

The arrival today (Oct 24th) of the Official Non-Postmailing is responsible for this being Fapulous #4, from F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Wn (Elinor has a tenuous claim on the #3 issue, with half a stencil done done time ago).

Fapulous #4, then, is dedicated to T e d E W h i t e , and is subtitled

- LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT - -

In here will mostly be comments on the nonPostmailing, with maybe a couple of article-type fluffs that were scared out of FAPhelia by the pagecount.

Horror of Blitzkrieg: Jeez, too many of us being sick lately. Jim Webbert brought a real Fan-Sized cold over here for CRYday-weekend a couple of weeks ago, and I was pooped-out enough to buy it. Got through the main event with gratifying rapidity but am still reaping a certain amount of discomfort from the dregs of it. Nyet, it's no fun to have to Take Action under such circumstances...

Glad you got the nonPostmailing from the evial clutches, and all. Wish you had also been able to liberate the #86 & #87 bundles for us. Hope you stand firm on this fine terroristic threat to Les Illegibles.

Ugly Bird: nope, Marion, you're wrong-- the childhood-remiscences are not "good by sheer accident"; just because they were written spontaneously does not imply that their whammy is accidental. Don't you suppose that this swings so nicely without being "carefully written" simply because it is direct experience and so needs less polishing to come out well? (Personally I loathed haying, as a kid, especially the up-in-the-haymow part-- baking heat, air too thick with hay-dust for good breathing, and chaff clinging to sweating skin and itching intolerably-- and the process always going just a bit faster than I could keep up with it-- a breathless, aching struggle which I shudder to recall...)(but there were a lot of pleasant sights and smells to farm work, and you bring them out nicely, here).

Yes, Redd, it's always surprising to run onto something pertaining to you or to people you know, out-of-context-- like seeing a friend's picture in the paper, or etc.

((Oct 25th-- comments cut short last night when Royal Drummond dropped in. How many remember Royal in FAPA and/or SAPS, back around 1952 or thereabouts? Maybe we can get a short article out of him one of these days.)

Royal doesn't have the time for fanac these days. He says he sort of misses the fannish routine every time he comes in contact and is reminded, but he is actively involved in other avocations (rock-climbing and folk-dancing, for two) in which his whole family participate, whereas in fanac he'd be lone-wolfing it. However, anyone who wants to send Royal a zine for old time's sake won't be wasting it-- he gets our stuff, every now and then, and also borrows various items once in a while. His home address is: 936 North 80th Street, Seattle 3, Wash.

Anyhow, we sat around here and gabbed until about 2am, since we only get together about twice a year, any more.))

Demi-Phlotz: The puzzle of why you had marked those ten names in the last FA with a "P" intrigued me, and I have a guess. I'll bet you started to mark the roster with your estimate of who was gonna vote for whom for veep-- "P" for Phyllis-- and that's as far as you got with it. Well, without looking it up, I dunno how accurately you guessed, and it'd be illegal to tell you, even if I weren't too lazy to sort through. But am I right? (One time I looked back at an old Spectator that had two sets of letters before each name, and took quite awhile to recall that one set referred to my guesses as to who voted which way in the hilarious OElection of 1957, and that the other referred to allegiances to fannish "ghods"-- I'm a Klootean, by the way, and once had a jelly doughnut from Howard Devore to prove it.)

Am egoboosted to find that someone has read my one lone sold-story-- that sale

stemmed from a "Story of the Month" binge I went on starting in Dec '56. It went for five months, and those five stories accumulated about 18 rejection slips before the program bogged down and the fourth one finally sold. Haven't written anything since, for the market, but made a couple of ghodawful tries during short lulls in fanac. Elinor says I just wanted to see if I could do it, and she may be right, since the big urge to write for sale is milder, much milder, the past couple of years (a new and improved filter-tip typer, maybe?). Though I still do have a few old-favorite key-ideas I'd like to see in print (Poula clobbered one of them by using it for background in his aSF serial last year).

"One who claims to know" (about bearded fans being all Zen-Buddhists) has sorely neglected the upstate returns. Sure, you're just needling good ol' Agberg a li'l bit. But heck, here I am with a beard again (had one in 1944, then again for a year starting in mid-'58, and now once more after a couple months lapse), and I don't dig Zen. Have read a bit on it, several years ago, but I think Zen is one of those deals you can't use unless you happen to be just ready for it (like, you start from where you are)--- and if I were ready for ~~the~~ Zen I'd be ready for Krishnamurti, who is much less cryptic. And right now I'm just ready for today and maybe tomorrow if it doesn't rain.

To console Arthur re being called "Mrs Economoudaddy", tell him that we've long since become reconciled to having our abode called "Nobby & Lisa's house" by all the neighborhood tads. Of course we knew all along that the dogs think they own it...

Vandy #4: Yep, Buck, you're solidly on the Screwball Mailing List; it reads familiar.

Re your successful campaign vs Gen Tel Co, did you see Stewart Alsop's bit in the SatEvePost around the first of October, on How and When to Raise a Goddam Rumpus? I've been a devotee of this routine (modified to my own temperament) for years.

Unlimited funds, to be devoted to the purchase of one car, and only one? Well, inappropriate as it might be for me, the Rolls would be the best buy of the lot (and I assume that resale is prohibited in this artificial setup)-- it is built to last, and I can buy a helluva lot of gas for the price of the usual repairs and trade-ins. Of course it would be necessary to study up and to carefully monitor the fumble-fingered maintenance available at your friendly neighborhood grease-monkey's. Is, anyway, tho.

100% agreed that "jumping" Wlers is not a good deal at all. Dump the impossibles and let everyone else have the same fair progression, to avoid bad feeling.

Buck, I think you and I both "came in too late" to judge the impact of MFLaney on the Shape of Things Fannish, except at second-hand. It's an oversimplification to say that Laney entered a pro-centered fandom and several years later left a fan-centered fandom and was largely responsible for the change; but that's a very rough brief outline of the impression I get from current and back-issue zines. Of course, a lot of other people figure prominently, also, but Laney appears to be the involuntary Focal Point (you should pardon the expression) of this basic change in the Microcosm.

Is the source of "Acres of Clams" Seattle's own restaurateur and former radio-singer-&-guitarist Ivar Haglund, or do you take from an earlier source? Ol' Ivar sang that song about 15 years ago on local radio, and named his first restaurant from it: Ivar's "Acres of Clams" at Pier 54 at the foot of Madison St (and right alongside the fireboat moorage). Bruce didn't quote the entire verse, though: "No longer the slave of ambition / I laugh at the world and its shams / When I think of my happy condition / Surrounded by Acres of Clams". And it got a tune to it, too.

Tucker: I imagine Don Day's wife and daughter will be pleased at your pointing out that Don was not Laney's "sticky gentleman from Portland" (or rather would be pleased, if there'd been any question about it). Am I right in assuming that the Sticky One is a joker who was at the Portland Con and who is just a bit too weird both in person and in the way of artwork? None of my ul, ul, business, but I was wondering.

They probably (they being Consumer Reports) checked JD against those other names by eye-dropping measured amounts onto a varnished hardwood surface. JD, to its own hard luck in the ratings, probably dripped through to the floor among the earliest. I can drink almost any straight bourbon over almost any "blended spirits", but JD had a "bounce-point" about six inches below the glottis; I can't hack the stuff.

(Vandy, still): Juanita, I fear I'll soon be comparing plumbing-hardships with you. Hope not, but the remodelers leveled-up the back part of the house and stretched the pipes all out of shape, last spring. The kitchen sink has a "reserve" these days, just like the bathtub at your own Vale of Tears.

Better Homes and Gardens is all well and good, but what do those people do with their stacks of fanzines when the photogs come around?

Seem to have lost the comments planned while reading, so-- well, I dig your li'l illo-cartoons the most, anyhow.

Gasp!: Hi, Ger. Yes, a car transmits info to the driver, unless the car is one of these be-gonked Parade Floats that even Detroit seems to be preparing to give up on. (Sure, you said "a good car"). I think that perhaps the most informative car I ever really worked up toward its limits was a '34 Ford V8 coupe I owned in 1940-- that car did not "hold the road"-- it skittered. Going toward a tight corner, the thing could be deliberately made to skid so that the rear end was ready to make the corner 100 yards before the front end was to leave the straight-and-narrow-- the go-pedal made the difference, and if the car acted-up, the remedy was to let go of the wheel and horse with the accelerator until things came up right, and then grab the wheel again. Possibly this "let go of the wheel" jazz was purely an improvisation to compensate for the slow steering, but it worked.

At any rate, I was thoroughly indoctrinated toward cars that skittered rather than toward cars that "held the road" until they suddenly dumped you, and I still am, though I haven't owned one I really like since a '46 Stude Champ 2-door I had in 1948, which could be picked up and set down around a right-hand square corner at improbable speeds, if I didn't have time to get scared and goof it. But I still don't trust a car that covers up stress rather than indicating it clearly, on cornering and etc.

You make a very good point, that a race course is much better than a road for checking out the "upper limits of car and driver". And I'll agree that it's not sheer speed that's so much fun, as probing the limits of yourself and your car on a course that meets those limits-- it's more fun to horse a Model-A Ford around a graveled corner at 45mph and just barely making it, than to prong a 375-hp job down a big fat freeway, wide-open.

I disagree that 60-70mph is a good night speed, this decade. I used to buy this pitch when the roads were emptier, but nowadays there just isn't the space, around here, anyway-- on our local roads, I'm overdriving my lights at about 55mph.

Enjoyed your zine thoroughly, Ger; keep up this routine, won't you?

Le Moindre #16: Somehow I don't think Ted White is going down in FAPish history as a Herc OE. Too bad; it would have been simple enough for him to fix things in DC, with all the willing assistance. I have no idea why he chose to foul himself up this way. Let alone fouling up 12 other people. Tell you what-- I'll help you gripe about this deal; if you'll help me gripe about the #86 and #87 bundles Ted has been sitting on since Feb and May respectively. OK?

True-- no reason why folk music sung in good voice can't be just as "real" as that which is wrung through a set of raddled adenoids; after all, you'll find some damn good singing voices even among the untrained, here and there.

Yep-- gasoline price wars greeted with happy cries by consumers here, also.

Farm subsidies: of course, these grew out of the early-NewDeal methods of dealing with no-price surpluses, but the actual "subsidy" or price-support program came about in wartime. No authority I, but my impression is that the Administration was caught in a self-thrown bight-- "price ceilings" had naturally come up inequitable as applied-- cost of farm machinery, stock feed, etc, was out of line with prices of farm products as paid to the producer. There seemed to be some sort of taboo against cranking any price back down after it hit the "ceiling", and Roosevelt was afraid to hit the voters with a big food-price raise, so they put it all under the rug with the "subsidy" bit. At least, that's how it looked to me. And don't forget that when wheat goes up a cent a bushel, bread goes up a cent a loaf, more or less...

(still with LeM)

Agreed, my children; bilingual cereal boxes add a new dimension to living.

Phoo on Fancy Expensive Restaurants that require neckties. Double-phoo.

MadisonAvenue-ese, huh? Ever hear Pentagonese from a real five-sided square?

It, also, is very difficult to hear with a straight face, although I suppose one can get used to it in time. And I suppose this is as good a place as any, to point out that much can be explained when it is remembered that a Pentagon is a polygon which is wholly composed of obtuse angles.

Yes, Berton on heroin replacing tobacco is at or near his best.

I've seen Wally Weber's #1 and #2 N'APA (N3F apa) mailings-- just skimmed the first one, but read thru the second. And you know, I think maybe they have a Good Thing here: if it works out, this is one way the N3F could actually help steer neos into fandom-at-large, and all that. Because the roster includes both raw neopubbers and old beatup apa-veterans, both. Now, granted that the starting rules were Handed Down From Above, are overly pompous, and cover damn little that is really essential to the Workings-- still and all, the members seem to have constructive ideas for becoming an apa rather than a gaggle of parliamentarians. Dunno, of course, whether the thing will really work out, but I hope it does. Will sneak a look at Wally's mailings from time to time, and let you know.

You coarse-grained file, said Al Ashley (and probably somebody else in a previous mailing which I have not seen for reasons mentioned elsewhere, dammmmit).

Silverberg's Section: yes, it's hard to collect "forbidden" books when "Lady Chatterley.." shows up in paperback, and etc. Near flipped when I saw that it was really unexpurgated and not just the usual misleading cover-blurb. No pics, tho...

But wouldn't an "Expurgated Laney" tend to lose the spirit of his career? Not that a goodsized wholly-printable volume couldn't be produced and be quite interesting reading, but it shouldn't be expurgated too awfully much, for effect. Euphemize any downright Mana-type words, and otherwise let it stand, huh? Hmm, come to think of it, all I've seen of FTL's writing has been reasonably (oh hell; I just looked and see that you said "actionable", not "printable", and I've been typing into a horrid sort of vacuum and let's change the subject).

Constitutionally, fans are supposed to be dim toward stf-writers branching out into higher-paying fields. Ridiculous, isn't it? Well, Bob, if the better rates in the other fields leave you more time to do s-f pieces on the Labor-of-Love basis, I'm all for that. Heck, I liked the "bring 'em back to life" serial in Infinity, except for the booboo on the conflict-gimmick, which we've been through already.

Wish we had seen you at Detroit, Bob.

Moonshine: Enjoyed Len's historical section; can't you moonshiners get him on the WL?

Rick: Like your idea of theoretically placing a new non-WL spouse at the bottom of the WL as of the time of becoming One in the sight of FAPA-- but isn't that a sort of pessimistic view, in a way? Oh, well-- people make wills, too, don't they?

Glad you did do the rest of this Solacon Report, Rick.

Stan: Sorry about your dad. 1959 seems to have been a Bad Year that way: your father, mine, Terry's, and Art Thomson's, in about that order and within 4 months. My dad's death was not too unexpected, either, but as you say, still a shock.

Your new duper does very well; your pages do look over-inked by comparison to Rick's, but are certainly not to be sneezed at in their own right. Either the use of plastic typing-plate instead of "carbon-sheet", or omission of film, would give sharper outlines, but the latter is too messy for cleaning wax out of the pallets.

Bjo did not stay with bachelor Burnett R Toskey (Ph D) when she was up here after the WesterCon; she stayed here with respectable married ol' Busbys. Mghod, Stan, you buckin' for a lawsuit or sumpin? Accurasy ferst, you know.

The beatnikki are probably just the current version of those we have always with us, who never grow out of Adolescent Disillusion & Rebellion.

And I've already commented on N'APA up above there, to Boyd.

Avalon: OK, that's close enough, for a title, Jack. It's nice seeing those Bjo cartoons, and reminds me of what a fine day it was at your house when she was dashing off the originals and commemorating all sorts of lil' highlights. Where's the one in which you and I are back-to-back making a Last Stand against the mosquitoes?

That's a good point: where do you (any legislator, I mean) draw the line between what you think is best for the state of Washington and what a large vocal segment of your constituents think is best? Like, for themselves? I suppose it's a matter of weighing short-term effects of passing a bad law, against long-term benefits of being able to stick around past next election and help kill off worse ones, maybe. But Jack-- I didn't know you had laissez-faire convictions-- no probation, even?

Believe you're right that English-German cognates are collateral and also date back (I think) before Hengist and Horsa and (no puns, please) such.

I doubt that von Braun could be senior to Willy Ley, agewise. Uncle Villy, after all, was secretary to the German Rocket Society (VfR) from quite early in the '30's until he left the Reich late in 1934 ("The End of the Rocket Society", aSF, Aug-Sept 1943). Von Braun, I believe, is in his mid-forties or such; could be wrong there; Ley must be in his 50's, though.

Jeez, for a minute I thought you were doing a WesterCon Report, but I know darn well there were no such people as Leo Wiesman and Dorothy Arner present, and then you slip into the Author's-Insight, so I relaxed, more. And enjoyed it, like, Meyer.

H-1661: Greetings, Rusty. I'll leave it open, whether you should welcome me to fandom or whether I should welcome you back. Or whether it's entirely too early in the week.

Interesting rundown on your likes/dislikes; I saw "Cimmaron" during 5th-grade, but was a year ahead at the time. However, I had identified with the guy the hero killed off midway thru, so the remainder of the movie dragged for me.

Hope you get your typer fixed for cutting masters before next time-- but are you sure it's all typer-trouble? Seems to be considerable variation between appearances of the same typed character, so that both variable touch and treacherous ditto could be partly at fault. Just so long as you're working at fixing it, anyhow...

You have a good reasoned objection to the recently-passed amendment, but your stand is invalidated by the need for action at the moment. That is, at this election, a less-than-ideal amendment was infinitely superior to no amendment at all. But I'm glad to see your thinking on the subject, and except for the time-element, I agree.

Enjoy the general style and flavor of your zine and personality, Rusty. Hope you can beat the equipment into shape so's it comes through clearer, next time soon.

Clean Bottle: Congratulations to Ralph Alvin, on his good taste in parents.

Yes-- much more sporting to try to talk your way out of dittypoos than to try to correct the furshluggin' things.

Thanks for including me as "sensible" on dianetics and etc, Cos. I recall the gala enthusiasm of 1950-51, and the sour disillusion of later years. Luckily, by the time disillusion set in, I had branched out widely and then had more or less gafiated due to pressure of events and not at all bitterly-- and the disillusion was largely with respect to the organizational aspects, which had always roused my sales resistance-- so I was never deeply stung, as I gather Curt was; I did all my missionary work in 1951-52, when I was up to my antrims in "heavy processing" both ways and all for free. That was a terrific time. Without having ever intended it, I found myself being turned inside out in a very frightening exciting exalting fashion-- of course, we ardent researchers didn't really know which way was up to any great extent, but it is surprising how well it all came out, considering.

I'm not qualified to discuss Scientology--since-1953; Jack seems to be doing very well with it as a personal-improvement routine, but I'm not au fait in recent years. It's like this: Dianetics₁₉₅₀ was understandable and useful to Busby₁₉₅₀, but the more recent developments and I seem to be diverging ever more rapidly, though I buy a book now and again, just to keep in touch, best I can.

Only ditto-type machine we owned, I had to ameliorate the grip of the feed-gadget, by taking weights off. Remember the good ol' Standard SW, now Larry Stone's?

(Co's Wall still under siege)

Our TV habit to date (since I brought dad's set over here) is Alex King on Fri nights, sometimes followed by Henry Morgan-- who, when he drops into his lower voice-register and higher spontaneity, sounds a helluva lot like Burbee.

The Goliath (a car) has been sold in Seattle for at least two years. It has a 4-cylinder pancake engine, front-wheel drive. Looks reasonable from outside, but some-how bugs me on the inside; doesn't feel right, and then that idiot gearstick...

Enjoyed seeing you again in Weber's trip movies, Cos. You're looking fine.

Reason: Norm, please do away with that rocker-pad mimeo and utilize the sevices of a legible-type publisher, won't you? Only, type your contributions, because I've seen your handwriting (the notes you gave Wally to publish), and it is almost, though not quite, as bad as my own. Like, have a heart, ol' buddy.

shewrotethatsallshewrotethatsallshewrotethatsallshewroteHeysomebody'ssoconfusedhereyes
Geez, I have two items here, but if you start anything partway down the page some purist screams lousy layout at you. But what can he expect in a small zine like this?
- = - - =

The Bandit of North Bend !

When I answered the office phone, a voice said, "This is Detective Booth of the King County Sheriff's Office. We will be down to pick you up in fifteen minutes."

And bighod he did, too. Brought his partner with him, and a great insulting official County Prowl Car. With due humility, I climbed inside, and they drove me out to the scene of the crime to dig up the evidence.

The foregoing is true, word for word. Luckily, there's more to it.

Couple-three weeks after the Seattle WesterCon, I went to my first Nameless Ones meeting in about 2½ years. Among other things, I suggested that the local corporation fill out its Board of Directors with some by-laws, members, and maybe even some money. First was by-laws, and they should fit the Articles of Incorporation as written by Jack Speer. This all seemed reasonable to everybody, but Wally Weber wasn't sure who had the Articles: he, or Jack. But he'd check on it, he said.

So Jack called me and said that he'd lost his own copy of the Articles but had (I thought he said) luckily held out the original copy from the official vaults, so I could use these to dummy-up some tentative by-laws for club approval. He sent these to me in the mail, and I goofed around, and eventually the local corporation's own Board of Directors wrote up their own version so it didn't matter any more; we had Action. This was my cue to slip the original Articles into the mails with no crass embarrassing return-address, aimed for the Official Vaults. But I can goof up just as well as the next, thank you.

One day I came back from a coffee-break and found a note on my desk to call Detective Booth of the King County Sheriff's Office. And it seemed that Detective Booth wanted those Articles back in the Vaults about day-before-yesterday. It did indeed seem that Jack had gone down into the Vaults and lifted the Official Copy of those Articles just for me, and I hadn't realized, and everybody was all stirred up and about to declare a State of Emergency. I took a B-1 tablet.

Since Elinor had the car and was gone off somewhere or other, I suggested that the best way for King County to recover the Papers was to provide me transportation. So Det. Booth said he'd call me back when he could get loose from his desk, & we'd go.

So: ..a voice said, "..we'll be down to pick you up in 15 minutes", and we came out here and picked up the Papers, and they aren't going to prosecute Jack after all.

If there's one thing I like in this world, it's a good true-to-life Happy Ending.

Y'know (all you Alex King fans), ever since the last mailing, I've been all besieged by requests for information on the subject of

How To Steal A Fanzine .

Everyone wants to know. You have no idea. I could give examples, but it would only Plunge All Fandom Into War, so I'd better not.

One example I can give, though: Boyd Raeburn wants to know

How To Steal A Fanzine .

Considering everything, I guess he just wants to compare techniques, though, so I guess it will probably be all right to tell him, along with the rest of you,

HOW TO STEAL A FANZINE .

First, catch your fanzine. Not just any zine, you understand: there are criteria. Look what happened to Reamy, poor kid; GMCarr insisted he was Mosher in a fright wig. Don't let this happen to you. Be discriminating. Look sharp-- steal sharp.

Perhaps a real true-to-life ludicrous example would be in order here. Let us see if we can find one, shall we? I'll bet you'll all be surprised to find that we can find a good example of a really-truly Stolen Fanzine. It is called Cry of the Nameless, no less. Of course, the only reason I choose this zine for example is that I have Bill Austin's Index to CRY at hand to support the statistical part of this sociological report. Remember Bill Austin? He out-indexes CosWal, at times.

According to Bill Austin (in Sinisterra #6, Autumn '54), the first 16 issues of CRY covered Jan'50-Oct'51, and consisted of 91 pages by GMCarr with a 2-issue 11-page assist by Richard Frahm on issues #5-6. (At that point, someone disagreed with GMC, so that she got a headache and went home, Bill says.) CRY entered a new era: #17-76 ran from Oct'51 to Dec '54 (about 320-325 pages); there was a lot of joint-editing in this era, so that issue-participation is something like: Weber 54, Toskey 24, Gonsler 10, Austin&Drummond 1. Something, like, I said; if I were perfect I'd do an Index. That gives you the sneaky background on CRY up through #76 except for one Major Point. With #75, CRY ceased to be F*R*E*E and started to cost money. Wally Weber had been reimbursed by a couple of \$20 raids on the treasury, but had otherwise been supporting CRY ever since GMC went home with a headache (address unknown).

Now brace your feet, kids, because here's where it gets juicy: with CRY #77, in Feb'55, there was a real effort to get the entire Nameless Ones involved in the CRY. A revolving editorship was attempted. And it worked out pretty well, as such things go, running for 14 issues from #77 through #90. For these 14 damn-near monthly issues, editors included Evelyn Marshment, Elinor-&-I (twice), John Walston, Malcolm Willits & Marlene Hoff, Royal Drummond, Walston-Willits-&-OttoPfeifer(twice), Wally-&-Tosk (twice)-- the remaining four issues of this period represent the formation of the FenDen Mob of the past few years. If it comes right down to it, the CRY was effectively stolen with #85 (Nov '55), since only two subsequent issues were produced other than by the FenDen Mob: #87 & #90. Any questions out there?

Ah, yes-- the gentleman with the mimeo ink all down the front of his shirt still wants to know How (in detail) to Steal a Fanzine. Well, it's this way...

You go walking along some afternoon with a gullible look on your face, and here is a guy named Tom Sawyer or Burnett Toskey or Wally Weber whitewashing a fence or putting out a fanzine, and he says: "Boy, I bet you wish you could be doing this." He says "Boy, it's fun, turning this crank or swabbing with this brush, and getting paint or mimeo ink down the front of my shirt or overalls." So inevitably you try it and end up on the working end of the brush, crank, or typing keyboard.

Elinor and I and Wally and Tosk are still waiting for someone to come along on CRYday, who hasn't read "Tom Sawyer". *All* clear now, you with the hopeless look?

A Few Odd Ends..

Heck, I forgot to tell you what happened to the CRY, pagewise, after Dec '54 (just because Bill's Index didn't go much past that, and I'm lazy). Well, you'll recall from way back there on the last page that the first 5 years and 76 issues of CRY added up to (roughly) 410-420 pages. After that, it got even rougher.

In 1955, the heyday of the Revolving Editorship, CRY wasn't quite monthly, but ran to 10 issues and 173 pages (the last skipped-issue was the August, 1955). After that, it ran: '56, 340 pages (counting a 150-page half-legalsize issue as 60 std pp); '57, 367pp; '58, 496pp; '59 (10 issues to date, 2 yet to go), 408pp.

1956 was a memorable year for the CRYgang. In August, Burnett Toskey drove himself to the brink of gafia by setting-up and running-off 250 copies of 12 pages of text in hand-set type on our then-newly-acquired 1913-model Multigraph. Toskey hied himself to his favorite mountain retreat, "Wit's End", and left Wally and me to run off the rest of a 70-page Sinisterra #8 in; yes, 250 copies. By the time we finished assembling this beast in time for Wally to take copies to the NyCon II, I was halfway to Toskey's favorite mountain retreat. Copies are still available, but that is the last issue I have anything to do with, God willing. Wally and Tosk feel even more strongly about this, since they were also stuck with producing #7.

But, you know, GMCarr thinks Sinisterra should not have been "killed off", and maybe she is right. It seems to have taken her 3 years to register the absence of this fine zine and sound off about it, but she could still be right. Maybe Sinister-ra should be revived, by golly. Except I think we've sort of run out of editors...

"Wit's End" is not really the name of Toskey's favorite mountain retreat. It is really more like Lake Footsack, and has ice around its North end, in August. It is not factually Lake Footsack, but we've called it that for so long that Toskey himself sometimes goofs and uses our term for it. There is a long-standing folk-myth around here to the effect that one day Tosk will load Wally Weber up like a packmule with a typer, a hecto, and a ream of paper, and that the two of them (Toskey will carry the whip) will make this deathly climb and produce a one-shot at Lake Footsack. Of recent years I have become more and more skeptical about this project.

* * * * *

Our '53 Stude Commander is in better shape than I'd thought. Last night I came up over the crest of a hill in the rain and there was some idiot sitting and waiting to make a thoroughly-illegal left turn in this 60mph-zone off this 4-lane road, so I braked as heavily as I could without locking the wheels (and so, spinning). Now, the front end has felt too loose for comfort in spite of a recent lineup, but dammit the beast didn't hold true while we came right up to the idiot's bumper before stopping. Scared the hell out of me, and I still think the lights are dimmer than should be. But thanks to a misspent hotrodding youth, I neither tromped the brake nor clobbered the innocent character in my other lane, in an attempt at evasive maneuvers.

I'm open to explanatory comments on this emergency-mechanism that instantaneously narrows the attention down to the immediate crucial factors, stretches the time-sense so that there is ample time for decisions in split-seconds, and tones-up the reflexes so that each crucial move is made in exactly the right manner. I've had enough close calls to recognize just about how superhuman a person can become to cope with these deals (not that last night's scare was especially super), so that I'd like to know how it goes when others warp around a blind turn to meet 2 trucks abreast or find some idiot pulling out into a high-speed "pass", or etc. How goes it?

- - - - -

On Oct 11, 1959, I was elected president of the Nameless Ones of Seattle, to succeed Elinor. I think I got this plum for attending six meetings in a row. This is all strictly the social side, and has no official bearing on the corporate side (Seattle Science Fiction Club, which will make the Con-bid next year), except that it is mostly the same people. One of these days I will get there on time and actually conduct a meeting, Power-Mad as all hell. Wonder if GM will ever show up...