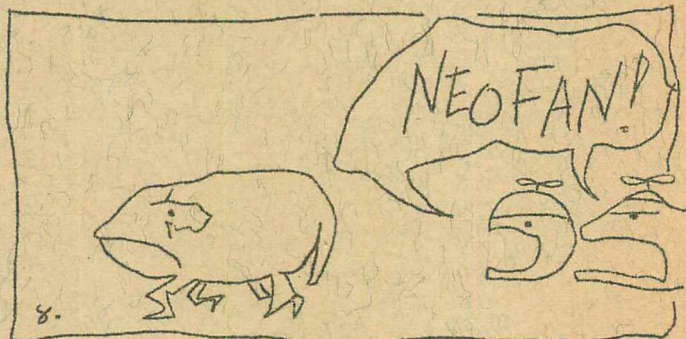
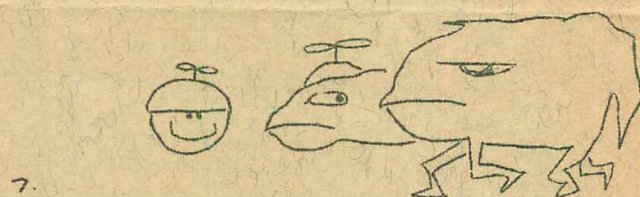
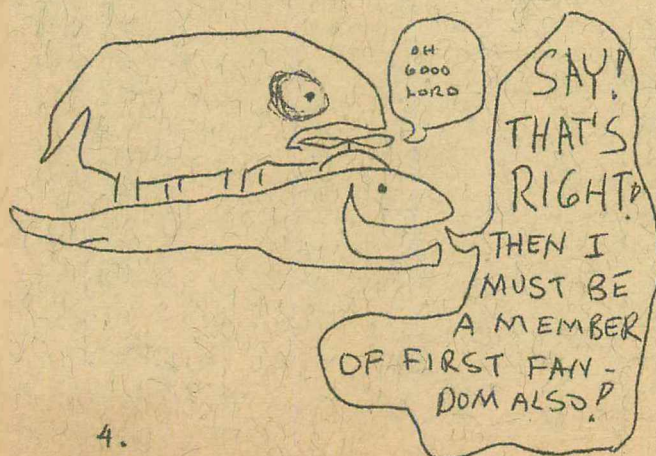
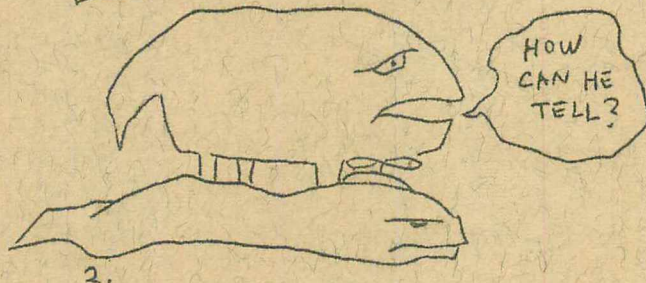


ice age 2



This is my first all-by-myself section of IC:AG, so I'll say "hello" to all of you out there in Papaland. This particular time out, I'll have mostly comments on the 91st mailing, but I'd also like to ramble on a bit first and bring you up to date on the Shaws. In fact, we might call this

PROGRESS ONE 1

To many of you, Larry and I owe apologies for our long silence. Saying we joined the League of Silent Pen for the last ten months would be the rankest understatement. NO letters or fanzines originated in the Shaw household - one might almost use that harsh word "gafia", if one didn't know better. Our hearts were with fandom, but circumstances called work, money, and pregnancy intervened.

I have one positive statement to make: It's not exactly the easiest thing in the world to work until one week before a baby is born. Especially if you're having the baby. I was supposed to rest as much as I could when I got home from work and it cut my fanac completely. If that weren't enough to keep me occupied, I contracted Asian Flu which remained with me in one form or another from January to May and from there plunged directly into househunting.

The househunting was necessary because, while babies themselves are small, they have a lot of vital equipment with them which takes up space. We looked around our old apartment on Ninth Street and decided we wouldn't want to raise a trained cockroach (Hi, Boyd) there. So began an incredible tale of laughter, tears and heroism. To those of you who haven't read the "Apartment for Rent" ads in the TIMES recently, I'll explain that a small four room apartment in Manhattan in a fairly clean building rents for about \$240 a month.

The apartment situation is the number one topic with New Yorkers from all walks of life. It is the great leveler. I have heard it discussed by cab drivers, hotel waiters, psychiatrists, elevator boys, ad men, and beatniks. Unfortunately, this doesn't help much. There are too many people who want to live in Manhattan and too few places to put them. The old buildings are rent controlled and falling down. The new ones are uncontrolled and the sky isn't even the limit. In spite of the fantastic rents that are charged, (\$500 or \$600 a month is common), they always find somebody to pay it. Not us, however.

We checked all the other cheaper boroughs, and finally decided on Staten Island. After several months of weekend searching, we were smiled on by Ghu, and found a charming cape cod house with a large fenced-in yard. It was for rent about three hours before we swooped down and signed the lease.

The baby has his own room, crowded with baby-type equipment, Larry has a huge basement in which to work, run off fanzines, and store books, and I have a sunny kitchen in which to make endless bottles of formula.

Staten Island itself is a lovely place. It's larger than Manhattan, but only has about 200,000 people. Miles of it are still very wild and flowers and trees are everywhere. It's almost

impossible to sit here typing this, Surrounded By Nature, and realize that the dirt and rush of Manhattan is a half hour away.

Larry commutes by rapid transit train into the ferry terminal, then takes the ferry (still just 5¢ - the last great bargain) and subway to his office. The whole trip is about a hour and fifteen minutes. People who come in from Westchester or Long Island have a trip about that long, and this is a much pleasanter journey.

CONCERNING MICHAEL EVAN

He's a good child - blond, blue eyed and cute when he smiles. By no stretch of the imagination is he beautiful, however. He often looks like W. C. Fields in "The Bank Dick." For those of you who may be curious, I am pleased to report that he has inherited Larry's disposition instead of mine.

We invite suggestions from such experts as Tucker and Grennell on child care. I find the books I bought are long on "love and cuddle your baby", but are short on practical things like how to get the damn bottle nipple unclogged. One thing is apparent - I only thought I was busy before. I never really knew what busy meant.

Let us now Press On Regardless and get to the

MAILING COMMENTS

FANTASY ALABUR: Officialdom - Losing Block is a real blow. Sic transit gloria FAPA...It's a terrible temptation to have like join the Waiting List, but we'll nobly resist it.

A FALZINE FOR FAPA: Rotsler/Trimble - The suggestion of donating a sum to the TAFF winner strikes me as an excellent one. Many times, the TAFF money covers the cost of the ticket only, with nothing left over for little extras like eating and sleeping. I'm sure that the knowledge that there was a little backlog of cash waiting for the winner would free his mind a great deal and allow him to enjoy his trip even more without the constant fear of embarrassment over funds.

EGO BEAST: Wilson - Although I did library work for six years, I am not a professional librarian. I did three years in the Children's Room and at the Desk in the Cleveland Public Library and three years as full charge librarian of the technical library of a research laboratory. It was my experience concerning science fiction in the Cleveland System that the books were given to Aunt Haud types to review and they never liked what they read. As little sf as possible was purchased ("after all, it's not literature") and the money was ploughed into do-it-yourself and make-your-sales-sizzle-in-17-days. In spite of this handicap, sf was very popular with the high school crowd and they would eagerly ask for anything that might be new. Discouraging to think of that potential audience wasted. I might mention that if you interests you even slightly STAY AWAY FROM CITY AND GOVERNMENT LIBRARIES. Go into private industry where there is a crying demand for trained librarians, they pay at least 1/3 more, and the hours are reasonable...I can envision giving up movies to ensure my entrance into heaven, but soda pop?? NEVER! Who needs heaven?

WILLIE FOR TAFF

DEURAIION: Speer - I finished Atlas Shrugged recently, but I'm not too sure I can tell you what it's about. I recall Bill Donaho saying "I hated it, but I couldn't put it down." I felt rather than way myself. Most of her philosophy is too extreme, but she presents her case fascinatingly. There are no "little men" in Atlas Shrugged, everyone is a superman and events occur on a gigantic scale. I consider The Fountainhead far superior to Atlas. The characters are beautifully done, but none more so than Elsworth Toohey. I find myself thinking of old Elsworth more and more, as society crumbles around us....All this brings to mind the lecture series here in New York conducted by Nathaniel Branden, whom Ayn Rand calls her "spiritual heir". Each fall and spring he conducts a series of lectures on her philosophy and she appears on the platform and answers questions as part of the program. I understand they are quite well attended and you hear a lot of the young, intense types in the Village discussing the "menace of labor unions" and "death of free will."

ALIF: Anderson - A beautiful job all around, Karen, especially the "April" poem and illo.

CATCH TRAP: Bradley - When I was a kid, I was a "house cat". I read most of the time, or embroidered. My gamesmanship consisted of playing with dolls, (I was fearfully retarded. I had dolls until I was 14) roller skating and walking a metal pipe fence. I didn't have a bicycle until I was 15 and, even then, my mother didn't let me ride it much because my eyes were so poor. None of my classmates had two-wheel bikes until they were at least 12. The kids in our neighborhood now have two wheelers as soon as they can walk and are whizzing around the streets. I think it's a shame. What have they got to look forward to except a convertible? The thrill of anticipation is gone when you give them everything...Your mention of Kool-aid reminds me of the time my Dad was in a supermarket and saw two small brothers, one about 5 and the other about 2, approach a Kool-aid display. The bigger one took a package of lime Kool-aid, went up to the drinking fountain and filled the bag with water. He stirred it with his finger and then drank half and gave the rest to his brother. They returned to their mother, with innocent expressions.He took a Simca on a longish trip one weekend. A real dog. Now, the Peugeot is a dream car and we might just buy one, if we don't settle on a Valiant Station wagon for it's slightly more practical size....LADIES HOME JOURNAL continues to go to hell. Pat Boone, already. McCalls, however, goes uphill. I challenge anyone to find finer color photography and printing in any American magazine.

BERGON'S BABY: Busby - Re; solicitors. I had a door-to-door type lately who tried to induce me to sign up for photographs of the baby from now until he's sixteen! "Of course, Mrs. Shaw, you'll want a permanent record of your lovely little boy and at a real saving to you of \$170." My reply, which stopped him cold, was "No, I won't. I don't really like him very much." He slunk away, muttering something about "unfit mothers."

WRAITH: Ballard - Your mention of Club Matinee brings tears to my eyes. I bow to no one in my nostalgia for old time radio shows. Vick and Sade, Mr. Keen, Easy Aces, Lights Out, Mr. First Nighter, Inner Sanctum, then a Girl Harries, Let's Pretend, Your Lincoln Highway (who else remembers this Saturday morning show?)

I could go on and on, but I won't. You're right, they probably weren't as good as we remember them, but then, nothing ever really is...First memory? I believe it's my mother being ill and the doctor coming. I was about three. Probably the fact that there is a great emotional shock for a child when a parent becomes ill impresses this event in his mind over and above everyday events.

VANDY: Coulsons - I read the Hodgens article on sf films and felt as you do. Here is someone who obviously knows and loves the field. Who the heck is he?? It's probably the best piece ever done on the rape of science fiction by Hollywood...Almost without exception, the fan children I've encountered have been head and shoulders above their contemporaries in behavior. I think not only of the Grennells, but Earl Kemp's brood and Big Hearted Howard's wonderful three girls...Ah, yes, Juanita, dresses with "back interest". Not only are these styles silly looking, but they go out so quickly that one can look at a gadgeted-up dress and just about peg the month and year it was bought. I usually stick to classic styles like the princess line and the straight sheath. Some of my very good dresses are 8 or 10 years old, but still look new because they are very simple. I expect to be buried in my Ann Fogerty red velvet, which is celebrating its 11th birthday this autumn.

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - Mitch Miller makes me retch in all his manifestations, but one. Long, long ago, before he discovered money, Miller had an octet. He played the oboe in this group and they cut several records of really great pieces by Alec Wilder. These things had wonderful titles like "The Children Met the Train", "Footnote to a Summer Love", and "Jack, This Is My Husband". I admire Wilder very much and their execution was light, airy and melodious. Then, Miller got smart and became the Elsworth Toohy of popular music. (See comment under D. UALION.)

BLEEN: Grennell - Here all this time, I thought I was the only person in fandom who couldn't get through "The Lovers". As long as confessions are in order, I'll come right out and admit that I have never read anything by Farmer that I liked and at least one story, "Father", literally made me sick to my stomach. "Adult science fiction", huh? I'll take "Farewell To the Master" any day. ...It's not so hard to play Nostradamus. All you have to do is bear in mind that everything that comes along is usually worse than what it replaces and you're all set. I could quote chapter and verse, but the whole thing depresses me too much... Didn't read the McCall's article because I have no interest in guns. As stated earlier, I do like McCall's very much, but I sympathize with you. There seems to be a move afoot to make us safe in spite of ourselves and, incidentally, to take all the fun out of life. I refer to no firecrackers on the Fourth of July (ah, there, Harry Warner) and Safe and Sane Halloweens where, in stead of begging for candy and cookies, the children collect money for UNICEF. Probably a very worthy cause, but I haven't exactly noticed a big dec ine in delinquency because of this. Why couldn't they leave Halloween alone?

PHLOTSAM: Economou - I have never heard "Teen Angel", but I have heard a little ditty called "Tell Laura I Loved Her". It's all about this stock car racer who crashes, see, and while the flames lick around his ears, he drones "Tell Laura I Lovvved Her".....but why go on...you've probably been unable to escape it.

we actually bought two of the top forty lately. They are funnier than GRUE. One is "Alley Oop" and the other is "Happy Go Lucky Me." On the latter, the "singer" tells us how he can always laugh no matter what happens and proceeds to demonstrate by emitting a maniacal shriek halfway through the song. "Alley Oop" is good fun and they are obviously kidding themselves when they shout "Hi ho, Dinosaur"...How about Richard the Lion Hearted?... "They've got SEVENTEEN, what do they have to barge into our magazine for?" I'll answer that. It's part of a master plan by Madison Avenue to "develop the teen age consumer's loyalty" as soon as they can read. The idea being get them to read the IHJ and the ads while they're as young as possible and they will stay with the products they have read about when they are running their own households. That's why Pat Boone and How A Teenager Took off 40 lbs In Two Weeks...I really felt sorry for John Berry being forced-fed one exotic meal after another. My dad is Irish and I know darn well the menu at home consisted of meat and potatoes. A stomach that has had bland food all the time will not accept these highly spiced things in large quantities. I think fandom really ought to remember this when entertaining an overseas guest. Let's not take him to where we want to go. Let's ask, instead, what he'd like to do.

KLEIN BOTTLE: Carrs - Kookie Jar and Operation Moonwatch enjoyed to the hilt, but no comment on either except to say I believed every word of each..."The Cause" was nowhere near your standard, Terry, and very obvious. Remember, I'm one of the people who think you will be a really great writer someday.

LILBO: Rike - (Donaho's mailing comments) When you've been an innocent victim in as many accidents as I have, you feel everyone should drive about 55 mph (except on Turnpikes) and 5 car lengths apart. I am always amused by hot shot drivers and articles by hot shot drivers that tell you what to do when you go into a skid. "Just feather the wheel and turn it in the direction the rear wheels are skidding and you'll straighten out", they say. They usually fail to mention that if you do this, you'll go over the cliff the rear wheels are heading toward or crash into another line of traffic. At least everytime I've been in a skidding car, that's what's happened...Your comments on brainwashing are most interesting. Who can answer this? I have just read "The Manchurian Candidate" by Richard Congdon. I enjoyed it, although I have some reservations. At any rate, the hero is captured by the communists in Korea and brainwashed so thoroughly that he has no memory of the capture and, afterward, they have only to say a key phrase to him to have him completely in their control. I wonder if this is really possible...The NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE had a recent article which compared current Russian propaganda techniques to the Pavlov conditioning experiments on dogs. It stated that the Russians have applied Pavlov's principles to the propaganda they use on us. They blow hot and then cold, with no apparent reason, and the West exhausts itself trying to find a pattern in the statements issued by Mr. K when, in reality, no pattern exists or is one supposed to. The idea being that we become hopelessly confused trying to make sense of nonsense and thereby become vulnerable. ...The only really good Chinese restaurant I've ever been in is The Litchee Tree in the Village. I usually don't mind going to one if the crowd I'm with wants to go. I like to be a good sport. What annoys me is that once I get there, people seem

to take it upon themselves to introduce me to the delights of Chinese food. "You must try this Worm's Nest Stew", they burble. Usually I have already tried this dish and found it sadly lacking, but they persist, in spite of my "No, thank you" until I am acutely uncomfortable and I imagine everyone else is also. Why can't I just order Pepper Steak and be left alone? I like Pepper Steak.

SALUD: Elinor Busby - Don't worry, Elinor, you are very much you and not just half of the Busbys. You're definitive personality is stamped on everything you write... I also like your yellow paper very much... I intensely dislike people who coo over babies just because they are small and cuddly. Babies are people and, as you said, vary tremendously in personality and temperament. I didn't fall madly in love with like at first sight. In fact, heresy of all heresy, I was so busy feeling all kinds of pain, I wasn't even very interested in him at first. My mother stayed with us for the first three weeks I was home and she took care of him because I wasn't up to it. It was only after she left and like and I got well acquainted that I came to love him. It certainly didn't happen all at once.... Open door parties at conventions are indeed the best. When I first came into fandom, they were the exception rather than the rule. It's very humiliating to be turned away from a door because no one inside can identify you. I swore I would never give a closed door party and I never have. This doesn't mean, however, that fans should forget simple rules of courtesy and take unfair advantage of the host... I don't necessarily think Jews are smarter than anyone else, but I do think they take better advantage of the opportunities for education offered than other nationalities... There was certainly nothing esoteric about Lee's question on understeering or oversteering. I don't even drive, and I know what it is... I read the Pious Pornographers when it first came out and I thought it was silly then. God knows, there is nothing less sexually exciting than a clinical discussion of the ills woman is prone to. I have found the articles quite enlightening. Any man who wanders by mistake into the LHJ from PLAYBOY and reads them will be very happy he's a man!... Dreams - one of my favorite subjects. I have two recurrent dreams to toss into the lap of lay (watch that pun!) analysts. In the first one, I am trying to make an IMPORTANT phone call. (I loath telephones, by the way) and I simply cannot get through to whoever I am calling, usually the fire department. The line is busy, the phone makes loud noises and finally goes dead on me as whatever nameless horror I fear closes in. In the second dream, I have returned to high school after many years and am expected to pick up all my classes where I left off. Exams seem to be coming up and I get panic stricken at the idea of taking a Spanish or geometry test when I have forgotten it all. No one else seems to have noticed my long absence or wonders why I am suddenly there. I wake up pawing frantically through a text book and crying. I have these two dreams about once a month and I'm getting tired of them. The phone dream goes back many years, but the school dream is only two years old. Please send analysis in a plain, brown wrapper... Spaghetti sauce is a subject dear to my stomach. As discerning a critic as Bill Donaho said that I make the best sauce in the world. The unusual thing about the recipe is that it takes about an hour from start to finish. Try it sometime when you're in a hurry. Toss together 1 lb of ground meat, 1 minced clove of garlic, 1 chopped medium onion, 1 chopped

green pepper, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, liberal dash of oregano and 1 crumpled bay leaf. Brown over low heat in two tablespoons of butter. I use a large cast iron frying pan. After browning, cover and simmer for 10 or fifteen minutes. Then add 1 can tomato sauce and 2 cans tomato paste and 1/2 can of water. Cover again and let it simmer about half an hour, stirring occasionally. That's all. I guarantee it.

SHIPSIDE: Trimble - Congratulations! Another waiting-lister eliminated.

HORIZONS: Warner - I agree whole-heartedly about paperbacks being quite sufficient for most purposes. Since I know Sam H. never reads the mailings, I'll come out and say I think all this worry about "mint" and "non-mint" is idiotic. It's the words on the page that count. As long as I can read what's printed, I don't give a damn if the book has been through a washing machine... Lou Tabakow, Cincinnati fan extraordinary, drove a cab for quite some time. Don Ford and Co. used to delight in getting into cabs in Cincy and asking the driver if he knew Lou. When the reply was affirmative, Don would say, "He's writing a book about you guys, you know, be careful what you say." or "Boy, is he full of bs, never believe anything he tells you."....Your article about the moral responsibility of newspapers was excellent and brought to mind the following case. Two San Francisco morning newspapers, the CHRONICLE and the EXAMINER have been engaged in a fierce circulation battle. One of them, I forget which and I don't have the reference on hand, sent its outdoor editor, his wife and children into the wilds to live off the land and then to write the story of their experiences. The series began to run and the other paper got suspicious and sent its outdoor editor, accompanied by witnesses, to find the camp. They found it all right - deserted and strewn with 7-Up caps and tinned food. They broke the story and the rival paper had to confess that its people had only lasted 10 days or so, instead of 2 or 3 months and, after the return to civilization, had written the story as though the experiment had succeeded. They were really caught with their newsprint down. The interesting thing about it all is that the series was syndicated and before it started to run, the editors of papers which had bought the story received a registered letter saying that the experiment had been a failure, the series would run as though it had not been, and would they keep quiet about it and cooperate? Only THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE refused, stating it would not betray its readers. Very interesting indeed.

ACQUITTUATE THE NEGATIVE: Stark - Larry, I appreciate the work that went into these pieces, but I must confess they leave me with a great sense of futility and I don't want a great sense of futility. Fiction or not, I can also see where people might be angered at having their names used in this manner. Then you know everyone involved, most of it strikes too close to home for comfort.

* * * * *

This ends the Mailing Comments on the 91st mailing. I am sorry we had to postmail, but making formula took more time than I thought it would. We hope the fact that ICE AGE is postmailed won't keep you from commenting. We will try not to let it become a habit. And remember, with men who know tobacco best it's

ELIK FOR TAFF

Quote Without Comment:

"Dear Editor:

Your December issue **just** received, haven't read it yet, but it looks good....

Here is an idea for Science Discussions:

A rocket ship, when out in space, does not need the constant use of its rockets to keep going, because there is no air or friction to stop it, but it needs to use its rockets to steer itself. This is O.K., but what is there for the rockets to push against? Some of the stories suggest letting out a little air before each firing of the rockets. This, I think, will not work, as the **air will** vanish in space before the gas from the rockets could hit it. Here is my idea: have sand dropped from a tube for the rockets to push against. I believe it is possible, as the sand is heavier than air and will stay in one place longer than the air would.

Please let me know if you are going to let Wesso do a cover, and also if you are going to put out a quarterly-- James Taurasi, care of I.C. Sommerfeld, 31 Union Square West, New York, New York."

--Science Discussions,
Astounding Stories, Feb. 1937

First Fandom? Isn't that a fannish version of the Last Man Club?

TIME: A morning in early September, 1959. A huge fire-engine-red Dodge station wagon is hurtling down the Turnpike toward Detroit. The uninitiated eye might be misled by the "Press" card on the windshield. The initiated eye will recognize that the car is one more example of Larry conning the auto agencies into loaning him a vehicle for the weekend. This time, it's to go to Detroit to cover the National Drag Races." In actuality, we are heading for the Fort Pick-Shelby as fast as we can go.

Larry is at the wheel and I am beside him. Distributed in the rest of the Land Yacht are Dick Pat Ellington and Bill Donao. Since the last Howard Johnson's, some 50 miles back, Larry has been composing fanish words to current popular songs. I am in no mood to take these down, after 11 hours of travel, so they have been lost to posterity. One fragment remains, however. It's worth preserving.

TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE "WHEEL"

Let me tell you the story of a fan named Ronel
It's a tale your hair to curl
He must hitch forever on the road to worldcons,
He's a Flying Dutchman squirrel.

The person who completes this gets, absolutely free, a valuable copy of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES.

I didn't fall asleep. I passed out.

Whatever happened to Gene Autry?

TRACLE AND IM

This is Larry typing now. I believe I used the above title on another column once, but don't know where. Anyway, it's still good--especially if you're a thirsty Alice fan.

I HAD LUNCH WITH SEYMOUR KRIM. That is, Irwin Stein and I did.

Krim, in case you don't keep up with these things, is famous mainly as an anthologist of beat literature; and he is co-editing (with Bill Manville, the "Saloon Society" man) a section of beat--or "swinging modern"---material in Swank, a Royal Pubs bi-monthly of which I am nominally the editor. I was prepared to dislike him, but this turned out to be impossible, since he is pleasant, intelligent, quietly forceful and the owner of a good all-around knowledge of and perspective on literature of all sorts. Towards the "kids" who are most active in beat writing these days, he is somewhat paternal; he thinks they deserve a hearing, but in no way over-rates them.

He mentioned science fiction, saying he thought the beats have the same sort of in-group feeling fans once did. From which I gathered that he considered himself a fan of sorts at one time. We weren't able to pursue the subject further. I feel sure, however, he knows fans still exist, but probably assumes they see no reason to defend or fight for sf any more. And who can argue?

I also didn't get a chance to ask him if he knew Bill Kotsler, but maybe next time.

AN ITALIAN RACING RED LAWN MOWER is, I suppose you could say, my latest hobby. It is not only stick shift, but strictly manually powered as well. It is ferociously sharp, and gives me an enormous sense of power...for the first few seconds, after which my thumbs blister, my head swims, and I become acutely conscious of the sad shape I'm in physically. And at the rate things grow around here, the grass tends to get ahead of me even if I cut it every week, which I don't always. Fortunately or otherwise, there are only two or three blades of grass. The rest is weeds, which are either too rubbery to cut or intelligent enough to duck as the mower passes overhead. The entire situation requires a concentrated research project on my part, obviously. Next year, I'll fill the mailings with long articles on lawn care. Meanwhile, if anybody wants to send me some trading stamps, I'm saving up for a power job.

THE HITE IS A GOOD MAN. I am enormously pleased to witness his success as a jazz critic/writer, particularly since the revived METRONOME, to which he is a major regular contributor, strikes me as an excellent magazine by any standards. His insistence on concentrating on the jazz field after he came to New York to free-lance caused me misgivings at times, I confess, but his course has proved a wise one and he seems well on his way to being a huge success. I glee.

But what I really want to do here is thank him publicly for the tremendous help he gave us when we moved out here from East 9th Street. Talk about Mountain Movers! We couldn't see paying moving men for spending hours sitting on the ferry, so hired a truck to do-it-ourselves. I publicized this decision widely, figuring so many helpers would appear that I'd have nothing to do but supervise.

Well, many were called, and many promised, but only two showed up; Bob Shea, and Ted. Bob is a good man too, and helped a lot, but Ted put him in the shade. He was infinitely willing, apparently completely tireless, and impressively competent at taking furniture apart, getting bulky objects through narrow halls, and the like. You acquire such skills, of course, when you do a lot of moving yourself, so it isn't surprising that Ted has so many of them. Still, his performance was definitely on the mind-wrenching side. Like a couple of the secondary characters in Doc Savage, he may look frail, but is a tower of strength.

Next time you wise guys get so flippin' free with your fugghead-of-the-year votes, write him as one who loves his fellow fen, and can prove it when the chips are down.

WE GO VOLVO: Elsewhere in this magazine, Noreen mentions the Peugeot and the Valiant. These are top-notch automobiles. I've known for a long time the Peugeot was great--Agberg will back me up. I don't think it can be beat in any size or price-range for comfort, solidity, good riding and handling qualities, and wealth of really worthwhile extras like the sunroof. The Valiant surprised me by being much better than I expected; it has several annoying features, but generally is a real pleasure to drive,

Note, please, that I'm talking about the Peugeot sedan and the Valiant station wagon. The Valiant wagon has a firmer and, for me, much more secure and relaxing ride and general feel than the sedan of the same make. The Peugeot wagon, while I'd recommend it highly to anyone who has to carry heavy loads a lot of the time, rides like a truck.

The main point, however, is that when Noreen mentioned those two she had never ridden in a Volvo. Now she has, and agrees with me that it is astonishingly good.

Skip the newer, more modern-looking four-door 122S. It has a little more room in the back seat, and is more "modern" in appearance, but it has enough extra weight to cut down on its performance, and costs enough more to put it in another category altogether. But if you're in the market for a car at all, do try that two-door PV-544. It's homely, but I like its homeliness. (Knowing types enjoy saying it looks like a scaled-down 1939- '41 Ford or Mercury. It does.... and what's wrong with that?) Vision to the rear is not good because of the sloping back---but any car I own will have outside rear view mirrors in addition to the interior one, in any case. The new strip-style speedometer is an abomination borrowed from Detroit. You have to learn which of the three keys required is which, and exactly how high and hard to raise the trunk lid to make it stay up.

Otherwise, I don't see how you could ask for a better automobile. It's available, now, in two basic versions: a 60-horsepower (one carburetor) job with three-speed transmission, and an 85-horse (two-carb) bomb with four forward speeds. Neither, Dick Eney, is exactly the same as the one I came to a FAPAcon in a couple of years ago; that had two carbs and about 70 horses. If you want very smooth engine operation and lots of gasoline mileage, try the one-carb model, which costs only about \$1900. If you love really hot performance as I do, go for the \$2200 tiger. As with any other car,

various mechanical and trim options re available; you can even spend as much as \$2500 if you want to go all out.

The four-speed gearbox is one of the best I have ever encountered. The steering is nothing short of fabulous. I like the riding qualities better than those of any other car I've ever driven. Top speed (of the "hot" one) is a bit over 90 mph, which is faster than I ever want to drive---and available acceleration throughout the entire speed range is truly fantastic.

True, it's quite a bit bigger than the mini-cars, "bugs", and VW competitors, and doesn't have all that much more useful interior room, except in the trunk. But if you really enjoy having full control over the car you're driving---or over any precision piece of machinery you happen to be operating, for that matter---you'd better give the Volvo a try. I'm willing to bet you'll never be completely happy with any other car again.

And then I wrote "The Immortal Storm..."

Let me strive, every moment of my life, to make myself better and better, to the best of my ability, that all may profit by it. Let me think of the right, and lend all my assistance to those who need it, with no regard for anything but justice. Let me take what comes with a smile, without loss of courage. Let me be considerate of my country, of my fellow citizens and my associates in everything I say and do. Let me do right to all, and wrong to no man.

Clark Savage, Jr.

You have been reading Ice Age, the FAPAazine with ideals.....

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