

New Series. Volume 3 No. 1. Whole No. 5. May 1966 FAPA 115
Russell Chauvenet 11 Sussex Rd., Silver Spring, Maryland Another EUP

There is a certain providential arrangement whereby the judicious FAPAFan may satisfy his activity requirements in Year 1 and then let 6 mailings pass with never another word, popping up unexpectedly again in the 8th mailing to satisfy activity requirements for Year 2. Thanks to this arrangement, deadwood may not merely exist, nay, it may be tossed in storm and tide, ground against the sands of a hundred beaches and still be plucked from the trash and treated as friend and brother. So be it.

On the one hand, of course, the nonappearance of Spinnaker Reach in any given mailing in no way excites the beholder as might a similar irregularity on the part of Horizons. It is conceivable that the whole thing and the author thereof might disappear, without even the insincere eulogy of the gleeful (I mean by the gleeful) WL type who siezes the vacant seat among the Blest. Yet curiously enough, in almost every mailing the dream of each fan (someone mentioned me) comes true even in this case of minimac.

In this issue we are fortunate enough to present two guest authors of great distinction, one a fannish name and one not. In addition, having 3 mailings to deal with has unduly expanded the normal modest size of SR; the terrible dictum in some previous issue, that we already have more than enough 20pp. fapazines, does not seem to have winnowed the chaff from the wheat, possibly due to a fear it might turn out all chaff and no wheat.

This editorial, being composed in the tranquility of March 18, with deadline remote in May and all other stencils duly cut, does not fall into the usual pattern with which all are familiar. The discovery that the day after the deadline for Mailing x is an ideal time to start in on stencilling for Mailing x plus 1 is something on which no patent is taken, the preference being to let humanity benefit therefrom at no charge.

The Society for the Preservation of the Crow, of which your editor is a loyal member, may be addressed at 25 East 73rd St. New York New York, 10021, phone 628-6854. Membership is free to those who are sincerely interested in preserving the existence of the Crow. From a recent press release:

"A stern warning against burning membership cards in the Society for the Preservation of the Crow was issued today. ..National headquarters has just received the charred remains of an official membership card, .. mailed to us from Texas. Accompanying it was one of the most vitriolic letters....'Right now I am fighting the Black Devils, called Crows, out of my pecan tree...if I had it in my power I would kill DEAD every one in the USA..' This communication comes from a human being who is apparently beyond the reach of the help he so desperately needs...and serves as a timely warning that Society membership cards must be carefully safeguarded...Remind all that the Crow is an age old symbol of good luck: "Two crows you see, good luck to thee," our official motto, is on packages of "Old Crow" bourbon!"

The Lost Knack of Doing

By Harry Warner

A person who doesn't get worried about the increasing crime rate among juveniles, the way they drive automobiles, and their unwillingness to get out and work for a living can find real cause for alarm over the worst disclosure of all.

Kids are now buying skateboards instead of making them.

You can explain away the crime rate by the fact that statistics are kept in a different manner nowadays, you can ease your mind about the highway menace on the theory that the young people have faster reflexes, and you can excuse the unemployment situation because even older folks find it hard to locate good jobs. But nothing can mitigate the fact that kids today go to a store and buy a skateboard, instead of doing it themselves.

Not too many years ago, it wouldn't have been safe for a boy to go out on the sidewalk with a store-bought skateboard. This would have been equivalent to wearing the same costumes for play that Freddie Bartholomew donned when he starred in "Little Lord Fountleroy." You made skateboards out of the scrap lumber that could be found in vacant lots and out of roller skates for which the key had been lost. It was a law of nature that the skate key always vanished before the roller skates broke.

If skateboards are now made in factories, not born in backyards, it's likely that other juvenile folk arts are showing equal decline.

For instance, is the popularity of the tubeless tire the reason for the depletion in the number of rubberband guns you see in the hands of boys these days? Until the invention of the laser, this was the most nearly perfect weapon known: totally silent, capable of being manufactured from components that cost nothing, retrievable ammunition, and exciting reactions from persons who became targets. Three or four sturdy pieces of wood and loops of strong rubber cut from a worn-out innertube could be converted in minutes into a mechanism that was the neighborhood equivalent to the sixshooter that equalized the strong and weak in the old west.

A quick survey of the Herald's news staff the other day revealed that three of the younger reporters had never played marbles. It was only a quarter-century ago that this city acquired a marbles champion every summer, through a newspaper-sponsored contest, who went to Atlantic City to take part in the national contest.

An attempt to make the same survey with mumbledypeg as the subject failed completely because the younger staff members had never heard of that sport. Factories are apparently too busy turning out switchblade knives to conduct the nicely balanced, compact type of knife that was best for mumbledypeg.

Even the items that were store-bought many years ago have degenerate sadly. Model kits are now almost exclusively plastic these days and snap together in a matter of minutes. There was a time not too long ago when every dime store and department store toy counter had tall stacks of model airplane kits that were a real challenge for a youngster to construct, using only balsa wood, glue, and paper-like wing substance. They took a couple of weeks to build and you felt when finished as if you'd gotten your money's worth out of the 25 cents or so you paid for the kit.

The only accomplishment possessed by today's small fry that was unknown to a previous generation of children involves a small circular object that sends power through the television set's tubes and capacitors. The kids today know how to turn on the set with this knob. Maybe a coming generation of kids will learn how to turn off the set and rediscover the pleasures of doing, not looking.

(Reprinted with appreciation, if not permission, from
The Morning Herald, Hagerstown, Md., June 11, 1965)

The ELLIK BLIZZARD of '66

When a December passed all innocent of snow, the temptation was strong to conclude that Ron Ellik has been all too hasty in departing for the languid sun of Southern California, but toward the end of January some welcome snow arrived, culminating in a grand blizzard which kept most US Government employees home, except for such heroic figures as the White House guard who left his suburban Md. home at midnight in order to be certain of arriving (by foot) at his post of duty on time in the morning. Gazing happily upon the accumulated foot of snow in my driveway, I could not help but think it fitting to remember this storm as the Ellik Blizzard, for it was evidently some presentiment of its coming which sent Ron Ellik west to the familiar smogs of Los Angeles, all too unappreciative of the merits of changing seasons in the East.

To be sure, I regretted his departure. His interest in Go, Root Beer, and even Silver Spring made him a very pleasant friend to have in of an evening, and his improvement at Go, if not spectacular, made him a steadily more challenging opponent. Even though he inexplicably overlooked, during his tour of Europe in the summer of '65, all opportunities to visit the Go-playing centers of that continent, his presence in Silver Spring, while he was here, was most welcome. It is an agreeable strength of FAPA that the organization contains within its roster so many people whom it is enjoyable to know, and people with such a wide range of interests. (Breen should not, for example, have been surprised that someone in FAPA was familiar with some of Lionel Johnson's poems; someone in FAPA is a fair bet to have some acquaintance with almost any topic). I don't say that Ron Ellik would have learned to take up skiing had he remained East, but only that he was welcome when he was here, and is missed since he departed. Good luck, Ron, and drop in any time between Easter and Thanksgiving!

Read mailings may annoy, but those unread
Conceal their hints of Joy, or Hope, or Dread.

Perhaps best in mailing was Elmer's exciting article, "What Numerology Means to Me." His revelation of the manner in which the digits assigned to each citizen by an all-knowing government can be profitably used to calculate the most advantageous times to mail a Post-Mailing will be of deep interest to all laggard FAPA members.

As we all know, the unfortunate Moskowitz-White lawsuit has long been amicably settled out of court, and no doubt it is a trifling coincidence that White's laudatory article, "Dr. Christine Moskowitz, Medical Pioneer," appeared in this mailing. Rumor has it that the Reader's Digest is considering its publication within the year.

Eney certainly surprised us with his "O Milk and Honey Heaven," wherein he sets forth so carefully and with such scholarly documentation the many impressive reasons why F. M. Busby should be unanimously nominated by FAPA as our candidate for the nation-wide "FAN OF THE YEAR" contest, sponsored by TIME magazine.

Of course, the world cannot be perfect, and a certain regret will undoubtedly be felt by some at Harry Warner's confession that to his last 4th of July bonfire celebration he impulsively added all of the manuscript of his Fan History. It was remarkable, also, that when Harry put up all his collection and files for sale, the spirited bidding of Forry Ackerman was outdone by that of the Ethiopian Embassy. It is not yet known whether the Johnson administration will permit these National Treasures to leave the country and take a place in the Addis Ababa archives.

Lee Hoffman's article on sail-planing was a great personal adventure account, and it is a pity that her best flight ended in a Nebraska cornfield a few miles short of the National Soaring Association championship on which she had set her heart.

Another rewarding item was Helen Wesson's long and illuminating comparison between life in Japan and in the United States. In spite of her success in obtaining the signatures of more than half of the FAPA membership, I fear that her campaign to emulate the Japanese custom of no sex discrimination in public washrooms will never get off the ground.

On the other hand, it was somewhat disconcerting to read Bjo Trimble's revelation that she has been converted to abstract art and now considers any drawing that is intelligible to be in rather poor taste. My personal views are opposed, but someone told me once that someone else said that his cousin's husband had an aunt whose friend's sister once thought that Bjo occasionally knows what she is doing. Let's hope so, and see what comes of it all.

Like all mailings, it had its good and bad points; this one was creditable on the whole. I thoroughly enjoyed not reading it.

by Hebe Redden

1965. February is summer in the queen city of Independent Africa. We don't miss the snow at all, but sun, and swim week-ends....14 year old Francesca is learning French and Italian; her best friends are Yugoslavs....We are all getting an enlightened insight into life behind the Iron Curtain....

March. Hebe inaugurates "Luncheon of the Month" Club with 12 friends of different nationalities...Each hostess serves a meal of native dishes which she also teaches the guests how to prepare...The common language is Italian. A real Ethiopian meal is an experience.... You sit on low divans. The table is a wicker hour-glass shape topped by a tray, which is then covered by two or three layers of injera, a tremendous round sourish pancake of millet meal. On top of this is arranged a highly seasoned fiery stew called wat. Servants pass ewer and bowl in which you wash your hands. You then eat by tearing off pieces of the injera tablecloth and using it as a scoop for the wat. A kind of yogurt and vegetable mix usually goes with this. As a gesture of hospitality your host will frequently prepare a little wad of food and pop it into your mouth. The meal is accompanied by a homemade drink, tej, made from fermented honey, or by beer, tella.

Freddy and Ken take their first hunting trip in May in the Valley of the Blue Nile Gorge. 12,000 feet high in the Plateau of the Rift Valley. Crocodiles and hippos in the Blue Nile. They returned with trophies and game for the freezer. Civilization has reached the jungle: the monkeys like to play catch in the trees with empty coke bottles.

June: Typical international flavor: the children have just had their teeth checked by a Persian trained in Switzerland who speaks only French and Italian in addition to his native tongue.

July: Street signs go up in Addis for the first time in 3,000 years; next thing you know they may even put numbers on the houses and take away all the gamesmanship in locating the houses of friends.

August: SAFARI. Some game parks such as Tsavo in Tanzania are larger than New Jersey....Breathtaking scenery, abundant wild game; we were once surrounded by herd of wild elephants and could not move for 2 hours. Nights spent in comfortable hotels built near waterholes....Primitive indigenous African Art is truly beautiful; as yet largely unknown and unappreciated in the western world. Hebe does the bargaining with the artists; they understand her Swahili.

Sept. 11th is New Year's Day under the 13-month Ethiopian calendar which lags 7 years behind ours. In Amharic, Addis Ababa means New Flower; aptly named, for we have had fresh flowers in our garden each day of our first full year here. Surprising how well we are acclimated to an altitude of 8,500 ft.

It has been a thrilling privilege to serve under Emperor Haile Selassie I, Elect of God, Lion of Juda, King of Kings, descendant of Solomon and Queen Sheba, who will certainly, along with Churchill and Kennedy, be recorded by history as one of the great figures of the 20th century..

The 113th Mailing

1. FANTASY AMATEUR. Lee Jacobs of Marietta, Georgia is the honored resident of the same home town as Edward Burn, 760 St. Mary's Lane, owner and skipper of Windmill 219. Anyone for sailing on Lake Allatoona? .. The size of the waiting list must give pause to such as I who have let a year pass without a contribution to FAPA. Ashamed, I had almost decided to resign to make way for a more valuable member, when I thought of a simple test. If none of the 29 fanzines other than FA mentions my name, said I to myself, what is clearer than that my absence is of no significance to FAPA? Confident that this simple test would eliminate me from FAPA for another 15 years, I read the mailing in tranquility. But on the last page of Damballa, Chuck Hansen mentioned me, against all probability. Having lost my bet, no other honorable course remained but to put out another issue of Spinnaker Reach.
2. HORIZONS 104. Its perfectly all right with me, Harry, if you care to omit mailing comments on 112, though I see you have not yet arrived at my interesting discovery about reviewing a mailing without the trouble of reading it. The Frontley story, the first chapter of your abandoned fan novel, is something I read with reasonable interest, but it did not appeal to me. Assuming it to have been completed after uncounted thousands of additional words, and assuming that I had been interrupted at the point where the narrative now ends, there doesn't seem much to lure me back into continuing the story. All of your writing is competent, and some of it quite interesting but in your fiction your characters never attain any reality in my eyes.

The account of the

fair was more enjoyable than the story. Your dullest of card games would not have appealed to us, as we were acquainted with a slightly more sophisticated version wherein cards were turned up alternately (each player having his own deck) and the first one turning up an A,K,Q,J would win the pile unless the other could then produce a similar card in (respectively) 4,3,2, or 1 tries. At end of deck, shuffle captured cards (if none, you lost) and continue.

3. TARGET: FAPA Another member of the True Faith who won't comment on ol' 112! A blessing on thee, impulse of laziness or whatever kept me from contributing to inordinate bulk of 112. Its a diff. world to diff. people: I landed in London on a dismal gloomy day. The account of Mongo was mildly appreciated. Thanks.
4. PANTOPON 13. Mailing comments already, in only the 4th item? But I'm prejudiced in Ruth's favor; I think she said something nice once about some rhymes put into last issue of Spinnaker Reach. You are quite right in feeling that the space program is not a wise use of our present resources; I'd be willing to wait for something more efficient than rockets. One great disappointment to me is that we insist on setting the things off at sealevel. You'd think a couple of miles free altitude would be worth a little inconvenience in setting up a base. Glad to have your opinion that I missed very little by not reading Podkayne of Mars. Gluttony isn't very melodious but has some clever plays on words.
5. TPPP3. Its a good point, "Fantasy and sf. can't be put across visually the way they can in our minds."
6. NYrsResolution 1. O, the good feeling to sit down Feb. 13 to type stencils, secure in the knowledge that deadline was Feb. 12!

Your mathematical discussion of how the computer operates on $5a + 5a$ jumps to a large conclusion in calling the operations performed, namely $5 \times a + 5 \times a$, "correct". More accurately, they are "correct according to the rules of Fortran logic." Fortran interpretes mathematical statements according to definite rules and operates on symbol strings accordingly, but it would be possible to use a different system. Indeed, the statement that caused the trouble uses implied operators, which is not allowed in FORTRAN; the original question should be the evaluation of $5*a + 5*a$, which would yield a^2 as the answer; and the correct form yielding 1 as the answer would be $(5*a) + (5*a)$. $5a$ to FORTRAN would mean "The quantity whose symbol is $5a$," and not "5 times the quantity whose symbol is a ," as for the latter we need an explicit multiply operator, $*$.

....."My neighbor sprays his plants to keep them alive." BAH. Plants were around long before he was. Read "SILENT SPRING".
Liked your typo (?) wherein you refer to PLAYBOY as PAYBOY. Also enjoyed your comment on what has held your marriage together: "She almost immediately started to hate fans."

A mirror reverses nothing; it merely reflects light; what was on top remains on top in the image, what was on the right remains on the right in the image. When we hold up the letter E to face the mirror, the staff of the E is on the right and the three bars extend to the left, and that is how it is reflected in the mirror; when you present your face with your right ear on your right, you get a reflection of your face with the right ear on the right. Of course, when someone looks at you, your right ear is on HIS left, so he does not see you as you see yourself in the mirror, but this is not the mirror's fault.

7. AYORAMA. lll!!! What a memory the man has. Except for A Conjecture of the Existence of Horizons (24 pp) I couldn't tell what was in that mailing, which I did read once upon a year.... But isn't candlelight cheerful and romantic, even at the Clarkes?...Robin Roberts was a hero of mine, but I felt let down when he quit the Orioles because they wanted him to help out in bullpen rather than stay in starting rotation. Team spirit? Bah! Disappointing.It doesn't seem to me that there is a fixed fee for cleric officiating at a wedding, but one is more or less expected to tip \$10, \$25, \$100 or what have you, according to one's means.Didn't occur to me that deafness in one ear would even be particularly noticeable; of course, I've been totally deaf for 36 years and don't remember sounds particularly well now. Your remark about aiming words is very good; lipreading requires that the person talking speak normally; an exaggerated effort to enunciate clearly is more handicap than help. I'm not sure I would care to submit to the operation you describe for total deafness due to nerve connection impediment.
8. MY BODY'S NOT USED TO IT. Boyd Raeburn may not know what he missed, but, then, he always was lucky.
9. Gary Lou a go-go. I know you don't really mean Go. To Harold Palmer Piser's questionnaire I replied truthfully that I knew less about what fanzines I'd published than Pavlat's Index knows.
10. Sercon's Bane 26. Did you take a canoe up to head of Lake Louise? Not far; easy going..... Ah, that bit about Getting Involved. Not far from here the other day, good Samaritan type stopped car on well travelled road to help fallen man lying at side of road, and

was beaten and robbed by the "injured" man and 3 others who jumped out from behind some bushes. Makes one wonder.

11. LOVECRAFTSMAN 4. Enjoyed James on Durwish.

12. Vinegar Worm. 2-8. I sympathize with your correspondent who elected to die rather than respond to your request for material inspired by Little Miss Muffet. Liked particularly was your Buck Coulson takeoff. Buz Busby good, too. And Speer..... Well, obviously you are correct in that The Hobbit is not a very satisfactory book. I'm very enthusiastic about the 3-vol. Lord of the Rings, and bought The Hobbit because I knew it was a fore-runner of the larger work. I don't regret buying The Hobbit, and it stands on my shelf next to The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, also pretty much of a disappointment. It had not occurred to me to try The Hobbit on some defenseless nephew or niece.

13. DAMBALLA 3-1. That burning conviction, "I mustn't miss another mailing," is what has made FAPA great. Good to see the old spirit lingers on. Tristram Shandy it was, who argued that even if it took him two days to get written down what happened in one day of his life, his autobiography would nevertheless theoretically be completed, for if any given day be named, another time would come (in no matter how remote a future) in which that particular day would get written up. So with you and your inflow of reading material arriving faster than it can be read. (Have you tried increasing reading speed with some super-course, so you can get thru all of "the Canon" in an hour? I thought not.) Personally I don't want to read faster than I do; if I'm enjoying it, I am in no hurry, and if I'm not, the time being taken is a good excuse to quit, as for example I soon quit reading "Hurry Sundown" a recent and VERY dull 2 volume novel that miraculously got itself published. I think you would appreciate ISLANDIA by Austin Tappan Wright, if you can find a copy....I don't like the James Bond stories, but on the other hand, I have surprised myself by becoming quite fond of Nevil Shute's books.... Minityface bothers you? Glasses, anyone? Or, a handy magnifying glass...."an example of proper fannish forbearance for the rest of Fapa to ignore" is a sharp punchline....Your Colorado weather joke is the same one they used to tell in New England.... You could try "Out on Any Limb," "The Harp and the Blade", and the "Wild Yazoo" if you want to add to your John Myers Myers collection. Light stuff but lightly amusing....What H. C. Koenig did not like was not hissing as such ("Hansen," hissed Speer"would have been acceptable) but a claim that a sound was hissed which contained no sibilant ("Chuck," hissed Speer," would have drawn Koenig's wrath). HCK had a wonderful fund of amusing comments on the various improbable hisses that came to his attention.....The reason I got the Shadow mailings out on time was that I was always too busy to have time to be late.

14. Celephais. You didn't expect the Russians to ask your permission to pirate your work, did you? Sorry to read of your hospital stay; would have dropped in now and then, had I known. I don't understand the appearance of hot water from your coldwater line?! Who lumbed that plumbing? Reading further in your story shows you had better company than I in the hospital, of course! What? You don't faithfully order the fanzines in the Sacred order in which they are listed in FA?? Heretical thoughts, Herr Doktor. FAP, of course, did have numerous pseudo-operations, and to that extent was more than merely an assembly program.

Don't think I agree about Ruth P Thompson in Oz.... Oddly, Columbus never laid eyes on the North American continent at all. Amerigo Vespucci was MY kind of explorer.

15. BOEOLINGS 11. That staggering thrust about 8 pg fanzines being almost always bad was duly noted. Ellik's darkest secret--that he lost a game of Go to you--was hitherto veiled from me...Glad you discovered the Arboretum; you convince me that I've been there at the wrong times of the year to see it at its best. ... As a hypothetical case, if Eney's sole activity was the publication of Horizons, and if Harry were unable to publish Horizons otherwise, denial of publishing credit might eliminate 2 members. I'd favor some kind of compromise, whereby x pages of publishing activity equals y pages of personal creative activity, x being greater than y in some proportion yet unclear in my own mind. Right now since you say no one really seems to need the publishing credit, the corollary is that the publishing credit deal is not being abused to the detriment of Fapa. ... How do you like the National Cathedral in DC? Compare with National Shrine of Immaculate Conception in a few well put words, please....To Peggy now: My father kept bees and for a time sold some of the honey. I like the creatures. Have you read "City of the Bees", a wonderful book by an author whose name I can't recall?... Good luck in March.

AMBITION 1/2 FULFILLED: 1/2 a mailing read and commented on all on a February afternoon. A remarkable Feb. 13 it has been, with an amazing succession of thundershowers and clearing spells, and the te,perature up to 60° and the snow almost all melted (Hi, Ron Ellik). The next free Sunday should be ideal for completing the job. As for mailing 114, well...!

16. WRAITH 26. Reaction to your joke? Total loss. That is, I knew who Mrs. Swartz was, but the joke did not strike me as even mildly amusing. To be sure, if you had omitted the fair warning line, "I want to tell a joke," your chances of wringing some kind of a smile out of my grizzled old beard would have been somewhat better.

17. ASP 17. Ah, "17" was the title of (a) a book by Booth Tarkington; and (b) a short story by Octavus Roy Cohen. April fool: this is Asp 7, and only listed as 17 in the FA. Oh well. ... Sara Teasdale felt the same as you do when she wrote, "My heart has grown rich with the passing of years; I have less need now than when I was young, To share myself with every comer, or put my thoughts into words with my tongue." ... I hadn't thought of giving up in 2000 when I'll be only 80, and surely most of FAPA is younger than I! ... Washington DC has culture, thank you. ... But the people I love seem finer to me than I to myself, because I don't know their faults as well as I know my own..... I doubt a Church action (divorce; marriage...) implies State approval. You need a civil license even to be married in Church. ... When you said the Rolling Stones are ugly my reaction was to wonder what you saw wrong with Heinlein's book.... Guns are sometimes made for killing animals and birds instead of people. Squeamish gunners sometimes limit themselves to clay targets & the like..... When you say of your glasses, "They heard my nose," I admit to smiling...Alva Rogers' wedding night makes a good anecdote, looking backwards!

ANKUS 17 (Genuine 17 F). "And not by eastern windows only, when daylight comes, comes in the light; To East the day dawns slow, how slowly....." You strangely disturb my faith in either Buz or epoxy resin glue, I haven't decided which.....Chipmunks live in the stone wall bordering our backyard; no need to climb a mountain to meet one; but I'm pleased you enjoyed meeting yours....I'd be a poor voter in Pelz' BIF poll as I hardly know any fen not in FAPA so I don't have the proper perspective.

19. Fanzine Index ad: Is there popular demand for redoing Pavlat & Evans' lighter moments of whimsy? Amazing.
20. Poor Richard's Almanac. 20. I like the thought of you pausing after you type each sentence, listening to see if your downstairs pal is going to comment via pounding on ceiling with broomstick! Needless to say, ol' deadwood like me, no real contribution in over a year, can't take much interest in w-l blackball in toto, other than to feel that anything Benevolent Dictator Bob Pavlat did about it is undoubtedly for our own good!
21. TBOALSOCOS #1. A FAPAFan admitting he could have been wrong! My law clerk will have to search many a dusty volume of the canons for a precedent.
22. 1922 Type of 1921 Peace Dollar. Few collectors will rejoice at learning of the existence of something limited to 3 known examples.
23. TAFF
24. DIFFERENT. It interested me. Thanks.
25. SYNAPSE. Your first page is so badly smeared as to be a most hilarious second to your opening sentence! Spend an extra dollar a can for really quick drying ink, if slipsheeting is out of the question. Run through all the odd numbered pages first, letting them lie just as they fall on each other, not neatly restacking. Then by the time you are ready for page 2, ink on page 1 will have dried, and stacking for input won't tend to smear. Its too bad Synapse looks so shoddy; it can't really be necessary.

I'm very enthused about Patrick Moore's "A Guide to the Moon" and he has convinced me that while there certainly must be some meteor craters on Luna as well as Terra, most of the important crater formations are more easily explicable in terms of volcanic rather than meteoric action. Mars, of course, is closer to the source (asteroid belt) and we don't have such good maps of the Martian surface yet as we do of lunar topography; opinions about Mars would be premature.

"Doctor is out" is merely a contraction of "The doctor is out," a reasonable statement for nurse to make if true.

Are you sure the memories we have today would really be confirmed if we were so rude as to check up on them? I have to laugh at the idea that I contributed anything in the nature of stimulating intellectual discussions and sparkling wit to round-robins of yore. But I got a queer feeling not long ago when I played over a chess game that was played and won by me and published more than 25 years ago. Moves are credited to me in that game which are downright startling to me today in their subtlety, originality and depth of vision: I could not now play nearly as well, despite added experience. This sort of thing could apply in fields other than chess.

24. Additional Extacy...somehow I like this kind of cover
27. 10 Years in the Red Light District....that's a title which brings up my private nightmare, that one day the redlight will never change, and there I'll sit growing old in my fine new car till all the air runs out of the tires...The saddest item in the mailing: those 3 words on your last page "To be continued."
28. PERSIAN SLIPPER 4. "a green thought, in a green shade.." It does me good recognizing an ol' Shadow Mlg. zine in FAPA. Brasso isnt good for tendrils. Try Rustoleum. l¢ a word seems like discouraging pay. SPOTLITE was delightfully bad, as intended.... I think I liked the desert movie better than the "Chaplin on an off day."
29. MASQUE 16. I will accept the score of sails on the blue chop of the Channel. Thank you. To each, his own.
30. SPIANE 2. It turns me on to see neat color hekto work again after these untold years. Thus I appreciated the cover far more than its modest intrinsic merit suggests..... You don't have the right kind of nautical background; one way of hanging a rudder on a boat's transom is through the use of pintles and gudgeons; ordinary usage is to attach pintles to rudder, they have long points; then the gudgeons to the transoms, they have holes to take the pintles which pass entirely thru them when rudder is hung. But since pintle and gudgeon fit together so intimately in use, the expression quoted from Grennell, "read this thing through from pintle to gudgeon" has the effect of Dorothy Parker's comment on Katherine Hepburn's acting "She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B."

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Some Prunes I have Known

What happens to a dessicated plum is a great change in outlook upon life, and an extension of being purchased at the price of losing many of its original qualities. Packaged and stored, the ex-plum now enters upon existence as a prune, bereft of most of its joie de vivre. Within its wrinkled surface still remain the memories of greatness.

The customer who buys the prune and takes it home in triumph is not altogether deluded. Within the withered caricature of a plum still lurk many traces of the days of growth and sunshine when the nourishment of earth and air built up nutritive treasures within the plum. The prune now, taken in the mouth of the inquirer, cannot reasonably revive in full, but as it is moistened and chewed, some flavor, some richness remains.

In a short time the edible rind is gone, and the lozenge shaped seed remains. It has a brittle shell, that may not comfortably be cracked with the teeth, but if it is slowly sucked on and gently taken between the jaws, the two halves may eventually part a little. This is the moment of truth: in some prunes, nothing comes of it. In others, for a brief instant there is released a very small amount of a type of sugar so dazzlingly sweet as to be beyond comparison with any other sweet-tasting substance. To pursue the quest further avails nothing; the internal seed, with its faintly almond-like flavor, is too mealy to be appetizing. Only the chance of the Sugar makes aprune.

The Faith of Carol Jordan

Towards the end of August, 1965, at the Indian Landing Boat Club Regatta on Round Bay on the Severn River, a few miles above Annapolis, there was seen a certain Windmill sloop, #300, sailing about the blue waters in the light, fickle but sufficient airs. The boat was being sailed badly. My starts were bad in all three races, my judgement of what the wind would do was uniformly wrong, and the uncertainty in my mind showed up in the hesitant way the boat was being handled. To be sure, it was good to be out sailing, as it almost always is, and I would not have missed the regatta, even though I came in 10th out of 18. Yet I was being badly beaten by boats I had been on nearly even terms with a few weeks previously. The question, "What happened to Russ?" put by one puzzled skipper was a logical one.

The following weekend, the first Saturday in September, Carol Jordan agreed to crew for me. Carol, a sophomore at Wellesley, much less than half my venerable age, loves sailing: the sport enthuses her. There was somewhat more wind than the previous weekend, and the Windmill sailing was delightfully invigorating, but not even the splendid sailing conditions could restore my confidence in my racing skill, and we finished the first race a badly beaten sixth, moved up to fifth through no merit of our own when one of the boats ahead of us was disqualified. So we sailed in to the shore for lunch.

And it was there at lunch that Carol Jordan, after first thoughtfully fortifying the inner woman, turned her ridiculously youthful but certainly appealing face up towards me, and spoke the fateful words. "I have a feeling," said she, "that we are going to do very well this afternoon." What worthy knight ever needed more than encouragement from a fair young damsel? Carol's short speech revitalized me as much as Knute Rockne's famous 3-word talk to his football team between the halves (long silence, then just before going out for second half, he said, "Come on, girls") electrified them. Without a word of reply, but with a whole new outlook on life, I put Carol on board and set out for the afternoon race.

The committee signalled a triangle, twice around, and gave us a starting line that favored the port tack. 5 minutes before the start my son's main halyard parted, his mainsail came down, and he was helpless. (He had won the morning race in #610). We could do nothing for him, so we circled away to plan our start. The fleet came to the flag on starboard, and began sailing down the line towards the committee boat. Hovering off the stern of the committee boat, luffing our sails on the port tack, we counted off the seconds. I made the critical decision: that the first starboard tack boat would not get within 10 yards of the committee boat before gunfire. "Trim!" said I, and Carol smartly sheeted home the jib. 900 leapt forward, a living creature, the gun went off as we crossed the line moving at top speed on the port tack. The starboard tackers were all jammed together, luffing wildly upwind trying to clear the committee boat anchor rope. Sailing on into undisturbed air, we opened up a tremendous lead in less time than it takes to tell. Carol looked remarkably cheerful. Even I ventured to smile. Although Bill Wickner eventually passed us on the second lap, our second place was welcome indeed, and after another good race Sunday we were honored with second prize for the regatta. The faith of Carol Jordan was rewarded after all! *****

The Recluse

Rare is the day, and rare the hour
 Of joys subdued, of doubts allayed,
 Beyond the thrust of human power,
 Ever secure and never afraid.

Rare is the time and rare the night
 That bids all touch of trouble cease,
 An echoing pause to doom and fright,
 Illusive moment, elusive peace.

Neglect your friends, if a higher cause
 Sets lonely paths before your feet,
 Erase from life the lingering flaws,
 Collect your soul, think thoughts discreet.

Let others say what the injured must
 Until your sense of sorrows and sin
 Sets forth your faith, and puts your trust
 In the veil you draw that walls you in:

Only, there comes to our dubious ears
 No sound of laughter along the years.

--Russ Chauvenet
 Jan. 1965

The Lost Companion

As veiled as a shadow, as vague as a dream,
 As deep as a lake and as tall as a tree,
 Like reflections that form on a swift-running stream,
 Like the shape of a cloud, is your image to me.

It will tell that you were, but not what you are,
 It reveals that you live, but not what you love;
 Like the faltering light of a variable star
 There is change in your heart, as below, as above.

From the tops of the hills to the farmlands below
 When the eye was yet young and the I without fears
 The land was all ours both to come and to go
 And we knew the freedom of days without peers
 Till we built up the trust that we both longed to know
 And that will endure through the sundering years.

--Russ Chauvenet
 Jan. 1966



The 114th Mailing

1. FA. The Institutional Ad meets with approval. You might include some of the matchless drawings with which Speer once dignified the covers of Sustaining Program: I particularly remember the hyperspatial drinking straw.
2. FO. Good to know historians yet abide among us. McPhail used to publish very useful summaries of the past year's activities, but someone spoke a rude word to him about it and he retired into his castle, from which he has not yet re-emerged. Too bad. Like you, I find the Egoboo Poll a trial, as I can't recall even those mailings I might actually have read some months ago. ...You wanted Benford, Baxter, Hannifen, Fitch, Simpson et. als. in FAPA; Benford made it but the next 4 all dropped off WL!
3. KTEIC 141. I note with awe that your copyright is 196. I presume 196 AD, and marvel at your state of preservation; reminds me somewhat of "My First 2,000 Years"... Naturally, your career as a NLP is bound to interest practically everyone, tho I'm fairly sure the account owes much to your lively imagination. Why, after all, bother with dull truth when a little fancy dress can make it so much more intriguing? Had you a Roswell, no doubt his biography would confirm the broad outlines of your own account but it would lack much in amusement and invention.
4. QUOTEBOOK II Definitely not as much fun as KTEIC.
5. Bugle of Dingly Dell 3. You know perfectly well I CAN'T "see Le Zombie #63, July 1948"... I was very eager to see Ikeya-Seki but all I saw was clouds. Waiting now for Halley's.
6. Atomic Galaxy. Shocking to think your lovable old father could laugh like a fiend, but it must have intimidated you, since you aren't on the waiting list yet.....Robert Fiction is a most disarming name for a character in a story. Comment were uncalled for.
7. DEADWOOD 2 Haven't read much about gliding & soaring; soaring interests me same as sailing does, but would never have nerve to soar, since I tend to make mistakes now and then. What's a broken mast or a capsized boat? Just incidents. But to crack up a sailplane or lose control in the clouds would be a good bet to be curtains. Yet I enjoyed your flight in the Dart so much! I'd rather do a soaring flight than visit Rotsler's studio tho its perfectly clear I'll never have nerve to do either.
8. PANTOPON 14....."ten trees no longer make a mighty wood.." ah, yes..
9. Helen's Fant-Asia 16. Pamela Wesson, meet David Tucker. Thank you. Helen's quick non-stop talk to the ladies was a bit overwhelming for one elderly Go player. What I wonder about is the extent to which Helen mastered either spoken or written Japanese, and how difficult she found it. I have these Go magazines printed in Japanese, you see, and I was wondering if I could live long enough to learn to translate them.
10. TAFF
11. The Vorpai Dragon. Welcome aboard, Phil. Had meant to celebrate your arrival in midst of FAPA by shipping you The Outsider & Others, a complete file of Marvel Teles, and the original MS. of Skylark of Valeron, but Bruce Pelz...ahem ...well, y'know.
12. HORIZONS 105. For a change, and a distinct one, I liked the story best this time. Deep within you somewhere must be the conviction that The Most Happy Fan is not altogether a jest, and if only....

13. **Stupefying Stories 77.** The dignified air of your note on first page of **Crowd Noises Up** pleases me: a nice ploy....So I read on, and found it all of interest. To be sure, as you do not take up the subject disturbing me most about the future, namely, the accelerating rate of pollution of land, air and water there is no possible way in which your discussion of highly necessary social evolution can make me see Utopia in any guise.....
SOUNDS..."they wouldn't be apt to write any one, about almost anything..." Can these have discovered the secret of HW's Happy Fan? You even note the need to corner them with a tape recorder! ...Rick Sneary can't be all bad, if he can spell scene as sean!
14. **Rambling Fap 38.** Ah, one of those select few Fapazines that I know are going to be enjoyable before I even start in. There must be some good in anyone willing to cheer on the Baltimore Colts. The Baltimore papers published full page spreads of sequence photos "proving" that Chandler's first FG tying up the game was actually a shade wide to the right.....Rotsler's drawings were OK...Ah, the collector's bug. I sometimes wonder what I am going to do with my complete file of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in another 10 years or so. And it turns out I don't really find time to look at old issues. ...Your views on guilt by association, in comment to Bergeron, disappoint me somewhat...But your thoughts on sleep are well put.. Tennis and slow-pitch softball are good, but a steady diet of sailing is even better...As a deaf man, most people's talk is to me like the Korean's to you, owing to the fact that my lip reading ability varies so widely with the speaker, and the persons whose lips I can read readily are a distinct minority of the population. I wonder if, just listening to people speak, you could tell by the clarity of their diction which would be easiest to lipread?.... Maybe there's something to what you say about having been more happy-go-lucky a few years back....& less so now.
15. **BT : 15.** The new meaning for SFF comes as a surprise....Tho I had completely forgotten my indiscretion of Nov. 17, 1939 the whole silly business made an entertaining article. .. The '65 dated silverclad copper quarters (one local columnist was unkind enough to make a reference to Big Daddy standing on the banks of the Podernales, jingling a pocketful of phony quarters; wonder who he meant?) are quite common in the East. There's one in my pocket nowCraters no doubt have been and will be caused by meteoric impact, but I'm with Moore in feeling that most chains of Lunar craters have a volcanic air about them.
16. **HORIB 1.** I rather like Dick Lupoff at the age of 5; this seems to be an ideal age for him, besides making him our youngest member.
17. **Sercon's Bane. 27.** A man with a 30 waist has no weight problem, supposing his height to be 5'9" or more. Yet the tone of your remarks for some 2½ pages argues to the contrary! .. Review of **Greek Love**, while faintly interesting, certainly doesn't inspire me with any wish to read the volume. As you point out, the author has a distorted view which pays little attention to anything not concerning him directly emotionally. Who needs warped viewpoints?
18. **GOLIARD 838.** Its not easy for me to believe there have been 837 preceding issues of this; us neofans just have to set some limits to what we are willing to take on faith.....Somehow I enjoyed the story, but **The Classics Unstuffed** proved particularly intriguing. Wordsworth, Frost (2), E.B.Browning, Beowulf, Poe, Tennyson (I liked the adjective for bugle), & Kilmer, in haiku form! Amazing.

19. **The Thought of the Outside.** Ye may or may not be converts to the One True Zipcode, but the Post Office has been so good as to announce that beginning next January all holders of bulk mailing permits for 2d class mail must affix zipcode to all addresses. At the moment the zipcodes are not being used efficiently as the system is not set up for mechanical sorting, but ultimately scanners are supposed to read the address, identify the zipcode, and route the item accordingly. .. It was cold in the South this winter. Went sailing in St. Petersburg March 6, wearing thermal underwear, two T shirts, sleeveless sweater, jacket, windbreaker, padded pants for hiking out (ie, leaning out to balance sailboat), and Elvstrom lifejacket. Was still a bit cold.
20. **ELMURMURINGS** Glad that girlwatching brought you the girl worth seeing, the mere sight of whom can make you happy!
21. **NULL-F 41.** Tough.
22. **SYNAPSE** Improvement in legibility gratifying. Thanks. Your remark about money not spent on space being spent for junk, if space program didn't exist, reminds me of something said by a local sportswriter. He commented that ball club owners sincerely had the interests of the public at heart and were anxious to sell them season tickets before they wasted it on less essential things. .. The Angel Moroni thoughtfully decamped with the gold plates on which the Book of Mormon was originally inscribed and is in theory holding them for future reference else-when and else-where. Probably anticipated US Treasury regulations against private ownership of gold (You can't even import foreign gold coins, without Treasury permission, granted only if they are of "exceptional numismatic value," whatever that means.) .. Yes, the long articles in New Yorker are sometimes quite interesting to read... ..The USSR pirates freely anything they wish to translate and publish, original author usually gets nothing, altho I have heard of occasional cases in which he received amounts in blocked rubles (have to go to Russia to spend them, which is not for ME!) Of course, I haven't written anything worth pirating.....The deadmans hand in poker, which may have been held by Earp when he was killed is a fullhouse of some kind but I've forgotten if its aces and eights or kings and eights; somehow I think a pair of 8's figured in it.... Too bad I didn't see your signature on petition to reinstate Sam; has peace ever been signed? ... Perhaps I don't retain too vivid an image of you, but learning that you are the very model of a modern major general kinda broke me up.
23. **ASP 8.** More on the fascinating Mixed Man, Alva Donaho?
24. **DAMBALLA.** Tea vs. coffee finds me on your side.
25. **ALIQUT** Now there's a title that stirs memories of my mispent youth vainly wasted in acquiring M.S. in Chemistry. (I'm also a Failed PH.D., said he shyly).. It beats me that after taking up a deadwood career for a whole calendar year, I could be ranked by you in the august company of stalwarts Chuck Hansen & Bergeron.! There's nothing in your figures to encourage me to quit, either.
26. **BINX 1.** Its all a mistake, but have fun.
27. **TRILL** Diplomacy has pervaded the local WSF club tho I don't know that the result has been beneficial. Its not a game that I am ever going to like, the normal outcome of my early ruin being all too predic table.
28. **CAT FUR.** I have only the best memories of 14 year old girls, thank you. You will please not speak poorly of the darlings.

29. ANKUS 18. Willis is right, America can absorb a lot of ugliness. But unfortunately there are limits and thats the problem.
30. The Large Flying Bird. About which I have nothing to say, other than the asidem that the title reminded me how much I enjoyed the movie "Those Wonderful Men and their Flying Machines." My esteemed wife, who had kinda resisted going, enjoyed it just as much as I did.

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A DAY TO REMEMBER

Sunday October 10, 1965 was fair and windy, the ideal combination, and we arrived at Glenn Ed's Boat Sales, Annapolis, Md., in ample time. SAUCY, Windmill 900, was faithfully waiting, and soon rigged for combat. Dennis Branstad and I sailed out to the starting area well before the start for our class, and had every opportunity to study the course and the weather. A triangle, twice around, was signalled for all classes, and the Hamptons, Comets, Jet 14's, Snipes, etc. successively maneuvered for their starts and set off up the windward leg. The first mark was relatively inshore from the committee boat. At the sight of it, an idea occurred to me, and I sailed out to starboard on an extension of the starting line to test the air in that direction. It became my definite conclusion that the shore was deflecting the direction of the wind, and on watching the earlier classes beat up to the mark, this opinion was confirmed.

The line favored starboard tack starters slightly, creating a jam at the flag end to which we came purposely a few seconds late. Windmill 513 was on our weather quarter; very well, we deliberately luffed sails enough to slow our boat down and let him by, and as he shot away on starboard, we quietly tacked to port. All of the fleet stood determinedly on, clinging to the starboard tack, and we found ourselves all alone, the only Windmill on port. Saucy took merrily to her task, leaping forward briskly in the 15-18 knot wind. We continued for about 125 yards, and now suddenly I could not point so high; we were standing into the header caused by deflection of the wind as it flowed over the shore. With this, I put Saucy about, and now on the starboard tack, it was gratifyingly evident that we were able to point many degrees higher than the boats that had remained on starboard. Ed Laviano, the International Champion, noticed this almost at once, and put about to come over where we were. Although he is incomparably a better sailor, we crossed him easily by 40 yards, and turned the windward mark in first place, ahead of all the talent from New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Md., Va., and North Carolina that made this regatta so interesting.

On the subsequent reach, planing the boat almost all the way, Laviano crept up slowly, and passed us before reaching the second mark. The wind was now more like 22 knots, and Laviano elected to tack rather than jibe at the mark. "Stand by to jibe!" said I to my crew. "Jibe-O!" and Saucy jibed beautifully, putting us back into first place. There followed another planing reach, the wildest and most exhilarating I have ever sailed, during the course of which Laviano eventually worked by. After the second lap, he took the gun, but second was ours for race and regatta as our stolen lead held up against the pursuit of better men. *****

POETRY CORNER

For some years now, I have celebrated the end of each year by jotting down a few lines from a poem selected as having some relation to the events of the year insofar as they affected me personally. The challenge now is to identify poem & author if you can.

- 1937 Stiff flags straining in the night' blasts cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold
- 1938 Autumn--the ninth year of Yuan Ho
The eighth month and the moon swelling her arc:
It was then that I travelled to the temples of Wu Chen."
- 1939 Down the blue night the unending columns press
In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow
- 1940 A candle lit in darkness of black waters
- 1941and day burns through their blood
Like a white candle through a shuttered hand.
- 1942 And he is dead who will not fight
And who dies fighting has increase.
- 1943 Then it arose beyond the last dark wave
Mockingly near, unmercifully far
- 1944 For what they never told me of; and what I never knew,
It was that all the time, my love, love would be merely you.
- 1945 In time like glass the stars are set
- 1946 The son I got stood up beside me
With fire and quiet beauty filled
- 1947 Gather the morning's mead of song, gather the afternoon's warm lite
Stir it into a cup of dreams, and quaff it at the edge of nite.
- 1948 Dark Angel, with thine aching lust, of two defeats, of two despairs
Less dread a change to shifting dust than thine eternity of cares.
- 1949 And all the old delight is cursed, redoubling present undelight,
Splinter, crystal, splinter and burst, and sear no more with
second sight.
- 1950 And know the part they have to bear and know the void vast night
above
And know the night below and dare endure and love.
- 1951 Between the cause and the effect Time and the custom of the street
Teaches our eyes till they expect what is no longer theirs to meet
- 1952 Star and coronal and bell April underfoot renews
And the hope of man as well flowers among the morning dews

- 1953 And here above the chimney stack
The unknown constellations sway
And by what way shall I go back?
- 1954 Tarry, delight, so seldom met
So sure to perish, tarry still
- 1955 And held a mind again set free to seek the balance of its days
Instructed in life's brevity and all of man's precarious ways.
- 1956 The years ride out from the world, like couriers sent to a throne
That is too far for treaty, or as it may be, too proud
- 1957at his deep best he sounds like tears
and more like forever than a thousand years
- 1958 An evening planet shows again
The thundrous light on Wonderstrands
- 1959 My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age.
- 1960 The ardour of red flame is thine, and thine the steely soul of ice
Thou poisonest the fair design of nature, with unfair device
- 1961 Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea
And east and west the wanderthirst that will not let me be
- 1962 Beyond the Sun, beyond the Moon, the foam was on the Sea
And by the strand of Ilmarin, there grew a golden Tree
- 1963 He stood upon the bridge alone and Fire and Shadow both defied;
His staff was broken on the stone, in Khazad-dum his wisdom died.
- 1964 And here face down beneath the sun
And here upon earth's noonward height
To feel the always coming on,
The always rising of the night
- 1965 Be still, my soul, be still, it is but for a season
Let us endure an hour, and see injustice done.

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MAYBE

Whether to be a man be good or no
It is in any case most likely so.
Despite some reservations, to say yes
To life is part of wisdom, nonetheless.

-- A. A. Mengarini

