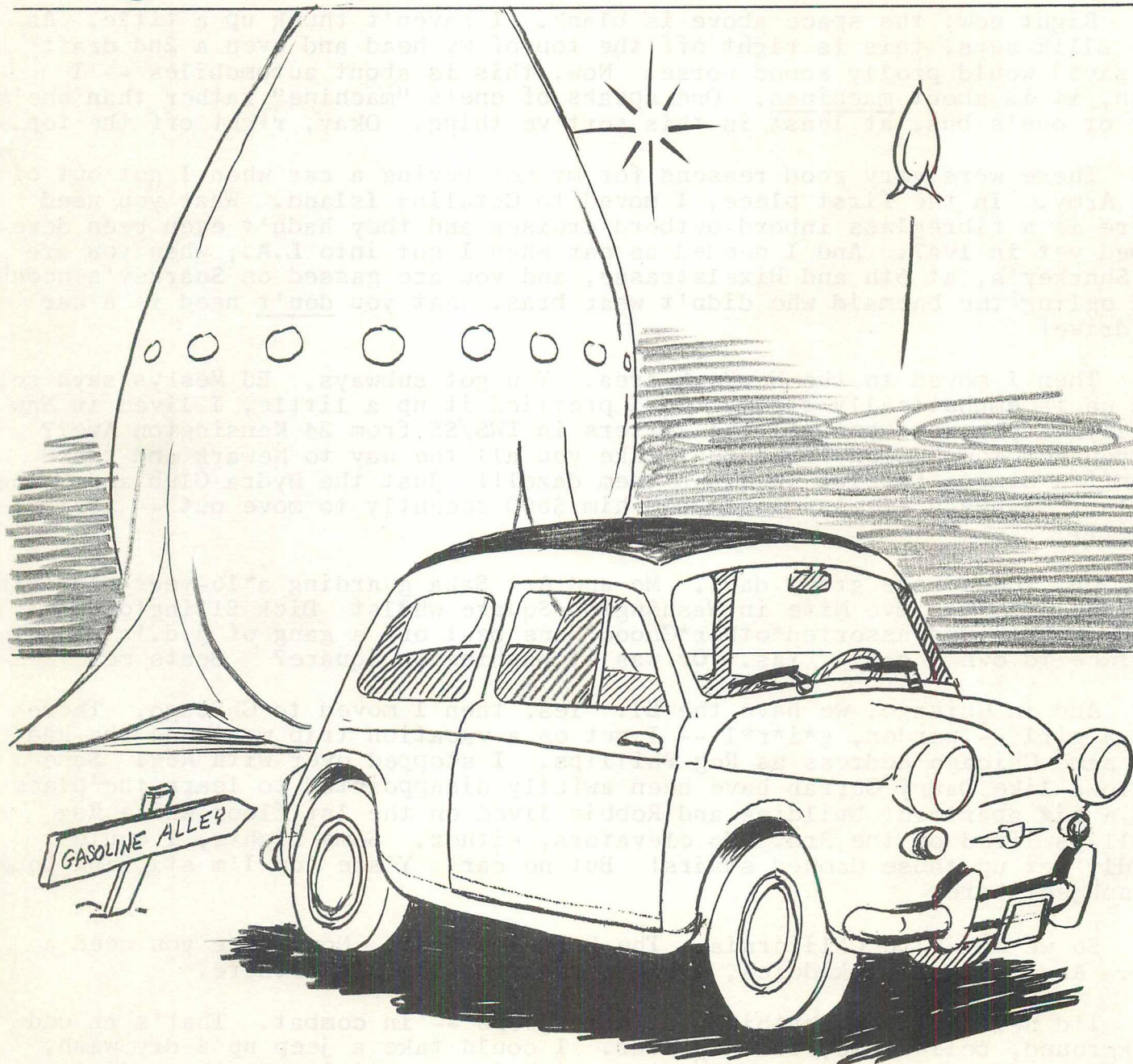


G2

VOL 2 NO 2

July '62

"The ONLY fanzine which
discusses Bob Tucker's
thirty-eight regular!!"



also - this time:
The FABULOUS "500"

THE

FABULOUS "500"

Right now, the space above is blank. I haven't thunk up a title. As Ron Ellik says, this is right off the top of my head and even a 2nd draft (I says) would prolly sound worse. Now, this is about automobiles -- I mean, it is about machines. One speaks of one's "machine" rather than one's car or one's bus, at least in this sort've thing. Okay, right off the top.

There were very good reasons for my not buying a car when I got out of the Army. In the first place, I moved to Catalina Island. What you need there is a fibreglass inbord-outbord cruiser and they hadn't even been developed yet in 1947. And I needed no car when I got into L.A.; when you are at Sharkey's, at 6th and Bixelstrasse, and you are gassed on Sharkey's hooch and ogling the barmaid who didn't wear bras, what you don't need is a car to drive!

Then I moved to the NewYork area. You got subways. Ed Meskys says so, and he is emphatically right. So I prettied it up a little, I lived in New Jersey -- you remember all the letters in TWS/SS from 24 Kensington Ave?? So you got the Hudson Tubes that take you all the way to Newark and there wasn't a single fanclub in NY in them daze!!! Just the Hydra Club and Mason's Cellar. I heard the landlord paid him \$600 recently to move out -- is that true???

Oh, those were great days. Me and Art Saha guarding a*16-year-old*Trina* Perlson one Xmas Eve Nite in Washington Square whilst Dick Ellington and Danny Curran and assorted*other*Ghood*Fans beat off a gang of j.d.'s -- but noplase to own a car. Yas. Or was it Washington Square? Beats me.

And in Chicago, we have the El. Yes, then I moved to Chicago. There was a girl -- pardon, g*i*r*1 -- I met on a vacation trip west and she had the same Chicago address as Rog Phillips. I stopped over with Rog. Some fellows like Danny Curran have been awfully disappointed to learn the place was a big apartment building and Robbie lived on the 1st floor while Rog Phillips lived on the 3rd. No elevators, either. Some nights, I could hardly get up those damned stairs! But no car. Y'see how I'm sticking to my subject here.

So we moved to California. The Berkeley beat. Now, here you need a car. And seriously, kiddies, I had a real problem right there.

I'd never driven anything but Army jeeps -- in combat. That's an odd background, believe me, for a driver. I could take a jeep up a dry wash, bouncing off boulders, on a 60° slope with 2 guys sitting on the radiator; I could also drive down the other side. I could slam a jeep 4-wheel-drive up a road with axle-deep mud. But I could not drive a car in civilian traffic without killing somebody -- maybe even including me!

Look -- a jeep (I refer to the WW2 Army jeep) is a small, light vehicle without much power. You push the gas pedal through the floor just to get it over the rough spots, or through a slliiiding turn with the rear-end following the front end. Yas. Imagine me with a soft-sprung, 300 horsepower Detroit barge at a stoplight!!!

So I went shopping. First, I knew I wanted something like a 2-passenger go-kart with roll-bars. Second, I wanted a dealer who could service that thing! And thereupon I hit on a thing that I recommend to everyone: in buying a new car, decide the kind you want, then go to every dealer in your area selling that particular dreamboat and walk right thru his showroom into the service department! Then look around. Plenty of cars in for work? Are the mechanics really working, or trying to look nice and clean in their uniforms with the tools all up in pretty racks? Are there a dozen machine tinkerers, or just two or three? Is there a Service Manager who's a jim-dandy hustler with little time to yak with you, or is he some guy who steps out of the Sales Room and jaws with you casually?? You look around and you begin to spot the deadbeats from the live outfits.

I bought a new Fiat 500 for \$1300 from European Motors, Ltd., in San Francisco. This bug was just big enough for two people under 6 feet tall and a case of Scotch. The front wheel-wells cut into your floor space so you felt a bit pigeon-toed the first few times you rode in it; and the back wheels were back there just behind the aforementioned case of Scotch, which is nudging your backside thru two little, adjustable bucket seats.

Okay, it was small. And you got 15 horses anytime you revved the two-cylinder, air-cooled rear engine up to 4000 revolutions per minute, which was quite a howl. The car checked out at a bit over half a ton, too. That meant you had approximately 70 lbs. per horsepower -- and this meant you had damned little power. I always said that 500 had mile-a-minute acceleration. In 30 minutes from a stoplight, you got 30 miles per hour.

It was a 2-door sunroof, meaning you could roll the rubberized roof back and strap it down. It had stamped-steel framework over the doors so even with the roof down, you had virtual roll-bars working fine for just a half-ton of vehicle. And that little two-banger got 50 miles per gallon, hiway or city!

I broke it in like it was a Rolls Royce. I got the guys in that Service Dept. knowing my car -- and they told me things about it. They told me I should cruise at 55 mph, not try to keep up with the 300 horsepower cars. They told me to treat it rough. Push it in 2nd and 3rd gear (I had 4 gears forward and reverse, of course.) Forget rattles, clatters, valve noise-- just get the carburetor cleaned if it doesn't start easy. So I got to know Lou Savio, the Service Manager, and Giovanni, their chief mechanic. When John took my Fiat 500 out for a test-run, I rode along. And I had the sweetest two-banger he'd ever heard.

I could turn inside the older Volkswagens at 40 mph, cutting sharp where they'd have rolled over if they tried it. I could corner hairpin turns as flat as a Maserati racing car at 50 mph. I could stop on a dime -- panic stops, where your life's in your throat. But I didn't know anything yet!

I had two smashups with it. I'm following a kid in a Chevvy one Sunday morning when he slows, pulls to the right side of the road, and hits his brakes a coupla times. I swing out to the left and start to pass him. He does a left turn -- without signalling, completely blind (he trusted his rear-view mirrors) -- toward a Church parking lot. He plowed into my right side and I bounced off him. Ruined the right door and rear body panel. But he'd had his driver's license only a coupla weeks.

Second time, some months later, I swing off the Freeway and slosh into downtown Berkeley one rain-soaked morning and a dame in another Chevvy is tail-gating me. There's a girl walking across in a crosswalk. I hit the brakes and stop. The dame in the Chevvy piles into me. She gets a citation from Berkeley Police (which we called) and one of my witnesses is the girl in the crosswalk. I rented a car the 11 days my Fiat was being repaired, and that dame in the Chevvy had her insurance company pay me 400 bucks.

But what I mean is, I broke it in like the Rolls Royce Company would break in one of their cars. I redlined it at 35 mph for the first 250 miles. Then for the next 100 miles, I started goosing it up to 40 -- and letting it coast back to 35. But each time, I'd hold it at 40 a little longer. Maybe 3 seconds, then 5 seconds. Finally, I was driving at 40 maybe 5 minutes. So I started cruising at 40, and dropping back to 35 occasionally. All those rough parts in the new engine rubbed together, heated up, then I let it cool off. Then I rubbed 'em together a bit more. They began to wear smooth in a tight, even fit all-around. The engine began to settle down to a smooth, even sound. It had more power. I did it at 45, 50, 55...

I got damn close to 20 horsepower in an engine the manufacturer rated at 15 horsepower. But that took time.

And we took trips. I bought this Go-Devil in April '59, and on Labor Day Weekend we began a 2-week vacation from the University of California. And my Dad was running a little package liquor store off the hiway in San Patricio, New Mexico -- a Post Office between Roswell and Ruidoso. So Robbie and I rode this Fiat 500 to New Mexico.

We took off from here to Salt Lake City. We rolled the top down. I wore swimming trunks & sandals, Robbie wore shorts-and-halters & sandals. We kept seeing all these big Detroit barges with the water-bags hanging on the radiator and the air-conditioner whining and the beet-red people inside staring at us! We also learned that if you drive at 55 mph, every once in awhile a whole pack of Detroit barges whizz past you at 70 mph -- but for almost 75 per cent of the time, you have the whole highway to yourself! (I suspect this is true at any speed under 70, but I've not checked it out.)

We reached the Salt Flats outside (west of) Salt Lake City about 2:30 in the afternoon. But there was a slight overcast obscuring the Sun. We Rolled Across, Top Down, in perfect comfort. The guys with the air-conditioners hated us. And then we jacklegged south, took in the Arches Nat'l Park outside Mohab, and popped over to Mesa Verde with its cliff dwellings. Now, the entry to Mesa Verde goes from 5500 ft. to 9000 ft. in 20 miles or less. My Indian ancestors knew where to build -- so long as the drought

held off. Actually, it wasn't as much fun up there as back at the Arches. It was rather cool at Mesa Verde's altitude. At the Arches (near Moab, Utah --not Mohab, dammit) it was 120° in the shade at High Noon. Robbie was in Shorts & Halter, I was in Swimming Trunks Rolled Down Bikini Style. And the other tourists were staggering around blazing-red in frocks and white-shirts-with-tie and a coat dangling limply over the arm! Every tourist we met congratulated us on having the right idea!

Robbie got a photo of ol' hawknose meh, standing before a rock inscribed with Indian pictographs in rolled-down swimtrunks, and pointing with a twig to some such passage like some Professor lecturing before a blackboard!

But Robbie went into some cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde. I wasn't much interested. Some of my other ancestors, the Navajos, had given these pueblo guys one hellova time after they've left here and started building pueblos... or are my American ancestors the Comanchero/Comanche line? I dunno!...anyway, we rolled on from here and I showed her genuine steam locomotives at Chama, New Mexico. (Robbie's dad was an oldtime railroad telegrapher.) In fact, we spent the nite there, with a couple narrow-gauge coal burners squealing steam-up the nite thru in that sparkling mountain air. We slept like logs.

But we'd learned plenty from that Fiat 500. It was a hard-riding little beast. About 1½-2 hours was about all you could stand of riding in it. Then you had to pull off to the side of the road, get out the Thermos kit, pour a coupla cups, and relax over coffee and cigarettes -- then get out and walk around a little. Passing cars kept wafting wolf-whistles at Robbie, ver-r-ry fetching in shorts a bit too tight, on that sparkling mountain air.

Actually, I'm convinced that a Thermos kit in the car and a roadside stop every 1½=2 hours is the best insurance you can have on any trip.

I took Robbie down and showed her the spooky "badlands" where my Dad tried to raise cattle, and Cuba that used to be a little one-street cowtown, and then to Bernalillo over eroded land we used to blaze new roads every Spring, and north to Santa-Fe-which-isn't-the-Santa-Fe-it-was. And I showed her Indian pueblos like Santo Domingo and told about the Indian from there that my parents used to know. And I took her into Albuquerque for a taste -- at the Coney Island Cafe on Central Avenue, where chili is hotter than anyplace I know in the entire Southwest, and I love the stuff (Central and 6th or 7th, that is, Tacketts; you know the place?) while I told her how that town used to be.

When we ran south, Robbie got a little perturbed, y'know, when a breeze blew the sand across the hiway so thick you couldn't see the road anymore, you just had to guess. I explained that that was nothing at all, that a real sandstorm was when you couldn't see anything and it took the paint off the car, and besides it was the wrong time of year for that.

We got down into Lincoln County, where Billy the Kid made some sort of mark, and over near the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation on the highway we find my dadgummed father's liquor store. Well-1-1, Dad takes a kind of a look at my little car and doesn't say much.



Now, I will have to tell you something about my Dad and his driving habits. He went into northwestern New Mexico in 1919 with a wagon and a team of little red mules, and that's the way he drives. He's a "turn-off" man. This means you drive paved hiways at 75 mph in the biggest, heaviest car you can get; and when you meet something, you drive around it. And If You're Coming Around Something on a hill, say, or a blind turn -- and if there just happens to be something coming at you from the other direction -- you Turn Off! I have known Dad to "turn off" a fully-loaded 1-ton truck over a 15-foot bluff and hit a plowed field, tearing out wheels, axles, springs and all. He believes it is an utterly infallible way to drive, tho. You ride with him, that's the ride you get!

So he looks at our Li'l Bug and he goes "errr" and "ummm" and "aaaahhhh" -- until Robbie goes to work on him. C'mon, she says, take a ride with us. Don't be chicken, she says, give it a try. Just climb in, she tells him, and hang on tight!

Well, I must remind you that Dad's liquor store is on the hiway between Roswell and Ruidoso -- and add that Ruidoso is a mountain resort with skiing and tobaggoning and all that jazz come winter. So the road up to Ruidoso is one of those hairpin things with turns posted at 25 mph. You got the scene? So Dad climbs in, and Robbie folds her legs up in the back bench (meant for cases of Scotch) and Dad clamps one rope-hardened hand on the bucket seat under him and another on his Stetson -- and we're off!

I took every damn' one of those turns at 55 mph. Dad kept yelling "Whoo-eeee!" all the way up to Ruidoso. I just had to skid into one of those turns, floor the throttle and blast her out of it--and he was sold. From then on, the week we stayed over, every customer to his liquor store had to come outside for a look at our Fiat 500 which had taken every damn turn to Ruidoso at 55 mph! Whooo-eeeeee!

We came back over the Continental Divide on Route 66. But I don't like that goddam thing, I find it too goddam straight and at 55 mph it gets too hypnotic both on the driver and anyone riding with him. So we ducked off and saw Meteor Crater in Arizona. But by Flagstaff, we'd had enuff.

So we jockeyed north and took in the Grand Canyon. Then on up into Utha--I mean Utah--and Jim Bridger's country (know your history, kiddies) for a bit of Zion Nat'l Park. And then southwest to Las Vegas, a turn around the streets with bright gambling-joint-neon-signs, and north toward Reno. There's a turnoff west at Tonapah or somesuch place that leads to Yosemite. And at this eastern entry to Yosemite is a li'l town, I forget its name, and we stay there overnight -- during which it rains like hell. Next morning, cars coming down over the Pass from Yosemite have sheaths of ice hanging on 'em. I decide then&there we will see Yosemite some other time, and we depart for Carson City and a good highway over the Sierras to California and a straight route to San Francisco.

And it does rain, believe me. The next morn, we drive thru torrents. But that "good highway" turns out to be under construction, too, and there is this small detour in the midst of the Sierra Nevadas with cars, big diesel

rigs and oil trucks bogged down where they slide off, one place! So we go down into this "detour" with a stream of cars and the mud&water keeps getting deeper and deeper, until finally it is over our front bumper and the bumper's throwing mud up into our windshield -- and this vintage Pontiac wets its plugs and conks out ahead of us. So I drive around him, blaze a new road -- roaring and snorting thru the mud, with the front bumper plowing into it like a bulldozer's blade, flinging it high -- and not another damn' car could follow me!

We bought a new set of windshield wipers and rolled home.

Well, the Fiat 500 was exactly what I set out to buy -- a two-passenger go-kart with spare tire and turn-signals. But it had its faults. The control cables were always stretching, demanding adjustment or replacement. The air ducts that let warm air into the cab were warped and rattled so bad I had the whole thing ripped out. The clutch was too weak for the job and wore out every 30,000 miles. The generator was always giving trouble, the wiring and batteries got shorted out, the starting motor wasn't hefty enuff.

We took another trip. Involuntarily.

Roberta's father was in the hospital in North Idaho, dying. We got the word, and started out at one ayem with whatever we could throw into suitcases. The Li'l Bug had had no pre-trip checkup. We didn't know the brakes were dragging, the automatic adjusters on rear drum and front disc brakes not working. We pushed it. I did 60 mph on mist-wet roads around Mount Shasta.

She broke down when we got there. I got a garage to store her while we arranged the funeral for Robbie's father. Then I had that garage to hook up its battery-recharger while I started the engine, we drive to Spokane and buy a new battery, and then we head South. The brakes still drag. We still don't know it. One nite I pull into a gas station, and that li'l two-banger is only running on one cylinder. The guy at the gas station tells us that the nearest Fiat dealer is Locarti Bros. in Walla Walla, 135 miles away. We drove it that nite, over mountain roads, on one cylinder. We found Locarti Bros. in Walla Walla and a motel with a vacancy only a block away.

The next morning, a mechanic and I pushed the Li'l Bug over to their workshop. He stripped it down. He had to get new valves from down the line. It took two days getting out of there. Then we rolled south, again. Into a blizzard.

There was at least an inch of ice on the highway, one morning, with cars shimmying and wiggling their rear-ends along at 20 m-p-h, and our Li'l Bug was blasting along at 40. That rear engine put enuff weight on the rear wheels to match our weight in the front seats perfectly. No slide.

We put nearly 60,000 miles on it, after that. We still had the original set of tires, tho they'd begun to resemble racing slicks. I'd had two clutches put into it, too, and a new generator. And the Blue Book value just listed " " as far as its' trade-in value! And I was only getting 45 miles per

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gallon on ethel gas, the clutch was going again, etc., etc.

So I ordered new tires. They'd be put on Monday. Friday before, I drive round to campus, drop Robbie off, and head for the parking lot. The starter cable breaks. I push it, get it started again, and head for San Francisco.

The full repairs, plus tires, equals \$200. The guy who sold it to me is now manager of European Motors. He walks over to me in the shop and offers me \$300 for it on a new '63 Fiat 1100 4-door sedan.

There are two things I have to point out, here. Or maybe three.

First: I always took my Bug back to these guys for work. Now, most 500's have their engines burned out in less than 30,000 miles in the US, yet there I was in to have the carburetor cleaned at 45,000 miles, with the original tires, and I'd been to New Mexico besides -- and a salesman sold a customer a new Fiat 2100 Super Sports Rocketblaster on the spot. I don't just surmise this, I heard it happen. I just didn't believe it 'til now.

Second: I had seen the original Fiat 1100. Jim Caughran owned one that he sold to Bill Rickhart. It was a piece of junk. The generator and clutch were particularly bad. Defects in the new car hadn't been corrected by the original owner, and Jim ended up with a bent axle. I didn't like the 1100!

So this manager asks if I've seen the '63 model 1100, then walks me over to look at it. And it is the first one shipped out of Italy (the serial number proves this) besides being just serviced up to be their demonstrator model -- but with under 25 miles on the speedometer, if I buy it, I can drive it away that afternoon. So I kind've look this barg over.

It isn't a barg. It's a bobcat. BOBtailed and snub-nosed and mean. No sportscar -- it works out, broken in, at 42 lbs. per horsepower which is nothing to race with -- but with 2nd gear topping out at 40, 3rd at 60, and 4th (high) at 90, a good break-in can probably put this car in the 100mph class with corresponding boosts-in-power in the lower gears.

IF it's not a lemon. If I find it just won't do, I'll use it as a trade-in. A '63 model will rate pretty high.

But look -- Fiat has dropped the original Morelli stuff and installed heftier Bosch (German) generator, a heftier clutch, and a 2-throat carb!!! They're out for blood. There's a dozen things about this '63 1100 that I wished were in the Volkswagen!

So I bought it. So the first thing I notice is that the steering isn't just stiff (new cars always are) but it's getting stiffer. Finally, this car is as hard to steer as a Mac truck! And there's an oil leak--I'm breaking in on a fresh quart of oil every 100 miles--and the gas pedal rattles.

So I took it back.

Giovanni wondered how the hell I ever drove it back -- if it was him,

He'd Have Called Them To Come Get The Damned Thing! It seems the factory at Torino hadn't put enuff protective gunk in the steering-mechanism king pins. Now, most American cars have two (2) kingpins. The steering-wheel post extends down to the front axle (where it can be hit by a headon collision and driven into the driver's chest like a spear, dish-shaped steering wheels notwithstanding) and there it hooks up with the two front wheels, through two front king-pins which they swing on.

In the Fiat 1100 (and the Morris Minor, which Poul Anderson has, and several other European makes) there are three kingpins. The Steering Wheel Post extends just past the dashboard and no farther; then there is a crossbar to the two front wheels. One kingpin links the steering post to the crossbar, then the two conventional kingpins link the crossbar to the front wheels.

On the trip over, a little salt moisture had gotten into my kingpins. This didn't bother the tempered-steel kingpins, but they swing inside bronze bushings. The bronze got corroded. It began to scratch and bind and pile up in fine metal shavings.

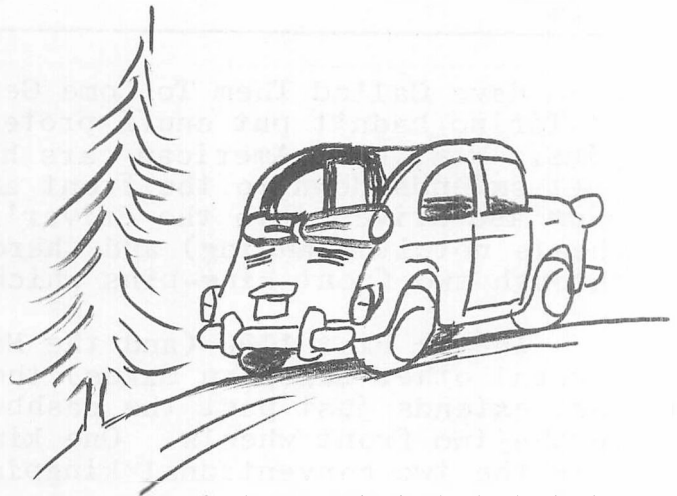
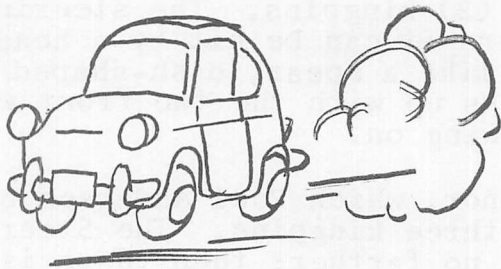
GiOvanni got the two front wheel bushings off okay. But the crossbar bushing was so tight, he had to split it with a chisel and peel it off the kingpin. So he polished and hand-fitted the two good bushings. He replaced (and polished and hand-fitted) the crossbar bushing.

Result: I've got a car with less than 1,500 miles on it. The steering mechanism behaves like I had 5,000 miles on it, feather-light and with sheer fingertip control -- and there isn't any play in it at all from wear! I just don't know when this steering mechanism will ever wear out! But you see what it means. Most customers would have rejected this car out of hand. I had them work on it. I knew who was working on it, knew what they discovered, what they did about it.

The oil leak was a flaw in the casting of a side-plate. I had John braze it, put a fat bead over the entire area of the flaw, and I'll never have any trouble with that again.

Also, while I had it in for the 1,000 mile check, I had 'em put Wynn's Fricti0 n Proofing in the transmission and differential. You guys in the know can smile at what that did to stiff gear-shifting and whatnot.

The rest of you can back off. I know what American rigs are, too. I've driven 'em while working at the University of California, which has some damn fool Statewide "buy American" policy regarding cars. I checked out in a wild, Dago version of a Go-Kart when you spelled it with capital letters. And when I took out one of the University's cars, American-made, I peeled a half-inch of rubber off the tires starting out, rocked the damn' whale on its side at every turn, and had the front bumper actually dig defenite trenches when I stopped that thing! On a fast turn, I've had it tippy-toe across the goddam highway while I worked thru the slow automatic shift to downshift the barge for a clean climb-out. On manual gearshifts, I've done a little better -- but a hellova lot of guys simply didn't want to ride with the joker who throws a Detroit barge around like that!



"But I'm only doing 55 mph!"

"Yeah, but you keep going thru them goddam holes!"

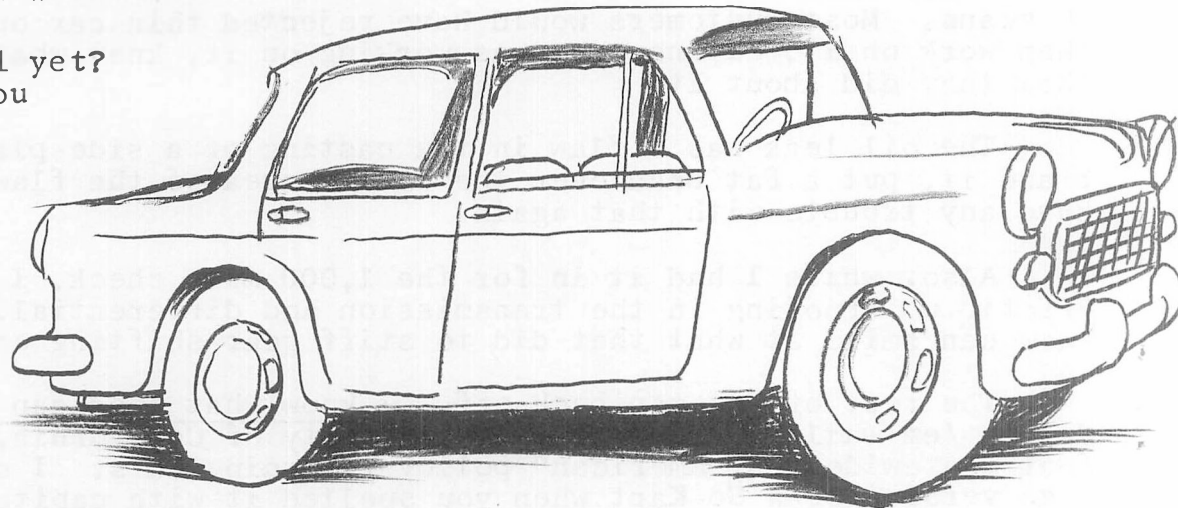
"Joe, this back seat is utterly obscene!"

"Oh, I see -- you twitch your ass and it turns!"

"I -- uh -- guess you get pretty good milage on it, tho -- hunh?!"

"Had an overhaul yet?
Heheh -- oh, you
haven't, huh?"

"WHOO-EEEE!!!"



THE NEW MACHINE is no Li'l Bug, tho it's still smaller than a Rambler. Body-style is somewhat improved over the earlier Fiat 1100's, too ...

Oh, I can do it. I don't do it very often, unless I'm with some guy who starts sounding off. I've had guys who could really do it. One guy worked for me who'd been driving tow-trucks for Fisher's, the outfit that pulls wrecks off the Freeway. He had a Triumph TR-3 with Judson blower and electric over-drive; and he liked to pop into hairpin turns at 80 mph and give it a flick of the handbrake! Nuff sed?

Well, there's the tale and that's how it reads. I want to take this bobcat of an 1100 on a few trips, now, like down to LA to see the Trimble and return to Ellick his copy of some book or other Robbie borrowed -- SILVER-LOCK or something like that -- just to give this 4-door sedan with bucket seats in front and finned aluminum brakes and thorough undercoating a nice tryout. Besides, there's a new route I'd like to explore....

But I don't underrate the American jobs. I've learned plenty tooling around the University's Ford saloons and shooting brakes (someone in England can explain this) about cars built for the American housewife. But just recently, I've read reports on new American cars that slide into corners flat, have plenty of blast on the way out, and have full control thru the gears. This, to me, is good. Why have foreign car competition if it won't get Detroit off the dime???

Incidentally, I've said one time bevore (in anodder fanzine) that American pick-up trucks are the best in the world. Ford is bringing out a '63 pick-up, the F-100, with the same suspension and other stuff as a heavy-duty truck -- no nonsense about building a pick-up on a passenger-car frame.

This is good. Up to now, Chevvy's been building better $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton pickups than Ford has. Better thru the gears, better in the long haul.

But this Ford F-100 for '63 sounds like something for Larry Shaw's RODDING & RESTYLING. Not as a pickup truck, but because it sounds like a damned good foundation to accept for a custom fibreglass sedan or sports-car body, or even a Classic design (like a 1932 touring car). What Larry needs for this is an artist who can turn out a good, commercial job showing such custom designs on the Ford F-100 chassis.

After all, DAIMLER started out building passenger-car bodies on truck chasses!

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...As for you guys who've been mentioning sportscars in your fanzines, it seemed to me you weren't telling what the machines would do. That is the one thing to be told on this subject. Skip that, and you're just a guy showing off.

Who needs that?

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TAFFING WITH ETHEL Robbie says: As is usual after a World Con, the fan-zines are extolling the post-prandial perambulations of the Taff candidates and other BNF's -- and as regards Ethel Lindsay, Joe and I concur with all the nice things that are being said about the wee lassie, one-hundred ~~per cent~~ percent. The Berkeley blowout ("Down At Donaho's") tho tossed for her with almost no prior warning, will probably be written up at great length as being the usual swingin'est anyway, so I'll skip that except to say the only reason we made it to work nextday was that we sat on ourselves and left early -- but only after we'd made a few plans.

We had heard that there were certain mutterings about the Overseas Visitors being monopolized and Closed Door Parties at the Con, so what we proposed was a brief dinner for Ethel and a few others and that's all, which left the evening free for whatever anyone else proposed. We understand the crowd met at the Ellingtons'.

Anyway, we arranged that Jerry and Miriam (with whom she'd be touring Berkeley that day) bring Ethel up to the University campus, and we'd all have dinner in the new Dining Commons. Biff Demmon, also working on campus, was included. The Commons is set up cafeteria fashion, and is done in stainless steel, butterfly roof, and acres of towering plate-glass walls overlooking Strawberry Creek and other fine campus scenery. Also fascinatin' items like the cream-dispenser, for her cuppa. And the "Roads Must Roll" conveyers that remove the trays of dirty dishes -- we almost lost her there, she leaned into it so far!

And afterward, it being sixish, and the Campanile serenading the now-quiet campus with some fine tunes, we walked thru Sather Gate, up past Wheeler and South Halls, thru the Campanile Esplanade (where stone bear cubs cavort on stone benches), down University Drive past the Library and back thru Dwinelle Plaza. (Joe still calls it "Shotgun Square" after certain events that occurred when I was with the U.C.P.D.) It was only a minute tour compared with what we would have liked, but other plans had been made for her, and time was running out. I am very glad, tho, that whenever Ethel looks at the packets of sugar labelled Fiat Lux (that we swiped for her at the Commons) or hears mention of the University of California at Berkeley, she can think to herself, "I saw that, too."

We didn't manage to include the Crunchy-Munchy man, but I guess you can't have everything.

+ + + + +

AND TAWFING WITH WILLIS Joe here: y'see what happens when you turn loose a yakkity female? There's no stopping her! Oh, well. Walt & Madelaine were here, too. Alva Rogers and I managed to monopolize Walt for a few minutes at the gathering -- yeh, you guessed it: "Down At Donaho's" -- telling him dirty Irish stories. Then I start monopolizing Madelaine in the kitchen and the conversation's just getting interesting ("Y'know, I wish you had been on that bus rather than Walt, that first time!" ... "Oh, d'you think we'd have gotten any sleep?") when here comes Alva, again.

(Cont'd, I hope, on page ⁺_五)

G²

13

...So here 'tis the 7th of October, and normally our Oct. ish would be coming out near the end of the

LOX

month, so all I gotta do now is publish our August & September ishes in the next two weeks....

We have heard from Lewis Grant, Lee Riddle, Don Wollheim, Harry Warner Jr., and Ron Ellik, so far, who're simply going to have to wait 'til nextish to see what we do about it. But here's a small taste to hold you over:---

CYRUS C. STURGIS, JR., 808 West Wynnewood Rd., Ardmore, Penna.

Number 11 was wonderful. Please extend my subscription for another 12 issues. Here's my buck.

+ It always seems to shock and dismay sundry other fanzine editors that
+ one letter of comment we always like to get, around here, says merely
+ "E Pluribus Unum" -- but considerable 2nd-thots on the matter have con-
+ vinced me that it only seems this way becuz I'm always shocked and dis-
+ mayed that others should think what I do is any standard they should
+ follow. Common sense should tell 'em not to follow my example!!! It
+ told me, clearly enuff, not to follow theirs....

JOHN & BJO TRIMBLE, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, Calif.

Hey, it's really g o o d to hear that Joe's got a job once more... and of your change, Robbie (tho it's sad to hear that math may be taking hold). We've been quite worried about how things were going for you, and this is a relief.

Howcum no G² for us to let us know the score, tho? Sheesh! We have to get the news from Al Lewis and that unreliable, bushy-tailed back fence of fandom...what a blow!

+ Robbie addressed issue #11, and you're right about math taking hold --
+ I think she copied the CoA's out of old Vladivostok telephone directory.
+ Incidentally, anyone else know somebody who's not getting their g²'s and
+ should -- let us know! A lot of CoA's accumulated in that 5-month lapse.
+ The Trimble's are outdoing us with their new Olympia standard typer, tho
+ -- the only typewriter I've heard of yet where the whole dang alphabet
+ is square -- making 'em the only peoples in fandom who can type "G²"
+ without using the "2" ...

BOB TUCKER, Box 478, Heyworth, Ill.

-pocotsarcd-

Dear Sir & Brother:

I have a thirty-eight regular.
What do I do now?

+ Yessir, I knew something must've been wrong when I tried to draw Bob
+ Tucker's likeness for FAAANS TO THE BLOODY SKIES and it not only wasn't
+ even close, it reproed badly giving him a fat lip! By gosh, I'm sorry

+ about that, it shattered my self-confidence. And I just don't feel capable
 + of answering Bob's question here all by myself. I feel that I need assis-
 + tance. So what do the rest of you say? Bloch? Liebscher?? Harry
 + Warner?? GM Carr??? Trimble? Moffatts? You, Rick?? Betty Kujawa???
 + Or --

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Ill.

CONGRATULATIONS! It reads as though the surgery was successful, you're feeling better...and all those aggravations are lessening...like jobs, etc. But what about this genius up the hill? Don't you have rain? Will the stumps and logs hold that fill? Or will it slowly wash down and fill your patio. Of course, if you have been planning a terraced patio, this is good.

+ Shush, now! Let's not be letting this get out; but the bluff above our
 + patio is solidly packed rock shale with a ledge near the bottom where
 + nothing but weeds and poison oak will grow. I'm hoping for seepage to
 + bring down a nice layer of topsoil, build a stairway up to the ledge,
 + and -- yes, a terraced patio, with maybe some fruit trees. But shush!

My first reaction to your bordered commentary and questions was a direct response to the phrase "cultural motivations"...social psychology and symbolic interaction are a particular enthusiasm with me...in fact, with just one little cue, I go off for hours. ((+After reading Tucker's pactsarcd, d'you think you are good for the full 6 orbits?+))

But after reading a few reminiscences of early fandom, it's apparent that I don't have enough facts to make even intelligent guesses. But one thing strikes me...that in the early Letters To The Editors in prozines, the more involved writers were those who were concerned with the mathematics or physics problems incorporated into the stories...and several writers were on-the-job scientists rather than writers with a knowledge of scientific matters. Now this was and is my impression. Today, the pro field and fandom has expanded to permit greater exercise of interests and skills...but what is now hush-hush work..or so it seems to me..was the original framework upon which all fandom interaction was based...so speculations that used to show up in our fiction now lie in a folder somewhere.

+ Gad, are you showing what old prozines YOU used to read! Well, you've
 + heard me talk about stf really tackling the interstellar frontier, and
 + I think you'd see those Letters To The Editor again in Brass Tacks --
 + but you never saw 'em in WEIRD TALES or PLANET STORIES. Did she, Rick?

A few writers are extrapolating social, cultural or economic factors and testing their conclusions within the framework of fiction. But, funny, are there any social workers, psychologists, psychiatrists, cultural anthropologists who write for us? I haven't heard of any. They are in fandom. We've met them.

Harry Warner's bit with the exposure meter is good...and funny to those who know what the directions read like...and then there was the time I was

trying to take candid shots...fast ones...getting reacquainted with my strobe light...and Richard wouldn't help me....and I was trying to go thru that same damned routine Harry describes...with Richard saying firmly to me, "Go ahead...shoot...don't wait...you'll lose your picture...go ahead..shoot..." If I had had a camera...another one, that is...he would have had this camera solidly imbedded in the softer part of his skull. Eventually, I couldn't even guess whether the subject was six or 14 feet from the camera. Of course, now that my new camera has an LVS arrangement, some of the problem is eliminated....

###next time around, do you want to use the Hebrew alphabet? The script is prettier than the Greek!###

+ Okay, we'll use anything to number the pages in this fanzine. I was
+ mildly disappointed after that first mad fling, tho -- nobody wrote
+ asking, "What's this you've got instead of page numbers? It's all
+ Greek to me!" Tsk. Well, does this have it about the way you drew
+ it for us? Too bad Avram Davidson hadn't a thirty-eight regular to
+ feature here instead of Hoy Ping Pong....

+ I have to number the pages in nonreproducing pencil for the printer.

+ Sometime Rick Sneary is going to take me to task for not extrapolating
+ what good, rollicking, hell-for-breakfast science-fantasy stories could
+ be created in a framework of interstellar stf. But we were out visiting
+ the Zettels in Sacramento, last weekend; and Gail, Len's wife, isn't a
+ fan, she says, but she admits it's interesting how we had all that stf
+ 20 years ago about what's happening for real, now....and I had to point
+ out to her that we've got no stf now with anything we can claim is bound
+ to come 20 or 200 years in the future. To me, this amounts to having
+ no stf at all. And I'm not a Science fan, like you or Len.

+ + + + +

TAWFING SOME MORE: . . (cont'd from page 12)

But once we'd got Walt started off on the IRA activities in that part of Belfast where John Berry lives, I knew we'd established the esprit to make it a foine evening for one-and-all. I've just wondered how it could ever get written up.

I mean, things like Sid Rogers' comment on Walt Willis: "He's got a little Fritz around the eyes!" (There is some resemblance to Fritz Leiber if you discount the points on the ears -- but then, Fritz has eyebrows that grow together and fur on his palms, and there are other slight differences once you come right down to it.)

Anyway, we learned the Greyhound busses weren't quite so bad, this time. In fact, they hadn't had a single one break down under them yet! Only trouble was, the footrest wouldn't adjust in one, blasted thing!!!

(In case you're really wondering,
this is page 16. Honest, it is!)

AND THE SAME OL' JAZZ is heard in
this corner
--meaning "sorry, no trades" and
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