

SCOTTISH



SCOTTISH

Produced for the March 1955 mailing of O.M.P.A.  
by Ethel Lindsay, 136 West Regent Street  
Glasgow, Scotland.

Cover illico by Brian Miller, to whom my apologies  
that I have not done it justice, as it was my first  
attempt perhaps he will forgive me.

---

Gin your nei'bour chance tae ra'  
Linna let him lie,  
Len' a haun' help him up  
Binna pass him bye.

For maybe ye may chance tae ra'  
As they've been mony a score  
For there's aye a muckle slippy stane  
At ilka body's door.

## THE NEWLANDS CLUB OF GLASGOW

I hope you are all dying to hear about the Newland Club, because that is what I am going to write about this time. Reading from right to left we have Matt Elder (the founder) Alan Mackie, Fred Smith, Dave Page and his wife Margt., Brian Miller, and smartly bringing up the rear--me.

For a long time Matt was the best-known fan outside Scotland,, mostly through his pen-pals. He is unfortunately at present in a sanatorium on the outskirts of the town, but has wasted no time in making eyes at the Staff Nurse. I saw an advert by Matt in the first issue of 'Nebula' and wrote to him---thus I tumbled into fandom feet first. At that time the club met weekly -at Dave and Matt's alternately. I had a letter back inviting me along.

A few days later I opened a newspaper and saw a paragraph headed "Spacemen Short Of Cash" One bit to my horror said, "Recent recruits include a number of women members, many of them housewives. One of the newest fans is Sister Ethel Lindsay of Glasgow Ophthalmic Institution" Since that day I have carefully omitted the title and hospital from the address in my fan correspondence. I shudder yet to think of the reaction of the Hospital Board had they seen this. The first thing fandom nearly did to me was lose me my job. I only quit quacking 3 months later.

So came THE day and I set out to the club, bolstering myself up with the thought of all those housewives. The door was opened by a tall lanky six-footer (I'm wee!) who gazed down on me with an engaging self-conscious grin, this was Matt. The first blow was that he turned out to be much younger than I had expected, and the next blow was that there were no housewives. "The reporter made that up", said Matt. The third blow was when he introduced me to Alan and Dave, I noticed sadly, they were six-footers too.

Now the chief thing about Dave is that he sits around smoking his pipe and laughing, he is not the type to monopolise the conversation. Alan would get on very well with oysters. Matt kept the talk going quite well but he was battling with one of his occasional bouts of shyness. So I talked, and I talked, and Ghu save me now I talked. Nor have I the least idea of what I talked about, my mind is a merciful blank on that point. Had I been 10 years younger I undoubtedly would never have had the courage to go back. However as you grow older, you are less inclined to care about making a fool of yourself. So back I went.

The next meeting was at Dave's, and there I met Margt. and after that things were better. The boys stopped being polite to me, took me for granted, and then started to insult me and ridicule everything I said, whereupon I decided I had been accepted as a member.

Matt is the only one of his family intrested in S.F., though he has a brother who is training to be a chef and makes the most delicious pancakes. There are times when I have offered to swop Matt for him. Matt has a room crammed with magazines and books, cupboards full, piled on the floor, on and around the bed, when you open the door they sort of seethe out at you. We do a brisk trade in swopping and selling, and I usually come out on the dirty end of the deal.

The chief noticeable thing about Dave is his good nature which rather conceals a hugh knowledge on every conceivable subject. He is a collector in every sense of the word, there is hardly a book or magazine allied to S.F. that he does not possess. Margt does a ~~very~~ good job of keeping the boys in check, and comes to my defence whenever I am too outnumbered.

Alan can talk, but you would never know it in a crowd when he goes 'mum'. The less people present the more you hear from him. He takes a perverse delight in flatly disagreeing with every statement I make.

Fred, some of you have met at the Mancon and from that you will know he finds it very easy to imitate Boris Karloff. It's a fact that the one and only other femme fan persuaded along to the club would'nt come back because he 'frightened her'. He is a great admirer of feminine puttrichuae, the boys call him Uncle Fred.

Lastly we come to Brian, he was not attending the club when I first joined, I think they hid him. Still I must admit without him our club would be much more dull. Brian could enliven a funeral he just cannot help hitting on the pun, the remark, the topper to set everyone giggling. He is particularly good at describing some thing funny with a pantomime of facial and hand gestures, therefore his jokes never seem so good when repeated. I wish I could produce for you his description of 'Cat Women Of The Moon', it would have been worth an admission fee.

Now that Matt is out of circulation for a while, we meet at Brian instead, well! His room has even a wilder aspect, as he is an artist. So combined with the books, are paints and brushes, half finished paintings, a skull, two flatbeas, ink, pens, paper galore, and for some reason, a bottle and a mask hanging from a string across the room.

I hope no-one is going to ask what the club does! Fact is we don't do nuthin'... We talk, and argue, try our hand with Brian's paints- Margt produced the best effort. We play with his little sister's Viewmaster (favourite reel- Ian Dare) The boys are all 'progressive' fans and so put come the records. We also talk quite a lot about C.F. but perhaps you will not hold it against us. I once put out an issue of Haemoglobin. All the printing for this was done by Alan, quite a job you will admit. The rest of us only helped to staple it together. Our New Year resolution for 1955 is to put out a second issue, but this time duplicated, the other is too much like hard work.

Perhaps if we advertised we would get bigger, but this we are all very loathe to do, after all the last time I turned up! Besides we have seen that bigger numbers do not always mean a happier club. We should have to organise ourselves, and being fans we are not very good at, or keen on that. Still there is a hearty welcome for anyone who finds their way to us.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

#### A wee explanation.

Originally I meant to title my offering Scottische. Two things made me change my mind. One, I could never remember how to spell it, and in fact spelt it incorrectly on the first stencil. The second reason was that I decided Scottische was much more appropriate anyway. Later too, it dawned on me, that Scottische would have been infringing on the Romilly Society's rights; and I am that scared of Harry Turner... So Scottische it is, and any eagle-eyes who noticed I spelt it differently the last time can score the wrong one out if it bothers them at all. Or just tear the whole thing up and avoid eyestrain.

#### Dept. Of Curious Coincidence.

Wandering thru the technical end of the public library, I spotted the title "The Banned Books Of England" by Alec Craig. With the recent Ted Carnell editorial in mind, I took it out. It is not a new book, it was published in 1957, so perhaps some of you have already read it. I was rather saddened by the discovery that the author hoped that a 'sober treatise' might help to change the 'obscenity law'. Here is 1955, and the position remains the same. His list at the end of the number of reputable books which have been banned made a formidable list. It was not a particularly cheerful book for anyone to read who cherished any ideas of the freedom of the press. The authors proposed solution was the return to the original law of obscenity as laid down by Lord Chief Justice Campbell in 1857, and the abolition of the added clauses by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. And then there in the last paragraph came something to lighten the gloom- a joke that only I could appreciate fully and be made to laugh out loud- the authors final words were--BACK TO CAMPBELL AND MORE SEX EDUCATION.

## HOGMANY

I have never been outside Scotland at New Year time, and I always feel slightly incredulous to think how little it is celebrated elsewhere. Hogmany has always been such a taken for granted spree. It starts in Scotland at least a week before the time when the housewife begins to industriously clean everything in sight. One of my nurses, remarking on her Mother's activities said- "If she could get up on the calling she would wash that too" Then there is the enormous amount of food to be bought in, the shortbread, cake, black bun, piles of meat, and of course the buying of the bottle.

As soon as the clock strikes 12, the first-footing begins. The tradition is that the first one over the doorstep is the lucky first-foot for the year, and the person must be dark-haired, a light-haired person is considered unlucky. About the only time you ever see Scots folk kissing in public is when wishing A Happy New Year. Then the parties start and the majority of people do not fall into bed till at least 6a.m.

Although I have been working in hospitals so long, I have always been very fortunate and off-duty at Hogmany. This time my luck ran out, I was on-duty from 9p.m. till 6a.m. However I still acted as first-foot, the Matron likes her staff to do this. So out the back door I went, carrying a gift (another custom-one should not go empty-handed) and paraded round to the front door. Two nurses also came, one carrying a lump of coal, black and therefore very lucky, the other carrying a bottle, welcome anywhere! As we were sedately pacing along, round the corner came a car overflowing with young men, waving their bottles and calling out, "Happy New Year" At the sight of our decorous procession the car stopped and then backed along besides us, and kept pace. "Yoo-hoo, nurses" they called, "can't we come and join you?" "Wish they could" muttered the nurses, but Matron was at the front door to greet us and firmly waved them off. With a backward sign for all the fun we were missing we tramped in and exchanged good wishes with a pseudo gaiety that quickly wore thin.

After the formalities had passed and the nurses had returned to see if any of the patients had fallen out of bed, I lingered to chat to the Matron, when along came the Night Porter. He had started celebrating about three days earlier, and was at the stage where he was filled with the solemn desire to sit down and tell his life story, and a distressing tendency to proclaim his love for everyone. He produced his whiskey bottle and insisted on pouring us out high glasses. Whilst Matron struggled with a benevolent expression he proclaimed, "Ah Yes! The Matron and I have our wee disagreements, just like with the wife, but I love her just the same" I was trying hard to match that benevolent expression but I doubt I'll ever have the dignity to be a Matron. He then went off to 'stoke the furnace', I followed him down to make sure he did not fall in it, but he had sat down and was sound asleep.

Matron and I then drank our whiskey and, still in an unbending mood, she produced some Athol Brose, which she had made herself. This is a mixture of whiskey, meal, and honey, with the kick of a mule. Matron then went off to bed, and I flopped into a chair in front of the fire and fuzzily tried to decide whether it were worth while making any resolutions or not. On the whole I thought not, I would just hirstle along as I was.

Calm descended upon the hospital till 8a.m. when the door-bell rang, and I caught my first glimpse of the advantages of not being out that night. There appeared a swaying figure-- one of the day-sisters due on-duty at 8a.m. She was on the fringe of an alarming headache, and already had that sinking feeling. I packed her off for twp hours sleep and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that the coming hangover was hers, not mine. I ventured down to see how the porter was getting on, he had just got his eyes open and was trying to think of an easier way to die.

From then onwards a stream of maids, porters and nurses appeared. Each face seemed whiter than the other, apart from the ones that were a little tinged with green or yellow. Have you ever been sober and surrounded by various degrees of intoxication and hangover? Oh! what a moral superiority it gives...you feel so virtuous! How nastily I wired into my bacon and eggs in front of the fascinated gaze of the day-staff. I hope they won't remember that next year.

All that day I kept meeting the wrecks of humanity that were my friends, it almost made me decide not to go out next year--almost but quite! I had never viewed the New Year from such a lofty attitude before. I could not help laughing at the sights I saw, whilst still feeling sorry for them. It is alright going out whooping it up, if you do not have to go to work the next day, but, of course in hospital the work must go on. Considering the state that the day-staff were in, I ended up full of admiration for the dogged way they set about getting through the work.

As for the rest of Glasgow, the celebrating went on for some time Hogmany being on a Friday, and Monday being a holiday, it lasted over the weekend. Come Monday there were some awe-inspiring sights to be seen. I must quote this from the evening newspaper----

"Still celebrating New Year, an inebriated upper deck passenger confided to his fellow passengers on the tram that he was lost. "I'm on the wrang tram again" he said cheerfully, "I've been a' ower Giesca' the day but it disnae maitter; it's the New Year. We'll hae a bit sang-yin o' Caruso's. Man, he was a fine singer yon." After a snatch of song (the Italian tenor must have turned in his grave) he proceeded to fall asleep, but before doing so he made a final remark; "I doot I'm loast. It seems I've been explorin', just like Robinson Caruso....."

6  
By Tuesday the Sales had started and the revelers gave way to grim housewives intent on a bargain. Glasgow was back to normal again. I cannot say that this salutary lesson was much good to me. Come next Hogmanay, I've no doubt, I'll be out at the first-footing too, and on New Year's day I shall be suffering my hangover along with the rest.

### BLEATHERINGS.

You do know what a blether is don't you? (I wonder if I should supply a Scots-English dictionary?) One who natters on and on and makes little sense--that's me.

Box 2: Even in the first paragraph you are bang on form, if you let me know where Arthur C. buys his accolade, I will send you a bottle. Oblique or Oz would get my vote. I was not sorry you went into that spiel about it not being necessary to actually publish your Ompazine, becos I had not noticed the amendment either. Now I know that if I do not manage to make a good job of it, I can get someone else to help me with a clear conscience. Incidentally after my first Ompazine no less than 5 fans offered to do this, which speaks volumes for fanoms good nature. I hope we will see more of Madeline.

Burp 2: Just as a matter of intrest, do you talk in the same way you write on? If so, you had better be on the committee to meet the Americans at the World Con in '36 to go to make them feel at home.

How: I am still continuing my education in the arts of fanculture I wish you would follow this up with the 'Fan Feuds' series you mentioned,

Caprice: I liked that cover-but then all your illios are good. "In Memorium" was beautifully done.

Smeralites: That illio for Torquay! Please tell me that it rains sometimes... I could not re-staple it, you forgot to enclose the staples---these Scotsmen! That crack against Fred S. at the end has fairly spurred him on, he is actually talking about giving me stencils to cut.

Meander: Atom's illios are wonderful, and his picture of you portrays so well your kindly nature--a man any woman could trust! I don't believe you'r not a genius.. Of all the reviews done of the first mailing I would rate this the best.

Galanty 2: Tom's piece was very funny, and the photograph was clever, I showed it to my nurses, who were all suitably scared.

Omnibus: This like everything else, breathes Joan's personality all over the place--what a gal! That's not accurate about Frances and I finding Monday after the Con dull or flat. Why! that was the day we went to the zoo escorted by Sandy, Dave and Frank Simpson. Only by a heroic rescue on my part did you ever get Sandy back again.

Golgotha: Cover very good, and the lowdown on Potter hilarious. Uncle Tom, either you get better and better or I was purblind when I first read your handiwork.

Zig 2: That's the stuff Pamela, I'll back you every time.

Steam 2: One thing our President does not lack is guts-- the way you tackle that jelly! What took my fancy most was that coloured illio.



Zymic 2: I have a partiality for all zines produced on coloured paper-even grey. From me at anyrate, thanks for all the technical hints on duplicating. I am sure need all I can get.

Il Terebo 2: I liked all your comments on the other Ompazines, a nice chatty style, such lovely clear duplicating too, no wonder so many ask you to do it for them.

Mediocre 2: You undoubtedly deserve something for that were-gern only I am still musing on waat. Nothing mediocre about this Tony I enjoyed every word.

Platform 2: Hardly anything of you in this one at all Eric, though Jan and Mike's views were interesting. You could do with expanding or else Terry and you do a separate Ompazine.

Itta 2: When I look at this my one thought is to say- 'Honest boys just as soon as I get some pawbees together again, I will sub to Alphameantime I borrow Fred Smith's- forgive me?

Archive 2: I never realised before the many uses of fish, and the varied expressions you get are very good. So Cecil worried you too. I have it on the best of authority that he is an elephant. He is always sending me his love, but I am sceptical about this. I like the way you ramble on, and the zany manner.

Esprit: Well Dapne, whatever term you settle on for us will suit me fine. I know just how you felt, hesitating outside the door of the 'Globe', how lucky men are that can walk in anywhere by themselves without feeling conspicuous.

Noise-Level: liked the Albert poem best, but on the whole was rather disappointed.

Bran Tub: My word! Ving did you proud with that artwork, some of the best I have seen from him. I would hazard a guess that at one time you were a school teacher. Am I right? At anyrate you have the authentic air of authority, I recognise it becous I have to use it myself at times. I refer, of course to the way you 'ticked off' two of the boys, without I am sure, causing offense.

Now and Then 2: So neat! I have just come to the bit where Uncle Eric looks sternly at Auntie Fran, implying she is fickle again no doubt. Ha! he should talk! Well whichever fandom you are luring us off to Harry, if it produces more like this, we will follow meekly.

Needle 2: I shall be very dignified and ignore all those highly coloured allusions to myself. Mind though Fred, its a game two can play at....

Morph 2: I always find articles on advertising interesting, I too think the Stork advert fiendishly clever. Have you ever read D.L. Sayers "Murder Must Advertise"? It gives a fascinating picture of an advertising agency.

Well, that's all the blethers for this time....  
see you in the next mailing.

FEM-BOY by Eric Needham.

Don't think I never cared for you,  
 But a woman could be keener  
 If you had said that you'd be true  
 To me, not Norbert Weiner.

That evening with the stars above,  
 And my dissatisfaction  
 When you mentioned, not our love  
 But endocrinic action.....

....I wanted so to share our dreams  
 Of power-beams, not pylons.  
 I wish you'd noticed that the seams  
 Were straight in my new nylons.

Why did you never speak of me?  
 I tried to keep my hair on  
 When you raved on about "I.P.C."  
 And "Skylark of Valeron"

There was no need for you to vex  
 Me when I dressed de-luxe-ly  
 By speaking of our entire sex  
 From the views of Aldous Huxley.

You made my perm come all uncurled  
 When in my mother's presence,  
 You discussed not only "Brave New World"  
 But worse, that "Ape and Essence".

No wolf were you, nor yet a pest,  
 And your way of life is irugal,  
 But to say the woman you love best  
 Is Clarissa MacDougall.....well

One final word now as we part  
 I'll say without hesitation.  
 I want a man, but you, your heart  
 Is in suspended animation!