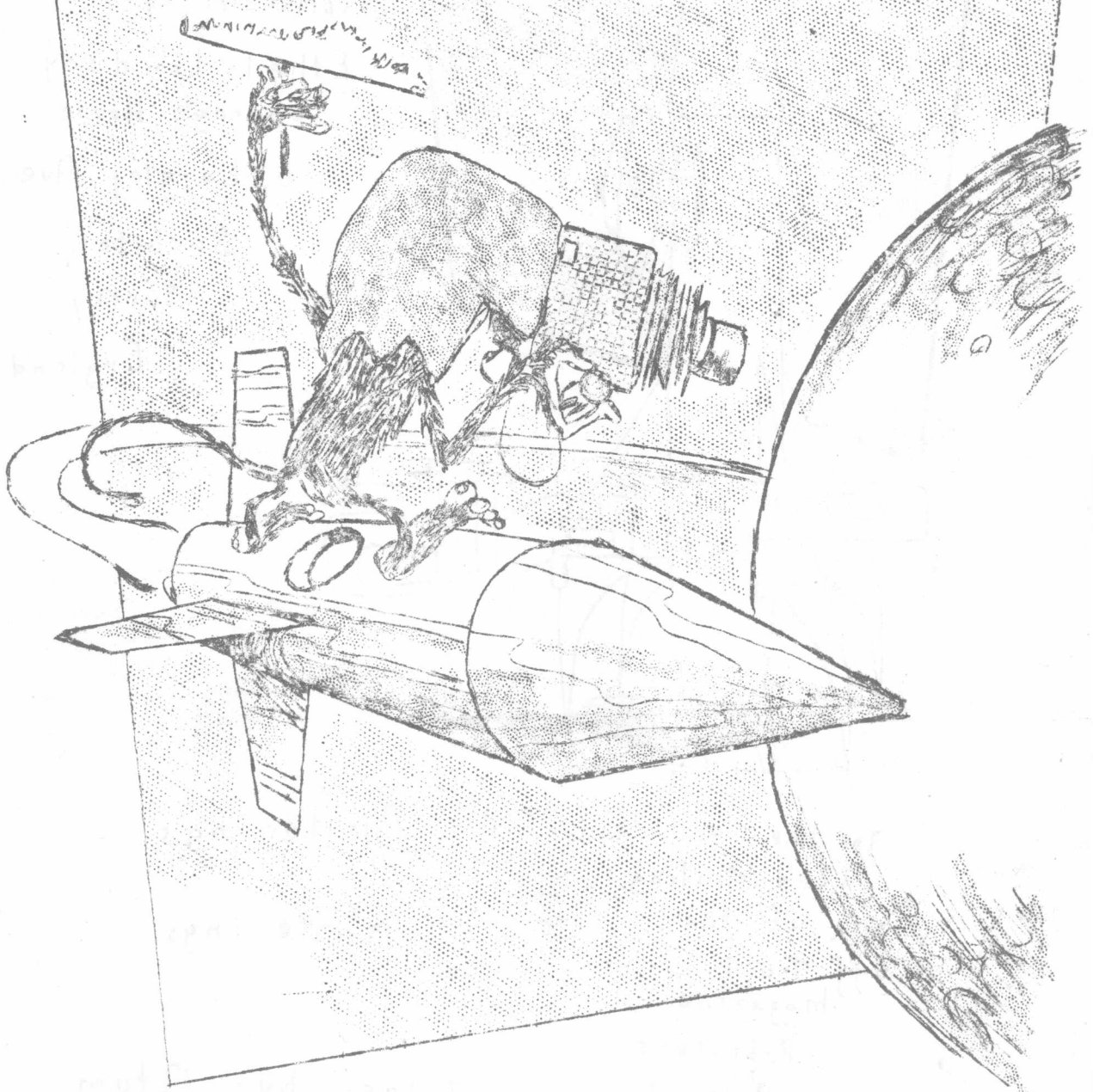


SCOTTISHIE



Atom

Scotsie

NO 19

CREDITS

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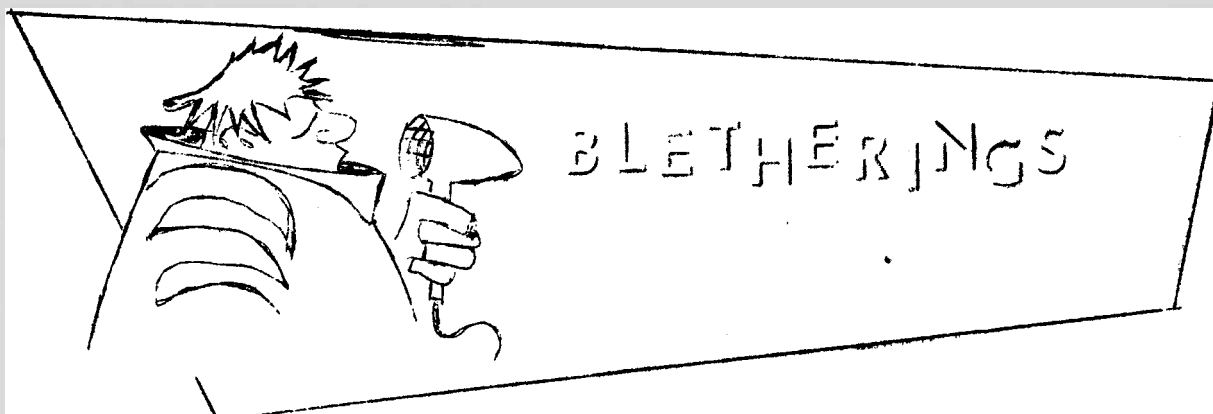
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22nd Mailing
of the
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Illox by Atom



On the Twenty First Mailing.....

APathy: J.Clarke: A very fine piece of work, Joy, and I sure appreciate it personally, as I had but the haziest idea of my own numbering. I do not have every copy of Scot either, which complicated matters, when I tried to check up. I humbly admire your industry.

Off Trails: Has one glaring error. No mention of who the officials are. No doubt other Ompa members retain a crystal clear recollection of who were appointed - but to imagine that I might, is daft.

Archive: A.Mercer: A huge courtsey from this female. Other folks books are always of interest, and I shall enjoy this series. Guess, I could never do this though, my own pile is too big. It is also very mixed, everything from L.M.Alcott to Andre Gide.

Blunt: H.P.Sanderson: Enjoyed all your comments, though none spurred me to comment myself. Odd.,.

The Bullfrog Bugle: L.A.Hickman: Nice of you to make this effort, specially as you have been so generous in letting us see the Madle report. I used to beat the drum quite a lot for Ompans to give out with mailing comments. Now the pendulum seems to have swung too far the other way, and we have too many zines with comments only. Yours is a better way, and I hope some others may follow your example.

Burp: R.Bennett: Battersea fairground is garish alright, but you should have mentioned that it takes up only a small part of what is quite a big park. One that I like. One of it's borders is by the River Thames, and on a sunny day is a lovely place to sit. At the other end is a small deer enclosure and a lovely pond. The benefit that the fairground bestows is, that you can always be sure of getting a cup of tea. One thing I like in this Burp, is your sincere tribute to Vinç the Quiet fan. And what a good description! Often in the Globe I have looked around and seen, everyone talking madly, groups here, groups there, and in the corner, Vinç talking earnestly to some neo-fan. He would be explaining all the fan would want to know. I have seen him go patiently through a pile of con photos and describe them to a visiting European fan. When I think of Vinç, this is what I remember.

Erg: B.T.Jeeves: Liked your cover Soggy, and congratulations on going professional. I sympathise with your efforts to teach mathematics, frankly the whole thing remains a mystery to me. That's because I do not trust figures. As I am toying with the idea of buying a taper, I naturally am grateful for your article. I would have liked to have seen too, your recommendation for the best machine to buy. I saw advertised a machine which is a combined record player and taper, the one turntable does for both. Unfortunately I cannot remember the name. Any good you think?

52nd Street: J.Linwood: There seems an awful lot of blank paper about this, now surely you can do better than that?

Griffin:G.Spencer: Here is another for you...They say that money speaks, but it goes without saying these days.. I have been haunted by Tall People all my life, but what can you do about it? I hope you will go on giving us a picture of campus life. All we know over here is what we see at the cinema. Last school film I saw was "High School Confidential".... I wonder why you wanted to constrict yourself in the Salinger style, your observations on life would have sounded just as valid without it. I think you have put out a very stimulating zine, and await others with interest.

Ground Zero: G.N.Raybin: This has a very neat look about it! A real newsy zine and very welcome on that score.

The Lesser Flea: J.Clarke: Can't say I much approve of the password for Nicki. But then I have a 'thing' about females being feminine, and you don't sound very feminine with godamn in your mouth. Liked all your comments, you do give value in your reviews.

Marsolo: J.A.Hayes: I am sorry you have not yet felt at home in Ompa, and hope that the feeling will soon come. Do you think it might help if you told us something about yourself? So that we could get to know you better?

Morph: J.Roles: Ah! Ompa is back to normal. You show some very neat elite type, why do you not always use it?What a very interesting thought about hearing the voices as you read. When I re-read my own stuff, I find myself often thinking it would read better if I could only read it aloud to you all. One might say that the better writers are those who visualise it as being read, and that the others visualise it as being spoken. Only when I look at your two lists of names my theory falters a little..

Operation Crifanac: R.Eney: Phew! My copy of the Fencyclopedia has not yet arrived, but I see I am going to be overwhelmed by your industry. I can hardly wait to get my hands on it.

Peals: B.Dietz: A good article from Chris, and I hope her warning is heeded. I did enjoy all this, you put out a very good allround zine, with a fine breezy style. In fact, this is one of the top offerings of this mailing.

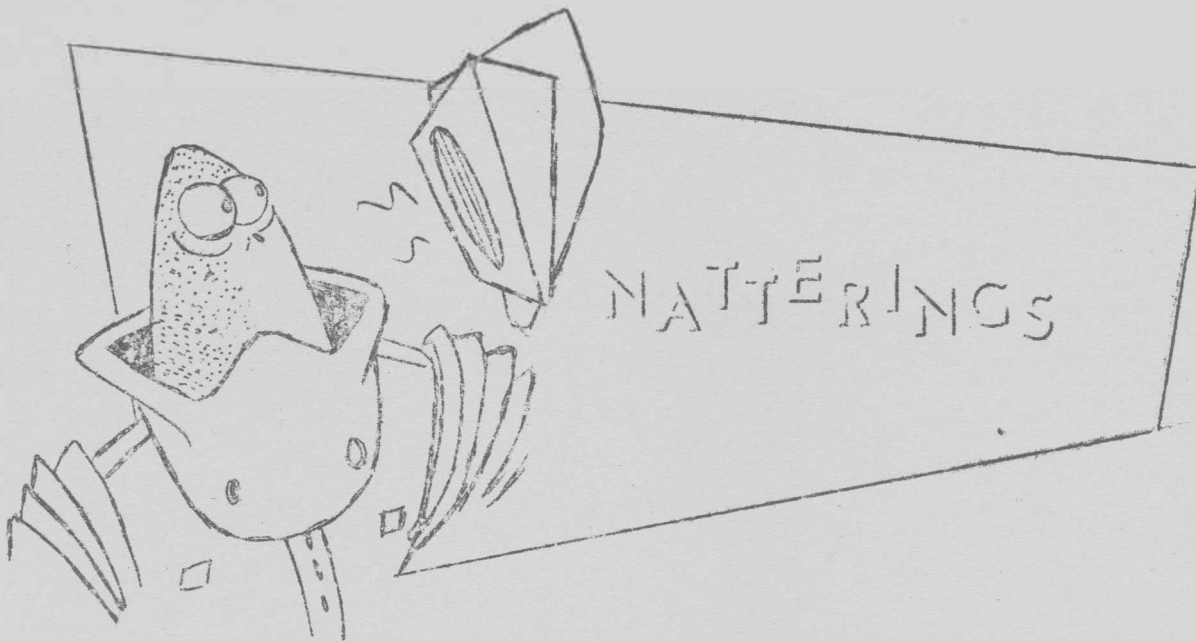
Phenotype: D.Eney: I have now seen you on film, you have got a beard, and you are not lean and hungry-looking. I must try and give up picturing fen in my mind..it's so confusing when I find out the facts. If No 4 on your gal chart is a polite way of saying skinny, that's me..I thought the last Shakespearan quote was the most appropriate to an apa.

Still Life: K.F.Slater: Welcome back, and please don't go away again. Now do tell us something about your customers, I just know you are chockful of good stories that it is my duty to wrinkle out. As to the oldest SF fan, all I can think of is Rory Faulkner, and goodness knows she doesn't look it or sound it either. But I would like to hear from Bertha in the cause of Fez. The patterns are 3 fishes and a church. Next issue please.

Tales from the Oubliette: A.Mercer: I rather liked the way you tied yourself into a knot in the bit you threw away. You were much more industrious than I, writing all this out. I merely day-dreamed, though I did once get the length of writing out a list of names for my characters. All my heroines were called Kay, I thought it sounded sophisticated. I have not said kind things about this, perhaps if you had explained at the beginning I should have been more sympathetic. For I too had stories far superior to the ones I read. To bring them out, and face them critically now, ah! I lack your courage.

Fijagh:D.Ellington: I like Pat's cover. About Peyote - first why does Bill use that irritating and affected 'one' style? I hope you do not think me too much of a sour puss, when I say I deeply disapprove the use of drugs this way. Because of my training, danger to health or reason, no matter how slight, is something against which I fight instinctively. Harry Warners article was just great, his faculty of letting you see through his eyes is wonderful. In this country the problem family is something which we are now tackling, in a constructive manner since the inception of the Health Service. Previous to this, a problem family might be visited by several different Social Service Workers, each picking away at their own particular part. The probation officer would be visiting Johnnie, the Moral welfare officer visiting Jean, and the School visitor after Jim. Now they all integrate their work and try to look at the family as a whole. There are regular case meetings over such families. One very effective cure has been to take the Mother and children and install them in a home. There she is taught how to cook, to budget, and to learn the rudiments of housewifery. Often these mothers have never been taught simple cooking. I hear that very good results have been achieved by this method. Of course there is a followup when the family return home, to see that progress is maintained.

So ends the mailing. I must add that I very much enjoyed the additions from Fapa and would like to see this idea continued. I should also like to know what we sent them in return.



This time round, there is only me intilt.

A sad state of affairs which I shall hasten to remedy. At which statement, several friends of mine will blench, they are a lazy shower, y'see.

Fireworks night has come and gone, and our hospital is left with one boy of twelve who has bad face burns. His sight, fortunately, has been saved. Eye injuries are such a terrible thing because of them I would like to see fireworks absolutely banned. On Nov, 5th, all over the country, Night Sisters go onduty with their sleeves mentally rolled up. Should they have only a few emergency admissions they count themselves lucky, but they know there will be at least one. When we were discussing it in the diningroom, our Matron said that the worst case she had seen of a fireworks accident, was a mother who had both hands amputated, and lost the sight of both eyes. I do not tell you this merely to harrow your feelings, but in the hope that next year if someone says.. "Lets have some fireworks", you'll say.. "Lets don't".

This week the hospital cook made the Christmas puddings, and I began to think of the many Things That Have To Be Done. There are boxes and boxes of decorations to be overhauled., lights tested for the trees, menus thought on, days picked for this party and that party. We also have a sherry party to prepare for and a staff one in the out patient department. How many turkeys, how many crackers, how many patients shall we send for? Sister, do you have any poor children on your list? (there are still some you know) Can we get them in? What presents will they need, how old, how many dolls for girls from 6-13yrs? Have we filled in the form for the Send A Toy To A Sick Child Fund? We Have! Oh yes, we did that in July.. Hunt out the extra cutlery, count the glasses needed. The nurses want another party in their Home? Oh no! well, I suppose, let's see, make another list...Should anyone mention that it is Halloeen time now, I shall clonk them one.

Perhaps you think a child in hospital at Christmas is pathetic, but they are nothing, banging away happily on a

new drum, compared to the old folks. On Christmas morning every adult receives a present in their stocking. There is no more heartrending sight than some old woman clutching her present, and telling you it's the first she has received for years. What with the tears they shed at this, and the tears they shed when the nurses come round to carol sing, you would hardly think it was a happy day for them at all, if they did not earnestly assure you it was. And I love to watch the pride of some old man chosen by his fellow patients to make a speech of thanks after the Christmas dinner. And the doctors who galump about happily waving carving knives, and the young nurses who grow over-excited towards night, and eat too much, and the youngest one who turns red and slumps in a heap after a glass of sherry..... (who gave her that!!). Christmas time to most folks is a time to be at home but I haven't spent Christmas anywhere but in hospital since I was 17. The one thing that isn't done is to expect any off-duty on Christmas Day. No one minds this of course, in fact we often have part time people ask to be allowed to come in. For once there is such a free and easy atmosphere, no rules, no regulations, and for one day in the year to be able to dance in the wards is such fun, I sometimes think we should charge admission! To a young nurse in training there is not a funnier sight than the Matron dressed up as a probationer. Oh, we have a rare treat, we do.

I am feeling a wee bit repentant for I was rather rude to Daphne in the last mailing. I wish I could control my tendency to bristle in a patriotic way. Here I am....I do believe sincerely that we are all equal, regardless of race, creed, or colour. I do think that World Government would be a wonderful thing to have, in fact I have ideals like that by the score. Yet let some Sassenach, be she ever so much a friend, make some remark about Scotland, and I find myself quoting Shakespeare's "Who talks of my nation...I'll cut off your head", looking at her with one eye closed and mayhem in the other. Och, it's a frail creature I am.

Unfortunately she trod on my other corn too..I detest sentimentality about the nursing profession, or nursing, type remarks. Nurse are all sorts, just like other people. There are callous nurses, dedicated nurses, good nurses, efficient nurses, hopeless nurses, man-hating nurses, nurses in search of a doctor husband, and a very special brand who ask you if you are saved just as you are coming out of the anaesthetic...All sorts!

I admire John Roles and now Archies way of listing their books for us, I have not the temperament for such a method myself though. My way is to run my eyes along my shelves and start to enthuse about one. I am also liable to quote chunks at you. Once on re-reading "The Daft Days" by Neil Munro, I got so carried away with the desire to share my enjoyment, that I thought of reproducing it as a serial in Ompa. Fortunately for my time and energy Frances poured cold water on the deal. Neil Munro was a Scottish journalist apart from having written some good books. For many years until his death he published a series of short stories in the Glasgow 'Evening News' about a character called Para Handy. These are now published in book form, I can recommend them highly.

"The town's bell rang through the dark of the winter morning with queer little jolts and pauses, as if Wanton Wully Oliver, the ringer, had been jovial the night before. A blithe New Year-time bell; a droll, daft, scatter-brained bell; it gave no horrid alarms, no solemn reminders that commonly toll from steeples and make good-fellows melancholy to think upon things ~~wisdom~~, but a cheery ditty - "boom, boom, ding-a-dong boom, boom, ding, hic, ding-dong," infecting whoever heard it with a kind of foolish gaiety. The burgh town turned on its pillows, drew up its feet from the bed-bottles, now turned to chilly stone, rubbed its eyes, and knew by that bell it was the daftest of daft days come. It cast a merry spell upon the community; it tickled them even in their cosy beds. "Wanton Wully's on the ran-dan!" said the folks"...
...These are the opening words of "The Daft Days", the most delightful book in my collection. I have grown to love this town in the days when travellers reached there by coach. The story is of the Dyces..Lawyer Dan and his two sisters Bell and Ailie. Their brother William had gone to America, become an actor, married an actress, and had a child Bud. Bud's parents die, and she comes to stay with the Dyces. An actor friend has brought Bud from Chicago, but they learn that he has sent her to travel from Edinburgh herself. Here are the Dyces.."You may say what you like but I cannot get over him being American" said Bell solemnly. "The dollars everything in America, and they're so independant". "Terrible! Terrible!" said Dan ironically. Ailie laughed, "dear, dear Bell" she said, "it sounds quite Scotch. A devotion to the do dollar is a sound basis to a Scotch character". "Renegade!" said Bell, "provincial!" retorted Ailie...said Dan "Bell, you are a blether; Ailie you are a cosmopolitan, a thing accursed. Just bring yourself to our poor parochial point of view, and tell me, both of you, what you propose to do with this young gentleman from Chicago when you get him." "Change his stockings and give him a good tea" said Bell promptly, as if she had been planning it for weeks. "There's something more than dry hose and high tea to the making of a man", said her brother. "You can't keep that up for a dozen years". "Oh, you mean education" said Bell. "Thats not my department at all". ..that was Ailies who said.."Well, the child cannot be a fool if he is like his father. American independence, though he has it in clods, won't do any harm at all. I love Americans - because they beat that stupid old King George, and have been brave in the forest and wise on the prairies, and feared no face of King, and laughed at dynasties".
Bud was no ordinary child, first she was a girl, when they expected a boy, and she was born a mimic.."Not a mimic of voice and manner only, but a mimic of people's minds, so that for long she was a reflection of the last person she spoke with. She could be all men and all women except the plainly dull". She was precocious, bright as a button, and very loving-hearted. The story of her impact upon this little town, of her daft days, her growing up, her emergence as a great actress is beautifully told. This too, is a story of Scottish folk, as I like to think they were. So here is a final chunk, the end of the book.. "I wish I had been there to see this wonderful Desdemona" said Dr Brash "Did you enjoy the trip Miss Bell?" "It wasn't bad"she replied "but mercy me, what a silly way they have in England, bread all crust outside though I grant its sweet enough inside". "Humm, I've seen Scotch folk a bit like that" said Dr Brash. Bud has rung the bell I see;her name is made". "I hope it won't change her nature" answered Bell. "She aye had a genius" said Dan, cutting the cards for partners. "She had something better" said Ailie, she had love"; and on the town broke forth the evening bell".
I do hope this makes you want to read it....This fanzine is produced by kind permission of Inchnery fandom to a sycophantic female, and is issued under the seal of Nicki the First. Drrr, dum, de, dumm, de dum.