

AMIS#1



"Man, like Arizona?"

 This is AMIS (pronounce it as you will) number one, being produced for the 86th FAPA Mailing mainly, altho I will more than likely send a copy or two out to non-FAPAns I think might be interested in seeing a genuine Trimblezine.

-oOo-

O H D I D N ' T H E R A M B L E

... And I intend doing just that. For those of you who find such things of interest, a little introduction might be in order: I hail from Long Beach, California when not occupied with the Air Force as I have been for the past three-almost-four years now. I began reading stf when Astounding was in script on the mag's logo. Fandom took longer to glom onto me, only rearing its ugly head when Ron Ellik contacted me shortly before the SFCon. I don't regret this hobby... yet. I hope I never will.

I'm getting short in this lousy excuse for a service; I get out in April. I think that about all that's kept me from going off my nut and getting promoted or something for about a year now, has been my fanac. (I know fandom's not a way of life, but....) Seriously, when you start getting close to the end of it all the crap the service throws at you gets to be too much sometimes. Such as the inspections (where you learn to roll your socks properly), the clean-up details (long coffee-breaks punctuated by periods of inane work), the stupid, arrogant, egotistical slobd who are our fighter pilots, and the supervisors (like the NCO who cautioned his troops that they must sweep a floor before they could mop it, with every man-jack of them standing there with a broom in his hands).

As a matter of fact, I've come to the conclusion that I'm temperamentally unsuited to the service, besides disliking it with a purple passion. Why the other day my NCOIC was telling me about life with the relatives with whom he and his wife have been staying. It seems that his hephew has an intense love of music; spends most of his time near his hi-fi, blows progressive piano, etc.

"But I don't hold with that," my NCOIC said, "and every time there's a ball game or something like that, I see that he gets shoved into it right off. He ain't going to be a sissy if I can help it."

"Most clods would do the same," I told him.

I have been duly informed that this is NOT the way to Win Friends and Influence People, and that I am possessed of a negative attitude which will most assuredly not help me career-wise. Not that this worries me too much; I'd have to be crazy, desperate, or DEAD-drunk to stay in the service.

They tell me that this whole out-look is the reason why I'm still an Airman Second Class (forgetting that we haven't had much in the way of promotions in a year or so), and will insure my failure in civ-

ilian life. But I'm not worried.

Anyway, I've been told that the Salvation Army makes better soup than the Airyforce.

-oOo-

Some of the things people in the service can find to kid each other about are fantastic, some are malicious, some rediculous, and some down-right funny. And others.... H'mmm?

There is a young airman in our barracks who has the ability to impress one right off as a ten year old in a nineteen year old body. To top it off, he's so tight-fisted that he squeaks, and gets ridden about it unmercifully. He has been called the sole supporter of the two major Arizona banks, and a major stockholder in the Bank of America.

Not too long ago, someone came up with the rumor that our tight friend had been robben of some of his hoarded filthy lucre. We who know him best (sadly) soon staunched this tho, with protestations that he was too darned tight to allow some of his money to get away, theives or no theives. We drew great verbal pictures of the lad in question locking his money belt carefully in his locker each night, and then setting the bear traps. We told how he hounded one poor fellow for a nickle borrowed for a cup of coffee until the borrower died making a provision in his will for repayment of the nickle. And to clinch it, we told how he was the only man inthe entire United States Air Force, to the best of our knowledge, to have installed a burgalar alarm on his wall locker.

Or there's the fellow with the large inferiority complex who has to talk constantly in order to get attention. He's one of those people who can talk for hours without saying one blamed thing. We tell him about it, too.

"Miller," we'll say, "someday you're going to say something important and no one is going to hear it."

-oOo-

Last October or so the following episode took place. There was a jet that had been in the hangar for periodic maintenance, and had just been pushed out. It didn't have its canopy on as yet. One of the mechanics was standing on the wing, looking at something on the side of the aircraft, and groping about the instrument panel, etc., for some switches of some sort. He touched the wrong button, and the seat ejected, missing him by a very few inches.

When they found him, he was gripping the side of the cockpit, and quivering.

Somehow, I think I'd have melted into a little pile of slag and flowed down the nearest drain.

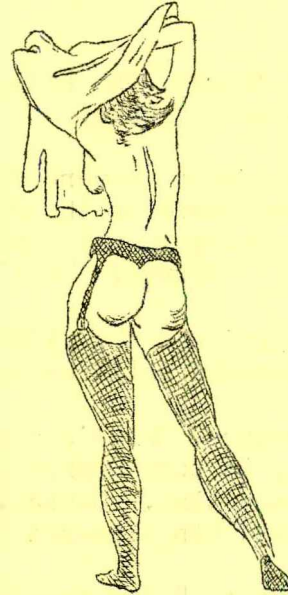
"... AND BRING YER DAMN CAT, TOO!"

Characters are something the service has more than its share of. And I don't think a man could spend any time at all as an enlisted man without running into some like these two "alkies" we had in the Air Rescue Squadron with which I was stationed in Japan....

"Old Pop" was a senior NCO who used to come in potted every night. And considering that I had seen him polish off a fifth of I W HARPER without visible effect on more than one occasion, it must have taken most of his pay to support his thirst.

Probably the most colorful thing about old Pop was the way he'd stagger back to his room in the barracks. Pop would get to the door of the barracks (usually) after his customary stumble-stagger-roll down the hill from the NCO Club, and there a transformation would come over him.

Pop would come to attention, open the door to the barracks, tilt his body, from the waist up, some fifteen degrees to the right, and half-run thru the darkened hallways to his room. What happened after he got that far I don't know. Might've spoiled things if I did.



-oOo-

And then there was Betlure. Good ol' Betlure, who'd been in the service for over fifteen years. Betlure and I were the same rank, and I'd been in only slightly over fifteen months. But, too, Betlure had been at least a staff-sergeant, if not higher; he was on the way down again when I knew him.

When he was working, Betlure could type faster than a chitter-chattering Ron Ellik, and knew all the clerical regulations like the back of his hand. And you get to know the back of your hand pretty well when you spend all your free-time elbow-bending. Well, he didn't spend ALL his free-time drinking, just the better part of it.

This drinking was helped out by the location of the Airmen's Club, which was only about sixty feet from the back door of our barracks. Nice lucrative spot, 'cause Rescue had a bunch of the hardest-drinkers in the Far East in it. That back door might as well have been the front, for all the traffic that went thru it.

Some hour after midnight one night, Betlure came staggering into our darkened barracks screaming at us to help him defend himself against someone or something.

"You gotta gimme a carbine, fellas, or they'll get me sure," he pleaded.

About four of us piled out of the sack, mobbed him, and forceably introduced our conquest to his bunk. After he was safely ensconced in his rack, we convinced him that we had sent out a party of troops who had routed the enemy in a brief skirmish. Mollified he was, and we heard no more from Betlure that night.

-oOo-

Of course, the enlisted men weren't the only "ones" around. Not by a long-shot, Thanks.

Once when we were ferrying a chopper (helicopter) to the Tokyo area (I was stationed on the Southern Island, Kyushu), the medic and I were almost asleep in the cabin when we heard the co-pilot call over the interphone: "George. What'll I do, George?"

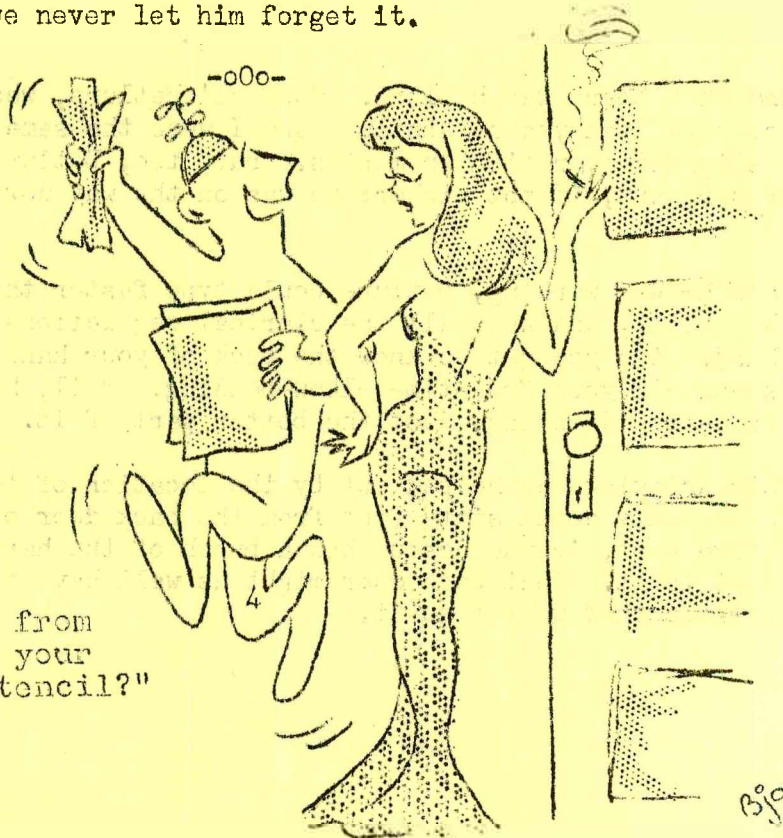
George was the pilot, and fast asleep. The medic and I both scrambled forward until we could see into the cockpit.

"George, there's a mountain ahead, George. What'll I do?" He was trying to poke George with his elbow, fly the ship, and panic all at the same time. George, on his part, seemed a very sound sleeper; probably had his head-set turned off.

"George," the co-pilot called, his voice getting shrill, "there's a mountain ahead. What'll I do, George?"

"The squeaky voice of the medic broke in: "Turn, Lieutenant, turn."

We did, too. And we never let him forget it.



"....an article from Bloch! Where's your typer? Got a stencil?"

What follows is something I found in my mail-box one day while in Japan. I don't know who put it there, who wrote it, or anything else about it. But, here it is.... Like.

A M E D A L F O R H O R A T I U S

anon.

-Who has not thrilled to the story of Horatius at the bridge. How he and two other Romans stood off the army of Lars Porsena until the bridge to unprepared Rome could be destroyed? How his companions ran to safety as the bridge began to fall? How Horatius, only after the bridge was down, quit his post and swam the Tiber to safety? But what happened afterwards?-

ROME

II Calends, April CCCLX

SUBJECT: Recommendation for Senate Medal of Honor

TO: Department of War, Republic of Rome

I. Recommend Gaius Horatius, Tribune of Foot, OMCMXIV, for the Senate Medal of Honor.

II. Tribune Horatius has served XVI years, all honorably.

III. On the III day of March, during an attack on the city by Lars Porsena of Clausium and his Tuscan Army of CXM men, with Centurion Allius Larritus and Legionaire Spurius Horminius, Tribune Horatius held the entire Tuscan Army at the far end of the bridge until the structure could be destroyed, thus saving the city.

IV: Tribune Horatius did valiantly fight and slay one Tribune Picus of Clausium in individual combat.

V: The exemplary courage and outstanding leadership of Tribune Horatius are in the highest tradition of the Roman Army.

JULIUS LUCULLUS

Comdr, II Foot

Army of Rome

Ist Ind. AG, IV Calends, April CCCLX

TO: G-III

For Comment.

G. C.

IIInd Ind. G-III, IX Calends, May CCCLIX

TO: G-II

- I. For comment and forwarding.
- II. Change end of paragraph II from "saving the city" to "lessened effectiveness of enemy attack". The Roman Army was well deployed tactically, and the reserve had not been committed. The phrase as written might be construed to cast aspersions upon our fine army.
- III: Change paragraph V from "outstanding leadership" to read "commendable initiative". Tribune Horatius was in command of II men, only I/IV of a squad.

J. C.

IIIrd Ind. G-II, II Ides, June CCCLIX

TO: G-I

- I. Omit strength of Tuscan forces in paragraph III. This information is classified.
- II. A report evaluated as B-II states that slain officer was a Centurion Pincus of Tifernum, actually an enlisted man. Recommend change "Tribune Pincus of Clausium" to read "soldier of the enemy forces".

T. J.

IVth Ind. G-I, IX Ides, January CCCLXI

TO: JAG

- I. Full name is Gaius Caius Horatius.
- II. Change service from XVI years to XV years. One year is Romulus Chapter, Junior Legions, has been given credit as military service in error.

E. J.

Vth Ind. JAG, II Calends, February CCCLXI

TO: AG

- I. The Porsena raid was not during wartime. The Temple of Janus was closed.
- II. The action against the Porsena raid, ipso facto, was a police action.

III: The Senate Medal of Honor cannot be awarded in peacetime (AR CVIIIIXXV, paragraph XIIc).

IV: Suggest consideration for Soldiers Medal.

P. B.

Vith Ind. AG, IV Calends, April CCCLXI

TO: G-I

Concur in paragraph IV, Vth Ind.

L. J.

VIIth Ind. G-I, I Day of June CCCLXI

TO: AG

Soldiers Medal given for saving lives. Suggest Star of Bronze as appropriate.

E. J.

VIIIth Ind. AG, III Day of June CCCLXI

TO: JAG

For Opinion.

G. C.

IXth Ind. JAG, II Calends, September CCCLXI

TO: AG

I. XVII months have elapsed since event described in basic letter. Star of Bronze cannot be awarded after XV months have elapsed.

II. Officer is eligible for Papyrus Scroll with Metal Pendant.

P. B.

Xth Ind. AG, I Ide of October CCCLXI

TO: G-I

For draft of citation for Papyrus Scroll with Metal Pendant.

L. J.

XIth Ind. G-I III Calends, October CCCLXI

TO: G-II

I. Do not concur.

II. Our currently fine relations with Tuscany would suffer and current delicate negotiations might be jeopardized if publicity were given to Tribune Horatius' actions at this time.

T. J.

XIIIth Ind. G-II, VI Day of November CCCLXI

TO: G-I

A report, dated C-IV, and partially verified, states that Lars Porsena is very sensitive about the Horatius affair.

E. T.

XIIIth Ind. G-I, X Day of November CCCLXI

TO: AG

I: In view of information contained in preceeding XIth and XIIth Indorsements, you will prepare immetiate orders for Tribune G. C. Horatius to one of our overseas stations.

II. His attention will be invited to paragraph XII, POM, which prohibits interviews with newsmen prior to arrival at final destination.

L. T.

-oOo-

ROME

II Calends, April CCCLXII

SUBJECT: Survey, Report of, DEPARTMENT OF WAR

TO: Tribune Gaius Caius Horatius, III Legion, V Phalanx,
APO XIX, c/o Postmaster, ROME

I. Your statement concerning the loss of your shield and sword in the Tiber River on III March, CCLX, has been carefully considered.

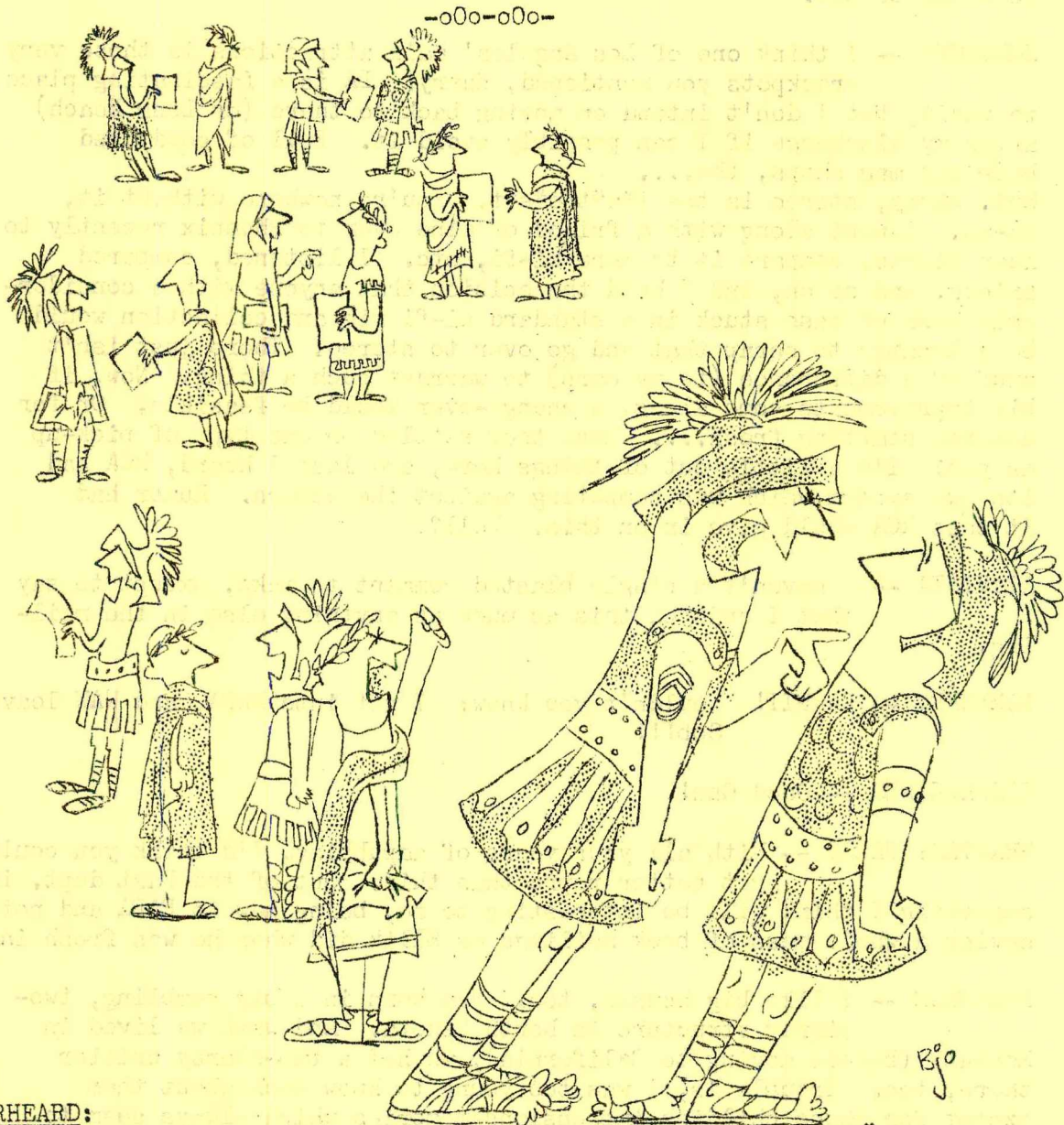
II. It is admitted that you were briefly in action against certain unfriendly elements on that day. However, Centurion Allius Larritus, and Legionaire Spurius Horminius were in the same action, and did not lose any government property.

III. The finance officer, your unit, has been instructed to reduce your next pay by II I/II talents (I III/IV talents cost of one each

sword, officers, Roman Army; III/IV talent cost of one each shield, officers, M-II, Roman Army).

IV. You are enjoined and admonished to pay strict attention to conservation of government funds and property. The budget must be balanced next year.

R. TAPUS MUCHUS
Trip, of Horse, Survey Off.
Army of the Republic of Rome



OVERHEARD:

"Very few dogs are cats, but I know some cats who are dogs."

-somewhat hip sax player-

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

Which is the heading for the comments on the 85th Mailing which would seem to be in order. Janke aside, if everyone ignored everyone else's stuff, we'd get to be a pretty sour group after a while, dontcha think?

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST -- This is good stuff. Wish I'd seen the Bradbury ish (you wouldn't happen to have any of those left over, would you?), too. How right Lou Goldstone was about FINAL BLACKOUT, but for such errant reasons (or so it seems to me).

HORIZONS -- I think one of Los Angeles' main attractions is those very crackpots you mentioned, Harry. LA is a fascinating place to visit, but I don't intend on moving back to there (or Long Beach) after my discharge if I can possibly avoid it. Full of good used book and mag shops, tho....

But, Harry, stereo is the l*a**t*e*s**t. You're nowhere without it, ma-an. I went along with a friend of mine over to Phoenix recently to hear stereo, compare it to mere hi-fi, etc. I listened, compared prices, and so on, and I hold the opinion that anyone with a considerable hunk of cash stuck in a standard hi-fi rig and collection would be a lunatic to scrap that and go over to stereo. There just isn't enuf of a difference (to my ears) to warrant such a thing. Now, if big improvements come along, a change-over would be feasible. Or for someone starting fresh.... Have they settled on one type of pick-up as yet? I'm a little out of things here, and last I heard, RCA had its own system which was competing against the others. Rumor had it that RCA would give in on this. Well?

ATAVISTA -- I haven't a single blasted comment to make, except to say that I enjoyed this as much as anything else in the mailing.

PAMPHREY -- DAMNIT! Wouldn't you know; I get into FAPA, and WAW leaves. Sob!!!

COSWALZINES -- Good Ghul

PHANTASY PRESS -- With all your years of ampubbing, I'd think you could get better repro than this. Out of the Past dept. is something I think will be interesting to me, being new to FAPA and not having a whole mess of back mailings as Ellik did when he was fresh in.

PHLOTSAM -- I like big houses, too. Was born in a big rambling, two-storey structure in North Dakota. And when we lived in Montana (before moving to California), we had a two-storey critter there, too. Trouble is, I was too young to know much about them except for those childish impressions/memories which always seem to turn out wrong -- and what I've been told. Big, rambling, multi-storey houses are rarer than hens-teeth in SoCalif, unless you have "status". Maybe that's one reason why I like Forrie Ackerman's house as well as I do (other than for the warm atmosphere and the fabulous Ackerman collection).

RAMBLING FAP -- I thot for a moment I'd read "There will be NO more polls from this source..." And I muttered something about "Damnit, half the interesting stuff goes out the window about the time I get in." Glad I was seeing things. If you didn't wear glasses, Ted White, I'd suspect you of eyetracking my mailing. Like.

GEMZINE -- I'd like to thank you again for sending me your mag all that time I cooled my heels on the w/list. And I didn't get bitten, either.

So why can't our government, or any other one, be both right and wrong at the same time (not on the same subjects, necessarily)? Of course, if you stick to pure Aristotelian Logic, that's impossible. But we do use multi-valued logic, don't we? The US couldn't be more right on somethings (sic), or more wrong on others. I think we're right as regards up-holding our form of government, our opposition to Bolshevism, and like that. But believe we're wrong as regards the bomb testing, and the up-holding of some un-popular governments (such as Latin American dictatorships), to mention a few. Anyone who hews right down the line, as regards "patriotism", is supporting all the causes, right or wrong. And giving your un-thinking loyalty to anything except possibly self or race, or like that seems to me to be just a wee bit off his nut. Boyd Reaburn had some pertinent comments in his post-mailing this time, if you noticed.

And that would seem to just about wind it up. So these comments are short. The mailing was short (puny you called it, Ted?), and what I haven't commented upon, I have noted, and probably liked.

Looking back over this "AMIS 1", it looks as tho I should specify lead staples or something. This is what I believe is termed "light reading". As close to having my military fallderall done with as I am getting to be, I feel light-like. Maybe the lightness will keep the weight of the mailing bundles down, or something.

Might feel like letting off Profound Thoughts next time, too. But I doubt it.

-c0o-

Ron Ellik has kindly consented to run this off on the Publishing Giants press, possibly utilizing T.Carr, boy TAFF candidate to cut the art-work. I shall try to bludgeon Bjo into doing some of her great stuff for me, too, and will mention here that she's also standing for TAFF, just to be safe. Prettier than Terry, too. The main perpetrator of all this is, of course, John Trimble, A2c, HqSSec, CCTWing, Williams AFB, Ariz. Note to any non-FAPA members who get this: This thing is just to let you know that I am capable of putting out something resembling a fanzine, and is for your information/enjoyment(?) only. No other copies are available. Thank you, Bill, for the cover illo I didn't use.

gee, eleven pages!!!

