

DEGLER! #269 In case you haven't guessed, this is DEGLER! No. 269, published by  
DEGLER! #269 Andy Porter, President of the "Let's Take Rosemary To Dinner Soc-  
DEGLER! #269 iety, Inc." (Not a Religious Society), who resides at 55 Roo Pine-  
DEGLER! #269 apple, Brooklyn Heights NY 11201 (but mail, esp. large stuff, shd  
DEGLER! #269 still go to Box 4175, NY 10017, gang). Doompub number ??, copied  
DEGLER! #269 this 3rd day of December, 1977. Britain's Fyne in '79, my lads...

BY STRATOSPHERE STEAMER TO THE ANTIPODES: I barely escaped Neweast York with my life  
on Turkey Day. The tram to the aerodrome  
barely missed several inebriated citizens, rushing down the thorofare after large  
screaming birds which seemed to fit the local description of "Turkey". Not one of  
the birds, of course, was yet dead and cooked, but that part of the ritual seems to  
take place later in the afternoon, after the rituals of "plucking" and "cleaning"  
and the esoteric one of "stuffing" have been taken care of.

The terminal, which had been put up in an earlier day, has seen much renovation over  
the years. Currently the citizenry are completing a large steamcar park in front of  
the departures area, hiding from view the excellent bronze by Calder of Queen Vic-  
toria which graces the entranceway. What price progress, indeed? The tram does man-  
age to avoid the commoner citizenry of the city and the departure into the terminal  
gates is never marred by more than a few beggars and other riffraff.

The stratosphere steamer, a large conveyance of the Eastern Imperial Airways, built  
in the latest style by the Imperial Air Ministry's plant in the northwest of America,  
is fitted with every convenience. Staterooms for those with the money and time for  
civilized pleasantries, large galleries with observation windows, roomy baggage  
facilities, etc. All possible conveniences, all possible comforts. Truly we live  
in a wonderful age!

Departure was on time. With a soft whistle of escaping steam, we cast off our lines  
and rose into the afternoon sky. The white vapors escaping from the airoshafts were  
scarcely to be heard, so good was the sound conditioning, and the quivering sense  
of motion felt in lesser conveyances was dampened by the great weight of the vessel  
and the surehanded motions of the pilot.

Within a short time we had left the great conurbation of Neweast York behind, in our  
leisurely voyage up the Hudson river valley . High over church steeples and the towns  
of the citizenry we passed; far above the countless masts and smokestained river  
craft. We were so far up the view was unequalled, and the observation galleries were  
pressed into a heavy service as the lords and ladies crowded the windows, enjoying  
the exceptional views of the York provincial mountains.

And so the day passed, and evening drew on toward dusk. Steadily the mighty stratos-  
phere steamer sped on its course, bound for the British American enclaves north of  
the St. Lawrence River. Over great forested mountains and broad streams we flew, with  
little save the lights of small villages and the occassional steam collier to mark  
our course from one great city to the next. The journal I keep saw many a page of  
glowing narrative entered in it that day and night, of that you can be sure!

Finally, early the next morning, the broad plains of Sherbrooke and beyond them, the  
great island fortress of Mount Royal hove into view. The walls of the fortress far  
above the river gleamed in the early morning light, and the town below spread about  
the base of the mountain and gradually became larger as we descended. So steady had  
our flight been, so sure the passage of the machinery, that scarcely one in five of  
the passengers was awake and about as we prepared to dock . Of course, I had been  
up all night, marking the passage of the country with a swift pen, so filled with  
exultation and amazement of the smoothness and grandeur of the flight, that I  
scarcely felt the need for slumber as the majestic properties of the rarified air  
at nearly three thousands of feet above the plain seemed to induce in me a great  
physical and spiritual strength.

NEXT WEEK: The Citizens Of The Fortress.