

Yes, he's got your fragnak, all right, but his brodofaw is just like mine when I was small. And fortunately he didn't get Aunt Tubula's murblegram. How would you like our little Thugwart here to go through life with such a terrible murblegram? . . . and doesn't he have the cutest little pair of scodgratz . . . and blah, blah . . . and yak, yak . . .

And this is

COGNATE



COLOPHON FOR COGNATE, by Rosemary Hickey, 10010 Neuens 4,
Houston, Tx. 77080 for FAPA, August deadline. Everytime
a mailing arrives I go into a tizzy of joy, sit down at
my typer and start reading. How much I have missed you
.. . . the steadies and the new ones. Glad to see you!!!

My typer has developed too many phtysmuses and Wanda
Seawood has volunteered to type these pages printer-ready.
Ghod bless nice people. Right? Besides, my air condition-
er has cooled this apartment down to 86° and it's only mid-
night. I'm afraid to lighten my mood with wine in this
heat. Art by David Hickey and Joyce Fels.

The last pages will be an extra fillip from me. I decided
to try for a big goal in Mensa. The Mensans are slowly
getting the word to share some experience of living to be
published immediately in the AUTOGIOGRAPHIA and, in about
five years, to be a part of a book titled The COMPOSITE
MENSAN. . . . or maybe THE COMPLEAT MENSAN. Some very
interesting people have been responding and if any of you
are Mensans, send something please! I thank you.

Of course some the extra happy feeling came from the Ego
boo Poll Results. What an enlargement my ego suddenly
experienced! Of course, since the workshop I attended had
us investigating our own weaknesses and I do have difficulty
accepting nice statements about me, is it all right to say
Thank You For Thinking Of Me??

Enough of me for now.



THE TRAINED CORMORANTS OF GIFU Oh d-----d. I haven't
Helen Wesson even reread the Holy
 Writing of Holmes in a
while. I'm just getting back into reading again. How-
ever, if I could have been in Gifu, without a doubt I
would have had my own cormorant who would have respond-
ed to my signals only because, after all, we both like
fish and share as our respective weights indicate need.
We might be helpful to the rest of the fishing community
and go with them to help them with their fish-catching
in Kiso's clear stream. We're really very helpful and
considerate, my cormorant and me. I know just the place
for the annual banquet. Sea Rim State Park, Texas and
I will have a boat available when you're ready. Sushi
is not difficult to provide. Sake and beer ditto....
although being as it's a state park, the two latter
items will have to be somewhat disguised. This last
weekend it was onshore breeze day and night. Beautiful.

YHOS #17 But I don't understand the connection between
Art Widner "YHOS" and "Hall of Mirrors." I missed some-
 thing somewhere and you're just great. I al-
ways enjoy someone else's pointed, pungent LOCs because
when I try to write that way, the humor isn't recognized.
Quite a switch to see you twit Jack. ##However, this
I must say. Something you said to Harry Warner, Jr. is
exactly what I needed to read - right now. Somehow I in-
tended to have these words printed in large, effective
letters - and several I copies - one for the office, one
for the house - I don't know - maybe one for the car visor
so I won't forget to ..."...give up trying to keep life
simple. I just let it be complicated, and the hell with
it" I Love it. I'll include your "Is" and put your name
as the author. You mean it is okay to be complicated?
(Please. No extra special comments on this typer. I
may be able to have it repaired the end of June. Right
now my time is for the typer for FAPA and with my talent
for procrastination, it would be most unwise to put off
.....you know....except rereading for typos is bother-
ing my astigmatism. Hope you're all in better shape))

LETTER FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE TO THE EARTH Nothing is more
Fran/Charles fun than eaves-
 dropping especi-
ally when the eavesdropping begins somewhere in the middle
of what's going on. Sometimes the point is missed. Some-
times the joke is unrecognized. I don't know.....

DISINFORMATION 3 "ct" is not in my dictionary. What does
Arthur D. Hlavaty it mean? Eris? I prefer EROS, Myself.

FLOCCIPAUCHINIHIPIILIFICATION N. 6
Mike Glicksohn

Without a doubt, my
typing has improved.
Not one dot of white-

out on that title. So there. Will you accept the possibility that there are a few who have not read your writings wherever you've gone into the topics that interest you. Not only that but consider the possibility that any opinions you've expressed some years ago (and I assume "hundreds of thousands of words" and "hundreds" of fanzines" adds up to more than a couple of years, might have changed even a little bit? That much change might keep from boring you and since the new exposure would be new to me, I wouldn't be bored at all.

My LOCs are seomtimes absent or even short not because I think LOCs are peurile but just because. I like to make contact with people and feel bad when my contacts don't make it I wish I could remember the yiddish slang heard in my infancy. There's a name for someone who's afraid to put it out on the line. ###A long time ago the idea of having two sources of income really struck me as being most wise. So, although I'm currently a Child Welfare Worker, my Illinois podiatry license has just been renewed....just in case.

SPECAPA COMMENTATOR MINUS 1
M. David Johnson

My heart, my thoughts, my
time and my typer belong
to FAPA. There is no way

I would let myself be caught joining another apa. I tried that back in 1962 and found myself so swamped with collating for I don't remember how many apas and exchanges that the lesson was learned. However, I'm forwarding for your sheet to someone who might be interested. Good luck. Incidentally, your deadline is May 15 and the mailing arrived May 28. Good things my will power was up even before I read your deadline date.

CONACS
M. David Johnson

The worst of living in Houston is that
most cons are too far for easy driving
and when there is one it's for the comic
book fandom. Browsed your list and felt minor twinges for those already missed and twitches of loss for those I won't be able to attend.

DRIVEL 2
M. David Johnson

Your publishing schedule must really
keep you hopping. I'm putting most of
my energy into my new job...and don't
care to emulate you.

GRANDFATHER STORIES
Howard DeVore

Oh what fun the convention bidding,
the excitement, the plans and I'm
going to have to miss it all. My
plans include some heavy training schedules and preclude
any travel beyond the counties surrounding Harris (Houston)
County. Have fun.

HORIZONS
Harry Warner, Jr. Harry, as an apartment dweller which carries with it a sense of impermanence and possible moving problems, I chose to trade in my baby grand and am now the proud owner (once it's paid off) of a Baldwin Fantasia Organ. With enough pushing and pulling of various buttons and levers (keys), a piano sound is produced so I don't miss my piano too much. There's an additional challenge of learning how to play on this instrument effectively. Perhaps after I've had some lessons, my pleasure will be that much increased. Only current problem is locating organ music. I have lots to learn.

I got to tour the Houston Post one evening and saw the terminals you're suffering with. At no time did anyone discuss the problems the reporters are having with them. It was a sweetness and light type tour. And I did wonder about composing on it. I was suffering right along with you and then decided that the most miserable moment for me would be when I had passed the 24th line. Some typewriters had or have a bell to indicate when you're near the right hand margin. When I'm composing on typer, my concentration is such that I do not hear the bell. You're absolutely right. Hiring typists who do not think as they copy will be far more efficient and presumably more accurate in producing copy.

After a fifth burglary, I moved to the present apartment... a second floor with an attic. I think there are birds there some place. No squirrels. I hope for you that the effective solution will not be so expensive as to spoil your pleasures. I wish I knew of an answer to help you but I don't know anything about squirrels. Good luck.

SAGEBRUSH, SADDLES, & SIXSHOOTERS
Don Miller

When Hopalong Cassidy was on the screen, movies were my life.

When we weren't really experiencing the movie, we were outside recreating it meticulously. My recall, now, is that my feelings about Hopalong were deep, a special kind of warm loving about which I had little to say. When the news came out that there would be no more Hopalong movies, my heart, my life seemed out of joint. That was probably my first big rejection trauma, at least that was the way I experienced that sense of deprivation. Then came Zane Grey in my life and, I just now realized that I didn't know there were other western authors. Back in the heydays of second-hand book stores in Chicago, my browsing was for old novels mentioned in other old novels, children's books copyrighted before 1929 (that's a whole other story), Joseph C. Lincoln books, Horatio Alger, Jr, titles and Zane Grey. Fortunately I rediscovered the public library before finding a second hand book store a little block away from where I work. One limiting factor is that they only have paperbacks. Can you imagine

such a specialization? So you think Louis L'Amour is worth writing about? He's on the library shelf. I'll try him, once. ###This issue is for storing. Thank you for the memories.

WHAT THE DORMOUSE SAID 7
Marc Ortlieb

Is what you said to STARFIRE public domain? I intend to review, reread and otherwise

commit to memory so that the words will come easily the next time I'm faced with responding to the religious who need assurance by pushing their own views as Truth. It seems to me that those are the people who are thoroughly shook by an suggestions the faith in science and the faith in religion are the same, that truth is only what we agree on for the moment. ###My imprinting days on the school newspaper still have me sensitive and anxious about correct spelling. I'll even correct the spelling in a book misprint. Any misspelling that come up in this issue are Wanda's typos. Right, Wanda?

SPECAPA COMMENTATOR minus 1
M. David Johnson

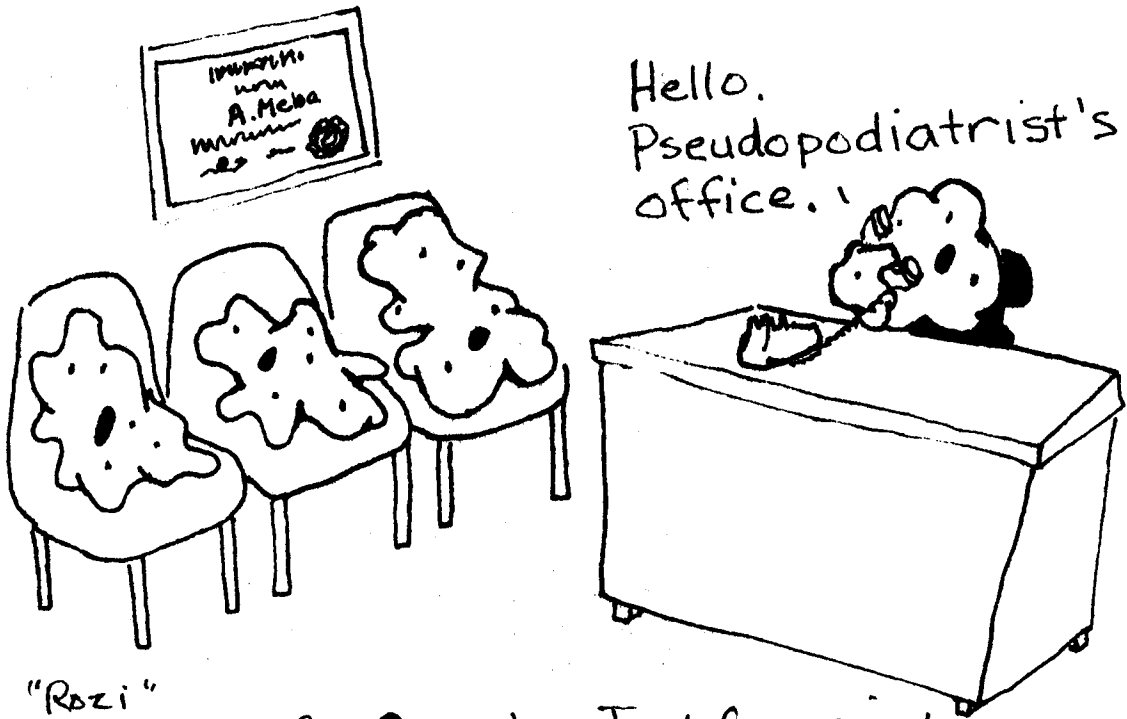
Another apa? That almost revived my joining/publishing nerve but my power and strength dampened that effect. One

thing you forgot to say is how much for an overage bundle? Good luck and enjoy. ###Your concern and love for people is a demonstrated so rightly in your work with teenagers. I want My personal preference is to place great value on those who act on their love and concern by sharing it rather than talking about it. My deepest respects.

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My time is running out and I don't want to lose out on Wanda's availability. So end of comments for now. ((Re; the final cartoon. Joyce has not yet learned the modus operandi of faneds. One never gives them anything good and then says "This isn't for COGNATE."))



"Rozi"
This isn't for Cognate. Just for a giggle.

Joy ce Fels



The Star King

"You see?" he murmured. "For you I tame and cool the raging blaze."

She stretched out her tender, perfect hands toward the flames. "What a funny, old-fashioned sort of thing to say, but true," she said softly. "A fire with no warmth--spooky."

"My astounding powers, the wonder of a Star King tossed at your feet, and you say 'spooky.' You're supposed to be swept off your feet, or at least impressed," he laughed.

"Star King," she said thoughtfully, feeling the word with her tiny pink tongue as it rolled through her fine white teeth. She gazed into the cool fire.

"Come with me," he urged, cupping her hands in his and staring deep into her eyes, trying to pull her attention from the flames. "Come, and we will stride among the stars, explore the wonders of the cosmos, experience the universe. You will have everything, all you wish for and so much you do not know to desire."

"With you?" She looked truly surprised.

"Yes, with me to my kingdom of stars. We will walk hand in hand into the cool flame and be transported far away, to the ends of space if you like. Come," he urged, gently pulling her upward.

"No. I can't," she said sadly, unmoving.

"Yes. You can. Now. With me," he whispered urgently, pulling with more force. "Across time and space I've searched. You must come with me. Please."

"No," she said softly with finality. "I'm ordinary, not worthy of your wonders."

"Please," he repeated with an edge of harshness, "we must go now. There isn't much time. The door closes. We must go."

"Goodbye, then." She looked solemn, sad, but defiant. "Goodbye, Star King."

He tugged at her, but she resisted, a slow, silent, tender battle appearing almost as a dance. They stopped, looking carefully at one another, drinking deeply of their final moment together.

"Goodbye?" he questioned, anger unspoken in his eyes.

"Goodbye," she whispered, barely speaking, a stifled sob rather than a word.

"The wonders of the stars? The countless realms . . ."

she stilled his words with her finger on his lips and kissed his cheek. She turned away.

He walked to the flame alone, his footfalls making tiny "click, clicks" as of small hooves. He said nothing but turned to gaze wistfully at the one he had sought.

He moved into the cool flame, and a violent hissing noise erupted.

She turned quickly, fearing for him at the sound. She saw only flames and a quick flicker of something long and ropelike, something pointed and lashing about like the tail of an angry cat.

Then there was nothing, no flame and no ashes.

"I didn't deserve him," she said dully, walking away.

And truly she did not.

--Joyce Fels



WHERE ALL THINGS GO

It is here . . . in the black hole (as you would call it on your world) that all things, stars, planets, and even you will end up. For this is the center of the universe, the eye of eternity, and all things big or small are eventually brought here.

I am a "Genex" (there is no name for us on your earth), sort of between your jellyfish and your amoeba. But even though I have twice the mass of your earth (since matter here is dense, a lot of it can take up a little space) I'm only about the size of one of your grapefruits.

I feed on radiation and ultraviolet rays like you take in food and water.

We multiply like your amoebas and do not have any heart since we use rays which energize our entire bodies.

We have no entertainment like you do. We go noplacement, for all things come to us.

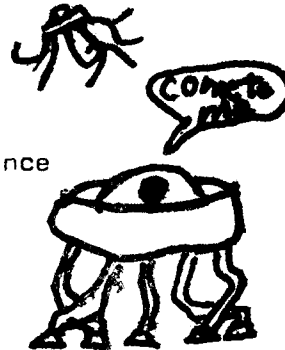
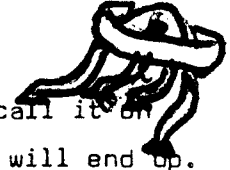
However, like amoebas we never die, and we are waiting for you in "the place where all things go."

--Douglas Fels

When Rosemary Hickey offered me a chance to write an introduction to my son's story I had a bad feeling about the probable necessity to explain that he is, after all, only twelve years old.

That was before I had read his offering.
Now I feel it is only my duty to remind the Gentle Reader that Douglas gets half his (ahem) genes from me.

--Joyce Fels



AUTOBIOGRAPHIA, a national Mensa SIG. Editor/Chairman: Rosemary Hickey, 10010 Neuens 4, Houston, Tx. 77080. 713-932-7011, if you pay for the call. Membership by contributions on paper and money. Sample publications for \$5 and a SASE.

For those who have sent in material, the book is building. Please note the currently correct address. To Francis Oskiro and Jo Conant, my humble gratitude for your cash donations. For those who wrote and asked, thank you.

The basic reason for the SIG is that not only do I think people are interesting but, since Mensans are so verbal, anything a Mensan would put into words would be interesting.. not necessarily earth-shaking..interesting because a person experienced something and recorded that experience. Since my structure usually goes in threes, the

1. People's lives are interesting
2. Mensans are verbal and can therefore record experiences of living more effectively than others.
3. We need the kind of Mensans who are willing to share their experience with others.

Whatever comes to mind is right. Remember something that happened when you were two? or ten? or whenever? How about your feelings during a reaction to a sunrise, a sunset, picture, book, person, place or thing? another feeling?

Point of all this? THE COMPOSITE MENSAN published in about five years.

Direct your contributions and legal-size SASE to
Rosemary Hickey
10010 Neuens 4
Houston, Ts. 77080

If no contributions, please send \$5 and your SASE. I'm just trying to discourage voyeurs, okay?

Love you all,

Rosemary

MARTIN ZWART

School was pretty stringent, six days a week (Wednesdays and Saturdays till noon) with lots and lots of homework (from years 8-17).

In my spare time it was mostly reading voraciously (from about 12 on in 4 languages); my parents were members of a group that circulated books and magazines. Mondays I would hurry home for that was the day the old portfolio of magazines was exchanged for the next week's, and bury myself in the pages. I hated to be diverted by exercise, sports or being taken for a walk. Sometimes I went bicycling with a friend. Saturday nights my sister and I gave or went to parties with friends, where we chatted and danced. Another thing I liked doing from as early as I remember, was making three-dimensional constructions of metal, paper, or building-blocks.

I loved to go to the movies and saw practically all the good movies of those days. I set up exhibitions of my possessions, (books, pictures, constructions, drawings) and charged admission pennies from adults. I remember directing and planning performances at my grandparents home, by myself, my sister and various cousins. Once we performed Goethe's Faust (in our own childish version, of course) in which the high point was the transformation of fiercely barking dog into an awesome Mephistopheles who unashamedly hugged the limelight and got the loudest applause from the adult audience.

The only thing I was disobedient in was reading in bed when I was supposed to be asleep. I had developed into a high art the knack of jumping up and turning off the light as soon as I heard a footstep on the stairs and before I got caught; except that, of course, I sometimes fell asleep with the light burning all night; and to my father's great distress, I therefore was a late sleeper and had to rush through my gobbled breakfast to be in time for school.#

C. ROSS CHAMBERLAIN I have only owned one car in my life, a beautiful tan Dodge convertible-1941 vintage, which I bought in 1958 for \$50 in North Carolina. I loved that car, and if I ever won the million-dollar NY State Lottery, I'd have it custom re-created...It did not go to pieces all at once, but gradually and painfully, finally dying of a cracked block. Happily, living in NYC as I now do, I have no need for a car, and can rent one whenever I need one-and often do, as I love to drive. But I do miss having a car of my own, even while blessing my stars that I don't have to deal with the responsibilities and costs of owning one (which, in the city, are horrifying!).#

FRANCES OSHIRD Going to the beach always had a way of lulling me into a dream world (it must have been those waves?) I remember feeding the fish and I found a shallow (only about six inches deep), sandy-bottomed pool of water which had a flat rock at one end and one outlet to the ocean. I was just staring at the water, thinking how great it would be to stick my feet in it. Gosh, it was such a hot day? I was already being pulled into a dream state.

I suddenly noticed a patch of yellow in the pool. I thought it was a shell and I stepped in and picked it up. Rats, it was only a common marble? Still, those marbles become extremely shiny when they're wet. It stood in the pool and watched the marble sparkle in the sunlight.

My Mom dropped the guts from the fish she was cleaning into the same pool. Then she noticed that a three-foot long brown moray eel had come out from under the flat rock. It stopped right in front of my foot. She started screaming, "Eel! Eel!: Since I was off in a dream world, I couldn't remember what the heck the word "eel" meant. I turned around as was just about to say, "Ma, what's an eel?" when I noticed how panicky she was. I hopped out of the pool and turned around.

When I first saw the eel, I began to think of all the horror stories about eels biting off diver's fingers or toes. This eel just stayed at the spot where I had stood. Then it leisurely swam around the pool twice and headed back under the rock. I thought, "Hey, it didn't come out to attack; it was just curious about the strange noises and smells that had entered it's world!"

When it finally left that pool and slid through the outlet, it looked so beautiful and graceful that half of me wanted to follow it out to the ocean. For a moment, when I watched that eel swimming, I imagined myself as a free spirit, one that wasn't tied to a physical body. It was an exhilarating feeling! I was lucky to have been able to experience it for a short time.#

JO CONANT Pre kids and marriage (or, more conventionally, marriage and kids!) I prided myself on keeping in fairly good shape, and attracted an occasional wolf-whistle.

Some years, marriage, kids and varicous veins later. My husband, Dick, and I were travelling home from work in hazardous weather conditions-floods had levelled bridges and many routes were closed and we were having to take a sixty mile detour to arrive at the twelve mile point - home.

Trying to decide the best route, plus get gas, plus take a potty break, we stopped at a filling station. Dick got the gas and was in the office with the gas station attendants. I returned the ladies room key and joined in their discussion. I couldn't help noticing that the fellow behind me was really, I mean really, eying me up and down. Unaccustomed to such attention, I was ridiculously flattered by it.

As we walked to the car - a VW bus - I adopted what I hoped was a seductive sway. I opened the door and gracefully (!!!) swung my leg up to get in, as I did, I felt my clothes pulling. Imagine my mortification when I realized that in my haste I had caught the back of my skirt up in my panty hose. But these weren't just any panty-hose, no sir, these were my own special creation - I was wearing 2 pair of one-legged panty-hose one atop the other with the ragged edges of hastily cut leg now blatantly revealed, so there was a decidedly unsexy look about my underthings.

I burst into tears, my newly inflated ego so suddenly deflated. I chokingly told Dick why I was crying. He, bless his heart, as a true blue husband should - laughed so hard we almost had our own flood inside the car!#

ROSEMARY HICKEY The place was Chicago, Illinois. The time - right after graduation from high school - never mind the year. Isabel Vajda, my house guest from Milwaukee had to go home the next day. Today was all that was left for sight-seeing and on, of course, a very limited budget. The morning was devoted to the Field Museum and the walk through the exhibit rooms. We stared at diorama after diorama and found ourselves in ells so dimly lit, quiet and unpeopled, we truly felt like explorers.

With our Emplorer Need satisfied, we went downstairs to the cafeteria to satisfy another need. Carelessly, we ate what we wanted and found ourselves with shy a penny for carfare to get home and a whole afternoon to do what with. Isabel got me to agree to a deal. She would try to get a penny from some stranger. If she got more then we'd go on to the

Rosenwald Museum of Science and Industry and afterwards, it would be my turn to get the necessary penny so we could get home. How she did it - what she said - I don't know but she came back with enough carfare to get us to the Museum of Science and Industry without using any of our one-cent short of carfare to get home. An afternoon at the Museum of Science and Industry is better than nothing but frustrating to know how much we never got to see. It was time to go home and we're about 23 miles from home.

My turn, I had never asked anybody for anything. I never borrowed anything except books from the public library. Isabel never stopped prodding me. We were definitely due home at supper time. I kept finding excuses to delay the act. We walked and walked and walked. We reached a wide sidewalk. I remember the stone fence and a cement bench and the blue sky. The sun was bright and shadows of people passing momentarily dulled the glittering sidewalk. I must have looked at everything around me that lovely June day-everything except the people.

Isabel wouldn't let me off the hook. Finally, after more prodding, coaching and rehearsing, I agreed to one fact. We had to get home. I did try to sell her on the fun of walking home. Almost all of the way, we would be walking along the lake and we'd see the beaches and the boats and the people and the cars and the lake and the marinas and the Lake Shore Drive buildings and the

Well, my heart was racing when I approached a man sitting on a bench. I rattled off something like? Excuse me, mister, but can you spare a penny? We just need one penny to get home. We need twenty cents for carfare and we only have nineteen. Can you please give us a penny?"

He seemed a little slow in responding and I felt the urge to be as good as Isabel - at least insofar as producing/getting the penny we needed to get back to the north side and home so my clincher was "We'll return the penny to you. I'll mail the penny back to you just as soon as we get home. May we please have a penny?"

He gave me the penny and with it a slip of paper with his name and address. I zoomed back to Isabel with the penny and promised myself "Never again. I'll walk, next time, rather than ask." Most anticlimatically, we walked to the 55th Street Station and rode the El home to Albany Park.

That penny incident embarrassed me so much that I didn't want to remind myself about it ever again. I know I didn't mail that damned penny. I wonder if Isabel did.#

(Rewritten from COGNATE).

PAUL VICTOR

When I first arrived in this country some thirty odd years ago, I spent several weeks sending for every bit of literature on the subject of writing. There was "How to become a Writer", "How to make money Writing Short Stores", "How to get rich' quick by writing a book!", etc. I also attended or subscribed to twenty-seven different courses for budding authors, and soon had an incomparable overview of the opportunities that seemed mine for the taking.

My father had been a writer, after all, and I had every intention to follow in his footsteps. How better to acquire the tools of a trade than by inheriting them. Right? - -Wrong!

I won't bore you with the frustrating details and experiences, nor with a recitation of the ruses and devices I used to gain attention. I could have papered my apartment with rejection slips.

It was during that time that I met an old acquaintance of mine from Europe right there on 42nd Street in New York City. (They say, if you want to meet someone you know, all you have to do is walk down 42nd Street). My friend used to be a haberdahser in the old country, but I had heard that he had become a successful writer. Naturally, I immediately quizzed him to find out how he had gone about making such a miraculous transition. (Frankly, I had always thought he was kind of a bore).

"Oh," he said, "it was easy. Really nothing at all. Did you read my latest article in the Saturday Evening Post? I just picked up my check for that one."

And with that, he extricated a slip of paper from his pocket and waved it under my nose just long enough to see a "2", followed by three Zeros. There was no doubt - I had just seen a \$2,000 check fly by. (And that was in 1946). Detecting obvious envy, an arrogant little smile appeared on his lips as he patted me benevolently on the shoulder, as if to say "There, there - either you've got it or you don't!"

I was so awestruck at the time that I even forgot to ask him for his phone number. But I went directly to the next newsstand and bought the Saturday Evening Post. What can I tell you? The story was lousy. If HE could make \$2,000 with that piece of junk, no telling how far I could go as a writer.

But I never went. Much may have had to do with the fact that my English had only been acquired a year earlier. It soon became obvious that, if I wanted to eat, I had better pursue some other line of business. So I decided to try my hand selling ties.

I even called the Saturday Evening Post to get the phone number and address of my friend, the erstwhile haberdasher cum writer. I went to look him up too.

Yup - sold him my first tie. #

GINGER RAPIDUS I do not envy famous people because of their riches, popularity, or frequent television appearances. I envy famous people because they have the ability to touch others' lives in some way, either positive or negative. (When was the last time you wore a certain type of clothing or makeup because you saw a famous actress wearing the same thing?)

My life has been influenced by three famous people, due to their courage, enthusiasm, and lovely philosophy of life. I became determined to meet these three people a few years ago. I feel that if someone has cheered you or brought happiness to you in any way, the person should be thanked for his contribution.

The first person is a baseball executive, in constant pain from a World War II injury; yet he spreads joy to the fans of his team and makes himself available to those who wish to criticize, plan trades, or just talk baseball. He never gives up despite seemingly great obstacles, and he had quite a few bad times last season. He kept my favorite team from moving to the West Coast and is in the process of putting together a competitive team.

He is the host of a sports radio show here in the Chicago area. One morning his show was broadcast from the local ballpark; so I just showed up early and got to speak to him then. The following year I went to spring training and not only did this man take the same flight to Florida, but he also sat near me at a game and expressed an interest in me because I had sent him a birthday present. I'm sure I'll see him around the old ballpark this season. (Sometimes famous people aren't so hard to meet).

The second person is an author, philosopher, and humanistic psychologist. He writes books that calm you down and make you feel better about yourself. After reading one of his simply written, yet beautiful volumes, you think that maybe people aren't so bad and there's a lot of good in the world after all.

I purchased a paperback edition of one of his books in 1978 and decided I should at least try to reach him through his publisher. Six weeks later I received a reply which consisted of a hand-written note, a brochure on his "School of Life", and some information on two upcoming books. Some time later I received an advance copy of one of the books, autographed to me. (I treasure that book more than any of my silver coins).

The third famous person is a singer-dancer who is the most enthusiastic performer I have ever seen. He seems as if he has a good time himself, and spreads this feeling to his audience. I consider this a rarity in the age of outrageously painted rock stars who put down their friends and fans alike, spitting onstage in the name of "art".

I found the address of his fan club on the back of one of his albums. I wrote to him telling how I enjoy his performances, and to keep it up. I also enclosed a copy of a descriptive poem I wrote for him after a performance. Stupidly, I forgot to include my return address. I located a young man who is a former classmate of the performer and figured I could reach him, since he played baseball in town. Two days before the first game, he was traded. When his team comes to town, I could never reach him. Everything from injuries to fights to a walkout to superstardom had prevented me from asking this ballplayer one simple question: do you remember this classmate, and how can I get in touch with him?

This performer lives in Florida most of the year, but when I visited the Sunshine State for spring training, I discovered he was in Hollywood taping a few TV programs. I've found the name of his agent in a magazine, only to lose it when I inadvertently threw away the magazine.

I'm not giving up yet! This young man makes frequent appearances on TV music concerts and talk shows. He even came to Chicago last summer for two concerts, but they were cancelled probably due to a total lack of publicity. I did not even know he was coming to town until the night before his scheduled concerts, when a local radio station gave away tickets to the show.

So I'm still planning to reach him in some way. You don't think I will? Listen, that ballplayer who went to school with him is in town next month. Maybe if I get a box seat for the fame, in the first row, and arrive when the gates open....#

FRANK DOREY I lived around and in Boston Nass for a good part of my life. My early years? It took two years to get through the first four grades in school. How did that happen? I was reading newspapers before I was old enough to go to school. They enrolled me in the first grade. The teacher asked me if I could read. She used a flip board set on me and I read them all. She told me to go do what I wanted. I told her I wanted to go to second grade. By the end of the first week, they sent me to the second grade room. I was in the second grade room three weeks. I spent the rest of the year in the third grade.

My fourth grade was my second year in that school. #

ISRAEL AARON COHEN It became my privilege and pleasant duty to take a rabbi from another city to visit our rabbi's home. When we arrived, our rabbi was momentarily busy and asked us to wait in his study. The visiting rabbi promptly began scanning the bookshelves.

Suddenly the color drained from his face. He snatched a book from the shelf and frantically flipped through its pages. Gradually he regained his composure, kissed the book and gently replaced it on the shelf. A moment later the sequence repeated itself: the rabbi grabbed a book, furiously looked through it, then, as the color returned to his face, he kissed the book and put it back on the shelf.

Finally, I asked, "Rabbi, what was wrong with that book?" "Nothing. Nothing at all," he replied. "For a moment, I thought that he had one I didn't have." #

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