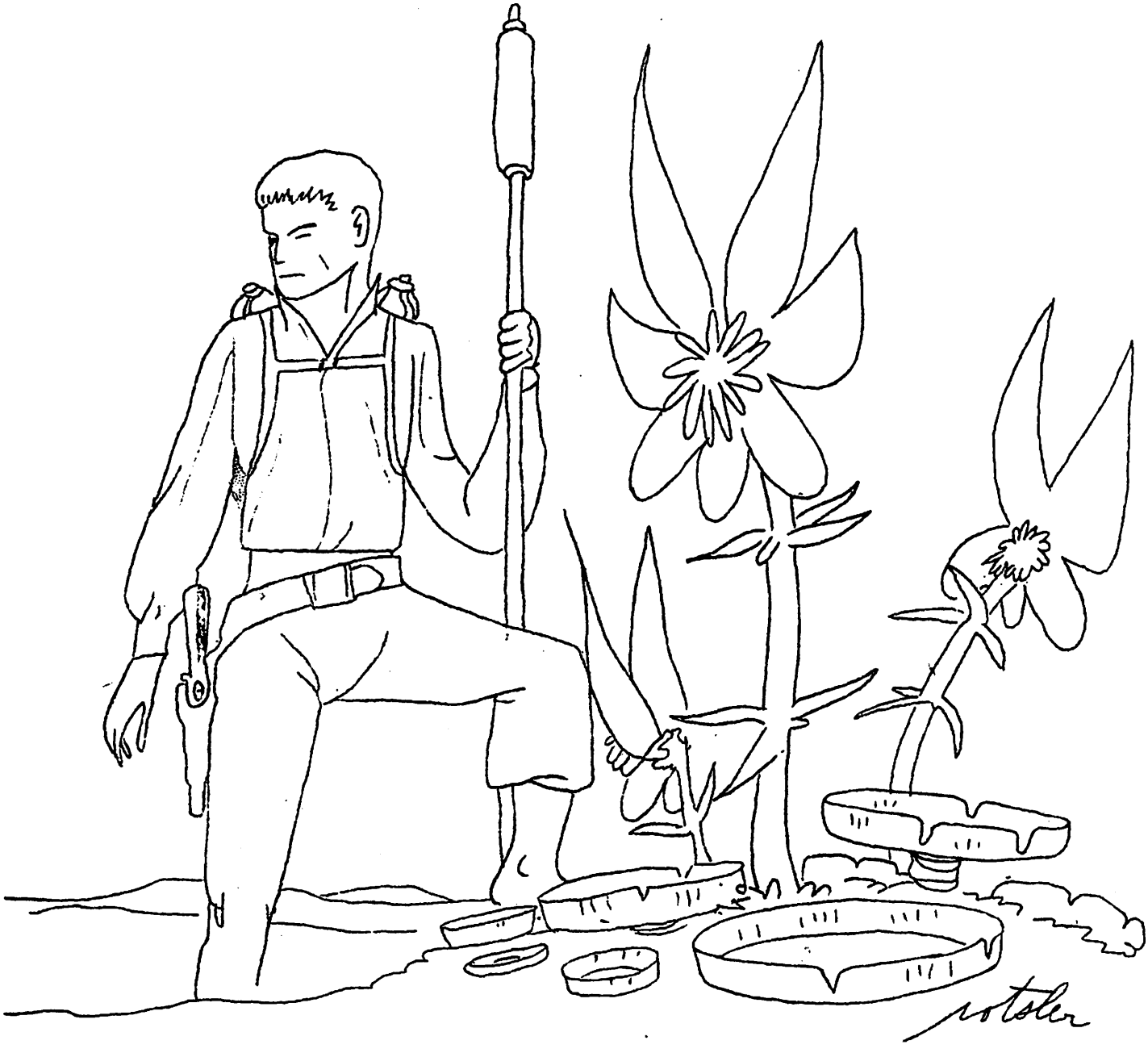
babolings



This is the February 1977 issue of BOBOLINGS, a fanzine infrequently produced by Bob Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Md 20740. This issue is intended for the February 1977 mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

Mailing comments on the last three Fapa mailings are contained in this issue, but there are a couple of older items on which I also want to express an opinion.

First, the Fapa life membership bit proposed by Boggs many moons ago. I'm violently opposed. I would happily sign a by-law or other proposal to grant life membership to Speer or Warner, and in fact did sign one for Speer in about August, 1954 (Redd, did you ever report the results of that proposal?) Nobody else now or recently active in Fapa [illegible] merits a life membership under any criteria that I can think of.

Second, Fapa archives. I have been tracing down and will one day report on the location of fairly full runs of Fapa Mailings. I still need the March 1942 thru July 1945 mailings, and would appreciate any help anyone can offer for any item from that period. I hope that Redd will soon make the report he promised on archives, but want to say here that I presently hold some archival material and will provide file space for more, if wanted. I'd like a better answer, but I'm not sure there's going to be one.

The cover of this issue is from the pen of Bill Rotsler, hand-stenciled by me. I'd like to be able to say how old this work is, but I can't. I have three batches of Rotsler work on hand, all merged together. Two of the batches were received direct from Bill, and the third came from John Magnus, who had in turn received it from Grennell. How Grennell acquired it I don't know, nor do I know when. The period when I acquired all three batches was roughly 1958-1962.

The item below comes from the pen of Eric Pavlat at age 4½. He wrote this little story for me when I was out of town for a week or so. I've reproduced his printing as closely as I can on a typewriter.

THE CAT WHO
FOUND A MAT

ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WAƧ A CAT
WHO FOUND A MAT.
HE LAY ON IT.
IT FELT COMFOR-
TABLE. HE THOUG-
HT IT WAƧ HIƧ BED
BUT IT WAƧN'T IT
WAƧ ƧUƧTA PLAIN
OLD MAT.

Eric still sometimes reverses his letter "S."

POSTLUDE TO THE MAY 1976 FAPA MAILING

THE FANTASY AMATEUR. There were 63, not 64 members (#57 was skipped.) The addition of Norm Hollyn was missed in the notation of new members. Sorry to note the loss of Collins and White. Doerr's presidential message was incredible, but reasonably well in tune with the recent past. It's probably unreasonable of me to expect official actions to be recorded in the FA.

THE RAMBLING FAP 73. Normal review sequence is according to the listing in the FA, but Calkins gets hauled forward this time for special reasons which may or may not become obvious. ++ What happened to the Burbee and Grennell items? Not that they were particularly needed; you rambled quite well even if your style was a wee bit looser than usual. ++ It's an oddity to me that skiing does not seem to bother bodily defects. My right leg has an old nerve injury, and the leg sometimes acts up after a half-hour or so of just standing or walking. I can't recall that it has ever hurt while skiing. Similarily for Peggy Rae's back. We have our share of sore muscles and an occasional black and blue mark, but we somehow escape from pre-existing physical limitations. ++ Spent a week at Ogden, Utah in February 1974, and managed to ski at Snow Basin Saturday and Park City Sunday. Absolutely fantastic compared to eastern areas from the multiple standpoints of short lift lines, prices, quality of food at the ski area, and lack of ice or hard-pack. You should get your share of ice/hard-pack at Alpine Meadows. ++ I've hoped to be snowed in on a couple of our trips to New England, just to stretch the ski holidays by a day or three, but no such luck to date. ++ I empathize with your need for a place that is "yours." Hope you now have it. ++ Thanks for the derivation of your title OOPSLA! ++ I've been running into Andy Young's name in astronomical articles of late. And Evans mentioned recently coming across R D Swisher in relation to some chemical journals. ++ Seductions at SF cons? Cons can be difficult, but I think the worst I encountered in this regard was a fair amount of hell caught from one person evidently because I hadn't seduced her. I have the feeling that it might have been even worse if I had. ++ I'm also fairly independent, but feel I'm better off married than single. I have no desire to return to bachelorhood. ++ You ring bells on the bit about "Eighteen pages so far? I'll hate myself when it comes time to do the mimeographing." One of my troubles these past few years has been the offsetting which I get. The Rex Rotary is the same model D 270 that I've owned for twenty or so years, the ink (usually) comes from the Rex people, and a wide variety of paper is used. But I used to have almost no offset, and now it's invariably so bad that I either have to do single-side copy or slipsheet. And I hate to slipsheet, though even that is preferable to single-side publication. ++ In the late 30's early 40's two of my friends in this area lived on a farm with no city electricity. Their windmill and storage battery setup generated sufficient electricity for pumping water and fairly normal house lighting. I would imagine that the more efficient systems available (or that should be available) now might provide sufficient power in this area to provide for normal appliance use, but I rather doubt whether cooking could be included. The friends, incidentally, were the Theobalds, and I've often wondered if trick skier Bob Theobald is the son of either of my boyhood chums Jack or Dick.

THREE CUBIC ACRES OF FANZINES. Lovely cover concept and execution. ++ I can't concieve why one would want to do a fanzine a week or where the time would come from. And yet, from other items you have in the mailings, you evidently have a broad range of interests.

A GREEYUN LIGHT FOR RAYUD DRINK! I presume that you caught the information in TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED 12 that there is also a blue cream soda. What we neeud is a cream colored cream soda.

PHILISTINE QUARTERLY 9. Speer's right, there's no room for marginal notations. Your argument that you can't afford the blank space is not accepted--your own 3 Cubic Acres demonstrates that you have the money. You just hate blank paper. ++ Agree on the routine lateness of the mailings bit. I have no complaint about Boggs, tho I do wonder if he tried to get help from others in the area. Some of the other excuses (small denomination stamps, jiffy bags, etc) seem silly in the extreme. I'm typing this in November, and have been told the November mailing will be mailed a week late. The reason given is another silly one, but I'll wait until receipt of the mailing to see whether I want to say anything further. ++ The two-year lead on con site selection is more important for fans than for the Democratic and Republican parties because fans are dealing with a specific city while the parties can select any city in the country which has unbooked facilities. The clout you cited also exists as a reason, but it isn't the only one. ++ When I was a kid in Nebraska we turned up our noses at catfish but loved bullheads. Visual memories from those days aren't all that strong, but darned if I can see any difference between a catfish and what we used to call bullheads? Anyone out there know whether they're the same?

VENUS 6 and TESTING ALL SYSTEMS 3. No comment hooks, but I do enjoy the bits of detail on New Orleans and Mardi Gras, so thanks.

STUPEFYING STORIES 102. Skipped through this rapidly at first, then a bit more slowly, and finally settled back and read and enjoyed it. In other words, I started being not at all interested but you managed to change my mind. I did enjoy this Dick, but have no intent of ever indulging in a game. Too easily addictive.

CACOETHES. Bookbinding is a subject I'd like to know more about. I belive that our community college runs such a course; maybe I'll sign up this February. There are any number of items here that I'd like to have bound or rebound. My 1940 and 1941 Fapa mailings are bound, and it frustrates me terribly that the binder bound some of the items in the wrong mailing. I guess this is one of the reasons I'd not be willing to have a professional job done on something like a Fapa mailing; too much chance that he would vary from the sequence that I desired. ++ A co-worker is putting together an Altair mini. He was going to put together a color TV, but the VA decided that since he'd already done that once they wouldn't subsidize another one. Since Chuck writes for BYTE I'm sure that you're familiar with CREATIVE COMPUTING and the wide variety of computer games which they publish. I semi-learned Basic through the Startrek program they published some eighteen months ago. I subsequently took a Basic course (3 days) and must say the program is a bit easier to follow now than it was previously. I don't believe

that most people, fans included, appreciate the impact that computer technology is going to have on their lives within the next ten years. One of the items in today's classified section, for example, is a Wang 2200 mini. Mini prices are still dropping, and storage prices continue to decline. You have your mini now (or is it two?), other fans will follow with systems of their own or terminals plugged into a commercial or some other fan's CPU. I particularly like the thought of the way a small system would simplify the creation of the data base portion of a production like Fapa Book.

SEEDS AND STEMS II 3. This is rapidly becoming one of my favorite fapazines. That fact is somewhat awkward at this time, for this specific issue of SEEDS AND STEMS did not accumulate marginal notes. If I've met you, Terry, I'm afraid that I don't remember the fact. I don't believe that I have met you, but hope to remedy that at Springcon.

ANKUS 29. I would willingly sign your amendment to the effect that the OE and ST address and phone number should be published in the FA.

Helen's Fantasia. I still fondly remember the derivation of this title. ++ I am not a detective fan, but I did enjoy the issue. It is very pleasing to have your print work, and your choices of style were to my eye beautifully suited to your subject. Much appreciated. ++ Nerve ends do grow. They sometimes even reconnect, or at times can be surgically reconnected. I had such surgery on my right leg, with partial success--most feeling restored, able to move everything fairly normally except for my right little toe, which isn't particularly vital. I sympathize with you, and hope the healing is progressing well.

THE BEST LINES ARE ~~ON~~ OFF THE WALL. Nope, I didn't care for this. Strange, since I normally like the writing of all the people who were represented. Some of the items deserve some praise, the articles by Cora and Charles in particular, but maybe better fans than I will give such egoboo as is merited.

DAMBALLA 31. Greetings, Chuck. Thanks for the nice words. ++ I'm happy that you came on so loud and clear about "waiting list fatigue," and about the differences between Fapa activity and activity in the world of general (or genzine) fandom. Most apas, and Fapa in particular, tend to be slow in reacting and low in egoboo. Not all fans can adjust, nor is there any reason why they should. A few fans (e.g., Terry Hughes) seem to be comfortable in both worlds; Dave Hulan obviously found Fapa intolerable. To keep swimming we probably need the occasional splashing that we occasionally get from strangers in Fapa waters ((yuck!)) but I don't think that Fapa should change because a few don't like Fapa as she is. I am wondering what Fapa will be like about five/ten years hence, with many others joining you as retired. As we hit retirement will our activity increase, or disappear entirely? I don't know. But I'm betting that there will be an increase in activity. Of course, Silverberg seems to be out to prove me wrong. ++ Where and why did you learn Arabic and/or Hindi? ++ My membership in OMPA was long ago, but it's still fondly remembered. I didn't have any significant problems with postal service. ++ Wiggins stretched the truth. He was not sole

officer, dictator, or whatever. By letter dated October 25, 1938, Lowndes resigned as Vice-President of Fapa. By letter dated October 26, 1938, President Michel appointed Wiggins a.. Vice-President. By letter dated October 28, 1938, Michel resigned as President, thus elevating Wiggins to the presidency. (See, Boggs, how it's done?) By letter dated October 31, 1938, OE Wollheim resigned. Michel in his resignation letter suggested Wilson as a suitable appointment for the post of veep; Wollheim suggested Rothman for the post of OE. Wiggins did not document his appointments in the next FA, but we do know that he appointed Marconette as veep and Rothman as OE. ++ I flunked the photo test but keep them coming anyway. ++ Tempted to go into my own cellar book, but my interest is primarily in reds. German whites--a bottle or two or three each of 1966 Niersteiner Auslangen Auslese Cabinet, 1973 Steinberger, and all the rest from 1971: Trittenheimer Altarchen Auslese, Ayler Kupp Auslese, Kaseler Kehrnagel, Wiltinger Scharzberg Kabinett, and Trierer Romerlay Kabinett.

HORIZONS 146. Either Jean Linard or Pierre Versins, in the mid 50's, stated an intent to circulate a foreign language fanzine in Fapa. I don't believe either did, but Fapans of the time seemed to accept the idea readily enough. ++ Could Speer's "V" setting be a replacement for the standard "B" setting (time manually controlled rather than off a timer.)? Someplace around here there's s small guide published in the 40's which I think mentioned a V setting, but I can't recall the details nor find the guide. ++ Happy to hear about the earlier retirement available to you. ++ How does one listen to the old two-track tapes on today's equipment? I have a few old timers around--two from you (one is labeled "Warner on his estate" and is dated about 57-58), one from Sandy, Vin¢ & Joy, another from those three plus LeeJ and Chuck Harris (at least one of these contains, I believe, some historically important TAFF material), a "Tape from Berkeley" which might contain almost anything, and one from the Youngs. ++ I hope those tapes are holding up better than this stencil seems to be. This is from a box I forgot I had, the stencil itself is behaving fairly well, but the film shatters very easily. ++ Your desire for table service could stem as you surmise from an ancestry with lots of servants to wait on them, or equally as well from an ancestry which got fed up with being the servants. ++ My most recent experience with casual vandalism was at the post office, which keeps three zip code volumes out for counter use. All three copies had been stripped of the District of Columbia pages. Even the zip code map in the yellow pages in the phone book had been removed.

THREE-FIVE-ZERO-ZERO. Regret but admire Jerry's decision. Luck to you too Jerry.

MAYBE 47. IMK 228. PATTER. Noted, but no comments this time around.

SYNAPSE. I prefer TTL (through-the-lens) focusing <u>except</u> in poor light. I find it both faster and more efficient than the off-center composing and focusing slits on my older Kodak 35 RF and Argus C4 cameras. ++ What do you mean by "I don't remember that there was much of Laney's past fan personality in the Al Ashley of

fanzine lore."? I don't have the faintest idea of what that sentence is strugling to say. ++ Wasn't it you that mentioned that the word fanzine is now in the unabridged? Today I found that it's also in the Concise Oxford. ++ I'm impressed that you should even feel that you should remember Ish's Orifapac from the 61st mailing. ++ Please expand on the dixionary/Swisher/Janke bit, it must deserve more than the half-sentence you allowed. ++ This was the issue where you spoke of quad^{2}rants. Don't you mean quad^{3}rants? ++ Your idea of having a spot on the floor for each member's mailing works fine for those with the space to lay out 69 ~~members~~ bundles. ++ I too favor letting a waiting-lister distribute in the mailings, with a few minor protections--which on reflection are about the same as are applied to the contributions of members. I might feel differently with an extensive waiting list and a highly active membership, for I still prefer mailings of about 350-500 pages. ++ Some issues back you mentioned the Cheney title (using his own name as his fanzine name) anticipating Geis. I can't think of any other exact parallels, but here are a few somewhat similar cases: Esdacyos (=EdCo Says which I know you remember Jack but some readers won't), BT:His Mag (Tucker), Burblings, Elmermurings, WAWCRHBSJWGATWCMWPMSSACW (Walter A Willis, Charles R Harris, etc), JAWIBUCC (Jacobs, Wilson, Burbee, Cox), Walt's Wramblings, Gemzine, Milty's Mag, Helen's Fantasia, So Saari, RGB (Robert Glenn Briggs), A Rouzine (Gordon K Rouze), Stein Song (Bob Stein), and Troy--by Helen (Helen Bradleigh). I doubt if this is a particularly complete list since it's strictly from memory except for the spelling of the WAW...item and the Bradleigh item where I could remember who'd done it but not the title. ++ Enjoyed.

NOTES FROM ARINAM 6. You do me wrong sir. "What will Bob Pavlat think when, 20 years hence, he reviews this particular period for FAPABOOK?" My schedule call for me to review that period in the November 1981 mailing. FAPABOOK may not be frequent, but its schedule has been maintained for five years now. Much to my regret--but I'm not at all sure that I want to speed it up even though I wish I would. I'm not yet sure whether I think that there was an election or not. Whether there was or not Redd's appointments were an impossibility--see my aside to Redd in the comment on DAMBALLA. Truth and justice are probably on your side, but I doubt if that's going to affect what has already happened very much. ++ I love chili too. Two years ago I visited Salt Lake City, Fresno, and Austin and sampled the offerings in each city. (Change SLC to Ogden, which is the town in which I sampled the chili.) Each had superb chili. So, even, does Washington (at The Ranch, 12th and about K Sts, NW). Actually, Ogden had the best, excelled only by a place in Santa Fe (Maria's?) visited in 1968 or whenever it was that we visited your area. Hell, even old town (Old Town?) had good Mexican food--and how is Old Town these days? ++ Booth Tarkington. Penrod. Penrod and Sam. Yes, I vaguely remember. The stories are gone from my mind. The fact of reading enjoyed remains. ++ I'd love to have one of those "If God had meant for Texans to ski He would have given them a mountain" bumper stickers. It would absolutely flip the skiers in Vermont or New Hampshire or even Pennsylvania on our next ski trip. ++ We sure agree a lot. How the hell can I comment on page 5 when I agree with everything you said? Yes. Yes. Yes. What a mess of meaningless marginal notes! Seems to me that years ago you sounded grumpy in Fapa. And I do mean years ago, for it's

been at least five years since I've had the "here's grumpy old Tackett again" reaction. Either you have as you claim grown mellow or I'm less able to detect the lack of mellowness. But I rather doubt that, for I did note some lack of mellowness by a couple of fans in this mailing.

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED 12. "...the assurance that you've been saved from a watery grave only to crash as 150 mph into the terminal building." Yayus. Coming in over water still bothers me a bit as it did you at San Francisco. Boston, Washington (from the southeastern approach into National), and some city on the Great Lakes tho darned if I remember which has similar approaches. ++ Rayud and blue cream soda in the same mailing. Make mine white and we'll have a bicentenial soda. ++ I enjoyed this Andy; you described your trip well. The only jarring note in your writing was using I rather than me in such constructions as "Paul drives Jon and I," "Ben Stark put Bowers and I," "The hospitality the Dentons showed Jon and I...." Aside from that I really did appreciate many nice touches in your writing.

WHEN THEY HAND OUT THE YELLOW STAR... bw FUR BOATEN! I'm not sure that I've ever before seen a one shot published while watching election results on television. You have a first! And a readible, coherent, Jacobs-type one-shot at that. Great! Oh yes, sorry about the results. ++ To take tongue from cheek, I am sorry that the election results displeased you. ++ It would have been nice to have been able to go to Aussiecon. Hold another one say about 1982 and we'll try. Of forthcoming cons right now I'm most turned on by the thought of England in 1979, and if necessary I'd willingly skip any intervening worldcons to be sure of going to that one. I'm almost tempted to skip intervening worldcons anyway, though I did thoroughly enjoy Midamericon. It wasn't even very much too big.

AND NOW, THE AUGUST 1976 FAPA MAILING

THE FANTASY AMATEUR. Add to postmailings Twentieth Century Unlimited, Dear Fapa Members: add to mailing listing the Ballot. (Dumb notes like that are for me as much as for anyone, so don't worry if you don't choose to follow my directions. Good, I didn't think you would.) ++ Bangsund with a DA entry. Never thought I'd see the day. But did the Clarke's miss? And Susan Wood's out. I would not wish it so.

SYNAPSE. Ninety-day wonders, at least the ones I know of, are Officer Candidate School graduates. A derogatory WWII term which is probably still used. ++ Leap year does not occur in years ending 00. I believe there's an exception to that too, and they do occur in years ending 000, but I'll worry about that when 2000 comes closer than it now is. ++ Is Arthur Fonzarelli a fanname we're supposed to know? Al Hirt is a reasonably famous musician. ++ "There is at least as strong a tradition in fandom that persons in positions of authority, that is, pro editors, discount anything a fayun writes in." As strong a tradition as what? ++ Hoo boy, you're in for it now. You addressed the editor of THE RAMBLING FAP as Greg. And you described dag's little item as a philippic! ++ $4^3=64$ - your gremlin really did you in on that one.

KITTLE PITCHERING HUBBLE DE SHUFF. It started out well, including the non-self-conscious use of I rather then the we you were once famed for. I wasn't interested in the contents, but that's besides the point. Heck, even that isn't completely true--you reminded me that some day I want to sample a bit more in Nero Wolfe than I have in the past. It was an ok issue, but I would have preferred more of you.

THE HOG ON ICE. Your use of the term "Bummed out" is no more cryptic than Speer's use of the term phillipic. Both terms have specific meaning, and both are suited to the use to which put. Even though neither is in common usage, either can be found in appropriate dictionaries. "W J Daugherty in Stefnews" is a deliberate ploy of a type dear to Jack's heart--or haven't you noticed the memory games that Jack likes to play not only with his readers but with himself? ++ "...crafts do, to some extent, inform one another." Interesting usage (and I hope nobody pretends not to understand what you mean) and a true statement about bodily behavior. ++ Thanks for the notes on bookbinding and references. Downtown Brentanos has none of those you or Dian cited, I'll have to do something desperate like visiting my library. ++ Fanzines as artifacts--yup. I won't expand on that directly, but you clicked a switch about why I sometimes like to cook a special meal. Christmas dinner this year will be mine, and I rather enjoy an occasional big meal where I can turn my imagination loose and make a memorable feast of old favorites and previously untried but faunched after dishes. Since Peggy Rae has a three-foot cook-book shelf the problem is one of selection rather than one of invention, tho that too plays a part.

SAMBO I'm glad you lost Sambo 25. It could not have been better than Sambo 26 (Theatre Scrapbook) which I enjoyed tremendously. The pictures, the text, the title--very pleasing. I do hope you find 25 now that you have this in our hands, it would make a nice bonus for, say, the February mailing while you're trying to think of an even better Sambo 27 for the August 1977 mailing.

HORIZONS. I'm sure that both you and Speer were wrong about Gregg's comment on consigning Fapa mailings to the fireplace. Gregg said "I have a drawer-full of unread mailings....If I do mc's then I can put them in the fireplace...." The antecedent of them is mc's. Obviously Gregg wanted to do his mailing comments so he could put them in the fireplace and not have to move them, see? ++ Julie London records, yes. I seem to have eleven: Julie is her Name (LRP 3006), Lonely Girl (3012), About the Blues (3043), Julie (3096), Julie is her Name vol 2 (3100), London by Night (3105), Swing me an Old Song (3119), Your Number Please (3130), Julie at Home (3152), Around Midnight (3164), and Send for Me (3171). The earlier ones were the best. Strangely I don't find "A Foggy Day" in any of these albums and I'm sure I've heard her sing it. Maybe on one of the tapes tucked away from the 50's when I was taping selected radio and sometimes TV fare. ++ Horizons first appeared in the December 1940 mailing. The only mailing missed was the December 1943 mailing. How the devil do you remember the year in which you had a case of the flu? I have trouble remembering any in which I didn't. ++ Be happy to try to put any of those London records on cassette for you Harry, but I've never tried either of our two recorders on music and don't know what results I'd get. Let me know if you want any or any

specific songs. ++ I enjoyed your comment about the use of the word "sprightly" in connection with Economou back in Fapa. Yes. ++ I'll agree that Fapa is in some trouble, but not in mailing content. Page for page, the mailings over these past four or five years have been as good as at any prior time. Return of the mailings to a regular schedule is a prime requirement, and Burbee has a good record for getting the mailings out on time.

SPLENDIFEROUS STORIES QUARTERLY. Your inside cover is a terrific piece of work Terry. Really fine. ++ Terry Jeeves for TAFF, by all means.

"ACTUALLY, I'M ONLY 15....", JDM BIBLIOPHILE. Noted, appreciated, but no particular comment.

FLOCCIAPAUCINIHILIPILIFICATION 2. Next time I see you remind me that I want you to pronounce that title. ++ Strange, I just noted that the box in which my bottle of corflu lives not only has "Blue" printed on it, but it's also stamped "Blue." Is there another color? You get asked this question, Mike, simply because you fanzine title is so subject to misspelling. As a matter of a fact, you could even change a letter or three and nobody would ever notice. ++ A really nice looking fanzine Mike. The Davidson illustration particularly caught my eye. I like his style. Don't recall ever seeing anything by him before, but maybe that only indicates that I haven't seen many non-Fapa fanzines for a while. ++ Thank you for sharing some of your convention memories with me.

APWRUX QUARTERLY 1. Can't recall any prior Fapan resident in Arizona. Welcome in any case to Fapa.

SNICKERSNEE I 1. Seems to me that someone used that title before. Just about exactly a year before this issue in fact. ++ Some apas require activity every six months. I happen to like Fapa's annual cycle, but I did once consider proposing that Fapa change to a nine-month membership cycle. It would have some advantages but I fear that it would disrupt the life styles of you and me and other annual contributors. Worldcon serves me as a stern reminder that it's time to get to work on my November pages, and I'm sure that you coordinate your August requirement with something earlier in the year such as the 4th of July. A nine month cycle would completely ruin our settled lives.

SEEDS & STEMS. II 4. That is a fantastically clean mimeo job. ++ Since I don't have any particular comments on your zine I'll quote something from another source that I thought you might like. The quote is from Bob Shoffner in a Wining and Dining article in the December "Washingtonian." "Since the cellar was temporarily out of a Hungarian Rizling, I settled on a Somloi Furmint to drink with the appetizers. It had a sulphurous, mildewed bouquet and is probably best enjoyed with a head cold." Another paragraph worth quoting: "My guests and I began with Pertsovka, a Russian vodka flavored with pepper. ...Actually it is not quite the fierce spirit one would expect. One or two rounds serve to whet the appetite, but I should think a third or fourth might make you want to sack the nearest village." Or: "The Serbian duck was so overcooked that it was obvious why it fled the kitchen. I'm sorry it had to land on my table."

NOTES FROM ARINAM.7. Your comments on the chrysalis reminded me of an incident involving daughter Missy this year. Missy spent the summer with an aunt in Arkansas, and had a chance to see and do many things that aren't readily available here, such as milking a cow and making friends with a pet deer. We picked her up on our way to Midamericon, and the week following she returned to school here. Naturally she told her class a bit about her summer, and found that nobody in her class had ever milked a cow, seen one milked, and that they wouldn't believe that she had. This disbeliefe stemmed not from particularly doubting Missy, but rather the fact they seemed unable to believe that anyone milked cows.

KITCHEN SINK. TESTING ALL SYSTEMS. Enjoyed.

RAMBLING FAP 74. On the historical Fapa correspondence, why not continue to hold it? If you really feel that you must get it out of your way, I'm willing to accept it, and I do a reasonable job of holding onto such items. I have similar items dating from about twenty years ago from the days when I was ST, Veep and Pres, and some similar tho later material from Evans. For about three years there was a round-robin correspondence chain between the officers and the files I have include this period. Some of it makes interesting reading. ++ I'm glad you enjoyed your Westercon. Wish I could have been there too.

ULTIMATE SOUTH, WILD HOG, and DAGLOCKE didn't catch any marginal notations.

DAMBALLA. Chuck, in all truth, I prefer your own covers. This cover by Walker was certainly adequate, competent, and interesting, but I have liked your work and hope you'll do more of your own. ++ I count about twelve Fapans who seem to be reliable annual 8-pagers. I enjoy the 8 pages of just about every one of these members and wish they'd do more but am darned glad to get anything out of them. ++ If having a new mimeo produces activity maybe we should set up a mimeo exchange system. Every year you send your mimeo to the Fapa member alphabetically after you and receive one from the member before you, thus keeping everyone highly interested in publishing. ++ I'll take my red wines without sparkle, thanks. Your mention of Australian wine reminds me of a discovery I made in one of the wine tasting seminars I once attended. This was a five or six session course, and Australian wines were covered during one of the sessions. We were unlucky, and none of the wines were good. Not bad (spoiled, etc) but they were not quality wines. I pointed out to the instructor that we had been following standard procedure, including swirling the wines in the glass, but since these wines came from down under we had probably been swirling them in the wrong direction.

CACOETHES. Your comment on the lack of support documentation of the Sphere is generally true of most minicomputers. It is well to remember that full computers are most carefully delivered, but minicomputers aren't delivered, they're abandoned.

Items not mentioned were appreciated. But this stencil is running out and I'm going to close here pending receipt of the November mailing, comments on which will probably start on the following page, but some weeks in time later for me.

FINALLY, THE NOVEMBER 1976 FAPA MAILING

THE FANTASY AMATEUR. Weren't there sixty-five members, with Craig Miller added? If not, then his lack of response (or whatever) should have been cited. Ben Miller's address should have been given. Faig should have been ATM, also Hollyn, Moskowitz, and the Pavlats. Unless something strange happened, Roberts should be an "August" member, with coding AMay. And I certainly hope that Handfield isn't out, nor Bangsund. I think the decision to raise the dues to the constitutional rate was wise, as was the decision not to require w-1 response. That procedure had been in effect for twenty-one years, which is quite long enough for Fapa to have the overly-long waiting list that brought the requirement into being. Burb, the FA does its job, and the mailing was close enough to on time to make me very happy. And that's the way it should be. Thanks.

PASSING PARADE. I'm glad you printed the trivia quiz, and equally happy that I wasn't trying to answer those questions in public. I held my own on the faaanish questions, but I don't remember story characters, first or last lines, or similar trivial trivia. ++ Best of luck to you and Sylvia. Enjoyed her sketches.

ANKUS. Good idea, nicely done. ++ Is the fanzine biblio ever going to see print?

THE SPEED OF DARK. Nice title. ++ I'm not sure that the morality in the Song of Roland is as unsophisticated as you imply. The peer judgment bit, the fact that the king does have duties to his underlings, these are part of what the Magna Carta is all about.

RAMSBOTTOM. At last, a new member whom I've met. Hi, and welcome. ++ The intentional strikeouts were funny, once. They were first invented two weeks following the invention of the typewriter. ++ My Rex Rotary once had the capability of using either Rex stencils (wide, seven hole) or standard stencils. Unfortunately Rex no longer manufactures the dual-header screen.

FAPA BOOK: THE MAILINGS. I misplaced Sneary in the alphabetical listing of members. Sorry Rick. I'd had the file cards in a different sort sequence (by date of most-recent membership) and your card was missed on the re-sort into alphabetical sequence. If only I'd had my brain in gear while typing....

RE-ENTRY. Humph. No marginal notes. Hello anyhow, old friend; glad you're back.

DIASPAR. A Gray Morrow cover?! Reminds me of something Kerkhof bought at auction at the 1947 Philcon. Morrow? Morley? Damfino. ++ Nice sketch of Silverberg on page 4. Was it meant to be Bob or did that just happen? ++ I wonder if Speer will ask who Tony Orlando is.

THE RAMBLING FAP. As stated in separate correspondence, you received A Bas and should have seen My Fair Femmefan. So much the better, however, that you created your own pastiche. I would like someday to see it, but since I'm not with it in Real Estate Argot it's perhaps as well that I don't.

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. At last, the Fapazine (for I do think of this as a Fapazine) that continues on in Fapa even after its editor has strayed from the group. Thanks, Lee, and Terry, for continuing this Fine Old Tradition. ++ The "Buffanet" (if that was the word--and it was some similarily odd word) at the 1948 Torcon was either fried chicken or spaghetti or both. It was a buffet type meal, served as I recall at the Ray Purdee (Purdy?) Studios, and there were probably a couple of choices. If chicken was one of the choices either it wasn't rubber or I didn't have any. It had the tremendous advantage of being the least expensive dinner function of any worldcon I've been to. ++ Enjoyed the rest. Well, can't really say that about the serial. I'm waiting till I have all parts before I read any of this.

helen's FANTASIA. Enjoyed and appreciated your choice of types on the cover. ++ I hope the healing of your injury progresses. The slowness of nerve regrowth has both good and bad aspects. Bad, because you have to wait so bloody long. Good, because in my case some are bundled up where they never reconnected properly, and at least the bundle doesn't seem to be getting any worse. ++ Nope, I'm not a completist on either Frankenstein or Dracula. I'd go further out of my way to pick up a missed Disney than I would for either F or D, or for most science fiction films missed, though I imagine there are some good ones. ++ "...the tail broke off the bull and my husband made me throw the statue away." What did he do, beat you? I just don't understand "made me" in the sense that you used it. ++ I like the philosophy that if you don't vote in an election, you have voted--for the winner!

CHARLES FORT: A RADICAL CORPUSCLE. Very worthwhile. This was an interesting look at Fort, and certainly revealed many aspects of the man that I never knew existed. Research on this must have taken a lot of your time. I can imagine your having, or having access to, Popular and Argosy, but tracing some of the others such as Watson's Magazine would have to be quite a chore. Thanks, also, for the look at the early Herriman.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (AND BABY TURTLES). Yes, I told you there'd never been a two-headed veep before, blithely forgetting Buz and Elinor, and Len and June, and maybe others. Sigh....

Damn. This mailing never accumulated many marginal notes at all. Here's a BURBLINGS. A Huitloxopetl. An ESDACYOS. YEW TREE INN. COGNATE. No notes. Always a difficulty for me, how to gracefully glide by something enjoyed which just didn't spark comments.

BOBABILICON. Smith's, in Cincinnati, covered a full city block and was, I believe, eight stories high. Books. Many books. Many, many, many books.

HORIZONS. Back in the 101st mailing Ellik's Larean 9 contained a historical list of Fapa members and also a waiting list analysis by Pelz. Your comment, "I'm afraid we may have lost some potentially valuable members because they were dropped from the waiting list for lack of response," caused me to review the work Pelz had done. The non-responders were, with one or two exceptions, never heard of in fandom again. Fapa may have lost a couple of good ones. But the list was purged of hordes of people who dropped off the list because they dropped out of fandom. ++ I have only one book retained

from my childhood: Ching-Li and the Dragons, by Alice Woodbury Howard. It's probably the only book I own that I wouldn't part with for money. The book is a fantasy, based on Chinese mythology, and is as readible today as when it was published in 1931.

That seems to close out the comments I have on the magazines in the 157th Fapa mailing.

Some time ago Warner mentioned concern over the health of D B Thompson. Don is 72 years old now, and I don't really know the status of his health, but I heard from him just a couple of weeks ago and from the tone of his letter he appears to be in good shape. Other old-timers recently heard from include Norm Stanley, Larry Farsace, A Langley Searles, Ron Maddox, and Gordon Rouze. Evans mentioned that he recently ran across references to Swisher in "Chemical and Engineering News" and Spelman in some magazine concerning stamps, and I've run into both mentions of and articles by Andy Young in my readings on astronomy.

One of my surprises this Christmas was a book that Peggy Rae found for me--Hand Bookbinding, by Aldren A Watson. It's very basic, but gives enough information to at least convince me that I could do a simple job. The book is available cheaply here Dian; if you don't have and still want a copy let us know. After reading the book I decided I wanted further details, and started investigating the possibilities of a course. Calls to local community colleges, the "adult" and "continuing education" departments of local universities, and trade schools turned up nothing. So I started calling local bookbinders. The first one called said he knew of nothing, but suggested either Archives or the Smithsonian Institution. The next four called knew of nothing. The sixth suggested the Smithsonian. It seemed a bit strange to me--but yet, a nephew teaches a course in model rocketry at the Smithsonian, so why not bookbinding? The Smithsonian listing takes a full column in the telephone book, but I finally settled on a likely number and made my call. And yes, from time to time, they do run a course on bookbinding, with one tentatively planned for this spring.

Checked out leap years a bit further, but didn't learn much. Leap years occur every fourth year BUT only on centisimal years which are divisable by 400. If there are other exceptions my source--which is simply the unabridged--didn't list them.

I've been out chipping ice, and my hands and feet are cold. We had a few inches of snow a bit over a week ago, followed by freezing rain. In the ten days since, the temperature has been above freezing for about 4 hours. The house shields our driveway and sidewalk from the sun, and as a result the driveway and sidewalk are still ice-covered. I chip away at them now and them, and sometimes manage to clear another square foot or two, but progress is slow. We're not used to constant sub-freezing temperatures. Maybe three days at a stretch, but not this continual freeze with ice that lasts and lasts. With snow forecast for tomorrow I'd really like to get rid of the ice, but the temperature is holding steady at -1° C and it's now late enough in the day that it won't get any warmer, so the ice will just have to stay. We'll probably have our thaw two days before whenever Peggy and I plan our next ski trip.

November 22, 1976. Peggy Rae called me at the office today to chat a bit, and to remind me of a November 22 that occurred a few years earlier. Not the November 22 of 1963 when President Kennedy was shot and the world stopped for shocked hours. Not that gut wrenching day, but an even earlier November 22, back in 1944.

The troopship S.S. McAndrews left New York harbor in convoy with about thirty other ships headed for Marseilles, France, on the morning of October 6, 1944. The importance of the S.S. McAndrews, to me, was that I was on board. Paul, who works in my office, is convinced that the S.S. Santa Maria was more important, but that's because he was aboard that ship in the same convoy. Paul was in the 103d Division, I was in the 100th, and both of those divisions and miscellaneous smaller units were all headed for Marseilles, though most of us didn't find out the country we were headed for until late that afternoon when the French lessons began, nor the specific harbor until almost ten days later when the convoy moved with its escort of leaping and playing porpoises through the Straight of Gibralter into the relative safety of the Mediterranian. Forty-thousand soldiers, give or take a few thousand. Sooy and Lefty and Steele and Chuck Lacouture, who we all envied because he was going home to the country where he grew up instead of away from home and because he already spoke French, and Sergeant Bessie who was always called Sergeant Bessie even by the other sergeants, and Harper and all the others of thirty-two years ago whose faces I can still see, whose harmonicas I can still hear, whose poker styles I still remember, but whose names are vague in my memory though still available if I want them from the pictures and histories in the small corner of my collection devoted to these memories. And Paul, who I didn't meet until many years later, on another ship, and Tom Montecure, an old school chum, on yet another, and forty-thousand others.

Airplanes have destroyed the awe of passage. I have never flown over an ocean. But I've flown over the United States many times, and I've driven it coast to coast twice. You can't enjoy the Grand Canyon or the Painted Desert or Devil's Tower or Yellowstone from an airplane. You can look and wonder a little, but it goes too fast and too easily. Everything is miniaturized, there is no weather, and nothing ever happens. An airplane cuts you off from the world. But in a car, or on a ship, you're very much in the world. Our sluggish convoy spent fourteen days at sea, but I never got tired of the ocean. Beautiful weather, at first. Light swells. The rising and falling of the ship to get used to, and a constant throbbing of the engines and the propeller to keep you constantly informed that this is a different world. Ship chimes to announce the time, so you learn what the bells mean. You learn that ship people have special names for everything. Head instead of latrine. Starboard. Galley. Bulkhead. Near dusk you hear for the first time "The Smoking Lamp is OUT," and learn rapidly that there's no smoking after that light is out. The ocean and ships were new to me, but I was very much in and with the world around me.

The ocean, at night, that first night; the motion and sound of the ship; the sssh, sssh, sssh as each wave is parted by the bow of the ship; the stars coming out brighter by far than on bivouac in Georgia's muggy summer air; and suddenly you see

something you never even knew existed, the luminescence of water as it curls by the ship. That luminescence is far more hypnotic than even the dreamiest of fires, probably in part because of the added and related sounds and motions of the ship. Incredible.

Incredible, too, was the hold. Our section was maybe seven feet from floor to ceiling (and I'm sure there are different ship words for "floor" and "Ceiling," but this was long ago and the directions are accurate even if the words are from a different world), and in that area the hammocks were stacked. One, two, three, four deep, about two feet between rows, and zero inches from the foot of one hammock to the head of the next. Your main prayer was that you got the top hammock, or lacking that that the man above you was a light-weight. I was lucky enough, but it did take a snake-like twist to turn over at night without waking the neighbor above and below.

For five days the fine weather continued, quite chilly, and rime coated the rigging in the mornings. We were on a steamer, and the rigging was for the handling of cargo rather than sails, but rigging it was and the frost did coat it when we hit the decks at 6 a.m. for breakfast. Breakfast continued in shifts until noon, when they started serving the second and final meal for the day. I don't believe they changed the menu, but they did change the name of the meal from breakfast to dinner. There were the French language lessons to occupy an hour or so during the day, calisthenics, reviews of German weapons and tactics, sessions on French customs, but much free time was left for watching the ocean, for cards, for endless discussions of everything we knew, thought, and had ever heard, read, or imagined about French women. Chuck Lacature, French-born and raised, was a source of much fascinating information on the subject. Completely false, but fascinating.

A few sensitive stomachs gave in to the sea the first couple of days, but mine held out. I'd struck up a friendship with one of the merchant marines, and his advice helped. The advice was to eat, every meal, even if you felt sick. I was wiser then than I sometimes am now and followed his advice, and for me it worked. Not bad for an eighteen-year-old who'd gotten car-sick as few as five years earlier.

Most of the stomachs gave out when the gale hit on our sixth day out. I'm no sailor, and I have no way to measure a storm at sea. The crew members that I talked to said it was the worst they'd hit since "the Irish Sea Storm of '42." The 103d Division printed history says one of the ships its men were on exceeded tilt design limits by 4 degrees. Our ship, the SS McAndrews, that former terror of the North Carolina banks where it had been one ship in a fleet of three engaged in coastal trade, apparently decided that the flagship of the convoy (carrying both division commanders and the convoy commander) was at fault for the storm, and on the first night of the storm, lights out, took dead aim at the flagship and missed by inches. Thereafter, immediately thereafter in fact, radio silence was lifted and lights were turned on. Running down the flagship is a no-no.

I'm not sure how long the gale lasted, but it was at least two nights and a day. Difficult hours, for the deck was off limits for much of the time, and it was vile in our quarters. My stomach held out, but I was one of a relatively small minority. Eventually, however, the gale stopped its howling, the sea gradually settled down, and even the sickest had a chance to recover. About ten days out of New York the African coast came into sight. We sailed north along the coast for a couple of hours with the porpoise escort that had picked us up at about the same time the land had come into sight. We passed through the straight at about nightfall, and then along the African coast for a couple of days before finally swinging north toward our destination of Marseilles.

Our good ship had to have one more try at doing something in before reaching port. There had been a brief storm while we were in the Mediterranean, nothing to compare with the gale in the Atlantic but still a pretty good blow according to shipboard personnel. It did stir up the water a bit, and lasted I remember most of one day.

The following day was clear and pleasant, and was scheduled to be our last day at sea. I was sitting on a forward hatch cover with Sooy, Chuck, and one or two others when someone suddenly pointed forward and said "Look, look!" I looked to the horizon, for we'd all been expecting to sight land. "No, in the water." Yep, it sure was. Slightly port, but close ahead. A floating mine. Mine? "MINE! MINE!"

Whistles and bells and something about "gunners" on the speaker and running feet climbing metal steps fast and then the sudden loud "chunka chunka chunka" of a 20mm anti-aircraft gun, trying to hit the mine but frustrated by built-in safeguards which prevented the gun from depressing far enough that it could endanger shipboard personnel, and then come the most authoritative roar I've ever heard, "STOP THAT FIRING!" It was quiet. It's very quiet when there are people around you, but nobody is breathing. We couldn't see the mine--it was too close. I figured we'd miss it, but I wasn't sure what would happen when our wake hit it. Finally, the mine came back into view, past the stern, and we breathed again.

A while later one of the destroyer escorts blew the mine. Quite impressive. I'm told that if our gunners had managed to hit the mine while we were so close that we might well have been sunk.

The landing was uneventful.

The following ten days were spent putting our gear in order, and, in off hours, exploring Marseilles. Advance parties had prepared our weapons for shipment, and in those days that meant packing them in cosmoline to protect them from salt air. It damn near protects them from ever being seen by human eyes again, for cosmoline is a tenacious glue-like grease (or grease-like glue?) that laughs at solvents, snears at boiling water, and gives combat-ready soldiers their first taste of combat.

On November 1 we took off in motor convoy for the front, heading through the Burgundy country and the city of Beaune, which Fapa's wine buffs will know. We overnighted at Lyon one night and Dijon another, arriving at our destination of Vomecourt in the French Vosges on November 3, and for the next 19 days did our thing. I was in recon (100th Cavalry Reconnaisance Troop) and recon's thing is speed and light action. Jeeps and recon cars (lightly armored wheeled vehicles) and half-tracks, but no tanks. Pistols and carbines and light machine guns rather than the M-1's and Browning automatics of the infantry. Look, see, but run if the heavys come at you. So we patrolled, and guarded, and searched out mines, and for three days played a weird game with the Germans over the town of Neufmaisons which involved our occupying the town at night and they by day, with shelling permitted only on the hour, and never more than four shells. We even "captured" two Germans. Poor bastards had swum an icy river to get over to our side and give themselves up.

The morning of the 22nd it became evident that something big was under way. Rumor had it that the German line had been broken and we were to follow-through on the push to Strasbourg on the Rhine. I was gunner-radio operator on an armored car, but our car was in the shop that day, and I was assigned to a jeep as our outfit headed toward Raon L'Etape, where we were to link up with the 117th Cav Recon Squadron. We made our connection, and as the CO's of the two outfits made their arrangements a swap was arranged between Steele, who was assigned to an armored car but belonged in a jeep, and me. I'd just relieved Steele, and we were standing on the back of the armored car discussing necessary last bits of business when the first mortar shell fell. You don't hear mortar shells coming, and everyone was caught by surprise. There weren't supposed to be any Germans within mortar range.

The barrage lasted for maybe half an hour, but so far as I know the first shell was the only one that did any damage. Lefty, the driver of the car, was killed, Steele lost an eye, Gately was nicked, and I was liberally sprinkled with shrapnel from knee to cheek. I never have understood how the hell you get shrapnel in the back of your right knee, your left shoulder blade, elbow, hand, and cheek, and your groin from one shell, but somehow I succeeded.

And that was my November 22nd. The injury wouldn't have amounted to much, except that the piece in my knee cut a bundle of nerves. Surgery repaired most of the damage, by March I could walk with a cane and by April without. In April I was shipped back to the states, and after five more months of ambulatory patient status I was discharged.

The leg hurts a little, now and then, not at all, most of the time, and a lot, rarely. I think I'm pretty lucky, when I think about it at all. But I'd really sooner not be reminded, at all, of the 22nd of November.