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Conforming with air pollution regulations, featuring high impact materials, and adopting a stereophonic format to reflect the dynamisms of the space age, Horizons reaches its May, 1970, issue. Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, United States of America, did most of the damage. The Coulsons have done what they can to salvage the situation but mustn't be blamed for any statements coherent enough to be intelligible. This is volume 31, number 3, FAPA number 116, and whole number 122.

In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: If there's to be a change in activity requirements, it would be more logical to change them to conform with the activity requirements that waiting listers encounter. In other words, require every FAPA member to send an acknowledgment of receipt of The Fantasy Amateur to the secretary-treasurer every three months, unless he has been represented as a publisher or contributor in the mailing distributed with that issue of the FA. If it is just to eliminate waiting listers because they overlook the chore or refuse to go to that much trouble, is it wrong to get rid of some members for identical behavior? Of course, waiting listers are not faced with activity requirements to retain their position. On the other hand, the waiting lister pays a small fee for which he receives only eight pages or so in the FA; the member pays somewhat larger dues and receives from thirty to fifty times as much reading matter. I don't think I favor the four pages every six months system, because of the probability that it would create even scrappier, briefer membership-savers. When someone publishes eight pages to remain in FAPA, there's at least a chance that he'll run something meaty in that many pages. Horizons: One sad episode came too late last year to be chronicled. As I was walking across the street with my Contax in its case around my neck, the strap broke. I can't find any evidence of damage to the body but the lens diaphragm binds and its outer flange is sadly misshapen. I finished off the roll of color film and sent it off to be processed, delaying any thought of repairs until I learned if it still took pictures properly, and the processors lost the roll of film. I'm afraid to run a roll of black and white film through and develop it myself, not knowing what third disaster this might procure. Eventually, it'll undoubtedly be wisest to buy a new lens. I can't believe that this one would ever accept filters or a sunshade gracefully, no matter how nicely it was straightened, and the bill for fixing the diaphragm would probably approach the cost of replacement. Vandy: Yep, I got that Yandro. I am still attempting to settle the philosophical point of whether it is just and proper to write a loc on a fanzine that discourages reviews, and can't thank you for the courtesy until I decide something. Another unexpected bit of fallout from the book was a review I couldn't read. It's in Swedish in SFForum, an enormous fanzine that has beautiful Bode and Gaughan art and what appears to be much sercon material. I thanked Per Insulander for sending it, but told him that I'd definitely have to draw the line at writing locs on fanzines I'm unable to read for patriotic reasons. But I was tempted simply because it would save so much time to be that kind of a letterhack. ' ' A threefold amen to the remarks about phenobarbitols. I had the stuff while suffering from the first broken hip and it took an awful week to figure out what was causing me to turn into an entirely different and highly unsatisfactory person. I'm even

scared to take aspirin oftener than once every week or ten days. A History of the Hugo: Godfrey Daniels, but this is going to save a lot of digging when I get busy on the next volume of fan history. It turned out to be far more interesting as something to be read from beginning to end than I'd first expected, too. There is some sort of catharsis, maybe, in seeing reduced to the bare facts all the passions and disputes and disappointments that caused so much ink to be spilled over all these previous competitions. I'm left with two principal reactions to the whole Hugo course of events, after reviewing the awards through this compilation. I've expressed one of them repeatedly before: my belief that all the details on the tabulations should be released, in the form of the number of votes given to the winners and the non-winning nominees. The other main thought involves the dramatic Hugo as the least satisfactory category, under today's reality. The requirement that individual episodes be nominated is a pointless heritage from the era when Twilight Zone's victories were growing monotonous, it's really impossible to compare good television with good movies because the latter provide more opportunity to be viewed and make greater impact on that enormous screen, and there's no way for a fine lp spoken word fantasy drama to win a Hugo. '' And though it's not really connected with Howard DeVore's publication, an announcement might be appropriate here. If anyone didn't hear about it via Locus or other publications, I'm not a contestant for the fan writing Hugo this year. Please don't ask me whom to vote for, either; there are too many good possibilities. Le Moindre: I know what inflation could do to retirement plans. But that's a danger that would exist no matter how long I waited to retire, and it's less ominous to the person who retires early, while he's still able to get some kind of work if the dollar's value drops too far. I think I could make it until social security started to pay off, if inflation continued its pace of the past decade. I can always resort to some parttime self-employment: free lance writing, giving some piano lessons, or some photography. '' I feel certain that these rum pots will explode before next Christmas. Sercon's Bane: Buz doesn't clear up the matter that interested me most about the Alaska Communication System's discontinuance. How are all those people going to keep in touch with civilization from now on? It's a good thing there are no key fans in Alaska. '' No, the suicide wasn't H. Beam Piper. It was a fan and the individual who is supposed to have caused the suicide is a pro who is alive and quite capable of filing litigation against anyone who publishes the names. It's the sort of episode that couldn't be verified after all this time, even if true. '' If I ever decide to publish an annish of Horizons, running to more pages than usual, I'll have enough space to give a concise summary of my major flaws, disproving this claim that I have none. Horib: It's flattering to see Dick Lupoff fallen under the influence of my system of organizing my materials for fanzine articles, in his article this issue. Aside from that, I'm left wondering what Paul Williams will do for an encore, and the nature of his new mimeographed magazine. It must be disconcerting to find oneself finished with a notably successful career and plunging into a new one before the age of thirty. Cognate: I got an aviator for my valentine. For some reason, his helmet and goggles made me think of Ted Scott as pictured on the jacket of all those boys' books about that youthful aviator. Immediately I realized that I hadn't thought of Ted Scott for at least a decade or two, which obviously signifies that none of his books has ever shown

up in second-hand book departments I patronize, or I'd have given him some thoughts on such occasions. It's strange, because there must have been more Ted Scott titles than the Andy Lane aviation books which do show up in the Union Rescue Mission and Goodwill Industries stores at times. Nor can I remember many things that happened to Ted, although I feel quite capable of writing accurate replicas of the Andy Lane adventures. Godot: Photography magazines reach me in quite good condition with no wrapper. Apparently the post office people give tender, loving care to the mass circulation publications and spurn the ones that don't contain much advertising, like Galaxy. The magazines to which I subscribe also seem to arrive quite promptly, although TV Guide shows up once every six months or so about five days late. ' ' Price increases could be the shove that will set the paperback empire to toppling. I've been looking for a great decline in quantity of paperbacks any year now. Everything seems to point to it. They've dominated newsstands virtually as long as the pulps reigned. The publishers have run through virtually all the readable literature of the past by now and will be faced with reprints and what new stuff they can find. Maybe the crash will come when it takes more than a dollar bill to buy the typical softcover book. ' ' Curious thing: I've been experiencing letter-writing difficulties nearly as extreme as those Mike describes, with respect to correspondence. It's almost impossible to force myself to answer a letter, even though it's really much easier than the creation of a loc. It won't be read by a lot of people, so I can write even more carelessly than usual, and there's no preliminary reading chore involving dozens of pages to be completed before writing the correspondence. The block probably involves the way uncommented on fanzines are piling up higher and higher, and the consequent reluctance to do anything at the typewriter other than write locs. ' ' Don't take Agnew too lightly. This image he's creating isn't accidental, and he just might be the genial tyrant who has always threatened to arise in this nation, if things break right for him in the next two years--a series of bad events for which Nixon becomes the goat and a continuation of the desire of many people for a folksy, conservative dictator. ' ' Job qualifications and prestige-seeking are the usual reasons for buying a new car every second or third year. Some salesmen couldn't possibly get along if they drove up in a five-year-old car, just as they must use the currently popular style of attache case or whatever happens to be fashionable to carry their order forms and booklets. Great Art &c.: This is an absolutely splendid idea, one that should be imitated in the most strenuous manner by lots of other fans. It somehow seems wrong that a drawing fit for a famous fanzine should appear in an apa publication whose prose isn't intended to serve more than a one-reading function among a few dozen fellow members in an apa. The only method of improving this kind of service that occurs to me is attribution: a listing of the original source of the drawings. Someday such information might be quite valuable to a fan who was preparing to publish an anthology of an artist and needed to know when in his artistic career he turned out the drawing which the publisher has only through this reprint. All these colors of paper left me with a wild impulse to get out my little old movie camera and see what effects I could get with extreme close-ups, violent cuts between clashing colors, and some efforts to create the illusion of motion in the drawings. It would take as long to fill three minutes of 8 mm film that way as it will to stencil this issue of Horizons, so I've managed to resist the urge. Synapses: Tell you what, Juffus.

You've lost both Dan McPhail and the Garden of Eden, and you express doubts that Lee Hoffman has found the latter. If you find that I'm right when I say that Dan can be found at 2311 N. 32, Lawton, Okla., 73501, will you please stop being of so little faith when Lee tells you the information about the Garden? She omitted that zipcode, of course, but that doesn't invalidate her findings. '' Our little friends in the forest sometimes go to all sorts of trouble to find salt. Why shouldn't we humans prefer to use potato chips, with their salty seasoning, to straight potatoes as a nutritious method of averting starvation? '' "Hopefully" is a horrible word to you just because it's been overused by the majority of people all of a sudden and you're tired of it. You can't fight it from the linguistic standpoint. '' To quote inaccurately half-remembered words of Milty, "Nothing's really important, so what the hell?" Baseball interest is a harmless way of spending time, probably conducive to sanity as a diversion from personal problems, and you're as likely to find Babe Ruth turning up in an IQ test as Calvin Coolidge. '' Did T. O'Connor really believe that man would never reach the moon? I seem to remember instead arguments that it would take much longer than science fiction stories intimated, on the grounds that it had taken thirty years for airplanes to reach altitudes of ten miles or so and therefore might take hundreds of thousands of years for rocket ships to ascend to the moon. '' Magazines sent to people in East Germany from this country aren't censored, they just aren't delivered. I can get through printed matter small enough to be enclosed with a letter, nothing larger. '' Record players aren't stereo or mono. It's the cartridge at the business end of the tone arm that makes the difference. Any service man should be able to rewire a stereo cartridge to give mono performance for you, if there's no switch that performs the same function on the amplifier. The real catch is the records. No matter what you read in the reviews, I remain unconvinced that most stereo records are as well recorded as the average mono record was during the 1950's. I hear a vague fuzziness, a lack of full solidity and clarity, whether I play stereo discs stereo or play them mono or even play most of the mono records produced during the 1960's, by which time mono records were created synthetically from mixing the stereo channels, not during the performance itself. Tentatively, I blame the time lag and phasing problems created by all the extra microphones and odd seating arrangements involved in stereo recording. '' You're liable to get a form letter from your nearest real estate dealer, if word gets around that you wrote realtor lower case. About forty people in the newspaper company get these mimeographed letters every time it happens in the local rag. A trade association has attempted to capture the word and reserve it only for members, even though it's defined in some dictionaries as a common noun. Just recently, an architects' group has become a nuisance by writing threatening letters whenever the newspaper refers to an architect who isn't a member of their clan. They don't insist on capital letters, but they don't think that a non-member has the right to be called a lower case architect. 520 07 0328: It looks to me like a pretty close finish between pollution and plundering. In other words, will the atmosphere and water really become useless before we've used up all the natural resources of the planet? The way the oil people are giving so much attention to offshore drilling indicates that reserves may not be as large as publicized. We've almost run out of silver, copper is almost as expensive as gold by now, and how much longer will the supplies of many other substances hold up? I've been wond-

ering if the recent publicity about pollution could be a conspiracy's result. Assume that the powers behind the scenes had really grown concerned over dwindling reserves and increasing population. Would it create less danger of panic to campaign for conservation through anti-pollution propaganda that could lead to the end of gasoline-burning automobiles, conversion of waste products instead of their dumping, and so on? '' I've long wondered why cities don't use angle parking on streets wide enough for parking along both curbs in the customary parallel position. Put the angle parking lines onto the center of the street, and let traffic flow in the lanes that are closest to the curbs. There would be next to no traffic tieups while vehicles parked and unparked, since it's quick and easy to go into and out of the angle stalls, and those idiots who try to pass and weave in heavy traffic would be balked by the parked cars. This assumes, of course, that these would be one-way streets, which are becoming the rule in central cities anyway. The Rambling Faps: Of course, it was good to recall my own hospital shudders and terrors vicariously through this narrative. Gregg is made of much sterner stuff, though. My cowardly habit during both hospital stays was to close my eyes as soon as anyone headed my way with anything in hand, and not open them again until I was sure everyone had gone away. I didn't get nauseated by any manipulations they committed on me, so even faintheartedness has something resembling survival value. '' It would be wrong to insist on bringing all those penniless West Virginians into prosperity. Some people are genuinely happy with the simplest possible life, and money inevitably produces complications. If there's enough to eat and medical assistance close enough to be useful, I'd be against prodding a family into middle class. '' There is a slight complication involved in this matter of bequeathing my fannish possessions. As of today, I'd really prefer to die intestate. It's better to have people think me stupid for failing to make a will than to have my memory clobbered by relatives who feel hurt by the way I divided up the loot. If I outlive a few more relatives, so the estate must go to unrelated people or institutions, then I'll make a will. Meanwhile I'll try to leave some instructions lying around the house about how those fanzines on the attic are valuable only to people who are close friends and append a few names and addresses of people who might be willing to take them away for fair compensation. The handling of such things is informal enough in Hagerstown to give a fairly good chance of this working out. I frankly don't care much what happens to my fan treasures, as long as they aren't destroyed or sold by someone anxious to turn a fast buck. '' Check Science Fiction Review before finishing that Heinlein bibliography. Someone found his personal papers in the library which will preserve them, and they reveal some previously unknown writings. '' Has anyone in fandom thought about sending parcels by--calmness is imperative, everyone--Greyhound Bus? At the office it's the only way we can get photographs within a few hours from towns in a seventy-five mile radius. The terminal even telephones us to report arrival. The rate is high for these lightweight parcels making short trips, a dollar or two. I have no idea what kind of rates or service would result from heavy parcels sent a long way. '' Truthfully, honest injun, I intend to write the fan history book about the fifties. Illness, a libel suit resulting from the first volume, collapse of Advent, or such an attack of greed that I kept my regular job and began to do a lot of free-lancing too could change things. The major problem will be locs. It will be absolutely, irrevocably impossible

to do the history and continue loc activities at this pace. I was younger and fanzines were fewer and smaller in the mid-sixties when I did the bulk of the work on the first volume; this time, I'll have to announce formal cessation of locs for a year, or quit the job, or do the locs without reading the fanzines. (That's not as odd as it sounds; it's often easy to find enough comment-hooks for a loc just by a five-minute leafing through a fat newly arrived fanzine.) West-ercon &c.: Ah, these mystery fans, so faithful to the tradition of hidden clues and last-minute surprises that they don't even tell anyone where they'll hold the convention. I assume that they'll reveal its location only as fans are saying goodbye to one another. Kim Chi: This is a good place to thank the people who said neutral or nice things about that egotistic act of publishing favoring locs on All Our Yesterdays. I've accumulated more letters which I'll run next Horizons with less embarrassment because one is a tremendous blast expressing reactions ranging between dissatisfaction and disgust with everything in the book which goes on for page after page and makes a lot of good sense, too. Ankus: If the LASFS has managed to wait so long for a home, it might be wisest to wait long enough to get one without borrowing. A fantastic amount of payments on loans go for the interest in today's money market, and I suspect that the LASFS would experience exceptional difficulty obtaining a mortgage anyway. High Tobey: Spiders apparently are much more highly developed than you'd imagine from the apparently idiotic behavior they indulge in. Any kind of insect repels me in extremis, but I managed to read a paperback about spiders a while back that made them seem quite as wise as a cat or dog. The author even told of one that exhibited motherlove, trying to protect her offspring when they were all dumped into fluid poisonous to them. Futurian Commentator: There are lots of ways in which FAPA candidates could take their stand on platforms. Will the president promise action to negate obvious unfairness within the organization, if nobody remembers to seek a vice-presidential ruling? Will the vice-president continue to use points for the egoboo poll, or return to the original simple listing of favorites that used to produce more participation? Will the secretary-treasurer be strict about reprints? Will the official editor accept publications that don't represent the work of members? ' ' Surely the significant part of the moon landing was the failure to make a formal claim of the moon or the part of it surrounding Tranquility Base for the United States. It must be the first time in many centuries that the first to reach previously unclaimed dry land didn't take national possession. A Whimper, Maybe?: This is a fine way for FAPA to start off a new year. It's a good thing that back here in the hills, we use kerosene to run our television sets, instead of wasting it on lamps, or I might have ruined my own eyes too. The World's Greatest &c.: This is the first fanzine crossword puzzle in memory that obeys all the design rules, like symmetry, no landlocked sections, and little or no reliance on one-way letters. But I must reserve the pleasure of working it until some spare time turns up. Trill: Don't some of the seed catalogs contain much of the information about plants? Or maybe the catalogs have declined since the era when I used to be on their mailing lists, just as the movie fan magazines have done. Apparently there is nothing on the stands today equivalent to the old Photoplay; they are all either pitiful attempts to be scandal sheets or arty, pretentious journals. Grue: The way man's speed capabilities are accelerating is impressive. But even more impressive is the bullheadedness of the people who assume that this is it, we won't go any

faster, it'll always take three days to reach the moon and months to go to Mars and a lifetime to get to the nearest star. '' Maybe the Kipling poem is hard to understand partly because of a misprint. I strongly suspect that somewhere along the line the first line of the last stanza got distorted and has ever since been wrongly published. "Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed" just doesn't make sense. Shakespeare wrote wherefore when he needed an extra syllable that why lacked, and more recent poets seem to have used it as a two-syllable synonym for where, but neither of those meanings fits here. Read it "Therefore" and all becomes clear. Allerlei: Is this really a fair review of Cain's book? It uses direct quotations for statements which I strongly suspect he didn't make, like "I'm older than you, and I said No." Marion is tempted to feel that he wants his readers to get into debt via credit cards but is this a genuine deduction from the book, or an effort to discredit Cain's views on drugs by imputing to him foolish advice on an entirely different subject? Is a statement by an insane asylum's director that he never admitted a patient because of marijuana smoking any more meaningful than a prison warden's statement that he never admitted a prisoner because he came from a broken home? Obviously, marijuana doesn't send all its users to madness or addiction to stronger drugs, just as divorce doesn't force all the children in the home to become criminals. There's some evidence that the child from a broken home is in greater danger of getting in trouble with the law. I think it's wrong to wage a holy war to free marijuana from the tyranny of the establishment as a totally blameless prisoner of unreasoned prejudice. '' Why such an intense dislike of Star Trek? I was never very fond of the series, but find it hard to imagine the nature of this reason for dislike that caused such instant loss of a friend whenever described. '' More sensible and useful than seat belts, I feel; would be crash helmets. I can't imagine why they aren't mandatory for everyone in the front seat of an auto. Maybe they could be devised with an attachment going onto the shoulders to provide some protection against whiplash injuries. Bletherings: That store keeper who won't let people into his shop, in order to keep his stock in good order, has entered a personal inner circle of heroes in humble places. He is enshrined there right next to the operator of a small shoe repair shop in Hagerstown who encountered one day a nasty woman who claimed he'd done shoddy work and said she wouldn't leave until he took off the new soles and put on another pair. This unsung hero ignored her until closing time, locked her inside, and went home. It was hours later when she finally managed to attract someone's attention and it took police to get her out. '' I'll bet that I could tell some exciting stories about life in the NFFF, too, just like Roy Tackett. I was teller for the wildest election in fandom's history this winter and nobody will ever know about it unless I write a history of the sixties. Incidentally, if I don't get around to a third volume, I might advise the editors of my collected fannish writings to omit one paragraph from my teller's report. It appears in the February-March, 1970, issue of The National Fantasy Fan. I didn't write the paragraph that describes Sandra Deckinger's withdrawal and what the other directors decided to do about it. Mirage: What's going to happen to those unpublished Keller manuscripts, now that his widow is dead? They should be preserved in the most careful manner, because a big Keller fandom is certain to materialize any decade now. All that's wrong with his fiction is an oldfashioned quality that won't seem that way pretty soon, after more current ways of telling stories have taken their turn at becoming oldfashioned and

the Keller style has suddenly turned into an example of an older tradition. ' ' It sounds like a bigot's last desperate suggestions, but I've begun to think that the best way to handle the race problem for the next few years is to ignore it. Stop filling every other newspaper column and two-thirds of all the television documentaries with the white-black struggle, don't talk about violence unless it reaches revolutionary proportions, and see if the progress that has been made toward giving equal rights to the blacks will continue while some of the hatred dies under a softpedal treatment by everyone. As things are going now, everyone is becoming increasingly hysterical and some of the good that has been accomplished in the past fifteen years may be negated by overreaction by both the whites and the blacks. I've decided that the proportion of good guys to bad guys is virtually identical among the whites and the blacks and I'm not going to try to hate either group. The Tolkien Journal: Much of this is too specialized for full effectiveness on a person who has only my limited degree of admiration for Tolkien's books. But it's an impressive example of how literate fans can be when they really get interested in their subject matter. I'm not sure about Gracia Fay Ellwood's decision that the Rings books are so satisfying because the good guys are so good and the bad ones are so horrid. This has always been the basis of my lukewarmness toward the books: Tolkien fails to convince me altogether that the bad people have done anything particularly wrong, other than have the author describe events from the viewpoint of several people on the other side. Goliard: Are there any statistics on the television rerun champion? Batman over a Washington UHF station should be close to the lead. It's been running five or six nights weekly every week in the year for well over two years now. They must have offered at least four or five complete cycles by now. ' ' I hadn't read Astrid's page when I decided to get out of the fan writing Hugo race, but this would have done the trick. What hope is there for any of us in the future when someone her age can come up with two classic lines in a single page: the laconic "I'm taking belly-dancing lessons from Louise Perrin" and the perfect excuse for concluding a fanzine contribution, "I'm beginning to sound like a pit of cobras." _____: I hope that's enough underlining; I'm not too experienced at gauging the space required to signify the title for an untitled item. I like these Bergeron drawings enormously, particularly for the special reason that they look large enough. Of late I've been obsessed with the notion that almost no fanzine art is as big as the artist should have made it, but here at last are four pages and each of them looks to be just the right dimensions. Inscient: But farmers have problems today they didn't face when they muddled through other periods of crisis. Insects toughened by natural selection to withstand increasingly strong insecticides, and now they no longer fear a DDT attack. Federal inspectors who keep poking at even the smallest hog populations, to make sure that a farmer isn't breeding brucellosis or cholera along with the bacon. Does the farmer risk creating an epidemic by producing raw milk or does he join the pasteurization crowd with all that involves in the form of bulk milk tanks and a contract with a large dairy? Null-F: Didn't Larry Shaw maintain a considerable amount of fanac while he was a prozine editor? ' ' I agree with Agnew to some extent in his attack on television news coverage. Too much power is in the hands of the three networks, if they're going to tell the people what a president's talk meant. I feel that television stations and newspapers should be required to give individual coverage to any news event which the local

station or publication can cover as well as a network or press association. This would obviously include speeches by politicians, although the networks and associations would be better able to get reports and general comments from other politicians. Obviously, the local people couldn't be expected to give their own coverage to a trip to the moon, since it takes entirely too much money to send a representative to Houston to keep up on events. ' ' I can't understand what Ted is saying about slang. A synonym is not a newly invented word used to take the place of six existing words, as Ted seems to imply when he writes about "fanzine". I was talking about the exact one-to-one renaming of things, like acid for LSD or fuzz for police. Look at it this way: does it make sense to say that a person passed away instead of saying that he died? Some people say passed away as if that made it a less serious event. Some people say acid because this prevents them from thinking about what LSD may do to them. ' ' The number of fatheads must be declining dramatically, if "a good percentage" of the world's fatheads flipped their flags at Andy Main in FAPA mailings. I'd like to see supporting statistics. In any event, it is time for a prediction. Six to eight years from now, Ted White will be as fearful of drugs as Bob Leman. Six or eight years ago, could we visualize a Ted White who would be owner of a Cadillac and 550 classical lps? Of Cabbages and Kings: Everybody should think hard about what his local school system did to help promote Sesame Street. How many school systems distributed literature about it to parents of pre-school children, or made a spare classroom available for watching purposes, or did anything else to prepare youngsters better for their admission to real school? I haven't heard of any serious efforts like this. Sesame Street gives no opportunity to hire more teachers or appoint new supervisors, so the schools don't bother, even though the series could revolutionize the whole process of learning to read and count and comprehend words. Bobolings: If it's now called Kennedy Spaceport, how about a fandom-wide campaign to start calling the people who leave from there spacemen and their vessels spaceships? Astronauts and command capsules are inaccurate and ridiculous terms. ' ' There are at least two absolutely ideal TAFF candidates this time, so it wouldn't be the right year to cancel the trip. But I think it's time to start thinking of a change in TAFF to call for trips across the Pacific at least 50% of the time. It's helped to bring American and British Isles fandoms together; now it's suitable to start traveling to Japan and Australia. ' ' I didn't complain about the Moskowitz reprint, lest he give fandom another shock too great for it to survive unchanged; in the form of the revelation that I once belonged to the Futurian Federation of the World. But it really is time to start requiring genuine activity; a good bit of other borderline stuff has been appearing. Remember when Wilfried Meyers got kicked out through a decision that typing some verses from St. Luke in the shape of a Christmas tree did not represent "compiling"? A. Propos de Rien: The Andromeda Strain stands little chance at a Hugo, because its author isn't one who grew up in the prozine and paperback markets. But the sum it brought from Hollywood should console the author, if it isn't granted a Hugo. He probably earned as much from that one novel as some famed science fiction writers received for their lifetime output. ' ' There's one other thing that could rescue the space program, besides a message from a star. It's some kind of big space coup by Russia. The first time a cosmonaut does something far beyond our capabilities, heads will roll in Washington and we'll be on our way to the planets.

The Worst of Martin

Laura Jones was desperate. Only sixty hours ago, she had gone blissfully to the altar. Only six hours ago, she and Tom had returned from a deliriously happy honeymoon. She had seen him off to work, after feeding him a breakfast of strong, black coffee to counteract the fatigue of the all-night drive from Manhattan to their newly furnished apartment. Now she was frantic, because she hadn't had the courage to tell him the secret she'd concealed all through courtship and the first days of marriage.

She walked through a growing snowstorm to the supermarket. She had three hours to prepare herself for Tom's reaction, if her secret became his knowledge, or to contrive some way to hide from him eternally the fact that she didn't know a thing about cooking.

As they'd driven back from the honeymoon, Tom had been so happy. "No more restaurant meals for me," he'd said. "I'm so tired of that kind of cooking."

"Don't you think we should eat out for a while?" Laura had asked him. "You might not like my cooking." That hadn't worked. "Don't worry," Tom had told her. "I've been dreaming of rabbit for our first meal at home. I like it with lots of catsup."

Laura shook the snow from her eyes and asked in the supermarket where to find the rabbits. The first clerk laughed. The second clerk referred her to the manager. The manager gave her the address of a friend who had gone hunting that day and might help her out. She bought a bottle of catsup, the large size, and caught a bus to the suburban address.

"I've never sold game in my life. Sorry," the greasy, fat man said. Laura's shoulders, which were not large to begin with, sagged toward her knees.

"But I love to give away game," the man said. "Here." He handed her a rabbit. It didn't look much like the toy rabbit she had once received as an Easter gift. There was just room enough to get it completely out of sight in the bag that held the catsup.

"You don't know anything about cooking rabbits, do you?" Laura asked. The man shook his head. "I always leave that to my wife. I always say, what's the use getting married if your wife doesn't know all those things? Don't forget to clean it," he called as Laura ran for a bus.

The snow was freezing on top into a crusty surface as Laura emerged from the bus, two blocks from the new apartment. She stood a moment, reluctant to take a step, even though it was only a half-hour until Tom was due home. She'd asked the bus driver how to clean a rabbit and his description had shocked her into forgetting to ask how to cook a rabbit.

She picked her way over the icy sidewalk toward the apartment. The only other person in sight was so drunk that he was having even more trouble keeping his feet. Laura went across the street to keep away from him and then remembered she'd forgotten her keys. She was locked out of the apartment. Realization made her so miserable that she hardly minded the impact as she did a pratfall. A button popped off her coat and glass tinkled in the bag. Laura bawled.

The drunk walked carefully across to where she sat, looked carefully at the split bag that lay beside her, then observed her tearcovered cheeks. "Don't cry, lady," he said. "It woulda been a moron anyway. Looka them ears."

(From the Composing Room, c.1943)

Hagerstown Journal

November 13--I've never felt comfortable when a situation made syncophancy seem like the best conduct. Important people usually strike me as worse than unimportant people in most of the ways that count. But all of us must have at least a slight desire to be No. One in some honorable respect, and after it's become obvious that we will never reach that status, it's a temptation to want instead to know well and to claim as a friend someone who is No. One. I had always suspected that I would find such a friend in D. Paul Oswald. He had already been the county's best known authority on the weather for longer than anyone could remember, when I went to work for the newspaper in 1943. I got to know him first by taking his statistics each evening over the telephone, then by paying him visits. Back before the turn of the century, he had been a half-grown boy on a farm a half-dozen miles from Hagerstown, had an older brother who was almost ready to enter college, and his father decided that the boys needed an educational hobby. The father got some weather instruments and arranged for his appointment as a cooperative observer for the Weather Bureau. "Cooperative" was the bureaucratic way of making it clear that he wouldn't get paid for supplying every day the high and low temperatures, precipitation, and condition of the skies to the proper spaces on report forms. The older son took over the weather reporting duties after a few months. When he went away to college, not long after that, D. Paul Oswald assumed the obligation. The father waited a year or two until D. Paul had attained a respectable age, then had the duties formally transferred to D. Paul's name. D. Paul therefore marked his unofficial golden anniversary as an observer before I'd been a reporter very many years, and several years later he had his official 50th anniversary, which got him included in a Weather Bureau listing of its observers who had been on the job longest. Leafing through this volume, we could see that D. Paul had an excellent chance to gain national fame. Not too many observers were ahead of him even then in length of service. He was younger than most of the observers who were in his way, lived a temperate life that should last a long while, and was already ambitious for the glory of becoming the nation's No. One man in this specialized field. Mr. Oswald had been a farmer, an auto salesman, and an aircraft factory worker, had never been sick enough to fail to do his own observations for any length of time, and rarely was away from home overnight. He had such a spidery writing that he found it hard to read his own records, but a remarkable memory helped him out. Hailstorms aren't frequent locally, and I think Mr. Oswald filed each one away in a special section of his memory before the ice had melted. He retired in the late fifties, and did little then but manicure his immense lawn and make his weather observations thrice daily. He was kept busy in court, testifying about a rainstorm that might have affected the behavior of a crashed automobile or when darkness fell on an evening when someone claimed to have been able to recognize a suspect under existing light. Boy scouts kept pestering him for assistance in getting some kind of merit badge associated with the weather. A school teacher who gave her class an assignment involving local weather unwittingly kept his telephone ringing for days. The pile of weather records kept growing until he could barely get his desk drawers opened and closed, and all of a sudden word got around through the weather observer grapevine that Mr. Oswald stood second in length of service. Failing wits or decayed body had removed everyone ahead of him except an incredibly

aged Ohioan. Mr. Oswald showed me his picture and we stared at each other, unwilling to utter the shameful suspicion that we both felt: could this national champion hold his status by trickery? It seemed impossible that a person who looked like that could possibly drag himself from the kitchen stove to the thermometers and rain gauge in the back yard. Mr. Oswald never demanded an investigation of the true facts. All he did was wonder if anyone would bother to notify him in case of a sudden death in Ohio. Even though he was second best, Mr. Oswald was receiving some honors. One day a group of Weather Bureau officials drove up to Hagerstown and presented him with an enormous flag in honor of more than six decades of volunteer service to his nation. The flag had flown over the Capitol but for a while it was a tossup, whether it would ever fly over the Oswald home, since the Weather Bureau apparently was waiting for his 100th service anniversary to present him with a flagpole. He eventually got it up, with the help of various friends who supplied lumber and concrete and ropes and all the other paraphernalia, then found himself so exhausted by the exertions required to raise and lower it that he refused to fly it except on national holidays. A little later, he received a letter of congratulations from President Kennedy. Mr. Oswald was by now in his seventies but remarkably spry: skinnier than I am, but enthusiastic about all the community affairs he was involved in, the church, the Lions club, and a new hobby he'd suddenly acquired. He began to paint, imitating Grandma Moses' general technique and my photographs of Washington County scenes. He was openminded enough to admire the achievements of a neighbor lady who was in the same art club but achieved her canvases by dipping night crawlers into oils and turning them loose on her horizontal easel. Mr. Oswald plunged with a trifle too much enthusiasm into something or other and sustained a hernia. The first night after his operation his entire hospital floor was thrown into chaos when he disappeared from the bed whose sides had been raised much too high to allow him to fall out and bounce through the open window. He eventually emerged from a rest room down the hall, explaining that he didn't like bedpans and didn't want to bother anyone to lower the rails so he'd just climbed over the top. The Baltimore Sun and a national magazine for senior citizens gave him writeups. Then he suffered a slight stroke and I feared that my sole chance for knowing a real celebrity was extinguished. A neighbor whom Mr. Oswald had long been grooming as his successor kept up the weather records for several weeks, then had to go to the hospital himself so they could cut off his leg, and Mr. Oswald resumed operations. He didn't talk too clearly and he needed a magnifying glass to read his statistics, but he wasn't going to let a hospitalized friend down. As the sixties neared their end, Mr. Oswald's health improved but his vision deteriorated so far that his wife was forced to act as his secretary. He talked constantly about giving up the weather observations, but shut up at the first reference to Ohio. Then this fall, Mr. Oswald received a letter from the Weather Bureau. He was No. One in the nation. There would be a big publicity splash for him all over through an official ceremony that would be held as soon as enough congressmen and other notables could work a simultaneous trip to Hagerstown into their schedule; meanwhile, the news would not be generally reported. We mentioned it briefly in the Hagerstown papers, but held down the story in order not to spoil the full coverage that the official ceremonies would deserve. Weeks passed and still it seemed impossible to get all the bureaucrats' schedules meshed for arranging the ceremony,

even though Mr. Oswald was talking about quitting any day now. His wife was also having eye trouble, and the couple were resigned to selling their home and moving to a church home for the infirm. Then while fumbling his way around his house one day, Mr. Oswald fell and broke a hip. The pneumonia that everyone feared didn't follow, and he was released from the hospital after ten days. But it didn't seem like autumn at the newspaper office, without a report from Mr. Oswald on the exact number of children who came to his house on trick or treat night, or the thickness of ice on still water on frosty mornings, two forms of statistics that he supplied over and above the call of duty. Another stroke took his life before the ceremonies could be held. The Weather Bureau did get around to writing a news story and submitting it to the Hagerstown newspapers, two or three days after he was buried. And it's probably an extra commentary on how times change that the successor to Mr. Oswald is cooperating with Hagerstown's new television station as its weather expert, and supplies the newspaper with only a small fraction of the information we got from Mr. Oswald over the decades. How long the new weather man will last is anyone's guess. He suffers a handicap in the form of being lefthanded. It is quite difficult for a person with that trait to draw the low fronts and frost lines over the East and Midwest. I'm sure he'll be a smashing success if he ever decides to move his instruments to California and make television appearances there.

March 7--This would have been a highly emotional day for me, under the best of circumstances, because it was to contain the first baseball broadcasts of the new season audible in Hagerstown. I always become quite philosophical and amazed and even triumphant at having survived into yet another exhibition game season, through the baseballless wilderness that stretched so eternally before me when the Mets achieved the final out in the last game of the world series last October. But today represented an extra, even rarer significance, because of the eclipse. There is a theory that everything which happens is the inevitable cause-and-effect outcome of the first explosion that set the universe into operation. This is hard to believe, because blind chance would most certainly have ordained that an eclipse several billion years later would occur so conveniently for a person of my particular combination of interests, reaching its climax in Hagerstown before the start of the first baseball broadcast, as neatly as if these things were part of a well-ordered television schedule. I seem to remember only two near-total solar eclipses, one that came in the 1930's when I was a boy and the one seven years or so ago. The celebrated 96th Street eclipse that split New York City between those who could see a total eclipse by staying home and those who had to pay a nickel for a subway journey for the privilege, runs in my mind as having occurred when I was only a couple of years old, but I can't remember anyone in Hagerstown talking about it. The eclipse of the thirties had good weather, and I remember quite clearly the way I used a piece of smoked glass to watch it. The eclipse of the sixties was not nearly as complete in Hagerstown, but it also provided good visibility and I risked taking a picture or two of it, keeping my eyes closed as I aimed the camera to the approximate area of the sun, then opening them partway for an instant to make sure I had it in the viewfinder, and snapping the shutter after I'd closed them again. Neither experience had caused any retina damage, but I'm running scared as I get older and didn't want to press my luck this time. I made pinholes of various sizes

in one piece of cardboard, and found a clean, unpunctured second piece of cardboard, through which I could safely view the event and even take pictures of it, assuming that I could find out in time how to focus the camera. I couldn't remember if this sort of incomplete camera obscura required the real camera to be focused on infinity when taking a picture of the image, like a reflection of a distant object in a mirror, or on the cardboard. But clouds formed over Hagerstown during the morning and I abandoned all hope of seeing anything of the last near-total eclipse that would come to me in my lifetime. I was visiting someone when it started to grow even darker than the clouds indicated. Through a window, I could see a very small boy who was wearing very large dark glasses, pacing up and down the sidewalk, back and forth endlessly over a hundred-foot stretch of concrete, looking as if he had all the woes of the world on his fragile shoulders. After the tenth round trip he broke into a trot. It was growing close to time for baseball, so I drove home, and was deeply impressed by the changed aspect of the light. It was almost smoky, as if someone up there with poor eyesight were taking advantage of the reduced glare to put on a pair of smoked clouds and examine the earth. Television coverage, when I got home, seemed a bit dull. At the moment when the Hagerstown Almanack claimed that the eclipse would be nearest totality here, I went to the sidewalk. Summit Avenue had its usual distinctive features: one old woman sweeping her porch and the Saturday accumulation of candy wrappers on the lawns from kids who had been to the corner drug store. I looked up, not really expecting to catch a glimpse of a dirty bathrobe, and there was the eclipsed sun, looking exactly like a bloated day-old moon as it gleamed faintly but clearly through a thin area in the cloud cover. I got the camera and one piece of cardboard, and attempted to photograph the sun directly by holding the cardboard behind the viewfinder and shooting when the light transmitted onto the cardboard seemed brightest. Doing it this way made me realize even more how habits change as a person grows older. Then it really grew dark as the crescent of the sun passed behind a black cloud area. I went back indoors, turned on the baseball game, and while waiting for it to begin, I suddenly realized that it may not be so terrible after all that I'll be dead when a total eclipse next comes this way. Undoubtedly there are still some primitive peoples in Asia and Africa who stage dances and beat on pans whenever that blackness threatens to swallow up the sun. When the next total eclipse comes to the Atlantic Seaboard, civilization should have completed its job of bringing everyone up out of such superstitions, there will be nobody remaining to feel fear and awe over the phenomenon, and if the architect of the universe designed sizes and distances so cunningly to test man's humility every so often, it's very possible that the next total eclipse won't end at all. The announcer was saying on the radio that it was raining hard in Florida and there would be no baseball game played today. Well, there's always Halley's Comet to look forward to.

January 13--I've received my honorable discharge from the war against poverty. Two two-year terms on the board of directors of the local Community Action Council are ended, and by the constitution I can't serve another term. Everyone was very nice about it, but it's obvious that I have not been on the winning team. Hagerstown is still part of Appalachia, despite the best efforts of the Office of Economic Opportunity and its programs which the CAC administers. Some of the most dilapidated housing in Hagerstown is being

razed through building code enforcement but existence of the CAC has not saved the poor people living there from growing even poorer when they try to find another place to live where the rents are higher. All but a handful of the city's two thousand Negroes are still cooped up in their segregated blocks just north of the business section. The low income people are those who send the lowest proportion of children to college and the highest proportion of children to juvenile court. The poor white trash still just lies there, spending what money it has on automobiles and alcohol. Everyone in Hagerstown knows perfectly well that this will become a real disaster area if something goes wrong, like the closing of just one large industrial plant or authority for the B&O to vote the Western Maryland Railway stock it owns. (One of the less brilliant federal decisions permitted the large railroad to own much of the smaller one but not to have any say in its operation. Eventually, the B&O will find itself freed of this restriction and will close down the part of the Western Maryland that parallels its own lines through this area.) What's the trouble with CACs and the OEO? I'm not sure, because most of my memory of those four years is involved with endless wrangling over insignificant internal matters that had nothing to do with the general program or ultimate goal of improving economic conditions. But I can think of some probable contributors to the ineffectiveness of the activities here, some of them purely local in scope, others involving the whole national battle against poverty. Haunting us without interruption throughout those four years was, first of all, the economic gap itself. OEO requires groups like the CAC to have a stipulated percentage of directors from the poverty people themselves. The local CAC followed the rules, but there is an incredible gap between the well-heeled and the poor people on the board. They can't communicate and neither understands the others' way of life. Most of the poor people sat silent through three or four meetings and never showed up again. About once a year, one of them showed enough gumption to try to reshape the entire organization to his own conception of how it should be, and disappeared as soon as he found any resistance. Then there was the education orientation of the local CAC. From its start it has been under the unofficial control of the public school system, even though nobody will admit this. Either the executive director or the president has always been someone from the school system, and no program ever got started here unless it involved the use of school teachers. There were proposals to get into such activities as a legal aid service for low-income people who can't afford an attorney, or a homemaker service to show people how to buy the most nutritious food that their budget will provide and why it's better to sew on a button than to fasten a safety pin to a schoolboy's shirt. But none of these got into the action stage; what did get approved were summer headstart and catchup programs, a day care center, and night school for adults with less than eighth grade education. I felt that these were all effective methods to help an area to improve its economic condition, but all except the night school have one enormous disadvantage. They won't pay off for another decade or two, and I'm not sure that the poor people can afford to wait that long. Another chronic, inescapable problem that we could do absolutely nothing about was the basic method of financing the OEO. It is impossible to make any longrange plans on the local level when nobody in the nation can say whether the parent organization will still be alive a year from now and how much money it will have if it still lives. Stupendous amounts of red tape clutter up the OEO even within the period for

which Congress has provided money. Time after time, the CAC's budget was still wandering through Washington filing cabinets awaiting approval after the organization's new year had begun. Do you expect the staff to work without pay when no money has been approved for their salaries or do you borrow money as a corporation to meet the crisis in full knowledge that there might be no way to pay it back, or do you try to keep the local books in such a way that some salary money will remain after the year for which it was designated? And how do you get county authorities to pay for expensive remodeling of a building so a day care center can be started, knowing full well that the project may last only a year? You also have the purely personal confrontations. There was the lady who was so happy to have found a job in a CAC-sponsored program, until she received an eviction notice. The job put her income higher than the maximum permitted at the city housing project where she resided, she had to get out, and she could find no place to live that would not be a wretched hovel that would cost more rent than the city had charged her. We solved that by laying her off for a month or two, bringing her year's income below the maximum for that calendar year. Or the question of what to do when the OEO didn't approve the full sum requested for the day care center and it became necessary to lay off one woman. Do you lay off one of the people who knew little about her assigned job but was working for the first time in years, or a woman who doesn't really need to work but has the academic background that makes her ideal for the job? Hagerstown has one advantage with OEO programs: it's easy for the CAC officials to go personally to Washington and argue with bureaucrats and politicians face to face about local problems. I can't imagine how they ever get any funds for programs in distant areas of Appalachia, when it must all be done by telephone or letter or on the infrequent visits of OEO staff members to the boondocks. Perhaps the most staggering thing I experienced during the four years was simply seeing a government publication. It looked to be about three inches thick and it was the bible of the CAC directors everywhere. I assumed that its hundreds of pages contained details of all the OEO programs, until I got a look at it. That book turned out to be nothing but an index to the publications which describe OEO programs. Even so, Appalachia activities ignore completely some possibilities that strike me as absolutely fundamental. People too old or infirm to work and women who have small children but no man in the house are the two poverty groups whom no amount of educating and inspiring will help. After all these years, it should have occurred to someone that a great deal of money and misery could be saved by combining these two groups. If half of these mothers took over the day-time care of all these children, while the rest of the mothers took care of the sick and old poor people, pressure on institutions and welfare budgets would be relieved enormously. But it's apparently against state welfare laws to expect such arrangements to be worked out and Washington seems uninterested. Nowhere in the OEO, as far as I can determine, is there any way to try to solve alcoholism problems which keep so many families down in the muck and mire of poverty. It is even conceivable that if the entire OEO budget were turned over to the justice department and used against the mafia, economic conditions might improve perceptibly, simply by halting the drain of poor people's money to the numbers racket and lotteries and the bookies. In any event, I still remain a member of the Washington County Safety Committee, whose members have indefinite terms of office. I hope to be able to describe soon how I've stopped highway accidents.

March 12--A time or two in the past, I've run something in Horizons entitled Great Moments in Hagerstown Journalism. But it has been difficult to find for this continuing feature the kind of items that can run in FAPA without explanation. Hagerstown newspapers assume some basic background knowledge of local situations that fans don't possess. So it seemed simpler to run the latest example of local reporting here, where it could be prefaced with the information that Hagerstown and Wesel, Germany, are linked up in a sort of sister city arrangement designed to promote international friendship (and the way the world has been going since the thing started nearly twenty-years ago, it's about time to wind up this experiment fast) and the school system got federal funds to buy a planetarium which was completed just a few months ago. Here then, starting with the by-line, we have a news report: BY LIBBIE POWELL '' As the skies dripped rain overhead Wednesday evening, members of the Hagerstown-Wesel Town Affiliation Association sat beneath the dome of the planetarium at the board of education building and watched the skies of their Sister City as it was appearing at the same time. '' William Kenney, director of the planetarium, informed the large and fascinated group, that the skies over Wesel lie at a latitude of 51 degrees. Hagerstown, in turn, lies at 39 degrees, 30 minutes. Approximately 25,000 stars were shining in Wesel last evening, Mr. Kenney revealed. '' "The people of Wesel are able to see the constellation of the Dolphin, the constellation of Pegasus, the winged horse, and the galaxy of Andromeda. At 10 p.m., the people of Wesel and Hagerstown are able to see the constellation of Taurus The Bull and the Seven Sisters," Mr. Kenney continued. "Later in the evening we both can find the constellation of the Mighty Hunter." '' The knowledgeable instructor stressed that all of the constellations remain the same for all originate from Greek mythology. '' Earlier he had told the group--that kept craning its collective neck as it kept watch overhead--that teaching via the planetarium can be done with ease and speed. He also related that the recently built one in Hagerstown is one of three of its type, though several have been built since then. '' As the lights went out the sky filled with twinkling stars and the instructor told of Gallileo, who first revealed some of the mysteries of the sky when, in 1609, he first looked at the moon through his telescope. He spotlighted Sir Isaac Newton, who introduced the law of gravitation, after wondering why the moon was flying away from the earth instead of going around it, and, through mathematical calculation, came up with this lasting theory. '' The exciting story, brought to life in the skies overhead, continued with Kepler's law of 1571, that predicted and calculated orbits of satellites around the earth. It continued in the modern vein with the simulated moon landing of Apollo 11, watched from the surface of the moon, which had been filmed in the TV studio there. '' During the question and answer period, Mr. Kenney strongly advised the group not to look at the coming eclipse with the naked eye for it can cause color blindness of even greater damage to the eye.

February 5--Persons who have survived many years of constantly reading Horizons might conceivably remember a description many years ago of how Fort Frederick celebrated its 200th anniversary a few miles west of here. I haven't tried to find the issue in question, but I'm pretty sure that I ended with a quotation that struck me as just as splendid as many of the nation's most famed remarks, but one that was due to languish unknown to the hoi polloi because it failed to involve a significant national event. "Don't shoot, Darby!" was

the cry that unofficially ended the bicentennial. Now, at this point, I have an uncomfortable suspicion that I've lost two-thirds of my audience, who decided not to turn the page because they assumed an extensive paean to Kim Darby would be starting on the next one. If anyone is still with me, the speaker was R. U. Darby, who is considerably older than Kim, and whose fascination for me, while just as great, derives from entirely different reasons. It was a Civil War cannon that was the inspiration for those three words, and they were spoken by Clarence Mason, another strange character who unfortunately is no longer with us. A few years after the bicentennial he was offered such a good price for his farm that he couldn't resist. After the deal was closed, he started to feel that he'd betrayed his ancestors. The Masons had farmed there ever since the area was settled in the second half of the 18th century. Clarence finally came to terms with his ancestors after his own fashion by climbing into the haymow, shortly before the date for him to vacate, and jumping. But Darby has continued to be with us through the years, and has been turning into a local legend of even greater proportions. I doubt that there's another man in the nation who could disobey the command not to shoot years later while he was turning into a palace a dilapidated passenger car that was linked to the financial fate of the largest hotel in town. After Darby got done celebrating the Civil War centennial, he had fallen deeply into debt, partly because he helped to back a museum at Antietam which failed to attract customers despite its claim that a new can of authentic battle smoke was opened for every simulation of the fighting. A little later, I noticed one day the greatest accumulation of passenger cars seen in Hagerstown since before my birth. Since passenger trains suspended service to Hagerstown a decade ago, I made hasty inquiries and learned that Darby was responsible. He had suddenly gone into the custom car, railroad type, business. Some of these were pullman cars that still looked fairly good after sitting for years on some siding without attention, but they looked like something out of a Hollywood set when Darby finished with them. He replaced rotting wood, painted everything except the things that needed to be shined, installed modern conveniences, and appealed to the luxury trade. Some large corporations became customers so they could use the car for traveling sales meetings. A few of them were taken off rails and set firmly in Midwestern ground as a gimmicky sort of motel for people who wanted to know what it was like to spend a night in a sleeping car without the nuisance of waking up in a different spot from where you dozed off. Jackie Gleason reputedly ordered one. The only local customer was a dress shop customer who had one painted in psychedelic colors and used it as a branch shop. She couldn't afford to run it, because railroads charge stupendous fees for hauling a privately owned passenger car around the nation. Darby had meanwhile been going deeper and deeper into debt. Late one afternoon, he called a passerby outside the customizing headquarters and told him to notify police. After all these years, Darby had shot. He and his victim filed assault charges against each other, both cases were tried, and the jury believed Darby. One aspect of his story was hard to swallow, because Darby claimed that he'd been threatened with death if he didn't pay \$5,000 to a Baltimore man with a shady background, and it was hard to believe that anyone on the Eastern Seaboard didn't know by then that Darby was the last person anyone should expect to have \$5,000 available, even if his life depended on it. But the story held together otherwise: there had been mysterious telephone warnings, warning

shots had been fired by someone unseen outside the door of his home, he'd received through the mail a religious tract with frightening remarks about death heavily underlined in pencil, and the Baltimorean had come to his office a couple of times, explaining how he could give protection from all Darby's enemies for that \$5,000. The Baltimore man lost his patience on his last visit and roughed up Darby, who is twice his age and one-third his size. The only thing the Baltimorean didn't realize was that Darby, who had long ago got rid of his cannon, had a customized revolver in his hip pocket. Darby was stunned from the beating, his glasses were broken so he couldn't see his assailant as more than a blur, and the Baltimorean was already running away, so Darby didn't kill him, but each of the three shots he fired in that half-conscious, half-blind situation, at distances from ten to fifty yards hit the fellow and each came terribly close to a vital spot. Darby is a gun nut and an excellent shot. I don't intend to try to explain how the railroad car and the hotel are linked by financial problems, but they are, and I've been fighting a losing battle to write sane stories about the court cases. The B & O wants some money for the cars that Darby hasn't paid for, and someone did or did not accept one of them as part of the security for a note someone holds on the hotel, and when the litigation was removed to another county, one judge there told Darby to do one thing and the county's other judge told him to do just the opposite. Meanwhile, a local metal salvage firm bought at public auction for \$500 Darby's locomotive, which I'll tell you about some other time, but now there's a question whether he had the right to sell it, so there it sits with boarded-up windows. I consider it more damaging to Hagerstown's reputation than to Darby's, that it's even necessary to board up locomotive windows to prevent them from being broken by vandals.

March 12--One person in Hagerstown is thinking tonight sad thoughts about lost opportunity and neglected duties. He lives at 423 Summit Avenue, for the past 26 years he hasn't missed publishing an issue of a fanzine, and for the past 28 years he hasn't published an issue of another fanzine. It's already almost too late to do anything about the opportunity and duties involved in the 40th anniversary of the publication from which consecutive history of fanzines is generally dated. I've wavered first one way and then the other, about publishing a 40th anniversary issue of Spaceways to mark this event, and by tonight I'm almost totally resigned to the fact that I must disappoint Bob Tucker and leave to others the solemn rites of honoring the birth of fanzines' mainstream. There are all sorts of reasons why I'm afraid it's going to be this way. One is the anticlimax that a new issue of Spaceways would create after all these years. The great majority of today's fans would wonder if there ever was a publication of that title before, or if this is just some kind of hoax. The remainder of fandom would decide that I'd lost the touch, after reading the new issue. I'm not the same person I was in 1942 when the 30th issue of Spaceways appeared. I think differently about almost everything, I do things in different manners, and there is in general a stupendous generation gap between that issue and the notion of a 31st issue. There's the matter of time. It would take two or three weeks' spare hours to accumulate the material, do the dummieing, and arrange for someone else to do the mimeoing. I can hardly spare that kind of time when I'm so far back on every other kind of fannish obligation. Then, what about the typography? Spaceways in pica type is utterly unthinkable. I'd have to do the

stencil-cutting on the only elite typer at the office, and that's in the photography department where other people would want to use it and the wirephoto squawk box would be blatting in my ear constantly, unless I did the stenciling after 3 a.m. Moreover, it wouldn't cut the distinctive heavy elite characters that Spaceways featured; they just don't make that kind of elite type any more. It's conceivable that a 40th anniversary issue of Spaceways would cause people to accuse me of failure to stand up for my own theories, since in All Our Yesterdays I take pains to cite pioneering examples of pre-1930 fanzines that failed to create a consecutive string of descent. I'm not certain that it's still possible to obtain the kind of construction paper that was always used on Spaceways' covers. It used to come from the five and ten, and needed to be cut down from slightly larger dimensions. I haven't seen a pack of it anywhere for years. But all those objections and considerations dwindle into trifles beside the real stickler. The insurmountable obstacle is: if I published another issue of Spaceways, how would I decide who should get it? I must be under obligation to at least five hundred fans for favors of one kind and another received in the past few years, and I would feel as if I should remember each of them with a copy. A hundred or so people are still locatable from the original Spaceways crowd, and obviously they couldn't be forgotten. Accept the fact that lots of other people who wouldn't be in those two groups would be asking me to sell or give them copies. I'm too old and too tired to address all those copies and I don't have the nerve to ask anyone to run off and collate so many copies, and even if I did, the Spaceways atmosphere and tradition would be irrevocably destroyed, because it had a small circulation, often only a little over a hundred copies per issue. This wouldn't be fandom if anyone put out a fanzine on schedule, so it wouldn't do any harm if the special issue of Spaceways really did appear in June or July, but it won't unless Bob Tucker, who started this whole thing, can figure out a way to keep circulation to a reasonable size without inspiring fandom to demand surrender of the Big Heart Award for such heartless behavior on my part.

February 3--For a long while I've suspected that fans long ago insulted irrevocably a nymph or river goddess. When you stop and think about it, an improbable number of fans have suffered water problems, usually in the form of floods, sometimes from firemen's hoses that did more damage than flames. I'd always imagined that my isolation from most fans had helped to preserve me from such a fate, then I got my water bill for last autumn and knew that my time had come. It was three times the usual size and it showed a meter reading lower than the previous bill. At city hall, they assured me that it was all a mistake and they'd straighten it out as soon as they checked. But investigation showed that the meter discrepancy came because they'd put in a new meter a month or so earlier, after discovering something wrong with the old one, and this had for some reason not been started at a zero reading. I wasn't satisfied, and demanded a check of this new meter. It couldn't be giving a false reading, I was told, because nothing ever goes wrong with the meters. But they promised to look at it anyway, and I paid my bill and waited days and days for the meter man to come, and went back twice to demand action and finally got it. The meter was all right, they told me a week after that, and water was still running somewhere in the house, and maybe it wasn't in the house at all but in the line between the meter at the curb and the side of the

house. That would require excavation of half the lawn and part of the sidewalk to fix. I have had cataclysmic experiences with plumbers in recent years, and asked the girl I know in the water department if anyone was recommendable. She told me about a plumber who was frequently helpful in this problem. I called him, he came with remarkable promptness, had all his tools with him, and eased my mind immediately with the reassurance that the leak wasn't under the lawn, because the turf was firm, and all that water leaking for so long would have caused saturation of the earth to reveal itself on the surface. We went through the house, and he cocked his head at key points like the old-fashioned doctors listening to a patient's chest in pre-stethoscope days. Finally he found the sound he sought, he told me. I couldn't hear a thing, but I've suspected that antiquity is causing me to suffer mild hearing loss, since I rarely hear the furnace cutting off and on while I'm in my bedroom, and used to pick up that sound easily. The plumber made some quick repairs, charged a very fair figure, and left me happy until several hours later when I went back to the source of the trouble and flushed it. A sound like a hissing steam pipe wouldn't stop, no matter how hard I twisted and jiggled things. I called the plumber, who wasn't available at the moment, but would get the message soon, and he never came. The next day I called again, talked to him this time, and he was puzzled but promised to drop around immediately. He didn't come again and then the hissing stopped and all was as silent to my ears as it had been before. Was this thing clandestinely driving up my bill again, or had it just required a while to get accustomed to its new equipment? Someone told me that you can be sure by dropping food coloring in and seeing if it disperses. I spent two or three days trying to find food coloring in various supermarkets, establishments which frighten me so badly that I'm not nearly as efficient in them as in most modern facilities. When I finally discovered the elusive little packages, I managed to get more coloring on my fingers than in the water, but it stayed in the water almost as obstinately as it stuck to my fingers, so I felt much better until two days later when I learned that my plumber had gone to jail for violations of the county plumbing code. Meanwhile, winter had placed a foot of snow over the lawn, it was impossible for the meter reader to find where to dig to uncover it, and in accordance with the custom in such situations, I got an estimated bill based on my previous bill--three times as large as usual. I paid it, demanding justice if the water that kept running after the previous reading failed to equal the sum I'd just plunked down. When I got home, a city employe was on my porch, asking me if I knew where my meter was, because he'd just received word that it should be checked. I sent him away as gracefully as I could and got out my Fodor's Guide to Austria again. I've been looking for a long time for a really good excuse to expatriate myself, and a really big summer water bill might be exactly what I need.

December 18--It must have been the Hugo that did it. I'm in a select company. Not everyone would get a letter like the one that came today. And I almost didn't read it all the way to the end, because the numerous paragraphs that went before contained no hint that I was about to be paid the ultimate respect due to a celebrity. The letter came from something called the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, which is upset over the fact that children see violence on television. The group, said the letter, "has been formed to end the threat to our children's values, taste and sensi-

tivity posed by the prevailing pattern of TV and radio programming and to insure that representative minority viewpoints and values are seen and heard on the public airwaves." Pretty dull, so far, and certainly nothing that I would care to support unless I were certain that a lot of minority viewpoints never had a chance to get close to a television camera or microphone. The NCCB planned "an emergency conference of national educational and church groups, labor unions, women's organizations, service clubs and other interested citizens", the letter explained, and sort of spoiled the emergency atmosphere by adding that this conference would be held in late April or four months after the letter was mailed. I didn't respond to the letter so I don't know if the conference was ever held or whether this group really will hold "a series of citizens hearings in key cities of the 33 states where TV licenses will be renewable in 1970 and 1971." Instead, I've contented myself by soaking up the egoboo implied in the final paragraph, brushing away the irritating little distracting thought-murmurs about the name of the one who was born a second after me: "Will you join the growing number of thoughtful citizens who want to end the pervasive cruelty and inanity of television by sending us your tax-deductible contribution of \$1.000?"

March 18--It has been entirely too long since Bob Leman gave us examples of a celebrated local poetess. I don't pretend that Mollie Hall of Hagerstown's West View Citizens' Club has quite the fame and experience of Bob's daughter of the muse. But someone was asking in a much more recent FAPA mailing for some white space in this column, so I have an extra incentive to bring you extracts from "An Ode to West View Citizens' Club" as it appeared in a recent issue of the local senior citizens' fanzine:

The day was rainy, cold and dreary.

I sat at home so lonely and weary.

I looked through the window at children at play

And recalled the memories of my childhood days.

I remembered reading an article in the paper one day

About a Senior Citizens' Club out my way.

So I called 731-0275 at 961 Main Ave.

A Masculine voice answered, "Hello." I said, "Mr. Smith, is this you?"

I hear you have organized a club for the old.

I am over 65 and eligible, I am told.

He answered with a warm and friendly smile,

"Come over to meet Mrs. Cushen and Mrs. Carlisle. They are the instructors of the club worthwhile."

So I went to the club the very next week

No more warm and friendly group could one meet.

They were all busy with ribbon and lace

Needles and pins, and paper and paste,

All getting exercise from head to waist.

Mr. Smith started with a small community

Now he has branched out in the whole county.

Won't you join us sometime later?

I could tell you a whole lot more, but I ran out of paper.

Mollie Hall, West View Club

January 8--The postal card from Bill Danner said that his latest letter to Les Croutch had been returned. "Deceased" was rubberstamped on the envelope by someone in the post office. That's a heck of a way for fandom to learn about the end of a gaffiated fan. The way things are around my desk, I must be prepared to suffer an

extra twinge every time death takes a fan or former fan, because I probably owed him a letter. That's the way it was with Les, who usually exchanged letters with me around Christmas time each year, but I'd failed to reply either last year or the year before that, and the last time he thought about me, his thought undoubtedly had some annoyance or bitterness around its edges. I hate to think it was that way, because Les was one of my favorite fans. He wasn't an intellectual giant by any means. Today's youthful gogetters would no doubt consider his life a failure because he spent it in a microscopic Ontario village notable for only one other person, Bobby Orr, the hockey great. Les had no ambitions as far as wealth and fame are concerned, to the best of my knowledge. He apparently never married, and even in fandom he didn't do tremendous things. But there's a lot to be said for taking things easy if you don't feel yourself capable of going out and conquering the world and it seems wrong that Les should have died before he'd attained a normal life span. He was so far out of touch with fandom that he may not have known about his mentions in All Our Yesterdays; they would undoubtedly have given him some pleasure. Les was a superb example of a kind of fan who is almost extinct, the kind who made lots of friends and kept them by means of correspondence, principally. He wrote long, prompt letters that were almost like excerpts from a diary, chronicling his troubles with peevish customers at his radio and television repair business, or giving his reactions to the latest movies. Something else I wish is that I'd attained this fanatic love for the movies long enough ago to have corresponded about it with Les. He probably hadn't missed a movie at Parry Sound's theater for a decade or longer, although that wasn't too remarkable a feat, since it changed features only once a week. He sometimes wrote his letters on the back of advertisements for this theater, so I could see what was being shown that month. He also tried to talk me into collecting 8 mm movies a long while ago. If I'd listened to him, and had made a purchase every so often, I'd really have a collection by now. Like Grue, Les's first fanzine isn't likely to be found in a complete run in anyone's collection. He started to publish a little listing of science fiction available for trading back in the 1930's, via carbon copy, and didn't even have a complete set of his own. It's strange, but after all these years, I can't recall anyone else in fandom who has ever done exactly the same thing, list everything he had available and the trade value he set on it in dollars and cents. Lots of fans list stuff they want to trade without indicating how valuable they consider it to be and some dealers list prices with offers to sell or trade but Les didn't sell and he didn't risk misunderstandings over his estimate of the worth of the books and magazines. He produced a hundred issues of this before he turned it into a full-fledged fanzine, and then he published maybe sixty issues of that over the next fifteen years or so, part of the time through FAPA. Les loved to write humorously intended fiction, and sometimes his intentions were better than his achievements, but it was no worse than the humorous fantasy stories that people spend big money to read in old Munsey publications of the 1910s and 1920s and occasionally Les wrote well enough to sell to the prozines. He got himself involved in a series of fusses over censorship and good taste. The curious thing about this was that Les wasn't really a person with a deep, irresistible impulse to break the laws involving mailability. He seemed to do it instead just to stir up the bluenoses occasionally and I don't think anyone ever could have accused him of pandering

to bestial instincts: if he wrote of shit, you couldn't imagine it stinking, and nobody could possibly find himself sexually aroused by anything Les wrote about women. I thought briefly of filling most of this issue of Horizons with Crutch reprints, much as I did with the very much alive Milt Rothman last year. But maybe it would have been a disservice to his memory: so much that he wrote was of its time and place and the expression of a living person. After all the years and things we've been through, it might not be a fair image of what it was. Digging through fan history notes, as I should have done before writing that brief obituary for Locus, I find that Les was born on April 25, 1915, had moved to Parry Sound when he was eight or nine years old, and despite his passion for trading, he had the good sense to collect Astounding and Unknown. He had probably been publishing amateur magazines before the birth of fanzines, for he had issued some kind of little one-shot in his early teens, then had worked on the school paper. There seems to be no doubt that he was the first to publish a fanzine in Canada, unassuming though it was; even though it concentrated on trade lists, it contained small news items and fillers of genuine fanzine nature. It was the only fanzine that was published continually during the World War Two years, because almost everyone else in Canadian fandom went into the service. Les must have been among the first fans to ferret out the suddenly famous A. E. van Vogt. He in the company of a couple of lesser Canadian fans paid him a visit in the fall of 1942 in the Toronto suburb where the Astounding author was then living. Les didn't venture into the United States very often, and was known here mostly as a paper personality, but he did quite a bit of flitting about Canada, and seems to have been considered a sort of grandfather to Canadian fandom even as early as the World War Two years. I never met him but he was quite kind to a person he knew only via letters and fanzines. He sent an occasional sample of the prozines that were being published in Canada during those war years, when various restrictions prevented American pulps from being imported. I was flabbergasted one day to receive a phonograph needle from him, without warning. I'd just acquired my first electrically driven phonograph, and Les sent this semi-permanent needle to me with an explanation that he had bought it for himself and didn't like the tone quality. I suspect that he bought it for me to stop me from using cheap needles that needed to be changed after six or eight plays and probably began damaging shellac discs even before that. The nicest thing about Les to me was a quality that undoubtedly bothered some other fans. He always seemed to be in the mood that Beethoven described as unbuttoned. Neatness and careful syntax were the last elements you looked for in a Crutch fanzine or letter. I doubt that he ever rewrote anything before publishing it, or rubbed out a line in favor of a better one in any of his sketches. His amateur publications looked amateur and I loved them for that fact, after too long a diet of fanzines that lavished beautiful format on material that wasn't as entertaining as Les's impromptu prose. He obviously could meet more severe standards when he wanted to, or he couldn't have remained in business all those years or sold those eight or ten stories to the prozines. He apparently felt that fandom was a place where you should enjoy yourself without worrying too much about the kind of pretensions you maintained when you were doing something for the sake of money. I'm sure that I would have been happier in fandom if I'd learned that attitude as a neofan, and I hope that Les was able to enjoy himself in the non-fannish portions of his life as he did in fandom.