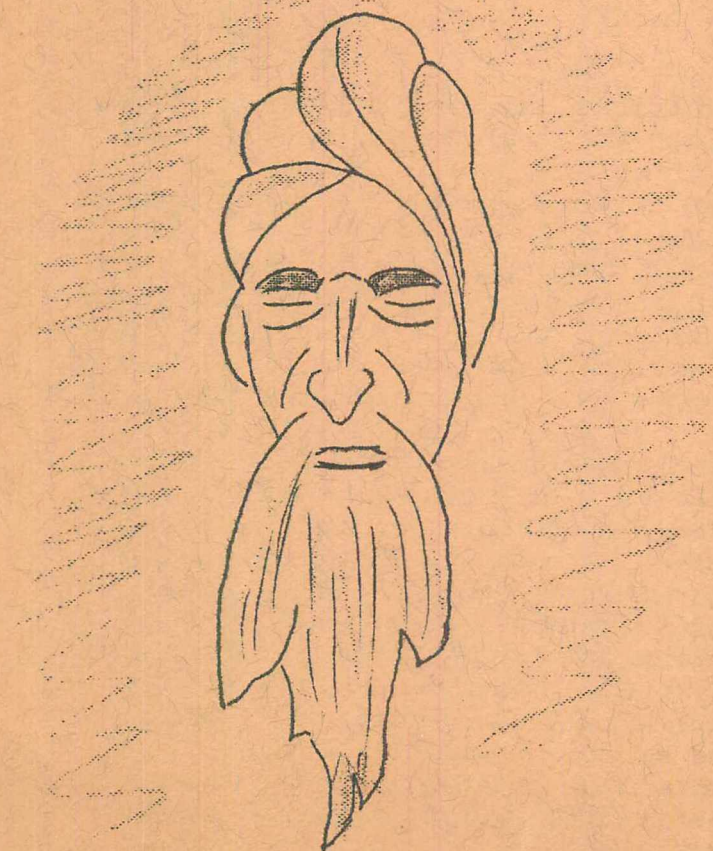
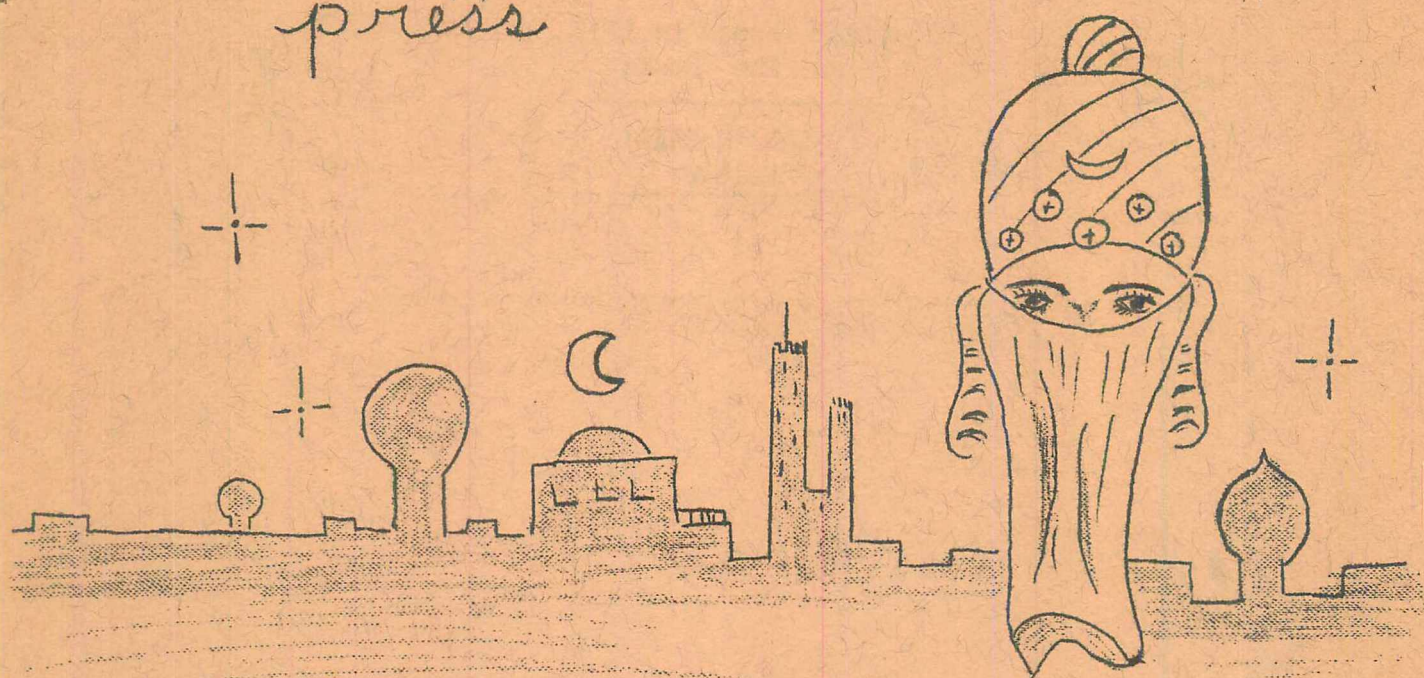


PHANTASY
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Phantasy Press

Vol. 10,
No. 1

mailing
101

first issued in 1937
as The Rocket

DAN McPHAIL
Editor

issue
39

LOOKING
EM
OVER

in the
100th Mailing

The long-awaited One Hundredth Mailing, marking the 25th year of FAPA, occurred during the final week of August, and was certainly the outstanding event that had been expected.

The mailing arrived (in Lawton) in three separate sections, on August 13th, 16th and the 25th, and consisted of an 81 page contribution from Martinez and Parker from Tulsa, the regular mailing itself, numbering 546 pages, and the final section, featuring the 181-page edition of Evan's "Remembrances of Things Past" and Eney's tremendous hard-cover history, "A Sense of FAPA" - an astounding 397 pages!

The grand total for the 100th Mailing of FAPA was 1305 pages! The largest mailing in our 25-year span, by far, it represented the works of 40 members, with an average of over 32 pages per person.

Most of the publications were of respectable size, as only three single pagers appeared, plus four two-pagers. ~~SIX~~ And only seven others were less than 8 pages in length. Six were 9 pages, six were ten, two were 11, one each of 13, 14, 15, 17 and 18 pages, two were 20 pages, one was 21, one 24, one 25 and one 26, one was 30 and one 34 pages. Also, in addition to the Evans and Eney giants, there was a 46-pager and one totaling 70 pages. Quite a showing!

At this writing, two small publications of two pages each have been ~~sent~~ post-mailed, raising the grand total to 1309 and 42 members contributing.

Oops, I forgot myself! The special election edition of Phantasy Press was a postmailing, of course, so the grand total is actually 1311 pages.

As it is very doubtful that this issue is going to exceed four pages, I will likely have to skip much in the way of reviews, but would like to say that the most beautiful cover in our Silver Anniversary Mailing, in my opinion, is that of MINI-MAC, a silk screen creation of Richard Bergeron. A credit to editor Ed Cox.

Smoke | Signals

by

DAN MCPHAIL

Once more I stagger to the wailing wall, where I have a long-term lease, to lament over things that might have been. Once more, I am trying to creep in under the wire at the last minute with a "just barely" edition of The Press.

I have been strongly tempted to throw in the towel this time, but habit is a powerful evil, and I kinda hate to break my continious string of issues. Since 1955, when I re-entered FAPA with the 72nd mailing, I have not missed a mailing!

Nevertheless, I am not knocking myself out with this issue - if it makes it to Eney in time, OK, if not, the same. Certainly no effort is being made for a sizable magazine. I regret that the "LEO" column may be missing - I think all the gang that made that special effort to contribute to the 100th mailing deserve the thanks of a review - and I apologize for not being able to do so. Earlier in the summer I had hopes of presenting an article of my own, a contribution by Greg Benford, some new artwork and other items.

1962 has not been a good year for me, in a personal sense. Physically, I have not been up to par, and an increased workload, and some personal problems have combined to really whip me down. One major change as a side result of all this has been a decline in my fan activity. Fanning takes a stout heart and a full head of steam, no doubt about it. (Who was that in the back row that said I'm just getting old? 'Taint so! I just haven't had much to inspire me this summer, that's all!)

I had to pull a late vacation this year, the last week in September and the first in October, and had the bad fortune to be ill most of the first week. Most of the remaining time was spent on work of remodeling our home. We had already repainted the inside & I managed to get on the first outside coat, plus cutting down the height of our hedge, a large one that took me a couple of days. Still remaining is that 2nd coat of paint plus some carpentry and paint on the den.

My travels were restricted to only one short jaunt, a trip to a tiny hamlet where I spent some of my early childhood in Texas, to gather material for an article. On the return I was able to visit Kerry Dame, who promised me some artwork, and with Marion Bradley & family in Rochester. Later, she and son Steve came thru Lawton on their way to the worldcon. Its always a real pleasure to have them.

Sam Martinez & Ron Parker begged me to come up Tulsa way & help them bang out an all-Oklahoma contribution to the 100th, but I had to beg off due to car trouble.

On the 9th of October, Pauline was involved in a bad car wreck - one that could have been far worse, however. She sometimes trains new managers for her stamp firm and was so doing at Chickasha, some 50 miles north of Lawton. A vehicle ahead of her on a bridge had slowed almost to a stop & when she braked in turn, a semi-trailer loaded with gravel crashed into her from behind, shoving her car into the steel sides of the bridge. It was a 35-ft. drop, but the railing held. She was hospitalized for three days with a whiplash injury to her neck, but not as bad as the one she had two years ago. She is back at work, but is still having some pain. The Ford took a \$700 beating in the back and side. Have just got it out of the shop and will probably trade for a new wagon. Am eyeing the Ramblers...

A THOUGHT FOR THESE TRYING DAYS

Just for to-day I will not be afraid. Especially, I will not be afraid to be happy, to enjoy what is beautiful, to love and to believe that those I love, love me.

DARKNESS AND DAWN

October, 1962. A fateful month in the history of the world. October 22nd to the 28th was a period of seven days that the world waited on the brink of war. It was a time to test the resolution and the courage of the United States and its people. There was no question but that the chips were down and for once the pressure was on the Reds. Russia, in the form of their representative Zorin, was shown before the UN and the world, for the two-faced liars that they are. Castro was sold down the river and the Beard learned a bitter lesson in discovering what small peanuts he is in the plans of his Soviet masters. I would trust that those in our country who have been so misguided in their judgment & opinions of Castro have also learned a lesson.

Here, on November 4th, it is still too early to know the full results and benefits of our actions, but I think the action of our president, belated or not, has raised America as a real champion for the non-communist nations of the world to rally behind. They now see the USA as being just as big and just as tough - and maybe more so - than the international organization of hoods that is communism today.

And I think most Americans are glad to see a strong stand, too.

LOOKING AHEAD

Cousin Billy McPhail and wife Ruth phoned us the other nite to invite us down to San Antonio for Thanksgiving & we took 'em up on it. Son Carnell and new wife Kay have a slick '62 Rambler stationwagon & I'll furnish the credit card and we'll make a trip down thar on the 21st. I really look forward to it, for we two families of Macs hit it off fine. Then, too, I like south Texas, especially when one gets close enough to sense the nearness of the Gulf, with that distinct "freshness" in the air and the towering white ghunderheads gleaming against the blue of the sky, where tropical flowers & palm trees are everywhere and the influence of Old Mexico makes itself felt in customs, color and music. Should be warmer, too!

ATTENTION, MEMBER WILLIAM ROTSLEK

Here's a couple of unusual names for you: Larry Upthegrove and Richard Stumblingbear. And a friend of mine in the office who was in USA payroll section in Greenville, S.C., said they had a Polish D.P. with the following last name: viz Grumblegrowdenskiundsternhofferest. (They called him "Grumbles" for short.)

And speaking of member Rotsler, one should certainly compliment him for the "Venus" photo spread in the 100th. Most unusual, an contribution. More?

FINAL WORD DEPT

Two recent issues of The Kiwanis Magazine have had articles on the Moon Hoax of 1835 and facts why we will be first to the moon.

People who cough never go to the doctor. They go to the movies.

Quiet people aren't the only one who don't say much.

One of the greatest puzzles in life is how a fool and his money ever got together in the first place.

Our cover? How ya like it? It's a rush sketch by Dan McPhail.

In closing, I would like to wish all of you "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."