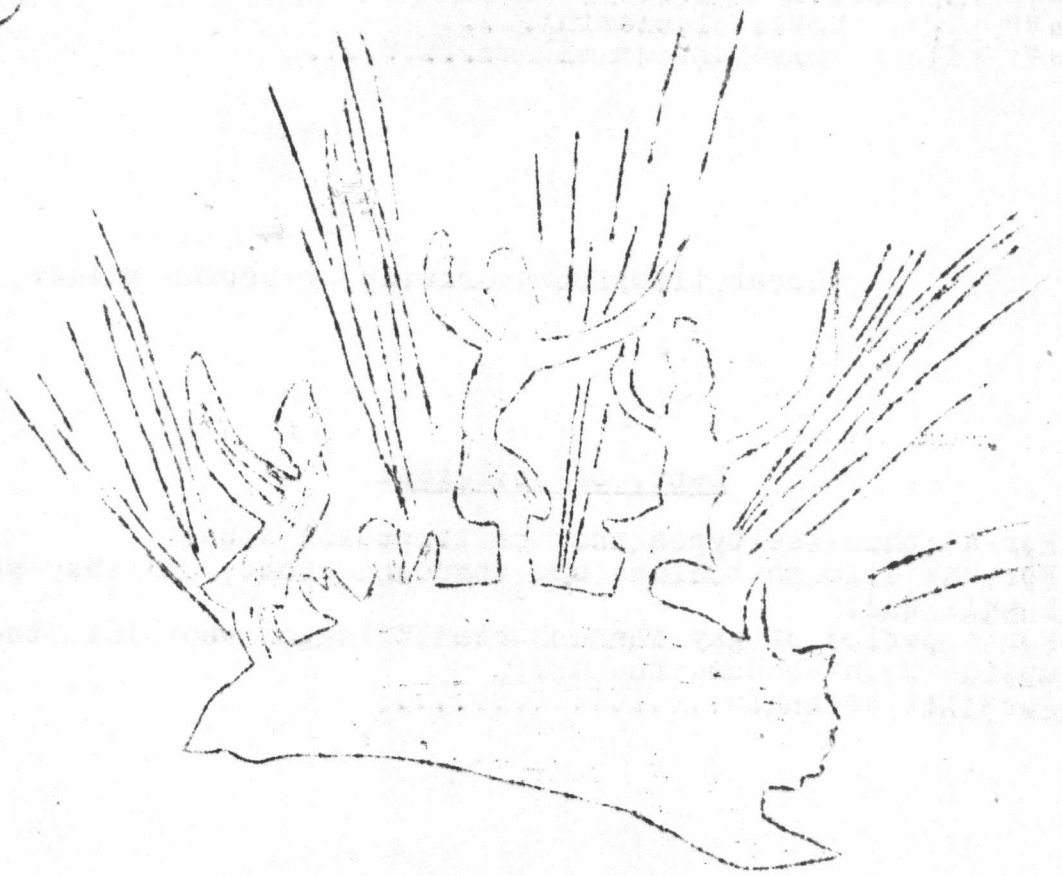


SCOTTISHE





SCOTTISHE No. 4.
Produced for the Sept. 1955 Mailing of O.M.P.A.
as a post-mailing
by Ether Lindsay,
126 West Regent Street,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Thanks are tendered to Helen Highwater and
Arthur Thompson,
for their generous help with material.
The remainder I plead guilty to...



DAVID

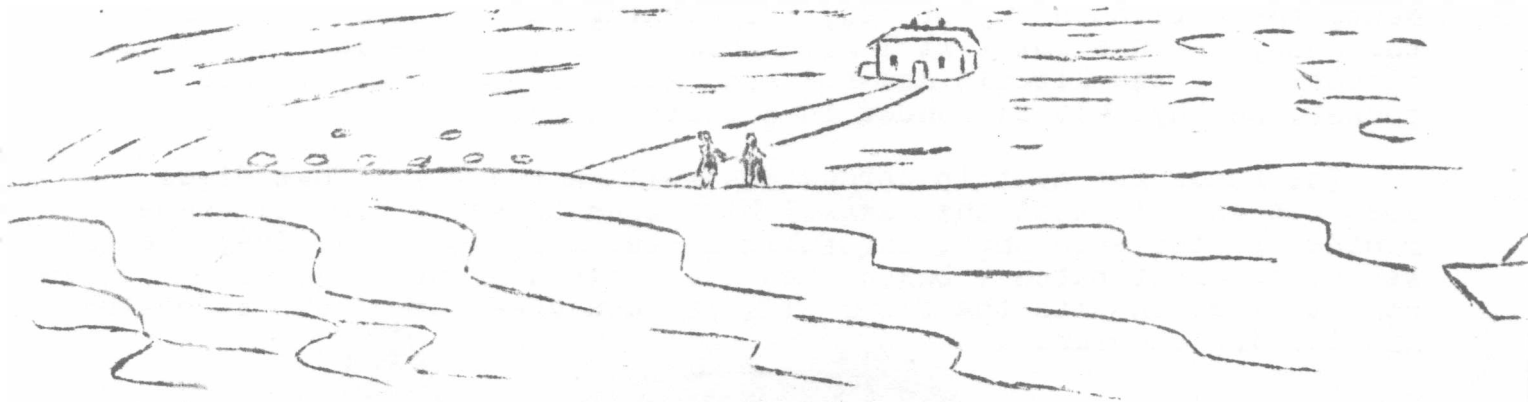
Once upon a time there was a river flowing down to the sea, and on this river was sailing a boat. It was a most unusual boat, for it was studded with emeralds and pearls, diamonds, topazes, and amethysts, and its sails were made of roses. In this boat were three maidens, and they were no ordinary maidens. The first had long hair, yellow as the corn, the second had short curly hair, red as the sun, and the third had long hair, black as jet. If you had looked upon the first you would have thought her the most beautiful woman in the world, till you looked upon the second and then you would have thought that she was the most beautiful, till you next looked upon the third, and then your eyes would have been dazzled by so much beauty, and as you looked upon them, all three, your mind would have been mazed at the effort of selection.

As the boat sailed down the river they sang, and their voices were high and clear, and ever they sang and sweeter they sang, and the words I cannot tell. Presently the current took the boat into the bank at the side of the river, opposite a cottage whose garden ran down to the river, and there it halted and stayed, whilst the maidens still sang.

From the cottage appeared a young man, and his name was David. He stood amazed at the singing, and then turned and called into the cottage, "Mother, Father, come quick and see this boat", and as they came towards the door he began to go towards the bank. When he came to the boat the maidens stopped singing and turned and smiled at him. "Who are you?" he asked, but they only smiled. "Where are you going?" he said, but they only started to sing again. The current began to sway the boat away from the bank again, and he suddenly implored them "Take me with you". At this they smiled and nodded, and even as the boat moved off, he stepped in beside them.

His parents hurried down, calling "David, come back", but the boat moved swiftly on, and only the maidens singing came in answer. "David, oh, David" they called, "come back, come back".....

But he never came back.



psal of Nigel Lindsay

ME AND MY BOTTLE.

BY HELEN HIGHWATER.

One day I baked a batch of cakes as a special treat for Nigel. I took the greatest pains with them. I followed the directions very carefully indeed. I really poured my heart and soul into these cakes, and they really looked beautiful and very tempting, neatly arranged on a clean white doyley.

Nigel arrived for tea, took one mouthful, and with a look of anguish on his face said he was full up. I was mad. Although I know my cakes aren't so hot, I didn't see the need for such a pained expression. Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

You see I am a practical girl and I keep a Dimple Haig bottle in which I put all my odd sixpences towards my holiday. When full it holds £07. So I said "Nigel, if you don't eat that cake you'll have to put sixpence in my bottle". Gosh, my cakes must have been bad, he meekly drew sixpence from his pocket and put it straight in the bottle.

Now knowing how mean that boy was, this really worried me, and I decided never to bake again. All night long I kept thinking how easily I had got that sixpence out of him, and it rather narked me. Then it suddenly dawned on me that he might merely be sickening for something, and I was able to go to sleep peacefully.

In the morning I was waiting for a call from his Mother saying he had chickenpox, measles or something. When I didn't hear I phoned up, and when I learned he was perfectly well in health I was real mad to think it was my cakes after all.

The next day when he came round to tea, (this is a regular habit providing tea every day. I used to think he couldn't wait to see me, but found out that he claims a rebate from his mother), well, the next day I was ready for him, with the plate of cakes in one hand and my bottle in the other. Needless to say I got another sixpence out of him as easily as before.

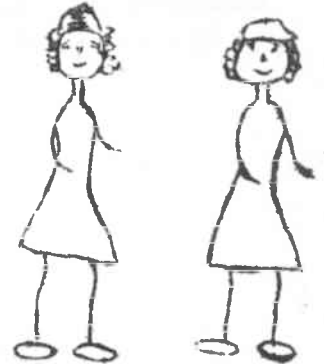
Well that is when the Great Idea occurred to me, and ever since that day there has always been a plateful of my attractive looking home-made cakes to offer him. Apart from coming round to tea he will spend most of his weekends at my flat, eating, sleeping, typing and snogging, so there are plenty of opportunities to offer him refreshment, the afternoon cup of tea, the evening cup of tea, or one for the road. He has got that I have only to make a move in the general direction of the kitchen and his hand goes automatically to his pocket. He buys his sixpences in packets at the Bank.

The funds for my trip abroad are well on the way. What Nigel does not know is that the cakes I have been offering him all these months are the same ones, carefully dusted off every day. They are the second and last batch I baked when I conceived my Great Idea. A little cement mixed in with the flour will produce cakes of great strength and lasting endurance.



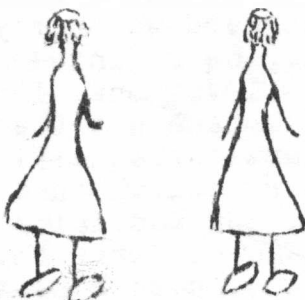
Mush, Mush To Romilly

In the lull before the Cyricon, Frances and I paid a visit to Romilly. First of all there was the major operation of getting Frances out of the house, it was accomplished through the united efforts of Cyril, his Father, and myself. As I am one of those people who sit in a train at least half an hour before it is due to start, that I can view the fact that Frances is an incorrigible putterer with equanimity speaks volumes of my love for her. It was raining when we set out, so figuring that we were late anyway we stopped off at a shoe shop and bought those plastic booties that you can put on over your shoes. They make a slushing noise as you walk, which further reduced us to giggles, (We always start off giggling, we have that effect upon one another) and to the accompaniment of "Mush, mush" from Fran we started off again. Romilly, and the street, and the house, all turned out to be quite respectable) fans are so unpredictable! There was Harry sitting, a very wicked-looking smile, he reminded me of a cat I used to know, a very clever one, I hasten to add. Marion, always so calm, and not the least perturbed by the growing invasion. Madelaine Willis, and ha! did she score off Frances who had politely offered to transiteed for me, but Madelaine pointed out that she could understand me perfectly, only would I translate for Frances..another Sassenach bit the dust. We two Gaels then agreed those silly English just can't speak their own language. I think the Aberdeen accent is the only one as musical to listen to as the Irish, they are both so soft and lilting. Then Walt Himself, and gosh, he brought out his notebook and wrote out something we had said. Neither of us could remember what and enlivened the night hours later with fearful speculation. The three boys appeared, a lively trio all dressed as Crusaders, no not Spacemen, they grew tired of that. As I remembered some mothers I have seen continually on the hop with only one child, it was a treat to see Marion deal unhurridely with three boys, entertaining guests, and tea for ten. Just as Marion announced tea, Eric Needham arrived and we all sat down, with the boys at a separate small table. Talk weaved in and out and throughither (a Scots word, Archie) I remember hearing Eric describing a forthcoming opus involving dead flies in lampshades and seeing Walt watching him with an unphantomable expression till he said, "You know, your thought processes are very difficult to follow--" It was decided with very little trouble that the men should wash the dishes, and the ladies sit in the parlour. Walt took on firmly the job of washing and so was through to join us first. As he came in there was a crash of crockery. "Ah", he said, looking smug, "can't blame me for that". A man of keen strategy. Next Eric Bentcliffe arrived and distributed 'Triode'. Harry described the trials of decorating. It seems that at night he puts on an undercoat, but after he comes back to it the following night, and surveys the effect of three young Turners, he has to put on another undercoat. He has great difficulty getting past that stage. Their hall was beautifully done at anyrate, each side was done in the black and white paper featured in his Xmas card, and the wall facing the door in a fine



crimson with sketches from the Moulin Rouge upon it. I notice that the last N & T had faithfully reproduced upon its cover the livingroom although of course it cannot give the full beauty of Harry's portrait of an Indian scene. Eric Needham duly showed me the battered looking Roneo from which their genius emanates. I gazed upon it with awe. We were having such fun and so enjoying the conversation that we were reluctant to leave, and only the knowledge that several people were then waiting for us at the Ping Hong restaurant finally made us get up. We said goodbye, and finally tore ourselves away from such entertaining people. As we left the boys were to be seen busily 'fishing' over the banisters. The eldest had a hammer tied onto the end of his line-- "to knock the fish out with"....Harry and Eric escorted us to the bus and admired our boots, so looking back wistfully, we rushed off.

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The following letter is taken from the letter column of the Glasgow Evening News...

"The remarkable transformation over a period of weeks of a friend from a strong clear-headed self-reliant type to a weak middle-headed naïf-- being mere shadow of his former self, all because his wife is expecting and has passed the 'deadline' by a few days, leads me to ask why cant women organise things a little more efficiently and save prospective fathers such distressing mental anguish?"

It was signed--Happy Celibate.

Which leads me to reflect that the reason that this is a mans world is that women could never match their colossal cheek!

((((((((((((((((((((((((((())))))))))))))))))))))))))

Sings the Poet:

Thank God for the aged
And for age itself, and illness and the grave,
When we are old and ill, and particularly in the coffin
It is no trouble to behave.....

BLEATHERINGS

I am sorry I missed the mailing, but first I was off sick, and then I had a holiday. My being a patient for a change, occasioned some ribald remarks. Such as the envelope addressed to-"Sister Ethel Lindsay, Patient (Ha,ha,ha.)"...there were enquiries as to how my corns were getting on, and a get-well card that adjured me to shake a leg...this one featured the picture of a gal doing just that and always seemed to catch the surgeons eye, till I removed it for fear of making his mind stray from his work...While I was on holiday I visited the Globe and found a parcel addressed to me there. When opened it was found to contain a stick of Torquay rock, signed 'Compliments from Helen' on one side of the card and 'Love from Nigel' on the other. Somehow I don't think that Helen would exactly cherish the idea of sharing Nigel with me...

Well now to the last mailing, no not the one I missed..

Hex I. Chas. Wells:Thats a title you can do something with. I am looking forward to hearing more about current Amandom from you. What makes you think most of us use Gestetner duplicators? I'm sure we dont. Chuck has one but I certainly havn't heard of anyone else, no millionaires here. The nearest I get to them is to drool outside the shop window.

.....
I've got bags under my eyes you could pack for a fortnights holiday
Frances Evans.

.....
Steam 4. Ken Bulmer:Ken with bells on-a lovely thought, a Vin/ with glasses, the mind goggles.

Needle 4. Fred Smith:Dear Uncle Fred, of course you are the big wheel of Newlands. For one thing being the only member intrested in fandom, you are the only one to whom I can give my girlish confidences, and the only one to receive my news of a Bloch letter with a suitable blend of awe and amazement.

Incantations 3. Ken Potter:There is something about that paragraph, that Irene compiled. It has a flavour reminiscent of the time when I sat poring over the anatomy of the kidney, the sentences tend to run together and blur.

Now and Then. 4. Harry Turner:There is a curious discrepancy between our descriptions of the General Meeting, we both seem to agree that the men washed the dishes thou. The best in this is definitely Pat Lyon's, take her to your breast, (but don't let Marion see) I have already sent you a dignified denial of some of Eric's more preposterous sayings.

Andromeda II. Peter Campbell:I enjoyed the Con report very much, Brian's especially, although he is in no position to call anyone else tipsy! That word torpid will always remind me of Brian. On the way back in the train at five minute intervals he announced 'I am torpid' and boy! he looked it. Poor Shirley, everyone seems to think it their duty to report her every move in detail, the poor gals got no privacy at all. Doze is a very good column.

Playtime I. Norman Wansbrough:I chortled lots over this Norman, it was one of the best items in the mailing. Congrats

Schnerdites 3. Nigel Lindsay:Such a nice train decorating Irene's story (which was very good) but I am puzzled as to why anyone would throw a haggis out of the diner. Helen's tale of your day away from the Con

was real pathetic-I wept. Liked it all from cover to cover, but less of the 'bony highlanders' or I will complain to the President.

Willis Discovers America. Walt Willis: A beautiful job, ranking with 'The Enchanted Duplicator'. I read it avidly and particularly appreciated the footnotes. Undoubtedly the best in the mailing.

Fez 3. Walt Willis: Frankly I read Madelaine's piece with awe, its a perfect gem. I feel quite proud to think she wrote first in Fez. Your memoirs are going to be very interesting, though I wonder your heart did not fail at the start. Sorry to hear of your lumbago. Did Madelaine try a flatiron? You kept all your letters! It is easy to see that you have a house to spread out in. I have only one solitary room. Of course there is always my home, but my mother guards the door. Not one more book, mag, or scrap of paper goes over the threshold except over her dead body. As she is a Nice Mother I gotta let her live.

Morph 4. John Roles: Your rollings grow more enjoyable. Are you still a Buddhist? My brother served in India and has many a time enthralled me with tales of it. I was particularly interested in your articles on Graham, in fact you have scooped Fez nicely. We have three different viewpoints in the next issue. I favoured John Williams views, for a thing it was the most impartial. I do not agree with anyone who accuse Graham of insincerity. Of one thing I am convinced he is sincere. I would also like to point out that no great preacher can be great unless he has the same ability to hold his audience as an actor. Nor has there ever been any great preacher who could not have been as equally a great actor if he had a mind to. I don't suppose you sub to Fez, if you do I hope you will let Alan and John see it, would be interested to hear their comments.

Dupe 2. Mal Ashworth: You do piffle on don't you? I have to say this in an admiring tone dammit! Do you still want to overthrow the officials now they are feminine? You did not mention the classic joke about the Mystery Tours. The one where the man on holiday takes a mystery tour which ends up in his hometown.

Upn 2. Pamela Bulmer: Your drawings are enchanting, the cats and the back cover especially, and that little one of you off to Siberia. The blue paper makes a nice change too. I see your typer jumps two spaces now and then like mine, or then again mine sometimes sticks and I get two letters on top of one. Apart from the pages infested by Malash this was all enjoyable reading.

Pogrom 2. John Brunner: I snickered at the cover.

Noise Level 3. John Brunner: Your remarks on genius were interesting, but do I detect an attitude of harshness towards what you deviates from your idea of 'normal and sound'? That genius and some degree of abnormality often go hand in hand is a point worth study, but surely it is rather a sweeping statement to attribute it wholly to a belief that 'The possession of talent gives them the right to behave anti-socially?'

Esprit 2. Laphne Buckmaster: Ken's piece was very funny, reminds me of the tunnels in my training school where one could dwaddle for a while, though never as long as half an hour! Laphne, I bet you didn't really think that nurses were saintly people. Anyway I'd hate to be nursed by one-they sound awful.

Esprit 3. Laphne Buckmaster: Your covers are so well done, why do you keep drawing females though? What I liked best in this was the proverb 'Its blogged that does it'. Femme, you said it.

Tit 2. Jan Jansen: Archie's was the best item here, very funny indeed.

Tit 3. Dave Vendlemans: The title means just what it says. Here is a rough translation of the poem that puzzled you so-

Should your neighbour chance to fall, Do not let him lie, Lend a hand
help him up, Do not ~~xxxxxxx~~ pass him by. For maybe you may chance to
fall, As there have been many a score, For there is always a big slippery
stone, At everybodys door...@.K? I just dont believe that the 't' that
is struck out on Page 7 was acciaental-who are you trying to kid?
Archive 4. Archie Mercer: To think I made Cecil sneeze! The heights of
fame. All the fishes are nice and fishy, and my heart bleeds for the
one with oysters in his flatbed. Don't bother to say er Ethel, just ask
right out, I will only say no. Your idea of monthly mailings does
sound like a lot of work for the Editor. I smile at the way all the
boys who discuss this Fanzine Project are so sure it will not come to
anything, and then go on discussing it! This thing of having other
peoples material in your Dapazine, might I suggest that we could use
material by Non-members? There are quite a few fans who would not go
in for all the work involved who would still be willing to produce
material, often good stuff which would otherwise be wasted. I have my
eye on a few in that category. Or is this breaking any rule?
Bileyn 2. Ken Slater: You sure put in a lot of work on this Ken, I hope
that you are on the Con committee. err who is?
Galanty 3. Derek Pickles: Shake hands pal, we will get rid of him yet...
Turniquet. Pote Taylor: Liked the cartoons very much.
Leer. Chas. Lee Riddle: Liked the neat production. I liked the article on
the psychoanalyst best.
Bias Binding 2. Nigel Lindsay: Achee keeps wanting me to sue you on be-
half of Wm Wallace for your use of the name Spider. What he does not
know is that I have been bribed with rock. If you dont watch out
B.B. will soon surpass Sch.

And thats the lot, except talking of Achee I must tell you all that
he too sends me limericks -here tis-

There was a young Sister named Lindsay
Was attacked by a galloping quinsy
She harnessed it tandem,
And rode out of fandom
Even faster than St-----.

Still he had the grace to add-Hades I hope not. Tch Tch now here is
Playtime 2. Norman Wansbrough: These masks are fiendishly clever. I have
a note here from you which says "Greetings Thou Sister Of mercy"--
honest I'm not..and has the following-"Brian Varley couldn't arise
pussy Hah!" I wish you would explain that, I am puzzled to death.

XX
"It is with fine feelings that one produces poor literature!" Andre Gide.
XX
I had a postcard from Nigel Lindsay, among other things it said-'If you
ever think of anything in bed' what fun the folk have who read my mail.
Why anyone can think an S.F. club peculiar when Cambridge University
recently founded a Tiddlywinks club- I dunno...

In Russia, I read, Boogie and Bebop are verboten, so the Russians now
have a black market in home-made records. They cut old X-Ray sheets int
discs and recordings are imprinted from the radio. 'Soviet Culture' has
condemned this as "bandits music, ugly, cacophonous sound, hoodligans songs
pornographic couplets, loathesome creations of white emigre villains,
having a harmful corrupting influence." My goodness Kenton what you aid

Coming to the foot of the stencil now and someone has produced a cup of
tea, so I'll awa' and hope ye think o' my bletherins' kindly.

Bye.

