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"And I'm not allowed to date them."

BURP! Number 25, a few odd pages of random thoughts, published for the forty-eighth mailing (June 1966) of the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association by Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire. And the cry is "Manchester in 1968."

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IT'S NATIONAL OMPA WEEK ONCE AGAIN! The old, dreaded fannish disease of fast approaching deadlines has caught up with me. Whilst in past years I have managed, and only just managed, to produce (often with the aid of very kind friends, a system now outlawed) the minimum of page activity, I have never before left the production of a membership saving fanzine so darn late. It's 10.25 on Wednesday, 1st June and maaan! what does one write about? Oh, sure, sure, enough has happened during the past year, but is one interested in reading about the daily routine of a provincial schoolmaster? (If the answer is "yes," there will be a few odd words about teaching itself, which is a slightly different subject). Well, to start with, how about a few words about the Whitsun weekend?

Elizabeth -- dear ol' Liz to fandom -- and I went back to Liverpool last Saturday, taking young Andrew for his first trip out of Yorkshire. The Liverpool Group was planning its usual Whitsun shindig and Norman and Ina Shorrocks had kindly invited us over, an invitation we accepted with alacrity. Norman and Ina are two of our most favourite of favourite fans and Ina is regarded internationally as the hostess with the mostest, to employ an apt cliché, so that we were looking forward to the trip eagerly. We found the Shorrocks household (I deliberately refrain from calling this fannish shrine the "Shorrocks home" for its more than that; it's a home to all fandom) somewhat changed since we were there last, two years ago. The five Shorrocks children, Janet, Roy, Linda, Alan and Gavin are now two years older, with the resultant changes in size and personality. I used to say that Janet, Roy and Linda were the three finest children I know, nice kids with well balanced personalities, delightful children altogether. Then Alan arrived on the scene, a very advanced boy, to make it the four finest, and then young Gavin came on to the scene just before we left Liverpool for Harrogate in 1964. Ah, Ina, Norman...how do you do it? Yes, Gavin has made it the five finest.....

It was the children who first greeted me, Alan declaring definitively, "You're Uncle Ron." "You're Alan Shorrocks," I said. "Yes," he agreed. "Hello, Alan Shorrocks," I said. "Hello, Uncle Ron," he said. A pretty good conversation, I thought, to be holding with a four year old.

Norman and I got talking about books and stamps and of course the cards came out (three kitty brag is in vogue these days). Eventually other fans rolled up -- Eddie Jones, John Roles, Norman Weedall, John Owen, John Ramsey Campbell, Les Johnson and Stan and Marjorie Nuttall who brought with them Eric and Margaret Jones, cutcasts for the weekend from Cheltenham. The wine and talk flowed, Rhodesian cigarettes were smoked (the last of an old stock, I hasten to add) and the money shuttled back and forth across the brag table. As Norman Shorrocks said when John Campbell won a hand after a good piece of bluffing, "We taught Ron Bennett how to play brag and now everyone thinks he invented the game."

"How can we play brag without sellotape?"

On Whit Sunday we all went off to the beach at Freshfield, a small and select commuters' centre on the coast about twelve miles from Liverpool on the Southport line. There were two car loads and six odd bodies who travelled up by taxi, a pretty profitable journey, for brag was played en route virtually non stop. We took possession of a deep and it seemed almost specially provided hollow amongst the dunes a couple of hundred yards from the beach itself. This beach is worth visiting, being privately owned (cars have to pay 1/- toll) and completely unspoiled. There are miles of sand, as near white as I've yet discovered in these islands. There was a fairly stiff breeze blowing in from the sea but we were well sheltered in our hollow, so that we enjoyed the 70 plus temperature to the full. A fire was built, a steak and three chickens were barbecued along with several pounds of sausages. Wine, beer, lemonade were all drunk and a good nosh-up was had by all. Representative fans from the Delta Group in Salford turned up in the afternoon (Tony Edwards, Chuck Partington and the Nadlers) to challenge everyone to rounders on the beach (they won but we declared a draw when they lost the ball) and a game of hide and seek became a version of "kick out can" which I hadn't played for twenty years. Ina Shorrocks and Marie Nadler braved a dip in the sea and undoubtedly it was a great day. For Liz and me it was the cashing in of a rain check. Two years ago the Liverpool fans had paid a visit to the beach and because of my final exams the following week I had decided not to go and Liz, who was then expecting Andrew's arrival, had also decided against the trip so that we had spent a boiling Whit Sunday at home. But there you are -- we made it in the end.

Eventually it was time to pack up and leave and also eventually Norman Shorrocks, John Campbell and I travelled back to Liverpool on the 11.11 train, arriving at Exchange Station at 11.50. "You realise that we were here just ten years ago?" I asked Norman, reminding him that on Whit Sunday 1956 the Liverpool fans, of whom I was then one, had gone along to see Louis Armstrong play at the Liverpool Stadium which we were at that point just passing. (Remember, Archie? And of my getting booted out of your Birkenhead hotel? And of my spending the entire night on the Liverpool Pierhead?)

Norman and I said goodnight to John Ramsey and strolled down the covered gangway to the floating landing stage from which the ferry boats sail across the Mersey to the Wirral Peninsula. "Dave Kyle has a theory," Norman explained to me as we strolled towards the boat, "that Englishmen make a tradition of missing last boats, buses and trains. How would you like to prove him right?" "I wouldn't," I replied.

But when we reached the boat the bridge gangplank was already up in position for the boat to sail. "It's not twelve yet," we said, somewhat annoyed and to prove us right the clock on the waterfront Royal Liver Building began to toll midnight. And the boat began to move out.

At this moment a crowd of some twenty or so people ran down the covered gangway from the Pierhead and swarmed towards the boat. As we looked on with sheer disbelief the leading member of the swarm jumped for the back of the boat. And got aboard!

This was nothing. With the boat still moving off and its screw merrily churning the muddy water another member of the crowd jumped too.

And.... clawed his way aboard. The two athletes shook hands. We merely stood and shivered.

We walked up to the entrance to the Mersey Tunnel and just arrived in time to see the bus leave without us.A friendly toll-gate keeper gave a shout and a wave and the bus stopped for us to dodge between traffic and clamber aboard. We arrived in Birkenhead to find no taxi waiting at the rank and searched around for one, finally managing to pick up one at the Woodside stand just as he was giving up the ghost and going home for the night. There are easier ways to doing it all, I'm sure.

But without doubt a darn fine weekend, entirely representative of all that is fine in fandom. Great, great.

Last October I took the plunge into mechanised transport, buying a Raleigh Automatic moped, 1961 vintage. A very pleasant way of travelling, especially up-hill. I've now decided to go in for something just a little more powerful and have invested in a Honda 50 scooter. The moped is for sale. Since I bought it I've had fitted: a new front wheel, a new free-wheel, new throttle leads, new clutch and paniers. Anyone interested in buying it please contact me.

To balance my trying to sell something, I'm also in the buying business at the moment, looking for sf pocketbooks and magazines. If you're running short on shelf space and would like to sell part or all of your collection in one fell swoop, or if you simply have on your hands any odd items you regard as junk and are preparing to throw out, let me know. I'll make an offer for it sight unseen and will pay postage.

And to redress the balance of trying to buy something, I have the following for sale, post paid on all items. Please list alternatives when ordering. Cash with order, please. Any balance will be refunded by return:

American paperbacks. Edmund Hamilton: STAR OF LIFE 1/6. Jules Verne: MASTER OF THE WORLD 1/6. Cornell Woolrich: NIGHTMARE 3/-.

British paperbacks. Brian Aldiss: PENGUIN SF 1/9. HOTHOUSE 1/9. J.G. Ballard: THE DROWNED WORLD 2/-. James Blish: FALLEN STAR 1/6. EARTHMAN COME HOME 1/6. Edgar Rice Burroughs: TARZAN & THE FORBIDDEN CITY 1/9. TARZAN & THE LOST EMPIRE 1/9. Rex Gordon: TIME FACTOR 1/6. Rbt Heinlein DOUBLE STAR 1/3. Fred Hoyle: THE BLACK CLOUD 1/6. THE FIFTH PLANET 1/6. Kornbluth & Pohl: SEARCH THE SKY 1/3. Leo Margulies: THREE FROM OUT THERE 1/6. Eric Frank Russell: THREE TO CONQUER 1/6. Michael Moorcock: THE SUNDERED WORLDS 2/6. FIRECLOWN 2/6.

U.S.Pulps. DYNAMIC SF March 1953 fair only 2/6; June 1953 very good 4/-; January 1954 fair but no backcover 2/-. FUTURE May 1953 Excellent 3/6; Nov 53 very good 3/-. PLANET STORIES Mar 53, Summer 54, each lacking front cover 1/9 each. SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY Nov 52. No front cover 1/9.

Other U.S. Magazines. AVON SF READER Number one, 1951. Fair only, lacking front cover illustration and with spine taped but definitely complete....5/-.. ASTOUNDING Sept 56, June 57, May 59, Jun 59, Mar 60, Apr 60 2/6 each. FUTURE Winter 56/57 2/6. WORLDS OF IF Mar 65, April 65 2/- each.

Recent remarks in the FAPA about working conditions for teachers have emphasised how fortunate I am. I teach in a very informal and progressive school which is situated in a good residential district where the majority of parents are highly co-operative. The average intelligence and attainment quotients of the children are well above the national average. Our specific problem is one experienced by many schools, that of over-crowding. When I first began to teach in the school, exactly six years ago, there were some 250 children on roll. There are now 320.

My own class, which I take for virtually every subject, is the largest in the school with 46 children. It's a very nice class with a majority of very pleasant children, but it does possess certain unusual, inherent problems (I don't like the word "nice," but it does describe the class; they're an enjoyable class to teach). As well as the work imposed upon me by the sheer weight of numbers in the class (a good excuse for coasting), there is a fantastic range of ability, with quotients spreading from the 140 mark down to the eighties. In addition there are six children who are a year older than the rest of the class, these six children by rights belonging to the age group class above. This is not satisfactory of course and I can assure you that this is realised. I won't bore you with all the reasons for the decision to place the six in my class, but would mention that there are already 44 children in the age group above and that many hours of thought and discussion went into the decision; those of you who understand streaming, setting and what have you may be assured that the decision was not made lightly but was a considered one.

But that's not all. During the four years these children have been in school they have had no fewer than 14 class teachers. On one occasion their class teacher left for promotion and on two other occasions their class teachers left for a considerable period because of serious illness. Various temporary "supply" teachers took over. This has been reflected upon the children in various ways: the class as a whole is below the academic standard expected of them; the class as a whole is lacking in the wider reaches of general knowledge; the class as a whole lacks the attitude towards work which is also expected of them; and the class as a whole lacks the maturity of social "tone" which might also be expected of them.

Let's take those one by one, remembering of course that I'm writing in very general terms and that there are children in the class who are exceptions to all these points (often the same children), and also let us remember that we are talking about children and not about perfect adults or conforming little reflections of a Bennett (Heaven forbid!). My concern is for these children - yes, as individuals - compared with other children in the school, with other children who have passed through the school when at the same age and with my own expectations of them realised over some few years of experience.

First, the academic standard of work. We have in the school various broad schemes of work progressing from class to class, invariably overlapping to some degree, so that each

child can work his or her way through them at his or her own speed. The children need motivating of course, different children in different ways, but the idea is that the children are competing against their own past performances rather than against other children. We can usually reckon that certain minimum attainment standards will have been reached by any certain age; the attainment standards of my own class, notwithstanding certain children who are definite exceptions, are below these expectations.

Second, the lack in general knowledge. As stated, these children have had several temporary teachers during their short school career. Even the best of these have taken time to settle with a new class and have concentrated upon the more narrow aspects of education, the "bread and butter" work, as it were. (It might here be asked why in this case there has indeed been the lack of attainment made in the academic subjects; this is primarily because of a lack of any considered continuity in the children's work. I am certainly not criticising the teaching staff concerned. I have nothing but praise for the manner in which each and every teacher has worked against the problems which have built up steadily as time went along.)

Third, the poor attitude towards work. It might be expecting a lot from nine and ten year old children but we like to foster the attitude of mind whereby a child can and will work well on his own, rather than work only under constant supervision. Those of you who know the works of Piaget will recognise that if any work is of the right standard of difficulty and the work is interesting, then a child will work on his own. It will also be recognised that "setting up" the work -- all work, all day long -- for children of a wide ability range and for a large class is no easy matter. Still, not all of these concerned children work to the degree to which we would like them to work. I've had classes in which children have walked out of the classroom in order to research for themselves facts in the school reference library and in order to work on some practical work such as measure the school pay area or time the speeds of passing traffic and who have done their tasks - and well - without supervision. Not so my present class.

We also like to see a certain standard of behaviour and conduct, and for that matter a high one. As already mentioned, these children possess in the main good home backgrounds, both physically and culturally. We expect - nay, demand, - good behaviour, politeness, consideration for others etc etc. As also stated previously, let me mention, for it is something of which we must not lose sight, that we are perfectly aware that we are dealing with children. They are not mature beings, often despite a superficial sophistication, and, obviously, this has to be taken into consideration. As a typical example, at the children's level, let us say that we demand that whilst in the school building the children walk from place to place. We point out the undesirability of running and its resultant chaos and risk of accident (It seems desirable to explain the reasons behind rules rather than present the rules "cold.") and whilst most children of 9 or 10 could be expected to walk, several of my own class often have to be reprimanded about running. Just one small example, as I say.

For all this, they're an enjoyable class to take, bubbling over with good humour and enthusiasm, if not always for work.

The prime reason for my talking shop in strict terms has been to present a very broad background for two or three compositions these children have written during the past couple of months. I've picked these out not because of any academic merit, or lack of it, of this work, but merely because I thought you might be interested in reading them. I'm not giving any indication of whether they were written by boy, girl, able student, etc etc, nor whether I consider them to be good work or otherwise, though if you really want some sort of appraisal, well...next time. Here they are, presented cold, and uncorrected:

Invaders From Mars

One day I was walking down the High Street when a funny shaped thing appeared everybody fled from the street Then a door opened and out cam a Zoodles and fired at six peolp and killed all of them 3 weeks later an Army was formed to fight Zoodles and they fought Back and won as well the earth men fourght with rifles sub-machine guns Gas Bombs and the Zoodles used Ray guns anti misiles and explosive we had planes and the us Army arforce But later we drove them away But they came back and fought agian and won again they attacked all over the world and also america and Rusha and they attacked there capitales new york and moscow and other citys like London Toyko paris and others The Battles Raged on and on some we won some we lost But they had the upper hand if we did not drive them away soon they would conquer earth and the uuniverse and kill us all and Blow up houses and churchs's Hospitals and Buildings also offices and they fourght and fourght and won us after that we got mad as a cat on hot Brick and fourght till we won.

The Mistrey from SPace

I had Just Gone to Bed And I heared a knock on the door I Ran to the Window and there I saw a Space Ship. I ran down stairs and out into the garden and there it was a hatch opened in the Bottom and a Robot came out. And moveed towards Me a gun Popped out and he said come with me or I shoot I didn't have much choice we went in the ship and then took off. We had had hardly took off. When we landed again landed again. We climbed down the ladder and looked around But saw nothing. Then he said "I am Robo the Robot from Coco." Then I said "I am Peter frome Eearth." Suddenly some thing grabed me and Robo and said come with us or I shoot. We looked round and there it stood. We didn't have much choice so he took us to a city there We Were put in for days and days We were in there and one day we diesided to break out. So one night we overpowered the gaurd and made for the Wall and climbed over and then Made for the ship as soon as we got to the ship we took off again soon we landed again we dropped the ramp and went out it was very weired There were long creeperes and tall trees wich looked Horrible. It looked like they were a city in the Back of it so we set off to see if there Realy was a city we staggered our way through and when we got there We saw that There really was a City. He said we might get some help from there so they knocked on the Big gates and something ansired he said, "Who Are you" and we said We come from Another planet. wich planet he said "wich planet he said I said I come from earth. And Robo said I am from Karko he said come in or I will kill you se we went in and we were took to see the cheif. Who sat in a

long chair in a Big room. He said "will you work for me and we bothe said no and he said put them in the cell we were took down a long corridor to a cell at the Bottom of it there were some cells and we where put in one of them for days and days we Just sat there. so we decided to Break out again so we made our way out by the small hole in the wall But We had to smash our way out once we had got out we made our way to The Lift and climbed in it But half way down we heared a voice on Radio it said The two prisoners have asceaped you must capture them dead or alive sudenly They were spotted By one and he fired we ducked and he missed so we got up and ran to the gate we Pulled the lever But the Gates were locked so we climbed onto the Wall and climbed down with a Rope and Ran for our life. Soon we got Back to our Space Ship we took off and soon we landed the ramp came down and we walked out in wonder and amazement. We had landed Back we went to my house and she thanked coco for Bring me Back.

Rainbows

The colours of a rainbow in order are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo amd violet. There are two invisible colours one before red and that is called infra red and one after Violet called ultra Violet. If you resived a cheack saying pay Mr. Bennett £1 and Mr. Bennitt rubbed out the one and changed it two say £100 then Mr. Bennett took it to the bank they would shine an infra red lamp on the cheack and they would see that it had been rubbed out and they would say were just getting your cheack and before you couled get out a policeman would walk in the door bee- cause they would have rang 999. Rainbows a caused of prisms in the sky they break up the light and that causes all the coul- ers of the rainbow There are two versis to remember the order of the colours of the rainbow they are Richard of York gained battles in vain and Retreat oh Ye germans Britain is victorica.

So much for my teaching ability. My own favourite for the term is this one, followed by its translation. Don't peek. See how you make out with it first of all:

My First Day in Mr Bennetts Class

Went I came in to Mistar Bennetts clas I was very fraten becos I thot he wood give me the slipe if I jist got won sume roa and my Engli rite or my Engis ren and my Arimat rit and I fink mist Bennetts is nas when I got on he was nas He is sayen Brenda W ----- is a kipar and a grit siame nut wit But I Do not ker adot he went he cols me that becos I dis it.

How did you make out?(Yes, this is me back folks; I thought it might be worth mentioning it!). I sometimes call the children "kipper" or "you great steaming nit" or some such to point out some mistake or carelessness, rather than "go on" at a child. The composition, then, reads: When I came into Mr Bennett's class I was very frightened because I thought he would give me the slipper if I just got one sum wrong and my English right or my English wrong and my Arithmetic right and I think Mr Bennett is nice. When I got on he was nice. He is saying Brenda W ----- is a kipper and a great steaming nit wit but I do not care about him when he calls me that because I deserve it.

!!!

DO YOU REMEMBER A QUOTE-CARD, MIRANDA?

The actual beginnings of the quote-card are bound up with the London Circle's "Operation Armageddon," namely their attempt to take over the running and organisation of the 1954 SuperManCon at which Vinç Clarke ran off and distributed the first historical batch. They were left in restaurants near the convention hotel and there is on record even one instance of one fan standing on a street corner and handing the darn things out to passers-by.

The following year quote cards were again in evidence at the first Kettering convention and a couple of years ago convention coverage was revived by The Liverpool Group at Peterborough.

And about ten years ago the "quote-card which was passed on" was at the height of its popularity. The idea was to sign the quote card that a correspondent passed on to you in a letter and then enclose it in the next letter you wrote to another fan. Eventually, when the card was full of signatures the last fan would send the card back to its originator. The cards and their very being were both lauded and criticised. Like fanzines they varied immensely in their quality, in their individual raison d'etre. Some were fantastically clever in their social commentary, both on the political scene and on fandom itself. Some cards, originating from fans like John Berry, Redd Boggs and most certainly Dick Eney must have found permanent homes in journeys which were quickly truncated by fans who took them to their hearts; they simply never arrived back at their starting points.

During the period from around 1955 - 1959 I sent off dozens of cards. Only an extremely small percentage homed. I'm certain that this wasn't however because of their superior quality; it's far more certain that some fan somewhere had the good and sound common sense to remove them from circulation before they did more harm to the tarnished Bennett reputation.

One I did get back, with surprising speed, and which I've treasured ever since was a photograph of a tiger which I sent out in 1958 at the time now-veteran Fapan Jim Caughran was living in Pakistan. He was plugging, pretty vainly as it turned out (much to his undoubted surprise), the slogan "Karachi in '63" and I captioned the photo "Karachi in '63 -- and fans for dinner." Brilliant wit.

The card drew the following additional comments:

"I fed Vinç to the lions and Sandy to the tiger. One tiger coming up.....to Harrogate." -- Joy K. Clarke 4/1/58.

"Presume this is the famous fantasy-type tiger (African variety) featured in 'Tarzen of the Apes.'" -- Vinç Clarke 4/1/58.

"I'm neither big enough for a full meal nor bad enough to make a tiger sick, so there. I'll get the Bester her yet." -- H.P. Sanderson 4/1/58.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Please oblige me with a light." -- Walt Willis 8/1/58

"The time has come, sire, to confess, --

I do not burn, -- I fluoresce." -- Chuck Harris 11/1/58.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright

Why the Hell should I take fright?

Though you're bitin' and you're slashin'

You're almost certainly off-ration!" -- Mal Ashworth 21 Jan 58

"We'll have to get a civilised wild animal,' he muttered uneasily,
'An educated fellow who will eat whom we tell him to, and obey the laws
of the country.' -- R.P.Thompson, The Hungry Tiger of Oz." -- Ron Ellick Feb 14.

"When you starves with a tiger, the tiger starves last." --old Sixth
Fandom saying. -- Terry Carr 14 Feb 58.

"Hold that tiger ragout

And get your tucker-bag out

We'll fill that stomach sag-out

Down by the old mill billabong."

-- Together -- Pete Graham 19 Feb 58

"And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!

Yes I like to see a tiger

From the Congo or the Niger

And especially when lashing of his tail."

-- The Mikado. -- Rick Sneary March 1, 58.

"I hear tell all tigers are MAN eaters." -- Tamanny Tiger, from I Go Pogo -- Jim Caughran 3 April 1958, Lahore, Pakistan(not Tiger country -- tho the untiger sometimes gets in the way!).

"--- All of which just goes to show how fast a quote-card really can
move when there's a tiger behind it." -- Archie Mercer 12 April 1958.

There, you see. And Esso thought that they were being original.

At the London WorldCon last year I met once again Dick Eney and Ted White. I'd but met Dick briefly in 1958 and was therefore very grateful for the opportunity of being allowed to tag along with him a goodly part of the Con weekend. I know that Dick is held in darn high regard, but man -- he's underrated. I must mention that I was especially appreciated of the manner in which he attempted to put me at my ease when we went out for dinner with Ted Forsyth, George Scithers and Sid Coleman. I've always thought of myself as a talker, but even the small talk of these intellectual giants was way above my head -- a sobering and ego-deflating experience.

As was the occasion during the party on the convention's last evening when from across the smoke and people filled room(the one in which Joni Stopa drank a whole bottle of whisky and the one in which Al Lewis -- whom I met but briefly during the whole weekend -- was asleep in the corner)I heard some-one mention something about I.Q., a subject upon which I have spouted in print on occasion. I rushed across the room to elucidate, cutting in somewhat brusquely upon my old friend, Ted White, whose remarks were just as valid, and probably more so, as and than my own. Ted put up with this rudeness and then at an opportune moment quietly left the group. I would like to take this opportunity of apologising most sincerely to him and to the others in the group.

NEW CLICHES FOR OLD

On another page I've mentioned that there is in the primary schools in this country a drive towards creativity and for the past couple of years one of the minor projects I've attempted with my classes has had as its aim a heightening of the realisation that it is possible to be original.

One of the basic English grammar books which has been used in primary schools for many years lists pages of similes. You know the sort of thing -- "As wise as an owl," "As good as gold," etc etc. Well, it might be that the present trend in sf circles to think of Raymond Chandler as a superior writer (with which assumption I would never disagree) has been passed down to primary level. It is possible to achieve greater originality by being original in one's use of simile. This may seem an apparent truth, but I think that I would not be far off the mark if I said that usually a child is taught to use similes in order to enliven his own writing ("Instead of just writing 'He was a wise man,' say 'He was as wise as an owl.'") but that little attention is generally paid to the quality of those similes. Should we encourage our children to be creative writers from the standpoint of imaginative thinking, only to stifle their possible attainment by encouraging hackneyed writing? Well, obviously, put that way, it's a loaded question isn't it?

As an introductory exercise to original thought in the use of simile, I recently asked my class to look over the list of similes in the above-mentioned text book and see whether they could improve on any of them. (NB-- for what it's worth, I feel it only fair to point out that the examples of creative writing quoted elsewhere were written not only before this exercise but in some cases by different children) I'd be interested to hear what you think of the following. Remember, please, that in a few cases (e.g. "As busy as an ant,") the simile might not be new to you, but it was to the child, for some reason not being given in the text book. Here is a cross section:

As fit as a doctor	As steady as a straight road
As sound as a flea	As dull as black paper
As red as strawberries	As old as a pensioner
As busy as an ant	As fat as a double bass
As gentle as a teddy bear	As soft as snow
As right as a computer	As slippery as a newly polished floor
As dull as a rain cloud	As white as cotton wool
As fat as a balloon	As gentle as Fairy washing up liquid
As slippery as slime	As fresh as a shower
As soft as lather	As slippery as seaweed
As steady as a steam roller	As wise as a professor
As dull as grey paint	As lazy as arithmetic
As fat as a sausage	As dead as a grave yard
As large as a skyscraper	As gentle as a mother with her new baby
As mad as a hermit	
As terrifying as a nightmare	As beautiful as an angel

As red as Richmond
As brave as a matador
As refreshing as lemonade
As keen as pickled onions
As proud as Ron Yeats
As black as a mourner
As proud as a palace
As refreshing as Coca Cola
As dead as salt
As flat as a mangled shirt

As good as Mackison

sports yellow as its colour, Selby green, York blue and Richmond red.

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