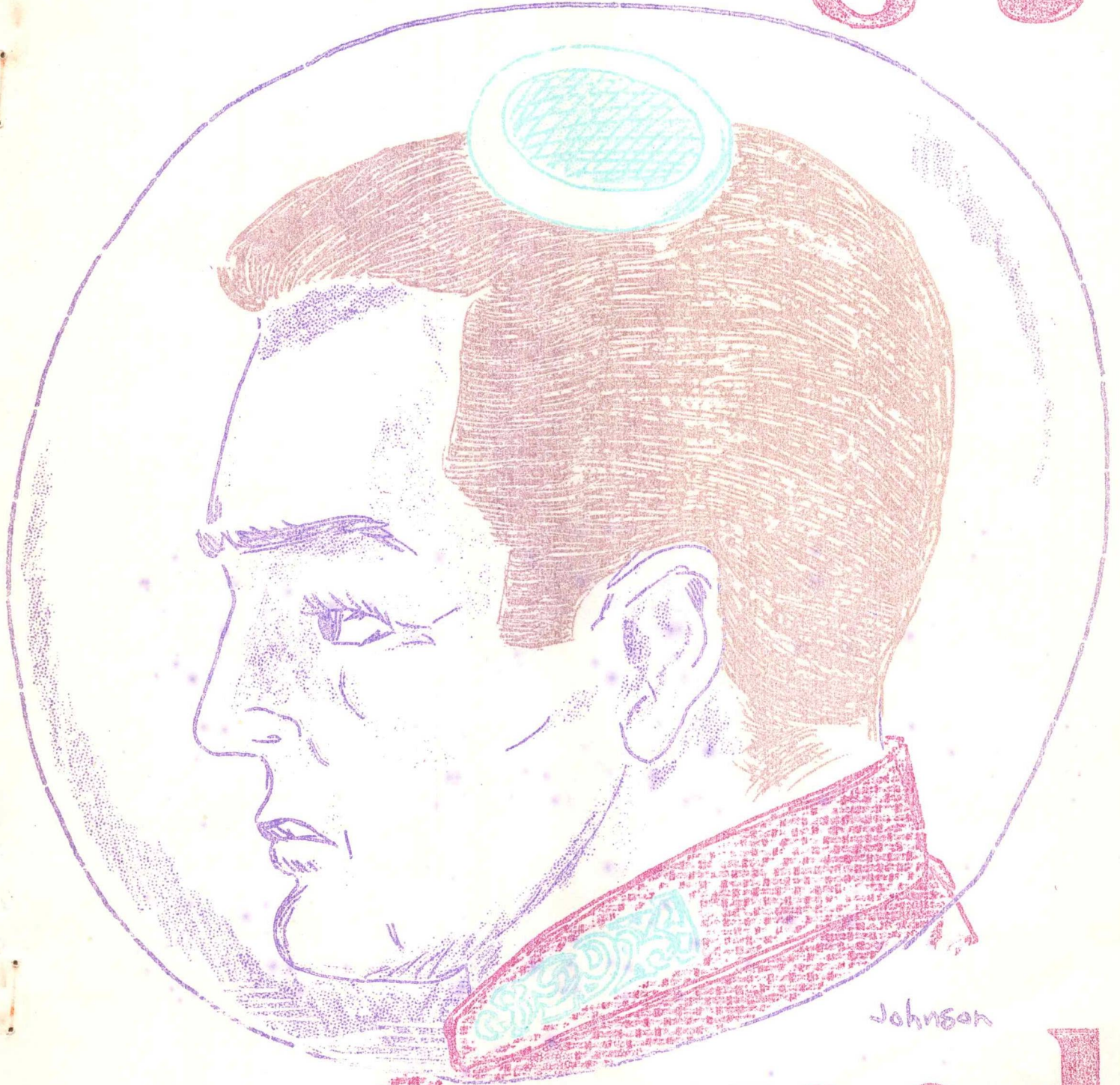
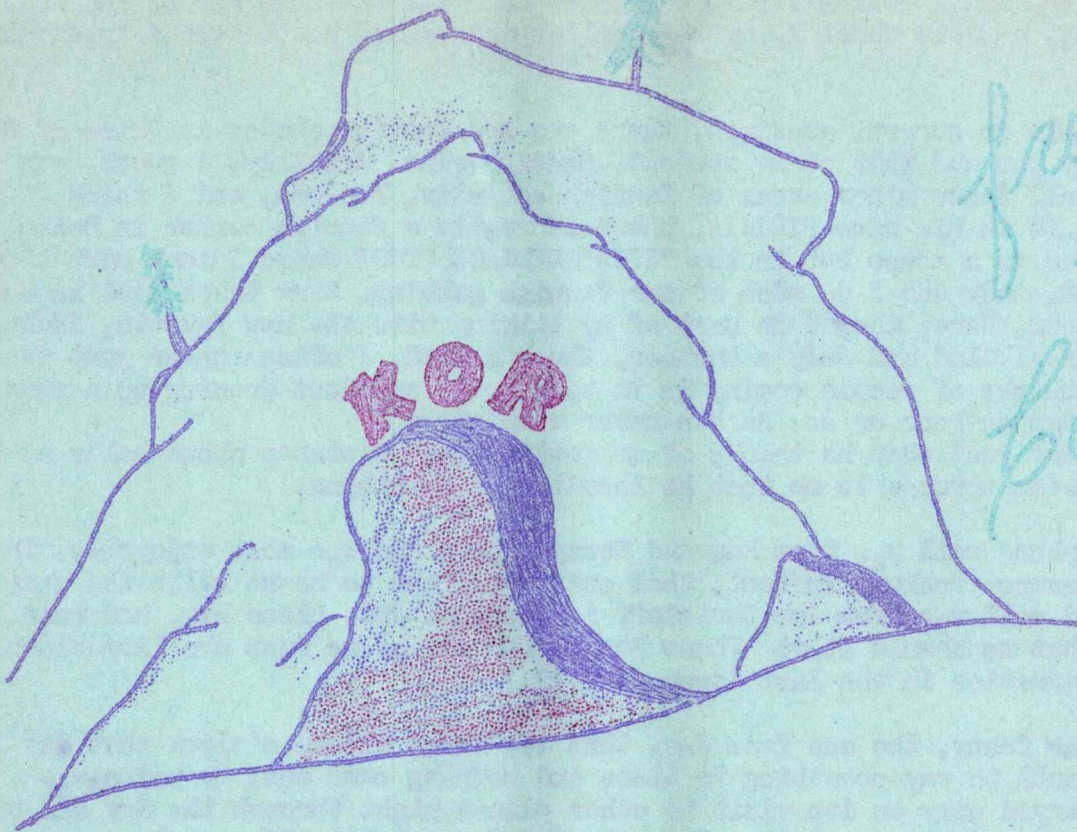


Tulgéy



Johnson

WOOD



from
the
caves
of
Kor

After a loong year of waiting, the Terwilleger family is at last residing in the new home they have been working on. Needless to say, the added space is a God send to us. We at last have space to turn around in, space to put the things that we have had to have stored for the past few years.

Some of you who will read this, though you are few in number, have seen the house--yet in a state of not being complete, but thoroughly liveable. I think you will agree that there is room for a lot o' things.

Located in the basement, in the farthest corner, lies a large area of floor that has been designated as TWIG'S ROOM. Here I shall put myself when the urge to fan strikes me. Here will be spent many happy hours in various types of communication with FANDOM. I look forward to the completion of this room--as yet unattended and in complete disarray.

As unarranged as it is, I have settled a few items here and have begun my first actual publication from this room, which shall henceforth be known as the CAVES OF KOR. I really think, with this new name, that I should change the name of my publishing house. You know, take a period of a year and gradually superimpose A KOR PUBLICATION over the tired, misunderstood name of A TP PUBLICATION. After all, if a well-known pro-ed can do it, why shouldn't I.

The name CAVES OF KOR was arrived at by a suggestion from Chuck Devine. He had just recently read SHE and AYESHA, my copies, and he and I had had many a pleasant minute of discussion of these two stories, with me filling him in on the third book of the trilogy, WISDOM'S DAUGHTER. When I told him I was pondering the question of a name for my fan room, he suggested that KOR would be proper since my first love in fantastic adventure was SHE--to the point that I had told him if I could only have one book to read, I would choose SHE.

The thought brought back the pleasant memories I have spent in the Caves of Kor with She, Leo and Holly. The fabulous treasures of these caverns hidden away in darkest Africa, and I couldn't help but think here was the name for my Fan Rec THE CAVES OF KOR, a place where I, myself, will spend untold hours over a typer and my Azograph.

As noticeable in current fanzines, there are two fanish abodes in Boise at present time. My own and that of my student, Chuck Devine. Actually, I guess, you would have to call these minor areas of fanish activity. You see, and I think Chuck mentioned it in his zine PILIKIA, there is really a fanish center in Boise. It is not located in a house but in the VISTA BEVERAGE STORE where I work part time. Here Chuck, Mike, Andy and I do much of our fanish gabbing. Rick takes part in it when he is in town. Here, too, I do most of my talking with the new Payette, Idaho fans, Judy and Neal Glad and Judy's brother, Chuck Bogard. I often wonder just what my boss, Bill, thinks of people coming in to talk to me and just drawing up a camp stool and spending an hour or so. He has never complained.

I also wonder just what he thinks of me getting long distance phone calls at store. It does seem strange to me that he hasn't said something.

The first phone call was from Rog and Honey Graham and was most enjoyable. There came one from Burnett Toskey, in fact, that one turned out to be two calls the same night. The third call was from Joe Christoff in Georgia. Joe, bless him, had read my suggestion that we should start Phone Fandom for all of us fans who live alone. (I made this suggestion in the last issue of TWIG.)

The call was funny, the one from Joe, that is. About eleven o'clock that day had opened my mouth to say something to Diane and nothing came out. My voice was just gone. It stayed away on its visit to other places right through the day and into the night. The customers at the store thought I was a bit off.

Anyway, along came Joe's call. During the time I was talking on the phone my voice returned, then was gone the minute I hung up. The excitement must have done it. Joe and I had a wonderful talk that night. Another fan was with him, but he damn if I can think of his name right at this moment.

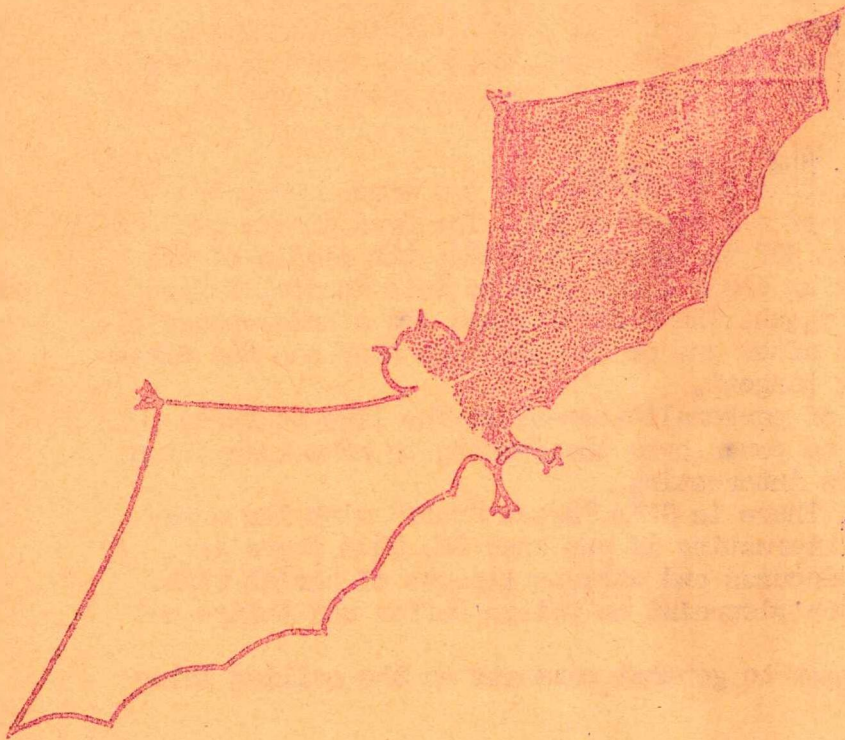
Another sidelight of the call from Georgia was that the operator got me, then had to dial Joe back. She had an enchanting southern drawl that I could have listened to for hours. She dialed the number, got the wrong one. Apologies! to both ends of the line. She dialed again and got the same number. She ended up dialing five times before she got Joe.

Fortunately this was on a night when I had help at the store as the customer really crowded in just then. But, even if they hadn't been there, the help, I would not have given up one minute of my talk with Joe. They could have just stood and watched.

This Phone Fandom is a wonderful idea, even if I did think it up currently. It is just something about hearing these voices from far away that gives you an inner glow. It's nice to know that someone thinks enough of you to call you up and chat a few minutes.

At the moment I'm currently out of business as far as phoning goes. Added expenses on the house, plus getting Diane's kindergarten ready for September opening has just about eaten up all of our finances. Believe me, I can hardly wait until things settle down and I can not have to worry that the money I spend on a zine can buy something we really needed. Fandom with me is just a hobby--a most prized hobby to be sure--and I can't think of letting my kids go without something just to put in a zine.

The 5th Mailing of NAPA was the best to date in my opinion. There was more reading and enjoyment in it than in any of the other four. It just seemed that all



the zines had something to say and that what they had to expound on was of interest to me.

Congratulations, Belle, on a stupendous first mailing. You did a superb job in bringing the roster up to full quota and even having a Waiting Lister. Keep encouraging the fan eds in this way. We may yet have a mailing in which every member has a zine.

This is something I would like to see, no matter if some of the zines were only one pagers. Just to have every member in a mailing is a goal to set.

Fans may be hitting a new period of spontaneity at present. I found the latest SAPS Mailing to be of interest in all quarters, also. This is unusual for me. Might be that N'APA has been my favorite because of my early connection with it.

All art found in this issue of LITTLE ACORNS is by Twig, himself. It isn't the best, perhaps, but I find that my art supply is low and I just can't go on for page after page of plain typing. This is not a complaint to those of you who don't use art. It's just a quirk I have about my own zines.

The mastering of the art, is, naturally, done by me. I'm trying to improve on my ability to put good art on master. I have refused to practice on others contributions and this left me to try out on my own.

The idea for a shading plate comes from George Barr. I haven't a shading plate to my name. When I used the school mimeo for my zines, I also used their shading plates. Barr sent me two pics for a back issue of TWIG that he had shaded on a bound book. I remembered this tonight and dug one out. Naturally, the book I'm using as a shading plate is SHE, What better volume for a KCR PUBLICATION.

My students should see me tonight. In fact, for all I know, some of them might have seen me in the past few days and I didn't know it. They would get a good laugh, at any rate. I'm one who believes to a great extent that a person should do what they want--only I don't carry it to the point where I can infringe on others rights.

As a result, I bought myself a beachcomber outfit. It's white duck with red and white rope belt and with the shirt-jacket decorated accordingly. With it I wear thongs. I feel great in the outfit, thoroughly enjoy wearing it. Had thought that I wouldn't be caught dead in such clothing, but, in a weak moment when I wanted to do something rash, I bought it. I'm glad I did. It has turned out to be balm for the soul, and that is good for anyone who might be feeling the least little bit blue.

Had only a couple of complaints on my running of the serial story, SILENT CONFLICT. Since it ended with the 5th Mailing, I have decided to start another story with this 6th Mailing. I want it to go as a two parter, also, but it is considerable longer than the previous story and I may have to cut it down in each issue and make it a three part serial.

I know that three months is a long time to wait for another installment, but with a synopsis of what went before, I think it can be done without losing the jist of the story. At any rate, I'm going to do it again. Complaints can stop further

practice along these lines, but there must be more than just a couple. There is, oh woe is me, the possibility that most of you don't care, that you don't read the stories anyway. But, then, I get to see my own work in a sort of print, anyway, and the egoboo is still there.

One of the nice things about N'APA that I'm finding out now that I have the time to do so, is that we are a mixture of all types of fen. The dyed in the wool Neffer, the Johnny Come Lately who is in NSF to belong to N'APA, the middle of the roader, and the neofen who are just making their first splurge into fandom. I find these neos particularly interesting to watch. Their first zines are a hodge-podge of material, usually quite ridiculous, but after one or two mailings they see the direction of things and start off on another tangent.

Too, we have an interesting array of personalities--those who like to fued, those who will fued, and those who try to cover over the fueding to make everything come out all sugar and spice. Makes life interesting.

We have specialty type zines also. There is GM's "Dream Stuff" with its array of fabulous dreams, made all the more interesting if you know GM. Then there is MZB's "Picture Trick" and its talk of circuses and various aspects of aerial work. "Quoth the Walrus" by Holland is a mature viewpoint on things Neffer and things not so Neffer.

But why go into all of that? I'll get to general comments on the mailing later in this issue.

Anyone care to trade my days with me for the rest of the summer? Boise is having one of the hottest dry spells in its history. We've already topped our all time high and had 111 degrees of temperature. Since that day it has been in the high ninties or low hundreds. Fortunately, the real heat didn't begin until the 5th of July, the day after the BOYCON.

The country around us is burning up. The worst series of fires we've had for years. Land that has just turned pretty again from a previous devastating fire has again burned.

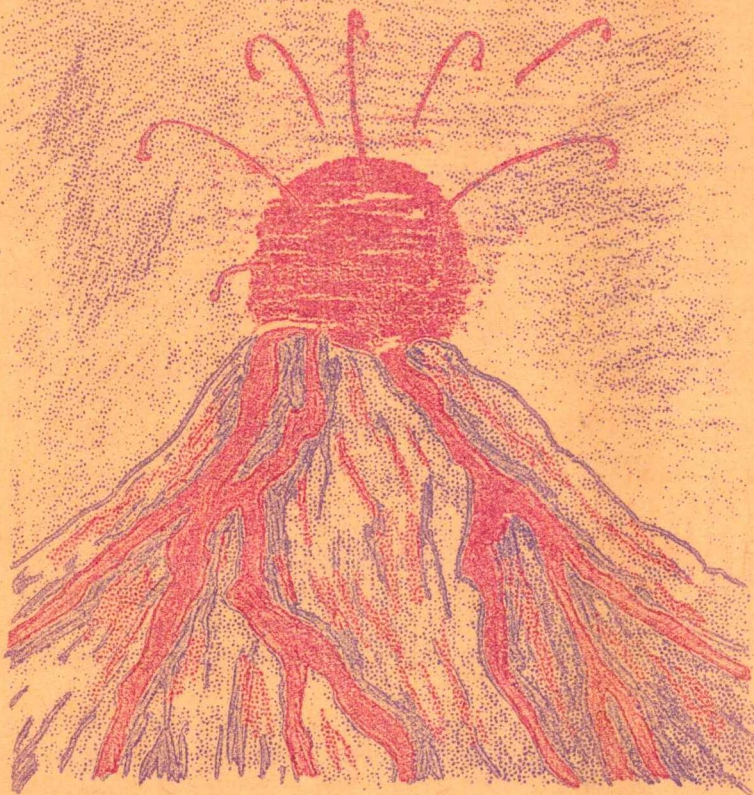
As for my day, I usually get up before seven to go out and paint the siding that we put on the day before. Work on the house continues through the day, usually in the direct sunlight. At about seven at night we have finished the house work for the day and I go out and work on the playground for Diane's kindergarten. This can go on for many hours since a lot of it can be done by artificial light. If I'm not working on the playground, I've gone to work at the Beverage Store and work there until midnight. Home again and up before seven to paint.

Anyone care to trade lives with me for the summer?

Tonight was different. I took it off to do a bit of fanning. Diane has just brought me a cucumber sandwich, so think I will cut this off and eat, eat, eat! This makes six pages done tonight, and that is good for me since I got a late start, around nine o'clock.



Lewis



They tell us that walking on the moon would be an entirely different sensation than that which we know here on Earth.

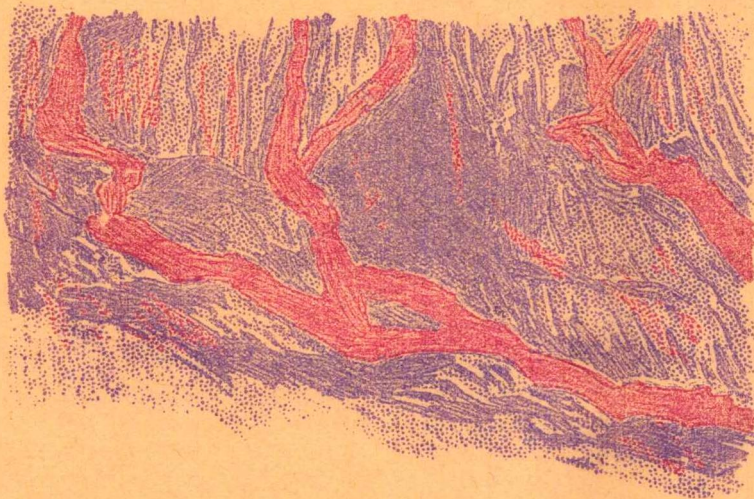
Be that as it may, I present for you a walk on the Moon which is no different than one taken here on Sol III.

I speak, of course, of the fabulous science fictional landscape of one of our National Monuments, the one located within the borders of my own home state, Idaho.

It is true that your walk in the CRATERS OF THE MOON would be more difficult than taking a casual stroll down Main Street in any town in the US. The difference lies not in gravity but in terrain.

The Moon Craters are composed

MOON WALK



of lava--hard, black, porous lava. A new pair of shoes would be shot after one trip across the craters. The sharp, needle-like edges of the lava stone will cut into any type of shoe sole other than metal. The location of the Monument within the borders of Idaho's desert makes the idea of metal shoes impossible.

Don't let the mention of our desert scare you away from a trip to these craters. They are well worth your time and the heat you might have to put up with during your visit.

Perhaps a few of the actual facts surrounding the CRATERS OF THE MOON would be in order. The basis of the following comes from a folder I have on the craters. I only wish I could reproduce the pictures included in the folder for you to see.

This fantastic lava formation was dedicated by Pres. Calvin Coolidge but much credit goes to the citizens of the vicinity for the many years of effort they have put forth to bring this unusual product of Mother Nature to the attention of the public.

In addition to the unique formation of lava flow, there are other interesting features of this National Monument which should be pointed out. Contrary to general impression, there is considerable vegetation abounding in the area. Limber pines,

aspens and choke cherries reach tree size, while shrubs such as mock-orange, sage, bearmat and rabbitbrush also are in abundance. Many beautiful flowers cover the cinder fields in season, and the usual birds and small animals found in western semiarid areas exist at the monument.

Of particular interest is an ancient Indian trail, readily discernible, which follows the Great Rift. There are legends of the Indians' use of the caves as safe strongholds and for transient habitation, while at Indian Tunnel there are perhaps 20 semicircular heaps of stones used to anchor the windward sides of teepees against the prevailing winds. Arrowheads and spearheads are sometimes found.

For tourists there are adequate camping spaces and a limited number of tourist cabins, with provision for meal service. A loop road southward along a portion of the Great Rift provides access to many points of interest. The monument carefully preserves scenery and objects of historic, prehistoric and scientific interest.

Scientists would have us believe that the CRATERS OF THE MOON are not dead, rather they are merely in a stage between active periods and they could, at some future time, erupt into renewed activity.

The earth at this area was filled with fissures. Through these fissures, or openings, from some reservoir of molten rock deep within the earth, basaltic lavas rose to the surface and flowed out upon it. These flows occurred at three different periods, and there were intervals between when the volcanic fires apparently were extinguished.

At the close of a period of flow, when much of the lava had congealed, the gas found vents at a restricted number of points along the fissures, and by its explosive action it threw out fragments of rock, dust and masses of lava. This material was piled in cones around the vents which are now one of the most interesting features of the Monument. These cones are divided into three classes--cinder--spatter and lava.

The greater part of the lava welled up through fissures--at temperatures of about 2,000 degrees F--and flowed out over the surface. The distinct types of lava were developed--chemically the same but different in appearance.

These types are "pahoehoe"--billowy, soft and filled with caverns--and "aa"--rough, jagged and spiry.

The history of the area has been one of alternation between periods of relative quiescence and volcanic activity. It is believed that the present rest period has lasted for about two hundred and fifty years. It is known whether the fires are forever extinguished or whether the earth, after emerging, will again pour forth its floods of glowing molten rock.

In the CRATERS OF THE MOON is a magnificent record of the past. Here is truly one of nature's great natural phenomenon.

Aside from these facts, the area has a great appeal for people. All of our lives we have heard about the Moon and what it is or isn't, through our telescopes, large and small, we have looked at nights glowing red and pondered the eternal question of "what is it? what is it like?"

Here, in the CRATERS OF THE MOON, the imagination of man has that can parallel the actual surface of our space companion, and partially solve his interest. Here he can view the possible surface of the great white enigma. In a small area he can walk and ponder, and if he is appeased enough, can turn away and say that at last he has the secret, that the Moon will no longer be a mystery to him. Too, he can come away from here and wonder just what he really wants so desperately to get to this body in space for.

If you visit the Craters, don't look for reality. Watch rather for the strange in nature's landscaping. Sense the somewhat eerie feeling that abounds when you shut out the world and imagine yourself actually out in space striding along on the surface of the moon. But don't try any of these "tricks" now. You might land in a deep crater.

REVOLT

OF THE

SPACE

MEN

((THE WORLDS MILLIONS STOOD IN AWE AT THE THREAT OF THE spacemen YET WERE HELPLESS TO STOP THEM IF THEY CARRIED OUT THEIR PLANNED REVOLT! THE WORST OF IT WAS THAT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH NOW, MORE THAN EVER, REALIZED THAT THEY WERE TO BLAME, THAT THEY HAD BROUGHT THIS ON THEMSELVES.))

PART ONE

The cumulus clouds had sprinkled a light, acrid rain on the field, cooling the scorched earth beneath the space craft just enough. Four Spacemen lay stretched out under the fins, legs and arms almost touching in the crowded area. They lay there because the fins shaded them from the hot, clouded sun of Astron, and because they had used this protection for relaxation in many places among the stars.

It was the best place for them to relax and anticipate the new problems which might face them on alien ground. They could study the surrounding territory, observe the wildlife, and they could rest. Rest from the long weeks and months they had spent in the cramped quarters of the spaceship.

They could hear the hot breath of the wind strumming its melancholy melody as it played over the silvered bull of its new toy. From the distance came the sound of some animal at play. At least, that was the way it sounded to them.

To the Spacemen, it was almost heaven after the restricted movements of checking over the contents of the ships interior while they waited for the ground to cool. They lay as if dead, or in a deep sleep, but the closed lids of each mans eyes danced the dream of a world of their own, to have, to fight for, to rule the way they wanted.

The dream of a new world away from the bigotry and hatred of their home planet had long been with them, ever present in their exploration of the scattered planets of the Universe.

"Well, let's get at it!" It was Bert, the leader of the group speaking. He wore his badge of authority well for a man who was too weak to earn it through physical prowess.

He hunched up on one elbow. The other three did not answer, but he could tell the thought was not appealing to them. Their faces twitched and scowled. With an effort, each of them rose to his feet, looked at the distant horizon, stretched out the final kinks, and tried to look resigned. Bert motioned them forward.

"Bill, you and Ted take off in that direction. Over toward that grove of trees. Pete, you come with me. That range of mountains looks promising." He patted each on the back as he spoke, a habit he had formed early in his career, brought on as a method of saying goodbye to whomever might not come back from a search.

They nodded agreement and started out.

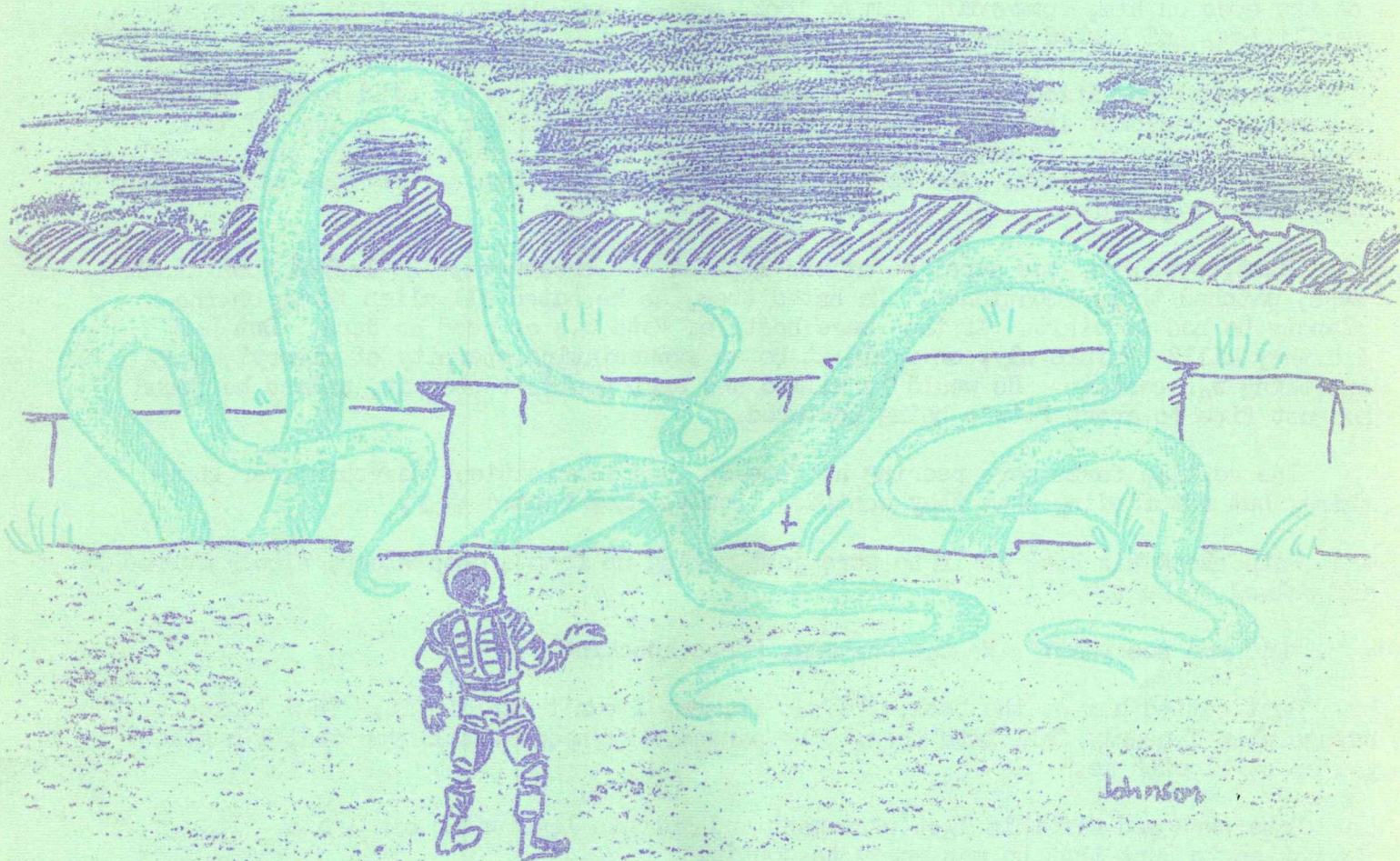
Walking behind Bert, Pete watched the other two vanish, yet he was hardly conscious of their existence. He was too deeply entranced with the outcome of his own party. He always worried on these trips. Worried that something would happen and he wouldn't come back. Or that something would happen to Bert and he wouldn't know what to do to save him.

Bert laughed at him whenever he voiced his fears and he tried to hide them. It was not pleasant to have Bert laugh at him. He pondered on just why he let a scrawny kid like Bert tell him what to do. He hadn't been appointed their leader by the General, but, yet, they all looked to him for guidance. The answer was simple, but he hated to admit it. Bert had brains while the other three of them had only brawn.

Just beyond the range of the spaceship, a blur of action crossed their line of vision. Pete saw the image change from a speckled mass into the browned skin of some small animal. He sighed.

"It's only the shadows from those ferns," Bert muttered as he placed his gun back into its holster. The sight of this eased the tension in Pete.

Three hills later, Pete felt his cheeks go tense and every part of his body sprang



into instant action. In front of him, Bert had stepped too near the edge of a deep chasm, failing to check first to see if there was any overhang. There was, and it gave way. The only thing that saved him was Pete's grasping of the belt holding his holster and tugging him back to solid ground.

"Thanks," he murmured. Then, "Did you see them?"

"See what?" asked Pete.

"I don't know! But there was something down there, just under that ledge. Whatever they are, they're dangerous."

"What did they look like?"

"Reptiles, like some hideous....." he stopped and edged closer to his companion. Over the rim of fresh earth a long tentuous appendage slithered, it's eyes immediately taking them in. From its mouth issued a long wailing hiss, but it did not move to attack them.

"What's it doing?" Pete was attracted by its burning eyes. There was danger there, but he didn't seem to care.

More of the heads poked over the ledge, then moved forward as their long, scaly bodies pushed up.

"Come on, Pete. Let's get out of here." It was given as a command, but was not obeyed. Bert watched as the forms came closer, then drew his gun. It was too late to fire an atomic blast at them without killing his comrade. He could feel several of the eyes on him, commanding him to look, but he was able to maintain his own facilities, and backed away, just out of range.

Pete was terrified, but could do nothing. Something in his mind seemed to lull a sense of security into his consciousness. He could feel the dry scratch of the scales sliding over his exposed hands, could hear the intense hissing as they seemed to talk with one another. And he stood there and waited, hoping, yet not caring, that they would leave him.

Bert, watching, was appalled at the look of the creatures. He looked down at the mass, watched their impatience. He hated them, as he hated all alien forms on the planets he had to visit. If they were hostile, Pete was as good as dead. But how did they kill? Painful, or would it be an excruciating eternity of misery? Only one thing was certain. He would be killed and Bert couldn't stop it, unless he found he must fire to avert Pete's being tortured.

The reptile forms were peering at Pete in awed fascination, searching for something, but not finding what they wanted. Slowly, they backed away.

Pete shook his head as if he were just waking up from a deep sleep, slowly turned and walked to Bert.

"Did you see that?" He was shaking, knees knocking.

Bert patted him on the back. "I saw it, but I can't explain it. They looked so savage when I nearly fell into them." He paused. "I needn't tell you that I'm glad you're still with me."

Pete shrugged off this last statement and got his legs under him again. It was his notice to Bert that he was ready to continue.

The two of them crept slowly forward, then fell slightly apart, then remembering what had happened, came together again. They stopped once to watch a strange plant devour a rat-like animal. From then on they kept a sharp watch for larger plants of the same species, but found none.

Finally Bert smiled with satisfaction and pointed back up the trail they had made. "Enough for today. Let's get back." He wanted a smoke and an end to the days work. And he wanted a report from Bill and Ted, a detailed report.

On the way back they again approached the abyss from which the creatures had come to them. They watched in fascination as the reptiles proceeded about their daily routine, were amazed that they didn't again come to examine them.

"They act civilized," Pete mused, more to himself than to Bert.

For answer his companion replied, "Let's go back and see what Ted and Bill discovered.

"Yeah!" Pete acknowledged. "Wonder what they found?" He looked at Bert's face for an instant, then looked away. He didn't want his friend to know that he had read the elation on his features. More, he didn't want him to know that he could tell Bert was thinking about this being the planet for which they had been searching. That was to be his own surprise to the group and Pete didn't want to spoil it.

He hoped, for Bert's sake, the report of the others would be favorable.

CHAPTER 2

The sunlight slithered past the tallest of the mountains, bringing to a close the last day of exploration. The weeks of shifting the spaceship from one land mass to another were at an end. The four spacemen were gathered, again, beneath the fins of the spacecraft. Each one stretched out his arms and legs to relieve the tension of the days climbing, then settled back with closed eyes.

"Do we have to sleep inside tonight?" Bill suddenly asked, sitting up and directing the question to Bert.

There was no answer. In the early haze of the evening, he could see the crooked smile playing over the completely relaxed features of the "brain child." He nudged Pete and Ted, directing their attention toward the unappointed leader.

"Well, boys," Bert sat up and opened his eyes, surprised to see them all staring at him. "Well, boys," he went on lamely, "this looks like the place for us. This will be our world."

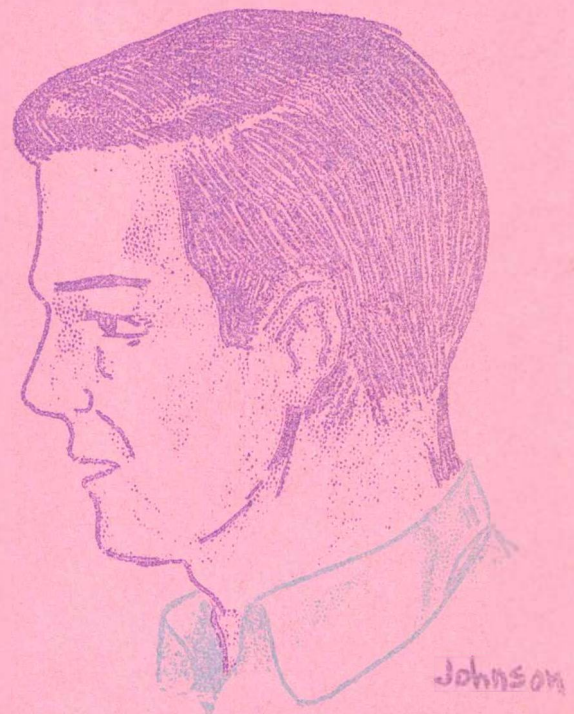
Ted appeared dubious. "Could there be anything we have overlooked in our exploration. Any dangers that we didn't uncover. We can't afford to take any chances."

"We've checked and rechecked the only large animals here," Bill scoffed. "Those reptils are as tame as they come."

There are no chances to be taken here. The only thing we have to worry about is back home," Bert assured him.

"Yeah!" Pete threw in. "I can just see them when we tell them what we have been doin with their time. They'll yell, but loud."

Bill laughed and crossed to Pete. "I can hear my old man right now. My son, a



Bert

leader in an open revolt against his own people. I won't stand for it. Get up to your room and stay there until I tell you to come down."

Ted and Pete joined in with the laughter but Bert remained silent. He hadn't thought of this aspect and the way it would fit into his plans. What would his father think? There was only one thing he could anticipate. His father, a man of the cloth, would be astounded, shocked, and disappointed in his son, but he would say nothing to stop him, Bert was sure.

Six long months later, the space craft neared the atmosphere of the mother planet. In his bunk, Bert looked over the edge down at Pete. He had seen him millions of times, but the thought had never crossed his mind before. Pete had straight brown hair, an almost too receding chin, and an almost childish face. The childishness ended with the face, though. Beneath the head was a muscular body, strong enough to best nearly any man his own age. Pete was not forward like himself. He had a tendency to let others do the thinking for him. All of the others were the same in that respect.

Bill was a fiery tempered youth. The temper matched the color of his hair. He was good looking beyond reason, and knew it. Bill matched Pete in muscular prowess. His muscles would have put many men to shame. But he was weak in that he couldn't plan anything. Give him a set of orders and he could carry them out, but he couldn't originate.

Bert's glance moved over to Ted, the fourth member of the exploring team. Ted was the most nearly like himself. His boyish face fairly beamed with impishness. His physique, though lesser than that of Bill and Pete, still bested Bert's. And his mind was fully capable of pushing forward a plan and seeing that it was carried out. More than once Bert had wondered if Ted didn't step to the background mentally in order that he would appear to be outstanding in at least one respect. What Bert didn't realize was that Ted lacked the initiative to be a leader.

He let his eyes scan over the three again. Where would stand if the going got out of hand? They were behind him now, but would they remain there? Pete would be the first to break under any strain. Funny, he thought as he gazed at the youth in the bunk below, Pete is the strongest, and yet, he will be the first to desert me.

His thoughts were interrupted by Bill crawling out of his bunk. "Hey, Bert! Got time for a cup of coffee before we enter the danger zone?" He could just as easily have checked the charts himself, but didn't.



Bert did check. "Just enoughtime, if you don't get it too hot. It'll set good right now."

The others acknowledged and accepted Bill's offer of something to drink. The feeling of arriving home was bringing them around to a more jovial attitude of the trip. After six months of nothing but blackness and stars, they were to the light of Sol and feel, they hoped, the warmth of thier homes again.

"Hey, Ted," Pete called, louder than necessary, "you going to look up Marie before you go home? Bet she's plenty tired of waiting for you."

"Why not?" Ted joked back. "After all, she needs to know the good news so she can get ready in time."

"Say, that's right. I'd better let Jane know as soon as we get in," Bill said.

"How long you think it will be before we're ready to shove off again?" Pete was suddenly serious.

Bert said nothing for a short time. They all looked at him, waiting. Finally, he wet his dry lips with a sip of dark coffee.

"I don't know." They didn't seem to like the answer. "Really, I don't. There's so much to do, so much to be said. It'll take some time to round up all of the Spacemen. If they are still with us. We've been gone for nearly two years. A hell of a lot can happen in that time."

"We'll go, anyway!" Bill was determined. "We haven't spent all this time looking for a place to live just to throw it over."

"You guys forget one thing. How many of you are going to stand up against your own parents and tell them what you think of them if they say you can't go?"

Pete jumped up from his bunk. "We're men aren't we? We can make our own decisions."

"We're men, yes. But what kind of men? They don't think we are, they never lose a chance to tell us and put us in our places. They love to tell us the story of why we are where we are. Why we can go to space and they can't. But they aren't willing to give in and let us be the men we work as."

"You're right," Pete admitted. "We're still kids in their eyes. The little boy who had to grow up too fast. The infant son who had to go to the stars for them." He paused for emphasis. "Well, I say to hell with what they think."

Ted ruffled his neck. "They aren't telling me a thing from now on."

Ted



Johnson

The anger and hurt pride was carrying them out of bounds by the time Bert could break through.

"Forget it! For now! Better get in your bunks or you won't be doing anything. We're ready to orbit in on the automatic. I'm ready to set it."

They gulped down the last of the coffee and reclined back into the cushions, ready for the blackout that always came with an entrance to Earth's atmosphere. It was unexplainable why they always blacked out at this time. It never occurred on other planets, only Earth.

When they regained consciousness again, the ship was in slow orbit, ten thousand feet above ground, maintaining only enough speed to keep them at that altitude.

The automatic radio sent out the ships call number and finally an answer came from below.

"Come in Cadet Captain Ordin. We're ready and waiting."

Bert acknowledged the message and settled down to land the ship. It was an easy job, the landing, it wasn't so easy waiting for the decontamination teams on the ground to cool the area so the hatch could be opened. The ground would feel good, but not good enough for them to get out and kiss it as the sailors were wont to do.

They waited, staring at each other.

"When you going to tell the General?" Pete managed to break the silence.

"I'm not! We are. You guys gotta come with me." He tried not to scound as if his courage was slipping. He was a big man in space, but here on Earth, he was a boy and his vows could be changed, molded into another shape under the harping voices of his elders.

"We are!" They spoke in unison. He hadn't told them this. To them it had been cut and dried. Bert would make his report, tell the Commanding General that all the Spacemen were leaving the Earth for a new home, and that would be it.

"You mean we gotta go with you?" There was fear in Pete's voice. He wanted to say, "N_o to me!" but lacked the courage in front of one he admired.

"We all go, or none of us. Whichever you want. I'll give my report right away and ask for an appointment with the General for tomorrow afternoon. All of you show up at the usual place, or it's no go."

They looked at each other for a moment, shrugged, and fell silent.

Bert slowly began opening the hatchway to let in the first breath of home they had had in over a year.

(to be continued)

What will the General do when Bert tells him all the Spacemen are deserting Earth for a new home? What will the effect be on the millions of adults who will be left behind? Don't miss HOMECOMING, Part Two of REVOLT OF THE SPACEMEN next mailing.

THE Fabulous 5TH

It's a hell of a note -- I avidly read all of the mailing in its two sections found numerous comments I wanted to make, and then didn't bother to mark the places usual, I'm behind schedule and now find that I have to practically re-read the mail. So, when Chuck Devine comes out tonight, I'll see if I can't get him to take about of the zines home, read them, and make comments on them for me and give them to me tomorrow night at the Beverage Store. Chuck is #2 on the waiting list, and is quite enthusiastic about it.

That brings to mind a thought. I get a bit tired of the enthusiasm of these notes at times...to the point where I would like to tell them to shut up and go home. They suddenly remember that I was once a neo and wonder if I didn't do just the same type things.

Chuck's zine, second issue will be out before you read this. Poor guy, even we try to run his zine on the Azo, something goes wrong. We ran the one side of the last week. Sure enough, everytime I stopped running a sheet in the middle, when we ed up again, there was nothing down the middle of the page. You'll find a couple of type in this issue of TULGEY WOOD--and it is TULGEY WOOD not "Little Acorns" like I in the editorial section. (I'm confused at times!) Anyway, I went down to get some today and mentioned it to the fellow at Syms-York and he said all I needed was a new wick. We'll see tonight if that is the case.

I'm utilizing this partial page to make gen-coms as I'm not sure I'll have time to add another editorial. You noted that I said all art was by me in this issue. Fair Mike Johnson, another local fan (somewhat) did the illos for the fiction. He's also the cover for my new zine to come out in late October or early November--if that's right. In case you didn't know it--TWIG is dead

And now, I guess, it's time to get on to the real business of this section of

YAP

Though it was on the bottom of the list, I'll take YAP first. I can remember if I wrote and said that I didn't agree with the non-reply system of not. At any rate--I can't see how it can turn the apa over to the non-active members of the group. I'm about as active as any one apa and I didn't take time to vote simply because I knew that I wanted to vote yes not to reply was the easiest way for me to handle it at the time.

For those who still complain that my voting ballot was illegal. Please look at article says--"by a 3/4 vote of the ALLIANCE membership". It does not say a thing about a 3/4 majority in favor of anything. Consequently, when 3/4 of the members voted, I considered it as being a legal balloting and tallied it as such.

Belle, is it possible for the half of a married couple who is not a member of to include a zine in a mailing? I'm not trying to be obnoxious in this. I really want to know.

Belle, let me congratulate you, this was by far the best mailing to date. I really enjoyed it. Perhaps part of this is because I wasn't quite so close to it, but generally, the whole thing seemed better.

NO
PLACE

Welcome to N'APA, Buz.

Well, it's like this with me. I found that I had to give up one of the apas I was in. Not only for lack of time, but also because I found the apas, generally, to be much the same type of thing, and too much of any one thing is boring to me. Since I had so much to do with the founding of N'APA, it was only natural that it would be the one I would chose to stay in.

Would like very much to have stayed in both, but too much fanning time was taken up with both of them. (I'm glad I did get the last SAFSmailing, though, as it gave me your BOYCON report.)

My own personal view of what happened to the "press relations" of NZF is that at the time it all started, the officers of the club weren't doing their job but were bickering back and forth. When a club can't stand itself, no one else is going to respect it. The past two years have been good ones for NZF. Holland as president of the group has worked to get it back at peace with itself. I hate to see Ralph retiring from fandom. Maybe I should try for president--I'm such a peaceful sort, you know. (Neh! Neh!)

Hi Elinor. I wondered about multi-apas until I found that with two I decided I would drop one. I think this aspect will take care of itself, more or less.

CONJURE

Hi Mike! Now that I see so many comments offering me a debt of gratitude, I feel a bit silly of some of the things I said.

I don't really think N'APA ever need become a subordinate of NZF. The two exist side by side because they

represent the same thing--a group of fen with a common idea and desire to communicate. NZF is, after all, a communication group and N'APA is the pubbing group within it. If there is anything to fear, I think it is that fen will join NZF only to get into NIAPA. That is the primary reason why I never wanted N'APA to have unlimited membership. We can keep our friendly group together much better if avowed NZF haters aren't in the club just to be in our apa.

I didn't have any special reason for continuing "Silent Conflict" at the place I did. It just so happened that I came to the end of space and it ended there. As of this typing I'm not sure where "The Revolt of the Spacement" will end. A paragraph near the end of the page is the only requirement. However, if it is at a spot that will maintain interest, all the better.

FANATIC

I guess I had never thought of being bogged down with kids, etc., a s meaning sex-starved. I only have two girls, but they can get me down until I'm so worn out I don't want to fan. Does that make me a sex-starved man-fan? I have never

actually connected sex with fandom, anyway. Sure there are a lot of rather lewd illos in some of the zines, but I never consider them as sex symbols--and then only on the part of the artist. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but sex is sex, and pictures have nothing to do with it as far as I'm concerned. All goes back to the human body being so ugly--femmes included.

There is a little matter of review and repetition that will keep teaching from being done strictly by motion picture. You couldn't repeat the same films over and over to stress a point--the kids wouldn't watch. And it would be too expensive to make enough and varied films covering the same topic. No, I think teaching is here to stay. Don't know why a teacher should resent a visit to his/her classroom. That is unless they feel they don't know what they are teaching and don't want to get caught. Personally, I feel I

SAVOYARD

Hi, Bruce--though I think I should ignore you this time around. Your wine was shore hard to read. Hope you don't do this again very soon.

strict grammarian would insist on it. However, in the simplified usage of the comma as exemplified by the newspapers, the commas would be avoided.

Your handling of the sentence was fine. You can, if you wish, use commas in the sentence. In fact, a

I muchly enjoyed your rambling on the comics. Agree that this kid stuff, the finding of a boy to join the super-hero, has gone too far. Though I didn't, that should be don't, read the comic books now, I grew tired of it before I stopped reading them so completely. Did Green Lantern do away with that monstrosity he had with him before? Doiby Dickles? That ruined GL for me and I soon stopped bying his 2,4,ne and All-American Comics.

SONOMA

Hi, Norm, and welcome to the group.

Will agree that Mountain Home AFB is on the small side. Will not agree that it is insignificant. Most basic reason for this is that they have long ago closed any AFB they so considered. What with the Titan Missile Project there, etc., I add to the reason. The only really bad part of the MAFB is that it is in the desert of Idaho. However, it is only 40 miles from Boise, and I've seen a number of bases further from civilisation than that. Got another reason?

What with the Titan Missile Project there, etc., I add to the reason. The only really bad part of the MAFB is that it is in the desert of Idaho. However, it is only 40 miles from Boise, and I've seen a number of bases further from civilisation than that. Got another reason?

I believe I have a duty to my students, whether they like it or not. They don't come into my room and do nothing. This idea that if a student doesn't want to work just let him sit until he fails is silly. That's as bad as the woman who complained over the radio that she couldn't get her children to take naps. They spent all their time watching cartoons on TV and never played outside and were, therefore, never tired enough. It was a phone call program so I called in and asked her who was boss in her home, she or the kids and didn't she know how to turn off the TV set. Of all the silly things parents complain about these days. I don't think the average parent even suspects they are supposed to be boss in the home.

PESKY'S

I'm not going to say a thing about your comments on the 3rd. that is just going back too far for some to remember and know what the comments were about.

Strangely enough, I must have skiped over all the stories in sf that used chess in them before I wrote "Silent Conflict". I wasn't aware that the theme had been used so much. As I meant to say in the notes to Seth--weren't you a bit surprised at the ending of it?

Had Michael not made the comments he did, I probably never would have written What Did You Do--actually, What Have You Done. He gave me the idea cause I couldn't see that he had done anything at that time. Still haven't seen it to any extent.

DREAM STUFF

Don't know if you meant it or not, but your dream this time has a double meaning. It can be taken as just a dream sequence to be enjoyed, or it can be taken as a satire on what has been happening to you during the past year.

Whether I agree with you or not, does not matter here. The point is, I believe you did a beautiful job of writing this. The point comes across so clearly, yet in a way that perhaps a number of fen didn't take it to mean them. The shoe fits a l rge number of fen--I wonder how many of them will wear it? When I read this and then thought about your previous comment that all fen must bow to Boise before doing anything, it brought out the sense of ridiculousness that has been flowing around of late.

As a result, I say this: If you believe what you said, then you have the right to say it. We don't have to believe you--and I didn't. But, why should I act like a young kid--and in my considered opinion, that is what you are. To hell with it I say.

How I wish I could afford to write to Mark about the FFMs. Buying back issues just isn't in the books with me right now. Maybe some day in the future I can think of this phase of fandom again.

As for anyone who objects to my breaking silence--it's up to me, I did it, and I don't care what the feeling is. N'APA is a friendly apa, and I'm not the one to start things off in a different direction.

SISU

Hi, Andy! Well, I doubt very much that I will tear your English apart. The only time I go into that in a fanzine is when some one else brings it up. I teach English for a living. I publish as a hobby. May the twain never meet to the point where I feel that I must be a teacher in

fandom. Ugh!

Nice that you decided to continue SISU on the 15th of May. That's my birthday. Did you do it as a present for me? No, "The Seventh Seal" is alien to my memory. I didn't see it. Sounds like I should have, though.

'Twas nice having you up for the BOYCON, though you did irritate me a bit on how to do masters for a ditto machine. I was about to tell you that when you could put out a zine that looked like TWIG,--rip--you could start telling me how to master. Thought better of it, though, and kept my mouth shut. For which I am glad. Anyway, both Diane and I found you pleasant to talk to and hope to see you again some time soon. We won't be coming down California way this year, after all. Just can't work it into a busy schedule. There is only so much time in the summer, and ours is gone. I start school again this coming Thursday.

Chuck Devine is here with me and.....

Hey there, A. Kelley Main, how come no art? It isn't like you. Snap out of it boy or I'll send you some of mine. You wouldn't want that! If some kind person will drop out I'll be seeing you in the next mailing. Yea, I know! "N'APA is going to ruin!" Bless....

These Deross that horn in when a fella is trying to accomplish something. I guess I haven't trained Chuck very well. Get up to get a cup of postum and look what happens.we, meaning he, just finished running off the second issue of his zine.

FANTASY-COMICS

Hi, James, and didn't I make a mess of your title? Didn't see that I had left out the M until the rest was done and just couldn't erase all of that at this late date, so just

filled it in as best as possible.

Hope you don't change your mind on your policy in F-C. And, especially, I hope you do run a lot of material on the old comics. I guess I'm just old, but I find rehashing these old greats creates a lot of fond memories for me. You should at least have one section each time which covers one of the old books.

Found page 3 the most interesting, and, this was because it was about the old group. More, please.

FANTASY-REVIEWS

Buenos Noches, Frank. (It's night as I write this!)

You're right that N'APA members might be interested in discussion of sf pocketbooks. At least this one is. In the past three years my collection of pbs has dropped way off and it will be nice to have some record of ones coming out so that I can again keep up and eventually start back-buying. (No relation to backbiting.)

This is not a personal reference to you Frank, but to a lot of people. Sex and dirt are a state of mind. I find that a lot of the so-called sex stories are really not so when I read them and I begin to wonder at the minds of some people. The only thing that makes a sex-story dirty is the mind of the reader. A good example of this is James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan." I don't consider that a dirty book but a rather pointed history of the

ZZZ
You know, I thought I recognized that style of Bruce's from somewhere. I suspected, but my zines just weren't available to go hunting through them. But I had seen them and liked them Bruce.

Nice cover on ZZZ this time, and glad to have you with us.

As you can see, Alma, I'm now enjoying NAPA to the full extent.

It was just a case of having so much other work to get done that anything I did for NAPA had to be rushed. I really don't like to do things in a hurry. I like to piddle along and take my time.

Most of these so called sentences that are outlandish are done, not for the actual grammatical perfection of the language, but just to show how far out we can take the thing and still basically have it correct.

Loved that inside back cover of the Boyfoot Bear. You must have patience to go back through a stack and add color to the pictures. Why don't you just use some colored masters and run it all off at one time. Wouldn't take much more time that doing it once. Will admit the effect is much nicer this way, though

HIRONDEL

Strange, I got this lettering on and didn't bother to see whether I had any comments to make on it or not. After quickly going back over it, I find there is nothing I wish to say.

So, you'll just have to do without any comment from this quarter. I could say, I guess, that our PO no doubt wouldn't have let your cover go through. They've taken to inspecting bundles from Twighouse. Ah, me!

WYOMMA

Hi, Eva. Muchly enjoyed reading "The London Airport Mystery." While I'm not sure what things like this really are, or can't quite say in my mind that they are what they appear to be, still they make interesting reading.

I must feel like Thoreau and his pumpkin. I want my new genzine to be my zine, not the readers. There are too many fannish zines going now. I'll find more room on my pumpkin.

The "Moon Walk" this issue is especially for you, Eva. For the time being I've given up the idea of "Neffers." (Hi, Alma, I'll send back your four dollars, okay?) I just don't have the time to do it right now. I'm going to keep it filed in the back of my mind, though.

KAYMAR

Nice to see a pic of you, one of the legendary members of NEF. Always nice to know what other fen look like. This aspect hasn't bothered me too much since attending two regional cons, though. Still, I get curious about the looks of various fen.

If I make marginal notes as I read the zines, comments come easy. In fact, when I don't do this, I have a hard time of it. Some refuse to mark their fanzines, but I'm not quite that particular about them. I don't save fanzines, other than my own, or ones with my own material in them. There just isn't enough room for everything pertaining to sf, even in this larger house of mine and I feel the prozines are of more value. Oh, I do plan on holding on to the NAPA mailings, though.

PICTURE

Should have turned PT over to Chuck for review. Here I am at the bottom of the page and don't want to carry over onto another. Yep, my main guide right now is a plastic ruler.

I want to get some others, eventually, but can't afford to do so right now. Maybe in a year or so. This new house takes up so darn much money to get everything done. Have you recieved BOF yet? I sent along another copy to you some time back. Don't know what's with the PO on BOF. I've had the hardest time getting it to people. Makes me glad I'm not going to do another one of them.

And those are my MCs for this time. Chuck is covering the other zines in the mailing. At least, I gave him the zines last night so that he could do them for me.

life and times around Chicago during an era. I never thought of it as sexy or dirty until someone pointed out to me that it was dirt. Take Farrell's "Ellen Rogers", on the other hand, and it reads as a sensational novel out to make sex a dirty word and succeeds quite well. I have yet to see an sf novel that I could call really sexy. I haven't yet read "The Climacticon" so can't say on that. Farmer's book, however, I don't consider as overly sexy--using the word to mean the same as dirty.

Tell me, did "After Worlds Collide" ever come out as a pocket book?

FACADE

If anyone complains about your small type, just ask them how they liked reading yellow ink on dark purple paper. That should quiet them down.

I wonder why I didn't get more cannon aimed in my direction for letting you into N'APA when you weren't a Neffer. I sure got a lot when I let Gerber in and he was a member.

The trouble with James w s that where there could minutely be pointed out a bit of similarity, he denied it in print saying it came from someone else. Believe me, after two summers of research, plus extra research during the winter, I feel pretty sure in saying there wasn't enough similarity to warrant a "aster's Thesus on the comparison.

At the time I was in college, we only had to have 28 hours of Ed Courses--thank ghod. My last year they raised the amount, but I was exempt from it.

Glad to see someone else saying that IQ Tests aren't all they are cracked up to be. We've over-emphasized them, I feel. So many things can alter the result of such a test. The child can be sick, emotionally disturbed, the day can be too hot, the room can be too cold--all having an effect on the child's thinking. We don't very often consider this aspect, though.

If the sins of the parents are to be visited upon the children unto the seventh generation, then how can you account for perfectly fine people having an idiot? No, I can't go along with this--not even in the biological sense. Discounting God, yes, these things could be biological accidents. That I will accept and bear. It's the religious aspect that I can't swallow. Only a cruel God could make an innocent babe suffer for what someone did when the child wasn't even born yet.

QUOTH

Don't you dare resign, Ralph! Maybe I misinterpret your meaning of the word fannish when you speak of the original idea for an N3Fapa. Or perhaps you---hell, what was I trying to say there? Had to get up to see what the girls were doing and forgot by the time I got back. Anyway--my own current idea is to

have fanzines less fannish. Let's get back to science fiction and fantasy. The pendulum of fannishness has about reached its zenith. A few sf-f devoted zines are springing up again, and the trend seems to be more to a serious type of material. My own new zine will be more sercon than fannish, the fannishness being limited to one article an issue. My own reason is that I fully enjoy pubbing the serious stuff, the faanish items in large quantity have a sameness about them that begins to pall after a short time.

An apa is actually a correspondence group. I do think we could add to this, though. The size of mailing comments could be cut down to allow for more varied material to be included in the apazine. The fault in apa pubbing is that not enough time goes into the preparation of the zine. The idea that the whole zine can be made up of MCs lurked in the back of the mind and sort of takes away the enthusiasm for branching out. Personally, I like MCs, but I like other stuff, too. That's why I dropped out of SAPP. Too many MCs are boring.

You did a fine job of explaining why N'APA members pay dues both to N3F and the apa.

I sort of sit back and gloat at times. All those reports that sf is dead just wash over me. Firstly, I don't think all of the zines will ever be gone from the market. Even a little trickle of magazine sf and the field isn't dead. But the main reason why I feel as I do: Even if all of the magazines folded, I have, in my fan room, shelf after shelf of science fiction magazines that I have never read. In fact, my collection of prozines is mostly unread, with the exception of the current zines, and even all of them aren't fully completed. I have a store of "new" science fiction to last me for years. I'm not one who sits down and reads constantly. I have years of reading ahead of me. I'm not worried in the least.

THE TERWILLEGER

While not really a feud in the full sense of the word, at least the squabble could be called a running argument.

The hassle began the day I discovered Guy had a sizeable collection of prozines. While it is not Fandom's largest, compared to my couple hundred prozines and score of fms, it is a very desirable collection. I immediately set about getting them. Oh, no, I don't mean steal them or anything like that, but just in case Guy gaffiated or died I'd see to it that they weren't wasted.

Of course, the easiest way would be to get Guy to leave them to me in his will. Well, not as easy as it looks. He absolutely refuses to change his will which specifies that the collection is to be buried with him.

Time and time again I argued this out with him.

"Now be reasonable, Guy. If they are buried with you they are lost to humanity and fandom. What a waste! You can't be serious!"

by Chuck
Devine

DEVINE FEUD

"You bet I am. The very thought of someone paving over them after I'm gone makes me sick. I shudder at the mention of it."

"But you can't have them buried with you. Why, that sacriligious! What good would they do you after you're gone, anyway?"

"I'm having a flashlight buried with me, too."

This was getting me nowhere.

"But what if one of your daughters were to become a fan?"

"In that case, I'd leave them to her, of course."

Ah, pay dirt. I'd only have to marry the girl for her daddy's prozines! But wait! Come to think of it, last time I was at Guy's house, both girls ran screaming at the sight of me. One even turned the hose on me. I don't think they'd cooperate.

"By the way, Chuck."

"Yes?"

"I do wish you'd stop forging my name to things. It isn't nice."

Well, I guess my plan to forge a will was out too. Maybe if I saved his life he would leave them to me out of gratitude.

Now let's see, push him in the river and jump in and save him? No, I can't swim.

Sic my Great Dane on him and then pull her off and save his life? No, that's no good either. Last time I tried to sic Dodo on someone was the day I didn't get any mail. I got mad but when I tried to pull her off the postman, she wouldn't let go. He's buried in the back yard. I haven't gotten any mail since.

No, saving his life was out. Then I had it. The best idea of my life. That night I went over to the store to talk to Guy.

"Oh, by the way, Guy, I've decided what I'm going to do as my life's work."

"Oh, really? What's that?"

"I'm going to become a professional graverobber."

Guy broke into heart rendering tears.



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((Where?
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS!))

ol Flunk-Em-All Terwillegger has turned me loose on the remainder of the mailing, so here goes. And I bet he won't type them up as nicely as he does his own. Likes to make himself look good, you know.

Oh, well, that's the price I have to pay for having him for English again this year!

DERO....Now's as good a time as any to ask you this. I meant to ask you at the BOYCON but it slipped my mind. Just how accurate is the King James translation of the Bible? It seems to me that ever time the Bible was retranslated into a new language, something would be changed. Over the centuries there would seem to be quite a difference.

Peskys On Three.....It's been a while since I've read the 3rd mailing so there's not much to say. I threw my weak little, half blind eyes out of joint trying to read some of it.

"E".....Why doesn't anybody ever review books I've read so I can review the reviews. Why did I ever let Guy talk me into this anyhow? Oh, well. You like baseball or something, Joe?

N'APACON.....A thrilling fannish saga. Well, at least enjoyable.

PIOPLE ARE CRAZY.....Hmmm!...Mailing Coments on Mailing Coments. Well, at least I could read it. I decline to comment on your art.

PESKYS ON 4.....Heck. I didn't even read four. What do you consider a fair waiting list? I'm #2. There's a lot to comment on but I can't read it. No, your repro isn't at fault. I was due for a new pair of glasses a year ago. (I wonder what Guy looks like?)

AVE SUBSTITUTE NUMBER ONE.....A very nice looking cover. I like the rambling. Not enough people ramble any more. It's surprising what some people have laying around their minds. Sometimes shocking....

WHY NOT.....Liked the comments on the shooting of your Western. Sounds like it was a lot of fun. How come I have to live out here in the sticks where nothing fannish ever happens outside of a con or two. And Guy is 3/4 gaffiated for the rest of the year. By the way...How come it wasn't ready for the BOYCON? Are you a teacher, too! Good Lord, what is fandom coming to?

TULGEY WOOD.....At last! Now I can get back at old Flunk-Em-All! But do I dare? No, I'd better not risk it. "Silent Conflict" would have been a lot better if I hadn't already read it. You ought to get a good writer for your N'APazine. Like me or Rick Adams. You had better watch your repro...TULGEY is beginning to look like PILIKIA.

POLHODE.....Let's face it. As a reviewer, I am a complete loss. Some parts of the repro were a wee bit on the unreadable side but not bad as a whole. The material was quite good. More like a genzine than an APazine. (No, I don't mean that the material in APazines is no good. Sounds that way tho, doesn't it?)

((He's got more, but I wanted to remind you this is not my stuff--get))

K TP.....Isn't anybody happy with the by-laws. From the comments I am surprised that N'APA lasted through the second mailing.

A FANZINE FOR KAREN ANDERSON.....What have people got against one-sheets by MZB? I found this entertaining and informative. Nice front too.

((Good grief! Now I'm sorry I didn't take French in school. Well, here we go.....))

B EBE S'EST AIT BOBO AVEC SON BAMBOU.....(I think that's what it says) Elvis who.....?

A CAUSE DE QUOI A-T-ON COUPE LA CORDE DE PAQUET?.....Don't argue with him on "That that that that that dat...or whatever. He pulled the same thing on us last year in English and picked our arguments to pieces. Wonder what he has in store for me this year? You don't seem to like the by-laws, either.

FAIT SECHER CES CHAUSURES SOUS LE FEU!.....I can't wait to see how Guy Masters these titles. May e he'll ignore em. Good lord! I must be losing my immunity to APA mailings...I just laughed at something. I thought all fuz were published in cipher. Some fan-ed's call it spelling.

BABETTE A FAIT BOMBANCE A HORD DU HATEAU DE BOB.....Here we go again. It's enough to drive me off the waiting list!

(I think I see light ahead!)

DITES A DEDE DE DIRE ADIEU SANS SE DANDINER!.....More griping about various things. it's enough to disillusion me, poor little neo that I am. At least agreed with TZ comment. If it doesn't get a hugo (or didn't, depending on when this gets to you people) I'll.....just a minute while I think of something horrible to do.....I could always do more comments in the next mailing. That'd be awful enough.

Well, that's that. Now I'll run this mess over to Guy at the Beverage Store and N'APA's fate will be sealed. That is if Guy ever gets TW run off and sent to Belle for the mailing. He gaffiates at the slightest provocation--still hasn't mailed out the final BOYCON report or my BOYCON NEWS shets.

Blessings.....

CHUCK DEVINE

GUY HERE: Well, that's it for this time. Now if I hurry and run this off and get it parcellposted to Belle, it should make the mailing. The PO says it only takes a few days for this method and it is cheaper than first class. If it doesn't make it in time, then I guess you'll be seeing it in the 7th mailing rather than the 6th.

'Tis true about me being more gafia than not. Guess this is normal after being the sponsor of a con.

*****One little plug for myself, though. I am running for Director of NEF and would appreciate any votes that you N'APA members might throw my way. I'll stand on my record of getting N'APA going as being enough to show that I have the best interests of NEF at heart.