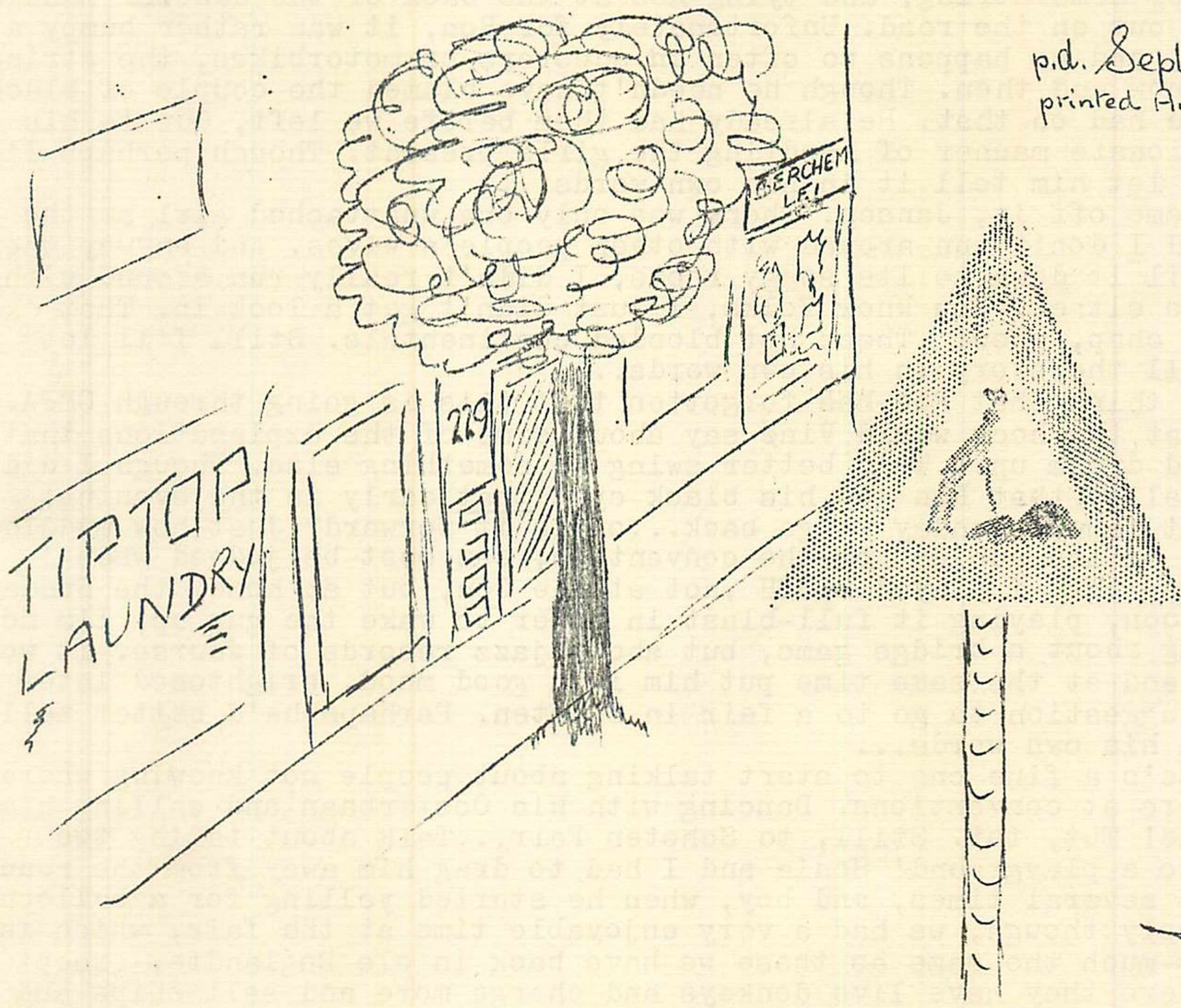


ANTWERPSE VL LETTERKUNDIGE EN WETENSCHAPPELIJKE GAZZET

VOL I. N° 2
EVERY 50 OFTEN
O.M.P.A. 5

p.d. Sept. 1955
printed August 1955



LEADER:

SATELLITES FOR THE EARTH

§ On Sunday we didn't get up until almost three p.m., which wasn't surprising when one considers that we didn't get to bed until the early hours of the morning. You see Sunday was 31st of July, the day after the TwerpCon which hadn't broken up till after 4. Then of course I had to carry home Mr. Jansen. I tore him away from the couch in the corner where he was trying to play South on the recorder - the tape recorder! We got his motor-scooter from the garage and I carried Jan home and the scooter. I've just scooter an idea; I'll let Jan tell the story in his own words...

§ Well, when we got outside of Jean Steers place, it was already light enough to be able to run around without any lights. So I asked Jean for some string, and tying Ron at the back of the scooter managed to get out on the road. Unfortunately for Ron, it was rather bumpy at places, and as happens so often on scooters or motorbikes, the string broke now and then. Though he needn't have blamed the couple of black eyes he had on that. He already had them befofe we left, due to his affectionate manner of handling the girls present. Though perhaps I'd better let him tell it in his own words...

§ Come off it, Jansen. There was only one unattached girl at the Con and I don't run around with other people's wives. And anyway when you boil it down to its soggy roots, I didn't really run around with Monique either. You know folks, I just didn't get a look in. That Jansen chap, whew! These hot blooded continentals. Still I'll let Jan tell the story in his own words...

§ I think that Ron has forgotten that this is going through OMPA. And what the heck would Vinø say about some of the explanations that I could dream up...We'd better swing to something else. Though I did not realise that Ron got his black eyes that early in the evening! To that famous Sunday we go back...or is it forward? Just how muddled Ron is on the subject of the convention, can best be judged when I tell you that I played SOUTH, not at the Con, but at home, the Sunday afternoon, playing it full-blast in order to wake the guy up. I'm not talking about a bridge game, but about jazz records of course. It woke him - and at the same time put him in a good mood, brightened later by a suggestion to go to a fair in Schoten. Perhaps he'd better tell you in his own words...

§ He's a fine one to start talking about people not knowing where they are at conventions. Dancing with Nic Oosterbaan and calling him Monique! Tut, tut. Still, to Schoten Fair...Talk about taking two kids to a playground! Sonia and I had to drag him away from the roundabouts several times, and boy, when he started yelling for a balloon!! Seriously though, we had a very enjoyable time at the fair, which is pretty much the same as those we have back in ole Englandte, except that here they have live donkeys and charge more and sell chips and charge more and have smoutebollen and charge more etc, etc. Monique wasn't there, but allowing for this, we still had a good time. Oh, yes, let me explain what is der smoutebollen. Hot tasteless doughnuts without the holes and with icing sugar. Very nice. I havent enjoyed myself so much since the time I mistook the Houses of Parliament for Westminster Abbey...I wonder what smoutebollen taste like boiled in

BLOG? Incidentally, I'm thinking of setting up a Trans-Channel Fan Fund to send a fan from England to the 55 TwerpCon, namely me, seeing that I've more or less proved it can be done. Antwerpen has many attractions for the tourist and she lives quite near Jean Steer's place. Dave and I saw her home from the Con and by leaving early she was of course the only person present who left conscious. But I'll let Jan tell that story in his own words...

§ I've just been the first contributor on the Trans-Channel Fan Fund. Charged Ron 10 ffancs for a cup of coffee and gave him 1 back for the fund. I hope all you fellows will follow my excellent example. You know, when we returned to Borgethout from the fair it was past ten in the evening, and the trams were really crowded. People coming back from Schotenhof and the canal, both busy touristic attractions. So we walked back a couple of halts in order to try and get seats. It didn't help, as the tram was already fullset when we got on. However, with Sonja on my arm, I thought I might be able to get a seat, as it was rather hard on the poor girl to have to stand the whole thirty minute ride. However, there was a chap in far worse condition than either Sonja or myself, and it didn't surprise me all too much when after a few moments an old lady kindly moved aside on her single seat, making room on a corner, and invited Ron to sit down. They had a lovely time chatting about the fair, and fairies, and gnomes and things like that, though when we did get into Antwerp, the poor boy was soundly asleep on the lap of the old lady. It was a terrible shock to him to get woken up rather abruptly by the lady getting up to get off the tram, and his face was lined with consternation. Though I'd better let him tell the story in his own words...

§ It's a lie, Berchem Lie. You see the state he was in folks? And that nearly twenty-four hours after the Con! That 'little old lady' of his was a policeman who stood up in order to support the poor guy and to stop his running after the conductor who he evidently thought was Monique. And he laughs at me for mistaking the Houses of Parliament for the Abbey! Ha! Y'know, I was trying to do the poor guy a favour. I didn't mention the incident before as I didn't want to embarrass him. And of course that's the sort of thing I have to put up all the time he's sober. Which luckily isn't often. Of course Sonja knows it's best to keep out of his way. I hate to think of the repercussions on fandom a meeting between Jansen and Ashworth will have. But probably before such a disaster can occur Miss O'Donnell will have taken Mal from our midst and made him respectable. How about a fund to help Sheila achieve this worthy aim? Aim asking you in the interests of Fandom. And all the best to ex-OMPA President H.K. Bulmer in his fannish quests in foreign climes, whatever that has to do with it and I don't see why Bogart should get all the breaks. I wanna be a demolished man... Something like Jansen (or Mackenzie?)... But let's not be like that, huh? Just one of those irresistable conflunkens which come over one at lam, which it is now. Jan is busy playing with his little shading plates and the wheel pen kindly donated by Dave, but I'll let you tell him all about it in his own words...

§ Well, I'm listening! What's the matter with you people? If you won't, perhaps I'd better go and do something... No, not that, Ron. Haven't you had enough bheer and liquor to last you for years? Don't know where you keep stowing the stuff. You know, if you hadn't come over to the Con the country would probably have been ruined, but your capacities for these beverages which carry about 75% taxes on their price tags has even allowed the holding of a World Exhibition in 1958.

And in case anyone is interested, that means that prices for sea and air travel will presumably be only half of what they are now... Unless you arrive the way Ron did that is. Half nothing is just the same. Perhaps the cars will take you on a round-trip instead of just carrying you to your destination. Though even this year Ron wandered into Brussels, where he should have been on his way to Antwerp. But he got

here in the end. As you will have gathered. This is not at all surprising actually, as I have since known him to find his way about in a strange city without any help. Most of the way in any case. He managed to find Monique a couple of times, and always, every day, every hour he found his way to a café. And suggesting that he didn't like beer, at that. He can now name you a dozen brands, and will discourse for hours on their respective qualities. However, the finding of the way ended right there, and always some nice individual (in which Belgium abounds) had to show him the way home to my place. Show him? Well, there was one time when I did notice that one of his eyes was still half-open. But

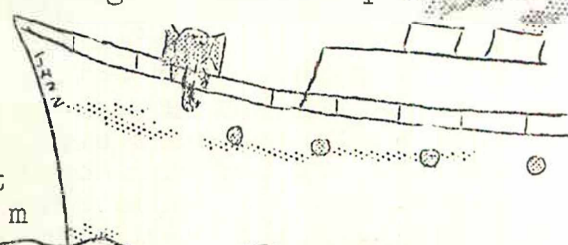
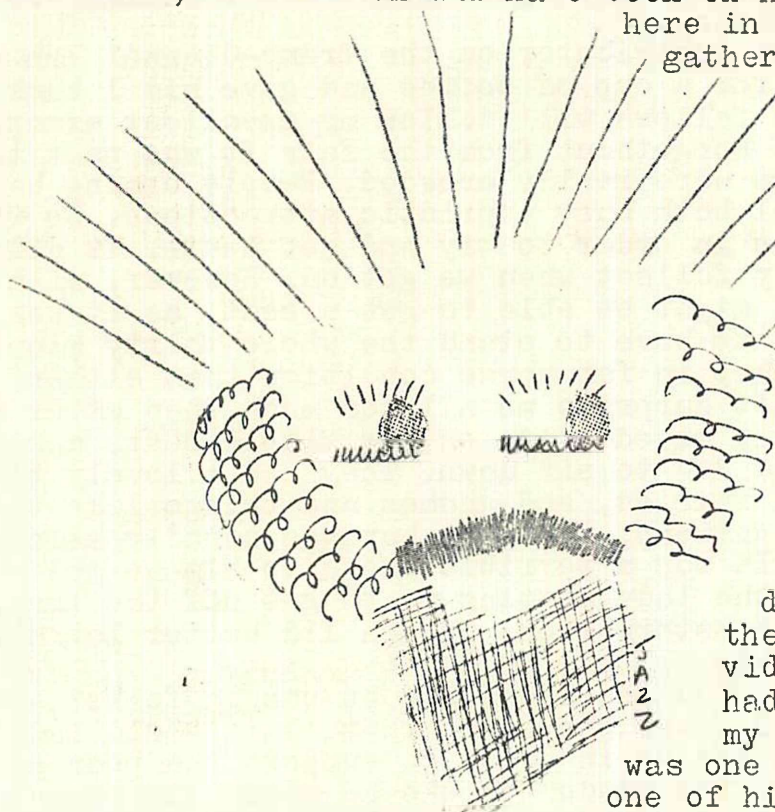
only that once. The rest of the time he was led, or carried. Perhaps he even remembers enough of that one time to tell you about it in his own words...

Q Huh?

§ I told you it was bad. He can't even remember the thing happening!

Q Zjln der gertelzech! And if I can spell that without looking it up (whatever it means) it does at least prove something! We're still working out exactly what. Come to think of it, there was about an hour during the actual Con that I missed, but don't you believe that was I had passed out or anything equally as delightful. Naturally, etiquette (a thing that Jan of course won't know anything about) forbids me to mention a word about Moni... I won't even say a word about Rosa being tied up at the Rollmops while all this was going on and that Jansen's character's attempted muscling in on Monique. I could but I won't. After all the best man got the nearest to winning anyway. Someday we'll either tell you the whole story or let Nic show you the photos he took, and by surprise too, the dawwwg. I looked up Jean Steer and Dave only today. They too have recovered from Saturday. Now there's only Jan to revive. It's really rather difficult as he's been this way for years. For all his faults though - and I'd need another edition of the Gazette to list them - he's a real stinker and I'm glad I met him.

§ Say, Ron, you rat, shouldn't we mention those satellites now?
Q Monique?



LETTER COLLEUM

And how shall I make a living now, you ask, pretending to care? Well, confidentially, I'm in on the ground floor of a brand-new invention, that will sell like hot cakes. A gadget to stop those shoes falling off the feet as you slop along to work. It's called
--Sid Birchby.

Exactly five hundred and seventy-nine years ago today, according to Robert Browning, a certain Piper (mit oder ausmit dudelsack, it doesn't actually say) rid the little town of Hamelin of all its children bar one at one swell foop.

--Archie Mercer.

I have not attempted to prove that the Athenians were Early Victorian Liberals, not that the abler Prussian statesmen belonged to the Prussian school.

--Stu Mackenzie.

Number one received and noted.

--Dave Vendelmans.

Who's Monique?

-- "X" (name withheld
by request.)

Who the hell gave you permission to use my drawing in issue number one?

--Don Allen.



How is Mister Antwerpse Letterkundige en Wetschappelijke Gazet getting on with his mag Jansen?

--Georgina Ellis.

Sorry I didn't make the Con. Was busy playing tennis in Ballycastle.

--Walt Willis.

Sorry I didn't make the Con. Was busy playing Ghoddminton in Belfast.

--Chuck Harris.

Sorry I didn't make the Con. Was busy playing with Sheila.

--(-name withheld on request)

Sorry I made the Con. I got stuck at four in the morning.

--Maurice Delplace.

Thanks very much for the first issue of the Gazet. Quite a good ploy you all cooked up over there. I only wish I could really have made the Con, but well, you know how bus-conducting takes up one's time, and they wouldn't let me try driving the thing over the Channel anyway. Still, I might make it next year and then all the things you made up might come true. Er, who's Monique?

--Ron Bennett.

Circulated through OMPA by means of the fifth mailing, September 1955. Activity credits for Ron Bennett. Responsible (?) editors: Ron Bennett and Jan Jansen, both at 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout.

Jansen

Ron Bennett

2 August 1955.

FANGLO-BELGIFAN 1955

INTERNATIONAL

31 July

2 August

TOURNAMENT

Throwing the balls at the empty cans

This first event in the tournament ended undecidedly - each contestant having three empty cans left on the shelf after three throws.

Ice Hockey

During the day two matches had to be played - the first having ended as a draw. The second game started off surprisingly fast with England ahead from the beginning. Belgium rallied in the second half but came too late to swing the score in its favour.

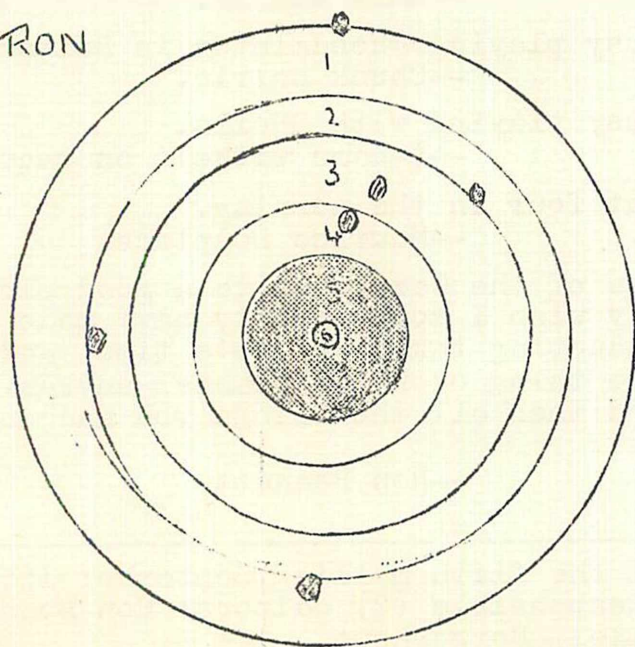
Technical details :- 1st 8-8 2nd 7-9

Anti-Aircraft Practice

This match was won by Belgium with ease as the end-score 73-15 shows only Howell.

RIFLE RANGE ~ reproductions given below.

RON



Speelkastjes

England managed to give Belgium a fair beating with a 1,200,000-4,600,000 score.

Billiards 2-8-55

We are giving some of the in-between times stands as being an excellent summary of the match.

13-11 // 26-20 // 57-40 // 60-41
73-43 // 80-46 // 90-47 // 92-51
95-61 // 100-63

Belgium in the lead from the beginning did not have much difficulty in forging a victory from England. The loser has to pay an additional 1/- to TAFF as per agreement. WAW please note.

JAN

