

MOONSHINE



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Edited by Rick Sneary,
2962 Santa Ana Street,
South Gate, California,
for the 92st FAPA Mailing,
of Aug, 1960. Stan
Woolston is our sometimes
co-editor. And again this
issue we have a column by
Len Moffatt, the founder of
this magazine, and former
member. We hope to have
this run off on the LASFS
Gestetner, and is a HUB
Publication.

THE GUNS OF CHILDHOOD

There have been a number of interesting article in the last couple years on guns, and what things were like when we were kids. Well, when I was a child, I collected guns. Toy guns ofcourse, and really not a lot of them, but more than most kids. Or so it seemed at the time. It may just have been that becouse I couldn't attend school because of my asthma, and thus didn't play with many other kids, that my guns lasted longer.

I still have the earliest gun I can remember owning.. It is a single-action revolver made out of cast iron.. Its only moving part was the piece that formed the trigger and hammer. You cocked it, and fired. You could load single caps into the rather large opening. With four or five of the giant caps in it, it would go off with quite a bang and jolt to your hand, with fire shooting out around the edges. It looks something like the small barreled S&W, nickle plated modles of thos days. It probably weighed nearly as much as the real thing, and is still in good shape after over 25 years of service. If they made these modern copies of the real thing, out of the same kind of stuff they use to, they would be so real you could probably shoot bullets out of them.

That is my biggest gripe with the guns of today. They are beautifull to look at, with infinite detail and realness -- untell you go to pick them up.. Then you find all to offen they are made of plastic or pot-metal and light as cardbord. How is a child expected to believe in his play gun, if it doesn't feal like a real one? -- But remember when toy guns first got so real looking they were used in holdups? The first one that I remember got away with two hold ups using a Gene Autry pistol. I've got a slightly later model of that one; and it was the first Western style six-gun I remember. It had a rather realistic gun-metal color, rather

than the usual nickle. Though how anyone could be fooled by its solid casting of frame and cylinder I don't know. It is also very noticeably cut down in size. A deplorable but understandable practice.

One of my early memories of my self is of being decked out in full armor. I must have been about four, as I still road a three wheel kiddie-car, on the bach of which I had attached a number of hooks. From these I would hang all my guns, that I could not in some way attach to my person. I'd have atleast one gun in a holster, with a couple more in pockets. As well as carrying my double-barreled pop shotgun, and ofcouse rope, handcuffs, clubs, and other means of self protection. (all this before TV, or I even had a radio of my own.) Once fully equiped I would tare around the house, shooting up imaginary bad guys.

Another gun I have always been rather proud of, though, alas, it no longer works, was my cap rifle. It is cast iron with wooded stock, and fired rolls of caps in the normal manner. But it is of a desoddedly odd design. The gun is only 20 inchs long, but 12 inchs from trigger to base of stock, with a 6 inch octangular barrel. This means the stock is long enough that I could comfortably fire it from my sholder, if it were a real gun. It could also be fired from the hip, like the 1860 model Colt .44, though it does not have a pistol grip as it did.

One of the great names in the toy gun world if ofcourse that of the Daisy Mfg. Co. They are best known for their air and pellet rifles, but being a city-boy, I never owned one of them. Though I now have one of their .118 pellet pistols. A fine bit of workmanship, but not very accurate at more than 12 feet, or good for killing anything bigger than bugs. But I also have two of their early water guns. One is even of science fiction interest, as it is a genuine "Buck Rogers - 25th Century - Liquid Helium WATER PISTOL". It has a rather bulbous fram and a fluted barrel. There is another bulge on top, and a large trigger gaurd with almost no hand grip. It is yellow in front, blending with lightening bolts into a red back. It is loaded by placing the muzzel in water and drawing up on a plunger in the back. It then fires 13 shots, by some cog-work presser on the water-filled chamber. -- The other gun is a flatish, squarish, revolver design which you load by gushing in on a plunger under the barrel that looks like a ram-rod. It fires only six shots, but by pushing forward with your thumb on the exposed hammer at the same time as pulling the trigger, you can increase the pressure of the jet. And it is a tribute to the workmanship they put into it, that after more than 20 years, both guns are still workable. The only trouble being that the packing in the cylinders has dried, and no longer builds up a good pressure.

About the only time I played guns when I was small was when cousins would come to visit, or kids visiting in the neighborhood would come over. And when they did it was mostly other games that we played, as I enjoyed other childish pleasures as well as murder and mayham. But one incident out of that era comes to mind. I was playing cops and robbers with the grandsons of a very religious neighbor lady, and I was the robber. -- We were bang banging away at each other quite energetically when I noticed something. While I had good cover behind the incinerator, and they did not were they were. Yet, no matter how loud I bang banged, they wouldn't

fall over. So I called a halt and asked, how come when I shot them they didn't pretend to fall over dead?? And they, in the pure innocents of brainwashed youth replied, that robbers couldn't kill policemen.. --- I don't remember what happen then, but I suppose that from the superiority given me by being four years older, I told them the truth. Thus falling in with the ranks of other JD who go around debunking the Easter Rabbit and Santa Clause

Another famous name in the toy gun world, is Hubley. A firm that seemingly has always striven for realism in their design. I have only two of their guns still in my collection. One is a nickel plated Police .38, with one of the first cylinders that moved around each time you pulled the trigger. It also has a swing-out side loading, so you can flip the gun shut with a snap, just the way real cops do. It was rather small in size though, were as the Hubley Automatic that I bought a few years ago, looks almost a perfect match for a .38. Though I think it is supposed to be a .45.. But with its slide action and safety grip, it is about as near to the real thing as you can get for 98¢.

One of the guns I regret looseing the lost was one that looked like a full size (or at least to me at the time) Luger. It had a clip to hold roll caps, that sliped into the gun but. Other than the fact its fram was cast in one piece and thus the uper action didn't work, it looked quite real.. I also had a smaller one, something like a P.38, that had the outer fram made of brittle plastic or bakealite. I think it was just about the first cap gun cast in plastic. The greater amount of details, and early brakeage were easily noticed.

The Winter I was nine, and for lessening lengths of time the following Winters, I spent in Palm Springs. It didn't help my health to much, and I was still unable to attend school, but it did put me into more normal contact with a neighborhood gang of kids. We lived with what would be known in any resort area as the "town people." The shop owners and other, who run the town. Who, while making a living by making the town enjoyable for the tourist, usually know how to enjoy them self there, more than the tourist. Anyway I built up a few good friendships, even though I was a year or two older than the average of the group. The slight edge this gave me about made up for my dissadvantage of health, and I was able to keep up with them tell I started being there for shorter periods, and the other boys started being interested in cars and girls. (I would have been too, if given the opportunity.)

But for many years, I was the main arsenal for countless games of war. Though, as I remember it, we never did pretend to be fighting The War, that had started by then. No, come to think of it, I would have been to old to seriously play at war games as late as 1942. But then I wonder if kids anywhere, ever did. Isn't it a sort of tradition that when the country is at war, the kids will never play war to the extent of some of them pretending to be the enemy? Kids never want to be that bad a bad guy... I don't remember playing cowboys and Indains eather. I don't know if it had anything to do with most of us knowing real Indains, and not being able to imagine them fighting anyone. More likely it was we had the wrong weapons. Hard even for kids to believe that cowboys and automatics and machine guns.. But we did build some nice forts, and a fine trench network out in the desert.

Wuffo PP, BT?

Nigh onto twenty years ago, when I was a very young fan, I wrote to Bob Tucker, who was then publishing a pretty fair fanzine called Le Zombie, announcing my intention to publish a fanzine. Bob responded almost immediately (he too was younger and livlier in those days) with the suggestion that I call my fanzine Pleiades Pimples. In fact, as I recall, it was almost a plea--perhaps even a command.

I'm afraid I did not take his suggestion seriously--or even humorously, as it was no doubt intended. I was both young and sercon (a horrible combination, to be sure!), and I already had a title for my mag. It was to be Uranus--a new mag name for the "newest" (i.e. most recently discovered) planet in our solar system. No doubt my reply to Bob was rather huffy. Pleiades Pimples was a terrible title, I thought, for any mag--or any thing, for that matter!

I assumed--and still assume--that PP had some special meaning to Tucker. A private joke perhaps--or semi-private, the humorous (and no doubt evil) significance of which was known only to a chosen few. Perhaps the purveyor of Pongish patter was pleased by the alliteration. If so, why not Aries Aone or Hercules Hickies?

Time passed and I shrugged off what ever thoughts I had concerning the suggested (and--who knows?--suggestive) title. Despite my youth, or because of it, I was a slow shrugger in those days. When a BNF said something I didn't quite understand or find agreeable it worried me. Pleiades Pimples! What strange sort of mind did this Illini Futurian possess? What perverted humor? What....

Perhaps he visualized the seven beautiful sisters of mythology as having pimply physiognomies. (That's a clean word, son; no need to look it up in your dictionary.) Perhaps...but, as I said, I managed not to think about it, for months; once or twice--for years, on end.

Then a few days ago Rick Sneary, a fan who has some ridiculous idea of having a WorldCon in South Gate in 2010--but nevertheless a good friend of mine, brought over the latest FAPA mailing through which I happily browsed. I stopped browsing and started reading (aloud to Anna, Rick, and Mike Hinge, who--Mike, I mean--was discovering the true worth of Rotsler's efforts in The Tattood Dragon sequels). I read practically all of Tucker's mag, and was much amused to find him using Pleiades Pimples as a title again!

After nearly two decades PP was still bobbing about in the brain of Bob Tucker. I commented on this at some length. Anna has suggested that maybe he merely likes the title, finds it amusing, with no logical reason--you know, just as some folks like something or other just because they like it. You know.

Still--wuffo PP, BT? How and why did it originate? Does it have esoteric significance? Or am I merely helping the Sneary to fill space in Moonshine all for naught? (Well, it should be good for one page credit for RMS anyway...)

In case anyone is wondering...I never did publish Uranus. No doubt a good thing I didn't...Foo knows my first efforts (not to mention the later ones) with Moonshine were bad enough. Also--by not managing to publish Uranus--I may have saved myself a pain in the ego. What if an

(Continued, top of next page.)

Ellis T. Mills existed then, and he suggested I use his well-known motto! Think of how affronted I would have been--I, so young and tender and serious....that is, assuming I would have understood the rectal reference.

I'm glad too That I never used PP as a title. For Tucker has used it, finally, and used it well. But my curiosity is still idling. It's little moter is still putt-putting the question: Wuffo PP, BT?

-Len Moffatt

The trouble with Knighthood is it's been deflowered. -

Sneary on childhood guns: cont....

Ofcourse I also made guns out of wood. Rocket pistols and machine-guns mostly, because they were the hardest to find ready made. I never reached any skill with them, or made any with wooden moving parts. But they were fun.. And while I never made one, I also owned a store-bought wooden rubber-band rifle. It had a ratchet-wheel arrangement that made it possible to load quite a number of bands --the size you cut from old inner-tubes--on at one time, and then fire them off as fast as you could pull the trigger. Deadly against a large target, but you couldn't pin point your shots because the bands wobbled in flight.

As I have mentioned, I still have a number of my old guns, and once in a while, when I think no one is looking, I'll still get them out an practice fast draws, or striking poses. I've never been able to afford to move up to real guns, and it would be a little foolish of me if I did. I'm not interested in shooting guns, so the kind I have are just as good and don't get me into any trouble.. I do collect a few knives though, and maybe I'll talk about them some time.

..o.o-O-()-()-O-o.o..

SENIOR FAPA

The recent amendment that allowed us to thrash some of the chaff from our wating-list, has pleased most of us. But there are a few who would like to carry it even farther, and be able to throw out some of the more objectionable or dead-woodish of the membership. Sort of automatically flunk acouple members into oblivion. (For, if "FAPA is were old fans go to die," anyone kicked out of it, would be the same as dead, would they not?) Now, I appose this idea. Not only does it go against the tolerant tradition of our organization, in which we except all fans and there ideas, just as long as they produce. But, seeing how little I have done the past few years, I would probably be one of the first to be voted out.

But, while beating the trackless waste of insomnia, I came across a possible salution. One that would give the exclusiveness wanted by some, yet retain the wide-openness of the present Association. It's very simple, one just forms another APA.

Ah!, you say, that is simple alright, but you don't want another APA, you want a fuggheadedly pure FAPA. But you haven't let me explain how my idea would work. You see the new APA I envisage would be made up only of current FAPA members, whose membership was not protested by any of the other members. (In other words, one not black-balled) Let us call

for the sake of this article's title, Senior FAPA. The FAPA as we now know it we will call Junior FAPA. (Well, alright...so I'll call it Jr. FAPA.)

Here is how I think it could be organized. First, all the present membership would be sent copies of the membership list, and those wishing to join Sr.FAPA would be asked to cross off the names of anyone they would not like to see in the new, Sr.FAPA. There might have to be a limit set, to prevent some sore-head from black-balling the entire membership. But in any case, few would survive without atleast one strike against their name. These few, such as Warner and Calkins, who every one likes, would recieve the title of Charter Members. The Charter Members would then vote on who should be in the new APA. One vote by a Charter Member being enough to black-ball any prospective member from the ranks. As our members who rank as "Good Men" as a general rule are more tolerant of their fellow members than the rest of us, I doubt that they would black-ball as many as the rest of us would. That is why I have suggested that they be the judge of who gets in first.

I also suggest that Sr.FAPA be limited to 50 members. It is a easier number to work with than 65, and it insures that not all the present members of Jr.FAPA can ever become members of Sr.FAPA. This is partly a face-saving move, for the unwanted ones. -- Ofcourse, once into Sr.FAPA, one would not have to remain in Jr.FAPA. In fact the whole idea of the new organization is for those who want to, to be able to get away from the current FAPA riff-raff. It would also allow more of the waiting listers to move into Jr.FAPA, were they would automaticly become eligible to join Sr.FAPA.

All Jr.FAPA memovers could apply for membership in Sr.FAPA. They would be put on a waiting list, and each year voted on. And just as now, if they recieved three negative votes, they would be cast back down into mere Jr.FAPA.. And no one could be advanced to membership without being voted on atleast once.

Also, once a year, the membership would vote on each other, and a properly black-balled member being expeled. As there would be no direct legal connection with Jr.FAPA, he would not be entitled to reinstatement in Jr.FAPA, except in the normal fashion. But, there would have to be some right of appeal. Perhaps anyone using a black-ball would have to give reasons, and if it seemed to trivial, would be subject to review. Ofcourse the names of members using a black-ball would remain secret.

As I mentioned, not only would the new group not be plagued by wormwood, but many waiting listers would move up to regular memberships, as spaces were made.. Thus the lament about all the talent that is being wasted would also be answered. The condition might appear again, once the initial absorbtion had taken place, but with the power to kick dead-wood off the top, the move upward would be faster, than at present.

I would invision the initial phase of the operation would be sort of like an amoeba splitting. Members would still send their mags to the Jr.O.E.--but also enough copies for the Sr.O.E., to make up bundles for those members whose membership in the Jr.FAPA they had allowed to lapes. Thus no one would have to resign, but just wate out their year, and shift into the Sr.FAPA as they wanted to. Ofcourse they could remain members in both, but they should get credit in Sr.FAPA only for material that was circulated exclusively in it. This would make Sr.FAPA the most exclusive "in group" in fandom, (excepting a few personality cults). And I am sure this is what you all want.

rms

Tempus edax rerum

The first six pages of this issue were cut some three months ago, and ment for the 91st Mailing, but the Fates stepped in. I had everything ready to go up to Fan Hill two weeks before the deadline, and run them off. Then a spell of enervation hit me, and I didn't get it done. Then a "series of things happened", and it began to look like I wouldn't make it, so I gave up. I am sorry that Len's article was delayed, but my stuff was atleast as timeless as it was pointless.

Missing the mailing though, is just one of the things I have not been doing the past few months. Since the first of the year I have been doing less and less fanac, and the shadow of gafia is great in my land. I have read only Astounding, Galaxy, and Mag of Fantasy for the last few years, but I find I don't look forward to reading them as I once did. My un-read copies hang in a rack behind my door, and they have been building up. (I read them, but some-what slower than they come out, so the number grows.) It is quite obvious to me that it is a lost sense of wonder that is to blame. I'm finding histories (and historical novels) more exciting of late. ---- But the last six months I have had the same feeling (or lack of it) toward fanzines.

I would say that there are more good, well produced zines coming out today, than at any one time I can think of in the past 15 years. Each, by its own self is interesting and enjoyable. But there are so many--and I have the feeling they are all saying about the same thing--that I find my self with the "Ho Hum's" when the mail brings me another. Most of them go un-read, into a file-box by my bed. From which from time to time I select what seems the most importen to read and write a letter of comment. I mean to, and want to, write them all, but three come in for every letter I send out. This makes me feel guilty, and I try to avoid looking at the box, which haunts me like the eyes of lost child. --- But how do you go about writing a fannish friend and say, "Stop sending me your fanzine, I haven't time to read it"? Not only is it impossable to not be insulting, but if I'm going to write, I might as well make it a letter of comment.. - I write some zines, and my letters see print, so I can't say I've gone completely gafia - and how do you go 50% gafia?

Ofcourse I am still active in SoCal. fandom.. Treasurer of LASFS, and of their Gestetner Association. As nearly all the friends I have are fans or ex-fans I'd have a hard time getting completely out of the field. And who would want to, when things here keep getting better and better. Like last night (July 21) Jim Harmon was at club, with the news that he was moving out here. It looks like he will be taking the vacancy at one of the Fan Hill address caused by Trimble moving over to the other place.

Speeking of LASFS, it did something the other night that proves a point for people that feel as Buz and I, that TAFF could be run with a brief voting period and a longer fund raising campaign. The club held a auction of material donated by the members, and took in over \$37.00 for TAFF. We hope it help make it possable for Eric Bentcliffe to come on to SoCal., after the Pitcon.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENMENTS

Regaurding the amenmendments I perposed in the last mailing. Sometime back around February, when Trimble was thinking more about FAPA than marriage, John mentioned to me that he had been talking to Burbee & Rotsler about some changes. Always full of ideas, I talked to him about some kind of rule to prevent some fan getting multy-activity credits off the same zine. He thought it was something worth working on, and we agreed to work on it somemore. Then Spring came, and John being a young man --(Welcome to FAPA Mrs. T.)--. So I decided to carry on alone. T This was a misstake. I didn't have the time or ideas to get the thing in properly, and only my version appeared in the FA. It has badly phrased, and two members who's opinion I value, told me they didn't approve them, and only partly of the idea. With no support and such high valued critisim, I have decided to let the amenments go by default. They are not vital, and if some one does approve of the idea, next year will still be soon enough. -- Thanks to the Youngs for running them, even if I hadn't quite met with requirements.

MAILING BAGS

The new bags work fine for mailing the magazines, but not for filing them. Their thinkness waste horizontal space, and the thick fold at the bottom waste vertical space. So I'm still making my own file envelopes out of tough grocery bags. But this is not ment as a grotch, as the bags are re-useable for all sorts of things, and the mailing get here in such good condition. A commendation to the Youngs, even if there is confusion over there address too.

WHO TOOK THE BANG OUT OF THE 4th OF JULY?

Dean G. was writing about moves to limit or outlaw the possession of guns by private citizens. Here in California, last year, we had one example of this tried. Some one got up a Bill that all guns would have to be regestered with the State. This seemed stupided enough to me to have been suggested by a fan. -- This is still a Western enough state that there are thousands of gun in the hands of the people. You could never control there exchange, except at stores, and the crooks could bring guns in from Nevada without trouble. But one of the big squacks put up by the local gun buffs, was that if "unfriendly powers" ever got control of the state, they would have a neet list of were all the guns were, and armed resistance would be put down. --- I have tried reading the local code, but I can't be sure if it is legal for anyone to walk around with a hand gun, as long as it is in a visable open holster. I think the law is vague, so they can make it fit the need. Like at Frontier Days celebrations, when a lot of the fellows will get duded up, including fancy six-gun -- the police say nothing. - I remember one year in Palm Springs, when all the resadents were all out for Western week.. A good number of the H.S.seniors came to school wearing guns. The principal talked them into checking them all with him, after the first couple classes..

But what I was going to talk about was how flat and pointless the 4th seems now, without fire-works. Millions of people are prevented from enjoying fire-crackers & sky-rockets, because they have killed a few kids. But autos killed over 400 over the weekend - and no one wants toout law them. Whatdoyouthink?