

MOFFATT

SNEARY

AND

WOOLSTON'S

MOONSHINE



FAPA

WINTER-1950

NO. 17

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((Note: Due to mucho work at home and a broad--we mean, abroad-- J. Stanley Woolston was not able to write his usual column, One Fan's Opinion, for this issue. However, he promises to be back with us next time with all sorts of Woolstonian Whoopee.....))

rick sneary flash gordon ljm, RD jack speer mr & mrs 4e
ackerman dale hart elmer perdue coswal freddie hershey
outlanders woolstonian poetry westercon 3 fan directory

This "cover" stencil is the last thing being cut for this ish of Moonshine and we've just learned the exact time and place of Westercon III.....sooooooooo.....

WESTERCON III

June 18, 1950

10:AM until ????

Knights of Pythias Hall, Third Floor.....617 Venice Blvd.

Los Angeles, California

More info on this great fan conference inside this great fanmag!

THOT'S WHILE TYPING

The Sneary part of MOONSHINE.

Well, I see I'm back, which is something of a surprise as all other columns and zines I have started in the past, have folded after the second issue. Maybe Moonshine has broke the spell, thanks be to Dictator Moffatt.... Also, thanks Len for cutting the stincels for my Flash Gordon article. It is the general rule among us Moonshiners to cut their own stincels as well as supply 1/3 of monies and work. But just before the date for running this off, I came down with a cough, and took to my bed. So for fear I might not recover in time, he came over, notonly to cheer me, but to type them up. No greater love hath a fan. Needless to say, he did not try to correct my spelling, so all mistakes are my own.

I have been trying for years to thing of a name for my typewriter, that might compare in some small measure with such fames ones as Macbeth or The Flaming Dragon. Atlast I have hit upon it. It came to me a flash, the other day. "GOLIATH" It is so fitting, as it is a hugh, hevely armored, slow moving, and slightly stupid. (Though it is not true it has rocks in it's head.) Goliath has been with me since late 1944, and has seen a lot of changes, but not in itself. (It is also untrue that I still use the same ribbon.) It was a rebuilt Remington 12, and though it operates with the feather-touch controle of a MAC truck, it has neaver called for repairs, and still cut a better stincel than I can. -- My only wish is to find out what keeps the carriage on. I have un-screwed almost everything, and it still wont come off. Any one know how it is done?

The last mailing was the dullest since I entered FAPA. None of the big producers were around, and the rest seemed a little uninspired. I don't agree though that FAPA is dying. Even if all the mailings were as small as the last, it would still be worth the \$1.50 and the work on the mag. The trouble is I fear, that so many Old fans have gone into FAPA to do you-know-what, and have. Look at some of our big names like Kennedy, Millen, Perduc, Elsner, Riggs, & Gardener that we know can write, and write well, yet they have been turning out only a few pages a year. And when they do, it looks like they were beating a deadline. Things are getting to look like a rich-mans SAPS.

But then, what is the use? The influx of new fans are not as interested in turning out fanzines. The great day of fan-zines in train-loads is past. I see the coming of the day of greater, but fewer zines. Also, the trusty mimeograph my soon suffer the same fate that noble hektograph did a few years ago. Oh well, tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF FANS DEPT.

"I have only one criticism of two of the paragraph in the article, they are unintelligible."

"Congratulations Bradbury, it's a baby.."

"Do they have a bar on this street car.?"

"I REMEMBER FLASH GORDON"

=by
RICK
SNEARY

That was the title of an article I wrote for Arcturus #1, appearing in the second mailing of the GAPS. It met with a fair approval and was then forgotten, til just a few days ago when I received from Ray Bradbury 80 strips from 1937-8. This added to my own spotty collection, going back to 1935 and, with the passing of time, has added new things to what I said, and so I'm repeating it in a revised version. If anyone can add to what I know, or can supply more strips, I'd be deeply indebted.

I don't suppose I can claim to be the oldest reader of Flash Gordon, but at least no one but Alex Raymond has been reading his adventures longer. I can still remember the first strip, just as if it were yesterday. Even though it came out some time around 1933 or 1934. The first picture showed a crowd around a poster telling of an approaching meteor, that was destined to crash into Earth. Then a view of space with the flaming mass hurtling toward Earth. In the third picture we met up with Flash and Dale Arden, who were then strangers riding in a plane. Next a flaming forerunner of the meteor knocks off a wing of the plane. Flash bails out in one parachute, holding Dale. There may be still another picture, but the last one shows them being met by Doctor Zarkov, who has built a spaceship with which he hopes to save the world. He orders Flash and Dale at gunpoint to accompany him. In the next week's strip Flash over-powers Zarkov, and turns the flat-iron shaped rocket away from the meteor, but they crash on the planet Mongo.

Thus started what is possibly one of the greatest series of adventures ever to appear in the comic-weeklies, one that has lasted over 16 or 17 years, and shows little sign of not going on forever.

In looking over the stack of papers before me, they fit into roughly five different groups. Which might be called the Five Ages of Flash Gordon. I will cover each in turn.

The first period reached from the beginning, to somewhere about the first of 1936. This was indeed the Golden Age of Flash Gordon. The artwork outstripped any in the field at the time and even now only Harold Foster, creator of Prince Valiant, has been able to equal his life-like drawings and the imagination of scenes and settings.

Raymond followed no one--he was a leader, a master of shadow and lines. With fine hair-line strokes he gave his hero's rippling muscles and his heroines lively curves. He made his drawings come alive and drew the reader beyond the two near dimensions of the page into a world of excitement, romance and danger.

There was no one at the time and few since who could equal his first greatness. Even the struggling staff artists were not in the same class. His characters were both human and inhuman with equal grace. The gruff and winged Vultan of the Hawkmen, and the orange-

skinned and Shaggy maimed Thun of the Lion-men, were no less human to the readers than Flash, or the yellow-colored Ming the Merciless. There were countless types of races on Mongo. The Green Dragon-men, blue-horned Ape Men and the predominate yellow people who did not look (with the exception of Ming) the least Oriental.

Possibly the most noticeable difference was the clothing which the people wore. Mongo seemed to have a warm climate, as part of the time the men were bare to the waist and the women wore only slightly more. When in full dress most of the men wore chest armour but left their legs bare. Although they had rayguns of all kinds they usually wore swords and short knives. It was thus a cross between the romantic days of knighthood and the far future. (an ideal setting for a Brackett novel) The dress of the females-generally most revealing was generally like present day cover girls. They combined flowing transparency-in a pulsestirring way-with skintightness. The females themselves were unlike anything ever seen outside of a sciencefictionists' dream, being of all colors and temperments. Raymond turned out a couple of females in this period that almost out-villained Ming, yet were still unearthly beautiful. I rather doubt that the scant costumes could be allowed nowadays.

The stories themselves were comparatively simple as any such type story must be. Yet they were fast moving, original and had plenty of gimmicks. Such as the city of the Hawkmen that was supported in the air by beams of force; the undersea cities, with the machines that converted the Earth people to waterbreathers and the magnificent Tournament of Death, in which thousands of men of every race fought in the most fanastic manner and killed each other so that the lone survivor might win a kingdom. There were flashing spaceships, slaving monsters, and alienly beautiful cities.

All this was summed up in the motto under the coat-of-arms that began the series for awhile. It was beneath a quartered shield which was set with a blazing sun, the head of a dragon, of a lion; and of a human helmeted skull. The motto read: "We sing of Arms and Heroes". This was indeed the Heroic Age of Flash Gordon.

The Second Period of change came somewhere in 1936 and ended about mid 1939. Now this was no great change, nor was the break a clear cut one. It could be seen only by comparing over a long period of time. For those of you who can remember it was from a time just after Flash's victory over the Witch Queen to somewhere about the time he was with Fria near one of the Poles, fighting Norsemen-like giants. The notable changes were in the drawings. They became larger with fewer panels per strip, and with less of the fineline drawing. The dress of the characters became more Earthian. And on Oct. 14th, 1938 all the yellow people of Mongo suddenly became white, without explanation. And while there were other colored races used later, it marked an end to the truly alien-world feeling.

The Third Period is possibly the least change of any, yet I feel there was one. It lasted from mid 1939 to Dec. of 1943. All this time it was still signed by Raymond but the change grew stronger toward the end.

There was less fineline work, and more rough shadowing, and big blotches of nothing. The people became more streamlined and lacking in detail and depth. The costumes were even less weird but became more showy. The men's were bright with gold braid and colors like those of European officers. The dress sword was almost forgotten and in general more clothes were worn. The women's dress was either patterned after the men's or slightly advanced versions of what was currently popular on Earth, such as wedgies. In fact it could have well been but a picture of our own planet in the future.

In late 1941, with war threatening the world, and Ming finally overthrown, Flash and his two companions returned to Earth which for some reason had not been destroyed by the meteor. (One friend claims that they managed to divert it from its course in the beginning, but I don't remember.) Flash became a Doc Savage type hero for a few months, in which he caught spies, was captured by the enemy (The Red Sword) and escaped to destroy them in the end. But seemingly unable to think of anything else for them to do (now that they had saved the world), Raymond sent them back to Mongo. There the old pattern returned again, with Flash saving the kingdom of Desira. This was probably the last of the truly Raymond type stories, for though they followed the old pattern there was still a flash of genius.

The Fourth Period started with the first of 1943. Though the first few strips bore Raymond's name, no one could doubt that it was some-one else, probably a number of "someones" that were actually drawing them. This lasted till August, 1948.

Everything became but a poorer copy of its former self. All hope for well-planned plots disappeared. The number of pictures per issue were cut to five and only the briefest part of the story was told each week. The faces, always so well done before, became mere blobs of color and lines. The manner of dress became more and more like that of present day Earth. The truth of this was brought out in Nov. 1947 when Dale began wearing the "new-look". All faith in Flash Gordon as a leader of young minds into science-fiction was lost by me, and as it became increasingly difficult to follow the disjointed story and the seemingly endless chase of Kang. Kang, the fat son of Ming, was the same color as his father if nothing else. For Ming was a much better foe and a more cunning villain than the fat and stupid Kang. For no matter what you say of Ming he was never stupid which is more than can be said of Flash at times.

The Fifth Period started in Aug. 1948 when the strip was taken over by Mac Raboy and Don Moore who still have it up to this writing. (Jan, 1950) At first this change looked like a return to better days. The drawings were infinitely better without quite equalling the early Raymond work. Again the faces were well done and the background became equal to that of the Third Period.

But it was not long before the high hopes were dashed. For while the drawing remained good the stories became even poorer than before. Merely repeating themselves so that even the youngest reader must be able to predict the next installment.

So we come to the present with a gaudily dressed but shaking hulk of the former giant of the comics. All his earlier friends, which Raymond did bring back from time to time, are forgotten. The odd races he has met and mastered, forgotten.

The planer Mongo must be most remarkable. It must be the size of Jupiter but with an Earth-like gravity for no world our size could hold so many countries. It must have about four poles and a million miles of equator. It must have good climate too for while Flash and Dale have stayed the same age for 17 years, Dr. Zarkov, who started out a balding scientist of 50--in sloppy shape, now is a slim-waisted, bushy haired genius of 30-something.

Thus you have Flash Gordon as I saw and remembered it. Not as great as it was but I can still remember the great days and with the few copies I have can in part recapture the glories that once were. For no matter what, Alex Raymond was a leader and a great artist at one time and I will argue the point with anyone. Though Buck Rogers came first and Brick Bradford had more science-fictional adventures, I feel that neither ever equalled Flash in his heyday. No one ever will--not for me, at least, who knew him when and whose adventures layed the groundwork for my interest in science-fiction and fandom.

The End

WATCH FOR THE BIG NEWS ABOUT THE THIRD ANNUAL WEST COAST SCIENCE
FICTION CONFERENCE.....WESTERCON III!!!

IT WILL BE SPONSERED BY THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

IT WILL BE SOMEWHERE IN LOS ANGELES ON SUNDAY, JUNE 18th, 1950

EXACT TIME AND PLACE WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER

BIG AUCTION WITH SOMETHING OF INTEREST FOR EVERYONE

SOMETHING GOING ON EVERY MINUTE SPEAKERS TOPICS OF

INTEREST TO SCIENTASY FANS SPEAKERS BIG NAMES LITTLE

NAMES MIDDLE SIZED NAMES RICK SNEYDY IN PERSON

THE BIG PUN FUN WILL BRING FORRY ACKERMAN TO THE WESTERCON ALL THE

WAY FROM HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. ALL THE COUNTS AND NO-ACCOUNTS

WILL BE THERE HOW ABOUT you?

WESTERCON III

"by the Outlanders"

June 18th, 1950

((unpaid ad))

= Lem's Den =

Moonshine

Loyal Subjects, soft organ-type music is pouring forth from yon radio while I write these immortal lines. And the Yuletide Season has just passed into limbo--for another year. And this is being composed on the stencil. Composed on the stencil after a hard day in ye printing dept. of ye box shoppe, after a merry and jolly Xmas week-end which started with the LASFS Xmas party on Thursday nite(Tom & Jerrys, etc.) and continued with the party at work the next day(highballs, etc.), and reached its high point Xmas eve(Sat,nite) at the Hershey's Xmas party (highballs, rum and coke and I seem to remember some sort of secret code-type word...wot wuzzzit???Oh yes, v-a-t-6-9...etc.) ----

Then there was Xmas day-and-the-day-after at my brother-in-law's home wherein one can find a supertelevision set(16" screen, I theenk) and (highballs, beer, etc.)

A week before Xmas Week End there was the Outlander meeting at the Hershey's (6335 King Ave., Bell, Calif. where one can get The Outlander Magazine at a dime per) with Ray Bradbury as Guest of Horror. He read us a chapter(which was a complete story in itself) from his forthcoming book Martian Chronicles. This was beer-type Outlander meeting. No etc was served.

And a week before the Outlander meeting, John Bristol Speer was in town. ("Town" being LA). I went down to Forry's to see him and found other fen present. Elmer & Betty Perdue. Dale Hart. Forry and Wendy. Jack Himselg Speer found a Buck Flash Rogers Gordon-type cap pistol among Forry's curd and began shooting everybody with it. Later on the Null-A Boys arrived(Timmer, Cox, Bonnel and Hackworth). I had been suffering from indigestion all day so we all went out for a Spanish dinner. (save for Wendy, who's mother was ill. And after dinner the Null-A's away too. In fact, one of them--I wont embarrass him by telling who--didn't stay long enough to order....had to rush right out. Seems he forgot his textbooks at the Mernpy Institute).

Oh yes. Before we went out to eat(ay, before the Null A Lads arrived... by the by, two of'em...Timmer and Hackworth are fine fellows to absorb beer with) Hart and Speer began trying to outdo each other in feats of physical agility. Push ups. Handstands. Rollovers(or whatever-you-call-em). Perdue played the piano (incidental music,Elmer?) while the rest of us cheered, jeered, veered and quoth "How weird."

This was going to be a short report on the Speercon. "ell, at first it was going to be a detailed account but when I took into account how little time I have on hand I decided to be brief and let Speer or Forry or Elmer or ???? someone tell ye fellowfaps about the Event. I am especially curious as to what Speer will write. But this is longer than I intended and I still haven't gotten us put of the Spanish restaurant. (After the dinner I didn't notice my indigestion anymore. "Therapy by violence," quoth Hart) ((The redño is now pushing dixieland-type jazz, blues and stuff. Good old Vranduski must have switched stations.)) If there are any typererrors and things in this column it is because this is appearing in Fapa's Finest Mag, Moonshine.

Ole Doc Rothman can rest his eyes b4 he turns the page fpr more on the Speercon..... 1

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"Jack Speer drank a beer
By pouring suds into his ear
He had to stop as it went pop
When rapped by an irate cop
The reason why the cop was mad?
Jack had one more head than the flatfoot had..."

The above poem was writ over a year ago by J. Stanley Woolston (in a moment of gay abandon). It was almost prophetic. For Speer does drink beer. He certainly has changed since Pacificon, 1946. I would say that Jack has unstuffed his shirt. (Of course, Ijm has changed somewhat since 1946 too...) Jack wanted to see the Bright Spots of LA. None of us were overloaded with the long green so we had to settle for 2nd(3rd, 4th, etc,) rate Spots. We went to a German-type Beer und Dance Hall, an unusual night club, a low-type dive. By then it was 2AM. We took Forry--who had not been drinking but was having a good time--we took Forry home since we were more or less retiring to Hart's Retreat and Forry had his own retreat and a lovely wife. The other non-drinkers....just a second I gotta stop and take a count here. Hmm. Only other non-drinker was Betty. Rest of us had beer. None of us could afford etc that nite. A charming couple, Helene & Henry joined us earlier in the evening...which of course I should have mentioned sooner and would have if this was a formal report and not being composed on the stencil amidst cigar smoke and jazz-type music. Helene & Henry are terrific dancers. I have not the words to describe how terrific they are...Maybe Perdue has but I doubt. Well, we ended up at Hart's Apartment. Speer was the first to go to sleep. (Incidentally we had no cop-trouble. Jack didn't have his fireworks with him.)

Gad, what a crummy "report". Hope Speer or someone does better. The Perdues took him home with them and I understand he was to meet the IE Lads the next day. It was already the next day but I reckon he made it.

I got hme around 10AM. Hme is where the hrt is.

And now we come to The Dictator's Mailbox. Where did I put those notes from Rotsler, Seemshmmmm....must have mislaid them. Well, here's a paragraph from a note from Acting OE Coswal:

"...I'm disgusted at you for ruining the flavor of the card you reprinted (of mine) in your last MOONSHINE. You omitted my line: 'Your humor slays me'. Without that, my whole message is distorted, and gives the wrong impression entirely. I demand a public apology in your next issue."

I didn't taste the card so I didn't know it had a flavor. As for omitting the line, I had to omit something. According to Pistachio--whp has just been taking a count--there were 568 words on the card. He insists, however, that he is holding five cards when any fool can see there are only two...I mean..one. But let Justice be done.

We herewith reprint the omitted line. "Your humor slays me." And as Dictator of EAPA I order that the public(whoever or whatever they may be) apologize!

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We continue with the Mailbox with a letter which is addressed to all of the Moonshiners. It's from Mrs. Freddie Hershey, the loveliest and kindest of hostesses, wife of that reasonably null* nuclear rum and boogie-woogie fancier, Doctor Alan Pubwallie Hershey. The letter is dated Nov. 10, 1949 which was Freddie's birthday and on behalf of my loyal fapates I wish her many more and may she continue to grow younger every year. On second thought, cancel that wish (the last half of it, that is) for we do want her to become an Old Fan and join FAPA along with her hospitable husband. Say on, Freddie...

"Dear Eds, I must humbly apologize for waiting so long to comment on your last issue of Moonshine. All very busified with IASFS and Outlander crud to get prepared. But since the reception to the last Outlander was so terrific and so many subscribers took the time and trouble to write their criticisms and praises, the least I can do is make some comments on your mag.

"Len's idea of a cover is, to quote Bryce Walton, fabulous. Is this a cover or is it? It certainly covers everything, from the table of contents to free ads for Shaggy and the Outlander; a notice of associate memberships in IASFS and egoboo for the writer. Practically an article in itself and quite a departure from just being any old kind of cover.

The lusty shenanigans of the Dictator of FAPA are a riot. While no member of that organization and not desirous of becoming one, the whole act, from proclamation to reactions are of the funniest sort. In good fun, without rancor and a subtle spur to the pseudo-politics going on in most organizations. Long may you dictate, Len?!

Then the busy, bustling and benign Buddha of Gardon Grove settles himself to make comment on whatever it may be, the boy is unqualifiedly one of the most enjoyable to read in all of fandom. His ideas are so Woolstonish and what greater compliment could I pay? None. Personal report, book report or mag report, he reads sensibly, sanely and yet the undercurrent of natural humor is a decided pleasure amongst the usual type of opinion report.

And Ricardo, my pet, you absolutely send me. Of course I do not agree with your concepts on harems. Being part Turk I can feel a definite set of inherited desires along those lines. ((and such nice lines too--ljm)) But, the deal must work both ways. Say I, if any man or woman feels the capabilities required to cope with plural spouses possible in him or her then by all means let them have the power to do so legally. Our present set-up is such that it is not overly difficult to gather in extra-marital lovmaking. May as well make the men who have more than one woman support or keep them more equally and openly. And if there be any women who find they can jeep more than one man happy, by all means let her do so in some more sensible fashion than undercover.

Jealousies will always exist, and the gal who knows that her man can trot home with some new babe any time will be a little more careful to keep attractive, be less shrewish and be a more capable housekeeper.

And if friend husband knows that the calm serenity of his monogamous household can be disrupted if wifey decides to share her bed with another, he will cease keeping the checkbook so close to his heart, he will remember that a

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wife is still a woman to be wooed and admired and told that she is the best looking babe in his books--and sound as tho he means it. And it may keep him out of the pool rooms, or wherever hisbands go to get away from the 'little woman'.

Anyway the idea appeals to me. And any male or female who can't get her share of the other sex is just out of luck. To the victor belongs the spoils.

And to Dot an orchid for her pome. Let's have more, and of course, now that she is a regular Outlander, you can all expect to see her stuff in the next ish of that wonderful mag. Stan Woolston editing #4, due any month now--or when--ever the chainletter gets around.

This is definitely for publication.

-Freddie Hershey"

If any of you fapates wanna argue with Freddie I'lllrefer the stuff you write to her and she can make reply in these pages if she so desires.

I suppose I should say something about the last mailing. Didn't bother to rate it. Very puny mailing. "few good mags but most ganged from Fair to Naagh. Best mags as I recall offhand(neat trick!) were Faparade, FA, Horizons, Mindwarp and the Sneary, Woolston and Faulkner part of Moonshine.

The following could be called the Music Dept. or a "record report", I guess:

At a recent meeting of the Outlanders there were seven members present, no counting me. I decided that they represented a good cross-section of fandom for these 7 people ranged from the practically inactive fan to the semiactive fan to the completely active fan. They were five men and two women, ranging in age from the late teens to the 60 year mark.

Here, said I, is my golden opportunity to make a little experiment. Eagerly I explained my idea to my "guinea pigs"... I was going to play 25 phonograph records. They would try to guess the title of the record, the name of the person or group who recorded it, and state their opinion of the record in a numerical fashion designed by the mathematical section of my brain (a very small section, to be sure).

If they enjoyed the record they would write down the number one. If they didn't enjly the record they would write down the number three. Number two would be used to designate anything between love and hate. I passed out sheets of paper and played the records. I will now list those records--not in the order they were played--but in the order they were rated, according to the "averages" compiled by me from the individual ratings given by the seven fen. Incidentally, each person was asked to mark the title he or she enjoyed most of the 25 played...

RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Last half; Paul Whiteman)

1.0

As is obvious, everyone rated this one with a Big One. And this was Freddie's favorite of the 25 played. Everane guessed the title, tho one fan--Stan Woolston-- didn't write it down. Instead he wrote "smooth mitout that sweet junk." Stan didn't bother writing down the titles of

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any of 'em tho he prob'ly knew most of 'em. He did give each a rating however and made written remarks which we will quote when we get to 'em.

STARDUST (Artie Shaw)

1.2

This was Forry's favorite of the 25. Said Stan "the best here" but am not sure this was his pick of the lot since he had written "I like" underlined several times after the first one played which we will get to eventually...

ANDALUCIA (Decca Concert Ork; Horlick conducting)

1.4

Rick Sneary--Sage of South Gate(in '58!)--shouted with joy at this one.

DER FUERER'S FACE (Spike Jones & Co.)

1.4

Dot Faulkner said she enjoyed thosone the most of the 25. Everyone enjoyed it but Alan U. Hershey. Rick almost gave it a 3 but changed it to a 2. Even the mighty Sneary mind cannot resist Spike Jones and his Science Fiction Fans!

DANCE OF THE HOURS (Last Half; Bost Pops; Fiedler)

1.4

John Van Couvering's favorite(of the 25) but right up in there sharing third place with Andalucia and Der Fuehrer's Face.

LITTLE BROWN JUG (the late Glenn Miller and his great band)

1.5

This was Alan's pick of the grpup. Said Stan:"Rythm OK but inconsequential." (Stan rated it a 2) Rick was the only one to rate it a 3.

OVERTURE (Nutcacker Suite: Symphony Ork anonymous)

1.7

This is the one Stan said "I like" about and underlined the statement heartily.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE (Frank Crumit)

1.7

Freddie and John were the only ones to rate this anceint recording with a number One. But no one gave it a 3.

SILVER ON THE SAGE (Bing Crosby)

1.7

No comment.

INTERMEZZO (Dick Leibert at the Radio City Music Hall Organ)

1.7

This is the one from the picture of the same name.

POLONAISE (Last half of Chopin's; Hilde Somer, pianist)

1.8

Most of them seemed to have difficulty in guessing the title but two or three finally got it!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A SOCIETY(Harry Roy & Band;Joy Nicholls-vocal.)

1.8

This calypso-type song collected but two 3 ratings, one from Dot, one from Rick. This was on a London label and I didn't think anyone would guess the band or vocalist. No one did. But the guesses included Kay Starr, Dinah Shore and Francis Langford...

TIE ROAD RO MOROCCO

(Crosby & Hope)

1.8

Said Stan: "Bob ain't no singah. Fluff.."and rated it a 2. That old meanie Sneary was the only guinea pig to rate it a 3.

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OVERTURE MINIATURE (Nutmacker Suite; Freddie Martin & Swing Ork) 2.0
Forry and Freddie rated it 2. Alan, John and Stan: 2. Dot & Rick: 1.
6 plus 6 plus 2 equals 14. 14 divided by 7 is Two.....

OCEANA ROLL (Beatrice Kay) 2.0
Got a 2 from each of the seven happy fans. Forry thot it was Gracie Fields.

MAYBE (Ink Spots) 2.0
Dot ' John thot it was the Mills Bros. Stan gave it the symbol for Infinity which we had to count as a 3. Another 3 from Rick. Again Freddie and John were in agreement being the only ones to rate it One.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME (Harry James Ork; Kitty Kallen-canary) 2.1
Stan's remark on this was written in hieroglyphs which I couldn't decipher. One of the symbols looks like an hour glass so maybe he was merely writing the title of the song. He gae it a 2.

BLUES IN THE NIGHT (Judy Garland) 2.1
Said Stan: "Showmanship but inconsequential." another 2 from him in agreement with John and Freddie. Forry--who guessed Lena Horne--rated it One as did Dot who knew who was singing. Alan and Rick groaned 3.

ROYAL GARDEN BLUES (Forry Dorsey) 2.2
Dot and Rick gave it 3. Others said 2 but nobody guessed the title and prob'ly wouldn't have guessed the band if I hadn't played the first few grooves of the other side..Dorsey's theme...

MANHATTEN BEACH MARCH (one of Sousa's; Goldman Band) 2.2
Alan rated it $3\frac{1}{2}$ which I counted as 3.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU (Al Jolson) 2.2
Forry loved it. John One'd it too. Alan Two'd it. Said Stan: "One of his less obnoxious. Like music but not Al-boy." and rated it a 3 as did Freddie, Dot and Rick.

MARGIE (TED Lewis Jazz Band; very old record) 2.5
Infinity symbol from Stan. "Six" from Alan, 3 from everyone else but Forry who Two'd it and Jon who One'd it! Alan guessed the band. Other guesses were: Wayne King, Benny Goodman, Paul Whiteman and Abe Lyman...

WRECK OF THE OLD '97 (Vernon Dalhart, remember him? I don't.) 2.7
This wreck of a record rated higher than I thot it would, tho no one gave it a One. John and Stan are responsible for this phenomona no dpubt as they each rated it a 2.

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY (Gene Krupa) 2.8
Only Stan rated it as high as a 2.

ALL'ER NOTHIN' (Celeste Holm and Lee Dixon; from show "Oklahoma") 2.8
Shares last place with the Krupa disc. Stan remarked: "Novelty number, eh? Discords." And rated it with the infinity symbol. Forry was the broadminded gent who rated this one a Two.

The "average" for the whole group of records--or as Rick calls it: the "average average" of the 25 titles was; 1.9

Moonshine

Each of the guinea pigs totaled up the number of points he or she gave the records and divided by 25(wot else?)...Their individual "averages" or "enjoyment quotient" are as follows:

John Van Couvering (nineteen yrs old)	1.6
Dorthea Faulkner (sweet sixty)	1.8
J. Stanley Woolston(late twenties)	1.8
Freddie Hershey(thirtyish)	1.9*
Forry Ackerman (thirtyish)	2.0
Alan U. Hershey (thirtyish)	2.0
Rick Sneary (early twneties)	2.2

*We note with interest that Freddie's favorite record of the 25 was Rhapsody in Blue which rated Number One with all of the g.p.'s and that Freddie's average coincides with the average for the whole group of records: 1.9

Does this mean anything? If so...What?

Is Mrs. Freddie Hershey(thirtyish) the Average Fan as far as Music Appreciation is concerned?

If this is true than Ackerman, Van Couvering and Moffatt will have to quit listneing to Jolson records for Freddie hates Jolson. Yes, we will have to give up Jolson...or else keep on listening to him and admit that we are....Above Average....

Before I foret it I want to appoint Jack Speer as head of my Storm Troopers since has proven himself so adept with rocket pistols.

As far as I know Westercon III(sponsored by The Outlander Society) will be held Somewhere in LA on June 18th, 1950. Watch for more details in the next ish of this mag(maybe) and in The Outlander, Shangri-La and elsewhere.... Methinx t'll be a bang-up affair with Freddie as Mistress of Ceromonies and other Outlanders performing feats of wonder to amaze and amuse you. There will also be Guest Speakers, The Auction, and free beers if you can find someone to buy them for you.

This will prob'ly be labeled the "drunken MOONSHINE" altho none of the editors were drunk during the making of it. Rick has been sick and I cut four of his stencils for him so all of the typerrossand misspelled words are not necessarily his. Stan sez he'll have a couple of pages this time. Dunno what the cover will be--if we have a cover.

Portland in '50!

LA in '51!

South Gate in '58!

Consider this a Final Reminded: If you want to be listed in the Fan Directory send in that questionnaire NOW. Over 300 rec'd to date. And on this date(Jan 17th) I bid thee all hoop la til nexttime!

--ljm