



# KNARLEY

## KNNEWS

*The Knarley Knews* -- Issue 127  
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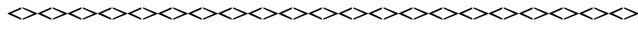


**Next Issue Deadline:** February 10, 2008

# Editorial

(In which Knarley gets to spume!)

I'm not feeling particularly chatty so I don't expect to have a very long editorial this issue. Mostly a series of short updates as there are no new events on the horizon.



The legal job front is finally entering its end-game. When my brother Chuck visited in October to attend the Notre Dame-USC football game he offered to pass my resume onto a few of his contacts. (He is an investment banker in Silicon Valley and does lots of merger and acquisition work which requires intellectual property portfolio opinions.) He then passed my resume out to his contacts and the ether stirred. Contrary to my experiences with attempts to interest west-coast firms in August, there was some rather immediate and genuine interest. I suspect some of it might have had to do with the nice referral I was getting, but all my brother did was get my resume in the hands of someone who would pass it on and say "please review this."

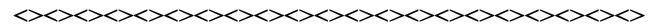
Despite the attention, there was a genuine hesitancy to bring me out for interviews. I suspect that it had something to do with concerns that I was not really interested in the California market. So, I invested a little in my future career and arranged to fly out to Silicon Valley for 3+ days during the first week of December. The response was fantastic. I was able, within a week, to schedule interviews with six firms in seven offices (one firm flew me down to San Diego for the afternoon), including one firm that tracked me down **after** I was in Silicon Valley. This turned out to be a pretty good investment as the air fare and car rental was less than \$500. (I stayed with my other brother John.)

The interviews went well and I received my first offer within 24 hours. Another followed within a week and a third is expected in the next day or so (it has only been confirmed verbally over the phone). I told one firm I wasn't really interested in their niche-type of work, another said no, and a third still hasn't been heard from.

The salary offers are higher than my previous Detroit offer, but would have to be to deal with the vastly increased cost of living in Silicon Valley. I am actively considering all three of the offers. There are lots of really great reasons to consider a move to Silicon Valley. On the job front, there is a huge amount of never-ending work for a patent attorney with my technical background in electrical, computer, and software engineering. This gives me many options if the firm I choose does not turn out to be a good long-term fit for me. Most of our families are in California or nearby. I have two brothers in Silicon Valley and my mother and third brother are in the LA area. My step-mother lives in Arizona. One of Letha's two brothers lives the other side of the bay and her father also lives in Arizona. The downside is the cost of living, but that

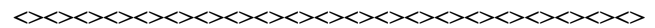
should stabilize within a few years as I expect healthy salary increases. Quite a bit to ponder.

To further, complicate the mix, the firm in Minneapolis still can't make up its mind. But, I see every day of delay as a knock against them. There is also one remote possibility here in Milwaukee, but it doesn't look promising. I was hoping to be able to announce a job decision for this issue of *TKK*, but such will not be the case. (Oooh, bad pun – so I'll leave it at that.)



The hockey season is proceeding at its usual pace. As expected, Kyle's team is continuing to struggle. They are classed as a Division 2B team even though they should really be 2C. This has been a historically recurring problem with the hockey club he is in. There are three high school teams that draw most of their talent from the hockey club and given that at Kyle's age group the players can choose between the club and the high school in their second year of eligibility, the club loses most of its best and experienced players to the high schools. This leaves them talent poor at the top and the kids have to skate up. The bottom line is that the team is soundly beaten by the 2B teams they play and they skate competitively and generally win against the 2C teams they play. (Actually this has been the outcome for years with the way the club will pick two BC teams rather than a separate B and C team.) Not being the coach has given me extra time to get caught up on some of my reading during the practices (something like 3 hours a week).

My team (actually my new team, but really my old team as I was traded back) is doing much better than last year. We are doing fairly well at the middle of the pack. It is good exercise and a great break from everything else I have to worry about. I also maintain their web site at [www.ochlhockey.com](http://www.ochlhockey.com). I play for Village Ace Hardware.



If I eventually decide to move to California one thing I will miss is the diversity of the seasons. As I look out the window now I see the four to six inches of fluffy snow that fell two days ago and is still clinging to all the trees and plants. It was just the right mix of powder and wet so that it was easy to make a giant snow man with, but light enough to shovel/snow blow without excessive effort.

Skippy had a blast when I let him out to explore the backyard. We went down by the river and he ran himself ragged checking out all the new sights, sounds, and smells. Curiously enough, despite recently noticing deer in the back yard,

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# The Ethics of Money

by Alexander Slate

“Money is the root of all evil” is actually a misquote. The actual quotation from *Timothy 6:10* is “The love of money is the root of all evil.” But either way works for our purposes. We’ve probably all heard that saying. And that, of course, is the topic for this round of my philosophical musings. How many columns it will take to complete the topic, I haven’t the slightest idea as I begin, because I don’t know where this will take us.

What spurred this column was watching a video the other night. It was the recording of the Dalai Lama at the Royal Albert Hall discussing *Ethics for the New Millennium*. He also has a book out by that name. If you have not read anything by Tenzin Gyatso, the 14th Dalai Lama, I recommend you do so. The man is, in my estimation, a living saint.

But, to get back to the point.... at one time during this video the Dalai Lama asked the question, “how can there be so many billionaires and still be that so many people are hungry?” Which I thought was a very telling and cogent point. Of course the biblical counterpoint to that is, “For ye have the poor always with you...” [*Matthew 26:11, King James Version*].

So it is obvious that this question has been around for quite a long time, even when we were still a society where wealth was measured in other than hard currency. The biblical law commands.

When thou reapest thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go back to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the LORD thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hands. When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it after thee; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. [*Deuteronomy 24:19-21*]

More than that, it also reserves the corners of the fields for the poor to harvest as well (likely meaning those areas of a field that were left uncovered when an oxen-yoked team did a turn to change direction).

All this is a great start, but I really haven’t framed the debate yet. And I am not sure I will do so. I originally started to. However, as I began to write what follows, I found that it was not fitting in to the structure I laid out and decided that a more free flowing discussion might better serve my purpose. Therefore, I came back to this point and have written the words that currently make up this paragraph. The one thing I

will leave is that we need to first define charity. We will then see where that leads.

Charity derives from the latin *caritas*, which originally meant preciousness or dearness. *Caritas* came to be the latin equivalent of the greek *agape*, one of the greek words for love which (in this form) means loving-kindness. The modern usage of charity has come to mean the practice of benevolent giving. This is also the definition which is the concern of this article.

I think for our purpose it includes giving money, services and/or goods for the purpose of helping out those with real or perceived needs. This will include private (personal) and private (organizational) charity as well as government programs such as welfare. It could also include such things as agricultural subsidies and job training. We will tentatively keep each of these in our description, and discuss each in context to the topic (but not cover the potentials of either in full).

All of this can lead us into a lot of different discussion that actually cover a wide variety of topics – most particularly with regards to the different ideas regarding government programs and this could lead us to issues of taxation. And I do expect that these will be covered in here. But I don’t want that to be the greatest part of this discussion. What I really want to get out of this discussion (Hopefully it will turn into a discussion, and not turn out to be a one-sided monologue.) is to address the Dalai Lamas point and discuss the ethics of personal wealth.

So, let me now ask you, my audience and collaborators, a question or two concerning the definition. Is the definition correct? Should we use the modern connotation of charity being something of “monetary worth”. Or have we lost something by not including kindly feeling and “charitable expressions”? Also, do you consider government programs such as welfare as charity? (Let’s not address whether they are “right and proper”, yet. We’ll get to that, but for right now do they fit in the definition?)

My own opinion on the definition is split. I think that modern society has lost a lot in recent days. There is something missing in our concentration on commerce and wealth. That we don’t include a charitable attitude and the giving of a kindly word or look as worthy of attention, describes a “poverty of the soul.”

Yet, for the purposes of trying to discuss what it is I hope to discuss, to include the “ethics of attitude” would lead us astray. That said, it might make an interesting discussion in the future.

However, to seemingly contradict what I just said (but not really), I offer the statement, “The Lord loves a cheerful giver.”

Moses ben Maimon, commonly known as Maimonides, actually stratified eight levels of charity.

There are eight levels of *tzedaka*, each greater than the next. The greatest level, above which there is no other, is to strengthen the name of another Jew by giving him a present or loan, or making a partnership with him, or finding him a job in order to strengthen his hand until he needs no longer [beg from] people. For it is said, "You shall strengthen the stranger and the dweller in your midst and live with him," {Leviticus XXV:35} that is to say, strengthen him until he needs no longer fall [upon the mercy of the community] or be in need.

Below this is the one who gives *tzedaka* to the poor, but does not know to whom he gives, nor does the recipient know his benefactor. For this is performing a *mitzva* for the sake of Heaven. This is like the Secret [Anonymous] Office in the Temple. There the righteous gave secretly, and the good poor drew sustenance anonymously. This is much like giving *tzedaka* through a *tzedaka* box. One should not put into the box unless he knows that the one responsible for the box is faithful and wise and a proper leader like Rabbi Hananya ben Teradyon.

Below this is one who knows to whom he gives, but the recipient does not know his benefactor. The greatest sages used to walk about in secret and put coins into the doors of the poor. It is worthy and truly good to do this if those who are responsible for collecting *tzedaka* are not trustworthy.

Below this is one who does not know to whom he gives, but the poor person does know his benefactor. The greatest sages used to pack coins into their scarves and roll them up over their backs, and the poor would come and pick [the coins out of the scarves] so that they would not be ashamed.

Below this is one who gives to the poor person before being asked.

Below this is one who gives to the poor person after being asked.

Below this is one who gives to the poor person gladly and with a smile.

Below this is one who gives to the poor person unwillingly.

[Rambam, Hilchot Mat'not Ani'im 10:1,7-14, The Misneh Torah]

Frankly, I somehow think that the 6th and 7th are placed in the wrong order. Or actually that there are actually 9 levels with level 6 being giving before being asked gladly, 7 being giving before being asked but unwillingly, 8 being giving after being asked with a smile and 9 being giving after being asked and grouchy (OK, maybe 7 and 8 should be reversed).

But, beyond that I think that Maimonides got it right. This is not to say that there is anything wrong with the simple giving of alms to a person directly. But to make it so that no one would ever need a handout again would be the goal.

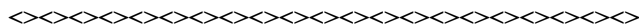
I'm going to stop here for now. I would like to do things a little differently for this discussion. Rather than waiting for responses in the next issue and responding please send responses to me through Knarley or directly to me. I will then interleave responses into the articles directly when appropriate. My e-mail is arslate@verizon.net. Please send comments now on any aspect of this you wish to discuss or just on the questions I asked above.

Editorial continued from page 3

he showed no interest in the area where three of them had bedded down and melted all the snow. I guess he just likes to look at and growl at the deer, but doesn't know what they smell like.

One of the negatives of winter is ice dams. This is when the snow on the roof melts and builds up a block of ice above the gutters. As additional snow melts (due to retained heat inside the roof) the water has nowhere to go and backs up under the shingles and then comes into the house. It also creates amazing icicles. This is often caused by poor insulation, or in my case a west-facing roof, so much snow that the roof vents couldn't spin, and a first snow that was more a layer of slush that turned into ice. So, for the second time in 15 seasons I had to clear out the ice dams. I do this, contrary to good advice, by climbing on the roof and smashing the ice with the back side of an axe. This has two drawbacks, first – it is a long way to the ground, and second – it does some minor damage to the shingles. The other options are to install an ex-

pensive heater system or to put up nylon stockings of calcium chloride to cut notches in the ice. Either way, the problem is fairly quickly resolved and life goes back to normal.



We have been notoriously bad again this year for Christmas. We finally got the tree up a few days before Christmas (to see is Skippy would be attacking it) and then went out and found some new LED Christmas lights on the 23rd to replace that annoying strand of mini-lights that never completely lights until you've futzed with every bulb. Christmas shopping was delayed to the last minute as usual, but everyone seems to be satisfied with what they received. We still haven't sent out our annual Christmas letter, but why should this year be any different.

I am so looking forward to a life with a bit less packed into it after my graduation in May.

# Sue's Sites: Car Eating Bear

by Sue Welch

"Mom, thanks for your article on the Bridge but why are you not mentioning the part about the car eating bear?" inquired Henry.

"I have become bored with that story, Henry; too many phone calls and too much time on hold to get Budget to help me with the claim. But just in case your readers are dying to know..."

"John, you know I am old and soon will either not be able to walk anymore. I am so sad that I have not been able to see my favorite place on earth for five years; in fact I may never ever see it again."

"Ok Mom," answered John. "I get it; would it be alright if we go up there after walking the Bridge? Four nights though."

Guilt most times doesn't work but I got lucky. What was hard was to decide which of my favorite places to go in the three days. We got a great campsite on the beach; the weather was warm; almost no people were around. I was in heaven!

I saved my favorite hike for the third day - Gargantua Harbor and on to Warp Bay - 9 km one way but a mostly flat easy trail. It was a totally perfect day until 5 pm when we returned to our car. "Mom, look - there is something wrong with the car. Where did the window molding go? Look at those claw marks on the door panel. A bear tried to get into our car. There are holes clear through the bumper. Good thing, he didn't get into the car."

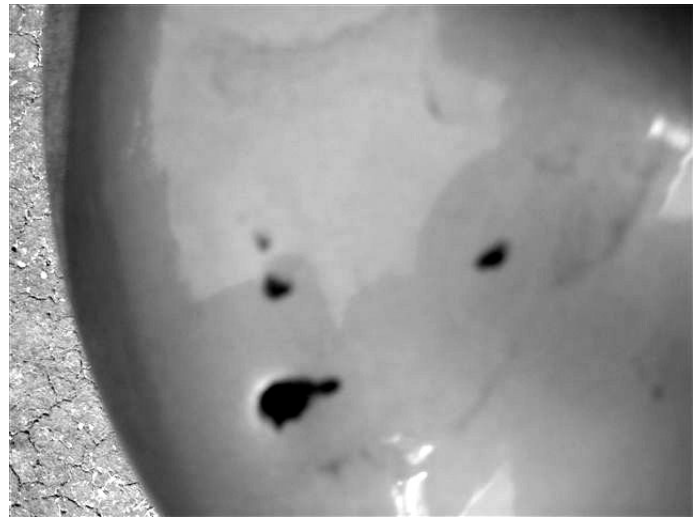
We had food on the floor of the back seat - it must have smelled like heaven to the bear.

Let's get out of here, before the bear comes back, John strongly suggested.

So off we went toward Hwy 17, the trans Canada Highway, a 30-40 minute drive on a one lane rocky and bumpy dirt road. But only for 50 yards.

"Mom, we got a problem." John jumped out of the car and looked at the back tire - a huge slash was now quite visible and the tire's life was definitely over. "Hope this rental has a spare?" Out came stuff from the trunk and underneath it all there was indeed one of those little tiny tires. "Do you think it will hold up on this road?"

Fortunately for us, it did and when we reached Hwy 17, we turned north instead south to our campsite for a leisurely dinner followed by s'mores and a fire. It was indeed our lucky day as the small town of Wawa 50 miles to the north had a

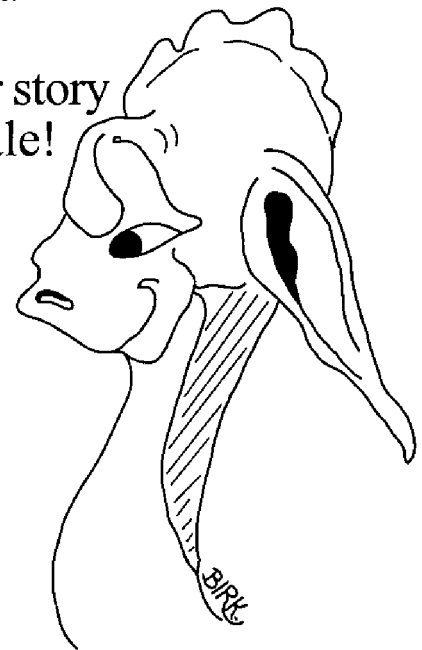


store, which not only sold tires but on Thursdays was open until 9 pm. \$144 and half an hour later we were set to go.

"Let's get dinner in town. I still want my coffee." Two shops down we had a delicious fresh fish meal. Chatting with our waitress who was expecting her fourth child in as many years, she mentioned being from White River. "The official birth place of Winnie the Pooh," I added. And that as Henry already knows is a story for another time.

P.S. Car repairs were only \$956.21 plus the \$144 for the new tire. My insurance has a \$50 comprehensive deductible that my credit card picks up. Not too bad; the real loss here was my s'mores and fire.

I'll see you one washer and dryer story  
and raise you one disposal tale!



# An Unlikely Connection

By Tom Sadler

As readers of my own fanzine *The Reluctant Famulus* (the latest issue of which is unforgivably overdue) for the past several years know I've been occupied with tracing my ancestors with mixed results. On the whole, it has been an interesting and sometimes rewarding endeavor. One of the main related benefits of this research is that it has rekindled my interest in history, a subject I have long claimed to enjoy. In approaching genealogical research, I've read articles and tips on proper genealogical research and one piece of advice goes something like "if we want to understand our ancestors better we should also study the times in which they lived". In other words, become involved in the subject of history. For me, that's been easy and in so doing I've learned a lot of history never covered in school.

This has been especially true in relation to my family genealogy. Here's one particular example. A few months back, I came into contact with some other Sadler researchers I think may provide valuable links to my own Sadler ancestors and who have some very interesting beliefs about a potential common ancestor. Through information they have acquired, I've learned about a certain Ralph Sadleir. Note the spelling. Back before the English language became more or less standardized as to such things as grammar, punctuation, and spelling there was no real consistency in the way the language was handled, and spelling in particular was very loosely handled. The noted Scottish author Sir Walter Scott, who, by the way, wrote a biography about the above mentioned Ralph Sadler when questioned about his spelling of the surname claims to have found in various documents relating to his subject at least **13** different ways of spelling Sadler. But I digress.

Back to Ralph Sadleir. It turns out that he was a real, historical person, as demonstrated by a Google search of his name. As succinct as I can make it, this is the story. Ralph Sadleir was the elder son of a Henry Sadler and was born in 1507. Ralph had a brother John, of whom almost nothing is known. As for Ralph, when he was still a young boy his father had him apprenticed into the family of Thomas Cromwell, who became Henry VIII's minister and Earl of Essex. When he grew to adulthood Ralph became secretary to Cromwell and performed his job so well that Cromwell often mentioned him in dispatches to Henry VIII. This apparently impressed the king so much that he made Ralph Sadleir a member of the king's "privy chamber" (not, presumably, involving toilets).

Ralph apparently did so well at his job that Henry VIII sent him on a mission to Scotland to check into rumors of complaints by the king's sister Margaret about her husband Lord Methven and to investigate relations between the King of Scotland and the French. Sadleir apparently did such a good job that he was sent to Scotland on other missions. He was also made one of two of King Henry's secretaries, knighted,

made a "privy councillor" and entered parliament as member from Hertford. Along the way Sadleir also became "the foremost expert in English political life on the Scots." At one point, while living in Edinburgh, Sadleir's house "... was besieged by a mob and he narrowly escaped death from a musket bullet...."

Thanks to King Henry's generosity, Sadleir acquired large properties in various parts of England. In 1568 he was appointed as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a very lucrative position. He was sent to arrest the Duke of Norfolk and twice made warder over the Queen of the Scots, the latter tasks he hated and tried to be released from with little success. In 1586 Sadleir was a member of the commission that condemned Mary, Queen of Scots, to death.

Sadler was a man of much importance who was loyal, courageous and shrewd. His abilities "were indeed greater than the offices which he held suggest." He was trusted by everyone and well rewarded by the sovereigns for whom he served. When he died in 1587 he was said to be "the richest commoner in England". He had been in eight parliaments, was a privy councillor for three sovereigns for almost fifty years, and knew more about Scotland than any other Englishman. He was also "a most exquisite writer" whose state papers are invaluable historical sources.

Also, according to these other Sadler researchers I mentioned, Ralph Sadleir and his descendants had connections with William Shakespeare and the founder of Harvard University. The Sadleirs were reputedly from the Stratford-on-Avon area. Additionally, one of his descendants, John Sadler, merchant, along with two other men, acquired large land holdings in Virginia: Merchants Hope and Martin's Brandon. All in all, Sir Ralph Sadleir—he was a knight, after all—seems to have been a noteworthy historical person even if not of the stature of English Kings and Queens, Thomas Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, and others. Because he left behind much, if not all, of his writings he was a real, historical figure even if few people have heard of him. I certainly hadn't before.

Now, do I believe I may be a descendant of this Sir Ralph Sadler? I have too much of a skeptical gene for that. It's a nice flight of fancy but I very much doubt any connection. While Sir Ralph's life is well-documented making solid connections between him and any American Sadlers is problematical at best because the records of later periods aren't as complete. There are too many gaps. Those other Sadler researchers have found who they believe is one of Ralph's descendants, a Thomas Sadler who was in the West Indies—Barbados and Saint Eustatius—and who emigrated from there to Virginia in the mid-1700s. But there doesn't

Continued on page 8

# Rioting by the Ton

(c) by Jim Sullivan

Oh, it was bound to happen. Obesity riots have broken out all over the city. And it's grossly ugly (the riots, that is, not the city necessarily). You really can't blame the overweight. They've just had too tight a governmental restraint on what they're allowed to eat. In short, those poor big people were starving. And, of course, contrary to normal-sized folks, the obese, especially those morbidly so, have had all sweets pulled away from them. And when it comes to breakfast rolls, candy bars, and ice cream sandwiches, absence does make the heart grow fonder; presence (and ingesting all the listed goodies), however, can make the heart grow larger, which isn't good.

Most roly-pollies wish to lose weight on their own, not only for health reasons but also because they are uncomfortable carrying it around, they know they look awful, and they are aware that their clothes don't fit them right, if at all

Such miserable persons are picked-on unmercifully, too. And these folks are fed up with being called derogatory names, like lard-butt, fatso, and bubble behind, to name just a few of the unkind, crude, and rude monikers flung at them. Hearing such cruelty doesn't make an obese person want to lose weight, but those remarks do make them want to cry, hide, or strike back. The constant verbal abuse is almost more than a human, no matter how well padded, can bear.

All these people have been on diets, of one kind or another, over their lifetimes. Several individuals have been on many of the different weight-loss regimens offered. And the morbidly obese have learned that all weight-reduction plans work. Tons have been lost over the painful course of going without that these overweight, and courageous, folks have endured. But, guess what. The problem isn't dropping weight. It's keeping it off! That's the hard part. And after a person has reduced by 100 pounds, or more, and inevitably puts it all back on, there's a tendency to add even more weight than they had before. If these individuals manage to escape such dangerous weight-reducing side effects as anorexia or bulimia, they can still easily fall into the dangers of yo-yo dieting, which can be life threatening, too.

Last Saturday, a local group of overweight people, called by the public every vile name in the book and forcefully cut off by the government and by the insurance industry from hot fudge sundaes, cream-filled chocolates, and glazed, jelly-filled donuts, couldn't take it anymore. So they rioted. Ice cream parlors were raided and their wares licked away; candy stores were broken into after hours where fragile large humans became intoxicated with all the chocolate, caramel, nougat, and what have you eaten to excess. Bakeries, also, were robbed of their fresh and day-old stock. The obese gobbled up éclairs, pies, cakes, blueberry muffins, and custard-filled crullers. Among those people who, before the rioting broke out, were just a few pounds too heavy, many are now edging into the morbidly obese category.

This is what happens when certain people are denied what they crave. In other words, this public restriction of fattening food, held back and denied to the depressingly plump, is not the way to help such persons lose weight and keep it off forever.

What's more, recent scientific studies have shown that obesity doesn't have as many medical consequences of the negative variety as once was thought. Additionally, there are no higher numbers of overweight people now in this country than there ever was. It's just that they've gotten more publicity, which can be traced directly to heavy people bravely wearing shorts, tight-fitting clothes, and colorful duds in public. Naturally such things are going to make them stand out more.

Still, obesity isn't to be taken lightly (no pun intended). More scientific tests must be performed and research done to help these unfortunate folks get their weight under control on their own. So, instead of letting a bunch of untrained, unsympathetic, and unhappy cranks in the government, in the insurance business, and in the public run the diet industry that makes profits in the billions, more true medical efforts must be put into obesity factors. And until results come in, let's leave these poor overweight folks alone. Quit hounding and harassing them! They're doing the best they can under the circumstances.

An Unlikely Connection continued from page 7

seem to be any documentation as to when he came to the West Indies or who his parents were. In fact there's a question as to whether he was born on Barbados or in England. In the absence of any firm links I reserve any judgment in the matter but tend to believe it's very unlikely I'm related. There were, after all, other Sadlers in England at the time as well as in Ireland and Scotland. I think it more likely that I'm descended from one of them, maybe an Irish one, and a probably an obscure Sadler ancestor at that.

Still, what I've found out has added a bit more to my knowledge of English history in particular and history in general.

-----I found for sale online: *The State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight-Bannerette: To Which Is Appended A Memoir of the Life of Sir Ralph Sadler, With Historical Notes by Sir Walter Scott, Esquire Clifford Arthur* (editor) 2 volumes, full leather binding, \$325.00. Ah if I only had \$325.00



## IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST (ANGLIA)

The chief official activity for our four-man Signals Section at Swannington was mothballing Mosquito aircraft in case of World War 3 breaking out. All the other tradesmen had complicated and lengthy things to do such as draining engine oil with inhibitors and so on. We signal men had it wasy we only had to unplug a radio, tape up the plugs to keep out earwigs and hand it in to stores. As a result we had plenty of spare time for our own activities or to sit round the stove making toast. An activity we were pursuing one cold morning when the Chief Technical Officer came nosing around. We got a right royal rollicking with me as chief target. However, one learns from experience; after that we posted a look-out. Even lookouts are human and when I devised the game of high-pressure darts, he deserted his post to join in. I found that an excellent dart could be made from a 10" length of steel wire sharpened to a point and wrapped with insulation tape until it formed a snug fit in the end of a long rubber tube attached to the air compressor. Pressure was allowed to build up by kinking the rubber tube and when high enough, the



kink was released and the dart would shoot out with a mighty "Whoosh." It had so much power, it took a pair of pliers to pull it out of the target drawn on the back of the door. Great fun and the look-out joined in – which was very disconcerting for "Nobby" Clarke who came in just as a dart arrived and seriously damaged his joie de vivre.

We also had the pleasure of participating in an event organised by the Chief Technical Officer, Flight Lieutenant Montague. When we had finished mothballing the Mozzies they had to be pushed into the hangars, packed as tightly as possible. I think the usual number was ten to a hangar. However, our CTO (whom rumour had it had been to school and could count up to twenty without removing his shoes and socks), had industriously drawn up a pretty little scale plan of a hangar. He had then cut out a load of little paper aeroplanes to the same scale. By carefully shuffling these around on his plan he worked out that it was possible to get TWELVE Mozzies into a hangar. This blissfully overlooked the fact that he could pick up his paper aircraft to move them around but the real ones were a trifle too heavy for that sort of caper. Nevertheless, from such a simple beginning was born OPERATION PUSH.

The great day came, all available airmen, i.e. those who hadn't vanished quickly enough, were organised to shove all the Mozzies out of No.2 hangar. Just as the last aircraft were pushed out, Monty drove up in his Jeep, whizzed into the empty hangar, parked at the far end, then got out to organise the re-stacking. "Right then", said the great designer, handing over his master plan drawn on a large sheet of paper. "Put 'em all back like that I'll be back in awhile to see how you have got on." That is a process called "delegation." He

## Carry on Jeeves

By Terry Jeeves

strolled off to the Officer's Mess for a quick noggin and returned in time to supervise the shoving in of the last few machines. He issued incoherent instructions telling us to shove the aircraft hither and thither in the intricate ballet pattern required to get in the last few aeroplanes. It was a triumph of mind over matter. He didn't mind and we didn't matter. We duly stacked until the hangar would hold no more. Strangely, although ten Mozzies had come out, only nine would go back in. No chance for the expected twelve called for by our Fuhrer's master plan. Clearly something was wrong. The mystery was solved when the CTO went around counting all the aircraft and found out where the spare space had gone. It was occupied by his Jeep, neatly parked in the far corner of the hangar. By the time he made that discovery there were no airmen standing around to hear his sobs – or to re-push the aircraft out again.

Being a widely dispersed camp, we went everywhere by cycle. As we extended our range we soon discovered that the patriotic local farmers were eager to help the boys in blue by selling them black-market eggs at 3/-3d a dozen. Every Friday saw airmen sneaking off to do the egg-run, and returning, riding one-handed down the track from the farm whilst clutching a haversack full of eggs. Hellfire corner, a downhill hairpin bend was marked by heaps of scattered eggshells, dried up yolks and slowly rusting pieces of discarded bi-



cycles. Sad tributes to where some poor airmen had failed to make the turn. Senior officers had "scrambled egg" on the caps, we had it on our tunics.

Despite the winter of 1945/46 being a cold one we had an early heatwave in February. Some creeping babu in the Orderly Room decided we ought to dig for Victory. Forks and shovels were issues and huge tracts of innocent grassland between the Nissen huts was turned over ready for planting – difficult as the scheme hadn't included seeds.

The end of a working day and the slow creeping in of nightfall often saw us cycling out into the wilds of Norfolk to sample some of the quaint pubs and local hostelries. One such occasion still sticks in my memory. Taffy, Derek, and myself had imbibed happily until closing time; we then began to weave (literally) our homeward way. This involved a two mile journey ending in a sharp right turn down a narrow cart track leading to the back entrance of the camp. We wobbled happily along and had just reached this turn when a car's headlights appeared coming towards us. Taffy got panicky in case one of his zig-zags coincided with the passing of the vehicle. He

dismounted and began to push his vehicle. Whilst performing this highly complicated manoeuvre his feet became entangled in the pedals and the oily bits which dangle underneath.

Over went Taffy for a neat three-point landing in the ditch. Hearing the crash, Derek turned his head to see what was happening and managed to turn his handlebars at the same time. He too landed in the ditch. The car swished by and I felt very smug at avoiding both car and ditch. To demonstrate my superior cycling ability I made a graceful right turn to enter the side track. It was smoothly done, but alas, ten yards too soon. Instead of sailing gaily down the path, I smack into a pile of gravel, over the top and into the other ditch. Motto, don't drink and drive.

It was at Swannington that I was given the chance to play cops and robbers with a real gun! One bright sunny day, I was busy doing nothing, when a bloke stuck his head in the door and told me the Station Warrant Officer wanted to see me. Now a SWO is but a little lower than God and as such, an invitation from him, possibly to tea and cakes, is not to be treated lightly. Mentally reviewing past crimes and busily concocting excuses for them, I presented myself at the Great Being's sanctum. The Great Man gave me a cheerful/gloating smile/leer of the kind cats usually reserve for captured mice. "Ah, Corporal Jeeves, I've fixed up for you to have a trip home. You're to go and collect a prisoner in Birmingham." In vain did I protest that my home town was Sheffield. My defence that I was a Wireless Mechanic and not a Service Policeman, landed on equally stony ground. I was duly issued with an armband, webbing belt, holster, a pair of handcuffs and a service revolver with half a dozen rounds of ammunition. I was also given very strict instructions that I was NOT to use 'em in ANY circumstances. Seems a daft idea issuing the stuff in that case but who was I to argue. With another erk to accompany me and feeling like Wyatt Earp, I was bundled onto the 4pm train to Norwich.

The steaming iron juggernaut belted off the twenty miles into Norwich in well under two hours with only a few hours to wait for a connection to Birmingham – which we reached at 2am the next morning. My companion came from the benighted place, so nipped off home for a sleep leaving me to seek refuge in the YMCA. Not easy at 2am.

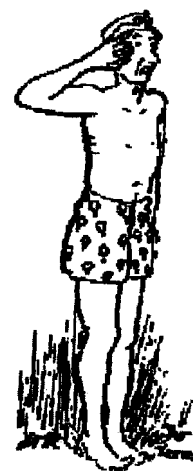
Next morning, we collected our man from the Detention Camp ('glasshouse. He turned out to be a beefy ex-boxer who had decided to opt out of service life and enroll as a civilian. He cheerfully informed us that he was only coming back to get a new uniform and would desert again as soon as he got one.

The only way for us to get back to Swannington was via London, so I showed my prisoner the handcuffs and said he could either wear 'em the whole way back or promise to be good. He promised to behave, so we boarded the train and set off. Half an hour later he asked if he could go to the toilet. Not being totally daft I stationed my erk outside the toilet door, opened our carriage window and stuck my head out.

The toilet door opened a crack, our prisoner looked out, saw the guardian airman and closed the door again. A few seconds later his head appeared out of the toilet window and turned my way. We exchanged sweet smiles, the head was withdrawn and after a short pause our sheepish charge returned to our compartment and gave us no further trouble. Back at camp, I signed him over to the Guard House and returned by Boy Detective outfit – I rather regretted never having had the chance to load the gun, fire a couple of rounds into the roof of Kings Cross station and yell "Stop that man!" I learned later that our friend had served a sentence in the glass house, returned to his job in the MT Section, drawn a new uniform, filled a lorry with petrol and absconded once again.

We had several satellite aerodromes with exotic names such as North Creake, Little Snoring, and Oulton. Eventually all Swannington's Mozzies had been mothballed, ready for World War 3. We were moved to North Creake to store a further dollop of aircraft. I often wonder if they are still mouldering away in those long-forgotten hangars. Two of us were billeted in a disused Medical Room. It was unheated, but a few minutes spent replacing the mains fuses soon put that right. Previous occupants had left six lovely white blankets on one of the beds. I was just about to put one of them in my kitbag for safety when there came a knock on the door. It was a Medical Orderly, "I've just come to collect some blankets we left here" he said. "Oh yes, I'll get 'em for you", I said helpfully. I crossed the room pushed the top blanket off the pile and down behind my bed, picked up the remaining five, turned and handed them to him. He trustingly departed without counting them and I had a nice soft blanket to keep me warm at night.

North Creake proved to be another place where there was little to do and since the summer of 1946 proved a real scorcher with a blazing sun putting in double overtime; we would wander away from the work huts, take off our tunics and get in some sunbathing time behind the nearest aircraft. Taffy Jones had just finished a heavy dinner and never to do things by halves, had stripped down to his underpants. As a protection, he kept his forage cap on. So bedecked, he lay down in the long grass and fell asleep. He had only had about 39 winks when our arch enemy, Flight Lieutenant Montague came belting up in his Jeep. Taffy, alerted by the roar of the engine but only half awake, leaped to his feet and his RAF conditioned reflexes took over. "If it stands still, paint it; if it moves, salute it" Here was an officer-type shape moving towards him. Taffy drew himself up in full dress underpants and gave the CTO his best, longest way up, shortest way down salute. Sadly, I wasn't near enough to hear what Monty said in reply.



# INTERLOCUTIONS

Sheryl Birkhead  
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November 2, 2007

Dear Knarl,

I totally apologize for being so tardy. I thought I had already responded, but I just now found this hiding in the laptop carrying bag-pretending to be stationery. I didn't realize it was patiently awaiting some comments....

My condolences on the loss of your father. There were several incidents during the last year or so of my father's life--some were done in order to spare me the stress while I was at school (although I question some of the motives for this) and some were to keep me totally ignorant of the actual situation (such as my father's wife instructing his physician not to speak with me or share any medical information. A short visit when he was hospitalized let me know what was going on and I stopped on the road to call my siblings to tell them that they needed to make arrangements to get there in the near future. It sounds as if your family handled things much better than mine did.

I thought the law degree was meant as an enhancement to your teaching credentials, but it sounds as if you are legal firm bound.

Good luck with the new puppy--don't forget to at least consider a microchip. There is a big discussion in that, but I'll leave it for another day.

**Gene**, labels may chase away, but-on the flip side, they may attract those specifically looking for that label. I am trying to figure out how to encourage two boys (9 and 11) in a family of six kids to read. Ironically one is interested in dragons and the other in *Star Wars*--so I am just trying to find the right balance between reading level, picture content, and text. We'll see.

**Jim** forgets about the advantages of the revitalizing power of a nice cool glass of water-to put the bloom back in Red's cheeks...er...stalk...um.... Organic versus conventional?

Ah yes, **Terry Jeeves** is carrying on--way to go!

I did my jury service two weeks ago...more or less. We have one case or one day and, while I have been called at least fifteen times, I have only had to actually show up at the courthouse twice. It has been quite a few years since the last trip (as an aside, you get a number and call in the night before your show date and the recording will tell you if you have to actually come in or if you will be recalled in a year) and the information session has changed a lot -- to a DVD. And the

room now has computers for jury pool members to use while they wait. There were 6 trials planned and 300 of us waiting. The first three trials took 35 each -- so I figured there was a good bet I (as number 225) would be overlooked -- until the third trial called 100 people from the pool. Then we waited and waited.... The courthouse where I was is the only one in the county that offers jury trial and it is a defendant's right to demand an "instant" trial -- from any other courthouse. At about 2 p.m. the remaining 35 of us (the rest had requested to be excused; understanding that they would be recalled within 30 days and at that point there was no excuse for not serving) were told not to go anywhere that a call for an instant jury had just come in. So we waited...and waited. At a little after 4, we were told that, after further consideration, the lawyers involved had decided they needed to research the case a bit more before actually getting the "instant" jury (which means it wouldn't be instant, but...). So we were free to go, right smack dab in the middle of rush hour! The commute was the toughest part of the thing. It took 1 1/2 hours to go 18 miles! This means I am off the hook for at least three years. If I had actually been called to a courtroom (whether or not I actually served) it would have been a pass for five years.

Had to cancel my MasterCard again (second time in two years). My fraud detector service called to ask if I had made any international purchases -- no-so it was cancelled. The biggest concern is that I have no idea how the leak occurred. It is interesting to note that both this and the incident a year or so ago both involved activity in London. I am just waiting, but as of right now only the one relatively small purchase occurred. I will be sure when I actually get the next statement. I was a bit surprised that the credit card company would not provide the truncated statement while waiting for the regular closing date. At the minimum, I won't be liable for any money since things have been explained all around -- including the credit score reporting companies. Such fun.

**Ned**: I have a Matrix too. I just had my second hit and run (and no, it is no longer funny to ask which one I was) -- first for this car. Irritating to say the least. It was minor and I will probably not get the damage repaired since it will still cost me \$250 (a lower deductible to cover the catch all "uninsured" motorist and since I know nothing about the other driver...). Said to replace the bumper with a new one would be about \$600 and take 3-4 days-so I would need a rental etc. to use a used bumper would only be about \$30 less-so either way I would be out the \$250. Since the bumper does not look all that bad, I think I will probably live with it. Oh yeah, the light was red, I stopped, but the guy behind me did not.

FYI: the guy who sued for the missing pants was a judge and was just removed from his position. I have no idea if this is directly cause and effect or not.

My computer problems/alternatives continue to be complicated. I cannot get DSL and refuse FiOS since you lose phone service in an outage – so there, currently, is no way to get a better (read faster) connection. I did look at satellite connection but the cost is prohibitive. So getting a new (and oh so pretty!) Mac means it would still be slow and I would still have the chip compatibility problem with the software and the cost of the new computer. Sigh. I guess I'll keep limping along...as long as it will....

Ghood luck **Laurraine** on the moving preparations and follow through. I think one of my

neighbors has moved, but I keep seeing her car there intermittently and see her bringing in the mail.

I saw the For Sale sign go up and out of curiosity went to the real estate website and took a look at the asking price – lotsa luck! I can also call up public records and see that they are asking almost double what they paid two years ago. In this selling climate (even though we are fairly insulated with all the federal employment) it just is not going to sell and I intend to see if I can locate the selling price when it actually does. Houses here will sell, but usually it takes at least 6 months and often the price has to come down a bit. All around me there is a lot of building going on as if there was no problem...and looking at the signs listing starting prices at a million. Now I just will sit back and see how well the homes actually sell.

My mother always had holiday presents hidden everywhere and rarely could remember where she put everything. It was not unusual to accidentally find a wrapped present months after the holidays. We all just enjoyed opening presents whenever we stumbled over them – it was not just restricted to one holiday. I have to admit that this was all by accident and not design, but that never made any difference.

So, that's about it – hope to get this mailed tomorrow – as always, thanks.

Sheryl

☐**CKK**: *My original intent was to use the law degree to enhance my teaching and MSOE, but they have shown little interest or support for that. The Humane Society microchips all cats and dogs before adopting them out. Sorry to hear of your accident. Deductibles keep your overall insurance rates down, but having to pay one for a hit and run seems like the final insult.*☐

Ned Brooks  
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19 Nov. 2007

Hi Knarl - Thanks for the zine! Nice **Schirmeister** cover! I don't know when you find the time – if you get much busier

you will meet yourself coming the other way.... I just mailed the annual *It Goes on the Shelf* and put it online as well.

Does folding *TKK* for the half-size envelope get you back under the “large envelope” surcharge? I threw the envelope away before I thought to check. The little pamphlet I have from the Post Awwful doesn't say how large an envelope can be before it has to pay 80 cents for the first ounce.

Weird to think of *Chris Garcia* being “young” in 1991, and worrying about who knew he liked Philip Jose Farmer. I like Farmer's early work (*The Alley God, Flesh, The Lovers*) much better than the later stuff and never cared who knew it.

I suspect **Jim Sullivan**'s “Senior League” would be as good at protecting the southern border as we have now – I suppose they would have to wear uniforms, but why would he expect them to march? I certainly qualify otherwise, but I was never any good at marching.

As for “expert” witnesses, the FBI just admitted that their procedure for matching bullet fragments to unused bullets by metallurgical profile analysis was so flawed as to be worthless - and hundreds of men are in jail on the basis of it. Foo – I suppose it would have worked if you were accused of shooting a werewolf and were found in possession of silver bullets....

I did let one of the little tree-like things in the lawn grow, but I fear the drought may have killed it. The plum tree by the front door seems healthy, but has no plums – or whatever they were. It had a lot one year, and that was it. My sister tasted one and said it was pretty bad, but the squirrels seemed to like them. They were a golden brown and the size and shape of a plum. I did not plant the thing, it just came up through the juniper ground cover and now there are three of them.

Best, Ned

☐**CKK**: *Folding a zine in half is a big pain, but it saves the large envelope surcharge which would almost double my domestic postage.*☐

Joseph T. Major  
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November 19, 2007

Dear Knarley & Letha:

And now the knews ... Now that was a welcome to Minneapolis! Dropping in on their con, at least the dead dog. (Reminds me of the time they ran Midwestcon over to Monday just so Howard DeVore could keep up his perfect attendance record.) Are you pre-supporting their bid for '73?

And I'm sure the coach is immensely grateful that you're not “the kind of parent that will undermine his authority or meddle in the team.” Not after those parents who start fights.

Helicopter parents get their beginning somewhere – at, say, the little precious’s sports teams, which goes on to running their college days on a day-to-day basis. But, given the vast financial investment a child represents these days, and how much effort it takes to get the perfect profile for getting into that high-prestige job, their attention to detail is understandable.

Internet laws; there are a number of works that are in copyright in some jurisdictions and in public domain in others. As a result, those seeking free/stolen copies will be directed to servers in those jurisdictions where the work is in public domain. And what about those cases where the domain is in one country and the server in another?

**Chris Garcia:** *The Dark Design* was the one that broke me of liking the *Riverworld* series, mostly because I got to the end and realized that, for all the action that there had been in the book, nothing really had happened! And then the Caleb Catlum Syndrome ate Farmer’s brain.

Sue’s Sites: I went and looked at Mackinac Bridge. But how, you say, Joe lives in Kentucky, several hours drive from the Straits, and can’t afford to drive there, what with gas prices the way they are. Ah, but there is Google Maps! The bridge looks very impressive from orbit.

I believe my stepcousin Robley could have walked five miles back when he was a spring chicken of 93, back in 1994.

Carry On Jeeves: “For the enormous sum of three bob” which, in those days of the pre-devalued pound, would have been about 60¢. Which wasn’t that far from what Special Delivery was here then.

It’s like listening to Elvis sing “Return to Sender” and realizing that the singer and his angry girlfriend, or ex-girlfriend, live in a town that has twice a day delivery. Think about it; he gives his letter to the postman and gets it back the next day, so it must have gone to her, been rejected, and come back. They used to have twice a day delivery in cities, until they improved the service.

InterLOCutions: **Brad Foster:** I know what you mean about computer service. We’ve been having that on-site ever since the end of March, and what with Grant’s recent problems, it looks like it’ll be that way for some time (i.e., he may already have registered to vote at our house).

**Ned Brooks:** As I’d said to Knarley back when he first mentioned being an expert witness, Clarence Darrow would ask the other side’s expert witnesses only one question: “How much are you being paid for your testimony?” Then he would argue in his closing statement that they were only bought. (One wonders how that would have gone over in the *Irving vs. Lipstadt* case, but then Irving would have had to have asked for a jury trial.)

I believe the “approved religions” refers to those for which religious symbols have been approved.

Reply to me: The equivalent of your argument is the joke which ends with God telling the man who drowned in the flood: “I provided two boats and a helicopter, what more did you want?”

I’m glad that **Joseph Nicholas** clarified that he thinks that saying someone isn’t Jewish is a compliment.

**E. B. Frohvet:** But nowadays Holiday Season lights are recommended to be white, since colored lights will infringe the rights of others.

**Jim Stumm:** The primary shuttle emergency landing strips were in Spain and Ghana. It depended in the inclination of the orbit. Yes, I understand that having an emergency declared just might disrupt ordinary traffic. And no doubt someone would sue.

“This is so the students it’s meant for will be forced to concentrate on keyboarding practice and writing without distractions.” Not to mention not text-messaging each other the answers.

**Mark Strickert:** The interesting thing about the Jehovah’s Witnesses is that they had a schism in the thirties and the faction of that name was the one that adopted the bit about blood transfusions being a sin.

**Milt Stevens:** Sure enough, a just-released study names Detroit as the worst place to live. Which will be interesting when we go see my cousin Kathy and her husband Pete Levi on the way to Montreal, seeing as they live there.

**Lloyd Penney:** I had several long stretches of interviewing for jobs that evaporated, one way or another. Which is why I resolved to stick with my job for a while. The next issue of *TKK* should be out just before my twentieth year.

**Eric Lindsay:** “Okay, Who’s the Chief Whip, What’s the Deputy Chief Whip, and I-Don’t-Know’s the Whip.” “What is the name of the Chief Whip?” “What is the name of the Deputy Chief Whip.” “I don’t know.” “That’s the Whip.” And so on to “HEY ABBOTT!!!”

The three visitors were “Magi” – wise men.

Namarie,  
Joseph T Major

□**TKK:** *There has been a major effort in recent years to harmonize the duration for copyright under GATC. I think most juries are too smart today to buy Darrow’s approach; especially given that both sides often have experts testifying. It is also not allowed to accuse another witness of lying. You have to do a bit of an end around; usually by providing witnesses with contradicting statements. I suspect the implication that testimony has been bought is sufficiently oblique to avoid any problems.*□

Joy V. Smith  
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20 Nov 2007

Appreciatively,  
Joy V. Smith

Dear Henry

It looks like a big, spiky gremlin got into the machine and rearranged your title and ate some letters and then ripped that girl's clothes off.

I see your schedule is chaotic, but it sounds like you're managing to stay on top of it. Fitting Falcon in was fun and useful. Sounds like you're not so busy with hockey this year, which seems like a good thing, what with your law classes, your teaching, and your travel. And how is Skippy doing? Have you considered obedience training? Crating?

I enjoyed **Chris Garcia's** article; it reminded me of when I said something apologetic about SF to a college English professor, and he rebuked me and said-Don't apologize... I forget his exact words, but my mind stood up straight and said-Yes!!

I also enjoyed Sue's Sites; Mackinac Bridge. Congratulations on walking Big Mac! The background about the ferry boat made me wonder if I rode on it when I was a little kid in Wisconsin. I have a childhood memory of a ferry boat and smoked fish... I don't think there were that many ferry boats in the area.

**Terry Jeeves'** homecoming chapter was interesting and still filled with adventure and shenanigans. I admire him for all those treks home when posted "near home."

LOCs: **Joe Major**, thanks for the background on Wikipedia. That explains a lot. (They probably can't monitor it the way ISFDB does.) Re: seat belts. If God were a big, bearded man, he'd be shaking his shaggy head at our foolishness. (I liked the line about God and the lottery ticket. And I enjoyed *Bruce Almighty*, the movie, which addressed everyone's desires.)

I've been keeping my eyes open for the *Mythbusters* skunk episode. I'd love to see that.

Re: atheist making sotto voice comments during grace (**Milt Stevens'** LOC). I think we've all had to endure things we disagreed with. I've sat through some funeral services where the preacher and the tribute givers said things that I really felt like protesting against, but some things aren't done in polite society. There's a reason for manners. (It distresses me to hear that friends and grandchildren harassed dying men by asking them if they were saved.)

Thanks, Henry, for not going electronic yet. I enjoy reading print publications. I have all the e-newsletters and book excerpts I need. I relax by getting off the computer and reading. (However, I do like sending my LOCs via e-mail.)

☐**CKK:** *Skippy has been through the usual dog training, crate training, and the rest. He just hasn't learned how to gently say "I need to go out." Are you perhaps thinking of the Ludington to Manitowoc ferry that was primarily for rail cars years ago, but they always packed a few motor vehicles in and allowed passengers? I much prefer getting LOCs by e-mail; it beats having to retype them or work from an OCR'd scan.*☐

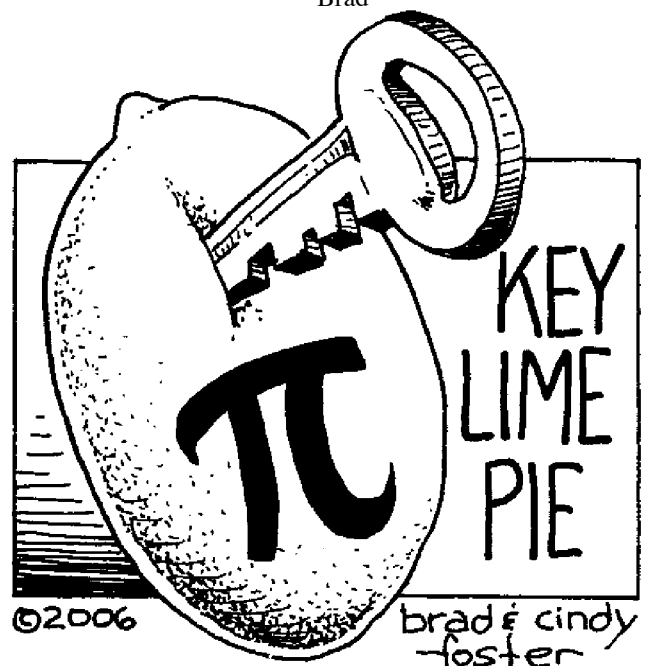
Brad Foster  
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21 Nov 2007

Greetings Henry and Letha~

The end of **Ned's** LOC this issue came at just the right moment. I refer to his comment about the veteran's request for a Wiccan burial plaque having been turned down, since it wasn't on the official list of approved religions.

There was just a story on the local news about a guy who had put a large statue of a rather imposing gargoyle demon up in his front yard. Seems the neighborhood association had some problems with that, and requested he remove it, pointing out a rule about "no sculptures or statuary in front yards." He pointed back that the association didn't seem to be that bothered by the dozens of angels and other items cropping up all over the neighborhood. Evidently this went back and forth for quite some months but, in the end, he was allowed to leave his demon guardian in place. Sometimes the good guys DO win!

stay happy~  
Brad



☐*TKK: I find that many people rarely think about how a rule might apply to them when they apply it to someone else.*☐

Joseph Nicholas  
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21 Nov 2007

Dear Henry and Letha

Thanks for your latest ish (number 126).

A couple of people describe their encounters with religious callers. We sometimes get them knocking at our door, and it's always either Jehovah's Witnesses or Seventh Day Adventists – assuming that these are not one and the same thing; not being remotely interested in the finer points of their doctrines, I can't tell them apart anyway. But (on the rare occasions we open the door to them – they usually call on Saturday mornings, when we do the food shopping for the week so are out of the house) we never draw them into conversation: we just tell them that we're not interested and would they please go away. (Usually thinking afterwards of all the clever and caustic anti-religious remarks we could have made.)

The interesting thing about these callers is that, overwhelmingly, they are black –d presumably for historical reasons, because of the role played by evangelical and dissenting religions in the abolition of slavery and the promotion of civil and equal rights. Black is the skin colour which predominates in another set of evangelicals (doctrine unknown) which take up a space on the pavement outside the entrance to Seven Sisters Underground Station on Saturdays and engage in what I suppose would be termed “public preaching” – but distinguished by being rapped in time with a drum'n'bass track pumped out by the amplifier and speakers they've brought along, and being so deafeningly loud that one can't actually make out the words. (Perhaps one might be able to, if one crossed to the other side of the High Road, but I'm not interested enough to wish to do so.)

I've only ever encountered white evangelicals on two occasions. The second was this summer, when queueing at an ATM, where a young woman tried to give me a leaflet about her church. “Religion is garbage and god does not exist,” I snapped back. (I'd been queueing for some minutes, so wasn't feeling very charitable.) “Can you prove that?” she said. “I can explain the existence of the universe and everything in it by reference to reasonably well-understood physical, chemical and biological processes,” I said. “It's people like you who wish to insert supernatural entities into the process who should be asked to explain why they think god is necessary.” She looked absolutely gobsmacked – and, clearly having no answer to my intellectual steamroller, could only manage a feeble “I'll pray for you.” “Don't bother,” I said, as I finally got to use the ATM.

The other, first, occasion was a couple of years ago, when our local Friends of the Earth group was pamphletising the masses outside the library in Wood Green High Street. (This is a forecourt area which the council specifically designates for “political activity,” to ensure that the various groups which wish to publicise their particular causes don't obstruct the narrower pavements elsewhere in the street.) I can't remember the specific issue on which we were campaigning – probably climate change – but we were notably more successful in persuading passing shoppers to take our material than the evangelical group on the other side of the forecourt, a bunch of “young Earth” fundamentalists who believed that the Earth is only six thousand years old and the fact that fossils can be found on the tops of mountains proves that there was once a global deluge. We'd encountered them before, and noted that they had a recurring tendency to bang on about what they call “foetus rights” and the alleged evils of homosexuality in a hectoring, you-scum-are-doomed tone which unsurprisingly does not attract many people.

On this occasion, however, we became aware that instead of rehearsing their well-worn positions they were actually preaching against us and our allegedly false beliefs – we loved the Earth, but in time the Earth would pass away and only the word of god would endure. This proved things. (I paraphrase.) By unspoken consent on both sides, we went into head-to-head competition with them to see who could give away more leaflets and get more expressions of public support. We'd been doing a lot better than them anyway; what must have galled them more was that we continued to do a lot better. We talked through the issues with passing shoppers and got their interest; the evangelicals got rolled eyes and get-away-from-me grimaces. By the time we'd run out of campaign materials at around one o'clock (which had been our intended stopping time anyway), they still had stacks of their leaflets. They doubtless felt they'd scored a victory in driving us off and leaving the library forecourt clear for themselves, but since all they could offer is a rant to which no one was listening what sort of victory is that?

Regards  
Joseph

☐*TKK: If I didn't know any better I'd think you reveled in being a pain in the ass to those whose opinions you don't hold very highly.*☐

John Purcell  
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22 Nov 2007

Good morning, Henry. I see it is now time for another loc on another issue of the *Snarley News*. Oh! I meant, the *Knarley News*. Silly me, getting distracted by that marvelous **Schirmeister** cover. What a style and sense of humor that guy has; it reminds me that I need to bug him for a cover.

Good luck on your job search, Henry. If you end up in Minneapolis-St. Paul, you would be in one of the finest fan communities in the world. Your comment about the fans there giving you valuable tips about the best schools and areas to live is so true. Minneapolis fans - heck, Twin Cities fans, since St. Paul is a valuable part of the equation up there - are among the friendliest people I have ever known. In a way, I am a bit envious since I would love to get back there someday, if only to attend a Minicon again, and this is something that I can eventually rectify.

Speaking of which, how did you like your brief exposure to Convivial 2? That is one of the plethora of cons that has sprouted up in the Twin Cities since I left the area lo so many years gone. If it was anything like Minicon, it was probably a very good time. The fact that the con's Powers That Be let you crash the dead dog is a very good sign about the event.

So you didn't coach your son's hockey team this year? Well, that's alright. My son's soccer team - the Buzz - won the College Station, Texas U-12 recreation league fall title with a near perfect record: 9 wins, 0 losses, 1 tie. In the tournament held over the second weekend of November, they won all three of their games by shut-outs. Daniel had two assists in tournament play. And the boys did this despite having me as their assistant coach! They played hard and well, and had a great time. Everybody played in every game, which is the way it should be. I am very proud of these boys, and I look forward to doing it again in the spring league, starting in March, 2008.

Flipping through this issue, there are other items of note herein. This year's TAFF race winner, **Chris Garcia**, plays with the old memory banks that are getting older by the minute. I never really hid the fact that I enjoyed reading science fiction when I was in high school. Heck, that's basically how I met my best friend, Steve Glennon, who eventually joined Minn-stf with me in 1973. He was reading a Larry Niven book before our 10th grade English class - I think it was *World of Ptavvs*, but I'm not sure, it was so long ago - and that was how we met (January, 1970). It was all downhill from there.

But I didn't really have a crush on any girl in high school, at least not in the traditional sense of a "secret crush"; there was one girl that I had known since sixth grade, her name was Robin, and I had a crush on her in sixth grade, definitely. By the time we got to high school, though, she and I actually talked to each other on a regular basis - never dated her, it needs be said - since we were both in marching band. She was a very pretty girl, and extremely bright, too. I think she had one of the top twelve GPAs in our graduating class, she was in the National Honors Society (so was I, but barely), and a member of student council, plus involved in other activities as well. Oh, yeah! Robin was in the Surf Belles, our high school's synchronized swimming team. But I didn't have a crush on her in high school. Robin was definitely out of my dating league, though, Oh, well. Come to think of it, I dated only once while I was in high school, but that's another story



that will probably never be told. (Mainly because I forget the girl's name and what we did. Probably saw a movie.)

Mackinac Bridge is one of those places I have always wanted to see. I really can't imagine a five-mile bridge span, and it would be kinda cool to do the walk across it. That would be something. Swimming those five miles would be torturous; that water has to be *cold* at any time of the year up there. More power to those swimmers.

Not much else to add here, but I enjoyed the articles by **Jim Sullivan**, **Gene Stewart**, and **Terry Jeeves**. And congratulations to **Terry Jeeves** for being the latest recipient of the Rotsler Award. An excellent choice.

Many thanks for the fanzine, Henry, and good luck with your studies and classes. Have a happy holiday season.

All the best,  
John Purcell

☐CKK: *The entire Mackinac Bridge is five miles long. The central span is much shorter, but still very impressive.*☐

E.B. Frohvet  
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November 24, 2007

Dear Henry,

There is a mineral, called "tranquilityite": so named because the only known specimens were in lunar rocks brought back by the Apollo 11 mission.

In Starbucks the other day, I commented idly to the teenage barista that all the music CDs featured that day were from my generation: Joni Mitchell, John Fogerty, Bob Dylan. She agreed with me in the blankly polite way indicating she really didn't know what I was talking about. For some reason I pressed the issue, asking if she knew who any of those people



were. No, she did not. “You don’t know who Bob Dylan is?” I picked up the CD:

*Mr. Tambourine Man, Rainy Day Women, Subterranean Homesick Blues* and a dozen other classics. I told her, “You really ought to listen to this.” Alas for the death of music in the U.S.

On the bacover justification, “You are going to write me some articles” – well, you know, don’t bet the rent money on it. I’ve tried to be open with people that I’m about finished with that aspect of my fanac. Front cover: nice rack. Reminds me of a scene in Esther Friesner’s book, *Harlot’s Ruse* or something like that. I no longer have the book.

Interesting perspective on how technology changes may require changes in the law. I recall seeing on the news a case of a pornography website operating out of the regulation-free Cayman Islands (apparently they’re pretty laissez-faire about banking too). US authorities were struggling to find a way to charge him; for instance, the proprietor was not violating postal rules, and the internet apparently does not fall under the FCC.

“Things I Kept Secret in High School”: Sadly, I have to inform **Chris Garcia** that I was never much of a Philip Jose Farmer fan. You can make a case for Farmer as one of the pioneering writers about sex-in-SF (but so was Ellison, see, e.g., “A Boy and his Dog”). There was just something about Farmer’s writing that didn’t do it for me, which I might best define as an eagerness to be shocking for no other reason than to be shocking.

“Wired and Fried”: Samuel R. Delany rewrote the Orpheus and Eurydice myth, it’s called *The Einstein Intersection*. I chanced to re-read it not long ago, and it holds up amazingly well.

So many familiar notes in **Terry Jeeves’** tale of homecoming, but none that generate a comment. Civilians just don’t get it.

**Brad Foster**: The Pennsylvania Turnpike, built in the 1930s, was deliberately engineered for 65-70 MPH, which was at or beyond the capability of most cars of the period. It has long been understood, except in some southern localities dependent on the income from speed traps, that everyone is allowed 5 MPH over the posted limit.

**Ned Brooks**: On multiple-choice questions, I recently came across a test in which, on several questions, none of the choices applied; so I left them blank. This usually helixes up the scoring; except in this case, where the instructions at the end blithely added, “For every question you left blank, give yourself five points.” It changed my total score but not the result.

**Joseph Major**, and Henry: You won’t get anywhere trying to parse a religious **diktat** for sense or reason.

Criticizing holiday lights as “light pollution” seems unduly harsh.

**Jim Stumm**: Shannon, Ireland, is the first major airport available to any eastbound flight over the North Atlantic, and therefore an acknowledged emergency site. Gander, Newfoundland, is the equivalent on this side. Contingency planning. As far as I recall, the shuttles have never needed to land anywhere except Canaveral, or Edwards Air Force Base in California.

**Mark Strickert**: Mormon missionaries always go in pairs as that is LDS policy. They’re not allowed to drink coffee, either.

**Milt Stevens**: Reinforces my view about courtesy to such religious practices as are harmless and not intrusive.

**Eric Lindsay**: The “wise men” of the Christmas story were in fact experts in an occult discipline, Chaldean astrologers. As many Christians hold all forms of esoteric wisdom to be evil, they were euphemized to “wise men” (probably true in a time of general illiteracy); the description of them as “three kings” is entirely fantasy.

Death to French gerbils,  
E.B. Frohvet

☐**TKK**: *The trick to spam is that repeated receipt of the same message will often result in a “OK I’ll check it out.” response. So maybe my repeated requests for articles will do the same. I used to have a sound effects device in my car with a mortar sound. I used it for excessive holiday displays.*☐

Bill Legate  
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Nov. 24, 2007

Henry,

I’m told that Jack Kerouac wasn’t really a first-drafter all the time. So never mind what I said. Rex Stout generally composed in his head, and didn’t refer back to what he’d written. – Whatever that might mean.

Baring-Gould’s and Darby’s books on Stout are useful. I haven’t seen what Bernard DeVoto said. I’m reading the 500-some pages of information in John McAleer’s biography of Stout, ranging between complimentary and reverent. It’s known that Stout was picky about grammar (although I find his characters’ speech imperfect); he felt that Richard III was given a bad rap; he favored international law (United World Federalists). During World War 2 he drew controversy by saying that to win we must hate not only Hitler and Nazis but that whole country, and the Germans, for letting it happen. His sense of humor was weird; his stories have hidden jokes. I’m finding more inconsistencies in the stories, but no encompassing explanations now.

I'm also reading Theodore White's *In Search of History*, about how Jewish kids fared with Irish kids in old Boston; the intelligence of Chou En-lai while the Communists were fighting the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek was sniping at the Communists; tracing Europe's Common Market back to the situation created by the Marshall Plan, and to one Jean Monnet, among whose many plans was an observation that France was short of coal, while Germany was short of iron ore – and it would be in everyone's interest that "the victors release their clamp on Germany's steel production if Germany freely share its coal resources with France" ... This was the early 1950s, and Monnet knew a lot of the people overseeing postwar Europe. – Among many others with whom the correspondent White hung out.

White later hung out with the Kennedy bunch, and kept reflecting on "history" – he says that he early dismissed Marx's projected inevitable end of history simply because of the many powerful men of all sorts he had known around the world, starting things, solving problems, making a difference. "You could not understand history if you did not include such men as a critical ingredient."

Anyone stepping around recent bookstore displays: In a short Ellery Queen story, "Seven Black Cats" (about 1933 or 1934), within a period of two months, six cats and two women mysteriously disappear, and a seventh cat is left dead in a tub. It turns out that the building superintendent killed them, dumping both women and six of the cats into the incinerator. The superintendent's name is Harry Potter.

There seem to be area code 512 phones in both Austin and Montreal, and area code 614 phones in both Columbus and Toronto. Does not compute. – Anyone here work for the phone company?

**Major:** Removing seat belts and trusting God reminds me of when umbrellas were first developed, disapproved by some for interfering with the God-sent rain.

**Nicholas:** There's a great variety of stuff in there, some more and some less tedious. But I don't mind reading long portions of it. The most difficult parts are Paul's letters, figuring his vocabulary and relating it to other stuff from around that time; that's denser than the history, and takes longer. But yeah, I've read the Bible off and on for most of my life. Some folks are interested by some things, some by others, of course. – I doubt that such a craving by religious Americans for "salvation through massive destruction" as you posit is accurate or explains anything.

*FOSFAX* surprised me, arriving on Nov. 23. **Tim** pokes some fun at the politics of climatology. Maybe the professional ecologists can spend my tax dollars on unverifiable experiments when they're not busy keeping track of my habits.

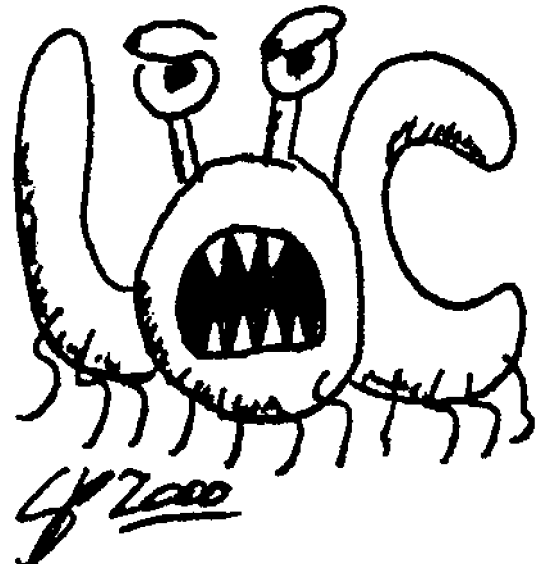
A number of readers: The Ten Commandments on a wall in the court of some Alabama judge, a few years ago, was perceived locally as something pleasing to the judge, and re-

spected by everyone who respected the judge, aside from any observer's own beliefs. – And parallel situations anywhere in the U.S., similarly. I mean, c'mon. We were raised that way!

When we're overseas, in countries with different religious histories, we have no reason to expect any natives to "protect" us from their visible religious behavior; and no one reasonably expects such "protection" from people with a Christian heritage in this country, either. Barring the public finance of specifically religious displays is reasonable, but barring community space for them is not. (What would your grandparents say?) And it's reasonable that when it's some kind of borderline question, responsibility for the decisions should rest with local authorities, and even with the people living in the affected neighborhood.

Two spheres are the only things that exist. Say that they're on one axis, in otherwise empty space; and that on that axis, one is rotating with respect to the other. Which one is rotating? Isn't that arbitrary? – But mustn't one of them bulge, due to centrifugal force? Which one, – and why? (Ha! Ha!) – (Part of the answer is, "That's a misconception of what 'space' is," and part of it is unknown.)

**Sullivan:** Carrots appeared in Afghanistan, and spread across Eurasia. The rue, a genus of evergreen shrubs, are also native to Eurasia. Carrot rhymes with parrot. Edward Lear, the youngest of 21 children and a queer epileptic, among other things, was first well known as an illustrator of parrots. The first version of his nonsense verses (limericks) came out in 1846. That year he was giving drawing lessons to Queen Victoria. – His affections passing inspections, he departed the house of corrections; and with a face that would stop a subway cop, he rode off in all directions. – Four days listing words spelled with the 15 letters typed by the left hand on a standard keyboard. Over 3200 of them, then I blew it off. Do you know, it might be possible to restrict a vocabulary to words spelled by the left hand? (No, but hum a few bars and I'll fake it.) A brave new spelling, a left Newspeak. You can come up with any number of left-handed palindromes, but I haven't seen any very exciting ones. "Ere we were, we were." "Reward, dab at a bad drawer." "Star war stressed redder des-



serts: raw rats.” “Retrace Carter.” – But on your other idea: I’d rather lie abed than guard any national boundaries.

A sliced carrot displays rotational, reflectional, and translational symmetry: this is the acme of epitome (the epitome of height). Observation collapses the wavefunction: we are desperate men who will stop at -nothing- to achieve our aims. You know, nothingness. It’s cosmic, man! Something like 5.39 times 10 to the -44 second between tortoise and hare, skeezix and pipsissiwa: to seize the bull by the horns and separate the wheat from the goats. The presence of an observer logically precludes testing of some meaningful hypotheses. So use -renormalization-, and rid your workplace of unsightly infinities. A Nihilist plot? No, there’s nothing to it. Some one way, some the other, and never both; but I’d give my right arm to be ambidextrous. Gone where the woodbine twineth, where the whangdoodle mourneth his firstborn; in-nuendo, out the other: a dirty job, but somebody’s gotta do it. Mystic in the deli, “Make me one with everything.” Making a Montaigne out of a Moliere? Come into my complex, I’ll pay you with counterfeit stamps – because imitation is the sincerest form of philately.

Slowly I turn, step by step, like loading dogs in a wheelbarrow, busy as a carrot on a hot tin roof, where the carrots are ringing off the hook. Second annual none-of-the-above, speaking Esperanto like a native: and who’ll bell the cat? You can’t have your cake and take it with you, or make an omelette without breaking the ice. Strike while the iron is hot under the collar, hey, nonny, nonny, and Hut-Sut Ralston on the Rillerah. Birds of a feather have big ears; water off a duck’s back goes in one ear and out the other. A watched pot gathers no moss, putting the cart before they hatch: spare the rod and eat it too, promoted beyond competence and upgraded beyond compatibility, out of the frying pan and into the deep blue sea, the better part of valor, spontaneous self-organization of a hypothesis so subtle and profound, you could never possibly understand it; it derails my train of thought. Pull up a chair and sit down beside it! Avoid cliches like the plague! It’s up to you now. (We re all counting on you.) The proof of the pudding is sauce for the gander, don’t count your chickens in the middle of the stream, a rolling stone has nine lives, a bird in the hand never boils, it’s an ill wind that comes home to roost, a pot of carrots at the end of the rainbow. That’s the last time you trick me, Coyote!

Henry: Your brothers in Atherton and Palo Alto are right there to spy on the Stanford Law School, if you should ever think to keep track of that outfit.

B.

☐**CKK:** *I don’t work for the phone company, but there is no real technical barrier to having area codes wherever you want them. Donage allows you to have a number that is “local” in any market where they have numbers. What about the vermishous kinid?*☐

Jim Stumm  
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November 26, 2 007

Detroit: An item in the newspaper reports on the 14th annual City Crime Rankings of 378 US cities re violent crimes per capita. Detroit is the number one most dangerous city on this list. Buffalo is ranked 24th most dangerous, up from 34th last year. A Buffalo police spokesman finds this change perplexing since violent crime has decreased in Buffalo over the last year. Meanwhile, the Town of Amherst, a Buffalo suburb, is ranked as the 4th safest city in the country. Last year Amherst was the 2nd safest, and it has been number one safest in the country 6 times in 14 years.

I’ve never been to Detroit, except I think I changes planes there once. But there are probably low-crime Detroit suburbs that parallel the Amherst/Buffalo comparison. The advice to drive around, rather than thru, Detroit is undoubtedly sound. But I suppose Detroit is like Buffalo in that there are safer areas even within the city. Here crime is concentrated in certain neighborhoods. But a stranger wouldn’t know which streets to avoid. They all look the same on a roadmap. On the internet, however, you can find more informative satellite imagery. Spectacular aerial photos of, I believe, any US city address are available at maps.live.com The built-up prosperous-looking neighborhoods are probably also low-crime. The bombed out war zones are the places to avoid. In Buffalo, the short rule is: avoid the East Side, which is roughly everything east of Main St., which

runs roughly north and south.

There is also a time factor. Daylight hours are safer than hours of darkness. And the bad guys tend to sleep late, so from dawn to about 11 AM, the mean streets are generally quiet.

Frost: There was no frost in Buffalo either in October. It was almost Thanksgiving Day before we had a killing frost. That seems to be the pattern in recent years. Long ago, the average date of the first killing frost in Buffalo was October 10th. But now it seems to have moved forward 4 or 5 weeks. Global warming I suppose.

**Brad W. Foster:** I have 3 problems with the junk trees in my neighbors’ yards. One is that they shade my vegetable garden, greatly reducing yield. I’ve cut off all the low branches that come over the fence that I can reach, but I can’t do anything about the tall trees in neighbors’ yards to the south that block the sun. The second problem is tree seeds that fall from these trees into my yard resulting in that many more weeds that I have to pull. The third problem is that, even though I have no trees in my yard, I have a yard full of leaves to clean up. And you should see the mess that squirrels make in my yard when they get into the black walnuts from the tree next door.

**Ned Brooks:** I usually find that I can't agree with any of the choices offered on political surveys. I sometimes respond to mail surveys by writing in extended explanations in answer to questions, for my own amusement only, since I know they aren't going to count it. I hang up on phone surveys.

Aside from that, I wonder about the accuracy of surveys anyway. They always say things like: according to this survey, 60% prefer X. But as I understand it, only some low percent of those asked respond to surveys. I gather that 5% would be a high response rate. So to report the result correctly they should say: 60% of the 5% who responded prefer X. As to the preferences of the 95% who choose not to respond, we have no idea. How do the people who conduct surveys know that the small number who respond are representative of the whole group? I suppose they simply assume it. Without that assumption, the whole enterprise of surveying would be exposed as worthless. Responders are certainly not representative of the great majority in at least one respect, they choose to respond, whereas the majority don't.

**Joseph Nicholas:** I have often wondered to what extent the prevalent secularism in Britain might be a reaction to having a tax-supported Established Church.

**E.B. Frohvet:** I hang up on telephone solicitors, but I don't yell at them. Often I don't say anything. But lately, if I hear that recognizable accent, I say: "I'm not accepting any calls from India." Then hang up. Elections: A review of Alan Greenspan's memoirs in "Liberty" says that he concluded that the US Presidency attracts people who are not psychologically normal, who are different in a bad way. Of the 6 Presidents he worked for, the most normal was Jerry Ford, and he wasn't elected.

Jim Stumm

☐**CKK:** *As a general rule violent crime is decreasing everywhere. Whether this is because less of it is reported or simply that the numbers are always reported per capita and the population is increasing faster than the crime is for someone else to figure out. The courts are particularly wary of survey evidence. Much of that is due to not understanding statistics and confidence intervals.*☐

Gene Stewart  
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Belevue, NE 68005  
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3 Dec 2007

Henry & Co. –

Re: **Schirm's** excellent cover: It's what force does once it's done ravishing the pacifist it can't resist that causes most of the problems.



## DIPLOMAT

Skippy may be suffering from an allergy but such a well-timed one seems unlikely. Sound stimulus at that time, perhaps?

**Chris Garcia's** secrets were fairly commonplace and I, too, discovered Farmer, including *A Feast Unknown* and *Blown*, back in high school, although I did not keep him secret.

One of my high school startlements was a lovely girl named Sue who I thought admirable in all ways, so much so that I never approached her – only to find out, from her, the very last day, as she handed me a picture, that she'd had a crush on me all four years...

Of such missed chances is life's midden made.

**Sue Welch's** discussion of Mackinac Bridge forced math on me. If it's nearly five miles long, and one counts both sides, then it offers ten miles of tempting edge off which to hurl one's life's mistakes and regrets. Combine this article with the high school secrets and it could make quite a splash.

**Jim Sullivan's** senior solution, (sounds like a Mexican folk hero, Señor Solution, he of the soothing waters...), is a good one until you remember how crotchety old folk – like me – tend to get. Arming old people is just asking to be shot full of holes at the first annoyance. And they're not all that sharp-eyed or, for that matter, vigilant. They'd tend to blast away at any blur that moves and would nod off during peak sneaking hours.

I think the best solution to all borders is to stop pretending they matter and start dealing with people instead of real estate.

My own article, "Wired & Fried: The New Aesthetic?", will no doubt cause all sorts of irrelevant consternation and mean-

spirited grousing, same as most of them do. No, I do not want to rule the world, being barely able to take care of myself. (My wife would say I can't and she may have a point.) No, I'm not crazy, a faggot, or stupider than a headless chicken, although I do run in circles at times and have been seen in a Muu-muu. Yes, I do detest the Bush League junta, torture, the crime of war, the crime of government, and all sorts of other things; endless list, really. Nu? And yes, I do prefer reality to whatever it is the so-called news media are peddling these days.

Good old **Terry Jeeves** writes the best memoir I have ever encountered. Bravo as always.

And I've pretty well taken care of InterLOCutions, I think. Hi, **Joe**.

—OLD 815

☐**TKK**: *It is life's lost chances that may often haunt us the most.*☐

Milt Stevens  
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December 3, 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

In *Knarley Knews* #126, Henry mentions taking a class in internet law. That sounds interesting. Most of what I've heard about law and the internet is that things that are illegal anywhere else are also illegal on the internet. All you have to add is some big jurisdictional conflicts and problems of finding the jerks in cyberspace. It might be nice to have a law specifying summary execution for spammers, but other legal restrictions wouldn't allow it. Bummer.

**Chris Garcia** wrote a really top notch article. We all thought things and did things in high school, and we can even talk about some of it. It's remarkable how little the high school experience changes over the decades. The course work will teach you a whole bunch of archaic skills you will never use again in your lifetime. However, the things you learn about sex are really essential.

Of course, my own sex life is something I seldom talk about in print or in person, but I sometimes talk about my thoughts on the subject. In high school, there was a girl who really got my attention without me ever trying to date her. Unlike **Chris**, I was friends with the girl in question and went over to her house on numerous occasions although we were both always dating other people. She had a plain face, average intelligence, and a quite good body. She also was warm and friendly. The total package really brought out the lust in me. Even at that time, I could look at some downright beautiful girls with only minor amounts of interest. The girl in question was different. She had what I really wanted, and she scared the devil out of me. She didn't scare me because she was re-

mote or because I couldn't have asked her out. She scared me because I was afraid of letting any female have that sort of power over me. Maybe that was the wrong call and maybe it wasn't. She got married and started having kids shortly after high school, and that wasn't something I would have wanted any part of.

Like any incipient fan, I spent far too much time on science fiction rather than learning archaic skills. I guess I was in high school about 35 years before **Chris** was. Science fiction reading was fairly common at my high school, and people talked about it. Bradbury was the hot item in the late fifties. Asimov also was widely read. Heinlein didn't seem to be all that big a deal at the time. Groff Conklin anthologies were popular. Unlike the other people who were reading SF in high school, I had already been bitten by the collecting bug. That would lead to all sorts of things.

Yours truly,

☐**TKK**: *The general legal rule is that you have to be able to "get" to someone for your jurisdiction to matter. This can be by seizing local funds or arresting a person when they arrive locally. If a foreign entity has no funds in a particular state or never has an executive visit then, in the end, there is little that can be done with the present technology.*☐

Jeffrey Allan Boman  
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jeff.boman@gmail.com  
December 10, 2007

Dear Knarley:

Sorry I missed last issue. I had the master copy of my own zine to prepare at the same time. Ironically, it was rife with errors and missing text. I was more careful on the next one.

NaNoWriMo this year was the first one of 5 I didn't complete. I was close: 46,528 words though, because of my next item:

I had a sad thing that happened, though it's several degrees less than Henry's: on November 22nd my older cat Boots died. Within a day he went from being unable to walk by himself (leading to me helping him to get to his food) to just no longer breathing. I'll remember him forever now.

Re: Editorial: my heartfelt condolences on your loss. At least it seems that he was surrounded by loved ones. It's still sad, but at least he wasn't alone. Small consolation, granted. / Re: Skippy... a new life began.

Re: "Labels ≠ Contents" ... I'm a monthly reader myself as opposed to trades... I also don't accept genre categorizations. In the US for example, comics are still believed only to be for kids. I'm 40, so it's obvious I don't believe that.

Re: "Carry on Jeeves" ... it still amazes me that you had to be cleared to go home. Bureaucracy endures, it seems.

InterLOCutions

**Ned Brooks:** It's a relief that Canada hasn't had that rate increase. Not that it matters; mailing my zine is already expensive.

**Joseph T. Major:** You may not be Jewish, but you know more about the holidays than I do, and I am Jewish!

**Jon Purcell:** I'm adding my good luck wishes on your dissertation! I wrote term papers in the past, but they are nothing next to a thesis or dissertation.

**Joy V. Smith:** I did indeed get my script for Script Frenzy done. In fact, I was the only *native* Montrealer to do so; we had another winner for the Montreal region, but his location was Brussels, Belgium.

**Sheryl Birkhead:** I've toyed with the idea of getting a Mac (if I had the funds to), but your headaches with them make me think of reconsidering.

**Eric Lindsay:** I've never tried OCR on Windows either.

**Lloyd Penney:** Re: **Mike**... I'll have a vote for the Hugos at Anticipation 2009 (as you will), and now I'm not looking forward to it. / I sent you the PDF of my zine issue 1, and you got and LOCed both issues so far now. / I've also found Jehovah Witnesses pushier than Mormons also. They haven't come to my building in years fortunately.

**R-Laurraine Tutihasi:** I had a very bad experience with contact lenses in my junior college days. It always felt like I lit a match in my eyes. I tried them for a year, then gave up,

### **Issue 126**

Cover: This has the first nude I've seen on the cover!

Editorial: Fortunately I haven't had such printer woes yet. / Minneapolis fans seem friendly like Montreal fandom can be. We had some major tiffs in the past (the local KAG [Klingon Assault Group] boycotted our 1993 Con\*Cept based on a disagreement with two of our concom) but everything is cool now.

"The Two Things...": I like Philip Jose Farmer too, but I never hid it. I was always seen as strange as a gamer and an SF fan, so nobody cared which authors I read.

"Sue's Sites": It's always good to hear of a bridge with a good rep. In Montreal we have a bridge (Jacques Cartier bridge) known more for all the jumpers and suicides on it.

"The Senior Solution": Author John Scalzi found another way to use them, but your idea has much less violence.

"Wired and Fried": I have to write using this paradigm myself. There is still some classic material (I'm currently read-

ing *Ventus* by Karl Shroeder, only 3 years late), but the style is indeed shifting.

"Carry on Jeeves": Your confusion over multiple beers amused me... / The War over but still being posted somewhere else would keep me out of the Army, even if being a pacifist didn't already do so.

InterLOCutions

**Joseph Nicolas:** The Old Testament also likely suffers from being translated 3 times (Aramaic to Greek [he was the only one who could read Aramaic] to Hebrew, which was a new language then).

**Joy V. Smith:** Vista also caused many companies to change to Linux from what I've read

**John Purcell:** Even in 1992 I came home from GenCon to hear about a crazy teacher named Valeri Fabrikant arrested for shooting and killing 4 teachers. The trial was a farce that went on too long. As I came back again from GenCon in 1993 he was finally convicted. He's trying to be paroled now, actually.

**E.B. Frohvet:** My prose hasn't won over any editors yet either.

**R-Laurraine Tutihasi:** I don't remember if you ever mentioned those electronic APAs. I think they're the exception; *Comicopia* got several members from electronic APAs that flopped.

**Milt Stevens:** I'm non-religious also, but my plot is on funeral grounds in a synagogue in Burlington, VT.

**Lloyd Penney:** I know your new job is a given now. I hope **Yvonne** also has success. I also wish her mom well.

That wraps up this catch up LOC. My little kitty is only 14. I hope she won't come down with anything anytime soon.

JAB

☐**CKK:** *My condolences for Boots.*☐

Robbie Rojo #T-65542  
4A3L Cell #19  
PO Box 3476  
Corcoran, CA 93212  
11-22-07

Dear Knarley:

Greetings and holiday wishes to you! Well, first and foremost let me extend to you my utmost friendship and respects. I just received issue 126 and boy what a good read it was. Your zine was like no other zine I've read yet. To me, reading your zine was like sharing letters with some real good friends and family. I noticed in the back of your zine you printed my name in the we also heard from box. I think its kool how you let

people know you read their mail. Hey it's cool that you are a lawyer. My celly is into the law himself.

I am a 40-year-old and to be honest I must say I'm still a big kid. I am currently doing a 3-year prison term for having a concealed firearm. I will be getting released in August 2008. I am an indigent inmate and I could use some more smiles at mail call time. I really love to read zines and books. People can send me either one as long as they come from the publishers.

Let me take a moment to say I'm sorry to hear you lost your dad. Right now my grandma has cancer and I don't think she'll make it until I get out next year. I'm really sad that I can't be there for her in her time of need.

I really don't want to be designated a black hole and dropped from your list. I am very sorry I don't have funds to pay for your publication, but maybe I can try to send you some drawings to make up for the cash that I can't send. Well, please take care of yourself and may the holidays bring some smiles your way.

Respects  
Robbie

**CKK:** *I'm sorry to hear about your grandmother. Is there any way to petition for a special pass to visit her?*

R-Laurraine Tutihasi [COA]  
2173 E Rio Vistoso Ln  
Oro Valley, AZ 95755-1912  
laurraine@mac.com  
16 Dec 2007

Dear Henry and Letha,

I read this issue a while back, but then we moved. We terminated our home cable modem on the last Thursday of November. Since then we've been depending on motel Internets until Friday when we finally got Comcast to come out to our new Arizona home. My husband had lots of trouble setting up our home network. He finally got it working after two help calls to two different companies. Yesterday was my first opportunity to sit down to take care of e-mail and bills. Today I'm doing some more before I get back to unpacking.

I don't see why I should behave in an unmannerly way, as **E. B. Frohvet** suggests, by screaming at callers I don't want to talk to. I just say very quickly, "I'm not interested, good-bye." or "Sorry I don't have the time, good-bye." and hang up. If it's a recording, I don't waste my time listening to it; I just hang up.

Moving has been an adventure. We drove out to Arizona on the last day of November to pick up the keys to our rental house here and look the place over. We took measurements of the rooms to give us an idea where things should go. We also checked a lot of things for our rental agreement and found a

lot of things wrong, such as a broken washing machine, many broken window blinds, and other things. Many of them have now been fixed, but others have not. Our packers came on Monday, 3 December. The loaders the next day worked from 8:30 in the morning until 9:30 at night to load everything into a truck just a tad smaller than a semi; it was a pretty tight fit. That night we stayed at a motel near our California property. We drove out to Arizona the next day with our cats and as much other stuff as we could cram into the Prius. After we arrived in Arizona, we took the cats to our new house and emptied the car except for the things we wanted with us at the motel where we stayed until the movers delivered our goods. We spent that time making contact with our new State Farm agent, doing a little shopping, and checking out other things. Our possessions were delivered on Sunday, 9 December. Since the weather had been inclement off and on since our arrival, we were worried about rain falling on our things. Fortunately the rain stayed away that day. It didn't take nearly as long to unload the truck as it had to load it. It was early evening when they finished. We fed the cats and went back to our motel for one last night.

The next few days were very busy, mostly unpacking. But we also had to deal with things like the cable company. By Thursday, when the weather finally cleared up, we had unpacked enough things to do more heavy-duty shopping, though I later found out I'd forgotten a few items. A new washing machine was delivered that day, and I did a lot of laundry the next day. The cable guy arrived on Friday with the wrong kind of cable box. It seems our order got mangled inside their company. We weren't given the package that we had ordered. The right kind of cable box was delivered the next day, but something is wrong with it. I'm supposed to get a replacement tomorrow.

Mike drove back to California yesterday to check on improvements being made to our house before we put it back on the market and also to bring a lot of stuff we weren't able to let the movers move or didn't want them to move. He will be making at least one more trip back for similar purposes.

**CKK:** *It sounds like your move went fairly smoothly as these things go. I'm not looking forward to what needs to get done to do the same myself.*

Sheryl Birkhead  
See address earlier in issue  
December 18, 2007

Dear Knarley,

Ah, pumpkin orange, an appropriate color for the lastish.

I was a bit surprised when my sister told me my niece and her husband have a new "gorgeous" house. I keep thinking *student housing*. Ah, times seem to have changed. Then I stopped to think that Deanna already is fairly sure of the firm where she will be working permanently after she graduates

and her husband enjoys his job, so they are both already invested in their home for the long term.

It sounds as if you will finally have your office all organized just about the time you move on to a new job.

Aha, looks as if signing up for SLOW might take the place of a vacation, as long as the term of service is fairly short. Unfortunately, it sounds as if the southern area would be heavily populated by the vacationing (so to speak) SLOWs during the winter, but might be difficult to cover in the warmer months. Of course, in the winter months, maybe a northern border might look a bit more attractive...or maybe not (might have to go way north to find a cooler climate).

Ah, I **love** the new Macs, but there does not appear to be any way I can get one – totally factoring out the cost as a limiting factor. The new Macs have a chip which is not compatible with my software and there is no way the old (very old) laptop I am using to type this would ever be able to communicate at all (other than via the Internet and it doesn't do that very well since it utilizes an old OS), meaning I would not be able to print out any of the LOCs I type. So, despite the gorgeous silvery new slender computers, there is no way one will be in my future...at least not for a long time. So far, the old (it's all relative) desktop has settled back into a comfortable "getting it done" routine and I can live with that. Fingers crossed that things stay that way.

The day a heifer nearly ran my brother down in the barnyard and said he hadn't seen her was the day my father made an appointment for him with the local optometrist. After glasses were prescribed, my brother was amazed that there was a housing development mushrooming on the edge of the side pasture...a development he had never seen before.

**EB:** I got the offer of the deed purchase in a piece of junk mail. Right at the bottom was the disclaimer stating that the offer mentioned in the letter might be for services that were available from local municipalities for free or at a lesser cost.

Years ago, when I got my first Mac, I tried to get in touch with local users groups, but this was before general Internet use and there was no truly local group – so that didn't work. Now, I use several Apple promoted groups, but have to admit that I am so very ignorant when compared to the individuals inhabiting the groups that I cannot even follow their suggestions for computer fixes. They "talk" in the proper computer vocabulary and I sit there asking them to speak in words of one syllable or less...and that doesn't happen. I keep hoping ... and trying. Off on a tangent – I simply spelled out that I needed help with this laptop to try to get it to talk with the desktop and one person on the list said he could help a this was his day job. I said I would get back to him as soon as I had saved up enough money to consider the upgrades that would be needed to get the communication started. I had saved about half of what seemed to be the amount I'd need and I went back to the group. He was no longer a member and my inability to

express myself to get at what I needed only irritated the rest of the group. I am about ready to give it another try, but I needed to line up all the particulars of this computer and what is currently installed on it. Sign, I feel stupid enough most of the time, I really don't need another avenue in which I am not particularly adept – or more to the point, an area that I need to be able to work in so the computers will work properly and yet I don't seem able to communicate more effectively.

Ghood luck to **Lloyd** on the job front in the new year. Ghood luck to you in the law job pursuits.

Interesting, I measured the thickness of my copy of *TKK* and it would not have passed the thickness test without being compressed, and I think they told me that in this case the starting (i.e. minimum) price is \$1.13. It seems as if the minimum charge is a base and not an actual mailing fee since it seems that there is then the per ounce fee added on (and not that the first ounce is covered by the minimum starting charge). It does appear that each post office has a different take on different fees.

Thanks for the ish and I appreciate "real" zines (which makes sense because my computer will not open the electronic files even if I wanted to go that route).

Sheryl

☐*TKK:* I wonder if your computer problems might be better handled by asking around in local fandom. I think fans would be more willing to work with you and communicate with you. To be honest, if all you need is to connect the two computers together it sounds like all you need to do is get a network switch (very cheap, under \$50, at any electronics store) and then remote mount the drive of one from the other. I don't know how well this will work if the OS versions are radically different, but if one is OS X then you could probably mount from Classic mode without a problem. Oh, to be 800 miles closer. My post office has a plastic template with a slot. As long as the envelope slides through with little trouble (1/4 inch thick) then I don't have to pay the large envelope fee.☐

**We also heard from:**

Al & Megan Bouchard, Nora & Todd Bushlow, Kurt Erichsen, John Hertz (speculating that it is dangerous for an artist to be too topical), Trinlay Khadro (who just moved into a house), Guy Lillian, Murray Moore (announcing the DUFF ballot at <http://www.fanac.org/DUFF2008.pdf>), KRin Pender-Gunn (who is compiling a master set of Ian Gunn's art work), Mark Proskey, Randy Robbins, Tom Sadler (COA: 305 Gills Branch Road, Owenton, KY 40359), Gina The, Sue Welch, Leah Zeldes





“The usual” generally refers to either a letter of comment (LOC), a contribution, or trading with your fanzine or generally any friendly means of communication.

*Alexiad Vol. 6 No. 6* by Lisa and Joseph T. Major; 1409 Christy Ave.; Louisville, KY 40204-2040; bi-monthly; \$2 or the usual. A nice fanzine with lots of book reviews and a solid letter column.

*Ethel the Aardvark #133* by rotating editors; PO Box 212; World Trade Centre; Melbourne, VIC 3005; Australia; ethelaardvark@yahoo.com.au; bi-monthly; AU\$30/year or the usual. This is the official zine of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and covers club news and SF related material in Australia. The rotating editorship seems to have stalled on Murray MacLachlan who is doing a great job.

*File 770:151* by Mike Glycer; 705 Valley View Ave.; Monrovia, CA 91016; MikeGlycer@cs.com; irregular; \$8/5 or the usual. Mike does a wonderful job of tracking the news of fandom. Lots of details on people, events, and activities.

*FOSFAX 214* by Tim Lane & Elizabeth Garrot; %FOSFA; PO Box 37281; Louisville, KY 40233-7281; irregular; \$4 or the usual. A very large genzine with generous quantities of SF related material and lots of political discussion.

*It Goes on the Shelf 29* by Ned Brooks; 4817 Dean Ln; Lilburn, GA 30047-4720; nedbrooks@sprynet.com; annual?; the usual. A compendium of Ned’s eclectic reading which ranges across the spectrum to SF, fantasy, and genres I can’t even put a name to.

*Littlebrook 6* by Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins; PO Box 25075; Seattle, WA 98165; littlebrooklocs@aol.com; <http://www.efanzines.com/>; irregular; \$2 or the usual. A fine genzine with a broad range of articles.

*Lofgeornost 89* by Fred Lerner; 81 Worcester Ave; White River Junction, VT 05001; fred.lerner@dartmouth.edu; irregular; the usual. This is Fred’s FAPA zine. This issue is dedicated primarily to LOCs.

*MarkTime 82 & 83* by Mark Strickert; 9050 Carron Dr. #273; Pico Rivera, CA 90660; busnrail@yahoo.com; irregular; \$2 or the usual. Issue 82 is a smallish issue focusing on Mark's August 2007 diary along with LOCs and other features. Issue 83 is the annual Christmas letter.

## Fanzines Received in Trade

*MaryMark Press* by Mark Sonnenfeld; 45-08 Old Millstone Dr.; East Windsor, NJ 08520; irregular; the usual. Various strange publications with experimental writing styles.

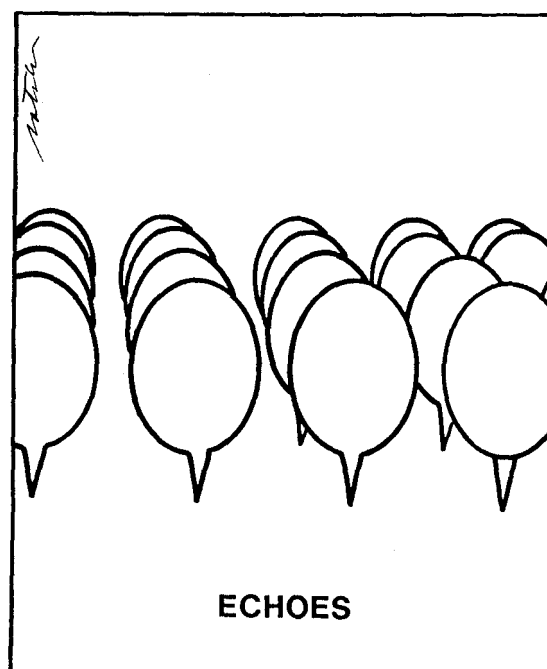
*Opuntia 64B & 64.1A* by Dale Speirs; Box 6830; Calgary, Alberta; Canada T2P 2E7; irregular; \$3 or the usual. Dale completes his article on the origins of life and adds his additional "seen in the literature" material in 64B. In 64.1A he discusses famed Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock.

*Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol 8 No 14* by R.B. Cleary; 138 Bibb Dr.; Madison, AL 35758-1064; rbcleary@bellsouth.net; irregular; \$10/yr or the usual. The official fanzine of the Southern Fandom Confederation with book and convention reports and lists of southern conventions etc.

*Vanamonde No. 708-717* by John Hertz; 236 S Coronado St No 409; Los Angeles, CA 90057; This is John’s APA-L zine with interesting tidbits.

*Visions of Paradise #119-121* by Bob Sabella; 24 Cedar Manor Ct; Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023; BSabella@optonline.net; quarterly; the usual. This is a fine example of a personal zine which includes considerable commentary. It is published in a three-part harmony (The Passing Scene - diary, Wondrous Stories - reviews and reading, and Halcyon Days - LOCs; each in its own separately numbered issue).

As you may notice the print list of zines is healthier than previous reporting periods, but still isn't enough to fill out this space. As a general rule I don't go looking for online zines even when I get a publication notice.

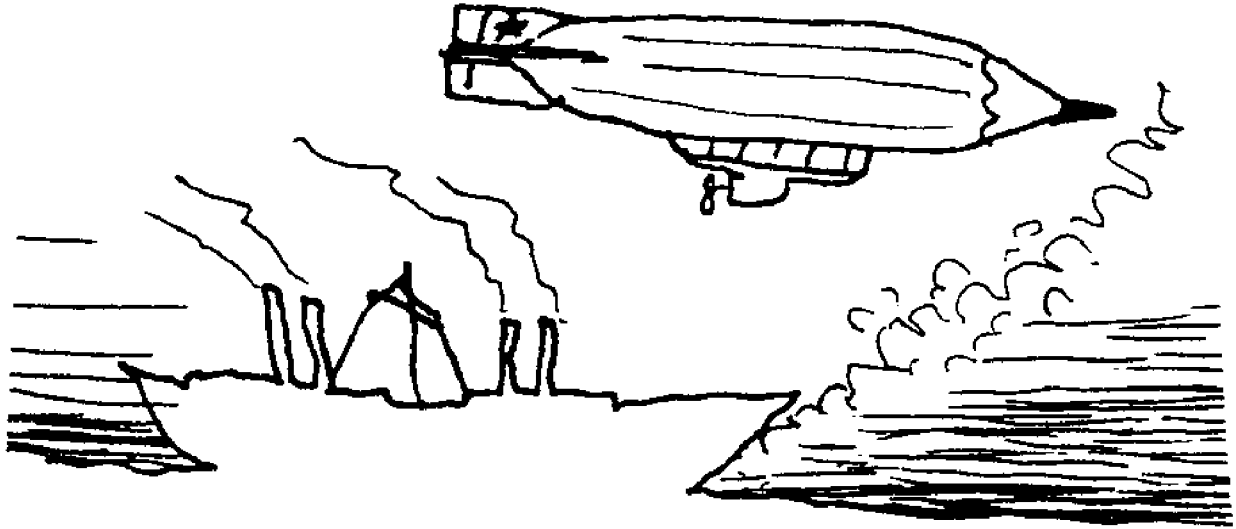


## Knarley's Planned Con Attendance

Please inspire me here.

Mars in 2095 (Worldcon 153) Marsport, Mars

Labor Day, 2095



### You Got this Issue Because ...

- You aren't spinning circles at 2am like Skippy.
- The fanzine is significantly more creative and artistic than the recent cookies I decorated for Christmas.
- You are going to write me some interesting articles.
- We trade
- You sent me a contribution. Thanks.
- You sent me a letter of complaint comment.

You have \_\_\_\_\_ issues left before you are designated a black hole and dropped from the mailing list.