

# SPACEWARP

SAPS  
70

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Jan  
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W/REFF 64

# THE CRIPES OF RAPP

Thru darkest Mailing 69 with chloroform & lynching line...

SPECTATOR 69: I have a feeling, Bruce, that you've let a highly-vocal minority of the membership stampede you into an ill-advised action that will do more to hurt than to help SAPS in the long run. After all, those same waiting-listers who are enthusiastic enough to put zines into the mailing (at no expense to the treasury, either) are the ones who will be pillars of SAPS when they gain full membership status. It's bad enough to cut down the size of the membership, a move which will discourage all waiting-listers; it's much worse to apply a selective restriction which will alienate precisely the most active publishers on the w-1. It seems to me that fifteen years or so ago the thing which attracted us neofen to SAPS rather than FAPA was that FAPA seemed to be an entrenched bunch of unenthusiastic oldtimers who sneered at youthful plans and preferred to dwell in memories of the past, whereas SAPS welcomed newcomers and applauded their productions. Surely that is one reason why SAPS survived to reach a 70th mailing! # The columns of SPACEWARP are open to any waiting-lister who cares to send me his material.

SPACEWARP 79: It should be noted that the excellent mimeography of recent issues is due to the expert mimeocranking techniques of Bruze Pelz, who is a trufan and a sterling SAPStype, whatever his lack of OEditorial acumen.

IGNATZ 36: I tell her and I tell her, we've got plenty of corflu in the house, why not use it. Lotta good it does. Good ghrief.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE 1: See what I mean, Bruce, about valuable talent and enthusiasm in the w-1? I'd rather read an interesting zine like this than one of the done-to-get-the-minimum-credit deals tossed in by certain of our prominent members. # Howcum Wrai fled the state as soon as you arrived in North Dakota, Rich? Just because you threatened to write an eyewitness expose of the REAL Wrai Ballard? # Karen Anderson's fanzine numbers are up in the 800's, Rich, because she began with #770 back at the time of the World STF Con in New Orleans. Why 770 was a fannish number to begin with is, however, another long story, which I'll leave to someone else to enlighten you about. # The Earthworm Tractor salesman in the Saturday Evening Post stories was Alexander Botts. Possibly he was a subconscious inspiration for the name 'Morgan Botts' since those stories were favorites of mine at the time. No deep thinking went into the selection of the name 'Morgan Botts' however, since he was merely intended as a character in a piece of fanfiction in a hecto'd oneshot; at the time I had no idea he'd go on to star in a whole series of episodes. # An excellent issue, Rich.

MAINEIAC 46: Another one of these neofen zines, I guess...oh, Ed Cox. Hmmm, well I guess EACo isn't really a neofan anymore, it's just that he acts like one. You're supposed to be cynical and sour and grouchy, Ed, whassa matter with you, you want to destroy the image which so many old time fans have worked for so long to build up? # Good ghrief, you're even going to get your own mimeo? 5th fandom will take over yet! # I suppose you music-fans could whip yourself T-shirts emblazoned 'Go for banoque!' # Good ghrief, LeeJay calls Carlings a local brand. Tsk, the PX Delicatessen over here sells it for \$2.20 per

case, which helps to make it our regular brand of brew. (Since Nancy and I manage to consume roughly a case every two days, the 80¢-per-case difference between Black Label and the next lower-priced brand mounts up to quite a sum by the end of a month).

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 10: But Alan, what SAPS needs isn't so much the same members it had five years ago when you were a neo-SAP, but rather an equally-enthusiastic bunch of members. If those past members had stayed as active and interested in the intervening years as they were in 1959, nobody would be worrying about slumps. (As I recall, our chief trouble back then was Tosk's habit of competing with Pelz to see who could include the largest zine in the mailing). # Wouldn't you call that triangulating with Loran? I would -- just think of it as measuring triangles along the time-dimension. (On second thought, I wonder if looking at the problem that way simplifies anything?)

COLLECTOR: Since you didn't include an issue number on this, I turned with naive faith to SPECTATOR to see what Bruce numbered it in his listing. Alas for my faith in his bibliographic knowledge, he didn't number it either! Which leads me to muse upon the unquestioning infallibility we mere mortals often attribute to expert-types like Pelz and Eney: if their fanzines say something is so, by Roscoe, it's SO. Which further prompts me to suggest that for the sake of future generations, they ought to publish a sort of annual correction-of-the-record, a listing of factual bloopers in fanzines of the past year -- I don't mean mere run-of-the-mill typos, but cases in which a serious article-writer says Clewe Cartmill is a pseudonym of Hank Kuttner, and things like that. I'm sure Bruce, and a few of your other literary-research types, realize that a lot of the future Ph.D. candidates who go digging in the musty fanzine archives aren't going to know as much as the rankest neo of today about all the myriad details of fandom. On the other hand, I suppose if we shirk our duty to posterity and let the record stand replete with errors, it'll give more people opportunity to write Ph.D. theses refuting other researchers, not to mention filling the pages of university-press quarterlies with insulting articles about one another's intelligence. # Howard, now that you are living in the past, why don't you and Algor collaborate on a history of the MSFS, to gladden the heart of Harry Warner? Get Advent to publish it, and then talk that Buck Rogers nut (whassisname?) into suing, or maybe asking for an injunction to prevent distribution of the book. Surely Buck Rogers is as sacred a cow as Notre Dame? You'd make a mint on under-the-counter sales.

STUMPING 10: Attractive cover, Jim, but where are the bullet holes? You MEAN YOU MISSED THE COMPLETE DAMN TARGET? # We'll see what kind of job Huntsville does on Wally Weber. After all, he meets your specifications for the test: he's complicated, and they've never seen one before. (Probably still don't believe he's for real, either. After all, would YOU?)

THE CHARLOTTAN 3: And another darn good waiting-lister-zine, in obvious contradiction to arguments that w-l publications should be kept out of SAPS. Needless to say, Len, if you haven't yet entered into full membership, you are welcome to continue THE CHARLOTTAN as a column in SPACEWARP until you get to a position (i.e., membership) where you can insult the OE with impunity, or at least with more impunity than a waiting-lister who wants to stay in the running. # Seems to me that back during the Wah, the FBI badges and counterspy gear they gave to kids as boxtop premiums all carried a warning not to try to arrest any enemy spies they might turn up, just to report them to the police. This must have made a lot of policemen curse the idea of cereal premiums, not to mention a lot of innocent victims whose only crime was that a bunch of kids thought their actions looked suspicious.

Good grief, these mailing comments are running much longer than I had in mind when I began them...and that is the curse of a SAPSish fate...

POR QUE? 3: Good gosh, that's a lot of Por Que's, time flies, it sure do. # Hey, get Wally to tell us more details of this Xerox he uses to produce your masters, willya? We have one here, in the Post Publications Section, but I've not been able, so far, to get to see it in operation. All I know is that the results are wonderful; I do charts and stuff in India ink and typewriter, and when the copies come back, I can't tell which one is the original. Mainly, how much does it cost? (Rumor around here is that it costs about 5¢ a copy, which of course makes it impractical for publishing fanzines on, at least for most fan. But maybe that is an unfounded rumor. I also seem to remember hearing somewhere that the Xerox people don't sell their equipment, they merely lease it, with so many thousand copies being included in the rental fee. After all, this is all vital info for FANCY III. # That vine out back you can't seem to identify -- why don't you send Tosk or Wrai to check up on it? I mean, don't get too close yourself; it might be poison ivy, or maybe a carnivorous Venusian import. # Monono, you don't make elderberry wine from the blossoms -- you make elderberry pancakes with them. It's been so many years that I don't recall whether they're tasty or not, but it seems unique enuf to be worth the bother, to dip blossoms into batter and fry 'em. # Incidentally, has anyone else ever eaten thorn-apples? Does anyone else even know what they are? We tried making thornapple jelly once, but they wouldn't jell. (So awright, nowadays you'd add a bottle of pectin. My folks didn't believe in such newfangled tricks). What we ended up with was thornapple syrup, like nothing you ever tasted before or since. Yummy. Speaking of exotic food, we got something delicious off the gourmet shelf at the delicatessen awhile back -- lime marmalade, produced in England from West Indian limes. Delicious. Some mornings we dine on coffee plus toasted peanut-butter-and-lime-marmalade sandwiches. It seems the fan-nish thing to do.

SAUVIGNON BLANC 1: Say, I wonder if Hulan is responsible for that Mars-probe that keeps goofing off when it should be staring at Canopus? # For flavorful fruit (and vegetables) you should be over here: what appears to be a common ole food often startles the American eater (pleasurably or the reverse) by its unexpected taste. A few weeks back Nancy bought some alleged sweet potatoes ("Patata Americana" the Italians call them), and tho they looked like normal yams, they had little if any sweet-potato flavor. But apples and pears are much more delicious, sometimes, than the usual American varieties (I don't know if these were grown in Italy or not; thanks to the Common Market, produce on sale here can come from most anywhere in Europe (or even Africa)). There are also things not commonly found in American groceries, such as anise roots (which look something like large onions, or the bases of celery stalks, and taste like licorish -- the Italians boil them to make a vegetable dish, about like we'd boil cabbage or brussels sprouts). Or chicory, which is used instead of lettuce in salads. Pretty good, with Italian dressing. Better is the Italian version of leaf-lettuce, which is startlingly colorful, with green-and-red leaves like a geranium (no, not in texture, just in color). And cheese -- momma mia, you never heard of so many different kinds of cheese, not to mention the multitude of varieties of pasta (which is anything from noodles thru spag hetti and macaroni up to rigatoni which I always infuriate Nancy by calling boiled garden hose). Good grief, who started talking about food? Now we'll never get back on the subject of Don Fitch's SAPSzine, which started the whole thing. # Don, the ban on reprints in apa is mainly because nothing is more disappointing than to eagerly await the arrival of the mailing, and then find that you have already seen most of the material in it. Admittedly, this isn't as likely to happen nowadays as back when both fandom and the number of fanzines were fewer; still, it (the ban on reprint material, that is) serves the useful purpose of stimulating apa members to at least a minimal creativity now and then, when deadline looms. # I don't know about the economic status of present-day fandom, but back when I was a neo, there were a lot of fans whose economic status was about as lower-class as you could get. They were intelligent kids who got into fandom because it was the only way they could find to escape, at least in

tellectually, from the poverty of their everyday life. 'Jeeze, do you think the fans of the '40's used hektographs because they preferred them to mimeos? In those days, publishers of regularly-appearing subzines, contemplating an anniversary issue, used to beg donations from their affluent fanfriends to defray the cost of a multilith cover. Martin Alger's article, complete with plans, of how to build your own mimeograph for \$1.40 would have been the greatest bit of fanprose ever written except, unfortunately, he didn't take into account the fact that most of his readers, unlike Martin himself, didn't have a basement full of machine tools and metalworking machinery. I used to dine comfortably on a lunch of two hamburgers (while attending college). Many times, to get a ream of mimeo bond to run off the next issue of SW, I dined on one instead, for a week or so at a time. That's why fanzines used to run articles on how to substitute screening or sandpaper for shading plates, or how to rejuvenate worn typer ribbons with 3-in-1 oil. (Neither of which expedients is half as good as a store-boughten shading plate or a new ribbon, incidently, so don't get all excited). Fans nowadays never had it so good.

MISTILY MEANDERING 10: And I'd better hold the misty meandering to a minimum or this zine will, you should pardon the expression, miss the deadline. It's 5 January, and I'm sure Bruce would prefer to receive these stencils somewhat in advance of deadline eve. # Beautiful cover, Fred. # That drugstore book-arranger might have gone on to further triumphs with Seven Days in May, followed perhaps by a Bhuddist text on The Eightfold Way. # The trouble with soft-sell TAFF ads is that they're likely to be eclipsed by hard-sell TAFF ads.

POT POURRI 35: An enthralling tale, ole John, even if I've never read a Bond novel, and thus have to judge from your parody what one is like. Offhand, I figure your version of the style is the more entertaining.

THERE ARE ADVANTAGES: Good grief, just when we thought fandom had settled into an era of (comparative) calm.

STRATEGISTS HAVE ESTIMATED: Hooah. Riddle: What sex is a fanzine? Answer: Well, if you can't think of the title, you can always refer to it by its first line, which, as all churchgoing fen know, is typical of hymns.

SAPTERRANEAN 11: Your comments on Rockwell prompt me to ask: what is the viewpoint of the liberals toward this American Nazi Party idiocy? I think most of the "square" element who think something ought to be done about the radicals also think something ought to be done about these Nazi kooks, but I'm wondering, now that he's got that embattled "western headquarters" in California, if he'll be invited to speak at Berkeley, and if the students and others will protest a ban on such activities by the authorities?

MRAOC 3: If KSEYH goes on the air in Georgia after you've indulged in your favorite pastime of hoisting beakers of alcoholic solution into the air to admire the refraction of light rays thru them, will that make you a southern fried ham? # I think the reason Eney wants to work for the State Dept. is that he's looking to the future, as a trufan should. He's ambitious to become the first Terren Ambassador to Mars. # You know, one could take Thai silks and have them made into silk ties, and then be able to refer to one's Thai silk tie; it would be the fannish thing to do, or have all you young squirts forgotten that speech on thing-things at the Tercon already? (I have; I've forgotten who made it; Norm somebody, I think...)

Anyone for spaghetti with chocolate milk?

NANDU 4: Ah, a rare and welcome stranger to the bundle, ole Nangeo. As you can plainly see, having come home again, you have a job cut out for you, getting the ole homestead into shape again. # Good grief, Tom in the Marines? How time flies. It almost makes me feel middle-aged. (Tho not as much as did not-celebrating my 40th birthday last week. The reason I not-celebrated is that I came up on the duty roster for Staff Duty NCO that night. All in all, I guess pulling duty NCO is as good a way as any of celebrating such a croggling occasion as one's farewell to the carefree 30's...)

FLABBERGASTING 3 AT LEAST: Alas, the press of time and imminance of deadline prevents my bringing to you this time the story I started writing some months ago, a stark, realistic portrayal of Tosk's adventures in Britain and the consequences thereof. Now you'll never know, at least not THIS mailing, how a plant could violate the obscenity laws...

YEZIDEE 9: Producing prints seems, from your account, almost as much trouble and complication as using a hektograph. But no doubt the results are somewhat more worth the effort expended.

MEST 17: If you ever get around to compiling that SAPS cookbook, please view any receipes sent you by my spouse with grave suspicion. It'd be OK if she sends you ones she got out of some 'ookbook or magazine, but if she writes 'em up the way she actually cooks 'em! -- like, awhile back she prepared us a meal of beef and rice according to a receipe in a Chinese cookbook. I remarked that it didn't resemble any sort of Chinese dish I'd ever eaten before. "Oh," she replied, "The recipe called for ginger, but I don't like ginger, so I skipped that part of it, and I added some tomatoes and..." Well, you get the idea. Bio or someone has a lengthy article on this subject which I wrote a couple years back for one of those wedding-present volumes that never got compiled. # Ogoodgrief, if you want really interesting catalogues, get the ones from the electronics part suppliers like Heathkit and Radio Shack and ... damn, can't recall the names of the major ones offhand (check the ad sections of Pop Science or Mechanics Illustrated or any similar mag). Incidentally, how about those envelopes full of stuff the Masters Co. sends you once you get on their mailing list? (Stencils, mimeo paper, and suchlike fannishly-fascinating merchandise -- their stuff is obviously slanted for the producers-of-church-society-bulletins trade, but a lot of their mimeographing tips are adaptable to fannish purposes.) # I take it all back about Nancy's cooking; she just came in here with a plate full of steak, cheese & horseraddish sandwiches, a deed which atones for much. # I wish I had time to do justice to commenting on your zine, Ted; your mc's are among the finest in the bundle. Keep it up.

ELUG 9: Hey, how about an outdoor, picnic-type Con banquet with box lunches?

Come to think of it, (since con committees are always out for that extra bit of cash) how about running the banquet on the box-social principle, with the femfem packing box lunches and the hefen buying them at auction, with the responsible maiden tossed into the deal to help the buyer consume her handiwork. Hmmm, considering the appetite of the typical fan, I can see that would never work: what we'd end up with is a mass battle-royal between the hefen and the shefen over who gets the contents of the box lunch. # Tsk, if the Webberts don't have an address for their house, that leaves them free to concoct their own, in the manner of those British-type addresses: you know: Target House, Side-C-The-Hill, near Upper Sludgepond, Washington. That's the trouble with fandom, most of us are restricted to plain, ole ready-made addresses handed to us by the civic authorities in a surly or-also manner, when we would prefer to let our imaginations roam.

(If anyone cares to write us via the Italian postal system, we've got a pretty good one: Via Barbieri 4, I Piano Sinesterra, Vicenza, Italy. But with all those potholes rapidly developing in Via Barbieri, the postmas is liable to tumble off his bicycle into a mudhole with your letter.) Speaking of addressless houses, however, reminds me of a verse I once wrote about a postcard sent out by Wra i Ballard when he was OE (Remember when fans (GHAHA: HERE'S DEADLINE! CONTINUED NEXT MAILING...))

That seldom-splendored thing, a SPACEWARP lettercolumn, presents...

# Roy Tackett

13 November 1964 A Friday no less

Arturo,

Ah, here we have something new: a letter of comment to SPACEWARP. In your next issue, published, one presumes, the next time the OE threatens you with expulsion from SAPS for lactivity, you will now be able to have a letter column. It may start a whole new trend. Yes. We may see the return of Art Rapp, publishing giant. For one letter leads to another, as you well know, and pretty soon you get enthusiastic about it and find yourself running off more extra copies that you can send out in hopes of enticing more letters and the first thing you know old SPACEWARP will once again be flashing across the microcosm as an all purpose genius, placing higher and higher on the Fanzine poll, going full steam ahead towards the Hugo. Ah, yes. What you need is a shot of Ol' Doc Tackett's E\*N\*T\*H\*U\*S\*I\*A\*S\*M and General Purpose Medicine. ( But...but...every SAPS member who ever won a Hugo for his SAPSzine immediately dropped out of SAPS and went gafia, Fapan, or worse...surely you wouldn't wish such a fate on me? )

(Oh, by the way, I did get your article which, in a fit of something or other, you did for DYNATRON. It shall be published in the next issue or so. My plea for material brought in some items and it is now a matter of selecting what goes when.) (And thank you, old thing. Material by Art Rapp appears all too seldom, you know.) (Yes, I know, but what is my opinion compared to that of all the rest of fandom?)

But I am sitting here with SPACEWARP #79 which contains a hook or two and prompts me to take typewriter in hand and dash off a LoC. Something I do all too seldom these days, you know. (Yes, I know, but what is my opinion compared to that of all the rest of fandom?)

Ah, so.

It is not necessarily the Bhuddists who are opposed to killing. You are thinking, I think, more of the Hindus to whom all life is sacred. About which more anon. But the Bhuddists are not enthusiastic killers as the so-called war in Viet-Nam indicates. One of the big problems there is to get the Viet-nameese into the spirit of the thing you know. Somehow, of course, this doesn't ring completely true for there is a high percentage of Roman Catholics in Viet-nam and, Ghu knows, they certainly have no qualms over violence and killing. (Also, I presume, with that French heritage a high percentage of Indo-Chinese who are familiar with Voltaire's Candide and don't fancy getting themselves bumped off in this best of all possible worlds.)

Even so my contemplation of the picture of a beatnik-type -- as you put it -- sitting on a hillside with a shotgun contemplating the way the jackrabbit bounces under the impact of a load of double-ought buck, fills me with delicious amusement. Indeed, I had thought that this type of person, the one who goes for Zen and that other weirdo stuff, would be most adverse to violence and repelled by the very idea of handling a gun. I have read much writing in fanzines and elsewhere about how guns and other weapons are foul and evil and there is the supreme preciousness of life. Mayhap this applies only to human life and not to such as jackrabbits.

It seems to me that people of this type are highly untraveled and ignorant and have made no study at all of history also they would realize that the cheapest commodity on the face of this planet Earth is human life. Also the only game animal worth bothering with. (You bloodthirsty, brainwashed, sadistic ex-Marine murderer, you! Don't you know we should abandon our primitive blood-lusts

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and destroy all our vicious SAC bombers and battleships and ICBMs and rifles, so that we can greet our socialist liberators with widespread palms of peace when they come to rescue us from the slavery of capitalism?}

Beats, my boy, are, in the words of that great American, Barry---uh---whatshisname-- fakes and frauds.

But getting back to the Hindus. There was recently a television report on the poor starving Indians who are increasing at a rather rapid rate. The population continues to grow but the food does not. The Indian peasant still uses agricultural methods that are thousands of years old, yea, even to pulling the plow himself, and as a result just barely raises enough food to feed his own immediate family part of the year. He sure can't feed the city folk.

{But Roy, they're operating in the true tradition of the Organic Farming bugs who claim steel plows poison the soil and if you don't grind your whole wheat between granite millstones instead of metal crushers, you'll come down with all sorts of horrible ailments such as heart disease and cancer, instead of succumbing to scurvy as all truly-nostalgic-for-pioneer-days types should}

There is also the problem of the cattle. There are some 500 million cattle in India about half of which belong to no one but just roam the countryside eating up everything in sight. {But think of the Organic Fertilizer, Roy! Besides, haven't the Indians seen enough American wild-west movies to have gathered the concept of cattle-rustling? And if that's too subtle for them, I'm sure the current crop of BHS films runs heavily to the ranch-barbeque theme}

The solution to the problem of the cattle and the poor starving Indians would seem to be one and the same, no? Eat the cattle. But

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"The only good Indian is a dead Indian." --- Old Chinese proverb

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the Indians won't do this, of course. So both the number of cattle and the number of poor starving Indians increases geometrically. {For the benefit of you non-mathematical clods and also those with high-type minds, what he means is, they keep on multiplying}

{But people hate to take good advice, Roy. Don't you remember how G.B.Shaw suggested to the Irish a perfectly logical method for alleviating the hunger resulting from the failure of the potato crop, and no one took his modest proposal seriously?}

I refuse to get all worked up about the poor starving Indians. Let 'em eat meat. {As I say, no one listened to G.B.S.}

{Gyps is perched on the door of his cage trying to make up his mind whether or not he wants to fly over to my shoulder. Or, more properly, jump over to my shoulder since he doesn't fly too well. Clipped wings, y'know.}

{What nationality is Gyps? Parrot or canary? The big objection to letting any bird out of its cage around the house is that it's hard as hell to teach a bird to use a sandbox. Betty Kujawa came up, some months back, with an advertisement for parakeet diapers, but it's enough trouble changing the Kook around this house, without having to worry about a bird as well. Result, our (canary-type) Betty remains confined to quarters at all times. He commits enough nuisances that way, scattering birdseed and drinking water (in the process of taking a showerbath) over everything within yards. But we're tolerant of his eccentricities, since he's a nut, and thus fits perfectly into this household. Why do I say he's a nut? Well, for one thing, the song that will invariably set him to tweeting is "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" -- proof enuff?}

Harte's Chinese was known more as the "heathen" than as the "Wily."  
{Oh, I dunno. Don't have a reference book handy, but I believe I had



the sense, if perhaps not the exact wording of the passage correct. Conceding your point: "For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar." Good grief, I've just realized my days of studying Bret Harte's epics in the classroom occurred a quarter-century ago!

Well, to be democratic we must have a vote for everybody (you mean, I trust, from everybody?) Anything less, these days, is undemocratic. Perhaps, Neville Shute outlined an interesting idea in "In The Wet". This was the idea of multiple votes. Everybody had a basic one vote. Some people had more. A man could gain additional votes by completing college, by living abroad for a year, and by various other means. (But we already have this multiple-vote system in our country; it's called bribery!)

The top was six -- or perhaps it was seven (it's been a while since I read this, so can't remember perzactly) -- with the sixth vote a rare thing. It could be awarded only by the sovereign (Queen in the case of the book for extraordinary services. (Like funnelling \$35,000 into the campaign coffers, maybe?)

Weighted voting. Why not?

The marriage and divorce laws of the 50 states show great variance. Grounds for divorce are as mixed up as the states themselves. It was only a few years ago that South Carolina began to permit divorces. In New York, of course, the only grounds are adultery. In California, almost anything goes. Ah, good old California. The rest of the states are somewhere in between. (Translation: New Yorkers and Californians are way out. With this I agree)

But you were talking about automobiles and I generally agree with you that the mish-mash of state laws is rather stupid. But, after all, old thing, you must realize that these various laws pertaining to driving are simply methods of raising revenue anyway. They really have nothing to do with driving. The state gets all shook-up, y'see, if you drive without a license because it means you are doing the state out of a buck or two or five or whatever. (As the past proud possessor of a New Mexico drivers license, I must agree with you. Although I took pains to point out to the State Policeman administering the test at Alamogordo in 1961 that I'd never had a license in any other state before, or even from the Army, he skipped the road test on the grounds that there was no one else around to mind the police station at the moment. And here I'd been practicing for weeks out on the hardstand behind the mess hall, until I could whip a station wagon into the slot between two 55-gallon drums with one expert flick of the wheel (according to the guy who was teaching me, the New Mexico cops always picked out a particularly cramped parallel-parking spot and told you to get in there -- and when you switched off the ignition, out they jumped with a one-foot ruler to see how far your wheels were from the curb.) Maybe he took his test on a day the cop had a hangover.)

In this state we find, according to newspaper reports, that more than 100 drivers have their permits revoked every month. You don't think this stops them from driving, do you? Of course not. They keep right on their merry way until they kill somebody, and then keep right on after that.

Case in point -- just two days ago the Bernalillo County Democratic Party Chairman, one Henry Kicker, and his wife were killed by some idiot who ran through a red light at 80 MPH going west in an eastbound lane. Did this idiot have a driver's license? Don't be funny. Of course not. (What did the court do, put him on probation?)

I commented to Chrys when we returned from La to Albuquerque last summer that it would be a good idea to send all the Albuquerque drivers to LA for a couple of weeks to drive the freeways. Those that survived could come back to Albuquerque

acknowledged as good drivers.

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"The only good Driver is a live Driver" -- old New Mexican saying.

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{I can see, Roy, that you are a lover of the wide open, empty spaces, particularly on highways. But do you think New Mexico could stand such a sharp population decline?}

Clara, Lou & Em. Hmmm. Only vaguely. {Well, me too, if you press the point} I didn't listen much to daytime radio -- or at least to the soap operas. I can remember Gary Moore on the old Blue Network, though. One soap opera I followed for a while was Betty and Bob. It came on about lunch time and the particular episode I was engrossed in was a mystery-type with foul and evil villians and old castles and all that rot. {What do you mean, "all that rot"? Roy Tackett? It's all in your mind!}

Really? OK, you shall have them:

Do you really want them?

Highways are happy ways when they lead the way to home,  
Highways bring happy days to the weary hearts that roam.  
And as you travel along those ribbons of gray  
They soon unravel to bring you homeward to stay;  
Highways are happy ways when they lead the way to home.

So there. How about this one?

Hi, there, neighbor, going my way? East or west on the Lincoln Highway.  
Hi, there, Yankee, give out with a great big thankee, you're in God's  
Country...

On Sunday afternoon:

I dim all the lights and I sink in my chair.  
The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air.  
The walls of my room fade away in the blue  
And I'm deep in a dream of you.

Monday night, I think it was:

Spam, rebab, boom, Spam,  
George Burns and Gracie Allen  
Artie Shaw and his orchestraw  
And last but not least-on with Bud Heaston.

Wave the flag for Hudson High, boys.....  
(If you don't know the rest of that one, Art Rapp, shame on you).

{I knew it, but my wife didn't, shame on her!}

Who's that little chatter-box?  
The one with the pretty auburn locks?  
Who do you see? It's Little Orphan Annie.

Jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round  
We're touring, alluring old New York town...

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