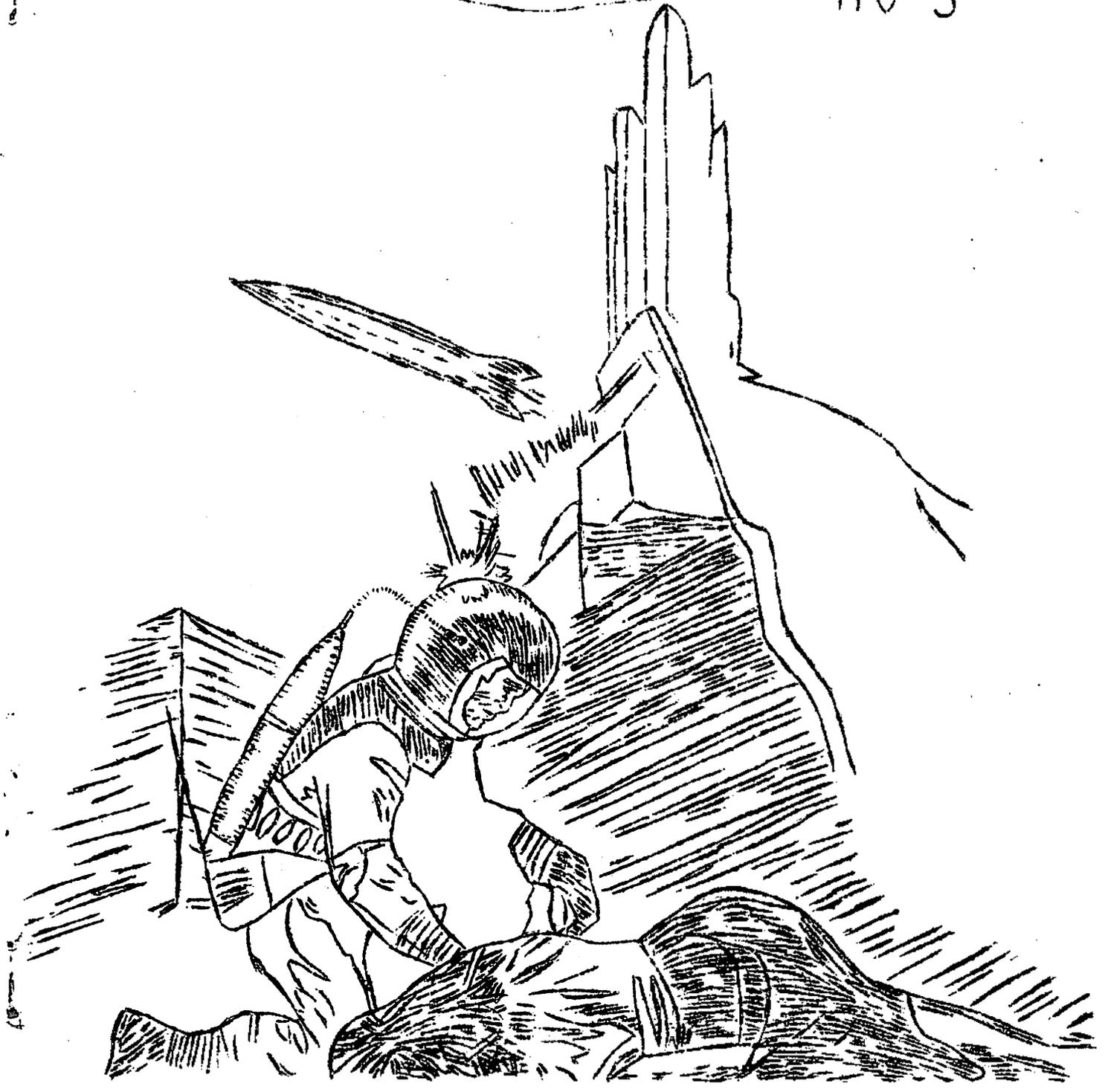


NO 5



SCOTTISHE No 5 is produced for the December 1955 mailing of The
Off-Trail Magazine Publishers Association by

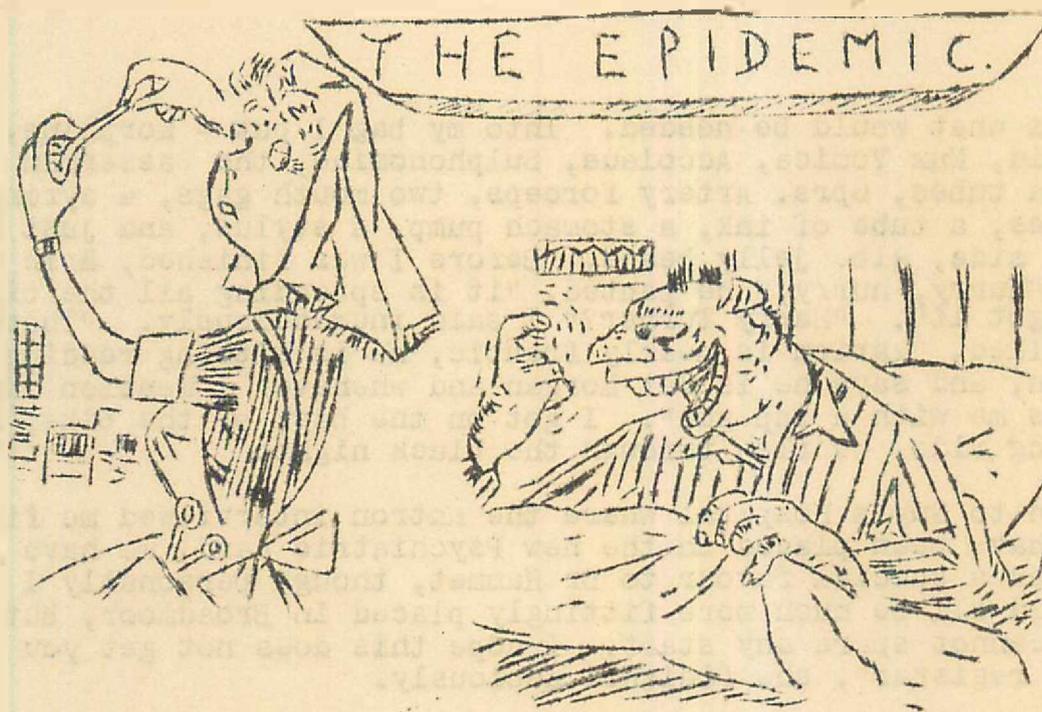
Ethel Lindsay,
126 West Regent St.,
Glasgow. Scotland.

The front cover is taken from a drawing by Michael Duggan, of Sydney
Australia, to whom many thanks.
Thanks are also due to Ron Bennet and Cecil who kindly supplied some
material.

The idea for The Epidemic came to me many months ago, I wrote it out
and then got stuck for a cause and cure. So I sent it off to Eric
Needham asking his advice. Back came ideas galore. I wrote it out
once again, took a 'scunner' at it and left it lying for ages, then
I blew the dust off it and wrote it out for a third time. I am no
longer quite sure which is mine and which Eric's, though I can proclaim
with confidence that the worst of the insults were his. To be fair I
should add that he did not spare himself either. So I think it is quite
correct to say that we wrote it in collaboration, and I thank him very
much indeed.

As usual I plead guilty to all the rest.....





The first news of the epidemic came to me through a phone call from Dr. Paul Hammet. "Ethel," he said breathlessly, "a terrible new epidemic has struck fandom, a serious form of Gafia- it is called Gafiaenteritus! You must come quickly! I need help badly". "Ghod" I breathed. "Yes, he got it first", said Paul, "naturally everything starts in Ireland". He went on to tell me that all Irish Fandom were prostrate, and due to the kindness of the American fans they were being flown over to Britain by the U.S. Air Force for special treatment.

The symptoms of this dread disease were slow in being recognised, as at first it appeared like an ordinary attack of Gafia. Willis had first of all complained of feeling tired and not up to answering all those damned letters. Then he announced he thought he would skip that mailing and wait until the next time- or the next. He wouldn't cut any stencils and he turned faint at the sight of the duplicator. When Madelaine went to use the typewriter, he complained that the noise gave him a headache. So, like any sensible wife, she gave him two aspirins, and put him to bed with a hot water bottle, expecting a rapid cure. Imagine the consternation when the next day he appeared worse, he would not read his letters, and when the usual pile of fanzines arrived, he suggested a novel use for them. Anxiety grew when he turned away from his daily egoboo, but when the hallucinations came and he started to chase an invisible Chuck Harris, they cabled for - Dr. Paul Hammet..

By the time Paul arrived the other members were affected. The girls were in tears as they had spent the last hour trying to persuade James White to come down from the roof. He maintained that Robert Bloch was chasing him with a hatchet. Bob Shaw meanwhile was busily pounding the duplicator to pieces, the poor fellow was under the impression that it was a Bem. Paul saw that the situation was out of hand, and that they would have to be transferred to a more suitable place for nursing. So getting to work he popped them all into straitjackets.

Meanwhile I was thoughtfully looking at the poison cupboard and

trying to guess what would be needed. Into my bag I put - Morphine, Hydrocyanic Acid, Nux Vomica, Accolade, Sulphonamide, the Passerman Test, two enema tubes, 6prs. Artery forceps, two mouth gags, 4 syringes some BIG needles, a tube of ink, a stomach pump, a stylus, and just to be on the safe side, ½lb. jelly beans. Before I was finished, Eric was at the door. "Hurry, hurry," he panted, "it is spreading all the time, now Harry has got it". "Harry Turner?" I said incredulously. "Thats right", he replied, "Marion is nearly frantic, he is sitting reading Science Fiction, and says he is Jet Morgan and whenever I mention 'Now & Then' he hits me with a zap gun". I got on the back of the bike, it was a terrifying ride, we flew through the black night.

I was taken to Guy's Hospital where the matron interviewed me first "Your friends have been placed in the new Psychiatric Ward, we have taken them in as a special favour to Dr Hammet, though personally I think they would all be much more fittingly placed in Broadmoor, but I regret that I cannot spare any staff. I hope this does not get you struck off the registrar", she finished dubiously.

On entering the ward what a sight met my eyes - all Irish and a third of English Fandom in straitjackets! In the centre of the ward, wearing a harassed look and his cigarette holder was the Dr. "Have you brought the supplies?" he cried. I opened my bag and he pounced on the jelly beans (a good nurse can always guess what the Dr wants) and went round the ward distributing them. "Now Sister" he said briskly, "Yes Dr" I replied automatically, "I shall take you round them first then we can get started on the treatment". So round we went, I the regulation half a step behind, hands behind back, ingratiating expression, I was well trained.

In the first bed was walt, the most ill having been the first to be stricken, a tearful Madelaine watched him writhing in a frenzy. Dr pursed his lips and studied the patient in silence, while walt bumbled about disenchantment with duplicators. "What do you think,Dr?" asked Madelaine. "Trans-orbital leucotomy, possibly", said Dr thoughtfully. "Supposing it gails" asked Madelaine fearfully. "He'll be a mindless wreck the rest of his life". "Oh wonderful" she cried, " then if it is a success, he will be back to normal, and if it is a failure, he will be back to normal!"

In the next bed was Terry Jeeves raving "Down with Bheer", in a mumbling voice, "Completex inversion of values", said Dr. There was Ken Slater singing 'Back to the Army again', and Dave Cohen singing 'Peace, Perfect Peace'. As Nigel Lindsay was also singing 'Cigareets and Whuskey, and Wild, Wild Winmin', the noise from that particular corner was deafening. The next two beds held H.J.C. monotonously moaning 'God Bless Everyone', and Achee screaming that he was been bitten by a fish. I then saw Daphne, look-very pale as she listened to the torrent of vile language which poured from Ron Buckmaster. "Ah! reversion to the primitive", said Dr. happily.



At this point a horrible clattering filled the air, it was Eric on his motorbike, with an unpleasant-looking electrical contraption on the back. "I've brought my electrotherapy unit," he yelled, "will it be of any use?". "Take that thing away", cried Dr Hammet, with his most professional frown. "If you want to be of any use, get busy on the windows and partitions! The lampshades too!"

"Now Sister", said Dr briskly, "we must start the treatment". "But Dr" I protested, "we cannot manage alone, we must have help". "Yes" he replied, "and the femmesans are going to do that, you had better give them some instructions". So I gathered them together and inspected them. "Now girls," I said, "there are a few basic principals you must keep in mind. The Dr is always right, as long as he does what the Sister advises. Always stand up when the Matron comes in, always have the kettle boiling for tea. Never sit down on a patients bed, thats asking for trouble. Always give Mag. Sulph. first thing in the morning before they are properly awake, and when in doubt give Phenobarbitone. Any Questions?". Frances said, "I am not used to blood." "Now, now" I admonished, (one must be firm) "this will probably be a bloody enough mess before the end". Frances giggled, Sgt Joan snorted, Joy clicked her tongue, Madelaine blushed, and Pamela said dreamily, "I know all about nursing, I've seen all the Dr Kildare pictures", the remaining femmesans brightened up at this, and Marion added, "I have had ample experience with cuts and bruises".

Gathering them firmly together, and telling them to put their caps on straight I ushered them forward. "I will show you the sluices where the bedpans are flushed out", I said. "BEDPANS!" came the horrified chorus. "And sputum mugs" I said sternly. "But you...you're used to it", came the cry. "It's beneath the dignity of a Sister, sort it out among yourselves". I set them first to washing the patients faces and bade Sgt Joan do the shaving, she made a good nurse, firm and a thorough worker. I heard later she had a terrible time with H.J.C. though.

Dr Hammet wanted my assistance then to his drawing off blood samples. He then tested them for - the Wasserman Test, the Mantoux test, white and red cell counts, diabetes, chicken pox, Bulbul Fever, Rabies, then Diplococci, Streptococci, and every other cocci imaginable, but he could not find the cause. We were in despair. Meanwhile we kept the patients only just alive by 4hrly. injections of Nux Vomica, and two Jellybeans 4hrly.

Puzzled, Dr looked down on a silent Walt Gillings. "The symptoms are of total loss of life. Recommended treatment, heat therapy by cremation." Then leaning over the lanky length of Ted Tubb, he muttered "Spitz-Fulman test positive, marked alcoholism, palpable heart-throb over blondes. One hammer toe. Ossification of the intellect. Much the same as the rest, nothing unusual, and yet...." he shook his head. Moving up he came to Harry Turner, Marion was hovering nearby. "So he is here too", I said. "His body is" she replied. "All the way from Romily he's been raving about the Manchester Interplanetary Society and rockets." "AAAAAaaaaahhhh," breathed Dr Hammet, with a gleam in his eye. "But no..it is early to make a decision yet". Once more he wrote in his notebook. "All my trouble to get the first British S.F. mag going..." moaned Walt Gillings suddenly coming to life, "And now nobody cares. Nobody..." There was an excited look in Drs eye at this. "Have you a theory Dr?" I asked. "Yes, but it is still only vague"

Just then I had to go to the rescue of Shirley. Ken Bulmer was trying to strangle her, and shouting "Down with blondes! The trouble with fandom is females!" Vinç was calling "Hear,hear", and Ir seemed to find this another clue.

As evening fell Dr and I sat before a blazing fire. "Have a jelly-bean?" I asked, noting with some concern the tired look on his face. "No thank you" he replied, absent-mindedly stirring his tea with the end of his stethoscope, dreamily staring into the fire. "Have you any ideas as to the nature of the outbreak?" I questioned. He sighed gently. "All my notes prove only one thing. All my patients are J.O.O.l.d. Faaans, full of the cares and worries of married life, sick of present day fandom. I think they want to return to those days when they were carefree, and read S.F. eagerly. In fact, it seems that with approaching old age, they are not entering a second childhood, but a second adolescence." He gazed wearily into the fire. "The prognosis is uncertain, and the cure unknown"....."Biscuit, Dr?"....."Sometimes I too wish I could getawayfromitall..." he mumbled. "Oh, to get back to thosedays of Amazing Stories and Wonder Stories and getawayfromalthis..."

I sprang to my feet. "DOCTOR!" I shrieked. "You're Getting It Too!" He began to slip to the floor. "Crud", he said faintly. "Crud in hrlly doses. Orally, visually, intavenously, in increasing doses until a reaction sets in...crud...crud...crud" he babbled "Thrilling Wonder, Astounding, Vargo Statten...arrghh..." then he collapsed.

Almost at my wits end, I got him to bed. Then with the aid of the women I started the treatment he had suggested. We cooked S.F. gruel in hugh autoclaves, and fed it to them Shriy. Gave them intravenous Vargo Statten in a continuous drip, and had a loudspeaker roaring out 'Tnlp..lnetary". The improvement was magical, and as each one became stronger, they were removed to padded cells where we had turned Eric loose. He had fixed up amplifiers, and four projectors hung from the ceiling pointing to each wall. Simultaneously they flashed onto the walls the hoary old 'Metropolis', 'The Cabinet of Dr Caligari', 'Flash Gordon' and 'War of the Worlds'. The amplifiers thundered out the film tracks. "Lovely", said Eric, "I could sit here all day."

This last phase produced a rapid return to sanity, but when the day of dismissal came I looked upon a sadly chastened bunch of fans..... "Thank you, Sister" they chorused, "Never again will we forget our beginnings". "From now on" said Wait to Michael, "Yours shall be the only fanzine" "We will keep the women in their place too" he replied. "Thats right" said Harry to me "no more letterwriting" "Well!" said Marion tartly, "Tell that to Eric". "And Archie" I said, "No more funny postcards!".

I watched them thoughtfully as they all trooped out, well I thought my mail will be very flat now, but I should be able to cure my writers cramp at last. I could not see Eric among them, but discovered he had decided to make his permanent abode to the padded cell.

OFF TO ANTWERP BY RON BENNET.

Someone had locked me in a rocketship that was due to take a one-way trip to the moon. He leered horribly as he let the air-lock door ooze close for the last time. "When this ship reaches Luna," he had growled, "it will blow half the globe into fragments of green cheese and you along with it." He laughed horribly, like Chuck Harris writing to Archie Mercer. I heard the bell ring as it automatically warned anyone standing near the ship that we were blasting off. Then there was a roaring in my head. Gravity pulled at me and tore at my body. A great weight pressed me down. I fought against it. I struggled for breath. I tore a hand free and reached out....

I opened my eyes. Cecil was sitting on the bed - and on me for that matter. It was time to get up. I put on my glasses and looked at the time. 8.30. Then at the date - Tuesday, 26th July. This was the day - the day I was going to Antwerp for the TwerpCon.

I hurriedly dressed and packed. I was out of the house - Ronhill in those days - and on my way for about ten. Part of the way to the Great North Road, where I hoped to get a lift down to London, I walked and part of the way I rode Cecil. This can become confusing in itself for he sometimes actually forgets to stop at traffic lights, though in his favour I must say that he never exceeds the speed limit.

We reached the Great North Road at the junction of the Leeds-Selby Road, at the Boot and Shoe Inn. Here we held a conference. It was little use, evidently, to travel all the way riding Cecil. I wanted to get into London by nightfall and after all, I'd given myself only 4 days to get across to Antwerp.

I hitched the first lorry that passed. We were in luck. Cecil climbed in the back and I got in the cab next to the driver. Loud trumpeting from Cecil told me that the lorry was carrying something special on board. It turned out that Bill, who was the lorry driver, was carting a load of duplicators. I was in my element. I told him about my interest in his load. It turned out that he read Science Fiction. He liked Ted Tubb and John Brunner, but rarely saw any U.S. magazines. We talked about different writers and different stories. I told him about Fandom and fanzines. He was intrigued. I told him about ALPHA and I told him I was heading for the TwerpCon.

"Antwerp?" he asked. "You're heading for Antwerp?"

"That's right," I said, "I hope to get to London for tonight and..."

"You'd better get out here then," he said. "My next stop's Gatehead. You've hitched North instead of South!"

But I got there in the end.

Bletherings

yakety yak

in a blather

Comes another mailing, and OMPA is a year old. Personally I find it downright dismaying the way the years wizz by these days. Archie has already handed out the medals, leaving me to add Ray/Egy, and to add a special Scottish medal (made of invisable paper) for his own regularity, levity, and laughable contributions.

But to work:)

Off T'rails: Archie Mercer: Spent all of two minutes perusing this with a puzzled expression. Pity it didn't come out on April 1st. I would have been well 'had'. Sniggerea plenty over the addresses, you did not miss a trick. The best bit tho was the Treasurers report.

Archive:5: Archie Mercer: Any election that you are organising sure ought to be exciting. I wish you would not call me so loud, nearly spit my eardrums. Well alright, so you are tall, but I expected you to be thin and tall, which would have made you look taller - see? I wish you would stop expecting me to be logical, and I think I ought to warn you that I make mistakes, bloomers, faux pas, and put my foot in IT all the time...my life is very hectic. Though you did not pick up the deliberate mistake to tease you in the last S. I had thought of a lovely comeback, but it is no use finding it now, as I have forgotten the comeback...how is your blood pressure? Wish I could comment on your music notes, but when it comes to music I have the sense to keep very quiet, don't know enuf about the subject.

Zymic:6: Vinç Clarke: Mathematics! Another subject I pass hurriedly by. It is a good job there are other members of my sex in OMPA, if they were all judged by my amount of brains - lor!

The Lesser Flea:2: Joy Goodwin: Personally I think you were just marvellous with that 60 page effort, no wonder the flea is so leser(this time).

Fescennine:1: Mike Wallace: Sumpin about that name I don't like. The red ink is cheerful tho and I feel very sympathetic about your adventure in Gestetner, I bought a wheelpen there once and had the same experience.

Morph:5: John Roles: Alas! no smell to report, too bad. Like the way you keep your covers original. For anyone intrested in the Indian culture, I would recommend 'Richer by Asia' by Edmund Taylor. You would find it rewarding reading.

Snooze:4: Geoff Wingrove: Clever cover. I havn't figured out what the welcome mat means.

Loco:1: Don Allan: All the illos were exceptionally good, take a bow Don. Sorry to hear the Army is collarng you, but hope you will still be able to carry on in OMPA. After all if Oopsla comes out of the U.S. Marines---

Bilcyn:3: Ken Slater: Your mention of the Bookseller reminds me, that the new mag 'Books and Bookman' is pretty good reading. Wish I could accept that invite, a very nice gesture.

Fannannia: Anne Steul: I am looking forward to the time when you tell us about German fandom. Liked the picture of the lion and it is very good to have you with us. About the only helpful remark on your 'Boche' article, is to tell you that all Scotsmen get called Sandy...

Through Darkest Belgium: Bennet-Vendiemans: Much more legible and sane

course there were a few puns that struck a sour note!

Satans Child: I: Dorothy Rattigan: Honestly, I thought your husband looked such a nice quiet guy. Whew! The only way I could finish the 'Open Door' is to have the man vanish, and I wouldn't explain a thing. Dead certain I know who Anoneamia is, I liked it too, thought it the best item.

Needle: S: Fred Smith: Liked Brian's heading very much. Your remarks on Whits Intilt--now dear Uncle Fred, I am fully prepared to explain Scots expressions to anyone intrested, but I draw the line, I'm damned if I will explain them to a Scotsman!

Pogram: S: Hohn Brunner: Now I know what you are like. Shant give you away tho. Glad to see you are still keeping up the reviews

Noise Level: 4: John Brunner: Of course I do not know how much of the German poem was lost in translation, but I thought it beautiful.

Now & Then: S: Harry Turner: For Faulkners hint, thanx very much, I can recommend it as well as any other method I have tried. Berrys story takes the prize. Nice to see a letter section now. I think you ought to give Eric a tonic (I'll look into the poison cupboard to see what I can suggest) he seems to be rambling a little more than usual here.

Rpt: I: Mal Ashworth: Cover excellently done. I particularly appreciated the talk on foreigners, glad to know that I may even be All Right. It was really well carried out and Very Funny. Congrats to Sheila for the tale of Malcolm (so thats what Mal means!) Best letter } Dave Woods.

Leer: Chas. Lee Riddle: I say it with a sigh of envy - how neat! That was a fascinating article about Kirk Allan. Yourazine promises to be a top member of JMPA.

How: S: Paul Enever: It takes patience to watch an ant, but your patience was rewarded with a good article. I beg to report that Sauchiehall St. is infested with Starlings. At 5p.m. nightly they burst into chatter so loud it drowns the traffic. Is this significant?

Archie Between Meals: I: Archie Mercer: In answer to your desperate plea, I hold the first part of the Midwives Certificate, but what do you want a midwife for? I bar anything illegal....So now your reviews come separately. I believe you will keep it up though. I know my own are very pedestrian, but if so few others are going to do them regularly, they may get to be pears of great price just through the lack of much competition. Ho Hum..

XX

Till something else wafts in, we will have some gossip..

I had a visit from an Oxford fan, one Harry Baecker, who told me of a visit he paid to a meeting of 'Scientology' Seems when Harry delicately brought up the subject of L.Ron Hubbards stay in a mental home, he was silenced (at least he could not think of a comeback) by the rejoinder "Well, they crucified Christ didn't they?!"..

I was watching one night T.V. show the authors of the radio serial 'The Archers' explain away their dastardly behaviour in killing off one of their characters. One of them defended his action (seems thre had bee been lots of complaints) on the grounds that Shakespear had killed some of his. I wish it had been colour T.V. then I would have known if he blushed when he said it..

* Have been to see and enjoy the 'Seven Year Itch', a film in which
* Mariilyn Monroe provided me with the perfect quote to add to the musical discussion among Ompan. The nero has just explained to her that the record that he has playing, is a classical one. "Yes she replies "I guessed it was classical, cos it's got no vocal."...

Two more post-mailings have now arrived..

Treasurers Report: Chuck Harris: There is an insurance office next door. Lately they have acquired a new branch manager called Lindsay. We both seem to be the type who tear open anything marked Lindsay without looking too closely, for we are forever returning opened letters to one another with profuse apologies. Your report was the latest to arrive to me in this manner. I do hope he read it, I am sure your delightful treatment of what is usually very boring matter would have brightened up his whole day.

Steam: Vol. 2 No. 1: H. Ken Bulmer: It was nice of you to take time to think of us, and we sure were glad to hear you had fallen into such kindly fannish hands.

I am cutting this stenosis on the 2nd of Nov. I must get the whole thing finished off soon. Because now I have to start packing the accumulation of 8 yrs. Yes, I am shifting from Glasgow. I have obtained a post in London, in Moorfields Hospital there. It is in a sense, promotion for me, I am looking forward to it, but oh! the upheaval of 'flitting'.... So if any more post-mailings appear I'm afraid I will have to comment on them in the next mailing.

Meanwhile any mail should be sent to me here till the New Year. I start in London on Jan. 2nd '55. So after the New Year all mail, money, bill proposals etc. should be sent to--

STUART HOUSE,
161 CROMWELL ROAD,
KENSINGTON,
LONDON, S.W.5.

The above is the home where the night-staff stay, formerly a hotel, now taken over by the hospital.
It is a very nice place, and you will find it very comfortable.

See you all in the next mailing,
bye,

Ethel