

UL #5 from Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California, USA and for a few days after this mailing goes out to be found at Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida, USA. (To be a bit more precise I'm hoping to be out just after this Dec 61 mailing. The latest word is that I'll be out then. But we all know better than to trust the word of the military.) This is intended for the Dec 61 OMPA mailing (the 30th). Crudpub #35.

Off Trails Sep 61

Lichtman: Thanks to Off Trails V6#5 the whole number is always one greater than the mailing number. So Off Trails #29 did not contain the new constitution. The new constitution appeared in Off Trails for mailing 29. It's a little late to change matters now. One can only wish that Off Trails V6#5 had been titled 'Official Message' or anything but Off Trails.

I'm slightly curious as to how Fekete made the membership. He has no credentials that I know of. Further, I can't reach him. We used to correspond but my letters started coming back marked 'Moved - left no forwarding address'.

Since UL #4 missed the deadline or was lost in the mails it will probably be in the same mailing you're now reading. Which brings up a constitutional point. Due to unforeseen difficulties I was delayed producing UL #4. As a result it was three weeks before the mailing date when UL began its journey to Burn. I tried to pay for 'Special Handling' so it would reach a port quicker but the Post Office clerk said that 'Special Handling' wasn't authorized for foreign-bound mail. Trusting to luck that it had arrived on time and wanting some comment back for #5 I mailed the extra copies on the deadline. So, assuming I needed the activity credit, would UL #4 fall victim to the prior distribution rule? It certainly violates the letter of the rule. However, the intent of the rule is provide reading material for the members which they haven't seen before. The only members who've seen UL #4 before the 30th mailing are those who were on the w-1 in the 28th mlg whom I sent copies to directly on the chance that they hadn't attained membership.

I also note that I goofed when I said that Donaho & gang's new constitution would eliminate credit for one member contributing to another's zine. The way I interpret the clause you can receive credit regardless of who's zine your material is in.

Hungry #4 - Alan Rispin

Yes, some states actually do ban hitchhikers. But in these same states servicemen and hitchhikers who mind their own business aren't bothered too often. The only time the police have ever harassed me was in Merced, California. He searched my duffelbag, didn't even open my typewriter case and looked over my leave orders rather carefully. But unless you're in uniform Merced is a hard place to catch a ride. In civvies I've stood there for five hours while servicemen from Castle AFB haven't had to wait over fifteen minutes.

Since you're so interested in hitchhiking I've decided to finish up "Via Duffelbag". Of course, you apparently don't read UL since you complained that no one ever goes hitching anymore and I've mentioned hitching in each of the first three issues. So some one please tell Rispin there's a serial running in UL especially for him.

Zounds! #5 - Bob Lichtman

Your idea that too many letterhacks are spreading themselves too thin should

also be applied to fanzine editors. Back in my neo days I remember going over to Ralph Stapenhorst's house to discuss sf and read his fanzines. Since I was (and am still am) a gung-ho sf reader my tastes in fanzines can easily be predicted. Wading through that mass of wordage gave me a "bright idea". 'Let's talk all the fanzine editors into combining fanzines until some really decent ones emerge.' But after a little discussion we dismissed the idea. Many, if not most, faneds aren't primarily interested in publishing a good fanzine. Rather they're trying to satisfy some urge within themselves. (If this statement wasn't true, we'd see fewer fanzines full of crud, and more good ones with better material.) Self-expression, proving their capability or what-have-you. One of the silliest excuses I've ever heard is 'I can't afford to sub to fanzines so I publish a zine to trade with.'. If such a person would stop and calculate how much it costs to publish a fmz vs. the cost of subbing or letterhacking to the worthwhile zines he'd soon see how silly the excuse is.

Further, I speculate that zines which are available only for trades or letters of comment are sowing the seeds of their own destruction. If the material is poor usually only correspondingly poor letters of comment will result. Pick any crudzine for an example. If the material is good and/or stimulating the letters will reflect the quality. Usually then the editor tries to publish all of the good letters. Habakkuk, Innuendo and Orion (even though you can sub) are recent examples of fmz that either have become too large or are/were on the verge. Particularly in the case of Habakkuk a decent loc would take me a week to write. That much devotion I do not have for any fanzine. (I wonder if Terry's decision to charge for Innuendo just before it folded was partially influenced by a desire to cut down on the number of letters written merely to receive the next issue?)

Somehow you have to strike a balance. By permitting subs you relieve your reader of the obligation to write. This seems to stabilize matters. No one will write unless they feel like it which eliminates the letters written merely to receive the subsequent issue. As a result you have a fairly good selection of letters and no obligation to publish all of them.

As for those of us still publishing genzines I couldn't say exactly what my motives are. Offhand, I'd say it's the challenge involved in getting an issue ready for publication and the satisfaction once it's in the hands of the readers. This certainly wasn't my motive to begin with. I started my genzine because I didn't like Ron Smith's editorial policy as contrasted with that of Roy Squires'. I figured the only way to have a fanzine I liked was to publish it myself. And then people start comparing my zine to Smith's. Bah. It's far closer to Searles'.

As for genzine response I'm fairly well satisfied with mine. I could use a few more subs so that I could break even financially and fewer letters from neos who started reading sf six months ago in Amazing and haven't even heard of Fantastic.

To answer those biapan poll questions:

1. If I were offered \$1000 tax-free dollars per month for life with no strings attached I'd most certainly accept. Yes, I'd try to benefit society by contributing 10% to charity. The rest would go for living expenses plus a savings account. The savings account would be in case of unforeseen circumstances cutting off the dole.
2. Yes, I'd want to be a survivor of a nuclear war even if living afterwards was

uncomfortable. As for the reason why I'm stubborn enough to want to stay around. Why die now when there's life ahead? Even if it's a poor sort of life there's no sense dying now when you can die later and still spend eternity finding out what death is like.

3. As for whether SAPS or OMPA contains the most worthwhile material I'd say they both do. I consider worthwhile material as material which is interesting. To oversimplify matters much of OMPA's material is general material while SAPS' material is largely mailing comments. Mlg comments can be excellent within the context of the apa and fall flat on their faces outside. If I had to drop one of the two I'd drop SAPS. As for the reason why it's because most SAPS are either in FAPA or on its waiting list while about half the OMPAs are monapans.

I'm interested to see that you consider The City and the Stars superior to Against the Fall of Night. I read each of them when they first appeared in book form. I felt the revision was technically a better book but it seemed to lack vim, vigor and vitality. I think Clarke was having fun writing Against the Fall of Night while in The City and the Stars he no longer had his heart in the effort.

The last time I noticed Adventures In Time and Space the Modern Library edition was the same price as the Random House edition (\$2.95). But the former had the last five stories omitted from later RH printings. That's the Modern Library for you.

Your idea of the ideal newspaper sounds considerably like the New York Times or the Christian Science Monitor. They're not my ideal newspaper but they're close enough. But then I haven't read many newspapers in the past few years. I was quite religious in reading the N.Y. Times. But basic training put an end to my reading of newspapers. (Some Training Instructors didn't allow us to read newspapers and we didn't have time for such pursuits. I had a hard enough time keeping up with sf.) Since I've gotten along so admirably without newspapers for so many years I see no reason why I can't stay away from them indefinitely.

You received a separate copy of CAC #1 (as did Pelz and Harness) because I figured you three might have duplicates of some of the zines I needed and might be able to supply them on the double. And if you had read CAC #1 a bit more carefully you'd have seen that the list of crudzines (specified as such) wasn't the only thing offered in exchange for OMPazines. They were offered just in case anyone wanted them -- you know what completists are like. I did manage to trade a copy of The Lone Indian for Stellar 8 (1). Otherwise the list still stands.

Warm ocean currents all originate in the tropics and not necessarily near any areas of volcanic activity. The Gulf Stream has a point of origin right here at Tyndall and I haven't noticed any eruptions lately. And don't claim the ocean's too deep. The deepest place in the Gulf of Mexico is the Sigsbee Deep which is on the order of 12,000 feet. But that's hundreds of miles from here. A hundred miles offshore you'd be lucky to find the water 100 feet deep. Just down the coast is St. Marks Bay. A fisherman reported a sub. But the Navy said that was ridiculous. The water is only about 12 feet deep where he reported the sub.

Vagary #14 - Bobbie Gray

There's another "possibility" regarding Shakespeare's "W.H.". Talbot Mundy's novel "Ho For London Town"/W.H./The Queen's Warrant "claims" it was William Halifax. It takes the form of an autobiography. There are also editorial notes giv-

ing the experts' opinions that the work is a forgery.

On English schools I read Tom Brown's School Days too many years ago to recall much. Kipling's Stalky and Co. I remember for the humor. But one incident from Richard D.V.L. Lloyd's How Green Was My Valley sticks in my mind. It was when the Anglicized Welsh school teacher caught a young child speaking Welsh. He hung a board around her neck. The cord and board were cutting the child. So Huw Morgan removed the board. He then retaliated for all the injustice the school teacher had shown over the years by thrashing him nearly to death. But such attitudes are no doubt long gone from English schools as well as American schools.

True, the present-day Negroes in certain portions of South Africa are descended from forced immigrants. But various tribes of Negroes were inhabiting all portions of South Africa when the whites arrived. You don't catch whites living in the Kalahari Desert yet Negroes are living there. And they were certainly living in the lush portions which the present-day exponents of apartheid claim were originally settled by whites. When South Africa was largely agricultural the indigenous Negroes were killed off. When mining and other industries began to be developed then Negroes were imported to replace the dead ones.

It's quite true that Paul twisted Christianity. And if his stricture against Christians marrying had been obeyed today there would be no Christian church. He evidently was expecting the Second Coming Real Soon Now.

Morph #24 - John Roles

WELCOME BACK !!! You're one of the people who have really contributed interesting material to OMPA. I'd hate to have seen you gone.

I'd particularly like to see your book listings back and perhaps you could even expand the section sufficiently to review some of the more interesting titles.

Like you I'm amused at some of the really fundamental Protestants who claim that one shouldn't try to interpret the Bible. For evidence they quote the passage that the entire book is divinely inspired. If that were true there would be no contradictions. Yet Paul can't tell the story of his conversion while on the road to Damascus without tripping himself up. Many of the miracles could be explained on the basis of an alien technology. I think the booby prize must go to a physicist who wrote an article claiming that the Bible must be true because it is so contradictory. His thesis was that no one would deliberately write such nonsense unless it was true.

Scottishe #25 - Ethel Lindsay

Horrors! I've been mortally insulted. Asking if I'm in the regular Army, indeed. Just for that I'll have one of our Air Force pilots drop a tactical A--bomb on Courage House.

Seriously I'm in the regular Air Force. Since everyone in the Air Force is a volunteer there's no such distinction as the Army makes between 'regular' and 'draftee'. As for why I'm in the Air Force it's the least of five evils for fulfilling my Universal Military Training obligation. I hate military life, gung--ho career men, war, and so on. The next most desirable alternative is the Army. From my experience of being attached to the 28th Infantry for two months it's like Air Force basic training all the time. However, the 28th Infantry probably isn't

typical of all Army units. However, the Army draftee only has to serve two years instead of our four. But our life is more like civilian life than the other services so the amount of malarkey about balances out over the different number of years. And I do plan on getting out. I hope to be discharged in Jan 62 (possibly before Christmas if they have a Christmas early out this year). I almost made it out in Aug but I was turned down three times before I gave up.

If you still want to know something about me ask -- maybe you'll be answered. I'm trying to talk Rich Brown into writing a sketch of me. If he comes through you'll see it in UL.

There's one good reason for Donaho's advice to make your comments as meaningful to as many as possible. With OMPA's small effective membership and even smaller number of mailing commenters the number of topics is bound to be extremely limited as compared to FAPA or even SAPS. The chance of more than two members being interested in a particular topic is greatly diminished, if you're not trying to make general comments. From reading Haverings I see you've noticed the difference between OMPA and FAPazines. Coulson asked you why you don't get on the FAPA w-l. Why don't you? You can expect to be on the w-l for four years. If you change your mind about wishing to join you can always drop off the w-l. But if you wish to join you'll have your chance.

Conversation #16 - Lynn Hickman

Yes, I received Unification #11. I gave the Netherlands stamp to a collector and wastebasketed the rest. Your description of it as not saying anything is quite accurate. But I sometimes wonder if such people might not accomplish more than the U.N.. I think it was Coulson who said 'It's a pity that such people are mixed up with the occult movement.'. But it's no worse than avowed Christians waging wars. In fact, it's far better.

Wow! John Nitka has really given himself a task to index all contents of all Munsey mags. This is something well worth having.

I didn't remember slamming "Burroughs and the other old writers". Being a sneaky, underhanded guy I checked my file copy. What was said was that I had given up on Burroughs in grammar school because of the scientific errors. The first Burroughs' book I read was Tarzan of the Apes. It was fun to read but I couldn't figure out how Tarzan learned perfect English from a book. One of the Mars books contained a statement that by being able to see objects on the other side of Object A, Object A would thus be invisible. That statement is ridiculous. The actual application of the idea was more sophisticated. If I remember right the scientific whiz coated the airship with a chemical which light rays slid along rather than be absorbed or reflected. I think this episode was in A Fighting Man of Mars but I wouldn't want to wager. Several fans have been trying to convince me to re-read Burroughs. Perhaps I will.

As for the other writers of the type I suppose/^{you} have in mind Kline, Stilson, Giesy, Bennett, Merritt and the rest of the Munsey regulars. I read and enjoy them. Sure, they're more enjoyable than the bulk of modern sf. But that's only logical. They're the cream of those days. Time has winnowed out the dross. With respect to current sf we have to either read all of it to find the good stories or trust a few fan's opinions in reviews. Thus we have a lower opinion of modern sf as a whole. But I'd say the best stories of the last twenty years or so are far better than any prior to 1940. FFM & FN reprinted nearly all of the good Munsey

stories and had to resort to some that were second or third-rate. Campbell assembled a much better run of stories in Unknown.

I suppose I could be called a real Haggard fan. I have about 90% of his fiction and have read each and every one. He's one of my favorite authors. I'd like to write your articles on Haggard for you but it's the old story, lack of time, collection and real writing skill. Perhaps you've Morton Cohen's Rider Haggard? It contains a good account of his life and some interesting details on his works. Cohen mentioned an exhaustive bibliography which I'd like to have. Terwilleger might be the one to write your articles. He's a Haggard fanatic even if he thinks the She books were a trilogy instead of a tetralogy.

A Checklist... - Brian Burgess

I'm glad the postal clerks here are illiterate and can't recognize a Polish postmark, stamp and customs stamp when they see one. Otherwise I could easily be in hot water explaining what I was doing receiving mail from behind the Iron Curtain. "But sir, it's only a checklist of sf mags from that hitchhiking Brian Burgess." "Airman, don't try to deceive me. It's some organization sending code messages. Now tell us what it actually means."

Your alphabetical listings would be more help if they were actually alphabetized.

On Tubb: Your alphabetical listing is missing "Woman's Work, A", Auth #67. Thanks for helping me spot an error in my own index. I omitted from "Eyes of Silence, The" from my typescript though it's in the cards. Growling to myself for such an error I'm hunting for more. You also missed the following:
"Unwanted Heritage", s NW #18 Nov 52
"Precedent", NW #15 May 52

On Aldiss: You missed "Smile, Please!", s ScF #30 Aug 58

On Rayer: You missed the following:

Ape s NW Sum 51
Hitch-hikers s NW #30 Dec 54
Question Mark s NW Win 51

Dialogue Overheard In the Chow Hall

T/Sgt F Things sure are in a mess.

M/Sgt S If we don't watch out the Russians will get ahead of us.

T/Sgt F President Kennedy ought to do something about it.

M/Sgt S Yes, baseball sure is a dying sport.

Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California

Dear Norm:

Ul #4 arrived the other day, for which obligado. I enjoy it very much; your comments are such that it's not too hard to deduce what the commented-upon statement had reference to.

I too would like to see a review of Argosy, All-Story, et al., but, good God! What a project!

There is still a certain degree of discrimination against Orientals in California, particularly in housing. There have been two or three rather noisy incidents in the Bay Area in the last few years, generally in newer tract developments. And I have had a couple of Oriental friends of mine -- sober, mature family men with professions -- who have butted their heads against the subtle discrimination of realtors in attempting to buy in a desirable neighborhood. However, their lot is a happy one compared to the Negro in the enlightened state of California.

The IWW is resurgent and on the march again! Ellington has organized a restaurant in Berkeley or Oakland, according to Danny Curran. Danny also asked me if I would like to organize the drug salesmen (I used to be a detail man)! I couldn't be sure whether or not he was kidding.

Now Norm. Of course I knew Hubbard was an old pulp adventure writer, but as far as science fiction and Astounding were concerned, he was new. Many of his Unknown novels are markedly influenced by his earlier adventure writing, namely The Slaves of Sleep, Typewriter In the Sky, "The Ghoul", to cite the most obvious.

Sam Moskowitz, when he was in the Area, mentioned a magazine around 1928 or 1929 which featured a few covers by Hubert Rogers (I forget the title of the magazine). Rogers, at his best, had a clarity of expression, an economy of line, a sense of color and the harmony of masses all combined with generally good taste which made for some exceptional covers. I must confess I get a greater feeling of a sense of wonder from an old Paul or Wesso or Brown cover than I do from many of Rogers'; but, ruthlessly forcing nostalgia aside, I have to stand by my statement that I think Rogers was the greatest artist of them all.

You're quibbling about FFM and FN, Norm. The exceptions were insignificant. Mary Gnaedinger's policy up until the sale to Popular Pubs, was Munsey reprints: the Merrittales, the "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" stories, the Darkness and Dawn trilogy, The Radio Man and "The Radio Beasts", The Blind Spot and "The Spot of Life", "Serapion", "Claimed", "The Citadel of Fear", "The Rebel Soul" and the first three instalments of "Into the Infinite" -- evocative titles to memorable stories. These are what are remembered of the pre-Popular Pubs FFM.

I won't argue about Schneeman -- next to Dold I think he was the greatest, with Rogers (on interiors) right up there, also.

When you get back to Berkeley you're in for a treat, we've got good FM all over the place, now...KEAR isn't even missed.

Gotta hit the sack. Keep U1 coming, and I hope to see you whenever the duration or whatever is over.

Regards,

Alva

((Thanks for the letters. Keep em coming, yourself. Seeing as how I'm a member in good standing of Quibbler's Local #32 -- our motto: "Facts are to quibble over." I'll have to take exception to some statements in your letter. 1) I didn't say you didn't know Hubbard was an old adventure writer. I merely pointed

out that your article qualified him with regard to sf but failed to mention his other activities. 2) You said Rogers was the 'greatest cover artist on ASF'. I'm not arguing with that. I pointed out that I consider him ASF's greatest artist period. 3) Sure, the exceptions in FFM & FN were insignificant but they add up to more 0%. Every last major story was reprinted from various Munsey zines. So were some of the minor ones. The originals were pretty bad. But my point was that the zines were not 100% Munsey reprints and neither was the policy. I suspect the originals were tried in an effort to determine reader response. Now that I've qualified to renew my Quibbler's Union membership I can rest happy.))

MSgt L. H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California (915 Greenvalley Road, NW, Albuquerque, NM)

Norman,

From your initial comment in UL #4 it would appear that you have fallen victim to Mr. Kennedy's extension program. I must admit to breathing a large sigh of relief when I heard the details of it. The fact that people whose time expires after 30 Jun 62 are not affected left me with a large smile on my face. Unless some fool actually starts a shooting war I still look forward to retiring next year.

As indicated I have received UL #4. My thanks to you. You do manage to squeeze a lot of interesting and commentable material into your mailing comments. I find check marks all over the fmz.

You haven't read the Oz books yet? Ha! Fakefan! I read them on my own y'ars and y'ars ago and am now, or rather was until I left the states, reading them to my daughters. The kids haven't a chance. I'm afraid they'll grow up to be fans.

Certainly the Oz books are no great shakes as literature, writing isn't too good, but the stories themselves are wonderful. Delightful children's fantasy.

It is true that there isn't much discrimination against Orientals but they are not fully accepted either. I have seen a couple of cases of outright discrimination. One was in Ogden, Utah, where the Church of Christ of the Latter Day Saints is the ruling power. Although not much is heard about it the Mormons are strong believers in white supremacy.

I was in Utah to enlist and train reserves and as a matter of good public relations joined the local Elks Lodge. I soon ended up as Scoutmaster for the Boy Scout troop that the lodge sponsored. This troop was made up almost exclusively of Negro and Japanese boys. The lodge had sort of taken these boys under its wings (or perhaps antlers would be more correct) because none of the other troops in town would have them. The other troops were white only.

A military acquaintance of mine brought his Japanese wife to South Carolina with him and ran into the to-be-expected difficulties there.

Generally, though, it's true that the Orientals are pretty well accepted -- but not completely as I've said. For the most part -- or from what I've seen anyway -- while John Q may have no objection to living next door to an Oriental he still feels that the Oriental is inferior.

I'll bear witness to your remarks about travel time. On our trip west from

South Carolina to New Mexico we averaged between 350 and 400 miles per day while passing through the southeast. Once we'd crossed the line into Texas, though, we were able to travel more than 500 miles per day without any strain at all. Until I hit snow and ice in eastern New Mexico that is. But that doesn't count. I've done considerable driving throughout the west and usually figure on making 500 miles a day there.

Your comments on British military pay for electronics techs makes me holler "God Save the Queen" or some other appropriate British-type exclamation. Don't know about your particular branch of the service, Norm, but there's a dreadful shortage of electronic techs in mine. We're considered to be a critical field and the last revision of the pro-pay regs put us in the 100% bracket. But even that isn't going to hold them. I've had exactly one of my lower-ranking men re-enlist in the past four years and the only reason he did so was because his father had died leaving him saddled with debts and he needed the re-enlistment bonus to help him get out of the hole.

We can't hold the electronics techs. Even with pro-pay the services cannot begin to match what is being offered by industry or the civilian branches of the government for that matter. If I hadn't so much time in I'd have left a couple of years ago myself.

I haven't had a replacement come into my shop since February and it's beginning to hurt.

Yeah, I'll have to agree with you in your comments to Mal Ashworth: a woman who isn't alive and healthy isn't very appealing. Except to a necrophile.

Thanks for answering my question on the breakdown of the 35¢ I put out for paperbacks. Ummm, one more question, though. Who gets the other 2%? 20% to the retailer, 20% to the wholesaler, 54% to the publisher and 4% to the author (a trifling sum) leaves 2% unaccounted for.

I blushed also when I picked up my copy of Dynatron #6 and found it dated July/August 1960. Awk!

Radio stations. All we have is the Far East Network of Armed Forces Radio Service which tries to include a little to please everybody and ends up pleasing nobody. It gets pretty awful at times. Fortunately there is only one radio in my barracks and it is in the other wing. I go over now and then to catch up on the news but otherwise don't have to put up with the thing.

Roy

((The latest word I've received is that I'm not being extended. Odds right now are 3 to 1 that I'll be discharged. But such odds aren't good enough when dealing with the government. They make the rules and break them to suit themselves. ## We don't have too many re-enlistments. Last year 3 idiots re-enlisted, this year (it's now Sep) only 1 idiot has reenlisted. He wasn't eligible and the squadron is trying to have his reup cancelled and boot him out for unsuitability. In the Air Force's electronic fields the overall re-up rate is on the order of 10%. I suspect this includes career airmen. As for pro-pay that's a farce. An extra 30 or 60 dollars per month boils down to a few cents per hour. When we can earn more in an hour in civilian life than we can in a day in the military there's something wrong. Unemployment compensation is larger than our pay. When we're

worth more unemployed than defending our country there's also something wrong. I could get out and fill my own job vacancy on Civil Service at six times the pay. In fact, one S/Sgt is doing just that. As for replacements we're always short. Our section is supposedly undermanned and is according to the Unit Manning Document. The catch is that it's actually overmanned. That is, it would be if everyone would work. We have too many NCOs sitting around drinking coffee and the airmen are put on details instead of working. If the AF had a janitorial, KP, etc. career field they wouldn't need to train so many men. This reminds me of a restaurant with a sign: "Our establishment is kept clean by government--trained men -- veteran KPs." ## As for who receives that other 2% on paperbacks it goes to a sinister Oriental for protection. He's employed by the publishers to make sure their books sell. You might find mention of him in reports of Congressional investigations. It's a Mr. T. Y. Po.))

VIA DUFFELBAG

or

I Was a Subsidized Traveling Giant For the USAF

My becoming a traveling giant was all very involuntary, let me assure you. I had no desire to go but chance stepped in and I retreated before it. I rationalized it by thinking I thus had a chance to beat Ron Ellik at his own game. Part of the long journey was set in motion when I was shipped to Tyndall. I've been faunching to get to a con since the SFCon but somehow either the U.S. Government or lack of money had prevented this lofty goal of every fan. But since Tyndall is only about a 1,000 miles from Pitt I had a golden opportunity. I had two months of accrued leave. So I put in a leave application to start on 29 Aug 60.

About the last day of June a telephone call came for me from Wing Assignments. My NCOIC told me I was shipping out. I told him it was against regulations to ship me out. He said to get on over there, I was shipping out regardless of any ol' regulations I'd found. Once I arrived at Wing and the sergeant deigned to see me I found I was only being shipped to the National Rifle-Pistol Matches. (I'm still wondering how Coulson and his National Rifle Association arranged this.) We were supposed to be gone for over two months. All hopes of making the Pittcon vanished. When the orders finally came through chance had smiled upon me. We were supposed to be back at Tyndall on 28 Aug. I had applied for leave to start 29 Aug. But my section wouldn't appreciate my being gone for three months or more. Being a pretty persistent guy if I've got my dandruff up I talked Peters into typing up leave orders for 39 days which would carry me over into October. I took this around at a trot. All the necessary signatures were obtained. Then fate stepped in once more in the person of my NCOIC with a desk calendar. He wanted to know the inclusive dates of the leave.

Well, 39 days is a bit too much, he was afraid. Yes, I was entitled to it. No, I couldn't have it. So up the chain of command I went. Finally the squadron adjutant was reached. He wanted to know why I wanted 39 days. Omitting all mention of the Pittcon as a dangerous subject to discuss he was told that I wanted to go to California (which was perfectly true, I just didn't mention I was hitchhiking via Pennsylvania). It seemed that he was from Oregon and didn't see why I couldn't fly out there and have plenty of time with two weeks leave. After all he'd gone home to Oregon and seen all of his friends in ten days. Omitting any questions on just how much money he thought airmen had and how many friends he had I shut up. Then he asked why I wanted to leave glorious Tyndall. After enumera-

ting the heat, the humidity, the insects, the dreariness, etc., etc. I figured he was licked. But he started to argue then mopped the sweat from his brow. An insect buzzed by and finally he said, 'You know something, I don't like this place either.' He did acknowledge that by regulation I was entitled to 39 days, but by squadron only 15 was allowed. We finally compromised on 30 days. He did grant one concession. I could come back from California and sign out on another leave. Yeah.

Some of the other guys were astounded at my getting 30 days. They'd gone in and asked for 20 or 15 or something and ended up with 10 or 5 days leave. A couple figured on going in and asking for 50 and see if they couldn't get 30 days.

I WAS A BIG WHEEL

"Blessed are those who go around in large circles for they shall be known as big wheels!" In clearing the base I signed out with all facilities except finance in four hours. Finance took two and one-half days. It seems that they had lost my travel voucher and didn't discover it until the last minute. So for $2\frac{1}{2}$ days I went from Buildings 207 to 208 to 209 and back again. Occasionally some variety crept in. The route would be 207-209-208. With five minutes left to go the last hurdle was cleared. They made out a new travel voucher. I had to sign a certificate with two boxes 1) I had accidentally destroyed the voucher or 2) I had accidentally lost the voucher. Since the vouchers are never seen by you but are kept in Wing Records the form is just a means for them to weasel out of their responsibility.

FLYING BY RULE OF THUMB

Orders had come down that we to receive travel pay for going by private vehicle. At the last minute they issued us airplane tickets. Our orders also specified what we were to take along. This came to 144 pounds per person when weighed at the airport. But someone goofed our tickets, there was no authorization for the overweight. Since this was the Fourth of July weekend all offices back at base were closed. We had to be at Fort Riley, Kansas on 5 Jul 60 at 1200 hours. The airlines wanted \$150 extra for our luggage. We loaded everything into Slocum's Ford and took to the road for Kansas. We had ample time, 52 hours.

Unfortunately large parts of the South still have the roads of a generation ago, untouched by either human hands or road-repair machines since. We bumped our way through the interminable slash-pine woods of the South all the way to Memphis, Tennessee. There's nothing to see but second-growth pines with evident malnutrition throughout most of the South. In Memphis we tried to find the bridges across the Mississippi. Any old bridge would do us, we weren't proud. But nobody we could find at 0100 knew where a bridge was. We had gotten into a maze of warehouses along the waterfront. Perhaps the car scented gasoline on the other side of the river, at any rate we entered Arkansas.

About four in the morning we embarked on a long-long detour in the middle of the Ozarks. To our disgust, after traveling about 30 miles over dirt and oiled roads we came back on the highway in sight of where we left it. We felt better as the miles rolled along. The air was becoming drier as we went north and west. The air in eastern Kansas is still quite humid but compared to Florida it's extremely dry. The natives seem to take it for granted. But then most of them have never experienced the tremendous feeling that comes of breathing nearly pure air instead of diluted water vapor.

THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK HAS COMPANY

Arriving at Fort Riley, Kansas we had to become slightly used to another service and their way of doing things. The first impression was that everyone from privates to captains was still in basic training. They marched everywhere in formation, their shoes were shined and in general they looked as if they were Air Force basic trainees. We made the already low morale drop even further with our faded, unpressed, casual uniforms, unglossy shoes and careless attitude towards things military.

However, we airmen must give the army credit. They're keeping up with scientific progress. You know how quite a few firms play background music for their employees. Well, the Army is doing the same. But it does become a trifle monotonous. We wish they had some other selections. Nothing but bugle solos becomes tiring. We were so used to hearing bugles blowing day and night that we began ignoring them. So one afternoon I came back from the mailroom. Emerging from a grove of trees just as a bugle call sounded there was a flight of basics staring at me. Two sergeants were just snapping to attention with their backs partially turned from me so that they could just see me. One of them yelled, "Over here soldier!!" "Want do you want sarge?" "Don't you hear the bugles blowing?" he asks. I say, "So what?!" "Stand here until the bugles stop blowing." So I stood there reading my mail. He was really disgusted and marched me to his orderly room. (That is, he marched. I sauntered along reading my mail.) There he explained the situation to his First Sergeant who was sitting behind a counter topped with filing cabinets so that only the top of my head was visible. I had my fatigue cap off. He looked at me and wanted to know why I didn't come to attention. So I says, 'How am I supposed to know to come to attention when a bugle sounds?'. He looked as if he was about to have apoplexy and rose up. As he did he caught sight of my uniform. Since the AF was attached to B Company and this was Hq, Co. he sent me down to B Company. I explained what had happened to the First Sergeant there. He said, 'You're in the Air Force and can't be expected to know any better. Get out of here.' Chalk one up for the U.S.F. Our retreats are conducted by detail men. A band plays and everyone knows enough to stay out of the area. Besides it's during duty hours so nobody has to worry about it. There are no bugle calls.

I BECOME ONE WITH NINEVEH AND TYRE

I had sent word to the Colorado Fantasy Society that I might be in Denver from Fort Riley. So they were well warned of my possible coming. Getting out my handy-dandy road atlas the possible routes were checked over. U.S. 40, 24 and 36 all pass near Fort Riley and all head towards Denver. Toting up mileages revealed that U.S. 40 was the shortest, 503 miles.

So on 8 Jul 60 I got off work at 1700, dashed to the chow hall before it closed and ate all I could hold and get. Then I went back to the barracks and changed into Class-A uniform (required for off-base, or in the Army off-post wear). Right outside the company area I got a ride into Junction City. The driver thought he was heading west on U.S. 40. A few checks with the atlas proved him slightly wrong. We were heading north on U.S. 77. So I got out on a lonely stretch of road and watched the cars whizzing by. This time I made it onto U.S. 40 and headed west. I got a good series of rides all the way west to Russell which I reached at 2045. Apparently there is an adaptation of the Latin-American promenade in this town on the Kansas prairies. I began to recognize cars and then individuals as they circled the blocks. At 2115 a stroke of luck appeared in the form of a

truck going through Denver to Yreka, California. (I wish I'd been on leave but...) The driver used to work on the Union Pacific RR and knew quite a few people along the way. At several towns he stopped and visited friends while I dozed off in the cab. At 0500 we were in Cheyenne Wells, Colorado where he decided to sack out. If I were still there when he awoke he would take me on. A few minutes later a soldier came out of a wrecked car. He was on leave from Fort Riley on his way to Longview, Washington. I told him that the truck was headed for Yreka, only a few hundred miles away. So he went over and waited for the driver to awaken. About 0600 a car pulled up and I was off again. The driver and his pal were from St. Joseph, Missouri on their way to Colorado Springs. They didn't have a road map and thus had been asking directions along the way. Someone had given them a bum steer. They had been directed down to U.S. 40 and told that they had to go to

Denver first. Getting out the atlas I showed them where to turn off at Lamar and head straight for the Springs.

At Lamar another stroke of luck appeared. A man and his wife were going to visit relatives in Denver. They wanted to know where I was staying so I told them at Lowry. They insisted on taking me straight to my old barracks on the base. I didn't argue too much because I'd been worried about getting on the base. The gung--ho Air Police at Lowry might wonder what I was doing in Colorado without a pass (since none had been issued to us at Fort Riley). The safest way onto the base was by car since they seldom check the occupants for passes. A bicycle is the next bet since they were quite familiar with me peddling through the gates. The next safest bet is the municipal bus. Usually passes aren't checked but you can't count on it. Walking is almost a surefire way of having your pass checked.

My old buddy Bealer was on leave so I appropriated his bunk for the weekend. I changed into civvies and called Chuck Hansen. He wasn't too surprised to hear me since I'd written the gang that I'd try to make it. The Colorado Fantasy Society was holding their annual barbecue that evening. After that was taken care of I hopped a bus into downtown Denver and the Music Room of the Denver Public Library. I wanted to listen to some good music for a change. Sibelius' Symphony #2 was my first choice but it had been checked out. I settled for his Violin Concerto. After a few more records had gotten the monkey off my back I walked around Denver savoring the sight of mountains (something which can't be seen in Florida, no matter how hard you look), people (there aren't many of those around here either), clear air (again something which is lacking in Florida) and breathing in some decent, naturally air-conditioned air. The Rockies are just west of town and form a very scenic backdrop for Denver. From most places you can see all the way from Pike's Peak on the south to Mount Evans on the west to Long's Peak on the north. Even in July there are still patches of snow visible from below.

At Bob Peterson's that night the Colorado Fantasy Society and The Council of Four of Denver, a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars, held a combined meeting and steak feed. Chuck Hansen was the excellent chef. He had dressed for the occasion in the appropriate cap and apron. After eating until we could hold no more and wished we could still have more we held the formal part of the meeting. This took place in Bob's basement where he has one room set aside for his sf collection. Since he had just recently built the room the mags and books were still in boxes. All that could be seen were tantalizing glimpses of the spines of early Amazing's, Wonder, Astounding's, old and rare books galore. I was so dead on my feet I don't recall what was discussed. I think we discussed progress on The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes but don't quote me. I'd been without sleep for two days and was in poor condition to remember anything.

After the meeting I sacked out in a spare bed at Peterson's. The next mor-

NING Bob took me up to the #14 bus line so I could ride out to Aurora. In Altura a familiar looking-car came whizzing towards me so I yelled and waved him to a stop. It was another buddy from Lowry by the name of Larry Johnstone. He was only going a half-mile down the road so we chitter-chattered at ultra-speed on what had been happening to each other since the previous February.

End of Part One

To Be Continued

The following fiction is in response to the continued demands of Ethel Lindsay. She has been insisting that I tell her something of myself. So I say to Rich Brown, 'Rich, you know me fairly well. How about writing a sketch of me so that Ethel Lindsay will stop pestering me for biographical information?'. This was a few months ago and I sent off UL #4 before he had finished it. So when he came back from the Seacon I made the same ~~request~~ request. This time Rich obliged. I'm still wondering whom he obliged. But read and judge for yourself.

NORM METCALF: A Biography of Sorts *

I know most fannish biographies -- especially those written by a friend of the person undergoing the momentary scrutiny -- are wont to wax enthusiastically about what a Trufan the subject is. This is usually done without offering much in the way of substantial proof that this may be so, and this, in turn, is probably because it's hard to back up flattery with reason since it is only seldom based on fact.

The thing is, I'm pretty sure that Norm has convinced you of his trufannish ability by his activities in fandom and the things he has written for the fan press; for me to repeat what his actions have shown you or back him up with a strange echo of my own would in no way be either entertaining or help you to know Norm any better. But if we can start with the premise that Norm is a bit more than that (and I think we can), a bit more than his activities in the fan press can show, then perhaps we can arrive somewhere.

Let me ask, how well do you remember The Enchanted Duplicator? Can you think of anyone who was always just a bit ahead of Joe Phan (who is, of course, a symbolic picture of you and I as we make our way towards our fannish Promised Land)? If not, I'll refresh your memory: it was the glowing spirit that appeared to him at the beginning of the story, and who pointed the way to Trufandom. The Spirit of Fanac. ((That would have been about Fanac 55, the dittoed era.))

And that's Norm -- the spirit of fanac.

To let me back up this glowing verbage, let me point out a few of the things he has done that may have escaped your notice and a few of the fans he has helped as they travelled the Path. Especially the ones who had gone astray....

While he was stationed in Colorado he so invigorated and gave life to the Colorado Fantasy Society that they published The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes, and Chuck Hansen, a long-time semi-gafiate, came back into the realm of active fandom by publishing several fine issues of The Lurking Shadow from the FAPA w1, joining OMPA and attending the Seacon.

When Norm came to Tyndall, I was, myself, strongly on the verge of gafia;

* Who He?

but through contact with Norm (perhaps usurping some of his enthusiasm) I found that while "on the verge of complete gafia" I had published seven SAPSazines (one of them 80 pages), two genzines, a couple of one-shots, and was doing a column for a monthly fanzine...among other things. I am still on the verge of complete gafia, as I've been announcing for the past year...along with my plans for a Big Project, publishing a FAPazine, and plans for reviving the genzine mentioned above.

Also, when he came here, he went to Panama City (just a few miles from the base) and dug up old-time fan Shelby Vick and his new-time wife, Suzy. They published a one-shot with Norm the day they met him, later had all sorts of material in my SAPSazines, published a weekly fanzine through seven or eight issues...and latest plans call for a revival of Confusion.

I cannot help but speculate that he will be out of the service soon and returning to his home town of Berkeley which happens to be one of the fan centers of the world. What, I wonder, will it be like when he gets back there to invigorate it?

The conclusions I come to when bent upon these thoughts are so mind-croggling and fantastic that I dare not put them to paper, lest I drive some fan with a weaker will over the brink of glorious insanity.

Norm, who stands near six feet in his stockings (the six feet belong to a bem he has befriended), is not ALL Angel, however. He is also a Master Fansman, majoring in TravelingGiantmanship and minoring in Lefthandedcomplimentship. Unfortunately, since most of his ploys in the latter field are spur-of-the-second flashes of wit, his prowess in these fields seldom come to the attention of the average fanzine fan. Both fields practically require Norm's actual presence.

His masterful ploys in TravelingGiantmanship have been described to me by no less a personage than Bjo Trimble, Herself. Norm, who read the first draft of this article, tells me that the incident at Karen Anderson's did not really happen, but this is the way I heard it from the mouth of Bjo....

Norm went to the Pittcon last year and in doing so he travelled in the manner to which he had become accustomed -- hitchhiking. At the convention he was offered a ride home by the LA group, but declined since he wanted to stay a few hours more at the convention.

So the LA group left.

They decided to drop by way of Bob Leman's on their way, because everyone wanted to meet him. They travelled day and night, over mountains, into valleys, through forests. And sometimes...sometimes they even travelled on the roads. They arrived, some time later, mountain-, valley-, forest-, and road-weary, at Bob Leman's in Wyoming, and made haste to his door.

They knocked.

Norm Metcalf, rather than the last man on earth, answered the door and greeted them.

After some time, the LA group piled oncemore into cars and began traveling, again getting the jump on Norm. They headed for Salt Lake City and a visit

WITH Gregg Calkins and wife. Arriving in Salt Lake City, they headed for the abode of Gregg Calkins to find that Norm Metcalf had been there for several hours and was taking a shower.

Again, the LA group moved on. Across the dreaded desert and over the towering, majestic Sierras and finally down to Berkeley where they decided to drop by and see Poul and Karen Anderson. "Hello", said Norm at the door, "what took you so long?"

This was nearly too much for the LA crowd, but they were not daunted; indeed, it is said that they Set To, With a Will. Ernie Wheatley was seen to grit his teeth in Grim Determination. Bjo was seen to put on a racing helmet and goggles. Lee Jacobs was seen to sip his nuclear fizz in an insurgent manner. Flame belched from the rear of their auto as it leaped down the highway that arrowed between Frisco and LA -- over 400 miles. Their exhaust was so strong that the ships in Frisco Bay were dock-bound for three days and Berkeley fans feared that the Tower To The Moon Made of Bheer Cans might topple. They neither ate, slept or stopped for petrol though they had to stop a few times for gas. They arrived in LA five hours later and sped through its busy streets to the Slan Shack hoping against hope that they would be In Time....

You have probably been astute enough to guess that Norm Metcalf was there waiting for them. But he wasn't. He was still back in Berkeley. Berkeley's his home town, y'know.

I said something about Lefthandedcomplimentmanship. The best example I can think of at the moment is one he pulled on me.

I am, as you may have guessed by now, an egotist (you notice how many times I've said "I" in what is supposed to be a biographical bit on Norm?) and I'm not ashamed of it. I talk about myself at times. Sometimes I'm trying to Reveal My Inner Self, and sometimes I'm just trying to show off.

At this particular time, I was just showing off. Shelby and Suzy and Norm were patiently listening to me as I told all the glorious details about one of my early fan feuds (well, I told them everything except that I lost the feud, rather miserably), and when I finished my little tale and sat waiting for ~~that~~ comment, Norm, with a look and tone of voice that seemed to contain sincere admiration, said, "Gee, Rich, you rush right in where even Angels fear to tread...". I felt sincerely complimented and couldn't understand why Shelby and Suzy laughed. Not for a full week did the full significance fall upon me (I'm rather slow on the up-take, sometimes) and by then it was too late to Strike Back.... Or, (heh; heh) maybe it wasn't.... Why else do you think I accepted the job of trying to write this bit?

The Truth, you see, is out; and not withstanding that Norm brought such fine pipples as Shelby & Suzy Vick, Chuck Hansen and the rest of the Colorado Fantasy Society into or back into fandom, and notwithstanding the fine zines he publishes for every currently going APA nor the fine genzine he publishes; notwithstanding all that, he will probably be most remembered as the fan who brought rich brown back into fandom.

And for that, his soul is probably already doomed to fannish hell....

---rich brown, 1961