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Robert Frost
AMERICAN POET



TO: Mike Glycer
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Editorial by Dave Jenrette

This issue of the Tabebuian has really been a difficult one to get out. I'm sure it sounds like excuses, but we had a long summer trip, we've been very busy back at school, we just got back from a weeklong trip living on an island in the keys, and all the rest of it. We will make a few pica points:

1. This is not a regular issue of Tabebuian.
 2. Wherever you see numbers on the pages(as above) is a reference to end-notes which are toward the back of this issue.
 3. Next issue will be out sooner and will consist of reviews, most of which, we hope, will be written by you. In some cases, we have sent you a review copy that we have received. You may (a) review it and keep it; (b) not review it, but review something else and keep it; or (c) keep it and not review it. If you repeat (c) often enough, no more review copies.
 4. This issue is dedicated to Carol, Linda, Joe, Betty, Linda, Vincent, Norman, Lynn, Sandy, Beth Ann, Eric, Terry, Lindsey, Beryl, Ira, Paula, Ed, Mary Jane, Alan, Jill, Krishna, Willy, Shannon, Ellie, and others.
 5. After our comments on Mensa in the last issue, Florida --that is, Dade County, Florida-- appointed me to be editor of Flamenco, the local Mensa publication. Mardee will be co-editor and that should teach us a lesson...
 6. Tabebuian is copyright (c) 1974 by International Edumetrics Systems, Inc., Box 330374 - Grove, Miami, FL 33133. Subscription is \$3/15 issues.
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 - a. sending us \$3 (cash, checks, or stamps)
 - b. sending us a contribution (art, article, review, letter of comment, etc.)
 - c. trading your publication for ours.
 - d. inviting us to dinner, theatre, etc.

page 2



Pure Gothic

by Mardee Jenrette

She stumbled on the verge, her Anorak bunched tightly in her shaking fingers. Bloody Nora! How could she have let it happen? And on her first day alone in the Council House.

Again she relived the events of a few hours ago, when HE had knocked her up. She'd been asleep, exhausted from the moving.

In her disorientation she'd thought it was the pinger, but the persistent noise finally took her to the door. He obviously wanted in. What should she do? She'd heard tales of the big city. She looked more closely. Could he be peckish? Probably not. Didn't look particularly tatty. Selling something; yes, that was it. On detailed inspection he looked somewhat of a puff. Good, nothing to worry about, then. In his position, he wouldn't dare to twist her knickers.

So he'd been invited in. And her cocky feeling of superiority and his friendly chatter soon got him a tot and a plate of biscuits (they were rather sickly and he only ate one). The slamming of the door brought her to reality. Had she really signed for this Hoover? She'd better go to Mum's and ask her what to do. But when she hurried outside, the situation was worse than she'd imagined. Her most prized possession, gone. From bonnet to boot, gone!

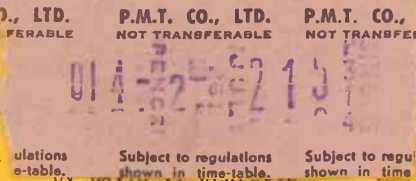
So here she stood, alone on the verge. A little girl again, her fingers nervously moving on her zip. Oh, why had her mother let her grow up such a protected mardy?

She stood and listened to the lorries. Their rhythmic passage brought calm. Maybe she'd return to the flat. After all, she had to strike out on her own sometime. And there were crisp crumbs in the lounge, the loo needed attention... Perhaps the hoover was a good deal... 2

END NOTES 1. This is not a regular issue of TAB, but let's face it, what is? We are so far behind in our correspondence and publishing that we just hope we can catch up. 2. Mardee's story is written in English-English. In our next Tabebuian we are publishing an English-American dictionary. We hope you can wait until then. Cheers. Page 3

It's time we all knew where we're heading!

Take a look at the space 2, LTD. to the right. You should see something that we brought back from England as a sort of souvenir for you. Maybe some of the others forgot you when they went abroad, but not the Tabebuian Society.



I have made several attempts to start this narrative account of our trip and this time the paper stays in the typewriter. After all, even with the above priceless momento, why should you be interested in our vacation? I'm probably not interested in yours unless I know you very well. why do people travel, anyway? Either they have seen all the places in films or tv or they are just the same as where they live now. Coca Cola and Colonel Saunders are everywhere. Also, sometimes I have a slight revulsion at some of my fellow Americans in foreign places. They stay with other Americans in their tour group, put down the natives as much as possible, eat only in "American" restaurants, and otherwise behave as though they wished they were home --which I guess they do. Maybe they only wanted to be able to say that they had been, rather than to want to go. We --Mardee and I-- wanted to escape the Tourist Tunnel which is why we asked, in the Tabebuian, if there were any Englishmen willing to put up two travelers. There were and we made the trip.

As to why we dare write up our journey, Henry David Thoreau anticipated us (influenced us?):

"I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my own experience. Moreover, I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely it must have been in a distant land to me."

And so, my kindred, you must blame Thoreau.

page 4



This is us, standing in front of the Prime Meridian at Greenwich. (Photo by Alan Dodd)

Years ago I'd spent 1 1/2 years as a navigator-bombardier at RAF Station Sculthorpe (120mi. N. of London). At that time I decided that London was my favorite city and made up my mind to return, when we checked airfare Miami-London it was \$525, so Mardee remembered she belonged to a NYC teacher's group which cost only \$270, each. For the difference (\$500) we decided to drive to NYC.

We decided to be as portable as possible in clothing trying to be bearing everything on our bodies so as never to wait in baggage lines. This almost worked out except for the camera equipment (this was a photography business trip).

We got by very nicely with clothes with jeans, sports shirts, sweat shirts, underwear, socks, and one dressy outfit each, plus a raincoat. Don't forget the raincoat. When we left Miami we took Tara of Helium (our Airedale) and Isaac An (our cat named after Isaacs Asimov and Newton) to their vacation homes and headed north in the 240-z.

The first "adventure" was at a rest stop on the Sunshine State Parkway in the men's room. You know how sometimes when you're driving you just hate to stop until either your gas tank or your bladder become empty or full? This was one of those stops. In the men's rooms I went by the first room with its sinks and mirrors and into the second with its stalls and urinals. In the urinal room I had to push by two big guys who weren't even using the facilities, but were comparing wallets. I went by them to the end, the far end. They started whispering, looking toward me. They were big, dressed in workclothes with Hee-Haw shoes and bandanas; one of them had lost an eye (replaced by pink tissue), but his good one kept looking over.

Hell, I thought, not only am I gonna get mugged, but I'm gonna p*s all over myself. The one with good eyes came toward me as I urged my excretory system onward so I could assume my Kung Fu position with some grace. "We don't have enough to pay our tolls," said the man, "and we wondered if you would like to buy a watch."

page 5



"I already have a watch, thanks," I said, showing him my left hand and wrist, "but you don't have to worry at the toll gate; they just take your name and license number and send you a bill." At that point I finished and zip-ped up and out.

Because of the 55mph limits we rarely exceeded 60, which is barely above stalling speed. We saw few

policemen except after passing state lines when they and radar be concealed around the next likely bend or over a blind rise. We stayed at Holiday Inns and arrived in Runnemede, New Jersey, at 3:16 p. m., June 30th.

THE OLD DAVE HAMMOND. Those who remember me as a pimply teenager know my name was Dave Hammond and I lived in Runnemede, N. J. I joined the USAF at age 20 and the military changed my name to Jenrette. Here's the story:

My mother married when she was 16 and when I was born 2 years later my father, Bill Jenrette, deserted us. My mother remarried to Joe Hammond and that became my name and I always thought of him as my father, knowing no other.

Time passed, my grandparents helped my parents to buy a house on an acre of land next to a woods for the fantastic depression price of \$500. We were on relief most of my childhood and the house got more crowded as Betty Ann, Joey, Carol, Linda Susan, and Mary Jane appeared. Although I never thought of us as being poor, I guess it was pretty bad. We had an outhouse, kerosene lanterns, carried water from a spring, and cut our own wood for fuel---and we weren't even camping.

At an early age I preferred trees, hills, and silence to most people. Which was just as well since I could never do anything extra-curricular after school because I had to cut trees for the winter. My dad established a policy: one tree per day, winter and summer. Cutting and sawing trees helped me be a mathematician. If I cut down too thin a tree, I had to get another. If I sawed the pieces too long I had to cut them again (so they'd fit the furnace). The first night we had electricity in the house was on a Christmas Eve when I was 5 years old. The lights were on a tree that my dad had cut down and brought in from the woods. When I was a kid we never bought a Christmas tree.

six

Because of our financial condition --almost losing the house every year to unpaid taxes-- there was never going to be a chance for me to go to college so, in high school, I almost gave up and became a disciplinary problem, graduating 125th out of a class of 135. After graduation, I worked for a company that had a mortuary system for promotion: you got promoted when someone died. The company has (or maybe had) its own building at 4th and Walnut Streets in Philadelphia complete with Stone Indian, Gargoyles, and Towers. For awhile I worked for Jim Williams until his finances got too low to pay me and I went back to the gargoyles.



Before I graduated high school I discovered science fiction and then the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society among whom I count some of my best friends ever: Bob Madle, Jack Agnew, Will Jenkins, and Sol Levin. Even though I was only a teenager they accepted me and taught me to drink beer.

After taking a GI pre-induction physical the Air Force recruiting officer called me, told me I'd made a perfect score on the qualification test AND (For-a-limited-time-only) I could go right into the service and maybe become an officer. So I resigned my gargoyle job, my position as secretary of the Philly SF Society, and went in. What did I have to lose? They informed me that my stepfather had never legally adopted me and that Dave Hammond was not my name. So overnight I became a new person in a new land with a future.

So for many years, for many reasons (which do not concern us here), I didn't want to go home. My stepfather had died (aspirin-riddled stomach) and I had partly convinced myself I really didn't get along with my mother, but that wasn't it. I guess I wasn't ready to handle the whole scene.

HOMEcoming. And so we arrived at 806 Oak Street, unannounced, and you would think I was some kind of hero. I got a welcome from everyone that made me happy and miserable all at the same time. My mother made potato soup special for me, made from potatoes, home-made noodles, and tiny pieces of fatback. Made me think of the days when my dad used to take mustard sandwiches to work; that's just plain bread with mustard, nothing else. My mother was doing well and my brother and sisters are all married and doing well. All except Mary Jane had kids and lots of them. I am an uncle now eight different ways.

seven

Betty Ann is married to Ed Carter who has his own cropduster flying service; Joe is an executive in a publishing company, wife Linda is an editor on the biggest local paper outside Philly; Carol is the deputy first lady of Gloucester township since her husband Vince is the deputy mayor and is considered a gubernatorial possibility; Linda Susan is a high school teacher (drama and media) and her husband is an expert mechanic; Mary Jane's husband is in electronics and she's a waitress and loves it. One night Mardee and I were sitting around with all of them in a circle just talking and babbling and being together and it made me feel good. When's the last time you were in a group of really great people and every last one of them was in some way related to you? I love them all and don't plan to leave them again.

ON TO THE BRONX. Driving into NYC was a shock for Mardee, at the wheel. At an approach ramp to the Washington bridge kids came out with windex to spray windshields for tips; an SOB swerved around Mardee from the shoulder and drove her out of the lane. Mardee's dad still lives in her old childhood home, a 5th floor apartment in an old building in the shadow of Yankee Stadium. Mardee got the car stored in a protected underground garage where it stayed. The summer nights in the Bronx were as miserable as I've ever spent; no airconditioning and no relief.

We went to the Museum of Modern Art with Mardee's mother and a school chum (Ellie) of Mardee's. We hit a few other museums and spent an afternoon with Norman Hochberg and his girl Lynn. Norman reminds me a lot of Clyde Crashcup and told us about the wonderful fanzine he was going to produce ("Algol, eat your heart out!"), but alas he could not because someone had broken into his car and stolen all his material. Could even a crazy hippy drug freak break into a car to steal fanzine material? Norm, you gotta do better'n that. Mardee's dad took us to the airport in his car and at 10:30 p. m., 5 July 74, it was wheels up; 12 hours later, at 10:30 a.m. London time we touched down so smoothly at Heathrow that the pilot and crew got a round of applause.



After checking into the hotel that Alan Dodd had reserved for us we went down to Fica-dilly Circus via the Underground at Baker Street Station down the block from Sherlock Holmes and right at the wax works. Bros was still there, but they had changed some of the other lights. Fair enough.

Getting about London



Alan

In London we considered our various means for getting about, but Alan Dodd made our decisions for us: we walked. Alan walks everywhere and continually; he even walks somewhere just to go walking. After the first day, our feet had blisters on them; I told Alan about the Bataan death march, Julius Caesar's forced march, but to no avail. One day he suggested that we ride on the bus to St. Paul's. I should have been suspicious, but I was too grateful. Alan then announced that we were going to climb to the top of St. Paul's and four of us began: Mardee, Alan, Willy (filmfan friend from Spain), and me. All of us made it to the whispering gallery where dozens of tourists were busy talking to the wall.

That was on gently ascending wooden stairs, but the next flight was narrow spiralling stone ones to the outside of the dome. I stopped there, because I wanted to take some pictures. After all, that's how Sir Christopher intended we should see London. At the top of claustrophobic tunnels inside the shell of the dome Willy gave up and rejoined me. At the top of the dome Mardee and Alan found an open door and began climbing a metal ladder to the top of the tower on top of the dome. Halfway up there they were halted by a screaming Quasimodo who said the door was open by accident and the tower ladder completely unsafe. When they reported back I told them that I had had a premonition that my additional weight would have caused the ladder to fail which would then punch through the top of the dome like a spike through an eggshell causing us all to fall into the church below bringing down the entire dome with us, resulting in the destruction of a great national monument and creating an international stir.

nine

Cloud-Soft Travelers

Down Sox
For Men
and Women



Although our advice may be contrary to what others say, we suggest that you not buy one of those travel pass tickets that you can only buy in the states and which are good for a month or two weeks of unlimited travel. We didn't, because I'd been there before.

There are many ways of getting about England and London and we tried only a few, but here are our observations:

WALKING is cheapest and often the most fun in terms of seeing things. Not recommended if you are going somewhere to walk (St. Paul's, say).

BUS travel is ^{next} cheapest and offers the best sight-seeing around, but the bus service was sometimes erratic. On one day, we waited for a bus that never came. And don't let those polite British fool you. They queue up for a bus properly, but when the thing stops it's everyone for himself. Several times Mardee and I got separated, almost.

UNDERGROUND travel is the fastest, but more expensive. From Baker Street to Oxford Street stations is 10p (24¢) on the tube, but only 3p on the bus. London subways are way deep underground down escalators, but it's fun to pop up in different sections of the city and I liked reading the posters.

TAXIS are the most convenient and expensive, but much cheaper than in the USA. Since public transport is greatly reduced after midnight, the Taxi is your only choice sometimes.

But, Oh, that Alan Dodd and his walking! He apparently must be tiring of it himself, because he is learning to drive a car. To paraphrase Kipling:

"Though we've walked a lot with Alan
from Chelsea to the Strand
and he talks a lot of driving,
but what does he understand?
(calloused feet and swinging hand)
We ride at ease across the seas
and ain't a car just grand?"

Alan is a semi-legend in England. At one time only Ron Bennet and I had ever met him in person. We got together and published a report in which we had the nerve to confess that Alan Dodd was a hoax! Back in the USA, Robert Bloch believed us and published it in a national publication and it took years before people believed in Dodd again, but Alan was never vindictive about unless --all that walking!-- Dodd, you-- OK, even?

ten

Food & Drink

Let us speak of food and drink. We avoided eating in places that had credit cards, because they were more expensive. Restaurants post menus in windows, but don't let them fool you. A filet that looks reasonable at \$5 becomes extravagant when you realize that everything (including bread and butter) costs extra.

If you want to eat free, go into the fancier hotel or restaurant bars and eat the peanuts. Although we splurged on some meals, a lot of times we brought various breads, spreads, cheeses, fruit, wine, and so on up to our hotel room. And if you think that wasn't fun you have no imagination.

Usually, in order to get away from high prices, all that's necessary is to take a few steps outside the Tourist Tunnel. Mardee and I would usually have breakfast at the Baker Street tube station snack bar for 75¢ each. Lunch would be in a pub with a pint of beer and cheese or sausage sandwiches, etc., for about \$1.50 each. In the Tourist Tunnel, Alan, Mardee, and I had lunch at Sherlock Holmes's Pub right near Trafalgar Square and dropped \$17. Too much. After all, we didn't come to England to pig it up and blow money, did we? In London, thanks to walking and sensible eating we started losing weight.

AND NOW A WORD ABOUT PUBS. Mardee drinks very little and I have never had the dedication to become a true alcoholic, I really loved the English pubs. In fact, I never met a pub I didn't like. Pubs, as you know, our not like our bars. A typical pub, for example, might have several rooms with different prices. The public room can be filled with blokes in working clothes, coveralls and such, shooting darts, and having lunch or whatever. The lounge is for the better class of trade who pay a few pence more to be treated as they deserve. There is often very little dividing line between these sections, but it's there. Each day I would watch the time carefully so that by noon (opening time) we could go in and I could have my pint. If you did not watch the time you might go by the mid-afternoon closing time and then what would you do? wait till six p.m., that's what. English beer is far better than the watery, gassy stuff we have here. I can pick up a pint, throw it back, and just pour it down with never a burp or report of any consequence. And don't worry about it not being as cold as our beer---that will bother you only the first couple times you order one. American beer is cold so that you can not taste it; the cold numbs your taste buds.

eleven

The Little Tea Shoppes of olden days seem to have faded away for the most part. When I was over here before a GI friend of mine told me that he had gone into a quaint little tea shoppe and asked for a cup of tea. The waiter treated my friend in the manner reserved for Yanks and asked rather haughtily what kind of tea he wanted.

"I dunno," said my friend, "what kinda tea do you have?" "In England," said the waiter, "we have three kinds of tea. First, there is Chinese tea which is 60% aroma and 40% body. Second, we have Burma tea which is 40% aroma and 60% body. Third we have Indian tea which is about 50% aroma and 50% body, is very nice, and we are pushing it." "Then I'll have the Indian tea," said my friend.

After drinking his tea with a biscuit as well, my friend turned to the waiter.

"In America," said the Yank, "we have three kinds of tea as well." "Oh, indeed," said the waiter, "and what might they be?"

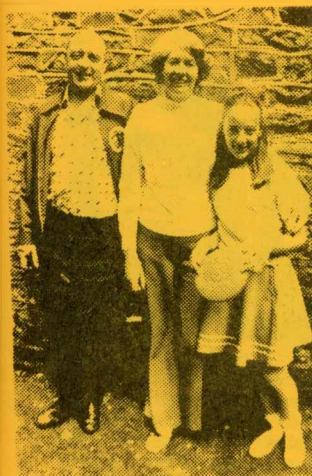
"First, we have efayar-tea, which is 97% aroma and 3% body. Second, we have essaitchai-tea which is about 25% aroma and 75% body. Third, we have Seeyuen-tea which is about 50% aroma and 50% body, is very nice, and Jesus Christ are we ever pushing that!"

ENTERTAINMENT is something you won't run out of in London. We were there a month and didn't run out of things to do. Sam Johnson said, "When you tire of London, you tire of life."

As a sample, we went to Trafalgar Square (where they had the famous battle), the Life Guard barracks, St. James Park, Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace (3 times), National Gallery, National Portrait Gallery, Victoria and Albert Museum, London Zoo, Madame Toussaud's, Tower of London, the Cutty Sark (the ship), Greenwich Observatory, Naval Museum, British Museum, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Kew Gardens, Petticoat Lane, Natural History Museum, Imperial War Museum, Windsor Castle, Selfridges, Tate Gallery, Runnymede (the original), etc.

We saw seven plays there including A Ghost on Tiptoe (Robert Morley), Fyjama Tops (naked girls), Sherlock Holmes (great fun with all the clichés including super deductions and the needle), Snape (Maggie Smith), Godspell (free tickets from a passing tour group--just lucky), Agatha Christie's Mouse Trap, and one I forgot.

twelve

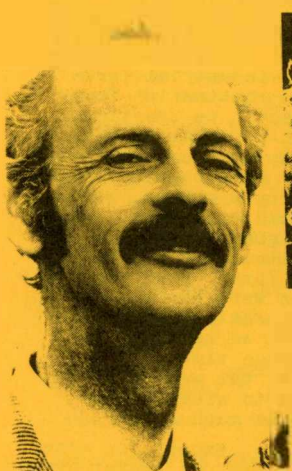


From London we went north to Sheffield to stay with Terry, Val, and Sandy Jeeves, as shown at left. This photo was taken in a bear pit (not occupied). The countryside is rural-industrial Yorkshire, a combination found in England. We practiced mountain-climbing in Terry's backyard, ate some fantastic backyard strawberries, pored over Terry's albums, scrapbooks, and clippings, visited the grave of Robin Hood's lieutenant, Little John (a Yorks. tradition?), and then were shuttled over the hills/dales to the Bentcliffes. We really didn't have enough time with the Jeeves's, but we couldn't ask them to sleep on the couch that much longer.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND. Except for some souvenirs for nieces, nephews, etc. we bought almost nothing to bring back. Inflation has hit England so badly that we didn't come across any good buys. The cost of living there is as high as here, but the salaries are maybe half as much. The Bentcliffes and the Jeeves's are certainly affected by the high costs of everything, but, in living with them, we did not see that they were giving up anything that is necessary to human happiness. In comparing lifestyles among Alan, Terry, Eric, and us-- there were differences in viewpoints and different solutions, all of which seem to be working well. Alan, for example, is a filmfan and rents a color tv--- that's his recreational budget. Eric, on the other hand, has a black&white tv (that he rarely watches) and saves for their Continental holiday (Bulgaria, this year). Terry has a backyard garden, but Beryl says that for her it's too much work and in the summer when your crops come in is when the grocery prices are cheapest. I think you can say that even though the economy is tight, the English people I spoke to have seen worse, and their viewpoints are cheerful if not optimistic. They're all right, Jack.

We spent the most time with the Bentcliffes and so, like field anthropologists, got a chance to see what English family life is typically like, but anyone who knows Eric, wife Beryl, and daughter Lindsey knows there is nothing typical about them. Meet them face-to-face on the next page.

thirteen



Eric, Lindsey, and Beryl

First, Eric wrote and told us that we had full disciplinary rights over daughter Lindsey, which struck me as rather odd. When I visit someone I don't request permission to beat their children. All I want is the right to self-defense.

We asked the Jeeves's about Lindsey and, after long thought, they came up with "Lively" "Outspoken" and "Boisterous". So when we arrived Lindsey said "How come Americans have such funny upturned noses?" "Why do Americans wear such strange trousers?" "Why do Americans speak so oddly?"

Since Lindsey has a turned up nose herself and her Cheshire accent is not something the BBC is featuring this year I did not know how to answer her. As far as my pants went, what's so strange about red, blue, and grey plaid? I decided to give Lindsey a lesson titled "Provincialism and the Cheshire child", but feel it failed to make an impression. Then I discussed with her the advantages of correcting the speech habits of surly strangers and she said "but what if they need correcting?" Then, impressed with my size, she asked "Are you some kind of giant?" With that I chanted "Fe, Fo, Fi, Fum," and went for her.

The next morning there were two light taps on our door which immediately flew open almost popping our air mattress and Lindsey bounced in: "Good morning!!!!" "Hey," I said, "you shouldn't come in like that!"

"But I knocked," she said. "OK," I said, "knocking is good, but you shouldn't come in until someone says to. Now, go out and try it again. Don't yell or scream, just knock lightly and when we're ready we'll tell you to come in. Now try it." After only 15 minutes the knocking stopped.

I'm just teasing, of course. Lindsey is boisterous and outspoken and lively, but she is also one very nice little girl. Always welcome at Chez Jenrette.

fourteen

Beryl is also welcome at our place, but where the daughter is open and straightforward the mother is cunning and convoluted. Beryl tries not to give that impression, but whenever Beryl puts on that look of fake innocence and says "I'm not clever, but..." watch out! Example: whenever we played Scrabble, Beryl won.

Now, Dave Jenrette is a hard line Scrabble player; by that I mean your word had better be in that dictionary, buddy, or kiss your turn good-bye. I had caught Eric a few times on this and he was starting to get a little red in the face and flaring in the nostrils.

Then it was Beryl's turn and after about 5 minutes chanting "O-I-wish-I-were-clever" she passed. Then, before the next player (Mardee) could do anything Beryl remembered a word and asked if she could pay it. "I know I'm not going to win anyway, but I would like to get in one little word." We allowed it since it was only a 10-pointer and we felt sorry for Beryl because she wasn't as clever as the rest of us, poor dear. Then she said, "Oh, I just thought of something else." She then rearranged and added letters covering doubles and triples and came up with 92 points! "Oh," she said, "is that a word?" It was my turn to go red in the face and have my nostrils flare.

Later, thinking I would get even, I decided to teach Beryl to play chess. My teaching method is "learn as you play" in which I invariably win because I show all the moves, develop my pieces, and ruthlessly attack as I am explaining that pawns move forward, bishops on the diagonal, etc. So, as I played, I said things like "that's called 'castling'," "I just took your pawn en passant," and "I have just taken your queen with my knight which moves like this!" This is usually a devastating learning technique for someone, but Mardee felt sorry for her, coached her, and darned if she didn't win.

Croquet, on the other hand, is Eric's game. I had never played it, because I thought it was suitable only for ladies in long white gloves and summer hats sipping lemonade. After discovering my balls 100 yards down the field I decided that Croquet was a nasty game. I especially hated Eric's home-team rule which is that the owner of the court may put his ball against yours, stand on his own so it doesn't move, and then smack yours out of the county. I thought that was a pretty shabby revenge for being challenged in Scrabble, don't you?

Thank goodness we didn't play brag, a 3-card sissy poker, in which Eric had once wiped me out.

fifteen



One night we went to Worsely Old Hall for a Jacobean Banquet with wine, mead, wenches, lutes, and where the only utensils were your fingers and a dagger. Eric, who had still not forgiven the Scrabble challenges, whispered a few words to the MC who brought me up in front of everyone as a "visitor from the colonies" and had me lead the band, consisting of the wenches. After doing so (and kissing all the wenches---that mead is strong stuff) the MC said to the crowd "and I'm sure you can guess which colonies he's from by the cut of his pantaloons." Now what is funny about purple, green, and red?

FACE TO FACE WITH DAVE HAMMOND AGAIN. Years ago I had been a letter writer to science fiction magazines. In Eric's study, our bedroom, was/is a good collection of SF so I started looking through the pages of STARTLING, PLANET, THRILLING WONDER, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, ASTOUNDING, OTHER WORLDS, etc. where they had been printed; letters written when I was a teenager, like Tim Marion, or much worse.

Some of my letters were in verse, awful verse. Some said the most puerile, adolescent nonsense that the greenest of noefen of today would be too sophisticated to babble. Some letters were even obnoxious--- why, if I hadn't joined the Air Force when I had I might have become Harlan Ellison.

I read a few of them to Mardee, but only a few. In one letter I made an argument in favor of girls on the covers of SF mags because that made the mags more mature! That had been the last letter in one issue and editor Sam Merwin had said "and on that note I think I'll go lie down for awhile." I didn't get the editor's subtle sarcasm then, but I think I do now. In another letter, I praised the literary merit of a book I'm sure I never read. And I've probably changed very little...

BACK TO RUNNEMEDE, NEW JERSEY. After an all day bus ride to London eating sandwiches Beryl had made for us and a couple days with Alan we flew back to NYC. Uneventful flight except for the control tower vectoring another aircraft too close to ours resulting in multiple diaper changes. Pan Am advertises as the most experienced airline and that was just another experience, I guess. We drove from NYC and stayed overnight on the old homestead. ■