

TLMA

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RICHARD BERGERON

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EDITOR Lynn A. Hickman
CO-EDITOR Carole Hickman
~~ASSOCIATE~~ EDITOR Wilkie Conner
ART EDITOR Arden Cray

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Cover by RICHARD BERGERON

Illustrations by LACH

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Konner's Korner



WILKIE CONNER

This Korner has been absent from the last two issues of your favorite fanzine because I was too lazy to get it to the editor in time for him to use it so he had to go to press without it. So you can blame my laziness for the two GOOD issues of TLMA you've had!

Before so very long, the convention will be upon us. In just a few more days, sfantics will overrun the Windy City and there will be more hot air flying than even the Democrats and Republicans managed to whip up in their recent conventions in Chicago. This Korner will not be present in person, but the spirit will be there. Another great fan will be there, though: Walt Willis. And there is a possibility that Manly Banister will attend, though at this writing, that issue is in doubt.

Robert A. Madle, 1366 E. Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia 25, Pa., recently dropped in on me for a chat. If you've read "The Immortal Storm," or if you're old enough to remember fandom of the '30's, you have heard of Madle. He used to be a really big-name in fandom. The guy is a walking history of science fiction and fandom. He can name names and places and dates of interest to fandom almost as fast as he can talk. I envy his remarkable memory. I mentioned an obscure writer who once corresponded with me and who used to write an occasional piece for Weird Tales. I used the writer's first name. Immediately, he reminded me that when that writer wrote for Weird Tales, he used only his initial and last name. Few people would have even remembered the writer, let alone that he didn't use his full name! Madle started out to be a writer, but fanning was so much fun that he shoved writing to the back ground. However, he is beginning to feel the writing urge again and recently sold an article to Bob Lowndes for one of his books. It was really nice to have Bob drop in and I am eagerly looking forward to seeing him again next Summer when he will again visit me. (He visits his wife's parents in Charlotte each Summer.)

Speaking of visitors, the welcome mat at 1514 Poston Circle is always out to fans and ex-fans and those who want to be fans. I'll offer you plenty of Southern Hospitality and good fellowship, but you'll have to bring your own beer. This county is "bone" dry---no bars, no taverns---nothing you can use to slack your thirst with except coffee or Coke. Or, in emergencies, you might use water.

If you happen to be in New York City and want to find out the names of Little Monsters in Gotham, and discover that you don't have a list handy, don't worry. The New York Public Library has a file on TLMA...so you can just drop in and look up a copy.

News from the grape vine: Weird Tales might become a companion fantasy mag to Galaxy. Rumor has it that Gold has been dickering with Short Stories Publishing Co., who own WT, for rights to use the title of this famous old book. This would doubtless cause John W. Campbell, Jr., to start things moving toward reissuing UNKNOWN...and then we would have some truly magnificent literature once again.

While watching the Republican National Convention on TV, I heard something that caused me to listen as well as look. Speaker Joe Martin, the permanent chairman, said, "We are standing on the threshold of a new frontier...the time is near when the conquest of space will not merely be a dream of science fiction." He paused to let his words sink in, then: "I am telling you that the age-old speculation of travel into space is no longer speculation...Dick Tracy's two-way wrist radio may be here to-morrow, given a government that will sponsor scientific research." Martin then told of the constant advance of science in his life time and mentioned that "the daily marvels of electronics were undreamed of forty years ago." Of course Mr. Martin was merely trying to garner some votes for his party...but I am willing to bet that he is a stf fan. And even if he isn't there were people in his audience who said, "Now there just might be something to this space-ship stuff." And went right out and bought a stf magazine. And once hooked, you and I know he will stay hooked--but good! So I like to think that Martin was actually campaigning for science fiction as well the Republican party.

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt was a mystery story fan and during his terms in office, the detective yarn soared high on the totem pole of popularity. It sure would be nice if a science fiction fan were elected president. Then science fiction would certainly be THE fiction, with a place of respectability in every home in the land. And if the said fan wanted to run a fanzine, think of the facilities he'd have! The entire Government Printing Office would be at his beck and call. The top professional writers would fall all over themselves attempting to be the first to GIVE him their best material. Pro editors would be standing six deep, just begging him to accept their best cover originals. And if he objected to Bergey as a cover artist, his letter-to-the-editor would bring an immediate change. Fans all over the world would take steps to see that his magazine collection was the best in the world. Instead of mink coats, rare books would be the medium of exchange for favors. And he could step right into a career as a pro writer, just as soon as his term in office was up. (Maybe I should run for president. Only catch is, I'm too young. Maybe Hickman...)

I haven't seen very many fanzines lately. Can it be the flood is subsiding somewhat? I'd like to see some more, though, so you boys and gals go ahead and send them to me. The address appears above. I might subscribe. Then I might not. But it would be worth the gamble.

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: A fool and his money are soon parted, but you won't be a fool if you part with a buck to renew your TLMA membership NOW!



it happened in Ohio



a beastly^{or} time at beastly's

by hal shapiro

-LACH-

THIS IS BEING WRITTEN JUST TWO DAYS AFTER THE MIDWESTCON AND NUMEROUS EVENTS ARE STILL FRESH IN MY MEMORY. OF COURSE, SOME ARE SO RECENT THAT THEY HAVEN'T PROGRESSED TO THE FOREGROUND.

TO BEGIN WITH, THE MISSOURI DELEGATION, CONSISTING OF W. MAX KEASLER AND MYSELF, SET OUT FROM KIRKSVILLE AT ABOUT THREE-THIRTY PEEYEM, MAY 9. WE MADE FAIRLY GOOD TIME, ARRIVING IN BLOOMINGTON, ILL., AT ABOUT NINE. THERE BY PREVIOUS ARRANGEMENT, WE PICKED UP RAY AND PERDITA NELSON, THEN TOOK A QUICK SIDE-TRIP TO THE RESIDENCE OF BOB TUCKER TO PLANT A SIGN ON HIS LAWN READING 'THIS WAY TO THE MIDWESTCON.' WE WERE BEAT TO IT. THERE ALREADY WAS STICK ON HIS LAWN WITH A NOTE TIED TO IT READING, 'I CAME OVER TO RIDE TO THE INDIAN LAKE AFFAIR WITH YOU, BUT YOU HAD ALREADY LEFT. SO I SHALL WAIT AROUND BLOOMINGTON FOR YOUR RETURN, CAUSE I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. (SIGNED) CLAUDE DEGLER.' WE GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY.

ARRIVED AT INDIAN LAKE EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING. CHECKED IN AND KEASLER AND I WENT TO AWAKEN THE SOUTHERN DELEGATION WHICH HAD ARRIVED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT AND RAISED HELL UNTIL MRS. BEATELY PUT THEM TO BED. EVENTUALLY FOUND THEM IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS. HENRY BURWELL COMPLAINED LATER THAT THE DETROIT DELEGATION, WHO HAD BEEN SWIMMING, CAME IN EARLY AND DRIPPED WATER ALL OVER HIM. NEARLY WAKING HIM UP!

WENT INTO TOWN LATER IN THE MORNING AND ATE BREAKFAST WITH A GOOKLY NUMBER OF OTHER DETROITER INCLUDING STEVE METVHETTE, ELLIOTT BRODERICK, PERDITA NELSON, ROGER SIMS. THERE WAS ALSO CHARLEY TANNER AND SOME DRUNKEN FOOL FROM CINCINATTI.

WHEN I FIRST MET LEE HOFFMAN, SHE TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME AND SAID, 'WELL, GOODBYE, HAL.' I RECIPROCATED IN KIND AND, THEREAFTER, WHENEVER WE MET, WE SAID GOODBYE! CONFUSING.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE, THE BRITISH AUTHOR WHOSE EXPLORATION OF SPACE HAS BEEN CHOSEN THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB'S JULY SELECTION, WAS IN THE STATES UNDER BOTMCLUB AUSPICES AND ATTENDED THE MIDWESTCON WITH THE NEW YORK PEOPLE. BEAT HIM IN A GAME OF CHECKERS AS I RECALL. OR MAYBE HE BEAT ME.

WAS WANDERING AROUND ALL THROUGH THE CONVENTION SELLING MEMBERSHIPS IN THE BACHELOR'S STF ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD. DETAILS SENT ON REQUEST! (UNPAID ADV.) THINK THAT I SET SOME SORT OF A RECORD BY SELLING A MEMBERSHIP TO MRS. CAROLE HICKMAN WHILE SHE WAS STILL MISS CAROLE HUSTWICK.

THERE WASN'T VERY MUCH POLITICING FOR THE '53 AND '54 WORLD CON SITES. SURPRISING TO SAY THE LEAST, THE IMPRESSION I RECEIVED FROM MANY LETTERS WAS THAT ALL THERE WOULD BE WOULD BE SMOKE FILLED ROOMS. ANOTHER SURPRISING REVELATION RECEIVED FROM JEAN CARROL WAS THAT THE NEW YORK AREA FANS DO NOT WANT A CONVENTION IN THAT CITY. WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

THE DETROIT DELEGATION KEPT ARRIVING IN SPURTS! AS EACH CAR LOAD COME IN AND MORE PILED OUT, THERE WAS THE STATEMENT THAT, 'THERE'S MORE COMING.' NOT SURE WHETHER DETROIT OR CLEVELAND HAD THE MOST PEOPLE THERE!

MEANWHILE, GANGS OF PEOPLE WERE WANDERING OVER TO THE RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET CONFUSING THE WAITRESSES AND EATING. I WAS OVER WITH ABOUT EIGHT DIFFERENT GROUPS! NOT THAT I WAS HUNGRY. HAVE JUST FOUND THAT A TABLE IS A GOOD PLACE TO TALK! EVERY TIME I WENT OVER I WOULD SEE ARTHUR CLARKE STARTING FOR THE PLATE BEFORE HIM CONTAINING EGGS, PORK CHOPS, OR SOME OTHER EXOTIC FOOD, AND MUTTERING, 'A TWO-WEEKS RATION IN ENGLAND!' INCIDENTLY, I AM NOT TRYING TO BE FUNNY! JUST REPORTING THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

LYNN HICKMAN CAME IN SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE AND ASKED FOR ME (I MUST BE A BNF OR SOMETHING), SO IAN MACAULEY DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM SOMETHING OR OTHER AND WE WERE INTRODUCED. HE, IN TURN, INTRODUCED ME

TO A COUPLE OF GOOD LOOKING WOMEN. AND IF CAROLE IS AS GOOD A TYPIST AND PROOF READER AS SHE IS A
LOOKER AND THINKER, TLMA IS BOUND TO IMPROVE. HOW'D YA DO IT, LYNN?

THE MOST VIVIDLY REMEMBERED INCIDENT OF THE CON OCCURED LATE THAT AFTERNOON. IT SEEMS THAT A FEMALE
AT INJUN LAKE BECAME A TRIFLE INEBRIATED AND REQUESTED TO LIE DOWN. SINCE MY ROOM WAS UNOCCUPIED AND
I AM NATURALLY BIG-HEARTED, I VOLUNTEERED MY ROOM. LYNN, CAROLE AND I HELPED THE UNFORTUNATE UPSTAIRS
AND CAROLE CHASED US OUT CLAIMING THAT SHE WOULD UNDRESS THE WOMAN IN QUESTION AND ALSO SPEN A FEW HOURS
IN THE OTHER BED AS SHE TOO WAS TIRED. HICKMAN AND I RETIRED TO THE RESTAURANT AND WERE SOON JOINED BY
CAROLE WHO SAID THAT THE OTHER GAL HAD BECOME UNMANAGEABLE. COMING OUT OF THE RESTAURANT, WE WERE CON-
FRONTED WITH THE NUDE FORM OF A WOMAN WRAPPED IN A BLANKET LEANING FROM MY WINDOW, SHOUTING FOR HELP,
AND TAKING GREAT DELIGHT WHEN THE HOUSE DETECTIVE STOPPED A COUPLE OF DETROITERS FROM CLIMBING UP.
CAROLE WOULD NOT GIVE ME THE KEY. PROBABLY THOUGHT I WAS HAVING IMMORAL THOUGHTS, OR SOMETHING.
THAT'S HOW IT WAS. A NAKED GIRL IN MY ROOM. ME LOCKED OUT. AIN'T LIFE HORRIBLE? I. T'S

SOME FUGGHEADS HAD BROUGHT FIRECRACKERS ALONG AND A FAN FROM DETROIT. BENNET SIMS, GAVE THE ENTIRE
DETROIT DELEGATION A BAD NAME BY SETTING THEM OFF ALL OVER THE PLACE. I DO NOT KNOW WHO WAS SETTING
THEM OFF, BUT KNOW THAT IT WAS NOT THE DETROITERS. EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE PRACTICALLY THROWN OUT BE-
CAUSE OF IT. SIMS WAS TRYING TO EMULATE BEN SINGER'S EARLIER DAYS AND MADE A MESS OF IT. BEING A
DETROITER MYSELF, I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THE MICHIGAN SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY HAS GOT TWO FUGGHEADS,
BENNET SIMS AND RIVA SIMILANSKI. DETAILS ON REQUEST.

SLIDES WERE SHOWN IN THE EVENING OF EARLIER CONS AND A TAPE RECORDING WAS PLAYED SATIRIZING SOMETHING OR
OTHER. ALL I RECALL IS THAT ALL THE VOICES WERE BOB TUCKER, AND THERE WAS A SCENE BETWEEN JOHN AND
HORACE.

THE INVENTION REPORT WAS DISTRIBUTED HERE AND HARLAN ELLISON WAS ONE MAD FAN WHEN HE FOUND OUT ABOUT
IT. AND TO FIND THAT HE HADN'T BEEN INVITED. THERE WERE OTHERS TOO. I IMAGINE, BUT ELLISON WAS THE
MOST OBNOXIOUS.

THE MOST AMUSING INCIDENT OF THE DAY, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HAPPENED IN ROOM 31. BENNET SIMS WAS
LYING ON HENRY BURWELL'S BED SPOUTING OFF TO A CROWD OF DRINKERS ABOUT THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER THING.
BURWELL TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING AND SIMS SHOUTED, "SHUT UP, UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE FIGHTING." SO HENRY
UNFOLDED HIS SIX-FOOT PLUS FRAME FROM THE FLOOR, PUT ON HIS SOUTHERN DRAWLS, AND SLOWLY SAID, 'BOY, I
HAVE NEVER FELT MORE LIKE FIGHTING IN MY LIFE.' SIMS DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD IN THAT ROOM.

I RECALL A CAUCUS IN ROOM 31 IN WHICH EVERYONE WAS REALLY BITCHING ABOUT BEASTLEY'S ON THE BAYOU.
THERE WAS A LOT OF TALK ABOUT HOLDING IT IN OTHER PLACES AND HICKMAN ADVOCATED TAKING IT TO STATES-
VILLE AND CALLING IT THE MIDEASTCON NEXT YEAR. WE DEMURRED, HOWEVER, WHEN WE FOUND THE COUNTY THERE
WAS DRY. ANYWAY, WHEN THE BANQUET ROLLED AROUND, EVERYONE SEEMD TO HAVE LOST THEIR SENSES AND PICKED
BEATLEY'S UNANIMOUSLY FOR NEXT YEAR'S MIDWESTCON.

I RECALL THAT I SENT BURWELL OUT AFTER ANOTHER FIFTH OF BOURBON. THE BOURBON CAME BACK, BUT I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT BURWELL. ACTUALLY, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS A HELL OF A LOT OF DRINKING AT THIS CON, NO ONE GOT
OBNOXIOUSLY DRUNK. OF COURSE, SIMS, RIVA 'THEBAT' SIMILANSKI, HARLAN ELLISON AND RANDY GARRETT ARE
OBNOXIOUS ALL THE TIME, SO IT DIDN'T SHOW ON THEM. ALTHOUGH GARRETT AND I HATE EACH OTHER'S GUTS, WE
LIKE EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE BOTH COLLECT FILTHY LIMERICKS.

THE WEATHER WAS OVERCAST THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE CON AND, WHEN THE FEN LEFT SUNDAY, THE SUN CAME OUT.
WONDER IF THERE WAS A CONNECTION.

THERE WAS AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT THAT FIRST NIGHT TO MAKE EQ INTO ANOTHER 770, BUT IT DIED A-BORNING WITH
WALT GUTHRIE BEING THE ONLY ONE TO GET DRUNK.

I SEEM TO RECALL WANDERING THROUGH THE HALLS AT ABOUT FIVE AYEM WITH SYBIL BEVORE LOOKING FOR HER HUS-
BAND HOWARDL.

SUNDAY MORNING DAWNED WITH A MYSTERY IN MY ROOM. I HAD A ROOM WITH TWIN BEDS. WHEN I HIT THE SACK ONLY ONE
ONR BED WAS OCCUPIED, MINEL WHEN I AWOKE, BOTH BLANKETS WERE ON THE OTHER BED AND IT LOOKED AS IF A
WRESTLING MATCH HAD TAKEN PLACE THERE. THE DOOR WAS STILL LOCKED AND BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE AND THE SCREEN
SCREENS HAD NOT BEEN FORCED. I DON'T THINK I WALK IN MY SLEEP. ANY IDEAS? I WASN'T DRUNK WHEN I WENT
TO SLEEP NOR WHEN I AWOKE.

TRIED TO FIND THE BUFFALO DELEGATION, BUT FOUND THAT THEY HAD TAKEN OFF EARLIER THAT MORNING. SOME
THING ABOUT GETTING TO WORK ON TIME.

LYNN HICKMAN, CAROLE AND PATTI SHARPE HAD LEFT EARLY AS SOMEONE'S MOTHER WOULDN'T LET HER STAY OVER-
NIGHT WITHOUT A CHAPERONEL. I OFFERED MY SERVICES, BUT NO ONE THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF THE IDEA AT THE TIME.

KAREN KURZ OF PA. HAD TO LEAVE EARLY, SO PRIOR TO THE BANQUET, JEAN CARROL AND DALE TARR PILED INTO THE
OLDS AND I DROVE HER TO A DISTANT BUS STATION.

AT THE BANQUET BENNET SIMS FURTHER MADE AN ASS OF HIMSELF BU TRYING TO SPLIT UP THE DETROIT DELEGATION.
HE SUCCEEDED TO SOME EXTENT. RIVA ALSO PUT IN AN APPERANCE. NO COMMENT.

AT THE BANQUET IT WAS RUMORED THAT BOB TUCKER AND RIVA WERE GOING STEADY. SAID ALGER: 'THEY'RE GOING
UNSTEADY TOGETHER.'

SPEAKING OF RIVA, SHE MADE SUCH AN ASS OF HERSELF LAST YEAR THAT MRS. BEATLEY SWORE SHE WOULDN'T GET
A ROOM. SHE STAYED AT A HOTEL DOWN THE ROAD. BEN SINGER AND RIVA HATE EACH OTHER. I WOULD LIKE TO
HAVE A TAPE RECORDING OF WHAT TOOK PLACE IN ED KUSS' CAR ON THE WAY BACK TO DETROIT. IN IT WERE ED,
BEN SINGER, NANCY MOORE AND RIVA SIMILANSKI.

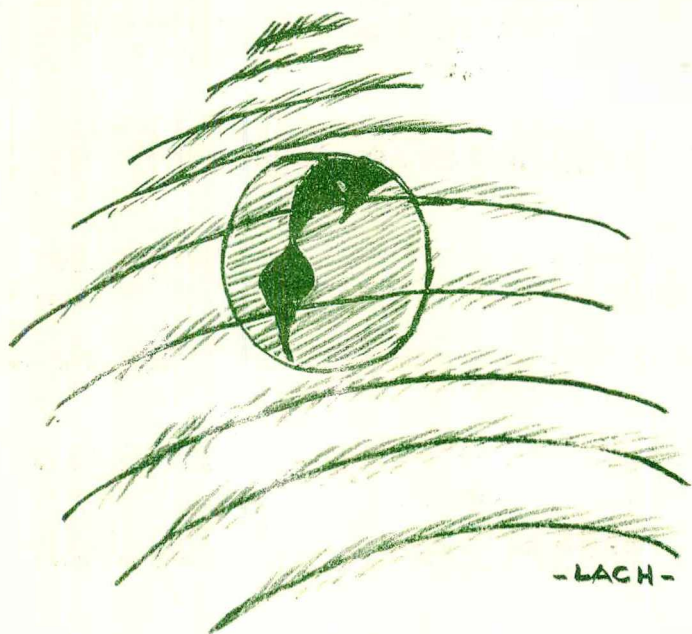
SPEECHES WERE MADE AT THE BANQUET BY TUCIER, EESMITH, ARTHUR CLARKE, ROBERT BLOCH, MACK REYNOLDS, AND
A FEW OTHERS. WHAT SURPRISED A LOT OF PEOPLE WAS THAT, WHEN HE WAS CALLED UPON FOR A SPEECH, RANDY
GARRETT DECLINED. AND HE'S EVEN MORE OF AN EGOMANIAC THAN RICH ELSBERRY OR MYSELF. HE DID, HOWEVER,
INTRODUCE SPEECH-MAKER BOB TURNER THE ONLY COLORED FAN I HAVE EVER SEEN AT A CONVENTION. A MICHIGAN
BOY, TURNER FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF GARRET SOMEWHERE AND WAS EXTRACTED AND PLACED IN THE MSFS.

I WAS HOLDING THE RAFFLE TICKETS FOR HICKMAN, CAROLE AND PATTI SHARPE. NUMBER 61, PATTI'S TICKET, WON
FIRST PRIZE IN THE RAFFLE. IT WAS AN ORIGINAL FROM SOME AUSTRALIAN OR BRITISH MAG. I NOW HAVE IT IN
MY CAR AND SHALL BE UNABLE TO GET IT TO HER BEFORE CHICON TIME. AGGIE HAROOK OF DETROIT WON SECOND
PRIZE, SO WE DIDN'T DO TOO BAD.

GOODBYES WERE SAID ALL AROUND SUNDAY AGTERNOON. LEE HOFFMAN BIT MY FINGER AND MADE THE IMMORTAL STATE-
MENT, 'I DON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF HAL SHAPIRO,' CLOSELY FOLLWED WITH, 'YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT
BEING EATEN BY CANNYBOBBLES.' DOC. SMITH STATED, 'TIME IS WHAT KEEPS EVERYTHING FROM HAPPENING AT ONCE.
MORE TALK AND WE LEFT. THIS TIME, IN ADDITION TO KEASLER AND THE NELSONS, WE HAD BOB JOHNSON AND JERRY
WIELAND, TWO CHICAGO BOYS WHO HAD RIDDEN DOWN WITH MACK REYNOLDS ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HE WASN'T GOING
BACK. (INCIDENTLY, BOB JOHNSON IS OF THE GREELY, COLORADO, JOHNSONS. HE'S ATTENDING THE U OF CHI NOW.)
TOOK OFF AND DROPPED THE CHICAGO PEOPLE SOMEWHERE AT A LUNCHROOM TO WAIT FOR A BUS AND GOT RID OF
KEASLER AT PEORIA. GOT BACK TO THE BASE MONDAY MORNING AND EVERYONE SAID I LOOKED LIKE HELL..

THE BIG ANTI-CLIMAX OF THE TRIP TOOK PLACE WHILE THERE WERE STILL SIX IN THE CAR AND I HEARD A SCRAP-
NOISE. INVESTIGATING, I NOTICED A PIECE OF WIRE DANGLING FROM THE AXLE. FLASHLIGHT IN HAND, I KNEE
TO REMOVE THE WIRE. HOWEVER, IN THE EXACT SPOT WHERE I HAD KNEELED, A DOG OR SOME OTHER ANIMAL HAD
JUST FINISHED ELIMINATING WASTE PRODUCTS. IT WAS BROWN, SOFT AND STANK. I CHANGED TROUSERS BATHED IN
IN THE LIGHTS OF A DOZEN PASSING CARS.

THAT'S ABOUT ALL. SEE YOU PEOPLE IN CHICAGO.



A HISTORY OF THRANE

BY
BASIL
WELLS

~~Start~~ing on the next page (9) is a history of the planet THRANE. We are publishing this history to acquaint you with the facts and the people you will meet in Basil Wells' new book, "Sons of Thrane".

This book is being published by TLMA and will be sold for \$1.50 after publication. You may send in your order now, however, with only \$1.00 and you will be sent a copy as soon as it comes off the presses. Remember, this \$1.00 offer is good only until the publication date.... After that time, the book will sell for \$1.50

The Editors Page

I just received my 1953 Fantasy Art Society calendar. This calendar is the first project of the FAS, a society that Alan Hunter organized in Great Britain to help amateur fantasy artists. It is a beautiful job and one that I would strongly recommend to all monsters.

Details on how to get one is as follows---send 35¢ to: Philip J. Rasch, 567 Erskine Drive, Pacific Palisades, Calif. All orders will be filled by direct dispatch from England. Be sure to get one!

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE #3 will published in 3 weeks. Look for it---it will contain news of our affiliation with BSAW. This affiliation is taking place to help the chapters we under way and to help start new local chapters. By the way, TLC #3 will be a beautiful job. It will have evened right hand margins, and be printed on Warrens Old Style paper. Be sure to get your copy.

If there is a slip in this issue of TLMA, you will not receive any further issues until your dues are paid.

Lynn and Carole

THE EARLY HISTORY of Thrane is buried in the archives of the forgotten massive-walled cities that lie deep within the Fog Seas of Thrane. Only a few haunting legends of the Golden Age --- when the six-limbed Arbans ruled the entire planet and built their cities even on the highest plateaus --- have come down to the present.

All the fog-shrouded planet was governed by one council of wise ancients. There was little organized warfare even among the uncivilized tribes of the lower plateaus. And their ships sailed the boiling seas and flew above the mightiest mountain peaks to carry on a vastly profitable trade, one with another.

Science flourished. A race of pygmy dragons, or six-limbed dragons, which domesticated and altered until they became faithful and intelligent servants. They sent experimental rockets to the meteor-pocked satellite, and to the planet that occupies, roughly, the same space orbit as our Mars.

And then they discovered the dimensional eddies that can transform matter from one paralleled world to another. In all they contacted at least twelve --- possibly a score --- of these linked universes, or vibrational continuums, that lie unknown, side by side. . . .

Artificial gateways were created, often as many as a dozen of these strange eddies linked another planet with Thrane, and a period of hundreds of years of peaceful exploitation began. The Wealth of a dozen linked worlds poured into Thrane. All thought of space flight was forgotten. The gateway replaced the joyless long voyage through the airless void. . . .

But trouble was coming. A thousand years, possibly ten thousand years, after the gateways were opened, the Arbans were astounded to see sunlight. Their dense atmosphere had been dissipated into the other low pressure worlds! They attempted to close off the gateways with great valves --- by now they had become permanent and would not close again --- but the damage was done.

One after another of the plateau steps were they forced to abandon, until only the last level, upon the no-longer boiling seas, was left. Of their dense envelope of foggy atmosphere only a fraction remained. And the Fog Sea, overlying the true seas had thinned to less than a mile in depth.

The Arbans reacted as might humans. They Proscribed all scientists and eschewed all things scientific. The half-forgotten worship of Lalal was revived and a priestly hierarchy ruled the steaming cities and villages of the Fog Sea. . . .

And through the abandoned gateways, as weather and mischance breached the huge valves, poured creatures and the seeds of alien vegetation from other linked worlds.

Yellow-skinned little savages come from one of those barbarian worlds, Koora, and hopping wingless bird-people, with the simple brains of morons, from another. Alien creatures fought and mated and died in the ancient cities and along the overgrown highways of Thrane.

Last of all to come to one of the spiny-ridged continents that run east to west around the globe, were red-skinned natives from Terra. And a few centuries afterward a more advanced white race followed on their heels and drove the red men before them.

Legend and myth give way to a rude sort of history with the advent of the little band of Tories, who, fleeing the jeers and persecutions of the rebellious American colonists, stumbled across a gateway in the Pennsylvania hills.

They first came through the gateway in July of 1778. Forty two souls in all --- their names preserved in the WILKIN'S HISTORY OF NEW BRITAIN that all schools in New Britain possess. It is a thick volume, crammed with names, dates, places and minor and major skirmishes with the Hiocans and Monsis, the two Indian tribes.

(Deadly dry reading it is, guaranteed to cure the worst case of insomnia, but from the battered old volume smuggled out to me by a friend now on Thrane, I gleaned some worthwhile information.)

Leader of the Tories was Eesham Wilkin, a bluff giant of a man with a fiery temper and an intolerant spirit. Close to him were Stewart Crile and John P... There were Dunhills, Smiths, Carters, Terrys, Pettits and Allens among the groupe.

They settled about Arrowhead Lake, in shape roughly an arrowhead with its point turned north toward the Snowy Mountains. Roughly sixty-five miles long and forty wide, with a score of fertile, wooded and rocky islands. It was just below the gateway from Earth, and on the Middle, or temperate, Plateau.

From 1778 to 1924 the Tory community prospered. They pushed eastward and westward for a hundred miles on either side of the lake. West to the Striped Plains and desert, and east to the Barren Hills and the White Cliffs. They carried on a secret and lucrative trade with the hated Americans through the gateway.

Difficulties between the Hiocans and Monsis, and the whites, were resolved about 1880 by a lasting peace. Some malcontents, disliking the strict enforcement of parliamentary laws, left New Britain and allied themselves with the bestial little yellow ones, or Urds. From this unnatural union were born the first Thurds, warlike, cruel savages incapable of reproduction or affection. And a few groups, for religious reasons, drew apart and vanished into the broken wilderness beyond the White Cliffs.

1924 brought a change. A petty gangster and bootlegger named Joseph Brandt uncovered the secret of the gateway, and captured it. He had a secure place for his moonshiners to work, and, at first, that was enough. For six years it was so.

Brandt grew amotopus. The dream of conquering an entire world came to him. He proclaimed himself Emperor of all Thrane and drove the New Britons from their cities. In their place he brought homeless, penniless families from a Depression-ridden United States. He created a royal state, half-serf and half-slave.

And the New Britons withdrew, most of them, eastward beyond the White Cliffs and the Gray Plains, where they settled again about the Shallow Sea and its rocky shoals and islets.

That is the state of affairs eastern Thrane's known plateau country in the year, 1952 A.D.

To the west, however, in an area co-existent with a desolate section of Utah, another gateway was discovered by a rider named Ralph Siccard. Termed a hole-in-the-wall by Siccard. Into the rich grasslands of Upper Plateau, on the southern exposure of the Snowy Mountains, he drove unbranded cattle and horses and established a huge ranch.

Only once did Siccard lose control of his holdings and escape into the unknown east with his friend, Austin Peck. After three years of wandering and captivity in a deep mountain pass, salled the Rift, they came upon the Pennsylvania gateway and Siccard and his infant daughter escaped through it. Peck was killed by the New Britons guarding the gateway.

(This is the only mention of any contact between either of the Earth settlements appearing in WILKIN'S HISTORY OF NEW BRITAIN. . .)

However, Siccard, and his part-Indian daughter, returned to Utah and recapture his holdings in Big Basin. And, only after his death in 1921, did Sam Watson, his son-in-law, try to take away its control from the grand children, Joel and Nancy.

Shortly before the Korean was began, affairs came to a head and even though Watson was defeated, the Utah gateway was dynamited shut.

Any other contact with Thrane, from Earth, is as yet unknown.

Supplementary material dealing with Throne

1. 'Wilkin's History of New Britain.' 1922. Wilkins and Smithers. New London N. Britain.
(rare as the 'Necronomicon')
2. 'Fog of the Forgotten.' Wells. Planets. Stories. Winter 1946.
3. 'Gateways.' Wells. Planets of Adventure 1943 F.P.C.I. Los Angeles Calif.
4. 'The Singer.' Wells. Doorways to Space 1951 F.P.C.I. Los Angeles Calif.
5. 'The Platonic Empire.' Wells. (Unpublished novel)
6. 'Sons of Throne.' Wells. (Unpublished novel length)
7. 'Island of the Fog Sea.' Wells. (Unpublished short story)

C o o k i n g w i t h S u n ' s R a y s

The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization reports that a kitchen range has been developed in India which utilizes the sun's rays as its source of fuel. Construction of the range is based on the use of a series of mirrors, of varying shapes and sizes, which are mounted on tripods.

In the center of one large convex mirror is a pressure cooker, on a base of glass. With the energy supplied by the sun's rays falling upon these mirrors, the pressure-cooker prepares meat for the dinner table in half an hour. It cooks vegetables in ten minutes. In this field, it seems, Indian scientists have the jump on scientists in this country.

The problem in India has been spotlighted because of the lack of an adequate supply of the usual energy sources in that country. In India, domestic fires are used primarily to prepare food, since no artificial heat is needed to heat homes. Thus if a range can be developed which utilizes the sun's rays for cooking, the fuel problem in India will have been partially solved. Eventually scientists believe, the sun's rays will be used as a source of energy to heat homes as well as to supply the source of heat in cooking.

Hmhmhmhm, I wonder how they'll get their cooking done on rainy days.

World war 3 will start when Joe says Margeret can't sing.....

K R A K O A

(kra-ko-a)

By

Orma McCormick

Krakoa was a monstrous thing
That preyed on human flesh,
His residence was slimy ooze,
His hide, -- a scaly mesh;
At night he drank his victim's blood,
Preferring them caught fresh.

The people sought to conquer him
By many clever traps,
Affording bait for him at night;
He let their plans collapse
By merely catching them by day,
And challenged handicaps.

The native doctor hinted they
Might drag the bog wherein
Krakoa lived, and no doubt slept
Upon a netlike fin,--
While he, the skilled one, went back home
To save his own dark skin.

Uncannily, Krakoa dined
On this advisor's blood,
And caused a turmoil unsurpassed.
While terror reigned aflood,
Krakoa crept back to the swamp
To sink beneath the mud.

The villagers were now aroused
To horror's frenzied height,
Their superstitious fears had soared
Till they were mad with fright,
While many of the folk believed
The Thing had second-sight.

Some left their homes and families,
While others breathed new prayers,
And panic wildly interfered
With all routine affairs,
For no one dared step forth alone,
But went about in pairs.

Two sweethearts wandered far afield,
Forgetting, in love's spell,
The danger ever present there
Beside the swamp of hell,
Until they saw Krakoa rise,
And sensed his putrid smell.

Moonlight revealed the slimy head,
A dripping mass of green,
His hideous proboscis twirled
Revoltingly, to glean
The dinner he expected to
Devour without chagrin.

The boy was brave, and told the girl,
"Be calm, we'll separate,"
And then he cannot get us both;
I'll fight this thing of hate;
Grab rocks to throw, but if he should
Come after me, don't wait."

Krakoa's former victims had
Been easy for the beast,-
One coil around their bodies, and
Their futile efforts ceased;
His gruesome tentacles advanced
Intent upon his feast.

The boy had found a heavy club,
The girl was armed with stones,
Krakoa's speed surprised them both,
He charged the boy with groans,
The club was short, and could not reach
The creature's dirty bones.

The lad was knocked completely out,
But as he fell, the girl
Threw boulders thick and fast, and saw
The tentacles uncurl,
She prayed to hit a vital spot,
Her head began to whirl.

A nauseating stench diffused
From wounds her hits had made,
She sickened as Krakoa turned,
Yet fought on unafraid;
Krakoa's brain had never guessed
Her furious fusillade.

The monster reeked with hate, and flung
His pent-up rage at her,-
The girl was losing energy,
Her mind became a blur,
And as she thought this was the end,
She saw her lover stir.

The boy had grabbed his club again,
While the monstrosity
Was concentrating all his force
And musculosity
Upon the girl; appendages

Were flattened by a lethal blow;
Krakoa yielded, killed.
The bleeding lovers gazed in awe,
Debris about them spilled;
The village now would dwell in peace,
The terror had been stilled.

THE END

GUEST EDITORIAL
SPEAKING MY MIND

BY NORBERT HIRSCHHORN, EDITOR OF TYRANN

From time to time I've reflected on certain goings on in fandom that have caused dozens of feuds, fights and other "disturbances" of that ilk. Finally, when things seem to have welled to the fore, I've decided to speak my mind. I would like to say here, that this is just my opinion on certain touchy matters. My personal opinions, probably not important at all. I am not important in fandom or among fan. So I trust that these opinions will be accepted in the same attitude that they are being presented, that of an interested bystander airing his views. If you happen to agree or disagree and want to tell me about it, my address is: 853 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 32, N.Y., or you can write TLMA.

My first gripe is one of doubtful bearing. It is my belief that there is too much "fan" in fandom. This statement applies, primarily, to fanzines. Take a fanzine, any fanzine, and look through it carefully. In it you will find such articles as, a fan news column, a fan writing about another fan, a fanzine review, a fan writing about his or someone else's fanzine, a fan complaining, etc., etc. Now, I'm not saying that this is bad, please don't get me wrong. I pub a fanzine with pretty much the same. What I don't understand is the way fans frown on fiction (at least most fans) in a fanzine. Seldom will a reader find more than two pieces of fiction in an average zine. Why? Because there are some self styled snobs who seem to look at fan fiction with utter disgust. Some will absolutely refuse to read it! This part on self styled snobs brings me to my second gripe.

Look around you, please. I mean around you in fandom. How many snobs can you count? Dollars to doughnuts you'll find a whole bushel of them. What is a snob in my estimation? Well, I believe a snob to be one who tries to act aloof from the rest of fandom. When not acting aloof, the snob is out crusading and criticizing and actually harrassing the efforts of a hard working fan.

There are different types of snobs, although one type can easily transmute into another. The first, and foremost (in my opinion) is the one who continually delights in blasting, without sufficient reason other than sensationalism, the National Fantasy Fan Federation and all its leaders, and all it stands for. The very fact that they know nothing of what they speak, the very fact that they are content to criticize without actually lifting a finger to make some constructive criticism, points out clearly the hypocritical nature some of them have.

One classical example of a know-it-all who knows nothing is a letter written by a person, unknown to myself, in a recent Sapszine. This person made as many false statements as was possible. One of his

fantastic charges was that someone (he couldn't remember who) had the idea that NFFF should organize a convention. He promptly put this down as an NFFF policy and proceeded to blast it. In my knowledge the NFFF has never even thought of this idea. I frankly doubt whether the affair ever came up, other than in jest.

His next ridiculous charge was that NFFF was too unwieldy. He stated that the NFFF had a membership of half-a-thousand. He wasn't sure himself, yet he talked! The membership of the NFFF has never exceeded 400. At present we have 365 members (or in that very close vicinity), a far cry from the half-a-thousand.

The NFFF is not a dying giant as some have claimed. Indeed, it is living and vibrant and shall continue to be so, being one of fandom's stalwarts. The active members of the NFFF have worked very hard and are fairly nauseated by the biased and unbiased charges being made. At least some of these people might chip in and help instead of just criticizing. I am proud to say that I am an active member of the NFFF and no nitwit will tell me differently!

Another type of snob is immediately related to the last one. He seems to be the crusading kind. Actually, I can't really call him a snob. He does what he does with the best of intentions but cannot realize his erring ways. This fan will attempt to do a number of things, cleaning up fandom (which by the way, needs no cleaning up at all), crusading against a fan with radical beliefs (which reminds me, in a way, of the Salem Witch Hunts) etc. Let's take the OCF. This seems to be a sincere but misbegotten attempt to clean up what really isn't there. Russel Watkins might have spared himself many heartaches had he decided not to go through with the idea.

The other kind of crusader is most certainly some sort of snob. He'll try to lookdown on fan who entertain radical beliefs, which is in direct violation of man's right to think in any way he pleases. I believe that religion plays an important role in any group. Fandom cannot be made an exception to this inevitable rule. Most of us are humans and humans will discuss everything that seems important to them. Religion for one. However, if some people become so flustered that they make one big issue of a small affair, then that is no good. That is the time when the discussion should be modified but not cut out all together. All of us have a right to talk and think the way we please, but not in violation or in attack of others rights to the same thing.

After all these denunciations, I have to find it in my fiendish mind to do some praising. Fortunately, there are many, many fine fan who have made fandom the great thing it is. Only the loudness of the others have partially drowned out the fine fan. But not for long.

Just where would we be if we didn't have fan like Sam Moskowitz, Ev Winne, Lynn Hickman, Eva Firestone and hundreds of others? In every barrel you will surely find a few rotten apples, fandom being no exception, but unlike some other groups, fandom has overcome their influence and has realized their worthlessness. It's a good thing.

In this editorial, I have not attempted to offer any solution, for I know little of human faults and how to correct them. I would like to emphasize, however, that this has been an interested bystander's opinion on the scene around us. Possibly some action may be taken, probably none, it's up to you.

Be sure to read TYRANN ---- only 10¢ per copy from

Norbert Hirschhorn
853 Riverside Drive
New York 32, New York

Dear Lynn,

TLMA #4 and a few other zines were awaiting me here when I returned from my 58 days leave and I got some queer looks from the post office staff and a mummering hint that they had been wondering what the hell I looked like---they must have been anti-fen who had been peering, I guess. They didn't seem terribly impressed with my profile, I regret to say.

Thought Beale's STUFF OF DREAMS commendable. One might almost suppose that he himself....
But having met the man (as he sweated in the tropics of New Orleans) I know there are no marks of the needle on his arms.

Bloch a subversive. He asks what certain fen have done for "honest, scientific endeavor". Has he so soon forgotten Ellisberry at the Nolacon? He had a beanie with a VARIABLE PITCH propellor, for going up stairs. Has he forgotten the painstaking researching of Keasler, Bishop and Walthers into the realm of the carbo-hydrator? Most of all, has the man really forgotten the evolution of the theory of Foodism? No, sir, he has not forgotten, but since he did not think of it first, himself, he is annoyed.

It is well known that Bloch gets his ideas from Hadacol-induced dreams, as he demonstrated during his speech at the Nolacon banquet. Therefore I suggest that Bloch himself should carry out research---with his CHEMCRAFT set---to discover how to stop the Hadacol habit. Let the serious fan blow himself to hell. That would leave Bloch and the rest of us puerile, immature fans to enjoy ourselves like the monsters we are.

Yours,

Bill Morse
Wiltshire, England

Dear LACH,

Just got TLMA #5---very good. Best TLMA yet. Wells' story good, as was Ellisberry's. ASSUMPTION UNJUSTIFIED, much better than VOF by Rich. VOF rather boring.

Cover most wunnerful---both of 'em.

W. Max Keasler not so good as in OPUS---sounds too affected.

Always like Nelson---but not Don Duke too much---AH---do I see somethin' by Guthrie? GET

MORE--- Since C/SFD dropped him, he is nil.

Guest Editorial good---keep 'em up--

See ya soon,

Fred Cappell
Canton, N. C.

Dear Lynn & Carole,

Well, the August issue of TLMA comes to hand and I think it is the best yet. Of course, the absence of a certain writer who has often been present, detracted somewhat from the contents. As no doubt those who enjoy a certain column (modesty forbids my mentioning it by name, but the initials are KK) will let you know by sending in mountains of letters. The law of averages will see to it that at least ONE reader complains.

The portrait of editor and co-editor on the envelope are wonderful. The one of LYNN is very flattering, but that of CAROLE didn't do her justice.

P. H. ECONOMOU's letter hit the spot. He said what I've always wanted to say, but couldn't find the words. THUD and BLUNDER was unusually interesting. I'm eagerly looking forward to reading WELLS' book. DON DUKE's illo for DRAFTEE on page 4 was exceptional. One thing you could have mentioned: THE STORY TALKS FREELY ABOUT THE ATOMIC BOMB, yet the story was written, according to the blurb, in 1943, and the world in general didn't know the atomic bomb until 1945-- WELLS was writing prophetically.

I borrowed Konner's typer to write this on and if it misspelled any words, its because he took his blonde secretary to Ed church with him. Funny he wouldn't lend me her toc-

Yo's

H. P. LONGHAMMER

SUPERMEN, SCIENCE FICTION WERE THEMES OF DIME NOVEL

W.H. WALDRUP HAS COLLECTION OF 50-YEAR-OLD PUBLICATIONS

By Herbert Johnson

Supermen and weird science fiction are not such newcomers to contemporary literature. In fact, some of today's classics in those fields fall short of their dime novel counterparts 50 years ago.

And as a matter of fact, the dime novel does not now seem the vile evil it was called from pulpits half a century ago.

W. H. Waldrop of Southern Worsted Mills has a collection of dime novel reprints that he has secured through the DIME NOVEL CLUB. An avid fan, he has a wide selection of original publications dating back to about 1885.

For the most part the "dime" novels, most of which were sold for 5¢, are stories with real he-man themes, dealing largely with the wild, roaring West and thick with violence and high adventure. They are written in a peculiar style, often stilted, that probably was the forerunner of modern press freedom at that.

Science fiction stories of today that concern space travel and all sorts of weird inventions are but slightly different versions of what the "Frank Reade Library" and "The Nugget Library" were publishing 50 years ago.

One title, for instance, was "Tom Edison Jr.'s Electric Seaspider". The invention was a submarine. The story was printed in 1892.

"Frank Reade, Jr." has invented a steam man that performed superhuman deeds back in 1892. It is interesting to note that his accomplishment was related by an author listed as "Nonamel". And, in fact, the use of "Jr." with names evidently was quite popular.

"Beadles Boys Library" was a popular publishing company of Western adventures such as "Roving Joe: The History of a Young Border Ruffian." Lads of half a century ago must have thrilled when they got their copies of "Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road, or the Black Rider of the Black Hills!" That edition was filled with blood and death.

The "Saturday Library" in 1888 published "The Golconda Gold Mine, or A Scheme for Millions." The theme was that of an accused character proving his true and noble character.

Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Bill and various other western personalities of fame parade through the dime novels. They drank hard liquor and gambled readily. They scalped Indian after Indian and hunted across the land in search of fame, vengeance or fortune.

But the dime novel was free of sex. The he-men did not pause in their Indian fighting and dueling for love affairs. There were no "sexy" prose renditions. And for all the rough and ready plots used, there were exceptionally few uses of profanity, then only mild exclamations.

Sports were another theme often used in "The Top Weekly" and other publications. They were the clean-minded, fair; play type accounts of early football and other events.

War, the Revolution, was the theme of a publication known as "The Liberty Boys of '76" and using the same characters in a series of adventures.

Diamond Dick declared in one episode known as his "Call Down, or King of the Silver Box" that "I must make a winning or blow my brains out, one or the other." He blew brains out, but not his own. He did it often but with high purpose and with a minimum of psychological characterization. He hardly cursed at all.

There were comic weekly publications also with such titles as "Muldoon's Boarding House," which dealt with someone who brought a goat into a boarding house and could not get him out.

For the modern reader, the dime novel is quaint, unreal and devoid of a great deal of interest.

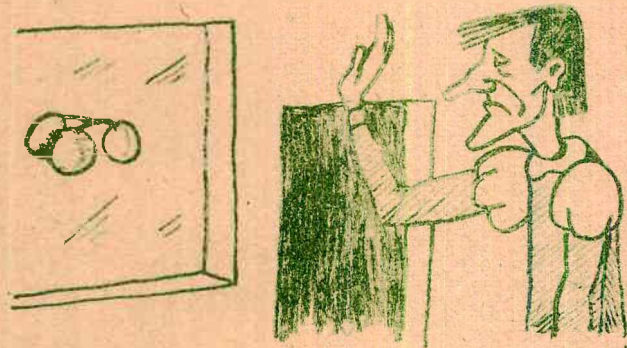
But for the record, they were printed in fine print and made use of a far greater command of the English language than that found in "comic books" that have taken their place largely today.

Reprinted from THE GREENVILLE NEWS, Sunday March 30, 1952
Greenville, South Carolina

THE POET PARTS WITH HIS LUTE

Blithe lute, my little roundelay
Will never see the light of day;
I knew no lady fair
To make my voice with sonnets peal,
And all poetic woes reveal
(Besides, my shoes are out at heel
And T-bone steak comes rather high,
And so we part, my lute and I,
In the pawnshop's dismal air.

Marion Zimmer Bradley



-LACH-

An Ode to the Saturday Evening Post

WITH JAWS AJAR

I like our Richard Armour,
He sets my jaws ajar.
With wit, he is a charmer,
Ho Ho! Hee Hee! War War!

Battelli Loomis



-LACH-

OPEN LETTER TO ALL READERS OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

The rapidly increasing popularity of tape and wire recorders has given rise to a new and most fascinating hobby — Tape-response or Wireresponse.

This type of communication is definitely on the scientific side. It is the very latest and there is nothing else like it. It is a great boon to the many of us who carry on a heavy personal correspondence. By using "Talking Letters" instead of the old-fashioned kind you can triple and quadruple your present output of correspondence, and do it pleasantly, effortlessly.

Compared to most other hobbies, Tape-response or Wireresponse is an inexpensive hobby. A good recorder costs no more than a good radio and, with ordinary care, lasts as long. Only a few tapes or wires are needed because each may be used hundreds of times and can be mailed anywhere for only a few cents.

Let this be clearly understood: I AM NOT TRYING TO SELL YOU ANYTHING. I AM NOT CONNECTED WITH THE RECORDING INDUSTRY, NOR DO I SEEK PERSONAL PUBLICITY OR FINANCIAL GAIN. IN SHORT, I HAVE NO AXE TO GRIND. I'm enthusiastic about tape-response or wireresponse because I think it's a wonderful hobby, a hobby that I'd like to share with you.

Talking and listening to people from everywhere is a tremendous thrill. I know, because I've exchanged well over 1,200 "Talking Letters" with many people in this and 18 foreign countries. Although many of my friends live thousands of miles away I know more about them, their families, their work, their every-day affairs than I do about the people living in the next apartment. In fact, my "Talking Letters" friends mean just as much to me as do my personal friends of many years' standing.

In response to numerous requests I am now forming an organization, TAPE-RESPONDENTS, INTERNATIONAL. This is an association of congenial men and women who like to make friends by exchanging "Talking Letters" with people all over the world.

Membership is open to all. There is no obligation. Anyone who has a friendly disposition and a recorder (tape or wire) may join. Here is something new, fascinating, intriguing — something fine. A hobby? Yes, but we think it's much more than that, because the forming of friendships on an international scale can hardly be called a mere hobby.

Join T-R-I today! Get in touch with me by tape, by wire, or by letter. I'll be glad to have your ideas and suggestions. Fred Gootz, 3488 - 22nd Street, San Francisco 10, California.

Sincerely yours,

Fred Gootz, Secretary

New Members

Kent Corey Bkx 64 Emid, Oklahoma
 Donald Susan 706 Grant St. McKeesport, Penn.
 Anne Campbell 4656 Coalbrook Ave. Montreal 28, Quebec
 Paul Mnttelbuscher Sweet Springs, Ma.
 Bill Kemp 2008 Los Encinos Ave. Glendale 8, Calif.
 Thomas Bradley 44 Sherman St. Hartford Conn.
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 Maurice Lubin 14 Jones St. Worcester 4, Mass.
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 Ann Chamblee Harold St. Statesville, N.C.

The complete yearly roster of TLMA will be published in the #3 issue of the Little Corpucle, which will be mailed to you within three weeks after this issue of TLMA.

Please note that the following members have had address changes.

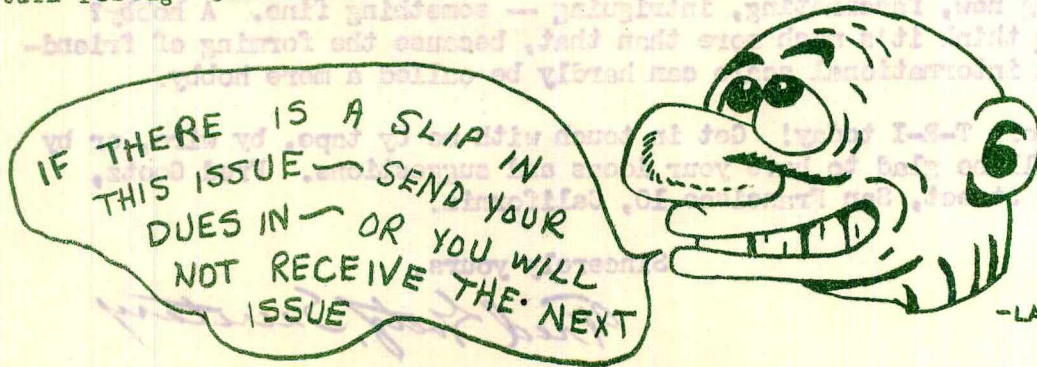
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 Betty Kaiser 1205 Davis Ave. (1st rear) Pittsburgh 12, Penna.

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