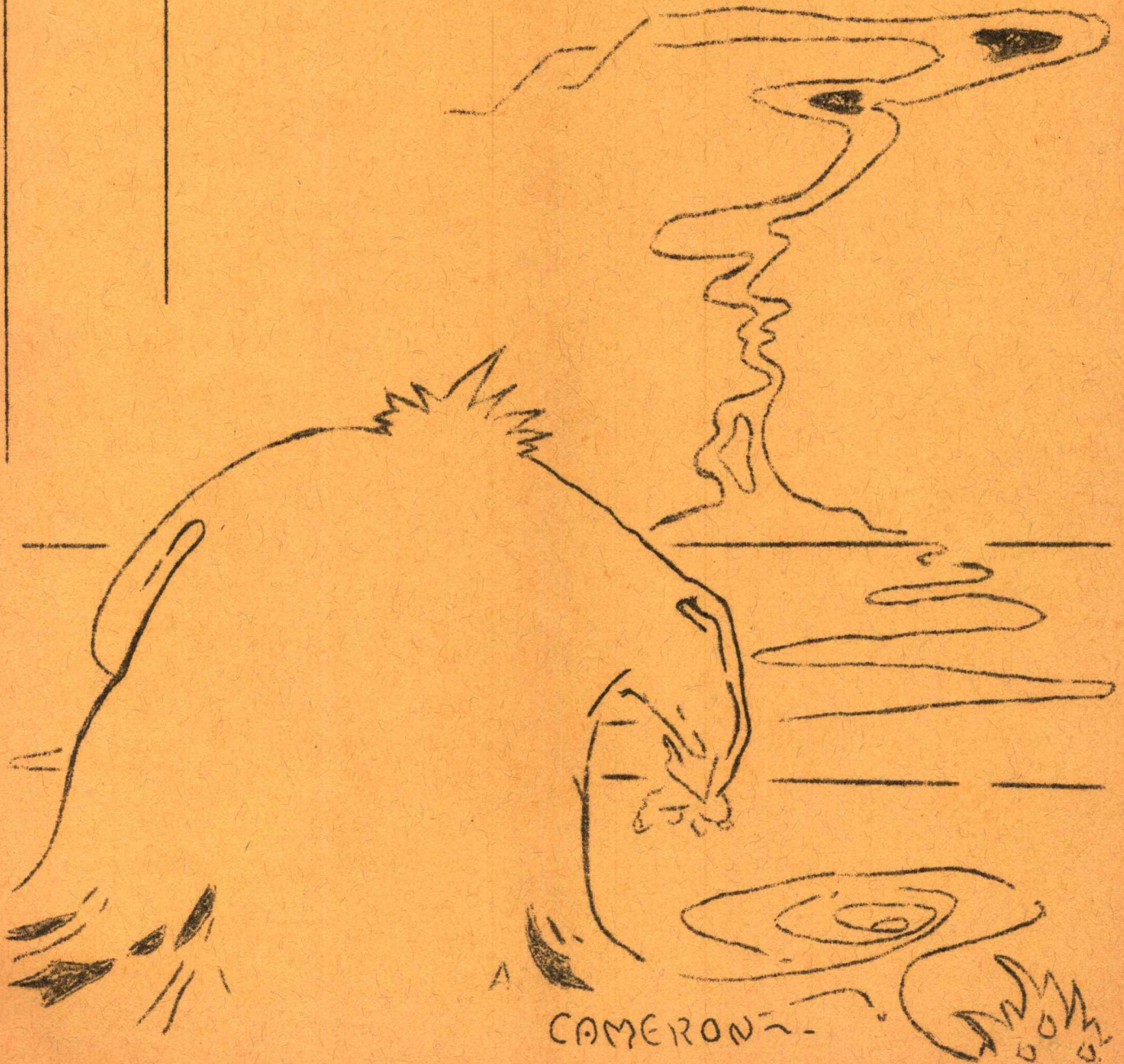


YANDRO



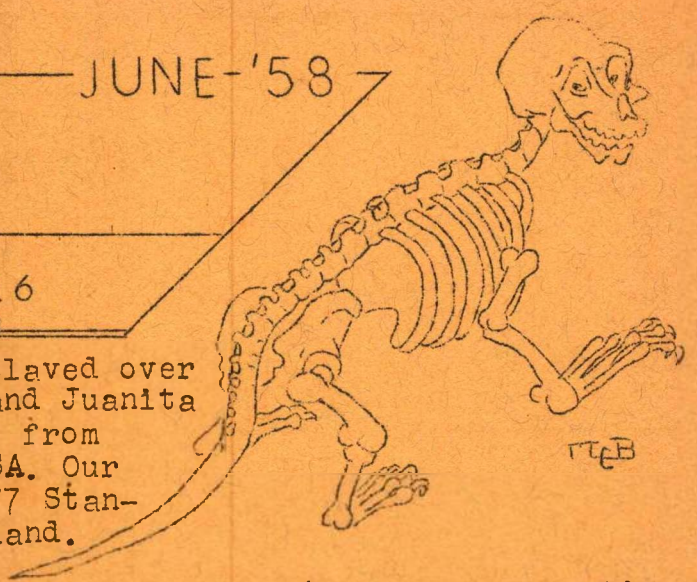
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YANDRO — JUNE '58

issue # 65

VOL. VI NO. 6



Edited, published, and generally slaved over by Robert (better known as Buck) and Juanita (better known as Hey You) Coulson, from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA. Our British agent is Alan Dodd Ltd., 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England.

Price is 15¢ per copy, or 12 for \$1.50. British price is 1/3 per copy or 12 for 12/0; Price in continental Europe is 20¢ or 12 for \$1.75. We do not urge you to subscribe for 3 years to protect yourself against postal increases; in fact, we don't urge you to subscribe at all.

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The following glossary of medical terms is entirely by Gene DeWeese

Aorta.....	should	Muscle.....	have to get rid of
Vein.....	stuck up	Cerebellum..	Sarah is a troublemaker
Ganglion.....	unruly pride	Lung.....	not: short
Heart.....	not easy	Ventricle.....	time of small leak
Tendon.....	20,000 lb.	Axion.....	self-evident statement
Artery.....	indication of politeness in English pirate		

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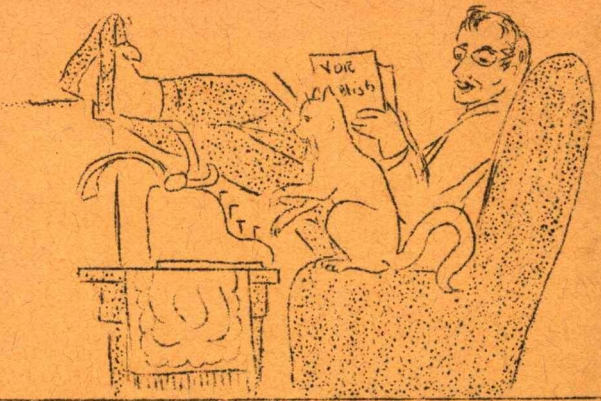


Just in time for this editorial arrives GAFIA newsheet in connection, conjunction, or some other form of alliance with Magnus' RUMBLE, and included therein is the fascinating plaint from White that people take fandom entirely too seriously-that 'after all, fellas, it's just a lil ol' hobby', etc., etc.....this from White, of all people....I can't, at the moment, think of anyone who reminds me more of the stereotype of the serious, avante-garde fan who

has a message and something to say, etc., etc., etc....if White regards fandom as a hobby, it certainly comes as a shock to this reader....Ted, you have saved a dreary day from the morass of a housewife's drudgery...I thought I was almost past the stage where I could be surprised by a fannish comment.....swinging around to the folk music field for a brief bit, there, too, is the fannish versus sercon attitude, and, oddly enough, we are part of the fannish element, scorning authenticity for musical quality.....a trait opposed, and sometimes violently, as witness a comment quoted in Leeh Shaw's folk music zine CARAVAN...to the effect that a certain group of singers had no business singing "the Ox Driver's Song" for the simple reason that they had not done any manual labor, and the singing, as such was not therefore honest.....this is sort of a rude awakening for me.....after all, one of my favorite folk songs for my own personal singing pleasure is "House of the Rising Sun"....now you mean

-- "I don't care who you're after, masked man; just wipe that 'Z' off my front door." -Reg Ebert

to stand there with your bare authenticity hanging out and tell me that I really shouldn't be singing such a song unless I have...uh...?.....to quote good ol' Charlie Brown...good grief, on that type of reasoning, practically nobody could sing folksongs; and particularly not should men be singing women's blues nor Cynthia be singing sea shanties, nor... you can specialize to the point of idiocy.....and in the singing line, I'm chagrined at how adenoidal I sound via tape recorder.. the DeWeeses got that taper as part of the loot in the GM contest, and it turns out Ted Cogswell from Muncie has one, too, so the last ISFA meeting at Anderson I had just strained my tonsils recording some stf ballads for Gene when Cogswell shows up brightly, wanting to know if I'm ready to sing the ballads into his recorder....awk!...and me just recuperated from a cold.....one advantage, if anyone comments on the nasal quality of the singing, I can blame it on the cold, not allowing that I always sound like that.....Cogswell also brought along some of his own ballads, which I shall try my best to learn.....maybe all people connected with stf and folk music have a hidden yen to write ballads?.....would like to recommend for reading a new Budrys pb entitled WHO?...just barely into the stf class, downbeat ending, and good characterisation....I also liked SKY BLOCK, much to my surprise....not nearly so bad as one might expect from a general field writer....until the Midwescon then.....Ad Cincinnati navigab...JWC



Apparently emboldened by our reception of the first batch, Bob Tucker sent us another assortment of movie ads. I trust that all of you will be suitably impressed by the information that Dracula Is Back And UA Has It! (This refers to something titled "The Return Of Dracula", which is not to be confused with "The Horror Of Dracula", a British-made film that, if not entirely good, is at least a cut or two above the current Hollywood crud.) Incidentally, we

recently saw "Enemy From Space" ("Quatermass II") and can verify Dodd's report of several months ago that it is well worth seeing. Don't let the ads fool you -- this is actually a first-class sci-fi monster show. As for "The Thing That Couldn't Die", "Attack Of The 50 Ft. Woman", "War Of The Satellites", "The Haunted Strangler", "Fiend Without a Face", "Colossus Of New York", "The Space Children", "From Hell It Came", and "The Disembodied" (all films currently showing), we haven't seen them and I don't think we're going to.

The Adkins item is listed as a column....how regular and how large it is will depend entirely on how much Dan sends in.

A great contribution to science was made at the last ISFA meeting; Gene DeWeese and Ted Cogswell proved that it is possible to reduce words on tape to pure noise by recording it back and forth at varying speeds on two tapes. They were trying "to cut out some of the harmonics" --- offhand, I'd say that they succeeded even beyond their expectations.

No regular fanzine reviews this time, but I'd like to recommend "The Best Of Fandom:1957" -- 35¢ from Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. 26 fanzine editors picked the item they considered the best that their zine published last year....add a foreward by Bob Bloch and you have 97 pages of good reading. Excellent reproduction, too (even if Guy can't spell piranha.) The biggest bargain of the year, so far.

For any non-folkmusic addicts reading Juanita's column, I might explain that "House Of The Rising Sun" concerns what is delicately referred to as a "house of ill fame". (We first heard it by Woodie Guthrie, which doesn't seem too authentic, when you come right down to it.....)

Thanks to Bob Briney, I am now the proud possessor of a rather battered copy of "Coulson Goes South", by Jack Mann. (Juanita keeps referring to it as "Coulson Goes West", but I think that's just wishful thinking.) Also learned that Mann wrote several other books about Coulson....makes me feel sorta quietly proud, you know.

"Ye Old Hunter" is still having fun with his old rifles..."fully functional down to the clouds of beautiful red (non-communist, of course) rust which rise into the air with every stroke of the bolt." "Very Cleanable!" I dunno....in these days of high-priced and high-pressure advertising, it's cheering to note that at least one big-time operator is getting satisfactory response from making jokes about his wares. Maybe everyone hasn't succumbed to our "hidden persuaders" after all. RSC "I don't care who you have to fly off and catch; you can't change clothes in my alley!".....Rog Ebert.

Animation and the S-F Film

by GUY TERWILLIGER

Science fiction movies have come in for more than their share of complaints in recent years. Time was when the type (the same type that we see today) was lauded as being, at least, sf or fantasy. Now, we call those same pics anything but sf. The basic complaint, in our modern era of films, has been that the plot is not good, is poorly executed, with little but special effects to relate it to sf.

Something we fail to mention, and it is deserving of as much criticism as any other phase, is the animation. Few movies have turned out anything in the way of animated monsters that is worthy of praise. They are poorly done, weakly motivated, and appear as nothing more than a ghastly caricature of what they are supposed to represent.

At one time, I made the statement that I thought "King Kong" was the supreme achievement in films of this type; that the animation was superior to anything being done today. I still hold this opinion, even more steadfastly, after just reviewing another rash of sf cinemarvels.

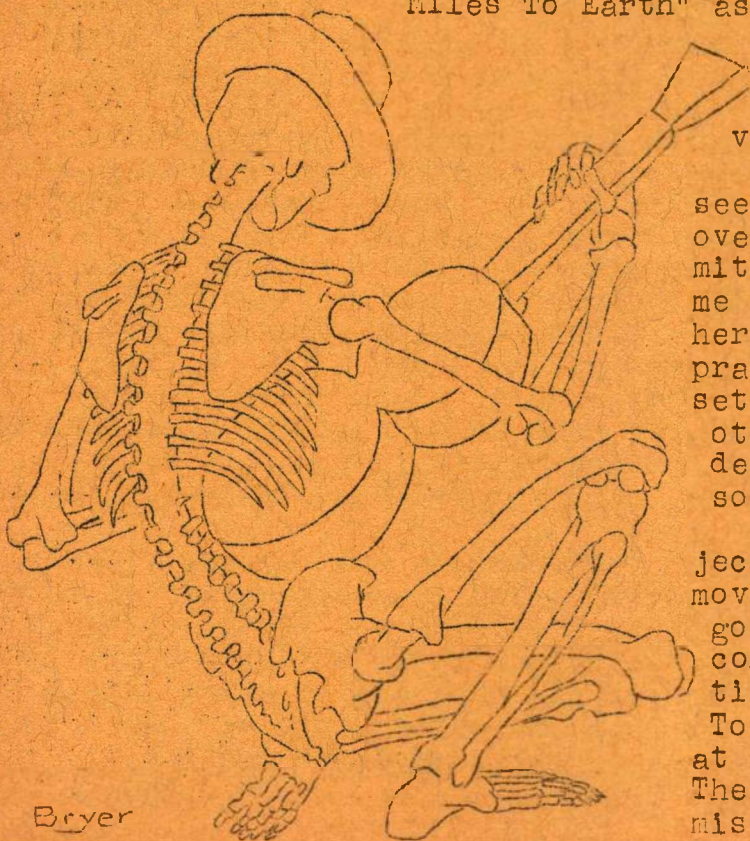
For the purpose of argument, I'll use the film "Twenty Million Miles To Earth" as a prime example of what I mean.

Already, this film has been garnering applause as being superbly animated. Hog wash! It was very poorly done.

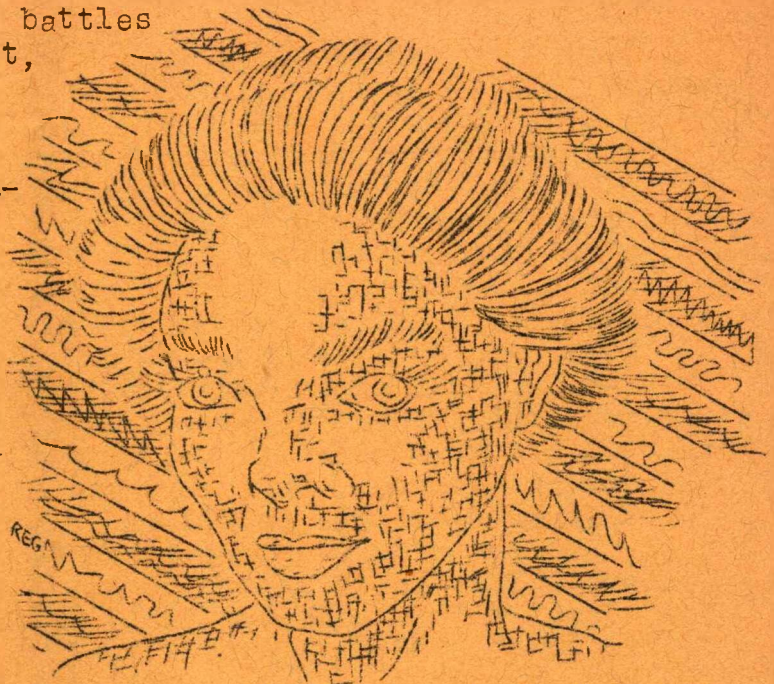
Anyone with a critical eye could see that before the thing was half over. The first part was, I will admit, expertly accomplished, giving me ideas that there was something here that could deservedly draw praise. By the halfway mark, I had settled down in my seat to view another "rush this one through in order to get in on the market before someone else does" epic.

Animation is not, solely, a project of getting some creature to move about as if it were alive. A good job of miniature puppetry also concerns itself with size, in relation to existing things around it.

To be realistic, the being must fit, at all times, with its surroundings. The Venusian entity of TMMTE failed miserably.



Take the scene in which "it" battles with the elephant. At the outset, the elephant -- a real living one -- stands over the heads of the people around it, but no more so than any African or Indian tusker would. As the fight progresses down the street, we see the elephant -- now a creature of animation, as the monster is -- growing to prodigious heights and dwarfing everything around it. We are treated (?) to a scene in which the battle takes place behind an automobile. Here the creatures tower over the vehicle. Now remember, the car is in the foreground, yet, as they assault each other, the light of day is clearly seen between the mastodon's legs -- over the top of the car. Realistic? A simple shifting of the scene, putting the car in the background, or not in the scene at all, could have averted this.



The battle progresses further down the Italian street until we are gifted with a shot of a Roman aqueduct. Unfortunately, the camera crew was directed to shoot this scene through the structure, rather than in front of it. Cars are seen going under it, people are running through it, and the edifice stands high over their heads. It is, actually, a towering bit of stone work. What happens? Through the various openings, we see the tops of the two creatures vanishing because they are so gigantic they can't be completely viewed when in an upright position. Again, a simple shifting of the scene to put the aqueduct in the background would have created the proper size illusion.

From what I am given to understand, it would actually have saved money to film it in this way as the process of filming before a projected film is always less time consuming than trying to shoot through a film in the foreground, along with all of the necessary dummied this requires.

Where, in "King Kong", was the size of the reptiles and the size of the ape so out of dimension? I've seen it several times and failed to be disgusted by that particular point. It's an old film, the story has been redone in various disguises, but none of the newer animations can compare. (One point I should mention; don't confuse "King Kong" with the later sequel, "Son Of Kong". The latter was a low budget film designed to cash in on the glory of the other and was not nearly so well done. Nor did it bring in the cash that was expected.)

Only one movie, of recent vintage, had anything to compare with "Kong" as far as animation. That one was "Forbidden Planet", and it wasn't completely accurate. The scene I refer to is the one of the Id going up the steps into the saucer-ship. The scene was fine, in itself,

but what happened to the illusion when the plaster cast of the foot was shown? What foot, the size of that one, could have possibly gone up those tiny steps and still have left the imprints it did?

Animation does cost a great deal of money, I'll grant that. But, if it is to be done, why don't these special effects people take into consideration that it can be done right just as cheaply as it can be done wrong? It's a matter of detail, nothing else. Unless the men so employed want to be known as incompetants. (At that, I guess I wouldn't mind the title if I had as much money as these men get for their jobs.)

Buck gave the answer in an article he wrote some time ago. He said, but not in these exact words, "the sf movie has taken the place of the western". From the rash of them to come out recently, no other conclusion can be reached. That, coupled with the fact that there are no new, or at the most, very few, new cheap westerns being done.

This area of poor animation is taking the place of the rock, the tree, and the riders who appeared so frequently in these old B (and C) western films. You expected to see these same scenes time and again. You expect to see animated monsters poorly done, with size being of little or no consideration.

But why do we have to expect it? Because it is standard procedure at this time, and we so often will accept a mediocre product when for a little more we could have something much better.

No, it isn't just poor plot and acting that ruins so many of our sf films. The animation is just as bad and we should stop praising it when it falls so short of the mark of being really good.

* * *

(Some may object to the use of the word "animation" in connection with sf films where actual models are constructed and moved about. If so, I suggest they check the word in any standard dictionary.)

MONSTER MOVIE ENDINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE (I)

by Thomas Stratton

The waning sun cast its bloody light thru the dusty castle window, illuminating faintly the object of his year-long search; the coffin of the Vampire! No more would this inhuman monster terrorize this country; his 500 year reign of terror would be over!

Slowly, he lifted the coffin lid, and there, as if truly dead and not merely sleeping in its horrible, deathless way, lay the Vampire! Bracing himself for the ordeal to come, he raised the stake and placed it accurately over the heart of the creature. Drawing back the hammer, stiffly, his entire body trembled with the effort.

A sudden movement, a hideous spurt of blood and a spasmodic jerking of the thing in which the stake was deeply embedded....then silence....

He dropped his arms limply to his sides, the hammer clanking to the stone floor, and turned to go.

A scream rent the air. It was his own, for, standing in the open doorway, blocking the only exit, stood a gigantic, caped figure. It advanced slowly toward him, a grim smile playing across its face. "Life-like dummy, don't you think?"

A DODDERING COLUMN

WRIT BY MIMED BY

ALAN DODD

Round about the time the first sputniks started to go up a few astute dealers in war surplus in England decided to cash in on the craze to sell off a lot of their old junk to unsuspecting people.

Telescopes became SPUTNIK SPOTTERS. Yes sir. "Sweep the heavens" for only 4/6d deposit. "Huge release this week of optically perfect ex-Government stock." Well, we won't argue that it was ex-government stock all right -- but "huge release this week"? Then how come I saw the advertisements for the same telescopes six months previously from the same firm? /Huge release every week? RSC/

"Spot The Sputnik....price now further reduced", said the next advert and went on to remark that the telescopes in question were "Ideally suited for piercing the stratosphere and for following in detail day to day developments in this amazing Space Age."

Not only did army telescopes go onto the sales list, but old gun-sights as well. Any kind of magnifying device to scan the skies had its advertising roared up to "Penetrate thousands of miles into space and be prepared for this new exciting space age. The tremendous power and clarity of this actually brings into view the craters and mountains of the moon." "Fabulous earner.....new as Sputnik II -- At this very moment you stand on the threshold of a business opportunity never before offered... etc." No, that wasn't an ad for a telescope this time - just the modern day equivalent of the old medicine man spouting his wares and selling by using the sputnik as a headline. What they were actually offering I never did find out. It coulda been almost anything.

WIN A SPACE DOG says the Daily Sketch, or "Ann Temple brings the sputnik into every home (not into my home she don't...) - what would you say this morning if your son told you I'M GOING INTO SPACE? (Daily Mail)

I thought over this last question and finally decided. "Son? Son? Wot son?" /My reaction would be "Gee, he's finally learned to talk." RSC/

Rather prematurely this original advertiser I mentioned at the beginning of the column started his second series of advertisements off with "Sputnik? No? Now Spot the Yanknik". This was rather optimistic it seemed since at the time it came out no U.S. satellite had even taken off! It seemed even more optimistic when one recalls that the orbit of the first U.S. satellite doesn't even come over England and therefore couldn't possibly be seen from here in the first place.

I tell you - here we got salesmen!

But possibly the best item came from the councillor in Houston, Texas, who moved the resolution that the city should prepare an ordinance making it illegal for Soviet satellites to fly over Houston.

This seems to me an admirable solution. /We aren't prejudiced against satellites, you understand, but you gotta keep them in their place. RC/

With more people like that councillor we shouldn't have no trouble with them new fangled flying things should we?

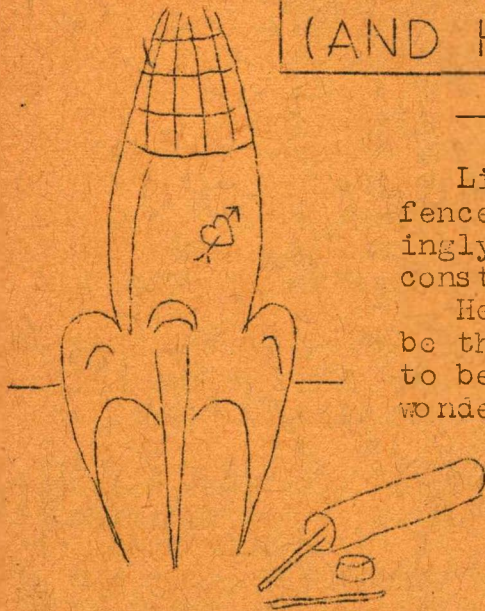
"I don't care what star you're following, get that camel off my grass!"

.....Rog Ebert

The Wee, Brave Stowaway — /

(AND HOW HE GREW INSUFFERABLE)

— BY — *James-r-adams* — /



Little Billy Rumbleguts stood outside the wire fence enclosing the space-port and stared in yearningly at the big, new rocket in the final stages of construction.

He said, "Gee, look at that rocket! It's gonna be the first rocket to go to Mars. Boy, I'd like to be on that rocket when it zooms off to Mars. I wonder if I could scheme a way to stowaway on that rocket?"

It should already be apparent to the reader that Billy is an all-American bore.

Continuing to stare, he absently polished the row of brass buttons running down his front; spaceman buttons, which he affected

in worshipful admiration of his heroes. And he did make a rather impressive figure---the more so since, save for the buttons, he was mother-naked.

He caught sight of a guard and called out, "Hey, guard! Guard, come over here a second, huh?"

The soldier turned and trudged across the field toward him. While waiting, Billy chanted softly to himself, "To Mars, to Mars, to Mars." He made a little song of it and sent it off to the Hit Parade, where presently the musicians ran through it, leaving quite a sizable hole.

The guard came up to the fence, fixed the boy with a suspicious eye, and said, "Whatta you want, little Billy Rumbleguts?"

"Hey! Gee, how did you know my name?"

"Holy Toledo, kid, is that all? You mean you called me over here and made me waste five minutes I coulda been sleeping just so you can ask me how do I know your name? G'wan, now, beat it!"

"No, wait!" Billy pleaded in desperation. "I want to find out how to stowaway on that rocket. Just tell me where to stash myself away in the rocker so they won't find me and, putting first things first, how to get inside this fence."

"A spy! A dirty, stinking, rotten, blasted, etcetera, spy!" cried the guard, drawing and firing from the hip. Fortunately for Billy, a slight miscalculation in aim sent the red tongue of flame past him and full into the brisket of the sentry himself. He disappeared in a cloud of smoke, which Billy could have told him was bad for the lungs.

"Well," said the lad dolefully, "I'll just have to wait for another guard."

He pressed closer to the fence, and five days later was still waiting, now looking a bit like a doughy waifle, but in good spirits withal.

On the field the rocket stood completed, fully provisioned, manned, armed and housebroken. And inside Captain Goodfellow--Captain Joe Leo Goodfellow--called out the names of the crew in a bull voice he had borrowed for the occasion from an amiable Texas steer.

"Murnky, Pilot..." - - "Here!"

"Strilfiz, Astrogator..." - - "Here!"

"Bomnordle, Plumber..." - - "Here!"

"Swankbuller, Plumber's Helper..." - - "Here!"

"Little Billy Rumbleguts, Stowaway..." - -

No answer.

The captain repeated, "Rumbleguts, Stowaway?" When the silence had lengthened to some two and half feet, he turned to his aide. "Where is that idiotic kid, Brownose?"

Corporal Brownose opined that, begging the captain's pardon, he didn't know.

The grizzled space veteran spat a chocolate stream at his gobboon. "Well, fish-hooks. Someone better find him quick. We'll be taking her up within the next half hour, just as soon as the newsboy delivers the paper and I see how Little Orphan Annie is making out. Unprecedented as it would be, we'll simply have to leave without him if he doesn't show up by then."

After a few minutes--or a short while, to be precise about it--a member of the crew hurried up to the captain, saluted, and reported: "Stowaway aboard, sir! He was delayed five days at the fence, but finally had sense enough to walk along it to the gate and enter. As you know, sir, the gate is never closed, since the wear and tear of opening and shutting it would run into more money than was allocated to this project."

Goodfellow nodded sadly. "You're so right, crew-member. But all's well that ends well likewise, so if you'll go rivet the youth to a bulkhead we'll be up and away. Bomnordle, give the count!"

Bomnordle blushed. "You mean, sir, with numbers?"

"Why, bless you, no, man with odd name," said the captain, voice dripping with sweetness. "You do it with anything you want. Anything."

Flustered, the ecologist--for such he was, Captain Goodfellow only having called him a plumber to get off the joke about his helper--answered quaveringly: "I--I maybe could do it with numbers if you'd delay our start a day so I could watch one



more session of Ding Dong School."

"Darned if I will!" roared the Captain, foaming at the mouth and tearing out a great handful of hair. Goodfellow being bald, he had to make Bomnordle's healthy crop serve the purpose. "We'll forget the count. Everyone take his place..Fasten belts..adjust suspenders..... BLAST OFF!"

The first flight to Mars had begun.

Little Billy Rumbleguts crept out of his hiding place and stretched luxuriously. He had had rather good fortune in discovering a refuge not likely to be noticed by any of the ship's personnel, this being a large gopher hole in the South 40 of the cargo hold.

"Gee!" he whispered in awe, staring. "Look at the stars!"

Then he realized he was gazing at the row of asterisks a couple of paragraphs up, and went with a red face along the central corridor, in search of food to fill his empty stomach.

Billy had located the ship's galley the second day out, and in the three days since had made numerous expeditions into that paradisaical region. After all, he was a growing boy, requiring plenty nutrition for his chubby little body. Gnawing on the bulkheads had nicely supplied his roughage needs, but naturally he was partial to more tasty viands.

As the boy neared the galley entrance, Gobster, the cook, hurried out and fled toward the control room, shouting: "Captain, Captain! Big disaster! Criminentlies, are we ever in for it!"

Wonderingly, Billy followed and stood listening at the door as Gobster delivered his message.

"This is it, captain," said the cook, original to the very end. "We're done in. Finished. Our grub is all gone and starvation stares us in the face. In other words, eats we ain't got."

Unperturbed, Goodfellow sat at a chart table, making a church spire of his fingers. To his credit, Gobster showed no surprise when he heard the solumn tolling of a tiny bell.

After several seconds, the captain spoke, his tone mildly reprimanding: "Say, cookie, what's holding up mess? It's an hour overdue. Are you having some kind of difficulty in the galley?"

No longer able to keep matters secret, Gobster nodded grimly. He said, "I was going to keep it from you, sir, but you'd find it out anyway sooner or later. You ask why mess is overdue, and I tell you it's because there's nothing to make a mess of. Our larder is exhausted, empty. There's not a crumb of food on board."

Goodfellow stared incredulously. "No food? But that's impossible! We had provisions for a year."

The cook shrugged, said, "You mean, we did have. Our stowaway, little Billy Rumbleguts, has them now. He's et everything in the place."

"But--but-- in five days?"

From the doorway Billy spoke defiantly: "So I had a few between-meal snacks. Is that a crime?"

The captain tried to reply, but his vocal cords would not respond. He could only produce fish-like gulping sounds which would have proved quite fetching to a lady pickeral, had pne been present.

A glint of incipient panic in his eyes, Strilfiz, the astrologer, edged forward and said, "We've got to turn around and go back, sir. Just as soon as we can find a place to make a U-turn. Otherwise we'll all starve to death and the good ship R. Nell will be a coffin for the lot of us. Back! Back, I say, sir, back to Earth!"

All the crew--present in its entirety to listen to the captain tell dirty stories--chorused quick agreement. But Goodfellow slowly stood, held up his hands for quiet and after a brief glance at the notes on his cuff, said in a voice vibrant with emotion: "Men, I got a dramatic revelation to reveal. I didn't tell you this before because I just now made it up. But the truth is, we've got to go on to Mars. And the reason we've got to go on to Mars is because we're carrying a couple of Mason jars full of serum for our colonists. If they don't get it, they'll all die of the plague."

Murnky, the pilot, scratched his chin in puzzlement and asked, "Colonists? What colonists? And what plague? This is the first trip to Mars, so what colonists and what pla -- "

"Quiet, Murnky!" Goodfellow roared. "You're always making trouble. How do I know what colonists and what plague? Do I ask you damfool questions?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, let's leave well enough alone. Now. The question facing us is, how can we make it the rest of the way to Mars with nothing to eat. Any suggestions?"

"How about we eat each other?" Swunkbullen said enthusiastically. "It's the usual thing in a situation like this, and it makes a chiller-diller of a story."

"Brilliant, Swunkky! What say, men, do you all agree to it? Yes? Fine! And I suggest we decide who's going to be the first meal by a drawing of straws."

No objection was raised to proposed method, so everyone grabbed a pencil and paper and began scribbling like crazy. Seconds later the captain called a halt and had each man turn in his product.

Comparisons were made to determine who had drawn the shortest straw, and presently it was announced that Swunkbullen--somewhat less than enthusiastic now--was the initial loser. Bawling out a protest about not having a big enough sheet of paper, he was gripped by the ear and trotted off to the galley by a once-more happy Gobster.

A solemn mood prevailed at the meal that followed. The conversation was scant, dispirited, and consisting mostly of little Billy asking for seconds three times and a B flat burp contributed by Strilfiz.

The captain, masticating a mouthful of stringy flesh and painfully aware of its origin, sobbed, "How often dear old Swunkbullen complained about me chewing him out. This time it's for real!"

Noticing Brownose wasn't eating, Gobster said, "Dive in, me bucko. He ain't too tasty, but he's nourishing."

But the corporal declined, murmuring, "Thanks anyway, but I can't. It's just my luck to be a vegetarian. Swunkbullen doesn't appeal to me very vegetably, no matter how I look at him."

"How about the apple of his eye?" suggested Strilfiz.

"He had a cauliflower ear," Murnky said.

"Also a bean on his shoulders," added Bommordle. "Not to mention his corn."

By this time Brownose was too sick to eat even if he had been so inclined and stumbled out the door with his hands clapped over his mouth.

The repast then progressed to its conclusion in silence, save for an abortive attempt by Billy to play a xylophone solo on Swunkbullen's bare ribs. His efforts produced only dull thuds, to which Bommordle commented: "The same old Swunky. He never could carry a tune."

Pleasantly stuffed, Billy left the table and made a furtive exit, creeping along the corridor on all fours and diving headfirst into his retreat. He was certain no one had spotted him. This he determined by making a minute examination of his skin.

Discovery, however, came the next day when a crewman took a short cut out through the gopher hole and stumbled over Billy's slumbering form. The boy was hustled off to the captain's cabin, and stood sullenly before an astonished Goodfellow.

"Captain, captain!" the crewman cried excitedly, "A stowaway! We've got a stowaway on board! Here he is, right here--little Billy Rumbleguts, a punk of a kid!"

Head spinning, Goodfellow clutched a bottle for support. "I can't believe it," he whispered. "A kid stowaway. This voyage is getting more dramatic by the paragraph. What's your name, little Billy?"

Billy made a face--one which was a hundred per cent improvement over the one he had--and refused to answer.

"Well, no matter," said the captain, "But this will never do, you know. You foul up the whole works, Pilly. If this was 'The Cold Equations' I'd chuck you out the airlock instanter."

"Sure, sure," Billy agreed disdainfully. "But remember, I ain't no sweet-faced, innocent dame. Who'd feel sorry for a blobby slob like me getting tossed into space?"

Goodfellow nodded. "I suppose you're right. The readers, if any, more likely would be downright glad to see you get yours. Still, every stowaway has some redeeming quality. It's one of the basic rules of stf." Contemplatively, he poked a finger into Billy's stomach. "Humm. You are uncommonly plump, aren't you? A fine broth of a lad like you should go a long way."

Fearfully, Billy began backing away. He said, "Somehow, cap, I don't think you mean that in the usual sense. And you know what? I WANT MY MAMA!"

Clamping a hammerlock on him, the captain became persuasive, pleading "Now, sonny, be reasonable. You want to make something of yourself, don't you? Well, surely you can see the only good thing that can be made of material like you is a whopping big feast for a bunch of hungry devils. You'd be the saving of us, boy! Why, before we could nibble our way through all of you, we could circumnavigate the universe!"

Flattered, Billy began to weaken. "Yeah," he said. "I'd be a hero, wouldn't I? I've always wanted to be a hero and get a brass medal and a handshake from the mayor. If I thought--"

"We'll do you up better than that! We'll put a bust of you in every hamburger heaven!"

Billy's eyes shone and he polished his buttons feverishly. And when

his buttons shone, he polished his eyes feverishly. "Great, great!" he cried, dancing around the captain in a very ecstasy. "Okay, I'll do it. Duty calls and I must answer. Salute the flag! Grease the skillet! Wherefore art thou, Gobster?"

With which touching speech the Rumbleguts scion was escorted in state to the galley and personally selected the condiments which he felt would set him off to best advantage.

And so, little remains to complete the saga of this courageous youth. After many days he surrendered up his last edible portion and, in gratitude, the captain gave order: "Murnky, I want you should write a song to commemorate this. It's done in all the best stf stories, but it won't hurt to do it in one of the worst for a change."

"But, sir, "Murnky stammered, "I've never written a song. How do you go about it? How do you make beautiful music about a stinker like Billy?"

"It's simple. Begin with a bunch of lies and then start exaggerating!"

Thus was born "The Ballad of Billy Rumbleguts." It was a magnificent song, consisting of 280 verses and a spare, in case of a blow out. Quite natnrally, it gave no credit whatever to Swunkbuller for his part in the affair. Nor did it mention the fact that the voyage was an utter failure. In actuality the spaceship R.Nell had never left Earth, due to one of its fins snagging on a spider web.

But everyone liked the song. So popular did it prove that Billy himself, lying on his platter and swaying his skeletal form in time to the music, joined in on the first rendition of it.

Space limitations make it impossible to here give the ballad in its entirety, but the following portions should give the reader an idea(although he is advised not to carry it out, since YANDRO is printed on rough paper). Excerpts from the ballad:

Verse 1.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Off to space did go
He traveled far, from star to star
A hundred miles or so.

Verse 57.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Precious as a jool.
He stabbed a bom, by name of Clem
And shot a game of pool.

Verse 280

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Blessings, boy, on thee,
The good ship, Nell, came through just swell
On Billy fricassee.

Slogan department:

RON BENNETT FOR TAFF!
CHICAGO IN '59!

ADRIFT IN NEW YORK: OF HENRY FONDA, BOY BULL-FIDDLE PLAYER

BY *dan adkins*

New York: May 17 (A & P) Three weeks ago, Bill Pearson and I threw our duds into suitcases and headed for the big city. Arriving safely, I called up the Smith's, finding Cindy home. She works nights, while Ron does the regular thing of working with the sun out. He is employed by Dell books and gets all of the science fiction paperbacks free for review in *INSIDE*, which is still coming out on some sort of schedule. (He says the next issue will be out around the last of July.) Ron to my surprise is the same age as myself, twenty-one, and lives two blocks from our apartment.

The same day I got here, I managed to make it to Larry Shaw's place, now down on Greenwich street. His wife, Lee, wasn't home so Bill and I stayed around till near midnight, talking over beers with him and a friend. After killing *SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES*, Larry will change printers in about two weeks, using the same printer as Lowndes at half the price originally used to print *INFINITY*. He hopes to make the mag a monthly due to these savings. Royal Publications is also cooking up another magazine along the horror line of story. This is due mainly to Ackerman's *FAMOUS MONSTERS* selling out, which few magazines do anymore. It will be called *MONSTERS ON PARADE*, be standard size (not digest) and Shaw isn't the editor. It will have a half photo cover of a partly clothed gal and a small painted monster (in black and white) by Schoenherr. A kid by the name of Adkins will have a double page wash drawing of a monster type man. The other night I dropped in on John Schoenherr over in the Queens, finding him making a colored rough of the cover. He has been appearing in the men's magazines recently, making enough loot by free lancing to afford a small MG. Not bad for a 27-year-old.

I will more than likely be appearing in *INFINITY* (one full page drawing already accepted), getting something like \$15 per illo. The pro mags don't pay awfully well, especially the science fiction ones. Freas and Emsh won't work for less than \$25 and they usually get that, but Bowman, Schoenherr, Dillon, etc., don't.



When I saw Van der Poel up at his apartment, with such other artists as Wally Wood and Dillon, who is a young Negro, I learned that the standard price Van der Poel pays is ten bucks. Of course, he does pay a hundred for a cover. Wood no doubt gets at least \$15 per illo, too, but Emsh won't do illos for *GALAXY* anymore cause he can't get \$25 for his work. The only thing he does now is their Christmas cover, probably out of gratitude because Van der Poel accepted his first work. Wood, who is but 23 or 29, is going to have several two-page spreads in coming issues. Van der Poel wants me to loosen up, then perhaps we can do bus-

iness. For ten bucks I should change to the style of work they use? Schoenherr said the same thing, although he did one job for them. Van der Poel gets a check from Gold and then pays his artists out of that. Doing most of his business in his apartment on the first two days of the week, and going to the GALAXY offices once a month, this guy has it made.



ASTOUNDING pays the best, giving their beginners a flat rate of \$25 and others higher amounts. Schoenherr got thirty and Freas gets even more. Ziff Davis, whose office is under the Underwood Typewriter Corp.'s where Bill Pearson works as an illustrator, pays along this line as does Lowndes. The other zines pay a bit less, but none as low as GALAXY.

And to the circulations of the magazines, it's no secret that ASTOUNDING leads with 80,000 readers on their list. Second is GALAXY, and though F&SF is supposed to be in the so-called top three, it has been losing money steadily for months. Gold's mag sells in the fifty to sixty thousand figure with the Ziff Davis twins following close. The rest of the pack break about even hitting 40,000.

The satire mag, MAD, is doing very, very well, passing the million mark once more. HUMBUG is nowhere's close to this figure, and when Bill stopped in on old Kurtzman, he sadly admitted it.

Other notes on New York personnel. Wood doesn't even have a couple of MAD's with his work in them. Scott, editor of SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, is about 70 years old, and Pearson said he was afraid if he let me work for him, it'd put his other artists out of work. Now what does that mean? I think he was trying to say I wasn't so good yet and that he had enough artists already. Best art editor is Sid Grief, cause he says he'll use me, that's why.

Larry Shaw is a good man too, but tends to hide behind his horn rimmed glasses, as if afraid to hurt your feelings if he spoke. He's helped us out a lot, as have the Smiths. Damon Knight will edit the October issue of IF. Richard Kluga is no longer the art editor of INFINITY; Larry is now doing that job himself. Bill Bowman has left town, a couple of weeks ago, and probably won't be appearing in the magazines after his present work is used up. Writer T. Sturgeon is barely making a living working for the pros. At present the leading money maker is Silverberg, taking in fifteen thousand a year. This is leaving out such wheels as Bradbury, of course.

My personal opinion on one of the prozines; VANGUARD will probably not see a second issue.

SATA will be out in August. In printed form this time. And I might - and that's a big might - be working for Classic's Illustrated comics. Presently I'm working at an art studio on Madison Ave., free lancing in my spare time. That's about it, except to remark that HAPNA!, the Swedish prozine, reprinted two of my illos originally in INSIDE.

P.S. from Pearson....I sincerely hope all you sceptics noticed the double-page illo by Kelly Freas in the latest ASTOUNDING of Henry Fonda strumming away on his bull fiddle.....

GRUMBLINGS

Don Stuefloten, 617 So. Buena Vista, Hemet, California

I have become a crumbling ruin...chopping weeds all day long, the last four days straight. Bent over, the sun creeping down my back. But, I have my reward, somebody is arguing about me, and that is a goal I've been aiming at for years. Now I can unleash my amazing wit and set everybody straight.... I'll try to be very careful and straightforward about it....let me state what I think is Mr Lemon's major premise -- that a writer must be able to write professional straightforward prose before becoming a "stylist" -- and his minor premise -- that I cannot write straightforward prose, and therefor cannot write "style", either. Of course he's wrong on both counts, at least partially. Some stylists -- for example, Davis (NIGHT OF THE HUNTER) Grubb -- write straight fiction for years, usually short stories, then turn around, unleash their talents, and turn out a fine off-trail effort. James Joyce wrote his DUBLINERS, shorts stories all, in straight fiction, and his first draft of the famous PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST was perfectly normal uninspired prose -- which so disgusted him, he threw it out and wrote the brilliant version we have today. On the other hand, Faulkner's early stuff was heavy on style, his unpublished early days marked by very violent, often sadistic stories (stories that are violent or unusual usually are accompanied by style). His first few novels (which he had to pay to have published) were fairly straightforward, but everywhere, sometimes whole paragraphs, were the marks of style that made him great. Much of SANCTUARY is straight prose, as far as sentence structure is concerned, but even here the style is distinctly marked by his choice of words -- his very personality that invades the story. Hemingway never wrote straightforward prose, except during his high school days, and the stuff he wrote then was hardly professional. In fact, his earliest stuff (in our time) is just about the most distinct Hemingway.

I could go on like this for a couple days. I'll sum this attack thusly: A stylist is a stylist because he is a stylist. When a person becomes a stylist after writing straight stuff for a long time, either (like Grubb) the style is not very marked, or (like Joyce) you can be pretty sure the author was forcing himself to write straightforwardly, and he turns from that with volcanic (and often astounding) relief. Straightforward prose for a stylist isn't "second nature" -- style for a stylist is second nature. He'll write straightforward prose only by diligently sitting at his typer and thinking the story onto paper, and the results are usually only competent, with flashes of the genius held in bound.

As far as my not being able to write straightforward prose, that's not true either. During the first few years that I wrote, there was only a vague hint of a gradually developing style; but by the time I was fifteen, I had written the last of my straight fiction (a novel, incidentally). At that time, even, my writing was good -- in fact, one teacher, and a short story writer here in Hemet, accused me (falsely) of plagiar-

ising some pro. But then I suddenly discovered that I could no longer write straight fiction -- I was discovering things, learning things, feeling things, and none of this could be put down in an ordinary fashion. It's not a point of turning to style, after achieving professional competency; it's just that at some time in a person's life style automatically, without prompting, takes over, enabling the author to be more explosive -- original -- expressive. If it doesn't take over, the author is usually delegated to that awesome and awful category of "good, competent, consistent" -- or "hack" or something like that. There are, of course, notable exceptions, like James Gould Cozzens (who nevertheless strikes me as being only intellectually good -- that is, achieves his goals by scrutinizing them, and then deciding how to get there). But the exceptions are few and far between -- and who, fifty years from now, will remember Cozzens, who has worked in a vast silence most of his life anyway? You will notice too that a stylist will try to achieve more, will aim at heightier heights. (This is added in case Whatzisname was concerning himself also with the fact -- and it is a fact -- that I was not able to achieve my end in writing "Wind" -- which was to make the wind come alive. But it should also be noted that I wrote Wind almost two years ago, and that I have changed and improved since then. In fact, with one exception (Tijuana, in Brillig), anything you've seen by me in any fanzine was written from one to two years ago. And Tijuana was written about nine months ago.

So, in order to sum up (again): Whatever style I have, and whatever I write about, is the product of the clash between myself and my environment, and I have no control over either. So, I guess Whatzisname had just better suffer in silence, because his noise (besides revealing his ignorance in matters literary) will not change what I cannot change. /I can agree fully with the idea that an individual's style of writing is not altogether under his conscious control. I don't altogether agree with Don's obvious opinion that "style" is the only kind of writing worth doing -- my opinions pretty well parallel the comments of Bob Bloch in his recent zine -- but, then, that's partly because I don't write that way. I think he has a point --- even if he is in a bad way if his comments about not being able to control either himself or his environment are true. RSC/

Gary Deindorfer, Apt. E-1, Letchworth Ave., Yardley, Pennsylvania

YANDRO has come around with the best mimeod cover I've seen on it so far. Really, that DEA cover didst truly stand out. The insides were above average too, but the editorial material seemed labored for some reason. /The curse of a writer; the first editorial this year that's been really spontaneous, and he thinks it's labored.....I see what he means, though, on re-reading. My spontaneity seems forced. RSC/

Soon as "Fantastica Mathematica" is offered by the sf book club, I'll grab it -- but not before. And I do hope the book club selects it as a \$1.50 "special". I'm more than mildly fed up with them; lately they've been offering more and more "slick-sf" novels by such stars as Charles Eric Maine and the like. It's nauseating to say the least; book clubs should be offering the best of the current crop to members. Instead they pick the absolute worst.

As for grudge holding, Von Braun in particular, I can understand Alan Dodd's argument. The mere fact that Von Braun was over there aiming rockets at Dodd, his loved ones and all the other English ...nothing anyone could say would change his opinion of Von Braun. What's more, Bem brings up a good point: Von Braun was not forced to work on the V-2s.

Still, I cannot feel a dislike for Von Braun partly because without him we would certainly not be where we are in rocket technology and our satellites and partly because I am of half German ancestry though the Deindorfers I'm descended from have been in the United States for almost a century. The Germans are a somewhat clannish race, you know. /Gary also mentioned that my fanzine reviews average out to about 5.1 so that the spread seems relatively accurate....frankly, I'm a bit proud of that. RSC/

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind.

Am grateful as can be for Briney's book review -- FANTASTICA MATHEMATICA is JUST what I have been searching for to get for a good friend of ours -- a Benedictine monk who teaches math and kids me about sf -- this is just the book to intrigue him no end!! Thank ghod Briney wrote about it.

Robt E. Gilbert's drawings I really liked! That sweet old airypplane -- my my.

Am smiling over your tactful remarks on synergetics - am in quite a few Round Robins with Art Coulter and other followers of this jazz -- Have to restrain myself -- my opinions are too earthy to print anywhere.

Have gone over and over this Von Braun argument with Dodd via personal letters - we both got nowhere with each other. But was a bit shaken by Conner's saying Dodd is "one of those bigoted grudge-holders" - gads of ALL the fen I know I can't see Dodd as that -- never ever!!

Glad Ron went into some detail on British education, though. Would love to see him get over here on that exchange teachers deal when he is eligible.

/How about it, Ron? Betty also commented that her cat is obviously Scotch....goes "Rrrrrrow!" RSC



Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee ---- Juanita's editorial has inspired me to attempt great things. I shall truly do my best to become a traveling salesman.

The cat that lives here came from Yaa Wow rather than Mu -- or so he says. What of that? /These damned southern dialects...RSC/

I really wouldn't consider a person who has been bombed "one of those bigoted grudge-holders" because he happens to dislike the people who did the bombing, especially if they are the ones who started the whole mess.

Recently, I was startled when reading a high school English term paper by a neighboring girl. The paper was filled with errors in grammar and spelling, but the teacher had cor-

rected nothing and had marked it "Good".
/Wait till bev deweese reads that -- catch any of her
students getting a good mark for mistakes. RSC/

Bill Conner, 3320th USAF Hosp., Amarillo AFB, Texas

The remark I made about Von Braun seems to have been slightly misinterpreted by Alan Dodd and Bem Gordon - you're wrong, fellows, I didn't suggest that the U.S. should give Dr. Von Braun a medal or that I was suggesting that he is a Great American. What I meant is that we should utilize Von Braun's talents in the space race with the realization that he is one of the world's best rocket scientists. We should forget that he was once working for the Nazis when considering his opinions and views on spaceflight. I agree with Bem Gordon that "we should make the most of his rocketry talents on the grounds of expediency". It may hurt nationalistic pride to admit that

Von Braun is better than our native rocket scientists; but if we admit it, it won't hurt our space flight research. WW II has been over for a decade and it's time to start judging people by what they have been doing since the war, and time to forget and forgive a bit what they did during the war.

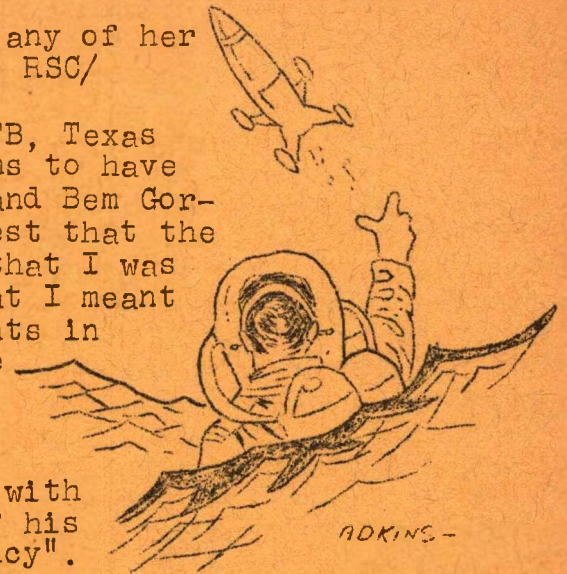
As long as people keep alive old enmities for their fellow man there will be wars. That is one reason why Europe has seen war after war. These same people, all from different nations, came to the U.S. from Europe and soon forgot these old enmities and have been living together in peace ever since. The American civil war was not fought for this sort of reason. I think the only answer to the question of what will end war is a world wide government of the nations of the world. A United Nations with governing power over its member nations.

I seem to have gone off on quite a sercon tangent there, but I just couldn't restrain myself. Just one more thing - no, Von Braun's rockets didn't reach any cities in Texas or the U.S. But thousands of men left Amarillo, Waco, Dallas, Houston and Austin to make sure that this would not happen. Many of them never returned. They died on the beaches of Festung Europa alongside the soldiers of England and France. I don't think Americans have forgotten Pearl Harbor, ~~Alan~~, but I do think Americans no longer refer to Japanese people as "the enemy" or hate them simply because they are Japanese.

/Bill also felt that Alan had been taken in by "wartime propoganda", said that he was trying to get Claude Hall to the Southwestcon so he could see the fireworks when Hall met Greg Benford, and advised me that his name is Conner, not Connor. RSC/

George W. Fields, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, California

I'd like to answer Tucker's questions as best I can. (1) How may officers be removed from office, before their term expires? Answer: Actually, why should anyone have that power anymore than they ever had the power to remove an officer of a con committee from office? Specifically, the con committee can decide to remove any officer from office



and so far there's been no real necessity for that. Besides, the con business meeting attendees elected the officers. How does one remove an officer from any corporation? Eh?

(2) How does one remove George Nims Raybin from office, ever? Answer: Ever? "B. Election. 1. The Legal Officer shall be elected for a term of four years by the active members present at the annual business session held each leap year." Well? So "if a cause for removal exists" and the con committee doesn't see fit to remove said officer, elect someone else. George has been doing a fine job and his only mistake was for the most part this con committee's fault for not realizing a certain situation with Dave Kyle before it arose.

(3) How does an ordinary member lodge or plead a grievance against an officer, and what machinery exists to hear him? Answer: That so-called "machinery" has always been in existence. It's called the convention committee and they are the ones who tear their hair out and worry about putting on the con. We're listening. Say, I can't figure out how anyone could have a grievance against an officer -- no officer has the power to provoke a grievance and as for his personal feuds -- let's keep them separate. That's the individual, not the working officer.

(4) How is it possible to completely remove from New York State any vestige of control? Answer: I'd never thought I'd see the day when locale became the basis for such an argument. What's the matter with New York -- there some sort of inherited disease or something out there? Really, Bob, that attitude doesn't seem at all pertinent. Most state incorporation laws insist that at least three members be local members. Control? What control? I keep hearing people say "New York controls..." New York controls what? Control is a mighty heavy word to be throwing around like it has been.

In closing, Bob's questions are good questions -- there's no reason why the WSFS shouldn't be questioned. It might clear up some misconceptions spread thickly around to the near point of brainwashing. /I'll let Tucker comment further on #1, 3, and 4, if he cares to; I'm not well enough informed. But you missed the point on the Raybin business. Take another look, not at the election machinery, but at the requirements for office. Elect someone else? Hah -- elect who else? Name one. The requirements may have a nice logical basis, but they also effectively assure Raybin of the job, now and forever, unless another New York lawyer joins fandom, or Joe Hensley moves his offices from Indiana to New York. I can't say that I regard either event as likely. George also wished that any fans full of suggestions for the con would tell the committee about them (they'll tell you, all right --- afterwards), and complimented Dietz on his handling of publicity. RSC/

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England (on the April issue) One Big urban community, as described by Bennett Gordon, isn't possible as far as I can see. I may be mentally nearsighted, but I'm inclined to think that the wide variety of geographic types, of people and climate zones, would create a barrier larger than could be practically overcome. How does one get the headhunters of Borneo or the denser portions of the Amazon Basin interested in such a scheme? /You're a teacher, man -- educate them. RSC/ Personally, I'd loathe such

an idea. I teach at a city school and am in charge of a junior football team which plays other teams in the city. You mean we'd have to travel out to Tierra del Fuego one fine and sunny afternoon?

The Alan Dodd column was good reading, and I'd say it's one of the best things Dave has written. The way he lists my luggage when I was supposed to meet "Dodd" is sheer genius. Two-thirds of Alan did indeed attend the Worldcon in London, and inasmuch, Dave is right in saying that "Alan Dodd does exist!" I see you've traced Dave at last. Another meeting of Alan Dodd Ltd. is long overdue. I'd suggest that you're made the second of our honorary members, Eric Bentcliffe being the first, but such a move will have to be debated strongly. You're rather up against it in that you haven't bought us dinner with your brag winnings! Y'know, I wonder what Dave is calling the fruit juice he's marketing -- Alan Dodd brand?

"Xeno Juice" was brilliant. An old idea, with a new twist, and carried to just the right lengths. Very good indeed. /But, since the Dodd columns are coming from England while Jenrette is in Florida, he can't be writing them. You must be doing it yourself, you sly dog. I'm afraid I can't do much about the brag winnings; I brag enough, but nobody ever paid me for it. RSC/

Alan Dodd, Ltd., 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England

I was saddened by poor Bill Pearson's letter about having to sell his car and his ditto machine to get to New York. No city is worth that sacrifice - especially such a celebrated machine as SATA was produced with. I feel somehow that with the passing of Adkins and Pearson from Arizona there is the end of a fannish era. I hope they find the success they are looking for. It'd be a shame if two such ambitious fans should have to return home disillusioned. I think personally Bloch has the best idea. Stay out of the big city. Stay away from the rat race. You can get more money sure - but you'll only pay it back in taxes and higher rent so why bother. I worked in the city once - I don't think I'd ever want to work there again. /I wouldn't, either, but we have a choice. Professional artists don't -- they work in the city or they don't work. And the city does have advantages besides money. RSC/

Capsule comments: JOE SANDERS thought the layout looked cramped /believe me, it was/ CLAUDE HALL is in the middle of exams, says MUZZY will be out soon, and uses the biggest typeface I've ever seen outside of newspaper headlines. PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS complains that the last issue fell apart before he finished reading it, and asks that we use his middle initial, at least, when writing him (seems there are other Peter Skeberdises around) ROGER EBERT sends more "I don't care" jokes, and LYNN HICKMAN sends the following information on the ILLWISCON:

Time - July 4, 5 and 6. Place - Weller's Motor Lodge, 6450 Touhy Avenue, Chicago 31, Illinois. Reservations should be in by June 10 - rates are: single, \$7, double \$9, kitchenette for two \$12, for more than two \$15. Kitchenettes are limited. Con has no set program, will be patterned after the Midwestcon, and it is "reasonably certain" that Bloch, Grennell, the Falascas, Ron Ellik, the Kemps, the Hickmans (naturally) and maybe even Bob Tucker, will be there.

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