



Whos  
wishes you

A Merrie  
Christmas

*And a Happy (hie!) New Year!*

SMELLO AGAIN...yeh, this is it. YHOS, of which you will never see the last issue. This is #2, published (what) for (?) the December 1941 mailing of the FAPA, by the Oracle of Cape Cod, Art Widner Jr, except he doesn't live on Cape Cod only nearby and just likes alliteration. He lives in Bx 122, Bryantville, Massachusetts. This is a BODACIOUS PUBLICATION.

LOOK, READ, AND TAKE HEED. At Denver, some brilliant soul -- sorry I can't remember the genius's name -- was inquiring about the pronunciation of YHOS. I fidgeted mentally, since I rarely pronounce it, just write it. I said it had been referred to as rhyming with both "dose" and "boss" (among other things) and I didn't give much thought to it. He then suggested a French "Y" which would make it "E-hoss." I was delighted, and so that is the official pronunciation.

THE ERROR ON THE COVER of number one was not found by anyone ~~with-~~ out hints. That is, the error I did so much blating about, & which turned out to be the least important of a whole flock of them. On the large S, I dipped my pen into the wrong ink bottle, thus causing half of it to appear in purple and half in red. Tsk, isn't it? For Harry Warner, the discoverer of the period, I stood in the corner for an hour. It wasn't so bad tho, as I struck up a conversation with a friendly spider, and time passed quickly. .... The spider, name of Herman, doesn't care much for Campbell and the new brand of stf. It deprives him of a lucrative sideline modelling under magnification for stf and fantasy illustrators doing giant bug stories. "Alas, for the good old Claytons," he moaned. "From 1930 to '32 it was nothing unusual for me to get a cover and three or four interiors a month. Nowadays, I'm lucky to get a measly interior twice a year. TWS mainly." He gloomed, and absently tied a double sheepshank in his web. I left him trying to straighten out the tangle, & muttering to himself.

SORRY JUFFUS. I should have put that platform of yours in BONFIRE. But there is no truth to the rumor that the Rannischnerd Gleep bill now before the Sonate will forbid thaddockes to frimble. It's just a geel for snorking. .... Hmmm, I see you are the victim of an almost unknown, anti-travel ju-ju. This originates in Tibet and isn't called a ju-ju, but I couldn't think of the Tibetan word. I didn't think the grasses and herbs necessary were obtainable in this country, but evidently an efficient substitute has been found. Tibetan "witch-doctors (called something else in Tibet) use this ju-ju when they wish to keep some person at home whilst they engage in various machinations elsewhere with immunity from observation. These, are only second-raters of course. Adepts don't have to bother with such junk. .... It seems that someone wishes to keep you in Washington, or else some smart garage manager has seen the possibilities in the thing. The nullification of the ju-ju is simple. Burn it completely, bury the ashes deep and mark a cross over the spot. If you wish to keep the thing for a curiosity you can have the car blessed by a priest in the name of St. Christopher, or hang that saint's image inside your car, which will do as well. .... I am not a thushol. I am just a Thing. I read your message by holding it up to the light because your printing is lousy even frontwards, and I was too lazy to try it the hard way.

four

LET IT BE KNOWN that Louis Russell Chauvenet is responsible for the mimecing of POLL CAT. Seriously, tho, if it were left to me, you would be lucky if it was out even now, and PANFARE would be still further delayed. LRG also stapleth a wicked staple and slurpeth a mean sticker. As the Eidolon of Iowa might say, "Gad!"

THAT SINGULAR ANOMALY, Miss Gertrude Kuslan, seems to be in a bit of a dither over the remarks of a certain "sage." As some of you have figured out, this sage is none other than your beloved benevolent editor, revered by young and old, protector of dogs, ragged alley cats, aged and feeble bedbugs, etc. Pause, for the propaganda to sink in . . . are you on my side now?

Good. Stand by to lend a hand as I sally forth to trade light left jabs with the ferocious windmill La Kuslan has erected. Remember tho, that the sarcasm dripping from these pages and making a messy puddle on the floor, is merely part of the game. This remains an argument at all times, and has no chance of becoming a fight or a feud. Extra sarcasm, for more players, can be obtained from Parker Bros. Inc., (makers of Monopoly etc.) Salem, Mass. (Unpaid advt.)

In SARDONYX and NUCLEUS, she breathes fire and brimstone down the cringing neck of fandom, showing them in their "true" light, as a disgusting collection of warped minds and wishful thinkers, sunk to the lowest possible depths in order to satisfy their perverted cravings for appreciation and importance. These are the fans; this motley horde of crawling, slithering, drooling idiots. This is fandom; a gang of horribly twisted introverts with their bare faces hanging out. Tsk. Hamm. Very interesting.

Very interesting, I say, because in the same breath, Miss K. flings back her arms in the best melodramatic style, and howls to high Heaven because I exclude her from this ultimate abyss of the mind. Shucks, I thot I was doing her a favor. You can't please these femmes nohow.

BUT I MUST AGREE with her indictment of the 'one sheet members who devote their time to lavish subscription mags and toss the FAPA a bone as infrequently as they can and still get by with it. And usually a bone with no meat on it at that. I realize that I am dangerously near that classification, altho #1 YHOS seemed to be fairly well-liked. As my new year's resolution, I promise to be in every FAPA mailing (unless I am booted out) and to maintain a publication of at least three mimeo'd sheets (letter size) on both sides yet. Who will join me in forming the Society for the Prevention of Moldiness in the FAPA?

IF YOU WILL GET OUT YOUR TIRE KIT and tick a blow-out patch on the cliché that irks the Basilisk of the Bayous, I think it may still hold air. Thusly: "War never settled anything to which any ensuing good to Mankind could be traced."

On the other hand, it sometimes gives one furiously to think. Here, we have war, a regular activity of this cockeyed bunch of animals we are. Surely war is an illogical, insane process, pointing eventually toward the ex-

termination of the species, with the able assistance of other minor bits of foolishness.

Now. Most philosophies build up a picture of the world (or universe if you insist) and fit Man into it. Any observed data going contrary to this preconceived plan is evil or wrong, say the philosophers. Just as the gang said Galileo and his findings were wrong and evil because they did not fit with any thots that had been thunk up to that time.

It seems to be a characteristic physical and mental trait of all life and homo sapiens in particular, that the longer he persists in a certain set of habits, the more difficult it will be to uproot his processes & set him off in a new direction, even if the new can be proved better or more useful to his well-being. I imagine that a little investigation would disclose a mathematical formula that the effort required to jolt a human out of his rut increases as the square of the time he has travelled in said rut.

All this is by way of getting around to presenting the theory that maybe war is right! It does not fit in with any logical conception of Man & Earth that's yet been worked out. Here we have the logical idea that War is no good. It wastes Man's energies, crushes his spirit, depletes the finest of the racial stock, and endless material resources. But remember, this is an ideal. War is a fact. We can see it, smell it, hear it, get blown up by it. Such a persistent bit of data is like the duck-billed platypus. An entirely unreasonable animal, but it exists just the same. The platypus puzzle can be shelved temporarily, but we can't ignore War. Instead of continually stumbling over it with our noses upturned, let's get down on our hands and knees with the magnifying glass and give it the once over. How does it come to be in our path? Does it serve any useful purpose? . . . All life has natural enemies. Big bugs eat little bugs etc. This is to maintain a balance of power. If one species becomes too numerous or powerful, they will exterminate all the others by directly or indirectly eating up all the plant life on the planet. And thus exterminate themselves. Man has no natural enemies. He can lick anything on Earth that so much as wiggles its ears in defiance.

So there is no check on these successful animals called men. But somehow, they are kept down - they don't proceed as fast as it seems they should. This funny thing called War keeps slowing them up. Isn't it possible that this is a natural phenomenon designed to keep them from going ahead too rapidly? Is it possible that too rapid progress is not to be desired in the natural scheme of things? If war was truly a bad thing for Man, I should think that by this time it would have exterminated him. He's been give it plenty of chance for some thousands of years, and yet he keeps plowing painfully ahead in spite of this anchor. A succession of coincidences point the way toward a natural law. If War is to exterminate us, it seems remarkable that it has failed so many times.

That sounds as if I figured some supernatural force, such as God, were at work. God (in many instances) is a useful invention, but I am not hinting at a metaphysical or Fortean solution in this case. Perhaps it is only the "survival of the fittest".

But who is to determine who is the fittest? Are the ones who are dumb enough to go out ~~and~~ killed the "fittest?" I don't pretend to know the answer. I'm merely presenting an hypothesis to see what my fellows think of it.

Is Man sailing thru a tricky, narrow, uncharted, rocky channel? And is War the anchor that is keeping him from barging ahead full speed onto a rock? Of course there is the humorous possibility that in his impatience, Man may die of apoplexy while trying to pull up the anchor. Or he may take an axe to the cable, slip, and cut his head off. . . .

GILBERT'S POINTS on the NFFF sample test are essentially sound....

TOUCHE, MR. KOENIG! Here's a lulu imported direct from the all-high ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION itself. No fooling around in rubbish heaps like AMAZING, etc., for me. Errors are a dime a dozen, in those mags. No sir, Yhos does it the hard way. Neither do we stoop to the listless pastime of exposing such trivialities as "who hissed who in what comic strip?" Step right up, ladies & agents, & rubber at a real, juicy, died-in-the-wool error, and committed by your favorite author in your favorite magazine to boot:

FROM "COMMON SENSE" by ROBERT A. HEINLEIN. ASF OCTOBER 1941

p. 151: "Yes, even though they stripped themselves naked, and chucked in their knives, the mass of the books would still be needed."

p. 154: "....a small animal native to the planet let his curiosity exceed his caution. Alan's knife knicked him over and left him kicking."

Producing knives from nowhere leaves me kicking, too.

INCIDENTALLY, you're a hard man, Heck. All along you've been crusading for less juvenility in the FAPA, fanzines, and stf in general. Then Milty and Speer come along with discussions of adult interest, and you crab because they're too highbrow. You're almost as difficult a certain inhabitant of West Haven, Conn.

& What did you expect to assert by printing that letter from your "best-informed and learned" friend? Most of the "learned" people of my acquaintance do not make excoriative indictments without investigation. Neither do they bother filling their letters with spiels on subjects they admittedly consider inconsequential, and write them in a "for-publication" style.

If this "learned" man knew his fandom, he would also know that no one more than "organized fandom" deploras the driveletters printed in the prozines. He would also know that the conventions are now solely fan projects, which merely use the prozines for free publicity. He would also know the majority of fandom are not the ones who write driveletters. And that in nine cases out of ten, a driveletterer who becomes a fan usually stops writing letters to the pros altogether, or else ups the

quality and interest of same considerably. Also, that the "callow and sophomoric" writers are callow and sophoric, being composed mainly of first and second-year high school kids. Cripes give the poor goons chance to grow up. They will.

In fact, the whole article smells suspiciously like another "Professor" gag, and I am surprised that an otherwise intelligent man like yourself, Heck, would bother to print it.

MY COPY OF HORIZONS wasn't so hot. I remember that I liked reading it, but as the bug said when he hit the windshield, "I haven't the guts to do it again," so I can't comment in detail. Please, Harry, mimeo the thing, won't you? Figure out the difference in cost between hekto and mimeo, and I'll gladly supply the same. Airing your correspondence is a good idea, & I want to read it.

GROVEMAN HAS AN UNHOLY GALL to tell us about his nifty printing press in a lousy, commercial, hektographed thing. And the further nerve to try to sell us printing for our FAPAZINES! I have met Bill, and I like him, and I like him in the WAPA, but unless he changes his present attitude toward the FAPA, the sooner he gets out the better for all concerned.

A SINGLETON PSEUDICDELIGHT. For some time, there hung on the wall of Apt 505A, MIT Grad House, a very large piece of paper, labelled THE YELLOW JOURNAL. It was written by three feminine acquaintances of Earl and his roommates. It is an imitation of a front page of a newspaper, and tells of the death of the three fellows by drowning in the nearby Charles River while searching for guppies to add to their aquarium. I now quote from the pseulogy on Singleton:

"HE CAME, HE SAW, HE CONQUERED. But if young Singleton loved 'em and left 'em, he was not to blame. He could not help it! He was the Brenda Frazier of his sex. He radiated glamor.

He was a scholar. One of the most brilliant mathematicians since Donald Duck, he added numbers as quickly as he did feminine admirers.

Henry Peter Earl Singleton was a poet. The outstanding disciple of Edgar Allen Poe, he spoke in numbers, since the numbers came. His poetic abilities were not limited merely to writing verse. His rendition of Omar Khayyam sounded like the petals of red roses dropping on soft velvet. He was a lover. To be more specific, he was T H E Love. Peter was the lover and he was loved by women from coast to coast.

Hailing from a rancho grande in Texas, Earl invaded M.I.T., where he studied math and literature. Earl was an author of some note, and wrote under an assumed name for fiction pulp magazines, in which he thrilled readers with descriptions of creatures of his imagination. Up to the time of his death he published several poetry magazines. He was allergic to flamingos.

Singleton could be found any summer night parked in an unlighted auto with a woman. It did not matter who, just so she had curves and glamor to call out the gleam in the Singleton eye.

eight

yhos

He wrote reams and reams of copy which he called "letters to his friends" and kept a file of the ones sent and received. The perusal of the documents revealed that he carried on eight love affairs at one time.

The Rudolph Valentino of HIT is dead. We must stop and weep. "He loved with a love that was more than love - he and his Annabelly."

The "We Loved Earl Singleton" Clubs thruout the nation are in mourning today. . . ."

WING BOO SAY, "a coat of paint on a house will hide a multitude of sins, but on a woman it accentuates them."

WHEN I DIE,  
Quietly will I go.  
Just a little serenade  
Played soft and low . . .

Oh yeah?

PROPAGANDA DEPT: I hope the following statistics will be a boon to those fans who sometimes find themselves in the company of emotional patriots, and are put on the spot by being asked what their opinion of the Germans is. Those fans can now mumble something about "The Dirty Huns", and still remain socially acceptable and at the same time avoid being hypocrites.

England	uses	20	lbs.	of	soap	per	capita	per	annum.
U. S.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
France	"	17	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Holland	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Germany	"	13	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

### THE WIVES DROPPER

This is a little late but I like it.

Now comes the June bride with a smile a mile wide  
As down the main aisle she doth trot him.  
And at every stride she is singing inside,  
"I got him, I got him, I got him!"

---Ed Pointer in THE BOSTON GLOBE

And right on time . . .

Beneath the spreading mistletoe, the homely maiden stood.  
And stood and stood and stood and stood and stood and stood  
and stood.

---Origin unknown

"The narrower the mind, the broader the statement."

---Reader's Digest

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MORE EAVESDROPPINGS  
(keep it clean, boy, or you'll get the bird!)

THE HELL OF IT

One moment more, timed by one gasping breath,  
And I shall go. Your fierce lips bid me stay  
But duty calls implacably away,  
And dooms our pulsing ecstasy to death.

One moment sweeter than all else I've known --  
And I'll go wreck that God damned telephone!

---Burton Crane in his NAPI magazine,  
Masaka, May 1941.

Sound advice.

"Don't talk about your indigestion --  
'How are you?' is a greeting, not a question."

---Overheard

One up on 4e.

"Gee whiz, Mabel, to keep these darn things straight  
ya gotta be a mathemagician."

---One unknown salesgirl to another about  
a complicated system of sales slips in  
a large department store.

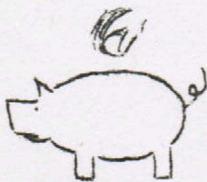
Ready to say "uncle"? Okay. I stop.

EASTERBERRERS  
Come to the Boskone in February!

---

IT'S L.A.

ON LABOR DAY!



Start saving now for  
THE PACIFICON!