

Ye

Bull Moose

(V2 N2)



ye witch of
wookey hole
(drawing for Helen Wesson)

Wm Morse, xxxij Milton Lane, Wookey Hole,
Wells, Somerset.

This issue of BULL MOOSE is for the Silver Jubilee Mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, August 1962.

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We mostly live at No. 32 Milton Lane, Wookey Hole, Wells, Somerset.

Before going on to the more interesting section of Bull Moose (to judge by comments in recent mailings) there are a few answers and comments I'd like to make to the last three mailings. And we start with W. Mildew Danner himself.

MARK - Honest to goodness, Bill, won't you reconsider? Please? FAPA only has six members who are unfailingly worth the reading, and you will reduce it to five if you insist. I think Fapa may need you more than vice versa, mind you.

You are partially right about "went out". It is an English qualification. "We went to Cornwall for our holidays". "Shall we go up to London?" "Let us go over to Ireland next year". "Joe went out to Canada when he left the Army".

There is a certain amount about Rolls Royces and other such on its way to you by separate post. Other things on page 3, this.

But don't go.

LE MOINDRE - But of course Ashworth takes a dim view of British Railways. They are in a shocking state and have been since about half way through WW2. I doubt if private enterprise could make anything of them either, or there would have been as big a clamour to have them denationalised as there was for steel and for road haulage (and all the road haulage is not yet sold, either).

What puzzles me is your attitude towards us. Why should Ashworth and I NOT disagree on the subject of railways or any other subject under the sun? It's a free country, after all, and we'd prefer there to be more points of view than one (especially if it is to be dictated by Raeburn at his poltergeistische mud-throwingest). In fact, I see no reason why there should not be even three points of view for a subject. Or is that more than your delicate little mind can stand?

I trust you will be out there picketing those shocking US and English doctors who are volunteering to work in Saskatchewan during the strike of the resident doctors? Several of the English trained doctors who are (I'm told) among those determined to strike had no sort of conscience qualms when it came to having their training fees paid for them by the state, either.

VANDY - Well, thank you for them few kind words, Sir.

No, I didn't read or hear a single thing about Sanderson etc. If there were heart-searchings and stuff like that, I never knew a thing, which shows you what contact I have had outside FAPA - GOPS, of deeply lamented memory, and WARHOON. Neither of them is a scandal sheet. I wonder how Sanderson has managed to square off all those little anti-Yank digs he used to slide in and out of his pubs?

Stefantasy, which I always think of uncapitalised for some odd reason of my own, brings me to type faces. Kennerley is known over here, Bill, though not used overmuch. The name Goudy is highly esteemed among connoisseurs too, and Bruce Rogers is normally credited with producing the most masterly face of them all - Centaur. It is generally described as "a craftsman's restatement of Jensen's 1470 Roman". Some even go so far as to call it an improvement.

Gill's Perpetua and Times New Roman are probably the best known type faces over here, along with Gill Sans. Our Sports Club used once to have Gill's Sans Shadow Light for its letterhead - it looks much better now in Centaur.

You know, I'm somewhat at a loss to understand why you dislike the Austin engine so much. My 16 h.p. is now well into its 13th year and still has the same engine it had when new. It has, I believe, been relined, and I've had Cord rings fitted about 15 months ago, but nothing else has happened to it in the two years since we traded the Norton in for it. True, there are one or two dents in the front mudguards which I've only partially beaten out, but they were my fault - this is the first car I've owned or even driven. I think you'd like it - it was built back in the old-fashioned days when a car had a chassis and even running boards. Bucket seats in front, with let-down armrests; even carries a starting handle. What's more, in these days of small English cars, there is plenty of room for me to drive in comfort - all 224 lbs of me.

Two jobs I have to do on it this weekend are fit a new starter solenoid and remove whatever has come loose in the silencer. We may trade it in this Autumn, though, for something a bit newer; but it will have to be big: Sapphire, Princess, Citroen Big 6, Hawk, Vanguard (Phase 2), Velox or 6/90. Possibly a Daimler Conquest, if the price is right.

Celephais (Likewise, apparently). Bill, if you don't hurry, you will never manage to get a trip on a branch line here. They are being closed with a shocking regularity by the new Bossman. And some of the local lines will be shut by this time next year, regardless of protests by the local residents.

Despite Raeburn's suspicions, my chief reason for objection to this hatchet-man stuff is strictly sentiment. I was born and raised by the railway line. Until WW2, my whole life was bounded by and even based on railways. Since returning from Canada in '52, my chief hobby has been the observation of differences in running stock and methods - or was until three years ago, when we moved down here again. It still grieves me to see the lines of locos outside the railway breakers yards, and I get a deal of pleasure when I think that the Bluebell Line has a 90 year old 0-6-0 in its stock.

What's more, we haven't the roads in this country to take the traffic that must result from these closings. They are overful already and every mile of railway line that is shut down puts a bigger burden. We look like reaching the position where there will not be enough land left to put roads on, because it will all be either hard-surfaced or built on!

Coming across next year will just about enable you to travel on the local line - it is one of those not producing the minimum income required by the Minister's man, Dr. Beeching. Even the strawberry farmers are unable to change this verdict.

TRANSISTORS IN THE HOUSE

(House of Lords, that is)

Lord Morrison of Lambeth:- My Lords; could the noble Earl tell us what a germanium transistor is? Because some of us here, being rather ignorant on these matters, do not know.

The Earl of Dundee:- My Lords, I think that in order to get a thoroughly accurate definition the noble Lord should consult an electrician. The type which are on the embargo list include, for example, those using germanium as the bulk semi-conductor material and having the following characteristics: an average f alpha of less than 50 megacycles per second and designed to have a maximum collective dissipation (in Watts) multiplied by the average f alpha (in megacycles per second) greater than 7.5.

Lord Morrison of Lambeth:- My Lords, I am much obliged to the noble Earl. We are all quite clear about THAT.

HANSARD

Disregarding the piece above, we sat up to watch the first active transit of Telstar and were thoroughly disappointed at the results. We were even more disappointed when we heard what a fine picture the French unit had received - it was not such a showdown as some observers seemed intent upon making it, but it was still not quite what we had expected. So we were really overjoyed to find that AFTER our engineers had taken out the special mods suggested by the Americans, we got the finest pictures received so far with our two-bit receiver which (as the Americans insist on explaining) is driven by a bit of bicycle chain.

My first reaction, on that second night, was "Well, THAT is one in the eye for Andy Young, after all the crowing he has been doing about Zeta".

And before the boy wonder scientist winds up to throw yet one more of his famous bean-balls in defence of science over engineering, let me add that my first reaction on the first night was "Ha! there is something the Russians have not yet got round to doing, with all their chatter about mega-megabombs."

Incidentally, will Telstar be screened each time it comes round to make sure that the messages the Russians are putting through it have not contaminated it? I quote a report that two Italian radio hams have picked up a Russian tv programme reflected from Telstar, "including an image of a blonde woman announcer reporting a Decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party".

However, to more important matters - I am hoping that this means we shall have the opportunity to see the World Series this year (or next year at the latest). I know the Armed Forces Radio people do the best they can to get these things across to the Forces in Europe, so is it unfair for me to hope? I'll take the World Series any day in preference to How Clever I Am In Knowing All About Relativity, from a boy wonder who is still not dry behind the ears.

That's another reason I so deeply regret the departure of Danner from FAPA. He was never goshwow about being a full-blown engineer. Why should he, after all? He's grown up.

WELL, IT REALLY WAS ENEY'S FAULT AT FIRST

It must be four years since I first started out in quest of dirty deeds in high places on behalf of RHE. This looks like being the final chapter (though there may be an appendix). Blame the delay on movings, overtime, gafia, and Arthur.

I started off by saying that Richard was not the villiyan, he had been painted (Richard III, not Eney - that's another story). He was merely the victim of the most efficient public relations group this country had had up to the 15th century, led by a man he had himself befriended and trusted.

It is often noted, as evidence that Bosworth Field agreed with the will of the people, that there were no more such risings in England under Henry. This is not entirely true: there were at least two, but they were half-hearted spontaneous affairs, led mainly by country people. But the real point behind this is that there were no longer any rich powerful nobles left to lead such movements: they were dead. Warwick the Kingmaker died at Barnet; Buckingham lost his head at Salisbury; Norfolk died beside Richard at Bosworth. Only Stanley remained, the man who deserted Richard on the battlefield; rich, important, influential. He was executed for high treason less than ten years later, and his fortune went into the king's hands. Warwick's grandson was shut up in the Tower on Henry's usurpation - he was relieved of his head a year after Stanley; his fortune went the same way, of course.

Henry was penniless in 1483. When he died, his coffers held close to two million pounds in cash alone. Morton (the pro. referred to in para 2) had done his job well as Chancellor; as well, indeed, as he had done his job of blackening the name of Richard. And the old crack about not having an enemy in the world because they were all dead already held more than a grain of truth for Henry - he had lived his whole life on that basis.

The next Henry, H VIII, you all know about. Spent his life chopping off wife's heads to save the expense of a divorce. In fact, he had six wives: two divorced, two beheaded, one died in childbirth, and one outlived him. At 31, the last had already buried two husbands; but Henry had cooked his own goose in that respect by passing an Act that declared it treason (and therefore punishable by death) for any maid to marry the king and prove not to be a virgin. In those days it was wiser to play safe and be a widow.

It is also recorded of Henry that he began the custom of burning both Catholics and Protestants for not signing his Six Articles of Christian Faith. Was he not officially Defender of the Faith?

When he died, of ulcers, gout, syphilis, and general degeneration, Henry left three legitimate children: Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. Mary had been declared legally a bastard, so we must not be too vehement in our definitions. Edward was nine years old on his succession, and woe to the land that's governed by a child. He died before his sixteenth birthday of tuberculosis following measles and smallpox. So far as one can tell, he was a quiet and peace-loving youth, and quite unlike an average Tudor. He also named in his will another quiet and peace-loving person to be his successor - Lady Jane Grey.

Jane was almost unbelievably good, by any standards. Protestant, gentle, serene, educated (she knew and could read Hebrew, Greek and Latin; she could write the two last named). She was great-niece to Henry VIII, whom she resembled not at all. She was also very lovely. But, unfortunately for Jane, she appeared in the eyes of the people as merely the puppet of the Duke of Northumberland. This was the bold bad baron come back to life - he had grown rich on the lands of deprived bishoprics and whatever else was available during the hunt for the infidel under Henry and Edward, and as he grew richer he grew more arrogant. So the people, rather than accept Grey Eminence, turned to Henry's first daughter, Mary.

Mary, unlike Jane, was all Tudor (except for her religion). Her eyes were on the crown and she meant to have it. When Edward died she was in Suffolk, already gathering forces to fight against the Duke of Northumberland. This was not difficult - it was like marching again Burgoyne. So poor Jane lasted for only four days before joining the long list of names added to the visitors' book in the Tower.

Less than a year later, after the Wyatt rebellion, Jane was executed. Then her father, her uncle, and Wyatt himself. Now, the average Englishman of those days was not very perturbed at the thought of a noble losing his head to the axeman: the higher they climb, the heavier fall. But within a couple of days, a hundred or so of Wyatt's followers, common folk, were to be seen hanging at the gates of the City of London or at street corners in the city. They were left there to rot, for their opposition to the thought of the Queen marrying the king of Spain. She married him a month later, by proxy.

Five months later, they wed again in Winchester Cathedral and England was back in the arms of Rome. The laws against heresy were revived, and the first martyr was burned the following February (1555, Feb. 4th) at Smithfield. He was meant to be an example to all heretics, but Mary reckoned without the stubbornness of the English lower classes. Before she died, in 1558, some 300 had followed John Rogers into the fire; about a third were clergymen, perhaps 60 were women. No men of gentle birth went that way, apart from clergy - the English upper class had little of the stuff of martyrs. But in five years, Mary had brought death to well over 400 people. No-one mourned her end, apart perhaps from some Catholic clergy: not even her husband, who had long ere this gone back to more congenial pursuits in Spain.

It would, I think, be fair to say that the English people gave a sigh of relief when Mary died. Elizabeth, the likeliest successor, was Protestant like her father; unlike him (or Mary) she was not a fanatic about it.

The mere statement of numbers of burnings in Mary's reign (and by Mary's direction) is far from the full story. These were the days of the Inquisition in Spain and Mary wanted to show her husband that she could do as well as Torquemada any day. She had had the Archbishop of Canterbury and three other Bishops (Gloucester, Worcester and London) thrown into prison soon after her marriage. When it suited her purpose, they were tried and condemned to death. First Ridley (London), then Latimer (Worcester): Latimer was past eighty at his trial. They were burned together at Oxford in October 16, 1555: Hooper (Gloucester) had gone 5 days after John Rogers. Cranmer, the Archbishop, was last.

In 1556, worn out by his long imprisonment, and afraid to die, he signed a paper admitting his heresy and recanting.

It did not save him, for Mary decided he should burn. So on the 21st March he was taken out to confess his sins as the faggots were piled around him—and refused. "The Pope", he said, "I utterly refuse, with all his false doctrines". Then, as the flames burned up, he put out the right hand to burn first, for this had signed the paper.

But Mary went on and on until her death. Bloody Mary her people called her, in their own day. It is not a Verdict I would quarrel with.

Yet, all the same, she did what she did in the misguided belief that she could lead England back to the Romish church. It was not done simply out of a love for the sight of blood or the smell of burning flesh. There are those who feel some sort of sympathy for her (that does not include me) because she was a plain and dull woman anxiously trying to make her dashing Spanish husband attracted to her. There are also those who point out that she was not nearly as vicious as the more active Spanish officers of the Inquisition. So, regretfully, I must let Mary rest in comparative peace.

That leaves me with the two sons of Canute. I'm sorry to have to go quite so far back in history to find the villainous masterpieces, but you may agree with me when you learn what they did to deserve the title.

To be exact, Canute left three sons. Two were probably illegitimate: indeed, there is doubt whether they were his sons at all, or even whether they were the sons of the woman who claimed to have borne them. She had certainly once in her life produced a child which had turned out to be the child of a peasant woman. However, he left three sons whom he had always accepted as being such.

Of these sons, one (Sweyn) had already been made King of Norway, and can be forgotten. That leaves us Harold and Hardicnut: (there are at least nine different spellings of the second name, but I will stay with this one). Harold was in England at the time, while Hardicnut was busy in Denmark. Not wishing to miss any chances, Harold - surnamed Harefoot - was chosen to rule all England "for himself and his brother". This was not a unanimous choice, because Hardicnut had his own faction left behind to take care of his interests, but it was for the time being effective. And Hardicnut, knowing his brother, stayed over in Norway.

This was a wise action. The Saxon prince Alfred (not the earlier Alfred who built the Navy, but the son of the late king Ethelred) came across to visit his mother at Winchester. Some say that this was an innocent visit; others that he was hoping to be asked to take the crown. Whatever the purpose, he was soon to learn that the Danes still held control. Hardicnut's man led a welcoming party to meet Alfred, and swore fealty to him. Then they journeyed westward toward Winchester, stopping for one night at Guildford. During that night, the welcoming party did what they were paid to do: Alfred's men were all taken into custody and were blinded, tortured, scalped, emasculated, beheaded, strung up, impaled; nine out of ten were dead by the end of the morning and the rest were sold into slavery. Alfred himself was promised a safe conduct to Ely, then was blinded on the way; he died shortly after his arrival there.

Harold died four years later and Hardicnut came proudly back to

rule his country. He was welcomed back by his man Godwin, who pleaded that he had had nothing to do with the murder of Alfred and his men; alternatively, Alfred had asked for it and he (Godwin) was merely looking after Hardicnut's own interests. This bit of double pleading was backed up by the generous gift of a galley ship armed with 80 soldiers all equipped with gold plated arms and armour. Naturally, Hardicnut being what he was, it was enough to demonstrate the shining honour of Godwin.

To show that he was king, the first thing Hardicnut did was have Harold's body dug up and thrown into a ditch. He later changed this to having the body thrown into the Thames. This was his brother's body. His next act was to tax the country so severely in cash and grain that a large number of the common or garden serfs starved quietly to death. One or two of his housecarls, who did the tax-gathering, were a bit crude in their methods, and the citizens of Winchester killed one pair. So Hardicnut sent his army to remove them and the city from the face of the earth - and Winchester was largely destroyed.

To be exact, what Hardicnut ordered was that his troops (Godwin was among the leaders) should "slay all they could and, after plundering the city, to set it afire and to lay waste the whole province". Furthermore, the Bishop of Winchester was outlawed - until he "made his peace" with the donation of more money. Hardicnut, in that respect, was Pookbah: he just loved to be insulted.

"In this year also", says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, he "betrayed earl Eadulf under his protection, and then he was a belier of his troth". Just how this was done the chronicler does not say. However, Wulfstan

says of this period: "There was now no good, neither within nor without; but there was bloodshed on every side, often and continually; and ravage and slaughter, plague and pestilence; murrain of cattle and sicknesses, slander and hatred, and plundering of thieves, injured us severely, and unjust contributions oppressed us exceedingly. Therefore in this land were, as it may now appear, many wrongs, and fidelity wavered everywhere with men".

Even allowing for poetic licence, it is obvious that life under Hardicnut was about as unbearable as it could possibly be. His end was fully in character: he attended the wedding of one of his court, at a house in what is now Lambeth. In the middle of the festivities, he fell down dead drunk. And that was it. "He never", says one chronicle, "did anything that might become a king"; this is probably the kindest verdict ever given to Hardicnut. The English then swore, in Great Court, that a Dane should never again rule over the land; then they invited Edward (later known as The Confessor) to come over from Normandy and rule the country. Remind me some day to tell you how genteel HE was.

When I began this series, I stipulated that to be a proper king it was necessary to rule by the general will of the people; to form a strong central government; and to leave an undisputed heir. Hardicnut did none of these; the Danes installed him, ran things much as they liked as long as they kept him supplied with cash, and all vanished when he died.

The final verdict is with the common people; "the day of his death, instead of laments, was annually celebrated, among the common people, with open pastimes in the Streets. Which time, being the month of June, is called Hoctide or Huctide, signifying a time of scorn or contempt, which fell upon the Danes by his death". Bouse.