

This is produced at the usual address of Grey House, Yetminster, Sherborne, Dorset; the same family of Morses combined to get it out for the Coming of Age mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

We are not exactly in the mood for much fun and games as birthday parties, after getting Eney's circular (thanks for making it airmail, Dick). When I first opened it I thought it might be yet another of those completely inexcusable hoaxes, but since it came from Eney that was impossible.

By the next post came a letter from Lillian Cartas, (thanks for giving her my address, Bob). This contained more detail. She had seen him on the evening of the 9th June, at which time he seemed to be on the mend, though it was slow. Yet at 1-30 the next morning, Vern McCain, my good friend, died.

I suppose every man has hundreds of nodding acquaintances, scores of chatting and travelling companions and half a dozen buddies to go out on the beer with. Few men have more than two true friends, capable of reliable and impartial advice and able to be trusted with a confidence. McCain was my best friend; in the eight years I knew him he never once let me down, never took unfair advantage of a confidence; he made no capital of my ignorance of subjects where he was learned; he never pretended to greater knowledge than he had. He was generous in argument and could always see and admit his errors; he was consistent, too: I have a voluminous collection of his letters and once or twice went right back through them, thinking that he had earlier used the reverse opinion than the one he was now expressing, but each time I found I was wrong.

We had some highly involved and detailed arguments on just about every subject under the sun; an average letter was twelve page foolscap, single-spaced, double-sided, no margins. When I expressed my puzzlement about some facet of the American Way of Life, he explained with patience and good humor; when he, in turn, was puzzled about the way we do things, I tried to be equally patient and humorous. Sometimes, at the end of a three month argument, we would agree to differ. I do not think there was ever any rancour or venom in any of our differences of opinion; they all seemed to resolve themselves or else they were taken as a part of a personal philosophy of life that could be respected without being embraced.

It is not easy to write about Vern so soon and still keep the proper tight rein on the emotions, but purple prose does not belong in FAPA, and Vern would himself be the first to disapprove.

His fiancée says "Vernon was so interested in so many things. He told me many times that he didn't see how an adult could ever be bored with life; there were so many things to do".

Life will not be the same without him.

Some notes on the subject of freedom, societies and such.

Strange it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but subject to their being "pushed to an extreme"; not seeing that, unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good in any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be doubtful, but think that some particular principle of doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so certain; that is, because they are certain that it is certain. To call any proposition certain while

there is anyone who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the opposite side.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, everyone who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. The conduct consists, first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labours and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing at all costs to those who endeavour to withhold fulfilment.

There are many who consider as an injury to themselves any conduct which they have a distaste for, and resent it as an outrage to their feelings; as a religious bigot, when charged with disregarding the religious feelings of others, has been known to retort that they disregard his feelings, by persisting in their abominable worship and creed. But there is no parity between the feeling of a person for his own opinion and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse and the desire of the right owner to keep it.

Without dwelling upon suppositious cases, there are, in our own day, gross usurpations upon the liberty of private life actually practised, and still greater ones threatened with some expectation of success, and opinions propounded which assert an unlimited right in the public not only to prohibit by law anything which it thinks wrong, but, in order to get at what it thinks wrong, to prohibit a number of things which it admits to be innocent.

NOTE BY BILL MORSE

While I fully admit that not all of this has any bearing on the matter of a Fantasy Amateur Press Association, yet some of it does apply quite directly to the A.P.A. method of general discussion. No prizes are offered to those who can locate the source and the author, though I will stand and doff my hat in the general direction of those who do.

Some notes on the 83rd Mailing. No special order, but Thank you everyone who said a Welcome.

NULL-F BULL I died the death when first in production, some three years ago. McCain and I were the only actifen concerned in it - he in a purely advisory capacity - and the other contributors rather backslid. I kept the Serial No. in for sentimental reasons. There is only one copy now in existence, and it looks rather expurgated, with two completely blank pages. There was stuff on cartoon

films and an English female college member's reactions ^{to} of POGO, as well as the usual Editorial Ramblings peculiar to first issues.....The English version of Monopoly has, match, the same thesis on how to win- get both sides of a corner; but I question whether the corner you quote is the best for results, Try getting the corner preceding. That one has three streets, one each side; with hotels on each street, you can really make a killing..... Your comments on converts to the Roman Catholic Church ring a bell. I joined, myself, some fifteen years ago, at a time when I felt completely lost and wanted order and security desperately. I got it, too, and colour in abundance; possibly the colour was the prime mover in keeping me so long in the fold.....I will only say that I do not like Musique Concrete.

HORIZONS I rather expected that most of the steam locos I had listed would have been retired by now, apart from the Norfolk and Western jobs, but I thought there might be more than a chance that some of them would be still preserved. We have a fair sized Railway Museum in York, which has the more interesting specimens of the historical, such as the 8 ft. Single Driver, the first of the Atlantics and so on.....A thing that has puzzled me about the habit of putting the John in the same room as the bath - how does a man go on if he gets taken short when there is some character singing in the bath, behind locked doors ?

CH3CO2C6H4CO2H (Hoo Boy ! What does that taste like?)..... British Doctors can accept whomsoever they wish from among the applicants to be patients. Putting it another way, the subscriber to the National Health Service pays his money weekly and makes his choice, but it does not follow that he gets it. Doctors have been known to refuse treatment to men on strike - examples occurred in June of this year, and nothing has been done to them by the Medical Council. The adult worker pays a weekly nine shillings and eleven pence from now until the day he retires (at age 65), whether he likes it or not. That is roughly a buck fifty a week, of which a part goes toward his unemployment pay, sixpence toward his Old Age Pension, the rest to pay for medical attention. Nobody gets free anything, as far as I know. If I have a medical prescription to be filled, it costs me one shilling per prescription. I cannot just go to hospital and get fitted with a free hearing aid - speaking from personal experience, now - no matter how deaf I am. If I am VERY deaf, if cupping a hand behind an ear is not sufficient to make me hear the man, sitting right beside me, I can get one AT A REDUCED PRICE, but not free. (Since I am able to hear perfectly well if the person talking is sitting on my left, I do not qualify). I do not know of any doctor who is living in penury, I do not know of any doctor who has gone bankrupt. I DO know of one country doctor in West Kent who has a Jaguar, a Mercedes Benz and a small stable. He does his travelling according to the district; surgery and rounds in and near the town are attended by Jag or Merc, depending on his fancy. Rounds in the outlying districts are done on horseback. The habit of entering into partnerships of two or three adds to the profits and is universal. It means that when one of them goes on holiday, or is taken sick, he does not have to employ a locum to mark time in his absence, but can rely on his partners to take over. The same applies if the man on rounds is late or held up or having a drink with a paying patient. Old Age Pensioners, if they have to get treatment which is costly, can apply for National Assistance to help them; this has no connection with Socialised Medicine: they go on Relief. Similarly with dental treatment. Any course of dental treatment, however short (or however long) costs me one quid, (\$2.78, or thereabouts) before I start. I pay for the treatment, I pay for the denture. If I have any choppers added to my denture, that costs me the same.

I found, in 1953, that if I get a denture OFF the National Health - pay for the whole damn thing myself - I more than likely get exactly the same denture that I get ON the National Health. To the best of my knowledge, the British citizen prefers N.H. to having the chance that he would never be able to afford treatment for himself or his kids. N.H. is, also, only a slight development of the pre war version, known to the users as The Panel. It had pretty much the same result as far as the lower paid members of the country were concerned - treatment at greatly reduced rates for a weekly deduction from the wages. The Panel Patient was then, as the N.H. patient is now, the second class patient when compared with the Paying Patient. The big thing is, as far as I am concerned, that whether I like it or not, I HAVE to pay these deductions; they are LAW. So, since I am to pay them - and, like all taxes, they have a tendency to increase - until the end of my working life, I'll be damned if I am going to be fool enough to go on and expend my residue of weekly cash in paying exorbitant doctors fees. I do not have any figures on the incomes of the doctors, but I have yet to see one who looks as if he is hard put to it to find two pennies to rub together. It cannot ALL be done on credit.

ISSCIENCEFICTIONINARUT? Is a fubar any relation of a fyjiar?

LARK. The Coronation Scot was famous enough, but it was never the A4, Bill. I remember the trip the CS made to the US - it was quite well publicised over here. The streamlining has all been removed, I'm sorry to say. Not by British Railways, but by the original owners, the LMS (though it is only fair to add that the majority of the managing board of British Railways came from the LMS, for no good reason that I can find). I gather that the streamlining was removed to standardise a class that was 50/50 with/without the outer casing; the original streamliners can easily be recognised by the bevelled top front of the smokebox, almost down to the smokebox door. To remove the streamlining of the A4, on the other hand, would mean rebuilding the whole thing, because it was planned and built as a complete departure from the usual methods; it is shaped rather like the bobbin in the earlier Singer sewing machines. If I can hunt out a picture, I'll send it across. The Railway Magazine carries fairly regular notes on US affairs, and I recall a big article on Camel Backs some months ago. They never reached our side of the Pond, but in the middle forties the Southern built three of a similar idea: they had a firebox in the middle and a driver's position at each end, with a ^{narrow} corridor running down the side. They were not popular with the crews, because the fireman lived in what was virtually an oven, with no ventilation to speak of, while the driver had to ride with his back to his regulator. They were not popular with the crew OR the maintenance staff because having the corridor down the side, the boiler had to be offset, with disastrous results as far as sway was concerned and therefore the thing had to be checked over exhaustively daily to see what had shaken loose this time. Three were built, one ran on the lines for trials for a few months. R.I.P. The designer was retired at the time of Nationalisation and is now Chief Mechanical Engineer to the C.I.E., the Eirann railway line; he has produced a peat-burning loco for them of the same wheel arrangement as the other - 0-6-6-0. He did, however, produce a couple of monuments to his genius, in the Pacifics and the C-6-0 freight locos still running over Southern lines. I mentioned the Pacifics in BULL 2, but the 0-6-0 is an eye-catcher all on its own, Bulleid was allowed a maximum of 55 tons for this freight loco, and put half of it into boiler. I've several small pictures of it, so you shall have one of them, too. If you note the weight and think that it has a tractive effort of 30,000, you will get a vague glimmering. It is known variously as "The Nightmare", "Frankenstein's Monster" and "Ugh what's that". My own opinion is that it has an austere and functional good looks.

CHUX OWN That brings me up to date on the London Circle - thanks. I wonder how many of them over there recognised the derivation of your title?

BLEEN/GRUE First reaction - Gorbliney! I wish I had (a) your printing press or whatever (b) your range of subjects (c) your energy..... Provided you mean Francis and not Roger, your deduction was absolutely correct. Whang in the Gold..... We do so have a motorcyclist in FAPA - YHOS. Began 'way back in 1936, had three bikes before WW2 broke out; rode one a little in 1940, but piled it up and them nasty Army types would'nt let me get my hands on another for the duration; since VJ Day I've owned six, including the current Norton. The smallest was 98cc (1938), the biggest 500cc (that's 30 cu.in.). The Velocette 350 was the most fun, I think; certainly the Sunbeam was the most comfortable and the most prestigious. The Sunbeam had but two defects from my point of view, and both of them arose when you did any work on the engine that involved removal of the head; to put the head back on meant also retiming the ignition and taking the chance that you did not drop an extremely awkwardly placed cylinder-holding nut down past the overhead cam chain and into the wall. Otherwise - vertical in-line twin, overhead camshaft, split big-end to the con rod (no bearings to be replaced) shaft drive to gear box and rear wheel, car-type engine mounting and shock absorbers, $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. tyres, plunger springing to both wheels; what else could a motorcycle have? Even the saddle was plunger sprung, of a sort. It was like sitting in a favourite armchair and rumbling down the road. I traded her in because she needed some highly expensive repairs. We fitted a sidecar last year to the Matchless we bought after the Sunbeam, then changed the Matchless for the Norton we now have. If we had our choice now, we'd keep the Norton for riding to work and making odd visits when we can get a babysitter; the sidecar would be fitted to a Vincent 1,000. If there is a bike I would like to have above all bikes, it is a Vincent Black Frightening.

CLAUSE I suspect that the reason you liked my output in BULL better than anything you had read in either Birdsmith or Phlotsam is chiefly that in BULL I took a couple of digs at them there Yanks, and did it in what might qualify as your own favourite rather condescending manner. As you will find, it doesn't happen very often.

DREISTEIN I loved this. It reminded me, first, of the story in F & SF some years ago called Maybe Just A Little One; then of the current Col. Pewter adventure:- Prof. Gleep-Smith has invented a powder that circumvents gravity, so he very ponderously called it Hilarity Powder. I'll not suggest that Dreistein HAS happened, but, oh Lor', it could!

LE MOINDRE What happened to the LPP in your elections? I heard and read a lot about them in the Edmonton Journal and in the Bulletin. The Bulletin was a damn good paper, believed in hitting out at anyone it felt needed a kick in the pants for being too almighty dignified. One of the columnists also devoted his attentions one day to the Communist party odds and ends in the Western prairies, said that in his opinion, if we were ever to have law and order out in the west, all Communists ought to be taken out and shot like dogs; they were murdering, subversive, and so on. Blow me down if one of the LPP types didn't buy a quarter hour of CFRN to complain about it. 'We are NOT', he said 'murderers, or subversives; we are honest respectable people who merely want to live honest respectable lives'. The other off-beat thing the Bulletin pulled was to come out one summer Saturday with a small panel in the middle of the front page saying that this was the final issue. No-one ever got the full story of why, but most of the Bulletin adherents were of the opinion that there had been dirty work somewhere. A week later, the Journal denied that they had bought up the Bulletin; front page denial and editorial page ditto.

Another week later, the Journal carried a para. to the effect that the presses and buildings of the Bulletin had been bought by a printing combine; we looked over to the address of the owners of the Journal and what do you know? Same firm.....Any majority that allows a government to bulldoze legislations through is too large. Attlee had too big a majority in '45, the same as Eden had before he retired. It gives the government the impression that it is infallible and really the darling of the people. In fact, if you check up on all the figures of U.K. general elections, you will find there was never a government elected on a genuine majority vote - by a genuine majority vote I mean having more individual VOTES, as compared with SEATS, than all the other parties put together. Automatic majorities are a bad thing, give the MPs the idea that they can sit back and leave it to the organisers and to the Whips to rustle up enough votes to pass any legislation that the Cabinet thinks to be For The Good Of The People.

BAREAN "You aren't supposed to LISTEN to it. You sit there and FEEL it, man". Ain't it the truth? The same goes for all the other oddball cults; if you don't feel it, you'll never - but Nevah - understand. It goes for music, for painting, for sculpture, for anything where there is no officially recognised super-authority. You get some little lunatic fringe with no talent but a fast way with the tongue when it comes to persuading others who are gullible enough to fall that this is IT, man; don't never heed those insensitive characters over there. They do not have the finer feelings that we have. Now and again there is a little something in what they have; which is, I suppose, reason enough to let them have their pretentious little coteries.

TARGET FAPA ! You took the words right out...etc. In what would have been the 83rd mailing Birdsmith, I explained a few of the reasons why the British put up a statue to FDR right bang there in Grosvenor Square, in front of the US Embassy. (It isn't in front any more, though, not since the change of Administration, a thing which I found rather comic). We highly approved the way FDR kept appealing to the business sense of the US, with Cash and Carry and then with Lease/Lend. Cash and Carry was quite neutral, any warring nation could buy whatever he liked from the US so long as the ships were provided to take the goods away after paying cash for them. And FDR knew very well, as did the Axis nations, that right outside the three mile limit of the US was the British Atlantic Fleet; ready, willing and able - not to say eager.

A few mailings ago, Eney asked the question: Who was the wickedest ruler in English History? It is not an easy question to answer, because you must first qualify the adjective - is it to be the ruler considered the wickedest in his time, or the one who might be called the wickedest by present day standards; and if by present day standards, is it to be Western Alliance or Iron Curtain? I'm going to take it as being by the standards of the time, viewed from today, because that seems to me the most obvious; after all, if you take them by the standards which we claim to be ours today, then none of them since Canute and before William 4th is exactly conspicuous for sweetness and light. That really whittles the number down to perhaps three really villainous types.

To start with, we must delete the most popular villains, Richard 3 and John. If you debit Richard with only those killings which can be proved, to have been at his order, he comes out as a mild character altogether. It surprised me to find that Churchill had so little to say of Richard 3 in the first volume of his History of the English-Speaking Peoples: after all, they had a great deal in common. Each showed a great natural grasp of the overall picture, rounded off with a scrupulous attention to the small details of running the kingdom single-handed. They were both tough-minded, out-going

types, capable soldiers and strategists, and neither was popular with the more hide-bound and self-seeking of his peers. Churchill does admit, in Vol. 2 of his History, that "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had been popular in these parts" (northern England). "His spirit was in harmony with his surroundings. In a rough and ready fashion he had governed well, and the city of York remained faithful to his memory even after Bosworth". The underlining is mine - as if the fact of losing a battle was the proof of villainy !

Richard used the methods of his day to stay in command of a country that otherwise would have been left to the anarchy and misrule that was the automatic result of immature kingship surrounded by power-hungry barons. Richard was a full-grown man of royal blood and had sufficient substance as an administrator to take control and keep the country in a good semblance of order. His brother, Edward 4, must have recognised that, when he named Richard as Lord Protector - a brother would know the worth of a brother, especially one who had fought beside him in battle, sat beside him in peace, and administered his own lands justly and impartially enough to be loved and respected by those under his hand. It was natural that he should try to keep control of the country, and that he should send the young king to the Tower for protection against his own and the country's enemies. (In the days of Richard 3, the Tower was not a grim Bastille-like fortress, it was a Palace - the Tudors themselves gave the Tower its bad name) Henry Tudor had no claim to the throne at all, compared with Richard's; he merely took advantage of the discontent of the barons who had thought of the pickings they might have had if there were a boy on the throne; once he had put an end to Richard, Henry then took care to make himself safe by keeping the barons well-separated (divide and rule) and making sure that none of them could ever afford to stir up trouble. The Tudor lies about Richard must have begun then, though they were not shouted too loudly, because "Richard, Duke of Gloucester had been popular in these parts". It was left to later Tudors to make the Monster; to those autocratic, imperious egocentrics known as Bluff King Hal and Good Queen Bess; otherwise the family might never have stayed the course. I do not think that any of the Tudors, or of the Lancasters, ever wrung such words of regret from Englishmen as did Richard - when his body was received by the monks for burial, they noted that it was "piteously slain and despoiled, to the great grief of his people".

So we come to King John. In the modern world, he might well be the model of an arab princeling, but among the men of his time he was not so much wicked as unreliable, and intellectual with few morals and less understanding of his fellow-men. But he was no worse than his brothers, all of whom had plotted to dispose of their father in order to get their hands on his money and his lands. (Among those brothers was Richard Lion Heart, the great and mighty model of a king, held up before God knows how many children as the arch-type of chivalry. He is one of my candidates for the worst, as a matter of fact). John was the only member of the family with no lands of his own, and no man was of any account unless he had ample lands, on which to raise his own personal troops and bodyguard. Witness the barons themselves. If John had been any danger to Richard, he would have been killed off long before; if a man will plot to kill his father, then a younger brother would surely be of small account.

It is said that John disposed of Arthur, who had what would be in these days a more solid claim to the crown. Now, if Arthur were really the prime choice for the crown, why was there no effort among the lords and barons in England to push his claim? Why did not the Earl Marshal go direct to France and bring home the rightful heir? Answer - there was none, apart

from John. There is no record of any attempt on John's part to kill off the adherents of Arthur - can this be for any reason other than that there were none? If he had done anything of the sort, there would have been ample evidence of it in history, after all. In fact, there is not even any evidence that John killed Arthur, or that he had him killed; for that matter, there is no evidence that Arthur did not die a natural death. Shakespeare is non-committal about it, with a suggestion that John was no doubt willing for Arthur to die; but the Shakespearean death of Arthur is accidental. The sweet little story of Hubert and his red-hot irons being cooled off by the eloquence of the little prince seems too much like soap-opera to me.

So we go on to Magna Carta. What Magna Carta meant, roughly speaking, was that nobody could be taxed, killed, tortured, imprisoned, raped, banished - except the common people ("1066 And All That"). That was all there was to it. It was a charter for the barons and no-one else. If it had any weight in the country, then Shakespeare would have made a good melodramatic scene out of it, with John biting his nails and the rushes, alternately; there would have been alarums, excursions and tuckets going off all over the stage. It was, after all, more of a play of patriotism than a biographical sketch; it therefore follows that if anything had happened during John's reign that had great good tidings for the English people, it would have appeared in full, and probably as a climax to the play. No doubt Brando would have brooded over the scene as the leading baron, with Charles Laughton doing another Bligh/Javert as King John. But, in fact, the charter was quite forgotten within a few decades, and was not taken from the shelf and dusted off until Stuart days, when Parliament decided that this was the thing to be excited and patriotic about, that it gave them a mandate to take over the country from a wicked and dissolute king. (Not that the king was that bad - but these things are so easy to say about a man who is not there, is too dignified to answer and whom you are about to dispose of anyhow. Once he is dead, you repeat them as being proved).

Not Richard 3, not John. More next mailing.