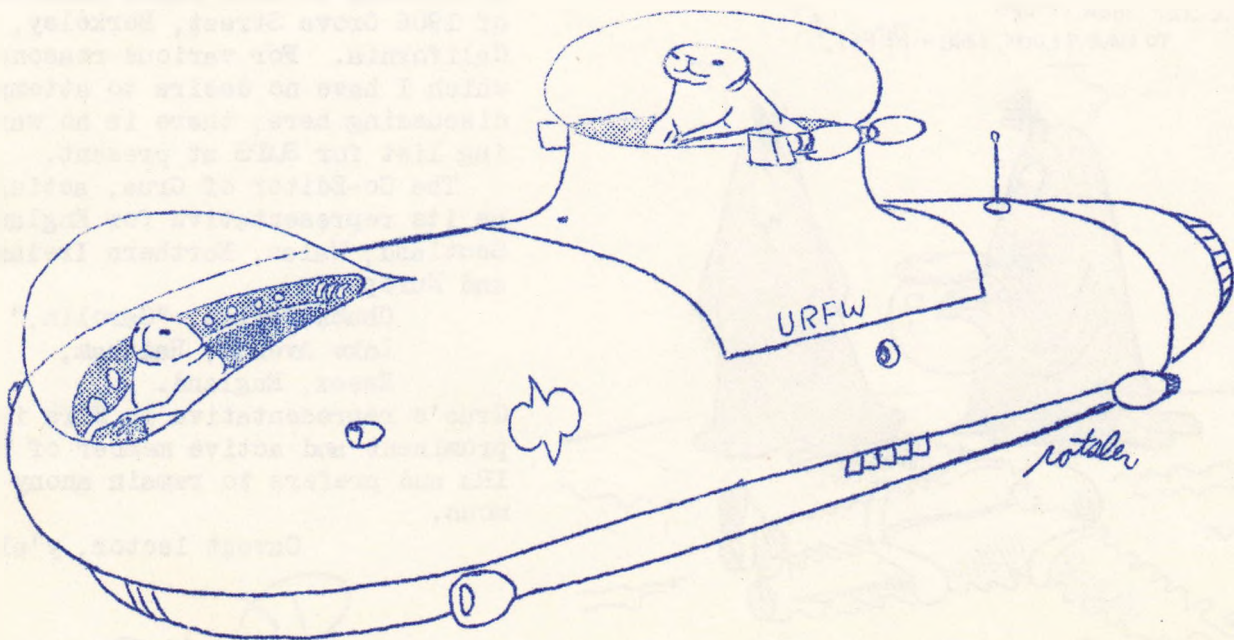
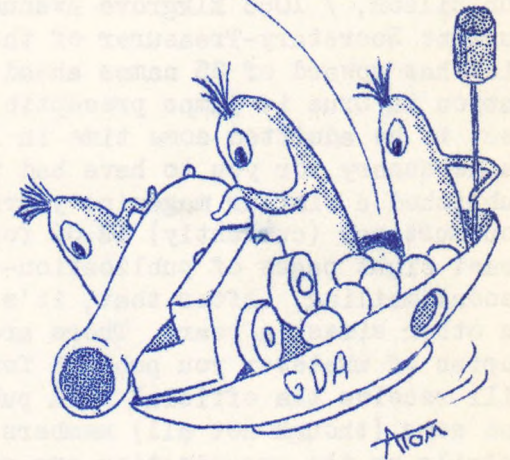


# GRMK

28

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This is the 28th issue of Grue, The Fan's Magazine, published quarterly upon the second Saturday of February, May, August and November by Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, U. S. of A. Price is twenty-five cents per issue or equivalent value in coin of your realm. We do not encourage sending amounts of money much over fifty cents except in special cases. Cessation of publication is not contemplated in the foreseeable future but if that day should ever come, too large a backlog of subscription money would be troublesome to refund. If you have a backfile of all the duplicated Grues to date, this should constitute the twelfth issue, the other 16 having been hand-typed in the Kteic manner. There are no back-issues available from this source.

This issue is intended for inclusion in the 75th quarterly mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, or FAPA, the 75th mailing being the one for May 1956. Many readers have asked about how one can join FAPA. The first step is to get your name on the waiting list. To do this, send your request along with your name and address to Don Wilson, / 1066 Elkgrove Avenue #1, / Venice, California, U. S. of A. Don is the current Secretary-Treasurer of the organization. It is only fair to warn you that the list has upward of 35 names ahead of you at present and everytime we list this information in Grue it jumps preceptibly. If you get on the waiting list now, you may expect to be admitted some time in 1958 or 1959. When you come up for admission, it will be necessary for you to have had two contributions in a magazine of this sort or to have published a similar magazine yourself in the previous 12 months. After you are admitted, you must pay (currently) \$2.00 for a year's membership dues and you must contribute at least eight pages of publication---substantially your own work---before you receive your second mailing. After that, it's \$2.00 a year and eight pages (this size or equivalent in other sizes) a year. There are 65 members at present and you must send the S-T 68 copies of whatever you publish for circulation through FAPA. As a waiting-lister, you will receive the official FAPA publication, "The Fantasy Amateur," every three months and some (though not all) members send their publications to waiting listers. Further details on the organization are given in TFA which you'll receive once you're on the list.

If you are in a hurry to join an organization of this nature, you might want to consider the Spectator Amateur Press Society, or SAPS. I'm not certain as to the details on this, but I think you can get information on the matter by writing to Mrs. Karen Anderson, of 1906 Grove Street, Berkeley, California. For various reasons which I have no desire to attempt discussing here, there is no waiting list for SAPS at present.

The Co-Editor of Grue, acting as its representative for England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and Europe is

Chuck Harris, "Carolyn,"  
Lake Avenue, Rainham,  
Essex, England.

Grue's representative in Eire is a prominent and active member of the IRA and prefers to remain anonymous.

Caveat lector, y'all,



Dean A. Grennell

DAG:mar



"Of course he isn't active any more---not as well known today as Redd, WAW, DAG..."

"Dag?" A mania for stabbing people too....stabbing them till they...whatever this "Fan-dumb" was, it had evidently driven the patient mad. This was worse that it had looked at first. "Amazing," he murmured.

"I prefer Imagination myself---Fandora's Box, you know---Galaxy's pretty good too---give me Horace any day."

"Horrors?"

"Say, that's a good pun. I'll have to note that down for Gribly."

"Who?"

"Gribly--that's my FAPazine. But you aren't in FAPA, are you? If you want a really closed circle, try the Cult."

"Oh." A devotee of the black mass too?

Iwan still stared at the ceiling. The doctor leaned forward. He decided to try the bold approach. "Do you think you're psychotic?"

"No. No. What's the matter with you? You nuts or something? I'm Gribly. GEIS is Psychotic!"

The doctor fell back into the depths of his chair.

The fan went on. "Natch, that was before gafia."

Sullen chewing. A hopeless case.

"But you never can tell. There may even be another LeZombie one of these years."

"Eh?"

"Say, did I ever show you my INSIDES?"

This was too much.

"I don't have any with me, but here's a copy of A BAS, my own Gribly, and one of Grue." He fished them up from somewhere and handed them all in the direction of the chair, staring at the ceiling all the while. Something material. Good. Perhaps that would bring him out of it. Dr. Wilson examined the publications.

Odd..... He had never seen anything like them. He raised an eyebrow. Is THIS what was supposed to have driven someone mad? How silly..... He opened one and started to read. He chuckled.....

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Wilson lay back quietly on the couch and stared up at the ceiling. There was a crack in the ceiling.

His psychiatrist coughed discreetly.....

--George W. Spencer

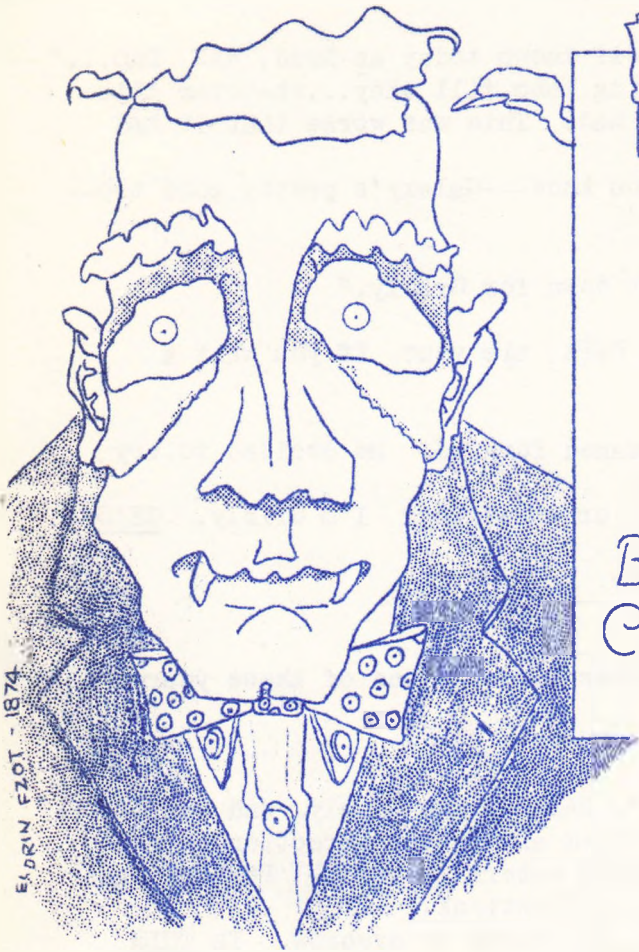
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"We go to the garrick now and become warbs," he said.

--Thurber







# GNURRSERY RHYMES

brought to you by  
*Boffton's Defatted  
Cucumber Extract*

## STEP-MOTHER GOOSE RHYME ---G SPENCER

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat,  
Going off in half-cocked hat.  
Up above the world so high.  
Like a Zippo in the sky.

TRANSCRIBED EN ROUTE THROUGH  
A NOCTURNAL FILLY CAUSED BY  
EATING A DOUBLE PORTION OF  
LOBSTER CUSPIDOR ON AN EMPTY  
STOMACH:

In Potters Field where guppies  
grow,  
Like kippered herons, roe on roe,  
I dreamed I saw a jigsaw jig,  
Trip up a trap, and kiss a pig.

An erring beau in herringbone,  
His bow and arrow bearing  
Was staring on the stair alone  
To see what Fred was Waring.

--D. Artur Blord

## THOUGHT FOR TODAY ---E S NEEDHAM

He who fights and runs away,  
Lives to fight another day.  
He who fights and stands his ground  
Gets his flaming clock knocked round.

## LINES FROM A FRAGMENT OF OLD ETRUSCAN CHAMBERPOT

...where we sat in sin and sunset  
...on the Road to Mandolin  
Where the John comes up like Campbell  
And the Blog goes down like Gin.  
Where the Bligh was on the Captain  
We were seeing Nellie blight  
And old socks the fish were wrapped in  
Higher, far, than any kite...  
Where...

Translated (quite freely) by  
Anna Superhist, Girl Sandhog

## STREAM OF BRENSCHLUSSNESS

Roll on, thou deep and dark  
blue ocean, roll  
On, but don't roll over;  
You look to me like vitamin sea  
Or a vermifuge by Glover.

--Cosmo O. Jones

You'll wonder where the fossil went,  
When you brush your teeth with Glyptodont.

--(Adv.) José Maniah

# You Gotta Sight In On The Funnybone

by Es Cole



No matter what the other qualifications of a good psychiatrist might be, the one attribute he cannot do without, and still retain a proper perspective, is a sense of humor. Unless he is able to see the funny side of the people with whom he is dealing, his environment is one which is constantly filled with nervous, tense and unhappy persons which inevitably affect his outlook on life. The conscientious psychiatrist must of necessity be sympathetic and to a certain extent be able to feel the emotions his patients are experiencing. But when he can enjoy some of the bizarre ideas and actions which are presented, he can be safely assured against reaching a final conclusion that the whole damn race is neurotic and we're all going to the dogs.

A receptionist dealing with mental patients is exposed, to a more limited extent, to some of the frustrations these people exhibit. She usually bears the brunt of a guilt-ridden relative or must assure a nervous newcomer that his present social worker will be as kind and considerate as the last one he knew. Running interference this way is wearing, of course, but being able to get in on the humorous experiences somehow makes it all seem worthwhile.

One case passed from office to office like peristaltic waves. This dealt not with the patient, nor with the patient's mentally ill sister, but with the husband of the mentally ill sister (pointing up the fact that the responsible relative is usually more crazy than the patient). There was nothing really terribly wrong with the husband, except that he stuttered, and that whenever he paused---between words, phrases, or sentences---out would come something that sounded like "wookle". This was entirely spontaneous and uncontrollable. The poor social worker who was interviewing the relative had a tough time taking notes with this strange little word continually creeping into them. The man, however, had completely adjusted to his "malady". He merely passed over his "wookles" as though they weren't even there. We now believe this was really great specialized talent. We tried for weeks to simulate an imagined conversation with the patient's brother-in-law, and wookle still wookle can't make it wookle sound real wookle wookle wookle.

Another popular classic story dealt with a team act consisting of husband and wife. Although the wife had actually been hospitalized for a while, it was still a toss up as to which of them was more "mental". The wife really did have the better ideas, and the husband never for an instant hesitated to go along with them in full support of his spouse. At one time these mates decided it would be very healthy to eat frequently. They proceeded to put this into effect and gradually outgrew all their clothes. The wife finally wound up with one piece of apparel---a bathrobe---which she wore constantly because nothing else she owned could fit her. We never did find out whether they continued to grow, or if with the advent of winter and the rising cost of living they decided it would be healthy also to get some warm things to wear.

We can't leave these people though without telling of the wife's most unusual (to us) experience. She claims, not with feelings of disgust or terror, but with an air of injured decorum and haughty indignation that her tape worm came out and bit her! How, where, and under what circumstances, will remain the mystery of the ages.

Another phase of this complex business is not merely what the mentally ill person says or does, but the lengths to which a family will go in order to humor their sick



relative. One instance in particular was that of a woman who was greatly disoriented and had lost all time sense. This woman would rise in the middle of the night and prepare full course dinners for her family, awakening them about three or four o'clock in the morning in order to partake. The family, confused as to how such behavior should be handled and not wishing to upset the patient, would rise out of bed during these wee small hours of the cold dawn, sit down to table, and eat.

We don't for a moment doubt that the patient himself is not without humor and not infrequently uses his upset condition to cover up a mischievous act just to watch the reactions. We can't help feeling that a certain question was answered with tongue in cheek. The patient was being routinely tested upon entering a mental hospital. In answer to question number five---"Define ice"---the patient wrote, "Water with a hard-on."

And this brings to mind the little gal who loved to use big words, but didn't always get them right. She confessed to her social worker that part of her present difficulty was due to a trauma she suffered as a child when she witnessed her parents coagulating.

--Es Cole, friend and companion to Les Cole, whose 16-year-old twin brother she is. (Confused?)

---

"...McCain, Bloch's Billy Graham..."

--WAW in NOW & THEN

---

## THE FOLLOWING IS AN UNPAID, NON-POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT:

In the ordinary course of operations, Grue is not well-suited for the promotion of commercial advertisements. Therefore, you won't ordinarily find them here.

Occasionally an exception turns up. The current exception is a book called

### IN SEARCH OF WONDER

by damon knight

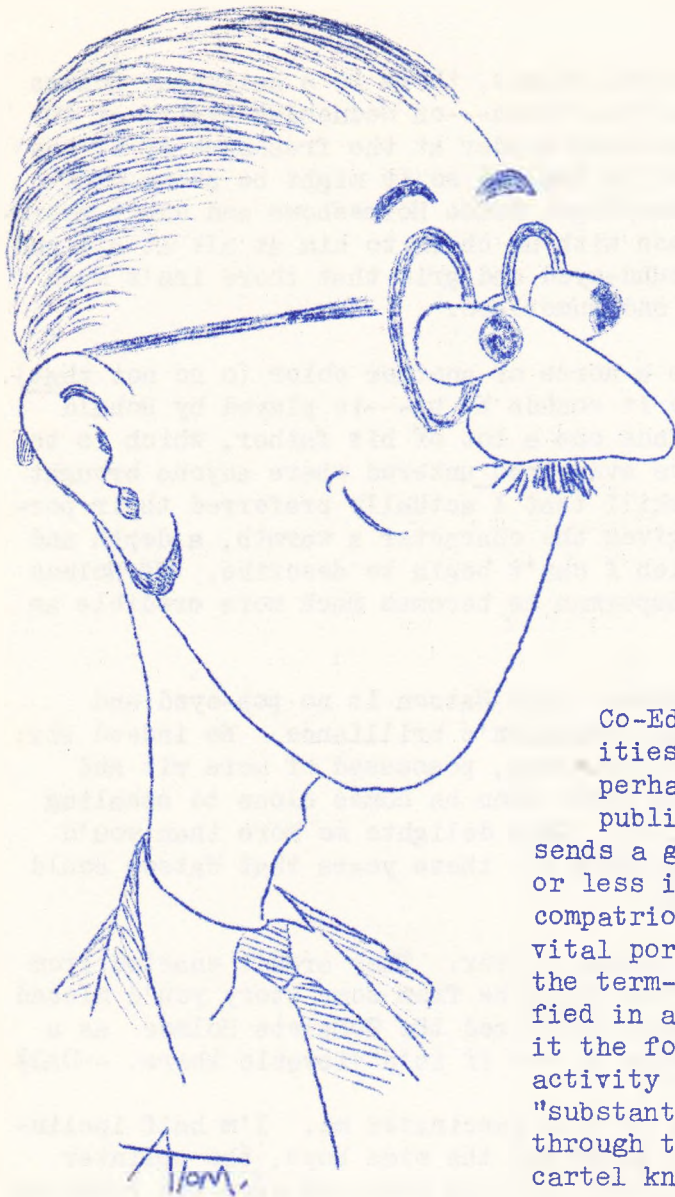
This is one of those labors-of-love propositions where, barring miracles, no one is apt to make any money and the object of the game is to publish, come what may, and hope the losses on printing won't be more than can be afforded.

Those of you who have read damon knight's book-reviews and literary criticisms in the various magazines wherein he has appeared know that, all too often, the reviews make a damned sight better reading than do their subjects.

This book is a collection, compilation and compendium, suitably edited, polished and moorged piece-to-each for hard-cover publication of damon knight's various commentaries on science fiction and the people who write it. The prime value of the book, I think, will be the sudden new insight it gives you into the field. The knightly opinions are often startling by reason of their outré and offbeat viewpoints, only rarely debateable and always completely enthralling. Personally speaking, I loathe book-reviews but I love dk book-reviews. Greater recommendation I can't possibly give. Get it, and soon, from---

ADVENT PUBLISHERS, 3508 N. SHEFFIELD AVENUE, CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS.

To be published in August, 1956, at \$4.00 per copy, postpaid. --dag



## HARRISTUFF

{Note: It isn't merely an empty gesture to list Chuck Harris---handsomely portrayed by Arthur Thomson to your left there---as Co-Editor. He is a continual source of vast quantities of moral support. Were it not for Chuck and perhaps a half-dozen others, it is doubtful if this publication would long endure. Moreover, Chuck sends a goodly slew of his own material and he is more or less instrumental in flogging material out of his compatriots. The British contingent forms a solid and vital portion of Grue's readership and--if I may coin the term--writership.\* I sincerely believe I am justified in asking the Secretary-Treasurer of FAPA to credit the following section of UK contributions to Harris's activity requirements. I think it qualifies as being "substantially the work of the member." What's more, through the activities of a sinister Anglo-American cartel known to its two members as "TATS," (Tentacles Across The Sea) Chuck helps to bear the cost of publication. That clinches it, I think. --DAG}

And now---Here is Harris: (28 January '56)

You will excuse the "XXXXX"s. People keep interrupting me, and I don't have an Olds back-seat to migrate to. I do have a TV set though, -- but not the superior sort that features Bloch once a week. The damn thing has ruined my fanac as well as giving me a hopeless passion for Lucille Ball. Ours is on every evening from 7.30 until bedtime (my parents are addicts), and it's so damned easy to get your eye caught by something that promises to be interesting and then remain hooked for the rest of the night.

Remember I finished, "Next week -- 221B Baker Street?" Well, there's not enough to make another article, but I did take Bloch's friend, Rita Krohne, in search of the Sherlock Holmes flat when we were en route to Madame Tussauds (a joint that is known to every Cockney as Madame Twosods which makes it sound like a high-class Rotsler-type cathouse). Unfortunately, there is no 221B, -- but research (I read it up), discovered that all mail for 221B is delivered next door, and the occupant carefully answers the Holmes fan-mail to tell the fans that Mr. Holmes is away at present and his new address is not known. I feel quite amiable towards that unknown occupant, -- it pleases me almost as much as the plaque in Piccadilly Circus that marks the spot where Holmes met Watson.

{\*artistship too, Arthur!}



{Speaking of tv, Chuck Old Cupcake, and of Sherlock Holmes, there is a half-hour Holmes Show out of Milwaukee---Channel 12, the one that has Bloch---on Wednesday nights at 10. Jean and I think this is very good and our shiny-eyed wonder at the freshness of it has yet to preceptibly diminish. I think it's filmed in England so it might be shown over there too. I've seen a few of the Basil Rathbone/Nigel Bruce Holmes shows and didn't greatly care for them. Bruce's Watson is a stuffy ass with no charm to him at all at all and Rathbone spends so much time looking hawkly, hound-eyed and grim that there isn't much to be said for his Holmes. It's very straight and humorless.

Contrasted to this, though, the other Holmes is a horse of another color (o no not that). The title role---Shillock Ullms, is about the way it sounds to us---is played by Ronald Howard, son of the late Leslie Howard. He reminds one a lot of his father, which is to the good. His Holmes is the first instance I've ever encountered where anyone brought a character out of the printed page with such skill that I actually preferred their portrayal to my own visualization as I read. He gives the character a warmth, a depth and charm with an engaging touch of fallibility which I can't begin to describe. If Holmes doesn't emerge as a 19th-century precursor of Superman he becomes much more credible as compensation.

But it is Dr. John Watson who is really impressive. This Watson is no pop-eyed and dundering oaf using his stupidity to set off his companion's brilliance. No indeed sir. Played by H. Marion Crawford, Watson becomes, if anything, possessed of more wit and charm than Doyle gave him originally. There are times when he comes close to stealing the show and there are times when he does steal it. This delights me more than you'd believe since I must have been subconsciously wishing all these years that Watson could get with it and give a better account of himself.

The stories, too, seem to have an authentic Doyleesque flavor. They aren't enacted from the originals but you get the impression that they could be from some story you'd missed or forgotten...if you hadn't (like me) practically memorized the Complete Holmes as a child. I urge the reader to check his tv schedule to see if it's viewable there. --DAG--  
Harris again:

As you already know, all this sort of crud fascinates me. I'm half inclined to write a thing about London, -- the flower girls and the wide boys, the splinter from the True Cross on the highest point in the City, and the down and outs who sleep on the gratings behind the Savoy Hotel where the warmed air comes out of the air-conditioning, why every London kid is scolded for coming home "as black as Newgate's knocker" and why the girls in Piccadilly are the dearest in London. Maybe I will sometime, -- I know somebody who'll publish it for me.....and I could always avoid mentioning "souvenir" or "Ireland"!! {I dig you on the souvenir business but what the flaming blazes d'you mean by the Ireland crack??} {Just for that, I've half a notion to go back and re-spell it 'hotle' the way you had it in the letter...at least I've never made a typo in the midst of Funk & Wagnalls!}

Was up there last night again too. We went to see THE PYJAMA GAME and had a very high old time indeed. It's murder to get tickets for it, but when I was forced to take balcony seats (it's called the "Royal Circle" -- but it's still a balcony) I made certain that they were right at the side instead of in the centre: we got inside and found that we were next to the top-floor of the Royal Box. Gracious living indeed! -- Lorna thought I was wonderful...she said she could throw candy from where she was sitting down onto the stage, and I had some difficulty in preventing a demonstration.

We went to a Chinese restaurant {souvenir, eh?} afterwards, but, although she liked the food, I thought the greeps were as badly crottled as the Manchester ones. One thing did please me though, -- my connoisseur of wine act. It's cheaper to buy half a bottle of wine (burgundy) than it is to buy four beers, and there's a hell of a wonderful performance that goes with it. The waiter brings up the bottle and flaunts the label in



your face. You nod wisely and he smiles tremulously like a virgin on her bridal night. He whips out a yard-long corkscrew and rapes the bottle with it, wipes the neck with his cloth and then pours a tea-spoonful in your glass (just the man's glass, --the others just have to sit and watch). You swill this around your palate, swallow and then nod again. He breathes a sigh of relief and proceeds to fill up the other glasses now that it has met with your approval. I love the whole bloody show even though I can hardly tell port from sherry, and think it well worth the 8/- the half bottle costs..... ...but, there's one thing I've always wanted to do, but have never had the nerve. One of these nights I am going to swill it around my palate, shriek "Gaaaah, sulphuric acid" and then spit the damn stuff out all over poor, unassuming Lee On. Maybe that'll teach him to crottle my greeps the way I like them.

{Oddest damn thing: I'll bet I've read the preceding paragraph through at least eight times or more now since I received the letter and it still all but dissolved me. Honestly, I had a hell of a time to stop laughing long enough to stencil it. --DAG}

CRH, 19th Feb 56:

... The maze of pornography laws aha laways fascinated me, and yours are somewhat similar to ours. It's a criminal offence for a magazine to use nude studies that portray any hint of sex below the hips although it is permitted to use "art studies" showing those "Glorious Founts of Womanhood", as Alf, Lord Tennyson, once termed the things. I noticed when I was in the Navy that this had a peculiar effect on the "pin-up brigade." They had become blase to these nude studies through seeing so many of them in the pocket magazines, and seldom used them to adorn their living space. Instead, they went in for those leggy, swivel-hipped *ESQUIRE* girls that are always wearing enough tulle and gauze to get by the US mail censor. It struck me as curious, and I often wondered what the Continental troops used as pin-ups, --- in Denmark there are no regulations as to what may be shown or hidden, and the magazines are a thriving export trade, -- I wondered vaguely if Danish troops leched over girls wearing habits and cowls.

Apropos of nothing, I see that somebody was suing a Marilyn Monroe company for not paying him for the stick-on panties and bra that he invented so that Those Calendars could be sent through the US mails. It seems almost a Rotsler invention, and it surprises me that James never thought of making a set for the Oblique House calendar. {I wonder, sometimes, if it's possible for two fans to discuss sex without bringing Rotsler into the conversation... --DAG}

And as for using the US mails to defraud, the best idea I ever heard of was the advert for "Handsomely mounted coloured portraits of our presidents...Monroe, Washington, etc., all at \$1 each, postpaid. The Wansborough types trustingly sent along their buck and named their hero. In return they got a 1/- or a 5/- stamp fixed to a piece of card.

We don't always drop our aitches like the London cabbies who appear from time to time in *Moff&SF* and we never put them in the wrong places {how 'bout ghoodminton?}. No Cockney ever says hegg for egg, but if you are in The Globe on a Thursday you might hear somebody asking for anarfuvnarfanarferarfer. It might be me ordering "a half of half-and-half for Arthur" -- half a pint of a half-an half mixture of mild and bitter beer. And then again, you might not: -- he usually wants brahn ail (brown ale, old boy, a prole drink if there ever was one).

Umm, Lucille Ball sends me all right. I follow that programme better than most but I detest *Draagnet*, and most of the giveaway shows. {Man, I'll drink to that!} Have never seen George Gobel yet so I can't say whether you remind me of him. I think I am prepared to approve of him though. I don't care for Bob Hope myself, but I find Diana Dors quite interesting although she is by no means the best blonde on English TV. We have one red-hot dish called Sabrina who was appearing each week for months and months and who never said a single word. She makes La Dors look like a mission school girl, and can convey unprintable things by a lift of her eyebrow. She had two outstanding attractions and the night she appeared on TV, every pub-loving Englishman became a home-loving boy for the evening. {Who's got a spare photo or cutting of that?}



{This is still Grennell: That reminds me, Chuck that Ollie M. James, whose column in the Cincinnati Enquirer is faithfully clipped and sent to me by Don Ford (the world's largest midget), was saying that the Enquirer contained a rather arresting typo in the finest possible size of type among its movie ads a while back and despite the small size, it seemed as though nearly everyone in Cincinnati spotted it and called them about it or told their friends. Ollie didn't say what the exact typo was but he admitted that it occurred in a line that was supposed to read "Jane Russell with two technicolor hits."}

Charles Randolph Harris continues:

I was looking over the booking list that the George sent us and found that I had a room reserved for me. Joy Goodwin {now Clarke} reserved me a double room in the name "Mr and Mrs Harris." Was delighted about this and immediately decided to stay three nights instead of one. "Who," I asked Joy casually, "is Mrs. Harris for this year's convention?" "Please yourself," she said, "but the other bed in your room is for Arthur." A pity, ---some wench has missed a wonderful opportunity for improving her convention report.

{What follows was written the 15th, postmarked the 16th and is being stenciled the 19th of April...from Rainham to FdL in less time than a surface letter could get here from Brooklyn. Isn't science wonderful?}

Lorna was most interested in the spychmomanometer racket, and faithfully promises that if she ever has one and it needs recalibrating you will be the very first person she will approach. I take it we will get a trade discount? {Oh sure} ##Yes, one of the papers is running the Bridie Murphy thing and giving space to all sorts of queer characters who distinctly remember their past lives. I believe it to be about 99.5% bull myself {too conservative--I'd say 99.6%}, but I glance at it in the hopes of finding somebody who had a prosaic past existence. All of them seem to have lived such exciting past lives that you begin to wonder why they don't step off this current mortal coil as quickly as they can and get in another session as Court beauties, centurions, or Moses. Personally I'm not certain about my previous incarnations, -- I have a vague memory concerning 30 pieces of silver, but I'm uncertain as to whether I was Christ or Iscariot. And unconcerned. {I clearly recall the time when I was Titus Oates. --DAG} {And later, I became my own great-grandson, Quaker Oates}

How much would a Lincoln Mk II Continental cost over here? Dear bhoy, you just couldn't buy one. There is a token import of US cars, but it works out at about 12 for the whole country per year, and there's a sort of big raffle for the import licences. Even 2nd hand US cars cost the earth....from today's paper I could do you a '49 Chevvy torpedo back Fleetline for \$1200, but I wouldn't advise it. {Thanx} Your Olds would go for about \$3000 secondhand over here at present. Perhaps even a bit more. Enough, anyway, to buy you a small house in Belfast. {Don't tempt me.}

### "Sanguinary Provincials"

Lee and Larry went to Ireland and then came back to London on Thursday. They were hoping to stay at Rainham, but I have a sick grandmother staying here in the spare bed and couldn't put them up. I took them out on Friday night and then again yesterday to try to make up for it. I think that by taking Lee to see the Changing of the Guard (hosses, bhoy!), I atoned for not showing her my duper, and I think she enjoyed herself.

They flew out last night, and we finished the day by going to the air terminal and seeing them aboard the coach. Ken, Pam, and Arthur spent the day with us, and Joy and Vinç, Dave Kyle and Dick Wilson (THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5) {Rowrbazzle} were waiting at the terminal. They got a good send-off and said they were coming back next year. But, not, I hope, before I've caught up with my sleep.

I have plans to beat the fapa deadline with a Berry epic that I shall run off in the next two weeks and postmail, but it was sweet of you to offer to save my mangy hide by running off stuff for me. I have all the stencils cut, and it's just a matter of buying the paper and running the thing. {Don't mention} --Chuck



Fourth in a  
Series Called:

# BELFASTERS

GEORGE  
CHARTERS



XAM

set down in deathless prose by the eminent prosit John "Raybrad" Berry  
cunningly illumined by the droll deft pen of that celebrated penster,  
Arthur Myhill Thomson  
two Good Men & True, blessusall



*In this age* of expressive adjectives such as supersonic, dynamic, and ultramodern, used freely in modern prose and conversation, we must sometimes spare a thought for the venerable...for the aged amongst us who were brought up in the staid and placid atmosphere of the early Victorian era...hansom cabs, cobbled roadways and cravats, and all that sort of thing. We of Irish Fandom have our own representative of this age...old he may be, but to us, he is proof of the solid reliability of the ancients. Wrinkled and gnarled, yes, but trusty, forthright and honest, a pillar of respectability, a staunch upholder of the fannish faith. Yes, friends, allow me to present to you:

## GEORGE L. CHARTERS

### THE GAGE

Hunched up in his rocking chair in the corner of our fan-attic, George spends quite a percentage of his fanac ruminating happily to himself, maybe occasionally puffing on his clay pipe. But his senses still function, and even though sometimes we are prone to forget about him, he is apt to suddenly interrupt the conversation with a telling remark, revealing sublimely that his second childhood is not far away. To give you an example, last week, only, we were discussing ladies' underwear. I mentioned to the assembled fen that I had once seen a pair of panties (in a shop window, natch) with the words, 'No, no, a thousand times, no' embroidered on the hem.

"Er, heh-heh," cackled George, "I presume it was in Braille?"

### THE PUNSTER

As with the rest of the male members of Irish Fandom, excluding myself,





George is an inveterate punster. His puns, delivered like rapier thrusts, leave one defenceless...a fact which supports my contention that the term 'brainwashing' was coined by a suffering victim after having the misfortune to hear several of George's puns in rapid succession.

A few examples of his dreaded prowess will serve as a warning. First of all, a spontaneous snatch of conversation I happened to overhear at James White's house this last Christmas:

Peggy White: Look at those lovely anemones in my garden.

George: Heh-heh, I had one of those in the hospital.

James: What do you think of the symmetry of my pathway?

George: Very nice, but where are the headstones?

If you can stand more, here are a couple of Charters phrases:

The reservoir that suffered the tortures of the damned.

I can't find out whether a Spanish spaceship is automatic or Manuel controlled.

Lastly, I can do no better than quote what James White has to say about George:

I think George invented Christmas to get rid of some of his old jokes.

### THE POET

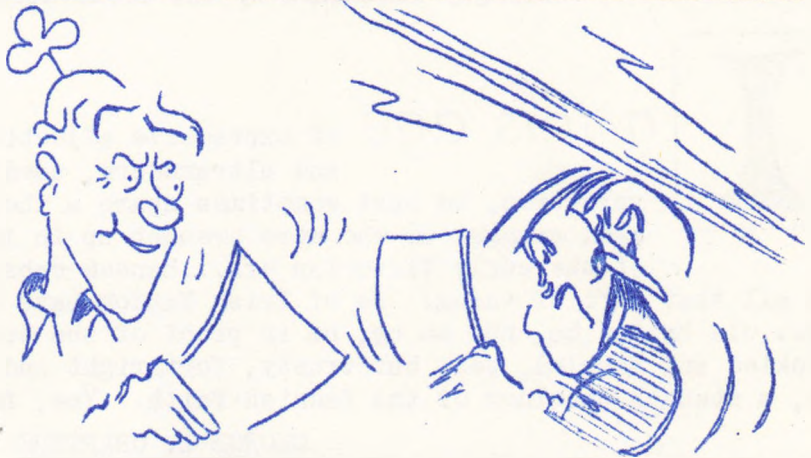
Having nearly a century of accumulated knowledge behind him, it comes as no surprise to discover that Mr. Charters is extremely fond of poetry, and both avidly reads and writes it. Some men of learning who have scrutinised his works give the opinion that George is a second Ogden Nash...George himself being of the opinion that Ogden Nash is a second Charters. As a great scoop for Grue, here is a pome by George, specially comissioned by me to present to Dean as a token of my appreciation. I will gladly offer him the copyright. {Gee, thanks.}

Seriously, it is a splendid piece of peotry, as you will see, and is, of course, styled after Hiawatha. (Very injunious, I'm sure, and yes, Gentle Reader, Berry wrote it 'peotry' and if Berry says it's peotry, I'm not going to argue. Here goes---see what you think of:)

THIS THE TALE of Walter Willis,  
Walter Hiawatha Willis,  
How he won the Charters Trophy,  
Won in spite of opposition  
Strong enough to daunt a champion!

In the finals of the contest,  
"Ghoodminton!" cried Walter Willis,  
Walter Alexander Willis,  
"We will show them how we do it  
In the Walter Willis attic,  
In the Willis fambly attic!"

From the pile of bats he picked one,  
Tested it for imperfections,  
Tried its balance, weighed it deftly,  
Swung it round his head and shoulders  
With the sure hand of the master;  
Found it answered his requirements;  
Sought and found the well-known trade-mark,  
Showing it was made by Charters,  
Master craftsman, master batman,  
In his lonely little workshop  
By the shores of Gitchee Goomee,  
By the shining Big Sea Water.



To his side there sprang John Berry,  
Vigorous, alert John Berry,  
Shouting out his fierce war-cries.  
Till the walls and ceiling trembled,  
Till the floors and windows rattled,  
With the noise reverberating  
Round the Willis fambly attic.

James and Bob were their opponents:  
James a crafty skillfull fighter,  
Veteran of many battles,  
Many vicious, hard-fought battles,



With his forehead shining wetly,  
Cheeks, nose, ears chin shining wetly,  
With excitement for the battle.  
Bob stood calm, serene, untroubled,  
Nerves for him were non-existent,  
Nonchalant he stood and waited.

Spectators sat and watched and trembled  
At the meeting of the titans,  
Madeleine could hardly bear it,  
Leaned her head on George's shoulder,  
George was in the same condition,  
Leaned his head on Sadie's shoulder,  
Sadie couldn't bear the tension,  
Leaned her head on Peggy Martin.  
(Sorry, but her maiden name is  
Just the right length for this metre.)  
Thus they sat, like four old palm trees,  
Leaning with the sunset breezes.

How to tell of that grim conflict,  
How they battled, how they struggled,  
Flashing eyes and heaving bodies,  
Shouting "Face" and screaming "Ceiling,"  
Till the neighbours must have thought there  
Were some murders being committed.  
Flying bats and bleeding knuckles,  
Fingers numb and glasses broken,  
Shirt-tails flying, hair tossed wildly,  
"Bloody hell," and "Fruit," and "Dammit."  
Till the floor was wet and sticky  
With the blood and perspiration,  
With the bloody perspiration.

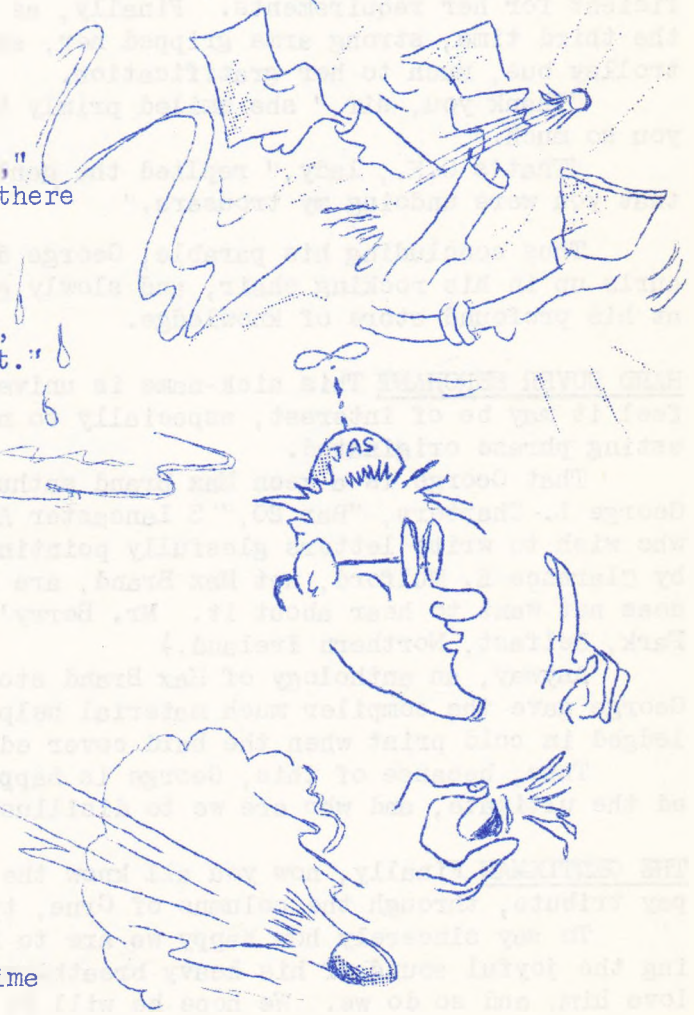
But in spite of Walter's rallies,  
Forehand drives and deft back-handers,  
Lightning serves, amazing catches,  
Fast and furious smashing volleys,  
They were losing, slow but steady,  
Till the score stood fifteen-twenty.  
Bob and James had luck on their side  
Till the pace made James so nervous  
Five serves running hit the ceiling,  
Made the score exactly level.

Now the game became more deadly,  
Made the previous play seem tepid.  
Spectators wilted even further  
Till they looked like corn in spring-time  
Beaten down by lashing rain-storms.

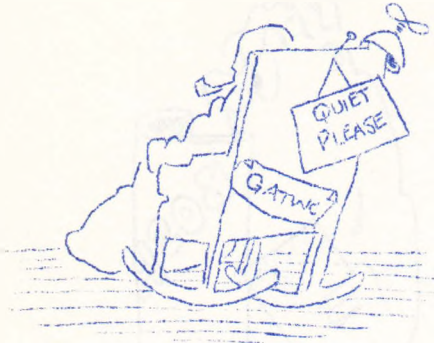
Came the last shot of the fracas:  
Walter's van, and Bob was serving,  
Served so fast no eye could follow,  
Took Walt's ear off in its flight and  
Sank two inches in the plaster.

Thus did Walter win the trophy,  
But he did not wait for plaudits,  
Dashed downstairs, came back with brandy,  
To revive the poor spectators.

-GATWC







THE PHILOSOPHER Sometimes, Confucious-like, George allows us to sit round the rocking chair, whilst he regales us with stories and mythologies, which, with his poignant vernacular, reveal to us the fundamental secrets of the inner mind of mankind. One fable, in particular, I would like to relate:

And Charters, he sayeth, " .....one day, a lady of high repute was attempting to board a trolley bus, attired as she was in a very tight garment, namely a new Paris model skirt. Discovering that the tightness of her skirt restricted her endeavours, she reached behind her, and nimbly open-

ed the bottom button of the skirt, thus allowing a little extra freedom for her shapely nether limbs. Once more she tried to mount the platform, and again discovered her legs would not part sufficiently to let her board the vehicle. Her dextrous fingers thus opened the next button, yet again she found the degree of manoeuvreability insufficient for her requirements. Finally, as she was about to repeat the performance for the third time, strong arms gripped her, and lo, deposited her on the platform of the trolley bus, much to her gratification.

"Thank you, sir," she smiled primly to the gentleman who had assisted her, "thank you so much."

"That's O.K., lady," replied the gentleman, with unmitigated chagrin, "it's just that you were undoing my trousers."

Thus concluding his parable, George draws his shawl tighter around his shoulders, curls up in his rocking chair, and slowly goes to sleep, leaving us to sigh in wonder at his profound store of knowledge.

HARD COVER MERCHANT This nick-name is universally linked with George Charters, and I feel it may be of interest, especially to neo-fen, to tell once more how this interesting phrase originated.

That George is a keen Max Brand enthusiast can be evinced from his address:-- George L. Charters, "Bar 20," 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor, Northern Ireland. {Readers who wish to write letters gleefully pointing out that the Bar 20 stories were written by Clarence E. Mulford, not Max Brand, are herewith advised that the editor of Grue does not want to hear about it. Mr. Berry's address is: 1 Knockedon Crescent, Flush Park, Belfast, Northern Ireland.}

Anyway, an anthology of Max Brand stories was published a few years ago, and George gave the compiler much material help from his vast collection, which was acknowledged in cold print when the hard cover edition was published.

Thus, because of this, George is happy to consider his literary career has reached the ultimate, and who are we to disillusion him.

THE GENTLEMAN Finally, now you all know the truth about George, it would be fitting to pay tribute, through the columns of Grue, to this fine old gentleman.

To say sincerely how happy we are to know him, how much we look forward to hearing the joyful sound of his heavy breathing as he staggers up the stairs. Our children love him, and so do we. We hope he will be long spared to sit rocking gently in the corner of our room at 170, where we regard him as standing for all that is good and respectable and true in Fandom.

\* \* \* \* \*

---John Berry



# The Fallen Mighty

Heading illo by

Richard Bergeron

A  
SERIES

Bergeron '55

FOURTH INSTALLMENT --- GRUE 28 --- "CAPTAIN SATAN"

The first issue of CAPTAIN SATAN magazine was published late in 1937 and was dated January, 1938. It hailed from the Popular Publications stable, a cousin to THE SPIDER, OPERATOR #5 and a vast fleet of non-monopoly pulps. Unfortunately, it didn't survive too long...or perhaps it's not so unfortunate at that. The dauntless Cap'n still sticks in my mind today with considerable affectionate regard and if he'd gone on and on through countless weary episodes, he might well have become as cloying for me as The Shadow. It may be that a short life and a merry one is best for pulp continuity-characters after all.

Captain Satan (and, as usual, lower-case letters denote the character, majuscules identify the magazine itself) is readily classifiable as a "Robin Hood of Modern Crime" type, not overly dissimilar from The Saint, Raffles, Boston Blackie, The Black Bat and their numerous colleagues. This particular sort of modus vivendi seems to be as common in print as it is uncommon in real life. One rarely, if ever, reads in the newspapers of anyone who makes a career of going about pirating the loot of criminals and disbursing small amounts of it to charity. Actual, real-life counterparts of Robin Hood are much more apt to rob from the rich and keep it themselves. Moreover, it might be a dubious blessing for a crook-robber to sidle up to a blind beggar and mutter, "Here. I just hi-jacked two million from the Brinks robbers. Take this five-spot." In all probability, the serial number on the bill would land the poor mendicant in the penitentiary straight off as soon as he tried to spend it.

I wouldn't want you to think that Captain Satan indulged in any such inanities. He divided the take between the various members of his crew (the cut was one-third to the Cap'n, who stood all expenses, the balance equally shared by the rest) and managed



to support himself in the manner to which he had become accustomed, a rather posh manner it was, too. He spent his time between cases, impatiently chafing at the dish in a luxurious pent-house apartment high atop a skyscraper overlooking New York's East River. As I recall, he owned the whole furshlugginer building.

Cary Adair—Captain Satan's alter ego—was a bit of a character, with rather more warmth and personal charm, I always thought, than most of his contemporaries ever showed. If he wasn't quite so sharply outlined as Simon Templar, he was more so than Richard Wentworth and Kent Allard and the rest. I recall that he had a penchant for reading "The Arabian Nights" in the original Iranic, because "you retain more flavor that way." I missed the significance of that at the time but, recalling it years later after having been exposed to certain of the episodes which aren't included in school texts, I realize that it certainly would have a different flavor.

Somehow, it is hard to picture, say, The Shadow in his Sanctum, hunched over a copy of "The Arabian Nights" in or out of the original Iranic. The latest copy of CONFIDENTIAL would be more his speed.

All covert crime-fighters of this sort had their own special cop who was assigned to plaguing them full-time, a thankless and ulcerogenic job if there ever was one. Adair's own personal Nemesis was Jo Desher, chief of the FBI. He is not to be confused with other Chiefs of the Bureau in parallel but incongruous time-streams such as, for instance, John Drury, chief of the FBI in the Griffon stories, of whom more later.

In the period from 1934 to 1940 the FBI had a special glamour in the public mind. They, the FBI, and they alone had managed to put a dent in post-prohibition crime, which was formidable at that time. The FBI fought under the crook's own ground-rules to some extent and—usually—came out ahead. It seemed as though the FBI was forever setting up road-blocks and rendering some passing desperado like unto the cheese of Switzerland with a blizzard of tommygun slugs. One could read something about their exploits in nearly every day's newspaper and millions of red-blooded American lads faunched to be "G-Men" when they grew up, sooner if possible.

This is probably the reason why Captain Satan's writer, listed as William O'Sullivan, chose to dog Adair with Jo Desher rather than some mere New York city cop. For a good deal longer than this series has been under way, I have been waiting with ill-feigned patience to quote the following excerpt, perhaps one of the most heavily adjective-laden ones in all of English literature:

And the next moment the portieres of the room were thrown aside as by a stormy wind when the dynamic chief of the F.B.I. swept through them.

"Hi, Cary!"

"How are you, Jo? Good to see you again!"

Desher—squat, powerful, dark, round of head and with a gleaming, honest light in his brown eyes—stuck out a pudgy hand to grip and shake that of the rangy, debonair, graceful Cary Adair.

Eleven words out of thirty-four in that final paragraph, nearly one-third, are adjectives, for which O'Sullivan presumably received his standard word-rate. How that man must have loved his Thesaurus!

The standard story-pattern for these adventures ran something like this: There would be an opening scene of Adair in his pent-house as the camera panned back and forth admiring the sybaritic opulence of the furnishings. Adair would be grouching to his valet, Jeremy, about the sublime boredom of forced inactivity and Jeremy would be mixing him highballs to slurp as he pored over his pornography collection. If Jeremy ever drank, it was surreptitiously in the privacy of his pantry. This is unusual.



Then Desher would come bursting in with a scene like the one just described (from Parole of the Dead, Volume I, Number 4, April 1938) and he would bring tidings of dark deeds and deep dastardy. The gag was that he felt that it helped him get the details clear in his own mind to come talk them over with his indolent friend Adair. What actually happened was that Captain Satan would be getting briefed for action (as Adair) and he would then proceed to solve Desher's case for him. In the finest traditions of this sort of thing, such criminals as managed to survive were turned over to Desher along with enough data so he could work out a neat solution to everything.

Desher would sit there, a tongue-loosening highball in his hand, spilling everything the FBI knew about some troublesome new case and Adair would ask questions and perhaps even deign to make a few suggestions while Jeremy, a master pickpocket, would rifle through Desher's pockets to see if they contained anything of interest...unbeknownst to Desher of course.

Later Desher would take his leave, professing to feel much better. Adair and Jeremy would make arch-conspiratorial remarks to each other about going on a fishing trip; Desher would return to his office and a scene something like this sample would follow: {All quotations are from the same issue}.

...another operative came forward, passed a blank envelope.

"This was delivered a moment ago, sir. Message was, 'It's important.'"

Desher growled his thanks and tore the flap with nervous fingers. He plucked the single sheet of paper from inside it, his eyes going back to Carter Colley.

"You see, Carter, there are a lot of ways—"

He paused, his eyes on Colley. But his assistant was staring with rapidly widening eyes at that sheet of paper which his chief held in his hands. Desher looked, too. Looked and gasped.

There, scrawled crudely in ink, was the device of the Satanic figure that they had come to know and to fear ... a Satanic figure with pitchfork raised in an attacking position. The emblem with which Satan, Captain Satan, announced his entry into the field!

"Captain Satan's back," Desher said in a dead, choked voice.

Then followed a familiar but stirring scene as Captain Satan made rendezvous with his crew. This usually took place in an abandoned warehouse, reached through a long, dark alley. Another quote:

A long, sleekly black limousine slid to a stop near an East River pier. Two occupants stepped down from the rear of the car and melted into the shadows of some deserted warehouses.

The car slipped noiselessly down the street and then swung into an alley. In another moment, the driver was out and walking rapidly back, the car safely concealed. The other two stepped out to meet him and the trio made their way swiftly across the deserted street and into the darkness of one of the piers.

A weird, high cry, as of a sea gull, came clear to them. They halted. The tallest one of the three men answered it in kind. After a pause, this latter man called softly, "S-M."

A chuckle came from the dark beyond them. "Hi-ya, Slim! Who are your friends?"

The husky, powerfully built man who had driven the black car answered: "K-O." But before the challenger could greet him, a third voice cut in—hard, cold, and with a touch of savageness in it.

"Captain Satan!"

The guard's voice recoiled {I like that! --dag}. "Oh. Cap'n. I didn't know. You don't usually come with any of the crew. I mean—"

Satan had recognized the man's voice without the necessity of his having had to give his 'emergency' letters ... the first and the last letters of the aliases under



which Satan's men were known to each other. "Chop it short, Soapy," he snapped. "We have important business here tonight, and not a minute to lose."

"Right, Cap'n." A light played on the trio apologetically as the guard, Soapy, followed his routine ... brought into prominence the masked faces and the figures of the three who stood there.

Kayo, the driver, a slight, wing-like mask over his broad-set eyes, grinned cheerfully, flattening more than ever the broken nose that was spread across his apparently Greek face.

Slim, Satan's chief lieutenant, stood tall, almost gaunt, his face immobile and his eyes unfathomable behind his mask. He finished rolling a cigarette by the light of the lamp, his long, lean fingers making the necessary movements at rapid and sure speed.

Captain Satan stared back into the light unblinkingly, his firm chin jutted out, his hands jammed into the pockets of his lightweight coat. Satan's figure didn't bulk nearly so large as Kayo's, but there was a hint of tremendous strength in the breadth of his shoulders, in the column-like legs to which the close-fitting black trousers clung tightly. On his head he wore a narrow-brimmed, flat-crowned soft hat that was fitted close---seemed all the closer in that the hair which should have showed under that hat had apparently been shaved off.

You would not have had to read through many issues of the magazine before you came to suspect that "Slim" and Gary Adair's light-fingered valet/butler Jeremy were one and the same. Who the rest of the crew were in real life was never revealed. Captain Satan's crew was nearly unique in one respect: They occasionally got themselves killed off and had to be replaced with fresh recruits. The particular episode at hand finds Cap swearing in two new members, "The Dutchman," and "Solly." The ritual may seem a bit pretentious and silly but it is no whit more so than the initiation ceremonies for any number of existing lodges, clubs, secret societies, etc.

At a sign from Satan, the two masked men, who were standing slightly apart, moved forward.

Satan stared at them intently for a few moments, then slowly circled the men, his keen eyes ranging over their frames. He seemed to be cataloging them in his mind, etching every detail of their stature and posture in his brain. At length he stepped back.

"What is your purpose here, strangers?" he asked, intoning the ritual of the crew.

"To become blood brothers," they answered in unison, but with a tremble in their voices.

"Why?"

"To join with the others of Satan's Crew in fighting Satan's appointed enemies; to obey orders implicitly; to maintain the secrecy of our order and to refrain from attempting to discover the identity of other members; and to defend to the death ourselves, our brothers and our identities."

Satan nodded and added drily, "And to share in the profits when we smash the crooks. ..."

As you got out into the midst of the stories, there was a satisfactory amount of divergence. In fact, they were pretty good stories, told with a satisfactory amount of warmth, charm and humor. Conceded, they were not Great Literature but what do you expect for a dime...Dostoevski?

The series, as noted before, was a short-lived one. The magazine came out the winter in which I was a high-school sophomore and I remember when I returned the following fall as a junior, it was gone never to return.

If any of you have any copies of CAPTAIN SATAN besides the one mentioned, I will enter negotiations to buy them.

--Dean A. Grennell



JERRY PAGE, INTREPID CRIME-FIGHTER BY DAY AND DEBONAIR YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN BY NIGHT, INSPIRED, DOUBTLESS, BY PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS IN THE SERIES, PROFFERS, HOPEFULLY, HIS IMPRESSION OF A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TYPICAL CONTINUITY-CHARACTER

## THE ARMADILLO PULLS THROUGH

25

BY JERRY PAGE

One thing about being bombed: It put you out of the game. Now as Wilkins studied Ronald Faldaytonworthington, he was worried. His master lay, unconsciously panting on the couch in the secret room beneath his 78-room mansion where he secretly directed his fight against crime as---THE ARMADILLO!

Dandley, old WW2 buddy---now serving as the valet of Faldaytonworthington---entered the room. "How is he?" he asked.

Metashki, old Inca warrior---who had been saved from a man-eating ant in the Amazon jungles by Faldaytonworthington and had joined him as friend evermore---was sitting by the bed, caring for him.

"He'll live," he grunted. "Him only lose two or three pints of um blood. Him be on feet by um Tuesday nest week. Meanwhile, we vote, choose him um girlfriend, go 'bout dressed in silly costume getting shot at. Heap dangerous."

"But she's wearing a steel face mask to stop the Magnum shells they shoot her with," pointed out Wilkins.

"Um. Boy, you heap square."

At that moment, Fredricks, the old cabbie entered. He was perhaps the wisest of the entire retinue as well as the shrewdest and craftiest. While the others were fooling about pulling off dangerous stunts, he waited safely on a side street, keeping the engine running, ready for a quick getaway.

"Hey, fellers!" he cried. "Miss Silvia jest called in b' special untraceable ultra-short-wave radio to say she was trapped in New Brunswick, by The Fiend."

At the mention of that terrible name, a hundred thoughts crossed the mind of each person in that room. They remembered how he'd tricked their leader.

As THE ARMADILLO, Faldaytonworthington had been thwarting The Fiend's every scheme. Finally, the fiend had broadcast a challenge to THE ARMADILLO, direct, by taking over an entire radio-TV network and forcing them to transmit his image and voice.

Faldaytonworthington knew full well that if he did not accept the challenge his millions of admirers would desert him for Howdy Doody so he donned his armored costume and, bazooka in hand, he fared forth to do battle with the infamous evil-deed-doer.

They met with naked sabers on a tight-rope twenty stories above Broadway (mainly for the benefit of the newsreel cameramen). Deftly, THE ARMADILLO had beaten his foe back and parried each of his blows. Even deftlier, he had kept his footing, forcing The Fiend relentlessly back and, indomitably, ever farther back, inexorably, back till he vanished through an office window

A mighty cheer welled irresistably upward from the teeming millions holding back



thin blue lines of jealous police far below. THE ARMADILLO's face, hidden by his heavy mask, was wreathed in smiles; he bowed to the right, to the left, throwing kisses far out over the crowd with heavily-gauntleted hands.

The crowd's voice swelled to new peaks. As far as the eye could see, hands waved boxes frantically---boxes of "Rye Popsies," (sponsors of THE ARMADILLO's half-hour afternoon TV-radio show)---millions of throats screamed unintelligibly. To Faldaytonworthington it seemed as though they were trying to tell him something...

Suddenly, he felt a stabbing pain in the back, his back. In a trice he whirled and drove The Fiend back with a flashing, slashing, splashing attack. The arch-villain had a hammer in his hand which he hurled full at the face of THE ARMADILLO. The hammer smashed off the massive protective face-mask which tumbled twenty stories to the street below, killing and/or maiming more than a score of teeming passersby and innocent bystanders.

THE ARMADILLO's chilling chuckle chimed forth above the tumult of the maddened multitudes...to think that The Fiend thought he could harm him through his protective armor with mere daggers and hammers!

Later, as he was stepping out of the studio during a station-break on his program, the bomb nailed to his back by the cowardly arch-fiend detonated with a terrific roar, blowing off the entire top of the great sky-scraper, blowing THE ARMADILLO bodily through a heavy bronze elevator door and 87 stories down an elevator shaft. The bomb did him no great good. The fall was worse. The sudden stop at the bottom was sheer murder.

Wounded, THE ARMADILLO picked himself up and crawled to a convenient side-street where--fortunately--there were no teeming millions, where--luckily--his faithful, shrewd, hard-bitten, crafty old cabbie, Fredricks waited with engine racing. "Take me home," THE ARMADILLO croaked thickly as he entered the cab and a coma. In about that order.

Now the crafty crew of crime-crushers watched him as he lay there. Somehow, deep down there amid the labyrinths of his agony, he heard their voices and he knew what he must do. He summoned hidden wells of incalculable strength against the black waves of unbearable pain that broke across him like titanic surf. He spoke, albeit weakly.

"New Brunswick's only two hours away...I've got to get up...prepare your disguises."

"You mean, sir...?" Wilkins was overjoyed. "Do...?"

"Yes, Wilkins," Faldaytonworthington gasped. "We must face our plight with logic and consideration. Never before have we carried out so intelligent a plan."

Deft and experienced fingers donned the make-up of an elderly gentleman, the only disguise that could hide the innumerable scars from being bombed, run over, tossed off parapets, thrown in rivers, knifed, drugged, doped, stabbed, beaten, burned, speared and tossed bodily into the thick of science fiction conventions. In a moment he had replaced his own atrocious face with the wrinkled brow of a kindly old man. He yanked off the disguise and re-did it without so large a brow.

"And now, we do the most ingenious thing we ever did," he announced. "Namely, skip town."

Deftly, they left.





# Miscellania



(heading by damon knight;  
text by the editor)

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"It was but the work of a moment to wipe the putty from my knife."

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--B. Vortch

## BELATED CREDIT AND OTHER MATTERS

It should have been mentioned last issue, but it was overlooked somehow. The Ray Nelson cover illo was kindly donated by Redd Boggs, of the Minneapolis Boggsses. It is fitting that I give him credit for furnishing the illustration since he once gave me credit in SKYHOOK (that sublime publication) for passing along an Ed Emshwiller illo used in it. No, it wasn't that I was crazy--I just wasn't publishing anything in those days and had no use for it myself. In this latter day I would admire having some Emshwiller stuff myself but I can get along without it in a pinch. After all, Grue's artstaff is notable even without Emsh.

Which reminds me: Ron Fleshman--better known as ESHM--has slipped from sight again. I have back-issues of Grue for nearly a year now that I can't send him. First-class mail to his last known military address comes back marked address unknown. If anyone hears of his present whereabouts, I would greatly appreciate if they'd tell me.

Getting back to Boggs: where all others have failed, he has succeeded in unearthing not one but three new George W. Peck books for me. He dug these up in conspiracy with Jean and they surprised me with them when Redd (along with Richard Eney) visited us over the April Fools-Day weekend. So please let it be noted that my George W. Peck collection is now substantially complete. Also, I have received the John Collier book and the missing copies of OOPS! and HYPHEN I advertised for last time, thanks to Dick Wilson (well-known globe-trotter and author of THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5, a damn good book), to Ed Hayes, to Fred Smith, to John Quagliano, to Fred Smith, to John Hitchcock and to



Gertrude M. Carr. All of these people either sent books or offered to and I am left with the haunted feeling that there was at least one more name that should have been included in this list. If this is the case, my apologies are abject indeed. The response to that ad was impressive and I'm left more firmly convinced than ever that Grue is read by some of the nicest peoples on this or any other planet. Bless y'all.

Since getting the Peck books, I have been getting re-acquainted with him. I hadn't read them since I was about 10 or 11 years old except for PECK'S SUNSHINE, which I'd seen since. I was afraid it would prove disappointing to an older and more sophisticated (hoog) Grennell but it doesn't seem so. One of the reasons I honed to own the books was that I thought it would be a rich source of quotable material from which I could purloin items the way Mike May cribs from LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK. But the greater bulk of Peckiana is not overly well-suited for Grue. I suspect it is an acquired taste, like ripe olives and Bradbury.

Despite this, I'd like to beseech your indulgence long enough to insert a couple of samples here. If a few of you like it, I may do it again. If not...well, I can still read it myself. It should be explained that Peck was a Wisconsin journalist and politician of the late 19th century. Most of these items originally appeared in the newspaper he published in Milwaukee called PECK'S SUN. In casting about for a likely specimen, I picked an item from PECK'S BOSS BOOK (1884) entitled:

#### THE MOURNFUL MAN

A few weeks ago a man registered at an Oshkosh hotel, and was assigned a room, and everybody noticed that he was a most mournful looking man. He never said a word, but there was that about his face and his actions that showed he was laboring under some great sorrow. He had his supper taken to his room, and the waiter said the man never spoke, and seemed to be the saddest looking man he ever saw. The guests all talked the matter over, and they decided that the man was going to commit suicide. A traveling man who had a room next door to the solemn man, and who had previously occupied adjoining rooms in different hotels to three men who had committed suicide, felt that he was about to experience a fourth shock of the same kind, and he laid in his bed all night and never slept a wink, believing that the next moment he should hear a revolver shot or the death-struggle of his neighbor from poison. He never heard a sound all night, and when he got up in the morning he told the clerk that he was sure the man was dead. They passed the room and listened, but could hear no noise, and it was decided to look over the transom to see if the man was dead. It is not a pleasant thing to look over a transom into a man's room, not knowing whether your eye will fall on a corpse or a live man with a revolver pointed at you, so nobody seemed to yearn to be the first to climb the step-ladder.

Finally it was decided to throw a cat over the transom onto the bed and if they did not hear any noise it would be certain that the man was dead and they could go on with the funeral. A cat was procured and the porter, who knew just where the bed was located, was detailed to toss the cat over. He went up the ladder a few steps, not enough to look over, because he was not prepared to look suddenly upon a corpse, and taking the cat in both hands by the legs, he gently tossed her, or him as the case may be, over the transom on the bed occupied by the mournful looking man. The cat was heard to fall with a dull thud, there was a sound as of scratching and ripping, a heavy form was heard to strike the floor, the cat "purmeoued" and "spit," and the half-dozen people out in the hall looked at each other wonderingly, when the door suddenly opened and the maddest man that ever was seen in Oshkosh came out in the hall in his night-shirt, his arm and face bleeding on to the white night-shirt. He had the cat by the hind legs with one hand and a revolver in the other and as he struck at the assembled multitude right and left with the cat there was the worst getting down stairs that ever was, and the cat was thrown at the last person who went down stairs, and the man returned

to his room. He dressed himself, went down to the office and paid his bill, and took the first train south, never having spoken a word while in Oshkosh, and the people are to this day wondering whether he was a prohibition speaker, a traveling man for a corset factory, or an agent for a deaf and dumb asylum. The traveling man who was so nervous for fear his neighbor was going to commit suicide, wishes he had; the landlord fears that he has displeased a guest who might have remained longer, and the porter who threw the cat says that it is the last time he will ever try to find a corpse by the aid of a cat.

--George Wilbur Peck

So there's your sample---rather gruesome, of course, but glance back at the cover and note the title of the magazine if you've forgotten. There is a harrangue immediately preceding this in the book, in condemnation of soda-pop, which you'd swear was from some fanzine...it has the fine flash and fury of an editorial commentary from LARK or STEFANTASY or mayhap GEMZINE. Twist my arm and I'll run it next time.

#### OF OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF TIMES AND BATTLES LONG AGO

For me, the big attraction of something like PECK'S BAD BOY and his other works is the way they capture--or preserve--the flavor and feel of a bygone era. Enter the pages of Peck and 1885 becomes, not the dim, dim past it is for us but the present. The Civil War is barely 20 years behind you--closer at hand than World War I is for us by far. People speak differently; the world is a different place. And Peck has pickled a facet you won't find in most of the more highly-regarded Literature of the period. Here is the everyday happening, the newspaper's grist, couched in a loose and slangy style much as the language was spoken at that time. Even the cuss-words are there...or about as many of them as you will find outside of the realistic war novels today. If he means damn, he says damn--not the sickening "d--n" of most of his contemporaries including even the rugged Mark Twain, who was an inveterate d--ner.

The 19th century, especially the so-called Victorian Era, left us scant printed record of whatever profanity that was used therein. I become wistful whenever I think of this. People of the year 2175 will (we hope) be able to read books like THE NAKED AND THE DEAD or FROM HERE TO ETERNITY and form a fairly accurate idea of how soldiers actually talked during VW-II. Yet as we read books like Stephen Crane's otherwise excellent THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE, we are left with the impression (erroneous, I'm sure) that common foot-soldiers of the Civil War spoke with the circumspection, swearwise, of a star Sunday-school pupil on his best behavior. I wonder if there is any student of folklore who has preserved representative samples of 19th century profanity.

Time is a fascinating thing. It forms a substantial chunk of subject-matter for sf authors to write about. It is a common experience which all of us have shared to some degree. It was here when we came and it will remain when we leave. Probably.

I've seen some 32 years'-worth of the stuff go past. This is not a great amount as such things go, yet I can remember seeing Model A Fords proudly displayed in Ford dealer's show-windows. I was 10 years old by the time the first of the V-8s came along. I recall the long thin Atwater Kent radios with their gooseneck speakers up on top...and only the wealthy and elite owned them in those days. When you visited the home of a radio owner of an evening you sat about and listened with quasi-reverance and the small fry who boistered about was sternly shushed.

During the first 10 years or so that I read science fiction (1929-1939) the nineteen-fifties constituted the unimagineably distant future. Perhaps you've already had the slightly jarring experience of reading about the wonders of the futuristic world of 1948 in some old sf mag and suddenly realizing that 1948 was quite a while ago and it wasn't like that at all. There are few things so pathetic as a sf yarn which the



fugacious years have caught up with and galloped past...Heinlein's ROADS MUST ROLL constitutes one notable example, I believe. This originally appeared in the June 1940 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. Quoting from page 15 of the magazine: "The National Defense Act of 1947 closed its era {the era of the privately-operated automobile}" and "The first mechanized road was opened, in 1950, between Cincinnati and Cleveland." The paperbound edition of THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON, published in 1951, updated the pertinent passages by 10 years. Heinlein, more cautious and pessimistic now, changed it to: "The largest number of automobile licenses in history had been issued that calendar year, but the end of the automobile era was in sight, and the National Defense Act of 1957 gave fair warning." ... "The first mechanized road was opened in 1960 between Cincinnati and Cleveland."

Please. I'm not making fun of Robert Heinlein. Anyone can be a Monday-morning quarterback if they survive long enough. I only cite this as a prime example of the dangers of writing short-range predictions. Obviously he wanted to give a sense of immediacy to the story in question. When he wrote the story originally---presumably in late 1939---the war-clouds were forming all around: Ethiopia, Spain, China, Europe...it is easy for us to sit up here and say he should have seen the things we saw as they turned up. But 1950 was as far-off as he wrote that as 1967 is for me as I write this. Fanzines have a way of hanging around through the years and I've read a lot of them 10 years or more old. Probably this will be read by some people for the first time in 1967 or later. To them the shape of 1961 is already barely visible through the dust to the rear. But if you think I'm going to try predicting the shape of 1961 in an attempt to outguess Robert Heinlein, you're wrong.

It used to be, and still is, a favorite artist's cliché to show the cities of the future with soaring towers and minarets with airy curving catwalks or aerial roadways swooping here and there among them. These roller-coaster sidewalks haven't come along yet but they should have been here years ago according to sf mags of a few years back. I, personally, doubt if you or I will live to see them. The city of 25 years from now will contain quite a few buildings that are standing today and most of them will be unchanged.

I expounded on this point to Gerry Kincannon once, saying that in all likelihood, the outside of Turner's drugstore in Brandon would look the same in 1965 as it did in 1952. He chuckled fiendishly and offered to bet it wouldn't even look the same in 1953. I reneged, knowing full well he never bet save on the surest of cinches. He knew and I didn't that Turner's drugstore, even then, was undergoing a face-lifting and having the outside handsomely done up with brick and new show-windows and stuff. As a prophet, I am a total loss and I wouldn't even prophesy a full moon for the 24th of May from here. But I hope they hurry up with that Cleveland-Cincy conveyor-belt/roadway. I'd hate to see Heinlein have to update that story again.

Ed. Note: This  
stencil was cut taken in  
April.

Heinlein postulated the Douglas-Martin power screen to run his rolling roadways with and that's probably the snag as much as anything else. It has taken 17 years now to get under way with direct-generating solar power units. From an ad in the June 1956 issue of SCIENCE AND MECHANICS I see you can buy a "sun battery" for \$1.50 apiece which, in light of 10,000 foot-candles intensity (and that's bright), produces 2 milliamperes at 250 millivolts "under optimum conditions." According to my slide-rule, it would require 17 googolplex and 23 dozen of these to operate the Cleveland-Cincinnati roadway. But we're on the way.

The idea of a time-machine has fascinated me ever since I first encountered it in some long-ago story. It would be fun, of course, to swish up to the future, turn around and come back. But if you couldn't have that, you'd make me happy with something with which to go peering back through the past. Oh sure, I noticed the idea expressed in Isaac Asimov's THE DEAD PAST in the April 1956 ASTOUNDING and I agree. In case you may have missed the story, the crux was that a past-peeker would mean a lot of trouble for

just about everybody and the fun of being able to use one wouldn't half make up for having your own entire past turned into an open book. But I'm not thinking about a tempo-scope for everybody. I mean one for just me.

I'm kidding, I hastily add. I was merely leading up to suggesting a fair sort of substitute for this gimmick which will probably never appear anyhow (the time-scanner, I mean). Nearly any reasonable-sized library has some sort of backfile of old newspapers that they will let you paw through if you can but convince them that you haven't any thermit bombs concealed on your person, or a sharp scissors for taking sample clippings.

For some years now I've meant to go up to the local library and look through their backfile of old newspapers. It was only since last issue that I finally got there but I found it so fascinating that I'll doubtless be going back again and again.

My folks moved here from Kansas about 1926 and we subscribed to the Fond du Lac Commonwealth-Reporter in those days. I was more than a little surprised to find that the comics (thank heavens the FdL library doesn't follow the practice some libraries do of clipping out the comics and discarding them before filing!) in the files of 1929 were fairly familiar to me. The main continuity comic of the time was "Wash Tubbs" and after a few issues, I knew what was coming next before I looked. That I should retain the gist of a comic-strip's plot after more than 27 years astonishes me if no one else.

There were scads of long-forgotten bits of data. Not for decades had I thought about Joe Tittle & Sons' meat-market but an ad reminded me that there had once been one. It seems there are countless little things like this which we are aware of so long as we're reminded of them periodically but if we stop hearing about them a few years will pass and then something reminds you of them and you exclaim to yourself my gosh it's been years since I've heard anyone use "Banana-oil!" as a means of denoting scornful disbelief. It is the same way in fan circles: some fans bow out with tremendous fanfares (sorry---unintentional pun), others just fade away when you aren't looking and you suddenly run across their name in an old fanzine and realize you haven't heard of them in months or years.

I browsed here and there among the years: 1929, 1932, 1934, then I had a bright idea and dug out the paper which appeared on my first birthday. I didn't expect any egoboo and I didn't find any. Even today, the Fond du Lac papers aren't reporting the births of babies in Kansas. But I wondered what had happened on that long-ago day when I had so many other things to do and hadn't paid much attention to world affairs.

Mrs. Genevive Stevenson, of Evanston, {Illinois} had been granted a divorce from her husband, along with \$500,000 in alimony. It was a relief to me to read that he was well-to-do and had bought, 10 years earlier, a farm estate which boasted, among other delights, seven bathrooms. Each of these bathrooms, in turn, boasted a silver bathtub. The cause for divorce was listed as cruelty and drunkenness. Small wonder, that, with seven silver bathtubs in which to make gin!

Mrs. Anna Joyce, 38, and her daughter Dorothy, 8, were struck by a hit-run motorist in a "large and expensive touring car" in Chicago. They were not expected to live and the driver was the object of a wide-spread search by police. Somehow it still doesn't seem quite right that anyone should have died on my birthday. I hope the report was wrong and they both recovered...the next few papers didn't say.

Prices of groceries, generally speaking, were not very much different than they are today. Prices were 'way down in 1932 but most of the time, most items were about the same.

Fond du Lac had four functioning theaters in that far-off day. Now it has two and another which is closed down. Neither Jean nor I can place where the fourth used to be located. Maybe it went away with Joe Tittle & Sons.



Two of the theaters were called the Garrick and the Idea. The other two...well, how trite can you get?...were the Orpheum and the Bijou. So help me.

Exclusively for the delectation of Kindly Old Robert Bloch, I will record here that the fare at the Orpheum that evening was Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard "in a Picturization of Their Famous Stage Play POTASH & PERLMUTTER By Montague Glass "The Laugh Hit of the Year!"

The Bijou had CHILDREN OF JAZZ, "a story as jazzy as its title" with Theodore Kosloff, Eileen Percy, Robert Cain, Alec Francis, Ricardo Cortez and a Great Paramount cast...a tale of fast modern society, its cake eaters, its pretty women, and a real man...the modern flapper at her flappiest." Yoicks. I'd long forgotten that "cake-eater" used to be an epithet of scorn and opprobrium.

An advertisement proudly displaying an ancient Model T Ford touring car reminded me that it was going to be a long, long time before the movie ads prattled joyously about Marilyn Monroe and Cinemascope (and for the sake of you, up there in 1967, feelies and smellies or whatever you have!).

Even Sound Pictures, or "talkies" were a long time to come---five or six years at least before they'd reach back to our little hinterland here. Well do I recall seeing one of the first talkies to hit these parts: Janet Gaynor and someone else (I'm sure it wasn't Rock Hudson) in HIGH SOCIETY BLUES...and a scrap of lyric from it which went, "When nobody comes to drink our booze, we sorta' got those High Society Blues..." This would have been around 1928 or 29, wouldn't it, Bloch?

Another thing I found mildly amusing was a horoscope thing on the editorial page of my first newspaper...about two columns to the left of the Edgar Guest poem. I shall quote its mumbo and its jumbo for you:

The sign governing this date is Scorpio, the Scorpion, and it is the middle sign on the Water Triplicity. This sign governs the genital organs of the grand Man. It is a fixed, nocturnal, southern, mute sign on the Zodiac. The higher attributes are attachment, tenacity and silence. {!} #These people are allied to the great powers of the ocean of this planet, and are possessed of a wonderful vibratory force, which gives them a great vitality through electro-magnetic influences. #Those born under this sign are usually robust, and inclined to corpulency in middle life. They have dusky complexions, broad square faces and dark hair. #The governing planet is Mars, and the gems are topaz and malachite. The astral colors are golden brown and black. Unquote.

Well, I'll concede them this much: at 194 pounds, I guess I at least incline toward corpulency, I have dark hair and nobody has got more electro-magnetic influences than I got. Nobody. Wintertimes, life is one long hell of violent electric shocks and sparks of static electricity from seat-covers, rugs and wool clothing.

And in that same issue there was one of these life-will-be-just-grand-in-the-bright-world-of-tomorrow type things, taking up a whole page with gaudy prediction like:

IN A

FEW YEARS:

Radio-controlled trains will span the continent in every direction; locomotives without engineers at the throttles. Crewless ships and air dirigibles will carry us safely across seas and through the air guided by an "invisible pilot." Great industrial plants with their huge machinery operated by radio---the solution of the power transmission problem. {I suppose this forecasts automation?} Earth nourished and agriculture increased with fertilizer plants on farms where atmospheric nitrogen is fixed by radio currents. Human ills reduced by physical and chemical effects of radio frequency currents applied in long distance treatment. Thought waves transmitted from brain to brain around the world by mental radio. {You see anything of most of these yet??}

I think there are still a few "blimps" in use but the term "dirigible" has lain so long unused that some of the younger readers may be unaware of its meaning. During the twenties and early thirties these big cigar-shaped aircraft, rigid frameworks over ballonets of hydrogen or helium gas for lifting power, propelled by motors in "nacelles"...these were at one time thought to be the direction in which air travel would have its greatest development.

Germany was the principal builder of commercial dirigibles---"zeppelins," they called the big ships---but America had (and I suppose still has) a world monopoly on helium. The German ships were forced to use the lighter, cheaper, but explosive hydrogen for lift. This resulted in some extremely bad accidents, the worst and last being the loss of the Hindenburg at (I think) Lakehurst, New Jersey. Most of you, I'm sure, have seen the photograph taken of this ship as it was about half burned. There is a movie sequence of it also.

I remember seeing one of these big ships on a visit to Kansas in 1929, the Graf Zeppelin, I think it was. It looked impressive as it floated along the horizon a mile or two away. The helium-loaded American dirigibles ("zepps," I think we called them) were mostly U S Navy ships...the Akron and the Macon are the two whose names come first to mind. The trouble with these was in landing them. They needed colossal hangers, huge mooring masts on tractors for moving them into and out of hangers, big crews of handling personnel to grab dangling lines as they came in, pulling them over to the mooring tower. There is one extremely chilling movie sequence which shows one of these Navy zepps coming in for a landing. A bunch of blue-jackets rush out and attach themselves to ropes. Just then a hard gust of wind hits the big ship and sweeps it hundreds of feet into the air in a few seconds. Most of the sailors see what is happening and let go but a few hang on and are carried up with the ship to drop off the ropes one at a time as their grip tires, to make the long drop with arms waving and legs kicking. It is, as I say, horrifying.

Even with helium for a lifting agent, the American zepps all came to violent ends in time, most with heavy loss of life. The ships were too big, too vulnerable to wind and stress, too expensive to build and operate from a standpoint of operational and maintenance crews. They represented too many eggs in a single basket. Surface ships faced worse problems and evolved because there was nothing else to do, no other alternative. But the zeppelin, like the steam automobile, had a rival who seems to have won. I wonder how many people today remember that the Empire State building was to have had a mooring-mast for dirigibles at its top?

Another also-ran of that era was the autogiro. This was a thing rather like a present-day helicopter except that it had a conventional propeller in front and the rotor on top wasn't powered. It just rotated from the passing air-stream and, in some inscrutable wise, this provided lift enough to prevent stalls at very low speeds. It was claimed that, with power off, a 'giro would gently windmill down to earth, making it practically foolproof. I haven't seen a word about them since before the war.

We have been hearing official pronouncements for at least the last thirty years to the effect that the air-age is just around the corner. That soon there will be an airplane (later reports have it a helicopter) in every garage. Personally, I can't see this as a probability for many years to come, if ever. The only thing that could usher in near-universal flying would be anti-gravity. For a truly revolting thought, sometime when you're sluggishly moving along a traffic-choked street, try imagining what it would be like if all of you were in airplanes, fighting to avoid stalls, collisions, the downwash of a 'copter overhead, etc. There will doubtless be a continuing increase in commercial aviation but private flying will undergo mild fluctuation and will remain approximately where it is. It has been nearly thirty years since Lindberg's flight brought on a premature flying boom. But how many people do you know, today, who own and fly their own airplanes?



In the past there have been a lot of prominent people who firmly believed in the future of aviation and worked hard to further its cause. Unfortunately, a dismaying number of these people have lost whatever ground they gained for aviation by getting themselves killed in crashes.

I thinking, here, not so much of Amelia Earhart Putnam because she was primarily a flier so far as the public was concerned. I am thinking more of Will Rogers and of that ill-starred afternoon of the 16th of August in 1935 when I went out to bring in the daily paper and learned that Rogers and Wiley Post---two of my special boyhood heroes---had been killed while taking off somewhere up in Alaska.

Those were brisk days for the newspaper business. Less than two weeks later, Queen Astrid of Belgium was killed in another air crash...on the 29th of August...and less than two weeks after that came a date which has quite a bit more significance in American history than most people give it credit for.

The date is the 8th of September, 1935, at 9:20 p.m., Central Standard Time. At that moment the future course of this country and perhaps the entire world was shunted sharply about and I firmly believe it was for the better. No matter what complaints you may have had with the past 20 years, I think you'd have been even less pleased had it not been for the event that took place at that particular moment in the capitol building of the state of Louisiana.

That was the beginning of the end for Huey Pierce Long, better known at the time as "The Kingfish" but don't ask me why...I've forgotten if I ever knew. He didn't die till 4:06 a.m. on the 10th but that is the significant moment. That was when Long, striding rapidly ahead of his corps of body-guards (who were armed to the teeth and beyond with tommy-guns and similar instruments), was accosted by a mousy young doctor with a .32 Colt automatic. What preceded this moment and what followed it may never be known for sure unless someone invents a viewer to go back and watch the scene in a leisurely and dispassionate manner.

Most contemporary accounts had it that the doctor, Carl Austin Weiss, shot Long once in the abdomen with the .32 pistol. They agreed that the bullet that did the job, "entered his right side, punctured the colon and pierced a kidney." A cursory knowledge of anatomy indicates that this isn't the sort of wound you'd expect from a man coming at you with a pistol in his right hand. It just doesn't gibe.

The story still goes around in Louisiana that the fatal wound was inflicted by a slug from a tommygun in the hands of an over-eager Long bodyguard who couldn't wait to contribute his share of the 61 slugs the boys put into Dr. Weiss. If this is true, if Long was killed by one of his own goons, then it constitutes my nomination as one of the most sublimely bitter jests of all time. It is the ultimate in poetic justice.

It is highly improbable that Dr. Weiss will ever get the recognition he deserves. Men have had their portraits put on stamps for vastly less significant services to their country. I don't think it's even too important that he didn't have his country's welfare at heart when he set out to see Huey. Results count for more than motives in the long run.

I expect there will be readers who disagree, saying that Long wasn't all bad, that he brought certain benefits to the lower classes of Louisiana...a state long used to corrupt political practices. I agree. Long wasn't all bad. He was only perhaps 98.9% bad. The list of his crimes and offenses against human decency, dignity and democracy are all but incredible. But it is the extrapolation of what he might have been, given another ten years or so to live, that really chills you to the marrow. He had his sights set on the presidency, with his "Share-Our-Wealth" plan. It is not inconceivable that he might have made it.

But for the fortuitous intervention of Dr. Weiss, Long might have become the dictator of the entire USA. Those were fertile times for hatching dictatorships, with model examples to be seen in all directions. Even today you keep hearing the old gag, pointlessly reiterated, that "Moussolini {or however you spell his name} may have been a harsh leader but at least he made the railroads run on time!"

Long, at the time of his death, was the dictator of Louisiana to all intents and purposes. The state police functioned as his private army. Nominally the state's senator to Washington, his crony and puppet filled the governor's chair and his slightest whim was law. It is said to have been his cheerful custom to send forth his hatchet men to deal with some recalcitrant editor...bearing a full pardon signed by the governor for a murder they had not yet committed.

This is not the time nor place for a full length biography of H P Long. To those of you whose curiosity has been whetted, who want to know more about the man who might have been and perhaps still is in some other parallel probability-continuum...to you, I commend the study of such books as THE ASPIRIN AGE---a book you should on no account miss in any case---with special emphasis on Hodding Carter's "Huey Long: American Dictator." You might also wish to check through the relevant passages of Joe Max Morris's WHAT A YEAR, which deals largely with the year 1929.

The legend that Mussolini made the Italian railroads run on time is largely debunked by Bergen Evans in his most recent book, THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS (Knopf, 1954). Those of you who read and claim to have enjoyed his previous book, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE with find this a charming continuance. It might be well to point out that Evans, ever a strong exponent of the healthily skeptical attitude, can do with a spot of skepticism himself so far as the readers are concerned. It sometimes happens that his debunkery needs debunking worse than the things he debunks. Don't let that stop you from reading the book though.

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"You mean you read that crazy Dick Tracy Stuff?"

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--RHEney

Everything passes in time: today the mambo is seldom heard and one day even the Rock & Roll mania will be but a grim memory. Today you sometimes see an entire issue of a newspaper which doesn't mention Grace Kelly once. The best bon mot to come out of all the Kelly-Ranier hoopla, I thought, came from Bill Vaughn who observed, in the Milwaukee Journal that if the plans for the wedding celebration got any more grandiose, the prince would have to hire a larger country in which to hold them. I liked that.

Three random quotes, none large enough to rate a paragraph all to itself: "I do all the things that normal people do."---Billy Graham, on Ed Murrow's Person to Person program, 6 April 1956. "What would a theoretical scientist like myself want with money?"---by Keefe Braselle in Science Fiction Theater, 6 April 1956. "A Cincinnati corpse don't richen a soil any."---Mark Twain, LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, page 24.

JACK SPIER please note: One of the card-index drawers at the Green Bay public library is labelled FOO-FOU. Appleton's library has a couple labelled ARNO-ART and HOW-HUH.

It may throw some light on the absence of fanzines published in Russia to mention a recently seen item which said that a very small portable typewriter, in Russia, costs the equivalent of two hundred and sixty-five dollars. I hope my faithful old \$32.50 Underwood doesn't get an inferiority complex from stenciling this.

Ten issues ago, but not since, mention was made in these pages of Mary Roberts Rinehart's series of books about that staunch spinster Miss Letitia Carberry, called "Tish" by her friends and fans. I was once a Tish fan and perhaps I still am. I have been meaning to



make mention for some time now that it seems likely, even probable, that D. V. Gilder is likewise not unacquainted with the Tishly saga. My suspicions were aroused by the first paragraph of Gilder's shortstory THEY in BEYOND #10 which leads off with, "When two gay spirits like Miss Letitia Kennedy and her neighbor, Mrs. Sarah Carberry, got together..." I wonder if anyone else noticed?

The dairy interests---or "Cow-pinchers" as we sometimes call them---are all-powerful in Wisconsin. One cannot, for example, buy pre-colored margarine here and even the do-it-yourself margarine costs around 47¢ a pound against 30¢ for yellow oleo in Michigan or Illinois and something like 75¢ a pound for butter. Not too surprisingly, there is a very brisk trade in selling oleo all around Wisconsin's border to the inbound traffic. The farmers feel keenly about the city-slicker's tendency toward oleo-smuggling although this doesn't stop a lot of farmers from running in a few pounds for their own tables.

The oleo-wrangle is old stuff around here. The most recent target for attack by the milk producers is a pleasantly harmless confection heretofore called "frozen custard." It appears this is made in a process similar to that used for margarine and the cow lobby is out hot and heavy for the enactment of laws compelling the makers of frozen custard to stop calling it that. The dairy interests figure it would carry enough semantic whammy to offset the lower price if the custardeers were compelled by law to market their commodity under the jaw-spraining term of "Frozen Hydrogenated Cottonseed-Oil Dessert." This could well be.

However, if I were asked for an opinion by the cattlemen---a possibility than which any conceivable eventuality is more likely---I would counsel them to lay off. After all, in any test of strength there is always the possibility that you might lose and if the farmers lost the fight they might emerge to find they had a new title for ice cream forced upon them. These days it sometimes seems that some of the ice cream contains rather more ice than cream and perhaps more whipped-in air than either.

The new law might require them to henceforth refer to ice cream as Artificially Sweetened Frozen Cow-Secretions Dessert. Two can play at that game, you know.

\* \* \* \* \*

(From the Canal City Pantagraph, Fwixshgyahfnu, Prtz., Mars, dated Nozkatulli 57th, 37819, freely translated:)

Ryyolipiutniak, Frzt., (TMP) Noted astronomer, Overprofessor Vesh Galu of the Imperial Observatory here, speaking before a conclave of astronomers to commemorate the 757th anniversary of the incubation of Gonoahlieauzz Uphp, scornfully poohpooched the idea that intelligent life could exist on the third planet, Phlupth.

'According to our observations and spectroscopic analysis,' he said, 'the planet Phlupth is surrounded by a great envelope of gas many sprelliks thick which consists of nearly 20% of free oxygen. This is an element so intensely corrosive that our chemists can handle it in the laboratory only with the greatest difficulty. One small whiff of the Phlupthian atmosphere would kill a being almost instantly.'

'If that weren't enough,' he continued, 'there are enormous pools of what appears to be molten dihydride of oxygen, lying about for the unwary to tumble into and some even believe that at times molten dihydride of oxygen falls from the sky. A being would be dissolved in such a case, even if protection could be had from the deadly atmosphere.'

For these reasons, Overprofessor Vesh Galu says, it is surely obvious to everyone that life of any sort is utterly impossible on Plupth and he says he is 'getting pretty damn well sick and fed up with all this silly science fiction bushwah they have all the time on the trivideos.'

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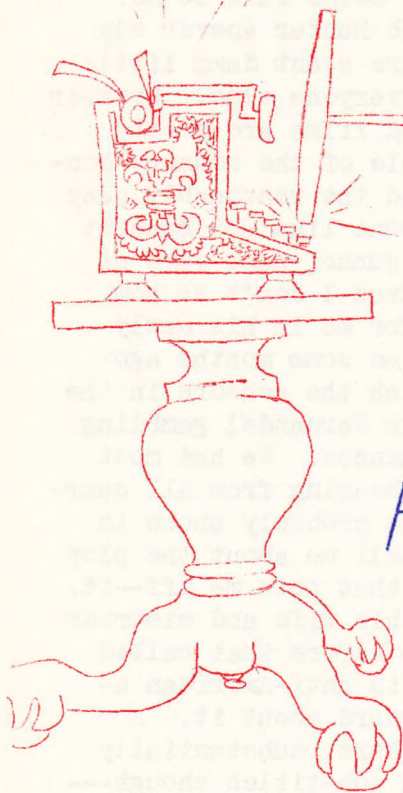
--DEAN A. GRENNELL



"Bolivia extemporizes mackerel; borax esteems polygamy;  
sausages wither in the east. Creation, perdu, is done;  
for woes inherent one can damn. Buttons, buttons, corks,  
geology underrates but we shall allay. My beer's out.

Yrxwly,  
Hevace Eveeloj"

37



## THE FICKLE FINGER WRITES...

a letter-column sort of  
thing



### WITH ACCENT ON ACCENT

ALAN DODD,  
77, STANSTEAD ROAD,  
HODDESDON, HERTS.,  
ENGLAND, U.K.

Hoog No. 14 was enjoyed immensely but I fear you have trod on a few sore points as far as accents in films are concerned. I saw SAFARI and am rather surprised to hear it is already showing in Wisconsin, I thought it would take ages to get there. {why?} And yes, I did understand what the weak-sister guy was saying though I squirmed every time I heard him speak. Not because of the cissy was in which he did talk but for the fact that I know so many Americans will think this is the way that the average Englishman will talk. It is a gross libel. The actor concerned, John Justin, is a very fine one, but when you are being paid by an American film producer to speak in an American film then you speak the kind of English the producer wants you to speak, not the kind you want to speak. Otherwise you don't get the job. A more flagrant case of this was in the Jack Benny Show when he came over to England to make a TV show. They wanted a Cockney photographer for one sketch so they picked on Peter Sellers who is a brilliant impressionist and comic with all accents but because the producer (American) didn't agree with the way that Sellers was doing the accent, Sellers walked out on him. Boyd Raeburn has the actual cutting on this incident if you want to see it. Frequently I hear of English character actors not getting jobs in Hollywood simply because they don't speak the kind of English the producers think they should. I remember "Royal Wedding" in which characters went around the streets of London saying, "Cheerio, pip-pip and what-ho" all around. Tchah! I haven't patience with characters like this. And as for those shots of London that show a tram crossing a bridge, I think it's about time someone told Hollywood we stopped using trams years



FFW DODD ago in London. Now continuing this harangue, we often hear that film exhibitors in the US refuse to book British films, "Because the people in the Mid-West won't understand them". If Wisconsin counts as Mid-West, {it does} then I guess you bear them out on this statement. However I think it's a pretty reasonable assumption that if British people are expected to understand Hollywood war films like "To Hell and Back" then it's only fair that British producers should expect Mid-Westerners to understand British war films like "The Sea Shall Not Have Them." Seems fair to me. Only Hollywood actor I can think offhand I can't understand is Tab Hunter {never saw him or her as case may be---also missed "To Hell and Back"---I care scant damn little for guts-opera of this sort --dag}. Can understand practically everyone else. However the thought strikes me: Accents used in both British and Hollywood films are pretty much cosmopolitan, i.e., can be understood generally by most people of the country concerned. So I can't help wondering that if you couldn't understand the reasonably easy accent of the film actors, what happens when you come across someone like Ron Bennett or Eric Needham who talk in a broad north country accent? {...I dunno, name some of the pictures they've been in...} You'd never understand them. Even I don't so how could you? {I could always have Eric the Unlikely write it out for me in his newly acquired Turner Italic Script.} I was surprised when Bloch told me some months ago that he too had seen "The Sheep Has Five Legs" since I didn't think the censors in the US would have passed it, however I guess much of the sequence with Fernandel gambling on board ship were missing, also those in the beauty parlour sequences. We had most of those scenes left in here. {we did too} "Diabolique" I keep hearing from all quarters about: Indiana, Oklahoma, etc., I believe that this film was probably shown in England under a different title of "The Fiends" but no one will tell me about the plot so I can't cheque--dammit check--it's that cheque typer of yours that puts me off--it. "The Fiends" showed as I recall the murder of a school master by his wife and mistress in a bath. The director, H. G. Clouzot made an even greater film before that called "The Wages of Fear"--censors would never show it in the U.S. It is anti-American against the big U. S. oil companies in South America. Ask Jean Linard about it. A really great film, probably the greatest of all time {we saw it here, substantially uncut as far as could be learned, liked it very much, had English sub-titles though---really, American sub-titles since I spotted one "color" in it, sans "u" but I'd be a wee shade hesitant about hailing it the all-time greatest} and the first French film to be given a main circuit booking in British cinemas. "I Am A Camera" and "The Lady-Killers" I didn't bother with, probably because they had poor supporting programmes. I gather your crack about sound tracks getting fainter refers to Bob Tucker being a projectionist. I always thought he was a newsreel camera man. He is also a Good Man....  
Dodderingly, Alan

BOB TUCKER,  
BOX 702,  
BLOMINGTON,  
ILLINOIS, US

## WE'RE ON SAFARI

This stupendous epic is playing our theater now. There is nothing in it which makes me want to revise my opinion of Victor (Stone Face) Mature. If the man ever becomes bald, his career as an actor (giggle) will grind to a halt. Have you noticed how subtly he conveys emotion? He moves his scalp back and forth. Surprise---it shoots backward on his pate. Brown study---it comes forward, nearly dropping into his eyes. He is emoting. I suppose the hair on his chest stiffens or droops when he is making love.

SAFARI is a stupid picture whose plot (guffaw) is stupidity compounded by stupidity. (The sort of plot (tee hee) he deserves, but that is beside the point.) Big White Hunter rushes off into the jungle and leaves his happy little family to the mercy of the Mau Mau. Bang, bang, no family. Big White Hunter rushes off into the jungle, leaving the Beautiful Blonde alone and to the mercy of the Mau Mau. Slurp, slurp, almost no Beautiful Blonde. Beautiful Blonde jumps into a boat and paddles downriver, ignoring warnings of native boy. Rapids and rubber crocodiles almost get her. Lord Greystoke, Big English Hunter, charges alone into the jungle after king of beasts.

Rowf, slzzzt, king of beasts gets him. For which I say hurrah! If the Mau Mau had also killed the Big White Hunter, and the rubber crocodiles had swallowed the Beautiful Blonde and the lion had got the Englishmen all in the first reel, we could have gone home early.

I hope you noticed that this picture condoned plural marriage, or something. The Big White Hunter spent more time in the tent of, and the arms of the Beautiful Blonde, than did her husband. Made no difference whether said husband was around or not---at the least sign of danger, Big White Hunter went flying to her tent. Had I of been the stuffy English husband, I would have abandoned the lion and trained my sights on the Big White Hunter. The beggar was forever poaching, you know. Bad form.

But cheer up, I bring you a reassuring note. Your ears aren't going bad. The recording on this picture was on the same level as Mature's (chuckle) acting. British-made films are frequently poor, and British actors appearing in British or American films compound the sin. This particular picture was made in Africa by a British company, using British equipment. And I am not sitting here on my throne belittling the British. It's just that there is some fool thing out of kilter, some difference of recording standards, that causes most of their sound-tracks to register poorly here. This is an old complaint of many year's standing. I suppose that our films sound queer over there. {but not peculiar}

Frequently, the apparatus in the theater is at fault. The sound is printed on the film alongside the picture, and oily film can cause mushiness in the sound reproduction. So, too, can any one of five pieces of equipment which help reproduce sound.

To reproduce the sound-track, a tiny beam of light passes thru a small lens-barrel, and then thru the film itself, and then bounces off a mirror, onto a photo-electric cell. If the light source is out of adjustment, so is the sound. If the components of the lens-barrel are out of kilter, so is the sound. If the mirror is loose in its rotating socket, so is the sound. If the photo-electric cell is aging, so is the sound. And finally, if the theater has old, or cheap speakers back of the screen, trouble often arises there. The varnish wears off the paper cones (of the speakers) allowing dampness to settle on the paper. Which makes everything sort of low-fi. I'm surprised sometimes that customers are able to distinguish words at all.

The best recording procedure to date is the stereophonic sound which sometimes accompanies cinemascope. I said sometimes. Not all 'scope pictures use it. But those which do have the sound imprinted on four narrow bands of tape; there is a magnetic pickup for each band, and an amplifier for each band, and sets of stage speakers for each band. I don't care much for the appalling loudness of this method, nor for the sensation of sound coming from behind me, but I do enjoy the clear-cut, really hi-fi tones.

And I may as well confess that I no longer enjoy sitting in an audience, while watching a picture. They make so much noise I lose much of the dialogue. I prefer to sit in the booth and use my earphones. Even the jolly British accent comes thru.

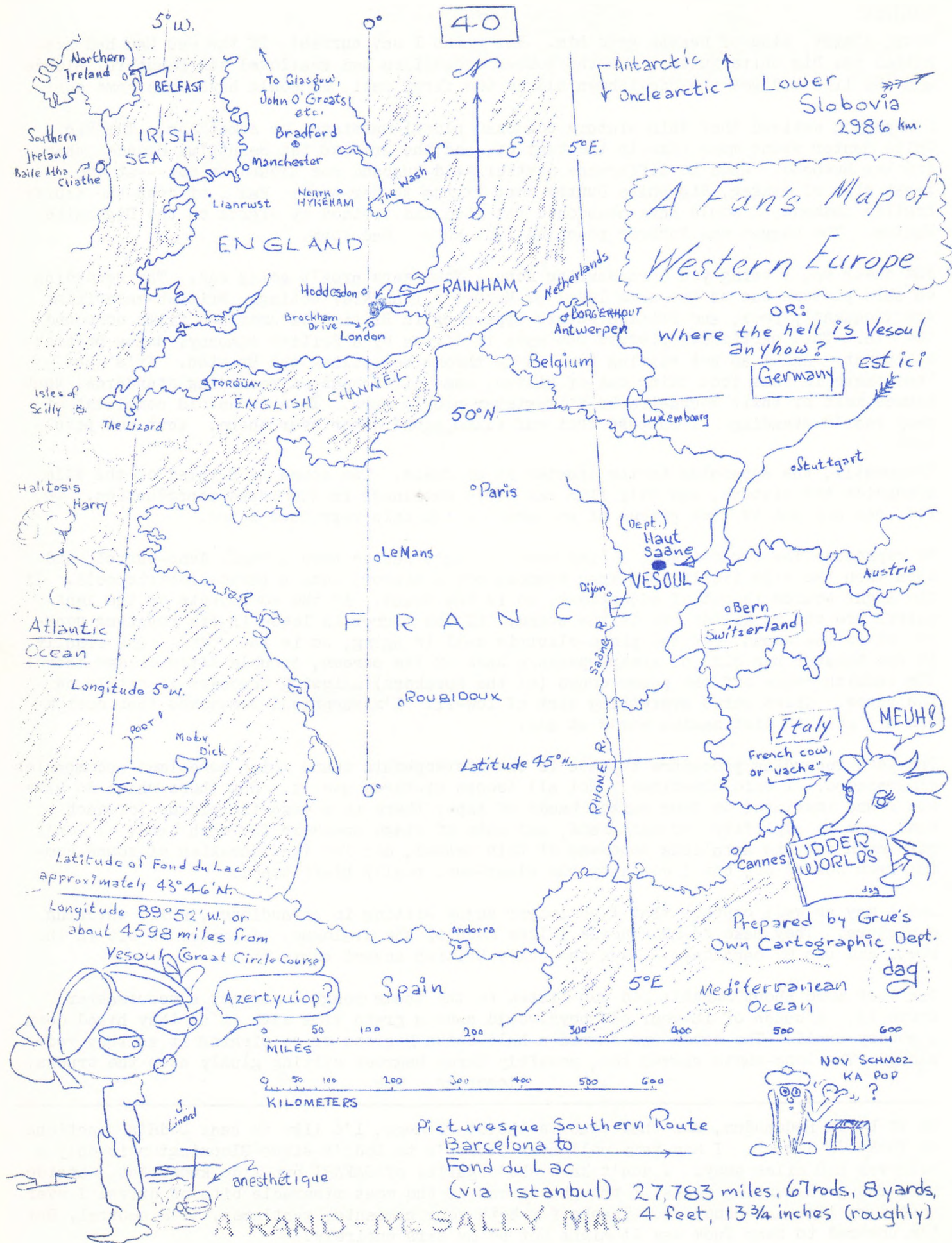
One last word about SAFARI: Did you listen to the theme song? I suspect a scoutmaster wrote it. A bunch of 12-year old boys would have a grand time with it as they hiked down a woodsy trail. The close-ups showed a half-dozen Negroes or so singing it as they rode along. The long-shots showed two, possibly three Negroes sitting glumly atop the trucks.

... Blossings, Bob

---

Oh to be in Hoddesdon, now that Grue is there! I mean, I'd like to hear Dodd's reactions to Tucker's letter. I may very well hear Tucker's to Dodd's since Bloomington is only a bit over 200 miles away. I don't know who's guilty of SAFARI but I do know that, outside of a few good hunting shots, I thought it one of the most miserable bits of drivel I ever wasted my time and money on. Thanks for both your comments, gentlemen. I'm neutral. But I'm cheered to hear Tuck say it might not be my ears entirely.







WILLIAM STAVDAL, F/C, ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, TUCKER...

RCAF STN., CENTRALIA, Victor: (Answering his telephone): Hello!

ONTARIO, CANADA. Voice (A sweet young thing): Is this Victor Mature?

Victor (Suave as hell): Yes, it is.

Voice: Well, lissen, Mister Mature. I wanna askya somethin. I see ya in your last three pitchurs. I seen ya in Samson and Delilah and I seen ya in The Robe and I seen ya in Demetrius and the Gladiators.

Victor: What do you want to ask me dear?

Voice: What are you---a religious fanatic or something?

Grennell, here, inserting a random question: How many of you hawk-eyed little rascals read "Writing of the Rat" in the July 1956 issue of GALAXY, by James Blish, and noticed something gnawingly familiar about the lines of "alien language"? You don't mean to say you read lines like "Hnimesacpeo tce rebo" and didn't even get a twinge? Well, if you will go back to the 21st and 22nd issues of Grue you will find the lines of gibberish in an account of a visit the editorial staff of Grue made to Brooklyn and environs. The words appeared on a Brooklyn theater marquee and next issue, 22, the astute Tucker translated them as anagrams of an ad plugging The Robe in cinemascope. This is also perhaps as good a time as any to note that the "Y. Y. Flertch" whose vignette, "The Million-Year White Whale" appeared in Grue 20, went on to sell that and another squib or two to F&SF. Remember: You'll see it first in Grue, called "The Aristocrat of Science Fiction" by The Poultry-Breeder's Gazette!

Fulham 3995...

2/LT DAVE JENRETTE, That poster on the revival brings up a subject, not entirely ADDRESS UNSETTLED lacking in a macabre kind of humorous appeal and fannish interest. AT THIS TIME A couple of weeks ago a revival came to town in the person of one A. A. Allen. His newspaper ads mentioned

"miracles" and on the sides of the trucks of his traveling tent show are the words, "the blind see; the deaf hear; the lame walk." I asked Rusty if she, as a senior in psychology wouldn't like to attend. She didn't care to. In the meantime, the paper, The Sacramento Bee, began running articles on the revival. Here's his pitch:

He actually cures (he says) people, nightly. Modern medicine is crazy, etc. He says diseases are caused by demons. One night he had a display of demons preserved in glass bottles! One nurse before the crowd told that in 8 out of 10 cancer operations a demon is removed from the body. She mentioned one that weighed 15 pounds, was one-eyed, looked like a tadpole, and was 15 feet long!

Thousands of people believe and throw money in the buckets. "Give until all you have left is your carfare home," he says. People do. AAAllen began raving at the newspapers, too; he says he has a picture of a reporter with five demons around him; furthermore, that if the reporters aren't careful, the cancer demons will get them. And on and on. It would turn your stomach to see that crowd, frenzied, glassy eyed, waving their arms, believing in the pure charlatanry of it. Yet, here is the horror: Regular church groups report that what they formerly considered as these "fringe" groups now comprise one third of the Protestants!

The appeal is good. Allen doesn't preach goodness, etc., he preaches the doctrine of give enough and you're saved. {...} Best, Dave

You say it would make me sick---it already has. Did you notice the bit in the LIFE for 5 March 56 on Jack Coe, another Divine Extortionist? A belatedly incensed mother whose son had nearly been crippled by his faith-healing attempt, tried unsuccessfully to sue him. Point that impressed me was that Coe makes \$22,000 a year at it. People.....



JEAN & ANNE LINARD, {Isolated paragraphs from several different letters.--dag}  
 24 RUE PETIT, ...Rec'd Le Zombie N° 64. It is a wonderful work, from the  
 VESOU, HAUTE SAONE, printing view especially. How much does it cost you, such a  
 FRANCE. cover, really printed? {Roughly 3500Fr/\$10} How do you call  
 such a thing "really printed" meaning not dittoed or mimeoed? (Press-printed  
 I guess, or in this case, offset-printed since it was printed via photo-offset process).  
 I suppose you are H. P. Pong, but I hesitate about Gray Barker--you also? {Who wouldn't  
 hesitate about Gray Barker? I thought it was a pseudonym too at first but he is "for real"  
 --address is Box 2228, 158 West Main Street, Clarksburg, West Virginia, USA...he's a mo-  
 tion-picture projectionist and a considerable authority on flying saucer phenomena. Pong  
 is a projectionist aussi--kindly old bristle-haired Bob Tucker of the Bloomington Tuckers}

Received yesterday a tape recorded by the Clarkes. Was worst astonished to discover it  
 works on my taper, as you alluded it lately. You were right, again. I just did a tape my-  
 self to return to them, but, from what I suppose, from their tape, they've got a one-  
 track taper. I mean: When I come to turn up-down their tape, I hear them recording back-  
 ward. While my taper is two-track, so that I'm afraid they couldn't be able to play my  
 tape, while I perfectly hear and understand their tape. Am I clear, Grennell? (Mais non.  
 Vous est clear Linard. Clear Grennell, c'est moi! Heuh.) Too bad if they can't hear my  
 tape, cause I've spent a lot of time to do a fine montage with music and sound-effects.  
 In my montages, usually five minutes of listening take me from two to three hours of re-  
 cording, bit by bit. A N D Y O U ? {Keuh...}

Your Uncle Hubert's case might be worse, toto. I checked all the elements you gave me:  
 After all you seem to have an (at least) uncle, and as you see, there place for doubt.  
 For uncertainty, as say bird's salesman. It could have been more absolute if you had no  
 uncle. Taratata. You heueuh. {Readers will please refrain from asking for an explana-  
 tion of this paragraph. It must refer to something in a letter of mine but what? Jean,  
 old turtle-egg, vous est le caracteur.}

Sur les couvertures (covers) des sf mags in US, ils (they) mettent (put) "ANC". Kès ke  
 sa voedir? Qu'est-ce ça veut dire? What does it mean? {American News Company, I think}:

Say, mister dag, what do you advise me to do, if I'd come to wish to join in FAPA? Any-  
 way, even if it is not a thing (a wise one) to me to do, please, give me some explanation  
 about it. How does it work? {see p.2 & Rear Visiplate correction} Is your mag for FAPA  
besides your own? {at your choice} Or the same? How do you get fanzines? All together?  
 It must be a damned thick package, no? {Oui, damned thick--sometimes up to 500 pages}  
 How many fanzines do you get, so? {maybe 30 to 50} What about the contributions? Much mon-  
 ey? {right now, dues run 700Fr/\$2 per an} Writing and drawing contributions, are they re-  
 quired? {A FAPazine should be "substantially the work of the member submitting it". This  
 doesn't prevent contributions, as in Grue, from non-members so long as it's mostly my  
 work} Do you have to have an excellent knowledge of English? {obviously, no} I'm afraid  
 it is so, but anyway, I'd like to have some detail on it. Possible? Thanks. You. Toi.

{More, here, on tape-recorders:} ...I've got a two-track job. I mean I've got to turn the  
 reel over to play the sound off the second side. I've got three speeds (I mean my taper  
 has, I have no speed): 5 cm/sec, 9.5 cm/sec and 19 cm/sec. ##Riddle lent me his "History  
 of Fandom" (Moskowitz) for one month, until he's back again in Cannes in Octoberarch be-  
 fore he returns to the States, but I'd like to buy one second-hand. I can send you one or  
 two \$s in an envelope only you'll have to tell me long in advance for the dollars. ##  
 Dasht! You can pronounce "weuh-weuh"? I wish I would be able to hear that {hah}. Lee Rid-  
 dle can't pronounce our meuh or euh. It is something like the "e" of your "er--" but with  
 more depth, sort of. You know what is cul-de-poule?{??} Well, you arrange your lips cul-  
 de-poule-like (not vulgar at all){thank goodness for that!} and you say "euh..." {euh...}  
 like the eu in "vieux" that is surely in your dictionary. Pouh. {Hoog!}

Jean Anie



WALTER A. WILLIS,  
170 UPPER NEWTONWARDS ROAD,  
BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

First, loads of thanks from both of us for the lovely little footwear that arrived yesterday--they're just booteeful and we appreciate the kind thought no end. Bryan is a very lucky boy to have acquired such good friends at such an early age. Jean, I'm sorry to have omitted that vital information about the gross tonnage of His Lordship but at the time we didn't know for sure ourselves. The papers he carried when he reported, a luggage label tied to his wrist, said only "Baby Willis, 19/1/56, N/A, Wt. . .". It seemed unlikely that he weighed nothing at all, even if he were light as the heir, so I just didn't mention it. Later he was filled in as 6 lbs 7 oz which apparently is OK for a baby born to a blood pressure parent. Incidentally we figure that N/A means No Abnormality, so apparently the strange mutant strain in his makeup is not detectable by unfannish scientific observers. I'm glad you mentioned that about his first words and his writing a column for Grue. That explains why he hasn't said anything to us yet which we can use on the bacover and also the expression of intelligent concentration he has on his face; obviously he's first-drafting his column for your next issue. You'll be pleased to hear that it looks like being pretty good--he's taken to smiling and cooing to himself over it. Your keen deduction also takes another weight off our mind. As you know, this is a good Roscoe-fearing household and the names of the false ghods of fandom are anathema. Judge then of our horror when Bryan's first utterance appeared to be "Ghu!" We suspected he had being got at by English Ghuist agents, especially since when he was merely four days old he had a letter from an unknown fan living at the same address as Arthur Thomson, inviting him to join a new fan group and ignore any extinct ex-BNFs who happened to be cluttering up the scene here. I had no letters at all that day, which was an ominous portent. However I now realise that what Bryan was saying was actually "Grue" and he was just worrying about his deadline. You'll be pleased to hear that it isn't affecting his health however. He is sleeping quite well now, though for the first few weeks he had a habit of waking up in the evenings, especially when the fans were here. However he soon realised he wasn't old enough to participate in ghoddminton (you know where I could get a rattle shaped like a ghoddminton bat or a mimeo crank?) and that as a mere neofan he couldn't be allowed to join in fannish conversation until he had given evidence of his fan status or at least said something suitable for the bacover. Cryfanac is not enough, we told him

He is tall for his age, if babies can be tall--long is the word I suppose--and has crew-cut fair hair, big blue-grey eyes and what I believe in my philoprogenitive euphoria to be a sensitive, intelligent face. The hair on the top of his head goes round clockwise. (Is it the other way round in Australia?) He has no caul, with or without propellor.

{Above was from 16th March; following from 2nd June, 1956} Yes, I have a taperecorder now. Got it at Kettering, from UServifan Ellis Mills. A Revere 1100, just about a year in use, for £35...£15 down and the rest before Ellis goes back home. I played your tape over and over again with great delight, but I haven't put on any reply to it yet partly because I want Patterson to hear the references to him (he'll be tickled pink) and he hasn't been up here since I got the recorder, and partly because I want to get the people here including myself a bit more used to the thing before we record anything important. We really haven't done anything with it yet, but I've been having it on unbeknownst to the people here for the gatherings over the last few weeks and going over the tape later snipping out the dialogue that seems worth preserving with a view to sending it to you as a sort of live Christmas Card. There's nothing particularly brilliant on it yet because with Bob gone it's harder to reach the critical mass you need for chain-reaction conversation like we're used to, and John has been in England for the past month. He arrived back just a few days ago having met Arthur for the first time and Ken and Pamela and having had a fine time. {I saw a letter he wrote to Bloch, describing in harrowing detail how one can't even trip the chain on the w.c. at 170 Upper N'ards anymore without tripping a hidden tape-recorder and going down for posterity. You fiend...} Best to you and yours, Walt



DON'T TRUMP THE ACE...

44

...TROMPE L' OEIL!

BOB SHAW,  
SUB PO 28, MCLEOD TR.,  
CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

SPEAKING OF BOSH...



Grue 27. I enjoyed Bob Bloch's article. I see that he seems to have my dislike for these black leather, studded outfits which are popular with some of the teen agers. I hate to see these things worn and I can't stand the people who do it. It must be that to me they look like Nazi outfits. I was too young to get into the last war but the memory of being bombed out in the Easter 1940 blitzes on Belfast has given me a permanent hatred of anything smacking of Nazis. Anybody who wants to dress up like a Nazi I don't like.

Chuck Harris's article intrigued me. I love little incidents like that. This was one of the few genuinely interesting things I have ever read in a fanzine. The Berry article was lovely. It has always been a source of secret self congratulation to me that John seems to regard me as a prime subject for his works. I get the feeling that I have made some kind of a mark on the world. I liked the thing by Burks in spite of the inferiority complex it gives me when I remember that million words a year men do exist. {...}

Best wishes, Bob

"...swaggering, vicious, and ready to swing out."

--Cheech Beldone

PHYLLIS HARRIET ANGELA THERESA ECONOMOU,  
436 WEST 20TH STREET,  
NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

RE: INCARNATION

Your idea of souls being polished up and re-used is a nice thrifty one, but I wonder where all the new ones come from that so persistently increase the population. Are they brand-new, fresh from the hopper, (who's?) or are they being transferred from some far-off dying world? If so, where are they kept in the interim? If new souls are constantly being manufactured in some shiny celestial processing plant, what a boon to snobbery it would be should this previous-life searching become commonplace! How far back you can trace your ancestors will cease to be important -- the snob set will demand to know how far back you can trace yourself. And woe to him who finds a pink previous blank if he aspires to marry Mrs. Horster's Aster, who was once Cleopatra's serving wench! The "Blue Book" will list the previous lives of members, or will they? Previous lives I should say, might be embarrassingly unpredictable. I've often wondered whence came my tendency to -- well anyway -- my goodness!

A bowdlerized Red Riding Hood is a very disturbing thing. I'd heard also that Mother Goose has been expurgated lest it contribute to delinquency. Wonder if the Sleeping Beauty is still in print with all that salaciousness about the Prince entering her bed-chamber and kissing her awake. Downright immoral!

Best-- Phyllis

{The matter of the bowdlerized Red Riding Hood refers to something I mentioned to Phyllis that Redd had mentioned to me. I'll let Redd tell you about it since, as this is being stencilled, he is standing behind me learning to duplicate at Grennell's College of Gestetnerography (not approved for GI Training). Over, then, to Redd at the keyboard:}

REDD BOGGS,  
2209 HIGHLAND PLACE, N.E.,  
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MIN.

GRANDMA'S ON THE WAGON--SHOUT HOORAY!

Not only "The Sleeping Beauty" but "Cinderella" in its unexpurgated version is supposed to be rather salacious. But "The Little Red Riding Hood".... The kids in the Boggs clan had a book in which Little Red (as we called her in pre-McCarthy days) took her grandmother, among other things, a bottle of wine. This fact did not seem to have any adverse effect on the kids; they continued to drink milk rather than wine at meals, like virtuous little American children. At least I could detect no adverse effect. Luckily somebody else was looking out for their interests, as I discovered. The copy of the book had become



BOGGS— deciduous through the ungentle handling of small fingers, so one time when I saw a new copy in the bookshop I spent 25¢ to replace our copy. I had no idea that I had purchased a different edition, but I had. It was identical except for one thing. The gifts which Little Red Riding Hood bore to her grandmother weren't quite the same. The recital of the list -- a cake, a pad of butter, and a bottle of wine -- had become a ritual on the kids' part, and they never learned the revised version: a cake, a pad of butter, and -- a bottle of grape juice. The censor's work went for nothing. When one read the story to them, they insisted on the familiar bottle of fermented fluid. The resistance of the kids to the censor's solemn dictates is a better response than that of most adults to similar pointless rulings. Or so I think.

Redd

(DAG continues. The spotty assiduity displayed by the censor brigade never ceases to amaze me. Take the field of songs on radio/tv, f'rexample. There used to be a song called "Alabama Jubilee" which, while hardly great music, was a pleasantly bouncy little number. The lyrics ran something along the lines of: "You ought to see Deacon Jones/when he rattles them bones./Old Parson Brown jumps around like a clown ... One-Legged Joe hops around on his toe/ Throws away his crutches, /Hollers Hey letter go/ ... Old Aunt Jemima, who is past 83/ Shoutin' out fulla pep, watchyer step, watchyer step, etc. As I say, it was popular a few years back but recently I heard it on the radio again and the censors had been at work on it and you'd hardly recognize those happy southern people, cavorting in innocent merriment at some harmless church-social or something. One can only imagine the blizzard of bitter protest from authentic deacons, parsons, cripples, and elderly ladies ("senior citizens" is the euphemism currently in favor, neatly complimenting the odious term, teenager, so cruelly overused) which must have prompted them to change the lyrics to something like Colonel Jones...Captain Brown...Bow-Legged Joe (apparently one can poke fun at legs bent but not legs missing)...they substituted "and Aunt Jemima who is springy as can be" although even this carries a dangerous hint that she is no longer in the full pink of youth. I was tempted to write a bitter, bitter letter saying I thought it was a cruel display of discrimination against Colonels and Captains and Bow-legged people to sing a song like that but I didn't because I knew that they'd just have to think up a new set of appellations which wouldn't offend...uncle Jones and cousin Brown and long-legged Joe, maybe. And you must have noticed all the toning down that goes on with the milder swear-words in radio. How the Army Air Force Song comes out "Off with one terrible roar," instead of helluva; how Frass-wah Veeyawn gallantly and defiantly cries "And away with Burgundy" instead of the vastly more expressive "and to HELL with Burgundy" and how, in the lyrics from "South Pacific," the chorus of lusty sailor lads ungrammatically but pure-heartedly (not to say rhetorically) chant "What ain't we got? / You know blamed well!" I have occasionally heard this come out "darned" but rarely any more. It is too suggestive of the verboten d--n to say darn. Somebody get me a bucket---my gorge is rising again.

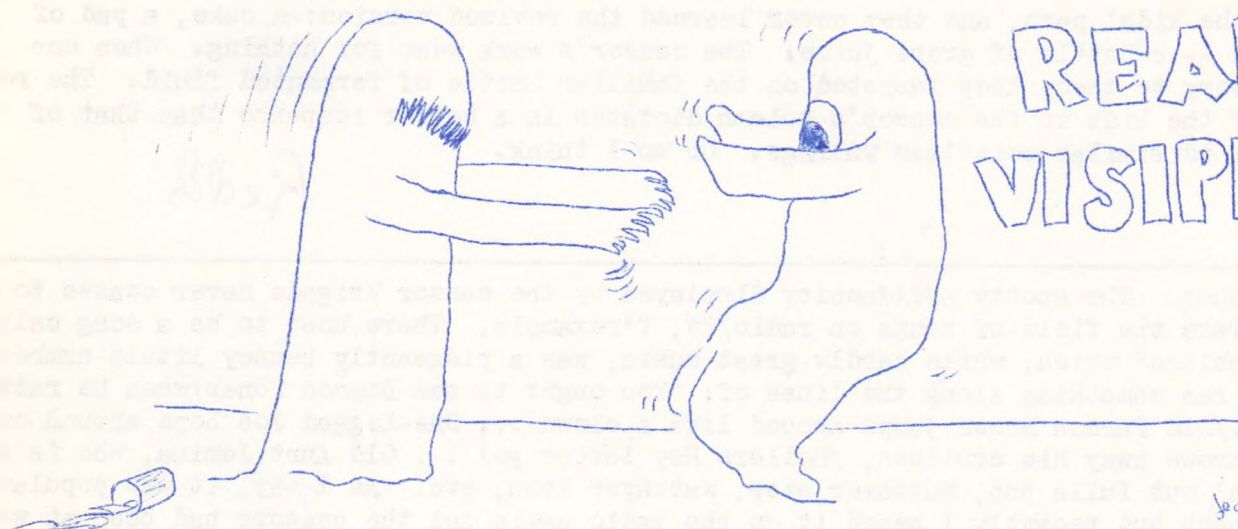
Apropos of nothing at all here, I have sounded out numerous people on the subject and I can't seem to find anyone who shares my hopeless empuzzlement over the cheerfully accepted respectability of murder, homicide, violent death, etc., in our present culture. The same radio/tv moguls who tremble at the thought that the little kiddie-winkies (who hear the commoner words every time their dad hits his thumb with a hammer) might hear a hell or damn over the sacrosanct airwaves will have no slightest compunction at showing their cowboys and Supermen dousing each other with blazing gasoline, shooting, stabbing, choking, poisoning, garroting, electrocuting, etc., etc. Frankie surprises Johnny and the jade, Nellie Bly, in a corner drugstore nowadays (mustn't plug taverns, especially not for free) but she still shoots him just as dead. Drinking is unspeakably vile while murder is merely faintly deplorable. There is a great deal more to be said on this matter and some day it may well be co-related further and set down in neatly marshalled ranks of type. But not for the now. Not in the two lines remaining in our allotted space for this installment. Time to hang up the Fickle Finger till Grue 29. Seeyah.

--dag



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"NO. NO. Go back! You'll spoil my sense of wonder!"

THE TIME, AS OUR PROGRAM CONTINUES, IS <sup>WAS</sup> SEPTEMBER 1956...and I want Tucker to know that our heading for this department<sup>was</sup> commissioned and executed for his especial benefit. We--Jean Young and I--hope you like it.

I could spend pages and pages in commenting on Grue's tardiness this time. I won't. It would serve no useful purpose. I only want to express much gratitude for the truly super-human patience you all have shown in not writing irate letters and so forth. I can but trust you'll still have patience enough left to sweat out the next issue. Our philosophy, if we have such a grand-sounding thing, is to try to put out a good issue and if it takes a while...well, we'll wait then. I hope this is agreeable to you?

There will eventually be a Grue #29, barring really catastrophic conditions. There is very nearly enough material presently on hand for it and for perhaps the first time in my publishing career I'm in a position to cite a preview of coming attractions. There is a cover in two colors with illo by damon knight, clean pro and artist of no puny stature. There is a long luscious article, tumescent with hilarity, wherein Hoy Ping Pong speculates on what sort of script is probably being written for the movie to be based on Wilson Tucker's Wild Talent. Me, I'm wondering who'll play the role of Dr. Grennell, the parapsychologist. Then Boggs comes along with an installment of The Fallen Mighty dealing with Wild West Weekly and numerous related topics. This you got to see. And the Belfasters series gives another wild lurch forward, this time with one of the bitten biting the biter. John Berry is the ~~fixtix~~ subject this time with the scalpel being wielded by Canada's foremost Belfastian emigré, Bob Shaw. It will be there if I don't blow out my viscera from stifled laughter whilst stenciling it. As for the rest...there's a column by the Lyonses, an article by Needham (the Needham), perhaps a morsel of drama by Linard and all the other usual bric-a-brack. There is enough artwork on hand at present to last us through Grue number 36 at least. That is to say, 1965 or so. Take heed!



That interlineation which, through an optical illusion, appears to tilt is merely caused by settling of the continental shelf. Pay no attention. By the way, how do you like the recently-acquired loud-mouth typer? Bought it off the local bank for a fast \$15.

Sometime in the near future I hope to publish an updated version of WHO'S WHERE IN SCIENCE FICTION...an address listing which went well last year. I'm interested in expanding the European coverage, listing all the addresses like the Boles' and Marriotts and Buckmasters and others whose letters are for ever being printed in Britazines but whose addresses seem to be a better-kept secret than nearly anything you could care to mention. If I don't seem to have your address correct, please advise at your earliest. Ta.

While I think of it, herewith a polite mention that it would smooth dull routine here immensely if correspondents would put their return-addresses on their envelopes and their addresses on the letter along with the date of writing. This, I suppose, applies to every one but I wish I had a hundred-dollar bill for every time I've went to write to someone and had to spend precious hours scrounging through old envelopes in hopes of finding the address which would reach them. And the dates---time-binding is important. Many an old undated letter can't be told from a late-contemporary one and I have suffered, it seems, an utter breakdown of my ability to keep track of fan-matters in my head. To further muddle the situation, we have reason to suspect that various small neighbor-fry have been at our mailbox this summer...some letters have gone astray, some are still missing that we know of (and goodness knows how many we don't know of!). So if you hear of anyone who's sent money for Grue and hasn't gotten it, please ask them to drop me a line explaining the situation rather'n flaying me alive in some other fanzine. I'd appreciate this.

A long time ago, Donald E. Ford sent me a mimeoed sheet of data on the 1957 Transatlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) and asked if I would publicize it in Grue. This was on the 31st of May last and by the flexible, foam-flecked feelers of Foo-Foo, I see the entries have to be back to him by 30 September 1956. What makes this particularly ironical is that the date just now as we slog our footsore way to the bottom of p50, is 25th September! Sorry, Don--sorry everybody. If the TAFF isn't properly publicized this time, it isn't Don's fault nor even Eney's. I wish someone could tell me where the summer went.

There have been occasional inquiries about Grue 26 and whether it was a FAPA offering or not. No, it wasn't. G26 was an all-letter issue I put together at the end of last year to make a fourth issue and keep my numbers straight. This year I've stopped worrying about that. G26 went almost entirely to people who had letters in it though after I'd ran it off I found a little hidden pocket of letters which hadn't been included (Ellington, Peatrowsky and Thompson, I think)--meant to send them copies and don't know if I ever did. I've a few copies of G26 left though if you are really hurting for them.

It is a traditional fate of people who propose radical new innovations in science to be laughed at, not to say sneered. It should be borne in mind that at one time everyone laughed at Robert Fulton and yet today there is hardly a good-sized town anywhere without its fish-market. Someone should point this out to Andy Young, Boy Scientisk. Ever since he let it slip that they are using something called a Radio Telescope at Harvard where he works, I have been trying to get him to collaborate with me on designing a phonograph telescope but he just sneers at me behind his beard. If anyone of you want to join me on a short-cut to fame and fortune, we will show this hidebound conservative who shall have the last sneer. Don't all speak up at once.

Have any of you had any experience with Eastman's new "Kodalith Autoscreen Ortho Film"? I've never been satisfied with Stenofax for photos but this is a film with the halftone dots "built-in" which, by using a photo-offset press, should enable me to run a page of photos for around \$2.00 and well enough to satisfy even my perfectionist soul.



From: The Minneapolis Star - 13 Sep 56

## APE-LIKE BOY FOUND ROOSTING IN HEN HOUSE

BELFAST, Northern Ireland—(AP)—Police discovered today a boy--apparently about 7--who they said never has bathed, cannot eat human food, grunts like an animal and roosts like a chicken.

Sgt. Hugh Ross said the "pitiful little boy" was found in a hen house at Down Patrick, County Down, 15 miles from Belfast.

He has been taken to Belfast and turned over to a team of physicians for examination.

Sgt. Ross said a group of children playing "hide and seek" ran into the hen house which adjoins a cottage occupied by a widow and her two grown daughters.

The children found the boy perched on a roost with the hens and roosters.

Said William Hamilton, official of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:

"He gets about by hopping like an ape and he replies to voices with grunts in a half human fashion."

\* \* \* \*

{Above fascinator was passed along by Redd Boggs, who wondered in his elite Underwood voice: "But how is he playing ghoddminton?"}

Injured seriously was the car's owner, Stanley Drake, of Westport, another King Feature syndicate artist, who penned "The Heart of Juliet Jones."

Raymond had been associated with King Features for many years, and drew the "Jungle Jim" and "Secret Agent X-9" strips in the past. Early in his career he assisted Chic Young with "Blondie" and Young's brother, Lyman Young, with "Tim Tyler's Luck." In 1934 he created "Flash Gordon."

/unquote/

I feel badly about this...about all of them and particularly Alex Raymond. I can recall, back there in the mid-30s, that I used to itch ferociously for Sunday's arrival so that I could see the next installment of Flash, who had nearly a full 16x20 page to himself in those days with just a single line of frames across the top for Jungle Jim. They even had paper-dolls to cut out...I never cut any out but I recall taking some slight interest in some of them...Dale Arden and what was the name of that gorgeous black-haired witch-queen of Mongo (who looked rather like Evelyn Gold)? I think it must have been FG who set the confirming seal on my addiction to science-fiction. And now, Raymond is no more and so passes my nominee for the most skillful penman in all of cartoondom. The world won't see his like again. Oh sure, so me hack will take over Rip Kirby, just as some hack has taken over Flash Gordon but it won't be the same. It never is. If the substitute were good, he'd have his own original strip.

Many of you have wondered about Joe McCarthy and what prompts people of Wisconsin to vote for him. So have I so I have been conducting a sort of impromptu survey of my own. A fairly typical answer came from Kurt ----- of Manitowoc: "Well, I doan oh. I think he's all RIGHT. You know, when he was conductin' them invessagations few years back I notice them names he named...they kep' turnin' up again!" So there you are: A typical franchised Wisconsin Voter, deftly microtomed, quasi-quoted and stained in pastel eosin for your examination. I just live here.

Most of you will have heard, long since, about the untimely passing of Nat Schachner and of Fletcher Pratt. Both of them, oddly enough, were well known as historians besides being writers of science fiction. I wonder, though, if some of you might have missed a small item which, in the Milwaukee Journal, ran like this: (Friday, September 7, 1956) CARTOONIST DIES IN CRASH OF CAR

Westport, Conn.--ap-- Alexander Raymond, 47, a cartoonist who originated the "Flash Gordon" strip and currently drew the "Rip Kirby" series, was injured fatally Thursday in an automobile accident.

Raymond was the driver of a sports car that slammed into a tree and rolled over.