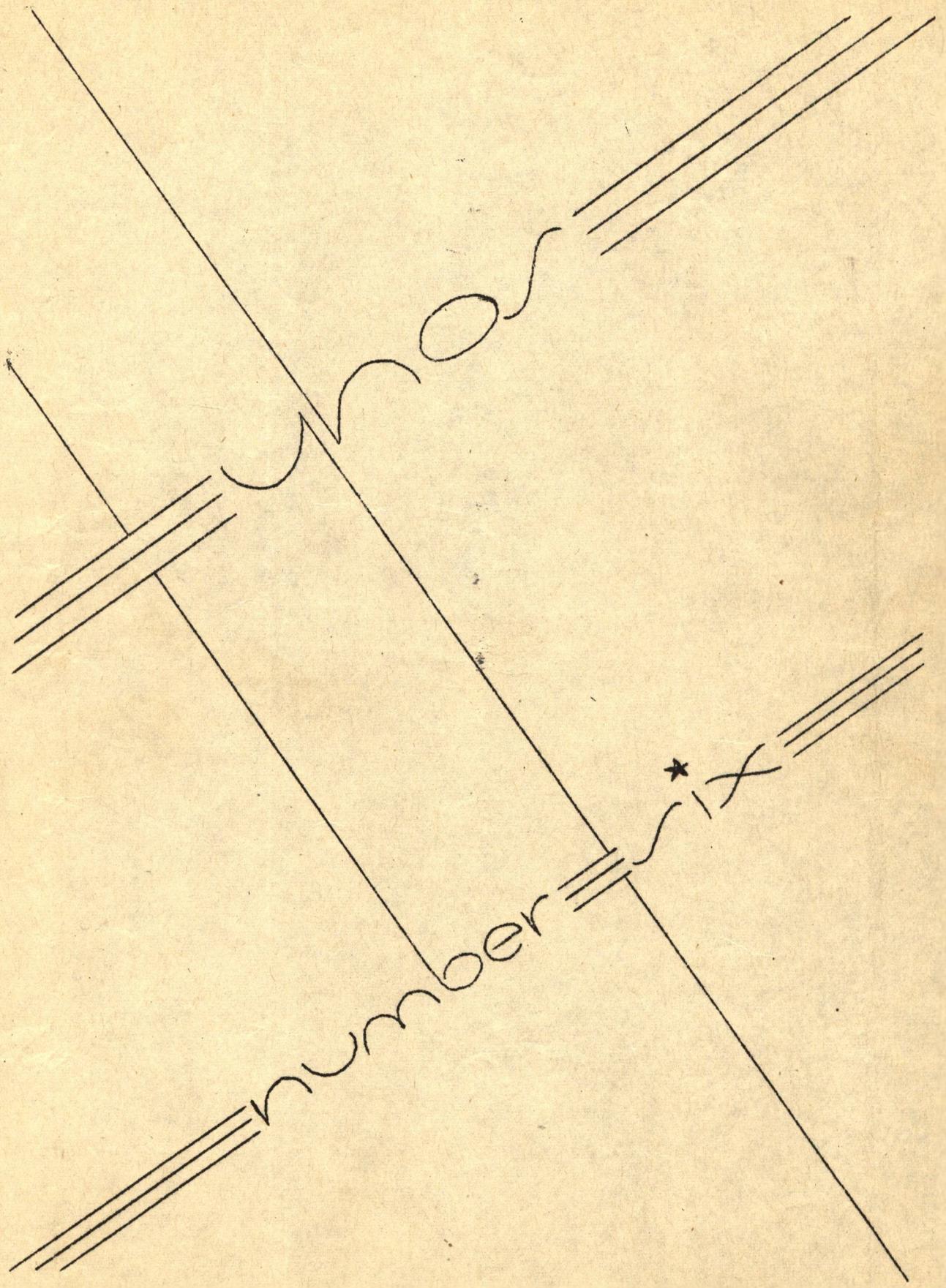


23 MCG





y h o s # 6
FAPA spring 43

published by
the widners
art
ruth
&
pete
87 colonial rd
north weymouth
massachusetts

in which he endeavoureth to
ward off divers stynges and
bytes incurred by reason of
styrning up ye hornet's neste
in ye laste issue of Yhos
with ye artyckle on warre....

In the first place, I had hoped to get my Un-
known Correspondent to do his own defending, but
he pleads (with good cause I vot) extreme busy-
ness, so perhaps we'll have him again nexttime, as
I cherish no fond delusions that my words will
magically couse the hornets to abandon the fight
& docilly return to their damaged home, with nothing further said
about the matter.

There are strong hopes that Chan Davis will join the affirma-
tive side with an article in reply to Norm Stanley's objections.
This will be presented farther along in the issue if it arrives in
time.

On my own I will undertake to answer the following:
Chauvenet The article did not argue that war is an inev-
itable feature of human life. You misquoted or misinterpreted.
It said that it was inevitable that man would continue to have
powerful combative instincts. Nor was there a definite connec-
tion between inevitability and desirability, so your criticism
is invalid. In fact it was not even implied that war was de-
sirable per se, but that it had some value in our type of civ-
ilization!

Warner You misinterpret also, or rather, use a more narrow
definition of "fighter" than does the author. He uses it thru-
out more or less as a condensation of his term "exterminator of
opposing life-forms". There are many ways of "fighting" other
than actual open combat - as this war has certainly proved. Nor
did he say that Man's fighting drive gave rise to intelligence.
He showed where that intelligence made Man's fighting drive the
most fiendish, cruelly efficient drive of them all. *** As for
France "winning" a war 25 yrs ago, I wonder just what the pres-
ent status of Europe would be if we had not stepped in in 1917?
But even aside from that, I would certainly say that a culture
was automatically decadent & rejuvenated according to wars won
or lost. Just as an individual or a species in capable of de-
fending itself joins the ranks of the dodo & the dinosaur. Our
civilization, in spite of its high degree of organization, is
still essentially a primitive dog-eat-dog society & the tough-
est is synonymous with the best. No matter how nice & truly
civilized you might be, if you don't survive, you aren't nice
or best or anything. . . !

Can't
compare
France
with
American
nationalism

Spencer Makes a good point in defining "culture" but suppose
we take the author's use of the word as indicating a group hav-
ing very similar languages & living habits. The arguments hold
good. Or suppose we don't. Civil war isn't necessarily weak-
ening the whole structure. Our own civil war certainly streng-
thened the US rather than weakened it. It depends on who wins
& what they do with the peace. ***Concerning the quibble over
combativeness sometimes being conta-survival, see the last sen-
tence addressed to Warner. A Pekinese getting tough with a St.
Bernard, or worse, a Malemute, sure is anti-survival - for the

Results
not
immedi-
ately
evident

4

Peke. But the reverse is okay from Mal's point of view. The Peke may provide a much-needed meal. The important factors are "who's getting tough with whom?" & "How are they going about it?" especially if the tough party is ill-equipped naturally.

B r i d g e s Ignores the statement (substantially the same as his main argument) made by my anonymous contributor, to wit: proper civilization would work out a means of maintaining that drive in the race as the sublimed urge to excell in inventiveness, or some similar, non-destructive accomplishment. To date such a civilization has never been developed." Mr. A. did not say war was necessary. Do you say our civilization is not immature, Lynn? It seems pretty obvious to me that it is, or we wouldn't be fighting. If you insist on going into it, okay, but I think it's rather silly.

S h a w It seems to me that Man runs the planet. He does pretty much what he wants to do with it. He digs it up with his mines, builds his roads over it, sails his ships over & thru its water, & his airships thru its air, & mosquitoes or cats have damned little to say about it. I imagine having their breeding grounds drained or covered with oil is considerably more than annoying to mosquitoes, if they are capable of feeling annoyance. ***Because cats are independent is no sign they are superior. Would you have the temerity to deny that if Man suddenly decided he didn't want cats around that it wouldn't go pretty damned hard on the cats? You also make the mistake of jumping to the conclusion that Mr. A. said war was necessary. ***I doubt that a world government would find cleaning out unfit cultures a minor detail. I'm afraid that the "unfit" cultures would object very strongly. And what would you have? Heheh . . .

B.T.
You
D.D.
Ant!

And here is Chan Davis:

In opposing that controversial article in YHOS #4, Norman Stanley makes several points, which if anything, strengthen the arguments of the article.

First, he gives two good reasons why men should not desire war and concludes that war's existence "is a measure of man's ineptitude at avoiding it, not of his desire for it." [I agree that since the direct expression of combativeness is not allowed in present society there is a strong instinctive reaction against war; I agree that recent wars have not seemed to benefit the victors materially. Neither is there any doubt that the average individual would tell Dr. Gallup that all wars (after this one, of course) should be ended.] But does not this indicate that some very strong force must be present in favor of war? It has, after all, been pretty nearly continuous within historic times. [and man's ineptitude at avoiding armed conflict would do no harm if there were no necessity for armed conflict.] ???

cf.
De
Sales
WHAT
Force?

The fact that wars have occurred at irregular intervals and have been quite varied in nature seems an indication that something besides combativeness is to be blamed; I would be the last to claim that all wars are cut from the same mold and have but a single cause. But each war without exception provides an outlet for combative tendencies, and one which is easily rationalized.

Second, he challenges the value of war as a destroyer of unfit cultures on the basis that a culture is recognized as a fit

RIGHT!

one not by "a militaristic attitude" but by "the willingness of the individual to be a part of it." Yet at the same time he states that it is just this latter characteristic which determines the ability to win wars (a rather strong point for his opposition, obviously!) The article in YHOS certainly did not claim that the fittest cultures were always the militaristic ones (any more than the fittest man is the one who will attack a wild bear alone and unarmed). Neither did it imply that only the character of war-winning ability can be selected by war. On the contrary, such a different character as co-operation can be, and has been, so selected. What it did claim was that cultures at war are subjected to a direct and severe test of their relative merit, as they might not be if all was peace and prosperity.

Mr. Stanley is probably right in thinking that after this war cultures will come into such close contact as to make geographical distinctions vanish. We see already in this war that the side taken by each country has in most cases been determined by other than geographical reasons, and that on each side the fifth column is a more important factor than before. Due to the mingling of peoples and consequent knowledge of foreign cultures which he mentions, the nations of the world, and the people within each nation, have aligned themselves more on the basis of the similarity of the cultures they prefer than on the basis of physical proximity. What is the conclusion? Not necessarily, as Mr. Stanley suggests, that the question of which society survives will be determined peacefully by individuals' forsaking one for another; but perhaps that one culture will fight another, just as before except that the geographical masks will drop and everyone will understand that it is only cultures that are fighting, not regions - and understand what cultures are fighting. Civil war, or better, class war - planet-wide. I hope it will be peaceful, but I see as yet no assurance that it will.

WASNT
KEEP
TO GO
ALONE!

THIS
IS
WHERE
THE
ANTI
WAR
TRENCH
COMES IN,
AS PRO-WAR FORCES DECLINE.

WHY?
AVAL
NOT
-TSK
MAY
SC
-BUT

* *
**

The defense rests:

yhos I wonder what is the record
peruseth for different titles in
ye mailynge a single mailing? Speer
can't be very far
off with three.

K o n a n I liked. Other comment or criticism, I have none. I seem singularly wordless today, which is perhaps just as well for all concerned.

Say, Juffus, if anyone ever asked & was answered as to what those pyramids, prisms, or what-is-this, that appear before & after your pub titles - it was before my time, & a re-explanation would not be amiss. All I can guess is that they are Speerish quote-marx - & you are a fellow-slave.

As I read K o n a n I was half-listening to Stokowski conducting some excerpts from Ravel's D a p h n i s & C h l o e. The music fitted the poem rather well. I day-dreamed a bit, imagining the premiere performance of the sensational new grand opera K o n a n, by Warner & Speer, with ah - with ah . . . I tried to picture some fan singing the

title role, & the bubble burst . . .

I suppose I could decipher the shorthand in S u s P r o, but I know so little of it, that it'd be very hard work. I'm not afraid of hard work tho; I can lay right down beside it & go to sleep. Yes, work fascinates me . . . I could sit & look at it for hours . . .

At the risk of something or other, since Swisher showed me an announcement of Singleton's marriage by the bride's parents, Mr & Mrs Russell Abner Wood of Cambridge Mass, I'm going to say that I agree rather completely with Jack's psycho-analysis of HPES. He is still the Singleton I knew. Yah, says everybody, you were fooled as much as the rest of us. & that is the very reason I was fooled. With that estimate of his character (altho I arrived at it more intuitively than by Juffus' lucid reasoning) I could easily imagine Earl playing Russian Bank with himself. Especially after the second M e p e n t h e. About the only hope for him is to fall in love. But he would have to change considerable even for that. That is provided he hasn't.

Essay on the Sovereign individual was interesting, causing me to wonder just how many people are S - Is? I don't think very many people act like they were rulers of a personal kingdom; like they found "a satisfying challenge of abilities in wielding absolute control; like they ever for even a minute realized that they could do anything but continue along in their little groove until they were emptied out over the edge of Nothingness (Oh shut up, Russell! Why destroy the one bright illusion I have left?)

This member of the jury votes a hearty "yea!", or rather a "more!" upon #58 of lolm&h-tailviintb e-yetcont. Incidentally, Jack, what is your opinion of Communism, Stalin, & the USSR at this date?

hahile hav summadeez, an hahile hav summadoze

Genealogy of the Conways was somewhat funny. Could've been funnier without being dirtier.

I'm right here behind these goosepimples

Re the first "Surrealistic" joke (?) in M u t a n t, I heard it slitley different. The man put spaghetti on his shiny bald head thinking it was macaroni. The pigeon joke was very good - & not entirely surrealistic. How do you like this one? . . .

A bum came sailing thru the swinging doors of the saloon. As he wearily picked himself up from the sidewalk, he noticed a cop lying the gutter with mashed potatoes all over his face. "Hey" said the bum, "Why are you lying there with mashed potatoes all over your face? Don't you know it's raining?" "Hell" said the cop, "I thot this was Wednesday."

Like Swisher, I find about the only criterion of music I can use (knowing so little of its ingredients) is whether I like it or not. Unlike him, I don't think the best, or the most enduring music is that which you can't whistle. I think I will eventually be able to whistle most of "The Nutcracker Suite" & will like it none the less for a' that.

I like "A Nite on Bald Mountain. There is a truly awesome up & an equally awesome down somewhere in the middle which is great stuff. I like the theme, too. It is perfectly representative of desperate weariness & fear, clothed in a grotesque gaiety. But then, I am no doubt

influenced unduly by the ~~Franklin~~ pix.

Richard Anthony Leonard says of Moussorgsky: "...Rimsky-Korsakoff was a firm believer in M's great talent; so he "rearranged" many of Moussorgsky's works . . . removing what he thot to be crudities of theoretical music procedure. . . . But we see him with far different eyes today. . . . His mistakes & crudities were often the outward evidences of his powerful individuality seeking new forms of expression. They were the trademarks of his genius. Absolute or purely formal music interested M hardly at all. . . .M attempted always to express in tones the very letter & spirit of the text; the picture that the words painted, . . .the subtlest shades of idea & meaning that could not even be expressed in the words. In realizing this idea he refused to be bound by the conventional forms . . . & formulas. What did it matter if a song began in one key & ended in another? Or if one chord followed another harshly & gratingly, not properly "prepared"? . . . The justification was always in the text. & the end was often miraculously realized. . . . "A Night on the Bare Mountain" . . . is probably the most satisfactory of R-K's revisions of the composer's music . . ."

u mayhin funna me?

Etaoin Shrdlu are the most frequent letters in the alphabet, in that order, & are the first two banks on the left, reading downward. When the linotypist wishes to fill a block of type, he just runs his finger down the first bank or two, usually, so the proofreader will know that a filler or something should go there so as to make everything come out even, more or less. Linotype keys are much easier to depress than those of a typewriter. & Foo knows why typer keys aren't arranged similarly, or better still, like this:

J G C S E T H M B X
V P , R O A D . F K
Z " Y L I N U W - Q

Then you could do most of your typing with the first two fingers of each hand, & avoid all the mistakes that come from the not so well developed ring & small fingers reaching ~~h~~ather & yon. Also mistakes on frequently used letter-combinations that involve reaching back & forth across the keyboard - like "able" "sta" "ally", etc. Incidentally, I'd be greatly interested to find out how everybody pronounces "Etaoin Shrdlu". At a Stranger Club meeting I got about four agreements out of ten. I mean that four chose the same pronunciation & the rest varied from that & each other. If I only knew what the way a person pronounces something he's never heard before, indicates, 'twould be even more interesting. By the bye, all this is comment on Horizons.

Orchids to the book review. I read a professional review, & heard remarks on it from various friends, but really got the best picture of it in H.

Who was it? - Gergen or Shaw, I believe - a newcomer at any rate--who complained that fans don't talk about themselves much. Let them stay in fandom a bit longer, espesh the F A P A, & they'll find out diff. Webster & Russell are two cases in point, & Doug gives me a chance to make myself a third.

I think DW is out quite a way on the reactionary swing of the pendulum, & I don't think such an extremist view of the situation is accurate; much the same as his & many others' views as COs are extremist. "& he is dead who will not fight..."

8 I do go along with him in thinking I waste & have wasted too much time on fan activities, (in fact, I waste too much time period) but I don't feel particularly disgusted about it, nor do I intend to drop fanning like a hot potato. I have begun to lose interest in fandom, much as I lost it in the pros & my once voluminous correspondence. First, I missed reading the mags for a month, then two, & finally got hopelessly behind. I now have 2 or 3 inches of fanzines remaining unread! But I still read them & the pros often enuf to talk fairly intelligently about them; the downward curve has leveled off. 'Twill be the same with fanning. Right now I'm in the stage where I keep making mental resolutions to go on a great spree of publishing or writing or something, like I once had intentions of putting my nose to the grindstone & catching up on all my untead prozines. The idealistic stage has about burned out & I herewith make my much belated debut in reality.

But to get back to Webster. I think throwing up the sponge & burying one's head completely in the sand of one's purely personal opinions, like Miske did, is also unwise. I have no proof of this, since I don't know how Miske is doing, but from a purely selfish viewpoint (aside from the fun & other possibilities in fandom) to stay in offers one a multitude of ideas, theories, & viewpoints to consider, which will rarely be found elsewhere, & which sometimes have real practical value. Of course, if Doug has a mission to fulfill, & all that (that is a mission he really could fulfill) he should be getting about it. As far as I know tho, he is much like me, only smarter (i.e. better education, brains, etc) & personally I've pulled in my horns quite a bit lately. Once I seriously wanted to pick up the world by the scruff of the neck, turn it around & slam it down with a hearty boot in the right direction. Now I'll be satisfied if I can give my personal kingdom, me, a just & efficient administration, which is a fairly large order in itself.....

flea for your life old pal, leave the country at once. flea!

Jan Jods (wotinell's a tod?) is welcomed with great rejoicing in this quarter, & I sincerely hope that Norm will be with us as long as Milty & Juffus have been & will be. (Sentences to be served consecutively)

"Yesterday's 10,000 Years" is a honey of a dept, & I wonder why someone didn't think of it before. My fervent prayers however, are that he doesn't dig up some particularly asinine bit once drooled by yhos.

Greatly enjoyed the article on LRC's visit, since it compares with some of the happy hours I have spent with the Gentleman from Virginia.

funny how all the natives spoke very good english

All right, Mr. Reader & Collector, I'm curious to see just what you would do with that sentence of Warner's, especially using "a lot less" words. Maybe something like the oh-so-concise wording on the Mass state auto inspection sticker, "Less Speed, Less Deaths."

No doubt others will leap to the chance to tell you this, but I might as well corroborate. "The Golden Bough" by Keller, definitely is a reprint. It first appeared in the Winter '34 ish of Bill Crawford's (sigh) Marvel Tales.

Well, I leave it up to the rest of the gang, whether a description of your first edition "Frankenstein", with the gold-leaf frubbles & the blue leather scormis on the irumious binding, is any closer to stf or fantasy than a Speer dissertation on labor unions or international politix? In a good many cases, come to think of it, these "far-fetched" discussions are a direct outgrowth of comments on a story, or else they have to do with the future, which is directly connected with 99.84% of all stf.

As for hisses, etc, do u send copies of R&C to the offending editors? Even if so, the majority of fans in the FAPA know how lousy the pulps are (with the exception of the Campbell mags) & a goodly percentage of those fen don't bother to read the lousy ones anyway. We enjoy your wit & humor on its own merits, connected with fantasy or not -- so nix on that crusade stuff.

Anyway, we seem to be barking over a bag of bones. You admit you don't mind a non-fantasy article in a member's mag now & then - so who's putting out an entire non-fantasy mag? I can't recall any except a couple of unimportant one-sheeters. So let's drop the subject & hunt a nice, fresh, bloody carcass to snarl over . . .

boy, could i use a hole in my head

"Extrablub Termiblab" in Censored was interesting - & I wish Peck had gone into more detail. Two authors come to mind that he didn't mention, who are highly original in thinking up alienames. Smith & Williamson. There's Boskone, Worsel, Helmuth, & the prize, The Eich. Completely non-terrestrial, but still pronounceable. JW is without peer for euphonic combinations. Aladoree Anthar will be remembered when the stories themselves are forgotten, & perhaps even the origin of the name. Good old ERB is always right there, especially with alliterative titles, which are mostly attractive, & which nobody else has seemed to have exploited. Vad Varo, Tars Tarkas, Ras Thavas - nifties, every one. But for sheer effectiveness, H.P. Lovecraft has them all lashed to the mast. Mumble a guttural "Shub-Niggurath!" or a "Yog-Sothoth!" to yourself & watch the duck bumps break out. Then of course there's Arkham on the Miskatonic River. Entirely original, yet convincing enuf for one to start poring over the state map, trying to locate them.

The cover was excellent & the interiors okay. Not only that, the cover illustrated "Lesser Gravity" (a rather well done vignette by the way.) Practically unheard of for a fanzine cover to illustrate something inside. Congrats on a first class fanzine Fred; you're just what the FAPA needed.

that's to spit your teeth in

It gives me much pleasure to say that the contents of The Phantagraph were very good. Above average for the mailing, & far above such preceding issues as I have seen. Corwin's shortale was nicely done, & DAW's article contained much truth, altho I can't agree with everything he says, notably that "There is no middle way" & that "we must press onward or we are doomed." If Hitlerito wins, we might be set back 100, 500, or even a thousand years, but not necessarily forever. Can you back up such a sweeping statement, Don?

Another pleasing item is Inspiration, since it proves that fan activity need not come to a dead stop once a fan enters the armed forces. Perhaps Lynn may have more time than most, but I doubt it. I think a good many of the fans who have allowed themselves to pass into oblivion thru joining the service use that as a cover-up for lagging interest & natural laziness. I agree that activity requirements should be suspended only for the fans on overseas duty.

In line with this, my reply to Bridges is that as long as I am a civilian I'll be glad to do a page or two for any fan in the service, undergoing all expenses & work involved. That is, Fighting Fan will be continued if it's wanted, but if there are only to be a few fans in the service who want help in keeping up their activity, I'm not going to bother with a separate pub, but put such efforts as I receive into

Yhos. Speaking of odd typewriters, I don't think there's another in fandom like mine. Elite type with pica spacing.

Check on the idea of a bigger FAPA. The mimeoing of Horizons removes the last objection, & even at that, improved methods & hecto equipment make it possible to get 75 good copies. (Bob Jones claims over a hundred for Pegasus, & he didn't use anything more expensive than carbons, either.) The more the merrier, say I.

i'm glad you're a camel too, Gertie

Phanny's cover is oke, & the lettering is pleasantly confusing.

The first item is also oke as far as it goes, which isn't much over a yard or two. What I'd like to know is just what can we expect after the duration? The possibilities are fairly plain, yes, but which of these is the most probable? One can hardly be prepared for any eventuality as DBT seems to think, because some of them are so divergent.

Will we have a return to "normalcy", & with it a small depression, another boom, another, & worse, big depression, & finally another world-wide epidemic of destruction? Or will a totalitarian government develop from the present administration, with a fair amount of security & order preserved, but with civil liberties greatly curtailed? Will a genuine attempt at a realistic "World Order" be made? Will there be an end to "local" thinking, petty & party politix, inefficient administration, strife between Capital & Labor, & dozens of other things that make this country such a mess? Or will there be a great social & economic upheaval, with the complete collapse of the present system, & attendant bloodshed, suffering & disorder that usually accompany such things? I'm not a keen enuf student of history, or sharp enuf observer of the present to detect which of these possibilities is most probable, but I'd like to see some discussion on it, which may set my own think-tank to bubbling.

To me, the "Exterminators" seem to offer only the feeblest of arguments by the very nature of their "cause". They admit that human intelligence is a flop, if it can think of no better way to solve its problems than the extermination of certain groups. Such a step is in the nature of a desperate, "last resort", when all else has failed. To be an Exterminator is to be a Defeatist.

I betcha could find millions of Christians who think that The Bible contains all a normal man needs to know, whether they have read anything else or not. Does it not also seem likely that a people such as the Moors in Spain - who were beginning to be interested in pure science, - if allowed to develop along that line, would not eventually see the inconsistencies in their religion as compared with their science, & decide in favor of the latter? Christianity is doing much the same, but the Moors with their head start would probably have done it sooner.

5'11" overall length, & what's your birthday?

Check & double check on the editorial in En Garde.

"Beyond the Portal" hit me square between the eyes. I might have written the first four paragraphs myself. The only difference between myself & the author(ess?) is that I haven't developed my dreaming technique as fully. My dream-control was acquired in the same manner & works the same way, altho not 100%. That is, I do not always realize I am dreaming, altho I always realize I might be.

The main reason I haven't given a great deal of attention to my dreams, is that I nearly always dream something interesting anyway, so I never went in much for selectivity, altho I can do it to a limited extent. For another reason I can rarely remember a dream, so there isn't much use to shaping them, except for entertainment value, & to avoid bad ones. I once read of a guy who wrote down all his dreams immediately on waking, & increased his remembrance phenemenally, but I just don't have the ambition for that. Another thing, I don't have as much time for sleeping as most. I average around 6½ hours out of 24, instead of the usual 8. I'm also polyphasic, meaning I can drop off anywhere or any time, & sleep from 15 minutes to 15 hours, depending on circumstances.

I've experienced the usual run of flying, naked, finding money, etc, dreams, but never any death. I've been subjected to drowning, shot, stabbed, & all manner of undesirable things have happened to my person, but I've always come thru fine. There is one type of dream that seems to be unique with me. That is the bookreading dream. It is usually an excellent stf story, & I realize I'm dreaming, & I know if I could only remember it when I wake up I'd have a hit with any publisher. But it all goes glimmering when I awake. I can hear you all saying "Very common; just a variety of wish-fulfillment." Maybe so, but why is it I never dream of doing some of the things I'd ten times rather do than write a successful book?

I have one recurring nightmare (tho very seldom) which is far worse than the pursuit²thru-molasses type, altho basically similar. I am being hunted by something - sometimes a sorceror or witch, sometimes just a vague terrible something - that is going to fix my cabbage in a wicked manner indeed - eat up my soul or something - worse than death anyhow; & to avoid this fate I am frantically leafing thru ancient, musty tomes for a spell or something to avert the menace. I can't find it, & all the while the horror is groping & searching for me & getting nearer & nearer. I usually wake up with the icy wim-wams or switch to a pleasanter dream without waking.

An idea just came to me on the subject of avenues of exploration. How about trying for an inter-planetary dream, or a time-travel dream? I've never had a real

stf dream (with the exception of the book-reading) but perhaps I could if I really tried hard.

However, I'm not much more interested in dreams than in reading fiction, for both are essentially the same. But if I could remember certain things I dream & apply them to reality (such as writing The Book) I would go in for dream-control on a mass production basis.

Every one of the articles in EG was of high quality, & there were five of them; the mag was well-mimeod with a nice cover - so it gets top place in this mailing.

Mr. Jordan says we can be in only one dream at a time.

Let's have some more of Whitehead's letters. Ditto Walt's Dramblings & anybody who is lucky enuf to get back a chain letter.

This must be where they empty all the old hour-glasses.

Pogorus is the one disappointment in the mailing. Poor material & poor reproduction. Also a poor editorial attitude. Give me a sincere CO to a pop-eyed patriot anytime. Saying a CO is a coward is shallow thinking, if not downright stupidity. As has been said before, it takes twice the guts to stick by your principles than to go against the tide. Any damned fool can be carried along by the mob. If future issues of this paper are to be no better than this, it is well there are liable to be no more.

BOSKONE A SUCCESS!

Much to the surprise of yhos, four out-of-state fans arrived for the conference. Julie Unger & Bill Ryder from NYC, Jack Speer from Washington DC, & - But we'll save that for later.

The outlanders nearly outnumbered the Strangers, since only Suddsy Schwartz, Jules Lazar, Tom Slate, Chan Cavis, & yhos represented the club.

Unger & I arrived at noon to find Chan, Suddsy, Jules, Tom, Jack & Bill already there. Meeting shortly adjourned to next door restaurant for eats & preliminary fangab. Swisher was unable to make it, & Harry Stubbs was nabbed by the navy just two days before. He was to give a short talk on the first extra-system planet, believed to have been discovered near the star 61 cygni. So that was out. Then the originals promised by Compbell failed to come thru, so we couldn't even have the traditional auction.

Anyhow, Suddsy called the meeting to order & read greetings from the MFS. Then Speer asked FAPA members present to sign the petition granting overseas members & mems in the armed forces exemption from activity, & o-s mems from dues for the duration. There was some argument on this, as yhos thot servicemen in the US could keep up some sort of activity, but finally we all signed.

There were two originals. A Finlay cover & a Hunt cover from LeZ. We decided to have a game of Interplanetary & award the winner the Finlay as a prize.

It was the most exciting game yet played. Suddsy got the jump on everybody by securing the "Rainbow Rock" concession on Mercury, & thus was able to outfit a pluto ship long before anyone

else. Jules fancied a pirate's life & was wiped out 3 times, then retired gloomily to a corner to read. Speer happened to remember that JJ hadn't been caught by the patrol 3 times, but had been liquidated by the negasphere one of the times, so he was still entitled to play. & play he did. With one measly little exploring ship left to him, he gambled everything by turning pirate once more. His luck turned. He successfully matched velocities with Suddsy's Pluto ship on the return trip, looted the precious cargo of "Immortality Dust" & sped into Earth on the same turn by rolling 3 doubles, while everyone sat around stupefied.

But we were mor than stupefied shortly before that, when Suddsy, returning from the phone, announced that Claude Degler had hitch-hiked 1600 miles from Indiana & was on his way to the meeting from my mother-in-law's house!

Fantastic as any stftale was the story of how the incredible Degler finally had arrived at our gathering, thru a series of weird coincidences. Apparently all against him, Lady Luck had been in there pitching for him all the way thru.

First off, he read the mistake in Astonishing that the Boskone was on the 23rd instead of the 28th, & he left the 19th. Two days later he had only just entered Pennsylvania, & saw he wasn't going to make it by the 23rd. Rather than turn back, he decided to keep on & visit some of the eastern fans anyway, since he had never been here before.

So he arrived in Boston on the morning of the 28th & walked by the hall, little dreaming the Boskone was about to start! Having only Walt Daugherty's Directory to go by, he thot I still hung out in Bryantville, & started for there. He happened to go thru Quincy, & noticed Harold Keating's address in ghe Directory, so he thot he'd stop off there first, & maybe get some info. It so happens K has been a dead duck as far as fandom is concerned since the year 2, & is in the army besides.

Claude found K's parents at home, & of course they knew nothing about a Boskone. But they treated him royally, & Mrs. K. happened to remember that I had been at the house a few times long ago, & asked Claude if he knew me. Sure.

But here's the strange part. Mrs. K. would probably have never remembered me if I had not married her neighbor's daughter just across the street - 25 Arnold, to be exact. Even that would have done him no good, except that my wife happened to be visiting her mother while I was away, & knew where I was, & so called up Suddsy, & the lost was found. Whew! When I think of how close the poor guy came to going to Bryantville, & he might be wandering around the wilds of Cape Cod yet!

So after the game, we again went for eats & plenty of excited gabbing about the tremendous trek. Tom & Bill had to leave early, so the rest of us wrangled somewhat over whether we should go out to Swisher's or see the original uncut version of *Fantasia* which was in town. We finally split up, Suddsy & Claude heading for Winchester, & Juffus, Julie, Jules, & I saw the Disney miracle for the 2nd, 4th, 2nd, & 3rd times respectively. Chan, unfortunately, had to cram for exams.

Speer was seen to his train, & Julie to his bus, & Boskone III was over. In spite of the war & eve ything, another success was chalked up. Here's hoping they may continue uninterrupted every year, & may Number Four be in Peace . . .