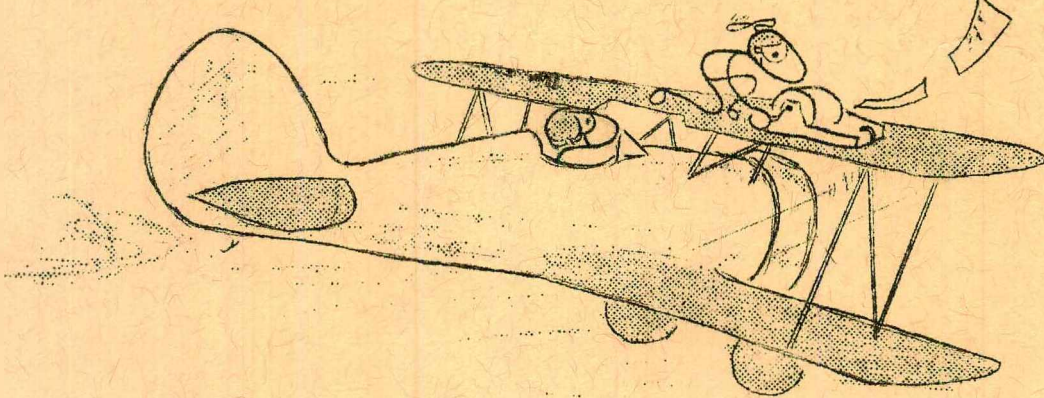
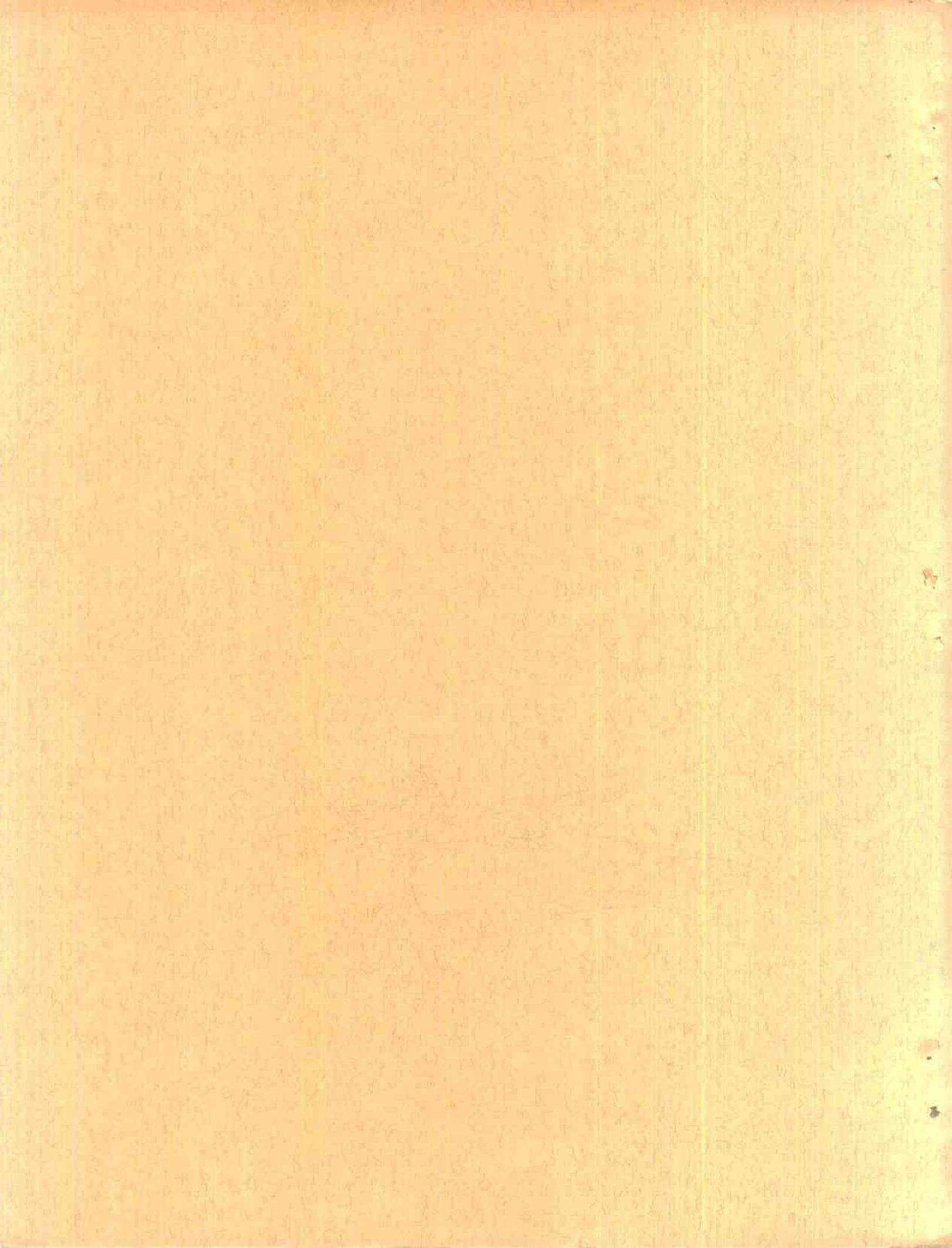


SELF-PRESERVATION
5

Self
Program
5





9 May 64

Dear Old Friends and also the rest of you...

I am deadwood and I admit it. Also, I am on the verge of drifting back to the primordial sea whence I came. But there is a deep selfish streak within my soul...or perhaps it is simply a streak of hope that all the good times are not past and gone...or maybe just that old instinctive urge of self-preservation.

Today, as many days these days, I have been contemplating memories of the world as once I knew it and comparing them to the world I know today...today on the microcosmic scale. For today there were two pertinent items of mail: a fanpub on the Boondoggle issue and an envelope with a note and a photograph showing, from left to right, Bob Bloch, Ev Gold, Dave Kyle, Bob Tucker, Walt Willis and Lee Hoffman.

Once I was a young fan and the microcosmos was a beautiful place filled with intelligent, interesting people, friends of my heart, the happy golden phans of the enchanted duplicator...or perhaps I was just once upon a time remarkably young and naive. But even if the world is entirely in the eyes of the beholder, it was a lovely world of joy and friendship. (That was a long time ago when, as true Pogo devotees will recall, the closest thing to evil within the windowless swamp was the subtle slyness of Seminole Sam...a world without cruelty and hatred lovingly impressed in newsprint.)

Sometime, somehow, evil descended. The true villains invaded the swamp. And hatred blossomed in the microcosmos...or perhaps disillusionment unveiled the eyes of the beholder.

All I know about Walter Breen's sex-life is what I read in the fanzines, and you all know how reliable that is. So there is absolutely nothing I can say on that subject. And frankly, I really don't want to know the details, sordid or otherwise, of Walter's sex-life, or anyone else in fandom's for that matter.

I would that this were a world wherein one could, as the old saw says, live and let live. Alas, this is not so. While any given individual may let live as he will, there are always a multitude of others who are not willing to let that individual live. (And, incidentally, a multitude who insist that he live* whether he would or not but that is a different problem.)

*in the literal sense of the word.

Now, with the decline and impending end of Western Civilization, that is the dominant Western Culture as we know it, obvious, the anti-existence-as-an-individual, the anti-free-will faction seems to have increased tremendously. The internal stresses, conflicts and fears both within and without the microcosmos are destroying both worlds and perhaps they will tumble about our own ears shortly.

But still, within the pegmatite of viciousness and destruction, there are the fine elements of friendships, small glories of life, simple delights and beauties that give joy to the heart, that make one feel that to live within the world is still worth the trouble.

So, macrocosmically, one works and plays, dreams and lives. And within the little world of fandom, one retains the tenuous contact despite the stomach-rending bitterness that fills the mouth when you step back and look at it all in perspective...petty, fearful and hate-mongering in the whole.

It is sort of like staying in a lousy job because you have a few buddy-pals in the office you enjoy shooting the breeze with and with whom you dislike losing contact.

Speaking of jobs and changing the subject completely, I have changed jobs. Arrow Press lost the Medical World account which left me with nothing in particular to do. But downstairs (on the 7th floor) dwells Allied Typographers who set MWN, as well as lots of other things, and they invited me down. So I am now assisting at the service desk there and learning a whole new aspect of the printing business. Same nutty hours, but not so damned much overtime. (Arrow had a cute set-up whereby you had to put in several hours of OT any given week before it counted toward OT pay. I made some calculations and found that although I was taking home a little something extra when I did the bit, my rate-of-pay per hour was lower if I did it than if I screamed at the stroke of 8:00.)

In my spare time I have been involved in a multitude of activities. An overhauling of the apartment got started but bogged down at about the half-way point. I started by tearing out the old rug and spreading a linoleum in the living room, putting up a new lamp shade and some other stuff.

I tackled the kitchen with great amounts of grass-matting and matchstick bamboo drapery material and arrived at a point where I expect pythons to come slithering down from the overhead sewer pipes any minute. It looks like an old Elmo Lincoln set.

The major part of the kitchen work, though, is still to be done, namely completion of the floor. It all started simply enough. I figured I'd peel up some of the odder lumps of old linoleum to even things out a bit and then slap down a new layer. The old stuff was several layers thick...varying in number from point to point, and coated with lumps and splotches of paint, primarily black, under the encrustation of dirt.

Well, under the sink were some spots where you got the feeling you were walking on a trampoline, so I thought I'd tack down a couple of slabs of sheet metal on the worst part, to give some support to the new lino when I got it.

Then Don and Jo recommended that I put down a layer of mandolin cases between the old floor and then new lino to sort of even things up. They have lots of them.

I mentioned this to Herk and he recalled that he had a couple of cartons of only slightly used floor tile in his garage, which he would gladly give me.

To keep a long story relatively short, I started peeling up the lino under the sink. Much to my surprise I found that there wasn't anything under it. In several places, the floorboards had completely rotted through and fallen into the space under the beams. However, there were still a few in place firm enough that it took a couple of whacks with the hammer to drive them through. And the multiple layers of linoleum had provided a tough, though slightly flexible, flooring. I worked over further and discovered that a similar situation existed under the feet of the bathtub.

At this point I decided that measures were called for. Aaron came over, helped me explore, and we concluded that we would put in something a little sturdier than mandolin cases under the tub.

I phoned Don and Jo to tell them we would not be over after all because we had to go buy some 3/4" plywood. Their response was that we should come over anyway, they had lots of 3/4" plywood.

So I held up the tub while Aaron slipped in the new floor (which was considerably more involved than it sounds). But that's as far as we got. The tiles are still in cartons under the mimeo and the mandolin cases are still in Don & Jo's loft. But at least I now have wall-to-wall floors in the kitchen.

In the course of renovating, I decided to ditch the three completely unmatched kitchen chairs and acquire three matching ones. I was still surveying this problem when, one evening while walking to the subway from work, I noticed great heaps of chrome dinette chairs in ghastly condition junk-heaped along the sidewalk. I dropped a dime in a pay-phone and shortly Don arrived with the car. He helped me pick three good frames & hauled them home for me.

I picked up some handsome remnants of plastic upholstery material and foam, invested in a staple gun, and hit that project head-on. I am rather proud of the finished chairs.

Meanwhile Dick phoned to tell me that he and Patty had decided to move to Jersey and I could have first pick of the assorted furniture they wouldn't be taking. The chrome kitchen table with a slightly scarred formica top was slightly smaller than the old wood table I had and, with a little retouching (which I haven't done yet) would match the chairs I had reconditioned.

The four-drawer file cabinet really wouldn't fit anywhere, but I have always dreamed of having a file cabinet and I couldn't pass it up, so it got squeezed into the bone room. The window fan is still leaning against the wall, cluttering up the walkway between rooms.

The samovar and brass candlesticks were nice. I had no place for them, but I couldn't see them thrown away, so I gave them temporary haven, and then found them a happy home with Herk, to whom I also gave a set of 18" x 36" steel shelves which became obsolete and couldn't be squeezed in.

I picked up a couple of new sets of 12" x 42" steel shelves; one unit for the kitchen and one for the bone room (whereupon the mimeo now resides).

I mentioned that I wished I had a chest-of-drawers, to which Don & Jo replied that they had lots in a short fat closet and I could have my pick. We discovered that some shelves had been built into the closet after the chest was put in. With grim determination Don and Aaron disassembled the chest, hauled it over and reassembled it in the apartment...a beautiful chunk of old oak construction in which, fortunately, some the glue joints had dried out.

And there was more, lots more. And there still is. The thought of the planned work yet to be done awes me.

But I changed horses midstream and got involved in a totally different time-killer: rock-hounding. The five of us: Ray, Aaron, Don & Jo, and myself, are now involved in stone seeking and long futile attempts to identify them. I've built up a small library a collection of glasses of various powers and sundry other equipment, and have put the use of Natural History to such good use that I took out a membership. It is great fun in a frustrating way.

A MAILING COMMENT OR TWO:

To Speer: First, let me introduce this "new" typewriter. It is a middle-age Underwood portable that I picked up in the corner hock-shop cheap largely because it has an excellent touch for a portable (at least of the older type--I'm not familiar with the late models). It has a nice heft to it, seems to be cutting a decent stencil, too. The electric I bought last summer is now sitting in the bone room waiting for me to get around to having a busted spring repaired.

I have trouble keeping the right names attached to the right movies sometimes, but I think that THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT was a pre-WWII fillum with George Raft and Humphery Bogart as brothers with a free-lance truck. In it Bogart loses an arm, Raft gets involved with Alan Hale's wife, played by Ida Lupino, who kills hubby and when she finds out Raft won't play her game, tries to frame him, but finally goes off her head and confesses all. I dunno amount it being issued under the name ROAD TO FRISCO, but it might well have been. Either 1936 or 1939, prolly the latter. I get those two years confused once in a while. In any case, I'm sure that THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT was not the Richard Arlen pic I referred to.

I never got the difference between the East Side Kids and the Bowery Boys squared away in my mind, but these groups seem to have been under the leadership of Leo Gorcey, with Huntz Hall, and various others. Pre-East Side Kids were the Dead End kids, under the leadership of Billy Halop. The important members of the gang at full strength were Huntz Hall as the comic, Bobby Jordan as the nice young kid, Leo Gorcey and Gab Dell (as I recall Leo was villain in the original film "Dead End", and Gabe was frequently the villain in later -- especially East Side Kid -- fillums), and several other regulars whose names I can no longer recall. I think that Leo Gorcey may not have been in all the Dead End Kid pics, and the other gang members varied.

Yes, DANTE'S INFERNO was a carny show. Spenser Tracy was proprietor and the films climax involved a dream of his of descent into an inferno...also the collapse of the side-show inferno. Spectacular, but not a distinguished film.

New York is a great town for people who hate people.

The TV hasn't been showing me much of interest lately. I've been enjoying a charmingly cornball and somewhat pulpish-at-times series called THE FUGITIVE in which a pillar of honest American morality is continually pursued through episode after episode by the unrelenting letter-of-the-honest-but-mistaken law. It is a curious problem in ethics because in almost every episode some kindly honest citizen happily breaks the law in behalf of the convicted killer because our hero is so obviously a man of goodness and virtue -- characteristics immediately evident to these good citizens but which seemingly were not too apparent when he stood before 12 good men and true prior to the series. The prologue explains that he underwent the trial and 4 appeals or something on that order. Anyway, he wanders around leaving a trail of happy lawbreakers and occasionally someone jailed for aiding and abetting, meanwhile being kind to dogs and small children. Aside from this, the electronic eye hasn't been entertaining me much lately.

I sort of regret my multitude of redundancies, mispunctuations, semantic obscurities and confusions, etc. But not enough to put any effort into correcting the situation. One of my basic character traits is laziness. And I compose in the stick. So...

Er, while speaking of the Eye, I forgot to mention a couple of other enjoyables, which I don't want to ignore lest someone read this and get the mistaken impression I dislike the shows involved: The Danny Kaye show provides me with much pleasure, TW3 is frequently entertaining, though I miss Henry Morgan, and Fractured Flickers.

While on the subject of TV:

Coulsons: My hours have prevented me from seeing a couple of the shows you mention but I did see on the cinema screen a while back what I am told was the pilot film of the TEMPLE HOUSTON series. This was a curious thing which came out rather badly on the big screen, but after some consideration, I think it would probably have come across ~~xx~~ somewhat better on the eye. Odd how much effect the difference in the media has on the fillum being shown.

Agree with you wholeheartedly about Kaye and about Garland.

Grandpappy: I was muchly saddened by the demise of Richard Barthelmass, but yet the one who dies is a human being of advancing years, whereas Richard Barthelmass, in "truth" is a creature of the imagination, existing as long as the fillums survive and are shown or remembered.

I heard on radio (remember that?) the other day that Richard Arlen is still making movies...Westerns to be exact. Maybe you know more about this than I do. I would like to see one out of academic curiosity but, again, Richard Arlen is (not "was") the heroic young adventurer of the pulp fillums that exist, in their way ageless, for those of us who cut through various strata of time in our imaginations.

Bill Evans: Thanks muchly for your bit of Boilerplate. Don has had this bit of lore kicking around his memory for some time now, and I am obliged to you for supplying ~~kxx~~ a source. Can anyone else add anything else??

Hoohaw: This is a postscript to juffus...I was just thumbing back through the Self-Preservation you were making reference to and found out what you mean when you asked what I meant by pre-East Side kids. I meant in my obscure way that John Garfield looked like he'd stepped out of a gang of East Side type prior to the East Side Kid gang, or something of that sort. Nothing specific. Hardly matters, does it?

By the way, someone has been pilfering my mail. The box is locked and the only attempt to break the lock so far has been unsuccessful so I suppose all they've been getting are magazines, catalogs, fanzines and such items as won't fit into the box. I take it the thefts are being committed by the bright hopes for the future, America's children, since I can't imagine anyone swiping such items out of anything except mischievousness. Certainly no mature thief would bother, after the first raid.

GREAT MOMENTS IN LITERATURE DEPT.

"Liddell released his hammer lock on the plain-clothes man, let him fall to the ground. He sat there, rubbing his wrist, glaring at the private detective. Then he reached up, slipped his upper plate out of his mouth, dropped it into his jacket pocket. He dragged himself to his feet, crouched, waited..."

POISONS UNKNOWN
Frank Kane

29 May 64

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LEE HOFFMAN, MIDDLE-AGED GIRL MALCONTENT

This is the story that asks the question, can a country girl from a small mining town in the Midwest find happiness in a small mining town in the Mideast...

Namely, after a month of sitting around for seven hours a day and getting paid for it, I told my new boss I was bored. My employers made several game attempts to provide me with a few things to do during the time I spent in the office, but after a couple more weeks I concluded their efforts were fruitless and threw in the towel. So now I am in the blissful state of unemployment, which is usually conducive to at least some fanatic.

Anyway, for the past week I've been goofing off for at least seven hours a day, not getting paid for it, and loved every minute of it. Odd, eh what?

I sent the Underwood Electric around the corner to have its innards probed and its malfunction corrected. If it returns while I am still enjoying the fruits of my labor (i.e., living off my fat) mayhap I will put a few more pages into this S-P, for the sheer joy of it. I may even say something about the May mailing, which arrived betwixt the last page and this one.

The gang gathered here last night to watch THE WILD ONE on the Late Show, which reminds me that I sold my motorcycle during the winter. Emotionally, that is the best season to sell one, though prices are generally better in the spring.

Now that is is spring or summer or whatever it is, I miss the bike muchly, especially since I now have all this time and could be wandering around the environs on it. But keeping even a bike in NYC isa problem. Betwixt official persecution in the form of insurance penalties inflicted on motorcyclès and the disregard of homo sapiens for each others property, it just ain't practical. My friends with bikes who parked on the streets regularly became rapidly accustomed to finding the machines knocked over or ransacked by the nation's youth, who collect gas caps, adjust controls, etc.

When I bought my first bike and was still learning to handle it, Dick was parking it for me in his neighborhood and one evening I hiked over and found a middle-sized middle-aged woman standing holding it up. It had been parked legally, parallel to the curb, with a chain locked through the rear wheel.

This nice lady maintained that she had come by in her car, which was in a position that just might imply she intended to back into the parking space the bike occupied, and she had seen this motorcycle lying in the street. Being a true good Samaritan she had stopped her car, gotten out and picked up this 225 lbs of dirty greasy machinery.

Now, within my experience, every time that machine was on its side there was leakage, a little oil from the gearbox and a little gas from the carb. However, this particular time there was, oddly, no such leakage.

I observed that there was a little slack in the chain on the wheel...enough that a person trying to move the bike could have rolled it forward enough for the kickstand to snap up but no further.

As I rode away I observed that the nice lady was rewarded for her kindness in picking my bike up out of the street. She got the parking space it had occupied.

I once observed two young men bodily lifting a motor scooter which was evidentially locked, out of its legal parking space onto the sidewalk, so that they could use the space for their car.

As you can see, if you look close, I've gotten the electric typer back from the shop. It is a joy to have it again, but now I don't have an excuse for not typing up a resume and going job hunting. Well, I'll think of something....

Memorial Day and it was hot. The stubble of grass in the field was a parched, thirsty color. Dust hung heavy in the air and the strips of black-top were soft under foot. I stood with my hand in front of my face, shielding my eyes from the burning glare of the sun.

The airplane was painted in a gaudy pattern of red and white, vivid against the intense blue of the sky. It made a low pass across the field and the man standing on the upper wing waved at the crowd of spectators. At the end of the strip the plane climbed and rolled onto its back, the wing-walker suspended upside-down in mid-air.

"Airplanes in 1927 were not part of an impersonal big business to be watched across square miles of concrete from behind an iron fence. An Army 'pursuit' was more than just a vapor trail at 40,000 feet...Airplanes flew low, they flew right over towns, sometimes right across your roof top. Small boys, and their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, ran outside to look up and yell when an airplane was heard roaring overhead. '...Hey Pop, hey, he's landing! I heard him shut down his motor. Hey, Pop, he'll land in the big field over by the gravel pit...'

"...You watched them swing the propeller to start the motor. One would yell 'Contact?' and the aviator in the cockpit would answer, 'Contact!' Then the motor roared, and the propeller whirled, and you backed away as the ship swept along the field and swooped into the air...

"When it landed again you could crowd right up and talk to the flyer...Perhaps the aviator would explain the mysteries of the cockpit: the 'joystick', the throttle lever, the complex dials and gauges on the instrument panel. He was often available for dinner at your house, especially if he were barnstorming through town, and you'd listen to him spin yarns by the hour...

"...Chances were if you stood around a bridge on a Sunday afternoon, any bridge near an airfield, the local gypsy pilot might come along and loop his plane around the bridge. Or at least fly under it. In New York they said Bert Acosta had more flying time logged under the Brooklyn Bridge than most pilots had 'straight and level!...

"...It was a time of the small town circus, the carnival, the Community Hall, the Fourth of July celebration. The gypsy pilot's advertising was direct and simple; stunting, wing walking, and parachute jumping brought customers to his place of business. They

gloried in his 'nose dives,' 'loop the loops,' and his daring the dreaded 'tail spin.' Many stayed to take a ride over town, or returned to take flying lessons, or even to buy an airplane..." (1)

But that was 1927 and this is 1964. The Ryan NYP that was the glory of the sky in 1927 is a museum piece now. The barnstorming gypsy pilots are memories on celluloid in the small hours of the morning.

On this hot Memorial Day in 1964, I stood gazing into the intense blue of the New Jersey sky, watching a memory, a manifestation of the imagination, turned to reality.

We had driven out from New York to see an air show, expecting an exhibition of skydivers and, probably, some Air Force planes doing formation flying as part of a recruiting promotion. It had not occurred to us, or to me, at least, that as we drove over the highway into New Jersey, we were driving back through the decades...

The sound of engines, as we neared the field, and I looked out the window...the red and white biplane, a Stearman?, cutting through the sky, making a pass at a Great Lakes, looping in a mock dog-fight.

Finally at the field, crowding up against the snow-fence, we looked at the planes that had flown in for the show...an immaculate Pitcairn Mailwing, a sporty Ryan of the '30's, A P-51 Mustang looking like an anachronism in this company, a 5-cylinder radial-engined monowing that may have been a Mohawk Pinto--and more--biplanes, monos, sports-planes, ex-military craft, fabric-covered private planes. Spectators lounged in the shadows of the wings and, parked here and there among the planes, were huge similarly immaculate automobiles of the same and earlier vintages.

A P-47 took off and disappeared in the distance past the control tower.

At the far end of the field the rest of the fly-in spectators were parked. These were the planes we had all heard about during WWII... the private planes that #would be as common after the war as automobiles...the personal plane that every common man would have...⁴ The dream of a truly common man's plane as easy to keep as a car is one that we've forgotten during the past couple of decades, but looking at those machines, parked in rows, packed in like the cars in a supermarket parking lot, I could almost believe that it had come true. I was amazed to see them in such quantity, ranging from many and many a a small light craft the equivilant of the Piper Cub, to two-engined executive models.

We watched the private planes taxi out and take off, one after another, during the intermission, and then moved on along the snow-fence to the other end of the field.

The circus planes were parked here: the Stearman (?) and two Great Lakes, though we did not see the second GL in the air. This was the Jocelyn-Parsons-Trauger Aerobatic Team.

Two men stood talking together near the planes. One, wearing casual clothes, was Bob Trauger, we learned. The other, in orange coveralls, must have been Lindsay Parsons or Rod Jocelyn, I think. He seemed to belong to the Stearman.

Trauger climbed into the cockpit of one of the GLs, while his buddy stood by the wing holding up a hand toward the control tower. He got a reply to his signal, walked to the front of the plane, and put his hands to the propellor. He turned it several times and then I heard him call out "Contact". He heaved the prop again and the engine fired, a cone of proplash ruffling out the grass behind the plane.

Trauger slipped on his helmet and goggled, then taxied out to take off. His buddy sat down, crosslegged, on the grass and watched.

The Great Lakes was beautiful. It climbed into the sun, looped, dove, variously performed, and as a finale, skimmed along upside-down, smattering a string of balloons suspended about 25 feet off the ground.

But I was already in love with the Stearman. It had been love at first sight.

The Stearman had gone up for a solo performance shortly after we arrived at the field. We had stood at the snow-fence, watching, as it cleared the ground and, seemingly hardly more than half its wingspan above the field, rolled onto its back and skimmed along to the end of the strip.

It climbed straight up, stalled and fell off, dove, pulled out just off the grass and climbed again into an exhibition of the manoeuvres of the barnstormer.

I had gazed, o en-mouthed, as ecstatic as any young yokel of 1927 getting his first look at a sky-gypsy in action. I had fallen in love with an airplane.

It is a futile infatuation. The last airplane -- in fact the only one -- I have known personally was a Piper Cub which has probably gone to the knackers long since.

I was goofing off for the summer, between the first and second grades at the time. In those days we lived a couple of blocks from the Lake in Lake Worth, Florida, and my buddy, LeRoy, and I would play at the lakeside near the bridge.

Suddenly one day we discovered an airplane there...a yellow Piper Cub with floats. My most vivid recollection of this is of standing on one float and banging on the fabric of the plane, listening to a somewhat drum-like reverberation. In retrospect, I am astonished that the two young men who came with the plane indulged us kids so. But they were quite friendly toward us, letting us peer inside and such. They were selling rides, but I don't recall seeing the plane go up often. And after a very short stay, it disappeared again.

It was several years later that I got my first airplane ride. That was a high point of my childhood.

My parents were mortally afraid of flying machines, but my mother evidently had more adventure in her soul than she would admit. She, a cousin and I were vacationing on a dirt-farm belonging to some one of the mass of relatives she had scattered throughout the South. The farm was near Dunnellen, Florida, and the relatives of uncertain relationship were Lamar and his wife, Mallie (their sons used to earn pocket money by catching snakes for Ross Allen).

Lamar had a friend who had a Taylorcraft, and he arranged for the three of us to go joyriding. First he took up my mother and when she found herself safe on the ground again, she let my cousin go. I went up last.

I settled into the seat behind the pilot and up we went. I sat there, staring at the ground in awe.

The pilot asked me, "Are you afraid?" and I answered that I wasn't, so he asked if I would like to fly the airplane. When I answered in the eager affirmative, he told me to take hold of the stick.

I grasped it gently, loosely. Even at that tender age I was a devotee of Richard Arlen movies and knew, as every child of the era did, that it is a cardinal sin to freeze up on the stick.

Then he held up his hands to show me that the plane was in my control, and for several minutes I was in figurative as well as literal heaven.

When we set down again and my mother hugged me to her bosom, I learned that he had asked each of them if they were afraid and both had answered yes. He had not offered either of them the opportunity to take the controls. That peak of achievement had been exclusively mine. And for many years it sustained me as an adventurer among my less fortunate playmates.

But that was a long, long time ago.

It is 1964 now, and when the spectacular finale of the airshow was done, nobody was selling joyrides in a biplane. So we just watched as the fly-in spectators flew out again.

We watched the Stearman take off and circle while the Great Lakes followed him up. They flew away together.

Then we drove back to New York, talking about the days when one built model airplanes out of sticks and slabs of balsa wood instead of preformed plastic.

Along about the same time I was socializing with the friendly Piper Cub, my brother was living in a world of balsa wood and banana oil. His specialty was rubber-powered free-flight and one year he was state champion in this class.

He had his own room, which was a very special place, semi-forbidden. But I was allowed in occasionally when he was there, to watch and admire. And one day he brought me home a 5¢ kit of my own to build. But my cat had different ideas and I never managed to get the fuseage together. Everytime I started assembling it, she would take the earliest opportunity to disassemble it.

She seemed to have a special interest in the planes. When she was anticipating her first offspring she insisted that they should be born in the box where my brother kept assembled wings. He was even more insistent though, so she ended up having three kittens in my mother's hat (which was on a shelf in the closet at the time).

I didn't go in for building flying models myself. I guess that subconsciously I knew I didn't stand a chance against my brother's record. So I built solid models, and until he was shipped overseas, my brother would regularly send me home kits while he was in the Air Corps.

I never approached him in craftsmanship in that department either, though. His solid models were things of beauty.

I don't know what ever became of the models he built or the many ribbons and sets of "Comet" wings he won. My mother has an unfortunate passion of house-cleaning which may have accounted for some of them. But the model Stinson Reliant he gave me was last seen among the mass of belongings I left stored in the attic when I moved. And the set of silver "Comet" wings which he let me have (he specialized in the gold ones--First Prize awards) are in my present collection of Very Special Things, along with the dog-tags and service ribbons he gave me when he Got Out.

Well, my brother was always a Very Special Person to me. He is ten years older than I, which is a pretty good arrangement for siblings. That way the older one can be a Hero instead of a Rival.

Before I forget it again, there is a footnote that belongs to the extensive piecemeal quotation of pp 10-11, namely: (1) this quote is from the book GLORY GAMBLERS, by Lesley Forden, Ballantine 1961. It is muchly recommended to anyone who has a sense of wonder about the world of flying prior to WWII.

They are holding an unofficial Worlds Fair in New York, or rather in Flushing, and I have been going to it. Despite my pose as a weary old cynic, I have been digging it muchly. If you make it into the area, I think you might find it fun. Especially recommended is the Combination Dinner at the Tailand Pavillion restaurant, for \$3.50.

If you do make it into the area, you might give me a call. The phone number is GR 3-5472. Sometimes I am at home.

This issue of S-P is dedicated to the unidentified pilot of the Cessna 162 in that bit of boiler plate Bill Evans published in CELEPHAIS #38.

This has been the fifth issue of SELF-PRESERVATION, an apparently annual publication, created primarily for the purpose of fulfilling the editor's membership requirements in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

This issue is intended for the August, 1964, mailing. It is a product of the Quandrival Press. It is published by:

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Numerous typographical errors are included in this issue free of charge. This is in lieu of trading stamps. This special offer is made only to readers of Self-Preservation.

"Happy landings to you, Amelia Earhart, Farewell, First Lady of the Air"
