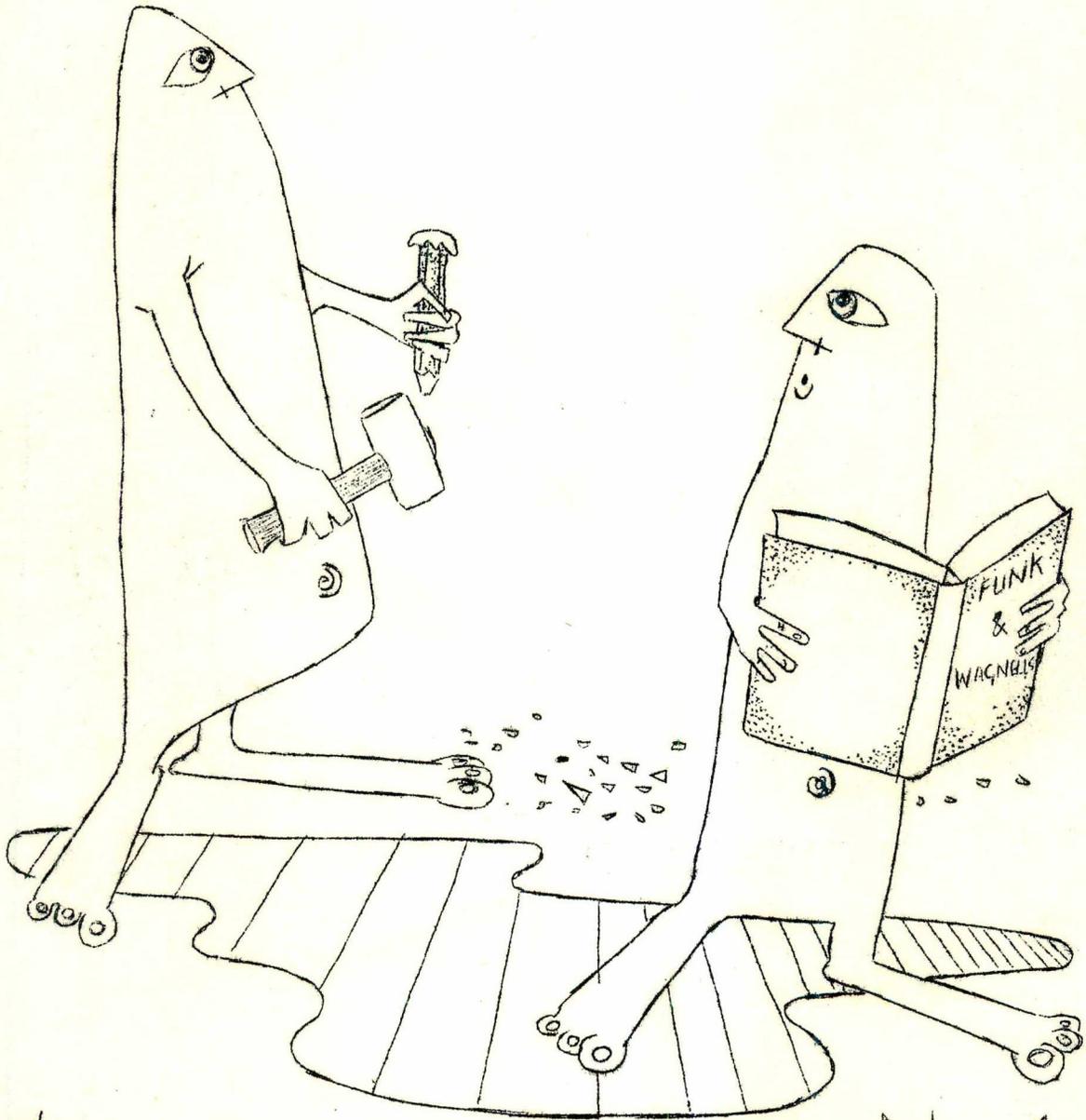


E#1

ΑΠΟΡΡΗΤΑ



Atom

No. 1.

1875



The Greeks had a word for it

And the word was

APORRHĒTA

Number 1

July 1958

Edited by an ebullient minority known as H.P. 'SANDY' SANDERSON who resides at 7, Inchmery Road, Catford, London, S.E.6. 31st SANDERSONICUS PUBLICATION

Produced by an augmented ebullient minority sometimes known as Inchmery Fandom at the same address. (Joy Clarke, Stencil Cutter-in-Chief; Vinç Clarke, Gestetner Operator Par Excellence; HPS, Overseer.)

In case you are wondering this is an experiment. An attempt to produce an apa-oriented general fanzine. Don't ask questions about policy because you might get some peculiar answers. The truth is there's no settled policy as yet and as far as I know there might never be one. This will also be a rather intensely personal zine and a letter substitute into the bargain.

The schedule under consideration at the moment is monthly. So? Get up off the floor. Who can talk to anyone in that position? I said monthly but any issue will be liable to cancellation at a moment's notice. In the event of this happening the following issue will be twice as big and carry a double number and date. You should worry.

This fanzine can be obtained for letters of comment and for exchanges. You don't have to write every time, though I would like it. On the other hand I consider one letter every three issues to be essential. Nothing from you for three issues and (with a few exceptions) you won't get a fourth. Okay? I'm not really interested in sub rates but if you want the mag and don't want to write or exchange it will cost you 1/- per issue. Don't write and say it isn't worth it. If I'm getting nothing from you but your money then I consider that I am justified in charging for time, effort and mental energy.

APORRHĒTA (officially authorised abbreviation APĒ; correct pronunciation "appy"; most likely used pronunciation "ape") is really being produced for the hell of it. The circulation (approx 135) will take in only existing fans. There will be no attempt to cater for new fans -- there are other, better means of obtaining recruits for fandom. As a result, although I would appreciate seeing comments in other fanzines please don't review this as you would any other fanzine. By which I mean it will be pointless for a comment to be made that Ape doesn't cater for this or that or isn't like a normal fanzine. It isn't meant to do anything except what I want it to do.

Artwork this issue (and future issues also, I trust) is by ATOM. Heading for Joy Clarke's column by Vinç. Material not by-lined is by the editor.

FANNISH GOOD DEED Ted Carnell of New Worlds, Science Fantasy and SF Adventures has received a lot of letters on the new-style covers that have been appearing on the first two mags named. Unfortunately most of these letters have been from mundane readers. Very few have come from fans. Ted would like to have the opinion of people whose general outlook he knows and values, so how about YOU writing to tell him what you think? Personally we Approve of the new covers and have said so loudly.

SANDY.

THE LIL PITCHER

A COLUMN BY JOY CLARKE



It was not long after we had received the last FAPA mailing. The mad rush to finalise our own OMPA offerings, togher with those of other people, had subsided & we had collapsed thankfully into our chairs. Suddenly a hated, cold voice cut through the blissful silence.

"Right, chaps, the FAPA deadline is just five weeks from today". That's Sandy for you, always out with the lash.

APA WAITING LISTS AND MEMBERSHIP.

The long FAPA waiting list is causing some heart-burning in the States. But there's one way of solving the problem, which would even decrease the work entailed. Bring down the mailings to two a year with a total of 100 members. At the moment FAPA has, say, 65 members, for four mailings a year, which means a total of 260 zines a year for the officers to send out. This way only 200 would have to be produced and sent out, and even the postal charges might be cut. Also with the six months gap, overseas members could then produce zines based on the last mailing instead of on the last but one, and with time to think, maybe even larger zines could be produced. It might therefore encourage the production of even better workmanship from the general membership, which at the moment comes only from a few.

Not that it's likely to happen, but it's a thought.

STRONTIUM-90

Gem Carr of Seattle has been howling about the lack of danger of radioactive fall-out, using her pet 'authority', the Government mouthpiece Teller. Her pet magazine, Saturday Evening Post, seems to be the main basis of her quotations: her belief is that it gives a typical representation of life in the States! I wonder what will be her reaction now when the editorial in this week's issue states:

"The testimony on the danger to human life from 'fallout' from nuclear tests is conflicting, but there is general agreement that danger exists."

It might be an idea for Boyd Raeburn to quote the Toronto Star Weekly editorial headed "Will Canada Keep Silent?", too. It starts off... "If any of us found that a neighbor was somehow slipping a bit of arsenic into our coffee-pot each morning, we'd be quick about calling a policeman or taking even more drastic steps to stop him. And we wouldn't be deterred by any assurance that it wasn't enough arsenic to hurt us anyway."

Is it possible that those who believe in the Establishment (of whichever country it may be) will at last be forced to realise why those who think have been trying to bring to the attention of the conformists these dangers that have for so long

been belittled by Government spokesmen throughout the world? I sincerely hope so.

THAT TRADE

As most of you know, I'm in the advertising trade - that murderer of the Queen's English, that wicked persuader that makes women squander the housekeeping money on unnecessary baubles and extra packets of cereal she will never get round to eating. At least, that's the anti-ad. brigade's story. The fact that cereals will keep for ages in present-day packaging counts neither here nor there.

The pro-ad. line is that with advertising, which brings to the attention of the consumer new ideas and new items on the market, the economy is kept on a stable basis and information about inventions in every field is disseminated to the public at no (or very minor) cost to them. Stop all advertising and the economy crashes. People buy only what they actually remember they want, demand drops, production follows, employment comes tumbling after. Spending money then is reduced, which means only absolute essentials will be bought. Less demand yet, less production, more unemployment down the vicious spiral to a depression!

But let someone see an advertisement for something he can afford and would like to own. Let a million do the same and buy the items, demand increases and up we go the other way around the spiral.

Actually, of course, there is good and bad on both sides. Most advertisers now follow a fairly ethical course in their advertising. But "The Hidden Persuaders" by Vance Packard will make you wonder and in some sections horrify you. This book tells, in layman's language, how it is possible to employ psychology in advertising, and how it is being used. Advertisers recognise three levels on which the consumer can be influenced.

The first is that of human nature. Here little influence is possible - for instance, imagine the ad. campaign that would be necessary to persuade men that they didn't like women! The second level is that of cultural change - persuading consumers that, for instance, refrigerators are now an essential not a luxury. Here ideas are influenced and this is the level at which a very large amount of advertising is aimed. The final level - that of the region of choice - is the easiest one to manipulate. With the right copy any woman can be persuaded that Kelvinator say is better than GEC, while even a man - though tending to examine more carefully the technical details - is likely to be strongly influenced by the advertiser's copy. (Mind you, I'm probably the exception that proves the rule - but that's because I've studied advertising and am technically-minded anyway. As certain people continually say, I'm an awkward cuss - tho' they often use stronger terms!)

The parts that made my blood run cold were the items on politics and the attitudes of companies to the wives of their employees. For instance....

"Adlai Stevenson was not 'projecting' himself very well.... He voiced his irritation at the symbol manipulators' approach to political persuasion - at least the Republican variety - by saying: 'The idea that you can merchandise candidates for high office like breakfast cereal...is the ultimate indignity to the democratic process'." This horrifies me, the thought that someone who is too honest to permit advertising manipulation to be used on his behalf, who may be the finest possible person for high office, can be advertised out of existence, so to speak. If we could rely on the intelligence of the masses, this would not be a problem. As it is, the moronic unthinking population increases, while the intelligent fades and is overwhelmed by the numbers of the masses - similar in style to the Marching Morons.

The thought that the ideal wife (company viewpoint) should be one who is (a) highly adaptable (b) highly gregarious and (c) realises that her husband belongs (!)

to the corporation for which he works, galls me. An average working day of 8 hrs is supposed to own the man body and soul! Good ghod! And a further quote: she "must not demand too much of her husband's time or interest. Because of his single-minded concentration on his job, even his sexual activity is relegated to a secondary place" The hell it is!!! Who do they think they are? When do we revolt?

All I can say is get this book somehow and read it. Let it make you think and don't let these possibilities come to pass. We might be very sorry. The Big Ball of Wax is upon us and we don't yet know it.

This book, and the next one - which I'm reviewing to show we still review scientific books in fanzines and are therefore still science fiction fanzines, the hell with what you say - are both books which show the blindness of conformity, the lack of desire to recognise what is true in spite of the evidence in front of your eyes, stinking in your nostrils. The sort of thing that shows the type of person personified in the character of Gem Carr.

"The Earth we live on" by Ruth Moore (28/- Jonathan Cape) is another of the layman's reference books, just as is "The Hidden Persuaders". The pleasant style covers the efficient doling out of a great deal of information.

The book starts with Hesiod in the eighth century B.C. wondering about the earth and ends with Kulp adding his pennyworth to our knowledge of the earth with geochronometry - the science of using isotopic dating with the various decay chains uranium-lead, rubidium-strontium, potassium-argon, and Carbon-14.

Things that impressed me tremendously were first of all how little I knew about geology (this covering a multitude of sciences including geochemistry, geophysics, and geochronometry) in spite of much reading on the subject: the building up of information that is almost certain confirmation that once the poles were covered with tropical vegetation: that the earth is 4,500,000,000 years old (4½ billion to the Yanks - generic term, not insult): that people can be extremely difficult to convince that their pet theories are wrong.

Each contributor to our knowledge of the earth is devoted a chapter, with a rough outline of his life and a complete rundown of his findings, evidence, and how he came to discover it. What seems obvious knowledge to us seems to have been surprisingly hard to put over to the discoverer's contemporaries... for instance, the idea that basalt was formed in heat and not in water, that there have been several ice-ages, that many mountains (for instance the Puy de Dome group in central France) were once volcanoes.

There is an excellent index to this book, and on the pages previous to that is a separate bibliography for each chapter, giving further reading and quite a number of notes.

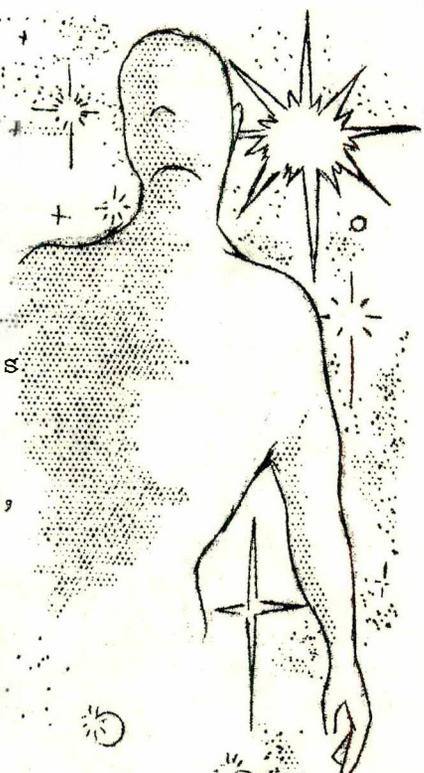
If you don't know the latest thoughts about our earth, how it was formed and what has happened to it during the past, read "The Earth we Live On" - it is an excellent example of how to build up your subject matter.

All of which goes to show that I'm one of those oddballs one fan's relative describes as "Oh, he's a little odd... he reads"!!!

The ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN DECLINE AND FALL

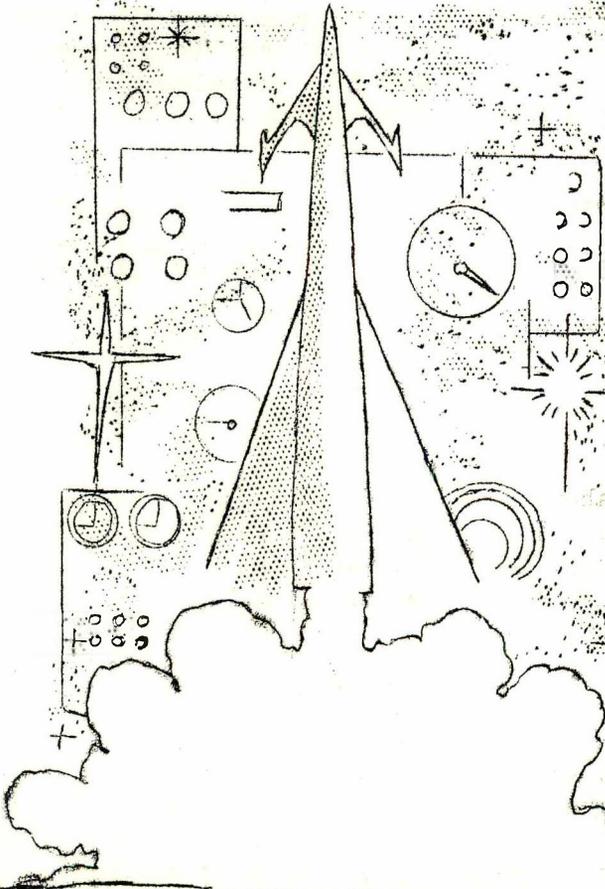
It strikes us occasionally as odd that Americans speak such a different form of English. But the other day, one example shook us. We were listening to Sandy's record of the American show-cast of "Guys and Dolls". Now this was written and composed by an American - Frank Loesser - and yet one line goes

"When you see a gent saving all kinds of rent for a flat that would flatten the Taj Mahal". And we always thought you called them apartments! 'Bye.



MAN:

"To lift before a million, staring eyes,
"To lift, stand steady, and then swiftly rise
"Seeking the high-flung heaven's darkling skies
"Spurning the levels where the eagle flies
"As far too earth-bound for your soaring spire,
"Is this the end, then, of your old desire?
"To what far-distant heights do you aspire
"Trailing your smoke-plume from that pulsing
fire?"

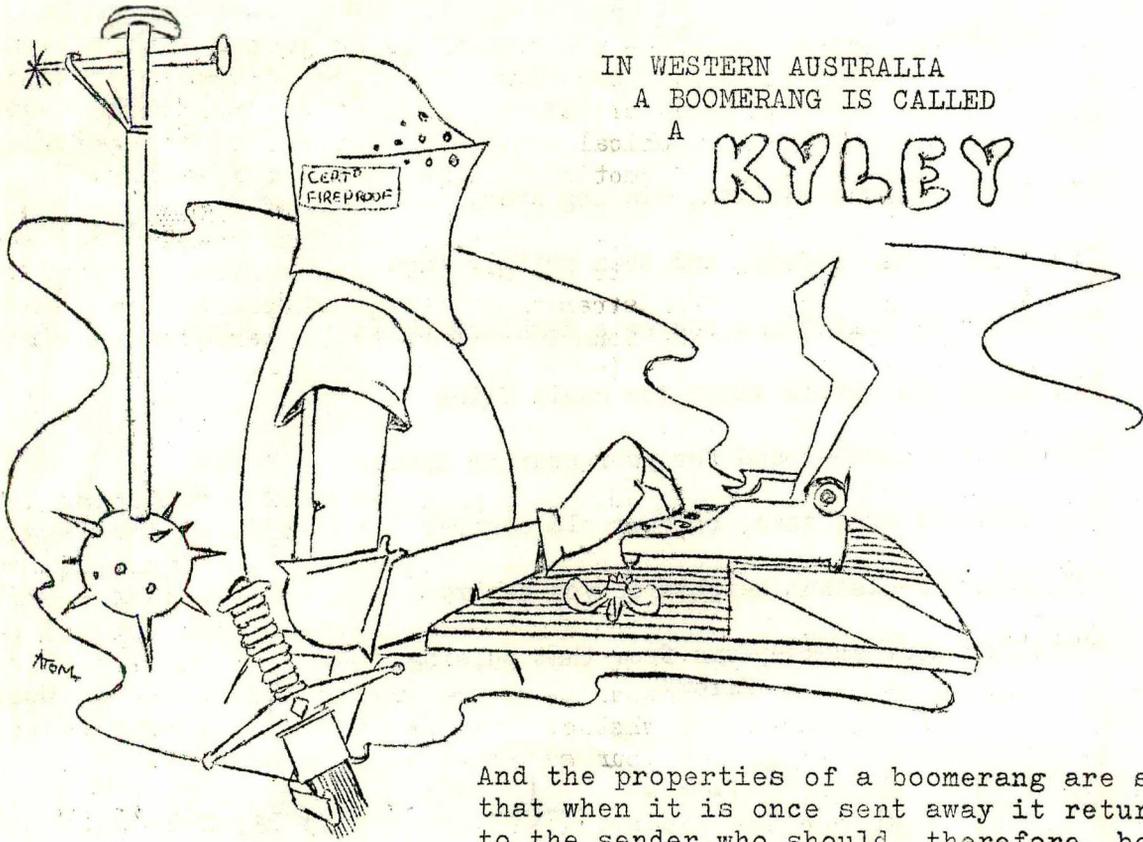


MACHINE:

"No end is this. I seek worlds
near and far,
"Planets that circle round each
distant star.
"Yet know... my dreams are yours:
my course - if true -
"Will be a course that Man must
follow, too.
"Machines are not the final end.
Without Man's dreams
"We are but lifeless hulks rusted
on useless schemes."

IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA
A BOOMERANG IS CALLED

Esc. A
to **KYLEY**



And the properties of a boomerang are such that when it is once sent away it returns to the sender who should, therefore, be fully prepared to duck.....

NEVER SEND TO KNOW

FOR WHOM THE BELL

TOLLS; IT TOLLS FOR THEE

Possibly it is only due to incipient old age but things in fandom don't appear to be quite as perfect as I once thought. Fans -- those bright, shining and ruggedly honest types -- now appear to be just a little tarnished in some respects. One might almost say that the bright dreamers of tomorrow are proving to be surprisingly conservative. Or that the brilliant weavers of words and the logical, philosophical non-conformists tend to conform too often, and come under the sway of emotional appeals all too easily.

Oh, not all the fans, or even most of them, but just enough to disturb me considerably and to make me want to do something to restore my more youthful imaginings. Then again I feel strange stirrings within me that mean I cannot permit incorrect interpretations of events to be perpetuated without making some effort to publicise the truth.

Crusades, anyone?

In the issues of CLAUSE and BLUNT that preceded this publication I had a few words to say about the anti-WSFS campaign being waged on two levels. The Falascas on the lower level have not, as yet, been heard from. I have had one report that the Falascas are nice people. That might well be true in every other respect but I don't consider the writers of the letter in FAN-AC 4 to be nice people by anyone's standards. However opinions are suspended while they make their minds up whether they are waging war on the Dietzes (as per the letter just mentioned) or whether they are really the best of friends (as per the Disclave). Right now your guess is as good as mine.

On a higher level one fan has attempted to justify the anti-WSFS campaign on the grounds that the society is bad because too much "power" is concentrated in New York. Unfortunately such "power" as there is in the WSFS is wielded by the yearly Convention Committee (can't you just see the gleam in the eyes of the mad dictator?). How unfortunate this is, when the Committee is run by a woman who is easily intimidated, will be shown shortly. In the meantime, would anyone care to advance another, more reasonable, line of argument?

All of which brings us to Mr David A Kyle. Fan.

I should choke on that last word. Better still, he should choke on it.

Kyle recently published a mess of lies and half-truths under the title "The Bell Tolls For Whom". That there are lies in this publication has been well proved in "The Cole Fax" through the reproduction of Kyle's own words, and I have no intention of repeating the proof here. Kyle also said things quite at odds to the statements I had made in a letter to "Metrofan" - and again without repeating in detail I merely wish to say that my letter contained the truth from the viewpoint of the London Committee - which committee should, after all, be more aware of what it was doing than anyone else.

We come now to recent correspondence regarding the amount of money owed by Kyle to the WSFS since the NYCon in 1956. It is this that proves that the "power" resides with the Chairwoman of the Convention Committee even when she is wrong. The letters are quoted in full even though I, also, am short of space, because the portions omitted by other people are extremely relevant.

LETTER FROM BELLE C DIETZ, DIRECTOR OF W.S.F.S. INC., TO INCHMERY FANDOM.

Dear Joy & Vinç and Sandy:

"A" This is a supplement to the enclosed tape. Here is a copy of the letter Anna Sinclare Moffatt so abruptly sent to George; his reply and my answer. We are kind of disgusted and dismayed at this sudden turn of events and we firmly believe our "friend" Kyle is bluffing. We'll keep trying though. Of course, if the South Gate people insist that we drop the action against Kyle for the NewYorCon moneys, even though we are at the point where we can collect the money by having the Sheriff sell some of his property, we will do it. After all, they are the current officers and we must obey their orders. Wish they would re-consider, though. If you think it will do any good, you might write them. Enough for now, I want to get the tape and all these letter enclosures ready for mailing.

LETTER FROM ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT, CHAIRWOMAN SOLACON COMMITTEE TO GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN, DATED MAY 17, 1958.

Dear George,

Affidavits before me oblige me to the conclusion that we, "the officers of the Society", cannot afford to undertake any actions that will leave the Society open to any damage suits. There just isn't enough money in the treasury to cover all contingencies, and I just don't feel that anyone or any organization should be a party to any action that they aren't equally prepared to win or lose.

Therefore, I direct you, as President to the Legal Officer, to vacate judgement on any cases now instituted in the name of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., and to refrain from instituting any further court actions in the name of the Society without specific directions from the officers of the Executive Committee in agreement to undertake such actions.

"B" I am informed by David Kyle that (it) is understood on his part that if satisfaction and withdrawal is accomplished it should be without prejudice to any claim the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. may have against him personally.
Sincerely,

"C" LETTER FROM GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN, LEGAL OFFICER WSFS INC. TO ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT, DATED MAY 22, 1958.

Dear Anna,

I am in receipt of your letter of May 17, 1958, which leaves me in some doubt as to exactly what you expect me to do. I also feel that there are certain facts which you should have in your possession before you make any decision that may adversely affect the Society.

First, let me recount the steps which have already been taken so that you may be correctly apprised of the present situation.

Pursuant to a request of the Recorder-Historian, I proceeded to attempt collection of the funds due from David A. Kyle to the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., which funds consisted of \$50 in petty cash received from the treasurer by checks (which cancelled checks are in the possession of the Recorder-Historian), \$10 petty cash taken from the registration desk cash box, (for which there is a signed receipt by David A. Kyle in the possession of the Recorder-Historian) and \$47.10 received as petty cash from Art Saha (the records of which are in his possession), in addition to checks for advertising in the Journals which were turned over to David A. Kyle by Lyn Carter.

My first step was to write him a letter setting forth that it would be necessary to institute suit against him unless he contacted me to make arrangements to pay whatever he owed the Society. I received no response to this letter. Thereupon a summons was served upon David A. Kyle by the Sheriff of St. Lawrence County in an action entitled "World Science Fiction Society, Inc. v. David A. Kyle", on the 4th day of February, 1958. The last day for David A. Kyle to answer the verified complaint was February 24, 1958. He failed to answer and was therefore in default.

Before filing papers in court, however, which I felt might cause David A. Kyle unnecessary embarrassment, I requested Mary Dziechowski, Dick Ellington and Jimmy Taurasi (who are personal friends of his) to contact him and to stress to him the urgency of contacting me to arrange to discuss the matter, so that it would not be necessary for me to file any papers in court. However, David A. Kyle ignored the requests of these three people and persisted in maintaining his silence.

It was therefore incumbent upon me to proceed to enter a default judgment, which judgment was entered on the 6th day of March, 1958. In order to give David A. Kyle additional time in which to contact me, I refrained from issuing execution to the Sheriff until March 11th. Not having heard from David A. Kyle, I proceeded to issue said execution. I also proceeded with supplementary proceedings against those banks and other institutions in which David A. Kyle might have had assets. These proceedings resulted in attaching an account containing \$22.

Thereafter, I received a call from Dave's brother, Arthur C. Kyle (Jr.) and I informed him that if Dave would sit down with me with his records, to discuss the matter, I would be willing to vacate the judgment against him, upon payment of the amount actually due, plus the necessary disbursements in the action (including Sheriff's fees). This, Arthur C. Kyle (Jr.) agreed, was fair and reasonable and he said that he would take the matter up with his brother, to try to arrange such a meeting.

I heard nothing further from him but did hear from a local attorney here in New York, to whom the matter had been forwarded. I gave him exactly the same information, re-iterated my offer and was informed that he would notify David A. Kyle of same and suggest that such a meeting could be held in his office, with him present, to which I readily agreed. I heard nothing further from this attorney.

At the Disclave, David A. Kyle circulated his "The Bell Tolls for Whom". In spite of any ill-will that I would have been entitled to have as a result of deliberate mis-statements in this publication, I felt it was incumbent upon me as Legal Officer of the Society to make every effort to adjust this matter amicably. I therefore approached David A. Kyle and asked him whether it would not be possible for us to sit down and discuss the matter to see if some settlement could be reached which both of us would agree was proper and fair. He told me that he did not have time because he was going to eat at that point and then would have to go see about making arrangements for his train home. However, I then suggested that he call me after he got home, in order to make an appointment for such a meeting. I was left with the impression by him that he would do so.

The next word I received was a phone call from Franklin M. Dietz Jr., our Recorder Historian, informing me that he had been served with a summons in an action entitled "Supreme Court of the State of New York, County of Sullivan, David A. Kyle v. George Nims Raybin and Franklin M. Dietz Jr.", which summons indicated that this was an "Action for Conspiracy". In this action I have not yet been personally served. However, in order to bring the matter to a conclu-

sion as quickly as possible, I have already put in a Notice of Appearance from myself as well as for Frank, obviating the necessity of serving me personally. I am now awaiting a copy of the Complaint. Until I get such a copy, I cannot possibly tell you what the substance of his claim is, except of course to assure you that at no time have Frank and I conspired to do anything. All of our actions have been done as officers of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. and have all been proper and ethical. /letter.

This is the present situation as it existed prior to the receipt of your letter. I would like to point out to you that David A. Kyle has not moved to open his default and to set aside the judgment rendered against him. Until he does so, and unless the Court grants such a motion, the judgment herein is a valid one and cannot be collaterally attacked. I do not, of course, know what affidavits have been submitted to you, but I can assure you that the Society is in no danger of a suit for damages for having secured a valid judgment. I also wish to advise you that if I stipulate to vacate the judgment herein, the Society will be liable for the disbursements and for the fees of the Sheriff, which may exceed the sum of \$50. Are you prepared to obligate the Society for this money by directing me to vacate the judgment herein?

Ordinarily, these fees are collected by the Sheriff from the debtor in addition to the amount sued for. It is also true, depending of course on the contents of the Complaint against Frank and myself in the "Conspiracy Action" that this valid existing judgment may be available to us in defense of said action. Since we are being sued for action taken as Society officers, do you feel that it is proper for us to surrender what may well end up being a very important part of our defense, solely because you have been threatened, in my opinion, with an unfounded action?

I would like to point out that the members of the Board of Directors and the members of the Advisory Council have been informed of all developments and those of them who have contacted Frank have indicated their approval of his action. In view of the fact that this is a matter which transcends a single convention and is one which is more of interest to the continuing Society, may I respectfully suggest that before you obligate the Society by directing me to vacate the judgment against David A. Kyle, that you poll the members of the Board of Directors and the members of the Advisory Council to determine their view on this, a very important precedent.

You must, of course, realize that if you permit yourselves to be frightened by a threat of an unfounded action from collecting that which is properly due the Society under a valid judgment, you may be setting a precedent which would prevent future conventions from recovering sums due them.

Of course, in the action taken against Frank and myself, I will proceed to defend same as vigorously as possible. However, with regard to the judgment against David A. Kyle, I have written to the Sheriff to inform him to take no further action in this matter until he hears further from me and I will take no further action with regard thereto until I hear from you.

May I also request that you send me copies of the affidavits referred to in your letter of May 17th, which I assume you have received from David A. Kyle or his father, Arthur C. Kyle (Sr.). May I also respectfully suggest that if you or another member of the Committee has a friend who is an attorney, that you show him this letter as well as any affidavits that you may have received from the Kyle family in order to get his advice before proceeding further.

I will, of course, abide by any final decision that you reach.

Sincerely yours,

"D" LETTER FROM BELLE C. DIETZ, DIRECTOR WSFS INC., TO ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT,
DATED MAY 23, 1958.

My dear Anna:

I have in my hands a copy of your letter of May 17, 1958 to George and a copy of his reply. I wish, in view of the contents of these letters, to make my feelings clear in this matter, as a member of the Board of Directors of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

It is my opinion that we should not allow David A. Kyle to escape payment of his rightful debt to the World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

If Dave Kyle had a good defense to the action of the W.S.F.S. Inc. against him, he could have, prior to the entry of judgment, appeared in the action and made an answer. Even now, if he wishes, he can make a motion in court to set aside the judgment so that he can put in his answer. The Courts lean over backwards to let a man have his day in Court.

However, in order to sustain such a motion to set aside the judgment, he must show to the Court that he has a good defense. In this case, he would have to show that he does not owe the money. Otherwise the Courts will not set aside the judgment simply to delay matters. The very fact that Dave Kyle has not made such a motion to the Court indicates to me that he has no good defense to the action and would not be able to win a motion to set aside the judgment.

The two telephone calls from his brother and from the local attorney were an attempt to get George to consent to settling the judgment aside, thus making it unnecessary for him to prove that he has a good defense.

Now, he is trying again by threats and subterfuge to get the Convention Committee to instruct George to do what he himself has not been able to do because of lack of merit. This, I feel, he should not be allowed to do.

David A. Kyle is, in effect, thumbing his nose at the Society. We have a good judgment against him, and the normal, ordinary thing to do would be to make some arrangement with the Legal Officer to pay it or to discuss it. What Dave Kyle is actually doing is trying to bluff his way out of the spot he is in and, in effect, saying that he will not pay the money he owes and if we continue to insist that he must, he will make trouble for us all.

Well, Anna, I have been working as a legal secretary for over ten years. I have seen many situations of this type and I do not scare easily. I don't think Kyle has a case, either against the Society, or against my husband and George for "conspiracy". It is my opinion that his attitude is mostly bluff and very little fact or defense.

Furthermore, the law does not move as quickly as it appears on the surface and any action instituted by Dave Kyle against the W.A.F.S. for so-called "damages" (as implied in your letter to George of May 17) would take a very long time to carry on, be very expensive to Dave Kyle and would necessitate his proving that he has a good case which I firmly believe he does not have. He has suffered no "damages" as a result of the Society's action and no Court on earth would say that he has, merely because he was sued for money he actually owed and allowed a judgment to be taken against him without raising one little finger to stop it or to defend himself.

In the fannish viewpoint, though, the entire purpose of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. is to protect the fans, their money and the Convention Committee. The funds which were issued to Dave Kyle as petty cash were membership moneys, collected at the NewYorCon and actually belong to fandom and to the W.S.F.S. Is Dave Kyle going to be allowed to get away with not repaying the fans' money?

I would answer this question with an emphatic NO and I believe that most

fans would feel the same way. We cannot allow Dave Kyle or any other person to thumb his nose at us or frighten us into allowing him to not pay back any money which belongs to the fans and to their Society. I say we tell Kyle that he owes money and to pay it.

If he should institute any suit against the Society, we should instruct George to fight it tooth and nail, because in my opinion Dave Kyle cannot win any such action.

I therefore wish to cast my vote as a member of the Board of Directors, very strongly, that George should not be instructed to vacate the judgment but to continue with its collection and that Dave A. Kyle should be made to pay back this money.

With best personal regards to you and Len, I am, sincerely yours,

NOTE FROM BELLE DIETZ TO INCHMERY FANDOM:

Dear J, I decided to put these letters in at the last moment. Don't let them frighten you - they sound very legal - but say absolutely nothing - most notably, they don't say he doesn't owe the money. He is just threatening them with a suit for damages if they don't agree to force George to set aside the Society's perfectly good, collectible, and valid, judgment against him.

"E" LETTER FROM ANNA TO GEORGE, DATED MAY 26, 1958

Dear George,

It seems to me the question that affects me among all these counter charges is "Am I going to succeed in putting on a convention without our funds being indangered?" If I ere it is certainly going to be on the side of caution!

If the Recorder-Historian and Legal Officer have the authority in the Society to initiate action without specific direction from the Chairwoman then your position entitles you to ignore my orders to desist. If you did not have the authority to so act then our funds aren't liable for any depts engendered by the action.

My last letter of instruction was approved unanimously at our last committee meeting. Are we in charge of the Society? If not, the board of directors should be responsible.

They have all recieved photo copies of the last letter. I hope we may get some responce from them.

The Solacon committee has first & foremost a convention to put on.

We don't want a fight over anything with anyone.

AFFIDAVIT DATED MAY 13, 1958, ADDRESSED TO ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT, CHAIRMAN.

It is my claim that the judgment of approximately \$276.05, entered against me in the name of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. by George Nims Raybin as attorney and verified by Franklin M. Dietz Jr., was obtained without due authority.

"F" This outrageous, unauthorized and illegal action has resulted in considerable past, present and continuing damage to me personally and I have requested that the entire proceedings in connection with said judgment be withdrawn and the judgment cancelled of record in order to protect the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., from any personal action for damages while reserving action against Raybin and Dietz personally.

It is understood and agreed on my part that if satisfaction and withdrawal is accomplished it shall be without prejudice to any claim that the World Science

Fiction Society, Inc., may have against me personally.
signed... David A. Kyle
witnessed Ruth E. Kyle

LETTER FROM ARTHUR C. KYLE (presumably Sr.) DATED MAY 15, 1958 TO ANNA SINCLARE MOFFATT ON BEHALF OF DAVID A. KYLE.

MADAM:

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE, that the undersigned, as attorney for David A. Kyle, is addressing you as the chief authoritative executive officer of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

"G" Demand is hereby made that the judgement, amounting to approximately \$250.00 in favor of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc. against David A. Kyle and initiated and entered without due authority of the said Society be cancelled and satisfied forthwith, and that all proceedings thereunder be withdrawn.

The entry of said judgment by George Nims Raybin, as attorney, and Franklin M. Dietz Jr., acting for the said Society was outrageous, unfounded and unauthorized, resulting in past, present and continuing undetermined damage to my client.

Dated: May 15, 1958
Monticello, New York.

Yours very truly,
Arthur C. Kyle.

Not very pretty is it?

Will everyone please note the statement at "A".

Statement "B" means in effect that if recognition is taken of Kyle's threats and the claim of the WSFS Inc on him personally is dropped then it will be without prejudice to the claim of the WSFS Inc on him personally. Anna Moffatt should have her head examined.

George Raybin's letter at "C" shows the extent to which he has gone in an attempt to settle the outstanding debt without trouble. The truth of this is verified by the friends of Kyle who were involved. What hasn't been mentioned until now is that independant lawyers have stated that Kyle's action might be considered embezzlement and in this case his refusal to give up the records of the NYCon could be a criminal act to be put before the District Attorney instead of a civil court. Raybin knew this but wouldn't go so far in an action against a fellow fan no matter how right he would have been legally. He considered it simply wasn't the thing to do.

Belle's letter at "D" echoes the feelings of Inchmery Fandom -- in case you were wondering. Anna Moffatt's letter at "E" is strictly sic.

The statements at "F" and "G" are ridiculous. Raybin's action as the Legal Officer of the WSFS Inc was perfectly correct and justified. Authority is held in the files. Letters received from the only three Directors who ever contacted Raybin on this question all approve the principle of suing for money owed to the society. Then again this particular debt dates to the NYCon, and action to sue was approved by a number of the London Committee members during their term of office. Unfortunately the present committee hasn't seen fit to continue with the action.

You might also like to note that nowhere in all this mess of legal looking material does Kyle state he doesn't owe the money. He couldn't do without perjuring himself.

However, Anna Moffatt is the chairwoman wielding the power, remember? She informed George that her decision stood and he therefore vacated the judgment. Kyle pulled a terrific bluff on the Solacon Committee and he won. At least he bluffed Anna. Just how much information she released to the rest of the committee when obtaining her unanimous decision (and therefore just how much they are to blame for being fooled) is a question about which I feel considerable doubt. Is this goodbye to the money? What a precedent to set!

So here we are once again with a bunch of people who are trying to help fans being jumped on from all angles. When someone comes along who is willing to do a bit of work they find they aren't wanted, or they are accused of trying to take over fandom, or they are said to be a bunch of crooks. The joker is that these 'seekers after fannish glory' would have been steadily and efficiently working away now, happy with the minimum recognition for what they were doing, if it hadn't been for a few seekers after fannish glory jumping on their hind legs and yelling that those doing the work were 'seekers after fannish glory'. I guess if a thing like that is shouted often enough and loud enough people get to believe it. God, it makes me sick.

In "The Bell Tolls For Whom" Kyle made some reference to an "ebullient minority". (We didn't receive a copy of the publication from Kyle, incidentally). The dictionary definition of 'ebullient' is such that I wouldn't dream of challenging it, but 'minority' is something else again. Numerically three out of any group larger than six constitutes a minority. On the other hand if one is to judge by the volume of fanactivity indulged in by this particular minority then I believe the word becomes slightly more than a little ridiculous. Unfortunately I'm beginning to wonder if Kyle might not have been right in using this word. I know there are people who talk about the typical British sense of fair play and justice but until now I have tried not to be insular about it.

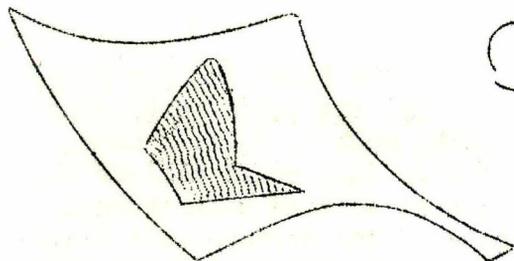
Kyle is now planning to drop even lower. A friend of his who considers he is going too far this time, has passed out some information regarding an attempt to ruin Raybin's livelihood. That this should be done by one fan to another is revolting. I think that Dick Ellington should try to convince Kyle that for him to continue with the idea expressed in a recent letter to him would only earn Kyle the intense dislike of all fandom for the principles involved, regardless of the people concerned.

Further principles are involved in the matter of the threats against the editor of Metrofan. Possibly I'm being a little naive about this but I have always believed that the freedom of the fanpress is one of the basic rights of fandom. Answer an attacking article in another fanzine but don't go outside in order to combat what has been said.

If Kyle is fool enough to stand for re-election to the WSFS at the Solacon I hope everyone present will vote against him. I also hope everyone will help to ensure the continuation of the society in order to prevent such incidents in future going undetected. I understand Kyle is supposed to be coming to England for a year. I don't think this is desirable. If he does come I know at least one person who has been a friend until these recent events who would appreciate notice of his date of arrival so as to arrange to be out of town.

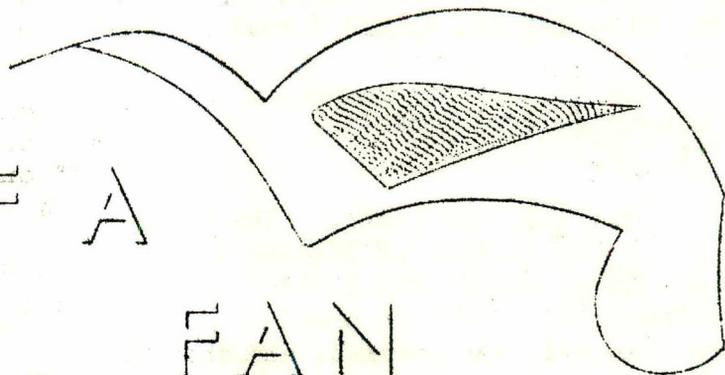
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PORTRAIT



OF A

FAN



In my column in Ploy (13), I described the activities of a **rather** sneaky postal joker with a warped and twisted mind who thought it funny to answer advertisements in my name. This peculiar creature started his operations at Kettering over the Easter weekend, 1958, shortly after a previous column of mine had appeared in Ploy (11) in which I took Eric Bentcliffe to task for some of his shortcomings. There is a possibility (no matter how remote) that these events are not connected. I prefer to think otherwise. I called the joker Yngvi because he, also, is a louse.

I am now in a position to add a little more detail to the picture of Yngvi & if you care to read on you will discover what type of person this 'fan' is.

Yngvi is a louse.

Yngvi is a cowardly louse.

At least, that is my opinion of someone who found it necessary to shelter behind the fifty-odd fans at Kettering.

Yngvi is a foolish, cowardly louse.

He knows me well enough to use names such as Joan Carr and H.P. Sandersod when completing the forms, but not well enough to realise that I would investigate the matter right to the end of every avenue he left me.

Yngvi is a somewhat queerly-sexed, foolish, cowardly louse.

Most of the forms, about 90%, were completed in the names of 'Miss' H.P: 'Mrs' H.P: or Joan Carr. There was one 'Henrietta'. This indicates to me that the joker is more than likely a trifle unbalanced on the matter of sex. It also leaves me feeling slightly sick.

Yngvi is a very stupid, queerly-sexed, foolish, cowardly louse.

Over Whit weekend, seven weeks after Easter and several weeks before Ploy (13) was published giving the story of his earlier exploits, Yngvi started all over again and this time he took a very un-funny joke much too far. To begin with, the pattern was the same as at Easter. Advertising leaflets from dozens of companies were delivered in each day's mail. This was followed-up by representatives from

half-a-dozen insurance companies calling at 'my' request -- and their expense. At one time they had almost formed a queue.

British Railways answered 'my' query with a group of maps and similar stuff. Linguaphone sent booklets. About another dozen companies were cheated out of time and money.

Then came the books. The Companion Book Club sent "The Heart has its Reasons" by the Duchess of Windsor as the first choice for 'my' six-month membership. Very funny, ha-ha, but I didn't want to spend £2 on books such as this. George Newnes sent a form to complete for further details before they could deliver the two books 'I' had ordered, and then the next day they sent a third book through the post Cash on Delivery. I had great fun explaining to the postman just exactly why I didn't intend to pay £1.13.6, and I hope he takes up the various suggestions I made with the appropriate authorities.

By this time, you will no doubt have gathered that I don't much care for Yngvi. Do you? In the past fans have had their differences. They are having them now and as far as I can see they will have them in the future. Fans are such independent-type creatures that to get them to agree on anything is almost a minor miracle. But this is the first time I've ever come across a real 100% louse in fandom.

Any fans are perfectly entitled to hold any opinions they like about me and to voice them either verbally or in fanzine articles. If I agree with them I'll probably say so and if I don't agree with them I'll almost certainly say so - loud and often. (Unless I consider the point in question isn't worth wasting time on.) But I have never yet sunk so low as to make anonymous attacks on any one and I have never played such dirty tricks as Yngvi is playing. It is my belief that the majority of fans are almost painfully 'above-board'. Fandom has been claimed so often to be a place for freedom - freedom of expression, freedom of belief - that to discover someone like Yngvi buried right down here in the middle of us is enough to turn anyone's stomach.

Naturally, all the books that I received were returned to their rightful owners and 'my' membership of various groups cancelled. I also phoned each of the companies concerned and asked them to send me the cards and forms they had received in my name. Most of them did so and the postmarks have proved to be quite illuminating.

A large collection of these cards can be seen by any visitor to Inchmery, together with appropriate samples of handwriting.

Are you still wondering why I should call Yngvi very stupid? Well, for one thing, both the cards sent to George Newnes Ltd. have, in addition to the hand-printed name and address, a signature purporting to be mine.

I believe this is called forgery?

Another example of stupidity lies in the postmarks themselves:- Broughton, Stockbridge, Hants; Marlborough, Wilts; Wootton Bassett, Swindon, Wilts. These form a line down to Southampton and were all posted on 24th May, 1958. Did Yngvi go away for a holiday over White - or did he have some friend or friends going on

holiday? Where did he or they come from on the way to Southampton? But don't waste time looking at maps.

You see, Yngvi is really stupid because he never realised the significance of a code number on one of the cards he filled in for me. I quote from a letter from "The Western Provident Association" dated 30th May:

"I enclose the card we received asking for information to be sent to you about the Association. You will notice that it was posted in Marlborough, Wiltshire, on the 24th May, 1958.

The reference number on the card indicates that it was issued by our representative in the Cheltenham area"

You know, I seriously believe that Eric Bentcliffe should be even more interested in seeing this silly nonsense brought to an end than I am. Regardless of Yngvi's original intention, it can't be doing Bentcliffe a great deal of good.

Come to think of it, when one considers the various aspects of the situation and the interconnectivity of the parts, it can hardly be doing the British Science Fiction Association much good, either.



"The one big difference between British fandom and American is that in our British fandom honesty integrity and an absence of petty argument stands out above all else!"

Atom

FREE ADVERTISEMENT

BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOC.

If you have not yet heard about this then get in touch with one of the officers immediately

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Stockport. Cheshire.

Library Service:

Basement,
130, London Road,
CHELTENHAM. Glos.

INCHMERY FAN DIARY JUNE

Vinç Clarke in and out of hospital for a minor operation - wish I'd been able to get a copy of 'Gut Bucket Blues' to play on his return to Inchmery.

Julie Jardine arrived here from the LASFS area, USA, to stay for a year. Her only contact was Vinç whose address she'd been given by George Fields. We took her under our wing and introduced her at the Globe where she was immediately involved in an argument about cricket between Bobbie Wild and myself. Makes a change from baseball. On a later visit Julie's aunt spent most of her time at the bar with Sandfield while Julie talked with us about LASFS and showed photos. Funny thing was that the week after Sandfield asked me Julie's name and then inserted it in the middle of an article he had in his pocket. Don't know which fanzine he's writing for but it would be interesting to see how he places himself in his articles. (He asked me for a lot of information on the BSFA some time ago. Haven't seen this article yet but I wouldn't want anyone to be fooled into thinking he knows about these things by being there).

4th. OMPA mailing turned up and read through rapidly.

6th. FANAC 13; RUR 13; LE ZOMBIE 65. The second two come attached to the first from Carr & Ellik, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Six for 25¢ or for 2/- from Archie Mercer. Available for comment if you comment often enough. A news zine you can't afford to do without. This issue has an advance review of 'Fandom's Burden' which wasn't out at the time. What's the matter boys, can't wait? In RUR Mrs Carr has two letters showing why those with an ounce of original thought are Communists because they don't always believe everything the Government tells them to believe. Good answers by Rike. LEZ is all good Tucker.

7th. SATELLITE 7. Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co Durham. 1/- or 3 for 2/6. First issue since Don's return to civilian life. You should get this one. Comparison of four copies showed the second cover different in each case - God only knows how many stencils and illos he used for this. Mercer has an article on Inchmery Fandom that curled us up and made Joy give Vinç instructions he wasn't to read it until his stomach had mended properly. We hope fans will believe Archie was exaggerating.....

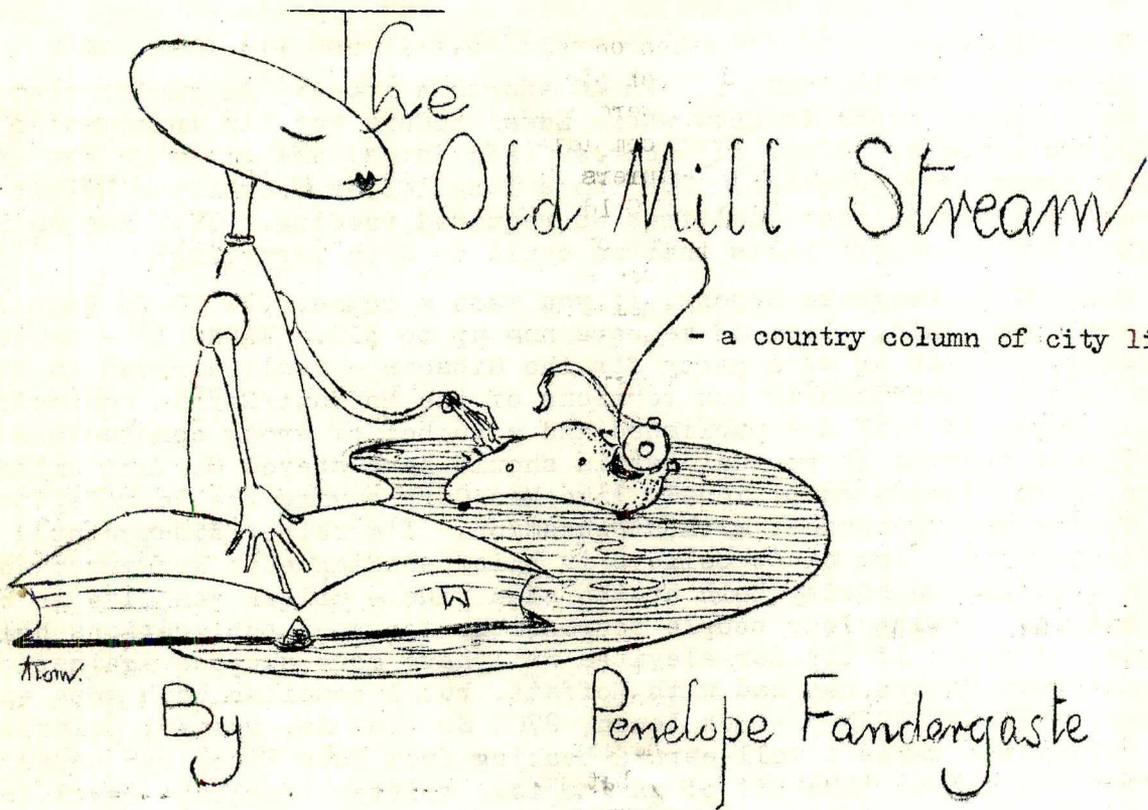
8th. Visit from ATOM and wife Olive - just in time to illustrate Ape.

13th. THE COLE FAX 1. Wally Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn 30, N.Y. 15¢ or 6 for 75¢. A very promising newcomer. It is essential that you get this in order to balance the yapping from other quarters on the Kyle fracas. A very reasonable article from Wally on the subject and two photo pages convicting Kyle as a liar with his own words.

14th. NUFU 8. Rosenblum and Bennett, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7. 9d. A more literary fanzine than the normal run these days and well worth getting. POT POURRI 1 - John Berry's SAPSzine of limited circulation. Good. We went to see 'Gunfight at OK Corral' - Lancaster and Douglas must have really enjoyed making this. We must have been psychic - two days later Belle Dietz sent the issue of MAD containing the take-off of this picture.

16th. Tape from Bob Pavlat adding yet another fannish voice to the collection. Tape exchanges between fans should be encouraged even more.

- 17th. Finally got my new typewriter, this one, an Olympia De Luxe. Tabs & half-spacing. !*23"/@&_'()1/4=+\$c#*1/2%,?.;: and all like that.
- 18th. FANAC 14; RUR 14; THIS 1. FANAC sports a cover. An inside note says Kyle senior wants to know where Edsel McCune got his information for the Metrofan article. Since all sources (and dates) are given in the article this is a rhetorical question. RUR has a long letter from Fritz Leiber on the 'beat' generation that qualifies as required reading. THIS has an item on a price war in record sales that we could do with importing!
- 19th. SOLACON 3. Progress Report. If you were a member (\$1.00 to Rick Sneary) you'd get this. List of members now up to 310. FANAC 15 - on its own for a change. Write up of a party for the Gibsons - newly arrived on the Pacific Coast. Considerably cut versions of the Moffatt/Raybin correspondence (see this issue of Apē) are published and a number of wrong conclusions drawn. Main argument appears to be that Raybin should have obeyed Moffatt without question, which sounds suspiciously like Mrs Carr saying the Berkeleyites should follow the Government without question. I'm rather disappointed in these about-faces. You can't believe in blind obedience to Authority and the right to question Authority both at the same time - unless you live in Berkeley, that is. Having four people responsible for your publications helps, I suppose. I doubt if the Berkeleyites will have more success against the Government than Raybin has had with Moffatt, but I consider both were entitled to try. VINEGAR WORM 3 - Bob Leman, 2701 So Vine St, Denver, Colorado. Free. Television takes a well-earned beating from Bobs Bloch and Leman and the latter has a good take-off of an American written 'English' novel in retaliation for English written 'American' novels. Strongly recommended. GROUND ZERO 2 - Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, N.Y. Apt 4c. 15¢ or 10 for \$1.00, or from this address. Interesting news about various events in the States including 7 different conventions. A good clear account of the WSFS byelaws is given and should help to disperse the misunderstanding on this - but knowing the ability of some people to misunderstand-and-to-hell-with-logic I'm not so sure. Short piece on humour and the first of a regular series of columns by Inchmery Fandom given over (this time) to the formation of the British Science Fiction Association. Strongly recommended. Went to see Citizen Kane before going to the Globe. After twenty years it is still a great film and one can appreciate how revolutionary it must have been on its first release.
- 20th. STUPEFYING STORIES 34 - letter substitute from Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia. An account of a crowded weekend - exams, Disclave and FAPA mailing. Reviews of 'And God Created Woman', 'Rodan', and 'Paths of Glory', all well done. Fanzine reviews and a letter column fill up the rest of the Good Thing.
- 21st. News clipping follow up to Joy's piece on 'Hidden Persuaders' - Subliminal advertising banned for the 308 TV Stations and 3 major networks which subscribe to the U.S. television code. Packard lands in London for a holiday on the proceeds of his book.
- 23rd. Tape from Bentcliffe and Jeeves - both have been down with tonsillitis - which is not nice. Terry was still flat on his back when recording. Letter from John Brunner - getting married July 12th dammit. We don't get back from a fortnight's holiday in Belfast until the 13th. There are two fanzine collections at this address - do keep it in mind won't you? SANDY.



A heavy, black cloud draws across the sun. It starts to rain. Lunchtime shoppers duck hurriedly into shop doorways or coffee bars. Up go the umbrellas, and on go the pocket macintoshes. A passing car corners narrowly and zips through a kerbside puddle, sending a spray of angry rainwater across newly-shone leather shoes. An icy wetness invades the sanctum behind the collar. Clicking heels splash their way into the beginning of another English summer and a new column.

For some vague reason I still don't fully comprehend, this should be a column for a new fanzine venture of that eminent member of three or four different areas of fandom, H.P. "Sandy" Sanderson. With Sandy's permission, I would prefer that I remain concealed behind the transparent cloak of "Penelope Fandergaste". There is no advantage in choosing this name, of course. One pseudonym is as good as another. If it comes to that, why employ a pseudonym at all?

If this column sees print and reaches any possible future instalment, it is very likely that I might try to pass snide remarks at various science fiction fans....

There is also a less important reason. I have in the past contributed to another fanzine and I should like to attempt something a little different from that which one or two fans might expect from me. Under my own name this would not be wholly possible. Am I forgiven?

---oOo---

At the World Convention in London last September, Norman Shorrocks, a Liverpool Programme Committee member, was talking about his hobby of collecting cigarette cards. Without doubt, this is a hobby which is a Fandom in itself.

Before the war, when restrictions on paper usage came into force, packets of cigarettes contained a small card which pictured and captioned some interesting item. These cards ran in series, and cards were collected enthusiastically, duplicates being exchanged rigorously. When a complete series had been accumulated, one could apply to the cigarette manufacturers for an album in which to place them. W.D. & H.O. Wills, the manufacturers of Gold Flake and Capstan had a standard album into which could be slotted their cards on "Garden Flowers" and "Household Hints" so that the picture could be seen on one side of the page and the inscription read on the other. A note on the cards themselves states that these albums could be obtained for one penny each, which was good enough value, certainly.

Wills also published series on "Railway Equipment" and "Speed", for these standard albums, and issued illustrated albums for certain adhesive cards. Number fifteen of a series of fifty "Railway Equipment" cards showed "How an Escalator Works", and is of special interest in stating, "Escalators are rapidly replacing lifts in the busiest underground stations." The "Speed" series carried attractively coloured pictures of ships, planes, cars, buses, trains and motorcycles.

The ships included striking pictures of The Normandie, The Queen Mary, The Admiral Graf Speed, and H.M.S. Hood. A motor torpedo boat and the submarine, H.M.S. Thames were also included. Sir Malcolm Campbell's boat, Bluebird, is depicted as were Captain Eyston's two racing cars, Speed of the Wind & Flying Spray.

In the locomotives included in the series, pride of place was taken by the new L.M.S.R. express, Coronation Scot, but interest was shown in the rapidly developing diesels used in America (The Denver Zephyr) and on the Continent.

Aeroplanes included in the series were the Italian Savoia-Marchetti S-79, the German Heinkel He.111 and American Boeing B-17 Bombers, and the German Messerschmitt Bf.109 and British Hawker Hurricane and Supermarine Spitfire Fighters.

Albums for the adhesive cards also cost a penny each, but were different for each series. Each had a numbered frame provided for every card, rather like a do-it-yourself painting. The albums were attractively designed, spacious and well laid out, and each frame duplicated the 'blurb' on the reverse side of the picture card, so that nothing was lost (rather the opposite in fact) when the card was stuck down in its specially prepared resting place. Wills' series of adhesive cards included such titles as "Air Raid Precautions", "The Sea-Shore", "Association Footballers", and "Life in the Royal Navy". The footballers series included such well known names as Ken Willingham of Huddersfield, Berry Nieuwenhuys of Liverpool (honest, Mr. Rotsler, honest!), and Alec McSpadyen of Patrick Thistle. There were also the various unknowns too, names which pass in the night, such men as Tommy Lawton, Raich Carter, Stan Cullis and Peter Doherty, all of whom are still actively associated with the game as club managers, and card thirty-four shows a youngster called Stanley Matthews, who is described as "A wizard in the art of ball control." For the American readership of this column, it appears only fair to explain that Matthews is, at forty-three years of age, still playing first-class football, and is still the draw, the "crowd puller" he was twenty years ago. Picture seventeen in the "Royal Navy" series shows crew loading guns on the H.M.S. Hood and lists vital statistics. A good wartime security measure.

Each of these cards, adhesive or otherwise measures 3.6 x 6.8 cm., though Wills also issued an occasional 'special' series of cards on topics such as old English inns, which measured 6.2 x 7.9 cm.

John Players' cigarette cards were the same size as the standard Wills cards and adhesive too, but were backed by a stiffer gum. There was a series on the history of "Cycling", and one on "International Air Liners". Another series on aeroplanes was titled "Aircraft of the Royal Air Force", and it probably sold like hot cakes in German. Other series were of such varied titles as "National Arms and Flags", "Animals of the Countryside", and "Uniforms of the Territorial Army". This last named series was remarkably well presented. Each card depicted a soldier in his regiment's colourful ceremonial dress. In the background stood an excellent reproduction of a building associated with the regiment. For example, the background to a card depicting the uniform of the 28th (County of London) Bn., The London Regiment (Artists Rifles) 1914 is of the Town Hall, St. Omer, whilst the St. George's Hall in Liverpool is the background to a card devoted to the 6th (Rifle) Bn., The King's (Liverpool Regiment) 1909.

W.A. & A.C. Churchman and Godfrey Phillips Ltd., also issued cigarette cards in this standard size, but their cards were non-adhesive and the penny albums which could be obtained to accommodate the cards were of the slip-in variety. The Churchman series were usually the "leavings" after Wills, Players and Senior Service had snapped up the more appealing subjects. Typical Churchman titles were "Well Known Ties", and "Howlers", a series which must have sold more Players, Gold Flake, Capstan and Senior Service than any other cigarette card. Churchmans did occasionally produce a popular card however, as is proved by titles such as "Treasure Trove", "Legends of Britain", and "In Town Tonight". The celebrity series "In Town Tonight" concentrated on local London Names like Rem, the St. Martin's-in-the-Fields pavement artist, Ruston and Steel, the East End Public House Entertainers and the Pearly King and Queen of Blackfriars.

The Godfrey Phillips cards were never so popular, in proportion I suppose, to the popularity of the Phillips cigarettes. Flicking hurriedly through series such as "Famous Minors", and "This Mechanized Age", we come to "Film Favourites", a series which contains what must rank as my favourite individual card. I quote from card number six, depicting the Radio Pictures star, Wynne Gibson. "In 'Emergency Call' she has the opportunity of playing the sweet young thing she actually is."

---oOo---

In America, book lovers who can't afford the classics they would like to see lining their book-shelves can now buy realistic false fronts bearing all their favourite titles. It would no doubt be a devastating ploy to put one of these false boards in front of the actual books and then channel an unwanted gate-crasher into taking the front out of the book case, ostensibly to prove to everyone what a crass fake you are.

There is also a deadpan series which sports the following titles:

Through the Nasal Passage, with Gun and Camera.
Tom Swift and his Electrical Grandmother.
100 Ways to Cheat at Polo.
Social Amenities of the Mau Mau.
Bobbie; the tender story of a boy and his giant squid.
Raising Children, for Fun and Profit.
So you want to Build a Swamp.
Embalming Can Be Fun.
Brain Surgery, self-taught.
101 Things a Boy Can Make With Human Skin.

---oOo---

We were in the lounge bar of the "Pig and Puddin'" the other Tuesday evening, celebrating our darts win over those rowdy Great Melton drunkards, when Mary, the baker's daughter, came in with a stranger. We knew he was a stranger of course. We know everyone in the village. Besides, he was wearing Army uniform. We watched him hold the inner door open for Mary and escort her over to the corner table which no one has used since Old Bill Jorkins had his turn there. He seemed a quiet enough young lad who probably had to open his eyes and use them when he was shaving of a morning. If he shaved at all, that is.

He stepped up to the bar and asked Jed for a whiskey and a gin and orange. We hadn't known Mary was going in for these aristocratic drinks and besides everyone at the old Pig always sticks solidly to bitter. Yes, this stranger looked like being an interesting novelty. As he was paying for the drinks, Matthew Slater, who's always had a quick eye for a well stuffed wallet, moved in next to him and opened his big mouth. "That's not an English uniform, is it?" he asked.

"No, it's the uniform of the American Army Air Force," said the stranger, talking like someone out of those moving picture shows, 'Strategic Air Command'. He carried the drinks over to the table where Mary was sitting, and came back for his change. Jed was quick to see that he pocketed it without checking it over.

"And how do you like it here in England?" Matthew asked him.

"It's O.K., I guess. A little quieter than New York, but you get used to it".

"Yes, it's the first ten years which are the worst," said Matthew, buttering up agreeably.

"Say, will you join me?" asked the Yank, uttering Matthew's favourite phrase.

"I'll have a bitter, thanks," Matthew said, nodding to Jed to make it a pint. He looked round obviously at the rest of us.

The soldier took the hint. "How about your friends? Will you guys join me?"

We said thank you, and we'll have the same if it's all right with you. All except Fred Murgatroyd, the darts team captain, who said no thanks straight out.

"Aw, come one," said the soldier. "Let's not stand on ceremony."

"Look, mate," Fred told him, "You splash your money around and impress your girl. But don't condescend to buy me a drink."

"Say, what is this? What's eating you? Did I say something wrong maybe?"

"Don't you listen to Fred," Matthew told him. "Drink up and never mind now."

"Yes, you drink up like a good boy," said Fred.

"Look, mister," said the Yank. "I don't know who you are, but I'm surprised your mom never told you it was rude to talk that way to someone who offered you a drink."

"Well said, youngster," I said. "Don't take notice of Fred here. He's been against you Americans ever since one ran off with his girl during the war."

"Well, wouldn't you be sore?" muttered Fred. "I was as good as he was if not better, with his smarmy ways. He just had more money, that's all."

"That wasn't his fault," said the Yank. "And it isn't mine either."

"No, that's true, I suppose," Fred admitted. "But do you have to splash it around? Hell, why don't you all go home where you belong to Yankieland, instead of

treating us like we was them wogs in India or somewhere.?"

"He's been reading Gemzine," I explained. "There was a letter in the last issue from a Hoddesdon fan called Alan Dodd. He pointed out that there some people over here who liken the Americans to an Army of Occupation. Fred is one of those people."

"That's right," Fred said. "It's bad enough you Yanks getting all that money, but now you've started flying hydrogen bombs around it's even worse, and there's been some talk of opening up rocket bases for you Yanks up in Yorkshire. That's going to please everyone."

"Say, let's forget this money business," said the Yank. "I can't help what they pay me. It's a standard wage, and I earn it, I assure you."

"And what about these bloody hydrogen bombs?" Fred asked.

"Why, that's for your own good," the American told us. "We of the Strategic Air Command are responsible for defending you in case of a Commie attack, and it's as well to be ready. If a Commie plane came over, we'd be able to blast those Reds right out of existence with those planes that are flying over here. Heck, don't you people know what's good for you? It's all very well bitching about becoming an American satellite but would you prefer to risk becoming another Hungary or Poland for the Russians to gobble?"

"Y'know, that was just the point G.M.Carr made," I said.

"And isn't it true?" the Yank asked.

"Not for me it isn't," said Fred. "I don't see why it has to be one thing or another. Who said it must be the Yanks or the Ruskies? Why can't we just be left alone? If the Russians and you Yanks want to play damn silly games, then go ahead, but why bring us into it? And who asked us anyway? Were we given the choice? Did anyone say 'which do you prefer?' You bet they didn't."

And you must admit, Fred has a point there.

---oOo---

If you're a little tired of watching television and would like to do a spot of reading, you might try a book called "Daughter Fair," by one Peter Graaf. This is a story about an American private eye who lives and works in London, Joe Dust, and I can't help feeling that even those among you who normally don't like detective stories will go overboard for this.

This is the second Dust novel, the first being "Dust and The Curious Boy," in which Dust runs around like a ham-fisted scalded hen trying to trace an ex-G.I.'s long lost son. It was notable for its fast pace, its hard-boiled dialogue and complete lack of logical progression in plotting. It was worth reading, however, if only to see what a science fiction author could manage in the detective field, for Peter Graaf turns out to be our old friend Sam Youd, who is now looking into the intricacies of hotel management in Switzerland.

Before you get the idea fixed in your noodle that Sam is out of his depth writing about murders and beatings up and murders and beatings up and..... before you get that idea, let me hasten to add that both these books are extremely readable. They are definitely of the type which demand an effort on part of the reader to put them down. The action is fast and the dialogue is never dull, to say the least. In "Daughter Fair", the author has ironed out the

faults which were apparent in his first Dust story. There is logic here, an amazing amount of it, yet the action here never flags, even though the story is enclosed in a small and indolent community. The dialogue should not be skipped through lightly. Apart from containing an amount of crude but quick-fire humour, it also contains the clues.

Dust's character is well drawn, apart from at the end of the story where he is almost killed by the villain, a contrived situation which is unworthy of the better parts of the book. Dust is engaged by millionaire, Sir Charles Cropredy, to find his missing seventeen year old daughter, Lucretia. Dust finds her before the novel is half-way through, but is retained by Sir Charles to look for someone else. To say more would be a give away. Sorry.

The thought has struck me, however, that this is an old, old theme, that of the fallen paragon. We saw it in the play of that name, and we saw it in Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca". To a certain degree we saw it - really in reverse - in "Laura", and we saw another slant on the theme in "Edward, My Son", but, while this Dust story lacks the depth of feeling of most of those stories, it is worth reading. Worth reading if only because it does lack that compassion, for throughout reading this book, I was of the mind that the author hadn't taken this story seriously, a fact borne out by much of the sharp dialogue, and I feel that if you read the book with this view in mind, you'll enjoy it all the more.

Who wants to take murder seriously?



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