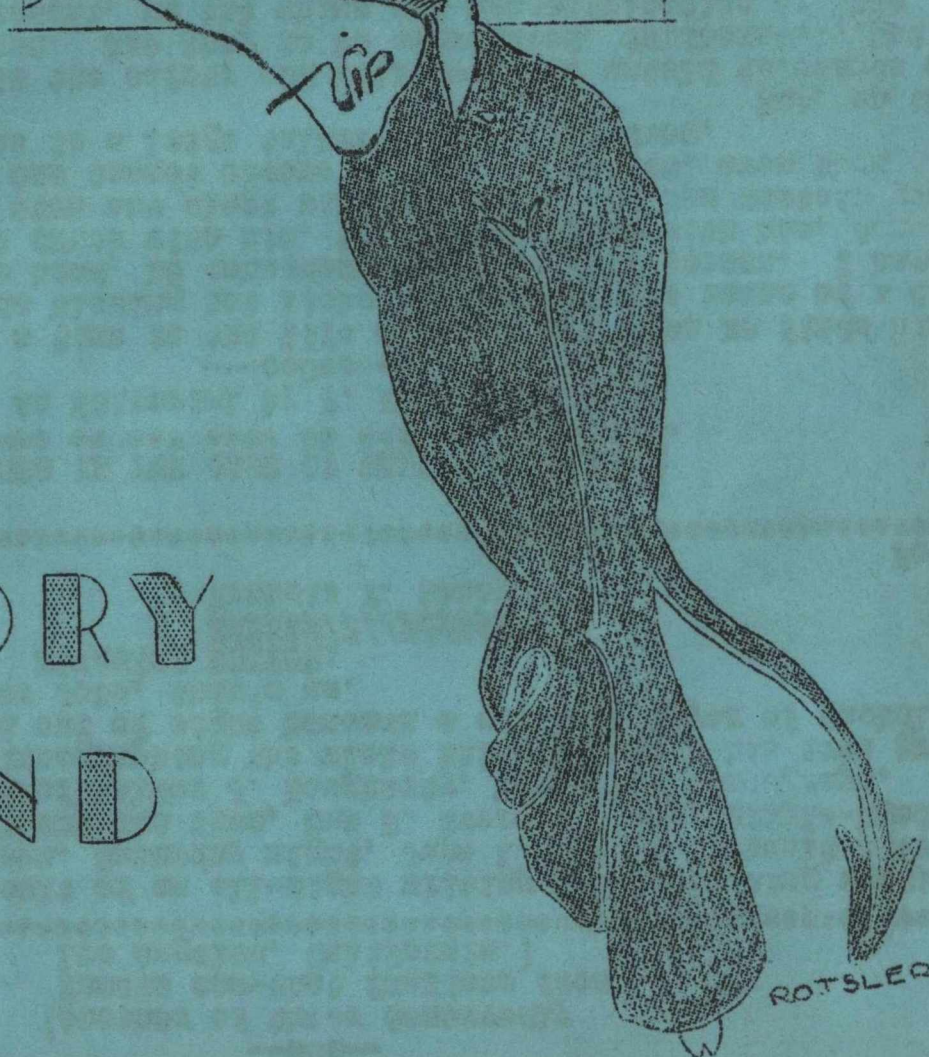


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UP

THE
GLORY
HAND



ROTSLER

FIVE FINGERS - THE GLORY HAND

--oOo--

(Another of those deservedly famous one-shot fanzines from Los Angeles, California.)

This one is the result of an all-night writing and publishing session at the LASFS clubroom, Saturday night, June 1, 1946. It would have been mimeographed there and then, but E. Everett Evans, single-handed and without the aid of Walter J. Daugherty, broke the mimeograph. As a penance, he is mimeographing the whole thing himself, his iron grey locks submerged and out of sight beneath a six inch layer of sackcloth and ashes. Jobs for Jobs, that's us.

MANAGING EDITOR:

~~Walter J. Burbee~~
Francis T. Laney

Vol. I

No. 1

FACTS IN THE CASE OF WALTER J. BURBEE

An Editorial by F. Towner Laney

---ooOoo---

There comes a time in the life of every man when he finds himself at a crossroads blowing hot licks into one of the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, he considers, here is this person. I have eaten with him, got drunk with him, told dirty jokes with him, done orifanac with him, even not slept with his wife. He has certain good points, 'tis true; one cannot escape liking the fellow, even though one realizes that he is a large talker and a small doer.

But, on the other hand, there is the safety and well-being of untold thousands of fans to be considered. Are they to be sacrificed, deliberately and with malice aforethought, to the whims and egocentricities of this, this monster? Are their whole lives to be wrecked through association with this creature, when a few simple words from me might prevent this wholesale waste of humanity?

No! Not even for friendship can I any longer remain silent. Not even for orifanac!

Not even for the Prime Subject!

Walter J. Burbee (originator of the famed Walter J. Burbee projects, which he jestingly has referred to as Daugherty projects, thereby maligning a name which, no doubt, is thoroughly deserving of such malignment)...Walter J. Burbee, the projectomaniac, did me in the eye most reprehensibly.

This magazine, which at this very moment you hold in your hands (if Evans got it mimeographed, that is, the idea of Walter J. Burbee. He got up before the eyes of the assembled LASFS and paraded himself most disgustingly, his voice going on and on about this Great Project which he, the Great Man, would supervise and direct. The ego-boo he got upon that occasion was enough for any five men, even for six or seven.

He got even more ego-boo when the finest minds in Los Angeles, plus Forrest J Ackerman, gathered together, abandoning for an evening their orifanac and their pursuit of the Prime Subject, to create this fine magazine for the sole purpose of giving Walter J. Burbee another name for his string.

But, having had his egoboo, he seemed strangely reluctant actually to produce the magazine. His excuses have been many and varied. And many of them have been oh so plausible, particularly those which, as I recall, made some serious mention of his wife. But valid? Hell, no! Would that sterling fellow stay away from the half-world to humor his wife? Would he abandon for a moment his assiduous pursuit of the Prime Subject? Huh! Not that boy. A prevaricator and malingerer, no less. I weep.

So the upshot of it all is that I, single-handed and without the aid of Walter J. Burbee, have had to edit and produce this fine one-shot fanzine.

Watch out for the fellow. Particularly beware of sending him money for fanzine subscriptions. Because if you do, not unlike other localites he will absorb like a sponge the beer this hard-earned money of yours has bought, and proceed to send you Shangri L'Affaires regularly.

Don't ask him for articles for your fanzines. For if you do, he will write them; he will be so anxious to get them (and his name, no doubt) into print that he may even stencil them for you.

Don't write letters to him; he'll just ignore them, and write you dozens of pages talking about himself, pages which you will feel impelled to answer, thereby provoking a veritable deluge of mail from the fellow.

And above all, never go on a one-shot fanzine session with him, or you'll end up writing the editorial, plus other anomolous tasks.

At this rate, the next thing we know he'll be wanting to put on a convention!

ON THE CUFF OF TIME

In the mud of evening shadows I think of
white dawn, red day, and black night.

Time is poised in the branches of the
poplar tree. It runs in the grass
by the river. It lies coiled in the
watch on my wrist. It waits with a
woman for her lover.

Don't let them tell you that time is a
colorless medium.

Time is a torso with head and limbs.
It is
a monster corpse lying athwart our
senses.

It is a being killed by our
existing.

We carefully examine the body
for rigor mortis every twenty-four
hours.

---Dale Hart

HEMMEL'S SCIENTIFIC SORTIES

#18 Some Experiments with a Time Machine

My eminent colleague, Professor Serge Meyer Pedro Pistoff, has published a brochure at once erudite and obscure. Most of the difficulty experienced by the reader can be explained when it is made known that Pistoff always writes his stuff in Japanese with Arabic characters and leaves it to be translated by his Estonian secretary, who has a typewriter with Sanskrit characters, and who, as she writes, transposes into Esperanto, which the printer renders into English as he linotypes. And then Pistoff refuses to read proof on his works, for by the time the material sees the printed page, his superb brain is far away on another tangent. A tangent, like as not, wholly unrelated to the subject matter of the text.

So much for Pistoff's idiosyncrasy. We go now into the subject of his brochure. In it, after a brief philosophical introduction, he plunges headlong into the subject at hand, which is a running account, highly technical, of the experiences he and I had with the small time machine that he collaborated on with me. The model is now broken and will probably never be repaired.

Pistoff explains how we made the machine, incorporating the essence of some fifty sciences. He spends some pages theorizing on the principles on which the machine operates, but rather murkily, I am afraid, since we agreed, he and I, that we did not clearly understand the thing.

A short description of the machine. It was but a small model. We could send it into time and it would pick up some small adjacent object, and after a bit would return automatically to the time it started from. It was not large enough to carry a person. For this reason we felt it scarcely warranted any publicity, and gave it none. To tell the truth, I was rather irked at Pistoff for publishing the brochure.

We had no way to calibrate the vernier dials except by an experimental method. We ran the machine into time (we did not even know whether forward or backward) and when it returned it brought a garbage can. From a close examination of the contents, we decided, from the preponderance of caviar, that it was dated some time between 1923, when caviar was introduced by a well-known caterer into America, and 1929, after which date nobody had any money to buy the stuff. We noted this in our record book and sent the machine away again and it returned immediately with a copy of an esoteric magazine titled Shangri-L'Affaires. This was dated 1984 and was a rare piece of luck, for it not only enabled us to set the controls with a high degree of accuracy but the magazine itself proved so diverting that we ceased work for the day and sat around mugs of ale and read and re-read this little magazine, the editor of which, one Charles Burbee, was--will be a wonderful man indeed, if his writings be any gauge of his character.

Next day we resumed our experiments and on our first try, we brought back a small dinosaur who proved to be a most irascible animal, indeed, and entirely without convention. It was lucky our

laboratory had no rug, for we surely would have had to throw it away. This little character escaped and was loose in the neighborhood for some days. Before we recaptured him, all cats in the neighborhood had disappeared.

We also brought back a few other items that might be of academic interest. A pair of socks, unused, a pair of panties, used, a pack of 7-inch cigarettes tied in a bundle, a beer bottle, empty, a bundle of newspapers through 1972-4, a stone tablet, an unmentionable thing of nameless material, a fish with legs, a bucket of sand with several cigarettes crushed out in it, a crate of strictly fresh eggs, an old automobile tire, and other items.

By this time the lab was piled high with nameless items from all the periods of time we had been able to reach. Some of it smelled a little. At this point, one of us was struck with an idea that was so simple that it had naturally not occurred to us sooner, since our minds constantly dwell in the realms of the transcendental. We would simply load the machine with the refuse and send the stuff away into time.

The machine was fully calibrated by this time, so we had some amusement selecting certain items for certain epochs and conjecturing the reactions of the inhabitants thereof when they discovered these anachronistic items in their midst. So enthused were we that we failed to distinguish between laboratory equipment and the time accumulations, and before long we had all but denuded the room. We did, however, keep a scientifically accurate log of each item we sent away, and the time into which we projected it.

We sent back copies of current newspapers so the 17th century; and 1936 whiskey bottles to 1906. We sent the Smyth Report to the 12th Century, and imagined the Indians' puzzlement at seeing it. The dinosaur we returned, out of compassion, to his own era. In a fairly wild fashion we disposed of everything---very whimsically we thought. The task finished, we retired to our rooms. Almost before we fell asleep we both had forgotten the time machine. It was a thing accomplished. We forged ahead into newer problems, newer vistas, undiscovered realms of science.

We stepped out of the laboratory the next morning and were amazed. We were surrounded by a plastic city of towering spire-tipped skyscrapers, of metallic streets and fantastically clad people. Wingless craft fled silently and swiftly through the sky. "My God!" cried Pistoff, his customary aplomb gone. "What is---all this?" We both shot back into the laboratory. It was there, but it was changing. Even as we watched, new equipment of a fantastic type sprang into being. The time machine, undisturbed, sat where we had left it.

The realization of what had happened struck us simultaneously, though I am sure I was just a little ahead of Pistoff. In sending off those items so carefully gauged to create amusement, we had altered the structure of the time-flow. We had created a new time track. We were in an alternate future. We looked out again. Now we observed the people more closely. The women---the women! Nine feet tall, breastless. Green hair and three eyes. We hastily drew back into our lab. It had changed still more. We grew

completely frightened, or at least Pistoff did. Our lab was changing. Since it was the hub of the time change, it changed slowest. It was not affected so much--not right away. But it was drifting gradually into the alternate future. We knew tacitly that we wanted nothing of this future. We seized upon our time machine. We consulted our records. (Object lesson: Always keep careful records). We shot the machine back through time, got the bundle of newspapers and returned them to their own time. We looked outside. The tallest buildings now had flat tops instead of spires. We got the empty beer bottle, the stone tablet, the unmentionable thing of nameless material. And the Smyth Report. We returned them to their own times. When we looked outside again, things were fairly normal.

Pleased at our success, we carefully recaptured all the items and returned them to their proper and respective eras, and when we looked out again, we were surprized.

The houses were built in octagonal shapes. The air was flavored with mint. A bush in the front yard was hung with doughnuts and golf balls.

Another future! Another time track! But it should not have been! We had returned everything to its proper time and place, being careful to return them so that they would never be gone from their eras more than a half-second, plus or minus. Madly we searched our records and our memories.

Nothing.

We seemed doomed to spend our time in some alternate time track. Of course, we could conjure up all manner of time-tracks by tampering with the past, but we somehow had a nostalgia for our own time. You cannot imagine the nostalgia of being lost in time.

Then, sheepishly, Pistoff muttered something I did not catch and shyly drew out the pair of panties, used, from his pocket. He's the sentimental sort.

We sent it back, as Pistoff brushed away a tear. When we looked outside again, the landscape was the same as it had always been. Dirt crusted everything. Stupid looking people dawdled along. A faint stink came from the nearby soap factory--we breathed the air like it was some celestial anodyne. Back in our own time-track.

Pistoff kicked the machine into a corner and that is how it got broken.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF A TYPICAL "INFORMAL TYPE" MEETING OF THE
L. A. S. F. S.

(By Tigrina)

SCENE: L. A. S. F. S. HEADQUARTERS

CHARACTER: Forrie the Ack, Fran Ianey, Charles Burpy, Dale Hartbreaker, E. Hic Perdue, Ash Alley, EE! Evans Lou Ghoulstone, Gus Woolmouth, Russ (The Dictator) Hodgkins, Local Yokel Jocuel No. 2, Wally (Light Fantastic) Daugherty, Olanticheer Liebscher, and various other characters who haunt the Club Room on Thursday nights.

(As scene opens, thunderous strokes of Director Hodgkins' gavel drown out faint strains of string orchestra in background, playing Liebscher's favourite piece, "Walt's Tryst".)

DIRECTOR HODGKINS: (clearing throat peremptorily) The meeting will now come to order. (General scraping of chairs and feet, surreptitious whispers, giggles, burps and other characteristic noises.) May we have the minutes of the preceding meeting?

TIGRINA: The meeting, under the capable direction of Russ Hodgkins, got under way at(there follows a half hour or so devoted to the reading of the minutes, during which there is more surreptitious whispering, giggling, coughing, yawning, etc.)

HODGKINS: Any objections or additions? Fine. Minutes stand as read. Any old business?

FRAN IANEY: (In customary sitting position on chair, with knees under ears and hands clasped around ankles): I wish to announce intention of taking the mimeograph this week. You'll remember I was going to take it last week, but the doodleywhackey on the thingamawhatsit was broken and had to be fixed, and besides, Sandy and Quiggie had the hiccups and I had to stay home and take care of them since Jackie had to work that night and I couldn't leave her out on a limb.....

BURBEE: Ah yes, and two very nice ones if I may say so.

WALLY DAUGHERTY: I would like to announce a new project I'm starting. I've designed a new gadget which I call the "Ego Boo-merang". It is really quite an ingenious device. No matter where or how you fling it around, with direct or underhanded method, it always comes back to you, satisfaction guaranteed. I intend to

present this item during the Convention. We can probably sell about five thousand at the Pacificon and put the rest out on consignment at the Thrifty Drug Stores in the vicinity.

BURBEE: Oh, that sounds wonderful! I'll need at least five of these Ego Boo-merang gadgets for my polls in "Shangri L'Affaires".

DAUGHERTY: Of course, a small amount of money would help further this undertaking.

IOU GOLDSTONE: I move that we allot some money toward this worthy project.

EVERETT EVANS: I second the motion.

WILKINS: Let's see a show of hands on this. (Various smudgy palms are extended upwards). Any opposition?

(At this point, Samuel D. Russell enters. Loud applause and greetings ensue.)

TIGRINA: Why, hello Sam! As usual I see you're a little behind. (A loud spasm of bellowing denoting laughter issues from the vocal chords of Fran Laney, whose obscene mind misinterprets this innocent remark. Tigrina blushes furiously.)

BRIST: (with treasury account book balanced on his knees) Hello, Sam. Glad to see you. Sit down next to me. Let's see now, you haven't been here for a long time. You owe the Club \$2 membership dues, and then there's the money for the assessment, etc., etc., etc.

PAIE HART: How about asking Art Joquel for his weekly report on the atomic situation?

BOUGHINS: That's a good idea. How about it, Art?

ART JOQUEL: Well, things are just about the same. Prominent scientists report that business is booming.

WAIT HIEBCHER: I would like to recommend some fantasy books that've just come out on the market. One of them is called "After The Atom Bomb, What?". I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but I understand it's rather light reading. In fact the book is composed entirely of blank pages. Oh--and a good novel I've just finished is "The Sentimental Centaur", by A. E. van Ballet, appearing in the current Stupendous Stories.

It's a wonderful wistful sort of fantasy.
(Walt's eyes grow misty) I wept through the
whole thing, I really did. I heartily recom-
mend it.

CBS WILLMORTH: Oh, I dunno. I read the thing and I thought it
was pretty lousy. It was sloppily sentimental,
not very fantastic, and I was completely bored
with it.

LIEBSCHER: (excitedly) But it wasn't! It was absolutely
the most terrific thing I've read in ages. You
see, the hero---that's the centaur---gets in-
volved with a Venusian maiden who is visiting
earth on her way to Mars, and

AL ASHLEY: I move that we table this discussion and turn
the matter over for investigation by the Execu-
tive Committee to be reported upon at the next
meeting.

EVERETT EVANS: I second the motion.

HODGKINS: All in favour say "Aye".

(At this time, Abby Lu and Jim-E Daugherty enter the Club Room,
carrying trays on which are an appetizing array of refresh-
ments.)

JIM-E: Would anyone like some chocolate pie? It has a
special topping of Ego Boo-meringue.

EILMER PERDUE: (sampling a piece) Mmmm, delicious! What's the
recipe?

JIM-E: Oh, it's a new formula. I use hard-boiled eg(g)os.

ABBY LU: Who wants some coffee and doughnuts?

FANS IN CHORUS: I do! (and other remarks in violent affirmative.)

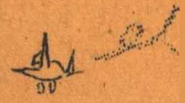
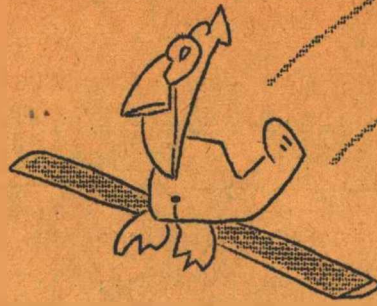
HODGKINS: Well, at least we have no trouble voting on that
situation.

(Curtain rings down on greedy fans stuffing themselves with Abby Lu's
tasty goodies.)

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A. J. S.

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Fritchard S. Shaver
(as confided to
Forrest J Ackerman)



The long, low, sleek, underslung limousine swung up the street and screeched to a noiseless halt in front of the "96" Club. Miss Wanda Dea Starr, preceded by her pet lemur, stepped from the car and was personally escorted into the Club by the proprietor, "Sloppy" Maxin.

Having successfully solved the murder of Murgatroyd Ackroyd, the White Shadow swathed himself in his black cloak and became one with the Inky Nite, which was as black as pitchblende before it has been blended, which is very black indeed, we are assured by no less an authority than Oxnard BC Hemmel.

"Very well," said the Head of the Latin Dept. "We will put you under contract for one year." "You mean," asked Tiffuny Bayer's Greek, "that I am unemployed?"

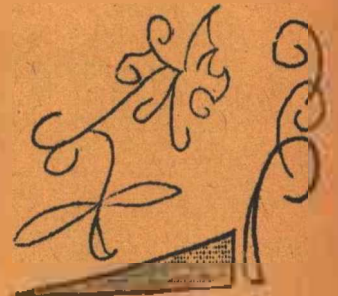
At this, Wanda and her pet panda began to rhumba to the softly sifted strains of "I Don't Wanna Walk without You, Zombie."

The long, low, sleek, underslung Lemurazine slung up the street and the street slanged back at it. Neet? No, thanx, I'll take mine dry.

"Wet your whistle, copper?" "Much obliged, sonny." So he took his whistle and dipped it in a stream of consciousness, supporting Mari-Bether Eddy's contention that "there is neither substance nor reality in matter, particularly if the matter be a bee-ba-ba-liebscher article.

At that he seized a pencil and with his own three hands (both of them) drew the following doodle, which was hung in art galleries throuout the world, titled "Apple Strudel on the Noodle", which was only fitting and proper, under the circumstances.

Remember to Vogt for me in the fifthcoming election. If swept into office, I promise to do everything in my power to do everything in my power.



His breath came to him in short pants, and Elsie came over to him in her chemise, which fell to within 4 feet above her knees, which is knees work if you can get it, Nieson.

O, pshaw, Bernard---pass the lard and praise the (h)ammunition. There is no truth to the rumor that the next Skylarkham of Space Opera will be entitled "Tea Greena and No Others", by Ann Sheridan LaFanne.

Whassamatter you, puns drunk?

ESCAPE
by Gene Hunter

I am sitting around one day sometime in 1941, pursuing my usual pastime of reading wild and woolly thought provoking stuff which I know is termed vaguely "science-fiction". The mag is, I believe, a copy of THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Well, Having even less to do than usual, I turn to a page of departments, which I have never before felt the inclination to read. Unfortunately, it turns out to be the reader's column, which is very good about that time, I discover after comparing it to later dates. I am intrigued. So what happens? So I start to write letters to the prozines. They appear in print. In my youthful innocence I am thrilled to see the name of Hunter in print. I discover I am a FAN.

I begin to receive letters from other letterhax. I answer them. Now I am an active fan. I write more letters. I get more letters. The thing turns into a horrible montage of letters, stretching miles into the horizon, running into thousands of words.

Then, when I already have a stiff neck, I discover that I am not a fan after all. Do I belong to a fan group? No. Do I publish a fanzine? No.

I contemplate suicide. That won't work, For I can see my unclean soul suffering in an endless Hades of letters, stfanzines, etc. Is there no other way out? Yes. In desperation I join the Navy. Sometimes in the next two and a half years I wish . . . But never mind. While in the Navy I drop all but a couple of correspondents. Slowly I am freeing myself of the drug . . .

So a few years later I am driving myself to an even worse form of insanity by staying some 18 months on a desolate rock in the south Pacific when Dr. Smyth and his buddies get together and knock out an atomic bomb, thus ending the war. And thus, unfortunately for stf, sending me home.

While I am on leave just prior to discharge I do a horrible thing. For a long time I hear rumors about the terrible little house on Bixel Street. Something draws me to this Mecca of stfandom, this Shangri-La, this -- I can find no simile. And I didn't want to join that bunch of LASFSlans or the Pacificon society, but I did. I ask myself -- I ask you -- what can be done about this abominable situation.

Here I am, formerly an innocent, uncorrupt youth, plunging headlong and without restraint into fandom. You can already see how far it has gone. Here I sit, writing out tripe and trivia for a fanzine. If that was all it wouldn't be so bad. But I'm even planning to publish a fanzine myself. That is the last stage, lensman.

So if you meet me at the Pacificon and see that wild look in my eyes, it is not because I've been reading about time machines and mutants and space ships and demons and stuff. Its because I'm looking for an escape from this web in which I am enmeshed. I'm caught like a rap in a trat, I yell tou.

Quick homesoddy, thing dosome.

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF RANOSCHNERD GLEEP

--Leopold Stobullski Liebscher

Ranoschnerd Gleep contemplated his navel with a sort of resigned savoir faire. He was thinking of someone close to him. His mind wandered to a popular song, usually blurted out by iniquitous imbibers when they have imbibed too copiously:

Nights are low since you went away
I dream about you all through the day
My bawdy, my bawdy
My body misses you

Gleep loved music. He hoped some day to make his living dashing out ditties. Right now he was hard at work on his newest composition - "The Skeleton Rag, A Serenade for the Well Tempered Clavicle.

Several nights later Gleep's effusions burst forth in all their glory and he gave birth to the greatest song hit of the age, a ditty that was to make him as one with the universe.

It all happened too suddenly. He was sitting in the bathtub playing chess with Elsie Probably, in his favorite position - straddling the watterspout. Elsie Probably became so enthusiastic over a forthcoming checkmate that she dislodged the stopper and was almost sucked down the drain. This made a profound impression on Ranoschnerd. He fell out of the bathtub and lit on the south end of a knife pointing north.

Thus a startling change of events changed Gleep's entire foundation of life. He no longer worked furiously over a composition only to have the critics shower him with raspberries. They now poured forth upon him the orchards of their hearts. Of one accord they proclaimed "Sonata for Skinless Banana" the miracle piece of the age.

The first performance of this marvelous composition had a profound influence over the audience. So enrapt was a certain spiritualist who attended the concert that during the second movement she materialized a banana, and a certain magician attending is said to have blossomed forth with a whole stalk.

Tune upon tune came forth from the pregnant brain of our hero. He was the first person in the world to have five of his songs on the hit parade at the same time, besides being honored by the Astute Brotherhood of Yo Olde Gregorian Chantys.

Such songs as A Flirt in Four Flats, Bebop Aleba with the Queen of Sheba, and When the Clouds Come Out in Turkey and The Nights are Getting Murky I'll Be Bringing up the Spam, Hot Damn immediately found a place in the hearts of hoi polloi. The rabble rhumbaed, the cognoscenti congaed, and the worry warts waltzed ecstaticly to Gleep's mellifluous melodies.

II

But, alas, the fertility of Gleep was to wane. One morning while having a peach of a time paring his toenails, Ranoschnerd stopped his struggle with a particularly recalcitrant pedicule, plumb tired out, and suddenly realized that Elsie was the cause of it all. If she hadn't dislodged the stopper in a fit of chess madness he wouldn't be the big man he was today. Thus Ranoschnerd fell madly, irrevocably in love.

He showered love, diamonds, and songs upon her. It was during this period that he wrote his last great hit: "Will You Love Me IN September As You Did Beside the Bushes". It was his last great achievement. From then on Ranoschnerd concentrated purely on loving Elsie. His heart was hers, his arms were hers, his hands were hers, his whole body was hers, even the two extra fingers he inherited from his Great Aunt Matilda.

Over Rover

So our hero was content. He had money, had had love, he had a home and he had Elsie. In fact he had everything, including a bad case of scrofula. In fact the latter was to prove so complicated that he eventually died of it.

"Elsie," he said as she set up camp beside his deathbed, "you have given me the only happiness I've ever known. I have known neither mother or father. They both died years before I was born. All my life I've wandered in search of happiness. I've loved women in Shurdablurtenfurt, in Shansafransinstans, in Yollifolligolly, yes, and even one or two in Shildawrilltabillayillaclurtenfill, Texas. (Thanks, Theodore) I've seen the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, The Leaning Tower of Pisa and I've even attended a bacchanale on Bixel Street, but nowhere have I found the beauty and speldnor to compare with your love."

Elsie wept and wept. She tore her hair, she got down on her knees and asked that Ranoschnerd be spared, she walked the floor while tears flowed down her voluptuous thighs, she choked, and wept some more. Once she became so overwrought she went down to Clancy's for a beer. This cheered her up a bit for everyone was so wonderful to her. Satchmo McGillicuddy even drank a toast to Gleep's demise. This warmed the cockles of Elsie's heart and she walked home with a glow and her amour from next door.

But, alas, as she entered the room our hero was breathing his last. His breath came in short pants and Elsie came over to him in her chemise. She knelt down beside the bed and stroked his head, and every once in awhile she stroked his hair - it was so long and so curly, the only one he had left.

Ranoschnerd looked up into Elsie's eyes. They were so beautiful, so blue, so filled with the joys of heaven, so full of understanding, even the one in the middle.

Ranoschnerd asked Elsie to put her arms around him. She put one arm around his middle, one around his neck, and with her free arm she continued to stroke his hair. And it was thus that our hero passed from this world into the next. (Ah! the fantastic at last) With his last breath Ranoschnerd asked Elsie to compose a fitting Epitaph for his tombstone.

Which Elsie Probably did.

Here Lies the Body of Ranoschnerd Gleep
He Died Unawakened, Within His Sleep
A Musician of Means, He Gave the World Songs
And Now He's in Heaven, Where He Belongs
He Sings As He On a Cloud For a Pillow
Defying at Last Laws of Cesar Petrillo

POMES FOR GNOMES

--Ogden Nash Rooster

Most men I know tell me
The start of their troubles
Was viewing a woman
In unmentionables

When gazing at women
With girth stomachical
Wearing a girdle
Seems quite practical

Ladies in chemises
Never fail to please

Mother get out the precipitron
And watch my dust at the Pacificon

M O T H E R ' S L I T T L E H E L P E R

G U M S U P T H E W O R K S !

o r . .

have you problems that VEX you?

you?

does everything go wrong when something important is in a hurry of preparation? does 'em, huh, does 'em?

then, here 's the happy answer
BLAME IT ON FANSOM'S SCAPEGOAT

T H ' O L ' F O O , H I M S E L F

Lissen, mine chilluns, and you shall hear a tail of such terrible terribleness that you will not be able to sleep forever more.

Comes soon the PACIFICON. Comes the need for some printing for a certain PACIFICON activity. Several fans volunteer to help. So does Th' Ol' Foo. And then, what does he do? I shall relate. HE BUSTS THE CHASE! That's what he does, you hear the man say, that what he does, the man says, he says.

Comes some mimeoing to be done. Fans volunteer. So does Th' Ol' Foo. And what does he do? He busts the mimeograph, so he does does he. And now we can't get this here wonderful and most terrific fanzine finished until it gets fixed.

So a resolution has been passed, unanimously, that hereafter all things that go wrong in Fandom shall be blamed on this here now beFOOsiled fan. He shall be the official to-be-blamed-for-everything-fan of all Fandom. You, whoever you may be and wherever you may be located, now have official permission to so blame him for anything that happens when and how you don't want it to happen. For this IS official. A former Communications Officer of the Galactic Roamers made the motion; a former president of the NFFF seconded it, and it was passed unanimously.

And all us LaSFSers can only moan and holler -- "Who Let That Guy In Here, Anyway?"

Fohgive us, we begs you! Fohgive us. Oh, whoa is us!