



A TALE OF THE 'EVANS

Being the F A P A journal of Th' Ol' Foo, presented for whatever enjoyment you may find therein, and containing such various-and sundry items as its producer thinks may give you a few moments of pleasure or thought.

Volume II

Summer, 1944

Number 3

DEPARTMENT OF THE GREETINGS:

Hi!

FLASH!

Hey, mitt me, Folks. I'M A GRANDMOTHER!! Yessir, My son's wife presented us with a beautiful little baby girl, yclept Judith Karon, on the morning of April 21st, this being my first grandchild. And is Th' Ol' Foo proud and happy? You've no idea.

THIS NOMENCLATURE BUSINESS.

This observer has been much intrigued of late over the various items which have been running in the Fan Presses concerning the matter of what we should call ourselves -- whether we continue the use of the terms "Fans", "Fen", "Slans", or what have you. There have been a number of very scholarly articles, reviewing the matter from many angles, and several very excellent ideas and new terms have been advanced.

From the viewpoint of your observer, however, this is largely a "tempest in a teapot", for it seems this is not such an important question as what we make of whatever term we do decide to use. As far as "Fan" and its new plural "Fen", is concerned, we have made it a well-known and well-loved term among us, and one that will be hard to overcome, especially considering the many thousands of times it has appeared in our previous magazines. The same with the word "Slan", which, since the advent of that well-beloved story, has been sort of taken over by our group. It is only when someone starts to claim that we are the new super-men mutations of the genus Homo Sap that it becomes ridiculous. But most of us, while (perhaps egotistically) feeling that we are a little above average mentally, use the term as one of merely special definition, and not as an indication of our high standing. In this usage, the term "Slan" is one in which we can really take pride, and holds no ridiculous connotation to outsiders. I like Art Widner's "Imaginists" very much, and have also always been quite partial to the longer term which I have used for a couple of years or more "Scientifancier".

However, you deep thinkers go ahead and figure out what terms we shall use in the future, and Th' Ol' Foo will follow along. As long as I can be a "Fan", the actual wordage does not matter to me.

I want to write the story of an old maid Librarian in a small town. I hope I may achieve enough brilliance in my writing so that I may make you see clearly the wonderful good and the tremendous happiness she brought to the people of that little place.

Her name was Florence Holmes, and the town was Coldwater, Mich. where I was born and raised. At the time I first became acquainted with her, over forty years ago, the population of the town was just under five thousand. The library was housed in a beautiful building which had been donated by one of the wealthy citizens. There was a really large and excellent selection of books.

Plus -- Miss Holmes.

It was not only her friendliness, although she had that in super-abundance, so that everyone loved her.

It wasn't only her knowledge of books, although few highly educated people knew more about them than she.

Nor was it just her willingness to take on more than her share of civic duties of all kinds, although she was always in the forefront of all that was clean, cultural and fine.

No, it was -- although I was much, much older before I really knew and realized it -- her unselfish, ingrained love of being of service to others. It was her big heart filled with love for all the children and adults of her little town, so that she never felt that she was going out of her way to do them a helpful service.

I know now that my life would have been entirely different if it had not been for her friendship, her guidance, and the mental stimuli she gave me in the matter of my reading.

I was a "screwy" sort of kid; not too popular with my fellows, although I had several good friends. I was not athletic, so was not in with that crowd. I was not one of the "rich" crowd, although we were not poor.

However, I did like to read, and spent probably more time at that than any other child near my own age in the whole town. My choice of reading was as wide and varied as the sea. I might, if getting two books at once, choose one of Paul du Chaillu's books on African travel, and one of the "Little Colonel" series of girl's books. Or again, I might get a Rolfe book, or one of Horatio Alger, and one of Dickens or Dumas. I told you I was a screwy kid.

Miss Holmes soon noticed this, and began picking out books for me to read, doing it so unobtrusively that at first I never noticed what she was doing. She continued giving me the two kinds -- one of light reading for pure enjoyment, and the other of the "deeper stuff", for the education and deepening of my mind.

Then she began, quietly and only occasionally at first, talking to me about what I was reading. She would ask me for my impressions of the books, and would add here and there a quiet remark that would open up entirely new vistas to me. Soon we were having fairly regular discussions about literature, and I began to see

that there was something far greater than a mere story in those volumes I had been devouring so keenly.

Through her eyes I began to see that there was much more in life than appeared on the surface. I could see that there was orderliness and purpose there; that there was planning and organization; that there was something to be given, and something to be received.

It began to dawn on me that it wasn't just a matter of living so many years that make a life. It wasn't merely making a living, or keeping up a home, or going into business or working for someone else for wages. It wasn't simply going through school, then getting a job, getting married, buying a home and raising a family. Nor was it merely being honest, keeping out of debt, and having church and social affiliations.

Above and beyond all these incidents to living, I began to see and realize that there were things to do; parts to play in the lives of others; exchanges and inter-changes of the many facets of life so that others as well as myself should profit by my living.

There were sorrows and pain to be met, conquered, and turned into victories of the spirit. There were joy and happiness available, if one would but go out and earn them. Aye, "earn them" -- for I learned that only thus may they be gained; they are neither gifts nor things that can be purchased.

From following the fortunes of the characters in my books, she taught me to study the characters of the people around me. Thus a whole new world was opening up before me, thanks to this wonderful woman. And I was IN that world, and OF it a component part.

How far, wide and high my reading went under her guidance may be illustrated by the fact that, when I was about fourteen, the library received a list, made up by some college professor, of the 100 best books in English and American literature. Miss Holmes showed me the list, and after studying it for awhile, we found that there were only three of the books listed which I had not read, and one of those we had talked about and she was ordering it for the library so I could read it.

Now it is not that I want to puff myself up as an infant prodigy of literature, that I mentioned the above. For I was not, nor did it then seem strange to me that I had read all those books, so natural had she made it seem to me to read good books. No, I have never come anywhere near being either a learned man nor an expert in literature. It was not as "literature" that I was reading all those books, either then or now -- it was "life" I was reading.

Now I have, naturally, told this story about Miss Holmes from the standpoint of my own life, since I know it best from that angle. But I do know, also, that what she did for me, she did four countless hundreds of others during the decades she lived and worked there. At least three generations of people were touched by her life and activities in direct fashion -- and only for the better.

It wasn't just that she was a good librarian, for probably thousands of towns have librarians as good or better. But it was what she was, what she did, and what she made of others, that keeps her

memory ever bright in my heart, and the hearts of those thousands who know and loved her.

I have talked with many Coldwater people about her, and almost without exception they hold with me that she was one of the finest influences our town ever had; that by her life, her example and her work she did incalculable good in the moral and mental upbuilding of her young people.

For she taught those of them who would listen, the deep, spiritual meanings of life. She gave us a deeper and clearer insight into the real basic concepts of Truth, by opening up to us the whole wide range of the world's best books, allowing us to see each side of controversial questions; to learn the view points of the world's great thinkers, and the interpretation which the men and women of other lands put upon the questions and beliefs of important topics.

I think she would have made a wonderful fan, for under her I read and studied mythology, then graduated to Verne, Poe, and the other imaginatives.

But mostly, she taught us gentleness, courtesy, service and friendliness, by the beauty of her own life and actions. She brought us clearly into the light of the great beauties of the world, thru the eyes, minds and pens of the world's greatest writers and thinkers. She led us by easy stages through the beautiful fields and forests of ideas, until we were climbing freely towards the heights from whence we could view the whole vast range of Man's domain, and choose from it what part we would make our own.

I like to think that one day I shall meet Miss Holmes again, and hear her say, as so often before, "Here is another fine book, Everett, that I am sure you will like."

And she will check out to me a copy of the Great Book of Eternal Life and Truth!

I LIKED IT.

In "Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal", by Dr. Lloyd A Douglas, the Doctor is speaking of newspapers (during the opening day of World War One, and makes a comment that is, I believe, as true today, if not even more so:

"I think it is to the people's serious disadvantage that they are able to buy, for twocents, a stimulant to hatred, morbidity, savagery, and scorn for the elemental decencies.

"If it is illegal to peddle heroin, cyanide, and nitroglycerine on the street, what excuse is there for the general distribution of printed matter that debases the mind? If a manufacturer is required by law to state on the ketchup bottle that it contains benzoate of soda, the newspaper should be made to say -- at the top of page one -- 'This edition contains stuff that whets the appetite for ghoulishness, sadism, and similar psychoses'."

Ain't it the truth?

MAILING MUSINGS

INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT (and other CC pubs) . . Move over, Pong and Liebscher -- you are no longer the humorists of Fandom. I never found anyone who tried so hard to be serious, and whose writings were so plain funny as these sheets show their author to be.

THE NUCLEUS . . Story was interesting. RE article on what constitutes a fan, I cannot see, either, what the sex of the animal has to do with the matter. A fan is a "state of mind", I think, rather than a condition of body or such extraneous things. I think Trudy will always be remembered as one of our "best fans" of all time -- in spite of, or because of, her femininity.

I want to say a few words on the "Slan Center" idea, and here is as good a place as any, seeing that Trudy mentions it in her 'zine. I wish some of you would reread the original En Garde article, and you would see that it was merely something thrown out for general discussion, and not a cut-and-dried, already prepared program that Al had presented to Fandom. And I particularly have to snicker at the folks who state that such a thing could not be done, even in a small way. For we are, here at Slan Shack, six fans living together in harmony and happiness, even though we have entirely different vocations, ideas of personal philosophy, background, and such other dissimilarities. And I could name quite a few others who would fit in well with our menage, I am sure, without either breaking it up or driving us all, individually and severally, to distraction and madness. And, oh Boy! do we have fun!!!!

BEYOND . . Pics good, stories interesting, especially "The Rose and The Robot"; poems quite quite; general make-up fine. Keep 'em coming, bigger and better.

SAPPHO . . Gajus cover! and gives poetry, too.

FA . . Messages received and contents noted. So, trying to gyp Th' Ol' Foo out of some more of his money, eh? OK, OK, it's been sent. Sorry my mag was not sufficiently impressive to rate more than a "No comment" from our OE. Is this one any better? (Or am I, as Elarcy says, being "self-conscious" again?)

FAN TODS . . "Yesterday's 10,000 Years" continues one of the best & most interesting columns in FAPA. Revista very, very good. In "War and Stuff" you have some fine points, well presented. More, pliz.

FAN-DANGO . . See above under NUCLEUS about Slan Center. While I, also, plan to Go West, Ol' Foo, Go West!, I think the proposition could be worked anywhere as well as out there. Re your article on Geniuses, etc., in keeping with the w.k. fact that the real geniuses do not advertise their status, I am keeping still. Heh! Heh!

GUTETO . . Ouch! Now it gifts the Madman in Esperanto! 'Stoooooo much! Please, Morejo. I know from having talked and corresponded with you, that you have a fine mind. Let's have some ideas and comments from you on things and such!

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MILTY'S MAG . . Thanks for the arithmetic lesson, Milty. I now am fully acquainted with all the concepts of higher math. Hitherto, all I knew about it was all wrong, apparently, as I thought the word was used in speaking of suns, such as "tensor twenties".

EN GARDE . . I should inflate Ashley's ego by praising his mag!

WALT'S WRANBLINGS . . Ditto, as above!

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS . . Now there, no hearties, is a . . oh, all right, I'm shut.

SARDONYX . . Fapafile was one of the most interesting things we've had a chance of reading in FAPA, I believe. Elarcy certainly has a knack of catching the characters of people from their writings, etc. Was much interested in my own profile, of course, and somewhat startled at the thought that people thought I was self-conscious. But could be, could be!

Incidentally, all this talk about my having been in jail, in Leavenworth, in Alcatraz (one guy even had me in an insane asylum) -- I'm beginning to wonder if maybe I really was in the juggado!

THE FAPA FAN . . THE PHANTAGRAPH (2 issues) . . Nice covers on the latter; Pohl's poem hits the mark; legal document alarming; information on hisses happily received.

MATTERS OF OPINION . . Added to the math I learned from Milty's Mag, I'm now fully educated by Juffus' addition, so am almost up to the point where I can add 2 and 2 and not get $5\frac{1}{2}$. Almost envy you the chance to go to Africa, Juffus. Give Tarzan and Korak my love when you see them.

THE S-F DEMOCRAT . . Thanx for standing up for me. (And I'm NOT an Afro-American.)

SUS-PRO . . Some really think-about thoughts in Quoteworthy Quotes this time. Boyond Which Limits a really thoughtful symposium, and well worth a second reading and study.

AGENBITE OF INWIT . . It's good to see Doc come out with a large ish, as he is always interesting, and usually far, far too small in quantity. Stories good. Will try to get that new recording of Les Preludes. Walt has one here by Ormandy and the Philly orchestra that we like. But for really fantastic music, I like the Ravel "La Valse". There's only one way to describe it -- it's the DAMNEDEST piece of music! Soaking of music gives me the opportunity of printing a little poem about the way to pronounce the name of the composer of "Afternoon of a Faun":

Folks who are not fussy
Just call him Debussy,
While those a bit choosy
Pronounce it Debussy;
But those who love the gay blue sea
Correctly name him Debussy.

BLITHERINGS . . They certainly were . . er, I mean, it is a swell mag, filled with a lot of most interesting stuff, especially The Next Step. Logical, more or less.

A STATEMENT FROM THE FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK . . I read it.

PHANNY . . Still one of my favorite mags, for Don always has so many interesting things to say -- and says them so concisely and entertainingly. His review always good, too. I'm glad to be on board again, Don.

HORIZONS . . Everytime I see this mag of Harry's, I mourn for the wonderful SPACEWAYS. Harry is always SO interesting. He MUST be a slant to write such fine articles 'n' everything.

ZENON . . A grand first ish (or any ish, for that matter.) Articles and stories very good. Cover really nice! Come again, often!

FLEETING MOMENTS . . A thing of beauty and a joy to behold. The Very Young Man gets the congrats of Th' Very Ol' Foo, for a fine mag, and some exceptionally good pomes.

LIGHT . . Clever people, these Canucks. Here's a truly swellish 'zine. They just don't seem like furriners atall, nohow.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION . . Glom some more, Forry, it was good.

YHOS . . Saddest news of the mailing was that Widner is drafted, although a later letter from him says something about cutting an occasionally stencil, so we hope Ruth and Pete keep itgoing. But I did not like the pic at the bottom of page 14. The report of that demise has been grossly exaggerated. 'Twas just hibernating for awhile. When all you heavy thinkers finally decide what name or names we Fen are to call ourselves, Th' Ol' Foo will string along. But for the time being, I'm still a SCIENTIFANCIER!

BROWSINGS . . Mike gets better and better as he goes along. Our vaunted Americanism can certainly hand THIS Englishman a big big big round of applause for his Fanning, without regard to his being a furriner. He has been one of the Top Four in my books for a long, long time. The Arranging of Collections gives me some ideas on how to handle mine, which is growing rather largish. To date my mags have just been arranged by date with each title in a separate place, and my books just stuck into a case, although some of the larger authorial series have been put together.

Aw, Heck, no hisses? Where the heck are you, Heck. It's a heck of a note when we have no ish from HCK!

CELEPHAIS (Post Mailing) . . Interesting little bit, Bill. Fours sounds like an interesting game -- for the other guys. Me, I'm just learning my twosies. Story excellent, in a weird sort of way.

THE ORGANIZATION OF FANDOM (Post Mailing) . . A very excellent piece of work, even without the nice things Daugherty said about me. We are at work on NFFF stuff again, and things are working out nicely. Almost everyone seems eager to help whenever they are asked -- and they are going to be asked -- but plenty!

MAILING AS A WHOLE -- Where else can you possibly get so much for so little that is so good?

ADVICE TO THE MOUTHY.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversations and communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency, without semantic variations or meanderings. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and assinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without redomtade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all posysyllabic profundities, pompous prolixities, setaceous vacuities, ventroloquial verbosities, soliloquial solipsisms, and grandiloquent vapidities. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. Also, let your utterances contain a least a modicum of verisimilitude, guilelessness and probity. For, although everyone knows you are a direct lineal descendant of one of the seven successive generations of antedeluvian patriarchs, your listeners indubitably are not, and are likely to lapse into innocuous desuetude whilst you are speaking, and consider you but a senile and bumptious psychomorph.

DEPARTMENT OF THE VITAL STATISTICS.

The intensest excitement prevailed at Slan Shack. All but one of the inhabitants thereof were congregated in the collar, watching a miracle take place. Suddenly Th' Ol' Foo rushed upstairs, calling exultantly to Wiedonbeck: "Jack, come down quickly. You're a Grandfather!"

Anginette had just given birth to the first of her twin children -- a cute little Black and Tan Terrier bitch-baby.

P. S. The second was a male. The name of the female is IOTA, the male ELECTRON, although The Liebhon calls it "Twuggles". He would! Thank Foo he didn't call it "Mairzie Deats".

NFFF BUREAU OF COPYRIGHTS.

Most of your FAPAns belong to the NFFF (or should), and probably have seen the Spring BONFIRE, in which we told about the new Bureau of Copyrights, of which Bob Swisher is Chief. The purpose of this Bureau is to have a place where you can register the titles of any proposed new fanzines, titles of proposed columns, or of proposed new projects. If they are not already in use, the applicant will be issued a copyright, good for one year. If the idea is used during that year, the copyright is automatically renewed as long as the idea is continued in use. If not used during one year, it can be re-copyrighted either by the original proposer or by anyone else who may desire it. Titles now in use do not need copyrighting, and Service Fans who have ideas they wish to protect for use after the war will receive a copyright which will protect them until such time as they have a chance to use it, whether it be a year or more. We urge you to use the services of this Bureau, as we believe in this way we can prevent a lot of confusion and heart-aches that may come when someone uses your pet idea before you have time to do so.

CO-OPERATIVES, THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

I don't know just how much attention, if any, the rest of you Fen have been paying to the Co-Operative Movement throughout the world, but I have been studying the matter quite extensively lately. It was first brought to my attention by my elder daughter, who is very much interested in the movement; who has not only studied it, but has lived in Co-Op houses, and worked in Co-Op businesses.

Briefly, it had its start in Rochdale, England, just one hundred years ago, when a group of workers in one of the mills there, who were virtually wage-slaves to the over-rich owners, met and formed the first Co-Operative store to help themselves get enough to eat. This group builded even better than they knew, probably, for the set up rules and principles that are largely in force today in the Co-Op field. And that field has grown to such a size that just before the war, one out of every twenty people IN THE ENTIRE WORLD belonged to a Co-Op group. While this is only five percent of the population, it is true, it presents a remarkable growth in just one hundred years.

The chief mark of prominence of the Co-Op movement is that it is the first great change in Economic procedure since the first development of the Capitalistic system. Too, it is the first economic system that gives the common people a real break, and a share in the results of their own industry and labor.

There are two types of Co-Ops, however -- the Consumer Co-Ops and the Buying Co-Ops. It is with the former that we are here concerned and it is these former that are the hope of the common people for the future. It is the Consumer Co-Ops that ARE the New Democracy; the chance to escape from the exploitation of the few who form the great monied class of the present. Through the Consumer Co-Ops the people can gain for themselves the independence and security that all men seek.

To cite a simple illustration: A small group of people band together, each putting up a small amount of money (and in some of the now-firmly established Co-Ops this was literally done with pennies and dimes). Using this often pitifully small capital, they pool their buying of the necessities of life in their own store. In time, with other like groups, they will form a Co-Op wholesale, and later even their own factories, farms, etc. In England, the Scandinavian countries, some parts of the US, and other countries, they now handle the major portion of all the businesses supplying their needs. Because of its international growth, Co-Op stores can sell Co-Op grown teas from the Far East, coffees from South America, oil from their own wells, refined in their own refineries and sold thru their own stations, manufactured goods from their own factories, etc. The fishermen of Nova Scotia handle their own fishing catches thru their own canneries and selling units; farmers get their seed, fertilizers and some of their machinery through their own manufacturing and selling organizations, and so it goes.

One of the fundamental differences between the Co-Op methods & that of the capitalistic companies, is that one of the first and most strict rules of the Co-Ops is "one member one vote". This makes impossible the garnering of power by a wealthy individual, so he can take control and run things to his own benefit, thus becoming

the dictator of other peoples' lives and fortunes. Proxy voting is disallowed for the same reason, although voting by mail is permissible.

Another important point is that in the Co-Ops the returns, or refunds, are made on the AMOUNT PURCHASED, not on the amount of stock held. Goods are sold through the Co-Op stores at the same general price level as the surrounding community, and then at stated intervals refunds are made to the customers in accordance with their purchases. You may own one hundred dollars worth of stock, but buy for only two persons, whereas I may own but ten dollars worth of stock, but buy for four persons. Then my refund will be approximately twice yours, rather than one-tenth. You say this would militate against subscribing to more stock? Yet it does not work out that way, for those who go into the Co-Op movement usually do so because they have found that it is a new way of life; a new opportunity for good living and for brotherhood.

If you want to read one of the most inspiring factual books ever written, get "The Lord Helps Those", by Bertram B. Fowler. It is the story of the poor fisherfolk of Nova Scotia, and what Co-Ops have done for them. It will both amaze you by what can be done, and give you a new outlook on life as it CAN be lived. And if you want to see what might be possible in the not-too-distant future, read "Co-Operative Democracy", a book which shows the way it would be possible for Co-ops to handle the various departments of government, and the close relationships between the economic and political sides of peoples' lives, if they were handled in the Co-Operative way. You will again not only be amazed, but greatly enlightened.

Another important aspect of the Co-Op movement is in the Credit Unions -- the banking end of the Co-Ops. A study into the history of this item will show you how peoples with almost no money at all have literally lifted themselves by their own bootstraps into financial security -- though naturally not into great wealth. For instance (I quote from The Lord Helps Those): "In Johnstown (Nova Scotia), at the time of the launching of the adult education program, it would have been impossible to raise sixty dollars in cash in the entire community. ((They bought their needs from company stores run by the men who bought their fish and lobsters -- their only means of livelihood -- and they were always in debt to these stores because of the enormous charges for materials, and the pitiful prices paid for their fish.--EEE)) Today the credit union started in 1935 has \$4,000 on deposit and has made loans totalling \$18,000 in a period of eighteen months. Or consider Louisdale. In 1935, when the study clubs were set up, 75 percent of the population of five hundred was on direct relief. Out of their poverty they collected the pennies and nickles that were to be the first stones in the foundation of finance. The next year found their credit union organized with 35 members and a capital of forty dollars. . . Today, that tiny village has a credit union of a hundred and seventy -- with a capital of \$1,800. Think of that \$1800 in terms of a community saved, put on its feet; think of that tiny sum turning over and over, again and again, in loans to help men and women climb out of the depths!"

Yes, Fans, it will pay us AS A GROUP to study the benefits to be derived from the Co-Operative Movement. We like to think of ourselves as "Citizens of Tomorrow in the World of Today". To this observer, the World of Tomorrow, if it is to contain any hope for the common people, will be based on Co-Operation; The New Democracy.