

Scottish

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This Ministring Angel Has A Kink.

According to Tony Thorne, being a fan means having a kink. I must say it is a relief to know what is the matter with me after all those years. My diagnosis was split personality, now I know it is merely a kink. Up till now I have had little trouble keeping my two lives apart, but then I have had years of practise, it is something of a fine art.

In my teens admittedly, I was the worlds best day-dreamer. At one time I worked in a bakers shop, I left one step ahead of dismissal. Giving 6 cream meringues when asked for 6 plain buns is rather frowned upon. The news that I was leaving to train as a nurse, was greeted by the manageress with relief, she probably said a prayer for the patients though.

So when I was 17 I started training, don't ask me why, I have often wondered. Hospital training is much like army training and 17 is still a fairly malleable age. Discipline is drilled into you, by the time I had finished, at anyrate I no longer dreamed on-duty...

Most nurses tend to form their close friendships within the hospital sphere. Early on I took a look at the result of this and a survey of the Sisters determined me to do the opposite. Consequently I live two lives. Within the hospital, I work as a Sister, wielding discipline, tut-tutting about "these young nurses". Not too strict to be unpopular, not too slack to be imposed upon, nicely balanced I flatter myself.. I often have the sensation of "play-acting". Outside the hospital all this is sloughed like a skin, and as my friends in hospital and those outside rarely meet, I have little difficulty.

Of course there are occasions when they overlap. Outside relations and friends who catch a glimpse of the hospital as are apt to eye me with an astonished glance. It is the air of efficiency that gets them, the idea of my being efficient produces a stunned expression. In hospital on the other hand, it is becoming increasingly difficult to hide my fannish tendencies, and I am resigning myself to being labelled eccentric. Terry Jeeves does not help matters by sending me envelopes labelled "Post Early For Eczema" or "subversive Material Only". Most of my trouble stems from my outside friends inability to understand the desirability of "keeping your place" in the hospital world. There are things that one just does not do, and getting letters from obviously demented people is one of them...

The point is, dear Tony, having a kink is all very well, but mine has been showing overmuch lately.

## SCOTTISH SHE VISITS THE BRUMS.

Through my correspondance with Paul Hammet, the Brums had been warned of my visit...so, they all went on holiday. The only ones to stay and face me up were besides Paul....Joy Barlow, Arthur Berwick, and Keith Johnston. The others, led by Dennis Eagen had left the city en-masse. Cowardly I called it. The remainder however, entertained me right royally.

The Brums hold their meetings on a Friday in a pub known as "The Vaults", judge my surprise to find it quite presentable and rather disappointing. with a name like that I had expected an serie atmosphere at least. Paul had called for me in his car and whisked me off (at 70-80 m.p.h.) It seems, when driving, he is subconsciously trying for the moon. At the rate he goes he may get there some day. Nothing was allowed to pass him on the road. We did not talk much as I felt that any guy driving at that rate should not be distracted by feminine, albeit charming, chatter. Paul is a doctor and admittedly was hurrying back to his evening surgery. On arrival at his house I was regaled with tea and then left to my own devices, I explored his library, he had two or three books which are on the "restricted" list, that is not sold outside the medical profession. Vurra intresting.....

Paul had just moved into the house, the Egyptian doctor who had owned it having died recently. All the furniture had belonged to him, and was awaiting the settling of his estate before being dismantled. Paul had told me that on his death 6 thousand in cash had been found in various parts around the house. I looked on the ricketty furniture with keen intrest but no hunt brought forth anything, and I was afraid to poke too hard in case they fell apart....or at anyrate thats my story. The fact that I have now bought a typewriter has absolutely no bearing whatsoever upon the matter.

Surgery over I was whisked off again in the car, fortunately I have a cool head, travelling at F.T.L. does not ruffle me in the least. Arriving at the "Vaults" we found Arthur in possession I had just a little trouble making out the Brummie accent. I may have fazed them a bit too though, because where I was spending my holiday were many English and French guests. As I am very susceptible to accents and mannerisms, I was talking Scots with an English accent and French gesticulations. Then in came Keith it was his first visit to the club. As with every Neo-ian the first thing he learnt was the address of a suitable bookstore. Someone wise on the road to penury cheered me up no end, I like company. Last came Joy. One thing I noticed she dosent get the insults from the male fen I have to contend with, wonder if I should start wearing slacks too?



and 2. Butterscotch. All else is Scottise. I admired the colour of the paper, the perfect shade for a twin-set. Personally the phrase "Oompa, oompa, stick it up your jumps" has been running thru my head for days..

Feathered Friends: Must be nice to this guy, same cian and all that, but I cannot really take an intrest in seagulls. Such peevish-looking birds.

Galanty: Cant think of a thing to say about this one.

Archive: Bright boy to spot that remark of Peter Hamiltons. Pete is only 1/4 crazy though Archie.

Platorm: On the Convacation: Only snag about Butlins is that it is pretty well organised already by the redcoats, fans may well get lost in the shuffle. I favor taking over a hotel.

Steam: Brian Lewis told me if I want to be a Truefan I should really start with Hecto, but after your story of the trials and tribulations involved, I fear the price is too high for me.

Galgotha: Err, Tom seems a little lost without Wal, still Norman is helping.

Aaah: Ken again! I dont see how Pamela stands it.

Dysteology: Very nice cover. What gets me about this pair is that apart from their ability to write what Ken terms 'frothy' they can also produce stimulating stuff like this.

Morph: I thought 'Home Thoughts' the best item.

Ugh: Second best item in the mailing. Na for the femmes! Isnt it just like a man? Pinching a poor womans quotes..

My First Real Convention: Though it almost kills me to say so- (this guy and I are not on speaking terms)- best in the mailing. How can a guy who writes like this want to exile a poor defenceless femme-fan? A sad warp somewhere..

Launching Site: I wonder if this chap ever sleeps..

Vignette: Now this is a good idea. I liked John Brunners poem best.

### POT-POURRI.

See what I found in a clipping sent by a pen-pal.... "I hate to look in the mirror, it makes me mutter 'Scras' For I never see in the mirror, The gal I feel I am'.... how true, how true.... The other exterp put me in mind of my stenciling.... It goes thus .... "They told me it couant be done, That even a fool wouldnt do it, So I tackled the thing that couant be done, and couiant do it".... HOW true.... Bad news from the Newlands Club..... Our Matt Elder has to go into a Sanatorium for at least a year.... We are going to miss him.... Do you think anyone would object if I filled up the mailing with all those pretty little acts?. Have you noticed more men than women write to fez?.... I have a pen-pal who writes to tell me that the poppsies are very poppsivating in Sheffield.... Yes it is the three-armed fan him self.... I hope no-one believes Mals reason for exiling me to Siberia.... He is obviously grabbing at any trifling excuse to banish the femmes from fandom.... Of course maybe we will never be missed.... ians are so untidy, they will probably think we are mislaid somewhere..... FINI.