CHE 3

Scottishe No 3 published for the June 1955 Mailing of O.M.P.A. by Ethel Lindsay,

126 West Regent Street, Glasgow. Scotland. to whom all complaints should be sent...

Whits Intilt.

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Cover illo from a drawing by Brian Miller.

Dept. of Apologies.

For a' that wee typos that are tiptuein' about.

For the illo that aigha come through right, an' they were sigh bonnie, bonnie een!

For a period of gay abandon when I5 pages went into the auplicator upside abon--ochone the day!

For jist breathin'.....

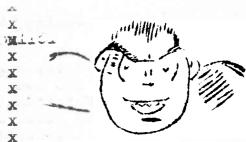
Dear Ethel.

Your letter suggesting I write on "Lire With Joan", (would I sign it The Jock of Hearts?) for your Ompazine filled me with pleasure. Unfortunately it can't be done. You see, despite all my arguments, Joan steadfastly refuses to live with me. (A friend of mine who is striving desperately to attain the heights of cynicism in which I currently have my abode once said that every woman has her price, even if it's only a marriage certificate) How then, can I describe something that is non-existant? I could make it all up, but I ammifrightened of what SHE might think. Her wishes are my command you know and I go in fear and trembling. I believe that when shuffling the paste-boards it is possible to term the joker a 'wild' card. This just makes a neat potted biography for HEH, and it is as far as I will go.

My main reason for going garia is that I like fancom so much I hate the thought of spoiling it. This I can, and would appear to have, done in two ways. First by writing material for fanzines and secondly by discovering neo-fans. Facts speak for themselves, and these are the facts. my first attempts at writing were published in Space Times. Apparently they had not then acquired the ability to devastate, for S.T. survived. But not for long. After the appearance of my penultimate article, S.T. folded and my final piece never saw auplicating ink. Heaven only knows in what limbo it now lies. You'll notice that several items did appear before the end arrived. Undaunted. I switched my arrections to 'Astron ser'. This time my writing was a little more potent, and only one article appeared (in the second issue). The second aricle is still in the hands of Harry Turner but the third Astroneer has been so long in coming I can only assume it has also folded. My third and final attempt was with 'Haemogoblin'. This time my writing assumed its full and terrifying potency and my first article (written for the second issue) has not yet seen the light or day. Neither has the aforementioned second issue. Pity. 50 you see, I have no desire to ruin your Ompazine or any other zine for that matter. Luckily for fancom I am not an unscrupue lous character who would welld this strange power for blackmail. (Just think of the possibilities. An article to Hypnen-and no more Hyphens, just like that!) I am practically forcing myself to remain non-active for the good of fandom. I always knew my writing tended to be deadly serious, but I never realised before just how accely.

I mentioned discovering neo-rans a while back. When I was the neo-ist of neo-fans myself I attended the 'oz Convention in London and came back full of wonder and the knowledge that there was a group in Manchester. On my section in Manchester was a tall gangling lad who took an intrest in my tales of the Con, and when I decided to go to the N.S.F.C. meeting he came along as well. Need I point out that the N.S.F.C. is now extinct? Mind you, Brian Varley and I are still the firmest of friends but even now, I wake up screaming in the midale of the night after dreaming of the thing I was instrumental in releasing on fandom. I should have known my fate then, but it took Joan to make it all clear in my mmnd. I am innocent of everything you see, because I do nothing (bone hade SHE says). I am simply the catalyst.

I was sat in the Mess one night naving my reg multiple by a couple of friends because I was a x fan (that's the way they treat my sacred x vocation out here-infidels!) when Joan walked x in. Apparently she had been working late and x nad felt in need of a stimulent before return-xing to Ladysmith. Somebody introduced us and x mentioned that SHE also read science-fiction, xing to had been become a science-fiction, xing to had been become a science-fiction.



statistically, it would seem that I have been the cause of the folding of three fanzines and the releaseon fancom of two terrors. Enough I say! Enough. Let me go gafia in my own Sweet way.

There are a few minor reasons. Trivial things really. Why should I exert myself in a search for egoboo when Joan gives me plenty in Fez? And then, when you really get down to it, I'm just too damned lazy.

Sincerely, H.P. (Jonah) Sanderson.

There was a young lady named Ethel who drank a bottle of methyl Chloride she said It's gone to my head I do hope the stuff isn't lethal.

The above came in a letter from Tony Thorne. Some gals get sonnets written in their praise, love songs sung to their charms-me, I get limerics....

VISION. by Matt A. Elder.

Broken bridges thrust, Lance like at a gaunt and cloudless sky, Their makers long since gone To sail the inky seas of space.

> what unknown drive obsessed Their proud and noble race To send them out against the universe?

> > What caused the sudden exodus That left this planet silent, and its buildings to decay?

What mighty dreams of conquest red this warrior race into the void, Forgetting home and heritage?

What was the glittering prize That led them to oblivion? No man can say, For no den lives to tell.

Fan Square Dance. by Eric Needham.
Tune: Sister Lindsey o' Glasgow (A.Mercer)

Ladies on the outside, gents on the in, Choose your subject and we'll all begin. Grab your paper, an eraser too, Draft it out, a pencil will do. You edit it up and you cut it down, Change the words and phrases round. I st drafts done and the second one too And all the rest must follow through.

Dummy up to the end of the line, Fill up the gaps with a different sign. Write on down to the pages end, Repeat the lot on the stencil again. Place your stencil, smooth and straight, Crank around, now duplicate. If the first one out ain't nice and neat It'll do for an interleaving sheet!



CONFIDENTIALLY. by Joyce Roycon.

By the way, have you ever been half a jar or honey in the immediate vincinity of a bee-hive? No? Then let me tell you of the past few hours. My girl friend is the tall, blonde, glamourous type with a scarlet eigarette holder. At the moment I would say that the short cut to a nervous break-down is spending an evening with her in a club full of men with blood in their veins, (especially when they are Mediterranean and tending to run a high fever emotionally already) Alternatively one may acquire more poise, philosophy and general savour faire in a couple of hours than is usual in a couple of years. We rendevous about once a month in this mid-town care, where downstairs they have divans, soft lights, a Greek guitarist about whom I would rave if there were time, and a very mixed clientele. So tonight she and I wander down prepared to swattle in a corner and swap life stories to date. The place is just beginning to fill up and we have just reached the "why the neel what he said to me was-"stage, when a hand appears just under our noses galiantly flourishing a packet of digarettes. We come to with a start and follow this up to a set of gleaming teeth, a moustache that pristles like an agitated porcupine, and a mop of black hair. We thank the general ensemble, wonder if they are marijuana or just plain Players Please, and accept courteously. Three pairs of hand hands white into action with matches and faster than a ENF swooping on Bea Maharrey we find ourselves very much in the midst of two Cypriots and an Italion.

Their English is definetly Basic in two cases and quite nonexistant in the other, but it soon becomes obvious that they are just big healthy boys who havn't seen a woman for at least two hours. Longing to return to our gossip(paraon meaour serious constructive analysis of the emotional inbalances of men)we are mildly surprised to be lured via the necessity for their learning anglish more fluently and the undeniable importance of international understanding, to the sudden discovery that at least one of them must have had a mother who had mated with one of Lovecraft octopuses. Ear in mind that during all the following my friend was ignoring with an admirable imperturbability the limpet-like entwinings of the monosyllabic youth on her right, I am luckily protected by a corner. Once or twice her herve inapped and shermade an earnest attempt to clamber back into my lap, but I rigure if it is O.K. to throw a victim to the parading wolves on the Russian steppes, that goes for me too, and I pushed her back quite ruthlessly.

She is only twenty although she looks much placer, and is essentially kind-hearted, so neither of us want to hurt their feelings, but I give you my word that at the end of half an hour there are nineteen men clustered shoulder to shoulder around her, and we are milely hysterical at the improbability of the situation, especially as the mest of the room are by now cheering them on in the same spirit as arsenal supporters at a Cup-tie. We raise various hares such as the charm of Broadstairs, the fascination of Cypriot postage stamps, and the difference of customs in various countries. Interspersed politely with no thank you very much we wouldn't really like to go for a walk, or to the cinema, or to a party or to a club, or for joost one drink! Most of this is in broken French to the Italian who then translates it into

Greek for the benefit of the assembled muititudes, who rour with laughter. We explain that I am engaged, that I have a responsibility to her father, that she is too young and I too old to visit mens flats, that we live miles out and have trains to catch... but by the time our immediate neighbours have reached about 30 I am thinking wistfully of the serene tranquillity of earthquakes and volcanoes and s.f. conventions. Yet in spite of everything we are quite enjoying ourselves, as apart from three rather unpleasant characters, it is all in a spirit of good clean, healthy fun.

Suddenly I have an inspiration for direct communication and draw out a writing pad with the intention of sketching something on the lines of 'my friend and I meet so seldom that we really prefer to sit and talk! So I arew two stick figures, holding hanas, added skirts, pointed to us and to indicate friendship, sketched a heart hovering over us. While I am brooding over how one indicates 'meet so seldom' an unequalled babble breaks out, my friend turns pink to the ears, and I realise rather belatedly that I should have struggled past chapter I of Communication Theory. For a few moments we even consider putting this up as a lastlitch defence, but when it becomes evident that this merely arouses their reforming zeal, I try to indicate no-I meant friends by sketching two of them joined also by a heart. By the time this hup-bub dies down I discover I have apparently suggested a twosome. We give up and settle down to a state of seige, figuring that there are at least two very attractive propositions there, one a cark clean-cut profile with considerable brooking charm and the other a delightful boy who looks more French than Cypriot and has a laugh instead of a leer on his face.

There are a few assorted Italions and Spanish, but mostly Cypriots-as I said a nice bunch but mildly monomuniacal, and by now we would have have to levitate to get out. We are obviously tagged as prim English misses whom it is their duty to awaken to the pleasures of lire and I felt too exhausted to try drawing brother-the bloom-is definetly-off-this-rose! I tackle the amusing young Turkish boy nearest me on the post-was reconstruction of his country, as I am a great admirer of Kemal but this seems to depress him slightly; I cannot imagine why! Just as life is getting a little difficult, Byron and Tony walk down the stantars and we feel like Pearl White being snatched from the railway lines to the accompaniment of lavish sub-titles.

Maybe its something to dowith their being not only pure bred Greeks but Athenians, maybe its that they are men not boys-but these two are really wonderful, each in their own way. Byron is dark craggy, well-dres dressed, at once directiand sympathetic: Tony is the finest natural comedian I've seen since Danny Kaye. I'd just love to have them both to a fan party one time and see what happens. It is a bit grim when you consider that in the five years they have been here they have never once been to an english home....

Anyway Byron takes in the situation at a glance, turns grim as a thundercloud, and leads off with a peroration which makes even the Limpet disengage nimself and try hurridly to look as though his mind had been on higher things. (The coffee is practically coming out of our ears by now, as we have tried to keep a hot cup in hand on the paradox-

ical principal that accidently poured over a man at the crucial moment it actually exerts a cooling effect) We are nearly in tears ourselves as we didn't want to hurt the religions and hell hath no fury like a man just scorned. Or even worse they stand around looking wistful and rather fey. But then Tony starts in, and inside two minutes everything is dissolved in laughter. They then sit down and read us a lecture on how to nip that sort of thing right in the bud, and on the different philosophies of life held in the Mediterranean, while we say yes and no with increasing meakness. They offer to escort us to the station, which they do with a chivalry which would make Arthur's knights look like hayseeds. We discuss books and philosophy and such. We say good-night with the slightly sad wish that we hadn't built ourselves quite such a good reputation, as a pedestal is a lonely place to be when the right man is raising your hand to his lips! We go home, my friend to her lonely bed, I to my teddy-bear, now one-eyed but still deeply beloved....

But here is two femmes who could now toss off the combined assults of British fandom with a light laugh--brother, that was a Commando course!

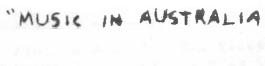
(Song of a Suddenly Timorous Femme. Anon.)

Quite suddenly I find that I do not wish to go forward into the brave new world,
Have lost all desire to be a flaunting standard-bearer of the metal age
To hear the rockets snarl at dawn drumningthe bird-song from a friendly

I turn from numbers and from provan things, forget how I have hurled by heart and mind before unheeding feet; To save internal friction I will read Fantasy not Science Fiction:

was and and and and well

The Gallus Gael: If erfer Scotland was to get Home Rule, the next thing she would be wanting to make hydro-chin poms. Those of you who belong to Boots Lending Library will know of their habit of selling off, after a period of time, their books at the price of I/- The books are invariably in good condition and a real bargain. In my branch they keep a stand of them which I continuously prowl around hopefully. In this way over a period of two years I have collected the three T.H. White books on King Arthur. Today I found one I have been watching for- 'The Brain' by Michael Harrison. I can heartily recommend it to you all. The central character is a physist, the story also contains amutant, an atom bomb which does not explode, an atom cloud which instead of dispersing remains in the shape of a brain-with life! The 'plot' is a strong one, but does not content the author. In many ways it is a rambling book as he discourses on love, philosophy. the Army, spies, religion, ethics, brass-hats, and extra-sensory perception. It is a book that stimulates ideas in the reader. Anyone that is intrested and who cannot find a copy may borrow mine.







OR DO YOU PREFERE BE-BOP?

Michael Duggan is an Australian pen-pal of mine who enlivens his letters by a series of cartoons on 'Life in Australia'. He is a commercial artist for a publicity firm, did the publicity for their Con this year. Reports a visit to the Sydney S.F. club by Arthur C. Clarke, and the news that when a shark was sighted in the harbour A.C.C. went diving for it. Alas! the shark then departed. Bah, the scaraey...

A NURSES EYEVIEW.

Earnestly lots of Ompa members (well two of them anyway) have entreated me to give a nurses eyeviews on patients. They are certainly off-trail enough....

The most common fallacy encountered in amophthalmic hospital by people who have undergone an eye operation is the insistance that their eye has been removed from its socket, repaired, and then replaced How often I hear them say "They took my eye out and then sewed it back in again", or "They dropped my eye right out on my cheek and scraped the back of it". This is of course, impossible, since the eye cannot be removed from the socket without severing the optic nerve and causing blindness.

Having a taste for research engendered by reading ASF, I decided to explore the sorigins of this widespread belief. Many times I am asked "Is it true they can take the eye out, etc?" and to my answer of "No" I get many unconvinced looks.

The majority of eye operations on people over I4yrs of age are carried out under a local anaesthetic, i.e. a cocaine injection by hypodermic needle. Although the patient feels no pain, they still retain certain sendations. Following the injection the surgeon inserts a speculum which holds open the eyelids, and by tightening this he can propel the eye forward a little in its socket. This feel of the speculum on the cheekbone is one of the reasons patients are so doggedly positive they felt the eye 'out' or 'put down on the cheek'. The vision is obscured by instruments busily cutting and suturing, so with only incomplete data to go by the false impression arises and is perpetuated.....and woe betide the fan who asks me this question when I am off-duty!

And all those insomnia sufferers I meet so often as a Night Sister ought to hear my views. For high on 3yrs I have been on hight-duty, and if asked by the day staff, "Did you have a quiet hight?" sometimes I answer bitterly, "Nobody sleeps in our hospital" On my way to my wee bed I have been heard to mutter words to the effect that there is just no such type crittur as insomnia anyway. I know of nothing more exasperating than to listen all hight long to someones shattering snores, and then, as they blink their eyes open in the light of day, to hear them state that they hardly slept a wink all hight! The rare individuals who admit to sleeping well are few and far between and deserve a medal.

Often I have kept the 'light sleepers' under observation, have watched them stir, toss irritably for a minute, ask "Is that you Harry?" or something, and then go to sleep again. Yes, they remember waking up, but never, oh, NEVER, aropping off to sleep again. Others waken regularly as the clock chimes, sign fretfully, "will I never sleep?" and then sleep soundly until the next hour chimes. This type greets you in the morning with their news that they heard the clock strike every hour, so they did, bless them, they wake up especially to do so.

It is impossible to convince such people that they have slept well. Complaints from other patients of their loud snores are indignantly denied. They retaliate by complaints of the other fellows snorteng--it kept them awake. Of course, they are both wrong. They slept in spite of the snores and heard them in their sleep. I was the one who suffered them.

I am convinced that the majority of people who complains f sleep-lessness really dream they are awake. How often have you got up and dressed in a dream, only to wake up and find it all to do? I have watched hundreds of sleepers. Only one in ten genuinely suffers from insomnia, and even they exaggerate the time they lie awake. Give a patient a harmless Vitamin C tablet, tell him it is a strong sedative and he will sleep soundly all night, and tell you in the morning that it was the best sleep they ever had....Men were self-deceivers ever!

Bletherings (or natter - natter)

It is intresting to see how the various members are tackling this problem of reviewing. While a mailing of practically all reviewswould be th the acme of boredom, I think we are all agreed that never to know what the other members thought of your work would be very frustrating. know I will be glad when my duplicating reaches the pitch where it is ignored and the comments devoted to the material. Well now, first out of the bag (they are all stirred up by this time) .. Archive. 3. I did enjoy meeting so many of you at the Con., biggest surprise to me was you Archie, somehow I had expected you to be tall and with an aesthetic expression. Archie has appointed himself Speller Extraordinary in Chief to Scottishe, all I can say is you don't look it. Jazz has overlapped into S.F. alright, I have to listen to more records at the club every week. I can bear to listen to orecords but after that I demand (and get midst many groans) Sinatra. I thought your list of Scottish dance tunes very funny and thank for naming one after me-I yam honoured. Caprice. 3. Once again you are distinguished by the lovely illos and the care with which they are produced-loved that cover, -and that limerick. Yes Bloch letters are a prize. Ordinarily when I get a letter of comment on Fez I pass it onto Joan, but a Bloch letter! I sternly demand its return. No Marie, I have not stopped day-dreaming, but I have . . . learnt (the hard way) not to do it on-duty. I shall never forget it, I was just a very junior nurse at the time, and Sister said- "Nurse, so t to Mrs So and So and get a speciman, Dr. is waiting to test it". So off I went, day-dreaming all the way as usual. I came to in time to realise I had poured the specimen down the drain! Never will I forget or want to go through the humiliating experience of having to confess doing Ah well! it taught me a much needed lesson. such a daft thing.

Io.2. This is much better and I look forward to seeing your new zine.

Tiots.I. You were another it was nice to meet Jan, and it was real fasc-inating listening to your conversation with Paul Hammet, the two accents blended well. You want to be careful, arranging a duel with Mal is asking for trouble. He is utterly unscrupulous. I was outraged to see him flaunting a girl-friend at the Con in front of Justice Harris who did not even grr at him. Don's cover was very funny, made me giggle.

Titot. Not quite so good as your side-kick's.

Burp Goes Slick, Burp 4, and Burp at the Con: What a busy guy you are to be sure. Can't say I agree with Terry's article on U.S. fanzines, at

least not Copsia-any zine containing The Harp has my bounden admiration but apart from that it is a good all-round intrest zine. Tom's Conversation was tops in humour. Liked the bacover of Burp 4 best of all, Cecil looks a darling. Burp at the Con deserves a medal if only for appearing, but Don's illos are almost as good as Atoms (high praise). Bran Tub.2. I liked this, you managed to get a lot of news in. I have one of those staplers too-fans naturally gravitate towards the cheapest Only snag is sometimes a staple sticks and then we are so economical. you have to take the darn thing to bits. I lose more nails that way. I liked 'Seeds' best, but the other smacked too much of the type which ju just strings a lot of words together. Undoubtedly the best letter that you quoted was Eric Frank Russell's. Britain's answer to Bloch? How: Ol! Dad, I don't mind you making up what I am supposed to have said, only keep it clean..Isn't it awful? Here is Stu gone with the wind-now we will never know what Ib Tenebo meant, I liked every bit of How. I think your puns are wonderful. Woz.2. I am slightly dazed at the news that you write everything out 3 times. Yet your writing always seems so relaxed and unstudied. Now write it out in one go off and everyone tells me not to be so self-conclous. There is just no justice. I see now that it is true that genius lies in taking pains, but where do I get the patience? As far as I know there are no psychiatrists in fandom, but Franzeska knows a few, you really want to know what they think of us? Madelaine's cartoon was great, just great. More please and some writing too. Launching Site. 3. You know I have had that 'Roads to Ruin' on my librar list for ages, you reminded me to ask for it. Loved it, and am starting on the courting one next. Wish I had your talent for reviewing. Incantations. 2. It is not absolutely necessary to pay £30 for a Rotary. The portable Emgee that I have costs &17:17. I see that Roneo have a portable model too, but do not know the price. Fandom may be a minority but I am dashed if I can see where they are opressed. At least no-one opresses me. . As for the story-ouch! Hep.2. Very snazzy, more please.

"Py golly, ven der Bankroll iss Blooey, der Life is Fooey" from Captn. and the Kids.

Platform.3. Your fanzine reviews intrigue me, all that emphasis on the auplicating quality. Surely that is the least important thing? I know I am relieved to find mine improving slightly, but I would rather see comments on the material used.

Dysteheology.3. To that appreciation of Hyphen covers I would add huzza The 'Esoterics' really goes deserve publishing all in one, a great piec piece of writing.

Pogrom.I. So far there does not seem to be anyone who has not more than fulfilled their activity requirements. Still that is a good idea of not counting reviews.

Noise Level.2. Real zany, but I keep waiting to find out what you are really like, never catch a glimpse of you behind the chatter.

Needle.3. I like to read all the reviews I enjoyed this, but I do think you should give us something else. Still 'Oh in me Ompa' deserve

think you should give us something else. Still 'Oh in me Ompa' deserves a wee medal.

Now and Then. 3. A marvellous collaboration this-I am proud to announce that I am now a member of the R?F.V.&S.D.Society. Once again suberbly and I do like the cover. The scientific research makes hilarious

reading, and I wondered if you scientific experts could help me out in a personal problem? I use glass thermometers in my work and after years of boasting that I never break one, in the last six months I have been breaking them at an unholy rate. I gently shake them down and one flys half-way across the ward. I place one under a patient's arm, and go back to find him sitting on it-in bits. I place one tenderly in the receiver and it breaks in two. All of a sudden I am death on thermometers. Can you explain this peculiar phenomena? Your treatment of the review question was funny, but I hope you will give us some yet. Steam.3. This was fun to read, and on re-reading it I am struck by the thought-what a lot you manage to convey in 2 pages. Anyone who automat ically jumps at the idea that Walt would be conceited because we call him Ghod-is the type of person who would be affected that way themself. They just cannot conceive anyone receiving so much egoboo and still remaining modest. The only time I heard Walt speak out was when Ted Carnell asked if he would like to say a few words, and he answered 'No'----Cannot you just see those guys who critise Walt jumping up into the limelight in nothing flat?

Bilcyn.I. You want a nurse for that biliousness Ken? Only my charges are high I am really grateful for those Pogo books you got me, they are

priceless.

Omnibus. 3. 40 clock om any morning has meaning for me pal-it is when I have to leave off my fanning and go and tend to my work. This is the way I like to see reviews written. Enjoyed your story of the trip to Cairo, altho Sandy had already told me all about it, even the bits you missed out.

Schnerdlites.2. Cover was the best in the mailing, your artwork throughout supremly fannish. I loved the cat story, much better than seagulls, they do too look peevish. Now I wait with baited breath, just what can a goldfish do? I can now tell you what Harry Turner looks like, so you will know the sort of society you have joined. He wears glasses and looks at you through them (not over the top you will notice) he also smiles blandly like a cat who has just licked the cream. I am liable to come down there and 'gaunt highlander' you! The girl friend will be no protection. Don't get me wrong though, I just love Helen, she is even wittier than you are. I feel so flattered at having a cartoon all about me that of course I am not offended at it—I bet you knew that would happen..but please, how do I get that tune out of my head? Bias Binding.I. A lovely job, and Helen gets more endearing all the time As Medical Correspondant to B.B. don't I get to be a member of T.H.F.&...

Morph. Snazzy cover, and all intresting stuff intilt.

Cake. Showed a very bloggy atmosphere.

Amour. I doubt this gal Sheila is a gone gal and liable to disappear in the direction of Siberia at any moment. Well my conscience is clear-- I warned her well.

The Lesser Flea. So you like good tecs stories Joy. Try 'Death of a Doll by Hilda Lawrence. I especially like the bit where the detective trying to find the murderess says-"I've put too much time on the outstanding deviations from routine when what I really want is the small piece of extraneous matter that some bright girl slipped into the machinery. Its so simple that I don't know what it is or who did it. But somebody looked me straight in the eye, folded her hands in her lap, and told me she was breathing, Mr East, just breathing. And shes my girl."---- I just love that last phrase, and its suspence all the way.