

# THE FANHATTONITE

THE INFREQUENT NEWSLETTER OF THE HATTON GROUP

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## PHEW! WHAT A SCORCHER!!

Well, just what you never expected, - a newsletter for our little group. Goshwowboyoboy sensawonderwhatheisupto, eh? As for the news....

On Saturday afternoon arch-wimp Owen Whiteoak phoned up to explain why he wasn't going to Sunday's KTF (Kent TruFandom) meeting:

"Och, I can't do it, man. I've just got up and I know I can't face all those people."

We explained that he didn't have to meet them for another 24 hours.

"Och, it's no good, man. I'm suffering from The Ailment again, man."

When we asked him how long he'd had this ailment he replied:

"Och, all my life, man."

Mr Whiteoak is a Grateful Dead fan.

Owen might have been out of the picture but lethargically dynamic young fan Martin Smith made it out to Plashet Grove and stayed up with Hansen and Carol 'til 3am to watch an episode of 'The Partridge Family' featuring Richard Pryor and Lou Gossett (don't ask) and to see Lisa Tuttle in bed with the great-granddaughter of Sigmund Freud. (This is true.) Needless to say, after staying up that late we were all a little zomboid the next morning but when Pam Wells showed up (on time!!!) we still managed to struggle over to Welling and Chez Clarke. (Actually, it was a gloriously hot day and crossing the Thames on the Woolwich ferry was a delight.) Apart from us those present were Vinc, ATom, Harry Bond, Joseph Nicholas, and John & Eve Harvey. Eve has found a new job with a banking consultancy and could conceivably find herself travelling to places such as New York, Amsterdam, and Sydney in the course of her work. Eve and John are also currently finalising plans to relocate in a small village outside London and should be moving soon. The village is north of Watford but we'll try not to be to hold that against them. It's apparently 45 mins from the capital by train, and the trains run on the hour all through the night. Good luck, people. Vinc had dug up a pile of WWII newspapers which your editor fell on eagerly but managed to leave behind. Bring them along next Saturday, eh Vinc?

## MINUTES OF MEETING OF 9th June 1988

Present: R.Hansen  
A.Carol  
O.Whiteoak  
M.Smith  
N.Rowe

- 1.00 RH opened meeting by tabling a motion that MS buy a round of drinks. OW seconded the motion.
- 2.00 While MS was buying drink, RH observed that claiming someone was pissed when tabling a motion means something entirely different on each side of the Atlantic. No-one could think of a suitable reply to this.
- 3.00 RH moved that OW buy a round of drinks. MS seconded the motion.
- 4.00 Minutes of the previous meeting were read. There was further discussion as to the military applications of bovine flatulence. OW was delegated to write a report.
- 5.00 RH moved that AC buy a round of drinks. MS seconded the motion.
- 6.00 NR turned up having been unaccountably detained in the cosmetics department of Harrods.
- 7.00 RH moved that NR buy a round of drinks. AC seconded the motion.
- 8.00 AC introduced discussion of a list she had recently discovered of the world's shortest books. AC moved that 'Who's Who in New Zealand' was prominent among these. NR not very amused by this. He replied with a list of famous people from his homeland. AC, RH, MS, OW pretended not to have heard of any of them.
- 9.00 RH moved that someone buy a round of drinks. MS proposed that RH buy the round and NR seconded the proposition. RH objected. RH's objection was over-ruled by NR, MS, OW. AC was giggling in the corner.

Dates of future meetings: 15 - 23rd June 1988  
16 - 14th July 1988  
17 - 28th July 1988  
18 - 11th Aug 1988

Distribution: Those present, plus a few others. Total distribution around a dozen or so copies. Available entirely by editorial whim.

## THE SERIOUS BIT - A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HATTON GROUP

It all started in the White Horse. Or maybe it all started in the offices of the Ilford Recorder. Anyway, it was my turning up the Ilford Recorder for 31st October 1930 (essentially the birth certificate of British fandom, since it gave the date for the first fan group) that prompted Owen Whiteoak in October 1987 to suggest we all gather in the White Horse to celebrate what he termed "British fandom's Heinz anniversary". (It was 57 years since that fateful meeting in Ilford.) That was Thursday 27th October, and those present were John & Eve Harvey, Vinc Clarke, Pam Wells, Ian Maule, Owen Whiteoak, Avedon, and me. The White Horse was superseded by the Globe as London's regular fannish meeting place shortly before Xmas 1953 and this was the first time Vinc had been inside it since, the first time in 34 years!!! It was obvious that the White Horse wouldn't work as the venue for a new meeting since it was full of staff from the 'Daily Mirror' building across the street, but the idea of a regular meeting in Holborn, the heart of London fandom for 50 years, was one that Owen wouldn't let go.

On Thursday 26th November we held the first of our regular twice-monthly meetings in our present venue, the Christopher Hatton, a pleasant (if sometimes loud) little pub equidistant from the White Horse and the One Tun. The Hatton had served as a retreat for local pros during the dying days of the One Tun meetings and was now being re-claimed by the fans (though, interestingly enough, we recently discovered that they now meet there on the third Thursday). Those who reclaimed it on that first night were John and Eve Harvey, Nigel Rowe, Phil Palmer, Vinc Clarke, Jimmy Robertson, Dave Langford, Owen Whiteoak, Avedon, and me. It was here that I jokingly suggested we call our little group 'The London Fanhistorical Society' only to be noisily shouted down by Eve who proclaimed "Fanhistory is bloody boring!", and promptly turned the conversation to word-processing. So it goes.

As with most groups things were a little rocky at first but we eventually settled down to a regular schedule of meetings held on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month and starting at 8pm. There have been 14 meetings to date (this'll be handed out on the 15th) and for the statisticians I've compiled the following attendance figures (keeping a diary is so useful):

* 27/10/87 - 8	10/03/88 - 4
26/11/87 - 10	24/03/88 - 7
10/12/87 - 3 + 3 **	* 14/04/88 - 4
14/01/88 - 7	* 28/04/88 - 4
28/01/88 - 4	12/05/88 - 6
11/02/88 - 4	26/05/88 - 7
25/02/88 - 5	9/06/88 - 5

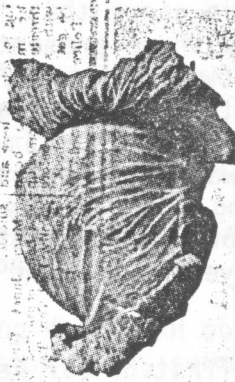
\* The first of these held at White Horse, the others ending up there when the Hatton chose to shut early at 10.30pm on these nights.

\*\* On this occasion the first three, thinking no-one else was coming, split the Hatton around 9pm. The others turned up a few minutes after they left.

Sixteen different people have attended the meetings at various times, and attendance breaks down to 2 @ 14 (Avedon and me), 1 @ 13, 1 @ 8, 1 @ 6, 1 @ 5, 1 @ 4, 3 @ 3, 1 @ 2, 5 @ 1.

Following up on our discussions of the uses terrorists could find for exploding cows, I offer the following as being possibly another fruitful avenue to explore:

# OUCH! CYRIL IS BOMBED BY 30mph CABBAGE



Watch out . . . there's a flying cabbage about!

## Veg knocks him off bike

By MARTYN SHARPE

**OLD soldier Cyril Casson was fighting mad yesterday after being bombed with a CABBAGE whizzing through the air at 30mph.**

Two sniggering yobs in a car launched the leafy missile at ex-bombardier Cyril, knocking him off his bike.

The phantom veg flingers sped off, leaving their 58-year-old victim in need of hospital treatment for two fractured ribs and an injured wrist. Cyril of Danvers, Yorks, said: "The cabbage hit me with all the force of a

bullet.

"It must have been doing 30mph. I've been in agony ever since.

"It's awful that these louts are going round throwing cabbages at people. Somebody could get killed."

Police stepped up their hunt for the bombers when they struck again nearby.

### Injuries

An unnamed 40-year-old woman needed hospital treatment for facial injuries after being felled by a flying cabbage while out walking.

Cyril's wife, Jean, 54, said: "Used like this, a cabbage can be a terrible weapon."

"Poor Cyril's not slept a wink since he came back from the hospital."

"Cabbage was his favourite veg once—but not any more."

A police spokesman said: "This may sound funny, but we're very anxious to trace these men."

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