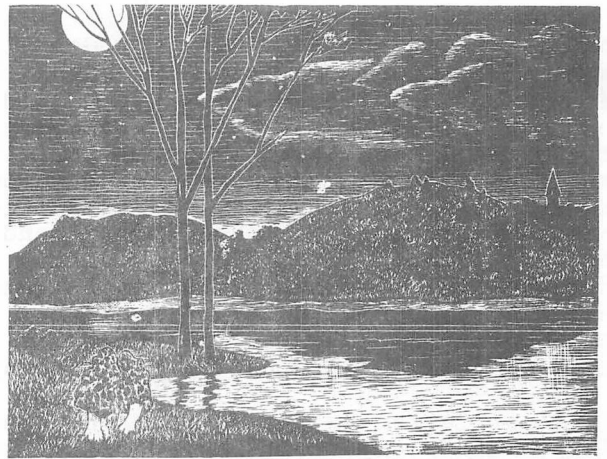


# AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY



VOL.1 NO.4

## NEWSLETTER

### A DERLETH TRIBUTE by Mary Elizabeth Counselman

Thanks muchly for inviting me into your August Derleth Society via the Newsletter: I think it's high time our genius loci of Sauk City was so honored. He was the needed oush behind so many of us sensitive writing-souls in the fantasy-horror-of genre - and literally killed himself working for us, all but non-profit. (I know! For we were very close friends since our beginning-years in WEIRD TALES.) I've scrapbooked most of his letters, dating from our salad-days before either of us had sold to the high-paying "slicks" and the new television media. But for Derleth's promotion of HPL's considerable talent, the Gloomy One would never have become the well-known Necronomicon-Magus he is today. For only Derleth was the "practical idealist" he called himself once in a letter - an all-out enthusiast and promoter of talents he admired, with a solid head on his shoulders (Rare in a creative person). HPL was much too shy.

It seems strange to say I "never met" Derleth. We were the closest of friends, and couldn't wait to write each other about some personal trouble or triumph, over a period of years dating from 1939, shortly before my marriage to (Would you believe?) the great-grandson of Daniel Boone. Like Frank Belknap Long, my ancestry dates way back to the 1600's on my father's maternal side with the Jamestown Colony.

"AD" consoled me as a sudden draft-widow when I was left, pregnant, with a huge steambot we had bought to restore (The "scota" of STAVEPOST fame - trilling like a bridal-train my small houseboat the "Slisalong"). Our son, Bill (now 34) was born abroad, much to Derleth's delight in my unconventionality. AD was always unorthodox himself; but by no means irresponsible to his family and friends - a fine distinction these days! We had much in common - a love of smalltown and country life, family-fun, reverence of our parents, and loyalty to old friends. "On paper," we had even more - a life-long delight in history-and-legend, the writing of poetry, and writing of detective mysteries.

Derleth's Solar Pons stories charmed me, as I have always been a Sherlock Holmes buff. His fictitious "staff" of Mycroft & Moran (of A. Conan Doyle's spawning) tickled my fancy especially. Scott-Foresman, with a literary sense-of-humor

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equal to ours, ran one of Derleth's and one of Doyle's in a textbook my wild teen-aged son was studying in junior high school. In a later text they ran my PENNIES which Derleth first reprinted in a hardback in his collection THE NIGHT SIDE, '47, published as a students' classic of the fantasy genre. So, as you can see, we "locked step" for many years, as though residing as nextdoor neighbors! We each invited the other for a visit, and dug up lecturing jobs "between checks". But as fate would have it, we were involved in commitments in our own locales, and just never quite got together (Luckily, perhaps. AD was irresistible!).

Derleth had a zany sense of humor in a straight-faced, mock-pompous way. He liked the light verse I wrote for "Post Scripts," and suggested that I do a collection of it. I am only now getting round to such book collections, retired and funded by a 1976-77 Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, in fiction. Derleth and I (and many another freelancer who battled for literary fame in the Depression Years and War II) would have been thrilled and astonished to be handed a \$6000 "funding", and told: "Do anything creative that comes to mind. No restrictions!" If Derleth had lived I am quite sure he would have received a very large grant to continue the work of Arkham House - through which he encouraged so many talents, including mine, Bloch's, Bradbury's, Quinn's, Howard's, Jacob's, Long's, Price's, Moore's, LeSpina's and a host of other WEIRD TALES writers, which list even included Tennessee Williams' first efforts. AD's "funding" of Arkham was, of course, entirely from his "slick sales to such magazines as REDBOOK for which he wrote several back-of-the-mag novels in a romantic vane that he poked fun at, privately, to me.

We were friendly rivals, always; never "put-down" though we played outrageous practical jokes on one another, mostly to jolt the other from a doleful "Writer's block." When annoyed at me, Derleth rather fiendishly denied me "jacket-blurb credit," mentioning me with "and others." I protested once, and he wrote back a friend's apology that began: "Dear Anne Others." (I told him I'd keep the "pen name" for future use, like his "Stephen Grendon." He once put a snapshot of me next to the center of several handsome male contributors (TRAVELERS BY NIGHT, '57), but remarked that my "virtue" was in no real danger as most of them were dead. Of a local newspaper interview, sprung on me in the midst of trying to help a young lad whose mother was in a mental hospital, AD said of the photos of me that I looked like I'd "just come back from a coven."

I twitted him in rebuttal with the fact that he was not included in Tony Goodstone's excellent symposium of fantasy bigs, THE PULPS (Chelsea - '70). I did not know, so far away, that he was very ill, dying. In corrective surgery for a lateral hernia did not sound so dangerous (He had told me, pal-wise, of every illness he ever suffered - holding my hand, verbally, when I lost my second child, following the loss of my precious steamboat and my husband's return from the Commandos - a traumatic time Derleth fully appreciated, in his discerning way.).

His last letter to me was from the hospital, with a shy, left-handed plea I was too stupid to catch: that they had "let me have a telephone in my room." He needed help, like the beleaguered leader in THE CAINE MUTINY. I was broke at the time, trying to buy a small house for my father's and mother's retirement years, or I would have hopped the first plane to give him a hand. I did write that all his financial worries could be swept away by a few television leases of Arkham properties. I had suggested CBS's program, THE UNFORSEEN, that had already produced several of mine from the paperback version of HALF IN SHADOW - long advertised by Arkham as a "Forthcoming" hardback (We both had sudden calls for "original story lines" from the NBC THRILLER hour-show, and then Rod Serling's new NIGHT GALLERY.). Serling's untimely death was as much of a shock to me as that frantic bulletin from Sauk City, though without such grief...



August Derleth was gone. Derleth? I thought he was immortal! How could he be dead, like just "People"?

I felt the deep shock one feels at losing a twin brother. Always, he had answered all my questions and idle curiosities about book-publishing - so different from that of magazine-writing, in which the magazine does all of the promotional work (Derleth said I was "just spoiled" when I refused to do a series of autograph parties. "Who do you think you are, Greta Garbo?" he yelled at me in upper-case type. "Of course you want to be alone! But we can't!!). I suggested freebies as a promotional gimmick - some liegnappe like those "Bride of the Peacock" rings WEIRD TALES gave away during the run of Ed Price's and Kline's BRIDE OF THE PEACOCK. Derleth said it was "undignified," and ordered me to a "Con" in Cleveland. I went - and manfully plugged all Arkham books, while attending classes and giving private lessons at the big Writer's Digest convention. At the bus station, following the "Con", I heard pistol shots outside, and was about to see what was going on. A nice black boy shook his head and urged me onto the bus - a watch-tick before the riots exploded in that city in the 1950's. I was trying to get together the later collection of my all-native fantasy-based stories, African tribal legends of the pre-Stanley era. Scott Meredith would not touch it, as our mutual agent. But Derleth dared to print my SEVENTH SISTER - the story of a little albino negro "voodoo woman-child," in his THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD, '47, as a true picture of the Southern-plantation blacks and their problems and "Uncle Tom" loyalties to their "white folks." I found that several of our Southern customs, such as "toting" home food - is incomprehensible to Northern and Canadian readers. (They all consider it stealing!) Derleth had had no experience with any such customs, but passed them along without fear of reprisal by those factions in political circles who consider only the indentured negro a "slave." (Whites were indentured too, in all sections of America. Everyone is "indentured" who is in debt!)

Derleth was fiercely loyal to his choice of U.S. Presidents. He believed completely in the Kennedys, because of the help they gave cultural circles. We often "locked horns" about our sectional views on politics. But it never affected our lifelong affection for each other, and our personal, concerned interest in his family and mine. We swapped books, autographed to the others growing children, shared research data, and steered each other to buying markets - world-wide by that time. Neither of us were "jet-set," and both hated big-city life - and dilantes who were "toying" with writing such-and-such Great American Novel (We were writing, not toying.).

Derleth could not understand "gay liberation" at all, as he was strictly a "ladies' man" and a family man. That his only marriage ended in divorce was a tragedy to him - not the casual trial-marriage end-of-short-story it is to many nowadays. In his many unhappy love-affairs I was always a sympathetic confidant, as he was in my own personal problems with a homecoming soldier "brainwashed" to kill-or-be-killed. Many of my SATURDAY EVENING POST poems were love letters to "the troops" overseas, struggling with loneliness and a violence they had never experienced before. Some of my stories in WEIRD TALES, such as THE BONAN OF BALADEWA, empathized with the enlisted man (draftee); like my Navy seaman-second - insanely "land-bound" in Pensacola while his wife and baby "went down with the ship," our Big Dream of a gourmet dinner-and-marina business to support us in our old age. Although Derleth was never in service, he sympathized with the bewildered young men who were. And I ran a self-financed "USC" for those Displaced Civilians at Camp Sibert, and nearby Fort McClellan, who had no place in town to sit and drink their "three-point-two" and swap photo-showings of the folks back home. (I ran out of adjectives for these pictured wives and children and sweethearts - but not out of sympathy!) When we lost the "Leota", a great many young "Kilroys" were bereft and saddened to lose their 24 hour pass hangout -something outré and old-world to write home about, "chaperoned" by earnest chaplains and hard-nosed sergeants of each outfit. (My price for a "party" was \$20 - only what it cost me to run my bilge pump on kerosene, and hire a caretaker to handle the rigging. All this in a later book!)

Derleth was fascinated by my boat-venture, as I was with his pyramid of publishing houses in tiny Sank City. He encouraged my writing of a long novel, titled PEACE IS A RIVER (Wryly commenting that one of his was titled RESTLESS IS THE RIVER!). My ms. was lost when the boat sank, so it never saw an editor's desk. But my love for Derleth didn't "go down with the ship." He patiently encouraged me to "try another novel" (I am just managing it, after a series of \$\$\$\$ family illnesses and "all those funerals," as Tennessee Williams said in his STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.). Many people think I am quite insane and "a recluse" because I do not lecture and travel, now that my devoted ex-veteran is bed-ridden from a stroke, emphysema and heart disease. Derleth would have understood. He never "deserted his post" either.

I am now happily "collecting" my magazine works, as he did many of his - but staggering under production prices he was only beginning to feel at Arkham. Many of the fantasy-fans run a small press, like my "Verity," in a backroom office while "moonlighting" at some dull, manual job far beneath their creative talents. I also am publishing a poetry magazine, YEAR AT THE SPRING, to encourage young tyros... and older ones who "never had the time" to write. Canadian\*poets are welcome to submit something! I pay "old pulp rates" - laughable in these inflated times - or trade books instead if the contributor would rather work under the old pioneer "barter system" (Cowrie shells? Old Confederate bills? Well - if you must have a "medium of exchange," how about a "Yankee dime": oldtime Rebel slang for a kiss??

But... Save one for August Derleth, will ya please? He deserves what we Southern children used to call "a bushel and a peck, and a hug around the neck!" From all of us!

\*Anyone residing north of the Mason-Dixon Line! (Ed.)

HELLO WISCONSIN\*  
by Miles McMillin

In a travelogue about a trip to the North last week I misidentified Hawkweed, calling it Indian Paintbrush. A cascade of corrections came in but none from August Derleth who, through the years, has been my mentor in nature lore. Yesterday, I found out why. The sad news came that the illness which had beset him all last week had, unbelievably, stilled the tremendous vitality and sensitivity that moved him into the ranks of best literary talent this state has produced.

It is popular to sneer at those among us who have the courage to be individuals. So it was with Frank Lloyd Wright. So it was with August Derleth. Having had the privilege of knowing both of them I think I know the reason for their indifference. They were too busy doing what they wanted to do and enjoying the infinite mysteries and excitement of the world around them.

Like many, I was first attracted to Derleth by the beauty and power of his nature writing. It derived those qualities not only from his talent, but from his painstaking scrutiny of nature's minutest details. He never failed to identify a flower I called about. But more important, by his questioning, he taught me how to observe them so that they could be remembered.

His eye for detail is illustrated in some unpublished material he recently sent to me. I have had the notion that the new awareness of ecological values in this country ought to be a fertile field for him. We have been carrying on discussions about the possibility of the Capital Times renewing publication and syndicating his "Wisconsin Diary" to other papers. Among the items he sent were these:

"29 April - I spent two hours in the marshes just after sunrise this morning making notes on the precise colors of the spring - and the sources of the reds, yellows, green and shadings of those colors - for 'Annals of Walden West' the third and last of the 'Walden West' trilogy. While doing so I put up a bittern, which started up not far away and, flying low over the marshes and thus lower than the embankment on which I stood, afforded me my first view of the fine pattern of its feathers on back and top of wings, so much more striking than the plumage of its neck and breast, so colored as to make the bird seem an integral part of reed growths or old stumps, when it sought to camouflage its presence. And, too, I discovered despite my attention to the spring colors, quite by the accident of seeing the uncommon activity of a pair of chickadees, their nest in the hollow of a stump rising from the waters of the Spring Slough.

"30 April - The Woodcock nest found almost a fortnight ago drew me today; so I walked down to it, more than a mile from the car and found in it not three, but four eggs; but the nest, alas!, had clearly been abandoned. Though the eggs lay undisturbed the nest beneath them was wet, indicating that the hen had not been setting the eggs, for what reason, I could not determine.

"West of the village this evening the whip-poorwills began to call - a little later this spring than their average April 27th date for this area. I stood to listen to their cries ringing out of the darkening woods, and absently counted consecutive calls - not counting beyond 20 without a break - as for years I had done until the historic evening I had marked a new record of 1,507 calls, topping that of John Burroughs decades before. After twenty minutes of listening to what, was seven whip-poorwills calling, I went reluctantly home and back to my desk."

In his last letter to me, dated June 17, he wrote, after some preliminary business discussion, "Some time ago you wondered in your column about the origin of 'cat-tail'. Well, of course, you are right in saying that a cattail doesn't look much like a cat's tail - but when the mature

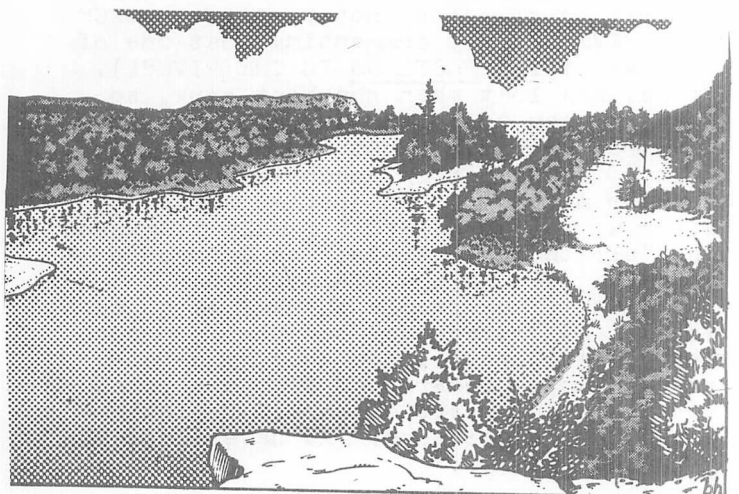
tail begins to go to seed it does look not unlike the tail of an angora, fluffed out as the seeds make it before the wind tears the head apart and scatters the seeds. Since many of these cattail heads are not broken down all winter, but stay puffed and fluffed out with seeds clinging to the head, the cattail in this form is actually visible for a longer time than the ripening head and may well have given viewers the idea of a cat's tail.

"I thought of you the other day when I went out for a ride in the country west of town - the coronilla were blue along the (unsprayed) roadsides, and I recalled you once asking me what they were. Have you noticed the spread of Scotch thistles? We never used to have them in this area. But about two or three years ago they began to show and now they're as thick as dandelions - and since they are the same, if large, kind of seedhead, only taller, they are making quite a show!"

It is said of him that he had a swollen ego. I suppose it is true. But I have found that most creative people I know are well endowed with self confidence. But I can truthfully say that I never saw him display self-pity which is the worst disease of the self-centered personality. He never brooded over his problems. He never sought to drown them in liquor. He was too busy enjoying the foibles and the glory of the people around him and savoring the mysteries and beauties of nature.

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\*HELLO WISCONSIN by Miles McMillin appeared in the July 5, 1971 issue of the Capital Times, Madison, Wisconsin, and is reprinted here by permission of Elliott Maraniss, Executive Editor of the Capital Times.





Steve Eng has provided us with the syllabus of a course taught by August Derleth at the College of Agriculture, Wisconsin University (no date), "American Regional Literature - Towards a Native Rural Culture." This includes an awesome, seventeen page, single spaced "Reading List" which illustrates the impressive scope of Derleth's literary background. God help the poor student looking for a "gut" course if he signed up with AWD! He would either sink, or swim into an appreciation for our proud American literary heritage that would last him a lifetime!

Members will be pleased to know that Steve Eng's latest book of poetry, YELLOW RIDER COMING, is soon to be published by Neal Blaikie, Eidolon Press, 4608 Nazaire Rd., Pensacola, FL 32505. Price is \$3.95 plus .50 postage. Good luck Steve! We hope your book proves to be a best seller.- Ed.

The above information comes from Fantasy Newsletter, published monthly by Paul C. Allen, 1015 W. 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537, at \$5.00/year U.S. & Canada \$9/yr. elsewhere. This is an excellent source of current book publication information and well worth the price to the fantasy fan.

NOSTALGIA  
by Steve Eng

Sorcerer wearies of casting  
Spells that nobody can feel,  
Ghouls are impatient with fasting,  
Death-knells no longer will peal.

Churchyard is grown up with wild weeds,  
Marble tombs settle and crack,  
Will-o-wisp dies in the marsh-reeds,  
Leprechauns never come back.

Vampires without an oasis,  
Banshees with nothing to moan,  
Ghosts who can't find where their place is,  
Skeletons, graveless, alone.



BEHIND THESE EYES  
by Michael Kase

It took years to groom this disguise -  
Don't be fooled by the friendly grin.  
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In sleepless nights the moon does rise -  
A voice howls from deep within.  
It took years to groom this disguise -

The Dancer dances; the tune is wise -  
And although I may resemble him,  
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In desperate moments I realize  
The door behind has locked me in.  
It took years to groom this disguise.

And the wound of failure I despise!  
But I cannot escape from my sins.  
There's a creature behind these eyes.

Beneath the costume of handsome lies,  
Shadows unmask the harlequin.  
It took years to groom this disguise:  
There's a creature behind these eyes.

DERLETH'S "WISCONSIN DIARY"  
by Bill Dutch

Between 1960 and November 1965 the Madison Capital Times published a weekly column, "Wisconsin Diary" written by August Derleth. The column was taken from the logbook he kept, in which he recorded daily activities, for over four decades.

Augie held very little back in his personal record-keeping or in his column. A reader could expect to find accounts of family holidays, village politics, school affairs, criticism of the state highway department or the postal service, extracts from his voluminous correspondence or his personal reaction to concerts, movies, art shows. But the continuing theme of his writing was description of nature as he walked along the Milwaukee Railroad into the marshes, walked the Genz pocket, sat on Big Hill Reading, climbed Ferry Bluff or hunted morels during the month of May.

The constant reader of "Wisconsin Diary" soon acquired knowledge about flowers, birds, wild animals, astronomy and nature in general. Spring was probably Augie's favorite time of year. Early morning might find him spending an hour or so in the marshes. After a morning of work, he might take a new book and spend time reading and observing on Big Hill or in Wright's valley. The day would be ended after an hour or so walking a country road in Genz Pocket listening to the sounds of the night or keeping track of the stars.

August wasn't the best month to be in the marshes because of mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, but Augie always managed to get out once or twice a week.

His entry for August 25, 1963 described two exploratory walks that day.

"Into the marshes this morning at 6:30 by way of the railroad bridges...Mists still lay over the river, but south of the east channel bridge three great blue herons could be seen, mists notwithstanding, wading to forage in the river after minnows and lesser fish.---Many more birds gave voice this morning than did two weeks ago, and they are considerably more active. A cedar waxwing flew up from under the bridge to snatch a passing moth-- a kingfisher sailed out on short foraging flights from the exposed end of a limb belonging to a tree sunk into the riverbed--a red-shouldered hawk soared over the woods, screaming--the voices of killdeers rose pensively to ear, now and then, not wildly crying as usual throughout spring and summer, but peculiarly autumnal, muted and altered in tone---three mallards flew up from the Spring Slough as I went by--a little blue heron left his perch near the slough and flew plaintively away--peewees and wood thrushes persisted in song all the way to the brook and back.

The bottoms this morning were fragrant with the musk peculiar to moist lowland areas, though the lack of rain was everywhere apparent--in no place more so than in the shallower sloughs, which had dried up for the first time in 50 years. The lack of moisture, however, did not affect the flowers; still in bloom were penstemons, sneezeweed, wild peppermint, hemlock, water-parsnip, various goldenrods and wild sunflowers, bouncing bett, rattlesnake weed, wild clematis though much of the earlier flowering clematis had gone to silken seed, fully as beautiful as the blossoms, horse-mint, evening primroses, wild bergamotte, iron weed, Joe Pye weed, white boneset, balmony, spotted touch-me-not (very attractive this morning to humming birds), blue vervain, bindweed, wild cucumber or balsam apple, watercress, swamp thistle, broad-leaved arrowhead, and cardinal flowers---great spires of brilliant red blossoms which led the eye to themselves wherever they stood, close to the Spring Slough Trestle the seedballs of the buttonball bushes were beginning to change from green to red.

Fog still lay over the upper meadow, now out to hay, while I stood contemplating it, the church bells rang out---first the bells of St. Aloysius in Sac Prairie, then the more resonant and mellow bells of St. Norberts in Roxbury, I walked on to the Brook Trestle, and saw there that the water was higher than it ought to be, and flowing very little; so I concluded that the beavers had again dammed the brook, this time west of the trestle out of view of the embankment, affording evidence that the wild life of the marshes goes on, on its own terms, no matter what interference men interpose, short of the destruction of the animal habitat in its entirety."

That afternoon family for a hills and val-noting in his were taking coming of of the outdoors still not satisfying Augie the village



Augie took his ride through the leys west of town log changes that place with the autumn. His love and nature was fied, so that and his friend, barber--

"Walked the with Pete Blank light late to--was very cool too cool for cool enough to tumnal fragrance tails. The moon and change color as it neared the claw of light there. There the cherring of stridulation of ked, making pleasant small talk, for well over an hour before turning homeward."

lenz Pocket Road enheim--by moonlight. The night and very pleasant, nosquitoes, and sharpen the au-of corn and mare's seemed to enlarge to a smoky orange horizon with a cloud resting was no sound but crickets and the katydids --- Wal-

Augie would have preferred to spend more time walking, contemplating and observing, but the press of business always forced him to return home. One must remember that in the 1960-1965 period, he was a writer, lecturer, teacher, Arkham House publisher, book reviewer, correspondent, editor, publisher of the quarterly "Hawk and Whippoorwill" and parent.

DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM\*

(Excerpted from the article by Ramsey Campbell - the following is continued from Newsletter #3)

...On publication of THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE I became "Dear John" and he undertook to advise me more paternally on films:

11.6.64 "Well, in time you may learn to appreciate TOM JONES more than you do now. I recall my own impatience and intransigence as a youth, and HPL said virtually the same thing to me, and of course he was right."

He wasn't right on this occasion, but that's not the real point of the quote. Perhaps the whole cycle is that of Derleth's PEABODY HERITAGE: after I am dead, who will turn me over? or rather, what young writer may I take under my wing? At any rate, this sort of apprenticeship may go some way toward explaining why there is such a sense of tradition in fantasy.

Here's a possible explanation of Derleth's dislike of fans:

20.6.64 "One of the crosses established authors and editors must bear is smart kids of from 8 to 30 who, having read a little about a subject, think they know it all and have become authorities, capable of carping intelligently at the writing they read."

Although Derleth was a liberal conservative (At least, that's the way I read him) politics seldom found their way into our letters. Except in one darkly prophetic instance:

7.11.64 "Thank heaven the election is over at last! I hope now that Goldie and the incredible Nazi Dean Burch and Miller and Nixon will crawl back into the woodwork, and the Republican Party can rebuild with younger, more moderate men, away from the stupid extremists!"

Strangely, although his opinion of critics in general was low, he could embrace their opinions for convenience:

20.1.65 "I wasted no time on THE CARPET-BAGGERS, though the movie was certainly better than the book, which was typical of its kind of fiction. It couldn't have been as bad. I didn't read the book, either, but read enough of the reviews to know."

Reading through the file now I encounter a comment that seems ironic in retrospect - a demonstration of the importance of timing in publishing:

11.3.65 "Re Mervyn Peake - he is in very bad health and in a very bad way financially, I understand, if indeed he hasn't passed on. I heard from mutual friends, who had wanted Arkham to republish him over here, but that was simply impossible, for neither of us would have made any money, and I'd have lost heavily, since these are very long novels."

It was around this time that fragments of Derleth's philosophy and experience began to appear in his letters, perhaps because he considered me old enough to take them:

12.10.65 "Women are more disillusioning than any other human experience for a man. I could recite a long list of them, beginning with Lillian (the Margery of EVENING IN SPRING) and carrying right down almost to the present. Much as I enjoy the fair sex and their company - and they certainly reciprocate that enjoyment - I tend now to prefer the company of my own sex. A sign, I suppose, of middle age, but in a sense that was always true. Much as I liked the girls, I found that my friendships with members of my own sex took deeper root. Yet I am still in touch with all my former girl-friends. Indeed, this month I am publishing a book by one of them to whom I was once engaged."

Also, more distressingly, intimations appeared of his approaching collapse, even in a Christmas vignette:

8.12.65 "I am always glad when the holidays are over - the pressures and tensions increase every year, and my ability to take it all decreases with age. Mother is baking cookies today, with April to help her - Rikki is typing the final draft of the new pastiche for magazine submission - and I am catching up on the mails, much of which had to be put by until I got the new story off - and the last story for some time, too! I have been so tied down here that I've had little chance for an escape."

Early in the following year another warning shadow suggested itself:

4.1.66 "After I got off THE WATCHER ON THE HEIGHTS for Fall 1966 publication, I plunged into a new anthology of regional writing, A WISCONSIN HARVEST, and this has now been completed apart from preparing it for publication, did another Solar Pons tale, revised one book of poems, put together another, and now face another junior novel! It's getting to be too much for me, actually."

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DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM is copyright (c) 1973 by Ramsey Campbell and is reprinted here by permission of the author. Portions of the work will be continued in Newsletter #5.

August Derleth believed that his best work was to be found in these books--

WALDEN WEST  
VILLAGE YEAR  
EVENING IN SPRING  
COUNTRY GROWTH  
SAC PRAIRIE PEOPLE  
THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT  
WISCONSIN IN THEIR BONES  
VILLAGE DAYBOOK  
PLACE OF HAWKS  
THE MOON TENDERS

and suggested that WISCONSIN EARTH was the best cross-section introduction both to Sac Prairie and to his works.

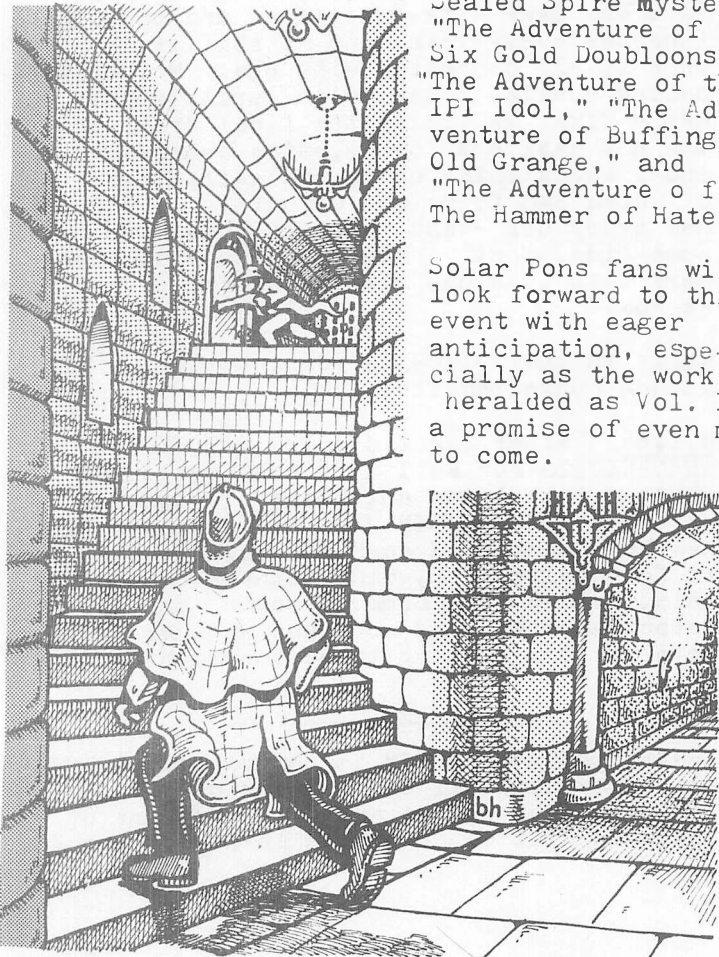
\*100 BOOKS BY AUGUST DERLETH, Arkham House Publishers, 1962, p. 120. Reprinted with permission of the attorneys for Arkham House.

### SOLAR PONS LIVES!

Word has arrived that Pinnacle Books will publish THE DOSSIER OF SOLAR PONS in December. This is Volume I of Basil Copper's new Solar Pons series.

The first volume will include "Explanation" by Lyndon Parker M.D., "The Adventure of the Perplexed Photographer," "The Sealed Spire Mystery," "The Adventure of the Six Gold Doubloons," "The Adventure of the IPI Idol," "The Adventure of Buffington Old Grange," and "The Adventure of The Hammer of Hate."

Solar Pons fans will look forward to this event with eager anticipation, especially as the work is heralded as Vol. I - a promise of even more to come.



"I am a 'Derlethophile' - live about 9 miles from his estate 'Place of Hawks.' I count among my friends one of his lifelong companions, Pete Blankenheim, the town barber."  
-Jim Severance

"My interest in A. D. has led me to start a collection of his Sac Prairie prose and poetry books. I have some 50 in my collection now. As far as I can ascertain I am missing three - all out of print.

BY OWL LIGHT 1967  
COUNTRY PLACES 1965  
PLACE OF HAWKS 1935

Perhaps the Newsletter could be a medium for collectors of Derlethiana (a word he coined in one of his columns)."  
-Bill Dutch

If anyone can help Bill with the above, he can be reached at 554 St. Charles Rd., Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137

"I'd be absolutely delighted to be an honorary member of the Derleth Society."  
-Colin Wilson

"The Utpatel picture is superb!"  
-Bill Hartwig

Steve Eng had very much the same thing to say about your own work, Bill. - Ed.

"I am presently Treasurer of the Sauk Prairie Historical Society and we are interested in anything in relation to August Derleth and his works. If I can be of help, I'll be glad to assist."  
- Ralph R. Marquardt

"I own two A. Derleth letters in xerox form. They were the basis for a bibliography I was compiling...Also have information on fiction in anthologies and in books by A. Derleth."  
- Jerold Rauth

Mr. Rauth has generously consented to share his materials with the Society. - Ed.

"Noting in Xenophile that there is now an August Derleth Society, I would appreciate details. I have long been a fan of his, and corresponded with him at one time prior to his death. And I do collect his works."  
- Michael L. Cook

"Thanks for the copy of the 2nd August Derleth Society Newsletter, which I enjoyed reading."  
- Paul Allen

Mr. Allen is publisher of an excellent new reference publication - "Fantasy Newsletter" published monthly at \$5.00/year. His address is: Fantasy Newsletter, 1015 W. 36th St. Loveland, Co. 80537. Loveland is one of the most beautiful cities in the US of A; I've been there twice - Ed.



Joseph Payne Brennan writes: "In spite of continuing health problems, I haven't been idle. Crystal Visions Press will shortly issue a booklet of new poems; a collection of my short stories in paperback is due from Jove; and I am collaborating with Donald M. Grant in completing a book to be entitled ACT OF PROVIDENCE. This last will combine Lovecraft lore, my private investigator, Lucius Leffing-- and THE "First World Fantasy Convention!"

The Crystal Visions Press publication, AS EVENING ADVANCES by Joseph Payne Brennan is available at \$3.00 the copy from Charles Melvin, 809 Cleermont Drive, Huntsville, Ala. 35801. This is a limited run of 400 numbered copies, the first 100 signed by the author. - Ed.

#### FUTURE NEWSLETTER FEATURE

Volume 2 No. 1 (Whole Number 5) will introduce a new series to our readers. "The Derleth Connection" will feature biographical sketches of persons whose paths crossed that of August Derleth (To paraphrase a comment from Steve Eng: Since Derleth knew everyone this could go on forever. - We sincerely hope so!)

We are honored to have as our first contributor to this feature Joseph Payne Brennan. Fans of Mr. Brennan will be delighted with this brief, but highly informative portrayal of Mr. Brennan's life and literary development.

For issue #6, Frank Belknap Long has authorized your editor to prepare an article on his behalf. Mr. Long notes in a recent letter that at least one piece of information he has supplied us will provide the ADS Newsletter with a "first."

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#### WISCONSIN MAP SOCIETY

Among the several societys to join with us is The Wisconsin Map Society. At the Map Socety's June 3rd meeting founder-president Wilfred E. Beaver stepped down as the Society's head. He was honored with an honorary life membership in the Map Society. Mr. Beaver has indicated that he is limiting his activities somewhat in order to give more attention to the August Derleth Society. Thank you, Wilfred. We're grateful.

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The August Derleth Society Newsletter Volume 1, Number 4 is published August, 1978 by Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teecomwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 06382. Back issues of the Newsletter are available at .25 each. For Newsletter information write the above address. For information about joining the Society write: Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656.

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Picture Credits: Page One- Frank Utpatel  
All other pictures - Bill Hartwig

"There are two reasons for my special interest in Derleth's writings. When I was an eighth grader "Augie" was a student in the seventh grade side of the room. Some of his memories are mine, too. At the time we did not realize that our school-mate would one day be a celebrity.

For another personal reason I appreciate Derleth's writings. He wrote so beautifully about my father in WISCONSIN COUNTRY, A SAC PRAIRIE JOURNAL."

Sister Florence Marzolf

"I knew August for about 14 years. During that time I went with him on several of his mushroom hunts and I have several pictures of those hunts. Also, I was sort of his official photographer during those years. Many of his books show pictures of him taken by me. It was a real pleasure knowing him and an education to be in his presence."

Ronald A. Rich

#### HELP!

Does anyone know where the phonograph recordings made by August Derleth may be obtained?

Anyone having extra copies of Derleth recordings or books please contact Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656. Mr. Beaver is trying to fill in the collections of local (Wisconsin) schools and public libraries.

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This issue's RECOMMENDED READING section fell victim to space limitations. It will be continued in the next issue.

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Headline from THE CAPITAL TIMES, Thursday, June 15, 1978: "Derleth Society Growing By Leaps" We received almost a full page!

THE TIMES also ran a short article about the Society on May 30th.

THE SAUK PRAIRIE STAR (date?) publicized our annual dinner meeting.

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Membership in the Society should reach 200 by July 16th!

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The August Derleth Society is now affiliated with the Western Wisconsin Regional Arts (119 King St., La Crosse, WI 54601), The Wisconsin Map Society (418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656), Wisconsin Regional Writers Association (521 Grant St., Wausau, WI 54431), and the Wisconsin State Historical Society (816 State St., Madison, WI 53706).

# THE AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY

## CHARTER MEMBERS

Masaki Abe	Kenneth Alkire	Stuart Schiff	Herbert Schmidt
Paul C. Allen	Charles Ambelan	Jeri Schwartz	Walter E. Scott
Patricia C. Anderson	James M. Angevine	Robert K. Searles	Univ. N.Y. Library
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Barbara Davis	Richard Davis	Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films	
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William Dutch	Claire Emerson	Hill, Quale, Hartmann, Bohl & Evenson	
Steve Eng	Stephen E. Fabian	Western Wisconsin Regional Arts	
Esther Fagan	Richard H. Fawcett	Wisconsin Regional Writers Association	
Malcolm M. Ferguson	Blanche S. Fitzsimmons	Wisconsin State Historical Society	
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Odessa Frei	Betty Frei	Dr. Ruth O'Meara	Edna Russell
R. A. Gavol	Galesburg Hist. Soc.	Betty Akagi	Mrs. Wilbert Schoephorster
William Gromko	Ruth Groot	Michael Martens	James H. Meyer
Dominic B. Guazzo	Arnold Hagen	Kenneth E. Krause	Middleton Pub. Lib.
Dorothy Hale	George T. Hamilton	Raymond J. Dischler	Tomah Public Lib.
Bill Hartwig	Dr. Josephine L. Harper	Judge E. J. Harris	Wilton Public Lib.
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Debbie James	David James	Marleen Feyen	Frank Tolock
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William Kuester	Ray Lane	Zandra Saunders	Rebecca Sanders
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Mary G. Miller	Steve Misovich	Pete Blum	Michael Martens
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N.Y. Public Library	Elsie Noble	Mrs. Louise Jarrett	Harpld Bernhagen
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Marcella O'Connor	Frederick I. Olson	Congressman Les Aspin	
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David Pelc	Dennis Peterson	Monroe County Historical Society	
Tara Peterson	Mrs. Dennis Peterson	Winneconne Historical Society	
Doris H. Platt	Richard Poremba		
Alma Poss	Mary Rak		
Jerold Rauth	Dr. Donald A. Reed		
Dave Reeder	Peter J. Relton		
Lynn C. Reynolds	Ronald Rich		
Anita K. Rigsby	Round River Society		
Steven Rutkowski	Valerie Rutkowski		
Cecil Ryder	Hazel Schams		
H. W. Schendel	Mrs. H.W. Schendel		

\*\*Deceased