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PETTERA

DERRY

We have here CONTOUR Pettera, or #9 if you prefer, February 1956, published for the 74th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. It is produced when the mood strikes by Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md, who sometimes sends copies to friends, FAPA waiting listers, and people who measure 36-22-36. Regarding that latter, as Danner might say, you don't have to be a woman, but it sure does help!

"Zoos are beastly places."

bp

Sitting in my chair this evening, mailing 73 and writing tablet in my lap, my conscience was deeply distraught at my mind's insistence that it didn't desire to produce mailing reviews. 'After all,' my conscience said, 'you have done almost nothing for this issue of Contour. You've just assembled material donated by others. A little teeny-weensy mailing review isn't going to hurt you.'

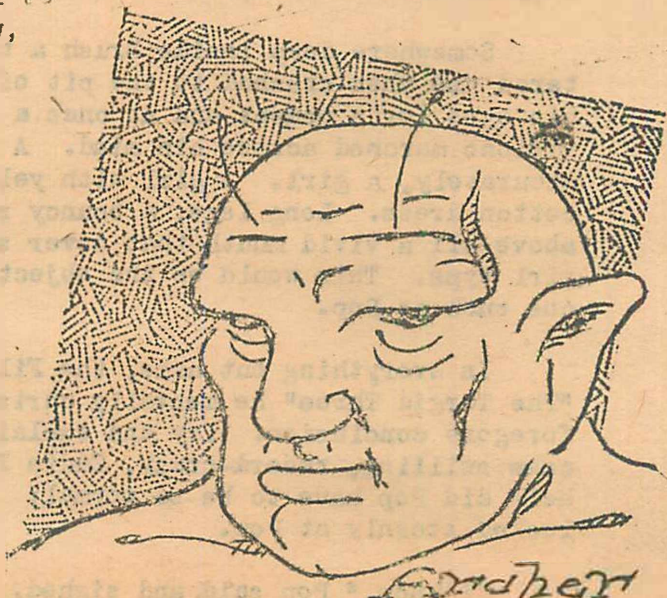
My conscience is right, but my mind came up with an answer that eased the pangs of conscience.

Grennell produces Grue and Bleen, and other fans produce paired fanzines; one for mailing reviews, one for general material. So, I thought, why shouldn't I have two fanzines? Contour for regular fan-type material, and another for FAPA mailing reviews. That way I could produce mailing reviews if I felt like it, or Contour, or neither, or even both.

This sounds good to me tonight. Tomorrow, it may seem like a lousy idea, but by tomorrow, Contour will have been run off and assembled. So, if it does seem like a lousy idea tomorrow, I'll let you know in the next issue.

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On the right is an Archer illo. I'm not too used to splicing stencils, hope that I can fit this in properly.



CHUCK DERRY writes another Filthy Four story about:

POP'S PREDICAMENT

Brush found the rest of the Filthy Four at Casey's. A tableau of dejection. Lens sat hunched over, his face almost in his beer glass. Jug sprawled in the booth like a tired eel. Pop sat alone at the end of the seat, silent, ashamed.

"What prozine has folded?" Brush sat down.

"It's worse than that," Jug roused to answer and order more beer.

"Astounding has accepted a story of Ray Palmer's?"

"Much worse." Lens kept his eyes averted while Jug paid.

"What have you been up to, now, Pop?"

Pop heaved a great sigh. He sipped a teaspoon of his beer. He sighed again. Finally he looked at Brush with large, liquid, unhappy eyes. "I'm in love."

Brush drank half his beer with one swallow. He dragged mightily at his cigarette. He looked around at the others. They nodded solemn agreement.

Somewhere deep inside Brush a tremendous boulder teetered and then crashed to the pit of his stomach. He closed his eyes for a moment and at once a horrifying parade of visions marched across his mind. A woman. Or perhaps more accurately, a girl. A girl with yellow hair and a starched cotton dress. Long legs, a bouncy rear, a perky bosom, and above all a vivid mouth that never shut. An All-American girl type. This would be the object of the affections of one such as Pop.

In everything but name, the Filthy Four were Three. "The Turgid Three" he mentally christened them. It was a foregone conclusion. Try and explain science fiction to a coke swilling, record-crazy, Eddie Fisher lover. Why the hell did Pop have to be so normal? "This is bad," Brush looked sternly at Pop.

"I know," Pop said, and sighed. "I'm sorry."

"Sounds sorry, doesn't he?" said Jug.

"Not much, he doesn't," Lens added.

From their tone, the others had arrived at the same conclusion he had, Brush decided. Drastic measures were called for. "All right" he said, "let's have the facts. All the details. Maybe we can do something about this."

"I don't want anything done about it," Pop said weakly.

"There, there, boy," Jug cut in, "we know what's best for you. We'll think of something."

Lens ordered more beer and excused himself. He stayed away long enough for Brush to pay the waitress.

"Well," Pop began, "I met Susan..."

"Oh, No!" They groaned in unison. "Not Susan. They're the worst kind. Why couldn't it have been a 'June' or even a 'Grace'?"

"I'm sorry, fellows. She's at the cigar counter where I get all my mags."

"You didn't have to speak to her," Brush said angrily.

"She spoke to me."

"Do you read those crazy things?" Jug squeaked in a high falsetto. "That's what she said, wasn't it?"

"I know the type," Lens said.

"Well, not exactly," Pop protested weakly. "It was 'Hello handsome'."

"Oh, No! A Susan, and a 'hello handsome' type rolled into one." Brush drained his glass and ordered again. He also excused himself. At the door to the Men's Room, he was joined by Jug who said, "beat 'em that time."

When they resumed their seats, Lens was making a mark in a small notebook. Pop started speaking where he had left off, quite as if they hadn't been gone.

"I said, 'Hello beautiful' and then I walked her home."

"Why'd she quit her job?" Jug asked around his glass.

"She didn't, I waited for her to get off. She quit at eleven."

"That time was it when you said, 'hello beautiful'?"
Lens had his notebook out.

"Five."

Lens made another mark in his book.

"Listen boy," Brush said seriously. "We have a fanzine to get out. There is a tradition to uphold, namely, 'Sex and Science Fiction Don't Mix'. Get ahold of yourself. Shake this girl off. Get her out of your mind. Cold turkey it, boy. There are higher things to be considered. God, man, there are your fellow fans to think of."

They had all remained silent while Brush worked himself into a sweat with his impassioned speech. They gazed, to a man, at the shining ideal he had painted for them.

"I'm in love with her," Pop said in a small voice.
"Really, guys, she's different. Wait till you meet her."

"Meet her?" Three voices spoke as one.

"Sure. She'll be here in a few minutes."

"There isn't much time," Lens said suddenly. "Be right back. Try everything. Maybe occupational therapy." He hurried out muttering to himself.

Brush ordered more beer and so rattled was he that he paid for it without thinking. Jug stared at him while drinking.

In a few minutes Lens was back with a bulky envelope. He snatched up the beer and drained the glass. Then he spread the envelope's contents before Pop. There were twenty-eight dog-eared stencils and a half inch stack of paper.

"Great, man, great!" Brush selected several stencils and shoved them in front of Pop. "Draw, man, draw! Work this nonsense out of your system. Give us your best. Do it, kid!"

Pop drew from his pocket the stylus that was never far from his nimble fingers and went to work. At first he went at the task with vigor. He hunched himself over the blue cellulose and made firm and striking motions. He finished one and tossed it aside. He seized the second and with a small laugh scribbled cuttingly.

By the end of the third he was slowing down. The fourth took several minutes and the fifth he gave up on completely, using the lame excuse, "No shading sheet."

A groan went up all round. Hopes so high at the start fell away completely.

"You're not trying," said Jug. "You aren't cooperating. You don't want to get better."

"You're just plain lazy." Brush used his harshest tone.

"Where's your sense of fair play? Where's your spirit? Think, man, think of the rest of us. If you have no decency, no feelings for yourself, at least think of us. We've got to get this thing finished." Lens felt that his plea was falling on as deaf ears as had Brush's.

"It's no use," Brush said softly. "There's only one recourse. We've got to prove to this girl that she's a menace. She's breaking up a solid core of intellectual companionship. We've got to convince her that Pop isn't the man for her."

"You can't convince a 'Susan'," Jug said sadly, speaking as with long experience.

"Then we'll show her that she's out of her depth. It's a cruel thing, but it's for the best. We'll scare her off."

"Aw, fellows," Pop said, "I like Susan."

The others ignored him and ordered more beer. A three way toss resulted in Pop's buying, when he hadn't even been in the toss. He paid with a resigned shrug.

"Hi handsome," a deep, gurgling voice said.

Four heads turned as one. Pop was on his feet like a new jack-in-the-box. He stood there, stupidly making introductions, and waving his hands and talking twenty-to-the-dozen.

Brush put his mind into low gear and prepared to launch his campaign of swamp-Susan-with-fandom. There were certain alterations to be made in the original plan, he conceded. Susan wasn't exactly what he had imagined her to be.

A medium sized brunette with a plumpish figure, chewing gum at a conservative rate of 300 rpm's. She leaned over

the table to shake hands vigorously.

Brush meditated fondly on the designer who first conceived of the plunging neckline, and wondered if Susan's dress represented the ultimate. Nothing more would be legal, Brush was sure.

"Say," Susan accepted the beer and drank heartily, "what you got here?" She fingered the stencils and then picked one up and read it.

For several amazing minutes she read, going from one stencil to the other, pausing only to refresh herself from the amber glass. The turgid three began to sweat, despite frequent cooling draughts from their glasses. They hadn't expected Susan to finish reading even one stencil.

Finally she laid the stencils down. She looked around and with frightening suddenness began to laugh.

"Here it comes," said Jug softly, and the three exchanged pleased glances. This would be a better cure for Pop than anything they could think of, Brush decided. Harsh ridicule from the loved one was sure death to budding romances.

"You guys crazy?" Susan said sharply.

"We, that is I, I mean..." Pop stammered.

"What he means," Lens began.

"Have you characters flipped? You've got some good writing here, if you just knew how to spell. Damn good writing. And then you let some guy louse this up with lousy illos." Jug, Brush and Lens had not hoped for such an excellent manner of crushing the budding romance, but their grins faded rapidly when Susan asked "Who's got a stylus?"

* * *

Lens sat hunched over, his face almost in his beer glass. Jug sprawled in the booth like a tired eel. Pop sat straight, neck arched, really guzzling a beer for the first time in his life.

"We just gotta do something," said Pop, wiping traces of beer foam from his mouth. "There's never been room for a woman in one of our fanzines."

"You're jealous--but you're right," said Jug.

"Jealous of what?" Pop retorted. "So she draws chestier girls than I do. I still draw the best space ships in fandom! You can't have a fanzine without space ships."

"Forget that," said Lens. "We got a bigger problem. Who's going to write the next lead story for our fanzine now that Brush is too damn busy with that--woman--to have anything to do with his old pals?"

"I hope all your children are children." --derry.

The foregoing is the third of an indefinite number of stories of the adventures of the filthy four. It represents the only time that Contour has ever brought to its readers something which had been more-or-less promised in a previous issue. In my opinion, it couldn't have happened to a better promise.

The filthy four, as most of you know, are based on real live people. Well, fans. Since these fans have been in fandom many, many years, and have been "the filthy four" for almost as long, there are many episodes left to recount. Remember! Filthy Four stories appear only in Contour. Be sure to stay in FAPA to get the next episode in this series. It may be another one about--sex!

"I grabbed her at the top of the stairs." John Roles.

Cox, last mailing--and Lee Hoffman also--got me thinking about the passengers that have ridden in fans' present day cars. My list includes: Ted White (whenever his car broke down, which used to be frequently), Ken and Pamela Bulmer, Lee Hoffman, John Hitchcock, Chuck Derry, Fred von Bernewitz, Frank Kerkhof, Bob Briggs, and, I believe, John Magnus, as well as 5 or 6 strictly local fans. Not a bad list, all things considered. Especially Pamela and Lee, from my point of view. Either of these should surely qualify Cherchez la Femme for something--say five dollars extra when I trade it in on a new model.

Danner, I think the cover of your last Lark was superb. I mean no hidden meanings. I just liked it, that's all.

Ashworth, I also liked your ---Marble Crypts. It took me back to my own impressions of my own first days. Ah, sweet Laney....

Now that I've said what I had to say about the last mailing, can you understand why I was none too anxious to do a mailing review this time?

BERRY PICKING

In 1946, shortly after the Pacificon, Burbee obtained my name someplace, and sent me my first fanzine. This was the then-top fanzine, Shangri L'Affairs. For those of you not acquainted with Shaggie in the Burbee days, I'll state only that it was Burbee's fanzine, chock full of Burbee's humor.

Among the fans that have come and gone during the 9+ years I've been in fandom, few deserve to be rated with Burbee as top fan humorists. Tucker, Bloch, Willis, Shaw, Grennell, and Measler are among those who come near the mark, as does Chuck Harris of the English Harrisers.

Another fan, by the name of John Berry, was discovered in Belfast not too long ago. I admire his humor tremendously, so much so that I thought it a shame to let some of the gems he's written go unpublished. I'm extracting a few of his letters below, some humorous, some of general interest, some just for the heck of it.

18 April 1955: "I am just sending this short note to thank you for the splendid picture of Marilyn Monroe. *** I can assure you that I shall not allow it to become a Ghoddminton hazard, as is the other picture you may have heard about."

18 July 1955: "Pausing only to drag the battered Shaw-Berry typer from its hiding place, and beat it into submission, I would like to thank you for *** the M.M. picture. ((There follows more on M.M., Joan the Mad, and Jane, the heroine in a London Daily Mirror comic strip who seems to have difficulty in keeping clothes on.)) In this short letter, I have already mentioned M.M. and Jane, not to mention Joan the Mad. Just thought of something else about M.M. That worthy fan, Chuck Harris, has taken his life in his hands once more with Walt. He has obtained a simply terrific picture of M.M. in technicolour, in the pelt. A calender is attached as well, as state of affairs I find bordering on, as James White would say, ..vulgar ostentation But the point is this, Chuck has offered the calender as the prize in a Ghoddminton knock-out Competition. Now as far as I am concerned, knock-out is the operative word. I have set my mind on getting that calender, and am determined to bring into play my full Ghoddminton prowess, such as is only reserved for visitors. I have cunningly concealed strips of metal inside my bat, and have purchased several packets of benzedrine tablets. I have no doubt the slaughter will be merciless. I am also trying a little espionage. Bob Shaw's wife, Sadie, a delightful girl, has only one

bad point, she doesn't like M.M., has the sort of insane idea M.M. is brazen. That utter folly. But I will explain my idea. When I am playing against Bob in the competition, I will be up against the stiffest hurdle, because he is the best player. My idea is to get Sadie in the room at the same time, and as I am playing, I will keep on saying meaning phrases, such as ... 'If you win the calender, Bob, where will you hang it.. in the bedroom?' ... This will annoy Sadie, and so put Bob off his best form. I shall only get really brutal if it becomes a last ditch sort of game. Pity if it does come to that, because I like Bob Shaw. *** Tom ((Ashworth)) warmed the cockles of our hearts by allowing a little pool of his red and white corpuscles to form on the Ghoodminton Court before he was led away ***. It is a standard routine now to present departing visitors with bloodstained shuttlecocks as a sign of their physical durability, if such proves the case. *** We are just waiting for an American visitor to come and play Ghoodminton."

Sept 55: "Many thanks for your letter, which arrived at the psychological moment as far as I was concerned. I happened to be in bed when your letter arrived ***. I bet you are wondering where I got all these big words from.. Well, to be honest, Irish Fandom presented me with a big dikshunary, I was quite touched by their generous gift, although I feel there may be a motive behind it all. Rumour has got around that I am not a very good speller ...don't believe it, it's the Shaw-Berry typer doing it. Very gradually, I feel it taking over control of my letter-writing whenever I touch the keys. I ~~xxx~~. Blast it. Another serious situation has arisen in my household. See the previous line where I have the word crossed out. Originally, I meant to rub it out, but I cannot find the type-eraser. I had it last night, and the last I saw of it was when my eighteen month old daughter was sneaking away with it. This in itself isn't so serious, what worries me is the fact that she has been chewing hard all day. Before I went to work this morning, she was sitting in a corner chewing away, and at this moment, I can see a look of resignation on her face as she munches frustratingly away under the table. ***

"Cantaloupes. ((I'd asked him if they were known in Ireland.)) The name was new to me, although I am conversant with the common or garden melon. I asked the Venerable Charters about cantaloupes, and I am ashamed to give you his reply, save only to mention that a sprightly woodland animal figured prominently in it. Some people hold nothing sacred. 'Is that a thing that sports antlers?' he said. *** "I am a sad man. Dejected. Forlorn. Wilted, frustrated and dismal.

CHUCK HARRIS FORGOT TO BRING THE CALENDER.

I had myself in first class Ghoodminton trim. I had got over the difficulty of beating Bob Shaw, by

giving him a few bottles of bheer. I had squared George Charters by refusing to tell anyone else that he ***, and I had selected the wall space in my bedroom. But Chuck sorta promises to send one over at Xmas. I'm going over for it. I don't want to suffer those pre-calender jitters again, all for nothing.

"Ah, Bob, I see that the baby has now handed me back my eraser in mint condition. What worries me now is where the roller handle of the Shaw-Berry typer has gone.... she was rolling it over the carpet a few moments ago. ***"

6th Dec 55: *** "I am looking after the little girl whilst Diane ((Mrs. Berry)) is out shopping and the boy is at school. This is curtailing me rather a lot, because to keep her quiet, I have to suddenly let out a maniacal roar, or jump up and down a few times, or make a funny face (this latter taking much less effort.) Another thing, she keeps pulling my tin of peaches. Oh..er..half a sec now, that must seem a very funny thing to understand without an explanation.

"As I have stressed so often in the past, I use the dreaded Shaw-Berry typer for my fanning. Unfortunately, a coupla months ago, the roller suddenly refused to move. IT REFUSED TO MOVE. DAMN IT, IT COULDN'T MOVE. Something inside couldn't stand the strain any longer. After pondering for some hours, I had a brilliant idea. I got my little boy to hold on to the left side of the roller and pull as hard as he could. Thusly, every time I touched a key, the roller moved, and I was able to get something typed, if it did take a coupla days to write a few pages. But even this brilliant idea came to nought. Colin would insist upon pulling too hard, and on my third trip round the room, I gave up. Then suddenly, I got an idea in a million. If I suspended a weight on the end of a length of wire, I would get the same result, namely, gravity would move the roller for me. So I experimented with different weights. For example, my illustrated volumes of the Decameron of Boccaccio were too heavy .. every time I pressed a key the typer assumed a vertical position. On the other hand, the poker, or a cup or a few knives tied together were too light, and nuthin' happened. And then I discovered the exact weight. YES I DID. A tin of peaches. Honest, Bob, you've never seen a roller move so sweetly along its guide rail. So when I say Kathleen is swinging on the tin of peaches, I am just letting you know the only disadvantage the idea possesses.

*** "Willis doesn't take TV seriously, anyway. He only bought it to see Tennis. He loves Tennis. That is the reason for his seasonal BAFIA every midsummer.

*** "I sprained my right wrist playing Ghoodminton."

16th Jan 56: "**** Funny thing, every time I am on leave, I get a letter from you. More than that, everytime I get

a letter from you, I am in bed. Now this may mean something. Either that I am getting too much leave, or I am spending too much time in bed. It can't just be put down to coincidence. I must write an article about it. *** With a little Willisite due any day now, Walt is completely GAFIA."

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Derry stopped over last night, and left with me the stencil for the cover of this issue, and a copy of issue # 13 of Paul Enever's ORION. In a letter in that issue, Joy Goodwin says: "Next, John Berry's stuff - wonderful writing this. I'm more sure than ever that John Berry is actually Walt Willis. I don't believe any one, even Ghod himself, could get that lot all rushing up and down stairs. Besides, no one ever sees a letter from John in any fanzine and that makes me more than ever certain he is a figment of I.F.'s imagination." That is why Joy Goodwin is getting a copy of this issue of Conny.

Berry (not to be confused with Derry) and the wonderfully talented Arthur Thomson ("Atom") are now putting out their own fanzine, RETRIBUTION, the first issue of which is now in the mails. While available, copies can be had from John Berry, 1 Knockeden Cres, Flush Park, Belfast, Northern Ireland, or Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2, England. No charge for the first issue; I don't know if this will be true of subsequent issues. ORION, mentioned above, is one of the better English fanzines, and features work by Berry and Atom, among others. This bi-monthly is available for 50p yearly from George Richards, 40 Arncliffe Road, Eastmoor, Wakefield, Yorks., England.

"Do you prefer girls in bed or on the rocks?" anon

For my own future information, I want to record a little publishing information here. Those of you who have run out of reading material can read what follows, if you like. Don't blame me if you get bored. I've got to put this someplace, and I'll be least likely of misfiling it if I put it right in Contour.

Paper guide, 0. Margins: 13 left, 73 right. Upper typing line: 3, lower typing line, about 54. Cover and pages 8 thru 13 on Heyer Lettergraph Film Stencils. Standard interleaf, except page 13: mimeograph bond.

Pages 1 thru 7 and 14 and 15 on Royal Blue Stencil, with film. Standard interleaf, except page 14: mimeo bond, and 1st 3 lines of PPS on page 15: no interleaf.

THIS MATTER OF CALIBER...

...or calibre as they say in Europe and the British Isles, is not a thing that you can explain in a single succinct sentence. Nor is it a thing that you can bound and define as you would a spelling rule ("I before E except after C or when sounded like A as in neighbor and Weigh"... but then there's weird, protein, casein, and of course, KTEIC).

Gauge, as it applies to shotguns, is a relatively simple matter: Twelve lead balls the same diameter as the unchoked portion of a 12-gauge shotgun barrel weigh just one pound. Sixteen 16-gauge balls weigh one pound and so forth down the line till you come to the inevitable contradiction of the ".410-gauge" which is closer to being a caliber .41 or perhaps, more accurately, something like a 32-gauge or 34-gauge.

Please note that I say "caliber .41" and not ".41 caliber" or "41 caliber." This is important chiefly to ballisto-grammatical purists but there is a difference.

A gun designated as caliber .50 will have a bore of 50/100th (or 1/2) of an inch. However a gun designated as 50 caliber could be of any conceivable size so long as the length of the bore was fifty times the diameter of the bore. If the number precedes the word "caliber," correct usage translates it something like: (a gun--either "weapon" or "piece" is more correct for rifles and cannon respectively--wherein the distance traveled by a given point upon the projectile from the moment of firing till it leaves the muzzle is) 50 (times as great as the distance, measured in the same units, of the diameter of the bore of the barrel at the given point on the projectile or) caliber.

Even the above hyperverbosic efforts to be semantically correct are not 100 per cent valid. This is due to slipshod and uncorrected nomenclature on the part of gun designers and manufacturers through the years. For one thing, nearly all contemporary weapons are rifled, i.e., they have spiral grooves cut inside the barrel to impart a spinning motion to the departing projectile. This is intended to make it fly straight and nose-foremost to achieve greater accuracy and range. So you immediately find yourself with two

DEAN A. GREENELL

internal dimensions: the groove-to-groove and the land-to-land ("land" is the name given the raised portion of the bore between grooves).

For example, the groove dimension of most pistols termed either "caliber .38" or "caliber 9 mm." is 357 one-thousandths of an inch or .357". The land diameter is, of course, smaller and varies with the manufacturer and even between otherwise identical guns (this thing that machinists call "tolerance"---rough translation: "Aw hell, that's good enough, we get paid by piece-work!")

Thus it was that when Smith & Wesson developed a new and much more powerful revolver-and-cartridge combination in the mid-thirties, they were a little stumped for a suitable designation for it. As the cartridge was finally developed, it was precisely the same as the caliber .38 special in all dimensions save the length of the casing, which was something like 1/8" longer (to save endless parenthetical quibbling and qualification, I am ignoring finer points such as the fact that the wall-thickness was a shade heavier toward the base). The virtue of this arrangement was and is that it allows the owner of one of these revolvers to shoot the cheaper and universally-obtainable caliber .38 special interchangeably with the hotter cartridge.

The reason for the extra length was not that the space was needed for powder. Modern smokeless powders are so potent that a full case of powder would blow the gun to shreds and possibly the shooter as well. The longer case was used to prevent its use in older, lighter, weaker guns chambered for the caliber .38 special which would probably blow up under the higher pressure.

So there the question stood. What to call this, uh, thing? A "Super .38"? Nope, that was already used to differentiate between the rimless .38 automatic and its hotter cousin (identical in dimensions, a lamentable lapse) developed to go with the souped-up .38 modification of the caliber .45 Colt service automatic. There was also a "caliber .38 S&W" which is shorter than a .38 special but larger in diameter of the case so that it won't fit a gun chambered for .38 special although another cartridge, the .38 short, will fit. *Let's call it a .38*

So somebody got the bright idea. "The groove diameter is .357", "they must have said, "why not call it a '.357'?" "Fine," said someone else, "but you can't copyright a number and we want to keep this from the Colt people a little while and make some money on it."

So, to make a long story a bit shorter, they called it a .357 Magnum--it's a moot point as to whether the "M" should be capitalized. The "Magnum" indicating that it was a big thing, as indeed it is. For more than 20 years it was the world's hottest hand-gun cartridge which was commercially available. Only recently the Great Western Gun Company--a firm in California that makes copies of the Colt "Single-Action Frontier Six-Shooter"--brought out a cartridge/gun combination with a shell slightly longer than the .357 Magnum and (supposedly) more powerful. This, they christened the ".357 Atomic" but so far there's been little heard of it.

There are also "Magnum" rifles...an adjective tacked on to indicate that they are much more powerful (supposedly) than others of the same bore-diameter. Thus you have the ".300 Weatherby Magnum" and the ".300 H & H Magnum"--both caliber .30 cartridges with large bottleneck powder chambers--and the ".375 H & H Magnum." "H & H" stands for the British firm of gunsmiths Holland & Holland, Ltd., developers of these calibres and specialists in weapons for hunting the largest African game.

There is a large number of hyphenated calibers: .25-20, .32-20, .30-30, .44-40, .45-90, etc. Most of these are hangovers from the days of black powder and the first number refers to the caliber and the second to the number of grains of black powder in the charge. However, many of them are misnomers. The .38-40, for instance, is actually about caliber .41 and the .250-3000 is more or less meaningless although the 3000 may have originally referred to the velocity in foot-seconds.

As for the "caliber .30-'06" (to use the correct terms), it is the cartridge developed to take the place of the .30-40 Krag, the cartridge used in the Spanish-American War. It means "caliber: thirty hundredths of an inch, Model of (or 'developed in') 1906 (Anno Domini)." Numerous military rifles have been developed to use this cartridge, such as the Springfield, the Browning Automatic Rifle (or B.A.R.), the Garand (sometimes called the "M-1" for Model One), the Johnson--an unsuccessful contender for official adoption by the US Gov't just prior to WW-2 when the Garand was adopted--and certain rifles made in 1917 for the US, patterned after the British service rifle, the Enfield.

The nominal groove diameter of the .30-'06 is .308" but some of the Enfields may run as high as .318" and a full hundredth of an inch is nothing to sneeze at in a rifle bore. For no really good reason, the actual projectile for

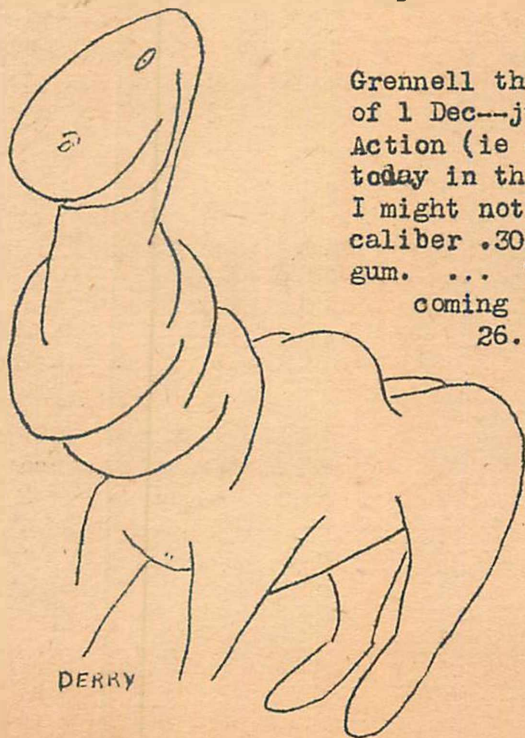
the .30-'06 usually measures .311" in diameter.

In the years since breech-loading firearms brought cartridges into the world there have been--quite literally--thousands of different cartridges developed and designated with some term to distinguish them from the rest. There are cartridge collectors who pursue their hobby with all the fanatical zeal of the prozine-sf completist who only needs the June 1927 issue to complete his run of WEIRDS. If you really want to know the difference between the hundred-odd calibers for which you can still buy cartridges in 1955, you'd have to pick up a copy of Stoeger's Catalog--better known as the "Shooter's Bible," \$2.00 at any of the better gun-shops and sporting-goods places. This shows actual-size pictures of most cartridges and gives their ballistic performances for purposes of comparison.

But take a clear look at what you would be letting yourself in for. You might find yourself with Rotsler, Calkins, Alger, Burbee, Eney, Ballard and the rest of us, cowering beneath the wrath of G M Carr, who disapproves of gun-talk in fapzines.

But, perhaps better than any other hobbyist, the confirmed gun-bug is superbly equipped both for purposes of offense and defense...

Zap!



Grennell then PPS's: Back home, eve of 1 Dec--just bought a Colt Single Action (ie cowboy-type 6-shooter) today in the .32-20 size and thought I might note that it is actually caliber .30---but she shoots nice, by gum. ... Tssk, and I had that upcoming income earmarked for Grue 26...will I make the Feb mlg? Wait & see...
dag.

