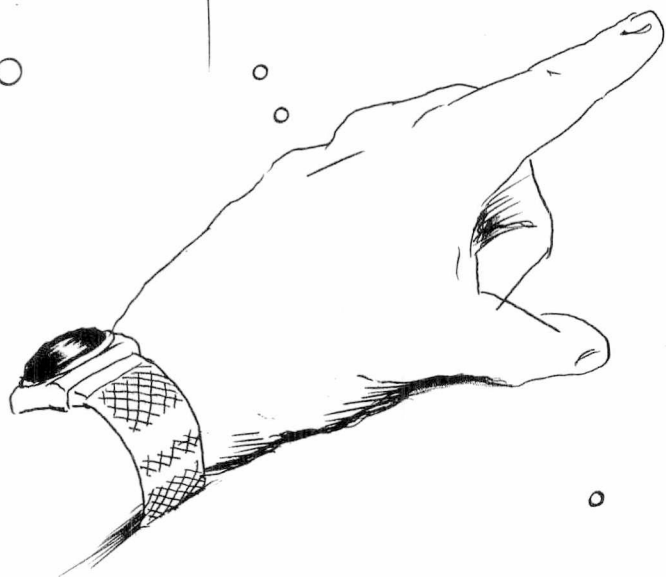
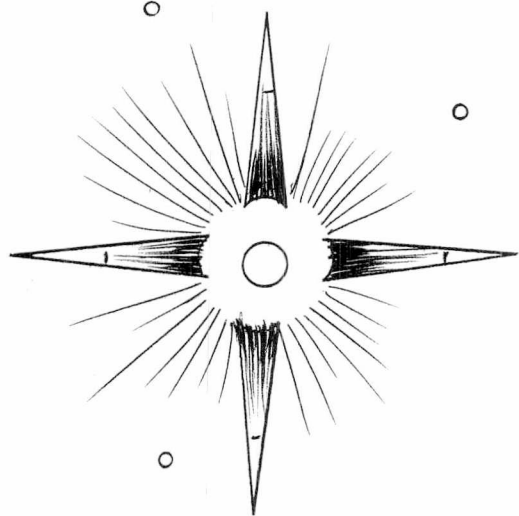




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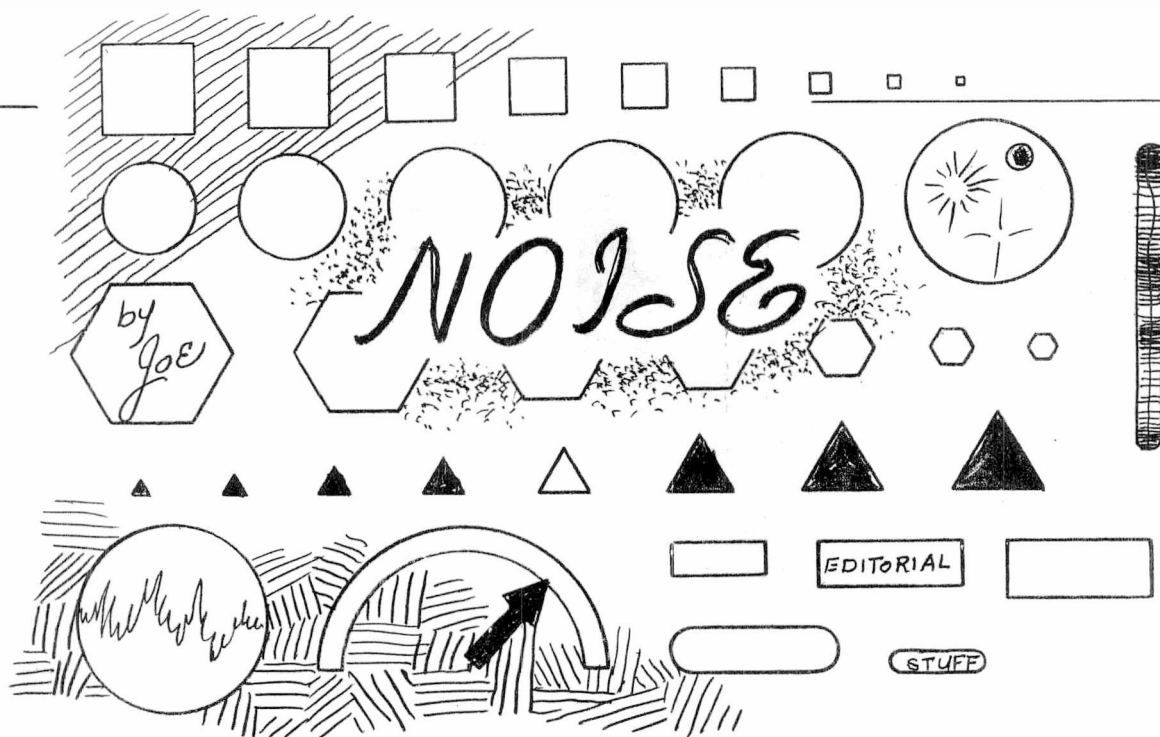
No. 6



"THAT'S NO STAR - THAT SHIP'S GONNA **LAND** HERE!"

FEBRUARY

1963



This month, it's just like Uptown -- an editor's column here, a feature article and a rip-roaring lettercol. You could almost call this a fanzine! Incidentally, I've been somewhat amused at the way you've all fairly agreed to call g2 a "personality zine" and there's Buck Coulson even called me "a personality" when I'd rather expected the word "character" would be used, instead. Um, yez.

F'rinstance, right here I am desiring to toot a few blasts on the old horn. No doubt some of you buy and perhaps read an occasional issue of Avram Davidson's fanzine, F&SF? I thot so. Now, do any of you recall a comment I made to one of Rick Sneary's letters, some months back? I said something like, "Wouldn't it be great to have a Willy Ley/Chesley Bonestell book called Conquest of the Stars?"

And a couple issues back, F&SF had an astronomical cover by Bonestell. And the inside-jacket blurb (or contents-page blurb, somewhere like that) said it was from a new Viking book by Willy and Ches, tentatively titled TO THE STARS: Man's Final Adventure.

I'm going to cast a coldly critical eye over that book when it comes out. It had better have the dope on the ridge-stars, bighod. And more, much more -- when the day comes that Willy Ley can't even do as much as I can, it's not Willy Ley anymore. I'm already a bit perturbed by that "tentative title" which would have it as Man's Final Adventure. Final, huh? More likely, all the history mankind racks up prior to Heading For The Stars will be nothing more than an incubation period -- we won't really show our stuff until we're Out.

Yep, I gotta Sense of Wonder and it's damn' good for laughs.

The other thing I want to crank the horn about involves a certain personality you've undoubtedly heard of: John W. Campbell, Jr.

FASTEN YOUR SEAT / BELT.



--by Robbie Gibson

At the outset, let me declare that I have, for long, toyed with the idea of putting part of My Past on paper, but have (up until now) had second thoughts about it. I don't often take the opportunity of blowing my own horn, but the comments that BettyK made about Joe's W.O.W.S. of Cassidy and Flying the Mail and the recounting of my own brother's earning the sobriquette of "Snowstorm Collins" has broken my reserve to the point where I feel the need to add one more goose-bump to Betty's goose-bumps.

...For me, 1947 will always be The Year I Flew.

The background is, of course, necessary. I was, for several years about then, employed by a company whose first occupation was in shipping cedar fenceposts from our North Idaho Community to the midwest. They branched out into lumber in general, and at the time this narrative begins, had acquired several mills at scattered locations; and my boss began to feel the need of an aeroplane which could keep him in touch with his outlying empire -- and could be utilized to get repair parts from Spokane, Washington (our nearest metropolis) without having a 24 to 48 hour wait, with an expensive mill and crew idle.

The word got out, and presently a couple of young men flew in from Sandpoint, 30 miles south of Bonners Ferry (where I was), in a pontoon equipped Taylorcraft, landing in the river and tying up to a landing some 300 feet from the local high school. My boss took a demonstration ride, heard their sales pitch, and said he'd think it over. The lads, opportunists, had a few drinks at a local establishment, and spent the rest of the day dispensing rides at so much per fifteen-minute flight. That, in fact, is where my brother Tom got his first flight. As I was on the office staff, they had invited me down to have a look-see at the plane. When I arrived, I found high school out, and a crowd of youngsters -- Tom, then 15, included -- settled in on the bank, looking longingly at the Unattainable. Tom was practically drooling. I took pity (from the lofty vantage-point of earning a wage) and wrote him a check, and he got fifteen minutes of pure thrill.

What I had not been aware of was that the pilot and his buddy had

imbibed more than somewhat and, in all truth, were both about three sheets to the wind, altho holding it pretty well. In fact, Tom probably got the wildest fifteen minutes anyone could have bargained for -- that guy put the T-craft thru everything it could do, and some it wasn't recommended for. When they came in, Tom got out a little green around the gills, but with a grin So Wide, and he didn't stop talking for a week.

That summer, he started lessons, acting as general errand boy around the field, soloed, went on, and was manager of the local scene before he got his Instructor's and Commercial licenses.

The following Spring, the boss opened a branch office in Sandpoint and it was decided that I, being familiar with the work, would move down there and act as secretary and general help to the guy who was managing it. Which I did.

Thirty miles wasn't far, but I didn't drive or own a car so I only got home weekends. It was kinda lonesome. The only person I knew in town, other than my landlady, was the owner of the airport -- the man who had, meantime, taught my boss to fly the Taylorcraft he had purchased (not, I might add, the one with the floats the two thirsty lads had demonstrated).

Don Kramer -- the man who also taught Tom to fly -- is, among many other things, a very generous person. When he discovered I was there, and very much alone, he practically took me under his wing, introducing me to his very lovely wife and including me in their frequent evenings out. I went to movies with them, had dinner with them at their home, stopped for drinks with them at the Elks Club and in general, began to enjoy being at Sandpoint. And, inevitably, I started taking flying lessons.

I was sold on Taylorcrafts. I had had, by this time, numerous short flights with various people, and I loved the qualities of that very sharp little ship. However, in actual practice I discovered that I just wasn't all that good, so for learning I went back to that work-horse of 1940 aviation, the J-3 Cub.

At the risk of sounding like a post-WW1 flyer recounting the merits of the JN-4 (known affectionately as the Jenny) I will fill in a bit on the J-3 Cub. It was a two-place high-wing monoplane, tandem seating, with a 65-horse Continental engine. It was eternally forgiving (the expression was that a Cub didn't fly, it mushed) and tho it would do aerobatics up to a point, it much preferred to do straight-and-level, and getting the thing to spin actually took an effort. It never stalled sharp and fast like the T-craft -- it practically needed to be pushed into a stall, and there was no question of the pilot not knowing it in advance. It was an excellent plane for a novice.

I had always had a romanticized view of flying. I had "eaten up" the Air War movies of the 30's. I had agonized with the rest of the

country about the disappearance of Amelia Earhart, I remembered vividly a time when I was much younger when I had seen an autogyro in flight. I was hooked, well and truly.

Looking back on that year -- from the time my boss bought his plane the previous fall -- is like looking on a time when my life was on two levels simultaneously. One was my work, and general living. The second was flying. A number of people in the community bought planes about then, and I had any number of flights. I remember flying on skis in the dead of winter, and the terrible lack of depth perception in landing on snow -- much

moreso than on water. I remember a trip to Sandpoint from Bonners Ferry where we flew at the height of the wheat in the fields, jumping fences when we came to them, and the return journey after dinner and a movie, flying by moonlight, and catching glimpses of a stream from time to time as we flew up the valley between the mountains to the darkened farm field -- no lights of any sort, and burping our engine over town as a signal that we wanted the taxi to come out the eight or so miles and pick us up.

I remember the one flight on a BT-24 that a neighbor had bought -- a great ungainly surplus metal thing that a week or so later crashed and burned, killing my neighbor and his passenger, on what had been planned as the last flight as the machine was too dangerous. They hit a high speed stall after buzzing a ranch on the North Bench.

I remember one winter morning when a pilot from Sandpoint was there -- on skis -- giving someone a flying lesson, and the front support of the ski on his right side gave way as they were climbing up from take-off, leaving the ski dangling from its back support. The pilot, J.D., was a large, big-voiced person who wasn't actually in a panic, but believed in being practical. He flew into town, cut the engine after



a number of dramatic burps, and yelled, "Send the ambulance - send the fire department - we can't get down!" They did, tho. They found that they had in the plane with them the short length of broom they kept to sweep the wings clean of snow; and when they landed, the erstwhile student was hanging out the door on the side of the damaged ski, pushing it down so they wouldn't cartwheel when they landed.

My boss had a few wild moments, too -- like the time one wheel hit a gopher hole in the wheatfield he was landing in, and the T-craft flipped over on its back. His wife was with him, and was so incensed that when she extricated herself she stalked straight down the wing toward where they had the car parked. For as long as he had that plane, people asked "how come" that row of little square patches -- high heels make such neat holes!

There was Learning to Fly. I didn't have much cash, and the lessons were expensive. However, I did manage short flights of half-hour duration, and sometimes a whole hour. I learned the standard routine -- straight-and-level, turns, pylons, etc. I wish I had my log-book, which would give a more detailed account, but it, unfortunately, is at my mother's home in Bonners Ferry. At that time, I lived for the short periods I was in the air. The thrill of checking the mags, then pulling onto the runway and actually, me, taking a machine off and flying it around the traffic pattern...and deliberately bringing it down to a safe landing, even with a critical instructor in the front seat, was one of the greatest things that had ever happened.

I schemed for time in the Cubs. I begged rides to and from Bonners Ferry (where they held flying school on weekends) so I could get a bit of free flying. One night, Sunday, coming back to Sandpoint, I remember taking off into the very teeth of a storm front, and the Cub being almost all over the sky. It was dark when we got to Sandpoint and we had a hard time seeing the windsock when we came in, but finally got the drift, and I brought the thing in. J.D. was in front, with my suitcase between his knees, including among other things a dozen eggs. I could hardly see the ground, and the storm was creating turbulences stronger than I'd ever experienced. I landed -- with about five hours total time -- and it was the best landing I'd ever made, a grease job. I was more proud of that landing than I was of any accomplishment of my life!

Nobody at that time had ever thought of putting a light of any kind on those fields, and if you came in after dark it was a flip-of-the-coin if you made it or not.

Those were the days when the veterans of WW2 were taking advantage of the G.I. Bill -- which helped finance education in a lot of fields. All the student-pilots on the field at that time (some 30 or so) were veterans -- except me. (Even the planes were veterans. Two of the Cubs were in that group of 48 planes ((one for each state)) the U.S. had given Canada when the war started -- now "invalided" back to civilian life and a new paint job.) I was also the only girl flying at

Sandpoint, at that time. I paid cash, too, when I couldn't inveigle any other means of getting off the ground. One time I remember, just after I had soloed, I bet Don Kramer I could get one out of three good landings in the T-craft, or would wash all the windows in the "flying shack" -- the office of the field. I lost, but it got another thirty-five or forty minutes into my log-book. It was that way.

I was, however, privileged to attend the "ground school" that was provided in the local high school, two evenings a week. The instructor almost had apoplexy the first time I attended that hitherto all-male assembly. And there was the evening they were to take a surplus radial engine apart to inspect its innards. I intended just to watch, but wore slacks just in case. About the first fifteen minutes, somebody handed me a screwdriver, and they couldn't part me from it or the engine the rest of the evening. As I recall, we only had a few spare parts left over when we had reassembled the thing, and the instructor had a rather martyred expression.

Anyway, in school, on paper, I did as well as any of the rest on navigation and meteorology.

And I didn't do too badly on flying, either. I do not remember the date, but it was late summer, and I had somewhere between six and seven hours of dual flight instruction, and I was getting restless. Finally, one day in the Cub, I was shooting landings with one of the instructors (not J.D. -- I didn't get along with him too well) and about the third landing I stopped at the cross-strip and told him to get out. He looked around, grinned, and asked if I thought I was ready. I said yes, and he left -- still grinning.

The first trip around, I was unused to the lack of his weight, and bounced. The second one was okay.

From then on, I was solo in the Cub. And take it from me, taking that little plane out over the lake to practice spins solo took a bit of nerve, but I did it. I knew by then that I would never be a superior pilot, but I COULD fly.

Flying I was.

By that time, a youngster (two years my senior) was out of the Parachute Corps and home, with G.I. Bill rights, and he and I made it a foursome when Don Kramer and his Margaret (Marney to her friends) went out. Outside of the office, my whole world was on wings. I took advantage of every possible opportunity. When I could fly an unfamiliar plane -- I did, even tho I could not legally log it. I had time in military (surplus) advanced trainers, twin-engined ships, hot private planes ... I loved them all, even the twin-engine job where the instructor (J.D. again) feathered one prop and I practically crippled myself flying on one engine and hitting hard rudder to compensate.

I was Flying.

I still had not soloed the T-craft. It was a sharp, well-defined machine that You flew -- not like the Cub.

One ill-fated afternoon in August, I appeared at the field. It was an inauspicious time. The guy who had been my usual instructor, Bill, wasn't there. I had just had a bit of a fight with the guy I'd been dating. On top of that, the only instructor at all available was J.D. I had flown with him, of course, but we didn't hit it off too well. On top of that, he weighed about 225 pounds and put the T-craft off a bit (with its side-by-side seats) balancewise. However, I wanted to go up.

The Taylorcraft has one vividly real characteristic. It wants to fly. In landing, you can three-point it six inches off the runway and it will float the entire length of the field. This I knew. Also, I had been doing excellent wheel landings in this same T-craft for some time -- good experience for turbulent air. But J.D. did not agree.

We went up for what our British friends call "circuits and bumps" -- landing practice. Two landings later J.D. was making caustic remarks about people who couldn't bring things down three-point -- just wheels. The third time round as I cut the engine to come in, J.D. said acidly, "Okay, bring her in three-point this time."

At that moment my subconscious kicked up and I told him firmly, "J.D., I don't want it -- YOU land it this time!" What happened was a thirty-or-so second argument, with me still in control of the aircraft. I brought it in, still arguing, with J.D. still refusing to take the controls. I brought it around and in on final approach, down to within six inches of the runway, and there we floated. As we approached the cross strip, approximately halfway, he said in a tired voice, "Okay, pull it back three-point!"



What happened, then, I could have told you would happen -- I snapped, pulled the wheel into my lap, and that was it. We zoomed up, stalled out cold at 20 feet, and dropped. J.D. being heavier by at least a hundred pounds caused us to land on his side, which took the right landing gear out neatly. We groundlooped off the runway as I cut the switches, and the right wing dug little holes in the field. When we stopped, J.D. practically fell on top of me reaching for the ignition -- rather tardily, I thought -- and then crawled across me because his door wouldn't open. It seems that they had put a brand new prop on the plane that afternoon, and he was scared stiff that I had totalled it.

I hadn't. The prop wasn't scratched. However, I did do about \$235 worth of damage to the plane. Don Kramer's "deductable" insurance didn't start until \$250 damage was done.

The picture was this: the school had flown eighteen or more hours a day all that summer, all student flying. They had not so much as scratched a wingtip in that time.

Starting with my little smash, they had eleven planes down in ten days, and two of them were complete washouts with minor injuries.

I was the only girl flying on the field.

When I showed up, after that, I was apt to be greeted with shouts of "Hello, Killer!"

The culmination to the story was Labor Day, less than ten days from my little fiasco. My date, an ex-Paratrooper as I've said, and two other paratroop veterans had been scheduled as part of the Labor Day entertainment by planning a drop near the lake. One of the three had done the same thing the year before, and at that time had opened, inspected and repacked his chute after receipt from a rental company. It had been in excellent condition. They got chutes from the same company, checked the inspection cards packed with them, and decided it would be a waste of time to repack them this time.

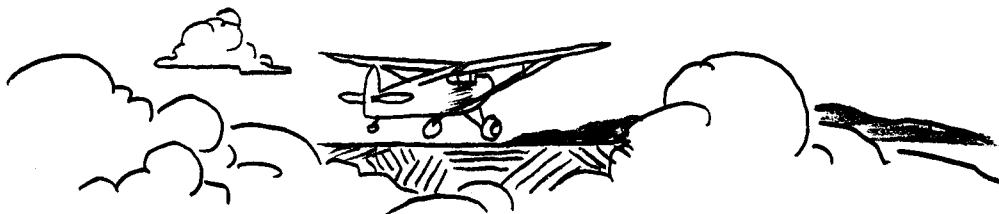
A crowd of about three thousand, including close relatives of all three, saw them jump over the lake. My date's chute opened halfway, and he had a rough landing. The second boy's chute blew two panels, dumping him into the lake very hard. The third man's chute did not open, nor did his auxiliary chute. He was killed in full view of his parents and fiancée.

* * * * *

I flew again, but not solo. I had run out of money AND ingenuity. Also, the job at Sandpoint closed, and I went home and took another. My date showed up occasionally, by plane, but things weren't the same. I finally went to Alaska, and he married the sister of the boy who had died.

Still and all, 1947 was the Year I Flew.

Remembering, I can see the field at Sandpoint, at sunset. The last little yellow Cub is on the downwind leg of the pattern, and the sun catches it. And from here, the dope and fabric of its wings assume the patina of pure gold!.....



...continued from page 2:

It was 'way back in g2#10 which came out in March, 1962, that we had an all-letterzine issue -- and one of those letters was from John W. Campbell, Jr. Those of you who remember it might also recall the topic being discussed: advertising in s-f prozines.

I was plumping for book-ads, then; Campbell was ag'in the whole thing. But the basic idea was to have advertising that would pay the cost of publishing a really good s-f prozine.

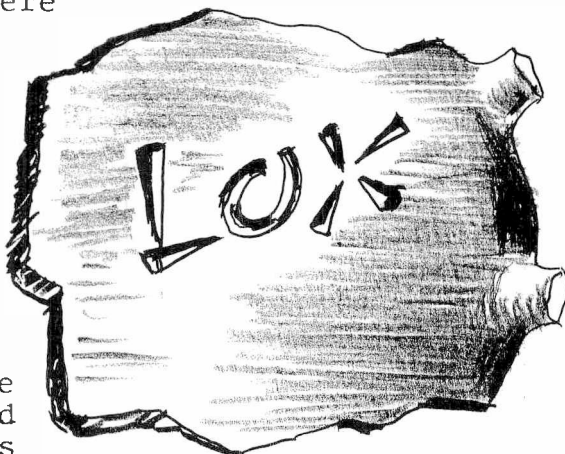
Perchance some of you have seen this month's ANALOG?

Then you know "In Times To Come" has an announcement that nextish will be **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** size, that the first and last 16 pages will be slick paper, and that the reason for it is technical advertisers make up their advertisement plates for standard-size magazines -- which won't fit digest-size pages. (The next few ANALOGs may be slim, too.)

I hope John doesn't lose ANALOG's shirt on this deal. But I've had many second thoughts about the kind of advertising suitable for s-f. One that's occurred to me lately should be very interesting to every major corporation in this country. At the University of California, I've noticed that every technical department gets loads of expensive propaganda leaflets & folders each month, offering college scholarships to capable students. It has occurred to me that s-f magazines are the one major-distribution medium where competent, imaginative technical students can be reached directly. Well, it's an idea.

But it does seem my shooting's been so close to dead-center, these two times, that both shots will have to be credited as bulls-eyes. And could you have believed it, when you read it in this zine? Damned if I could!! But look, now, I want guys like Ed Wood and Sam Moskowitz to take note of this. Becuz I'm not done with shooting around here, atall. Fact is, I'd sort've hate to get out of practice.....

...Could this here
be the potsherd
Tucker's been
looking for?
If I told 'im
once, I told
'im a dozen
times not to
keep that jug
in the priests'
chambers. Blew
hell outta the
west wall of the
ziggurat, 'e did
-- and there was
a fine time explaining that!



...Which somehow has
me remembering that
the Old Taffers' Club
is up for discussion
this month./

/You'll be
finding that somewhere
a bit further along;
it's too strong to put
right at the front of
the lettercol./

/Looks
like Sid Birchby was
cleaning out his old
fmz, came upon a g2#11
he'd rec'd. earlier, & read it.

* * * * *

SID BIRCHBY, 40 Parrs Wood Ave., Didsbury - Manchester 20, England:

The best thing in the issue was your editorial, 'Five Months Late', because it gave an insight into the tribulations of a guy who might have been excused from ever publishing a fanzine again, but nevertheless did so. Joe, you are a hero, and a shining example to some of those fen who couldn't put out a decent fanzine in any circumstances. I sincerely trust that your personal and business affairs are now a lot brighter, and that you and Robbie truly will have a happy new year.

+ The snowballing accumulation of problems over six months or a year
+ aren't so easily cleaned up as all that, but thanks all the more
+ for those kind sentiments, Sid. We can use 'em.

You know the thing that strikes me most about the issue? You still have a sense of wonder! Prodigious! Formidable! There isn't hardly another one left in the western world. What with Krushchev falling out with the Chinese over not being beastly to the capitalists and Kennedy planning to have a teleprinter fixed in the Kremlin so's he and Mr. K can talk things over without so much protocol, my own sense of wonder is not only reeling but stunned. If this goes on, I shall think there may be some truth in the report that Krushchev is coming over next summer to judge the singing at the International Bisteddfod at Llangollen.

+ I was momentarily tempted to have this paragraf of Sid's letter
+ illustrated by asking Alva Rogers to do a huge&toothsome Tyranno-
+ saurus Rex with a couple fans in propellor beanies looking at it,
+ and one of 'em saying, "So that's Joe Gibson!" But I didn't.
+ Nope, I'm publishing these remarks just as Sid Birchby wrote 'em.

SNEARY WANTS FRANSON FOR TAFF...

Now if only we can solve the colour question we'll be ready to face the universe. This we have to do! This, indeed, is what I have to do, and my only answer so far is to run away. One of the reasons why I am changing my address is the district in which I have been living is becoming--uh..integrated, would one say? At any rate, a lot of negro immigrants are moving into the area, and it's going downhill. You can call me prejudiced, if you like. Yet I have lived in Africa (not South Africa, but East Africa) and I have known some good fellows among the Africans. As far as anyone could be said to have made his mind up from personal experience rather than from reading Leftwing magazines, I have done so.

And I just don't want to live in a Manchester Harlem.

What's wrong with me?

+ Easy, now. You know perfectly well that when any neighborhood
 + "crosses the line" and starts going downhill, that's not integra-
 + tion -- that's the fine, old dirty practice some real estate outfits
 + indulge in. What you've done, moving out of it, is no more than a
 + number of negroes I've known wanted very much to do themselves. I
 + can say, happily, that they have done so here in the Bay Area. Oh,
 + there are colored slum districts in San Francisco, Oakland and near
 + here in Richmond -- firetrap tenements and patchwork shacks as bad
 + as any in the Southern U.S. -- but there's a negro district in Ghoo
 + Olde Berkeley that you can't tell from the rest of the city except
 + in summertime, when the flowerbeds around their homes are an abso-
 + lute riot of color! And about 1/5th of El Cerrito's population is
 + negro, but there is no negro district whatever. In fact, the 1962
 + income census showed El Cerrito white families averaged \$7,000 a
 + year; for the negroes, it was \$7,500. I could say a lot more on
 + this subject, but then we'd have a "racial problem" article here
 + -- not that I couldn't contribute some fresh ideas about it.
 +
 + Say, are there squirrels on Kilimanjaro?

TED ENGBL, 66-37 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills 75, N.Y.:

You do not know me, but I have been reading your g2 publication for about a year, and I enjoy it very much. I think it is a good way for fans to keep in touch with each other, to write one letter, telling all that's new, and have it read by all who may be interested, thereby saving the time and (let's face it) boredom of having to write the same thing over and over again. ((+Y'know, come right down to it, this is pretty much what's been happening in g2, all along!+)) Unfortunately, in my case, probably none of my correspondents subscribe to g2. I will perhaps find out, if you print a part of this epistle in a forthcoming issue.

You may be wondering how your letterzine happened to come into my hands. ((+No sir, not when you marry a girl like Jean Carroll! We don't casually forget good people -- there's too darned few of 'em.+))

I began going steady with Jean a year ago last September, and it was at her house that I found your magazine lying around. I read everything legible that I come across, so I began reading g2. Found it very interesting, and asked Jean about you. She gave me a brief rundown, and said that you were swell folks. I began to like you at once, without ever having met you. Sure wish I had, when you (Joe) lived in New York. I could have, if Luka had spun her wheel a little differently, since I have been visiting fan gatherings on an occasional basis for lo! these many years, in New York, Queens and Newark.

I have been a reader and collector of SF since April, 1928, when I was thirteen, and read my first issue of Amazing Stories, thru the courtesy of an uncle, in August, 1927, when aged twelve. All through high school I spent my allowance on the mags, Weird Tales too, and soon had too big a collection to cart around, with all the moving my mother used to do. Had to ditch part of it, and shed the Weirds (now so scarce) with the Argosies, Battle Aces, Wings and other miscellaneous titles I read (Doc Savage included), and held onto only the Amazings, Science Wonders, Air Wonders, and Astoundings. Oh, Scientific Detective Monthly was another collection I discarded. And Blue Book Magazine was another item I hung onto. Several years of it, when Burroughs was being printed every issue, and Bertram Atkey, that keen British humorist, and Arthur K. Akers of Demopolis fame. (I was surprised to learn, eventually, that there really is a Demopolis, Ala.)

I attended so many fan meetings, over so long a period, that I cannot remember if I first started before the war, in 1939 or 1940, or immediately after the war, in 1946. I really can't remember when I first met Sam Moskowitz, which happened soon after I went to my first meeting, and Sam can't remember when he first met me, either. It seems that we have always known each other. But I didn't go to every meeting, and I didn't join the various organizations, so there is no record of me in the minutes of the meetings (as a new member.) Part of the trouble is that I have had many interests besides SF, all my life. And most of my friends knew or cared very little about the field.

I cannot take the time now to comment on each and every g2, and tell you what I particularly liked about it, but there was always something. In fact, g2 numbers 4 and 5 are among the missing in our files, which I have gathered into a neat folder. Jean is sure that they are around someplace, and I haven't given up. I would like to single out #8, however, for special comment. That's the kind of stuff I really like to read, and study, and speculate about. What you might call the geography of our galaxy, or maybe galaxography. Doggone! every time I read your article I wish I had a good atlas of the heavens to check what you've done and carry the exploration out a little farther!

- + Ted, the globular cluster you described; with stars in perfect geo-
- + metric positions throughout the cluster, would require that every
- + star have approximately the same mass and gravitational effect upon

+ every other star, to keep that pattern stable. Ever occur to you
 + that any perfect geometric pattern or shape would be the most un-
 + stable of all? No flexibility. Also you'd have a maddeningly
 + hypnotic sky on any planet in your cluster. While I've cut this
 + bit and a few other chunks out of your letter, I wanted to publish
 + most of it to show these Wisenheimer Youngfans there are fans who
 + don't write multitudinous letters, pub fanzines, and think they've
 + Done Something to get on the waiting list of a mutual admiration
 + society -- pardon, an apa. I could say more, but the aforesaid
 + Youngfans already know pretty much what I'd say. Sorry about the
 + g2's you were missing, but we haven't any extra copies earlier than
 + issues #7 or #8 -- and not very many of those. I'll be back onto
 + the stf theme nextish, tho; glad to have you along -- there's too
 + darned few of us left.

ROBERT P. BROWN, 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif.:

Do you know of a guy by the name of James Gelfelan?((++No. Problems?++))

GARY DEINDORFER, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J.:

One thing puzzles me: the latest g2 had a South Gate post-
 mark. I suppose you mailed it from there while visiting Rick. But
 what if the mag is a Sneary joke?

+ It wouldn't be a joke and it damned sure wouldn't be Rick.

CLAUDE N. SAXON JR. - R.R.#2 - Paris, Tenn.:

Not being a TAFFhound, I haven't found the last two issues
 very interesting, but of course I can't expect you to hit the mark
every time.

+ If anyone else feels the same way, I want to know it now.

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Ill.:

Have two names for Walt Liebscher: The last name in the Chicago
 Directory is - Zzyzzyxy, Zyzzzy (I've no idea why the "x" is in there) -
 ((+But you don't have to give the phone co. a real name+)) and Odd, Clay.
 Is a real person, too.

If sufficient funds were raised to cover all of the costs of
 a trip across.....and to include touring costs to visit fans in various
 parts of the country (ies), that there might be more entrees for TAFF.
 ((+ That's what you wrote, s'help me. Then you take off in all directions
 just like everybody else is doing -- I'm gonna chop this! Maybe I'm
 wrong, but I gotta hunch you'll be glad I did, later on, when you've
 got more to say. In fact, I should chop several of these letters from
you people who want to kick ideas around without getting the facts first.++))
 There might be more grabbing for that golden ring than you and others
 might believe qualified. Shucks, I'm not a publishing fan, I'm not

popular/famous/well-known....and for the opportunity to reach such a prize, I might even start publicizing my great journalistic ability and put out a slick fanzine.....so there! But then, the thought of going anywhere....traveling....always excites me. ((+Well, STOP that stuttering on that electric typer, f'rgoshsakes!+))

Why do so many complain that TAFF isn't meant to be a popularity contest? What are the criteria for nominations? What is given the voting public to use to decide which candidate is better suited for the award? Let's take me as representative of more potential voters than members in the apas. First, stf is my preferred reading to anything else. Pertinent? No. That's not relevant to the choice of nominees nor for voting. I'm not a member of any of the apas (yet) so my only acquaintance with nominees would be LoCs published in those fanzines which come my way...(and a lot more letterwriters are published than are nominated for TAFF). Why did I vote? To make a gesture -- to feel a part of the gang? To make a donation to the fund. There was a little blurb about the last two candidates...and my decision was made on the basis of that. A very weak basis for voting.

Funds: There should be sufficient money in the TAFF fund to provide for

1. A publication of qualifications (by demonstration) of the candidates...perhaps a selection of material previously printed? Status in the apa? What contributions to fandom nationally?
2. To cover all traveling expenses for a specified period of time so that if the winner must cover ongoing expenses at home while he's gone...he can use his own money for that...instead of giving up shaving, etc.
3. Covering the cost of the TAFF report so that the winner can write it immediately upon his return without worrying about meeting the personal bills which accumulated during his absence and paying for the stencils and printing bills.

Qualifications: There should be some. (Right now, it is a popularity contest.) ((+WHERE did you hear this???+))

Fan interest: Give the individual fan more participation and you will have his interest and involvement. Perhaps more fund-raising techniques through the year -- special issues of something or other sold and the income to go to TAFF -- or auctions by mail or at local cons...and the income to go to TAFF. Get after what local groups which do exist and have them establish a TAFF fund project. That will involve every member -- and that means many more than are usually aware.

TAFF an Honor Society: Here I disagree with you. It's not good. If these winners, through the years, felt the need or sensed any benefit from contacting other winners, they would have done so. To superimpose a highly structured pattern on what seems to be a temporary status of an individual..is ineffectual.

ELLA PARKER - 151, Canterbury Road - West Kilburn - London, N.W.6:

I may not take the points you make in the order they were printed ; it depends on where my chain of thought leads me. I hope it doesn't prove too confusing. Your idea of a TAFF*Club: Yes, I think that would be a good idea. Having endured the hustle of a TAFF campaign and having enjoyed the mutual experience of the trip, it surprises me that it doesn't seem to have brought them any closer together. Once they have laid down their responsibilities to the Fund, past winners have nothing more to do with it than those of us who pay our money to cast a vote. Of course, it's up to them to get together and decide if they want to make a 'TAFF Winners Club' of it; as for lapel pins and/or ribbons, from where is the money to come to provide them? You can't deduct the cash from the Fund, it doesn't have nearly enough as it is.

I feel that one of the main reasons for fen refusing the honour of standing for TAFF, isn't so much the fear that they wouldn't be able to stand again if they lost, rather it is that if they win, they couldn't afford to make the trip even with TAFF paying their fare. This goes double for those who are married, especially if there are children. Fandom is, after all, just a hobby, and if it comes to a choice on what the family savings are to be spent, a TAFF trip for dad or a summer holiday for the entire family, which is going to win out? When I was in America I was bedeviled with the question, "Why doesn't ATom stand for TAFF?" Well, you have your answer, he just plain can't afford it. He has a wife and child. If ATom did accept nomination (and I'm sure he'd walk it!) he would have to spend the family's summer holiday money for his own use in order to make the trip. If you want ATom for TAFF, it must be made possible for him to accept without causing hardship to his family.

I would, at this point, bring to your notice a letter written in ORION, either #28 or #29, written by Brian Varley. He makes a valid point. Prices over the years have risen, in some cases doubled, but we are still paying the same measly amount for the privilege of choosing who should win TAFF as we did from the beginning of the Fund. If we are going to continue with TAFF and really want fen to stand, we are going to have to be a bit more realistic about how much it costs to send them over. I like Rick's suggestion that we should be able to join a TAFF Society for the price of \$1 or 10/- sterling. The \$1 we pay for our membership could go towards the cost of issuing the quarterly bulletins Rick mentions as being a desirable feature. If we are aiming to help TAFF leave us not be cheeseparing over it.

There is one way in which The Fellowship of TAFF could be shown to work. Having won TAFF and made the trip, our candidate comes home to face a backlog of mail, duties as the Fund administrator, and with a report to write, stencil and duplicate. Why couldn't the present administrators (sorry, Ethel and Ron) continue in their posts for the year following the next winners trip?

In my opinion though TAFF has been kept going without any hard and fast rules, I do feel it is time to put things down in black

and white and make sure they get wide circulation. Here are just a few of the facts I'd like to see printed for everyone to see: (1) Can a loser stand again? (2) If so, after how long a time lapse is this permissible? (3) How often are losers allowed to re-run? (4) Having stood for and won TAFF is a fan entitled to stand again? (5) Having returned from the trip is it obligatory for him to publish a report? Never mind the old "he would feel obliged to do so," is it a condition of winning and will he be made to feel a heel if he doesn't? Too many of these kind of things have relied on word of mouth; they should be stated clearly for all to see.

As for this long loud wail that we don't have enough people standing for TAFF, well, it could be a vicious circle. You won't get more people to stand until the fund can assure them they won't be facing bankruptcy by accepting. To achieve this we need lots more money in the bag which in turn means constant promotion of TAFF to fandom.

- + Now I'm gonna pull the seats right out from under both you gals:
- + money is no problem for TAFF. The present \$500 fund is raised almost entirely from contributions at the regional and World Cons,
- + each year -- so that TAFF's had the money without having hardly any
- + number of 50¢ votes cast for the candidates! And the same year you
- + have two TAFF winners, the Shaws raised over \$1,500 outside TAFF for
- + the Willises just by pubbing a fanzine every two weeks.

RON ELLIK, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25:

There's an objection to the TAFF honor society in that perhaps two or three members would ever be in one spot at one time--at world conventions, I mean. Madle, Ford, Hoffman and I might possibly get together at some convention--but such a combination! Clarke, Bulmer, Bennett, Bentcliffe and Lindsay are more likely--but Clarke has nothing to do with fans, and Bulmer is too busy to attend extra-London cons, and...well, you see what I mean? It's a pretty odd kind of club.

I'm assuming you would allow Hoffman and Clarke to join, since they did win TAFF races, even if they didn't go. ((+Hoffman did go, later, tho not on TAFF; and if they come out of the woodwork and ask to join, why not?+))

And you'd have to invite Willis, too, and maybe even Berry. The task of filling in the blanks I'll gladly leave to you. ((+A most commendable excuse to start up an Honorary Membership in this Honorable Society, don't y'know?+))

There is an error of fact in your write-up, Joe: Eney actually did stand for TAFF, in 1957, and lost to Madle. That was the last large slate of candidates. In 1959 he declined in favor of Terry, and in 1961 he lost to me, but of course you know all that.

- + That "last large slate of candidates" was also the last slate of
- + bogus candidates, most of whom didn't even get a token vote. The

+ moment TAFF elections developed some real competition, those bogus
 + candidates vanished rapidly -- it was no longer quite so fashionable
 + to honor your friend with a TAFF nomination, even tho you and he and
 + everyone else knew he hadn't a chance in hell of ever winning it.
 + A fan who got nominated might be called upon to prove his mettle!
 + But you're right, that is an odd kind of club. Its members have no
 + say at all about who's admitted to its membership, for one thing --
 + and one thing we'd have to watch for, from any "TAFF Winners Club",
 + is any attempts they make to influence the choice of candidates.

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England:

I like the point that Len Moffatt makes -- that just to be nominated for TAFF is an honour. Where you follow on with the suggestion that we TAFFERS do not make enough of the 'club' we are in I have to agree. There is, of course, a reason for this. Just as you arrive back tired and feeling emotionally wrung out--there looms ahead the Trip Report. And frankly I think it has to come out soon to sustain fannish interest. This is where, as time goes on, the ex-TAFFERS ought to be able to help. Ron Bennett wrote offering to take over the Fund till I got the Report out, which was a darn nice idea, and if there had been any money rolling in I would have taken him up on that!

ERIC BENTCLIFFE - 51, Thorn Grove - Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire - England:

The day after g2#4 arrived my wife, Beryl, had a baby...kindly be more circumspectious with your fanzines in future!! Beryl and baby are doing fine I'm pleased to say, but the intervening hiatus is just about the most valid excuse I've ever had for not writing a letter I wanted to write before.

Anyway you may consider that glass of half'n'half well paid for, it's ready here awaiting you, foaming at its brim with the effervescence of the hops within...when you coming for it? I'll even see you get a genuine Cheshire Grue-cake to take back for Dean while you're here. Of course, now that the Special Bonus Issue has arrived I know that you were only fooling around with ideas in the preceeding issue; you hadn't realized then that you'd subconsciously solved the dilemma of TAFF. All it needed was for someone like yourself to get up off his flatbed, mount a suitable sized soapbox and go ahead and really plug a Candidate for TAFF...now all we need is for your action to spark reaction and TAFF has once more gained interest, and got itself back some of the enthusiasm that's been lacking of late.

+ Well, I certainly knew how strongly you chaps believed it was as
 + simple as all that. But you see, now, it isn't. So don't put down
 + your cards yet -- the game's not over!

About this Old ~~Gaffers~~ Taffers Club, you have what might develop into a good thing. I can see drawbacks to it, mind you...it could be thought of as a sort of Elder-Godderly much as First Fandom was when it was originally formed, but I'd like to think of it as a

vaguely patronical group who meet at convention to swap stories like '...yes, but when I was in Pittsburgh, Larry didn't wear any T-shirts...' and, who would bring their combined typewriters to bear any time that TAFF was flagging to help in its revitalization. It could, possibly, also help the current TAFF Administrators but only at their request. Er, think up a better name for it than Old Taffers' Club, Joe....

- + Give me one, good reason. And for shame, Sir, you getting my wife
- + Robbie so upset this way! All that mess you wrote, and not one,
- + single word about whether it's a boy or girl. Tsk. After all we
- + Gibsons have done for you, too. Shame, shame.
- +
- + But anyway, there've always been convention committees wishing they
- + knew someone or some group who'd come up with some entertainment for
- + the program -- whether to raise funds, or just to promote interest in
- + some worthy cause. And there've always been fans and fan-groups who
- + wanted to put on such things, but hadn't the kind of sponsorship that
- + would gain the interest, help, or encouragement they sought. There's
- + some good fmz editors, too, who simply haven't much reason to publish
- + a zine (and some who do, anyway).
- +
- + It just might be that Taffers wouldn't have to publish a fanzine, or
- + put on a costume ball or art show or run an auction or sell dancing
- + girls! Might be they just have to be Old Taffers. Well, it's a thot.
- + TAFF Winners are reasonably infamous BNFs, their interest and support
- + would be welcomed by many a gifted younger fan, and this could be
- + quite a worthwhile contribution to the fun&games of fandom.

ARCHIE MERCER, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England:

Personally, I think the time's about come when TAFF delegates should cease to be elected, and should instead be selected -- invited to make the trip on their own merits. // Provisionally, I would suggest a panel of five people ((+to make these selections+)), three of them elected for a fixed term by all of fandom that was interested (much the same as the delegates are now), the other two being the last delegate to travel in each direction.

- + Archie, I've chopped your letter to the barest bone because I don't
- + know, from what you wrote, if you're aware of how and why TAFF was
- + started -- how it originated from the Big Pond Funds and why it has
- + its present form, with nominated candidates having to win an election.

But see here, all of you. This is just talk. All we've done here is prove that so little's been said about TAFF for years that a lot of us just don't know much about it, today. That's not our fault. And I was talking to Ron Ellik this weekend; as of 1/27/63, there still hasn't been a single candidate nominated for TAFF in 1964. In short, this isn't getting much done where it needs doing. Maybe we're proving how hard that's going to be -- but I've never said it was going to be easy.



You're getting this g2 for some reason -- I'll figure it out next month.

THIS TAFF TALK is open for one more month -- and if alla you keep writing me the same kind of stuff, I'll just have to lower the boom on the whole pack of you. This doesn't apply to Ron Ellik or Ethel Lindsay, who've readily contributed all the facts on TAFF they thought I needed, as well as some sound opinions based on those facts. // All I care about is the problems TAFF has now. I do not intend to advocate or support any notion of junking TAFF-as-it-is, no matter how many attractive schemes are proposed to replace it. A bunch of fans waded through a mountain of Great Ideas For Running TAFF years ago. I don't care to repeat what's already been done. I'd rather hear someone asking Hardrock Questions than giving Fast Answers, too. // My remarks on "bogus candidates" to Ron Ellik were typed on multi-mat, here, before I'd read the latest YANDRO. Now I suppose everyone including Buck Coulson will conclude that I'm sniping at him. The fact is, I've had this opinion of those big slates of candidates TAFF used to have ever since TAFF had 'em and the whole thing about elections and free choice and fair competition was just so much bilge. There were never enough strong candidates for TAFF to ever make a real campaign election with all those trimmings. It had to be faked, so far as those trimmings were concerned. Actually those "elections" were about as world-shaking as you'll find in any fanclub choosing its next year's officers. // Any arguments?

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