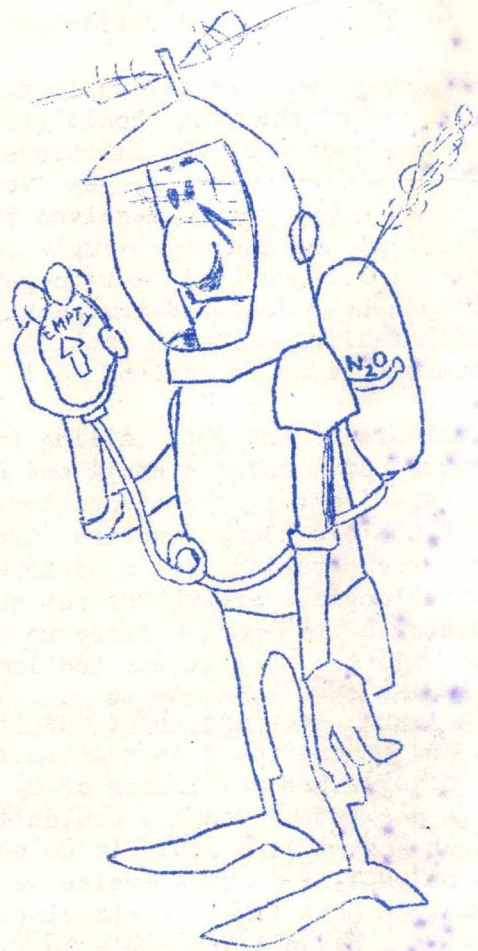


# GRIST

Volume 3

Number 1

Fall 1960



WALKER

T/Sgt Ellis T Mills  
P.O. Box 244  
Carswell AFB  
Texas

AN UNSUPPRESSED PUBLIC IS A HAPPY PUBLIC aTion.

OMPA Post 27th Mailing

1000

GAL. TENDER  
AND PRIVATECATASTROPHY  
M15259311E

FT WORTH

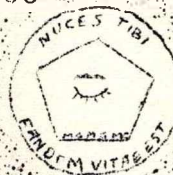
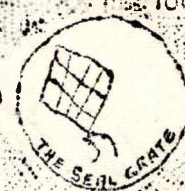
1000

X.R. President  
Secretary

M15259311E

B.A. Millsomare  
Thruway

1000 CATASTROPHY 1000

ONE  
THOUSAND

1000

1000

ONE THOUSAND ONE

1000 PAPER CERTIFICATE 110000

Breathes there a fan with zine so dead that never to himself has said  
This is my own forthrightly mag and soon shall be fortnightly, dag . . .

Many a brave fan lies asleep in the deep morass of his good intentions, having foundered on one of the many shoals (to metaphorically mix things up a bit) that lie athwart the course of the ambitious publisher. You may ask, is this then an apology, and I shall firmly answer, yea, verily, for I was with ye and wish to remain a while with thee. Last year I resolved to exert myself and submit at least a minimum to each mailing and thus by example lead the way to more frequent appearance of all our members at our quarterly get-to-gethers. Unfortunately it appears that quite a number of you have followed the path I pointed out by actions, judging by the size of the 27th mailing. Indeed, actions speak louder than resolutions and just as the gift without the giver is barren, so is the thought without the deed.

I studiously scanned the contents of the 25th mailing in early October, composed three pages of mailing comments, cut a cover stencil and mimeographed the cover and page two of the commentary. Page 1 and 3 were stencilled and ready to run when we moved. The last week we were at the old house, and the first week in this house, I had company, my mother, who was recuperating from a serious automobile accident. Naturally, during the transfer of belongings everything got quite neatly (hah) packed and stored in the shed at the bottom of the garden since we moved from a three bedroom place into a two bedroom house. All too soon it was too late to get the zine off to the editor for the 26th mailing and then suddenly it was Christmas. This year I decided to go home for the holiday, and afterward there was the 26th mailing waiting to have its contents digested and regurgitated in deathless prose in Grist. One of the easiest commodities for a natural procrastinator of my talent to spend is time and January fairly flew. Then it was February and I couldn't get much accomplished since I was working days. In March and April I couldn't do anything because I was working nights. However, tonight at 0001, I start a twelve day leave and I should be able to cut two stencils at least in that time. Particularly since I've wasted three-fourths of one already. Naturally I haven't been able to find the other two stencils but I have the cover and as a back cover a cartoon that somebody at the base lifted from some publication and multilithed. When I saw it I conned enough copies to go around. It is peculiarly apt for a postmailing. Pity it doesn't look a bit more like Daphne.

Back in the 25th I proposed an amendment to the constitution and fully intended to state my reasons for it in a postmailing to the 25th, but... Then I was just horrified to note in the back of Off-Trails V.7, #2, two copies of the ballots for that mailing. I shame myself.

Dining in a military mess may lead to the ingestion of some rather wierd eatables, and today I was treated to a warning of what to expect when foolish aliens find the way to our SAC military establishments. In bold lettering upon the menu board was (among other, more prosaic items such as Gible - to rhyme with Bible ? - Gravy) the notation Butterd Green Beasts! I eschewed the dish as being to exotic.

In case you are wondering about the heading of this page, I have some new books, FORGERY BELF-TAUGHT, & Learn COUNTERFEITING AT HOME. This is the first step in a currency reform.



discovery of a mysterious device which was actually a signaling post set up by an alien race to warn them of the advent of atomic power here. I believe the protagonist discovered a way to open the casing using a special torch which keyed the signaller, and the sky was full of ships. The treatment you give is quite effective. I Chuckled at your book titles.

ERG-O; Jeeves:

Congratulations. I'm still looking for that copy of SKYLARK III for you. As saddened as I was to see Triode (and my lifetime sub to it) lapse I wish you all the best in your new life warning you that if you curtail your OMPA activity I'll have strong words to speak to you when next I hit the Isles. ESPRIT; Buckmaster:

In all truth I must admit that I exaggerated somewhat my views on child-raising. I believe that the discriminating application of corporeal punishment is necessary to the proper development of most children. Is it after all better to scream "No! Don't put your hand on the hot stove!" and hope that the brat will obey when it is still too young to understand your reasons, or to accompany the admonition with a sharp rap across the palm which will if nothing else be remembered as a minor pain when the child eventually does manage to fry his hand on the same stove. (Is it better to fry on a stove or in a chair?) I am convinced that Heinlein has a valid point (in Starship Soldier) that punishment must be unusual to be effective. It is all too easy to develop a 'copper-bottom' when that portion of the anatomy is too frequently the recipient of chastisement. If parents would let the punishment fit the crime and exercised proper control over their progeny, guiding them and developing a code of moral and ethical conduct acceptable to society, we would have a lower delinquency rate. On the other hand you may feel that ethics and morals should be the product of society and not society the product of ethics and morality. If we take this view, then each generation has the right to create its own morality and to disregard the vain posturings and pleading of hidebound old fogies like us.

I prefer to drink tea myself and rarely take coffee. I have even been known to use milk in my tea, although this was rather in a spirit of inquiry rather than merely in deference to my hosts, and no hurt feelings should have been occasioned. I do not believe that I should martyr myself for my hosts feelings, and while I like to sample the native customs if I find that the custom is not in favour of me or vice versa I abandon it and the natives too if necessary. This is why I do not drink beer. Why, I even have used lemon in tea, while stationed in Germany, and have come to the conclusion that tea, with sugar, or without sugar, with milk and sugar, with lemon, with lemon and sugar, properly prepared is a fine drink. Tea with milk, lemon, and sugar doesn't do so well unless one has developed a fondness for curds or has mastered the art involved in adding citric acid to milk, drop by drop.

I'd be interested in a word or two about the changes, if any, in Her Majesties Forces since Ron (Buckmaster, of course!) first enlisted. There have been many changes in the USAF, and presumably in its sister branches since I entered in 48. Nostalgia sometimes urges the old-timers to say that the old days were better, but I'm not convinced of that. I can see what is being striven for and have no doubt that the desired ends will be encompassed eventually if the goals aren't changed too soon, but the net result so far seems to fall rather short of optimum. Up until just before I entered the service the First Sergeant traditionally was the roughest, toughest man in the outfit and had prestige commensurate with his muscle and lung power. That day died hard but inevitably after the juvenile's mamas took to writing their congressmen about the iniquitous life their children were exposed to. The peacetime service became, and still is, subject to Congressional inquiries, and has had hard going at times to justify its mode of existence. Then of course with 'progress' in development of more efficient tools of war came the need for more technicians and a decrease in the number of jobs that a mere body could perform.

There appears to be an inverse function governing the degree of technical training a person can absorb and utilize and the regimentation he will tolerate.

I was quite interested in the reaction to my proposals in the 25th. Chiefly, I hoped to arouse a modicum of discussion, but I was scarcely prepared for the spate of contumely that gushed forth from so many stalwarts, at least three members publicly proclaimed their disbelief in the need and/or desirability of such an item. Also of interest is the distribution of votes cast. Naturally one might expect that those concerned enough to cast a ballot would consider that a show of interest on the part of the other members was warranted and the count of 16-6-1 appears to substantiate it. Fewer members feel that non-participation should be worthy of a penalty and the proposition that non-voters be required to regale us with an additional two pages per infraction was narrowly defeated. Of those prepared to exact tribute, only 5 were desirous of immediate execution of the sentence. In short, while a number of members feel that it is right and proper to expect each man to do his duty, they do not feel that the matter requires anything stronger than public disapproval which most people can get along in spite of, particularly if they are inclined to be the silent ones anyway. By-the-by, I have been unable to detect any cut-off time for balloting on either the proposals set forth in Mailing 25 or those in Mailing 26, the wording on the ballot merely states, in each case, "Please return this form as soon as possible to: D. Buckmaster, ..." So if you haven't voted yet on any of these proposals and wish to do so you may yet be in time. I for one shall include my ballot for the 26th amendments with the notification copy of this postmailing. It is not to adversely affect the voting on the Bye-Law proposals that I do this, but rather to contribute towards fulfilling the quorum that I attempt this. (Leave it to Mills to louse things)

I am currently enrolled in a course offered by the Extension Course Institute, USAF, a branch of the Air University. ECI provides a number of career-oriented courses and is generally speaking a good thing, if one is genuinely interested in furthering one's career. Aside from the practical aspect of furthering one's job knowledge is the expectation of the guiding geniuses of the SAC Management Control System that every airman be enrolled at all times with ECI. That this leads to complications within the Air Training Command appears not to worry the planners, by golly, they say 99 and 94 100ths percent of SAC personell will be enrolled in an ECI course, and they are right. When I was first accepted as a student in Course 0001; Officer Candidate School Correspondence Course, I received Volumes 1 and 8 and their associated material. (One sheet listing contents of the package, an errata sheet for each volume, IBM grade card, test booklet, and answer sheet. The student is supposed to study each volume, answering the review questions at the end of each chapter and then to turn to the test booklet and decide upon the correct answers. I find that I have had excellent results in gaining scores in the nineties by altering this procedure slightly. First I pre-test, I go through the exam, marking the most probably correct answer. Then I start through the book chapter by chapter, referring to the discussions of the review questions (in the back of the book) as needed, and marking the test booklet with the correct answers and page references. Some questions are lifted verbatim from the text but a very few require a certain amount of inductive reasoning to find the proper response. I don't learn much that sticks with me, but I sure get good grades.

n However, I was about to relate some of the information garnered from the course. Among his weapons, man has included smoke, fire, and poisonous fumes for at least 4000 years. The gas weapons of World War I marked the zenith of chemical warfare and only the certain knowledge of a retaliatory capability in kind has kept these weapons in the background since that time. However, it is not likely that chemical weapons will always be kept out of war. (I do not refer to explosives, per se, these of course, including the varieties of atomic weapons, have been regularly used.) In addition to smokes, and poisonous fumes man has turned to the utilization of one of his eternal enemies, the germ, and is prepared to utilize these agents to win a victory with a minimum of property damage. No weapon today is considered 'unconventional' or even unlikely to be brought into play. The 'silent weapons' single out life as their target, preserving industrial complexes for the victorious power, and have the added advantage of leaving something for a new beginning, even if the next civilization might be one of microbes. Toxics are humane,



they can achieve a wide range of effects - and be chosen for the results desired - unlike bullets and bombs, which haphazardly miss, wound, or kill. Toxic weapons are cheaply produced, the chief drawback in the development of an arsenal of toxics lies in the area of testing. Whereas it is quite possible to ignore the Marshes and other protests of the "BAN THE BOMB"ers, none of the 'free' world communities dares risk the censure of an outraged public were they to conduct testing on a large scale. Indeed, accidental infection of laboratory workers has provided us with most of the available data on a number of the toxic weapons we possess.

Epidemics killed nearly two-fifths of Xerxes' arm of 800,000 on the plains of Thessaly during the Persian ruler's 5th Century B. C. expedition through northern Greece. Plague and typhus slaughtered Crusaders before the gates of Antioch and Jerusalem. Typhus liberated Granada from Moorish rule, while dysentery thinned the ranks of the Grand Army of Napoleon in Russia. Until World War II, more soldiers had died from disease than bullets.

These were natural assaults by disease, but man was not satisfied to leave disease to its own devices. Early Romans catapulted diseased corpses into besieged cities in order to weaken the defenses with epidemics. Centuries ago, retreating British soldiers left plague infected clothing behind, producing Bubonic plague among the French who used the garments.

Massive Retaliation is the watchword of SAC, our motto is PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION, and it is assumed that our capability to give as good as we get is the main thing staving off the next conflagration. Even as tests are being conducted on atomic weapons, and receiving publicity because of their indisguisable nature, laboratories throughout the world are experimenting with fungi, virus diseases, bacteria, and toxins, seeking effective weapons for many different conditions, and developing defenses for them. People may not be the targets of these weapons, however. Research has developed a number of anti-food weapons, diseases that attack man's food animals and plants. There are hormones that surreptitiously applied could cause a farmer to diligently cultivate a crop, suspecting nothing until harvest time when the grain would be discovered totally undeveloped. Surrender or Starve might well be the ultimatum of a future aggressor.

A Peghottian illustration of an anti-crop weapon would be that of the country which developed a virulent plant which choked out all other growth and spread rapidly. Large quantities of the seeds of this plant were incorporated in cheap sun-dried pottery which was then exported and sold in great quantities as quaint examples of the handicraft of the simple natives of the country. In due course of events many of the dishes became cracked and broken and were cast out. Those that were cast into suitable environments allowed the encysted seeds to propagate and soon the enemy nation was overrun with the useless plants and the inhabitants, once proud and arrogant in their wealth and fortunate circumstance were reduced to hand-to-mouth scrabbling for existence. A clear case of the dish being father to the weed.

The good Sister Lindsay, as usual provides us with a very enjoyable magazine, and a justifiable complaint. It is far easier to sit back and carp, and in a sense more gratifying to one's own ego to do so - since obviously one points out only those faults that one lacks - than it is to find an encouraging word for the poor bloke who tries but just can't quite make the grade. In the Toastmaster's chapter in which I am currently enrolled there is a venerable sage, a Beyond Basic speaker, who has by his acuity and forthright evaluations earned the nickname 'Caustic Tongue'. Now this pains the man considerably since he is merely fairly stating the shortcomings noted in the individuals evaluated, and always attempts to point the way toward improvement. He criticizes constructively, but the appellation 'caustic tongue' implies that he is more destructive than otherwise. A man with lesser force of character might strive to develop a style of evaluation that would dispel this image but would probably at the same time lose exactly the most valuable part of criticism for before he could suggest an improvement he would have to admit that Squeaky Sam had a problem and that might hurt Sam's feelings.



OF COURSE I WANT IT YESTERDAY  
IF I WANTED IT TODAY I'D  
GIVE IT TO YOU TOMORROW!