
 * MAINE* IAC, a mere shadow of its former self, is now in the sixteenth manifes- *
 * tation of its existance, and is kismeted for the 47th mailing of that fine, *
 * sterling, dollar, organization, SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION and a few *
 * (not by definition) people unlucky enough to be on my ~~my~~ mailing list for one *
 * reason or another. In case anybody is with us for the first time or is other- *
 * wise genuinely curious, the perpetuator of this effusive blather is none other *
 * than E. Morton Crogwattle (known in private life) who resides in a small cave *
 * at 984 So. Normandie Avenue, after a fashion, ina low income area of the fair, *
 * smog beshrouded El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora de los Angeles de Porciuncula 6, *
 * California. This is, of course, an asterikized publication alright! *****

e d i t o r i a l i z i n g s

Nobody knows better than I that this issue is not what it is supposed to be. I realize that many people will slightly croggle when they open this and find that there are Absolutely and Utterly no Mailing Reviews. Yes, what a dogtastrophe this is. But, then, I haven't read the mailing either! I guess you know the old story about this sort of thing. There is three months til deadline. Plenty of time to read it and write scintillating reviews. Lots of time to add lots of other stuff that will get you high in the Pillar Poll. No need to rush. Do a good job. Wait and then write the reviews as you read the mailing. Run it off in good time, no rush, no mess; a flawless publication. And all that. Well, this isn't the case with me.

You see, it is sort of unique in that it involves a mass of red-headed freckles. Well not exactly. You see, the freckles aren't red-headed. Their subject is. I think freckles are parasitic actually. This subject I'm referring to is covered with thousands of them. Countless numbers. Well, at least...that is, I don't know if she is covered entirely with them. We (there are others as fascinated by this as I am...this problem of the freckles) sort of think that she is entirely covered with them. Rotsler has turned out countless drawings and cartoons speculating as to how many thousands per square inch and all other manner of things but none of us really know. I guess. But this is sort of deviating from the main idea (I think) and besides, this person might become embarassed, annoyed and I'd hate to do that in public. That is, I mean, anybody would be sort of croggled to be discussed in this manner so I'd better not mention any names and let the subject go at that and get back to the reason Maine-iac has shrunk. Besides Bjo is reputed to have a pretty good left.

You know how redheads are temper-wise.

Anyhow, Maince....this is one of the lovely things about composing on stencil. All sorts of new and undreamed of typos appear as if from some depthless source at the center of the universe from whence all things come. Freckles too probably.

Anyhow, Maine-iac is possibly not appearing in the April 1959 mailing, is slim, does not have reviews and is otherwise fouled up mainly because I'm lazy. Partly because a freckle and I was going to issue a joint effort....ever see a freckled Maine-iac? Or at least have a Freckled Annex. Or something. Anyway, she was borrying my mailing so that she could have reviews and I didn't read it and I got it back. And didn't read it. And she got it back. Gad, I hope she read it! It'll be all worn out before it's read!

Continuing

a MAINE IAC featurette

Once again we present:

notes from my journal

GOURMET Not a legitimate note from the journal but the same type is this. As I
DEPT: type this stuff tonight I am endeavoring to keep my whistle wet and at
the same time avoid anything alcoholic in the interests of legibility and
a big project known here as Operation Keeping-the-Typos-at-a-Minimum. So both in
the interests of getting something to drink, and of Science, I mixed up a Thing
out of two very simple ingredients. Quivering in anticipation and partly because,
in my sockfeet, I stubbed my toe on a lower cupboard door, I mixed half a glass of
peach nectar with an equal amount of Canada Dry Sparkling Water. After experiencing
this new taste thrill I have but one thing to say:

GAK !!!

GRAMMAR Having been, at one time, briefly, sort of, an English major, it sort
DEPT OF: of carries me away and I feel that I am an authority on grammatical
usage, bad usage, errors in usage and stuff like that there. My own
publications are a glowing example of all that I just mentioned. Bad usage, poor
usage, etc. But there is something that always sort of irks me. And the best of
them do it.

I contend that all these writers who continue to write "an history" are wrong!
Yes, teddibly, teddibly wrong. Or Cockney. I say that they should write "A
history" for after all, there "h" is not dropped or silent in that word any more
than is the "h" in "hand" (except to the aforementioned minority group, sort of,
with their regional dialect in a part of England). Do farmers go around saying
"I think I'll get an hayrack to supplement my existing equipment"? No. They say
"I'm going to get another hayrack" period. But seriously, it does irk me for some
reason and I do think that they ought to stop it. Yes.

But if you think that annoys me, you should hear what my analyst thought when I
oops. No, seriously, there is yet another item of this type that also brings a flood
of cold indignation over me (which is, I must admit, handy in August). It is usu-
ally, in my experience, in British written detective stories, but not entirely,
that I find this gross mis-use of grammar. It is, at least, in my opinion. And
that is the use of the word "immediately". This is how you'll usually find it:

"Immediately I pulled the knife from the still quivering body, a gout of blood
spurred out and near ruined my new tweed jacket." I contend that they should have
written "Immediately after, etc." and not have worn a new tweed. Of course, there
are situations where you don't need "after" after "immediately". For instance:
"Immediately I jumped into the raging torrent battering about the buttresses of
the bridge." That's all right...that is if you're given to doing damfool stunts
like that and if, of course, bridges have buttresses. But then, that's the way
it goes and as for the other problem, my case rests. Commente?

COME ON I guess you all are quite familiar with what happens to your mailbox
 DEPT: after you subscribe to a magazine. Almost any magazine, too. Throw
 in a book club or two and a record club for good measure and your name
 really gets around. Inevitably, it gets on the TIME Magazine mailing list and you
 receive, regularly, different come-ons, month after month. I'm sure many of you
 are familiar with this sort of thing. Well, I feel sort of proud of myself.

Not only have I not subscribed, but recently when they, like the Readers' Disgust,
 sent out a cute little gimmick. The Disgust sends out money which you can keep if
 you don't subscribe. But TIME sent out a little form to fill out, as usual, but also
 enclosed a little pencil with which to fill out the form! Ha. I fooled them. I
 threw out all the forms and stuff and kept the pencil!

NOTE I keep several pads of paper around on which to scribble ideas and thots
 NOTES: and stuff, records I want, things to do and like that. Some of the latter
 are for the Journal. All of these, by the way, bear the heading,

MEMORANDUM From the desk of: C. Lee Jacobs. Last time he went to Europe these
 were among a pile of other things that he left here. These (note pads) I put to
 good use. Anyhow, now that I've mentioned his name and can collect my quart of
 beer, on with the story. It must have been in a fit of exasperation or something
 but the note reads thusly: "I'll be glad when summer comes so that I can tape
 Boston and Cleveland Orch concerts sans coughs!" It was dated March 15th. Well,
 yes. I wonder what would happen if you gathered any 2 or three thousand people
 at random off the street in the middle of summer and put them into a concert hall
 to listen to something, anything. Would somebody cough? Would a lot of people
 cough? I'm getting a t what I think is something that makes people feel that they
 should cough merely because they are in a place where it will be noticed. That is,
 half the people coughing in a concert hall in the winter season do not have colds,
 coughs or any physical malady. They just do this coughing bit because maybe they've
 always heard somebody coughing in a concert hall or probably for many other reasons.
 They need not be aware of this but I'll bet this is so. Anybody ever read anything
 about this?

SOAP Although in this day and age you hear and read and are constantly offered
 NOTE: something FREE (flashing lights here), there really is very little that you
 really do get for nothing. Especially like dishes in a box of cereal and
 on up. But by gosh there still is something. Soap! Yes sir, every time one of
 the big soap companies comes up with some new cleaner or detergent, some people are
 sure to find some in their doorway. And I don't mean a tiny cake or packet. I
 mean a full bar or a full box of the stuff! Not doing my own laundry and not hav-
 ing too many dishes to do too often, the full box of Rinso Blue that turned up one
 day a year or so ago lasted me for months. A cake of "Zest" didn't, of course, last
 that long and the cake of "Praise" that just arrived this month won't either. But
 the full 6 oz bottle of "Mr. Clean" that just arrived will last quite a while as
 all I'll need it for will be the stove, refrigerator and a couple of sinks. And
 I don't do them too often, at least the stove and refrigerator. So if I play it
 right, knowing that the competition demands that soap companies come out with a new
 variation on their old theme every so often, my cleansing costs will be only half
 of what they would be otherwise. Odd too that the "Mr. Clean" bottle came one day
 just as I was about to start cleaning this joint up. It sure needed it. But then,
 either the soap companies figure they can get off one hell of chunk from income taxes
 from promotional costs or, really, deep down inside, they really do, in more ways
 than one, want to clean up!

le ende

HOO-HAH! Looky!

Is gala magazine review !

Featuring, this issue, the August 1937 DOC SAVAGE Magazine (Vol. IX, No. 6)

This issue features, as usual, a complete, book-length novel featuring Doc Savage and his inimitable aides in "Ost"! Years ago, around 1943, when I first discovered Doc Savage, I used to read the letter section and hear (?) about fabulous adventures of Doc and his pals in years and issues gone by. Needless to say I faunched mightily. Even the advent of science-fiction didn't quell this urge and when I started laying in great quantities of back issue stf stuff, I didn't miss an opportunity to get old Docs as well. But my collecting didn't get too many of them until almost before I left Lubec and my collection. Luckily, in January of 1959, I procured another wad of old Doc Savages among which were a number I hadn't had before, not to mention the fact that I hadn't read many of the stories in the issues that were duplicates of ones back in Maine.

Now that the long-winded fanfare is over, I'll say that "Ost" was one of the older stories that I had long wanted to procure because of the way readers gleed over it in the 42-3 letter columns. So today I read it. I read the whole fiction content of the magazine just especially for the "Gala Magazine Review" section fans in the audience.

The cover shows Doc Savage and a girl, the girl mostly, but with clothes on, climbing a knotted rope while a bunch of squat blue men swarm below them. The background shows pyramid-type structures while in the immediate back-foreground (!?) is another, upsidedown. On into the story.

The story is typical formula. Action fast, rapid paced stuff designed to while away two or three hours for a dime in the post-depression days. Doc, as any old devotees know, is a huge, bronze giant of a man, perfectly proportioned, a scientific wizard who devotes his life to fighting crime and scientifically rehabilitating captured criminals in an obscure "upstate" New York hospital. With him are five "aids", two of which, Monk and Ham, continually bicker to add comic relief. All five are tops in the respective fields of science and such.

In this episode, Doc and his aids investigate "Ost" which turns out to be a strange city in an inaccessible mountain valley in Borneo. The plot is the usual. An unimportant, usually, character discovers a strange phenomenon which immediately turns out to be desired by evil ones for their own ends. Doc and crew are brought into it and there is usually a cross-country, or world, chase during which all of some, aides, usually Monk and Ham, are captured, set free, recaptured, etc. Doc is usually the one through whose superhuman strength, thinking and scientific skill gets them out of the jam, solves the mystery and so on.

In this story, a seaman on a Pacific ocean ship sees a weird city in the sky. He disappears and reappears in mid ocean, weeks apart. Doc gets wind of this at the same instant a New York playgirl tries to get his dirigible. Then he and some aids go to San Francisco to investigate and the dirigible is stolen from Monk and Ham in New York. The sailor is killed (almost decapitated) to keep from spilling the story. So they all board the ship on which the city was first seen and sail into the Pacific.

Off Borneo, Doc and company are forced to leave the ship when they are discovered and thwart a plan to kill them. They land on Borneo and tramp into the interior after seeing the city again. It is an illusion of some sort and so is the strange, small blue man that beckons them on through the jungle. How they know that his name is Goa and the city's is Ost, they know not. But trudge on they do or swing in the treetops when the going gets swampy. Finally they go through a secret way into the valley where they run into the people who stole the airship. Fighting ensues and they flee and run into the blue men. More fighting. Goa helps them. They find that this is a strange race which fled Tibet ages ago and are the original yogis. Their skin is blue from bathing in a treated water.

The thing ends up when the villains are killed dead when they throw too many hand-grenades which shake down the inverted pyramid which, made from pure black lode-stone, is dislodged by the shock from the cliff, or the same material. They are gunched to jelly. Red.

The yogi people who survived help load the immense treasure of treasure, the goal of the villains who came to "rescue" the professor and wife who were marooned there when the villain leader escaped, into the airship. They figure it is too much trouble to keep around. The young New York playgirl, who didn't realize she had financed a villain, had long since thrown in with Doc Savage and his crowd, finds that he is immune to her charm. Not so of one of the aides, but he desists in the end when he comes to the conclusion his type of life would be too much for a wife to put up with. They leave and crash in the jungle, taking three weeks to walk out. Here it ends.

It usually does. Despite the low-level, fast-action type story this is, it is entertaining reading. The old pros at it can quickly skim the necessarily repeated-each-issue variations of the run-downs on the various reasons, purposes and so on of Doc and his aides. In the early years, life was spent but as the series grew older, fewer people get killed outright. Lots still do, of course, but not by Doc's hand. Toward the end of the thirties, the scientific gadgets grew to more prominence and in the forties, each story featured some new type of gadget. A great many of these came to be. Nothing new appeared in this story but there were the usual things. Use of radio, planes (Lester Dent, usually the author, was/is a ham and private flier), supermachine pistols, etc. There are often footnotes in these stories. In this one, a reference was made to a film made of a fantastic city found in Indo-China and exhibited in the United States. It might have been Angkor Wat.

Characterization is swift but effective. Action is, as I said, fast, but it is a variety of types and Dent always manages to use a supple twist of a phrase to make things sound different. He doesn't use, too often, deliberate hard-sounding phrases which we'll discuss in the short stories to come.

All in all, this story was about average for Doc of this era. Semi-stifish, almost. Some of them really were as I hope to demonstrate as my explorations go further into the old issues.

There were four short stories in this issue. This is in the era before the novelettes and shorts were also parts of a continuing series. There four all fall into a basic pattern. Fillers. Fast, very fast, action things which are basically detective-themes set in various guises. First is a western, "Murderer's Echo", by

Jack Bonnel. "Big Jed" and "we knowed yuh used tuh handle Torge" and hard, tough talk and fight. Jed tracks down the murderer to find out who he is (not whom he suspected) and that he killed to get the diamond mine, etc. Poor stuff.

"The Dragon's Knife" by Edwin V. Burkholder, is better. Thurston is trying to get the geological survey concession on Borneo and just about had when Von Sussman, "cunning, brutal and unscrupulous" kills On Tussai, the Sultan's advisor, in a manner to frame Thurston. Hard, fast action here but with a hero more easily to identify with. But Von Sussman doesn't get the concession as Ron Thurston, hunted through the dark streets of the city, goes back, finds the evidence, has a hard, bloody fight with the villain, and convicts him as the murderer with evidence from his Dragon Knife. Walter Gear's "The Last Laugh" follows the previous story's theme of far-away adventure for the dull lives of the post-depression dime spenders. No murder story this, young Paul Hobart is making the rounds in "the islands" to buy pearls from the natives and runs afoul of Island Pete, whom his sick uncle (for whom Paul is making this trip) warned him against. He has to beware Island Pete ("unscrupulous, crafty.....hated and feared wherever pearl buyers gathered"), make a good impression on the natives and buy pearls. Needless to say he runs afoul of I. P. and they don't like each other but Paul doesn't lose face. Then a native visits him aboard his schooner, a pearl deal is made (the three beautiful pearls!), I.P. attacks but Paul foils the scheme to bilk him of the pearls and make him a laughing-stock among the natives. The last laugh is on Island Pete.

Finally is "Death Rides the River" by Joseph H. Hernandez, another murder mystery, this time in a north woods lumber camp setting. Young Dan Strange, camp boss, knows that Narr is a trouble maker and stops him from bullying old Pop Bean, the paymaster. Later Bean is found axed to death and, "eyes steeled to hard balls...", Dan Strange goes at the task of finding out who did it. I'm tempted to go into detail on this story. It is an example of pulp action writing that isn't found anymore, that I know of. "His yellowish-orange eyes burned hatefully...". "His aged eyes..." "...his eyes broken spots of flame." "Dan's eyes were on the river bank..." That must've been beastly uncomfortable !

But, finally, despite all this, and equally interesting action phrases (can't resist it: "...brain raced like lightning...", "...sledged against...", "His brain was a crucible of fire. It throbbed painfully." I can't go on!)

So, anyhow, Strange finally discovers it wasn't Narr, but somebody else, who, as the long on which he was escaping whangs against the log-jam, is blown to tiny bits by the nitro Dan had put in the cash-bag to replace the money when he discovered it in the explosives cabin, etc., etc.

So this is the fare you could get for a dime, in this magazine, in the year of 1937. Not bad, considering the era and its purpose. Lots of fun to race through and then review in an item such as the Gala Magazine Review Section of Maine-iac, the "little" magazine type. Literary yet. Or isn't Doc Savage literature? Well, it was fun to read. Still is, for me, although it has lost most of the old sense of wonder that it held for me when I was 12 and 13. But, mebbe, more of this in the future. In the meantime, look for more scintillating installments of this column in the future issues. Gives with Strange Tales, old Weird Tales, Astounding and who knows, maybe even Out of This World Adventure !

Hell, you never can tell...one of these might even have half-decent grammar and sentence structure not to mention a lack of mis-spelling and type-overs !

L-1-looky!

l e t t e r s y e t !

Yes, a couple of people were kind and good and nice and wrote letters. Of course, it might be also that they were prompt. That is, the 15th Maine-iac was mailed rather late and some of the other people, I like to think, didn't have to time write before the deadline. Not that I set a deadline...

First we have a full-length type letter from an old friend, LEN MOFFATT who resides at 10202 Belcher in the town of Downey, California. He not only says "SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010" but also:

Dear Edco,

My, my, it seems like old times.... Here I am, sipping at a can of cheap beer (any minute now I'll open the can, but it does last longer this way...)... and writing an epistle of sorts to ole Ed. M. Cox...on accounta old Ed sent me a couple of his SAPSazines.

The only trouble with trying to comment on mags like these is that much of their content deals with commentary on other apamags with which I am somewhat unfamiliar. But maybe future issues will have more material of "outside interest" since the EDitor seems to be asking that folks outside SAE contribute to his publishing efforts.

Speaking of the Brink of War (which you were someplace in Maine-iac), Anna and I were discussing the other day the fact that there really is no place to hide. Not exactly an original thought but more and more a thing one can't help thinking about..... I remember when FAPA (and maybe some mags outside of FAPA) carried discussions on bomb-dodging, escape kits, etc. Some serious, and some, like Burbee's famous take-off, humorous. But of course nobody really DID anything. For instance, there is a place in Arizona (and no doubt similar "retreats" all over the map) where one could go and survive, if one was willing to live the farmer's life, as well as being adept at hunting and fishing. But even this secluded spot doesn't seem so secluded anymore, as the bombs get "bigger and better", and as all of the "target spots" aren't restricted to big city areas...

Of course there is always New Zealand and Australia. But who wants to live on "borrowed time" so to speak. An all out nuclear war could very well sweep the entire planet with its "by-products" if not with its immediate destruction, so what can you do but hope that the powers-that-be use their heads--on both sides of the fence.

Seems the only way for the individual to keep from going nuts worrying about what's going to happen to the world is to follow the old philosophy of "Think not of the morrow, etc." Or as you said, "Why worry. Must get my SAPS-zine done..." One can write letters, sign petitions and so on, but how do you petition the guys who may inadvertantly push the wrong button and start things without the authority of the powers-that-be (either side)?

Have you read The Ugly American? If not, do so, at once. The gents who wrote this were not particularly worried about nuclear warfare. They are of the opinion, I gather, that neither side will be quite that foolish... But they are

concerned with the fact that we, the Americans, are losing prestige overseas by stupidity in our relations with foreign countries. And that Russia is winning the cold war because they know how to infiltrate other countries and get on their good side, whereas the patronizing, hoo-boy!-aren't-we-do-gooders Americans are losing the respect of the people we are trying to win over. Their point seems to be that Russia need not start a real war with us, that if we don't change out policy, the Russians will in time control most of the world anyway.

Well, I hope they are right--about Russia not wanting to use nuclear weapons, feeling that they can defeat us by foreign policy tactics, and of course, hope we can see the error of our ways and defeat Russian infiltrators at their own game.

What has this to do with s-f? Plenty, really. I like to read (and write) stories about the future, and I'd rather write about a better future than a worse one... I'm tired of doomsday tales, but it is hard to believe or dream up a better future world with the grim prospects staring us coldly in the face...

So it is easier to read and believe in the far, FAR future (and write about same)...the time when the Crisis As We Know It has passed...to dream of a post-war period where mankind has finally learned his lesson and is still (somehow) around to benefit from the lesson and the learning and to go on to the stars, etc. Or to assume that there will be no great, world devastating war, that co-existence will become a reality and eventually mature into a great compromise so that all of mankind is united to conquer the stars, etc., etc.

Then there is time travel. If I had a time travel gadget, I'd escape into the past. Anyone for the twenties? As you know, I'm a frustrated vauvillian... Or even the Gay Nineties...23 skiddoo and O U Kid.....

Other than that, there is no escape, except in the hands of those who have the reins. Which brings us back to the Big Worry for you, and me, and everybody, everywhere....

That's what I like about fanzines. They cheer me up.

Keep smiling!

Len Moffatt

But was 23 skiddoo and O U kid Gay Nineties talk? I doubt if there will be any peaceful co-existence with the Soviet structure as-we-know-it today! But I do agree that our foreign policy (if it can be called that) is losing us the cold war. But then, such things as Poland and Hungary will or ought to remind people of the other side of the Russian smile. Thanks for writing. As a punishment, you'll get this and future issues. As will John Trimble, who also wrote and also mentioned the "Brink of War" bit. Briefly:

"Only one thing in M brings comment right off the top of my top-knott: The 'Brink of War' Dept. You know, I'd be almost willing to bet the Rooshians are fouled up as we are on manufacturing, etc. of war materials. Remember their recent de-centralization thing, and the tank cars full of ice being shipped all over the place? Smacks of management about the equal of ours (either as bad or as good, depending on your outlook). I'm pretty well convinced that they're bluffing still (tho it wouldn't do to push 'em TOO hard), 'cause they're as aware as we of what a post-atomic world would be like (if there'd be one). What I keep being afraid

of, tho, is wot'd happen if a nut like Chou En-lai, or Castro, or Trujillo got a hold of the bomb. All we'd need now would be a Hitler with A-bombs and a Luftwaffe. Ouch!

John

Well, maybe they're as fouled up as we are, but sometimes I wonder if anybody could do any worse than some of the things I've witnessed. Oh, well, let's all publish fanzines like crazy and everything will be all right. Yeh.

Well, that's the end of the letter section and thanks for writing people. Stu Metchette phone up and commented briefly but that doesn't fit into a letter-column very well. However, I don't need to worry a bout some of the recipients phoning in their comments since some of them are in such places as Virginia and Milwaukee and so on. Next issue mebbe we get more letters. Is now END of Letters Yet.

f i n a l w o r d s l i k e

Sorry people but if I'd had the reviews in here it would have been a half decent size and of vastly more interest to all of you. If this even appears in the April mailing. I won't blame Buz, Tosk and company if they don't feel like doing it in a last minute gallop. Next time, by ghod, it'll be done two months ahead of time, maybe! It'll also have reviews of both mailings and who knows, mebbe even illustrations by famous artist type critturs like the Beard and the Red-headed Freckle. That is, if I can bribe them. I don't know how to bribe the Beard but mebbe the Freckle will succumb to rocks.

Not that I'm going to throw any at her. No, perish forbid and all that. No, she collects them and then polishes them until they look all pretty. I picked up a couple in the desert recently. Also a bomb. Geologists know what "bombs" are. So do science-fiction fans but this one is the kind volcanos toss into the air. I couldn't resist it and loaded it into the car along with my pretty rocks (all two of them). It's still there too. I hear it rolling, bumping and thumping back and forth across the floor in the back seat every time I go around a sharp corner.

But I don't know what else to do with it for the time being. Of course my problem isn't so bad. My friend brought back a stack of the things with him. One huge chunk of purty rock the size of this typewriter, several bombs--good sized one too---and an assortment of smaller rocks of various types and hues. Last time I saw them they were piled up on the sideboard at his kitchen sink where he'd washed sand off of them. I think they're still there.

BOOK CASE For quite some time there has been here a bookcase belonging to Lee NOTE: Jacobs. In it were two shelves of my books, a shelf of his 78 rpm albums and a whole stack of other stuff of his. So now that he and his wife have moved into a new, big apartment, he wanted it back. So we're going to do the moving job Saturday. In the morning we took down the antenna instead. That pm instead of unloading it (I had all the books out already), we all go to a movie, a store and a bookstore. Monday afternoon we're going to at 5. I'm getting ekka-chrome out of a photofinishers then and get back to find that he's left. So today (1 April), we're trying to figure when we're both free this Thursday, Saturday or Sunday....and we're not, when I am struck by a magnificent idea. The solution to the whole furschlugginer mess. So I told him and Jane thought it was a good idea too. I'm buying it from him. *** See you next quarter people. *****
*****an *ized publication*****