

# 'THE WSA JOURNAL

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The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association - Issue Number Ten  
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## JANIE-CON I

I generally spend a couple of weeks in Atlanta with my family in the summer, so when I learned that JANIE-CON I and DEEPSOUTHCON III were to be held within a week of one another, I decided to attend both on my vacation. JANIE-CON I was the weekend of August 1 at Janie Lamb's home in Heiskell, Tennessee, near Knoxville. Janie had given excellent directions and I found her place easily, arriving Friday afternoon. Her house looks very small from the outside but is much larger inside, no doubt a hyper-dimensional effect achieved by witchcraft. I knocked at all three of the front doors, but got no answer. I looked thru the window and saw Janie on the phone, so I just walked in. She was a bit startled, since she had only met me once, two years before, and probably didn't recognize me. After she climbed down from the top of the bookcase we got on very well.

Mr. Lamb is a gun collector and there was a show in Knoxville, so we left him there when we picked up Irvin Koch, who was in charge of the con. Unfortunately, Irvin hadn't invited all the people he should have, and those he had invited hadn't been able to come, so it was a very small con. The only others in attendance were Janie Lamb's sister from Atlanta, Ruby Anderson, who was three hours late because she took time to finish Jack Williamson's Dragon Island; a local fan, Dick Wick; and (about 3 a.m. Saturday morning) Wally Weber. Wally showed his convention movies until the sun came up. The next day, we all visited the Atomic Museum at Oak Ridge. Much time was also spent, by me at least, drooling over Janie's trunk-full of WEIRD TALES and such. In spite of the low attendance, everybody enjoyed themselves. Janie is an excellent cook, especially on local dishes like groundhog fried in skunk-grease.

## DEEPSOUTHCON III

After a week with my parents in Atlanta, I drove over to Birmingham for the DEEPSOUTHCON, on Friday afternoon, August 6. The con was to be at the Downtowner Motor Inn, which is a little north-east of the center of town. There was a sign in the lobby directing me to the con-room, which was open, but empty. I didn't know any of the local fans, so after trying a few names on the desk clerk without any luck, I walked down into the center of the shopping area and chatted for a while with an uncle of mine who lives in Birmingham and works at one of the downtown men's stores. I got back to the Downtowner at about 6 p.m., but still no one there. I pestered the staff until I found out who was in charge of the arrangements, and finally got Al Andrews' phone number and called him. We chatted for quite a while and Al (a semi-invalid) said he would not be over until Saturday. I learned from Al that the con chairman, Larry Montgomery, was not from Birmingham but from Anniston, and would be there soon.

The first fan I actually met, I think, was Bill Bruce from Baton Rouge, who was the vice-chairman. Soon there were quite a few of us sitting around the con-room talking. When we finally, after several false starts, went a couple of blocks down the street to eat, the North Carolina group (Lon Atkins, Al Scott, and Len Bailes [he pronounces it "bay-less"]) were there, along with Ron Bounds (whom they had brought down with them) and Larry Montgomery. At this point my memory of the chronology of events fails me. Wally Weber showed all his con movies again, Hank Reinhardt from Atlanta showed slides of miniature warriors intermixed with slides of himself making like Mr. Atlas (the latter by accident, he says!).

The formal program on Saturday consisted of the presentation of the First Annual Rebel Award (for service to Southern Fandom) to Al Andrews, and a panel (Lon Atkins, Larry Montgomery, and Jerry Page, a pro from Atlanta) discussing "What Is Science Fiction?" and "Would There Still Be a Fandom If SF Were No Longer Published?". Everybody enjoyed the panel discussion, but no startling conclusions were reached. The North Carolina group, to their great astonishment, won the bid to hold the DEEPSOUTHCON IV in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in 1966.

Hank Reinhardt brought a large collection of ancient weapons which were of great interest. He also brought a large collection of actually functional miniature catapults and a matching set of warriors with which he and Jerry Page held a long battle on the con-room floor, using pennies from the poker game as ammunition. There's always a poker game. I spent all of Saturday night playing "Bouree" with Hank Reinhardt, Lon Atkins, and Ron Bounds; none of us had ever played it before (lon said he got the rules from a fanzine). Oddly enough, Lon came out ahead. Hmmm.

Montgomery, Bill Bruce, and several others brought fanzines, prozines and pb's for sale and trade and several hours at one time or another were devoted to shouts of "I saw that first, you dog-robber!" and similar cries. Several of us visited the Birmingham Book and Magazine Center, which is something like Chafey's in Philly, but much bigger than Friend's in D.C. Not many prozines, but I found some nice books.

Several fans and I went out to Lewis Harrell's house and saw his fabulous collection of rebound excerpts from the old pulps, and bought some of the extra items he had. He has everything indexed and cross-indexed -- a wonderful fund of information.

About the worst aspect of the con was the poor food. Naturally we avoided the Downtowner's fancy dining room, and since none of us knew Birmingham very well, we didn't know where to go. Lon Atkins has been in Birmingham a lot but since he will, by his own admission, eat anything set before him, he wasn't much help. The only two Birmingham fans at the con were Al Andrews, who doesn't get out much, being a semi-invalid, and Lewis Harrell, who is in his 70's and can't drive after dark.

The total attendance at the con was, I think, 19. In addition to the persons already mentioned, there were Billy Pettit (Huntsville), Phil Holloway (? -- vanished in a purple flash as soon as he registered and wasn't seen again), Andy Zerbe (Montgomery), Jeff Jones (Atlanta -- a good artist), George Puckett (Atlanta), Dave Tribble (Atlanta), Janie Lamb, and a couple of fake-fans from Huntsville who were only there Saturday afternoon. Larry Montgomery had us all fill out forms for a "Who's Who" of Southern Fandom which he shall get out soon.

The Downtowner was very cooperative, according to Larry, and there was, as far as I know, absolutely no interference with any of our activities. We all had a most enjoyable time.

Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.

I arrived in Cortland (which was the nearest I could get to the Ashe residence by any transportation I had checked) at 1:30 p.m. on Friday afternoon (I had left Philadelphia at 8:30 a.m.). I found out later than Ron Bounds had taken a bus to a much more distant point, and he rode a Red Arrow, which always takes a straight line. Poor me, I had to take a Greyhound, and he got off the beaten path chasing a fox or something.

The boys finally arrived at the station from Ann's to pick me up, and we took off for the hills. We stopped off along the way for taper material, groceries for Ann, hard liquor, and beer (which is sold in drug stores up there -- those druggists carry everything, and remind me of the old-fashioned small-town emporiums).

We finally arrived at the Ashe residence, a small farm of some 165 acres, and parked the car in the old barn -- which was across the road from the house and some other smaller buildings, which turned out to be a tool shed (where the kittens and cats hid out), three large chicken coops (without chickens), and some pig sties (without pigs and surrounded by berry bushes, etc.). Ann told me there was another barn down the road, their property being separated by another farm, owned by someone else.

Later that day Ron came out with his sword and was cutting some thorn bushes down. I teased him a bit about this and about his sleeping on the floor, and he threatened to use the sword to behead me during the night. I immediately confiscated the sword and took it to my room upstairs; I kept it all night, and Ron was quite put out.

Frank Prieto dropped in in time for some supper, bringing watermelon and great gobs of ice cream with him, in addition to a lot of other things to eat. He also had many of the newer books with him. We sat and chatted about the latest S-F on the market and a lot of other things. I had a ball spoiling the cats by feeding them tidbits. Later that evening George and Cindy Heap arrived, and they were followed by several others. Games were broken out and, since most of them were new to me, I enjoyed learning all I could about them. I retired about 2 a.m. to a room on the second floor, leaving George and Cindy to the living room sofa, and Ron to the pallet in the half-furnished music room or study.

The house was old and in the process of being renovated. It contained a kitchen, shed, living room, dining room, entrance hall, the room Ron had, a bath room, a hall closet room, and Ann's study on the first floor; I think there was also a small side room on the first floor. I am not sure how large the second floor was.

On Saturday morning I arose early to find that Ron still slept and Cindy was up but George was still sleeping. I made coffee and we two sat and sipped and chatted 'till the others woke at odd times and came in for coffee. Ann then prepared a breakfast feast fit for a king and we sat around and talked about what we were doing in S-F, etc. Then I fed the cats and helped out with some of the other work; we had so much to do that we even enlisted the boys to dry dishes, etc.

After most of the things were in order, I went out to do some blackberry picking. Being interested in plants, I made it my business to pick all the odd things I saw and ask about them when I got back to the house. I found one plant that was a small bush, with long oval leaves, pointed at the top, which contained berries about the color of a ripening tomato, but the size of a huckleberry. No one could tell me what it might be, and even the very informative books that Ann had did not seem to have this information. Does anyone know what it might have been?

Saturday afternoon other guests started arriving. There was Frank Prieto again, Mike McInerney, Ted White, Joni, and many others. We sat and talked, and then went onto the lawn for a picnic lunch. One of the cats did a fan out of his plate by stealing right from it; the fan left the plate and went into the house to get another. There was folk singing, games, chatter, and just plain fun. I tried to get Ron's sword again, but the girls took it and hid it; they told him later that it was on the way to Rochester in the back of Joni's car -- I never did discover if this were really true.

That evening we had a meeting of the Chinese "Wall Society" and ironed out many of the kinks in its charter. I was assigned to the pallet that night, as Frank Prieto was staying over and the room I had used the previous night had two beds. Ron was moved into this room with Frank so there would be enough space for all of the sleepers.

On Sunday, after packing, dressing, having a leisurely breakfast, chatting, and helping Ann with the clean-up work, I was driven to the bus depot. I made excellent time coming back; my bus barrelled straight through to Philadelphia with only one main stop, so that the return trip took only four hours, in contrast to the 6 1/2 hours going up.

Harriett Kolchak

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Harriett's letter which contained the ASHE-HEAP report also had quite a bit to say about the NON-CON and other matters; we will extract from the remainder of her letter as space allows:

She states that her grandmother passed away and she had quite a bit of extra work to do in addition to preparing for the NON-CON, so "I sent out an SOS for aid from the three groups that were involved in it. I needed funds for refreshments and aid with the work. The only one that came through for me was Baltimore." She then goes on to describe all of the problems which beset preparations for the con, and to thank the Baltimore group for showing up a bit early to help with the final preparations. She goes on, "I was much too dazed and numb during the con to even feel it if I sat on a pin. I do remember some of the things though. There was the poker game . . . about 17 guests sleeping on my floors, two very nice chats with the Lowndes, someone stopping the toilet up, games going on all over the place and folk singing groups . . . someone borrowing a girly movie and showing it Sunday evening." She then relates the confusion when the lights went out just as the movie was about to start, a couple of incidents which took place during Bob Lowndes' speech, and the arrival and participation of Hans Santesson. Finally, "We cleared enough from the door receipts and the book sales to just exactly cover the cost of the con. Some of the guests went out around the town from time-to-time, to a girly movie, to book shops, and to eating places. The Chinese [Great Wall] Society had a meeting on Saturday evening. There are some left over articles, like a suitcase full of men's clothes, and several other items, including a sleeping bag. If you lost or left something you may reclaim it by giving me a description of it and information about returning it."

She also says, briefly:

"The Neo-Fund has \$68 in the bank and \$85 coming back from the LONCON."

"John and Perdita Boardman had a baby girl, named Dierdre, on September 7th."

"Would like to make October 15th meeting if I am welcome." [ I am sure I speak for WSFA when I say that you would be most welcome -- and so would any other fan who happened to be in the D.C. area on the night of a WSFA meeting. --ed. ]

"Philadelphia con on November 13th and 14th at the Sheraton Hotel. Meet for palaver here on Friday evening 12th, party here on Saturday 13th, L. Sprague de Camp guest of honor. Charge \$1.50. All my beds are taken. Want floor space?"

## SPIES AT LARGE

### The Works of Edward S. Aarons -- Part I

Back in 1954, Edward S. Aarons started writing novels of international intrigue and espionage, well ahead of the current fad for such stories and only a year behind Ian Fleming himself. He already was writing "tough" mysteries and detective stories under two by-lines, with an occasional science-fiction yarn every so often on the side. (See back issues of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION.) From time-to-time he has written novels based on current movies and TV shows, such as "The Defenders", for instance. He also calls himself Edward S. Ronns occasionally.

The first spy-thriller novel he wrote was GIRL ON THE RUN (Gold Medal Books, 25 cents/35 cents [wherever two prices are quoted in this article, first figure represents price of first printing, and second figure represents price of reprints]), which was about Harry Bannock, an American adventurer and O.S.S. veteran in postwar France and Spain, and his efforts to save a beautiful and mysterious French girl from frightful dangers at the hands of some international renegades. It was a hit, so Aarons decided to write an entire series of such tales with a dashing, swash-buckling, colorful, glamorous, devil-may-care, rough, tough, hard-as-nails American C.I.A. agent as the hero. I don't know whether he had read any Ian Fleming novels yet at that time, but he very probably hadn't, as Fleming was little-known in 1954 and 1955. At any rate, Aarons needed someone even more spectacular than Harry Bannock for his hero; so he created a superspy hero named Samuel Cullen Durell, and Durell has remained popular and active for no less than twenty adventure novels from 1955 to 1964. That's an average of two or three Sam Durell novels per year, and the quality of the stories is very, very high for paperback originals, rivalled only by Donald Hamilton's "Matt Helm" series, for the same publisher. When I can't find an Ian Fleming book I haven't read, I pick up one of Aaron's "Sam Durell" stories, and it makes a very adequate substitute. After all, there's usually been only one new "James Bond" yarn annually, so there's been room for a Yank super-agent to take up the slack and fill this vacuum. Ian Fleming is now dead, but Edward S. Aarons is still going strong, and he too writes good, exciting action stories with colorful, exotic settings and every now and then a dash of S.F. mixed in.

Sam Durell is tall, dark and handsome, looking rather like Robert Taylor. He has wavy black hair, blue-grey eyes, and he sometimes wears a moustache. He does not look much like the Mike Hammer type portrayed by the cover artists and approved by the art editors of Gold Medal Books. Obviously these gentry haven't read the books they're illustrating -- something I've long suspected. Anyway, Sam comes from the Louisiana bayous and is partly of French "Cajun" descent. He was brought up by his grandfather, Captain Jonathan Durell, an old-time Mississippi riverboat skipper and Western frontier gambler, who is old but still alive at the present time! Old Jonathan was also a sailor-of-fortune in the South Seas in the wild old days. What stories he could tell - - - He taught all his professional gambling tricks and fighting skills to Sam, who has himself worked as a part-time professional gambler. Sam has a law degree from Yale, but, soon after graduation, Pearl Harbor was bombed, and Sam Durell became a lieutenant and then captain in the U.S. Army Intelligence and the O.S.S. in North Africa and Europe, operating behind enemy lines during World War II. He also saw action in Southeast Asia against the Japanese invaders. After the war, he joined the C.I.A., and ever since he's been fighting Communists, Nazis, Fascists, spies, traitors, saboteurs, gunrunners, dope-smugglers, and assorted gangsters, racketeers, mad-scientists, fiends, and human monsters. Unlike James Bond, Sam Durell isn't interested in sports-cars and is seriously involved with a

"steady" girl-friend whom he might someday marry. Somehow this hasn't prevented him from getting romantically involved with a great many other luscious females, but he loves and leaves all the rest of them.

ASSIGNMENT -- TO DISASTER (Gold Medal Books, 25 cents/35 cents) has a very definite super-science angle, since it concerns the test-launching into orbit of a U.S. artificial satellite. It has a nuclear warhead and is radio-controlled to come down at any point in its orbit on signal. Naturally the Reds want to sabotage it, and a traitorous U.S. scientist offers to bring it down on New York City! Sam comes to the rescue and foils the plot.

ASSIGNMENT -- TREASON (Gold Medal Books, 25 cents/35 cents) is a fantasy-thriller of U.S. near-future politics that belongs on the same shelf as PRESIDENT FU-MANCHU, THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, and SEVEN DAYS IN MAY. A traitorous C.I.A. official has committed multiple acts of treason against the U.S. government, is secretly a leader in a right-wing extremist group, is blackmailing government employees, has sold out to a Red spy network, and is selling our secrets to them. Sam Durell must pretend to be a traitor and spy himself in order to infiltrate the enemy ranks and uncover the plot.

ASSIGNMENT -- SUICIDE (Gold Medal Books, 25 cents/35 cents) tells how Sam Durell parachuted into the Soviet Union, made contact with the anti-Communist Russian underground resistance movement, and defeated a plot by neo-Stalinist deviationist Red leaders in secret opposition to Khrushchev to start World War III by a nuclear I.C.B.M. attack on the United States.

Albert E. Gechter

(To be concluded next issue)

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Book Review - FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, by Robert A. Heinlein (Signet Books T2704, 75 cents).

First off, this book is by Heinlein. Therefore, go and buy it even though it is far short of the master's best. The story, a generous 256 pages, breaks down into three autonomous sections.

The first is a 46-page short story about a nuclear attack near a target area, and of Hubert Farnham's attempts at running a taut fallout and blast shelter. Tense, exciting and dramatic, it should logically end with the death of the group, since they must inevitably be wiped out by radiation or starvation. Nevertheless, their simple survival of the attack is upbeat and inspiring.

Instead we proceed to the second part, a 79-page novelette, a sort of Swiss Family Robinson epic of survival in the wilderness without people, or anything save their supplies in the shelter. Hubert -- Hugh -- Farnham proceeds to make a go of it for his lush (as in alcoholic) wife, his spoiled son, his daughter and her divorcee friend, and Joe, the Negro servant. The technology is interesting, and the people are alive. The situation comes to a climax when Karen Farnham (who was pregnant when she entered the shelter) dies in a horrendous childbirth scene, and the mother blames Hugh for not calling the doctor. Subsequently the mother and son prepare to leave the establishment to Hugh, Joe, and Barbara.

Then we sashay into the third part of the story, a 131-page short novel in which we find (a) we are 2,109 (or so) years in the future, (b) the dark-skinned races are on top, and (c) the white and yellow races have been bred for small size and docility and are not regarded as human.

In this part we also find the most unpleasant -- in a sickly-sweet sort of way -- civilization that Heinlein has ever turned out (to my knowledge, i.e. -- I haven't read all of his work), depicted, as usual, with meticulous precision.

The character of Ponse, the Negro despot-scholar who is central to this section is brilliant in conception and execution. The fact that he eats a young white female at each meal is a pure cultural anomaly.

The action centers around Hugh's attempt to hold his family together, as his wife is taken into Ponse's harem to teach her master English, Barbara (who bore Hugh twin sons) is put in the nursery -- strictly off-limits to men -- and Duke, unable to adapt to a new situation (although he was managing before in the wilderness), is castrated and given to his mother as a pet. Joe, being a Negro, is in, and does what he can for Hugh, who is put in charge of translating the Encyclopedia Britannica as an important source work. Hugh gains privileges and perquisites, including a freemartin "bedwarmer", by his acceptance of the inevitable.

His escape attempt is botched, but he has set Ponse up to make quite a large sum of money, and the old man reunites Hugh with Barbara and the twins and puts them in a time machine, and sends them back to an hour and fifteen minutes before the bombs started falling. They survive, and at the end the American Flag is flying over their fortified trading post.

There is always a lot to a Heinlein novel, and this one is no exception. Hugh, the central character, is the archetypal Heinlein old man -- crusty, virile, noble, competent, brave, etc, etc, and etc. He is also a real bastard, having no use for persuasion when he can use force. In his conflict with Duke, his lawyer-not-yet-in-practice son, we presumably have a spokesman for the author as a philosopher. Since Duke is no match for his father, and the situations are stacked, the philosophy is not persuasive (a fallout shelter is not a ship, and, although discipline is needed, the absolute rule of the ship's captain is not). Still, the refutations, where they apply, require some thought, and this is good mental exercise.

One final word. The culture depicted was decadent. It was stagnant, static, and stable, but His Charity, Ponse, has in his household scientists who were able to build a time machine from the clues afforded by the Farnham's shelter. So much for decadence.

Despite its faults the book is eminently readable, and emphatically worth reading.

Alexis A. Gilliland

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Book Review - SPACE LORDS, by Cordwainer Smith (Pyramid Books R-1183, 50 cents).

This collection of five stories was taken from GALAXY S.F. and AMAZING STORIES between 1961 and 1964. All five are set in the same time-line, but range over great intervals and wide spaces.

In a short prologue the author indicates the sources of his inspiration, which include Rimbaud, Dante and Joan of Arc. Since he writes very well, and is drawing on first-rate inspiration, the stories individually are very good. As a matter of fact, the stories are excellent, and I enjoyed them highly. They are also strange, both conceptually and in detail, as for instance, the "Instrumentality of Mankind". The

IOM runs through all the stories, and is a kind of free-floating, hip-shooting government, made up of autonomous individuals having great power and great self-discipline, who are responsible only to their peers. Evidently robots handle the great bulk of the routine work, although this is more implicit than explicit, and the IOM serves to handle the bizarre and difficult. In some respects the Lords and Ladies of the Instrumentality resemble the Mandarins of China; in others, the Hanging Judges of the Old West.

Then there are the "Underpeople", rats, foxes, goats, cats and the like who have been given human shape and size and who have been assigned to the dirty work of the world. Possibly this could be a comment on the civil rights controversy, but I doubt it. There is no clearly-stated message as in propaganda, and one or two underpeople, i.e. C'mell and B'dikkat, are memorable as individuals rather than symbols.

Then we have the planet Norstrilia, defended by mad minks, and An-fang, where machines produce people, and Go-Captain Alvarez who became a mountain.

As I said, strange. Also, far out. Also, readable. By all means get this one.

Alexis A. Gilliland

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#### MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MONTH

October AMAZING: Murray Leinster's new serial "Killer Ship" starts in this issue; it's a rousing action yarn for space-opera enthusiasts, set in the landing-grid universe. There's one new short story, by Arthur Porges, and the rest are reprints by Bradbury, Nowlan, Williamson and Wyndham.

October ANALOG: Mack Reynold's serial, "Space Pioneer", is getting better as it goes along. "Overproof" by Jonathan Blake MacKenzie is a good novelet. There are two also-ran short stories. ANALOG won the Hugo for best magazine; if you voted for it, you'll love this issue.

October F & SF: This is the 16th Anniversary issue, with a handsome astronomical cover by Bonestell. Roger Zelazny's two-part serial starts strong. He uses a strange style here, shifting rapidly from richly allusive to baldly colloquial; only rarely does it misfire. The story is complex and interesting, and if he can sustain it in the second installment, it's sure to be one of the Hugo nominees next year. Don't miss it. There are short stories by Blish, Davidson, Sharkey, Tilley and Young, plus some interesting features. A good issue.

October IF: This should delight the old-time fans; it has two serials in one issue. There's the conclusion of Doc Smith's "Skylark DuQuesne" (and sadly it will be Doc's last novel), and the first installment of Keith Laumer's "Retief's War", which is turning out to be the best Retief story yet. There's more fiction by deFord, Dickson, Dong, Reynolds, Williams and Young. Gaughan has done a magnificent wrap-around cover illustrating "Retief's War". On the strength of this and some of his recent covers for F & SF, I recommend Gaughan for the Hugo for Best Artist next year. Don't miss this issue.

November MAGAZINE OF HORROR: This is mostly reprints, some by acknowledged literary figures like de Maupassant and Bierce, some by writers from the old magazines, like Greye La Spina and Robert E. Howard. If you want to know what the old WEIRD TALES was like, this is the easiest way to find out.

Banks H. Mebane



## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

WSFA finally held an official meeting on September 17 -- the first since July at which a quorum (currently 20) was present. Since everyone should be back from vacation now, and the quorum will drop in October, hopefully we will be able to have official meetings more regularly from now on.

The two By-Law amendments before the club -- the "prayer" amendment and a proposed change in the method of amending the By-Laws -- were both defeated. The proposed new Constitution and By-Laws were placed before the club and tabled until the next meeting. They will be brought off the table at each meeting, and changes will be made until they satisfy the members. Hopefully we will be able to take final action on the new By-Laws by the last meeting in November. The new Constitution can not be voted on until the Annual Meeting in May.

At one point during the meeting I relinquished the chair to the Vice-President and made the motion that WSFA go on record as supporting the bid by Baltimore for the World Con in 1967. The motion passed with no dissenting vote.

Also discussed at this meeting was the idea of holding a Regional Con this spring in Baltimore. Such a con would be sponsored by both WSFA and BSFS, and would replace the Disclave for 1966. This would give Baltimore more experience and publicity for their '67 World Con bid, and ease the load of convention planning for WSFA. Will WSFA members please consider this idea; the club should reach an official decision at an early meeting, to allow planning to begin for either a Disclave or a Baltimore Con.

Banks H. Mebane

## TREASURER'S REPORT

On hand, 15 September .....	\$77.75
Dues, Regular members .....	\$4.50
Dues, new Corresponding members .....	2.00
Dues, new Regular member .....	.50
JOURNAL fees, Corresponding members ....	1.00
JOURNAL fees, Associate member .....	1.00
On hand, 1 October .....	\$86.75

September-November dues are due; any Regular member whose dues are not paid by first meeting in October will be removed from roster.

Philip N. Bridges

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

Present at the meeting of September 17 were 32 persons: George Adair (guest), Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Philip Bridges, Deidre Butterfield (guest), Jack Chalker, Elizabeth Cullen, Dick Eney, Al Gechter, Alexis Gilliland (guest), Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Jerry Jacks, James Latimer, Bob Madle, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Elliott Norman, Mark Owings, Bob Pavlat, Peggy Pavlat, Art Peters (guest), Steve Patt, Jay Sattel, Alan Simons, Robert Weston, Kim Weston, and Robert Whittier (guest).

Elizabeth O. Cullen

## REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

2 new Regular members: James W. Latimer, III; Robert C. Whittier.  
2 new Corresponding members: Cuyler Warnell ("Ned") Brooks, Jr.; Robert H. Davis.

William B. Berg

EDITOR'S NOTES

In brief - -

A complete roster, including addresses and phone numbers of new members and address changes and corrections received since publication of the last roster, will be published in the next issue (# 11) of the JOURNAL.

A local phone-call, D.C. area Diplomacy game is being formed to be played through the JOURNAL -- see Don Miller for details; one more spot is open.

WSFA has back issues of the JOURNAL for sale in limited numbers - 10 cents each to WSFA members, and 15 cents each to non-members. A few QUANTA's are also available.

If you have any extra S-F material you don't want, send it to The La Plata Fantasy & S.F. Club, Calle 2 n<sup>o</sup> 270, departamento 2, La Plata (BA), Argentina.

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October/November Calendar -

WSFA Meetings -- October 1, 15; November 5, 19; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7961 West

Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., 20012; phone RA3-7107. No party meeting Oct. 29.

The Gamesmen -- October 8, 22; November 12, 26; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Md., 20906; phone 933-5417; call or write before coming.

BSFS Meetings -- October 9, 23; November 13, 27; call Jack Chalker or write him for information; 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21207; phone 367-0685.

Philadelphia Con -- November 12-14; write Harriett Kolchak, 2330 N. Hancock St., Phila., Pa., 19133 for full info; some details inside this issue of the JOURNAL.

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The JOURNAL is published bi-<sup>weekly</sup>monthly, and is free to all active Regular and Honorary members of WSFA; for Associate members the JOURNAL is \$1.00 per year via 3rd class mail, and \$1.50 per year via 1st class mail, with payments credited to member as advance dues for the year; Corresponding members receive the JOURNAL via 3rd class mail, but may receive it by 1st class mail by paying an extra 50 cents per year; all other persons (except those with whom trades have been arranged) receive the JOURNAL as determined by the WSFA membership. Third class mailings are sent two issues at a time, at the end of the month. For advertisement rates, see issue #7 or the editor.

Don Miller

THE WSFA JOURNAL

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