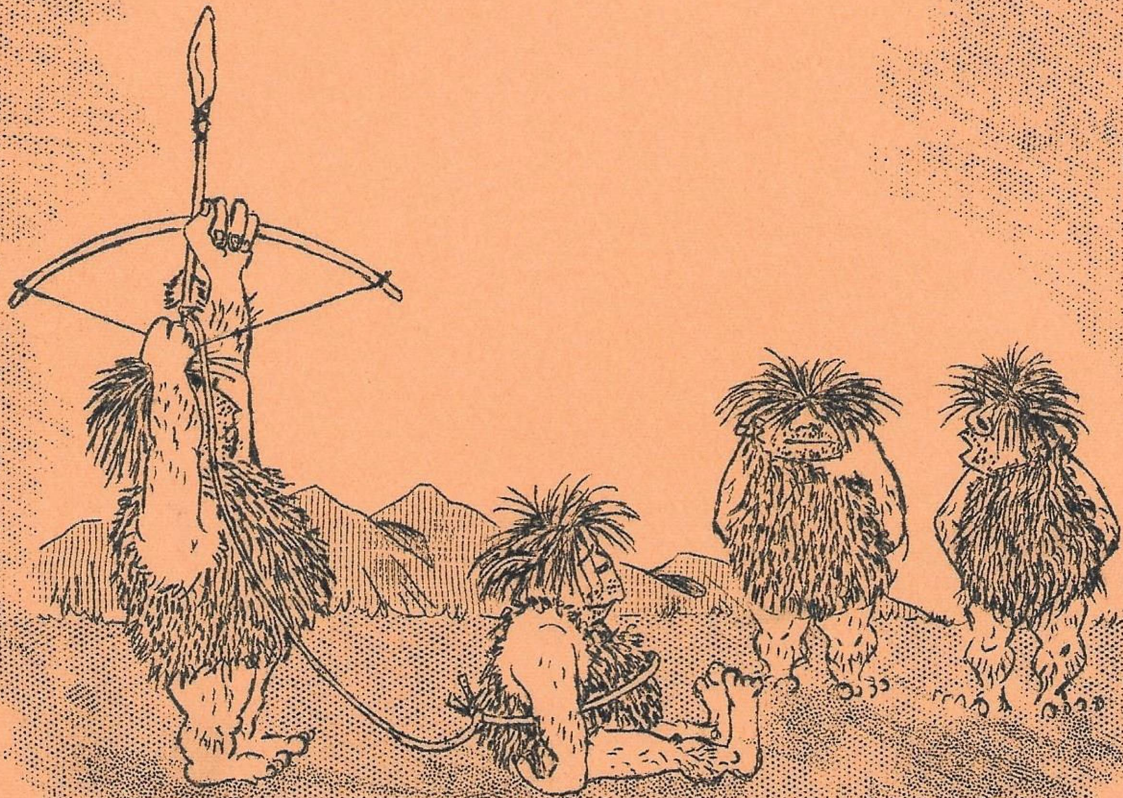
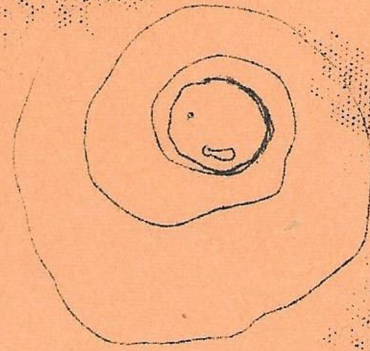


COMPACT



Atom

"frankly, I'm dubious he'll reach escape velocity."

It was the evening of November 22nd, a Friday. I had come home from work, switched on the TV to catch the news, put the kettle on to make myself a pot of tea. This hour from 5.50 - 7.p.m. is my last chance for a rest and a cup of tea in peace. The news programme was over and the usual magazine feature, TONIGHT was on. Suddenly, the news commentator's face appeared with the caption that there was a 'newsflash'. At that precise moment my doorbell rang to announce the first arrivals. I turned up the sound so I could hear what was being said as I went to the front door. I admitted two of the lads putting my finger to my lips to indicate they shouldn't speak. They had missed the announcement.

"Kennedy has been shot", I told them. The news had been broken in tones that seemed to be confident that it wasn't serious. We were shocked, yes, but engaged ourselves with guessing what crank had chanced his arm and what would happen to him if he were caught. The next arrival was Ted Tubb and I went into the kitchen to get cups of tea for them all. As I returned to the living room I caught the last of what Ted had said. "What was that?", I asked. "Kennedy is dead", he answered. I was stunned. I wanted to be sick, I felt cold all over, I could feel my flesh crawl as I tried to realise the truth of what I'd heard. All I could find to say was, "oh, no!" We gave the news to the rest of the lads as they appeared and they all seemed equally stunned.

Not since FDR have I felt so personal a loss at the death of an American President. Even so, the death of Roosevelt wasn't really unexpected, he was an old man and had been sick for years. Kennedy was a young man in the flower of his years and had died violently. It was the manner of his death that shocked me more than anything, I think.

It's no use, you know, just writing about it brings it all back too strongly for me to be able to remain coherent. I find it difficult, even today, to convince myself that it really happened. He was a good man, I honestly believe, and was our main hope of peace in the Western world. It will be a long time before we ever see his like again in an office where he could implement his ideals.

May he Rest In Peace.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for consistent and reliable data collection processes to ensure the validity of the results.

3. The third part of the document describes the different types of data that are collected and analyzed. It includes information on both quantitative and qualitative data, as well as the specific variables being measured.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the various statistical techniques used to analyze the data. It includes information on both descriptive and inferential statistics, as well as the specific tests and models used.

5. The fifth part of the document describes the different ways in which the results of the analysis are presented. It includes information on both written reports and visual displays, as well as the specific formats and styles used.

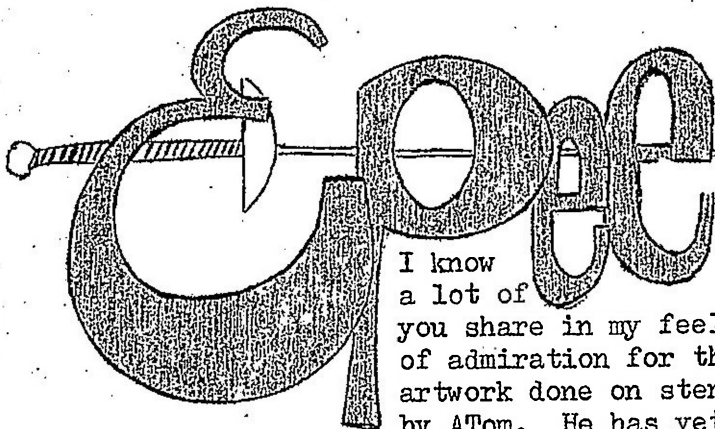
6. The sixth part of the document discusses the various factors that can affect the reliability and validity of the results. It includes information on both internal and external validity, as well as the specific factors that can lead to bias or error.

7. The seventh part of the document describes the different ways in which the results of the analysis can be used. It includes information on both individual and organizational levels, as well as the specific ways in which the results can be applied to decision-making and policy-making.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the various challenges and limitations of the research. It includes information on both methodological and practical challenges, as well as the specific ways in which these challenges can be addressed.

9. The ninth part of the document describes the different ways in which the research can be improved. It includes information on both methodological and practical improvements, as well as the specific ways in which these improvements can be implemented.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the various ethical considerations that must be taken into account when conducting research. It includes information on both research ethics and data privacy, as well as the specific ways in which these considerations can be addressed.



I know
a lot of
you share in my feeling
of admiration for the
artwork done on stencil
by ATom. He has yet another

talent which I believe may be entirely unsuspected by
many of you; his ability to provide apt titles for
columns and articles. I, who have no ability
in this direction, am often left breathless
in wonder when faced with yet another example
of this gift he has. The title for this column
is an example of what I mean.

by Eta Parker

When asked to title an article, all he asks for is an idea of its content and, sure enough, the title will fit it perfectly. For all I know there are others in fandom who have this same ability, but then, ATom does it so often for us that I feel it is time we gave him due credit and thanks. All I have to do now is sit back and wait for him to see the mailing, then he'll give me a wiggling.

While we are on the subject of Arthur, let me try to give you an idea of the kind of person he is. After all, he is, I hope, the next TAFF delegate to go to America and I feel you should be partially prepared for what is coming to you, you lucky people! In appearance he is small and wiry with an enormous capacity for fun. Here again you will be enthralled at the sheer aptness of some of his cracks in any given situation. He wears spectacles and has brown hair cut short. When I am at a party or convention with him he always reminds me of electricity. He darts around so quickly and his quick-fire gags keep you on your toes. It is very easy to get Arthur drunk. You don't have to supply him with booze, he gets drunk on atmosphere. At a gathering of fen where rapport has been established he enjoys an elation that, at times I should think, is almost unbearable because it is so intense. How he can endure it without becoming hysterical is beyond my comprehension but he does.

If you want to have an illustrated memento of his visit, just make sure he has paper and pencil in his hands while he is talking and all the time he'll be dashing off cartoons. Did I tell you he is ambidextrous? He is. I well remember the first time I noticed this. It was in the Globe one Thursday night. Arthur was surrounded by the usual admiring crowd and happened to be holding on his lap a ream of paper someone had brought up for me. As he talked he drew. I happened to be watching his hands rather than his face - that sounds like a declared preference, doesn't it? - and I noticed that when he wanted to do something on the far side of the paper he didn't, as most others would, turn the page round to get to it easier, he just switched the pencil to his other hand and kept on drawing and talking without any pauses or hesitations. I was fascinated.

This then is the man that soon you will be meeting for yourselves and I know that many of you have been waiting impatiently for this chance for years.

MAKE THE MOST OF IT, AND PLEASE, SEND HIM BACK. WE NEED HIM!

Late in September it was made possible for a group of us to have a tour of the offices of one of our National newspapers. It was understandable that these visits could only be arranged for the evening when most of the staff had gone home, but it did mean that the bustling activity one associates with such a place was left to the imagination. We were shown where the various editors and sub-editors did their daily chores and were told how the work which most concerned them reached their desks. The entire works in fact. The poor man who was acting as our guide must have been climbing the wall, because he had to keep insisting we move on when anything caught our special interest and we looked like dallying for too long. The library was a good example of this. He brought out one of the enormous books into which copies of the paper had been bound; it was for one of the years during the 1st. World War, I forget which. We were entranced with the headlines and news items. Ethel Lindsay and I were reading the prices for which goods were being offered then and looking at the fashions displayed.

From the offices we went into the linotype room and would have been there yet if left alone. We watched the men operating them and had the monster explained to us. Then came the magic moment, "Would you like to try it for yourselves?" Of course! The first thing that floored us was the differences in the keyboard from that of a typewriter. We wasted no end of time hunting for the letters we wanted. I was crafty. I let a few of them go ahead of me while I examined the board in some detail so that when it came to my turn to have a bash I didn't do too badly.

From there we went to where the men set type by hand as the size of print needed was larger than that carried by the linotype. It seems that I was the only one to notice what appeared to be an anachronism. In that place of giant machinery there was hanging at the rear of the lead pouring machine what looked like an old fashioned glue-pot. There was an enormous bar of metal sticking up from it and it was from this they got the melted metal to impress the type onto what they called, if I remember correctly, the slug. I discovered later that the others had noticed it but they hadn't thought it particularly out of place.

Our last port of call was to the printing presses themselves. In spite of the din I am sure that we'd have stayed down here for hours, so fascinated by it were we. By judiciously edging towards the printing presses we were able to peer into the room below where the enormous rolls of paper were being fed into the presses. It was impossible to follow the route taken by the paper as it unrolled onto the presses and then came off already collated and folded ready to go upstairs to the room where the van-men waited for their bundles, so fast it went. I had been attempting a conversation with one of the men there so was one of the last to follow our guide back upstairs. As I did come away to join the others there was our Arthur, standing by one of the machines with the paper coming through at a terrific pace, with one hand in pocket, turning an imaginary duper handle. It was the more comical because he was absolutely dwarfed by the thing. I don't know if the men around knew what he was doing, if not, they must have thought we were mad because it looked so funny we just stood there rolled up with laughing. What he would have done if the bottom roller needed clearing off I just don't know.

Altogether it was a most interesting and entertaining visit and well worth the trouble of going. We all have our mementoes of the visit in the shape of whatever we chose to type out for ourselves on the linotype.

There doesn't seem to be much point in starting on another subject when I'm so far down the page so we'll leave it at this and go on to yet another stencil.

Since I last wrote to you my life has undergone some reorganization. When I first came into fandom, Archie Mercer suggested I get myself a type-writer because, as he said, it made it easier for the recipients to read my letters. I didn't know anything about them but Remington was a name I recognized so bought one of theirs. With the machine there was a book telling one how to learn touch typing. This I studied, determined to get the most from the machine having paid out good cash for it. I was a fool. Instead of persevering with the touch method of typing I found it quicker, I thought, to use the hit and miss method so beloved of fandom. Even so, I had the gall to leave my work in canteens and go into an office which offered so much more in the way of money to say nothing of a less energetic way of spending my working hours.

I have always been dissatisfied with this way of using a type-writer but, until recently, did nothing about it. For some reason my dissatisfaction has been increasing so I enrolled at night classes. It didn't make much sense to me that I should take tuition on 3 hours per week on the correct method and spend 8 hours a day using the wrong one. So I gave up office work for the none and took a job, in a factory of all things. Heinz's to be specific.

It has been an entirely new experience for me and I have found it to be interesting. I answered an advertisement for girls needed in the department preparing the vegetables for soups and salads. I didn't have a clue what I was getting in to and two weeks there was more than enough. Actually, I was ready to chuck it up after the first day, but thought it would be sissy if I gave in that easily. The conditions of work were dreadful. I must be fair and say that taking into consideration the job which had to be done, the firm provided us with all the protective clothing they could. We wore heavy overalls, heavy plastic aprons, plastic arm covering and rubber gloves. If we wanted them we could ask for waterproof boots as well. All day we were in damp surroundings and, as the work had a bonus attached, heads were down all day and it was much too noisy to be able to talk, if you wanted to. No, this wasn't for me. I decided to give my notice on the Friday and soon discovered that there were others so intending. I found myself another job in an electronics factory which would at least be dry.

They have a system of supervision at Heinz which sounds clumsy but it seems to work. Our immediate superior wore a white overall with a blue collar and she is known as the 'blue-band.' Those with the red collars are called, guess what, that's right, 'red bands'. I had to give my notice to my blue-band who then passed it on to the red-band, who in turn sent for me and told me I would have to go and see the Personnel Officer. Meanwhile could I give her a reason for leaving as she had to fill in a card for the office. I told her I didn't think the job was for me and left it at that. I was amazed on being sent for by the Personnel Officer ^{to find} that she didn't want me to leave if it was only the job I disliked and not the idea of working for Heinz. Would I consider a transfer to another department? I told her I had another job lined up but she insisted that if I could be persuaded to stay she would be happy and, she hoped, so would I. I accepted her offer and was transferred, beginning on the following Monday, to the department known as "Rework".

I've been there three weeks now, at the time of writing that is, and have stuck my nose into everything in the least interesting to me. I'd like to tell you of some of the things we do in the place, I hope you won't be too bored.

From any part of the factory, if anything is suspect it comes to us. A batch of tins might not be labelled properly, they come to us and we have to strip them down and, if there are only a few at fault, we re-label them ourselves, if all of them are bad, we return them to the department from which they came to be labelled again by machine. We have an X-ray machine into which we send any tins suspected of containing 'foreign matter'. It might be a wedding ring that has come off someone's finger and she suddenly has missed it. The entire output from her

starting work that morning is put into 'quarantine' and sent down to us. I had been looking at this thing and couldn't for the life of me figure out how it worked. I asked the girls who were using it if they minded me looking at it. They were quite willing.

Two girls work outside the machine. One is taking the suspect tins out of the cases and stands them on a conveyor belt which takes them out of sight. I went inside to see what happened next. The girl inside sits in front of a screen; very much like that on a TV set. In the centre of this screen is a pointer. As the tins pass slowly in front of the screen you can see their outlines and the contents are transparent, unless there is something there that shouldn't be; this would show up in a black outline. The girl inside can stop the belt, move it backwards and, of course, restart it. When she sees a tin that should be stopped, she presses a button on the small console in front of her which stops the belt; she must make sure the tin is immediately under the pointer on her screen. She rings a bell which, from the outside, has a strident voice, and the very act of ringing the bell causes a drop of oil to fall from the pointer onto the top of the can which should be removed, in fact is removed by the other girl on the outside who is returning the good cans to the empty cases.

Sometimes a man comes into our department and sets up a gadget which, for a long time had me guessing. It was, or looked like, a weighing block with a metal plate in the centre. At the back there was a piece standing upright and which had an electric bulb attached. Surrounded by stacks of cases he would take a tin from one of them, place it on the metal plate and put it to one side. If the light went on, he put it on the opposite side. I couldn't figure out what he was doing. He appeared to be weighing the tins, but he couldn't be doing only that because part of our work consists of weighing consignments of tins suspected of being light-weight. I asked around among the women, not really expecting an answer. I've asked them about things before and they never know the answer; they are remarkably disinterested in anything that doesn't concern them immediately. I finally went over and asked the man himself. He was testing the vacuum to see there were no leakages. He works for the Metal Box Co. which makes tins for Heinz and they send a man over frequently to make these tests. Although the basic design never changes they do come across small adjustments that have to be made to ensure good sealing. I went back to my own work and pondered over what he had told me. Then a thought occurred to me, what is there about those tins that makes the vacuum suspect in the first place? I trotted back and asked him. Nothing, they just take a random selection of 500 tins and test them. Happy at having solved that one, I went back to work.

I can't say anything on the subject of how the food is cooked; I haven't seen the kitchens, but I have been somewhat re-assured about using tins since I came here. The slightest fault on a tin and it goes out, not always into the rubbish bin, if the fault doesn't interfere with the quality or safety of the product, it goes downstairs into Staff Sales where it is sold at a heavy discount. This particularly applies to dented cans, provided they aren't too bad.

Some of the faults for which we have to look sound most peculiar. Here are a few just for the record:- cable cuts, spinners, broken chucks, cutovers and lips. All of these are faults in the sealing of the cans. When I first went to the rework department the 'blue-band' would tell me what it was we were looking for and would show me the fault in a book of illustrations she had. Another thing we had to look for was called 'peaks'. This is a dimple on the top of the tin. When found they are all collected and put into the hot room where they are left for 14 days at a temperature of 85 degrees ~~Fahr.~~ ^{Fahr.}, the theory being that as a 'peak' is an incipient 'blow' it should become fully blown in that time, if it doesn't, then it never will. Of course you know

what a blown can looks like? well, it has a swollen appearance both top and bottom and is thrown out immediately. You never buy a can from the shop when it looks like that, it should never have reached the shop in the first place.

Never having worked in a factory before, I don't know if other places are as good to work in as is Heinz. Right from the first day I went there, and later, on reading through their rule book, given to every employee, I was struck by how thoughtful and considerate of their employees they are. On thinking about it a bit more it becomes obvious that they are doing themselves a bit of alright too. At first glance you get the feeling they are being very careful of you and your rights, but, logically, if you follow their advice, not only are you kept healthy and free from accidents, but it saves them time and money. The best thing of all, in my opinion, is the opportunity given to every employee to tour the works and see everything with no holds barred on the number and nature of questions you can ask. The idea being, if you see the entire works and can relate your job to what you have seen, you will take more interest in what you are doing.

The work we do is, of necessity, repetitive and tedious, but it's a living and will hold me until I have mastered the course I am taking at school, this should be about Xmas, I reckon.

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Most, if not all of you, know that I hold 'Open house' to anyone in fandom who cares to come along and enjoy a social evening every Friday night. Originally it was initiated to enable members of the BSFA to meet each other in less forbidding surroundings than a pub, where they would have to buy a drink whether they wanted it or not; besides some of those who attend are under age and cannot go into a pub. I am glad that this has become such a well established thing that I often get phone calls during the week from strangers asking if they can come along. This is not necessary, you know. If you are in town and it is Friday, just come along.

A few weeks ago I had such a phone call from a couple of fellows who claimed to be friends of John Baxters. Naturally, I welcomed the chance to meet someone who knew John and told them about what time to be here. Their names? Hold on while I get the Visitor's Book: E. Komeuda was one, at least, that's what it looks like, and C. Gerwy is the other. The writing is awful so I can't guarantee the spelling is correct. They only stayed about an hour and in that time the only reference they made to SF was to ask where they could buy some. We gave them the address of Ken Slater and the subject seemed to be closed. Next they wanted to know where were the girls? Seems I was expected to offer them the kind of entertainment to be found in a brothel. Maybe they thought I was the Madam of a disorderly house, I don't know. That subject also having been closed the next item on their agenda was to try and get rid of a camera lens they had smuggled into the country which wouldn't fit the cameras either of them had. No sale being effected, they left and good riddance.

I wouldn't normally mention an incident like this, but I don't want it to happen again so I'm telling all of you. By all means tell your fan friends to look me up if they are in London, but please, also tell them that it is a social evening and not a market for ridding themselves of embarrassing objects they may have smuggled into the country; neither do I provide the kind of entertainment they were looking for. I will be pleased to welcome your friends but they will be barred from future meetings if I find they are trying in any way to capitalize on my hospitality. This may sound too strong to you, but I don't feel that any apology is due. John, I am not holding you responsible for the behaviour of these men in any way, but I had to mention it. See you....



Old

notes

by arthur
thomson

Starting off with a bang this time round, you will, no doubt, recall that the Fifth of November saw a repeat of that quaint Olde Englishe Tradition called Guy Fawkes Night. An evening of delight for small boys and firework manufacturers. I don't have to tell any of our British OMPAns about it, no doubt most of them were out there pitching, but for the benefit of any Americans in my audience who might be just a little hazy concerning the event, I'll explain.

Guy Fawkes Night is an annual event in the English calendar. For why is because it seems that during or around the 15th. or 16th. Century, way back there somewhere anyway, there was some racial or religious discrimination going on in Herrie Englande, which just goes to show that America wasn't first in this field at all. I guess Walter Raleigh or some such organisation took it over to the States and made a hard sell of it for tobacco or Manhattan Island. Anyway, this discrimination which was directed against Catholics, Prostestants, or Bunny Club members was quite a big deal with the Government as formed by the

members of the Houses of Parliament because they were in fact running it more than somewhat. It got so bad, what with people being hauled away from their Roast Beef at the drop of a halberd, run up before an investigating committee (who usually asked them among other questions: "And when did you last see your Father?"), then taken off to the local greensward and burnt to the cles of the assembled gentry that a character called Guy Fawkes - yes, yes, our Hero - who was, it happened, being one of those discriminated against, got pretty damn mad about it all and so het up about the government having it all their own way, that he thunk up a real jim dandy of a plot that he thought might even things up a bit. Over some guttering candles in one of those typical Englishe abodes of the times, full of low ceilings, oak beams and outdoor privies, he expounded his idea to others of his ilk, and, after they had run it up the mast to see how it saluted, they all agreed that it seemed like a real gass, and like, crazy man.

The upshot of it all was the smuggling by Guy Fawkes and his band of some few barrels of gunpowder into the deep dark cellars below the Houses of Parliament, London, England. The aforementioned barrels of gunpowder to be set off when the time was ripe and give the members of the government a real lift by blowing the lid off the whole deal. But, alas and alack, which is some of their type chat, all was discovered by a watchman who had slunk off to the cellars to escape the Chief Whip or Black Rod or something. So all was screwed up and awry. It was a case of flee for your lives and head for the hills for Guy Fawkes and his merrie band of evil conspirators. However, some stoolie must have dropped a squeal on Guy, he was tracked down by the local version of the FBI, caught and cast into duress vile. After which he was hauled forth and hung, drawn and quartered, or maybe even burnt, or all four, by orders of an irate Houses of Parliament.

Ever since then, probaby fostered by the government just to get the idea across to anyone else who might try the same dodge, there has grown this custom of everybody going out into the streets on November Fifth to build bonfires, ceremoniously burn a guy on the fire and to let off fireworks. Why November 5th? 'Cos the plot was discovered on that night, or was due to be set off on that night, one or the other, it doesn't seem to make any difference why to the general festivities.

These days the preparations for Guy Fawkes might start some few weeks before the actual date. Small boys construct 'guys' with old clothes, stuffing them full of paper and capping the whole thing off with a papier-mache mask from Woolworths cast in the mold of a green faced Chinaman with whiskers. (No, I don't know why a Chinaman). They trundle these guys round in barrows or prams anywhere they can expect to find lots of people and solicit for 'pennies for the guy', these pennies going towards the purchase of fireworks for the great night. They also begin to build enormous bonfires where-ever they can find six feet of cleared ground.

This year, instead of buying my own small supply and going down to the local bonfire with my wife and small daughter and neighbors, some friends and myself decided to go to a firework display that was being held in a nearby park. Some of the town's citizens who give to worthy causes were organising the display, the proceeds to go to the old folks beer fund.

Consequently, on the evening of the 5th we all duly trotted out into the November murk and made our way over to the park, paid our admission at the entrance and groped our way through the dark and the crowds along a low sapling fence that had been set up, till we reached what we thought might be a good point of vantage. In the dark, amid the jostling crowds it was pretty

hard to place where was where, but after a few eye-straining minutes I managed to discern that the ground seemed to fall away on the other side of the fence into a hollow, and in the middle of the hollow there seemed to be a large mound which we agreed could very well be the, as yet, unlit bonfire. Away to one side of the bonfire there seemed to be a small tent, around which a few hand torches were waving about, this, we guessed, must be the organisers tent. We waited a few minutes, feeling the cold and damp seep up from the ground into our feet, then some sort of loudspeaker system came on from the tent and, after a few preliminary coughs and grunts, a voice boomed out into the night air welcoming us all to the GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY. It went on to describe the delights in store. There would be a GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY of magnificent set pieces followed by the BURNING OF THE GUY, followed by MUSIC AND DANCING (on the damp grass, yet), followed by the sale of LOT SOUP, HOT POTATOES AND HOT DOGS, in fact, the voice boomed jollily on, A REALLY GRAND EVENING would be HAD BY ONE AND ALL.

But firstly, the voice went on, to start off the evenings entertainment we were all going to thrill to the music of the Duncan Cameron HIGHLAND PIPE BAND, hired at enormous expense for our delight and approbation. Though why a Scottish pipe band should be playing at what was such a typical English evening, I don't know, the voice didn't tell us, either. We all stared towards the tent expectantly, shuffled our feet to try and get them warm and waited with typical British phlegm for whatever the tent had in store for us. It was quite dark and a few more torches had sprung into life around the tent, then, with an eldritch wail, the pipe band tuned up behind the tent and moved around it into the light cast by the torches. They formed up, five or six brawny Highlanders complete with kilts, busbies, bagpipes and drums. Everybody cheered their appearance, as, with a swing of the leader's mace, they burst into a stirring Scottish air, got into step and majestically marched off, drums beating, pipes wailing, kilts swinging and the crowd cheering, into the darkness. They disappeared in a matter of seconds and it was the last we ever saw of them, though the sound of the pipes was heard for a few more moments before it too died away for ever.

After three or four minutes of somewhat embarrassed silence, the voice came on again, albeit a trifle apologetically, to announce that the GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY would now commence. It told us to direct our gaze to the other side of the hollow where the set pieces and rockets were due to go up. Everybody did. I noticed several figures making their way from the tent and up the bank carrying lighted tows or wicks. The voice, with a nice touch, I thought, counted down from five to zero and things began to happen. The first being a tremendous bang that made everyone jump out of their skins, and the largest rocket that I've ever seen (firework variety), soared up into the air to burst with a roar showering coloured lights and flaming particles down onto the heads of the cringing spectators. By the light I looked across the hollow and saw the first of the set pieces lit. It produced beautiful emerald green lights followed by an immense cloud of pungent black smoke that roiled quickly across the hollow and billowed into and over the crowd. For a few moments nothing could be distinguished but green glare, red glare, orange glare and clouds of smoke through which came bangs and shouts. I felt my small daughter's hand creep into mine. The whole thing looked like a technicolour set for a movie version of Dantes Inferno, what with the clouds of smoke mingling with the damp mist that was rising from the hollow all limned by the glare of the fireworks, explosions, shouts and screams and the appearance and disappearance of those who had been sending them up and were now dashing around like crazy men. I tell you, I was impressed!



It seems that every time I read SCOTTISHE Ethel is wailing on the subject of mailing comments, without making it too clear what it is she wants; what she doesn't want is clear. I would like to have someone clarify for me the purpose of mailing comments. Are they meant to be egoboo for the publisher of any given magazine, or are they intended to rouse discussion in that particular and succeeding mailings on some subject of interest? If they are only meant for egoboo no wonder Dick Schultz and others think an APA is nothing more than a back-scratching clique. Surely if one feels like taking a slap at one of the 'zines in the mailing, it is possible to do so without causing lasting offence and hurt. If we can't be honest in our opinions in CMPA, or any other APA come to that, what is the point of being in one? What is the purpose of an APA anyway? If we just want to publish a fanzine what is wrong with publishing a genzine with a smallish mailing list?

I for one, on the occasions I feel drawn to make comments, will make every effort to be honest while at the same time endeavouring not to be offensive in the way I express myself. Whether they will prove to be interesting, either to Ethel or the editor to whom I am talking I don't know, but I hope so.

Having got that little lot off my chest, I will now make some comment on some of the topics which appear to be exercising the minds of OMPA members.

OFF TRAILS: Frankly, I don't give a damn if this has a front cover or not. I leave it entirely up to whoever is the ruling AE. As long as it contains the relevant information we should expect from it they can dress it up or no as they choose. Which brings me to the vexed question of when w.l.s. should pay their dues. I know that recently it has been expected of them that these should be paid in advance of being admitted to membership and talk has been going the rounds of making an amendment to the Constitution. I would like to quote a short piece from this Constitution on that subject to you:-

"When a vacancy in the membership occurs the top Waiting-Lister is invited to join, and he must pay his dues and produce a fanzine-of at least 6 quarto pages - for the next available mailing". As I recall, and I wasn't a member at the time, Bob Lichtman and Bruce Burn...hold it! It was Donaho and Bruce Burn, who practically rewrote the Constitution both to clarify and simplify the various rulings. Ron Bennett: weren't you in on these discussions? If payment of dues prior to joining was going to make things easier all round, why wasn't it mooted at the time and written in?

WHATSIT #4(Cheslin) You are to be commended for your industry in hand colouring all those covers, your time, I feel, would be better taken up in improving the interiors. For instance you seem to be wondering what Chuck Wells meant when he called your writing style "unorthodox". Well, you have only to pick up any 'zine from the mailing and compare it with your own to see what he means. You are one of the people who write as you talk. It can be quite comical to watch your expression while listening to you allow an idea to run away with you, but in print and to someone who has never met you I should think your style could be infuriating. It savors of lazy thinking and comes out as slap-dash work. Your spelling is atrocious, needlessly so as you admit to owning a dictionary. I would prefer smaller magazines better produced from you than a large one that honestly I find difficult to read. In places you become well-nigh incoherent. Simmer down boy, take it more slowly.

Now for some of the points you raised concerning the Constitution. (1) Speaking personally, I would prefer 3 mailings a year, still of 12 pp of activity. This in the mistaken belief it will give me more time to get my contribution prepared. You see, I know it's a mistaken belief but I do think we ought to give our overseas members some consideration. Leaving it at 3 mailings per year should do away with the wail that they only get the preceding mailing when near the deadline for the following one. If for that reason only, it is a good one. If this idea is adopted I see no reason to change the date of the deadline, except that we could delete the December one which is always a nuisance being so near the holiday.

(5) You seem to have lost sight of the fact that under the Constitution we have to send 50 copies. Under your scheme we would have to send 5 more. I'm agin anything that makes more work obligatory. It's up to the individual editors if they send out to w.l.s. as things stand, I know it would remain that way, but if you keep raising the numbers on us I see no reason for not making all APazines available to general fandom.

(7) You know it was making a hard and fast rule on the subject of m.cs. in IPSO that helped to kill that APA, in my opinion. No, instead of laying down the law on percentage of m.cs. to be allowed, I would like to see all magazines containing nothing else but comments barred from the mailing. I'm thinking now of Norman Metcalfe who is a persistent offender in this category. There have been others who have dashed off a couple of pages of comments and nothing else in order to save their memberships. Take a crack at them, if

you want to keep the APA up to scratch. Your other points don't make much difference to me either way.

SCOTTISHE #32(Lindsay) re. your comments to Dikini, about those with a handicap of some kind. I hate talking to anyone who is afflicted with a handicap of any kind with one notable exception, Ken Cheslin. Come to think of it, maybe Ken doesn't think of himself as handicapped. Ken? I have tried to discover why I feel as I do and the whole thing boils down to a sense of apology in a way, for being whole when they aren't. I feel self-conscious, even guilty in an odd way for the fact that there is this difference between us. Now that I've unearthed the reason for my discomfort in their presence it doesn't alleviate it in any way, I am still uncomfortable. Could their shyness, as you mentioned, be in any way the same thing but in reverse, do you think?

DOLPHIN #5(Busby) There was one remark in your comments to Fred Hunter that caught my eye:- "In America, it is rather embarrassing and awkward for an adult to be unable to drive"- . It is not so here. Mainly because our public transport system is so much more frequent and reliable than yours and our towns are not so far apart, not to mention the fact that we don't have the motorways necessary for long distance driving. One thing over there that struck me as most odd is that number plates on cars can be changed annually. Here, if you are given a registration plate it stays with the car for its life time. There has long been a slight trade in these plates by people wanting a certain number and being willing to purchase it. This has increased to such an extent recently that now they can only have the plate if they buy the vehicle bearing it as well. I don't suppose you have this kind of 'status' trading over there? About your remarks anent TAFF. As you said, not everyone is a Willis or a Berry, those who aren't are going to find it tough sledding if the campaign is over and then comes the fund raising. I don't honestly know which method would most succeed in raising funds. There would be no real problem in your method if the nominee were well known and liked to begin with, but, in the event of a lesser known fan being on the winning slate he wouldn't bring in as much and could lose the trip even although he had won the race, because the money hadn't been forthcoming.

No, I believe we have got to get away from this idea of collecting for a person, in TAFF at least, and go all out for the idea of supporting TAFF itself as an idea. I wouldn't quarrel with you on the plan to keep all campaigns as short as possible. I don't know how the contenders manage to retain their equable manner as they do. It must be a terrific strain.

SOUFFLE #5(Baxter) Our little "run-in", as you call it, wasn't as you stated on the subject of your proposed anthology for TAFF, but over your reaction to your published letter in CRY..which you mention in I-SHINE. As you say your views may have changed over the past year, we won't go into that again! The details are a mite hazy after all this time; I do remember that the idea as outlined didn't strike me as having much chance of success, and I said so, but to say that I said I wouldn't permit it is untrue. I am not so unrealistic as to imagine I can permit or forbid anyone in fandom to do anything they may have a mind to do; especially one as strong willed as yourself. To admit you dropped the whole idea, inferring it was directly attributable to me that you did this, only goes to prove that you didn't think it a very good idea yourself. If you had been convinced in your own mind that it was worth doing, no opinion of mine would have made you drop it. If you are going to quote matters that were after all contained in private correspondence then do be sure to get your facts right. I am still of the opinion that your choice of THE BEST OF FANDOM would probably not have sufficient appeal to the majority to make it a working - and selling - proposition. You do have a talent for bugging people, don't you?

I neglected to mention that the past couple of pages were comments on the 36th. mailing. Now for the 37th.

OFF TRAILS Yes, well, if I'd read this before cutting the other stencils, I could have saved myself some space - and time. I see you have clarified the situation regarding the payment of dues by w.l.s.

WHATSIT(Cheslin). It's all very well for you to advocate marriage as a purely formal contract and family groups of 10 adults. You would never convince the women that this was the right or a good thing to do. Concerning the men in their lives, women are notoriously jealous and possessive; ask any of 'em! No matter how logically they can argue the merits of such an idea, no matter how clinically they approach and agree with it, if/when it came to the point there would be howls of protest from one and all. I don't have anyone over whom to feel either jealous or possessive, but I'm damned sure that if I had I wouldn't want to share him, knowingly, with any one else. Irrational, maybe, but wholly feminine.

ABLE(Mercer). For one who so often has corrected me for not being absolutely correct in saying what I mean, it coggles me to have to do the same to you. WWW isn't known by 99% of fandom, is he? Surely you meant, by the 99% of fan who know him. Those of us who do appreciate Wally's wit and humour are not as hysterical a bunch as you make us sound. So it isn't to your taste, tough luck, but he wasn't being deliberately rude to John, he's never been rude to anyone that I know of, either deliberately or otherwise. I shudder to think what would have been made of it if WWW had called him a stupid clod. // I always enjoy your magazine but seldom have anything of moment to say about it. Pity.

DOLPHIN(Busby). Soon after I asked that question about pelmets, I had a letter from Betty in which she said that it sounded as if I were describing a valance. This is not strictly true. Your description is nearer the mark, but being made of wood we paint them and don't cover them with material although they can be made of the same stuff as your curtains instead of wood. // I was once a dog owner myself, had one for years. I don't honestly think that the words used to a dog make any difference at all as long as the tone indicates the mood. They can sense if you are being sympathetic, angry, loving or whatever purely by your tone and react accordingly. Nobby and Lisa probably could tell by the sound of the dogs in the ground that they weren't particularly happy so knew it wasn't a good place to be. Naturally they would be anxious as would you if you sat outside a house and heard people shouting or crying. Your tone sounded reassuring and they were content. // If I meet the wife of a fan who isn't herself a fan, or if I meet someone in fandom with whom I'm not very well acquainted I would give them the prefix Mrs. I do, even now, and continue to do so until given permission to use their christian name. Two cases in point, Betty Rosenblum, wife of longtime fan Mike and Jean Grennell. // Norman Shorrocks is the chief wine maker that I know of in anglofandom.

MRG(Jeeves). Just think of the extra space that would be taken up if one led into relevant comments by giving a precise of what led to them. It doesn't take a newcomer long to discover what is being discussed. // Comments on comments, these pages are sure going to annoy you, aren't they? I disagree with you and Ethel. If a member's comments on someone's magazine provokes a certain train of thought which stimulates further comment from someone else, why shouldn't they go right ahead and comment on comments? It's merely continuation of a conversation.

DETROIT IRON(Schultz). Yes, having stencilled Arthur's offering, I now see the point of his remarks. You do sound grouchy, don't you. I must admit I don't for the life of me see why you, John Roles and others complain about

OMPA being serious. What's wrong with that? AS long as those members who are being serious aren't also being priggish and pompous with it I don't see any harm in it. One can't be light-hearted and uncaring for all of the time, especially if there is something of importance to you personally being discussed. // On the question of OMPA's slump: it is too bad if an APA loses those members it values most, but they are gone as members, though, as Arthur points out, some of them are present as contributors. I am much more concerned with the problem of those in OMPA who retain their memberships through adherence to the letter of the Constitution while ignoring entirely the spirit of it. I know that what I am going to suggest will penalize the always active member as well as coming down on the deadwood, as you call it. I would like to see it the rule that all members must have half their activity in by the half year. It wouldn't take long to root out those who aren't really interested in the welfare of OMPA. Mind you, I'm not entirely happy about suggesting this, because, fandom being what it is, no-one likes to feel themselves too bound by rules and regulations; me least of all, I think. // There are OMPAazines of quality still with us, we have at least one worthwhile new one (Hi Fred!) in OUTPOST. // I well remember hearing that when films were shown in Germany after the war of Belsen and other camps, the German public refused to believe they really existed and claimed it was all a trick by the Allies in order to shame them (I don't know if it did!). Even those who lived nearest to where the camps were sited said they hadn't known what was going on. I could never understand how they could plead ignorance with any sincerity. There must have been the smell of burning flesh, the wind must have been blowing in their direction at some time in all those years bearing the unmistakable odour.

POOKA (Ford). From the contact I've had with some members of 'down-under' fandom, I would guess that on the subject of conventions and how they don't do anything for SF his opinions are about the average. The only exception I can think of is Bob Smith, but then, he's English. I always get the feeling that they are burning with resentment that they are so far away and out of things they feel they have to lash out at those of us more(?) fortunate. I'm probably all wrong about this, but why are they so edgy and nasty over the least thing? It beats me. // It was lovely to hear of your family's growth and their plans. Mind you, Terry as a nurse is liable to raise more temperatures than she lowers! // I owe you and your family a long letter. One day!

PHENOTYPE (Kney). Well, we don't have the bricks still lying around where the buildings were knocked down, but we do still have lots of gaps where the buildings used to stand. The trouble is that a lot of the landlords were either quick to disappear or were killed during hostilities. The new owner cannot be discovered so the land can't be bought for rebuilding. Right here in my district there is a cafe. The proprietor walked off and left it because he had a load of debts he couldn't pay. Nobody knows where he went or to whom the place now belongs. His creditors attached the stock, for what it was worth, but the cafe still stands there untenanted and becoming dirtier and more disreputable and there it will remain for God knows how long.

OUTPOST (Hunter). I dunno what I'm going to do about you and your much vaunted magazine. A mailing never goes past but someone in it takes a poke at me; the latest offender is our mutual friend Colin Freeman. I'll get even with him yet, you see. // I was much amused by your description of your new hobby, photography. I too suffer from friends like yours. I had never yearned for a camera in my life; heresy, I almost went to the States without one! Ethel loaned me hers and there was so much I wanted to film for my own private memory files, I was hooked before I was aware that I was. Since then I've had

varicus cameras, but am still nowhere near proficient with them. That doesn't stop me trying. // It never fails to surprise me, the things Berry finds to 'collect'. The clip shown in fig. 2 is known as an 'owl' clip; I have a boxful of them here. // I am not going into the question again of how like ATom's illos are the ones done for you by John Curtis, but, every time I see one of those illustrated headings I say to myself, ah, Arthur again, then a second look tells me it isn't. At least they look more like ATom than do the ones in Detroit Iron. Sorry, Dick, but it's true. // Your justified margins, Fred, give me the willies. I can't forget all the work involved even while admitting they do much for the appearance of your 'zine. It looks good, reads well and always welcome at Dunbar House, as would you be if you ever used ATom's 'guide'. // So, you "know how easy it is to produce 12 pages"? It may be for you. It's a sad fact, but true that it's always the men in fandom who find it easy to do any amount of fanac and assume it to be just as easy for everyone else. 'Tisn't so. Since I moved here I've been trying to get my trip report finished, but there's always something that has to be done that has prior importance. I spend most evenings in my own room shut away from Fred or anyone else and get through an enormous amount of work. I go to school twice a week(4 hours) and am out at work all day. Not even my weekends are entirely mine. Believe me, 12 pages per annum is the limit for me or I would have to surrender my place to someone more able to cope with it. Watch it, eh?

QUARTERING(Fitch). Alright, Don, alright. You've got me convinced that there are occasions when a book is worth more than just the text. Actually, you have missed entirely the point I was trying to make which is buying a book just for the sake of the binding without reference to its contents. There is a certain snobbery attached to that kind of collector, in my opinion. If I had an expensive, well furnished home, with priceless furniture and drapes, for instance, and I wasn't a reader, then I can see the point of buying books to fit the decor, but for someone in my position to buy books for their bindings would be pretentious. // Your Westeron report was much enjoyed. // I have no doubt that you were able to hear me well when we met? I hope so because I was never particularly aware of your deafness. I noticed your hearing aid, yes, but it didn't bother me at all or make me think on a conscious level that I would have to be sure to speak plainly.

SCOTTISHE(Lindsay). Brian's item was hilarious! You knew this, of course. Only Arthur's illos could enhance such an article and this they do, outstandingly. // It would be an impertinence for me to attempt to comment on Walt's 'Warbles'. I find them fascinating, as everyone must do. // I know what you mean when you talk about your feelings for and about America. If ever I read about a place in the States, or hear it mentioned on TV. I immediately think, who do I know who lives there? Always an interesting magazine, Ethel and your comments on Vance's DRAGON MASTERS echo mine entirely.

SMOKE(Locke). You are at your best when rambling on about the things which interest you most. I have found your best writing to be in your descriptions of gliding and on the subject of books. You seem to be completely unselfconscious which cannot be said about you when attempting fiction or humour(alleged). I could have read pages more of this without any sign of boredom. // Ian Peter's article I found absorbing. There has always been something special to me on the subject of centaurs, but I've never had the time to do the reading on this subject that I would like to. // I hope you can induce Arthur Sellings to write for you again soon. Another SMOKE as soon as you like, please?

Well, that's the lot for this time. If I didn't comment on your 'zine it was only as I predicted, if I had nothing to say, I wouldn't say it, (I work with an Irish girl, and it shows). Actually, there were lots of things I could have said to Bobbie, John Roles and a couple of others, but there is a deadline to meet and not too much time to complete this. I hope to be back next mailing, but we all know what happens when a fan makes a publishing promise. Meanwhile, have yourselves a wonderful Christmas and have a drink with me. All the best, too, for the New Year.

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God rest Ye Merrie Gentlemen.

Happy Hogmanay.

C.A.Press.

