

NOV. 12, 1965
Dear Harry & Eric,

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Delayed greetings from the great American Desert. The land that if it was flatter you could look over your father and see less than in Texas. Actually, Henderson is the third largest city in the state, and only 15 miles away from Las Vegas, the gambling center of the Western World. As losing money doesn't come easy with me, this fact doesn't cut any ice with me. Actually I am here with my sister and family, hoping that the dryer air will clear up the condition my illness last year left me with. It seems to be doing a pretty good job, and I have taken a job with the So. Nevada Telephone company. But don't take this as a permanent change of address. My friends and interest in life are still in the Los Angeles area, and I may decide I am well enough to go back, at any time. Any letters will reach me here, but keep sending Now and Then to South Gate.

Speaking of N&T #5, you are getting an even smooth product. Can either of you explain why your appearance is so much better than anyone else? You have the neatest looking zine I have seen out of the U.E., and only GRUE & SKYHOOK come to mine as your peers over here. HYPEN looks slopy by comparison. If I remember rightly, I accused you of having it done professionally, in my first letter--and you have gotten better and the letter is now...

Your material is good too. The whole thing has a high standard of quality. I suppose you are deliberately not giving your self credit for who does what, but it is a little hard at times. Eric's stuff is fairly easy to spot, but Harry's I am not always so sure of. You two write a great deal alike-- it is more the subject matter that lends the clue.

Berry makes a good addition to your writing staff. Not up to you two, but if he writes as good a Goodmitten bat, as a peng I would hate to come up against him. Not that there is much chance. Not only will I probably never see him (Unless he wins The TAPP in 1988 but do to the weakness of back of US fans, I know of no one trained in this manly Irish art that could be pitted against them. At tennis the US may rain supreme, but the sight of a bloody shuttle-cock would turn our stoutest heart.

Letters too, you have. From a fine group. Even if you do print things by the false prophet, McChain. He should be more careful least the power the if FooFoo dissipate him. Foo is the only true Ghod. I am merely a follower, and lay no claim to understand his greatness. But the effect of his rath can still be seen. Is not the knight still de-capped? And what of the follows of Rosco? Where signs there I light for the thoothy-one these days? Bloch has had enough experience with the Unknown, he should know better than risk the vengeance that the great FooFoo may deal out. For the Foo is still mightier than the Yobber.

Oh, Eric, I finally finished my electrical game. After ten months of planning. But stacked up against a \$10,000 switch board relay- it don't look like very much.. I have always wanted to own a wall full of radio equipment. But, I still don't own a wall to put it on. Oh, lack a day--and money.

I am cut off from things out here. Or atleast the finer things of life like fans, and his way of life. (I did bring my records, and a good thing- they probably thing Beethoven plays a horn with Woody Herman.) But I have found a group of High School fans. They are so fresh that most of them don't know what a fanzine is, or who Hubbard was. And, me, I am an unknown fan from the West, and that is about all. If I was the kind, here would be a great opportunity to build a club all my own. Only, they being mostly fifteen, they are as easily

ruled as a colony of gibbons on a summers day. But keep a Ear to the ground, and and eye the the sky line, for the So, Nevada Science Fiction League. After all we are less than 100 miles from Frenchman's Flats, and the AEC...

Good by for now, and a happy winder season to you, one and all.

South Gate in 581