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... The only thing I can do, now, is tell you all about the issue I was going to produce this month -- before everything got clobbered all to hell, that is. But when Harry Warner jumped over the trees and bushes and Horizons and came flying right on the deck to unload that stick and the blasts straddled my position....I have assumed a new position. Which is: that I am gonna deal with this situation Here And Now. And with Harry Warner, Yeh.

But the issue I was gonna whomp up, this time, would have been for all you sophisticated and gafiating and bored types who read science-fiction and things of that nature. I would've took you by the claw and led you off amidst the wonders and marvels of the 21st Century. I was even a wee pinch tempted to do a "Sam IM4SF+" bit -- but that's been done, don't y'know, and there'd be all sorts of nonsense I would have to put into it at the expense of much true-fannish mirth & merriment. Yeh.

So lastish, I dug the foundation-trenches for this 21st Century edifice I was gonna lay on, here. Which is how Harry Warner caught me when he came on with that stuff and no harm was done, much -- I was going to put the cellar there, anyway; I just hadn't thought of making it a round one....

Anyway, lastish I established that my future "antique plane" club had to find a new landing field; the one they had was too small and festooned about with towering Automation tower-factories and whatnot. Yeh.

So I said, here in NOISE, that I'd discussed this with Norman Q. Madcaps and Norm had suggested that I ask Donaho



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from-

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EL SOBRANTE CALIF.

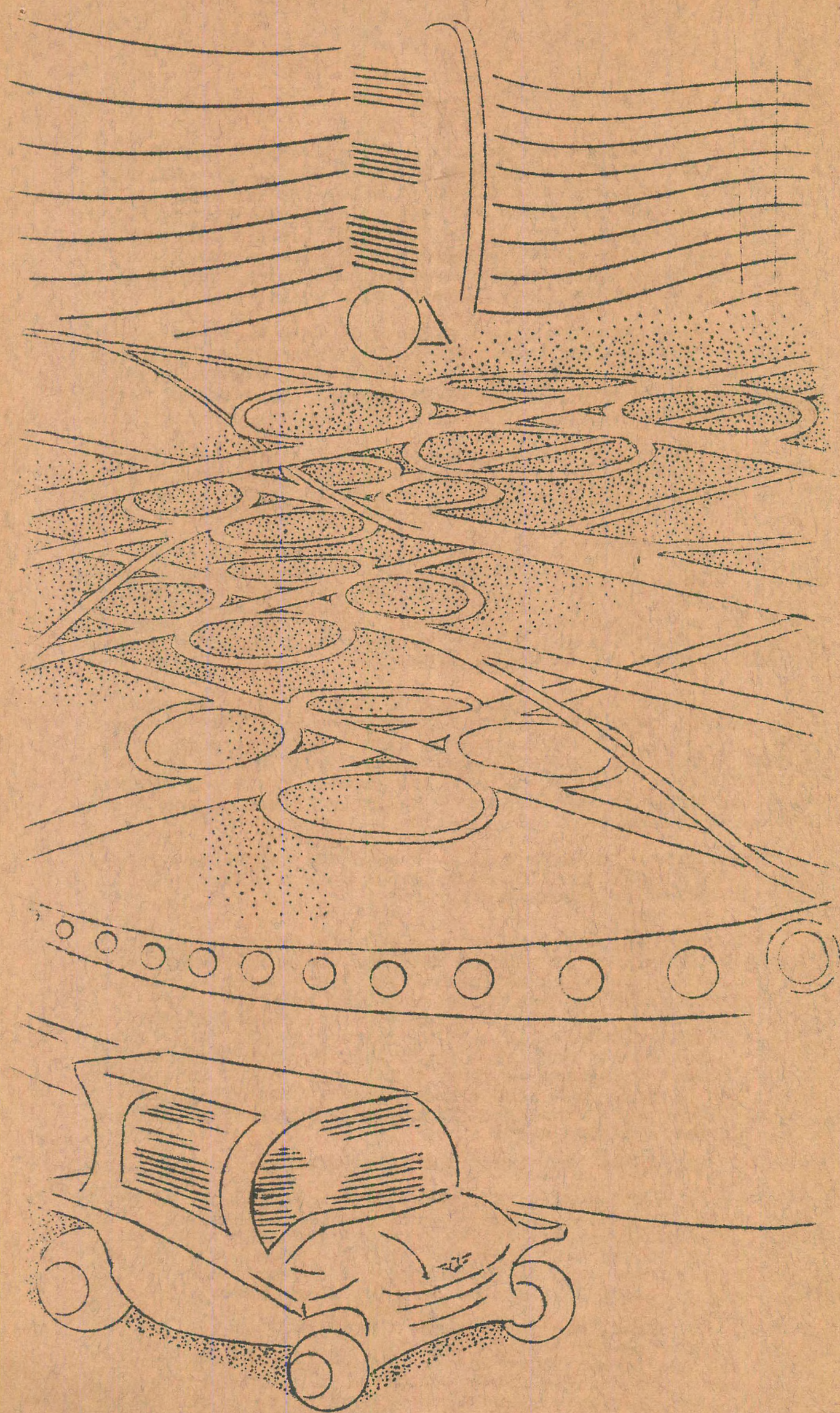
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(X) Sub?

European Agent: COLIN FREEMAN
Ward 3
SCOTTON BANKS HOSPITAL
Knaresborough, Yorks.
England



about finding another cow pasture -- Friar Donaho, that is, who with Barefoot Curran has just returned in their "air-cushion" mobile house from a summer's hunt with bow-and-arrow amongst the National Game Preserves And Parks. They are now esconched on a winter-lease pad out in the Floaters' Village somewhere (the Floaters being those Underprivileged Classes who missed getting Suitable Compensation when the Automation Age did them out of their jobs) and Madcaps knows where.

So I made arrangements, I said, with Norm Madcaps to meet him at the forthcoming soiree of the Out-Patients of Brennan's, which is A Local Fan Club, at which George I. Dithers is to give a speech on Lost Civilizations Beyond The Reach of Electric Railways. Yeh.

This was all to be made very science-fictiony by having the O-B's meetingplace (that is, Brennan's) (which is a bistrom-cum-hashhouse located near the S-P tracks in Berkeley) set in the very heart and core of our 21st Century ultrapolis.

And naturally, I had everything set up for this issue. I even had the map which George I. Dithers would have set up for his talk -- a large thing of the Eurasian Continent shown twice, first as it was during the last Glacial Period with the great ice mantle covering most of it, and second as it was just before that last Glacial Period with gigantic hardwood forests and sabretoothed tigers and suchlike.

And Dithers would explain how we know a little something about the migrations and Stone Age cultures following the last Glacial Period, but the ice mantle didn't leave us much trace of what might have gone on before that. About all we know of man's existance, back then, is a few jawbone fragments of some decidedly subhuman species; we've no trace of modern man until just 10,000 years ago....

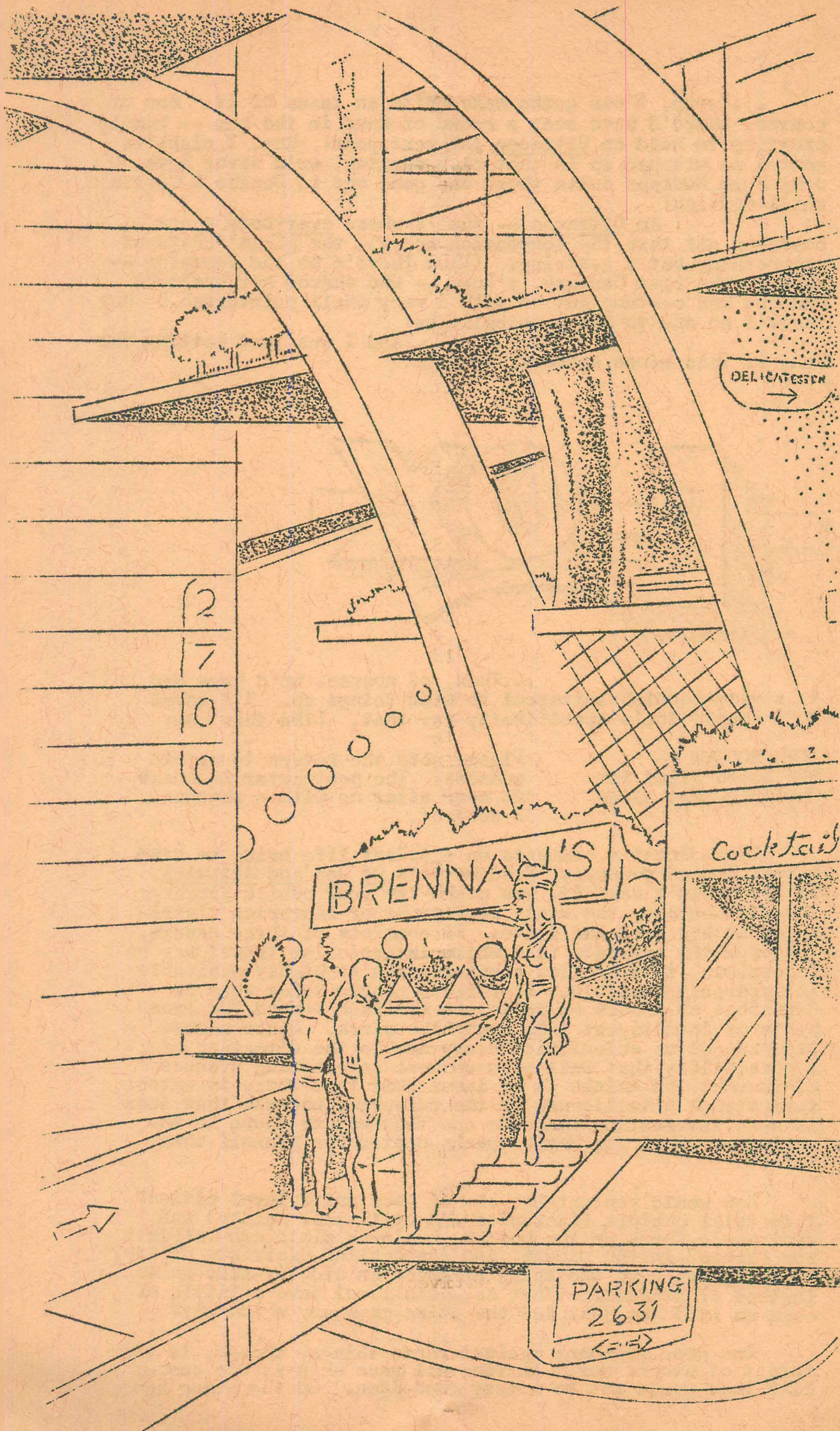
Well, something like that -- I have the reference-quotes around here somewhere; I'd never have a George Dithers giving any talk he hadn't researched properly!

But now, just for fun, suppose we were to assume homo sapiens had appeared as a freak mutation, in rather small numbers, amidst those great forests and giant mammals and all sorts of weird and monstrous subhuman tribes??? Let us further assume that some scattered groups of modern man have semi-domesticated wild cattle, learned to use fire, and invented the wheel. Now, what would they do with the wheel? They've no draft animals -- those wild cattle can't be tamed to pull an oxcart, much less a war chariot! But given giant hardwood forests, a stone age culture, and the wheel -- what might the outcome have been?

They might have developed the rotary lathe!

There's nothing difficult about it. Merely inset sharp flint teeth around the rim of a wheel and put on a handle for turning it, and there's a fairly good saw/grinding tool for all sorts of woodworking projects, from hardwood bowls and utensils to fluted columns for temples to statues of Fertility Gods...and a lot of half-ape natives for slave labor.

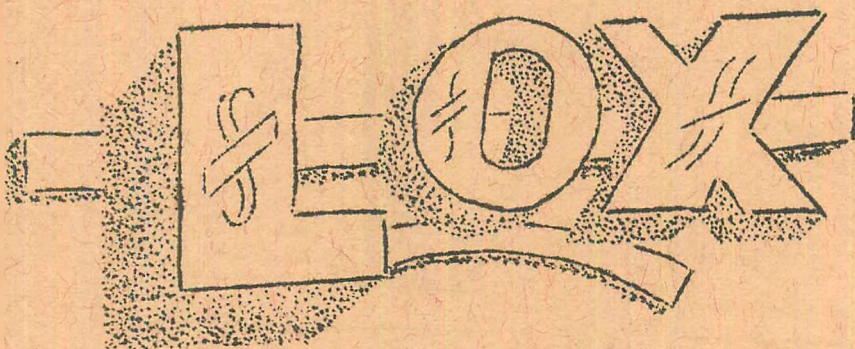
And of course, one thing about the assumption is that it could never be disproved. That last Glacial Period has erased the board. And there's not much wrong with the assumption -- when the Chinese developed the wheel, 6,000 years ago, they invented precisely such a rotary tool! It was the beginning of Chinese art!



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...Yyyup, I was gonna make quite an issue of it. And of course, there'd have been a crowd of fans in the bar -- busily plotting to hold an Ultracon the next year! Why, I might've gotten so wrapped up in that club-meeting, we'd never have drug Norm Madcaps outta there and gone out to Donaho & Curran's until nextish!

An Ultracon -- that's where everybody wears costumes all thru the convention and all the girls' costumes are nothing but a g-string. (Then there'd be the femmefan -- this is the 21st Century, y'know -- who shaved her mustache and got her costume put on with a very small paintbrush.) Why there's no end to the possibilities!

And I was just getting the hang of this mimeo artwork, too....



...Then, of course, we'd have had
+ a very-goodish lettercol to wind things up. I'd saved
+ a couple loc's specifically for that. Like this one:

JOHN BOSTON
816 South First St.
Mayfield, Ky. 42066

Please note the return to my old address. The postmaster is about to come after me with a shotgun, I suspect.

Lewis Grant's comments on sentient life bring to mind a book I read recently; Fred Hoyle's Of Men and Galaxies. If you haven't seen it, you might try your public library; here in Kentucky the State Department of Libraries distributed it all over the state. It consists of three essays, one of which suggests that while interstellar travel may be impossible, interstellar communication is highly desirable and probably feasible. ((+FTL?+)) Hoyle takes what he describes as a sort of religious attitude toward the prospects of intelligent life among the stars. Since almost all changes of scientific theory are in the direction of a possibility that will open up more interesting avenues of thought, he thinks it is inevitable that there is extra-terrestrial intelligence in the universe, because that idea is more interesting than the one that we are alone in the universe. Read it; Hoyle speaks better for himself than I do.

How would you arrange one of your multi-level cities? Industrial centers (factories and utilities, mainly) and hydroponic farms on the bottom, business districts (offices and stores) in the middle, and residential districts on top? Or would you have the thing arranged in side-by-side units instead of stacked? (That is, each level have a little of each on it.) Or just let the thing grow any which way?

One good argument against these things, though, is the threat of atomic war. Putting all your eggs in one basket like that would not be a very good idea. On the other hand,

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the bottom levels of your 5000-foot-deep structure would be pretty safe. Now, taken from this standpoint, it would be most logical to put business districts in the upper levels, residential areas in the middle, and keep industry and food production on the bottom. This would afford residential areas some protection at least, and people could probably stand a bit more shaking up than such things as the delicate environmental-control gadgets that would be needed for hydroponic farming. (Or would they? Write us something on hydroponics next time you've nothing to do.) Obviously, putting residences on the bottom wouldn't be any good from the defense standpoint; the idea of being perfectly safe a mile underground with no lights and no air circulation is not my idea of survival.

Of course, in the future you're discussing, the threat of nuclear war will probably have been left behind. We shall see.

+ You've suggested a fairly good set-up, John, in that given
+ even a half-hour's advance warning of nuclear attack, the
+ people could descend from their mid-level residents to the
+ lower levels, and thus be down with their food supply when
+ the blow struck. But it poses a rather quaint puzzler in
+ tactical engineering since, if this were done, the result
+ would simply be that every nuclear missile 'in readiness'
+ would be altered to penetrate through to the bottom of an
+ ultrapolitan structure before it exploded; then defense
+ systems would be designed to destroy the enemy's missiles
+ while they were making that penetration; then the missiles
+ would simply be set to fire in salvos, obliterating the
+ ultrapolis and defense systems level-by-level from the top
+ down....

+ In short, there's simply no such thing as a 'good
+ idea' for sheltering billions of people threatened by a
+ nuclear war -- except perhaps to move half of 'em to some
+ other planet. Or better yet, dozens of planets, not all
+ in one solar system.

+ But there are other factors involved
+ in designing these ultrapolitan super-cities -- factors
+ which our Dirty Pros haven't bothered themselves to look
+ into, I'm afraid. In fact, I've been halfway anticipating
+ some article or book on the subject which I could quote
+ and refer to, here; I've already heard there's work being
+ done along these lines.

+ The fact is, you can't design a
+ city efficiently, as if it were the cattle-pens outside
+ a slaughterhouse. You've got to design it for humans,
+ which is often something entirely different. For example,
+ they've found that people are decidedly unhappy with all
+ their homes crammed into one area, the places they go
+ shopping often miles away, and the places where they work
+ off to hell-and-gone. They've found people like neighbor-
+ hoods like cities and towns used to have -- where a guy
+ can live on the West Side of town all his life without
+ ever having visited the East Side. (Have you noticed that
+ our giant supermarkets which drove out the small shopkeepers
+ are now gradually developing small shops within themselves?)
+ People want stores and shops and theaters and saloons close
+ at hand, with work just a bit across town, and a yard and
+ bit of garden by the doorstep. They want the same policeman
+ and store clerks and deliveryman and bartender around --
+ it's comforting. Now, there's the beast you're building
+ these stables for; they're not merely statistics.

The birth rate in the United States has been dropping for several years -- not just in Hagerstown, all over. That doesn't mean we're out of the woods population-wise, though; we're just not growing quite so fast. Furthermore, the United States is one of the few places in the world where the population is dropping. We can make the U.S. a paradise on earth and still be in danger from other countries whose population pressure has about the same effect on them that the various factors of unemployment, outside indifference, and so forth had on the Negro population of Watts during the Los Angeles riots. A case in point is Indonesia. Economically Indonesia has been going to hell in a handbasket for some years, and Sukarno has been fulminating about Western imperialism for the simple reason that the Indonesians need somebody to take it all out on. Now, how would you like a world full of Indonesians just waiting to be kicked into burning down their neighbors' houses?

+ You mean we haven't had one? But I would expect Ballantine
+ to bring out a 'science-fiction' novel about it any year
+ now -- the old Fortress America theme.

+ So far, about all
+ I've read on this population explosion seems to have been
+ by nobody except obstetricians. I'd noted the drop in the
+ U.S. population growth as the reason the birth-control mob
+ are more concerned about other countries -- this is all
+ fine and good; I just have one question. Must we wait
+ until the population growth-rate we had twenty years ago
+ is out looking for jobs and wanting to buy houses and get
+ married and have kids before we start thinking a "popula-
+ tion explosion" means just a bit more than a statistical
+ increase in childbirths?

Steve Barr is referring to Jeanne Dixon, who is the woman who prophesies nuclear war by 1980, etc. She has also predicted -- or stated, rather -- that a new Messiah was born two years ago. There's a new book out or forthcoming about her, called A Gift of Prophecy. It's due for all manner of promotion and publicity and will probably wind up on the best-seller list. That's another one to look for in the public library.

+ Next time I've nothing to do, you mean? Thanks for
+ warning me.

RICK SNEARY Having gotten Westercon bookkeeping
2962 Santa Ana St. straighten out; been subject to two
South Gate, Calif. visits from my sister and family;
 gotten most of the stuff back into my
room after it was struck by a painter-paperer; gotten use
to a new living room set; gone to a drunken CAPA and-Friends
party; I find I'm starting to get around to merely answering
mail again, and the back log of fanzines... -- Went through
the stack the other night, and I wonder if the guys what
edited the 1963 zines would still want a LoC? There are
three g2's here, and a small pile of new notes, so lets
pitch in..

Right after I say how I missed you folk at the Westercon this year.. Mostly I was busy durring the day, and at the price and noise level featured by the bar, I didn't go in there (even though I found out later the walls were decorated with swords and the like). It turned out to be a better Con than I'd really expected. Once the thing got rolling the old fannish spirit got working, and the

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bumps got taken out. Several near-serious technical misunderstandings developed with the hotel management, but were caught up and ironed out before All Was Lost.. We made monies hand over foot, and gave it all back to Fandom (sticking it under our other hats).. But missed you folks, the Andersons, Forry, Ron and Al... You might say I missed the Trimble and Moffatt, for durring the day they were as busy as I was.. And the Tacketts were there only one night, so didn't see as much of them as I would like.. Hope we can all do better next year in San Diego..

Now. July-Sept. ... For the record, I was a supporter of the Tri-con.. I mention it because Ben seem to think all So.Cal Fandom was for the other place.. Much of it was, though they lost a lot of enthusiasm toward the last.. I'd preferr a badly run fan convention to a badly run pro convention any time.

+ Well, it looks as if you'll just have to do without either
+ one... of course, the Tricon is one convention I would
+ really like to attend. Most all of my oldtime pals from
+ Newark, Philly, Chicago and the old Midwestcon gang are
+ sure to be there -- many of whom don't read faaanzines --
+ and there will be loud gunfire and beautiful women scream-
+ ing and getaway cars roaring away from the curb far into
+ the night...

+ But the next thing you've said in your loc,
+ here, I'm going to chop out. You'll find it printed some-
+ where else in this issue, along with the other stuff and
+ nonsense that's come to plague my tender, peace-lovin'
+ existance....

+ I'll just skip down to:

The local Museam had a grand exhibit of Goddard rockets, back around 1949, which I wrote up for The Outlander. And while I was much impressed, I knew to little about anything to get the kind of charge out of it you did.. I'd like to see it again.. The Rocket Pioneers, by Beryl Williams & Samuel Epstein (Julian Messner, Inc. 1955) is what I think a pretty good book on the early days.. It covers not only Goddard but Oberth, Ziolkovsky and starts with Congreve's.. It seems to have had some help from Uncle Willie, and is not to technical, but interesting enough..

Say, if that is a promise about what you said ((+what'd I say?+)) about what you would do if you were a member of the NFFF, I'll start a drive to rase funds to give you a long term membership. I know a number of fans who would agree that the NFFF could only be improved by some one like you... One might even say that it deserves you.

((+Might his initials be HW or RS?+))

On my remarks about floating launching station, I didn't mean to use atomics in the rockets.. but as generators of power for the base.. -- There is only one thing about your 5000 foot deep building....I hope they would be designed so that the air would circulate even if all power stopped. I've heard stories about what hell-holes the new glass-&-steel sky-scrapers are when the air conditioning gets turned off.. All the windows being sealed, there is no air.. And I don't put any blind faith in motors... -- I don't object to apartment living, even though I've always lived in a home.. The big points would be enough room; perfectly soundproof; and easy ability to get out to a green belt...and a little privacy..

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+ Seems like I saw somewhere that the modern 'fail-safe'
 + methods used to circulate air inside mine-tunnels is just
 + the basic rule that you don't ever depend on a central
 + circulating system; each gallery of tunnels has its own
 + unit, and units in adjoining galleries can handle the
 + circulation in any one gallery which has its unit stop.
 +
 + But building interiors are actually worse than mine-tunnels
 + to keep properly ventilated. A sealed-in system really
 + works best -- within certain limits. When you're trying
 + to force air through narrow ducts a half-mile up some
 + skyscraper's guts, it gets to be quite a job for a central
 + plant to handle. For a structure a mile deep and covering
 + perhaps a hundred square miles, ducted air is out of the
 + question. You've got to move air-mass by feeding it warmth
 + from wall surfaces, lightening its moisture-content with
 + properly-placed dehumidifiers, and giving it great, vault-
 + like openings to move through. But most of all, you've
 + got to keep that CO₂ content down; being heavier, it'll
 + all settle to the bottom levels -- and it'll be rich enough
 + for hothouse farming down there, probably, no matter what
 + you do.....

I agree with your remarks to Barr on his article. My own comment might be boiled down to -- So! What's new? -- None of the faults he finds are new, or were they overlooked by some at the time they were happening. ((+I know how you mean that,+)) I object to his all inclusive "we", used so often. ((+That's what you mean,+)) This puts a very black & white view on history, which ain't true.. There are Good Men during the worst of times, and a whole lot of Bad Ones during the best.. It is fine to have Barr finding out that all the things they teach are not 100% so..but I think he takes a bad writing stand to talk as though his readers were not already aware of these faults..

While I have found some fault with the punches you have swung at Apa's, they aren't as great as Barr makes out, for meeting and getting known.. It is true, if you only want response to what you say, and Apa will be better than a gen-zine. The average fan doesn't take the time to write letters of comment.. But you don't make very close contact with people that way. Stuff that appears in fanzines is either rarely personal or it is too personal.. The only way to get to know people is to write and exchange letters. It is not only that there is much you can say in letters you wouldn't want to say in print, there is much you would never bother to say. And it is this unimportant, and off-hand conversation that builds real understanding and friendships. -- As for getting well known.. A campaign of letter writing to other fanzines will do more than publishing one of your own. (I say this, with the hopes I won't sound like Bradbury telling fans how to become writers.) No one may really pay any attention to what you say in your fanzine -- if it isn't very good looking or exciting -- but you will get the undivided attention of every editor who you write a letter of comment too.. I've not been much of a publisher, and I'm well known, but an even better example is Betty the K. As far as I know she has never even done a article or a story for a fanzine. Just LoC's... Yet I'm willing to bet she is better known and what she says more remembered than fans who have limited themselves to even two or three apa's.. I don't think apa's are for the new fans, except as a proving ground for his editing ability..

JJ

SAPS was started as a place where young fans, over awed by the seriousness of the FAPA of those days, could fool around and have fun. But the membership made it self well known to the rest of fandom by being letter-hacks... --- Maybe I am just an old foggy, who thinks the way he did it is best, but I can't help but think that the only way to get to know people is to exchange personal letters, and one of the easiest ways of becoming well known is to be a letter hack to the fanzines..

+ I hope youthful&exuberant Steve Barr isn't faunching too
+ greatly to answer your critical tone by asking if you want
+ him writing personal letters to 20-30 faaans while he is
+ supposed to be attending to his studies in college, which
+ was a point he made quite strongly (at least, I thot so)
+ so that apas seemed his best bet under those circumstances
+ but it's a shame if he does feel he must answer you at all
+because what you've spelled out here, Ol' Foggy, are
+ some damned good General Observations For Anybody. Why,
+ man, if I had started pubbing this fanzine with some nutty
+ idea of Becoming a Big-Name Fan or a Force In Fandom or
+ a Good-Time Charlie everybody gives the glad-hand at all
+ the conventions ... well, about 4 years ago, I would've
+ quietly folded up this li'l publication and sneaked out
+ the back door.

By the by, have you read anything about the MBA's (?) Gyrojet Handgun? I saw one at a gun show in July, and it is rather fantastic.. It looks like a rather shoddy made toy pistol.. But it shoots 13MM rocket powered slugs that they say can deliver more punch than a 45 cal... The slugs are ignited by being driven backward against the firing pin, and propelled forward by the burning of a solid propellant burning through four nozzles.. It clames to have a burning time of .12 sec., and a 1250 fps speed.. The barrel is not only not rifled, but is so lose you can load by sliding the projectiles down the barrel.. The sides of the barrel are perforated, to let out the burning exhaust gases...which makes it look kind of weird.... They had a machine-gun type model there too.. As the slug moves forward it cocks the hammer for the next shot (the hammer hits the nose of the slug, to drive it backward) so there is no trouble about automatic fire... It really is a fantastic looking thing. Roy Lavendar is of the opinion that any good reloader could set up and make his own... He pointed out to how easy these would work in zip-guns.. Ofcourse why anyone would botherto make a zip-gun, when the real thing could be made for less than a buck in any machine shop is a question.

So, here we have a working rocket pistol, today, and were have the reports in fanzines been? (Don't ask me why I haven't written about it. I did for CAPA.)

+ It was MV Associates, and in the earliest press-release
+ I saw (about two months before it appeared in a Sunday
+ color-supplement) they quoted a price of \$250 for that
+ pistol...I think that's what it was.

+ You could turn out
+ the basic gun easily enough, but making the projectiles --
+ and making the gun work properly with your projectiles --
+ is something else. The solid propellant does it all,
+ Rick: spins the slug, aims it on its path, everything
+ (so that barrel is hardly even a barrel, y'see) -- so
+ the least bit of uneven burning through any of the four
+ tiny nozzles will throw the slug off. How well could

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+ you make that propellant and load it into the slugs? And
 + mind you, any little flaw might throw that slug off before
 + it has even left the barrel. The m.g. was 40mm and they also
 + claim to have a 20mm carbine. But I'd seen nothing specific
 + on the firing mechanism; thanks.

+ I gave Roy Tackett a clear
 + scoop on it for DYNATRON the very day he was lapping up
 + booze in Long Beach. But then, the ol' horse marine blew
 + it -- he not only left out the locs, lastish, but done and
 + went quarterly besides. Quarterly?

+ Which reminds me; nobody
 + has written to ask where they should send the five 4¢ stamps
 + for DYNATRON, like I said here, lastish -- so I haven't had
 + to tell 'em they had better throw in an extra 5¢ stamp, too,
 + before sending it to Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW,
 + Albuquerque, N.M. #87107. Serves 'im right, even if he
 + does publish one of the two best fanzines in fandom today
 +but lissen, Sneary, don't go trying to open Brinks'
 + safes with that 20mm carbine until you've got warheads
 + similar to armor-piercing antitank shells.

+ Now look where we are, already: Page 12!!! I guess we
 + can't put it off any longer. . . apologies to those of
 + you who had locs on perfectly sensible subjects like
 + science-fiction and whatnot. (Not to you, Lew Grant --
 + you're in this as thick as I am!) Right, then ... let's
 + get it done with!

HARRY WARNER JR.
 423 Summit Avenue
 Hagerstown, Md.
 21740

What I'm really tempted to ask is:
 ((+now; get this+)) how can you sleep
 nights, knowing that this new fan
 aviation cadre might suddenly yield
 to a common and overwhelming impulse

to form an apa as the best way to keep in touch with one
 another? But I won't ask that question,

+ YOU and your fat mouth!!!

but instead will
 pose another one: is the aviation world or the part of it
 represented by you aware of the fact that the building
 where the Kreider-Riesner planes were constructed has fi-
 nally stopped being an airplane factory? ((+An APA, indeed!+))
 Fairchild used it all through World War Two and long after
 to do some of the work on Fairchild planes, although the
 biggest production area was in a newly constructed factory
 a couple of miles away. Then hard times hit Fairchild and
 around the end of the 1950's the old factory was closed up,
 and all production concentrated in the newer plant. ((+We
 got ten guys, and he wants an apa!+)) Finally about a year
 ago Fairchild finally managed to sell the original factory
 (which has been added to from time to time over the years,
 and would be impossible to recognize as the original building).
 The purchasers were a group of men who announced that they
 intended to do some kind of metal processing in the old
 building. They said that it would take about a year to get
 everything ready to go there and they are still doing pre-
 liminaries, to the best of my knowledge. I can't help
 nursing just a faint suspicion that this vague metal proces-
 sing explanation is really a front and that the truth is
 that they're building the nation's first civilian spaceship

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in the old factory, the best possible and most appropriate new use for it that I can imagine.

I can't tell any stories about an airplane disappearing from plane, I mean plain, and that wasn't intentional, sight. ((+I don't think I'm gonna read the rest of your letter.+)) But just last week, a horse and its jockey vanished from sight halfway through a race at the local track before about 4,000 persons and prohibition began to make some inroads on the race fans until they finally learned what had happened. The local track was enlarged this summer from a half-mile to five-eighths, and on a rainy day, it gets muddier than most race tracks because it hasn't really settled down from its growing pains. The horses were pretty well bunched together as they went into the backstretch, and when the horse on the outside slipped, nobody in the grandstand saw clearly how the horse and jockey skidded under the rail and scooted out of control down a 15-foot bank that had been created by the reconstruction of the track. They were invisible by the time they got to the bottom but substantially unhurt.

Why don't they apply human engineering to the tops of jars? If a lid is screwed on too tightly to move easily, it's always either too small for me to grip comfortably, like a ketchup bottle's top, or too large for my jar opener to handle conveniently, like the large peanut butter containers.

+ Try tapping 'em with the butt of a .38 -- it always works.

Steve Barr's article deserves the praise you gave it. There is the same fault that bothers me in some of the fanzines devoted to political and other contemporary topics, long stretches that simply state what almost everyone already knows by heart, anyway. But the writer can be forgiven more readily than most who write that way, because he's young enough for these matters to be fairly novel to him.

After reading the article, I tried to remember the exact reasons I used to believe that the United States was in a class by itself among nations. Without auditing, I probably did a poor job of recall. ((+Yes, that's clear..+)) But there was the constant pride that the United States had never lost a war, something that the other big nations couldn't claim. Probably nobody told me that there were some wars we didn't win, even if we never really lost one. ((+Which one did we really win?+)) Then there was the knowledge that the United States was ahead of the rest of the world in many of the things that seemed most important to me when I was a kid, despite the fact that it had started off so much later than the other nations, doing everything in two or three centuries. There was the pride of freedom from monarchy. Remember, I grew up in the years when the monarchs who lost their jobs in World War One were still muttering darkly about their troubles or hadn't been in their graves very long. I seem to remember that I thought it was praiseworthy that the United States had not meddled in other nations' affairs when the other nations stayed away from the two American continents, with the occasional exceptions of wars.

The real question has several sections. Is this national delusion more severe or more dangerous in the United States than in France or Liberia or Venezuela? Is it less of a

delusion here than elsewhere, because of the unique aspects of this nation's history? Are the excesses of this nation's materialism the price that humanity must pay for the very real benefits to the whole world that have come from mechanical and scientific procedures first proved practical for all the people over here? Could a nation survive in the world since perhaps the middle of the 19th Century without the ambiguities, hypocrisies, about-faces, and greed that we've demonstrated so often over the decades? It's a good thing that I have no particular interest in history and today's world problems. I'd have time for nothing else, trying to figure out the answers.

I really must get this i fixed. If it were the I, there would be no difficulty in figuring out what caused it to wear out. One consolation is that it would be hard to counterfeit a letter from me nowadays. If I thought a certain Baltimore area fan ever intended to get active again, I'd leave the i unrepaired for this reason.

+ You finished yet? All right, switch off your set and hide
+ it back under the bed. Tune in again this same time tomorrow night; the code phrase will be--

+ You gave me pause
+ to reflect, there, Harry. Yes you did. I have been sitting here under the blue light of my study with the theme music throbbing&tinkling softly in the background (it's
+ "The Man From T.H.R.U.S.H." of course -- by Lallo What's-his-name) and my most sibilant laugh echoes through the
+ gloom...

+ Apa, will they? 'Bre now, Warner's balmy -- our
+ lads wouldn't ever do such a thing! But wait, now, wait...
+ suppose while we're all just talking about the thing becoming some sort of Fan Squadron (and there'll be a decided
+ drop in interest around here if all we do is talk), just
+ suppose, mind you, with fandom being what it sometimes will
+ be -- some dir-r-rty little twerp bursts out with a flying
+ fan apa all of his own silly devising, and grabs the whole
+ thing away from us! Of course the thing would fail...and
+ there we'd be with a grand show somebody else spoilt out
+ of hand! Mighod.

Something MUST Be Done!!!

+ Where's Robbie?
+ Doll, I command gruffly, go change that goddam record!
+ Theme-music, huh? Whaddaya mean, change it to which?
+ You know which, baby. Now, lessee...how's it go?

"They fly upside-down
With their feet in the air!

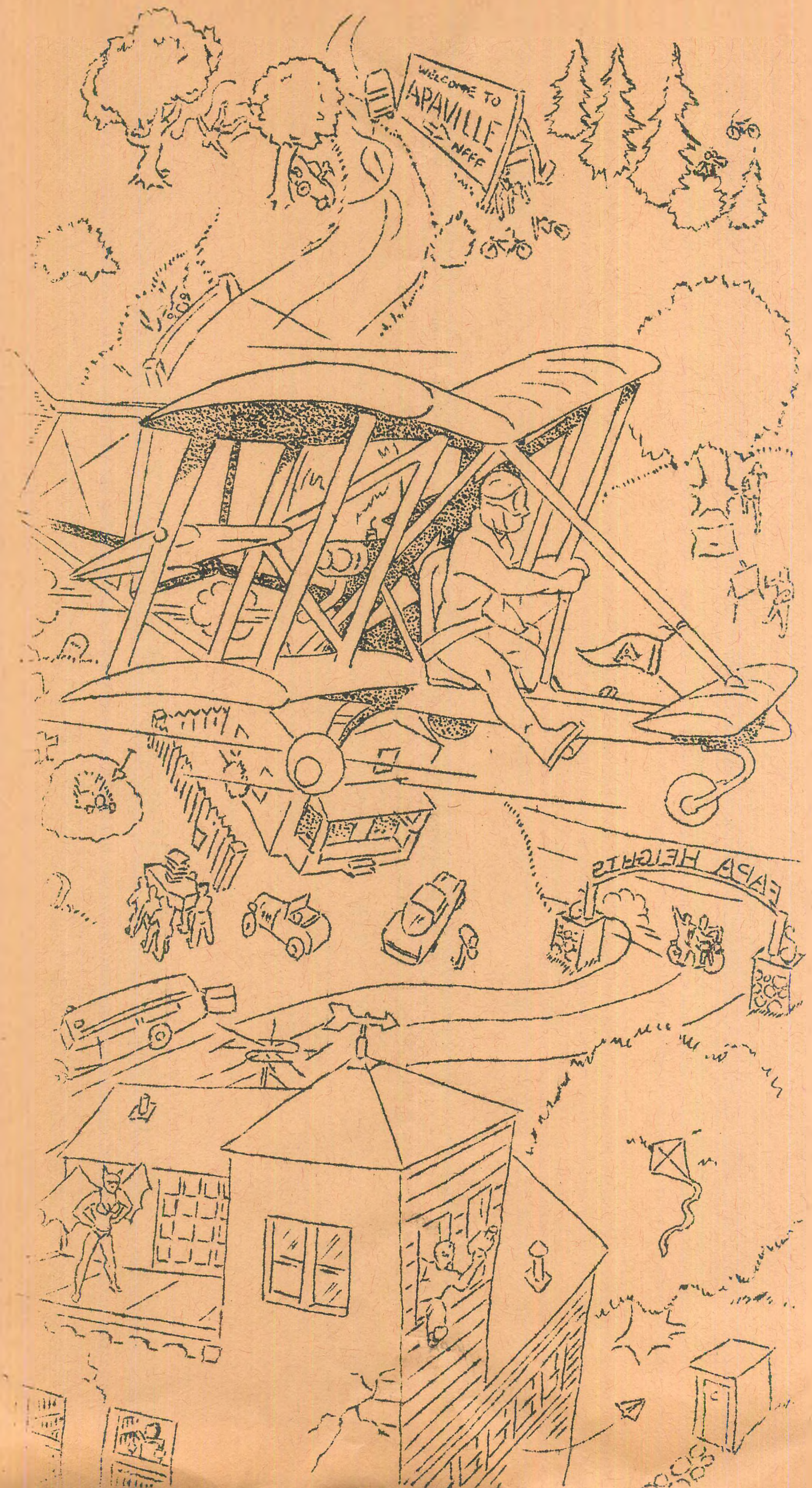
They don't think of danger;
They really don't care...

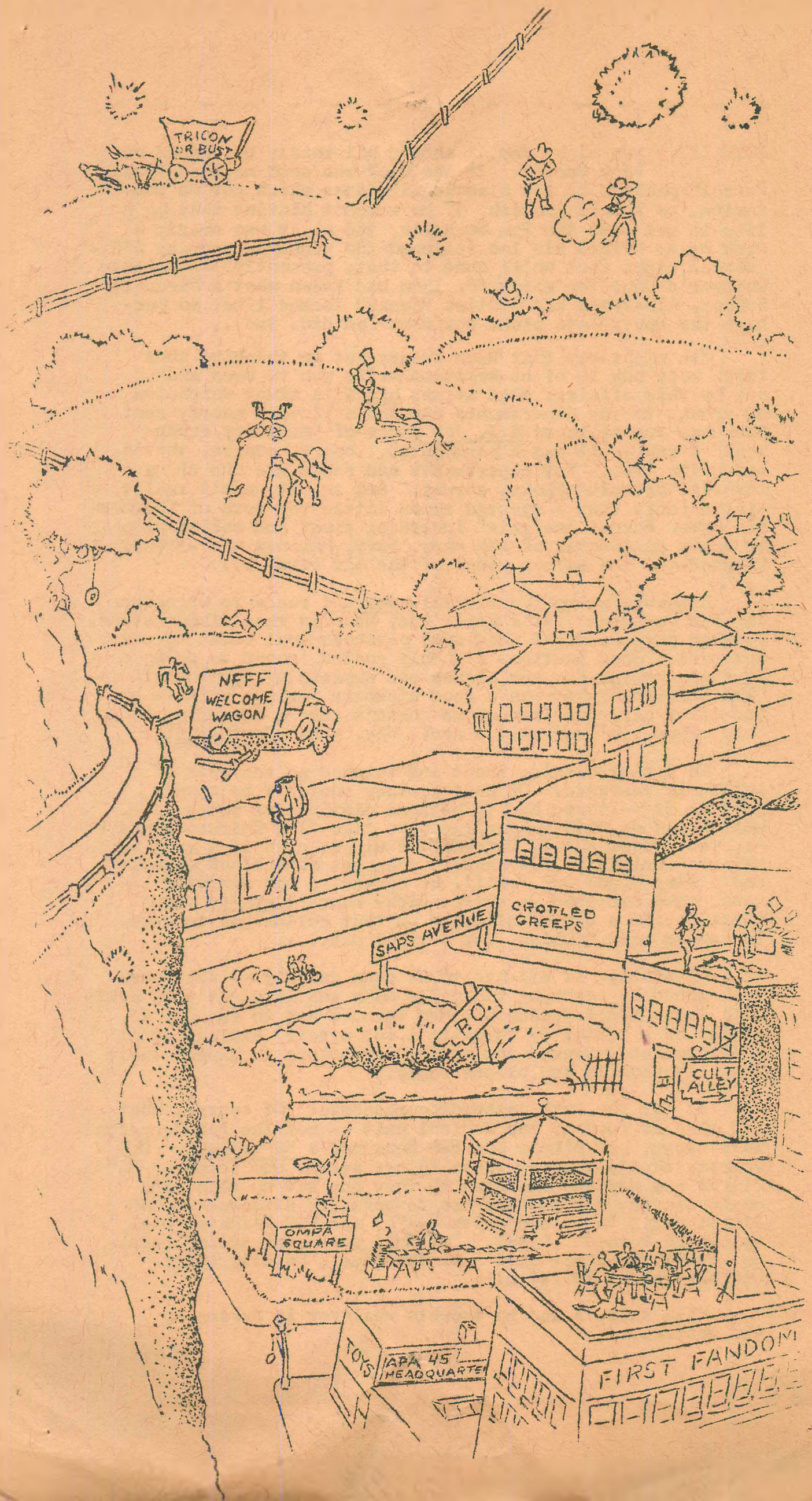
Newton would think he had made a mistake
To see those young men and the chances
They take!"

+ Okay, I'm ready. You ready?
+
+ Don't take long....
+
+ Okay, here we go.

..DUM
DA-dum
Ditty-rump
Dum-dum-
Dum-
Dum!....

.....





ACTUALLY, you might say it should all really be blamed on Rick Sneary. It was Rick who sent me that "Dawn Patrol" package of toy plastic airplanes which got me wondering, as I said lastish, if he weren't hinting that he'd like to get into the Fan Squadron, too -- it was nearly a week or so before his loc followed the package, proving I'd guessed right (but we'll come to that, presently) -- because whoever'd done the molds for them had known what a Nieuport, Fokker, Albatross and Curtiss "Jenny" looked like, so perhaps the South Gate bloke wot sent 'em did, too...

You might say that Rick Sneary got me thinking that there were now 10 of us Aviation Buffs who've been smoked out by this affair...that it was his li'l stunt which led me around to toy departments and shops (I very nearly sent him back one of those G.I. Joe packs of "military equipment" I saw -- it was a parachute)...but of course, that's not quite true. Toy departments and shops are one of my favorite Browsing Spots, anyway. And so, it wasn't really Rick's fault that I spotted those little toy sets of "Authentic Armed Forces Insignia" including chest and collar pins in heavy cast-metal of the Army, Navy, Marines and -- yes, by ghod! -- the silver wings of the Air Force.....

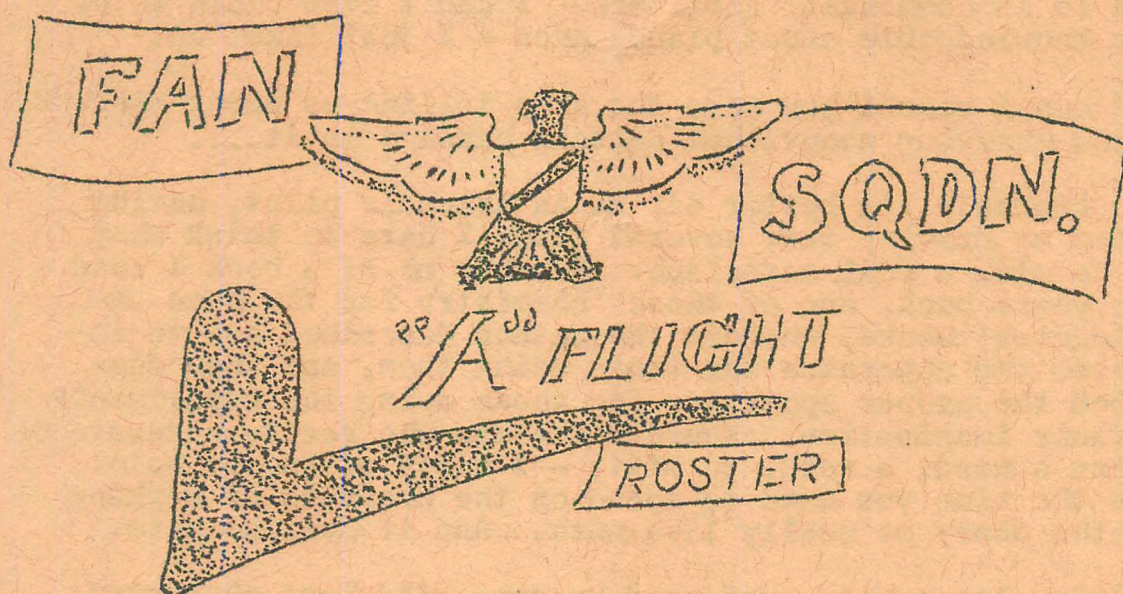
However, we most definitely weren't ready to Organize The Fan Squadron. It's still very much in the talking stage, however much we might need some psychological boost to our interest. Just lastish, I'd only gotten 'round to doing a Squadron emblem for our planes and explaining why I thot "The Chicken Hawks" was a good nickname for our unit -- and after all, just ten of us doesn't make a squadron; it only makes...h'mmm, wait a sec! Why, yes! Certainly!

So I went dashing about and fetched up ten sets of Authentic Insignia. Of course, they couldn't be simply left as is -- there had to be some distinctive touch... what would go with a Squadron name like "The Chicken Hawks"? Ah, yes! That shield between the wings: give it a coat or three of bright yellow enamel, then get some black enamel and a fine brush and...well, of course, a bar sinister (I mean, bend sinister -- sorry, Rick) doesn't really mean that!....and a bit of altering on that collar-pin to make the eagle more hawkish, for a lape! pin.....

Naturally, it all had to be done quickly -- the Xmas Rush would be cramming the mails soon and it might play hell with these small packages! And then, I had to run off 10 copies of a letter (9 to mail; 1 for myself) explaining all this, to some extent, and asking the others to expect their packages shortly and please reply.

It got the most astounding response! Of course, what I'd done is form up our logical unit -- not The Fan Squadron full-blown, but simply The Fan Squadron's "A" Flight. Of course, that's the way these things start: one forms up "A" Flight and assigns its crew so they can set up shop, and meanwhile any new members are temporarily attached to "A" Flight until their own units -- "B" and "C" Flights, etc. -- can be formed. Also, "A" Flight serves as Acting Sqdn. Hq. until the whole show's on the road. Nothing extraordinary about it, at all.

With that, I had no trouble whatever in making up the roster....



- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. John Berry | 5. Tony Glynn | 9. Michael McQuown |
| 2. F.M. Busby | 6. Lewis J. Grant | 10. --- --- |
| 3. --- --- | 7. Jim Groves | 11. Rick Sneary |
| 4. Joe Gibson | 8. Terry Jeeves | 12. Harry Warner Jr. |

-000-

...I told them the blank positions in the 1st and 3rd elements of "A" Flight might well be kept vacant (there'll be casualties no doubt, in any case) since we'll have established a precedent with it -- future Squadron units can be set up even when there aren't enough members to fill out a roster.

(The only trouble with it was that I didn't -- and still don't -- have McQuown's current address. Last I heard, he was headed for Atlanta with no specific ETA. I'm not even sending him his g2's....)

Their responses began to pour in even before any of 'em had gotten their insignia -- which, of course, are the wings on the cover and the lapel-pin design (silver wings, black head and body, yellow shield with black stripe) on the above roster. Some took it in stride, I think, as in this brief note from:

JIM GROVES
29 Lathom Road,
Bast Ham;--
London E.6.

Ta very much for including me in the Chicken Hawk's - I accept with alacrity! I'm definitely an armchair pilot. I did come near some few years back when we still had National Service. I was deferred by my boss since I was studying but I had to register and indicate my preference for which Armed Service I would like to serve in. I put down for the Air Force and had it come to actually serving I'd have probably even signed on as a regular serviceman so as to get in. As it happened they abolished National Service before I came

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due for it. C'est la vie. As it is the only flying I've down is in commercial airliners. I can't even claim to be very knowledgable about planes even - I just like 'em.

- + Seems I recall you were the chap telling us about MAROCNEB
- + and querying about that certain passage in it....

Probably I'm better off as an armchair pilot, having failed my driving test several times I hate to think what I'd do with a real aeroplane! Reminds me of a book I read some years back, one of those 'chemistry for the home experimenter' books, wherein the author described how to improvise the apparatus for those doing them, and then described the proper apparatus for those doing the experiments in their imagination. There was a man who really understood! Invent a word, a verb, to mitty - I mitty often, it helps pass the time you have to spend on the business of working for the money to really live with. And it does no harm.

- + It's also muchly preferred by some Wild West character
- + who was teethered on a Winchester; once landed a small plane
- + when his pilot passed out drunk, and remembers a shapely
- + blonde pushing her breasts against his Ike jacket only to
- + wince and draw back, muttering, "That damned gun!"
- + Groves
- + got the idea, tho: let's have this show for the fun of
- + it. I suppose John Berry did, too -- in a way....I got
- + his response at the same time as Jim's!!!

JOHN BERRY
31, Campbell Park Ave.
Belmont,
Belfast 4, Northern Ireland

This is a rush letter to thank you for your airmail re the Fan Squadron, and to tell you I think it's a wonderful idea, and I'm backing you 100 per cent. My reply is so immediate that I haven't really had time to think seriously about all the possibilities that undoubtedly exist, but I can jot down a few tenuous suggestions, although I assume that when you've heard from the rest of the boys you'll do something officially.

Insofar as being a select fan group is concerned, the first thought that springs to my mind is our official publication. This could feature a page or more from each of us, say every three months, and could feature items each of us think would be of interest to the others. For instance, I'd like to do some research on gliders used during WW II, and we could each let you have (as Squadron Leader) a list of special items we'd like to research on, to save overlapping. It could be like a glorified apa, we all send our page or pages to you for compiling. Then again, each one of us has some connection that no one else has, for example, I can get visual and documentary details about the two new Short aeroplanes, the BELFAST and SKYVAN, which are being constructed in Belfast. I'm sure that we've also all flown (I've flown some 60 times) and could describe particular flights in particular aircraft. I have the good fortune to have a vast collection of aeroplane periodicals, including a complete collection of THE AEROPLANE SPOTTER (some 248 issues) which came out during the war, in England, and some hundreds of FLIGHT INTERNATIONAL and AIR PICTORIAL's, also miscellaneous other books, including some rare books issued by the Government during the war, BOMBER COMMAND, THE U.S.A.F. IN EUROPE, THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, etc.....

- + !Arry warned me there'd be chaps like you!!!!

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+ But now, you'd be wanting me to do the Squadron Leader
+ bit, would you? Well, I should hope you've brought some
+ good Scotch for a change -- yank that tie loose before
+ you choke ... and kick off those damned boots, you'll
+ get the desktop all muddled! Chicken Hawks we may be,
+ but I'll draw the bloody line at this being a chicken
+ outfit. Now, where were we? Yes, on the rocks; good
+ lad...

+ You must have seen what answer I ought to have given
+ Harry Warner, back there. I ought to've asked him if
+ he's ever heard of an Air Show where the spectators were
+ limited solely to the participants in the show. That's
+ about what it would amount to, y'know -- a 'flying fan
+ apa' -- if you just left it at that. Now, there's the
+ kicker.

+ Consider these suggestions you popped off in a
+ moment of glee: they're good stuff. But you remember
+ lastish there was Terry Jeeves contemplating a possible
+ "aerocraft" issue, once he's got that Analog Checklist
+ out?

+ And I'll tell you something else: Jeeves has a thing
+ about building models and painting backdrops and photo-
+ graphing the things; in addition, he makes the air shows
+ and gets 'round to the latest types, no doubt with his
+ trusty camera. Then there's Robbie and I begun hitting
+ some local shows, mainly for the old planes and odd,
+ little "homebuilt" jobs, and we've our box camera in
+ play...

+ Now, a good foto-montage costs like the very
+ devil, besides a fair variety of the right material
+ being an awful job for one man to handle. But suppose
+ there's material in excess, and costs split ten ways
+ with a couple months for whatever arrangements amongst
+ the crews that may incur?

+ Well, if it comes to anything
+ I'll agree we need some sort of regular publication to
+ keep us all in touch. But I can't see a mere periodical
+ needed just to promote peace 'n' goodwill amongst the
+ aeronautists as requiring the efforts of the entire
+ Flight. Look, we've three elements in the Flight;
+ let each element choose its Duty Officer however they
+ may wish to, and he'll see their reports get posted
+ as each element takes its turn at Patrol -- every 3
+ months ought to be tried, though it may not prove often
+ enough. But I'd add this proviso: that anyone wishing to do
+ a "Loner" at any time may do so, and have his report in
+ with the regular Patrol's.

+ And if we've too many Aborts
+ (as no doubt we will, sometimes) let's not start thump-
+ ing the drum for more parade-drill and attendance at
+ rollcall, like some outfits I've seen. Let's just get
+ off our duffs and raise a sufficient measure of Merrie
+ Hell to put some life back in the Patrols. And for
+ that, I'm thinking an occasional "oneshot" mission,
+ cooked up strictly among ourselves but with a good-
+ sized target in mind, is just what the troops need.
+ Of course, it may leave Apaville a bit shook up, at
+ times....

+ Any questions?

+ By this time, of course...leaving
+ Berry there scowling at the wall pin-ups...I had heard
+ from Rick Sneary. Most of his loc has already appeared
+ here (Pp. 8-12). Here's the part I left out:

+ Well, turn the page!

RICK SNEARY Say, the hot old stunt flyer getting killed
South Gate in a home made job ((+'Twas a Hollywood-made
job and he went the way he wanted to, most
think+)) and another guy flying a "kit" made plane into the
side of house down here, sort of puts cool water of your
Fan Squadren, doesn't it???

+ ..I wanted to get to this while
+ I'm still in the Squadron Leader's chair; but Rick, we'll
+ discuss this (was it an actual "kit"?--they're illegal
+ in the US) another time...

But; none the less, I'll join
anything I've so many friends in. I've still got my wings
from Col. Rosco Turner's flying club...and all the equip-
ment.. -- I've been thinking about how I might be usefull.
As I don't fly, but do account I have thought of the role
I can play.. I've seen my counterpart in many an old air
movie.. Come to think of it, he usually has a mustache
about like mine -- that is to make it clear he is a little
older than the chaps that really do the flying. He usually
wares a neat but rather old uniform type jacket, and the
only regulation cap in the base.. And about a third of the
way through the film he walks up to a blackboard with the
names of all the flyers on it, and takes an old rag and
rubs out the name of the hero's best friend...

+ Well, now -- setting yourself up as Squadron Adjutant
+ already, are you? It's all right with me...of course,
+ you realize keeping tabs on casualties means notifying
+ next-of-kin, recording posthumous awards and the posting
+ of replacements and enlistment of new recruits?? You'll
+ be keeping up the lists of all new personnel 'Temporarily
+ Attached' to "A" Flight (we might charge them a stiff fee)
+ and formation of new units --

+ Mind, now, to be perfectly
+ Authentic, we must have everyone left wondering where
+ they belong!

+ And don't be getting things confused with
+ some apa-mess, Ol' Mossy...let's have none of that jazz
+ about Waiting-Listers and who's got what number on the
+ membership list because Percy didn't scratch his behind,
+ last mailing! I'm for our "Temporarily Attached" not
+ getting a damn' thing until they shape up, get together
+ and form their own Squadron units same as we have; then
+ we can work out Combined Ops with 'em....

+ I'm sure that won't
+ add too much to your other duties as Pursing (or is it
+ Disbursing) Officer? However, you must know we can't
+ quite go along with your being excused from Flying Duty;
+ you'll just have to manage things in addition to that,
+ sorry...

+ But since you've brought the matter up, I should
+ remind you of a few things: -- there's Manidek, a WW 1
+ ace despite having only one eye; Bader lost both legs in
+ an air show crash, argued his way into the RAF again, and
+ you know the rest -- Guynemer, still making patrols tho
+ so sick with T.B. and wounds, his mechanic had to carry
+ him to the plane and tuck him into his cockpit ...and
+ so long as you handle a machine better with that one,
+ good hand than some can with two, Ol' Foggy, I'm afraid
+ you're in.

I also have part of a wing-strut that came off
the first plane to crash at the first Air Show to be held
in Los Angeles.. It is a pretty famous event, and my Father
was there... Unfortunately I do not know what kind of plane
it was, though I have seen pictures of the wreck..

- 55
-
- + Let's have a look, next time we're down. Meantime your
 - + mention of uniform jackets reminded me there's another
 - + small detail to clear up. Lessee, now --

FAN SQUADRON

"A" Flight

To: All Personnel.
Subject: Uniform Regulations.

1. The Fan Squadron lapel pin is to be worn only with civilian attire, at such times and places one may expect to find other Squadron members.
2. The Fan Squadron wings are to be worn only when in uniform -- that is, on some suitably ancient and disreputable-looking jacket, mackintosh or sweater. All members will appear in uniform only at suitable occasions -- costume balls, drunken brawls, things of that nature.
3. The wings and lapel pin are never to be worn simultaneously; Squadron personnel who do so will be out of uniform.

- + Of course, the damned things aren't really all that good.
- + The lapel pin is a neat thing for those civvie jackets
- + which have the buttonhole sewn shut, tho: the pinhole
- + won't show there... But the blasted wings won't lie flat
- + and you can break the pin off trying to bend it down;
- + a "rest-bar" is needed just under the pin -- glued on
- + several layers of paper book-match stems on mine....
- + And here's Buz, who hadn't gotten his yet, either!..

F.M. BUSBY
2352 14th Ave W
Seattle 98119

I'm highly honored to be able to accept
your invitation to appointment to an
F/O slot in the Chicken Hawks; I'm as
Chicken as they come and will fight
anyone who says different.

It looks to be a fine organization, especially as
(unlike apas) we are none of us going to have to do any-
thing very often except maybe get together now and then at
~~stupid~~ conventions and Drink Toasts and like that. The
kind of staunch sterling organization that precisely suits
my staunch sterling character.

Of course we have to have credentials. I have 'em.
In the teens I feverishly read airplane stuff all the way
from "Tailspin Tommy" up to sensible material. I (and a
buddy) built and tried and smashed that silly glider when
I was 15. I did steer a real plane (straight-ahead and a
little up and a little down and a little to one side and
the other, and now straighten it up again and give it back)
over San Diego harbor in 1939; it was a 2-cylinder Aeronca,
but it flew, man. And under a horrible misconception I did
also do a great lot (5 trips) of hitch-hiking from Pullman,
Wash., the 80 miles to Geiger Field right after Pearl Harbor,
trying to sign on for fighter-pilot training; they kept

changing the necessary forms ("throw these out and go back and get these filled out") and the weekday for the Physical, until I got fed up with freezing (on the hitch-hike) for a bunch of bureaucrats that couldn't make up their minds, and said like Aw, Fuggit. Since then I've become very unwilling to take the passenger role. ...but you were not signing up a squadron of passengers, I'm sure.

+ Well, now, Buz -- that depends. What kind o' pigeons
+ did you have in mind?

I'm sure you're keeping a very open mind on credentials. Anyone who knows a Geebee from a P-12 from a B-17 -- and cares -- or something like that?

+ There is something about flying and Wild Blue Yonders
+ that grabs some people by the short hairs -- but not
+ everybody. Them it does, it shows.

(Just between us Chicken Hawks, I bet I could still learn rather quickly how to fly a light plane in mild weather with full visibility; it is the landing that is the tricky part; I think anyone who can drive a car reasonably well can do all the rest without much if any trouble. ((+It kinda depends a little bit on which plane you got hold of..+)) Maybe it's just that I don't think my various flying friends have all that much Extra Esoteric Knowledge (one time I was going with a chick who had soloed and got her license, and she couldn't drive worth beans), but it is a cinch that the expense and redtape keep many of us from ever trying out the gimmick.)

But I gather that enthusiasm and not performance is the bit; it better be. I'm sure that we Chicken Hawks are all a lot better enthusiasts than performers.

+ I'm thinking if you and me are gonna do patrols with
+ Berry, we'd better one of us hang onto his wing while
+ the other sits up in the Sun...there's gonna be fun
+ with that boy!

+ If I've still got that Squadron Leader
+ bit hung on me, though, I might make it imperative
+ for all personnel to attend the training film -- in
+ short, that every dadblasted one is ordered to crawl,
+ hobble, or drag out a mob to see "Those Magnificent
+ Men In Their Flying Machines" the instant it hits
+ their local flick-parlor -- so as to fully understand
+ and appreciate the True Aims of this Organization....

Oops-- I forgot to inform you that I am officially dead. ((+Congratulations.+)) My redhead sister-in-law called up 2 days ago and quoted this from an authoritative source: the Wash State University alumni magazine, the Powwow, stated that I died in 1961. Well, I knew I was dead on the campus many years ago but they didn't have to rub it in. Some people have no taste at all. I did write these people and ask them a few questions. I was most apologetic about it ("I do hate to disappoint anyone...") but still I wondered who it was that "brought the tears to your eyes at this news", because a rumor like this can "ruin a fella's credit rating, let alone his social life". And finally in a PS I asked if they happened to know just what it was that I had died of in 1961, "so that I can bend every effort to avoid it in future". I wonder if I will get any answer.....

+ Split off, Buz -- here comes Jeeves. (Migawd, lookit
+ the page-count!)

B.T. JEEVES
30 Thompson Rd.
Sheffield 11,
Very many thanks for the news of the
formation of 'The Chicken Hawks' A Flight
-- and a nice line-up you have in it
too -- and since I suspect that Eric
Jones will soon be filling one of those spaces, we'll soon
be ready for our first mission -- downing that pile of old
crates ganged up against us (old beer crates I hasten to
add).

+ Easy, now -- else we'll never get "B" Flight started!
+ Another thing you might keep in mind, regarding those
+ vacancies in "A" Flight's roster, is we'll have to do
+ something about female memberships. I'm afraid we'll
+ have to get up some other Squadron insignia for the
+ ~~prop~~ ladies, but let's not even think about any separate
+ Squadron unit for them...that's always been rather a
+ stupid idea; separate billets and all that nonsense...

I'm also looking forward to getting my lapel pin -- boy have you been busy, and will try and fix you up with a photo of me in my little ship (a '65 Ford Cortina) while wearing it. ((+Mind you take it off before going in the house!+))

...I now have another thought -- Brg (my zine) is at a virtual standstill, first due to ill health, and second due to a lack of response I may yet ressurect a special issue for the Chicken Hawks - but no promises on that one as yet. Any chance of a plug in g2 for:

The Analog Checklist - Part 1 (1930-39)
Part 2 (1940-49)
both now available from Leroy B. Haugsrud,
118 West 33rd St., Minneapolis 8, Minn.
at 75¢ ea.

4 parts (a) by issue (b) by story (c) by author (d) by science article?

+ You mean, just like that?

+ you mean, just like that. Well, I didn't mean to rope you
+ into any rough deal on an "airplane issue" here; 'twas
+ just a thought, like the rest of us are tossing around.
+ I'd like something done to 100 copies with enough red
+ meat to sell at cost, y'know...

+ meat to sell at cost, y know... But we aren't doing too
+ bad; other clubs & organizations have their emblems,
+ but none that constitute an entire Fan Costume in it-
+ self...er -- you might add a pair of goggles... and
+ there's obviously been steam building up without an
+ outlet for quite a long time. We'll need to hash it
+ all out amongst ourselves, is all.

+ all out amongst ourselves, is all. Now look who's coming
+ next -- and hasn't got his insignia yet, either!!

HARRY WARNER, JR. My wings and lapel pin haven't arrived
Kagerstown yet. But I thought I'd better write
and thank you for the honor and the
egoboo promptly. I've been trying to remember the last
event that provided me with an equal amount of unexpected
and unique gratification. There was the letter informing

me that I had been placed at the top of the waiting list for a special and practically secret apa which contains only four members and drops a member only in case of his death ((+Hear that, Buz?+)) but then I realized that this would hardly be a diplomatic comparison for you, because of your particular opinions on apas. ((+It might give me ideas, you mean?+)) Maybe I'd better compare it with the letter a couple of months ago from my favorite city, Vienna, where a literary agent had happened across some of my old prozine stories and decided that he wanted to sell the German language rights for them.

Since I never got into the service, I am a trifle stupid about the manner in which a squadron is organized. ((+Now you know!+)) But if it contains such a thing as a ground crew, I imagine that I'd be the logical person for that job, because it's almost inevitable that everyone else in this new squadron has more flying time than I have logged. Perhaps my own particular insignia to single me out from the rest of you would be a small paper bag.

+ Well-1-111!!! Just look who's trying to weasel out now,
+ would you! Dear, dear, dear me -- what a despicable
+ example for our younger officers!! Had no flying time
+ atall, poor devil...
+ S'pose you could strip a blanket off a
+ bunk, Buz, while Terry runs to fetch the other lads? No
+ flying time, huh?
+ (And after we're through, I believe I'll
+ just refer this case to the Squadron Adjutant -- Sneary'll
+ think of something...)

One other thing strikes me as odd about the list of names that you put down for the A flight. Almost all of them--my own, McQuown, and perhaps Sneary excepted--have the very feel and flavor of the names that heroes used to possess in the old movies about early aviation and in the air war stories. Just try to back away from the associated memories and reactions that these people as live individuals connote to you. If you can get far enough away from their real associations, you can see how easily the names might have been listed in a paragraph in a book on how to write fiction, as good, neutral-sounding, easily-remembered, straightforward names of heroes that budding authors should imitate.

Come to think of it, this is the first thing that a remark of mine has helped to inspire since some repeated teasing from Summit Avenue was followed by the removal of secrecy about the way voting went in the Hugo balloting at the Pacificon. If after 27 years of active fanning, people are paying occasional heed to a few of the things I say, I'm really making some progress.

+ Oh, we're paying heed, all right! Ready, lads?
+ Altogether, now...
+ ONE -

TWO -

THREE!.....

...Which wraps it up for this time, gentlemen --
nice to've had this little chat; glad to know
you're serious....

Of course, we haven't yet heard from
Tony Glynn or Lew Grant as I'm typing this (11/5/65)
and Buz is the only one who's reported as of this noon
to have received his wings. And where is McQuown???
But enough!

There's business to be seen to, here. The
Nov/Dec issue of AIR PROGRESS has, in its "Bookshelf"
column, a review which some of you may not have seen,
so I'll quote it here:

"Building Aeroplanes for 'Those Magnificent Men'
by Air Commodore Allen W. Wheeler, C.B.E.; hard-
cover, 100 pgs., 7.5 x 10", 50 photos, 6 diagrams,
1 map, \$2.95 (John W. Caler, Aeronautica Publi-
cations). Absorbing account of how the authentic
replicas of 1910 vintage aircraft were built,
tested and flown for the movie "Those Magnificent
Men in Their Flying Machines". Written by the
Director of the Shuttleworth Historic Aircraft
Museum (and former RAF test-pilot), who super-
vised the construction and flying of the De-
moiselle, Avro Triplane IV, Antoinette, Bard-
ley Billing, Bristol Boxkite and Vickers 22
types used--plus a mad selection of weird and
wonderful nonflying creations."



...Reason I mention it (altho only a few of you may be much
interested) is that, if you see the publisher's ad anywhere
and want to send for the book, don't do it there. It is
also being advertised for \$2.50 by:

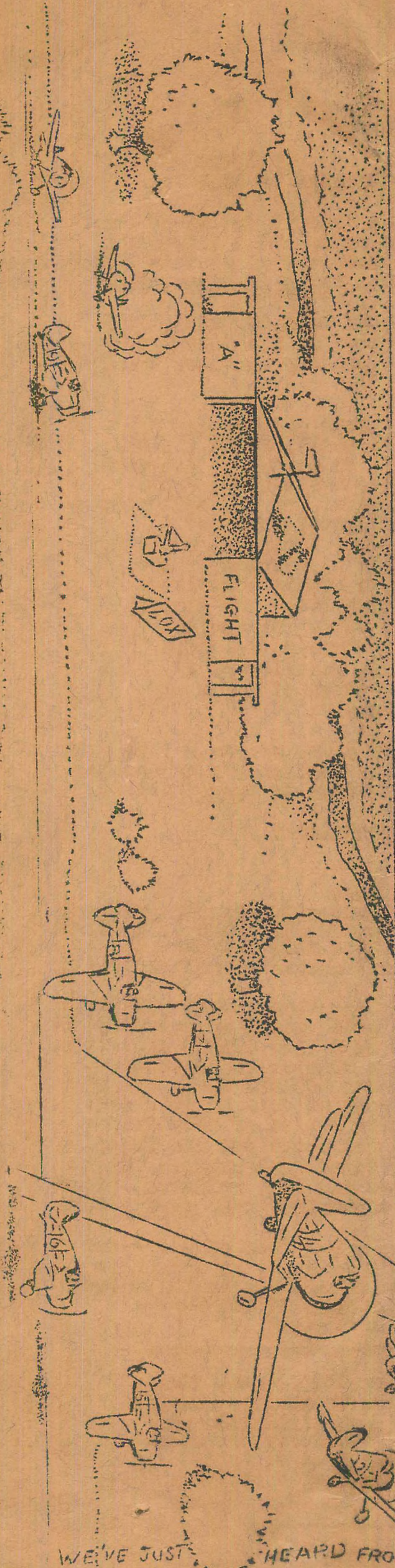
Sky Books International
Dept. AP3
520 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10036

...US orders postpaid; add 50¢ per book
outside the U.S. ... that pubber given above has an address
in Sun Valley, California, so I don't know how much the book
is selling for in the U.K.; maybe I should've waited to find
out?

...This issue of g2 was slung together rather swiftly..
I only had enough of those 20-lb white pages on hand for most
subscribers' copies (it finished my 5-year supply of letter
paper) and had to make do with the regular 16-lb yellow pages
(with no show-thru - they may wonder howcome the blank page
before the 2-page illo) for the rest of this month's run...
And I didn't run off a lot of extra copies of this thing;
it'll be out of print, soon as I get a catfood box loaded
and haul the lot to the P.O. (It takes me a weekend, maybe
two weekends, to get this nonsense run off, collated, wired
together & stamped & addressed, even when there aren't this
many pages)....

Meantime, we already got locs of all sizes
on lastish and if it keeps up, I'm going to be forced to
edit&chop. But I am not going to do any of the "21st Cen-
tury" jazz originally intended for this month, which is
why I already told you about it in "Noise"..... -oOo-

I suppose all fandom is getting DNQ'd, now, that
so-called "Berkeley fandom" has themselves another
sex-nut or two. Well, relax; exhibitionists who
commit indecent exposure are relatively harmless.
Their conduct doesn't generally lead to sadistic
violence or murder, as with rapists or child
molesters.



WE'VE JUST HEARD FROM MEQUOWIN!

G12-
GIFROM

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