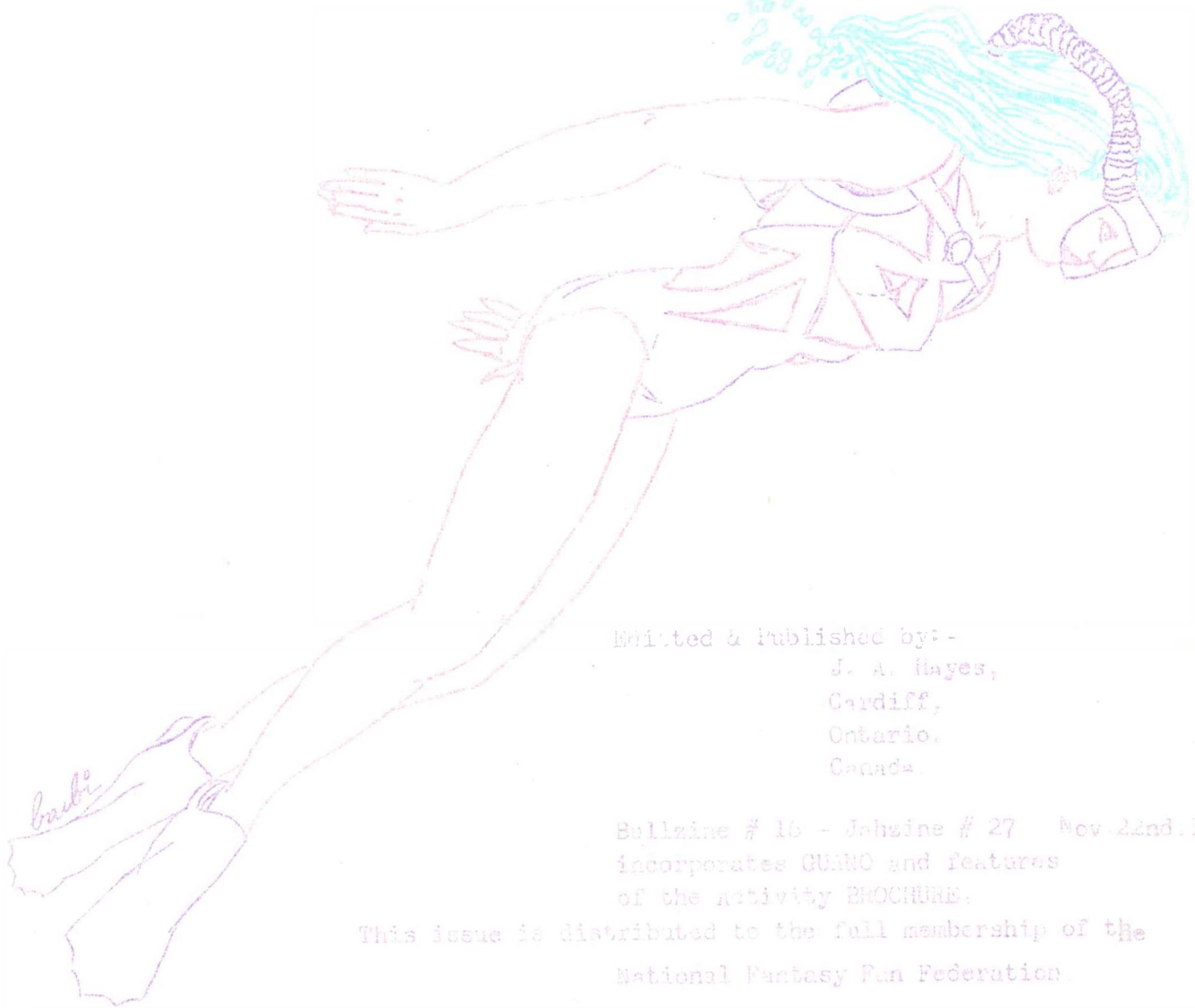


BULLZINE



Edited & Published by:-

J. A. Hayes,
Cardiff,
Ontario,
Canada.

Bullzine # 16 - Jahzine # 27 Nov. 22nd. 1958.
incorporates GUMMO and features
of the activity BROCHURE.

This issue is distributed to the full membership of the
National Fantasy Fan Federation.

BULLZINE:

NO 16

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December 22nd. 1958.

Published & Edited by
 J. A. Hayes,
 Cardiff,
 Ont. Canada.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

NFFF ROSTER

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South Gate, Cal.
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ROSTER POSTSCRIPTS.

Additions and alterations and commentaries to the roster.

I've just received the revised roster from Janie Lamb, and it is remarkable how few changes I have to make. In fact, outside of some additions, I'm not changing the roster from what I made it up, for now, even though there are a few I'm somewhat doubtful of.

<p>Additions:-</p> <p>59 Forest Ackerman 915 S. Sherbourne Dr. Los Angeles 35, Cal.</p> <p>59 Harley Cobb, P. O. Box 586, Anaheim, Cal.</p> <p>60 Conrad Peterzen, 2607 Third Ave. E. Hibbing, Minn.</p> <p>59 Wally Weber, P. O. Box 267, 9 3rd Ave. Seattle 4, Wash.</p>	<p>59 Alvar Appeltafft, Klammerdammagatan 20, Alvar Back, Halmstad, SWEDEN</p> <p>59 Norman, Howard E. 963 E. Como Blvd. St. Paul 3, Minn.</p> <p>59 Joseph M. Pylka, Box 3763, Un. Stn. Gainesville, Fla.</p> <p>✓Bjo, 2548 W. 12th St. Los Angeles 6, Cal.</p>	<p>59 Calvin Beck, P. O. Box 183, Ridgefield, N. J.</p> <p>59 Nancy L. Parker, 3929 Charlemagne, Long Beach 8, Cal.</p> <p>59 Mary Quinn, 2912 N. 23rd St. Milwaukee 6, Wisc.</p>
--	--	---

Doubtful:- I've kept these on until I hear definitely.

<p>L.P. Patrick, 2822 Amherst St. Cadillac, Mich.</p>	<p>Tom Walsh, 1622 P. St. Washington 1, D.C.</p>
---	--

In the case of Tom Walsh, I was under the impression that he had renewed, however, that might not be right, we shall see.

Commentaries:-

I've kept Wm. Murray's address off, since mail sent to the address, as far as I've been concerned, has been returned. Then, there is John F. Burke, listed as 82 Figugero St. Los Angeles 17. Mail has been returned, so it might be best to use the alternative address, Room 318, Cordova Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

And, I'm going to be dictatorial again. This issue of the Bullzine will be mailed to all on this roster (with the exception of Murray, since I don't have a safe address for him at the moment), but the next issue will NOT be mailed, unless I hear that they have at least a 1959 on their name. Where the Club may not cut you off until late next spring in the case of those who do 't renew, I will cut you off as of December 31st., 1958. No one, WC or not, will get ANY of my publications after Dec. 31st., 1958, unless I have been notified by Janie Lamb that they have renewed. Vous comprenez?

Then, we run into another problem. In the additions, we have a few names, Howard E. Norman - Joseph M. Pylka - & Mary Quinn. When did they join? ain't seen their names on before. They were not passed on to the Welcommittee.

And special congratulations to those who already have their 1959 dues in, (I'm sending in, in a few days myself), and extra special congratulations to those who have dates later than this, 1960, 1965, 1970, etc.

And, to continue with the story, isn't Jean Robert a member of the SOLACOL, thought she joined under the special SOLACOL rates, and, there is still John Gady to be added to the roster, we just don't have his address, understand that Larry Sokol recruited him.

SOLACOL

Two things will prevent this report from being even fair. One is that too much time has passed since the event, without any real attempt to put it down on paper, other than the notes I took at the con. The second cause for this report to be a failure is that the notes I made during the convention, in view of the time since the con, are not plentiful enough, and too much is dependent on memory, an elusive quality.

The most hectic time occurred before the convention, during the whole of the month of August. I had made some commitments, and I was determined to do what I could to fulfill those commitments. I had promised to have some zines for free distribution at the SOLACOL, in the NFFF room. A revised version of the Brochure, The Bullzine, QUANO, were all promised. Well, the Brochure came out, but really revised, I could not get enough new write-ups to do a decent revised edition, so that came out as more of a reprint than a revision. The Bullzine was a new issue, and so was QUANO. The typing of the masters, running through the ditto, starling, were finished the day before I was due to leave for the convention. I left practically all correspondence slide, and I've not yet recovered from that backlog.

I wasn't satisfied with what I had, so I threw in some back-copies of the Bullzine, and other publications of mine, found that what I wanted to bring in personal gear, to the SOLACOL, just made up my weight allowance for flight, so resigned myself to paying extra for the privilege of bringing it with me.

Because the time off I had for holidays was so short, I had to plan on getting to the Alexandria at as late a time as possible, so on the 27th of August, I went in to work as usual, getting up that morning at 6.30, made my breakfast and had a normal day at work. A quick change after work, a ride to Bancroft, bus to Toronto, and the first enquiries as to confirmation of the flight time and the time for transportation to the Toronto airport. By Phone, I tried to make sure whether the bus to the airport time quoted was either Daylight Saving time or Standard time, and on being assured, I went off to see a show. I was a little worried though, didn't trust the information I had so left the show a little early. On arriving at the airport transportation pick-up point, found the bus had left 10 minutes before, and since I was taking the last flight out of Toronto, things were almost desperate, so a wild taxi trip was undertaken. Got through U.S. customs and into the line-up for the embarkation, with only a few minutes to spare.

Well, I slept most of the way to Chicago, the change-over point. Changed over to United Airlines at Chicago, and slept some more. If the planes I'm on are going to crash, there isn't much I can do about it once I'm on them, so why not sleep, anyhow, I knew I would see a bed for many more hours, so I took advantage of the time to do a little sleeping.

Arrival Los Angeles, transportation to the Alexandria. I was pleased that the other members had not made arrangements with the police to have me escorted back out of the city, so not wishing to trust my luck too far, I went to register. This was VERY early A.M. so the night-clerk was on. He was lost, the poor soul, didn't know how to find anything, had to find my own reservation, and so upstairs to my room and a

shower.

Since I'm writing this up right on the master, don't expect too much coherence in this report. And at this point, I think I need a little pick-me-up, so with a bottle of beer besides me, allow me to go back in time a little. The excess baggage cost for the zines, from Toronto to Chicago amounted to \$2.10 and from Chicago to LA, another \$3.40. So, now, we can go back to the point where I was taking a shower.

After the shower, unpacking, I had a look around the hotel, too few roaming around, so went to the hotel dining room and ordered myself a hefty breakfast. Saw Honey and Rog there, this may not be in the right place yep, think it was at that time, so allowed them to finish and just before they were finished, I interrupted them for a moment, Rick McNary had come down, and several others. Just said hello then to them.

Then, back to the confloor, found the Neff room, and Ann Chamberlain on the job. Now, at this point, I think it should be mentioned that had it not been primarily for Ann, the Neff room would have been a failure. Coral Smith and Bonnie Edwards did spell her off and thanks are certainly due them too, but Ann was on duty at almost all times that the room was open. It was found to be impractical to have the room open 24 hours a day, but it was open for much of the time.

Then started the meeting, right and left, of those I had had the pleasure of meeting before, and new ones too. Melvin Hipwell, Stu Hoffman, Jally Weber (didn't recognize him when I first met him this year, he didn't have his camera hanging on him then, but he remedied that a short while later), Moven Clark, Colin Cameron, Hipwell, Woolston and Weber locked in a "Mind in the 4th Dimension" discussion, Jean Bogert.

News got around that the Tea-drinking contest was going to be held, so Weber & I tried to talk each other into entering. Jally is a better talker than I am, I entered, he didn't. And at this point, I must apologize to the NFFF membership, I was not able to uphold the honour of the club, I lost that contest. Poul Anderson and Bob Bloch were the judges, around a dozen participants, some of the contestants were RON BENNETT (TAPF representative from England), Ellis Mills. Djinn Faine won that contest. I'm not sure about Djinn, but all who had 15 or more cups, were temporarily sick. I was in the process of being sick, when Ellis Mills came in laughing at me, then, I laughed at him. Once we had both recovered, we decided it was time to have something to eat, so down we went. We both had hamburgers, but Ellis was a coward, he would only take water with it, I had a cup of tea. Djinn, by the way, won with an almost record, of 28 cups.

It is at times like this that I find that my notes are not enough. The next thing I have a notation about involves the Pro-E² discussions. Ed Wood, fan, had a lot to say during this discussion, contending that the Editors are always complaining about how bad things are doing in the SF times. When business is good, it doesn't seem to be so with SF, when business is bad, it still isn't good for SF, so SF always seems to be missing the boat.

I had been taking pictures up to that time, but my camera suddenly decided to act up, range finder went on the blink, a few screws loose, and other troubles, so to get that fixed up cost me \$10., but the repairs had to wait until this discussion period was over with.

John Campbell rejected the discipline involved in present day SF, claimed that

wasn't as good as the old one and the new one needs new blood. Authors not using their imaginations, afraid of stepping on their heels out on something new. Writers are trying to live on their laurels. Then, as has been usual for J.J.C. jr. for the last couple of years, a long talk on sicnics, later witching, etc. David Frostler came up with his new version of the Germanus with ne something about the size of a pack of cards.

Then watched a cover-art slide show, saw the Explorer film and the movie, "Born of Iron". Listened for a while to Campbell, Woolston, and I think Hipell, having a great time discussing higher mathematics, logic and illogical governmental systems. I was lost before they ever got started with their theory of prime numbers, so gave up and attended a wild get-to-gether of those supporting Detroit's bid for next year's convention. Met Stu Hoffman, who by that time had checked the Brochure and had found that I had omitted his name. Then to bed, the first time since the previous Wednesday morning.

I see by notes that it was on the 29th, that I met Ann Chamberlain, Bennie and Lee Edwards and Coral Smith, so it is obvious that my report is not holding together well, or is it? Don't know, but on anyhow.

I had been told, in Toronto, that since there were so many flights out of L.A. a return reservation need not be made from Toronto, so I see I made a note to make those reservations on the 30th. I was also going to phone up some relations of a friend here, but I never did get to even phone them. Anyhow, on the 30th, I got up at 10 a.m. I'm not one of those who makes it a point to stay up during the whole convention, I likely sleep too. I remember meeting Bennie and Lynn Edwards again that morning, learning that Lynn had become a 2nd Lt. in the C.A.P. I must have met Ellis Mills then, because I see I have his address at that point.

So, I tried to make return reservations with U.A.L. No dice. Best I would be able to get would have been September 3rd, so took TWA, leaving 6:30 a.m. of the 1st, when I wanted to leave on the Evening of the 1st. Returned to the hotel, to the Neff room, met Ralph Holland, had quite a talk. Then, at 11 a.m. I took my camera to get repaired. When I returned to the Convention, Ray Bradbury was speaking on the art of writing. Don't remember at the moment what he was saying on writing.

Then back to the Neff room, had a long talk again with Holland, with Cole (of COLFFAX fame), Philips and Ann Chamberlain. Mentioned to Ralph that Janie Lamb claimed she was out of Ghu's lexicon. Ralph had many copies there, and he promised to send some to Janie, and that in the event he stopped publishing it, I would be able to go ahead and reprint it. I missed the NFFF presentation a little later that day. I think it would be a good idea for TNFF to have a short write up on the why of the importance of these men, the members should know and be able to appreciate why these men are considered so important by N3F. And I think they are, but I don't have enough information on them to be able to give the write-up.

Back for a short listen to someone talking about Ceramics. The only thing that I could find to say on that speaker was that just at the point when it looked as though the speech would become interesting, he mentioned that the rest was classified. It was also around this time that I met Fran Light. The gang was enlarging all the time. After the Ceramics speech, came the author auction.

Anthony Boucher went to Bennie Edwards for \$13.50, Fritz Leiber to Ed Woods of Chicago for \$13.23. E.E. Evans went to Ellis Mills for \$5. Will Jenkins, Fred Prophet and others from Detroit, and myself, hatched a plan to do some cockeyed bidding on Bob Bloch, the intentions being of the group of us, in turn, starting at say, \$2.00 and bidding down, instead of up, in rapid succession, but the bidding started

too fast and we were left out. A syndicate, led by D. Ann Faine, got Bloch for \$17. Charles Beaumont went for \$10. to Mari Wolf. E.E. Smith sold for \$21. to Ben Jason, of Cleveland environment. Richard Matheson, the guest of honour, went for \$16. to a Syndicate led by Martha Cohen. I think Dave Kyle was in on that Syndicate. The auction funds went to TAPF, so it had a very good purpose. What the fans were bidding on was for the services, social, of the authors in question, for ONE HOUR. I would like to see a write-up, for TAPF, from Bennie Edwards and Ellis Mills. I have a good picture, of Bennie paying up for Beucher's services.

To those who may not know who the Neff awards went to, they went to Robert Bloch, Robert Silverberg, and David Keller. Keller, it seems, was involved with NBF in an almost professional publishing venture, involving successful sale of some of his stories, with the profits to NBF, or something like that.

Arch Oberlo then was the speaker. I think he is best remembered for his "Squeaking Door" Fantasy program on radio. He contended that the public does not decide what pictures will be made by Hollywood, that it was the 5,000 distributors who did the deciding. These distributors do not understand SF, and cannot be expected to do so for some years. He had tried to start a T.V. series that came as close to what we would want as it was possible to give in the present day financial set-up in T.V. and Movies. It didn't get to first base, the sponsors backed off. He showed one that was intended for that series, "HI CRAMMAY", a kind of psychological Fantasy that was well-done.

Then, I attended a private showing of the London Convention, with Will Jenkins, Herb Schoffield, W. Cole, Belle & Frank Dietz, Ron Bennett, Hory Faulkner, Ted Johnstone, G.W. Field, and Bielfeldt. Very good movie. But, I missed the Crystal Growth exhibit. I understand that it was shown at other times, but I never did get round to seeing that. I hear that it was very good.

U.S.F.S. It would seem that the directors of this society who were elected at the London Convention could not legally take office because the election was held outside of the country. It seems that on the morning of the Business session day, or the night before, the three directors who had been elected in New York, E.E. Evans, Le Ackerman, and Dave Kyle, met and decided that this was so. There also seemed to be a possibility that the SOLACON, having been voted on outside of the country, was actually illegal, and that the funds of the SOLACON, as far as the U.S.F.S. was concerned, were being illegally used. Then, the fact that the U.S.F.S. was an unincorporated entity, some figured that it had to be registered in California, before it could hold a convention. Someone reported the SOLACON to the State authorities, and the result was that California assessed the SOLACON for \$300, \$25. for each of the committee members. It seems that for an occasional meeting, registration was not necessary, so how that assessment was finally handled, I don't know. The Court proceedings involved in the U.S.F.S. seemed, then, to be as confused as ever. More on this later.

I remember on that evening, should be morning, actually, I joined Bennie Edwards, Lynn Edwards, Coral Smith and Wally Ober, and oh yes, Jack Bogert. There was quite a discussion on cooking methods going there for a short while. This was in the hotel lobby, at around 1:30 a.m.

The next day's program, as far as I was concerned, consisted of the SAPS open house at 10.00, NFFF open house at 10.30, Business session at 1.00, Banquet at 4.00, Masquerade Ball at 7.00, with the costume parade at 8.00. This was on the 31st.

Well, I signed up for the SAPS waiting list. It seems that they really are strict

in that APA. A Waiting lister must advise the H.C. before a certain dead-line, EACH quarter. I was a little late for the November 1st, deadline, and the result was that my position on the W/L has dropped several places. You are added to the Waiting List, in the order your confirmation is received, if your confirmation is late, otherwise, you retain your position in the W/L. If you don't confirm each quarter, you are dropped. A good idea, I had to learn the hard way.

Then the N3F open house. We were kicked out of that room when the Cults wanted to hold their closed meeting, so we went over to the Neffer room. It wasn't until we moved into the Neffer room, that the open house really got going with some very good discussions. Without knowing that plans were already underway to have an N3F APA, I brought the idea, and it was kicked around. No decision then. Embarrassed Bennie Edwards by reading out to the assembly, her Welcome poem.

There was a fan panel going on then, so walked by that. Detroiters were sending inscribed balloons down, bidding for the convention site. Don't remember who spoke, when the business session opened, as the main speaker for Detroit, but I do remember, or think I remember that Bjo Wells seconded the idea, with E.E. Evans supporting. Dean McLaughlin, Earl Kemp, Rog Philips and Bob Bloch spoke for Chicago. I had decided before hand that my vote would go for DETROIT' but Fran Light talked me out of it, and my vote went to CHICAGO. The results were:- Detroit 145, Chicago 45. Detroit the winner by a large margin.

Then, before the business session, the other things that are always decided upon at conventions, after the consite is decided, G. N. Raybin (now N3F member) resigned as legal Officer of the W.S.F.S. Then came some fancy legalistic footwork. In view of what I said earlier in this report on the W.S.F.S. the possibility of the SOLACON being declared illegal, existed, and it seems that the SOLACON executive were aware of all this. A motion was placed before the chair that the SOLACON, was illegal in that the W.S.F.S. ~~had~~ vote was held out of the country, or something like that. Normally, the business meeting is the business meeting of the W.S.F.S. but the fancy footwork declared the SOLACON as an independent entity, as the 16th World Science Fiction convention business meeting, and not a meeting of the W.S.F.S. and so the motion was declared out-of-order, and the whole fued could not be aired.

The Hugos, the awards were presented. The only oddity there was that for once, Anthony Boucher was able to do the presenting as before, but for once, was able to accept the Hugo for Fantasy & Science Fiction. Before this year, he was usually called upon to present the Hugo to his competitor, John Campbell, for Astounding.

The Banquet was a quiet affair, with the guest of honour seemingly coached by John Campbell, in that Richard Matheson spoke mainly on psychic investigation and Science. There was a standing Ovation for Rick Sneary, the Chairman of the SOLACON committee, no, not the chairman, but the man behind the whole deal, forget his actual position. The history of why of the SOLACON and Rick Sneary was publicized enough in pre-solaccon days that it is hardly necessary to repeat any of it here.

That completes the program, as far as I saw it, however, there were other events, occurring around this time. Walt Dougherty and Sam Moskowitz auctioned each other. Walt's wife wouldn't take the chance on having her husband going to the wrong persons, so she bought him, for \$7. Sam was auctioned off for \$17.

Then there was the Smudge pot incident, the only commotion that I actually know of in the whole period of the convention. This was right after the costume parade. At the time, Fran Light, the hotel detective, a degraded Korean (I've got a notation on him as being a Philosopher, and I believe that too) and myself, were having a real bull session, discussing almost any and all subjects possible. The main discussion was

between Fran and John Suh, the Korean. I wasn't able to keep up in all aspects of the technical discussions that ensued, but I was certainly an interested listener. Anyhow, it seems that right after the costume parade, one of the masqueraders, the winner, incidentally, decided to take a walk around the city, in his costume. It was a real wierd costume. He went a few blocks to Pershing Square, made a gibberish speech, that stole the show from the soap box orators. He then returned to the hotel, with a few hundred of the wierdies who had been heckling the speakers at the square, he then made another speech in front of the hotel, gathering some more, stopping all traffic, and when another score in the hotel, costumed, opened the second story windows to see what was going on, the crowd really had a show. The joint was raided, John Suh was called away from his discussions with us, he seemed reluctant to go. Then followed a a merry chase, with the cops coming up to the second floor to chase the onlookers away. They, the onlookers went up to the third, looked out, then back to the second, and so on. It took a while to restore order on the street level. This incident surprised me somewhat, in that I didn't think that Los Angeles would be a city to allow such an incident to create the commotion it did. Imagine in so-called Staid London, England, when a cave man, and a few other assorted wierdies, gathered in the street, half a block from Hyde Park (comparable, in some ways, to Pershing square), and a fight would take place, with spears, blank bullet revolvers, and a sorted other ~~paraph~~ (I don't remember how to spell that word) artifacts, etc. So, all that happens there is that a few stopped for a moment to observe, then they went on, no cops, no fuss, no bother.

The next day, the Fashion show was due to be held, however, that was also the morning I was due to leave, so I missed that event. There was supposed to be one costume rumoured about, that would or promised to be a knock-out, don't know, haven't heard. However, that morning, I got up at 5.30 a.m., completed my packing, forgot my toothbrush and toothpaste behind, and left for the Biltmore hotel, where the air-transport bus was due to pick up passengers. It was only a couple of blocks away, so I didn't bother with a taxi.

Got to the Biltmore, and started waiting in the front of said hotel. I didn't see any signs having anything to do with the air-transport bus, but then, I've come across such stops before where there were no signs, so I waited. The time for the pick-up was approaching rather rapidly, didn't see any others around, so I started to worry. The doorman of the Biltmore finally noticed me standing there and enquired if I was waiting for the bus. Lucky for me that he did ask, for the bus stop was on the other side of the hotel, the other front, where there was a regular waiting room, a baggage check room, etc. So, I didn't miss my bus, but it was close.

Took a few pictures over the rockies, but only one turned out a little. To Chicago. Landing there, I found I had to transfer to another air-port, and I imagine that it was across the city, so I didn't want to take a taxi, too costly, so I waited, and waited for a bus that was supposed to take us to that air-port. Again time was getting close to the TCA take-off time, and a bus came. I doubt if we went a mile. Had I known, I certainly would have taken a taxi, and had plenty of time to eat and relax. On to Toronto, through Canadian customs, not too difficult this time. They tore up my customs declaration, I hadn't brought much over, and they didn't think it was worth while going through all the paper work for the small amount I had. Then we started for the city of Toronto, but the bus didn't go, we had to be pushed before the bus could start, battery down. So, we finally reached Toronto, registered in a hotel, and then had a late meal, 1.30 a.m.

The next day, I dropped in on another NBP member, Cathey Foley. I had talked to her on the phone before on the phone, but had not actually seen her. Got my directions, from Bus Terminal, 1 block west to Elizabeth, Dundas Car to end of line at Sunney-

made, walk south to - etc. Then Cathey, on the phone, gave me some other directions. Anyhow, I got there, don't remember what directions I used, but I used my own on the return trip. At the Foleys, her husband was there, and we had a very nice discussion, and I had some cats there too. I got some pics of the whole family too. I then went to the Exhibition, on at the time, and took some more pictures, from a tower there I was able to get some good shots of the THOR rocket, and some of the other tactical rocket weapons, on display there, but I didn't get to see the atomic exhibit this year. Back to Bancroft, to the Bicraft, and work.

And thus ended another episode in the life of Simon Legree, however, it has now come to my attention, that there are rumours going around about me.

FLASH--

It has been reported by some of the girls at the SOLACON, that one, Art. Hayes, is girl shy. When Hayes was interviewed on this, he would not comment. At least, not for publication. Coral? Bennie? Fran? Ann? Who? Grrrrrr. We shall see in Detroit if such base calumny can be corrected. Too bad they weren't with us in Antwerp, London, etc.

* NFFF GUANO *
* * *

From twelve ounces of Round Robin withdrawals. Contributors, Seth Johnson, R. E. Latham, Cleophas Benoit - Marguerite Shaft - Miek Deckinger - Bruce Felz - Gay Terwilleger - Nan Mason - Elinor Poland - Ken Knecht - Gary Peindorfer - Art Hayes. There are over 150 pages to be read over, parts typed out, then re-assembled in both an alphabetical order, and subject order. I see in one routing sheet, of a dead-R R that Hans de Zwart is considering dropping out from N3F. And, there is a little, The Purple People Eater by Inez Wright. Another by Philip Poland, and one by DM (McCarrolli????) And there is a notation by Seth, that anyone using these send a copy of the zine to Cleophas Benoit. Guess, I'll include some of them in this ish, as filler illos. As before, Seth is the most prolific contributor. So, on to the pile of GUANO.

BACHELORS: M Shaft:- I looked up the term in the dictionary, and it says:- "A young knight serving under the standard of another, hence, a knight's bachelor." Now, that didn't help much, so I went further:- "Any male animal, esp. a young male fur seal, when without a mate during breeding season." This seemed to be getting closer, so I went still further, and, a definition, in small insignificant type was found:- "A man who has not married." So, now you know what you are. But, I warn you, better not decide to take a trip to Seal Island.

BRADBURY:- G. Terwilleger:- Until recently, I never really cared for him. He was a writer, enjoyable, but not outstanding, however, so many have been saying that Don Stuefloten writes like Bradbury, that I had to dig out a few tomes and do some re-reading to see. I never agreed in the first place. Now that I've read Bradbury again, and liked him, I can't disagree with the opinions on Don more. He is not another Bradbury, can't even compare to him. Ray writes in coherent thoughts, never leaving half of the sentence to your imagination. He flows smoothly. Don, on the other hand, is sketchy, using words to convey a meaning that isn't there.

Purple People Eater.

Inez Wright




so they tell me. Modern Science! And I was born too early to appreciate some of the advantages.

CIVIL WAR: M. Shaft:- Romantically, I is with the South. Practically, the North. The South, as everyone knows, never really had much hope of winning,

but, as to the reason they fought, well, it is rather obvious to me... they were fighting to sustain their entire culture. Sla-

verybeing the main cause... what could the south do without her slaves? Her entire economy depended upon it. Besides, there were the principles to consider. They had an ego to maintain, their money, their heritage, As to whether or not the Southerners were better officers... does your geographical local determine your military genius? There were many fine officers on both sides.

CREMATION: Seth Johnson:- The theosophists have a theory that the spirit is earth-bound until the last bit of the body has been returned to circulation, and therefore, they advocate cremation to bring this about in short order. I would like to be cremated when I pass on, if, for no other reason than I don't like the idea of worms and maggots having a ball with my corpse. In fact, if it is up to me, the undertaker will take my body directly to the crematorium and not bother fooling around with it and then they can say words over the urn, if they want to. I can't see spending money on anyone after they are dead and can't appreciate it. One guy left a trust fund whereby the interest was spent to add a book to the local library with a little sticker on the fly-leaf in memoriam, etc. I think that will probably be the most lasting memorial of any of them. But, speculation on life hereafter, is speculation, and no one knows just what it is all about. So we can hope only, live our lives as best we can and hope for the best and expect the worst.



EDUCATION: G. Terwilliger:- Your statement, Floyd, that grammar should be put back in the grade school where it belongs, is of little value. When did you last attend a grade school? When has the average person who says the schools are in a deplorable condition ever been to school? On the days when something special is put on for them. How many people actually drop into schools unexpectedly to see what is going on? What Junior tells at home about what he did in school, is no criteria of what is being done there. Junior tells the things he likes that goes on, and forgets the others. I get sick and tired of having parents come to school - But for only one reason - the parents who do come are the ones who don't need to. Their children are doing fine. The parents with children who need help at home never show up. It would take too much of their time. Grammar is still one of the main fundamentals in the grade school. Reading is the lowest area in grade school, and, again, it is not the Schools fault. Teachers can teach HOW TO READ, but they

can't go into the home and see that Junior practices. Reading is not a thing that is just picked up. How much reading goes on in the average home now? Not very much. Too damn much TV and sitting around eating while it is being watched. Before reading is improved, the American public is going to have to be re-educated. Before reading the public will have to realize that TV isn't everything, that there are other things in life to do. If you don't read, how can you expect your children to get interested in life, if you don't read at home, how can you expect them to read well at school.

ENUNCIATION: G. Terwilliger:- As for speaking right, again I say the general public is at fault. Announcers, etc. should speak correctly. I teach speech in school - and I think I do a pretty good job of it. The only trouble is, I can teach speech only for classroom use. I teach them when, where and how. The rest is up to them. Try to get them interested in speaking and pronouncing correctly when you have dignitaries of the town come in to talk and they break every rule in the book. Or the out-of-town assemblies that come and the speakers do the same. My speakers often take top prizes in contests, but you should hear them in the halls talking to their friends. You'd think that they didn't know anything. As for using the current idiom of speech well, I think it is time we did something to the English language to bring it up to date. What the devil is wrong with 'ain't' other than the fact that a few people got the idea in their mind that it is wrong. It certainly is better sounding than a lot of other contractions that have been dreamed up for 'am not'. It's going to be used, so why can't grammarians accept it. My own idea of why not is that it would take too much work modernizing the language. I personally think this science of roots, etc., is a lot of hog wash. I don't think, "Gee, this word came from the Latin." or "Greek", when I speak. Knowing where a word came from has never done me any good. I use the word, I know what it means, and try to use it properly and the fact that it came from a dead language is useless to me. Whether a student learns English, or just sits through it, is up to the teachers. If the teacher doesn't make the course interesting, the student won't learn.

EXTRATERRESTRIALS:- H. Latham:- What a revolting development! The ladies all waiting for the arrival of the superman from space. Where did you get the idea that they might find the females of this race attractive physically, mentally or morally. What if these supermen are two feet tall or twelve feet tall? Could you learn to appreciate a man with three eyes and maybe no visible nose? How disillusioned you would be if the sex life was similar to a fish. Seth has made me unhappy again, by suggesting that they might be black when I already picture them as golden --- but why not green.

or blue? But, don't worry, I'll have my troubles too, in that reincarnation, because I'll be "up there" trying to adjust myself to those superwomen.

FANZINES: Seth Johnson:- Well, most faneds seem to spedialize on the frivolous side for some reason, possibly feeling that anything else would be so much poorer than the prozines that there is no use competing. I believe a balance should be maintained, and that there should be a little leg pulling in the most staid and serious maps, a little serious writing in the frivolous ones. After all, who wants to eat nothing but dessert for luncheón? Any other course for that matter. We all want variety, and become bored with a monodiet. As for the Fanzines Clearing House, everything is welcomed, no matter how small, only thing, I do make one reservation, they must be legible.

FEAR: C. Benoit:- Kids do not fear animals the way older persons do, because they have not learned to fear. The first fear a child acquires is that of falling. After this, all other fears have to be taught. I have often wondered if this teaching of fear and hate to our children is a very wise thing. I say no, but guess most mothers will disagree. We seem to enjoy teaching our children all the fear, hate, prejudice, etc. that we possibly can. We appear to feel that they, our children, must carry all of our fears, hates, prejudices into the world as a memento of things well taught. If we older people hate something or some type of people, etc., we always make good and sure that this is taught to the children, never allowing them to grow up and form their own opinion.

GENETICS: H. Latham:- I chuckle and enjoy the comments on cattle breeding. As I understand the situation, animals are not selective as to the ancestry of their mates, except as to type. We get purebred or new strains of types only when man steps in and isolates the beastie to produce what he wants. Now, in humans, if you want the same situation, you are going to have someone step in and direct and force the production along approved lines. Wasn't that the Hitler line? That was also the idea in the South during slavery. Selective breeding to produce better slaves and then every once in a while, some white man would step in and mess up the breeding.

GOVERNMENTS:- C. Benoit:- Plato's "Republic" ssáddithat a certain member of the society should be trained for public life, and the rest should train them well enough to handle the job so as to leave the rest of society alone. That way, so long as they are well-trained and well-paid, they would provide a well-run government. However, as this has never been tried, it is still unproven. Socrates was correct in stating that the better man would not be interested in Government, only the lowest characters are interested in Politics. Mostly because it gives them a feeling of importance and allowed them to be fawned over by others who had even less intelligence.

Seth Johnson:- Now, as to laws, well, there are laws and there are laws. I doubt if we could progress very far with merely the ten commandments. In fact, I will go further & say that we could get along with only a 50-page book of laws, if it were not to the advantage of the lawyers to have torts and litigation, etc. But wherever man has property, he has to make laws to protect it and try to preserve it for himself and his heirs. After a while, the property gets to be more important than our individuality, or /our souls, for that matter. I think Plato had it right when he quoted Socrates on the idea that the intelligent will have nothing to do with Government, and it is just this thing that has led the world to where it is. The best of us refuse to have anything to do with the corrupt and graft ridden governments of the world and thus they are left in the hands of those capable of handling them. I will have to get you, Floyd, in an RR, Benoit and Zwicky, real soon.

GUANO:- N. Mason:- Yeah, I like the idea of GUANO for somethings, but not for everything! I mean, I wouldn't want to enclose some of my letters, to Art for pubbing in GUANO, but some I wouldn't mind. I guess it is just sorta of a 50/50 basis.

HAM:- K. Knecht:- I've just picked up a new interest to add to my others, I got a mobile Ham radio transmitter and receiver, plus power supply, mike, etc, as a gift from a friend of mine. Now, all I need is a license. It is a nice set, I've worked (talked) the whole U.S.A. and the odd stations overseas while using a friend's call-letters. It was legal because he was right there, next to me when I did it. If I can find the time to learn the morse code, I'll get my license and I should have a ball with it. It'll be company when I'm driving around.

INDIVIDUALITY: C. Benoit:- Individuality is a nasty word. We live in a world where conforming is the proper thing and the individual must be kept in the background as much as possible. If you do not conform, you are dubbed insane, crazy, etc. We now live in a world that is slowly turning Socialistic, and in a socialistic community, it is undesirable to have any individualistic characters around. All of the Governments of the world are turning socialistic by degrees, including our own more so than others, except England. Our Religions, specially Christianity, teach socialism, therefore, it is now necessary to follow the trend due to the great uprising in religion lately. Everybody wants something for nothing, or, at least, without having to do too much for it. I have found that the greatest portion of the human race will gladly give up everything that makes them INDIVIDUALS, in order to receive complete care from others. There are many ways which each set of conformists has to suppress the individual. The Military does it by the use of the threat of fear. The Governments call ~~it~~ socialistic actions, Liberalism. The Churches by the fear of death. The ignorant, by use of prejudicial terminology taught by the Churches, Governments and Military, as well as Parents and others. The only way in which races of mankind can continue to be individuals is to find a new frontier, which means going to the stars. Which the military is delaying as much as possible, in fear of losing its touch with these frontier people. The Gov't delays because it realizes that they could not control the individuals so far away, at least not at once and that only persons with a deep individuality would go to a frontier. The Church because of the fear of losing its great fearsome hold on the individual and lose their position as the greatest, strongest force on Earth. It is only since the Earth has used up its last frontier, that individualism is evil. While there is a frontier, it is a necessary evil which must be accepted for a period of time until the frontier is no longer so and they can move in with Gov't - Church and Military, thereby lengthening their octopus arms a bit further and their power over the individuals strengthened a little more. Strangling, suppressing and killing is necessary to obtain the proper conformity from all. I believe that whenever man is allowed to go to the stars, the stars as a frontier, we will have a returning movement to individuality. This is the only hope, we, as individuals, have of ensuring the simple fact that individuality must continue. If we wait until all individuality is gone, then it will be too late. We, mankind, have two ways to go, and two ideas to follow concerning the future of mankind. Not the very near future, mind you, but the distant future. We can remain on earth and all conform and get stale, stalemated, and thereby forcing a return to the jungle, or - we can leave for the stars and thereby remain individuals and creative, thinking people. Man is an animal above other animals because of his ability to think and invent and create. If we stay on earth too long, this ability to create and think and invent will be lost. Necessity is the mother of invention and if we all conform and allow this necessity to disappear, we are bound for the jungle from whence we came. We must either go up or down. We cannot remain in a stalemate for any length of time, we go down for sure. There is one line in the Bible I agree with whole-heartedly. "The Meek shall Inherit The Earth." Nothing, to my mind, could be truer than this. The meek shall surely inherit the Earth, because the individuals and thinking, brave people will have left it for the frontiers in the skies. I argue not against the teachings of the various religions which I have thus far studied. I disagree with the men and people who have taken the power of this teaching to further their power over others, to insure a continuous means of enforcing the prejudices, hate and bloodshed which is necessary to their method of enforcing conformity.

INTELLIGENCE: Seth Johnson:- I still maintain that it is impossible for a person to have an inferiority complex if he has at least a minor intelligence. Neither do inferior intellects get neurotic. It is only the intelligent, self-analytical person who becomes fixed with an inferiority kick.

LAW:- C. Benoit:- As for our laws, there are at least 132 million laws on the books, and not one has ever been an improvement on the TEN~~TY~~ COMMANDMENTS. At least, not that I can see. If we all followed the first TEN, we would not need the other 132 million.

LIPS:- G. Terwilleger:- Agree in the main with Sam on lies. They are a habit pattern. There are times when it is necessary though. These, I don't classify in the same way as I would deliberate lies. I have known people who seemed to never tell the truth and soon dropped them. Not because I didn't like them, but because I never knew whether they meant what they said or not, having learned that they lied most of the time. (I remember that there was more to this, but did not copy down - jah. Anyhow, as best as I can remember, it involved the necessary lie as one often taking place in our social life. Pleading a head-ache when we have another engagement and that engagement would not be considered important enough by the person we are lying to. So, the headache allows us to go on with our original plan without hurting their feelings. In other words, lies made in what we believe is the best interest of all concerned.- jah. I may have misinterpreted the original meaning of the statement, but am including it to make sure that it is brought out to allow others to disagree with-- jah).

MARRIAGE:- Deckinger:- The main fault about this now, is that people are getting married too early now-a-days. A boy meets a girl, and they both think they're madly in love, marry, and in due time, have children. Then, they discover that they aren't as sincere as they promised to be and a divorce results. This doesn't occur all the time, but occasionally when the bride and groom are under, say, 20. On the other hand, they may be too young for marriage, but decide to experiment anyway. This is the most pitiful situation, as an illegitimate child often results and the un-married parent is forced to moved away. The greatest sufferer is the child, as he usually ends up in an orphanage or similar institution where he is treated miserably by people who just don't care. What the child needs most is love. It is doubtful if the parents would accept him, after all, who wants to be seen with a child that was born before marriage. I know two who are in a similar situation. As I hear, the mother is an alcoholic and presently in a mental institution, permanently. The father is 24, unable to support them. The mother doesn't care, and may not even be aware of them. The children are 2 and 4 and were confined to an overcrowded home wher they received little good motherly care. However, my nephews became their foster parents after seeing them once, and now they are completely changed. Before, the children were gloomy, melancholy, disinterested in reality and when first taken into the institution were thought to be congenital mental cases. However they are normal children, victim of a marital problem imposed upon them by a mother who was never fit for motherhood. After they were brought to my cousin's house, they remained gloomy, shy and frightened for a few weeks, but gradually they began accepting the place as home and to-day, they appear happy. They are fortunate in having found an understanding home. Once every couple of weeks, the father visits them, but they hardly know him, as they were separated at such an early eage that they only know him as a nice man who occasionally visits them. So, in conclusion, I would like to say that there isn't anything wrong with marriage, as long as the parties love each other, and are ready and able to accept the responsibilities. That's why there should be a certain age limit for marriage, because most teens are not ready for marriage.

C. Benoit:- Our present day marriage is nothing more or less than legal prostitution. What happens is that a young woman get feeling she would like to have a particular young man as a bed-mate, so she marries him without knowing the least thing about him. After two years

the sex deal wears off, and they sit, without anything to base their marriage on. She gets a divorce, and then goes looking for some one who will be in need of another bed-mate and can take care of her and the kids, because there usually is at least one. So they find this poor fool who lacks a bed-mate and says he will take care of her and the kids, so they marry, and she prostitutes herself. This is not always the case, but, 60% of the time it is. A young girl marries for sex, an older one or a smarter one, for security. Security without love is prostitution, no matter how fancy you make the marriage vows. The same applies when the marriage is based only on sex. So, we have only one marriage in five lasting a life-time and that means that 4 out of 5 marry into prostitution.

Seth Johnson:- Can't say I approve of promiscuous divorce or multiple marriages. I do think though, that there should be more trouble getting marriage licenses and some form of psychological test applied, to assure ~~stability~~ compatibility. High sexed males should not be perritted to marry frigid or reluctant wives or vice-versa. If they are both frigid, there doesn't seem to be much point in marriage, but has it ever occurred to you that the most important job in the world is that of raising the next generation, and that one can go ahead with the project, as things now stand, without the least preparation of any kind, economic or educational, and populate the world with neurotics and morons to one's content, with no one to say no. Think at least one year's study in motherhood should be compulsory before issuance of license.

M. Shaft:- Marriage is for the birds. No, I wouldn't even condemn them to such a fate. Oh, I want to get married, right, but - to my contemporaries, about the most important thing in life is based on "Let's Find a husband campaign.". They don't seem to be worried about WHO they are marrying, just so it's a male, higher than a low grade idiot, and capable of reproduction. BULL-ony. Why any dame would want to spend sixty years staring across the breakfast table at the same face. Oh, I know that someday I may regret all the years I did not know that "Certain Someone.", but, I can't be married now, I don't want to be, I've got to keep on being "not serious" with the boys I have, and shall know, because they will drag me down into this mire of stagnation, and nice homey living. There is too much I want to do and see, and be. If I could find someone who wanted to do all the things I do, and not be restricted by the society, man, specially American man, has placed himself in, if I could find this man, then I would marry him to-morrow, if I could. But, I haven't met such a man yet, and sometimes, I doubt if I ever will. Americans are ~~stupid~~ victims of their society, are almost slaves to it, and anyone who is a non-conformist is marked queer and eccentric. There are two guys at Alma College where I'm a sophomore, who are brilliant and were sent there by Dow Chemicals. Non-conformists and ostracized. And they make up for it by being eccentric. If they are labelled such, why not appear as such. I got enough of it in high school. This is the AGE OF THE COMMON MAN! Anyone who reads or thinks about anything other than a bottle of beer, hot rod races, golding and intercourse is excluded. Those who don't think they have much chance in society must form their own. Peyton Place disgusts them, so they read Dumas. They can't stand Presley wiggle his way through four reels, stay home and watch TV, where they see more wiggling, this time by 13 year olds. What left but stamp collecting and non-conformit

MEDICINE:- Seth Johnson:- There is a doctor in Patterson, N.J. who has discovered some magic injection and pills that make weight vanish almost magically, without any dieting or anything else. He has a line of hundreds outside his office every day. He has a mass production technique of treating them, a nurse weighs them, claps a sphygmomanometer on them, then swabs their arms with alcohol, and the Doc jabs their arm with a dull needle, then they go to the next room where the Doctor's mother hands them their pills and collects the bill.

Amy had a very bad habit of sucking her thumb. One day her mother in exasperation, scolded her, "Amy, if you don't stop sucking your thumb, you are going to swell up like a balloon and pop!" The next day, Amy was walking along up-town with her mother, when, suddenly, a lady very much pregnant passed by them and stopped to look into a shop window. Amy, remembering--

what her mother had said, went over to the expectant mother and very sweetly said, "I know what you've been doing!"----- Nan Mason....

PALMER:- G. Terwilliger:- All fans have ideas, you have them, I have them. We go off on a tangent every so often. Rap has ideas too. At present, and I guess from way back, he has been interested in mysticism and wierd happenings. For this liking of this area of fantasy, he has been called almost every name possible, looked down upon, called crazy and most rude of all, a "cripple" which, any sane person knows, is nob his fault. His main contention is that it is no one's business what he does, or what he believes, and I agree with him. He didn't force anyone to buy his mags. As for being 'begoted', he points out a story he wrote, published in Amazing, under one of his pen- names. Said story, he used the title but I can't remember it, was hailed as one of the best he had ever published by many of the fen. At a convention, shortly after the story appeared, he told the attendees about the fact that HE had written that story. Immediately afterwards, the fen changed their tune, calling the story the WORST he had ever published. Many of them were the same fans who had previously written in and told him it was great. I, at least, would call this bigotry.

POLAND:- Seth Johnson:- Elinor Poland and her husband and two boys dropped in for three days some time ago, and it is a very rare thing in this world to meet a woman whose beauty of spirit and soul just shines through her eyes and body. I always thought that it was only poetic license to say that that the eyes SHON WITH LIGHT, but Elinor proved to me that such is possible. And, incidentally, her 11 year old son, Philip is developing into a wonderful artist, and his sf sketches compare favourably with most of the artwork in fanzines and even in some prozines. So, if you faneds and would-be-faneds want art work or illustrations, I guarantee that Philip will come across. This is a not-so-gentle hint. (O.K. - have only come across one of his sketches, but it appears on page 23- jah)

RAILROADS:- C. Benoit:- When you see a train running only five meh on it, that's the smallest part of the running expense of the train. You must also remember that for every man on that train, there are most likely 400 to 500 other men in the offices for each operating man. Take, for instance, the depot here. Last month, we took in \$400. and our wages for the month amounted to \$1400. So, the rest of the wages must be made up for by the operating crews of the trains running through here. The trains must also make up enough to pay City, county, state and federal taxes. If this was the only station running in the red, it would be easy, but just about every station on a line runs in the red, which means that the trains you see with only five men must make enough to put the entire operation in the black, and that is not easy. Besides, the men on the train, the men in the depots, you have thousands in offices and yard service which must also be paid from money taking in by the trains you ride. Then, you must also remember that when a railroad builds a marshalling yard, at the cost of 4 to 5 hundred million dollars, the train you ride must also pay for it. When the Airlines need an Airport, they don't pay anything to have it built and no taxes to keep it up, and, in fact, no taxes whatso-ever. You must also remember that the Railroads have no say in the rate structure they will charge, the ICC fixes that, whereas the Airlines are not so restricted, and, if they lose money on a year's operation, the government will subsidize them into a profit at the end of the year. If the RRs were allowed to make their own rates, most of them would be lower because they would then try for a larger volume of traffic. Do you realize were it not for the taxes that the railroads are paying in each city, we would not have the so-called FREE schools of to-day. Until the railroads started to pay school taxes, we did not have any Public schools in this country.

Seth Johnson:- Cleophas Benoit claims that the railroads should get the same priveleges that the airports and truckers get, since the taxpayer erects the airports and subsidizes the airlines, etc. I cannot see this at all, for one train of freight cars will equal all the revenue that the airport will equal in any given day. And this one freight train is run by an engineer, fireman, conductor and a couple of brakeman. And they still claim that they



PHILIP
POLANS

can't make money. I ride the fakawanda into W.I. quite often and often wondered how the heck they could lose money on a deal like that. Here they have ten cars with fifty to 75 passengers in each. Each paying over a dollar a trip. One engineer, a conductor and two brakemen service that train. They make around fifty runs, in and out, daily, and jammed to the doors with standing room only during the rush hours. If they want to compete with airlines and truckers, why don't they improve their services. They are still using old war passenger cars on some lines. They did convert to Diesel or electric because it is cheaper and more efficient, but, if they were to install monorails capable of 350mph, they could compete with airlines and extend their lines all over the place. If they made their monorail cars so that they could run as buses and take to the pavement to within a few blocks of their homes, they really would have something. Likewise, the freight cars could be made to hold tractor trailers and thus be taken right to destination without benefit of tracks. One truck, with driver and a helper, carries the equivalent of a ~~forty~~ car, and with fifty box cars, you only have five men.

RAIN DANCE: Knecht - I was a student, living in a student squadron, studying radar. All the radar students lived on one side of the base in six squadrons. Each squadron had about five to six hundred men in it. In each squadron area, there were sixteen barracks, each housing about 70 men, so you can see that some of the barracks weren't used, and the ones that were, usually weren't full. Also, in the Squadron area was a building used for lectures, and so forth. At the other end of the orderly room where the business of the squadron was conducted. At night, the C.O. stayed there. All these buildings were crisscrossed in a square with a parade ground and a basketball court in the middle. Nearby, were some hangars and a runway, called the flight line.

We had classes for six hours a day, five days a week. On Saturday, we had some training in the morning and possibly early afternoon, we were off on Sundays. This "Saturday Training" consisting of an inspection by the Squadron Commander, or lectures, or mess squadron clean-up, or, about once a month, we had a Wing Review, which was a big parade. Of these we hated the Wing Parade the most, next to Base-Clean-up, because it was the longest. Base-Clean-up only happened once a year or so, so we didn't worry about that too much, but, as I said, Wing Reviews happened at least once a month.

It consisted of getting up at about 6 a.m. so we could be ready at 8 o'clock so we could stand around till 9:30, till we went to the flight line for the parade. You can picture about what I mean. (The lowest ranking, of course,) getting up at 6, all with either with a hangover from the night before, and/or sleepy from running around all night. Then we had to get all nice and sharply dressed, clean up the barracks in case they decided to inspect that too. At about 8, we fell out for an open rank inspection. Then an hour or so was spent trying to get us sized up properly so we would look right when we went past the reviewing stand during the parade. This passing the reviewing stand took about two minutes, so you can see all of this preparation had this end result in mind. After they got all all sized up and our equipment gotten all dusty, and we were good and tight. Then, at 9:30, or 10, we marched down to the flight line so we could stand around till 11:30. The reviewing stand was straightened out.

we stood at attention for a while, at (parade rest for a while, saluted for a while, then back to attention for a while, and ad infinitum. Then we'd march all the way to the end of the flight line, then back again past the reviewing stand. All this was done to a badly off-keyed band that threw an echo strongly from the hangar a $\frac{1}{2}$ beat later, just to confuse us.

Well, on to the rain-dance! One Friday night, before a scheduled wing review, we were sitting around with nothing to do, when we decided how nice it would be to have rain the next day, so we could have the day-off. One of the fellows then asked Ernie, whose last name I can't spell, to tell us how the Indians used to get rain when they wanted it. Since he was an Indian, we figured he ought to know. Well, he told us all about the rain dances they used to have a long time ago. Since this looked like a good way to stir things up a little, we decided to give it a try. To start the proceedings off right, we thought we ought to launch a satellite for the occasion. So we put a butt can (an empty large tin can used for an ash tray) on the roof of the barracks with a large firecracker under it. After launching it into a collision orbit with the next squadron, we cleared out the upper bay (The top floor of the barrack) of bunks and tables, we got Ernie to start off the dance to the beat of a set of bongo's. After watching his technique we joined in with improvements of our own. You can imagine about 100 men capering around the barracks whooping at the top of our lungs. We'd have built a fire but we were afraid the barracks would burn down. I think it probably looked more like a war dance than a rain dance, with all the racket. The noise roused the CQ (Officer in Charge of Quarters) out of his roost in the orderly room. Naturally he wanted to know what was going on, so we told him. He told us that since there wasn't a squadron regulation against rainedances, there wasn't much he could do about it, well, after a while, we got tired of it and quieted down for the night.

The next day we had a hurricane and naturally the parade was called off. The trouble was the whole base was restricted because of the bad storm. The next Saturday the wheels decided to have another parade, so we had another rain-dance, this time leaving out the satellite, figuring that it caused the hurricane. All we wanted was a little rain. Well, to make the story short, they did and we did and it rained. They let up for a while then, and we had beautiful weather the next few weeks. They they decided to try again, so did we, and it rained again. Then the next week, we got the word that if it DARED to rain again, we WOULD have a standby inspection by the base commander the following week. That didn't sound good, because that mean a real gung-ho clean-up and many parties in preparation. So we cancelled our rain-dance, and we had a beautiful day for the parade. Then our Indian shipped out, and before we had another parade I did too. So, I don't know if they are still holding them or not. That was quite a series of coincidences wasn't it? We got a lot of fun out of it. Nothing like something different to do on an AF base.

WHY did the little BEM throw onions into the river under the Bridge? Ans:- Because he wanted to see THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI..... Nan Mason....

RELIGION:- Seth Johnson:- About 1918, I became interested in spiritualism when my mother started taking me to seances or readings. Incidentally, at no time were the lights out or did any levitation or teleportation or other esoteric phenomena take place. The services consisted mainly of a prayer and then the medium would give messages to the people in the audience. I lost interest mainly through boredom and later in life became interested in social philosophy and theory, etc. I contacted the Rosicrucians and the Mayans and half a dozen other mystic groups, cults, etc. I have not given up their ideas on evolution and re-embodiment, although, here too, I take it all with a grain of salt. I don't know the answer; but am willing to listen to anyone who claims to have the answer or who can bring some illumination on the matter of the soul, mind, life and death spirit and etc. I have studied the Lutheran and Catholic Catechisms, have read the Koran and some of the Vedas, have also studied the Bhagavad Gita. And, after all this reading and studying, I still don't know what the truth is, and furthermore, I don't believe that any sect or group has either the whole truth or a monopoly on it. None are fully wrong, but if there is a creator

believe
that it is the best way to win a fight.

Seth Johnson:- No, wrestling is not rehearsed in advance, but the fighter is likely to be told to give him hell for twenty minutes and then let the guy throw him or pin him. He is also instructed whether he is to be the gentleman, a Palooka or a meanie. Lots of times, experienced wrestlers are told to lose fights to new kids whom they could beat with an arm tied behind their back, so the kid will build up a following. So, the older pretends to gouge and pull hair and trunks, and all the other stunts and finally let the kid pin him down. The crowd goes wild over this. They don't actually pull the hair out, but they do pull hard enough to tip the other wrestler over or compell him or her to do something. It's a convenient way to break a hold, incidentally. Then, there are the lady wrestlers, beautiful gals who delight in committing a little mayhem on each other. I pity the poor guy that marries one of these gals though. Specially if he is not a wrestler. Can you imagine being greeted at the door with a flying mare or a body block and then a few judo holds, a head lock winding up with a fractured pelvis. Could you then imagine the poor guy stretched out on the floor with the little dear giving him knee drops.

VIRILITY:- M. Shaft:- Why, with the fact that men are more "virile", does the male have to have male companionship, whereas the female can get along perfectly well with companionship only with the male?

W.C.:- Nan Mason:-

Dear Madam:-

I have the pleasure of informing you that the "W/C" is located nine miles from the house in the center of a beautiful grove of pine trees, surrounded by wonderful scenery. It is capable of holding 350 people at one time. It is open on Tuesday, Thursday and Sundays. There is always a large number of people who attend in the summer months. I'd advise you to beearly, though there is always plenty of standing room. This, however, is an uncomfortable if you are in the habit of going regularly. No doubt, you'll be pleased to know that a number of people take their lunch and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time, travel and arrive just in time. I would especially advise your ladyship to go on Thursdays, as there is excellent organ accompaniment, even the most delicate of sounds is audible.

It may interest you to know that my sister was married in the "w/c". It was there she first met her husband. I remember the rush for the seats that day! There were ten on the seat I usually occupied and it was comforting to watch what went on. My father has been there since he was christened.

A wealthy resident of the society recently installed a bell to our "w/c" which rings every time a person enters. A bazaar is going to be held very soon and the proceeds are going towards the purchase of flush seats which the people feel are greatly needed. My wife is rather delicate and cannot attend regularly. It is six months since she last went. Naturally, it pains her very much not to be able to go in the open. I will close now with the desire to be of service to you in any way, and if you would like me to save you a seat next to mine, I shall be very happy to do so.

Yours very truly,

WOMEN:- C. Benoit:- All women like a bit of a rogue. I knew a young girl, years ago, who was going out with a guy who was real nice and GOOD. He would no more have thought of putting his hands on a woman's knee or taking a kiss once in a while than the man in the moon. So I asked her why she didn't marry him and she answered, "Sure, he's a nice guy, but - he isn't much else." Being, as I was still young, this stuck in my mind, and I now make sure that no woman will think I'm a good guy ONLY. Be a bit of a rogue once in a while and they will like you better, whether they will say so or not. Remember that when a woman says NO, listen to the tone of voice she uses. Most of the time, when they say NO, they, "Don't ask me, take what you want, you fool, I am a woman and cannot say YES to anything." Don't be passive, be a MAN. Women are supposed to be passive, not men, correct? Part of what is

as postulated by the theory of evolution, we cannot conceive of this being as a being that can take in the mental attitudes and opinions of the cells in their bodies, and we are a great deal less important than these to such a being. I'm not sure at all that such a being wants or desires rituals, worship or edifices raised in his honour. Rather, I think this being, being omniscient, cannot but know exactly what is going to happen on this test tube planet of ours. We were put here and are being developed the way a chemist develops a culture of bacteria, and are as capable of understanding the purpose as the cells of our body are capable of understanding our interest in Science Fiction. So, to me, the only true worship is the act of doing a good deed to a fellow man. The act of living life that is useful and fruitful as possible, both for oneself and for all whom one associates with. I believe that the silent gift is one in need without any other person knowing about it, is the ultimate prayer, and the only one that is ever really heard. And this theme, I have noticed, recurs in both the Christian religions, in the Buddhist and Theosophical doctrines, and seems to be universal ingredient of all religions and metaphysical thought. So, to me, the act is the prayer and the act of worship. And merely attending rituals and mumbling words and singing hymns have no more effect than one of our blood cells vibrating a desire to us, we wouldn't even be aware of its existence.

H. Latham:- It's about time that I tried another faze of life and I'm afraid I might get religious. That is a horrible thot. That would be a direct about-face and I don't think I could stand it. I've decided that I will avoid the belief I have heard about called ISAM in which the members believe in the NON-PROPAGATION of the race. They do not believe in sexual contact for any purpose whatever. There is a young women living near here who is trying to convert members to the faith. She is a pretty thing but what a revolting development. I must try and learn more about it. I am evidently not ready for the position of a true wise-man, as I have no intention of turning my eyes inward and forsaking so much that is of interesting in the life around me. I, being lazy, will read about religions, think about them, but will practice as I am right now, trying not to interfere with the rights of others. I have found that those who profess to be the most religious, are the biggest hypocrites. I've decided that I will not get interested in any religion in which one of the requirements is celibacy. Life is too short and sweet and when I get too old I want to have memories and dreams, besides, why should I be in a hurry - if I am reincarnated every 1000 years - there will be a lot of living to do and maybe, at some future time, I'll feel more like contemplation, reading and studying and practicing the way of the just and the poor. I suppose the right thing to do is to devote one lifetime, once in a while, to resting and rebuilding the soul for a more arduous existence later.

JOHNSON:- H. Latham:- After all the flattery that Elinor poured out about Seth, I am wondering how the rest of us are going to be able to get along with him from now on. Of course, we must take into consideration that they were both in the same room when the fancy words were written, so, knowing Seth, it is easy to believe that he was twisting her arm to force her to write all those complimentary and hard to digest unbelievable words.

SPORTS: C. Benoit:- Wrestling, as performed in the arenas around the country and on TV, are the biggest rivals of the Barnum and laugh affair in the world. Anyone who really believe that Wrestling matches are on the up-and-up is heading for the Rusk-the-snake Pit in Texas. They are the biggest bunch of phoney's in the world to-day, I could, with two months training, put any of them up so bad in about 5 rounds that they would wish they had never been born. In case you're wondering, how I'd do it, it is simple. In H.S. I was on the boxing team for six years. Had 82 fights, won 78. Also for six months, was Merchant Marine Welterweight Champ. However, that is long ago and like all ex-anything in sports, I'm getting a little soft. I was also state champ one year in School. All this is besides the point, I just

wrong with this country is that women try to act like men, and men no longer like men. This way, we have frustrated women. All because men have forgotten to act like men should, have allowed woman to take over, to the sorrow of both. I don't mean that a man should act like a cave-man. I just mean that he should be the man of the house, and the women, women, not both. Look at the divorce rate, 90% of these divorces are caused by women trying to act like the man of the house.

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* E. E. EVANS *
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I remember, during the last convention, in L.A. when Ann Chamberlain mentioned that she had read most of the works of E.E.Evans and that she would like to meet him and talk to him. Having just been talking to him a few moments before, I knew where he was, so arranged the meeting. I left Ann and EEE talking together. Another EEE item that strikes me is the fact that Neffer Ellis Mills purchased EEE's service for one hour as a result of the Author Auction.

I remember these incidences vividly, now, because news has just reached me that EEE is gone, having suffered a stroke

One of the founders of NFFF, he died on December 2nd, at the age of 65.

Books listed to him:- MAN OF MANY MINDS - ALIEN MINDS - THE PLANET MAPPERS. An incompleated book, MINDS ACROSS SPACE. Some of the stories published:- BLURB, in Fantasy Book. GUARANTEED in Startling Stories, and LITTLE MISSINGORANCE in Other Worlds.

Fan-NEWSIE, (Bernard Cook), tells this story about EEE. 40 Ackerman has one of EEE's books and EEEvans had been adding one letter each year, on Ackerman's birthday, each year, eventually intending to complete the autograph. To-day the inscription reads, "Dear Forrie, Didn't I tell you I wasn't going to give you my autograph? E. Everest"

I remember, also, as I mentioned in the convention report I've submitted in this issue, how EEE again took emergency action when it was deemed necessary, in the WSFS difficulties and their funding. He saved N3F some years back, by taking over when it was necessary. He was given a life membership in N3F to show his importance in N3F.

I remember him in Cleveland, New York, and this year in Los Angeles. He was not present in London, but a convention this side of the ocean without EEEvans will not seem the same.

FANZINE CLEARING HOUSE.

About twenty editors have consented to participate in the fanzine clearing house. As of now, no professional science fiction magazine has given any mention or help in getting in touch with the people we want to cover with these fanzines however. And incidentally, I am still waiting for Racy to forward copies of the TNFF & EXPLORER for inclusion in the FCH bundles. So far four bundles have been sold and six editors have sent in 12 or more fanzines. I also have a big stack of back issues that I have from one place or another so can fill quite a few orders before running out of them. In the meantime, I wish all the members of N3F would write letters to the Pro-eds mentioning the stories in their magazines and commenting on them at length and also mentioning the N3F and the FCH in their letters. That is the only way they will ever be convinced that they ought to co-operate.

Seth Johnson.

the white man, while...

A tomb for the dead subconsciously means fear - Fear of Gods - Search for a home.

A wall is a home, subconsciously means wisdom, a discoverer establishing a footing in a foreign country. Both the tombs and the great wall appeared in B.C.

So, I reached the conclusion that the White and negroid people were born here on Earth, a result of natural selection following the laws of evolution. They are tall, perhaps due to the iceages. This process took many millions of years. Now the Yellow man came from outer space, also a few million years ago. They did not come here in a great space ship, but came here as a spoor, or a germ. A great meteor struck the land, creating a crater. The water dissolved it, its chemical composition developed in water and from there, the germ of the Chinese man appeared. He is small because of the length of his space journey, or because his home planet gravity is greater than Earth's.

Well, this is part of the story. But, to me, it has no beginning, no end. I still have a problem, Why are negroes Black? I have some answers. One is that they are related to White. Inter-marriage between the white and the black resulted in the people of India, and the Indian looks more intelligent than the African negro. All this needs explanation.

Bennie Edwards:- 0723 - GUANO I don't care for, as a name. Any referal to something stinking I dislike. It gives too great a chance for someone to comment on the publication that it is "appropriately named".

BENOIT:- What do you know about this Miles MacAlpin? Used to know another by that name that he reminds me of, Only this fellow was not only brainy, but could consume more juice of the grape than any I've ever met, and without getting drunk. He couldn't get drunk, he wasn't always was. He had a PhD in lit but said he would not work as a prof. so was working as a cook aboard ships, a real good cook too. He used to sit and talk to me for hours on this Abstract thought business and never made much sense to me.

KNECHT:- I am developing (0706) a new interest. I am seeing what I can dig up on the subject of, don't laugh, vampires, were-wolves, etc. I can't find a darn thing though. I guess it isn't well written subject. What I'm trying to discover is how all those legends and tales started and where.

HOUSTON SMITH:- 0903 - Italy's supreme court, the Court of Causation, has ruled that a husband may obtain legal separation from his wife, with her being the guilty party, if she does not tell him before their wedding, that she is not a virgin. There is no divorce in Italy. A wife had asked a lower court for legal separation because she charged that he left her on her wedding night. The husband told the court that he did, because he discovered that she was not a virgin. He asked that his wife should be declared the guilty party.

Deckinger:- 0716 - GUANO certainly seems to be an appropriate title for the mine (Now Bennie, don't go saying, "I told you so." jah).

REHORST:- 0921 - While in Providence R.I. I paid a visit to Swan's Point Cemetery, where I paid my respects at the graveside of Howard P. Lovecraft. He rests in Phillips' Family Plot. Lovecraft has long been my favorite in the field of the outre and macabre. My library contains a complete ARKHAM HOUSE collection, among them such prized volumes as THE "OUTSIDER, And BEYOND THE WALL. August Derleth, a greater writer of regional American historical literature himself, above and beyond his weird and SF writings; has given much to the field of "OUTRE" literature through his publishing house of ARKHAM, operating out of his native Sauk City, Wisc. It has been my pleasure to both correspond and visit with Derleth in the past.

KONING:- 0722 - GUANO left me rather flat, didn't interest me. Perhaps it is just that there were so few contributing, but I just didn't like it.

HONEY GRAHAM: The RBs I have going are:-

SEVEN SINEP CIRCLE... Wood.. Terwilliger... Johnson.. Firestone.. Berquist.. Seth Johnson.. #2 Edwards... Wood.. M. Johnson... R. Multog... R. Watts.

Flutterbirds:- #1- Wood.. M. Johnson... E. Richardson... B. Edwards... A. Chamberlain... This is an all gal robin.. # 2. Wood...Watts...Sweeney...Hayes...Chambers... The others all died and can't be found.

EMERSON:- This note is in reply to your plea for help in getting "WC" letters to new members faster i.e. in MEMORITOR. You place me in "B" section. I would like to volunteer to advise the members of this section of the new members. (This is now in effect - jah) I think that it might be advisable if the Recruiters make it clear that the new comers will necessarily have to wait for his name to be passed on to the WC members and that he can then expect the mails to get heavy. I have an idea that the new members are not joining in on the activities because of this delay. They may feel too small to attempt anything. Sure Glad you sent along Nan's new address. I got a letter from her the other day with the Overhill address. What should be do, play eenee-minee-moe or something? You know, I don't think it is fair of you to continue listing some of the names of some of the WC members AT least it isn't fair unless some names on this list take a more active part in Welcoming new members than I think they do. Actually I believe some of these WC members have at least two other jobs besides the WC and just how can they do their proper share ~~with~~ when so many other things get in the way. I, myself, belong to the RB, but I don't have any prospects now, nor do I see any in the near future. I shall have to drop this Bureau unless some new names come up to write to soon.

CHAMBERS:- 0524 - Last night, the graduation was held at North Riber. Can you imagine me getting a dramatics award. Just call me J. August Keabody. I'll get an Oscar some day. I just about lost my job as School Presidente. I lost a vote of confidence 6 to 4. My resignation was met with a 3 to 3 vote and one abstention. On the second ballot, there were two abstentions and my resignation was refused 3 to 2. So, I'm still presidente.

~~ISFS~~ ISFS - SCUDLA* I see you know my good friend, S.ure Sedolin, editor of half a dozen fanzines, secretary and foreman of the Swedish Branch Office of the ISFS. The article in Super-Fantasi was written last March, and since then, some things, specially the ISFS organization, have changed. An outline of the aims and purposes of the ISFS and the organizations composing it.

(1) The ISFS aspires to carry out its own reserach and to do pioneer work in this field. (2) The ISFS pursuss the aim to awaken and encourage in the wide circles, interest and understanding for all themes and problems which lie on the borderland between science and conjecture (Science Fiction) (3) The ISFS aims at the internation union of and close co-operation between all persons and circles interested in these subjects and pursaas above all, the goal of a lively international exchange of ideas and opinions. The ISFS's chief aim is to promote a world-wide movement of friendship and progress. (4) The ISFS shall assist and encourage the close contact between all people interested in this field, (readers, fans, penpals and collectors, as wellllas authors, artists, editors, publishers, agencies and other professionals). The ISFS exists for the benefit of those interest in thefield of Science Fiction.

The Organization of the ISFS is:- There are some local Branch offices of the ISFS in various countries, e.g. in Sweden, Norway, Germany, Portuagal, Austria, Roumania, etc. The membership conditions of these Branch Offices are different in accordance to the local necessities. These Branches are held together by the ISFS Central Committee. This Central Committee is a non-obligatory circle of friends based on the common interest solely. There are no rights or obligations except the supreme precept of mutual friendship and comradeship. That is to say, in the ISFS CC, there are no membership contributions, but no material services in return either. This circle of friends is not a club or the like, and has thus neither a committee nor actual members, but only participants and corroborators entitled

to the same right. ONLY the following circles are able to be taken into consideration as participants (members) of the ISFS CC:- (1) The ISFS local Branch Offices, (2) Other clubs and associations as a whole. (3) Single persons who play an active and preferable leading part in SF affairs, who edit fanzines or prozines or who are prepared to undertake an active function in the affairs of the ISFS.

On the other hand, everyone, (single person or association, fan or professional) can become a member of one of the local Branch Offices or of the International Office, if there does not exist a Branch office in his country. The Headquarters of the ISFS is the Central Office, I'm the present chairman and manager of the Central Office. The ISFS runs an international News and Information Center whose task is to collect news from all over the world and to publish them in one of the different publications of the ISFS or to redirect them to other publishers (only fan).

The CO of the ISFS is "SIRIUS" is edited and published in several editions and languages. At the moment, there is an Austrian (German) edition, a Scandinavian (Swedish-Norway and Finland), an International Edition (English-German and French). An international News Edition is planned. These editions, edited by some of the Branch Offices, or the Central Office, differ in contents, sizes and appearance, and, of course, the prices also vary.

The ISFS has members from Scandinavia, over western, middle and Eastern Europe, to South Africa, from U.S.A and South America to Israel and Australia, to JAPAN. Some of the Clubs associated:- SPCE - Transgalaxies (together more than 2000 members), the CLP, The SF Club of Paris, some minor clubs in Sweden, England, etc.

Well, it is not easy to enter the ISFS CC if one is not in an associated club or Branch Office, for the membership of the ISFS Central Committee ought to be a kind of reward for Special merits in the field of SF to single persons. In your case, I think that there is no doubt that I am able to offer you membership in the ISFS Central Committee, and I hope you will accept it. I also hope that you can arrange to have some clubs participate in the non-obligatory ISFS CC, for there cannot be too many like-minded friends to promote a worldwide movement of friendship and progress. (I'm sending in to confirm my personal membership in the ISFS and will be joining a French Branch Office in Canada, jah)

H.S.JOHNSON:- 0814 - 0814 - Since I was seen reading GUANO, I am now known as BATSHIT Steve, a doubtful acquisition over my former name of Pierboss Johnson. My intention in joining N3F was to, more or less, take over. Now, I do not feel so sure. I thought every member had to publish a fanzine. Naturally mine, if I do pub one, would so influence the membership as to catapult me to the top. But, it looks like nobody in N3F publishes a fanzine. Only a few official publications are issued. Still, there is nothing to stop me from coming out with one, is there? I should imagine that \$150./month should insure a good format.

WATTS: - 0815 - The big trouble with the WC is group #1 (A or B). Am very much afraid that the general run of WC letters do more harm than good, and here we have the main reason for so many seemingly unexplainable resignations, at least an important cause, and also for the large number failing to become active. One of the reasons for the bad impression of the WC members we must welcome. This is making work of what used to be fun, so the letters either do not go out, or get shorter and shorter. It is not enough for the new member to receive the Brochure, he must receive most of his N3F information via correspondence for it to have effect. Don't get me wrong, the WC does have a few (very few) who do credit to N3F in their letters. If it hadn't been for THESE, I would have wondered why it was that I joined in 1957. Didn't answer all the welcomes I received for the same reason already mentioned. It's a shame too, because some of those "brief" welcomes turned out to be real interesting, gabby, penpals. I would suggest dividing the WC even further, to avoid the deluge of letters on the WC members. But, it would have to be more important that EACH WC member write to those assigned to him. The quickie welcome note would have to be outlawed. The whole plan would be defeated by short letters. (I've read over this, Ralph, several times, in the hope of coming up with some changes that would achieve, maybe, the aims you mention should be the goal of the WC. And, just now, as I'm putting it down on a master, any idea comes to me. You'll be hearing about it, and it should achieve the results you hope- jah)