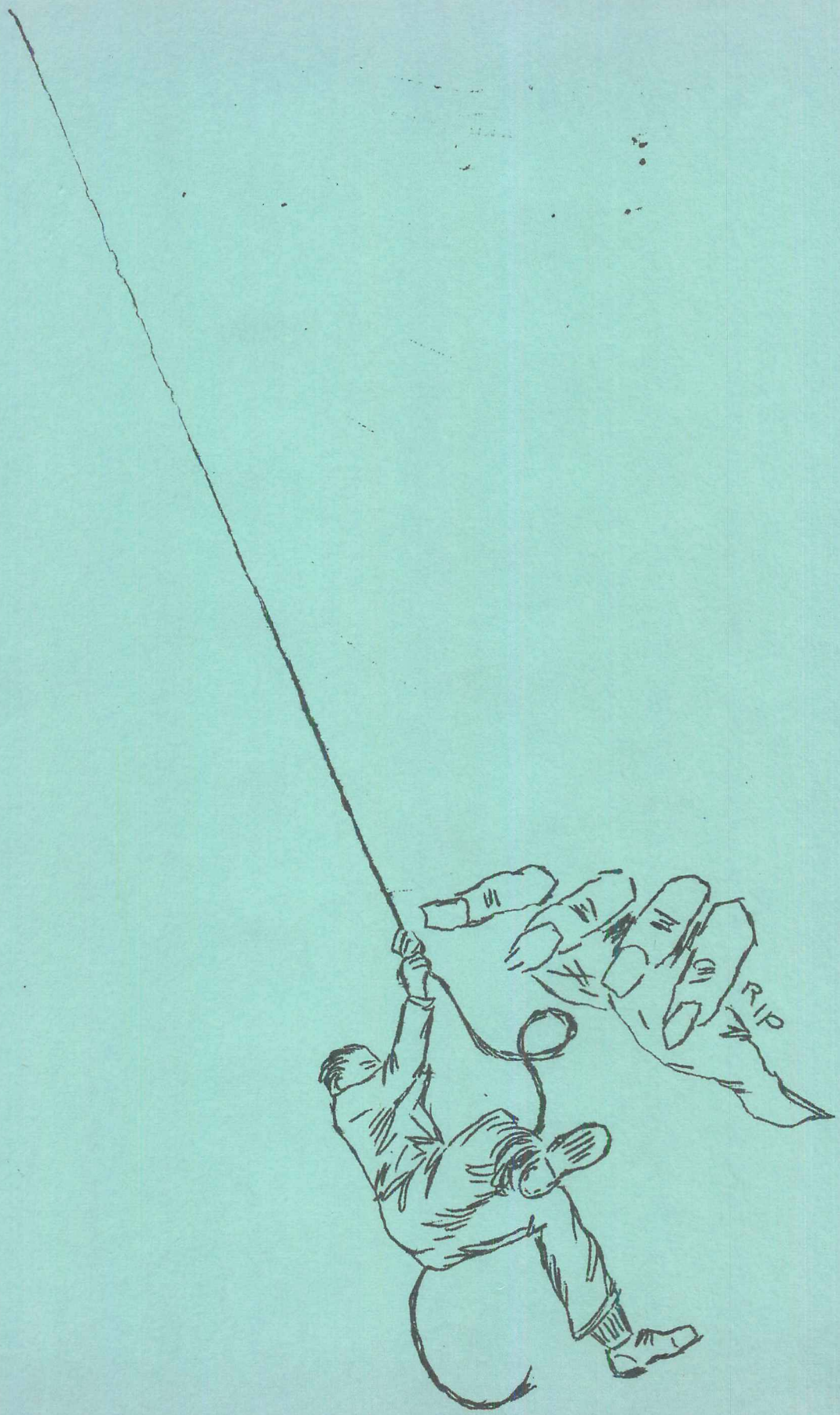

HORIZONS

It's absurd to find oneself in the position of admitting that this is the 99th issue of a medium-sized fanzine. But Horizons has reached that condition. This is also FAPA number 93, volume 25, number 4, and the August, 1964 issue. Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, has written the non-reprint stuff and some of the reprinted material, too. Dick Schultz is the cover artist and Richard H. Eney is the individual who does all the work after I cut the stencils.

In the Beginning

This will represent the first issue of Horizons in more than a decade without nearly complete mailing comments, fanzine by fanzine. This change is the outcome of several problems. The mailing didn't arrive until 12 days after the mailing date, chopping nearly two weeks from the 13 between bundles; I am scheduled to be on vacation the second week in June, and the editor will be on vacation during the month's third and fourth weeks; if I don't get the stencils to Eney before those three weeks, he won't get them until perilously close to the August deadline; and I simply haven't had the time to read the mailing during these rushed days. Besides, I'm stepping up fan history production and want to get this publication off my mind as quickly as possible. For this issue, the only sensible action is to write some paragraphs on topics brought up by the FAPA publications that I've had time to read and by the skimming I've done through the others. Before you sob over the interruption in an old FAPA tradition, I must point out that several issues of Horizons did not contain any mailing comments at all, during a period when I was turning them over to others to publish.

Anyone who looks for a closely reasoned and explosive essay on Walter Breen will not find it in Horizons. I am most unhappy about the removal of him from the waiting list, both for Walter's sake and for what it may do to FAPA and to those who put Walter's name on the so-called "blackball" line in that eogboo poll. However, we must be careful not to attempt to couple Breen with Edgar Allan Martin as similar cases. The Breem action, unfortunate though it is, has been done quite legally under the FAPA constitution. I can't share the belief of some members that this should be the cause of immediate action to change the constitution. I believe that there have been occasions and may be future episodes in which that constitutional provision will be found valuable against genuinely undesirable fans.

There is another reason for my inability to go into a rage at what has happened to Walter. The action against him, cruel and sobering though it is, possesses a strong element of the absurd. Here we have a fan whom several other fans have accused of too much interest in children, whereupon the Breen-baiters proceed to bar him from one situation that would occupy an enormous amount of his time, interest and energy in a safe manner, assuming for the moment for the purpose of the argument that there were some truth to the charges. This is like the old woman who won't let the cat out of the house when she hears that bank robbers are hiding in the neighborhood. It might be a good idea for the fans who signed a name to the list of those who voted Breen out to contact a San Francisco lawyer. They might want to ask if they could be held liable, if Walter's failure to get into FAPA should cause him to become a scoutmaster.

The only common factors between Martin and Breen are the grounds on which they have been ejected. Martin went because an officer thought some prose sounded familiar and Martin failed to manage in some unexplained manner to provide a complete assemblage of the world's pub-

lished narratives, as proof that his little tales weren't plagiarism. Walter has gone because he has been unable to provide testimony from the child populations of California, New York, various worldcon cities, and perhaps other geographical areas, that they have not been introduced by Walter to a premature awareness of sex. In other places and other times the acceptance of the guilt of both men without specific evidence of guilt would be accepted custom of the folk. I find it dreadful in this age and nation. There are other resemblances to a past time in several comments in this mailing. The attitude that Walter is something to be shunned and barred because of this alleged mental instability is exactly the treatment that the mentally abnormal got in England in the early centuries at whose primitive customs we laugh today. The procedure of voting Walter off the waiting list and offering a petition to get him back is as close as FAPA can come to the old inquisition habits of sending a priest to the stake with the man who has been condemned for heresy.

My opinion established, it remains only to explain what I've done. I've offered Walter as much space as he wants in Horizons as a contributor, and I've also offered him the right to make the decisions on my ballots for the elections and egoboo poll. I'm also quite ready to purchase each mailing for him as surplus stock, although I imagine that this will be unnecessary, unless Marion should resign from FAPA in sheer disgust. As for Martin, my only recourse is to inaugurate a series of reprints, the first of which will be found in this issue. I hope everyone realizes that FAPA would be forced to put up with Martin's dull verbiage only once a year, instead of quarterly, if he'd received just treatment.

I mentioned the effect of their actions on those who have disposed of a member and a potential member. Most of them are among my favorite fans. I can't believe that they have changed character suddenly, for they have shown no other tendency to do unhappy things. If so, I'm convinced that they are not as happy with their actions as they pretend to be. It's significant that the most vocal of the anti-Martin FAPAns have experienced a marked decline in quality and quantity of writing and publishing since the controversy arose. Simultaneously, those who have been outspoken in favor of Martin have either maintained or stepped up activity. There are no Iagos in FAPA and something done on impulse or from unreasoned antipathy can prey vaguely but gnawingly on any non-Iago.

For a moment, I believed I had spotted an argument that would have caused the blackball vote to be ineffective. But study of the constitution showed me that a waiting lister does not cease to be a waiting lister as soon as the member he replaces drops out for failure to meet renewal requirements. But an irrelevant matter came to my attention as a result of this disappointing quest for a loophole. The second section of the constitution tells us that an individual's membership begins on the date of the mailing after he becomes eligible to join. A few lines later, the constitution says that the new member's renewal credentials must be distributed "with the third mailing after his joining". Literally interpreted, this would mean that anyone who joins with this August bundle need not produce his activity until the May mailing next year, which will be the third after he joins, the date of joining and the date of his first mailing being simultaneous. Obviously, something different was intended and has been observed in practice. Despite my fondness for proper procedure regarding the constitution, I think it would be in order to make the necessary change in the wording without the formality of a vote. All that is needed to remove all ambiguity is something like this: "A new member must have renewal credentials distributed with the

third mailing he receives," followed by the additional provisions already in the constitution about the eligibility for this activity to be produced earlier.

Nothing in a FAPA bundle makes me as depressed as the sight of a Celephais of these scrawny proportions. However, I'm happy that even with so little space, Bill found room for mention of the pitch problem in lp's. The only published material known to me that calls lots of attention to this matter is the book of reviews of vocal music on records that Philip L. Miller published about eight years ago. On page after page, he cites examples of discs that are consistently above or below the proper pitch, as well as those that exhibit slowly rising or falling pitch from start to finish. I'm in the throes of indecision over the choice of a turntable to replace my old one, but my field of possibilities has been gratifyingly reduced through the fact that I'm determined to get one with adjustable speed for this very cause. I'm quite sure that much of the bad sound from those old Colosseum lp's results from the fact that they are terribly above pitch. This takes no pitchpipe to determine but merely attentive listening to where the familiar vocal sounds come in well-known music. Besides, the speed control would make it possible for me to play for the first time with satisfaction some ancient Columbia singles and sets that were made to play at 72 rpm or thereabouts.

But I believe that the question of proper pitch is only one phase of the larger trouble with today's high fidelity records. The engineers and processors are so obsessed with getting in those extra few frequencies at the top and bottom where hardly any equipment can reproduce them, that they skimp on more important matters. Pitch is one. Another is the general sound level from disc to disc and even side to side. I know that technical considerations make it necessary to record the sound of a solo violin, for instance, at a different level in the Tschaikovsky concerto from that in a Haydn quartet. But I should think that attrition on level controls could be cut sharply if the recording industry would stabilize the sound level for each of the most important types of sound: solo voice with piano, string quartet, full orchestra, and so on. The decision on where to jump works too long for one side of a record must be made by about the same system that Willis has chosen for naming his fanzines. However badly they want to show off their technical resourcefulness, the engineers still should be prevented from letting the brass dominane the sound as it does on most orchestral records. Strauss used to tell conductors that they must never trust the brass instruments: when they were inaudible, they should be ordered to play even more softly, because they were particularly dangerous when the conductor didn't know what they were doing. I'm sure that 99% of the listeners in America today think that Wagner tubas are louder than the normal type, instead of the soft sound that Wagner could get only through creation of a new instrument. And after more than a half-century of manufacture of flat records, I can't understand why some genius hasn't devised a way to make the runout groove as silent as any other groove when the score calls for a general rest. It is earsplitting to hear the noises emanating from some otherwise wonderful records, if you don't grab the tonearm before it has begun the inward spiral.

Astonishing in the extreme is my discovery of full agreement between Curt Janke and me on a musical matter. This is the case of the resemblance between C sharp and D flat. I've always felt that players of stringed instruments were deluding themselves when they claim to play the notes differently, or that the difference is too slight for

even a good ear to detect. But the musicians who believe in the difference even insist that it's done in orchestral performances, Curt's scepticism nonetheless. The last time this argument came up in fandom, in VAPA I believe, someone tried to convert me by means of an old recording of the Prokofieff Classical Symphony by the Boston Symphony Orhcestra. Besides the difficulty of making the strings match the woodwind and brass that Curt mentions, there is a graver objection to the reality of this difference. In almost any music written since composers began to move around the enharmonic universe freely, the fiddler who conscientiously played the difference would never be able to get back to the same basic keys again, after a few measures of complicated observance of his discipline. Music doesn't return the same harmonic path on which it goes, and the violin part would be forced to readjust every minute or two in highly chromatic music, or it would find the key of G major, let us say, a half-tone sharp or a half-tone low, depending on how it was approached. The confidence in the difference also overlooks situations in which the composer gets from one key to another by a sort of pun, using a tone first as a specific note and an instant later as a different note that sounds the same in the tempered scale. Nor have I found anyone who explains what the musician does when he comes across the numerous cases in which the composer has misspelled the notation, either for easier reading by the performer or through carelessness of the composer. The second note in the viola part of Schubert's quintet should be D sharp, not the E flat that Schubert wrote: does the musician play the note that Schubert wrote or the one that is correct by all the common practice of musical theory?

But, Curt, surely you know how that trill you postulate would be notated. It would be written just the same as any other rapid alternation of two notes. In the example you quote, it would consist of C natural as a whole note, then C sharp as a whole note, and above them the four short, somewhat slanted lines to tell the player how to do it. (This assumes that there is some harmonic reason for this particular notation, and that it would be ungrammatical to write a simple trill on B sharp.)

It would be nice to offer lots of help to the fanzine index updating. But my fanzine collection is still in almost complete chaos. I have a few of the older titles neatly segregated in large envelopes. But 99% of my collection is just in disorderly piles and boxes. I tried to sort as I went through them to take fan history notes and gave it up for the time being when I found this was slowing me down badly. If I get the history completed early next year, as I've begun to dare hope, maybe I can tackle the fanzine sorting. It would be awfully nice to yield to that impulse to re-read something or look up a reference in fanzines whenever desired.

I feel gratified that I did so well on the egoboo poll after angering so many voters during the past year. If I'd done poorly, I might have been inspired to make the changes in Horizons that the last issue foretold. It's also nice to see my name so high in the Dan McPhail activity report. But this is partly under false pretense, because Eney by rights should get the pages credited to him. All I do is cut the stencils, surely the less time-consuming operation in comparison with running off, collating, and stapling the result of those stencils.

And much as I admired and enjoyed QAR, it couldn't have been a legal postmailing without striking the word "substantial" from the FAPA constitution. But it's nice to see the inclusion of the shadow publications in the Fantasy Amateur under this illegal postmailing category.

The Worst of Martin

(Reprinted from the Spring, 1939, issue of The Contributor, Edgar Allan Martin's FAPA publication.)

OUR TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS WITH A 5x8

The fourth Contributor--and the fourth different size. (A 1,000 apologies to the meticulous souls who bind their collections. Rest assured, my friends, 'Con', if it retains that name, will remain this size--I think...You have my word for it. Amen.)

The questionable artistic endeavors thrust loosely within are my first two attempts at lino carving. Please mention gently.

MORE FRAGMENTS AND REMNANTS OF MENTAL ABERRATIONS

We admit that my first attempt at printing wasn't by any stretch of the imagination, a pleasing typographical masterpiece. It contained no erudite or fetching thoughts; still, we think it was worth more than one lonely card of recognition. On second thought, we may waive that card for its condescending sender was really trying to sell us something. We have one consolation in our meditations of publishing failure: Jaroslav Chmelicek. 'True genius,' blurbs the esthetic Chem, in the Fall issue of the ever welcome Mountain Trails, 'remains unrecognized until death breaks the thread of life.' Beautiful thought. And now let us leap blithely to the November Eisegesis. 'A genius,' burps the unrestrained Jaro, 'is only honored after he expires.' We perspire at these heights; and wonder why this inspiring reverie was reworded for the respective publishers. Practically above Chem's 'Barks of Philosophy' in MT, Mr. Adams has printed, amusingly under the circumstances: 'All articles must be original and previously unpublished.' Hem...Sabotage in the mob.

The title page is FOUR colors--gold, green, red, and black--and the rest, 19 pages, are red and green. Truly, Benton Wetzel made a 'printers envy' of his Christmas Couleur de Rose...The inevitable Edkins is strongly in favor of raising the NAPA dues to $2 a year; but after days of mathematical juggling I'm still unable to decipher how the increased sum would equal 'One and 8-10 cents per day.' ('4-5' would have been better anyway--). .005479452054 7 ad infinitum, is what I get, a fraction over a half a cent. But this only makes Mr. Edkins's point a mite stronger. '--Anyone who boggles over paying a half cent per day for the privilege of membership is either too fond of his pennies or not fond enough aj.' I'm certain all worthwhile members can afford that infinitisimal sum. Otherwise they wouldn't be 'worthwhile,' for 'worth' and strength in aj is based on activity, and all activity costs money. Raised dues might help weed out some of the unknown 'bundle collectors;' an excellent idea. Why should printing members have to send over a hundred of their laboriously produced papers to members they shall never meet or hear from. No wonder there's 'closed lists.' By all means raise the dues to $2 a year. Each group should seriously consider raising their dues for the 'weed out' possibility. Talking about 'deadwood,' why all this desire for recruits? My mind wavers to an extreme. Let's not recruit, let's get rid of the unnecessary members...The UAPA has about 500 constituents--haven't seen a bundle since God knows when. NAPA about 300--a big bundle had 19 papers recently. AAPA 200--23 papers last month. BAPA 150--continuous activity by a good third. And now the king of all, the Fantasy APA--limited to 50; the last bundle contained exactly 50 papers. Now there's activity. Have you noticed, as the quota decreases publishing activity increases? Let us not be too

hasty about recruiting. Let us make entrance requirements stiffer. And let us start a universal drive to rid our crowded ranks of the hundreds of unknown 'bundle collectors.' Let us change our cry to: 'Come, chum, resign, you ain't doin' nothing'!'

Congrat.: A & J G on J (8 lbs. 4 oz.) G Jr.

Ah! The Mocking Bird--with its page layout mixed up twice. Bianchi, couldn't we have one "Bronx-Cheer," just one for a start, without sad looking cuts and more regrettable half-tones? Gee, fruit, your prose is smooth reading...Gad! what is that on page three?

'Spot' News! The Reminder is readable--so what?...E. Martin is a cad! I spent a very pleasant evening with Mike Phelan in Yonkers Jan. 2 and haven't written to him since. Glad to see your renewed activity, Mike: your remarks about our meeting tickled me. Break down, let's see who can write who a letter first...Pleasant correspondence the last few months with 'Ha-lan' and Bob, George H. Kay, (thanks for your help, George!), 'Old-Renegade' Parker W., Bernice McCarthy, (Mrs.) Helen Jones, Frank (just moved again) Miller, others. Yes! I owe them all letters. A pleasure I've had to put off to construct this, Gad-where-will-it-end, 'typo-error.'...Bully for the 'Purge.' 'Twas greatly enjoyed. But why anonymous? Cowardly, that's what it is...Le Plume, No. 1: I keep it on my desk, and whenever bored or sad I study it. My eyes widen with astonishment. I'm awed! It cheers me up.

Are you guilty? ? ?
No? Well, then, read on--
BIG CONTEST
Wanted!
The guy who thought I'd make a good 2nd Vice President of the American...
'Edgar Martin--1 vote.'

Enter NOW
Your BIG Chance (?)
One brand new and shining mint julep will be awarded to the lucky contestant who names my friend.
READ THESE SIMPLE RULES
1. Write Pres. Francis about making New York the next Convention city.
2. Plugg NY as Conv city.
3. Ya better had do the last two cause the award will only be made at a Conv in NY.
4. NY would make a peachy Conv city.
5. Convince yourself of that.
6. Send all entries to me.
7. A case of beer, or swigable facsimile, must accompany each and every entry.
8. Send as many entries as you wish, but don't forget the 'reasonable facsimile.'
9. Make sure you send the entries to me.
10. --not someone else. (Goodness No!)
11. Write Pres F again about NY; be stern!
12. Send me another entry.
13. Don't forget facsimile.
YOU'RE A CINCH TO WIN

THE CONTRIBUTOR Edited and published by Edgar Allan Martin, 2 Broad, Manchester, Conn. 'Tis forcibly distributed to the AAPA,NAPA,FAPA,BAPA.

Hagerstown Journal

May 22—When I was a sickly small boy, my parents had such an exaggerated value of my worth that they took me quite frequently to the doctor. He kept in his waiting room a pair of bookends that held eight novels. Here I got acquainted with two of Booth Tarkington's novels. Access to adult literature was quite difficult for me in this era, for the local public library did not permit anyone under five feet in height to enter its adult department. I longed for complications to arise in the patients ahead of me, so that my turn would be long-delayed, and I must have read through the Penrod books a half-dozen times apiece. They were so satisfactory that I was loathe to tackle the others. But one of those other books had the most fascinating imaginable title pages: "A Girl of the Limberlost" by Gene Stratton-Porter. The narrator in "Remembrance of Things Past" describes in the course of a dozen or more closely printed pages all the complicated imagery that arose in his thoughts through the sheer sound of the name Guermantes and its appearance on paper, long before he saw or knew anything about the possessors of that name. I never did get around to reading anything in that book, but it had a Proustian effect on my imagination. "Limberlost" was the critical word, with its mysterious connotations and its ability to break down into exciting components like "limb" and "lost" in relation to "girl"; at this time, I was not aware of another and more pessimistic reference to sex that the word might contain. The name of the writer was almost as alluring. There was nothing to tell me if Gene was male or female, and I followed up numerous possible ways in which the hyphen might have arrived in the name: some combination of marriages, or British forbears, or simply out of sheer genius. Like the Weinbaum character that could deduce the entire universe from one small bit of matter, I imagined the entire novel from nothing but that title page. Then as I grew older I became a literary snob. This is an experience common to most young persons with a taste for reading. My only consolation is that I became a literary snob all by myself, without the help of a higher education, whereas most young men and women are helped in this transition by attendance at college. Obviously there were only seventeen or eighteen authors whose supernal genius justified my reading them, and my embarrassment at having once loved Tarkington was mitigated only by the fact that instinct had prevented me from reading Stratton-Porter. Now I've grown older and I've come to learn that the literary snob is just as pitiful in his way as the man who moves into a cave and shuns society from that vantage point. I re-read Tarkington recently and found him even more of a genius than I had once believed him to be. And my reaction may be guessed when I happened across a whole batch of Gene Stratton-Porter novels in the local union rescue mission book archives. Seven of them were there. The flyleaf of one said there were nine books in the set which must be sold as a unit, and I had a terrible time persuading the lady that someone must have purchased two books out of the set. She wanted me to put these back on the shelves and wait, hinting that the two amputated volumes might grow back after a while. I finally was allowed to purchase them, after giving full assurance that I had been wallowing in the blood of the lamb and that I would immediately buy the two absent volumes if they should turn up concealing a rescued alcoholic's winejug or should have been dragged behind the woodwork by the rats. "A Girl of the Limberlost" is among the books. Reading it at last, I find that I made some shrewd guesses about its contents. It is true that I missed by about four thousand miles the exact location of the limberlost, which is considerably more to the south and enjoys much milder weather than I'd assumed. The girl of the title is almost as

wholesome and resourceful as the one of my innocent imagination. The one thing that I do miss badly in the novel is the panther or whatever large animal it was that I'd associated with the imaged heroine. This was neither wild nor tame but stayed near her most of the time in a vaguely protective way. It was slightly more than hip-high and I'm afraid that it derived some of its physical configurations from the extremely old and large dog who lived nextdoor to me at the time. But really, Jeannette (for I've discovered not only her sex but her real surname) was not as bad an author as her current reputation would have us believe. Her worst habit was the annoying way of having her characters talk over in the next chapter the events that had happened in the preceding one, eithout throwing any new light on the events or causing the characters to take action because of the rehashing. She had a great gift for making the little people seem interesting and heroic when they make the smallest sacrifices or score the least assuming triumphs. The total effect might be similar to a Dickens without the social problems and with a smaller sense of humor. Occasionally there is a page or half a chapter of real power. The half-crazy Mrs. Comstock reeling through the limberlost in the dead of night, searching for a rare butterfly and unconscious of the criminals her lanterns have attracted through her accidental imitation of their signals—well, it's a good thing I never did read the book in the doctor's office. I might have been closeted with him and his stethoscope for a long while. The last pages of the book are filled with advertisements for the writings of other authors in the Grosset and Dunlap reprint series. I've been thinking a lot in the last few days about Margaret Pedler's book, "The House of Dreams-Come-True". I think I know what it's like, and I'm beginning to get anxious to locate the ten Margaret Pedler titles that were reprinted in this series and must be destined to show up in some junk shop somewhere someday.

April 28—After eight years of fairly cordial relations, I have fired the cleaning woman. This was a project that I had intended several times and never quite accomplished. She got the house clean, but she was a sore affliction on my nerves, patience and temper. I got tired of putting all the plugs back into their sockets after she'd gone. It sometimes took the better part of an hour to find the current issue of TV Guide, which she deposited for reasons unknown in some secluded spot on each cleaning visit: sometimes amid the springs of the sofa, on other occasions between the storm window and real window of the dining room, and once where the bread goes in the toaster. Twice I had come home from a late night at the office, tired and sleepy, and found it necessary to put new garments onto the bed before collapsing onto it. Once it was because there were considerable amounts of straw between the sheets; I didn't dare to try to figure out the source. The other occasion produced a wet spot the size of a 1934 Wonder Stories three blankets deep. She had brought her smallest child along with her that day, had placed him on my bed for safe keeping, and there had been an accident involving the contents of his bottle of milk, either while he was drinking it or several hours later. One of the things I've never gotten around to doing since the move from Bryan Place seven years ago is to unpack the large tub full of old dishes in the pantry, some of which are quite lovely and have some value as antiques. Mrs. Wiles fought desperately against the gawdy delights of placing the heaviest objects she could lift onto this container's fragile contents. She invariably reversed the natural order of things upstairs in the dead of winter, closing tightly the bathroom door and opening widely my bedroom door. The bathroom contains no source of heat, I can't sleep in a warm room, and no amount of explanation or diagramming could rectify this procedure on her part. For religious reas-

ons, I assume, she turned all knobs on all electronic devices to the full on position. The entire neighborhood came to realize this, several times when in the stilly night I put on a phonograph record without remembering to readjust things. Her nose was the finest in the county, because she could sniff out instantly any food hidden anywhere in the house, whereupon she would consume enough of it to make certain that I wouldn't get indigestion. This was annoying on occasions when I had bought a box of candy for someone as a gift and found myself on the verge of providing the recipient with a violated and half-empty box. The only real advantage to Mrs. Wiles was the fact that she was honest, except where food was involved. Finally I got tired of her habit of failing to arrive on the day she'd promised to come, a defection that wasted all the time I'd spent in locking up edibles, taking up the anti-cockroach pellets, putting vain notes on the bedroom and bathroom doors, and uttering vigorous prayers that she wouldn't try to move the record cabinets again. She narrowly escaped a pummeling the last time she did it and busted two Sir Harry Lauder records and my second-best copy of one of Caruso's go's at the Lucia Sextet. She waited until four hours after her scheduled arrival on the final day to telephone me at the office and proclaim the fact that she hadn't come. "Thank you," I said, hung up on her, and wondered how I could ever decide whom to hire amid the teeming multitudes of the poor and hungry in this area. To give all the deserving a fair chance, I inserted an advertisement in the newspapers (with consequent damage to my concept of reality when I learned that the management now lets employes run advertisements without charge), and decided to sacrifice the coming weekend to contacting applicants. There are nearly 2,000 persons receiving jobless pay in this county, nearly 3,000 on relief, and several hundred panhandlers accost you on every walk through the business section. But I got only four replies from the advertisement that reached 30,000 households on each of three days. One had the advantage of residing only two blocks from my home. But when I looked up her address, I found it was in the group of trailers that all sensible people avoid walking past after dark. Another applicant sounded all right, but her address was close to where a friend had once lived and my friend gave a totally negative report. I decided to take a chance on the third applicant. To my astonishment, she turned out to be a teen-age girl who was praised in the most extravagant tones as to ability, character and breeding by my secret operatives in the rural area where she resides. I telephoned her to break the good news, and asked what day of the week she'd prefer to do the cleaning. In a tone that must have sent scorn and disgust to dripping from ten miles of telephone cable separating us, she informed me that she wouldn't consider a housecleaning post that consisted of anything less than work every day, with the unspoken but even more definite implication that anyone who doesn't have the house cleaned thoroughly every day deserves to wallow in filth as he inevitably must. There was nothing to do but throw myself upon the mercy of the last resource. Upon inspection, she turned out to be a Negro girl widowed at an early age with multitudes of small children to support, the only cleaning woman I have ever encountered who is intelligent and feels herself complete mistress of the interior complexities of the Electrolux. My nonagenerian grandmother heard about it and warned me that I'd find myself in the middle of a race riot, but she has since become converted to the extreme of having the lady come in and do some of the heavier cleaning that increasing age has made difficult for her, the first non-relative she has ever trusted in this activity. All would be well if it weren't for the fact that the local office of the Maryland Department of Employment Security had heard about my tempo-

rary desperation and put down my name as a potential employer of domestic help. Every female with at least two legs who drops by for her unemployment check now gets orders to contact me and get work cleaning the house. My telephone rings at home and at the office incessantly. I fill out by the dozens the stem little cards on which I must testify to the fact that this and that woman really did try to find work and so should be rewarded with continued checks for unemployment.

May 22—Philip Wylie would be unhappy if he knew how they built it. They wanted to put it under the newest large building in town and they needed a source of water if the war should cut normal sources. They dug one hole after another without finding anything resembling moisture. It began to seem as if well-digging costs would consume all the federal and county money available for an emergency operating center for civil defense. So the contractor took a deep breath and called up his friend in nearby Pennsylvania who came with his twig and after three minutes of dowsing they dug a hole in the right place and more than enough water was permanently available. I've been in the completed structure several times. It has done more than newsreels of nuclear devices going off, frantic books about the last man in the world, and Khruschev's latest warning to remind me that a new kind of war could come to this very city at any moment. The very door is a symbol: I find myself examining its construction each time I go past, as if I thought that I might learn how to get through after the bombs have approached and it has swung shut on the civil defense authorities, law enforcement heads, and county government chiefs who would hole up there if the real thing comes. There is something strangely urgent about the test of the national warning system that can be heard there any afternoon: a roll call of major cities first followed by a second roll call of subsidiary points from each of these large points, the whole nation covered and communications tested in a mere two or three minutes. The emergency operating center is self-sufficient for a dozen or so men for three weeks, or will be so after they finally accomplish the task of cutting the red tape that is entwined around food supplies. I know what switch would be thrown to cut the center out of the switchboard that serves the rest of the building and keep it in communication with the rest of the city as long as any telephone service lasts. And maybe I'm just getting old and falling into the habit of snapping at a few crumbs that can't save me from starvation. But I feel now that such civil defense facilities are all to the good. If the war comes, it may be as devastating and sudden and final as the stories have told us. But it says something for a nation when it does something in an effort to survive, even with the knowledge that the survival won't be possible. It is the difference between retreating into the security of an old folks' home at the first approach of the sixties and keeping one's self-respect in a private home with interests of one's own, even if senility and death are inevitable, anyway. My back yard is large enough for a fine fallout shelter to be built. I haven't been converted yet to the point of ordering one put down there. But I have filled some jugs with water and placed them in the cellar, away from the windows, and I very much imagine that I'll dive down there, my arms clutching the contents of the food larder, if I know something is on the way. I still feel as if I'd rather have the bombs fall right on top of me, rather than live a few days after they explode. But now I'm coming to feel that, should the bombs fall far enough away for me to survive their immediate effects, it would be better in many ways if I tried to live that extra day or week. The prophets of doom were wrong when they said that gas would wipe us all out in World War Two. They might have overlooked something this time, too.

Little Häwelmann

by

Theodor Storm

Once upon a time, there was a small boy whose name was Häwelmann. He slept nights in a cradle, as well as afternoons when he was tired. But when he wasn't tired, his mother had to lug him around the room, something that he never got too much of.

One night, little Häwelmann was lying in his cradle and couldn't get to sleep. His mother, however, was long since sleeping nearby in her fine fourposter.

"Mother," little Häwelmann called, "I want to be lugged around!" And in her sleep, his mother stretched out an arm and rolled the little cradle to and fro, and when her arm tried to get tired, little Häwelmann called, "More, more!" and the cradle rolled on just as it had before.

But finally she plunged into a sound sleep, and no matter how little Häwelmann yelled, she didn't hear him; it was in one ear and out the other. So, after not very long, the moon looked through the windowpane, the good old moon. The sight before him was so ridiculous that he used his sleeves to rub his eyes; the old moon had never seen the like in all his days. There was little Häwelmann lying in his cradle, eyes staring, one little leg sticking up like a foremast in the air. He had taken off his little dress and had draped it like a sail onto his tiny toes, then he had grabbed an edge of the dress in each hand, and had begun blowing with both cheeks.

And little by little, ever so gently, the cradle started to roll, over the floor, then up the wall, next upside down along the ceiling, and then down the other wall again. "More, more!" yelled Häwelmann, when he was back on the floor again. Then he puffed up his cheeks again, and once more he looped the loop. This was a great piece of luck for little Häwelmann, because it was nighttime and the earth was upside down. Otherwise, he could easily have broken his neck.

After he had made this jaunt three times, the moon stared straight into his face. "Boy," said the moon, "haven't you had enough?"

"No," shouted Häwelmann, "more, more! Get that door open! I'm going traveling through town. Everyone's going to see me travel!

"I can't do that," the good moon replied. But he poked a long moonbeam through the keyhole, and little Häwelmann traveled on that outside the house.

Things were quite calm and lonely in the street. The tall houses stood in the bright moonlight, gaping with their stupid black windows at the city, but there were no people anywhere to be seen. With a resounding rattling noise, little Häwelmann traveled over the paving of the street, while the good moon lighted the way and accompanied him. In this manner, they went up one street and down the other, but men were nowhere to be seen.

As they approached the church, the big gold cock on the belltower crowed suddenly. They stopped. "What's the idea?" little Häwelmann shouted up to the cock. "I'm crowing for the first time!" called back the cock. "Well, where are all the people?" shouted up little Häwelmann. "They're asleep," yelled back the golden cock. "When I give my third crow, then the first man wakes up."

"I can't wait that long," Häwelmann said. "I'll go into the woods. All the animals will see me traveling." "Boy," said the good old moon, "haven't you had enough of this yet?" No," cried Häwelmann, "more, more! Shine, old moon, shine!" With that, he puffed out his cheeks, and the good old moon shone, and they went through the gate of

the town, over the fields and into the dark forest. The good moon had considerable difficulty getting through the dense branches. Occasionally he fell far behind, but he always caught up again to little Häwelmann.

It was calm and lonely in the woods. There were no animals to be seen, no deer, no rabbits, not even a small mouse. They went onward, through forests of firs and forests of beeches, up hills and down hills. The good moon came somewhat lower to shine in all the bushes, but the animals were nowhere to be seen. Only one little squirrel sat high in an oak with gleaming eyes. They stopped.

"That's little Hinze!" Häwelmann said. "I know him. He's imitating the stars." When they continued onward, the little squirrel jumped along with them from tree to tree. "What in the world are you doing?" called little Häwelmann. "I'm illuminating!" called down the little squirrel. "Well, where are the other animals?" shouted up little Häwelmann. "They're asleep," called down the little squirrel, springing to the next tree. "Just listen to them snoring!"

"Boy," said the good old moon, "haven't you had enough of this?" "No," cried Häwelmann, "more! More! Shine, old moon, shine!" And he puffed out his cheeks and the good old moon shone, and they went on out of the forest, across the countryside to the end of the world, and then right on into heaven.

This was a happy place. The stars were awake. Their eyes were open and gleamed until the whole heaven was sparkling. "Get out of my way!" cried Häwelmann, and went into the bright multitude, so that stars toppled right and left out of heaven. "Boy," said the good old moon, "haven't you had enough of this?" "No," cried little Häwelmann, "more, more!"

You should have seen what happened then. He bumped right into the nose of the moon, whose face got dark brown. "Foo!" the moon said, and sneezed three times. "Take it easy!" With that, he snuffed out his lantern, and the stars all closed their eyes. At once, it grew so dark in the entire heaven that you had to grope with your hands.

"Shine, old moon, shine!" cried Häwelmann. But the moon was nowhere to be seen, not even the stars. They'd all gone to bed. Then little Häwelmann got very scared, because he was completely alone in heaven. He grabbed the edges of his dress and puffed out his cheeks. But he was all mixed up and went around in circles, to and fro, and nobody saw him traveling, neither the people nor the animals nor even the good stars.

Then stared down, right down at the edge of the heaven, a reddish round face, toward little Häwelmann. He thought that the moon had risen again.

"Shine, old moon, shine!" he yelled. Once again he puffed out his cheeks and went scooting around heaven, out of control.

But it was the sun, who had just come up out of the sea. "Boy," the sun cried, looking right into his face with a glowing eye. "What in the world are you doing in my heaven?"

Before you could count three, the sun took little Häwelmann and tossed him right into the enormous sea. He thought that the boy might as well figure out how to swim.

And then what?

Yes, then what? Don't you know the rest? If you and I hadn't happened along and taken little Häwelmann into our boat, he could very easily have drowned!

First but not last, I hope, in a series of translations by me from the German. I'd like to do Storm's "Bulemann's House" next, even though it will almost fill an issue of Horizons.

Boil, Pot, Boil!

Two or three fans have been sufficiently reckless to express curiosity about the kind of writing I do for the local newspapers, when fanac obligations are not so severe and I can find a few hours for the subordinate hobby of earning a living. I had thought of distributing an issue or two through FAPA, choosing for that purpose one of my near-solo productions on the nights when both the editor and the makeup man are off simultaneously and the newspaper represents my work to the extent demanded by FAPA's constitution. But I hate to think of the problems involved in fitting a plump newspaper into the mailing bag with the genuine FAPA publications. Besides, if I do it this way, I can interpolate some occasional comments on the stories that I quote, increasing the chance that the readership will take a little interest in prose concerning people and events that aren't important enough to be news far from Hagerstown.

I must emphasize that I have made no effort to choose my best stories for this purpose, if indeed there is any difference from one story to the next. I've simply brought home the folder in which I put my recent output for easy reference when a followup story is necessary. I'll refrain from quoting the most routine stuff: school attendance statistics, the daily weather story, and obituaries, for example. The powerful impulse to smooth out the rough spots will be resisted firmly, except in cases where a typesetter caused the trouble. Please remember that I write for the newspaper even more hastily than I write letters of comment and issues of Horizons. The fan stuff can be finished the next day if necessary, the newspaper stories can't, and my environment is perceptibly more hectic at the newspaper office than it is at home. To avoid the stiffness that comes from quotation marks, I'll indent the left margins of quoted stuff slightly.

Court probably is the most difficult, the most interesting, and most frustrating part of my reporting work. I'm sure that I'll miss it more than anything else, if I ever start to do only the sort of work that a city editor is supposed to do. It is difficult mainly because I rarely am able to give it full attention: I get in late, usually must leave a couple of times before the case is concluded, and rarely have time enough to check all the names and other essentials in the safe way. For years, I've tried to get the attorneys to ask the witnesses how they spell their names during the testimony, to save me much perplexity, but the lawyers still restrict themselves to asking a simple phonetic pronunciation of the name. It is interesting because it is much different in a real court from the television courtroom dramas whene you get all tense and nervous about whether the defendant will get fried. In circuit court here, you can relax, knowing that if he's guilty, he'll suffer nothing worse than a spell in prison where he'll probably be happier than in the kind of life he's been living. It's frustrating because various considerations make it impossible to put into the news story some of the most interesting matters. Here's how I wrote up a recent case:

> Alice Mae Divilbliss was acquitted of forgery and false pretense charges in circuit court Thursday, after a lot of contradictory testimony about the fate of a welfare check.
>
> The jury deliberated for more than an hour before returning its verdict. The resident of 417 Water Street was charged with uttering a forged check and obtaining the check by false pretense.
>
> Involved was a Washington County Welfare Board check in the

amount of $103.90, intended for Mrs. Pauline Curry, 425 West Washington Street.

The fact that Mrs. Divilbliss bought a pair of loafers at Vaters Shoes in the Long Meadow Shopping Center on February 14 was the only point on which agreement was reached by witnesses for State's Attorney David K. Poole, Jr., and for the defendant's attorney, William Parsons.

The prosecutor sought to show that Mrs. Divilbliss used Mrs. Curry's check to buy the shoes and kept the change. The defense emphasized a discrepancy involved in the apparent sequence of events, and sought to prove mistaken identity of the defendant.

John Vaters, Jr., part owner of the firm, said that he personally sold the shoes to Mrs. Divilbliss and received a welfare check from her in payment.

The store official said that his experience with Hagerstown's buying public has been so good and losses have been so negligible that he did not demand identification from the customer, but took a good look at her because of the size of the check.

When the check bounced, Vaters said that he called police and identified the customer who had cashed it, both from a photograph shown him by police and by seeing Mrs. Divilbliss get out of a taxicab near her home.

"I believe she was wearing the loafers purchased from me" when he later confronted Mrs. Divilbliss at the local police station, he added.

Under cross examination, Vaters denied telling Mrs. Divilbliss after the preliminary hearing that "he might have the wrong woman."

Detective Grayson Wigfield of the local police told the jury that Vaters complained on February 21 about the bad check. Under questioning, the detective said, the defendant first stated that she did not get a check cashed at the Vaters store, then told detectives that she had cashed her Dorbee Manufacturing Company pay check at the Vaters store, still later stating that it was not the Dorbee check but "another" check that she had used to pay for the shoes.

Mrs. Divilbliss told Vaters she would repay the money but denied passing the welfare check, Detective Wigfield said.

Robert Day, who prepares payroll checks at Dorbee, identified Mrs. Divilbliss' pay checks, dated January 31, February 7, and February 14. Notations on the back showed that two had been cashed at the Safeway store on Frederick Street and the February 7 check had been cashed at Super Shoe.

Francis Connolly, director of the Washington County Welfare Department, testified that the check in question was not mailed until late on the afternoon of February 14. This was the afternoon when the other witnesses said the check was passed at the shoe store.

Mrs. Curry described her failure to receive the check. She said she complained about it to welfare authorities on February 17, was told by them to contact the post office, and her mailman advised her that he remembered leaving the check in her mailbox.

The defendant's 17-year-old daughter, Cassie, was the only witness for the defense. She described going to the shopping center with her mother, said she was present when the shoes were purchased, and testified that she gave her mother cash to pay for the shoes.

The bad thing about this story is that it isn't complete. I found it impossible to wait for the verdict, because of a prior appointment at the hospital. By the time I got back, the jury had reached its decision, had duly announced it, and the judge had exploded. One of the

defense attorneys, who was as convinced of his client's guilt as everyone in the courtroom but the jury, told me that he'd never heard a jury get such a scolding, in all his years at the bar. And I didn't dare try to reconstruct the judge's remarks by hearsay, the court stenographer's machine had been turned off when testimony ended, and I didn't dare call up the judge and ask him to try to remember what he said, for it had been a long, hot day for him and I wanted to stay on good terms with him. Agreement had apparently been reached in a pre-trial conference to keep out of the record the fact that the defendant had been convicted for tampering with the mails, but that fact slipped out inadvertently and even if the jury obeyed instructions to disregard what it had heard, the jury could hardly have overlooked the fact that the police wouldn't have had on file a photograph of Mrs. Divilbliss for pinup purposes. Connolly's testimony probably gummed up the wheels of justice. He is an idiot but presumably, the jury didn't know that he's never right about anything and allowed his testimony to create doubts about the whole case. My hurriedly written story left out a couple of things that should have been in: the last name of Cassie, who retained the family name of a previous husband of her mother, which I didn't have time to track down, and the important fact that the Vaters firm's rubber stamp was plainly visible on the back of the check that caused all the trouble.

It would be nice if I could sneak fannish stuff and science fiction news into the local papers occasionally. But there isn't much opportunity for that. The best that I've done recently consists of a little account of a local flying saucer report:

"It definitely wasn't an airplane," Frank Falk says of the unidentified flying object that he saw in the eastern sky Wednesday evening.

The resident of 1800 Hollow Road said that he saw the mysterious object at 6:12 p.m. He described it as oblong in appearance at first, then thinning out before it vanished.

The local man said that there was a red flash of some type visible at the object when he first spotted it.

Falk's 12-year-old daughter, Francine, was in the immediate vicinity at the time. He pointed out the object to her and she also saw it, to corroborate his discovery.

There's not too much to add to that, except the fact that the man sounded quite intelligent and calm over the telephone. We didn't get any other reports of the same incident. The flying saucer research people didn't call a couple of days later, as they used to do whenever we ran a flying saucer report. They apparently subscribed to a clipping service, and they would pump the reporters for any morsels of information that may have been omitted from the news account.

I'd been a reporter for only a few days when I discovered that it is not advisable to allow a sense of humor to have too much free rein in reporting. Half the time, the readers take seriously what is meant lightly (a situation that is not altogether unknown in FAPA), and the rest of the time, the news source gets furious because it feels it has been ridiculed. This story demonstrates just about the extreme extent of the light touch that is prudent in small town journalism:

When you try to adopt a county budget, you run into such problems as termites, hard-to-understand letters, a worker whose job is in an odorous spot, and a broken-down washing machine.

The Board of County Commissioners has begun cutting the budgets submitted by various agencies for the 1964-65 fiscal year. Some have proven easy to chop but others have resisted the treatment for various reasons.

Questioning an item for repairs in the extension service budget,

the commissioners learned that it is there because the building has termites at one point that must be wiped out without much more delay.

The County Commissioners have been working out with the Maryland Department of Health a complicated plan for turning over to the state the cars now provided by the county for Washington County Health Department purposes.

One commissioner admitted that he had found it necessary to read a letter from state authorities three times before he began to understand the workings of this means of cutting county expenses. Washington County is currently the only Maryland county that owns Health Department vehicles, and the Washington County Health Department had requested replacement of 12 vehicles in its budget. State control of the cars would save the county from spending money for vehicles in the new budget, the county would later pay part of the cost of the vehicles, but the state would provide additional new cars, the letter explained.

One salary increase request from the Washington County Roads Department involved a man who works at the sanitary landfill. The County Commissioners were told that a man who works in that spot deserves a raise on the basis of the aromas around him.

The County Commissioners had no real choice about the sheriff's department budget request for money to pay for a new washing machine at the jail. The old machine broke down completely before the budget review started and it was necessary to purchase a replacement even before action on the budget.

After cutting a thousand dollars here and a hundred dollars there, the County Commissioners found part of their saving wiped out suddenly when they got the word that more countians are being sent to state hospitals at county expense. This meant $32,000 for reimbursing state hospitals in the new budget.

A ghost from 1957 turned up in the Planning and Zoning Commission budget. It consists of $3,000 still owed to Fred Tuemmler under the contract signed that year on various planning operations.

City-county cooperation will be required to complete work involving one budget item. Roof repairs are needed to the old post office building, now owned by the county, and tree-trimming will be required to avoid additional damage. One tree stands on city property and the county hopes that the city will have that one trimmed.

The obvious fault with that story is the lack of specific figures on the budget requests involved. The costs aren't there because I was in a hurry that night and wrote the story from memory without looking up my notes. Some of the paragraphs make more sense in Hagerstown than in FAPA. Tuemmler has been such a controversial figure here that it was no more needful to identify him fully than it is to put an asterisk and footnote into the newspaper whenever LBJ appears in a headline. "State hospitals" is a totally accepted local euphemism for insane asylums. The last paragraph has semantic punch locally because the city has been fussing with the county for two or three years over which should pay the bills on certain borderline matters.

Sometimes a news story means something special to the people most directly involved. We've been harassed recently by the school system's failure to notify us when the school board has suddenly scheduled a special meeting. For years, we didn't cover board of education meetings on the spot, picking up the main happenings later from this or that person. The board was spoiled by this procedure and has been resisting our recent efforts to have a reporter on hand. Almost every paragraph in the following story about a meeting that we weren't told about was intended to warn the board that we're getting tired of the situation and

are quite capable of emphasizing the more embarrassing aspects of the news if necessary:

Franklin Miller, sole Republican member of the Washington County Board of Education, was re-elected president of the group Thursday.

The organizational meeting resulted in the re-election of Claude Merckle as vice-president.

John Latimer, who became attorney to the board last year, was re-appointed to that post. The certified public accountants firm of Chaney and Tillou was appointed as auditors.

Miller was recently reappointed to another six-year term on the Board of Education by Governor Tawes, following recommendation by the Democratic Central Committee.

The board discussed plans for the new Smithsburg High School with Lloyd Waters, of A. G. Odell, Jr., and Associates, Charlotte, North Carolina, architectural firm. Preliminary plans were discussed and received tentative approval, subject to review by the Board of County Commissioners.

The Board of Education voted to seek state funds to pay half the cost of getting sewage and water facilities to the site of the new Hagerstown Junior College.

Architectural matters involved in the new junior college building also came under discussion.

That story probably sounded as innocent to the local burghers as it should to FAPAns. But I imagine that I got my points across to the education people, because: They get furious whenever the newspaper calls attention to the appointive system of naming school board members and to the failure of the current Democratic administration of Maryland to alternate appointees between the two major parties as tradition used to dictate. The reference to Latimer's appointment last year is a reminder that we're perfectly aware that the board fired its Republican attorney and got one from the Democratic ranks and could still write a story about that fact. The identification of the architectural fellow as associated with Charlotte is particularly poignant because of major engagements fought by the school officials over their preference for out-of-town architects. The fact that the county commissioners have the final say on building plans is something that rankles the educators ferociously. The sewage and water problem at the site of the new junior college conjures up the specter of the criticism that arose when the board chose a site not currently provided with those luxuries.

Sometimes I ruin completely a potentially good story. That's what happened with the next one, which doesn't merit quotation in full. I should have taken my time, worked a little harder, and turned out a real feature story on the topic of the pack of old documents relating to John Brown that I found while poking through the county's archives. I could have painted in words a vivid and half-amusing picture of the complicated legal process that was being argued involving an old farmhouse in Washington County by attorneys and various other prosperous area residents who would have dived for the cyclone cellars if they'd known that the tenant of the farm in question was Old Brown who had gotten into all that abolition trouble in Kansas and was plotting an attack on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry. (Harpers Ferry is just across the river from the southernmost tip of Washington County, only five miles or so from the farmhouse where John Brown gathered arms and followers.) But my story turned out so dull and confused in the opening paragraphs that I'm sure nobody had the heart to read it to its finish and I certainly have no intention of inflicting more than half of it on FAPA:

Fire-charred documents in the courthouse disclose that the farm John Brown occupied for three months at Samples Manor was the topic of

complicated litigation at the time not connected with the famed man.

While nobody realized the true identity of the Isaac Smith who had rented the farm, lawyers, creditors and heirs were engaged in a legal process over the land.

Rarely disturbed even by researchers in history, apparently, the thick sheaf of century-old documents barely escaped destruction long ago. They were saved from the fire that destroyed the local courthouse in 1873, but burned-away edges and charred margins reveal how close the flames came.

The history books say that John Brown rented the Dr. Kennedy farm at Samples Manor in the summer of 1859, and gathered followers and materials there in preparation for his raid on Harpers Ferry in October.

But it wasn't nearly that simple, the legal documents show. If nobody recognized Isaac Smith as the John Brown who had engaged in pro-slavery fights in Kansas, Smith-Brown probably had just as much trouble figuring out who really owned the farm he was renting.

From the tens of thousands of words in hard-to-decipher manuscript, it seems that Henry F. Nikirk had sold 108 acres at Samples Manor to Robert F. Kennedy through an agreement signed December 9, 1854. This Kennedy, apparently not the Dr. Booth Kennedy usually named in history books as the owner of the farm, paid for it on the instalment plan. The price was $706.

Robert F. Kennedy then proceeded to die intestate, leaving behind one widow, three children, possessions, and debts. In 1858, the records show, three Baltimore men filed a bill of complaint about a debt. They were Samuel Bevan, William A. Williar, and Edgar G. Miller. Other documents in the case make it appear as if Kennedy's troubles had come at least in part from going surety for one George M. Rohrback on promissory notes.

The case dragged on until finally circuit court on November 17, 1859, appointed Jacob Fiery as trustee of the estate. He staged several sales of the Kennedy possessions that brought some $3,284.12. It was divided among the survivors after creditors were satisfied.

Neither John Brown nor Isaac Smith is among the scores of names mentioned in the documents dated 1859. Presumably, he paid rent to the trustee.

Fiery must have had headaches not connected with the famous tenant. The first man he sold the farm to for the court was Thomas Crampton, who failed to pay for it. Eight years later, Fiery finally got the farm off his back, selling it for the court to James W. Grove.

After that, it goes on to trace the ownership of the land through the past century. It belongs now to the Negro Elks who hold orgies there. I should have explained why I thought those documents hadn't been studied frequently. They are so fragile at the creases that I could barely open and refold them without fragmentation, and they would be in terrible shape if they'd undergone even careful handling often.

I write two columns for the newspaper, each of which appears once a week. One is a catchall, originally intended to absorb anything that had to be published but wasn't important enough to get a headline or to be considered as straight news. Since then the theory has been altered slightly to emphasize odds and ends that are usually connected with another news story, weren't important enough to lead off those stories, but seem to deserve more prominence than they would get buried in the body of these stories. This thing is called Horace, the Herald Mouse. The name is not a vulgarized derivative of Horizons, but an inheritance from an earlier, happier journalistic era. Around 1922, a girl got a job as reporter and was impervious enough to criticism to publish all

the rumors and gossip that diligent eavesdropping provided. Some of these items were quite personal, like disclosure of the name of the young man whom the new girl at the library's circulation desk had begun to meet after hours. The management of the newspaper tried to make the public think that no harm was meant by the creation of the fiction that a mouse inhabiting the Herald office occasionally journeyed to other Hagerstown structures and learned these little titbits. The girl eventually quit her job to marry an earnest young man who became president of one of the most respected universities in the East and the column has dropped dead and come back to life three or four times since then. I'm constantly amazed at the number of people who read it, for I feel that it should possess about as much reader interest as the fillers that make it possible for columns to come out even. Here are a couple of recent examples of items from it:

Use of county-maintained roads in Washington County in a few cases is reckoned by the number of hours per vehicle rather than the number of vehicles per hour.

Washington County Roads Department traffic counts show that 34 vehicles in a 48-hour period passed the point at which the surface ends on Clopper Road. This was the lightest use recorded for any county road checked.

Landis Road at the White Hall end had 46 vehicles in 48 hours.

However, the vehicle count on the Hanging Rock Road shows what can happen without much warning on a secondary road. That previously obscure thoroughfare had 599 vehicles in 48 hours, largely because of the AT&T construction project under way in the mountainous section. The count was made at the point where the hard surface ends.

Another county road that lots of Hagerstonians couldn't find if they went looking, Dellinger Road, carried 501 vehicles in a 48-hour checkup period, the report shows.

-0-

The Board of County Commissioners was considering last week the possibility of getting 16 paupers' graves into an eight-grave lot.

Board members inquired about putting graves on two levels into the lot. Cemetery authorities told them that this might prove to be more expensive than buying additional ground, because of excavation expenses that it entails.

The other column is a more ambitious endeavor. Horace goes onto the back page, but the other column is a front pager, in boldface type yet. I'm given a completely free hand with it and have heard criticism from the management only once, when I unknowingly got into the middle of a hassle between the advertising agency that represents us with national firms and a nearby commercial undertaking that had engaged the services of our agency's most despised rival. Normally each column is devoted to just one subject and I try not to repeat subject matter for at least six months. About one out of four columns consists of crusading or preaching. The rest are split between offbeat news stories and personal observations or conjectures on matters in the public interest. We have no way of determining how the public in general feels about it, but the school system has been running surveys for us in high schools and it has been running among the top three features in these polls. The sports editor's column and Drew Pearson are my only peers. Whenever I feel particularly melancholy, I remind myself how I compare with Art Buchwald, Eric Sevareid, or Dear Abby, and I feel more cheerful at once. The unfortunate thing about this column is that I get the impssssion that someone else sits at my typewriter and turns it out. It isn't me,

in several ways. It doesn't reflect the things that I'm interested in but rather the topics in which the local people seem to be taking an interest. The opinions aren't mine, as a rule, but rather a standpoint that will start people to talking or will give them the glow that comes from seeing in print what they are thinking. I would refuse to do this, if the topics were matters that I care about, but they are normally local situations that I don't give a darn about. And I have a strong reluctance to bare my inmost soul and secret desires right in front of all the people I live among. I hope that the column doesn't read as insincerely as it's written. Subject matter of recent columns has ranged quite widely: a summary of the types of cockroaches that inhabit Hagerstown's homes and their principal methods of getting inside; half-forgotten facts about the trolley car history of this area, supplied by a pal of Bill Evans; the stand on civil rights taken by each of the candidates for office in the primary election this May; a personality sketch of the newly deceased man who had been the municipal band director for 40 years (omitting his most famous remarks, which came during an elaborate ceremony honoring his services to Hagerstown and praising his manifold excellences, at the conclusion of which he said in an emotion-filled tone: "Gentlemen, anything I could say would be repetitious"); and a description of how the Ruritans in this area are attempting to get rid of highway litter. One of my rare inspirations came in that particular column. I said that the Ruritans are taking to heart the anti-litter slogan, "Keep Maryland Beautiful," and are striving diligently to keep Maryland visible. The editor promptly wrote an editorial praising this inspired bit of verbal juggling by the Ruritans and the phrase may become nationally famous without my receiving credit for thinking it up. Here is a sample of how I used the soapbox in a recent column:

You can't blame Washington Countians for lifting eyebrows over the announcement that the State Roads Commission is "well ahead of schedule" on its interstate highway program.

It's now just about a quarter-century since the county began to await construction of a dual highway from Hagerstown to Frederick. It still hasn't been built.

The State Roads Commission has built a complete beltway around Baltimore, a nearly complete beltway around Frederick, it's getting ready to put two more lanes onto the Baltimore beltway, and there's still no definite word when Hagerstown might get a beltway of its own.

Then there is the mountain situation. Fairview Mountain was the last mountainous part of Route 40 from Frederick to Cumberland to get improvements, despite the fact that this section of the highway bears much Pennsylvania Turnpike traffic.

It's small wonder that one county authority once conjectured that the State Roads Commission attends to highway matters in alphabetical order, so Allegany County got its mountain roads with less traffic fixed first.

Here is a sampling of how Washington County has experienced broken promises from state authorities about construction plans in recent years:

"Today, I can report that next year construction will begin on all of Interstate 70 from Hagerstown to Hancock," Governor Tawes said on October 16, 1962.

Work on the Hagerstown and Frederick ends of the Interstate 70 highway link will begin "in late 1963 or early 1964," Robert Jajzyk, chief of the roads planning and program division of the State Roads Commission, said in October, 1962.

"Construction will begin on five miles of this highway from U.S. 40

to U.S. 11" in 1961, the State Roads Commission said of Interstate 81 in a report given the Associated Press on the last day of 1960.

"On a list of tentative top priority projects is dualization of Route 40 from Hancock westward for 45 miles," a State Roads Commission schedule showed in December, 1959.

The Washington County delegation was told by the State Roads Commission on February 9, 1960, that improvements to Route 40 from Hancock west would be completed by 1963.

The State Roads Commission pledged dualization of Route 40 east of Hagerstown within a year to the end of the concrete section of highway, in a meeting with the Washington County delegation, during the summer of 1959. (Instead, the state simply changed the existing road's surface from concrete to blacktop.)

The 12-year construction program of the State Roads Commission announced in 1954 promised dualization of Route 11 from Hagerstown to Williamsport, widening of Route 40-A on the west slope of South Mountain, and a second lane for Route 40 from Hagerstown east to the Frederick County line.

The state can't argue that it neglects Washington County because the traffic isn't great here. Its most recent traffic count shows that 9,586 vehicles use Route 40 daily at Huyetts, compared with a daily traffic count of 9,005 vehicles on Interstate 70 near Gaithersburg. Traffic in the past year has increased 24 per cent at Huyetts, only 19 per cent on the interstate road.

Route 15, which got much construction attention while delays occurred for roads in this county, has only 4,845 vehicles daily north of Frederick.

Will Hagerstown ever get a beltway? Not soon, judging by the present outlook. The County Commissioners drew up a priority schedule for needed state highways here. In it the county put in fourth place a section of beltway from Interstate 81 to the Leitersburg Pike and in eighth place a beltway link from the Leitersburg Pike to Interstate 70. Neither was given by the state a place in either its immediate or its critical priority. Both went into the 20-year needs study.

When Interstate 70 and 81 are finally completed, Hagerstown's streets will be relieved of the pressure from through traffic. But entirely new patterns of congestion will form as a result of local traffic concentrating on the streets and roads that provide most convenient access to interchanges. Problems resulting from thousands of workers who are employed on one edge of town and live in some other suburban section won't be solved by interstate highways.

Burhans Boulevard has proved that the city can't afford much construction of throughways. The county government is spending $400,000 more than its income from motor vehicle revenues annually for only the most basic highway purposes. The state is the only source for relief from traffic problems that the state has helped to create through its delays and changes of plans in this area.

The management tries to get each edition to publish at least one editorial on local topics. Everyone on the staff is supposed to help the editor keep up this giddy pace. I don't cooperate as much as I should: it depletes my topic file for columns, it's hard to treat a lot of local problems in the brief wordage that the management wants editorials to possess, and I don't like the time gap created by the necessity for the publisher to review each editorial before publication, then for the things to be set as time copy in keeping with an ancient tradition that is senseless but too old to be altered. How-

ever, one emerges occasionally from my typewriter. I copy one conscientiously, as part of my effort to show all sides of my journalism:

Regardless of the outcome of the current dispute over free food for the needy, the controversy has made one thing clear: it's much easier to start a government service than to stop it.

The donable foods program was intended as a temporary stopgap when Fairchild Aircraft Division's cutback threw the local economy into difficulties three winters ago. When the food distribution continued beyond the readjustment period, many low-income families came to depend on it so much that real privation is now feared for some persons.

This should be an object lesson to government at all levels--city, county, state and federal. Any future steps toward the welfare state shouldn't be taken until every other possibility has been exhausted, because once created, any governmental service develops a permanency that can be eliminated only with the greatest of effort and at the cost of genuine hardship for some.

Hagerstown's worst journalistic nightmare just now is a hopelessly complicated political, legal, and parliamentary struggle over the city-owned power plant. This is one of the few communities that have competing sources of electricity. The city facility is small and unable by law to serve anyone outside the city limits. The Potomac Edison Company is part of the big system of interlocking power companies all over the East. The municipal operation hasn't been profitable in recent decades, partly because it must receive proper maintenance and improvements only in years when there are no other major city expenses to finance, partly because it must meet the rates offered by the mass-produced PE power. From time to time, PE has offered to lease or buy the city plant. The mayor is dead set against lease or sale. A vice-president of PE, Charles D. Lyon, went to law in the theoretical guise of a private citizen to try to do something about the mayor's tactics. Every time something develops in this situation, I almost go bats trying to put into the least technical language possible the development and the background. The background is so intricate that it's not possible to assume that most of the readers will know it by instinct, as can be done for many local stories. I'm curious to know if you people out there who are ignorant of the local situation could make any sense about the matter, on the basis of this story:

Mayor Burhans has asked the court to block a referendum on the city charter amendment until the court of appeals decides about his veto powers.

The latest salvo in the legal battle over the proposed sale of the Municipal Electric Light Plant was filed in circuit court here. It was, technically, an answer to the motion of Charles D. Lyon to shorten the time for transmission of the record on the appeal, and a motion by Mayor Burhans for a stay of the referendum election, pending the appeal.

Lyon started the court action, to block the mayor's efforts to keep the charter amendment from becoming law. The amendment would permit the public to vote on the power plant sale at once, instead of at the next general election as the charter now requires.

Meanwhile, petitions have circulated seeking to force the amendment itself to a referendum. Under the charter, sufficient signatures on a petition can force a public vote on any charter change approved by the city council. The City Board of Election Supervisors has not yet determined how many valid signatures are on the petition.

The document filed on behalf of the mayor Tuesday by attorneys Edward Oswald and Warren Buckler asserts Mayor Burhans' belief that

the city should not incur the expense of a referendum until the validity of the charter amendment has been determined by the court of appeals.

I haven't enough time to do as much human interest stuff as I'd prefer. Feature articles and personality pieces are much more pleasant to write than dull municipal stuff. But occasionally I take on something special, usually suffer for it by working longer hours to catch up with everything else, and the result may be something like this item, quoted only about one-third of the way through:

Mrs. A. Leroy Doub has the safest pitchfork, the smallest goblets, and more letter openers than anyone else in the Hagerstown area.

The resident of 205 Phyllane Drive has developed the old American pastime of whittling into a real art. With a normal sort of penknife, a tiny plane that uses razor blades, and a 98-cent grindstone, she has been turning out remarkable pieces of wood sculpture.

The hobbyist has proved that whittlers can use types of wood that aren't found in lumber yards. She has turned out fine letter openers from the woody portions of barberry, wisteria, and hedge, in addition to fine woods like cherry and redwood.

Mrs. Doub took up whittling as a hobby only about ten years ago. She may have inherited the skill. Her father, the late Newton J. Warrenfeltz, was also skillful with a knife and blocks of wood. Mrs. Doub is proud of her ability to put together a hand-carved wooden puzzle that her father created, a round group of six interlinked sections that come apart easily but baffle everyone who tries to reassemble them.

Occasionally, shuffling through these clippings, I've been impressed by how a minor story means something more to me than to anyone else for some special reason. I didn't know the awful thing that I was destined to do, when I wrote the following minor, routine item:

The 4-H photography workshop has scheduled its second session at 7:30 o'clock this evening.

It is open to all interested boys and girls, including those who are not 4-H members. Interested youngsters who were not on hand for the first workshop may attend tonight at the extension office.

Those who attended the first workshop meeting have been asked to bring along tonight the pictures that they took and developed on the basis of what they learned at the first session.

William Colvin, local photographer, will again lead the workshop.

I agreed to take a photograph of this particular meeting. I'm used to the photographer's gawked-at status, but my picture-taking this time was accompanied by an alarmingly different sort of disbelieving, horrified expressions on the innocent faces of these well-scrubbed little farm youngsters. Colvin's much larger face was most expressive of all. He seemed to be trying to signal something to me. I checked the most obvious matters and found the zipper up the whole way, the lens of the camera pointed toward them instead of toward me, and no Rotsler cover on a fanzine emerging from my hip pocket. I took the pictures just as the workshop session was ending. When I got done, Colvin called the group back into session in a no-nonsense tone of voice. He is normally a mild-mannered man and an excellent friend. But this night he spoke roughly and domineeringly to those 4-Hers, demanding that they drive for ever out of their minds what they had just seen, and to follow his previous advice no matter what I had done. Later I learned that just before my arrival, he had delivered an extensive peroration on two texts: never try to take handheld pictures indoors without flashbulbs and make sure when you release the shutter that you're in a well-braced position, using your own

body to provide some physical support for the camera. I had come in and taken the pictures without flash and with the camera held out away from my body, high in the air, in an effort to get away from the low angle of view characteristic of the wretched twinlens reflexes that the company makes us use in these degenerated days. I'm sure none of the workshop participants believed Colvin when he desperately tried to convince them that I was using a camera with a faster lens than they were likely to own and that my nerves had been so purified by many years of journalism that I could achieve feats of muscular control out of reach of normal persons. That workshop has been meeting regularly ever since and I've never been invited back even to watch.

Wide-awake young college graduates who come to work in Hagerstown stuffed to the brim with the facts acquired in their journalism courses won't believe me when I try to explain my means of obtaining news when the usual sources have failed. This consists of going to the nearest dime store or pharmacy, sitting down at the lunch counter or fountain, and drinking a cup of coffee. Someone by a previously uninvestigated law of medium-sized town mores is sure to come along before I arrive at the dregs, sit down beside me, and give me either a lead or all the information on a story. Here's a sample of how this worked to provide a short but front page story that couldn't have been unearthed through orthodox news channels:

> Claggett Spielman, whose skein of perfect Sunday school attendance dates back more than a half-century, couldn't go to Sunday school yesterday so part of Sunday school went to him.
>
> He has been confined to the Washington County Hospital for several days for observation. A number of officials and members of St. Paul's Evangelical United Brethren Church visited his hospital room to make it possible for him to enjoy the Sunday school surroundings at a distance.
>
> A resident of the YMCA, Mr. Spielman has made up Sunday school attendance at other churches on the rare occasions over the decades when he was out of town or otherwise unable to attend his own Sunday school.

It must be emphasized once again that I don't have time oftener than possibly once a month to rewrite a story or even to start again from the beginning when I find I've gotten off to the wrong start, partway through the writing of it. Luxuries like revising and polishing can be enjoyed only where the reporter needs to write only one or two stories daily, or the nature of his news is such that he needn't get it into print for a day or so. About the best that I can do about writing stories carefully is to think out an opening gimmick on my way back from a meeting or while I'm doing some other kind of work that utilizes only part of my attention. I rather like the way I started this story about the decision on what kind of blinds to put up at the picture windows in the south wall of a new building:

> The sun and courthouse addition employes will stop glaring at one another soon.

Unfortunately, the local library's officials didn't appreciate the touch of levity that I tried to put into a review of construction on the new library building:

> Like an egg that is almost ready to hatch, the new Washington County Free Library is making more progress than meets the eye.

A near-stranger discovered one day recently that I had been responsible for a news story that she was interested in. She looked at me in semi-disbelief. "Well, I never realized that someone wrote those articles," she said. I can sympathize with her viewpoint. Whatever it is, I wouldn't call modern journalism in Hagerstown "writing".