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THIS 'ERE IS OZ-3.

A somewhat rushed and scrappy affair, I'm afraid - sorry, souls. Things have sorta got outa hand around here lately. Such as it is, it emanates from BERYL HENLEY, currently domiciled at 59 The Fearnings, Crabbs Cross, Redditch, Worcs., England. Intended for the 45th OMEPA Mailing, September 1965. E&OE. Now follows the opening speech for the defence !

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August 19th 1965

If I hadn't felt that I'd be letting Don Studebaker down, I'd probably have given this mailing a miss. What with the Worldcon coming up next week, and the boys being on holiday and eating their heads off, and doing book reviews for Pweston, and letting Archie bully me into becoming a co-administrator of PaDS with him, and ....

Here, wait a minute - that lot sounds as if I'm sorry for myself, and I'm not. I much prefer being over-extended to being bored.

So let's stick to facts. OZ-3 is a product of the Titan and Caractacus. Which, translated, means that the stencils are Titan-cut (the Titan being my ancient Imperial), and the zine is Mercatorially duplicated. This latter is because Pweston's sold his duper and bought a car. (I am compelled to admit that he does get around better in the car .... I suppose pedalling a Roneo uphill must be a bit of a bind ... especially in the rain ...)

PAGES 2 - 11 INCLUSIVE to be credited to DON STUDEBAKER.

I hate to leave the rest of this page unfilled, but since the BrumCon I haven't been anywhere. I've had several visitors at various times, though. Pete drops in fairly frequently - was here last night, with Al Roblin. Ken and Wendy came over just before they went on holiday en (Wendy's) famille, and again after they returned. They'd actually managed to pick up a sun-tan from somewhere - although I must say the weather has improved during the last two or three weeks. Doreen Parker brought her eight-year-old daughter Patsy over for a few days at the beginning of last month, and while they were here, Pete, Ken, Wendy and Ed James all dropped in. Doreen's visit provided further mad anecdotes about The Car, which I believe you'll be reading about elsewhere, elsewhen. Verily, verily, truth is stranger than fiction ...

The English football season starts on Saturday ... think I'll go to Highbury and see Arsenal play on the 28th .... it'll be nice to get out into the fresh air after being cooped up in that hotel !

++ BH

P.S. Archie: tower for the ever-helping hand. Don't work Caractacus too hard, though, or you'll have the Union after you for duplexploitation !

The Naked Antichrist in love

Handwritten text in a stylized, possibly invented or heavily modified script, consisting of several lines of large, bold characters.

... by DON STUDEBAKER

"I had a lover's quarrel with the World ..." Epitaph on the grave of Robert Frost.

Hello Ompan, here we are again. This time around I'm not even going to talk, you probably having had too much of that in recent issues. Rather, I'm going to sing, in the only way a man can sing on paper. I'm going to display my heartfelt woe and give you a rather large and haphazard sampling of my poetry, beginning with a brief selection from my verse drama THE MASQUES; the rest of the Masques is now in the hands of composer Mathew Hopkins turning into an Opera ....

Fair she was  
An Elfin dare,  
to dainty,  
And none so lovely  
As did walk the Earth.  
Innocence ....

There was no innocence  
such as hers,  
and purity ....  
an Angel knows more carnage.

Did I say she was Holy ?  
No,  
For Heaven hath no Thing  
so bright.

to pluck away at pieces  
of the valley;  
and all to the rhythm  
throbbing flowing  
through the gorging  
streams of blood,  
the Captain called.

The body blushed  
flushed its face  
with runes of misery  
carved with the stones  
that pressed up against  
it.

The dying cried  
and tears mingled  
theirs  
with the soil and rocks  
made mud  
with the sigh salting  
of the eyes  
and bleeding breasts  
till caking filled  
their open pains  
and stopped their hearts.

Still Grelkin called  
still walked upon his wall  
still watched and called  
and showed no mercy  
either to his enemy  
or his friend.

His voice was clarion  
His eyes were bright  
and flashing,  
but his hands were clean.

The Captain no compassion  
needs  
for the discharge  
of his duty.  
Still the scene  
continued into night.

The moon, having nothing better  
to do,  
Turned the World  
a strange white silvery colour.

The imagery at the end of that one is rather nice. I hope someone understands it. Now: for balance, I've just discovered a sequel to one of the above, in fact ....

Then I follow her down the street to where  
jolly old Santa Claus  
is standing ringing his bell like  
crazy man  
and there is a brass band playing its lungs out  
silent night fortissimo  
that is not how it's supposed to be,  
and I slyly listen to what the chick says  
to Santa  
and it is:  
"Well, another anonymous type  
just filled the kitty.  
At this rate we'll be ridj in a week,  
and ain't this a sweet racket?  
The Salvation Army will be surprised  
as all Hell  
when they start their campaign  
next week."

Since we seem to have gotten around to ideology, the hard way, let's  
try a nice old-fashioned narrative poem. Maybe some of you remember THE TRIST  
in Ludicrous Portraits Number One a year or two ago. Well, this is somewhat in  
the same vein, with variable meter and symbology. A picture of two events with  
a third set of data. It's called:

#### TOURNEY

In the bleeding dark places  
in the wound,  
In rivers of blood  
the battle flowed.  
Deployed  
the forces spun  
about without  
the least knowledge  
of the thing they were doing.

The Captain,  
Grelkin was his name,  
stood atop a high cleft  
of flesh,  
red and raw, cloven  
in the pouring sunlight,  
The sword descending next to him  
in great  
clean even cuts.  
He called his creatures  
to the fore,  
wave after wave  
of molting ruin  
called down  
his forces,  
flight after flight  
of black bacteria winged

Lips that kissed a burning poker  
brushed me gently  
and singed off  
the tips of  
my soul.

Toward the end I went completely incoherent. I thought I might include one of those poems here, but I have lots better things to read, and besides, they are so passionate they might be censored. (Provided anyone understood a word of them). So instead of that morbid mand and womand love bit, how about a happy Christmas poem ?

Olin T. Fredegar's Happy Christmas Poem  
by  
Olin T. Fredegar

See, I'm this nasty old bastard  
Who don't even deserve the right to live  
And along comes this phony little chick from the Salvation Army  
and tells me I should GIVE  
Like, with a capital G,  
to help a lot of old fogies and some kids  
to have a merry Christmas or somethin'.  
And I says to this chick, I says  
"What's it to ~~me~~ me  
if they all lay around and starve  
without no turkey and no cranberries  
and stuffing,  
and not one of them gives anybody a present  
so they get nothing in return,  
What's it to me ?" I says.  
And she says  
"You cruel old man, you"  
she says,  
And I think, yes  
I am Cruel  
And that makes me feel sort of chucklesome  
and warm inside  
And I can picture a widow and her nine kids  
freezing to death ..  
in an alley  
because they can't even eat al ah garbage can.  
"Haven't you got any heart ?"  
this frail with the bonnet cries,  
and beats her tambourine against her knee.  
so that all the little shakers go  
clattering like mad.  
"Yes, I have a heart,"  
says I  
"And it is black as coal !"  
So the little woman goes off crying,  
not even noticing that I have slipped  
a hundred spot  
on the sly  
into her kettle.

Number Four, for Heldentenor and instruments.

The golden crescent moon  
sails sickle sighs  
and  
sinks singing  
in the sycamores.  
So sighing  
sings a soul  
so old  
so old  
so winterbirth old  
without  
the snow  
white mottled bright  
the tree, the tree  
~~the~~ so free  
the bird flies on  
and spring will come  
so soon  
so soon  
the lune cries out  
the moon  
the moon,  
so gold  
so cold  
and winter bright  
free flight  
the night  
Ethere  
come close  
verbose  
the poet rides  
in chambered chariots  
of paperclips  
and ebon birds  
are dragons,  
paltry paint  
put poorly  
at thy fingertips  
bestride  
thy fingers  
rings  
to will commands  
of me,  
Antonia .....

Ah youth, ah innocence, lad that I am in naivete dwelling. Take my word for it that the music for these things is torturous in the extreme, and that even under ideal conditions, I nearly tore my throat out singing the conclusion to the third one. But young men in love have a habit of writing things like:-

My Lady Iseult  
of green velvet gowns  
My Lady --  
My Lady --  
Antonia.....

Number Two, for Lyric Tenor and instruments.

The Stars are bright and cold.  
The Stars are bright  
tonight  
and cold beyond  
their ken.  
Thou art alone.  
Thou art alone  
among the stars  
And lovely  
Beyond my dreams.

Thou waitest in fire  
in sun-flung splendor  
Thou among the stars,  
Godessa  
possessed be  
I am thy god  
Antonia .....

Number three, for baritone and instruments.

In Warmth  
in hotness,  
Breath a burning  
maelstrom  
at my lips.  
Seek with thyself  
in the sun-bleached  
wheat  
for fauns  
who wear autumn leaves  
for flaming circlets  
brinding their brow.  
caress ----  
caress ----  
the soil  
and find me  
stretched out among the roots  
of colding maples,  
waiting legumous  
knot of winter-warmth  
at my fire-side  
Antonia .....

Too happy for the doom seekers among you ? It's actually a very cynical piece. Try this one then, from a long dark poem on death and the modern world.

- You'll kill me if you can,  
(brave patriots you call yourselves)  
and thinking only in jealousy  
and greed you send another regiment  
saying  
Slay the enemy, or he will slay you !  
And at their backs you hold a gun  
oh fine politicians  
protectors of the public welfare  
of all men living  
I hate only you ! -

That should be black enough and clear enough in intent for even the muddiest thinkers in the crowd. Shows something of the way I'm likely to think as well. Someday I'll finish the DARK OBSERVERS, then if no-one will buy it, you lucky Ompan will see it through here.

Like Aniaria's priestess  
Intensities too bright  
shine out  
within me,  
gleaming light  
too brilliant to behold  
and live ....

But let's try something not so fragmentary. A complete sort of poem. A whole set, in fact. These were written for my beloved brother/wife Antonia, as you might guess. Alas that I have grown lucky at cards and she has left me for greener Martians. But at least the affaire produced these.

#### FOUR LOVE SONGS

by  
Jon DeCles

Number One, for Counter-tenor and instruments.

The stars do not  
sing out a song.  
The stars do not  
sing out  
so long  
as you wait high  
upon  
the castle wall ----  
waiting ----  
waiting ----  
for one who rides  
in dark forest glens  
upon a shadowed steed.



Annual Christmas Poem, dedicated  
to all those fine American Merchants  
who make the season what it is.

by

Olin T. Fredegar.

Greed !

Oh how I love all the lovely tinsel

Greed !

That shines from their happy faces each year  
about this time.

It is such an inspiration,

to hear the carols

blaring from each overlapping

sphere of sound,

(a hidden speaker

in the recessed door

of each cheap shop)

and to think on the wondrous meaning

of this most wondrous season.

Greed !

Money !

Oh how I love the jingle and the crackle  
of the

Money !

That makes this wintry season

so much greener

than the ancient Holly

ever could,

so bright and cheerful

that I never seem to get enough

of Money !

Laughter !

Oh how I love the laughter  
of the greedy as they count

their money,

decorating hand over fist

with wads and rolls of it,

enjoying to the fullest

this Nativity

of new profit.

It is that

which cheers me most,

that laughter,

ringing with such a happy

hollow note,

bouncing back from the bottom

of empty wallets,

belonging to the people

who are now slightly poorer

than was the Infant Jesus.

That was Christmas sixty-four, so who knows to what depths I may <sup>next</sup> descend. I feel mildly justified in considering that one better than the last, so I am bound to improve. For instance, here is a little item I wrote recently and dedicated to Miss Vernice Hockathorn of Washington, D.C. I came upon the images in that phenomenon, the ... well, but that would spoil

### QUIET JOURNEY

We move,  
in our crystal coach,  
between the pink and brown  
pillars  
of a great dark palace.  
The lights stream out ahead,  
picking a way for us  
along the road;  
asphalt encrusted  
with parallel rows  
of slippery white gems.  
The beat  
of windshield wipers  
flinging out cold drops  
to either side,  
breaks the sound  
of the stillness.  
What jewels!  
build with the gentle rain  
in layers  
upon the winter branches  
of the trees.  
The rich  
and godly rare  
dwelling of winter elves  
thick with flashing reflection  
of our dim lamps,  
is the product of this signing storm;  
The Ice Forest.

It's now about ten at night, not a late hour but a tired one. I have to go to work in the morning, and I need my beauty sleep. (The beauty I'm sleeping with ... ahem!). The temptation to add a dozen or so more poems to this is almost irresistible. While ~~the~~ doing this I've listened to the Callas recording of Bellini's NORIA, the one made in the early fifties, when her voice was still the most electrifying in the world. After that I put on this delightful CARMEN with Resnik, which is tremendous. Exciting. I'm about to go wild that I can't possibly type as fast as the music. (The dancing at the beginning of Act Two).

Question, fellow Ompan. You've about gotten used to me by now. Got anything you'd like me to comment on? An item to tackle? I can't seem to work up much enthusiasm for mailing comments per se. But if I can go all out with a full scale discussion, I have barrels of fun. So: suggestion for serving a Naked Artichoke, anyone? (Ah, the Toreador Song is still thrilling in the context of the Opera. Just goes to show what can be done with inspired direction and handling).

Oh yes. A brief note or two to close.

Good taste award to Bill Donaho for keeping his personal difficulties out of OMPA as much as possible.

A large stink-bomb to Dick Eney for saying that he would do the same, then in the same breath attempting to influence Ompans to his own persuasion while disclaiming responsibility for dragging the matter into OMPA. I have just as much evidence con as you have pro, Dick. And neither yours nor mine will influence anyone. Because people will think with their spinal column in this matter; choose sides and pitch bricks. Please just forget the whole business. And that doesn't mean bring it up every mailing with some transparent 'far be it from me' comment.

Bill: I will vote for anyone but you for TAFF. I don't think TAFF should become involved in controversies of this nature, and your election (for that matter your nomination) puts TAFF in the position of a political tool. Something which will make the whole business of the TAFF candidacy a matter of distaste. There are many who would feel morally obligated to turn down nomination in the future if you are elected, simply because it would imply their approval or complacency concerning your actions. I would deem it a very favourable action if you would decline the nomination and make an understanding with your supporters that they could re-nominate you at some time when you are less controversial.

Don Studebaker,

January 1965

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

In view of the present JorDon argument, I was undecided as to whether the above should be included. I wrote to Don and asked for his opinion. He replied: "The few paragraphs at the end of the column are dated, I will admit. But they are dated as well, right there. January. I think it's about time I stopped sitting on the sidelines in this thing ..... To sum up: please print the column just as it is, with a note at the bottom indicating that I told you to (to clear you of any responsibility should there be repercussions)."

++ BH

August 1965

C-OZ-MENTS !

... being mailing comments on OMPA-44.

AMBLE-22. Archie. Hiya, Pres - and if you think I'm going to salute you at every meeting during the next twelve months - think again! (Strictly disrespectful, that's me!). // I'm debating with myself as to whether I should take umbrage or not. No, I don't think I'll bother - I'll take me plastic mac instead. "B. BROWN - CONGENITAL IDIOT AND RECORD DEALER." Well, I was a "B. Brown" 20 years ago. And now I work in the office of a shop which sells, among other things, records ... you calling me names, Mercer ?? // The one I liked best is - or was - over a Brum shop: "J.A. Docter, Chemist." THE MEADOWS OF FANTASY, Pt. II. Oh, you - now everybody'll think I'm a dodgasted telepath or something! Mine did chuck Theo, and she did marry a man younger than herself! As far as I'm concerned, the parties of the first part grew - entertainingly and interestingly - into the parties of the ... I loved the whole thing, anyway, but perhaps I'm prejudiced. I mean, I've never had a book dedicated to me before. Thank you.

ERG-23. Terry. Oh - so Sheffield is now making a bid for the title of Centre of the Universe, huh? Gerroff, Jeeves - you can't fight all of us Brummies. (Get yer gloves on, Pweston ...). You name it, Brum makes it! // Your "word-power" thing had me in hysterics. Daftest thing in the mailing, you clown.

HAGGIS-4. Ian. Re cranks - I figure that most people are a bit cranky on one subject or another, and have a perfect right so to be. See my article in OZ-1! "Animal-lovers" can be a bit much, though, I agree - particularly dog-owners who think that everybody else enjoys having a dog jump all over 'em in slobbering hysteria. ("Oh, how sweet - he likes you!"). // The "yellow press" - you didn't mention the one I consider to be one of the worst offenders nowadays - "The People" (though I admit I've not read it lately - it got on my wick too much!). // Drat you, Peters - now I'll have to grow a beard ... and I promised my Auntie Ermytrude that I never would. (Her beard was a beauty and she didn't want any competition, see?).

FENRIS-8. Hulan. Your remarks to Ian re abortion - I'll say it again. You're a man, and as such I don't think you have the right to dictate to women about what is exclusively a feminine affair. In any case, I doubt if many women would want an abortion simply because they don't want to lose their figures. Whether a 2- or 3-month foetus is "an existing human life" is a debatable and hotly-debated point. And finally you say, "The best reason for not allowing a woman to have an abortion if she feels like it ..." - an abortion is neither a simple nor a pleasant thing, Dave. It's an operation, don't forget. (No, I've never had one). // So what happened to the article on why you like Gainesburgers, and what the fred are they, anyway?

KOBOLD-10. Brian. And welcome to you, too, as AE. A large dollop of sympathy because of the circumstances of your first mailing as AE, too. // No, you dafthead - of course I shan't drop out after I've "met" the Amerompans - I hope they'll become friends of mine, and I don't have an annual clearance sale of friends! I don't think of OMPA as "a collection of colonials" - it's only that there's no other organisation within (British) fandom that offers contact with Amerifandom. ("OMPA is a steady sort of thing, while genzines are anything but ..." you said - in fact all your reasons for liking OMPA are mine, too).

LEFNUI-6. Fred Patten. Thank you, most sincerely, for telling us about "The World of Ray Bradbury." I wonder if these are the plays to which Ray referred in a letter he wrote me in 1962?

He said that a cycle of his plays was due to be presented at London's Royal Court theatre. I waited and waited for them to be advertised, having arranged to spend a weekend with a London friend of mine as soon as the run opened. (She, too, being a Bradbury fan). Finally I wrote to the Royal Court, but they replied that they had no plans for a Bradbury run. I reported this to Ray, who said: "... my one-act plays were to be produced by one group within the Royal Court, which probably didn't tell the other groups what they were up to ... in any event the project has been dropped now, cancelled out." My friend and I have been disappointed ever since - I'll have to loan L-6 to her, because your description does provide a kind of compensation. Thanks again. // On the whole, I tend to agree with Al Lewis's dissection of John Carnell's "New Writings" series, though since the project is avowedly to encourage new sf writers, I think I was a little kinder to these two books in the reviews I did for ZENITH. I definitely agree about the high quality of Colin Kapp's "Night Flame." I'll be interested to learn what Al thinks of nos. 3, 4 & 5 in the series - especially John Kingston's "Manipulation" in no. 3, which really flipped me. // To trespass on NEXUS - yes, Fred, PaDS (Printing and Distributing Service) is an apa for BSFA members only, and offers stencilling and/or duplicating facilities for those who don't own or have access to typewriters and/or duplicators. Its main object is to encourage zine production by new BSFA members, or those who have previously been non-active in this field. At present the membership is quite small - about a dozen - but it's early days as yet. There have been only three mailings so far. And in future you will all kindly salaam if/when you mention PaDS, because Archie and I have just taken over its administration. It was started by the indefatigable Charles Platt, but regretfully he had to give it up when he became snowed under with other (mainly non-fannish) commitments. (Mercer and the little 'un to the rescue ...).

LUDICROUS PORTRAITS-2. Don. Well, I don't quite know what you're getting at here, Don, but I suspect that your tongue was boring a hole in your cheek until you came to the "Moral" bit. And then, I think, you read what you'd written, and found a hitherto unsuspected message in it, took your tongue out of your cheek, and wrote something which hit just about every button I've got - especially that fabulous last page. "I am all life's ridicule, distilled and poured in a funny form." Yes. Such people have but one basic purpose in life, whether they like it or not, whether they know it or not: to provide comic relief for others in the often-grim business of living. Even their grief is usually comic, not to be taken seriously. So what do they do? I'll tell you, because I know: they take their tears to the nearest mirror, and the reflection therein is so ludicrous (it was an apt title, Don), that they themselves "can scarce forbear to ~~laugh~~ laugh." They are the ones who brought into being that wonderful old cliché, "The show must go on." They are the people who are more subtle than traditional clowns, funnier than music-hall comedians, touching the deepest well-springs of humour in others - because even the serious things they do, the ordinary, mundane things, are all invested with this innate quality of comedy. Kirsten was right. This quality endures much longer than mere beauty, however breathtaking the latter, and will be remembered (because it is a too-rare thing) long after beauty has faded into the limbo of age and death. It is not, and never will be, lauded and honoured as it should be - but as long as it's around to lift the corners of somebody's drooping mouth, it needs no formal honour. And I'm

grateful to Kirsten - and to you - for giving me a reminder that I needed. But I wish I could decide whether you authored Kirsten, or she ... (And anyway, E.F. Russell said it all so much better than I can, in his short story, "A Little Oil").

MEIN OMPF-5. Colin. Apples and Boggs - have a giggle on me, Colin. When I first moved from Brum to Redditch with my parents and sister (August 1940), I experienced some difficulty in understanding the local dialect. Although Brum and Redditch are only about 14 miles apart, the latter is a Worcestershire market town, and the difference in speech is quite astonishing. My husband, who is a Surrey man, had even more difficulty with the native patois. (He also gave up trying to convince the locals that he is not a Cockney). One day he came home from work with a bulging carrier bag under his arm. One of his work-mates had presented him with it. "What have you got there?" I asked. Grinning widely, Bob replied in his best (acquired) Redditch accent: "A bog opples." And that was indeed what he'd got. A bag of apples ... // Since Mr. Varley's pachydermatous buses waited "with bovine patience," one can only conclude that they were cow elephants ... // Good luck with the further evolution of your philosophy, Colin. I believe that the only philosophy of any worth to any man is the one he works out for himself. Yours differs from mine in many respects, but because it's yours I respect it.

RINGWRAITH-2. Bailes. Well, I read it, Len ... honest ... every bloomin' word.

SAVOYARD-12. The B-type Pelz. Ron Bennett's article took me back a bit. Our school once held a mock election, too.

(Saltley Grammar School, Brum). As I recall, there were only three candidates (no Liberal). Tom Aston was the Conservative candidate, and Ken Williams the Communist. Can't remember who was nominated for the Socialists. Anyway, I voted Communist. Not, I hasten to add, because I approved of their party policy, or anything like that. At that age, I didn't even understand it. I voted Communist because at the time I had a terrible crush on Ken Williams ... // The Hal Clement article was very interesting - told me more about the mind of an sf writer than any alien mind!

SCHNURKELSTILL-2. The D-type Pelz. Couldn't agree more with your comments (to Ian Peters) about art. Why is the

untutored art-viewer sneered at by the so-called intelligentsia if he/she announces honestly: "I know nothing about art, but I know what I like."?

THE SCARR-8. Geo. C. I liked poem no. 10 best - gave me an odd feeling of familiarity. Not the words - I'm not insinuating that you're a plagerist - but the feeling they evoked. Also liked no. 13. The rest are the worst ... // Re your suggested glossary of USA/English expressions: when American Servicemen first began coming over here in 1942, each man was issued with a booklet of useful information about the British and their customs. I was once shown one of these; unfortunately the only thing I can remember went something like this: "Never call an Englishman a bum; if you do, you are telling him that he looks like his own backside."

VIPER-9. Bill Donaho. How odd. I can imbibe rum almost indefinitely at a party, and the only effects it has on me are (a) it makes me ravenously hungry, and (b) it makes me beautifully warm. However, although I've been on a few benders in my time, I can honestly say I've never been drunk. (Yet? The Worldcon is less than a week away ...). Topsy, yes, merry, certainly - but never what you call "rousing drunk." I was first introduced to rum in its finest form - that which is issued to the British Navy. Unfortunately, only male ratings over the age of 18 are "entitled to

draw" (a daily rum-ration), and any man who doesn't wish to do so is paid a small sum in lieu. "Grog" is watered-down rum, issued in temperate and tropical climates. "Neaters" is neat rum, issued in northern waters, and on northern Naval stations in winter. The daily ration is called a tot. The practice of "bottling one's tot" was not allowed; nevertheless, some matlows managed to do it, and it amused them to offer "sippers" to innocent Wrens, thereby witnessing strangled splutters and streaming eyes. Navy rum is a thick liquid, almost black in colour, and if issued shortly before the midday meal, it ensured that the ship's company would wolf down any culinary horror that the galley-crew cared to serve up! A Naval call is piped each day at tot-time; this is known as "Up spirits," and usually evokes a cheerfully blasphemous rejoinder from the men. But the thing that regularly broke Naval hearts (I don't know if it's still in practice) was that any rum left over at the end of the daily issue must be poured away - over the ship's side, or down a drain on a shore base. And the First Lieutenant, or the Officer of the Day, stands there to see that this is done! Oh, the waste! (you listening, Archie ??). // Well, I've seen "Sanders of the River" on TV. Quite a while ago, too - it ought to be coming round again any day now ... (Leslie Banks as "Sandi").

POST-MAILINGS.

CON-COMMITTEE'S CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE. (Geo. Scithers & Co.) Oo-er. The size of this frightened me silly. I decided to be cowardly, and I've put off reading it until such time (if ever) as I'm shanghaied into helping to put on a Con. Reprehensible, I agree.

SHELTA THARI-5. ) Richard  
STUPEFYING STORIES-75. ) Eney. Like the above, these need to be read and mentally digested thoroughly, so if you don't mind, Dick, I'll comment on them in the next mailing.

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And that's the lot.

The Grand National is now several months away, but a coupla funnies cropped up in connection with it:

My husband works as a die-sinker in a fairly big local factory. The following conversation took place between two of his workmates on Grand National Day:

Paddy (the father of five): "Here, Des, I reckon you and I ought to back 'Reproduction,' don't you?"

Des (also a father of five): "No fear, mate - it'd be more to the point for us to back 'Forgotten Dreams' ...."

The men held a 'draw' among themselves. After the names had been drawn out, this was heard:

Bob: "Hey, Des - Johnn'y's got 'Phebu'!"

Des: "Good Lord - shall I fetch the Nurse?"

In the same connection, I guess it's in order to say "Well done!" to American jockey, Tommy Smith, who rode "Jay Trump" to an exciting victory with "Freddie's" jockey breathing down the back of his neck! Hey - will the £22,000-odd prize money be accepted as part of the National Debt??

Over and out.

++ BH Aug. 24th 1965

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