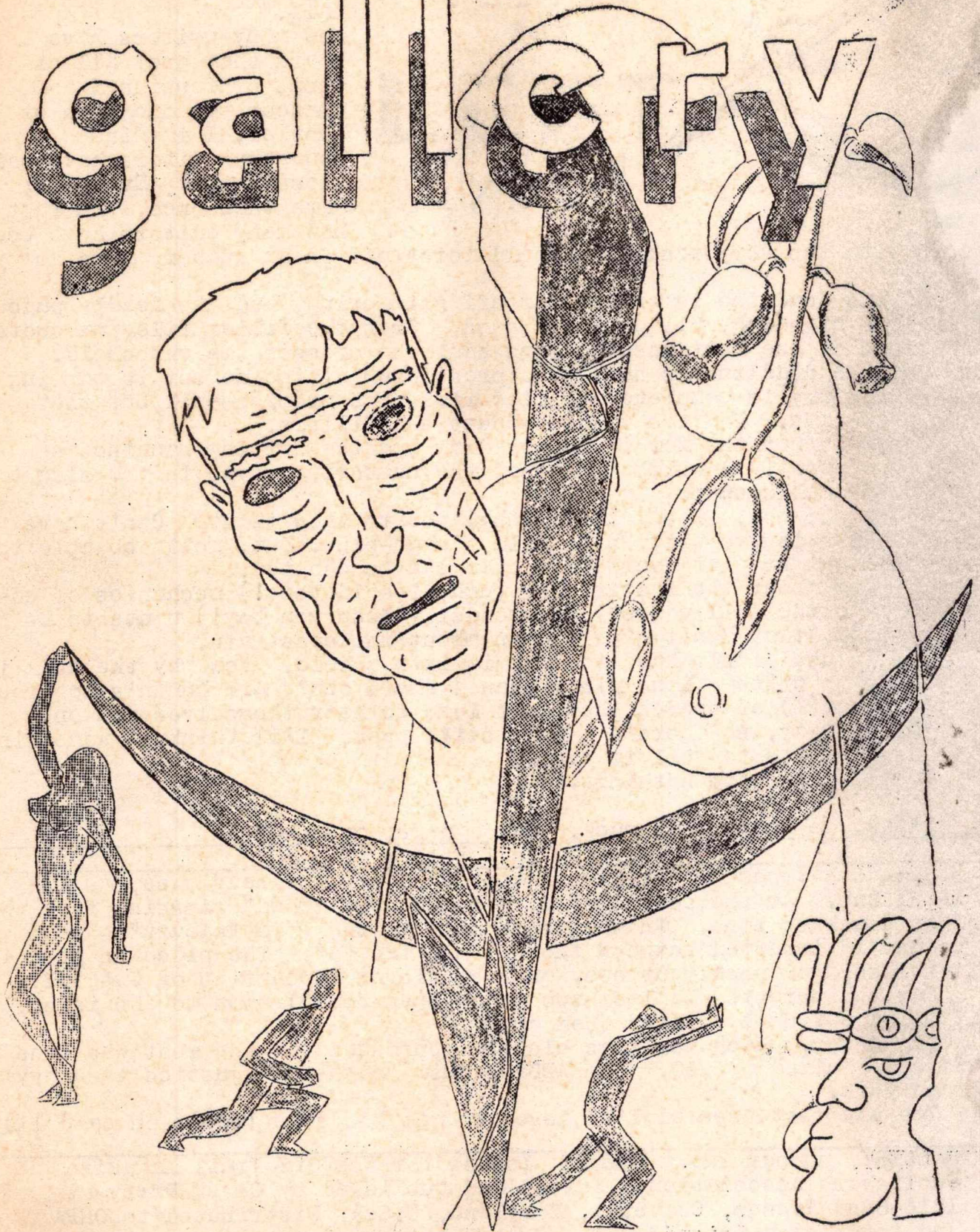
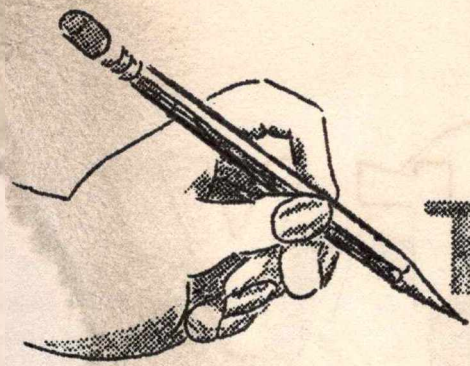


# gallery







# WITH the LEFT HAND

"Give me about that much. Say a page; page and a half."

How many writers have heard that one? All of them, professional and amateur, at one time or another, I imagine. How many editors have said those words? Everyone; more than once. In fact how many editors have been

faced with the very task they would foist off on an author, were he handy.

If the deadline is only a far off glimmering, and the deadly page plus lies brooding, all well and good. Grab the filler file, or quote the above at the next unsuspecting soul who crosses the threshold.

But the deddline is now! The press even at the moment is warming up. The durry is complete and lies rich with promise--all but that damn page-plus. No time to word-count the fillers.

There is nothing for it but to drag out the writing machine and reel in a sheet. A quick glance at the numbering; type in the slug line, and double space.

"Lets see now. Need a little balance to this thing. Can't have it look like it was written to fill a page-plus. But, gotta be able to do 'top-down' so what evers left over can be chopped.

"A word about the fastinating (ugh, I said that!) mechanics of editing? Who the hell cares? The reader (bless you boy!) wants to be entertained, they don't give a damn about the eyestrain.

"If I just didn't have to cram it into a hole. Now why the hell is it easier to write a long piece than a short one? Are human's so proud of the power(?) of speech they just love to hear themselves run on?

"Okay, Okay, so there's a page still open. I'll think of something give me a minute to mull it over.

"Well, here goes nothing--:"

---

"Give me about that much. Say a page, or a---"  
prefumble lobotomy

---

Although typos are still rampant, they are not nearly so, as in GALLERY One. At the bottom of page 5 the word "word" missing from the end of the last line. In the ad on page 10 the word "clearly" should have an "l" inserted between the "r" and the "y". The piece on page 4 is titless, you pick your own, another clever innovation of GALLERY.

For the purests the last two pages have no relation to the issue, but I'm too frugal to toss them away.

The cover, which isn't as clearly reproduced as the rest was done before I acquired my 160. The ABDick just doesn't do justice to heavy screen work.

You can rest assured I'll never commit the same (Con't on page 11)

---

GALLERY, number Two. SUMMER Issued for the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers Association. Edited and published by Chuck Derry, at 1814-62nd Avenue, Cheverly, Maryland, U.S.A. Distributed to OMPA and interested friends. Contributions of material welcomed.



# CRY WOLF

## A SHORT-SHORT STORY

John Barrow finally found the calf. It was at the bottom of a draw, half covered with new snow. Dead.

John climbed down only to verify what he already suspected. One look started the crimson flush spreading over his heavy face.

There wasn't a drop of blood left in the brown and white spotted body. A wolf had seized it by the throat, and hung on.

But wolves eat their kill. Aside from the throat, and the bloodless condition, the calf was unmarked.

"I knew it!" John came erect as if a string had been pulled. As he climbed back out of the draw he cursed to himself. "Werewolf, I felt it in my bones. Werewolf." He kept up a running string of imprecations as he stomped back toward his ranch.

Every so often he would raise his head, snort, and wave his fist at the looming Montana hills. He topped a low rise where his fence line ran. Clutching the barbed wire with both hands he glowered down at his neighbor's ranch.

"It was you," he cursed into the icy wind. "It was you, Carter Millen. I knowed it from the first time I layed eyes on you."

With a parting shout he turned away.

The only thing Emma Barrow could get out of her husband at the

noon meal was a surly growl.

Instead of his usual nap after eating, John went to the chopping block. From a pile of fence posts he selected a straight, hard piece of Ash.

Seeing John splitting the heavy post with great single blows of his ax, Emma came to the door.

"What are you doing? There is plenty of kindling."

"Not kindling."

"What, then?"

"Ash stake for a restless spirit." John didn't look up when the door slammed. Emma didn't hold with werewolves. Once before she had flared up when he had spoken of the old times.

"We're in a new country, John. We left all that behind. We left it all in the old country. We left it!" She had screamed at him and run upstairs to be alone.

Well, maybe they had left it, and maybe they hadn't. Holding the ax single-handed he carefully sharpened the stake.

The stake prepared, John got a shovel from the barn and walked back to the fence bordering Carter Millen's place.

"To be correct, it should be on his land," he stooped and slipped under the wire.

The ground was frozen deep and digging was hard. Half an hour brought sweat out on his face.



"Doesn't have to be deep," he muttered.

The shallow grave finished, he gathered twigs and branches and lined the bottom.

Back across the wire, John stood and stared down on his neighbor's house.

"I'm ready now, Carter Millen. I'm ready! One more calf and I'll come for you. I'll come for YOU."

It started to snow again, lightly and with brittle dry flakes.

John swung toward the road to pick up the mail. By the time he reached the gate the sun was gone. In the failing light and snow it was hard to see the fence line.

He got the gate bar up and was ready to swing the gate open. He froze in his stance as a thin voice came to him.

"Help, help," followed by wailing sobs. Out of the swirling flakes burst a small figure.

"Jeanie! Jeanie Noles," John caught the frightened girl up in his powerful arms, "whats the matter?"

"A big dog," the child blubbered pointing back down the road, "it chased me."

With powerful pumping stride John carried the girl toward her home. His gruff voice gentled to soothe the fears of the child. By the time they got to the Noles' the "big gray dog" was forgotten; by Jeanie at any rate.

On the way home John settled his mind with a savage curse. "No more, Millen, no more. Tonight is dark of Moon. Tonight werewolf die."

John brushed aside the supper Emma had prepared.

From the huge sideboard he took half a dozen silver spoons. He fired the cook stove until it glowed red and brought beads of sweat through his shirt.

From time to time he stirred the melting silver and skimmed off the dross.

"You're not sure," Emma sat rigid only her hands twisted and writhed in her lap.

"I sure. I sure as hell now."

With clipped, heavily accented words he detailed Jeanie's chase from the school bus stop.

"Maybe cayote," Emma said hesitantly.

"Not cayote. Not timber wolf. Not dog."

"John. John please, i---," Emma half rose; sank back.

"Go to bed woman. This man's work. Werewolf must be killed. Werewolf bite girl; then two werewolves. No good." He turned toward her and his face was twisted with rage.

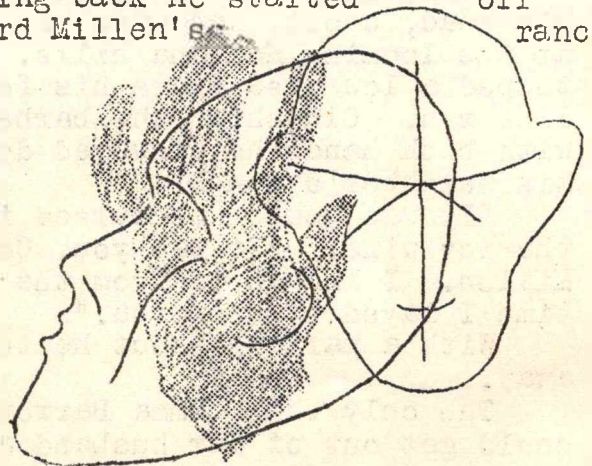
Meekly, Emma rose and went upstairs. Once before such a rage had gripped him. He had killed a full grown steer with a single blow of his fist.

With great care John poured the molten silver into bullet molds. When they were cool he knocked the mold against the table. Two perfect silver slugs rolled out.

Taking his deer rifle down from the wall John extracted two shells from the magazine. He pried the slugs from their jackets and inserted the silver ones. They were still warm to the touch but he crimped the casings with his teeth. With savage jabs he replaced the shells in the gun.

From her window upstairs Emma watched his stocky figure in the path of light from the kitchen.

Rifle in the crook of his arm he picked up the Ash stake. He thrust it into his belt. Without looking back he started off toward Millen's ranch.





The snow had stopped and a piercing wind was blowing the clouds across the sky. Stars, like brittle pin pricks began to dot the sharp black of the heavens.

Through the fence, past the grave and down the slope toward Millen's house. One window showed yellow and warm.

Twenty feet from the back door John stopped behind a tree. He raised the gun to his shoulder and jacked a shell into the chamber. Silently he crouched down; rigid.

"Millen," John's voice was deep with hate, "Carter Millen. Show yourself." There was silence as the wind carried his voice away.

Suddenly the door of the house opened. For a moment only the warm light made a path across the new snow. Then a shadow filled the path.

Carter Millen stood framed in the kerosene lamp-lighted doorway. A scarecrow in loose long underwear with flowing gray hair.

Behind the tree John came erect, like an uncoiling spring. At the peak of his rise the rifle exploded. Once, twice, the sound of the rifle cut the cold night like a whip.

Millen jerked and turned half around from the impact of the high power slugs. He pitched forward in a peculiar leaping fall. He was half brother to the timber wolf before he hit the snow.

John waited for the last faint echo of the shots to die. Slowly he stepped from behind the tree. The rifle in the crook of his arm he walked the rest of the way down the slope. There was time aplenty, Carter wasn't going anywhere.

Standing over the shape in the churned snow John loosed the sling and slung the rifle over his shoulder. With a grunt he stooped and hoisted the gray wolf to his shoulders. There was a moment of frustration before he untangled the now useless underwear.

With the body draped around his neck he started up the slope. Once or twice he chuckled to himself. At the grave he tumbled the animal in on top of the kindling.

Squatting beside the dim shape John let his laughter bubble to the surface.

"I tell you once, I say stay away from my place," When his soliloquy echoed back he laughed again. Deeper; growling. "But no, you so smart. You no think anyone know you. But I know you. Oh, yes I know you. I know you from old country. Werewolf."

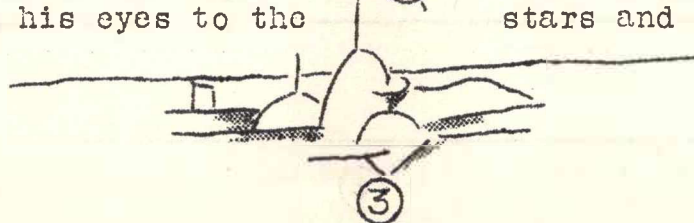
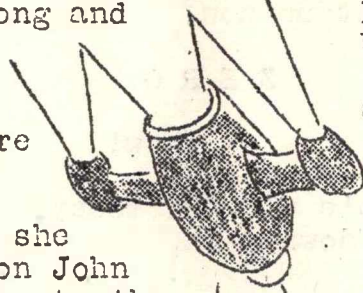
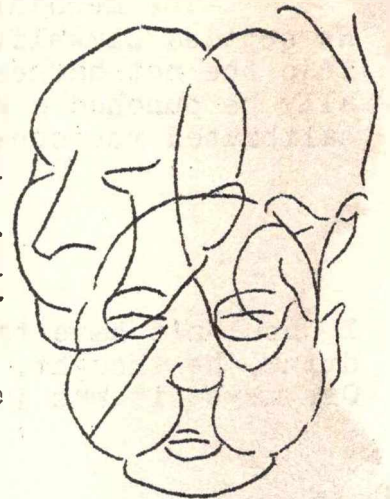
Again he laughed, long and could stop. He rocked baying.

Looking down at the from his belt. "You were poach on my place. You law! Young cub should long to old wolf. When she

With one fluid motion John back, he raised his eyes to the

hooting, choking before he back on his haunches, almost

shape John drew the Ash stako a poacher, Millen, you should know I get you. It's never try to take what be-grow up, Jeanie, MINE. was on all fours. Ears laid stars and howled.



The mechanical voice said, "Zero, minus nine seconds."  
He settled himself a little deeper into the net harness. Experimentally he punched a button, noted the calibrated response. Smiled thinly.

EIGHT SECONDS

He wondered what Ethel was doing. Were the kids in bed yet? A red light flashed on and then winked out.

SEVEN SECONDS

I shouldn't have taken that last drink, he thought. Didn't set well. Or, maybe it was just nerves.

SIX SECONDS

The voice was followed by the lights going out; one after another, until only the instrument panel lights reflected on his sweating features.

FIVE

"By rocket to the Moon", he muttered and then, with a sharp intake of breath, "We're finally gonna make it."

FOUR

There was something comforting in the monotonous background drone. Like paychecks every Friday. He smiled fleetingly.

THREE

Stuffy in here. Or maybe it was the harness holding him in. Another light went on on the instrument panel. A steady irritating blink.

TWO

Just time for a good drag; if he had a cigarette. Now, that would REALLY taste good!

ONE

Try to relax, boy. There are a lot of eyes on you. Don't ham it up now.

Z E R O

Whew!

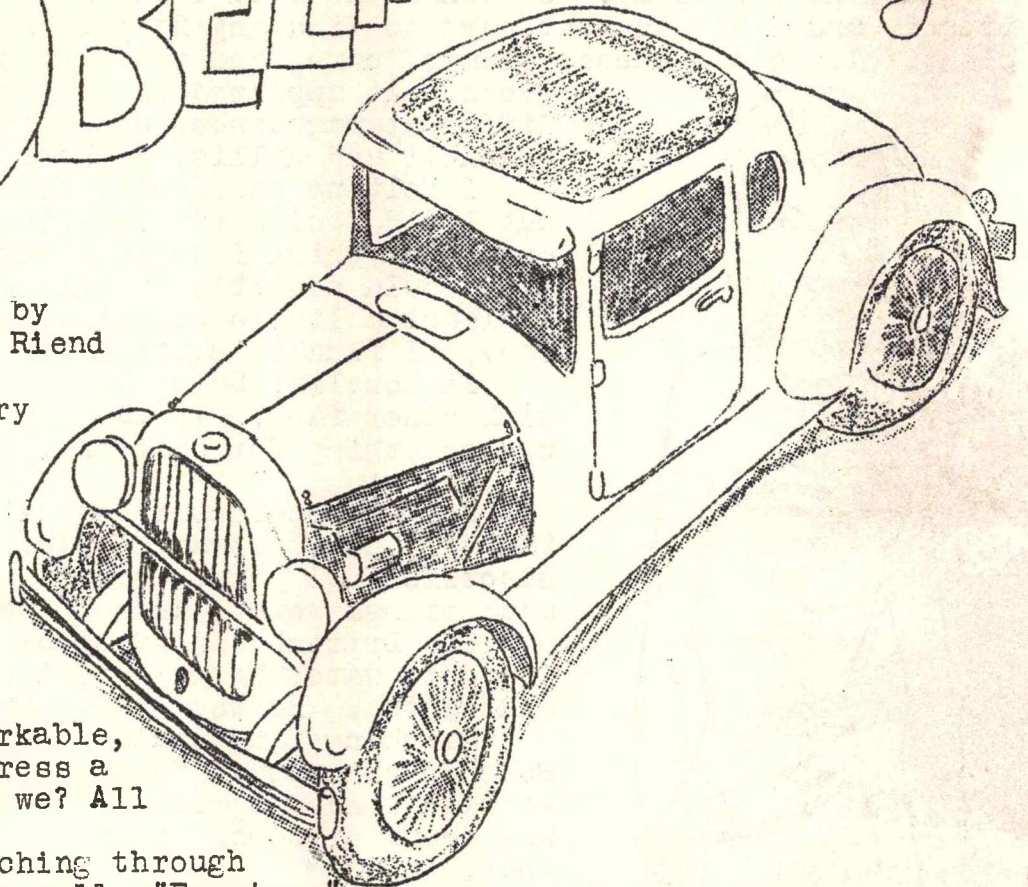
"Okay, out! Print it. That's all for today, boys. We won't need the rocket set anymore, tear it down. Oh, and somebody unstrap the star."



# LOBELIA was a Lady

by  
A. F. Riend

Back in 47 Derry had a, wait a minute while I think this thing out; oh-er-ah-well a-hum---oh hell lets take a plunge; a car. This in itself isn't too remarkable, but let us digress a moment. Shall we? All rightie!



I was mooching through something Derry calls "Fanzines" the other day, and the following bit of chin music ensued; more or less verbatim:

"Whats with all this, boy," I said innocently, indicating the magazines.

"Fanzines", he replied. Very evasively.

"And?"

He explained. Or at any rate he talked a lot, and as usual I couldn't shut him up. The upshot of it all was that he asked me to help him fill out a few pages---guess he got tired of reading his own miserable spelling.

"With what should I fill a few pages?" You know I'm stupid at times.

"Anything."

I thought this through for a while. Now, according to Derry, "Fanzines" are an outgrowth of Science Fiction, or at least an off-spring of reading Science Fiction. One small insect in the salve, as far as I could see, was that I loath Science Fiction. Can't stand that proton pistol putrescence.

I set forth my objections, all the while rising to flee. On the way out the door he piled my arms high with more of his shoddy wares.

As I staggered up the street I could hear his voice ringing in my ears:

"Study 'em. Bring back an article. About this long. Not a



of Science Fiction in 'em." I swear I heard him add, "Top zines never use SF any more, anyway." Must have been Derry, no one else's English is that bad.

But, he was right. I even found that I liked a lot of the "Fan-zines", and I had to hunt hard to find any Science Fiction. Jazz was plentiful, so was chess, stamps, cars, and two guys named Tucker and Bloch. It appeared that they wrote several different magazines, under other names, Grennell and Willis, I think.

I felt no particular obligation to Derry, but I did feel sorry for him. So I mulled over everything I could think of about Derry that could possibly be twisted into something at least a little complimentary. It wasn't easy. I finally settled for Lobelia.

In Lobelia, Derry had something in common with other fans. In fact in Lobelia there was something for everyone.

Watch:

For the sportscar enthusiast and the Can-fan, "L" had a straight pipe, exposed engine, electric fuel pump, updraft carburation, home-made transmission, and--a steering wheel.

The British and Irish element would have loved to watch Derry's foot work on the brake and clutch. He would have made a real cyclist.

Drinking fans could always depend on "L". Somehow she always found her way home. Also it didn't seem to matter whether or not Derry was drunk or sober, Lobelia always rode like that.

Economists could have taken lessons from my friend. He was the only man I know who would pull into a service station and order 25¢ worth of gasoline. And make it last all night.

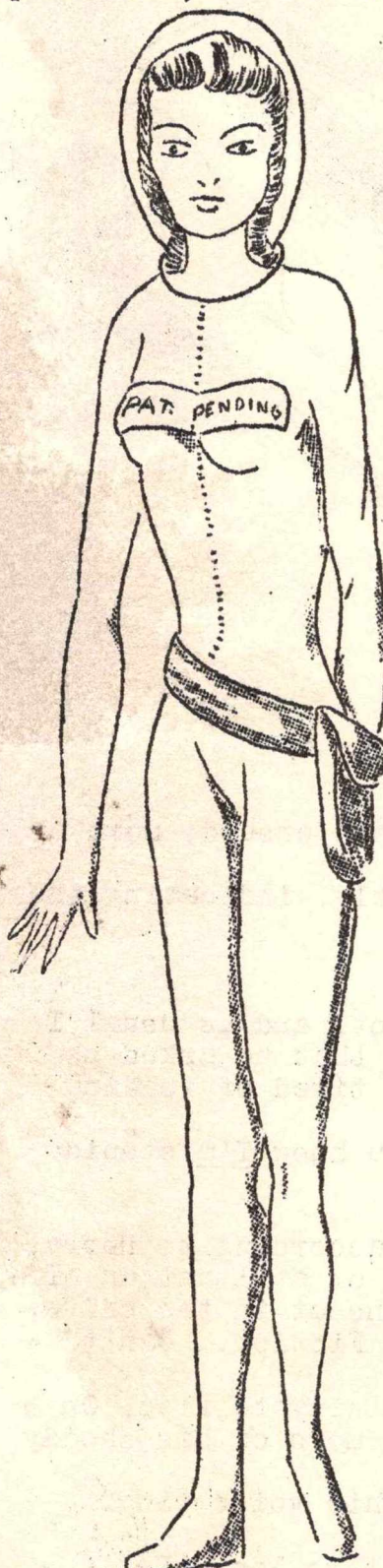
Army truck drivers would have loved "L". A single seat coupé that hauled eleven.

She was a mechanics dream. Every thirty minutes, or ten miles it was necessary to get out wrench and crank and screwdriver, to re-time her engine.

Perhaps the only people who might not have been whole hearted Lobelia boosters were those who loved automobiles. Lobelia was a lady, but she was no automobile.

Oh, yes, to all you junk dealers, I'm sorry but Lobelia has long since gone to join her Maker.

It was Lobelia's return that caused Henry Ford's demise. Didn't you know?!



---

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD  
— if you're not dueling. —









A more or less permanent department wherein we look at the other mags in the mailing. I agree with a great deal of the fans in that mailing comments often get out of hand, such as comments on comments, etc. But -- and here I depart from the purists, if you're going to publish for an Apa, I think you are more or less duty bound to comment, to some extent, on the other magazines. I suppose it is here I am at variance with Ted Tubb (STEAM V2N3). Apas, being closed groups, puts on each member the onus of criticism for every other member; otherwise all of our works are for nothing. There is little use to endeavor to even entertain one another if we never know well we are succeeding. Also for those of us attempting to improve ourselves, criticism is very important. To an Apan, criticism is like money in the mail to a subscription publisher

So--:

OFF TRAILS... according to the first page there are seven mags loosely attached to the 6th mailing of which I have seen only four. Yet, I put that verbal loophole there because right after I gripped about the 6th mailing, I received JULES VERNE and Haemoglobin. All of which is leading up to saying just how much I enjoyed J.V. I not only liked the appearance of this, but I thank you kindly for all the labor represented. The writing, like your Asian adventures, is very readable. The stamps are a different and individual touch. All in all, excellent! If I may do so, I'd like to request an article on the work behind the blow by blow account of the blood, sweat, etc. Please?!

Scanning down the membership list I see a tall house, but whose name is that? A fake fan on the Waiting List! As I live and breath, it's Bob Briggs...the Art Thompson of the States. I should warn the President now, that this Briggs type is lazy. He will try to meet his requirements with page after page of excellent fanish drawings.

While I feel definitely inclined toward the idea of Awards for OMPans, I hesitate, with my short tenure of residence, to nominate any one, for any award.

ESPRIT...Reading "Art Critic" made me think of something that happened in Art School, about 2000 years ago. Ron mentions "Upright Exterior and Interior Forms" as being a fine peice of artistic double-talk. What do you think of "Vast Movements in Restricted Spaces"? Had quite a vogue among the art artists for a while, simply because it was unportrayable. Awfully slight, but readable withal.

NULL-F (1-2-3)...The more I see of mimeo color the more I think the medium isn't suited for color. There is something sketchy about the color and actually lacks the impact of fully utilized plain black on varied color paper. I must admit, though, that the cover for #3 is the best I've seen, both artistically and technically. I'm afraid I can't see the reasoning that can damn Gold for intruding himself into GALAXY, and then supports RAP who produced all-RAP AMAZINGs for better than five years. Go back to AMAZING of the peak of Palmer's control. No matter whose name appeared as the byline, the stories all read as if hacked from the same bolt of tripe. RAP also committed the same sin GOLD is accused of--printing his own (sub standard) stories. I don't defend Gold, but I also can't defend RAP. At least Gold has flashes of real excellence--can't remember any outstanding stories from any of Palmer's editorial reigns. Oh, well, one man's meat, etc.



POOKA...Thank you very much for the piece by Russ Winterbotham. I gobble these 'I did it myself' articles wherever I find them. Besides I've read a bit of Russ' material, and while it isn't Heinlein, it wasn't the worse I've read. Know any other co-operative authors? Ah, you collectors, I envy you. I can't afford to start; no room, and a tendency to fret if I can't have every issue. If SF mags were a narcotic I'd be an addict--certainly can't afford that. I'll save the index though, much appreciated.



ARCHIVE...The appearance of this constantly reminds me of the hand-drawn newspapers I was always doing in Grammar school. Chaotic. I was drooling for the nerve tingling climax to "Roaring Jelly", I think you're just a coward. Maybe after ten years in OMPA I'll understand what the people in your letter column are talking about.

RUNE...I am neither poetically, nor musically inclined, not that I think there is any connection between the Muses and this. But I'm not leaning in any direction; I'm neutral.

A MOMENT'S PAUSE...I like some poetry and some I do not. I do not know what is "good" and what is "bad". I missed HE-X, though.

THEY'RE OFF...Having indulged in oneshots like this in the dim past I know that the cold light of dawn is the harshest critic there is--I'll be kind and noncommittal.

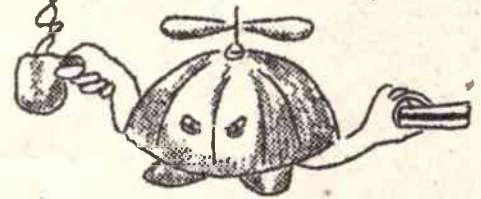
STYX...There was eight pages and a cover, beyond that, not too much. It was interesting reading, but nothing sticks after you lay it aside.

KA...Is that cover legal? Another handwritten page; whew, boy I'm gonna need glasses before the first years finished.

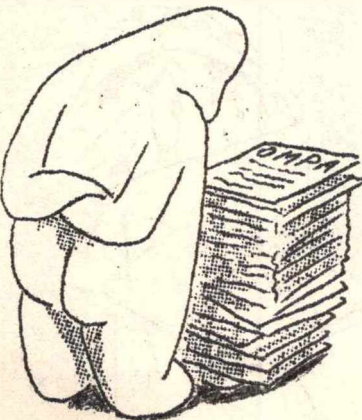
GALLERY-ANNEX...OE that was Annex #1, too. I got one of the better copies (?) pity the rest of the OMPANS.

MORPH...Ah, pretty, pretty, pretty. No inside pix this time, I'm sorry to say. Can't comment at length, because I liked all of it equally well. The justifying, as usual, is much appreciated. And purple ink in the Mlg Reviews, yet.

GUF... Mr. Wingrove you have the nerve to chide Charlie Wells for having nothing but Mlg Reviews in HE-X, and then you do the same thing, in RED INK on YELLOW paper, yet. I'll wait for the next issue; Okay?

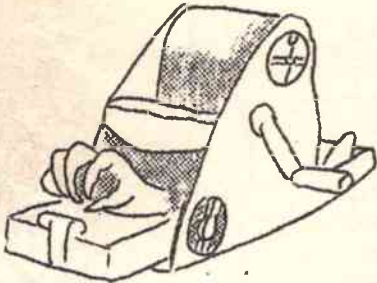


SCOTTISHE...How the SamHill did people get so confused as to pronounce this Scottishe? I'm not usually very bright--but I got the title fust off. (looka me-boy!) This ish not as interesting as the last. I'm a fan-fiction lover. The bit on cartoons by George Powell went down well. I've heard a lot about UPA's "Tell Tale Heart" but never saw it. I did see their "Pigs is Pigs"; excellent. All in all a pleasant little mag.



STEAM...At last! Bloody brief, but meaty. Ted Tubb, like Bob Tucker is much more interesting in his fan facet, than his pro side. The Hoax is one of those unfortunate things. The perpetrator should apologize, but probably won't. See the heading for this section in re my rebuttal to Mr.





Tubb. Combozines, that I've seen never resemble anything quite so much as an Apa mailing stapled together. Yet, if a theme were chosen before hand and all material not relevant tossed out, it might work (though a few bruised feelings are a foregone conclusion). With a theme all angles could be exploited; sercon, humourous, artistic, etc. Anyone for themes? And Ken put more of yourself into this, huh? Or is there time?

BURP...Nothing but reviews, and what can you say about that, except that it was legible. Very.

LAUNCHING SITE /


THE LESSER FLEA/...Isn't it strange that a husband and wife team should produce zines so much alike? I've been stating with loud squawks, too, that review zines I won't review, but damnit, these are friendly and fun! I'll just say, more is Okay by me.

TIOT...Hey, the drawings were great. As for the rest, see my comment on ARCHIVE re your hand written newspaper.

BILFESCYNING...This the same Slater I read perhaps six years ago in Operation Fantast? I must admit you got a lot of sercon material in painlessly with that conversational interchange. And by all that Sacred I LIKED "Tales For Young Neofen". Without being able to pin it down to any one thing, I likes the whole ish. Nice.

\*\*\*\*\*

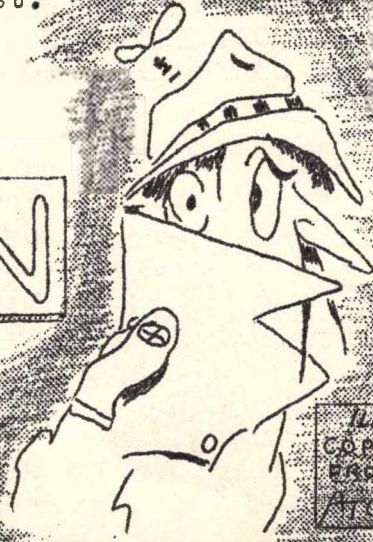
That, kiddies is that. All in all a slim mailing, but withal a fairly meaty one. I enjoyed it--makes me happy to be in there pubbing.



This Sterling zine Features, each issue, the tingling adventures of GOON Bleary, and his intrepid band of international fannish private I's. Each thrilling case clearly illuminated by the incomparable Art Thompson. Issued whenever a famous case is completed. Want a BNF investigated? See the GOON, his rates are the lowest.

# RETRIBUTION

From: John Berry  
1 Knockeden Cres,  
Flush Park,  
Belfast, Northern Ireland  
Or: Art Thompson  
17, Brockham House,  
Brockham Drive,  
London, S.W.2



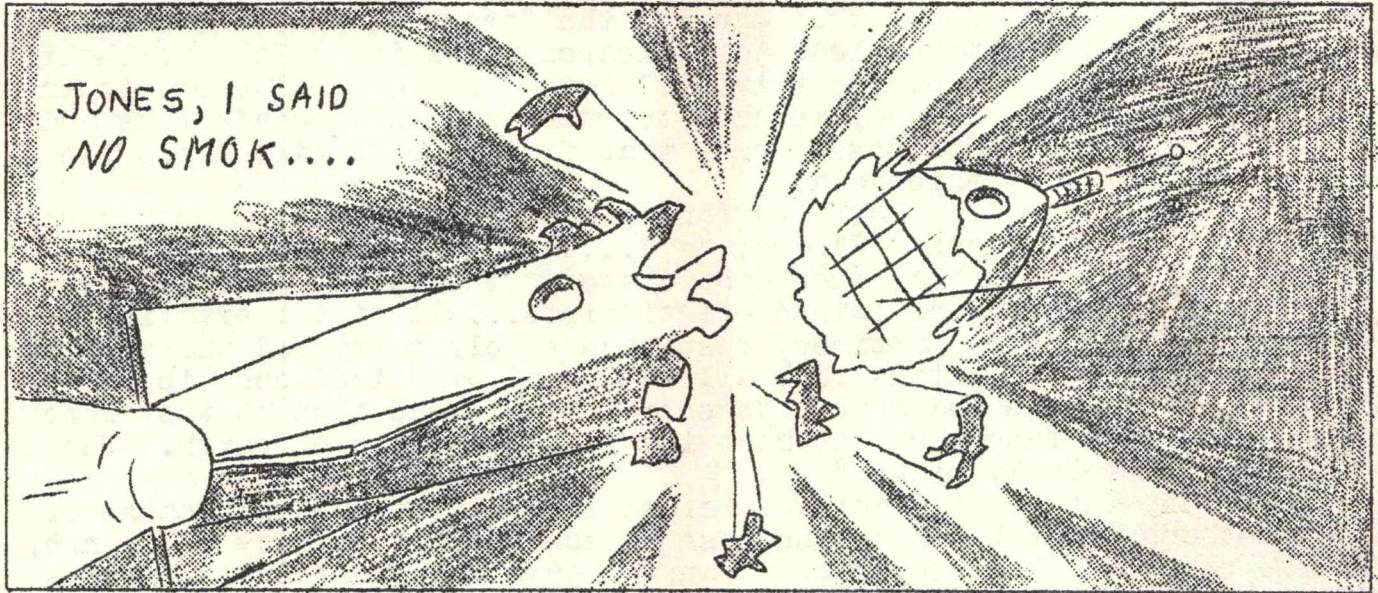
ALLS  
COPIED  
FROM  
ATOM



(WITH Con't) mistake I did on page 8, again.

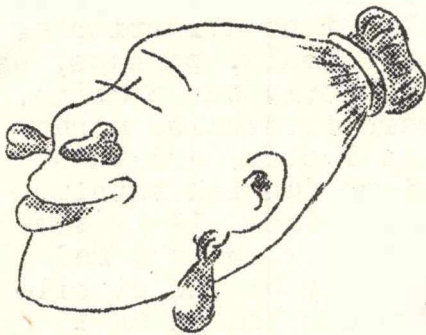
In the next issue you will find a bit of serious-constructive material in the form of an analysis of the ill starred "Science Fiction Plus" with, perhaps some photostencils of the mag. I've had some poor results so far with my pic snapping.

Whats that man building now? A Camel!



I've had a lot of fun producing this and I hope you have a similiar amount reading it. All the very best.

*Chuck Dery*



What is turning out to be a regular column...

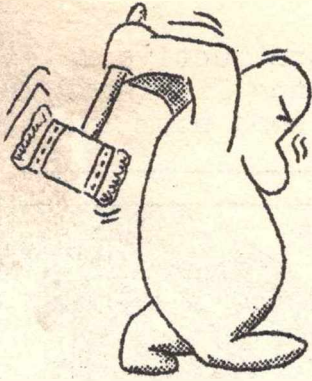
**C**old **C**offee

By  
Bob Pavlat

Someday I should like to be able to sit back in my chair, think about fandom, and really get an organized idea of just what fandom is, where it is, and where it's going. I don't have the type of mind that easily accumulates scattered impressions over a period of years, and then comes to a generalization on the basis of the impressions gathered, so my time ~~could~~ better be spent in reading other's views of fandom than in writing my own. However, that type of reading material is scarce.

The contributions made to an objective appraisal of fandom are suprisingly few and far between. Most of those fans who are active nowadays lack either the capability or the desire to look at fandom with an objective eye. I think one of the reasons maybe a defense reaction—a refusal to think about the fannish world they live in because they're partially convinced that fandom is just a damn silly waste of time. I sometimes get the same idea, and wonder why I sit seriously trying to write encouraging comments on some curddy fanzine or compiling a list of fanzines, when there are so many attractive girls in Washington, and so many unread issues of Scientific American





on the bookshelf in my bedroom.

It would, I think, be helpful to the mainstream of fandom if there were a few dispassionate observers present to look at fandom from the outside; a few pointed remarks from an analytical Speer or Bloch or Silverberg (to name three fans that have shown they can see the forest despite the trees) might lead to a clearer partition of the worthwhile from the trivial. Not having an active critic in fandom, we have to make-do with renegade fans and distressed pros that from time to time cross the threshold.

How many fans have left fandom with such words as: "Fandom, as a...way of life in itself is a rotten and sick cell that should be ousted with vigor by the readers and more sane element of science-fictionists...All of the prattling letters and floods of fanzines, must have surely convinced the various (professional StF) editors that all fans, and organized ones in particular, are morons and mental degenerates. I once thought they were wrong, and that fans were the most intelligent people on earth. The editors are probably right."

How many fans, while active, refuse to evaluate fandom because of the un-thought-out-but none-the-less present fear that they could not, on the basis of evidence, come to any other conclusion? And on a surface appraisal what choice is left but to say that fandom is composed of a bunch of gibbering idiots frenetically dashing about with less purpose and effectiveness than chickens trying to escape from a fox in a henhouse. It is probably this very type of appraisal that limits fandom to the acquisition of two or three top-notch fans in a given year: The type that could be top-notch run rapidly in the other direction as soon as they see some of the sludge printed in what should, perhaps, be fandom's greatest showplace, the fanzine and particularly the apazine. The truly amazing part is that fandom does, at rare intervals, manage to inherit a person with the qualities of William Tucker, and that these persons manage to persevere through the various fannish ymivia, such as the death hoaxes experienced by both of these fans. It is fortunate for fandom that they do manage to outlast or overlook the mad yapping and kneeling in the groin that goes on, for only by the stabilizing influence of some of the older fans is fandom carried on as a continuing tradition.

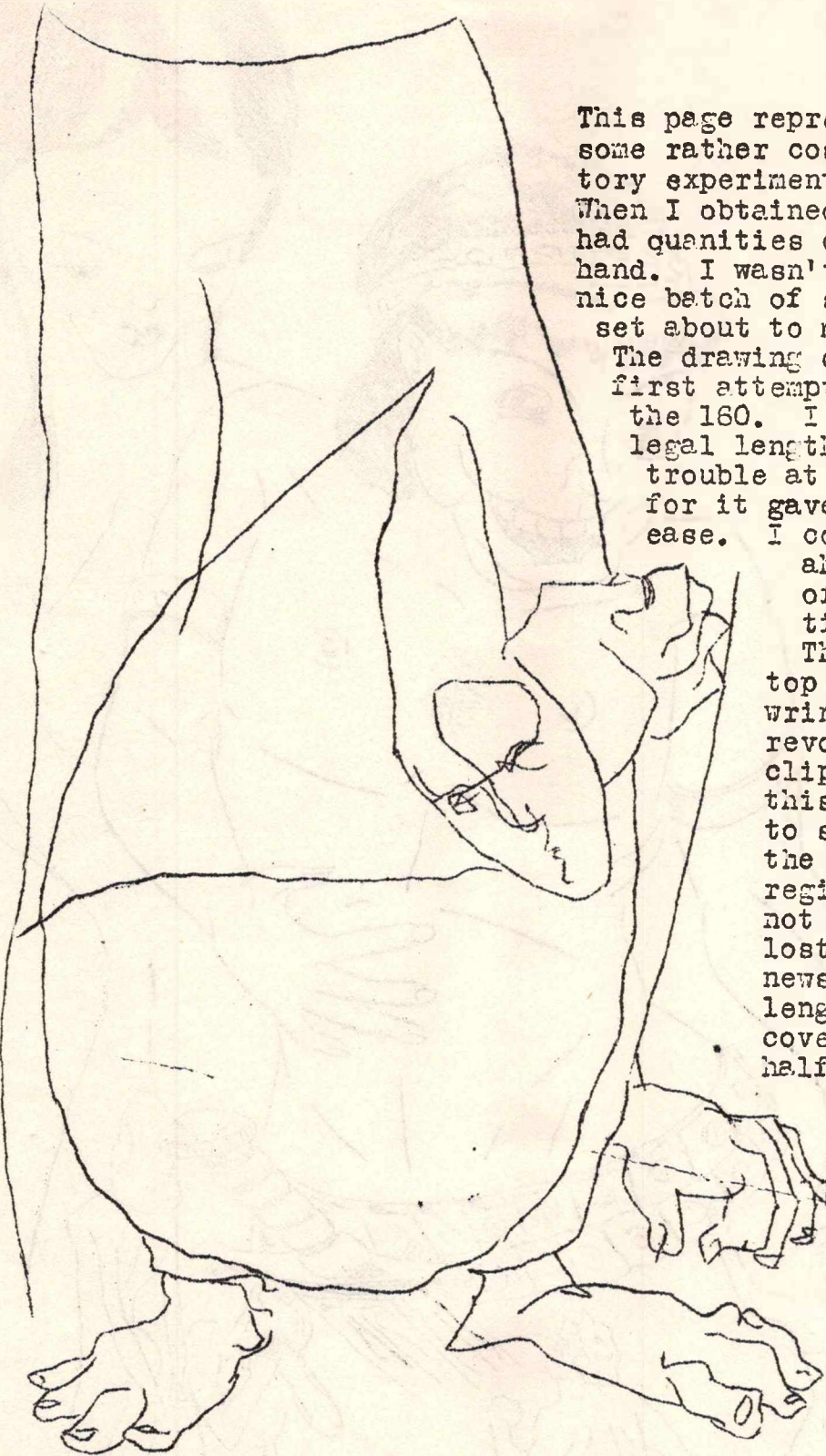
And it is in this continuing tradition of fandom that it's worthwhile aspects come to light. The stabilizing influence of these older fans may be but the flash of light from a lighthouse to a stranger in fannish waters, but that may be all that's required to show that solid land exists in this rolling sea called fandom. The sea crashes, the fog obscures, but the lighthouse stands.

It is easy to see why a person like Degler moved in fannish circles. I hesitate to venture an opinion on why a person who is not obviously mentally deranged should become a fan, suffer poorly conceived but excellently executed fake deaths, and yet remain for many years a credit to the field of fandom—almost the only credits fandom has.

Although, as I said, I hesitate to venture an opinion on why we do retain in fandom such worthwhile fans as Willis and Tucker, I will none the less, offer two possible reasons for debate: Fandom is to these few, as to Burbee, "just a goddam hobby", and just as good as any other hobby.

Their mental derangement is not obvious.





This page represents the results of some rather costly, but satisfactory experimentation with my 160. When I obtained the Gestetner, I had quantities of cheap stencils on hand. I wasn't able to afford a nice batch of slick Gestencils. I set about to make do, or else.

The drawing on the back was the first attempt to do anything on the 160. I used an ABDick, legal length stencil and had no trouble at all. This was bad for it gave me a false sense of ease. I could foresee no trouble ahead. I hit all kinds of grief the very next time around.

The stiff stub on the top of most stencils made wrinkles from the first revolution. I finally clipped the stubs, and this helped. Now I had to shift the typing down the page, because the register control would not compensate for the lost stub. Next I used newsprint to add to the length of the stencil and cover the screen. After half a dozen copies the ink came through.

I now use the film topping sheet and cement it securely to avoid leaking at the joint.

This page represents three runs to get one page. The total pix on the back, and two go-rounds for this side.

As much as I love

*Harness*  
my Gestetner, I can now say that it isn't the dreamboat that I first imagined it to be. But for pix and fine detail it can't be beat. Also I have never heard an electric job run so quietly. Even with the family asleep I can knock out a page or two. With all it's short comings I'm not sorry I laid aside the ABDICK. I agree with Janke about the color business. A complete color changer kit runs to about \$23.00 for each color. And there's no short cut either.



