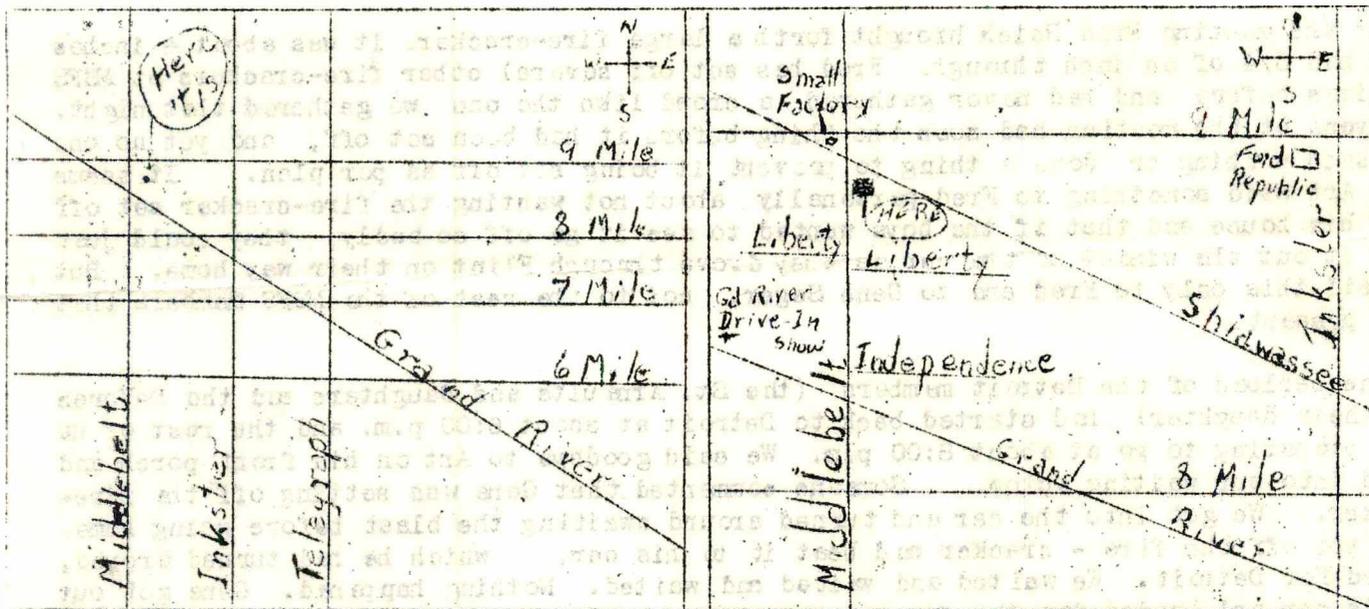


# THE MICHIGAN

FREE Bulletin of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society Vol. II - No. 10 5 Dec. 1949

**NEXT MEETING:** The next meeting will be Sunday afternoon at 1:00 p.m., 11 December, 1949, at the home of George Young, 22180 Middlebelt, Farmington, Michigan. First a map: -----



Coming out from Detroit by car you can come out either Grand River or around the north side of town on any of the Mile Roads to Middlebelt Road. From Grand River and 8 Mile Road, watch for a sign saying 500 feet to Middlebelt Road. There is a large nursery on the southeast corner of Middlebelt and Grand River and a church and a plumbing shop on the northwest corner; there is also a Texaco gas station on the southwest corner. Coming by bus from Detroit, you can take the Grand River, Hamilton Seven Mile, Second Ave. Six Mile busses to Grand River and Lasher Road in Reford. On the northwest corner of Grand River and Lasher, you can catch a Greyhound suburban bus running to Farmington every half hour from 12:30 on into the afternoon. For the early birds there is a bus at 11:20. Fans coming in from Saginaw, Cadillac, and points north, take US-10 to US-24. US-24 is identified by the huge Frankenmuth sign on the north side, opposite it. Take US-24 to Nine Mile Road. If you should happen to get stuck or want any information, you might try calling Farmington 1120 or Tyler 7-6132 in Detroit.

**LAST MEETING:** The last meeting was held at the home of Arnim Seielstad, in Grosse Pointe, Those present were George Young, Martin Alger, Arnim Seielstad, Edith and George Fufcsik, Fred St. Arnault; Andre Weitzenhoffer, Erwin Stirnweis, Jerry Gordon, Howard DeVore and Ed Kuss. Surprise of the meeting was the appearance of Martin Alger who just drove down from Mackinaw City for the winter; also Erwin Stirnweis who got a weekend off from school. Disappointment of the meeting was the absence of the Saginaw fans who, it seems were kept away because of a sudden snowstorm in their part of the country. Discussion ran wild on the Saginaw episode and the resignations of the Saginaw fans. More of this later. A petition for an amendment to the constitution was drawn up and signed at the meeting. More of this later. Edith Fufcsik was appointed by the president and with the approval of the rest of the group present to the post of acting-secretary should the resignation of Arthur Repp still stand despite all efforts of the club to change his mind. Mrs. Seielstad served an excellent repast of beanie-weenies, cole slaw, cake and cookies, coffee, pop and bock beer. It was enjoyed to the very last burp.

# OPEN LETTER

TO: MSFS Members; Other Interested Fans; Interested Non-Fans.

On the 13th of November, the meeting of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society was held at the home of the secretary, Arthur H. Rapp. After the meeting had broken up and the members were leaving, there was a slight explosion. You who are reading this have already read Mr. Rapp's version of this affair. Now let me present the other side of the story.

At the meeting Fred Reich brought forth a large fire-cracker. It was about 4 inches long and 3/4 of an inch through. Fred has set off several other fire-crackers at MSFS meetings before and had never gathered a crowd like the one we gathered that night. Everyone at the meeting had seen the thing before it had been set off, and yet no one had said a thing or done a thing to prevent it being set off as per plan. It seems that Art said something to Fred personally about not wanting the fire-cracker set off near his house and that if the boys wanted to see it go off so badly, they could just drop it out the window of the car as they drove through Flint on their way home. But he said this only to Fred and to Gene Seger, not to the rest of the MSFS members that were present.

One carload of the Detroit members (the St. Arnaults and daughters and the DeVores and their daughter) had started back to Detroit at about 6:00 p.m. and the rest of us were preparing to go at about 8:00 p.m. We said goodbye to Art on his front porch and piled into our waiting autos. Someone commented that Gene was setting off the fire-cracker. We got into the car and turned around awaiting the blast before going home. Gene set off the fire-cracker and beat it to his car, which he had turned around, headed for Detroit. We waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened. Gene got out of his car and headed for the fire-cracker to see what was wrong. It seems that he had not lit the thing properly the first time and it had gone out. Now being dumb as he is Gene picked up the fire-cracker without thinking that it might have gone off in his hand (it's a pity that it didn't) and when he put it down he moved it closer to the house without thinking. Fred had directed this operation the first time and had had the thing set a decent distance from the house. Now as we sat in our car (Edith and George Furesik ((Hal Shapiro's sister and brother-in-law)) and their son Billy, Arnim Soielstad, George Young, Bill Groover, Ralph Fluette and his daughter) (Groover and Fluette have dropped out of the club), it was remarked that the fire-cracker looked awfully close to the house. Gene lit the fuse, dashed to his car, started his motor and waited. This time we could see the fuse burning, with a soft sputter. After about 10 seconds had elapsed, the neighborhood was subjected to a blinding brilliance, followed by a deafening explosion. Gene Seger took off like a bat out of hell. Of course Fred Reich did too seeing that he was in Gene's car. Fred said later that it was only flash powder in the fire-cracker. I will grant it that it did make a lot of light, also it made a lot of noise.

Above the roar of the explosion I thought that I had heard the shattering of glass. Arnim believed he had heard the same thing I got out of the car and dashed into the house. Standing in the front door was the man from Saginaw with a slight grin on his face and the first thing said were these memorial words by Art: "I see where the club treasury is going to pay for a new window." I agreed and asked how Art was physically. It turned out that he had been in the other room when the blast occurred and had not been hurt by any flying glass. This, by the way, was not the least bit funny. If Art had been in the way of the flying glass it might have been a different story. As it was, we were all lucky. We walked into the other front room of the house and checked the other window there. It seems it had been cracked originally but had been keeping

out the cold and the rain. Although it had not been in the direct line of the explosion, it had also been knocked out. Well, that made two panes of glass that the club had to pay for.

About this time, Bill Groover came in from the car to find out if anything had happened. When the damage had been pointed out to him, he decided to stay while and help Art board up the windows. We (Art, Bill and I) decided that it would be best if the Detroit fans left for home. There was nothing they could do now but get in trouble if any neighbors started to ask questions. I walked out the door to find the front lawn covered with people and cars were all over the street. I cleared the crowd with questions coming at me from all around, such as, "what happened?" "did the stove explode?" or "anybody killed?" and made my way back to the car. When I got there I found that George Furosik and Ralph Fluette had gone to the house and I had missed them in the crowd. We waited for them to return.

After about a minute had elapsed, a dim wail could be heard approaching in the distance. We sent Arnim Seielstad back to the house to drag George and Ralph out of there before the long arm of the law arrived. After another half minute or so went by, what should come roaring down the street? A police car?? Hell no!! A fire truck!! This was soon followed by another of the same. About this time George and Ralph got back to the car and we sat there laughing our fool heads off. After all, through no fault of our own, we had experienced an explosion, a blinding flash of light, and it had cost us only about \$2.00 in broken windows. Now through the neurotic actions of one of Art's neighbors we were furnished the glitter and thrill of the Saginaw Fire Dept. We looked only at the humorous side of the whole thing and wondered what the fire chief would do when he found he didn't have a chemical co. or something equally large that he could have his boys practise on.

We were already to leave when we heard in the distance the shrill scream of another official vehicle approaching in the distance, this time coming up State St. from the direction of downtown instead of up Bay St from the west side as the first fire trucks had come. Now we expected the police. Was it the police? Again, hell, no! It was another fire co. truck. Now if you think it wasn't funny enough watching the first two fire trucks coming down Bay St. and the third one that rounded the corner from State St. unto Bay, you are mistaken, but when that Hook and Ladder truck rounded the corner east of all, that was the straw that broke the camel's back. We just about split our sides laughing. We lay in the seats roaring with laughter. Outside the car, several people stopped on their way to Art's house to see what had happened and wondered what the hell those crazy fools were laughing at. We decided that it was time that discretion became the best part of valor and left. We took Ralph home and stayed at his house for an hour or more talking over the night's events. After this we went on our merry way back to the fair city of Detroit.

Came the next day, came work, came home. My mother met me at the door with: "I see that your club made the radio; what happened last night?" I proceeded to explain and went next door to see the neighbor friend that had heard the announcement over the radio. He wanted to know how we had sent a huge ball of fire bellowing into the sky followed by a cloud of smoke. Also it seems that the blast was heard two miles away, I explained what had happened, that there had been no ball of fire, but a flash of light from the explosion. I also do not think that the explosion was heard two miles away. Newspaper reporters have been known to stretch things a little and I know that there was no ball of fire. Most of the account of the explosion in the paper was the result of mass hysteria such as the flying disk scare. After all, the reporters need something to substantiate a half page picture and a four column spread in the Saginaw paper the next morning.

Came another day and the Detroit Free Press. On the back page was a picture of Art being questioned by a fire inspector and in the "It Happened in Michigan" column there

as a small item of some 13 lines of type on what had happened in Saginaw. Then on Saturday an open letter came in from Saginaw which you have all seen. That brings us up to date.

That same Saturday at our Detroit meeting the whole thing was taken up and the Saginaw episode was thoroughly discussed but it was agreed that the Detroit club could do nothing and it would have to be left up to the Michigan club to come to some understanding on this matter. The following Sunday at the first Michigan meeting after this event, we waited for the arrival of the Saginaw fans. To our surprise, Algy showed up at the meeting. He who spends his summer running a resort in Mackinaw City had written that he would not be down for a few weeks yet, and now showed up quite suddenly. He had stopped in Saginaw the day before and assured us that the Saginaw fans would be there. They didn't come. It seems that a sudden snowstorm had come up and they did not want to chance the icy roads.

At the meeting, it was talked over and decided that we would do everything in our power to keep the Saginaw fans in the club. We felt that the incident was basically caused by all present because no one had spoken up throughout the meeting against the setting off of the fire-cracker, the Saginaw fans included. Everyone there had seen the thing before the explosion as Reich had shown his handy work to every one present. If Art or anyone had wanted to stop the setting off then was the time to do it. Art, it seems, had said something, but not to the group as a whole. We decided that it would be unfair to kick Fred and Gene out of the club without all of us leaving, but that we would rather do this than have Art and the Saginaw Fan leave the club.

An amendment to the constitution of the MSFS was proposed to try to prevent this sort of incident happening in the future. This amendment is printed in this issue of the MICHIFAN. All present at the meeting signed the amendment petition and signified that their signatures were to be counted as yes votes on the amendment. Therefore this amendment has eleven yes votes at the present time.

There was no malice or forethought in the episode at Art's and the club is very apologetic to him for the whole thing. It was an unfortunate occurrence that we hope will never happen again. We apologize to Bill Groover for the unusual spot we put him in when he was the number 1 suspect of the police. We apologize to all of the rest of the members of the MSFS that had their reputations damaged because of the incident.

George H. Young  
President, MSFS

**AMENDMENT:** Herewith is presented the proposed amendment to the constitution of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society. The petition was signed by the eleven members present at the last meeting and the eleven signatures also represent eleven yes votes for the amendment. Ballots are being enclosed to all voting members of the MSFS. We urge that you vote and return the ballots immediately so that the club will be in position to take any necessary steps it feels desirable.

Any member may be expelled, put on probation, and/or fined, by a majority vote of the membership; for conduct detrimental to the club. The magnitude of the fine or the length of probation will be determined at that time.

**BE SURE TO MARK YOUR BALLOTS AND RETURN THEM IMMEDIATELY**