

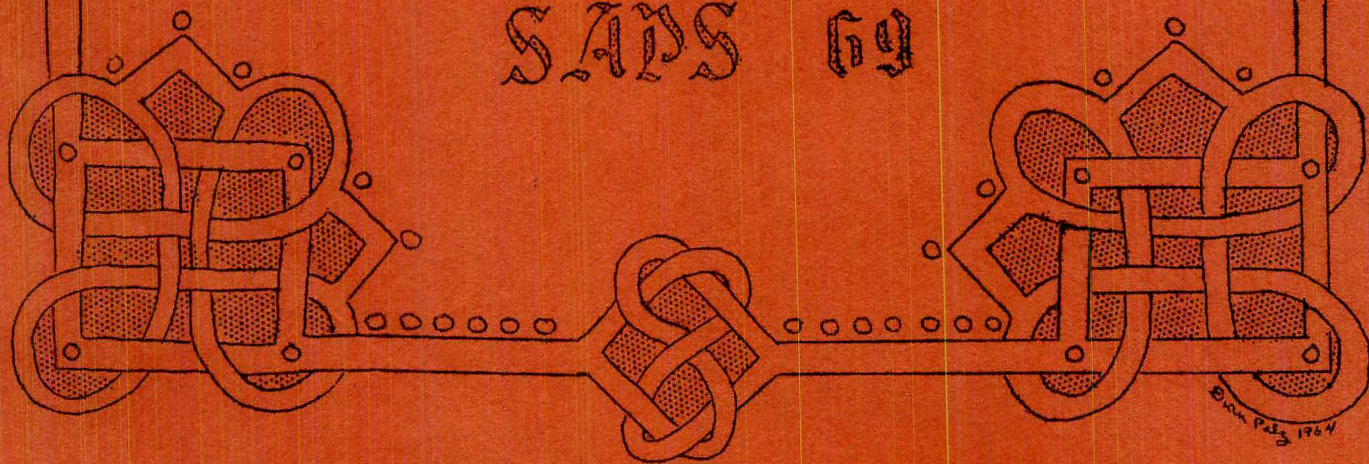


Spelen Bem

25



SADS 69



THE CABAL LADDER

SPY RAY (Eney) The Narnia books are available in the U.S. from Macmillan; a new edition of them came out a couple years ago. Your Doheug jokes groaned at responsively.

POT POURRI (Berry) Leave us have another look at the problem of voting or not voting in the annual Pillar Poll. What some members may not realize is that the habitual non-voter is being very unfair to his fellows, since, if he voted there would be more points available to the others, which would possibly lower his own relative standing. For instance, if you had voted, and given Karen some points, she might be President. Or if Karen had voted and given Wally points... Anyway, if the entire membership decides not to vote -- some of them being too lazy, others being selfish, others not wanting to "judge" their fellow members -- then we could eliminate the office of President. Is there someone who would like to make that a motion?

I'm glad to see that you are continuing your army memoirs, as I still enjoy them very much.

DINKY BIRD (Ruth Berman) One of these days you're going to publish some poetry (as opposed to parodies) that is joyful instead of wistful. I'm looking forward to that -- you do write very good poetry, you know...wistful or not. . I still want to reprint "Wonderland Playing" sometime, somewhere.

Methinks the "Lord Ivywood may lop" verse might be better finished with references that might go with trees, as 'lopping' and 'topping' both deal with trees instead of of garden greenery...or do they? Oh, well, I can't figure a better ending for the verse anyway.

And thanks for including the Sylvie and Bruno paper.

THE CHARLOTTAN (Bailes) Here is as good a place as any to bring up the subject of WLzines. I have had a number of complaints from the membership about franked material, their ideas being that such a practice gives the organization, effectively, more than its limit of members. I have been of the opinion myself that if the WLers were enthusiastic enough to put out zines for the mailings, and the members weren't (as witness the fantastic number of people owing pages for the last mailing and for this), then let the WLers do so. However, in the face of complaints from the membership, and the tendency of the WLzines to declare what SAPS should or should not do, there will be no more of them, as of mailing 70.

This notwithstanding, I rather liked your World of Fandom, and would enjoy reading more of it when you become a member -- which might be as of this mailing, unless a lot of people get their stuff in.

A FANZINE FOR BURNETT R. TOSKEY (Hulan) Well, with Toskey, out, we can start calling things like this "A Fanzine for Dave Hulan." Or maybe for Lee Jacobs?

MUSHROOM VISION (Lichtman) My comment that "there is still too much distance between the [SAPS] members. If not geographical distance, then intellectual distance or distance between their occupations/preoccupations. And I'm not so certain that this is a good thing." was intended to indicate that few SAPS members have e-

nough in common to conduct a conversation, should they happen to meet unexpectedly. I am not complaining about people being interested in different things; as you say, things would be dull indeed if everyone in the world were alike in interests. But the members of SAPS supposedly had some common interests when they joined the organization -- an interest in science fiction, if nothing else -- and how many still do? I, for one, would find it very difficult to discuss SF withm say, Fred, who still reads the stuff assiduously and will talk about it at the drop of a paperback. I read it quite frequently, but cannot discuss it. I am equally unable to discuss movies with Ted Johnstone, Social Stuff with you, television with Cox...etc. I doubt that you would be able to (or want to) discuss fandom-and-fans with me, or "Diplomacy" with Castora, etc. There are exceptions, of course -- I think both of us can probably hold discussions with Don Fitch on our respective interests, even if we couldn't do so on his. But the interests have diverged so very much. There was a time when I could talk contemporary poetry with you, as I had quite a collection of it, and read it frequently -- but that was 1959, and I quickly grew tired of it, as I think you have grown tired of fandom. You want to learn about a lot of things; I want to learn a lot about a few things. Both goals are worthwhile. I have no objections or complaints about this divergence, only a slight regret that the somewhat tenuous contact I had with some of the members -- you included -- has stretched so thin it might as well not exist. Nicht wahr?

I did like your invented rumor about Ghost Tantras.

I consider it difficult, if not impossible, for a writer to decide what is his own best writing -- even when that writing consists of a few short articles or even mailing comments. I've never really made an effort to put my "best" stuff into any particular apa or genzine; I may put more material into SAPS than into any other apa, of course. I can see your point that "SAPS in general is not much of an audience for stuff that is carefully written," but then, where would one find such an audience in fandom? Both FAPA and OMPA, which have at times been cited as the best place for general material, are as bad or worse than SAPS in giving one the feeling that he has dropped his writing into a bottomless pit, and so, as far as I can tell from others' fanzines, is fandom. What say you?

As for Leman, I see little difference between VINEGAR WORM and NEMATODE -- in fact, I think NEMATODE might have been better than the former, at least if one considered the recent issues of VINEGAR WORM. I seriously doubt that SAPS was "overawed" by Leman. Bergeron may be another matter, though...

And as for your material, I have yet to see much difference between your SAPSzine, your FAPAzine, and FRAP, except that you take more time with format and the inclusion of material from others in the latter two -- which indicates nothing about your own writing comparison, of course. Just what do you consider your "best" writing?

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE (Mann) Just where did you think up this title from? It is, as you may have realized already, rather unweildy to type when one wants to refer to it in mailing comments.

Correcting typos in ditto is an awful nuisance of a job. My own practice, if I notice the typo before going on to the next word, is to X out the entire word containing the typo, using red ribbon if I've been typing in black, then go back after I'm done with the master, and cut out all the X'd out items.

Hope you get into SAPS before you lose interest in it -- this in

spite of the various rulings I have to make this time about the WL.

MISTILY MEANDERING 9 (Patten) Your main brag fault, since you asked, is a tendency to quit when you're only losing a small amount. Should we mention Jack Harness and his brag faults? (Actually, Jack has improved considerably -- he no longer grabs for the pot immediately on throwing down his hand, and he doesn't push change at everyone all the time.)

Dian says that "Annals of Shalar" should run about three or four more chapters -- at least that's all this current story will take. You understand, the "Annals of Shalar" are a collection of many such stories, each of them a book in its own right?

COCONINO 5 (Hannifen) You and Phil have managed to get some very good covers this time; when Jack wants to, he can do nice work indeed. Heckle him into doing more.

According to my self-imposed rules for binding Cult Cycles, I would have to have anything that was a legal FR or f/rational. I may have anything else that was sent to the majority of CULTists. As these rules are self-imposed, they can be stretched or varied as I like, and since, as you say, plasticizing a cactus would be a bit expensive, I decided it wasn't necessary to the Cycle.

TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES REVISITED 2 (Cox/Jacobs) Welcome back again, you multi-time losers. Maybe this time you'll stay a while? At least long enough for Lee to finish a Ballard Chronicle instead of leaving it with two dangling chapters? Hope so, anyway.

I suppose I should explain the "Obscure Joke the 2th" ["Now how am I going to get landing instructions?" following the remark that you were unable to reach me by phone.] As I always answer the phone with "Tower," EdCo has a habit of coming back with "Request landing instructions, as if it were an airfield tower instead of a Black Tower being referred to.

I told you jerks not to mention the LAPA before the November FAPA mailing, as we couldn't get a mailing out before then. But I expect that both of you were drunk at the time -- it was at the Non-Con -- and forgot. But how you got the idea that Lichtman and Al Lewis were in on it, I can't imagine. Lichtman said he didn't want anything to do with another LA-based APA, and Lewis has all he can do just to get his FAPA credit in, so I never even mentioned the LAPA idea to him. (I hear a couple of neos have written to Al about the thing and gotten very confused when he wrote back there was no such thing. Thanks, you two bunglers -- now we'll have the entire East Coast thinking we're up to a hoax again.) So far, only two people have written to me about it -- Katz and Bailes -- so I guess we'll have only a couple outside members.

And yes, indeed, let us speak of Projects and Anthologies. The FANNISH IV is still unpublished after more than two years; the FANTHOL-OGY's dittoed pages have been sun-bleached for about three years in a basement, and will have to be redone (in mimeo, as I have little patience with ditto these days.) Jack Harness has been sitting on his HISTORY OF THE CULT IN PICTURES for several years, even after he borrowed Dave Rike's early Cult Cycles to glean their Cultoons -- it might be an idea to pass a petition in the Cult that Jack can't get back in until the HISTORY is published... I would like very much to find out what work, if any, was ever done on the Botts anthology -- who did it, where are the remains, etc. I'm sure there are other Projects that need hauling out and revitalizing -- suggestions, anyone?

Some Projects, of course, have been completed -- the CHICON Proceedings, Walt Cole's Index to Anthologies, etc. and others didn't come off as large as planned, like the Fan Poll results, which were to include a Yearbook of 1963, but didn't. Eney says he couldn't get anyone to write up the APAs; I'm curious as to who refused to write up SAPS. I did, for one, as I felt the OE was too involved to see the APA from a fair viewpoint during the year. Anyone else? ...And while we are at it, how about someone volunteering to write up SAPS for 1964? I assume, perhaps incorrectly, that Eney or someone will try again for the Yearbook with the Fan Poll results.

There was a SAPS Table at the Pacificon II -- in fact, it was only the 2nd time we had a SAPS table with only members present (the other time being Chicago.) Regretfully, I had forgotten that Jack Harness had asked to be at the table, and we had everyone seated when Jack came up and had to be shunted off elsewhere; my apologies, Scribe, and we'll see what we can do next time...if there is one. Those present were Dian, the Hulans, Karen, Alan J. Lewis, the Webberts, Wally Weber, Fred Patten, and myself. Very good location, too -- right in front of the rostrum, as we were at Detroit (the first SAPS table.)

COLLECTOR (Devore) Syracuse in '66.

RETRO 32 (BUZby) I'd really rather keep us out of war, y'know. Anything short of Munich... .

HOBGOBLIN 13 (TCarr) If enough people are interested in making TAFF into TOFF, we should send a petition to the current administrators and say so. I think it would be a good thing if the next US-bound trip is opened to both Aussie fandom and English-European fandom, so perhaps we should get to work on it. Anyone in SAPS (or anyone reading SPELEOBEM) who is interested in making TAFF into the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund, drop me a postcard to that effect, and I'll do something about drawing up the petition -- or we could stick Wally with the job, seeing he's the Administrator right now. Anyway, drop a card to him or to me.

I rather think that Madeleine's comment about "hair-unpinning bends" was a play on the usual phrase "hairpin bends" (or turns), indicating that, much as they may resemble a hairpin, they have the tendency to make one's hair come unpinned (from fright, or speed, etc.)

SPELEOBEM 24 (me) Though the OE had no personal objections to WLzines being franked into the mailing, it appears that quite a few other members did object. The result is that the OE will go back to the hard rules of yesterday and require that all zines in the SAPS mailings come from members. WLers can write columns for members' zines, or something.

In addition, there has been an increasingly loud demand that the membership be reduced back to its pre-boom number of 30, in order to restimulate the groupishness of the APA, or something. I'm willing to give it a try, though not by any drastic measures as refusing to admit any WLers until we're down to 30. Instead, WLers will be admitted to half the openings in the membership, and if there are an odd number of openings, an extra Wler will be admitted.

In trying to get the covers done before the deadline, we goofed a couple things -- well, one, anyway: the bend sinister argent was put in as a bend argent, and run from base sinister to dexter, instead of from chief sinister to dexter. (Karen thinks that the crest should be put on a wreath, or something, so that it could be worn on a helmet,

(continued on p.11)

MADDERONE WOLLOS:

The DistAWF Side pt. 8

Tuesday, 11 September 1962

The tempo of life had slowed down for us. In the undemanding company of the Busbys we had by now become completely relaxed. So this morning we all slept late, ate a leisurely breakfast, and prepared for a quiet day with the minimum of sight-seeing. Today was the start of Buz's two days off work, and we set off for Volunteer Park and the Puget Sound.

The museum at Volunteer Park is set in a large garden, so we explored the conservatory first -- mainly to see the more exotic plants of this other continent. Then we entered the museum. Now normally I would have to be dragged screaming inside, but here, in this company, it was most enjoyable.

Our first stop was at the jade collection. It surprised me that this comparatively small city of Seattle had such a fabulous collection. It brought home to me the fact, which I had never consciously thought of before, that the United States is only across one ocean from China and Japan, and so was much nearer the Orient than we were. The jade was most beautiful. I had had a vague mental picture of jade - it was green - but I hadn't realized just how many variations on that colour there could be, or the soft translucence of the carved pieces.

We went on to the ivories section, and here I found that Buz is not quite the serious constructive type at all. I had been admiring the cunning artistry evidenced by the minute details of the carvings and the fact that each was carved from one piece of ivory. But here in these ancient masterpieces Buz drew our attention to what I can only describe as four-dimensional cartoons. He pointed out to us the most comic features of what were obviously his favorite pieces. I never laughed so much in a museum before.

On the way out I picked up some leaflets about the exhibits, but there was a maverick in the collection. It was headed "Are You One of the Chosen Few?" Well, I supposed I must be to be here at all. I opened it to reveal a curiously ornamented heading - some of the letters had been replaced by nude figures. It was LIASON, subtitled "The Biweekly Newsletter of Love." Fascinated, I read on. "Dear Friend: Are you a member of the sexual elite?" Well, Walter had never complained. It went on to give information as to its attractions - "colorful extracts from court testimony in divorce and adultery cases, reports on newest contraceptive products, suggestions for uncommon and uncostly gifts to present to your lover on birthdays, etc., articles on such subjects as 'The navel as an erogenous zone', 'nudity in the home', and 'fantasies during sexual intercourse.' " It was almost as hilarious as the ivories. The others looked at me curiously as I chuckled over it. I was confident enough of our similar sense of humour to watch for the delighted grins that covered the Busbys' faces as they read down the first page. I shared my leaflet with others, too, but I later became a bit wary. At the nameless meeting that night I showed it to Virginia West. She read half-way down the first page, then a frozen expression came over her face and she handed it back to me without a word. I brought it out again in Berkeley, thinking that here in this perhaps more bohemian atmosphere it would be appreciated, but Pat Ellington took a serious interest in it, and it was only with difficulty that I extricated myself from a Serious Discussion.

We got into the car again and went down to the harbour area. We wandered around the wharves and admired the ships of all shapes and sizes. This reminded me that Seattle had started life as an Indian fishing village. The seagulls wheeled about against the sun, and it seemed an inspiration when Buz suggested a boat trip. The longer trips were fully booked - that dog of a bus company again - so we settled for a trip around the harbour. We set out in a large covered-in motor boat. We were a bit startled at first to hear a voice speaking overhead, but there was no sign of a pillar of

cloud ahead of us, so we realized that it was merely the pilot. Among other less familiar pieces of information, he explained to us how the moon's attraction caused the tides. We had a look at some of the boats in dry dock which seemed to tower impossibly high over us. We turned again and again to look across the hills of Seattle to the imposing backdrop of the Olympics.

The sea trip had given us an appetite, so we sampled the local fish and chips. It was quite different from home. We sat at a long wooden table in the open air, and the chips came in little cardboard containers with forks instead of in greaseproof bags, to be eaten in the fingers. Not that I would eat them that way at home anyway, but some people do. Why, Ian MacAulay was quite scandalised at the sight of me emptying my chips onto a plate and using a knife and fork. They taste better, he said, taken in the fingers directly from the paper bag. Another difference was that instead of vinegar, a bottle of ketchup accompanied the salt. But the aroma was the same, and so was the al fresco atmosphere.

We went on to see some of the stalls and sideshows. Outside one of the latter was a small tank containing two seals. This was supposed to be an indication of the attractions inside, but it had quite the opposite effect on both Elinor and me. Another stall had a sign above it reading "husbands must have the written permission of their wives before being served with a third drink." I thought how sensible this was, but the drinks weren't alcoholic, they consisted of clam juice. Elinor whispered that it was supposed to have an aphrodisiac effect, so Walter and I tried it. We had never cared much for sea food, and this was no exception, so we weren't able to take more than a sip of it. I'm afraid I', in no position to make a report on the reputed qualities of this drink. It's a pity, for I could do with the extra fillip such research would have given to my trip report.

It was here that the Busbys were given extra evidence of my accident-proneness. The evening began to be a little chilly, and I started to put on my cardigan. Something fluttered briefly in one of the sleeves, then I jumped in the air and started to drag it off again, yelping all the while. They regarded me in amusement. Got a thorn in the sleeve, they asked? However, they made up for it later, and helped me to extract the sting - it was fully half an inch long. I'm glad we don't have hornets here in Ireland.

It was now time for us to leave the waterfront for the Nameless Meeting in Wally's house, better known as Stumphouse. Shortly after our arrival we were taken down to see the stump which was reputed to be holding up the house. It was quite true, there beside an ancient furnace was the stump of a tree, and the basement ceiling was resting on it. Walter said the tree was obviously a proplar, and I commented that if the stump ever rotted away Wally would be left in the lurch. Walter eyed the dumpy-looking stove with its many apertures, and said it was a good example of ducts disease.

We all went out to the garage to see Wally's new car. Behind Wally's quiet and gentle demeanor I fear there lurks an aggressive personality, for there, filling the entire length and breadth and width of the garage, loomed a monstrous green Chevrolet truck. He had to admit that he only bought it because he liked it - he had no ambitions in the truck business. It was so high that Ed Wyman said he had to let the air out of the tyres to get it in and out, but I think that was a slight exaggeration.

We returned to the meeting proper, and it was quite different from what I had been expecting from reading the minutes in CRY. The only official business transacted was the circulation of a slip of paper so that Wally could record the names of all those present. I suspect that Wally made up all those Minutes himself. That out of the way, Wally proceeded to show slides of the Worldcon in 1957. There were the Dietzes again in their weird costumes, and even one of me on the edge of a circle of fans around Walter. We weren't offered any of Wally's famous frozen chicken dinners (I think he made up that story too), but we had plenty of crisps, cookies, and cola. Sometimes I think that the hard 'k' sound could symbolize America. I am thinking of the vast quantities of crisps, cookies, colas, cars, ketchup, and concrete that we

saw - far more of each than one would ever see in Europe.

I got a new viewpoint on Elinor Busby that evening. Elinor had seemed to me a very quiet type like myself. My mental picture of her was of an upturned face listening intelligently to who ever was speaking. But here she got into a lively discussion with Paul Stanbery about Stranger in a Strange Land. She gave as good as she got, and this was some achievement, for Paul, a young man with an intense face, seemed to be almost too talented to be true. All we had known about him was that he was staying with Toskey and writing a novel. He gestured, smiled, and talked a mile a minute. He held strong opinions and seemed to know a great deal. He struck me as a budding genius. I was interested in the discussion, but I didn't feel disposed to add anything myself. To me, Stranger was merely a piece of fiction, and I was surprised to find that so many fans seemed to think that Heinlein was signposting a new way of life.

We really enjoyed that evening, especially getting to know more of the Nameless Ones, but we had to leave early, tomorrow we had an appointment with the Cascades.

Wednesday, 12 September 1962

We got up a little earlier than usual, because today we were to go on our much-anticipated mountain climb. I stumbled out, mouth parched, half awake, to make my tea - the others preferred coffee. It seemed ages till the kettle boiled. Then I heated the teapot, put in the tea, added the boiling water, and took one step towards the table with my precious load. I could almost taste the tea in anticipation. I took another step, and I was left holding only the teapot handle. At my feet lay broken pieces of teapot, while all around wet tealeaves splattered the floor and part way up the wall. I really must have seemed a Johah to the Busbys by now. Walter asked if I intended to do fortune telling from the floor, and Buz called it the great teapot doom scandal. Buz and Elinor said comfortingly that it was all their fault for not buying a new teapot - they had mended a broken handle with glue. As I stood there in a daze, Walter immediately put the kettle on again, and Buz said, "That's right, send them up again right away." Elinor produced another teapot, unmended this time, and I made myself another pot. As I carried it over to the table Buz said "If that's not coffee I'll kill myself."

Toskey arrived to act as guide on our expedition. He is the only real open air fiend among the nameless, being the veteran of many mountain hikes and an ardent fisherman to boot. We were later furnished proof of this latter hobby by seeing him carry a long fishing rod all the way up the mountains. This morning he was a little withdrawn. He had been attending the dentist, and the tooth hadn't yet settled down after the extensive drilling. He took some aspiring, and made us feel that it was still a pleasure to show us one of his favorite climbs.

On the way to the mountains we stopped at North Bend. We didn't see Jack Speer, but I saw some sweet rolls to which I was becoming addicted - cinnamon they were - and I brought them along to have after our sandwiches.

Soon we were among the foothills of the mountains, near Snoqualmie Pass. A river ran beside the road. It made a pretty sight, as it was alternately shadowed by tall fir trees and flashed in the sunlight in the open stretches. There is something about mountain streams that always appeals to me. It is somehow satisfying to the soul to gaze over water or to listen to its music, especially if it is gurgling over boulders and there is an occasional quiet pool mirroring the sky or overhanging branches. I think all I remember most vividly about our American trip is connected with water, from our first sight of the waves breaking against the Nantucket shore to the day-long swim in Bob Bloch's pool.

We parked the car and set foot on the beginning of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile trail to Lake Arnette. A trail such as this was a completely new experience for us. Here in Northern Ireland if you want to climb a mountain you find your own way to the top. This trail was obviously maintained by some authority, for there were little identifying plaques on many of the trees.

We stopped often to rest, and we had little breath for conversation. Elinor and Buz especially found the going hard. In spite of my being accustomed to walking more

than ten miles a week round a golf course, I needed frequent rests too. Walter didn't seem to have much difficulty keeping up with Toskey - he even carried Toskey's rucksack most of the way.

Once we left the sparsely wooded area at the foot of the trail, I was amazed at the drop in temperature. Here, deep in the woods, the sun's rays couldn't penetrate very deeply. It would be very cold, as well as frightening, to be lost in these woods. I would very probably starve, too, for the local edible berries looked very strange to me. The only ones that looked at all familiar were the blueberries, and even they were somewhat different from the bilberries which they resembled. The salmon berries with their beautiful pale orange-pink colour looked like the poisonous cuckoo pints, while the salal berries didn't resemble anything I had ever seen before. I stepped off the trail for a minute, and it was terrifying; the ground could only be glimpsed occasionally, for all around was a wilderness of fallen branches and brushwood.

Toskey had mentioned that there were switchbacks on the trail. I wondered about it, for I had always connected the word with those aerial rides in fairgrounds which swoop up and down steep inclines. When we came to them I realised that they were merely hairpin bends.

We climbed for a couple of hours, so completely hemmed in on each side by the trees that we couldn't see a thing. I think there's a phrase for that, but I can't think of it at the moment. The only indication that we were going anywhere was the fact that we kept going uphill. Quite suddenly there was sunshine ahead and we came out on the shores of a calm and beautiful lake. Straight across the water a tall peak soared upwards, and there were streaks of silver gleaming against the dark green of the trees where mountain streams ran in waterfalls down to the lake. There was very little open space as the trees came right down to the water's edge right round the perimeter.

We were miles from civilisation, in the heart of a primeval forest, communing with nature, and there in front of us was a restroom. The hand of civilisation had touched here, but only briefly, for it was a simple dry lavatory. There was even a picnic table as well.

Toskey went off to do some fishing and the rest of us decided to light a fire. It would be useful to cook the fish if he caught any. Now we had been warned not to smoke on the trail because of the dangers of forest fires. We lit a fire on the third try - sometimes I think these forestry people are overzealous. As Toskey was unsuccessful at his fishing, we settled for sandwiches and sweet rolls.

We had finished our lunch and I had wandered away from the others, when Buz called me and pointed at something. I hurried over just in time to glimpse a small animal scurrying away into the undergrowth. It was a chipmunk. All the way up I had been looking out for one, and I had just missed it. Then it reappeared again and as if it realised my disappointment it came in my direction and stopped a few feet away. I was unreasonably pleased, and it was a very cute looking little animal, too.

The walk back down to the road was much easier, though I didn't walk, I ran most of the way. I hate walking down a steep hill as there is so much strain on the calf muscles. I find it much easier just to let myself go, stopping only at twists in the trail. I paid for it later, though. That night we had to sleep in the bus, all the next day we sat in the bus, and in San Francisco I went "ouch, ouch" as I walked up and down steps.

We went straight to the Pfeifers' house for our last evening in Seattle. It was a charming little house owned by two charming people. We here tasted our first waffle. Pat brought me into the kitchen to watch. The waffle was cooked in an elaborately besprigged delf receptacle, surely not meant to be called a mere waffle iron. I approve of waffles.

We met some more of the Nameless Ones, including Scotty Tapscott. He and Jerry Pournelle seemingly don't get on well. I'm afraid that Walter and I may have appeared to be guilty of partisanship when we roared with laughter at a quip of Scot-

ty's. He said, "I was wondering if you were making a value judgement or merely offering an odd piece of information." I thought Jerry cast us a hurt glance, but I am probably mistaken. It is hard to think of Jerry Pournelle being hurt by anything said during an argument.

We left to go and pack and get ready to catch the 2 a.m. bus to San Francisco. We told Buz and Elinor to leave us at the bus station and go and get a reasonable night's sleep, but they insisted on staying with us until bus time. We were glad they did, for we had become very fond of them in spite of their political views (we reached an agreement not to argue about politics), and it was sad to think that we wouldn't see them again until 1965.

- - - Madeleine Willis

THE CABAL LADDER (continued)

but from all I can find in the heraldry books, this form is acceptable.

SAPS I have met department: 33 out of 35, missing Foyster and Kaye, for 94.3%. And missing Gerding, Avery, Mann, McDaniel, Kusske, Blum, Clarke, Evers, Bergeron, Haskell, Lamont, and Brandon leaves me only 7 out of the other 19, for a total of 40 out of 54, or 74%. Not so good, that way. I'll have to get to meet more of the Wlers.

SPECTATOR 68 21 people needing activity -- That's Too Many.

Sic Transit Mailing Comments.....

THE CAVING SONG

Oh, the mud, the mud and bat manure --

When your feet and my feet when slogging it through the sewer,
Singing: Where the hell's my hard hat, and where the hell's my light?
My butt's stuck in a crevice, and there's no one else in sight!

Now Old Bob Smith was standing there,
His butt against the wall:
"Get me off this damn stalagmite,
Before I lose a foot!"
Singing:

[Jarrett]

Jay didn't care for flashlights,
So on carbide he relied,
But when one fall he gassed us all,
We took him for a ride.
Singing:

[Jarrett-Brown-
Fisher]
[same for v.1]

Duff and his lousy Zundapp,
They were both filled up with gin:
"The chimney's small, but damn you all,
I'm gonna ride it in!"
Singing:

[BEP]

With Terry & Blair among us,
A guitar was always at hand,
But the only thing the guitar could sing
Was junk by Oscar Brand,
Singing:

[BEP]

Now Bennett's in the smoking room,
Catching up on tricks,
And Elpie's in the chicken room,
And Werner's in a fix.
Singing:

[Jarrett]

Ann used to be O'Donnell,
But early in the fall
She made a pass and lost her ass:
Don didn't climb the wall.
Singing:

[Jarrett, BEP]

Now when it came to leching,
Duff thought himself a King,
But he always tried to completely hide
His wife, his kid, his ring, Singing:

[BEP]

Some broad from Carolina
We sponsored for the Queen.
And what is worse, 'twas like this verse --
We did it sight unseen. Singing:

[BEP]

Now Terry's still remembered,
Albeit from afar;
He's thought of here as diving gear --
Or else as a guitar. Singing:

[BEP]

We went to Marianna,
But now we must confess:
With flutes and Dutch and horns and such,
The whole trip was a mess! Singing:

[BEP]

A squirrel named Roberta,
She sure made quite a hit.
But as you'd guess, she made a mess --
The house was full of Kleenex. Singing:

[BEP]

If quiggs should ever leave us,
We'd sorely miss miss them here.
We'd miss their wit and company --
But most of all, their beer! Singing:

[BEP]

One week we gated Warren's,
Financed by Mrs. Glass,
That we might keep some careless creep
From falling on his head. Singing:

[BEP]

Duff and his lousy idea:
Quote: "Four days underground."
They filled him with gin and took him in,
And went right back to town, singing:

[Brown]

Bruce sings this song with feeling,
For Big Room taught him how:
Ev'n a smaller ass through Tombsyone Pass
Would find it hard to plow, Singing:

[Cumming]

Written 1957-58, there are FSS stories behind these, some of which
will be published herein. Lack of time prevented the Party story.