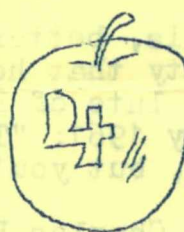


Once again your mailbox has been contaminated by The Golden Apple, insidious propaganda vehicle of the Stark Realist Movement, the amateur journal that is published in the Semiglades, by Evernoles. Set up on the gibbering linotypes of Caveat Lector Press, Division of Boffton Edible Foods, Ltd., edited under supervision of Dean A. Grennell, a semi-retired brass miner late of Upper Rebel Yell, New Hampshire, now of 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, U S of A. This is the Late Holocene Issue. Names and events depicted here are purely coincidental and any resemblance is probably. \$As a public service, the publishers urge you to support the Mother's March On Fund Drives---help to defeat this dread crippler of the nation's pocketbooks. Give till it hurts so you can't stand it, hardly. The printing is by Gafia Press, Redd Boggs commanding. Blossings 1 & all.

THE GOLDEN



The mag containing
the core of
Trufandom.



ENEY FOR TAFF!

It was originally planned to open this issue with the oft-requested reprint of Gerald C. FitzGerald's stirring oration, "What Arbor Day Means To Me." However, at the eleventh hour, a developing strain in our relations with the Bolivian Embassy made this--if not impossible--at least redundantly inadvisable. In line with our well-established policy of impromptu obsolescence, the celebrated rereformer and recidivist Mr. Osvelt Kettlebash has been induced to speak under scopolamine sedation on:

WHAT SEPTEMBER MEANS TO me

What does September mean to me? Well, for one thing it means that all of a sudden with a flick of the calendar you can eat oysters right out of the can with complete impunity and perhaps a dash horseradish. It means Labor Day and the highways gaily strewn with shattered corpses. It means back to school for the nation's young; once more the papers and newscasts will be crepitant with tidings of race riots and we will try, frantically, to cope with trying to remember whether we are on the side of the anti-pro-desegregationist foes or the advocates of racial abolition of supremacy or perhaps the MBRFF, WCC, NAACCP or some similar cryptic designation which comes ripping at you, 400 words to the minute, through the facile lips of the news commentators.

During September we may stoically resign to the probability that on at least 47 occasions our ears will cringe to the sound of Walter Houston singing "September Song," from Knickerbocker Holiday in spoken tones of questing glissando, seeking the notes and never quite finding them. Advertisers will stridently admonish us to have our cars winterized or better yet trade them in to take advantage of the fabulous bargains as the auto dealers make room for the new models; we'll be exhorted to snap up back-to-school-specials and fill-your-freezer-specials and similar assaults with intent to bankrupt.

If you'll excuse an expression I use, %\$&+½?!ÖÜ%&!!

A friend of mine has a recording date next Thursday to cut a side on the Swedish Rhapsody with his Hohner 64 Chromonica and I have to shoot a chipmunk for the album cover (my problem: do I use the 4 by 5 or the .45?) tentative title for the album is "Alfven's Harmonica." And I hereby record, so that I may discard an old and yellowed clipping, for the information of William Rotsler and other odd name aficionados the fascinating data that an Omnibus program last year featured not only a Samuel Hutchison Beer but a (steady, now) Clodomir Vianna Moog. Hoog!

We specialize in the impossible, but we don't accomplish much.

Remember Chuck Harris, better known as the Roué of Rainham? We have it on reliable authority that he was married on 9 September, last, to Miss Susan Mabel Bourne, late of Brixton Hill, S. W. 2. Chuck says, in a letter dated 13 July 1961: "This ~~(Rainham)~~ address will continue to find me at any time, but you'd better start routing those Christmas cardsto

Mr. & Mrs. Charles R. W. Harris,
41, Storr Gardens, High Ridings Estate, Hutton, Essex, England.

As I was telling Walt the other day, if I'd been a quarter mile eastward the address would have been "Little Burstead"--which is almost worthy of Rotsler. There is also a twin village called "Great Burstead" which would make an ideal fannish pied à terre too. But not, alas, a "Proper Burstead."

We chased up a small token of our esteem to send the newlyweds and a kindly fate sent along Ella Parker at the propitious moment to take it back through the various Customs inspections and so forth. Otherwise, with my wellknown speed at mailing packages, they might have got it in time for their Golden Anniversary. When Ella volunteered to lug the package back to England I let go her arm (which was beginning to crunch alarmingly) and assured her that she was a Living Doll. She is, too, but I then had to reassure her that the term is complimentary; she seemed relieved to hear this. Besides Ella (who is, we keep reiterating, a Living Doll), September saw the appearance here of the fine, fannish and fuzzy face of Ted White and that of his wife Sylvia (whose face, be it noted, is beardless and comely to behold); accompanying them was Andy Main, BEM, and we took pride in pointing out to him that one of the principal thoroughfares of the city is named in his honor. Ella arrived three days later with an entourage composed of Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans and Marty Moore to say nothing of the Pavlatian Buick. A fine time was had by all (to the best of our knowledge) and much fat got chewn.

The question is: Just how normal IS blueberry pie?

And that is about it for the nonce, amigos. But stay tuned for next issue which is practically uncertain to feature a condensed but uncut reprint of the first published appearance of Eldrin Fzot's long awaited second novel, "My Brother was a Naked Bus Driver for the FBI and Found God!" Don't miss it if you can.

1st October, 1961 20:24 CST

--Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue,
Fond du Lac, Wis.