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Horizons is unlikely to repeat with this issue the distinction acquired by the last one, that of being the largest magazine in the FAPA mailing. Nevertheless, this is volume 24, number 2, whole number 93, and FAPA number 87. It is the February, 1963, issue, written and stenciled by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, and published by Richard H. Eney.

### In the Beginning

The Fantasy Amateur: My breast is unmarred with bruises from self-inflicted beating and my head is unbloody, much less unbowed. This undamaged condition results from the fact that I feel no remorse, terror, or foreboding over the gaunt and hungry look possessed by this latest mailing. I was able to read it leisurely and it is possible to start early on mailing comments. The quality was unusually high. I think it's a pleasant change of pace from the bulky bundles, caused principally by financial attrition from conventions and reaction from the monster 100th mailing. Some publishers are extra-active in February to take advantage of the presence of the poll and I suspect that a counterreaction will make this winter mailing a big one. 'I hope that a sensible procedure for surplus stock is followed in the future. "Members have traditionally had first call on all FAPA items", as Gregg Calkins thinks, doesn't apply to me. In 1961, I tried to buy a mailing for Miriam Knight before her re-admission. Less than a month after the bundles had gone out, I was informed that the last available one had already been sold to a waiting lister. In 1962, I lost an issue of The Fantasy Amateur and Burb ignored my request for another. 'The ban on this imaginary franking privilege is also welcome. And I'd better explain that I am determined not to sign any petitions to salvage memberships unless some exceptional personal circumstances have caused their loss. I'd hate to see Terry Carr outside the organization, I had no reason for refusal to sign the petition for his retention other than a belief that "I forgot" is not a good reason for retention of membership, and I'm quite sure that he won't need my signature anyway to stay in. With Love and Cookies: So Bob Tucker feels as I do, that we shouldn't have dual memberships. How many others would join a movement to prohibit granting new ones, retaining those in existence under present rules? 'We can't vote on those "resolutions or tentative amendments" because they're summarized in this publication. Read the constitution. Robert A. Bradley couldn't get on the waiting list tomorrow: the constitution says husband and wife are considered as a single person and he doesn't have credentials. The \$1 annual subscription fee for the Fantasy Amateur is preposterously high; 20¢ per year would be about right. The first resolution is unenforceable: how is the secretary-treasurer to track down the truth on how much work each half of a dual membership has done, and why must they "have contributed equally"? If Juanita Coulson contributes 19 pages this year and Buck provides 20 pages, why should they be refused renewal? All this is a sterling example of the uselessness of trying to transact any business in the confusion of a convention, particularly when the subject matter is an organization whose constitution requires everything to be done with the knowledge of all members, not those who happen to be in one room at a given time. Target: FAPA: I don't remember



any good old days in which all the fanzines headlined a report that a sf. novel would get cover play in the Saturday Evening Post. Much more attention is paid to such things these days than in the past. The Heinlein stories in the Post were virtually ignored in the fan press at the time and after all these years we're getting fanzine mention of them, listings of when they appeared, revelations on what happened to the original illustrations, and all that sort of thing. When did a slick publication's preparations to run a feature on fandom win the publicity in years gone by that Cosmopolitan acquired in 1962?

Bobolings: I mentioned some time back the apparent immunity of fans from severe auto accidents. Your statistics don't take into consideration the specific circumstances involving fannish driving. The incidence of serious crashes varies from one group to another, depending on such things as occupation, age, location, and lots of other factors. The fannish rate should be much higher than the national average: fans are predominantly young and the accident rate is higher for younger persons; most of this mileage is ground out on long cross-country trips with little mileage in cities where minor crashes are more frequent than those involving fatalities; more fans than not drive autos in dubious mechanical condition because they can't afford recent models that get constant expert attention. I think that fans are an intelligent group with a good awareness of the world about them that keeps them alert at the wheel. '' It seems to me that the greatest harm you could do to a pet cause would be to picket the White House in its favor. Picketing there has become synonymous with ineffectual crank groups. Standing on a street corner and striking up conversations on the topic with strangers might eventually convince someone that you're right in your opinions about Cuba; I'll bet that Mike McInerney didn't get this much success in his picketing. Celephais: I'd like to use the European system of temperatures because it's much more pleasant and poetic when someone says that there are ten degrees of frost than the prosaic statement that it's ten degrees below freezing. '' All the Dickens novels appeared as serials, I'm pretty sure. This is one reason for the startling changes of style and theme that most undergo from beginning to end: the author never was quite sure what would happen next. '' I took the trouble to haul out some newspaper files from the 1920's and 1930's. They showed that the premature merchandising in the name of Christmas was just about as severe then as it is today. Lots of ads in October used the gift buying pitch. Sercon's Bane: The only argument that I've found duller than this White-Eney sniping was the White-Brown mess which some authorities claim was partly or wholly a hoax. So I'm tempted to think that both Eney and White are just pretending to be upset. Salud: Why should I write longer mailing comments? There aren't more than two or three members who turn out more pages of mailing comments than I do, over a span of a year or longer. I think that my mailing comments on the two largest publications in the 100th mailing were longer than all the other mailing comments on them combined. All through the years, my policy has been to keep mailing comments down to less than half the total wordage in Horizons, on the theory that someone must provide independent material to keep mailing comments from incestuous tendencies. '' I've seen photographs taken of fan art exhibitions, as well as movies of the



Pittcon art show. If I try to believe that fan art has all the qualities of the best modern American art because I lose the subtleties of excellence in these miniature reproductions, then I must try to live with the knowledge that Norman Rockwell may be a great artist because I know his work only through magazine covers. Fan art looks good in comparison with art in the science fiction magazines and paperbacks, that much I'll grant. ' ' This is a good chance to rectify my failure to make the same comment as yours about the miraculously accurate reporting that Walter Breen did on the Why Is a Fan? panel. Somehow, some persons get the idea that reporters, whether for newspapers or weekly fan-zines, have a supernatural ability to copy down every word of rapid talk that even a tape recorder can't catch completely because of mumbling or audience noises. Phantasy Press: Don, I believe that the time has come for you to admit the same thing that I recognized a couple of years ago. There comes a time when a fan gets too old and feeble to do his own mimeographing. I think that you'll be good for another quarter-century of Phantasy Presses, if you'll find some strong and goodhumored member of the younger generation to do your mimeographing. Cockatrice: It's hard for me to imagine myself worrying myself sick over anything connected with science fiction or fandom. I can get het up over things when they happen and occasionally I say some rough things under the influence of emotion. Two hours after I've had the conversation or cut the stencil the matter is out of my mind altogether. At Philadelphia in 1961, three separate fans were afraid to get within ten feet of me because of minor squabbles we'd had, and in none of those cases did I have any recollection at all of the difficulties. I hope that Bjo has learned the hard way that fandom is not important enough to let anything get under her skin, and you never get an ulcer that close to the body's surface. The Larean: It would be proper to say that this is a valuable reference tool but I confess that it impresses me more strongly as a wonderful nostalgia stimulant. Almost every name produces some kind of a strong mental image, distinct, specific, and probably quite inaccurate in most cases. Strangely, I don't remember Speer's losing and regaining membership in 1946. I gather that he didn't miss a mailing. A Propos de Rien: It's strange how authors generally settle on some illegal uses for a gadget like the enchanted duper. In the prozines, the guy with ability to walk through walls always turns to burglary. If we assume that this duper had no limit for precision of reproduction and was hampered only by the size of the field in which it operated, it could be rented for a thousand dollars a day to any manufacturer of high quality lenses or to a factory building big things with tiny electronics as the core. ' ' Any French dictionary will show which French words sound an initial h. It's never particularly audible, but neither is any other sound emitted by a person speaking the language at the normal speed. However, the h is definitely silent in Italian: it's used only to indicate a change in the pronunciation of another letter or to distinguish in print between certain words that are pronounced identically. Wraith: Even the best minds in FAPA have an exaggerated idea of what I think should be done about the organization. I don't favor an increase in the membership, I don't want to see a more rapid turnover in membership, I don't want to see increases in activity requirements. The one thing that I've advocated endlessly is the necessity for getting some fans into

Enchanted  
Duper.



the organization soon after they've joined the waiting list, not four or five years later when they're growing jaded with fandom and all things connected with it. " My biographers have not yet settled definitely on the details of my first years, but my addresses have been quite few since I was old enough to keep track. One year on Howard Street, ten years on Prospect Street before I got into fandom, then the long stay on Bryan Place that was diversified by moving three doors down the street, and Summit Avenue for the past five years. " Degler got the same treatment from me that Myers received in SAPS from Wrai. I was secretary when Claude applied for readmission and I ignored his note. " Wrai's convention reports are probably more useful to me than any others. Conventions are still new to him and he's been in fandom a long while. His reactions must be similar to those I'll experience when I finally get to a worldcon. But I doubt that I'll even realize there's a program going on, unless it contains something of fannish interest. Wrai recognizes the program's existence by mentioning his failure to listen to the talks and panels. Le Moindre: What's noteworthy about the golf club getting paid for the land it once rented to farmers? The purpose is to take out of production land, not to investigate its previous uses down through the years. How about the case of the major airlines and their stockholders? If I sell stock in an airline corporation at a profit, I pay only the capital gains tax rate on this income, then use it up because I must spend it for the higher postal rates that have been necessitated by such extravagances as the subsidies the government pays these airlines to carry mail. Melange: The pages about John's mother brought back quite similar memories of 1957 for me. In the case of my mother, things were made ghastly by the fact that we were practically certain that she knew it was cancer and she was trying to hide this knowledge from us because she thought the doctors hadn't told us this fact. It may be that this happens more often than we suspect: I don't know how she knew, but she quite accurately predicted failure of the first set of X-rays to show anything abnormal because she was sure that they hadn't photographed the right area. " I yielded to the pressure of relatives and looked at both my parents in the funeral home. It prevented much misunderstanding but left final memories I've tried to erase with some success. Bjo is apparently made of a sterner stuff that I wish I possessed. And about floral tributes, you can't believe the amount and variety of pressures the florists try to exert on newspapers to omit from obituary notices such phrases as "Please omit flowers" or "Contributions may be made to the building fund of his church". Flowers are a good example of an obsolete tradition that once was quite necessary expediency, before embalming became sop. " We could go on and on about whether artists should need recognition in such forms as fan art shows. I am considered eccentric by many people in Hagerstown because I play the piano while alone in the house. "How can you really enjoy it when there's nobody listening?" they ask, and there have been much better pianists than the one in question at the moment who couldn't play very well in recording studios because there was no live audience waiting to applaud after each selection. " Those derogatory reports about the Trimbles didn't circulate to Hagerstown. The only published thing I got was the quite recent Liby Vintus Jarvis leaflet. A few correspondents had told me of troubles in Los Angeles fandom without saying anything nasty about anyone. Null-F: Full agree-



ment on how easy it is to spot stylistic individualities when reading is done at a leisurely pace. The complaints of some persons that they couldn't figure out who wrote what in Coulson publications was downright unbelievable to me. 'I've heard of DeKoven but I certainly don't want to hear him. He sounds as bigoted toward music as Pope Gregory was. Music isn't divided up into styles and eras and schools that wage war on one another and drive one another into extinction and anyone who goes out fighting for predominance for some particular century or school of compositions is the real danger. We'll never know what the possession of Gregorian chant cost us in unwritten masterpieces because the pope really had the power to enforce his whims. 'Falls Church was settled by Ted White's grandparents? Methuselah doesn't seem so impressive, suddenly. 'I think that a really good short story must be plotted as fully and carefully as a novel. The great short story should be the brief narrative that contains the kernel and all the implications of the world it depicts, and I don't think the author can do a good job if he isn't sure in his own mind of all the additional details which he doesn't have space to put onto paper. This is why Poe's stories always bored me: it's impossible to imagine anything occurring before or after them or in the world outside the actual events described. 'The cancellation of two tones on the same pitch is something that I always expected to happen when I was playing in the local symphony orchestra. There are usually lots of passages where the two oboes used in classic works play in unison. I thought the law of averages should cause certain notes to be totally inaudible from time to time but it never occurred. 'Returning to an earlier remark, I would guess that Gary Deindorfer reads more slowly than anyone in FAPA, because I can't imagine any better aping of the styles in these mailing comments.

A Mighty Try: It would be nice if Pierre could see how my eyeballs swelled and extruded when I saw what this was. It hadn't occurred to me that the degree of persistence and hard slogging required by this kind of project could exist in anyone with fanish tendencies and reputation. This publication also serves as an excellent putter-downer for me. Any time I feel myself acquainted with most early fantasy, I need only open this at any page and discover how many works I've never heard of, much less read or remembered. I hope that this will continue to appear, and if it does, it would be a good thing to put at the top if an official editor of FAPA ever decides to apply for the 50% postage discount that goes to organizations engaged in research and dissemination of knowledge.

Stupefying Stories: There's no point in trying to conceal the fact that I take no more interest in imaginary politics and faroff wars than in those that have actually occurred. So the most that I could do to get enjoyment from the main item in this issue was to try to figure out some derivations of names, such as the possibility that Faraseish and Torrutseish may owe their common syllables to Nancy Share's favorite expletive. There is also the temptation to believe that the entire area and all its events are just a thinly disguised rewrite of The Immortal Storm. And this time, rapture unbounded, it gives enough room to make some comments on the shadowzines:

Fighting Permit: A pitying smile for Gary's belief that ditto purple is a bother. There aren't many of us left who have used hectograph carbons and ribbons but the memories are as indelible as the chemicals. I got my fingers smeared a couple of times re-



cently from issues of Horizons that might have been expected to have dried finally a full two decades ago. \*103:#12: I hope that Ed Meskys will not object to my translating selectric into underwood. '' I sent the last two issues of Horizons to the wrong address for Ed, as it turns out. This gives me a good excuse to warn all non-FAPA recipients of Horizons that I have a very unmethodical mind which doesn't impel me to correct my address list if I happen to see mention in a fanzine somewhere that this or that individual has moved. It would be a good idea to send me a note about a new address because otherwise, I'm likely to get a few issues back and decide to replace this person on my mailing list with someone who stays put. '' It's good to know that other firms have complications over the matter of telephone hookups after the switchboard closes down. The best minds at the Herald-Mail Company have not yet grasped the concept that the dial equipment at the central office causes a call to RE 3-5131 to be transferred automatically to RE 3-5132 if the former is busy while the switchboard is closed, and so on for the six lines into the newspaper building. So the switchboard is hooked up to put RE 3-5132 in the mailing room where there's nobody to answer it except around press time, and only one incoming call can be answered at a time, with the second call always getting hung up in the mailing room. '' Some of the fan history should be written by the time this mailing goes out. Norm assures me that he's able to start publishing as soon as I get some chapters completed. W'Basket: The letter from Bob Lichtman is a prime example of the situation that I've deplored so interminably about the waiting list. Bob Lichtman probably has his big publishing years behind him and his fannish interests have atrophied considerably. I believe he'll be a good and useful member but we've lost the two or three years in which the former Lichtman would have been something special in FAPA. '' More exciting than the news that Mr. Demmon has sold a story is the revelation that it was sold to "one of the better SF magazines". I'd given up hope that one might be better than the others and I hope someone will find out which one it is so I can start to read it. Pariah: The story is quite interesting to me because of its subject matter: I've spent much thought on the geography of the between-walls area of houses since the start of my effort to determine the source of bats. '' I had no idea that the Sterling poetry was so hard to find. Bill Evans is likely to get along very well with Al Fick over this topic, as least.

#### Poor Man's Kipple

Horizons gets letters from its readers, just like Kipple. I can't claim that these letters of comment on Horizons are as long as those in Kipple but at least I'm printing them uncut:

Curtis D. Janke: No, it wouldn't of. It didn't work.

L. Russell Chauvenet: O come now! I wrote Legions of Legions mine own self. Wacky Jilliamson, alias Russ Chauvenet.

Anonymous: Sorry, but we're a little late.... (This message is written on the face of a postcardfanzine, Vomlet, arriving December 8, apparently in trade for Horizons, although it was published c.1943 by Ackerman. I'm still waiting to find out if Merritt had finished writing "Justification of Nudes in Fantasy".



## A Dickens of a Beating

For some weeks, I had known that this would not be the routine sort of case. The hospitalization of a Hagerstown boy after he told authorities that his teachers had whipped him had attracted statewide interest. Everyone had agreed that the case would never come to trial in Hagerstown, but efforts to secure its removal didn't succeed. Nevertheless, I wasn't prepared for several of the unusual aspects.

By coincidence, I had read only a few weeks earlier both Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" and a long, advanced criticism of Dickens' novels. The latter had speculated that the author took some deepseated personal satisfaction out of writing flagellation episodes, because they occur prominently in three novels about the growingup years of boys. So here I sat at the reporters' table in the Washington County Courthouse, speculating over the possibility that someone might preserve a clipping of whatever story I was to write about this case, and that a century in the future some distant descendent would run across it and bring up in idle conversation about the sadistic qualities that I possessed to have devoted so much space to such an episode. I'm almost tempted to an all-out attempt to write and sell novels, so I can include the topic and thus have a chance of playing the Dickens to some future scrivener who tries to combine psychoanalysis with literary criticism.

But it's easier to think of the past than of the future in this courtroom, which has seen and heard most of the testimony involving important crime and alleged crime in the Hagerstown area since the 1870's. It is as gaping and poor in acoustics as its construction 90 years ago would indicate. The only way to think of the future in these high-ceilinged, dark-walled surroundings consists of fixing firmly the mind on the fact that only a year or two remain before some changes will be made with the construction of an addition to the courthouse.

The first strange thing that I noticed about the attorneys, witnesses, attendants, principals, and others in the courtroom for this case was the fact that nobody wore a criminal look. I agree to some extent with those who say that there is no such thing as a series of facial characteristics which criminals possess and honest men lack. But the legend of the criminal face is so general and persistent that I think it may have a basis in quite simple fact: the look of fear is mistaken for a criminal look. Some innocent people have that fearful look but almost all criminals wear it constantly, however brave their talk and actions may be, and it is this belief that the criminal is fear-obsessed that seems to me the best reason for staying honest. Nobody in the courtroom looked afraid but there was another expression common to many of those present, that of worry. There was little of the casual whispered conversation during the wait for the circuit court judge that normally proceeds even in trials of serious crime, and this case was after all nothing more awesome than simple assault charges against two school teachers.

The case involved eight-year-old Allen Ruck. He lived with his parents on the very edge but not inside Hagerstown's white slums. He attended the Truth for Youth School, a parochial institution that has received local and national publicity quite out of proportion to its physical size and philosophies. It is essentially the creation and possession of the Rev. Earl Marquiss



who is the only individual in my experience who could have stridden straight out of the Old Testament. Nobody has found the slightest shred of evidence that his convictions and actions are not absolutely sincere or that he has ever been inconsistent in word or deed. He founded a church of his own here perhaps twenty years ago, calling it the Church of God. Almost immediately, he organized a publishing company, the Way of Truth, whose booklets and periodicals achieved an imposing circulation over a wide area and brought in enough money to permit him to purchase his own linotype, press, and engraving equipment. Then he built the Truth for Youth School and this is almost a literal verb: he did a major share of the actual construction of a solidly constructed and not completely unattractive edifice on the western edge of town. It got lots of newspaper space for pioneering in year-around classes, an idea which public school educators have begun to push lately. The Rev. Mr. Marquiss' religion is fundamentalist and then some. It will have nothing to do with interdenominational movements. Much of its literature is devoted to telling all about other religions, with particular emphasis on the theory that there is no hope at all for the Catholics and hardly any more for the Jews. Like so many other one-man denominations, this one has chosen certain Biblical verses apparently at random as its principal tenets. Members are forbidden to allow anyone in the family to receive medical attention for any illness or accident. The church got lots of publicity when three children died as a result of this type of faith in God. The Truth for Youth School has perhaps 200 students, most of whom had difficulties of one kind or another in the public school system.

Raymond and Mrs. Ruck, the boy's parents, were the first witnesses. I suspected with absolutely no cause that they might be distantly related by blood. Both had a protruding forehead and a shambling sort of walk, with a peculiarly slurred speech. The father appeared to be in his late 30's, the mother a few years younger. She was illiterate, testimony showed, and they never got around to asking the father about this matter. The father spoke quite calmly and made a pretty good witness. Allen had failed to come home after school last June 22. Raymond had become worried by 6 p.m., used a neighbor's telephone, and was told by the school that his son had been bad and was being kept after classes. After 7 p.m., he continued, Allen was brought home by two teachers and a panel truck. The teachers had told the father that the boy had been bad, had been paddled, and had been bruised, but would get over it. Allen after the teachers left had refused his supper, an action so unprecedented that his mother got curious. She took one look at the boy's body, the father testified, and called the father. Raymond took a look for himself and called police. A patrolman was the third to look, and in turn called for an ambulance. The boy was hustled to a hospital bed that he didn't leave for a month.

Mrs. Ruck, whose first name was never discovered during the trial, sat in the witnessbox like a boxer coming out for the first round. Her favorite word proved to be "Yeah," emitted with volume and inflections that I had previously believed only Carol Burnett could achieve. She created the first sensation of the trial by producing from her purse a pair of grimy, small and shredded underpants. Her son had worn them the day of the pad-



dling and, she said, had been beaten so hard that the blows had torn the seat of the garment. On cross examination, the course that the defense attorneys intended to sail became mappable for the first time. Mrs. Ruck was asked how she and the father punished the boy when he was bad, and she contended that he was required to go to bed or to sit on a chair. She was prodigiously puzzled by the apparently irrelevant question about whether the boy had ever attended a clinic at the local health department, then denied vigorously any such adventure in his life. She admitted that the child had left public school because the public schools wanted it that way, but denied that it was for misconduct and said some inconsistent things about efforts to get the boy into the special school for retarded children. By the second grade in public school, she said, Allen could write his name but didn't know how to read.

Allen, so small that he was almost invisible in the row of witnesses-to-come, appeared to be perfectly happy when he was giving testimony. Wriggling in sheer ecstasy, he rattled on at a great rate in answer to every question, omitting almost all consonant sounds. Attorneys for both the prosecution and defense took turns interpreting his remarks to one another. Judge D. K. McLaughlin, hearing the trial without a jury, solved several puzzles of testimony that stumped the lawyers. The session was well along when a defense attorney frowned at a sudden thought, whispered to his compatriot, looked calculatingly at the judge, and almost embarrassedly took the first opportunity to point out that nobody had qualified the witness. The state's attorney also looked like the man who has arrived at the Rose Bowl without his tickets, then said that he had designed this line of questioning to achieve that very result. Sure enough, he immediately asked Allen about the difference between right and wrong. Allen offered a definition, which after a conference was discovered to have been: "If I don't tell the truth, I go down below." He was qualified. As for the rest of his testimony, my notes indicate that I was fairly sure that he said these things: "Sister Sarah beat me. Sarah told me to put my head down. I peeked a little but I closed my eyes. Then Sarah took me into another room and told me to sit down. Sarah got the paddle and had me lean over a chair. I had my underwear on, but I took off my overalls. Sometimes they stopped hitting me and prayed." Allen obviously made the defense counsel feel like the sorcerer's apprentice, but he risked some cross examination, which indicated that Allen had kicked so vigorously that his shoes flew off and that the paddle had torn his underwear. "Didn't you tear your underwear yourself, Allen, grabbing back there to stop them from hitting you?" he was asked. "Sure, I did," Allen said cheerfully. I had company by now at my table, in the form of two reporters from the opposition newspaper and one radio newscaster. The radio man almost knocked the three of us onto the floor in a heap as he rushed to the nearest telephone at these three last words, frantic to get the bulletin onto the airwaves instantly. I couldn't repress a feeling that maybe I should suggest to my editor that we should produce an extra on the basis of this dramatic turn of events.

Then came the testimony of the policemen and medical men. They backed up quite thoroughly the Rucks' testimony. The assistant radiologist at the Washington County Hospital had been the



first medical man to see the child. He defined the boy as pale and frightened at the time, but not in a state of shock. The buttocks were already black, he said, but he observed no free blood on the skin. Counsel for the defense began to delve into obscure physical conditions that could cause an individual to react dramatically to quite gentle paddlings. The local physician who had then assumed charge of treatment for Allen came to the stand, and defined his findings at 10:15 p.m. on that night in this way: Allen was walking with a limp, had a black eye, bruises on the right side of the jaw and neck, and massive contusions on both buttocks and the anterior thighs. This physician denied that a paddling could cause the condition, asserting that it would require a severe beating. He too was given a bad time by the defense and delved deep into unused regions of medical school lore for the definition of terms which obviously are quite dusty in normal physicians' practice. Between volleys of long words, I got the general impression that there are physical conditions that could cause a mild blow to appear to have had the effect of a hard one, and that there was no reason to believe that Allen possessed such a condition.

My thoughts returned to Dotheboys Hall. I imagine that nearly every person in the room had expressed at one time or another the belief that today's schools don't make the kids behave as they should, that kids would learn more rapidly if they got a walloping from the teacher once in a while, and here we had a situation based on just such a practice. And I didn't know whom to believe. Even before God entered the testimony, it was pretty obvious that there must be a modicum of faith in the verdict. There was no way to be certain that Allen's father hadn't become angry when he learned of his son's misbehaviour in school and given him a walloping after the teachers brought him home. But the last state witness was a neighbor of the Ruck family who said she had never had any reason to believe that either parent used violence to punish the boy.

Judge McLaughlin hastily turned down a motion by the defense for a directed verdict of acquittal, and the defense called a public health nurse who presented a document to the jurist. He didn't understand why he should accept it, on the ground that it didn't apply to the case, then admitted it after a conference with the attorneys, and the plot thickened. Alice Marquiss, some kind of relation of the Rev. Mr. Marquiss, was called as the principal of the Truth for Youth School, but we got no sensation from her, merely a dry outline of the dates involved in the boy's admission to her school and his scholastic record. However, it became increasingly obvious that everyone was having a hard time pronouncing the name of the school.

Sister Sarah became a witness. She reminded me of a statue of Buddha, in general configurations and expression. It became obvious that "sister" was used in an affectionate sense in this church and school, not because the denomination had been infiltrated with convent traditions. She said that Allen had been disobedient repeatedly, that the faculty had had some success in making him understand the need to behave, and that the climactic paddling was the outgrowth of his alleged theft of another student's crayons. Nancy Gregory, a first grade teacher, had referred this latest episode to Sarah. Sarah said: "I took him to the supply room and talked with him about what he'd done. I told him it would be necessary to paddle him, but I told him I



loved him. And I do love him. He had an understanding then of why we paddled him. We don't paddle hard or fast. The Lord helped me. I prayed with Allen, because it was my responsibility to help Allen and see that he must obey. I wasn't angry. He kicked and jumped off the chair. When he was kicking Sister Nancy, I asked her to keep his feet still. But we didn't hold him down. I didn't see any black eye. After the punishment was administered and Allen and I had prayed, Allen was a happy little boy. He didn't cry. Allen hugged me before we left the supply room."

But the state's attorney brought out more testimony to show that it wasn't quite as simple as it sounded. Sister Sarah now admitted that after she was successful in getting Allen to "submit" to her, it was necessary for Sister Nancy to paddle him. Furthermore, Allen had screamed at this news, until he was told that the punishment couldn't be completed while he screamed. It also became clear that there had been more traveling involved than direct examination had indicated. Allen had been taken after Sarah's paddling back into the classroom, where "he had his head down for quite a while." He was paddled a second time back in the supply room after this, and it took so long to persuade him to "submit" to Sister Nancy that it was after 6 p.m. when the second paddling was completed.

Judge McLaughlin was as puzzled as the rest of us over this "submission" term. It took several barrages of questions before he finally got Sarah to explain its nature. She explained that the school does not punish any child until he has "submitted" by recognizing his wrongdoing and making full avowal of his regret over it. After that the punishment is administered. The submission and punishment must be repeated for each teacher who has been disobeyed. The judge asked her if God told her to beat the boy and she said that he did, and that she had obeyed the written word of God. Judge McLaughlin wanted to know where God is quoted as directing a retarded child to be beaten and she immediately cited the location as in Proverbs.

Nancy Gregory was a total contrast to Sarah: young, thin, almost pretty, but equally serene and passive as a witness. She readily admitted that they would have spent the entire night with the boy, if he had declined to submit for hours and hours. Asked by the judge what would have been the result if Allen had been so bold as to disobey five teachers on that day, Sister Nancy replied: "It would depend on what they said in the office," and we got a firm impression that it would have been five submissions and five paddlings.

Nancy said she was 19, had completed high school when she became a teacher in January, 1961, and had attended one summer term at a nearby West Virginia state teachers' college. She had also been trained at her church college. This church college turned out to be located in the same building as the Truth for Youth School, and its sole faculty member was apparently Alice Marquiss. Sarah had also graduated from high school and had attended Hagerstown Junior College for one year.

Bobbing up like Banquo's ghost throughout the trial was a photograph of the boy, taken that night by a city police detective. A physician called it an accurate illustration of the appearance of the flesh. Nancy said that the bruises didn't look like that when they had finished with the boy. The detective in-



dignantly denied that he had used a filter over his lens.

Then came the most difficult moment of the afternoon. The defense called Mrs. Ruck back to the stand and she flatly refused to go back, protesting that she'd signed up for only one appearance. She began shouting for her husband to substitute for her and he darted out of the courtroom with a hasty remark about the toilet. Judge McLaughlin raised his voice, Mrs. Ruck calmed down instantly, and immediately became the target of more Health Department queries. She denied that the boy had ever gone to a clinic there, that she had ever told anyone that Mr. Ruck beat the boy, and that she had ever talked to one specific nurse at the Health Department. Whereupon a slight rent appeared in the veil of mystery over that public health document. It was quoted as stating that the father beat the boy and then made him go to bed "all the time". (One week after the newspaper story on the trial was published, this nurse stormed into the newspaper office, denied that any portion of the document had been revealed at the trial, and further claimed that she hadn't written it and that all such Health Department records are confidential. She demanded a full retraction and didn't get it, on the grounds that my hearing isn't that bad and that she would have exploded immediately, not a week later, if she had any more basis for her complaint than a nasty letter from someone higher up.)

All that remained now was the set of concluding arguments. I didn't bother to take many notes on them, because the attorneys seemed quite discouraged and revolted by the entire matter, on both sides. The assistant state's attorney called it a "medieval and barbarous punishment" and the defense repeated its warning that the boy may have received the severe beating at home, not in school. While summing up, the state's attorney suggested and got the removal of the youngster from the courtroom.

I've always considered the law and its processes to be the most unsatisfactory and useless activity in which civilized men engage. However, the game has its rules, and if these are assumed to be logical, there was one glaring omission in the day's testimony. Why hadn't the prosecution asked the question that popped into my mind quite early: If the boy wasn't badly hurt by his beating at the school, why did the two teachers give him a ride to his home in a motor vehicle and accompany him, instead of letting him walk the six or seven blocks as he did every day? I suppose it was just overlooked.

"Of course, you're guilty of assault," Judge McLaughlin told the two teachers. "The whole issue is whether the beatings were beyond any reasonableness and moderation. I can't by any stretch of the imagination think that the father of the boy administered this. But I think there must be some medical reason for the excessive bruises. I've never seen anything like this photograph. It looks as if it were painted with a toothbrush.

"You can't take a retarded child and treat it like boring a hole in his head and pouring something in through a funnel," the jurist continued. "Most educators would say you aren't qualified to teach this type of child. Ask yourselves: is it reasonable to punish this child as you did? You can think. Start thinking for yourselves, not just along the lines of what you read in a Truth for Youth book. A school like this shouldn't continue to exist under the present tenets and principles as to punishment. The State Board of Education should investigate and find out. I know this school has done a lot of good. Your Church of God does many



wonderful things. I've had occasion to use the facilities of the school. But you'll never subscribe to the belief that a child must have medical care. I think the court of appeals has said you must give medical care. I'm sure they would also rule this type of punishment excessive. Actually, this is just a continuation of another unfortunate case before this court because of these religious beliefs.

"I commend these defendants for their honesty and sincerity. But you gave excessive punishment to a retarded boy. It's a religion on trial, not you two poor unfortunates. The people who teach you these things, we can't touch. They can't be reached by the court."

The benches for the public had been crowded all afternoon long. The crowd had been almost unnaturally quiet. Twice I heard a low "amen" to some remark by one of the teachers. It was impossible to decide whether it was intended ironically or devoutly. Now the men and women, mostly dressed in lower middle class clothing, filed out noiselessly. I waited for Judge McLaughlin to get out of his robe, so I could check my notes on his remarks. In his chambers, he looked very tired and he still had the worry on his face that had been endemic throughout the courtroom. "I don't know what the hell I was saying up there, Harry," he told me, and eagerly scanned my scribbling. We agreed to strike out one sentence which didn't make sense as I had written it down, after he was unable to determine what he might have meant. He added a few words to another sentence that I may have missed or that he may have forgotten to say. "Touch up the grammar a little and it'll do," he said, handing back the wrong-size teletype paper that I use for note-taking because the Associated Press forgot in one shipment that we'd switched to a different model teletype. Judge McLaughlin, who is a pretty good person, then said off the record some other things that I would love to quote here. But someone in FAPA might go jennings, mail his copy to the jurist, and get me into contempt trouble.

The AP gave a long story to the case on its Maryland wire and about 350 words on its national wire, then forgot to pay me for turning it in. The state superintendent of schools issued the next day a statement that he didn't have legal authority to investigate a parochial school unless given formal instructions to that effect by the judge. Judge McLaughlin promptly replied that this is a situation on which the grand jury, not the circuit court judge, should issue a recommendation. The state senator from Washington County immediately proclaimed his intention to try to tighten up public school control over parochial schools in the 1963 session of the state legislature; the state seemed to have only the right to ascertain that children enrolled in these schools attended with reasonable regularity. Just the other day, the state attorney general's office ruled that an investigation is possible and proper under existing state law.

The counsel for the teachers soon asked for a new trial, and had no success whatsoever. The Assemblies of God denomination, quite strong in this area, issued an interminable series of explanations that it has no connection with this Marquiss denomination and was in the habit of calling its congregations the Church of God for many decades. Sentence was deferred on the two teachers for so long that I nearly forgot the whole thing. Then just the other day I learned that the teachers are undergoing psychiatric examination. Maybe they'll escape paying \$50 apiece after all.



## History in the Making

Things are just about ready to happen in my fan history project. Oldtimers in fandom may remember that in mid-1960, I decided to try my hand at fan history writing. Note-taking has been going on since then, except for the slight difficulties caused by a broken hip, job changes, a death in the immediate family, some vacations, two Philcons, Ella Parker, and an occasional headache. By the final days of 1962, I shall have put onto paper the first pages of the project. The writing will begin with events and people on whom I feel that my data is quite adequate. Later I'll get around to the sections on which I have not yet completed note-taking. Norm Metcalf assures me that he will be able to start publishing the work in instalments as soon as I get some manuscript to him. Presumably, this will be in issues of New Frontiers.

Sensible friends have advised me not to start writing until I've finished collecting information, or to start writing from the first chapter and go straight through to the end. Maybe I'm doing it the wrong way. But I feel that I could suffer serious loss of interest in the whole shebang if I don't get some results pretty soon, and information on some of the earlier events and people may be the last to undergo capture. There is also the wisdom of proving to fandom that all this isn't a hoax. There have been some rumblings to the effect that nobody could possibly spend all this time in preliminary work.

Of necessity, the remainder of this article will be a bore to read straight through. I don't know how much of a change this may be from the usual contents of Horizons, but it would be helpful if you plow all the way through to the finish. What follows will be a catalog-like recital of information that I need, publications whose loan I would like to obtain, and other methods by which some of you could help one specific fellow man. I'm going to leaf right through my notebooks, listing my needs as I encounter them, with no pretense to a nicely rounded literary presentation, and certainly no change of paragraph for each change of subject. Don't be discouraged by the length of this list: honest and truly, I could draw up a considerably longer and more impressive list if I were to preview the things that are already tucked away in these notebooks. If you can provide information I need by delving into memories or convenient files, please help out the fan history's accuracy and completeness by doing so without further ceremony or invitation, in a letter or on tape or by coming to Hagerstown if the facts are incapable of going through the mails. If you are willing to lend me things I need, please drop me a note to tell me of that willingness before you send anything: this will avoid duplicated shipments. I'll pay postage and insurance both ways on anything I borrow. So here we go:

Forrest J Ackerman: Does anyone know if he did take a pioneer fan-visiting trip across the country in the early 1930's? African fandom: There was a fan club in Nigeria in the early 1950's. I need details on this and any other African fan clubs. Airplanes: What is the current status of the lawsuits growing out of the famous charter flight? Any recent actions in the past year or two? Almost fans: What connections with fandom had Different, Lilith Lorraine's literary quarterly? I need a summary of the history of Oz fandom and its present scope. Did Henry Morgan ever do anything in fandom aside from his article



in The Big O? Is there any basis other than publicity stunt efforts for believing that John Payne, Rita Hayworth, John Barrymore, Jr., Orson Welles, and Polly Bergen have genuine interest in sf. and fandom? Amateur journalism: I need the loan of the history of mundane ayjays that the Fossils, I think, published some years back, plus other firm facts on pre-1900 ayjay activity. Amazing Stories: I don't have the majority of the issues containing the Phillips column. Who can find time to summarize their big moments, special crises, and other data of importance? What was Phillips' background? Karen Anderson: Was the first issue of her fanzine #770 or #771? Art: I want a list of fan and semi-pro productions of calendars and portfolios in the late 1940's and early 1950's. I think I've spotted the recent and really old ones. Asimov: I've found no basis for the repeated claim that he's a former fan. Is there? Atlanta fandom: A summary, please, from 1952 onward. Australian fandom: I have too much information about the 1930's and 1940's, comparatively little about the 1950's. Historical articles in fanzines and any checklists of fanzines produced down there in the past decade would be a big help. Avalon Company: Did it do anything after the Keller volume?

Baltimore fandom: I think that the Baltimore SFL chapter did little but there was some activity in the early 1950's about which I know little. Banister, Manly: Who will entrust me with a set of his fanzine for a brief time? Barlow, R. H.: Were there more than two issues of Leaves with fantasy interest? Did he publish anything similar under other titles? What happened to him? Barrett, Dr. C. L.: Specific figures on the size of his collection. Belfast fandom: Is anything known of Hugh Carswell who is supposed to have had a chapter of the SFL going there in the middle 1930's? Belgium fandom: I know only the names of the first two leaders, Ben Abas and Nic Oosterbaan, and need facts. Anything happening since Jansen disappeared and is it safe now for someone to tell me why he disappeared? Bizarre Series: Did any booklets after the third appear? Boskone: I need a list of when and where they were held. I don't know if I've spotted them all and am unable to place in time one report on the one staged on a Feb. 22. Bratton, Don: Did his fantasy catalog survive his personality changes? How far did he get on it? British Amateur Science-Fiction Foundation: What success and what happened? British Science Fiction Association: I could use a look at a complete set of the official organ. Brooklyn Fufen: Who besides Milt Lesser were active and how long did it last? Buffalo Book Company: I need a summary of its history, and the same holds good for virtually all the semi-pro publishing companies; I don't know yet how much space will be available in the history for such semi-fannish endeavors. Burke, J. F.: A couple of paragraphs about his pro career after he left fandom. Burroughs fandom: A history of its leaders, publications, activities. Canadian fandom: I missed most of its outburst in the early 1950's and need facts, copies of publications if possible although I have Light and Canfan. Carlson, K. M.: Issues of his publications after c.1947 would help me know more about both the personal phenomenon and the relative values of collectors' items. Carr, Joan: A precis of exactly what she published, and a potted biography. Chicago fandom: I'm in good shape up through the middle of the 1940's, need much information on clubs and personalities after that, have naturally the facts in G<sup>2</sup> and Chicon data. Christian



Amateur Press Association: Who were active besides the Coslets, was there more than one mailing, and was it all theology or some fan and fantasy stuff? Cincinnati fandom: What's Darrell Richardson doing now? Clarke, Arthur C.: I could use a biblio of his books and particularly important short stories. Cleveland fandom: Only the period from 1950 to 1955 seems well documented. Did anything happen before or after that span? Collecting fandom: I didn't get the last couple of years of Fantasy Advertiser and could use some of the prices and names therein. Does anyone know if The Outsider and Others actually sold for \$100 a copy? (Everyone agrees that it did, nobody can cite an instance to me.) I need information on C.A. Brandt to supplement the Skyhook article. Did Malcolm Ferguson do anything in American fandom after World War II? College fandoms: Besides Cal Tech, Miami University, University of Chicago, Penn State, MIT, City College of New York, and UCLA, what institutions have had fan groups or collecting fever? Comic book fandom: I've failed to find any professional source of exact statistics on the rise and fall of comic books. I could use fanzine articles with hard facts, but I have most of those published in general fandom in the past two or three years and don't know what may have appeared in the EC fan publications and other related subfandoms. Conventions: I have lots of material on most of them, with a few exceptions to be noted elsewhere in this wilderness. But I could use the basics that con reports usually omit, like the names of committees, the exact order in which things were programmed, full names and capacities of non-stfdom speakers. Program books and memory books would be useful. Cook, W. Paul: I think I can find his publications in Philadelphia but I could use anecdotes and biographical data. Correspondence: If you have any significant letters from fans or pros that tell things not published or generally known, I love to read other people's mail. Cosmos Club: How long did it last? Cry: I started getting it early in 1960, I think. I might find useful stuff in earlier issues. Cult: A full-scale history from some brave soul, please. Daugherty, W. J.: What jobs did he hold after quitting active fandom and what new interests occupied him? Dime novel fandom: Publications of Frank T. Fries are sorely needed. Disclave: A list of exact dates, places, approximate attendance, special features each year. I have some of the poop but I'm too lazy to sort out the notes and find just which ones I need. Duplicators: Who invented the hectograph and when? Exactly what was the letterpress that made one duplicate of documents in the 19th century? Dutch fandom: I need to know almost everything about it. ESFA: My notes are spasmodic. If someone can supply most of the facts, let me know first so I can explain what I already have. Erickson, Eric: Did he recover? Eugene fandom: What was the full lifespan of the Eugene Science Fantasy Artisans? Evans, E.E.: Who has documentary evidence about his trip to Michigan State? Fanarchon: This is absurd, but I know practically everything except when and where it was held. Faan fiction: Was "The Ship from the Past" in June, 1934, Fantasy Magazine the first genuine fiction about fans (not counting satirical stuff)? Fan history: Where is Eldon K. Everett, formerly of Tacoma, Wash.? He has a halfdozen precious historical documents about fan history. A letter to his Tacoma address came back home, marked gone without a forwarding address. Fanquet: Here again, I need a list of the exact dates, locations, and honorees. Fans are slans: More ex-



amples of indubitable mental achievements by fans. Samples of what I mean: Chauvenet's state chess championship, Kenneth Sterling's prozine sale when he was 13, Peter Hartman's placing in top 300 nationally in Westinghouse science talent search. The Fanscient: I own only a couple of issues and they indicate that the others would be a treasuretrove of information. The Fanta-site: Within one issue was a "mimeofoto" by Dollens; after all these years, can I find out if this was an invention by him of later photostencil techniques, or just a careful piece of rubbing over an engraving? Fantasy Artisans: I need its history, and it's past time for a new paragraph.

Fantasy Art Society: Did it do anything except publish a calendar in 1953? The Fantasy Fan: I'll lump here Science Fiction Digest, Time Traveler, and Fantasy Magazine with this title as important fanzines of which I own only scattered issues. They are too rare and valuable for me to care to risk borrowing by mail. If anyone could arrange for personal hand-to-hand loan, I would rejoice. Fantasy Foundation: Has anyone seen visual evidence to substantiate Ackerman's claim that he has kept donations to it separate from his own stuff all these years? Fantasy Press: Another borderline project, but I'd like a list of all its titles with release dates, at least. Same holds good for Fantasy Publishing Company. Fantasy Writers of America: Did it have more than paper existence? Fanzines: I'd like to compare numbers of titles and issues in recent years with those of the past. Tucker and some yearbooks documented the 1940's pretty well. Did anyone keep count more recently? Was Smithereen the smallest in history? Who published the Kleenex issue of A Fanzine for N. G. Wansborough in SAPS? Feghootisms: Did they grow directly from the "How It Began" series in Burblings? Feminine fans: Was Frances Fairchild the first who didn't sneak in as a girlfriend, wife or sister? Did Virginia Blish publish anything when she was just a Kidd? I need all the facts about Femizine. What did the first generation Curtises do in fandom? Was Judy Zissman active anywhere in fandom except VAPA before she turned pro? Filthy pros: Were Palmer's raids on his old fiction in Science Fiction Digest the earliest fanzine fiction to get reprinted professionally? (First, that is, by date of original appearance, not by date of professional incarnation.) Flying saucer fandom: Who has a strong stomach and can give me essential data on it and any interlocking it may have had with real fandom? French fandom: I need a good-sized history of this, too. My notes are full on some events, lacking on many others. I want lists of clubs, when they flourished, officers; outlines of activities by leading fans other than the Linards; details on Cellules Grises; how the SFClub de Paris got along after large gatherings were banned; the main facts on French prozines and reprint book series. Friscon: This is one of the world conventions on which I need more anecdotes, speech summaries, and whatever else may be interesting. Frontier Society: Did it ever disband officially? Futurian War Digest: Did anyone ever try out the ground rice recipes in which every copy came wrapped, year after year? Gafiation: Was Unger the first resurrection from it, when he resumed fanning in 1939? Galactic Amateur Press Association: Damn Coslet, and did it ever get out a mailing? Geis, Richard E.: Psychotic is another information source of which I have few issues. German fandom: I've made a pitch through Sol to get help with this; it's going to outstrip American fandom, at the rate it's growing. How



can I reach Julian Parr to get his own account of its creation? Gnome Press: Same as the other semi-pro houses, although this one is hardly semi these days. Gods: Who revealed Ignatz and how did this individual see those unobtainable Krazy Kat cartoons? Grecian fandom: I know there was an Athenian Science Fiction Club that began in 1952, lasted for at least two or three years, want to know more. Hadley, Tom: There are so many fascinating legends among my notes about him that I might as well ask for some more. Hanson, Earle Barr: Is he still alive, what happened to his fine collection? Harryhausen, Ray: I want details on his success story. Hoaxes: Who was the New York fan who offered non-existing stuff for sale in the May, 1931, Astounding? Honig, Harry: What happened? Hugos: I don't have vote counts, just winners. Are the former available? Illwescon: The event in 1958 I know about; was it unique or one of a series? Indiana fandom: Was there a formal organization in the state from the mid-'40's until meetings started in 1950 in Indianapolis? Who can give me details on clubs and activities in the state over the past decade? International fantasy awards: Did these grow out of the Ray van Houten Committee of Awards that he pushed in 1948? If not, when did his project get killed? ISFCC: A brief factual history from someone is advisable, because I don't believe a word of all the notes I have about it. Israel fandom: There were clubs in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa a decade ago. Who knows more? Italian fandom: Has there ever been one? There were prizes there. Junior Bems: Did it last after its hatching summer of 1946? Was the Junior International Science Fiction Club a sequel the next year? Koenig, H.C.: When did he die, was his collection rescued? Korean fandom: Was Suck Jo Hahn part of a fandom or just one isolated individual? Ladd, Thyril: He would be in his 60's if he's still alive, and is he still collecting? Loney: I haven't completed my list of his wives, their full maiden names, and dates of rites and divorce or death. Where are his children now? Lawsuits: What was the specific verdict or settlement in Wollheim vs. Gernsback? Was the action against Felix Lothar Goldstein ever in the courts? And let us indent.

Letter substitutes: Was Magnus the first in the field? Literature, Science and Hobbies Club: Has anyone heard of any Decker Dillies since VJ Day? Little Monsters of America: I need to know all. Los Angeles fandom: Exact addresses and dates of meeting places over the years would save a lot of calculating probabilities of whether I've missed any. Was the existence of that other fandom in LA that refused to make its location and membership known to the eccentrics ever confirmed? Lunacon: I have information on all but the first of them. Massachusetts fandom: Who will fill me in on the Science and Fiction Critics Club? Charles McNutt: Was this Charles Nutt and which was the correct name before it became Beaumont? Metrocon: I have nine lines on it and suspect there should be much more. Michel, John: What did he do for living and hobbies after drifting away from fandom? Did his marriage in 1946 take? Midwescon: Is there a t in the name? I'm confused on what connection if any they may have had with the old Michicons which occasionally used the same name. I need facts about the first two and the one in 1958. Minneapolis fandom: Redd, if you completed that history and could let me preview the unpublished portion.... Moomaw, Kent: Was there specific evidence to show that he wasn't murdered? Suicide verdicts are the best time-savers for busy coroners. Mo-



rojo: Is she ever visible these days, when did she sever her last connections with fandom? Movies: Precisely what were the completed works of MaD Productions? Did the Denver production of The Metal Monster ever include actual filming? NFFF: My notes are copious up to near the end of the 1940's, scanty after that. There was a history of the group published recently, which might help. So would copies of The National Fantasy Fan and whatever they call that correspondence magazine. Negroes: Did Russ Willison exist and play a part in early Chicago fandom? I can't be sure if D.B.Thompson was writing facts or faan fiction. Newarkon: The one in 1946 was supposed to be second in a series. When was the first and what happened? Newszines: I could use a good look at Taurasi's last ten years or so and Skyrack. New York fandom: There's a gap from about 1950 to 1956 when either there wasn't any or I haven't found the facts for my notebooks. Who can help without stirring up engrams? Nolacon: Something tells me that I still don't know everything about 770. I've researched the bed that attacked Ed Walters, the parade, the intermission around 3:30 a.m., the deluge that followed, and I have a rough idea of the order in which furniture collapsed. Now tell me some exciting things. Norwegian fandom: Very few notes, much information needed. Nydahl, Joel: I have no copies of Vega and they might help. Ohio fandom: Did the Ohio Fantasy Association do anything except elect officers in 1951? OMPA: If someone has compiled lists of officers, mailing sizes, outstanding publications, changes in rules, and suchlike, that's fine. I have only a few scattered mailings to go by. Operation Fantast: Urgent and top priority request for its handbooks, except the third, and any of the more frequent publications. Order of St. Fanthony: Its origins and earliest activities are obscure. Palmer, Ray: I haven't kept up with his professional projects since he left Ziff-Davis. Who can fill me in with dates and succinct descriptions of what happened where? Peon: I need the last half of its issues. Philcon: Anyone who has kept a list of when and where each was held would enable me to determine if I've missed any. This refers, of course, to the annual regional con. There were allegedly only three reports published on Philcon II in 1953, the world convention, and this is by a wide margin the convention least represented in my notes. If it was a hoax, please tell me so and save me further trouble. Pittsburgh fandom: Who headed and how were named the three clubs before the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association began in 1951? What's been the history of organized Pittsburgh fandom since then? Portuguese fandom: I plan to write to folks over there, but maybe there's information about it in this nation too. Prices: My problem is to find a collection or two that was large and sold intact, and what it brought. Prime Press: You know by now my needs for information on the semi-pro houses. Project Art Show: I think I have the lists of winners, but it wouldn't hurt to check with headquarters to make sure. Project Fan Club: Apparently it lasted a little while. Who can remember what it did? Prozines: I have the number of titles and total issues annually through 1950. Has the data been kept since then? Recording fandom: I had no luck with a related appeal several issues ago. To repeat, I could use tapes with material that might prove useful, particularly key convention speeches that weren't published in fanzines. Russell, Eric Frank: What fan contacts did he make on that long-ago trip to the United States in c.1937?



San Francisco fandom: I have more stuff on its personalities than on the history of its organizations. Rouse those memories, please. I could use an inspection of Rhodomagnetic Digest. Science Fantasy Writers of America: It folded, I assume, before it began? Science Fiction Anonymous: Another possible joke that bothers me. Searles, P. J.: I read somewhere that he's dead and can't find the reference. Facts on his collection would be good to have. Shasta Publishers: What appeared, when, and was it always Reinsberg, Korshak and Dikty? Shaverism: Where is Richard now? Singleton, Earl: Any recent word from him? Slang: A catchall heading for my purposes. Did anyone pin down the first use of fanzine and was it done by Chauvenet, Sienkiewicz, or whom? Was "pure fantasy" a term used before Wollheim wrote of it in 1935? Any use of egoboo before Laney in 1947? Who wrote first fijagh? Which story in Astounding was burlesqued in "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan"? It's supposed to have been in mid-'40's, possibly by Jameson. Society for the Advancement of Science Fiction in America: I need a history of it, under this and other names. South American Fandom: Is there any outside Argentina? Southeastern Science Fiction Conference: I know only about the one in 1956, second of a series. Southwesterncon: Were there any before 1958 aside from those in Oklahoma? SAPS: See OMPA note, although I'm better supplied with complete and partial mailings in this case and have page counts for many mailings. Staplecon: Was there more than one? Stforum: I know it was mostly pro, but did it get past its fifth meeting? Subfandoms: Who knows the history of the American Jules Verne Society, probably founded in 1937 or thereabouts? Or the Societe Francaise de Jules Verne? Suicides: Were there any in early fandom besides Joe Hatch and David R. Daniels that were hushed up? Superman: Did the name or a character with similar powers appear in the Siegel-Shuster fanzines? Sykora, William S.: What has he been doing in recent years? Anything fannish? TAFF: I can't find the official results for the first couple campaigns. Nor the rules for the first, if they were specific. Twerpcon: It was just a handful of fans, wasn't it? Universal Musketeers: Probably not as impressive as it sounds, but I'd like to find out how long it lasted. Urfandom: Has anything new turned up about the legendary Science Fiction Association at Middlesex that may have produced a genuine fanzine as early as 1927? Welsh fandom: What did it publish or do after Lens appeared in 1942? Washington fandom: There's a gap of about five years prior to formation of WSFS which I'd like to fill in. Weinstein, Al: Any truth to the rumor that it was a girl, Alice genannt? Westercon: What was this Chesley Donovan Foundation that sponsored it several times? Did the group do anything else and who were the mainsprings?

Wisconsin fandom: Don't say I forgot to give white space on this page. Are the Milwaukee Fictioneers still? If so, what has happened around them lately? World Science Fiction Society: Has any action been taken to decorporate? If not, how long will it exist under New York State law? Xeno: Was it a fan or a pro discovery? Yandro: I'd like to borrow issues before mid-1962. Yerke, T. Bruce: There isn't any hope for a miraculous discovery of a ms. with the rest of Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan, I assume. Youd, C.S.: Same as for Clarke. Young Fandom: I gather that it didn't last very long, but my final notes are based on a period only four months after its formation, and that seems entirely too shortlived.



## Confessions of a Lowbrow

My reluctance to have custom-fitting performed on this emaciated frame causes me to lack a decent sackcloth, and ashes have been unobtainable at this address since the conversion to an oil-burning furnace in 1960. Consequently, when the time comes to mortify my alarmingly slight supply of flesh in this Lenten season, I feel my only recourse is to confess to fandom what a bourgeois, conformed, dangerous character I am. This is intended as the first of a series even though I don't expect another Lent to come around in time for the next FAPA mailing.

Late in 1961, I admitted to several carefully chosen fans who are discreet about gossip that I had joined the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club. A couple of my confidants passed it over in meaningful silence. The others scared me badly with detailed accounts of the atrocities that this organization had inflicted upon their acquaintances. But I was in, and it was too late to do anything about it. I did it because my defences against skillful advertising campaigns were breached temporarily by a barrage of free book offers. Now, slightly more than a year later, I'm not at all unhappy that I joined the thing.

By the time you read this, of course, I may find myself in some awful mess because a computer card got torn and caused me to receive three hundred copies of the latest Frances Parkinson Keyes novel. But I have begun to hope that I shall escape such ultimate tortures, because apparently I've come through the other side after an experience that everyone assures me always starts a mess. The organization operates under a one-purchase-monthly system, at least until you complain that you don't want to buy so many books. The booklet describing currently available selections, a computer card that shows your current debt and provides space for an order, and a sheaf of special offers from related clubs and specialty publishers, all of these things are tucked into the parcel containing the latest book you ordered. Three months ago, kismet pounced. My book arrived in good shape, there was my perforated card with the latest financial facts of reading life, but no booklet. I had no intention of ordering by mere title either of the two featured selections for the month, because these almost invariably are trash designed for frustrated women. I knew that I had to decide between one of two alternatives: send back the whole parcel with "deceased" written in a shaky hand on the outside wrappings, or try to make them understand what had really happened. I chose the less likely course, the latter. Nothing happened for weeks. When the suspense was backbreaking, I got the last book I'd ordered, the next month's bulletin, a tabulating card—everything, as if nothing had happened, except one disturbing difference. The card bore a typed message: "Full charges will appear next month." I stopped spending money, knowing that I might need a large balance in my checking account, and placed an order. A month later, the bulletin and card and campfollowing advertisements arrived in an envelope and my latest book in a parcel. I suppose they just decided that I am unable to extract a book and a leaflet from the same parcel and intend to send them separately. This disgrace is easy to bear, in comparison with all the awful possibilities that could have happened.

I must point out that you shouldn't believe the name of the book-merchanting plan. You need a good magnifying glass and direct sunshine to find in the bulletin the selections offered at



one buck per throw. Most prices run from \$1.49 to \$2.49. Occasionally a really fat picture book costing even more is advertised. You must pay postage on the books you purchase but no tax.

The objections to the scheme are evident as soon as you begin to think about it. Most of the titles offered here can be purchased as paperbacks at an average of one-third to one-half the cost of these hardbacks. There are months when it's hard to find anything to interest you, if your tastes are remotely like mine. The books always arrive when you're in the middle of reading three other books, and you're caught between the desire to plunge in immediately and the propriety of finishing the half-read volumes first. But I've found that things aren't as bad as all that. By ordering omnibus volumes most of the time, I have found the price differential to be cut sharply. The slightly higher cost that remains is compensated by the convenience of having several works by the same writer or on related topics between one pair of covers. I suspect that there is also some space saving, although I haven't made a scientific investigation into such solid geometrics. When I leaf through a bulletin without finding anything that I want, I simply order something that would suit as a gift for a friend's next birthday or Christmas. This has saved considerable dismantling of my emotions and cogitations during the recent Advent. A final advantage of this sort of forced literary feeding is that it has interrupted my alarming tendency to read in recent years little fiction other than 19th century novels.

A good example of reading that I might never have accomplished without this book-buying imperative came in "Mountain Standard Time", the title under which three novels by Paul Horgan are published in one volume for this book club. I almost didn't order the book, because of the dreadful blurb in the bulletin and the picture of the ugly man shooting the golden-haired boy down from a treetop. But the book really does contain one superb novel, "Main Line West", and two pretty good ones, "Far from Cibola" and "The Common Heart". I don't know how accurate these books are as westerns--that is, stories about the people and cities and countryside of the West of the past half-century. But I know when a writer can make fictional characters stride right out of the lines of type and parade through the reader's mind and stick in his thoughts while he's trying to fall asleep or engaged in a dull conversation. I would particularly commend "Main Line West" to Walter Breen as an object lesson of a complete boy in fiction, in contrast to the selected emotions and activities which Ray Bradbury tries to pass off as a complete boy in "Dandelion Wine". Maybe Sinclair Lewis would have written novels like this if he hadn't been more fond of showing off than of creating literature.

Another exceptionally good buy was the three-decker entitled "Young Hornblower". I suspect that not all of this fiction can be bought in paperback form in this country, and I know that I want the stories where I can grab them in a moment, not in the unfindable depths of cartons full of sloppy paperbacks. The dustjacket lies when it blares "Three Complete Novels by C. S. Forester" because the first work, entitled "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower", is a collection of short stories dealing with the earlier phases of the sailor's career. But "Lieutenant Hornblower" and "Hornblower and the Atropos" are genuine novels that are only



slightly less masterful than the later, more famous novels that I read first in Argosy, later in book form, and finally purchased in the paperback omnibus. To the best of my knowledge, no fanzine has ever pointed out that the Hornblower novels are fantasy in every sense except the specific one. Forester does not say that a man from the middle of the 20th century was transported 150 years into the past and spent his life through some time machine or devilish intervention as a seafarer. But there is no reasonable doubt that Hornblower is the modern man attempting to survive in an uncongenial world whose habits, beliefs and society are quite unsatisfactory. There may have been a few men in that day's Britain who possessed various combinations of skepticism, accurate self-appraisal, empirical methods, concern for the lot of the common man, and the other virtues which Forester gives his famous character. But I can't think of any famous man who had them all and I'm sure that if any obscure man had possessed this combination, he would have been as immediately sensationalized as Dr. Faustus. I wish that I could find a story about time travel that could impress the reader half as well with the changes in outlook that a half-dozen generations can create.

I hesitated at length when preparing this confession over a delicate matter: should I leave out the most striking example of my degradation, or should I tell all? Truth has triumphed over common sense. One of my purchases has been a book containing two novels by A. J. Cronin. I had read nothing by him for some 15 years, when I plowed through "The Keys of the Kingdom" under personal circumstances so trying that I can't remember anything about it today. But I think there's pretty good writing in "The Green Years" and "Shannon's Way". Cronin isn't responsible directly for what the movies and television have done to his favorite theme of the struggling young doctor. His novels have a bothersome tendency to make the reader think that Dickens would have handled this character or that stage setting in a more ingenious manner. But it's something for any modern book to create such speculation; so many of today's novels would quite obviously have been given nothing more than a passing thought by Dickens and rejected as possessing neither characters worth writing about nor events distinctive enough to expect a reader to follow.

My sense of Argosy, reawakened briefly by the recent success in the filming of "The Mysterious Island", got another stirring up when I plowed through a real bargain, a collection of five spy novels. It contains works by E. Phillips Oppenheim, John Buchan, Eric Ambler, Martha Albrand, and Manning Coles. The spy novel is more satisfying than the murder mystery to me, in many respects. Theological considerations always lurk around the edge of my awareness when I read the latter: I don't believe in forgiveness of sins, revenge seems quite pointless to me when I'm not personally involved and too angry to act reasonably, and so I can't help wondering what's the use, all the time I'm trying to figure out who was guilty; what useful purpose has been served in bringing the identity of the murderer to light? The spy novel normally deals with living people instead of centering around a deceased one, it is frequently quite obvious that the world will be a much better or worse place if the spy does or does not accomplish his mission, and the reader is



often presented with detection mysteries much more varied in nature and purpose than the standard whodunit, which is basically the locking-up job after the horse has been stolen. I did buy one collection of standard mysteries, three by Agatha Christie under the title "Murder Preferred", and my lukewarmness toward this type of fiction can hardly be ascribed to a feeling of stupidity while reading, because I identified the murderer and his method quite early in two of the three novels.

I might add that there is a secondary attraction to the Doubleday system of separating the reader from his money. There are no bonuses as such. But if you buy two books in a single month, you may purchase a third book or set of books at a quite low price. I've indulged in this only once, to get one of the Conklin anthologies at less than a buck per volume. I imagine I could do as well with the Science Fiction Book Club, but only at the peril of acquiring a lot of very bad science fiction novels in the process.

The books that I obtained as a reward for involving myself in this group have proven quite satisfactory. Most of them were reference works which I would undoubtedly have bought eventually if they hadn't come for free. The two-volume incarnation of the Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia seems preferable to me to the clumsy larger one-volume monster. Hammond's Family Reference World Atlas looks rather absurd in comparison with the monster atlases that you find in libraries. But it's the right size to sit on my desk and it gets used many times on occasions when I feel certain I would be too lazy to get up and consult a set of maps too large to be kept within arm's reach. Another set that was part of my premium selection was Wells' "Outline of History". I imagine that someday, fandom will discover this work and will go wild over it, provided the publishers allow it to go out of print and copies become hard to find. You never hear it mentioned in fannish circles nowadays, befitting its status as a book which may be obtained everywhere and has enjoyed wide readership. In many ways, it must be Wells' most satisfactory non-fiction. It tells us much more about him than his fictional works do, and is infinitely more readable than his speculative essays on sociology and culture. If I had ever followed the party line in fandom and gone in for the interlineation game, I'm quite sure that I would find enough in "The Outline of History" to last through the next 100 FAPA mailings. I would particularly recommend his chapters on the world's great religions' founders. Wells always has an extra card up his sleeve. Many impartial historians have noted the fact that the Bible claims both a virgin birth and descent through his father from David for Jesus. But only Wells comments the oneupman remark, to the effect that it is not only difficult to see how this could have happened, but also impossible to determine why anyone would want to be descended from such an individual as David. This edition of "The Outline of History" contains quite a bit of information about the changes it has undergone since the earliest edition, and makes me want to own a copy of it when it contained all the remarks arising from Wells' feuds and arguments.

Of course, I haven't tried to resign yet from the book club. When the time comes, I may want to take back everything I've said. But meanwhile, I think there are wiser ways to prove yourself superior to the herd than by refusing to have anything to do with the Doubleday project.