

MAINE-IAC



only a few minutes from here). Otherwise the mailing will be all bundles and ready for the Official Organ which will be mainly sterilized. This, I realize, is a departure from the usual gay, happy throng, but that's the way it goes. I'm selfish and love to do that kind of work myself without sharing it with anybody. Well, hardly anybody.

So, this is it. I sincerely desire to have the job and have a great enthusiasm for it. I realize that Sherman Oaks fandom is new and unknown and untried, but try it for fast, fast, fast results because it milder, much milder....

NOTE NOTE The last time I ran for office DEPT: in FAPA, in 1956 or thereabouts, my only opponent was Richard Eney, an old friend and fellow Far Easter. I lucked in that time but it was exceedingly close. I must say that if he evens the score this time, I won't feel too badly but other than that, I "WANT TO WIN, PEOPLE! Remember, a Vote for Ed Cox is a vote for Decentralized Los Angeles Fan-Eds. In fact, Sherman Oaks fandom has no close ties with any other than other Valley fandoms and we are adding to the population explosion in our own way. I must real soon now submit Kevin Lee's name to incumbent John Trimble for inclusion on the FAPA Waiting List with credentials-to-follow.... Yes.

So Vote VALLEY. Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox expect your X. Remember, X's in the spots in our ballot box's. Or something like that....

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FANDOM/FAPA Lee Jacobs, Leader, RCA FOREVER DEPT: Publications Engineering type, is my immediate superior. He gets copies of all the letters I write to various people and places in my capacity of Data Control (which is fine training for any incipient FAPA OE...). So today I wrote a sort of directive to all BIEWS type Publications Engineering personnel and left the draft on Lee's desk for his perusal before his secretary, who does my typing as well, committed it to indelible purple master. I later found the draft on my desk with a penciled note which could come only from the pen of Lee Jacobs which

said, "68 copies... that's not too many...."

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RACK UP SOME MORE or, RCA is a Stifish FOR STP FOREVER: place. My immediate assistance in the form of an Irish type called Pat, reads science fiction. This sort of surprised me somewhat until I learned that it was in the form of seldom titles in pocket-books. Then, however, Lee and discovered various jobs of stuff stiftional on the desk of various secretaries and the switch-beard operators. And then, of course, there is Another Among Us. Charles Stewart Metchotte joined our happy group a couple of months or so ago and we now have two hard-core fake-fans and a Sherlock Holmes type in the organization. Yes.

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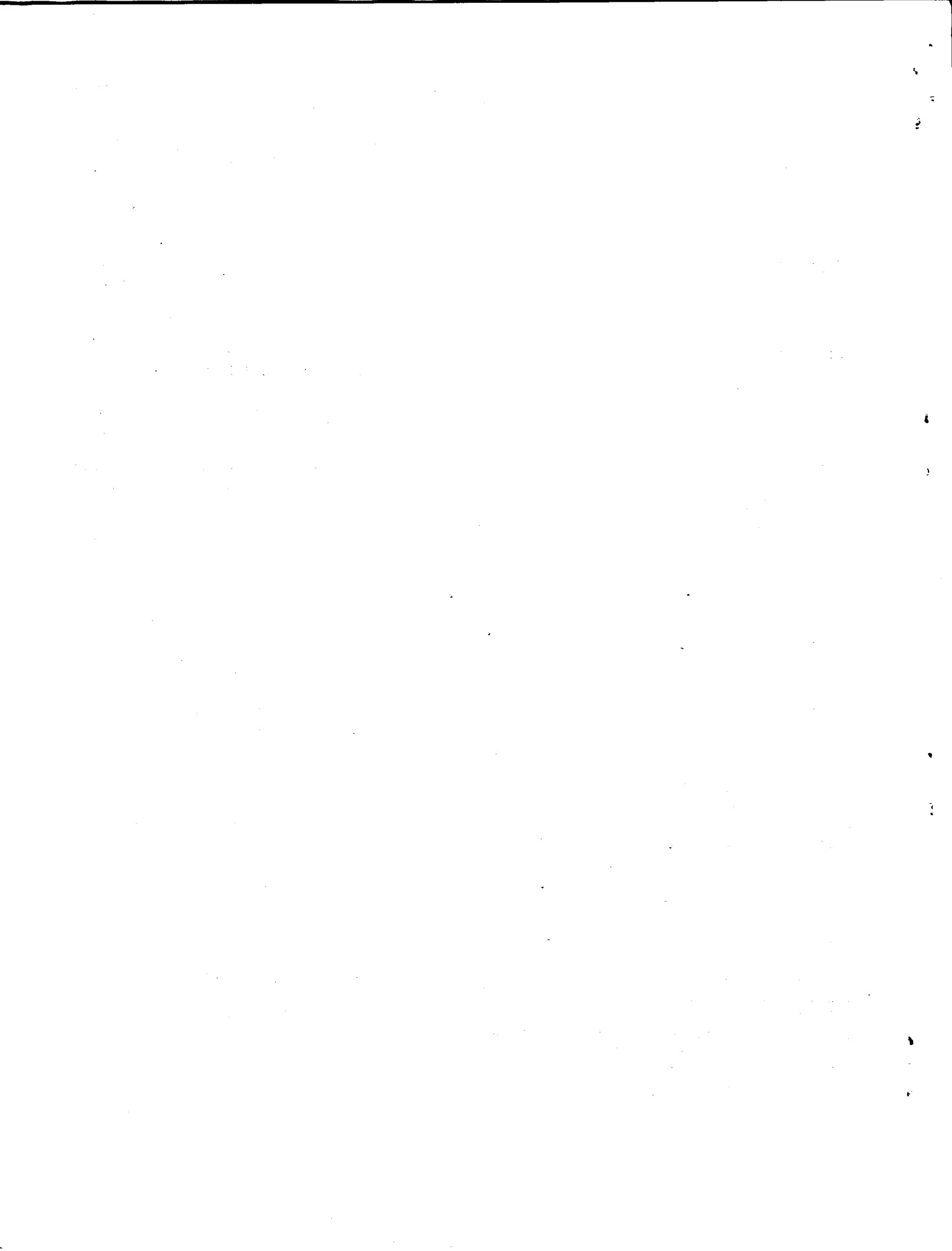
SOME NOTES ON THE SINGULAR The fact EVENT OF BECOMING A DADDY: that Anne was pregnant became ever more evident as the months wore on and Anne became more and more. This she wasn't too happy about in some respects, but the main thing, which happied us most, was that this would result in either Kevin Lee or Charlotte Anne. However, I did find, in the latter weeks of the pregnancy, an unrealness enveloping me. I thought, gadsfrey, is this happening to us? We is really gung be parents like? A real live baby and like that, crying and two o'clock feedings and Anne will go to the hospital...that's an Astau word for hospital...at 1:31 $\frac{1}{2}$  a.m. mit running of red lights und like that... and...and...

well, I was overcome and not just because we moved and I'd been working a 40 hour week before and after the move. (This move was enhanced greatly, and, in fact, made muchly possible with the yecman services of John and Ejo, Al Lewis, Ron Elliot, Jack Harness and Steve Metchotte).

At any rate, this great transform-

((Page 3 was typed on a cream backed pad for the ...  
Unfortunately, I didn't have time to retype for page 3. ...  
etc.))

see tracks



This newest advance in the fannish westward movement causes me to believe that almost anything is possible. That even Phyllis Eononou might yet move out here and culminate my years-long campaigns to bring this about. Yes.

But now that he is out here, it'll be a lot like what happened to other correspondents once I moved within person to person contact range of them. Almost drop out of sight of each other! Not that our correspondence has been going rapid-fire in late years, but now I won't be able to send clippings of Charles Schneeman illustrations from the Herald-Examiner to him or other newsnotes of sfictional content or relation thereto. And like that.

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THE FEAR OF THE WITCH-HUNT AGAIN IS UPON US: Why do fans panic at the first hint of some sort of exposure to the mundane world on which some of so condescendingly sneer in this day of the world-of-tomorrow -coming-true-today? Is it because, after all, that sfiction was really merely an escapist route? That fandom was found to be even more so because it also afforded a means of self-expression as well as escape? Something that the reading of fiction could not provide other than vicarious identification?

I wonder....

Why should an article in an upcoming issue of COSMOPOLITAN cause fear and anxiety among evidently a good portion of fandom? Cause even apologetic statements from those directly contacted in the procurement of material for the article?

I wonder if it is that there is a deep-seated sense of being held up to ridicule or the danger thereof. I don't see why ~~do~~ so. So what if there is an article about fandom? So what if it is known to be definitely slanted toward a "mixed reaction" handling. Who cares? The neighbors won't know about it any more than they know or care whether or

not you use Blue Secret or whatever the hell they call a certain deodorant. I am sure that no fan today can really know the sense of possible local disapproval that was often gained by young fans carting home the latest issue of PLANET STORIES not to mention a goodly number of other prozines of the old persuasion that featured well-built female humans with more of their architecture showing than not. Right on the cover, yet, in full stereophonic colour.

I'm sure there is going to be no witch-hunt. We're surely not, as a group, poisoning young minds. We can't possibly compete with television programs, some of them, that is, or with lots of magazines and books available to them from newsstands. Surely there isn't as much danger to us as a hobby-group from such an article as there was/is from a paranoid type person becoming a member of FAPA. Danger enough of that sort that would've caused many FAPA's to resign in droves had such a person become a member. Not to mention the danger that those of us who have security clearances would have been subject from such a person.

Why, then, the obvious anxiety? Fear of exposure? In what way and to whom? Fear of an overwhelming influx of newcomers? After years of world conventions with local newspaper and television coverage it hasn't happened. Why now? Then fear of public ridicule? After that first TIME magazine story? Balogna!

Frankly, the whole attitude, as I've so far experienced in what I've read, reminds me of the nervousness as experienced by the school band prior to its first large-scale public competition! Nothing more. So why worry?

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THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY DEPT: Or something like that. Some of you no doubt noticed in the last mailing a publication by Lee Jacobs. The title of which was a date-received stamp with his name and date on it.

One day, passing by his office, I



noticed him sitting within, with a ditto master, the date-stamp and a determined look on his face. The master was covered with the date stamp marks. I asked him what he was doing. He lifted the paper away from the master and said, "It doesn't work" or words to that effect. The thing just would not impress upon the carbon enough to register on the master sheet.

That is howcum he no doubt stamped at least 68 sheets one after the other, time after time...

Now I wish I had the CANCELLED stamp I have in my desk here...but that's another story.

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I have been learning, of course, a number of new ways to spend time. One of which is known as "feeding the baby". This isn't too much trouble and I've learned how to interpret different aspects of his behavior in relation to how much is wants and is going to take and when. The burping bit and it is surprising, to me, the volume and intensity of the burp from a small baby! Louder than a healthy beer burp and ever-surprising!

But the part that sort of got to me is the diaper-changing ceremony. This I hadn't done before either and my concept of the whole business was still back in the three-corner days. I think that my idea of the purpose of diapers was that they were merely baby-type clothing. Once in a while somebody goofed and it became necessary to "change" the diaper because the baby done did something in them. Such was my early concept of the whole matter. Only in recent years had it change any due to close association with people who actually had a small baby. Steve Metcabe and Don Wilson immediately came to mind in this respect. I observed first-hand in their homes the business of caring for babies and, at the time, never dreamed I'd be one day in the same situation.

So it came to pass that the first time came about. Yes. Amco could not do it all all the time. I had help with the feeding and had run all the errands and like that but now it fell upon my shoulders the problem of changing the first pair. So I went at it.

He was wet. Usually he sort of cries to inform us of the fact and I have even learned to distinguish his "wet" cry. So I started in. Unzipping the plastic outer-layer type bloomers or whatever they are (decidedly un-masculine, I thot), I unpinned the also decidedly large safety pins. He had lain quite quietly and patiently since I took him to the bathinette on which we do all this (a Trimble brand bathinette, by the way), but as soon as I un-did his diapers, he started crying as they are wont to do when this security is taken away from them.

After not just one false try, I got the new diaper, already properly folded by Amco, under him and started to pin it. There are many layers and it was hard to push the pin through them. Not to mention the fact that I was nervous about sticking him with it. Maby one reason they cry so much is that they have a fear of cold steel stabbing so closely to their vitals! At any rate, it didn't stab him and I got the one side done. As I was about to do the other, a horrible fact became apparent to me in no uncertain terms. He now needed to be changed again but not because he was wet. This, I thought, was a cruel blow after all the trouble and anxiety I went to to get the first set halfway pinned on him. Further gruesome detail of my ordeal I'll spare you except that I only stuck my thumb with the pins but once.

There are likely to be more edifying stories of this nature in future editions of Sherman Oaks Fandom publications.

Let me once again apologize for a small showing, token it you must, in this, the Glory Mailing (to borrow a S&F'sish phrase from my worthy opponent). I understand he's to have 300 pps in this mailing...Oh, well, quantity/quality and all that. Ha. But VOTE for me, huh? And so long.....