

PHANTASY  
PRESS.

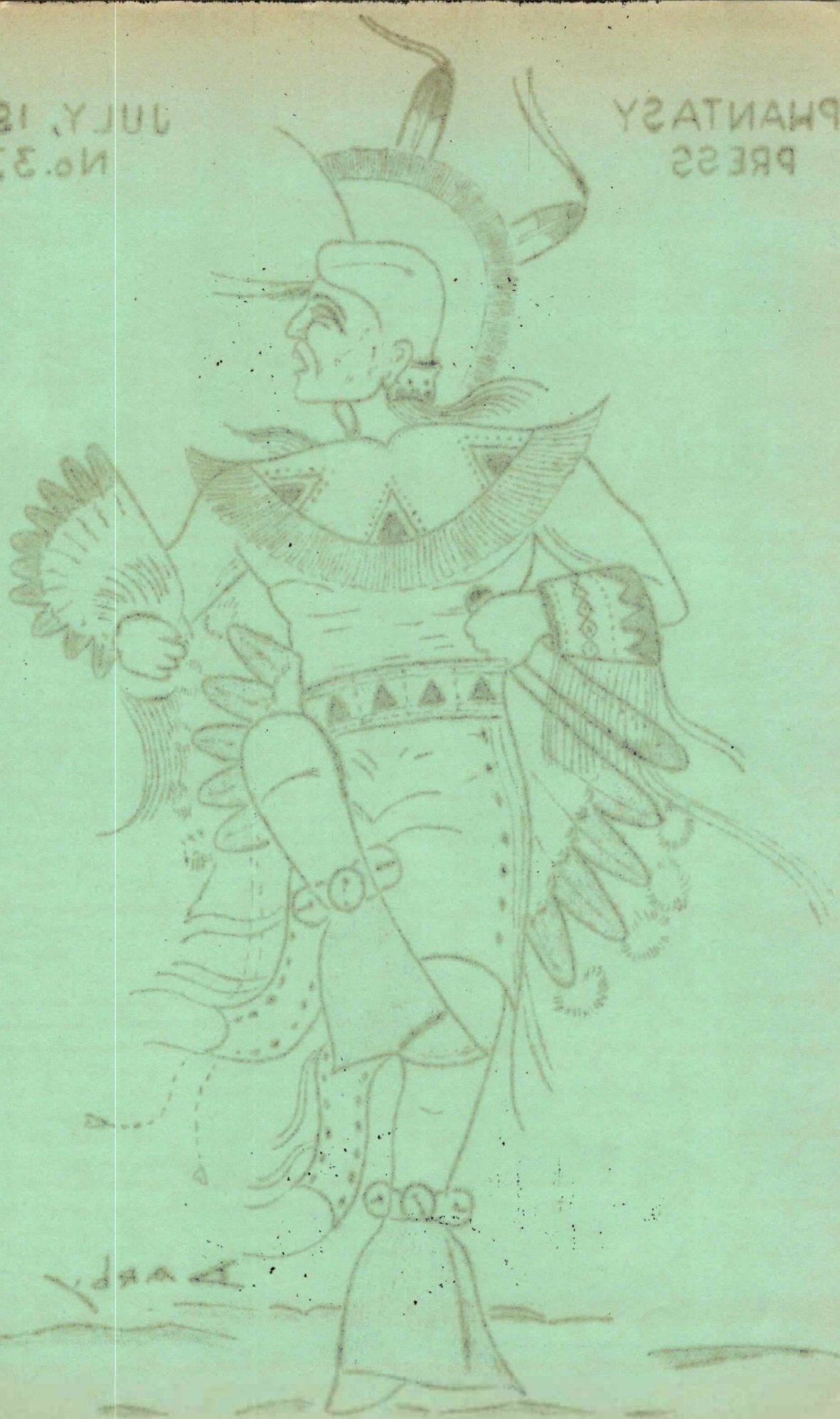
JULY, 1961  
No. 33





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July,  
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# phantasy PRESS

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DANIEL McPHAIL  
Editor

## COMMUNICATION

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a young fan who was very shy and, as such things will happen, he fell in love with a pretty girl fan. But when he was with her, it seemed he could never think of the right things to say, or make the impression he desired. The rare times he would be with her, it seemed there was always others around that cramped his style. Then our enterprising young fan hit upon a novel method of communicating his feeling to the pretty girl. He would use his fanzine! Yes, that was it - he would print beautiful poetry, inspiring love stories, romantic drawings, all slanted to catch the eye and interest of his heart throb. It was, you must admit, a pretty neat plan, and fannish to the highest degree. He began with great enthusiasm and high hopes.

THROUGH THE AGES, man has evolved many means of communication to reach beyond the range of his voice. Smoke signals, for example, would carry his messages beyond hills and rivers to those he desired to reach. Flags and cannon shot were tried. Talking drums were, and still are, used in some parts of the world, as were great horns. Naturally, the advent of the telegraph wire and wireless extended mans range as far as he needed.

THE PRINTED WORD, radio and television all impart messages, be it news, sports or entertainment, and are a form of communication. Likewise, the fields of advertising and politics communicate the spread of business and ideas.

WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS a revelutionary advance in communication as the government has granted permits for firms to fill the skies with sattellites in pre-set orbits, as a means of carrying world wide telephone and television service. Pickups overseas will be bounced off the sattellites to receivers in other parts of the world. These moonlets, due to be in operation by 1964, will be launched by our space agency, with the commercial companies paying the cost of operation.

AND, IN FAPA, OF COURSE, we have a very specialized means of communication, in which our 65 members have a quarterly "party-line" hook-up and get together through the pages of our various fanzines.

THE YOUNG FAN? Oh, he did pretty good with his communication idea, too. He rounded up all kinds of stuff to impress the gal with. He actually improved his zine so much that its rating went 'way up, but he finally gave up using it as a vehicle of communication with his fair lady. Why? Well, she advised him of a more effective means of communication -- letter writing.

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PHANTASY PRESS, issued quarterly for Fantasy Amateur Press  
Assn., by Dan McPhail at 1806 Dearborn, Lawton, Okla., USA.

ab initio





PHANTASY PRESS TAKES YOU

TO AN

Indian

STOMP DANCE!

Be my guest and we'll attend a most picturesque event that takes place each July in our area — a real Indian celebration. We journey south of Lawton some 20-odd miles to the small town of Walters and swing north to a lovely wooded area. This is Sultan Park, home of the Walters Pow-Wow, an annual gathering of many tribes, who flock to the little southern Oklahoma town for four days and nights of activities dear to the heart of the red man. By day, traditional Indian games take place, and there is a constant visiting and greeting of friends not seen since the previous Pow-Wow. But it is by night that the park really comes to life, as their beloved tribal dances are performed and all night long the steady thumping of tom-toms can be heard and tall spectral-like shadows leap and dart among the trees lining the banks of Beaver Creek.

This is not one of the big shows, such as the American Indian Exposition at Anadarko. It is a lot smaller, but differs in that it is more of an event for Indian people themselves and not one designed primarily with the white man in mind. The whites do flock to the Pow-Wow in great numbers, however, and are welcomed. But the tree-shaded park itself is filled with tents, trailer houses and teepees; and with vehicles ranging from shiny new Cadillacs to rickety Model A Fords and farm wagons, as well as countless bronzed-skinned adults and laughing, dark-eyed children who race about through the camp, in the manner of all happy children.

Now the long, hot summer day has ended, and with darkness a cooling breeze has sprung up, born perhaps in that distant towering thunderhead, whose flickering tongues of lightning portend possible showers later in the night. But to the east a full yellow moon is an orb of sheer beauty against the deep blue of the night sky, and serves as a magnificent backdrop to this, one of the most colorful and exciting events to be seen anywhere in America today.

We manage to find seats in a small grandstand, where a big crowd of spectators, both redskin and paleface, overflow and find places on the grass or have brought folding chairs. The dance area is lighted by bulbs strung in a great circle from tree to tree, while scores of dancers sit on benches at the edge of the arena. Their costuming of beadwork, feathers and soft-skin garments are things of dazzling beauty. Patterns of intricate design adorn countless jackets, dresses, trousers and loin cloths, and entire families are in native dress, ranging from elderly, wrinkled chieftains to the smallest of children, all of them grave and proud of bearing, dignified in manner. A great many Indian girls of startling beauty with their dark hair and eyes and flashing white teeth were in evidence, and from their number would be chosen the official Indian Princess for the Pow-Wow.

As night falls, the formal ceremonies get underway. On a wooden platform sit a row of dignitaries. Several of the older men still wearing their hair in long braids



beneath black western style hats and have blankets around their shoulders. Now the chairman of the Pow-wow, Edgar Monetatchi, takes over the public address system and addresses the crowd in his deep voice. This leader of the Comanches, who is a professional man in personnel work, welcomed the many friends of the red man and then paid a tribute to the Indian war dead of this area, as he pointed out that the Pow-wow was organized after World War II as a means of raising funds to aid families of men who had given their lives for their country. Edgar, a combat Marine himself, then introduced the guests, all principal chiefs, who rose in turn and gravely acknowledged the applause of the audience. Many of the tribes of the Great Plains were represented: Kiowa, Caddo, Comanche, Arapaho, Choctaw, Cheerokee, Pottawatomie, Wichita, Chiricahua-Apache, plus a small group of desert Navahos with their distinctive silverwork as well as members of the oil-wealthy Osages. A prayer was then given in native tongue by an aged chieftian. It was quite long, but the chant-like dignity of the quavery old voice held everyone's rapt attention and they stood quietly in the cool grassy arena as the old chief called on the Great Father of all men to watch over his people during the coming year, and to look with favor upon the dances to follow. Monetatchi then declared the Pow-wow officially underway and continued to provide a most informative commentary on all events.

Abruptly, one of the drummers began a high-pitched chant and set a cadence on the huge drum on the ground before him, while other drummers around its rim begin to join in and the tempo and volume increased. First a few, then more and more dancers move out and begin the stomp dancing, until the entire arena is a blur of movement and fantastic color, all gyrating around the drums in the center.

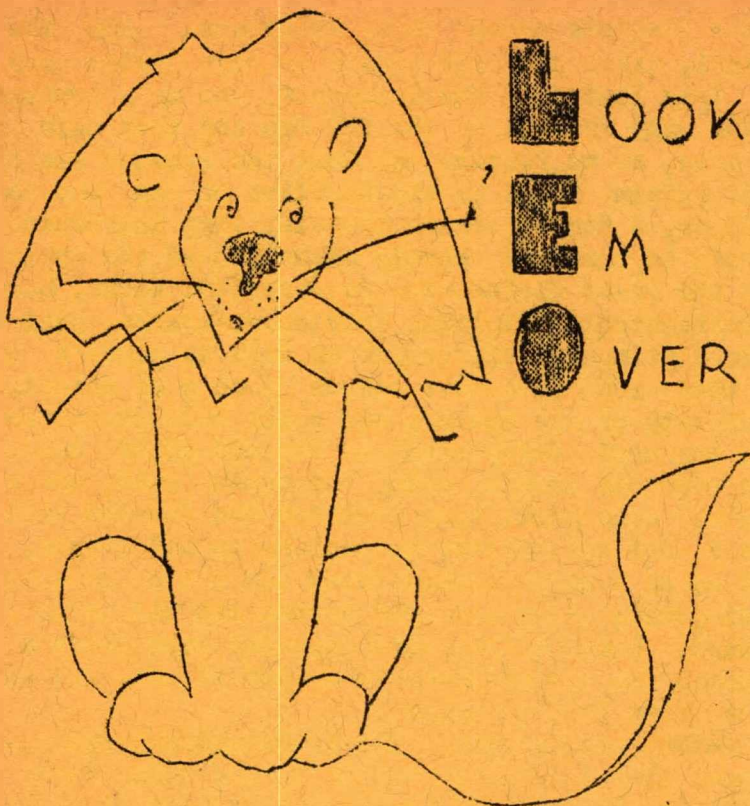
THUMP-thump-thump-thump, THUMP-thump-thump-thump, THUMP-thump-thump-thump...

As you listen to the continuous, almost hypnotic rhythm of the skin drums, the present seems almost to fade away from reality and one can almost believe that the time is indeed far in the past and you are peering through trees into an Indian village and are actually witnessing ancient ceremonial rites. You catch yourself nodding or patting your foot in time with the rhythm. You lean forward on the hard board seats to catch the weird, barbaric chant of the old men who sit the seat of honor around the great drums and impassively pound out the songs and dances that were old before the white man came and have been handed down from father to son for countless generations. You watch in fascination the scores of costumed braves and maidens who strut, stomp, and whirl endlessly beneath the giant trees. Headresses of unbelievable beauty and fantastic design adorn the many warriors. Families join in, including blanket squaws who form a giant circle that moves in a distinctive one-step cadence. Small children, each with their tiny headress or headbands, plume clusters and beautiful beadwork are manfully trying to keep up with the adults. Faster whirl the dancers as the drummers step up the cadence, louder boom the drums, higher reach the voices of the singers, and now from a few young braves, dancing their intricate patterns at dazzling speed, come the high, sweet, haunting notes of reed flutes, piped in exultation over the sheer joy of the dance. Then, with one abrupt crash, the dance will end and for a few moments a complete silence reigns as the dancers move to the sidelines. Then, as if shaking loose from a spell, the crowd expresses its approval in heavy applause and shouts.

During intermission, we talk with some of the dancers and learn that the headress is symbolic of many things and usually represents a historical heritage or is of religious significance. The feathers in this case, are as the wings of the eagle, swift in flight, alert of eye and near to the Great Spirit Father. The side feathers and the ribbon or mink tail ornaments signify various individual traits, while the beadwork on the headband may be a reverent plea for personal betterment, a declaration of bravery or any of a host of other things. The number of feathers indicate personal achievement.

As we leave, you realize we have witnessed something truly American, a part of the life and lore of the original inhabitants of our continent, perpetuated by their direct descendants. You admire not only their craft and dance skill but, even more, the pride & dignity they display. You feel glad this beautiful art form is being preserved, with love and honor and pride, for the benefit of all of us.





LOOKING in the 95th

EM

OVER

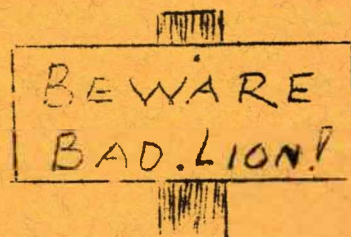
F. A. P. A. MAILING

for

May, 1961

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Wherein your Lion-Hearted  
Editor roars, softly, his  
opinions of other Beasts  
of the Bundle. (Joke, son)



FANTASY AMATEUR (14pg) In the proposed amendment re dues for members (\$3 for those in North America, \$2 overseas) why the word "elsewhere" would not be more appropriate than 'overseas'? (sorry, I left out "would not" after why up thar). . . . welcome to newcomers Alan J. Lewis (thats the East Coast Lewis) & Ed Martin (who could hardly be called a 'newcomer') and especially to Art Rapp, who slipped into FAPA by the very delightful method of marrying our Nancy Share. . . . for the benefit of those many fans who jumped me for not reading the constitution, please be advised I have since waded thru that lengthy item. . . . I notice our vice-president reports that due to the clean up policy of the new administration, that he has been unable to find any vice in FAPA for the past three months. This is not only a dull situation, but a very sad one.... something must be done. Volunteers? . . . for the second time in a row, I must growl that Phantasy Press was short-changed in the contents page count. Credit for PP #32 should have been 21 instead of 20 pages. This is, of course, a vital statistic!

ALLEURS #34 (Versins-28pg) Pardon, monsieur, I see that spelling is Ailleurs. You know, I enjoyed this, even if I can't read French! Seriously, I appreciate the opportunity to see your regular publication & I must say it is a very neat one. This was so fascinating to be able to pick out some words & feel you know the meaning of others. Tell me, in the article by Gallet on page 24, is that a listing of stories by types? I can comprehend c1 sses A, B & C, but what is D - would that be fantasy? I agree with Warner that this is far more interesting than 704 binary cards.

ALIF #11 (Anderson-15 pg) I like this purty blue paper, Karen. . . . "Alif is a four-letter word & so is FAPA" - that phrase caught my eye. . . . always enjoy drawings of the little creature named Doghue. . . . better luck next time on your try on selling the short story. Speaking of stories, I recently obtained a hard-cover of hubby Poul's "The Enemy Stars" for my library. I was interested in reading on the jacket that he was born, no, raised in Port Arthur, Texas.

ASTRA'S TOWER (Bradley-26pg) A very attractive cover drawing, Marion. . . . I've never read "The Lord of the Rings" by Tikjuen, but I really enjoyed your fine review.

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION FOR MRS. MOSKOWITZ (Jacobs-4pg) I think by now that Chris is aware that she is out of step in FAPA, and that the majority of members do favor mailing comments (especially if expanded into informative & entertaining commentary on related items as well as the direct subject) and that the great joy of FAPA is its



informal give & take discussions on subjects ranging from the moon to modern jazz or from sports to sex...there is a difference, you know. My rather isolated approval of Mrs. M's remarks was meant to mean I concur that it is true that most of us could do more if we tried, including a few serious tries at short fiction, poetry & art. No reflection on those who now produce excellent material, but perhaps a little of that effort would discover a fine new artist or writer or two. Not all of us can produce top-flight material (and I certainly place myself in that category) but perhaps with encouragement, more would try.

BANDWAGON #9 (Ryan-9pg) Yep, I was thinking of Ray Schaeffer in terming you a teacher, Dick. Sorry. I seem to be slipping of late (like the reference to Ben Franklin) but my mind has been mainly on other things this year & I've been facing problems & situations that have made it very difficult for me to concentrate on a hobby activity. I'll have to ask that you bear with me. . . .very readable is your bit on Maryland countryside & the lazy walk about the nations capitol. . . . you sadden me somewhat in asking "Do old fans, like Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing?" I do hope PP gives you something of value besides my references to earlier periods of fandom. If not, I am greatly discouraged. . . .

BULL MOOSE #7 (Morse-9pg) Good issue, Bill, and thanks for clearing me on just what a "snuggery" in an English pub is used for.

CELEPHAIS (Evans-16pg) True, any editor is going to cater to what the large majority of readers want, and not the small number of fans who want special departments. . . .wonder how we can overcome the severe set-back caused by the poorly planned Cuban invasion, which strengthened Castro all the more. We are in the uncomfortable position of a powerful nation being humiliated by a small & weak country which has planted the red flag right in our back yard. . . .your wish that someone would list all the people that have been in FAPA prompts me to ask if you recall "Operation Dragnet" that appeared in PP #19? It was my start on such a project & contained 241 names (to April, 1958) Since then, I have accumulated more. A new listing will be a part of my special effort for our 100th Mailing, I'm sure. . . .a personal remark to you, Bill: re the naval book - keep it as long as you like. I appreciate your sympathy & I'm glad to say the son is OK (sweating out the call of active reserves, of course) as is Polly. She still suffers from the neck injury, tho. The guilty motorist had no insurance & since then was in another accident & the highway patrol has suspended his license. . . .gee, that fog is thick when you can't lean out your car door & see the center stripe! . . .old friend, I harken to your plea not to relapse into the type of sercon material to which you refer. I'm pleased you say that PP is showing a lot more of McPhail & less stiffness. I also approve emphasis on people & ideas rather than serious discussions of s-f. I don't know if it shows in my writings, but the past year I have evolved a change in mental attitude on many things & I intend to write even more in Smoke Signals, or special articles. It is hard to make all the improvements I'd like, but they will come. I'm reminded of some good advice given me once: try to accept things as they are & don't bank too much on plans and dreams that may not come true. So I'll just do my best. OK?

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Happiness adds & multiplies when we divide it among others

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CHURN #1 (Rapps-10pg) Welcome to the Southwest, Nancy & Art! Enjoyed reading of your honeymoon trip from the east to El Paso. Wish you could have come through Lawton & stopped for a "hello". Got a boot out of your cartoons. The one of the beer-stocked refrigerator reminds me of the old one about the fishing party that sent one of its members with a hundred bucks to get groceries. He returned with a car full of whisky and one loaf of bread, whereupon one of his buddies peered into the auto & exclaimed "Sure glad you remembered to get the whisky, but what are we gonna do with all that bread!" . . .glad you like the quietude & beauty of desert land. I know what you mean in having that sense of "coming home" - a comforting feeling. Would liked to have visited you on my Texas trip, but its a long ways to El Paso - Texas is a BIG country, you know! . . . . again, my best wishes to you both.



DAY STAR #10 (Bradley-16pg) an enjoyable issue, Marion, with nice cover by Jack Harness & good mimeoing. Couldn't help grinning at your heading "Secrets of Happy Bundling" - even if it applied only to how the postoffice handles our bundles. . . . a pat on the back to Redd Boggs for his humorous "When Stf went to Mars". . . . and I really laughed over the two letters. More! . . . again you have poetry I like - in this case "Three Moods" - very smooth. The shortest, "My lover, where have you hidden my friend?" has a very realistic impact as it relates to a phase that often happens in real life. . . .good description of west Texas countryside.

DESCANT #5 (G&N Clarke-17pg) Interesting bit on the feud between Sinatra and Bobby Darin. . . .are you still so hot on Castro, or is a little of the glamor of the bearded Red beginning to rub off? I mean in your eyes - because it tarnished long ago in the eyes of many people who at first thought he was bringing real improvement to the island. One thing is sure, Basista, for all his faults, did not court Communism & certainly was on the side of the West. Now, at Castro's invitation, communism is setting up operations just off our shores (and don't forget that shoreline extends to Canada) and I'd think any fool must realize that Russia will make full use of such an open-arm invitation to increase all phases of spying & other activities aimed at overthrowing all of Latin America. I've never claimed that the US is perfect (it has been a common resentment among many citizens for years that our dealings with other countries has been so faulty, foolish & wasteful) but the common desire of most all honest American is to share with the more unfortunate peoples of the world some of the many blessings that we know we possess. I think all of us would like to see our planet a world of good health, best educational facilities & opportunities for suitable employment. These are things that could bring about the state of universal peace that we all so earnestly pray for. No - my country isn't perfect, Norman, but I get tired of people like you, constantly bitching about our faults. And, who in hell claimed that the US is a "boat of unblemished angels" anyway? Nuts.

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You've persuaded me about reincarnation.....  
I'm sure that in some earlier life you were part of a horse

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A FANZINE FOR NOW #1 (Lewis-18pg) Welcome to the fold, Alan, and with a nixie mag too. . . .you were lucky to get so many old items from that dealer. I have most, but have never seen a copy of The Fancyclopedia, and I'm beginning to doubt that I ever will. . . .re the VAPA mailings: while never a member, I do have a number of them, sent me by Doc Lowndes. . . .I am very much interested in your mention that long-time pro author Arthur J. Burks has written articles on mental retardation - a subject of considerable interest to me now. Would you please send me the address of Ken Kruger so that I might contact him about getting a copy of the Burks book he published. My thanks. . . .nice you remember my reviews in Chappell's NITE CRY. That was quite a while back. I do plan to follow that slant in future reviews. . . .I don't especially care to be classed with Racy Higgs as an editor & I'm sorry my usual pattern of good cheer & kind words do not suit you; but hang on, maybe I'll change. In fact, I'm in kind of a bitter mood now, anyway. After my blast at Clarke above, would you say my opinions are still too hidden and timid?

ICE AGE #5 (N & L Shaw-21pg) Noreen, you and Larry sure deserve a medal for the tremendous ordeal you faced in getting out your winter edition! Gee, reading of your being marooned in a stalled train for hours in deep snow - especially on a hot July day - makes me certain you deserve it! . . . .enjoyed your mailing comments but am sorry we crossed swords a bit over Cuba. I hold no brief for American big business, but I think the same thing would apply to big business in any country). Our biggest problem is What To Do About Castro? I agree that most peasants are behind him, but the big danger for us is the hammer and sickle that is behind (and over) Castro and will fast complete the police state control that they always demand as pay for their piping. Do you doubt that Fidel is other but a puppet on the Soviet string?

HELEN'S FANTASIA #11 (Wesson-13pg) Another delightful contribution of art and articles from Japan. Most interesting to read your description of the riots that



caused cancellation of Eisenhowers trip and - as you point out - resulted in tremendous loss of American prestige. . . .yes, we have the little black Winkie dolls over here but they don't seem to be selling much. I am startled at your reprint of the Yomiuri paper's report of the young lady who, in place of the top of her swim suit, wore two blinking, winking Winkies dolls - hanging on for dear life. I venture to predict such use over here would increase their popularity - with the male beach mob.

HORIZONS #80 (Warner-25pg) Harry, I do hope you are recovered by the time you read this. All of us were saddened by your accident & now rejoice you are on the mend. Continued good luck! . . . the very fact that it would be a senseless & vindictive action on innocent wives and children is the reason I have refrained from the many requests to blast away at fans who had temporary pink leaning a generation ago, I'm glad that I battled then against the attempts of "isms" to force a wedge into our fan world, but I realize now that many, many good Americans looked into and/or took minor roles in many organizations that the then legal Communist Party sponsored on college campus - usually under-cover. To their credit, most students soon dropped out when they found the high-sounding phrases were but cover-ups for radical organizations. I would not want to bring embarrassment, hardship, etc. to such persons and their families, which might be the result of revealing facts I know. . . .was glad to see your defense of the average policeman. I have known they walk a mighty rough beat for a long time. . . .your long description of your long stay in the hospital was a most fascinating view into hospital life and customs.

MARK (Danner-8pg) Another of those issue that one can read, enjoy, and yet find trouble in commenting. . . .right, color can have a bearing on taste, as in the case of white chocolate. . . .I was watching Echo with the naked eye, old friend, and it appeared, at times, to pause or wobble in its path - at least we thot it was Echo.

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One guy who always goes to the top is a barber

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LAUNDRY MARK #8 (Havelin-4pg) Short, as usual, but, as always, I enjoy it, Rusty.

LIGHT #68 (Croutch-16pg) Your story "Jason Crull" is most unusual.

LIMBO #6 (Rike/Donaho-25pg) was glad to read the other side of the student riot, which makes it sound there was more than met the eye on the tv coverage. . . .Bill, I enjoy your mailing comments. Was interested in your comparing me to Sir Roger de Coverly and I guess I am complimented in that you say we are both extreemly kind hearted and real gentlemen with somewhat old-fashioned manners.

MONSTER TIMES (Taurasi-2pg) Noted.

MINIMAG (Jacobs-10pg) One of the most enjoyable things in the mailing. The sketches of members was fascinating as was your personal history. Thanks, Lee.

NULL-F #20 (White-14pg) I would say that Sam Moskowitz gained little, if anything in his blast against Harry Warner. As you say, he did not make clear the date on the letter was 21 years old & that the attitude of young Warner then might well be entirely different than the mature Warner of today. And I must take issue with him in claiming FAPA's relative importance has declined. . . .that was a stupid thing for Mike Deckinger to do: write "Contents: Pornography" on the mailing label of his mag. It's easy enough to get into trouble with the Post Office as it is.

NOV SHMOZ KA POP #1 (Pfeifer-8pg) Blue ink looks nice, Otto. Nice to have you with us - and congrats on the new baby girl!

OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS (Bogg-8pg) Agreed - we could par some of Constitution.

PHANTASY PRESS #32 (McPhail-21pg) Both covers of this number were contributed by James Cook, a young college student who is our office janitor & quite an auto fan, which accounts for the hot-dod drawing of me on the back cover. . . .I'm glad you like my reproduction (referring to the mag, of course). Still the old ABDick at work.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #12 (Brown-23pg) Another welcome newcomer. Your introduction shows we have acquired a new humor writer for our stable. . . .I'm dense, but what is the point of the cartoon on page 207 I've got a feeling it is real funny. . . .this is a real neat layout, Rich.



RAMBLING FAP #24 (Calkins-10pg) Sure glad to see you again, Gregg. . . .I'd say you have the ideal car for your summer Geophysics research in the Jeep. Our son last year had 1950 Jeepster & we found it a mighty sturdy hunk of auto. . . .was disappointed that you made no mention of progress on the WHO'S WHO. . . .if you ever get OOPSIA! going again, don't forget I have a sub with you. . . .the description of yourself was most interesting & I find we have many likes in common -- for example, darts.

SALUD #6 (E.Busby-14pg) I always like your mailing comments, Elinor. Such as the discussion of comedians & the difference in the old and new schools of humor. . . .you are so right in that many, many unfortunate children and young people that get into trouble or 'turn bad' are not to blame, and the fault is at home, or the lack of one. And you are also right in saying that the blaming of oneself is just as destructive as blaming other people & that one should be as kind and tolerant to oneself as to one's neighbor. I'm gonna remember that.

SCIENTIFIC-FICTION TIMES (Taurasi-10pg) I had seen this before & I think it is a most interesting item to circulate in FAPA. Published to celebrate the 35th anniversary of Amazing Stories, it is written as if the present were 1926 & contains "news" coverage of that long-ago time. A fine job of research by Sam Moskowitz & well-printed.

SERCON'S BANE #6 (F.M.Busby-19pg) Man, that Traffic Judge in Seattle has himself in a lot of hot water, I'd say. I noticed recently that another judge from, I think, the west coast, was in dutch over (alleged) dispensing 'justice' to pretty female prisoners in return for, ah, favors. Things like that everywhere, however. We had a major shake-up & court trial here involving the sheriff, police chief & police inspector. And Marion Bradley reports a similiar case down her way, while there has been a major vice investigation going on in Beaumont. . . .I agree with your general opinions in the Moskowitz-Warner dispute. . . .I never thought of Alaska as a spot where one could see buffalo & I guess that a big herd in Wyoming could be seen over someone's "back" fence. Just north of Lawton is one of the largest herds of buffalo in North America, in the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge. It was created in 1905 by executive order of Teddy Roosevelt, at a time when the shaggy beast was almost extinct. The American Bison Society provided 15 animals to start a herd that is now so large that each spring there is a big roundup & scores of them are given to zoos & private herds & the public can buy buffalo steaks as well. This is done to keep the herd within set limits for size. The ancient hills & valleys of the park contain Texas longhorns, elk, antelope, white-tailed deer, wild turkeys & what is no doubt the largest prairie dog "town" anywhere. . . .I don't think you are being the least bit hardnose in your comments to Pete. His remarks were way out of line, in my opinion. . . I hope Speer will comment on Simmons.

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Men are just the opposite from guns: the smaller the caliber, the bigger the bore

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SELF PRESERVATION (Hoffman-11pg) Anything this pretty gal writes is interesting, so smooth is her style. I only wish she could make every mailing.

TALKING RAIN COUNTRY BLUES (Bourne-10pg) Read, but no comments.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney-12pg) The second installment of your con report is enjoyable as are the drawings by Jean Young. . . thanks, Dick, for the kind words re my description of my trip to help MZB put out the mailing. I will dash down to Rochester to help her get out this, her last mailing, too. OK, I resolve not to be apologetic here on.

TYPE SPECIMENTS (Danner-4pg) To an old ex-printer like me, this was interesting.

WANDY #11 (J & R Coulson-24pg) Another favorite zine. Wish it had more art by our Juanita, but the chess-pieces illustrations by Gilbert were most unusual. The costuming of those busty figures fascinated me. . . .I also like historical westerns, Bob, and recall reading the Spearman story. We have a fine new Museum of the Great Plains here & I have become good friends with Mr. Tong, its director & am much interested in the library they are starting of books devoted to the early history of this Indian & cattle range country. . . .your Inca, Mayan & Aztec book titles sound interesting. I did a lot of study of those races during highschool days. . . .No, I have not seen the tv show, "Way Out". Is it good? . . .best of Bob Tucker was his coverage of small town politics



And, Juanita - I'll exercise the talent you say I have by saying I did enjoy your mc's! Sorry I can't think of something nasty or disabgreeable to say, so you can really light into me...maybe next time, huh?

VINEGAR WORM #6 (Leman-16pg) Most interesting history of the writings of Miss Bagby, Bob. . . .yes, Jack Speer was pulling your leg with the "Hohn Bristol" bit. The name is a familiar one to First and Second Fandomites when Jack was playing a dual role with the two names & fooled nearly everone for a while. . . .laughed at your tale of misery & strong resolve in fighting the diet battle. My daughter trimmed herself this year from about 140 down to a neat 110 by sheer will power in sticking to those few calories each day. . . .I've gone into the Chris Moskowitz thing elsewhere in a manner which I hope restores me in your good graces. . . .a nice issue.

SAFARI ANNUAL (Kemp-64pg) Our thanks to Shaw for franking this for us. It was most interesting to read the many opinions on the subject "Why is a Fan?"

and now, A LOOK AT POSTMAILINGS:

FANTASY ANTEATER (Bradley-2pg) Looks like Canadian member Steward is out.

Greek letters (Speer-20pg) I wonder if anyone can mead Greek to make out what the title of this mag really is? . . . .Not that it matters, Jack, but I remember the occassion of the fanmag you found that time sent to Comanche instead of Muskogee, but I thot it was in the cream station instead of the broom factory. . . .I can't recall any declaration by its founders that FAPA was intended to become all of fandom and do away with subzines. I, too, am of the opinion that the Futurians were fans first of all and a 'pink' organization. . . .Ab initio - Latin for "from the beginning" signifies my charter membership in FAPA. The Press, of course, made its appearance in the second mailing. . . .re Danaline riding "shot-gun", well, in the modern vehicle there is not much choice but to ride to the driver's right. . . .sorry to note that, in writing like your mother, I tend to irritate you, but then all of us have traits that we use and, unfortunately, they don't always suit others. But that's the way the cookie crumbles, you know. . . .your final article was well written & interesting.

#### S U M M A R Y

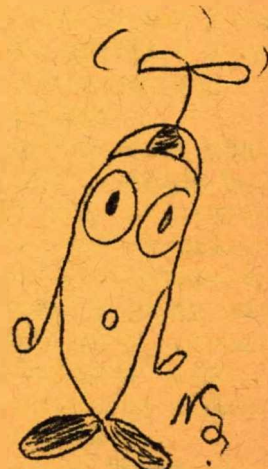
The 95th Mailing contained 595 pages, of which 22 were postmailed. This compared to 444 pages in the previous mailing. There were 41 distinct items published, ranging in size from 64 pages, which was the special book of Kemps, which the Shaws circulated on their frank. Also, there was one 28 page fanzine, one 26, two 25s, one 24, one 23, two 21, two 20s and fourteen ranging from 11 to 19 pages each. In addition, there was thirteen publications that had 10 pages or less. 31 members were represented in the total mailing, as compared to 29 in the 94th mailing.

#### A R T C R E D I T S


Front Cover by  
Raymond Darby

Back Cover by  
James Cook

Inside illustrations by  
Nancy Share Rapp  
and  
Dan McChail







# Smoke | Signals

- by -  
DAN McPHAIL

## A SEARCH FOR SOLACE

Some of you might recall that last summer I did some travelling about in south Texas. I wrote a piece about it in this column, and was surprised that it evoked quite a bit of favorable comment.

This summer I again journeyed into Texas, but this time it was a definite search for something, a hope to experience again the joy that was 1960, to be revitalized and inspired for the winter months ahead. This time I was searching for comfort, for hope, for courage.

Shortly after the first of the year, I began to feel run down due, I am sure to an increased work load at our office caused by the expanded programs the employment services are now embarked on. Then we had the bad luck to have several of our staff out for extended periods of illness and hospital care and I found myself shouldering more and more responsibilities, including training new employees. I had a couple of short but severe tilts with illness during this time and was becoming increasingly plagued with fatigue. These and other symptoms finally sent me to the doc for a complete check-up. Treatment and medication cleared up several factors, but he alarmed me quite a bit over his obvious concern at results of my chest x-ray. He spoke ominously of markings he did not like; but not having other recent plates to check, he couldn't be certain. He said he would want another x-ray in six months instead of the usual year.

Needless to say, this worried me a great deal. I imagined - as one will under such circumstances, that I was in really bad shape and began to feel I should be prepared to learn the worst. I got a real case of the jitters before I got a grip on myself and did a little self-analysis. I decided that the one thing I need to do most was to get away from every-day sights and my work, try to forget my condition and seek a little pleasure and relaxation before I went nutty. Pauline and I were unable to get vacations together this year, so I told the boss I wanted to pull a week off.

Before I go farther, let me say that, on my return, I was able to locate x-rays taken eight years ago which enabled the doctor to revise his diagnosis somewhat, and while I will still have another x-ray in six months, I am no longer too alarmed about it. But this, of course, I did not know during my trip; and while I shoved the matter to the back of my mind and refused to think about it, still it was always there creeping back into my thoughts at unguarded moments. At times during the four days I was gone, I longed greatly to confide in someone near and dear to me - for comfort, I guess. Something like this can make a person mighty lonely...yes, and afraid, I must admit. Especially when I would retire for the night in my motel room and find myself unable to sleep.

Now, as I sit alone here in my den in our backyard, with the soft rustle of cottonwood leaves overhead, that recent trip seems to be almost a dream; so many events and sights were crowded into a four-day span that it seems unreal. But, dreamlike as



it may now seem, it did occur, and while not as rewarding as my experiences of last summer, this search for serenity did provide me with memorable moments and, despite the all-too short a time factor, the trip did a lot for me, for which I am grateful.

Anyhow, I decided to make a trip back down into Texas in hopes of recapturing some of the wonderful moments that had brought me such pleasure last year. As I wrote then, it revived in me a new interest in the sheer joy of living - and that was something I desperately needed at this time.

So, having made up my mind, I bought myself some new duds, swapped my old '56 Ford for a slick blue 1959 Ford Galaxie, loaded it with camping gear, writing materials, assorted pills and tonics, and headed south. The "new" car drove very smoothly & the change from manual to automatic transmission was a delight, and the fact that it is air-conditioned made travel on hot, sticky days a pleasure. I credit the car for one reason I came home much rested despite a thousand mile jaunt.

My plans were nebulous, but I proposed to visit Texas fans; look in on the new Southern Pandom Group at Waco, see Marion Bradley at Rochester and artist Kerry, now at Abilene where she will attend college, and others. I also had a long-planned project in mind; to visit many places that I lived as a boy when we moved back and forth through this area, following the ebb and flow of oil fields. Some of these places I did visit, and obtained notes for an article I'm now at work on. But, more than any thing else, I planned to follow a will-of-the-whisp course, to do the things one can not do when following a set course. I've always been able to find great interest in people and places, and I like to see what is over the next hill or around that bend up ahead; therefore I enjoy turning off the main road to drive through quiet rural areas, stop at quaint old country stores or city curio shops. I can study the physical makeup of a town or city, ponder its early history and, if I stop, I like to look thru the local paper. A lot of my work is concerned with industrial and commercial construction and I find great interest in architectural designs and enjoy being a "sidewalk superintendent." Merchandising appeals to me and I prowled through variety stores, music shops and supermarkets. With Polly in mind, I watch for signs of new trading stamps & visit redemption centers. My old love of aviation remains with me and I spent an enjoyable hour at the great Ft. Worth airport watching giant jet liners. I visited the personnel department of a major aircraft manufacturer and I pulled off the road, deep in the heart of Texas, to watch an old biplane at work, twisting and turning at the slow pace required for crop dusting.

South of Ft. Worth the land has been plagued by continuous rain and some areas have had over 30 inches of rainfall in the first half of the year. Cotton was obviously suffering, and it appeared that unless a weather clear-up comes soon, so that heavy spraying can take place, that a fine crop will be lost to the insects. However, the prevailing cloud cover made driving very nice and while I drove through occasional heavy rains, they did not last long.

I visited several mammoth shopping centers. Here in Lawton we have a 31-store center under construction, but I saw several that dwarfed it. It is most interesting to note the efforts that go into some of these places for the sole purpose of providing eye appeal. Trees, shrubs, flowers, grass, fountains, vari-colored sidewalk unusual designs, piped music and often special events are put on, such as art shows.

I loafed along a lot, slept late of mornings (for me, sleeping late means until 9 o'clock or so) and ate anything that struck my fancy, ranging from some wonderful chicken and dumplings to a rare - and delightful - treat of a full seafood dinner. Of course, your surroundings always have a great bearing on how much you enjoy a meal, and such was true for me. At one place I dined just as dusk was falling and attendants lit fire lamps in front along the highway, which lent an exotic tropical atmosphere as one looked out past a rocky, palm-sheltered waterfall at the flickering fire of the torches against the beauty of the night sky.

Despite many nice things, I'm afraid that, at times, I was not my usual, happy, lovable self. Normally, I'm full of jokes and easy to laugh. I heard some real good jokes on my trip but was often a blank when it came to responding in kind.



a regretted lack of response, but it must be blamed on my state of mind. I hope that I will be forgiven and I'll try to make up for it if the opportunity comes again.

Texas has an excellent highway system throughout its vast and varied landscape, and its easy to make good time. I covered a lot of ground, yet had time to make frequent stops at lakes, state parks, colleges (such as the massive campus of College Station, home of Texas A&M), and any spot that caught my fancy. I did not get to visit Gonzales or other Mexican-American towns this trip, but I did see many places that made me feel I was really on the old Spanish Trail. I wish I could have had more time to spend at some of the spots, but then time has a way of passing quickly when you are content and enjoying yourself. It is only when one is lonely or unhappy that the hours stretch out, as you all know.

The Lone Star State is a gold mine for the earnest student of history. It abounds with beautiful parks, monuments, historical markers showing battle sites of the war with Mexico and other events. Such places are always well cared for, with flowers, walks and fountains, and drives through the grounds. There are ~~saaly~~ refreshment stands, and often quite elaborate dinning places are near by, which will be either quaint or beautiful, and feature exotic foods.

So I journeyed southward in my usual wide-eyed and open-mouthed fashion, enjoying the easy driving car, while expressions indicating that "sense of wonder" so well know to s-f fans, flitted across my countenance. All in all, I enjoyed myself quite a bit. The days were fine, but the shadow would creep in on me at nites and make sleep difficult. On my second night out, I couldn't sleep, so I finally rose and dressed and went out to sit by the deserted motel pool. For a long time I reclined there, letting the cool stillness of the night and the magic of a beautiful, full Texas moon calm me as I thought many things -- of events that happend long years ago, of childhood experiences, of oil camps and small towns of Oklahoma and Texas where we had lived, of early dreams and ambitions, of the old days at Comanche when cousins and aunts and uncles would gather for exciting fishing and camping trips, ice cream parties and talk as we so enjoy doing. I recalled young loves and romances of the teen years, of fun during school years. And I recalled the tragic death of my step-dad and the heart ache that went with it - and the brave struggle of my mother to keep her little family going. I could remember, all too vivid, the long, tough years of the depression and my bitter remorse at not being able to go to college. The difficulty of finding work when I graduated from highschool, and my dogged determination to better myself. And, when I compared what I have now with those days, I decided I was pretty lucky to be able to count as many blessings as I have, and there was no point in worrying about things and I was able to return to my room and go to sleep.

Many things catch your eye as you motor along; such as an unusual design (a giant teepee) or unique idea (a full-sized Piper Cub airplane atop a motel restaurant, with prop spinning & dummy pilot waving at car traffic) and the variety of motel names. Such as Rainbow and Sunset, Flamingo and Swan, McArthur and Washington, Johns and Bills

I'm a person sensitive to beauty of sight and sound, and an incurable romanti and this trip, like last summer, added pleasant memories, although of a different kind. As I think back, I recall many things: the beauty of a south Texas sunset and vari-colored clouds against the water, the wonderful contentment of sitting in a beautiful park as the day draws to a close - quiet, except for the melodous song of birds, and the soft voices of lovers strolling by, holding hands or with arms about each other. I watched them with an approving - and somewhat envious smile. As I sat in my car, parked near the bend of a river, I could look across the water and down a ways on the opposite bank, and see a large, two-story white house with stately columns. In a mood of romance that on me at that particular moment, I wondered if perhaps it was once an old plantation home, and perhaps that couples had strolled along the bank then and maybe boats (old paddle-wheelers?) had steamed by, the water from their wakes washing against the shore line. The cool nights, the constant panarama of clouds. The care-free freedom of movement that is the vagabond. To see again tall, stately pine trees that I love, to breath the freshness of the rain-washed air, rolling in from the Gulf.



The contentment of driving under brilliant stars of a cool night, lulled by soft music which can create a nostalgic ache for times and places and persons that once were. The pleasure of whistling, as I like to do, in tune with the radio - and some times breaking into song, especially when an "oldie" that is a particular favorite, comes on.

Thus ends a summary of my brief vacation, as the summer of 1961 also draws to a close. Actually, the trip was too short (and I wish I had took another day, at least) but I'm convinced I made a wise decision to "get away from it all". My family and Mother and sister Maurine (I came back through Comanche) all said I looked better than before I left. I'm thankful that there were hours of real pleasure and contentment, but they sped by all too quickly.....and now, too late, of course, I can think of many things I wish I had accomplished. Some of these did not come about because the opportunity did not present itself, but there were some that I simply muffed all by myself. But life is that way, it seems. Long cherished plans and dreams can fail to come true because a situation turns out to be different from what you had assumed it would be or a mood has changed, and emotions do not respond as you thought they would.

Although they came while I was under considerable mental strain, I treasure the rewards of my trip - and I would gladly do it all over again. Some one suggested once that I accept things as they are and not dream and plan too much, and then I wouldn't be too disappointed if things did not turn out as I hoped. However, I imagine that I will continue to dream and plan in the hopes that there will be other trips and other occasions in the future that might spell additional rewards. Otherwise - what will I do for material to fill these pages!

#### ABOUT OUR COVER

I am most pleased and proud to present on the cover of this issue an example of modern-day Indian art. One of my friends is a young Kiowa artist, Raymond Darby. He is also an accomplished musician and has appeared in night clubs and on television both here and on the west coast. He is married to a beautiful Indian girl and they have a fine looking baby son. A lot of his paintings have been purchased by oil men in Dallas and Houston, as well as by businessmen and doctors in this area.

Raymond was given the Indian name of "Thay-hai-ya" (which means "Pierced Buffalo Ear") by his grandfather, the noted Kiowa chief, Hunting Horse. I regret I could not produce this cover in color. Raymond offered me a choice of many drawings, but most of them had so much minute detail that I was afraid to tackle them on stencil. My thanks to Thay-hai-ya for providing a cover to go with the Pow-wow article.

#### MUSIC NOTE

On my recent trip to Texas, as was the case last year, I noticed that radio disc jockies often play records of "Cajan" comedy chatter by one Justin Wilson. He is very popular in the bayou country of Texas and Louisiana - and I think he is one of the funniest - equally on par with Andy Griffin or the "Astronaut" character.

#### ATTENTION PIERRE VERSINS

Our esteemed French member has a great interest in collecting American expressions and I would like to add a few more for his consideration, viz: Slick as a whistle, sharp as a tack, cool as a cucumber, cold as kraut, clean as a hound's tooth (this is an old-timer), slow as molasses in January, crooked as a snake, funny as a barrel of monkeys and independent as a hog on ice.

And - wild as a March hare, lazy as a dog, stronger than an ox, pretty as a bug, happy as a lark, crazier than a coot, nuttier than a fruit cake, hotter than a pistol, big as a bear and drinks like a fish.



HEY, THERE, SAM MARTINEZ!

The Martinez household is not the only one in FAPA to have a prize winner under its roof! Our Pauline has again won first prize in the annual contest conducted by her company, Top Value Enterprises, which named her a leader in sales and promotional activities among its store managers. Since she has been with them, she has won a diamond ring, wrist watch, hi-fi set and an extra weeks vacation plus 100 bucks. And now she just won a Maytag Delux washer and drier combination. Some kid, huh?

AND SPEAKING OF SAM MARTINEZ:

A hold-the-Press news item from the oil capitol advises us that Sam has quit the Dowell Company and joined the faculty of Tulsa University!

HELICOPTERS FOR SALE

Yesterday, August 2nd, cousin Billy McPhail and son Topper and pretty daughter, Dolores, flew up from San Antonio & spent the night with us. Since his retirement from army aviation last summer, Bill has been connected with an aerial service firm, in charge of helicopter sales & representing Brantley - which is manufactured at Frederick, right near Lawton. He has been demonstrating them recently to wealthy Mexican ranchers as a means of tracking down wolves. However, he flew up in a fixed-wing job (Piper) and it was nice to have them. Last night we went to our new Museum of the Great Plains & the curator, a friend of mine, took us on a conducted tour, including "behind the scenes" visits to work shops, art department, library, store rooms and the 'morgue' to see plaster-coated remains of a prehistoric mammal uncovered this year in the near-by mountains. It was a rare and much appreciated treat for all of us.

THE MAGIC "100" IS COMING UP

This, of course, is the 96th mailing - which means that this time next year we will be opening the 100th mailing to be distributed since 1937 - and celebrating our 25th Anniversary.

It behooves all of us to give some thought to how we will be represented in that noteworthy mailing. It should be a mailing of unusual interest and it would be nice if everyone would make an effort to be in it.

Phantasy Press, of course, can be expected to come up with something in the historical line - such being the nature of the guy that edits it. Watch for "Phanny".

Many of you have wondered why I, a charter member who was in close correspondence with founder Bon Wollheim, have not enlivened my pages with intimate and perhaps ~~exclusive~~ details about the then fiery leader. As one who strongly opposed communism and fascism then, both publically and in correspondence, I could no doubt whip up something from memory and notes and perhaps for the anniversary bundle I will delve somewhat on the start of FAPA - but not on its political cliques and discords.

But - looking back to that Wonderful Year of 1937 (as a certain tv personality would say) - I had other interests, too. After years in Oklahoma City, I had moved to Comanche to stay with a beloved aunt & uncle. That summer I attended Guard encampment; and visited beautiful Austin to see a favorite aunt & uncle there & three cute cousins who showed me a week of fun I'll always remember. Then, too, I was carrying a torch for a vivacious, dark-haired lovely. And other interests, like radio (Hit Parade & One Man's Family) plus plans & hopes for college & a career. Yes, that was the year I saved up \$15 & purchased my first mimeograph from Wards, and embarked on my amateur printing activities.

So -- if you will pardon me for saying so -- I found the girls that year to be at least as much fun as FAPA...and I didn't have to wait three months between dates. Yes, FAPA wasn't the only interest I had in the summer of 1937.









JRC