

Deadwood No 2

COMBINED WITH: C H A M P I O N S H I P S J O U R N A L .

Published for the February Mailing of the FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION,
by George Locke, 86 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

C O N T E N T S .

1. Editorial.
 3. Cloud-cuckooland, or, Locke's dedication to amateur publishing.
 11. Blackboard Bungle, or, the low-down on Ron Bennett.
 13. Book review, or, science fiction revisited.
- Between 8 & 9 Championships Journal, or, this is what he's been doing this summer.

E D I T O R I A L .

Four or five years ago, when I was an active fan, I used to dream of going abroad. I dreamt most often of America, of course, where the Cry-gang hung out, and where people like Bill Donoho, Betty Jukawa and dozens of other fans lived. When I went into the army, I hoped I'd get one of those rare but jammy postings to the Carribean, where I'd be within easy reach of America, and might even be able to attend the Season, etc. So * I got sent to Kenya, which was very nice, but wasn't America.

Now that I've been almost completely inactive in fandom for at least two or three years and am (mercifully) forgotten, the chance has come. In spite of having had to sink \$1200 in a share in a glider, I've still managed to accumulate sufficient funds to get across for a visit to the States before I get thrown in jail or get married, which, as far as taking extended trips is concerned, comes to the same thing. The only difficulty now was the idea of living over there. Sure, I had enough money to stay two or three weeks and be able to enjoy myself, after the fares were paid. But who wants to go across the Atlantic for a fortnight's holiday. I figured the least I could stay was three months, to make the journey worth while. So I shelved the idea for the time being, though I did think of selling my Astounding collection. However, the trip has been gradually working itself up, in spite of my not trying very hard. That, for instance, was the best time for me to come over? Late summer, during which I could attend the Tricon? No, simply, because late summer I wanted to be back in the UK, earning as much money as possible to recover from the trip. July to September is the best time for me to earn money, as it's the holiday period and locum pharmacists are at a premium. So I figured April to June would be the best time. And somebody at the gliding club who had spent several years in America suggested: "Why don't you offer to crew for somebody over there? That way, you'd be able to see a lot of the country, and you'd get your expenses paid."

This was a great idea. I sent a letter off to an American gliding magazine SOARING, offering my services as a crew (to retrieve a glider after the pilot

has landed it, usually a large number of miles away.) I didn't really expect anybody to reply - but somebody did, a couple of weeks ago (beginning of November). Based at Prescott, in Arizona, a very well-known glider pilot, who had written a book on the subject entitled SOARING FOR DIAMONDS, wrote to me saying that he wanted to try some long distance flights during the period I was interested in, and would I be interested in retrieving his glider for him? Sure, I would - and I wrote off almost by return post. I haven't had a reply as yet, but all being well, I should be going over to America just about the end of March or beginning of April. I hope it's not too early, and I'm not counting my chickens before they're hatched, but I've already started making a few plans.

I hope to pick up working sometime in March. First of all, I want to take a trip with some other folk from the gliding club to the North of England on a 'wave soaring' expedition. This should take a fortnight. Then, fly via Icelandic airlines to New York. I hope to have finished a new novel by that time, and I'll take it with me and try to sell it while I'm over there. I'll probably spend a day or two in New York, then buy one of these Greyhound 99 day 99 dollar tickets and board bus straight for Arizona. The weekends will be spent chasing after Joseph Lincoln's glider, but during the week I should be able to make trips to Los Angeles, San Francisco and other places. I'll probably get to see the more rugged parts of the south-west during the retrieving sessions - I anticipate Lincoln going quite a distance (upwards of six hundred air miles on a single flight.) sometimes. When Lincoln has finished with my services, I'll probably make my way back to the East, stopping at various places, and trying to make it for the Milford SF Conference and any cons. that might be on. Then - back to work. which'll probably comprise a large chunk of writing - a trip account.

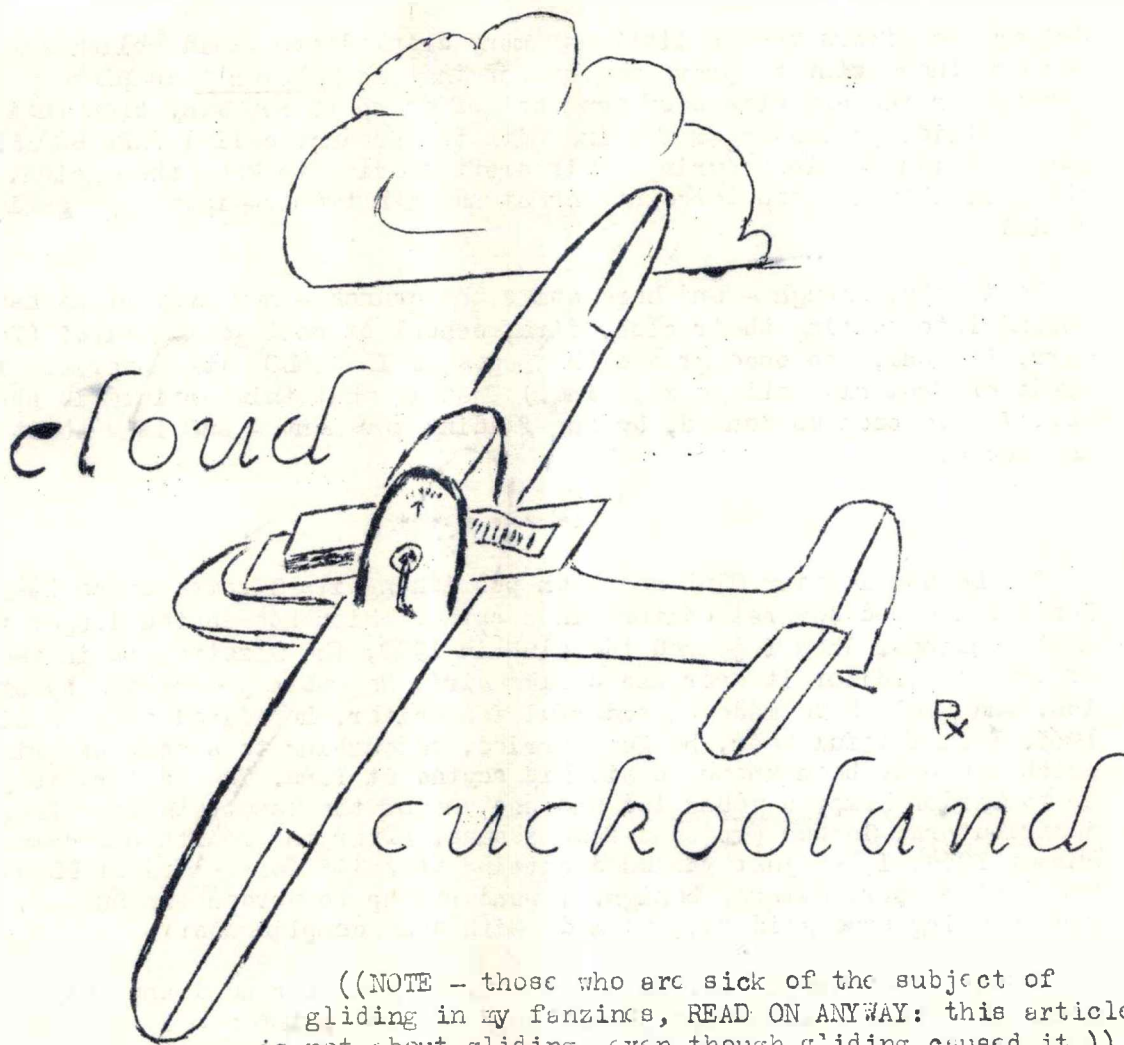
But don't start making plans to write to the USA embassy over here to turn my visa application down on grounds of publishing seditious material, or something. Things seem to be going too well at the moment to be true. I expect that by the time this appears in the mailing, the trip will have fallen through.

* * * * *

Looking at the stencils for this issue, I think I can safely say that this issue of DEAD WOOD is pretty much of an abortion. I did have more stuff on science fictional subjects in the back of my mind, but the deadline's been creeping up, and I decided that if I didn't get the stencils already cut through the duplicator pretty quickly, I might miss the deadline altogether. The new novel has been steadily boiling up, and I'm anxious to get started on it. I did have ideas about articles on, for instance, S.F. HORIZONS, the English semi-promag. of sf. criticism, on author's inscriptions on presentation copies of their books, and also a great load of mailing comments. But the trouble with the latter is - I read the mailings at a time when I don't feel like writing comments, and when I feel like writing comments, I can't find the mailing in question to refer to. So - no comments this time, I'm afraid. You haven't missed much, in any case; I'm no good at mailing comments.

One of these days, you might be getting a one shot from me, which I can guarantee will bore you all - it'll be a checklist-cum-commentary of inter-planetary science fiction published before about 1914. I've a few stencils cut already, but it may be years before I get it finished.

----- See you soon - I hope. George Locke.



((NOTE - those who are sick of the subject of gliding in my fanzines, READ ON ANYWAY: this article is not about gliding, even though gliding caused it.))

When I came into fandom, I heard complaints from my contemporary neofans that science fiction hardly ever got mentioned in fanzines. "Fanzines which concentrate on material about SF are as rare as autographed copies of THE OUTSIDER. They print every damn thing under the sun else. Stuff about bicycles. Nonsense about literature, getting drunk, music, sports cars and lectures about grammar."

Not to mention hitch-hiking, life at the 'sharp' end in the army, card games and gliding; being some of my own transgressions of the 'SF only' school of thought.

FAPA, being just a small cross-~~g/y/z/d~~-section of fanzine fans, distributes material over just as broad a band of interests. How many FAPAs belong to a club or organisation which forms a nucleus for one of those other, mundane activities? Bodies which might organise bicycle races, for instance, hitch-hiking rallies or congresses on the spelling of 'incidentally' (referring back to the time when I was ticked off by Mal Ashworth for spelling that word as it sounded - 'incidentally'.)

How strongly is fan activity (publishing) reflected in those hobbies? How many fans distribute leaflets advertising the Worldcon to every car

driver who offers them a lift? How many drink ditto fluid whilst snogging because they want to prove to the NZF that they haven't completely forsaken fandom for the affections of some bit of crumpet? How many brew their own ditto fluid, publishing a fanzine with the product called FAPA BOOZE? How many publish fanzines during their draft service to keep them grinning and cheerful when the top sergeant threatens with twenty-eight days gas in the cells?

Seriously, though - and here comes the crunch - how many of us have been conned into editing their club, firm, school or college magazine? (Terry Carr, for one, who once graced the pages of INNUEENDO with material either about or from his college magazine.) That is what this article is about. Yes, I have been so conned, by the gliding movement - and it's about driven me cuckoo.

* * * * *

The London Gliding Club has been publishing its Gazette since 1949. The Gazette has had several editors in a career which has lasted longer than most fanzines. When I joined the club in 1959, the Gazette was in the hands of the best editor it ever had - Mike Bird. He was a journalist by profession, and would have made a wonderful fan writer. He edited the magazine until 1963. That fateful year, he got married, succumbing to a sort of grim reaper which has also been known to aim his scythe at fans. The editorship passed on to Gordon Camp, a young lad who was one of the Gazette's most frequent contributors. Gordon produced four issues. After the fourth one came out, Summer 1964, I had just finished cutting stencils for the first DEADWOOD and was feeling particularly benign. I wandered up to Gordon one Sunday, as he was watching some gliders, and made with some compliments:

"That was a fine issue. The best yet. If you ever need any help in producing the thing - like typing some copy for the printer - let me know." Actually, it was a crafty move to get in near the ground floor of what looked like a potential rival to SAILPLANE AND GLIDING, the B.G.A.'s very professional magazine. Assistant editor in a year or two. A few years of scheming; a crafty bit of sub-editing to get the editor in trouble with the club committee; filling the resultant gap smoothly and efficiently... Like, ambitions.

Gordon said, "Certainly. You can be editor. That was my last issue." (As the cobbler said nine months after an affair in his workshop.)

"Why? It was a damned good effort..." and lots more of that sort of jazz.

"I'm joining the RAF."

"Not another pure young Englishman lured by the romance of overseas service in the sunset of the British Empire? Gordon, I'm ashamed of you."

He grinned. Obviously, his thoughts were on certain subtle Eastern delights, and he wouldn't be persuaded. "Will you do the magazine?"

"Sure. It'll be a pleasure."

And walked away. No need to wait years for my dreams.

Walked back, half an hour later. "I have to finish my novel before I can get stuck into it. Would October be alright as a date to start work?"

"Yes. Wonderful. Great!" He couldn't have cared less, now he was shot of the job.

I wondered why he looked so relieved. The Gazette wasn't like a fanzine, where you sweated over a duplicator and if the copy turned out red, it meant

you'd been sweating blood. It was printed. Printed. With genuine, non-elastic type. By a professional printer. (Moreover, by a printer with a soft spot (in his head) for the club who neglected to send in any bills.) All I would have to do was don my green eye-shield (which comes in very handy while you're gliding, anyway), type out double-spaced copy for all contributions (which, with a bit of luck, would come to me in that form anyway), bung it off to the printer on Monday. I would read the proofs the next Saturday, give them back to the printers in short order, and receive the printed, collated, and stapled magazine the following week. I even inherited a distribution officer, who gladly addressed and stamped the envelopes. Circulation was five hundred. Almost as high as ANALOG. Goshnow - better than any fanzine, without the graft!

I visualised a nice, comfortably quarterly, being wary enough to turn a deaf ear to the club members who wanted monthlies or bi-monthlies. Well, as a quarterly it turned out to be a damned fine annual!

The first disillusionment - if you except the receipt of mss. ~~on~~ the backs of envelopes - came when I discovered that if I didn't want to write the wretched thing myself, I was going to have to work hard. Persuading club members to write things when all they want to do is fly or grumble because they can't fly, turned out to be pretty tough. As tough as getting people to write for DEADWOOD. So I thought I was doing pretty well when I ended up with the script for a nicely rounded - ie, fat - magazine in November, only half of which I'd written myself. This lot was duly shot off to the printers, and I waited for the proofs to arrive next week or sometime thereabouts.

Or thereabouts.

Round about the end of January 1965, I had a day off so I went in to the printer to chivvy him up for the umpteenth time. (LGO Chairman: 'You can't press a fellow who's doing the thing for nothing very hard'.)

The printer said, with a happy smile on his face, "Have you read the proofs already?"

My mouth dropped open and my lower lip got caught in my tiepin. "Huh?"

"We sent them up to the club a couple of days ago."

"I haven't been to the club yet," I explained. "Excellent. I'll belt up there right away."

I belted up to the club, which was only a couple of miles outside Dunstable town, where the printer had his works. I made a detour of the workshop, by the way. My syndicate was busily building the trailer for our new glider, and I felt that reading these proofs would be a far nobler task than crawling about underneath a long plywood box trying to fix a Rubery-Owen torsion bar onto the chassis before the frost froze it on for me. I sneaked into the office, and asked Ian Burgin where the proofs were.

Ian looked rather below par, suddenly. I thought it must have been my presence in his office which caused his sickness - and I was right. "Well, we weren't expecting you up, so we posted them off to your home. Haven't they been delivered yet?" The club had wasted fourpence on postage, and that was a major expense, for them.

"Oh, dear," I said, choosing the words with care as Ian is a preacher in between teaching people how to fly gliders. One of my partners burst into the office. "Come on, don't try and skive off. Help us get the roof on." When I managed to escape, close on midnight, I dashed back to London. I

needn't have hurried - they didn't turn up till next day, stuck with cello-tape on the back of a superannuated GPO tortoise who was long overdue for his winter's hibernation. When I read the proofs, I learned that type is inelastic. I had thirty-three pages. According to the printer, I must have a multiple of four. My addition was never very hot, and my multiplication fell far short of that standard, but I had a nagging suspicion that 33 didn't comply with the printer's requirements. So what could I do? Write 3 extra pages of peerless prose and wait an eon for them to be set up, or remove one page? So - what could I remove?

The final decision came to a choice between two poems - a sonnet extolling the beauties of gliding by a club member who was always writing sonnets extolling the b of g, or a more down-to-earth piece describing the dangers of getting near nasty big clouds. I felt the club members had had a surfeit of the poetry of flight, and as I'd written the other piece myself - in it stayed.

The magazine appeared about a month later, whereupon I received many congratulatory comments:

"The Chairman's Report for 1963 is a little late, don't you think?"

"Why didn't you drop the advert for the Christmas Party. I see, it's for next Christmas. Well, that's your story and you're sticking to it."

"Why does the report of flying activities for 1964 stop in October?"

Not to mention all the other little expressions of gratitude for a job well done which didn't reach my ears, thank Ghod.

* * * * *

By this time, I was well on the way with the second issue. It turned out to be a pretty fair manuscript, and I was very pleased with what I'd managed to screw out of the membership. I planned to have it out just before the Internationals - the World Gliding Championships in early June - and therefore gave the printer a deadline of April 30th. I also thought I was taking care of every contingency when I dated it January - July 1965. I actually got half the proofs in July. The magazine finally emerged from its cocoon in September.

I could go on with this story, as it hasn't finished yet, but I'll leave it there for the time being. By the time the next DEADWOOD is due, I'm sure there'll be further fascinating things to talk about, for, you see, the Committee decided that Gazette six months late was not on, and that, in future, issues would be D * U * P * L * I * C * A * T * E * D. I'm sure you'd rather read about a second dally with mundane amateur publishing, which occurred about June 1965. It was also to do with gliding, and was just as ghastly, even though the torture only lasted a week. I mentioned earlier on about the World Gliding Championships being held in this country. Well, they were held at RAF South Cerney, near Cirencester in Gloucestershire. It was the largest Championships so far held - over ninety gliders from about a third that number of countries. There were two classes. The Standard Class competition limits the participants to a 15-metre wingspan, and bans the use of certain trimmings, such as retractable undercarriages and flaps. In the Open Class, you can fly any exotic, engineless aircraft you like - and some of those at South Cerney were really exotic.

Among the countries competing were New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Rhodesia, Argentina (who had held the previous comps.), USA, Canada, India, USSR and most of the European countries, including Iceland and the Scandinavian states. The official clown was the Irish team, as you might expect. The best pilot in their team is actually a serving officer in the Royal Air Force, and if you think that has no significance, then you've never heard o' the troubles.

South Cerney became the nucleus of the gliding world for three weeks in May and June, sort of like a Worldcon, but longer. The first week was a practice week, in which visiting teams could glide around and get a good shuftly at the countryside. The last two were devoted to the competition proper. Ex-LGO Gazette editor Mike Bird was given the job of editing the daily newsletter which would be distributed to competitors and helpers during the Comps. Same sort of thing as the convention newsletters which are always talked about but, when it came to the crunch, never got onto stencil, even. Since Mike's shackles - marriage and job - only allowed him to be there for one week, other people were talked into doing the job for the other fortnight. Guess who? Mike handled the thing for the practice week, Gordon Camp and I took over for the first contest week, and Roger Barrett, another LGO member, for the last week.

During the weekends, the whole contingent turned up.

I had to work the Saturday morning before the beginning of my stint, so I didn't go straight to South Cerney. Instead, I drove down to Bridgewater and had a fannish evening with Tony and Simone Walsh and Archie Mercer. The main topic of conversation was that of conventions - the future BSFA cons @ Great Yarmouth in 1966 and, probably, Bristol in 1967. Archie and the Walshes, who have now moved to Bristol, will be running the latter (if it gets the bid) under the name 'Sixty-Severn Con'. I felt then that I'd have to watch my step to avoid getting roped in on that one. Now, I feel that I'll have to help them at least a little, if only to make up for the poor show I made of the auction material collecting at the Worldcon. We also knocked back a fair quantity of Tony's home-made wine.

Early Sunday morning (about 11-ish!), I ambled off to South Cerney, and arrived to find a few gliders soaring in a desultory manner to the canned music coming from the broadcasting system. The weather was too poor for a task that day. I located the newsletter office and found it in the throes of producing an issue. To be absolutely accurate, there were typewriters with nothing to type, a new electric Gestetner with nothing to duplicate, the other three co-editors with no news to edit and some typists-cum-duplicating experts moaning softly because 'They always start giving us work to do in the middle of the night'. Unlike the average fanzine, everything was ORGANISED. All the editor had to do was compose copy and correct other people's copy. All the other jobs were farmed out, including collating, for which job we were able to rope in a good dozen spare hands. They were needed, and some - we produced from 800 to 1200 copies of an issue.

But when I arrived, things were rather chaotic. I floated round for an hour wondering what the hell was going on, decided I was just in the way, and skived off to have a look at all the nice gliders. Later in the evening, while I still didn't know whether my backside had been punched, bored or

counter-sunk, Bird & Barrett went off home to return to their respective offices on Monday, and Gordon and I were left wondering what to do about the still unborn CHAMPIONSHIPS JOURNAL, which was due out at 9.00 am on Monday morning.

We decided who should ultimately take the can back in case of any upsets - me - and got down to it. "Which issue is this one," I asked, picking up a half-cut stencil. Get down to basics from the start. "The last one's don't appear to be numbered."

"Bird didn't want them numbered."

"That's daft."

"I agree."

"So we'll number them from now on. Which one will this be?"

Gordon cogitated some. He'd been in the RAF long enough to acquire an expression of always being deep in top-level thinking even when all he was thinking of was some bird. "Number 4, I think."

"Then it's not daily, after all. That's something. I was dreading a genuine daily."

"Bird only published every 2 or 3 days. Weather was so bad very little happened."

"We'd better make a plan." I had a good long look at the weather. "So far, the weather's been clumpers. Knowing English weather, there weren't be all that many contest days. So - we'll publish an issue for 9 o'clock following every competition day, and if there isn't a contest on a given day, we'll give ourselves a rest."

* * * * *

I won't dwell on the issue Gordon and I finished off for Bird and Barrett. I'll simply say that it was produced, on time, at 9.00 am on Monday morning. Monday was a wet and miserable day, typical of the English summer, so a unanimous decision was made not to produce an issue on Tuesday morning. We spent the time soaking up the atmosphere and moisture of South Jersey, and wrote one or two items for the next issue, which we thought should come out on Wednesday.

Tuesday dawned almost as murky as Monday, but the organisers set a task. While the competitors struggled to stay aloft in the feeble soaring conditions which eventually materialised, we worked out a format for the next issue, which consisted largely of a bold number 5 - and to hell with Bird. We decided to devote the title page to a statement of the task and headlining the winners. The next two pages, facing each other, would have the complete results...

"Gordon, when can we get them by?"

"We'll have to ask them in the BGA office. They've agreed to type the two stencils for us as soon as they have the results."

* * * * *

"When can we have the results by?" we asked them at the BGA office, as soon as it became apparent that there was going to be a competition that day. "Ten o'clock tonight?"

The BGA office laughed, nastily. "I should have them ready duplicated

Thursday 3rd June.

Championships Journal

NUMBER

6

EDITORS: George Locke and Gordon Camp.

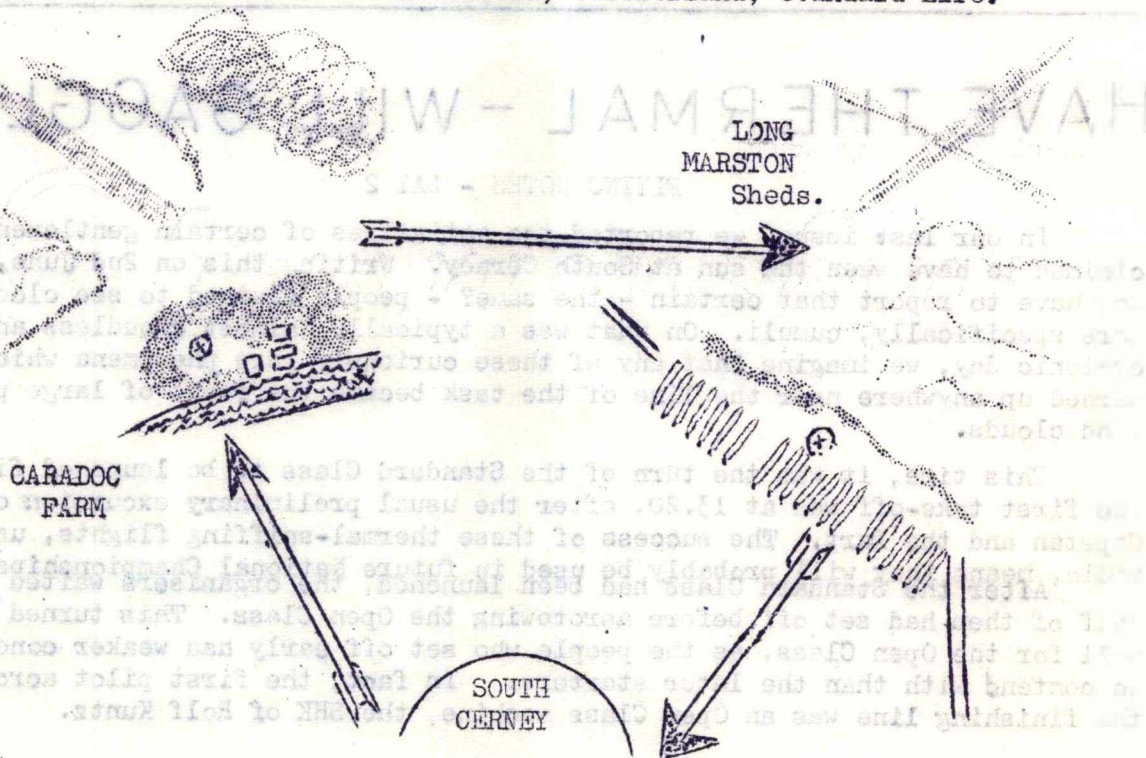
PRODUCTION: Diana Thomas-Ellam, Liz Douglas and Lesley Wills.

DAY 2: WEDNESDAY 2nd JUNE

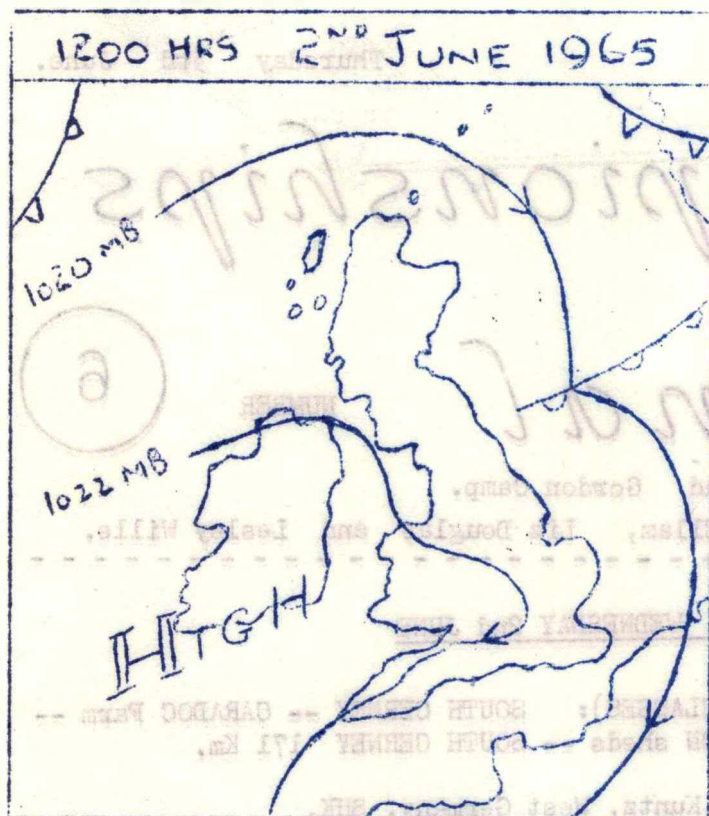
TRIANGLE RACE (BOTH CLASSES): SOUTH CERNEY -- CARADOC Farm --
LONG MARSTON sheds -- SOUTH CERNEY 171 Km.

WINNERS: O P E N : R.Kuntz, West Germany, SHK.

S T A N D A R D : M.L.Ritzi, Switzerland, Standard Elfe.



2nd June, 1965.



A ridge of high pressure covered the British Isles; winds were much lighter than yesterday and came from a NE to NNE'ly direction.

Low stratus during the morning burnt off by 1100 to give a really sunny afternoon with temperatures reaching 18°C (64°F)

The forecast was that there would be moderate thermals, traces of shallow cumulus in southern parts of the route and a little more cloud and smoke haze around the second turning point. Things seem to have gone very much as forecast; the tops of thermals appeared to be limited to about 4,300 feet, but the smoke haze near the second turning point was quite thick.

B. H.

HAVE THERMAL - WILL GAGGLE

FLYING NOTES - DAY 2

In our last issue we reported the activities of certain gentlemen who claimed to have seen the sun at South Cerney. Writing this on 2nd June, we now have to report that certain - the same? - people claimed to see clouds. More specifically, cumuli. On what was a typically almost cloudless anti-cyclonic day, we imagine that any of these curiously rare phenomena which turned up anywhere near the line of the task became the focus of large plywood clouds.

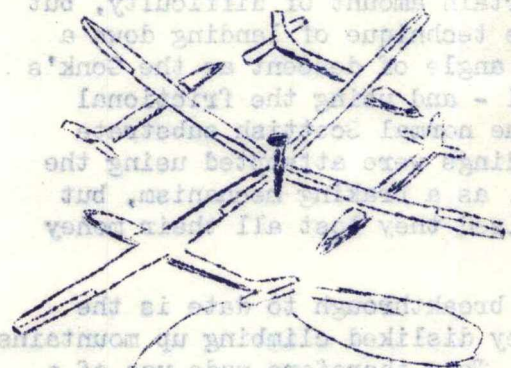
This time, it was the turn of the Standard Class to be launched first. The first take-off was at 13.20, after the usual preliminary excursions of the Capstan and the Dart. The success of these thermal-sniffing flights, using radio, means they will probably be used in future National Championships. After the Standard Class had been launched, the organisers waited until half of them had set off before aerotowing the Open Class. This turned out well for the Open Class, as the people who set off early had weaker conditions to contend with than the later starters. In fact, the first pilot across the finishing line was an Open Class machine, the SHK of Rolf Kuntz.

Wally Scott crossed the line at 13.37, and came to the conclusion that he'd have clipped perhaps half an hour off his time if he'd started half an hour later. Dick Schreder, who had done this, nearly caught up with him. Wally found conditions very difficult crossing the Severn valley on the first leg, and confirmed the met. forecast of extensive industrial haze on the second leg. He thought it was an excellent task.

Markus Ritzi (74), winner of the Standard Class, felt that the first two legs were not much of a race because everyone 'gaggled' along together at the same rate. However, on the final leg the gliders did tend to 'go it alone'.

The finishing line was a scene of great excitement as people stopped toasting their torsos in front of the control tower and started looking for incoming gliders. The first arrival came in a rather sedate fashion, but subsequent machines came in low and fast - at one stage thick and fast. Some pilots completed their run with a gentle climb into a normal circuit, whilst others whipped their machines into steeper climbing turns. The two open-class Fokas - Makula and Wroblewski - arrived virtually nose to tail, demonstrating the now-famous Polish technique of flying in pairs. At the other end of the scale, an Edelweiss cruised at tree-top height and min. sink along the A419 before hopping the boundary and making a downwind landing, just across the line.

Of interest is that the mean of the Open Class speeds was 11% faster than the average Standard speed. We are told by Godfrey Lee that for thermal strengths of 3 knots 18 metre ships should theoretically be about 30% faster than the equivalent 15 metre variety. No doubt the large proportion of 15 m. sailplanes in the Open Class accounts for this disparity, or perhaps the theory is just plain - theory.



* * *

NOWE T KRYCZNE UDOSKONALENIA
NEW TACTICAL DEVELOPMENT.

(From the Confidential Polish Gliding Handbook.)

(poufne z Polski szybowcowych przepisow)

LOTANIE NA SMIGLOWCACH
HELICOPTERING.

(At least one of them must have a helicopter pilots' licence.)

(co najmniej jeden z nich musi miec licencje na latanie na helikopterach)

J. Bojanowski.

THE LORD AND LEGEND OF THE GONKS

(See issue No. 6)

In response to many requests as to what a GONK is, we are happy to report the results of our research into this curious by-way of gliding lore and legend. 'Pirat' Gehriger has told us that as one glides northward in the British Isles, the sunshine decreases. In the far north is a land of standing waves called Scotland, where the tribes, known as 'Clans', live in specially constructed buildings. They only venture out into the open air wearing special clothes made of a very thick woollen cloth called 'Plaid' to protect themselves from the weather. This is of a special kind largely comprised of 'Scotch Mist', with which the ground camouflages itself from attacks by Sassenach sailplanes. They also protect themselves with a special potion, known simply as 'Scotch', using a form of medication known as 'getting plastered'.

Each Tribe, or Clan, has developed its own special Plaid, or Tartan, which serves to distinguish it from others: this is necessary because they are in a state of almost continuous warfare. The tartan of the Gonk tribe is impregnated with a special formulation of Scotch, and is rubbed down to a finish of exceeding smoothness.

The Gonks are world-renowned exponents of mechanically unassisted gliding. It is recorded that their first experiment was made in the fifteenth century, when an unidentified Gonk detached himself from a precipice on Ben Nevis, and made a flight, unaided by any mechanical contrivance, of 1800'. Unfortunately, this was in an exactly vertical direction downwards, and since he failed to round out correctly, he died. Later experiments established that if a Gonk held his traditional costume, the Kilt, in a special manner, he could achieve a glide angle of exactly 1 in .007. This meant that for a descent of 1,000', he would cover a horizontal distance of 7', assuming no-wind conditions. Round-outs continued to give a certain amount of difficulty, but this was partially overcome by the technique of landing down a slope with approximately the same angle of descent as the Gonk's glide angle - i.e. almost vertical - and using the frictional forces between the buttocks and the normal Scottish substrate (heather) to slow him down. Landings were attempted using the money-purse, known as the Sporrán, as a braking mechanism, but these became rare after they realised they lost all their money every time they hit a bump!

The most promising technical breakthrough to date is the launching method. Naturally, they disliked climbing up mountains from which to start their glide. They therefore made use of a remarkable physical phenomenon unique to the country of Scotch Mists - a musical instrument called the Bagpipes which has also been used as a means to torture captives from the south of the British Isles. When he wishes to be launched, the Gonk plays this

instrument at top volume, producing a sound which exerts a strong repellent pressure against the ground and which has been known to cause earthquakes in places as far off as Chile. The Bagpipes, attached to the Gonk, rises to a height of 2,000' at which point the Gonk releases himself from the instrument, and proceeds to glide back to earth at the normal rate.

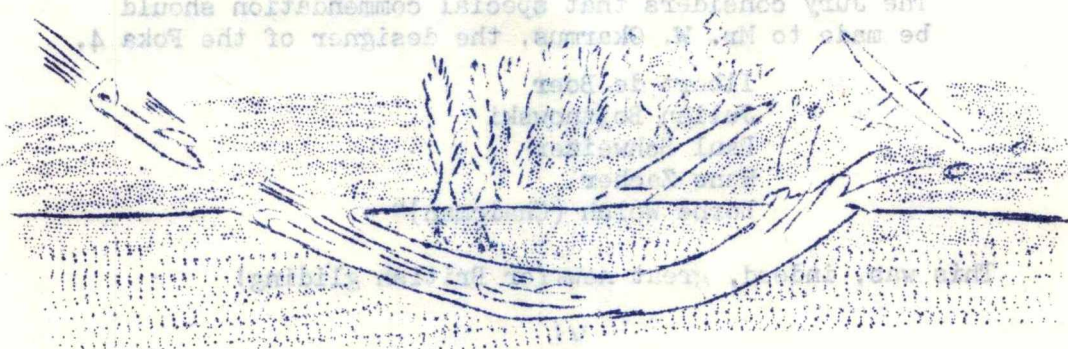
The minimum sinking speed of the Gonk in flight is approximately 150' per second, and as a result most vertical air movements are too weak to keep him airborne for any length of time. However, the Chieftain of the Clair - the McGonk of Gonks - obtained his 'C' certificate with a remarkable flight. He used the Gonks' OSTIV entry, a 15 Decimetre, laminar-flow Kilt with a non-retractible Sporrán. He was launched from the turrets of Edinburgh Castle, which is built on top of an extinct volcano, by the normal Bagpipes method.

Just as a winch launch may trigger off a thermal, so the Bagpipes of the McGonk triggered off a volcanic eruption. The McGonk released over the centre of the crater, found strong lift of more than 150' per second, and soared to a height of 21,000' in the course of a flight lasting 23 minutes. He landed slightly charred but cheerful down East Buttress, a moment before it sunk beneath the waves of the Firth of Forth.

A particularly fine effigy of the McGonk of Gonks, complete with his launching equipment, has, in memory of this flight, been made available by Messrs. R.S. Crouch, Ltd., of 11-15 West Market Place, Cirencester. It is being offered as a prize to the competitor scoring the least number of points in the World Gliding Championships, and may be inspected, together with a large number of other interesting trophies, by any competitors.

J. Bojanowski.

"Can we allow that?"



P E R O S T I V A D A S T R A

The tenth OSTIV Congress opened at 10.30 on June 4th, in the cinema at RAF South Cerney. Addresses were given by Prof. A.D. Baxter, Vice-Chairman of the Royal Aeronautical Society; Philip Wills, Chairman of the BGA; Mr. J. Pady, Chairman of the Cirencester UDC; and Mr. de Lange, President of OSTIV.

Prof. Baxter thought that, on the eve of the 100th Birthday of the Royal Aeronautical Society, it was interesting that gliding, lying as it did at one extreme of the spectrum of aeronautical activity, had changed from bands of enthusiasts to an organisation like OSTIV whose scope extended beyond the specialised needs of its field.

Mr. Wills remarked on the pleasant setting for the Congress, and admitted that one of the minor points which led to South Cerney's selection as the venue of the Championships was the very charming ASIRA Cinema.

Mr. Pady remembered his first solo during World War I, in a French Caudron; lateral control was achieved by warping the trailing edge of the wings - potential entries for the next OSTIV Trophy please note! He told us that we "had our heads in the clouds; where they should be"; said a few words about historical Cirencester, and invited us to the Corinium Museum for a visit at 18.30 next Thursday evening.

Mr. de Lange gave an account of the history of OSTIV from the day of its birth - July 28th, 1948 at Samaden - to the present. He then gave a heartfelt tribute to the late Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer, and the meeting observed a moment of silence to commemorate the 'giant who is no longer with us'.

He then made the following announcement:

"The members of the Jury appointed by the Board of OSTIV to judge the 1965 contest for the OSTIV Trophy recommend that it should be awarded to Mr. F.N. Slingsby, Mr. J.C. Reussner and Mr. W. Slater, the designers of the 15 metre Dart.

The Jury considers that special commendation should be made to Mr. W. Okarmus, the designer of the Foka 4.

Ilbert de Boer
Julian Bojanowski
Paul Schweizer
Hans Zacher
Lorne Welch (Chairman)"

This was, indeed, great news for British gliding!

Fred Slingsby very kindly allowed me to fly the demonstration Dart 15 yesterday afternoon. Being a Ka 6 owner with about a hundred hours total gliding, I was very interested to compare the two machines from the point of view of a pilot who has had relatively little experience. I thought it was a splendid aircraft to fly. It didn't appear to be quite as light on the controls as the Ka 6, and the rate of roll seemed to be slightly slower, but on the other hand it felt steadier in the turn - more stable laterally - and was as easy to thermal. By the time I found my second thermal, I was feeling quite at home in the machine, which was extremely comfortable. Unfortunately, I had to give up the second thermal after a couple of turns because of a gentleman's agreement among the list of potential Dart pilots that day to stay up for no more than half an hour. So I tried it out at speeds up to 80 knots, and got the impression that it was very much better than the Ka 6 flown in a similar fashion. I felt much more at home in it at these speeds than in the Ka 6, and what was more, it felt more at home as well!

The OSTIV Plaque 1965 was awarded to C.E. Wallington "for the most noteworthy scientific advancement to soaring flight in the past years", making a memorable day even more memorable!

OSTIV Diplomas were given to Mrs. M.L. Schwarzkopf and Mr. E.R. Lichtenstein (Argentina), Dr. Ing. F.X. Wortmann (Germany) and Mr. P. Weishaupt (Denmark), after which the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

G.L.

RALLY OF VINTAGE GLIDERS

The year 1966 is the Centenary of the formation of the Royal Aeronautical Society. To mark this event the Reading Branch of the Royal Aeronautical Society, in association with the Lasham Gliding Centre, will be holding a rally at Lasham on 27th and 28th August 1966. The aim is to have as wide a selection of gliders attending the rally as possible, the emphasis being placed on pre-1950 machines. When they become available details will be sent to interested individuals. Anyone interested should contact R.C. Barnett at:-

22A Ray Park Avenue
Maidenhead, Berks.
Tel: Maidenhead 23253

or

Bristol Gliding Club
Nympsfield, Glos.
Tel: Uley 342

FILMS

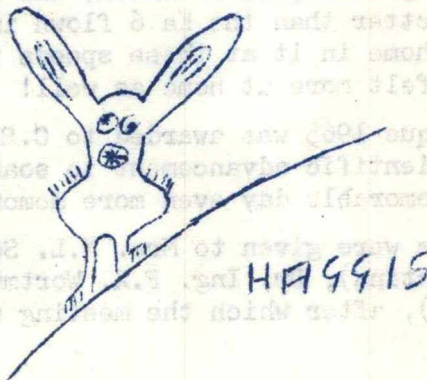
Sunday June 6th at 8.15 pm - Aircraft Recovery Expedition in Iceland
Monday June 7th at 8.15 pm - Whispering Wings by the South African team.

Both films will be shown in the station cinema.

Dear Sirs,

We were horrified to read in this morning's Journal, no. 7, a fallacious report on the origin of the Gonk. As it is a native of our homeland, we feel we must tell the true story of its beginning and its association with gliding.

The Gonk is a near relative of the Haggis which, as everybody knows, is a rabbit-like creature whose left-hand legs (???) are shorter than the right hand ones. This causes the Haggis to run round mountains in an anti-clockwise direction in order to stay upright.



The Gonk is a winged, feathered variety of the Haggis and is similar in that its right wing is one and a half times the size of its left wing. Due to resulting lift differential the Gonk must always fly in a circle. The Scottish gliding fraternity, therefore, adopted the Gonk as its emblem as it was the first animal, human or otherwise, to gain height by thermalling anti-clockwise.

George McCracken

Gordan Buchan

TUG SQUADRON

* * *

Editorial Comment: The above signatories have been volunteered to emulate the Gonk by flying the Dart 15/17 with only one tip attached.

4 Anoraks, made by Air Tour Wear, are missing from the map stand in the Trade Fair. They were taken on the night of June 2nd. They are navy blue with full red silk quilted linings, and four pockets - two breast, two side.

They are thought to have been removed by gliding people. Please would the people concerned either pay for them or return them to Information: one has already been returned.

for you at a quarter past eight tomorrow morning."

Christ!

"But we have to distribute them at nine for Briefing."

TGA smiled. "Well, we can't compile the official results until all the pilots are back from their retrieves with their reports, which means..."

Yeah, I knew. I'd been in the gliding movement long enough to know. "The middle of the night." I ruminated. "That'll give us three quarters of an hour to collate all the sheets together. All 800 copies. All to be stuck inside the special printed cover. All to be stapled...Hey, what about staplers? They've all been pinched. We'll have to get some bought in Cirencester. Out of BGA funds, of course...Yeah, I reckon if we had enough collators - half a dozen or so...12 pages in the magazine..."

Panic stations!

* * * * *

Wednesday dawned quite fine - and full of promise for a contest day. Oh, English weather, what were you doing to us? This meant a second journal only 24 hours after the first...

Before we knew where we were, however, we found we had a sort of routine organised. Morning started with a rude awakening at 07.00. After a gay, RAF-style breakfast of cold greasy fried eggs on cold fatty fried bread made ugly by cool baked beans (all of which looked highly constipating) and tomatoes which had dissolved in their own water, we mosied over to the newsletter office. The magazine had all been run off the night before, with the exception of the results sheets. These were duly received from the BGA office, and while the collating team (a well brainwashed bunch of people who'd look well in fandom) assembled the magazine, we went off to Briefing to hear all about the day's task.

We spent the rest of the morning picking up snippets of news and anecdotes, and organising bits of translation and the like. Announcements of parties etc were often printed in French and German. We all felt a bit sorry for the Russians (who were always bending their aircraft), so we thought it would be nice to print a bit in Russian specially for them. Ron Watson, another LGC member, cut the Russian script onto stencil very nicely. We also had a cartoon taking the mickey out of the Poles, who usually flew in pairs, so we got one Lefty Kurylowicz to write the caption in Polish. He was drunk at the time, but did an accurate job. We also printed a brief announcement about a booby prize, a GONK to be offered to the competitor who scored the least number of points. Ron Watson wrote an account of the history of the GONK, a fanciful mickey-take of the Scots. However, it had no connection with gliding, so, after an editorial conference, it was decided that I'd include some gliding references. The resulting fantasy went down quite well, proving there isn't much difference between fans and gliding enthusiasts.

The day wasn't too bad, really. We even managed to get our feet off the ground. Gordon got himself okayed for passenger carrying, and did a bit of ferrying of vistors round the airfield circuit, whilst I had a joyride in a two-pew on Wednesday. We watched the competitors take off, watched them return at the end of the task, and only really got cracking on the magazine in the evening - to the usual moans from our secretaries. We produced three issues on three consecutive days. Friday morning, however,

after the third had been published, we felt a bit whacked. What would Friday's task be? It looked as though it would be a good day.

It turned out to be Free Distance - everybody had to try and fly as far as they could. Wonderful! Everybody would go a long way. They wouldn't be back in time for any official results to be ready on Saturday. We'd have a rest day and publish the next one on Sunday.

I enjoyed the rest of Friday very much. In the morning, Gordon and I attended the opening of the OSTIV Congress. OSTIV in 'Organisation Scientifique et Technologique International de Vol a Voile' and publishes a lot of technical matter on gliding. They also hold a competition for the best Standard Class sailplane developed since the last Internationals. An English machine, the DART, won the prize. The previous day, I'd obtained permission from the designer to have a flight in a Dart which was being used for demonstration purposes, and Friday afternoon came my chance. The deal was that I would report on the DART for the Newsletter, and this I duly did. But I didn't give the whole story. Herewith, then, details of the only time I have ever appeared on Television.

Belgium Television, that is.

I was fourth on the list of people to fly the Dart that day, and there were several others after me. As a result, we came to gentlemen's agreement to stay up for half an hour each. My three predecessors - a Dutchman, a Canadian and an Englishman living in Switzerland who had bought the machine - all stayed up for 30 minutes, so I had no excuse not to come down at the end of my half-hour. Grrrr!

I had just closed my canopy for the takeoff when somebody said: "You're on TV." Sure enough, from out of the cockpit of the tug aircraft stuck some cvdl-looking black cameras. I made a resolve to fly nicely, and not move my rudder too coarsely or too frequently. I was towed up under a dirty black cloud, felt that I was in some rising air, released at 1800 feet and forgot about the tug. I started circling, in company with a two-seater Ka 7 with R&F roundels on it, and climbed slowly, trying to sort out how to fly this strange new machine properly. It always takes a few minutes to settle down in an aircraft of a new type, and I found the Dart no exception. The fact that you're trying to gain height in a narrow, rough old thermal doesn't help matters, either. Every now and again, I tried to find the airfield on the ground. But visibility was rotten. All I could see was two lakes, which was not much help since South Cerney was a strange site for me. However, as long as I was going up, and not going down, I didn't worry too much. After all, the tug wouldn't have dropped me too far from the airfield, I knew which direction I had been towed, and the Ka 7, with two pilots aboard, presumably knew where he was - and wasn't worried, otherwise he'd have hared off long ago. Anyhow, one gets used to being lost in a glider.

Then I saw that the tug hadn't deserted me. No, the nasty little Auster was buzzing round me in a circle. I remembered. It had television cameras aboard. The photographer wasn't satisfied with taking pictures of my front end dangling on a long tow-rope from his rear end. He wanted to see the glider soaring - and the stupid twit was obviously trying to take some close-ups to thrill the viewers. If I'd had any sense, I have straightened up and gone haring off out his way. He'd have a tough job keeping up with a Dart, which is a pretty fast ship as glider go. But no, why should I? I

was I here to soar - and soar I was going to. The rules of the air state that gliders have right of way over powered aircraft, and I was determined to keep circling. I was in a nice bit of lift, I'd got the Dart's controls sorted out, and 'keep out of the way, you sod,' I told him. He kept out of the way like hell! Instead, he came closer and closer. The cameraman probably had a taperecorder. He was probably giving with the poetic commentary, something like: "And here we have a true bird of the skies, soaring with graceful ease among the clouds..."

Christ! What's he doing now? He's heading straight at me. We're going to collide. God, the poor bloke who's bought this particular machine. God, the poor bloke who's flying it. Damn the rules of the air and all that jazz - I was going to get out of the way, but sharp!

I stuffed the nose down and dived out of his way. As I shot under him, I saw the nylon tow-line flapping in his slipstream. I hoped it wouldn't hit me. Nylon at 80 or 90 knots can make quite a dent, especially the metal rings on the end.

I think he got the message, or else ran out of film. I didn't see him again. I found the airfield, spent the rest of my time happily stoozing about - and didn't feel in the least like landing. It was a damned good day, the best day of the comps - and the furthest distance scored was more than 200 miles. Not bad, for England.

* * * * *

Sorry folks, I got sidetracked. I sort of figured I would, sooner or later. There's not much more to write about the magazine, anyway, except a brief explanation of the following few pages. I thought it would be rather nice, after spending so long twittering about mundane fanec, if I could show you some examples. So, I half-inched some of the old stencils from the CHAMPIONSHIPS JOURNAL, and picked out eight to put together as a sample issue of the CJ. I didn't take them all from the same issue, though the report of a day's task refers to the headlines on the first page. If you can follow it at all, you'll be doing well. I think it'll prove that gliding is as ingroupish as fandom. In fact, gliding is another fandom. They have their feuds, their conventions (competitions) and their own vocabulary.

R O N N I E A N D T H E C H A L K .

OR

BLACKBOARD BUNGLER.

A couple of mailings ago, Ron Bennett asked two of his precious eight pages on creating an image for me. A noble work - one which I can let go with expressing my appreciation. One which I must repay - in kind.

Unfortunately, Ronnie's fannish image is already well-established, so I must content myself with a brief glimpse at his mundane activities. Ronnie is, of course, a school teacher. He is also an English school teacher,

which differs from the American species. The image I have of American schools is of school children so closely crew-cut they look as though they're bald. They wear T-shirts, carry flick knives in their hip pockets, use cut-throat razors (but not to shave with) and cut notches in the tips of the slugs of their air pistols. The teacher has to have diplomas in judo, karate, have reflexes as quick as Ron Ellick's must have been when he was in the marines, wear chastity belts, and be skilled at writing on blackboards without turning his back on the class. At least, according to the movies I've seen.

In other words, there are often disciplinary problems of an unpleasant nature.

In English schools, generally, life is a lot more civilised. Take Ronnie, for instance. He takes classes for boys who haven't grown large enough to duff him up if he gets too stroppy with them. If they're feeling very bold, the kiddies might titter behind his back (which is always turned to the class; it's so safe.) and maybe launch a paper dart (with a blunt point, of course, in the direction of the unsuspecting 'good boy' in the front row. The teachers' retaliation to such indiscliplines varies. They all have their favourite methods of combating hoodlignism. Some give the offending child a hundred lines to write, on the order of 'I must not throw paper darts at Jimmie'. Others also make him stand in the corner of the room for a long period. Although it keeps the little horror quiet, the technique has its dangers, like when one delightfully hygienic darling 'please-can-I-leave-the-room'-ed where he stood. Occasionally, a good belt round the ear proves effective, but as it involves walking through the class to reach the offender (invariably sitting at the back with the other bad boys) Ronnie long ago decided that the exercise was too much for him. He has become, in fact, an exponent of the chalk-throwing method of keeping discipline.

It's rather like small-bore rifle shooting, although isn't so lethal. Chalk is, of course, the prime requisite, and a plentiful supply at that. The technique is quite simple - the teacher, when he perceives a transgression from one of his class, throws the chalk he is writing with at the child. Accurate marksmanship is essential for preserving the image of a competent teacher. Ronnie wouldn't retain respect very long if he kept missing his target all the time. Short pieces of chalk are more effective than longer pieces, which are rather unieldy, less accurate in flight, and are more easily dodged. Ronnie found it a wise precaution to break the chalk in two before throwing, and retain the other half. He has found it very undignified to have to retrieve the chalk from the inkwell the child has probably dropped it into in order to go on writing on the board. Still, taking the opportunity to deliver a good clout all round makes up for this momentary lapse.

Ronnie has made a fetish of accuracy. If he can't get the chalk within an inch of a given point at the back of the classroom, he goes along to the doctor for a medical check-up to see if he's past it. Different parts of the child form targets for different purposes. A piece of chalk into the mouth of the sleeping child is very effective. The one who's got a cold and is always sniffing is frequently silenced by a well-directed shot, usually a rebound off the top of the desk, into the nostril. The one who doesn't listen gets the chalk into his ear. Ronnie is waiting for the day when a piece goes out the other side without touching anything on the way. The ones who won't keep still are usually silenced by the boardrubber, not the chalk, to the point of the jaw.

Once Ronnie got married and a baby was added to the family, he found money getting a bit tight, so he took a number of after-hours teaching jobs. One of these was at a nearby Borstel academy. The course a boy has to take to gain admittance to Borstel is very stringent. It normally requires the use of violence and other antisocial activities over a sustained period. As a result, Ronnie surmised that there might be one or two disciplinary difficulties involved in teaching the inmates English which didn't require supplementing with four letter words. He decided to arm himself well.

He started off by drawing from stores a box of chalks of a very special kind. I recommended them personally. "Beautiful job, Ronnie," he said. "Four and a half inches long, calibre 9mm at one end and 13mm at the other. I can let you have either a box of whites, a box of yellow, or a mixed box. I recommend the mixed colours, as the boy won't know which colour is coming and may find it difficult to spot against the normally sombre background."

That evening, Ronald A. Bennett sallied forth to instill education into the minds and chalk into the mouths of the students at Borstel.

How did he fare? How did he survive the ordeal? Let Ronnie himself tell you, in the next issue of DEADWOOD. (Alright, Ron, I'll credit the pages to your account.)

BOOK REVIEW Harry Harrison: BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO. Gollancz 16/-

Current examples of our favorite reading matter, to my mind, seem to be either dull, colourless, tasteless extrapolations or the polished fan fiction which some British practitioners are kidding themselves is the new wave in Science Fiction. It's a refreshing change to read Harry Harrison, who excels in straightforward, lightly written thrillers. His new book, chunks of which appeared in NEW WORLDS recently, will delight his fans. It is most enjoyable.

It is the story of a country bumpkin on some planet somewhere in the inhabited galaxy who gets recruited into the Army. It describes his experiences as a rookie, where the bone of his existence is a neanderthaloid Petty Officer with specially implanted fangs (to 'improve' his image) called Deathwish Drang. He graduates as a Fusetender 6th Class, during which he experiences a space battle with the reptilian enemies of mankind, the Chingers. A fusetender is a guy who replaces 90lb fuses blown by circuits overloaded during battle; the Chingers have a repulsive image - even more repulsive than Drang's - imposed on the soldiers as seven foot slimy, scaly crocodiles. They turn out to be lizards six inches long. Bill, more by luck than by judgement, knocks out an enemy ship and is made a hero. He loses a left arm, and the hospital fits a new one on for him. Well, not exactly new; secondhand. An arm taken from one of his fallen buddies. It is:

- 1) black,
- 2) half as long again as his old one, and
- 3) it's a RIGHT arm, which means he can at least shake hands with himself. He goes off to the city-planet Helior to get his medal, and there embarks on a second series of adventures in a highly mechanised world.

I think it's quite clear what BILL THE GALACTIC HERO is intended to be: a take-off of some common SF themes. For example, E.E. Smith-type space battles,

tiered metal cities, nasty swamp worlds filled with swamp critters and space drives are all debunked, robots are debugged and the long arm of co-incidence (well-extended in much crud SF) stretched to rib-breaking point. And all this on a good, solid substrate of satire on Army life.

It should have been the funniest SF story ever written. Unfortunately, I didn't find it so. Entertaining - yes. Funny - no. I found it reminiscent of an SF writer's ideas book. It's stuffed full of fascinating little bits and pieces. The material is there, but, as in an ideas book, it's there, in situ, without any tailoring.

Harrison isn't essentially a writer of humour, as Richard Gordon (of the DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE series), Thorne Smith and, in our own genre, Eric Frank Russell are. Humour rarely succeeds when it's tossed at one as a series of gags. It has to be developed, built up carefully. Harrison succeeds in doing this only once or twice. For instance, I mentioned Bill's second right arm earlier in this review. When Bill collects his medal from the Galactic Emperor, he gives a snappy salute. His new arm (which, of course, was his old buddie's saluting arm), makes the salute simultaneously with the other. I roared with laughter, because the gag had been developed and I'd been half expecting something like that to happen with that arm. But I think the success of the joke was more luck than judgement, like Bill's space shot, otherwise more of the jokes would have come off. Later on, when Bill gets himself invalided out of a particularly nasty spot by shooting off his left foot, I expected him to be supplied with a second left foot, giving a lover of good corn like me another chance for his belly to laugh - but no such luck.

As a writer of good, entertaining fiction, Harry Harrison is supreme. But as a humourist - he's as adroit as a man with two left feet.

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