck was to get some free birdseed, and at the same time try and convince Irish Fandom that he was a more important ENF than me, because of his bigger mail."

#### NOTE.

This allusion to Chuck sending Bob birdseed springs from the idea mentioned in a one-shot entitled ..A True Bill .. sent out by Eric Bentcliffe and myself in August 1955. The basic plot was that whilst visiting my house, Chuck was seen to assault my budgerigar, and ten to whom the one-shot was sent were asked to send copious quantities of birdseed to Chuck, as a sort of fund to build up a supply of food in case of developments.

"Yeah, that's how I worked it out," I bluffed. "Art, my London contact, put me on to that. What baffles me is how Bob Shaw knew it was me when I called at his office? My disguises are usually foolproof." "Bob explained that," grinned Walt. "You forgot to take your beanie off."

Heck, I'd slipped up.

Just then the door opened, and Bob shuffled in.

"I've just polished the kitchen floor, sir," he said to Walt, with blatant humility, "all the wood has been chopped up, and I've cleaned all the silver. What's next? "

See. folks.

WILLIS IS THE ONLY TRUE GHOD .



CHUCK HARRIS.



W.A.W.



GOON..



BOSH.



MADELEINE.



ART THOMSON.



# KAPTION? KORNER

Yes, all you have to do is to think up a caption for the cartoon below. The two best captions sent in will receive the following prizes .....

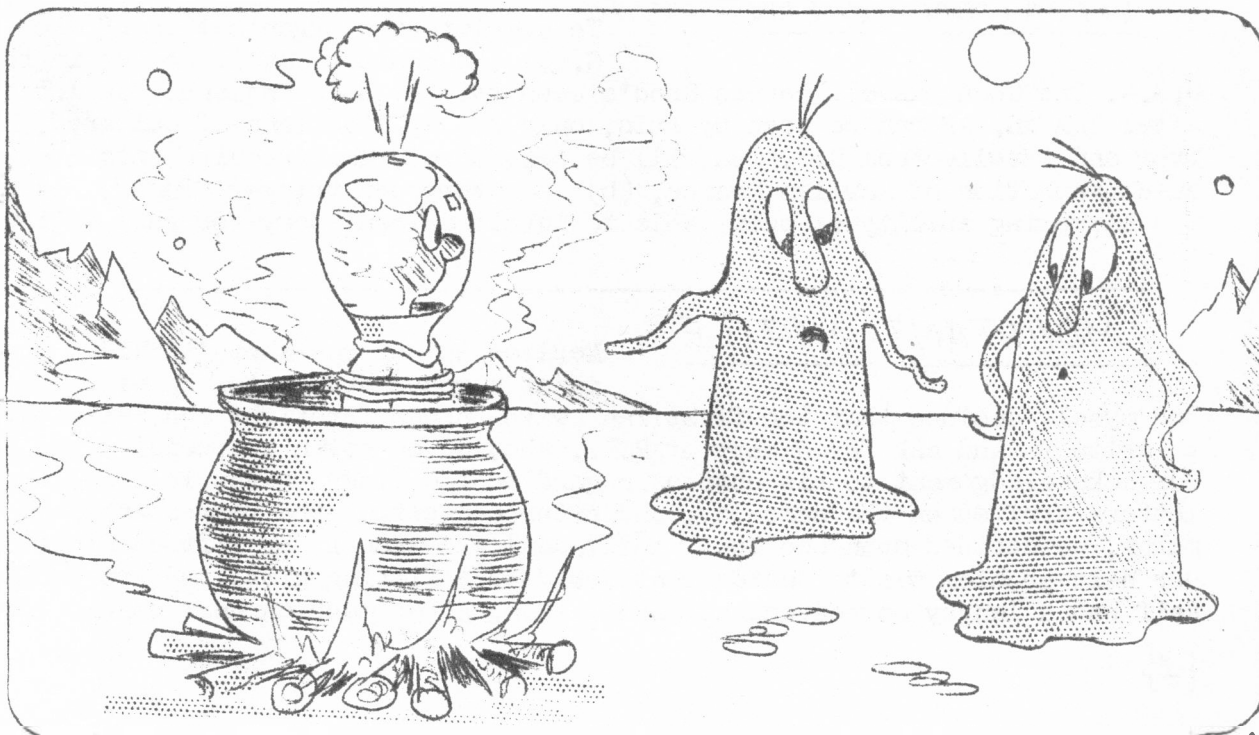
1st ..... A years sub to any named fanzine.

2nd ..... A grand stefnic surprise parcel (?)

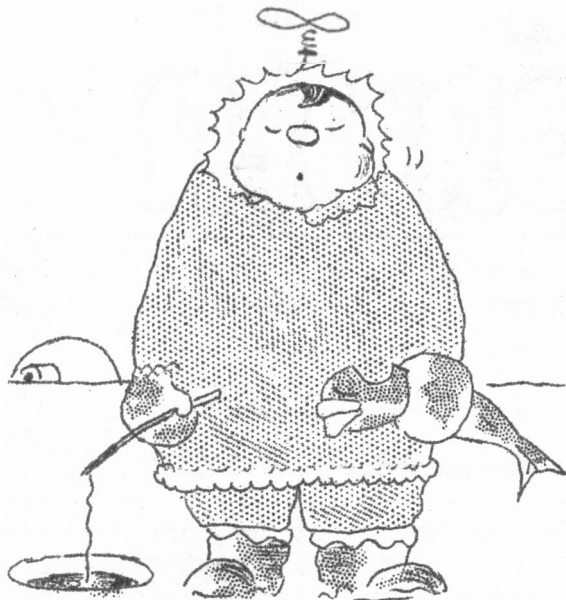
Judges, although they don't know it yet, are Walt Willis Chuck Harris and the Goons. Results in the next RET. Prizes will be sent as soon as the judges have arrived at their impartial decision.

Run, don't walk, to your nearest mailbox and pop that caption idea in. It would be a good idea if you also put it in an envelope addressed to the London Branch ( address, see last page, buster ).

Poctsards are acceptable ( even Crates Poctsale, Archie. )



# A GOONY COLUMN



We have great news for all followers of the Goon Defective Agency. Guess you all know that Bob and Sadie Shaw are leaving for Canada very soon. Well, folks, Bob has agreed to become the Goon representative in Canada. His contract stipulates that he regularly sends us a Goon-type story highlighting his adventures in Canada.

For this great scoop, the G.D.A. are indebted to Art Thomson, of the London Branch for his Goon-like alertness and efficiency. Whilst ferreting around the Globe last week, Art overheard a little snippet of conversation relating to a little known incident concerning Bob Shaw, whilst he was in residence in London a coupla years ago.

Art rushed this information to me, and showing Bob the telegram, I asked him to join the organisation. He joined. And Bob, don't fergit the Goon story ..... else Art will have to prepare a detailed report on that Wapping Pork Pie Eating Contest. Nuff said ???

---

## SITUATION VACANT

U.S.A. The Goon hisself covers Ghod's country, Art does England, Bob looks after Canfan. As can be seen by this, only the applications of cultured, high-brow and intellectual U.S. fen will be considered. Main requirements are (a) an appreciation of Marilyn Monroe, (b) a waterproof trigger finger, and (c) the harrowing ability of being able to submit a Goon story for publication in RET.

To complete the organisation of the G.D.A., a contact fan is needed in the

---

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Replies to our one-shot 'WARNING' came in at a reasonable rate. However, Art and myself decided that the first fan with enough foresight and initiative to write in and ask for a copy of RET., should be given a special award as our acknowledgement to his obvious regard to the finer things in life. Two letters arrived on the same day, and after consulting the respective post-marks, we decided upon one lucky individual who made it by fifteen minutes. Our next problem was to decide what would be a fitting gift, and Art and myself had a lengthy correspondence about this. After much earnest consideration,

we decided to make the following important award :-

TO MAKE NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH AN HONORARY GOON.

His Certification is on the way.

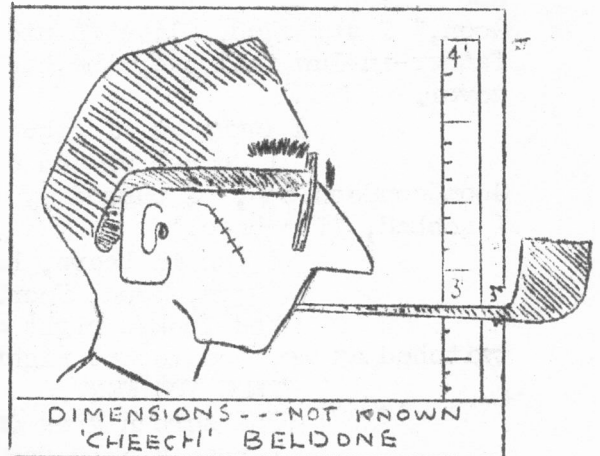
## WANTED .....

NAME. Cheech Beldone.

ALIAS. H. Ellison.

MODUS OPERANDI. Sleek manner. Tries to persuade people he is a fan. Frequently repeats phrase 'Seventh Fandom.'

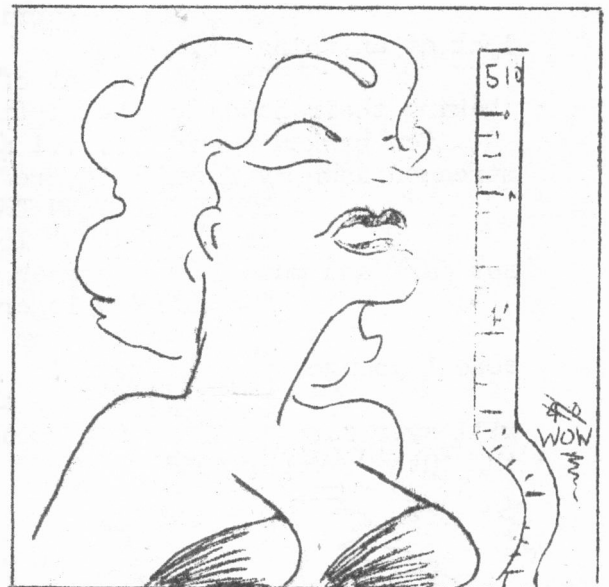
WARNING. Treat this man with great caution. He is armed with a gun disguised as a pipe. He brandishes it about at every opportunity. He operates alone in the New York area.



NAME. M A R I L Y N M O N R O E .

If found, please forward immediately to the Goon H.Q. Only to the Goon H.Q. POSTAGE WILL BE REFUNDED.

DESCRIPTION. Mmmmmmmmm. Jeeeeeeeeeeze. Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo. Suffering Catfish....Coooooooooooooooooooo. Gaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....



## T.V. OR NOT T.V.

In an organisation such as the G.D.A., it is difficult to believe that human sentiment abounds. Behind our grim exterior there pounds away an understanding pump. For example, a few weeks ago, the Goons haggard kisser appeared on the T.V. screen. A few days afterwards, the Goon rec'd this touching letter from Art Thomson, The Terror of the Globe. Read this, see for yourself what has made the G.D.A. such a chic outfit. As you will see, the pathos was sumpin' shockin' :-



Quote /

Did I see you on T.V. ??????.....I had just removed my Glassite space helmet and magnetic boots which I wear for the Quartermass Serial .....and was settling back for a quiet snooze before going home from the in-laws ...where we view ..... WHEN SUDDENLY --- THE GOON APPEARED -- STARING GRIM-FACED FROM THE SCREEN. I was sitting on the settee at the time, and I leapt two feet into the air, my finger pointing at the screen. "Goon, Goon," I shrieked. Olive fainted...her mother choked on a Brazil nut, and the father-in-law fell over the back of his chair....the little granny ran for cover.

I craned. I gibbered. I dribbled.

I jumped up and down in front of the set, murmuring "GoonGoon GoonGoonGoonGoon," I pushed my face right up to the screen. "Boss, boss, " I sobbed, "I'm here."

I was in tears, honest.

"Goon, Goon, Goon."

You looked right at me. Yes you did. You smiled. Your 'tashe twitched at me, you looked right into my eyes. "Oh, Goon,"

THEN YOU WENT.

The screen grew dark and you were gone. GONE.

I rose slowly from the settee, my emotions raging over my face.

I switched the set off.

"It would be sacrilege, " I said to the assembled viewers, "to look at anything else."

They filed out of the room quietly. I stood by the door shaking their hands as they left. One or two of them pressed my hands, muttered a few broken words .....I nodded. My happiness choked my throat, tears streamed down my face. I ignored the shattered screen.

FOR I HAD SEEN THE GOON.

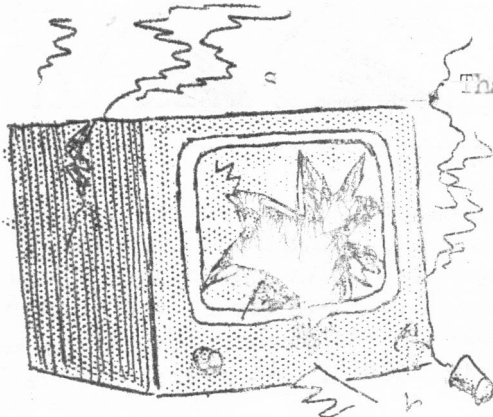
As Olive and I left, I looked again at the deserted room, the set dark and mute in the corner.

"Goon," I whispered brokenly, "Goon."

As we walked home, our footsteps on the street seemed to echo ' goongoongoongoon.'

I tell ya, Goon, the thrill of T.V. has gone for me. Nuthin' will ever surpass those few moments when I watched the screen on Saturday the 19th November 1955.

/Unquote.



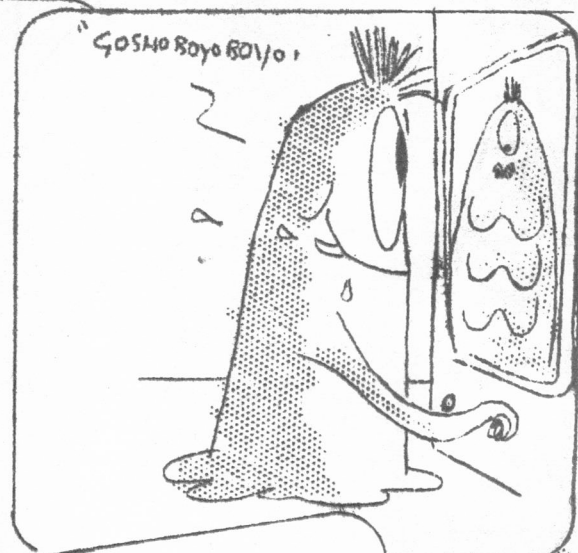
Thank you for them sentiments, Art. Ya see, folks ?. Remember this, remember the feeling expressed by Art. Remember his understanding style, his heart-felt realisation of deep and fine human emotions. Bear all this in mind, because in the next RET, Art investigates the sex life of Harris. From his preliminary report, I can tell ya that FOREVER AMEER will look like a reject by a kindergarten. Art is illustrating, too. Reel live Atom foto's of Harris in action. What more can you want, beside Shirley Marriott....

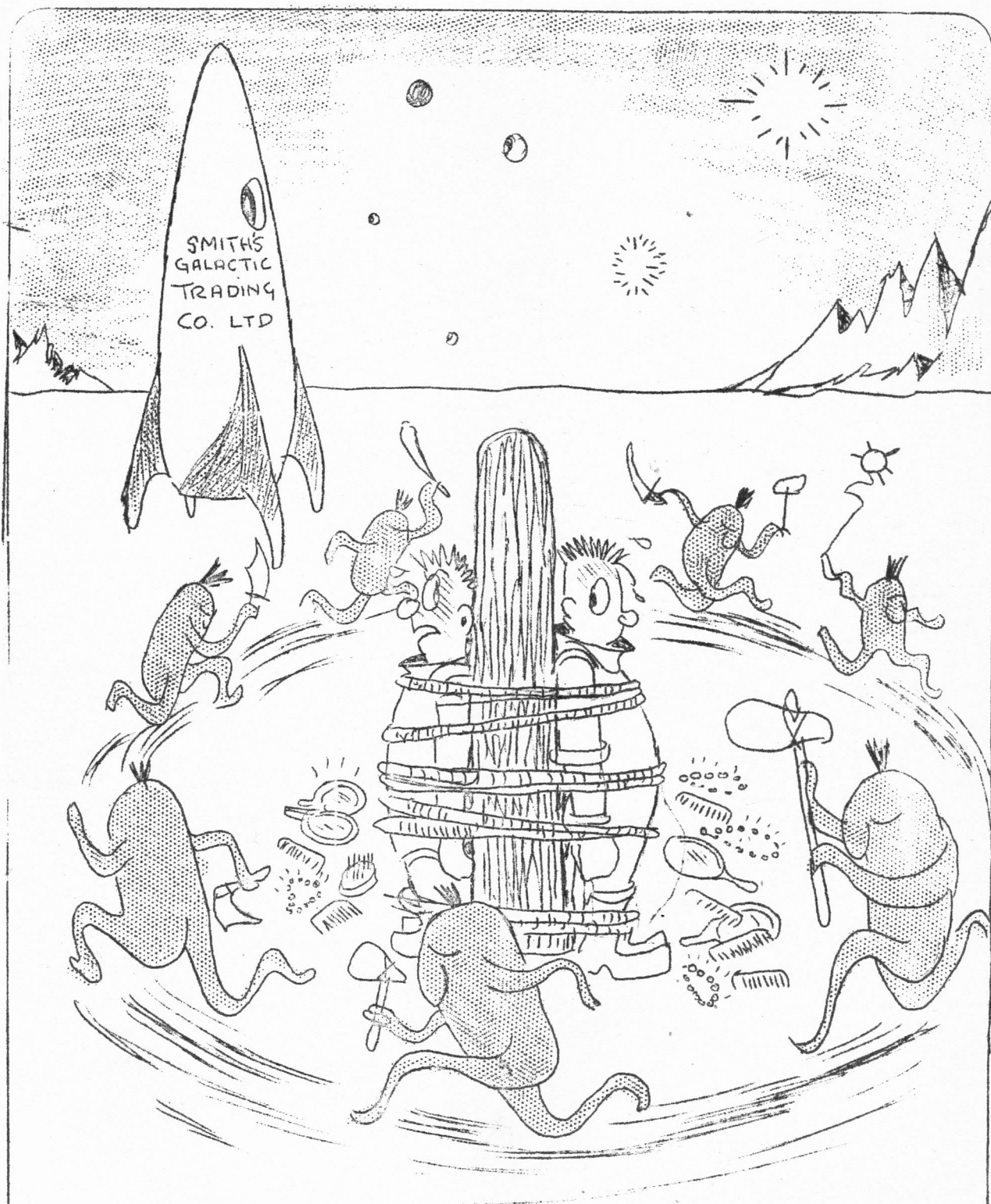


FOTO SUPPLEMENT No. 1. A GOON PRODUCTION

Any resemblance to ~~Tom~~ Living or GAFIA is purely by order of

CHUCK HARRIS

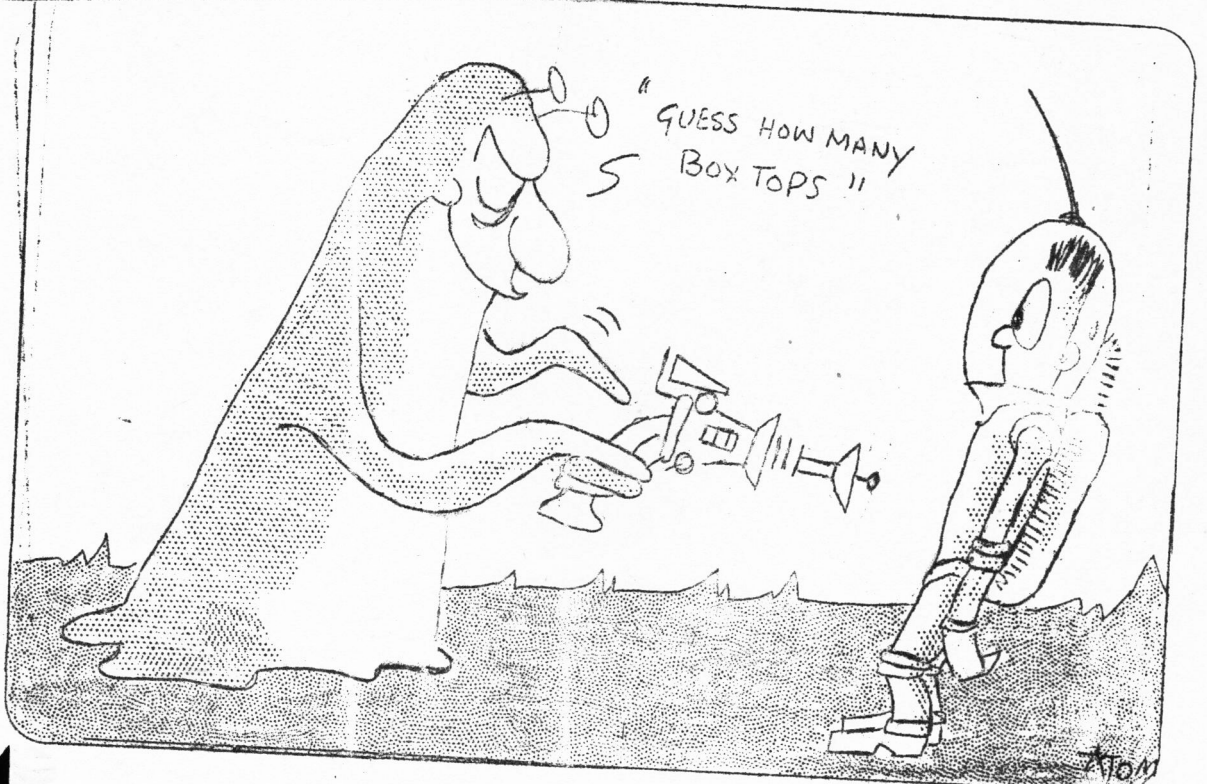
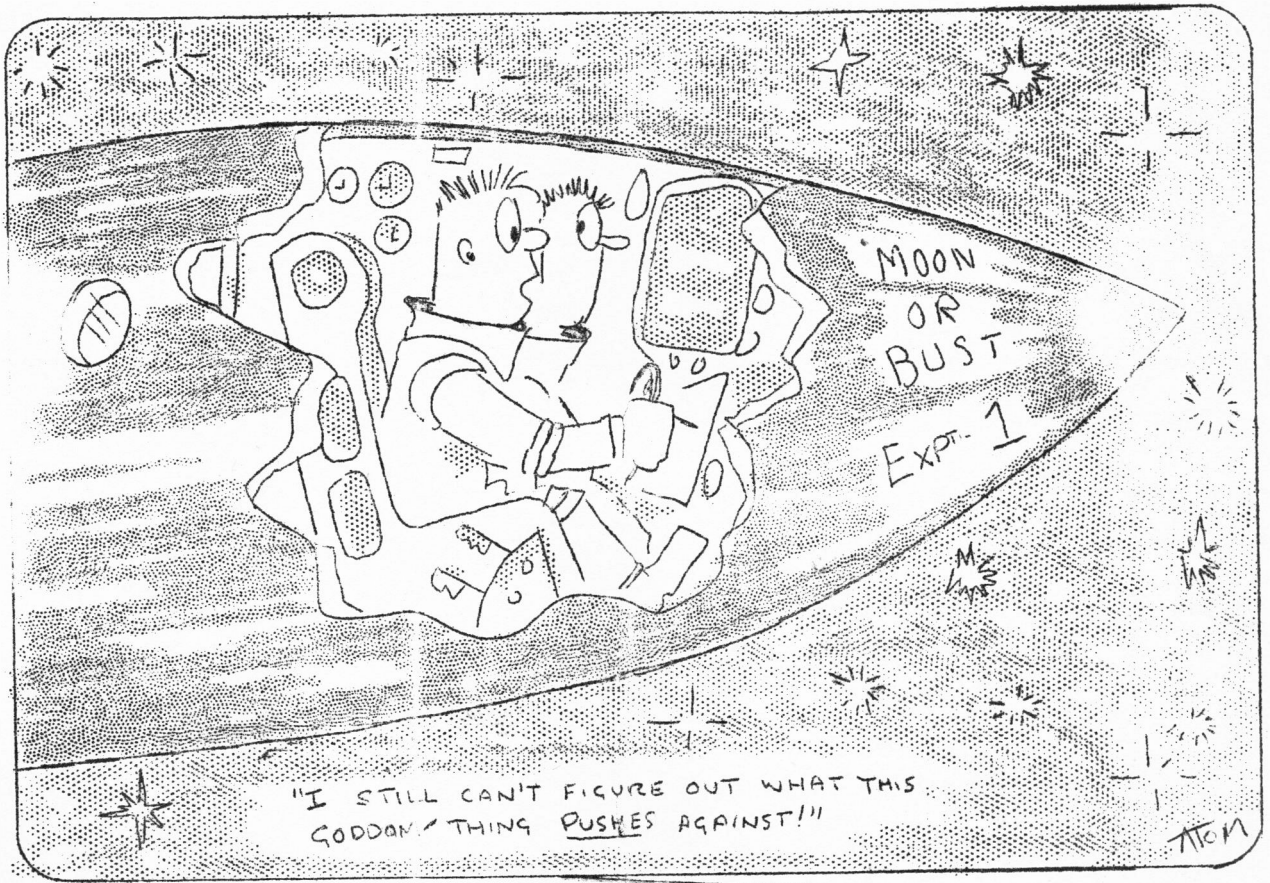


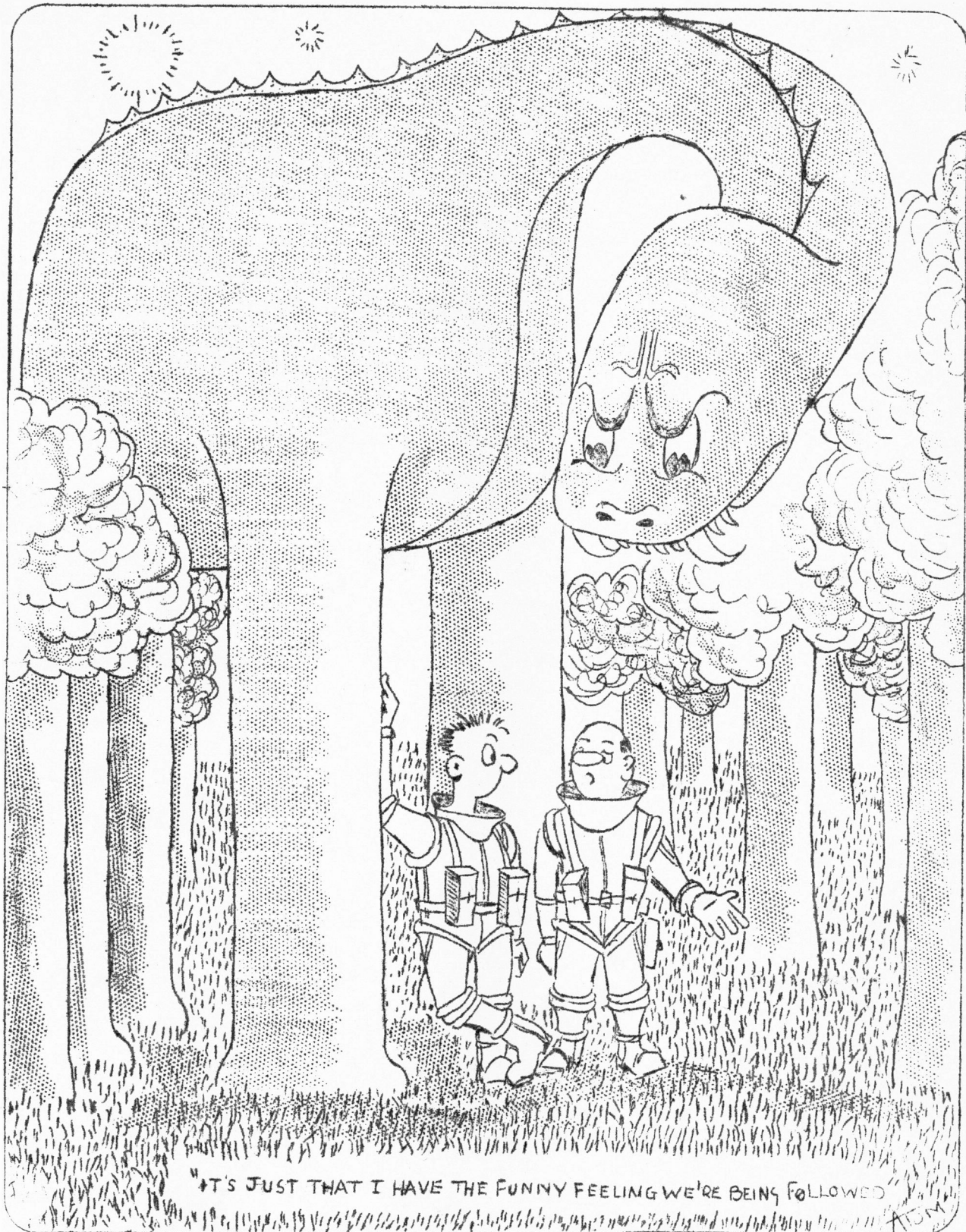


ATOM

"DO YOU STILL RECKON THEY WANT TO TRADE!"





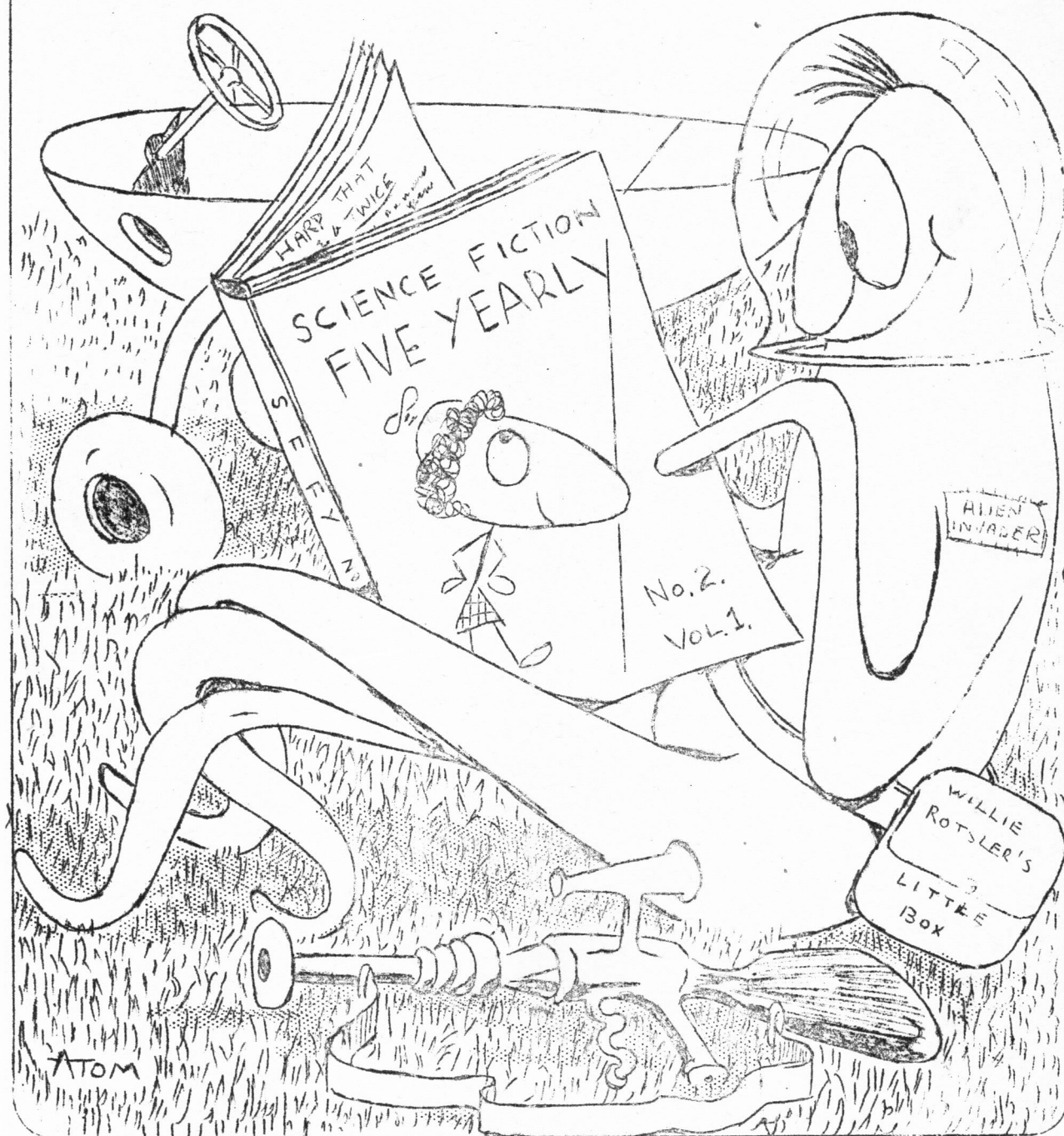


"IT'S JUST THAT I HAVE THE FUNNY FEELING WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED"

ADAM

# LEE HOFFMAN

## APPRECIATION PAGE







CLASSIFIED



## DEFAMATION

### Details from the Goons Private Casebook.

Whilst other mundane people eat, work and sleep, the metaphorical wheels of the G.D.A. grind incessantly onwards .... ever onwards .... little items, which mean nothing in themselves, reach the desk of the Goon. .... the masterful intellect scrutinises these little items .... sifts them carefully .... shuffles thisaway and that .... trying to make something concrete out of the mysterious machinations of fandoms innermost secrets.

Finally, the Goon reaches a momentous decision. His brilliant brain has found the answer. With grim finality., he sweeps the little items off his desk, and reaching for his privately printed volume of Chuck Harris's autobiography, closes the office for the day.

However, sometimes, not often, but sometimes, the G.D.A.swoops. Consider the marvellous expose of the Bangor Hard Cover Larcenies ..... one of the most complicated cases so far tackled by the Goon. Here, published for the first time, is an extract from the Goon's official report to the Bangor and District Max Brand Appreciation Circle, who, in a weak moment, hired the services of the G.D.A.

' .....and it occurred to me that somehow, somewhere, there was a vital clue. Consider the facts at my disposal:-

- a. The windows of all Bangors book shops had been smashed,
- b. The instrument used to break the glass had been identified by several independant witnesses as resembling an ear trumpet.
- c. Only hard cover editions of Max Brand stories had been taken.
- d. The culprit was described variously as being ... old ... infirm ... crippled ... haggard ....and by a small boy "-like Daddy Christmas, 'cept he hadn't got a red 'at -"

Weighing up all the pro's and cons, I decided to ask the advice of an expert on the subject of Max Brand, a Mr.George Charters, who had recently opened a rival kiosk on the other side of the road opposite No. 170, Upper Newtownards Road, selling only Max Brand books.

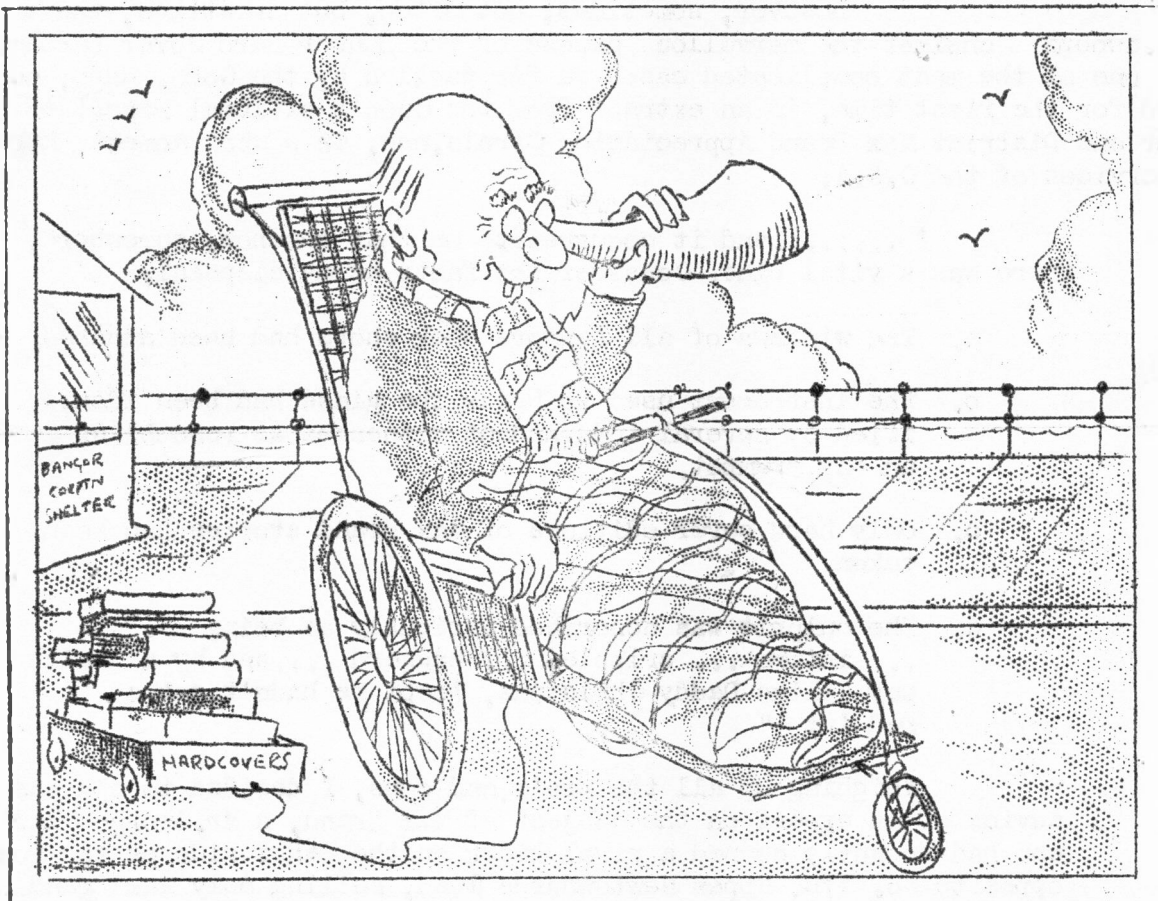
I asked George Charters, seeing that he came from Bangor, whether he could assist me in any way. I suppose I should have been more tactful, because even as I mentioned the subject, he fainted away in his bath chair.

The following day I recieved an urgent request from the local police to go to Bangor Municipal Library, where the complete set of Max Brand editions had been removed overnight. Close questioning of a night-watchman revealed that a sports bath-chair had been seen speeding from the scene, driven by an aged sage cackling with laughter.

I have the feeling, gentlemen, that when I have made further enquiries, I may be in a position to reveal something of importance.

Please find enclosed my account to date. If you havn't got the illustrated Decameron, I .....

With a sigh, we gently close the grubby pages of the Goon Casebook, hoping that the next time we search through its illiterate pages, another astounding investigation will be revealed, bringing from obscurity the secrets of another well known fan.



ACTUAL UNTOUCHED ATOMFOTO OF  
GEORGE - ALL-THE-WAY-CHARTERS. YOUNG FAN OF  
BANGOR... HARDCOVER MERCHANT.....PUNSTER DELUXE ....



# VOTE FOR TAFF

1956 Nominations

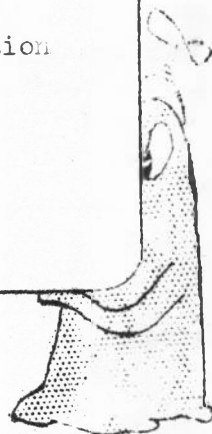
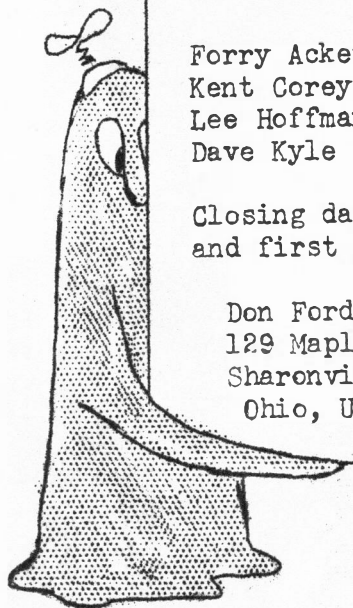
Forry Ackerman  
Kent Corey  
Lee Hoffman  
Dave Kyle

G. M. Carr  
Hal Shapiro  
Lou Tabakow  
Wally Webber

Closing date 15th February 1956. Send your contribution  
and first three choices to.....

Don Ford  
129 Maple Ave,  
Sharonville,  
Ohio, USA.

Walt Willis  
170 Upper N'Ards Rd,  
Belfast,  
N. Ireland.





WATCH FOR THE  
GOON  
HE WILL RETURN

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