





Scout

No 12

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BLEATHERINGS

APPRECIATION PAGE

MACIAVARLEY

NATTERINGS

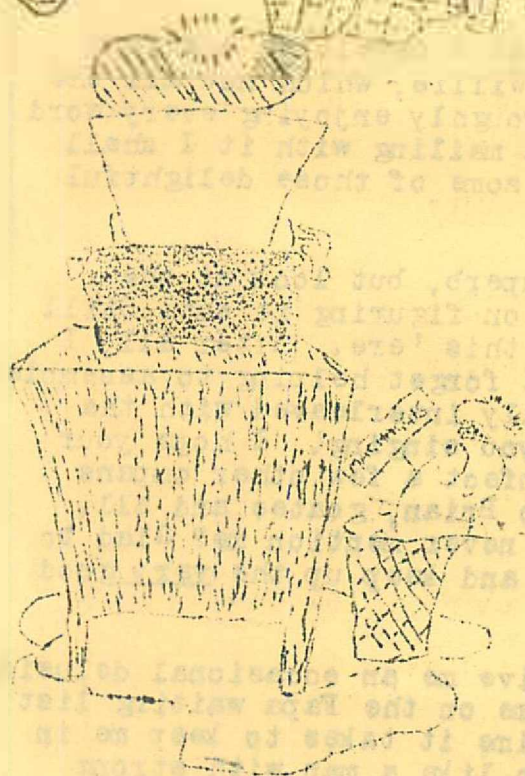
COVER, this page, illos on
page 1
and back cover
all by

ATOM

Duplicating by Bobbie Wild

Published by Ethel Lindsey
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See The Off-Trail Magazine Publishers Association



Rot. No. 2. Once having got over my gulp of surprise at seeing this again, I perused it with intrest. Still it wasn't till Page 5 that my blood pressure rose. This Sheila of yours, Mal, had better be careful of her remarks anent the Scots. We have got a lot more more men to be proud of apart from Burns---starting with Atom. It was no trouble at all to have sentenced to Siberia, remember? Otherwise I enjoyed this rambling affair, sniffed disdainfully at Vernon tho, he did much better the last time I read him.

Some of the remarks were a little dated, but did not spoil the reading.

Un Peu etc. This seems a hopeful affair.. Ompan's with money, there are any?

Steam, Vol.3 No. 4. Ah, Ken, but you are a disappointment to me. Just what have I got to do to persauade a Big Steem out of your reluctant typer?

Morph. No. 12. Between you and Haemogoblin I had a weary time of it. I was looking for H in the bundle and kept passing it over as I thought it was Morph. My lad!..but the time I wasted...of course I kept seeing your front cover as I pawed wildly through, never the back. Ooh well. Can't think of any Jane books, or are you thinking of the Abbey girls? They were quite well written, if a trifle smooth. Looking at your list of films, yes I can remember the Astaire one, the best he made I think. Not going to cross swords with me over Widmark? I have been to see two of those banned plays at the Theatre Club. Both intresting, but neither in the least way harmful. You keep up your usual high standard here.

Woz. No. 5 Perhaps you will give us some more on the Bust Topic another time? As one possessing what is known as a petite figure I am all in favour of a change in fashion. Thanx for reprinting the poem, yes that ~~was~~ the one I meant. Dunno about it being unsophisticated to me it has that sense of wonder you have all been frantically looking for. I will never forget the thrill I got reading it, going home on the bus from one of

(Duplicator's note. Sorry, Ethel, but the duper got temperamental and refused to have anything to do with the stencil you sent me, so I retyped this page for you. Hope I haven't mucked it up, too much. Bobbie.)

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my first fan meetings. It was then too that I developed a strong sense of awe and admiration for a guy called Willis, which not all the Berry stories has since shaken. I am thoroughly enjoying every word of 'I Remember', and if you dare to miss a mailing with it I shall probably burst into tears. Could do with some of those delightful drawings from Madeline.

Hasp. No 3. Yes the cover was superb, but look at the ~~hasp~~ remarks regarding my mixed feelings on figuring it out. Still it is with no little pride that I gaze on this 'ere. After all, I ~~did~~ help at its birth pangs. Never will I forget helping to assemble the first issue, which Alan had thoughtfully interleaved with the best toilet paper. I just can't imagine you singing! I hope your interest in having H illused so well will infect a few other ompanes I have no doubt you will hang on grimly to Brian, goaties and all. How dare you mention the Newland Club and never mention me? Glad to hear you should now be regularly with us, and keep up the very good work.

Surd. No 2. Its things like this that give me an occasional delusion of grandeur and dream about putting my name on the Papa waiting list. Then I soberly reflect on the amount of time it takes to keep me in Ompa, and drop back to earth. Ah but I do like a man with strong opinions of his own.

Archive. No 12. I havn't a clue either where your search is going so I'll sneak a look at A.B.M., I suppose I have been subconsciously fearing this day since the Search started. Lets hope you pass speedily from Ethel Liniment to those snaggable females mentioned. So thats how you pronounce Galaxy! Due to my reading habits I have quite a ritzy vocabulary that I never dare use. Due to the fact that I have never heard the words spoken. Seems a waste don't it? I am now reading thru ABM and must sadly say its a good job I had not offered any prizes for the end of my poem, otherwise you would not have got one. Comprenee? About three of my friends are liable to tear their hair at your observations on my margins. Don't you know they have been nattering at me for months to make them bigger? Felt quite disappointed at there being no iron crosses, I value your awards.

Vagary. No 4. Pausing to admire the cover, and wondering if I dare admit it took me ages to discover what Mercers Day was all about, I hasten on. Blushing furiously over pl I hurry on-even faster to chuckle heartily over the Vanishing Beds. The poem had the usual admirable sentiments, but somehow the rythm seemed to got lost. Its no good telling me how good the Archers are, to me they stink, but then I think most of the BBC drama dept does. All their actors ought to have been drowned at birth. By golly! none of them are going to grow on me! Liked the article, more please.

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Veritas. No. 4. The covers were masterpieces! As to the contents one really must admire those boys, they never dream of dismissing an argument in a few paragraphs, and I love the deadly courtesy that pervades all this. As to budgies, well I have met a few, some that talked, some that were dumb. I have a much clearer recollection of a parrot which a neighbour had when I was a child. This parrot just plagued the life out of me by forever calling 'Ethel'. I never knew whether my Mother or the parrot called. I think in this budgie dispute I will stay pretty neutral. Who am I to argue with either Berry or Shaw?

Blunt No.1 I enjoyed your dialogue with the carpenter, you have a flair for this kind of thing. Also your reviews are very good again. You pack quite a lot of meat into them. Err.. I note the 'it's only a sex symbol'.. Now I handed over a bundle of Time mags to you, somewhere among them was an article on the theory of Hi-fi addicts and sex. Does the above quote stem from reading the article? I nearly cut out the article to send to you, but then lost my nerve - that's why you got the whole bundle of mags. Don't be mad at me now - I didn't write the article, merely nearly died laughing as I read it. Care to quote some of it to the other Ompans?

Noise Level. No.8. I liked it; and it was interesting, thank yuh.

Zymic I agree with your thoughts on the blood curdling procedure. I hate to see anything wanted that I might have to latch out good money for. Nifty lettering! Can you figure out a way of getting My Fair Lady on a record from the tape? Would gladly by the record if it could be done. When you mention seeing the comet, you don't tell about the dreadful cold you got hanging out the window looking for it. The sacrifices made in the name of Science! We could do with this in every mailing Ving.

Launching Site. June '57. Ferris ouch! The next time Sarah Russell infuriates Joy and yourself - let's all write protesting letters, hmmm? The Journeying Boy is about the scientist's son who knows there is a plot to kidnap him. I heartily applaud your example of a bad review. I try to watch it myself but as you say it is a trap easy to fall into. As usual your reviewing is impeccable and a target for us all to aim at.

Apollo Play. No.1. Not a clue as to what the title means, however I'll ask Archie, he'll know - hey Archie? And Ray, how would you like to introduce yourself to us? From internal evidence you are a teacher, male I teenk, but you give me the awful feeling as if I were eavesdropping onto a private conversation.

Pooka No. 6. Your neglected muscle item struck a sour note with me. Reminded of too many lectures I have dozed through. Of all the dreary subjects, Anatomy takes the cake. Now this is what I do like, when you tell us something about yourself. Or am I the only one who likes to have at least some background knowledge of my fellow ompans?

(Note by Bobbie. Sorry, Ethel, but you will see by page 2 that the typer you borrowed didn't take kindly to stencilling. Hope you don't mind this cockeyed stencil instead.)

Dimensions. 16. I like your drawings Lee, so please can we have some more of them? Well, even if you didn't come up with anything very constructive your random thoughts on fandom were interesting. On point, where does the phrase "composing on the sticks" come from? Frankly I love your typos, makes me mourn less over my own, but tell me don't you ever get a postcard from Archie about them? I can proudly say I used to get lots. Lately though he has either been too busy to bother, or given me up as a bad job. One last thing, I thought that horse could have done with some shading to make him perfect.

Phenotype. CIV. Pretty pictur on the cover. Good reviewzines are always welcome, tho I cast a darkling eye over the way you whisk by so many good ones - well, I mean to say - Schnerdilites! Honest, I am not pulling your leg. My schoolgirl mag featured a character who wore a monocle, and spoke in the 'Bai jove, I say fellas' type of language.

Century Note. C. Beautifully produced and illood, and what I say to start off with - is attaboy Saute! Rapp and Grennell were both good, but Dean had a head out front. And I am awed all to blazes at your having fan fiction by Willis. There is nae doot about it, you should have got Taff. I weep.

FANarnia. Slightly on the mad side, but likable.

Which brings us to the end of the mailing. I give you all my nod of approval, you are good little boys and girls and (mostly) have pulled up your socks remarkably well.

Not that I am finished.. Ho no, there is still a lot of post-mails cluttering up the place. To wit

The Lesser Flea. No. Umpty Umph. I feel really enthusiastic about this, just what I like. Joy on all topics, me in my element.

Stupefying Stories. V3No6 and V3No8. Dear Richard, be a lamb and tell me your approx age, then I'll be able to put such information as your English term paper in its proper perspective. I have been silently chuckling my way through these, but gave out a guffaw at Versin's decision that all Papans can understand French illos. More please.

Contour No. 11. Thank you for giving us Grennell at his best. Glad that Ed Cox gives us a few vital statistics. Wish a few more would emulate him for the sake of iggernent folk like me. Dunno if I was reading something very wise but Chappell made me feel as if I were. Your contributors all came thru much stronger than yourself, Bob, mean it that way?

(Note by Bobbie. No room to explain on previous page, Ethel, but I had to over ink when doing your stencils and then the flaming lot would come thru' at once. Not your fault - it's the typer you had to borrow and the fact that the duper I'm using will find every possible excuse to get temperamental and it picked on Scottishe, which I consider is too good a zine to be wrecked so I'm not letting it get away with it.)

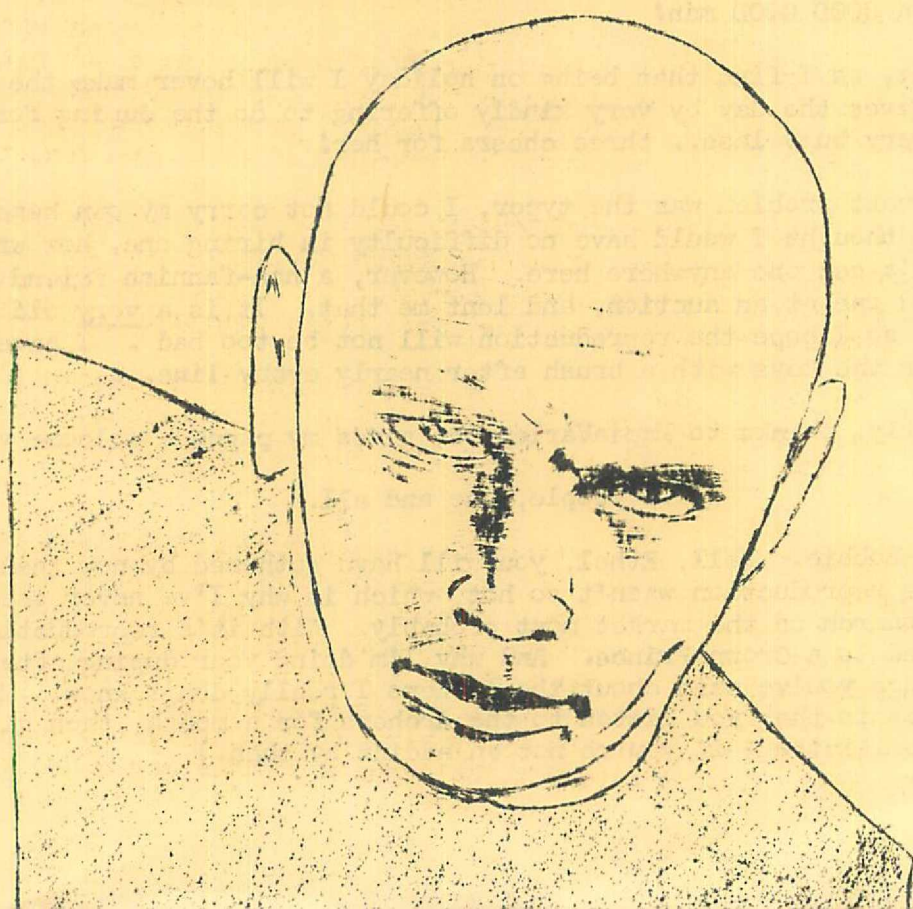
The Yul Brynner Appreciation Page

Dedicated to all the femme-fans

whom Rostler-type illos leaves cold - and

especially to the wives of fans with

Monroe calendars...



Flying Saucers? --- Phooey !!!

by

Macia Varley

For a long time I had thought that most people had stopped believing in Flying Saucers, that the only remaining believers were cranks and would-be mystics. During the last couple of weeks, however, several people whom I considered to be intelligent realists have professed belief in these "Unidentified Flying Objects", and their extra-terrestrial origin. I am personally convinced that they do NOT exist and that this myth has sprung up as a result of irresponsible rumour-mongering and some ill-advised official secrecy in the United States. I think that for the sake of discussing their existence we might take a few of the so-called "authoritative" versions and try to explain them naturally. I propose to ignore some of the weirder tales like that of a figure nine feet tall, with a red face and a green body rushing around West Virginia hissing at people.

First, consider the case of Capt. Thomas Mantell who tried to intercept one those objects in his fighter plane. He radioed that he was closing in at 20,000 feet, then nothing more was heard from him. His body was found in the wrecked plane the following day and the rumour spread that he had been killed by a death-ray, though officially his death was put down to a black-out due to lack of oxygen. According to Dr. Donald Menzel in his book "Flying Saucers", Mantell was deceived by a sub-sun which view is substantiated by the illustrations he provides of a sub-sun beneath a cloud.

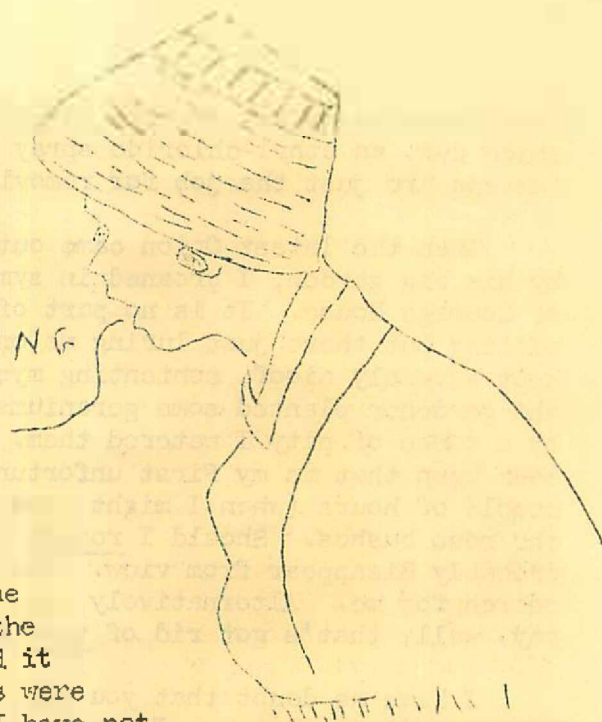
(Sub-sun:- Seen through the densest parts of Earth's atmosphere along the curvature of the horizon. Low-down stars or the sinking sun often cause strange effects. Because of the curvature of light, the sun which appears to dip down below the horizon has, more often than not, actually gone down.)

Then there is the case of Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot, who saw "a chain of saucer-like things." These, in all probability, were blown snow-particles, reflecting the sun like mirrors, chasing each other as the snow cddied.

Most of the other sightings can be explained by natural causes. In most cases the saucers seem to possess the intelligence to forecast the movements of planes trying to intercept them. Dr. Menzel suggests the solution to this. Only a mirror could do as well. The saucers twist and turn in sympathy with the movement of the aircraft, avoiding contact and disappearing suddenly. Doesn't this suggest reflections and mirages due to the bending of light-rays in the atmosphere which acts like a lens? The sun and the moon, distant aircraft, balloons and kites can cause reflections

As I start to write this I have just finished reading my Civil War Diary by William Howard Russell. I had chosen it and carried it off home before I discovered to my surprise that it was edited by Fletcher Pratt! and a very good introduction.

too. Russell invented the profession of war correspondent and represented the Times. He was the same man whose dispatches from the Crimea prompted the improvements to the troops there and the Florence Nightingale mission. I found it fascinating reading, many of the names were unfamiliar to me, but not too many. I have not been an avid filmgoer for years without learning something of the main characters in the Civil War! Apart from the subject matter Russell was a good writer. A good objective reporter, too. He was never content with a 'handout', he always went to see for himself. I think you would all like this one.



Note to U.S. convention-goers ----- I spotted this sign in a shop at Piccadilly:-

Ici on Parle Francais
 Si parla Italiana
 Man sprecht Deutsch
 We understand American

The doctors have a professional magazine called "The Lancet". It carries an amusing correspondent whom I quote...

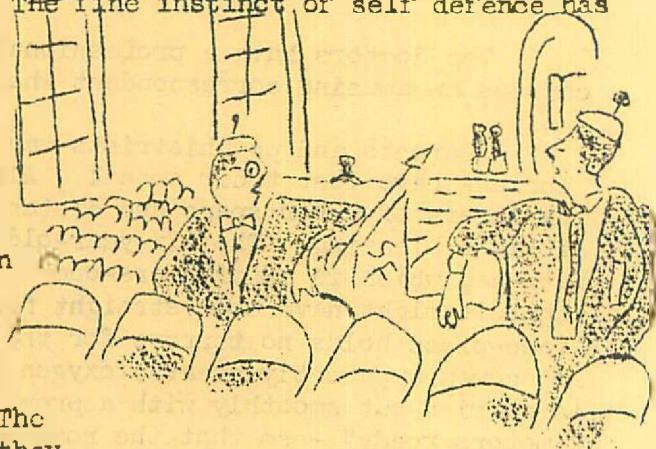
"Parents and psychiatrists may be concerned because cowboys and Indians have lost their appeal. All the current heroes are intrepid explorers of outer space and distant planets. But for one anaesthetist it is a blessing. The six-year-old spaceman makes no objection to the bath-cap which is affixed pre-operatively. It is so like a space helmet that it might have come straight from Dan Dare himself. The anaesthetic face-piece holds no terrors for the modern nipper, for all the best spacemen apparently breathe oxygen from a similar device. Induction is carried out smoothly with appropriate asides-- "Airlock closed," "No. 2 motors ready" - so that the roaring in the ears which heralds unconsciousness follows quite naturally. The rocket motors are on! Somehow they never did swallow that yarn about the workmen outside in the street... This simple deception can be easily enhanced by the glittering

paraphernalia on the average Boyle's machine. A laryngoscope makes a fair space gun, an ethyl-chloride spray a convincing death-ray, and Magills forceps are just the job for removing meteorites from Martian hooves."

When the latest Orion came out and Paul mentioned the time taken up by his big garden, I groaned in sympathy. There is a big one at the back of Courage House. It is no part of my job to look after it but I feel it sitting out there just luring me on to my own destruction. At first, I kept severely aloof, contenting myself with just picking the flowers. Then the gardener planted some geraniums just as the heat wave started. Stirred by a sense of pity I watered them. I think, years from now I will look back upon that as my first unfortunate step. The other night I spent a couple of hours (when I might have been cutting stencils!) happily pruning the rose bushes. Should I really got caught by the gardening bug I shall probably disappear from view. You might have to send the Goon out to search for me. Alternatively, you may shrug your collective shoulders and say, well, that's got rid of that one!

I have no doubt that you will all have heard of Collette, the famous French writer. But me, I got my larnin' in devious ways. Once on holiday I met an Algerian called Collette, and so when shortly after I was idly running my eyes along the library shelves, I naturally stopped at the name. That was how I came to read her "Cherie and the last of Cherie." Showing that I am not a very systematic reader I confess that it is only now years later that I read a second book of hers "Creatures of Circumstance." Of course I may be quite wrong, but her work sounds so French as the typical Briton is liable to think nebulously of that country. It has the fascination of something foreign and strange. Yet many of her observations are so at one with my own. She is particularly good with animals. Her cat, she says, was of the type with a strong personality that needs no name....." She was called 'Come here', she was called 'Where have you got to?' and 'Where have you been?'...So now I know why I steadfastly refuse to call the cat here by the ridiculous name of Mr. Merry! I don't fancy having a cat sneering at me. The fine instinct of self defence has been what prompted me to address him at the most extravagant as "Puss.."

My thoughts have drifted back to the doctor I quoted earlier. I been musing on the thought that by the way he handled children, you can learn a lot about a man. I remember one handsome, tall, new doctor who arrived when I was at Glasgow. My, but he was quite a glamour boy, with a real matinee idol profile. The female staff perked up no end when they saw him. This day I was assisting him with a queue of kids from 4 to 8 years.



"Where's my father?"

All to have drops in their eyes, a thing they took a more than mild umbrage to. One 7 year old came in kicking and screaming. "Now, now" says Doc, "just let me put these drops in your eye, these are good drops", he said earnestly, "these are Fairy drops" he finished triumphantly. Fairy drops! I don't know who looked at him with more incredulous eyes, the kid or I. Well, I always had harboured the sneaking feeling that he looked too good to be true, but that just cinched it for me. Any man who goes around nattering about fairy drops, well I wouldn't be the least surprised...

All these stencils have been cut whilst I am here at home on holiday, though most of the material was brought with me and written earlier. My notes came to the end of the last paragraph. I have just figured out grimly that unless I leave a blank back page, I have a page and a half of stencil to fill up. Of course I do have some more material by Brian, and I want to get this off to Bobbie today, so that she will have a decent amount of time for the duping. Well, I am always asking for background from other people, so I will tell you about Carnoustie.

It is on the east coast of Scotland, by the North Sea. Right across from us is Germany. The beach is all sand and there are wonderful huge sand dunes. I used to roll down them when I was a child. Nowadays people are afraid to go there as they were all mined during the war. Of course they were all cleared, but how can one clear mines from shifting sand? Reports every now and then of the shoop being blown up keep us all away. Carnoustie is famous as a golf resort. I have never played the game, though have sometimes acted as caddy to male relatives. You cannot live here long without learning something about the game. Also the Open Championships are held here in their turn. The last time Ben Hogan won. Ever since his accident, Hogan had been one of my heroes. So for the one and only time I went round the course in the wake of a golfer, and joined the breathless gallery. I can now say I have seen Massine dance and Hogan play, and in both saw the controlled strength of genius.

Carnoustie isn't big, there is the main street, there is the beach, and the golf links and that's about all. Very quiet in the winter, but in the summer full of holiday makers. They are well-catered for, there is a Development Association of citizens, who work out a daily programme. They have an "Uncle George" on the beach for the kids, who organise tide fights and games for them. For the adults there are contests of all kinds. I have been down to see the August Princess competition, and the Braw Laddie, and the most charming Mother and Child.. if you are interested in people they are engrossing to watch. What makes young boys march round the arena carrying their number? You would think they would run miles from such a thing. There was one winner's mother who was quite puzzled by it all. She had not known he had gone in for the contest. She said "but if I had asked him to, I could have begged and pleaded and he would have turned such a "sissy" thing down, yet he goes in for it himself." She looked at her son, and she looked bewildered..Still sons who bewilder their mothers aren't rare.

Carnoustie House by rights ought to be the home of the Laird, however it is years since there was a laird, and the last tenant was a retired admiral.

After his death the house was bought

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by the Town Council, they have been wondering what to do with it ever since. While they are wondering they have turned the grounds over to the public. Last week the Association of Sheep, Police and Army Dogs held their annual trials there. I went to watch and came away full of admiration. I rootled through the bookcase and re-read the story of the 'Seeing Eye' dogs. This is one of the few subjects that I am liable to wax sentimental over. It is the thought of the pride that these dogs brings back to a man, that brings the lump to my throat. I can heartily recommend three books on the subject-- "My eyes have a cold nose"----"The Story of the Seeing Eye" and 'First Lady of the Seeing Eye' I cannot recall the authors of the first two, but the last is by Morris Frank.

and the only other thing I know about Carnoustie is that some folks say the name comes from 'Crows nestie' because of the great number of crows we have, and other folks say that that is just a lot of nonsense,,

hoping you are the same,,
bye now,,

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Ethel

