

I wonder if I'll ever manage to start and finish an issue of Celephais without being rushed. I rather doubt it. This issue is rushed for the usual reason - I just didn't get around to starting on it until now - one week before the change of administration. Of course, there is the standard problem of too much work to do and too little time to do it in. But in addition - addition looks better - I managed a summer vacation in the last month, which cut right across my fanning time. Which leads into the expected recital of the travels of one Evans during the preceeding quarter, which one or two people have said they like - and who am I to disappoint them.

I was out of town twice during the last three months. Over Thanksgiving I sneaked a day off and went to New Jersey with Joe for "hanksgiving at his folks in Toms River. We managed a day shopping in New York, but I didn't have time for fanning that trip - Joe isn't a fan, just a car bug, and we spent most of the time looking at cars and records. (That Rolls....) I did manage to pick up a couple of 78 records I'd been after for a long time. Nina Koshetz doing "Eili, eili" which completed my collection of her records. Rose Pauly doing the two arias from "Die Ägyptische Helena" of R Strauss - the only recordings from this opera (vocal, I mean) I can trace. They are splendid singing. [IRCC has just announced these and other Strauss selection by Pauly on an LP, which I will have to get. But I still like the sound of the 78] A St Petersburg Columbia of Maria Michailova - only one she made, I believe - dating from 1902. Another Chaliapin - A mother-in-law had seven sons-in-law - on Opera Disc, a pirated post-WWI German import from ex HMV masters. Three white-label pressings - otherwise unpublished - of Elisabeth Schumann doing Lieder. A nice haul. But we had to get back to Toms River early, and so left New York before doing much other than records and cars.

Then, two weeks later, I was able to get away, finally, on my "summer" vacation. I could have left a few days earlier, but decided it would be nice to spend Christmas with Mother for a change; it was the third time in 15 years I could be home at Christmas. And, of course, I decided to go by train. As it turned out, a wise choice.

In the rush of trying to get things cleared up at the office, I didn't have much time for any fanning; I hadn't even gotten around to reading the FAPA mailing. I thought of taking it along, but didn't have room enough in the suitcase or briefcase for things I thought I would need on the trip. And, of course, I was busy trying to get the Christmas shopping done, before I left, for the people in the east. (And trying to find something for an elderly (90+ years old) lady who has everything, doesn't read much, or listen to records or such, and who won't give suggestions, is trying, to say the least - and that was an unintentional pun, honest.) And there were others just as bad. I even left part of it for Joe to do. Anyway, I finally cleared off the desk - by putting things in drawers - and was ready to leave. The Saturday before the 11th of Dec I decided to have snow tires put on the car, as I had time, and they weren't busy at the station.

Came Sunday. We woke up to find it snowing. "A light snow, one or two inches" was the forecast that morning. It kept on snowing.  
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And continued to snow all day. By the time we were about to leave to catch the train, it was six inches deep. And Joe didn't have snow tires or chains. So, we took my car (which Joe used for most of the month I was away.) And off to Silver Spring, plowing through the snow which was rather wet and beginning to pack. The streets were unplowed and unsanded. Sand would have done little good, though, as it would have been covered up by the snow, which was turning into sleet. The only plow we saw (after we left the small town of Mt Rainier, which had plowed its streets early in the day and kept plowing them) was on Georgia Avenue in Silver Spring (US29) while waiting for the train. As a result of this lack of plowing, the wet snow packed and turned to ice, which stayed and stayed.

Anyway, the train, which started in Baltimore, was almost an hour late reaching Silver Spring. They had had trouble in the short run between Baltimore and Washington. The airports were closed, of course - and stayed closed for a couple of days, I understand - and the ticket office was crowded with people trying to get even seat space to Chicago. I was amused to note the people who obviously wouldn't consider riding even by Pullman taking seat tickets with pleasure. The Pullman space was sold out early and I believe almost all the coach seats were gone, too. And it was then too late to add additional cars. Joe and I stood around on the platform, in the cold, for a time, and then moved into the overheated, crowded waiting room, only to retreat to the fresh air outside shortly. While we were waiting, the train from the West arrived - three hours late, festooned with ice and with a heavy layer of snow on all spots that offered a resting-place. The traction trucks of the diesel were a solid mass of snow; I wondered how they were able to operate without shorting the electric windings of the motors.

Finally, a couple of men came out and started to shovel the long, open platform that ran from the station shelter over the Georgia Avenue overpass some 400 feet. This created some excitement, with people assuming this meant the train was about to arrive. There was a general surge outside, with the young among the waiters running down the platform to look for the first sight of the diesel. Still we waited.

Finally, an hour late, the train pounded its way up the rather steep curve leading into the station, and I was off. By then it was dark, and I was hungry, so I headed for the diner, and ate a nice steak (if you are going to pay that much for pork chops or liver, you might as well pay that much plus another six bits or so and have a nice steak with all the trimmings) while travelling through the snow-covered Maryland countryside. After dinner I went up to the dome - the only domes in regular service in the East - and watched the snow go by. The B&O go the western roads one better with the domes; they install a bank of powerful lights on the front of the car which illuminate the right side of the track for quite a distance. (Their domes are small, located in the center of the car, much like the UP domes.) This makes quite an interesting ride, watching the colored position lights ahead wink from vertical green: through yellow to horizontal red, hearing the high-pitched ding-ding-ding of the crossing bell as you approach it suddenly fade into a lower pitch as you roar past, while the lights of the cars waiting for clear track shine briefly on the curved panes, revealing the clumps of snow that are gradually melting and sliding down, even as they grow with new snow. Then, there are the small towns, with the lights of the houses hinting of activity inside; early in the night, the lights are downstairs; later they are upstairs. The country is apparently deserted, with only a very few lights from the scattered farm-houses breaking the vista of snow-covered fields. Trees stand ghostly in the glare of the lights, with snow-covered branches only half-visible in the scattered snowflakes. One of the most enjoyable types of travelling - riding the dome through a winter night. And, a feature I find welcome. The dome is usually cooler than the rest of the train, and I'm one of the people who



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turn off the heat in the roomette, throw back the blanket, and am still too warm to sleep well. So, the dome is much more comfortable, to me, than the lounge. Although I can't get a beer in the dome.

I spent several hours up in the snowy night, watching the speedometer rise and fall - the speed, I mean - as the train wound its way into the West Virginia hills. At times the snow slackened, and I could see out into the night for some distance, noting the dark shapes of the pine (?) covered hills blocking out the slightly lighter sky. Again, it would start to snow, and nothing would be visible but the snowflakes dancing in the light, twisting and churning in the air currents flung violently out by the rush of the train. I found the whole situation restful, even when we were rocking around the curves at 60 mph. I felt I was starting to uncoil the tensions that had been built up at work the last six months. This, of course, is the reason I go by train; it gives me a chance to relax, as there is nothing much to do but sit and drink - which I can't afford (and it's fattening, too) - or read (and I get trainsick if I read much) or watch the scenery and relax. Which I do. After all, it is a vacation.

The next morning, we arrived in Chicago - on time. (I believe I've been on time on the B&O Capital Limited every time, in spite of flood and snow and rain. Which I can't say about the Pennsy - or any of the western roads) I spent the morning from about 6:30 in the dome, except for an interlude in the diner. Watching the approach to Chicago along the lake front is interesting, especially because I like to figure out what the rail lines are doing. Surprisingly, there was little snow, with even that almost disappearing as we entered Chicago. But there was ice on the lake, with rough spray frozen on the rocks along the edge. Quite a contrast from the summers when I've seen swimmers on the same beaches.

Chicago was cold - even for Chicago. It was about 15 above, with a wind from the lake bringing little spits of sleet. Not enough to coat a windshield, but enough to make walking unpleasant. Especially into the wind. I transferred stations, then walked from the station to the Subway. That was cold. I went out to a book dealer I'd visited before, who specialized in railroad and naval material. There I learned he was in the hospital with a heart attack, doing well, but still not available. I spent several hours browsing through the stock, selected about 100 postcards or trains and streetcars, drooled over some old timetables and got a couple, looked at the prices of some of the naval books and shuddered (Anyone want to buy a 1919 edition of Jane's "Fighting Ships" for \$75? I'll sell my copy for that.) and finally left. Dropped into a stamp store and found some items I'd been looking for for some time, and at a reasonable price, spent time in Marshall Field's looking at their antique silver and furniture and glassware and other goodies, all displayed for Christmas. A beautiful store, and one of the great department stores. It makes Macy's look like Woolworths.

Left Chicago at 6 on the CMSt&P-UP-SP City of San Francisco combined with the CMSt&P-UP City of Los Angeles combined with the CMSt&P-UP Challenger [Sounds like a fanzine title, doesn't it?] train 101-103-107. Having skipped lunch, I was early in the diner, and ate dinner in the dome section, watching the suburbs of Chicago flash by. No snow, although some was threatened. Again spent most of the evening in the dome, although not as interesting because no lights. (But the dome would be a fine place to take your girl, especially after about 9 PM. Cozy, very few people, and very dim lights....) The next day I spent time in the dome, especially as we went over Sherman pass between Cheyenne and Laramie, watching for nice snow scenes. There was some snow on the ground - patches of dirty-looking stuff, with a few deeper drifts of a foot or so along the drift fences. This route, of course, isn't famous for its high mountain scenery; only to the south where the peaks of the



Rocky Mountains in the Rocky Mountain National Park are visible is there much real "scenery". Being somewhat different, though, I like the vista of barren rolling hills, covered with scrub sage and bunch grass and oil pumps. After spending the year in the east, where a real vista is maybe 20 miles, unless you get up in the "high mountains" on Skyline Drive, where you can look over the vista of the Shenandoah valley; really quite a view in the fall when the trees are starting to turn, and a smokey haze lies over the whole view, giving it a unreal aspect.

But I digress. I like the typical Wyoming-type view, with no spectacular mountains to bemuse you, but just miles and miles of country that looks as though it would be wonderful for horseback exploration. [This, of course, is dreaming. But I enjoy such dreams.] I've seen it in the summer, when the sage is still green, and it looks somewhat less harsh. And in late fall, when the frost has killed the color and the snow has not yet covered the bareness. And once I've seen it snowcovered, with a blanket of fresh, undirty white. From the train I could see tracks of animals, rabbits and other small and not so small beasts, scribbled on the slightly-packed surface of the snow, visible not so much as an imprint, but as a shadow, breaking the smooth, wind-polished surface. This time, though, there was no snow for tracks. There were a few cattle here and there, in fields close to ranches, grazing on the traces of grass still visible. It was cold and there was a brisk wind; the cattle seemed to graze in one direction, head away from the wind. Not an inspiring sight, but a typically western one. To the south there were the higher Rock ys, beautifully snowclad and sparkling when the sun came out to warm the dull aspect. I noticed other passengers complaining about the "lack of a view;" I felt satisfied.

Late - about 75 min late - we came into Ogden. It had been too dark to appreciate the more rugged passage through the Wasatch Mountains and Weber Canyon; all I can remember is that it was snowing and poor visibility. [I did note that Bob Ieman failed in his duty as a new FAPAn and was not on the Rawlins platform bowing low as we pulled through.] At Ogden, they broke up our 24 car train into two sections, and the City of San Francisco pulled away over the Lucin cutoff across the Salt Lake while the City of LA turned south through Salt Lake City and headed for Las Vegas. At Ogden the SP put on one of their domes, which run the full length or almost so, of the car, with part of the lounge on the lower level with a "two-storey" dome; I rode down through Blue Canon and the American River section in this. We went through Reno before I was up, but from about Truckee west I watched the scenery change from the desert typical of Nevada into the lush forest of the western Sierras, and then into the farm plains of the Sacramento Valley. The Truckee-Blue Canon area is supposed to get some of the heaviest snow of any section of railroad in the US; the old Central Pacific had miles of snow sheds and still had trains stuck every winter. Even the modern diesels can come to trouble--several winters ago the City of SF was stuck at Donner Lake for about a week. But, this year there wasn't enough snow to cover the chinks in the roof of the snow shed. The big shed at Norden, where they have a 120 ft turntable under cover, was rather eerie, with the shafts of sunlight striking into the dimly lit hidden recesses of passing tracks. There are at least three tracks under cover here, plus several sidings; the effect is somewhat like the NY subway, with tracks separated by a fence of supporting piers. Only, the posts are wooden - massive 12 x 12s, spaced closely - and the overtimbers are smoke-blackened rather than just dirty. A meet with a long freight in this shed is an experience; no passing of two Broadway expresses can compare.

On down the American River to Sacramento and from there into the Bay area, across the massive bridge at Martinez Straits, along the edge of the Bay, through Crockett and Richmond and Berkeley and finally into Oakland. Not the old ferry station, where you climbed from the train onto the upper deck of the ferry for the ride across the Bay to the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, with the tall clock tower reminding you this was the entrance to San Francisco. This was the 16th street station, and instead of climbing onto the ferry deck, we clambered aboard standard Greyhound busses, of the older intercity type, for the trip over the Bay bridge to the SP depot at 3rd and Townsend in SF. The trip over the bridge is not bad, but the view is interrupted by the structure of the bridge - the bus goes on the lower truck level, where the Key trains (and the Sacramento Northern and Interurban Electric red trains in the days before the war) used to run. The tracks were pulled as far (Berkeleyward) as Yerba Buena island, and most of the roadway paved. The yards at the Key shops were also gone, and all that track taken up, overhead down, and poles and brackets neatly stacked. But, returning to the bus, as we must, the trip to the SP depot doesn't seem like coming to San Francisco.

The ferry trip was always a delightful end or start of a trip. It provided a pause that was relaxing and a view that was one of my favorites. Coming into San Francisco was especially nice, with the city gradually coming into view as the ferry swung under the Bay bridge, with Alcatraz in the medium distance and on a clear day the Golden Gate bridge showing redly in the distance. The tower of the ferry building would gradually become sharper, and finally the boat would obviously be making for it. It always seemed to me that we were aiming several blocks away from the proper slip, but we always landed safely. Behind the ferry building the financial section on lower Market Street showed up, with the hotels on Nob Hill behind. Off to the west, Telegraph Hill with the Coit tower etched on the top stood above the smaller homes of Russian Hill. A most impressive sight. Especially at night, when the lights of the city are on, sparkling and defying you to identify them. The Ferry Building tower was dimly lit, with the clock face hanging like a bright moon over it. Up Market Street the neon signs cried out their owners; closer the huge S P identified the Southern Pacific building. The Top of the Mark could be identified; it seemed higher than almost anything else. The lights on the Bay bridge looked like a row of dark orange beads (sodium lamps), hung between two massive shadows with red lights on the top. Car lights made white dots that moved slowly along the orange beads; below the Key trains crawled like a string of connected lights suspended on nothing.

And then there were the noises and sights of the water traffic, the barges and tugs moving up and down, the larger ships on their way out through the Gate, the little motorboats skittering along, trying to avoid the swell left by the ferry, and bouncing when they met it. In the frequent fogs, the impression was much different; once you left the slip the ferry was moving through its own little world, with only the moans and hoots and bells to remind you that there was other life around. Even the air felt different; by day, it was fresh sea air, smelling of salt and the usual smells of the sea. At night, it was cooler, fresher perhaps, but still sea air. But in the fog it was dank, clammy, with little refreshing effect. After the warm air on the train, I enjoyed it for its freshness, but not the way the clear air was enjoyed. Fog along the beach is much the same, but there you have a feeling of being in at least a part of the familiar world; on ship, this feeling of stability is lost.

But I still felt San Francisco lost one of its most enjoyable and attractive features when the ferries bowed to progress. I liked them. They were one of the symbols of San Francisco. I could imagine the Ferry Building crowded with the commuters in the days when there were no bridges and everyone for Oakland and Berkeley and Alameda and Marin county used the ferries.



After 5 pages I've finally reached San Francisco. While there I did the usual things. I shopped for books and records. I prowled through the White House and Emporium and Gump's and the other stores, bright with Christmas decorations and filled with crowds. San Francisco stores have their own personality. Unlike most of the eastern stores I've been in - Marshall Fields is an exception - they have a feeling for the past; they take pride in having been in business for 80 or 90 or 50 years. If they were involved in the Earthquake of 06, they mention "in business here before the Quake." In an age when things change so rapidly, this gives one a feeling of stability. I imagine places such as London must have some of this feel. Boston does, in spots. Examples - when there was a threat that the cable cars might be done away with (murdered was the adjective used by many) the Emporium bought one of the cars to be scrapped, placed it on the roof, and announced "There will always be a cable car in San Francisco." And they meant it; the car is still there, kept up. San Francisco is a place where I can go into a bookstore, spend several hours, and finally end up having dinner with the bookseller, talking books and people and stuff. I feel I know several dealers quite well there, although I seem them only once a year.

Anyway, I got to the hotel, checked in, went out to eat, shopped, got back, found a message from Bill Donaho, called him. He picked me up and out to his place for a fan gathering. Picked up Dave Pike and his girl on the way. Shortly Terry and Miriam dropped in, along with Ron Ellik, Jim Caughran, Karen, and all three Ellingtons. Also, of course, Danny was there. Had a wonderful evening of talk, talk, talk, and drink. When we finally broke up, the Ellingtons dropped me back in SF, and I hit the hay about 3AM. I'd planned to call Bill the next evening about a get together, but the above-mentioned book discussion kept me occupied until too late for any sort of fan gab, as I had an early train to catch. But, thanks, Bill, for a nice evening of good company and good talk.

Up at 6AM the next morning to catch the train bus to catch the Shasta Daylight for Salem. We left late; the Oakland Lark (I think) was late coming in and blocked the track for about 20 minutes while unloading mail before our train - which had been sitting patiently down in the Oakland yards (unlike the passengers, who were standing somewhat impatiently on the 16th Street platform) - could come in on the outbound track. But finally we left, threading our way back through Berkeley, Richmond, Crockett, retracing the Overland route as far as Davis. Here, we left the Overland main and headed north on the Shasta route. This has - I think - prettier scenery than the route over the Sierras; the train climbs along the sides of the Sacramento River canyon, dodging in and out of side canyons, ducking through tunnels and over bridges above rushing mountain torrents, while the flora gradually becomes greener and more like home. And when I say "torrents up there, I mean it. I was raining hard all the way north. Even in snow country, it rained. At the head of the canyon the Shasta line splits off from the original line that is shorter, but has horrible grades and curves as it heads over the mountains to Ashland and Medford. The main line, built about forty years ago, heads off at Black Butte, just above Dunsmuir, and curves in front of Mt Shasta over lava fields until finally reaching, after only a little climbing, Klamath Falls. Usually this would offer a wonderful view of Shasta, but the rain and/or fog made any distant view impossible. There was little snow on the ground; in places traces of earlier falls could be seen, but nothing like pictures I've seen. We reached Klamath Falls late, in the rain, and then started over the Cascades, a gentle climb from the east, and then a long, winding descent on the west. Usually this is a pretty view, with lots of green woods - big stands of Douglas fir and sugar pine - but at night, in the rain I couldn't see much. I've been over it by day, and remember the way the line curves into blind canyons to gain altitude, crosses bridges that are thrown between two tunnel portals, and finally glides - eastbound - past lovely Odell Lake before it reaches the barren Eastern Oregon plain. But on this trip, I was more interested in getting home, by then, and was worried



only by how late we would be in Salem, and how long Mother would have to wait. But finally we raced through the heavy - Oregon now - downpour and arrived in Salem. I turned up my coat collar, grabbed briefcase, and stepped down into the rain. Picking up suitcase, I sloshed towards the station, where Mother was sensibly waiting out of the rain. I was home for Christmas - a week early. But not like the song - no snow. Only rain.

Needless to say I spent a quiet vacation at home. We had two Christmas dinners; the first because one of Mother's best friend, her cousin, was leaving to spend Christmas with a daughter in Washington. This was a week early, complete with presents and all. Then, we were invited out for the real Christmas dinner. Aside from that, I did very little. Read a lot of mysteries. Visited several old friends who were still around. Found out that most of my old friends were no longer around town. Of the group I grew up with, only one is still around town, as far as I know. A few others I went to school with. And the rest are scattered. I wonder if this isn't a result of the war - WWII, I mean. My generation were just getting out to become established when the war broke, and shifted us all over the world. Those who were older than we were had already put down some roots and didn't move as much; if they did, they usually had something to come back to. [I don't know if this is true of the period after the war; any one comments?] Anyway, I relaxed, enjoyed myself, and forgot all about thermochemistry. And almost all about fandom.

I'd planned to leave Salem On Jan 3 for Seattle to spend two days there with the Busbys, and then head east for Washington and work. Naturally, things didn't work out quite that way. Mother had gotten some ideas. A friend of hers had come originally from Victoria, BC, and had a sister-in-law living there. This s-i-l was spending the winter or part of it with a daughter in SF, and suggested that her apartment and car were both available for use on Vancouver Island. So, Mother and Florence decided that they wanted a short vacation, and that as I'd never been to Victoria, they would show me the city. So, it was planned that we would drive up to Seattle New Years day, fly over to Victoria, spend three days there, and fly back on the 4th. The only flight back was at 6PM, unfortunately. This sort of put me on the spot, but I called Buz and explained the situation - or I think I did - and arranged for a one-night stand, and went along with the trip.

We left about 8AM Sunday for Seattle and thought for awhile we weren't going to make it. The road between Salem and Portland was fog-bound and covered with a film of ice. Fortunately, the shoulder was unpaved and wide, and by driving there we made pretty good time - about half the speed limit of 70. Beyond Portland, things improved, and we made good time. We pulled into the airport at Seattle - fortunately south of Seattle proper about 20 minutes before plane time. By the time we picked up the tickets and parked the car for the several days, there was no time to grab anything to eat, and we were getting powerful hungry. But in any case, we got off on time - 1:25 - and had a beautiful trip. On the ground there was little visibility, with heavy clouds. However, we broke through easily and found ourselves in sunlight with masses of white clouds rolling below. The Olympic Mts thrust their snow-covered peaks through the clouds, making a beautiful picture. The flight - in a DC3 - was quite smooth, with only a couple of bumps. And finally we landed, checked through customs - "Any cigarettes or tobacco or firearms or liquor?" "No." "Thank you." - and took the bus for town, some 15 miles away. The bus was a small intercity bus such as Greyhound used before the war for feeder service. It read like one, too. In to town, caught a cab, and out to the apartment, which was one of 6 made by converting an old house. This was one of the smaller, two bedrooms, each with two twin beds and plenty of room, a large kitchen and dining room, good-sized bath and immense living-room, with a view over the back lawn, which sloped down to a rockery and on down to a hedge. The view was over the city towards the Olympics, which were visible on a clear day. And all for \$125/mo.



After cleaning up we decided to go out for an early dinner. So we started calling some of the better restaurants for reservations - after all, it was New Years and people - people, too - would be eating out. We tried Chez Albert - no answer. We tried King Arthur's Round Table - no answer. We tried the Princess Mary - no answer. We wondered if the phone was out of order - it was on standby service, and might not work outgoing, either. So, we decided to drive over to some and see what was what. Chez Albert was closed - regular closing day. King Arthur's was closed for a week. The Princess Mary was closed. The Empress Hotel coffee shop was closed; the dining room was open, but required dress - dinner dresses for the women, business suits for the men. None of us had the right clothes, so we didn't try there. Anyway, they were reserved to capacity; only hotel guests could get in. Finally, we were directed to Paul's Crown House - better than anything else apt to be open - and apparently about the only decent place open. This was a super Hot Shoppe type, but had good steaks. And waitresses wearing leotards, tights, and loose tunics ala 14th century court dress. Not bad, for the girls with good legs and good figures - the tunic concealed part of the upper torso, but was merciless in revealing the hips and thighs, ending just at the middle of the thighs, and falling loose away from the body. Several good figures, will nicely rounded legs and.... But one or two were too slim and lost appeal, and the hostess, who was somewhat older, revealed that even the best can lose out with age - not badly, though. (We discovered this was only for the holidays; Tuesday, they were back in ordinary dresses/uniforms.) After dinner, we drove around the city, went back to the apartment, and played canasta. Which is not my favorite game.

Monday, we drove up the eastern/central part of the island, over the mountains - nice scenery, green and rugged - and crossed by ferry to the other side of the bay, coming back to Victoria. Lots of flowers out - flowering plum, pansies, Scotch broom, and things I don't know the names of, but which had Mother and Florence remarking on how early everything was. They saw about 30 species that shouldn't have been blooming (and weren't 350 miles south, in the Willamette Valley, with a mild climate).

This time, dinner was easier to find - most restaurants were still closed, but one, the Fish Net, was open, with a good smorgasbord. No shopping, as yet. Wednesday, shopped in the morning - a couple of good book stores, with nice postcards, for me, antique shops for the girls - and in the afternoon drove up the western side of the island, as far as the road went, to the power plant. Had an English tea - my first - at a little resort at Point No Point, on the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Tea was served in the back sun-porch, with a beautiful view of the Straits, surf breaking on the beach just below and to the sides in the small coves that were behind the point, and a tug with two barges in tow making its way into the Sound. It was somewhat overcast - no pictures - but dimly to the south we could see the northern tip of the Olympic peninsula. Very nice, especially as the wind was cold, and we could warm ourselves at the fire and still look out into the beach.

That night, we got to eat at the Princess Mary, a fancy, expensive type restaurant. Originally a small ship, it was first used as a floating lunch-counter on the waterfront, and gradually developed into one of the better eating places. Marine decor, with marine fittings - bulkhead doors, even on the heads, which I understand cause some trouble for people who have a little too much and are a few sheets to the wind. Anyway, the food was good, and not expensive (food in Victoria was cheap - the smorgasbord was only \$1.65, for example); I had oysters on brochette. Oyster shishkebab, with oysters wrapped in bacon alternating with mushrooms. Very tasty. And a small crab saled with lots of the good western/northern crab - none of this puny eastern soft-shell stuff, that has to be disguised somehow. [If you make the Season, I recommend the western Crab as good; avoid the lobster, as it probably flew from Maine anyway.]

Wednesday was similar; shopping in the morning - it was early-closing day - [I have the feeling in Victoria the stores are closed most of the time; at least I found it that way!] and then a tour of the ritzy residential area, down near the south-east point, with big houses and big lots and big lawns and big gardens and big views. Houses hidden from the road - not a street, really, but a lane - by hedges; peeping through, one could see houses that resembled pictures of the English manor houses. Very impressive - if you have the money to hire the upkeep, it would be a wonderful place to live. But for me - too much house and ground. Beautifully kept up, though.

Finally took the airport bus out, through the rain and gloom, and found we had a Viscount for the trip back. Seems they had retired the DC3s as obsolete on the second, and put on the bigger prop-jet Viscounts. We expected a nice trip, even if overcast; we were disappointed - and how. It was rough, once we got up (which was nice and easy) and we had to keep seat-belts fastened all the time. Even the stewardess spent most of her time sittin' down; moving up the aisle she tacked from seat to seat, trying to keep up with the lurching of the plane. It went up and down, rolled left and right, yawed left and right, pitched up and down, all at the same time, it seemed. Even the stewardess mentioned that it was a very rough trip. And nothing to see but dark clouds, until just before we reached Seattle. Here the clouds parted for a while or we dropped below them, and I could see the city all lighted up below. The super highways showed as strings of nearly-motionless lights, stretching for miles. The side roads showed more movement. I'd never realized how big Seattle was, before. The lights in the darkness made it seem much bigger than by day. At last we landed, in the rain. We dashed into the terminal, identified ourselves to immigration, opened our bags for customs - "Buy anything?" "Postcards" "OK" - and had them chalked, and out into the concourse - where a beard and a pleasant female face met us. The Busbys.

Mother and Florence took off for Salem, where Florence had to be at work. Thursday. And I went off with the Busbys for a short period of fan activity. We stopped for dinner at the hotel selected for the Convention. The coffee shop was nice, and the food good. After Victoria it seemed somewhat expensive, but when I readjusted to USA prices it was in line with any other non-greasy-spoon such as the Hot Shoppes. And drinks at the table, too, not like the Hot Shoppes. Good drinks, and ample size. After - whoops, before eating, while waiting for a booth, we toured the place. It is a motor hotel, two floors high, near the airport. We didn't look in the rooms, but the rates were not bad for two or more in a room. Singles are high, I feel, but with the known fanish habit of piling into rooms, this should not be serious. No elevator trouble - no elevators, except a service one for emergency use. Four bars, I think it was. Upstairs and downstairs dining rooms. The upstairs meeting room - or was that the banquet room? - seemed very nice. Closed-circuit tv available for those who can't or won't go to the banquet. And the banquet price seems reasonable, including speaker and all. Seems like a nice set-up.

Anyway, maybe I'll be there.

After dinner - eaten and drunk - back to the Busby domicile, to be greeted by Nobby and Idea, who were as friendly as ever - which is saying a lot. Later back and Ruth Speer dropped in, complete with children. A nice evening of talk and home brew; I found I was liking both Speers more as I knew them better. And the children were well behaved, sleeping like children should and so often don't. And yet, I didn't have the feeling they were unpersonalized. I just think the Speers have good sense. The party broke up late, so we slept late. The next day it rained and rained and rained. So, we did nothing but fan-gab; not even a one shot. And ate. Everything was good, but I still didn't get that home-made bread. I'll have to go back.

Train time was 3:30 PM, so about 3 we left, arriving at the station at 3:15. As we walked into the concourse



a train was pulling out, gay in Great Northern colors. Rushing up, we found it was the Empire Builder, my train, which left at 3:15, and had for about four months. Baz, with a quick grasp of the situation, checked the time at Everett, grabbed a bag, and we all dashed for the car, which was close. We had about 50 minutes to catch it at Everett, 30+ miles away on US99, which goes through traffic and more traffic. However, this didn't stop Baz. With superb skill, cutting lights on the yellow sometimes, nudging the speed limit a little, maneuvering around the slower drivers and trucks, he got to Everett, where we stopped in a service station to find out where the station was. For once we hit an intelligent attendant, who gave us easy, clear direction without trying to check the oil. Sliding back into the traffic on a green-yellow light we sped on, turned at the correct light - at least it worked - and wriggled through several side streets until we caught a glimpse of the Red-orange and green train at the station. Baz didn't bother with a parking place, but drove right into the mail loading space. I grabbed bags and shouted a hurried good-bye and sprinted for my car, making it by about a minute. I'd no sooner seated myself than we started, and pulled out, as I waved to the Busbys as I passed. I guess the police didn't catch up with them; at least I've heard no bad words from Seattle. This ended a wonderful, but too, too short visit with two nice people and fans. [I wrote a nasty letter to the B&O about the ticket foul-up last week, getting back a reply that this would be brought to the attention of all personnel, especially those responsible for it. I hope it does some good. This is the second time the B&O and Great Northern haven't been in agreement about the times the GN runs their trains; both times it was the wrong way. The other time was in Chicago several years ago, the time was off 30 min, and I didn't have Baz to hero-drive after it (nor was there a station close enough to catch it even if Chicago traffic weren't even worse than Seattle. I stopped off 24 extra hours that time.)]

Once I got on the train the trip back was uneventful. Rain going into the Cascades, making the twilight very gloomy and restricting the sunset view I'd hoped to get. Snow was visible near the Cascade tunnel, and more was falling; on the other side there was a fair amount. The next morning we skirted Glacier Park; there was a lot of snow there - at least for this trip. In places there was a foot or more on the ground, and the hills and mountains were quite white-clad. A lack of sun kept it from being the spectacular view I've seen in the past. When the sun falls on this area after a snow, the picture looks like those picture postcards - the ones that you just don't believe can be that pretty. In fact, the best views are more impressive than the cards; they have a three-dimensional feeling that is missing from the pictures.

We rode on and on and on through Montana; finally, at sunset, we left the state. Nothing worth mentioning in view or flora and fauna in the eastern section of the state on this route. Just flat land, very gently rolling in spots, with a few streams here and there.

Arrived in Chicago on time; over to the B&O's Grand Central Station, and a couple of hours to kill - one hour by that time - with the temperature way down making walking not too much fun. Went out bookshopping and found one item - a first of Thuvia of Mars in dj. ~~Pis~~ on cover same as in the original Argosy - All-Story publication. Back to the B&O to find the Capital Limited separated into the CL proper and the coach Columbian, a separate train in holiday and summer seasons. The Capital had about 7 extra pullmans added, mostly older cars and pool cars; the Columbian was also full. It developed that the delegates to the conference on old-age were descending on Washington that night. I got into the diner early (no lunch) before the vultures could assemble; the club cars were full and not a seat was available. Nothing to drink, I decided.

The next morning I woke up early to watch the descent through the mountains to Harpers Ferry and across Maryland to Washington (Silver Spring). There had apparently been a recent snow; the roads were white with little sign of travel and the trees still had a coating of snow, outlining them gracefully. As it was Sunday there was little activity so early; a few tendrils of smoke drifted up from chimneys and an occasional car cautiously edged along, plumes of white vapor following it in the frosty air. We turned through Harpers Ferry, crossed the bridge and plunged into the tunnel; on the other side we began to follow the old C&O Canal, still visible in many places, with long stretches still having water - frozen over at this time of the year. Past Point of Rocks and the junction with the Old Main Line to Baltimore; then the swing away from the Potomac across fields and through the small towns that once were farming centers, but now are just wide spots on the highway where people who work on the outskirts of Washington choose to live. Then into Rockville, into back country that looks 100 miles away from civilization, back into Kennington and then into Silver Spring all at once. Drawing on my gloves, I clambered down and claimed my bag from the porter in return for four bits. Walking toward the steps, I met Joe, who had driven over to pick me up. Vacation was over.

Later that Sunday I went in to work for a while. I wanted to see how deep my desk was covered. I found out. It still is. The equation 1 week off makes two weeks of covered desk seems to hold. But, vacation is fun. Even a "summer" vacation in the middle of winter.

So now, I'm trying to get something in the February mailing. Would that Enay or Pavlat were OE, just this once.

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Standard works in this series on the following breeds have already appeared: Alsatian, Dachshund, Cocker Spaniel, Welsh Corgi, Boxer, Scottish Terrier, Labrador Retriever, Collie, Pekinese, Shetland/Heepdog, Yorkshire Terrier and the Poodle.

\* All are 18/-, save The Scottish Terrier (15/-).

---advertisement in British Books [via AB]

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It is now time to take a deep breath, hold my nose (though not from the odor of the mailing!) and jump into the 93rd FAPA mailing. I believe the mags are in the order listed in the FA; if not, Devil Take the Hindmost. (shades of Langley Searles.)

The Fantasy Amateur [us]. I'm interested to note who of the w1 has or has not submitted credentials. Of course, I have advance information; but, several well towards the top have not done anything as of now - Day 2 of Year 1 of the reign of JFK - some have not even acknowledged the FA. So, waiting-listers, take hope. There may be some changes made.

Gafia Press Style Book

[Beggs]. May I suggest that a few abbreviations need periods; such as in. For inch to avoid confusion with the preposition in. I prefer omitting commas in series of numbers if there is chance of it going overseas; the European usage is the reverse of ours - the period indicates the breaks in powers of 10, the comma the decimal point. The form 123 456 789.357 987 098 is simpler and avoids confusion. ### Do you actually give the titles of all countries except the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in full? Like the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Union of South Africa, Republica Oriental del Uruguay, Commonwealth of Australia, The United States of Brasil, Republica de Columbia, Deutsche Demokratische Republik, usw? ### I've never seen this business of running footnotes 1-99, then starting over. What happens when you want to refer to footnote first 25 when you've reached second 15? (Sounds like designations of trains! First section, etc.)



Eyetracks [Coslet]. But driving on a vacation is a chore; the only reason for driving is to have the car when you get to your destinations. Thus, in the vacation described above, I would have liked the car in San Francisco, Salem, and Seattle, but I would not have wanted the car for the trip from here to San Francisco, except perhaps in Sacramento and perhaps Salt Lake City for book and postcard hunting. For one thing, for me driving is a waste of time and energy; why should I spend three days just getting to Denver, three days of hard 500 mile driving. Especially in winter. If I'm on a sightseeing trip, visiting Yellowstone and Glacier and Lake Louise and Crater Lake and such, a car is necessary to get there and see the thing; the chore of getting there is the necessary evil I put up with. But, if I'm going to a convention in Seattle or a visit home in Salem, I don't want to spend half my time just driving there and back. I can take the train and relax for a day or so and catch up on my sleep, or fly, and get there in a hurry, if I have to. But driving is only a means of getting the car to places where it is necessary.

Outer Space [Bradley/oggs]. I laughed at this. I especially enjoyed the publishing history. Was the "Squeet" intentional? Only one fault; it ended too soon. When does the sequel appear?

Bull Moose [Morse]. Steam, gee. On 7000 miles of rail travel I saw nary a steam engine. Not even in dead storage. True, a few of the likely spots were passed by night, but even at Laramie and Cheyenne, former strongholds of the Big Boys, not a one was to be seen. The gas turbines have taken over here, I believe. Some may still be working around Ogden, but that was night, again. ### Yes, the other Morse I'm interested in. Comments on Wayne I heard while home were interesting; even the democrats are a little uncertain of where he stands. The general feeling is that he was a very able man, but that he has somehow gotten off the main line. I'm interested in the election two years from last spring - primary - and last November - general - when he will probably be running for reelection. It will be interesting - I'm doing a lot of "interesting" this page, I see - to see what his party does in the nominating primary; and whom the republicans run against him. ### Even though your grandfather damned you, you should be good for the sake of your grandchildren; you want them to go to heaven, don't you? ### Could the difference in English and US politics be typified in the usage "standing for election" vs "running for office"? The last presidential campaign is a good example of the latter. ### but roughly has a different meaning from approximately; at least I feel that something - an estimated value of a heat of formation doesn't have to be roughly xyz; that implies only an order of magnitude; approximately pins it down by a factor of ten, at least. The order would be roughly, approximately, about, and then +. ### Various of the states here have fair trade laws, most of which are not enforced to firmly. The argument is that the manufacturer has to start complaint and action against anyone as soon as he learns of their not enforcing the price, or he loses his right to do so. As a consequence, records, for example, are being price-cut in most areas, some more than others. And electrical items - fry pans, toasters, etc. ### More to you when I hit Phyllis - her mag, I mean; I wouldn't hit her, as far as I know.

Different [Moskowits]. The date on the cover makes me wonder. Was this distributed that far back outside FAPA? And, of course, the SFTimes insert is too old for credit. ### Some of those stories from the French seem too stupid to be real - until one remembers things that have appeared in American prozines in the past. Like the universe is a superman with a milky way for a backbone. From the shape of the local galaxy, this superman must have a wheel-shaped back. ### I'm glad to see Chris opening up a little. But I'd hate to read nothing but poor stories. Maybe Chris should sample some of the earlier FAPA magazines, like Solar with its "good" fan fiction. Maybe we're interested in gossip.

Catch Trap [Brailley] . (I hope you don't mind page 13, Marion. ### This seems like a good place to mention that there will be another amendment coming up this fall for vote - I think. While out at Seattle Buz and Jack (?) and Elinor and I got to talking about the 22 signature requirement and the fact that it waives the required activity - and dues, if it comes down to that, although no one seems to have thought of that - for a year. This is rather drastic, and does deserve such a large number of approving members. But, we felt the simple 12 signature bit would still be good for extending for one mailing, no more, the time to make up the required activity/dues, with future deadlines remaining as they were. There are occasional foul-ups in the best plans - suppose Durbee were to break an arm in January of some year - that would warrant an extension of time, but not a remission, as does the present version - which would be retained. Comment? ### If people worry about the gender of objects when buying them, they should be glad they are not German or French, where things have genders, some rather surprising. Both Mädchen and Fraulein are neuter in German, even though the Frä. is 40 years old. r 25, for that matter. ### The reason for lower rates to overseas members was because of the lower level of prices in general; the \$3 here represents a larger amount of the average take-home pay there. I'm still for it. ### I don't have a taper yet, Marion; when I do, I'll take off a bunch of the Caste Divas and other items for you. How about the complete version I mentioned from the Hat of years ago? ### There is a question, of course, as to what is the "correct" Messergaki version of "Boris" as he revised it a couple of times, took out scenes, rearranged others, rewrote music, etc. All R-K did was to continue the process, and to add some "better" orchestration. I've listened to a Russian recording using the "original" and I didn't find it too much different. In Boris, it is the singing that matters; a great Boris can carry the opera with him - Chaliapin, for example. One of the additions, I believe, was the whole Polish scene, added to give the ballet something to do. In the movie, it was beautiful, but contributed little, until the dust in the garden, with its blazing love music. In the movie they did one thing they don't do on stage. The final act with the two scenes was played as three scenes. The "revolutionary" scene was split, opening the act to the entrance of Dmitri, then shifting to the death scene of Boris, and then back for the second half of the revolutionary scene, with the country aflame, the peasants in misery, and the idiot wailing "Wee, wee to Russia." Made a very effective act, but would be hard to do on stage. But the finale with the idiot sitting on the stump is much more impressive than the death of Boris, magnificent though that is.

I haven't heard the new Porca so I can't comment; I'm not a follower of the earlier Verdi, except for some of the major arias and scenes, so really can't comment. I feel that his last operas, though, are among the greatest - Falstaff is one of my favorites, neglected though it is. And here cuts would be hard to take.

Sweet drinks are all right in their place, as a casual summer cooler, but for serious drinking, alcohol included, I prefer something like Scotch straight. No after effects, no heavy head. I don't like gin, so Martinis are on my nix list. Tom Collins ditto, but a vodka Collins is good. (That was Lancy's drink for cocktail sipping.) A sweet wine or liquor is horrible; I like wine with a slight tart taste. Although I do like chocolate, if not too sweet. Beer should not be really bitter; just slightly pungent.

But Mrs. Carr and Cpl Rapp married into FAPA. They are part of a full membership. And a member can include almost anything in his publication, whether he wrote, printed, or financed it or not. ### "Puppet Masters" I didn't like when I read it; some of the style repelled me, for some reason. "Double Star" and "Door into Summer" were better by far. I could feel the characters in the latter stories, but not in the first.

Some meat you get out needs catsup - ketchup - and/or mustard to disguise the taste. I've had some like that while traveling. Not on the railroads, tho.



I enjoyed the comments re backstage in the show. It is astonishing how different an impression one gets of carnival people when you get behind the scenes for a while. ### We never had to sign a statement that we were going to college to "be a good Christian" but that was back when college was much easier to get into. And, of course, it was understood that there was to be no smoking on the campus - even faculty, except perhaps in their offices on the qt. - no drinking while a student, on or off campus, vacation or term, at home with the family or out. Dancing on the campus started the year I enrolled, although some of the houses had had dances off campus. And three chapels a week was required. A liberal Methodist college. You didn't have to be a church member. ### as a footnote to your comment to GMC re carnivals; I have and had the feeling she is looking on from the outside, as a person who has paid money and wants everything she can get. You, having seen the backstage life and knowing what goes into an act, are interested as to why things aren't as you would like or expect. An attitude I share. A parallel case of mine. A train I'm riding stops somewhere in the middle of nowhere and sits for a while. Other passengers complain about "a hell of a way to run a railroad" because they aren't going places; I'm interested as to why the stop - a meet or wait order, work train ahead, or something serious. Like the stop in Utah in Weber Canyon while a large, house-size boulder was removed from the track ahead. Without slide fences and detectors we would have smashed it at 60 mph. And I was probably the only one - passenger - aboard who realized why the stop.

Lark [Danner].

Right now I'd like to have some of those Firelli cleat tires. I suppose they would dig pavement because of the sharper points as against the pounding from truck chains. Like tractors with cleats, which are prohibited on many highways. ### The fourth law of thermodynamics says that the one package the post-office would open on a given day would be the one package of yours with unmailable material. Like the package of zines for a mailing Enny received that had come open in the mail - it was one with a unmailable cover. ### Most of the really classic cars seem good looking to me; the lines are simple and free of the horrible clutter of the modern tin cans. The Mercedes of a couple of years ago was that way - the 220 and 219, for example. The revised, new version has fallen under the spell of Detroit, and is not a well-designed car. ### Among the valuable but lethal things to be banned might be included women. This ban, if effective, would solve a lot of problems in several score years. Like other poisons, methylene blue, for example, this is good in small doses. Methylene blue is used in medicine, I believe, as an antidote for some form of poison (HCN?). In small doses. As is arsenic. and lots of other poisons.

Trichloroethylene is the industrial spelling; in most technical work the c is elided before the vowel. Ditto in German and French(?). I'm assuming you mean  $C_2HCl_3$ . Used as starting material in polymers, as a solvent, etc.

Short comments, Bill.

I'm running out of time and masters.

SerCan's Bane [FMBusby]. Why the yourHOS? YHOS is a well-historied fan word. ### Somewhere in that list of "FAPA members I have met" you dropped half a membership; I total it as 19 members - wait, 18.5 members, plus Wrai. Or 23 persons, plus Wrai. Should Ron send you the abacus? ### If you think the B&O is bad, try the Penn RR some time. The B&O I've always found pleasant; not like certain times on western roads. I have unpleasant memories of several.

A nice, restrained con report - one of the few I've read that weren't too name-dropping. I had the feeling that you enjoyed this one.

Melange [Trimble]. Quite a cover. But, since when did the USS John Griffin Trimble become a heavy cruiser (or is that a BB? I can't check right now)? That comment sound like you are filing for sec-treas for next election. Right out where everyone can see it. And early too. Consider yourself enrolled.

Otherwise, quite a cover. ### Isabel's letter should have been on a separate page, so that it could have gone into Ole Chavala! This certainly shows why the LA group like her so much - even in pale, cold print she becomes a real personality. ### The BSI addenda is arranged for excerpting. And I like the large number of fanish illusions so carefully coupled to the real idiom. ### You've dug up - I mean grabbed or something, of course - several worthwhile additions to your talents. Like Ruth Berman. Whose fanish talents show in her refusal to make notes. After all, with the total recall all fans have, plus the high IQ, why make notes? Just remember . . . Like, I can't remember where the Gorbals are. All I know is that Bliss wrote a ballet with that title. I feel it was laid in an English mining-manufacturing town.

Bjo

rambles nice, but I like Bjo drawing too - which I miss in this issue.

[Warner] (when I hope is back in action - at least partially - by this Horizons time.). That line in the wedding ritual always reminds me of the story - which I'm sure has been told by someone who knew someone who was told it by one of the group that plotted it-- about the group that hired a girl and infant to attend their "friend's" wedding, and stand up at that stimulating instant, shout "Yes," hold out baby, start to cry, and then hastily run out of church. Leaving behind a loud rustle of whispering. And a very embarrassed groom. And quiescent bride. ### I've always considered that some of Wagner was the most erotic music I've heard, with the opening of Der Rosenkavalier close. After all, the opening music was supposed to be with stage open, but the powers that be decreed it drawn for the first several bars at the opening performance. ### Our post office works differently from Hagerstown, I guess, in regards box mail. I got the afternoon paper from Salem by mail at the box. Sunday the 22 I got the paper for the evening of the 19th. And last week I mailed a letter - airmail - Sunday about 6pm to Boston. It got there and I got the answer - a large letter package - Tuesday at 7:30 PM in the box. ### In sweeping the image tube in TV the electron probe is moved by changes in the magnetic and electric fields; only the stream of electrons moves, and this is based over the surface of the tube in a definite pattern.

But there are states that do not give credit for Federal income taxes in the state income tax. And these states can end up making you pay more than 100% in certain portions of the scale. ### No, I don't have the old, old Schorr Maistersinger records. I've heard some, and are pretty poor recordings - too much stage action and too variable a level of recording. I have the later - 1928? - series of excerpts, with Melchior and Rothberg and such. Which are pretty good. ### Washington, DC, of course has streets that go in in the morning, out at night. This confuses the simple tourist, so he stays out of his car until after the rush - which is what the powers that be want, I guess. The big jam in the snow of Jan 19 was due, in part, to the extra drivers in town for the big doings who weren't used to Washington's streets and traffic, and weren't prepared for the troubles a few inches of snow can cause. I got home in two hours - a 20 minute trip, usually - but had no trouble with the snow, just with the fool drivers without chains or snow tires who ran out of gas or stalled or ran their batteries down with radio and heater and wipers and such while inching in traffic, and who just left their cars right in the middle of the streets, making other drivers get around them. Or the drivers who felt the way to drive in snow up a hill was to gun the motor and let her spin, making everyone else give them a wide berth as they slid over half the road. I finally took to the back streets, unsanded and implored, with more snow, and had no trouble. Until I came to a main road again. ### The fanhistory is a wonderful idea, Harry; Hope you can do it. Any help with fanzines of the period - I've got almost all the Fidos, for example - I can give, just ask.



[Note for Ruth Berman, continued from up there someplace. I've traced your Gorbals. The Gorbals seems to be a district on the South Side of Glasgow. At least, there was a station on the Glasgow, Barrhead and Kilmarnock Joint railroad just before the junction with the Glasgow and South Western which then crosses the Clyde. See what railroads lead you to? That station, by the way, was as of 1923. Before grouping.]

Leftover [Bradley]. I'm not sure of your definition of "square" -- in fact I'm a little doubtful of it -- but I like some of your definitions of it. However, couldn't the whole thing be boiled down to "he doesn't belong"? A square is the perennial outsider, the person who doesn't dig the clan talk, who is outside the circle -- the origin? of the usage? -- the wall-flower and the left-voer when sides are chosen for baseball. As a result, he is always on the outside, and is forced to become an audience. He really doesn't want to be a bore at a convention; he just doesn't know how to not be one. The couple at the movie would rather do something besides just neck; they don't dare, because they're not sure of the way to go about it -- in general, and maybe in the specific.

S-F Times Daily [Taurasi]. What is so stale as a dated newspaper.

Bobolings [Pavlat]. A 10% or 8% grade is not comfortable for an afternoon stroll; not even if only 1.8 miles long. This sounds almost like some of those San Francisco hills, where the girls in high heels have not trouble going up, and have to be carried back down -- even if they haven't had more than one drink at the Top of the Mark. ### Do you like the ### better to separate ideas? ### When I remember to use them. ### An uncle of mine spent a couple of weeks -- maybe a month -- in the SDA hospital and liked it better than some of the ones downtown -- better than all, I should say. Better service, and they made him feel he was a person, instead of a case. Even on Saturday. But he did miss meat. ### Prima facie limits are just that -- if you go faster you've got to be able to prove you could with safety. I believe -- in fact I've just looked it up in the Md handbook, and can quote the law.

(a) No person shall drive a vehicle on a highway at a greater speed than is reasonable and prudent under the conditions then existing.

(b) Where no special hazard exists the following speeds shall be lawful, but any speed in excess of said limits shall be prima facie evidence that the speed is not reasonable or prudent.

(c) No motor vehicle shall be operated upon any public highway in this state at a rate of speed exceeding twenty-five miles an hour on ordinary highways or thirty miles per hour on dual lane through highways in the thickly settled or business parts of cities, towns, and villages, or thirty miles per hour....

(d) No motor vehicle shall be operated upon any highway of this State at a rate of speed greater than fifty miles per hour; or fifty-five or sixty miles per hour as posted on dual lane highways. Note: Speed for commercial vehicles is 10 miles per hour less than lawful speed in zones designated for more than 35 m.p.h.

(e) The fact that the speed of a vehicle is lower than the foregoing prima facie limits shall not relieve the driver from the duty to decrease speed when approaching and crossing an intersection...and the duty of all persons to use due care.

(g) Any person operating any motor vehicle upon any highway of this State at a rate of speed greater than seventy miles per hour shall be subject, upon conviction, to a fine of not less than One Hundred Dollars...nor more than One Thousand Dollars or to be imprisoned for not less than thirty days nor more than one year, or to both fine and imprisonment, for the first offense.

Does that answer your question? Anyway, don't drive over 70 and get caught twice.

You couldn't be more right about Virginia drivers. Maryland may have cars in worse condition, due to lack of inspection, but the drivers are, as a consequence, (survival of the fittest?) better. ### Forgot to mention, that Maryland law-makers apparently don't realize that a rate of speed is something different than a rate of progress or a speed. A rate of speed would be the acceleration; an acceleration of 70 mph per hour is mighty slow, one of 70 mph/min if fast (0-70 in one minute) and one of 70mph/sec would be impossible with any known ground vehicle. ### The fees for Pony Express depended on the distance. Given time to browse through reference works, I could probably dig up pony express covers with the one dollar rate. ### I'd suggest Ex-lax if you're on an 11 or 12-year cycle re outhouses. ### I assume you've heard the old Marlene Dietrich records in German, when there was something to the voice besides a weary huskiness. Wo ist der Mann remains one of my favorites for putting across the feeling of the period - sex, but not the sex of today. The attitude of the period was one of resignation, or Weltschmerz. Sort of an "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die" feeling, with "Why not" substituted for the first part. ### I'd guess that most children are too active to take the time to contemplate the stars which is necessary for a proper enjoyment of them. I know I didn't really appreciate the stars until I was scouting and out in the woods away from the city lights - even in a medium sized town the lights kill the stars - with some time to just look at them, instead of reading or sleeping or running or going someplace. I'd guess that that period did as much to make me a scientist as Gernsback did. Even though it was JWCampbell who did the real dirty work on me - as a writer, not an editor. I was committed when he took over Astounding. But I feel the stars are wasted unless you have time to just look at them. I know I miss them here, too. One of the nice things about going west - in the summer - is being able to ride in the dome and watch the stars shine en masse, unhampered by city lights or smoke, and with the thinner air of an elevation of 6000 feet. Several years ago I was in the dome until they closed the car, after midnight. It was an awesome feeling to watch the constellations turn gradually around the pole, while the train rushed through the night.

Ancient [Janke]. The "stories" were entertaining. But I miss some of that old Janke ad mail comment.

Le Moandre [Raeburn]. Are you responsible for sending the current cold weather down to us? The paper said "Canada" and that means you, doesn't it? Tonight is due for a -5 reading, which is too cold for this part of the sunny South. It's too cold for all that cotton picking and pee picking. ### Sounds like Toronto is more awake than Victoria, at least. A person could starve there, over a week-end. ### Pierre Barton expresses my feeling on the earlier and earlier appearance of Christmas decorations. In years goneby, it was Thanksgiving that marked the start of the season; decorations were placed for the weekend after Thanksgiving, the shop early signs appeared and toyland opened the day after, to catch the children free of school. Now, by Thanksgiving, the decorations are shopworn, the toys likewise, and the sales-persons ditto. Next year - this year - I plan to shop only the last two weeks, or less. I should get a good selection of the best items, from the recorders to replenish the sold-out stocks. ### I like your cereal box quotes; but you don't have to go to such lengths as eating the stuff. PAPA doesn't demand that. Especially the chocolate covered ones.

Richard E. Nixon. Man of Destiny [Silverberg]. I assume the next issue will come out in four years, unless Dick runs for something in 62. ### I can't lay my hands on the quote, but I've read somewhere - by one of the conductors or singers or commentators - that the Marschallin is really young - in her mid twenties - and this is one of the ironical parts of the opera often overlooked; too often the singer will try to portray an old woman, rather than the young/old woman actually demanded. ### Ah, someone else who likes the Bellman songs; I got these on 78s originally, and then gave the set



as a present - only to find them cut-out. I'm delighted to have them again. If you ever locate a source of those Japanese lps, let me know. I want the Hensch Winterreise very much. I'd also like the Kilpilen songs on lp; they are unknown, but very interesting. [Helen Wesson - are you listening?] I finally completed all the Walcha Bach organ on Archive. To date I've passed the Electrola material; I have too much of it by Landowska and Kirkpatrick. Fortunately, I'd held off on the organ music until Walcha came out. ### I'll second your suggestion to Coswal about discussing the words, as well as just listing them. Some of the changes make interesting conjecture.

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Time for a filler - for a change. Book review.

Carroll, Lewis. The Annotated Alice (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking Glass), with intro. and notes by Martin Gardner. 4to. 351p. Tenniel illustrations. \$10. Clarkson N. Potter (55 E 66, NY21). Intended "for the adult", present handsome vol. brings together for the first time both Alices, all the original Tenniel illustrations, plus a full parallel commentary and glossary for the many esoteric references and contemporary allusions that are otherwise incomprehensible to today's reader. 'Tis a pity 'tis so, but add this as a collector's item anyway. (Editor's quote is from James Joyce: "Wipe your glasses with what you know").

AB August 1, 1960.

I've seen it, and it is a wonderful production.

End of filler

Note white space.

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The Official Publication of the Society for the Preservation of Lee Hoffman As a Member of FAPA [Hoffman]. And the title alone should serve the purpose. Even if it wasn't really necessary, it did give us some more of the Hoffman daily detail that makes good reading but poor commentating. Obviously.

Salud [Elinor Busby]. I wonder if the urge to jump from the heights, cut one's throat, etc, isn't a morbid desire for new sensations. ### As it happens, I've been recently having tv-less conversations of the type I had ten years ago - with the same person. A friend from home, with whom I grew up, has recently come to Washington to work. It's been almost 20 years since I've had a chance to have long talks with Gerry except on vacations; now that he is in town, I've started having them again - with his wife included, now - and they are still as interesting, if not more so, because of the wider backgrounds. And neither of us have tv - or want it for more than an occasional program, like the recent spectacle. In fact, some of the conversations have started off just about where the topic was dropped years ago. He is a liberal Democrat, so naturally I have to take the other side, pretending to be a more conservative Republican than I really am. (Confession - I've even voted for Morse.) ### That turning around three times bit sounds like sounds like something from one of the OZ books. Possible? ### But the women who do smoke assume all the rest of the world also does; at least that is the way they act. I hate to have cigarette smoke with my dinner, especially when it is second-hand smoke. And if you say anything, they act as if you were either insulting them or trying to pick them up. ### But there are people who get stage fright at a test, but can act in a crisis that doesn't affect them personally. If something goes wrong, they can handle it, even if the test that means something for them scares them. Like taking a PhD oral; you can know the material and do things as they should be done, but the exam means so much that the pressure is terrific. After you pass, everything becomes easy. ### My driver's permit is no good for getting across the border; it doesn't indicate I am a citizen of the USA. A voter's registration or - in my case - my staff pass which is official, has a picture, and states citizenship, is adequate. ### No recent birth certificates?

I mean for persons who have reached maturity, for example. Both my mother and father had to get birth certificates when they retired. They were either born before the system went into effect or - in mother's case - the court-house had burned and the records were no longer available. So, she was issued a birth certificate dated some time after the war. Dad had much the same problem. He had to use old census records, voting records, school records, an insurance policy, marriage certificate, and an affidavit from an elder brother to have one issued. Also post war. ### I've had to produce my birth certificate only a couple of times. Once for insurance, I remember. A passport application requires one, I'm sure. And when you retire, they'll want to see it before you collect retirement pay. ### Even the home-style bread around here is "sodium propionate added" stuff. The texture and feel and taste are good: as good as home made bread-I remember. Real compact, with a pound loaf only 2/3 the regular size. Thin sliced, it makes wonderful toast, with a flavor that doesn't need jam or such. ### Why not try St Louis Blues on Brandy. I must say, tho, I approve of your choice of tunes. ### And, to end on a personal note, thanks for a real nice stay.

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Special for the Toronto crowd. From the home-town paper - Salem, that is.

Tut, Tut! Let's Dress 'Em Up  
TORONTO (UP) -- Officials of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team today warned their fans to start dressing and improve their manners.

The order was aimed particularly at the Garden fans in the boxes or "red seats" where, according to a warning letter circulated to subscribers, "There has been a noticeable letdown lately in the dress and general deportment of a number of people occupying the box seats."

What have you to say for yourself, Howard, Boyd, Gorf?

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Vandy [Coulson]. Unfortunately, a much abridged issue. I miss both Juanita and Tucker. I wonder, Buck, if the Kodak female, with cubs, might be a might dangerous. (that should be mite, of course) ### I wasn't being too literal about your jokes; it is just that after reading so much tripe full of the craziest ideas about simple chemistry, things like that hit me. ### Don't you know you're attacking one of fandom's fondest ~~beliefs~~ beliefs when you attack the idea that fans are of greater intelligence, etc., than the common run of homo sap. If you're not careful, Degler will visit you. Or maybe G\*\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*\*\*. ### Ether can give you a real jag, just like breathing alcohol fumes. I've never tried it, but understand this is one of the causes contributing to the high rate of disappearance of ether from chemistry stockrooms. ### Having read a lot of the old pulps, I'd say that the tastes of the American public have descended from the level of the pulps. Sure, there were such things as Spicy Detective, but there was also Argooy-All-Story, Adventure, Blue Book, Popular, Top-Notch, Detective Story, Western Story, Railroad, AND lots more, all superior in taste and intellect to the standard comic of today. ### I remember a sandwich offered at the Oregon State Fair years ago, when I was taking tickets and such. Started as a gag, but they sold some. One loaf of long French Bread, split lengthwise, with one long bologna inside, a frankfurter. At first you had to order in advance, but then they kept a couple of bolognas hot on purpose. Cost about 50c, back when a hot-dog was 5c. A real meal. And then there was the fellow selling dogs at the soft-ball games; his slogan was "A loaf of bread, a pound of meat, and all the mustard you can eat, for a dime, ten cents." He sold a lot. ### Oregon has the most rigid rule on reporting accidents - traffic, I mean. Any and all accidents in which anyone is hurt or any property is damaged must be filed. Along with proof of financial responsibility, I believe.



Epistles & Egoism [GMCarr]. I missed the usual Gamzine, with the material that one could get a connected feeling for. The letters, chopped up with equally choppy comments, cause me to lose most interest in the discussions. I do agree, though, that most high-school and college English Lit courses, including the so-called American Lit, do more harm than good. I've had to relearn to like Shakespeare; for so long all I could see or hear while reading him was the high school room with the droning of the uninterested pupils "acting" out one of the scenes.

Bandwagon [Ryan]. Welcome to the hub of the universe, Dick. Maybe I'll get to see you one of these days. After the snow disappears, of course. ### So when Oregon tried to use its prisoners on useful work, work that would save the state money, various sections of business and labor raised objections, and the activity was stopped. The activity - raising and canning (on state land, with state-owned facilities) fruits and vegetables for use at the pen and other state institutions. ### I'm sure there are a couple of women operators left on the Lincoln Park line. It may be, though, that they have moved to the Navy Yard division. I've ridden with at least two the last year or so, and one was on a Lincoln Park division car. The other may have been on a Navy Yard or 14th-Bur Engraving car. I believe they have tried to keep them in one division; it saves having to provide separate facilities at several places. Los Angeles also has women bus drivers; I've ridden with them a couple of times. ### Some of those women cabbies are running the cab with their husbands; they hack at meal times, during the day, and hubby either does the regular day driving - just getting spelled now and then - or drives at night, maybe moonlighting after a regular job, probably government. So the little lady keeps the wheels hot during the day. ### the other side of this typewriter versus pen is that writers who think rapidly - like me - can write much faster and keep up with their words and ideas with a typer. And then, if I write fast, I have a little trouble in rereading what I've written after it gets cold. At work I rough draft all reports on the typer before sending in for a final typing. Easier on me and on the typist. ### I'm sure that by now - Jan 25 - you are convinced that Canada is certainly disposing of her worst weather on the eastern US coast. Remember the sunny south? ### Have you tried tracking down the originals of those Elder covers (af) for Playboy? I think I can pick the inspiration for about half - most of them by Paul.

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We were speaking of street cars above.

"A recent personal experience underscored for me the order of change in the contemporary world. Upon my return from Princeton, where I had lectured, I told my seven-year-old son about Einstein, who had lived there. I set forth Einstein's theory of relativity as best I could, and then told him that, curiously, Einstein had had difficulty with simple arithmetic; he counted and recounted his change on a trolley car. My son's face clouded over--

he had had no difficulty in following my explanation of the theory of relativity, but he exploded with the question, 'What's a trolley car?'" --Prof. Eli Ginzberg in The Nation's Children

(Columbia) -- AB 1Aug60

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Targets Papa [Ency]. Two con reports under one cover - and neither boring. Nan's is better - it's longer for one thing - and it has a freshness that is wonderful after reading those old pros at the game. The first con but not through the eyes of a neo. Wonderful. ### Dick, at least part of the people help draw up the federal budget. I've been worrying recently about the section budget for 1963. Which isn't as bad as it sounds, as we're better than half way through 1961 already. Fiscal year, of course. A curse of the government, starting every year in the middle of the preceeding one. Like, why does 1961 start 1 July 1960?

A Fanzine for Jim Caughren [Evans]. This was not intended for credit, even though they has ruled - I think his message will so state - that it is art work. [!] I object to this interpretation. It is merely written in another type of alphabet, no worse to learn than the German gothic. It does not - our CE to the contrary - require a machine to read. In fact, these cards would be useless on a 407 lister; even a 704 has to be programmed to read this particular language, just as with the alphanumeric punches everyone has puzzled out on bills and such. For the benefit of those who haven't read the cards, a few words on the language - binary coded decimal (BCD) - may be of interest. In this language, each letter or number is represented by two groups of three punches, which are transcribed from the binary into decimal (actually octal). Thus, A is 010001 [0 indicates no punch, 1 a punch] or 21. [the binary - decimal conversion is 0 = 0, 1 = 1, 10 = 2, 11 = 3, 100 = 4, 101 = 5, 110 = 6, 111 = 7] On the card, which represents information in "words" of 36 bits of information - punch or no punch - 6 such letters or characters represent one word. The maximum on a card as used here is 22 words. The card is divided in half, columns 1-36 and 37-72 (73-80 are used to identify the deck, etc. Here they merely say FAPA1, etc) called Left and Right, respectively. The rows are numbered from the bottom 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,0,11,12. Row 9 is reserved for instructions to the machine. On the cards in question the first punch in 9L tells the machine not to run a check-sum test - summing the total of all the punches, except 9R, and comparing the total with 9R. This applies to cards punched by the machine - I didn't run a check-sum. In columns 14-18 are punched the number of words on the card. The first two cards (red and green) have 22, the third only 20. From 22 on is punched the location of the first word in machine storage. Here I've merely put on the card number, 1, 2, or 3. These would cause a foul-up if used on the machine as is.

Then, starting with 3L and reading to the right and up, we have (using / to break up words, // at end of a line): (I mean end of word for //)  
 21/60/26/21/45/71//31/45/25/60/26/46//51/60/41/31/44/60//23/21/64/27/30/51//  
 A F A N Z I N E F O R J I M C A U G H R

21/45/60/47/51/46// etc

A N P R O DUCED BY BILL EVANS, FOR FAPA, NOV., 1960. REPRODUCED ON

IBM 721 PUNCH. SINCE JIM STARTED THIS TYPE O(end card 1)F FANZINE I FEEL IT ONLY FITTING THAT THE FIRST MULTI-CARD ISSUE BE DEDICATED TO HIM AS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL. AND, TO MAKE IT EASIER(end card 2) FOR YOU ALL, HERE IS THE ALPHABET IN BCD. (starting 5R card 3) 0123456789,.ABCDEFGHIJKLMNPOQRSTUVWXYZ  
 A'S A MATTER OF POLICY - ROTSLER

You will note that 60 indicates a space; all punctuation must be spelled out. And I don't plan to do this again, unless I'm driven to it.

[Lavelin]. Yes, Luke Short was one of the Laundry Mark gunmen of the good old days. I'm surprised too none of the tv series have latched on to him. Unless they are afraid of the public not believing the name, which is more familiar as a magazine writer.

The Paper Trepene [Bradley]. Is the cockroach another that would suffer if men disappeared? I feel he might. ### I think the point Philo was making is that there is a price; the price is different with different women, who have varying standards of value. To some, intangible things rate higher than modest amounts of money. A valid statement, I feel.



Alif [Anderson]. "What Mad Microcosm" intrigues me; I'll be interested in the list of sources. I can spot a couple, of course. ### Where did the "Eskimo Song" come from?

~~Fothpatlaw~~ Celephaas [Evans]. I've had several comments on the definition of fantasy; most seem to feel you can't define the stuff. But, I'll save them for next time, when I should have a little reaction in the mailing available.

Fothpatlaw [Versine]. Welcome to the fold. This is a neat, interesting little item, with some cute stories. Including the one by Aldiss that could not make the pros - at least here.

Phlotsam [Economou]. If this is a skimpy Phlotsam, then what do you call fat? 50 pages? Starting with one of the regulars, we have Bill Morse, with part 2. [I note part 1 reached the E a month before part 2] Why is it that the three steam fans in FAPA are all Bills, Bill? This section has no check marks, just enjoyable rereading (as I've just done).

Cox. Ed, why shouldn't we like baseball? I like the stuff, but I don't go into raptures when Reynolds or Sievers or such walks by. I don't keep up with the details of each player, but I do read the boxes, and watch an occasional game via tv, when visiting. A nice addition to Ph.

And then Madam E herself; the main event - or something. Few check marks; I must just agree with you this time. Your comments re the FAPA surplus seem to be - like most others - discussing an abstract problem, now. The treasury is down to reasonable limits. Just look at this mailing FA for proof. But, I agree that the best way to limit the surplus is to cut the dues for one year, as was done. This cuts about \$60 off the bloated treasury.

Certainly the secretary-treasurer has to count each page of each mag. After all, how can he give credit to the various writers, artists, and such, if he doesn't check each page. The only reason for the page count in the FA is to let the recipient of the bundle check for completeness. The s-t is the one who counts printed pages. Thus, if you have 14 sheets of paper, with the reverse of the cover blank, it is still proper to count this as page 2; all pages are numbered, except a blank before the cover and after the last text page. You can't believe the word of the publisher - even of the E - as to page count. ### There is one way to reverse the trend for small farms to be combined into big ones. This has been done in several parts of the world, recently - Cuba is the most recent. You simply have the government carve up the large farms into small farms, and pass them out to the people. This, of course, ensures a tremendous loss of productivity, with each little farmer trying to make his farm independent of the others. But it breaks up the big combines. Of course, the same thing should be done to General Motors; give each worker a part of the assembly line for his own. It might cut down production of cars by a rather large factor, and raise prices a bit, but we would have destroyed the monster "oligopoly" and given "the country back to the people." ### Your note on bread reminds me that one of the department stores back home - Miller & Frank - in their coffee shop and dining room serves bread that is just that - a miniature loaf of home made bread, instead of the usual roll. Very good, and for all I know, without any calcium propionate.

I expect most Canadians react to the suggestion that Canada is cold when voiced below the Border as a defense mechanism. After all, to many USAians, Canada is the Yukon, with gold rush and RCMP and dog sleds. And cold. Like in Service's

"The Cremation of Sam Magee" - "There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun, by the men who toil for gold. The arctic trails have their secret tales, that would make your blood run cold. The northern lights have seen strange sights, but the strangest they ever did see, was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge, when I cremated Sam Magee." etc. What is Canada.



You know my record of missing Conventions. I'm working hard on the Season, and may keep my record, which goes back to 1941, unbroken. But Seattle is an awful attraction (in more ways than one). ### FAPA or some members or ex-members or some w-l could cause trouble. After all, look at the founder - Wollheim. It would only take a few oddballs to make it bad for me on a security check. And an officer in such an organization...

The Capital Transit had the pass system for weekly riding when I first came to Washington - \$1.25 per week, with unlimited use, which figured out at 15 fares at the 3/25c token rate. This went up every time a fare increase came in, and finally someone sold the company on the idea that they were losing money on the pass, hauling too many people on short hauls for free, etc. So, the final version, when the PUC wouldn't let them drop it completely, was a weekly pass for about 50c or \$1.00 or some such weekly stipend, which entitled you to ride for 10c, with the usual transfer troubles. This, of course, killed the pass except for people who rode a lot; the average person didn't feel he saved enough in time and trouble to pay for getting a pass he might not use full value. So, next fare increase petition, they were able to prove that use of the pass dropped considerably, and finally drop it completely. Now they are trying the same thing on tokens; so far they have been unsuccessful. But riding still slackens, even though parking downtown is harder and harder. I'm surprised the merchants don't do something to reverse the trend with lower fares mid-day or such. It is killing downtown. I know people who haven't been downtown for over a year.

Chewing a pebble while hiking stimulates the flow of saliva and keeps your mouth from getting dried-out. An old trick of hikers. ### More songs with frank lyrics dating from the late 20s - "One Alone" from the "Desert Song" and "Paradise" which, I understand, was banned from the air for years, at least in the Russ Columbo version. ### I find I don't want "gobs of silence" around me when I'm working; if it is too quiet, I hear noises from the other apartments or the street or something else, and it disturbs me. I've found I do/did my best studying with a good swing band in the background, playing for dancers. Like I used to tune in after 10PM in Oregon, picking up hotel ballrooms in IL, Chicago, etc, with Goodman, Miller, Dorsey, etc, and no commercials except at the 15 min station breaks. ### Which reminds me of the old commercial theme for the RKO radio program way back; all I can remember is "Hello hello, from RKO, bringing you this program on your radio, from Maine to California and up to Montreal...." The rest?

So I didn't have much to say on a "skinny Phloresam"? And pressed for time and space.

An Ill-Advised Portfolio [Harness].

Yes.

Ice Age [Shaws]. But Noreen, you can't take Larry's place completely; please let - make - him write at least a little equib once in a while. I do like your comments though. Even though I'm sure you can't remember the WWI song from current usage. This reminded me, for some reason, of a song from one of the 1930-33 musical films - which one I don't remember. Right in the middle of the whole hearts and flowers and such, there was a shocking about face with a strong anti-war, pro veteran (the unemployed type) torch song - "Remember My Forgotten Man". It made a big impression on me at the time and appears to be the only thing I can remember about the movie. It had a bitter bite to it. ### I believe I got that more convolutions in the brain as you learn bit while in grade school. And also in sf - like "The Man Who Evolved" by Ed Hamilton in Wonder Stories back about 1931, complete with Paul cover.

And that book on the post office by Sommerfield is/was being touted to postal employees. Not that they had to buy it, but.... Big Brother is watching you. Which reminds me, I'll have to check and see if the DDE pictures are still up in our meeting rooms. Or whose picture has taken their place.



Klein Bottle [Carrs]. I can tell that Buz had been listening to records, or at least one, before he wrote that sketch on Burbee and S\*X. ### The article on Chessman was interesting, in that it brought out facts that have not been commonly available; at least I'd never seen them. I wonder if another aspect of the trial that might warrant investigation was the suppression by the national news-press (Life, Time, etc) of the points regarding fair trial. My impression from the little reading on the subject was that the appeals were just trying to find loopholes. If the facts are as stated, it would put a different aspect on the matter; not on the question of whether he was guilty or not, but whether he had a fair trial. It makes one wonder about our judicial system, which, although pretty good, still has flaws, and still favors the person with money.

#The Fandoliers needs to be completed. As it stands, it is a monument to uncompleted genius - or something. ### Elmer's satire on "Chessman's Last Words" was rather biting, when you consider it. Are we going back to the days of the public hanging, when the event was a public holiday?

Rotsler - both episodes - was good, as always. He can put more interest into just daily events - and it seems more daily events happen to him. ### But, Terry, FAPA doesn't read of any more; how could they identify those lines. Even when you run in a ringer from a book so shorts some 40 years old (17). I think I can pick out maybe half, without doing any checking. Like 18 is by C Moore, 17 by Williamson, 15 by Leinster, 14 Asimov?, 13 is familiar, but? 12 is obvious Van Vogt, 3 sounds like HPL, and 1 is H.H. - Munro. Right? Wrong.

I believe the right-handed - left-handed pitcher story has been done - somewhere. It sounds too familiar. ### Terry, splitting wood for furnace, fireplace and stove is fun - when you don't have to do it all the time. For years we burned wood in the furnace and had a wood-gas range, as well as a fireplace. And I had to put the wood in the basement - about 10 cords of it - stack it, and later split a lot of it for kindling and cookstove use. This started back when I was big enough to handle the wood for stacking, and later when I could handle an ax. And this isn't fun. Nice old-growth fir splits easily, but the fireplace wood contained knots; this is a headache to split, even into medium-sized pieces. And the oak or ash for slow fires during day and evening was also hard to split; close grained, with lots of cross-graining that tied the piece into one mass of fibers that wouldn't split without a wedge. Even the fir sections near the butt of the tree could have twisted grain and be tricky. As I said, it's fun to split it for a while, but day in and day out - give me oil. ### The rest of the Oz books have come out in a revised format recently, still Rielly and Lee; new dust jackets and bindings, at least, and probably reset plates. ### Glad to see there were others who enjoyed the dirt pile for toy cars and such. We had those long secret tunnels and hidden entrances, too.

Miri, you would probably enjoy something that was/is done by the local station - one of them, I mean. They take an opera and treat it as a soap opera, complete with cliff-hanging endings and all, running a complete opera out for several weeks. The full treatment, complete with the resume before the day's snippet and the what will happen after it. Something like Norma works well. Unfortunately, it is daytime and I can't listen to it except when I'm off sick or such. ### Did the announcement of my w-1 proposal in the last FA go far enough?

What Am I Doing Here? [Rike]. I don't know; what are you doing here?

Limbo [Rike]. This is better. Even though I'm missing at least two pages - or were all copies that way? I see 15 pages listed in the FA, and I have 8 sheets, even minus mc-1 and 2. ### Bill, I enjoy your writing/comments; they read just like you talk, easy, informative, and enjoyable. I enjoy them so much, I found no check marks on the margins.

But, I will dispute your statement that much Handel is better than most Bach. They are two different types of composers, and saying one is "better" than the other is like trying to compare pigs and sheep. I find that Bach, with his "old-fashioned" music, listens better and longer than most Handel I've heard. Handel's vocal works, in general, bore me the second time through; Bach's cantatas and the B Minor mass, at least, contain some of the most wonderful music ever written. And Bach's organ music is one of the supreme treasures of all music; I can listen to it again and again and again. The best of Bach's instrumental music is among the greatest of its type. The double violin concerto, for example, when well done, is tremendous, moving, and satisfying. But this, of course, is only opinion, and not an absolute truth.

Cal Reporter[Rike]. The review is interesting, but incomplete; it comes to no conclusion and does nothing to make me want to read the book.

Phantasy Press [McPhail]. I see that you were one of those who failed to read the constitution versions in the FA carefully; it was only retyped, as it was last mailing, again. ### Enough travel writing this time, Dan? You don't have a spare copy of SFD No 3, Nov 1932, do you Dan? or anyone else for that matter. I need that to fill my set. ### Customs vary from locale to locale on school attire, I see. Back where and when I was in school, the cords that were dirty were the most appreciated; later it was the thing to wear what we called "tin pants" which were like the tan work pants. Cords became passe then. These too were dirty.

I can see where you would get satisfaction out of your job whenever you were able to help one of the handicapped; this must make up for the able-bodied who don't want a job if they can help it. [I imagine you do have such types].

Your writing in Smoke Signals on getting away from it all reveals a different Dan McPhail than most of your articles. I like the writing: it is a good attempt at putting down a fleeting moment, a passing mood. The same is true in spots in Call of the wild geese. These touches make your writing more interesting, Dan; let yourself go a little more, occasionally.

Sambo [Martinez]. A typical Sambo cover, but I guess this one can be mailed. ### So what do you collect in stamps, Sam? US, BC, or what. I've got several collections going - ever know anyone who collected only one field? - modern French, with the Sowers specialized; Union of South Africa, with the 1926 pictorials specialized; South West Africa, with the German cancels; Trains on stamps, with a side line of streetcars; and recently, modern Canada, unspecialized. Plus RPO cancels from the west.

Coray too, I see. With reviews that are too short to comment on, thus cutting the chain. If you do that, Kent, what will there be for Fapans to write about?

Sam, again, have you missed the Manning Coles fantasies? "Brief Candle" was one, I think; I'm too lazy to look them up. And how did you like "Toast to Tomorrow"? I've read it half a dozen times, and still like it. ### I've had some yellow ditto masters/carbon from France that are pretty good. Linard can give the details. They run about 75-100 copies before fading to nothing. I've had 300 copy runs with both red and green.

More, next time? I hope.

Die[Speer]. Was interested to see the inside of the Civil War fandom. Bookstores around here do a big business in Civil War books - both the new ones, and the vast number of old memoirs, records, regimental histories and what have you. ### I've got a lot of notes here, but I believe I've covered most of them above - Income tax, prison labor, etc.

"Evidently, at long last, my gripes at Jack for failing to



26 (and last!)

[include enough information about what you're commenting on] have finally sunk in.' Tut. I was giving that same advice before fan GMC was born." But on looking back to the comments under Lark, I think I know what is being talked about; but from this comment I'd not be sure.

The Successors didn't click with me; Adam's Rib did, probably because of the carefully worked out background. I had to read it twice, to figure out the details, tho; a few additions to make clearer the resolution would make it better, I feel. ### On 8 Nov 60, 2200 hours, It still wasn't sure that JK would be in.

The Vinegar Worm [Leman]. Another welcome newcomer. But, I'm sure it wasn't the Harding administration that saw you on the wl. The wl didn't really start till the Wilson administration. And you came on much later, probably in the reign of silent Cal.

I gather you have read some of Dorothy Sayers at one time or another. [Those nine tailors make a man] ### I enjoyed your introduction of yourself - and of your dog; especially the latter. ### I thought when I read the first of Reynolds stories a year ago in Asf it was very good, carrying with it a real problem, and with the gimmick and overproduction part merely as background. The core of the story was the question of who revolts and what fills the vacuum. The solution was not given, leaving something like "Solution Unsatisfactory" and making a story that made one think - or should do so. The other stories - and especially the one in the current Analog, with the same background depend on the background instead of the problem for the story. And are less forceful for that reason.

I'm holding no brief for Reynolds and the Russians, but our hands are not entirely clean, and we did and do profess to believe in a religion that the Russians do not. Remember the Indians. And the slaves. And the south today.

I expect you will get some reaction to your comment on strikes; I'm glad to see someone who gives the other side of it, and yet is not obviously business. ### I don't type French, hence no problems with accents and circumflex. Or the Spanish tilde. There are special keyboards for such countries. I just had the "key aided because I do type a fair amount of German, and the "makes a difference in the filing of names and such. I'd like to get a French keyboard and a Russian one. Would make indexing my records easier.

One postmailing, although I have a feeling there is another floating around.

Descant [Clarkes] That whistling bit reminds me of a record by Elisabeth Schumann of the Nightingale song from Der Vogelhändler by Zeller - Wie mein Ahn'el zwanzig Jahr. HMV Swiss DA6037. In this she whistles the bird answers beautifully, with wonderful trills and runs. Very good, as good as any professional whistling I've heard.

And blank space left.

For a filler.

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Then there was the woman who walked into the London book shop and asked for the book of the film, The Ten Commandments.

Books & Bookman (London) [via AB  
22/8/60

"Genug damit, genug"

Obviously, I didn't stop with page 26. I found I'd missed the Shadow mailing, and there were some things I'd wanted to mention there. So,

"The Lurking Shadow [Hansen]. If you're interested in unbiased - as far as I can tell - there are two magazines I'd recommend. First is American Record Guide, which has been going for some 27 years, with reviewers like Philip Miller, of the NYPL, Max de Schanensee, Igor Kipnis, etc. Information from POBox 319, Radio City Station, NY 19, NY. Good reviews, detailed, and with no punches pulled. The other is The Gramophone, which is English, reviews English releases - which are often released here, too - and has an even better group of reviewers. They will discuss not only the recording, but the performance, with critical comparisons with the other available performances. Sub is \$4, to 49 Ebrington Road, Kenton, Middlesex, England. I've got about 20 years of this and want to get some more.

"The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes" is well worth getting; I've got it and recommend it. ### The rest was enjoyed, but not checkmarked. I suppose your motto is "The Shadow Knows."

Spinnaker Beach [Chauvenet]

That reprint of the opening of "The Platinum Planets" brought back memories of those old Wonders with the large size Paul covers. I remember the story as a space opera, not bad, but not unusual. The introduction, though, seems to have been quite descriptive. ### I'd guess that most of CLMoore's short stories, of the later vintage, can bring in a lot of character. Remember "Greater Glories" and "Bright Illusion"? ### The overlooking the obvious reminds me of the map game where one person picks a name on a map and the others try to guess it. The hardest to get are those names that spread over half the map, like "Europe" or "North America" rather than the minute, obscure hamlet.

"Sunset

and Sunrise" was full of nice feelings; it brought back boyhood memories of nights spent camping in the woods, with the tall Douglas firs all around, and only a small patch of sky directly overhead clearly visible. Or of a mountain meadow campground, with lots of sky, and the stars, clear and crisp, with no lights for miles and miles to dim them. After the campfire had died down, the dark was all around, but not an unfriendly dark. It felt comfortable, just lying there in a sleeping bag and watching the stars slowly wheel around the Pole Star, and spotting an occasional meteor. Or maybe it would be a night for the Northern Lights, with sheets and streamers and curtains of cold fire hanging in the heavens, drowning out the stars with their faint, cold, greenish-blue glow. Quite a spectacle, and one I'd like to see again; it's been a long time....

### All-time great fanzines? LeZ, certainly, and Spaceways, and Midge and Fido and.... Maybe the old-timers should set up a veterans' committee for the Hall of Fame, like the baseball HoF old timers group. ### "In a strange city" puts across it's mood nicely: I got the feeling of loneliness very clearly. More refined than the Dietrich song, "Allein, in ein grossen Stadt."

fap [Gerber]. There is a difference between trying to define quality and trying to define a class. I've said nothing about how good or bad the stuff is, merely what it is. "Good" music implies a subjective evaluation, which I'm not trying. ### Of course, if you pack that 1.5 reams of paper well enough to go through the po unscathed, the postage would be figured on 10 pounds, I bet. ### I still would prefer to have a great interpretation, done by a not perfectly skilled performer, than a routine, but perfect performance. There is more than just the notes, there is the way they are played or sung. This is true in classical as well as in jazz or pops. Or even more so. Listen to some of the great Lieder singers, well past their prime, vocally, but great because of the total effect of the music as they perform it. ### What is it you do on the sixth floor of 201 Linden? A Freudian? ### At least half the COLH Great Recordings have been instrumental - Chaliapin, Schumann, Schorr, Supervia,



28 - the last, this time.

Music, Rosenkavalier, Lehmann, Eva Turner, Schipa, Verdi Requiem, etc. ### There is a collection of Manning Coles shorts out recently, I believe.

The worst trouble with opera translations is that they don't fit the stress pattern of the music. Music written to a German libretto just doesn't sound right in English; the accents and strong sounds come too often on unimportant words. The singer will have a lovely, amorous phrase, and the words will be something like "Isn't the weather nice" or equally unimportant. Listen to "Boris Godunov" in Italian (Pinza) and then in Russian (several) and note the way the music and words fit better in the Russian. Or try translations of Lieder. ### But, aren't most of today's best-selling novels, historical and such, long, long, over 350-or 400 pages? Only the detective and western (and sf) seem to be less than 200 pages.

The Persian Slipper [Johnstone] If you think Chicago pedestrians are bad, you should try New York City. It is easy to spot the out-of-towner - he waits for the light. And is almost run down by the other pedestrians. The cabs have the habit of rocking on the clutch as they wait for the light, trying to worry the pedestrian who is hardy enough to cross in front of them.

Idle Hands [Metcalf] Why not have the Shakespeares in the hotel room. After all, Perdue in his celestial role can assume any guise; isn't that one of the powers of God? ### How about giving us a synopsis of the Puchan stories; I'm interested in the correct order of reading them.

Haven't you forgotten a certain political upheaval in this prominent sovereign nation some 100 years ago this year? Or don't you call that a "violent political upheaval"? ### There are a hell of a lot of government workers who would take umbrage with your blanket condemnation of the government worker; workers who have put in many a day of unpaid overtime, not because they are inefficient, but because they have more work than they can get done. When Congress and/or The People want something done and blithely assume that existing personnel can fit it in with no extra money or help, and still do what they were doing, something has to give. Sure, there are deadheads and fuggheads; a good many of them are sitting down in the Capital. Or are appointed by various political parties. And these aren't the ones who would go, obviously. I know of too many men who could get more money in industry than at the Bureau - NBS - but who like the work and stay for less money and more headaches. Where else could you get a director of research for under \$15000? If you want to clear out the unfit, make it more attractive for the better ones - adequate pay and better working conditions and a friendly attitude. The bad will then be crowded out. Not by shouting at all the government workers as if they were second-class citizens. Who can't even speak up at a political rally. ### Your application, dated 1937, would have to go to Wellheim, of course. Who is no longer a member. ### JWCampbell became a big name in one year - 1930. And, I prefer a long story to a short one, giving a better developed back ground. <sup>2</sup>

Anon [Lyons] - a post-mailing. Could that be the Uncle Abner of detective fame? If so, that would be a real character. ### That Ransom's Folly is true only if zero is taken as an even integer.

Time to quit. I still have to check over the waiting list and do some rearranging.

Anyone want any back issues of Celephais or Cyrille (OMPA) or Remembrance of Things Past? I've a bunch of them, especially of Celephais. First chance to members, but then to the wl. I'd appreciate a little postage, is all. Let me know - list the ones you have, for example.

Bill

