

THE BULLFROG BUGLE

issue number one

FAPA mailing 86 Feb. 1959



I HEAR HE'S DOING NOTHING TO BREAK
THE STRIKE.

Bullfrog.....Our Old Famous Brand.....

THE BULLFROG BUGLE issue #1 published by Lynn A. Hickman at 304 N. 11th Mount Vernon, Illinois for the 86th Fapa mailing,

Since this is my first issue of a zine in FAPA I'll make with a first thing to do; tell you a little about myself and get acquainted. Actually I've met or have known personally 33 of the members and have corresponded with quite a few more, but there are a few of whom I know nothing and that I'm sure know nothing of me. First off, I'm 32 years old, married with three children (two boys and one girl) and have been a reader or a fan for the past 23 years. I first started on science fiction and fantasy in Argosy (which is my main collection -- (have issues dating back to 1886) and then on to Golden Fleece, Amazing, Wonder Stories, etc. Wrote my first letter to a prozine in 1938. Corresponded with various people about collecting but didn't really become interested in fandom as FANDOM until I went to the Cinvention in 1949 and met Don Ford. A year later, after the Midwestcon I became interested in publishing and have had a regular zine since that time.

I manage the states of Illinois and Wisconsin plus a portion of Missouri for the Power Sprayer and Irrigation division of The F.E. Myers and Bro. Co. so it gives me plenty of chance to visit the fans in that area. There are are 7 other FAPA members that live in this area.

I thought for quite some time before deciding on a name for my FAPazine. Had almost decided on A Christian Fan In Space but was afraid Walt Coslet would catch me up on some Bible quotation. My generalzine is named JD after my favorite whiskey so why not name this after the cheapest beer I could find to buy. Good old Bullfrog Beer. \$2.19 a case and is guaranteed to be brewed from the finest swampwater attainable. Tucker can vouch for that. I made sure he'd try it by leaving a can with him. Come to think of it, I haven't heard from him since.

As to the type of zine you can expect from me -- it will be varied. I can be fannish or serconish as hell as the mood strikes, or even write up a zine that has nothing to do with either. The Berkeley boys are the only ones that ever burned a bigger cross than I have. And after they did it, Ellik spelled his name Ellikkk for a whole month.

And another member knows me as the Scarlet Pimple, but I'm going to be real sweet and never argue with him once.

Then there is yet another member who casts covetous eyes at my dog. He's in Calif. now, but it still worries me at times as he has a reputation for going even to the far corners of the earth to get what he wants. You should see his collection of sacred dung.

I sent my dues in to Bill just before leaving for a holiday trip to our folks in Ohio. Had our annual Christmas get-together with the Detroit group in Napoleon, Ohio the Sunday after Christmas at Bob Zellers house. On the way back we stopped at Indianapolis for a chat with Bob Madle. A nice holiday vacation.



Since I haven't seen the complete mailing, I won't attempt comments on any of it. I want to thank those kind members that sent me copies of their zines while I was on the waiting list. Especially Dan McPhail who's Phantasy Press I greatly enjoy.

Have any of you read Harry Golden's bestseller "Only in America"? In it he has taken some of the best editorials from his paper, The Carolina Iseralite, and the choice was wonderful. Two of those editorials had appeared in my zine JD a couple of years ago, so those of you that had read his Vertical Negro, know what a treat you have in store when you get the book. Harry the type of man that enjoys living and has the quality and the wit to make others enjoy it with him. For example his bit on why he never gets

angry at waitresses and the piece about his mother buying their winter suits on the hottest day of the summer and the battle of wits between the salesman and herself. I think it is a book that everyone should put on their MUST read list. It's guaranteed enjoyment.

This issue is being printed on some cheap mimeo paper that I am trying to get rid of. Also, I just purchased a larger multilith and am not completely familiar with the operation yet. So if the reproduction here leaves anything to be desired, blame it on a paper that doesn't print well and my stupidity at not learning this machine faster. I also have my Model 50 multilith up for sale now. I bought it in 1951 and have used it since that time for all my zines. It's a good machine and can be a bargain for anyone that wants to use offset.

I also have a Vari-typer with 12 fonts of type that I am willing to sell. I do most of the composing on my zines while on the road and its just a bit too bulky to lug around with me. Anyone interested write for details.

As mentioned before, my main collecting runs to Argosy, All-Story, and Munseys. Anyone with copies to swap, buy or sell, let me know. I also want Black Cats and Oceans. Have many duplicate copies of the Munsey publications and also varied copies of Wonder, Blue Book, Strange Tales, Wide Awake, etc, to sell or swap.

Today (Jan. 17, 1959) has been a busy day. I was spent on the phone. Three calls from the office, it's funny but I did more business on the phone than I did in the hard weeks work on the road. Also had a call from a house near Roseville. Will take the family there tomorrow or Monday and if it looks like I will probably be moving up that way in the next few months. I will be having Nan as a neighbor.

Most of Max Shulman's books are out of print now. Max is one of the best at really hilarious slapstick writing. I bought his first book back around 1940 and have read it since. I especially recommend "Barefoot Boy With a Gun" for this type of comedy. Bantam is doing the reprinting.

My son Doug is interested in Burroughs' books. If you have any to sell or trade, please send price for them. I will trade for.

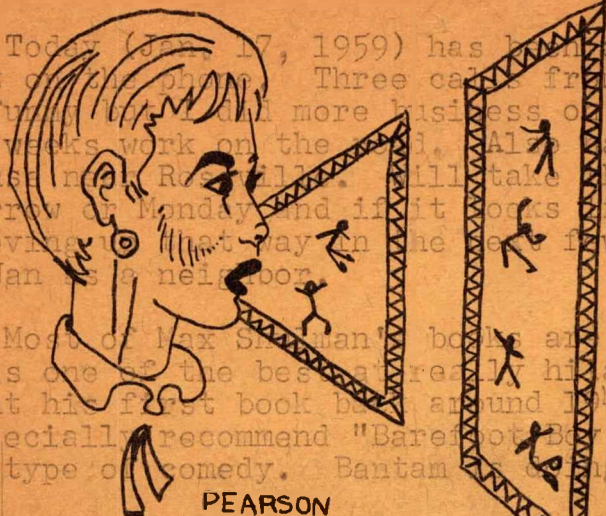
I found an outlet in Peoria where I can get 20 reams of offset or mimeo bond for \$1.35 per ream in 20 reams. I have someone in my business area that is interested, let me know and I'll pick some up for you. If you want to see what it is like send me the 1st issue of JD-Argassy which will be printed on that paper. I just bought 20 reams this past week.

Jan. 21st already. Took the family up to Roseville to see the house Nan had called about. It was fine so now all that is the companies ok on the move. If they give it, and I'm sure they will, I'll be moving to Roseville the 1st of March. A town of 1,100 with two FAPA members in it will be something.

Went to St. Louis last night to see a pro basketball double header. The Celtics and the Hawks and the Knick's and the Royals. Bob Petit set a new league record by pouring 52 points through. I'm about as big a bug on pro basketball as I am on sf.

Want to get this run off tonight so I can be represented in this mailing. Will have more to say after I've read a mailing.

Cover by James Culberson through the courtesy of Rotsler-Grennell. Interior artwork by Dan Adkins and Bob Warner.



PEARSON

In essence, waid Hohn W. Campbell, the right story of yesterday is certainly not the right story of today. An editor must necessarily be a prophet to keep and expand his readership. He must be able to visualize (guess, in reality) what the reader of tomorrow will want. The late lamented Unknown was mentioned as an example of not figuring out the reader. While many readers were violently enthusiastic over Unknown there just weren't enough of them. Mr. Campbell's speech was well-received by the audience.

My son Doug is interested in having It was now my turn to toast the Convention Committee. Being a veritable old graybeard (sometimes called "relic of antedeluvian fandom") I recalled the earliest convention, held in Philadelphia in October, 1936 and attended by sixteen fans, none old enough to vote. (I can still recall that at least one had developed political convictions, however, for Donald A. Wollheim, who was probably the nearest to voting age at the time, was wearing an "Alfred E. Landon for President" button!) The progress of conventions through the years was mentioned, and the incredible amount of work necessary to put on a big convention was stressed. To the Convention Committee thanks was expressed for all the time, effort and money which had gone into creating the London World Science Fiction Convention. To those stalwarts who worked far into the night -- night after night -- without the profit motive in mind -- without, in fact, any hope of profit -- I again toast you. I toast John Wyndham and John "Ted" Carnell who administered the affair; Roberta Wild, who handled all the secretarial work; Charles Duncombe and Sandy Sanderson, who were the financial wizards; Joy and Vinç Clarke, who handled the publicity for Britain, and Pamela and Ken Bulmer, the overseas publicity agents the hardworking Programme Committee, headed up by Dave Newman and Norman Shorrock; and Walter Willis, Eric Jones, John Brunner, John Rolfs Ken Slater, and all the others who helped.

Forrest J Ackerman brought the round of toasts to a conclusion with one to Absent Friends. Forry mentioned, and eulogized, those who could no longer be with us, such as H. G. Wells, Bob Olsen, and Ray Cummings. (All those mentioned by Ackerman were quite elderly when they died. It is ironic to mention the group of young men who have passed away since the London -- Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, Vernon McCain, and Francis T. Laney.)

There were several others who spoke. Sam Moskowitz asked for the floor and Ted Carnell reluctantly released it to him. Sam had observed the 200 odd people present and had come up with the startling statement that present at the London were eight fans who had also been present at the First World S-F Convention in New York, July 1939. This group included Dave Kyle, John Victor Peterson (who, by the way, was taking notes galore and transmitting them daily to NYC to James V. Taurasi and Ray Van Houten for Science Fiction Times), Oswald Train, Forrest J Ackerman, Harry Harrison, John W. Campbell, Bob Madle, and, of course, Sam. He went on to contrast the first convention with more recent ones. In reality, the banquet at the first one cost \$1 -- this banquet at the London, cost about twice that, but was, even at that, the most inexpensive since 1939.

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