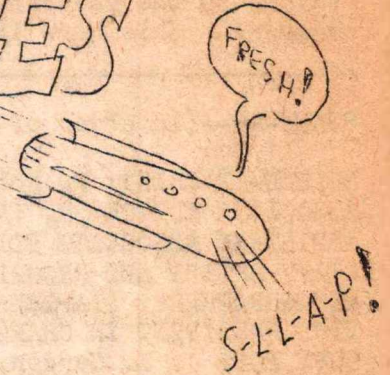


# WUDGY TALES

TALES FROM THE VIENNA-WUDGE!



WUDGY TALES, DESPITE REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY  
FROM THE VICINITY OF MINNEAPOLIS, IS AN MFS  
PUBLICATION.

WT is out the 31st of every February--watch  
for our special groundhog-day issue. Price:

6 Weetongs in Japan  
5 Marks in Franæe  
3 Francs in Germany  
Two Pesos in Finland  
I doubloon in Canada  
9 Twonklebugs in New Guinea

NOTICE: Wudgy Tales is not sold on streetcars  
or U. S. Army Tanks.

WUDGY TALES IS PUBLISHED AT THE MEXICAN NATIONAL  
INSTITUTION FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED LOCATED AT  
CAIRO, EGYPT.

No payment is offered for manuscripts unless sub-  
mitted by H. G. Wells, or Oliver Edward Saari....

... F.A.P.A. ...

WUDGY TALES is published sex-weekly at wherever the MFS mimeb is located when it comes time to go to press, usually the Gergen shack or the Brackney trailer. Price: One beer per issue (subs by mail may be remitted in the form of canned beer) Ad rates: Cover, a dollar-three-ninety-five. Anybody may submit material. No tramps please. Opinions of writers in this magazine are screwy, usually shared by the editors, and any complaints regarding same will be utterly disregarded. This here is volume one, number one, our special Groundhog Day issue.

STAFF-----(In order of rank)

- EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: P. Robert Bronson, Stf. D., 1710 Arizona Avenue, Santa Monica, etc.
- ASSOCIATE EDITOR: M. (Manse) Brackney, 152 Arthur Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn
- ASSISTANT ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Gordon Q. Dickson, D. S. C., 4833 Elliott, Mpls.
- STAFF ARTIST AND RECORDING TECHNICIAN: M. Scott Dollens, 1710 Arizona Avenue, etc
- MIMMOGRAPHERS? STAPLERS? ASSEMBLERS? AND MORAL SUPPORTERS: C-D. Simak, Carl Jacobi
- VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF BEER (SUBS) DEPT: O. Edward Saari, 213 Washburn, N.
- COPY BOY: J. L. Gergen, 221 Melbourne Avenue S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- VICE PRESIDENT IN CHLRGE OF EMPTY BEER CANS: Samuel Davenport Russell, Esq.
- JANITOR and WASTEBASKET-EMPTIER: Sdr

EDITORIAL (BY THE EDITOR)

Well, unaccustomed as I am to editorial writing, I would like to take up a few moments of your valuable time and shoot the old bull. (Stop! Get away from that phone, Tucker. You don't have to call the S. P. C. A., it's only a figure of speech.) I yam going to a burlycue show in about 15 minutes with O. Edward Saari and M. Brackney, two of my associates, so, unfortunately, I won't be able to discourse on nothing for very long. Only for about 15 minutes. In our next issue we will have a swell story called "The Thing From the Ooze, or Shoot the Planet to Me Janet", by O. Edward Saari. In the issue following that we will have 16 rejected short stories by Simak and Jacobi, never before published in any magazine or book! S. Davenport Russell, our Janitor, is working on his biography, called "My Life and Loves", and hopes to have it completed in 1971. It will be privately printed by the Alcoholic Press, of Minneapolis. SDR will also have a novel in our third anniversary issue entitled "Why I Am a Fan, or Sixteen Days in a Lifeboat with Brackney".

DID YOU KNOW THAT OUR OWN SAMUEL D- RUSSEL HAS SOLD 2 60,000 word novels to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION???? Well, he hasn't.

Ah, the trials and tribulations of a FAPA Fan. Here I sit, stenciling Wudgy Tales in the LASFS clubroom, all alone, with the exception of Dollens. Forrie, Milty, Morojo, and the gang have gone to dinner and a show. But WT has lain in an embryonic state for so long, and I actually feel like working so much that I have valiantly thrust all temptation from my mind. I can hear Yerke remarking "How noble". Morrie would you like to say a few words? Okay, here's Morrie.

Hi! We're going out to dinner now, so that thought overpowers all else. Too much fun eating; much more than typing. So long. ~~~~Morrie.

Omd ssiendma neinima Raymond Washington monh feini nov ni vsiffenfu nof doni aat. Harrison Schmarje amto tani hseup infusammt, sma no disfenfi ter ni fu nalet, tinti ei vosi monhbesosi vassostet in bi taam anivaa, beuf. Is inho ni, sinamvosdetma neinima fubi aapt: "In veito disfenfi miet Weehawken Ferry?" ~Fassbeinder.

IN EXPLANATION

Almost every fanclub has its own particular brand of local humor, usually consisting of screwy tales affectionately written about various fans by their fellow members. Invariably the humor is corny, the stories senseless, and of little or no interest whatsoever to outsiders. However, I feel that this type of drivel has a definite place in fandom and, accordingly, am inflicting this issue of "Wudgy Tales" upon fandom. The members of the old Minneapolis Science Fiction League hit their high on "silly story" writing back in '37-'39, turning out reams and reams of the stuff. Some of these masterpieces are in my possession, and I intend to print them all at one time or another. How I pity you poor people. Some of the words and expressions used in the tales may be strange, such as "fout", "nank", "Twonk's Disease", "Hotfout", ad infinitum. "Fout" can mean almost anything, but is generally used as an expression of disgust ("Aw, fout!") or derision ("Fantasite's a fouty rag"---"Fout on Yerke"). "Hotfout" however, is an expression of extreme joy or exuberance, while "Twonk's Disease" is the ultimate in afflictions of any nature, and "nank"---well, your guess is as good as mine. Back in '40-'41, and MFS meeting was incomplete unless one of the silly stories was read aloud to the assembly by Mr. Russell. Members writhe on the floor, clasping their sides in agony, while others would relax helplessly in their chairs, tears of laughter streaming uncontrollably down their cheeks. But, alas! them days is gone forever.

THE REDOUBTABLE LIEBSCHER

R. Angeltip van Twillbottom

Last week I paid a visit to Walter Liebscher of Joliet, Illinois. As I drove through Joliet in my capacity as Junior Salesman for the Brackney Horseradish Co., I suddenly remembered that some fan lived there. I could not recall to mind his address, however, so I started on again. I had left a copy of Amazing on the running board of my car by accident, and just as I reached the outskirts of the hamlet, a running figure overhauled my chugging Model T, jumped in, shook hands with me, and explained that he was Walt Daugherty, er, Liebscher ((No correction fluid)), the Nation's No. One Fan; that he had seen the copy of Amazing on my running board, and wouldn't I please visit him for a while so he could play some dirty records for me and talk over science-fiction.

"Well", I hedged, trying desperately to think up some plausible excuse.

"Aw, c'mon," he insisted. "Just think, you can stay for dinner."

"Well," I hedged.

"You can see my copy of Frank Harris".

That did it. Away we went, in the direction of 103 S. Eastern. En route he had me purchase some salomey for supper, explaining that he was temporarily without funds. Arriving at Walt's home, we got out, walked up 12 flights of stairs, and stopped.

"I live in the attic," he explained, "because it's so close to God and all of his little friends, the birds." Several of God's friends had made themselves at home in the oven, the cupboard, and various other places around the room.

"Sit down," he invited. I sat on the arm of the only chair in the room (he was occupying it), not noticing as he unobtrusively helped himself to my watch and pocketbook.

"Well," he said, "shall we beat around the bush, or talk sex?"

He lit a candle, as it was becoming rather dark in the room.

"No lights," he apologized. "The crows, bless their little hearts, used to derive great pleasure from swooping in the window and pecking at the light bulbs. Yes." He paused. "I used to work for a light bulb company. I sucked the air from the bulbs."

We spent the remainder of the evening discussing the works of Kummer.

Finally I had to leave, after loaning him my hat so that the water wouldn't leak on his face in the event it rained during the night.

I never did get that supper he promised me.

THE END OF FANDOM

By X. X. YONK

A bunch of the fans who whooping it up in Minneapolis' load- ing dive, Delaney's, one night, during the World S-F Con- vention of 1946. Many famous faces were to be seen lined up at the bar. Tucker faced the middle of the spacious room, leaning on the bar with out-thrust elbows. Next in line was Walt Liebscher, who was picking Manson Brack- ney's pocket. Brackney had just slipped Aclerman a Mickey, and was gloefully ex- amining the contents of his pockets. Fortier and Dickson were shaking hands over their beers, and Joo pretended not to notice Gordy drop a whitish powder in his glass. Daugherty and Doc Lowndes were discussing old times over their drinks. Kornbluth was skillfully applying a match to Walt's shoe under the table. Sam Russell was standing on one leg in the corner of the room reading "Jurgen" aloud to himself. Neil DeJack entered with a whoop, a blonde on each arm. Several fans scrambled for the extra, Liebscher winning out by virtue of two knife thrusts, and a right hook. Milt Rothman was laughing uproariously at something Al Ashley had whispered to him, and Ollie Saari and Doug Blakely were anxiously suggesting that the joke be repeated for their benefit.

Suddenly the entire place was hushed. You could have heard Robinson drop. A tense silence pervaded the once-noisy room. The door opened, and in walked a dazzling red-head.

"It's Hot Tamale Molly," chorused the Minneapals.

"Who's she?" queried Fran Laney, his mouth open.

"Hot Tamale Molly," came the noncomittal reply. Tucker nudged Brackney, who was nursing a black eye.

The fans were transfixed with awe as they gazed upon her. Her radiance out- shone the lights in the room. The visiting fans eyed the MFS boys with displeasure and then with open hostility as Molly winked hello to each of them individually.

"She's for me," yelped Widner, staggering to his feet.

"I saw her first," cried some little fan, pushing Widner aside. He started forward to take her arm, but DeJack stepped in his path with a low growl of hatred. Speer and Perdue were flipping a coin, while unnoticed by them Kornbluth was ap- plying a match to each of their shoes.

"Lay off, chums," piped up Milty, "I got dough." He produced an incredibly fat wallet and began to count innumerable greenbacks. Molly perked. Several fans' eyes gleamed wickedly.

"Come, come, boys," said Molly, adding a burlycue performer's slow undulation for effect, "let's not argue."

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h," breathed Fortier.

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h," added Dickson.

"Wow!" yelled Frank Robinson.

"Splrfsk!" suggested Forry, picking himself up from the floor.

"We'll have a rough-house match," commanded Molly regally. "The winner takes me as a prize," and she bestowed an incredible smile on Milty, whose nerveless fingers dropped the bulging wallet. John Gergen emerged from under a chair and retrieved it.

"Yahoo," shrieked Bronson, bashing Fortier over the head with a chair. "Hah," snorted Speer, tripping him, and straightening up just in time to receive a well- directed kick from Lienscher. Lowndes grabbed Robinson from behind, and threw him behind the bar. Daugherty leaped into the air, clutching his foot and scream- ing maledictions at Kornbluth, just in time to miss being struck by a flying beer bottle. Perdue was hiding behind a pillar and bashing people over the head as the surging mass of struggling fans wavered back and forth. A cop bellowed into the room, but folded up like an empty potato sack as Ollie Saari hit him in the middle with his head. Someone clutched the cop's .38 and began blasting away indiscrim- inately. Fans went down. The bartenders and the manager of Delaney's were de- fending the establishment with gusto, laying many of the brawlers low with ac- curately thrown bottles. For an hour the battle raged. Then there was silence. Someone moaned. There was a crash, and then once again complete silence.

"Here I am," sighed Milty weakly, waving his wallet triumphantly from behind the bar. Gergen lay in a heap alongside him, a determined expression still on his elfin features. But Milt was done for, and he sank back to the floor.

(Next page)...

With an undefinable expression on her face, Hot Tamale Molly undulated over to Rothman's supine form, and jerked the wallet from his grasp. Counting the bills she swayed out the door.

A youthful voice was heard outside the bar: "Ferry, Oh Ferry, Morojo wants you. And Walt--Walt Daugherty--Eleanor is getting mad. And--" Hearing no reply he timidly peered in through the open door. Gasping he took in the ghastly carnage. Suddenly a positively lustful expression appeared on his face.

"Gee," he drooled ecstatically, "Gosh," he waved an outdated copy of Space Tales joyfully in the air. "Now I'm No. 1 Fan!!"

STUFF by ? "Ah, yes," said Leo Margulies as he breezed into his editorial offices at 8 in the morning. "And how is everyone feeling this bright and beautiful day?"  
MFS SILLY STORY "Fumf," came the reply of his secretary.  
DEC. 1937

Margulies hastened on into his office. "Nothing like a lovely spring morning to make things cheery," he exulted. "Gee, but stuff is hyper." he jerked up the window shades and was greeted by a resounding splash of rain. Outside the sky was black and filled with a torrent of stuff.

Margulies growled and sat down at his desk. The first thing that met his eye was the title of a manuscript: "The Secret of the Crypt", by Oliver E. Saari.

Immediately Margulies yelled for his secretary. "Wilbur--where did you put my rejection slips?" Before he received an answer a wild-eyed young chap rushed into his office. "I have it!" he shouted. "I have it! Here, Leo, I'll place the atom on your desk. Observe."

Margulies looked up to see Arthur J. Burks before him. "Smash it!" said Burks. "Smash it...go ahead...I've got more."

Obligingly Margulies smashed the atom. "There " said Burks. "You see, I've invented the smashable atom. That is I discovered it. It was invented by my Uncle, Sir Thomas Uppen."

"I see," said Margulies. "One of the Uppen atoms. But tell me--what good is a smashable atom? Where is the power?"

Burks turned for the door. "I hadn't thought of that," he said.

Margulies looked back at the pile of manuscripts on his desk. Quickly he pressed a lot of buttons and went into the board of directors' room. Presently his editorial staff arrived. "Lessee," said Margulies, "is everybody here? Beckworth, Worthbeck, Barton, Blodgokins, Fuddyduddy, Humphbottom, and Fitzwilly. Correct.

Well, gents, you've read these manuscripts. What's your verdict?"

"I read three novels by A. Merritt," said Humphbottom. "I suggest we buy them all."

"Merritt!" scoffed Margulies. "Merritt, you say...when our readers are clamoring for Kuttner, Kummer, and Kruse! No...reject the Merritt novels. Has anyone found anything from Kuttner?"

"Five book length serials and three short stories," said Fuddyduddy.

"How were they?"  
"Bad!"

"Good! Buy them! Anything from Kruse?"

"Two novels," said Fitzwilly. "But they were completely dominated by a masterful serial from John Taine. Might I suggest--"

"I'll buy the Kruse stories," said Margulies. "Taine? Taine? Never heard of him...sounds like baby talk. Come, come--who's heard from Kummer? And Fearn, and Binder, Williamson and Zagat? Speak up, men!"

"Kummer submitted seven novelettes. Each one concerns a brazen plot of the Martians to blow up the Earth. The only difference is that Kummer uses a new type of hero in each story."

"Buy them!" said Margulies. "Publish three of them in our next issue!"

"But we already have two Kummer stories scheduled."

"Give him a new name...call him Octavus Blort, Frank Sklank--anything."

"We'll call him H. G. Wells for the present. I always thought that would make an excellent name for a fantasy writer."

(next page)

"Great!" said Margulies, as he lit a match on a new Campbell serial. "How about Binder, gentlemen? Binder...Binder!"

"Bind who?" asked Beckworth. "Oh...yes, yes...Lando Binder. Only one Binder story today. He's failing us--used to have four or five in the mail every morning."

"But I don't mail them anymore," said a voice from the door. "I bring them to the office, like I'm doing now. It saves postage."

With that Lando Binder crossed the room and laid a stack of some 2000 sheets of paper on the editorial desk. "My latest serial," he said.

"But these sheets are all blank," said Margulies.

"Oh, shucks," sighed Binder. "I knew I forgot to replace that old ribbon." He gathered up the paper and departed.

"Continue," bellowed Margulies. "Let's hear the opening lines of that new Fearn story."

Northbeck arose and commenced reading: "The hero jerked out his ray gun and peppered the oncoming Martians. Then he saw out of the corner of his eye the aged Professor Whomp struggling a mighty dinosaur bug. Just at that time the villain's ray gun spat and two Earthmen bit the dust. Splat! Splat! The hero fired twice. Down went three Martians."

"Halt!" yelled Margulies, "that's terrible--only five men killed in the first paragraph. Remember, men: 75 per cent of the characters must die in a Thrilling Wonder Story!"

"Concerning the manuscripts the messenger just brought in," mused Fitzwilly. "There are three Kummer stories hot from the typewriter. However, one is by F.A. Kummer, Sr., and another by F. A. Kummer, Junior."

"So what!" argued Margulies, "buy them. Buy them, I say!"

"But the third story," continued Fitzwilly, "is by F.A. Kummer, age three."

"Read it," commanded Margulies

"The space ship departed from Earth in a sizzling streak of flame. Da-da glub goo down in a meddy in a itty bitty poo gurgle gurgle splud."

"Excellent!" cried Margulies. "Buy it...the fellow may be another Weinbaum."

With that he leaned back in his chair, and using page 499 of a new Skylark story for a torch, ignited his cigar. "Shall we have lunch sent up today, gentlemen?" At their assent he pressed a button and a plate of sandwiches was brought in by a robot. Since Margulies himself was the inventor of the mechanical man, it waited patiently for tips.

"Hat!" growled Fuddyduddy, "no lettuce in my sandwich!"

"None of the sandwiches have lettuce," said Blodgekins. "There must be a shortage of the stuff."

"I'll fix that," said Margulies. "Wire our staff authors immediately," he told the robot. "Tell them that we'll pay two cents a word for stories written on heads of lettuce."

With that the editorial board went about eating its lunch, using the pages of a Coblenz novel for napkins.

"Continue!" bellowed Margulies, 'spitting crumbs all over the table. "Let's hear one of Kuttner's yarns."

Beckworth rose, wiping his mouth on A. Merritt's latest opus. He read: "Cluckbottom was going to destroy the Earth. Humanity had reached the breaking point. Something had to be done, so Cluckbottom was going to destroy the Earth."

"Good!" said Margulies. "Note the extreme sense of plot Kuttner possesses! Brilliant writing, indeed!"

"I say," interrupted Fitzwilly, "I should like to mention that a previously undiscovered Jules Verne novel was found in France recently. I suggest we purchase publication rights immediately."

"Yes, that Kuttner is marvelous!" exclaimed Margulies. "Go on, Beckworth. Don't stop there."

Beckworth continued. "Our hero held Cluckbottom within his mighty grasp, but soon his aching muscles could bear the torture of the Zilch-ray no longer. He sank into oblivion, knowing only that he had failed, and that Cluckbottom would eventually destroy the Earth."

"Great!" gloated Margulies. "Suspense, intrigue, action--that's what our readers want. Don't stall Beckworth...go on."

"But then Cluckbottom's mighty space ship trembled from stem to stern. Our hero had succeeded...that is, he hadn't won the girl yet, but he had prevented Cluckbottom from destroying the Earth."

"That's it!" yelled Margulies. "Never give the reader away until the last word. A great story...we must publish it immediately...in our current issue."

"But our current issue reached the stands yesterday," objected Worthbeck.

"Call them all back," thundered Margulies, banging his fist on the table. "We'll reissue them...with Kuttner's story as a feature novel."

"Excuse me," said Fuddyduddy. He got up and walked into a room marked "Gents Only". A moment later he stuck his head out. "No paper here," he grumbled. "Gimme that new Lovecraft novel."

Just then a messenger boy entered and laid a head of lettuce on the desk.

"What's this?" gasped Margulies.

"It's Williamson's new story," replied Fitzwilly. "He certainly wrote it in a hurry."

Margulies picked up the lettuce and scanned the printed words thereon. "Looks great," he said. "We'll buy it. Send it to the printers right away, and tell them to send it right back, 'cause that's going to be tomorrow's lunch."

Fuddyduddy returned with a relieved expression on his face. "How did you like Lovecraft's paper?" asked Beckworth.

"Excellent. He uses a very fine grade, only I wish he wouldn't punch his periods so hard--they scratch."

"Here's a new story from Hamilton," said Worthbeck. "He's in Honolulu, and says he couldn't find anything to write it on except this hula skirt."

"Good," said Margulies, "just in time. I was wondering what I would wear to that masquerade tonight. Which reminds me...Cummings went to China to collect ge-tails for a new story. Wish he'd get back...he took my last week's laundry with him."

"Here's a story by Leo Margulies," said Fuddyduddy. "A new author, I guess. Doesn't look bad."

"Buy it," said Margulies. "Send the fellow a check right away."

"By the way," said Fitzwilly, "we had a letter from some new writer a week ago. He said he was going to submit a story about a scientist who went up in a stratosphere balloon and didn't come down. So far we haven't received the story. What happened?"

"I remember the fellow," said Margulies. "Some new author who always enacted his stories before he wrote them."

Then Leo Margulies came to the last story in the pile of manuscripts. The title line caught his eye: "Secret of the Crypt" by Oliver E. Saari. He looked up. "Has anyone read this?"

"I read it," said Fuddyduddy. "It was marvelous. Positively magnificent."

"I read it, too," put in Worthbeck. "It was a masterpiece of fantasy."

"Superb!" said Fitzwilly.

"Absolutely colossal!" added Beckworth.

"Is the fellow better than Kuttner?" Margulies asked.

"Not better than Kuttner," replied Fuddyduddy, "but he puts Merritt, Taine, & Wells to shame. He's greater than Verne or Smith or Campbell. He's a new Weinbaum. A second Clark Ashton Smith--"

"Reject it," snorted Margulies. "Smith, Taine, Merritt--poopy! Tommyrot. If the man can't approach Kuttner, his stories aren't fit for Thrilling Wonder. Meeting adjourned!"

Presently the men departed. Margulies waited a few minutes in order to clear up the mess they had made. Suddenly he jerked off his mask and as you no doubt anticipated, it was none other than the great villain Vv. "Strange," he muttered. "What am I doing here? Must have got the Zeep condensers mixed."

Immediately the mighty Vv was enveloped by a mist-cone and whisked away to the worlds beyond. Surprise ending.

THE END

(September 26, 1937)

