



This PDF is an excerpt of the pages from the Noreascon 4 Souvenir Book related to Jack Speer. Jack was a Fan Guest of Honor at the 2004 Worldcon in Boston.

The excerpt contains the front cover — Jack is the leftmost guest carved in rock. The splash page and table of contents are included for context. Then there are four pages of appreciations, art, and photos, and four pages with the script to Jack's one-act play, "The Last and First Fen."

This PDF was prepared by Geri Sullivan on June 29, 2008 for distribution on Bill Burns' eFanzines.com. Please contact Geri for information on the availability of the full 244-page Souvenir Book.

Geri Sullivan
gfs@toad-hall.com

Noreascon 4





Noreascon 4

The 62nd World Science Fiction Convention

Pro Guests of Honor:

TERRY PRATCHETT

WILLIAM TENN

Fan Guests of Honor:

JACK SPEER

PETER WESTON



September 2–6, 2004

Boston, Massachusetts, USA

Hynes Convention Center

Sheraton Boston Hotel

Boston Marriott Copley Place

Hosted by [Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc.](#)

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CONTENTS



Guy Lillian
Editor

Geri Sullivan
Designer

Rose-Marie Lillian
Copy Editor

Cover by Bob Eggleton	Cover
Welcome! by Deb Geisler, Chairman.	7
PRO GUESTS OF HONOR	
Four Elephants, Seven Sexes and Two GoHs by Steven H Silver	9
Terry Pratchett	
An Appreciation by Neil Gaiman.	14
Tales Of Wonder And Porn by Terry Pratchett	20
A Checklist of Terry Pratchett's Books:	
First Editions in English by Colin Smythe	22
William Tenn	
A Touch of Klass by Fruma Klass	28
Royal Heinlein by William Tenn	31
Philip Klass: A Bibliography by Phil Stephensen-Payne	36
FAN GUESTS OF HONOR	
The Lens Family comic by Pam Fremon and Bill Neville	39
Peter Weston	
Cigars, Doorknobs, and Fandom by Victor Gonzalez	44
Back on the Box by Peter Weston	47
Jack Speer	
A Fan to Appreciate by F.M. Busby	52
Fancy Jack by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern	54
The Fannish Life photos	55
Last and First Fen by Jack Speer	56
A Fan's Boston by Bob Devney; illustrations by J.K. Potter	65
NOREASCON HISTORY	
Noreascon the First by Anthony Lewis.	75
Memories of Noreascon Two by Leslie Turek	80
Noreascon Three by Jim Hudson.	82
Noreascon Innovations compiled by Anthony Lewis	85
Worldcon Masquerades: The First 40 Years by Mike Resnick	88
FAN FUNDS	
Relying on the Kindness of Strangers	
Fandom by Naomi Fisher	93
TAFF: I Wouldn't Start From Here if I Were You...	
An introduction to James Bacon by Michael Carroll	94
DUFF: Kermit the Frog is My Hero by Norman Cates	96
Past TAFF and DUFF Winners.	97
HUGO AWARDS	
Making Hugos by Peter Weston	98
The Imperial Screw Job by Peter Weston.	103
2004 Hugo Award Nominees.	104
Retrospective Hugo Awards Nominees	108
The Complete List of Hugo Award Winners	112
WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY	
The Long List of World Science Fiction Conventions	129
Notes on The Long List of Worldcons	134
Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society	140
Standing Rules	150
Business Passed On from Torcon 3	154
WHO'S WHO	
Program Participant Biographies edited by Mary Kay Kare	156
Noreascon Four Committee	216
Noreascon Four Members	221
'Colishun' Course: An Editorial Note by Guy Lillian.	237
Acknowledgments	238
Artist Index	239
In Memoriam	240

Ad Index

Analog & Asimov's	
SF Cruise.	26
Baen	3, 87, 139
Bantam Spectra	115
Beth David	34
Boskone 42	2
Boston Museum	
of Science.	8
CascadiaCon.	118
Chicago in 2008.	173
Clarkesworld Books.	32
Columbus in '07.	38
Del Rey	4
Esperanto League	161
Geneva in 2008	133
HarperCollins	
Publishers . . . IFC, 64, 121	
Interaction	91-92
International Soc. of	
ex-W'con FGoHs.	50
L.A.con IV	62-63
LepreCon31	109
Locus.	43
Marietta Publishing.	165
Martha's Vinyard SF/	
Viable Paradise.	163
N3F	235
NESFA Press	35, 84
Nippon 2007	18-19
Paul Kidby.	24
Penguin	
DAW.	IBC, 59
.	100-101
Riverhead.	111
Ace/Roc.	77, 79
.	149, 205
Putnam	27
Renaissance E	
Books	169
SF Museum &	
Hall of Fame	68
Silverleaf	110
Suffolk University	71
Warner	125
Tor Books	6, 11, 90
.	106-107, 159
Traitor	
Dachshund.	51
World Fantasy	
Convention.	181
Worlds of Wonder.	21
Xerps in 2010	215

FAN GUEST OF HONOR JACK SPEER

A Fan to Appreciate

by F.M. Busby

I first met Jack here in Seattle at a Nameless Ones meeting. By 1950 he was already a fannish icon of long standing. From the wilds of Oklahoma he entered active fandom at age 15, and plunged into the fannish debates of the time with vigor. Then, as later, he showed a knack for lining up on the side of common sense.

A landmark of Jack's activity in fandom was his writing and compilation, in 1944, of *Fancyclopedia*, a definitive reference work covering a great many facets of the fannish microcosm. Noteworthy among its entries was his hypothesis of numbered fandoms, eras defined by the prevailing interests and emphases of the fannish community over a given period of time, with transition periods when these factors changed. As of 1944 he listed and defined First through Third Fandoms, along with their intervening transitions. The progression continued for two more decades, until fandom was fragmented by sheer size.

In the arena of FAPA, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, Jack earned a reputation for penetrating, insightful comments, and impatience with lack of clarity. He liked to dig at the bones of a comment, see if there was any meat to it. He still does.

Jack also favored an economy of style that often left his target wondering just which item was under discussion. One commentator contended that the archetypical "speercomment" would be, "On the other hand, it may have been triangular." Face to face, there is no such confusion.

Blessed with an inquiring mind, Jack digs for the meanings cloaked in general statements. This is more fun than it might sound; he has a gift for dry humor and isn't stingy with it.

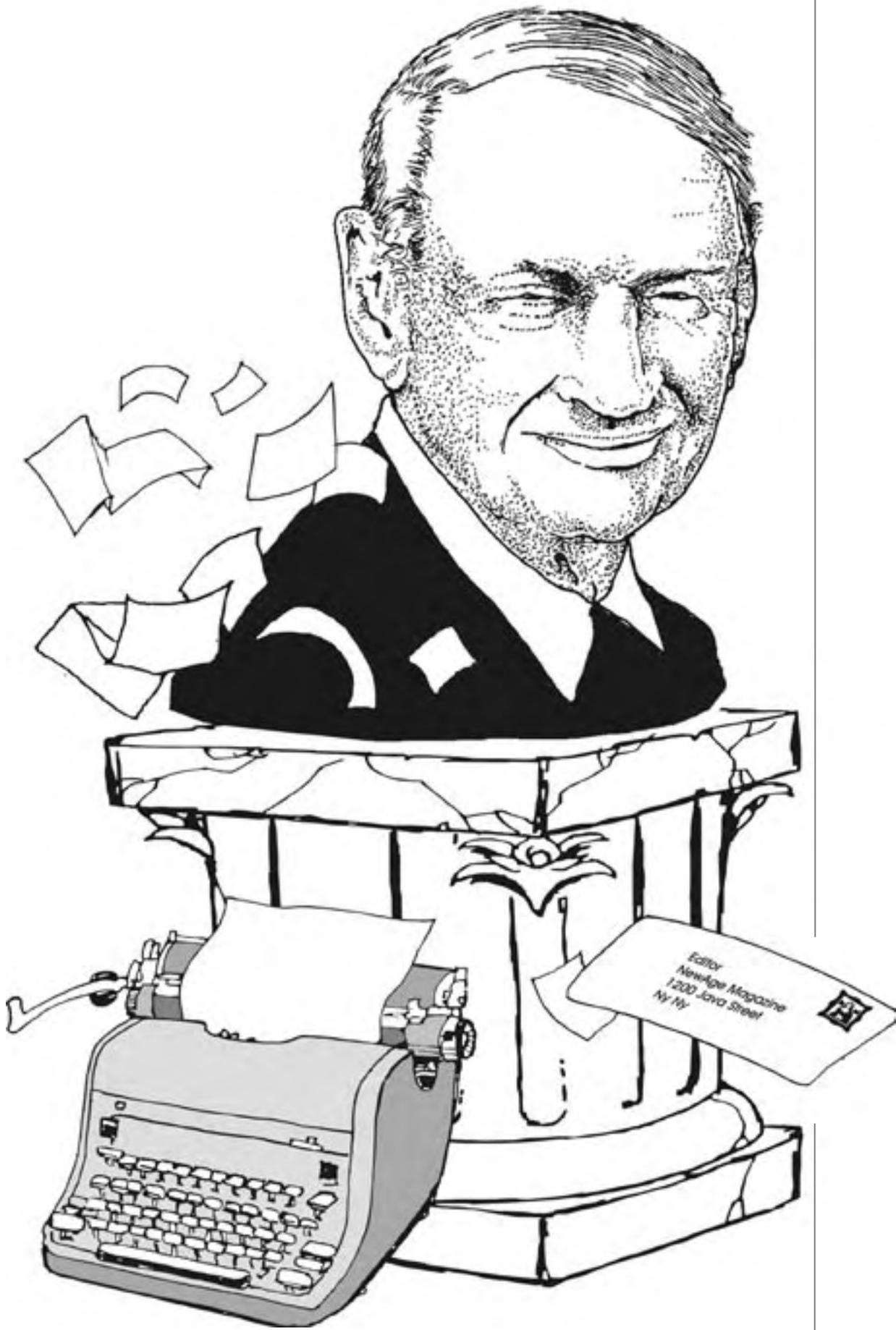
Of course life contains more things than fandom (you didn't know?). Toward the end of the 1950s Jack was practicing law in North Bend, about halfway between Seattle and the spine of the Cascades. A pleasant area. I remember a summer day when he and his wife Ruth hosted a party in honor of some visiting L.A. fans. Fun times.

A bit later, Jack was nominated for and elected to a seat in our state legislature. At one point during his tenure, he ran head-on into a misconception. Needing to do a lot of legislative consultation in downtown Seattle, where parking was (then, as now) evil, it would seem he took someone's word that our state's representatives had immunity on parking tickets. His confidence was misplaced; he got lumbered with a veritable stack of citations. The papers reported his predicament, but never did say how it turned out.

(No, I did not ask.)

Over the next few years we enjoyed seeing Jack and Ruth every so often, as events allowed. Then (the year eludes me) they relocated to Albuquerque. By 1974, when we flew down for a Bubonicon, Jack had become a judge, no less (Fans Rule).

Here, too, the Speer hospitality flourished. After the con we were trusted with the family car for a jaunt to Santa Fe, and our visit ended with Jack at the wheel for a heart-stopping race to the airport. I had



misread our schedule and we were about to miss the last useful flight of the day. He made it, though. Whew!—and thanks again.

I'm not sure what all Jack's been up to in recent times. I'd expect he's still keeping FAPA on its toes. We cross paths at conventions, though all too rarely, and each holiday season we do manage to trade bits of news.

In the essentials, he doesn't change much.

Jack Speer—a good fan, a good friend, a good man.



Friends old and new: Bob Tucker, Jack Speer, and Ken Forman hanging out in the Silvercon consuite, c. 1995.



Bouncy Castles: Fun for all ages.

Fancy Jack

by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern

In the beginning, there was Speer. Along with a few others, Jack Speer helped create many of the fannish traditions we now think of as part of everyday fandom. When you meet Jack, you'll see a distinguished, polite gentleman. When you talk to him, you'll find he is eloquent and knowledgeable about many matters. All of which befits a lawyer, a judge, and a legislator, which he has been. Underneath this urbane exterior beats the heart of a child that wants to be on the bouncy castle, as befits a trufan.

Jack has been an active fan since 1934, the very early years of fandom. This year marks his 70th anniversary. In those early days, Jack's innovations included doing mailing comments in APAs, documenting fannish history, writing filk songs, Worldcon costuming, and conducting opinion polls. His fannish activities today still show the enthusiasm, and hard work that they have shown throughout his entire career. Jack still publishes lengthy fanzines in FAPA, sixty-seven years after it began.

Jack is one of the active fans who was in FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association) from the beginning. In fact, Jack has the

longest continuous active FAPA membership. In FAPA's early days, he was one of the first to do mailing comments on other people's zines. Jack was one of FAPA's braintrusters—part of that rarefied crew that included Milt Rothman, Donald B. Thompson, Art Widner and others. They engaged in serious discussion on science, politics, society, and social issues rather than just fannish folderol.

He put together the first set of science fiction songs for the second Worldcon, Chicon. He was also one of the people who responded to the convention's call for costuming representative of the field, and the only one who was stopped by a police officer questioning his attire and accouterments.

Jack documented too. One of his early zines was a history of fandom, titled "Up to Now" detailing fandom's evolution up through 1939. More than that, in 1944 he documented the terms, the legends and the practices of fandom in the now famous Fancyclopedia. This first fan encyclopedia was so well regarded that the Fantasy Foundation offered to publish it and dragooned the members of LASFS into doing the stenciling and printing. A searchable copy is available on line at www.fanac.org/Fannish_Reference_Works/Fancyclopedia/Fancyclopedia_II (or follow the links to Fan References from homepage fanac.org). Jack was also a notable fannish photographer. His collection of photos of fannish faces is an excellent window on early fandom.

Jack was fandom's first investigative reporter. When Claude Degler created his Cosmic Circle, with all kinds of outrageous representations, Jack did a background check that quickly cast doubt on Degler's reliability.

Jack also can count. He created (adapting it from Spengler) the concept of numbered generations of fans. While his numbering is no longer in use, it remains highly quoted and the concept is used to identify fannish generations. Some organizations still use the terminology he created (e.g. First Fandom, Second Fandom, Sixth Fandom and the notorious Seventh).

We're delighted that Jack is a Noreascon Four Fan Guest of Honor. After all, without Jack, much of fandom-as-we-know-it would

not be here. In the last seventy years of active participation in fandom, he's been responsible for shaping fandom, as well as recording and passing on what has gone before. He's put it in perspective (and numbered it too). He's done all this while having a successful non-fannish life. Best of all, he still gets on the bouncy castle.

If you see Jack, say "Hi!" The conversations are the best part.



Photo by Lynn Bridges

Claude Degler and E.E. "Doc" Smith at the Jackson, Michigan, conference, November 16, 1941.



The Fannish Life



Above left: Jack Speer and Robert Bloch at Dean Grennell's after the 1956 Democratic convention in Chicago.

Above right: The famed Spirit of FooFoo at Russ Chauvenet's Virginia home, c. 1941. Followed by refueling the Spirit of FooFoo with Milt Rothman in Maryland.

Left: Jack as Merlin with his finacee, Ruth, at a Nameless Ones dance in Seattle, c. 1951.

Right: Talk to Tucker. In front of Bob's home, c. 1956.



Last and First Fen: Introduction

by Jack Speer



A United Press story in 1945 quoted Major P. C. Calhoun, “head of the A.A.F. guided-missile branch,” as saying that they expected to be able to shoot a rocket to the moon within 18 months, and within five years “to have a rocket that will carry men outside the Earth’s atmosphere and return safely.” Some steinists were not so sanguine: in Gerry de la Ree’s polls of SF readers, authors, and editors, the majority estimated a date of 1950 or sooner for manned flight to the moon or another planet.

I ran with that idea in the following. This is what’s now called faan fiction, i.e., fiction about sfans.

- The Captain is Arthur C. Clarke, who was nicknamed Ego.
- Starfasci is Larry Farsaci, who was stationed at Tule Lake during the war.
- Stuff is “Juffus.”
- Ole must be E. Everett Evans.
- One-Face is 4SJ (Ackerman), sometimes known as “#1 Face.”
- The Mad Scientist is Milton A. Rothman.
- Joke is Joe Kennedy.
- The Youngfans were not specific persons.
- Ninety-four is Al Ashley, AA-194 (his score on a test, which an excerpt in the NESFA Press book will explain).
- Gallop is Art Widner, the Poll Cat.
- BFSers would have been members of the British Fantasy Society.
- MFS is, of course, the Minneapolis Fantasy Society.
- The Nitrosynthetic (it was Nitrosyncretic in my manuscript) voice must have been Abby Lu Ashley, but I don’t remember why that word.
- Incidentally, it was X.J. “Joe” Kennedy, its original publisher, who named the play. I submitted it titleless.

LAST AND FIRST FEN ...a thrilling Elizabethan drama of the starways... in one act

by Jack Speer

(Enter CAPTAIN)

CAPTAIN: So soon Man gains Barsoom! Who would have that,
Five years ago, when we still at war,
That ere we passed the century’s middle mark
Our ships would make the moon, and pass beyond
To find another planet whereupon
Is air to breathe, and fertile soil, and eke
Sufficient water, if we husband it,
To nourish our new nation.
Hark, who comes?
It is the Crystal Poet, God forbid!

(Enter STARFASCI)

STARFASCI: The air is brisk and clear, and one can see
The stars shine near at hand: Unblinking globes!
So pulsant with your promise to our race,
How long ere we shall clasp you, brilliant stars,
And know first-hand the secrets you withheld?

CAPTAIN: Good morning to you, Larry.

STARFASCI: Who is there?

CAPTAIN: ‘Tis I, E. Clarke, the captain of the ship.
But I do not recall yourself among
The crew we signed to make this maiden trip.
Although, forsooth, a couple dozen fans
Seemed like tenscore, and one may be excused
For failing to acquaint with each of them.
What think you of Barsoom?

STARFASCI: To tell the truth,
It seems far less romantic at close view
Than when we saw it as a jewel set
In sable space, from Earth on winter nites.
There’s rocks and sand, and clay, and
scrabby weeds.
I had my fill of these at Tulelake.

(Enter STUFF, carrying something)

STUFF: Lo, in these desert wastes there shall be reared
A temple to our Foo, to glorify
His home throughout the Universe. See here,
Ego, the model we have made for it.
So perfect is it in its each detail
That were we thumblings, we could enter in
The hinged portal, genuflect before
The sacred altar, and with hymns of praise
Invoke the Fooly Spirit's presence there.

CAPTAIN: This is all very well, Speer, but it seems to me that there are things of higher priority to be done right now.

STUFF: Yeah? What was the first thing the Puritans did when they landed in America?

CAPTAIN: I don't know and I don't care. My Puritan ancestors stayed in England and fought for Cromwell.

(Enter OLE)

OLE: Gosh-wow-boyoboy! This makes me feel like I was fifty again! Isn't it swell, fellows, to have a planet all our own, and nobody but slans on it?

(Enter ONE-FACE)

Think of it, fellers! First it was Slan Shack.
Then Slan Center. And now—

ONE-FACE: Hush, and I'll think of a pun.—Slannet!
(Appropriate reactions.)

CAPTAIN: Hello, Erjay.

ONE-FACE: You'll never guess what Wollheim's men have found!
A forest full of perfect echo-flowers.
Honest to Foo! He says "Salad!" to them,
And they obediently answer back, "Salad!"
He trains them, too, by giving them rewards
For proper answers, so that when he asks,
"What should be Will Sykora's fate?" they cry,
"Draw through the streets of Scientown behind
A yoke of thoats, before the public view,
And then live out his days in solitude,
With naught to read but old Ziff-Davis mags."

STUFF: At last the Daw has stooges, in true faith.

(MAD SCIENTIST crosses backstage with an armful of large oranges.)

CAPTAIN: Come, man, we cannot live in idleness
For long; our little stack of food will go.
We must turn to, and work, and farm, and
build,
If we would be sufficient to ourselves.

STUFF: 'Tis true; at Jamestown, under
Captain Smith,
The English gentlemen spent all their time
In search of gold and jewels, so the town—

CAPTAIN: Pox on your history major; keep
you still.
Who is it that hurries hither in such haste?

(Enter JOKE)

JOKE: A party of the younger fen draws off,
And makes demand to be returned to Earth.
They number nearly twenty—

CAPTAIN: What is this?
How can they, when we shipped but
twenty-five,
And we are nearly half-a-dozen here.

JOKE: I know not, but it seems to me
we've had
More men than twenty-five since we dispersed
On landing, though I have not counted them.

CAPTAIN: Find Donna Belle; she served as
secretary
And ought to know who's here without
our leave.

ONE-FACE: While joke is doing that, I'll find
the Reds.
I'm sure they had no part in this revolt.

CAPTAIN: The rest of us will posthaste to the ship;
It should be guarded, lest they capture it.

(Exeunt severally.)
(Enter YOUNGFANS)

YOUNGFAN 1: Amazing has been out for three
days now,
And here we're forty million miles away!

YOUNGFAN 2: I wanta go home.

YOUNGFAN 3: I gotta girl I used to date three-four
times a week—I'll bet Charlie Wick is seeing
her now.

YOUNGFAN 4: There isn't a hektograph on this
whole rotten planet, and the officers won't
let me use up any mimeo stencils.

YOUNGFANNE: These constant sandstorms ruin my
complexion.

YOUNGFAN 1: Who's that?

YOUNGFAN 4: A girl!





YOUNGFAN 1: I saw her first!

YOUNGFAN 4: Says who?

YOUNGFAN 1: I said so—what's it to you?

YOUNGFAN 2: Fight! A feud! Go to it, boys!

(Enter GALLOP)

YOUNGFAN 1: So what?

YOUNGFAN 4: So what what?

YOUNGFAN 1: So what what, what what,
what what?

(They wrestle.)

(Enter NINETY-FOUR)

NINETY-FOUR: What's up?

GALLOP: A fite. I'm watching it to check
My psychometrics. How are things with you?

YOUNGFANNE: Ruffians!

(Exit with YOUNGFAN 3.)

NINETY-FOUR: It's restful on Barsoom.

The individual
Has free play here. No unions, no bureaus
To tell us what to do. Say, Art, these kids—
Who are they?
Were they with us on the ship?

GALLOP: They must have been. I don't recall their
names.

Perhaps they're BFSers. But this one
I think was at the Seacon. (YOUNGFANs cease
fighting.)

Look, the other
Has "MFS" tattooed upon his arm.

YOUNGFAN 1: What happened to the girl?

YOUNGFAN 2: They went that way.

(Exeunt YOUNGFANs)

NITROSYNTHETIC VOICE offstage: Alfred!

NINETY-FOUR: Excuse me, Art. (Exit.)

(Enter JOKE)

JOKE: Hey, Art, had Laniac been by this way?

GALLOP: Not that I know of, Kennedy. What's the
rush?

JOKE: Haven't you heard about the revolution?
A squad of younger fans has seized the ship.
They don't know how to run it, but they have
Our food and Stuff, to bring us to their terms.

(Exeunt together.)

(Enter MAD SCIENTIST chewing on a huge cheese)

MAD SCIENTIST: Altho the molecules were multi-
plied,
The grain was coarsened by enlarging it. (Exit.)

(Enter NINETY-FOUR and STARFASCI)

NINETY-FOUR: We've planned the contents of the
mag with care.

There's no space left to put your poem in.
Besides, in confidence, it stank.

STARFASCI: Oh, Al,
How can you say such things about my work?
Such is the stars' supernal beauty, none
Can write aught but exalted verse to them.

(Enter CAPTAIN, STUFF and ONE-FACE)

CAPTAIN: Hang'em, I say; I'll hang them
every one.

'Tis not enuf that they must stow away.
This thing is mutiny; as CAPTAIN I
Can deal with them as harshly as I will.

STUFF: Seeing that our good ship is not in space,
I doubt that you have high-seas powers now.

CAPTAIN: Pox on you lawyers! In our brave
new world
There'll be legalistic conjurers.

STUFF: (Calls him names in ancient Anglo-Saxon.)

(Enter YOUNGFAN 1)

ONE-FACE: Be on your dignity. Their envoy's here.

YOUNGFAN 1: The Brotherhood of
Anti-Martian Fans
Greet CAPTAIN Clarke, and here present the
terms

On which they will admit him to his ship:
That he assign to them sufficient crew
To take them back to Earth again, and pledge
Upon his word as fantasite –

CAPTAIN: What—what?
Do you not realize the ship and fuel
Cost all our fortune, and could not return
Until another thousand pounds was raised
For fuel, which might be never?

YOUNGFAN 1: In that case,
I would suggest the expedition all
Return, save those who'll take their
chances here.

ONE-FACE: Wait, Ego. Say, young fellow, tell us
straight
The reasons that the Brotherhood advance
For leaving; do they not enjoy it here?

YOUNGFAN 1: Myself am nearly crazy for the sight
Of stef again; as marijuana makes
Its victim seek it more and more, I must
Appease this awful hunger; and on Mars
What have we but the tales told round the fire
Half-recollected, all without the gleam
Of Hamilton or Wellman's brilliant style?
My friend from Buffalo can stand this lack,
But for his lady-love he pines away.
Another, younger one, is homesick now.
Others would publish fanzines, but cannot,
There being no equipment. So it goes.

NINETY-FOUR: The better half and I might take
that boy,
The homesick one, and make him feel at home.

CAPTAIN: First tell me how you striplings came
to Mars.
I swear you were not listed in the rolls;
And all of you together'd top a ton,
Which would have quite upset our navigation.

YOUNGFAN 1: Perhaps we'll answer that when
you agree
To meet our terms.

STARFASCI: He's bluffing; he doesn't know
Much more about the matter than yourself.
They must have come the same way I did
come,
For I was not among your crewmen either.

CAPTAIN: How came you, then?
(Enter MAD SCIENTIST)

STARFASCI: I only know, one day,
A man came, dressed in laboratory robe
Who asked me if I'd like to go to Mars.
So, joining in the joke, I answered "Yes."
A strange beam smote my eyes;
I knew no more.

YOUNGFAN 1: The same way it happened to me,
the same!
I wakened on the Martian sand. Your ship
Stood close beside, and you were serving
supper.

MAD SCIENTIST: Perhaps the time has come I
should explain.

(Enter YOUNGFAN 3 with YOUNGFANNE)

CAPTAIN: What, Milty, have you knowledge of
this thing?

MAD SCIENTIST: Observing what the Poll Cat had
revealed,
Of psychologic stress in Slan Center,
I felt a need to have a counterweight
Upon the veteran fen who settle here.
Therefore, with their permission, as you've
heard,
Though lightly given, I recruited these
Young outer-circle fen, and in a field
Of force imprisoned their constituent patterns,
While leaving the original person there
To carry on his life in normalcy.
I brot these force-fields in my traveling kit
And rematerialized them from the sand.

CAPTAIN: Now, by our Lady! Milton, this will solve
The space-ship cargo problem. Why'd you not
Release the invention sooner? Then our ship
Could have been built at far much less expense.

MAD SCIENTIST: I just perfected it a month ago.
'Twill solve fuel storage problems, too; a load
Of sand can be transformed to fuel as needed.

STUFF: Say, could you take the pattern of a
building
And reproduce it in gigantic size?

MAD SCIENTIST: Yes.

STUFF: By FooFoo! Wait you here a sec,
I want to get the model that we made.

(Exit STUFF)

YOUNGFAN 1: Well, since the thing is settled, let
us hence
And choose a crew to get us back to Earth.
I'll croak within a month, without Amazing.

MAD SCIENTIST: Amazing? Boy, I have my
entire file,
Brot dematerialized, set up again,
In yonder gully; twelve years of the stuff.

YOUNGFAN 1: Then what want I with earth? And
have you brot
A hektograph, and stencils too?

MAD SCIENTIST: I have.

YOUNGFAN 1: Milton, you are the mosta of the
besta.
CAPTAIN, from the bliss of yonder pair
(Indication YOUNGFAN 3 and YOUNGFANNE)
I think the last objection is removed,
And we are satisfied to stay with you
Indefinitely.

CAPTAIN: You'll all be very welcome.

(Exeunt.)
CURTAIN

