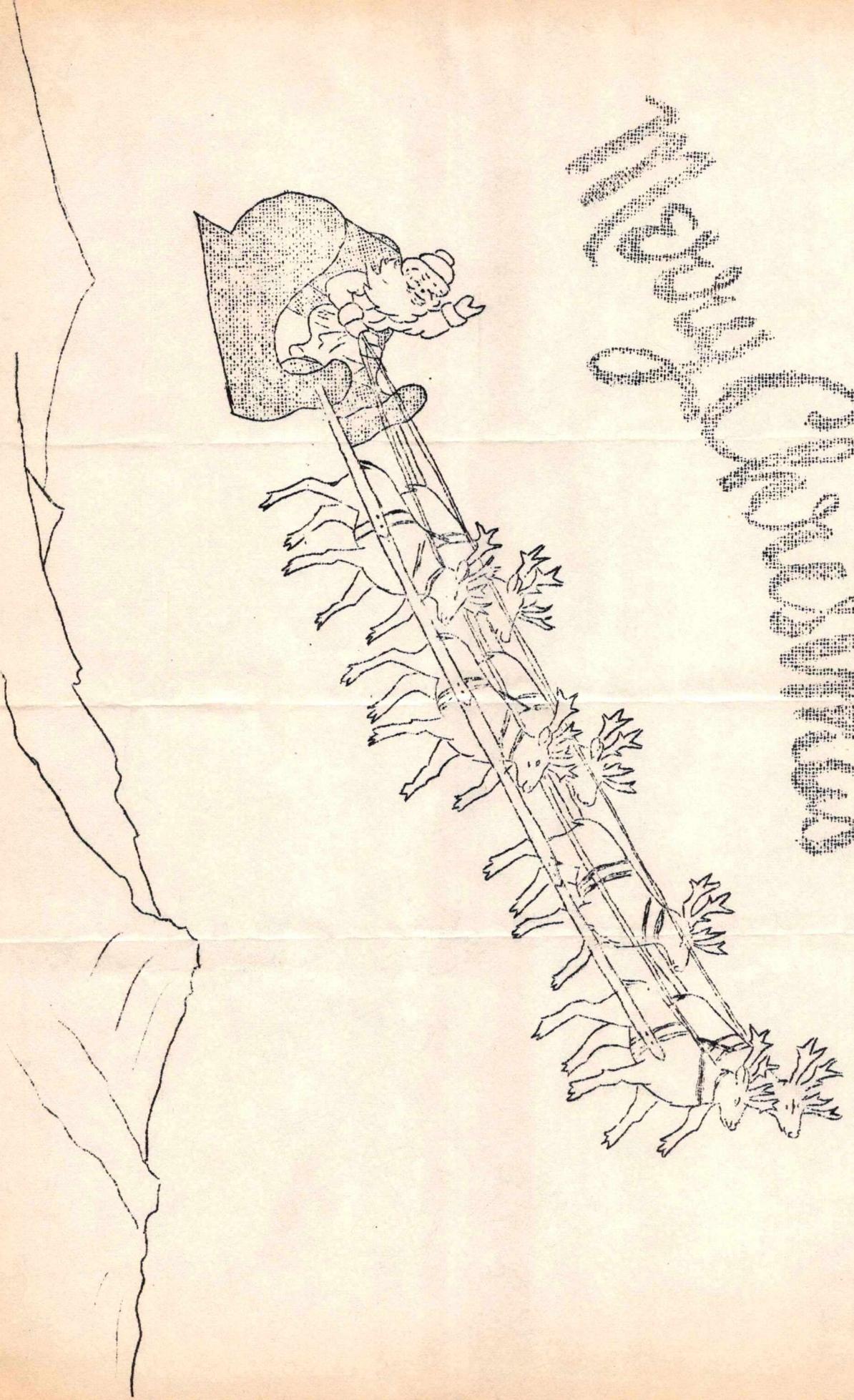
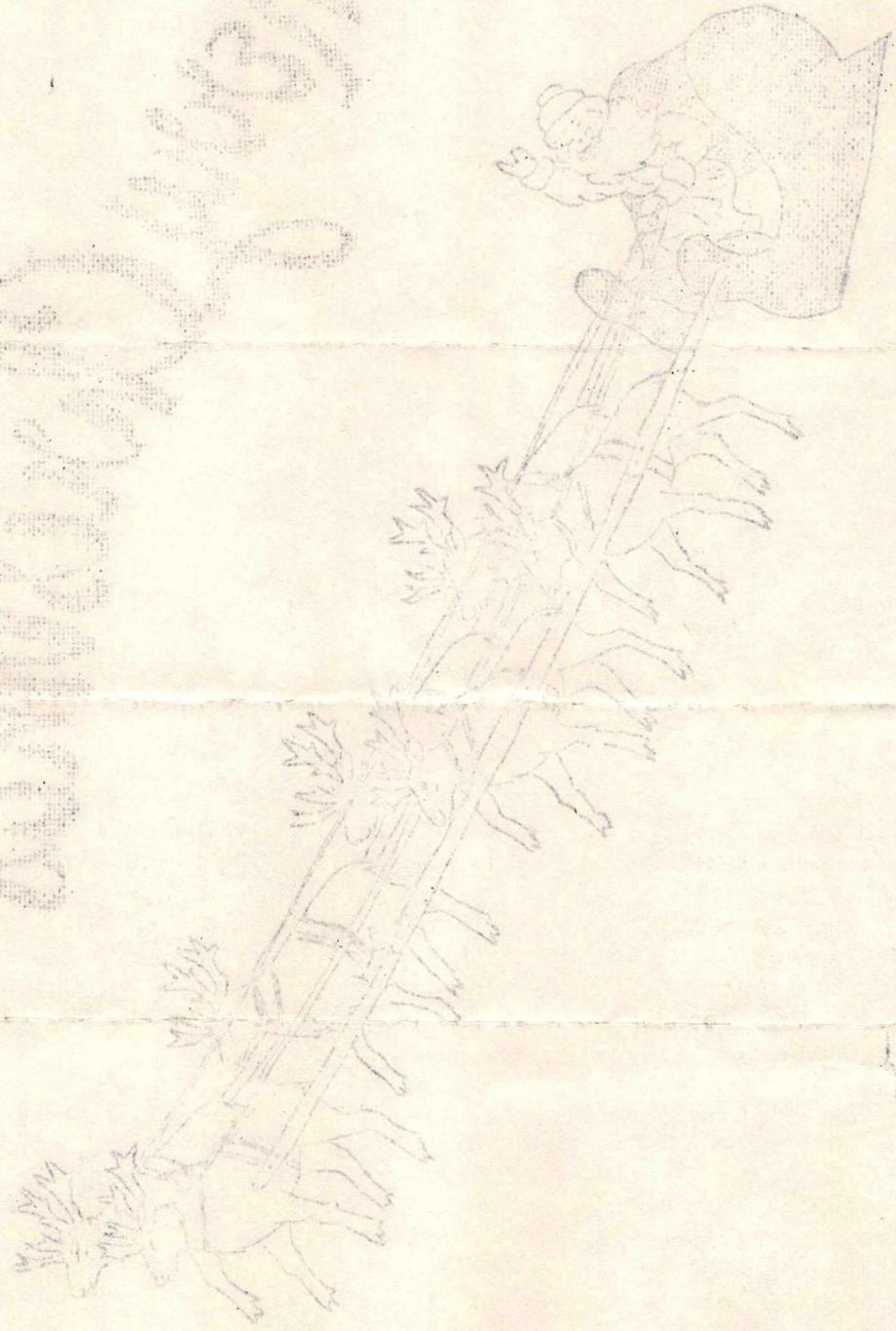


Меня зовут



1890
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UR UR UR OF COURSE UR 3 TIMES STUCK UR UR UR

UNSATISFACTORY REPORT

1. ACTION AGENCY

2. CATEGORY 2

Serial No. 15101957
Project No. NP-013

1 REPORTING ACTIVITY | 2 MAJOR COMMAND | 3 ACTION AGENCY

UR SERIAL NO. 57-2522 | DATE 25 Nov 57 | REPORTING ACTIVITY (3.) ORGANIZATION 32 ISFC Sq | STATION GPS

4. IDENTIFICATION

5. SUPPLEMENTARY DATA

ITEM Harness Asssembly, Reindeer
PROPERTY CLASS 35 H
STOCK OR PART NO. 3510-863902-3
PRIME CONTRACTOR OCAAM
MANUFACTURER Sleigh-Makers, Ltd.
ORDER OR SHIPMENT NO. Unk.
PARTS CATALOG T.O. 2S-1900-34
FIG. & INDEX NO. 3-2

QTY IN USE 8
QTY IN STOCK 2
QTY INSPECTED 10 QTY DEFECTIVE 1
NO. PREVIOUS FAILURES None
LAST RECORD, ACTIVITY POAMA
6. USAGE
SINCE NEW 1368 hours
SINCE RECONDITION 72 hours

7. INSTALLED ON

NAME TYPE, MODEL, & SERIES SERIAL NO.
Sleigh, Reindeer Propelled RP-1, M1900, A 1900A-1

8. EXHIBIT DISPOSITION & INCLOSURES

Sent under separate cover.

9. DETAILS

1. Circumstances Prior To Difficulty; Preflight inspection of Sleigh, Reindeer Propelled, Type RP-1, Model M1900-A was being conducted in accordance with T.O. 1-1S(RP)2-6
2. Description of Difficulty; The Harness Assembly for Number 4 Reindeer was excessively worn and could not be secured to the Right-Hand Propulsion Bar.
3. CAUSE: The loather straps securing the Harness Assembly to the Right-Hand Propulsion Bar had been replaced at the time of last reconditioning by straps made of vegetable-tanned Caribou hide in place of chrome-tanned Caribou. This weaker leather wore at the point of attachment, the rivet holes became elongated and the strap came loose from the bar.
4. ACTION TAKEN: The defective harness was replaced by a new harness from stock. Defective harness is being held pending disposition instructions.
5. RECOMMENDATIONS: 1. That the Specification for Harness Assy, Reindeer be amended to read as follows, "...Leather replacements shall be fabricated of Caribou leather tanned by the method known as 'chrome' or 'chemical' tanning." 2. That depot stocks be checked to insure that all leather on hand is chrome-tanned Caribou. 3. That all Harness Assemblies, Reindeer, presently in use and spares in stock be checked to insure that all leather parts are chrome-tanned Caribou leather.

INITIATOR:

Ellis T. Mills, Jr.
Civilian Inspector
Goodcheer Polar Station

SUBMITTED BY:

S. Claus
Station UR Officer
Goodcheer Polar Station

1st Indorsement:

Merry Christmas to all.

2nd Indorsement:

Happy New Year

mea culpa et m

UR

? ? ? ? ? ?

Dear Ellis,

I suppose you'll have received the Mailing by now. You're certainly a specimen - get told off for not putting your name and address on your zine, so you retaliate by putting them on the next issue - but overlooking the title! Tell me - were you always a genius, or is it that you just happened to be born that way?

I got your letterette of the 27th of Feb, for which tower, but the main reason for this is your comment in the Great Nameless Millzine on GALLERY re "When cometh the other half?" Thing is, you may be making a crack about the serial - or you may have a defective GALLERY. If the latter, you should apply to me for a good copy. If the former, you should (as usual) be more explicit. ...

/s/ Archie

Dear Archie,

I thought perhaps you would realize from the last mailing, the one under discussion, that I have a sensitive, fannish spirit, and am subject to fits of temperament, for which I crave pardon, not chastisement. Still, in the letter I have published above, you scurrilously take me to task for an apparent omission. I say an 'apparent' omission for that which you took to be a deliberate oversight on my part was in reality such a plethora of titles that you, frail human that you are, could not comprehend them as such. I prefer to refer to my magnum opus in the eleventh mailing as T. O. C. 57-2-101, or T-C-C for short. The cover format was adapted from that used by the Air Force to disseminate urgent modification information to the using units in the field. There are other formats for other types of information and I intend to use some of them in future mailings, the cover on page two (?) is based on a form used to report malfunctioning equipment. The numbering system suffered the greatest adaptation. T. O. numbers are composed in three parts, part one a number indicating a General Class (second cousin to General Mills), part two can be a number with a set of letters and another number to indicate a specific equipment, and part three indicates the type of T. O.. Technical Orders are issued on Operations, Service, and Overhaul Instructions and are assigned final numbers beginning at 1 and rising through 99. Numbers above 100 are used for modification T. O.'s. I started with 57 representing the year, -2 the month, and -101 to represent the first issue of my T-C-C's. It is to be hoped that all OMPANs have complied with the provisions of that T. O. as I was forced to ground Mr. Jansen this summer until he managed to meet the requirements. Happily, I was able to release Mr. Jansen to fannish pursuits when I made my August inspection tour of Belgium. (The allegation that it was not Mr. Jansen's compliance with the T. O., but his expert guide service which we utilized to see Belgium. When I attended the con, I found that the OMPANs there had done well at modifying their equipment. I only found one former OMPAN whose modification was unacceptable, it was illegible.

I was born a genius. I know, because I have always been that way.

In Mr. Derry's admirable zine in the tenth mailing, he commented, "I hope you enjoyed this half ((My underlining)) as much as I enjoyed getting ((Perhaps he said 'putting')) it out." I still want to know, "When cometh the other half." As for your allegation, Mr. Mercer, that I might have a defective GALLERY, I think it may possibly be insulting, and anyway the reference is to HAY WINDOW and not to GALLERY. Unless you were refering to something else which, I assure you, the Doctor mended very well last year. That also is more properly refered to by another name, if indeed it is proper to refer to such things in mixed company. Get up from your sick-bed and defend yourself, Mercer.

②

Yours, a sever,
Ellis

STRUCK MOON

I had been rereading some back issues of Asf, as an unsuccessful remedy for insomnia, when I ran across a letter from A. J. Clarke, Brass Tacks, Sept. 1952, wherein he chortled that his 'good friend', Willy Ley, had fallen neatly into a crater. Mr. Clarke explained that not only did he know of no British observer who believed in the meteor theory of lunar craters, he knew of none who believed in the volcanic theory either, and Mr. Ley's refutation of that theory was unnecessary, although interesting. JWC inserted an editorial note to the effect that, after we got to the Moon and staked out our claims, we'd find the American sector covered with meteor splashes and the British sector full of non-meteoritic craters.

My subconscious churned this badinage around, and brought it into clear and simple conjunction with a few other odd items that I had noted earlier. This then is the truth regarding the lunar craters.

A certain group of fen have been suspect in my mind, due to the extreme profusion of fanzines around the world, material originating within this group. Certain members of this group have not been content to assail merely fans, and have managed to enter the professional field. This prolonged creativeness seems unearthly, or at the very least, unfamiliar.

Not content merely to warp our minds by their invidiously humorous ~~propaganda~~ articles and stories, they have endeavoured to cause us to ruin our houses by introducing a game called Ghoodminton. This game calls for great fortitude and a strong foundation for your house. When Steve Schultheis returned from Europe, he reported that the game he witnessed was not as destructive as reports had led him to expect. The game originally was played in the Willis family attic. (Lately efforts have been made to find some other arena.) Mr. Willis is concerned over the fact that the plaster in the room below the playing area is detaching itself from the ceiling. This room is being used by the only Earth-born member of the group, Brian.

big enough to wield a bat as a vitesporting and he had decreed that all players, in particular Mr. Berry, shall tread softly while slashing and smashing their opponents, they must abandon the sport of leaping into the air to come crashing down, on an opponent's instep. (Bystanders have been incapacitated through the misdirected effort of a blind-ed player, the game is full of laughs.)

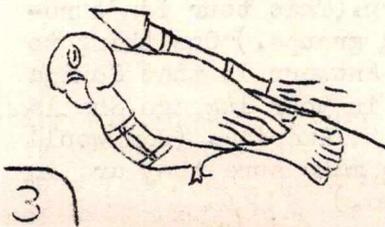
The simplest correlation of this material leads one to the conclusion that Irish Fandom is extraterrestrial in origin, that they originally lived on the unseen side of the Moon, and that they came to Earth after one of them (probably Mr. Berry) happened upon a wander trip to this side of that celestial orb, and to note how the plaster there had cracked and fallen off. They hoped that the Earth, being larger, would absorb the shock of the game better. (Note: If this side of the Moon seems to be in rather poor repair, you should see the other side where the actual Ghoodminton courts were.)

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP

BELFAST (GP) - Our secret agent has revealed a shocking new development in the game, Ghoodminton. The members of Irish Fandom decided that they must find a new Ghoodminton court site to prevent doing further damage to Brian. After a diligent search the area known as the Giants' Causeway was selected. Since this new court is out of doors, (they were all sold under the 'Winding Up' act of 1935) the rules were amended somewhat. Larger bats were devised and a modified 'bird' (Mrs. Beaton with rockets attached) was used.

The first time that the revised game was played, Mr. Berry got carried away and struck the 'bird' with such force that Mrs. Beaton established an orbit at approximately five-hundred-sixty miles distance from the surface of the Earth. (A portion of Mr. Berry's bat was broken off by the impact and entered an orbit near Mrs. Beaton.) An observer of a certain government was first to chart Mrs. Beaton's orbit, having accidentally tuned to the frequency she was using to call for aid and supplies. This observer reported his discovery to Higher Authority, which then assumed the credit for being the first to place an artificial satellite out there.

The loss of Mrs. Beaton has not, I regret to announce, deterred this heartless group from further play, and just recently, Joey followed Mrs. Beaton. Mr. Berry swung with such force that a stray dog which had wandered into the arena was carried into orbit with Joey. Budgerigar lovers unite! Descend upon this Heartless Group and cause them to desist. Your planet is at stake! o t m



MORE ELLIS MILLS

This feature is dedicated to Small Sister Lindsay and her "Let's have more of Ellis Mills in his fanzines" movement. Non-subscribers to this worthy cause will be allowed to skip the following.

Fandom may lay the blame for my addiction to SF upon the shoulders of the USAF. This organization not only stationed me in the same squadron as some unknown reader who dropped a copy of Asf on a bunk, but has a generous furlough and pass system which I have exploited not only to attend various official fan gatherings, but also in seeking out the hideaways of numerous fan and visiting them from time to time. Here is an account of my wanderings in 1957.

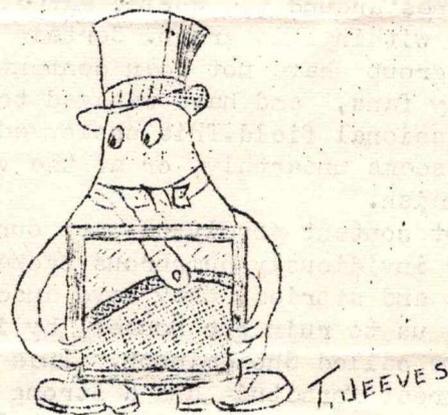
As many of you have noticed, correspondence with me is apt to be sporadic. At times I put myself in the chimney corner as punishment for my neglect, after which I answer half a dozen letters very contritely, before lapsing once again into lethargy & silence. However, occasionally I manage to answer two successive letters or tapes by the same correspondent. In such manner did I gain entree into a certain French home. Jean and Annie started a taperespondence with me and I kept it up for a time, until we decided that Jean needed personal supervision for his English lessons. Accordingly we made arrangements for Guy Woodworth (Woody) and I to visit 24 rue Petit in April. While Woody was furnishing the car, he didn't want to do all the driving and, as I had not gotten a license, we cast about for another driver. Smitty, who had driven with us to Antwerp, had since had a rather harrowing experience, while giving me a driving lesson, and refused to enter any car in which I might ride or drive. We found another fan, Jack Harbold, who was now in the squadron, and had no objection to riding with me, and in due time started on the trip. An allegorical account of it and later trips will be found elsewhere.

4



Let's take a fast trip to Vescul...

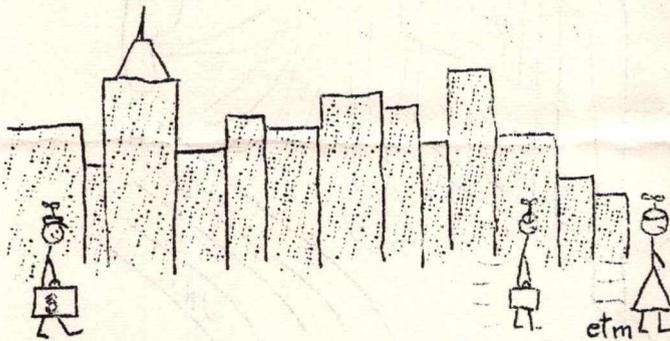
One trip to Vescul was not sufficient to teach Jean English to my satisfaction and we returned once more in May. Then in June my parents and I took them to Bavaria for a week of intensive language study. We administered a final examination, on August first, at Lausanne. We also inquired into the degree of proficiency in the English language achieved by our hosts, Pierre and Martine Thome. The only test that Pierre flunked was the breathing exam, he could not read one of my sentences aloud unless it had commas in it. In fact, the lack of commas in one sentence nearly put him into a coma. Both Martine and Pierre easily were able to converse with us, we were not on as firm a ground, knowing but few words in French. We couldn't even understand the eloquent addresses of Shambleau, who only spoke Cat. (It must have been a regional dialect.) This was a great shame as Shambleau has such an interesting catality. If one has been privileged to see the Linard family and the Versins family in the native habitat as it were, one will know what I mean when I say that the writing of the two families, enjoyable though it may be, cannot begin to reveal the warm, generous, gentle people behind it.



Antwerp: Man kauft schön Fenster...

During the summer, my parents came to the continent to avail themselves of an offer I had made to guide them through Europe. I did not propose to do all the guiding myself, however, and engaged Jansen's Tour Service, Ltd. to guide us throughout Flanders. This tour service offers a comprehensive program including visits to a typical Flemish fan's apartment, tours of the coastal areas, excursions into the inland, and as a Grand Finale, a window-shopping trip through Antwerp. (This tour isn't recommended for mixed groups.) One thing to check when leaving Antwerp is that Sonija is not stowed away in your luggage. She is determined to come to America. (Jan would like to come too, so make sure they are in sight when you leave.)

Before I left the continent I was able to fly to London for the con. That affair was a highlight of my time in Europe. All the time I was there was spent in roaming the halls and lounges of the hotel, joining in bull sessions and parties, contacting the people I had met at the Kettering convention. I don't remember much of the formal proceedings of the con, but I cherish fond memories of the small, intimate sessions in the lounges. I saw nearly everybody I wanted to see (and NGW) except Mr. Mercer. (Who finally learned that fish and chips are basically inedible and non-nutritive) When I reached New York, I called some of the fen listed in the Directory of Fandom but it seemed as though everyone fled the big town as I approached. Phyllis Economou assured me that she was heading for Milwaukee in the morning and couldn't possibly ask me over, Dick Ellington left for the country for his first weekend of the summer out of town. I saw Art Saha at his home Thursday, and Lee and Larry asked me to drop in for a few minutes on Saturday.



Get out of town! Here comes Mills...

After seeing the Shaws to the sidewalk in front of their apartment building, I headed for Ohio and an October date with Ohio fandom. The falascas had written, shortly before I left Germany, and told me that a conference was to be held near Cleveland. I discovered that I was far from the only attendee of the Worldcon to arrive at the Falasca's on the designated date. Several groups of fans showed up including Chicago and Detroit. Fred Prophet came with the Detroit group, Steve Schultheis represented Cleveland's delegate to the World-con, and I came as delegate-at-large. Detroit was inspired to invite the Cleveland gang to visit Detroit two weeks from that time to see Howard DeVore's collection, and to attend the Halloween party at the Youngs. This turned out to be an evil plot to get more fans to stay in the Detroit area but all that was accomplished was the ruination of Nick's Austin-Healy. Two flat tyres on Frank's car only made us more eager to get back to Cleveland.

BETWEEN COVERS

Another two weeks sped by and it was time to attend the 16th Conference held by the Philadelphia SF Society. Steve Schultheis and Ben Jason drove to my house and parked Ben's heap in the back yard as we rode in my mother's car to Philly. The con was well-attended and again the fen came from far as well as near. Detroit, Washington, Cleveland, New York, and Cambridge had fans there. There were also a few 'students' from Pen State passing out a zine, BALLAST freely (and trying to sell a clam volume of SELECTED SLIP SHEETS.) This zine probably can be obtained from the editor, Jim Broschart, or from James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., 131 W. Park Ave., Apt. 2-B, State College Pennsylvania. ((Unpaid Advertisement)) After we left Philly, the members of the Northeast Ohio Fantasy Press, Inc. Stockholders Association held an organization meeting, and descended upon Lloyd Eshbach for about an hour at his home. (Lloyd has an appropriate colour-scheme for his car, Ivory and Pepto-Dismal.

IRELAND CONFIDENTIAL

BELFAST (GP) - Inside information reveals that Mr. Berry's feats at Ghoddminton, reported elsewhere in this issue, have gone to his head, and that he has bribed an urchin to drive several cattle into the arena the next time he plays. Mr. Berry has also been experimenting with an explosive charge on his bat. He dreams of being responsible for the first "herd shot" round the world."



Have a dog-gone Merry Christmas...



HELP! NURSE -
SOMEBODY - WHERE ARE YOU
SISTER LINDSAY?

#####

This is this Sister Lindsay Appreciation issue of ??????, # 2.
I lifted the above drawing from the bulletin board of the hospital last year.

The Moon, says an astronomer, is covered with dust a foot deep.
With nobody but a man there, the sink is probably stacked full of dirty
dishes too. Cuyahoga Falls News.

This fanzine has taken a long time to grind through the Mills, all material con-
tained herein has either been written and prepared by me or pirated from nine-
year old newspapers. The Letter from ^{camp} was lifted from the Cuya. Falls News.
The Songs another taught Me and the Moon quote above ditto. Of course the Songs
My Mother taught me ^{are} original and is the work of Margaret Mills. The Muttnik
cartoon was drawn by my younger brother, Noel, guess where he lifted the mutt.
Dad ^{was} going to take these stencils to school and get them run off for me. The
letter from Archie is really by Archie, and the illos for the letter from ^{camp}
and the address logo are by Joeves. This has been a Named Millszino...

A Fable: e. t. m

ONCE upon a time in the old city of Frankfurt am Main lived three Freunden von Zukunft Romane. The three led a quiet, fanzish life except occassionally when they visited a set of Doppelligangers who were also Freunden vo Zukunft Romane and also lived in Frankfurt am Main. The three were fond of going on long trips in their sturdy little vehicle, Opelia.

WHEN one of the three laerned of two Ami d'Science Fiction living in the little town of Vesoul, he began planning for the three to visit the two. At first he pretended to the two that there was only two in Frankfurt and suggested that they might sometime be able to call on the two in Vesoul. When the two replied that the two were welcome at any time, the three set out in Opelia.

Many miles of Autobahn passed swiftly under wheel and the three laughed and sang to the purring of Opelia. Little did the intrepid band know what awaited them when they forsook the Autobahn for the more prosaic highways of the Black Forest. They were traveling at a slightly reduced speed when suddenly a great, hulking, villainous truck abruptly stopped and poked out Opelia's eyes. Such unsportsmanlike behaviour shocked Opelia so much that she blew her head gasket and wept all over the pavement from the radiator via the exhaust pipe. From that moment onward, poor Opelia seemed to have lost all spirit and she went ever so slowly and even more slowly until at last two were obliged to dismount and to assist Opelia over the hills with a series of gentle shoves. And two pushed and one steered and Opelia did her best and eventually the three reached 24 rue Petit with Opelia. And there was rest for all and food and essence and a new head gasket for Opelia. And the two told the three to 'BE AT HOME' so they were and when the appointed hour came the three departed. But the two were ever so gentle and polite and invited the three to return.

IN the eyes of the three such an invitation had the force of a command since the French cuisine was as it was; therefore, within four weeks the two received a telegram from the three announcing their arrival and within the half hour, there were the three. (Even so, one would expect the Turkish post to be more efficient.) Once again was there feasting and revelry in Vesoul and this time the three provided a strange repast of exotic foods from a land far across the seas, preparing the viands in a strange ritual in a grotto near Vesoul. The two were urged to invite their friends and he came. The six partook of Kool-'Aid, pickles, beans set beside the fire to simmer, hard-boiled eggs, frankfurter sausages roasted over the fire, and enough potatoe salad to feed fifty million Frenchmen or perhaps four Americans but as there were only three of each there was enough left over to feed the two for a month. And one of the two was reminded by one of the three that she did not eat anything and was making that one of the three as unhappy as the one of the two had been when the one of the three did not eat as much as the one of the three who is known throughout Europe (except in Lincolnshire) for his ability and readiness to eat anything in the way of food, particularly cheese.

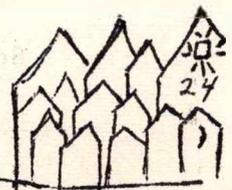
When they had eaten and pictured and explored they returned to the house of the two for coffee. And then they discussed Kool-'Aid and drank cheese and ate fanzines and fahzine editors. And the two refused to serve fish and chips although they had three perfectly lovely catfish readily available and one of the two excelled at making chips.

EVERY fable should have a moral and the moral to this is that if you don't want the three to visit you, you had better rely upon something more efficient than a great, hulking, villainous truck as while the three don't have much pull, they certainly can (and do) push themselves into places.

Pg 7



E M



GRIST #2

RUBBLE-WITHOUT-CAUSE

ARCHIVE # 13 and ABM October Issue (MER* CER)

I was sorry not to see you at the World-con as I wanted to prove that I can manage to eat most anything. As I evaluate the situation, you can eat anything, but you don't.

It seems rather a shame that Roaring Jelly got squeezed out of ARCHIVE # 13. Thirteen must really be unlucky, as I'm going to give you a recipe that the readership may consider as a substitute for the # 13 issues Roaring Jelly.

ARMY APPLE PIE (for putting in order)

Flour, any old sort, preferably meaty;
Water;
Cheese, Cheddar type, stale and moldy;
Crust from a previous Army Apple Pie,
Apples.

Prepare the flour, water and some of the cheese (grated) into a crust as per any reputable cookbook. Line pie plate.

Pare and core the apples, making very thin peelings. Discard the apples. Chop the peelings and cores and arrange in pie plate with remainder of cheese.

Crumble the crust from the previous Army Apple Pie and moisten with water. Cover pie with crumbs.

Bake in a moderate oven, 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with sauce made from Eggs (Chocolate), Fried, in Diesel Oil to Ray Schaffer, who had better not expect to get another invitation to dinner here.

APOLLO PLAY # 2 (Schaffer)

RAY Schaffer is on my list. Ray SCHAFFER is on my list, Ray Schaffer IS ON MY LIST and it is not the list of recipients of beautiful Christmas gifts. Watch out for packages that tick, Ray. A man who passes up a free meal, even if he has to drive thirty miles to collect it, cannot be a True Fan. Not only that, we had Chili to eat for three days. Remember November 16!

I enjoy some shows on TV, but find myself greatly distracted by it when trying to cut stencils or compose mailing comments. My family loves to turn the set on just as I have gotten comfortably wedged into the armchair with the typer across the arms, and to walk off and leave it blaring to an otherwise empty room. It's more effort to move the typer (a ROYAL with 21 inch carriage) than to watch the show.

APOLLO PLAY (Cont.)

A few interesting bits encroach from time to time, as the time I was watching TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES. The MC had three ladies brought in and asked one of his usual catch questions. When they failed to answer it (Of course, the questions are worse than the Delphic Prophecies, if you give a straight answer, he comes up with a pun and if you try to get the punny answer in the time allotted he'd probably give the straight answer as correct.), he gave a spiel on the supposed abilities of women to distinguish items by texture. This led up to the old 'blind men and the elephant' gag. One woman felt the trunk of the elephant and said it was the handle of a vacuum cleaner, the second lady said the side was a potted palm, but the third lady was the one to bring down the house, she had her hand brought to the leg of the beast, and exclaimed joyfully, "You can't fool me, you flew my husband here!"

VERITAS # 5 (GOON PRESS)

Implacably impeccable, the Atom, Berry, Combine (ABC) has done it again. I have not known any fluent budgerigars although I have heard a parrot that could say "Hello Mac" (Mac was his name.) If an article in my magazine UR 3 seems to indicate that I think that Mrs. Beaton might know Morse Code, let me say that I have no reason to believe that she might NOT know the Morse Code.

VAGARY # 5 (WILD)

I can print, cruddier, verse than you can, in fact, Mom says that the next UR, UR 3, is not Vegetarian or Carniverous, it's Omnivers-e. re Time; Lack of: I am just now winding up a two and one-half month holiday, having delayed that long between my last discharge and my next re-enlistment.

The first thing I did was to throw away my razor. Then I set about to putter about the house a bit, putting shelves to rights etc., and sleeping until ten or twelve in the morning. This left me wide awake evenings and I reread the 1951, 1952, and 1953 issues of ASF. Naturally I'd be too tired to get up in the morning. I've also turn-family cook. Most of my concoctions are (ed a bit tastier than the recipe above would indicate and Mom claims to have gained a few pounds on my cooking. I haven't gained but then I haven't lost any either. I

should have had loads of time for fannish activity, but the spirit did not seem to move me the first six weeks. Now, with a deadline of November 28th to get packed and get out by, I am pounding my finger to the bone to get a postmailing out that will reach everybody by Christmas. I hope to get this to John by airmail in time to go in the mailing, and I've airmailed him a copy of UR # 3 for approval as a postmailing.

An interesting bit of intolerance was the case of the Russian two vs. three-finger massacres. When the Czar was converted from Eastern Orthodox to Roman Catholicism, he ordered his loyal subjects to accept the changed rites of his new faith. They weren't all that loyal and a popular sport of the time was church burning. When all the churches were burned, the devout began meeting in barns. A two-finger mob would find out where the three-fingers were meeting, would seal the exits of the building, and burn it to the ground. The next week, the relatives of the deceased would return the favour. Great fun.

52nd ST. (LINWOOD) was legible but short. (Look who's talking!)

MORPH (ROLES)

Keep a-rolling John. My main comments on your zine stem from your reviews. Partly this is due to my not having reviewed the mags in question myself. Evidently, from his comments in POOKA, Don Ford classifies me as a European. Well, I'll soon be a Coloradoan and I still don't like the voting system that was used.

ZYMIC (CLARKE, A.V.)

I'll not presume to estimate the effect your support of the Be Kind To Madle Club had upon the rank and file conventioneer, but it was a good thing, and I'm glad to note that it seemed as though he was very heartily welcomed. I'll insert my thanks to the Convention Committee and others for a very enjoyable con here, although I can't remember much of the program. (You will have to blame that on the Waters of St. Fanthony.)

THE LESSER FLEA (CLARKE, J.)

By all means, give us archaeology. And do finish TSI for us.

The jingle may be outdated, but I still hear it a dozen times a day on the radio. You'll wonder where your teeth all went, when you brush with pep and yell-o-dent. You rate no comment on National Weekly.

BLUNT (SANDERSON) I appreciated this, but can't seem to think of comments. Why not OMNIBUS?

SCOTTISHE (LINDSAY)

You know Ethel, I planned to have a special SMALL SISTER LINDSAY issue in the June mailing. Then it was to be in the Sep. mlg and now it will be postmailed to the Dec. mlg. I hope that it gets to everyone by Christmas.

Perhaps your shop-owner could understand American, I notice he didn't guarantee that Americans could understand him.

So you hope that we are just a lot of nonsense. Well! I never! Of all the things to say! (Page 12, Archie;...that is just a lot of nonsense,,

hoping you are the same,,)

PHENOTYPE & KEEBIRD (Eney) (oops..ENEY)

I'm sorry, Rich, that I haven't answered your poll as yet. See; re Time, Lack of. I didn't receive my hold baggage until two weeks ago, and have spent that two weeks in getting UR # 3 ready for distribution. Naturally, I had shipped the last years mlg's in my hold baggage.

* * * * *
Of the other magazines in the mlg, I enjoyed but was otherwise unable to comment upon STEAM, DUPE, BURP!, NOISE LEVEL, OFF TRAILS (I HAVE read the constitution and plead the fifth amendment) and the post-mailings, GALLERY 7, and ANNEX. I couldn't read the NGW bonus issues.

Again I wish to beg Small Sister Lindsay not to crucify me for the smallness of this, consider it a sheet left out of UR # 3 in deference to the SSL issue.

This has been GRIST # 2 (# 1 was a part of STYX IV) published at 2522 Front Street, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio by Ellis T. Mills, Jr. I'll have a new address next week but I don't know it yet and mail to the above address will always reach me, in time.

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Having settled Mr. Mercer for the nonce, I intend to devote the rest of this short snort to the Medical Profession. I humbly dedicate the following to Small Sister Lindsay:

Songs My Mother Taught Me, II

So you've had an OPERATION
and the topic of conversation
soon could be

about the type of anesthetic,
how it should have been on "MEDIC"
on T. V.

All the intravenous feedings
and the pretty nurses pleadings -

"One moment please."

All the pills & medications
and the nurses' ministrations
to put you at ease.

Meals in bed that you can't eat
while you try to keep off your seat
it isn't fair.

Someone should design a pillow
that will give rear action bilow
for your chair.

Now with this poem we also send
one little plea, "Keep up your end."
Get well Quick -

— — X — — X — —

BULLETIN: The New York Dept. of Health in one of its frequent tests of grade school children has received the following answer to that vital question;

"What are the advantages of mother's milk over cow's milk?"

1. It's cheaper
2. It keeps better over the weekend.
3. There is no danger of dropping and busting (sic) the containers.
4. The cat can't get at it.

Songs Another Taught Me

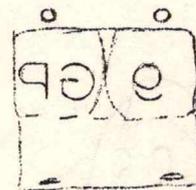
Doctor, Doctor, dry and queer,
Put itching powder in Grandpa's beer.
When Grandpa busted out in itches,
He kicked the Doctor in his britches.

HELP WANTED

Two-headed man anxious to hire
the services of a two-headed woman
to share Four-Way Cold Tablet.

CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE CLASS YELL State Pen '57

Dig 'em with the fingernails,
Slap 'em on the jaw!
Punch 'em on their vertebrae
Till they're raw! raw! raw!



With this meager offering, I, Ellis Mills, decryer of two page OMPA contributions leave you until the thirteenth mailing is received and read and the fourteenth is due. This magazine (!) has been prepared for the Off-Trails Magazine Publishers Association by T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills,

and is titled (for the benefit of Archie)

?????? # 2, dated 10 June 1957. Yah.

The above was stencilled last June, but it didn't get run off then. In consequence I had to blot out the address above. For the time being my address is 2522 Front Street, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Also, this issue has been retitled UR # 3 and is a joint issue for OMPA and others. No John, the title is not Merry Christmas, that's just what I'm wishing you all. Happy Finnish New Year too.

SONGS A MOTHER TAUGHT ME III

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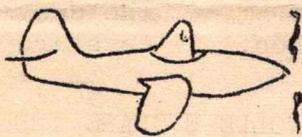
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'TIS THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THRU THE TOWN
 THE STORE WINDOWS BECKON FROM ADULTS ON DOWN
 TO THE YOUNGEST OF MORTALS WHOE'ER THEY MIGHT BE
 WITH A GIDDY ARRAY FOR ON OR UNDER THE TREE
 THERE'S FROU-FROU FOR GRANDMA WITH RIBBON AND PUFF
 AND FEATHERS AND SEQUINS AND ALL SORTS OF STUFF
 THERE'S GADGETS FOR GRANDPA BOTH SIMPLE AND TRICKY
 FROM LEATHER TRIMMED CORKSCREW TO PATENTED DOO-HICKY
 FOR MOTHER THERE'S NOTHING SO PRACTICAL QUITE
 AS A FEATHER TRIMMED LORGNETTE FOR OPERA NIGHT
 OR IF YOU WANT SOMETHING THAT'S FANCY AND FRILLY
 HERE'S A LACE COVERED HOT PAD THAT'S REALLY A DILLY
 FOR SON OR FOR DAUGHTER WHO ARE TEENS IN THEIR AGE
 THEIR VERY OWN SPORTS CA-R IS JUST ALL THE RA-GE
 FOR THAT YOUNGER BROTHER WITH HANDS IN HIS POCKETS
 THERE'S THE SHINIEST, SPEEDIEST EVER OF ROCKETS
 HE COULD LINE IT UP NICELY AIMED STRAIGHT FOR A STAR
 THEN CLIMB RIGHT INSIDE IT AND TRAVEL AFAR
 FOR HIS LITTLE SISTER THERE'S SHOES FOR THE BALLET
 OR A PHONO WITH HITS FROM TIN PAN ALLEY
 THE GIFTS MADE FOR BABY WILL AMUSE OR AMAZE HIM
 BUT IF HE'S LIKE MOST CHILDREN THEY WON'T EVEN FAZE HIM
 FOR "THE ONE WHO HAS EVERYTHING" ANYTHING GOES
 IN NUMBERS MORE LEGION THAN FINGERS AND TOES
 THERE'S A CUTE LITTLE BRUSH FOR THE LINT IN THE NAVEL
 OR IF YOU DON'T BUY IT THE MONEY YOU SAVE'LL
 BUY A SOLID GOLD TOOTEPICK - BUT BETTER INSTEAD
 MAYBE THIS CORK FOR THE HOLE IN YOUR HEAD
 IT'S OF SOLID IVORY AND GLITERS WITH GOLD
 AND STONES SEMI-PRECIOUS - RUSH BEFORE IT IS SOLD
 THEN WHEN YOU'RE THRU SHOPPING AND PACKAGES GAY
 WITH WRAPPING AND RIBBON ARE ALL PUT AWAY
 YOU SIT DOWN AND SIGH - GLAD YOUR SHOPPING'S ALL DONE
 REALLY LUCKY ARE YOU IF YOU'VE NOT MISSED ANYONE
 REALLY BLESSED ARE YOU IF IT'S AS TRUE AS IT'S TRITE
 "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT"

MARGARET MILLS

ELLIS T. MILLS
 2522 Front Street
 Guyahoga Falls, Ohio



JEEVES

TO:

T. CARR
 134 Cambridge St.
 San Francisco 4, Calif.