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MOONSHINE

-The Magazine That Instills Faith-

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CHANGE

OF

STATION

-by

Roy Tackett

An account of life with the United States Marine Corps......1964:

POST TRANSFER ORDER)

NUMBER 22×64)

1. The following transfers are ordered effective on 3 May 1964:
TO: MARINE BARRACKS. U.S. NAVAL BASE. MOON

TSgt. RUEHELL, Anthony Q. USMC PFC. GORDON, John K. USMC USMC

2. On 3 May 1964, Technical Sergeant RUERELL will take charge of PFC. GORDON and proceed....

The moon. Of all the God-forsaken places to send a man. The moon. I read the transfer order over again and expressed my opinion of it in several choice Marine Corps terms. I didn't like it. A hundred thousand men in the Corps and me they pick to spend two years in the moon. This is almost enough to drive any man over the hill.

However, like the order said, on the third of May I took charge of PFC. Gordon and proceeded via the first available Government transportation, an ancient R5D in this case, to White Sands, where we reported for further transportation to the moon.

Gordon was happy about the whole thing. To hear him tell it the most wonderful thing that could happen to a man was to get stationed in the moon.

"Aren't you excited, Sergeant?" he asked, "I am. I've always wanted to go to the moon. I even extended my enlistment for this assignment."

I figured I should explain how it was to the boy. After all this was his first cruise and he hadn't been around much.

"Look, Kid," I said, "I've been there before. The only time the moon is romantic is in a love song. The duty there is no different than the duty anywhere else, except there is no liberty. Guard duty, day-on day-off. It gets tiresome. Let's go into town (cont'd next page)

CHANGE OF STATION

(cont'd)

-by Roy Tackett

and have a beer."

Gordon declined the invitation and wandered off to write to his folks and tell them all about how he was going to the moon. I grabbed the bus into town and settled down to enjoy the evening at Joe's Tavern.

Since the rocket made the moon trip only once a week we had a few days to wait. I'm used to waiting and spent most of the time in town. I knew that once I got aboard the rocket there would be no liberty for a long time. If I kept my record clean I might be able to wrangle a 30 day leave after a year but there was room for argument about that. If I did get a leave I'd be well-heeled for it. There is no place to spend money at U.S.N.B., Moon.

The kid stayed around the base and talked to the rocket crew. He must have asked a thousand questions about the trip, what it was like on the moon and such as that. I guess the rocket crew gave him quite a snow job, laying it on thick.

On the 10th of May we got our final instructions and boarded the rocket. I checked over our harmocks and showed Gordon how to strap himself in for take-off and landing. The trip takes about 24 hours, which isn't bad time, and the first and last hours the passengers and most of the crew spend in harmocks. The personnel on watch have specially cushioned chairs to absorb the shock of acceleration and deceleration but the harmocks do a better job.

After the take-off I took Gordon up to the obervation deck where he got his first view of the "glories of outer space" as he put it. It's nice if you care for that sort of thing. The stars don't look much different in space than they do from earth--a little brighter and lonlier is all. I'd rather watch a baseball game.

The kid was all keyed up about being in space. I guess I was too, the first time I made the trip. The idea of spaceships and all was pretty exciting then. When it comes down to it, though, a transport is a transport and from the passenger's point of view there isn't any difference between a space rocket and and oceangoing ship. The same old routine. There isn't much of anything to do except wait until you get to where you're going. I made my way to the galley where I burmed a cup of coffee and lost two bucks in a poker game. That helped to pass the time.

At turnover the kid and a couple new members of the crew were initiated into the Order of Spacehounds, which is a carryover from the old custom of initiation upon first crossing the equator on earth. The Old Man presented the boys with their membership certificates and Gordon handles his like it was printed on a thousand dollar bill. I can see him showing that piece of paper to the folks back home and telling them about the thrills of being in space. After the Old Man's speech the crowd broke up and Gordon went back to the byservation deck. I went back to the poker game and was (cont'd next page)

CHANGE OF STATION

(cont'd)

-by Roy Tackett

still two bucks down at Taps.

The next "morning" the kid told me he had spent the "night" watching the stars and the earth. I mentioned the fact that he'd get mighty homesick for that earth after a few months in the moon but he just laughed and said that he doubted that.

Shortly after chow the word was passed to prepare for deceleration. We went through the routine of strapping purselves into the harmocks and trying to make the best of the next hour. You would think the big wheels would find a way to make deceleration a little smoother. Take-off isn't so bad but slowing down is rough. The landing itself was OK though.

Gordon was in a hurry to disembark and actually set his feet on the moon. He asked me where we drew our spacesuits.
"Space suits?" That one went by me.

"Yes, so we can get out of the rocket and on the moon. We have to have space suits, don't we?"

"Oh," I said, "Maybe I better explain to you, Kid. In the first place the base isn't on the moon, it is in the moon. The landing field is the only part that is actually on the surface and we don't need space suits even for that. You see, the field is in a crater and it is covered with an airtight dome. Thenever a rocket takes off or arrives the dome is opened to let the ship through. Afterwards it is closed and air pumped in again. That's why we're waiting now. It is easier to operate the dome than it is to load or unload a rocket in space suits."

The intercom finally announced that the hatches were open and we could go ashore. The kid seemed disappointed because we didn't need space suits. A noncom in a jeep picked us up and drove us through the double hatch and into the main part of the base. He dropped us off at the Marine Barracks and I dug out our orders and presented them to the O. D.

"Sergeant Ruebell and PFC. Gordon reporting for duty, Sir""

-finis-

from the halls of monte zuma to the craters of the moon we will fight our country's ba

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Stan's Outlook -- Early Butchering issue

Redd Boggs is no more. I, in a fit of rage, eliminated him with a flick of a few typewriter keys. Now only Dean is here. I hope that the once-extant Redd Boggs realizes this sin of not listing me as co-editor of Moonshine Number 12 is the reason for his disintrigation.

MUCH TO DO ABOUT FAPA

capable of use as a survival camp is welcome information—or rather the information that there is such a suitable locale there is welcome to me. Baja California has many advantages, if it could be reached quickly and safely; maybe some Texans or such nearby folk might make it. As long as history is not actually predictable, there will probably be little impetus for a move to the outlands. Perhaps the fact that there are four members in FAPA, who are also members of the Outlanders, has kept up my interest in the thought of such a place. Rick has asked me to move with him to an indian village he has heard of, to set up relations I suppose so when the exodus starts there will be a place ready to go. Len still dreams of the Natural Bridge; he visited it earlier in his life (naturally), and still insists that the tourist accommodations, and the famm and community life already present there in what could be self-sufficient form, could be expanded into a fairly large community-settlement. Hevelin's reviews good.

FRAPPE... Pleasant reading, and sometimes gleeful.

Burp...impolite; ok.

Jabberwocky ... purty good, except the too-cute Guess Tho.

is apt to be the storm-center of the Fall 1948 mailing, with those remarks by Paul Cox on racial inequality. Arousing any unsound inclination of a group to kick out a minority group because of some supposed difference is not worthy of a person who wishes to decide the worth of a person on individual merit. Judging by groups is not something original and new; it's the way that was in vogue before rights of any kind were recognised. Then a group is considered inferior by another group, there is a tendency to limit the rights and so return the world to a period when slavery was practiced. It seems apparent that the person who'll judge another as less worthy than he will go on to the assumption that the inferior should have limited rights, and in effect became partially slave. This separates the groups instead of giving them one purpose, the betterment of all.

MOONSHINE and MASQUE worthy of comments, but no space. Good in many places; Burb--I mean your future history is excellent.

MORPHEUS
...SAVED for last so I could say very worthy for a first issue. Con
and Richard are very artistic in describing the book-store, too;
Ed Cox kept up the pace well. Rick is well on his way to the top
of the heap in this FAPA bone-yard--and in fandom, too. But I'm waiting for your technicolor FAPAzine, Rick---where is it?

Four topranking mags in the mailing in no order of merit are SKY HOOK, EGO BEAST, and the older FANDANGO and PLINUM. I should comment here; instead, turn to Pages 13 to 45...this issue. It would not be possible to do it in less... Stan Voolston

= Len's Don =

Numerical expression of my opinion of the Fall 1948 Mailing: 3.7

Which means t'was closer to good than to fair on my one to five point scale. There were 20 items to rate and none rated less than 3.

Mags rating 4 or 5 were: Fantasy Amateur, Ego Besst, Burblings combined with Fandango, Masque, Plenum, Morpheus, Skyhook, Fandango, Primal and Horizens. (Those underlined rated 5 on the gizmometer.)

Listed in no special order, of course. And so, with the find hope that ye mailings will continue to improve, we leave this field of higher mathematics and go into our usual commentary...

Harry's suggestions for polls at conventions and two conventions a year, one Hast and one West, sound good to me. Why not combine this Idea with the Westercon Idea and....

Morpheus is a misleading title for such a wide-awake mag. I found it mucho entertaining. I see my freind...I mean...friend, Richard Sneary(the Sage of South Gate) mentions my name along with Ed Cox and Redd Boggs. Then he asks(sans question-mark): "Are these queers in disguise." Now Brother Sneary, Fellow Outlander, Fellow Fap amd Fellow Fan, Amigo! There is more than one way of taking that! If Ricardo is listed among the missing, blame Boggs, Cox and Moffatt (The Terrible Three)...

The negro is inferior or he appears inferior," says Mr. Paul D. Cox. "I don't believe any of you can deny that." Deny what? Deny that he is inferior or that he appears inferior or deny both? At the very beginning of your argument you are confusing and contradictory.

But I'll be reasonable enough to split up your statement(?) into two statements. "The negro is inferior." May I ask which Negro? "He appears inferior." To whom? To you. Thy? Oh, you look at him; he has a stupid look about him and doesn't look at all like an intelligent white man. Does the cover always indicate the contents of the book? According to some of the people you quote, it does. I must admit I am familiar with only a couple of the "experts" you quoted so I'd like to know just when these "facts" were discovered.

Ever wonder how stupid you might appear to a Negro?

You say the American negro is superior to his darker brother because of his relatively large proportion of white blood. I've seen some really black-skinned American Negros so I'd like to kniw just who his darker brother is, if I may. You'd like to know how many intelligent Negroes have white blood. I'd like to know how many intelligent "white people" have Negro blood. You mention facts about the big, super brains of the European and say it specifically excludes the negro. Friend, this the Twentieth Century. The races of man are sp intermixed that t'would take a lot of investigating to prove (or disprove) that Europeans, Americans and other peoples who have had traffic with slavery and lived near Negoes do not have Negro blood in their veins. Maybe that would worry you, the there is no logical reason why it should.

I'll admit that I have an inherent tendency to stick by my kind. (cont'd next page)

Len's Den (cont'd.)

But what is my kind? (and your kind?) The human race, chum. Sometimes I doubt if it will ever learn to live with itself but I will not prove traitor to it by going over to the Ants or the Dogs(or any other animal or insect that might take over the planet if we killed ourselves off) Yet I find it hard to be prejudiced against Ants(as long as they leave me alone) or Bogs. I don't go out of my way to trample an ant hill or kick a dog. In fact, I like dogs and get along with most of them very well. But if it came to a showdown, IEd stick by my fellow man be he black, white, yellow, pink or green.

I think you lay too much stress on heridity and skip over the environmental factors too quickly. Environment plays the really important part in molding the individual, you know...or should know. Complete segregation and law-enforced birth control are certainly not ideal environmental factors. The first law of nature is self-preservation. The 2nd law, you might say, is propagation of the species. Try to stop a man from living, try to stop him from being a father (even if beforehand he has never given much that to gatherhood and perhaps even hoped he'd never have to support a family) and you'll have a fight on your hands, laws or no laws. Personally, I think birth control is a good thing, if wisely used. But let's not try to force it on one section of the population. Let's try to educate all peoples and let them decide for themselves what is best fot them and at the same time--what is best for all.

By the way, those baack-skinned American Negroes I mentioned were no more stupid than the next man on the street, white or purple or albino. Because of our pride (which is a good thing of we dont overdo it) we are bound to judge other people either inferior or superior or on a level with us but let's judge'em one at a time, if we must set ourselves up as little tin gods. And, taking each man or woman one at a time, let's judge'em by what they say and do and not how they appear. And if--according to our lights--they say wrong and do wrong, let's try to figure out the real reason why. Let's find out where the person was raised and how and why he or she was thus treated. The really important thing is environment, sir.

But maybe that is too much trouble. It is so much easier to look up impressive quotes in books, isn't it? Thy bother investigating for yourself? Thy bother? That's one question you have to ask your self and answer your self. Afraid to try?

Many, many thank to all those thotfull people who sent me Holiday Greeting Cards. I hope you-all had an enjoyable holiday season and that this New Year will bring peace and happiness to all of us. This can best be done by all of us doing all we can to bring peace and happiness dufing the year and in all the years to come.