



THIS is being typed on a slightly damaged stencil. Whether or not this page appears in the mailing does not matter. But since we've gone to the trouble of cutting this bent-up stencil we will make some practical use of it. A "contents page", for instance....

Let's see now...if we don't get our pages mixed the line-up for this third post-war issue of Moonshine should look something like this:

Cover (Page One)....."Moonlit Maiden" by Shirley Jean.  
 Pages Two you are reading (maybe).  
 Pages Three and Four.....Our comments on the last mailing.  
 Pages Five and Six....."One Fan's Outlook": an article by Stanley Woolston.  
 Page Seven.....a poem by V.E.J.  
 Page Eight.....a short fantasketch by Ljn.

\*\*\*\*\*

Puny Poetry Dept.

I eat my peas with honey  
 I've doen it all my life  
 It makes the peas taste funny  
 But it keeps them on my knife!

—submitted by C. F. V.

fapa ff nfff lasfs fapa ff nfff lasfs fapa ff nfff lasfs fapa ff

(advertisement)

(advertisement)

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth

An Old And Well-Tried Remedy For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALWAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure to ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

(adv)

TWENTY FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE

(adv)



Vol. Two, No. Three

January, 1947

Whole Number Six

.....  
 A Gardens-of-the-Bell Publication produced for the entertainment of  
 FAPA members by Len J. Moffatt of 5918 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens,  
 Calif. Cover Design, "Moonlit Maiden", by Shirley Jean.  
 .....

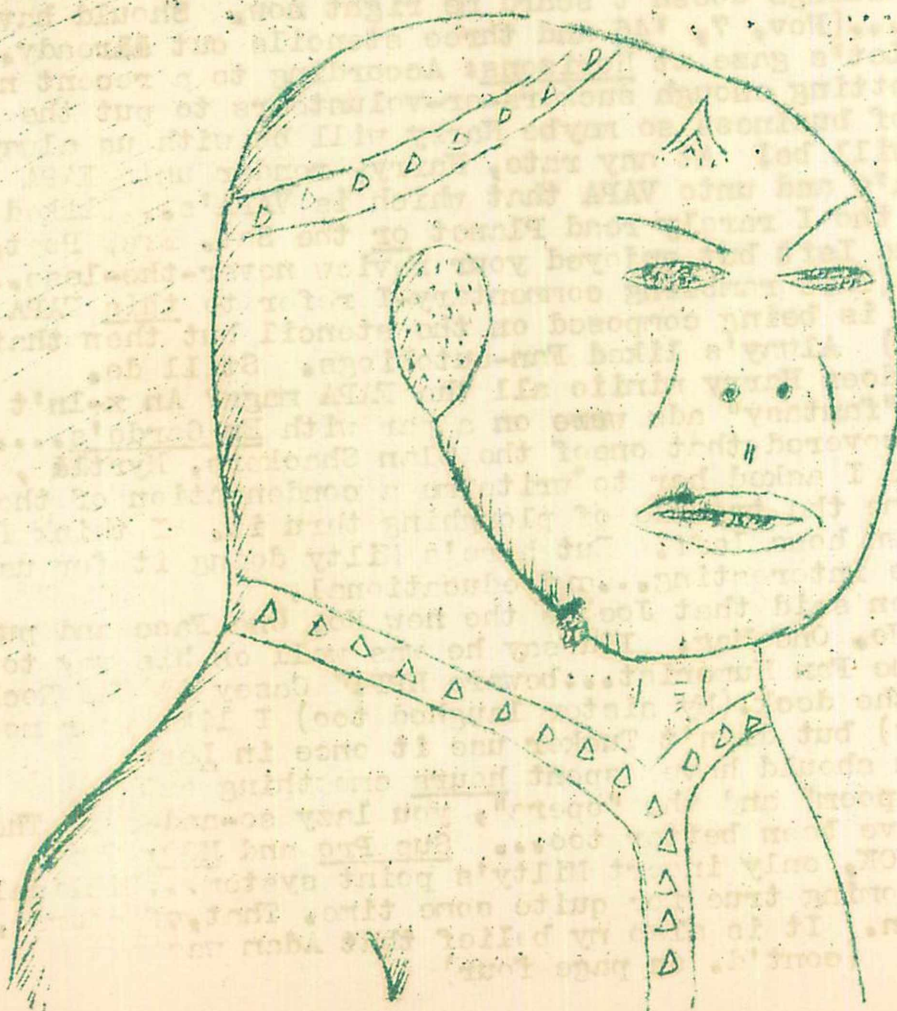
The Fan At Home...or How I Read The Last Mailing...

The radio was blaring Bob Hope, Red Skeleton, election returns, etc. My nephew was doing his grade-school literature homework. My sister and niece were listening to the radio and assisting my nephew. My brother-in-law was reading the latest Astounding SCIENCE-FICTION and making unfunny remarks about science-fiction in general. (He's really a fan at heart but refuses to admit it.) My mother was working a crossword puzzle. Rascal, our canine, relaxed on the floor and contemplated the foolishness of human beings. I reclined in my favorite easy chair with the latest Mailing spread about me and shuddered in sheer terror as Milty and Elmer laid down the law.... All kidding aside, I am certainly in favor of keeping the chicken out. Milty's "pint" system is OK except for one thing: if a non-FAPA member writes something for a FAPA mag—who gets the "point for writing"? Guess the best thing to do in a case like that is to forget said "point for writing" and give the publisher one pt. per page for each page that the non-FAPA's article covers. Anyway I'm willing to vote the idea into use...Elmer's warning that there will be no post-mailings doesn't scare me right now. Should have this ish ready by Jan....(Nov. 7, '46 and three stencils cut already...) Huff sed re FA...Let's gaze at Horizens: According to a recent news report they are getting enough suckers-er-volunteers to put the draft boards out of business so maybe Harry will be with us always. Here's hoping he will be! At any rate, Harry, render unto FAPA that which is FAPA's and unto VAPA that which is VAPA's...Liked Gardner's article tho I rarely read Planet or the Sat. Eve. Post... Read Thunder On The Left but enjoyed your review never-the-less... Devil's Advocate: (This rambling commentary-I refer to this FAPA review, not D's A- is being composed on the stencil but then that's obvious, isn't it?) Alway's liked Fan-autobiogs. Still do. Jabberwocky-Egad, does Harry mimic all the FAPA mags? An x-ln't first issue. The "fantasy" ads were on a par with En Garde's.... Plenum: When I discovered that one of the Slan Shackers, Myrtla, was reading K's S&S I asked her to write me a condensation of the book, thus saving me the trouble of ploughing thru it. I think I rec'd the well-known hoss laff. But here's Milty doing it for us and I find it quite interesting...and educational. Crulzak: It has been said that Joe is the new No. One Face and publisher of the new No. One Mag. I'd say he was well on his way to becoming the No. One Fan Humorist...beware HPP! Casey At The Rocket had me rolling on the deck. (My sister laughed too) I like your motto (top of contents pg) but didn't Tucker use it once in Log? Moonshine: Len, you should have spent hours smoothing out the rythm in both the "poem" and the "opera", you lazy so-and-so. The mimic wprk could have been better too... Sus Pro and MOO: The constitution looks OK, only insert Milty's point system...Biblical prophecy has been coming true for quite some time. That, of course, is merely my opinion. It is also my belief that Adam was not  
 (cont'd. on page four)



(cont'd. from page three) necessarily the first man. According to one portion of Genesis Adam was the first men. The Creation, as described by Moses, is a very brief account of what went on before and up to the time of Man-the more-or-less-intelligent animal. Again I state: that is merely my opinion. Christianity seems the logical way of life to me because it is the exact opposite of selfishness. Selfishness is the cause of all the world's ills, including the "chicken" Milt mentioned. Thank for the grammar correction, Jack. Your cartoons continue to amuse me. Both covers of SusPro were timely and almost too close to the truth to be funny. Micron: Neatly done and entertaining. Reader & Collector: Enjoyed. Walt's Warblings: Is Thyril any relation to Alqui? As I've stated several times before...I like book reviews. Vonal: I like poetry but me no savvy this kind. Glom: Noted. Nexttime, 4E will have a bigger ish in the Mailing, we hope. Fan-Dango: I enjoyed the Pacificon but then it was my first fan convention. I'm not bored with fandom either. Guteto Supplement: It's natural for people of the same race to band together. Whether or not it is a good thing depends on why they are banding together. The pro-Nazi Germans banded together to conquer the "inferior" races. Race prejudice. Bad. That ol' debbil, Selfishness. Again I state.....

-ljm





by

Stanley Woolston

(We met Stan at the Pacificon. Since then we have been corresponding with this new Califan. We found some of his views re A-Power and the future quite interesting and, with his permission, have taken excerpts from his letters and formed them into the following article. The title also belongs to Stan. He hopes to use it in a fanmag he intends to publish. Stan's address: 214 N. West St., Garden Grove, Calif. -ljm)

## I

You ask about views of A-Power and the future. I am not a mathematician; also, illogical but true, I haven't read the three pocket-size books on A-Power through, or the Smythe report--but I'm on that now. Regardless of the power, it seems to me that there is one limitation on such forces, despite or perhaps because of their destructive force: the limitation of the human animal.

Psychologists say that the animal Man is an emotional being before he is one of reason. He hates the guts out of what he believes is an "enemy"--but the enemy must be humanized to the extent of having a name. For example, damn Jap as the "title" of a war-time Japanese. It may be very hard to "humanize" the enemy A-Bomb... unless, of course, we make a certain group the devils who plan to use it against us. Russia, for example. That might be a propaganda line of any "world of if" war that might spring up in the millena to come. But this doesn't answer your questions on my views...

Unless the human animal is inspired (or uninspired) to try to cut a hunk out of itself by the aid of A-Power, it likely won't. Humans have to have a motive to move. I know that if it wasn't for the Pacificon I'd been standing on the edges now, just dreaming away the time. Something concrete is needed to cause a motion, or a commotion, of mankind.

And then--then a heckofalot is needed to stop the actions of Homo Sap.

During war the war machine is on top. Naturally it seeks to propegate itself--that is a tendency that has existed through our few years of recorded (so-called) history. Officially, you might remember, we aren't "at peace." Armies of occupation are over there on the other side of the globe.

It seems strange that anyone would think the armed services would give up A-Power without a fight. A new weapon is no good unless studied...and on hand when "needed."

I think that war is the great disorganizer. It brings about an artificial state of action. Money slips away by the carload, and a lot of guys are ready to grab. We've had wars in the past; it might be only border-clashes where no A-Bomb would be used, or across-the-hemisphere battles where the bomb could be used to greater purposes, but I doubt that war will be stopped. People are onery cusses...Witness the rumor of Chimese of a savage breed keeping American airmen as slaves. We plan to "buy" them off; under other circumstances we might start warfare with or without declaration.

(Cont'd. on page 6.)

One Man's Outlook  
(Cont'd)

There is something numbing about thoughts of an A-Bomb. It inhibits thought, and perhaps stimulates it too--in a rut-like pattern, and witness the above meanderings. We speak as if the Bomb is the gadget to put a period on the life of Man. It could end nations and perhaps split continents--if volleys were used. The ~~continent's~~ earth, I hear, is a shell of rock with a flowing heart, the flow caused by the pressure as much as anything. If enough bombs were dropped on a spot --or a super-A-buster--maybe the whole Earth might split.

But I don't believe that A-bombs will be the intensively used weapon of any future war. Maybe it's just hope--or guessing, rather--but I think there is a more economical weapon, although not a less cruel one...germ culture.

From what I hear, our research on growing and controlling plague has increased via special investigating group into the problem. Indeed, millions was used in this Manhattan Project-like study, I hear. Maybe you've seen some of the pics of outlandish garb that was used to protect the experimenters. It reminded me of "radiation suits" of the atomic experimenters.

These two "secret weapons" have similarities.

Both are "plagues". Both are comparatively recent developments; whether they are equally effective I couldn't guess, of course. But the growth of the germs could be in hidden labs--even in jars and tubes --and A-Power takes machinery and much power. So--

If "controls" are set up--investigation of labs, tabs on workers in fields leading to war, the germ method would be more easily done under the eyes of a watcher.

To sum it up: no one knows.

## II

Man-by nature-is a stumbler. He moves to higher ground when he has to or be drowned; he leaves his cave when a bear forces him, and builds a tree-house to save his body from a wild beast or wilder nature. (His thoughts are in the dream level, not action-promoting.)

All Man has to do to make a fatal plunge into the abyss of race-destruction is to indulge in the characteristic it inherited from its simian relatives. One stumble--and the man-made edifice could fall. The race of Man has advanced one small step since its cave days; he has learned to guide his mind, of only gropingly. Words are the tails of reason; telepathy the unattained ideal. Books, magazines, movies, radios spread the ideas, usually well-seasoned with emotionalism.

Unless Man learns to think despite emotions, he may be crushed.

Taking everything into consideration there may be only one answer ~~to~~ to A-power control or a germ menace. It is to know the answer of how the tight-rope walker manipulates himself without a fatal misstep. For the whole of Mankind is in the position of walking a narrow rope over a gulf that might include race-destruction.

Finis

---



## The Leaf

When Adam was weedin' the Garden of Eden,  
With nothing but innocence in it,  
Eve wished to beguile the man with a style  
That would be strictly up to the minute.

When Satan beguiled her and sin had defiled her  
She came to a full comprehension.  
And needless to say, she saw right away  
That her wardrobe needed attention.

As business was rotten in wool, silk and cotton  
And there was a shortage in leather  
Her only resource were fig leaves, of course,  
And she patiently sewed them together.

She could have pursued through life in the nude  
Had it not been for sinful endeavor.  
O Paradise Lost! Just think of the cost  
That it meant to her daughters forever.

The leaf of the fig is not very big  
But was enough for our primitive mother.  
From her "coming out" dress, the styles (more or less)  
Have been one extreme or another.

I remember quite well a style that was "swell"  
When women were slim as a willow.  
I am ready to swear they would put on and wear  
A bustle as big as a pillow.

Way back in the days when hoops were the "craze"  
A women resembled a silo;  
But now I'll declare they're almost as bare  
As a statue of Venus De Milo.

Each year they are wearing their dresses more daring  
And skirts are becoming so brief  
That the style may resort to the primitive skirt  
Then the first one was only—a leaf!

— V. E. J.

((The above poem came into our greedy hands via our brother-in-law,  
who brought a copy of it home after his first hitch in the U.S.M.  
R. The original title of the poem was "Adam and Eve" but we  
thought the above title would be more appropriate. —ljm))

## WAITING

## (A Tale from the Book of the Lejamo)

There was once a dead man who kept dreaming that he was alive. He spent most of his time lying wide awake in his narrow coffin but he would drift into slumber at regular intervals. It was during these short periods of sleep that he would dream.

Throughout his waking hours he thought constantly upon his peculiar position.

"Here I am," he would think to himself (for, indeed, there was no one else to communicate with), "Presumably dead. Actually dead, I should say, for my body is slowly decaying into its original dust...yet my soul remains...encased within this silly steel coffin!

"Strange that I feel no terror! In mortal life I read of people being buried alive due to a mistaken diagnosis by some incompetent doctor. When their graves were re-opened there was evidence of the persons having regained consciousness and struggling to free themselves from the tomb. Eventually they died of strangulation. But they were buried alive and I was buried dead. Perhaps that is why I am not filled with horror.

"My body rots. Why does my soul---not leave this plush-lined casket? Why?

"Ah! Sleep creeps over me once more. I suppose I shall dream again...the same dream...always the same."

He kept dreaming that he was alive. He would see himself--his mortal self--walking down a familiar street in his home town. Sometimes he would meet people.

Middle-aged Mrs. Avery would walk past him without seeing him. She had absolutely no imagination!

Young Miss Lane would stop to look at him. She would scream horribly and run away... She could see the green mold on his coat and the rotting flesh of his face.

The venerable Rev. Mason would walk up behind him and tap him on the shoulder. He would turn around the minister would look into his worry eyes and say:

"Well! I'm glad to see you back. How did you like it there?"

At this point the dream would end and he would awaken to think some more upon his peculiar position.

His body crumbled into a little pile of dust. But his soul remained bound within the grave. Thus did he reside there...thinking, when awake...dreaming, when asleep.

He was waiting.....

Finis.

pernit yourself to believe that the above bit of fiction is true; then solve it...

HAPPY NEW YEAR,  
FELLOW FANS!

- Len







