

Canaveral artist. And HHHeins is one of the very top experts on ERB, having published the definitive bibliography of Burroughs a couple years ago. (It's now out of print and bringing about \$50 a copy.)

A Lino for Republicans:

"As he that taketh a dog by the ears, so is he that passeth by in anger and meddleth with another man's quarrel." (Proverbs XXVI, 17)

JUNE KONIGSBERG: The TV news the other day declared that the Chinese calendar proclaims this the year of the Horse. But the LASFS edition has it a bit different... .

Y'know, for a gigantic card game, the New Year's Party had a helluva lot of people doing other things. ...especially around midnight. I didn't even play cards until Saturday (though I admit there was a game or so going Friday night.) The players varied from hour to hour, and even the game changed a couple times. It was hardly the entire party, though.

TOM DIGBY: "Xtabay" (pronounced SHTAH-bay) was the name of an Incan virgin, who fell in love with a prince of an Aztec kingdom. Class distinction forbid the love, but she couldn't keep a secret, and sang it to the mountains and winds. Her voice was so penetrating and envhanting that ultimately it reached and killed the far-off prince. The data above from the record jacket of Sumac's "Voice of the Xtabay," and the pronunciation from an old friend at UF, Bob Headley, who studied the language.

We also engaged in giving away light bulbs this Xmas, but we got tired of the game and brought our strings of lights in after about 15 bulbs disappeared altogether.

And thanks for the clipping on the tearing down of Benton Hall. That antique monstrosity was falling apart in 1955, when I had a couple physics classes in it -- on the 3d floor, up those rickety, narrow stairs that would have claimed several lives if there'd been a fire. I wonder if Bob Smith, who is still there, can manage to snaffle the building plate when they tear the thing down... .

It is difficult to realize that there are four of us in APA L who went to UF: you, me, Dave Van Arnam, and Felice Rolfe. There are others in the fringes of fandom: Sylvia Dees, and a couple of Bay Area types who show up for G&S parties: Blair Jarrett and his wife, Jim & Joyce Quigg. Wonder who I missed... .

BEP: You've cataloged enough Slavic crud; you ought to remember that a final 'w' would make 'Shaw' come out Wab.

Maybe I ought to explain that building plate remark....

The buildings at the University of Florida are each numbered, with a small metal plate affixed to the building on the north side of the NE corner. The oldest buildings have bronze plates, the later ones aluminum ones. There's even a map of the campus with all the building numbers listed. The Speleo Society found this very handy back in 57 when they decided to utilize the laws of Representation and take over some of the buildings: whoever owned the plate also owned the building it represented. We went after the low numbers, but found that #1 (the auditorium) was already gone, and #'s 2 & 3 (Benton, Walker) too inaccessibly high and well-lit. But all in all we picked up a dozen or so. Since then many different things have been done with the plates. A couple were given as Xmas presents to other club members (including the Marriage & the Family

building to the Club Skirtchaser -- we discovered after the presentation that his wife had left him that morning. We laughed). Others we kept -- like the one for the Century Tower now adorning my doorway. And I gave away Building 5 -- the Library -- to my final instructor at SC when I got my MS in Library Science. She'd given me the only A I got in graduate school (and I had to have one to graduate without taking another course), and she used to be head cataloger for the UF Library, where I had originally met her. I told her the story of how the plates had been liberated, and we talked of other japery, but she froze up when I got around to the placing of the porno manuscript in the Library's Special Collections -- but that's another story. Anyway, the Benton plate would be a nice catch, even at this late date... .

The Way of Life 13

"Hello, Herb," said Tema into the phone. "How was your trip? You sound tired, but I guess you haven't had much sleep lately, if you kept to the schedule you set up."

"I am a bit worn, but I'll catch up starting tonight." Herb Jenkins was friendly, but reserved, as usual. He let the conversation hang there, so Tema made another attempt.

"I guess you won't be going back to work right away? Then why not come on over tomorrow or Tuesday. I'd like to hear about your trip, and I can fill you in on what's happened while you were away."

"Thank you, that would be a very nice idea. I'll call you first if I can make it. Nice of you to call." The polite voice was evidently trying to stifle a yawn.

"You'd better get some sleep," Tema said solicitously. "I'll see you in a day or so." She hung up and shook her head disgustedly. "You're acting like a fool again," she told herself, "and it's twice as stupid because it won't do you any good to act like a fool this time." The clock struck eleven, and Tema, shrugging, headed for the bedroom where her husband was already snoring.

"You didn't have to wait up," said Cecily. "Why, we got back an hour before we had to, even!" She kissed her mother and father, listened for a minute to the sound of Len's car leaving, and then went toward her bedroom.

"Did you enjoy the show, dear?" asked Nora. "What did you see?"

Cecily came back again. "An old German science fiction movie called 'Metropolis.' It was pretty good, I guess." She busied herself taking her hair down as she talked, then suddenly broke off to exclaim, "Oh, you know who we saw there? Corky and Mr. Van Clyne! They were sitting six rows ahead of us, so we didn't talk to them during the show. But they had an awful fight right there in the theater, and Corky ran out. I think she was crying. Mr. Van Clyne started after her, then changed his mind and went back to the movie."

"I guess that's why Corky threw the fans out early, so she could go to the movies with Van Clyne," said her father. "I hope the fight wasn't serious; Corky's a nice girl. Now get to bed, Cec' -- you have school tomorrow." He turned off the lights and he and Nora also went to bed, their thoughts shifting back and forth between Corky and Leo, wondering how the problems of each would work out.

The subjects of those thoughts were themselves going to sleep, and they too wondered about the working out of those problems -- which had worsened during the evening.