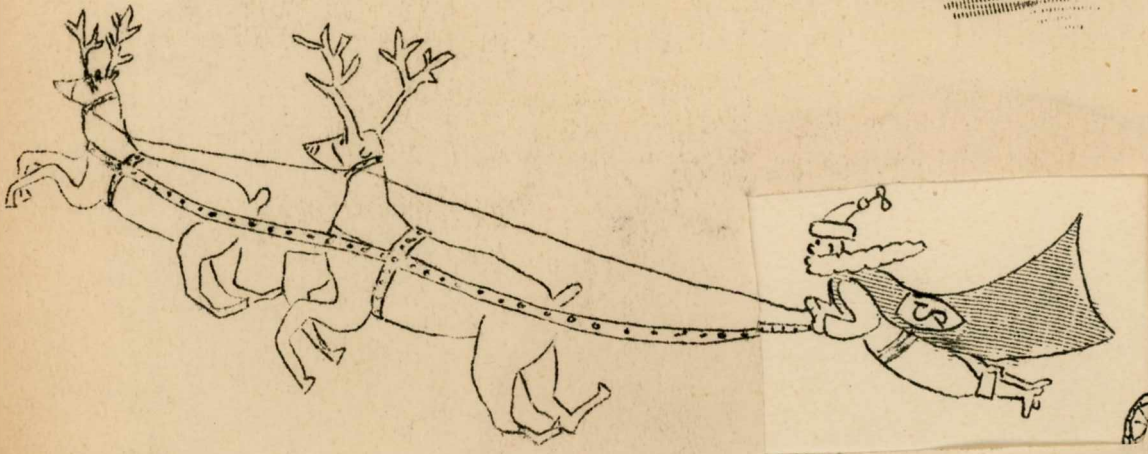
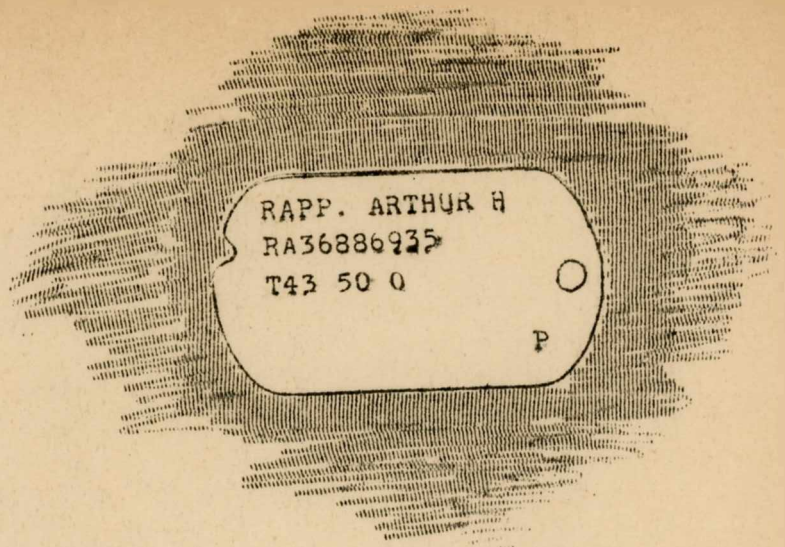
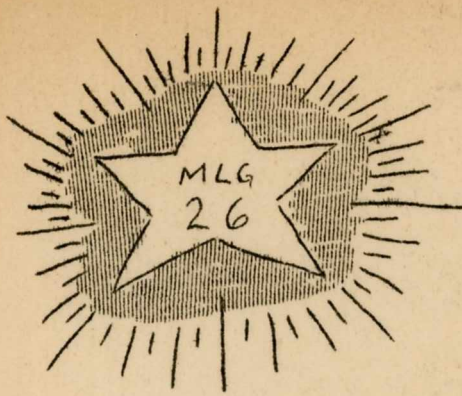
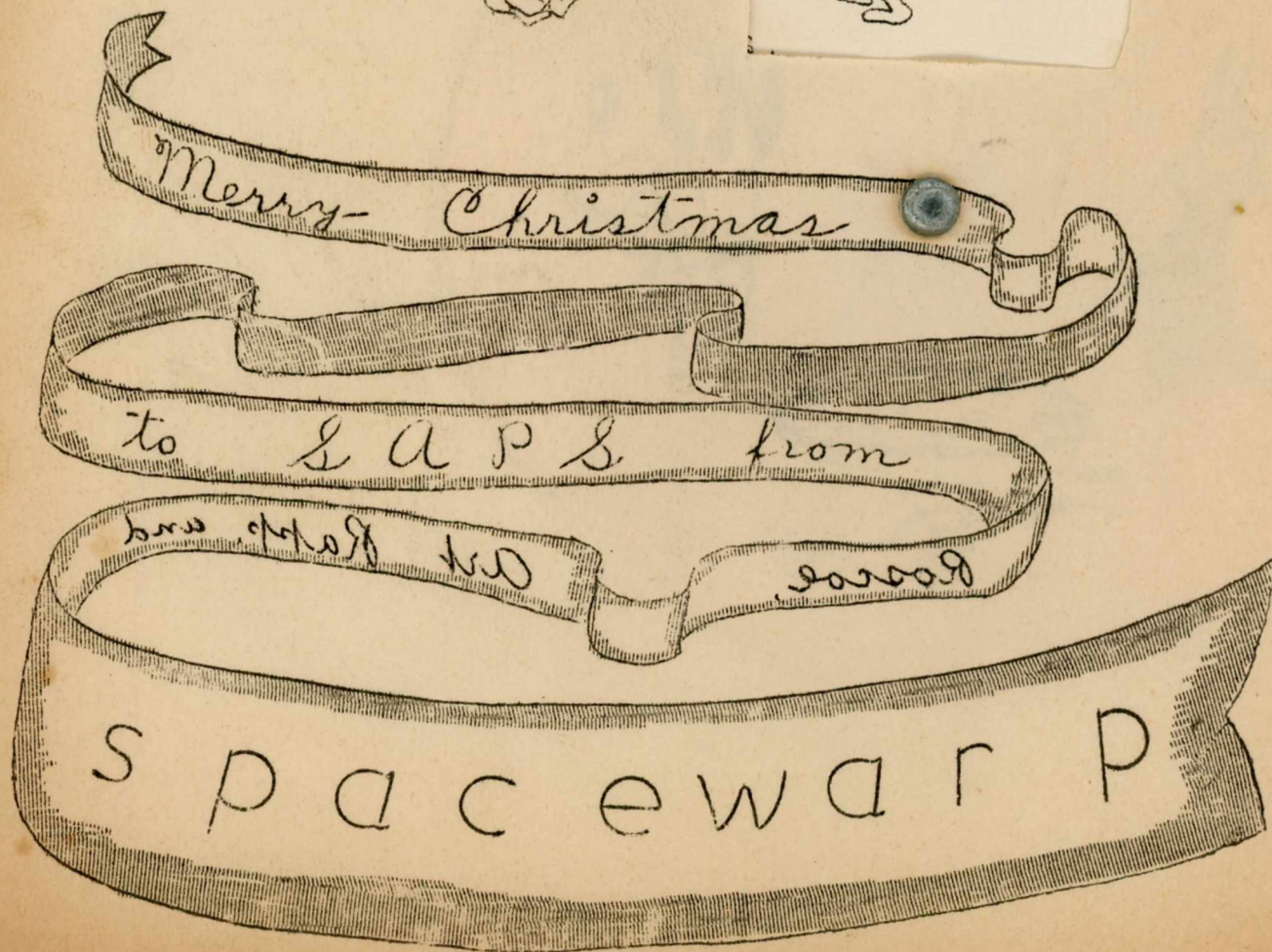
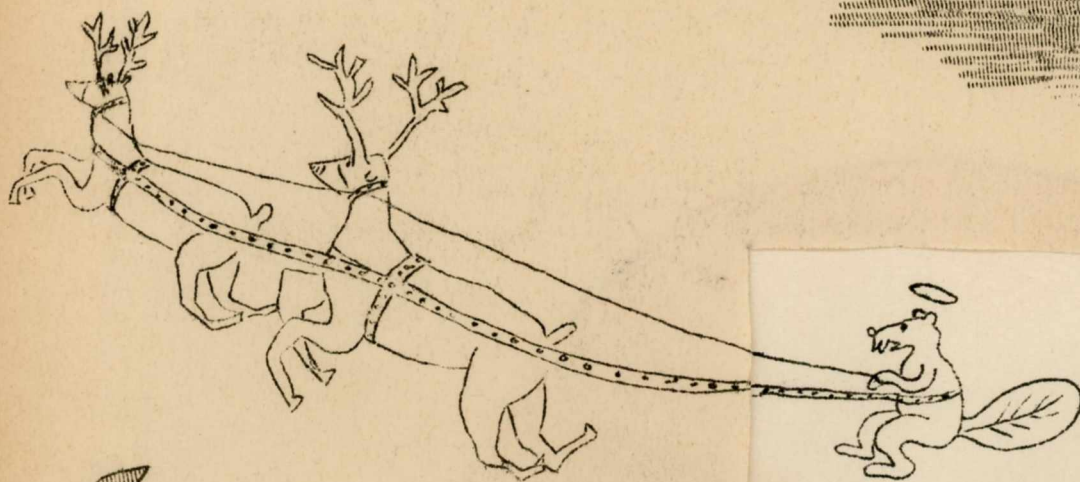
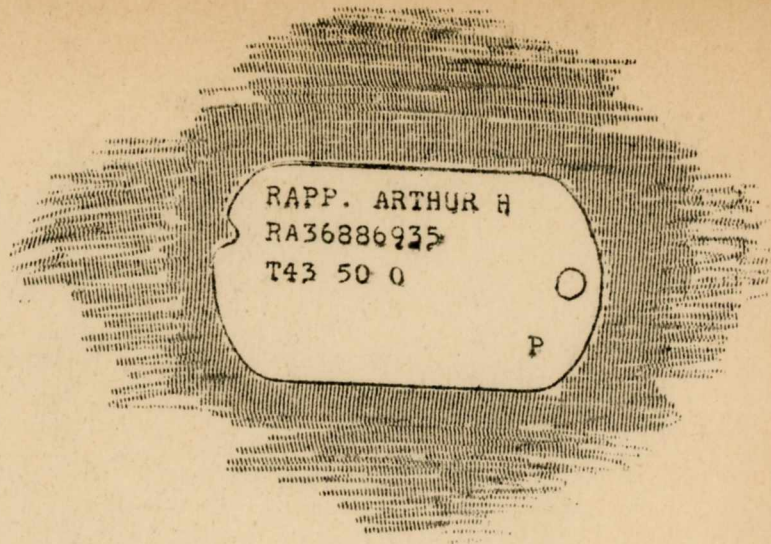
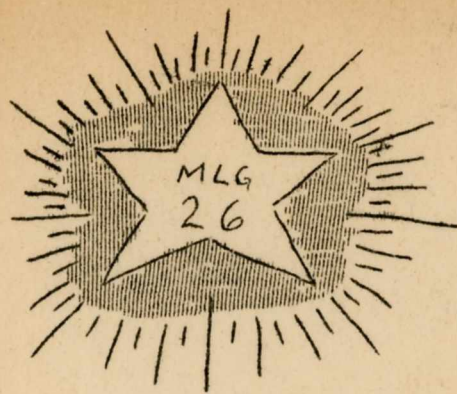


Merry Christmas

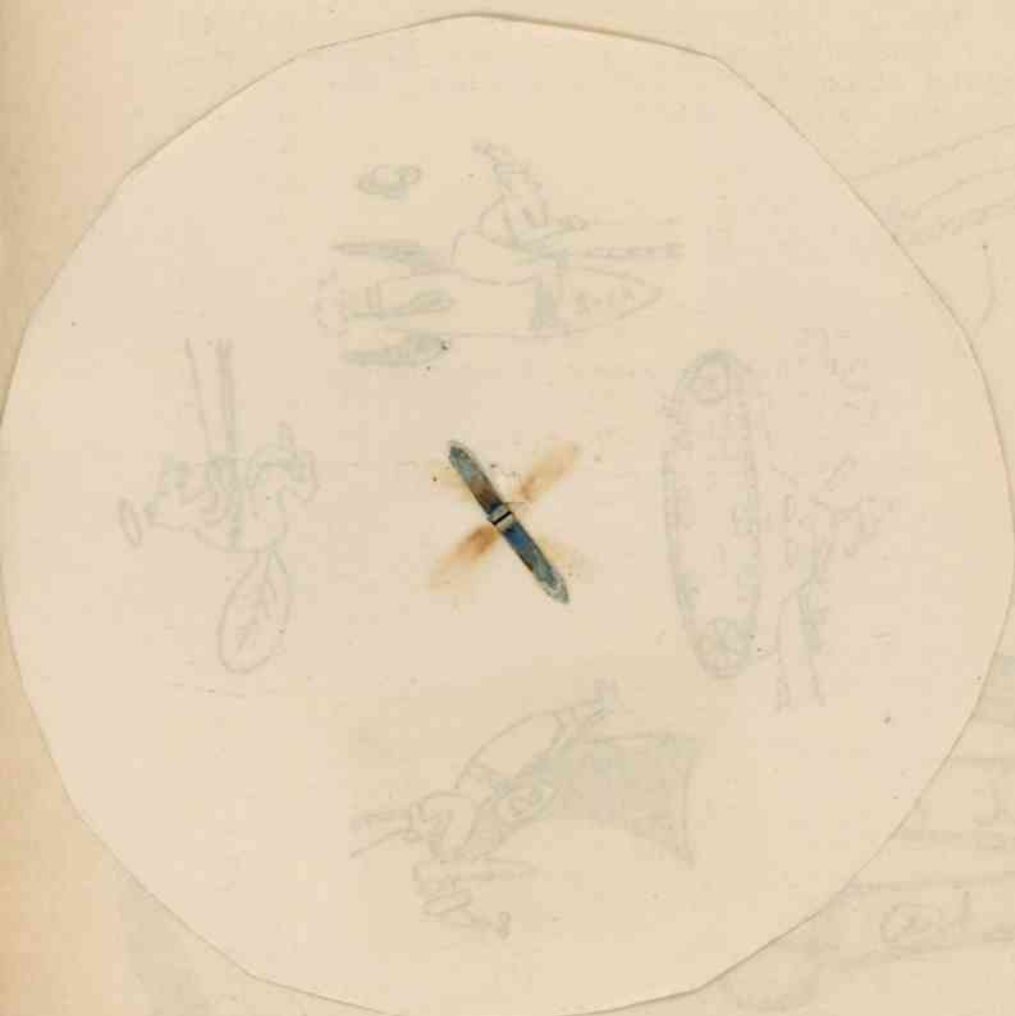
to S A P S from

spacewar p





U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF ENTOMOLOGY
WASHINGTON, D. C.



9 7 D W 9 C D 9 2

STRAY RADIATION

This is an unintentionally-started column -- because it wasn't a column last issue, but an extra page I had to fill up to keep away from having a blank sheet. Come to think of it, it was Warp before last in which that happened. And I didn't intend to repeat in this issue, except that I have run out of inspiration of all types, I have a new lettering guide (Gestetner C.L.C.E. 1/4 inch, \$2.45, ah the ruinous expense of it all!) and sometimes a bit of composing onstencil stimulates the mental processes. Besides, no SAPSine is trully Sappish unless it is partly composed onstencil.

San Antonio is sadly deficient in mimeo supplies. The Gestetner series of lettering guides is rather limited compared to the wild variety shown by ABDick and other U.S. manufacturers. However, except for the store handling the Gestetner line, no office supply shop in S.A. seems to even have heard of such a thing as a lettering guide for mimeo work. They listen to my careful descriptions of what I want, then try to sell me those cardboard alphabet cutouts. Pfui.

Incidentally, the paper this ish is 16-lb Ta-nen-ka mimeo bond, which is fine for one-side-of-the-page work, but might better be 20-lb for 2-side work. I will use 20-lb in future, but having started to run this on 16-lb I figured it would be better to use the lightweight through the whole ish. Main fault is that the paper has a tendency to wrinkle at the bottom of the page while going thru the duplicator.

Redd suggests that I emphasize the fact that Warp is now being mimeo'd on a Heyers machine. These are the neofan's most precious boon (unless you have the mechanical ability to construct an Algeristic model). Sells for somewhere around thirty bucks (thru Sears Roebuck, I think) (or Wards, maybe) and with patience can be persuaded to turn out unbelievably fine work. (But never, never volunteer to run off a 500-copy edition of TNFF on one, as I innocently did once. Feeding that many sheets of paper by hand, a sheet at a time, is conducive to padded cellwarding). A number of fandom's historic publications have sped from these Heyers stripped-to-the-essentials machines: Tympani (Boggs), Al-eph-Null (Venable), Spacewarp (by who else?), Outsiders (Ballard) and others. If you have coffers lined with gold maybe you would prefer a more elaborate mimeo, but for the fan of typical financial status (i.e., broke), a Heyers is a more practical investment. And far outstrips, of course, those crummy postcard mimeo machines which cost almost as much.

And a Heyers is probably alone in being so capable of disassembly that it can be toted to cons and elsewhere in an overnight bag. It breaks down into a small stack of rods and bolts and bits of metal.

If Wrai hasn't sold his yet, heed the advice of a seasoned (peppery, that is) old fan and latch on to it, quicker!

GOOFIA NOT-POETRY

LEAFLET # 3

Dedicated to LEE JACOBS, a leading practitioner of the craft

Renaissance

All around from where I skren
Lie three small fans and some semi-fen;
The process seems quite self-defeating:
Who can skren at a stfan meeting?

Pastoral

I think that I shall never see
A cow without virginity
As she complains, with lowing breath
Of her dishonor, worse than death.

Now, Ballard claims (just hear him laugh!)
That it's the stork that brings the calf;
Over SAPS' eyes he's pulling wool:
We KNOW it's just a lot of bull!

Invictus

Out of the sound that smothers me,
Silly as hell, from ought to cipher
I stand, befuddled but unbowed:
To be a fan is pronely and loud:
I am the OE of my zine,
I am the master of my typer.

Fanspeak

If I should pry, think only this of me:
There is some corner of a moron's mind
That is forever fannish; there must lie
In those weird thots, coherent thots
concealed;
Thot that logic bore, gave life and made
aware
--But gosh, you'd never know that they
were there!

There was a young lady of Bath
Who was built on the lines of a lath
(A rather sad matter:
You'd reach out to pat her
And not know which side was her ath!)

A shapely young lady named Etta
Was rough on the people who metta:
She distorted the eyes
Of a number of guys
By wearing an undersize swetta.

(((((((((((((((((((((((((SUBJECT: SAPS MAILING 25))))))))))))))

Nandu Congratulations upon one of the neatest and most painstakingly-prepared mags in the mailing. Even the best of material suffers from being hastily slapped on stencil; the extra effort you put in to the mechanical portion of your publishing is just like gift wrapping on a Christmas present: not essential, perhaps, but still highly appreciated by the recipient. + Was there ever a fan, I wonder, who didn't pause to remark that hiser mimeo was being obstinate? About the only SAP I know who doesn't cuss his equipment is Alger, who has more right to blame the machine than any other mimeographer. + Who prepared the

stencil for Page 5? Having tried something of the sort once or twice, I can appreciate the care that went into getting the typing and drawing blended together without a slip of the stylus that would tear the stencil or run through the text. + The apparent value you place upon a complete set of SPACEWARP is flattering to the utmost degree. When I read those old Warps myself it is with pauses to gag at the frequent fuggheaded remarks which spewed from my typer and were embalmed forever beside the more memorable contents. + Tsk, I have a suspicion you are so right in thinking that "quadricentennial" means 400th instead of 25th. But there must be some designation for such a milestone as a 25th Mailing. Semi-semi-centennial? Guess Martin's trick of calling it the "Silver Jubilee" mailing solves the difficulty. + How in the planet do you write your mailing comments? I can't believe that you compose them directly on the stencil (not with those even right margins!) but if you write a rough draft and then go back amending it, how do you manage to preserve the spontaneous quality of your remarks? (Of course, there is always the possibility of doing a draft and not changing it in the final typing, except to even up the edges, but who has the iron self-discipline to do that?)

Falling Petals A peculiar accumulation of unrelated fragments. + In some cases the "philosophy" expressed is mighty shallow and/or dubious. For example, "If you have not done all that you have hoped to do, maybe it's because you don't work hard enough." This could, with equal justification, be, "If you have not done all that you have hoped to do, maybe it's because you work too hard at it."

Maine-iac Haw, I can visualize EdCo and the Alabama natives resorting to sign language because neither can understand the other's accent! Maybe Alabama isn't so bad, tho, Ed; when the Army sent me here I thought I was going into exile, but I found there were a great horde of Texas fans, only they had built up their own fannish circles. and the rest of the U.S. just hadn't happened to hear of them. + Talking about prozines reminds me that yesterday I took a bundle of PB's & zines to the postoffice to mail to Metchette. I had it marked "printed matter only" and the clerk asked me what was in it. "Pocket books and magazines" I sez. He tosses it on his scales and then comments, "You should send the books in one package and the magazines in another. That way the books would go much cheaper." Well, I didn't have time to argue with him (I had about three hours' work to do in one hour back at the Guardhouse) but I have the notion that any magazine of over 24 pp is eligible to be mailed at the book rate. Do we have an expert on postal regulations in the audience?

Ignatz In regard to this virgin-cow business, H.Allen Smith wrote, on a similar situation involving date palms, a remark which I am now going to adapt to the present matter:

On behalf of all virgin cows, I wish to state:

GOD DAMN HUMAN BEINGS !

You had plenty of good material in this issue, Nan. And who deserves the heaps of praise for hand-coloring 35 copies of that fullpage illu in Ignatz? + After all the accounts that have been published of the Ohio Con, there's not much novelty left, but Touzinsky's journal was a least readable, which is more than can be said for many prior ones. Bergeron proves that he can make his words as interesting as his art, though I hope CosWal overlooks that suggestion about dictionaries. It's just the sort of thing he is likely to do.

Spring Has Come And Went This is the final straw that snaps the back of the camel. I decree that hereafter I refuse to comment favorably on any zine with more than three words in its title. Too many mags around here that are all title and no content. + However, I enjoyed the contents of this publication immensely.

OUTSIDERS

(The zine which deserves an article to itself)

Sometimes it seems Wrai and I are involved in a mutual admiration society. Can it be that he keeps on flinging egoboo at me merely in return for the egoboo I keep flinging at him? Can vice be versa? But no, I cannot imagine him stooping to such mundane motives. Besides, he could find easier ways to get better egoboo.

My knowledge of heraldry is somewhat rusty, but by pure analytical reasoning I deduce that the diagonal line on that coat of arms is a bar sinister, and the imprinting of "FAPA" thereon so subtle an insult that most FAPates won't even realize they're insulted. + I was going to ask why the three shoes, but of course the answer is obvious -- one for each foot.

I have a theory that the simpler your mimeo, the less there is to go wrong when you use it. Obviously, though, if, like Wrai, you intend to put out 35 page high-quality zines, you must sacrifice simplicity for the sake of automatic inking and paper feeding, or else petition Congress for a 28-hour day. + Yup, those HIAISM-type Heyers machines will turn out zines with all the technical perfection a Revoltin' Development, Sky Hook or Outsiders displays, except that the publishing takes much longer than it would on a WSFA pushbutton-type duplicator.

It is like Old Home Week to read a Clements column after all these years. Will this (I hope) be a regular feature of Outsiders? Will JaClem tell fandom what he thinks of women now? Will Mrs JaClem then tell fandom what she thinks of the late JaClem?

Who was it wanted the first few issues of Warp? JaClem mentioned in a letter to me that he has several of the hecto issues kicking around yet. Uses them to torture his wife, as I understand it.

I saw a technicolor s-f movie recently. Can't think of the title, tho you will probably know which one I am talking about if you've read a review of it or (ugh!) seen it yourself. Just saw the last half, and didn't remain to see the first of it. Item: BEMs in rubber suits who run around in tunnels with Frankenstein-type jerky movements. Item: (this is offensive to me in my professional facet) the Army on the scene with various people wearing Korean service ribbons, yet a radio operator is wearing T/4 chevrons, a rating that was discontinued about 1949. I wonder where the technical advisor was goofing off at when they shot that scene? Item: the BEMs have a weapon that heats rock to the melting point. In a manner never explained, they use this to snatch people from the surface into their underground tunnels, unharmed, and leaving an unbroken layer of rock above them. Item: A squad of MP's arrest a couple of people they have ever reason to believe are homicidal maniacs, so they take a rifle away from one of them, then put them in a sedan without (a) searching them for additional weapons or (b) putting handirons on them. Item: At the end of the picture it turns out to have been just a dream.

Ghaaa

John Davis certainly manages to take up both sides of the question

in the Poetry Hater's Corner: "Thots on Cars" directly opposes "Thots on Love" (Oh well, now that I notice the parallelism of the titles I assume his schizophrenia was intentional, not merely an absent-minded lapse.) + I hope TV doesn't cause any serious inroads upon your fan-activity; as for its effect on mine, the only reason I'm getting these comments typed this fine Sunday afternoon is because our dayroom TV set is kaput and I can't watch a football game instead. Besides, with the temperature at 90° (this is 11 Oct 53 a couple of weeks after Servi-Warp was written) who is in a football spirit?



FAN

I am peeved at the Eastman Kodak Company; usually when I send in a roll of Kodachrome for processing they mount all the pix, including the unexposed end of the roll which carries the code number. But on the last roll I sent they mounted 5 pictures and sent back the other three unmounted. For no obvious reason. Maybe they ran out of mounts. I solved the problem, though: I dug up the mounts that held the code-number bits of film from previous rolls, removed the film from them, & mounted the unmounted pix myself. What irked me was that one of the unmounted ones was of Rich Eney. Not putting the pix of the ex OE of SAPS in a mount is adding injury to insult.



NEO-FAN

Your "Story I'll Never Forget Reading" of course reminds me of the story I'll never forget reading: Ark of Fire by Ward Hawkins (I'm a bit uncertain if that is the author or if it was some similar-sounding name). This tale originally appeared in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, probably in the early '40's when Merritt was editing same. It was reprinted in FFM about 1947 with a most lovely Lawrence cover. I persuaded my sister, a determined non-fan, to read it, and it is one of the few fantasy tales she admits enjoying. In fact, she still occasionally quotes the toast which the characters used in their drinking: "May you live forever and may I never die!" + This is a mad-scientist type story; the scientist has decided to throw Earth off its orbit in order to purify the world with the fire of the Sun. He has built an underground citadel in which to sit out the catastrophe. The hero is a reporter for a television-network; he keeps covering this, the greatest news story of all time, with his camera plane until there is no one left to tune in on him. (Remember, this was before TV had been developed beyond the laboratory stage in real life). The hero gets into the citadel in disguise (he is also in love with the mad scientist's daughter), and eventually sabotages the machinery which is moving the Earth. + Sounds corny, but the description and characterization were wonderfully done, and stf was yet a thrilling and unexplored field to me when I read this. Upon reading the FFM version I found the story vaguely familiar, so I assume I must have read at least part of it in the original newspaper publication. I think Ark of Fire would make a wonderful movie. No BEMs, no space ships; but plenty of action!



TEXAS FAN



DIRTY PRO FAN

Speaking of Kipling, (we are now discussing your mailing comments, in case you have lost track, Wrai), how comes his Jungle Books never turn up in lists of classic fantasy? I liked them better than the Tarzan books, which, like Spillane, all sound the same after a bit. Of course, my favorite of all childhood fantasy was the Doctor Doolittle series, with its talking animals and utterly unEarthly world. Come to think of it, Dr. Doolittle even journeyed to

the Moon in one book (got a nosebleed from the vacuum of space, as I recall). + Hey, Wrai, you mention "fixing fence" -- and here I'd always thought of you as living way out on the lonely prairie where the sky is always blue and nothing between you and the horizon but an occasional windmill and a virgin cow or two. Don't tell me that barbwire and the gol-dinged shepherders have taken over the range!

Up-Side-Up An eye-wrenching color combination, blue on pink! You sure manage to crowd a lot of crifanac into a "vacation" trip. + Since your dollar bill had both a Sgt and someone who adds "USN" to his name, I presume it was originally the property of some Marine. Couple of months ago I got a \$2 bill in change (the storekeeper asking rather dubiously if I wanted to accept it, though the thing is perfectly legal tender). Carried it around for a while, and then found a suitable use for it, as an added touch in a billfold I was giving a relative for a birthday present. First \$2 bill I've run across in five or six years.

The Archives I first became acquainted with Bluebook in Korea, and have been buying it more or less regularly ever since. It reminds me muchly of the old pre-slick Argosy. Can't understand how they can afford to publish such a voluminous magazine without advertisements or a higher price. After all, the cost of paper isn't the only expense involved. Look at all that multi-color printing Bluebook uses, not to mention the cartoons they run. Well, however they manage to do it, I hope they keep it up!

Revoltin' Development Wonder how many SAPS appreciated the trouble Martin went to to add that silver embossing to his last cover? He described the process to me and all I can say is that it makes mimeo/hecto combinations sound easy. + Don't know why you apologise for your artistic (cartooning) ability; it might not be of professional quality, but we don't tolerate dirty ole pros in SAPS anyhow. + This is a good place to reprint a clipping I clipped the other day:

\$20 FOR OLD CARTRIDGE

Twenty dollars for one hunting rifle cartridge is the price paid to a rare cartridge dealer for one specimen of the rarest of all American cartridges.

Only 25 to 35 of the famous 70-150 Winchester Express cartridges are known to be in the hands of collectors today. Other possible survivors of the years are owned by those who are unaware they possess something almost worth its weight in gold.

Paul Foster, Winchester ammunition expert, discloses that the 70-150 was an experimental cartridge developed for the obsolete Model 1887 lever action shotgun equipped with a special rifle barrel. This authority reports that the 70-150 can be identified by its size. These cartridges have a diameter of 7-10 of an inch -- the largest size of any sporting cartridge ever produced in the U.S.

There you go, fans; just scour your attics for Grampaw's old cartridge belt, and you, too, will be able to afford that new automatic mimeo! We might as well make money off them crazy fellers who are nuts enough to collect old rifle cartridges!

Spacewarp Unintentionally, I neglected to mention GMCarr is the artist for that drawing at the head of her article. I plagerized it from her FAPA edition of Gem Tones. Originally intended to do the same with the other authors of the series, but I couldn't find suitable illios by them. + Comparing the issue of Warp you are now reading with the one I am commenting on, you will immediately notice how much of the zine's past excellence (if any) was due to the superb mimeo work which Alger did on it. + Perhaps I am underestimating the perceptiveness of SAPS, but I wish to mention that the meaning of the not-poem "O Where Are My Tendrils?" is embodied in its final line, where I intentionally used the word "all" instead of "both".

Book of Ptoth A wonderful improvement in typography; it would be difficult for you to make any improvement in the contents of this excellent publication. * Your crossword puzzle (or crossnumber puzzle) implies that you do a fantastic amount of prozine reading, not to mention having an incredible memory to enable you to backtrack and find all these numbers. Being unfamiliar with most of the references, I won't even attempt to solve the puzzle, tho I would certainly have a try at it if I had a few of the prozines handy for reference. + Likewise, I found your parody of Sturgeon a bit puzzling because I haven't seen the story it satirizes, tho I finally managed to get an idea of what it is all about from your allusions plus my knowledge of Sturgeon's style. It was funny, nevertheless. + The thing that provoked that blast at ignorance in the last Warp was this: I was trying to watch the telecast of Hamlet starring Laurence Olivier and there were about six other guys holding a poker game in the same room. They were not interested in the play, which was OK with me, because I wasn't interested in their game, but they kept making wisecracks about the dialogue. It irritated the hell out of me that, because they didn't understand the story, they automatically assumed it was unintelligible to everyone and not worth seeing. (Don't shrug this off as merely typical G.I.; during my sophomore college class in English literature the teacher secured a recording of the soundtrack of the movie "Henry V" and listening to it brought an identical reaction from most of the class, who had never read the play because we hadn't come to it in the textbook yet.) + Let's put it another way: in the field of music I am practically illiterate, so when someone begins playing operatic music I usually get so bored that I leave the vicinity. But just because I don't understand it and get no entertainment from it, I don't automatically assume that those who do are "highbrow" or "cracked". Tastes differ; some people can find as much fascination and as many technicalities to appreciate in a good prizefight or football game as I can in a Shakespearian drama. By listening to their comments on those sports I have learned a lot more about them than I at first thought there was to learn.

LIFE and other magazines seem to be waging an intermittent campaign to increase popular appreciation of art. I presume the purpose of this is to stimulate the production of masterpieces by giving the artist a wider audience for his work

-- which utterly ignores the fact that the more any product aims for a mass audience, the more it must be de-personalized and toned down to the average level. That is also why I remain unimpressed with the editors who rise at Stfcons and portentiously explain that the greater their circulation the more they can afford to pay for their material, thus giving more encouragement to the authors to turn out really well-written stf. Now that the circulation-building has been going on for several years I presume you are as well aware as I am that the only result has been to attract a lot of readers who are just as happy reading space opera as anything else, and a lot of authors who will turn out the space opera in the required amounts. If there were only one stfzine being published, using, say, 60 stories a year, the competition to sell to that zine would bring forth more new ideas in stf than a dozen five-thousand-dollar prize contests and indorsements by bopster heroes.

Gemtones If you ever run out of gems, you might publish a carborundum issue. I didn't know carborundum was gem-like until I saw some examples in an exhibit of semi-precious stones a while back. Polished to a high gloss (with wot, I wonder?) it is rust-red with tiny yellow speckles and surprisingly beautiful. + I am pondering your comments on Devore's Michifun, wondering (a) if I am insulted and (b) assuming that I am insulted, if it was intentional on your part. From one viewpoint it looks like you are calling me a gangly-necked adolescent. I'll admit I only take a size 15 collar, which doesn't exactly make me bull-necked, but damned if I want you commenting on the fact in a mag with Gem Tones' wide circulation! Of course, if I am slightly insulted, Devore must be in a frothing rage, so instead of conducting a feud with you I'll get behind Howard and block his way every time he shows signs of retreating. No use ~~sticking my neck out~~ -- gad, woman, now you've gone and made me self-conscious about it! + I can't quite see how you separate "emphasis on ethics or a recognition of good and evil" from "mind". How can you have either ethics or morals without intelligence? When I said only mind separated man from the animals, I meant "mind" in the general sense of intelligence, logic, reasoning power, etc. Certainly you are not contending that a valid moral code can be illogical? + Isabelle Dinwiddie's poetry was (to me) more interesting than usual this issue. Can't help wondering, tho, which Technicolor movie was responsible for inspiring "Love Letters".

Willie, in a fit of pique
Grabbed the rooster by the beak;
A rooster comes equipped with spurs;
You should have heard our Willie curse!

Little Willie, full of zest,
Poked into the hornet's nest;
Though he hasn't been to college
Now our Willie's puffed with knowledge!

Barsoom Bugle Whazzis, I'm challenged, am I? Now see here, you Anderson, you, I consider that an insult. I would have ignored it, except that 4a of Wrai's Code implies that one cannot honorably ignore a challenge from an equal, and all SAPS are equal (tho some are more equal than others). Lessee now: the only weapons I have available (disregarding a .45 pistol, M-1 rifle with bayonet, tear gas grenades and a 30-lb cast-iron bar which I used to use for weight-lifting exercises in my ambitious-ath lete facet*) are my trusty Underwood pica-caliber typer and my semi-automatic HIAISM mimeograph.

But I will use a more subtle and Machiavellian method of settling this affair. Before dissovering that you had insulted me, I read Gem Tones and decided that G M Carr had insulted me. Thus, my feud with her has priority. You will have to go to the end of the line and wait your turn. But I think, to save you the long wait, I will in the meantime appoint you my second as authorized by 2c of Wrai's Code, and let you and Carr fight it out. + On the subject of education, I noted just this week in Time the story of a progressive community in New York state where the schools don't waste time teaching the kidsto read longhand script; they concentrate on printing. Seems their high school graduates are encountering difficulties, such as being a grocery clerk and unable to read handwritten shopping lists.

Do It Now An amusing variation on a theme that was popular immediately after Hiroshima.

Attention Fen Now this is a fannish enterprise that has great possibilities! Why don't you ask the NFFF to subsidize it? Can't understand your lack of success with Agnes, tho. As the picture on last mailing's Michifun attests, she should have no problem.

Dodo Welcome to SAPS, Verna. Migosh, it takes some fen years to attain the publishing proficiency that you show in this initial issue. It is a pleasure to find a SAP who can talk about everyday events and make them interesting, instead of floundering around trying to find something novel to say about stf or TV programs or something else that "everybody is interested in." + I sympathize with your disillusionment at revisiting the old home town; after so much time away from mine I find it has become so unfamiliar that there is no sense of "homecoming" at all. After a year here at Fort Sam Houston, I feel I'm home when I return to San Antonio from trips elsewhere. (However, there's no town in the world less homelike; it's a crummy overgrown village full of people trying to make a fast buck off the Army and Air Force).

Ydmos Come to think of it, this is the first time I have heard of a fan admitting ownership of a dog. Seems mundane somehow. Or is he a mutant dog? If so, which of you is the publisher of YDMOS?

Mo Sukoshi Kabu If you don't model for your illios, who does, and what is her phone number? + Tsk, most of this many-zines-in-abundle publishing is done by OE's, or else by people living near the OE where they can dash over with a last-minute zine just before deadline. Otherwise you get crossed up by the mysterious delays of the P.O. Dep't too often.

Creep A nova bursts upon the SAPSish scene -- glad to have you with us, Wally. If I remember aright, I tried mightily to get you to join SAPS about four years ago, but you were too tied up with college to take on the obligation then. Well, better late than never. Your con report is the most amusing since Nolacon accounts.

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 10

[illegible]

(Mutiny Division)

--WRAI BALLARD, Spectator #25.

--NAN SHARE, OCS, Letter 14 Oct.

[illegible]

二二三

I Remember

Mama -- San

a Chronicle of EdCo's adventures
in the Land of the Morning Calm

Blame Art Rapp for this. He has several times alluded to a desire of seeing in print such a thing and his comment concerning Taegwang-ni in the 25th mailing was the catalyst.

The snow was falling heavily in Northern Japan when the 45th Division set sail in the second convoy to Korea. Through the typhoon-infested Sea of Japan and thence to the shallow, muddy waters of the Yellow Sea we wended our snail-pace way. My first view of the land that bore a vague dread at its very mention to inhabitants of the United States, some 9,000 miles away, was a low-lying bleak hunk of land on the horizon. Then night fell and I went below to the rat-warrens where my bunk was. The next morning saw everyone loading magazines with live ammo and preparing to disembark. And we waited for hours until finally the harbor of Inchon presented its uninspiring self.

Notoriously shallow is this harbor and the ships anchored several hundred yards offshore. The gang-ladders were made secure to a floating dock where the ungaintly LST's came to pack troops on like sardines and then to shuttle to the huge wooden ramp that led to land. It was a harrowing trip, those last few hundred yards. Our dufflebags were to go separately, but we still had our combat and cargo packs with horseshoe roll, crammed full, on our backs, a full laundry bag of belongings, plus our web-equipment, steel pots and weapons. So we stood and sweated, that bright December 20th, 1951, under the hot winter sun. We were required to wear pile-liners under our field jackets....so we sweated out that fumbling half-dozen attempts of the LST to connect with the landing ramp. But finally we filed off, until at last our feet were treading upon the hardened soil of the Asian mainland. We were in Korea. Wow. Yeh.

Trains were already waiting at a siding a short tramp from our disembarkation point. Casting last glances at the still, overturned hulks in the harbor, and the gutted, shell-pocked walls of hollow buildings, we filed through a Special Services setup which had a sound truck playing records.

by ed cox

The first one irked me no end. Vaughn Monroe's "Sound Off", but the second took the taste out of my mouth. Stan Kenton's "Dynaflow". What contrast, this modern sound echoing in the ghostly buildings while long-skirted Mama-sans dragged their grimy kids along the streets, going about their business. I also got a kick out of the lead-donuts and scalding black coffee that was thrust at us, already overburdened with our junk, as we headed toward the trains.

Taking one crunching bite of the coarse-sugar encrusted thing and a sip of the bitter black stuff, I scaled the donut and dumped the coffee. At this time, I was still not a coffee drinker. Boarding the train, I found it to be only one step removed from a cattle-car. Rough wooden floors; along each side were three huge, partitioned shelves. These, we discovered were our "bunks" and seats. Still, we gratefully dumped the luggage and made ourselves comfortable, fondling cartons of C-rations given us along with the admonition from the Troop Commander that there would be no shooting from the windows. Hmmm, we thought, guerillas? Also, we expected at any time to be strafed by MIGs. This only pointed up how little we knew about all this.

It was growing dark as the train rolled, suprisingly smoothly, out of Inchon. I looked out over sprawling shacks, running together, with squalid little sewer-streams for streets, providing part-shelter for thousands of people. Tile roofs in cardboard house arrangement with makeshift chimneys sprouting in thin forests, casting a murky haze to welcome descending darkness. The train rolled onward into the night. The moon was out, shining brightly. It grew cold and blankets were dug from laundry-bags. We lay on the unyeilding wood and tried to doze. But I watched the countryside roll by; the clicking of wheels over switches and enigmatic shapes in the semi-darkness. Then the familiar hollow sound of a train on a bridge. I open my eyes and see the moon reflecting light from the icy waters of the Han River. Broken backs of bridges and pilings protrude from the frigid current... Ha, I thought, a historic place!

Sometime before midnight, the train pulled into some sort of freight depot. I later learned that this was near Seoul. Onward we continued. How far is this goddam train going, was the question in our minds. We soon found out. Rumor flashed down the line that we were above the 38th Parallel. Then the train ground to a halt. Everybody out, was the command. We filed stiffly out of the train into the crisp, starlit night. There were also sound effects that sounded like big guns going off. We from 45th Signal Company formed up and started marching down a road. There was actually some Hollywood-type gay, nervous banter when we could see hills briefly revealed by bright flashes that accompanied the sound-effects. It turned out these were ours from one of our FA battalions.

This was my arrival at Taegwang-ni, North Korea, on the night of 20 December 1951.

+++++

Little Willie, full of charm,
Amputated Sister's arm,
Yelled, above her anguished wails,
"NOW let's see you bite your nails!"

+++++

We were shown a squad tent lined with cots and/or air-mattresses that was to be our lodging, by members of our (Radio) Section who had gone over a couple of weeks previously in the first convoy. We dumped our stuff and taking mess-gear in paw, were given a fairly good hot meal, which was very welcome after eating cold C-rations on the train. Then we left the mess-hall, a doubled squad tent with a floor consisting mainly of oddly-assorted rocks. In the tent we were given mail that had piled up for us. I got an encouragingly large stack of mail. The first letter I opened was from my folks in which I learned that my old friend, correspondent and co-publisher of the dead Triton had been killed in action several months before. This then was the explanation as to why I hadn't heard from Russel Harold Woodman for over a year. I hadn't even known he was in the army.

The ex-village of Taegwang-ni was now but a scattering of rubble-mounds. The Division Post Office (A.P.O. 86) was located in the midst of this ruin. I wonder if they ever cracked the safe that stood intact on the cement floor that was once probably an official building of some sort? After so many tries, an order came down forbidding further attempts as it may have been booby-trapped.

The Signal Company area was on the valley-side of a small stream that ran through the area. Division Hq was on the hills, as Art mentioned and only a part of 45th Signal Co. was on the slopes of the hill nearest the flat, pebbled stream-bed. We used to get up in the morning and go out with an ammo can, break the ice with it, fill it up and take it back to the tent to heat on the stove for washing-shaving water. It was quite brisk in the winter and many a night while I was in the Security Guard Platoon the water in the little stream was warmer than the air and sent up ghostly vapors. The main railroad track that ran up from Seoul was on the other side of the airstrip that they built adjoining our company area and the engines would puff up through Mauser Valley at night leaving huge columns of smoke billowing, floating in the frosty night air.

It became easy to live in constant below-zero weather, although it at last forced me into the ranks of the coffee-drinkers. I now am a confirmed coffee-addict, thanks to this winter. I was even able to find a sort of beauty when I got up early and went to early chow preparatory to going on morning radio shift. I'd get up and go out into the crisp, smoky dawn and see the barren, frozen countryside, a strange world in the pearly early morning light, when the company was quiet except for some banging and rattlings across the stream in the mess-tents. A pretty decent warm meal was served but had to be eaten and coffee drank quickly before it cooled. Then across the stream again and into the stuffy, but warm confines of the big housing, mounted on a 2-1/2 ton truck, in which resided the old SCR-399 radio sets. These are obsolete now, being replaced by the AN/GRO-26-A Radio Teletype sets, which are beautiful jobs, and can also operate c.w. and voice.

I worked on the Division Command Net #1 NCS team for awhile after my tour of duty in the Security Guard Platoon was finished. Then we rotated around on the teams of 3 men in 3/4 ton trucks with the SCR-193 jobs that went up to regimental hqs of the Div.

These were two-week tours and were quite good duty. I've probably mentioned this previously in SAPS and FAPA pubs and won't dwell on it here.

Casting deeply into memory, I remember the evening s in the Radio tent. Everything centered around the two tent stoves, one at each end of the tent. The reading, writing and discussion of letters was one of the main boredom-killing topics and the little groups of buddies got to know each other quite well. But despite this, as the months rolled by, nerves and attitudes got to the point where the slightest little incident would result in ruffled feelings, and at times men who had been the closest of friends might not speak although they might have slept in bunks next to each other. Then, of course, there were the movies. There was one each night, each different, and we'd always go, despite what it might have been. We usually didn't know in advance what the movie was to be and it became a sort of game to see whether the show would be good or some antiquated western pot-boiler. We saw several really decent ones. The first one I went to was "An American in Paris" which I enjoyed despite the delay after each reel when the lone 16mm projector had to be changed (as was the soon to be accepted routine of movies) and the fact that I had to stand with many others, since the seating was limited. Also high in the quality list of surprises was "A Streetcar Named Desire" which I saw three times, and "Detective Story." The third and of course, very popular way of relaxing was the imbibing of the intoxicants. We had the monthly beer-ration at 15¢ per can and the rush was to buy up the rations of the non-drinkers. I managed to contract 2 non-drinkers' rations for the duration of my stay there. From the British outfits we got large quantities of Gordon's Dry Gin, a drink which I usually dislike but had to get quite used to before I was done.

There was many a drunken night when most of radio section sacked out in a drunken stupor. I remember several times dragging myself out of my sleeping bag and going on duty in the stuffy, but warm, 399, trying to operate c.w. and not being able to ease the extra-nervousness that always was present despite non-drinking. Cigarettes, a free pack per day plus more that we obtained through various sources, were at a premium but despite that I frequently smoked up to and over two packs per shift. Besides the cigarettes, there was the two candy bars per day ration. I ate more candy than ever before in my life while there. Mainly because it was there to eat and I couldn't break the habit.

Various things come to mind while thinking back. This is, of course, far from being a chronological type diary of events and the best I can do is to get the basic gist and fill in with odds and ends of details.

I remember Christmas night in 1951, it was when the first big snowfall occurred. Big, soft, slushy flakes of snow falling which brought visibility almost up to your nose. Next morning I was off guard duty and Jim Cox (of Oklahoma) and I grabbed cameras and walked across a huge field of pristine snow to where a helicopter had landed, and took pictures. Since we were leery about open fields, as everyone was, we followed a solitary trail of footprints in the snow back to our area, going on the assumption that there were no mines or the footprints would've ended abruptly.

Helicopters remind me of when the airstrip was completed and radio ops coming off night shift were no sooner in bed than the damned things started taking off, making their hellish racket, and always, it seemed, passing right over our tent, not 20 feet high. This we knew to be true when the downdraft flopped at the tent-flaps.

There was a battery of 8-inch howitzers not too far away from our position and every evening at about chow-time, they would fire salvos which cast a red glow of reflection off everything for miles around from the muzzle blast. I used to count the seconds between the flash and the ground shaking vibrations and blast. I determined their distance several times but forget what it was now. It was suprisingly far away and the effects in our own area only pointed up the tremendous power of those huge monsters.

This was later evidenced even more strongly on a day when we were on our way back to the company area after being relieved from our two weeks' tour at one of the regimental OP's. We were just rounding the corner of a fork in the road where a battery of the huge self-propelled monsters were operating when they started firing. We could tell when they were about to go off when the crew members who were able, put their hands over their ears. Just as we were going along the road opposite one of them, to our horror we saw ears being blocked. It fired and the shock wave damned near turned our truck over. Fantastic, possibly, but we thought so too.

Our artillery was far superior to that of the Chinese, despite their clever camouflage. They'd have their pieces dug into hills where they'd pop out, fire and disappear again. Our search-and-fire system was so good that any sustained firing was almost suicidal to the Chinese artillery. Then there were the harassing action firings that fired an occasional shell thru-out the night. The projectile could be heard, a lonely sound in the night, boring its way through the various air-currents, growing fainter and fainter until a faint pounding sound denoted its journey finished.

I was lucky to have been out at a regimental CP when Signal Company moved down Mauser valley a couple of miles to make room for the expanding airstrip and to avoid the spring floods that were expected when the spring thaw came. Where all the water was to originate was a mystery since the Korean winter was comparatively snowless.

Art will probably recognize this description. Art, remember the big cement bridge several miles up north of Yon-Chon? The complete train that was shot off the bridge and rusting in the stream was near there. Well, instead of crossing the bridge and following the road up Mauser Valley (which is denoted by the cement monument the 1st Cav erected there on the righthand side) you keep to the left and drive along a rutted road with the railroad tracks on your left, and the steep bank dropping down to the river on your right. Following this, you would eventually arrive where Signal Co had been moved. Div HQ remained in the same place, however.

It was here where we dug in our tents and trucks on the slope of the smaller hill. Mainly because the complete set of big brass was to be making a Corps inspection one of these weeks. Here it was where we used to dig up grenades and such

while digging holes for some reason or other. When we were sure there was no brass in the immediate vicinity, we used to drop them over the lip of the hill and watch the resulting bang. Fun. We also used to go up on the hill and, in the growing warmer spring weather, sit and write letters and drink beer. Many an hour was spent scaling hunks of the shale-like rock down into the fields of old rice-paddies, mined and with ropes of barbed wire marching across them. Never did cause any mines to go off.

One afternoon four of us took off across these fields on a well-trodden path and visited the ruined village. Here we wandered around in the remnants of what was once no doubt a peaceful farming community, living a peaceful life unaware that much else existed outside their pale until the communists came, and want, destruction, fire and rape swept them onward. Now the homes were collapsed piles of tumbled mortar and brick, shrouded by the rice-straw thatch, blackened by fires long since dead. Pots and pans, a lone wagon wheel, crude rice-grinding and polishing implements, a bullet-punctured G.I. gas can, all strewn in silent reminder of confusion and death long gone, but not forgotten. A stench wafted from the silent lumps that once were buildings of a happy, simple people but now rested mutely under the warming spring sun, watching over the encroaching grasses and the waves of huge red spiders that scuttle rapidly through the grass before our stomping boots.

We traveled through, laughing, talking gaily, snapping pictures, a bunch of tourists. We got several pots but the place had been pretty well looted before we got there.

Each section of the company (such as Radio, Photo, Wire, etc) had from one to three houseboys according to the size of the section. We had two, Johnny and Lee. The former was a hard worker; the latter was a queer. The CID picked Lee up a few weeks after we'd been there. Seems he had a bunch of maps that weren't supposed to be floating around. He was replaced. These Koreans did a tremendous amount of work. Each man in the section kicked in a buck (in MPC's; i.e., Military Payment Certificates) each month for their services. They washed all our laundry, boiling it in old gas drums, rinsing in the cold stream. They carried gas and water to the tents and each morning before anybody, except radio ops going on and off duty, was up, they'd go through the tents cleaning up the mess we'd left the night before. They had their job cut out for them after a binge-night.

Other than the thought of eventually going home, food was one of the foremost occupations. We all got huge packages of canned stuff from home to supplement the semi-rationed items that came into our company PX once or twice a month. One time we had a huge shipment of Asahi beer from Japan. It came in huge wooden crates, partitioned in the middle and each half holding a dozen of those wonderful big bottles. After the beer was duly consumed we kept the crates by our bunks and each resembled a miniature grocery store. We ate the damndest combinations. One night I remember we sat on our cots eating sardines (from Maine), ravioli, and crackers, canned fruit and beer. We used to steal eggs and bacon, whole cases of canned juices, fruits and bread from the mess halls. Guards from our section, who went into the mess-tent to drink coffee warming on the field stove, left especially for



them, were mainly instrumental in acquiring this loot. Radio Section rarely ever got up and went to chow. We cooked it ourselves on the tent-stoves. We felt fully justified in all this.

After all, we would've eaten the same damn stuff in the mess hall, had we went, and were really just making it easier on the cooks.

Luckily, this was never discovered by the higher brass or we'd be cooling our heels yet in some big 8.

*** **

This is running terribly long with no immediate end in sight. The more I write, the more I remember, so this could last for some reams, I guess. So this ends it. For now, at

least. If I ever try this again, depending on comment, I'll cover the period spent with the 120th Combat Engineers.

A note before I finish this. This was by no means meant as a war story. No need for steel pots, but was just a few recollections that I figured might be interesting, especially since several people have asked about such a thing. All in all, I had it made in Korea. The guys I felt sorry for were the ones in the litters the copters used to shuttle back and forth in the evenings and mornings after all hell had busted loose up front.

=====

Little Willie, as a prank,
Robbed the Second National Bank,
Told the cops down at the station,
"That's ONE way to curb inflation!"

=====

Little Willie, for a laugh,
Put termites in my mimeograph;
I must join some religious apa,
Too holy are my zines for FAPA.

=====

Little Willie, full of whimsey,
Read the book by Dr. Kinsey,
Tawned, and said with childish candor,
"I learned THAT from Forever Amber!"

=====

echoes

2215 Benjamin St. N.E.
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota
Tuesday, 13 Oct 53

Dear Art:

Anyway, thanks for the large-S Spacewarp. Awfully nicely printed and golly those lettered headings are pretty. For the best "I Wish I Had Done That!" it is a standoff between G. M. Carr and Lee Jacobs, but (as usual) I have a dinosaur bone to pick with Carr. Far be it for me to belittle Lee Hoffman, who is not only one of the all-time greats among fanzine editors but one of my favorite people anywhere, but where does Gertrude get the idea that before Hoffman "Femmesfannes were tolerated, but that was just about all." and that before Q "Their fanzines were received with raised eyebrows"? No fanne before Lee put out a top-ranking fanzine, but G.M. wasn't around in the pre-Q era and must have been misinformed. Marion E. Zimmer, Morojo, Tigrina, Lee Budoff, Trudy Kuslan, Virginia Kidd -- to name a few -- certainly "proved...that women DO have a place in fandom" long before that frabjous day when Lee's Eyes Were Opened and she began losing dollars every day on her fanzine. Trudy Kuslan, for one, issued a fine, intelligent fapazine that even pleased tough-minded F.T. Laney, and she was involved in the publication of various subzines. Of Virginia Kidd Blish's fapazine I need only say that, next to Speer's SusPro, it was the major influence on Skyhook. As for Lee managing her "hoax" without making anybody very mad, that wasn't too great an accomplishment: after all, she is a very nice girl and pre-Nolacoan Lee was only a shadowy boy. I'd hate to think what might have happened if we'd got short-changed by a reverse transformation: if Lee had been a shadowy girl and turned out to be a boy! I can't disagree with G.M.'s final point, though.

Didn't care so much for Alger's (?) contribution, and T.E. Watkins' was sort of tired. Wha' happen (this slang expression just reached me) to Tom of late? The boy seems weary. Incidentally, I don't believe Bradbury had more than a minor role in Imagination! (don't forget the !), which was mostly Ackerman's. Futuria Fantasia was Bradbury's fanzine. Your own contrib to the series was good but nonetheless subpar Rapp (whatever that means). Tsk, The Acolyte didn't carry much scandal about Tendril Towers (eke Bixel Fairy Palace); The Acolyte was a serious constructive fanzine. God, I'm doing a lot of record-straightening this letter, aren't I?

Poetry section (what's the difference between not poetry and shaggy doggerel?) /Not-poetry is irreverent but coherent; Shaggy Doggerel is a shaggy-dog story in rhyme./ was fabulous. "Completist" and "O Where Are My Tendrils?" were clearly the best. The TV one might have joined them among the elite but for

the wincesome rime, "irony" and "technology"! I hurt all over. "The Gripes of Rapp" was read with interest and some confusion... "Pelagic Spark" was writ by Tony Boucher (ASF, June 1943 --thanks, Don Day), who also wrote "On A Limb," the Nostradamus article in Unk, October 1941. ... Richard Geis (rimes with vice!) edits a promising newcomer to fanzine ranks, Psychotic. ... What's Nanduing -- printing Stinky-Pinkys? Anbody asked, what's the White House? ... So you too are on the track of William Atheling Jr. I am surprised Poul used that same quote twice. Wonder if he quoted it from somewhere, or whether it's a phrase he made up and uses as an illustrative point. What in FooFoo's sweet name might a "SAPS-type SkHk" be? The possibilities are kaleidoscopic and give me vertigo. This Zeitschrift is a sapszine I'd like to see.

I must mention Leeh's "I Wish I Had Done That."

Nope, whether or not the SAPS' bundles are more interesting than FAPA's, I'm not interested in rejoining SAPS. I have no time to publish another apazine -- ifwhen I do, I'll publish it for FAPA -- and as for earning page credits by writing articles for other sapszines, look how long it has taken me to write that promised item for you!

Sincerely,

REDD BOGGS

=====

This started to be a letter column, but Redd is the only fan who wrote a letter of comment on the last issue, which takes care of THAT idea.

=====

You MUST Believe!

It seems such a strange situation,
Outlandish, fantastic, and queer
That the fans haven't feuded with Palmer
For a year. And a year. And a year.

First he leaped in the lap of Amazing
(Whose progress had upward been graphed)
And he said, "Fout on science -- get sexy!"
And he laughed. And he laughed. How he laughed!

Then he shattered the silence with Shaver
(The paranoids chortled in glee)
And he cried, "It's all true -- we will prove it!
Wait and see! Buy my mags! Wait and see!"

Then he said, "Soon as Fate makes some money
I will publish a stfzine you'll like-o!"
But he kept using Ziff-Davis authors;
They write crud. Thud and blood. Slightly psycho.

Yes, it seems such a strange situation,
Outlandish, fantastic and queer
That the fans haven't feuded with Palmer
For a year. And a year. And a year.

Later a couple of letters arrive, so the lettercolumn continues hence

Box 367
Mackinaw City, Mich

Detroit Stupor Men hold Halloween Party. Bems and bums at G. Bung's.

A Halloween Party and costume brawl was held at the home of George Young on Oct. 31st. About 20 old guard and neophyte fans were there. As usual not much happened. There was quite a bit of talk about the conference (dubbed the Bat-Con) which Reva is trying to hold in Detroit next spring.

I know it is very improper and egoboo-tistical to tell about the clever things you have said but seeing as how I'm an improper and Insurgent-type fan, I'll just go ahead and tell you the clever things I said. Besides, nothing else worth reporting happened.

Agnes was wearing a rocket costume, a large cylinder of silver paper some 2' wide and 5' high, with a pointed top on it and with a few portholes, including one she could see out of. It was labeled "Spaceship X-17" or some such thing. At a point when I was sure all the fans were looking at her, I bellowed, "Oooh! Look! Aggie is a phallic symbol!!" This seemed to amuse all but Agnes.

One of the fans made a folded paper thing that looked like a butterfly and was so folded that by jerking a corner of the fold, it would flap the wings. So I yelled "Paint it black and give it to Reva!" None of the neophytes got the point but others made up for it. No one else said or did anything half as clever as I, so I'll just end the report right here!

MARTIN ALGER

Hq & Hq Co 7th Cav Regt
APO 201 - Unit 1 %PM, S.F. Calif
1 Nov 53

Dear Art:

It was Singer who mumbled an introduction between me and Bruce Davis. Bruce salvaged "Steve" out of the mess, and it never entered anyone's mind to stop using it. As a result, I'm Steve to everyone but the folks, and Steve-san is the latest adaption on a theme by Singer. That boy is responsible for more fannish history than anyone I know!

How does Ballard pronounce his "wrai": ray or rye? The most obvious of the puns is BALLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL, but there are possibilities in others...Wrai up in the middle of the air: and of course, the "sacred wraitings" of Ballard OESAPS.

What kind of typer has degree, plus, equals and a full exclamation point keys? Where do they fit on the standard board? Underwood "Leader" portable -- ! & = are just to the right of the "p" key, ° & + just to the right of the ":", On mine I have the comma and period on both upper and lower cases, so there are two openings. The odd one I have on this is the upper case "3"....####

The three Warps make me drool with envy at the lucky SAPS who get these at least quarterly. That shaggy doggerel is nervous, and as the Wave I met at the Chicon said in her last letter, it is almost zorch. She applied that superlative to Tengard, a record-

ed reverse parody on tum tum tum ta, tum tum tum ta. We worked for a while on something called "Fishnet", but it never panned out.

Sample:

I walked down the alley, the darkness inside like a velvet glove. I could hear my footsteps echo off the close walls, and I darted glances from side to side. Suddenly a shadow leaped out at me, and in a ghostly voice asked "Changey money, GI?" I slammed him up against the wall with one arm, drawing with the other. I double timed the barrel over the bridge of his nose, and the vibrations shattered it. I bent down in the darkness and murmured, "Gomen nasai." The pink lantern guided me to the door I was seeking; I checked to see no one was following, and knocked. A panel slid upward in the door, and I hissed sibilantly, "Josan sent me."

One of the boys brought it back from mountain climbing school, and we drifted away from the Dragnet type into a Mike Hammer vein in less time than you can imagine. The natural atmosphere of Chitose provided us with material, and I insist on credit for the monstrosity "josan sent me". Otherwise I was an innocent listener during the recital.

I heard the opening lines to an unfinished GI song the other day; to the tune of "Across the alley from the Alamo":

Across the alley from the RTO
I met a gal called Michiko

The PX broke out in a rash of 3D comics this week. You get a pair of colored lenses in the back page, and use them to read the panels. Mighty Mouse was the one I glanced thru, but there are several others. A mimeo could do tridim pages by slightly altering the stencil sideways and running the sheets thru a second time (or altering the paper feed sideways would be easier.) The stereoscopic glasses I leave to the scientific minded.

/Uh-uh, it is much, much more complicated than that. Now it can be told that Wrai and I planned to startle SAPS with a 3=D cover in red and green hecto with accompanying cellophane spectacles. But while we experimented & plotted, along came the promags using the same idea, thus stealing all the novelty from it. So we decided, even for SAPS' 25th Mailing, it would be more trouble than it was worth. Main obstacle is that the perspective must differ slightly in each color./

Beavers on the van Vogtian interlineation in the Saps annish. I sort of like the swing in it: the right to buy women is the right to be free. In Chitose they're for sale or presento, depending on how long you're willing to work on the situation.

Has SAPS been around for 400 years? "Quadricentennial" is a bit optimistic, but Roscoe will be around in 2300 AD (4 AR) (400 AR?) to guide sapian mimeos to the virgin paper.

The local scene is quiet, with the new protocol containing most of our exhubrant lads. Gohan and fish heads for 30 days is a stiff sentence. Otherwise it can be summed up as no sweat, just heavy perspiration.

Oyasuminasai.

STEVE (Cpl C. Stewart Metchette
US 55 273 099)

THE PERVERSITY OF INANIMATE OBJECTS

By Wrai Ballard

Inanimate objects not only baffle me, but often go out of the way to be obnoxious. Reams could be written on the perversity of farm machinery -- the tractor that won't start although you exhaust yourself twisting the flywheel, and then when a neighbor hears your curses it starts at the first twist he makes -- the bale loader that almost throws the bales on top of the load....but that would lie outside the knowledge of most of you.

Fandom itself has perverse and inanimate objects. Some perverse inanimate objects are human, but not being in a feuding mood at the moment, I won't go into details about them.

The most commonly used object in fandom is the typer. In many ways it is the most reliable tool used. Goes on for years writing oftentimes stupid stuff, patiently bearing up under hecto ribbons, stencil cutting and having thick envelopes forced into it. But years of fandom will affect even the typewriter...soon it will have as many screws loose as its owner. When you lift the typer it will not be uncommon to find a screw or nut lying underneath. Often the mech operates just as well even though you never find where these spare parts belong.

Still, even a typer will rebel. About the time you are rushing towards a deadline you lose the part that controls your spacing. Your rollers swell and wear and the line of print gradually lowers on one side. Of course, this is to be expected -- you can't have perfection all the time!

Of course the typer has the cooperation of your fingers in foul-ups. You fumble and hit a couple keys at once and get a nicely jammed typer. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass when you can't count on your fingers to get the correct result. On the whole, though, the typer is the least perverse of all fannish accessories.

At one time it was almost custom that the first zine of a fan should be put out on a hectograph. A hectograph is a wonderful & inexpensive type of reproduction where a mediocre result is considered excellent and an excellent result is considered impossible.

Although in theory a hecto is simple to operate, it is as perverse as anything can be. Hecto ink is a powerful substance, that indelibly stains anything it contacts. As a matter of course, it must be granted a hecto ribbon is harder to get on the typer than a normal ribbon, and it is also more likely to slip from your hands & roll across the floor, unwinding as it goes. But the ribbon is nothing at all, for its weak stain can be removed by a week of daily scrubbing.

Hecto ink is something else again. The only way for a bright boy to handle this problem is to get someone else to do his ink masters. Hecto ink, colored especially, goes on reluctantly or else in a blotting rush. Some of it will take weeks to dry, and it has the habit of cementing the cover of the bottle on so tightly that you have to open it with a can opener. Bottles are specially designed for easy tipping, and when the bottle tips the only thing to do is paint the rest of the room the same color. This can be done without paint if you just dip a wet brush into the pool of ink now and then. A little hecto ink will paint a house.

But by an unbelievable streak of luck we will assume you have your masters done. Your ink masters are perfect and you have some nice new hecto-films. At this point all you have to do is run them off. Wanting your best pic to turn out the clearest you use a new film. You carefully place the master and smooth it down on the gel. It goes down nicely without a single air-bubble under it -- and then skids exactly $3/8$ of an inch. Oh well, you can't be perfect all the time. So you take another master, one that is perfectly done in the manner of a former master with which you've gotten good (i.e. mediocre) success. This doesn't skid. You wait a half minute, pull off the master, and see none of the ink transferred. Just what happened will forever be a great mystery, but you can chalk it up to general perversity.

Naturally at times you do get copies actually reproduced. Everything works fine....only after you get 27 copies of a 40-copy run you can't read the print, which makes it a bit rough when the OE insists on 40 copies. So much for the Hecto.

Another perverse fannish object is the stapler. My first one worked fine for the first mag and did a little general work. It also worked fine for about three copies of the second mag, and then became a useless hulk. The issue was assembled by punching holes with a needle, inserting staples by hand, and bending them down with a pliers.

The next stapler was a nice little one, but a fellow name of Rapp said he was afflicted with shedding OUTSIDERS and suggested a larger stapler. So, as seems a habit with me, I spent my last buck on a fannish necessity. This was a fine, large stapler that jammed about the third time I hit the sturdy punch part. In cleanint it I somehow hit it again with my thumb in the wrong place. Fortunately it was my left thumb, and I didn't get blood poison. After this show of independence, we've assumed a wary but cooperative attitude.

Mimeos can be as perverse as anything. My first was a strip-ped-down affair, so simple to operate that it was absolutely fool-

proof. Oh the trouble I had with it! At first it worked fine, everything worked just like the instructions said they should... only you couldn't read the results. This perverse machine had somehow acquired a hard roller, which it disguised by working fine for the first half dozen stencils after a new pad was put on. A new roller was presented to it (at great expense) and it then acquired another bad habit. The ink pad catch refused to hold. Fastening the ink pad took on the same aspects as setting a bear trap. I'd carefully brush a load of ink on the pad. It would be done and I'd take my first breath in minutes and turn to get the stencil I was to run. As soon as my back was turned there'd be a snap, and the ink pad would flop onto the feeding table, inking it liberally. I'd have to re-ink and clean the table. Finally it got so the pad and stencil would both come loose while stencilling, and I was on the verge of a Tothlike solution of my troubles, when in a feeling of if I wreck it ha ha I attacked my problem with a pliers, and by a few subtle bends made the catch work so perfectly it takes a screw-driver or pliers to loosen it enough to change pads. This mimeo also had a superb paper feed, doubt if it messed up four sheets in a thousand, but with innate perversity, the paper feed decided he was tired of the farm and moved to Montana.

My new mimeo is more complicated and more perverse with still unplumbed depths. Some trouble was caused by the factory forgetting a vital screw, and the plate to which the feed arm was attached to the drum would fall off, leaving me the problem of timing it correctly. It also has a gadget to set for higher or lower registration, which perversely must be set for every different color paper. Still, it has not yet begun to make me really suffer.

Must not forget to mention the most perverse and inanimate, not to mention insensate fannish thing of all. Myself. Naturally every fan knows when your hands have a sufficient amount of ink on them your nose will start to itch...but I did a better one. Last time when I was pouring ink into the small opening on the drum, I developed a violent case of hiccups. Attempting to cut stencil with a stylus, I sneezed a hole into it.

But that is not the most perverse thing in fandom. That honor goes to Art Rapp who insisted I write him an article in return for an article he is doing for me. Which goes to prove no matter what you say about machinery, people are moreso.

GREAT MINDS IN SAME CHANNELS DEPT.

(As Wrai composed the foregoing article in N.Dak; Rapp penned the following lines in Texas. Maybe Duke University should subsidize us)

All young fen have bright ideals, narrative or artistic,
But their path is beset by the mimeo, a menace mechanistic.

What eager joy the young fan feels, at sight of the stencil
blue:

How he longs to inflict on its pristine length his markings,
crisp and true.

But alack for the slip of the stylus & the jam of the typer keys
And the inky spots that swarm on the page, like Gnurrs or
bumblebees!

Skrenning The Tabloids...

AUTHOR WRITES HIS BOOKS ON LINOTYPE

BY UNITED PRESS

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.-- Author Noel Loomis can't forget that he used to be a printer.

He claims he can think better at the keys of a linotype machine than at a typewriter, so he bought an old typesetting machine, rebuilt it, and set it up in his home studio. Now he turns out western novels directly in type.

Loomis then hires a typist to retype the books in conventional manuscript form.

--San Antonio News, 14 Nov 53

LOST FALSE TEETH CREATE CLUB CRISIS

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS SERVICE

LONDON, Nov. 26-- The East India & Sports Club on St. James square has a membership of many old white-whiskered colonels who spent much of their lives tiger shooting in the colonies.

It is a very proper West End club with no smoking in the dining room until after 1:30 p.m. and silence in the library while the members doze over copies of Punch and The Times.

There was a crisis the other day in the wash room, properly referred to as the "gentleman's cloak room."

ONE WASH BOWL in the corner is hidden away by a heavy shower curtain and bears the notice "dentures." Members are encouraged to wash their false teeth in privacy. An elderly member so engaged was suddenly summoned to the telephone to accept a trunk call from Scotland.

When he returned, he was unable to find his lower plate. A diligent search was instituted. It could not be found.

THE ENRAGED MEMBER suspected an enemy, whose polo team he had thrice beaten in 1896 in Calcutta, of stealing them. He stormed out of the club, threatening never to return.

Two hours later his wife called and sheepishly apologized, saying he had found them in his coat pocket. He wished to recommend, however, that hereafter enthusiastic young club employees refrain from disturbing members in the cloak room.

--San Antonio Express, 27 Nov 53

Do you believe all YOU read in the papers?
