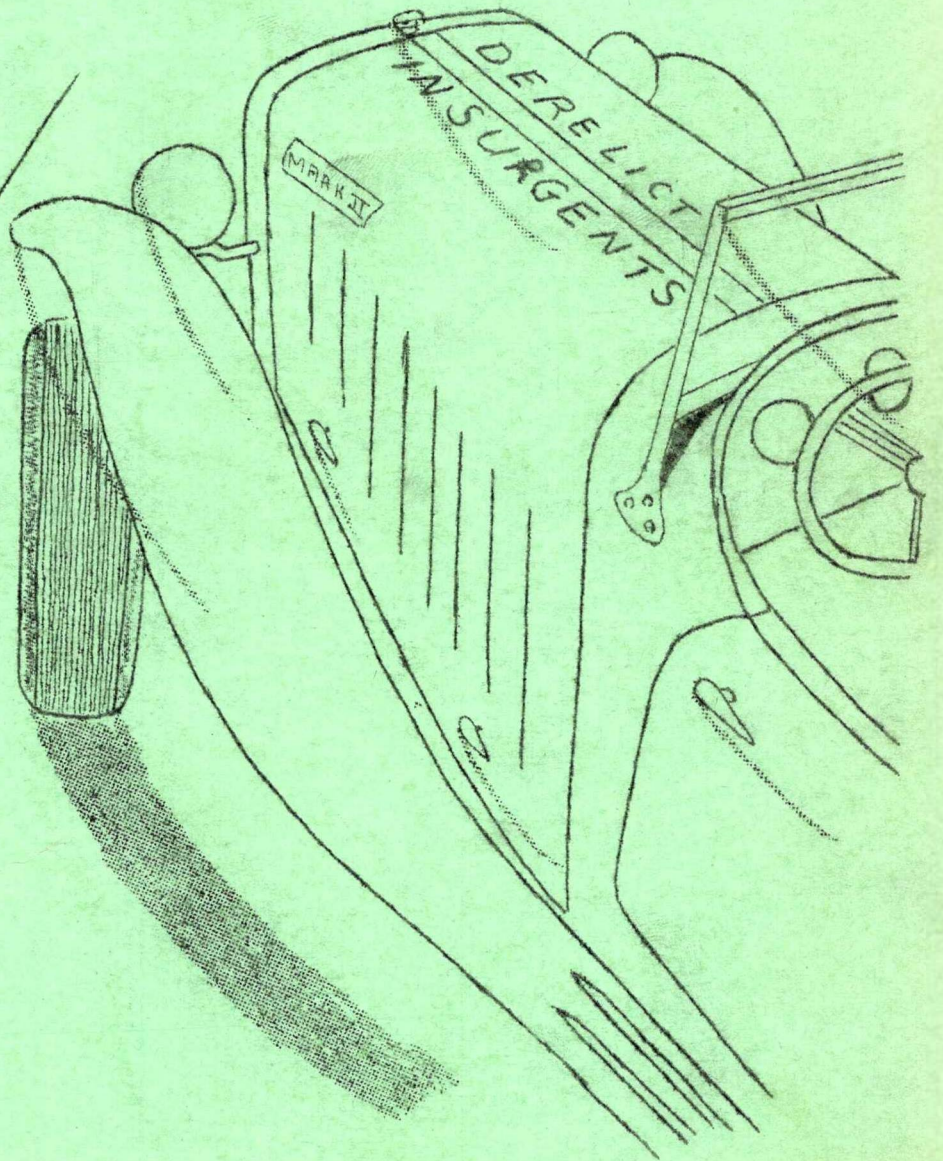
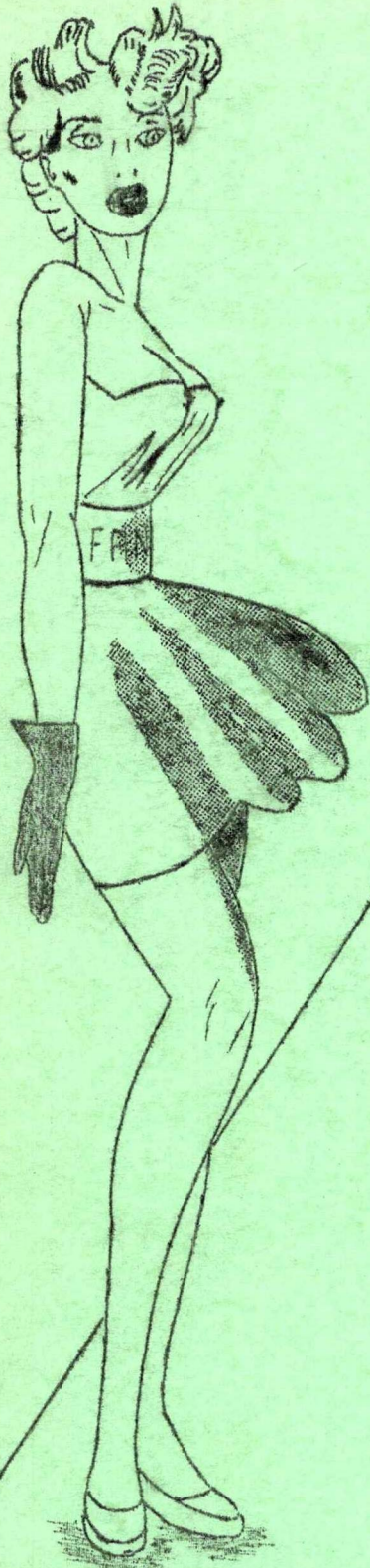


GASP! #7



GASP! Mark VII. (We are now in the Jaguar Class.) An Amateur magazine manufactured in editions of approximately one hundred copies and distributed to a select few in FAPA - SAPS - and in general fandoms.

This magazine is priceless, available only by contributing material or letters of comment. If you want the next issue, get on the ball, the time for pruning the mailing list is approaching fast.

Published Quarterly.

January 1956.

GAStetner Press.

Next issue, time and material permitting, April 1956.

Cover - Not by Patterson, but by Homer Brown.

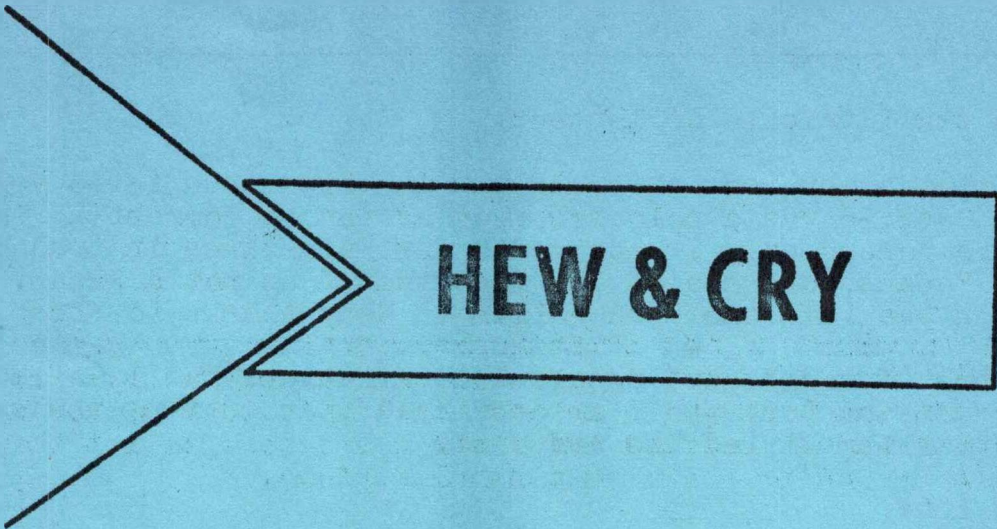
Bill Rotsler illos from the Raeburn Agency.

Ake Ake Kia Kaha.

Miscellaneous Data.

Paper - #318 by Gestetner -- Stencils - #62 by Gestetner
Ink - #217 by Gestetner -- Headings for editorial and
letter column by Gestetner Electronic Stencils, (Sten-
afax) -- Errors, mistakes, goofs by Carelessness and For-
getfulness.

My apologies to RICH KIRS who wrote "The Sports Car etc."
I goofed when cutting the heading and forgot to include
his name. Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry and sorry.



HEW & CRY

POST MAILINGS

I have arrived at the conclusion, based on unfortunate personal experience, that it does not pay to postmail your fanzine to FAPA, especially if you are not yet a member.

When the 72nd Fapa Mailing arrived, RonK, Boyd, Howard and I decided to whip up a super postmailing, something that would shake up the other Fapans, and show them that we were sincere hard-working members who did not believe in sitting on our collective hind quarters and produce only enough material to meet activity requirements. In short, show them that we had no intentions of being deadwood and would, in fact, be worthy additions to the club.

RonK produced LE PIRE - The Magazine For Discriminating Equals; Boyd's entry was LE MOINDRE; Howard came along with IBIDEM #1; and while I am not a Fapa member I wanted the Survey results circulated in that ajoy club so I contributed Gasp!

Off went the mailing, and off went the few copies of Gasp! being sent to non-apa fen. I sat back, preparing to receive and reply to the flood of mail I felt was sure to come.

Dead silence!

Sickening dead silence!

Sickening dead soul-rending silence!

I wondered, was Gasp! that bad? Or was fandom really only a figment of Bloch's mighty imagination? Had he been hoaxing me all this time, then suddenly grown tired of the sport?

Then the self-same Bob Bloch came through with a letter, and after

that, a small trickle of letters.

This explains why the letter column in this issue is so very short. Gasp!-6 was a colossal flop as far as commenting letters were concerned. I received a few Fapa-zines in trade, and several Fapans, unaware of the fact that I am not a Fapan, commented on Gasp! in the 73rd Mailing. Many thanks to these.

I feel that I would have received more letters had I mailed Gasp! to more non-apa fen, and I am convinced that putting the mag in the postmailing killed the response.

Such is life.

BLUE DRAGNETS

I imagine that Bob Bloch will be swamped by requests for material, (requests he'll probably have to turn down due to lack of time,) when my contemporaries see his article herein. Don't be fooled. I consider myself extremely fortunate and honored to be the receiver of a Bloch letter which I was able to turn into an article by the simple expedient of dropping the opening and closing paragraphs, and viola, we have Pete Kelly's Blue Dragnet.

WANDERLUST

This editorial may, and in all likelihood will wander and wind its way all through this magazine, doubling as filler whenever necessary. I have been reasonably lucky in past issues in that all the items came out to even pages. Not so this time, as you will see. Most of the items ran over to the next page, filling only a quarter, half or third of it in the process. Darned ungrateful of the items, if you ask me. I managed to fill one quarter page with a plug for Lee Hoffman, Good Humored and Condescending B.N.F., in the T.A.F.F. Election. The Derelict Insurgents are supporting her in this election, although she may be oblivious of this fact until she reads it here. Personally, I feel that she is the only candidate, save G.M.Carr, who is active in a fannish way and worthy of the honor. We, (the Insurgents,) nominated Bob Bloch, but due to other commitments, TV, etc., he was forced to decline.

This leaves the field open to Leeh, and the only competition I can see for her will come from G.M.Carr and Forry Ackerman. Considering Leeh's popularity in both North American and British fandoms, I think she should be victorious.

As SGT. Bilko would say, "Let's form a pool."

"You sound exactly like a C-C A-A." - Bill Courval.

LUCK

Ever notice how strange this intangible we call "Luck" is? Some times you will have no more luck than a bankrupt poker player, and at other times you cannot do anything wrong. I find this particularly noticable when bowling. In one game you will amass strike after strike, and it seems that no matter how you throw the ball, as long as you keep it on the alley, you will get a strike. Suddenly, in the game immediately following, you can't do anything right. You will throw what looks like a perfect ball, you walk away, fully convinced that you have a strike, and lo and behold, there stands a corner pin. At times you will even see the other pins curve in mid-air in order to not hit this stubborn corner pin.

I often think that there is only one kind of luck, and that is bad luck. If you have it, you can't do anything, if you haven't got it, then you rely on your own skill.

Regardless of this, I became suddenly luck one weekend. I bowl in a league on Weanesday and Friday nights, and the Friday night league held it's Christmas Turkey Roll on the ninth of December. For the first two games I fought like a man possessed, trying to amass a winning score, but the best I could do was a 202 and a 169. In the third game, my luck suddenly changed and I started off with a strike, spare, strike, spare, strike, strike, strike, in the first seven frames before breaking off. I finished with 281, and a Turkey for High Single Flat, (no handicap added.)

The next night, Saturday, the Toronto ^Maple Leafs broke out in a scoring way and laced the New York Rangers to the score of 6 to 1. I won the hockey pool at work. This score is a surprising one, if it have been reversed, 6-1 in Rangers favour, I would have thought nothing of it. But for the Leafs to win this way, wow?

As the song says, Luck is a fickle girl.

DO YOU KNOW WM ROTSLER?

Bill Rotsler sent Raeburn an envelope full of illos in trade for A Bas. Now bear in mind that Boyd's talent for putting stylis to stencil is nil, and while Kidder, Grant or myself can do at least a competant job, Boyd maintains a policy of few-or-no-illos-in-A Bas. Consequently he passed them on to me, so you will see a moderate use of Rotsler illos in this and future issues of Gasp!

FEUDING AND FUEDING

I notice, in Umbra #10, that George Wetzel is still after Harlan Ellison's skin. Using Harl's "Is Science Fiction Literature"

article in Canfan-25 as a spring board, George gives the pretext of arguing about this subject. That lasts for only about 4 lines, then George begins insulting Harlan under the oh-so-thin veneer of so-called witticisms. Witticisms which are, to say the least, not very witty. Wetzel seems to be bemoaning the fact that Harlan doesn't think George is very witty. If this is true, Ellison shows more than a modicum of perspicacity. When is Wetzel going to smarten up and realize that his so-called humor isn't hiding a thing? I think we are all aware of the fact that Wetzel is making Ellison his favorite whipping boy, and at the same time, although Wetzel may not realize this, he is rapidly growing to the proportions of Fandom's combined whipping boy and laughing stock.

As I said, Wetzel is hiding nothing, although not through lack of trying. He is after Ellison for some reason, and I think I know what that reason is. Some time ago, perhaps a year, give or take a few months, Harlan wrote a story called Swampdust. The story appeared, I believe, in Abstract, and although I never saw it, I am lead to believe that Harlan cried out in a small voice against racial prejudice and the suppression of the Negroes. I need hardly add the well known fact that Wetzel does not exactly hold the Negro class in the highest esteem. Since the publication of that article, Wetzel has been after Ellison.

This feud is not something which has sprung up over night. It has been developing for some months, starting on a personal plane with Wetzel writing letters to Ellison. It is only quite recently that it has reached the state where all of Fandom has become aware of it. As a matter of fact, I think the Wetzel-Mason feud is a direct off-shoot of the Wetzel-Elison fiasco.

I'd like to commend Ellison for crying out against racial prejudice and offer him my vote of confidence. I'd also like to condemn Wetzel for his heckling and insulting of Ellison, and for his fuggheaded narrow-mindedness in this matter. Fans, in the five years I have been around, have always been proud and patted themselves on the back for their commendable broad mindedness and tolerance in matters of race, color or religion. There used to be a saying in reference to this to the effect that — "I don't give a damn if he is a purple skinned Ghuist Martian....." Wetzel has, I feel, proven himself to be fandom's black sheep in this respect and I doubt that many fans are proud of this fact.

Wetzel claims that if Harlan thinks so highly of the Negro race, he should not be insulted if he (Wetzel) makes Negro allusion to Ellison's name. This, my friends, is utterly, utterly ridiculous. On the face of it, due to Wetzel's self confessed dislike of Negroes, (in Wendigo #5) it can automatically be assumed an insult. In the second place, due to the unfortunate widespread racial and religious prejudice in this continent, when a White

(continued on page 10)

[I would like to dedicate, in all sincerity, the following article to Mr. Robert Bloch of Weyauwega, Wisconsin, and to Master Tucklet Tucker of Bloomington, Illinois.]

DISTINGUISHED PIONEER OF HYPERSONIC FLIGHT GIVES XMAS LECTURE

The distinguished pioneer airman who made the world's first known flights in the hypersonic speed regime, Mr. Santa Claus, O.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., F.I.A.S., F.C.A.I., was principal speaker on the occasion of the Canadian Aeronautical Institute's first Annual Christmas Lecture meeting. The meeting, which took place on December 1, was held this year in the Toy Department of Easton's.

Our Correspondent goes on to say that the speaker was introduced by Mr. J. S. Diogenes, Regional Director of the Association of Amalgamated Department Store & Street Corner Kris Kringles of North America (C.I.O.) Mr. Diogenes stated that he was honored to have been chosen to introduce Mr. Claus, who has only recently consented to become the Patron of the A.A.D.S. & S.C.K.K.N.A. (C.I.O.) He then went on to say that Mr. Claus, affectionately known among his close associates as "Jelly Belly", needed no introduction.

Mr. Claus was born in Asia Minor during the third century and in spite of the fact that he was now over 1,600 years of age, he was still an active pilot, making at least one long hypersonic flight each year. His achievements as a designer in the field of high speed flight were legion. His contributions to charity were well known. In short, Mr. Diogenes reiterated, Mr. Claus needed no introduction.

Mr. Claus then thanked his introducer for his flattering remarks and modestly said that while he had no desire to detract from his own many and commendable achievements, he thought that perhaps his public relations staff had been somewhat over-zealous in supplying Mr. Diogenes with biographical material on which to base his introductory remarks. Mr. Claus hoped that Mr. Diogenes had not strained the credulity of the audience though in fact everything that had been said was more than true and Mr. Claus wanted to be the last one to deny it.

UNREALISTIC SPECIFICATIONS

The speaker had chosen as the title of his lecture, "Some Notes
NEWS FROM YOUR VERY OWN CORRESPONDENT
IN THE HINTERLAND

and Considerations on the Design and Development of Quadruped-Powered, Skid-Equipped Flying Machines for Hypersonic Flight." The problem of designing and building a flying machine capable of speeds in excess of Mach 75.0 was a relatively simple one, Mr. Claus said. However, the task was complicated by an anachronistic specification requiring that the machine and the quadrupeds conform to certain traditional forms which were ostensibly contrary to the best aerodynamic practices for high speed flight. The problem was best illustrated by the following formula:

$$B = (1/t^{**}) [\ln (P_o + \sqrt{P_o^2 - P_s^2}) / P_s], P_o > P_s.$$

This formula indicated both machine and quadrupeds were in theory entirely unsuitable even for conventional low speed flights.

According to the specifications, the quadruped's exterior appearance, shape, and actions had to resemble in all respects those of the mammalian species Rangifer tarandus (i.e. reindeer), while the sleigh could deviate only slightly from the general configuration of the runner-equipped vehicles characteristic of the later Norman period. The design of these vehicles, as was well known to aerodynamicists, was fundamentally Gothic with certain features that indicated Romanesque influence.

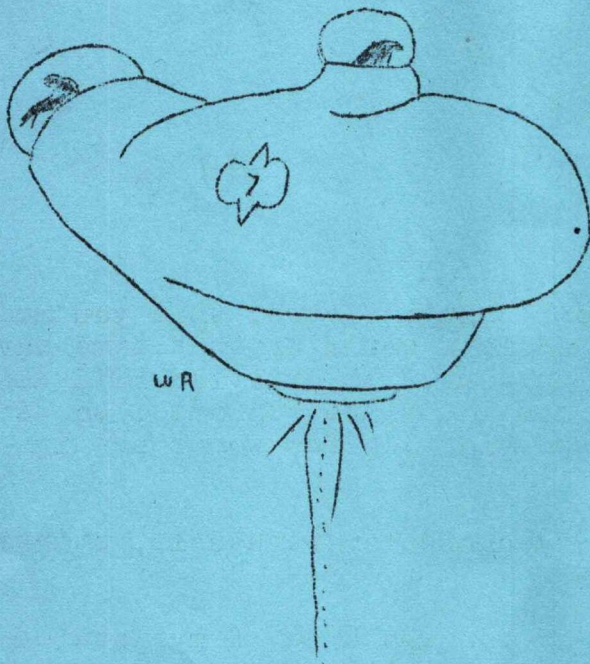
SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

Surprisingly, Mr. Claus said, few of the anticipated difficulties had been encountered with the sleigh. During the early test flights, Dutch Roll had developed, beginning at Mach 45.0 and increasing in severity until at Mach 60.0 the reindeer began to shed their antlers, at which point it had become necessary to rein in before the sleigh lost its structural integrity and disintegration became complete. Several solutions to this problem were tried with only limited success. Ordinary ski wax (fast) proved of no avail, nor did a complete Simonize job. As is so often the case in these matters, the final solution was a simple one, a liberal application of unsalted chicken fat to both runners.

The reindeer presented somewhat more trying problems. So far, Mr. Claus said, it had been possible to develop them only to the point where they were good for just one annual Christmas Eve trip and then they had to be put out to pasture or rebuilt, in which case it was just as cheap to get a new team. Their approved time between overhauls was in truth distressingly short. This situation might be satisfactory for the military, Mr. Claus thought, but for commercial operations like his, it was most uneconomical. However, he announced, a contract had recently been let by his organization to the Ontario College of Agriculture to conduct a research and development program with a view of extending the approved life of Rangifer tarandus, as well as to see if their

smell could be cut down. Ordinarily, this smell would not be found offensive, Mr. Claus explained, but with the ram effect of hypersonic flight, it was apt to cause the driver some distress. This concluded the speakers remarks.

During the discussion period that followed, Mr. Claus was asked if he had ever had to eject and if so, what had been the effect



on his beard of the hypersonic blast. Mr. Clause replied that while he has never had to eject from his sleigh, his was, in effect, an open cockpit, so that he was at all times subject to hypersonic blast. So far as his beard was concerned, in the early days, he had been bothered by a certain amount of "Tip Flutter", but as a result of studies made*, he had started treating the tip with moustache wax and no further difficulties had been encountered.

The speaker was thanked by the chairman and the meeting was closed with

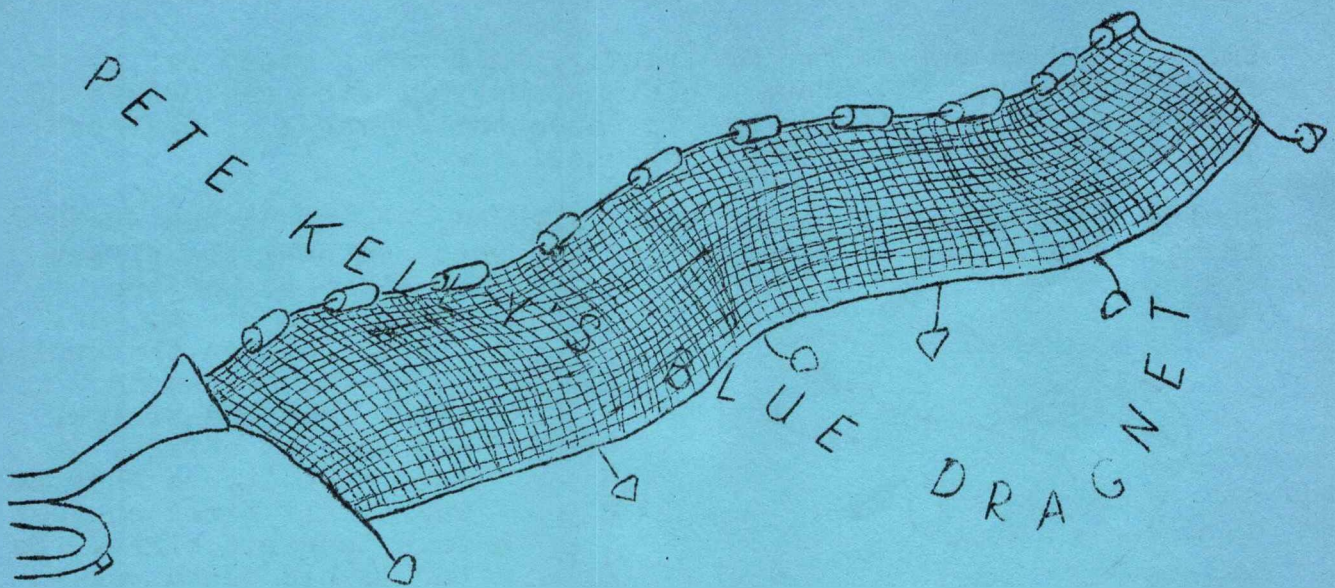
the singing of "Jingle Bells".

* "The Effect of High Speed Airflow on Hirsute Appendages." — Gillette — 1901

(Unsolicited Free Plug - Sponsored Spontaneously by the Derelict Insurgents)

VOTE LEE HOFFMAN IN THE T.A.F.F. ELECTION

The Derelict Insurgents feel that a fannish fan should be sent to England to represent North American fandom. After scrutinizing the nominations very closely, we feel that the only logical person to send over is Lee Hoffman. Your vote will be greatly appreciated. — Good Luck LeeH — ---gas.



I was a bit disappointed about one thing; figured that you medium fi, warm-rod, refrigerated-jazz addicts would by this time have discovered and commented upon a current film entitled PETE KELLY'S BLUES. Apparently, however, it has not played Toronto, so as we used to say down at the fertilizer plant, a few words are in ordure.

PETE KELLY'S BLUES is a typical specknicolor techtacle, starring the drag of DRAGNET, Jack Webb.

Jack Webb fascinates me. Those of you who know of my passion for oldtime movie actor Buster Keaton can easily understand why. Jack Webb is a frozen-faced performer alongside of whom Ed Sullivan appears to be another Orson Welles. Webb's histrionic repertoire consists of exactly two expressions. He looks like (a) a man who has a fear of sitting down in something wet, or (b) a man who has sat down in something wet and isn't sure if he's responsible or not. But in neither case does he want anyone else to suspect. I have not seen anyone quite like Jack Webb since 1932, in a picture called White Zombie.

Mr. Webb undertakes (and I use the term advisedly) the role of one Pete Kelly, a jazz musician who purportedly flourished in Kansas City, circa 1923-28. His small combo is employed at a restaurant speakeasy, and it is easy to see that here is a real bunch of Dedicated Cats. They Worship The Ground He Walks On, and every night they Play Their Hearts Out. Kelly plays frequent horn solos and addresses the instrument like an orang-ou-tang trying to swallow a banana. There is a vague atmosphere of latent homosexuality about this bunch as depicted; Mr. Kelly is forever brushing off the attentions of a wealthy, feather-brained

BY — ROBERT BLOCH

and feather-cut blonde chick who pursues him with all the passionate abandon of Harlan Ellison wooing a potential subscriber to Dimensions. Mr. Kelly will have none of that, even though said chick is none other than Mrs Bernard Schwartz in person. In Mr. Kelly's defence it must be said that the chick is dressed distastefully in exaggerated 1925 style-parodies and is depicted initially as a cretinous type. However, once she invades his bedroom and discovers that he owns a budgerigar, she is not to be put off.

Meanwhile, the band is taken over by a mobster (well-played by Edmund O'Brien) who is being pursued by a detective (well-played by Andy Devine) and who foists off onto the band his chirp inamorata (well-played by Peggy Lee). The mobster kills one of Kelly's boys, beats up and schizophrenicates the chirp, extorts from the band, and finally Mr. Kelly decides that Something Must Be Done About This because it apparently is going to reach a point where such antics will affect his music and interfere with the beat. So there is a bang-up shooting-type finale in a deserted ballroom, a chandelier comes down in a Hitchcockian way and the villain and his henchmen get it in the end.

So much (and too much) for the plot. I happen to like the performances of the three thespians enumerated above, and much of the music has its own special nostalgia for one who can remember the Hit Parade of 1926, etc. But what bothers me about the film, aside from Jack Webb and the cliché plot, is the treatment -- of both the jazz and the period. In recent years it has suddenly become re rigueur to present the Twenties in the satirical light as the Gay Nineties. Sparked by Broadway musicals like GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, THE BOY FRIEND, etc., everyone has jumped into the act with both feet. TV "Spectaculars" in particular dote on copying the obvious burlesque elements, and as a result the Twenties have become a melange of racoon goats, ukeleles, hip-flasks, Charleston dancers, and Wild Parties -- all merely as an excuse to have a lot of chorus girls shag around in a Big Production Number. And the music has suffered the same treatment. If Pete Kelly's boys are supposed to typify the jazz musicians of the Good Old Days, then I must have been living in another dimension at the time instead of in Chicago.

All of which may seem very much beside the point to you people until you stop to reflect that unless geriatrics perform some major miracle, some day you'll be almost as old as I am now -- and in turn looking back twenty or twenty-five years to a period which will then be known as the Fabulous Fifties. And you will feel a certain uneasiness, then, I'm sure, if you happen to see that decade depicted as an era in which everyone owned a sports car, worshipped at the shrines of Brubeck, Mulligan or Kenton, spent all their waking hours watching TV, and seemed to have no

personal identity aside from that. Most of all you will be inclined to resent the implication that the young people of the Fifties were complete and utter goofs with absolutely nothing under their crewcuts or dovetails; the astute writer or producer who characterizes them will make certain that they speak only in the be-bop lingo of 1953 or thereabouts. And this will be accepted as "the way things were" by the current viewers; a gay, romantic and carefree period When You And I Were Young, Muggsy.

It is such blatant fakery which I most deplore; particularly when I reflect on the opportunities they had to make a really fine, honest picture about Jazz in the Twenties. What they came up with was a hunk of unabashed hokum, and my lunch.

---Bob Bloch

May there never be a last Gasp!- Bill Courval.

HEW & CRY (Continued from page 6)

Christian is called a "Nigger" or "Dirty Black" or "Filthy Jew" or any other like phrases, or even any less offensive euphemisms are alluded to him, it is, in 99 and 9/10th cases out of 100, an insult. Therefore, I feel that Harlan is perfectly justified in taking Wetzels supposedly witty remarks as insults. It is a case of "Smile when you say that, podnuh." and Wetzel wasn't smiling.

Let me state here and now that I have no evidence to substantiate the few preceding paragraphs. It is all supposition and conjecture, a conclusion I arrived at by adding 1 and 1 and achieving the inevitable 2. You may take what I have said with a grain of salt if you wish, none-the-less, I feel that I have come damn close to hitting the nail on its very flat head.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN AUSTIN

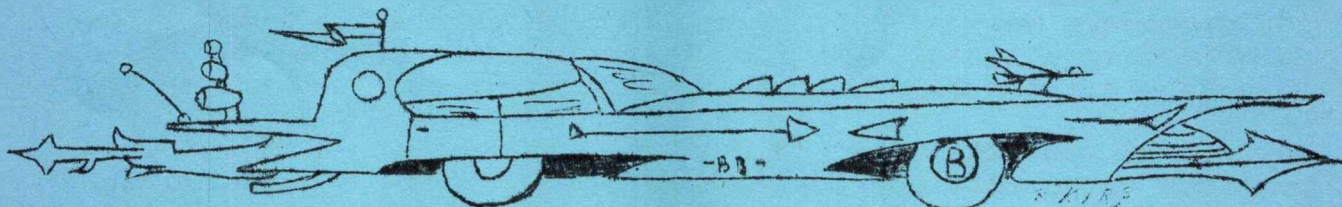
And I don't mean Healy 100.

On and on we go. The fuggheads have really been active in the past few months. Speaking of which, Clod Hall made a few asinine remarks about Gasp! and myself in the eighth issue of Mussy, (typo intentional and appropriate,) and probably expects me to make some sort of reply to them and read Muzzy herein. This I am not fully prepared to do at the present time. Not having read the whole magazine, I can't very well review it, so I'll have to suffice with making some slight half-hearted reply to his comments. (Hall will likely call it a "Slighting, half-assed reply", but one must expect such things from types like him. Muzzy will be dealt with in my column, reserved for such dealings

(Continued on Page 25.)

THE SPORTS CAR

AS A SOCIAL PHENOMENON AND A PRODUCT OF OUR TIME



LE BLUNDERBIRD

WINNER OF FABULOUS PRIZES - LE MISS'S - GRAND PRICKS - ETC

The dispassionate and philosophical thinker, faced with the problems of inventing a means of personal conveyance for humans, might do any number of things.

He might sensibly evolve or create a simple, safe and practical mechanism on the lines of a low, enclosed sled, provided with bumpers and large, sturdy brakes. Wheels, of course, replacing the runners. The whole entire exterior would be smoothly streamlined with no protuberances what-so-ever to obstruct the airflow. The latter if he wanted speed.

He might ask, what is the matter with the horse?

He might simply refuse to think of the idea at all, on the grounds that God provided man with feet, which are, after all, passably efficient if not misused.

He would not — and of this you may be sure — create a monster weighing in excess to three times the actual weight necessary to construct a machine which could duplicate more efficiently all its actions. He would not, on a machine intended to pass through air with little resistance, embellish the forepart with broad, complicated reflecting surfaces, (as good a description as any for the Detroit constructed bumper and grille), and concave surfaces apparently designed to impart a maximum of turbulence to the resisting air. (I speak now of the much-touted "Hooded Head-lights"). He would not, having gone to great lengths to streamline the body of his vehicle, leave its underside open, allowing the air to strike a great many resisting surfaces such as, axels, oil sumps, chassis and cross members, etc., etc. Should he, by apparent mistake and/or happenchance, through actually disobeying his inner instincts and intelligence, thusly create a monster as described before, somehow manage to impart to it a moderately efficient partial streamlining, you can bet your boots he would not

then proceed to heap upon said vehicle all manner of strips, globs, chunks, and rocket-ship models of rather inferior chrome.

No indeed!

I think we may be safe, therefore, in concluding that the majority of modern men may not, by any stretch of the imagination, be described as dispassionate and philosophical thinkers; for they have done all the illogical things which I prescribed not to do.

How did he get this way? That is a question which I am not prepared to go into here. Instead, let us consider the vehicle or class of vehicles known as "Sports Cars."

Before we go on, a bit of autobiographical data. I am not a sports car owner. I am not even a car owner. I am not passionately addicted to Sports cars or Cadillacs, to go to the other extreme, I am a horseman, and proud of it.

If, prior to four years ago, you had asked me, "Do you drive?", I would at once have answered, "Yes!", under the impression that your question involved hackneys and chaises. However, since that time I have been in contact with automobiles and have developed into a passable driver. I say "passable" advisedly, since I am of a nervous temperament and wish to continue living, among other things. Briefly, when the idiot in the other car bears down on me from the front, or roars up from the rear, I go into evasive maneuvers and disappear from view in a burst of blinding speed, bearing down on the klaxon as I go.

I have the good sense not to own a car at all. I, by borrowing one from any of my friends when the need comes for a means of reaching some isolated hamlet having no railroad station, manage at the one and same time to escape paying insurance and garage fees. By this you may gauge my intelligence.

On to Sports Cars. Some time ago, having been questioned by a friend as to my opinion of the comparative merits of the Sunbeam-Talbot and the TR2, and not knowing what the hell he was talking about, I betook myself to the Public Library and did a little studying. I found that the smallish, old-fashioned sort of car; (the possession of which I had regarded as a quaint, Elizabethian eccentricity,) was famed for its ability to take corners at respectable speeds. This surprised me no end. I also learned that it was called an "MG", and further, that "MG" was an abbreviation for "Morris Garage". Buoyed with this fascinating information, I bided my time, and when a friend asked me which I preferred as being the fastest of the XK-120*, the Siata Spyder, and

* An old Jaguar model, predecessor of the XK-140 -- gas.

the Mercedes-Benz, I adopted an attitude of lofty scorn. "Oh, those things," I sneered. "Really, old bean, give me an MG every time."

Hurt and appalled by his coarse laughter, I crept back to the library and this time read the book all the way through.

The things I learned were multitudinous and esoteric. For instance; Sports cars race in classes according to engine displacement, and where this is not the case, those of lesser speed and/or displacement are given a handicap. The "Disco Volante" is a car, and not, as my Italian would have it, a visitor from Outer Space. Mercedes-Benzes have the habit of occasionally leaping, flaming, and at the speed of 185 miles per hour, into closely-packed crowds of spectators, killing an average of 65 of the fools at a go. It is rumored that the magnesium bodies were constructed with this in mind, as magnesium burns readily. It is given out that the high scores are entirely the fault of the targets, which, raised in captivity, lack the discernment natural to wild ones, i.e., that velocity decreases with the distance covered after the propelling impulse, and therefore, the farther one stands from the course, the better one's chances of survival.

I have also gathered, that the purpose of the sports car, if it may be said to have one, is to give the owner or driver the pleasure of owning/driving a vehicle which he knows is not wasting gas at a prodigious rate, which could when called upon give him speed in respectable excess of that of the best jellymolds, which could corner in a manner both safe and efficient, and which would embody in it the fruit of careful and exact engineering devoted to giving the most efficient service possible.

Purely as a dividend, it would be pleasing to look at, easy to park, enable him to join and benefit from all manner of organizations devoted to its propagation and propaganda, and to sneer haughtily at anyone driving a Ford, or an Olds, or a Cadillac, or a Merc, however be-chromed and toothy. It would also — and I am not sure that everyone has become aware of this pristine fact — preclude being forced to take the family, including mother-in-law and drunken Uncle Oscar, on that hazardous pilgrimage known as "The Sunday Drive". Most sports cars, you know, seat three at the most.

Quite an impressive listing of benefits, is it not? On the demerit side, only three points come to mind. Traffic cops watch you hungrily. (You should worry. You can probably get away before he gets your number.) Hot-rodders and would-be-Ascaris challenge you to drags. The bouncing due to the still springs might aggravate your piles. That's all.

Let us contrast this with the typical Detroit effusion.

See it, sprawling pompously at the curb, leering toothily at the passing females. Enter it and sink into the cushy softness of the womb. Observe the atrophy of the legs and brain of its driver, remark, (if he has a 1956 model) the slow growth of cancerous callus on his index finger, due to pressing buttons which may laughingly be said to change gears. See the pronounced bleary squint which comes from peering constantly through the legs or pseudopods or undercarriage of the chrome-plated statuette adorning his contraption's hood in the precise place where it will block a maximum of visibility and most detract from his gadget's hypothetical "lines". Observe also that the hood slants at an angle calculated to, (and this may seem impossible, but consider that it is the result of fifty-odd years of experience in designing suchlikes,) send the glaring sunlight's reflection directly into the driver's face, at every single daylight hour. Note that both front and rear seats are large and roomy, that they may not only encourage nomadic fornication, but also — unless the car is filled to capacity — that the passengers may entertain themselves and keep their minds occupied in a sort of dance, gliding from this side, now from that, but always to their original position from which they have slid — across the specially designed superslick upholstery — whenever the machine happens to take a curve, no matter how moderate. Remark the swift, sure, flashing progress of the gas gauge from the letter "F" to the letter "E". Cast your eyes on the ornate speedometer which inflates and inflames the driver's ego by always telling him he is proceeding ten or fifteen miles faster than is true.

But this is not all. Even more horrible outrages to decency and intelligence lie beneath the surface examination.

It is a psychological fact that however unconsciously or subconsciously one accepts depravity, one never-the-less depraves one's self, and such depravity will come to light at even a superficial examination. Would you, I ask, paint on the front of your house, large figures engaged in sexual intercourse? Lewd, debased, sexual intercourse? Of course not!

Yet, the Detroit car abounds with rocketship effigies and "Vee" signs. A rocketship is a phallic symbol. Yet even worse, the rocketship presses through the air that resists it. We have then a symbol for rape. A "Vee" sign is clearly a representation of a willing female in the position that invites coitus. Do you see the connection here? It is a horrible one, the result being something which, in a mature and realistic society, would never be allowed.

By use of these symbols, the car manufacturers, not content with their quota of misleading advertisements, say to the prospective buyer in effect, DO YOU LIKE TAKING IT BY FORCE, OR HAVING IT COME WILLINGLY? BUY OUR CAR AND YOU CAN HAVE EITHER OR BOTH.

The mind reels at the perverted slyness of it. Who, of the gibbering prickamice (present company excepted, of course), who compose our society, could resist such a come-on?

Gentlemen, the prosecution rests its case.

- - - - -

And what of the defence?

Aha, but there is a defence. I have heard it said of a Detroit car that it ".....looks like a boat and rides like a boat and steers like a boat." Obviously. But, I think, the author of that observation was negligent. He did not obtain complete information as to the plans of the manufacturers for 57 or 58. I, through an espionage system developed in preparation for the next war, have happened across two sets of amazing blueprints. Marvels of ingenuity and practicability.

The first concerns a fiberglass shell made to fit on the bottom of any car, (with small alterations,) thus rendering it water tight and floatable. It is easily installed or removed by means of four small bolts.

The second consists of a metal rectangle covered by rubber matting and having around its edge a waist-high railing. In the center rear is a socket into which the base of a game-fishing chair may be set. The whole is obviously ment to fit on the "rear deck" of any of the 57 or 59 cars. A small accompanying diagram shows how a 25 horsepower outboard motor can be firmly and neatly affixed to the automobile's read bumper. Sketched in by marked "Not completed as yet" is a wonderous contraption made to fit on the auto's roof, and, once in place, turning said roof into a flying bridge.

Inquiries have brought to light the fact that a year's membership in your local yacht club will accompany the purchase of these attachments as a sort of premium.

In other words, the future hold for us the adverti ing slogans: "Boating with your Beautiful Buick" and "Own a Cadillac and a Yacht, Too".

Just think, you can buy a motor-cruiser and a car for the price of one! (I need say only that the sport of boating is one which has proved to be far, far in excess of that of driving sports cars in fastness of growth.)

The defence rests.

And what of me?

I shall save my money and when I have four or five or six thousand dollars, I shall go out and, casting a lingeringly loving look at the beautiful lines of the Austin-Healy 100, I shall buy a thoroughbred heavyweigh hunter.

Sports cars, blilleeechhhh! Jellymolds, Pfeaugh!

I love horses, sir.

-----Rich or Alex Kirs
Correspondent Extraordinary and
Horse-flesh Connoisseur.

"CHEATED"

From KINGS OF THE ROAD by Ken Purdy.

"We have raised a generation of Americans who have been cheated out of one of life's important pleasures: the joy of driving a light, fast, safe and supple automobile, a vehicle to sit in, not on, a vehicle that steers where it's told, stops when it's bidden — and goes like the devil the rest of the time. Wonder of wonders, these same Americans are sure that their cars are the world's fastest, safest, and best.

Gentlemen, I have news for you. You have rocks in your head.

Mark you; for reliable day-in, day-out transportation, for the carting of the limp and supine body about from pillar to post, Detroit delivers the goods. It's not safe transportation, it's not economical transportation, but it's reliable; as reliable as the regular appearance of the 5:05 around the bend this side of Whisker Junction, and just about as exciting.

It could be reliable, safe, cheap, and a hell of a lot of fun to boot. Once upon a time, it was, right here. In some other places in the world it still is, right now. That is what this book is about. It is about automobiles for which any man in his right mind would embezzle money, leave his wife and skip the country. It is about cars that herald their coming for a mile and break your neck as you try to watch them pass. We will treat, in these pages, of automobiles designed to run for 20 years, and of the men who built them and drove them. We sing here of motor-cars beautiful as sunsets, strong as bank vaults, desireable as dark-eyed houris never were, and safe as churches.

Let us consider the fabulous Bugatti, prince of motors. Imagine a string-straight, popular-lined Route Nationale in France on a summer's day. That growing dot in the middle distance is a Sky-blue Bugatti coupe, rasping down from Paris to Nice at 110 miles an hour....."

JACK MCKENTY

SE 2

"I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO ADD"

I hate to bring up such a sordid subject as science-fiction in an odd place like a fanzine, but I have a burning question to ask. "Why don't more people read the stuff??"

The "boom" has gone, leaving nothing but publishers overstocks and frustration in the hearts of editors. The promags are folding their covers and quietly merging away. And Hollywood has proven that bad STF movies are Bad Movies. are bad.

There are a few bright spots. Some slicks run the occasional low-level, or interplanetary, story. There is the odd odd movie, and while there are fewer magazines, the quality goes up.

But generally speaking, there is no way of weaning any furshlugginer peasants away from detective magazines onto science-fiction. Newsstand appeal? As soon as any artist can paint covers that catch the throat and say "buy me", they'll be on the magazines. Advertising? Same arguement. Button-holing people one at a time and forcing them to read a sample story? It works, out of years of trying, I have scored one convert?

Work from the other end and capture the critics? Surprise, surprise; we have some pretty big wheels on our side now, and they haven't helped much.

Tell people that STF is where they can get an advance slant on future marvels? Pooh. The general public has an ability for acceptance that is surpassed only by its apathy; news of such recent realizations as orbital space stations is greeted with less interest than a preview of next years fashions. No, no, no. It must be through an appeal by the stories themselves.

Away with characters who breathe, and with emotions which reach one's soul. Needed are idea which are newer than Verne's submarine was in his day, and Well's spaceship was in his. If our present writers can add people and motives, fine; but ideas first.

New ideas? If I had any I'd be writing stories about them. But as long as this baking of pretty little pastries from the gleanings of a well-combined field goes on, we will remain a mutual admiration society, and a closed one at that.

Plato Jones

-

Socrates Smith

&

Homer Brown

HOW ALIEN CAN YOU GET?

A few years ago there was a colored comic sequence in which Lil Abner wandered into a waiting rocket ship and wondered what would happen when he pushed the red button. He made a fast round trip to the moon. The scientists and pilot who has spent their lifetimes preparing for the jaunt were naturally disappointed to be left behind, partly because the trip could not be repeated for five thousand years. They were somewhat cheered to find on the rocket's return that a roll of film had been used in the camera, but on developing it the pictures all turned out to be of Lil Abner.

"The person that took the pictures, what was he like?" asked the scientists.

"It warn't a he," said Lil Abner.

"What was she like?"

"It warn't a she."

"What was it like?"

"It warn't a it," concluded Lil Abner. He added that the moon was amoosin but confoosin, and that he would enjoy, some day, going back.



Al Capp, in this sequence, spake truer than many people realized. He pointed out how completely completely completely alien alternate life can be. (It even used a camer only by accident; it probably thought (?) it was felking sorkins.) And he also showed the right kind of person to send as a contact man; a fairly smart idiot.

The first craft that actually visits a planet with (with what?) on it had better carry a retarded child on board to act as ambassador.

Vorzimer, anyone?

-----Jack McKenty.

Do you suppose President Eisenhower has given the United States another Gettysberg address?

FROM WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

[As I mentioned in the editorial, an exceedingly short letter column this time.]

G.M.Carr - 5319 Ballard Avenue - Seattle 7 - Washington, types:-

"So the results of the 2nd Tucker Fan Poll are finally published. I found it very interesting and commend GAS on an excellent job. That was a lot of work, and it took quite a bit of figuring to present it in such a coherent manner. (Doggone it! That's what I object about pre-mailings! Nobody'll ever believe I had Baitbox already stencilled before your fanzine with its comments on the Saps-Fapa rivalry and American cars ever got here.)"

[I am glad that you liked the Tucker Survey. It was a lot of work, more than I'd care to undertake again, and one hell of a pain in the neck towards the end.

I am now against post-mailings for the reasons expressed in Hew and Cry, and I can assure you that GASP! as it is now will never again appear in a post mailing. When I get into Fapa, I'll put it in the same way Grennell puts Grue into the club. In the meantime, I am sending Gasp! to only a few select Fapans.

I am sorry that you couldn't find time to write more than appears above, as I am sure you would have some shoice words and interesting opinions in regards to the SAPS/FAPA rivalry.]

Boycott Boycuts.

CLIFFORD GOULD - 1559 Cable Street - San Diego - Calif., says:-

"I won't comment many belated comments on the Toronto post mail-

ing, however, I would like to comment that Ger's Gasp! is the bestus of the three received by me. And Ger, this is not necessarily because of the greater bulk. Just plainly a good-good-good ish.

Is there any way I can get the proper names and addresses for the femfans who smoke, drink, like jazz, have plenty of money, don't want to get married, and partake of sexual activities? Is there? Name Your Own Price, Man!"

[Not on your sweet life, boy. The names and addresses of the above described fannes have been dutifully filed away in my fan-den, and as RonK or Boyd can testify, nobody but me, and I only on occasions, can find anything filed away in my fan-den.

Besides which, in such matters, I am selfish.]

In the hands of Tucker, a Derogation is a many Pliny-dered thing.

Got a letter from JOHN QUAGLIANO - 215 West Navarre Street, South Bend, Indiana. The Quag remarks that:-

"I really flipped at your cover. I hope Boyd's MG can hold the road as well as he said. Dead Ahead is right.

I usually enjoy Tucker but all I could get out of his article was 'Ho Hum, I'm too nice a guy to mention names, but you're all a bunch of fuggheads.'

Have you noticed that most fan mag letter columns start off with the Weyauwega Wit? Can you imagine that. A tradition has grown up in our midst. You ought to make a resolution to the Fapa constitution so that no unsuspecting neo-ed will call down the wrath of Pthallo by printing a Tucker letter first."

[Bloch does get the lead off spot in a lot of the fannish letter column, but what can one expect. Ghod before all!

The following interlineation was gleaned from the pages of Wendigo, and is dedicated to Boyd Raeburn.]

"I am a fan, that is to say, a pseudo-intellectual."

I received a letter from Bill Stavdal, part of which I wanted to print here, but I lost the furshlugginer thing. I recall one comment Bill made to th.s effect;- "I imagine that you have asked Al Capp to return your apologies. 'H'everthing that falls h'off is of the finest H'inglish parts.'"

LEE RIDDLE dropped a short note saying that;-

"I'm sorry that I haven't written you about receiving Gasp! long before this, but have been busy getting myself transferred by the navy and getting out Peon #36 into the tender clutches of Uncle Sam's postal department. I've often thought I'd like to have billions of dollars income annually so I could set up a rival system and make the USPO look like so much mud --- and that wouldn't take much doing, believe you me!

Another month -- and another new address. From now on, please address all mail to me as follows:

Let's hope that this will be the last one for a while now. And you think you're confused, what about my poor mailman?

Probably the best feature of this entire issue was the results of your fan survey. I think you did a grand job getting all the material together and the way you presented the results made for much better reading than just a straight report of the figures. Congratulation on a fine job and "well done" as we say in the Navy!

Enjoyed the entire issue a great deal, and as usual, your reproduction was very excellent. I've been experimenting with a new machine myself, a Rex Rotary, but have to learn how to use it before I can get as good a looking zine as Gasp! Gasp! is much more reflective of you as a person than Canfan was."

[I am glad so many people seemed to enjoy the results of the Second Tucker Fan Survey. As I said earlier in this column, it was one hell of a lot of work, and towards the end, it was a pain in the neck.]

Jan Jansen makes this startling revelation:-

"I don't quite agree with Muzzy. IT was certainly not excellent, nor was it up to date, with that horrible use of letters from way back in the dark ages, but if you read the stories, they were good. [Pardon me for interrupting, but I disagree...gas! The same couldn't be said for the articles by Share and Remus, of course, and the layout wasn't too good either, yet I don't feel it deserved such harsh criticism. I'll admit that perhaps I was influenced by the friendly footing I am on with Claude and am not going to dig up Muzzy to check up. Does this partial defence of Muzzy entitle me to be a fugghead too? He did try to boost his own ego by his suggestive editorial, that is quite true."

[No, defending Muzzy does not necessarily make you a fugg-head, as long as you defend it sensibly, as you have done. Everyone is entitled to their own opinions, but I just can't see that zine as anything but crud. I do not like fan fiction (as differentiated from Fan-Tales) unless it is exceptionally good, and fan fiction which is deserving of these modifiers is as rare as blue moons. I cannot see the point in reading, expecting other people to read, or publishing fan fiction when there is so much other and better stuff to be found in other fanzines.]

Jansen - Sadler - Sterling and Stewart

DICK ELLINGTON, taking a minute off from NYCON arrangements, informs us that:-

"Ye Bulmers have (sob!) left us finally. Went down to say goodbye Wednesday night and the first thing you know there was a bheer, bhooze and a party in swing. Phil Klass, Bob Sheckley, Phyllis Scott, Saha, Curran, Dick Wilson, Kyle, Shaw, the Bulmers, me and by chance, K.G. Kindberg, the editor of HAPNA, the Swedish mag, was in town buying reprint rights and he was there too, utterly amazed at a fannish brawl. Nice people, him, though. Latest HAPNA has seven gah-damn colors in the inside. (7 that is - 7). Vot a money deal. Got home about 6, decided it was useless going to bed and hopped back down to Kyle's at eight. A slightly shakey party consisting of Kyle, Wilson, Shaw, and myself took a slightly shakey couple of Bulmers down to the Britannic and stood on the dock shouting fannish funnies across 20 feet of water to them till the boat pulled out. Sniff. Wonder how many people I've written this too. (My correspondence is all fouled up again and I'm working up via date received.) I get a sort of deja vu feeling writing this.

Great Scott!!!! Just glanced up at a 19¢ map of the world I picked up and pinned on my wall and what strikes me fannish eye?

FANNING ISLAND (Br) Up near Christmas Island in the Pacific. Must hold a con there someday.

Do svydanya."

[Sounds like you and the gang had a real drunked, and consequently, enjoyable, if not lost, midweek session. I some times wish I lived in N'York were all these fannish festivities transpire. Nothing of fandom-shaking-consequence ever happens in Toronto. Maybe the local group should hold a real brawl some night, get stinking drunk, and burn down Jarvis Street.

Now that would be something to write about.

That's all the mail this issue. I hope for more next time.]

(Continued from Page 12.)

Gasp!pe, which incidently, now appears in Canfan.

Strange as it may seem, I am actually glad that there are people like Wetzel and Hall in fandom. A few months ago, (siz or so), fandom was rather quiet, and, yes, dull. Now that Hall and Wetzel are fugging in high gear, things are beginning to look and liven up. Oh Joy, What Fun We Will Have! The thing I like about Hall is that the madder he gets, the more fuggheaded he becomes. If you square the degree of his temper, you get a figure equal to his fuggheadedness. To quasi quote a famous G.M.Carr line, "The more he fights, the more he ties himself up." That's a very quasi quasi quote because I cannot locate the original line to make it closer. (Are you still with me?)

However, to get down to business. Clod, your statement that fans publish for egoboo is very true and a fact of which I am well aware. However, most fen, at least a majority of the fen who publish what are generally recognised as being the best fanzines, fen like Grennell, Willis, Calkins, et al, do not make this fact so obvious. They are not obnoxious in their quest for egoboo. You are obvious, obnoxious, and ostentatous. Part of the formula for publishing a good zine is to employ at least a small measure of modesty. I should think that you would have learned this by observing the actions of the more popular fan publishers. That is, if you, as they say in Toronto, possess a modicum of perspicacity.

You say that Gasp! is not a fanzine but that it is a mundane magazine because it is concerned with jazz and sports cars. I wish you would define what you think a fanzine is, and explain what a fanzine should concern itself with. None-the-less, if you are going to call Gasp! mundane for this reason, you must put it in the same classification as Grue and Opsla since these periodicals invariably discuss and feature mundane subjects, witness the car-talk by both Calkins and Grennell in Opsla - 19 and the article on adventure seriels in Grue 24. In which case I am complemented.

You said it, I didn't. I merely defined your incoherent comment.

You are getting "A"s in journalism at U of Texas? Judging from Muzzy the Examiners at that institution of learning do not demerit for typographical and grammatical errors.

In defence of Dick Geis I have this to say; you castigate him for erring twice in the possessive use of the apostrophe, you insult him for saying such things as "I ain't NEVER gonna submit NOTHIN' to them people AGAIN". Naturally it never dawns on you that he used such lines for Special Effect, a standard ploy in journalism. You criticize and insult him for doing these things, yet you wander blithely on, committing grammatical error after typograph-

ical error in everything you write. I chuckle, really I do, and I am sure that the laughter wafting in from Portland originates in Dick Geis's sleeve. I don't claim to be perfect, far from it, but after all, let's be reasonable. You keep that sort of jazz up and fandom will be laughing with us, if they haven't started already.

The sage observer, upon glancing at your reviews of Gasp! and Psychotic, would know in a second that they were written out of spite because Dick and I shredded Muzzy in our respective reviews. I suggest that you make your spite less obvious next time.

As for your remark about preferring an MG to a car, I shan't say much on this subject since you are obviously lacking in automobile knowledge. If you knew anything about European and American car, you wouldn't have made this statement, and since you did, you have proven your ignorance.

If texan winters are too cold for convertibles, texan winters are colder than I imagined, or texans are not as big and strong as you would have them. RonK, Boyd and I road around in the MG all last winter without suffering, as did a number of other sports car owners in Toronto. As a matter of fact, I saw several enthusiasts riding around with the top down. Toronto winters are far from severe, we may get a couple of weeks of below 32°F weather, and have two weeks of 40°F plus temperatures immediately after. Remember, Toronto is not too far north of California. The Calif-Oregon border is approximately on the 43 Parallel North, Toronto lies approximately half way between the 43rd and 44th Parallel North. Not too great a distance as miles go, and while the parallels do not have any great bearing on the weather, it does prove that Toronto is not "way up north" as some unenlightened people seem to think.

I don't think the records show any cases of posteriors being frozen in convertibles. A few may have been frozen in the North West Territories or District of McKenzie, but if you have a convertible and are planning a trip to those areas, you can always take along a Widowers Wonderful Posterior Protector.

WHO KNOWS WHAT GOOD.....

It all started when I decided to join Fapa. I got my name on the waiting list, (I forget what position,) but I got as high as 12th and stayed there. Mailing after mailing flitted by, and no one dropped out. I began thinking of methods whereby I could improve my position. The first thing that I thought of was increasing the number of members to 75. This would make me 2nd, and chances are that two of the eleven ahead of me would not join. I could not do this since I am not yet a member, and a lot of the members are against the increase, including some of the Toronto members. I too would be against it, if I were a member.....

I could resort to violence and bomb some of the Fapans, but the Michifen had already tried that ambit. I wanted something original.

Then lee Jacobs evinced interest in sports cars.

He was thinking of purchasing a Ford (ugh) Thunderbird.

Ceazing the opportunity and enlisting the aid of Kidder and Rae-burn, we filled a multitude of tapes with information about sports cars. Working on the theory that if people are given all the facts they will enevitably arrive at the right conclusion, we supplied Leej with all the fact we could lay our hands upon about a variety of sports cars. He became interested.

He procured a couple of books on sports cars, read same, and became more interested. He went out to a dealer and took a look at a sports car. He liked the clean streamlined design of the machine. No projections over the headlights to catch the wind and cause drag. No phallic symbols on the gront, sides, and bumpers. It was clean cut, looking sharp as a tiger's tooth and twice as deadly.

He took a ride in it. He enjoyed the way the car rode like an automobile should, not like a cork on an ocean. He could throw away his Drammimine. He drove the car and found to his delight that the steering was quick and precise, that the steering wheel actually turned the car, not slyly suggesting that it change directions. He found that it cornered firm and sharp, not like the proverbial aircraft carrier. He flipped, and having all the facts, he arrived at the enevitable conclusion. Sports cars were better than Detroit clunkers.

Dashing home he sold: his tape recorder, hi-fi equipment, Chevvy, parents into bondage, retired from Fapa and Saps, hocked his right arm and a pint of blood, and bought this sports car, the Crimson Comet, an Italian Race Red Austin Healy 100.

Our story does not end here. Leej has realized the obvious, that sports cars are the epitome of automotive transportation. Like a true sports car fanatic, he faunches for something even better than he already possesses, and is working towards owning the ultimate in sports cars, the all conquering Mercedes-Benz 300SL.

Exit Lee Jacobs.

I am now 11th on the waiting list.

Bill Rotsler has mentioned, in Kteic #29, that he is interested in buying a sports car.

Soon I may be 10th.

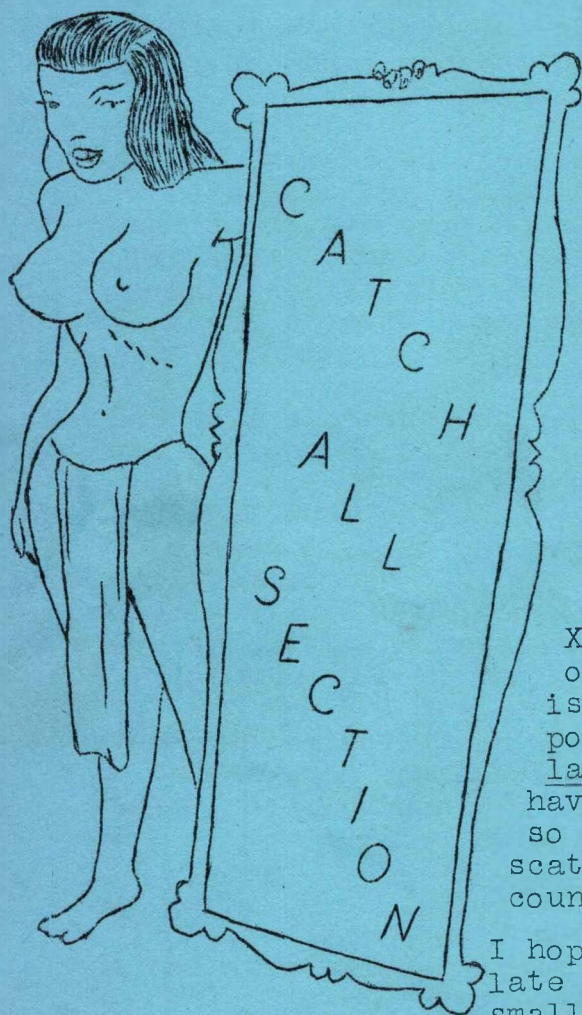
Bill Danner reads Road and Track, a sports car magazine.

I may even be 9th before long.

Who knows what good and truth ~~XXXX~~ abides in the hearts of the Derelict Insurgents.

-----Ger Steward, the Deviating Derelict Insurgent.

Yes, Dean A. Grennell is a good man!



The rest of page, as the girl with the sign says, will be a sort of Catch-All-Section, to be filled up with miscellaneous items that may catch my interest during the stenciling and printing of the magazine. Just how full this page will become remains to be seen.

News Item. Evelyn Gold, who I believe went out to the West Coast after the Clevention, has moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

I am wondering what happened to the Saps mailing. The 34th mailing was supposed to go out on the third Saturday of December, (the 17th), which would put it right into the Xmas rush on mail. If it was mailed on that date, the chances are that it is still sitting in some corner of some post office. Mail of that class gets last priority. Then too, it could have been mailed then, and battered up so badly during the rush that it is now scattered all over the Californian country side.

I hope that the reason the mailing is late is because Karen Anderson showed a small amount of common sense and held it up until after the holiday season rush.

Bob Shaw is coming to Canada. Unfortunately he won't be staying in Toronto. His company is sending him to Calgary, where the Canadian winters are reasonably hard, below zero temperatures and 16 foot snow drifts being common. He'll likely find the climatic change quite different to that which he is accustomed.

That does it, see you next issue, the usual conditions prevailing.