

LE ZOMBIE



October 1941
Number 43 5c

Repro/Jack (O'Pantern) Erman

Please Renew!

published monthly
from p.o. box 260
bloomington, ill

LE ZOMBIE

five cents a copy
yen, old stamps &
gold not accepted

volume 4-number 8

october 1941

whole number: 43

-editor-

bob (hnp) tucker
postoffice bx 260
bloomington, ill

"KEPT KORPSE"

-associate-

e everett ~~owing~~
191 capital av, sw
battlecreek, mich

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY, TRA-LA

Oh no, not yet. This is only October. The birthday will be marked by our January 1942 number. (Unless of course Congress discovers fanzines and slaps a tax on them!) And, as usual, we are taking advantage of this early date to announce the usual sale of booster ads at 5¢ per crack... but this year we are different. Oh my yes. This year you may have two names listed for the nickle. It's the business recession you know. Our idea on the thing is rather novel. Instead of (as last year) listing the name of each well-wisher, and the words "I love you LeZ", we are going to let you choose your own lover!

For the sum of five cents you will be allotted a certain sized space; your name will be first, and then the words: "I love you--", and below that will be listed the name of any fan you designate. Here's a swell chance to let your favorite fan know you love him! Oh goody! There are but two restrictions. (1) no listing your own fanzine as your one love, (2) no carrying on embarrassing love affairs in public -- think of the girl's feelings!

If Mr Wollheim loves Mr Sykora, here's his chance to let fandom in on the news. (Sorry! We will accept only "I love you" ads.) If Mr Miske loves only Mr Miske, he might as well send us a nickle and let us tell everyone the fact in the Third Anniversary Issue. (*) Catch on Joe ????

If your eyes are functioning half as well as they do when a pretty gal ankles by, they (your eyes) will discover an improvement or two in this issue. But darned if we'll tell you what it is. For if you don't find the improvement, we can easily drop same next issue and get away with't.

We suppose we ought to take this space to inform you we are in no ways responsible for opinions expressed herein, including our own. Inasmuch as we allow no one's opinion but our own herein, you shouldn't worry. If there is an Ackerman-reproduced cover on this issue, the original was "executed" by Walter A. Carrithers of Fresno, California. We don't believe WAC has appeared anywhere before, so this makes him another find. we "found" demon knight if you recall. On the other hand, if there isn't a mimi-crayoned cover on this issuewell, is our face red! T'would be embarrassing to the extreme to rave on and on about our beautiful cover, only to find we have none as we start towards the mail-bag! Let us hope the thing turned out well, and Assorted Services serviced us. All comment you may find in double brackets ((like this)) in LeZ is our own remarks. ((what horrible grammar, that sentence!)) Correspondants use single brackets (like this). This rule applies to past and future issues.

A sticker over there on the right hand side of this page can only mean what it signifies. (see top box, right side)

B.1.

DEPT'S OF THE INTERIOR

by the sec'y

GNASHING OF TELTH DEPT: We're beginn ng to get awful mad at Mr Unger of Brooklyn. Mr Unger you know published a news paper (so the advertise - ments say); we wouldn't know hoever, seeing so few of them. After Unger went to the Denvention we didn't receive his fansheet for six consecu - tive issues -- and after we griped loudly about this, they arrived all at one time -- minus most of the photographs. This was awful. We would read a captions aying: "this is a picture of Agatha Fann. She is smok - ing her first cigar". And then we would look; --and find nothing but a blank space saying: "if you are a suscriber there will be a photo here". "Very interesting" we comment, "such nice looking legs Agatha has." Onl, we had to imagine them, and our imagination wasn't working in the right direction just then.

So now what? So now issues are arriving on a hit and miss schedule ! Sometimes yes, somtimes no; sometimes with photo, sometimes without. We have made up our minds in a desperate sort of way. Mr Unger, unless the Brooklyn newssheet arrives here regularly henceforth, we shall cut you to the 'quick -- and suscribe to Fantasy News!

HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM APES DEPT: They recently had a suicide - hoax down in Australia too. Amazing how good things will get around ... isn't it? It seems that two somebodys got together and decided to have fun with a third somebody by announcing the death of a fourth somebody. We presume all the sombodys had fun except the third one, who found the joke on himself when he began spreading the news around. Incidentally, the police figure in the case too. Not being fans, they couldn't be satis - fied with merely dedicating a fanzine to the fourth somebody. The some - body who killed himself found out about the fun early in the game and had fun too, we presume.

LEZ-ETTES

chapter 1: Frozen Pluto	chapter 1: Teleportation	chapter 1: Sirius	chapter 1: Earth-man
chapter 2: Flaming meteor	chapter 2: Venus	chapter 2: Catastrophe	chapter 2: Spica
chapter 3: Pluto water	chapter 3: Glug!	chapter 3: Serious!	chapter 3: No spika!

CREDIT DEPT: Our LEZ-ETTES are "thunk-up" by EEEvans, the Ashleys, Jack Wiedenbeck and whatever company gets together in Battle Creek bull ses - sions. But three have been contributed otherwise, one each from Widner, Tanner, and a third party whose name we can't place at the moment. This dept is open to all who can come thru with a worthy one. (*) Those of you in the central area are expected to be present at the Michigan Get-Acquainted Conference at Jackson in November. See the announcement in this issue for further details. Maybe we can bring back a photo or two of the gathering for future cover pics. (*) As this is written we have heard nothing of a Philly Conference for this year. Information please!

VISITING FIREMAN DEPT: Have a letter on hand from Doc Barrett of Bellefontaine, Ohio to the effect he is making a spin about the central states, and plans to see fans in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana and Illinois. May be well on his way by the time you read this, in fact may have completed the trip and be homeward bound. Expect an article on him in the issue following his visit here. He's a real M.D.

INTERVIEW

WITH DR TUCKER, AUTHOR OF CLASSIC(S) (1?)

by
Pong

(Foreword: in the days of yore when the flowers of fandom were but green buds, and fan magazines could be counted on the fingers of one hand --omitting the thumb and little finger-- interviews with big shot authors were the order of the day. Nearly every issue of every fanzine devoted hundreds of words to some professional of the moment. Interviews were sacred things. The reporters approached the great-god-author with awesome respect, maintained a hardly-breathing attitude thru-out, and faithfully reported every pearl of wisdom that fell from his one-cent-a-word lips.

Dr Tucker, having "turned pro" to quote a popular news weekly early in the year with one published short story, waited ever so patiently for many many moons (and a couple of suns) for that knock at the door. None came. In desperation (wanting to lay the fantastic story of his career before the collective, bloodshot eye of fandom), he turned to Pong.

Transport yourself please, back to the past; back to the fandom of some years ago. You have just received the latest issue of Science Fiction Digest. (Be sure to save it. T'will be worth money up in 1941.) You know in advance you will meet, in print, some great science fiction person - age. Here we go:)

Verily trembling with ill-concealed eagerness and yet with a soft, respectful tread, your humble reporter crossed the magic threshold and walked into the room. The Great Man's writing room. As I stood there drinking in the eerie beauty of that place, I felt as tho I were intruding upon the privacy of some macabre Power! The uppermost thought in my mind was this: here, in this very room, was penned that great epic, "Interstellar Way-Station"! What memories these hallowed walls held!

The Great Man glanced up from his busy, paper-strewn desk. I was reassured and comforted by the merry twinkle in his eye (the glass one), and the kindly, welcoming smile on his care-worn face. Nevertheless it may be confessed I was embarrassed. He didn't seem to be aware tobacco juice was trickling down his chin onto his tie.

"Spflrsk?" he said.

In that one second, with that one word, he made me completely at home! I visibly relaxed, nodded happily at my good fortune, and at his kind invitation sat down beside him. The chair was rather small but he generously shared half of it. Somehow I didn't trust myself to speak for fear of profaning this shrine of classic literature, this glorious fountain-room of science fiction masterpieces. Before me on the paper-strewn desk rested the very typewriter from which had sprung those compelling, one-cent words! How I feasted my eyes on the machine!

And then I suddenly remembered my reason for being here, my mission. "Dr Tucker," I said timidly, "... can I bum a cigaret from you?" The choicest butt in a desk drawer was offered me. I thought of you, dear readers, and wondered how much you'd give to exchange places with me at that moment as I lit the cigaret butt and it exploded.

"Dr Tucker," I began anew, "tell me something of your work, how you came to write that story." There was no need of me to mention which story. It was the only one he had been able to sell.

"Wait'll ptf m' teef in," he mumbled, and plucking his teeth from a nearby water glass, slipped them into his mouth.

(over)

He smiled, and they shined. "My life? Ah yes, my life. Let me think a moment or two" (We were sitting so close together on the chair I didn't feel him slyly picking my pocket.)

"At an early age (he said) I was forced to quit school, to forgo the blessings of education, and sell papers on the streets to support dear old Grandmaw. (Grandpaw ran away to join the Rifs, fighting the Foreign Legion.) As I grew older and expanded in wisdom and scientific learning I found that I could not sell papers all my life; people were looking askance at my ruffled shirtwaists and romper suits, so at 27 I laid 'em aside for the last time and went into the world to seek my fortune. After observing reporters on the local paper in their daily exciting routines, I too was possessed with the yearning to be continually drunk and decided upon newspaper work as a career.

"My first job was on that grand old paper, the Coonhollow Taganblatt where it was my duty to go over cases upon cases of type each night after the paper had been put to bed, searching for bedbugs and typelice".

The Great Man paused and I gulped with fear, afraid he would close the fascinating narrative here. (I didn't know he had just ran into the stale piece of cheese in my pocket, and was startled.) His modesty, I did know, maintained a fierce rein on his tongue. About me, the very air of the room was still and expectant -- untill he belched.

I made the most of the short silence to glance about me. Books lined the walls: Alice in Wonderland, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Tom Swift's Giant Skytrain, Lady Chatterly's Lover, What Dora Saw in the Parlor ... magic tomes! The entire collection must have cost him a pretty penny. An entire set of Tom Swift adventures were his pride and joy. Had that great classic, "Interstellar Way-Station" sprung from these inspirational wells? Or had it been scooped from an irrigation ditch?

Together we tilted back in the swivel chair and at his suggestion we removed our shoes and wriggled our toes. How democratic!

"Now about my story ... ah, yes young man, my story. It was simple, really it was. Frankly I borrowed it from another stf magazine. All I did was to rename each character, locate the action at a new locale, change the nature of the menace, and carefully rewrite a different word for every word that appeared in the original yarn. Anyone can do it."

"Marvellous, Dr Tucker!" I broke in. "And now please, your opinion to a very pertinent question in fandom just now. A subject of vital importance to the fans. Is sex necessary in science fiction?"

"Oh, but definitely!" The doctor stroked his befuzzed cheek and was thoughtful. "Yes, upon contemplation I would hazard the opinion that it is not only necessary, but vital to the plot! The hero should always be male; the heroine should always be female!"

And upon those words of wisdom I bowed out. (Next month dear readers we have a special treat for you! Your reporter has scooped the science fiction world with an interview that will make fan history! Next month in this space we will positively reveal the identity of Anthony Gilmore himself! Is your subscription paid up?)

RENT DODGERS DEPT: You'll find Leonard J. Moffatt at 419 Summit Ave., Ellwood City, Pa. (*) For benefit of contributing FAPA fans and others Elmer Perdue is now located at 1218 S. Cedar, Casper, Wyo. (*) Phil Bronson back at 224 West 6th, Hastings, Minn. (*) Earle Barr Hanson at 812 SW. 1st, Miami, Fla. (*)

NEW JERSEY DIVISION

"PUTTING FANDOM ON THE MAP"

compiled by Charles A. Beling

-key-

* - fan
M* - many fans
- fanzine
(c) - club
(a) - author

A great barren state, far below its rightful quota of fans, considering the size & geographical position.

NEWARK: Sam Moskowitz, 603 S. 11th;
ABSECON: Chris Mulrain, jr., Box 205;
PATTERSON: Ray Van Houten, 26 Seeley St;
HARRINGTON PARK: Charles A. Beling,
La Roche Road;

WESTWOOD: Rod Gaetz, 31 Bogert Place;
Mary Gae Gaetz, same address; Bob Blanchard,
40 Bogert Place; Gerry de la Ree, jr.,
9 Bogert Place; James Breckenridge, address
unknown; Manly Wade Wellman, 74
Clinton Ave; Joseph Millard, address
unknown; Albert Kent, address unknown;
Joe Fann, at large.

ORANGE: John W. Campbell, jr.

ELIZABETH: former home of Charles
Hornig (now in Los Angeles.)

ENGLEWOOD: Otto Binder

FAN CLUBS: The Solaroids, at Westwood.
31 Bogert Place.

Newark Science Fiction League
at Newark. 603 S. 11th St.

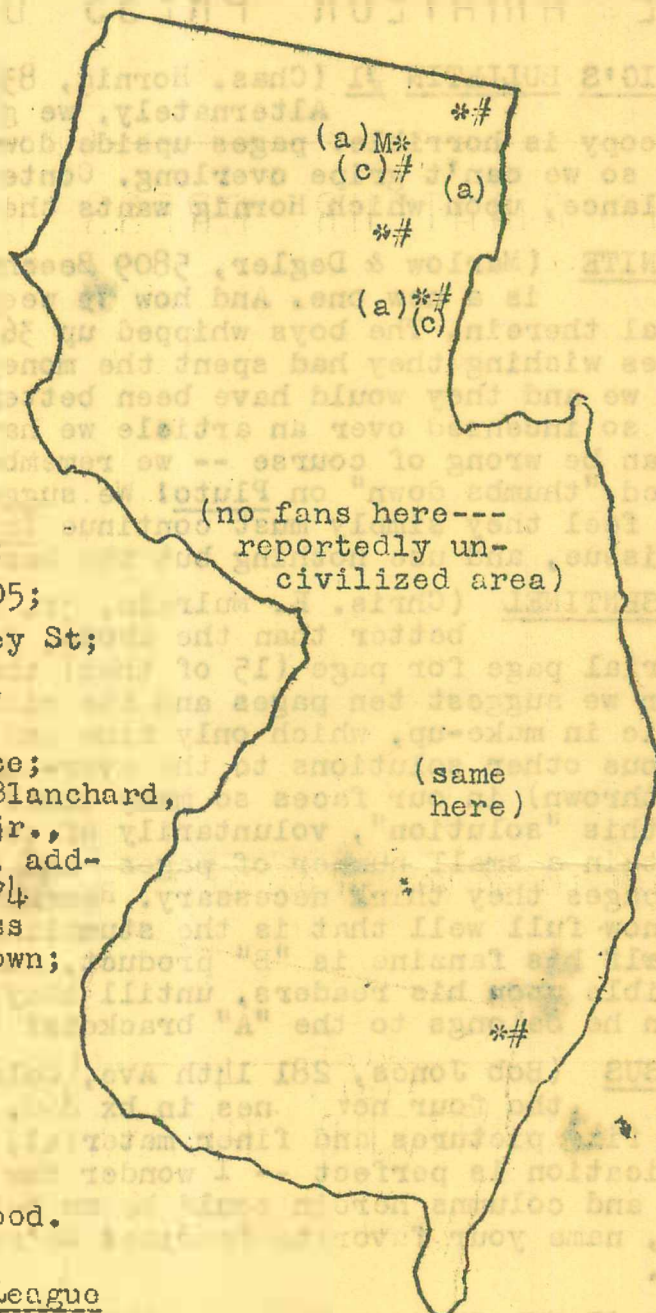
FANZINES: Sentinel, at Box 205, Absecon

Sun Spots, at 31 Bogert Place, Westwood

Van Houten Says, at 26 Seeley St., Patterson

Fan-Atic, at La Roche Road, Harrington Park

BONES BURIED IN THIS STATE: various Newark conventions and conferences
plus New Fandom the organization and the fanzine.



MILESTONES IN FAN HISTORY DEPT: Another rugged individualist has gone and done it -- got married we mean. The fan this time is Hank Goldman, 3118 Perrysville Ave., N.S. Pittsburg, Penna. (*) We are gentlemen enough not to ask "is she pretty?" ... but Hank ... can she cook?

THE AMATEUR PRESS DIGEST DEPT

some new
some oldHORNIG'S BULLETIN #1 (Chas. Hornig, 831 N. Harvard, Hollywood, Calif.)

Alternately, we glee'd and weeped over this one. Our copy is horrible: pages upside down, out of order, hectic. But it's free so we can't gripe overlong. Contents concern a case of emotional unbalance, upon which Hornig wants the reader's advice. (He'll get it!)

INFINITE (Marlow & Degler, 5809 Beechwood, Indianapolis, Ind. 15¢) This is a new one. And how we weeped; mostly over the stupid material therein. The boys whipped up 36 pages of fanzine; we found ourselves wishing they had spent the money instead on jelly beans or beer. Both we and they would have been better off. (Despite all this we became so incensed over an article we have already sent them a rebuttal.) We can be wrong of course -- we remember the last time we were wrong: we turned "thumbs down" on Pluto! We suggest however that the chaps (if they feel they simply must continue Infinite) cut it to about ten pages per issue, and use nothing but the best they have on hand.

THE SENTINEL (Chris. E. Mulrain, jr. Box 205, Absecon, N.J. 5¢) Much better than the above, disregarding prices. Offers better material page for page (15 of them) than any 15 chosen from Infinite. Again we suggest ten pages and the pick of material submitted. Somewhat hectic in make-up, which only time and experience can cure. We have had various other solutions to the ever-increasing fanzine problem tossed (or thrown) in our faces so many times we should know better, but: why not this "solution", voluntarily of course: the second-grade fanzines maintain a small number of pages and price; the "good" ones using all the pages they think necessary. Remember, we said voluntarily; and yet we know full well that is the stumbling block. What editor will tell himself his fanzine is "B" product, and impose as small a burden as is possible upon his readers, untill they, the readers, clearly let it be known he belongs to the "A" brackets? (Oh well, we can dream can't we?)

PEGASUS (Bob Jones, 281 14th Ave, Columbus, Ohio 10¢?) The very best of the four new ones in bx 260. Hektographed in nice pretty colors, fine pictures and finer material, we glee'd over it many times. The duplication is perfect -- I wonder how many copies were made? The articles and columns herein could be no better if they were published in--- well, name your favorite fanzine! We're thinking of Spaceways and Fantasite.

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION (Bx 6475, Met. Sta. Los Angeles, 10¢) VoM has changed it's size; now being 8½x7 instead of 8½x11 as of yore. This, they explain, allows them to use an entire stencil (two small pages to one stencil) instead of one page to one stencil and discarding the lower un-used portion of the waxed sheet. So they must be using legal sized stencils. Why, we wonder, don't they use the smaller, "letter size" stencil to save money and material? The stencil we use is exactly the size of this sheet of paper; nothing is lost but a line or two of blank space at top and bottom. It is genuine A.B. Diok Mimeograph stencil and costs exactly 10¢ per sheet. We think that is darn cheap, and the quality is of the best. What you paying, He & Co. ?

MISCELLANEA: Was pleased to note the almost-professional appearance of Phil Bronson's Fantasite for Sept. (224 W. 6th, Hastings, Minn.) with it's lithographed cover and green-taped spin hiding staples. (*) A new one from Australia is Spaceward, a sort of club bulletin for the Futurian gang down there. The second issue combines printing with the mimeo'ing, a rather pleasing effect. (write for address)(*) Pip pip.

THE
MICHIGAN

GET -
ACQUAINTED
CONFERENCE ~ ~ ~

Who is welcome?
Who is expected?

If you live in the Solar
System (Vulcanites ex-
cluded) you are welcome!

If you live within half
a parsec of the State of
Michigan, you will be
expected!

The various committees
have been appointed and
are functioning as speed-
ily as they can work out
a really fine program for
you all, but remember--

It won't be a success un-
less YOU are there!



NOV. 16, 1941

9 a.m.

Room 141

Otsego Hotel

JACKSON, MICH.

Home of the Gray Lensman



ADVERTISEMENTS

CALLING ALL Buck and Wilma patrols:
Invaders sighted due west of Sat-
urn. All junior rocketeers stand by
for orders, as follows: Ages 8 to
10 report to sector KV7G at once ;
ages 11 to 13 report to your sec-
tor chief; age 7 class (all membs
included) upped to Rocketman's mate
for duration of emergency. Age 6 to
stand by for orders. That is all .
(signed) Sgt-Major Wilma.

WANTED AT ONCE, several cleq. cut
energetic young men and women with
some knowledge of rocketry, atomic
principals, astronomy and various
other extra-terrestrial sciences .
Chance to partake in thrilling ex-
periment, exact nature of which is
to be kept secret from public! K9

SONNY-BOY: come back home, all is
forgiven. Daddy has promised not to
burn any more fanmags. -Mother

FOR SALE: brand new copy of latest
Amazing to highest bidder. -F6

ATTN, SGT-MAJOR WILMA: invaders in
complete route; junior rocketeers
(age-class 9) in hot pubsuit with
all screens up. Awaiting on ders!

Calling all Buck and Wilma patrols
not engaged in chasing enemy: pro-
ceed with all speed to Inca terri-
tory, planet Earth. Brick Bradford
in mell of a hess. Lend all aid.
(signed) Sgt-Major Wilma.

PEN-PAL wanted. Will some romantic
rocketeer write a lonely little
earth-glo. big letter? Am
five-foot-two, blue eyes, blonde,
considered good looking. -Ann Gl

SONNY-BOY: disregard earlier app-
eal, Daddy in rage again. Just now
burned your complete file of

LE ZOMBIE'S

LEZ LETTERS

Kat-nips from the LeZ kittens

Jerry Keeley "When I was in Tampa, Fla., 317 Signal Aviation Co., Macdill Field, several months ago, you forwarded me a card from FJA putting me in contact with a s-f fan in Tampa. I don't remember that I have ever thanked you. So I want you to know that I appreciate your helping me in this matter.

To N.J. this summer to army signal school. May soon go on war maneuvers to La. etc. This is now my home base. Have been going in for time travel considerably lately. Best wishes," ((full address follows:))
 Jerome Keeley, 37th Signal Platoon (AB), Savannah Air Base, Savannah, Ga.

Raym Washington, jr "The magnifque is laying before me. It arrived just in time. I was about to send a card. That photo is truly Astonishing. From every angle it looks like the real thing. The most accurate part, in my estimation, is that wind-swept look the sands have, and the footprints (I presume that is what they are). How did Alger do it? To MY scientific mind it seems as if a sandbox was used and an electric fan turned on to blow fine sand into various patterns. Yes the Sept. number is fine. If you don't mind, I have lifted several depts from LeZ for use in my chain letters. ((What -- more of them?)) Only one thing didn't click with me. That was the "Star Stomper." There have been a number of titles like that in various fanzines. Obviously the guy that wrote it had nothing whatever on his mind and picked on Palmer. That is nothing new, in fact it is so common as to be putrid. Who wrote it anyway?" -Live Oak, Fla.

LeZ-sez: Raym is wrong about the photo trick. Look closely at the line of mountains in the background and make another guess. We will not expose the trick. Alger may if he wishes. (*) We wrote Star Stomper, we must blushingly admit. It was a burlesk on the many columnists who pan Palmer, not on Palmer. Not wishing to run an OK Smith Co. ad in every issue, it was an attempt to find an alternating feature. No good? Heck!

Ed Conner "In the first place, printing on one side of the page seems sheer insanity. What's wrong with the other side? The stuff reads the same either way. (*) Why not procure improved inking as has been suggested? Of course the discrepancy in legibility is almost insignificant-- none the less it could use slight improvement. (*) The photopic on the cover received with thanks, altho I don't know what I'll do with it after the one from Alger arrives. It was worth a nickle itself. (*) I agree with you on the excellence of Bok's last Future cover -- which should at least make Hannes happy eh? But to get back to LeZ: I find that the primary reason why I like the mag so much is because there is not such a large percentage of outside stuff printed, as in most fanzines. ((We don't follow you chum?)) I like LeZ-Ettes by the way. I particularly liked the ones on page 8 of #42. Do you make them all yourself?" - Peoria, Ill.

LeZ-sez: That printing on one side of the paper only was a merry mix-up, in which we thought we saved money -- strange as it may seem, it costs us less to use twice as much paper and print on one side of the page (according to our printer's price list). But .. the postage was doubled because of the extra weight, so we lost money in the end. Kats! We do not concoct the LeZ-Ettes. EEEvans and his fellow Battlecreek fans are responsible.

To close, let us report that Mary Evelyn Rogers has moved again. The new address is: 810 "C" St., Lawton, Okla. She is employed at Fort Sill....

NOW ABOUT THAT COVER = (in explanation)

In our editorial on page 3 we made a few remarks about our "beautiful" cover by Walt Carrithers, reproduced by Ackerman. As may be surmised, we hadn't yet seen the finished result as that was written. We now have, as this is written. Allow us to present a letter from the foul fiend who sabotaged the "beautiful" Carrithers' original:

"FJA, the "Walk-a-Fan" man and patent holder on the "mimicrayon" process, offers Assorted Alibis on the botchy cover. "Dear Bob: An evil entity must 've hoverd over the multilith machine; U see at once what I mean. I sincerely am sorry about the bum job, but twarnt my fault, twarnt the operator's (one of the best in the business, I assure you); it's just (influence of just having seen THINGS TO COME the 17th time) 'the nature of things'. One of th~~ese~~ unpleasant things we all're going to have to put up with, this time quoting Heinlein from his Denvention speech. The aluminum plates on which I was accustomed to work are no longer available; the inks are becoming inferior. Civilization is falling apart; already there is an ugly rumor they're substituting dryd & powderd dandelions for the sawdust they used to substitute for flour in bread. From flour to flower, heh! But that is neither here nor there. I even have had my own plates smudge on me, y'know. I hope the fans won't lose faith in the mimicrayon process, for it is not that which is at fault. At the prices I charge for reproductions, I can't guarantee perfection; for Splrfsk knows, I make lil enuf out of the transactions as is. But I want to go on serving fandom & hope you ods will continue to take your chances on lithoed covers. Sincerely, 4c"

So there you have it, dear readers. We aren't mad, so we trust you are not. In fairness, you must admit you have seen much worse covers on LeZ in the past. Much worse. The cover job does however, prove one thing, which makes us happy indeed: Ackerman is not a slant!

MORE RENT DODGERS DEPT: D.B. Thompson has moved again. There was a crr-or in his address as we reported it last issue, but it isn't worth correcting now. His newest and correct address is: 1903 Polk St., Alex - andria, La. (*) L.R. Chauvenet is at 109 Upland Road, Quincy, Mass. (*) Pvt. C A. (Sully) Roberds now at: 202nd A.A.T.C., Reg. Hdq. Btty., Fort Bliss, Texas (*) Erle (Joe Colloge) Korshak, studying law at U. of. I; address as follows: Tau Delta Phi, 1010 South 3rd, Champaign, Ill. (*) We hear a rumor that Fred Shroyer is married, and can be found at: 1189 Walnut St., c/o Mrs. Twogood, Berkeley, Calif. (*)

LEZ LETTERS RECEIVED FROM: (in addition to those on preceeding page, and as this is written before going to press) Sully Roberds, Mark Reinsberg, David Miller, D.B. Thompson, Elmer Perdue, Walt Liebscher, Leonard J. Moffatt, Doc Lowndes, Cy Kornbluth, Chris Mulrain, jr., Phil Schumann, Ackerman, Lou Smith, and Joe Fann. We thank you one and all, and ask for more on this issue.

GUEST LEZ-ETTES DEPT: A.L. Schwartz offers this one: (1) Art Widner, (2) Wienies, (3) Digestion. Are we to reach the conclusion that some thing doesn't agree with some one?

MILESTONES IN FAN HISTORY DEPT: This is to remind you that the Michigan Conference takes place Nov. 15th; and that the second annual (?) Boskone (Boston conference) is to be in February, 1942. What, oh what, has happened to that old favored standby, the Philadelphia Conference, held in the past each October or November?

OLIVER KING SMITH CO.

FIGHT-A-FEUD SERVICE

ASSERTED SERVICES

Are you bored with fandom? Do you long for the "good old days" when the book of parliamentary procedure was something to hurl at the opponent? Has the fan world become too safe and secure for your enemies? Do you wish to enliven the present static state of fandom a bit?

Is your name obscure? Far down the list of "most popular fans"? Do you wish to be talked of in the scandal sheets, in club meetings, wherever hoodlums gather? Would you like a coveted "inner circle" rating? Would you like to win friends and influence fans by killing off a nice "number one" fan?

Do you lack the numerical strength to call a spade whatever you think a spade should be? Dislike the face of a fellow-fan and wish to change it? Would you like to get tough with fandom and not have to worry about the consequences when your bluff is called?

Would you like to become a fuhrer of fandom? Protect it from itself?? Or have you started something you can't finish? Has your opponent stalemated your little blitzkrieg? Are you bogged down in a war of words ???

FIGHT A FEUD! LET US BE YOUR CHAMPION!

Let the OK SMITH CO. strike the first, middle and last blow for your cause! Banish uncertainty, worry, fear, literary constipation. Let us make it darker than you think for your enemies!

FEUDS: Started, Prolonged, Revived or Finished!

Our services include our strong-arm men accompanying you to meetings, standing beside you when you attack the chairman or disrupt the meeting at will; we aid you in every way to seize control of the chair. Let our storm troopers make chaos of parliamentary procedure and order! Once you have seized the chair we guarantee your keeping it! Our troopers will quell all disorders, hecklers, and false fans in attendance! Bask!

Just check your desired line of attack; we do the rest! (Opponent is:)

- () Un-American (any and all isms)
- () Dishonest (no-refund-on-fanzine-subscriptions)
- () Ignorant (in fandom less than five years)
- () Perverted (reads Amazing)
- () Old-fashioned (likes science fiction)
- () War-monger (thinks next convention should be in NYC)
- () Uncouth (starting a new fanzine)
- () False fan (you just don't like his face)

Say the word! Pay a small down payment! We stir up a hornets nest in fandom for you in short order! Disruptions of friendships a specialty!