

SPELEOBEM

24





THE CRAWLWAY

Editorial

THE REFERENDUM REQUESTED last mailing was conclusively inconclusive. It appears that there is a loud minority on both sides and apathy in between. As such is the case, the Official Editor is unwilling to risk a complete schism in the organization: the status will remain quo, and Walter Breen will remain a member as long as he keeps up his activity and dues. The OE hopes this will be the last he will have to say concerning SAPS-and-Walter-Breen.

A FOURTH YEAR AS OE is just beginning for the incumbent, who feels that it may be time to look back over the past three years in office and make some comments. Obviously, there are advantages in being OE. These include being able to select the best copies of the contributions for one's own mailing, being able to get one's own zine into the mailing at the 11th hour and 59th minute, and chivvying one's friends in the APA to make sure they get their requirements in (while hoping that certain others forget the deadline.) Being OE of SAPS in particular has the supposed advantage of being able to make the rules to suit oneself; in practice, however, this is a dubious advantage at best. A radical change in the rules will bring sufficient protest that the OE faces, perhaps not a palace revolution, but at least a minac-binge of objection that makes the APA look like it's going downhill. (And as the only elected officer, the OE is obviously responsible for the APA's image.) Then, too, the members will pick as many holes in the rules as they can find, in addition to stretching the interpretation of them. And once a point of rule is stretched, further stretching is even easier.

Other disadvantages of OEsip include the fact that reading the zines as they come in gives one less interest in reading the mailing as a whole, and the fact that the mailings blend into each other too much.

Make no mistake: I like the job, and have every intention of running again in January. But there are times -- about 4 a year -- that one wonders whether it is worth the effort. Long distance calls come in that so-and-so's stencils or zine was airmail-specialled the night before deadline, and please hold the mailing. A localite phones that he'll be out with his zine before midnight. Several other localites phone at 11 pm to ask if the mailing is going to be out that night. A last-minute check reveals that a couple members have slightly less than their legal requirements in, stretching the regulations more than usual. ... So one does what he can in the face of things, for whatever he considers the best interests of the APA.

An example or two may serve to illustrate the point: Two mailings ago Tom Armistead owed 6 pages. Shortly before deadline he wrote saying he had been hospitalized, etc., and I left him on the roster with a fine of 12 pages for the 67th mailing and 6 for the 68th. His zine last mailing was indeed 12 pages -- but 2 of them were by Mike Deckinger. The zine arrived two days before deadline, far too late to contact Tom and ask him to get two more pages in of his own material, so I let it go on the ground that one is allowed 1 page out of 6 for someone else's artwork, and that might possibly be extended to written material in this case. This mailing, Tom sends me a letter via Don Fitch, saying that his family moved to Edwards AFB in California about a month ago, and his typer and duper haven't been available to him, though he had been expecting them to be available momentarily during this time. Again he requests leniency, but this time I

am dropping him. Once is happenstance, twice is enemy action.

In addition, there is another zine in the mailing with a page of someone else's written material counted in his requiredac instead of someone else's artwork. This is the last time such a stunt will be allowed; from here on in all requiredac must be one's own work with 1 page of outside artwork allowable -- and if members insist on taking advantage of this ruling to include a scribble-type cover or something, that page of artwork will also become disallowable.

The SAPS OEsip has often been touted as a reign of terror. Of late, said reign of terror has been somewhat lax, but as of next mailing we go back to an iron fist in an iron glove (...TAJ), and the membership is so forewarned...especially the minac types, who will find themselves out on their ears if they try to stretch (or ignore) the rules. You are referred to the penultimate line of Rule 2.

WORLDCON APPROACHES RAPIDLY, and the question of a SAPStable at the banquet comes up again. The OE regrets that the SAPStable at Discon was only half-filled with SAPS members, requiring that we fall back on the line about "The SAPStable is the one where the OE is" in order to define which the SAPStable was. This year, perhaps we can stake a claim to a table earlier and fill it with members. Anyone interested write the OE, and we'll see about reservation cards for those who will be there.

WAITING-LISTERS are appearing in the mailing more and more these days.

All of them seem to get Fred Patten to frank their zines in, and one wonders if it might not be conceivable that a mailing may one day consist of SPECTATOR, DINKY BIRD, FLABBERGASTING, OUTSIDERS, YEZIDEE, POT POURRI, MISTILY MEANDERING, RETRO, IBEX, and 500 pages of WLzines franked in by Fred Patten.

For the record, the OE has no objection to WLzines being franked in, unless the mailing starts getting up to 500+ pages and getting out of hand. At least someone is interested in contributing to the mailings, even if a lot of the members aren't. Any enthusiasm is better than none.

(Oh, in case you're wondering, the above-named zines haven't missed a mailing since their publishers joined...with the possible exception of OUTSIDERS, which has a history going back too far for me to check right now.)

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SAPS is just a bunch of middle-aged types trying to act fannish.

THE CABAL LADDER

POR QUE? 21 (Doreen Webbert) I applaud your cover as one of the funniest comments on the "Fair Housing" schtick I have yet seen. I showed it to one of the student assistants at the Physics Library who is active in CORE doings -- like the mass voter registration to defeat a referendum on the Fair Housing Bill (aka The Rumford Act) here in California -- and she smiled faintly. No sense of humor, I guess. You didn't happen to send a copy to John Boardman, did you?

I haven't got around to reading the set of Tommy Hambledon books that were put out in pb series form recently, though I think I have probably read them in hardback years ago. One of these days I'll get around to buying them, just to have the set. However, this past week I bought a Dashiell Hammett double-volume, which contains "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Thin Man." I've finished the first, and am working on the second already. Bought it because Dian and I saw the old movie on TV a couple weeks ago, and I wanted to see how close the movie came to the book. (The movie was of just "The Maltese Falcon.") They are almost identical, even to the dialog -- leaving out of the movie only a few more blatant comments on Joel Cairo's homosexuality and the fact that Spade went to bed with Bridgit the night after the two of them met Cairo and the cops. And reading the book after seeing the movie had the added advantage that all the lines came out in the voices of Bogart (Spade), Greenstreet (Gutman), Lorre (Cairo) and so forth. The book and movie are both recommended.

I considered sending the mailings to overseas members via airmail, as the treasury could easily afford it, but the only member who really needs that service is John Foyster -- John Berry doesn't do mailing comments, you know. I don't know offhand how much it would cost to send the mailings airmail, but it would be quite a bit -- the Rapps' mailing is about \$2.48 by air, and that's domestic rates. Foreign rates, especially to Australia, are much higher. Comments from the rest of the membership on the advisability of setting such a precedent?

I still maintain that there is a nice little old lady in the UCLA Post office. However, it should be pointed out that the UCLA P.O. is a contract one run by the Associated Students of UCLA, rather than a regular branch of the USPO. Perhaps this is a mitigating circumstance?

BATHTUB GIN (Rich Brown and others) I couldn't have cared less if you had called this XERO 11. You see, I have not, as yet, bound XERO. It's rather far down on the list of things to bind, though it will get bound one of these days, I'm sure. I held up the binding for the index, then I held it up to determine if the copy of XERO 7 (which has an illo halfway off the bottom of the page) could be improved. When I got another XERO 7 and discovered it was exactly the same, I assumed they were all that way, and tied the stack up for binding. Van Arnam wondered in print somewhere or other whether I was binding in the Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor with XERO; the answer is no. I intend to bind TRGTBAA with the companion volume TRGT Tarzan's Africa, whenever Dave gets it finished.

I recognize the comic book lino on p.2 -- and I think I recognize the heading illo on the same page. It is supposed to be Bathtub Djinn, isn't it?

RETRO 32 (FM Busby) In regard to your comment to K.L. that you "don't mind being a bug in a bathtub, but who turned on the damned WATER?" From her comments to K.L., it appears that Doreen did.

Not only is Kris Carey trying to start another APA (INTER-APA, for those of you who haven't heard it mentioned yet, proposes a thrice-yearly mailing, with a US and an Overseas OE, both answerable to a Lord High OE. As yet INTER-APA hasn't got off the ground.), but Rich Benyo and a few others are trying to get a Neos' APA called APA 45 started. First regulation is that the members be born in 1945 or later. Oooooog.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 5 (John Foyster) "Barrett Chronicles" enjoyed. Cover incomprehensible -- what happened to the photocover that was supposed to be there?

SPY RAY (Eney) On the cover of this issue you will find my personal achievement of arms, or at least as close as we can get to it. The blazon is: Sable, a bent sinister argent. In chief a harp or, in base a sword and foolstick saltire, both proper, the former pointed chief and sinister. Crest, a phoenix enflamed. Motto, "Quaero."

I see you wouldn't admit the Crest as part of the achievement, were I to submit this to the Hyborian College -- which I would like to do, by the way, as I am a member of the Hyborian Legion these five years. I could easily give reason for the crest, but I think it would be more fun for the SAPSites to have a guess at the symbolism of the entire achievement before I do any explaining. And what is the status of the College of Heralds in the Legion? Perhaps this ought to come up at the Muster this year.

I approve of the SAPS achievement, and I think the OE of SAPS could well have one blazoned per fess rayonny argent and azure, in chief a heart sable, in base seme of roundels argent. Better a single heart in chief than a scattering of them.

I'm rather glad you brought this up, Dick. Heraldry was a minor interest in L.A. several years ago, at the start of the Coventranian Kick, and when the latter died off the former sort of went with it undeservedly. Perhaps we can bring it back for a while. I don't know for sure who else besides Ted Johnstone had an achievement of arms, but I'm sure a few of them will try to make one up. If I remember Ted's correctly, it was: vert, a harp or transfixes by a sword, also or, pointed chief and sinister. Motto: "Semper felix." At one time, Ted tried making up an achievement of arms for Ruth Berman (and probably never mentioned it to her, as it was never really finished). By the time he and Dean Dickensheet had discussed the possibilities, Tedron had devised a shield quartered and charged on every section plus charges on the dividers. If I remember correctly, Dean talked him into giving up the idea; the main problem was trying to cram in too many interests.

SPACEWARP 78 (Art Rapp) In regard to your query about "Miscellaneous expenses," have you ever seen or read the play "Goldilocks"? In it, the male lead is a movie director, who has been padding his accounts submitted to the producer so that he can buy a lot of scenery and stuff to make an Egyptian movie. The producer arrives on the makeshift lot yelling about the "Miscellaneous expenses" being far too high, and the Director puts him off. But as he is leaving, the secondary female lead (the ingenue) comes in, being overly familiar with the Director. The Producer looks her up and down, and exits, saying, "I think I've just come face to face with 'Miscellaneous expenses.'" However, in the case of the SAPS treasury, I would like to point out that \$1.88 would be exactly enough to buy 15 comics and pay the 8¢ state sales tax. OK?

Art, if you wanted to include bheerlabels in SWARP, I'll paste 'em in -- as long as you get the stencils here more than a couple weeks before the deadline, so I'll have some time to do it.

Bradbury was at LASFS some months ago, and among his comments he mentioned that Something Wicked This Way Comes had been greeted by almost total silence among the critics. I guess he's right, too. Even among the fans there has been little or no mention of the thing, and when Virginia Schultheis showed up at the Discon masquerade as the Dust Witch from Something Wicked, no one recognized the character.

Not-Poems appreciated, as well as Nan's anti-N3F cartoons. (And before any of the 101% N3F-types jump me --hi, Richard-- I happen to be pro-N3F and anti-N3Fers.)

DIE WIS 12 (Dick Schultz) Maybe Dian should finish up that game of Coven-tranian Diplomacy and publish it, after all. I haven't been very much in favor of the idea up to now, but... .

PILLAR POLL REPORT 1964 (Ruth Berman) A very good job, Ruth. It should be pointed out that non-voters are being rather unfair to those who do vote, since the voters are unable to vote for themselves, and therefore spread more points to others (including the non-voters, generally). Those in the upper ten who didn't vote are the worst offenders, of course (Boo, hiss, yer-mudder-reads-N'APAZines!)

THE TATTERED DRAGON MEETS THE WINGED LION (Nan Rapp) Much fun, Nan -- I especially like the "Ben-Jorno" and the "Poor and Hungry of Vincenza" ones. Do some more, OK?

PILLAR OF FIRE 8 (Rich Brown) Nice to see some things don't change after several years in the air force. Welcome back, Rich; let us know when/if you grow up.

IBEX 2 (Jack Chalker) OK, Baltimore in 1967 sounds like a reasonably good idea. Haven't heard any other believable bids for the '67 con yet, so maybe you'll make it unopposed.

I'm not sure, though, on this site-voting bit. I was with your idea of absentee voting of members of the convention when I first read it, but on reconsideration, I find I need more convincing. The system of in-person voting has worked well so far, and I see no reason why it should not continue to do so. The voting for a Midwest convention at an English con is not that much different from the voting for a West Coast convention at an East Coast con. In each case, the majority of the attendees are regionals who won't be at the next con no matter where it is held; the winner will be that group which has the most friends and allies at the con, whether said friends are picked up at the con itself by advertising and big banners all over the place or by constant hammering through the fanzines for the year or two before the voting. I can't see how a group picking up fewer votes could be a "better" choice than the one picking up more votes. Generally, the fan groups in an area have equal advertising power. However, I shall reserve decision to hear the arguments at the Pacificon II business meeting.

For all Trailways enthusiasts, I recommend the line out of Wabash, Indiana, heading for Indianapolis, and suggest you take it some nice day in December. I admit I might have got a clunker while all the other buses on the line are excellent, but that one I rode was threatening to fall apart every mile, and had no heater, besides. I damn near froze before I got back onto a nice warm Greyhound.

Let me know when/if Alan J. does make you an offer for your collection; I may want to put in a bid myself.

In Re: the N3F Manuscript Bureau. I am constantly amazed than anyone

other than the veriest neo would want to use the services of the MSBoo... especially after the way it has been handled. I should think it would be both easier and more satisfactory to deal with potential contributors directly, rather than write to the MSBoo and ask what they had, then have them write back with a list of items (if they answer you at all), half of which you never heard of, the other half you wouldn't want for a N'APA-zine, even. As for the esteemed Guardians of the MSBoo, I am again surprised that anyone other than a neo would want to run the deal. It's possible that the last couple of characters picked it up for (1) the small amount of egoboo obtained from the listing in TNFF, (2) the vague possibility that there might be something worth while, either in the MSBoo already, or contributed to it during one's tenure, and (3) the fact that little work is required of the Guardian of the MSBoo. The MSBoo is a good idea for the beginner in ampubbing who doesn't have too specialized a taste for material, but I can't see why anyone else would go near it. Comment, Jack? (Or, for that matter: Comment, Owen Hannifen or Phil Castora, ex- and present Guardian of the MSBoo?)

THE CHARLOTTAN 1 (Len Bailes) As a general rule, the big parties (open ones at least) at worldcons aren't entirely booze parties. There are usually some of the attendees who don't imbibe, and even if the party hasn't deliberately laid on soft drinks for these fans, they can drink the mix (coke, 7-up, ginger ale, etc.). Bheerbusts per se -- without liquor and mix, that is -- are almost non-existent at cons. The only one I can think of was at Detroit.

While I have indeed got the sadness effect out of reading The Last Battle, the only thing the Aslan death scene in Lion, Witch and Wardrobe brought on was acute nausea. Who wants an lion named Jesus H. Aslan? I prefer the emotions brought on by a number of scenes in the Lord of the Rings -- especially the ride of Gandalf and Pippin to Minas Tirith, with the signal fires being lit along their way (RK, 19 etc.).

According to Hulbert Burroughs at an Ackerman party last year, "John Carter and the Giant of Mars" was probably not by ERB. Pfui to SaMosk.

No, the presence of a WLzine in a mailing does not constitute acknowledgement of the SPECTATOR.

COLLECTOR (Howard Devore) I doubt that Pollock jokes would catch on out here, but it might be fun changing them over to Greaser Jokes...or maybe Spic Jokes in New York. Like: What's the difference between a Greaser and an elephant? The elephant washes itself.

OUTSIDERS 55 (Wrai Ballard) One reason for the small amount of campaigning during the SAPS OElection, at least from me, was that it has become rather expensive to postmail stuff. At a 5¢ stamp and a 1¢ envelope for each of the 36 members (minus about 10 LA members to whom I can hand-deliver stuff), it comes out to over \$1.50 each time one sends something out -- not counting the production of the thing in the first place -- and I couldn't see wasting the time and money unless absolutely necessary.

Whaddya mean, "SAPS will not stand for an incompetent in the post of OE"? I've been there three years already... .

SPELEOBEM 23 (me) We didn't move to Pacoima after all, as the owner of the house decided not to sell -- decided this after we had all the money and papers into escrow and had made preparations to move. So the escrow people took their fees out of our money, and we are having to bring suit against the seller to retrieve the fees. Since he

was the one who broke escrow, we shouldn't have any trouble collecting.

Once we found out that the deal wasn't going through, we moved into an apartment in Santa Monica owned by the same people who owned the house we had been living in; from the way they talked and hastened us out of the house, we expected it to be torn down -- they plan to use the lot for a parking lot -- within a week after we got out. It has now been two and a half months, and the little shack is still standing. A plague on real estate agents!

A very strange occurrence came out of the Pacoima deal, however. A couple weeks ago I got a phone call at work from the insurance company that was to have insured the house for us. Escrow had sent a notice of cancellation of the policy when we withdrew, but evidently it got mislaid somewhere by the insurance company, as they wanted to know where they could send the premium notice -- they had tried sending it to the Pacoima address, and it bounced several times, finally coming back with the note on it that "We sold that property three years ago, and you've got the name wrong anyway. My husband's name is Theodore, not Bruce." At that, I about flipped; I had been looking for a great uncle of mine out here off and on for a couple years. We (my parents and I) knew he was out here in the Los Angeles area somewhere, but didn't know where, and when I checked the 5 Los Angeles area phone books last year I didn't see a Theodore Pelz anywhere in them. So when I talked to the insurance company, after telling them that the house deal had never been completed, and that the policy should have been cancelled without ever going into effect, I asked what the return postmarks on the policy had been. Glendale and Long Beach, he said, and I went to the phone books again. This time I found it: Glendale. A phone call verified the identity, and Dian and I went to visit the Theodore Pelzes, who have been living in California for 45 years while the rest of the family remained in the East.

In the course of the afternoon's conversation we found that Uncle Ted had bought the Pacoima property several years ago as a speculation, fixed it up, and sold it again three years ago. (It evidently changed hands again in the past three years, as the present owner is not the one to whom Uncle Ted sold it.)

So anyway, though we got nothing else but trouble out of the deal, we did find some long-lost relatives. And how's that for coincidence?

SAPS I Have Met Dept.: 32 out of 36 members (all but Armistead, Foyster, Kaye, and Wilimczyk), and 9 out of 15 Wlers (missing Gerding, McDaniel, Avery, Mann, Kusske, and Blum), for a total of 41 out of 51, or 80.4%. ...hmm. I see by the last issue I counted Lenny Kaye as a member I have met...that would make it 42 out of 51, or 82.2%.

LOKI 8 (Dave Hulan) Regarding the Hugos: I am uncertain as to whether a piece of short fiction is eligible during the year in which it is first anthologized, if it has previously appeared in a magazine. If it is, then Wellman's "Old Devlins Was A-Waiting" would be eligible -- or rather, would have been eligible -- this time. It hasn't been anthologized in any of the F&SF anthologies, and it is a good story -- as are most of the Wellman tales of John the ballad-singer. // If your choice for best artist is Schoenherr, why didn't you speak up at the LASFS when we were discussing the Hugo artist nominees, and no one would speak for him? Change your mind?

Dave Locke's story is an old joke expanded to two pages -- expanded rather well, I admit.

As yet, Santa Monica hasn't been unbearably hot, even without air conditioning, but a week or so ago Dian and I drove through the San Fernando Valley to Glendale, and damn near suffocated, even with all windows open!

THE F.S.S. THROWS

A PARTY

by

BRUCE PELZ

The FSS was, in many ways, a fake-spelunking outfit. Oh, we went caving often enough, but the members were usually much more interested in having a party than having another caving trip.

There were two kinds of parties the FSS held -- Cave Parties and non-Cave Parties. The former were generally held in Jones' Cave, which had a level floor reasonably clear of rocks for the main party room, and another room with a few rocks for backrests for lounging about and yakking. In addition, it had an easy access -- one could climb down the chimney (or up) without a rope or ladder, a great advantage when a sozzled spelunker is trying to get out of the cave to go home. (I understand that the FSS held parties in a more recently discovered cave, Confederate Cave, after I graduated, but unless one of my tenuous contacts with the club results in someone else writing these parties up there is a dearth of information on them.)

When I arrived at Jones' Cave for the party, it was already under way. Jerry Miller had brought four quarts of strawberry wine, and was well into the second one. Tom Hogan, President of the FSS at the time, was walking around in a white shirt and tie, drink in hand. This latter sight didn't surprise anyone, as it was a frequent trick of FSSers to wear coveralls over dress clothes into the cave, then remove the coveralls for the party. Stan Serxner was there, showing off his fangs -- anyone remember him as Dracula from the Nycon II? Stan had once worked for a dental technician, and had taken advantage of the position to make himself a set of fitted fangs. The party itself was not too lively, consisting mostly of drinking and yakking. We were without a guitarist, so there was no singing of Bawdy Songs (the FSS had most of the first three Oscar Brand albums memorized). The fun came when the party broke up.

Besides the "easy access" chimney, there were several other chimneys to Jones' Cave which required a rope, or at least a careful caver in possession of his faculties, to scale. And Jerry Miller was drunk out of his mind. When the party was halfway along, Jerry began demanding to know who stole his 5th quart of wine -- and it did no good at all to tell him he had had only four to start with. Jerry was about 6'4" and wobbled almost as much as Bob Lichtman, and, as I mentioned last issue, he got argumentative when he was drunk. When the party broke up, Jerry decided to go up another chimney with what was left of his wine (not much, to be sure). He got about half way to the top and slipped, rolling back down the incline to the bottom. He tried again; again he got half way up and fell back down again. (Most Florida caves, especially in central Florida, are at the bottom of sink holes, and though the hole may be fairly steep it is usually grassy and inclined, rather than being rocky and a sheer drop; it was this sort of a sink hole entrance that Jerry attempted to navigate.) By this time, of course, there were other members at the top of the hole watching him, and trying to get him to go back and come up the easy way; useless talk. Jerry tried yet again; and then a fourth time. The fifth time, someone else went down, got a rope around Jerry, and he was dragged to the top, wine and all. They put him into a car, and the FSS went rolling home again.

Of the non-Cave Parties, three stand out: The 1957 Christmas party, a Tubing Party in summer of 1958, and the Mead Party in summer 1959. There

were lots of others, but these were special.

The 1957 Christmas party was held at the off-campus house where J Jerry and Laura Miller lived. It was pretty much a shack, or rather the back end of a shack -- the front of the shack was occupied by T.J. Bell and his wife Merle, another pair of spelunkers. Still, it was roomy enough for parties, holding a couple dozen cavers besides the Millers. (Later, it also housed the club mascot, Roberta the squirrel, but that is yet another story.)

In the tradition of Christmas parties, the FSS needed a Santa to disburse gifts to the attendees, so it looked around for someone to play the part. The previous year Bob Smith had done the honors, but this year the club had two overweight members, so there were two Santas assigned to the job of getting a lot of gifts -- generally joke-type ones -- for as little money as possible. The club never had too much in the treasury at any one time. Smith and I set out to see what we could do.

Some of the gag gifts were purchased from the local dime store, but the better ones were arranged through the Midnight Requisition Company. The University of Florida seems to feel that its buildings might run away if not properly identified and tagged, so it went to the trouble of making up metal plates for each building, giving the number of the building and the inscription "University of Florida." The oldest buildings on campus had brass plates; the newer ones had aluminum plates. All were located on the buildings in the same relative place, and most of them were easily removed by a determined collector. It stood to reason, said the collector, that these plates were ownership tags, placed upon the buildings by the University to demonstrate that they owned the buildings. Therefore, anyone holding the plate in his possession would own the building. What would be more appropriate than to present several University buildings to members of the club as Christmas presents? -- Especially if the particular buildings went to particular members. Three plates were removed and gift-wrapped.

At this point, let me introduce the three recipients: First of all, the studious Tom Hogan, President of the FSS. (I have no idea whether he was President at the time of the party, as the officers changed each semester, but at some time during the 1957-58 school year he was the President, and that is how I remember him.) Tom had few extra-curricular interests, and the FSS was most of them. He roomed with Bob Smith, and their dorm room was the campus headquarters for the club, just as the Miller-Bell place was the off-campus headquarters. There were always a couple of cavers wandering in and out of their dorm room, unless Smith was in a nasty mood and telling people to go to hell before they got in to the place to disturb his study (this wasn't too often, considering the small amount of studying Bob did.) Tom didn't even try to get nasty with the intruders, but did all his studying across the street from the dorm in the ramshackle Building I -- a "temporary" building put up during WW II and never removed. The cavers didn't bother him there, so Tom got pretty good grades.

Then there is another married FSS member, Jim Quigg. Married to another club member, Joyce, Jim was a graduate student and taught Engineering welding classes at the University. Welding classes need acetylene, it should be remembered, and acetylene is generated from calcium carbide the same way it is generated in miner's lamps. Very useful to have such a member. In addition, Jim could acquire other things, such as welding rods, empty carbide cans, etc., and the club made use of this fact whenever it could. The Quiggs were more than useful, of course, they were very well liked people. They made homebrew ("Pale Stale Ale," which lat-

er led to "Clear Queer Beer."); they kept tropical fish (betas) and, if I recall correctly, a cat; they were friendly, amiable people.

The third was one Barrett Duffield Brown, lecher extraordinary. Duff was married and had a kid, but you'd never know it when he was on a caving trip or at a party. His wife was usually working while he was going to school, and the general opinion was that Duff was a louse. Not that he wasn't likeable -- he was a very friendly sort, and you were usually welcome to whatever he had in the house (booze), or even to the house itself, if he wasn't -uh- busy at the time. "The Caving Song," a continuous-verse sort of thing to the tune of "The Ball of Ballynoor," put it this way:

Now when it came to leching, Duff thought himself a king;
But he always tried to completely hide
His wife, his, kid, his ring..."

So the time came to give out the gifts at the party. We gave Tom Hogan Building I, of course. Jim Quigg got the Engineering Welding building. Both of these were second choices, actually -- we had wanted to give Tom the Dorm, and Jim the Engineering Building itself instead of the little shack where welding was taught, but there were difficulties: the Dorm plate was out of reach and too well lighted; we got the Engineering plate, but it broke in the removal, so we put it back rather than give Jim shoddy merchandise. Duff Brown got the temporary building in which "Marriage and the Family" was taught. Appropriately enough, his wife had left him the day of the party and gone home to her relatives, taking the kid with her. I doubt that Duff thought that was as funny as the rest of us did.

Other highlights of that Christmas Party included an argument between Duff Brown, ex-Marine, and Stan Serxmer, ex-G.I., as to the relative worth of their respective services. Not a very high-level argument, it wound up with Duff sitting on the floor yelling "Dogface!" at Stan -- and later simply barking at him -- and Stan sitting on the couch yelling "Pogey-bait!" at Duff.

There was also the cigar-smoking dare. Some nut, probably Jerry Miller, decided that everyone should smoke a cigar -- everyone, even the girls -- and he would go get them. He did, and the majority of people actually smoked the things, the only recalcitrants being some of the guys who didn't smoke. The girls did just fine with them -- and the photo I got of "Redwing" (one of our few unattached and attractive girls) chomping on a stogey is almost as funny as the event was in person.

As usual, the liquor gave out before the party was over, and those who had been drinking such things as rum or whiskey had to switch to beer or vodka, or quit drinking. Gainesville is a dry place, as is all of that county, and to get liquor one has to go across the county line, a trip of some 20 miles, and the liquor store there closed unreasonably early, so parties required stocking up beforehand. I had equipped myself with a pint of rum, but that had gone out by midnight, and I don't like either beer or vodka, so I had resigned myself to staying dry for a while. Then someone suggested combining the two remaining potables and trying it. I have no idea what one would call a mixture of beer and vodka (except perhaps "ghastly"), but either I was already bereft of my sense of taste or it was reasonably good -- better than either of the ingredients, anyway.

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This article threatens to run on for several more pages, and I have no more time this mailing, so there is no alternative but:

TO BE CONTINUED . . . BEP

THE DISTAWF SIDE

Pt. 7

Madeleine Willis

Monday, 10 September 1962

Walter woke up at 8:30 a.m. as usual, at the same time the mail arrives at home. (He says it's a case of being driven from pillow to post.) He found that Elinor had just got Buz off to work, was suffering from a cold, and that it was raining outside. By mutual agreement they both went back to their beds.

We finally got up at 11:30. Elinor was out shopping, so we made our own breakfast after some dufficulty with the toaster. At home we place the bread beneath a grill and watch it, turn it over and watch it again, but at Grennell's we had been introduced to toasting by automation. Here we were halfway back to nature, in that you had to do certain things as well as presenting the bread to the machine. However, fortunately, Elinor returned before we had run out of experimental material.

It was still raining after breakfast, so we decided to visit the World's Fair and leave Elinor in peace to nurse her cold. She drove us to the entrance and left us with a sheaf of tickets, promising to call back for us in time for us all to go to the Hyatt House, where Joy and Sandy Sanderson had invited us for dinner.

This was the first exhibition of any kind I had seen since the Festival of Britain in Battersea, which we saw while in London for the 1951 Convention. That had been reminiscent of a carnival in many respects, and here in Seattle, though this was more of a scientific and serious affair, there were echoes of that same gaiety. I found it hard to take solemnly any Fair that had as its symbol a flamboyant orange-coloured flying saucer. There were many flags flying, and many of the pavilions were decorated with gaily-coloured bunting. Soon after entering we stood back to let go by one of the little trucks for carrying visitors -- the American version of the rickshaw. I think they added greatly to the informality of the scene.

The first place we made for was the British exhibit. We felt a resurgence of patriotism here after being exposed to so much that was foreign and strange, and in spite of being Irish we felt a sort of neighborly pride in seeing all these British inventions, most of which, like television and jet engines, had been so thoroughly developed by America that even we had forgotten where they originated. Some of the American visitors looked a little bemused, I thought. As well they might, with such odd juxtapositions as the archaic uniform of the Horse Guards and the latest hovercraft.

However, it was a small exhibit, and soon we were looking for the US Science Pavilion, which we thought would be of more interest to SF fans. We made our way to its soaring Gothic arches and waited in line to get in. There was a film to introduce the exhibit, elementary to any reader of Analog, and we found there was to be no browsing around inside. The whole exhibit was carefully designed to channel, I might almost say process, the spectators. It was scientifically set up to permit an optimum number of people to pass through without hold-ups or crowding, and one could not go back to have another look at any part of it without starting at the beginning again. As if to justify this approach, the first section after the introductory film dealt with the limitations and unreliability of the human senses.

Next was the Spacearium, where we got to go on a simulated journey of 60,000 miles to outer space. It seemed even better value for money than Greyhound. There was a huge circular ceiling, and we were supposed to stand in tiers holding onto railings. Exhibitors, and people, being what they are,

everyone sat on the floor.

The trip started with the sound of doors closing with a great whoosh of escaping air; then the shutters of the dome opened and we were gazing at the Earth illuminated by a late afternoon sun. We orbited the Earth, watching the light change over the landscape, and then the announcer said we were on course for the moon. Then there was the full moon straight ahead and coming nearer. I thought this part of the simulation a little disappointing. We turned away slightly to pass by the Sun; then came Mars, occasional asteroids, and Saturn. We passed Pluto's orbit and approached the nearer stars through a great black gulf. This phase was very well done. We headed towards clouds of light which resolved themselves into the millions of stars comprising the Milky Way. We saw some different types of star systems; then we were told to grasp the handrails, we were leaving the Milky Way for Andromeda. This was the most exciting: we saw star clusters, a small spiral galaxy, and a supernova which was brighter than all the stars combined. The show was very well done, and only a little disappointing even to a Bonestell-blase fan.

The next section explored the nature of behaviour, and, paradoxically, aroused my sense of wonder far more than the previous one. I think this was because I knew so little about it. I was especially interested, though faintly repelled, in the one where a baby monkey was the subject. It received its milk from a wire skeleton shape, but went to sleep on the soft and warm lap of another artificial mother. The poor little monkey preferred to spend most of the time on the warm lap, and returned to the hard figure only when it was hungry.

To a science fiction fan the method of transportation used to approach the next section was evocative. As we were carried along the moving floor of the corridor to the Horizons of Science, I whispered to Walter, "The Roads Must Roll," and he nodded nostalgically. If one can be nostalgic about the future.

Naturally we couldn't miss the display by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. What amazed me most at this was the smallness of the craft used by Commander Shepard. I had read the dimensions in the newspapers, but it wasn't until I looked into the capsule that I realized the Commander was practically a push fit.

We were so disappointed that some of the exhibits we wanted to visit had long queues outside, especially the Space Needle. We had wanted to see Seattle from above. However, visibility was still poor, though the rain had stopped shortly after we entered the Fair.

We went into the Interiors, Fashion and Commerce Pavilion, just in time to miss the Fashion Show. Walter winced at the fabulous furs on display, and tried to distract my interest by expatiating on the suffering inflicted on the poor creatures who were trapped and skinned alive to provide them -- namely men. We moved on to the Mobil Economy Run, where there was provision for 12 people to take part in a simulated drive. I kept urging Walter to have a go, but he refused on the grounds that he would only make a fool of himself by turning the wrong way, or trying to drive a Cadillac through a space just wide enough for a Morris Minor. The situations in front of each candidate were visible to the audience and to the girl commentator, who had a fine technique of making fun of them without giving offence -- except possibly to her partner, whom she introduced as Miss Mobil of 1928. Walter said she looked more like Miss Nubile. This all seemed to me a very American activity; there was no lack of willing victims, and the girls did their part with wit and flair. I find it

almost impossible to visualize British girls doing this sort of thing, and this difference can be noticed in every sphere. Young Americans seem very much more assured, possibly because of their educational methods. Here...though decreasingly so since the Education Act which assured every child of ability the chance of a grammar school education...one finds that type of poise among the upper classes who would not need to perform before the public except in politics.

We were drawn to a show of the Scenic Northwest, sponsored by Nally's Foods, but had first to sit through coloured slides of the Nally production methods, from growth to distribution. Their exhibit was housed in what purported to be an "ultra-modern structure," but to me it looked more like an old-fashioned whale than anything else. I wondered if those slides really told the true story of their food processing methods -- that whale must symbolize something. We were disappointed in the pictures of the Scenic Northwest in comparison with the reality we had already seen.

In the United Nations Pavilion I was invited to record my vote on questions of world affairs at the display put on by the American League of Women Voters. This seemed an odd place to garner relevant data on feminine views of world affairs, but I suppose they expected to find quite a few foreign visitors they wouldn't have contacted otherwise. I felt flattered to be given this opportunity, and gleefully pointed out to Walter that he didn't count here. The first machine I tried didn't work -- I suppose this was only to be expected, that a party machine should ignore the female electors -- but the second was OK after I decided to vote as an Irishwoman. There was no provision for Northern Ireland, the first time I have ever felt anything in common with Red China. I never saw any results published of this survey, so they have probably joined Walter Breen's FANNISH IV in Limbo.

We were hungry by this time, so we went to the Food Circus. This was a terrible place for two fans who had determined to enter the Hyatt House that evening and Eat For Vince. There were big signs advertising Po-Boy sandwiches, but I never did find out what they were. Tempting odours and appetising sights greeted us on every hand, undermining our resolution, but we confined ourselves to simple snacks. Then, having roamed around a little longer, we made our way to the exit to be claimed by the Busbys.

The Hyatt House must have been a wonderful place for the Seacon. I liked the bright modern one-level layout. No trouble here with out-of-order lifts and escalators. The Sandersons led us into a large dining room, where we all ranged ourselves half-way round a table on a big semicircular banquette of red leather. The waiter produced the wine list, and Sandy, quite at home, ordered a nice light rose wine. We were asked what we would like to drink with the meal, and I asked for Sauterne, which was one of my small repertoire of slightly sweet wines. The waiter said they didn't have any, but shortly after there was the sound of an aircraft landing and a bottle of Sauterne arrived. Sandy said he was sparing no expense to please us. The dinner was very nice, and we were glad to have saved our appetites. It was here I had my first baked potato, and since we came home I have served it often. In fact, at the first full gathering of Irish fandom after our arrival home, I served baked potatoes, cole slaw and chicken pie, so you can see I approved of many American dishes; Irish fandom, I am glad to say, concurred. I don't know why British restaurants stick to the other ways with potatoes; but then one often finds roasted potatoes in Britain, and I never saw them in America. Another thing I thoroughly enjoyed was the custom of serving hot biscuits and butter with dinner; this is unheard of in the British Isles, where the only breadstuff usually

served is a hard crisp roll with soup.

We had a lot of fun with the Sandersons, comparing views on America. We both deplored the tastelessness of the apple dishes -- American apple pies are ghastly -- though the profusion of other fruits makes up for it. And presumably it takes a cool climate to produce the strongly flavoured cooking apple we have in Ireland.

T O B E C O N T I N U E D

----- Madeleine Willis

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LINCOLN AND KENNEDY:

There are many surprising comparisons that can be drawn between the assassinations of Presidents Lincoln and Kennedy:

1. Both, of all our nation's Presidents, were most concerned with the issue of civil rights.
2. Lincoln was elected in 1860 - Kennedy was elected in 1960.
3. Both were slain on Friday and in the presence of their wives.
4. Their successors, both named Johnson, were Southerners, Democrats, and had previously served in the U.S. Senate.
5. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808 - Linden Johnson was born in 1908.
6. John Wilks Booth was born in 1839 - Lee Harvey Oswald was born in 1939.
7. Both Boothe and Oswald were Southerners, favoring unpopular issues.
8. Both the slayers of Boothe and Oswald murdered the assassins before a trial could be arranged.
9. Both the Presidents' wives lost children, through death, while residing in the White House.
10. President Lincon's secretary, whose name was Kennedy, advised him not to go to the theater.

AND

President Kennedy's secretary, whose name was Lincoln, advised him not to go to Dallas!

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