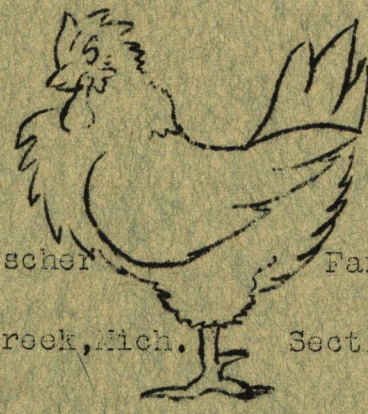


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FALL
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Interesting stuff popped up prolificly this last couple weeks so I pass it on to you in this second section of "Waddy". So on to the new books.

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. Japanzis 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 Tschiakowski'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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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 cacaphony 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 intolligent 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 *Salvo*, 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 root 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.