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FAPArition is pounded off on an Oliver #5 typer and rolled off on a  
Shears & Sawbuck mimeo: all owned and operated by Tom Jewett, a minor  
who cant be sued, in his abode at 370 George Street, Clyde Ohio.  
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This is my first attempt at FAPA publishing, friends, so try to--  
if you'll pardon the expression -- bear with me.

The main idea seems to consist of making Speer-ish dissections  
upon each and every zine to be found in the bundle of APASTUFF. 'Tis  
unfortunate that yerz truly is an essentially simple-minded person  
whom cant stand live-page book reviews, the Baldy series, Ackermanese,  
and three-page dissertations on the appearance, ownership, or material  
contained in rival FAPAmphlets.

Well sir, and siresses, this is one gazooney who aint gonna lay  
open with a scalpel every sentence contained in any zine which's gram-  
matically incorrest. Hah, i'd be kept busy on my own!

So, this lowly huckster will stab hither and anon at whatever  
subts his fancy, and semantics be da--ed. (Oh, what i almost said!)  
Anyway, t'll with the censors and devil take the split-infinitive!

THE FANTASY AMATEUR -- Widner's slumor hays me. (Now an emergency has  
arisen. I am seeking a symbol which i can place between two different  
thoughts in succession, and which is distinctive and eye-catching. An  
asterisk ( \* ) is present upon my humble three-row keyboard; also a  
dollar sign ( \$ ), cent sign ( ¢ ), number sign ( # ), diagonal ( / ),  
equal ( = ), "at" sign ( @ ), per cent sign ( % ), perentheses ( ( ) ),  
question mark ( ? ), quotes ( " " ), "and" sign ( & ), colon and semi-  
colon ( ; ), and several others, ( - , ^ ). Now, my problem is this:  
shall i use \*, \$, ¢, #, /, =, @, %, ( ), ?, ", &, :, ;, or -, ^ and  
finally ^ ? As any moron can see (See?), this is indeed a problem  
to stump a veritable Einstein. Even a jerk with a slide-rule. Or else  
i can use a pleasing conjunction of two of'em. Or even three! And nu-  
merals, too! Ahh, i know. It'll be ≠ . Aint that pretty?)

As i was saying, widner's slumor hays me. ≠ This subject of  
banning of objectionable (to some) material from FAPA mailings in-  
trigues me. Probly because this is the first time i have encountered  
same. Other than --- Ahem. ≠ Day, who gets credit for FA; Widner,  
Stanley, or Perdue? ≠ Word has reached me concerning another amateur  
press association -- the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Seems to me  
that another and better name could've been chosen instead of Spectator.  
The initials SAPS will surely promote much discussion and feeble humor,  
as you can see. Kennedy, who proposed the idea, had in mind the Comet  
APA, a better name, to be sure. 25 members, it seems, are all that are  
allowed at one time. Looks as if the S.A.P.S. is catering to the hek-  
tograph crowd. ≠ Well, it appears that those ray guns of the future,  
arent. Of the future, that is. Now a pistol has been invented which  
creates high frequency sound waves capable of killing small animals at  
sixty feet within a few seconds. It can also paralyze human beings for  
twenty minutes. The article didnt state what parts of the body are af-  
fected or in what manner, but here is how the weapon works: " high  
voltage electric current is sent thru a special coil which causes a  
quartz crystal to vibrate and produce sound waves. Then these sound  
waves are pushed at a supersonic speed thru a small opening by a blast  
from a compressed air chamber. The "pistol's" power is enough to raise  
the temperature of a surrounding chemical bath by 200 degrees in a single  
minute second. Gad, looks as if the future is advancing upon us  
more quickly than we figured. ≠ 'Tis Saint Patrick's Day, it is to be  
sure. And you'll have to pardon any of my mistakes heretofore and  
hereafter. My correction fluid has dried up in the bo'le. Anybody  
know what happened?



I can't speak for the rest of you, but it seems to me that sf authors' brains are practically picked bare. Seems that space-warps, time-machines, and thinking robots are the only subjects left which are bases for out-of-this-world plots. Rockets we have; atomic-powered craft are not objects of speculation except as to exactly what day they will be completed. Wireless electric power we've had experimentally for years. Television, too, is old stuff. Remote-controlled objects of all kinds are common; from radio-controlled boats and "drone" planes to remote-controlled electric trains and mechanical men. And let us not forget Sun Energy, which for sf-decades has powered space ships and atomic weapons alike. The Assistant Secretary of War, John J. McCloy, said that he had been informed that with the same pace of research which, during the war, concluded with the development of the atomic bomb, another two years would have resulted in a bomb of one-thousand times the power of the present bomb. The hydrogen-helium bomb! The theory, advanced by Professor Hans Bethe, is essentially simple, involving only the uniting of four atoms of hydrogen, resulting in the synthesis of one atom of helium, with an accompanying reduction in mass. In this way, one pound of hydrogen would unite into .9928 pounds of helium, leaving .0072 pounds of mass converted into heat energy, the equivalent of 10,000 tons of coal, or 80 million kilowatt hours of electricity. Unfortunately, the only natural conditions suitable for this process is near the center of the sun, entirely eliminating first-hand observation. But, according to McCloy, the hydrogen-helium cycle is not too far from solving. Now all we need is a method for direct conversion of heat into electricity without the use of turbogenerators and the like.

Sf authors are usually the ones to propound theories and devices. Wish they'd get busy on this hydrogen-helium stuff.

MATTERS OF OPINION -- Speer amazes me! That he can make so many deductions and opinions about a group merely by reading a letter from same is, to my mind, almost miraculous! (I shall probably have to retract that 'almost'.) Wish I knew more about politics and stuff; then I'd argue some. But that's the price of education; know too much and you'll not find anyone with whom you can argue and show off your book-larnin'. Same with Crane's letter. I am brilliantly ignorant on the subject of economics. I can't even stick to my budget.... ≠ A new three-dimensional checker game, Qubit, has been invented. The game uses four boards, one above the other, each board consisting of sixteen squares instead of the usual 64. The object is to get four of the men in a row. Wish somebody'd devise some Tri-dimensional Chess. ≠ I know the previous two items have nothing in common, but I DO so want to liven up the joint....

SUSTAINING PROGRAM -- Speer tends to longwindedness which, however interestingly written, starts to become boring after ten or twelve pages. I can only suggest that, in the interests of attention holding, he either cut down his seemingly tremendous output or split 'em up between three or four thinner zines. ≠ Burbee's letters interesting. Strife in fan heaven? ≠ Just wish I'd gotten the previous mailing so I'd know what everyone is talking about. Like the point-credit system. Surely SOMEONE can simplify the idea. ≠ I don't especially care for the idea of sending comments for the reviewed zine to publish. In many cases it aint worth the trouble.

GLOM -- I have no doubts that J.A.'s Weaver article was rejected so many times, and for exactly the reasons he mentioned: namely, "fannish, clannish, Ackermannish". Too much obvious ego-boo and publicity for a general interest article. Appears that the Ackerman needs a critic. OR



≠ The re-printed L.A. Daily News editorial was good. D'ya hafta get permission to re-print STUFF (Hah, look at me!) like that? ≠ The book review was mediocre-ly interesting, but SMELLING! This is slightly Fantastic even for me! ≠ Seems the Ackerman likes to re-print --heh heh-- STUFF. ≠ How come the page size is slightly smaller than usual? There is no reduction in printed matter, of course, but why is it smaller?

AVON FANTASY READER #1 -- Dealers are going to have much trouble with this item, i'm sure. They will think that it's the usual Avon pocket-sizer, and as the cover does not say that it's a periodical, they will be doubly surprized when the succeeding issues hit the stands. Arkham House has already put in its latest flyer that they are selling AFR for 40¢, with no mention of following issues. Are THEY in for a surprise! ≠ The cover of the February AFR is by an unnamed artist, who should be darn glad! ≠ All of these re-prints were new to me, and welcomed, too. Leinster's POWER PLANET was good, as is most of his work, but i was most impressed by CA Smith's THE VAULTS OF YOH-VOMBIS. This actually haunted me! From the title i had guessed that the story was of the weird type, and i was pleasantly surprised to find it had a Martian setting. I wont forget this'n easily. Next on my hit parade was Merritt's WOMAN OF THE WOOD, followed closely by WH Hodgeson's VOICE IN THE NIGHT. The rest, except for HG Wells' THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT, were just fillers. ≠ 35¢ seems pretty much to lay out for 130 pages of re-prints, but since i've missed a lot of fine stories that would not otherwise be available except thru the medium of a re-print journal, i wont sqwawk too much. ≠ Wollheim has done an excellent job with his first issue. ≠ For some inexplicable reason i have a peculiar desire to strip pocket-size volumes of their spray-gun applied transparent cellofane protective coverings. Dunno whv, tho. Is there a psychiatrist in the joint?

FORLO KON Dec & Jan -- Gad, i dont know what to say about these. First time i've encountered'em, and i'm GLAD, you hear me? GLAD!

Kennedy's EXPOSE -- Joe, ol' pal, you sure those promenadin' pigeons were of the winged type? ≠ The Con account was interesting. A long time past, but good.

MOONSHINE -- Moffat's mimeoing miserable. Cover fair. Paper stencil and Flit-gun? Pic on page four looks like an Iron Maiden. You know, the coffin with the spikes on the insides. What an expression! But then, you'd grimace too with your insides full of spikes. ≠ WAITING, the fiction, was pointless to me. ≠ Poem on last page was pretty good. Only thing is, women's styles are changing back to the old drape-length stuff like years ago. Somehow i feel that, unlike many speculations, to the contrary, women's dresses will not contract to the reader's-digest type of clothing but will lengthen and simplify. I think that the flowing, Grecian style is more esthetic and beautiful than any kind ever devised. Do i hear any controversy?

EIGHT PAGES -- Hmmm. Not an encouraging thing for a distinctly new FAPAite to come on to. In the second sentence Russel admits he's a sample of "deadwood". ≠ Seems if you want to hurry out eight pages of -- ah, STUFF, simply steal generously from any and all publications. Its easy, simple, and inexpensive. Saves scads of time. ≠ Wonder what Russell expects in a FAPAZine: entertainment or obscure discussions. Personally, i want to enjoy myself; i dont like ultra-ultra literate stuff. Tell you right now: if you're one of the literati, skip this prrronto!



HORIZONS -- Gardner's article is good, but it doesn't take much thought to reason why Palmer has --quote, "...ruined more good series than any other editor in America." Say a writer creates a good character with a novel and excellent background. Well, thinks Palmer, this combo ought to be good for many more rounds of the same. So what happens? The editor demands more of the same and t'heck with the plot and writing: if they liked it once, they'll like it again, and again and again. And that's what happens. Is it so amazing? ≠ Liked the "When we were very young" page. ≠ The book review is good. Only thing is, i dont know German. ≠ Warner's comments on the NFFF are interesting, and probably true, in some cases. But i cant see any way to help the organization out of its doldrums. Can anyone? ≠ Hah! Warner is for the United States Rocket Society while Rothman is agin' it. ≠ As for the Saver Shaga, Money talks! ≠ Miscellaneous that: Money talks, yes; unless it's hush money.

PLENUM -- A random thought done struck me: PUZZLE BOX from Trover Hall is by Anthony More. Any connection between him and "Anthony Gilmore"? Just a thought. ≠ Rothman, while not exactly revealing his suspicions, has pointed out much about the USRS which sounds funny, if not phoney. Of course, that \$3 for one year's subscription and \$10 for 3 years may conceivably be an ultra-ultra attempt at sophistication; implying that if you wont kick in an extra buck just for the helluvit, we dont want nothing to do with you, you lousy cheapskate! Could be. ≠ I havent seen the second part of MAR's "General Semantics" so i dont know what Speer and Rothman are gabbing about. Furthermore, i dont give a damn. So there, too. Besides, i dont understand Null-A. Tell me, am i stupid,... ≠ The World of T was darn good. The seven Truth Categories interested me, especially the finely divided classifications..

~~ATOTE~~ -- The pictures were neat, tho the two do not resemble each other too much. I especially liked the lettering. Who did it? ≠ I aint seen the TIME-BINDER in question, brudder, so i cant opionate on its mailability. ≠ ANT-ICS bored me, and thus reminded me of this: "Bill Board had a board bill and a billboard. But the billboard bored Bill Board so he sold the billboard to pay his board bill." Ient that interesting, hmmm? And also exceedingly boring. Lets skip it, huh? EEE's essay on SERENITY interests me. It may be, someday, that we will have complete control over the ductless glands which to a large extent govern our emotions and mental attitudes. Until that time arrives, however, it would be wehl for each of us to cultivate, in our daily life, a pose of saintly patience. (Blast that ~~the~~ double-darned margin...)

Friends, are you frequently annoyed by radio commercials? Especially the "singing" kind? Well, soon may come on the market a switch which when a whistle is made with the lips the radio will automatically be turned down, and back up again when the whistle again sounds. The thingamajig is essentially a thin metal reed adjusted to vibrate when a certain sound wave is made near it. When the reed vibrates it makes an electrical contact which in turn activates a relay which controls the radio. The reed may also be adjusted to a handclap. Just think: when that "spot commercial" begins its spiel between programs, simply whistle and silence will assail your ears. Another whistle, and the radio is turned back up to the next program. This gadget is also excellent when bad jokes are predicted or terrible singing is heard. In any case, expect any amount of trouble if you like to listen to "The Whistler".



## 'SNOW USE

A journey into the fantastic. Not to mention Astounding, Amazing, Thrilling Wonder, and Weird....

Several magazines have presented articles on producing snow by artificial means. A Vincent J. Schaefer developed this idea in which pellets of dry ice (solid carbon dioxide) are sprinkled over banks of clouds. For some as yet unexplained reason, the moisture in the clouds is quick-frozen and drops in the form of snow. It is expected that mountain health resorts can be plentifully supplied with that cold, white stuff, and cities can be kept devoid of snow by seeding prospective snow-clouds so that the snow falls on the outskirts. Only it DOES seem peculiar to deprive the sterile hardness of the city of its only form of face-lifting.

In the same vein, I foresee a flood of pulp stories with this idea therein. Let us take each of the sfantasy pulps and speculate as to how this latest scientific miracle will be presented. Authors please note....

In PLANET, the pulp of the pulps, we may see this: A fiendish plot is discovered by the I.S.P. (Interplanetary Space Police) by which the planet Venus, the California of the solar system, is threatened with instant freezing of its ever-present moisture clouds by the simple method of a thorough dusting with dry ice. A sturdy S.S.P. agent volunteers to join the gang, which he does after ingeniously cutting his affiliations with the I.S.P. by beating up the head agent. After joining the gang and telling cleverly twisted stories of secret devices, he is accidentally found out by the beautiful nymphomaniac daughter of the ring-leader. He professes to fall in love with her, tho, and if she aids him he will get for her a full pardon from the Tri-Planet government. So after numerous trials and tribulations (It's a novel, y'know.) both of them tie up the case by tricking a confession from the girl's father, and all the criminals go to the under-sea penitentiary on Venus, including the girl, who now runs the writes-under-water fountain pen concession. Yes, the I.S.P. agent double-crossed her, for he was married to a girl from the Martian deserts and was the father of eighteen little g sand-hogs.

AMAZING would handle this theme differently. Here we would have a batch of diabolical deros lousing up the fruit orchards of California by making snow from the inimitable smog, leaving only the smoke. Naturally this forces thousands of orcharders out of business, as there are only so many smudge-pots! So the Chamber of Commerce hires a private detective to check up on their long-time rival, Florida. Nothing incriminating is found there, however, and fearing exposure, the deros kidnap the private eye and take him deep into the caves beneath Los Angeles. The confidential agent escapes finally and reports the cave-dwelling deros to John L. Lewis, who is converting his furnace to burn fuel oil at the time. An alliance between Lewis and the deros is suspected, but nothing can be proven. The secret agent returns to Los Angeles, and from observations taken while in the caves deduces that the deros are taking vengeance because of the skepticism of Bixel Street fans. Whereupon, an emergency L.A.S.F.S. meeting is called, and the resulting hot air completely clears the atmosphere. Ackerman is pronounced King for a Day, and Tigrina made an honorary member of the Chamber of Commerce, several other fanettes becoming chamber maids.



THRILLING WONDER incorporates a novel twist by having a sane scientist wreaking havoc by inundating the editorial offices of Standard publications in tons of artificially-produced snow. This in revenge because of a rejected manuscript dealing with a threat to the safety of the solar system, which plot is naturally copyrighted by Edmond Hamilton. But Manly Wade Wellman shows up with John Carstairs, the Botanical Detective, who sends out a Plutonian Frigi-plant which traces the dry ice particles, and as a finale, freezes the sane scientist into an early grave. All involved are unharmed except for Sam Merwin Jr. who suffered a strained sacro-iliac shovelling snow.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES might do it like this: Chicago is deluged by tons and tons of snow which cuts off all communication from the outside world, which maybe isnt so bad after all. But Hamling & Geier Literary Productions, limited (to Z-D), goes into action, making notes and trying to figure out what happened. The junior partners (senior partner is a typewriter) finally discover that all the dry ice in the city had been bought by one Joe Soaks, a FA proof-reader from Missouri who had been deported from that state because he hated pianos. Enraged at his thankless job, he turned as a side-line to spirit-Rappings -- knocking on the floor with emptied liquor bottles. Evicted, he planned a plan of reducing the metropolis of Chicago to a state of Paleolithic primitivity by an excess of snow. But Hamling & Geier, Literary Productions, find Soaks and threaten to turn him over to RS Shaver if he doesnt confess. He confesses. After putting him in a padded cell, the one recently vacated by you-know-who, Hamlin & Geier, Literary Productions, scurries into activity, and soon every trace of snow in the Windy City is gone, due entirely to H & G's idea of tacking Esquires on every lamp post. Whattaya mean, that aint fantastic....

STARTLING brings in Captain Future and the Futuremen. A secret cult, hipped up on Isolationism, wishes to halt all rocket ship travel by disrupting landing field operations all over the Earth. So, clouds over fields are bombarded with dry ice, and valuable landing equipment is mired in deep snows. Moisture and dry ice are kept coming until not even the fiery blasts of space ships can clear the fields. Rocket travel is at a standstill; no ship can land, none can take off. Its a mess, aint it! Newton and the Futuremen are stranded on Earth, but Future and the Brain work feverishly in a laboratory. After weeks of ceaseless activity and after consuming forty-two cases of No-Nod, they set up their device on a mountaintop. Turning on the power, a hyper-magnetic force bends several million cubic feet of air into a gigantic lens, which concentrates the awful heat of the sun on a rocket field, melting all the unnatural snow and ice. Soon all the fields are cleared, the cult rounded up, and the Futuremen hunt for new adventures.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, with a Finlay cover, of course, would have a try at the "lost world" theme. Like this: A dictapator propogates the third world war, not by atomic bombs, but by artificially-produced snows, freezing crops and starving people by the millions. The Dictapator rubs his hands in glee and orders the freezing destruction ceased. But his joy turns to fear as he learns that the oceans of the world are freezing because of the reversed scorched-earth policy. Soon the lands freeze, and glaciers creep down from the frozen North and cover the lands down to the equator. Finally only small, isolated segments of the human race are living, and the future is very black indeed. Now we focus our spot-light on a man and, naturally, a woman. The last in their tiny settlement, they bravely face frozen death searching for other humans. But in vain. Finally, exhausted, the two take refuge



in Mammoth Cave, expecting to die there. Finally, on the page before the last, a fiery comet passes close by the Earth and its heat defrosts everything, and the man and woman come forth from the cave and look upon a bright new Earth.

In Astounding Science-Fiction it'd go like this. (We of course would deal with the sociological aspects of the plot): A synthetic-food manufacturer creates snow above the numerous sites of hydroponics companies in the hopes of driving them out of business. The snow raises h-- ahem, hob with the liquored-up plants and kills every single, solitary vegetable. So until the hydroponics engineers can get into production again, the synthe-food company has one helluva time at the expense of the food-eating people, which practically everyone is. Money rolls in by the car-load, and the sythe-food manufacturer plans to snow out the hydroponics companies continuously. Finally one of the hydroponics engineers gets tanked up and goes out and shoots the synthe-food manufacturer right in the --ahem, where it hurts. So the two rival industries square off, gather their forces, and go beat the bujunior outa each other. And while the battle royal royals, everybody goes back to the farm and raise all the food in the good, old-fashioned way. And hydroponics and synthe-foods go out of business and everybody but them is happy.

WEIRD might go at it this way: Terrific blizzards completely cover Rhode Island with terrible deep snow, at which Lovecraft turns restlessly in his unheated sub-apartment. At first this is blamed on outre monsters elated at the death of the late HP Lovecraft (ten years late). The Abominable Snowman has his share of the blame. But Wellman brings out his Shonokins who, it seemed, were extremely incensed about being given second billing in Wellman stories. So they conjured up this dry-ice trick and froze over Rhode Island on Lovecraft. Carnacki was powerless, and John Thunstone and Crash Collins could do no better. Neither could Jack Snow. Lovecraft keeps turning in his grave. WEIRD TABES' editor goes out to Rhode Island to investigate the supernatch occurrence, but only succeeds in freezing her toes and finding a couple new writers. Lovecraft keeps turning. Several fan organizations offer Satan a few souls if he'll come up and banish the snow, but he refuses. Seems he was having a helluva time keeping deros from overrunning the joint. Lovecraft is rhumba-ing by now. Frantic, fans are wielding flame-throwers, blow-torches, and Ronson cigarette lighters in a last ditch attempt to unfreeze pore little Rhode Island. But in vain. Finally everybody is exhausted and all prepare to leave the frozen wastes; except Admiral Byrd, who liked it there. Then, a miracle occurs! Rhode Island begins to thaw out! First the barren tops of trees magically appear; then the tarnished crosses atop church steeples! (Tall trees.) Then chimneys protrude from snow drifts and puff indignantly. The snow level lowers, and figures of school children appear where they had been journeying to school. But they thaw out to life, as do birds caught in flight. Finally at last every trace of the unusual, Shonokin-caused snow is gone. The reason for this is a mystery, until one Lovecraft fan discovers that the frictional heat caused by HPL whirling in his grave melted the snow! Fandom rejoyses, and Hadley puts out a revised edition of Lovecraft under Rhode Island.

THE  
END





At last, page eight. If Elmer isn't late again, as you read this I will be working on my SAPSzine. I am debating 'twixt two names for it: FANZINANIA, or FANZANY. At any rate, it will be exactly that. Two more or less prominent fans -- I'm the less -- think the SAPS will be more fun than the FAPA, which is slightly high-brow. I vary between high and low brow, depending on how I comb my hair. What's that? Anyone with a set of encyclopediae should be a high-brow? Well, that explains it; mine's the Britannica Junior....

I hope you like my promag-plot piece. I only messed with mags I know well; which left out Astonishing, Super Science, etcetera. The WEIRD section I liked best. Only one thing: if Lovecraft was cremated I'm sunk. Maybe I went and made an ash of myself. Will I be burned up.

Okay okay; I'll quit. But can't I say aa Oh. Ahem.

Received a wonderfully fine fanzine the other day. THE VORTEX is its name; and at first I thought it was a new promag. It is printed on semi-slick paper, with several lithoes and half-tones livening it up. Not that it NEEDS livening up, you understand, but very few fanzines contain half-tones. (Now! Directly on the stencil.) The cover is definitely slick paper, with a half-tone and very eye-catching format. Each page has a orange-colored, circular, vertex-design which looks great! There are five stories, two articles, a poem, biogs with fotos of three fans, several lithoes, a mono-color painting, and, naturally, a readers' section, short this first ish. 80 pages, saddle-stitched. Most of the fiction is very good. And I mean GOOD! This is a great effort at amateur publishing, men: let's help to keep it going!

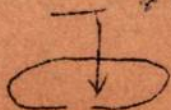
Say, if there was any FAPA post-mailing or Express mailing, I didn't get it.... In fact, I didn't get the mailing at all until about the first of March. Elmer must've overlooked poor little me.

How did you fellows like "The Green Hills Of Earth" by Robert Heinlein in the Feb. 8 issue of the Saturday Evening Post? Really a high class space story. It's unusual that there were no comments about the story in the reader section of succeeding issues of the SatEvePost. It appeared to be an experiment, more than anything else for the Post runs lots of fantasy; from screwball inventions to fairies. I myself didn't write in cause I thought there'd be floods of letters from more competent persons than illiterate me. Maybe everybody thought the same. Anyway, I hope more sciencefiction hits the slick mags. I suppose I should make an introspective conclusion from all this; but frankly, I can only say I'm happy about the whole thing. Lets all bless Mr. Heinlein. Or his agent.

Incidentally, fellows, if I can't get some staples to fit my tiny stapler, I'm gonna hafta use paper clips. This is a heckuva place to warn you....

Well, atomic bomb. That's - hah hah - goodbye in any language....

MOVIE "THE BEGINNING OR  
MEMOES THE END" ???



JOHN CHARLES THOMAS SLEPT HERE!  
QUITE CROWDED, TOO.

SCHMOE SPIT HERE...