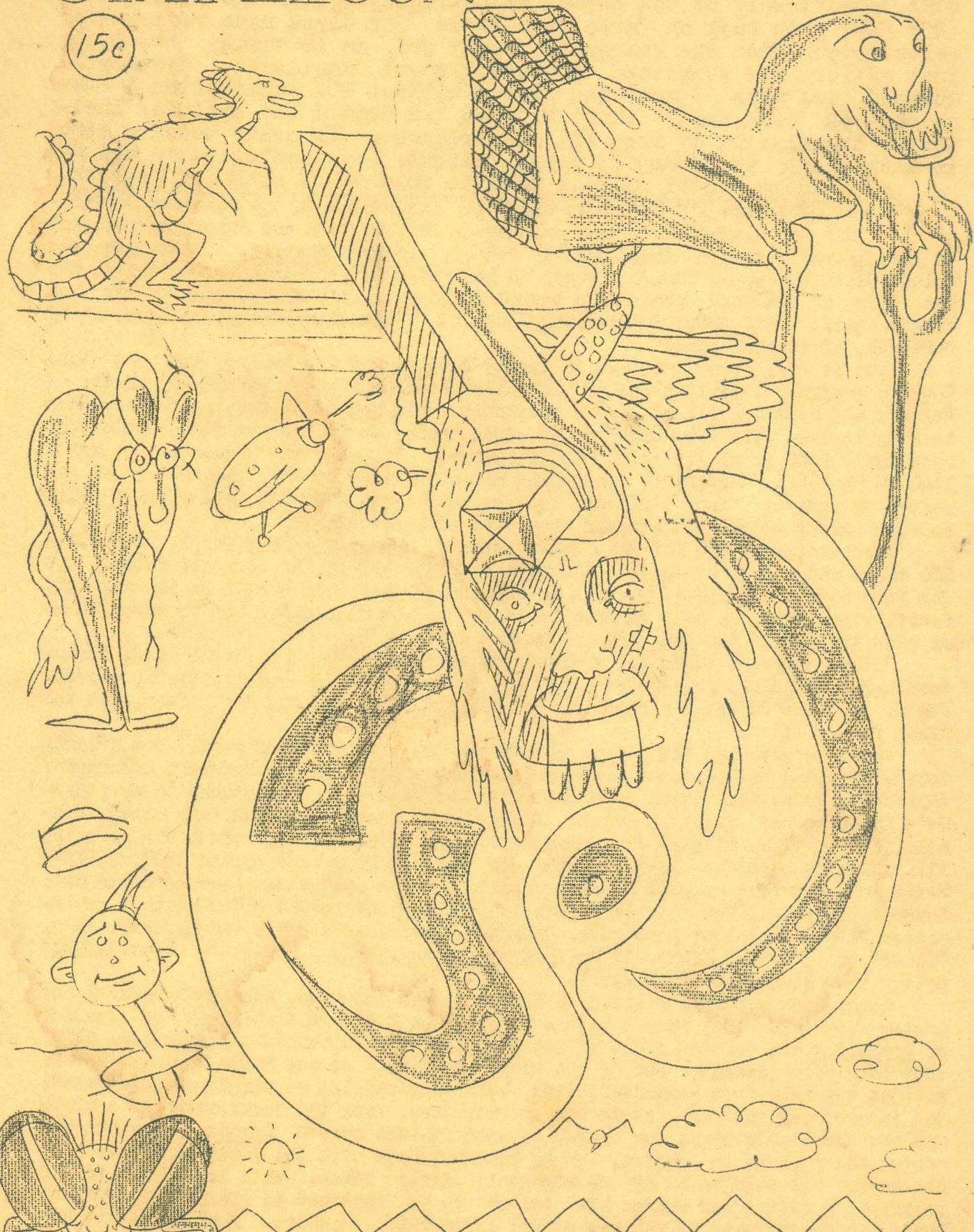


CARROLL

STAPLECON

15c



FERDY LIZER

SMITH, VIRGIL, BOKI, INC.

4E-WORD: Cover, an original Hoffmania doodled during Staplecon #1, has been reproduced by Ron Clyne. "Collaborationist" Clyne will undoubtedly be the object of Hoffmanslaughter the first time he (SGT RAH) gets back on furlough from Texas, for Clyne made various--er--variations from the original. Funny stuff, so to speak. ** Original article was submitted to obsolescent Fantasite, finally requested back when 6 mos. had passed without its publication & Staplecon #2 been held! Since Bronson had dummyed the article, incidentally translating it from the Ackermanese, in order to save time in stenciling the dummy is being followed. I apologize to all my readers who'll find it hard to read me in orthodox English.

or some time I'd been more and more interested in the Northern California fan situation. I was exchanging letters with and supplying material to James Kepner, of the sociological fanmag, Toward Tomorrow. There was Bee Helena Clark Leeds, of Vom. I began to hear about a thirteen-year-old-boy who had over a thousand pros and a barrel of books. It's always good to see Tom Wright again. And there was Anthony Boucher. I determined to go up there on my furlough, if it ever came.

When it did, I was entitled to twenty days, asked for twelve, and got ten. I wrote everyone I could think of and whose address I knew; in the Bay region of Frisco, and sent a batch of extra invitations via Kepner to forward to fan names lacking to me. All were asked to an Open House at my Staples Avenue home from noon until 9:00 p. m. the third Sunday in May. Everyone was requested to drop a line to me there, or phone, informing me approximately what time he or she expected to arrive. Few did, of course, and those who did all changed their courses anyway and didn't arrive when they anticipated.

Technicorporal Bob Hoffman, LASFS attaché, now in the Tank Corps, travelled 150 miles and stayed overnight with me the night before the conventionette. He got into town in the evening, went to see the fantasy film "Cabin in the Sky" the fourth time, rang the bell at Staples Avenue around midnight, and we repaired to my one-time den in the basement and talked until 2:00.

Before the fans began to arrive the next day, Bob designed five different doodle-type headings for Guest Rosters to be signed in quintuplicate; one for Ungor, one for Tucker, a copy for the Ashleys, one for the Anglo-fans, and the final for my files.

A trio arrived as the clock struck the last two notes of noon: Tom Wright, George Ebey and Bill Watson. Watson had spent a good deal of Saturday afternoon, talking to me on the phone and calling other fans with invitations to my place. He'd hoped to net rocketry expert Jimmy Cripps, several Golden Gate women readers, and Philip M. Fisher, Jr., none of whom, unfortunately, came; Fisher being ill. Bill even phoned long-distance to Redwood City and contacted E. Hoffman Price, who was tied up with a dozen deadlines, but sent along some news, to wit: Lovecraft's friend (or relative) Cook is planning a special slick fantasy publication with material by Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, and other old masters. Also, "Speed" publications, formerly Spicy Mystery, Adventure, etc., are changing their policy to a higher literary level.

Long years ago when I lived in Frisco I knew two fans, Aubrey MacDermott and Lester Anderson. They were a little older than I and active in the publication of Cosmology, the printed organ of the International Scientific Association. Well, they were both present, out of the past, by virtue of one Harry Honig. Harry, without any help from science-fiction, became an atheist at seven; a fan at nine; and is evolving into an active fan at thirteen, with the acquisition of a mimeo and the inevitable plans for a--you guessed it--the name's Arcana. Having converted his parents to atheism, Harry became imbued with the laudable ambition of disabusing his classmates of detrimental deific ideas. This landed him in the principal's office and caused his father to be summoned to the school. Parent Honig was interviewed by various of his offspring's teachers. Finally he hit his social science instructor*. "I can't understand why Harry should get a failing

*idiomatically

Ac.

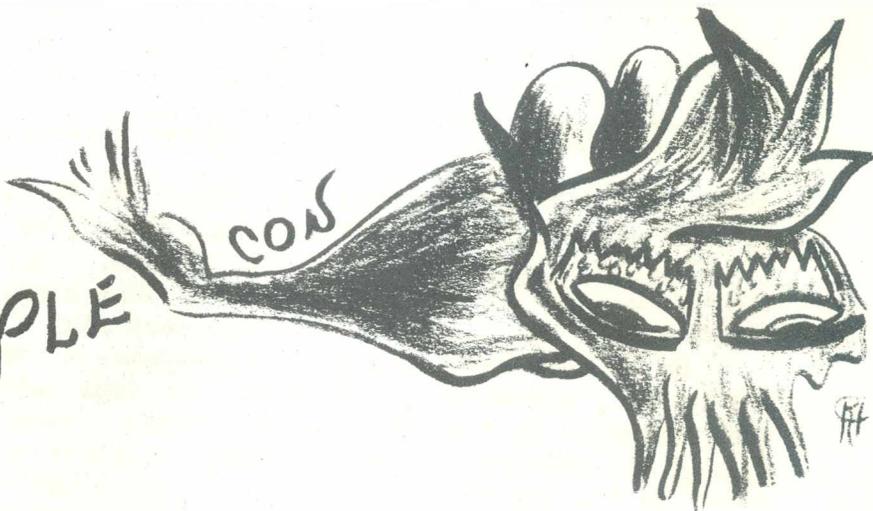
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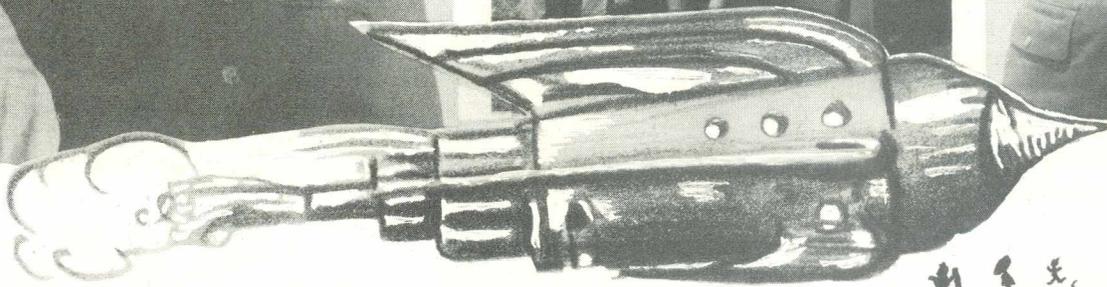
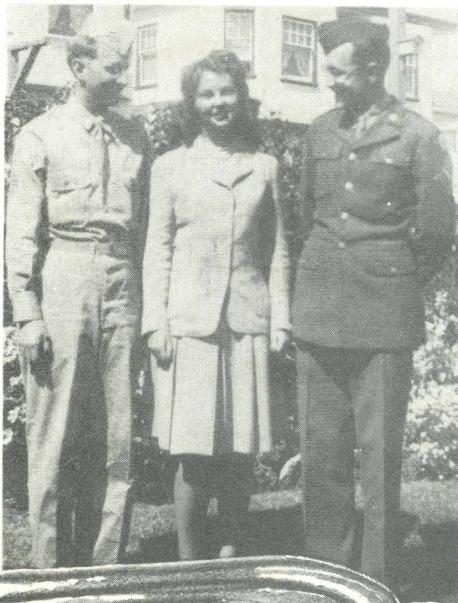
16 May 43

STAPLE

CON



- 1 Tom Wright
- 2 George Eber
- 3 Bill Watson
- 4 Radoffman
- 5 Harry King
- 6 James Kibner
- 7 Barbara C. Wrede
- 8 A.M. Mac Dermott
- 9 Lester Anderson
- 10 Louis Goldstone
- 11 Myra King
- 12 Albert Kroll
- 13 Hyllis P. White



Handwritten marks at the bottom right corner, including a small figure and some illegible characters.

grade in Citizenship," said Mr. Honig; "he is a very studious boy; he has a library all his own; he collects magazines like Weird Tales--"

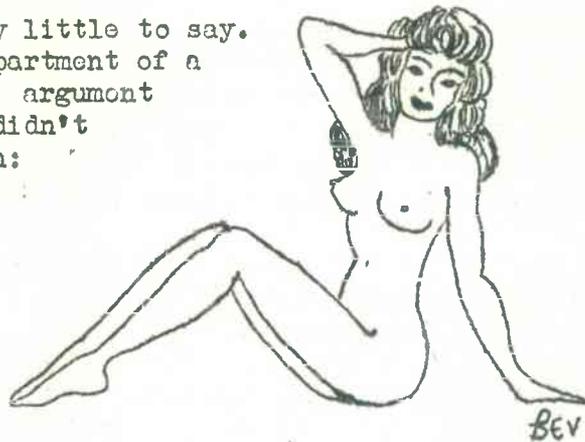
"Weird Tales!" exclaimed the teacher. For the teacher was old-time f a n Aubrey MacDermott! Suffice it to say that Harry now gets an "A" in Citizenship, and Mac sold him the mimco that produced many a Cosmology!

So we have Harry Honig, in appearance a Yerke of yesteryears, roly-polly, corduroyed, precocious. He tore open four letters he'd writton to pro editors and proceeded to read them to me beforo sending them out. His criticism of Planct was particularly interesting, inasmuch as he admitted he had never road a story in it, nor did he expect to. He expected to be voted an original by the readers, through their shoor awe when he mentioned the extent of his collection. And when it comes to that, the kid really has stuff. His mags we can omit; most of the major titles are there and a lot of the lesser ones like Ghost, Golden Fleece, Mystery, Terror, etc. Then he has ancient Black Cats, Argosys, Elcc-trical Experimentors, and many of the other odd itcms. But books! Well, he docsn't have as many as I, but--I say it--he has many a volume I cnvy him: Why, he had an S. Fowler Wright volume I had never heard of, and a hyper edition of The King in Yellow I had never seen! Merritt promised he'd send me his new book directly it was off the press. . . . but I saw it first at Harry's! Wow, what books! And what gets you is, somehow he seems to pick them up by the suitcase-ful at ten and fifteen cents apiece; rarely more than a quarter; although he is not averse to breaking his purse for a brand new itom like the Lovecraft volume, or Presenting Moonshine, etc.

"My Dad," he said, "says if I bring one more book in the house, he's going to move out." And then, as an afterthought: "I wonder if Mother will accompany him?" Now Harry's concentrating on fannags and originals. And he wants to be buried with his collection....

Lou Goldstone was present but had very little to say. He is quite busy these days in the art department of a major Frisco paper. He engendered an argument about nudes when he remarked that he didn't care for them in fannags. His explanation: He sees so many in the flosk at work, they're superfluous in art. Kepner, Wright and Wright (Tom and Weaver), not having nudes as business associates, favored them as an art form.

At this point: I forgot to mention that I tweaked Tom's nose by order of Bronson, a friendly form of greeting between them--he said.



A bright light of the meeting was Barbara "Bobby" Wrede, a neophyte who was seeing her first fans before becoming an actual fan herself. And whether she'll become one I can't say; but she is a Young Girl with Ideas, mainly along the radiocasting line, whose idol is Orson Welles and to whom the offtrail plays and picturcs and art, etc., greatly appeal; so, having been exposed to the stfbug's bitc--well, who knows, she might....

I asked a question of the group which I long have been pondoring. It may be best to put in a title--Are Far Fields Greener? I mean, I read of the meetings of the Strangers, the MFS, the Galactic Roamers, and I groan with envy: GABFESTFULS. I get the impression they really talk shop. Stories, authors, illustrations, mags, fans. This thought is actually the seedling for a greater separate article, but I doubt if I'll have the time to develop it properly, so I'll just mention it here, en passant. Perhaps the descriptions of the LASFS

meetings sound terrific to the Strangers and other groups? Do they envy the Imagi-natives as I envy them? Is it possible--far fields seem greener? and the meetings elsewhere are no better than home? The Cosmos Club of England tells of startling ESP experiments inspired by the example of the LASFS. But we conducted no special experiments as a body. I long for a club that discusses stf regularly. ((NB: We've got it! 1 Jan '44)) Several of the Staplocon attendees avowed that such a dream was hopeless, that all the stories and thomas soon became exhausted. I don't believe that. Phil Bronson doesn't either. But I wander from the report.

Mike Fern, reader since 1934, arrived in town. He formerly lived in Honolulu, and has had letters in Astounding, although he claims not to remember ever having sent same!

Last and NOT LEAST were Anthony Boucher and Phyllis, the Missus. Phyl is nice, a rather plain but charming woman. She said she used to read her husband's books, naturally, because--well, he was her husband; but his stf stories--that's another matter. She eats them up, along with other science-fiction yarns. Bomber's (yoikes! the influence of writing behind the screen of a theater showing a war film, as I'm doing)--Boucher's favorite theme was the locked-door mystery until he discovered time-travel; now t-t is more fascinating to him than anything. Boucher, incidentally, fits the idea of what a stf author should look like. Heinlein, Williamson, and Cartmill personally influenced his start in stf. He feels it's what he subconsciously was always searching for.

In Army Camp this evening this report doesn't please me. It disturbs me, as not being well-done. But it was fortunate to get it this well done, and it will get done no better. Maybe when I see it in the top fanmag*, and if Phil'r Wavy ((Beverly Bronson)) will draw an appropriate illustration to accompany the paragraph concerning fantasy nudes . . . I'll like it better! (*T i m e changes e v e r y t h i n g)

Voice of the Interli-nation

PULPLICATION NOTICE: This is the successor to our sister publishing firm, Snafucius. Firm responsible for this peri-odd-ical is the very infirm Fubar Pubs. Fubar: The Army's new term, civilian translation--fouled Up Beyond ALL Recognition.

Beautiful blotch at bottom inside front cover due to LANEY'S typryter, which seemd to be allergic to our stencil & bit it...the malignant machine! Beware Fran's fout-writer!

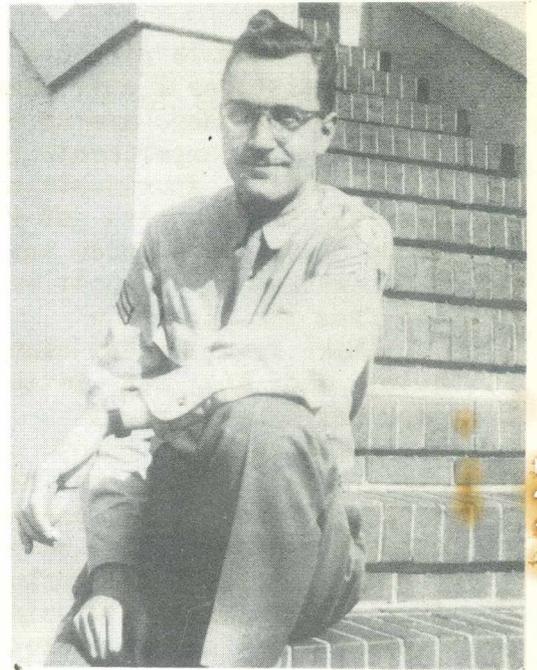
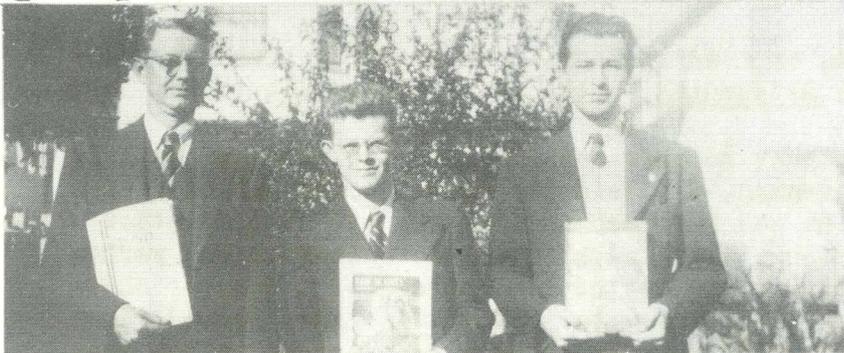
By the way, If I sell 75 copys of this, I'll about break even, aproxly \$4 of the expenses (litho taking a \$12.50 bite out of the total) being paid in advance. Ofcourse if, as long experlence has taught me, all but about 10 persons are too lazy, forgetful or disinterested to drop me that dime-'n'-five, why I'll only lose about 10 bucks. Let your conscience--if any--be your guide.

Cpl FJAckerman, Bx 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 14, Cal.

Stapleconcoction at top of fotolith #1 by Sgt Hoffman (Bob) seen saluting at lower left; rocket rushing across the bottom, conception of Sgt Ray Harryhausen.

On fanograf overside, Waldeyer holds a copy of the Cosmos Club of England's monumental carbo-mag, the widely circulated British Beyond; Fern exhibits Fan Slants #1; Goldy shows an Indistinguishable Canadian Uncanny. And PTO PDQ SVP!

STAPLECON 2 [#]



Harry Honig
Lester Anderson

Ethel Anderson
Bill Watson

Jack Miller

Andy Anderson

Frank Holby

Graph Waldeyer

Lou Goldstone

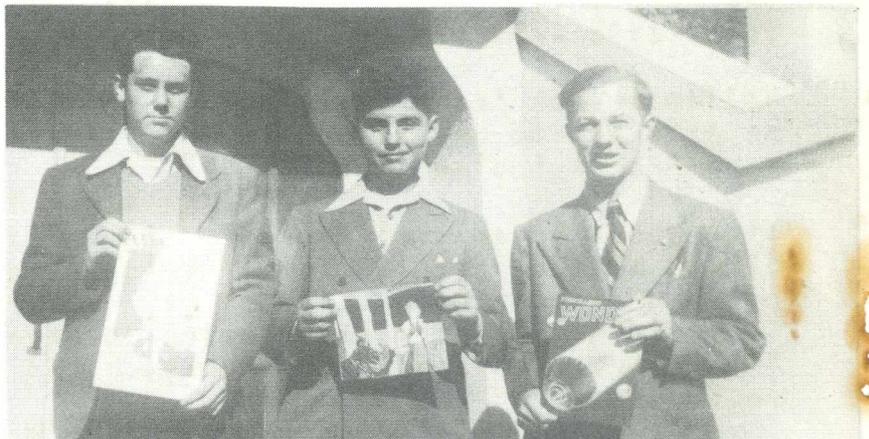
Mike Fern

George Cley

Phyllis P. White

William Brown

Al MacDermott



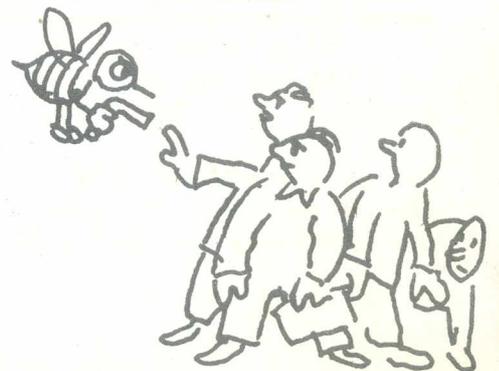
21 Nov 43

Upper

Left: Graph Waldeyer--Mike Fern--Lou Goldstone
Cpl Ack-Ack

Remainder

Andy Anderson--Ethel Anderson--Les Ditto
Watson-Honig-Holby



STAPLECON #2

Hastily continuing the identification of the objets d'art in the hands of the fans to the left: Andy Anderson exhibits a Ziff-Davis original, Ethel Anderson a dynamic still from "Metropolis", husband Les is not less fortunate to hold a Paul sketch for the famous "Martian". Bill Watson holds a Vom featuring his own cover, Honig a weird original by Crozetti, Holby an unpublished Wesso cover for Hamilton's "Space Mirror". Various, tho not all, of these items later were auctioned, proceeds being put toward the publishing of this pamphlet. Andy Anderson had to make 3 bids--of a quarter, 2-bits & 25c--respectively--in order to make his purchase of an Uncanny legitimate. " Grafanalysts: Note well the signatures of the 3 Andersons! One an Anderson by marriage & the other in no way related to the other, yet note how remarkably similarly they write their last names! En passant, Ethel Anderson was the name of a dame I had a secret crush on thruout hi school. This Ethel in no wise resembles her, however; she looks rather, as others have remarkt, like LN-or O'Brien's sister Altheda, who painted the emblem on our LASFS clubroom window... By the way, I'm unfortunately composing this account quickly, & 6 wks after it ocured. " I carefully noted the time of each fan's arrival & also prices paid for what at the auction...& now those notes are in one of my other shirts! Nerts, knaves and other nauseous terms of opprobium. What's worse, I suddenly recollect I've left down at the Fort a note handed me by Tom Wright, which was to form an integral part of this report. His resignation from fandom, à la Chauvenet (or is it "au Chauvenet", Jack "Frenchy" Speer?), will now have to appear in Vom another day. " While Tom Wright was present, he did not actively participate. Refused to sign on the dotted line for the accompanying souvenir sheet, & woudnt be fotografatt; but I later found the signature of one "Jack Miller" had unaccountably crept in. As I recall, Mr Miller was the unseen superman in that Unknownovel, "But Without Horns". " I originly had pland to sort of dedicate the 2d Staplecon to PFC John Cunningham, but at the 11th hour a telegram from Odd Jno himself brot the bad news he coundt attend. Mtg was hilited however by return appearance of discharged servifan Waldeyer, presence of Pismo's Potentate, "Centaur" Anderson...& Mike Fern, who came up from LA. Fern, alias John Sebastian Fout, after his 450 mile trip, exhibited his customary clubroom habit, & sat or stood or sprawld & read stf mags!!! " Anent Andy Anderson: Ah, handsome lad! Sterling fan! Hot contender for Top Ten title! Dammit, Anderson, will U quit reading over my shoulder as I stencil? In explanation, folks, the Pismogul (Pismo is a beach up along the Pacificoast, just 3 miles east of Sunova Beach) is here in the clubroom as I type, so what else can I say about him? " Now Bill Watson, that wild Bill Watson, being about 500 miles away, I can really tear into him at this time & tell U, having met him twice, that he is just the sort of fan that U read about in featured columns in fanmags; the sort of guy that's always-- who is-- how can I put it? well, as we say in the Ft MacArthur BULLETIN (unplug) He's a N i c e G u y !! I like that tall drawl Watson. He's my favorite Frisco fan, even if Harry Honig's mother won't let him in the house. Speaking of Mrs Honig, I like her--& her husband--& her son too! Had a terrific time talking with this trio til 1:30am the next nite after the Staplecon, lugd a long \$12.50 worth of trade material from Harry's stock & hadda take a taxi! " Anthony Boucher won 68c at a blackjack game at the con, which he donated to this publication...Daugherty's Shangri-LA Program discs were playd in part, Bradbury & Tigrina's contributions being called for in particular...Ebey & Fern argued Deglerism...AAAAGHH!!!

