
KILLJOY : Steve Stiles

LAST MINUTE DEPARTMENT OF DEPRESSING NEWS: God is dead.

No, that's not actually it.

For various reasons --delaying publication to wait for CC RIDER is only part of it-- Notebook's material is fairly dated. For example, I have not just met Colin Cameron, we've been bumming around together for the past four months or so. And it's been fun --Colin is a good guy, and it's nice to have a fan around in the army; a tentacle of the out side world, two members of a Secret Microcosm sharing common experiences and memories that the army can't touch.

Yes, we've had some good times, and were planning even more good times; working on a comic strip together, making an avante garde film, making it to the Tricon, and then NY, renting a barn like structure off post for painting, writing, living, and for taking pretty ladies to in the middle of the night (two double beds!) Anyway, Cameron and I are two artists similar enough to work well together on arty projects.

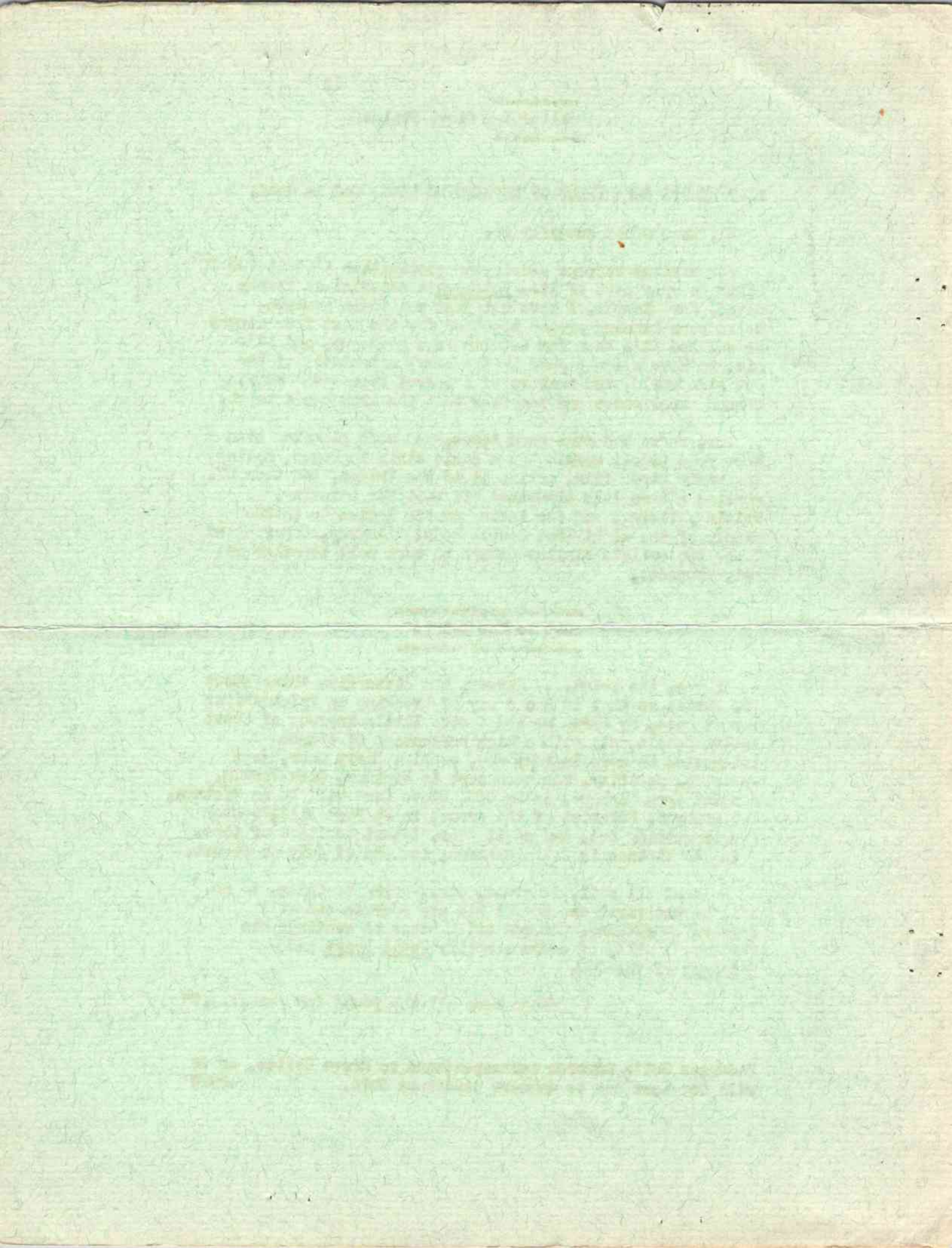
"Get to the point!"

Ah yes, the point.... Anyway, the disturbing thing about Ft. Eustis is that it has a way of breaking up friendships; for example, by March we had a nice little ingroup of about twelve people, all with a high percentage of common interests. No more ingroup now, people; Barry Shor, jazz musician, pacifist, has been sent to Vietnam, Dick Partin, a saint from Alabama, is in OCS, Steve Card will be in Vietnam, Bob Ormbrek, humorist of the group, is at Fort Sill, Preston Ray is getting Out, and so it goes. Latest addition of those going to Vietnam is Colin Cameron, the end of July or August.

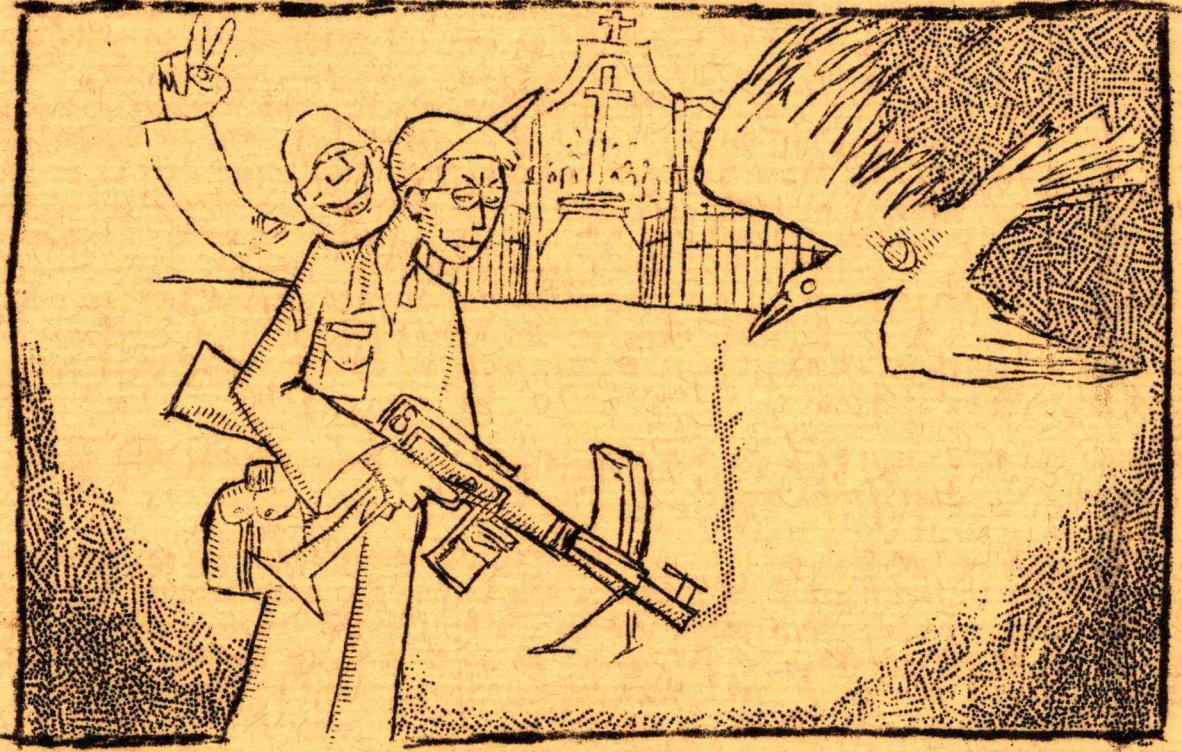
So send all mail, fanzines, etc., going to Colin, to me. I'll be the first one to get his new address and will forward everything. Cameron still hopes to continue his fan art. I will, of course, notify Focal Point and Ratatosk of the COA.

"Where have all the young fen gone.....?"

(Address Colin Cameron correspondence to Steve Stiles, or it will Get Lost due to unknown departure date. -CGC)



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 formerly "Steve Stiles", at HQ & HQ Co., T School Box 683, Ft. Eustis Virginia 23604.
 14 months and a wakeup! NY in '67!



The title of this fanzine has changed. This is because the old title, Star-Wagon, soured on me---it had very ^{little} poetry to it. Try saying "Star-Wagon" to yourself thirty or forty times and it will become a meaningless sound, maybe even amusing. Star-Wagon does not slide off the tongue or even trip off the tongue, it hobbles. So a new title which isn't poetic at all, but descriptive. Put a giant three-toed sloth in your pajamas.

Andy Porter asked me to do a column for Algol, a very fine fanzine. And I'm flattered. He wanted me to write about Military Life "like George Metzger does". Well, let's see, Metzger once wrote that his sergeant bangs on his bed ("Getcher butt out!"), interrupting erotic dreams. And mine does too ("This aint no rest camp!"). So I've stopped having erotic dreams (a mercy these days). And George once wrote about attending an old-fashioned evangelical meeting on a pass, but as far as I know we don't have such things in this immediate area, also a mercy; I have already been Washed in the Blood, Writ in the Book, ectetera. (Though I did see a sign outside the First Church of Christ in Norfolk: "God aint dead---he aint even sick".)

I'm going to avoid writing big articles about the army as you people out there don't want to hear a big mess of complaints, now do you? I will say that I'm losing my mind, but no problem there. Hubba-hubba!

On February 11th, Zurich celebrated dada's 50th Anniversary. The Mayor read a dada poem, pamphlets were thrown from rooftops, and a Jean Arp navel bar-relief was unveiled at the Cabaret Voltaire. This is for the public's information. Another historical note: the Duchamp urinal was originally entitled Fountain.

I understand that a Negro in Mississippi attacked some police dogs recently.

BOOK REVIEW: This week we consider "The Story of O" by Pauline Renage (Grove, \$6.00). The story of a woman who decides that the way to achieve Fulfillment is through self-denial, the way to possess her lover is to become a possession herself. So she does. So her lover keeps her naked in a coal celler, feeding her sawdust and potato peelings. How's them apples, eh? To test her love he gives her over to twelve lust-~~ed~~ maddened male chimpanzees, later to a trained starfish. Then again she is raped by the corpse of Andre Bbeton, cleverly animated by clockwork. In perhaps one of the most moving scenes in modern literature, "O" declares her love anew to her lover, Charlie, who responds by grinding her in an enormous pestle, feeding her to a giant praying mantis, thróttling her on a player piano and finally strangling her with her own chains. This book is a must; the clew to *Existence*! Real Life! A Probing Insight into the lovelays of the Twentieth Century! Buy it for the kiddie! Put your girl into an enormous pestle.

My enthusiasm runs away from me. "She was a creature from another planet, but to Howard Clay she was just plain Mom."

Aha, HO: Breaking my promise on page one and talking about military things: I'm occasionally 1st Aid Man on field manuevers, and in one pep talk lecture I heard that "Both the governments of North Vietnam and the United States are constituted governments supported by the people. The difference is is that their leaders are atheists, while we recieve the Proper Moral Guidance ((points upward to the sky))."

Didn't think that they'd drag out that hoary old thing.

I GOT LETTERS: From Betty Kujawa, Esther Davis, Lee Thorin, Harry Warner Jr., Phil Walker and Alva Rogers, all commenting on the first issue of this thing. For which I thank you people; remember I am guarding this country and letting the freedom bells ring and so forth, etcetera. Assorted related subjects; my mailing list is composed from the Fantasy Amateur (the membership and waiting lists), my little book of personal friends and from the letter columns of whatever fanzines I happen to have at the moment. This last group has a dhaky status as I haven't typed up a regular mailing list (and probably never will; I'm lazy) , and when the zines are thrown out or mailed home, out go the addresses. So if you're reading this and want to continue to get what I'll be doing from time to time, please send me a note and I'll put you down in my Little Book.

Related to this, I'd like to get my hands on other apa rosters--SAPS, OMPA, etc., so as to reach new audiences. I sometimes suspect that the FAPA crew is a jaded lot. If you have any & can sndn any, I'd appreciate it.

SCENE (Imaginary) AT THE FANOCLASTS:

I'm there on leave and in my civvies and every-one is talking in little groups and I have an announcement to make: "I have an announcement to make, hey!"

A hush falls over the crowd, or, at any rate, conversation lags.

"Now, as you know, I'm in the army," (I flash dog-tags as proof) "Plenty of time to think. Plan what to do when I get out. (June 8, 1967) At first I thought I would emesh myself in Art, Things of the Intellect, Possessive Sex, Moral Issues. Again. And

music, poetry, philosophy and other aspects of culture.

"But then I thought of something even more important than all these things, something truly worthy of my time. Fandom, naturally, And a worthwhile goal; to take it over, become an even bigger BNF than Jack Chaulker.

"Now, however, the thought came to me that that takes effort; joining all the apas, turning out a monthly, hosting parties, putting on conventions, and --worst of all-- having fan meetings at my place ---where the fen empty beer and ashes on the rug and step into the cat box. Having to roll the drunks down the stairs and into the gutters at the end of each meeting. Like Ted and Mike do now. It's too much work. But then an easier idea came to me; there's a genius in our midst ---and you won't believe me, you'll laugh, you'll think me insane.

"That genius is ANDREW PORTER!"

(Laughter.)

"You laugh. You haven't thought this over, as I have at Ft. Leonard Wood Mo. & later at Ft. Eustis Va. I know now that behind that facade, his disguise, lurks the potential for a new Fannish Diety; the era of Andy Porter, *Ghod*."

(Laughter.)

"Look at his face ---can anyone doubt that it's first class Camp? In both senses of the word? With it one can't help but associate it with Batman, stained broken-glass lampshades, Bhuddas with lightbulbs in their stomachs. Fandom, mark me, will someday see him in this light.

"And genius. I first knew Porter was a genius when I came across one of his contemporaries, William Burroughs, in Nova Express. I couldn't understand Nova Express; I can't understand Andy Porter either. Obviously their fine minds are both beyond my poor comprehension.

"Yes, I've known Porter since he was an obnoxious silly idiot. Today, a short twelve years later, he is no longer obnoxious. And note the vacant constant grin; evidence of a continual self-sustaining Significant Mystic Experience! So push Porter!

"But how does this make me the Secret Master of all fandom, you ask?"

"How does this make you Secret Master of all fandom, Steve?" asked rich brown.

"I'm glad you asked that, rich; it's simple: Porter becomes fandom's top idol and I control Porter. For you see, I realized long ago that Andy Porter secretly worships me, actually."

Andy Porter stopped grinning vacantly. Raising his head, he spoke:

"Aw go to hell, you schmucks."

The entire universe disappears. Screams. Madness. The flames. Armies in confusion.

"Something is happening here and you don't know what it is." --Dylan.

Making a phone call on post is like waiting to get into FAPA; on the fourth day of waiting & trying I finally got Mike McInerney on the line to tell him I'd be in NY on the weekend and could I please sleep on his sofa?

So, got in the bus station after a tear gas drill on Saturday morning and observed this sign posted in every Virginia bus station: "NO CAT OR DOG HEADS ON THE BUS".

Which makes you wonder, right?

The bus trip took ten hours. Someone's marbles were rolling loose in aisles. I arrived at the Welcome Home Steve Stiles party (fast becoming NY Tradition) at 11 p.m. Foosh!

I had planned to give a big write up of this event but got bombed and can only remember my own lines which are probably in here anyway. Anyway, my morale changed.

Back in DC Sunday night I phoned Dick Eney. "I'll be in the neighborhood next weekend, Dick ---maybe I can visit you."

"Afraid not, Steve; I'll be in Saigon by then."

I was disappointed. "Gosh, I won't get to see you."

"Oh, maybe you will" chuckled Dick Eney.

Got in the barracks at 2:30 A.M. and went on KP two hours later. Drank seven cups of coffee that day.

On the following morning me and three hundred other guys had to pull down their pants and jab themselves with atromorphine needles. Then we listened to a re-enlistment talk. Title: "You never had it so good."

Wednesday I learned how to fire the M-60 machine gun. You pull the trigger.

On Thursday I was called on the carpet by my Section Leader, a Captain Strok. Strok was grim-faced. "Stand at attention!" he growled. And then, "Under the rules of Article 31 it is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be held against you at a later time." Then he handed me a piece of cardboard bearing the legend "The first rung of the ladder for a job well done". On it was a PFC stripe. Everybody in office was pounding my back and pumping my hand. I remembered the day I lost my virginity. I felt good.

The same day, that afternoon, I went back in the office to deliver a finished chart. An MP was there. "Put your hat and coat on" he told the clerk-typist, "you are under arrest." White-faced clerk-typist was led away. "Well, that's one way of cutting down on Headquarters Personnel," remarked Captain Strok. I didn't feel that good anymore.

On your toes, l-Ys!

On Bikini, in 1954, a fifteen megaton bomb exploded spreading a fall out waste of 50-3000 ratogens on a nearby island burning the natives with second degree burns within forty eight hours peeling the skin from the bare feet.

Michealangelo's God stretches his hand toward the clay Adam and they are two inches apart and all eternity is waiting and the joke is they never touch.

Feel the space beyond my fingers.

However, enough poetry, or whatever, for this issue ("*this issue*", as the Camp way of putting it); we get more mail. From Kei Kuho, New York advertising artist of New York City, N.Y.: "The other day I got a call for designing logo for Otto Preminger's New Film and I showed a copy of Folio 8 --remember it?-- along with my work, Mr. Preminger showed interest in your Lawrence of Arabia poster and wanted to see you." So Kei called up all my Visual Arts friends and finally found out where I am ---doing "Don't throw butts in the urinal" signs in Virginia. Well, that's egoboo and Missed Opportunities for this issue.

A SMALL ARMY: I was scronging around for clean coffee cups and when I returned to my drafting table I found a Fellow Soldier there; "Hello," he said, "my name is Colin Cameron." For newcomers to fandom, Colin was a very talented fan artist, doing work

in his time -- 'hem, 'hem-- for TWIG, Lichtman fanzines, Andy Main fanzines and lotsa other fanzines: Colin got drafted in October and is here at the fort as a helicopter instructor. Sure is a small army, boy.

I GET EVEN MORE LETTERS: From Gary Deindorfer, of Trenton: "Cousin Nell just came out and she wants me to say hello for her and to send her love and kisses. She says make xxxxs. XXXXX. There. Boy, that Nell! I guess she still has a crush on you alright. Grandma wants me to send love too but you know how she is.

"You should have seen Sally last week. She made the cheerleading squad for the basketball team. She goes to all the games, home and away. She loves it and she sure looks like she is having an awful lot of fun down there on the court. We are all very proud of her and I'll bet you would be too. Sally said don't tell Steve what happened at the Allentown game last month but honestly it was so funny I can't resist. They wear these little short dresses, you know, with undies on underneath. The dresses are red and the shorties or panties are black. School colors. Well, here the girls all came out and went through the routine they do before the game starts. They started jumping around here and there and I noticed people were laughing and yelling and making a lot of noise but funny kinds of noise what with all the laughing. Then I saw that Sally forgot to put on her panties. We got to the game late and she was in a big hurry changing. It's terrible to say this but I should have been embarrassed but I laughed along too. She kept on dancing around and she didn't know what was wrong. Then the lady who heads the cheerleading squad ran out to her and whispered something to her and she ran off the court and into the girl's locker room with a face redder than you ever saw. She wouldn't come out of the locker room for the rest of the game and I guess you really can't blame her. On the way home she was crying and I got sort of sorry about laughing about her. She didn't want to go to school on Monday. She said I can't face them, Gary. But we beat her until she said she would go. Sometimes you have to be rough with a kid. It hurts them but it's all for the best. She came home smiling and I guess everything went off ok. She said the kids didn't laugh at her at all. Kids can be awfully cruel sometimes, you know. I guess things are ok now. Sally has been going to the games and she has been going out on dates more than ever before. She's really popular now. It's funny, they reach that certain stage and all of a sudden they are attractive to boys. Nature can be wonderful, I think. Sometimes you look around you at the panorama Nature affords ---the sky and the sea and land and trees and the many living animals and you almost have to cry and laugh together."

My mind is kind of numb. Thought I'd lead into another Subject by cleverly placing an interlineation up there, thus diving Gary's letter from my new Subject without having to use some silly psuedo TIME subject headline. However, death to that. I went to New York again, this time for the April Lunacon.

Ned, Phil and I drove out to Baltimore where, becoming discouraged with leaking transmission fluid, we switched cars and rode the rest of the way north to New York, driving with the young Patt brothers, Rob and Steve (17 and 14 yrs.), leaving the youngest, Richie Patt behind. I remember the young Richie Patt discussing Tolkein and Marvel comics with fannish skills. I was impressed with ^{THE} whole family: a sort of J.D. Salinger Glass family, if you don't mind, you Patts out there.

The Patt car was marvelous, a marvelous bare sketelton from another era, with no floor to speak of, in the back seat; thus as ^{we} travelled on our way we were able to observe the highway rolling beneath our feet at 70 m.p.h. It certainly is strange how that white line gets fat and then thin again, something similar to the principle of moving pictures, I guess. (But now I'm moving into the philosophical area of Gary Deindorfer.) Perhaps someday again I can ride in the Patt car, this time with a movie camera to make a film for the avante cinema people (Film title: "Expanding and Contracting

White Line"). But all this is neither here nor there.... Eventually, after all sorts of mishaps, we reached New York and were in time for a big party at the McInerney, Brown, Heap (an eight room affair which will probably become Hotel Fandcm during summer months).

I enjoyed myself immensely; everybody wanted to talk Army, even Bob Silverberg and Randy Garrett. Jack Gaughan was particularly vocal on the subject as he had been stationed at Eustis in the fifties; "Sometimes you want to open the window and scream "Allah does not exist!"". Later on in the evening Gary Deindorfer showed up and we later did Surrealistic Things on the roof (no....). "I have been told you are a genius, Steve Stiles," said Dorf, "so say something of genius."

"A rape victim today can seldom be considered a Ruined Victim".

"Thank you," said Gary.

"There is a dark star which is going to crash into the earth and kill us all."

"Join the world and see the army."

"Jack Kerouac still writes good."

And so forth and so on, as we continued an intellectual conversation far into the night, or for five minutes anyway. The next day I visited relatives and was only able to catch Sunday's Lunacon program, which featured an excellent talk by Asimov, supremely funny and already written up in the WSFA Journal. It was interesting to see the fans tear into Sol Cohen with a fervor and viciousness seldom seen, and it was interesting to see Cohen lose his cool as one seldom sees in s.f. pros; the man's eyes would bug, his teeth would clench in hate, he would appear consumed with the desire to leap off the podium and throttle some of his tormentors. And that's science fiction for this issue.

In May Colin and I went to the Disclave. We tried to make it to the Friday party, but at the last minute "There will be a mandatory formation at 0800 hrs Saturday morning" appeared on the bulletin board and we had to pass up a free ride with Ned Brooks. As it turned out, there wasn't a roll call taken. Oh well.... More fun; it was good to see friends again, friends unseen since the Lunacon, while Colin re-established contact with Ted White, rich brown, John Boardman and Terry Carr---people he had met at the Solacon. (~~In 1958, remember?~~)

Anyway, Cameron has recaptured Fannish Spirit and may have a rider with this fanzine; in addition to being an instructor, he also has wrangled use of a brand new mimeograph, so, wow!

We will be going to the Cleveland convention. I can't get over there being another fan on the post....

There are a lot of mistakes in this fanzine and you may detect the air of rushrush on these pages. This is because I have no typer and must hurriedly use Army typers on Army time. This is my alibi. Apologies.

The next issue will be called IGNU, from a poem by G. Corso, and will remain the permanent title. In it there may be a thing about the army, six-eight pages of strange and weird Basic Training experiences. It will bring back nostalgia to ex-Army people, astonishment to 4As and worry to 1A and 1Ys.

Mimeography by Phil Harrell.

Steve Stiles
U.S. 51554738
HQ & HQ Co. T/Sch Box 683
Ft. Eustis Va 23604

printed matter only

Returning to San Diego (where I had done most of my Growing Up after having migrated from New York, borne upon its hospital in 42) I set about finding a job. I worked as a clothing salesman, truck driver, assistant interior decorator & potboiler producer, folksinger, shoe salesman, lead guitarist in a rottenroll group, sports car salesman, and a great many other occupations vital to the National Defense. During these several years I also met two young women who were to later have profound effects upon my life. And, oh yeah, I more or less gaffiated.

BEING AS HOW this is to be a smallbutgalalastissue sine, the following is a Readers Digest condensed version of the reasons for my gaffiat I worked long hours at mundane jobs, I became a musician, and I fell in love.

While working as a department store dummy (salesman) I met and subsequently fell madly for a girl named Michelle. So much so that when our relationship (a vestal virgin one, I sadly hasten to add) had ended, I went around like a puppy seeking favors from her, dotting on every word and searching for signs, any sign, that we might again somehow communicate that special something we briefly shared. After months of rejection and frustration, I retreated to my little microcosm of existence, sulking, bitter folk songs in forgotten coffee houses.

"Would you believe, no man is a penninsula ?" -Steve Stiles

PAPER-MACHE HARD TIMES: Two more incidents occurred at this point. I wrote a song called "Michelle" -- years later I was to hear the familiar words "Michelle, my belle" in a song done by some Liverpool group -- and my best friend and fellow folk-singing partner took his own life. The latter incident even today, years since it took place, is still painful to talk about, but suffice it to say that I knew he was going to do it about a week before, reasoned with him and thought that I had talked him out of it, but like Richard Corey, late one day he put a bullet through his head. I cannot properly express in the short space I'm allowing myself how hard this hit me. The funeral, with hideous Gothic organ dirges and the open casket displaying the waxen image of what was once my friend, and among those present, Michelle, my lost love, in black. As I passed by the open coffin, thoughts of self-destruction raced through my mind. "Why? Why?" I wanted to scream, but a voice choked by too many tears said "Godspeed, Jim. Godspeed."

In a sense I suppose I did destroy myself in the endless successions of meaningless parties, nowhere girlfriends and blissful alcoholic hazes that followed. I was going downhill, knew it and didn't care. Then one night while performing at a coffee house called the END I met Kathy. And that was that. Wow! She was wonderful! She was fantastic! I had never met anyone who could emotionally and sensually turn me on like her, who could intellectually meet me and often defeat me in a friendly sort of way, and who could understand without asking. I knew that I loved Kathy and must do anything to make her love me. She was going through an experience similar to mine with several boyfriends, one of whom always said certain Nasty Things about her behind her back. But I stuck around, seeing her as often as I could, sleeping in my car in front of her house waiting for her to come home from dates so that I could see her. Gradually, our common spirits and interests drew us closer together. Then one night after a LASFS party, en route to the Santa Barbara sports car races together, we were tired... the turning point came... and I turned into a motel. Kathy and I found that on every level, we were in love. I asked her to marry me, and in April, 1964, she did.

MARRIED LIFE: Actually, those of you who are married would find this boring, and those of you who are not, well, I wouldn't want to spoil the experience of this discovery for you, so there will be no **MARRIED LIFE Dept** at all.

When Kathy finished college (graduating with high honors, proud husband observing) and began teaching, I quit my job as assistant to the assistant manager of an incredibly small chain of men's clothing stores, re-entered college at San Diego State, took on a part-time job of art teacher at a high school, bought a racing sports car, dug out my old drawing pencils and sketch-books, formed a folk-rock trio (originally known as the Cameron-Powell Trio, later as The Village Idiots, which broke up when one member, though otherwise excellent, couldn't **KEEP OFF THE GRASS** during performances), and settled down to a Very Happy full life.

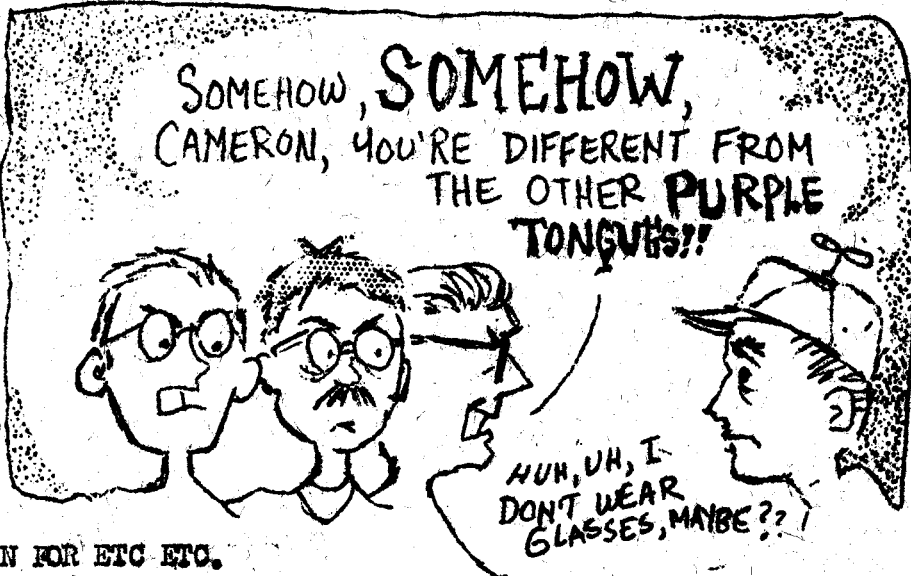
So much for the Suburbanization of Colin Cameron.

SEX AND FANDOM DON'T MIX, FANS AREN'T SLANS, FLAWOL AND ALL THAT DEPT: I actually use this title in a spoofing sense, for technically I was not a fan while married (Main, Lichtman and Elmer Pardue were the only fans Kathy met, and then only once). To continue with the story, what happens sometimes to love eventually happened. I don't feel like writing about unhappy experiences, so I won't. Unlike some people who publicly decry their former loved one when Things Go Wrong, I prefer to remember her by the fun times, the great-glorious sharing and doing things together times, working and laughing together, loving and making love in tall green grass. For this, and everything more, I love you, Kathy, wherever you may be. Those who have heard Glenn Yarborough sing **STANKON STREET** in his album, and understand, perhaps understand me. Alone once more, and financially unstable, I quit school and teaching and more or less by sheer bravado talked my way into a high paying executive position as buyer/manager for a Navy PX in San Diego. I became more active musically, doing lotsa TV and radio work, getting to know Important People in The Business ("Sure, kid! Right, Colin baby sweetheart!"), and began to try to rebuild and expand the mind. Credits for help along this line should go to Dave Gray and Tony Scott McCashen (of Liberty Records' **DEEP SIX**), my closest and truest friends throughout, to Paul Sykes (Warner Bros) and Jack Faiman (of Mrs Faiman), my brother, Ian, and of course, to the girls, both Dianas, Holly, Cheryl, Jane, Idie, and Irene.

As for Kathy, I hear she has gone back to the guy who put her down the worst when I first met her.

I guess it all goes to prove that the only thing you learn from experience is that you never seem to learn from experience.

END OF EXPLANATION FOR ETC ETC.
Be sure to give us your requests as we pass out among you.



Due to the lack of available time, typewriters and proper stimuli here at Ft Useless, the preceding pages were typed over a period of several weeks. Steve has graciously (and perhaps foolishly, heh heh) delayed distribution of his NOTEBOOK so that this rider might be included. Being incarcerated in a vast intellectual waste land imposes greatly upon fanzine production, so unless things change (sometimes Things Change, you know) I probably won't be publishing until after Uncle Sugar turns me loose. I'll continue fanac, though; in fact I'll answer all letters and do as many contributions for other zines as is possible. Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks.

Steve Stiles, sitting across the room, says that this last page should be a funny one. Looking over the last three pages, I see perhaps too many glimmers of Truths and Seriousness contained within its stapled walls, so I agree, Steve. I should try to make this last page a funny one. So I will contemplate for a moment and try to think of something really funny to make this last funny page a funny one.

I like the Army! It's OK!

Of course, there is an alternate funny thing to say: Phil Harrell. But Phil Harrell might not like that. He's funny that way.

HAPPENINGS IN VIRGINIA FANDOM:

The Disclave was fun fun. As Secret Master of Fandom, Steve Stiles, has pointed out, we missed part of the event Friday for what turned out to be groundless fears that names would be taken at a formation Saturday. So much for groundless fears, Steve Stiles! The next time we encounter a similar situation, we shall rely upon my keener, groundless instincts. The Fellowship of the Purple Tongue (Va Fandom) has been active lately. Ned Brooks, Phil Harrell, Frodo Baggins, Steve and I went to Kittyhawk last week and saw a genuine imitation of the Real Thing that Wilbur and Orville accomplished the first powered flight upon. We also took in the local beach there, and Steve Stiles was almost taken in by a shark. Luckily, it had three bullet holes in its brain. July 4th, Ned, Steve, myself and visiting fan Don D'amasa (sp?) saw MORGAN, a very good movie. It had some great cuts from KING KONG and old TARZAN movies, which Steve and I both liked because we identify so much with them.

NY in 67!

G. C. RIDER
Colin G. Cameron
US 56395656

HQ & HQ Co., T/Sch Box 437
Ft Eustis, Va 23604

NOTEBOOK #2

Steve Stiles

U.S. 515547738

HQ & HQ Co. T'Sch Box 683
Ft. Eustis Va. 23604



Bruce & Dian Pely
Box 100
308 Westwood Plaza,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024