

COLLECTOR APRIL 1965 SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY
Another minimum effort produced by Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel st
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Once more we sit down (note the editorial frame of mind) in an attempt to maintain membership without doing any real work.

I'm still burning the candle at both ends, for the Post Office, you see they have this system where they hire "temporary" employees. The government specifies that they can only hire so many "regular"(substitute "salaried" if you wish) employees, however they can hire other people to get the work out. Now, through a clever loophole they do not pay time and one half for overtime performed by these "temporary" employees. It is possible, and in many postoffices quite common for new employees to be "temporary" until someone dies and the job works it's way down.

There has been a rise in mail volume nation-wide for quite some time now, the Dearborn Post Office has been hit by this since late last Spring, with the result that we are required to work six days a week, ten hours per day. A few weeks ago we were informed by an order that we must work 11 hours a day. During the Xmas season we are required to work a twelve hour shift, seven days per week. I just never got off the twelve hours habit and have kept it up until the last couple of days.

The money has been good by volume, rather than percentage, by working these hours I bring home \$140 to \$155 per week but quite frankly the hours are bothering me. A few weeks ago they started adding new employees, it appears that the hours will go back to normal sometime in the future. Last Spring Sybil took the test, not really wanting a job but in any case she took it. She worked four weeks at Xmastime and was called back with this last group. She decided that she wanted some new furniture before the money ran out. As an un-skilled employe she is working 40-50 hours per week. We were working the afternoon shift, suddently I got transferred to the midnight shift.

I'm trying to get off it but at the present I see her every morning as I walk in the front door and walk to the bedroom, a matter of five minutes or so. She leaves for work a few hours later and when I wake up she's long gone.

No doubt you have all seen clerks working at the windows or in the back of the postoffice. It (normally) takes several years to get one of the window jobs, the rest of the clerks are in the back, handling 80 pound mail sacks, usually with a deadline, and always with some supervisor watching. Presumably the supervisor is watching to prevent mail theft, but he can also count the trays of mail that each employeee has sorted in an hour. It's a fine example of a "speed-up", and it works to perfection.

Surprisingly, there are few mistakes, compared to the amount of mail that is handled. A few weeks ago I was assigned to sending out Ford Motor Co. dividend checks. We were sent to a seperate building and handled these all day for six consecutive days. We handled about 380,000 of the things.

When an employees empties a mail sack he is supposed to check it throughly, making sure that nothing is left in the sack. I picked up a sack one afternoon and sure enough there was anvelope inside, dated June 1963. It was an order for merchandise from some store in a near-by town.

The following day some man walked in, bringing with him a bundle of advertising mail that had apparenly fallen from a truck. It was lying in the middle of the street when he spotted it.

However, as I said earlier, such cases are quite rare. Really, the public gets much better service than they deserve, considering the many mistakes that they make.

Every night we get bundles of mail for the Ford Motor Co, that were addressed to Detroit. This is no real problem since the Detroit clerks simply send them out to us, however, we also get mail for Dearborn with a street address that may be several miles away. Normally, someone will recognize the street name and simply send it on where it belongs.

Last nite I ran into one addressed "US VETERNIAN HOSP, DEARBORN", I suppose our local ex-soldiers think they're treated like dogs but don't want to be reminded of the fact.

Local Boy Makes Good : Danny Plachta sold a short-short to Fred Pohl a couple of weeks ago, we have no idea when it'll appear. Due to the length it'll be treated as a "filler" I'm sure.

The Midwest lost an old friend a few weeks ago. Bill Hamling is moving his entire outfit to California and Earl Kemp was one of the first to go. I envy him, rolling out there in the sunshine! From what I hear the outfit has some ambitious projects lined up for the future. No details available since they're dealing in a competitive field.

You'll note, on your local newstand, surrounded by a crowd probably, a paperback called Candy. There are several editions available, only one of which is authorized. It seems that the book was first published in France, effectively killing any US copyright. So, a US publisher snatched it up, paid the authors some sort of sum, and the word is, "hotted it up for the American Market".

Several other published reprinted the (free) French edition, and the screams from the "authorized" publisher are still rending the air. There's nothing noisier than a publisher who finds he can't get all the easy money from the latest dirty book.

My sincere regrets that I didn't have reviews this time, but the deadline is three weeks away, and just once I want to get mine there before the 13th of the month and then sweat out my membership.

My publisher, Mr. Schultz has suggested that I print my own this time, releaving him of the responsibility of airmailing it.

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However, as I said earlier, such cases are quite rare. Usually, the public gets much better service than I deserve, considering the many mistakes that they make.

Every night we get bundles of mail from the Post Office, that were addressed to Detroit. This is no real problem since the Post Office clerks simply send them out to us, however, we also get mail for us from other cities. Some of this mail may be a very long way away. Normally, someone will recognize the street name and simply send it on where it belongs.

Last night I ran into one addressed to VETERINARIAN HOOP, DEARBORN. I suppose our local ex-soldiers think they're treated like dogs but don't want to be reminded of the fact.

Local Boy Makes Good: Danny Flacka sold a short-short to Fred Pohl a couple of weeks ago, we have no idea when it'll appear. Due to the length it'll be treated as a "fill-in" item.

The Midwest lost an old friend a few weeks ago. Bill Hamilton is moving his entire outfit to California and Carl Kemp was one of the first to go. I envy him, having cut there in the sunshine. From what I hear the outfit has some ambitious projects lined up for the future. No details available since they're dealing in a competitive field.

You'll note on your local newspaper, surrounded by a snow probably a paperback called "Guns". There are several editions available, only one of which is authorized. It seems that the book was first published in France, effectively killing any US copyright. So, a US publisher snatched it up, paid the author some sort of fee, and the word is "throttled it up for the American market".

Several other publishers returned the (last) French edition, and the screams from the publisher, publisher and publisher were heard all over the country. One publisher who had the book set all the easy money from the latest story book.

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