

THE

DEVIL'S

MOTOR -

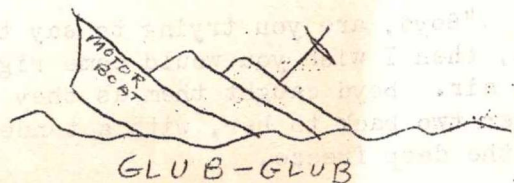
BOAT

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①

THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT

The Official Organ of the 2NF

Down in the bar, after the brief Solacon business session, Boyd Raeburn said to us, "What are you two Palascas going to do now, seeing that you both have so much time on your hands?"

Noreen fingered the cool glass in her hand, drew a doodle in the condensation on the side of the glass and said somewhat whistfully, "We could take up badmitton." She knew that she would never be very good at Whist.

"No. No." Boyd frowned, "You mean Ghoodmitton, don't you."

She looked up, over her glasses and under her bangs, into his primitive fannish face. "I don't really know, Boyd. Perhaps I'm ammoral."

Boyd's eyebrows raised. "Don't be silly now. I'ts all very fanish and proper. And besides, you're not being very serious."

"But I am serious, Boys," she said. "Like drawing this line between ghood and bad. When you think about that, you walk a very tricky line, and before you realize it, you've plunged belly first into religion and other associated erotic subjects, and I don't really think I could stand the thought of Oral Roberts until I've had at least three or four more drinks."

"Well for heaven's sake then, what are you going to do NOW, in your spare time?"

Nick, who had been sitting mutely throughout the dialogue, observing the two weave in and out of conversational cliches, was preparing himself to open his mouth and make like an oracle. Nick seldom, if ever, spoke unless he felt the urgent need to communicate. On some days, it was restricted to monosylbolic words like "eat" or "sleep". On some of his more active days, (days when he would think) he would come up with such profound observations as "food.....good. Fire.....bad". Now he was preparing for an oration. "We could go to North Beach", he said, "and withdraw."

"Stupid," said Noreen, "you can't do that without a set of bongos."

"Dave Rike doesn't have a set of bongos," said Boyd.

"Dave Rike isn't beat, either," replied Noreen.

"Look here, now," said Boyd, after downing the contents of his glass, "As long as you have started publishing, why don't you just continue. I mean, it wouldn't really be too much bother."

"Boyd, are you trying to say that we should publish a fanzine? Because, if you are, then I wish you would come right out and say it." Noreen threw her hands up in the air. Boyd caught them as they came down. He put one in his pocket and gave the other two back to her, with a tender smile that he had been saving for three months in the deep freeze.

"I sort of thought it would keep you occupied."

"A fanzine, huh?" said Noreen.

"Yeh," said Nick, letting the word roll slowly out of his mouth, savoring it with a certain fascination. Hearing him speak was like watching the slow remorseless, all engulfing tide of lava trickling down the sides of a volcano. You're sure it's going to engulf someone or something, but you're not quite sure who or what. He knit his brows in thoughtfulness, dropping only an occasional stitch.

"You know, Boyd, you just might have a something there. Heaven knows, Nick and I have always wanted to publish a fanzine."

"The only reason we never did," said Nick, "was because we never thought of it."

"Well, then," drawled Boyd, in his typically primitive manner. "Its all as simple as that. You'll have a really exciting time."

"Will it REALLY be exciting?" Noreen looked into Boyd's baby blue eyes.

"Yes. But you've got to say the right thing..... or the wrong thing, depending on how you look at it."

"If that's all there is to it, then well start tomorrow," cried Nick in an exuberantly loud voice. At least it was loud enough to rouse the bartender from his afternoon nap, who, although he wasn't a mental giant, like Nick, nor a traveling giant, like Jim Caugran, nor like the publishing giants, squirra and tgc, was certainly a giant in all other respects.

He bulldozed his way over to where Nick was cowering under the table. "Looks like you're starting already, buddy. You might be finished before you know it."

Nick, ever alert to the sensitive soul that lay behind his scowling face retaliated with swift decisive action. "A drink on the house," he cried, "and a toast to...to...to....."

"Hell," said the bartender, in disgust as he saw some choice grist for the mill turn into a customer that is always right.....or at the most, right, as long as he continues to engage in such astute maneuvering like buying drinks for the house.

"To Hell," cried nick, elatedly. "And that's a perfect toast."

Boyd, who found puns distastful, looked pleadingly at the bartender and said greenly, "A Daquirie....and quick."

Reluctantly the bartender took the orders and walked away while Nick scowled superciliously at him, sticking his tongue out and making faces at him while his back was turned. Then he looked at Boyd. "Publishing is fine, but what do we do when we run out of ideas?"

"Ahaa, you nasty Falascas," nipped Boyd, who had been waiting for this opening all afternoon. "Now you've come to the hard part." He chortled and waved his drink, or what was left of it, wildly through the air, managing to lose his cherry in a particularly grandiose gesture.

"Oh, Boyd, don't get so hysterical," said Noreen.

"Who's hysterical," said the newly arrived Buzz Busby, who, up until this time had been attending the program. "You should see him when he talks historical. Its almost a diatribe." Nick

"Brilliant," screamed who had worked himself to a fever pitch over nothing at all and was oblivious to the train of conversation. "We'll write something historical."

"Sure," said the bartender who had returned with a tray full drinks, mostly Daquiries. "How about a check for \$4.88 for the drinks."

"No. No." said Nick. "I mean something SIGNIFICANT."

"Look, buddy, I can't think of nuthing more significant than \$4.88."

"Noreen, don't just sit there. Pay the man. In the meantime, what about history. We could do an article about the four thousand miles of undefended border between the United States and Canada or how the United States won the War of 1812."

"I thought Napole.on won the war of 1812," interjected Buzz.

Upon hearing this, Boyd crottled.....but this time very slowly....and ordered another Daquirie. These cosmic thoughts continued to filter down through the thick blue haze and were altogether too sobering. The group of us drank until late evening; some out of good fellowship and others, simply out of self defense. We left feeling filled with creative spirits. How were we to know that in the morning we would all have a hangover.

③

The Devil makes work for idle hands so for this and no other reason we will come blasting through these waters in the Devil's Motorboat about once every month or two, or whenever we can steal enough gas to turn the engine over. This publication will be very dear to our hearts and consequently we have been at a loss to place a value on it. What is its worth - 15¢, 25¢, \$1.00, \$25,000, or some other absurd figure? If the material contained herein was salable, we'd like to be getting \$10.00 a word for an equivalent of the Locomotive Papers. But then we're not Herman Wook and you don't have enough money to pay us \$10.00 a word, so we all might as well consider this zine to be priceless and let it go at that.

You will receive The Devil's Motorboat ONLY because we want you to get it. It cannot be purchased. We also state, here and now, that we will NOT send these out on an exchange basis. If you do pub, and want to send us some stuff, we'd be most obliged and we'll most likely send a letter of comment back. But, we don't feel that because we put out something once every Halloween that we are entitled to everyone else's zine.

To reiterate: if you are getting this, it is because we would like you to have it, not because we owe you something. Some of our issues will be pretty thick and others will be so thin they'll need a transfusion. This is another reason we won't engage in trading copies. Look at it this way - we wouldn't have any right to ask anyone to exchange their hundred and fifty page masterpiece for our three and a half pages of snide remarks and, conversely, we're not of the frame of mind to trade three months of blood, sweat and bheers for six poorly hectographed pages of Barlow's Tables.

However, if through some fantastically elaborate set of circumstances, someone finds out about this publication and through some perverted needs (which will be entirely his own) feel he must have a copy, he need merely to contact us. We will guarantee to have a copy Home Delivered at the earliest possible time.

To continue receiving this, you need only to indicate that you do not particularly OBJECT to the contained blitherings. If the sight of this generates revulsion, then quick, by ghod, sing to us. We'll see to it that you're cut off the mailing list immediately.

One more item, before we get on. In the event that you don't regularly get The Devil's Motorboat and, for some reason, you find a copy on your doorstep, then it probably means that in some way you've gotten splashed by one of the waves we've made. We know that there will be those of you with puritan mind and philistine heart who will cry "Don't make a wave! Don't make a wave!" and others who will say "If you can't travel nicely, don't travel at all", or even, "Speed Kills." To you we say "Start the engines, Captain. Full speed ahead."

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We haven't much of an editorial policy and, at the moment, it is rather doubtful that we ever will. We can promise nothing for future issues. We were going to print the table of contents of all of last month's science fiction magazines, but we were told that Science-Fiction Times already does that. We thought that we could at least go them one better and print the table of contents of last year's magazines, but Earl Kemp said that was his specialty. We even toyed with printing the table of contents of magazines that are ten or more years old, but we found that Don Day has that market cornered. It's major setbacks like this that make it impossible for us to promise things for future issues. The only thing we will guarantee is that the letters of the alphabet will be arranged in a refreshingly new and different way on each page of each issue. We know that this is hardly sensational, but it is also a statement that the Publishing Giants of Berkeley CANNOT MAKE.

Onpage 68 of The Incompleat Burbee is the conclusion of "Al Ashley, Galatic Observer" followed by a brief anecdote. Upon turning the page, we find, much to our astonishment, the conclusion of "Al Ashley, Galatic Observer" and the same brief anecdote. The page is also numbered 68. This, obviously, is a very clever ruse by the Berkeley Boys; they back up page 68 with page 68. They then go on with page 69 as if nothing unusual had happened. We've been wondering for a long time how the professionals get just enough print to fill up the pages from one end to the other. Now we know. Well, in The Devil's Motorboat, you won't find any professional authors like this Burbee, or any professional publishing tricks, like those used by Squirrel and GEM'S Grandson. WE GUARANTEE NEW MATERIAL ON EVERY PAGE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

* * * * *

The bulk of this issue will concern itself with tales of our journey through the Great American West. We'll tell of brave men dying with their boots on; painted women of sin with Hearts of Gold; prospectors who finally made the big strike, only to discover than fortune is nowhere as important as fame. We'll tell of the cattle barrons that rob the poor and shop at Neiman Marcus; the great drive across the prairie; the Union Pacific and the mountains and the desert. All this and more too. We could even tell you of the great war of the lawyers, it appears as just another cloud in the storm, although some of the historians might call it an immortal storm, but you'll be able to find out all that from the professional storytellers.

We'll just concern ourselves with the account of a small group and their adventures on their way to the City of the Angels. The first portion of this account is told by Big Bill Donaho the mighty Texan from (currently) New York. It covers the period from the time just prior to the docking of TAFF delegate Ron Bennet's ship: (i.e., the ship he was traveling on. He didn't really own it.) to the moment of Big Bill's arrival in Cleveland on Friday.

We spent an uneventful day in Cleveland with the exception of a spirited trip to Cleveland's leading bookseller, Kay's Book Store. It was here that we discovered on the "Restricted - Adults Only" bookshelf, a copy of Harlan Ellison's "Rumble." Ron and Little Bill Rickhardt wanted to purchase the book, but they had difficulty in passing for adults. In fact, the usually gracious Mr. Kay accused us of being drunken delinquents, whereas we really hadn't had a drink for several days and some of us hadn't had one for months. We tried to explain that reading Harlan's book couldn't really undermine our morals since most of us knew Harlan from his childhood and were very close friends with him. However, this explanation only seemed to drive Mr. Kay into a wrathful rage. Perhaps it was due to Harlan having once worked for him during his Cleveland youth, long before he left for New York to become a Literary Giant. At any rate, it was obvious to all that we were certainly interfering with Mr. Kay's lucrative pornography business that he conducts in the rear of the store. Later, back in England, Ron picked up a copy of Rumble on the British black market. "I don't know how I managed to finish it," wrote Ron. This story demands elaboration, but since Ron has considered doing a detailed report on his visit to the bookstore, we shan't divulge more of the details.

We left Cleveland at about 9:00 p.m. Saturday evening to meet the Detroit car and Dean McLaughlin at a pre-arranged turnpike restaurant. As usual, Detroit was two and a half hours late. Fortunately, we had taken this into consideration when leaving Cleveland and only had to wait half an hour until they arrived. Nothing much else of interest happened outside of Big Bill Donaho driving across eight lanes of Chicago Shoreway traffic against the red light with a solid wall of cars rushing at us at forty miles per. More horrifying was the thought that Fred Prophet was traveling on our tail. The oncoming sea of traffic, petrified at the sight of our unorthodox maneuver, stopped to let us wend our way into the heart of the City That Never Sleeps.

We take up the narrative in Chicago and continue until we arrive on the West Coast. We might fill in other gaps eventually, but we somehow doubt it. Incidentally, the title was suggested by Fred Prophet and won by us from Bill Rickhardt on a flip of a coin. Ah, Las Vegas!

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MARCH OF THE SUMMER SOLDIERS

Part 1 - Overture

by Bill Donaho

Sunday night Bill Rickhardt and Roger Sims dropped in for bridge and final plans were made to meet Ron Bennet. He was due in Tuesday morning and the big party was Thursday.

Rickhardt said, "O.K., Bill, I'll pick you up at 8:30 Tuesday morning. Be ready."

"I'll be ready, You be on time."

On Monday Pat Ellington and I dragged ourselves down to the Custom House to pick up dock passes. Uneventful trip. It only took 2 hours.

Eighty-thirty Tuesday morning. No car. I went downstairs and picked up the mail. The new F&SF came in. I took it back upstairs and sat down to read. 9:00. No car. The boat was due to dock at 9:00. I call Rickhardt. No answer. I called Pat. No answer. Thinking dark thought I went back to Heinlein.

9:30. No car. More dark thoughts. Thought about going down to boat on Subway. Figured it was too late. Back to Magazine. 10:00. Finished Magazine. Dark thoughts all over the place. Phoned Pat again. No answer. Phoned Rickhardt. No answer. Even phoned Belle. No answer. Black, black thoughts.

Kept phoning Pat. Got answer at 11:20. It seems Rickhardt had had breakdown in car Sunday night and neglected to tell anyone of same. Grrrrrrr! Anyhow everybody was now over at Dick and Pat's. I met Bennet. Nice guy. We could tell he was British even when he kept his mouth shut. We all had a fanish good time for a couple of hours. Then Sandy took Ron sightseeing and the rest of us scattered.

That night Pat phoned me that Kyle was in and to come on over. Besides Dick and Pat and Kyle and Bennet there was Larry Shaw, Roger Sims and Ian Macauley. There was even wine, good wine. After awhile, Larry went out to get gin (Ron had drunk all of the wine---these British). It was quite a party. Finally broke up about two or three. Kyle had brought along stencils of THE FINAL BELL and everybody had great time reading it and damning WSFS, INC. and the unholy three. Kyle was still for saving the Society from the horrible people who were illegally running it, but he was outnumbered.

Wednesday Danny and I cleaned up the place and started getting ready for the party. Dick ran off THE FINAL BELL and we all helped colate.

Thursday was the big day. RUMBLE and STELLER arrived saying that a big group from Baltimore-Washington was coming down to the party. Big group finally dwindled down to Hitchcock. Big group from Philadelphia finally dwindled down to Will Jenkins.

Party started at 6:00 with barbecue on roof. All sorts of people there, but not guest of honor. Ron was stuck someplace. Everyone milled around eating and drinking. Especially drinking. I forgot Hitchcock was a vegetarian and offered him hot dogs.

Ruth Kyle was there and we passed out THE FINAL BELL for her. Unfortunately, she had to leave early to catch a plane. Just after she left, Belle and Frank arrived with cakes Belle had baked for Ron. Still no Ron. He finally arrived. Said he felt obligated to come, after all, it was in his honor.

Belle made Ron cut the cakes himself. By this time, most people were too drunk to eat or, in some cases, to even know that cakes were being cut, but over half of them were eaten and Belle didn't have too much to carry back home.

I asked Roger if he had been able to get the next afternoon off so we could leave at noon. He said, "Oh, there'd be no problem about that - I got fired." We still couldn't leave till noon. Rickhardt couldn't pick his laundry up till after 11:00.

At ten o'clock, the Falascas called. All very confusing with everyone drunk and so much noise. We have three extensions and at times were all talking to each other, rather than to Cleveland.

Party went on and on. I staggered to bed.

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Friday morning I was up and ready on time. Sandy arrived 45 minutes late. We called Ron and told him to meet us downstairs. We wasn't even up yet. Hours later we finally got over to pick up Bill and Roger.

The amount of luggage was terrific. The trunk was loaded so full it wouldn't close and had to be tied shut, but we still had to pile stuff on the back seat. There were six passengers, which meant a certain amount of lap sitting all the way to Cleveland.

The trip itself was uneventful. We plodded along. Sandy's '51 Plymouth couldn't be driven over 60, so, even though we were on turnpikes, progress was slow. Also, since we were so crowded we stopped every two hours or so to stretch our legs. Sandy had just recuperated from TB and had to have most of the windows shut. The rest of us were warm.

But all things come to an end and after some 500 miles and 12 hours, 5612 Warwick Drive loomed up out of the mist and Nick and Noreen had a warm welcome, food and hot coffee waiting. This revived us sufficiently so that we spent most of the night talking instead of sleeping as sensible people do when they start a long trip the next day. Especially when they plan to drive all the next night. Fans just never learn.

Part 2 ".....and how's the novel coming, Jack?"

by Noreen Falasca (as told to her tolerant husband, Nick)

WE RENDEZVOUS IN CHICAGO, A BUNCH OF TENDERFEET

We were a motely crew. We came from seven states and the independent country of England: some with a purpose, some with a vengeance and some for the plain love of adventure. None of us knew exactly what we wanted. Even today, I don't see how we made the trip considering what a straggley group we turned out to be. I can still look back with fond memories and recall each one. There was:

Bull Headed Nick: the scout. He planned the trip from start to finish and he had made the journey several times, at least in his mind. There were even some of us that had faith in him.

Teddy Bear Sims: He made the trip to Oregon Territory eight years before and was a good man to have along. By the time it was over, they called him Grizzly Bear.

Gentleman Ron B: This tenderfoot from abroad wasn't so tender, especially when he started beating the Americans at their own game.

Little Bill Rickhardt: He came along for the ride and the scenery.

Big Bill Donaho: He said he home was in New York, but it was really Texas. New York wasn't big enough to hold him

Fred Prophet & Jim Broderick: They were just a couple of prospectors looking

for gold, but they found trouble instead.

Bob Pavlat: He was looking to the future when he made this trip.

Ted (the Kid) White: Teddy Bear called him Ol' Buffalo Face.

Old Man Kemp & His Family: He had a cause of his own to fight for.

George Price, Jerry DeMuth, Fran Light, Martha Beck: They were a bunch of renegades and deserted after the first day out.

Sandy Cutrell: He strummed a gitar, taught folk songs to the folk, lead a band of gypsies and traveled at his own pace.

Jim Caughran: We found him along side the road and took pity on him.

Jim O'Meara: He traveled with Old Man Kemp and kept to himself

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We pulled into Chicago at 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning with two cars and headed for the Kemp home. There were Fred Prophet, Jim Broderick, Bull Headed Nick, Big and Little Bill, the Englishman and myself. There was a regular camp meeting going on when we arrived. I can't describe the dancing and carrying on that was happening when we walked in the door, but it wasn't too long before we were joining in the festivities. There was Bev and Gene DeWeese and the Coulsons, all the way from Wabash, Indiana along with Bill Beard from Milwaukee. Later we found out that they weren't so keen on seeing us off as they were in getting a good look at Gentleman Ron. Since that's how things stood, we set about feasting on what Mrs. Kemp had spread for the occasion.

We reveled for two...three...who knows how many hours, when Bull Head finally pulled himself up and announced in his vibrant tones, "If any of us ever aim to get where we're going, we'd better get our wheels rolling or we'll never make Springfield by nightfall." This put a damper on things and we pured out of the house and into the cars. Before we got a chance to push on, I got one good glimpse of the Kemp car. It was old and rickety and piled on top were the last of his fannish possessions: a portable typer, a mimeo, and five reams of paper.

"Let 'er roll," cried Bull head, as he pulled ahead slowly into the lead. Fred, driving the second car, was still looking for a collar button and missed the signal, and the next car, that of the renegades, pulled into formation. The Kemp car failed to start completely. "Halt the cars!" cried Bull head. "Teddybear, find out what's wrong."

In the shadows of the dawn, I would see him stride down to the Kemp car. The two of them huddled together for awhile and then he started back slowly. He climbed aboard. "Looks bad," said Teddybear. "His axel is cracked, one wheel is split and the other is stuck. Some of his horses have the croup and won't be able to make it."

"What about Fred lending him some of his horses?" said Little Bill. "He has more than he can use."

"Ha," said Teddybear. "Ain't much chance of that happening."

"That's right," said Big Bill. "With Jim at the wheel, they're going to need every horse they can muster. He wants to impress that Englishman. Make him realize what kind of country he's in."

"I don't rightly know," said Nick. "Seems like Fred could spare a few horses. Hell, they haven't even gotten them all broken in yet. Come on, we're getting some of them for Earl." The two of them jumped out of the car and went over to Fred.

"Fred! Hay there, Fred!" hollered Nick. "We're in trouble. Need some help."

"Oh howdy, Nick. I've been looking for you."

"You have," said Nick in amazement, "I've been sitting at the front of this lineup for the last fifteen minutes."

"Gee," said Fred, who was sometimes not too quick, "I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I'm here now. Tell me what I can do for you and then I'll tell you what you can do for me."

"Your times are wrong," piped up Jim, who was sitting in the Dodge.

"What's wrong with them?" said Nick, hotly. "It's past 4 a.m. CST Sunday morning and we haven't started rolling. My times aren't wrong. It's you that's delaying."

"Well, your schedule says we leave on the 26th of August and don't arrive until a Sunday morning. That ain't right, because here it is a Sunday morning and we're going arrive on a Thursday morning."

"If what you say is right, then something sure is wrong. By George, what are we going to do?" said Nick.

"Get going, if you stupid louts know what's good for you," I said. "Somebody at home pulled one of their bonehead stunts and used last year's calendar. Both of you people get back in the car and get ready to leave. Earl, do you think you can meet us later at the Generals?"

The old man came over to where we were arguing. "If you epeople just go on along, we'll catch up with you at General Tucker's later today. I think we found the trouble. Somebody forgot to throw the emergency."

"All settled with you, Fred?" I asked.

"Yeh, I guess so. If you say everything is ok, I just don't know about those times. Why, if we pushed hard, we could make it in three or four hours earlier."

"You ready, Nick?" I asked.

"Guess so, if Fred is."

"Ok," I said, "Let 'er roll."

The procession slowly got on the road. Standing up there on the highway were the DeWeeses, Coulsons and Beards, waving and wishing us good luck. Buck came running up along side and with a tear running down the side of his face he called "Falasca-fandom is not dead."

We roared onto the old indian trail they call Route 66, wondering what Buck meant. Perhaps we would soon find out.

WE MEET AN OLD WARHORSE AND GET ADVICE

The General lived about four-five hours travel down the road, and we had no difficulty in finding the stately mansion. It was huge, almost a palace, with about forty rooms and was surrounded by one of those twelve foot high wrought iron fences that keep out the riff-raff. Course he was famous and independently wealthy. His book, "Gill and Me", sold over a hundred million copies and was translated into French, German, Chinese and, most important of all, Sanskrit. It won for him such fame and notoriety that he was forced to live in seclusion for his own good.

There's another side to the General that I don't know too much about. Not many of us do. He was a big campaigner in the old days. Oh....there are legends about him, the likes of which would be stories in themselves. Some people called him evil and others called him Bob or Wilson and the historians say he's immortal. I couldn't remember the last time I saw him. Some of us didn't ever see him. Did you know that there are lots of fans that don't even believe he exists. They say he's just legend sprung from the breast of Bloch, the only true Ghod. Course, this isn't true at all, cause I know the man and he ain't no different than you or I....except maybe a little more awe inspiring.

To get up to the mansion proper, there was a regular maze of roads and without the key it was nearly impossible to get to the gates. Nick, who had the key, left it behind, because he said he could do it from memory, and for an hour and a half we careened around the tangled roads, always leading to a dead end. Little Bill, who had come along for the ride and the scenery, was the only one who was enjoying it. Finally, just as we were going to give up and call it quits, there up ahead loomed the gates to the general's mansion. Whoops and hollars went up from the caravan as we hauled up in front of his door. We got down and hammered the knocker till it finally opened. We stood in awe of the figure before us.

"Greeting's from most honorable master to most lowly travelers" he said. "The master grants you audience and bids you rest and refresh yourselves."

Standing before us was the loyal chinese houseboy, Hoy Ping Pong, whose fame is exceeded only by that of his master, the General. Our party followed him silently, stumbling in the foot deep nap of the imported rugs, until we came face to face with General Tucker.

"You'll pardon me for the way I look," he said. I just awoke."

"Ghod," Nick said to me, "I think he's going to put out another LeZ, right before our eyes."

Fortunately for us, the kemps broke in at that moment, because only the sight of the pathetic Ma and Pa Kemp and the fourteen hungry children stopped the General from pubing on the spot, an action that might have been fatal to all of us, depending on the mood he was in.

Looking back in retrospect, I don't rightly think that such a thing would have happened. The General is mellowing in his old age and he isn't as spry as he once was. There are little flecks of grey in his hair and the rimless glasses didn't do much to add to his youth. He had little crinkles around his eyes that were more than just laugh lines. But then, what should a person expect of a great, great grandfather?

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The drawing room of his mansion showed in certain little ways that he had become infected with that old time religion, something that would never have characterized the "Angry Man" of the thirties. The hall was bedecked with little mottos and a shrine at one end was set up to his Ghod. Slogans were everywhere.

Some of them said, "Coffee - 15¢, Doughnuts - 8¢, 2 Eggs - 45¢....with sausage 85¢." Another said "No Credit." He handed us a handsomely bound in leather prayer book which was simply titled (in gold embossed letters) MENU. He went over to the little shrine and made some mystic passes which were followed by the tinkle of bells. A cryptic message appeared in a small window at the top which said "No Sale." His prices were right and we all dug in eating to our capacity. There was a mutual bond of understanding between him and us, and at that moment, I felt a deep affection towards him, for now I knew "Here is an honest man."

"Eat," he said. "Eat and drink. Have your fill, my children. It will be a long journey." He smiled benevolently, even reverently.

The time passed quickly and we had to break this meeting up and be on our way. We filed past his dias, paying our last respects, accompanied by the music of his little silver bells. He smiled again as we passed. He was a gracious old man, eager to get us drinks and arrange a group photograph. I told him that I thought time had made a great change in him.

"I always liked Phandom and the Phans that stood up against me," said the General. "They were very enjoyable years."

I passed this story along to an older Phan who had known him when he used his barbed phrases as knives. "The general is rich, old, and very lonely," this person said. "He's trying to make up for lost time. Now he wants something he never had, friends and public approval."

Somehow, I don't believe this kind of reasoning, because just before we were about to leave, the General came over to Nick and me and took off his rimless spectacles. There was a sudden change in his personality and a little of the fire returned to his eyes, With the grin of the Devil on his face once more, he said to us, "First Fandom Is Not Dead!"

We pulled back onto the old trail, Route 66, and made our way on down toward Springfield, Missouri, where we would join up with the Washington boys and Sandy and his loyal band of followers.

WE STOP FOR THE NIGHT AND GENTLEMAN RON SHOWS US A TRICK OR TWO

"You can't get there from here," said the man in the comfort station.

"But that's impossible," said Big Bill. "We've been writing to them for a week and they say they have lodgings for the night for us. We've got to get there."

"How about if we just drive around town a little until we run into it," offered Fred, who was in the car behind us,

"Why don't we just pick a place to sleep anywhere," said Jim. "We've got to get some rest."

"But what about the rest of the party that supposed to meet us at The Red Rooster?" I interjected, "If we don't get there, then how will we ever meet them?"

"Well," said Fred, "if we can't get to there from here, then they won't be able to get to there from wherever they're at....so...if we just mosey along until we find a place that looks pretty good, we can stop and get some lodgings."

"What about meeting our party?" I said again, "we won't be able to unless we're all at the same place."

"Oh," put in Jim, "if the rest of them are trufans, they'll come to the same conclusion as we did and pick out the same place as we. It's all very logical, if you only look at it the right way."

The trip didn't tire me out anywhere near as much as this japping did, so I was glad when Nick said, "Little Bill, here's a dime. Go telephone the people at the Red Rooster and ask them how to get there." Little Bill dashed out of the car to the phone, and Big Bill smiled. "That was a masterful stroke," he said.

(10)

Shortly, Little Bill came back, took over the wheel and hollered "Follow me!" and miraculously, we pulled into the Red Rooster, followed by Fred's car. Somewhere on the route from The General's to Springfield, we had lost the renegades and Ol' Man Kemp and His Family. Soon, the Washington boys' car appeared. Bob and The Kid had made it this far in good shape.

We exchanged greetings and embraces. Bob was reunited with Gentleman Ron, an old comrade, and every one knew The Kid. The Kid has grown a healthy beard that aged him several months. They were both very dusty and the Kid's boots were covered with clay. "I had to get out and push," he said, explaining the shoddy condition of his clay feet.

A short time later, the renegades pulled in. George Price was at the wheel. "We would have made it sooner, if they'd let me drive all the way!" he cried. "Wait 'till tomorrow." He was a determined man. We didn't realize how determined he was, but this was the last time we saw the renegades 'till we arrived at the City of Angels.

We knew that we ought to freshen up a bit, but Ol' Man Kemp and his brood hadn't showed up as yet. Nick appointed us to go on watch in half hour shifts at the crest of the hill to keep a lookout for them. The rest of us went about our business of showering and getting the day's grime off us when outside amidst the gentle evening breezes came the sound of a plunking gitar and the soft voice of Sandy, singing away, accompanied by the strains of his protesting car and the wails of the traveling band of gypsies that followed him everywhere he went. Now we were all together with the exception of Ol' Man Kemp. Some of us began to get a trifle worried.

"You think he might have gone over one of those sheer Illinois cliffs?" said Teddybear, who was a natural man in open country.

"Don't know." said The Kid, stroking his beard. "Maybe they capsized when they tried to cross the Mississippi."

"Couldn't we save that kind of talk 'till after dinner?" asked Big Bill, who was a light eater to begin with.

"We sure could," I said. "Let's go eat now."

There wasn't any of us happier than I when we got back from supper to find the Kemps had arrived safe and sound. "What kept you?" said Big Bill.

"Oh, nothing in particular," Kemp replied, looking over toward his fourteen children. "We just had to make a few stops." Big Bill understood, as did the rest of us. With the tension relieved, the gathering dusk took on a lighter tone.

Gentleman Ron began staring at the Kid's beard. "My word, that's a silly thing you have on the end of your chin."

The Kid was surprised by Gentleman Ron's forwardness. "You mean the beard?" he inquired coldly.

"Precisely. It's ugly." Gentleman Ron frowned, inspecting it from all sides. He tried to get a bird's eye view from top a chair. "The best thing you can do is shave the thing off immediately."

Irritation crept into The Kid's voice, "Don't you think you're getting a little too forward?" he said.

"Good heavens, you're right!" said Ron, looking down from his perch. "One more step and I'd have fallen over on my face." He climbed off the chair and stroked the end strands of the hair on Ted's chiney chin chin. "Snip, snip." he said, and smiled.

"Why that blasted little forei...." But before The Kid could get anything else out, Teddybear rushed over between them. "Anyone for poker?" he asked.

"Why yes, I'd be delighted. Just one moment 'till I get my cards."

Gentleman Ron rushed off, leaving Teddybear to face The Kid. "Kid, you've got to be more careful. We can't have any tempers going off around here."

"I'm sorry if I started to lose my temper. It's just that...."

"Yeh, yeh. I know. Look Kid, why don't you shave the thing off. We can't afford to let something like this grow into an incident. Peace at any price."

"But I like my beard," said The Kid, pleading.

(11) "And I'd like to get where we're going," said The Teddybear. "Tell me now. Can you give one good reason why you shouldn't shave that beard?"

"Well....." he floundered....it costs too much for razor blades to shave every day."

Sunbeams broke forth from the pearly teeth of the Teddybear. "Come on with me. I'll show you something." He led the Kid to the washroom and pulled a brown little device that had a handle on it. It looked like a pencil sharpener. "You see those two things down in there? They're whetstones. You see this little crank? It turns the shaft. Like this. You see this slot? You shove your razorblade in like this. What do you do now? You crank like hell 'till the blade is sharp. Look. Here's a blade I've been using for thirteen weeks. We'll crank her a few times and give her a try on you."

"Look," said The Kid, "I'd do anything around here to have things go smoothly. Even shave. But I'll be damned if I'll use a blade that's thirteen weeks old."

"I haven't got another blade!" screamed the Teddybear. "Come on. Try it." He whipped the handle around two or three times and then snapped the blade in the nearest safety razor.

"I'm not going to use that thing!"

"You don't have too," said Teddybear. "I'll shave you personally." He got a can of instant lather and sprayed a squirtfull into the Kid's face. In his enthusiasm, he forgot to take his finger off the button and almost completely covered him with snow foam.

A large group of us were coming up the walk. We could hear a muffled thumping and banging on the inside of our rooms. There was a definite crash. The door swung open and out came the Kid, like a silver bullet fired from the gun of a masked man, frothing at the mouth. Moments later, a Teddybear appeared. His shirt was torn and there were bruises on his face. In his hand he held the remains of a broken razor. "All right, LOOK like a buffalo for the rest of your life. See if I care!"

"That was The Kid," said Big Bill. "And frothing at the mouth. Teddy, what happened?"

The Teddbear hung limp in the doorway, not replying. At that moment, Gentleman Ron appeared walking in a fast trot towards us. "Anybody ready for poker? You'll have to teach me these American games though. I'm not too familiar with them. And by the way, how far west are we?"

"Why do you ask?" said Little Bill, who had been enjoying the scenery around the motel until then.

"Well, I could have sworn that I saw a mad buffalo go running down the walk."

"Come on. Let's play cards if we're going to." said Big Bill, who had no affection for buffalo of any type.

* * * * *

A single bare bulb hung from the ceiling. The air was thick and blue with the smoke of many cigaretts. Five men sat hunched around a small rickety table. The only sound was the muted snap snap of the cards hitting the surface. A bottle of Redeye sat on the edge with a stained waterglass over the top.

"I'll say five," said Big Bill, pursing his lips and looking around the table to see if anyone objected.

"I'll stay," said Bob, who was having an unusual run of bad luck.

"I'll up five," said the Teddybear, blowing the smoke of his cigarette in the eyes of Big Bill.

"I say, gentlemen, does three kings beat a pair of aces?" Gentleman Ron asked in eager anticipation.

Big Bill slamed his cards down and reached his hairy paw across the table. He wrapped his hand around Gentleman Ron's throat and pulled him slowly toward him, moving the chips aside as he came. "Shut up and play the game or get out," he rasped, letting his nerves get the better of him.

He let go briskly and Gentleman Ron floped back into his chair.

Ron gasped, "If Cecil were here it would be but the work of a moment to handle your likes." He coughed up what was wither blood or the remains of his cherry lifesaver. "I'll see you and up you ten," he snarled.

Fred, the dealer, held his cards nervously. All eyes were on him as they waited for him to speak. He laid them down. "Pass the Redeye," he whispered horsely. Big Bill sat and glowered. Bob was petrified, knowing that one wrong move and he'd be a dead man. Teddy squinted through the haze and put his hand on the bottle...paused a moment...and then pushed it forward. Fred, who was sweating profusely, grabbed at the neck of the bottle, almost upsetting it and poured himself three fingers and downed it in a single gulp. He wheezed, picked up his cards and glanced around the table, knowing everyone was waiting for him.

His voice cracked, "I bid twelve, no trump."

"Gentlemen," said Big Bill, rising for the occasion, "I think it's time we made the announcement that Fred is a little too tired and is preparing to retire for the night. Aren't you, Fred?"

"I....I'd be more than glad to." said Fred, scrambling to cash in his chips.

"Now, gentlemen," boomed Big Bill, "I think we should make it clear that the game we are playing is Poker and anyone else that isn't playing this game should kindly leave now."

No one answered.

"Seeing that Fred has to leave and I'm next in line for the deal, I'll just finish out Fred's deal for him real fair like. Is that ok with you gentlemen?"

The others just looked.

"Fine. Because thats ok with me too." said Big Bill, looking down at his cards. "I'll draw two." He snapped them down. "Bob, how many do you want?"

"Three," said Bob crisply.

Teddybear squinted at his hand, drew deeply on his cigarette and exhaled through his nostrils slowly. He squinted again and then looked up at Big Bill, "I'll take one."

"Give me three, if you please," said Gentleman Ron. Bill slapped them down like bullets. "Yes, thank you," said Ron as he looked at them. "Thank you."

"Speak, Big Bill," Teddy said with impatience.

Big Bill threw a couple of chips in the pot. "Ten."

"I'll match," said Bob, not too enthusiastically.

"I'll raise you ten, Big Bill." The Teddybear sat staring him dead in the face, clenching the cigarette between his teeth.

"All right. Now how much is it going to cost me so I can keep on playing this game?" said Gentleman Ron.

Big Bill slammed his fists on the table and gritted his teeth. Teddy, with a note of patience and resignation said, "It'll cost you twenty to stay."

"Oh fine," said Gentleman Ron. "I'll put ten...twenty...in the pot and now I'll raise the bet by another fifty to make it an even seventy."

"You'll what?" exclaimed The Teddybear.

"I can't stay with this kind of crap," said Pavlat and threw his hand in, somewhat relieved that he didn't have to play any further.

Big Bill was fuming at the edges. The blood rushed to his collar. His eyes burned and his fist clenched and unclenched. "I'll see you." He counted out a pile of blues...."and I'll double you another seventy."

"I'll see you," said Teddybear.

"Top ho," said Gentleman Ron. "Always glad to see a good sport. Now there, Large William, what kind of cards do you have?"

"Three eights," said Big Bill.

"Ten high straight," said Teddy, triumphantly reaching out to pull in the pot.

"Wait a minute," said Gentleman Ron. "I have a bunch of cards all of the same suit. Isn't that better than what you have?"

"A flush," gasped Teddy.

"You lousy no good..." began Big Bill. But he never finished his words because a hammering came at the door.

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"Open up in the name of the law," cried a voice from the other side.

"Cheese it! The Cops!" Pavlat yelled. "Out the back way." Big Bill leaped up and smashed the overhead light. He started to upset the table and Gentleman Ron, seeing the bottle of Redeye going over, lurched and grabbed it just before it would have hit the floor. The place was flooded with darkness and four men rushed towards the exit.

"To the woods," screamed Ron.

"To the woods," everyone echoed.

They returned at sunrise, after the police had left, in rather high spirits just in time to board the cars as they were pulling out for Amarillo.

* * * * *

We were coming into Oklahoma City when we picked up the Original Traveling Giant, Jim Caughran. We didn't know he was a traveling giant then, but we felt sorry for him as he stood there wretched in the wind and the rain. Fred pulled his car over to the side of the road and took him in. He was red faced and muddy and didn't know where he was going. "Where'd you come from?" asked Fred.

He looked up with red eyes, "Pakistan."

"Where's that?"

"Oh, just a little bit east of Omaha," he replied, smiling.

"Hell," said Fred. "If you don't care where you're going, I don't care where you came from."

Caughran relaxed and asked if they minded if he went to sleep. He hadn't had any rest for a day and a half.

THE GUN FIGHT AT THE HOLBROOK MOTEL

It was two o'clock in Gallup, New Mexico. We got an early start out of Amarillo and made good time on the road. The country was wide open and sprawling. No trees, no grass, no water. Nothing but sand and sagebrush and a few decrepit buildings. Pavlat and The Kid were up ahead, waiting for us. The Kemps had been able to keep up and the only ones missing were the Chicago Renegades and Sandy and his gypsies.

"Look's like it's a little too early to be stopping," said Pavlat, wiping his brow.

"What do you suggest we do Bob?" I answered. "There isn't another stopping place for six hundred miles."

"What about Holbrook, Arizona?" Bob looked grim. "We could make it by sundown."

Big Bill squatted down in the sand, thinking it over. "I hear it's a mean town," he said.

"We could make another half day's travel," Bob replied.

"What about Kemp and his kids?" said Little Bill. "I'm only going along for the ride and the scenery, but Holbrook's no town for kids and a lady."

"What do you say we give Kemp a chance to talk for himself?"

Kemp, who was leaning in exhaustion against the car, stiffened up. He squared the shoulders of his thin frame. "I reckon we'll be able to make it along where any of you go. Don't worry about the wife and kids. We've made tougher ones than this."

"Well," said Pavlat, "Is it Holbrook?"

"Holbrook it is," said Nick.

We all got back in the cars except for Kemp, who had gone to the rear of his and was looking at the underside. "I reckon I'll stay here a bit. Looks like I'm going to have to do some repair work."

"Bob and Fred, you go on. We'll stay here and give Kemp a hand and get him started," said Nick.

The boys in the other two cars left and we crawled under Kemp's car to give it the once over. One good look at the underside was enough to sicken even a strong man. His transmission was leaking oil through a large gash, which was made while fording the Mississippi. His tires wouldn't last more than another fifty miles and his brakes were completely gone. It was obvious that he'd have to make some minor repairs in Gallup.

Nine hours and \$550.00 later, we pulled into Holbrook, hot, tired, and dirty. The town was crawling with activity. The piano at the Golden Nugget was blasting over the screams of delight from the dancehall girls. The main street was a river of mud. We could hear the roar of the town ten miles out. By the side of the street, in front of the Nugget, a man, either drunk or dead, lay face down in the mud. A rich cowboy, with a girl on each arm, walked over him.

"Interesting town," said Teddybear. "I'll bet you could have a good time here while you lasted."

"Why don't you let me out here. I'll meet you later at the motel," said Little Bill, leaping out of the moving car. He started a march through ankle deep mud toward a bar. "After all, I only came along for the ride and the scenery."

"Better let me out too," said Teddybear. "I don't like the looks of this place. If I know the rest of them, trouble could break out at any moment, in this town. I shudder at the thought....." We stopped and let Teddybear out, wishing him luck, and started for the motel.

Nick and I and Earl went in to register for the night. Earl got set up with his brood first and then we got our room. The motel owner was a nervous cuss with mean eyes. His lips twisted into an ugly snarl when he tried to smile. A scar ran from one side of his cheek to the end of his chin. One thing we knew for sure was that he wouldn't win any beauty contests. He leaned toward us in an intimate way,

"Just one thing before you go, folks. I'd stay in my room tonight, if I were you. There's some mean looking fellas down in rooms 6 and 7. They look like they might start trouble and I don't want no innocent persons getting hurt."

We thanked him for his advice and went down to our rooms, being careful to tread lightly past rooms six and seven, so as not to disturb the occupants. We got into bed and slept hard until about 2 a.m., when we heard a tap tapping at our bedroom door. "Open up," said Teddy in a horse whisper. "It's Little Bill and me."

We unchained the door and let them in. "What the devil's up?" I said.

"Would it be all right if we slept here for the night?"

"Yeh," said Little Bill. "We just left the boys down at the Yellow Dog Saloon. They said the guy running the place was a mean hombre and that he looked like he was hunting for trouble tonight. We'd just as soon not have to bother him this late in the evening."

"We sort of figured that you boys would be bunking with us tonight, what with the rest of them getting liquered up. There's an extra bed here that the two of you can use. Rest your bones, boys, what 'ol snarly face up front don't know, won't hurt him."

They fell asleep as soon as they hit the pillow. By now, it was 3 a.m. and both Nick and I were getting restless wondering where the rest of the crew was. We didn't have to wait much longer 'till we heard a ruckus down the road. At first it sounded like a pack of coyoties howling at the moon, but as it got nearer, we would make out words being sung. "Met my....by the Gas Works.. Dirty Old Town...Dirty Old etc." I smiled in the dark because I knew it was the boys coming home. They were singing one of those old traditional English Folk Songs that Gentleman Ron must have taught them.

We went to the window and looked out. They were staggering along, silhouetted against the moonlit hills, strung out for maybe twenty feet. Gentleman Ron was leading the parade with his beloved bottle of Redeye in one hand and his other arm around Broderick. It was difficult to say who was holding up who.

Behind them came Fred and Big Bill with the Kid hoisted triumphantly on their shoulders. On their heels was Caughran and bringing up the procession was Pavlat, cold sober, as usual. As the bizarre procession turned into the court, Big Bill shouted "A cheer for old Buffalo Beard."

"Ready now," cried Ron. "One, two, three, go!" They all shouted in unison.

"When the right girl comes along, He won't remain a bearded man.

Only thing he asks is she be nineteen, blond and a fan.

Ted White, Ted White

RAH RAH RAH"

The celebrato:s started marching around in a circle singing "For he's a jolly good fellow", when the crack of a rifle split the night air, whizzing over the heads of the merry-makers. They would have continued unperturbed, but Pavlat shouted, "Hold it down. I think I heard something!"

The rifle sang its song again, this time clear enough for all to hear. A raspy voice broke through the darkness. "All right, you clowns, you've got five minutes to get out of here or they'll have to carry you out in coffins in the morning." It was snarley face. "I run a respectable place here."

"You can't have been running it very long," replied Big Bill.

"You've got four minutes left to get or make peace with the Lord."

"You and who else?" cried Jim Broderick, ever alert to make an astute observation.

"You easterners all think you're pretty sassy. But as far as I'm concerned, your no better than a bunch of Texans."

Big Bill who was still holding the Kid's left leg stiffened, and then rushed forward to where ol' snarley face was perched. Fred, unprepared for Big Bill's sudden spring, just stood there letting his half of the Kid go. The Kid hung over Big Bill's shoulder, head down and beard trailing in the dust, but Big Bill paid no heed. He fumed for a minute in front of snarley face. "I'm a Texan," he growled, through clenched teeth.

"We're all Texans" cried everyone, except the Kid, who was in no position to appreciate what was going on.

Snarley face looked down and then spat. It landed between Big Bill's eyes.

"Hit the dirt," cried Pavlat, who was perceptive enough to see the storm breaking lose. Everyone scattered.

Big Bill, so enraged, clenched his fists tightly around the nearest object which happened to be the Kid's left leg, and with a surge of superhuman strength, hurled the Kid upwards ten feet right into the pit of snarley face's stomach, and then leaped for cover behind the nearest Coke machine.

"Get them," screamed snarley face, as he went over backwards, and a barage of fire went up from the rooftops, which surrounded the Holbrook motel court. The guns barked, seeking their targets. The air hung heavy with acrid smell of burnt black powder.

Pavlat and Caughran were crouched behind Big Bill, who was behind the Coke machine. Little white tongues of flame lashed out from the roofs.

After several minutes, Pavlat was the first to speak. "Looks like he means business."

"What'll we do now?" whispered Caughran nervously.

Big Bill moistened his lips and swallowed a lump that was building in his throat. "Let's have a Coke. It's the pause that refreshes."

"Here's a quarter," said Pavlat, handing the coin to Big Bill. A bullet whized over their heads and ricocheted on the cement behind them.

Big Bill fumbled around for a few minutes, mumbling under his breath.

"Damn," he cursed, "It only takes dimes. This is a helluva way to run a Motel."

The pace of fire was starting to die down, but shots were still ringing through the dawn's early light. At the edge of the roof, figures would be seen rising, firing and disappearing again. Occasionally, a mysterious lone figure could be seen.

16

"Blast and damn," cried Gentleman Ron. "If only we had a good military man here like Sandy Sanderson, we could at least get that chap hopping back and forth from roof to roof."

"Yeh, but we don't," said Broderick. "'We're stuck here behind this frozen ice machine, helpless and at their mercy."

"But we wouldn't be, if we had Sandy, the War Office's most brilliant strategist. He'd show us how to easily outflank them."

"Oh yeah? What would we use for guns? Besides, the odds are ten to one against us."

"Oh come now. An ebullient minority can always win ANY battle. The secret is to be always in control of the situation."

"But you can't fight a war without guns and ammunition!" A bullet whizzed over their heads into the concrete.

"That's where you're wrong. Actually, Sandy has fought many battles and WON them without ever having a bit of support."

"But...but" stammered Jim, "when the enemy is throwing bullets to the left and right of you, how can you stand up to it?"

"Why, you simply ignore them. It's a very fundamental rule. Pretend they're not there and go charging over the wall. After a while, if you ignore them long enough, they stop coming. The opposition becomes demoralized. Sometimes they even forget that they are firing bullets and that they have weapons."

"But....but....but....say, listen! Somethings wrong. I haven't heard a shot for two minutes." Jim and Ron crouched down and cocked their ears.

"By Jove, I think you're right. I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! Ho..Ho.....I knew it could be done. Sheer determination. That was what did it." Ron ran out into the center of the court. The sun was above the horizon and the smoke was slowly beginning to lift. "Come out. Everybody come out. We've won." He went capering up and down the length of the court. Fred's head rose slowly above a row of cars at the far end of the court. Caughran, Pavlat and Big Bill peered around the Coke machine. There was a tear of metal down the side of it, caused by the gunfire, and each of them held a Coke in their hands. They were smiling. Jim Broderick stood by the ice machine, scratching his head.

"Bang, bang," said a rifle.

"Yipe," said Gentleman Ron, as he leaped for cover.

A thundering laughter rolled from the roof top. Everyone looked up from his position. The laughter boomed again. Through the rising haze, a figure could be seen standing straight and tall on the roof. We gasped when we saw who it was. It was The Kid, with his beard blowing the the breeze. He held something under his arm, but we wouldn't make it out. As the haze rose further we could see the bodies of ol' snarley face's men hanging over the edge of the roof, unconscious. The Kid leaped nimbly to a trellis and lowered himself to the ground. We rushed from our rooms and surrounded him.

"How did you do it?" asked Gentleman Ron. "What happened?"

"Well," said The Kid modestly, "It's not too difficult. When Bill threw me on the roof, he did such a good job that he finished off ol' snarley face. I was unconscious for a few moments and when I got my wits about me and collected myself, I got the best weapon I could think of."

"Somebody's rifle?" said Broderick.

"No, a weapon even more powerful than that. Old Man Kemp's mimeograph. If used properly, it can be the most powerful weapon available. The technique is simple, You just place it firmly on the skull of your opponent. He hasn't got a chance. It's just like answering a powerful argument with another equally powerful argument."

"Well, said Teddybear, who had watched the entire display from the security of the room. "I want to be the first to congratulate you. This is the last time I'll call you Ol' Buffalo Beard."

"Hell, no" said The Kid, "you can call me that all you want. I won't shave it until the right girl comes along, so it looks like I'll be wearing it a long time."

THE TRUTH ABOUT CARL BRANDON

On August 28, 1958, the members of the 16th World Science Fiction Convention were shocked when they first heard the announcement that Carl Brandon, author of My Fair Femfan, The BNF of Iz and The Catcher of the Rye, did not exist. Dozens of fans, nay, hundreds, who had known and corresponded with him for several years were rudely awakened by the news that Carl was a hoax, a nonentity, a pseudonym. In all the years of his fanac, his reality had never been questioned, rather, he had been accepted enthusiastically by the brotherhood of fandom.

But, at the Solacon, Terry Carr, prominent West Coast Fan and Publishing Giant, broke the news to the stunned assemblage that Carl was simply a figment of Berkeley Fandom's imagination. Carr coldly confessed that "the concept of Carl was no longer useful for their purposes and that it was pointless for them to carry on further with the hoax." He also said that "the name was first used by Boob Stewart, but not until some time later, at an informal bull session in Rike's pad, did the idea of promoting the name "Carl Brandon" emerge. At this same time, the decision was made to create a negro personality for him to learn how fans would react to such an idea." Pete Graham, an early user of the name and then later, Ron Elik, another West Coast fan prominent in the publishing field, contributed to the hoax.

To the outsiders, people like you and I, Carl was more than a jest. He was a living, vital force. He had warmth and compassion. He had a love for tradition and the past. Musically, he was a mouldy fig, but if this is true, it is also true that his appreciation of the new trends in modern literature was manifest in his erudite style. In short, it was difficult to believe that Carl did not truly exist.

Yes, they called him hoax and they said he did not exist. They said he was spawned as a joke and they laugh about it. The Berkeley nuclelous claims they are responsible for his writings and they insist that there is nothing more. Certainly, there have been hoaxes before, Joan Carr, Alan Dodd, etc., but in each event, the character of the principle was quite shallow. Never was a person's character delineated so well as Carl's. The perpetrators of the hoax have yet to product something of the caliber of Carl's writing. Oh, they said that the composite of them thoroughly edited and re-edited Carl's work, but if this were true, the effort must certainly have been immense, and they could have had little time for their own individual fanac. All of you know what I mean because you all realize that there isn't enough time to do everything. But Carl always got out his stuff. Something is wrong with this story. Something's fishy. Who's covering up?

Carr and Elik did their best to hide the truth, but their best wasn't good enough. Unable to accept their facile explanation of Carl's absence at the Solacon, a small but wealthy group of dedicated Brandonphiles instituted a search for the answer. Their tireless quest first led them from San Francisco to Fabulous Seattle to the beaches of Costa Del Mar; from San Bernadino to Juarez to Arizona to Denver to Toronto; from Anchorage to Shanghai to Peiping; from New Zealand through the Suez to Algeris and up behind the Iron Curtain to Leningrad; from Capede Antibes to Belfast and back across the North Atlantic to Halifax and on to Kansas City; from Basin Street in New Orleans to Beale Street in Memphis to Cooper Square in New York; but, ironically enough, the trail finally led back to his home town of Sacramento. We cannot divulge our source of information, but it was in this sleepy little California town that we found the answer to the mystery.

Somewhere in New York State there is a low, grey, grim, building with bars on the windows. In a dingy cubicle in an unused wing at Rockland State Hospital there lies a man. He is under constant sedation and only the head psychiatrist and some trusted aides tend him. His identity is kept secret. His only visitor is a wizened old negress who travels cross country from Sacramento once a month to gaze dolefully at the unconscious body.

That nameless man that lies drugged in Rockland in none other than Carl Brandon. What is he doing there? Why do they hide him from the world? Only the doctors and the Berkeley group know. We don't know why THEY deny your existance, Carl, but we know you do exist and we believe in you. Someday you will once again belong to the world.

YOWL FOR CARL BRANDON

by Xavier Ginsberg

18

I saw the best minds in fandom destroyed by madness,
suing, hysterical, gafiated,
dragging themselves through convention halls at dawn,
looking for an open party,
starbegtotten trufans, looking for the ancient heavenly
connection to fandom as a way of life,
who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty
oneshots, which, in the yellow morning were
stanzas of gibberish,
who bared their brains to hubbard under the spell of
scientology, and floated across the rooftops,
illuminated,
who were expelled in 1939, strewing supercommunistic
pamphlets on the sidewalk, only to become fodder
for chapter nine or five or whatever chapter it
was,
who died in Bloomington, was resurrected, and died again
in celluloid flames, and watches over Bloomington
proclaiming First Fandom Is Not Yet Dead,
who gathered gifts of bricks from tender soulmates
and used them to build a citadel in which to
hide,
who harvest money crops of marijuana, by candlelight
on the rooftops of the Bowery
who talked continuously for seventy hours of watermelons,
home brew and fuggheads running legion through the
ranks,
who drank Jack Daniels in New Orleans, in room 770,
three days of sordid ecstasy purging
their intestinal tract,
who wallowed in the saccharin of fandom six and
howled to find that fans were not one sex,
who barreled down the highway, journeying to each other's
saintly convention to find out if I had a program or you
had a program or he had a program,
who drove cross country not giving a damn about the
program and had a good time anyway,
who saw the saint of science-fiction demonstrate the
scientific science of dowsing, and learned
how to kill the evil Japanese beetle with
lens and paintbrush,
who joined the N3F in youthful ecstasy and waded
through the reams of Philosophic Postie,
hailed by the welcommittee, consulted on the constitution,
concerned about the all elusive treasury,
quitting finally, unable to match the furious
pace of creative activity,
who reaped the multi-colored benefits of project fanclub
learning ultimately that the best club is four feet
long and filled with spikes,
ah, Carl, leader of the Cult, OE of FAPA, meteor of the
mimeograph, who leaves a trail of ink wherever
he goes, and now you are in the total animal
soup of all time,

you owe a debt to time that can be paid only by
chatter of your typer, blowing through the
bell of your mouldie fig horn smugly smiling.

II

What spinx of staples and stencils bashed open their skulls
and ate up their brains and imagination?

Ghu! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable
egoboo.

Ghu! Ghu! Nightmare of Ghu! Ghu, the loveless!
Mental Ghu! Ghu, the loveless!

Ghu, whose mind is pure machinery! Ghu whose blood
is hecto fluid. Ghu, the crossbone of the
wsfsinc.

Everything in the name of Ghu. Sensitive fannish
faces! Sensitive fannish Face Critters!

Roscoe the mighty! Ghu, the mighty! Deadlines!
Subzines! Prozines! Dianetics! Staple Wars!
Moral Obligation!

Holy bellowing! You saw it all! Jumping off the
roof! to solitude! waving! wearing propeller
beanie! Across the river! into the trees! to
grandmother's house we go!

III

Carl Brandon! I'm with you in Rockland
where you're madder than I am,
I'm with you in Rockland
where it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan,
I'm with you in Rockland
where there is no Cult or FAPA,
I'm with you in Rockland
where you dream of slanshacks waving in the summer breeze,
I'm with you in Rockland
where we publish a daily chatterzine,
I'm with you in Rockland
where the edges are still untrimmed,
I'm with you in Rockland
where Bergy still paints pictures in your mind,
I'm with you in Rockland
where even elron cannot help,
I'm with you in Rockland,
where you bang your catatonic typer and crank
the spirit duplicator of your soul
I'm with you in Rockland
where there is no oebulient minority,
I'm with you in Rockland
where it's just a ghoddamn hobby,

I'm with you in Rockland
in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey
down the highway across America in tears to the
door of your Grandmother's cottage in Sacramento.

JOHN BERRY SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.....

"Yes, Buz had divulged the plan to me, and to be frank with you, I was over-awed by it. After losing the TAFF ballot by such a relatively small vote, I reconciled myself, somewhat unhappily, to never having a chance to visit the States again. That such a visit is once again possible is indeed great news to me.

But as regards your questions....yes, I shall be able to make the trip OK if the fund raises sufficient money. I'm allowed 40 days off per year, so I can take them all together. So presuming twelve days for the boat, I shall be able to spend almost four weeks in the States.

I was a little despondent about losing TAFF, but now everything is shining again. I should have said early that, of course, I shall be utterly pleased and thrilled and DELIGHTED to make the trip, if it becomes a reality. I'm rather poor at describing exactly how I feel on occasions like this...esprit de corps and all that sort of thing, but I must say in all sincerity that I feel terribly humble that you all had the idea in the first place, and that you've all taken the trouble to attempt to make it become a reality.

This airmail is just to reply quickly that I shall be able to come if things work out well, and to let you all know how I feel."

/S/ John

The Bring John Berry to the Detention Fund was organized at the Solacon by a group of John's friends. We pledge that all donations will be used as intended or returned to the contributors, if for some reason, the fund does not succeed. Everything over \$2 will be returned.

The Berry Fund is a one shot deal. We will work to bring Berry to Detroit and will bend all our efforts to that end. There will be no TAFF candidate until Easter of 1960 and that will be an American to Britain type deal. It will not be until 1961 that a TAFF delegate will come to an American convention. We intend to complement TAFF, not conflict with it.

John Berry deserves the support of fandom now. The Detroit committee has already promised a hotel room for the duration of his stay in Detroit and has also donated artwork that has been raffled off. This is real support, but we need yours too. Please send your check or pledge (to be paid by March 31, 1959) immediately. LET'S GET BERRY TO COME ACROSS!

JOHN BERRY TRIP FUND COMMITTEE

- F. M. and Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave. W. Seattle 99, Washington
- *Detention Committee, c/o Bill Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith St., Farmington, Michigan
- Dick Ellington, P. O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, New York
- *Nick and Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio
- Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland
- Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Dr. Toronto, Ontario, Canada
- Steve Schultheis, 477 Woodlaw Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio

*Send all correspondence to Falasca *Send all contributions to Rickhardt

DETROIT IN 59.....and like that

Rickhardt says their isn't anything new to say about the Detention so, in that case we'll commit them anyway. First off, send TWO DOLLARS

to Jim Brodrick or contact Roger Sims or George Young
2218 Drexel 16880 Farfield 11630 Washburn
Detroit Michigan Detroit, Michigan Detroit, Michigan
for information about the convention. From all we can tell it's going to be a real fannish type affair. Detroit has pulled a real cool deal with the Hotel They have gotten the hotel, Pick Fort Shälby, to confirm everything that they promised to the committee, in a letter. and they, in turn didn't sign or have to promise anything, other than naming the Pick Fort Shelby as the convention headquarters.

DETROIT IN 59
FOR Real MAN



FROM:
Nick and Noreen Falasca
5612 Warwick Dr.
Parma 29, Ohio



Form 3457 Requested
All Postage guaranteed

Elmer Purdue
2125 Bastin Ave.
Los Angeles 29, Calif.

TERRY CARR FOR TAFF!

JOHN BERRY TO THE DETENTION!

WASHINGTON IN '60!