



THE LAREAN

Volume I, #2 (March 10, 1957) of THE LAREAN is edited and largely written by Ron Ellik; published most impeccably by Bill Courval and Wayne Strickland. Intended to supplement and at times supplant the correspondence of a once active fan--a LA area fan.

Dear Bill: (Feb. 17) Enclosed please find THE LAREAN #2 in manuscript form. I am frustrated--White hasn't answered my letter, so I don't have a publisher now. I turn to you in despair... Will you publish for me? # Bill me for whatever you use; I've got money and nothing to do with it. Also bill me for labor--Do it anyway you like. # Under separate cover please find a stack of correspondence I've received. From some of the letters you can cull missing sections of TL. You have my permission to read the rest--you always seem interested in my mail. # And then you can store them for me. # Please?

(Mar. 2) Hope you rec'd letter written Feb. 17, mailed Mar. 1. Please date TL #2 up to Mar. 10 for APPEARANCE's sake... Also send 5 copies to my home and one to me here for reference. Send it first class. OK? # In the package of letters, you will find a letter to Jean Linard. Mail it and bill me. OK? Thanx--must depend on friends now... No phone--visitors around April 10. BCNU.

BOOT CAMP It's fun, but lots of work. If you've been through it, you understand; if you haven't, you couldn't. 'Nuff sed. It also takes a lot of my time. The half-hour or so each night is not enough to keep track of a robust and appalling correspondence like that which has done piled up on me... So--you people get this, not letters.

X X X

Courval has long told me to publish a letterzine--so we'll try it once.

Redd Boggs:

SKHK will have a spring issue, but will no longer appear in FAPA. (Nearly all FAPAns will receive copies, however)

Are there any budding FAN ARTISTS in LA these days? Nearly all the artists who drew for SKYHOOK (Bob Dougherty, Henry Cabot, Rich Bergeron) have disappeared the woodvork into. I'd like to find somebody to replace them. I wonder if it is possible to get H. Miller to draw anything anymore?

(← Well, I reckon that getting SKHK back after such a lapse makes up for it not being in the mailings...I reckon. ## Such newfans as Mike Kington think they can draw, but I doubt anyone could fill the boots of the names you mentioned...And of course the only way I ever got any art from Miller was by virtue of proximity. He claims to have lost his ability or something, but upon prodding he gets something done. Witness headings in FAFHRD→)

Art Hayes:

Even without the possibility of future issues, I'm enclosing 25¢, don't know why, unless it was worth all of it.

Enjoyed Christmas, what I can remember, and worked New Years. (← You didn't remember the 25¢, either, but thanks for the thought→)

John Berry:

Glad to hear from you, and to know that you appreciate wREtch. Generally, Arthur and myself find that US fen seem to be rather more enthusiastic than fen over here. Don't know what to attribute it to, exactly, 'cept maybe Americans have more pliable minds...Goonishly pliable, that is. You'll guess after reading this far that I'm a mite bewildered...I see I've made a coupla bad spelling mistakes, and I got lost back there after the word pliable. Truth is that I've just spent almost five hours working on an article for the next HYPHEN, which Chuck Harris is producing, by the way. Chuck told me he wanted an antigoon story as a follow-up to the GOON-FIGHTER thing James White had in the last HYPHEN. I had a deadline to catch, so, bingo, I've just had to get down to it and bash away as best I can. The plot has eventually evolved around a duck, in fact, the story is called I WAS A DUCK FOR THE GDA. It's about the most fantastic thing I've ever written, and I have serious doubts as to whether Chuck will accept it. If you do read it in the next HYPHEN, you'll understand why I'm, as I say, a mite bewildered. Not only that, however. It's too cold to work in my den, so I've had to bring the dreaded Shaw Berry typer and the beans down into the living room, where my wife is sitting watching the TV set. I'm not really partial to BBC television, which tries so hard to please the minimum numbers of viewers by having programmes of a high educational plane ...ballet, opera, concerts, etc, not that we're all ignoranouses, understand, but almost everyone I know likes a wee bit of real down-to-earth humour, but, where was I, oh, er, well, just at this moment, the BBC has relented, and there's a bovy of dancing girls, called appropriately enough, The Toppers, and, and, heck, hang on a bit till they finish.

Better. Much better. Now I can concentrate. Lemmeesee.

Just saw Bill Haley on TV. Brilliant. I see he's coming over to England soon, to spread the gospel. I think this rock 'n roll is great. If I was fifteen years younger, I guess I'd turn into a juvenile delinquent, because, over here, the two are usually considered synonymous.

Claude Raye Hall:

Hope this epistle finds you in the glory-hound's brigade. Having joined, you deserve everything you get.

FAFERD #5 arrived, safe and sound. Just finished reading it a moment ago. Rather short, wasn't it? However, Gremell and Lars Helander/Jan Janson were appreciated for their contributions.

I've changed addresses again, back, in fact, to my old address of 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas.

This time, I'm hanging around until they either hand me a degree or toss me out. It will be rather interesting to see which comes first.

I've listed a degree in Journalism but have slanted my courses off at some puzzling tangent. I stunned my advising professor on the day I registered. He couldn't believe any one person could be taking such varied courses. I calmly mentioned that I was majoring--literally--in creative writing. He came back with the reply that the university didn't offer that degree. "That's a shamo," I said. Ho

wann't too satisfied, but initialed the little white card anyway.
←← My, my, how calm and un-fighting we are today. ## Your college
life sounds almost as confused as mine--except that I took nine
units of math, being interested in finishing my whole freshman year
in one semester. almost didn't get it, either...}}

George W. Spencer:

I just happened to skim your change of address page, and notice that Bob Briney is now in the Graduate House at M. I. T. I was there this past summer for two weeks--nice place. Behind the desk, there is a news rack, and there are always some sf mags on display. Twas invigorating indeed to sit in one of the big leather chairs facing the desk and watch students buying sf mags. This was only one in awhile, Y' understand, but heartening anyway. Some lanky individual would amble up and toss down some money, and walk away with a copy of Astounding...if that has any special significance. Boston is nice to visit, but I'd hate to stay there for any length of time. I fairly well pawed the bookstores surrounding Harvard (every other store is a bookstore)... And I almost lost mineself wandering through the passages of Harvard Museums. It's all quite fascinating. However, downtown Boston is another matter. I swear, I never saw so many bums and drifters in my life. Some one-eyed character will amble up with, "Y' got a dime for an old army buddy? C'mon now, you were in the army, weren't you?", or some-such thing, all perfectly revolting. It's very dissimilar to your preconceived notion of a refined, tea-sipping, eyebrow-whisking type place.

Larry Sokol:

I'd be damned interested to know why you sent me FAAHRAD. Not that I'm not grateful, I am I am, but I have never as much as had one bit of correspondence with you.

I have sent you the first issue of my own fanzine, Zodiac, which I am sure you have received by now.

I haven't read much yet but I did like the fine piece by Grennell. I wish I could get him to send such pieces. The game looks interesting. The reproduction, though, didn't turn out so well. I suggest you use another type or grade of paper. If it's agreeable with you, I will send you an issue of ZODIAC everytime I go to press and you do the same when you go to press. Ok?

←← I'd be damn interested to know why you sent me ZODIAC, too...but there won't be any more FAFHRDS, so why worry???

Kent Moomaw:

Received yet a second copy of the fifth FAFHRD, spurring me to get the lead out and send you some of my unintelligent comments on an enjoyable mag. I know I can't begin to equal the brilliant offerings of the "halfway intelligent people" for whom you edit the mag (as explained so eloquently in a letter over the past summer) and that you have no use for the wing of fandom I represent to (same letter), but all I can do is try. Besides, I don't worship at the shrine of Dick Witter. I must be insane, right? Awheel. Don't mind me...if I sound bitter, it's only because I am.

←← I don't worship no Dick Witter's shrine, either--Dorothy W. has that honor reserved. You sound depressed}}

Bill Conner:

A fatalistic attitude is an asset when one is trying to endure the rigors of basic training, my boy. Take it from an old-fan who is a veteran of 3 whole months of this abominable existence. By now you know that hurry up and wait is an old and evil military tradition, and that basic training is an endless series of lines--chow lines, latrine lines (when permissible), shot lines, lines at processing centers, and other miscellaneous lines. Looking at the back of the head of the guy who is ahead of you in the chow line is another interesting monotony. The Reds ought to use it as a torture --a man would break after a few hours of chow line procedure. (I'm assuming that M.C. chow lines in basic are the same as USAF chow lines in basic) We have basics on this base, so I am still familiar with this type of brainwashing. The basics on this base go to jet mechanic school a half day and take basic training a half day; which saves the taxpayer's money.

Your method of carrying on fanac while in basic is clever, but mayhap you could benefit from some of my experiences in basic. We were quartered in old WW II type barracks that were drafty and barn-like. But they did have attics that could be used for extra storage space. Little trap doors were placed here and there in the second floor ceiling, so it was a simple matter to open them from the top bunks of our double decker bunkbeds. Naturally, this was no place for ordinary valuables, but it served as a hiding place for my fanzines, prozines, letters, and so forth. One day right after drill, we were surprised to find that the attic had been raided by finding all kinds of dusty trash strewn over the second floor. I managed to salvage my fannish treasures. The next day I scrounged a carton at the P.X. and mailed all of the stuff home. If this sort of hiding place is not available, there are other ways of beating the rules and regs.

I went through basic with my two buddies who I have known all through high school. After 2½ years of living it up after graduating from high school, I decided it was time to beat the draft and join the USAF. So I had a conference with those characters and they decided to go along just for kicks. But they didn't know that this was one caper where they would have to take orders from all sorts of stupid people. But these boys are operators and soon had everything under control--including the TI's. (Tactical Instructors--same as Drill Instructors)

Our TI's were slightly crooked. They had a few innocent little rackets going that were very profitable. Not being ignorant of the ways of the underworld, my friends and I used a little blackmail to feather the rock nest of basic training life. My friend Jerry was free to start many little enterprises of his own. His business soon increased in volume to the point where all three of us managed to make plenty of side money to spend in San Antonio. We had a barracks guard service for weary basics who couldn't stand getting up in the middle of the night and losing an hour's precious sleep. Our price --\$1.50 per hour. We then found other men who were desperate for money, so we let them join our barracks guard staff. Shoes were shined for 50¢ a pair by some colored boys we employed for 25¢ a pair. Of course prices were much higher for such things as arranging to have the barracks guard while the rest of the flight was on KP or ash and trash detail. This could cost from anywhere to \$5 or \$10--depending on how near to payday it was. Needless to say, there were many occasions when we were nearly caught in our operations; but in the end we finished basic without persecution. But our TI was

caught just before we finished basic. He and two other TI's had been stealing the money of the men who were just starting training and had no locks on their footlockers. Another airman who lived in our barracks and was in on some of our enterprises was court martialed for selling assignments to huses near the basics' homes for anywhere from \$50 to \$100. The lousey crooks! What I did wasn't actually crooked, Ron, but let it suffice to say that the AF frowns on such practices. It was profitable enough an operation, tho. We took a plane home to Ohio after we finished basic and got our 10 day leaves.

Being as clever as they are, my two buddies are no longer with the USAF. They both conned their respective ways out. One got a medical discharge by an extremely clever method, the other got a phoney hardship discharge by spending a few coins in the right places. Yes, you can beat city hall if you want to, but there are certain dangers involved. But this shouldn't bother you if you like an adventurous life. Personally, I don't want to take the risk of faking my way out; and besides, I've got a good thing going right now. I'm living the lazy AF life and getting part of my education at the same time by taking US Armed Forces Institute courses in math, physics, and philosophy. I have all the time I need to carry on fanac, and in fact, I'm typing this letter on the job. You see, I'm a personnel clerk in an orderly room. The chief clerk, first sergeant and CO are too busy goofing off all the time to care. As long as I do my required work, I'm safe.

I hope I haven't given you some dangerous ideas, Ron; there are regulations against these petty little rackets. But a fan who is boored with life as it is in basic training is sometimes forced to live dangerously to add the necessary apice to living that one needs. (← No comment--I'm breathless!→)

Charles Burbee, Living Legend:

Sorry could not make it to your place to see you off. Had to go elsewhere. Spent Sunday running off Burblings c/w Elmurmurings #2, 11 pp, Feb 1957. It consisted of 2 pages by me and 9 pages by Perdue. It marks the first time Elmer has hit a regular mailing (I imagine) since 1949 or so. But of course from now on he either has to postmail from his third mailing (which will occur to him next year) or hit the fourth.

Although he brought the stencils around last Thursday I did not get a chance to run them off till Sunday. I mailed the pkg to Eney Monday noon. The postal clerk said the pkd'd get to Eney by Friday but I put little faith in the utterances of civil service employees.

Do Marines talk as dirty as fans?

Of course if the mage does not reach Eney in time you may rejoice for Elmer will be out of FAPA. You might weep half a tear for me because I'll be out, too.

(← And WHEN are you going to move? The going-away party was last October and you told us then that you would probly move before Christmas. Please, Burbee--get out of Southern California, will you? We're tired of wondering about you --GET THE HELL OUT! Please...→)

X X X

And so we close the door on a large percentage of the unanswered letters. The others will have to take this as a letter.

I can have visitors in about five weeks--around April 1, or thereabouts. Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday--two hours per visitor. I am not supposed to receive packages, but the Drill Instructor (...) says there's nothing he can do to stop any that come. He simply tells us that we have no space for personal belongings such as magazines or cameras, & cetera. So all fanzines will continue to go to my home--277 Pomona Ave, Long Beach 3, California. Letters should come to my military address until May 1, after which I will be moving around quite a bit... Will publish TL again before that, though.

Would like for somebody to write and give me specific and authoritative information about the MidWestCon--where, and when. I might be able to make it, but I'll have to know this info in advance.

And look for me at the Westercon, too. I won't miss that.
And remember--South Gate In '58!

X X X

Marc Coleman: Could not get you a job before Boot Camp set in, nor did I get the stuff you wanted sent to you. I'm sorry--but that's life. I tried North American Aviation, RCA, Packard-Bell and others. I guess I'm just inefficient.

Reckon that's all for this time. It's 8:30, and taps goes in 20 minutes. Still have to straighten up my gear and get clothes ready for tomorrow. Sunday is the only really spare time for writing this thing--other days it's all I can do to scribble a postcard.

And Reville goes at 0450.

Finis.



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