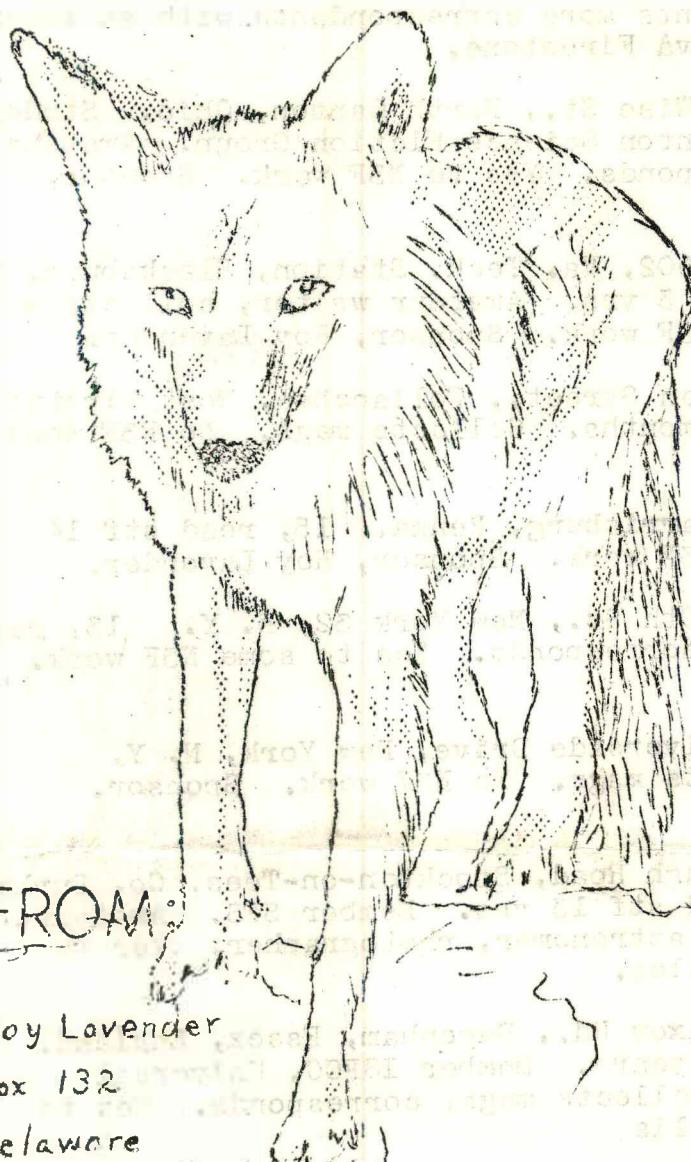


June 1951

THE COMMITTEEMAN No. 7



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Ad turit mam venist.

FROM:

Roy Lavender

Box 132

Delaware

Ohio



TO: Donald E. Ford

Box 116

Sharonville, Ohio

Printed matter only.

Return postage guaranteed.

NEW MEMBERS

(172) David Edwards--57, Longfleet Rd., Poole, Dorset, ENGLAND
16 (invalid). Corresponds, wants more correspondants with an interest in astronomy. Sponsor, Eva Firestone.

(173) Ray Schaffer, Jr.--122 Wise St., North Canton, Ohio. Student, 18, read stf 2 yrs, member Canton Science Fiction Group. Amateur writer, collects mags, corresponds. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Bill Berger.

(174) Charles Anderson--Box 2602, Va. Tech. Station, Blacksburg, Va. College student, 18. Read stf 3 yrs. Amateur writer, collects mags, books, corresponds. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Roy Lavender.

(175) Emil P. Uhor--844 Clifton Street., Follansbee, West Virginia. Steelworker, 30. Read stf 3 months. Collects mags. No N3F work. Sponsor, Roy Lavender

(176) Ted Serrill--R. D. 1, Harrisburg, Penna. 15, read stf 14 months. Collects mags. No N3F work. Sponsor, Roy Lavender.

(177) Henry Ebel--665 West 160th St., New York 32, N. Y. 13, read stf 4 years. Collects mags, corresponds. Yes to some N3F work. Sponsor, Roy Lavender.

(178) Norbert Huschorn--853 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 13, Read stf 4 years. Collects mags. No N3F work. Sponsor, Roy Lavender.

(179) Bert High--13, Marlborough Road, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham, ENGLAND. Policeman, 29. Read stf 13 yrs. Member SFS. Amateur writer, corresponds. Amateur astronomer, photographer. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Derek Pickles.

(180) Charles R. Harris--90 Maxey Rd., Dagenham, Essex, England. a/c's clerk, 23. Read stf 10 years. Member ISFCC, Universal Musketeers. Amateur writer, collects mags, corresponds. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Walter Willis.

(181) Graham B. Stone--Box 61, The Union, University of Sydney, NSW, AUSTRALIA. Student, 25. Read stf since 1938. Secretary, Australian Science Fiction Society. Amateur publishing, writing. Collects books, fanzines. Does research on fandom and fan publishing, especially in Australia. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Roger Dard.

(182) Boyd Raeburn--18 Momona Rd., Auckland, S. E. 4, NEW ZEALAND. Accountant, 23. Read stf 14 years. Collects books, mags. Corresponds. Yes to N3F work. Sponsor, Roger Dard.

(183) F. A. Coulter--254 Antiqua St., Choistchurch, NEW ZEALAND. Student, 18. Member SFI. Collects books, magazines. Corresponds. No N3F work. Sponsor, Roger Dard.

RENEWALS

Jean Carroll	Len J. Moffatt	Mrs. Loubel Wood	Walter A. Coslet
E. E. Smith	Rosco Wright	Jay V. Miller	Martin Greenberg
Lyell Crane	Ed Zimmerman	R. J. Banks, Jr.	Roy Cummings
Ray C. Higgs	D. Cameron Montgomery		

ADDRESS CHANGES

Jay V. Miller--2622 North Monitor, Chicago 39, Ill.

Dr. E. E. Smith--1646 Oakwood Ave., Des Plaines, Ill.

Frank H. Parnell--23 Finchley Rd., Ipswich, Suffolk, England.

Rosco Wright--146 East 12th, Eugene, Oregon

Ed Zimmerman--146 East 12th, Eugene, Oregon

Alan Hunter--124, Belle Vue Rd., Southbourne, Bournemouth, England.

Tony V. Cooper--10, Essex Rd., Chingford, London E. 4., England.

Jean Carroll--1658 Broadway, Room 406A, New York City.

And a repeat from last issue for those who missed it--

Capt. K. F. Slater--H. Q. 13 Gp. R. P. C., B. A. O. R., 15,
England.

AND ANOTHER NEW MEMBER

(184) William F. Nolan--4458 56th St., San Diego, Calif.
No other info as yet except--Sponsor, Roger Nelson.

INFORMATION and stuff---

Bert High, our new member from England is doing a great job on
the British Welcommittee, as well as recruiting and non-renewals.

R. J. Banks is giving a special rate of five issues of UTOPIAN
for \$1 to N3F'rs. The regular rate is only four. And the Utopian
is free to any stf fan in military service while in the states.
He also offers a free dollar sub to anyone bringing in five new
subscriptions.

BEYOND--a new zine edited by Michael Tealby and Dave Cohen.

SLUDGE--another new one edited by Bob Foster, 2 Spring Gardens,
Southwiche, Brighton, Sussex, England.

IT--edited by Hal S. Stevens, 685 So. 9th St., Coos Bay, Oregon.

And thanks to someone for sending us an April 1941 issue of CFS
Review. All about the coming convention in Denver.

COURIER--is edited by Graham B. Stone and is designed to keep the
Australian (and other) fans in touch with each other. It is
official organ of the Australian Science Fiction Society.

WASTEBASKET--Edited by Vernon L. McCain is one of the most neatly
done fanzines that has come into Box 132 in a long time. And far
from its name, it isn't just a catchall.

MORE OF THE SAME--

We just heard of a newly active group of fans in Canada. The secretary is Douglas Mitchell--Ste 11-406 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada. We don't know the name of the group.

The Indiana Science Fantasy Association--Lee Anne Tremper, pres., 1022 Tuxedo, Indianapolis, Indiana is another we hadn't heard about. Right next door, too.

THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU needs material. The address is Ken Krueger, 11 Pearl Place, Buffalo 2, N. Y. You know the secret of becoming a writer is to write.

NOR-WEST SCIENCE/FANTASY CLUB--sec. Dave H. Cohen, 32, Larch St., Hightown, Manchester 8, Lancs., ENGLAND. Another new one, but already very active, including plugs in the British prozine, Science Fiction Fortnightly. They are planning for a lending library and a club zine. They meet at the Waterloo Hotel, Waterloo Road, Hightown, Manchester 8, Lancs.

The CANTON SCIENCE FICTION GROUP (Canton, Ohio) is another one that's new to us. We'll try to get the news for another issue of the Committeeman.

A repeat from Committeeman No. 2,--Wallace S. Gonser--10257 Fifth Ave. S. W., Seattle 66, Wash.

And we list Lester E. Sodeman as living at 2210 Camp St., New Orleans

A REPORT ON THE SECOND MIDWEST CONFERENCE---
By Deedee Lavender

Being "eager beavers", Roy and I went up (to Indian Lake) on Friday night, but discovered that others had arrived even before us, so Friday night turned out to be quite an affair. Lloyd Eshbach Ned McKeown, Nancy Moore, the Ray Nelsons, Ben Jason, Ben Keifer and Andy Harris were among the first that we met.

Later we were gathered in someone's hotel room (very smokefilled) when Lloyd discovered two fans next door trying to sleep---imagine? They said we couldn't be fans because we hadn't mentioned science-fiction or fantasy in three hours.

Curfew rang sometime about that late in the AM, then up-and-at-em again early Saturday.

Lots of swimming, sunbathing, boating and just lazing, with lots more talk, black coffee, icewater. Icewater suitably diluted.

Fans came wandering in all day. A big group from Cleveland, another from Detroit, the gang from Battle Creek, two carloads from Chicago and a carload from New York came in almost in a rush.

Saturday night started off with a movie and color slides of the First Midwest Conference and other fan interests.

Still later, more talk in the rooms, with I. W. Harner, Mr. Bass,
(cont'd on another page)

A SMITH NAMED GEORGE MAKES SOME THINGS CLEAR---
(Excerpted from a personal letter)

Sex is a term in grammar.

It has nothing to do with the integer betwixt five and seven, but often has to do with the interval between five and seven.
Or eleven and midnight.

In its simpler form it requires a minimum of extraneous equipment. As an indoor sport it is indulged in by more people of both genders than any other form of exercise.

It is responsible for more damn foolishness than gin rummy, more broken homes than bridge, more kittens than curiosities ever killed, birds, bees, flowers, laws, rules, regulations, broken laws, broken rules, broken regulations, broken hearts, broken pocketbooks, broken commandments, broken resolutions, fun, arguments, spent time, wasted effort and worn out middle aged juvenile delinquents than any other single game of chance ever devised.

It is a noun between the ages of six and fourteen, a mystery between fourteen and twenty, a transitive verb between twenty and thirty, a game of tactic between thirty and forty, a game of chance between forty and fifty, a passive verb between fifty and sixty and something you pass laws against when you are over sixty.

It is, at best, a binary occupation.

Certain odd characters hold that sex may be held in congress with but a single member, but the usual quorum falls in quanta of twos. There are those who claim that members of the same gender may indulge in the game, but these are queer characters indeed.

In its most satisfying form, the requirements are simple: it takes but male and female and a suitable place, unencumbered by relatives, visitors, friends, business acquaintances, or strangers extraneous to the occupation.

Some hold that a bit of legal parchment is required, but this is but a ruse to deny, since others hold that the possession of this same parchment mitigates against the game.

A certain quantity of time is required, the length of which is, somehow, neatly tailored to fit into the time which is available. Stories are told of indulgents who disappear for entire weeks at a clip, whilst there are others who leave their cars double parked with the engine running during the inning.

As a sport, it can be legislated against but it cannot be rendered unpopular.

There are accounts of the lower classes attempting the game, which is obviously too good for them, and also tales of the upper classes, which should be above such a vulgar endeavor.

Exponents of the art have claimed indulgence in many precarious places, such as standing up in a canoe, or in the rumble seat of a 1929 Chevy.

These are researchers, experimenters, and people who wouldn't appreciate a Beautyrest if they had it to bounce upon.

It is the cause of, and the result of more drunken brawls than Prohibition.

It is--and thus it ever shall be, word without end.

It is the cause of more words, slapped on paper and murmured into telephones or shell-like ears than the late fracas.

It is about as undignified a game as ever invented, since its costume or uniform consists of a complete minimum of equipment any man caught indulging cannot pull his rank on the observers.

Howthesoever, it is fun, and upon the day that I am deemed ineligible I shall go forth and cut my throat quietly, leaving my electric

blanket, Beautyrest, and the calm, untroubled quiet of my baliwick here in East Falls to someone who can damn well appreciate a place to commune with nachure.

Have I made meself clear?

REPORT ON THE SECOND MIDWEST CONFERENCE---(cont'd.)

Mr. Gilby and Mr. Schenley taking prominent part in the discussions.

Sunday AM--slept.

Sunday PM--Banquet. Food was very good. The speeches were brief and good, followed by the sale of cover paintings. The cover to "Girl in the Golden Atom" went to the group from Detroit.

The main feature of the Saturday afternoon events was a two hour discussion on belts led by Ned McKeowan, with heckling from the Saaris, Bob Tucker, Julian May, Pat Mahaffey, Bea Mahaffey, Warren Rayle, Betty Sullivan, Lloyd Eshbach, Harlan Ellison. (And Deedee---ed.)

Anything you want to know about belts? Just ask Ned. Bob Tucker bought a dollar's worth of information on the subject.

And then there were the poker players who sat up most of the night. Bob Tucker was still buying information.

Almost every midwest city was represented. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Battle Creek, Indianapolis, Columbus, New York, Toledo and most places in between. The hotel's 80 rooms were filled by Saturday evening, though there was still room available in the cottages adjoining the hotel.

About 70 fans were down by Sunday noon for the banquet, but for some strange reason even the good food at Beatley's could not tempt some of the others from their beds.

Following the main auction, there was a very brief session during which a loosely organized Ohio fan group was set up, with officers from Cleveland, Columbus and Delaware.

We'll be seeing you at the Third Midwest Conference.

T H E C O M M I T T E E M A N

7 June 1951

Seventh Issue

This questionable fanzine is edited and published by Roy and Deedee Lavender at the Sign of the Messy Mimeo, located at Box 132, Delaware, Ohio.

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