



The

OUTLANDER

The

OUTLANDER

Issue No.11 - 1954

Edited By
Anna Sinclair Moffatt
&
Shirley Jean Booher

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Outlandish Critters by Anna Sinclair - Printing by Stan Woolston

Stencils cut by Len Moffatt & Shirley Booher
Mimographing by Anna Sinclair & Shirley Booher
Assistant assembling by Len Moffatt, Rick Sneary, and Jessie Wilt

BY THE EDITORS

It has been a long time between issues, with the resignation of two volunteer editors for this issue, and many discussions of policy at meetings.

The conclusions we have reached are set out below:

There may or may not be other issues between this one and the 1958 Official Unofficial Convention Issue.

There may or may not be an Outlander Society between last meeting and the 1958 Official Unofficial Convention Meeting.

There will be an Outlander "South Gate in '58!" Convention if there is only one Outlander left to hold it.

There is this issue of The Outlander (edited by Shirley Bocher and Anna Sinclare, after minor difficulties, cutting stencils on a broken typer and obtaining permission for The Pacific Rocket Society for the use of their mimeo) Hurrah for Jim Nuding and David Fox of the PRS!

The Outlanders are more interested in long letters of your reactions to our magazine than in money. Consequently, we are discontinuing the subscription basis for The Outlander.

If your copy is checked here () this is the last issue due on your subscription and you will remain on our mailing list if you only show a little response.

If your copy is checked here () you have an extensive subscription, which will be refunded to you upon your written request, and you will still receive any future issues of The Outlander for your friendship. (Friends write?)

If your copy is checked here () you are receiving this issue upon approval and may demand whatever it is worth to you. You will also receive future issues if you wish.

PLEASE WRITE

to

Correspondence Secretary: Anna Sinclare Moffatt

5969 Lanto Street

Bell Gardens, California

INCIDENTLY...

The Outlanders are still in favor of holding
the World Science Fiction Convention in —

SOUTH GATE IN '58!

Some of us may even volunteer for the
Convention Committee...

In fact, Mari Wolf has already volunteered
to be the Chairlady!

You too can help to make the Convention a
success. How?

By sending us your Ideas for the Program,
and by attending the Convention.

Remember — Only four more years until:



SPACE AND THE PEACE PIONEERS

by Stan Woolston

With all the undoubted misery of war, there must be a great attraction in violence for the human being. The actual records show how the individual faces the matter of battle with something approaching joy. War is a challenge that the human spirit seems ever-willing to face. If there is a choice between the status quo on one side, and a fight on the other, the fight will probably gain quite a few more champions.

Peace can be boring; war is a challenge that puts an individual to the test. War means change and an atmosphere of dynamic action that contrasts strongly with the peaceful state. It promises direct and primitive action.

If war has its attractions, why couldn't peace be made as dynamic?

After periods of excess, a people seem ready to swing back towards the opposite of what they had to do for survival. They--or at least we of the United States--give up our arms in the urge to "get back to normal," not noting that there isn't such a thing as normality. Then they get tired of the day-by-day life, and more and more people get bored.

Modern man can pride himself that he is a thinking creature, yet he is a creature controlled to a very great degree by his emotional moods. Maybe an answer to this human inconstancy might be found in adopting the social pattern described in Heinlein's *BEYOND THIS HORIZON*, in which a class of volunteer dualists relieve their pent-up emotions in legalized dueling. Surely the practice of observing battle in the ring or on the ball-field is not quite as satisfying as a direct clash of wills with your own life at stake.

Human nature, or what appears to be human nature, is anti-boredom. War and struggle is, to the mind, a great adventure. It tests a person's worth. Peace seems to be static. Before a country turns to war the people must be in a warlike mood, and the mood is not far below the surface of most human beings.

Peace might be possible if a program was organized for that purpose. It should be one that encourages wide participation.

How could the volunteers for peace work? There could be several levels for their program. Health-betterment, accident and disease-prevention, and the prevention of starvation are some of the ways the warlike energy of man could be applied. But without a method, the vague desire for peace is almost useless. People have spoken in vague generalities of peace for generations and tried to use religion as a tool against war, and we still have war.

Perhaps there is an analogy between science fiction and "peace." There was imaginative fiction for years before the branch now called science fiction was isolated in a magazine. Then, after it started to grow a bit (into several more magazines) a time came when it seemed to be "right" for it to spring up into a succulent growth. Today there is a condition that seems to indicate that science fiction is accepted as something worth-while.

I believe that this condition is at least partially the result of the amateur journals and their enthusiasm which, coupled with the circumstances of the A-Bomb and other "scientific" discoveries, has been bringing the field to the attention of more and more people.

Now, if "peace" could have its fanzines, its fandom and perhaps its prozines, maybe it, too, might become accepted as more than a dream.

If the peace-enthusiasts were organized on somewhat the order of stfandom they could at least discover the weak and strong points of their views, and work from there into a more logical outlook of what "peace" would be like. Extrapolating what a world at peace would be like takes real imagination; maybe science fiction is wide enough in scope so that even a magazine could use that as its theme.

The future will probably have many of the problems of today, only more so. The pressures of population-increases, alone, will probably keep warlike tensions stirred up. So there will continue to be need of such a pressure-reliever as war. A direct challenge, a personal danger, would probably help keep this pressure from the explosion stage.

The old strategem of making a thing, instead of a people, our enemy might be used again here. I suggest that this "thing" be the universe.

Outside the atmosphere of Earth there is a frontier broad enough and great enough to provide challenges for the race. Such a movement outward will be broader than the expansion that occurred centuries ago, when men turned to exploration of the planet with the urge for adventure and perhaps gold as the incentives. Perhaps the heavens will have similar goals; perhaps the many star-worlds will afford new opportunities for people to note that patterns of life unlike that in which they grew up are still worth-while. A contact with another life-form, especially if intelligent, will probably be as challenging to the earthman as contact with other peoples on Earth was for the explorers of the middle ages.

Bigotry was eased when these explorers discovered that life in a pattern unlike their own was will good. This is a lesson that should be relearned on the personal level.

Even if no other races show up in our expansion of the void, space itself will be a challenge for the starmen. Mental horizons will expand; the very vastness of the void will hold the heart of

Man, and with even a little economic good to give us an excuse, Man will sweep through the starlands seeking wonders.

Man is constantly redoing the corner of his universe, and while he expands he works on wider motifs. Theoretically he will continue in this method, and if the tools and vehicles are ready there is little doubt that he will continue exploring. This could be a greater phase of growth than has ever been suggested before. There is no real reference-points to make the future clear.

This will be as challenging, and as basically unpredictable, as was the developments after the first hunters settled on farms. From the farm came stagnation of a kind that made our civilization possible, but which was not constant. Even before pioneering became popular, many individuals drifted away from the settled villages or farms. Adventures have always been sought by a few.

The aim of science is to hunt out truth from its hidden lair. In the future, adventure and science must form a partnership that will permit more of the secrets of this universe to become known.

Whether science fiction has served as the method to open the mind of the public to the possibilities of future space-exploration, or whether science fiction is reaping the rewards of a development towards the void, is a matter I'll not argue. But the place of Man in the universe is being discussed, and mentally we are being readied for another and greater exploration-age. The Magellan spirit will challenge the adventurous to seek the stars, when the technical steps are developed far enough. The void calls as strongly as any ocean calls to a sailor or a sailor-to-be.

In facing challenge we have a great change to face up to the universe. The universe challenges us, and the curious and would-be heroes will not shirk the universe because of its challenge. Instead it will be met head-on, if past indications are any criterion. Perhaps it will take the place of war in the heart of man. Then, perhaps, the degrading practice of killing a fellow man because of the need to test themselves may not continue.

Or--what do you think?

LEN S

D E N

by LEN MOFFATT

FOR the benefit of new readers--and old readers who may have forgotten us by now--I am devoting part of this column to neatly-trimmed thumbnail sketches of the Outlanders. Listed in no particular order, they are as follows:

- Rick Sneary--Retired fan. Bookkeeper for a varnish firm.
Bachelor. Alergic to bananas.
- Alan Hershey--chemist for a varnish firm. Husband of Mary; father of David, first natural-born Outlander. Alergic to sunshine.
- Stan Woolston--printer for various firms. Bachelor. Raises rabbits and rhubarb juice.
- Hal Curtis--civil service office work. Married to
- Freddie Curtis--Alergic to Jolson.
- Anna Sinclare Moffatt--excellent cook. Sort of person, who--upon hearing water heater make odd noises--remarks: "It sounds like it's living--and about to die!" Business manager & wife of
- Len Moffatt--Sales Service man for a paperbox firm. Alergic to rejection slips.
- John Van Couvering--ex-Navy. College student. Bachelor. Alergic to Navy.
- Gon Pederson--College student. Bachelor. Alergic to draft boards.
- Bill Elias--Air Force. Bachelor, at last report. Alergic?
- Gil Ayala--ditto.
- Shirley Jean Booher--Bookkeeper for a tool making firm. Single.
Alergic to wolves.
- Alvin Taylor--World traveler. Bachelor. Alergic to poverty.
- Mari Wolf--Writer. Alergic to unreadable fanzines.
- Forry Ackerman--Stfantasy agent, dealer. Husband of Mrs. Science Fiction. Alergic to carbonated drinks.
- Rory Faulkner--Ex-nurse. Eligible widow. Alergic to Drew Pearson.

Ed Cox--Ex-Army. Bachelor. Maine's gift to California.

Now that you know us so intimately, write, won't you? The Outlander Society is still in existence. Are you?

We've had three meetings in the past few months. At Sneary's Herkhey's and Mari's. We don't meet as often as we once did, but we still discuss South Gate in '58!, and the publishing of this magazine. Most of us have retired from active fandom, but we still show interest in things science-fictional. Anyway, Stan Woolston is active enough for all of us.

Apparantly, the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society is no longer publishing Shangri-LA. But this ancient organization has not folded either. We attended a meeting a few weeks ago. There were maybe twenty persons present, most of whom were representative of the younger fannish generation.

Well, an old club can always use new blood. However, the new blood, along with the bloody or bloodless (the choice is yours) old members were in the midst of a new old constitution discussion.

The proposed new constitution, as presented by Director Evans, was short and simple. The old constitution, defended by Hodgkins and, oddly enough, most of the younger members, was-- in my opinion--overweight. Opponents of the new one said that in time it too would be weighted down with amendments and by-laws, so why not keep the old one and let it go at that.

After listening to the pro, con, and in-between discussion and wrangling, I voted for the new one, feeling it was at least a step in the right direction. (The Outlanders have NO constitution) But the old one won by a large majority, and the club went on to other business.

Ed Clinton, one of the club's numerous ex-directors, reviewed a pocketbook novel by Matheson. I forget the title but anyway Ed said it should have been a novелlette. He demonstrated this by tearing out the pages which he considered to be unnecessary and throwing them in the general direction of a waste basket. A very ripping review.

Forry reviewed the novel ONE (I forget the author's name) in great detail, telling all, save the ending--if I remember correctly. It sounded like a book I would like to read so that I too could compare it with 1984. (I still think Animal Farm is Orwell's greatest work.)

After the meeting we went over to the Evans' home for coffee and yakking.

Incidentally, the LASWS plans to celebrate twenty years of consecutive meetings at its Halloween party this year. A record attendance is expected.

I suppose I should report on the doings at Outlander meetings. After all this is an Outlander publication. But what's to report? As has been stated many times before, the Outlanders are primarily a social group with no written laws, standard operating procedures or whathavia. We meet, we converse, we eat, we play games, we listen to music, we yak, we discuss, we laugh, we play, we drink--we do all of these things and in no given order

And once in a while we publish an issue of our mag. We may go on forever. We may quit abruptly. Life. Go on, say something philosophical about life. Any one of the well-used saws would probably cut into the situation very well. ((The trouble with well-used saws is that they are usually dull--Anna))

Occasionally, I get a feeling. I'm not quite sure what to call it, though I know what it is. Perhaps fanostalgia is the term I'm seeking. A good word. Fanostaglia. Almost as good as crifanac. As a word, that is.

J. Stanley Woolston heckles me once in a while. He wants me to re-join FAPA. He prob'ly wants me to re-join the NFFF. Now there is a possibility that I will return to FAPA, but just what year or decade it will be, I cannot say. I am a very busy man and the things that keep me busy are as interesting to me as fandom ever was.

But I still get that old fannish feeling. (Writing this column helps to assuage it somewhat, praise Foo) I still get the urge to produce a Fapamag, to write a letter to one of my favorite fanzines (like PEON or HYPHAN), to attend a convention. In fact, Anna and I would have attended the SF con, had we the dinero.

But FAPA-ing and letter writing are something else again. My life is pretty full and active, and I find it easier to relax with a book, a mag, the radio or a movie than at the typer. Especially since I'm trying to be a writer in my spare time.

I now earn our salary in an office. After seven years in the production end of paperbox manufacturing I got kicked upstairs into the Sales Department. This means that I make less money than I did, but have a greater opportunity for advancement. I have developed a great interest in the paperbox industry, and I am still keenly interested in writing professional fiction. This makes me feel like I am living two lives. Perhaps I will be able to merge the two interests.

However, I still get time to think about fanning, as one can think faster than one can act or talk. Pictures parade swiftly across the front of my headbone. A science-fiction annual which would really be comprehensive and well-presented review of the year in the sfantasy field(fandom included). A FAPA mag that would be worthy fo every fapate's attention. A letterzine topping the popularity of VOM. A fan newsmag containing reviews of fan and pro mags, books, club and convention reports and all sfantasy and fannish news interesting enough to print. Polls, humor, satire....

Of course if and when I do return to crifanac, I wouldn't attempt all of the above projects at once. I would pick out the one which appealed to ~~me~~ most at the time. It it were now, t'would be FAPA.

But, alas, I am only one man. Fanostalgia--begone! .
Return at a more propitious time:

No books to review this time. Greenberg quit publishing. Oh, the Den's Library has grown sonce last we met, and I could review something--if I felt like it. But I don't, right now.

SLAN! in Cénemascope, starring--Robert Wagner? (As Pong used to say, "There is no truth to this rumor", but what do you think of the idea?)

A couple of persons listed as Outlanders at the beginning of this column are really Honorary "embers, namely Forry and Ed. So perhaps I should have listed Miss Jessie Wilt too. She's not a member but sometimes attends meetings with Rick. Jessie deserves mention because she is nice people, is employed in the paperfield (Pacific Press), is alergic to MaCarthy, and sometimes helps to staple and assemble this mag.

I don't see many fanzines anymore, but I still receive and read PEOM and HYPHAN. For where I'm sitting theyare stil two of the best--if not the best--fanzines around. I'm taking this opportunity to say "Hello and Best Wishes" to Lee and Walt, and to all of my other old fan friends. I haven't really forgotten any of you and....woops! There's that feeling again.

I'd better halt here and return to my studies of the practical paper box....

Keep Smiling!

-Len

Punch Ad

by Hal Curtis

The publishing offices at 10 Bouverie Street, London, E. C. 4, are currently issuing weekly Volume CCXIV of PUNCH (or The London Charivari). The PUNCH publishers, it should be noted, are a thrifty lot when it comes to covers, for it seems that Mr. Punch has been grinning at the world with his finger along side of his nose from exactly the same cover for some 117 years. The magazine seems to be sort of a London version of the New Yorker, but we wasn't try to carry this comparison too far, as actually both magazines are unique.

When you, the American reader, browse through the advertising in Punch, you realize first off that the ads are not so pretentious as our own. The British do not have the American compulsion for having everything slick, striking, and efficient. You read through a few ads and you see that in general they are more chatty and less persuasive, less omnipotent. You conclude, however that there is really not much difference in the advertising displays or techniques. It seems to you that you might be looking at an American mag which is in a different time-space sequence and is selling a completely different line of goods.

You begin to play a little game with the magazine--you begin to pick out all the new products, all the ads for things you never heard of before. You see RIEHA Blackcurrant Juice (fights fatigue), HUNTLEY & PALMERS (the first name you think of in) Biscuits, KULSH Art Dessert Chocolates, HELL GUYN Marmalade, CHURCH'S famous English shoes, DR SCOTT Clothes Ltd. of Dudley, and many others. But while wandering through these strange names you see that there are many old friends also. CHAMPION Plugs, ESSO Gasoline, DRAKEBUIE Scotch Licuour, HOLLANDY Brandy, MOOVER Cleaners; all these stand by in reassuring fashion, even though the gasoline is petrol, the spark plugs are just plugs, and the vacuum cleaner is now an electric cleaner. You feel on familiar ground as you find other international favorites such as BENCOF And HODGINS, HUSCARE, CAMEL NO. 5, REMINGTON, DUFOUNT, SHELL, HEINZ 37, and PARKER 31, although you can't help smiling when you read "John McCallum gave his wife Google Withers a Parker 31 for her birthday".

You notice that really, most of the ads for unfamiliar products seem pretty much the same as American ads, with only the name changed. SEARF EXPRESS cigarettes, BRYLCREEM Hair Dressing, DISPRIN (recommended for all those conditions in which aspirin would be taken), ARISTOC (the aristocrat of stockings), and CORVETTE Shaving Cream are all just as dull as any prosaic American advertisement, you conclude.

Then you begin to notice some of the little things that you are quite sure you never say on this side of the Atlantic. You see a stately announcement that: "TIMES BOARD MILLS LTD. have pleasure in announcing that THEIR PUMP AT DUNLEIGH, IRELAND is in PRODUCTION AGAIN after the recent floods." You notice that FORD seems to have an English edition of their car called the Zephyr 6, and that instead of Ethyl, which is the lead compound that makes American gasoline better, the English have BENZOL, which "makes good petrol better". You muse that if Tires are "tyres" in England, it's a wonder that FIRESTONE isn't Firestone. You are taken somewhat aback by the boldface type which

announces GIERLING SERVICE is available, but you are relieved, if disappointed, when you see by the small print that is apparently an automobile brake company. You idly wonder what color your shoes would be if you polished them with GALLATHER'S Rich Dark Honeydew, and you are not at all convinced that it would be beneficial to you to follow the advice in the ad which says "Recuperate at SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Bathtub" where that traditional treatments featured by the late John Smedley are still practiced with success, in congenial surroundings."

You notice that the PLUSFOUR shirt company is offering a shirt with 1 spare collar and 2 spare cuffs--when the first set wears out you send the shirt to the manufacturer and he will sew on the spares. Another product which you are not quite sure you will buy is BLANKERS "The only food that digests milk before you drink it."

After reading several of the British ads, you perhaps wish to amend your previous thought that they were more "chatty" than the American--they now seem to you to be downright verbose. It seems to you that most of them ramble on for a paragraph or two before they get to the point, if they ever do. You shrug your shoulders. Perhaps their way is better--at least it is a relief from the American pounding and repetition, and the concentration on driving home the point as hard as possible. Besides, you find some of the wordy ads rather pleasant. PIMM'S No. 1 for example. It shows a large fish in a tuxedo at a party, and the heading says PIMM'S HOROSCOPES. The ad reads:

PISCES

Feb. 20--March 20 This is a sign that you are like a fish out of Pimm's unless you are in the swim, which of course involves throwing a Pimm's party. This is your chance to make friends and Pimmfluence people. The stars foretell that a month will elapse. Plans, cheeses etc., should mature. Pimm's should bear fruit.*

* Lemon, actually, in slices. Also cucumber, or borage, if you can get it. Top up with fizzy lemonade. And don't forget the ice.

You find that ads like the foregoing are easy to cope with, but, there are some others, like this one, which has no heading but is simply illustrated by humorous cartoon characters who are disporting themselves around the text, which reads:

This is the story of a biologist research chap with a passion for counting red blood cells passing through Oldbury on a bus he cut into Accles & Pollock in a serious vein for a generous sample fine stainless steel tube was what he wanted to help him perfect a new method he was working on and off he went for two or three weeks we saw the Directors looking a little pale and anxious waiting for a report now we have confirmation Accles & Pollock are undoubtedly still alive when it comes to making steel tubes with unmistakable precision the scientist draws attention to a deep blue tinge in both their red blood cells we can count on them being measured for their robes any day now

14 After reading this one, you quietly fold up the magazine and speculate on the English no more this day.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

by Earnest Anyway (with special acknowledgement to Adrienne Ross)

Editor's note:

Ernest Anyway (-) is the proponent of the simple or "journalistic" style of writing. He has completed a number of novels and a non-fiction work, FIFTY-NINE STEPS TO GOOD WRITING. He is a recluse and hates the public. He can be seen only posing for beer ads. He is at present working on a new novel, ACROSS THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE.

Dorigen turned from the balcony overlooking the sea. The waves ~~had~~ pounded like bullets on the rocks. It's cold, she thought, I'll have to take a sweater to the picnic: it's very cold for May. She took a sweater and walked down the stairs where her friends were waiting.

Despite the cold it was a sunny day. The leaves shone green and yellow. Dorigen watched her friends. They were singing to a guitar. She moved away from the circle and lit a cigarette.

Aurelius saw her withdraw from the crowd. He walked toward her.

"Dorigen," he said, "little rabbit." He looked at her bitterly. "There's not enough time," he said.

"What are you saying?" she said. "My God, you can't think I'd-- look." She grinned and lit another cigarette from the butt of the first. "I've the rocks off my beach," she said, "and then we'll see." She raised an eyebrow.

"You bitch," Aurelius said, "you bitch. God. You bitch."

He turned and walked away. It was late. He'd have to see his brother-in-law before dinnertime.

"I'll do it, sure," his brother-in-law said, "I got the equipment. But it'll cost you plenty. I got the equipment."

"I'll pay," Aurelius said.

He watched the other man maneuver the levers of the huge mechanism. The long neck dropped. The machine's claw scooped up a caw of rocks, ground them into bits, threw them into the sea.

Aurelius lit a cigarette. He watched the machine. He smoked quickly and silently. When the job was through, he climbed the stairs to the house above. Dorigen stood on the balcony, watching the waves pound like bullets. She did not hear Aurelius behind her.

"Hello, little rabbit," he said.

"You've done it," she said. She pointed to the huge machine. "You've done it," she repeated dully.

Aurelius looked at her.

"Okay," he said, "twenty minutes."

Dorigen walked stiffly into her bedroom and picked up the phone. She dialed a number.

"Hello," she said, "Averagus, can you talk? I made a bet with Aurelius...no...yes, yes...he won...oh darling I can't...oh my God...look can't we...all right...No... yes. Yes. Goodbye."

She hung up the phone and went with her hands at her face. The tears fell through her fingers and made spots on her blouse.

Aurelius looked at her.

"Well?" he said.

"It's all right," she said, "he said it's all right."

They smoked in silence.

"Look," he said, "don't say anything. Just forget about the whole thing. I'm going to Spain next week anyway. One more bull fight ought to do it. Hell with it."

He paused.

"Well," he said, "I'll call you" He left, walking down the same steps by which he had come. He left Dorigen standing on the balcony, watching the waves pounding like bullets against the rocks.

When Aurelius got home he sat down and opened a can of beer.

"I told her the hell with it," he said.

He looked at the other man.

"I owe you what?" he said.

His brother-in-law said, "Forget it. Buy me a beer."

He opened another beer for Aurelius.

"She asked him," Aurelius said, "she asked him and he said okay."

He drank his beer.

The End



((EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was written last Spring in answer to one requesting information from the editor of Star Rocket, the material to be used as a basis for fanzine reviews. Editor R. E. Multog pointed out that many reviews were worthless because the reviewer was unable to learn such facts as the price, the number of pages, who the editor was, and when he planned to fold. With the information gathered by his questionnaires Editor Multog hoped to lessen greatly the chance of such errors in his fanzine. Realizing that this is a problem confronting all of our reviewers, we are--as a public service--printing the letter in full.))

ETIftOGORS....

STAR ROCKET Editors.
7 Greenwood Road
Pike County, Marylandmymaryland

I, as the former Official Un-Official Secatary and Wel-coming Treasurer of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) am taking it upon my own shoulders to answer your request for information. As it was addressed to me I am taking the liberty without consulting the other members of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) about the action. It is my beleif, and you may correct me if I am in error, that you wanted this information in the shortest possible time. The only way it could be answered in full would be at the next full meeting of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!). As the next meeting at which all members are expected to attend is September 1, 1958, I am taking the liberty of answering for them. I must say that I can only take responsibility for that which I know about, in what I will say: or that which I think I know about. And the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) as a whole, or in parts, cannot be held accountable in fu ll or in parts for what I might say or not say. If you wish to be sure of the figures and information enclosed, I would recommend you send your questionnaires to each of the other members. Then, take the result, add them up, divide bythenumber of answers, feed them through an IBM Cal-75a, and you will find an answer that is reasonably assured.

As your blank didn't leave space enough for my replies, I will answer them in letter form:

EDITOR'S NOTE: As you are undoubtedly aware from reading reviews in your competitor's, we are a highly democratic society, and all are equal unto each other and to the highest. And some are even more equal than others. Therefore we are all editors, and in your reviews please list us as such, no matter what the copy you have in your hand at the moment might say. Eventhough there are some of our members in the far corners of the globe like Tangiers, Ireland, West Virginia, we feel that they are all close to us. We feel their influence and spirits as we gather around our hallowed floors, and know that though they are not with us in body they have had a hand in the things that go into our fanzine, and our very lives...

ASSISTANT EDITORS IF ANY: As only members of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) may write for the magazine we do not have any assistant editors. Though there have been times when many people who were not members have helped us edit an issue.

ART EDITORS: While of course we do have one of the best qualified art editors in the field, each editor has the right to select anything he wishes for an issue. Of course he cannot refuse anything offered to him by another member. Our art has always been a step different than others in the same level. Not that we think we are better, but few if any

OTHER EDITORS AND HELPERS: Yes.

FANZINE REVIEW EDITORS: It has been the combined opinion of a few of the members, who devoted time to think on the question, that reviews of other fanzines are a boring waste of time. No one wanted to read what we thought of someone else, who spent most of his issue saying what he thought of the feud in another fanzine over what someone else said in a review. Least of all, us. Few of us can even stand to read fanzines, excepting free ones, except when we have material or other worthwhile stuff in them. Fanzines aren't really worth much anyway, don't you agree?

PROZINE REVIEW EDITORS: Oh, come now. Really!!

BOOK REVIEW EDITOR: Oh, but you don't understand how a truly democratic society like the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) operates in such matters. When we are going to press we look around, see? First chance we get to see a member we ask him the big question, see? Has he read a book? If he has, he is then democratically bound to write a review of it. This might present problems in some groups that read a lot. But not in the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) Those members that read a lot of books do not like to write, so they never write their reviews (this being a truly democratic society, unlike some I could name--there is nothing one can do) and those who like to write, read few books.

WHEN WAS THE DATE WE STARTED: Well, that is hard to say. I started reading TWS when I was...no, it was before the first Convention by two years, as I met my first fan the year before. But it wasn't until two years after that, that we first got together, though I had used the name a year before. I didn't think it up either; a fan who never became a member did--or was that the name of the

slogan? On second thought I beleive he suggested we hold the convention here in 1958. He was one of the craziest non-members we ever had, never even a guest. But as I was saying, it was started at the second or fourth meeting, I'm not sure which. We met at three houses in those days, and I'm not sure if it was first time around or not.

WHERE WAS IT FOUNDED: What do you mean? You really will have to explain yourself some more. "Where" in relation to what? I can answer "here or there", and what does it prove?

WHAT KIND OF MACHINE WAS IT AND IS IT NOW PRINTED ON: I'm afraid I can't tell you. I can't really tell a flat bed press from a rotary. The name means nothing to me. We have received many comments on the quality of our work though. Many have said it was an outstanding example in the field.

WHO WERE YOUR FIRST MEMBERS OR CONTRIBUTORS? It all depends on when you want to start counting from. The people that think of themselves are not all they might. One who is with the AAF isn't at all, though he was there when it started. And we weren't all in the first issue, though they belonged just as much. I'm sure I was, but you will have to ask the others to see if they think they were. That is the important thing, though of course some are.

WHO ARE THE PRESENT MEMBERS OR WHAT IS YOUR PRESENT CIRCULATION SO FAR AS YOU KNOW: As I have mentioned earlier, I am no longer the Official Un-Official Secutray and Mailer-Welcomer of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!), so I can't tell you. We have enver flet we lost any members, even by death, though in the early days one of them resigned. I would say that our circulation within the Society was about 95%, and outside subscriptions about 500% above that, so you can see it is quite high. We haven't had as many subscriptions come in since I stopped being Official Un-Official Secatry and Corressponding Welcomer of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!), but this is due to many reasons. Not many reviews in other fanzines. Someeditors do not seem to realize how important it is to have good reviews of fanzines, so their readers can select the best. An excellent way of keeping up with the field.

WHAT STF CLUBS DO YOU BELONG TO? I don't belong to any of them. After they couldn't keep going smoothly while I was President of them, I gave them all up. I know they will all collapse without me, but it can't be helped, they had their chance. I'm still in the NFFF, but then they can't drop me after diverting all the other clubs' monies into their treasury. Besides, how else could they keep faith?

WHAT CLUBS HAVE YOU STARTED? Well, most of them at one time or another.

HOW MANY ISSUES OF YOUR ZINE HAVE YOU PUBLISHED? Do you mean the ones I edited myself, or those I edited for the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!), or those the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) put out together?

WOULD YOU CARE TO EXCHANGE ADVERTISING WITH STAR ROCKET? Not unless you became a member, and of course you would have to meet our requirements to do that. Only members' material can appear, you know.

WOULD WE BE INTERESTED IN JOINING AFA? Yes and No...

WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE YOUR AGE HERE AND BIRTHDATE? No, I wouldn't mind at all. In the inbetween age, when I'm not too young to be ashamed of it, or too old to be ashamed of it.

PUBLISH ANY OTHER FANZINES: Not in the open market.

WOULD WE CARE TO ACCEPT MEMBERSHIP IN SRSECC IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR FANZINE: On what basis? A one-one? That would be impossible as each member of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY (South Gate in '58!) would have to get copies, as we are all equal. Or, if your memberships are worth money, say \$5 a year, would you want us to credit you with that amount for each membership you gave us?

IF YOU DON'T PUBLISH ONE NOW, DID YOU? Yes.

OTHER INFORMATION: Yes, I'm reasonably sure there is.

I hope I have been of some small help to you. If there is anything I missed in this all too brief, after all how can you cover a fanzine like ours in so few pages, letter, let me know. I'm always willing to help out in a good cause with all I can. Sorry only that I couldn't give more...

Yours very truly,

(signed)

Rick Sneary



CONGOING

a fan's muddled view of the SFCon by Stan Woolston

It was at the first train stop outside of Los Angeles that I saw my first fellow-congoer. It was Mari Wolf traipsing up the aisle with her husband Dave. Due to the push of incoming traffic we only had time to exchange a few words, promising to get together in a little while.

About one minute later my seat-mate arrived, Alan Parcells, who was well-versed in the names of authors in Astounding. He was going up to make arrangements to attend the University of Berkeley, and hadn't heard of the convention. He didn't say he would attend, but he might.

About ten o'clock (with occasional lights appearing in the darkness outside) I went the half-dozen seats back and went back to the diner with Mari and Dave. After a while Dave drew a solitary man reading a thick book into the conversation and he came to our table. It was Charles Beaumont--who was on the pannel the first day of the con. I might say he was on the first pannel of the first day, discussing Science Fiction versus Hollywood, and I believe he took the place of Ed Clinton who arrived too late.

Next morning we arrived in San Francisco and the four of us took a taxi to our hotels. I was the only one staying at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel so the last couple blocks I rode in solitary splendor. Then for over two hours I roamed the place, exploring the halls and finally ran into Es Cole who wanted to know why I hadn't arrived the day before. With a couple others we went to a nearby place and ate.

At nine the registration room was to open; I got in ahead of the crowd on the strength of a deal I had with Les Cole to put out some publicity for N3F. Actually I had been working on N3F publicity for several months, mimeoing some things, printing others, and getting a supply of material from all over. Just before packing I had finished mimeoing a form (an "info sheet" about the various branches and projects of the club with a membership blank on the back) and I folded these in the middle on an end of a table, rushing against time so I could hand them out to people arriving at the registration table. I had been folding these for some time before entering, in fact--using a corner of a desk over at one side of the lobby. It was there I met the first group of fans, in a small cluster around the magazine rack. I think one of them was named Goldstein...

Previous con writeups were one-day "Westcon" affairs, and this meeting was a four-day affair. Trying to recall things in order, or evaluating things, is like giving a clear run-down on history in the making. In some respects the next few days were a jumble of names, events, scenes. Youngest "fan" present was undoubtedly the daughter of Karen Anderson and Poul Anderson, who became acquainted with several people. Though she stayed for a time on the divan before the N3F table on the second morning, I didn't find out her name or even that she was a she until late in the day. But I wander--more than I usually do.

It took some time for me to locate some N3F volunteers, which was part of my plan to publicize the club. Maybe I better explain those initial-things: N3F stands for the National Fantasy Fan Federation, an international fanclub despite the name.

Jim White, head of the club Manuscript Bureau, and Merrill Malkerson, who edited and published the latest issue of The National Fantasy Fan, were first to volunteer their aid. Jim came up by Grayhound Bus from Los Angeles and Merrill from across the bay in Oakland. I met Merrill's father and recieved a supply of the latest National Fantasy Fans for display, and they were well worth displaying. A four-color cover introduces a publication that is well laid-out and often with colored headings.

Later Keith Brandon volunteered to help publicize N3F. He was the first one I hadn't previously written to, and an energetic guy with the word he is.

Eva Firestone arrived, tired from a couple days without more than a few cat-naps (she said) and she joined the N3F crew. By this time there were quite a few N3F ribbons hanging from the name-badges; Don Jay, Wally Weber, Art Rapp, E.E. Smith, Ph. D., and E. E. Evans, to name a few. Eva got her ribbon and began wandering around to sneak looks at badges and make acquaintances, and though she's quite shy I suspect she met more than I did.

As she wanted to stay at the table (preferring fen to regular meetings) I followed Jim White and Merrill Malkerson into the adjoining meeting-room. Anthony Boucher, Poul Ande son and Dean Fraser spoke. Fory Ackerman with William Nolan, James Gunn and Charles Beaumont tore into Hollywood, and Miriam Allen deFord gave a talk. In the evening "Science Fiction and the Detective Novel" was round-tabled with Nancy Barr Mavity and others I don't remember, and E. E. Smith--all giving a good accounting. A couple films finished off the regular session, and Born of Man and Woman was purty good. Tho the program was sometimes altered without notice in order of presentation, and much of the material wasn't strictly new to anyone attending past fangatherings of this sort, it served well to frame the unplanned section of the con.

Perhaps I should give a rundown primarily of nonscheduled stuff, assuming that the other would be reported by others. Some experiences were the session in the room of John W. Campbell jr.--a rotating, rotating sort of thing where a roomful of fans (sitting on floors and even in chairs) got squeezed out by the influx of newcomers. Campbell held this as a sort of "court," giving out with observations reminiscent of his editorials. It was enjoyable but brief.

One morning I asked E. E. Smith what kind of science fiction magazine he would like to edit. He said he would choose Lawrence as illustrator and as authors Robert Heinlein, A. E. van Vogt, and E. E. Smith. Probably the only column or department would be for letters.

About noon on the second day I decided to buy a table for N3F to display stuff I'd lugged in a briefcase and most of my suitcase. I had recieved no mail giving presidential decision on number of days to get the table but decided we should have two days, so I looked up Es Cole and paid out the money. The space was in between some advertising the fanzine Destiny and a display of fantasy artwork (or maybe I should be candid and say illustrations and manuscripts), but later Sam Moskowitz took space to advertise.

The other side of the Destiny display was Don Day's, which meant there were two checklists on display, one by Don and the other by Sam. I had hoped that a NFFF compiler would have sent me a few copies of something in that line, but it didn't arrive.

Both Eva Firestone and I were expecting last-minute packages, but they didn't arrive. Charles Lee Riddle, for example, has been working for some time on a revised Fanspeak and a letter shortly before the con asked how many I'd want for display.

During this period I was making contacts for talkers at the hour-long talkfest to go on next morning. Earlier I met Dale Hart on the street, arriving I believe. He told me he had some zines for sale at a reasonable price and though I never saw them I hear they were bargains. He was selling out, making ready to go to Europe.

At one of these pre-program periods I met Pete Vorzimer, who I have heard of but never grommed. Ron Ellick was there making joke-sounds. Of course EEEvans, Ackerman and E. E. Smith were around; Isabelle Dinwiddie dropped over from Oakland. Melvin Korshak drifted around slowly. Knapheide (Wm. D.) had a supply of his Xenern Indexes for sale and the next day (Sunday) we cooked up a deal where I bought three titles and he bought membership in N3F. Pete Graham exchanged a few words, and two dollars. And though this doesn't indicate it, there was quite a number of girls around, too.

I brought out my program booklet as suitable way to make acquaintances and promptly got a number of signatures of friends. Thelma Hamm, Rory Faulkner, Karen Anderson, Mari Wolf, Delcie A. Austin, Lou Dougherty. Met Dave Lesperance for first time in many years--since he was an Outlander, in fact. He still lives in Los Angeles, and is still his usual quiet, unassuming self.

I see I overlooked saying who won the Westcon for next year; after North Hollywood and Catalina Island withdrew it was between Seattle and Los Angeles, and L.A. got it. The vote on this was immediately before the "National Convention" convened at two in the afternoon on Saturday.

The program book lists it as from two till five, then after a thirty-minute intermission the evening program at eight p.m.....

The convention banquet was buffet style, and immediately behind me in the lineup was a reporter for the San Francisco Daily News. He showed me the clipping of the story on the con from the day before, which was over a column long with a picture. Several reporters were there, so I guess the con had good coverage.

Across the table from me was Corrie and Kull, who co-edited the fanzine Vortex. Across the long, long room Bob Bloch began sounding off long mouthfuls of pun-type pandemonium praising S.F. He reported some happenings of con, such as disappearance of the entire fifteenth floor of the hotel.

Both Jack Williamson and John Campbell spoke briefly; Campbell got such resounding applause I think it embarrassed him.

Sunday was the day for me. I was to attempt to put on an hour-long program, so I went out to eat and was almost finished when Rory Faulkner came in. Actually this is/was about the only time I had a chance to speak to her, and due to the cafeteria arrangement and need to rush I asked her to come to the meeting to lend her moral support.

The first thing scheduled was the ten o'clock meeting in the Monterey room--the smaller registration room. At about 10:10 someone arrived to open it up, and in about five minutes the chairs were pulled around so everyone could lounge as the guys talked. Ben Stark advised I start at once so as not to run over, so after a bit of delay to permit more people to gather I started my spiel. It was the least formal talks given, mostly because I've never been a public speaker and I didn't try to be cute. Except that I introduced E. E. Evans as E. E. Smith...(Dr. Smith promised to try to make it, and to speak as one of the original members of N3F if asked, but he didn't get there in time.)

Evans spoke of early problems of the club, the method he overcame lack of direction and fund (by using a large part of his wages to keep it going, by "listing candidates," mimeoing the list and sending them out for vote, etc.) His soft delivery made the closeness of the audience a double advantage. He stood with the N3F table behind him.

Next I introduced Don Day (and NOT as Bradford). He suggested that N3F wasn't national enough--that is, that more fans should be in the club, that it should be used for stabilizing the national conventions perhaps by having them as one of their projects. Perhaps I misquote him here, but all of these talks were off the cuff, and the notes I took were for my own use to introduce the next person or some other subject overlooked by others.

Jim White spoke on the Manuscript Bureau, and though he was the least polished of the three he spoke concisely and to the point.

I tried to fill in a few points, and looking in the direction of Ben Stark called it a day. This was barely three-quarters of an hour, and I hadn't said my five minute summary talk, but it was time to stop if it wasn't to run over into the other scheduled program.

Then fifteen minutes later, approximately, it began.....

I can't tell result of auction except to listen to exhortations that remind me of past ones by Daugherty and others. Later Boucher said a complete balance-sheet would go to all attendees.

A "meet the authors" session gave me a chance to get some signatures. I had begun, after the N3F program, handing out blotters and bookmarks as souvenirs to publicize N3F. These slips of cardboard (which I printed) are in three designs, with a vertical line saying NFFF BOOKMARK (or BLOTTER). I started trying to get a bunch of the authors to autograph suitably-pictured blotters, and have then by E. Mayne Hull, Edward E. Smith, Ph.D., Charles D. Hornig, Willy Ley, Vampirai, Anthony Boucher, Evelyn Paige Gold, and A. E. Van Vogt. Also one from Jo McCarthy--Betty Jo, that is...

I missed seeing the special S-F Art Exhibit, instead trying to entice membership in N3F. Melvin Korehak was one of the re-joiners.

Ray Bradbury's opera ended the day; location was poor, as some of the audience were too far to one side or the other. The mood didn't get across as strongly as most of his stories do when read, but that might be partly due to poor seeing and no knowledge of the story. Foreign lingo used: English.

That night, in lobby, heard Dave Lesperance was "kicked out".

of a room--supposedly on the grounds that he was unruly. This preposterous story came from a guy I met in the lobby who was burned up (and, at his own admission, too drunk to kick the stuffings out of the guy who kicked Lesperance from the room). I didn't hear more.

Monday morning, after more visiting around (met John Magnus, past editor of The National Fantasy Fan; met a Mr. Keasler who introduced me to his grandson who wasn't named either Keasler or Max)...Carol McKinney, who helped at the table the day before, didn't show up as she started back to Provo, Utah earlier.

The evening before, while heading for my room, I got in elevator with Noreen Falasca and her husband Nick, and for several minutes we stood in the hall speaking about Honey Wood, another N3F director who was being hospitalized for a "nose job" and so couldn't come to the convention, and about chances for Ohio. I told them I was for Ohio and had been for months.

After the auction and some other gab (panelists Campbell, Willy Ley, Poul Anderson on "Is Science Unduly Restricted?" and a group of s-f editors discussing something or other that I missed, came the business session. After talks nominating Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit the vote came 12 for Buffalo, 135 for Cleveland and 57 for Detroit. Before it was announced I suspected the outcome as Noreen returned to her seat smiling.

At the masquerade I followed the lead of many of the crowd and came unmasked and in my usual monstrous shape--with a piece of cardboard in my lapel pin badge on which I continued to write "fantasy." To everyone who asked I said I was a fantasy writer. But mostly I watched. Mrs. Willy Ley came as deep space (oops, black space), and it was quite a good 'un too, even though it included blackface. Ed Clinton and wife came scarlet-faced and Ed with a bristly chin as a couple of devils. (It looked like they stood too near the fire, or perhaps too near the devil in the case of Mrs. C.) Karen Anderson was a Finlay illustration, complete with everything except bubbles, and others wore balloons, space suits of the Operation Moon sort... One came as "DOA"--that's what the tag said that was tied to her neck, which also contained the stub of a heavy rope tied snugly around the sheet, which was punctured with the dagger (redsmear) and a few other indications of mayhem. One man was a public executioner, another a tentacled escapee from a Smith classic (dubbed "Medusir" by John Campbell, one of the judges). Two scientists were topnotch characters, one a white-smocked oldster who put his flask on the floor and danced around it playing castenets. He said he was a sane scientist...The other one was electrically-rigged to flash green and red, and his eyes snapped brightly too. This "mad scientist" got a prize for ingenuity (one of four prizes; Mrs. Ley got another for another classification)...EEEvans won the door prize.

This is too-hastily written; like a history, it should either be outlined in detail to insure completeness and accuracy of content and interpretation or contain material written as it happened. Four days are too much for either method if you're obsessed with the idea of publicizing something plus meeting the fancritters as I was. I missed Rick Sneary and his "south gate in '58" banner...I should report recommendation of a 3-year rotation system from east to west was approved which might prevent any west coast con in '58...

TIME HANGS NOT HEAVILY FOR THE EX-FAN

By Freddie Curtis

It has been nearly five years since I gave up fandom and the reading of science-fiction as more or less of a way of life. But it will be many years before the debts I owe science-fiction can be paid. For from this primeval source has arisen so many of the hobbies and activities that have consumed my time these past few years. In passing, I would like to mention psychology, rocket research, and now archeology.

Three years ago I joined the Archeological Survey Association of Southern California. This group of amateurs and professionals is sponsored by the Southwest Museum in Highland Park, a museum concerned only with the history of the southwest from the time of the aborigines to the relationship of present-day Indians with the white man. The Survey Association has as its main purposes to discover sites of the Indian habitation and the gathering of artifacts from them, and assembling all Southern California archeological material.

Perhaps it seems a far cry from the future of the sf and ff to the archeology of the past, but it isn't really so. The best writers of sf and ff have dipped heavily into the past for material and for a continuing flow of events for their tales. As tomorrow is the future for today, today is the future of yesterday. The flow is continuous; the past has left its mark everywhere--on all cultures, on all peoples. And who knows but what the threatening tomorrow may not some day make us wish that we knew more of yesterday?

One of the reasons I found fandom so boring after a while is the deadly inactivity. Talk is just fine; corresponding a rewarding experience; conventions fun, but most of the time just being a fan is deadly dull. There's no place to flex a muscle, breathe some fresh air, or do anything. In archeology, I have found an outlet for all energies, physical and mental. The field work supplies the former; the work in a museum the latter.

Generally, there are two types of field work, the dig and the surface. The dig is by far the hardest, but gives a greater variety of material, and is usually more interesting to the amateur. Let me take you on a more or less typical dig where material from prehistoric (before the white man) Indians to that of the latest Indians may be found.

The site in question is located at Arroyo Sequit on Highway 101, north of Malibu Beach. This particular area is going to become a public beach, so when the call came out we had a limited amount of time to gather material. For a number of week-ends, the faithful would gather, and on a typical week-end the following might occur:

The site, on top of a small bluff overlooking the ocean, is delimited by the group leader divided into five foot sections. Teams of two are assigned to each square. They haul their shovels, screens, paper sacks for the material, and grease pencils to mark them up to the site, and begin to work. You first clean the grass and seeds from the section, as it is called, and then you begin to shovel. Each shovel-full goes into the coarsest screen first to remove the soil, and show up the rocks and weed roots. As the screen is shaken back and forth, you must watch eagle-eyed for artifacts.

What are we looking for? Well, points (arrow heads), stone scrapers, used by the Indians for scraping hides, manos, used for grinding acorns, pieces of bowls, sherds, shell dishes or ornaments, animal bones, etc. These, if found, are put aside and then the same soil may be run through one or more finer screens to see if there are smaller things.

Some of these artifacts are indeed tiny. Shell beads may be as small as 1/32 of an inch, and quite black from the rich, fishy soil. It takes keen eyes and patient sorting to find these and similarly small stone beads, tips of bone awls, broken pieces of stone or shell tools or ornaments, pieces of broken points, pieces of ash or red or yellow ochre, small flakes of stone that were removed when tools were being made, and pieces of asphaltum that the Indians used for plugging the holes in abalone shells to make them usable for dishes, to caulk their boats and for ornaments.

You dig for six inches, carefully putting aside in marked sacks what you have found in your section. It's hard work. It gets hot and windy at the shore. The flies are attracted to your sweaty bodies and the smell of the fishy upturned soil. The shaking screens cover you with a pall of black that gets into your nostrils, ears, mouth and throat. Every now and then there is a triumphant yell and everyone gathers around a particular section to inspect the "find". It may be a particularly beautiful point, a "trade bead" that shows contact with the white man, a group of tiny shell beads that have been incised around their rims in a clear pattern, some human teeth, a whole bowl or a slender, polished awl made from the bone of a small mammal. You go back to your own section and shovel and shake harder.

Having completed a six inch deep section, and sacked and labeled all the material, keeping the fragile and special pieces wrapped or in small boxes, you start the next six inch depth. It gets hotter; the flies get hungrier and fiercer; the faces and hands of the group get dirtier, sweatier and blacker, but you keep shoveling and screening until a break is called for lunch. You dash down to the beach to wash up a bit, hurriedly munch a couple of sandwiches and drink something cold. Oh, that ice-cold beer from the chest is more heavenly than champagne now. And through the chewing, the talk rises...

"Found any beads yet?" "I got a white chert Chumash point. If only the base weren't half broken" "Gee, my back is broken, but I've found some ash and maybe I'll run into a hearth."

"I found three human teeth. What I wouldn't give for a burial, but I guess we aren't deep enough yet". Etc.,etc...

After lunch you continue. Muscles unused to such activity begin to ache. The mounds of dirt get higher and higher, and there is a seriousness about things now that the afternoon begins to wane. Everyone wants to find something special, something significant. The complexion of the material you find begins to change slowly. The deeper you get, the less evidence of white man, until you suddenly realize that there are no more trade beads, nails, pieces of metal, etc. The stone tools get cruder and cruder; the types of shell may change. The animal bones used for food are slightly different. The economy of the people becomes more simple.

Before dark you sack up and gather your tools. If you are staying overnight, you depart for the nearby camp. There, after a noisy dinner, you gather at a campfire and swap stories, show your gatherings and listen to your group leader tell you about the tribes of Indians that lived here, when and how. The stars come out and to the rhythmic pounding of the surf you crawl into your bedroll and sleep the sleep of the weary and satisfied. The last conscious thought may be that tomorrow, if you are lucky, you will find a super-something.

And the next day, after a hearty breakfast in the open, you dash back to the diggings and start in again. Perhaps your section has struck bed-rock. If so, you begin another or help someone else whose partner didn't stay the night. But so it goes. Digging, sifting, screening, sorting--some sections almost grain of sand by grain of sand to find the tiny beads. Again, the dirt, the flies--but who cares? When at last the late afternoon sun tells you it is time to leave, you gather your carefully labeled sacks and give them to your group leader. When all the work that is going to be done at this site is completed, he will take them back to the museum.

Theoretically, they will be worked on, and a report will be given at the next meeting, or the report will be written up by the group leader for the ASA Newsletter. But museums are notoriously short-handed and sometimes it will take years before they can get to work the material. Being impatient, I asked if I could help, and to my joy my offer was accepted. Now, two days a week, I go to "work" and have the thrill of taking the material from the dig and making it come to life in my hands.

In this work I have been fortunate in getting a great deal of assistance, mainly from the curatorial staff of the museum, and from the wonderful books in the museum research library. I have also bought a great many books intended for the lay worker in archeology, and two college extension courses in General Anthropology and Archeology have helped me get a basic knowledge in the field.

Upstairs in the tower are the workrooms. There the sacks are brought and the material from each sack laid out in trays. The

sections are arranged in order of their depth and number, and soon the work tables are a wonderful hodge-podge of stone, shell, bones, and what have you? How to begin? Where to start?

Remember, that a great many of the field workers are amateurs and often their enthusiasm leads them to collect just about everything imaginable. Much of this material is valueless for our purpose. So, through the trays you go picking out all the junk. And after many a day, the trays begin to assume a different aspect. Each now is divided into little piles: stone, bone, shell, ash, ochre, white man's material, etc.

The stone pile will hold all stone tools like points, scrapers, drills, bowls, beads, axes, flake samples, manos, metates, etc. The bone will be divided into recognizable bones of animals, bone awls, hair pins, sweat scrapers, etc., and the shell a large group of beads of many types, dishes, fishhooks, ornaments and sample shells of food types. The ash may someday be sent to be carbon dated if the museum feels there is enough at a low enough level to make it worthwhile. The ochre samples are kept as they are used for body staining and paint for various ornaments.

Now you are ready to begin. Section A, 0 to 6 inches is the first tray. You take it to a clean table where are the tools you will need for work: black and white India ink to label the specimens, shellac to cover the numbers because silver fish love to eat off the India ink, a ruler to measure the specimens, little pill boxes to put beads into, and large boxes for holding all the material from a specific depth or section, a large yellow ruled pad to list everything, and labels for the boxes.

Each piece is numbered, shellacked, cleaned if necessary, measured and then written up on the yellow pad. Looks something like this:

21-S-1 Point
1 inch long, $\frac{1}{2}$ " across the base; tip slightly broken;
very fine over-all flaking. Shoshonean type.
Section A, 0"—6"

21-S-1 means this is the 21st ASA field trip number; piece #1. And so on down the line through all these sections, all the depths. The large boxes are labeled as to the area, field trip number, section and depth.

Meanwhile you keep track. On ruled sheets laid out to show all these section numbers and depths, you list every type of tool and material kept and the quantity in each. By the time you have finished the whole dig, you have laid out before you on your chart an overall picture of what and how many were found where. Armed with a simple map of the area you can now begin to pinpoint this area which once was the home of a living people, and not just a place where a lot of "things" were dug up. Now a picture begins to be formed in your mind.

Here all across the 0 to 6 inch level, you can see there are many trade beads. There maybe a Spanish coin or two, a button,

some nails or other non-Indian material. These top-level Indians had contact with the white man and may be dated by this material. The lower the levels go, the fewer are the non-indigenous materials found, until a level is reached where there are no signs at all. Below here is what is called the pre-historic level.

And throughout you can find a significance in the types of tools. Here are obsidian points. The nearest obsidian of this quality comes from the mountains a hundred or more miles inland. Was it brought in or traded for fishhooks or shell beads? This steatite bowl fragment tells you that there was surely trade with the Canolimo Indians on Catalina Island. And these delicately fragile shell ear drops! What patience to make so fine a piece of personal adornment.

These are but a minute quantity of the aspects that unroll now that the chart is done. The questions they bring up are numerous. Here, I am done. To really be able to interpret the chart, one must have far more knowledge than I have been able to glean in the year I have been sorting material. The geologist, paleontologist, biologist, chemist, mineralogist and many others take over to analyze, interpret, and compare with other charts of other areas and inspect sample pieces. From their comparisons, the levels of occupations are charted across even larger areas until a more grand picture is formed taking in the aspects of each dig, coordinating it into what we hope may some day reveal a definitive picture, archeologically speaking, of Southern California.

But even after only a year--and one can sort an incredible amount of material in that time--I have arrived at a healthy respect for the Indian. He worked hard to live, made what he needed into many things of incredible beauty with his crude tools and learned how to utilize every available source of food, stone, bone and shell. And he found time to glorify himself with his necklaces of shell, turquoise, stone fish ear bones, his bone hair pins, ear drops, pendants, feathers, and what not. He was a calculating fellow, ready to grasp every advantage. When I think of my soft muscles and dependence upon the material life I take so for granted, I have a healthy respect for him. He could manage. Could I? Could you?

Come to the Southwest Museum in Highland Park some Tuesday or Thursday. I'll be happy to show you around. It beats just reading all hollow. If you write, you might even pick up some ideas. I have!

