

HELLO
AGAIN!



SAPS
103

APRIL 1973

H E L L O A G A I N !

Published for SAPS by Lynn Hickman at 413 Ottokee Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Originally intended for SAPS mailing 103, but not making it, this section and several other pages are being retyped and/or rewritten. This is now being prepared for the July 1973 mailing.

This getting back into SAPS after so many years all started when Roger Sims brought the 99th mailing with him when he came for a weekend visit. I thought that I should get into the 100th mailing. I started an issue of a new zine (Gooseberries) which I intended franking with Roger's zine until I could get in. Well press troubles developed which I still haven't cured, and I not only missed that but missed the last mailing as well. Noreen was kind enough to tell me at the Midwestcon that she would run a zine off for me if I got it typed up and sent to her as soon as possible. I jumped at the chance and will have these masters into the mail to her by the end of the week. Thanks a million Witch of the Year!! By the next mailing I should have both of my presses in operation.

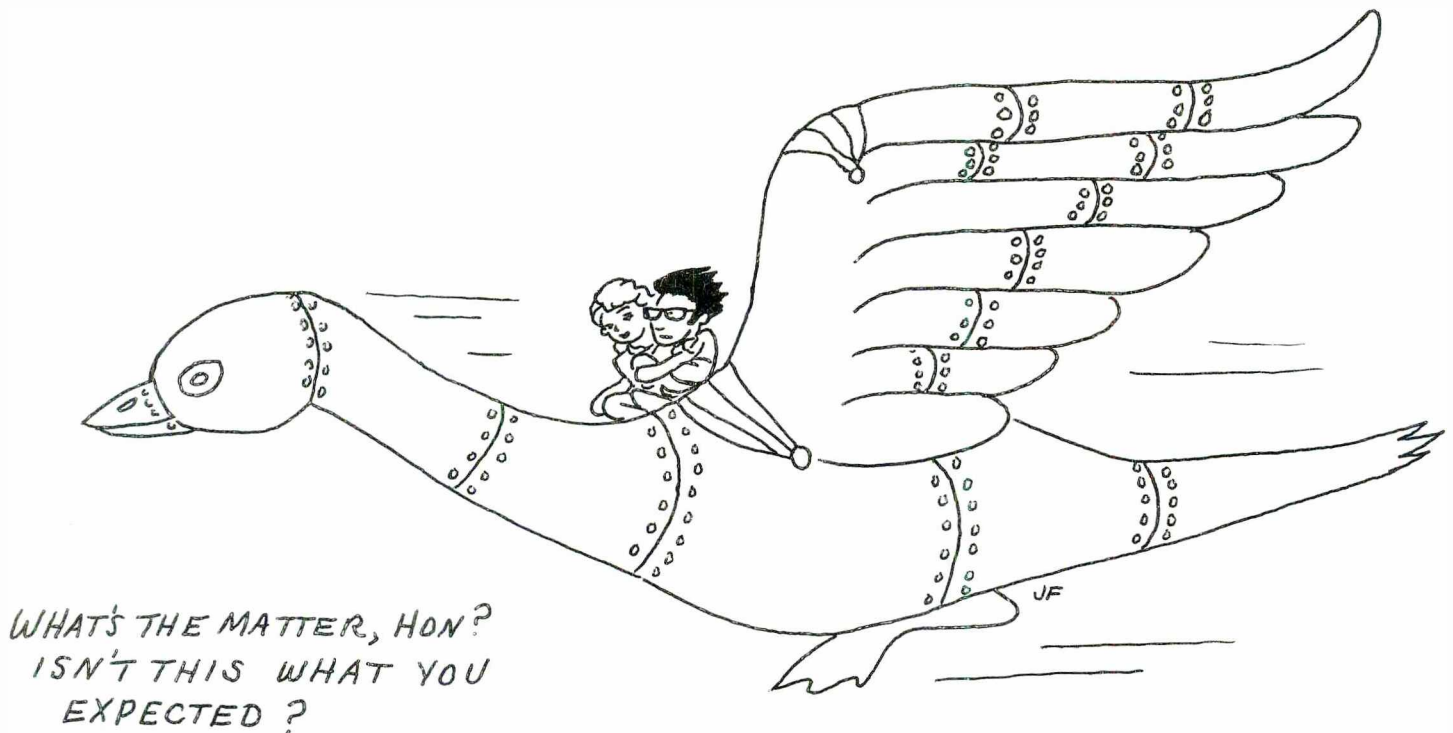
I mention the Marcon on page 6 which I'm not rewriting or retyping, but of course since the I've been to the Midwestcon. This is a connish year for me. The Michicon, Marcon, Midwestcon, and coming up, the Pulpcon, Torcon, and Octocon. Thats one every two months which isn't bad for an OLD fan. Any of you that are interested in the old pulps should make the PULPCON 2 which will be held in Dayton, Ohio July 20-21-22. You can write me for details if ypu are interested in attdending. Oh yes, I did get the Bok painting I've wanted for so many years while I was at the Midwestcon. It was the cover painting from the 1st issue of Imagination and is a thing of real beauty.

Anyhow, Hello Again! is just a oneshot type of thing to let you know I'm here. My regular SAPSzine will be Gooseberries which should be ready for the next mailing. The Hello Again is for the old Saps left in the organization from when I was a member before. For the reasonable new members who don't know or hate me yet, I'd like to introduce myself as a sweet loveable old fan, rotten to the core, and proud of it! I'm sure you'll learn to love me too.

In the old days I put a bunch of zines in SAPS, so many I can't remember all the names myself, but think some of them were Jackpot, Argassy, and Scurvy. Will dig into the old files someday and perhaps reprint some stuff from them. I remember Plato Jones did a bunch of cartoons on Saps personalities and some of those are still in SAPS. If I could get Plato interested again, perhaps we could get some new stuff out of him. But he's like me -- old/old.

I do like lots of artwork in my zines, so if there are any budding artists out there, send me some of your work. I'll either give it a good presentation or return it to you with a note explaining just what I want.

THE TIN GOOSE



by Gary Zachrich

TIN GOOSE An ugly, thin legged and seemingly ponderous creature with the ability to fly, and fly, and fly. No one who's ever had a passing fancy for adventure reading is unacquainted with Bill Stout's all metal Ford TriMotor. Even the mention of it stirs little flights of memory adventure. To the Poles, the interior of South America, and seemingly anywhere there was air to support it's thick wings. And I recently had the chance to ride in one. To feel it, to smell it, to stare down from a height that softens the years on the land while it lived around me. One of the greatest pleasures I've ever known.

Island Airlines, the shortest airline in the world, (longest run is six miles) operates from Port Clinton, Ohio to the near islands in Lake Erie and still has at least two old TriMotors in commercial service. I believe they are the last in commercial service in the world. Less than one hundred miles from where I lived.

Lynn Hickman and I had talked for years of running up to Port Clinton and taking what could be at any time one of the last rides ever to be had in a Tin Goose. But never did. Until one night Roger and Patsy Lou Sims were visiting Lynn in Wauseon and the subject came up one more time. A trip to the Bass Islands, home of many wineries, on a Tin Goose was the thing. Roger, the soberest head in the crowd kept it going. He set a date.

Roger, Patsy Lou, Lynn, Carolyn and myself were enthusiastic.

My wife, The Sidney Rat, alias Patricia, was a doubtful starter. Turns out she had never been any higher off the ground than she could jump, and she kept asking me how old this thing was. Unfortunately we kept telling her.

The day finally came, a Sunday, and we set out from different points to meet at the airport. I was to drop the wife and kids at her folks house and go it alone. On the way down she announced with quivering lip that she had decided to go along. I was tickled pink and spent the rest of the ride telling her how safe this old bird was and how tough the FAA regs were. She was smiling when we arrived, but it faded when we got out of the car and walked up to buy our tickets. There she sat. A recent model of her line. Oil smeared, corrugated, bedecked with exterior control cables and uncowed engines, and looking ever so much like a great awful chicken coop with wings. She was beautiful and all I had hoped she would be.

We hopped inside and bought round trip tickets to South Bass Island. My wife took a seat facing the apron and gripped the chair arms. Roger, Lynn, and I raced out to get a close look at her and take a few pictures. Up close you could see the hand hammered service panels, which made me think of my wife, so I gave her the high sign and kicked the tires to show her that she was safe. The pilot, who was standing with the plane thought this a little odd, and so did my wife. But we were ready to go. Round trip tickets cost six dollars apiece. I kind of laughed inside. I'd have paid that just to look her over good.

Time to board. I walked out with wife on arm and as we entered you could read the brass plaque on the side. **STOUT ALL METAL AIRPLANE CO. 1929.**

The door is rear of amidship and it's an uphill climb to the front of the plane. Bare metal sides and skeleton frame seats line each side. Nothing fancy here, and well used at that. These planes service the permanent island communities and during the week you will share the accomodations with such things as nuts and bolts, live chickens, frozen meats, schoolchildren, (yeah, that's the way the kids go to school) and anything else that the people need. Especially in the winter. Before this line was established, the only way to the islands was by iceboat.

I charged up to a seat immediately behind the cabin and we belted in. Right where I wanted to be. I could lean over and see the plank floor boards and the wooden dash with the cracked finish and model T style instruments. Faded but business like.

(next page)

artwork in this issue is by Jackie Franke and Terry Jeeves. Written material by Gary Zachrich and myself.

Look for GOOSEBERRIES #1 in the next mailing. A new zine from a tired old fan.

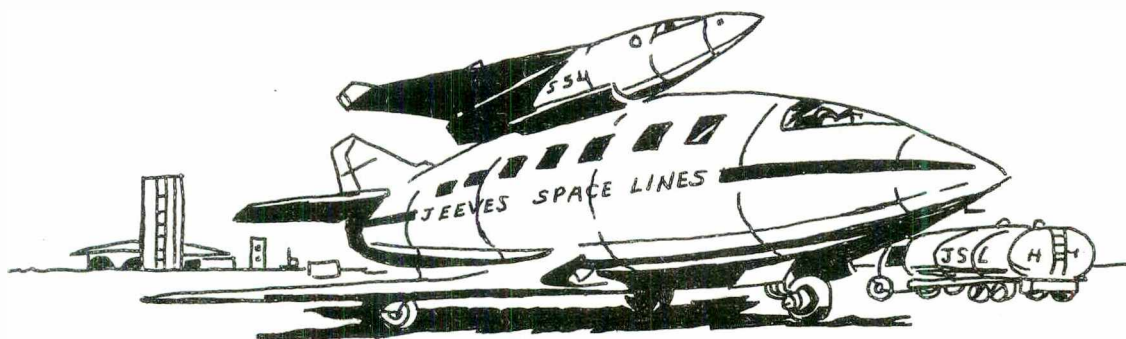
Centrally located were the three banked throttles, tachs, pressure guages, and I knew I was here for real. Roger and Patsy were right across from us, with Lynn and Carolyn in the rear. The pilot slipped in and sat down. Right here I had the only disappointment of the day. No sliding back of the window, No "switches on" "switches on" "contact" "contact" baloney. He just fired them off, one engine at a time, flopped them for a little bit, ran them up and we were off.

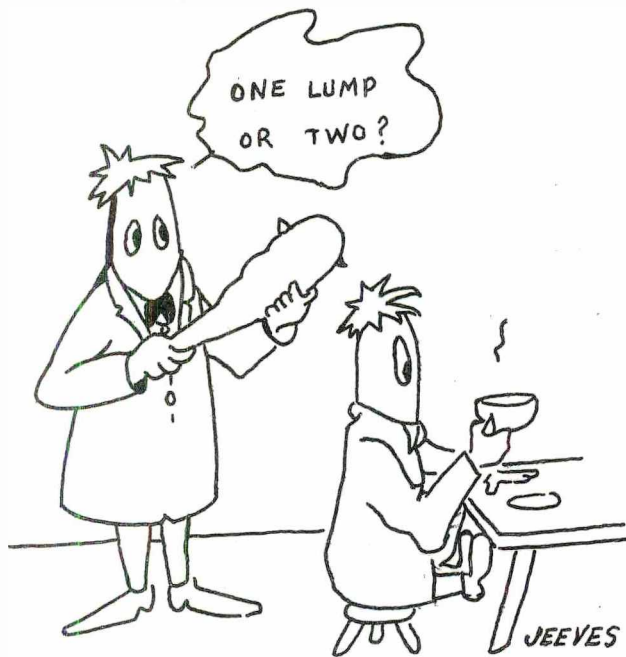
We eased out to the runway, leaving the apron behind, and the small piece of grass with the lonely sign GATE ONE.

This was what I had come for and I leaned out to watch everything up front and trying to miss nothing outside. The engines wound up and we were moving and off the ground. I knew this thing would come up quick, but I was surprised. As it left the ground and came into it's own element, it seemed pleased and smoothed out. We were climbing at seventy seven miles per. I looked at my wife and she was enjoying it. And why not. A short trip to the island. We reached about one thousand feet and close to eighty. A few minutes there. I had a chance to shut my eyes and imagine, open them and dream. Then down to earth too soon. He flew it onto the ground at about seventy five mile per and settled in.

I beat it off the plane first with my trusty instamatic and got a favorite picture. The Sidney Rat coming out of the plane with a smile. We toured the island, it's wineries and caverns, and hunted broken shells on the beach for Roger. A good time was had by all. But the ride overshadowed it.

A parting shot. The tire I kicked to show the safety of the plane had an almost solid stream of gasoline running over it from the inverted carburetor on the starboard engine. I didn't think too much of it at the time, but two weeks later this same bird crashed on takeoff because that engine quit. However don't be too alarmed. No one was killed and only one bone was broken. It's a damned safe old bird. And an experience of a lifetime.





Well, not really any lumps this time as I do not have a mailing here to comment on. I guess I could give a few to Roger Sims (since I've read his zine), but it wouldn't really be fair to mention his bad, bad spelling and very poor reproduction since he's such a fine friend, so I won't. I can be nice at times. Besides that, Patsy Lou and I BEAT Roger and Carolyn at bridge and that should rankle him enough since it was the first time we have been able to pull that off. Next week, Rog and Pat will be down for a few days again. If we can't beat them again, you won't hear much about bridge for awhile. But if we do ----!!!

I like artwork, so you'll always see a considerable amount of it in my zines. If there are any budding artists among you, send some samples my way. If I like it, I'll try to give it a good presentation. If I don't, it will be returned with some notes on what I would like. I also like humor and satire, especially on pulpish or fannish themes. Material sent could appear in either The Pulp Era, Badmouth, or Gooseberries.

Was going to work on this fanzine last week, but a friend came past and dragged me off to Don's Bar to shoot a little pool. When I ran the table on him the first game I felt I was on a winning streak and might as well run it out. So I spent every night last week at Don's. Won 200 and lost 4. Next week it will probably be the opposite. I'm a little erratic. But this week is fanning time. Not a game until this is finished. Not even if my arm is twisted half off. I'm going to give my all for dear old SAPS.

Really enjoyed going to the Marcon. Had a chance to have some good conversation with Doreen and Jim Webbert, Bill Mallardi, Ray Beam, Lou Tabakow, Bea Mahaffey, (she's finally going to sell me a Bok painting I've been trying to get from her for over 20 years), Fred Jackson (the label king), George Wagner, Jodie Offutt, et al. Was sorry I didn't get to talk longer with the Stopa's, Smith's, and many others but our time was limited. We didn't get there until late Saturday afternoon. My main reason for the trip was to get together with my co-chairmen of the PULPCON 2, Rusty Hevelin and Gordon Huber, to discuss some aspects of the con.

Ok, page 7. I've had to retype pages 2, 3, 4, and now 7 and any thing beyond that. This is a hurry up job, written and typed directly on the master so all mistakes that I don't catch at once are here forever. In the future, most Gooseberries will be Vari-typed and offset in a digest size zine. If I don't have time for that, I'll type directly on master as I have here, but it will probably be a one-shot type of thing again.

My daughter just graduated from High School and Immediately started Jr. College in Ft. Wayne, Ind. She's been gone 2 whole weeks already but will be home this weekend. My oldest son graduated from the Defiance College several years ago and I also have a boy who will be a sophomore in high school next year, and another boy who will be in the 2nd grade next year. I like to stretch my exemptions out. Old fans never die, they just fade away. But some of us like Tucker, Grennell, Kemp and myself, just refuse to fade. 'Twas good to see Tucker at the Midwestcon, and was surprised at the GOODLY number of First Fandom members that were there for the FF meeting. Even a couple of SAPS. Myself and Howard DeVore. For the members that don't know about First Fandom, it is an organization that was founded in 1958 by myself, Bob Madle, Don Ford, Doc Barrett, Dale Tarr, for fans that were in fandom before Jan. 1st 1938. While it is a fun organization, it also one that is trying to preserve the history of science fiction and science fiction fandom. If you know of a fan that was in sf fandom or collecting sf before 1938, have him contact me or Howard DeVore.

If any of the newer members have seen my generalzine THE PULP ERA, you will know that I am interested in ALL aspects of the pulps (not just the sf and fantasy mags) and collect ALL pulps. I always have a want list of pulps, so if you have any old mags, let me know. Right now I am especially interested in the air-war pulps and early westerns.

How's the weather in YOUR area? Lord, have we been having storms here. One of my trees was blown over on top of one of my cars. Luckily, the top of the tree caught on our telephone line and kept it from crushing through the top of the convertible. Was able to get the highlift from the town to lift it off and drive out from under it with only one little hole punched in the top. Had another storm here last night and the same thing happened to my next door neighbor. We're out planting new trees. A little town near here REALLY got hit and lost over 100 trees. But thats not as bad as southern Illinois. When I was living there, a tornado swept a car off the road about a hundred yards ahead of me. I was caught in 3 different tornados in the few years that I lived there.

I don't know for sure, but in the years I've been pubbing zines (I started pubbing in 1951), I've probably published from more addresses than any other faan. And probably from more states. I've lived here in Wauseon for 8 years and that is the longest I've ever been in one spot. I sold on the road for 19 years, working 48 out of the 50 states, and of course moved around considerably. Back in the early 50s I used to have fun when another fan would ask me what I did for a living and I would tell him/her I was a goober grabber salesman. Thats when I was living in North and South Carolina and sold peanut pickers.

One nice thing about being on the road (of course there were a lot of bad ones too, like being away from the family so much) was the fans you could visit on your travels. And the friends you made. Of course I love being home now, but I do miss those visits. I used to be able to regularly get together with Bloch, Tucker, Grennell, Corriell, Conner, Kemp, Hickey, Terwilleger, Ellison, Ford, Tabakow, and many others. And was able to meet many others that I had only written before, like George Barr, Buck Coulson, (I think I was the first fan he ever met), Basil Wells, Phil Farmer, and hundreds of others that I only got to meet once. At least here, many fans stop in. And we have regular visits from Patsy and Roger Sims. We held a little party here a couple of years ago and I sent out invitations to many people I knew couldn't make it. Were we surprised when well over 100 fans showed up from seven states for the whole weekend. We had every bed, couch, and floor space covered. Larry Smith and his (new at that time) wife had to sleep under the piano. You'll remember that won't you Larry? But there was nothing else we could do.

We had fixed what we thought would be enough sandwiches and stuff to last the whole evening and they were gone before the evening even started. Fred Prophet and George Young fixed breakfasts on an assembly line basis. Sort of reminded me of the time the caravan from California stopped overnight in Dixon, Ill. on their way to the Pittcon. We were expecting one small carload and Carolyn was going to ride with them and I was to follow the next day after making some sales calls in our car. Instead 4 carloads showed up, and it was the same type of breakfast, assembly line. Jim Harmon supervised that one and made sure the dishes were done by the time I finished my calls. All the others left but Jim and Jock Root who then drove in with me. Fun? I could tell you of a million times I've been surprised but had an absolute ball. That's the great thing about fandom/!! You make a wonderful bunch of friends. Bob Sampson from Alabama comes up about once year, a new fan friend I met at the 1st Pulpcon in St. Louis took a three day vacation and drove in from New Jersey, and many fans that are traveling the Ohio Turnpike (We are only 2 miles from an exit) stop in overnight. So, if you are traveling the turnpike, and want to save a motel bill, we almost always have an extra bedroom and we like people. So stop and get acquainted. You are welcome.

Enough rambling, we'll see you next mailing in Gooseberries. And Once Again -- THANKS TO THE WITCH OF THE YEAR.

Lynn Hickman