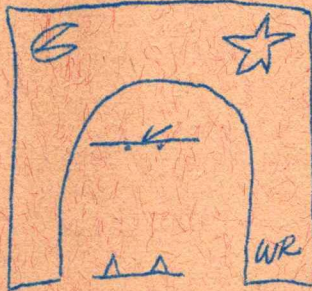


THE GRAMBLING FAP 46

EGG



APA

CALKINS

NOV 1969

12

well, didn't he ramble...

well, didn't he ramble...

well, didn't he ramble...

well, didn't he ramble...

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This special, complimentary (Bob Pavlat is a nice guy) issue of The Rambling Fap is brought to you completely on the spur of the moment as a result of urges man does not as yet fully understand. Or care to. The fact that man landed on the moon for the first time in recorded history (parm me if I hedge, but, you see, I read science fiction) has something to do with it, of course, but then so does the fact that Gregg Calkins landed in Bakersfield about a week ago. And, baby, if you think the moon is a hot wasteland just you listen here to me...

Just to refresh the memories of the audience as well as prod my own a trifle, I will mention that I am employed by the Standard Oil Company of California (yes) as a geologist/geophysicist, depending, and since 1962 I have been in La Habra, Seattle, and back to La Habra once again. The last move was five years ago, so the time came for me seeing action once again and when the dust settled here I was in Bakersfield. Presently sitting in a motel room, I might add, typing FAPA stencils for lack of something more constructive to occupy my time, and totally without one of the most vital substances known to civilized man. No, Buz, not beer--correction fluid! I took my typewriter along in the car, of course--after all, what fan can live without his typewriter?--and I ankled out on a special trip today to buy stencils (ABDick F2960s which I have never used before but the \$2.65 price seemed right) but of course correction fluid wouldn't occur to me until I inserted the first stencil, turned on the typewriter, rested my hands on the keyboard...and made my first mistake. I mean, why should I think of corflu before that? Like, who sets out to make mistakes? I also have no typing sheet behind the stencil, but so far the type appears to cut fairly well so that may not matter. At any rate, you have been warned that this issue is being cut In The Face Of Great Difficulties and caveat lector.

Also, unless everything gangs aft agley tomorrow morning, beginning in about a week from today (the day of baseball's all-star game, July 22nd) my new address will be:

Gregg Calkins
509 Plato Court
Bakersfield, California 93309

You know, somehow I had it in my mind until this very moment that I was being well ahead of time with this issue, but now I see that I'll have to hurry like hell to make the August mailing. Whups...wait a minute, Gregg, the heat is getting to you. You already have a couple of items in the August mailing--those were mailed early because of the transfer. These pages you are now typing are for the November mailing, idiot. You not only feel awfully early this time, you are early.

With that red face and still no corflu, let's continue...

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It's been a confusing week all around, though. That street address back there... Plato Court. When the realtor showed us the house he only told me the street name. Driving out, I glanced at the street sign and got the impression that the spelling was Plato but I didn't really concentrate on it that much. Then later in the week I happened to be looking at my Bakersfield map and was surprised to find the street shown as Pleito Court. What? A second map (by a different publisher) showed the same spelling...a rather odd word, as far as I was concerned. A quick phone call to the realtor--no, the name was really Plato, he was certain. Called the Post Office...they looked it up and said Pleito. The phone book, Plato. Then, during the day, reading up on the geology of northern California I came across the Pleito fault and the Pleito oilfield not too far from Bakersfield. Gadzooks! the word was a real one, after all, and not only that but it had local significance. Another phone call, but the realtor was sticking to his guns. So we got into the car and drove out to look at the street sign. Plato. Until I see my deed and title insurance, I'm using Plato as the sanctioned spelling for my return addresses, but it may be subject to change. I drove out by the house again today and in staring hard at the street sign I thought I saw something funny about it. The letters were standing up in relief against the metal background and painted black on white...but the black "A" has been carefully painted over an "EI" stamped on the metal which have now been painted over with white paint. All of a sudden I feel better.

This living in a motel room is interesting for a while but starts losing some of its glamor about the end of the first week. We are staying in a rather nice motel at the Bakersfield airport. Has a restaurant here, a really nice swimming pool, air conditioned rooms, and we have two rooms so we can put the children to bed in the evening while we sit up and watch tv, read, or cut stencils. At the moment I'm not sure whether it is fortunate or unfortunate, but we don't have the two older boys (13 and 10) with us--they are staying with their real dad in Kent, Washington, this month, taking a vacation that was totally unrelated to the transfer but happened to fall at the exact same time. So we have only our two youngest children with us...Bill, $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Karen, $1\frac{1}{2}$. We've all had a fine time eating our meals out three times a day and having a maid to clean up the rooms, but even so the strain is beginning to tell. No yard to play in--I wouldn't dream of letting the boy play outside alone with that pool nearby--none of their regular toys, no friends, and so on. Naptimes and mealtimes get all fouled up. And me without my desk and file cabinet...I've been into the warehouse storage three times so far getting papers I discovered I needed for the VA and the bank. My finances are getting hopelessly entangled. My mail is half in La Habra, half coming to the office address...and my paycheck comes in the mail. Our clothes are something else. My poor cat, Gorgeous, is spending his time extremely unhappily in a kennel after managing to stay out of one for the first $12\frac{1}{2}$ years of his life. All in all, I'd have to say the adventure is getting pretty old about now.

Fortunately, we shouldn't have too much longer to go. We got here July 16th and my current plans are to move into the new house on August 1st barring a disaster or two. My escrow closes in La Habra on July 31st, so hopefully my money from that will be coming by that weekend. By the middle of August I may even be in shape to take my vacation...

We need the money from our old house, too. The move came at a nice time to rectify some old wrongs, so when we bought this time we got a four bedroom house--one for the little girl, one for the two middle boys, one for the teenager and one for us--but now we need bedroom furniture for that extra room.

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... time passes ...

October 1st has arrove. We moved into the house on August 1st quite against the rules of the game. There was some misunderstanding between the bank, the realtor and us and the end result was that I took the bit in my teeth and moved into the place before the bank agreed it was okay. We had offered to rent the house until escrow closed and while the bank okayed the idea in principle they didn't really say yes, go ahead, but I did anyhow. By the time they discovered it, all they could do was complain gracefully and all I did was smile. What the hell, I feel that since I'm part of the establishment I am at least as entitled to go against the rules as those who aren't. (That's one of life's little difficulties in being an anarchist, they tell me--in order to go against the rules, first you have to go out and find some society to join. In order to drop out, first you have to admit that you dropped in.) Anyhow, after many difficulties and signed papers and a promise to pay \$5 a day forever and ever, escrow closed last week. We now "own" the house, and yes, gang, it is 509 Plato Court on the deed. Sobeit!

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES... And, having writ, wonders what the hell. I finally found the corflu, gang, so all errors from here on out are uncaught by me. In the dum-dum department, I found that I did have a bottle with me before, after all...I was too smart not to be caught without one and too dumb to remember I was that smart. (It took me by surprise...) Not only that, I discovered I have three bottles of the stuff in various boxes and drawers. Since I don't anticipate using more than one in the next fifty years, I have decided to sniff the other two out of existence. (Isn't is simply AWful the way the younger generation is using dope indiscriminately these days?)

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION... If you haven't ever been in a hospital, skip this part. (You may want to skip it anyhow.) If you have and are one of the common, ordinary people who enjoy reading about the suffering of others, you may enjoy my account. But then again, perhaps not--I really didn't suffer much.

You know, once you are an adult and married and part of the establishment, your life tends to settle into a rut and trundles down the bumpy road of life with really very little variety. Up until the time I kinked my back, this was the way it was, and quite without realizing it. Then I went into the hospital. I had never been in a hospital before for more than a few hours, and I was pretty sure I wasn't going to like it. I went to see the doctor on a Monday afternoon following my injury the Tuesday before, and I really wasn't in pain. Mostly I had a dead spot on the side of my left leg and in my big toe and I had diagnosed it as a pinched nerve in my hip, which also ached. I don't really know why I went to see the doctor, because I really wasn't tremendously concerned about it all and figured it would go away in a few weeks without treatment. But I went. When the doctor said I should go into the hospital immediately, that afternoon, you can imagine my reaction. Coldsweatsville!

But, with the handwriting on the wall what else could I do? I put on my best ex-Marine attitude and trained killer look (only Ron Ellik appreciates that joke, and he, alas, isn't reading this mailing) and off I went. I didn't go off half-cocked, though. The first thing I did was call my wife and let her know the interesting news. Secondly, I went to the bookstore and bought \$6.36 worth of paperbacks. Then I went home for my toothbrush and next to the hospital, feeling more than slightly foolish all the way. When I checked in at the desk, the girls were extremely solicitous and kind. Did I need a wheel-chair? Could they please

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carry my six-ounce ditty bag? Was I In Great Pain? Did I need a shot of pain-inhibitor in order to be able to spend the next half-hour filling out forms and promises to pay which were required before they would admit me to bed and board? (After all, they are in business for a profit, just like anyone else, and dead-beats were not desirable in a well-run white hospital. Hospitals very gratefully accept gifts from donors but they are reluctant to make any, having so little experience in the matter.)

Anyhow, I qualified, being clean-shaven and employed by Standard Oil of California. So I put on one of those ridiculous night-gowns and climbed into bed. I had a fine meal from a cute nurses aide and settled back to enjoy life in luxury. That was about the time the guy with the traction equipment arrived. Half an hour later, with a canvas girdle around my waist and a strap running to a 5-pound weight running down between my...er, legs, things were slightly different. I'd have complained about my fate except for the guy in the next bed. He was taking about a dozen injections a day for uncontrolled diabetes and didn't know when, if ever, he would be able to go home. All I had at the time was a suspected herniated disc, possibly curable by a few days of traction. My doctor had taken regular x-rays, of course, but x-rays show only the hard parts, not the soft (except by inference and interpretation), and although it was pretty definite that my 4-5 lumbar disc was injured the degree was uncertain. Because I was in very little pain, my doctor suspected the injury could be relatively minor. According to him, most herniated discs leave the unlucky owner unable to straighten up completely and begging for an operation, any operation, simply for relief. Since I felt pretty good, he was optimistic. So was I, but a myelogram scheduled for the next day was the deciding factor. With this in mind, I closed my eyes for my first night in the unfamiliar world of the hospital. I was clean, rested, well cared for, impersonally treated, and alone.

The frame of mind established by a satisfying breakfast was somewhat dispelled by the shots they gave me soon afterwards. They were happy juice to put me in a relaxed frame of mind so I wouldn't get overly excited come myelogram time. Turned out to be a good idea later on, because when they wheeled me down into the x-ray lab and explained that the rather large needle was going to be used to inject a radio-opaque oil directly into my spinal column...well, sir, that's enough to make anyone tense up a bit. So I gulped, smiled weakly, and said squirt away. The whole operation isn't really complex. The lower back is deadened with novocaine so the large needle can be pushed into the spine. All you really feel is the pressure when he pushes it in. You have to be awake for the x-rays because the shots are taken from several different angles, including tipping table and patient both upright and standing almost on one's head. This is because the opaque oil is heavier than spinal fluid and in tipping the bubble up and down it can be put in the desired location to show the injured disc. In addition to the pictures taken, the whole show is live and direct from the studio on a nearby cathode-ray tube which both the doctor and I could watch.

So he punched it in, shot me full of juice (the needle is left in place throughout the filming because the oil is sucked back out when the x-rays are completed) and said: "omigod! Are you in great pain?" I said no, but I was getting the message if not the sensation. He asked me to turn to one side, said was I sure I wasn't in pain, and proceeded to tell--and show--me what an excellent job I had done in banging up my back. The operation had just become a certainty. So he took several pictures, sucked out the oil, and thanked me most sincerely for being such a fine, cooperative patient. I laughed and said what the heck else could I do--the easier I made it on him, the easier it was going to be on me, but according to him people don't always see it that way. I still don't know quite what else I could have done--believe me, the sight on tv of that super-sized needle sticking between your

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vertebrae and turning when you do is enough to induce quiet in the most jittery patient. Especially when he told me not to raise up too far because the camera was right behind me and if I hit it I could push the needle into my stomach-- from the back!

That was the first week of April. The doctor said that there was some nerve damage and I should have an operation to prevent further injury. He said it was not an emergency and I should take some time to put my work and personal affairs in order because it would take me several months to recover from the operation. That came as a shock. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't several months of recovery. But anyhow I went down to the office and told my boss the news, went back home and did some work on my thesis and wrote the University to tell them there was going to be a delay of some unknown amount, and then back to the hospital in early May. With a stiff upper lip, of course.

The first thing that happens is that there is no room at the inn. All of the regular beds are full and I can either go home and come back later the next day or else take a temporary bed in the heart patient ward or one in pediatrics. Having geared myself mentally for the ordeal, I wasn't prepared to go home and do it all again...but, then, neither was I prepared to spend a night with the critical types in the heart attack ward, since my own personal fear is that that is the way I'm going to go one of these days. So I took pediatrics, with misgivings which turned out to be well placed but for the wrong reasons. My roommate turned out to be a 19-year-old guy who had an emergency appendectomy early that morning. The surgery had revealed a growth on his intestine and he wound up having quite a lot of it removed. This left him on a no-nothing diet and with a drainage tube running up through his nostril and all the way down into the bottom of his stomach to remove saliva and gastric juices so that absolutely nothing would get through to the repaired intestine until it had a chance to heal a bit. Although he made me rather sick to think of his condition--and one more time be grateful for my own--things weren't really so bad. He was just coming out of the operation and its immediate effects, but they were keeping him well doped and he was in no pain. The nurses and aides were all young girls, oriented to children and quite tickled to see a couple of men for a change, and we got loads of attention. I even got a special ice-cream soda for a bedtime treat and then off to a relaxing night's sleep before the morning's operation.

That night was the worst one I spent in my entire hospital stay. Just about the time I dropped off to sleep that poor guy started having dry heaves trying to get rid of that damned drainage tube. The noises he made and the thrashing around he did with a stomach full of stitches were ghastly! He'd go out of control for a few minutes and then manage to get settled down. They'd sponge him off and give him a shot of something and we'd settle back for another half hour. Then off he'd go again, poor guy. It went on like that all night, and by morning he was begging them to take out the tube, which of course they could not do, and I was begging them to get me out of there and onto the operating table. I was ready--anything to get out of that room would be welcome.

So they obliged me with the absolutely worst part of the whole operation. You know the old horror story gimmick about being buried alive, the one where you are temporarily paralyzed but alive and the doctor thinks you are dead and quite by accident has you buried only to recover down there in your coffin? And you are awake and aware throughout the whole process but unable to communicate? It's a hell of a sensation!

After several shots, again to relax me and reduce anxiety, they wheeled me to the operating room. I rolled onto the operating table without assistance and

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tried to compromise between a rational and intelligent interest in my surroundings and a primitive desire to close my eyes and make it all go away. The anesthesiologist greeted me cheerily and said I was just about to go night-night. He informed me--as he had earlier that morning in my room--that he was going to put me out with sodium pentothal and keep me out with gas, and once the gas was shut off I would wake up immediately and know what was going on and the operation would be over. So he hooked up the bottle, inserted the needle in the back of my hand, reached up and opened the valve and said he'd see me later. Immediately a numbing sensation spread over me and a ringing in my ears and my eyes went closed and I lost all control of my limbs and I didn't care much for the sensation at all.

Then, to my complete horror, while I was lying there completely helpless but also completely aware of my surroundings, after a few sentences of routine conversation between doctors and nurses, the surgeon asked if I was "out" and the answer was yes. Yes, hell! I strained to move, to talk, to groan, to make some sort of signal to the outside world that I knew exactly what was happening and that I didn't exactly like going through the entire operation in that condition, but what the devil was I supposed to do? Those seconds were among the longest in my life and I'm sure I have grey hairs on account of them. To my great relief the doctor then said that no, he could see my eyelids fluttering, and he'd give me just another drop, and that was all I knew until I woke up three hours later with a nurse bending over me asking me how I felt. When she told me it was all over and quite routine, suddenly I felt pretty damn good.

It was pretty much down-hill from there on out. I had a little subsurface bleeding beneath my stitches during the next day and that caused me to have to go back for another go-round a day later. I was awake for this one. He gave me some local novocaine and took out the original stitches. Then he took a small vacuum tube and stuck it into the incision and sucked out all of the blood. Then he couldn't stitch it closed again because of the danger of infection, so he threw in half a dozen large retention sutures and a drain tube and that was that. I was awake all the way this time, without even the relaxation shots, and I got a good look around the operating room and we had quite a conversation during the repair job.

The rest was routine, I suppose. I had to roll over on the opposite side every two hours during the next days and that was pretty difficult and painful for a while. Other than moving, I really wasn't in much pain. My doctor told me never to try to be a hero and stand it too long because the pain would be bad enough eventually that I would have to have a shot and since they could only give me so much morphine at a time, once I started hurting too badly it would be difficult to make it all go away. So I called for a shot every time I started to feel bad and as a result I suffered very little if at all. One of the things that had worried me the most turned out to be a relatively small deal when all was said and done, as usually happens. I knew that following an operation, especially a back operation, I was likely to be unable to urinate and would have to be catheterized. I dreaded it as a terrible ordeal, but when the time came it was surprisingly easy and the relief was more than worth the discomfort involved anyway. And so it went. I got so I enjoyed sponge baths and rub-downs. I thought the personal privacy routine was carried to rather ridiculous extremes, though. Following an operation which tends, if anything, to make you aware of your human frailty and basic humanity, I found that bodily modesty was a luxury I was prepared to do without during my recovery, and surely the nurses couldn't have cared less sexually about us rather unglamorous hunks of corpus undelecti. Still they went to great care to preserve modesty at all costs, in fact to a degree that actually made me more uncomfortable about my partial nudity than if I had been completely stripped at all times. The best girl I had as far as sponge baths were concerned was an

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old pro of a nurse's aid who was all of seventeen years old. She did the job in a friendly but impersonal way, didn't get shook up about anything, had a wonderful sense of humor, and in general made me more relaxed just because she was. I really missed her the days she was off duty.

I never had to use a bed-pan...another worry unconfrosted. You are up and around now following almost any operation just as soon as humanly possible, and I do mean possible. Remember the kid with the emergency appendectomy and tumor and stomach full of stitches? Before they wheeled me off to my operation that morning they had had him up and walking around the room, albeit over his protests and with a considerable amount of help. I had a hard time the first day and they wouldn't let me get out of bed by myself for several days, but I was ready to walk and get some exercise actually before they were ready to let me go quite so far. From then on it was a case of read, eat, sleep and read some more for ten days that were starting to become rather boring by the time I was finally allowed to go home. It was an interesting experience and not one-tenth as bad as my expectations...although I hasten to add that one time is quite enough, thank you.

The rest you know. I was away from work so long they had to put another guy in to do my work. Then since I was due for a transfer anyhow, instead of reshuffling us back again when I was ready to return they sent me to Bakersfield and a new job instead. So here we are in a much nicer house and I feel like an escapee from Devil's Island I am so glad to be out of La Habra. Bakersfield is a nice place and has a very welcome small-town atmosphere after the ant-heap mentality of the southland. My back is fairly well recovered...in fact I had a check-up last week and the new doctor was amazed and pleased at my progress. I resumed bowling a month ago, played a round of golf last weekend, and aside from some soreness after exercise I generally feel pretty good.

I took two weeks of fun vacation time in late August and early September. We drove 4200 miles through mostly Utah, Colorado and the four-corners area during that time and my back held up as well as could be expected, I think. Just surviving that trip at all could be considered some sort of accomplishment. While recovering from surgery in May and June I had finished my thesis, so we stopped in Salt Lake City several days while I turned that in, defended it successfully, and was accepted for my long-awaited MS. I graduate next June.

ON THE TRAIL OF
THE LONESOME SPINE

That's half of the punch-line from an old song my dad taught me many years ago concerning a cow in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia who gets hit by a railroad train and in the end is a tail on a lonesome spine, and since you have been kind enough to express an interest in my recent vacation trip a paragraph ago, why I guess I can spare you a line or two.

In the words of the immortal bard, wowie, gang, it was great! We hadn't had a travel vacation for several years, for one reason or another, but this year we had not only an excuse but also a good reason. I had finally finished my thesis and would have to go to Salt Lake City to defend it. We originally planned to drive straight there and do that and then swing over and down through Colorado on the way back, but of course the timing didn't work out that way and we ended up doing it the other way around. With the pressure on me to be in Salt Lake by a certain date plus the additional strain of knowing I would have to defend my thesis with a very rusty mind, the first part of the trip wasn't all it could have been. Still, just being out of California was quite a treat, and it is always truly exhilarating to breathe air you can't see once again. Bakersfield smog isn't anything like Los Angeles smog, but it's still definitely there, and especially so when compared to southern Utah and western Colorado.

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Some people might argue that you don't get very much out of a vacation covering 4200 miles in less than two weeks, and sometimes I might tend to agree with them. I guess it depends on the idea you start with, and in this case our plan was to see as much of southern Utah and western Colorado as we could before heading for Salt Lake City. Although I lived for several years in southern Utah, there was quite a bit of the southeastern corner I had never seen, and I can't remember ever spending any time in Colorado. I've always thought I'd like to live in Colorado, so this was partly a trip intended to see as many potential places to live as possible. The main emphasis was to see as much as we could in the short time we had available, with the idea that next summer we could come back to the places we really liked and spend a more leisurely vacation at that time. Mainly we wanted to see western Colorado and, in particular, Durango.

We left Bakersfield more or less early one Saturday morning. My wife and I and our four kids--John, 13; Rob, 10; Bill, $4\frac{1}{2}$; Karen, $1\frac{1}{2}$ --made quite a load for our station wagon without all of our clothes and camping gear and camp food, ice chest, sleeping bags, camera equipment...you name it, we took it. We didn't even make it to Las Vegas before we boiled over, either. Slipping across the desert at 70 mph and pulling up the long grades outside of Baker proved too much for the overloaded Detroit iron. It didn't help much to see how many others were in our same predicament, but it did help that we were only a few miles from a gas station at the summit of the grade. I cooled it off and added water and drove a lot easier from then on, at least as far as the desert was concerned, and we had no further trouble. But I made a mental note to return across that particular stretch at night on the way back.

We spent the first night at Bryce Canyon, three miles from my old high school days home. Since we were only staying overnight I didn't bother with the tent but slept under the stars. Rea, Bill and Karen had the blankets inside the station wagon; John, Robby and I slept in sleeping bags on aluminum folding cots. The night was beautiful, pleasantly cool and full of stars. I have never seen my old home look more beautiful than it did the next morning, and it really tugged at my heartstrings. But I had no time for nostalgia that morning...the schedule said Durango that night, and we had many a mile to cover in between.

It was some of the most beautiful country in the world and still some of the most remote, although the ugly signs of civilization are becoming more frequent every year. When I was a boy going to high school in that part of the world, some of the country we traversed this trip was very infrequently seen, and then with a certain amount of trepidation. Tourists were almost unknown off of the beaten paths. That was only 18 years ago, but those 18 years have seen almost as much change as the previous century, and it admittedly frightens me to think what the next decade will bring. The crowded worlds of the many possible futures have long been a favorite science fiction theme, but nowhere has this ever been brought home to me as strongly as in these Utah lands that the unseasoned traveler might still regard as pretty desolate. But I saw paved roads where they had never been seen before. Bridges across the present Lake Powell that were not too long ago impossible crossings of the Colorado River. Jeeps, campers and trailers on every hill where once only an occasional hardy shepherdder might be found, the last of a lonely breed.

The seeming civilization almost brought us up a cropper later in the day. I was in somewhat of a hurry to get to the four corners area before light failed, and the dirt road was in pretty good shape and remarkably--to my obsolete way of thinking--well traveled. As a result, I was driving far too fast for conditions. Suddenly I found myself cresting a hill and leaving the ground in a great, graceful leap only to land in a chuckhole on an instantly deteriorated stretch of road

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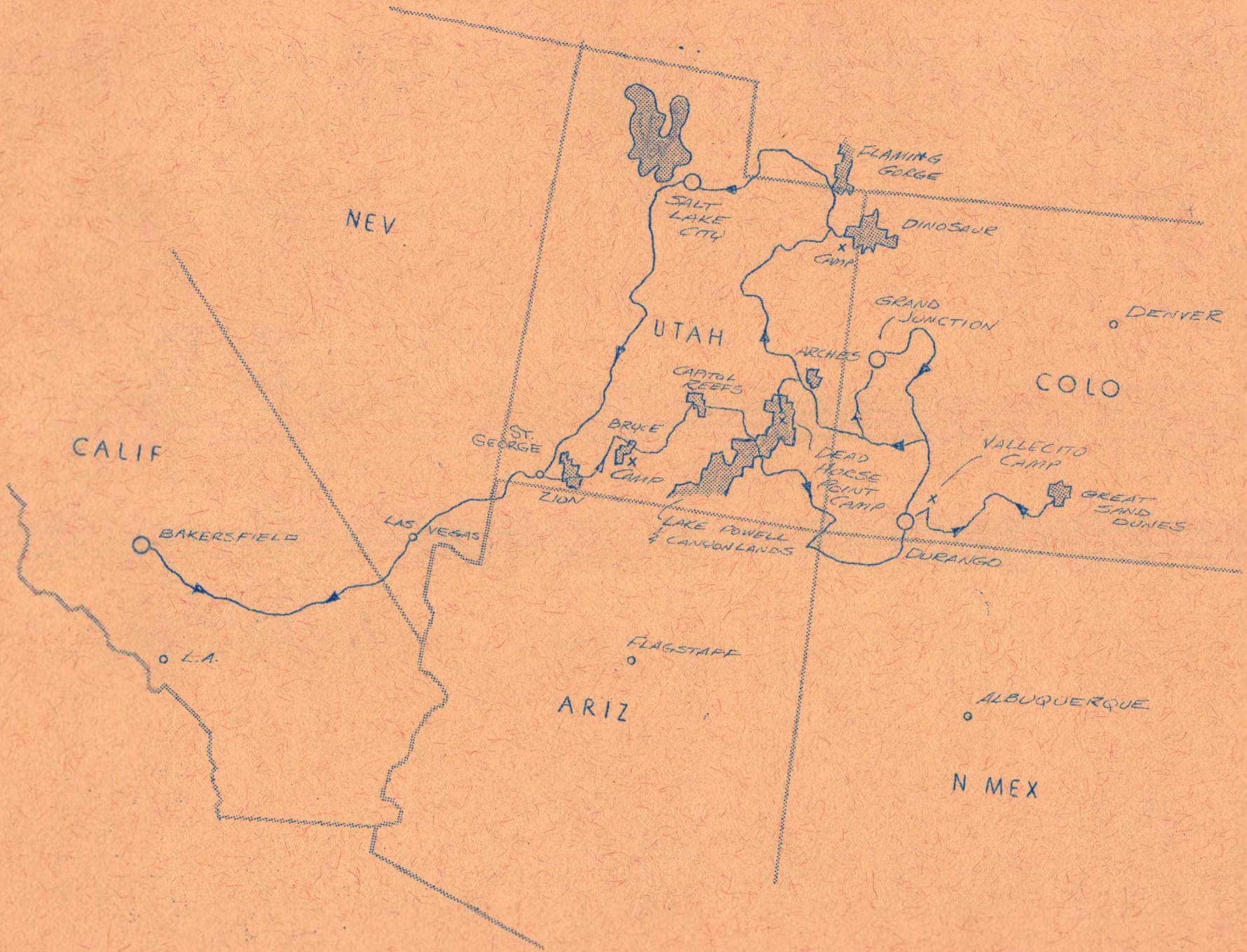
and found myself fighting somewhat seriously for control. I brought it to an aching halt about a mile down the road, but by this time the whole car was in tears. Karen had been bounced from the rear deck over into the back seat; every loose box and pot and pan in the rear deck was loose and banging around; and one of the suitcases roped to the top of the station wagon was dangling by one handle over the side of the car...and the handle was half torn out and hanging by only one bolt. It was pretty exciting all around.

Well, we eventually got to Durango later that night--much later--and crawled very gratefully into a motel. A motel after only one night of camping on the road is a bit of an extravagance, but there was a good reason. Durango is a small college town, and I was more or less job hunting. I wanted a chance to shave and shower and put on my suit the next morning and attempt to make a reasonable impression. I'd like to think that I did. Fort Lewis college is very nice and Durango is a beautiful location. I don't think I'd hesitate too long if the chance came to teach there, regardless of the cut in salary that would doubtless be entailed. After the college visit, we camped three nights at Vallecito Reservoir not far out of town, and for this long a stay I put up the tent. It was the only time we were to tent it on the entire trip, but we didn't know that then. We had three fine days there, driving out two of the days to visit Mesa Verde National Park and various scenic attractions nearby and returning to camp every night.

After three tent nights, the plan was to move up to Grand Junction for a night in a motel before three more nights on Grand Mesa. We spent the night in the motel, as planned, and I suited up and visited the college there in town the next morning, but otherwise a lengthy rain had settled in and weather reports called for it to last several days. I figured (wrongly) that it might even be snowing up on Grand Mesa, so we scratched our trips to Vail and Aspen, Leadville and Gunnison, and decided to try our luck running westerly behind the storm and cutting back into southeastern Utah instead.

It was a fortunate choice. We broke into clear weather late that afternoon and found ourselves sleeping out at Dead Horse Point that night in a similar fashion to the way we had done at Bryce. Only Rea and I slept out on the cots that night, though, and it was truly spectacular. We had a full moon and a sky full of re-treating storm clouds, complete with lightning flashes on every horizon, and it has to be one of the most memorable camping nights I can remember. I awoke early the next morning in the pre-dawn hours and crawled out of a sleeping bag heavy with dew in order to walk alone to the rim of the Colorado and watch one of the most awe-inspiring sunrises of my life. The rim there must be about 2000 feet nearly straight down, and the sunrise was over the La Sal Mountains half a hundred miles away yet as clearly visible as if they had been merely across the street. I have some beautiful 35 mm slides of that morning, but they don't begin to do justice to the actual happening.

I guess that was the high spot of the trip for me...at least, everything else is almost an afterthought. We had two more camping nights under the stars--I figured why struggle with a tent in good weather?--but they were routine after Dead Horse Point. Dinosaur National Monument was a pretty remarkable sight. Salt Lake City was a fascinating experience after all of these many years away. I couldn't decide which was the most remarkable, the changes which had occurred or the ones that had not. Some places were untouched down to the last little detail, yet others were totally unrecognizable. I guess the important part of that stay was finishing my thesis. It took several days to wrap up and defend, and the last day represented the end of something I had begun by registering at the University for the first time almost 18 years ago to the day. It was with considerable satisfaction that we eventually headed back to Bakersfield and the 128th FAPA mailing...



NEV

CALIF

BAKERSFIELD

L.A.

LAS VEGAS

ST. GEORGE

ZION

BROCK

CAMP

UTAH

CAPTOL REEFS

SALT LAKE CITY

FLAMING GORGE

DINO SAUR

CAMP

GRAND JUNCTION

ARCHES

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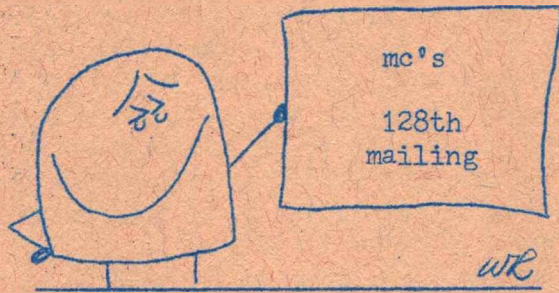
N MEX

DURANGO

VALLECITO CAMP

GREAT SAND DUNES

LAKE POWELL
& CANYONLANDS



IS CALIFORNIA SECURE?
It's Eney's Fault

The most interesting thing about the entire poll results, I thought, was that out of 22 replies almost half of the respondents had difficulty recognizing --or admitting--that they were too part of the 'establishment' whether they liked it or not. But I guess you gave them an out with that "attracted to" line. Or perhaps my definition of people belonging to the establishment would not be generally accepted by the hostiles. As far as I'm concerned, as long as you are more-or-less regularly employed, pay your taxes, own a home or else pay your rent on time, and generally obey the laws, written and unwritten, of the community, then you are part of the establishment--like it or not. And as long as you do these things, then you are contributing to the way things are today. The fuzzy thinkers like to categorize establishment-types as people who are striving to maintain the status quo, but it won't hold water. In the first place there is no such thing as status quo and there never was such an animal. Things change constantly and always have. Very few of us are completely satisfied with the way things are--that's the human animal for you--but most of us within the establishment, as I acknowledge myself to be, apparently feel that there are acceptable, legal, non-violent means for effecting the changes we desire. This is not to say that we subscribe to the way-things-are with blind acceptance, or obey all of the laws all of the time, or anything of the kind. But, hell, this could go on and on. If any of you 10 anti-establishment types would like to stand up and have a go at me--in the interests of furthering understanding, of course--I'd welcome the opportunity to go into more detail. But it's hardly worth it if the hostiles are making so much noise that they aren't interested in listening to anyone else. :::: I did have a comment on your question about whether or not there was at least one population center or urban area within 5 miles of your residence which you would consider it hazardous to enter. I had to answer that question 'no' but I think that answer is somewhat misleading. In the present day and age with transportation being what it is, 5 miles is a ridiculously small circle to consider. When I lived in La Habra, my wife used to shop regularly at two grocery stores further separated than that, and my favorite bar and my bowling alley were almost that far from home. For my part, I'd consider that Watts, Venice and Downtown LA were easily within an evening's drive ...and believe me, I'd enter those areas after dark with considerable misgivings. Even during the daylight hours I would have to admit to being somewhat less than exactly relaxed. I think part of your problem with the results to this question was because you allowed people to define their own establishment membership, plus the mileage limitation. If you consider the establishment to consist of us fat cats with regular jobs who live in mostly-white neighborhoods (i.e., the negroes who live here have to have full-time jobs, too) then it is rather unlikely that many of us will live that close to Watts, Downtown LA, etc. A student, on the other hand, impoverished and harboring the opinion that a loudly voiced social protest qualifies one for membership in the anti-establishment, is somewhat more

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likely to be living in a low-income and low-rent district. (I know I did when I was a student.) This might help account for the fact that 3/10 of your "anti-establishment" respondees would not enter a nearby population center under any circumstances, while only 1/12 of the "establishment" people had that problem.

:::: I think the poll was a good idea, though, and I'd like to see it run again with more general questions. (Damn the small response you get out of this FAPA establishment, anyhow!) Like: Do you obey traffic laws (a) all of the time, (b) most of the time, (c) some of the time...Would you take a color tv set during a riot if you thought you could get away with it?...If several people were kicking a cop who was disarmed and semi-conscious would you (a) try to stop them with words, (b) try to stop them with force, (c) watch, (d) start kicking...and so on. For that matter, perhaps I should run this one myself since I get a bang out of this type of thing.

DETOURS

(Jon White)

Congratulations for three very funny lines this mailing. I refer to the obviously rhetorical question "As a fanzine, would KISS be accepted in FAPA?" And to "All contents are copyright 1969 by Jonathan White in case Isomeday wish to publish any of this stuff elsewhere. Professionally, oh lord?" And, best of all, "It feels nice to get into the thing again, to break my back typing and run around to the offset printer and other places, and to edit, and to correct, and to eteetera." But cheer up--as one back case to another, you should recover in almost no time at all, at all.

KIM CHI

(Ellington)

You joined the establishment after all, you old anarchist, you. And you even accepted a government hand-out, to boot. Oh, what is the world coming to? I think there's something crooked about the way you managed to miss the rain storm, though. The last two times I've moved it has been raining like hell and everything I owned, including my barely breathing corpse, has gotten thoroughly soaked. It just goes to show. Here I have been a conservative all of my life, a good boy as a youngster, a class valedictorian, a Marine, a faithful taxpayer, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican voter ...and only now I remember that Jesus Christ was, after all, a Liberal! :::: Like you, I pity those people who seem to be psychologically unable to leave a no-job area (like Appalachia) when things get really desperate. My in-laws provided me with an interesting bit of insight into this problem a few years ago. They live in Butte, Montana, and are hard-working, God-fearing people from 'way back. My father-in-law is an ex-labor union worker and a staunch Democrat. And Butte is a mining town where you either work or you don't eat very well. We were discussing, one time, the plight of people in poverty areas and, as you might expect, my in-laws were being extremely tough on good-for-nothing white trash who couldn't seem to or wouldn't find work. One of the situations they were particularly up in arms about concerned the hillbillies of West Virginia. Once when the Butte mines were looking for a labor force at almost any price, they went back to West Virginia and recruited a great many of the miners there who were out of work and on relief and paid their way to Butte plus an advance to get settled plus a reasonably good job in the mining industry similar to their own. Yet almost without exception these people worked for three to six months and as soon as they had enough money for the trip, they headed back to West Virginia. They preferred to be in their home hills and on relief to supporting themselves far away from home. To the residents of Butte, who thought these people were being molly-coddled in the first place, it seemed like a clear-cut case of no-good, ungrateful white trash. I have to sympathize with the hillbillies while acknowledging the case of the Butte people...and I have to wonder what the situation would have been if there weren't any such thing as relief. A "home" must be a fine thing to have...but I wonder if anyone is justified in asking someone else to pay them "relief" money to enable them to live in otherwise uneconomic places?

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HOW ARE THEY ALL ON ZUBENELGENUBI IV?
(Foyster)

I liked this--this is a "keeper" even if I never did find out from it how they all were on Deben IV, or even what

they called the place...

TAFF PROGRESS REPORT - 12
(Stiles and Schluck)

It is impressive that 196 fans can generate a total of close to \$1000 for TAFF. I thought the last I heard was that TAFF was in trouble and not likely to continue, and here it has the highest turnout in years. One of these days I intend to vote, myself, so there's a "future" for you.

DAMBALLA
(Hansen)

You make Diplomacy sound like a pretty interesting game. I wish I had some game players around, I'd give it a go. We really don't know many people in the neighborhood yet, so something may turn up there eventually. But I don't know...I'm really not much of a social game-player. That odd line deserves some explanation. I guess I meant to say that I really don't play cards socially. My favorite game has to be poker...but that is every man for himself (I prefer not to play with women, even at Burbee's where the women players are somewhat better than average) and I definitely never give a sucker an even break...or get one, apparently, since I am generally a net loser. I don't really mind as long as I don't get in over my head--I play to win, but the game's the thing. I have recently learned to play four-handed cribbage and that's a pretty good game. Four-handed hearts, either cut-throat or partnership, is very fine and I must admit I prefer the lone wolf game. I like to pass three cards and I prefer to pass them always the same direction, but playing pat and passing all three directions in sequence are also okay with me. I prefer to play all non-partnership games for money...small stakes, but something to sweeten the pot. I used to play hearts for years at everybody ante a quarter, winner take all--that's a game that will teach you quicker than anything else to play three high men against the low man, and protect yourself in the clinches. All this talk is serving to remind me that I haven't had a poker game in months and months and it's about time I got one organized...25¢ limit, three raises. Any takers? :::: I still prefer to be a player rather than a spectator, but I don't know at the moment what my future participation in sports will be. The doctor told me before the operation that I could expect a full recovery and be as good (or as bad) as I was prior to my injury, though, so I have high hopes. Unfortunately, they don't have a slow pitch softball league here in Bakersfield, and I don't quite feel up to organizing one the way I did the La Habra league six years ago. There are a number of guys at the office who play my favorite sport, though--handball!--and I'd like to join them in another month or so. I play the game rather violently, though, so I think I'd better give my back another little bit to recover before I try it. I did play golf for the first time since the accident just a couple of weekends ago. My back was quite sore the next day but could have been merely because of the unaccustomed exercise after so long of taking it easy. My score? Well, let's just say that it was 3 strokes lower than my last round, almost exactly a year ago, and much to my surprise I was hitting my 5-iron and especially my 9-iron shots better than I have in many years. Could be the somewhat restricted backswing is a help? And I resumed bowling five weeks ago last night. My game has not improved, but it hasn't gotten any worse, either...at least nothing I can't attribute to the summer's layoff.

DIGHTING PERMIT
(Stiles)

I find it almost inconceivable that Bob Shaw could lose the TAFF ballot to almost anyone. Just goes to show how times have changed since my active fannish days. I'll go along with your first two conclusions--that TAFF is very familiar and that US and UK fandoms have drifted apart--but I can't buy the one about the candidates not being attractive enough. But since I didn't vote, perhaps I should shut up?

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SNICKERSNEE
(Silverberg) The thoughts of a fire are appalling. I wouldn't care a great deal about the furniture involved, even though we just put out more than we ever have before in our lives for our new bedroom furniture, but the irreplaceable items are just that. My 35 mm slides of all of the kids, places and things from the past...books and pulps...and my filing cabinet full of receipts, checks, personal papers, tax forms, you name it. I feel better just to have my thesis out of the place--the last few months I was actually getting where I wouldn't keep it all in one place just in case. But it wouldn't have been much defense against a big fire. All in all, though, it sounds like you came out of it pretty luckily. :::: We have remarkably similar feelings about the taking of life. Or, at least, animal life. My wife even gets disgusted with me sometimes because of the lengths I will go to avoid killing even bugs and moths and the like, although I admit that I will lower the boom on dangerous spiders (we have lots of black widows here) and particularly noxious flies. I'm not a fanatic about it, though--other people can kill things if they want (although not the malicious killing of dogs and cats and kittens around me if they want to keep their teeth) and that's their business. And I love steak and know well where it comes from. And I'm not so sure I include all people in my proscription. Some people seem to need it--the guy here in Bakersfield, for instance, who last week walked away with a 1½ year old baby while burglarizing an apartment and then proceeded to beat him so badly he is still in critical condition in the hospital. For what reason, God knows. I guess. :::: I hope it won't require another fire to get your 8 pages in another mailing soon --you really write quite well. Have you ever thought of doing it professionally?

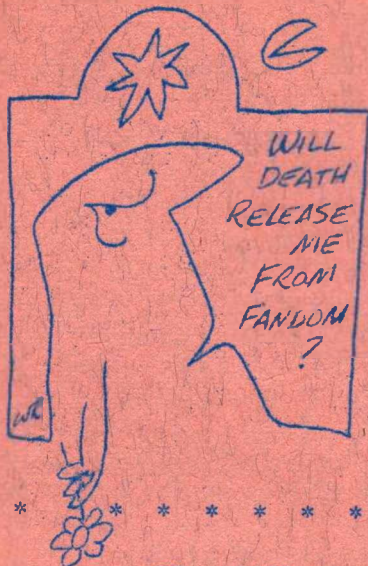
OF CABBAGES AND KINGS
(Pavlat) Hoo, boy..."the Democrats for Political Excellence."
Now that must be a group. Too bad Kennedy couldn't quite complete his driver-switch coup...that would have had to qualify him for the most excellent political move of the decade. Or am I misinterpreting your title? Does this mean that you will occasionally vote for a Republican candidate over his Democrat opponent on the rare occasions where the GOPster is more excellent politically? Or do you mean "Democrats for More Politically Excellent Democrats"? The thing that bugs me about this Republicans vs Democrats bit is that the worth or lack of worth of the individual candidates seem to be less important than the party vote.

KING BISCUIT TIME
(Lichtman) I really don't have any objections to your dropping acid --the usual counter argument is that I drink, don't I, and yes, I do, and no, I don't intend to stop just because it isn't too good for me--but are you sure your boss dropped you just because of the no black suits? :::: I have to admit that the life of a walking postman doesn't sound too bad to me. This working full time in an office is not what I bargained for when I went into the field of geology. Sometimes I think it would be great to have an outdoor job requiring not exactly an excess of mind power with a moderate amount of exercise, and that fits the postal job nicely. Not that I intend to knock the intelligence of postal employees...at least as far as their working hours are concerned. :::: This mind-opening stuff really work? I must admit to a wee bit of curiosity, although I'll stick to the vices I know and love, thanks.

SYNAPSE
(Speer) I think it's quite neat the way some of you guys make the length of your FAPazine title come out exactly the length of your name plus brackets. :::: What's this? Have you always used the small i and capital I irregularly throughout your writings? I thought you always used the small letter, but this issue is literally littered with the upper case. ::: 100 yds in 15 seconds is 1 mile in 4.4 minutes, which is not fast at all for either distance. A good time for the 100 is 2/3 of 15 seconds. Figure that out.

HORIZONS The permanent complete file of FAPA mailings could probably be put
(Warner) somewhere, I would suppose, in the Ackermuseum, couldn't it? I'm
 speaking off of the top of my head, of course, and I haven't seen
Forry in years and years, but the last time I had a talk with him he was talking
about what would be done with his collection after his death. I think he had or
has in mind to create some sort of fannish museum out of his house and collection
provided he could find the dedicated fans to run it (an obvious impracticality
if not impossibility) and if this should ever come about it would probably be an
ideal place for a complete run of FAPA. Certainly a mundane library would not
fill the bill...for all practical purposes, that would serve to lose the collec-
tion to fandom in the process of preserving it forever. :::: I don't like to
be the one to point it out, but since you mentioned it first I have to say that
I think it behooves those people who, as you put it, "...are approaching, at, or
beyond the age when death could come quite suddenly" to make sure that they have
wills clearly indicating the disposal of their fannish items if they are inter-
ested in having them preserved. Although no permanent museum exists at the
present time, there are presumably still enough trustworthy souls around to en-
trust the temporary care of irreplaceable items to their interim storage. ::::
My own reading now consists almost entirely of books I buy and, for the most
part, keep...and mostly paperbacks, at that. The percentage of science fiction
therein is small, I fear. It's almost entirely fiction, one of the recent ex-
ceptions being Jerry Kramer's INSTANT REPLAY, which I bought through a book club.
I gobble up Alistair MacLean, John D. MacDonald, Desmond Bagley, Hammond Innes,
Nevil Shute, Edison Marshall...mostly authors I know that I will enjoy and there-
fore can afford to invest the money in a "keeper" paperback. Two noteworthy ex-
ceptions recently--Garland Roark's STAR IN THE RIGGING, which was a tremendous
disappointment after WAKE OF THE RED WITCH and THE WITCH OF MANGA REVA, and the
excessive amount I paid for James Jones' GO TO THE WIDOW-MAKER, a vivid example
of a book by an author who had only one good book in him from the first. Other
than that I read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and TIME pretty regularly, skim NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC and COINS MAGAZINE and READER'S DIGEST (my favorite magazine for the
john, full of interesting items just the right length to occupy otherwise wasted
time) and maybe one or two others. For reasons I don't fully understand, I just
don't seem to find time for more. I spent a lot of last year on my thesis, of
course...but this year I'd like to spend that time on my own attempt at a novel
rather than reading. Yeah--just like all fans, I'd still like to write. Not for
a living, most definitely, but for fun and profit, as they say. My basic idea is
not concerned with science fiction, although that might be fun, too. :::: I
appear to be among the minority, but frankly I liked THE MAN FROM UNCLE in its
earliest, mostly-serious form. I don't know why there doesn't seem to be a market
for the serious spy-thief-adventurer series on tv, but it seems all of these have
to be half comedy, a la I SPY, presumably in order to show the kiddies that none
of this really happens. I guess I have to exempt MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE from this
charge. :::: Lines I Liked Department: "If you can't see the reason why the
(baseball) game should slow down at times, you're in the same position as the
person who can't understand why a poet often uses many words to express the
simplest statement." :::: I missed the usual installment of the Hagerstown
Journal!

GRUE It isn't a real GRUE, of course, printed only on one side of the
(Grennell) page and in--ugh!--black ink, but at least it's a start. The
 cover looked like part of the real thing. :::: I have recently
built another light table for tracing illos. It is big, clumsy, gets hotter than
hell because it has too large a lightbulb in it, and in general is completely un-
satisfactory. Also, these F2960 stencils are adequate for typing, but they just
will not support a lettering guide or even the simplest illo. I'd like to get
back to using some of my more detailed artwork in TRF but first I'll have to get
better organized... :::: Pediculous, indeed--what a lousey pun, DAG.



...more ramblings by the fap

* * * * *

I'm still pursuing the elusive goal of contributing enough pages to FAPA to equal the modest equivalent of 8 pages for each and every mailing I have been a member. Harry Warner to the contrary, it ain't as easy as it might sound, Meyer. In the first place, I have to produce 32 pages a year just to stay even--difficult but not impossible. But, secondly, I have to exceed 32 pages by some amount in order to make any inroads into the deficit incurred during all of my less productive years. Since I have been under 32 pages twelve out of the eighteen years of membership, this could be a nearly impossible quest. I must admit, however, that I enjoy working on it, and the trend in recent years is definitely up. After six straight deficit years from 1962 through 1967, in 1968 I showed a gain of five pages and this year I hope to either equal or beat that...and these have been very difficult years for me in more ways than one. Next year has to be an improvement --either that or I am faced with certain destruction.

Of course, like anything else the results depend on your manner of keeping accounts. The previous paragraph was based on calendar year accounting--in reality, however, my membership year ends in February. Based on the membership year, some interesting differences are brought to light. For one, I have only four "+" years, not five. For another, this year still has another mailing left in February, and could be my most productive year since 1961-62. For a third, as far as I can tell I probably shouldn't even be a member of FAPA since I apparently did not make the page-count requirement in 1954-55!

Isn't that a gasser? Reviewing my FA's for those years I find that I had 8 pages in the February 1954 mailing to satisfy my requirements for the year ending with that mailing. Then I put 4 pages in the May mailing, and the summer 1954 FA had me listed as "Feb 4" on the membership roster. The autumn 1954 FA said "Feb 4 D" and the February 1955 FA had me as "Feb 4 XF" which meant that I had to meet the activity requirements either in that mailing or in a postmailing within 45 days and my dues were also due before the 45th day. Well, according to the contents page (plus my own records) I didn't have anything in that mailing. Nor can I find any evidence in the May 1955 FA (or, again, in my own records) that I postmailed anything. Nevertheless, the membership roster in that same May 1955 FA has me shown as "Feb 8" so apparently something happened. I had 8 pages in that mailing, but that would be too late to count on the previous year. I can't find anything in the FAs or subsequent TRFs or any other records to determine what could have happened.

Surely I've exceeded the statute of limitations by now?

At any rate, this makes me feel all the better that I've signed the many petitions I have over the years to waive either dues or activity requirements for other FAPAns. I've signed quite a few, and I'm sure glad now that I didn't quibble!

CAMP PENDLETON
REVISITED

It's an odd thing, but for all the fact that I've never really had a home town or lived in any one place for any length of time, I nevertheless find myself continually confronted with familiar places. I guess you have to attribute it to the great mobility the automobile has given to the American people and particularly the great extent to which this is true in the western states.

Earlier this spring I found myself once again at Camp Pendleton, California, after a gap of 13 years and a considerable change in circumstance. Standard Oil had contracted for a gravity crew to run a gravity survey over the southern coastal portion of California, and a large portion of the area involved Camp Pendleton. Since I was in charge of the gravity section at the time, I took it on myself to handle the negotiations between Standard and the Marine Corps. This involved writing a letter to the CG and making some contacts, and then driving down once or twice with maps and our plans in order to discuss the survey in detail. This was the enjoyable part, of course, since it involved a couple of long, leisurely luncheons in Oceanside while the Colonel and I discussed old times, the war in Viet Nam, and the Marine Corps in general. My contact at the Base was a full-bird Colonel, so everywhere I went on the Base and off of it in his company I was pretty much the equivalent in rank. Believe me, after three years as a sergeant and below, being promoted to Colonel is pretty heady wine. Colonel Bowen himself was a pretty nice guy--at least as equal to equal--and I believe he enjoyed our luncheons in Oceanside as much as I did. And, of course, since Standard Oil was paying the freight, price was no object.

I don't know what part my personal negotiations played in gaining approval to run our survey on Camp Pendleton. I like to give myself some of the credit, although I suspect that they would not have turned down any reasonable request by a major oil company, but at any rate we eventually got permission to go aboard. The crew consisted of two surveying parties plus the gravity meter operator. Apparently Camp Pendleton is being more fully utilized now than at any time since WW II, with training of some group or another taking place seven days a week, so the first restriction we encountered was that we could not enter certain impact areas at any time under any circumstances. Unfortunately, these areas were pretty important to the control on our survey, but there wasn't anything we could do about it. Secondly, we were required to have a Marine with a radio with us at all times, so this involved each of the three field parties being met by an escort every morning as they went aboard. This proved a handy thing when one of the surveyor's jeeps hit a concealed ditch one day and the rod-carrier cracked his head on the cab and picked up a significant cut in his scalp. The Marine got on his radio and a few minutes later a rescue chopper settled down and carried the injured man off to the Naval Hospital and everything was taken care of in short order.

I found Camp Pendleton immensely interesting. Some of the areas and buildings were utterly untouched by time. I could have walked some of the places from barracks to slop-chute to mess-hall in my sleep without stumbling over anything newly placed in my path. There were changes, to be sure, but most of them were slight, the major one being, I suppose, the new building that was the CG's headquarters. The Marines in uniform looked pretty much the same as ever...a little younger, possibly, and not quite as sharp in the care of their uniforms, but otherwise essentially unchanged. It was an extremely comfortable feeling to watch those poor bastards churning up and down the rain-swept hills (California at the time was in the midst of one of its wettest winters in history) while I watched from the comfort of my car, knowing that although I had been in their place once I was highly unlikely to find myself there again. I'll say this--if I ever do find myself there again, we is all in some sort of trouble!

the rambling fap xix

FOR BDSA MEMBERS
ONLY

I weakened to an old-time longing the other day, Dean, and bought a couple of .22s. I don't believe I've owned a .22 since I was a high-school student in southern Utah. At that time I used to go rabbit hunting almost every evening when I got home from school, rain or shine. The school bus would labor up the mountain and drop me off at home where my dog was waiting patiently. I'd go inside, pick up my rifle, and off we'd go. I'd walk over to the airport to my favorite hunting ground, about a mile away, and make one big sweep through the area. Then we'd head back home. I didn't usually get many rabbits since I was extremely partial to long shots, but that wasn't really the object anyhow. I don't even think that was my dog's primary objective.

The odd thing is that I can't, at this point, think what could have become of that old rifle. It was, I think, a Remington bolt-action with a tubular magazine and as I remember it shot fairly well. I wonder if my brother has it. Since my family had only the one rifle, possibly he took it over at the time I bought my .30-.30 carbine for deer hunting. I don't remember for sure, although I know he got a 20 gauge shotgun one Christmas while we were there. For that matter, what became of my carbine? I probably gave that to my dad when I joined the Marine Corps, although possibly I sold it later on when I decided I had shot my last deer and would no longer be needing it. I know I sold the Luger I had while I was in the Marine Corps because I decided incorrectly that I needed the money. I wish I had that Luger now. I sold my Ruger .357 magnum for the same reason, but that time, unfortunately, I was right.

All I've managed to retain of the guns I once had is my .45 military automatic, a fine, dependable bit of moral support in times of civil disobedience, and an old .303 Enfield I have for some unknown reason, probably because it isn't worth my time to sell it. I guess I have it on hand so I'll have some sort of dependable long-range weapon when the Russians invade or else when civilization-as-we-know-it goes to pot and I go back to hunting deer out of necessity.

So, anyhow. I gave it to temptation last week. My roommate at work, upon learning that I was a former Marine expert rifleman, asked me if I would teach his boys to shoot if he bought them a .22 rifle. So, flattered, I said hell yes, and at that point decided it was high time I bought a .22 for myself and taught my own boys to shoot. It didn't take much persuasion.

Once down at the store I was a little bit like a kid in a candy shop. There were so many goodies I couldn't make up my mind, but I didn't have very many coins clutched in my grubby hand. I really had in mind a Marlin 39A but the price was just a bit too much. I settled instead for a Ruger carbine, and at only slightly more than half the price of the Marlin it appears to be a very fine rifle. We have been out firing it only once so far, but it handles and shoots like a dream. I didn't really test it for accuracy by shooting from a rest at a target, though --we just plinked at cans against the ditch bank and got the kids used to the idea of handling a loaded weapon like it was a live snake. Even at that, though, it was expensive...three boys and a dad go through a few boxes of expensive .22 ammunition in a pretty big hurry.

Well, anyhow, after knocking myself out for the benefit of my kids that way, I decided I deserved something for myself. Just a trinket...like a High-Standard Supermatic Citation .22 pistol. One thing I've always wanted is a good target .22 and now I have one. I have yet to use it, for one reason or another, but I hope to get a chance next weekend. Right now I'm keeping my eyes peeled for a sale on .22 ammunition. Prices sure have changes since the days I wandered around the Utah hills plinking at rabbits with .22 shorts...



...another fapa people poll

results of which will no doubt be
in the february 1970 fapa mailing
if you return this by January 1st

to

Gregg Calkins
509 Plato Court
Bakersfield, California 93309

Do you obey general traffic laws (a) all of the time, (b) most of the time,
(c) some of the time

Would you take a color tv set during a riot if you could get away with it? Yes No

Have you ever intentionally broken the law? Yes No

Do you consider that you have the right to break (a) immoral laws (say, the draft)
(b) unpopular laws (prohibition (c) "illegal" laws (segregation)
(d) other (explain)

If two or three young people (17-23) were kicking a policeman who was disarmed and
semi-conscious would you (a) try to stop them with words (b) try to stop
them by force (c) help kick (d) go on by but call police
(e) go by and do nothing (f) stop and watch (g) other

What would be your answer if the cop were a negro? (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g)

If the attackers were not kids but adults? (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g)

If there were no other witnesses? (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g)

If there were plenty of other people around? (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f) (g)

Hve you ever been arrested for other than a traffic ticket? Yes No

Were you afraid that you would be physically mistreated? Yes No

You have been mistakenly arrested because your car and last three digits or letters
of your license plate fit those described on a police broadcast. Moreover,
you fit the general description. The policeman is courteous but firm and
draws his pistol. You know you are innocent and can prove it. Do you:
(a) obey directions meekly (b) get mad (c) tell him what a bad
mistake he's making (d) get scared as hell
(e) be patient and retain your sense of humor until the matter is cleared up

Would it make a difference if the town were: Durango, Colorado Yes No
San Francisco Yes No
Chicago Yes No
Butte, Montana Yes No
Jackson, Mississippi Yes No
Dallas, Texas Yes No

If you have been arrested (for anything) was the officer (a) courteous, or (b)
discourteous.

Do you think our police force is, in general, adequately trained? Yes No

Do they behave as well as can be expected under the circumstances? Yes No

Do their numbers need to be (a) increased, (b) decreased, (c) kept about the same?

Can we attract better policemen from the populace than we have? Yes No

Are police adequately paid for today's type of police work? Yes No

Would you consider becoming a policeman yourself? Yes No