ADDERKOP #One and Only. Produced for the 25th Mailing of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. A Marinated Publication.

Lee Hammer filled his crooked pipe from my pouch of Carter Hall and after he got it properly fired he fixed me with a quizzical eye.

"So now you are 40, "he said. "And now what?"

"And now nothing," I said. "So what's 40? A milestone or something? I don't intend to do anything different. I've a good job and e home and I'm just going to stay here in Albuquerque and watch my kids grow up. a

And now regrets?"

"Sure there are regrets," I said. "Why say there aren't? But not rany and they make pleasant memories. I'm content. Although I get an itch now and again."

"Put you're not going to scratch it."

"No, Lee, I'm not. Hell, you know I can't go back. It's too far back down the road."

Lee smiled. "It was a long way from Fountain to the islands and Shanghai and Tokyo and Shen-si and a thousand other places ... "

"Yeah," I said, "but it's much further from any of them to Albuquerque. I couldn't go back down that road."

"No, of course not," Lee said. "I wonder if I'll ever get off

A meaningless snatch of dialog. Meaningless unless fully explained.

My great and good friend Lee Hammer stopped by to help me celebrate. the 40th anniversary of my birth. I mention him now and again and if this were READER'S DIGEST I might label him the most unforgettable character I've met.

Lee is as old as the century which is to say that he was born on 1 January 1900. He as a big man: about six feet four and close to 200 pounds. A lifetime of living mostly outdoors has given him a complexion like leather --- well we cherbeaten. and whatever color his hair once was is of no import now since he is completely bald. His eyes are like my own--a color that is curiously undefinable and variable. Even at 65 he's hard and supple as spring steel -- which is more than I can say for me any more.

somewhere out here in the west--I've never found out just where but I presume it was on a ranch or farm. Wherever it was it gave him the opportunity to learn to be a hunter and a crack shot early in life. I've never seen him miss with either a rifle or a handgun.

Along about 1917 or 1918 he joined the army (which makes him one major war and a few smaller ones up on me) and served in France where he picked up a few decorations -- and a few wounds. He also picked up a commission. After WWI Lee stayed on in government service, knocking about the world in various positions and on various errands. If there was trouble in some never-heard-of-it corner of the world Lee was generally in on it -- one way or another. I don't know all the details but he managed to make most of the hot spots--China, the Middle East, Spain, various portions of Africa, South America and wherever.

him in 1943 in Melbourne. We were both malaria patients at a hospital there and I was as salty as only a recruit who has just come through his first combat can be (Guadalcanal in my case). Lee rubbed some of

the salt off me and we got to be pretty good friends. I met him again in San Francisco in 1945 and later on in Honolulu. Lee had enough pull to be able to get almost whatever he wanted so I tagged along with him on some of his jobs. Rather...um...interesting work. And certainly enough to satisfy any wanderlust. We fairly well covered Asia and the Pacific with occasional side trips into other parts of the world. I bowed out after I got married, except for one or two special jobs, but Lee goes on and on.

He has never married and has no close ties. Now at the age of 65 he could retire—and probably will have to—but I suppose that he'll keep roaming the world on his own.

Now and again he drops in on me here just to keep friendship renewed. I'm always glad to see him but we have little in common those days.

adventurer, wandarer, soldier of fortune. A man who has lived life to the rullest. I'm pleased to call him friend.

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR

THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR. The roster does keep changing with capidity. I am sorry that we lost Hicks for his material was always of interest. Seven new members this time. Gad! Howdy LON ATKINS. Grayven Warlock indeed....Whoziz OWEN HANNIFEN? Seems we used to have a member named Owen Hannifen. Wonder if there is any relationship. Owen Hannifen. Sort of an unusual name. Don'timagine there are too many Owen Hannifens about. Getting two in N'APA is unusual....Egoboo poll results are interesting. (To all of you who voted me best humorist: Howdy, fellow sophomores.) FRED: I would like to suggest a new category for next year-best reviews (be it book, zine, movie, or whatever). Also I object to your disallowing my free points. You made no mention of any restrictions on free points and therefore those I awarded were perfectly legal. Dammit, if I wanted to give every member of N'APA a hundred points you had no grounds for not counting them. I object. Growf.

BYZANTIUM 2 (KUSSKE & PATRICK): Kusske: Yes, "The Prophet of Dune" is an excellent yarn and the reason it is better than "Dune World" is because it is the rest of the story. "Dune World" was good but incomplete—the loose ends showed that. Presumably Campbell considered an eight—parter would be just too much. I hope to see the whole thing in hardcovers and so far consider it to be my Hugo nominee for this year—unless something better comes along.

Yes, I can well imagine that. Presumably someone will have to authenticate that he performed a miracle or two and no doubt someone will.

Me, I voted for Kennedy and considered that he was a pretty good president and that he certainly added something to the American scene. But I'll bet he is fairly whirling in that grave in Arlington to think of what is being done in his name these days. The latest thing I've noticed are Kennedy memorial candles to be burned in his memory...We have, in this country, been moving more and more towards the image of Imperial Rome. Our presidents begin to take on the aspect of a Caesar and now it appears that another old Roman tradition is being adopted... an attempt to turn the Gaesar into a god. We haven't quite gotten to the place where this is being done during his lifetime but if we continue to follow tradition I imagine it will come...Rome Lasted 1200 years but I doubt that we will. Ave Caesar: