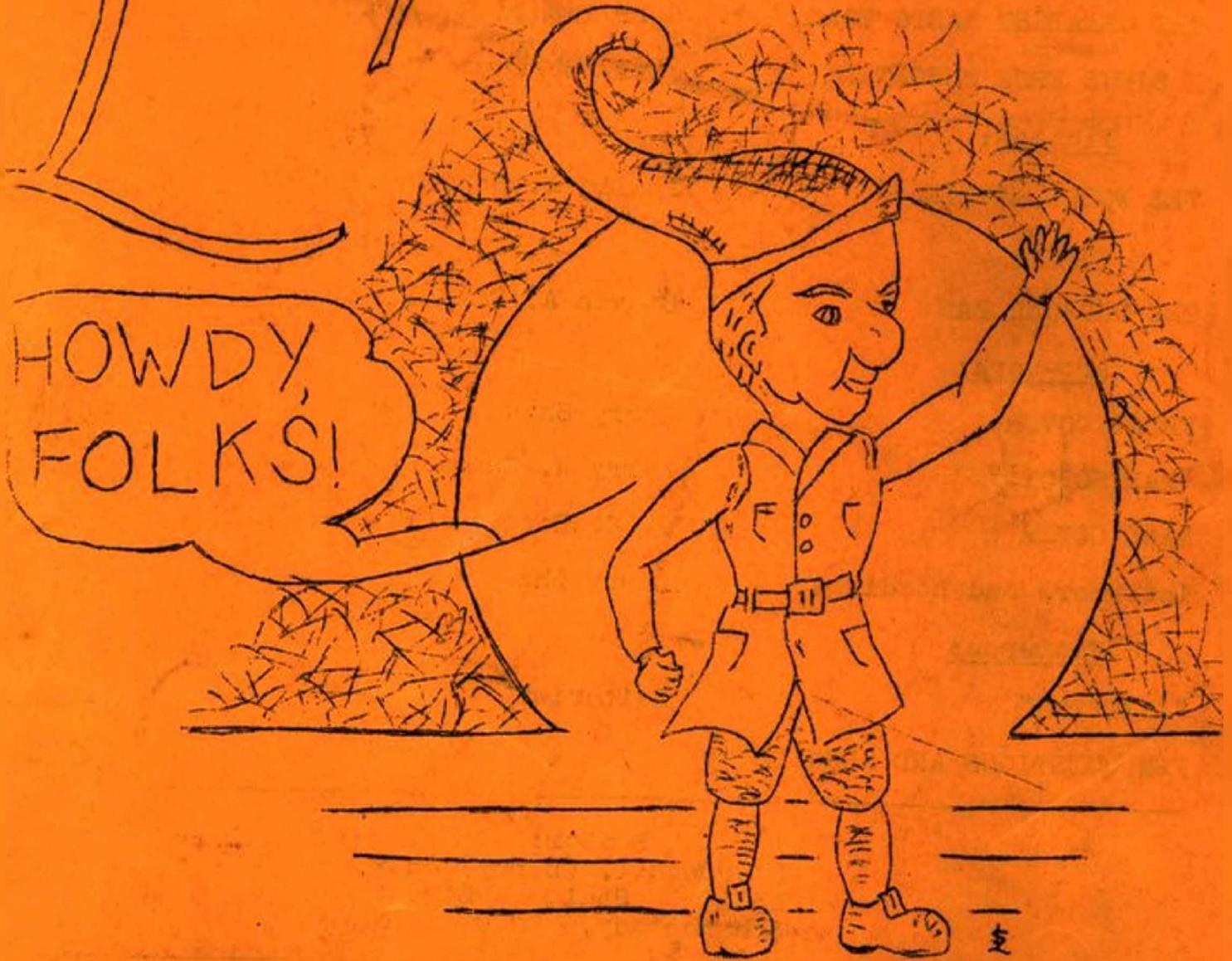


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MARCH, 1942

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FIRST ISSUE

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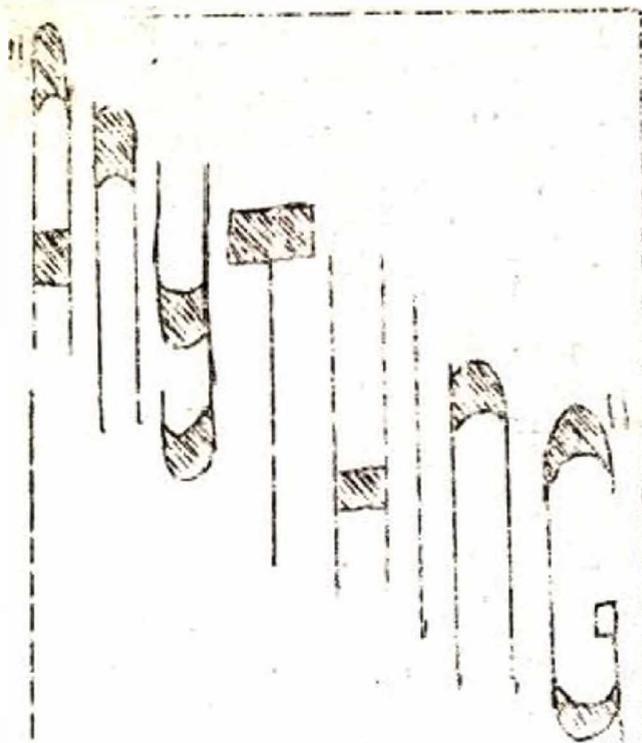
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LEPRECHAUN is published bi-monthly, on or before the first of the month. Price: 5¢ per copy, one year for 25¢. Subscriptions exchanged with other fanzines. Ad rates: Quarter page; 25¢; half page: 45¢; full page: 85¢. Smaller or larger ads on arrangement. Ads will also be exchanged. Money should be remitted via well-wrapped coins, U. S. stamps of 3¢ or smaller denominations, money order, or check made payable to the editor. Material needed: articles, fiction, poetry, art-work, etc. The only payment made for accepted material will be a free copy of the issue in which your work appears. Any opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor, except in editorially written matter. Please notify us promptly of any change in address. Letters of comment are very welcome.



In which
the editor
discusses
a number
of things
which are
of
importance
whatever...

This issue will, at best, be nothing better than mediocre. We think that the material is all pretty good; trouble is, there's so little of it. The main reason for this is the fact that we hesitated to make too many direct requests for material; we don't want to do that any more than we can help. Lack of material wasn't the only thing, though. We also lacked that stuff commonly called legal tender. As originally planned, LEPRECHAUN was to have twenty-four pages and sell for ten cents. Now it's down to fourteen pages and we have, correspondingly, cut the price in half. We couldn't possibly make any money on it anyway; we have the payments on the mimeo to meet.

By the way, if you can read this issue, it's due to the fact that it got a good duplicator while we looked at it. Paid thirty bucks for it, but we think it's worth it. Plus, if the mimooing is good, give the machine all the credit; if it's bad, we'll take the blame. It couldn't possibly be more inexperienced.

How do you like the art-work in this issue? We think we've really got something here. Has any other fanzine ever presented three entirely new artists to the fans in one issue, especially the first issue? Well, we're doing it; count on yourself! First there's G. C. Rosello. (Honochady's No. 2 fan. (Incidentally, Rosello is also a game designer; believe it or not!) He did the back cover, which we think you'll like. Then there's Harry M. Shave, another local boy. Harry isn't a sf fan, but he's an excellent artist and a very swell guy. We think his "Mad Robot!" is refreshingly different. Last, and not least, there's some stuff around here by ourselves. We're pretty sure that some of our art (?) has appeared in any other fanzine. The thing on the front cover is supposed to be a Leprechaun, but it isn't guaranteed. Because of our amateur stenciling, the reproductions of all of these aren't as good as the originals.

We're fairly certain that next issue we're going to be able to present still another new artist.

Every good fantasy fan should know what a Leprechaun is. In case someone doesn't, though; a Leprechaun is an Irish fairy, outcast from fairy society. John W. Campbell, Jr., had a swell article on them in UNKNOWN last year; look it up if you want more details.

Thanks go to Harry Schmaric, Garry de la Rue, Jr., Emil Bronson who sent us the Schumann narrative, Harry M. Shave, G. C. Rosello, and whoever sends in something to fill

page twelve. That page is still blank as we type this, and we're beginning to worry. We'll fill it with something but we don't know what at present. The honor of being the first to subscribe goes to Leonard Marlow. Thanks, Leonard, for your faith in us.

About future issues. We see no reason why we shouldn't be able to keep going for a long time to come. British fandom has been doing a fine job under the circumstances; we ought to be able to do even better over here. If it becomes necessary to drop LEF, we will, but we aren't worrying about that--yet.

We may increase in size somewhat in the future; probably not much, though. So to make LEF really worth a nickle, we'll have to improve in other ways. An obvious way is to present photos. In order to give you worth-while photos, we're going to ask your co-operation. We'd like to have the readers submit them, just as with other material. If you have a pic which you think would be of interest to other fans, and would be willing to loan us the negative, send it along, with an article telling who or what it is. The story behind the picture wouldn't have to be very long, and we'd return the negative as soon as we were through with it. We hope you'll fall in with this idea so that we'll be able to give our readers some interesting photos.

We think that something like "Fan Questions and Answers" is needed in fandom. The first installment is on page thirteen. If there's anything you want to know just write in, and we'll try to find the answer. This service should be especially helpful to new fans, but it's open to everyone, so use it all you want to.

We'd like to get somebody to do a regular column for LEF, too. Is there anyone who would be willing? Any kind of a column will be okay, as long as it's interesting.

Then we also want all the usual kinds of material. That is; articles, fiction, poetry, artwork, etc., etc. We'd like every reader to be a contributor. Don't hesitate; send something as soon as possible. You do your part, and we'll try to make LEF the leading nickle fanzine.

Getting away from LEF for a second; what do all you guys and gals think about the Pacificcon? Of the different plans proposed by the committee we favor the one of simply postponing the affair for the duration. The best feature of this plan is that it would assure a good convention after the war, when it might be hard to arrange one otherwise. We think that a con in any coastal city is out of the question right now, and transferring the affair to another city would present far too many difficulties to be practicable. Before, some fans from the East might have gotten out to Hollywood; but now, transportation difficulties will make that impossible. And I don't think that anyone would want to see all fan activities curtailed for the rest of the war. So the wisest thing to do would be to carry on with all fan activities as before just as far and as long as possible --- with small local conferences taking the place of the world convention. The vote will be taken March 15, so there won't be time for any discussion in the mag, but you have our opinion; let us hear just what you think about it.

In the future, we'll keep the editorial down to one page. We had a lot to say this time, so we used space that will be taken up after this by the letter section. Yes, at the risk of losing the good will of Harry Schmarjo, we will have a letter section. So please send in your letters of comment; we'd like to hear from each and every one of you.
.....law-shaw

THE GREATEST RADIO HOAXby
GERRY de la REE, JR.

One quiet evening in 1938, October 30th, to be exact, the most startling radio broadcast, and what has become one of the most famous, was presented by Orson Welles and his Mercury Players. Never before has one broadcast skyrocketed one man into prominence overnight, as this one did.

Welles' realistic reproduction of the H. G. Wells book, "War of the Worlds", caused more of a panic than did the recent Japanese attack on the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Not since the days of the Spanish American War, when the Spanish Fleet was reported off the coast of New England, had the people of the United States been quite so frightened.

I was among the thousands who heard that particular Halloween broadcast, and I believe that my explanation of why so many people were caught unaware of the falseness of the tale is the nearest to being correct.

The Mercury Theater went on the air at 8:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, at the same time that the Charlie McCarthy program began on another network. Many people turned to the McCarthy program and listened to Edgar Bergen and his Stooge crack jokes for the first five minutes, and then switched the dial --- to the Orson Welles program in many cases.

If this happened to be the case, they got in on it just in time to hear an interlude of dance music interrupted with a news bulletin, which sounded exceptionally realistic. It was announced that a strange meteor had landed at Grovers Mills, N. J., and a few minutes later still another bulletin came through stating that huge creatures, presumably Martians, were emerging from this strange capsule.

Before long, people had their ears glued to the radio, hearing of terrible disasters in and around New Jersey. I, for one, like thousands of others, had never read "The War of the Worlds", and this, coupled with the fact that I had just finished a copy of AMAZING STORIES, made it seem quite possible to me.

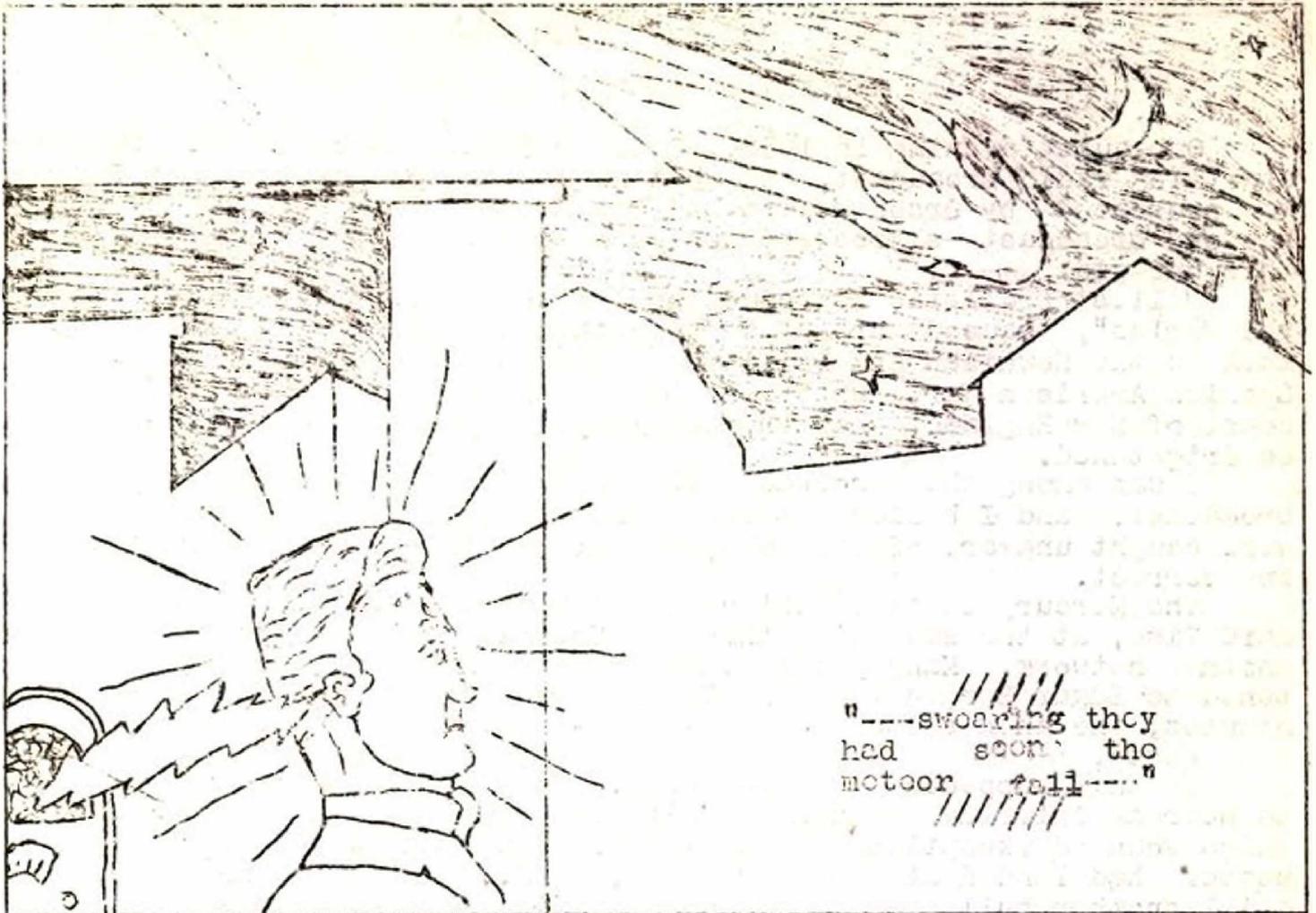
However, after turning the dial to other stations, I dismissed this idea, as all other networks were continuing with their scheduled broadcasts. A few minutes later the program was switched to Princeton University, where a professor was supposed to give his explanation of the invasion. The professor was Orson Welles, and this was the final tip-off, as far as I was concerned.

Interesting Repercussions

Hundreds of what now seem humorous incidents occurred the country over, as a result of the fantastic broadcast. In New York City fifteen people were put in hospitals, suffering from shock and nervous breakdowns. The story got the headlines in all New York papers, and the Herald Tribune even printed a reproduction of one cover from AMAZING STORIES.

The CBS studio in New York received hurried calls from people all over the Metropolitan area. "I've got two black eyes", shouted one woman. "I dashed out of the house and ran into something. I'll sue you for every last cent you've got!" The switchboard of the New York Daily News handled more than one thousand calls in the next hour and one half.

The supposedly mythical Grovers Mills turned out to be an authentic place, and the Williams farm, where the meteor was supposed to have landed, really was in existence, much to the embarrassment of Mr. Welles. Mrs. Williams was listening to the broadcast and got the shock



// // // //
 "----swearing they
 had seen the
 meteor fall----"
 // // // //

of her life, but the announcements failed to get a rise out of her husband, who called it a lot of hokey.

Hysterical calls came in from sections around Trenton and Grovers Mills, with the people swearing they had seen the meteor fall, and were being overcome with the gas! The radio company interrupted the Welles drama several times stating that the program was entirely fictitious, and Walter Winchel announced emphatically that "New Jersey was not being invaded from Mars!"

Minneapolis and St. Paul switchboards reported hundreds of calls. In Atlanta there was widespread worry that the end of the world had arrived. The Times Dispatch in Richmond, Va., reported that some of their telephone calls came from people who said they were "praying".

The Kansas City Bureau of the Associated Press received queries on the number of dead from Los Angeles; Salt Lake City; Beaumont, Texas; and St. Joseph, Mo. It finally got so bad that in New Jersey the state police put out reassuring messages on the teletype, instructing their officers what it was all about.

In Watchung, N. J., an excited policeman on desk duty -- notified by horrified citizens that a meteor had struck somewhere nearby -- sent squad cars out to look for injured. Among the flood of calls to CBS offices was one from Mayor Barlow, of Plainfield, N. J., asking that the radio station broadcast an announcement to listeners in his community that Plainfield had not been struck by the meteor.

Pleas of "What can we do? Where can we go to save ourselves?" flooded New Jersey police switchboards from Hoboken to Cape May. In Newark alone two patrolmen handled more than two thousand calls from the hysterical persons terrified by the fake news bulletins. Harrassed

(continued on page 13)

THE WORLD WITHIN

by Philip A. Schumann

It was one of those wet, rainy, April nights. Every little rain-drop represented itself as a distinct "ping" against the tin roof of the sunroom. It was a nasty night to be out in; and a faraway foghorn bleating out a mournful dirge, punctuated by the lingering notes of a dismal train whistle, did little to remove the feeling of oppression and loneliness from my spirits.

At about nine o'clock I dozed off, despite the radio's insistent blast in my ear, and the staccato chatter of rain drumming on the roof. And then I had a dream. At the time, I was addicted to reading a type of story some of us call fantasy, and even in my sleep I was pelted with thoughts of the subject, in the form of dreams. This time it resolved itself particularly about a certain author on the other side of town, whom I had been trying to summon up enough courage to visit for a fortnight or so, without success. I had never seen him, but the dream introduced him to me...and how! I don't know what might have happened next if a jangling telephone had not aroused me to wakefulness.

With a snort and a start I rose and shot a glance at the clock on the mantel as I groped my way through the room. In the half-light shed by the feeble desk lamp, the hands denoted twelve o'clock. Had I slept so long? It didn't seem so, but...when a person dreams, each sleeping minute equals a waking hour.

The late caller turned out to be an old high school side kick, Joe Sanders. He was extremely excited, even to the point of trying his best to shatter an eardrum --my eardrum. When he managed to speak coherently...

"I've got it, Paul. I've got it. Yippee!"

"Calm down, you nut. What have you got, how did you get it, and why don't you get rid of it? Is it contagious?"

"Don't be silly, Paul." The shouting ceased, though he made no effort to conceal the joyous pitch of his voice.

"I may be only a cub reporter, but I've been granted an interview with Arthur Bristol himself!" A crackle that I took to be a chuckle shook the earphone.

"You mean..."

"Yep. The old boy has finally realized that, as an author, it might not be so bad after all to have some publicity; and so...so we go to his place tomorrow."

"We?"

"Of course we. You want to see him, don't you?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Okay, then. This is your chance. The guy has never granted an interview before, and he probably never will again. You'll go as my...ah...photographer. Yeah, as my photographer. I'll call for you at ten sharp in the morning with plenty of gas in the buggy, and a camera, so don't worry about its costing you a cent. So long." He clicked off. I was glad, of course, but a little dubious of the outcome of the visit. There was that dream...

I switched off the radio and light and groped my way to the bedroom. As I climbed beneath the covers, everything of the day faded into unimportance. Sleep was the thing. The rain had stopped, but the

oghorn kept its voice, and little spheroids of water still dripped lazily from the eaves, to chatter on the tin deck adjoining the room like a thousand angry elves. Why I ever bought a house with assorted tin roofs scattered about I don't know. And so I slept.

The next morning, Friday the eleventh, dawned brighter than it had for nearly a week. My spirits rose with the sun, and I whistled my way to the kitchen, retrieved two eggs from the ice box and plunked them into a pan. In a few moments I sat down to breakfast. The gloom returned as the eggs went, and I remembered the dream as I reached for a roll. I put the roll back, having strangely lost my appetite.

The dishes washed and put away without mishap, I sat down at nine to think of what I could do with an idle hour or so. I am no different than anyone else, so that hour of idleness seemed just as long to me as it would to you. Every last drop of news was squeezed from the radio, and I guess I must have worn out at least two phonograph needles and three records. There was nothing of interest in the papers, so I started a cozy fire with them.

I was just making myself comfortable in an overstuffed chair, taking potshots at a bear rug with a cane, when the bell rang, signifying the arrival of Sandner.

"Good morning," I greeted him as he popped into the room. I didn't have to open the door for him. He opens the door with his passkey better than I do with the one that fits. I aimed the cane at him, and pulled an imaginary trigger. He couldn't see it.

"You nuts?" What a man for a reporter. No imagination, none at all.

"No, I'm not nuts, and I'm not under the weather. Let's go." I put away the cane, jammed on my hat, hoisted an umbrella, and pushed him through the door. He was slightly quizzical.

"Gee, I never saw a guy so anxious as you are to meet up with a fantasy-horror author."

"I ...well, I ...oh, come on. We're wasting time."

We packed ourselves into the car and drove off. Rather I should say slithered off, for the tires made a continuous, slushy racket as we splattered through deep pools of water, left by the shower of the night before. I've never seen the city look so downright "liquid" as it did that morning.

"You're kinda nervous today, aren't you? Maybe you should have stayed in bed, huh?"

"I tell you nothing is wrong with me. Joe, nothing at all. I...I just had a funny dream last night, that's all, and it put a little damper on my spirits."

"A dream? What kind of a dream?" So I told him.

"Well, I fell asleep a little after nine last night. I didn't dream of anything unusual for awhile, just the usual thing -- events of the day, then rocket ships, followed by future men, and all that stuff. Then a distinct view blotted out all the others. I seemed to be invisible, but still able to see all that went on around me; and around me was the mansion of Arthur Bristol. As the scene was impressed on my mind, this fellow Bristol came out of his place with a bulky little bundle sticking out of his coat where his chest should have been.

"Then the scene shifted, like dreams do. The author appeared in the office of some editor. I remember piles and piles of fat manuscripts laid one on top of the other on a desk. Bristol drew the package from within his coat, revealing a thick manuscript. It changed size and shape several times while the editor pawed it. The fellow barely loafed through the pages before calling an office boy who haul-

ed it off to the printer, to be made into a book. Then he reached into his desk, drew out a fat wad of bills, and handed them to our author friend, who stuffed them into an inner pocket. The scene changed and once again I was back at the mansion, just in time to see Bristol re-entor. Then I was inside too, and my all-seeing eyes took in a world, and totally impossible, situation. It seems, in the dream, that our author wrote all of his stories, not by means of a superb imagination, but from actual fact! His mansion was the entrance to another world, a world of terrible monsters and fiendish creatures of every size and shape, from the devil down to beasts a hundred times more revolting. And all of these alien entities were under the rule and subject to the command of our Mr. Bristol. What he told them to do, they did, and when they did it he described their actions, added a plot, and sold it as "fiction". Why he was literally surrounded by these fantastic horrors. As I remember it, he had a baby dragon instead of a dog, his meals were cooked by creatures closely resembling the modern conception of ghouls, and his household attendants -his lackoys -were represented as creatures with three eyes, and goblins, and -strangest of all -vampires!

"Of course this is all foolishness. A proof of my wandering subconscious is the fact that this world-within-a-world encompassed a broad acreage, much greater in area than the confines of his home. Indeed, such a realm might well be of another dimension, and we know that it is silly to even think of dimension-travel in reality. And yet, I've never seen such a strange and seemingly real land of dreams before. And I hope I shall never have such a nightmare again."

Joe laughed long and loud, to my intense embarrassment at first, and great relief soon after. The spirit of gloom left me, and I laughed at myself, then, as the utter absurdness of it struck me.

My story had taken some time, for here we were at our objective. A great, stone structure, blackened by time; it reminded me of the many medieval castles I had visited, via the movies. The feeble white sun was lost behind one of the towering buttresses.

"Son, you'd better lay off milkshakes and coconut cream pie, with horring for supper." Joe guffawed again as we mounted the steps to the entrance till I thought he would bring the masonry tumbling about our heads. I grinned myself, but I don't know why. I hate horring.

The great, barren oak trees in the yard, and the timeworn statues scattered about indifferently added an oery atmosphere to the place.

Sandner punched the ancient bell and turned to me.

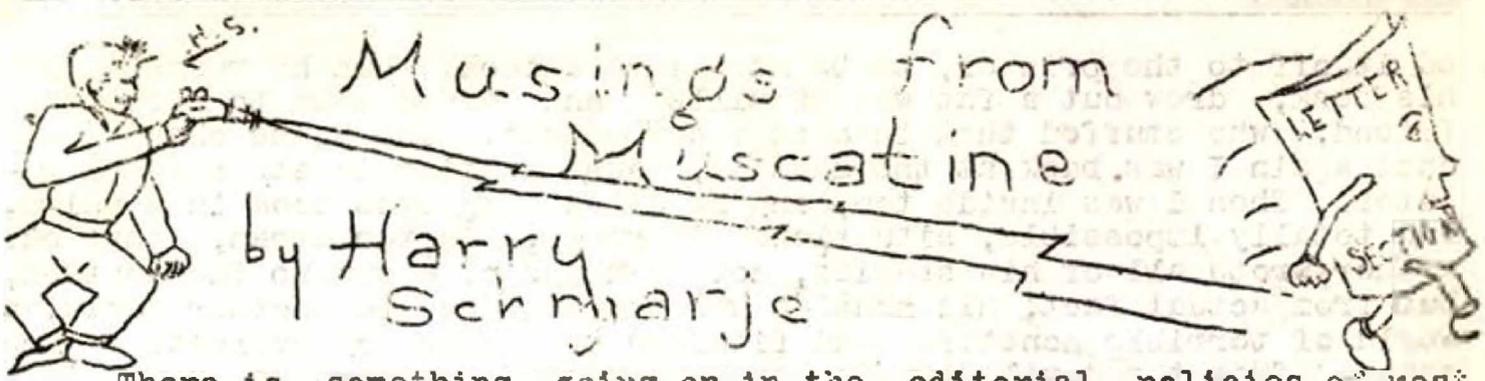
"You know, Paul, all kidding aside about this world-within-with-demons business, this is a great chance for me. This folla has never once granted an interview with the press in all the years he has been grinding out his stories. I hope that . . ."

I barely heard him, for I was fascinated as the butler swung open the massive door. You see, I had never seen a vampire in full dress before.

(the end)

.....

The next issue of LEPRECHAUN will be out about the first of May. We can't tell you what it will contain, but we ought to have some excellent material, and we can promise that there will be improvements in format, etc. We would like to hear from every reader, with comments on what you think of this issue, and suggestions as to how LEP could be improved in any way. Will you write?



Musings from
Muscatine
by Harry Schmarje

There is something going on in the editorial policies of most fanzines. I disapprove. ('I want my lawyer'.. shout Tucker and a score of other faneds.) What, you may ask in utter amazement. Imagine, a stfan being amazed. They say, Remember, the eds of these mags are, for the most part, mere lads in high school. (Can you imagine Tucker in Bloomington High School?) If there is something juvenile about the fanzines, we can be broad minded and overlook such details.' (Witness the Solaroid Club and the old Sun Spots.)

'Tripe', 'droolings', etc., are what the No. 1 Florida Excentrist would call some fanzines. However, it is not the paid material which I am speaking of, (WHAT paid material?) but it is some which you would never suspect of being unconventional and a waste of space and time.

I refer to the letter section in fanzines. (QUICK, some bicarbonate. Tucker, Shaw, and a score of other prominent fans have just passed out from the shock.) If an editor would only stop to think, (with what?) he would know that there is no justification for typing out stencils, which cost 20¢, of just readers' letters, which may be entertaining, but, unconventional.

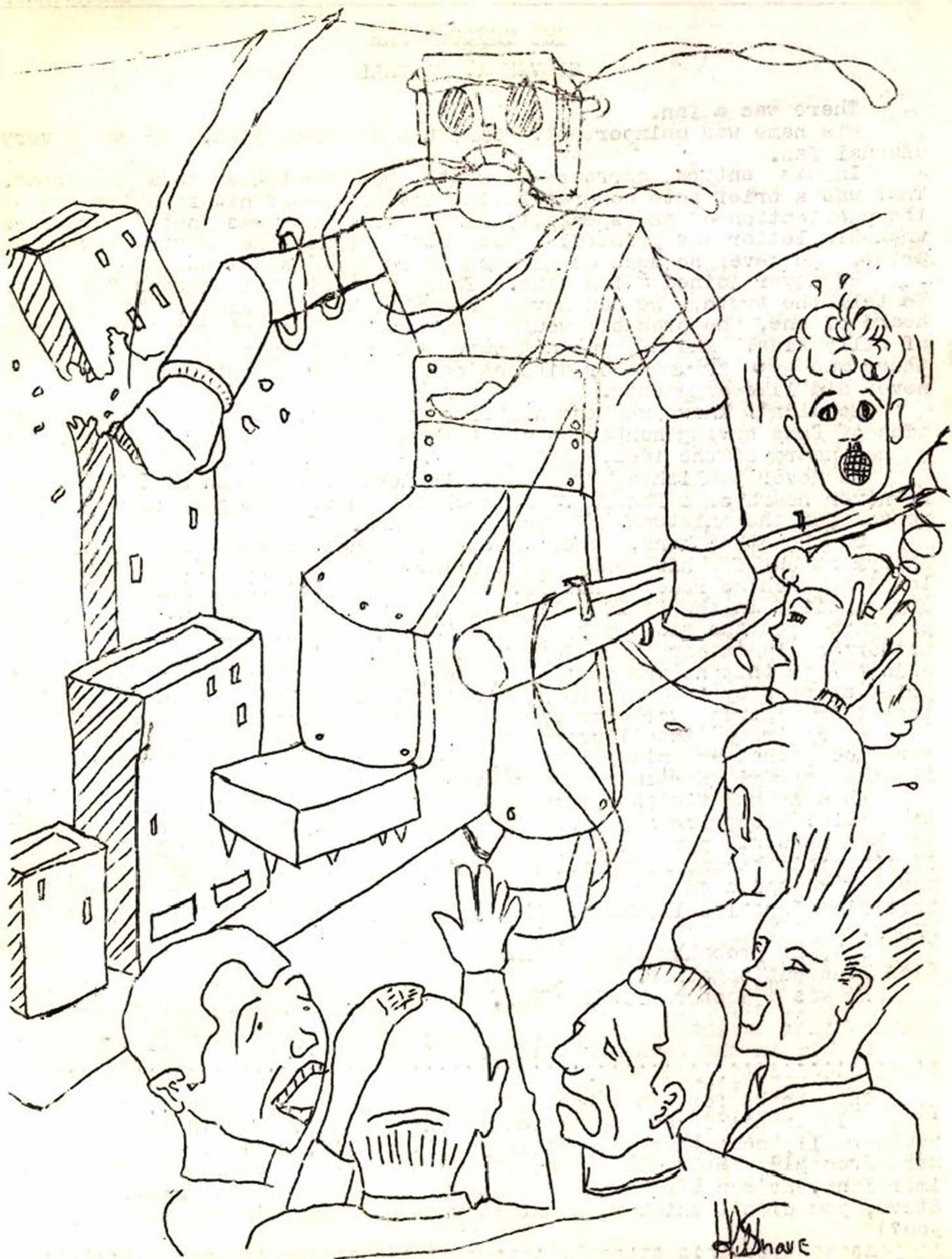
Don't get me wrong. I favor the readers' sections in pro mags, (if you read them) for these mags could stand a little comment, and have so much other material to offset these letters that it doesn't make much difference. And it also provides publicity; witness the cases of D. B. Thompson and C. Hidley. A pro mag prints letters, and I don't make cracks. But, in a fanzine...

Do comic mags have letter sections? No? Then why do fan mags? (Or just why ARE fan mags?) Of course, you see the letter section, just one page, in ESQUIRE. But it's for the more litorary minded gentloman to air his views in an Esquiroly manner. Do you see sophistication in a stf mag like AMAZING or FUTURE? By the by, how would the 500 stfans like to see stf in a slick format like the NEW YORKER, for instance? But no, instead of drooling about a slick stf mag in the roaders' sections of various stf mags, you fans just drool about how much the mag stinks, shines, or what have you?

Why doesn't Tucker do something beside just write about either, (a) himself, or, (b) someone else? What was the reason for Thompson's letter-blitz in the pro mags just a short time ago? Why didn't you see much by him in the fanzines? Why did I write the fanzines? (To get a little publicity, you dope.)

Now, don't get me wrong. You don't have to take this seriously. The letter section has a place ---in VOK. But if you don't agree with what I have said, you know what you can do. Write an article, in direct opposition with what I say. Start a foud with me. Anything. But get even. I thank you.

(the end)



THE UNUSUAL FAN
by
STEVEN A. RANDALL

There was a fan.

His name was unimportant. Call him Mortimer Fann. He was a very unusual fan.

In his entire career he wrote but one letter to a magazine. That was a brief note congratulating the editor of his favorite mag on the publication of an especially fine story. He was not surprised when his letter was printed. That was because he never saw it in print. He never so much as glanced at readers' sections.

He never joined a fan club. There were several reasons for that. To tell the truth, he had never heard of any fan clubs. If he had heard of one, he probably would have thought that it was just a gang of silly kids. And he wouldn't have liked belonging to a club where there was any argument or discussion about the stories he read. He never did like arguments.

He didn't know who the number one fan was. He didn't care. The idea of fans having numbers would have struck him as very foolish. If he had heard of the idea, that is.

He never published a fan mag. He never read a fan mag. In fact, he never heard of a fan mag. He couldn't have thought of a single reason for the existence of such a magazine.

On the other hand, there never was another fan who got as much enjoyment out of his hobby as Mortimer did. There was nothing he loved as much as reading his favorite type of fiction. He bought every magazine in the field religiously. He read and derived great pleasure from the stories by the authors he liked. If there was an author he didn't care much for, he simply didn't read his stories. He didn't feel that he was getting gypped, or that a magazine shouldn't print stories by the authors he disliked. For that matter, "disliked" is rather a strong word for Mortimer's feeling for those authors.

He regarded the illustrations only as illustrations. If they were good, that was nice; if they weren't so good, what difference did it make anyway? Mortimer didn't even know one artist from another.

When he had finished reading his magazines, he put them away in the attic. Occasionally, he liked to get them out and look back over the old issues, perhaps rereading a few especially memorable stories. If the attic became crowded, he threw some of the magazines away. He could have had a collection to be envied, if he had ever thought of acquiring a real collection. He never did, though. He was just as happy.

Yes, he probably enjoyed his hobby more than any ten Science Fiction fans put together.

He was a Western Fiction fan.

(the end)

.....

The thanks for the above piece goes to Steve Randall, of Albany N. Y. It is his first appearance in any fanzine. We didn't think he would really come through, but if you like this, we'll try to get some more from him. Steve has been reading STF a long time, but like Mortimer Fann, he's never bought a fanzine. He just borrows ~~stere~~. (Naaa, Steve, you didn't think we meant it when we said we'd put that in, did you?)

As we type this stencil, most of the mimeoing is done, and it's pretty bad in some places. Sorry, but we ARE improving, already...LS



Important Note

Pages 13 and 14 are missing from this document.

If you have copies of them or know where we could find them,
please contact us at :

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