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Vol 2 No 4

OSFAN, the voice of the Ozark Science Fiction Association, is a monthly publication, by Douglas O. Clark, 6216-Famous Avenue, St Louis, Missouri-63139 amidst the chaotic jangle of the WATCO Press. Leaving the publishers cheery, backcorner, cubbyhole (home of our beloved OSFA prexy) we ascend; quite timourously of course, to the plush offices of OSFANs editorial staff. We have residing there-in naturally, the fanzine editors; Chester Z. Malon, Jr., 4349 Forest Park, St Louis, Missouri-63108 and Sally Watson, 6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock, St Louis, Missouri-63139. All contributions to OSFAN should be directed to one of the above officers.

Should you become a member of OSFA, you will recieve OSFan free as a part of your membership along with all the priviledges due any other club member. The dues for attending members are three dollars (\$3.00) per year or one dollar (\$1.00) per quarter year. Nonattending memberships may be purchased for the sum of two dollats (\$2.00) per year. If you wish to suscribe to OSFAN the price is one dollar (\$1.60) for twelve issues or six issues for one dollar (\$1.00) for overseas suscribers. Treasurer Linda Stochl, Rt # 1, Box 89c, House Springs, Missouri-63051 will accept your money eagerly and with the pomp such visitages rightly deserve.



* * * THE NEXT MEETING * * * * * * * * * *

Our Next club meeting will be held Sunday, February 22nd, 1970 at two PM in the Science building of the Natural Museum of Science and History. Oak Knoll Park is the location of the museum in Clayton, Missouri and this is our meeting spot the last sunday of every month unless you are otherwise notified in OSFAN. Convention slides by Doc Clarke will be on exhibition on the screen hopefully of St Louis Con if a projector can be located. Try to bring along disposal receptacles should you decide to bring refreshments for yourself and or others. The park is half block north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. It can be reached via highway 40 exiting at either Big Bend North or Belleview, and then turning north.

CONVENTIONS * * * * * CONVENTIONS * * * * * CONVENTIONS * *

LUNACON- The Lunarians will host, as usual, this years Lunacon (as to which Lunacon sequentially in number is unknown by yee editors) undoubtedly one of the largest and finest regional fan conclaves in the world. This years convention will be held at the hotel Mcalpin and will take place on April 10th thru April 12th. The Guest of Honor will be the reknown and charismatic author, Larry Shaw. Frank Dietz is the conventions chairman and you may participate by sending two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) to con treasurer Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brookly, New York-11226 if you wish to join.

AGACON-70 The Southern Fandom Confederation will be sponsoring this new inroad into the regionals in Atlanta ,Georgia during the August 14th/August 16th weekend. This Rebel regional will be held at the Howell House Hotel with the First Fandom man, Sam Moskowitz , as their Guest of Honor. It seems that #Sam has been nominated to recieve this years special Rebel award. Nominati -ions for the special Agacon-70 PHOENIX awards should be sent in for the catagories of best author and best illustrator. They should be sent to Joe Celko, Box 11023, Atlanta, Georgia-30310. The hucksters rooms will be under the care and charge of Gordon Flagg, Jr. and as yet no convention chairman has been announced! Memberships are two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) to attend and one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) to support the convention and all monies should be sent to Joe Celko-address above. If you are interested in making contact with the Southern Fandom Confederation write to Glen T. Brock, Box No 10885, Atlanta, Georgia-30310

MIDWESTCON- The Ohio Science Fiction Society and Association will again sponser their annual Midwestcon regional convention for fandom during the June 25th/June 27th weekend. Lew Tabakow will be the chairman, as he has been in the past of this conclave in Cincinnati, Ohio. The motel where the convention has been held the past few years; namely the North Plaza ,is a trifle rundown and otherwise insufficient so the event will be probably

be held a a newer Motel down the street. By dropping a line to Lew Tabakow at his home address of 3953 St Johns Terr. , Cincinnati, Ohio-45236 you can get all of the pertinent data.



CON WITH NO NAME In the thriving metropolis of Peoria, Illinois for A few Sheckles Less than the usual cost the Illinois SF club will also host another new regional. The convention as yet is unnamed and will be hosted and sponsored by the university of Illinois Science Fiction Society. The chairman for this new con will be Don Blyly who will inform you of The Good, The Bad and The Gruesome facts concerning his fling. More information may be dredged from simply by wrytten to hyme at 825. W. Russell, Peoria, Illinois-61606 and warn him of your intent to possibley wanting to attend his convention. The convention will happen on July 10th/ July 12th weekend.

HEICON- the 28th World Science Fiction convention will be held this year in Heidelberg, Germany between the 21st of August and the 24th of August. If you are not already a member and wish to become a member thus receiving their program booklets, publications, and most important of all; the HUGO ballots you should join as soon as is possible for you to scrape the money together. Should you intend to vote on the HUGO's be certain that when you join you send enough extra currency to pay for having your ballots airmailed to you at your street side residence. By the time the ballots reach you via sea mail it will be too late for your vote to count in the official balloting. Cost of joining the Heicon is 20DM which you can get the foreign currency exchange rates at your local bank. If you try to send a check most of it is lost because of the fifty cents or more charge for cashing checks from this country to theirs. Mail your convention enrollment to - Mario Bosnyak, 6272 Neidernhausen, Feldbergstrasse 26A, West Germany, Europe.

MINICON-III Beginning April 3rd thru the 5th of April the Minneapolis Science Fiction Club will host their regional convention entitled Minicon-3 and will hold it at a new location this year from last years debacle. This, their third venture into regionals, will be held at the Dyckman Hotel, on sixth street between the Nicolet Mall and Hennepin Avenue. Should you wish to preregister for the conclave send two dollars (\$2.00) to Jim Young at 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota-55418. Young will chair the affair with the aid of committee members Ken Fletcher, Fred Haskell, and the club and friends. There is an Art show planned along with rooms for the various hucksters to sell their wares. The main item on the agenda is still of course, the banquet, while the rest of the program will be verily casual in its order. Guests of Honor will be Gordon Dickson and Clifford Simak and tickets for the banquet and their talks is six dollars (\$6.00) per person.

OZARKON-5 The Ozark Science Fiction Association will be holding our fifth regional convention in St Louis during the July 10th/July 12th weekend. and invite you to come party with us. Robert Schoenfeld has been elected and volunteered his inestimable services as convention chairman. When seeking information about this conclave write to Bob Schoenfeld at 9516 Minerva, Overland, Missouri-63114. Our convention committee consists as of the present of Norbert Couch, Railee Bothman, and Betty Stochl with Chester of Malonland serving as coordinator between the committee and the OSFA club. Our program with the exception of the saturday evening Banquet will be informally programmed with the main stress being put on socializing and partying, rather than tie up your free time. If there are any specific items you would like to see on the program or any changes made from last years convention I suggest you contact our leader; his honor, Robert-S.

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If you know of any regionals or conventions that were not covered or mentioned and would like the information published please send the facts and when and whatfor to either the editors or the publisher. If you have been to a convention recently send a report on same for possible publication. Art work would be muchly appreciated also. Our staff artist, Jay T. Rikosh is awfully hard to deal with.



IF YOU'RE COMING TO MY HOUSE, BRING A PARTY.

This is the story of how we got the last OSFan out.

One cold January night -- the 17th, 1970, to be precise -- several odd bodies took themselves out of St. Louis, and down to Arnold, Mo. (where?), for the purpose of printing OSFan. (Whazzat?)

And that's a hell of a long sentence. But anyway, we five -- meaning Doc, Chris Ruble, and three Watsons left town, muddled out Arnold-way, kid-napped Sherry Pogorzelski, and careened over to the Couch. House. Chris and Mike let out the dogs and let in the beasts, while Norbert was Norbert, which really isn't surprisinge.

Genie and Jon Yaffe arrived while use womens was addressing addresses. That was early on, which goes to show just how backwards we are! Doc kept insisting on introducing Jon as some Stochl or other. After a while, Jon gave up and went off in search of a beer. Chris R. persuaded Doc to fetch his bottle of Irish whiskey in from the trunk. She then began plying poor Jon with it. Between whiskey and beer, I do believe Genie must have driven home that night.

Somewhere about the beginning of "Mission Impossible," Leigh and her mother blew in. So we watched t.v., Chris typed up Molly's term paper (no, really?), Chris C., did something. And somewhere in the middle of all that, we managed to get OSFan out. That you know. You got one. Didn't you? Oh, well... But it was fun. Oh, it fun.



*****diddle*****diddle*****diddle*****

And I got a handful of filler jokes-- Wouldn't you like to hear them? No? Oh, well. That's not nice. I got them through some of the work-study kids at McGraw-Hill. You get to hear one nayway:

In England the bobbies go unarmed, save for a billie stick and a whistle. So the bobbie shousts after a fleeing suspect: "Halt, or I'll toot!"

Argh! And did you know that the dean of MIT is a scientific principal? Maybe not witty, but sneaky..yes.

And there's a whole string of one liners. Like: Did you know that a German electric car is a Volts-Wagon.

Or that electrons go to the poles to volt.

Or that some of these came from the Illinois Science Newsletter.

THE NEW YORK/NORTH JERSEY SCENE or
PEOPLE, Schmeople, WE NEED A COMPUTER TO SORT CLUBS

When Doc asked me to write a column or a piece (occasionally or regularly) on area fandom I thought I would begin by listing the local groups and their meeting places. Even with all of those I have listed I don't claim the compilation is complete, but anyhow as it is here it is :::

LUNARIANNS--Brooklyn, New York City, and Oradell, New Jersey
EASTERN Science Fiction Assoc.-- Newark, New Jersey
BRUNSFFA--New Brunswick, New Jersey
FANOCLASTS--Brooklyn, New York
FANTASY INSURGENTS-(FISTFA)--Queens, New York City, New York
HYDRA -- Manhattan, New York City, New York
F & SF SOCIETY of COLUMBIA University- Manhattan, New York City, New York
The EASTERN KINGDOM- Eastern New York State and North Jersey
OMICRON CETI III-(CO3)-Long Island Area, New York

While it is true that the Eastern Kingdom is a fringe fandom group dealing mostly medievalist society, sworddom, knightery and non fannish historical cultures it does contain a large number of local fans.

Hydra and the Fanoclasts are predominantly professional people and are attended by invitation only. This still leaves six organizations of general interest for the very fannish individuals. Brian and I attend the meetings of the Lunarians, ESFA, Brunssffa, Hydra, and The Eastern Kingdom regularly while we only have time to occasionally attend Fistfa & CO3 being rather busy with the other fannish groups.

In as much as this is supposed to be a series (at least I hope so); I'll start by taking one of these groups at a time and give a rundown of the sort of groups that attend, but mostly what type of organization it is.

The NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY=The Lunarians, Inc.

This group, the lunarians are the areas major active, informal, and soo-o-o faannish club. We have a regular business meeting on the third saturday of each and every month, followed by refreshments as needed and desired of course, while the rest of the evening is spent in socializing. Frank Dietz is the often elected president and happens to hold that position at present. Perdita Boardman is treasurer and her husband, John, is the secretary.



The meetings are fannish , about and of fandom, along with serious business when necessary, and there is a running contest to see who can creat the most outrageous motion. Equal time, effort, and energy is used in trying to creat and simultaneously recieve recognition for the worst puns amidst creating the grandest parliamentary confusion. Al Schuster has advanced so far as to get himself elected to the rather unique position of club scapegoat.

The LUNARIANS have a pun fund, but it is a little different from most such funds as will see via the peculiar way the nysfs has sit ours up. When it was proposed, the idea naturally was met with righteous outrage leading to counter motions, ammendments, and such disorder and confusion as to bring joy to the most paranoid of parlementarians. The pun fund in its final form works thusly ; 1) there is a charge of 25¢ for each pun, 2) the charge is paid, not by the punster punning, but by the originator of the pun fund motion, and 3) the makers of the motion reserve the right (financial necessity) to decide whether or not a pun has been made. Would you believe that they haven't heard or recognized a single pun since the motion was made and passed by the club. It is quite obvious that the pun fund motion of Al Schuster and Andy Porter is working ? Afterall is not their pun fame nigh well known.

Lunarians have a Christmas party every year while in the summer time we have picnis occassionally and of course all of these events are announced well in advance so that everyone can plan adaquately. Anyone can come to the meetings as a guest of one whom is already a member although exception would be probably be made in special cases. If you are in the area and you don't know anyone in the area, just contact Brian and I, and our address is easily gotten from Doc, yon bearded one. We are also in the phone directory if you recall that we live in Parsippany, New Jersey. Our meetings are alternated between the home of the Boardnans, John and Perdita, and that of Ann and Frank Dietz in Oradell.

The Lunarians also put on the biggest regional this side of the Westercon which everyone knows is held out in never-neverland of ole California. This year Frank Dietz is our convention chairman, Ted White is the progra program chairman, and Brian is the convention manager respectively. In charge of finances and elected as treasurer is Devra Langsam to whom your coins should be sent when you preregister for the convention. To join the con thusly mail \$2.50 to Devra at 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn , New York-11226 and she will send you your membership packets. The guest of Honor will be Larry Shaw of course and the convention will be held at the Hotel McAlpin which is the typical fanconclave hotel. We would dearly love to have you attend and hope that when and if you do you pop in and say -GROK. Until next time I sigh off;

SHERNA BURLEY

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PARTY-OSFA

CARD and BILLIARDS PARTY

On the second saturday of the month of March there will be a billiards, poker, and pinochle party at the home of the Stochls in House Springs, Missouri. There house is just a little ways past High Ridge on the left side of the road on highway 30. It will start hopefully at about 4:00 PM in the afternoon. Bring some refreshments the same as you would as if it were a club picnic. This is in addition to our meeting the last sunday of the month. It will be discussed at the next meeting.



PARTY



Leaving the Vincent Van Gogh art exhibit at the city art museum Sherry Pogorzelski, Marsha Allen, and myself made our way back to the car to attend the OSFA meeting. The wind had risen greatly in velocity since the time we had arrived, giving evidence to the storm in would bristle in with much later that evening. At the moment during the present time it was just a strong breeze on a balmy, vaguely chilly day sending hats, hair, and skirts aswirling. This gave our bearded and leering president chance to oogle the many nylon clad shapely legs of the girls in the area. Admittedly, none of those about were as shapely nor drew the rapt attention as did the beautiful stems of Marsha and Sherry. The miniskirted attire of the two ladies amply displayed their lovely legs without distracting from the total picture stylish attractiveness each girl presented to the world around her.

Starting the Chev the three of us struggled thru the vast assemblage to escape the park along with the others leaving the museum. We headed for Oak Knoll where the dinosaurs lurk and to attend the Ozark SF club meeting. The crowds slowed our egress considerably so that we knew we would be rather late for the meeting. The squirrels and pigeons seemed to be searching for someone and at our query they mentioned something called a Chester. Finally arriving at the parking lot with the resentful eyes of Tyrannosaurus Rex glaring down at us we quickly checked out a couple screwdrivers from the storehouse of Loki's trunk. He seemed to resent the usurption of us mammals of his former domain. Braced for the lugging of supplies and to face our cohorts we locked up the car. Marsha carted in the films and cords, Sherry the popcorn and OSFA records while I carried the projector in. Somehow we also managed to transport our drinks into the building also.

THE LAST MEETING January 25th, 1970 at about 2:30 PM we ascended to the third floor where the other members were awaiting our arrival under the leadership of vice president Betty Stochl in charge until my arrival. Those in attendance anticipating my arrival with several beauteous damsels was leering Jon Stochl, the pool shark. Betty, his beauteous mother and club VP told us that her daughter Linda, the clubs treasurer and coin clutcher wouldn't be here for this meeting. The bewitching doll was out helping some rabbit fix its watch so that it could make a hat party, and trying to clue the nymph as to how she could teach pigeons to be more accurate in their bombings. Representing St Louis comic fandom and to report on the further antics of Jim Theis were Bob Liebert and Walter Stumper. It seems Jim couldn't make this meeting because of a viscious headache from pounding his head against the wall at being to inebriated to have seen Shirley and Ginger at their most uncovered and alluring best. He had a chance to see said girls in their less than full an adequate plumage and passed out at a most inoportune time, at the last osfa party.

With pen, pencil, and notebook, Railee Bothman was secretarizing the meeting taking copius notes to read at the next club meeting sortee. Her daughter Stephonie was leading/following Molly Watson about the museum each explaining/ learning the innards of the science world and the boys at their respective schools. Bob McCormick was spinning yarns and tales of gayety into the ears of Donn Brazier and Joe Butler who appeared to be relieved at my appearance promising other forms of entertainment. Bob is a good punster, but one can stand only so many soul wrenching puns. Joe was finally able to dig his way out from under the snow and girl friends to finally attend another OSFA meeting. Sue Watson reported that because of baabysitting chores neither Carolyn Smith nor Magnolia Brewer could enchant our club with the prescence of their beauty, wit and charm. Needless to say we were all quite a bit disapointed at their inability to make it to this meeting.

A quick survey of the room which was brought to a pleasant halt as mine eyes stumbled over, wrapped around and seized (which isn't easy for a pair of eyes) the all too lovely legs of Genie Yaffe. While envying her lucky husband Jon, I sauntered up, rakeishly, and gave her a very cherry welcome. The lady has legs that a leg leerer and stem starrer like myself find most pleasurable and enjoyable to glom in all their excellence. I is so happy to have 20/20 vision and a reputation as a lecher so that such oogling is not condemned by me. Turning toward the projector stand one of the chairs chose that moment to tackle and trip me while the extension cord simultaneously tried to strangle me. Some bloody fool said I wouldn't have such troubles if I'd watch where I was going. I just hate smart alecks.

I was quickly occupied setting up my projector and seeing the film was readying for viewing. I then conferred with the officers of the club, Betty and Railee and Sally verifying the up to dateness of the clubs roster and other records. Feeling ignored which us Leprechaun folk can't abide I looked about to see who else was in attendance. It was with great pleasure that I noticed at this time that one of my wives was there, namely the beauty the collector of odd shapes, dear sweet Sally Watson. I had talked to her earlier but had overlooked the fact since she was so quiet due to her great illness.

WHAT
DOES
THIS
COSTUME
HAVE
TO DO
WITH
TRIPOLI?



It seems that the Watson clan had brought Sally from her pneumonia ward where she was in a life and death struggle with all the flu germs galore. I quickly dashed over to her worried about the exposure the trip here made made to her health, but she seemed okay if just whipped down from her valiant fight. My other wife, Christina Ruble was in the big city of New York where she was exhibiting her naivete and innocence to them. Brooklynnaire Arnie Katz she says was kind enough to spend time showing her the town. She got to see my x-home; "Brooklyn, ah Brooklyn, sweet land of Quagmiry, I love yah." Chris also says she got to meet that goddess of beauty- Judi Sephton.

Since the weather was very balmy a fire was not required so our fire mistress, the fiery Marsha Allen, keeper of the flames had been excused from this duty. The prexy called the meeting to order, asked for a report on the Ozarkon V and from the back a rude voice yelled "If yah'd get your mind off the babes a minute you'd see Bob wasn't here Doc dear", in a sweetly caustic chant. I asked for a treasury report looking around for Linda, the sexy one, but she was out brewing tea for an hare and hatters ball. She did send a message though from John the glowering one, "PAY YOUR DUES, Renew Yore Subscriptions, and send us your change of

adress," sez he. Needless to say such a cute little bunny as the clubs banker was dearly missed by yours truly and the others as well I'm sure. In her stead vice prexy Betty collected some dues and reported the treasury stands at the grand total of \$120.60 as there was a ten dollar mistake in my addition and printing last issue.

I took this opportunity to introduce everyone present to the club body each individually just in case someone there didn't know someone present. I then authorized the exchange and trading of collaterals and books amongst the membership and while they were this I tripped over a lurking chair enroute to do some close quarter oogling. Blankety blank chairs. Keeping a sharp eye on the captilists as soon as they had finished, conducted their business I stood and called the official portion of the meeting adjourned, so that the more important socializing could set in.

At this time while the others were preoccupied I went to the projector and placed the 8mm movie into the proper adjustments ready from my angle for viewing by the audience. The film was the Charlie Chaplin film "The Floor-walker" which is one of his most famous and also one of the best of his films. His brother was also in this flick and I took this time to quell a mild rebellion in the ranks against being shown a slapstick comedy. I had the mob silenced, positioned and started showing the film letting it be its own lecture against their protests. It is great for showing the difference that there is between slapstick and silent comedy. When I lived in Chicago I had a collection of some forty odd silent comedy films all of which were stolen except for the two which I still own. Much to my satisfaction after much laughter, titters, giggles, and guffaws, during the film all admitted I was right at the conclusion of the movie. They all cried for more which I don't own or have access to.

It was a pleasure to introduce some people to the pleasure that they had missed and yet could find by trying and going to see some of the old movies when they are shown about town. Because it was made many years hence does not make it a bad or outdated movie. Comedy stands up well with age. If anyone out there knows where we might borrow or attain more 8mm silent comedy flicks please contact one of this zines or the clubs officials. At times this is a bitter and caustic and cruel world we live in and laughter is the only thing that makes it at all palatable.

After I had rewind the film into the proper cannisters and put up the projector Sue Watson had me make an announcement inviting the entire membership there at the meeting over to her house for supper that night. All liked the idea of a speghetti feed and the lengthening of the fan day for yet more socializing, but unfortunately most had other appointments and/or dates Joe Butler introduced the game of Tripoli with the Brazier, a lovely living Pogorzelski and others jumping into the fray for a game of chance. After several rounds of close grips while Marsh officiated sitting with legs crossed to distract the fellas, Sherry was able to emerge the winner. Tis understandable, if you had a chance to keep your eyes on cards or to sneak a peak at lithe and lovely limbs just which do you think the fella's in the game were doing. While this was going on I was using the mistletoe from last months meeting with the various girls present when Genie said she had to leave early. Seems she had to go home and see about hubby Jon, baby and then go and be the best looking gal at a local cocktail party. I must say to myself and to fandom at large. We sure do have our share of beautiful gals fandomwise in St Louis here. Some may discribe it as the graveyard of fandom, but I've yet to see yet a bone bin with such attractive bodies still live abd curvy into it.

About this time some character on the staff or working for the museum comes running up and yelling " Doctor Clark wanted on the phone, is there a doctor Clark here, he's wanted badly on the phone," he said-frantically. I went to answer this summons with many a rude and and crude crack about my abilities as a doctor from the membership as I departed there quarters. I was a trifle nervous, not sure I should answer. There was going thru my mind images of my self being rushed to a hospital, dragged into an operating room, swathed in surgical gear and ready to carve on some poor soul protesting all the while that they had the wrong doctor. The only one I can think of unlucky enough to be stuck accidentally with such a surgeon would be a couple victims of collected misfortune I know, are Fred Phillips, Dick Tatge or the Chester of Malonland.

It was with no little relief and some anger and frustration that I discover it was the OSFAN editor on the line. Chet called to tell me how a cub had ambushed his car nipping the A-frame as it passed the abutement. The 19th century relic he drives was sent reeling drunkenly to an aid service station in dire shape. I told him the curb should of been stoned for its inhuman injudicious behavior which made him groan " he puns at a time like this" for some reason. I suggested he have his A-frame and the Curb checked to see if either had a rabid condition or if the curbs walk was cracked to account for its behavior. More moans issued from the phone so I suggested he walk thru the park to the meeting and I'd drive him home. He said he couldn't because he suspected the sidewalks were in an alliance with Pigeons of America and United puddles to do him in. Admittedly there are thousands of pigeons lurking in the park just waiting to vent their anger and other things on Chesters head. He says it is a statue offence, or something similiar.

It seems also that Kathy (you remember the faery princess from last issue) was down ill with pneumonia type flu doing homage to the Ghod of the homehearth, Boobtube trapping her in the muck and mire of Funkdom. Looney landlords and lurking pigeons at least couldn't reach her from her present depths of depression. It isn't easy to bear the responsibility of the death and distruction of one that you hold dearer than life itself. It puts a ryder on ones soul that no amout of sherry or nectar can relieve the pain of. While I was gone those upstairs were carrying on with there games of chance and wild conversations on fandom and fans in general. I agreed to the Malons demands editorialwise for more matieral, and went bak to the meeting. All laughed when I said who it was and the imps declined to let me operate on them.

A discussion took place on the benefit of larger cons versus smaller ones and which we preferred. The latter are more intimate and you get to know the people more including the smaller number of eminent per of personages there. The larger cons though usually have costume shows where the girls can and usually do take delight in see who can cover the most with the least. I hope that Ginger can make the next world con as there will be many an appreciative eye having seen the costume she intends to wear. Thts the next con in this country that is. Her costume consists of an egyptian motiffed G-string sah to the ankle front and rear with a snake like head band and body makeup to highlight her best points and cover any scars. I inquired and she said there were a couple girls at St Louis Con who went bare breasted so why couldn't she even if the girls who did, didn't do so in the costume or for the photographers. I asked if she would for pictures and she was very r reluctant and hesitant about answering. I told Betty that Linda or to try a costume at the next con of a belly dance r to go along with the dances she did at our last party. A big hit it would be I am sure.

At this time Betty announced or rather informed me quietly that she had to leave as she had supper half prepared along with an angry hungry husband waiting at home and would have to forego the feed at the Watsons. Hunger and the thought of food was coming foremost to the minds of the rest of us so we decided to bring the meeting to a conclusion. We eliminated all record of our visitation to the room and loaded up gear and records trundling out to the various cars to go our respective routes. As Marsha had homework on books and bubbles to do I was happy the Bob Mc agreed to deliver her home for me. Sherry and I made our way to the nearly white car, stained by the other road monsters and wended our way to the Watsons. Have I told you that Sherry is an attractive gal with leerable limbs, well in case I haven't she surely is and I did.

While the girls were in the process of preparing the repast and feast I was busy comparing their strong points and composing the next issue of OSFAN in my mind. Most of all I was rehearsing my prolonged and frustrating argument to use on house artist Rikosh who is a thousand year old cantankerly old ogre. Finally a meal of Olypian splendor was put upon the table and we partook of it with great relish, with Sherry and I doing our share to make up for the absence of those who could not make the dinner. OSFA members have a definite avarice for edibles which fact continues to amaze Sue, almost as much as as the amount of food hungry fans can consume. It has once been said that every fan is half reader and half stomach. Also the Watsons as a group and singly are rather delicate eaters rarely consuming much at any one time. Sally did most of the cooking, an ability of which she is unique and delicious cook and her repasts are also delicious. Her cooking is quite grunch-able.

were present to correct yarnspreader, sorters it Sue and I discussed been working on for

A debate sprang j should be taken for other things and I was used as a model. The fore during this so that became a tussling, pawing sessions as we vital statistics. It I was outnumbered three tape ribbons along with As a result anyhow let damsels in question are as all tree nymphs and

With this vigorous settled down to desert followed by the imbibing We added orange juice to good feelings from the unfriendly weather outside. Another OSFA day was drawing to a close as I went out to awaken and warm up ole Loki fro his trip.



After the meal dear Sherry brought out her knitting conferring with the other nitpickers that her errors. While these and weavers were hard at a book of Horror she had months on end.

up as to how measurements knitting sweaters and offered, suggested as and devil in me sprung to the the measurement sessions tickling, wrestling and garnered each others wasn't easy on my part as to one in the exchange of the girls were unwilling. me assure that the quite deffinitely built sirens should be.

ordeal out of the way we and a cooling off process of Russian spirit fluids. proteact our health and

We loaded up the gear into the Chev and then at the sight of Sherry the greenhouse nymph of Arnold he seemed rather reluctant realizing that there was a trip to hilltop facing him again. We smiled and patted the old Chev, and basking under such treatment he raced his engine and we started back to the realm wherein the Pogorzelski's dwell. The sharpness of the air as the night had turned cold from the days balminess reminded Loki of his homeland and he raced thru the trip like a young streak. Thus the trip was all too short before we were on her doorstep and about to leave the blonde beautiful behind for the empty trip home. We chatted and then exchanged our sighs, goodbyes, another fannish day had ended and she went in and I went cityward. Pogorzelski the procrastinator, the imp, the beauty, not to be seen till next time. I wended my way home, removed my shoes and settled back to read a good SF story prior to sacking out.

The phone rang and with reluctance I answered smiling as the all to sweet voice of Shirley rang out clearly over the earpiece. She wanted to know if I wanted to come out to a party with her and several others and I mumbled under my breath about nuts calling in the middle of the night inviting you out to a party when you've been partying already and worn out. I had just survived another OSFA Sunday so I did what any sensible person would do under the circumstances. As I started to hang up thoughts of how lovely, and shapely and friendly and affectionately the widowed Mrs Claymont were; hmmm, Oh well that another story and another time. See you next issue.

* * * * *

GLORY AND ALL IT'S DRUBBERY
by Rose Marie Green

When Doug offered me a position as a correspondent for deep south fandom, I said; "My sweet Leprechaun, you are indeed asking for grave troubles when even thinking of choosing one such as me for such a position of authority. I'll explain myself first, I'm, a lousy writer combined with a lousier speller, second- I'm not of age being fourteen with fifteenth coming up next month, and third- I don't know that much about southern fandom," which protests to no avail here is my report.

Generally speaking, what I know of is what goes on around here and around New Orleans, Louisiana where a friend of mine; one Vern Petrice lives. Keith Laumer lives over on the east coast and so does the infamous Piers Anthony. Banks MeBane lives about 15 miles from us and this weekend of January 31st/Feb 1st is having several writers and fan friends down for a little informal get together. Daddy (The not-so-well-known Joseph L. Green, or Joe Green, or J.L.Green), Joseph Green, is one of those invited and we are going to the confab at Banks place with some people from St Louis being down here for the affair also. Couches, Hi!

Andre Norton lives fifty miles from us in Orlando or more accurately in Maitland, but she seldom steps out of her comfortable little house there. And just in case you don't know already (From the dear bearded BEM O'mine) I live fifteenth miles from the Cape (Kenney) and so step out in my backyard to watch the rocket shots. We only miss them when we are out of town or if it is raining, murky and very foggy. The importance of this is that for the last two moon shots we have entertained such noble greats as Robert A. Heinlein, Auther C. Clarke, Ed Emsch, Judy-Lyn Benjamin, Dave Kyle and some not-so-greats like Donald Walsh, Jr. and other lesser knowns.

We also had a visit from John W. Campbell, but not for a moonshot, just to spend time with daddy and the family. Edmund Hamilton and Leigh Brackett were also here for a moon shot and launch; quite an impressive list and I have been quite impressed. All were very nice people, some most fascinating to meet, and I hope to attend a World Convention and meet them again, something like St Louis Con was. At any rate, in all its glory and all its druberry, there you have my southern fandom report. My blessings on you, Doc, and your readership and I am very sorry I missed the convention in St Louis at the Chase Funk Plaza.

Love Rose.

* * * * *

COLLECTORS-- Contact Stans Weekly express at 4324 St Johns Avenue, Dayton, Ohio -45406 for a weekly quality publication on comic and prozines that available in their ads. Subscriptions are one dollar and if your even the most minute of a collector it is well worth the expense. Further if you have club news or other fannish news send it to their news columnist Richard D. Garrison at 394 Daniel Street, Lindenhurst, New York-11757. Osfan would also appreciate any news sent our way.

* * * * *

ANTHOLOGIST SEEKS HELP

George W. Earley writes from 9 Hiram Lane, Bloomfield, Connecticut 06002. Help, anthologist seeks authors. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of or agents for Phyllis Sterling Smith # (who used to write for Galaxy) or where Mprton Klass (who used to write for Astounding) is requested to contact George W. Earley at the above address.

He thanjs us for the fun had at labouring day and says Ray I have some glossy photos of the convention if you can use them for the next or other issue of ODD and when will we see another issue ?

* * * * *

OSFA and OSFAN and local fandom offer the condolences to Lester Del Ray on the unforunate demise of his wife Evelyn in an unforunate car accident enroute to the affair at Banks MeBane. The Pohls were also in the car, but from all accounts were unharmed. As Lester has just recently came out the hospital it would be deeply appreciated by his many friends if no one bother him in his grief at this time. Our sympathy is sincerely offered.

* * * * *

NFFF STORY CONTEST It has been learned by your editor that the rekown Danny Plachta has been chosen and voluntered his services as the judge of the fiction contest of the Nation Fantasy Fan Federation. For information contact Sandra Deckinger ,25 Manor Drive, Apt 12J, Newark, New Jersey-07106

* * * * *

HEARD FROM and thanks: Flo & Bruce Newrock, Mark Owings, Buck Coulson, Riker Pylemansky, Iris Manningham, Lewis Stallings, The Toronto SF Club, Claire Toynbee, Leone E. Taylor, complaint manager Ron W. Whittington and his Bourbon frkend, Mrs Ann Wilson, Dick Tatge, Geoge White-ArchBastard of Missouri, IBOB, Don & Grace Lundry, Judi B. Sephton, and a few others. If I overlooked your name your indulgence is asked. Than k you.

BRITISH FANDOM NEWS %

by Rosemary Nicholls & Darroll Pardoe

The main Topic of concern to British Fandom at the moment is what the arrangements will be for this years Easter convention, or even more to the point whether and if indeed there will be a convention at all. There has been very little heard from those organizing of the affair for several months. There have been np hotel booking arrangements circulated sent out to the fan groups. Usually the hotel placements and bookings have been made prior to Christmas. The convention this year is being handled by a group with other interests outside of fandom and they have some new and interesting ideas which they wish to innovate at this con.

Some of the ideas proposed thus far are panels on scientific-sociology and sociological concepts concerning future society. A scientologist for a guset speaker is another idea suggested. There will be the usual costume ball which I shall attend in costume and hopefully will get Darroll to do likewise. The annual convention is a most important portion of the British fans year and it would terrible if it wouldn't take place. Maybe by the time that you read this all will be righted and ready and we will be on our way to the convention and report on same in future columns. The con is supposed to be held this year in London on the last weekend of March during the Easter weekend.

The British version of the Tolkien Society is very slowly beginning to take form. A committee was elected a week or two ago and it is planned to have a meeting at the con if and when the con takes place , of course. Bram Stokes has opened his bookshop and things are going quite nicely. He got permission from Ray Bradbury who seemed quite pleased at the idea of using his title for the shops name. Bram calls his bokstore, "Dark They Were And Golden Eyed," from the RB book of the same name. Bram is an old friend and introduced me to fandom.

In last months column I made a slight error in saying that Mary Reed and Chas Legg were to get married in August. They do intend to get Wed this year, but as of this moment haven't set the final date. It will be in the later part of the year. It was a nice surprize when they (Mary and Chas) dropped in for a visit a couple Sundays past along with Keith and Jill Bridges, two other fen from Hertfordshire. As it was a weekend Darroll was here and they dropped in after visiting Mary's mum earlier in the day. There isn't any more news on the Martin Pitt wedding plans as yet so the red tape between her Czech government and ours must be fouling things up.

Darroll attended the meeting at the Globe Public house where the fans meet the first thusday of each month hoping to get more information on the convention. There are at a big a bewilderment as the rest of us over the when and where of the convention. Oh Yes, Seagull is well advanced so my moves to Chelmsford and then London and the wedding won't interfere to much with the S/G schedule. By the by; if your in London at the beginning of any month do drop into the globe as I'm sure they love to hear from fans from the United States. Will breze off for this issue wishing all of you well-- Peace.



Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page. It includes the word "FAN DOM!" in large, stylized letters, followed by "FANS U-H" and "H-E-L-". There are also some scribbles and a small drawing of a cloud or smoke.

MARCH OSFA MEETING- - - -MARCH OSFA MEETING

Due to the Easter weekend the OSFA meeting has been moved from the last Sunday in March to the second from last Sunday. The March OSFA meeting will be Sunday March 22nd at 2:00PM at the Oak Knoll Park Museum of Science and Natural History. Directions to the park are covered earlier in the issue.

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PARTY Number Two for March.

PARTY OSFA PRINTING PARTY

On Saturday March 21st there will be a print OSFAN and get acquainted party at the home of the Couches in Arnold, Missouri. The party will be at 6:30 PM to & 7:00 PM and all will be welcome if they call first from which they will receive directions to the Couch land. Call Leigh or Norbert Couch at 29 679 29 or call yee publisher Doc Clarke at 647 0017 for directions and details. There will be a little work of collating and stamping asked of all there, with the rest of the time partying. Please do call ahead first though we ask yee.

* * * * *

BOSKONE 7

The New England SF Association will be sponsoring their regional convention next month on the weekend of March 27-29. The place is the Statler Hilton. Guest of Honor at this conclave is Hugo winner Gordon Dickson. Goodies planned include films, hucksters room, art show, a debate on the earth-shaking topic: "Isaac Asimov Should Write Science Fiction" with Ben Bova and Fred Lerner vs. X Isaac Asimov and Elliot Shorter, also presentation of the E. E. Smith Memorial Award. On Saturday morning will be Second Annual Conference on the Bibliography of Science Fiction (Anybody interested in this write to Fred Lerner, 95 College Hill Road, Clinton, NY., 13323) Registration for the con is two dollars (\$2.00) in advance and three dollars (\$3.00) at the door. For more information write to Boskone 7, New England Science Fiction Association, Inc., Box G. MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139.

* * * * *

A query to English fandom? Last week on a major TV network on Prime Time TV news program they covered the adventures of a schoolteacher in a London suburb. It seems that she went to work to teach in her new boots and was sent home after only a half days remarks from her student and the others at the school. It seems that all the fair damsel wore was her boots and was sans clothing for the rest. Well, our question, did it really happen and was she a looker?

* * * * *

Hi, it's me again. Chester's not here. He's pinned to the top of the ceiling. we're arranging to get him down. Like maybe hire the Goodyear blimp. I'm sitting here, typing, filling up space. Hard to do when all the space is in my head. Chester, whenever he comes away from the mightybluefunk, maybe he'll do that review column. Like he was going to for this issue.

* * * * *

FANDOM CALENDAR

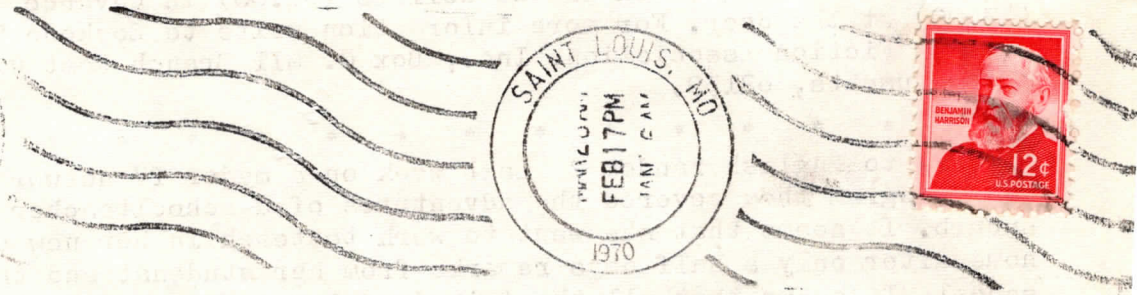
The DC Washinton in 1974 Committee has produced a fanish calendar, of fan birthdays, club meetings, conventions of the entire country with superb art work. If interested contact Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Dr., Baltimore, Maryland-21212 and the price per calendar is one dollar (\$1.00) and well worth it. Invest in a bunch as a club.



MUCH TO OUR REGRET WE FIND THAT
YOUR MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED.
WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU RENEW, RETURN. YOU
WILL BE MISSED.



75 70



THE OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
c/o Chester Q. Malen, Jr.
4349 Forest Park
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