

# Celephais 29

As is usual, this issue of Celephais is being composed directly on master; time, since my return from vacation, has been rather a scarce item. Free time, I mean; there seems plenty of work to occupy any ~~spare~~ spare time floating around. I'm still trying to get down to the bottom of the pile on my desk, and see if there is still wood there. Moving the office only a couple of weeks before I left for Canada didn't help matters; I'm still looking for things I know I put away carefully-before the move.... And then, just last week word came out that the 704 was to change the end of October to a 7090. This meant all programs would have to be rewritten, as the monitor routine would be changed. At least, the insides of the programs are still valid - I believe [and hope].

But, the big news this quarter is the fact that I attended the Seacon. It has been twenty years since I first hoped to make a convention - I almost made the Donvention in 1941, but had to work so that I could finish college that year. Since the war I've managed to avoid them carefully, although in some cases it took real planning. I visited Portland in July when the Norwescon was due in Sept; went through San Francisco a month before the con there; missed the one in LA by a week (I was riding the D&RGW Silvertown line that weekend); was on the west coast for the New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh and Philadelphia cons, etc. It took planning, of course, but I was successful. Until this year. This time, I skipped the ACS meeting in Chicago (which would have been on per diem) and took the plunge. So, obviously, I have done a lot of travelling since the last mailing.

I fear I will disappoint people though; I don't plan to write a "Con Report" as such; after all, that isn't the travelling. Maybe the rest of the trip will be of some interest, though. So,

## THERE, AND BACK AGAIN

As in previous years, I planned on combining business with my vacation plans. The International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry was holding its biannual meeting in Montreal in August, complete with a Congress, and the Calorimetry Conference - a small, informal group of people interested in all aspects of heat measurements - decided to make this year's conference an international meeting, take advantage of the foreign visitors at the IUPAC in Montreal, and hold the sessions in Ottawa, at the National Research Council, the week after. This avoided the usual troubles of clearances and visas for the iron-curtain visitors, which have plagued much of the US meetings. The office move was scheduled for some time just at the IUPAC time; as the boss and boss-boss were both going as official observers, I couldn't get away for sure. So, I planned on the Calorimetry Conference, and then vacation. The Conference promised to be interesting - there were several papers that interested me, lots of people I wanted to see, and I was on an ad hoc committee that had to report there. By flying from there to Oregon I could have two weeks at home and then head for Seattle, the Seacon. I could then drive back with Bob Pavlat, via Canada. "Everything seemed to fit together, and the Bureau would help with the plane fare - I could travel either west or east from Ottawa, and they would pay the fare DC to Ottawa."

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A Weltschmerz Publication



The week of August 7th was hot and sticky as only Washington can be; a muggy, teeming quagmire is the closest simile. The daytime temperatures were in the 90s with humidity to match; at night, it was down to the low 80s by midnight, cooling off to a "mere" 75 by morning. The only rain was the few brief thunderstorms, which only served to keep the humidity so high that everything was perpetually damp. Leaving Washington for anywhere in the north looked like a wonderful idea, even though I wasn't sure of Ottawa's weather. It seemed silly, tho, to pack a fall jacket and heavy pants. However, it would be mid-September before I came back, and the Canadian Rockies could be cool. So, with much labor I managed to cram the clothes I thought should go, plus a couple of magazines, into the single suitcase and a briefcase (large size). As I looked at them, sweating from the struggle, a horrible thought came to me. "Forty pounds limit" the ticket said, and they hefted at just about that. I loaded them into the car - this was on a Saturday - and drove to the office, where I weighed them on a standard scale. They came to 38 pounds, without camera. So, I carried camera and windbreaker over my arm when I checked in.

Sunday, August 13th, proved to be a welcome change. It was cool, with a light breeze. Saturday night had turned out to be a good night for sleeping. The drive to the Bureau was refreshingly cool, with a breeze keeping the air from becoming too humid. At the Bureau I parked my car within the grounds for the month, and spent a couple of hours clearing up last minute problems. About 1, Joe's brother picked me up, and we drove to the airport via Foxhall Road - one of the exclusive residential of DC - across the Potomac on Key Bridge, and down the Mt Vernon Parkway to the airport. The whole trip was enjoyable. It was surprising how much the drop in temperature and humidity, plus a breeze, had changed the feelings of people; it actually made life enjoyable. The Potomac, along which the Parkway runs, was sparkling in the sun as the light breeze teased small ripples on its surface. The breeze was off the shore, and the usual Potomac smell (this is not the cleanest or rivors) was not in evidence. Sail and speed boats were out in numbers, making a pretty sight, as planes from the airport roared overhead. Across the river, in DC, the spike of the Washington Monument rose over the trees; further south, the greenish dome of the Capitol and the smaller domes of the IC were visible. It was a nice summer day. If only all of Washington summer days were like that one, it would be a wonderful town to live in. If.

We left National A airport on time - the only flight I had that did so - on a puddle-jumper for Ottawa. It was up and down, up and down, stopping at Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, ...ndicot, Syracuse, and finally Ottawa. The flights were short, barely rising over the clouds. We were low enough to see detail on the farmlands and cities through the gaps in the clouds. This also made for rather rough flying, with seat-belts fastened all the time.

At Syracuse the plane filled up to full 44 capacity; the hostess had only 50 minutes to serve all the dinners. I noticed that before we left she changed shoes, from the usual high-heels to low, hospital-type shoes. Those few minutes she worked harder than the rest of the trip. By that time it was rather dark, and little of the ground could be seen, except for occasional lakes and rivers glinting in the evening sun. And, I was busy eating.

At 8:48 PM EDT we landed at Ottawa - on time (for the only time on my trip). Customs was easy - for me. I managed to get my bags quickly and easily - Ottawa has the best baggage handling system I've seen - and unlocked them before I reached the desk. The fellow ahead of me had trouble with the locks - and had to open all three cases, his own and his wife's. I had to open only the briefcase. Maybe I just look honest.



After a little delay, four of us snared a cab and drove into Ottawa. The twilight was rapidly deepening into dusk; Unfamiliar with the area, the ride was - and remains so - a mysterious journey past strange buildings, along unfamiliar streets, around sudden turns, where the main road seemed to go straight, until suddenly we were in the middle of Ottawa. The explanations by the driver, who was French-Canadian, didn't help to clear up the puzzles; his accent was rather heavy, to say the least. I did get an impression of a rather small city, with at least several parks and streams. The general impression was favorable; the cool night and cloudy sky promised comfortable weather.

Next morning I walked out to the meeting place, the National Research Council main building, along the banks of the river, with Hull across the water. It was a lovely morning, with the sun bright and everything nice and green. The way passed the Canadian version of the GPO (Government Printing Office, I mean, not General Post Office), with an attractive display of books in the windows; most seemed to exist in two versions, English and French. Also on the route were the Excise offices, the War Museum, the Archives building, and the Mint. I didn't get in this one; tours had to be arranged in advance. Beyond this, there was a lovely walk along the river bank, before reaching the NRC. A nice modern building with a good auditorium, nice small meeting rooms, with comfortable chairs, cafeteria, and all.

The meeting was interesting, and there were lots of people I wanted to see and talk to. I did skip one morning to watch the Changing of the Guard at the Parliament Hill by the 2nd Battalion of the Canadian Guards. This was quite an interesting and colourful sight, well attended by tourists, most of them Canadian. In fact, the British visitors to the meeting said the ceremony was better than that at Buckingham Palace. The actual guard is posted at Government House, but the change is made on the broad lawns in front of the Parliament Buildings. The ceremony starts at 10 am; I was there early and managed to get a pretty good standing post, elevated a little. Promptly at 10 the sound of a band could be heard in the distance, and the New Guard eventually came into sight, preceded by the Regimental Band. They marched slowly through Connaught Place and up Wellington St, halting traffic. They turned into the grounds, formed on the lawn, and waited. Next the skirling of pipes announced the arrival of the off-duty Old Guard squad, following the Pipes and Drums of the 2nd Battalion. They come in, form opposite the New Guard, and the ceremony of Inspection and transfer of the Colours takes place. All very colourful and impressive. The troops are all in bearskin caps, scarlet tunics and dark blue trousers. Unfortunately, the weather was cloudy, so that the colors weren't really as impressive as they were other days, I'm told.

After the Changing, the Old Guard marched off following the Band; the New Guard followed, marching after the Pipes and Drums, down Wellington, past the Railway Station and Chateau Laurier, for several blocks, to where there were busses waiting to take them to the Government House. Very impressive, very pretty, very much worth seeing.

And the traffic jam, both in the parked cars on the Parliament grounds and in the streets. Imagine the Marine detachment in DC marching from the Capitol to the White House up Penn Ave at 10 AM, having a ceremony on the Ellipse, and then marching back. Or can't you?

The meeting kept me so busy I had time for only one special dinner - several of us went to a French place in Hull. Good, but not superb. Otherwise, pretty much plain fare, until the last night, when another group went to the outskirts for a dinner. I had eastern trout, very good. After that, I took the train for the overnight trip to Toronto.



Toronto was much different from Ottawa - a larger, busier city, and hotter, too. I didn't have much time there, just enough to ride out Yonge St to a record store that handles out-out 78 vocals where I picked up some they had been holding for me. I did get to ride the subway from end to end, twice. Really impressive, especially after the New York lines. Clean, bright, quiet, courteous. I liked it. No chance to ride the car lines, although I did see one conventional car still in service during the morning rush.

Back downtown, I grabbed a hasty lunch, and caught the airport bus. The airport was a little hectic - there was quite a crowd lined up to check in for the Chicago plane. At least the US customs had men there, and everything - customs and immigration - was checked before boarding. I was worried about baggage weight, as I'd picked up a couple of pounds of records (which I was carrying in a paper bag) and some books and other misc stuff at the meeting, in a small plastic portfolio, which I had under my arm. Again, tho, no questions were asked; I again opened only the briefcase. The customs man did ask me about the records, tho - more as a "What sort of crazy person are you?" conversation than a official inquiry. No trouble with immigration - my staff pass from the Bureau, with picture and statement of citizenship and place of birth, worked well.

The plane was the same one I would have taken had I stayed overnight in Ottawa. I saw several friends from the meeting, but had no chance to talk to them; every one was hustled off the plane, had to claim their baggage, and go through customs, recheck baggage, pass immigration, and get back, maybe to the same seat. At least I got a window seat. But, there were a lot of through passengers, and so we left late.

And arrived late in Chicago. To me, O'Hare Airport is one of the most unpleasant memories of the whole trip. I was going out on an United jet to Portland, and had a three hour wait, so I didn't mind too much my plane being late getting in. But, I didn't expect the madhouse I found. United has one section of the terminal, with most of the other lines using the other, upper section. It's larger, with a lunch counter and bar (where they do not announce flight information) and is a madhouse, too. But at least there are a few more places to sit than in the United section. "hich isn't very well air conditioned - it was hot. And then, the departure was delayed. At least 30 minutes. At least I finally found the seating chart (with no information or directions or anyone around to explain) and picked one of the last window coach seats. So, when we finally checked in, the announced no seat reservations would be honored - it seems that some of the thru passengers from NY had moved seats and wouldn't move back. So, it was a free-for-all. As it turned out, I got the window seat in the same row, other side, from the one I had picked. All this did not make me love United Airlines.

When we finally took off, it was late. And becoming cloudy. We climbed up above the clouds, at 35000 feet, and droned along, seeing nothing below but clouds and more clouds. Dinner was only fair - the chicken turned out to be stuffed chicken with some very poor stuffing - even the fish would have been better. Then we hit rough weather over the mountains - rough by jet standards, that is. But finally, after I was tired of sitting and sitting and sitting, in those tight seats (I'm not built for them) we started down, and finally I saw Mt Hood in the late afternoon sun, poking up from some low clouds. We passed over Vancouver, swung around and dropped down to the Portland airport along the Columbia. It felt good to get down.

*fellows who flew to early from there*



After I managed to get my bags and gear, I started looking for Mother and the rest of the party. Finally, after waiting for a number of minutes, I spotted Mom; it turned out they had been having dinner, as they had been told my plane was about an hour late (it actually got in about 20 min late). So, we got together, two of my aunts, one who lives in Portland (paternal) and one from New Mexico, who was visiting Mother for several months (maternal), one cousin of my mothers, who also lives in Salem, and one friend, who was supplying transportation. All but my Portland Aunt piled into the one car, and drove home, through the mild traffic around Portland, and on the freeway. It turns out there was an earthquake that night, just as we were on the freeway. Although it shook buildings in the area, we felt nothing. (That's the second quake I've been in and missed; last year in Berkeley there was too much fanning). Finally home, and a chance to get to bed - after all, I'd lost four hours extra sleep, going from Ottawa's EDT to Salem's PST. So 10 pm there was 2 am for me. [This is one of the quirks of air travel, I guess - it plays hell with your time orientation. I woke up at "7 am" and found it really 3 am.]

That was on Friday. I loafed for two days, more or less - out to dinner twice and such. Then, Monday I was pressed into service as a driver of a 1951 Plymouth standard shift (the first I've used in over a year) for a trip to Ashland; I was the man of the party, with Mother, my aunt, and my cousin (who is the eldest, 73 years old). We were going to see two of the Ashland Shakespeare Festival productions - Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist" and "A Midsummer's Night Dream" - as staged in the Festival's Shakespearian theatre. A nice drive down, although hot; Ashland was over 100. But the motel we had reservations - in Medford, some 15 miles away, and the closest we could get - was air conditioned, and the nights were a lot better. Although Mother had ordered tickets as soon as I'd known I could get out - at least a month earlier, or more - the best that were available were in the last two rows.

The theatre is located in the city park - which is a large natural area, with trails running through it, a stream, some duck ponds, and trails leading back up into the hills in back of the town - and has a wonderful setting for waiting for curtain. It is built on a slope, with the stage at the bottom, and the seats ranged in rows up the hill. For once I've found seats I can sit in without having to keep my legs tucked under me; the aisles between rows of seats are large enough for someone to walk in without seated persons getting up. And the slope is enough so that you don't have to dodge heads.

The theatre opens an hour before curtain. The last half hour has singing, dancing on a small stage in the rear of the seats by folk dancers, in costume, period music, etc. There are stalls selling coffee, souvenirs, post cards, tortlets, etc. At 8:30, it is just dark enough - this is all open to the sky, by the way - so that the torches have been lit and people have found their seats. At that time, those who have bought standing room are admitted, to take folding seats or camp stools on the green in back of the seats. No one takes any empty seats, tho. In fact, no one is seated during a performance.

Once the performance starts, it runs without break until the end. No intermissions, no scene shifting, no pauses for leg stretching. This is a little hard on some - the plays run to 11 or later. But I like the effect, and feel it is the way the plays were planned. The stage is a typical Elizabethan, with the main stage projecting out towards the seats, uncovered, no curtain, no arch. In the back there is an interior stage, with entrances from the sides, that can serve as house interior, forest bower, or what. Above is a second story,



with an open balcony for more action, and above that a third story, with closed windows, that can be opened for musicians and such. Very impressive, and very useable.

Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" represents a departure from the policy of all Shakespearean plays that has been the rule in the past. Usually they stage a cycle of four plays - one comedy, one tragedy, one historical, and one other. This year, for example, they had Much Ado About Nothing, Hamlet, Henry IV, pt I, and Midsummersnight Dream. (I think these are right; I'm not sure of the comedy or the historical, tho). These are presented in turn throughout July and August, so that in four days you can see four different plays. Starting last year, tho, they have added one contemporary (Elizabethan) play for four or five performances, giving a five play cycle. We got the first night of Alchemist; there was a real crowd for this, with people having bussed from Portland and San Francisco just to get this, especially. The plot is a typical one of the alchemist and his aides/rogues who are out to make a quick shilling. They take over a house while the owner is away; induce various people to invest in their - hypothetical - searches for the Philosopher's Stone, sell love potions, etc. Very quick action and dialogue, very amusing, once you know what is going on. [I'd read the play first, and found that made things easier]. I was surprised how fast the time passed.

The next night was MND - so well known that everyone knows the plot. This was a better play, with much better lines, and better contrasts, I feel, but it did drag in a couple of spots. But the scenes in the magic forest, with the real trees looming in back of the theatre, barely visible against the starlit sky, were wonderfully spellful. The setting certainly helped to set the mood here. Even the distant hooting of a truck or the diesel horn of a train didn't detract or spoil the web of enchantment that the words and setting threw over the audience.

I enjoyed the festival, and hope to get back again and again. This was another first for me, and I believe I liked it even more than the convention. And I liked the Season.

While there, we ate at a fancy, expensive place that lived up to its billing. "Mon Desire" is about 3 miles off the Pacific Highway, US99, east of Central Point. An old big farmhouse, it is nice surroundings - except for lots of mosquitoes - for good food. The food is French, but good French. The roast beef, for example, is better than any I have had for years, and carries a slight different flavour, from some herbs added that normally aren't used with roast beef. Others had chicken livers that tasted better than chicken livers. I had a brochette, with a wine sauce that was thin, but delightful. The soup was a clear vegetable - a few bits of vegetables floating around - but had a most unusual and delightful flavour. And, considering the food - cheaper than I expected. [Boyd, a place to try some time. (And I hope it lives up to its advance notices.)]

We drove home byway of the coast. Dropped down to California - through the customs - and through some redwoods, norther groups, with lunch in the State park - I was going to remember the name but forgot - back among the big trees. Very nice. But the road.... All curves and hills; I got a real workout pulling the wheel around that day. And more of the same on US101. But at least they are rebuilding both roads, so someday.... The rebuilt parts give a good view of the ocean, very unspoiled, very lovely. Driving, tho, I didn't see much of it. [I might mention, for the benefit of the easterners, that the whole Oregon beach, except for a very few sections in harbours, is owned by the state as free public land. Anyone can use it.



The state, in the person of the Highway Commission, has developed a number of beaches as unspoiled bathing and picnic areas, complete with tables, fireplaces, latrines, water, if possible, and parking off the beach. These are very popular for day excursions from the valley. Of course, the water is cold - too cold to do much but splash in the surf. There is no large amount of swimming or surfboarding, as further south. But the clean, empty beach is wonderful. You can walk for miles along it. For some reason, I was disappointed when I went to Atlantic City for the first time; I didn't regard it as a beach, but a carnival resort.]

We stopped for the night in Coos Bay, a lumber port in about the center of the Oregon coast. Breakfast the next morning was in a very good restaurant right along the docks on the bay; the area was much better than the usual waterfront area, and the eating place very modern and good. Service was slow - too many business men in for coffee or a second breakfast. But the food.... The place carried out the lumber theme - door handles were single-bitted axes driven into the door, with handles vertical. The special breakfasts were called - rather cornily, I feel - such things as "Feller's", "Bucker's", "histle-punk" and other logging occupation names. I had one, two eggs, sausage, toast, hash-brown potatoes (almost standard in the west), orange juice, and coffee. Price, \$1.30, which I felt was about standard. But then the waitress started bringing the food.... The orange juice was a standard water-glass-full of fresh, not frozen. (We asked). The eggs turned out to be 3, not two ("they were small this morning"); the sausage a thick pat some 6 by 4 inches; the hash browns two big hoaps. And refills on coffee, of course. I was full after that breakfast. [Ella, take note.]

Back to Salem, and a few days of relaxation, broken by a couple of dinners out, some bridge, etc. And then, all too soon, time to leave for Seattle and the east. Friday, Sept 1, was a rather cold, rainy, overcast day. My plane left at noon, arriving in Portland, 50 miles away, at 1:30 (Salem was on standard time, Portland on daylight). We left about 30 min late, the plane having come in late. The weather was rough; fortunately, lunch - a sandwich - was served on the ground. From Salem to Portland we flew above the clouds most of the time, finding holes in them, through which the ground could be seen rather close. Above were more clouds. Parts of the trip were bouncy, and seat belts were in order at all times. I was fascinated, though, by the glimpses of the ground below, as it was the first time I had seen this area, which I knew quite well on the ground, from the air. I could suddenly see why certain railroads had run the way they did - the land showed the problems they had. I just wish it had been a clear day.

The trip from Portland to Seattle was the worst I've ever had. It was rough everywhere - high and low. The pilot seemed to be trying to find smooth weather - and not succeeding. There were clouds all around - white and gray. In places, there were breaks, and I could see the gloomy ground below, illuminated occasionally where the sun broke through. There was no view of mountains, though; I learned later that it was snowing on Mt Rainier. Finally, the pilot decided that low down was the best flying, and so we went down to about 3000 feet. This was below most of the clouds, and gave a good view of the farms and cities, a good view, that is, when you weren't trying to stay in your seat as the plane bucked and pitched. Fortunately, the only person who had to use the head did so in a short spell of calm; they just made it back to the seat when seat belts were necessary - very much so. This was the first time I had ever noticed the wings of a plane flexing in two waves at once. A weird sight - and somewhat disturbing.

But finally, we landed at Seattle's International Airport, and I staggered into the waiting room to claim my bags.



After looking around for a few minutes, I located the direct line to the Hyatt House - I wasn't going to pay for a call to get the free pick-up - and called for transportation. The bus would be along in a few minutes, they said. So, I wandered to the loading area, keeping an eye out for something marked Hyatt House. I noticed a cater's Volkswagon bus pull up, but though nothing of it until a uniformed bellhop jumped out, and asked me if I was waiting for the Hyatt House bus. It seems the regular ones were out at the moment. I got in, and off we went, making a number of turns that seemed to me would lead back to Portland. But then, we pulled up under the marquee of the HH. I got out, pushed through the doors - and met the bearded face of Dick Enoy, sitting behind the registration table.

When I had recovered from the shock, I registered at the hotel desk, picked up my badge, and the Season had opened for me.

I'm not going to make this a con report. Suffice it to say that I met a lot of people, met a lot more for the first time, had a wonderful time, missed a lot of sleep, drank a moderate amount, and talked. And talked.

Tuesday morning, Sept 5, dawned dreary and dismal. It was raining - not hard, but a steady fall that was cold and wet. Especially at 6:30 AM. And when I had been up until four talking and getting the last bits of convention. We loaded the bags into the back of Bob Pavlat's Buick - we being Martin Moore, Bob, and me - checked out, and drove into Seattle to have a new windshield (windscreen, Ella) installed on the car before leaving for the east. We did have one ray of sunshine - Peggy Rea was along for the trip in. We dropped Marty off so that he could get his check cashed and finance a trip back; the others of us had breakfast, and lounged around until we could meet Marty. Took a trackless trolley out to the Busby's, where we were to pick up Ella Parker, who was riding back with us. [Trackless trolleys are nice - they're fast, quiet, and funless. They have most of the virtues of streetcars and few of the vices of busses. Of course, a number of cities are getting rid of them....] The Busbys were late, which we expected, so we sat and talked for a while. Then Bob decided to take Peggy back to catch the airport bus and to pick up his car. So, Marty and I talked for a while. Then the Busbys arrived, complete with dogs. More gab - Wrai Ballard was along - until finally Wally Weber showed up with Ella - they'd been to the zoo. "leanor scrounged up a lunch snack (fresh, ripe tomatoes from the garden were the item) and Ella made a pot of tea. [You will find that tea occupies a large part of the next few pages.]

At last, about 3, Bob returned with car, having missed Peggy's bus, and thus having driven her to the airport. So, we packed ella's bags in the trunk - for a wonder they fit - said the usual goodbys, climbed in the car, and headed north for Canada. It took us some time to figure out just what streets to take, but with a little luck and a lot of talk we finally ended up on US99 headed north, right in the start of the rush hour traffic.

When we got near the border - on the way we showed Ella her first American train in action, one of the Great Northern's brightly coloured Internationals headed to Vancouver, BC, and moving faster than we were on the divided highway - we turned east, bypassing the built up area along 99 and traveling back country roads through small towns. This was a much different kind of driving, and I believe gave Ella a better idea of American farm country. It was just approaching dusk, and the subdued lighting gave an air of glamour to the country. There was no spectacular sight, except for two of the northern Cascades in the



near distance, but the general effect was one of restfulness - which was welcome after the past few days. Mt Baker was gleaming in the setting sun; there was apparently some new snow at the top. [The Cascades, in general, are more spectacular appearing than the higher Rockies as they are separate peaks, mainly, rising out of relatively low foothills. Mt Hood, for example, is about 9500 feet (I think), but it is very impressive in Portland, at about 75 feet. Mt Baker is similar, as is Mt Rainier - the western one, I should state (at the con, most people who didn't know me took me for a forest ranger or such from the western mountain).]

It was getting a little late, and we were a little worried about the small border stations closing before we crossed. However, we reached the border in time. Crossing was little trouble - we had to register the car so that we could prove we hadn't sold it in Canada and absconded with the duty, and open the trunk. Until he saw Ella's passport. (This was the Canadian customs, of course). He took it into the office, after carefully reading all the pages, consulted another official, carefully stamped it up, and finally returned it. It took the three of us about 2 minutes total to cross; it took another 5 minutes for Ella, British subject of Her Majesty Elizabeth II, to cross into one of Her Majesty's Dominions.

A short ways further we came to Canada 2, the Trans-Canada Highway, and headed east. About 25 miles further, we found a nice motel, and got two cabins. Then into town to eat - we were the last in the small coffee-shop type place - where Ella created a stir by asking for tea with milk. Apparently the British accent was rarer than the American, because several of the staff covertly looked at this strange creature, who wanted tea with milk. After awhile, though, we became used to such glances.

Off early the next morning for the trip up the Fraser river canyon, driving for some time before we found a place for breakfast. When the three of us had standard traveling breakfasts - eggs and sausage and toast and hash-browns and coffee - Ella was disturbed. This was several times a normal breakfast; after all, some toast and jam and tea made a good morning meal.

The Fraser canyon contained some of the wildest river country I've ever driven through. It was beautiful and rugged; the cliffs towering on both sides with the river way down below. The water looked deceptively calm, until a stretch of rocks showed up, indicating by the white water just how fast the river was moving. At last the road left the canyon, and we found ourselves on a high grass plateau, much like those of Montana. Slowly this changed to a more wooded country, with more and more hills instead of the rolling grasslands. Then, ahead of us we could see the beginnings of the mountains looming - the Selkirks, lying west of the Canadian Rockies. We reached Revelstoke at dusk, as it started to rain. After a couple of false starts, we found the one motel the town possessed - at least the one that looked like it would be comfortable. Although it was after the season, he was busy; we were sure that he was at least 2/3 full when we got there.

After cleaning up, we drove through the drizzle to the one eating place recommended by the motel operator. The town was small and looked rather unprosperous; the main street was about three blocks long. However, the restaurant was surprisingly good - modern, bright, and busy. [And I believe it was run by a Chinese - at least there were Chinese dishes on the menu.]



The menu was extensive. I noticed one of my favorite items - rainbow trout - which looked good. We were up in the mountains where the fish should be good, I felt. However, this trout was listed as "imported" so I wondered if it came from one of the commercial hatcheries in Montana. Or maybe from Alberta. Just to be on the safe side I asked about this, before I ordered, more as a matter of curiosity. The reply shook me. The fish were imported - from Japan. I had pork outlets that night.

When we got out, about 7:30, we went looking for a drug store to get some odd items, and maybe some postcards and reading material. We found this was a small town - everything except the cafe and the hotel bars was closed tight. [When we pointed the separate entrances to the bars for "men" and "ladies" to Ella as an example of being back home, she scoffed at them - England was never like that.] So, off to have a couple of drinks, finishing up the tag ends from the Season, and an early bed.

The next day was a short trip - only about 200 miles - from Revelstoke to Banff. But most of it was over gravel - but still Canada 2, the Trans-Canada highway - around the "big bend" of the Columbia River, skirting the Selkirks. In winter, the road is closed, and you ride the train, with your car, from Revelstoke to Banff. When we had reached Banff we could see why it was closed in winter. It goes through some magnificent country - forests and mountains and lakes and streams - and winds around curves that are posted 15 mph - and mean it. It took most of the day to drive it as the major portion couldn't be driven at more than 30. This made it easier to see the scenery, which was worth looking at. I feel this is one of the three or four most scenic areas I've been in - scenic not in the sense of one major attraction, like the Grand Cañon, but scenic for mile after mile. The mountains are there, snowcapped even in September (or perhaps it was new snow). Even the log trucks we met didn't detract from the scenery. I want to go back.

We reached Lake Louise a little late, and found the main Lodge closed (as we expected) and the available space about twice what we wanted to pay. So, we headed to Banff. On the way we were sidetracked several times by elk grazing alongside the road. In one case the bull was out of the trees, together with a young bull and several does and young. We stopped the car - as did others - and were able to get out and take pictures (bad light and all) without doing more than cause them to graze slowly away from the cars. They paid little attention. The bulls seemed to remain in the trees, just visible, and to be more nervous. Still, it was quite a sight. Then there were the wild goats that were begging handouts along the road - actually coming right up to the cars. And finally, just before the turn into Banff, we came on a mule deer doe and fawn, along the road, eating cookies from a stopped car. When a couple of more cars stopped, the fawn ran off, but the doe clambered up the bank to investigate and beg more cookies. She seemed completely used to cars and people.

Bob and Marty were delighted, insisting on stopping for each group. This made up for the lack of anything but bears in Yellowstone Park.

But it made it a little late when we reached Banff. The one motel we could locate was full. We finally found two rooms with a shared bath in a resort hotel, at the highest price we paid on the trip. But it seemed to be that or nothing. The stores were open that night, so we shopped before and after dinner. This time I had local trout - very good.



The next day we took a side trip, from Banff to Jasper, along the eastern side of the Canadian Rockies. On the way we detoured to Lake Louise, to catch the early morning light on the lake. It was a beautiful - almost - as it had been ten years ago when I first saw it. That time, there had been no wind, and the lake was so still it was a perfect mirror for the snow and mountain in back - I have a picture that is very difficult to orient for that reason - the reflection is as sharp as the mountain. This time there had been recent snow, too, and the whole scene looked just like the travel posters said it would. Of course, it was cold - we had scraped ice from the car windows that morning - and we didn't stay around long.

The road to Jasper was supposed to be improved - paved - and the first part was nice, having been rebuilt recently. But then we hit the stretch of rebuilding - which seemed to last the rest of the way. It was cloudy, too, so that picture taking wasn't too good. In fact, most of the pictures we attempted were of animals. There were several moose in the marshy land along some of the lakes by the road; they were rather car-shy, and didn't come too close. Then there was a bear that wandered out from the woods on one side of the road, investigated the cars that had stopped on that side, ambled across to us, was disappointed as we had the windows closed, sat down in the road and stretched, and then ambled on off the road into the woods on the other side of the road. It seemed as if he had the idea, If someone wants to feed me, good, but I won't wait around. Large size, too.

We stopped at the Columbia Ice Fields, where we climbed above the glacier, looking down on a cold mass of ice and snow, with a colourful snowmobile carrying tourists out for a closer look. It was cold, with a bitter wind, and we didn't stay longer than to take a quick picture. We continued on towards Jasper for a number of miles, but decided that the weather and road together were too bad to make the trip worth continuing. So, we stopped for gas and a snack, and turned back to Banff. We got in early enough to have the car washed and greased, and to do some shopping. I picked up a Hudson's Bay blanket, 3 1/2 point, single bed size, in the traditional white with coloured bars. Quite a blanket, and something I've been wanting since I first saw them. So far, it's been too warm in DC to use it. Also, a Scotch that had been recommended to me - Hudson's Bay 1670 - which was 15 years old, and very good. (I got two bottles, and only one is left - and I don't give it to just anyone, only those who will drink it straight.) I've seen it in DC at a much higher price, about \$13.00, compared to the \$8.00 in Banff. And DC prices are usually the lowest in the country. It's good, too; converted a non-Scotch drinking friend of mine to Scotch.

Anyway, leaving the drinks for a moment, I notice I forgot one of the railroad items that we saw on the trip from Revelstoke to Golden. The Canadian Pacific has two spiral tunnels around there, to gain altitude in a short space. The train enters one, curves around over itself, comes out, goes up the valley, comes back, enters the second tunnel, and comes out again higher. The highway crosses over one of these tunnels; the intelligent highway department has placed a lookout, with a diagram showing the whole set-up, there, for the convenience of the interested motorist. We stopped in the late afternoon, just as the crack CP Canadian (I think it was) was going through. Right after this, there was a freight on the upper tunnel. Most accommodating of the railway, to time it so nicely. A really interesting sight. (Postcards of this were available in Banff; it is one of the features of the area.)

The trip to Jasper really put us in the middle of mountains, with lots of snow. They were to the right of us, to the left of us, behind us, and ahead of us. I think they were so plentiful that we became rather blasé. At least, we'd seen so many that they were just some more. Had the weather been better, with lots of sun, it would have been different - and there would have been more pictures.



The next morning, Saturday, we left Banff. In a number of ways it had been a nice stay. Ella had found a place that carried "English boiled sweets" which she had been looking for the whole trip. They turned out to be fruit candy similar to "Charms" but in large tins. Good, too, and we sucked them most of the rest of the trip. Then, she had fallen for a pair of moccasins, both as something to wear in the car and as something different for display in London.

So, we headed east, leaving the mountains behind with surprising rapidity. We stopped for breakfast in Calgary, where Ella bought a sweater in a vivid shade of red. Leaving quickly, before Ella could do more than snatch some English tea and English cigarettes, but not before both Bob and I picked up another bottle, we turned south, towards the States and Glacier Park. The drive was uninteresting, being through mostly open range and farmland. We reached Babb early, and got our motel easily. Then, with some time to spare, we drove down to St. Mary, and on to East Glacier, then in to Two Medicine Lake, just at dusk. Some of the road was real mountain type, with close edges, sharp curves, no signs. And a car off the road, over the cliff in at least one spot. We came back to East Glacier, where we had dinner, and then back to Babb, where, I think, Bob, Marty, and I started the first of several pinochle sessions. (I had fabulous luck/skill, and won most of the games, over the next few days.) The next day it started to rain. We started out over Going-to-the-Sun highway, and ran into snow. At first it was mild, but by the time we were near the mountains it was heavy, and we had visions of being snowbound. It was so thick that vision was only about 50 feet; the mountains sometimes showed up as faint shadows in the distance. Looking out over the valleys was an eerie experience - the trees on the hillside below were gradually taking on a white color, and bending under the weight of the wet snow. Beyond, there was just a formless white/gray nothingness.

The snow slackened as we went over the crest and down the other side towards West Glacier. It was still raining - and continued until we arrived in South Bend - but the evergreens looked almost mundane after the hidden mysteries of the snow-veiled upper valleys. The misty rain gave them a aura that brought back memories - to me - of hikes in the Oregon woods, of the smell of the Douglas firs miles away from civilization. The peculiar combination of big evergreens and misty rain is one that I've always enjoyed; except for the problems of cooking and sleeping, I've never minded hiking in such conditions - although it has been years since I've had a chance. (To go west to work/live....)

From West Glacier we started on the long drive back to the east. We drove through the rain, skirting the park boundary, through forest areas, then on the open range. Past the oil fields, through the small towns, on and on, always in the rain - or so it seemed. Stops were enlivened by Ella's problems with tea. In Babb, she went back in the kitchen to make her own. In Havre, we got motels with stoves; here, Ella was able to make her own tea, with a teapot that Marty got her, as a surprise. This was a real surprise to her, too.

The next night we splurged at dinner, with Bob ordering a "medium" T-Bone and Marty and I sirloins. When they brought Bob's steak, Ella, at first thought it was for all three of us, then exclaimed that Bob couldn't be intending to eat all that meat. Our sirloins were somewhat of an anticlimax.

Then there was the small town lunchroom in Minnesota where Ella first was introduced to cottage cheese. Her reaction was unfavorable - and it was good cottage cheese. The reactions of the waitress were amusing, too. It was after rush hour, and she had lots of time to devote to us.



Tuesday we arrived in Saint Paul. After quite a search, in the rain, we found a motel - more expensive than the western ones, too. (I wonder, how many are there in the St. Paul-Minneapolis area.) After dinner, we called Charles DeVet, writer and old time fan, and Redd Boggs. Both agreed to come over. Charles arrived in good time - bearing bottle, like a good man - but time passed and no Redd. Finally we got a plaintive phone call - Redd was stranded down town, with a rained-out generator (Yes, it was still raining) So, Ella, Bob, and Charles (who knew the town) went on a rescue expedition, returning finally with a rather wet Redd Boggs. This was one fan I'd wanted to meet; and was glad to catch now, as he had been avoiding conventions, etc, where I had been. Ella was even more interested, though, and left me little chance; I yielded gracefully, reflecting that I could have a chance next year at Chicago. So, while Ella and Redd chattered, Bob, Marty, Charles, and I discussed many things, fanish and otherwise. A most enjoyable evening, and 1 AM came much too soon. As did 6:30 AM on a dreary rainy morning.

To make matters worse, the cafe in the motel - and the only one for some distance around, so far as we could tell - had run out of tea. No worse thing could have happened. But, fortunately, Ella had packed one of her packages of tea in an easily obtained bag (not in her suitcase, which took the efforts of two strong and heavy men to close when she had last opened it) so she supplied the tea for breakfast - and so flustered the waitress that she didn't have to pay for her toast.

Slogging onward through the rain, we finally reached Fond du Lac and the Grennell's establishment. Dean was out, but Joan made us welcome. Bob and I took the car to a garage for a grease job, getting nicely wet while shopping instead of waiting at the garage. That evening at the Grennell's was something to remember; Dean in person is even better and more interesting than on paper, and his basement.... It was hard to break away the next morning, even though we slept late. Of course, we had been up late, too. (And watch that Grennell with his camera - he's sneaky....) But finally we said goodbyes, leaving some very nice people, and headed for Chicago. Here we had a hamburger lunch - introducing Ella to the glorified hamburger shop, I believe - and then dropped Marty at his apartment.

Instead of dropping back to the thruway, Bob and I decided to show Ella the Chicago skyline, so drove down the Lake Shore Drive, and then swung over to Michigan Ave. Traffic was a little heavy, but we made good time to the thruway, showing Ella both the smart shops and the rundown areas of part of the "black Belt. We made the run to South Bond easily, and after a little trouble finding the correct area, finally arrived at the Kujawa's, where Ella was to be dropped for a week of chitchat. It was my first meeting with the Kujawas, and I found them very interesting, very easy to get to know. As is usual with fan gatherings, we were up late, talking, listening to tape recordings, including Laney and Boggs; it was about 2 AM when Bob and I decided we had better stop talking and get some sleep.

We left - Bob and I alone, now - reasonably early next morning, before the rest of the household was up; Betty was trusting enough to turn her kitchen over to us for coffee and snack. So, we managed to find our way back to the Indiana turnpike, after getting lost once in South Bond, and rolled on towards Washington. Nothing of note happened on the trip in; we passed through Hagerstown, but were too tired to look up Harry, although we did stop for dinner on the eastern outskirts - pretty good, too. It was Masfa meeting night, but we decided it was too much to go there, and then home to unpack, so we drove right on to Mt. Rainier, where Bob unloaded me and stuff. I dumped my stuff in the apartment, and the trip was over.

Naturally, the first thing I did was to read the mail - including the FAP<sup>a</sup> bundle.



Of course I had a wonderful vacation -- who wouldn't. I've tried to give some of the highspots above, in an effort to pass on some of the enjoyment I had. The trip was certainly a lot of fun and the convention was one big party.

And, of course, one has to pay for such good times. I'm still trying to get caught up on my work -- which has made this issue of Celephais a little (?) disorganized. And which will mean the reviews/mailling comments will be shorter than usual, probably (I hope).

Anyway, here is once over

lightly

### The 96th Mailing

The Fantasy Amateur [usuns] the wording of that amendment 2 is going to cause trouble some day. What does "the deadline of the mailing affected" mean. Does this mean that the petition must be received before the mailing that the dues must be paid before or the material be published in? Or does it mean 15 days before the deadline that the extension goes to? The intent, I fool, is the latter. Someone out to request rulings on this, pro and con. Then things will be decided before the event, not later.

### The Larean [Ellik],

who isn't at LA, really. Welcome back, Ron, from the ranks of the students-with-no-time-to-publish and into the ranks of the employed-with-even-less-time-to-publish. ## Really, judging all trains by the Penn RR is like judging all fandom by the Gerber or Walter Dreen. Statistically, the sample is too small. I don't ride the Penn, either, if it can be avoided.

### Stefantasy [Dannor]

A lovely cover, Bill. And that article on page 25; you've really outdone yourself. Even with DAG missing, this is a good issue. Both fiction pieces were better than average. But Fotor Delmorte have been scooped -- remember way back when Prof. Jameson was buried in an satellite? This is not before your time. One of my favorite mags, of course, Bill.

### Target:FAPA [Bney]. I

hope your revised constitution proposal is tongue in cheek. Or at least that 33 members of FAPA so regard it. And did you send in your copy? ## But where else could Loch live and have Greenwich Village and such? New York has some advantages. Like, I'd like to spend some time so I could really explore the subways. ## A Round-robin serial? Why not start one and see.

### The Rambling

Fap (25) [Calkins]. Gad, Bloch has written a lot of stories. Dates on the books would have helped. Otherwise, and nice reference job.

### Sercon's Bane

[F.Busby]. I thought you had only one conreport in your system, Buz. And here is No 2? Or does this apply only to Worldcons? ## The John Birch Society seems to have quieted down -- which could be bad.

### The Rambling Fap(26) [Calkins]

The only trouble with Rodd's objection to the constitution is that he said not a word when the discussion of the new version was on -- in fact, he voted not, for or against. ## Ah, another who knows Tarzan by the book. I've fond memories of the movie Tarzan of Johnny Weismuller, but he certainly wasn't the Tarzan of the middle period, with plantation and wife, who wore the usual clothing at home, spoke various languages, and was Lord Greystoke. Certainly a far cry from the savage who spoke in grunts, ala movie. ## I can name at least one other non-LDS fan who doesn't smoke -- me. And, among my mundane friends, my roommate doesn't, and at least three others don't. Two are married to smokin' wives, but haven't fallen, yet. The only reason I might start is self defense -- an office of smokers is almost too much for me. If I get that much smoke, I might as well get the pleasure (?) of smoking.



I think the story you're remembering is "The Weigher of Souls" by Andre Maurois. (Strictly from memory) It was in FFI or FI.

That statement re articulate fans not reading the sf mags is based, in part, on their statements that they don't. A lot read only F&SF or Analog. I read all I can get - I'm still a completist - and feel that Amazing is improving fast. Some of the stories are even worth reading. But I really meant that there are few fans of the old type, who read every magazine as it came on the market.

When you get your own house, just install a timer to close the window and turn up the heat, and you'll have the cold sleeping room problem licked. And much easier on wife, too.

Sambling Fap(27) [Calkins, again]. Thanks for the compact listing. Will be The useful.

Churn [Rapp]. Of course that protest re postmailings should have gone to the OE, who has the extra copies. ## But Monster-Times is fantasy, isn't it? ## Don't try carrying a pistol even openly in NYC - they will pick you up unless you have a permit to transport the gun. ## Yes, a lot of towns were nothing more than railroad sidings and operators stations. Every siding the RR uses is named, for convenience in transmitting orders and easy identification. And, too, 60 years ago there were a lot more small country stores/towns, in the farming areas, because it wasn't easy for the farmer to go 30 miles to the city. These naturally grew up around the railroad, where the farmer got his larger supplies shipped, where he shipped his grain, where the store could get supplies easily. As roads and cars improved, those small stores disappeared, as did many of the operators - and hence the town.

There were pictures/articles in the paper a couple of weeks ago about the Peace Marchers reaching Moscow. At least a few of them were from the US.

And may I say again, that the OE has not a damn thing to do with assigning credit for material in the mailing. The Secretary has the job of going through the mailing, giving credit where credit is due. The constitution specifies that the S-T keeps track of members credentials. All the OE has to do is list the bundles, so you will know that you are getting everything you are entitled to. Of course, appeals can be made from the rulings of the S-T - either for credit denied by the denier or for credit allowed by any member. This is the way Meyers was bounced - appeal by members to the VP.

Ankus [Pelz] Welcome, Bruce. Manhunt was still appearing last time. I looked, I believe. Dickensheet was real good this time - so short, but so logical. ## When do we get more Silverlock?

Laundry Mark [Hevelin]. I feel they made the toys stronger in the "good old days." At least the better ones were tough.

The Nehwon Review [Boggs]. Twas nice to meet you, Redd, even if only for a short time. ## Had you met W....l as I did, you would have realized that drastic methods were necessary. He was not just undesirable; he was poison. He would have destroyed FAPA, I feel sure. And probably a number of the members. But how about the 22 provision now proposed? If 1/3 of the membership feel so strongly about the person, then I feel the person would be bad for the organization.

The basic fact, though, is that you and I (and probably a large number of others, too) have a different conception of the function of FAPA. To me, it is a social organization, where I can engage in friendly chit-chat with people who interest me; it is not a medium for putting out beautiful artwork - I have no talent that way - or reams of elegant prose that are pretty and say little. I'm not aspiring to be a writer; I have enough of that at work. I just want to chatter. When FAPA changes to a serious, literary society, I'll probably drop.



16.

The Venus Organization [Rotsler] Is that the type of secretaries available in LA. We need a new one at the office....

Salud [Elinor Busby].

This cover indicates another reason for moving to LA. Yes, North Carolina is quite close to Maryland - just as California is close to Washington. We were backward in our area - we just didn't play Halloween tricks "like the good old days" as the parents, male, always told us. Perhaps it was the indoor plumbing that caused the change. ## I've had the feeling from various people I've talked with that the difference in feeling towards Russia and Nazi Germany is due mainly to the belief that in Russia only a few people are really responsible for things - that the Russian "people" would be much different. A part of this is certainly due to the difference in reporting news of the two countries - the average American knew much more about conditions in Germany 1938 than he does about Russia 1961. So, he engages in wishful thinking.

Willy Ley has one knack - he can assemble more odd facts than more usual people can dream exist.

Hey, haven't you been confusing Bill

Danner and me?

Sure I've read Alger and Henty. They are now collectors' items, too; the first eds in good condition are worth as much as serious literature of the same period - or even more. Then there is Castleman, in England, who seems to be unknown over here - I don't think he was much published here.

A change of one or two degrees in the average temperature of the earth wouldn't be a "slight" change - it would be a tremendous change. This should be enough to melt the ice-caps, and inundate most of the coast lands - you're up pretty high, and might be safe, but the Lark would have to be traded for a outboard motor and boat.

And I'm still looking forward to the home-made bread....

Day\*Star [Bradley]. I'm really sorry you are going back to school - from a purely selfish point of view, of course. I'll miss the wonderful material that you've been putting in FAPA the last couple of years. Such as this. ## It sounds as if Breon were advocating a return to the law of the six-gun, where the fastest man was the top hand. And where women were mere chattels. The good little man did have a chance, tho, against the good big man - the six-gun was a great equalizer. ## Your dreams were certainly remarkable - both for what they were and for what you have apparently made yourself forget. ## I'll certainly agree with you on the ending of Turandot - whether it is what Puccini would have written is debatable, but it certainly sounds like something he could have written. And I certainly prefer this to leaving the opera unfinished. What I object to is some of the reworking an opera such as Boris has suffered, especially at the hands of Rimsky-Korsakov. Trying to figure out what Mussorgski really wrote is hard, or impossible. The version commonly given is certainly distorted, with the ending switched around, and one of the most moving scenes - in the churchyard/square - omitted. The Russian film did much better on the ending - they split the last scene [the revolutionary] and inserted the death in the middle. Left the final scene still that wonderful, pathetic, moving solitary figure of the idiot on the stump, wailing "Woe is Russia". It makes a much more telling ending, instead of the conventional death of Boris.

Actually, my car sat out the month of August/September in the Bureau grounds, under guard. It was still working tonight, too. Of course, it did have a few items in it - but not a whole FAPA roster.



Catch Trap [Bradley, again]. I didn't catch that note in Taurasi's mag, but I do know that Mundy's Jimgrim was not published in Argosy. Not in this time-world, anyway. It appeared in Adventure back about 1930; I can remember reading then in the magazine version at the local Elks Club, where Dad took me to keep me out of trouble several times during that period, when Mother was out of town. He wanted to play cards, and such, and had no place to park me, so he left me in the library. They had several most interesting books there - a couple of Tarzans - Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, for one, I believe - a few detective stories, and some old Adventures which contained that Mundy story. And which sold me on Mundy. I'm still trying to pick up all of the Mundy's; I'm almost complete domestically in books, but the foreign books and the magazines....

I find I want very little breakfast - toast, juice, milk does me now - but need coffee about 9, and a reasonably early lunch - also rather small. But this does have effect on my weight; by just eating less, I've gradually dropped some 20 pounds in the last couple of years, with no problems.

## I can remember when Nov Schmoz ka Pop was one of the catch words in high-school. I don't know why it - the comic - didn't really catch on; perhaps it was too good for its time.

Phantasy Press [McPhail]. One of your best issues, Dan; full of more McPhail and less impersonal, social niceties in the mailing comments. The article on the Indian Stomp Dance was good - some of the sections really carries a wallop. ## Double meanings, yet - do you really think the Shaws deserved to be marooned on the train in the snow from the write-up of it?

I'm glad you pointed out one fact that seems to have been overlooked in the general emotional stir re communism. In 1935 + 5 Communism was a legal political party in the US. During the middle of the Depression, it was one of many sects, isms, etc, offering hope to the youth and aged alike. Remember Technocracy and the Townsend Plan? So why not Communism? Or Socialism? I know that the youth of that period were pretty well decided that the then-present social system was no good and something would have to change it. To some socialism seemed the answer; others felt Communism would do. Actually, looking at America today and at the America of 30 years ago, one would not believe they were the same country or the same social system. And, really, they are different social systems. The change seems generally for the best, although there are still some who long for the good old days.

Smoke Signals was much better this time - I enjoyed the description of your travels which I feel is written with feeling.

And I liked the cover.

Apocrypha [Janke] I like your chatter - but what can I say. Except to note that the 4th paragraph from the bottom on the second page looks like you made the obvious typo, and then reconsidered.

Moonshine [Sneary] A couple of obvious additions to your FAPA town. Chris Moskowitz for the Doctor. I'd do for the pill-roller.

Len, the general adventure magazine came first - all the early (pre WWI) pulps were general type - like Adventure, Blue Book, Argosy, All-Story, Popular. I think the first specialized mag may have been Railroadman's Magazine, back about 1909. Then came Detective Story, Western Story, Love Story,... which were obviously the first of their kind. The series character mags were later - a revival of the old Wild West and Nick Carter type. The first of the modern was probably The Shadow, back in 1931.



Lighthouse [Graham]. Or rather [Graham/Carr]. I'm glad the Post Office povers that he didn't read your story, Pete. We might have had another Gult incident. ## Some of the Nelson cartoons are real cool this time; I like the one with the phone book. ## Seriously, Pete, the fiction, aside from the few uncalled for words, read like most aimless fiction; I did get a mood, but the characters were too undeveloped to make it more than a sketch. Maybe you were aiming for that effect, but I had the feeling that neither the writing nor the "story" moved - everything was on too even a plane to have any effect. In fact, I feel I could have started almost any place in the story, and read in a circle back to there, and had the same effect.

My chief complaint about this whole mag is that it all reads as if one person had written it; I have to keep looking at the byline to see if it is Terry or Ted or Pete who is writing. I also have the feeling this is a big one-shot - fun to do, but not really worth rereading.

Washington Guidebook [Speer] is something else. This isn't something to read rapidly once, and then cast aside; it is to be filed in the general reference shelf, until the complete version appears. It is also something to be dipped into again and again. Thanks, Jack.

Lark [Danner] - and a very thin Lark, too. Your remark about Big Brother reminds me of something that created a stir some 9 years ago. Remember, when Eisenhower first came in office, orders went out that a picture of him was to be displayed in all government meeting rooms, etc, offices doing public business and such? And the fuss it made? Well, guess what has happened to those pictures. Yes, they came down in January - and a picture of Big Brother JFK is now looking out over the area. The picture is much more serious in aspect, too - the DDE picture at least smiled, while the JFK we have is rather somber. I also agree with you about letting sleeping dogs alone. For example, had this mailing been submitted to the PO, there could have been some trouble - some of the language isn't quite permitted.

Different [Moskowitz]. I still feel there is one point you've overlooked, Sam, in your comments on fandom; Chris would naturally have the same viewpoint (I guess I'll leave that typo. It was unintentional, too.). As I was pointing out at the Seacon, before we were so rudely interrupted, there are two types of fans - sf fans and fan fans. You are a sf fan, basically; all your interests stem from the sf aspect, over into the convention area. Others no longer have any interest in sf; fandom, to which they had been attracted by their former interest in sf, not hold interest as a collection of people with interesting opinions on many subjects, people who are articulate [and how] singly and on masse. I feel I sort of fit in between the two - I still like sf, and am interested in it, but I like the wider aspects of communication I find in fandom, especially in FAPA.

I enjoy the mailin comments, not as works of art or finished pieces of writing, but as so many multiple conversations about a lot of subjects I'm more or less interested in. I'm interested in articles, sure, but I can get better articles on most subjects, in other places. Warner is one of the very few who can write about a subject and make it interesting and worth reading. You could, Sam, if you would. I can remember some of your articles from years back. Or the ones in Amazing now.

And really, I can probably stack my professional reputation up against Chris'; I'm probably better known over the world in thermodynamic circles than I am in fan circles. I don't get paid 5c a word for articles, but I do get asked to write the damn things. I am actually paid a salary by the government to produce articles. And people seem to want them.



The Running Jumping and Standing Still Magazine [Ashworth]. And I think next time this appears - which I hope is soon - I'll use RJ&SSM for the title. Anyway, this is good. It should please everyone, even the screen people. Weir brings back memories of the Pemberton story, which I believe I read in the Idler? Anyway, while browsing for something else, I ran across this. ~~###~~ In a Stranger... You have been reading legal, governmental prose too long. ~~##~~ If that is true, Sheila, I hope you never got mad at me. I enjoyed (?) this. Nicely done.

Of course, with an agent who pays dues and such, you don't have to read the FA. But there may be a time when the loopholes in the constitution may come in handy. And there are still some. ~~###~~ I believe I've got you beat; I don't know the names of the other five families in this apartment unit; I know some of them by sight, and nod, but name (on mailbox) matching face....

Tr, some of the Tillamook cheddar cheese, next time you are in the western States; it is the best general cheese - for eating and toasting and cooking with.

Overtime [Coslot] Gad, you held this for a long time - really overtime. Your discussion of TEC with the remark that you could only discuss Montana's law, as state laws differ, reminded me of the phrase that developed in our trip back with Ella Parker. She would start a discussion of car licensing or liquor laws or taxes, and we'd try to answer her questions, always with the phrase, "It differs from state to state," then giving a version from three or four different states we know about. Towards the end, this became the standard reply for any question, even one that didn't.

Alif [Anderson] There isn't much I can say about this except that I like it. Would that I were poetic, too. More.

The Vinegar Worm [Laman] When I saw that title "Horror Unparalleled" I thought it was the mailing comments. Instead, it was a story(?). This is one of those damned magazines that I either have to say nothing about or spend several pages and a couple of nights. And right now I don't feel like doing it. I just spent the day reworking one of the 704 programs, written to operate on the Bell system used at the Bureau's machine, into a 7090 program, that will work on the new version of the Bell system to be installed at the Bureau. Of course, they aren't sure just what will be used - the input/output setup is very fuzzy now - but I need to have the program ready. I would like to use the old program - but they haven't got around to using a system that will take a binary deck for the old Bell system and run it on the new, for production runs. This, of course, makes me a little irked. They say, "Maybe we'll get around to writing something that will take the old decks for production runs, after we get the machine working." So, it seems I will be able to get results faster by rewriting the programs for the 7090, and checking them out again. And it was only a year or so they put in the Bell system and made us change from the old, simple, bootstrap binary 704 - it was "easier" and "simpler" and quicker - they said.

Pardon me, Bob, but the above letting off steam explains why you don't have three pages of sparking, nay sparkling Evans comment this issue. Or, maybe I don't disagree with you, too much.

Horizons [Warner] What we really had in mind was a mild penalty for the member, with plenty of activity, who forgets - or thinks they have already - to send in dues; this is really a mild sin. Like, maybe even Warner could forget. ~~##~~ I'd add a fourth fandom. There was a change in fandom from the sf fandom, even if not pro oriented, to a fandom oriented. Just look at the change in FAPA. Keonig, for example, wouldn't recognize it. ~~##~~ Since I couldn't finish the rewrite of the Once and Future King, I must also agree with you.



*Trains always late when I catch them with Bishop*

I know that I had no trouble on the trains last winter. I left DC the day of the first big snow; the train was filled with griping people, people who had planned to fly, and had to take the train instead. They were complaining because the train didn't have berths enough for everyone -- even though they had tried to get them only a few hours before the train left. Apparently, they felt it should be possible to just add Pullmans at a second's notice, or that the railroad should run vast strings of empties for just such events. The only time I've ever been really late on a train was when the GN had to detour the Empire Builder about 1000 miles over the NP because of a bad wreck. As a foreign train, the EB couldn't make its normal speed over the NP tracks -- the crew had to have a pilot and of course didn't know the road. I've been lucky, I guess, but I have traveled in some pretty nasty weather -- snow and rain -- and have had only minor delays. For example, the Empire Builder I missed/nearly last year in Seattle was the first out in about 3 days; the track had been flooded. But they still got the passengers into Seattle.

Around Washington, air travel seems to stop very easily. There is the classic story of the man who took the plane to NY. New York was fogged in, so they tried further north. Boston was closed, Philadelphia had closed, Baltimore, Washington -- he ended in Richmond, taking a train for NY.

I remember starting out on sf -- Tom Swift -- and then discovering the Oz books. No other fantasy seems to have hit me much, until I discovered adult fantasy, like Umsang.

"The Undermen" isn't up to Warner standards -- probably because it seems to be an episode, with no background before, and not enough within the story. I had to read it a couple of times to really see what was going on. ## The article on Hegerstown -- see, I read it -- is a fascinating item -- and a wonderful contrast in style to Jack Speer's on Seattle. Different background, different intent.

#### No Holds Barred Guido

[Anderson] No I'm thirsty.

Postmailings. Driftwood [Kidd] his commits the unpardonable sin of commenting on the mailing it is (supposedly) part of. I'm holding it til next time.

Campaign Liar [Berkeley-NY] And who didn't vote? And who didn't see the deadline I put in the FA for filing?

A Propos de Rien [Caughran] I expect there are stretches of open tundra in the north that might be hard to find water in -- not dry, but just no available water. If the thaw never goes very low, you can't have springs and such, just quagmires. And who wants to drink a quagmire? ## I have the feeling that Bach was so thoroughly a religious man -- in the best sense of the word -- that death had no fear for him. There are times when I envy him that faith. I think his Cantatas were numbered either in order of place in the Church Calendar or the supposed date of composition, when the Bach Gesellschaft first started. I know that nos above 200 are the (dozen) secular cantatas. The numbering is carried over into Schmieders thematic catalogue. ## Yes, I belong to a medical/dental co-op. There was a co-op radio station, in DC. And there is a co-op gas station. I also know of a co-op housing group. ## But, the finger that hits a has nothing much else to do (except shift) -- q and z are little used in English. Likewise, the ; p and / are not high-frequency symbols; it is little trouble for the little finger.

Limbo [Riko][Donaho]. Lots of notes here -- and no room. ## I'm finally eating canned food -- I worked six summers in canneries. But I still liked string beans, canned, Blue Lake. It isn't that bad. But those bargain cans.... ## Your comments on the HUAC mess seem about as clear and convincing as any. ## I thought that Wilsey article was mostly tongue in cheek -- or something. And I like Marshall Fields variety and quality both. -30-