

# VANDY #17

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(Credit logo on back cover)



Like practically all Fapans save the California bunch, Speer, and maybe the Washington (s) ?..I'm looking out the window this late January day and seeing snow -

lots of snow, and worrying about the heating stove overheating while trying to compensate for the cold...

I learned my lesson at the '62 blizzard party at Phyllis' (no '63 party - sniffle!)...when I went in a snowdrift practically to my knees during that 14 inch snowfall...this

winter when I decided

I needed a pair of boots, I bought high-topped rubber lined ones that are better than calf-high...if

the coming ice age predictions are right, I suspect they'll be a good investment.

I suppose I should bring some members up to date (assuming they're interested) on happenings in Manse Coulson since our last full-sized issue back in mlg 99.....but.....as I've

stated recently (for lack of anything more interesting to relate) I tend to forget to men-

tion something in a fanzine because I've already related it to my correspondents--or, alternately, I overmention something in the fanzine because I can't recall how much, or to whom, or whatever I've already related a given event.....which must get rather boring to some people and rather annoying to others who decide I'm rudely taking up a subject in the middle of nowhere without prior reference. I think the problem is, if anything, more pronounced with VANDY than with YANDRO....I fear such repetition bores friends and correspondents such as Marion, Phyllis, Dean, and Bjo, and cover old territory for people who also receive YAN.



But, onward.

Let's see, during the last talking VANDY (does that qualify as a talking woman...burleycue fans?) Buck was lamenting the condition of our 56 Ford. Well, it's no better now, but we have another car now.....considering the state of the Ford we don't think of ourselves as a two-car family but more a car and a half family. The second car is a 59 Rambler American station wagon....Romney called it placid blue, but at the moment it's a rather snarly dirty blue.....this is the model Gene DeWeese referred to as a "pregnant roller skate"....he should know, he used to own a sedan of the same model.... there were a few things wrong with it which we gradually ironed out after much cursing and bill paying.....front alignment was incredibly bad...and a bolt was missing from the A-frame (which produced some very interesting and nerve wracking body noises and squeaks).....and we're still discovering bits and pieces in the manual.....it has the most thorough owner's manual I've ever seen....about 70 pages of it...

We kept the Ford, which Buck usually drives to work, but not today, because it snowed and drifted badly last night and the snow tires are on the Rambler. The Ford is adequate, if not very comfortable, for driving back and forth to town.....but beyond that, its cooling system goes kablooeey all over the street. So I've been using the Rambler for grocery trips and hauling Bruce to school and like that (he's in Nursery School in town.....he started kindergarten this fall, but being only four, he couldn't quite get the idea of sitting down and standing in line occasionally and was getting a rather sour idea of the whole process....which I want to prevent.....hence the wait)

Full sized snow tires (which were originally for the Ford) on a Rambler American make it look a little bit like a round-legged jackrabbit, but it runs nice on long trips and has a heater like a blast furnace.

The other major mechanical addition around the house is a Gestetner..... some time last spring George Scithers asked if I might be interested in a Gestetner and I said sure soon as I make my first million.....he let me assume he had one to sell, but it turned out to be a gift, delivered to us at the Chicon, and I'm still a little dizzy. I still use the Tower to run envelopes and occasionally to re-run stencils on, but the Gestetner (a 120) has become my main workhorse - the changeover made much easier by generous advice from Ted White and the Trimbles.....I now have a four-button head piece or whatever and a hand-done masked out narrow screen, I'm using Rex Rotary ink and faithful Twilltone paper.....and becoming delighted with the automatic counter, which takes a load off my nerves (and the nerves of everyone else in the family, I imagine, with the cessation of my screaming for silence while counting a forward run)....and on the whole the mimeoing business is even rosier than before for this frustrated printer's deviless.

We missed the Midwescon in '62....it was announced so late that we had already scheduled a trip north and we spent that weekend in merry chatter with the DeWeeses, Grennells, and Economus. We had fun.

Then, in July, I persuaded Marion to stop off here on her way east to visit relatives and twisted her arm a little so she stayed over for the annual Coulson picnic. Actually, I hope persuasion wasn't really needed - I certainly got a big bang out of Marion's visit and I hope and think she enjoyed herself here as much as I did. We talked and listened to records and talked and reminisced and talked and sang folk and Tolkien songs and talked and Marion taught me how to tell the Tarot cards and in general had a fun time.....and Marion, Bruce wants to know when "Steve and the lady with yellow hair" are coming back again?



Then we had a picnic with the usual jolly bunch from the Midwest....although the fact that Marion was there gave us a lovely opportunity for a gag. Joe Lee Sanders (Indiana's expatriate to Southern California) arrived a bit late and was being introduced around.....I think it was Les Gerber who tried to straight-facedly introduce Marion to Joe as "G.M. Carr"....nice try, but unsuccessful since Joe had met Gem at a Midwescon. So Marion said no, she was really Marion Zimmer Bradley. This caused a bug eyed stare and more merriment.....it had almost calmed when Joe managed to ask: "Okay, now who are you really?" I don't think he quite got used to the fact till that evening.

The poetry-reading evening. The late-picnicers (the Chicago bunch had to leave early...) stumbled across a volume of incredibly bad vanity press poetry.....I mean really sincerely bad.....we even wrote a collective letter of thanks for the entertainment provided.....everyone signed with a penname and we put on the return address of long-suffering James Adams.

The Chicon was a bit marred for me by a severe sinus attack...one of the worst I've ever had....nerves, I suppose. I might have had a chance of shaking it off except a drunken seabee (or whatever those nosy little sailorhat types were) broke into Gene and bev's room while we were resting up for Saturday night, became generally quite obnoxious and rather dangerous and had to be removed by a couple of burly house dicks. This is one of the few times I can recall when fans might have been grateful to house dicks, but I was very happy to see these two.

But in between the drunk and the headache I have some fond memories of lots of cheery events....such as the Fapa meeting (being a non-coffee drinking type, I thought of ordering tea or milk, but at that stage of overdose of sinus medicine, I was a bit afraid I'd end up barfing it all over the carpet).....the masquerade.....bev and I, being shorties, made a bee-line for what we saw would be the entrance lane between the tables and we got a very good view of the costumes as they paraded past and onto the crowded floor...we may well have been the only people who got a good view, but a good view we did.....and having seen them well and close, we didn't need to stay around for the melee.....we could move to the back of the room and help peel Rosemary Hickey's costume off (it was oilcloth, and it was hot in that room)...

And there was the fan art show with lots of gorgeous stuff to ogle and even a few pleasant surprises for me in the way of sales and prizes....I'm beginning to think this making over my kitchen experiments with wax paper on oil paint may be the start of a new art school (as if we need a new one) - the housewife school of painting. Maybe this ye ar I'll try using bicarbonate of soda for texture effects or using vinegar or handyandy for a thinner.....hmm, should be interesting.

Around the house this winter ( inside the house - we don't have enough Eskimo furs for much outside activity) it's been carpentry. I hold the wood and try to look helpful while Buck does the work.....a bigger bookcase for the back room (not the only bookcase in there, of course - but the biggest), a tall shelving for next to my desk for all my junk, and a mimeo table for the Gestetner and lightscope....mostly because Buck got tired of heaving the thing up onto the kitchen table everytime I needed to run the issue - I'm not enough of an amazon to lift that thing.....the mimeo table may turn out to be a boat-in-the-basement affair; we built it where it now sits - in the center room - and we built it a sturdy five by three and a half feet....and now we have a suspicion that none of the doors in this house are going to be wide enough for it when we eventually move.



All in all it has been a very flattering and gratifying year for me personally. A new mimeo, paintings sold and a trophy won, and through Marion's kind insistence and collaboration, a story sold. 1962 wasn't a year I could complain about much; surely.

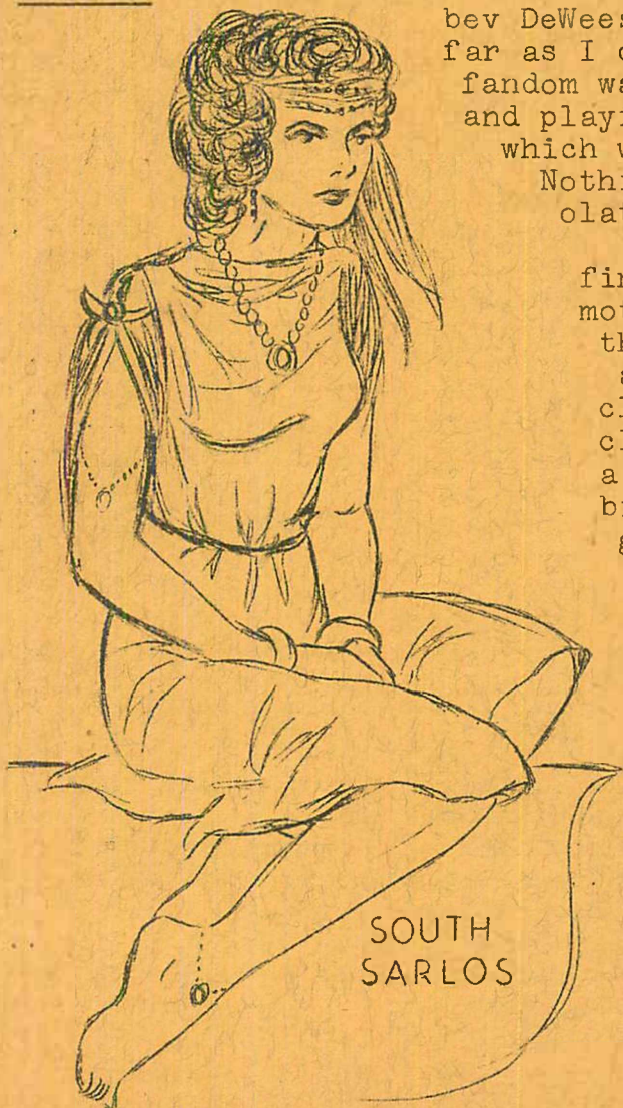
Since I started these pages, the eight stencils from Tucker arrived and I'd like to go on record in supporting his threatened campaign for office.....and in favor of simplification; I quite agree the split ticket memberships have left the category of complicated and entered the department of the ridiculous.

EGGS AND MARROWBONE: Melange #6 (Bjo and John) It was great the two of you could make Chi and of course enjoyed the chitchat we exchanged on Project Art Show but let's confine chatter here to assorted tangents. I suspect part of your disenchantment with too much fandom is being so to speak right in the thick of it. I got a wee bit tired of hyperfanning when there were fifteen fans and three clubs in Indiana and it got to be somewhat of a ratrace driving all over the state. But now that there are about five fans in the general area and one extremely inactive club (like annual meetings)...it gets a mite lonely....and even more ratracey to drive to Chicago or Milwaukee or Fond du Lac for just a cheerful evenings visit. When it's done this way, you're not aware of too much fandom....and the fact does remain that we have almost no friends outside fandom....close acquaintances, yes.....but Gene and

beve DeWeese were down here for Christmas, and as far as I can recall, the only time we touched on fandom was in giving them a fresh copy of YANDRO and playing a tape from Don and Maggie Thompson, which was personal chitchat and not fannish... Nothing makes fandom more appealing than isolation, I'll bet.

On your discussion of color (which I find fascinating - let's chatter)....my mother thinks of me as a gypsy or something because I've always had such loud and/or strange taste in clothes, including solid black....I do like big, clashy jewelry (doesn't that just figure, a short, dumpy hausfrau like me likes the big bangly stuff and the willowy tall gals go in for button pearl earrings)

...I think partially, particularly now, the clothes I wear at conventions are a reaction to the fact that most of the time I can slop around in jeans and sweaters and there isn't a lot of point in wearing anything dressy - I probably go overboard at any opportunity to wear something fancy.. how it might range when I had to work and dress up everyday, I don't know.....it didn't affect my screwball convention clothes the year I taught and I doubt if I'm past saving. I like strong blacks and whites unrelieved saved by flashy gypsy jewelry.....but not because I think of it as worldly or evil but because I





doted on black-clad cowboys in the movies during my adolescence....all black isn't sexy to me, but sort of a heroic wish - fulfillment or something....my other favorite colors are probably yellow, orange, rust, and red, though I don't have nerve to wear the last and I shouldn't wear the others because I tan rather jaundicedly...but I can't resist them.....I'm aware I can wear blue fairly well and do fairly frequently, though I'm rather indifferent to it..... and lately I've been wearing green occasionally, though I feel a bit ambiguous about it (and Marion knows why).

Color analysis?

And for right now, a departure from mailing comments for an entirely oblique subject....I may come back to Eggs and Marrowbone later, or maybe not.

Dream worlds seem to be the thing in fandom these days, what with Coventry, which I still haven't quite deduced..... I got the impression it was a collective dream world, but it seemed rather muddled and perhaps dream worlds should be kept in the family.

And on that subject, I might recommend (it's now out in pb - Pocket Books, Inc.) The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte, by Daphne du Maurier.....seems intenseness, imagination, and unsettledness lead to dream worlds.

In fandom, I'm pretty well acquainted with Marion's, I've heard hints of several others, and Eney put a dissertation on his thru SAPS. So I might as well join the party - with advance notice in the unlikely event that anyone is inspired to join the party that I keep a jealous control over my private world.

The genesis began, I imagine, when I was about three. I used to play with a china dog belonging to my mother, and began acquiring a number of miniature animals to keep him company. All had names, distinct personalities and occupations, I spoke the various voices and dialects for all of them and they lived in a nebulous far away place called Animal Land. I wasn't too well up on the subject at that age but I had a vague idea that my Animal Land was on another planet..when people died on this world, they went to the other planet, passed thru a magical matter transformer gate and were changed into some sort of animal, retaining some of their human characteristics.

This was the nucleus. It was rather confusedly bound up with my childish thrashings-out of theological questions that troubled me, obviously, but more and more it became a separate thing, and a quite absorbing one.

Somewhere along the line the animalness of my characters was forgotten and they became characters, with the little miniature city being only the tangible form that could be moved about, somewhat in the play therapy tradition. By now Animal Land was located on the planet Uranus (for some reason or other the name appealed to me - this was before

MARCEEN





I got into considering planetary conditions, and so forth) and was now being called more and more frequently Tytán....pronounced Tie - tan, with almost equal emphasis on both syllables. I suppose someplace I had seen the name Titan either as a mythological statement or in a table of Saturn's satellites, but the fact was blotted from my memory, and it was with real chagrin that I noticed the similarity of spellings when I was about twelve; I experienced an irrational sensation that someone had stolen "my" word...much in advance, admittedly. But I finally convinced myself that they were two different words and places and moved Tytán out to the possibly more habitable world of Procyon VI and decided the inhabitants regarded the planet itself as "Ayraanee" (pronounced approximately like "irony") and their particular country only as Tytán. There were other inhabitants of Ayraanee, notably the perennial and evil invaders, the Markque-y, but I was concerned principally with the Tytán-y.

The remnants of Animal Land lingered on; they were the nucleus of Tytán. The thurnbults formed a nebulous Ernest Thompson Setonish royal world of nobility and chivalry in the national wildlife sanctuary, as it were, The Meadows. But Tytán was now occupied predominantly by real, untransformed people.

Tytán began as a pure fantasy world - not intentionally but because my scientific background was a bit shaky at age nine, when the main boundaries were drawn. Later, as my knowledge increased, certain details were changed or eliminated: the yalmo, a Sinbady camel with wings, disappeared; the antlers of the thurnbults were no longer reshapeable at will like mental nutty putty, and the intelligence level of the Ty-

## INNER KRÁNTIN



tan animal kingdom (originally Seton and the Jungle Book cubed) was dropped to a more rational level. But certain characteristics do not surrender to logic easily. They have become part of my blood it seems. I know it defies all rational geography to have a high mountain range completely surrounded by desert - so I have modified it to the extent of running an accompanying range north to south through the sand and converting some of my sand to grassy plains, but on my maps and in my mind, the state still resembles a large fried egg.

Part of the reason for this shoddiness of geographical detail is the fact that I was more interested in the people than the land. By the time I thought of certain incongruities in the physical setting, it was emotionally impossible to change them--they were thus and so because a given character had experienced this



or that event at a specific place on the map. Like a watercolor, the thing had "set", and too much scrubbing only muddled the colors and spoiled the effect.

Thus, with minor changes from common sense chiding the free-ranging imagination, here is Tytan.

There are four original states and one recently discovered and colonized by the citizens of those four: Clarique, Marcen, Krantin, and Sarlos...and the new one-Tredeno.

Maybe later gives a map, but for now I'll concentrate on the people.

Clarique and Marcen are the eastern and northern states, respectively, and they are populated by fair-haired, tall, longboned Nordic stock. The Clarique are the oldest civilized--ie:city and trade developing--people of Tytan; the present people developed from an ancient city-empire of the Roman type called Traecheus.

The people are merchants and sea traders principally, since the land is predominantly islands and coastline. My first stories were built around them, chronologically, but now they seem a bit decadent to me.

Marcen is a northern state, heavily forested and sparsely populated, with few waterways and little commerce. Her people have nearly always been subjugated by and dependent upon Clarique--slaves during the Traecheun empire and economic backwater at present.

Krantin and Sarlos are the central and southern states respectively. The people are shorter, dark, and stocky, similar to central European and Mediterranean peoples. Krantin is nearly landlocked, with a navigable river on its eastern boundary and a partially navigable river exiting southward to the Sarlos sea. The people are the descendents of refugees from the days of Traecheus; when their city-state, Ryerdon, was about to be engulfed politically and economically by Traecheus, a band of the more stubborn citizens set off on an Israelite-style trek to the west, crossing the wasteland to the central mountain range and the surrounding fertile valleys.

(One would never guess I was read the Old Testament as a bedtime story as a very young child.)

The central area, the politically organized area of Krantin, is very wealthy in mineral resources and has developed an economy based on iron, steel, and metal products. Naturally their trade routes cross the dry wasteland, principally to Clarique, and of course the dwellers of the Vas-Tré Desert of Krantin have developed into robbers of caravans -- these Destré-y have a strong religious faith and a tribal, divine-king organization similar to the Bedouins of legend and story. I'm quite fond of them. They're taking over the whole country, gradually.

KRANTIN - DESERT  
PIRATES





Sarlos is a small state, and further reduced by its rather splintered internal setup. All of its people are short, stocky, and curly headed, and dark. South Sarlos, largest section and strongest politically (it speaks for the other sections, generally) is predominantly agricultural, with the usual fishing cultures on the coastline. North Sarlos is a dry plateau, poor in resources and with an unpleasant climate; the Nor-tea-y are very tribal people, more closely allied with the Krantin desert pirates than with their own southern relatives. Nortea has no industry to speak of and is principally a nomadic, thinly populated buffer area between Sarlos, Clarique, and Krantin. On the eastern line of Sarlos, the land drops sharply from the chilly plateau and becomes rolling and forested land and, in some river bottom areas, swamp and near-jungle. The cooler forests are a state-within-a-state, a training area for the Tytan-y intellectually elite, the Sorcra--talented young people from all over the nation are recruited and brought to the Sorcra section of Sarlos to be educated as scientists, teachers, and governmental workers (and occasionally rulers--the queen of Sarlos at present is Satna, a traech or life master Sorcra).

The newest state is Tredeno, to the west of Sarlos and southwest of Krantin. It was discovered about twenty years ago and is of course very thinly populated. It seems from the initial colomization efforts to be a country quite rich in natural resources and promises much future glory for Tytan.

The western borders of Tredeno, Krantin, and Marcen are so nebulous as to be "Here There Be Dragons" territory on the maps. Western Krantin is best populated of the three and the Tradysans, western desert pirates, have probed rather far into no man's land on their nomadic wanderings. The immediate future points to discoveries by Krantin.

The discoveries will be made by an exploratory probe sponsored by a new political regime, a desert pirate, or Ased, regime (they've been trying to get the power for years and finally swing the election).

Isn't it nice to have a private dream world? I can stand at this particular time in the nation's history and look both backward and forward.

In a few years, this exploration will open a country on the other side of a western range, a Negro colony from a southern hemisphere nation (and Tytan won't get to contact the central Negro nation for nearly fifty years)--called Albido. (I suspect my name-choosing subconscious took the words "albino" and "albedo" and decided to be a ham on wry).

In a generation, a stronger, more aggressive Tytan will cross the ranges a bit more and run smack into an unwelcome brick wall: a vast oriental empire of the Tamerlane persuasion which calls itself Benrigu. The encounter promises to strike many and fierce sparks.

Beyond this, the crystal grows dim.



CLARIQUE - FAMOUS ACTRESS  
GREDILATL

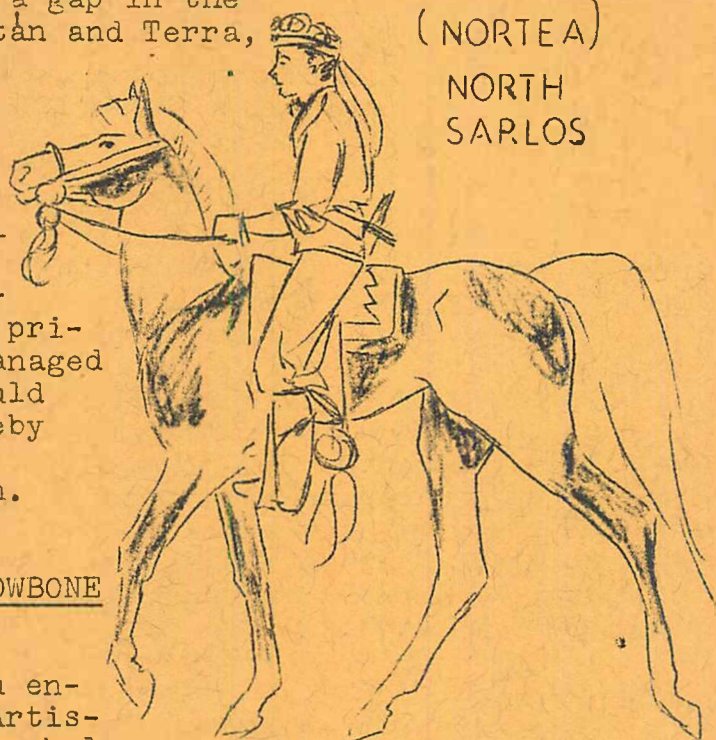


Or rather I should say there is a gap in the history until the two cultures, Tytán and Terra, and then the encounters come thick and furious.

I'm aware of certain illogics and fantasy elements in the Tytán scheme, but it's my world, for better or worse. At various painful or unpleasant times of my life, I have teetered on the brink of withdrawal, always tempting with one's private dreamworld handy. Somehow I managed to avoid the temptation. But I could never abandon Tytán, probably thereby showing my immaturity.

Quite frankly, it's too much fun.

(NORTEA)  
NORTH  
SARLOS



SCRAMBLED OR FURTHER EGGS AND MARROWBONE  
(ugh!)

Ib'dem (Lyons) On 3Penny, have you encountered Will Holt (The Exciting Artistry of Will Holt, Elektra 181)? One whole side is Weill: Kanonen Song, Maek the Knife (in German and English, with at least one verse that's usually expurgated in pop recordings), Alabama Song, Bilbao Song (original - not the recent pop mess), and Sailor's Tango. I would have purchased the record for that last song alone. Holt is hammy, but I don't think he's "tidied" the melodies. I'm not much of a Weill buff--by which I mean the only complete things we own are Lost In the Stars ..and....is Down in the Valley Weill or Anderson, or both? At any rate, I'm a fairly quick study on rote and I had a bit of trouble picking up the Holt renditions, and I still wouldn't trust myself to sing them unaccompanied.....I like them, but I'm not a good enough musician to follow them easily. The only time Weill lost me complete was on....."And the ship, the black freighter....." Maybe it's Lenya's voice, but the shifts threw me off too far to pick up again.

I cut butter with a sharp knife if I happen to have a sharp knife in my hand when I'm cutting it. Cutting it isn't so bad, but if you go for soft bread, which I frequently do, spreading it's a mess.

Ah yes...Shane-shane-shane-shane.....first stereo movie I saw in the newer wave (as opposed to Fantasia) and in the particular theater where we saw it, one of the speakers was directly behind us, working erratically, and not baffled -- it seemed to work perfectly on the gunshots. It was not a pleasant initiation into stereo.

Possibly Corvair picked up the doorlocking arrangement from Rambler, possibly because Romney realized people are stupid, or forgetful, and I've seen an awful lot of people lock themselves out of GM cars.

Salud (Elinor) But Marion says I'm a mezzo, and I'm quite willing to take her word for it. My musical training is all non-vocal, and there also seems to be some sort of block in my ears--my hearing for outside things is fine, but my own voice sounds gravelly and not at all as it does on tape (and to other people apparently) to me. But not at the moment--it just sounds snuffly; I've got a cold.



A Propos de Rien (Caughran) Did it occur to you that maybe some girls (me, for instance) aren't wearing perfume for you and other males but for themselves? Whenever I put on perfume (which is rarely--the stuff sits around on the dresser and ages like liquor) I put it on for me; I don't put it on the fashionable "pulse spots" or whatever--I put it under my nose, so I can smell it. If somebody else gets a whiff, that's their department. For instance, I particularly like musk scents (I've heard some scientific speculation that women wear musk scents to stir up their own sexual urges, not to excite men)---and I'm quite aware that as far as fashion goes, I have no business wearing them; musk is for tall, gorgeous, mysterious, Gemme fatale types, which definitely rules me out. I'm supposed to wear floral or spice scents, I suspect. But I can't stand floral scents (on me--they're so faint on other women that they don't bother me) and spice leaves me præt ty indifferent. I like the synthetic blends and I'm wild about musk scent.... particularly Tabu, and have been since I was about nine years old. I used to give my miniature animals baths in a washbasin full of diluted Tabu (my mother had received some as a gift and she doesn't like it). At a con or a party I don't feel truly sheerful-chuckly until I'm sniffing my favorite perfume.....this may be the new fad to replace glue sniffing. I'm probably getting high on the alcoholic content of the perfume, or something.

Horizons (Warner) What do you consider "shortly before adolescence"? The main occurance of the measles epidemics is in the first and second grades, with some in kindergarten. That might be shortly before some feminine adolescence, but it's quite a separation for some of the boys. Besides, the greatest growth spurt for the eyeball is around age six, which is possibly why measles occurring at the same time is so prone to cause myopia....it's a poor time to be straining kids' eyes teaching them to read, too--the eye is farsighted in most young children.....let's face it, humans weren't designed for books; we'd all better go back to the caves...

With Love and Cookies (Marion) As I mentioned earlier, Marion and I had a super get-together last summer, prior to the con, and about the only time I saw Marion for any length of time at Chicago was during the FAIA meeting.... and by that time I was so medicine-groggy that I wasn't reacting very well to anything. Someone would say something and about thirty seconds later it would register on my fuzzy brain cells and by then someone else would be saying something and I'd try to listen to them and the whole impression was pretty blurry.....except when someone brought up the raising the ceiling limit on memberships, when I did a little ceiling raising of my own....I wasn't that blurred. The party is big enough now.

And I agree with Marion, Tucker, Dean, and all the rest that something must be done about this duo-membership mess, and as soon as possible. I'm just as much against raising the amount of assembling I have to do that way as I am against raising the membership. At this rate, if you raise the membership to 100, it turns out you actually have 125, counting splintered marriages, about-to-be-married, and about-to-be-separated or whatever.

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A note about the Tytân illos in this issue: these are from a series of bulging folders started when I was about fourteen, and selected more or less for size qualifications....some are very old and some more recent, and most are five to ten years old -- none was planned for mimeo reproduction so apologies for the sometimes not-quite-adaptable stylus work.



first fandom is not dead!

part eight

8 |

his pages

only tottering, granddaughter

Jack and Jill: Pffft

Thanks to Mez Bradley and Dick Eney, the Fapa meeting at Chicago was an engaging bit of business. Thanks to Bill Evans and Eney AND their Demon Rum, I wasn't quite with it. But Marion was quite accurate in reporting my sentiments on dual memberships in Fapa: I'm agin 'em, and not just because I'm a sour old masher. I think we made a mistake in first granting such memberships and we continue to compound the error (and the confusion!) every time some Jack and Jill decide to go their separate ways. Behold the not-so-nimble jumping, tugging and pushing as some hapless official tries to make room for both parties on the roster or the waiting list! Behold the sledge-hammer driving of a splinter between number 17 and number 18 (or any other two numbers) on the wait-list as that official slips a cast off spouse into the place where she might have been if she had signed on when she married, and if she was eligible for membership now. I am croggled.

I say, go back to the beginning and start over.

Either outlaw them, or reduce the problem to basic simplicity.

Section 2.5 of that battered old constitution reads: "Husband and wife may jointly share a single membership and will be considered as a single person under the requirements of the constitution." In my own simple minded way I tend to regard a separated husband and wife as still falling within the jurisdiction of that statement. "A single person." The spouse who held the original membership retains it; the other party goes to the end of the line, or finds some other hobby (or marries another member!) depending upon the inclination. One membership before marriage should equate one membership after marriage, and no quibbling about consent-separation, legal separation, divorce or 'I will be a sister to you.' One bundle to one address.

Retaining the sense of that same section, the secretary-treasurer should ask a pointed question whenever a couple apply together for a dual membership: "Which one of you will pay the dues and cast your one vote?" The couple chooses, and the voter so named retains the membership in the event of a split. One bundle to be mailed to one address.

I don't suggest that such provisions as these be made retroactive; that would be as unjust now as it was in times past when ex-spouses were shoved into the waiting list miles ahead of long-suffering fans. (And if you think my proposals harsh, don't ever elect me vice-president! I'm chockful of radical ideas such as these.)

- - - -

Now you sit right there and watch the BNFs go by \*\*\* Everytime he gets close to me, I itch \*\*\* Gee, wouldn't Laney love this! \*\*\* He's a fink



## Las Vegas Fantasy

The Union Pacific Railroad has entered into an unholy alliance with the Las Vegas gambling hells. Their pullman train from Chicago arrives in Vegas at four o'clock in the morning and the reason is soon realized. The weary traveler has the agonizing choice of paying for an extra day's room and going to bed upon arrival, or of sitting up in a slot machine filled lobby and waiting for the noon hour check-in. Either way they get you --- and that is the purpose of Las Vegas. The slogan seems to be "Take him, he may never come back." In many years of wandering between Halifax and Los Angeles, between Parry Sound and New Orleans, I have at last found the place I never want to revisit.

Las Vegas was astonishing, fascinating and repulsive.

As I told all and sundry at Chicago I had another vacation coming only a few days after the Chicon closed: a week in Vegas as a delegate to a labor convention with basic expenses paid. To my later chagrin I discovered that "basic" was a trifle too basic, considering the Vegas pricing system and the plethora of gambling halls. (I'm a bit of a weak character, you know.) But away! with the speed of a hundred charging horses, diesel type, on the Union Pacific. The cunning railroad magnates had, only Labor Day, consolidated two trains into one and passengers embarking from Union Station found it necessary to walk to What Cheer, Iowa, to reach their proper cars. (The train used four diesel units to pull twenty-six cars.) (And Ted White, there are at least four passenger stations in Chicago, with transfer service available between each and all included in your ticket cost.)

Bill Evans could doubtless have warned me of what I was to discover that first night as I staggered from the club car to the roomette: the beds are exactly two inches too short, no matter what your height. After an hour or two of futilely kicking the bulkhead beyond my feet in an effort to move it, I resigned myself to my fate and got up. Instantaneously, as if by magic, my sharp ears detected the sound of cards slapping a table nearby. Eureka! I thought, my ten of clubs come home to me. Hastily dressing, I fought the door open, fought the zippered curtain open, and sprang into the aisle with glittering eyes. The car porter and a pair of dainty damsels occupied the roomette just across the aisle; the three of them were playing Hearts and damaging the contents of a fifth of I.W. Harper. Great was their joy upon seeing me, for I made a fourth, had the foresight to bring along my own bottle, and obviously was not a railroad agent spying on the porter.

It developed that the porter was well afloat and the young ladies were in the employ of a couple of television producers named Goodman and Todson, or something to that effect; they were being shifted to Los Angeles where a few segments of some fool show was to be filmed. I earned their undying love by stating that television was tainted and that Sunday night panel television had a particularly ripe odor, but they let me stay anyway. Along about sunrise we found that both jugs were empty, the porter had gone to sleep, and Hearts had exhausted itself as an intellectual game. One of the young ladies wistfully mentioned poker and wished we could find a few more players. Recognizing the bait when I smell it, I gallantly sprang to action. A couple of stagehands going to the same convention were sleeping only two cars away, and those of you who know the theater (hello, Jean) know stagehands. We tippy-toed two cars forward and banged on the proper door.



After what seemed an eternity the door opened an inch or two and a bearded face was seen. The face stared at me with slow recognition, stared at the two women (wearing robes over pajamas) behind me and muttered something indistinct which might have been, "Geez -- before breakfast?" I displayed the deck of cards and told the face we were looking for action. The door was flung open, the other stagehand was roused from bed, a table procured from some nook or cranny (this room was large; a bedroom, drawing room or some such) and the action began. It continued until the breakfast call, at which time the girls retired to their car to dress; it continued after breakfast until lunch; it continued after lunch until dinner; it continued after dinner until the club car porter booted us out; it continued in the large room 'til nearly four o'clock on the second morning when someone announced they could see the lights of Vegas on the horizon. I had the ungallant satisfaction of seeing those two Detroit stagehands take the New York girls. Oh, they took me too, but I smiled through my tears with the knowledge that big city slickers can't bait us country boys and get away with it! My parting experience with the damsels was a touching one. The older and married woman gave me her Los Angeles address and a quarter, with the request that I put it in a slot machine and send her the winnings. Later in the week I sent her a pocsard, asking for another quarter.

### The Con Game

At almost every con fans are heard to gripe about room troubles. There were many complaints at Chicago about lost reservations, higher priced rooms and icy desk clerks. Seasoned con-goers know this to be standard operating procedure on the part of certain hotels: it is a method of extracting more money from unsuspecting guests. Vegas hotel men have refined it down to a vicious practice, and that four o'clock arrival works in their favor. There is but one double-barreled way to buck it. You must have written confirmation of your reservation, on which is given the date and time of arrival, plus the rate to be paid; and you must have the courage and stamina to outlast, out-think and out-shout the clerk. About an hour after my arrival at the hotel I was finally given the room and the rate my reservation called for.

But he got his revenge.

Vegas hotels are like nothing else in the mundane world. At four o'clock in the morning the immense lobby of the Thunderbird was an air cooled fantasy world inhabited by half a thousand people with nothing better to do than pull the handles of half a thousand slot machines. The din was terrific. A small jazz combo to one side of the lobby beat their instruments to wood pulp in a determined effort to drown out the noise of the slots, but five hundred players pulled five hundred handles faster and louder to eliminate them. Behind the slots were crap tables, roulette tables and blackjack tables, each loaded with silver dollars and each ringed with busy gamblers throwing those dollars at the dealers as fast as they were able. I had not been in that lobby ten minutes before I learned my first Vegas lesson: drinks are free, if you are a player. The lobby was shot through with tall, scantily-dressed girls circulating among the slots and tables, taking orders from 'guests.' A moment later the guests were served with the compliments of the management. Hell, the management couldn't lose. Some of the players were so far gone they could win the hotel and not know it. In every imaginable way, management had method in their madness.



The desk clerk, that prince of good fellows, was hidden in a far corner of the room and a bellboy led me through the jungle, knowing me for a first-timer. The desk itself was a tiny thing --- a larger one would have crowded out a couple of lucrative slots.

We engaged in the usual struggle, the clerk and I, and after my victory the bellboy walked me up one flight to my room. It proved to be at the very head of the stairs where the sound of merrymaking was always present --- this was the clerk's revenge. For the remainder of the night I was entertained by the raucous noise of the jazz combo engaged in a mighty struggle with five hundred slot machines. After listening to my rather naive remark, the bellboy said, "This ain't nothing. Wait until Saturday night when we get them dames from L.A."

The bedroom --or rather, The Bed-- was another fantasy, being one of those wild and wicked Hollywood things of song and story. After the cramped train I welcomed a bed eight foot long but stared aghast at the width: three pillows wide. And the bellboy had already heard my naive joke: "Are they his-hers-his, or hers-his-hers?" I wasted perhaps half an hour testing all three pillows, trying to decide where on that football field I wanted to sleep, and finally settled on the middle one in hopes I would awaken the next morning to find the other two occupied by a pair of "them dames from L.A." I was disappointed.

Wild William Rotsler, boy photographer, awakened me.

#### A Beardless Prophet

This was my week to stare aghast. I stared aghast at the naked face of Rotsler. He seemed amused. Perhaps it was my pajamas, or my disappointment -- I think he guessed what I had been wishing for. He and his business partner in the Rotsler Film Cartel were in Vegas to discuss a business venture close to our hearts: the possible filming of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. They talked while I listened, staring now with fascination from one youthful face to the other. Rotsler minus beard was a shattering image, and I realized with regret that I had crept into history just a little too late. The other young man's face also attracted me because of its haunting familiarity and after a bit I put aside my impeccable manners and asked him where I had seen it before. Many years ago in his and my youth, he played "Alvin" in the movies ---- a seemingly endless list of "Blondie and Dagwood" movies cranked out by Columbia studios between 1939-1949. Geez. I wanted to ask Bill a thousand things: whatever happened to Judy and Maggie, to Denver Pyle, to Cake Slice Manor, to the Hooker with the Heart of Gold who formerly lived above him, to the nurse supposed to be in Playboy, to the old walnut ranch ??? But alas, the only thing I got around to was Kteic. Where in hell were several issues of Kteic? Obviously some were missing, lost or seized; and he was so busy now he simply could not find time for more issues. 'Tis a sad thing.

Nothing definite was resolved that morning beyond ways and means of promoting pictures via paperbacks; it is much too soon to advise you to rush down to your friendly neighborhood theater and queue up for tickets to see SILENCE. Another producer is also interested in the book and is bidding against Rotsler, but again nothing has been resolved. I've developed a lot of patience on this particular matter. The book has been up for grabs, and has been grabbed at, for about ten years now but it always seems to slip from buttery fingers.



We breakfasted and ogled the amazing girls of Vegas, we sat beside a pool and ogled the amazing girls of Vegas, and when my visitors departed to scout a nearby location for a future movie, I did nothing more than sit on my haunches and ogle the amazing girls of Vegas. One and all, they advertised s-e-x. Hostesses and bar girls in taverns and clubs, in gambling casinos and hotel party rooms all specialized in that one commodity. Most of them were strikingly tall; I found many six-footers. All of them were undressed in such a manner as to call forcible attention to their bodies. The first-time visitor quickly gained the impression that he was living in one vast city-wide bagnio. And they were unionized, every one. My casual researches turned up the probably accurate information that every working man, woman and child in Vegas were unionized -- with one exception. The dealers, the men who handled the money at the gaming tables, were not organized. Their employers had reserved that one right: to maintain direct and undivided control over the money and the men who handled it. Unions agreed, and proceeded to organize the rest of the town. The amazing thing about all this is that Nevada is a so-called "Right to Work" state, wide open to union-busters and those who simply don't want to belong, yet Vegas is more thoroughly unionized than many a large city in the friendlier states. But ah, those girls.

#### Ouch

Salaries are wondrously high --- they have to be because the cost of living there appears to be out of sight. In my own field, movie projection and stage work, the minimum weekly salaries in Vegas were \$125, a little less than twice the Bloomington minimum. The top salary I located was \$350, three times the Bloomington maximum and almost twice the Chicago maximum. Living costs as they affected me and some of the natives were comparable. A shoe shine costs 50¢ plus tip, a haircut \$2.50 plus tip. Breakfast could not be found for less than a dollar, and that consisted of a tiny orange juice, three wheat cake and one cup of coffee. Coffee, when purchased alone for sipping purposes ran the scale from 15¢ to 30¢ per cup, depending on the hour of day. Beer was 50¢ in the common bars, 60¢ to 75¢ in hotel bars. One couple of my acquaintance paid four dollars for a cup of coffee, and four more for a solitary drink because they failed to note the cover charge at a restaurant offering entertainment. A glittering, spangled joint known as The Silver Slipper offered "all you can eat for 99¢" and did a tremendous business catering to the tourist trade and the local farmers. An incongruous sight here was a long line of men, women and children in jeans, gingham and overalls waiting to be admitted to the dining room by a maitre d' clad in a tuxedo. This was a cafeteria offering lean, bony meat, a couple of vegetables and perhaps two dozen inexpensive salads -- you were allowed through the line once for your 99¢, with coffee and dessert costing extra. As usual, the large foyer was packed with slot machines and the diners were made to wait a lengthy time before entering the serving line. Elsewhere, the dinner prices varied from three to eight dollars, sometimes more.

For eight bucks you could eat ham and watch Harry Belafonte play around on the stage; for ten you could eat roast beef and watch an eye popping French Revue, complete with nudes dropping from the ceiling. For four bucks you could drink three or four bottles of beer and watch Minsky's Burlesque; for a dollar you could sip a shot of watered bourbon and watch a stripper peel down to her goosepimples. For nothing,



other than a few coins in a slot machine, you could haunt all the casinos and clubs and watch scores of vaudeville acts do their worst and their best ---- anything from that jazz combo mentioned earlier up to (or down to) a pair of sad male comics playing homosexuals. Perhaps the only thing missing from the gaudy, noisy scene was Madame Pimm and Her Dancing Bears ... or the more infamous girl and the bear of yore.

It is understood that Vegas is a trap; everyone except the naive and the stupid realize that, and go anyway. But the natures of the various traps, the clever camouflages of the pitfalls, are a delight to the eye deliberately seeking them out. I knocked around the town with a friend who operates a small private detective agency on the side and we had F-u-n. Every hotel, club, casino and bar has its full quota of "security officers" --- private cops, watching everybody and everything: dealers, players, bar girls, money, cigarette butts, lobby furniture, slot machines. Moochers, pick-pockets and streetwalkers were stopped and turned away at the door. Suitcases and briefcases were watched constantly and not permitted on the gaming floors. A man with his hands always in his coat pockets was an object of suspicion. A gentle jostling by a guard satisfied him that the other man was not carrying a gun in armpit or waistband. Immediately upon our entrance the cops would spot my friend for what he was, and worry why; my buddy could quickly identify them, plainclothes or not. \* \* \* Likewise, every establishment from dive to plush hotel had its shills and I soon learned to recognize them because of their failure to diversify.

In the better places, especially the hotels, the shills were men and women who looked like tourists, behaved quietly, never drank, and sat unobtrusively to one side until they were needed. In less fancy surroundings they worked in their shirtsleeves and looked like thugs although the behavior was equally quiet. Invariably, in every place I visited, they were ridiculously easy to spot because they always sat in the same position at every table: at the dealer's far right, being the last person to receive a card or make a wager. In that position, it was easy to decline to play with five or six other legitimate players wagering first; the shill played only when one or two, sometimes three people ahead of him played. It gave the appearance of a happy, crowded table with plenty of activity. When a table was empty except for dealer and shill, the shill played alone and a stack of silver dollars before him always seemed to grow, pulling others to the table. On some few occasions in a hotel I saw a pair of shills, man and wife in appearance, point across the room and marvel audibly that that man (the lone shill) was really winning money -- and then they would hurry over to the game, a few innocent suckers trailing after. Fun, fellas. Another exciting, noisy con game was the breathless jackpot announcements. "Jackpot," in these instances, meant any amount of money from four bucks up. Let some delirious woman hit a four-dollar payoff and bells would ring, lights would flicker, and a Moskowitz-like voice would bellow over the p.a. system that "another lucky guest just hit a jackpot!" A tote-board hanging from the ceiling would flash on, revealing that this was the 472nd or 888th big jackpot of the day, and the bedazzled winner, now giddy with excitement, would promptly throw her winnings (eighty nickels) right back into the machine in hopes of getting another four dollars. Winners were always paid in coins which just happened to fit the slot on the machine.

There is a hoary legend in Vegas that once, just once, a man won



five hundred dollars and asked for a cashier's check, which he mailed home to his wife. The casino closed for the day.

### Iron Pyrites

Perhaps the most astonishing sight of all is that one which may be observed every half hour around the clock at the Silver Slipper --- the very same Silver Slipper offering 99¢ dinners. Each half hour, for a period of three minutes, the house will pay double money to everyone hitting a "jackpot"; if your machine indicates a four-dollar payoff the floor manager will give you eight dollars -- in nickels of course. So far, so good. But these Hot Three Minutes take on the aspect of a launching at the Cape, as the house drums up artificial excitement in an effort to make you pay them twice as much in the same time limit. The period begins with a breathless, bellowing countdown over the p.a. system, an air of feverish expectancy grips the house, fingers are poised over yawning chasms, hands are clenched about handles ---- and the starting bell explodes with raucous sound! Neon signs flash on, a bell jangles urgently, and the announcer goes mad with a tirade like this: "Three minutes! You only have three minutes to win a double jackpot! Hurry, hurry! Put those nickels in! Faster, put them in faster! Time is running out! Quick, quick, pull, pull! Oh, there's a double jackpot on number nine! Hurry, hurry, get them in, get them in! Only one minute and forty seconds left! There's another double jackpot on number twenty! Quick, quick! Don't stop! Put them in! Faster, put them in faster, pull those handles! They won't break! Get them in, get them in! Ninety seconds left! Hurry!" And that goes on until the three minutes elapse and all hands fall back with exhaustion. It has to be seen to be believed.

Subtler (?) baits are used by some downtown joints to lure the conventioneer inside and keep him there a long time. Some clubs distribute tickets for free drinks to all delegates; others may offer one or two dollars worth of chips with a certain dinner. The most enterprising of all was the Nevada Club, with many strings to its bow. The club stationed a photographer and a model (tall, sexy, undressed) at the convention hall and took pictures of all who wanted them; pictures were free but had to be picked up the following day at the club. When the conventioneer retrieved his photograph and started for the door he was courteously stopped and offered a free drink at the bar -- which he accepted of course. When he again started for the door he was courteously stopped and given a free ticket for the Big Cash Prize Drawing --- which would be held in about an hour. After not winning the cash prize and again starting for the door, he was courtesously stop - ped and given another ticket entitling him to a free souvenir, which proved to be a key chain bearing a set of initials. Of course, it required an hour to have the initials printed on the tag.

It took me two and one half hours to get free of that joint. I came away with a picture, a drink, a key chain, a useless ticket for a drawing, and nine silver dollars. The cost to me was eight nickels.

Gaming establishments do not permit children or teen-agers on the premises, unless there happens to be a restaurant there catering to families. I saw two tall young men stopped, their I.D. cards examined, and almost hauled out of a casino by the scruff of the neck. They were escorted back to the food line and kept there by a uniformed cop until



they entered the restaurant section. On another occasion I saw three youngsters, ages from two to five, sitting on the sidewalk outside the joint known as "The Mint" playing paper games. It was near midnight. Their parents were inside at the slots and from time to time Mother would come to the door and peep out at them, to make sure they hadn't wandered off. At the Silver Slipper (yes, that same Silver Slipper who ...) I saw a couple in their middle twenties madly pulling the handles while their two children stood close by, watching. The woman evidently made a mistake; apparently she was putting in coins so fast she blinked and let a winner get away from her. Her husband saw the error and blew his cork; when the cop came over to stop him he was cursing his wife in a loud voice and beating her arm and back.

\* (The concluding installment next issue. Will them dames from L.A. arrive on time? Will our hero go home broke? Will Rotsler grow a new beard? Will fandom ever hold a convention in Vegas? Be sure to attend this theater next Saturday afternoon!) \*

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#### Incidental Intelligence for Bill Evans and Bill Morse:

Sometime this year, the gods willing, Doubleday will publish my new mystery which I had called DEATH OF AN IRON HORSE, but which they are already calling something else, I know not what. The entire story (almost) takes place on a train traveling through several states on an imaginary railroad, The Omaha & Western Railway. It was necessary to use an old fashioned steamer instead of a diesel and so I picked on a 4-8-4 Lima Northern, for the hell of it and because I liked them. The only thing that bothers me now, were Northerns used in the mountain states? The original title refers to the climax of the yarn and the wreck was carefully patterned after that one which occurred at Miles City, Montana, in 1938, when a gullywasher took out the trestle. My schoolteacher at that time was one of the casualties and the incident loomed larger than life in my imagination because of that fact. But I'm still wondering if Northerns were used in Nebraska and Montana. (Ooops, and all that! Historical correction please. My former school teacher was a casualty. I was out and gone by 1938.)

#### To Sing Our Faint Praises:

I sometimes suspect that people like Eney, Evans and Pavlat creep off into a quiet corner after a mailing appears and weep in their blog --- or perhaps glance fondly toward the scrimibar hanging nearby. The several FANZINE INDICES were a magnificent work; FANCYCLOPEDIA II was colossal and A SENSE OF FAPA was a heraclean companion piece; REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, Spaceways edition, was a treasure trove while all represented "millions of man hours of work." And what happens? Yes, that happens. It would probably have been kinder to say "noted" and hurry on to the four page flyer lying underneath.

If you gentlemen choose to content yourselves hereafter with only eight pages per year, I'll never lift a finger in reproof.

- Bob Tucker (Jan 17 1963)

(Thank you, Juanita)





## INSTALLATION INSTRUCTIONS

# Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company

MINNEAPOLIS 8, MINNESOTA • TORONTO 17, ONTARIO

290851A REPAIR KIT

for W254 & W255

### GENERAL INFORMATION

The 290851A Repair Kit is designed to eliminate arcing in the 3R relay of W254 Wash Controls and W255 Control Cubicles, by placing a time delay relay in the circuit. The kit consists of an R482 type relay with thermistor time delay.

### INSTALLATION

1. Select a convenient mounting location. The relay may be located in any convenient spot near the W254 or W255 case, or, if desired, it may be mounted inside the W255 Cubicle.

2. Remove the cover of the relay, and use the holes in the back of the relay case as a template for laying out and match drilling mounting holes. Mount the relay by any appropriate means.

3. Remove all field wiring from terminal 9 of the W254 or W255 control. Connect these wires to terminal 4 of the time-delay relay.

4. Remove all field wiring from terminal 10 of the W254 or W255 control. Connect it to terminal 5 of the time-delay relay.

5. Connect terminal 1 of the time-delay relay to terminal 10 of the W254 or W255 control. Connect terminal 2 of the time-delay relay to terminal 2 of the W254 or W255 control.

6. Connect a jumper wire between terminals 9 and 16 of the W254 or W255 control.

7. If the time-delay relay has been mounted externally, replace the cover. If the relay has been mounted inside the W255 case, the cover may be discarded.

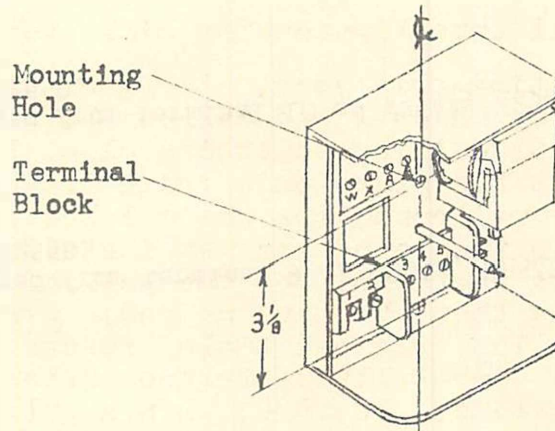
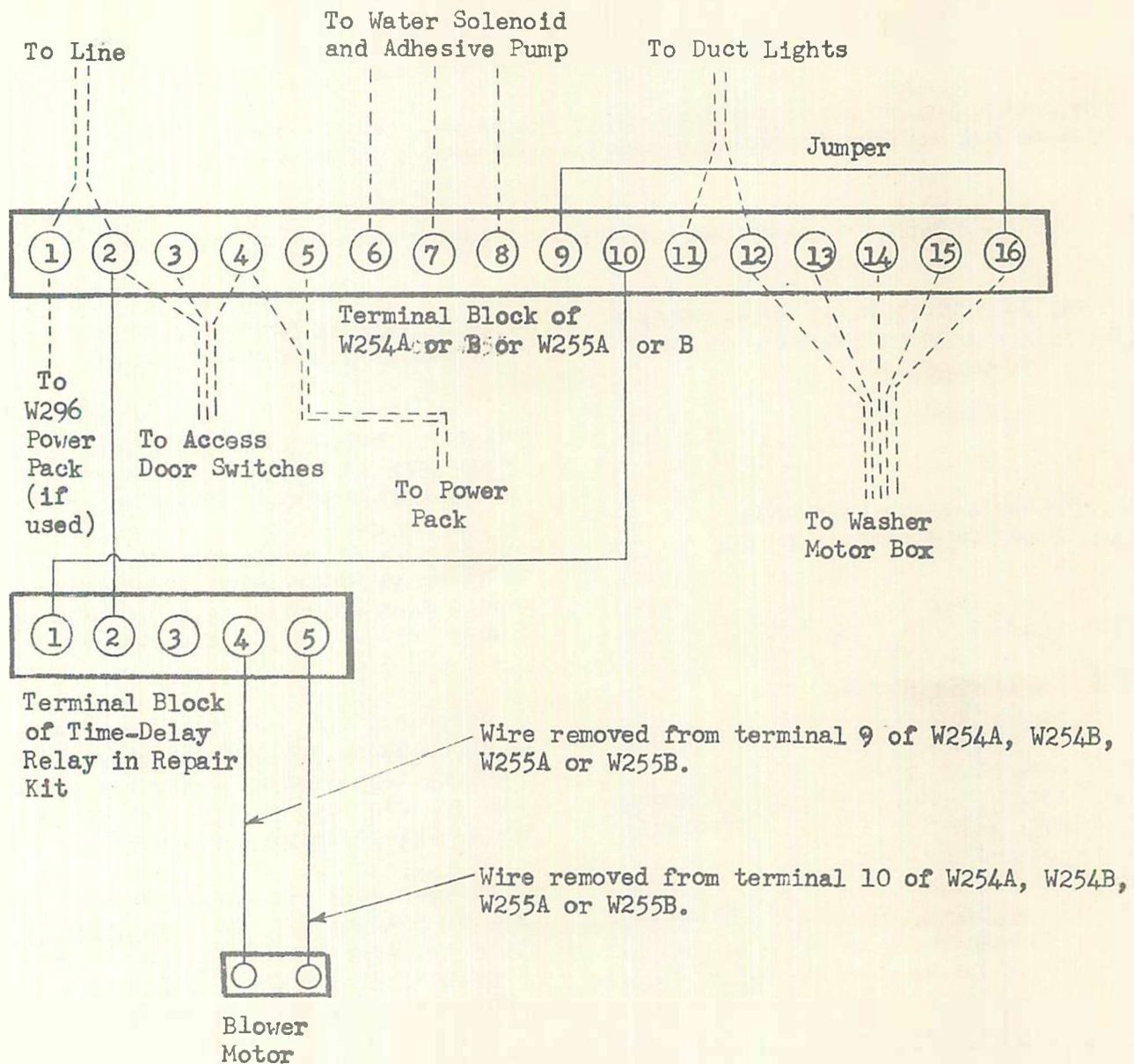


Fig. 1 - Time-Delay Relay  
(Shown with cover removed)





NOTE: Solid lines represent wiring added or relocated with addition of time-delay relay. Dotted lines represent typical external wiring of original control, which is not changed. Dotted wires will vary somewhat with different models.

Fig. 2 - Wiring Connections



## IN A COTTON SHIRT AND A PAIR OF DUNGAREES

(By RSC)

Somewhere in here is a Honeywell instruction sheet; I figure if other members can run thru farm bulletins I can show off what I do for a living. This is definitely valid for renewal credits (not that I care) since I wrote the sheet, did the illustrations, and even made the two multilith plates. I didn't run the copies off, and you'll notice that the company multilith operator has some difficulty in deciding which end is up. It hasn't even had prior distribution, since after we ran it off as a Wabash form a big-shot from the Minneapolis home office decided that it should be distributed by Minneapolis (which will involve changing the form number and nothing else).

At the moment I have a sore arm and a sorer disposition from replacing the battery in the Ford. It has a newer battery than the Rambler and I was going to switch them for the cold weather. Like a fool, I went ahead and yanked both of them out before discovering that the Ford battery wouldn't fit under the Rambler hood (oh, I suppose I could rig up some sort of way to hold it, given enough time and materials, but I wasn't about to do that much fiddling around with the temperature at 15° below and getting colder.) I took the Rambler battery in the house for a couple of nights -- keeping the battery warm really does help to get the car started -- and simply left the Ford battery inside until today, since I didn't intend to use the Ford anyway. Today I replaced it and shovelled the accumulated snow away from the car, in preparation for driving to work tomorrow (though I expect the snow will all have blown back by morning).

Recent reading has included ORPHANS IN GETHSEMANE, by Vardis Fisher (the conclusion of his "Testament Of Man" series, issued in two volumes by Pyramid -- that is, "Orphans" is in two volumes; the entire series takes up 13). It's autobiographical, and I keep wondering how much is fact and how much fiction. The more factual it is, the less respect I have for Fisher as a man (though I still think he's a fine author). Here's a man who takes up a good three or four hundred pages bemoaning about the horrors of his childhood, and then sends his own sons to live with his parents without a second thought. And then has the infernal gall to talk about his compassion for others!

The Bullwinkle show is now being sponsored by something called Cheese Waffies, and I keep wondering how Jay Ward manages to restrain himself. Maybe he thinks a name like Cheese Waffies is too easy a mark for him to waste his satirical talent on.

Gee, now Juanita is acting as a window blind.....the girl has a real talent for the job, too. Always marry a talented wife, fellas.

I'm with Tucker on the revision of dual memberships. It was a nice theory, but it hasn't worked. Throw it out and start over. Juanita can have our membership and welcome to it. If I'm not a member, it will be easier to sneer at those who are, right?

I haven't read much in the last two mailings, but I did read the reprint of Laney's "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!", which has revised my opinion of Laney -- now I'd go to considerable lengths to avoid meeting the bastard. Before I only disliked the eulogies to him; now I dislike him personally.



Krantic  
Schoolgirls



Produced for FAPA Mailing 102, February 1963, by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. Credit: 8 pages for Bob Tucker, 1 page for Robert Coulson, 11 pages for Juanita Coulson, who is now old enough to be a US Senator, and thankghu I'm not. Cheers.