

# DAGON

#702, APA-Q #614

October-November 2018

## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

This is **Dagon**, a monthly fanzine of commentary on science, science-fiction, fantasy, mystery novels, comic art, role-playing games (RPGs), and anything else that seems like a good idea at the moment, is published by John Boardman, Room 108, 2250 S. Semoran Blvd, Orlando FL 32822-2704. My land line number is (407) 270-5613. The number of my new cell-phone, like that of its predecessor, is (718) 736-4901. **Dagon** circulates through APA-Q, an amateur press association (APA) edited once a month (if enough contributions come in) by Mark L. Blackman, Apt. 4A, 1745 E. 18th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11229-2119. His telephone number is (718) 336-3255, and his internet address is <marklblackman@juno.com>.

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
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I Inflamm  
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N Nerves

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**Dagon** also goes to others who have indicated an interest in its subject matter. Subscriptions are 10 issues for \$10 in the United States, and for \$25 elsewhere. I also trade with other amateur publications.

#2237

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A few issues ago, I stated that parodies of national anthems were seldom composed, either by residents of those same nations, or in others that may have been on bad terms with the nation whose anthem was being parodied. However, I forgot one anthem parody made in Canada by Canadians - probably because the only Canadian on my mailing list was dropped from it after his copy came back in the mail, the usual sign that the recipient had moved without sending me a new address.

National anthems have always been something of a problem for Canada. Initially it was decided in London that the Canadian national anthem was the same as that for other portions of the British Empire - "God Save the King". It was even translated into French for the benefit of the French-speaking Canadians, who were allowed to continue the use of French in the treaty that made Canada British after the British won the Seven Years' War, known in North America as the "Fench and Indian War", giving the false impression that the war was mainly between the French and the Indians.

Then Canada and the other British dominions were granted self-government, and the "British Empire" became the "British Commonwealth of Nations", later just the "Commonwealth of Nations". Then Canada got a new national anthem, first written in French and later translated (more or less) into English. Then the parody was written, not about a major national grievance, but about the functioning of Air Canada, the nation's national airline. Without a Canadian reader at present, I have to rely on my memory for any words that have lingered there. So I have only

fragments of the verses, and the chorus:

...My luggage went to Labrador, or maybe to Dundee,  
 But we remain, Air Canada, to stand in line for thee.  
 Air Canada, monopoly, we stand in line, we stand in line for thee,  
 We stand in line, we stand in line for thee.

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There are a number of strange place names in Florida, as I have frequently pointed out in this column. Some are from the languages of the original natives of this region, which in many cases are no longer spoken by anyone. (UNESCO has pointed out that many such languages in the Americas are extinct or endangered.) However, I do not believe that the most notorious such name, that of a small town in the Atlantic coast of Osceola County, is of native origin. It is "Yeehaw Junction".

However, weather reports on television have recently come up with a challenger to Yeehaw Junction. It is another place on that coast, called "Dinky Dock Beach". I have no idea of its correct spelling, since I have only heard it spoken, and do not know whether "Dinkydock" is one word or two. But let it stand as a competitor to "Yeehaw Junction", until more information comes in.

And there seems to be at least one case in which the re-naming of a Florida place name has not been effective. I distinctly remember that, sometime in the late 1960s, Cape Canaveral on the east coast of central Florida was officially re-named "Cape Kennedy". This was apparently intended to honor the late president, and to commemorate his hope that the United States could land a man on the Moon. In pursuit of this hope, the United States had established research centers on space flight in the vicinity of the cape. However, television reports on weather in its vicinity now refer to the cape by its former name "Cape Canaveral". This suggests that people repelled by President Kennedy's political policies are simply ignoring his name on the cape. We have already seen something of the sort from people who think that an African-American is the wrong color to be an American president. Accordingly,, such people efface his name from public appearances, tell repellent jokes about him, or otherwise make President Obama into what George Orwell called an "unperson".

Since moving to Florida, I thought I had exhausted all the possibilities for the peculiar names of towns and other geographical locations. But I had not taken into account educational institutions. When the football season began, some odd names of high schools, colleges, and "academies" (whatever *they* may be) surfaced, with the scores of their football games, whatever they may have to do with education.

Of these, the most preposterous turns out to be "Tonopekaliga", if I have transcribed it correctly. They had scheduled a football game against something called "Liberty". I have no idea which of the six syllables of "Tonopekaliga" is stressed, though I am guessing the fourth, with possibly a secondary stress on the first.

As for "Liberty", this is a universally popular term, though its meaning is decidedly not. If Liberty High School (or whatever sort of educational institution it was) was in existence in the 1950s, its administration probably screeched with rage at the alleged violation of its "liberty" that racial desegregation would have meant. I know. I was a graduate student at Florida State University from 1955 to 1957, and because of my reaction favoring desegregation, my expulsion was demanded by the Ku Klux Klan, and delivered by their faithful servant, the university's president. So today my name is on a plaque in Tallahassee which honors people who helped desegregate the university, the city, and the state.

Then, of course, there are *personal* names that challenge belief. Once I walked past a shop on Köln, Germany, whose proprietor's name, according to its sign, is "*Ungeheuer*", which is German for "monster". I suspect that some surnames are personal nicknames so notorious that they eventually became surnames permanently attached to their descendants. I have since discovered a surname much closer to home, that also raises questions. The nearest professional major league baseball team to Orlando is the Tampa Bay Rays, and they have on their squad a relief pitcher who bears the surname "Barraclough". The television announcers, to a man, pronounce his name as if it were spelled "Bear Claw". This, by itself, suggests a name that conceivably might have been given to a member of a tribe of Original Americans and then translated into English. But its spelling makes that very unlikely. So I have no idea of its origin or meaning. The letters "gh" suggest that they replace one of the letters that was dropped from English by William Caxton when he set up England's first printing press sometime in the late 15th century. Since that letter, sometimes represented in print as "yogh", represented a sound that even in Caxton's time had fallen out of English usage, I have no further suggestions.

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On 14 September 2018 the *New York Times* published an article by Sarah Lyall marking the 150th anniversary of one of the greatest and most influential American novels ever written, Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*. I first encountered this book indirectly, when as a child I received its sequel *Little Men* as a Christmas gift. Eventually I read all three books in the series, concluding with *Jo's Boys*, the sequel to *Little Men*. However, at the time I first read them I was not ready to appreciate them as they were meant to be appreciated.

The family featured in *Little Woman* is Mrs. March and her four daughters Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, (The March daughters are always referred to by these names, and never as "Margaret, Josephine, Elizabeth, and Amelia".) The husband and father is away, and like many men at the time in which the book is set, was fighting against the Slaveholders' Rebellion. This is not merely an author's device to create an all-female cast of characters. That conflict remains the bloodiest and most critical war in American history, even after the conflicts of the 20th century. It decided whether the United States were to remain united, and that the Constitution's guarantees of freedom were not merely of limited application but are applied to *all* residents of our nation.

The oldest daughter, Meg, has just accepted a proposal of marriage, implying that the other daughters might soon be getting seriously interested in boys. In fact, I recall, probably incorrectly, that Jo and Amy seem sometimes to be interested in the same boy, setting up another of the plot's many situations. And the poignant illness and eventual death of Beth reminds us that with the medical conditions of the 19th century a family was likely to lose at least one child to death. (In my own family, my Boardman great-grandparents lost at least one child, and even in the 20th century each of my parents lost one sister.)

Lyall's commentary on *Little Women* cited its strong impact on many of its readers. This was also its effect on my late wife Perdita, and I regret that I did not discuss the book more with her. She read and re-read *Little Women*, and saw several of the films based on it. "Actresses who have depicted the book's heroine Jo March," writes Lyall, "include Katharine Hepburn, June Allyson, and Winona Ryder". Others who will depict its characters in a BBC mini-series, that has apparently not yet crossed the Atlantic, include Emma Watson, Meryl Streep, and Laura Dern.

Perdita said that the advice about marriage that Mrs. March gave to Meg was surprisingly frank for a book published in 1868. I intend to ask our daughters whether they have read it, as I strongly suspect they have, and what their impressions of it are.

Lyall's *Times* articles do not mention Alcott's sequels, and they are obviously not as powerful as *Little Women*. *Little Men* takes place a generation after *Little Women*. By then, Amy had married the man in whom I recall that she and Jo had both been interested. Jo has married a new character, Professor Bhaer, an immigrant from Germany. This reminds us that the middle 19th century was a time of much immigration from Europe to America, partly due to America's better economic conditions and partly to the forcible suppression of several revolts in Europe. This took place in my own family also; my mother's paternal grandparents were both immigrants, he from England and she from Germany. They came here as children with their families in the 1850s. Somewhere in the course of their lives as immigrants, my great-grandfather's surname was changed from "Milton" to "Melton", possibly by the regimental clerk of the 146th Illinois Infantry, in which he enlisted as soon as he was old enough in 1864. (He was still in basic training when the Rebellion ended, and never saw combat or left Illinois.) After the Rebellion he married a woman from the southwest German town of Lauffen am Neckar. (Despite the frequent occurrence of her family name, Meier, I was able to visit Lauffen in 1958 and, thanks to a hospitable Lutheran pastor, Herr Lütteroth, was able to consult her family records.)

In Alcott's *Little Men*, Jo and Professor Bhaer run a private boarding school for boys. They have two sons themselves, who are too young for the school, but we see episodes from their lives as well. *Jo's Boys*, the last of the three books of Alcott's series, tells what becomes of her and Professor Bhaer's pupils in adult-hood. I plan to re-read all three books, and eventually report my impressions in **Dagon**.

There is another article about *Little Women*, by Francine Prose, in the *New York Times Book*

*Review* of 23 September 2018. It is entitled "Four Sisters", and reviews Anne Boyd Rioux's book *Meg, Jo, Beth. Amy: The Story of "Little Women" and Why It Still Matters*. In the review, Rioux mentions that Amy, the youngest sister, was only 12 in *Little Women*. This challenges my vague memory that Amy was old enough to be a rival for Jo's interest in the same boy. I obviously am going to have to get a card in the local library, read *Little Women* and its sequels, and maybe discuss it with my daughters,

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On page 1 of this the issue of **Dagon** you will find that this is its "October-November" issue. This is because owing to other commitments I was unable to get this issue into print before the deadline for the October issue of **APA-Q**. This was complicated by the fact that I had lost track of the September issue of **APA-Q**, when it arrived here on schedule early in September. I had sent him *via* Deirdre the usual print copies of the September **Dagon**, and they arrived, despite the effects of Hurricane Florence on the route they took, and were included in the September **APA-Q**.

Apparently there has been a recent increase in domestic postal rates which never appeared in the local media, or which I overlooked. The rate for domestic mail in small envelopes has apparently risen from 49¢ for the first ounce (28.35 grams) to 50¢. The rate for a large envelope, which weighs one ounce has risen from 98¢ (twice the rate for small envelopes) to \$1 (still twice the rate for small envelopes), and remains at 21¢ for each additional ounce up to a complete weight limit of 13 ounces. Thus the undenominated one-ounce first-class mail stamps labeled "Forever" now sell for 50¢ each, and are good for 50¢ of postage each on larger letters. Therefore the maximum rate for a 13-ounce piece of first-class mail is now not \$3.50 but \$3.52.

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The Florida primary elections of 28 August had one very surprising result. They were won by a candidate whom I didn't even know was running, and who seems to be a stronger candidate in the general election of 6 November than any of the other Democratic candidates for governor that I had known about. He is Andrew Gillum, the Mayor of Tallahassee, Florida's capital. This result was clearly quite a surprise to anyone who knows what was the composition and state of mind of Florida's voters once was. Gillum is an African-American, and already popular among the voters of Tallahassee. If he can get elected by the highly mixed electorate of the state's capital, with its two universities, one once all-white and the other once all-black, he should be a strong candidate in the entire state. I strongly recommend him, despite the claims of the Republican candidate Ron Desantis that he is "radical" and even "socialist".

There are several propositions presented to Florida's voters in the general election. Some of them are getting heavily promoted on TV, and some have drawn a surprising amount of opposition, considering that most election publicity is for or against candidates rather than for or against

(continued on page 9)

## LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

This is essentially an expanded version of an English parody to the tune of the German national anthem, "Deutschland über Alles" or "Gott erhaltet unser Kaiser" or whatever its original title is. I published a few incorrectly remembered verses in *Dagon* #700 (August 3028), and Mark Blackman rounded up a few more verses, and sent them to me along with *APA-Q* #643 (September 2018), which I have elsewhere incorrectly stated had arrived much later than was scheduled. Foot-otes refer to a few variant lines which Mark also sent.

1. Life presents a dismal picture, (1)  
Full of grief and fraught with doom.  
Father has an anal stricture,  
Mother has a fallen womb. (2)

2. Sister Kate has been aborted (3)  
For the forty-second time. (4)  
Uncle George has been deported (5)  
For a homosexual crime. (6)

3. In the corner sits Jemima,  
Never laughs and never smiles.  
What a doleful occupation,  
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles. (7)

4. Little Freddie's in the madhouse,  
Doctors look away and cough.  
'Cos the cause of his affliction  
Comes from too much wanking off.

5. And the baby's no exception,  
She has epileptic fits.  
Every time she coughs, she vomits,  
Every time she farts, she shits.

6. Uncle George has won the national  
Masturbation marathon.  
But he died of self-expression  
After bumming Uncle Tom.

7. But we will not be downhearted,  
We will not be f\*cked about. (sic)  
Little Lucy has just farted,  
Turned her arsehole inside out.

(1) "Dark and dreary as the tomb" or "Dark Dark and somber as the tomb".

(2) or "prolapsed womb".

(3) "Sister Sue" or "Sister Mary" or "my sister" or "the maid" or "my Aunt Martha"..

(4) Or "twenty-second time".

(5) "Brother Frank" or "Cousin Casper" or Uncle Max" or "Uncle Harvey".

(6) Sometimes the two abort/deport are switched around.

(7) This verse sometimes becomes: Uncle Charlie's been castrated, That is why he seldom smiles.

Mine's a dreary occupation, Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles.

## FAMILY MATTERS - II

The first edition of "Family Matters" appeared in **Dagon** #701 (September 2018). But I prepared that issue so fast that I left out some important information. The historian Albert A. Nofi is currently collecting information on obscure people to whom interesting things happened during the Slaveholders' Rebellion, the name I prefer for the very uncivil conflict that is nevertheless called the "Civil War". He has already published two such books, and is writing a third one. I cited two such cases in **Dagon** #701, writing at the time that neither involved one of my relatives. However one of them, Sergeant James Boardman of the 1st Minnesota Light Artillery Regiment, was indeed a relative of mine. He was the younger brother of my great-great-grandfather Philo Boardman. (I am assuming that he was a younger brother, because when the Rebellion began, Philo was married with a three-year-old son Martin, my eventual great-grandfather and the second Boardman of that name in my family.) That Martin Boardman's dates were (1858 -1925). Martin Boardman III (as I may as well call him) is the only child of my late brother Karl's second marriage. He is now approaching 30 and lives in Austin, TX. His address will be printed among those of several other relatives who will be listed in the next "**Dagon** Directory" that I publish, probably in next January's **Dagon**.

I plan to list here the surnames at birth of all my great-grandparents, so that any readers can recognize people of those names with whom they might be acquainted, and check to see whether they might be related. Those names are:

My father's relatives:

paternal - Boardman and Gates  
maternal - Horning and Carpenter

My mother's relatives:

paternal - Melton and Meier  
maternal - Bushnell and Fuller

There is a large Dutch representation among my father's ancestors, on both his parents' sides. His mother often cooked Dutch dishes, including most famously salt-rising bread. And her father, Charles Augustus Horning (1858-1948) is the only great-grandparent whom I can remember directly. (He suffered from dementia during the years that I knew him.) Many of these family lines arrived in Massachusetts or Nieuw Nederland (now New York) in the 1630s or 1640s.)

Stephen Gates, the ancestor of my great-grandmother Anne Gates Boardman, arrived like the Boardmans in seaports near to Boston. This was at a place and time that many old American families first arrived there, probably due to religious persecution in England. (As a well-known example, one of Stephen Gates's shipmates was a man named Samuel Lincoln.) Anne Gates Boardman also had Dutch ancestors; her mother's maiden name was Waldron, from an Anglo-Dutch family that was descended from Resolved Waldron, a half-English Dutchman who was the last Dutch *Schout* (sheriff, approximately) of Nieuw Nederland. The name of Resolved Waldron appears

in many histories of the Dutch colony. He was the son of an Englishman named Joseph Waldron, England when, on the death of Queen Elizabeth I in 1603, she was succeeded by King James VI of Scotland, who thus also became King James I of England. Queen Elizabeth had been unwilling to persecute people for religious heterodoxy, unless their religion persuaded them to assassinate the queen; then it was axes on Tower Hill. But King James was known to be much more serious about religion, which is why he eventually became the sponsor of the biblical translation that bears his name, and is still used in many churches. (It is not clear why his Bible strongly condemns the handsome young men who nevertheless hung around King James's court.)

But Joseph Waldron went to the Netherlands, the first nation to allow people to attend whatever church they preferred. There he married a Dutch woman. It is my belief that the views of Dutch settlers in New York was the reason why the United States now upholds the same ideal.

The descendants of Resolved Waldron intermarried with Dutch and English settlers in New York, and with French Protestant refugees (Huguenots) as well. A very prominent Anglo-Dutch family is descended from Waldron, but of them, more later.

I know very little about the Horning family, though occasionally in a news story the name "Horning" appears. Some of his forebears bore the names Rundle or Rasback, which is all I know about them.

Compared to my other ancestors, the Meltons and Meiers arrived later, during the 1850s. During that period many Europeans took refuge in America from poverty or the suppression of failed revolutions. Even the spelling of their names is doubtful. Somehow the Miltons became Meltons, possibly when my great-grandfather William Milton enlisted in the 146th Illinois Infantry as soon as he became old enough in 1864. He was still in basic training when the Rebellion ended in 1865, and never left Illinois or saw combat. After the Rebellion he married Elisabeth (?) Meier. One of my mother's earliest memories was attending the funeral of her grandmother sometime around 1910, when my mother would have been about three years old.

In 1958 I visited the birthplace of my great-grandmother Meier in a small town on a tributary of the Rhine, Lauffen-am-Neckar in southwestern Germany. (Daher bin ich echter Schwab!) Despite the fact that Meier with its variant spellings is a very common name in Germany, a very hospitable Lutheran pastor was able to locate the birth records of her family.

Fuller is a *Mayflower* name, but I have no idea whether an ancestor of my great-grandmother Fuller was a passenger on the *Mayflower*. There is a book listing the passengers on the *Mayflower* and their descendants, but no nearby library that I know about has a copy. I have often consulted genealogical records in a room just off the north reading room of the main branch of the New York Public Library, and they have a copy of the *Mayflower* book. and of several other books I havre consulted when I lived in New York.

And so we come to the Bushnells. I first learned about this family, and some of the accomplishments of its members, from Stella Bushnell, the sister of my grandmother Melton, when

we visited my grandparents' family on their farm near Cherokee, Iowa, during my childhood. Aunt Stella taught school in the Iowa town of Waterloo, and was enthusiastic about educating me concerning our Bushnell ancestors. (Like many female teachers at that time, she never married. In some schools it was actually forbidden for female teachers to marry, a regulation that has fortunately long since been disposed of.) One of the ones she mentioned was David Bushnell, who during the American Revolution built the world's first combat submarine, with the idea of sending its pilot to drill holes in the side of a British warship in New York harbor. (The plan didn't work, because the ship's hull had been sheathed with metal to prevent marine parasites from drilling holes in it.) For some reason she did not mention Simeon Bushnell, a clerk in his brother-in-law's bookstore in Oberlin, Ohio. During the 1850s he guided escaped slaves through Ohio to Lake Erie, where they were carried to Canada and freedom.

All of the Bushnells that I can trace were descended from Francis Bushnell, who in 1639 emigrated from Berkshire to Connecticut. (A friend in Berkshire once sent me a page from a Berkshire telephone directory, which showed the names of several Bushnells. That name, incidentally, is stressed on the first syllable, though my Aunt Marjorie, one of my mother's five sisters, once told me that she had met a few Bushnells who stressed the second syllable.)

The Bushnells seem to have advanced further in society than any of my other relatives. . . Asa Bushnell was Governor of Ohio sometime in the late 19th century. Other Bushnells served in Congress, or were otherwise socially prominent. This led me to wonder about the marriage of my maternal grandparents. Did any of the aristocratic Bushnells object because one of their daughters married a farmer whose parents were both immigrants? However, I rather doubt that any of the people who could answer this question are still alive.

In the issues of **Dagon** which carry future "Family Matters" columns, I will take up any answers I have received to the questions I have raised in the first two. I would appreciate receiving from readers any comments or questions they may have on these matters.

### **THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY (continued from page 5)**

propositions. One of the propositions up for a vote this year would allow convicted felons to vote unless they were convicted for murder or a sexual crime. It would be easy to think of circumstances for which a restoration of voting rights would be appropriate, and also to think of circumstances for which voting would be grossly inappropriate. I would just as soon pass this proposition and let the courts deal with questionable cases.

As for candidates, I recommend voting for Andrew Gillum (D) for governor. He is already Mayor of Tallahassee, which means that he can win the votes of people of several different backgrounds. In Tallahassee, for example, there are two universities, one mostly black and one mostly white. (In the days when racial segregation was believed to be legal, they were segregated by law.)

Lately, however, desperate Republicans have invented a claim that Gillum's running mate for lieutenant governor, Chris King, is "anti-Semitic". It is claimed that when King, an evangelical Christian, was a student at Harvard, and running for student body president in 1998, he was strongly opposed by the editorial staff of the student newspaper, and had then commented that "most of them were Jewish". King lost that election, and claims are now being made by Ron DeSantis, the Republican candidate for Governor of Florida, that King is an anti-Semite. King has denied this claim, and apologized for his phrasing of twenty years ago. (*New York Times*, 30 September 2018).

**Dagon #702 (APA-Q #614)**

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