

2020 MOHAWK

With Thoughts
of Remembrance
and the Best
of Good Wishes

from
Rosemary and
Richard

Our little microcosm - the Hickey household - has been through one "crisis" after another. Some preceded fun. Others did not. Back in August, our vacation itinerary was reviewed and confirmed by check mailing, phone calling and letter writing...and the hot and cold clothes had to be listed and packed. At the same time, with the decision not to renew my October 1 office lease, lists had to be compiled with headings like To Be Sold, To Be Discarded, To Be Taken Home. By August 24, we were sampling some of Colorado's wonders...but that's another story.

By September 10, we were back in Chicago in the throes of list-making, packing, discarding, advertising For Sale, and answering a million inquiries...and meeting the emotional strain of saying fare thee well to my office patients. Richard wasn't feeling well and consulted a physician...who suggested that since the examination in the office hadn't produced a clear answer to the problem that he (Richard) should go into the hospital for a more thorough diagnostic procedure. So, while I was making room in the house for what I was packing in the office, Richard Dear went in for a five day diagnostic hospital stay. The grand finale was conducted by the thoracic surgeon who advised immediate surgery for a growth on the lower lobe of the left lung. Richard came home and consulted with others.

In the meantime, back at the office, it was time for the movers to van some things home...other items downtown, and the doctor who had bought most of the equipment arrived to pick up his purchases. On Sept. 29 the hospital called. A room was now available for Richard. Will he please check in immediately? The surgery took place on October 1. The path report was "non-malignant...an atypical version of a fungus infection in the lung tissue." Resection accomplished easily. All poor Richard had to do was recuperate as best he could. And he did, too. They sent him home 10 days after the surgery. I played private nurse (no office hours any more) for the next two weeks.

Richard is now back on the job full time. Now it's time to try to sort out the miscellany which was dumped in the house and to try to find things. Richard's method of celebrating his home-coming and the uneventful but effective convalescence hasn't helped the diffusion of debris. He bought a show case which will do well for displaying his gun collection. Half of the @(#*&%¢\$ in his study had to be moved into the dining room so that they could get the case into his room. My escape from this mess was to sign up for guitar lessons at the Old Town School of Music.

More pertinently, this day of writing - November 23 - is the first day that the accumulation of papers, records, books on my desk has been reduced to sufficient order to make the typewriter accessible. So, quite late on the deadline, COGNATE is finally getting on stencil. If comments on segments of the 41st mailing are missing, please understand. If you wrote a letter, it probably did arrive. My answer, of necessity, will be written - later. Enjoy the holidays.....have a happy 1965!

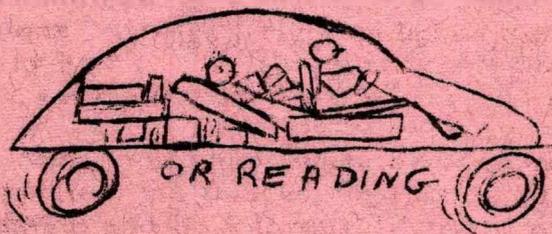
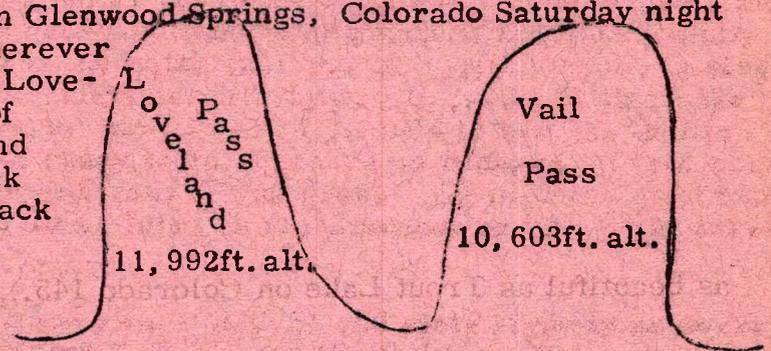
COGNATE #6 from Rosemary B. Hickey, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago, Il., 60614, USA for the Offtrail Magazine Publishers Association 42nd mailing - and a couple more. Artwork and stencil cutting by she. Mimeo'd by the good and kind Coulsons. (A special thank you to Earl for the stencils when I ran short.)

Postmailed

Any vacation starts best, for me, as soon as possible. To leave Chicago during the evening rush hour can be a mean way to start a vacation. To do this on a Friday usually compounds it. Two blocks from our house is the north east end of Ogden Avenue - a street which heads southwest to the junction of the Tri-State Tollway and U.S. 66. With all the going-home drivers jamming the expressways, Richard and I decided to test the traffic flow on Ogden. So, with the car packed and ready to go, I picked up Richard at 4:45 pm from Dietzgen & Co. and we were on Ogden in 5" and it was great. We made as good time as would have been possible maybe an hour or so later on the Eisenhower (Congress Street) Expressway.

Only strangers driving through a city are aware of U.S. and state highway numbers. I expected a time-wasting rhubarb trying to find U.S. 66 near the tollway. We had never before noticed  that U.S. 66 signs were posted all along Ogden Avenue so just followed the signs right on out of town. Apparently all the factories and industries along the way had staggered their shifts to avoid aggravating the 5pm-6pm grand crush. It was easy going all the way.

Our ambitious schedule had us due in Glenwood Springs, Colorado Saturday night (1240 miles) via U.S. 66, Interstate 80 (wherever it existed) and US.6 through Denver, over Loveland and Vail passes. With a good stock of sandwiches, a thermos jug of hot coffee and another of cold lime juice and with the back rest of the front passenger seat dropped back into a lounge position, we did pretty well.



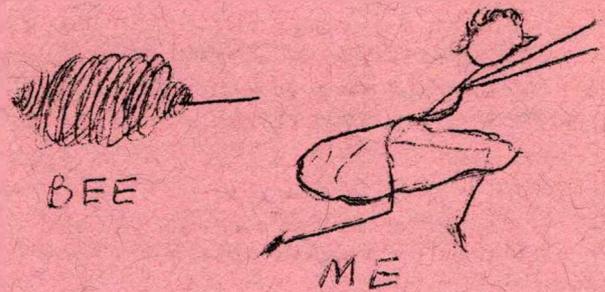
We alternated in the drivers seat every two hours....dozed during the night. Richard was capable of napping during the day - but not I. I have to look out and see what's passing by.

My first recollection of a souvenir memory was our stop for breakfast in Hastings, Nebraska. The restaurant was large, clean and bright with sunlight. Richard reported that the MEN's room was equipped with showers and outlets for electric razors. The LADIES was not so equipped. But - as we drove into the parking lot of the restaurant, a huge sign on a 6' high wire fence across the road caught our eyes. It read SANITARY LAND FILL. That euphemism for a garbage dump was new to us. Breakfast time was spent speculating on other euphemisms the town of Hastings might employ. Would the jail be known as the Reeducation Center? What do they call the morgue?

When the interstate highway construction petered out, we eventually were detoured down to U.S. 34 until near Denver. The dirt roads and back roads slowed us sufficiently so that we drove through two highly scenic (we're told) mountain passes (Loveland and Vail) in the dark. One pretty remembrance: the lights on the big semi-trailers formed an interesting pattern on the switchbacks down below and up ahead. When we stopped for gas, an old timer in the station was telling me simultaneously how safe the passes were and the accidents that occurred....like the time a man with a heavily loaded truck came over Vail and the brakes failed. I've forgotten how many thousands of feet the truck rolled.

The driver was thrown out on the way down. Killed, of course. Nevertheless. Glenwood Springs and our lodge was just 76 miles on down (and up and down) the road and we went on to goal. The lodge was right alongside U.S. 6 so no time was wasted looking for it. The rococo architecture was noted. Our room looked out on the two hot spring pools (102° and 98°) but it was 11 pm and we headed for a hamburger for me, a beer for Richard and then to bed.

Next morning was debate time. Do we go swimming now? Do we investigate the town of Marble? Or were we told that the town of Marble had been inundated by a mud slide and since the marble once mined there was no longer in great demand that its interest is purely historical? How about Aspen? We compromised. Breakfast was served near the pools in an outdoor patio... and it was agreed that with Aspen less than an hour away and, summer or no, we did want to see what this well-advertised ski resort town looked like. Breakfast was an intermittent affair for me. A bee insisted on sharing the syrups on our table. I am thoroughly anti bees. When one approaches, I leave - fast. Richard would chase it away and then mouth nasty cracks about cowards and harmless bees that never sting. I would return most reluctantly to the table, sit down, take two more bites of my blueberry pancakes - and that bee was back - and I was up and away.....4 feet away from the table. The waitress came over to find out why my activity. When I told her BEES, she looked at me almost pityingly. How citified of me to be so concerned about bees. She agreed to take the array of syrups away and the dear little bee went with the syrups and breakfast was finally finished.

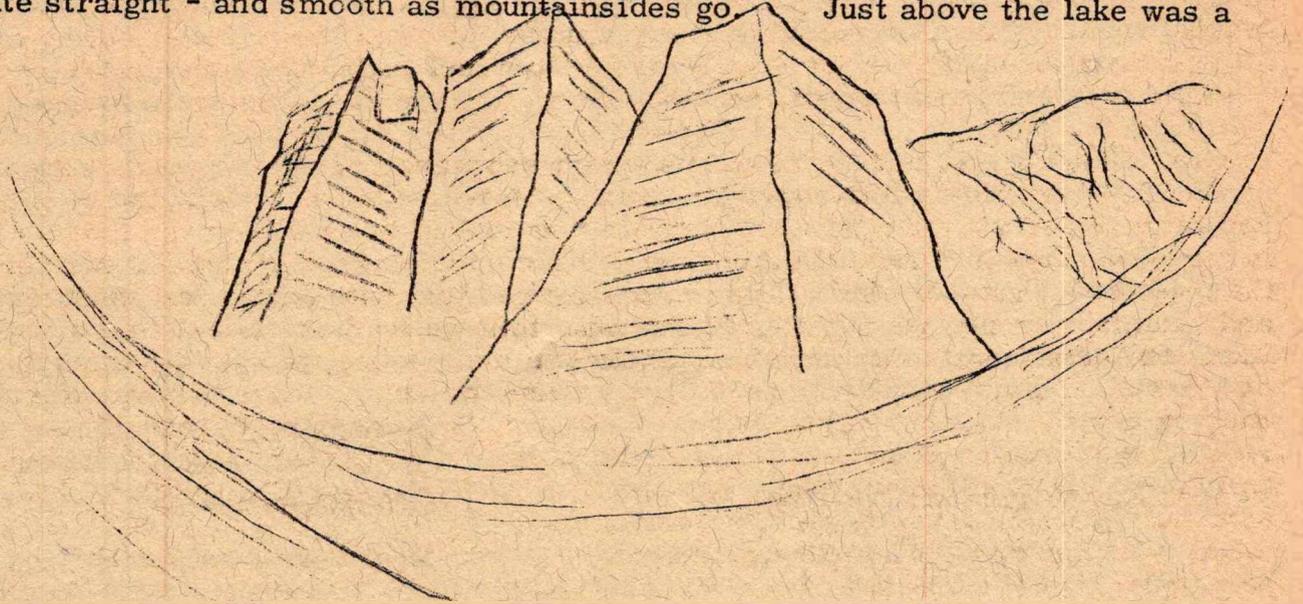


Colorado 82 which leads to Aspen was two turns left and down through a wide main street in Glenwood Springs, ... wide main streets seem typical of western towns. Once out of town we were on a winding road with accompanying stream. My expectations of Aspen were based on publicity photos and probably Austrian mountain chalet pictures... every lodge and shop to be set on a mountain side and ski tows practically running to the door. Aspen is set in a broad, flat, large basin. The mountains rising all around the edge. The older part of town had a grid arrangement for the streets. As building extended, they squiggled the ends of the streets... all lots of fun for strangers. We drove around town noting the low structures. There seemed to be quite a few private homes. The ski lodges were usually two story buildings. In the main part of town, a few buildings were three story - but not very high. Because it was Sunday, very few shops were open. Even the Chamber of Commerce building was closed. Fortunately, the drug store was open. We went in, browsed a bit, bought chapsticks and a few goodies and then asked for guidance/direction to the Aspen Meadows. Mrs. Matthew was most kind to us. She gave us the directions to get there and then, when we asked for the phone number, she called and made the dinner reservation for us.

John and Joni Stopa had been there for the spring skiing. John was so explicit about the quality of the food that we had to have dinner there. There was a three hour wait which gave us the opportunity to investigate the much-touted ("most photographed lake in Colorado") Maroon Lake.

On Colorado 82 back towards Glenwood Springs - but not too far out of Aspen we turned left onto a gravel road and onto the right fork which took us up to Maroon Lake. Trails led from the parking lot to the shore. (The lake was green. It's pretty but not as beautiful as Trout Lake on Colorado 145.)

Across on the other side of the lake rise the Maroon Bells. These mountains do have the shape of the square type of bells. The peaks are bare rock. The sides seem quite straight - and smooth as mountainsides go. Just above the lake was a



cirque which frames the mountains quite nicely. With our backs to the lake, we found jagged mountain sides warm in the tones of a late afternoon sun to photograph. Greens in the trees and grasses in the foreground helped to point up the colors. But now it was 5:30 and time to eat!

The Stopas were right. It was a lovely place. We were early enough to have a drink in the bar... a charming little nook. Our name was called and we were guided to a table by the glass wall next to the patio. Out there was a huge kettle with a fire in it. It was cold and chilly out there and the tables seemed lonesome. Inside, the decor was warm and welcoming. There were nice touches. Tall candles in tall candlesticks. The tablecloth was of a fine wale corduroy... with a calico print design on it. The water glasses were most intriguing to me. They were taller and much wider than the usual non-stem water goblet and there was a strange lump in the bottom. The glass was tinted a light green and wasn't clear. The light refracted and reflected in different intensities. There seemed to be bubbles in the glass. Richard noticed my fascination and said so casually "Yes. They were made from wine bottles." Wine bottles! What a wonderful idea!

It reminded me of how decimated our glassware department was getting to be and announced to Richard that we must see to it that we buy only that table wine which comes in a tinted bottle with a dimple in the bottom. John - Joni - the steak was just as delicious as you said but all I can talk about is the scrumptious water glass made from a wine bottle!



Well, that's not completely true. We talk of the menu which told us what would we served. It had thick, translucent plastic covers - and inside a list to delight a gourmet... soup recipe from Mexico... salad recipe from Venezuela... and so on down the line... to the final cup of very good coffee. Everything was concocted with care and served nicely.

We got back to Glenwood Springs to go swimming in the hot springs pools and I do mean hot water. Swimming in the thermal pool (102°) was the strangest experience. Lethargy set in too soon and we moved to the cooler pool. The meanest part was stepping out into the cool night air.

Breakfast, the next morning, was in Rifle, Colo. (No! No guns showing - and the streets were straight.) Grand Junction was our next stop. We had been hearing about "the Junction" from our Telluride and Trout Lake friends for four years. If something special was needed, they went to "the Junction." They went by way of Ridgway and Montrose or they jeeped over the mountains. On occasion, someone's mentioned traveling by way of Gateway. If Telluride didn't have a particular item, they sent to Montrose for it. If Montrose didn't have it, they sent to Grand Junction for it. We just had to see this metropolis.

The car needed attention after the long drive. It needed a mountain-type tune-up, too, so our first stop was a VW service station. The work wasn't completed by noon so the manager drove us to a not-too-near shopping center and arranged to have us picked up whenever we were ready... which was very nice of him. Richard had disappeared into the garage while I was on the phone and reappeared to announce the car was ready.

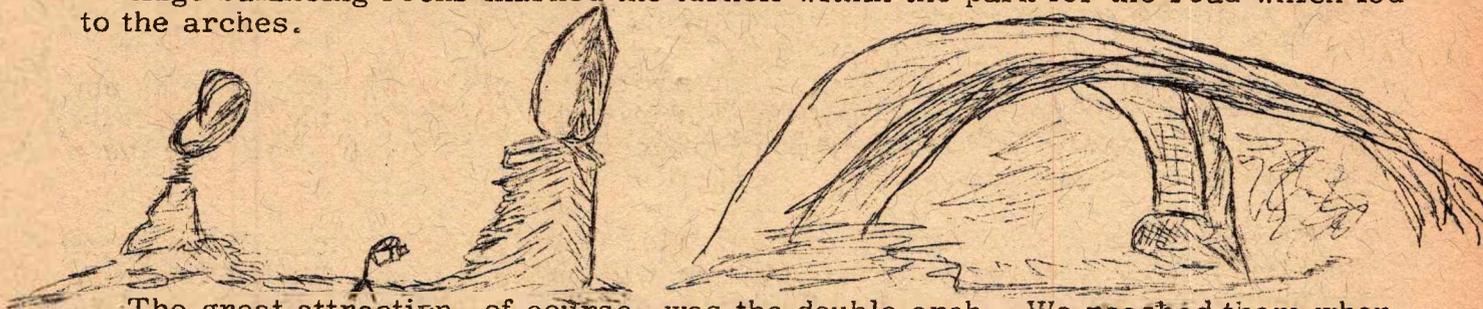
The motel gave us the room right next to the swimming pool. The water was warm and inviting but we decided to see a bit of the town. Stopped in to see Dr. Roy Oberling and his office but he was in the midst of treating a patient and not able to visit just then. We scouted main street and a shopping mall... most interesting... a place for cars and a way for pedestrians which didn't interfere with each other at all. Tried one store to see if squaw cloth was still available. It wasn't. The fad is over, apparently. So we went back for our afternoon swim - which was interrupted by a most delightful invitation from the Oberlings to a supper picnic at the Colorado National Manument. Mrs. O. and her two daughters would pick us up at the motel. Roy would join us later up on top in the picnic area. Having Clarice as a guide was a lucky bonus. She gave us a bit of the geological picture and shared some of her earlier experiences driving up to the top. Unfortunately, the light was fading too quickly for us to take many pictures. There were several interesting structures which should be especially beautiful on film at low angle sunlight time. The full moon rose while we were eating. The stars were bright. Down below were the masses of lights of the towns all around. Mercury vapor lamps make pretty patterns. Finally, there was no really good excuse to stay. The party was over.

Arches National Monument in Utah was just over the border and down a piece. We didn't start early enough that Tuesday morning. This was our first introduction to daytime desert driving. Cloudless sky... hot bright sun glaring on a paved two-lane highway... a few weeds scattered across the flats between the road and the mountains to the east and west. The only signs of civilization were the discarded tires along the road... sometimes singles... frequently piles as though they were serving as Indian markers.



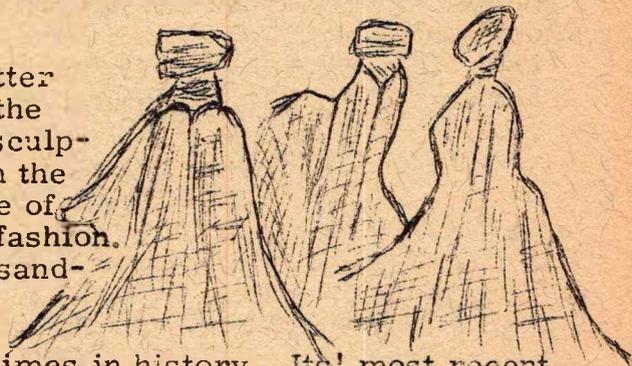
There was a building marking the entrance to the Monument with an interesting display of the park's features and rangers on duty to provide any necessary information. We bought a guide book and were on our way.

Huge balancing rocks marked the turnoff within the park for the road which led to the arches.



The great attraction, of course, was the double arch. We reached them when the sun was high enough to cast good strong shadows. There were no clouds to delay the shooting.

One plowing through hot dry sand to get better photographs was sufficient to send us back to the car and on to another amazing bit of weather sculpture. The Three Gossips are far enough from the road to maintain the illusion. The outlines are of three women dressed in the bustle/long skirt fashion. Again, sunrise or sunset photos would do the sandstone colors much more justice.



Moab, Utah has made itself known several times in history. Its' most recent fame was its' uranium boom. Since it was just a little bit further on down on U. S. 16 we went to see what it was like. The highway brought us into the broad main street which was lined with one-story structures... mostly of wood and vintage architecture. A gas station attendant directed us to a restaurant for our belated lunch and also explained that we were in the old part of Moab. During the boom, Moab extended its southern limits with suburbia type construction complete with modern shopping centers. That sounded too urban and familiar to us, so, after lunch, we headed back north. Just outside town was a huge home built on top of what seemed to be an enormous (50ft. ?) pile of gravel. What kept it stable up there we don't know - didn't ask.

A hot dry ride back to Grand Junction and reinforcement of our projected route to 145 from Jennie and Kenneth Eller. The Ellers' visits to the Johnsons at Trout Lake had coincided with ours several times. Their stories whetted our scenery-loving appetites about the "Gateway" route. Gateway was the first town south of Grand Junction on Colorado 141. The total distance seemed further than by way of Montrose but they assured us that it took no longer... and raved about the beauties of the Unaweep Canyon. Of course, they jeep to the top of the mountains which border the river canyon. Next morning, we sensibly kept the VW down on the road. Road and river zigzagged through the mountains. The water level was low. Small islands and grassy shore line interrupted the low of the stream. The road (and river) never went straight for more than about a city block or two (it seemed) and then went around a blind bend. Straight cliffs on either side of the four of us (river, road, Richard and me) had trees making a feathery fringe along the top.

We drove through Uravan, Naturita (town names that had become familiar with reading the local reports in the Telluride Times)... stopped at the Lone Cone Cafe in Norwood where important meetings and dinners took place. Paradox was just beyond Bedrock on a road off 145 but by then we were anticipating Telluride and the Skyline

Guest Ranch. Somewhere along this stretch of 145 was our first view of the Lone Cone mountain. Its' peak was as pointy and smooth as that of Fujiyama's but there was no snowfall to accent the steep slopes. The highway went down into a river canyon with rich red rock rising on both sides of the road. Pine trees, aspens and brush grew **green** contrast on the red rock. Mine entrances were little black dots with multi-colored tailings as skirts dotting the mountain sides - left-overs from the gold and silver rush of 60-70 years ago. Remnants of wooden flumes and tramways still decorate the scenery.

The road led up Keystone Hill and on into Telluride. We had to stop to say hello to Frank Wilson, proprietor of the Busy **Corner** Pharmacy, and to check our Box 223 at the post office. Alta Cassietto, Postmaster, was in New York at a postmasters convention but Wilma, her assistant, hadn't forgotten us even though a year had passed. Nothing in our box so it was back out of town to the Society Turn and on up 145 - past the washout where someone learned how not to deviate a stream - and we didn't stop until we pulled in at the ranch.



From this moment until we left, my recall is a montage of scenes...the group of mountains we see from the ranch (above - Sunshine Mountain is the one on the left)... scenes from the different exciting jeep trips....to the Silver Pick Mine...up Bear Creek Canyon...to the Alta Mines and Lakes..... Richard working on our summer home and me taking more pictures of Trout Lake.

We finally did spend a day visiting Ouray. It's just around the mountain (about 1 1/2 hour drive) from the ranch...but we never got there before. The town isn't that much larger than Telluride but with a U.S. highway going right through it, it's much more affluent. The motels go in for chalet fronts and names. There was an Alpine Artists exhibit in town. Paintings were on display on the walls of the Village Diner, in stores and in store windows. The Western Hotel Museum was open and had period items on view. It did hurt to see a few things from my infancy rated as "antiques."

A winding road leads into the summer attraction in Ouray - the Box Canyon. A lady in an apron stood beside a small building to collect our 50¢ contribution to the maintenance fund. Paths from the parking lot led to a wooden walk which went around and under an outcropping into the head of the canyon where an internal (how can you call it underground when it's high overhead?) stream had ground out two windows in the back wall on its way down. Almost directly above, the walls of the canyon were so close that only a small crevice let in the sunlight. So small was the aperture that at 2 pm a very long time exposure was necessary to get good pictures.

Usually, leaving the Skyline, Trout Lake people and Colorado 145 is a painful time. I start about 3 days before to suggest to Richard all kinds of reasons for leaving later on the scheduled day - or the next day? A phone call from friends in Chicago was a perfect distraction. The Smiths were going to be in Estes Park (Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park) over Labor Day weekend and why don't we meet with them on our way home. If we left the Skyline Saturday morning at 9:30am, we should be at the Rancho Colorado restaurant on U.S. 40 just west of Denver by 5:30pm. Well, about 338 miles and four mountain passes later, we pulled in at 6:30pm quite ready for the feature attraction at

the bar - a Flaming Forge - served in a plastic anvil. During dinner, Irene suggested that we ought to return to Estes with them to spend the evening. And we did. The Craggs had a suite they'd been saving for a family or large group. Richard and I had a room with a double bed, a room with two twin beds and a room with a single. . . . and a private patio with pine cones for the collecting.

A local resort out one of the park roads featured a peppy entertainer and a "hootnanny" which was rather more like home entertainment. The pianist encouraged members of the audience to get up and sing. Some shouldn't have. . . some could have but forgot the words. . . and a few were very good. We had our drinks. . . joined in the group singing. . . and the evening was gone.

Next morning it was breakfast with Irene in the Craggs' dining room. (Jay was too sleepy to eat.) They still had three days for mountain-hiking, -driving, -fishing. Richard forced me into the car and we started on our non-stop way east towards home.

We did stop for breakfast - at Amana, Iowa and that was a tantalizing time. Amana is the home of the Amana religious society and their village (we're told) is full of stores exhibiting and selling the things they make. . . . smoked meats. . . home style breads. . . home-spun/woven materials. . . and the clothing made from these materials. But - Richard was too concerned about how long the rest of the trip would take. . . and on we went with me pleading for a return trip some day. After all, it's less than 4 hours from home.

A Postscript: The surest way for me to get to visit a particular locale - or someone who lives in that locale - is to note a gunshow in that town and to encourage Richard's pleasure in going to a gunshow. Shortly after Richard's surgery, a gun show was scheduled in Amana but Richard wasn't able to take a ride to anywhere at that time. My one hope is that Mr. Deiter Otts of that community will set up another gunshow - soon. #

BLEATHERINGS 37 The semantic values inherent in the label "chiroprapist" have existed for so long that they inhibit any possible change in those values. And this fouls up effective communication between the foot doctor and the patient. Even in Boswell's time the chiroprapist was known just as a corn-cutter. The physician/surgeon left his bloody antecedents in the barber pole. With the tremendous amount of research, study and extended skills, the practice of podiatry is rather like general medicine - limited to the foot and leg. In this country, a good bit of foot surgery is being done. Local skin problems on the foot and leg and postural defects and associated tissue pathologies in the extremity are treated with knowledgeable understanding by the foot specialist. . . . with the goal of helping the patient to establish more efficient foot function. This approach to foot medicine. . . . this type of practice. . . is easier to identify and communicate to the public with the use of the nomenclature "podiatry" and "podiatrist." In another mailing (not a Christmas issue), I'll include one of my papers which was published some years ago in our national journal.

AMBLE 19 How many comments did you get on the fabulous technique of these masseuses who can deliver a solar plexus punch while the recipient is lying prone? But then Mr. Higginbottom was just quoting someone else, wasn't he. It was reported to me that lady barbershops exist here in Chicago but that their services are strictly tonsorial. ### YES, THERE IS TOO a movie "The Unsinkable Mollie Brown." Hope they don't cut the first part. ## What a nice thing for Jim Cawthorn to do!

POOKA Are you really gone? How sad. Stan Skirvin and Lou Tabakow interesting.
Don Ford Duncan McFarland's Midwestcon report was treated unkindly in my copy. It seemed, at first, a result of incoherent enthusiasm of a neo --but I finally got it. The back cover had to be read before its reverse.

PARAFANALIA How skillful of you to avoid the hyperbole of the propagandist in reporting your marijuana experience. Excellently written. ## "The Whipping Boy" was good reading. ## Your games are being referred to a game-happy friend. His reactions will be reported - if reportable. Playing "JOPHAN'S QUEST" requires not only players who enjoy writing but a multiplicity of typewriters in one location. Not too many of both near by yet this is a game which could be fun. Maybe some day.

VAGARY As an unrequited pet owner, your fur people provided a nice, vicarious
Roberta Gray experience for me. My closest animal friend lives upstairs. He's a very old dog named Timothy. In human terms, Timothy must be about 110 years old - and shows it. He plods down the back stairs and along the walk to the alley with his head held low. He tail almost drags on the sidewalk. To scrooch through his private exit hole is a laborious chore. Once through with his alley constitutional, the route is reversed but the gait and manner of an aged creature doesn't change -- unless Buffy, a blonde cocker spaniel, next door, times her constitutional when Timothy is out. The effect on Timothy's hormones is something wonderful to see. He skips down the stairs with the lightest of treads. His head is held high. The tail is curled up and over. He's a total picture of alertness. Timothy trots back and forth along the fence (an elegant strut) attempting to communicate with and to reach Buffy. Buffy is never interested, of course. Timothy's hearing is not supposed to be too good by now, but one day Timothy was on his porch and Buffy's mistress walked out to the alley to go to her car. Timothy raced down those stairs so fast and ran down the walk, out the exit hole like nothing . . . but Buffy wasn't there. His return trip reeked of dejection. . . and his age showed. The head was down. The tail just hung. The gait was slow, plodding and his trek back up the stairs most laborious. Poor Timothy. ### The mathematical computations which seem to be an intrinsic part of casting a horoscope make me most respectful. . . but, you made it all interesting reading.

MORPH 36
John Roles

Back before Hollywood influence despoiled movie making across the ocean, imported movies shown in the art theatres provided me with some measure of insightful experience into the cultures of the world.

Now that they've all gone slick, it's all nothing. They're doing away with English subtitles so that even my delusion of learning something of another language has been eliminated. ## At the time of the greenstone incident, no genuine American Indian handcraft was available here in Chicago....not even "Genuine Imitations." ## The American Podiatry Association made "podiatry" and "podiatrist" official nomenclature about 5 or 6 years ago. Individual state societies, through their state legislatures, are gradually conforming....so, in some states (such as in Illinois), the classified sections of the telephone books now cross-ref Chiropodists - see Podiatrists. My 1948 edition of the American College Dictionary lists both terms. For chiropody, the definition given is "the treatment of minor foot ailments, such as corns, bunions, etc." For podiatry, the definition given is "the investigation and treatment of foot disorders." You can see why we prefer the latter term.

I don't know but what there's more pleasure in reading several different experiences with one convention focal point than going myself. Who could ever make all those parties or even eavesdrop all the conversations! The novels of Baroness von Tauphoeus are now on my Try To Find list....wonder if they're in our public library.

If "Parts" pubbed pre my entry into OMPA are as interesting as these last, I feel deprived.

HAGGIS Ian Peters You voice a defensive request that OMPA not comment on your typos or duplication errors. I don't know you nor anything about you so can't tell whether you were trying to be funny or whether you really don't think it necessary to present what you write in a legible fashion. If the latter, what a shame to treat your creativity that way. ## In your promotion for legalized abortion, you decry the restricting influence of a particular group on non-members of that group. If that is unfair, why hedge your proposal with "Obviously the number of abortions to any one person would need to be controlled. . . ."? "

ERG Terry Jeeves What I was hoping to find for the Valentine issue was the Valentine of my childhood. It was small - maybe 2 1/2"x3" - on a very glossy paper with a cheap cover print imitating the old-fashioned lace bordered ones and a simple verse inside. There weren't any to be found. Those on my cover sheet were to closest approximation to what the 6 - 10 year olds were buying. Who got the one "To My Teacher"???? ## I thought Gene Kujawa and Richard would really go to it on guns and gun shows, too. But at the 62 Chicon, they just howjadooed each other and continued on with their separate conversations. Gun buffs aren't like sf fans, apparently.

If there is a real problem or confusion existing, would changing or adding laws improve the situation? Could the origin of the question be in the different goals and expectations that exist within OMPA? For some members, it seems that OMPA provides a guaranteed correspondence program. For others, it's an outlet for developing particular skills. The happy letter-writers casually dash off their required pages with no concern for phrasing nor for appearance. Others spend much more time planning and preparing their material....and the reading pleasure is increased by just that much. Doesn't it seem an awful waste to try to read a fanzine with indecipherable printing? Re: your propositions: rather than establishing new rules, it might be helpful to clarify (restate?) the purpose of OMPA. If the purpose is two-fold, for practicing any of the facets of journalism and for letter-writing, the dissatisfaction will always exist. And, the general laissez-faire mores in fandom don't go with any more restrictions than now exist.

Alan Burns: If only you had described more of what you saw! What made the old part of Ibiza different from the new? On your next trip, please remember those of us who will probably never be as lucky as you....and write for such as me. Please? # # # "The Lunar Landing" somehow reminded me of the better variety of high school history books. It took me a while to relax from the whimsy of your writing to figure out why. No real people in the narrative. But, of course, characterization would probably have quadrupled the length of the tale.

THOMCHATS What on earth are "anti-soar pills"? Your Castlecon report very good.
Thomas Schluck BUT between the time you had to talk "to George".....and "my joking".....what happened? My copy had amnesia at that point. ## I've been involved in many "Split, Lose, and Wait" parties but never was objective and unfrustrated enough to come up with such a good label. The name tag and the picture was a good touch.

ENVOY 14 What a cruel way to begin a paragraph: "You write entertainingly but....."
Ken Cheslin That's undeserved cruelty. Don't end a sentence with a "but," please? ##
 ## Since the two-for-a-penny valentines and the one-cent valentines were only to be found in my memories, I had to buy a package of them. The card company, thinking only of the youngsters who would be putting them in the classroom "mail box", carefully compiled the contents with a minimum of duplication. Never more than two just alike....but all in the same simple fashion.

Your continental language difficulties are mirrored in this country, too. Richard and his boy friend had their troubles doubled some years ago. They were driving non-stop to Florida for some skin diving. In one of the southern states, the VW needed attention. The directions to the nearest VW service sounded something like "Drahv dohn tew ness cohnah. Tun raht an it's raht ness the celery." They could translate everything but the "celery." It turned out to be a saddlery.
 ## Add one vote for the Cheslin covers.

BINARY 110 Sorry. Couldn't read this copy. Bet it was good stuff, too.
J. P. Patrizio

SAVOYARD Congratulations to you and Dian. How nice of you to provide a remembrance of your wedding with the cover picture and the announcement back-cover. Belated congratulations! May you two celebrate a hundred anniversaries - and each should mark another year of fun and happiness together. ## It took a bit of thought switching from musing over the excitement of the wedding and your housing problem to gear into the filksongs. Your "THE DNQ RALLY SONG" really woke me up. It's great!

CHECKLIST OF ASF An admirable accomplishment. My humblest respects. Enjoyed
Brian Burgess E. C. Tubbs' Forward.

BURP 23 Whatever the excuse for your reminiscences, Hurrah for OMPA's 10th
Ron Bennett anniversary and your bit of history. ## In this country, the newspaper delivery service is (I think) exempt from the Child Labor Laws. Richard's comment on your question "Our newspapers waged a very militant campaign to have the Child Labor Laws passed and then they quietly saw to it that the delivery service was exempted from the provisions of these laws. Of course, it makes their child labor market more tractable since they have a monopoly on it." Soliciting for donations to worthy causes....selling chances, tickets, Christmas cards, etc. is also available to youngsters who want experience in salesmanship.

LEFNUI 4 With my kind of luck, any smug statement from me about how safely the
 Fred Patten OMPA mailing reaches me (sometimes late - but unravaged) will surely
 result in the next mailing arriving in horrible shape, if at all. So far,
 (knock on wood) the envelope has had nothing worse than a torn corner. ## Good idea...
 trading for English publications. Although another possibility is that Richard will decide
 to show his collection at one of the gun shows and will let me use a portion of his table.
 He'll display his collection and I'll spread out my sf paper backs and his gun mags. The
 latter might even be traded for cash. However, his collection is increasing so, it would
 be too much of a chore to pack, tote, unpack, display, pack, tote, unpack and replace in
 his case. So maybe I should ask for an English trader, too.... at least for my sf.

ADDENDA

or

Interlineations I meant to use but forgot to

I like best - "Rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray remember that, my love."

Britishers, Please! In "Shakespear of London" by Marchette Chute....p.236...a sen-
 tence (and paragraph) begins " When Shakespeare moved to the Clink the stews of Win-
 chester no longer had any official sanction, but...." What are/were the "stews?"

Chicago Sun-Times, Sept. 11, 1964 highway accident report ends with the following sen-
 tence: "He died 40 minutes after the crash in St. Joseph Hospital in Joliet."

Hospitals are dangerous.

Chicago Daily News information column on elephants

"The first time you saw an elephant, he most likely took your breath away. Your
 eyes popped and your mouth fell open at the sight of the whopping fellow. After a while you
 felt that he was a gentle giant. You watched him step slowly around the back yard of his
 house at the zoo. If you were lucky, you saw him perform at the circus. He did what he
 played regularly on offense or defense."

An elephant fullback?

I wonder if there's any kinship in the origin of the two words "Satan" and "satan?"

New Year's Resolutions for me:

I will NOT collect coins.

I will NOT collect matchbook covers. Well, at least, I WON'T buy the proper scrapbook
 for them.

I will NOT start any new projects until those already started are completed.

CAVEAT !! NOTICE !! CAVEAT !!

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