

It is customary, on joining an APA, to introduce enceelf in the first mailing you manage to make. For those of you not already in the know: my name, Ella Anderson Parker. My abede: 43, wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road, London. N.W.6. I came into fandom just three weeks before Easter in 1958, which makes it easy for me to keep track of my fannish birthday, should I want to for any reason. I have edited and published a genzine, ORION, since 1959, on an irregular schedule. Published the ATomAnthology, have attended all British Conventions since, including the one in 158. Attended the SEACON in 1961, and currently belong to only two organisations, if you discount CAPA: The Science Fiction Club of London, and The British Science Fiction Association. I am, in fact, a founder-member of both these bedies.

Raybe I should explain my reasons for titling my OMFAzine as I have. 'COMPACT' is the name of a soap-opera type programme on British TV. It is a mushy look at the life in an office, though no-one does any work that I can see, It is renowned for the gessip that goes of a monthly 'slick' weman's magazine. on eternally. So, as I, if I'm renowned for anything at all, am renowned for my habit of talking endlessly about things of no importance, it seemed to be

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have heard

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the first of many of you

packed for ages

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It means, this time

just the title for me.

Whichever, I hope that those of you who have been urging me to join OMPA, almost since I came into fandom, will now be happy that I've finally made it. I had every intention of making deadlines for which I was eligible, but, as so before, all my fan stuff and materials were did finally move to here. Now, I've unpacked needed immediately so I could get thish out. course, that I won't be doing mailing comments couldn't put my hand on the last mailing if you paid me, which I don't suppose you will? No,

I didn't think you would. I said I wasn't going to do any mailing comments this time, but I do want to make special mention of the Dick Schultz report on the Chicon. Dick, I don't recall

reading anything of yours before that I've liked and enjoyed as much as this. It complemented very nicely the one done by alter Breen, in WRRN. are any criticisms to be made it would be on the score of repetition. often you used the expression, and I have to quote from memory: " I'm only having you on", or some such. It would have paid you well if you had asked somone to edit it for you. Going through it, as I did after first reading it, I eould have saved you, at least, two pages. Even so, it was a nice change to read something from you that was so enjoyable. You are an able reporter.

I hope Elimor Busby is with me right now, because I am going to pick up something she said a couple of mailings back. I don't want to make a start on it at the foot of a page, so, over you go......

Elimor: A couple of mailings back, you said something like: - Has TAFF had its day? One could just as easily ask, have 'special funds' had their day? But, as you were talking about TAFF, let's give it some more thought. First, considering theirmate fairness of fen in general, I am surprised that none have supported the CRY to increase the voting fee to double, at least, what it is now. I wonder how many worthy candidates for TAFF have refused because they knew they couldn't afford to make the trip, even with TAFF paying part of the fare, which is what it comes down to for Britfen travelling to AmericanCons. It was all very well to make it as low as it now stands when fen were a lot younger and poorer than seems to be the case these days. Wone of this is as irrelevant as it might appear to be. If we don't raise the voting fee for TAFF, you will continue to have fen refusing the dubious honour because they can't afford to lay out the extra cash needed to make the trip. If, in face of these refusals, we don't get a platform of fen to stand, of what use is TAFF? Take this current campaign. We have the spectacle of the Administration begging fen to accept nomination just so we can have a vote. Not a word is said about their suitability, worthiness. or whatever it was that made fen in the past eligible for the honour. You must surely agree it is becoming farcical. If we have to lower our sights when it comes to finding someone worthy (having earned the honour, is how I interpret that) then, yes, I would say that TAFF has outlived its usefulness, no matter how loudly the administrators, past and present, might shout in protest.

I admit, I would hate to see it go but, on the other hand, why let it drag its skirts rather than adapt it to something workable. Fandom is, after all, the place where one expects to find an elasticity of thinking that should make it easy to adapt from something to something else when and if the need arises. The main difficulty with TAFF, and one of which I am always aware, is trying to keep interest alive in it while there is no campaign going on. TAFF always needs money, it never has enough. now to keep the funds up when fen are thinking of most anything except TAFF? Plugs in the fmz are so frequent and uninspired. I would hazard a guess the fen read thom without really seeing thom. This is inevitable when a thing is repeated so often it becomes part of the scenery. We need some live-wire thinking and action. With the panel of past winners in our midst, surely they could get together and think up something to make TAFF interesting to fandom? It's all very well to sit back and say 'leave TAFF alone, it's worked like this for years, if we change anything it will fall to pieces.' Nuts, I say. Why should the administrators have the worry of trying to drag a few extra 360 and £££ out of us in order to send someone over either way? TAFF is only really successful if we have sufficient in the Fund to send them over without having to beat the drum extra hard when someone is found hardy enough to accept nomination.

First raise the ante for voting and, I've no doubt, you'll find many, so far reluctant fen, quick to accept nomination. No, I am not proposing we should turn the Fund into a charity organisation, but, why should the not so wealthy fan have to refuse, simply because he can't afford to accept what should be a fannish, honour? So, come on you people, if you don't want to lose TAFF, for CRYsakes, do something constructive about supporting it, PLEASE?

Well, as you can sec, I'm at it again. I've been quiet for so long maybe it was on the cards that I should open my hig mouth as soon as I got near a stencil again. TAFF has always been my favourite fannish charity and I would hate to see it die for lack of courage to change what needs changing, or from lack of support. I would like to see some realistic thinking and doing in aid of this worthwhile project.

I suppose too it is quite the normal thing for me to talk some about this long awaited move of mine. Suffer, you dogs!

It was before I went to America that I heard we would soon be moved from 151, under the local council's 'slum clearance' scheme. Not being used to the way in which local government works, I imagined that when they began haunting my doors, asking me all sorts of personal questions, like: where does your brother sleep?, do you have to share a lavatory with anyone?, have you a bathroom in the house?, etc, it would only be a matter of weeks before we had our new home. Still, being naturally lazy, and what fan isn't? I left things ride and went blithely off to L.A., Seattle and all points. On my return, Fred said he hadn't seen or heard from anyone at the Town Hall so we went about our business.

One fine day I was working at the Gestetner when, lo, a man came from the 'housing dept.'. He asked me many questions that I had already enswered for someone in some other department. I have nothing to do with that, I need your answers for my office, I was told. I continued working while he filled in the papers he had with him. Out of the blue he shot his bolt. 'You won't be able to do that where you're going', he said. Getting him to explain that he was alluding to my duper, I explained, very carefully, that it was a hobby, not a business. 'That makes no difference, they won't stand for it in the new flats'. I'll admit I just about blew my top, not to him, fortunately, but to anyone in the London gang who would listen to my tale of woe. I had tried to pin him down to admitting I could have a flat if I forfieted my hobby, but he wouldn't come right out and say so, though it was what he meant.

After much thought I decided to come out into the open and approach the Housing Manager, what an imposing title that is. I went into some detail about what I'd been told by one of his men, and please, is it true? I really piled om the agony. I found it an absorbing hobby, which I do, but I neglected to tell him of the life of ease I could enjoy if he really did forbid me to continue publishing. he wrote back, asking what kind of equipment I had; he assumed I used the usual type home printing apparatus, and, please, could he have a copy of my magazine to show at a council me ting when they discussed my case? I did some soul searching, I can tell you. I toyed with the idea of letting him assume what he liked, in case he should disapprove of what I was actually using and with-hold his permission, but, clear thinking won the day. If I lied, and later there were complaints about the noise, they could, and would be justified, in chucking us out of the flat. I didn't want this to happen, as those of you who have visited the old Pen will understand. I told him the truth, that I have an electric Gestetner, I also sent him a copy of ORION #28. I heard nothing more for months.

Yet another of the Town Hall minions appeared. This time to tell me they had considered my case and I would be allowed to continue publishing, but not in the new flats, they didn't think the noise would be absorbed sufficiently, so they were going to rehouse us in a place that had been 'reconditioned. This, in case you are not 'up' in officialese, means that they've taken over a house too good for demolition, so they have done some work, which usually means putting in a bathroom, proper kitchen etc., and we could have that. He would be back later to weigh my auplicator, books, paper and the like, meanwhile, please, could he have a copy of my magazine if I had another to spare. He reads SF and, in fact, in their union magazine THE TRIFFIDS was currently being run as a serial. As far as .I could ascertain, this was the only SF he had ever read! He voiced the opinion that what I really needed was a house so I could carry on my activities without fear of annoying any neighbors. I agreed with him, but, we also agreed that I didn't stand a hope of being allocated one by the council. Once more I was left alone to wonder what our eventual fate would be. Oh, I forgot to tell you, when he told me I had permission to publish, I informed him I wasn't prepared to accept his word, I wanted to have it in writing from someone in a responsible position. To this he was quite amenable. In a couple of weeks time I received a letter from the Housing manager giving the required permission. During all these comings and goings no-one seemed to know just when we'd be moved out, nor to where we'd be going. Things stayed like this for the next few months.

One night I came home from work to find a notice in the door saying someone from the council had been to see me; would I fill in the bottom half of the paper giving them an alternative time to call when I'd be in. This was the 'bug-boys' as I call them. Seems, when the local council is going to move you into a new place, they have to make sure you aren't taking any pet insects with you, like bedbugs and others of that ilk. They were a courle of youngsters and friendly; even more so when they came into the fan-room and saw some copies of Asf on the table. To cries of joy from them at finding someone who read the stuff, they were happier when I told them they could have the mags, they did a tour of the place and pronounced it clean... I almost said clear.

I asked them the inevitable question: did they have any idea when we'd be moved? They told me that on past experience it should only be about 3 weeks after their visit, this was how it usually worked out. On hearing this I began packing! The biggest headache was going to be all the fan stuff; fanzines I had collected, books and magazines etc, to say nothing of reams of duplicating paper, envelopes...the lot. I got them done in good time and even began on the household goods as far as possible.

Then, we sat and waited, and waited, and waited. This most of you already know. Three weeks before xnas the people from the downstairs flat were moved out; they hadn't been in the house for longer than 3 years and you were supposed to be there at least for 5 before you became entitled to a new home. Just a week after they left, half the ceiling fell down in the lavatory, making it unusuable. The weather was atrocious and the place recked of cold and damp. I think that last month we spent at 151 was the most miserable I can remember in my whole life.

Just as we had given up all hope and I was sericusly considering unpacking some of my fan stuff so I could resume publishing, I got a letter asking me to call and collect the key for my now flat. You couldn't see me for dust. Fred was rather surprised, I think, that I didn't rush up to see what the flat was like; I couldn't. I had helped the woman downstairs to take some of her stuff over so I could look at her place. I have never in my life felt such envy of another human being; it was beautiful! I had been told I couldn't have one of them because the stuff I had was too heavy; it didn't make much sense to me, but that was what they said. Now I actually had in my hand the keys to one of the new flats and I was afraid to push my luck too far. I stull had the idea they might find they'd made a mistake and we weren't to go there after all. I had exactly one week in which to complete my packing ready for the removal men.

I handed out my larger ATomillos and the large pic of me among the Cincy Fantasy Group Don Ford had sent me to some of my friends for safe keeping. I didn't trust the removal men not to break them. A friend of mine helped to cart my glasses and other breakables to the flat before moving day. I wasn't too happy with the rooms as I saw them then, they looked to be like matchboxes, and I didn't think I could do much with them. I have since traced the reason for this feeling; the rooms are plenty large enough, it's just that the ceilings are so much lower they make the rooms look smaller than they actually are. I need quite a bit of electrical work done, (any volunteers?), but we are highly delighted at the whole place. We have five rooms including a bathroom/lavatory and kitchen large enough in which to eat our meals if we so wished. We have a

private balcony all to ourselves; central heating and an enormous, by our old standards, airing cupboard in which I keep my spare blankets and pillows, among other things.

For years I have dreaded the day wher. I might have to become a 'council tenant'. In the past I have heard of how dictatorial they can be. telling you what you can and can't do. I know of someone who has never been able to paint or paper her rooms as she would like; it has to be done to their specifications. This isn't in Willisden, but it did have me worried. Now we are here, it appears we can do pretty well as we like, provided our rent is paid regularly. We are unable to do any decorating for the next six months; this is to allow them to inspect the place and discover any faults that may have develope in that time. If any, they will be made good before they sign for the building. We are delirious with joy over our new home, and still can't quite believe in our good fortune. I am enchanted with my kitchen and enamoured of my bathroom. why, I've been known to rush in there first thing in the morning, just to make sure it hasn't disappeared during the night! I think even more than all the joys of convenient and comfortable living, I relish most the view to be had from the kitchen and one of the living room windows; especially after dark. often stand in the kitchen doorway just to look out over Kilburn which looks much prettier than I would ever have thought it could.

We are still in a mess, mind you. I've unpacked most of the household stuff and shoved it away into cupboards and drawers for the time being, just so I could get rid of a number of boxes for which I didn't have storage space. The kitchen is about the only room already thoroughly organised and operational. I did hope that once I moved I might get a bedroom to myself without a stack of fan stuff crowding me out; seems it isn't to be. My bedroom is still more of an office than it is a bedroom, my bed is about the only domestic object in the place. I have my desk, filing cabinet, cupboard unit in which I have stored my ink and duplicating paper etc. The Gestetner is in here toc, so any time I can't sleep I just have to get out of bed and I can go right to work.

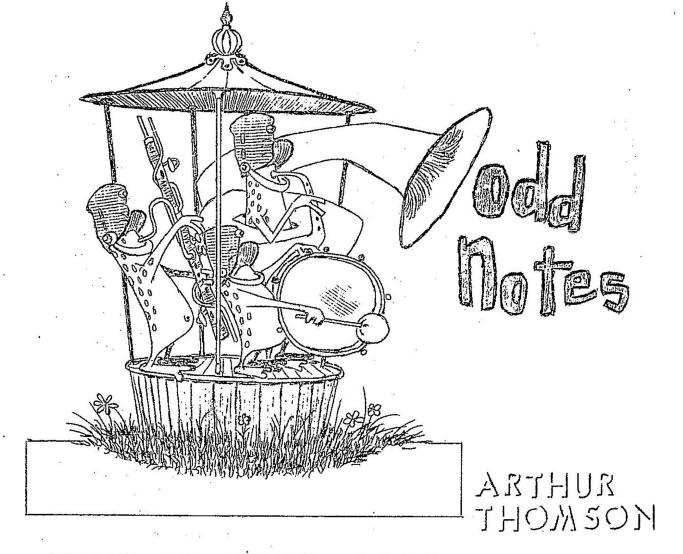
Yes, we are still a bit dazed at our good luck; Fred goes around still looking as if he expects to be chucked out any day. I have to keep reminding myself that it is true and this is our new home. I don't know how long it will take for us to convince ourselves of the fact. George Scithers was the last overseas fan to come to the old Pen; I wonder who will be my first to come here? Now don't rush all at once, give me time to get things organised, then you can sigh the visitors book for us, and welcome.

I would remind you that all the opinions in this magazine are those of the editor and publisher, except those quoted in the column by Arthur Thomson, with whom I do not always dis/agree.

ify apologies for any stencil slipping that shows. My typewriter has developed a fault too late to have it put right, if I'm to catch this deadline. I hope it doesn't prove to be too bad.

Yours. in a happy delirium.

Ella.



That title up there might strike a chord in the memory of some CMPAns. It first appeared in VERITAS, the CMPAzine that John Berry and I put into the mailings a year or so back. I used it for a column of chitter-chatter, also for some mailing comments, if I remember rightly, without having to go dig out the relevant mailings from the time capsule I have buried in a backroom cupboard under an old radio. After VERITAS folded, I used the title again for a lead column in AToz, my own CMPAzine, before I dropped out of CMPA due to a severe attack of laziness. There's nothing like a little bit of timebinding; so, here it is again, leading this column in COMPACT..... Cops, sorry, cCMPAct, The reason was Ella Parker saying sweetly but menacingly to me, "Write something for my CMPAzine or else!" I am nothing if not circumspect(having been done as a child), so, here's CDDD NOTES.

During a recent SFCoL meeting at Courage House, Ethel Lindsay played her lp record of music from 'CAMELOT', the Arthurian musical now playing Broadway. As such things are at fan meetings, a discussion blew up among those present on the Arthurian romances. All this is co-incidental with the fact that I recently read two books on 'Arthur', both of which were completely different from the usual romantic fantasy written on Arthur. The books were: 'BEAR OF BRITAIN', and 'QUEEN'S KNIGHT'. I'm afraid that I've forgotten to note who wrote the first one but, 'QUEEN'S KNIGHT' is by Borrwski. The setting for 'BEAR' is the wild Welsh marches in the period after the Romans left Britain, and is full of furclad warriors and wattle huts. The writing describes well the age and times, showing Arthur as the son of the dead

Uther Pendragen, King of the Britens, fighting to establish his own reign and unite the scatteted tribes after they had fallen apart following his fathers death. All the famous characters are in the book, if somewhat obscured by Welsh sounding names, and settings.

'QUELNS KNIGHT' made a very vivid impact on my conception of Arthur. which, of course, was gained from the romantic tales read in boyhood. . It is a complete reversal of all the books I read showing Arthur the shining King and Hero. Set in the more generally written about medieval period of castles, knights and fair ladyes. Arthurs is shown as a dull shambling inarticulate unlettered boor of a man, snatched from semi-serfdom to become the figurehead in name only of Britain, with his puppet strings held firmly by Mordred, Merlin, and a group of powerful barons who intended to control Britain through Arthur as the King. However, Arthurforms an alliance with Merlin and Launcelot to fight Mordred and the barons for control of the land. Launcelot's only reason for joining Arthur is his hatred of Mordred and his illicit love for wheen whiniver - hence the title QUECAS KNIGHT. All this set, as I said, in medieval times, but, showing these times in their true colours of abysmal poverty, cruelty, and intolerance, a rather than coloured by the obscuring momanticism in which they are more widely written about. Une episode in the book describes the taking of a castle by the knights of the round table...<u>and</u> tho taking of the wimmen afterwards as their due right. A book to be read to balance out those other flowery romances.

These wide differences between facts and fancies gave me a few sticky meoments at home, a while back. My young daughter, Heather, came to me with a query that had me thinking hard for a few minutes before I got it squared away with her. She had been given a new book of the fairytale, Cinderella, her old copy being much the worne for wear. Why, she asked me, were the stories so different? I examined the two books and found that the old one had been published in Britain, and the new one in America. The old one told the story of Cinderella in the traditional way: 'Cinders, two ugly sisters, fairy godmother, pumpkin made into a coach, handsome prince, and glass slipper etc.! The American edition blithely swept away most of the traditional tale, introducing a host of new characters and settings. 'A couple of mice who made a ball dress for Cinderella, birds who helped, and a lop eared dog. . I gues put in to satisfy the American male child and reader. All this in & quasi-Ruritarian setting instead of the 16th. century period it should be in. I don't know. I can't for the life of me see any real reason for jazzing things up like this, why, they even had the ugly sisters smashing the glass slipper because it didn't fit them, and the mice magicking up a new one for Cindcrella. In a few years time, I can see the tale coming out as Cinderella getting her balldress and slippers from a kindly •ld hydroponics robot she knew as a child - the dress being Gnurr fur from Gnncll - . . and being wisked off to the ball on an anti-gravity device, ending with thehandsome young atomic scientist going off to consult a computer to find his true love and the owner of the plastic slipper. Grr to this sort of progressive change that involves fathers being asked awkward questions by their children, at least, on fairytales. How did I explain it away?....you work out how you'd do it, I had to.

Some time ago, a publication appeared on the British fanzine scene, an 'art folio' by one, John Rackham, this being the pen name of John Phillifent a person little known to general fandom but slightly active on a rather outre side of fringe fandom

The folio leads off with a piece of writing in which Rackham states that he is depressed by fan art and has decided to show just what should be done, also how it should be done. ".... an attempt to break new ground in technique and ideas ...." he says. He breaks this new ground in the next seven pages by filling them

with badly copied or drawn nude female figures; one large nude per page. Looking at them, the poses are reminiscent of those one can see in those deplorably tasteless 'SPICY' foto booklets, or such magazines as 'HEALTH & EFFICIENCY', which brings me to the conclusion, wrong though it may be, that all the drawings have been copied or drawn from some such magazine.

The figures themselves are ill drawn and have that ungainly immobile stiffness one associates with the drawings of a person who has no 'feel' for form or art. Anatomically, all the figures suffer, in one way or another, in construction, and as such, are completely'lifeless' and wooden. The shading is well applied but does not, in most instances, vary in tone on any parts of the figures, being the same overall quality of shading, regardless of light and shade on the figures.

The last page consists of several line drawings of nude females and female faces, with one shaded drawing of a male face, which one might suppose is meant to be a self portrait of the author of this folio. The best that might be said of these is, that they are vivid examples of the horrors of atomic mutation.

It is obvious from his statement at the beginning, and from the pages which come after, that here is a person of rigid egotistical outlook and views. Apart from dismissing this folio with the above words, I must also dismiss the man.

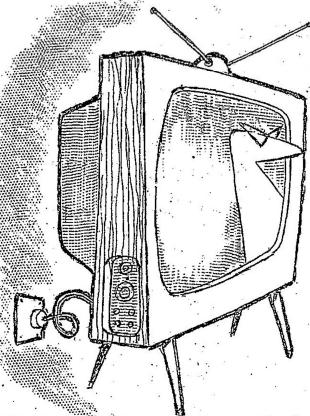
To end ona lighter note, there's a programme on late night ITV in which a character called pernard Braden gives half-an-hour of off beat humour on topics of the week. He guys the pompous and the foolish, upholds the little man and the just, and generally fools around with news items and such. In a recent programme he came up with the fact, that whilst in the States there are many firms making and selling fallout shelters, here in britain, only one firm was advertising and making a fallout shelter, and, that this firm, in all the time it had been in business, had in fact sold only one shelter, this to the owner of the firm.

Braden wondered whether this couldn't care less attitude towards fallout shelters on the part of the British public was the famous stiff upper lip, insularity, lack of money, or just a mood of quiet resignation if a holocust did come to Britain.

Somebody help mo out, please. What is STERNO? In a ccuple of books that I've read recently, the Lincoln Lords and The Twelfth Step, it made its appearance in both. It seems to be a tin of something, the gist of what I couldn't get but presumed it to be some sort of solid fuel cooker.

Advert in the January edition of EXCHANGE AND MART: Car sales section: "Humber Snipe, '47. Good tyres, new battery, many extras, best crumpet catcher in MIDDX. £70 or nearest offer.

Arthur Thomson. (Copyright @1963.)



There are two columns in this magazine for which I need titles. Arthur and I have heen playing around with the problem, to no result as you can see. Anybody coming up with one that finds favour in my eye; will be doing me an inestimable service for which I will be grateful. None of your lousy puns, now.

I am taking
full advantage of
my position in
having read what
Arthur Thomson had to
say and adding here some
opinions of my own on part of his column.

First, he mentions what Bernard Braden had to say on the subject of the firm which advertised 'fall-out shelters'. It has worn off a bit now, but for a long time after I returned from America I watched our TV with fresh eyes and compared it with the U.S. brand. I must confess, I prefer ours here. I also confess that it is probably because I am more used to.it, kinda conditioned. I don't doubt for a moment, if we looked in the trade papers which deal in builders and property dealers business, we would find many advertisements of this kind, but it does surprise me that you never see any mention of these articles in any of the adverts put over on our commercial channels. In the States it is done in the name of 'public service', or so the strtion announcer tells us. I take this to mean that it is a free plug. I'll tell you what they don't have in the States, at least, I didn't see any of them, and that's commercials for the armed forces, as we do. For a long time I assumed that there too were part of a 'public service', but, on making enquiries I found that the War Office, or whichever dept is responsible for this kind of thing, has to pay, a hefty sum for the items shown. Draw what conclusions from this you want to.

I know Harry Warner doesn't much care for discussions of TV programmes in fmz. I believe he imagines it means we have run out of other things to discuss. It aint necessarily so, Harry but, I would like to talk for a few minutes about two Jaturday night programmes that have hit Britain recently. One, on ITV. features Bernard Braden and no-one else; the other, THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS (henceforth called 3T3W), has a gang of brash youngsters headed by David Frost, before this ar unknown to us. It makes for heart burn in some households, mine among them. Times of showing clash. If you favour one over the other, as I do, too bad.

... 3T3W is loud, brash, and selfconsciously daring. They have an enormous team and, after a session with them I feel physically exhausted, they do so much dashing around with ghod knows how many costume changes during one

meanandeming. (W yill anaby unay, on the phom hand, had sale home; just seated in front of a tremendous gimmick-ridden dock, and he sits there just talking in his quiet, humorous way about anything that comes into his head or that has caught his attention during the past week. Sometimes he makes acid comment on what catches his eye; most often he leaves the obviois stupidity involved to make its own comment. The bludgeon and the kid glove is the comparison I make between the two programmes.

You can't open a newspaper, magazine(except sf), read an article on satire without hearing 3T3W mentioned as an example of what they are trying to say. I have noticed, in the past, that when a radio or TV programme gets this kind of attention it begins to deteriorate. I hope sincerely they don't 'discover' ON THE BRADEN BEAT. Braden has long been a favourite of mine; ever since he and his wife, Barbara Kelly, came to England from Canada. don't know if you in the States know the Bradens? If not, you have missed something good. I will ong remember his Uncle Gabby, one of his more loquacious characters.

Yes, I have watched 3T3W, often. We have a working agreement here that Fred gets to watch it one weck, the next week I get to watch Bernie. We both watch the others preference so, I assure you, I know of wot I talk. I won't deny they have some good gags on 3T3W, but I don't much care for the underlying taste of malice I seem to find there.

While we are on the subject of TV programmes; a series has just finished over here(2nd series, actually), that I can heartily recomend to you if sold in America. I speak of STEPTOE AND SON. Some of the slang used might be incomprehensible to you, but that shouldn't spoil your enjoyment in it any. It's about a father and son who are junk dealers, a dying race here, now. There is a mixture of love and hate there that at times is stomachturning. Harold, the son, is always trying to better himself. Dad, on the other hand, is quite content as things are. Anything Harold picks up on his ounds with the cart that has the least smell or taste of 'Culture' about it. he keeps for himself. He is very proud of his cocktail cabinet. This is, in fact, an old sideboard he picked up long ago, in it he has a s ries of old bottles into which he pours the dregs from any bottles of drink he picks up. It makes no difference what the brand or quality; if the bettle he has says sherry on it, he has a bottle already half full of sherry into which he pours the dregs from the empty once he brings home, and so on. Dad, with his magpie nature, fastens on to almost anything 'Arold brings home, for his own collection of junk. There's no denying, they bring home a load of stuff but they never sell any of it, which is what they are supposed to be doing.

It is quite an 'earthy' programme, but, I'm glad to say, the BBC do seem to have admitted recently that they do have an adult audience and are bent on giving us something we can enjoy. The characters as played by Wilfred Brambell(Dad) and Harry Corbett('Arold) are true to life, not, as we have come to expect from the TV, caricatures. This is one programme I make sure I stay home to watch, no matter what. Now that the sercis has come to an end I have only braden left as my ideal of entertainment. I used to favour TONIGHT on the BBC, but, since it came back from the last long break, I don't know what's gone wrong, it isn't nearly as interesting as it once was. I feel, maybe, the team they have working on it are becoming stale and have lost a lot of their own interest in what they are doing. It used to be obvious, if you watched them regularly, that they enjoyed their work, not so now.

That, you will be pleased to hear, is the end of this little dissertation.

Sec you!



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