

CYRILLE

3

Vol 1, No 3

June has passed and July is well underway. The 24th OMPA mailing arrived just before the 4th, and I have decided to try to get this issue of Cyrille in the bundle, if possible. So, I'm typing at least part of this at work on a Royal standard machine with a keyboard that doesn't agree in many respects with the Olivetti. And I feel this needs some work done on it - some of the keys, like the d tend to stick. Then, of course, the backspace and margin release are reversed and - even worse - the upper case , and . are [and], respectively. This makes for great fun if you are typing all caps material. Then there are a few odd characters like ° a Δ ± in place of the more common symbols. And, not being satisfied, I don't like the type size, although the type face is not bad. But I feel the Olivetti has better action than this; a good cleaning wouldn't hurt this.

I didn't make the last mailing bundle - obviously, and I hope the post-mailed copies arrived safely - they were mailed the third - because the ditto was in the shop for repairs and I got it back too late to get the stuff run and over in time for the deadline. This time, I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

But before tackling the bundle, I'd like to chatter about things and stuff; after all, one or two of you were foolish enough to admit you liked such stuff in the 1st issue. Now maybe you'll be sorry. Anyway, I mentioned last time about the boss leaving for 8 months in California. Well, we got him away, but only by most of the section working evenings, and Saturdays and such. He had some experimental work he wanted to finish before he left, and like most experimental work, it didn't go smoothly; things kept happening that weren't really serious, but took up time. The last week he was working most of the night, with about half of the experimental people helping him. Of course, this didn't leave much time for the general running of the section, writing the reports due the end of the year - fiscal, June 30 ending, year - and so, the final Sunday before he had to leave, I came in and spent 8 hours helping clean up the office, file stuff away, discover what had to be done and what had to be decided about it, and ended up with a pile of undone letters, reports, etc about a foot high. That was June 14. June 12, rather [I looked at an August calendar.] June 18 I was leaving for the Gordon conference. I still had to write the speech [talk, I guess, would be a better word for the rather informal delivery.] and get the slides made, as well as answer the stuff I'd let slide while helping Ed get away. And all the general section problems, right at the end of the year, when I'd be away, had to be foreseen. So, I left for the Conference all right, had a wonderful week, and came back to try to reduce that monster stack of work. By now, I feel it is down to a reasonable size. So maybe I can

CYRILLE, published for the 25th mailing of the Off Trail Magazine Publishers' Association, August, 1960, by Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Maryland, USA.

A Weltchmerz Publication

spend some time now on O[PA AND FAPA. Anyway, I'm spending some time, whether I can or not.

The Gordon Conference was a real pleasure and in addition I felt I got something out of it. I left Washington on Saturday by overnight sleeper to Boston. The Penn railroad is not noted for the quality of its roadbed, but the Washington-New York portion is supposedly better than the rest. I don't know. But I had trouble sleeping. It might have been due to the dropping off and adding on of mail cars - storage cars full of mail - in Baltimore and Philadelphia, where the switching - shunting - was not done with much regard for the comfort of the passengers. But New York was even worse, with the Penn RR detaching their GG-1 and the New Haven RR coupling up their electrics. And also any mail cars for Boston and Canada. After which the cars from Washington to New York had to be detached, and the cars for the North reattached. But, anyway, the New Haven track is worse than the Penn track. I finally got some sleep and was ready when we arrived in Boston. I had about 6 hours to wait for the Boston & Maine to leave; however, the New Haven was late, as seems to be customary, and the time, when I was finally transferred from South Station to North Station via cab, and checked bag and located the probable departure station - track - for my train, and then got some breakfast in the nearby hotel dining room - nothing seemed to be open, other than drug stores, in the area - it was only a couple of hours to train time. Too short to see fans; I tried a phone call and got a busy signal, and didn't have a second chance. So, I walked down to the waterfront - only a couple of blocks, and watched the Navy Yard and the pleasure boats and visited old South Church - North Church, I mean, of Paul Revere fame - and examined the old car tracks still in the pavement, and the entrance to the subway for trams and the overhead going over the bridge, and then it was train time. The Boston and Maine use no conventional rail equipment for their passenger services. Except for a couple of joint trains with the New Haven from the South, they run nothing but Budd RDC's, in strings of from one to five units, under MU control. As most of their services are local, this isn't so bad. The train I was on, though, ran through to Montreal, with three units [the first one may have cut out somewhere up the line.] and was quite full that Sunday, with French-speaking clerics among its passengers.

Incidentally, for those of you who are unfamiliar with the Budd RDC, I might explain that these are self-propelled Rail Diesel Cars designed by the Budd Corp. They are cars about 60' long, with seats in pairs on each side of a central aisle for about 40 to 60 passengers, with, in some models, a baggage space at one end (hence the differing number of passengers). The engineer has a small cab at the front, as in a subway car, with controls; each end has such a cab, and the seats are reversible. They are equipped for multiple unit operation, with the first set of controls controlling the drive in each car. Each car is self-powered, with a diesel motor under the floor and exhausts leading through the car to what resembles a vistadome on the roof. The exhausts are carried up along the sides, and are not noticeable inside the car, except when the door is opened and the outside air comes in. An interesting ride, and one much different from the usual rail ride - more swaying, and a more noticeable acceleration; the gear changes are obvious, too. The Boston and Maine has quite a fleet, The BaO (that should be BandO; the ampersand is replaced by the a as I always remember too late) has a number in commuter service, and uses three to five units on daylight

3
runs from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. Friends of mine - railfans, of course, - rode the B and O's Budd cars from Washington to Chicago a couple of years ago over a three day holiday, when the railroad was experimenting to see what could be done. Going out, they had no trouble making the time of the regular trains; coming back, they opened up, and beat the best time of the crack Capitol Limited by about an hour. I understand that they really rolled through the flat lands of Indiana and Ohio, and made real time on the mountains, where their fast pickup helped. I've been on the Capitol when the speedometer in the dome registered 100; it was quite an experience rolling through the night, watching the landscape by searchlight - landscape, that is - with a rain falling. You don't realize how fast you are going until you have a meet with another train. I remember one trip west, where we left Pittsburgh about 3 hrs late - and arrived in Chicago on time. The Columbian, which is all coach and follows 15 minutes later, also left Ptbgh 3 hrs late - but arrived in Chicago 2 hrs late. The Capitol, with the heavy, well-sprung, low center of gravity Pullmans, could take a higher speed safely. But, back to RDC's. One is now running tri-weekly from Salt Lake City to San Francisco on the Western Pacific; this is something like a 16 hour run.

Anyway, I was on the B and M RDC headed north into New Hampshire. Reached Franklin, and alighted, together with about a dozen others. We were met by three station wagons and off we went to New Hampton. As it was Sunday, we kept to the backroads and I wonder if the driver we had had been in Paris driving for some time. Narrow two-lane roads at 65 mph, with lots of curves and Sunday drivers.... Anyway, we arrived at New Hampton and the New Hampton School which was the conference site. A nice wooded campus, with about half a dozen traditionally styled brick buildings. Facing it, across the road, were a few wooden houses, a small grocery, a bakers, a small variety and school supply shop, and a barber shop. Plus a post-office. It wasn't until later that we found out that the rest of the village, which we had supposed was around the curve ahead, wasn't. This was the village of New Hampton. Not even a drug store; soap and toothpaste took up one corner of the grocery. The only industry in town, other than the school, was a state fish hatchery. Nearest town was about 10 miles away - with no bus service. Nearest beer and other spirits were also 10 miles away; Monday afternoon there were several trips of 10 miles organized.

The school - New Hampton School - is a prep school for boys, which has been functioning for 140 years. It was earlier a coeducational institution; about 1926, after 100 years, the women were dropped. I understand the students - at least the older ones - feel this was a horrible mistake. Anyway, it has about 230 students in a four year highschool program. Founded as a church school - Baptist - it became a non-denominational school in 1915. Some of the people who had never been to a conference before, I feel, were somewhat disappointed with the accommodations; they were rather simple, with either single or double rooms, and only a few with private baths - those attached to the faculty suites. However, all were clean and adequate; the maid service was good. And the food, which was included in the price of the conference (everyone was expected to stay in the dorms, unless special arrangements were necessary. Couples were invited, with special programs for the wives during the sessions, and they had space in the dorms. Only one couple with a small child stayed in a motel several miles away), was very good - better than I ate normally. Dinners, for example, included: Sunday, a light mixed grill, with bacon, liver, lamb chop, sausage, broiled

tomato, plus juice, rolls, dessert, coffee; Monday, large grilled steaks, to order, with vegetables, etc; Tuesday, half a broiled chicken; Wednesday, roast beef, several thick slices; and Thursday, served buffet style on the lawn, with - in order down the tables - fresh fruit cup, baked beans (a New England tradition), meat balls, potato salad, tossed salad, lox, gefüllte fish, smoked herring, cold ham and cold roast beef, deviled eggs, and finally a big platter of boiled half lobsters. And seconds, thirds, etc... All the lobster you could eat. Friday, I was back in Boston, and had time for a meal at the Durgin Park - but couldn't have eaten the steak or roast beef I had been planning before I left Washington - I'd had so much to eat that week. I did get some good chowder, though, which is hard to find in Washington.

The meeting itself was very good. Everything was off the record; no publication of anything said there without the permission of the speaker, which meant that people could make remarks they wouldn't want to be official. Dress was informal - during the sessions at morning and evening, many of the men wore sport shirts and slacks, no ties or coats. For example, my boss several steps up, the Director of the Bureau, was wearing a rather loud sport shirt in varying shades of brown; quite unlike his normal attire. (When we left Friday afternoon for train and plane, everyone was so different looking, with white shirt and tie and coat)

There were two talks in the morning, and one in the evening, which left lots of time for discussion from the floor. I found I spoke longer than I intended, and even then cut some material, but still had about 25 minutes for discussion - and it would have continued except for the lunch bell. Afternoons were free to sightsee, golf, swim - in the lake with an Indian name some four miles away (station wagon available) - hike, laze, talk on matters of science or otherwise. I had an interesting afternoon with one fellow who had been a minor fan back in the old MASFL days, when Bradbury and Ackerman and all were active. He is a good friend of JWCJr, and has dropped in on him several times in NY. Was at the Detroit convention, and found that both he and his son had a wonderful time. Enjoys reading sf and knows quite a lot about it. Incidentally, he is in charge of Dow Chemical central computing center. Drove one day up to see the Great Stone Face and see something of the White Mountains - all of 3500 feet high, some of them. Another day three of us spend working on a resolution for another meeting later this year; we had previously done the first draft by mail, but the meeting gave us a wonderful opportunity to come to a real agreement, and to get a few ideas from other people there. Met a lot of new people, and got to know others much better. All in all, a wonderful meeting.

All all good things, this had to end. Friday afternoon, the station wagons took a dozen of us to Concord (New Hampshire) to catch the RDCs. We got there early, and boarded the car, which started from there. Suddenly, just before departure, a station wagon swings up, and familiar people dash on board; they were supposed to take a plane, but a tornado warning, plus low clouds, had canceled their flight; they were going to try to catch planes in Boston. So, we got to Boston, I ate dinner while the others dashed to the airport, caught the night train to Washington, and after bouncing over the New Haven and Penn, I arrived Sat morning. Back to the office Monday, with a pile of work awaiting me.

So, I've been spending the last two weeks writing annual reports, job descriptions for raises (but not mine), clearing out old files, checking through the files of reprints and reports, putting them in order, etc, in addition to my own work.

But this is enough of such mild chit-chat - or do you want still more? - and a brief glance at the mailing might be in order. I know there are those of you who dislike mailing comments, feeling they are merely comments on comments on comments, but I look upon them as a sort of conversation; the mailing merely gives one pegs for more topics of conversation. In fact, unless a person is a good writer - which few of us are - straight writing can be boring, unless you happen to like the particular topic. So, I'll procede to the comments.

The cover of this, incidentally, has no special meaning; I was just doodling.

Six days have passed since I started this master; I've had no opportunity to do any more typing at the office - or at home, for that matter - and I would like to use the same machine for the page, at least. Memo came through Friday from the division office. I'm officially acting section chief now, pending the return of the assistant chief from Belgium. No extra money, of course, just extra work.

The following appeared in the local Washington News for last Wed, I believe [13/7] and may be of interest. The News is not to be trusted, I've found; it is a Scripps-Howard paper.....

INDIANS SUE FOR PEYOTE

"Eight Navajo Indians who want to use the cactus-made drug "peyote" in old religious ceremonies, filed suit in District [of Columbia] Court yesterday in an effort to get it legalized on the Navajo reservation.

It was outlawed under tribal law there in 1940 after the Tribal Council found large quantities were being brought into the reservation - not in connection with religious ceremonies.

The tribe declared it harmful and its use punishable by up to nine months at labor.

The Interior Department, respecting the authority of the Tribal Council to pass its own local laws, gave its approval. But it said it did not consider peyote harmful or habit-forming. It said it was used by a religious cult.

Four of the Navajos filing suit have since been found guilty of violating the law. Yesterday they asked the court to declare it invalid and unconstitutional.

They said that peyote has been used for sacramental purposes since at least the 16th century and that it is "indispensable" to religious rites -- of the Native American Church of North America."

I also seem to remember that Dover Publishers have a reprint of a book on peyote and/or mescaline in their catalogue. Can't be sure right now.

No room to start reviews of the 24th mailing here, try the other side of this sheet.

A L'Abandon [Caughran] Was amused by your description of the first meeting with the 704. Although if you used FORTRAN you had most of the fun taken away from the coding. There is nothing like coding directly in SAP or, better, in binary, to bring out the real sneakiness of the machine. Of course, in FORTRAN, which I've never taken the trouble to use, a slight error can through your program off the machine; in Sap - SAP I mean, and no relation to SAPS - it can merely lead to absolute gibberish in the output. For the benefit of the nao machine people - who probably don't care - I might mention that there are at least four ways of coding - writing instructions - for a large computer such as IBM's 704. The first, and oldest, is directly in binary. Here, an order to the machine to add the contents of cell 80 to what is in the machine would be 00010000000000000000-000000000001000. This, of course, is rather awkward to write and use, and so has been practically abandoned in favor of SAP, except for corrections to binary decks.

SAP coding uses symbolic locations and operations, which the SAP assembly program converts into the absolute binary code. Thus, the example above becomes ADD 80, where ADD is a mnemonic code to indicate the operation; other common operations are SUB (subtract), MPY (multiply), STO (store) (the / through the 0 is used to indicate the letter and not the numeral, which are very different in the machine, and which cause confusion, as both can appear in symbolic addresses). Instead of using the absolute addresses, as the 80 above, symbolic addresses may be used, such as BOX10, FACTOR, COMMON (the "scratch paper" storage of the machine) OUTPUT, RESULT, NAME, HOLD. In writing a program in SAP you have to indicate each operation, each addition, or division, and also how to keep track of how many times a certain procedure has been gone through. You have three index registers that can be used to count up such operations, but if you have more than three running indices, such as a₁, b₁, where i, j, k, l, all take on the values 1, 2, 3, ... to n, and all combinations are needed (a 4 dimensional matrix, for example) it requires some juggling of index registers back and forth. It can be done, though, with a little practice. It's fun, too.

FORTRAN is designed to make coding easy for people who don't know what's going on inside the machine (hi Jim) and who have no desire to learn how to really program. In FORTRAN you can write down the mathematical expressions you want to solve, evaluate, etc, indicate the parameters, the range of variables, the necessary storage space, etc, and the machine converts this into SAP and gives you the SAP listing (I think this is what you got, Jim) as well as the absolute code. In coding you write statements such as F(X) = K(I)SINF(X**3*B(K)/4*PI) and then operations such as DO 10, (I=1,10), (K=1,10) which means do statement 10, which might be the first one, for all values of I and K from 1 to 10 for the value of X currently in the machine. It isn't really a decimal language as such, but a formula translator which takes a special kind of mathematical and logical statement and converts these to the program. I've not done much with FORTRAN; the good programmers seem to use it for simple programs, but tend to dig back into SAP for more troublesome parts. Coming up, I hear, is Algol, and algebraic, logical language for machines; I don't know any details on it.

I've rambled away on the general programming and haven't asked the questions I wanted to - how did you decide there were no real solutions, or two roots to certain of your cases, Jim? The only method I can see requires a programming of a trial value to locate the region of crossing the x axis, but this isn't sure fire, as it might miss two close roots

- just realized that can be handled by looking for a change in sign of Δ from value to value. This will either indicate two roots or no real root, and this can be tested in turn. I wrote out a simple SAP code for this, except for the last part, in about 30 minutes, one which wasn't limited to any number of values of $a, b,$ or $c,$ but could use non-integer values as well as integer, and as many as the capacity of the machine would allow - $n_a * n_b * n_c$ less than 25000 or so. (* indicates multiplication in FORTRAN; ** indicates raising to the power - **2, square, **3 cube, etc). I don't know what input and output formats your FORTRAN requires/allows, but the SAP we use allows a wide range up to 120 characters per line, with all sort of headings, ranges of data, interpolated constants, etc.

The other thing that makes compiling a long operation is that the machine also has to read - in SAP at least - a large deck of symbolic instructions. FORTRAN is better in this respect, but is a slower compilation. The machine uses three types of numbers, or rather four. There is fixed point decimal, where there is no decimal point used, it being assumed to be always at the right. These numbers convert into straight binary 1 (decimal) = 1 (binary), 2 = 10, 3 = 11, 4 = 100, 5 = 101, 6 = 110, 7 = 111, etc. When there is floating point binary, where, to increase the range of the numbers above 2^{35} with no decimals, the number is represented as a characteristic and a power of two which it multiples - in decimal like $3.25 * 10^{-4}$ which equals 0.000325. These decimal numbers represent a second kind, and must have a decimal point indicated. This means that 1 and 1. are different numbers in the machine. The third type of number used in input is the Octal number, which uses the digits 0,1,2,3,4,5,6,7 to represent numbers as powers of eight. You probably wonder why this, but it is very useful, as it gives a quick way of representing binary numbers in a convenient form. Each octal digit represents three binary digits, reducing 36 1's and 0's to 12 digits. 1 (octal) = 1 (binary), 2 = 10, 3 = 11, 4 = 100, 5 = 101, 6 = 110, 7 = 111, 10 = 1000, 11 = 1001, etc. And then there are binary numbers, a string of 0 and 1's that the machine will take on faith. These are indicated on the cards as DEC, OCT, or BIN types of data.

The output conversion of binary to decimal often gives odd results, like the -000 or -0.000. It simply means that somewhere you had had a minus number in that cell, or that there was a small minus residual, which converted to the -0 rather than +0. Usually they are unimportant, although in decision making, +0 is larger than -0. Did you ever subtract two negative but equal numbers in getting these? That could do it, as the sign of the first number carries through.

On to more fannish parts. The other time around here that we see/have fireworks - in fact the only time firecrackers appear, as far as I know - is on Chinese New Year. There is a small Chinatown in Washington, where I often - once or twice a week - eat. On New Year's the dragon dances and firecrackers are in evidence.

A neutral certainly isn't one whose views don't agree with either sides, that merely makes him one party in a three sided argument. A neutral is one who care about neither side, and isn't interested in the result. Once he expresses his views, he is no longer a neutral.

You have to ask to have your retirement refunded; if you don't, it stays in until you are ready to retire.

I've seen the foot long icepicks used in icing reefers; breaking up those large cakes of ice demands a heavy pick. True, the householder uses a 4" one, although we had a big 8" one at home, a relic of the days when we had an ice box.

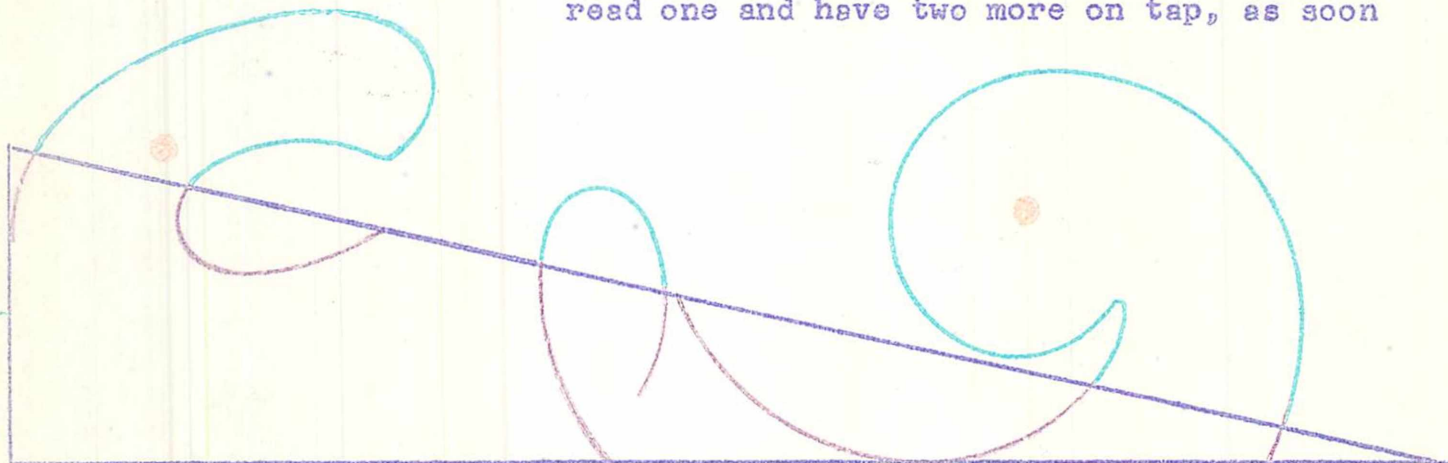
Sure, there are chemicals that react to give alcohol when water is added. Unfortunately, the by products are a little bit unhealthy, even when in a mixed drink.

I'm not sure about the 707;
I think it is an accounting type machine, similar to the 709.

Bill Donaho was a most welcome intrusion - and a good sized one at that. I mean, 5 pages, Bill, so put down that club. Those upsticking "a"s scattered throughout sort of made rapid reading hard, I found my eyes doing a hippity-hop all through this.

I believe I'd still pick "Conjure Wife" over "Gather Darkness" because of the more fantastic atmosphere it brings to mind, laid as it is in the present-day world. It is easy to accept a distant magical land, but magis in the everyday world we live in and know is much more startling. Jack Williamson's "Darker Than You Think" (and I hope I'm remembering the title correctly) with its werewolves in modern society also made a heavy impact.

I've just discovered Tey after all these years. At least, I've read one and have two more on tap, as soon



as my roommate gets through with the triple-decker. I like the writing style, and feel that the one I read - Singing Sands - is better written than 90% of all the mysteries I've ever read. The plot isn't a typical English one, but isn't too bad. It does not follow the classic pattern, and there is no way of guessing the murderer until the story is almost over, which violates one of the major canons of the code.

An addition to the list of historical mysteries would be Agatha Christie's story laid in ancient Egypt. Reads pretty well, too.

Anyway, I like having Donaho in the mailing.

On to Amble Mercer. Just to make you more unhappy, but to help you (?), "Harlem Jazz 1930" contains two sides by Ellington, two by Don Redman, two by Fletcher Henderson (I think) and two by someone else whom I've forgotten. And I just thought I knew these cold. Just shows how memory fails.

One comment on ideas raised by your Toffee stories mention of Thorne Smith. This always irks me, when I know in what sense Thorne Smith is being referred to.

To me, Thorne Smith is not an author you read for any "sex" or other sophisticated "humor" but rather a very discerning critic on life and customs of a certain period of American life. The scenes I remember best in his books are such non sexy one as Tim Willows pulling of socks one at a time, and musing as he does so, or the conversation he has - while inhabiting his wife's body - with the local "Merry Widow" and the remark that this was the first time she had ever been able to have a conversation with a man without at the same time defending her honor. Or the scene in "Stray Lamb" where Lamb as a mangy dog, visits the house where the wife of an old man is throwing a drunken brawl while he is in the bedroom quietly dying.

Scattered all through his books are such vivid pictures, that raise the level of his writing above all of his imitators, including the one who finished the "Passionate Witch" and ruined it. These passages are the meat of the books, with the sex thrown in as a light reminder of the morals of the times. I like Thorne Smith's books, and I've reread them - but not because of the sex angle so exploited. Toffee certainly isn't in the "Thorne Smith tradition", maybe it should be the "Thorne Smith" tradition" to make clear what it is. And I will now get down off my soap-box; these cardboard ones they use nowadays are a little flimsy for one as big as I am - physically, I mean.

Atoz Atom. Ah, another traditional jazz man - this means to you I hope what it does to me? Or are you a late traditional, or modern traditional or bop traditional? Me, I mean one who thinks Armstrong hasn't made any really good records since the Hot Five and Hot Seven days, and that Johnny Dodds was the best on clarinet. In that mood, I don't feel anything recorded after 1940 is worth listening to - except that I also like the Duke and think some of his best were made about that time. And then I still like the early swing, like the Goodman trios and quartets, and early big bands.

You mean you wanted me to write and give you that illo idea? Why didn't you say so? Or did you? Anyway, I put one in the issue you're probably reading as I type this. But this one has me worried, why the streamlines for deep space ships? So much unusable space, it seems to me. Actually, the picture reminds me of a view out of a submarine room watching a school of fish going by. Like whales, maybe.

Did you ever hear of the "Cow Colleges" in the States? That is what the title Cowdung on the Campus reminded me of. Unfortunately, the California Agricultural College is located at Davis, and not at Berkeley. A cow college, by the way, is one of the state colleges/universities with a department of Agriculture Science.

Erg Jeeves. Best wishes and congratulations and all the rest. I just hope your school isn't like St. Trinians when it comes to inspections. It might not pass...

Esprit. Buckmaster. Of course the British post office has a much better record than the American one. At least, so I understand. At least, I can get a letter to England and have an answer back before a letter home reaches there - both airmail. As for re-addressing mail that seems to depend on the various people who handle it. Some will forward everything for months and months - small offices are better at this, where they know you - while others will send back a letter that arrives the day you give them the change of address with the stamp "Not at this address, no forwarding address known." This is much easier. First class is supposed to be forwarded free, other classes are only if you have agreed to pay for

the forwarding postage. So you never know what will happen. I believe Madle had this trouble with a lot of TAPP ballots when he moved. At least, he lost a FAPA mailing, which the last I heard was still missing.

The article on witchcraft was interesting, although there are statements that are just too positive for me to accept. Like the one where Sid says "...many types of faith from that of primitive man, who believes that there is a separate spirit in charge of each tree,... to that of civilized man, who prefers one spirit only." (Underlines mine.) I don't see that the equation, civilized man = belief in one spirit, is necessarily a valid premise. Here the specific Jewish-Christian-Moslem Belief in one deity is taken as typical of all civilized peoples, which I don't accept. (As an aside, how about all the Saints in the Catholic faith, as well as the various spirits in the Moslem? Don't they count?)

But wasn't the magic being used in the fertility rites sympathetic magic, which means that the fertility of the crops could be ensured by a liberal application of human fertility. I don't think you'd find human fertility outstripping the crop supply in a primitive conditions; disease and natural accidents and war would keep the life span from being too long, and a large supply of children would be necessary to keep the population stable. After all, it is only with the introduction of modern medicine that the supply of people has begun to outstrip the food supply in such lands as India. The population of England didn't start to rise until there were other methods of obtaining the needed foodstuffs.

These are only a few of the checks on the pages of this article, but I just don't feel up to a lengthy discussion now - it is too near dinner time.

I would like to add to this question of English and American colleges. Having had some experience with various British scientists I find it interesting to compare their schooling with ours. In general, American schools will cover the same types of material, but not at the same depth, up to the graduate level. For example, a text designed for a senior course in physical chemistry in one of the English Universities would not be suitable for most American college classes. There are a few where the instruction is of higher quality, but in many the courses are always trying to teach what should have been learned the years before. This really shows up in graduate work, where students are gathered from all sorts of colleges. I can remember students who couldn't do simple physical chem, while others had had the equivalent of the first year graduate course. The word that would best describe American education I feel would be "uneven" or superficial.

A three credit year course is one that lasts two semesters or three quarters and has three hours of lecture or equivalent per week. Labs are usually taken as 3 hours of lab equal one of lecture. The standard first year non-major chem course is one hour lecture, one hour recitation, and one 3-hr lab per week for a year, for 3 credits.

You may be sorry to have me start on education; I seem to ride this hobby-horse very strongly for one who isn't either teaching or putting children through school. Maybe that way I can be somewhat unemotional about it all. First, though, before the next page, I used British instead of English to include Scotland and N. Ireland and Wales as well as the English. After all, with a name like Evans I'm certainly not English - there is some Scottish too.

(11 pages, and only on the 5th magazine!)

I'm afraid I can't recommend a book on education, unless it might be the popular "Why Johnny Can't Read" which I've never read. But I have seen the effect of poor reading ability for years, both while I was going through school and then while teaching. The poor student was the one, in general, who couldn't read; he didn't have to be stupid, but he just couldn't read. The slow ones who could read had better records than the fast ones who couldn't. I've always felt I was lucky when I started to school. Mother had been a school-teacher and had me reading before I started, so I was shuffled around with two other students into a special group who did the first year and a half in half a year. Naturally, this meant we missed most of the "social play" and I'm afraid our clay moulding ability was lower than normal, but we could all read and write and do arithmetic. I've always liked to read - after all, I started reading science fiction over 30 years ago, with an early Gernsback magazine, after I had finished all the Tom Swift and Don Sturdy boys books I could find. One of the most interesting courses in high school for me was a semester in English where we had to do nothing but read modern books, nothing deep, but Mark Twain and similar types, and make reports on them. We could also take the books home. I believe I read some 40 books that semester, as well as the books I couldn't report on in class - science fiction magazines, detective magazines, detective books, westerns, etc. There were some in the class who barely finished three books. They were the ones who did poorly in school, in general.

In college it was the same way. The only courses that gave me trouble were the ones that required straight memorization, like language vocabulary and organic chemistry. [I've noticed that chemists tend to separate into two groups, the ones who like to memorize things, who like organic, and those who like math and reasoning and can't memorize worth a darn, who take up physical chem. I'm a physical chemist.]

When I got to teaching college chem I found the same thing was true - the students who couldn't read had trouble - and that was a large group of them. Figures on people at the Bureau who have taken reading improvement courses using training machines indicate that a large number of people read no faster than I can type - and no more accurately. Word rates of under 100 words per minute were found, and rates below 200 wpm were common. The big jump in retention of information came with a big jump in speed, up to 350 or so, where they stopped vocalizing and read words and phrases rather than sounds. I'd never realized it, but I probably never vocalized - at least I have a lousy sense of pronunciation, although I know the meaning and can read the word with no trouble. In technical material I can often read German or French at almost the speed of English, although I certainly can't talk it that fast.

But back to schools. I also noted that most of the poorer students couldn't handle simple arithmetic. They had trouble with fractions and decimals and were lost with simple proportions. They had no sense of what a reasonable answer would be, and would take the results of an incorrect operation that were off by several orders of magnitude - like starting with 44 lbs of CO₂ and getting 161 lbs of carbon, instead of 12. They had never been taught how to think in mathematics, but had merely been given some rules; if the problem didn't fall into one of the rules, it was unworkable. It was most discouraging to have to teach mathematics before teaching chemistry.

See, aren't you sorry.

There are ways of handling the name-caller other than calling back. We had an example in FAPA - or on the waiting list. We had him nicely quieted down, with most people convinced, by letter and word of mouth, of the situation, when someone - who is now in OMPA or will be - stirred things up by sending a copy of a direct attack to the person concerned. To make it worse, it wasn't a reasoned attack, which might have been justified, but a parody, which almost amounted to libel. This stirred things up, and there could have been a nasty situation. Fortunately, things have quieted down, but.... I could be put in a bad spot, incidentally, by such a character, as my job requires clearance; there are others in fandom in similar situations. This is one case where ignoring would have been the best thing all around.

A typical British fanzine has quite a history. In general, the British fanzine before the war, when the phrase originated, was a more mature, more literate, more constructive type than the corresponding item over here. I believe English fans were a little older, or just had a little better education or something. Anyway, there has always been a certain way of looking at things that crops up in an English zine that doesn't appear normally in an American one. With exceptions. It might be that the Americans were always put out by fans all agog to set the world on fire. And then there were the traditions started from LA of crazy stunts. A typical British fanzine is a recommendation as far as I am concerned. Like Esprit.

Most middle class and lower people over here would consider any erotica as obscene; to them, any material dealing with sex is obscene. Unless it appears in the "Ladies Home Journal." Then it is all right and serious constructive advice. Probably goes back to the Puritan-Victorian notions that anything enjoyable about sex is obscene. And I believe the Victorian spirit is still widely alive in America; more so, probably, than in its birthplace.

I was going to explain "Squirrel" jokes to you, but decided the West Coast could do a better job. If they don't, I'll try.

I believe it was Earl Carroll of the Follies fame who selected showgirls - in part - be requiring that they hold quarters simultaneously between thighs, calves, and ankles (I think). Otherwise, they were either bow-legged or knock-kneed.

Coslet, in FAPA and SAPS (I believe) once put out a catalog of his Bible collection, just to see how far his masters would go. To make matters worse, it was a list that had been rejected from some Bible collectors group because it wasn't in the right form. So, this means dumping something that has another purpose into a mailing.

One thing that seems to be cheaper in England than here is housing. At least, around here an older house in a fairly good area not too far out will sell for \$15000, with payments of about \$100 per month - plus taxes (rates) and insurance and water and sewer and garbage collection.

I hope to have more to say on Sam's definition of science fiction. I brought this up in FAPA and got a three page letter from Sam which I may print. I felt it was unworkable, basically. It defined something in terms of itself, and the examples were not good.

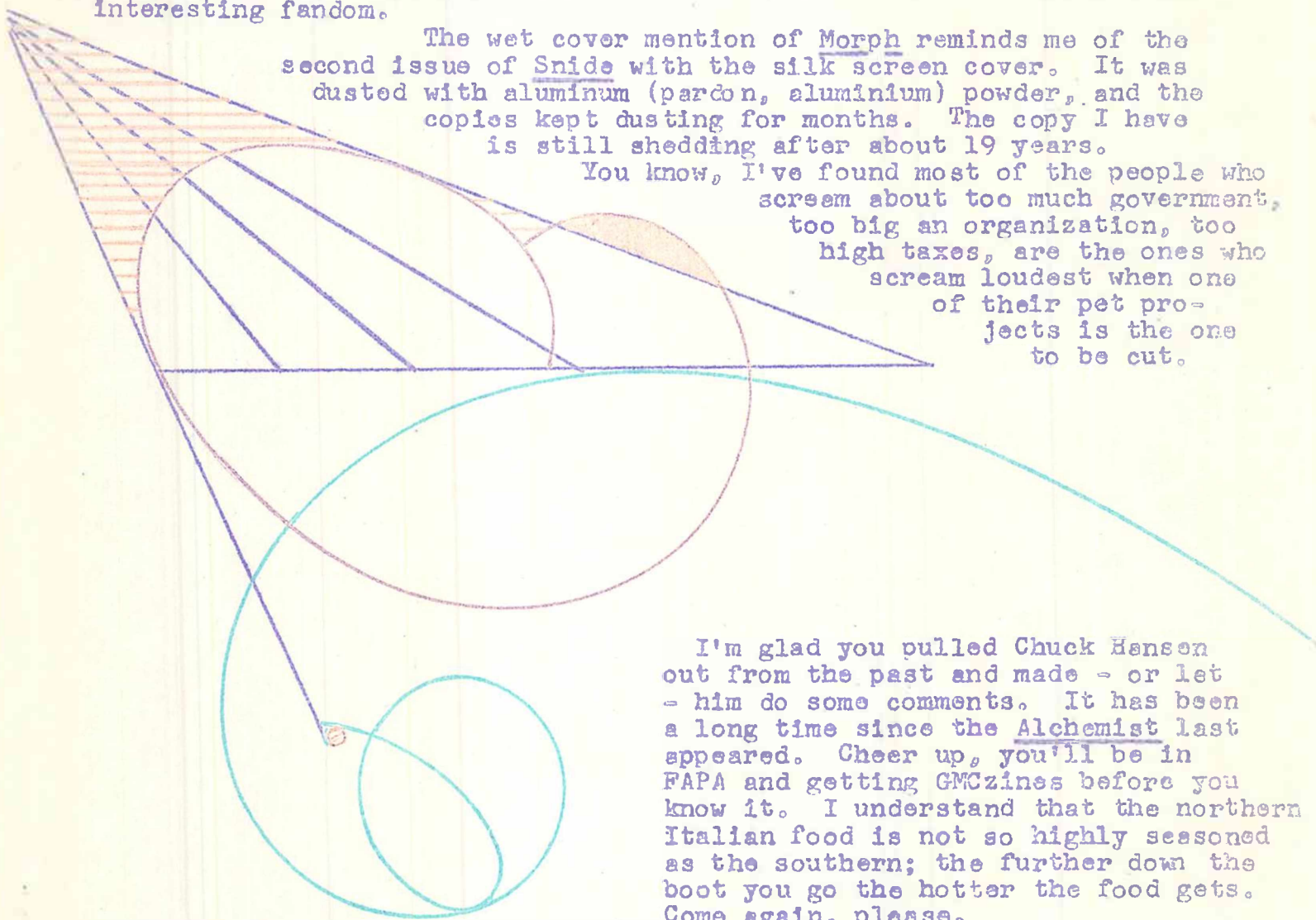
There are more checks on the pages, but I feel I should get something to eat at last. Anyway, I enjoyed the typical English Fanzine (OMPA type) obviously.

Grist, (Mills) [And if I have changed format in mid-stream, it is because I'm typing this again at the office, and again the pages previously done are home and I don't want to stop and leave this nicely airconditioned office to his homwards in the 90+ heat and humidity to find out.] I hope the more leinty comments this issue will please you. I mean about IBM. Naturally I expect the rest to please you. Or why would I be doing them? Which is a good question, really. Shall I just toss masters to the winds and take off for the wild spaces? It sounds intriguing, but I don't know where to go, and it is too close to dinner time. And I am a slave to convention - not conventions.

That review of LCL (less carload lots?) appeared somewhere else, as I had read it and dan't read either FaS or RD. I wonder why so many fans - relatively speaking - are interested one way or another in the BSI? I know of almost a dozen. This puts fandom to shame, for an active, literate, interesting fandom.

The wet cover mention of Morph reminds me of the second issue of Snide with the silk screen cover. It was dusted with aluminum (pardon, aluminium) powder, and the copies kept dusting for months. The copy I have is still shedding after about 19 years.

You know, I've found most of the people who scream about too much government, too big an organization, too high taxes, are the ones who scream loudest when one of their pet projects is the one to be cut.



I'm glad you pulled Chuck Hansen out from the past and made - or let - him do some comments. It has been a long time since the Alchemist last appeared. Cheer up, you'll be in FAPA and getting GMCzines before you know it. I understand that the northern Italian food is not so highly seasoned as the southern; the further down the boot you go the hotter the food gets. Come again, please.

paraFANalia (Burn). For some reason that cover reminds me of crazy kat and especially of offiser pup. And without references I can't be sure of the spelling, or of why it does. But, it does. I enjoyed the material although I'm not sure I like the "modern" writing style of Horrocks or more especially Baxter. It doesn't make for easy reading, and interferes with communication. But maybe communication isn't the goal of writing these days. Will be expecting something interesting as a result of your trip to England.

Satan's Child (Ratigan). This is one of those issue of fanzines that irk me - not because I don't like them, but because I don't know what to say. I find myself agreeing - almost - with your comments on birth control; and yet, there are little nagging thoughts I can't crystalize.

I might mention, in regards to the super market, that there is a further status buyer level in the states - the person who patronises the non-self-help store, where she gives her order to the clerk, who fills it and delivers it. At higher prices, naturally. This is what was common thirty years ago. I can remember back home where all but one or two daring stores were that type. A couple of stores had put in the unusual innovation of letting the customer select the goods and do the toting herself. They were looked down upon by the solid middle-class citizens. Then came the self-service chains, with lower prices. The local stores followed suit, to a greater or lesser extent. Then came the super-markets; one major difference was that here the meats were also ready packaged and self-service. And now, there are the few snob stores, that carry only the highest quality goods, and cater to those who don't want to shop in the common super market.

Some day I hope to be able to visit an English pub. The bars over here are usually three kinds. There is the cocktail lounge, where you sip your mixed drinks either in booths or at a fancy, chromed bar sitting on tall stools. Then there is the dive, where you can get beer and some straight whiskies, if you dare enter them. The third are bars-cum-restaurants, where food is secondary, but where you can get beer. I don't believe any of them will have the same atmosphere as the English pub.

Space Diversions (Shorrocks) All of this was enjoyed. Terry Carr's report on the Solacon was very good - lots of names dropped to give the real "I was there" feeling. Of course, this issue of SD should not have been in the mailing, according to the OMPA Constitution, as it violates legality - at least as far as the US Government is concerned. Specifically, one of the stamps - for which thanks; they go in the collection - is illegal. You are not supposed to import Red Chinese stamps into this country. So, do we impeach the editor of OMPA for failing in his duty?

The Ascent of Next to Nothing. (Ashworth)³ I enjoyed this - all three parts of it. I have a friend who climbs mountains - real ones, with snow on them - and I intend to use Sheila's piece to deflate him some times. Or I may pass it on to his wife, who isn't really gung-ho on it. Vernon's account was interesting; some day - as I've been telling myself for years - I'm going to have to visit Wales and see where the great, great... Evans family came from. I think I'd like to do some easy tramping over the hills.

I wonder if you have discovered the technique of rappelling down a cliff. It should make a good method for escaping from hotels without paying bills, and such. Or the method of descending snow slopes - where they don't end in sudden drops - by sitting down on your empty canvas pack and sliding down, faster and faster, with only your ice ax to stop you.

Canon (Eney). Under z is one of those priceless comments. "Rejected ...was badly killed in an auto accident...."

Wouldn't statutory rape be rape without violence - consent by the victim, but under age, so still rape. Comments re assimilation of conquered peoples good. Didn't the Romans do something similar; offer the conquered peoples all the privileges

and Mayne, underneath RC,
(Just think, Dick, you and Lichtman/made me use two more pages.)
of citizenship except - initially - the right to be a citizen. And I
thought one other thing the Moslems did was make it easy for the
conquered peoples to change religions - you could almost overnight
become a Moslem.

Vert (Mayne). Thanks for the introduction; as others
have said, it helps one know who is speaking - and why.

Those Galaxy
Novels are pretty bad - at least as far as covers go. "Odd John" is
the same old Stapledon story, of course, although you would never
recognize it from the cover, which implies that Odd John was one
of those characters; on the cover a monstrous person is chasing a
scantily clad girl. An obvious play for the sex reader. The "Deviates"
I haven't read yet; I believe it is a reprint from ASF? "Pagan Passions"
isn't a story of the South Seas but of the world about 75 years from
now, where a group of the Greek gods have taken over the earth, making
it more in the guise of an idealized ancient Greece, with the pagan
rituals and such. It has a stf background, too. And plenty of sex.
"Virgin Planet" is Poul Anderson's Venture story of the planet where a
space ship of women hadlanded years before, and a purely feminine
culture had arisen, with the aid of the machines in the ship for repro-
duction. "Flesh" is Philip Farmer's story of a return from a star trip
to find a world in which humanity has gone back to the pagan rites, with
modern improvments. Similar, in some wags, to PP. Again, lots of sex,
and this time implicit in the plot. "Sex War" I haven't read. All have
covers with Rotsler wimmin and heroic men, usually in situations where
it is obvious that rape or rape with violence is coming.

After I unscrambled the pages and found the right order, I enjoyed both "The Half-
Eaten Heart" and Mercer on the con. I certainly appreciated the
various traditional, Shakespearian touches in the play, the declamation
at the end of a scene, for example.

Zounds! (Lichtman) I can't make the
! using the upper case ., as this machine doesn't have one, only a]
there. I hope when you get into FAPA you won't remarks about the small
mailings. If SAPS and OMPA collapse from sheer weight, FAPA would
certainly lynch you. In fact, they might black-ball you before you
got in, it that happend.

To me, "first-drafting" means it is being
done on mester - like this. "Rough-drafting" would imply a first draft
being revised before doing a master.

We had to have two years of world
history, one of American, and a fourth of either world or American to
graduate from high school. Four years of English and four of history
plus the other one and two year requirments in math and such. One I
never made was four years of physical ed. I spent three years taking
an extra subject, in place of the gym and studyhall that I and the
folks thought was a waste of time. W got through college algebra -
firstyear, with some theory of equations and some anal geometry. A
tbuch of calc, too.

I'm waiting for someone to come out with dehydrated
water. I might mention that I am in a form of socialized medicine -
local style. I belong to a coop group that has set up its own medical
and dental clinics, with full time staff and all. Seems to work very
well, although I've not been too sick. People with children like it
greatly, because it cuts down on the expensive children's doctors visits.
I should have more to say, but I'm getting hungry. So

I'll see you
next mailing, I hope.

Postmailings - over

Bill

Postmailings that I almost overlooked, as I had not placed them in the pile with the rest of the mailing. Actually, they were on the front seat of the car.

Mailing Comments (Ellington). I was very interested in your remarks about Moondog. I've only heard some of his records in years past, and I believe there was a writeup in Life or such (or am I remembering in the wrong sense the writeup on Nature Boy? I fear I am). You should meet some of the professional Southerners - the ones who are 1000% for the dear old South, with the slaves and mint juleps and all, in spite of the fact that they were born in the north - who feel that the standard answer to any question of segregation - economic, school, movies, beaches, etc... - is "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" No argument will ever continue, as far as they are concerned, after this clincher. I wonder what would happen, though, if the answer were Yes? I feel that they wouldn't even hear it, but assume the answer was the expected No, and go right on talking from there.

I wonder just what effect FAPA and OMPA would have if they ever checked my clearance. Apparently I had no trouble several years ago - at least up through SECRET but I haven't had the AEC looking at me. This business of clearances is most annoying at times. If I want to - have to, I mean - go over to the Pentagon to discuss something on our current contract, our security office has to send a memo to the appropriate office in the Pentagon that I have clearance - even though I have been over before and have talked with the same people before. And, then, when he visits the Bureau, the procedure has to be reversed - even though I know he has clearance. Of course, I don't know how often they check clearances; as far as I know, there has been no recent check on me. But, what would worry me more - and this is why the W***** case disturbed me - is to have some "friend" make accusations that would result in a more than routine check. This could cause trouble; after all, I'm sure there must be a file on FAPA that could be a real trouble-maker. After all, look at the founder....

Anyway, more often mailing comments, Dick?

JD-Argassy
(Hickman) Now that Lynn has finished running Madle's trip report, I'd like to say thank you for sending JD-A all these months. I've found it most interesting - not an APA magazine; of course, but I've gotten a lot of pleasure out of the rest of the issues. So much, that I'm actually parting with hard-earned money. For a sub.

But I wonder what my post office - a small one, and thus able to look at the mail - thought of the cover on No 54. The back cover, I mean! Maybe that's why some of my mail has been late.

Berry's problem series starts off interestingly. One question, what is the date of the story? This is of vital importance in guessing the identity of Superfan.

And this does seem to finish all the megs - I refuse to go looking on the back seat of the car. Til next time, I hope.

Excuse typos - I'm too tired to go back looking further.