

RESIN #9 Iron Iron Inkset, P.O. Box 306, Bristle Bay, California, USA. This is intended for the 60th SAPS mailing, Jul 62. At a guess this is Gndpub #45, at any rate it's resin #8's Gndpub number plus one.

I'm fascinated by my new job. A Gestetner 260, an electric Ditto from the "Company, various types of stencils and ditto masters (these particular ones are Burreoughs Kent Stain "500") and this Remington electric plus a Swedish Facit standard ditto with a feature that Teskey might appreciate. If your carriage isn't depressed all the way you can't print in upper case. All of this equipment is at my disposal for putting a thirty-seven page fanzine in two-hundred copies. And now they want me so badly that I'm continuing to do ether stencilled and mastered zincs and flyers for the company.

The main drawback on this job from my present viewpoint is that I'm also holding down two other jobs right. There isn't much time to for anything right now. (This is being done on my lunch hour.) But I certainly can use the money after being unemployed for a while.

I'd had a slight bit of hankering to put out a dittoed fanzine. It was even going to be called Writers of the Fr Emma Sage. There would have to be nothing but black ditto masters at this office.

It's somewhat surprising to a fan the ignorance that some people have. The company is paying \$4.00 per ream for long-run Gestanills and \$3 plus for short-run Gestanills. Yet they could go down to the Gestetner Corp. and buy Contract stencils (which are long-run stencils) for \$2.10 per quire. They don't have film with them but a few cents will buy a box of thin plastic just the right width and 100 feet long. Now all I've got to do is figure out a means of convincing the Gestetner Corp. that I should be able to buy Contract stencils. The dealer back in Florida was glad to sell them to me, the dealer here says he can't do it. However, where there's a will there's a way. The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way is entitled to buy Contract stencils. (I haven't dared ask them about ink and Gestetners at discounts.) We need stencils to put out our religious tracts and notices, brethren. Our Temple of the Holy SAPS with its headquarters in Los Angeles consumes enormous numbers of stencils preaching the gospel to the multitudes. Brother Bergeron is an extremely religious man sending out hundreds of copies of tracts to people hungry to hear his word over all the earth. Brethren Teskey and Pals have let their religious zeal waver lately (amen) but we trust they'll be back fighting the good fight to consume some more of these divine stencils."

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It's a good feeling to back in civvies forgetting military terminology and all that. If someone barked at me to snap to I might even hit him in the mouth. But I did remember enough of the military to try something. While down getting my mail I wandered up the stairs to the US Air Force recruiter and said that I was getting along in years to the point where I might be drafted any day. What did the U.S. Air Force have to offer me? I was hoping he would give me a long sales pitch on the delights of the Air Force. Then I would have my revenge by picking his pitch apart, point by point. Not this recruiter. He was just as honest as the one they had four years previously. He tried to convince me to graduate from college and then enter the Air Force through OTS (Officer Training School) so that I would a commission as a 2Lt. Ptui. I've got to find a dishonest recruiter so that I can have my fun.

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Hasta la vista, you-all. Auf weidersehen, a'wer. -- Nancy Grey