

THE PHINEAS PINKHAM PALLOGRAPH

Number 3

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If you are an avid reader of the roster or if you noticed the heading just up above, you will have had a chance, at least, to see an address change. Last March I resigned my position as Vice-Pres of the largest industry and business in Galway, New York. Now I work at the first permanent atomic energy research facility ever set up by this great land of liberty.

No kidding! I work now in a land of white smocks, booties for my shoes if I need to go into certain areas, film badges, radiation counters and a thick, spongy, sticky wall of secrecy. Let no one in fapaland ever say that fans do not take part in the forward march of progress!

Someone at the Midwescon (was it you, Dick Schults?) asked me if there was any chance that there would ever be a big fapazine from me. On the basis of recorded history, it seemed to be a rather ridiculous question. Back in 1941 I helped Bob Madie put out the last issue of Fantascience Digest. I think my maximum-sized issue since then has been six pages. Maybe I burnt myself out working on a 24-pager the first time out. The question turned out to be important, though. If I don't get at least two full pages (not Mailing 112, I will have to break a record of sorts in the next one.

Now that I have thoroughly undermined my chances of victory, it is time to point out that my name should be on your ballot again. That assumes that Bob Pavlat has not lost or forgotten my card or decided to run again for his office. As my only campaign effort, I offer the following statement. I admired no end Bob's manner of handling the major crisis of his administration and I would hope to come up with a similarly brilliant performance if it were needed and I were in the office.

Let the big talk up above fool anybody, please understand that the biggest business in the town of Galway is the Central School. I served on the Board of Education about 3½ years. During that time we about doubled the elementary school and the high school building. It was a fun experience and left me with a feeling that I had really accomplished something worthwhile.

It seems that we really do live in a science-fiction world here lately. Mariner shows us that Bradbury will have to revise his Mars tales so that they might as well be about the moon. Rockets leave old Earth so often it almost seems as if they were on an airline-ish schedule. Now a firm in nearby Springfield has offered deep-freeze service to people who want to buy enough time for medical science to find a cure for what ails them and devise a way to bring them back to life. One man arranged for tea service for his ailing wife, but conservative hospital officials and a minister stopped their plans. The last such item tells of a man suing a veterinarian for killing his dog which he had trained to count radiation level in the air?



Thanks, BOB TUCKER, for tales of the first Chicon. It was fun to read both the old and the new comments. While we have your name up, let's shift to your pages in Vandy. First, your heading. During that long First Fandom meeting at the Midwescon I got an impression that at times you thought that it was not only tottering, but doddering. Like you with fapa, I "find the members entertaining" and I particularly enjoy being with some of them, but I see little in it as an organization aside from some kind of reflected gloxy from seniority. If something worthwhile comes from that long meeting, of course, I will be pleasantly and humbly surprised.

"Boycott" means something else to us. He was a treasured pet which disappeared shortly before our move; Elsie is pretty sure that someone stopped out front one night and picked him up. Originally he was "Boy Cat" to tell him apart from "Erotica", our girl kitten of the moment. I switched the pronunciation as he got older. We manage to get some nutty names for some of our pets. Our long-loved favorite German Shepherd dog which died last summer was officially "Terranous Pippa" and our big orange tomcat on the farm a few years back was named "Fotcher" after an earlier similar one who had reigned there before we bought the place. "Twig" is Elsie's dachshund stud and I live in suspense while waiting to learn the names of our three latest kittens from Erotica and Daisy's seven brand-new pups.

Almost twenty years ago I got a letter somewhat similar to yours from Monique. It was pretty close to being a proposition by mail, complete with a small picture and interesting dimensions. I don't know where the gal got my name and address, but I wondered then which scoundrel was lurking in the bushes of Lincoln or the Loop.

Ah, yes! "The Phantom Empire." It showed in Riverside in 1935. After the first chapter or two had been shown on Saturday afternoon for the kids, public demand brought it onto the Friday and Saturday night programs and before the mid-way mark, if memory serves me rightly, it was also shown Thursday nights. It packed the house. It was a fine bash and it made Autry, but it was not, I think, the first to show tv. An earlier El Brendal pic (it seems to me that it was "Just Imagine!") had already shown television phones and it may have shown separate tv, I can't remember.

Now, JUANITA COLSON, I was glad to meet you and Bob this summer, even if we didn't spend much time getting acquainted. I hope that can be remedied another time soon. You got me hooked right away this time with your memories of the days of blind tv. What a shame we can't all get to hear those programs again. I would give up all that has been done on tv so far to be able to have some of the great radio programs of the past. Fantasy and science fiction just can't be put across visually the way they can in our minds. There were other programs on radio which will never be equalled on tv, too. "I Love a Mystery" and the Fred Allen programs pop easily into mind. I have never enjoyed Jack Benny as well on tv as I did on radio. Lee, Jack and you have now repeatedly reminded me that fapa has apparently missed a book by an early fan from Chicago, Charles Nutt. He revelled in this kind of thinking. If you haven't seen it, look up Charles Beaumont's "Remember! Remember!" to find real reminiscing not only about radio, but the pulps, comics, movie serials and other lost items of the distant (circa the thirties and forties) past.

Thus ends this issue with about thirty of you ignored. You really were not, though. I read and enjoyed every item. While I will make no mad promises, I hope that better health and more free time will allow me to hold up my end a little better in fapa this coming year. Happy election!