

AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
by Royal H. Drummond
(from 'Luckspeak' No. 3,
FAPA Bldg. 59)

In 'Horizons' Harry Warner, in his comments on my last issue, says, "I would like to know precisely what functions in life

Royal H. Drummond fills. The descriptions of his personal life, habits, and activities scattered in this issue are baffling."

Coooooh, Mr Warner, what you said!

For me, there's nothing quite so pleasant as talking or writing about myself. My interest in this sub-

ject is deep, fascinated and inexhaustible, and no activity is quite so rewarding as that of communicating to others the myriad entrancing facets of my personality. The 'I' key on my typer has had to be replaced three times, so often is it used. Surprisingly, the audiences that can be persuaded to stand still for such discourse are few and far between, and most of the time I am reduced to talking to myself.

So you can imagine my glee when I read these words of Harry's. There, delivered into my hands, was a large group of intelligent people who gladly read every word I write in the faint hope of finding something worth while. And one of them has actually asked for it. Not diggity!

I didn't even finish the mailing, but darted down the basement stair, whipped the cover from my typewriter, and tapped out three double-spaced pages of light whimsical description of myself, family, surroundings, hobbies, and philosophies. Two weeks later, after mulling the article over, I added two more pages--single spaced this time--illuminating certain aspects of my existence that required more emphasis than was at first realised. Then I put it away in the 'Must Publish' file.

Time passed, the FAPA deadline drew nigh--I sat at my red-edged table, pencil in hand, for just one last perusal before stencilling. Delete a word here, add a comma there, one last look at Roget, fix that split infinitive---everyone knows how it goes when a piece of writing is very important. Well, it turned out to be pretty good, if I do say so myself, pretty darn good.

One last time I went through it, metaphorically turning myself into a couple of other guys who wanted to know what this fellow Drummond was really like. I smiled quietly at a particularly apt phrase, laughed outright at a penetrating witticism, nodded sagely as a telling point was made. Suddenly a warning bell sounded in my mind. My eyes swept back over the sentence just read:

"I am the only man in the world who has ever been bitten by a deer."

Rather sweeping statement, isn't it. No semanticist I, but even to me there is something a little too grandiose about that sentence. It is perfectly true that I was once bitten by a deer, but am I the only man who has suffered so? In the whole world? Ever?

Uh-uh.

I tried amending it, thusly:

"I am probably the only man in the world who has been bitten by a deer."

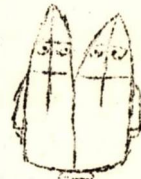
Nope, still too all-inclusive. Considering the habits of known deer, the statement is fairly safe, but suppose tomorrow someone were to discover a species of carnivorous deer which preys on a lost tribe at the headwaters of the Amazon. Why, I'd be the laughing stock of FAPA! Even disregarding that possibility, what if the statement were challenged on the basis of credibility; what data had I to support it? None whatsoever.

Well, I thought, how about limiting the field to Seattle. Perhaps that could be verified. So the next day I spent a couple of hours combing the library---result negative. Success! No record anywhere of a deer biting a man in Seattle. However, my elation was shortlived. A horrid suspicion sent me back to search for records of dog

"Gurber, I say to you in all seriousness I'm going to be rich."

bites. Everyone knows that people are occasionally bitten by dogs. Yet to my utter disgust I found that no one seemed to be sufficiently interested in such happenings to keep track of them. Certainly, deer bites would only bore people of that scandalously indifferent nature. People could get themselves devoured by deer every day, at high noon in the busiest street in town, and these negligent people, whoever they might be, would ignore it completely. Obviously, they could not be depended on to prove my point.

Home again, I gazed dejectedly at the offending words. It seemed as though all mention of the incident would have to be omitted from the article. But (I said excitedly to myself) it is a fact, a highly interesting fact, in my life. It is an integral factor in the sequence of events that have made me what I am today. Even now, long after it happened, I remember the occurrence vividly, and not a year goes by but that I am reminded of it. The discerning people who read this sketch will not be satisfied with a mere description of my present character. They will want to know what has formed me thus. It would be unfair to leave them ignorant of this vitally important incident.



So I pondered. Then, quick like a batheon, the solution wrote itself in words of fire on the surface of my mind. Triumphantly the pencil mimicked it.

"I am the only man of my age presently living at 2312 44th Ave. SW, Seattle, Washington who has been bitten by a deer."

That's all. Just wanted to let the readers know how scrupulously every word that appears in this sterling publication is weighed for denotation, connotation, and spelling. Not for me the slipshod, hastily fabricated, wordy bits of airy nothingness that are found in, for example, the London Times. Meaty, solid, factual, absolute accuracy---those are some of my watchwords. (I got a million of them.) You Can Put Your Confidence In Gen-- er, Duckspeak.

The article? Well, I have decided it needs a little more thought, a trifle more careful consideration. Where there's one misstatement there may be more, you know.

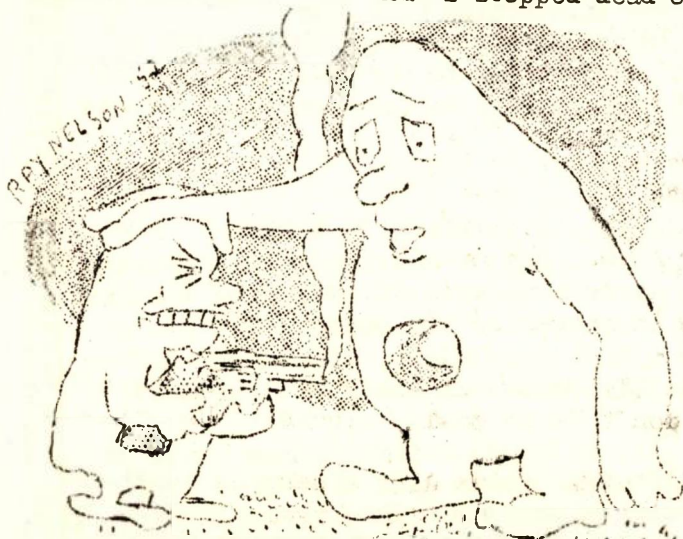
"I once knew a fan who hated stories by Dr Keller so much that when he saw one in an issue he wouldn't read the story in front of it nor the one after!" ---F.J.A.

WIDNER'S LOVE LIFE
(from Speer's Sustaining Program, Spring, 1942)
minutes too soon.'

Art Widner told us this about a year ago; you can believe it or not."She suddenly stood up and went to the door and flung it open. Drooling acid, she said, 'When you don't utterly disgust me you bore me to tears. Here's your hat and there's the door, and if I never see you again that will be exactly twenty-seven minutes too soon.'

At that I stopped dead on the sill. 'Jet back, beautiful; did you just happen to say twenty-seven minutes, or did you get it out of a story?' 'No,' she said, 'I---are you reading Second Stage Lensman too? I've read everything Smith has written.' 'Lady,' I said, 'I've not only read Smith; I met him at a Convention last year, and I've got a line on the mystery of the Arisians.' 'Well, for goodness sake,' she said, shoving me back to the sofa, 'tell me about it. Have you met any of the other authors too? What---?'"

"Before the unimaginable power of those full-driven generators, the outer screens flared and went down like the doctrine of substance before Locke, Berkeley and Hume." ---Speer



"YOU'RE JUST MALADJUSTED."

"BUT I CAN'T TURN OFF MY FINE MIND!" ---WILD HAIR