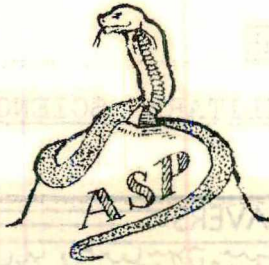




EN GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

WHOLE NUMBER XV.



Prepared With Painsstaking Precision

By AL (immigrant) ASHLEY of

643 South Bixel Street,

Los Angeles 14, California.

OCTOBER, 1945, MAILING.

YE BYLLE OF FAYRE

WE VENTURE TO PREDICT that you are now reading Page 1.

EDUCATION IS EFFORTLESS as offered on Page 2.

THE DEAD WALK AGAIN and keep right on ambling on Page 3.

CHARLES R. TANNER tampers with time on Page 4.

TRAVEL TURNS TROUBLESOME beginning on none other than Page 5.

AL CONSIDERS HIS CONTEMPORARIES starting at the top of Page 14.

THIS ISSUE ENDS right smack at the bottom of Page 17.

## CREDIT DEPARTMENT

THE FRONT COVER is By En Garde's Editor.

INTERIOR ARTWORK was produced By Special Arrangement.

THE FRONT COVER IDEA was suggested By Ross Morgan.

THIS ISSUE was stencilled and published By Laying Offwork.

THE BACK COVER is last and By Golly Ishblank.

[illegible]

.....HE'S SORRY.....HE'S GLAD.....

En Garde's Editor is sorry this issue is a quarter of a year late, glad that things have settled down a little so publication can be resumed, sorry there's a dearth of artwork this issue, glad there's better paper this time, and he sincerely thanks all who voted for him in the last election.



HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

HH

## ETHNOLOGY

# JAPOLOGY



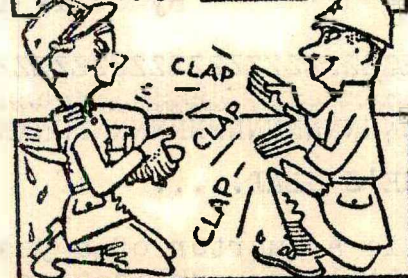
Contrary to a widely-held belief, the average Jap has no difficulty pronouncing the letter "r." However, the Jap cannot pronounce the letter "l" and our Army frequently uses passwords like "Lallapaloosa" and "Lilliputian."

# 1 APOLOGY



Another popular fallacy concerning the Japs is that they are stolid and phlegmatic. The truth is that the Japs are very emotional, trained in repression all their lives. When they get into tight spots, they are much more likely to "blow up" than are other persons.

# 1 APOLOGY



Among the western Democracies, suicide generally is regarded as an act of cowardice. Not so with the Japs. When a Jap commits hara-kiri (disembowels himself) he is performing a rite which symbolizes to the Emperor that the soldier has done all he can for Japan.

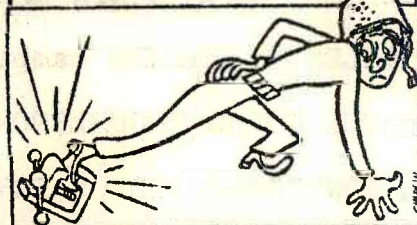
## MILITARY SCIENCE

## LIFE SAVERS



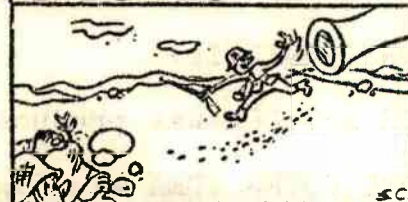
Don't disclose your position by unnecessary noises or firing. The enemy will pull a lot of tricks to get you to show yourself so they can toss shells at you.

## LIFE SAVERS



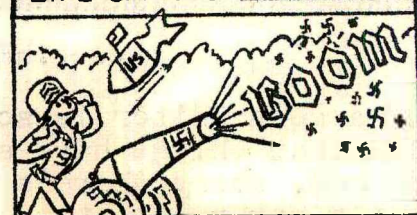
Don't wear tight shoes or leggings. They stop circulation and will soon put your feet on the bum with trench foot.

## LIFE SAVERS



If you are pinned down by small arms fire don't stay too long in one place or you're liable to become the target for some heavier shelling.

## LIFE SAVERS



If you are firing a captured enemy gun from a concealed position be sure the other men in the vicinity know about it so they won't recognize the sound and take pot shots at you.



~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
DEBRIS DEPARTMENT  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

From Louis Russell Chaavenet, March 12, 1942:

"It is not generally known in Fandom, but at the time Elmer Perdue last visited me, in the company of Milty Rothman, more than a year ago, I maintained that Yngvi was indisputably a louse, and Perdue challenged me to a duel over the matter. Relying on his righteous cause to aid him, he scorned to strip for action, and after a furious combat with cavalry sabers, I killed him.

Since Milty thought that Elmer might be even more useful dead than alive, he revived the corpse by certain arts known to we of the Inner Circle Fans, and since that date, Perdue has been maintained as a Zombie, usually kept under control by Milty (see reference to radio communication between Milty & Perdue in recent Milty's Mag.) This is just a blind, as the set up is already working. The reason Milty had to move to Philadelphia was because FBI detector stations were tracking him down; he temporarily lost control of the zombie, which wandered down nearly to California before contact could be re-established. It was only through this fortunate resumption of control that California fandom was saved from ultimate devastation. And as conditions make the long-range radio control more and more hazardous every day, at any time the FBI may catch up with Milty, and the zombie Perdue be turned loose on an unsuspecting fandom.

This notice will serve to warn all who read it, and if it saves even one life, I shall feel amply repaid."

What trials and vicissitudes Milty encountered in his efforts to maintain control over the zombie since that time, none but Milty may ever know. Did he manage to achieve some working arrangement with the FBI? Did he succeed in convincing the proper authorities of the mutual need for cooperation to keep the zombie from running wild? Has Milty's tenure in the Army been a blind?

Zombie Perdue is today in the city of Los Angeles, California. With little attention one may observe him and realize the significance of his glassy eyes, his odd, shuffling gait, his slow, precise speech, his pallid, expressionless face. These, and other subtle signs leave little doubt as to the truth of the above account.

Fandom has survived. No frightful carnage has taken place in fandom that could, with certainty, be attributed to zombie Perdue. Yet there are signs that Milty's control has not always been complete.

If, in the still watches of the night, you hear a bizarre tapping at your bedroom window, a peculiar scratching at your door---- pull the covers over your head, Fan! Pray to Saint Merritt for protection!

IT MAY BE ZOMBIE ELMER PERDUE!

SS

And the sound in the middle of his head went ticktock ticktock ticktock ticktock



# INTO THE SUNSET

--- A MOVEMENT IN THIRTEEN FLATS ---

For more than a month, the date of Slanshack's departure from Battle Creek had been set definitely for early Friday morning, September 7, 1945. Upwards of two weeks were planned to be spent on the trip to permit plenty of sightseeing. Walt Liebscher had gone on ahead to Joliet to spend a few days with his folks. The rest of us were to meet him there, spend the weekend in Chicago saying goodbye to various Mid-West fans, then proceed to Omaha where we were to meet Ollie Saari who was to accompany us on the trip as far as he could before turning back to be on time for his new job in Chicago.

That momentous Friday dawned---and dwindled. There was last-minute packing, freight and express to dispatch, last-minute things to do on the car, and thousands (more or less) of incidentals that must be taken care of before departure.

The sun was low in the West as we finally passed the city limits of Battle Creek, at last on our way to Shangri La.

The car was a 1942 Plymouth Coach, and had only one apparent drawback---four recap tires, well-worn and of uncertain condition otherwise, and no spare. The trunk was crammed with luggage, while more was stacked on the back seat. Carefully fitted in amongst this impedimenta, the car carried Jack Wiedenbeck, Abby Lu, Darlyne, and myself, to say nothing of Black Flame, our year-old cocker pooch.

Everything was clear sailing---for the first fifty miles. Then the new speedometer cable which had just been put in before we left gave up completely after a few moments of horrible buzzing. Ignoring this monor annoyance, we bounded along, dreaming up stf-story ideas and lustily singing space-chanties after the usual manner of fans.

A little before reaching Michigan City, Indiana, we passed a locomotive, merrily hissing and puffing. But the further we got past it, the louder the hissing seemed to grow. Just as we were marveling at this fantastic phenomenon the rear end of the car commenced a peculiar dance, the connotations of which were unmistakable.

We pulled off the road in front of a roadside tavern, piled out and stood nodding our heads dubiously. A car does not travel well on three feet. Although tempted to drown our sorrows in what the tavern had to offer, we bravely refrained, trying instead to call the nearest town for aid, assistance and succor. But this was futile because of the time of day (or evening). Then just when our despair had reached its nadir, some noble soul, of a railroad section foreman volunteered to abandon his tippling and help us locate a tire someplace. Taking me in his car he finally found a filling station some



miles down the road where third grade tires could be purchased. These tires were vulcanized recaps and doubtful at best, but people in our plight can scarcely be choosers. I bought two of them along with two new tubes. It cost thirty dollars, but we were ready to go again, and now we possessed a spare. Oh, Happy Day!

We reached Joliet, Illinois a little after midnight. Being a little hungry and knowing the Liebschers would have given us up and gone to bed, we stopped in a restaurant before looking up Walt's home. It was after one when we arrived at the Liebscher menage, and ---Klono help us!---they were not only waiting up for us, but had been keeping an elaborate dinner hot for us as best they could every since six or seven o'clock. We sat down and did our best with it considering our state of repletion. Then to bed for a few scant hours of sleep before leaving for Chicago.

We left Flame with Walt's mother, left the car there too, and took the train to Chi. Arriving at the Fort Dearborn Hotel about noon Saturday, we promptly contacted Tucker and Mari Beth, Abby Lu and Darlyne went shopping, the rest of us book-hunting. In the Fair store I foolishly lagged behind and lost the rest in the crowds. Unable to find them again, I did the rest of my hunting alone. Getting back to the hotel before the rest, I parked in the lobby to wait for them, and for Erle Korshak who was supposed to appear. I had met Korshak only once, at the second Michicon. As I waited, I idly watched a GI in uniform flirting with the girl at the cigar counter. He looked very faintly familiar, so, although quite dubious, I finally mustered my courage and sauntered up to him. "Are you by any chance Erle Korshak?" I asked. He was.

The rest of the gang finally showed up, laden with books, so we all headed for the elevators. On the way I passed some blonde chap sitting in one of the lobby chairs. He said, "Hey!" jerking his head in a beckoning motion. I leaned over and he asked, "Are you a fan?" Caught off guard, I confessed my shameful secret, whereupon he informed me, "I'm Art Saha!"

Saturday evening, Korshak persuaded all but Tucker, Mari Beth and myself to go out to see his collection in Chicago's Northside. We three had previously planned to visit a certain book store in the far Southside that hadn't been visited for a year or two by any fan. We picked up quite a number of choice items. Among those I found were, The Last American by Mitchell; The Miniature by Phillpotts; The Bright Messenger, by Blackwood; Atlantis by Gerhart Hauptmann; The Gilded Man by Clifford Smyth; Lentala Of The South Seas by W. C. Morrow; The Day Of Resis by Lillian Frances Mentor; and The Lost City by Joseph E. Badger, Jr.

Sunday, Frqnk Robinson and Else Janda showed up. After some time spent in the usual fan-gab, we repaired to Frqnkie's house to meet his mother and father, and to ogle his collection of prozines. His folks proved to be utterly charming and their home a lovely place, while his collection was droolsomely mint (and I do mean MINT). We spent the afternoon there, took some pictures, and partook of a buffet lunch served by his mother.



After that, it was back to the hotel for our stuff, hurried farewells, and off on the train for Joliet.

Monday morning we got away as early as possible for our plans called for us to be in Omaha by evening to meet Ollie who would be leaving Minneapolis about the same time we left Joliet. We got under way without incident, and breezed along merrily for an hour or two. Then someone dropped an atomic bomb behind us. The loud thumping that followed proved not to be our hearts. Instead, it was the best of the two tires I'd purchased the other side of Michigan City. It had blown practically its entire side out. We got out the new jack they'd given me when I got the car, and rapidly discovered that a screw-type bumper jack is good only for the generation of profanity. Finally a trucker stopped and helped us with his hydraulic jack. Thus we got the spare on and headed for the nearest town, Ottawa, Illinois to see if we could find another tire. Perhaps the fact that humorists Tucker and Liebscher both hail from Illinois has no bearing on the state as a whole, but the fact remains that ere we'd gone ten miles more, the spare split its sides---both of 'em---and again we found ourselves mounted upon a tripod. This was very disheartening, and thoughts of thirty bucks worth of rubber blown into uselessness didn't help.

The kindhearted truck-driver whom we'd passed since the previous blowout caught up with us again. He gave me a lift of twenty miles on into Ottawa. Here I managed to get tow service to bring our crippled chariot once more into the aura of civilization and its benefits. Then I went to work on the Ration Board. This eventually resulted in a certificate for two new grade one tires which were quickly purchased to the tune of about thirty-eight paper currency units counting new tubes too. But all this took us until late in the afternoon. Obviously we weren't going to meet Ollie that evening as planned. Following a prearranged method for dealing with such a situation, we sent a telegram to him in care of the Union Bus Terminal at Omaha, then hurried along to get there as soon as we could.

We crossed the Mississippi just after dark much to Abby Lu's disappointment. She'd been looking forward to seeing it, and the view in the dark was scarcely impressive.

At about four in the morning, about a hundred miles shy of Omaha, I became too sleepy to drive any farther, so we pulled off at the side of the road, slumped down in our seats and dozed for a couple hours. It was a pretty cool night and the cold finally became sufficiently uncomfortable to make longer sleep impossible. So we drove on again, getting into Omaha about eight o'clock Tuesday morning. We went directly to the Bus Terminal and enquired for a message from Ollie. There was none. Furthermore he hadn't picked up the telegram we'd sent from Ottawa. We had something to eat, went out to the west side of town to a Tourist Camp where we got a couple of the swellest apartments to stay in, and got cleaned up a little. Then we went back into town to see if there was any sign of Ollie yet. There wasn't. We worried and speculated and cursed Ollie. Had he had trouble too, and not thought to send any word of it ahead? Had he arrived on time the day before, failed to find us, and finally given up the trip to return to Chicago? Or had he gone on to



Denver which was to be our next stop? Damn that guy! Why hadn't he asked for a message in the Bus Station as arranged?

Finally we gave up hope of connecting with him and started out to go through several book stores we'd noticed. The first one didn't have much so we proceeded to the next. The proprietor here asked us if we were interested in anything particular. We mentioned a certain vague interest in fantasy whereupon he enquired if we were from Minneapolis. I immediately wondered if some fan from there had been down raiding that particular store and tipped the guy off about fantasy collectors. Then Walt caught the inference and told him we were not from there but were supposed to meet a guy that was. So the guy handed over a note from Ollie to me. It informed us he was registered at a certain hotel and would be in his room from ten to one. We sighed with relief, and went on looking over the books.

After awhile it occurred to us that the time Ollie specified he would be in his room was already past. We sorta did a double take and hurried off to look up the hotel. It turned out to be directly behind the Bus Terminal. There we discovered that he'd already checked out. We hurried over to the Bus joint and the telegram to him was still unclaimed. Back at the hotel we left a note informing him as to where we were staying in case he showed up there again. We left a similar note at the book store, had something to eat, and went back to our Tourist Camp. It had begun to appear that after coming so close to meeting him, he'd finally given up and gone back.

About a half hour later, in walked Ollie!

As it turned out, Ollie had got in on time Monday evening. He'd asked at the Bus Station if he could leave a message and been told no. It didn't occur to him to ask for any possible message for him. After waiting around there for a couple hours, he'd gone to the hotel. Next morning he'd looked in at the Bus Station again, then prepared some notes and started on the rounds of the book stores, leaving a note at each. Although he'd checked out of the hotel and subsequently gone to a show, he'd intended to make the rounds of every place once or twice more before beginning to fear missing us. He'd got our note at the hotel then, and hurried out to the Trailer Camp.

The next morning, Wednesday, we made a couple more book stores. Ollie had been to one of them the day before and discovered that the owner had read stf "since the beginning" and was crazy about it. Also he'd bought extra copies of the mags, wrapped them in paper, and salted them away in his cellar. While he'd often been urged to sell some of them he'd always hated to part with them. Sorta loved them too much, ya know. But he was getting kinda old now and had decided he might better realize a little something out of them. There they were. Early Amazings clear back to '26. Early Wonders, Air Wonders, Clayton Astoundings, Quarterlies and so on. And all in Mint or near-mint condition. I got nearly fifty of them, including an Amazing Annual, for an average cost of about thirty-five cents each. Ollie got as many or more, and the other boys got a few. I only wished I had more money to spare. We also picked up a few books, but ah, those mint mags. And so reasonable. Omaha shall always remain a fond memory. Even aside from the mags, we were all impressed with what a delightful town it was.



Leaving Omaha about noon, we proceeded without incident until gathering darkness found us nearing McCook, Nebraska. Arriving there we quickly discovered there were no accommodations available due to a nearby Army Air Base (I believe it was). We went on to the next town named Culbertson. Here we managed to get a couple rooms in a farmhouse.

Thursday morning we started out for Denver. Shortly before reaching the Colorado border, one of Ollie's rear tires showed signs of getting soft. I honked my horn until he stopped, told him about it, and watched him substitute his spare. When we reached the border, Walt demanded that we stop and take some pictures--such as Walt draped around the border sign.

At the first likely-looking place we came to, Ollie stopped to get that soft tire fixed. It was a slow leak due to a rather rough lining on his casing. The guy talked him into buying an interliner. Again we were on our way, but inside a very few miles, the tire with the interliner began to bulge out the side until there was a protuberance the size of your head. So there was another stop to switch to the spare again. I've often wondered whether the papers in eastern Colorado noted the strange blue cast that must have tinged the atmosphere in those parts for several days afterward.

At Akron, Colorado, Ollie got a priority for a new tire, but it wasn't until we reached Brush that he managed to find a new tire to use it on. Then on to Denver which we reached in the middle of the afternoon. As near as we knew, there were no fans to look up in Denver at that time. We poked about in a couple book stores for as many hours, then finally decided to go on to Colorado Springs.

We found a two-room-and-bath apartment at a tourist camp, and proceeded to relax a little. At last we had reached the real scenery. Jack, who had been vainly straining his eyes ahead to catch his first glimpse of mountains ever since we left Omaha, was finally happy.

Friday morning we set out for the Garden Of The Gods, an impressive place of towering gigantic red rocks. Several of us climbed about on them, Ollie and I finally scaling the tallest and perching for a few moments on its ultimate peak. We spent most of the morning there, taking scores of snapshots and collecting samples of the rocks. Then we headed for the Cave Of The Winds. On the way we passed through the little town of Manitou Springs where we experienced what was without doubt the most memorable event of the whole trip. We stopped in a little restaurant for lunch. To finish it off we ordered some of their homemade apple pie. Fellow fens, that Apple Pie was not of this earth! It had no business to even exist outside of some mythical realm where perfection is commonplace, and where even then it would loom as some seldom realized ideal. It was Ambrosia to the Nth power. It literally melted in one's mouth, seeped throughout one's being, and permeated each cell with a supernal sense of ecstasy impossible to describe in mere words. Gone in an instant were all thoughts of California, as we commenced planning to settle down near that wonderful source of other-worldly delight.



It appears to be human fate that what few brief glimpses of Utopia they may be vouchsafed, are rapidly snatched away. We quickly learned that the restaurant had been sold, and that in a very few days those Apple Pies would be no more. Coming back to reality with a thud, we arranged to buy another pie and have it saved for us until we stopped on our way back.

The Cave Of The Winds is reached by a winding, steep, uphill drive of some length. It appears to be unique in that it possesses every type of cave formation that has ever been found in any cave. After spending a couple hours there, we hurried back for our Apple Pie---for our last excursion into the ultimate ecstasy.

By this time it was rather late in the afternoon. Because of the time element, as well as considerable difference in the cost, we decided against a trip up Pike's Peak in favor of one up Manitou Peak which is nearly as high and provided just as good a view. Then back to Colorado Springs.

Saturday morning brought the happy sight of a flat tire coyly waiting to be discovered and fixed. Also, because of the altitude the cars had been behaving in a very weak and powerless fashion. Investigation revealed that a cleaning of spark plugs and some minor adjustments were in order. As a result it was nearly noon before we could get started. We drove through to Canon City, arriving early enough for once to get accommodations without trouble, then went on to the Royal Gorge and the highest bridge in the world. We drove across the bridge, picked up a few representative rock samples, and were just ready to return when I discovered I had another flat. After changing to my spare we all drove back across the bridge, parked the cars, dug out some paper, and despite huge signs forbidding anyone to throw anything off the bridge, we made paper airplanes and watched them sail down into the gorge. The gorge was so deep it took the planes five or ten minutes to reach the bottom, and often they were out of sight before they did. Fun.

Sunday morning we left Canon City, crossed Poncha Pass (9,011 Ft.) into Salida, then turned south. At lunch time we stopped in Saguache. We crossed the Continental Divide at Wolf Creek Pass (10,850 ft.), stopping long enough to take pictures, revel in the abundance of pine trees, and pick up rock samples. Ollie insisted it was the most beautiful bit of scenery of the whole trip. By the time we reached Pagosa Springs I was forced to admit the seriousness of something I'd been aware of for some time---the front end of the car was badly out of alignment. One of the two new tires I'd bought in Ottawa, Illinois, had worn off nearly all its tread, and the other was well on the way. I found a filling station open and a guy who was somewhat of a mechanic, but he lacked tools. However, he did the best he could for me although it later proved insufficient.

West of Durango we crossed another string of mountains about dusk. On the way down Ollie ran out of gas. He pulled over to the side of the road as best he could and settled down to wait while Abby Lu, Jack and I went on to Mancos, the next town, to get some gas for him. Everything went well until we were nearly back with the gas. Then I hit a sharp rock in the road and gashed a nice little hole in the face of a front tire. Changing to the spare, we



eventually reached Ollie with the gas. Reaching Mancos again, we stopped at the filling station. Here I got a boot put in the gashed tire, and while the guy was working on it, his wife made a pot of coffee for us. Nice people these Coloradans. But there was no place to sleep that night in Mancos so we went on a little past the entrance to Mesa Verde to the town of Cortez. Here all we could find was a couple hotel rooms. This nearly proved awkward because of Black Flame, but the proper persuasion finally fixed things up.

Next morning we spent driving up league after league of steep, winding roads onto the Mesa Verde plateau. Here we had a very interesting time investigating the Cliff Dwellings, looking through a museum, and taking innumerable pictures. Although there were plenty of warnings against making certain trips without benefit of guide, warnings were ignored at times. This resulted in Walt and Darlyne getting lost once and walking for miles before finding their way back. Then Ollie had a flat tire. We started back down about two o'clock, hit highway 666, and proceeded to Gallup, New Mexico. Along the way we encountered a dust storm, but managed to survive it. Arrived at Gallup, we realized the only thing to do was hold a poll. I received twice as many votes as anybody else because Abby Lu voted for me too, and thus I became number one face (sorry Tucker).

Tuesday morning we sorted, repacked and restowed our luggage, and expressed some of it on ahead. This was as far as Ollie figured he dared to go and still get back on time for his new job, so we bid him some very sorrowful adieus and headed on west early in the afternoon. We reached the Painted Desert and Petrified Forrest about four-thirty. Along the way we'd picked up a few samples of petrified wood at a roadside stand. A Ranger stopped us at the entrance to the Forrest and asked if we had any pieces of petrified wood. We admitted it and dug them out, whereupon he marked them with chalk and listed down the number of them. We were warned not to pick up and samples under threat of fine and/or imprisonment. He also informed us the place closed at five, and that he'd let us out at the gate at the other end of the reservation. Our trip was a little hurried as a result, but one must admit the threats were not to go unchallenged. The American and his urge for souvenirs simply must be served. Then we drove on to Winslow and managed to find a cheap hotel that still had rooms. Again there was argument about taking Flame in with us, but we finally prevailed.

Wednesday morning I tried to get a priority for a new tire, but with no luck. We got under way late in the morning and about twenty miles later we came to the road leading back for five miles to the famous Meteor Crater, Arizona. There was a sign that said "Closed for the Season", so we stopped into a nearby gas station-store to find out if it was really true. The woman in there said we could go back to see it, and could get our tickets right there for two bits apiece. We bought our tickets and asked the woman if there was much to see aside from a hole in the ground. She admitted she didn't rightly know as she'd never been back there. After the five miles of bumpy dirt road we reached the place. There were a couple rather ramshackle buildings, but nobody around. Abby Lu glanced at the big hole, then sat down in front of one of the buildings with Flame while the rest of us poked around a bit and took a



few pictures. We never did find any bits of the meteor. Apparently the place has been well picked over. But while we were looking, a couple more sightseers arrived. They walked up to Abby Lu and handed her their tickets. She thanked them, provided answers to their several questions out of her fertile imagination, suggested where they might go for a good view. They were most grateful. On our way out we considered stopping at the entrance until we had unloaded our collection of tickets at fifty cents each, but as we wished to reach the Grand Canyon that evening we decided against it.

Our next stop was at Sunset Crater, a little side trip off the road to the Canyon. It was absolutely the most desolate looking spot I've ever seen. We didn't climb up the cone to the main crater, but we saw more lava than you could imagine. The whole area was literally covered with lava cinders of a dark gray or brownish color. Naturally we picked up a number of specimens.

We reached the east entrance to Grand Canyon reservation just at sunset, and drove over many miles of winding road by moonlight, catching here and there a glimpse of the Big Ditch dimly lit by the moon. We got to the town of Grand Canyon just in time to get the last double cabin. While the rest of us did some resting and cleaning up, Darlyne, Jack and Walt walked over to and down the donkey path for a way to see what could be seen in the light of our lunar orb. Jack inhaled ecstatically, and sighed, "Ah! Juniper!" It was quickly pointed out to him, however, that the "heavenly effluvium" was none other than donkey spoor. Jack'll never live it down.

Thursday morning we drove clear back to the east end of the reservation, stopping often along the way to linger over choice views and to take pictures. At the east end is a tower with telescoped and such, and we spent considerable time there. Then back to check out of the cabin, eat lunch and be on our way. We were just beginning to realize that our funds were running low and it behooved us not to dally much more. In fact, I decided that from there on I would drive until exhaustion forced a stop. I hoped to make it right on in to Los Angeles without stopping. I hoped!

Coming down out of some mountains past Prescott, Arizona, the tire with the boot in it gave way again. The boot had been bulging out and wearing away until there was a hole in the center of it. After changing to the spare, we proceeded to the next place that was open to fix tires and ended up with a larger boot in over the old one. We had something to eat, then started on again.

Some short time later, and sometime after dark, we entered our first stretch of desert, and the moonlight revealed the first cacti we'd encountered. There were several varieties, all of the spectacular. I stopped the car and turned the spotlight on some of the largest. Of course we all piled out to gaze and marvel. Abby Lu bent over to get a closer look at one cactus only to back into another one. This provided much merriment for the rest of us and kept her busily occupied for some time thereafter.

We drove on for another fifteen miles. Then that booted tire blew itself to the four winds. The towns along here can be called that by courtesy only, and it being latish in the evening, there was nothing open. There was only one thing to do---proceed on four



tires and hope for the best. We were all becoming fatalistic about things by this time. Within twenty miles of the California border another tire gave up the ghost, or at least the damn synthetic tube within it did. So there we were away out in the middle of nowhere at sometime past midnight, and astraddle a tricycle again.

The rest of the gang settled down for some sleep while I finally managed to hitch a ride into Blythe, California, hoping to find an AAA garage. At least I was the first of the bunch to enter California. But there was no garage of any kind open at that hour. I settled down in an all-night restaurant to drown my troubles in coffee and await the dawn. I was still being audible about my predicament when I walked a GI. He overheard me and told me maybe he could help me. As a result another hour saw us put-putting back to the Plymouth in an old jalopy with two GI's, a sleepy-eyed garage owner, and tire repairing equipment. By five A.M. we were headed back for Blythe, and the garage man had promised to start up his recapping machine to fix one of our tires, disregarding the unprofitableness of doing such a thing for just one tire, not to mention the hour of the morning.

At the California border we had to stop for inspection. This meant unloading all our carefully stowed luggage, opening it, then waiting something better than an hour for them to get around to searching it with a fine-toothed comb. When they assured us they were only searching for out-of-state pests, we felt slight emotions of trepidation, but when we saw they were concentrating on the luggage we felt better.

Arrived at the garage at Blythe, some of us slept a little in the car while the rest wandered about. After the stores had opened one of the GI's took me around looking for an extra tire. We finally found a darn good recap which I bought. I also went to the ration board and managed to get a priority for a new one, although no new tires were to be had in Blythe right then.

Right after lunch, Friday, we left Blythe with many a heartfelt thankyou to two GI's and a garage man, and headed into the Mojave Desert. We crossed it right in the hottest possible time of the day, but it was endurable because of the time of year. A month earlier it would have been really bad. We stopped once at Desert Center for refreshments, and later alongside the road to pick up a few rock specimens.

Things went smoothly until just as we were starting down out of the mountains toward LA, misfortune delivered its final slap with the thirteenth flat of the trip. However due to the preparation in Blythe, we had a spare to slap right back with. So, exactly two weeks, almost to the hour, after leaving Battle Creek, we drove through the city limits of Los Angeles and into the setting sun.

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The LASFS greeted us with an all-night publishing session at Fran Laney's house, during which a one-shot fanzine was put out. I went out too---like a light.....right on the living-room floor. Ah, Sleep!

".....with jaundiced eye"

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS: Since you raise the question of the desirability of immortality and present your views, I guess I'll have to break down and present mine. I would hesitate to generalize on the subject, or attempt to act as volunteer spokesman for all mankind. I shall confine my remarks to my personal ideas on the subject.

As I view it, immortality presupposes halting the encroachment of senility. A body imbued with the capacity to live forever can scarcely be afflicted with organs and functions that are in a continual process of running down. Instead it must be operating at peak efficiency. It must be a healthy, vital organism capable of successfully combating the onslaught of disease as well as time. This much is implied in the mere concept of immortality. Such concomitants of approaching senility as loss of memory and slowing of cerebral functions in general need not concern the immortal.

That leaves the matter of boredom as the chief drawback. Without going to the trouble of mustering up sufficient data to prove it, it seems to me one can safely assume that a healthy, alert mind is quite capable of finding sufficient of interest in this great universe of ours to ward off any possible boredom. As for myself, I am curious. The satisfaction of that curiosity is my prime motivation. Considering the infinite number of things there are to know about, an infinite time is necessary to accomplish the aquisition of this knowledge. The assumption that the capacity of the human brain is strictly limited is hardly valid. Little data exists on this subject, and what there is points more in the direction of virtually unlimited capacity. One must avoid the error of basing one's judgement of the capacity and abilities of an immortal brain upon the experiences of mere moribund mortals. After all, empirical knowledge has so often proved false.

I would like to be immortal! Nor can I find any reason why I should later regret it.

THE MAG WITHOUT A NAME: My definition of a Fan: A Fan is a human being (or reasonable facsimile) who enjoys reading some form of fantasy, or happens to know someone who does. In greater or lesser or the same degree, he has all the good and bad characteristics of any other human. I scarcely consider myself qualified to declare what he should or should not do, and it would make little difference in the matter if I did. Like all humans, he has his own more or less changing code of ethics, and is just as entitled to it as the next guy. Some fans are brilliant; some stupid; some entertaining; some boring; some trustworthy; others not; and in varying degrees. Because I find some people worth cultivating, I also find some fans the same.

Humanity, the race of the future! Hubba, hubba!

EN GARDE: Lousy paper---but better this time despite my fears.

THE TIMEBINDER: Amen to Helen Wesson regarding the CO's. I find her reasoning more acceptable than that of those who defend them. Regarding the equality of men, you seem to boil it down to not that "all men are created equal", but that "all men should be created equal".



That definitely brings the whole topic out of the realm of divine right and dogmatic fact into that of mere wishfulness. From there on it's anybody's ball. One may chide this Creator for negligence and low standards of precision, then attempt to remedy the situation by governmental subsidies. The latter seems the custom now. And doubtless the security of sameness holds wide allure. However, the proponents of this course of action might look to unity. At present they seem divided into those who loudly deplore and wordily declaim, and those who quietly go ahead doing something about it, with the former greatly predominant.

In the matter of "happiness", I think I prefer the pursuit. One either pursues happiness, never quite attaining it, and thus lends *raison d'être* to life; or one rationalizes until able to convince one's self one has attained happiness. The smugness inherent in the latter course is so universally obnoxious to all but the smug one, it is scarcely calculated to be of aid to the majority who still frankly pursue happiness.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION: So now some 3000 fans write monthly bulletins of nightmare and nonsense! That, I hold, is fantastic.

THE VOICE: Why pick on the Salvation Army? Have you ever watched their begging for money to carry on their charitable work, or seen the figures showing their cut out of the Community Fund. Have you then ever seen the Captain (or whatever they call the head of the local unit) buy fresh strawberries in February back when you need plenty of money to do that? Or fixed his radio in his home and had him pay you with a Salvation Army Check, carefully leaving the stub blank to fill out later as being for something more acceptable? Have you ever seen the Salvation Army rush to provide coffee and donuts for the Firemen fighting a fire? Of course the brave fire-laddies warrant our gratitude, still that is their job and they are well paid for it. It scarcely befits a charity organization to squander its contributed funds on such obvious bids for publicity. Then have you ever been caught in a strange town, flat broke, and with noplac to sleep. Have you ever asked the Salvation Army to help you out for the night with someplace out of the cold, even a bench or the floor on which to sleep---and been bruskiy brushed aside without even a civil answer? I have! Perhaps that is still insufficient evidence on which to judge the whole organization, but it will take a lot of more than ballyhoo on the other side of the ledger to counterbalance my present opinion.

a: The Strange Case of RAP is an amazing bit of reasoning and makes one shudder to even contemplate the figuring involved. The S-C-of Anthony Gilmore seems frustrating as ever.

CRY IN THE NIGHT: Walt hasn't yet played it for me.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: And now that I've moved to LA, I've only played poker once in the last four months.

LIGHT: So at last the "banned" issue appears. Liked it, but somehow it is hard to comment on. About my only objection is the fiction which I usually don't care much for in any fanzine. But there are many who do, so pay no heed to me on that score.



SUSTAINING PROGRAM: An exceptionally interesting issue, but danged if I can make any worthwhile comment on any specific item of the contents.

DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION FOR STEF: When this classification business gets finally established, and I begin to feel the need to use it, then I'll probably better appreciate its intricacies.

BLITHERINGS: Thanks for explaining the Duodecimal System. I never really had a clear idea of it before. Cover swell.

FANTASY AMATEUR: A neatly done issue.

HORIZONS: Fanuscript Cooperative sounds workable to me, and seems a better approach to the problem than many methods that have been offered or tried in the past. Are you going to go ahead and do something about organizing it? We certainly need something to encourage these more ambitious projects, and I don't feel that any present provisions are adequate---including the NFFF.

PLAINTIVE NUMBERS: I'm not going to stick my neck out by attempting to comment on poetry.

SCIENCE FICTION SAVANT: Nothing on which to comment here either.

TWILIGHT ECHOES: Enjoyed your review section. Also "Blast" because I tend to agree with you very much. What the NFFF is now, and what it needs to be to really justify its existence are as far apart as the poles. I watch, and hope there'll be a change for the better. Sorry the move to LA caused me to overlook answering your questionnaire, but may I say I'm very pleased with the present trend of Twilight Echoes.

GUTETO (V3-N1): I accept that a universal tongue would be an asset if all the world learned it. But in view of the effort involved in getting the rest of the world to accept this concept, is Esperanto the best choice? What I mean is that to the best of my knowledge Esperanto is sort of a compromise language, and therefore not as perfect as an artificial tongue could be with present knowledge. Because such a small proportion of Earth's population has so far accepted it after so many years of promotional effort, mightn't a completely artificial and semantically pure tongue be accepted almost as readily? What say you?

GUTETO (V3-N2): Churchill advocating Basic English is right in keeping with the chief reason English is as widespread as it is. The English have simply refused to learn the other tongues with which they've come in contact, leaving the others no choice but to learn English.

THE F. A. LEAN THREE: Noted.

TOWARD TOMORROW: Joquel's article about the Library of Alexandria was informative and exceptionally interesting. I really enjoyed it. Social Structure of Fandom was equally interesting. I love the exhaustive way you go at these things, Jimmy. Your review column was greatly approved, as are all these lengthier ones. But, Oh Jimmy,



you mention Buffalo Shuffle-O as "one of the most marvelous splash-  
es of humor I've come across in fandom". Then less than half a  
page further on you speak of the T O'Connor Sloane anthology in  
Fan Tods as "one of the most marvelous splashes of humor I've come  
across in fandom". Now what is one to make of that????? Anyway,  
I hope to see many more Toward Tomorrow's.

BEYOND: Enjoyed both the material and the art. Got a good chuckle  
out of "Don't rob him. Sell him something." There's a lot in that.

FAN-TODS: Those "years of yesterday" interesting as usual.  
Revista still maintains its place as one of the high spots of the  
Mailing. Regarding the difficulty disposing of Walt, we made a very  
desperate try during the trip out here to LA---we flang him into  
the Grand Canyon! Down, down, down he dwindled until through the  
glasses we noted the final splash in the Colorado River so far be-  
low. That, we thought, marks finis to a very troublesome and per-  
sistent bit of bother. But, alas! The very day after we arrived in  
LA, an odd-shaped object bobbed out of a bursting bubble at the  
La Brea Tar Pits. They hurriedly scraped off the pitch and scoured  
off the oil, and lo, there was Walt, fit as ever. I've been trying  
to cover my chagrin by attempting to induce the local authorities  
to nab him for illegal entry, but somehow I have little hope. I'm  
getting very fatalistic about the whole thing. He seems to fall  
into the same category as the weather and taxes.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM (Spring and Summer): I'm not going into any  
detailed or lengthy comment on these issues, although if there were  
enough time I might like to. Anyhow it sure is good to see them  
appearing once again. The cartoons and interlineations never fail  
to provide much amusement, and the rest of the contents consider-  
able food for thought. Especially liked the Histomap of Fantasy,  
and the one of Fan Affairs that you suggested. If they were worked  
out as comprehensively as the one I have on World History they  
would constitute a valuable addition to fan lore. This method of  
portrayal strikes me as very effective in trying for an over-all  
picture. I'll be glad to help any way I can on such a project.  
Sure got a big kick out of the fond memories from Slan Shack, being  
able to appreciate some of the more subtle inferences and allusions  
many may miss. And although we have a new Slanshack set-up here in  
LA, it lacks much of the atmosphere of the old, a condition I hope  
and believe will be remedied in time.

MATTERS OF OPINION (#18 & #19): Enjoyed the fragments of conver-  
sation in "Sweet Peace", and would enjoy knowing more of your re-  
actions to the sum of thought they represent. Found the rest of the  
two issues entirely interesting, but seem to have nothing particu-  
lar to add to or subtract therefrom.

Astfclub:secretary'sreporttreasurerdittooldbusinessnewalsoadjournd

DOES IT HAVE TO BE?

Aldous Huxley says (Time Must Have A Stop): "Nobody who has  
any kind of creative imagination can possibly be anything but dis-  
appointed with real life."

..... Capt Donn Brazier.

