

QUANt Suff #5

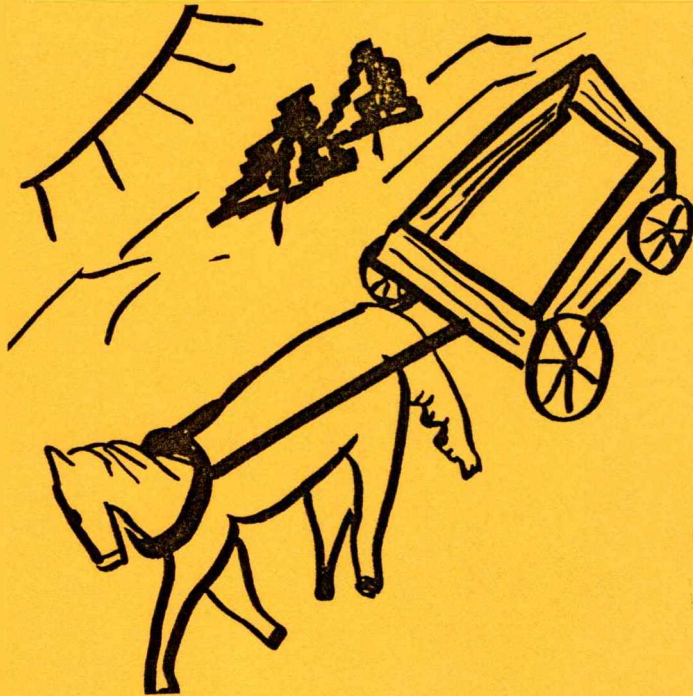


"Leaving Kentucky"
by Joyce Worley

For FAPA
Mlg. #240

QUANT Suff #5

QUANT Suff #5 is done for FAPA and Fandom by Joyce Worley Katz, 330 South Decatur, #152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, in August 1997. Thanks to **Arnie** for the repro chores. Member fwa and afal.



This Is
The Worley Pride Issue Of
QUANT Suff

Contents

A Word From Your Sponsor - 2
A Visit With The Formans - 3
Little Red Riding Hood: The True Story -
Jonathan Worley Diefenbach - 5
Present Tense - Ray Nelson - 6
Kentucky Home - 7
The Scientific People (letters) - 11
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A Word From Your Sponsor

It's been a laid-back summer for Arnie and me. We attended Corflu in California in May; business took us to Atlanta in June; a family wedding required us in Phoenix in July. The trips were wearing, and I've been glad to stay at home the rest of the time.

Many people fear Nevada in the summer, and it's true that the temperatures do climb. Yet every place in the city is climate-controlled, and aside from a small amount of gardening, I seldom am outdoors for more than a few minutes. When I am, I welcome the heat; I always have tolerated warmth better than chill.

Yet, homebodies that we are, change still creeps in. Where there were sunflowers, now there are morning glories. Where I used to feed kittens, now I scatter crumbs for the birds. And, hometown

fandom changes, too. Arnie and I have given up the Socials; we had 70 consecutive monthly open house parties for fandom, but have changed our schedule to quarterly. Though I wouldn't want you to think we'd cut down on fanac: instead of the Social we're holding a second Vegrant's meeting each month. Those gatherings are easy to hostess.

I found a long-sought piece of antique glass on the last trip that **Tammy Funk** and I made to The Red Rooster Antique Barn...a 1928 pink satin swan, the mate to the black swan I found in the late 70's. I had been on the hunt since I saw it in Edith's dining room (in *All In The Family*.) Seeing it on the dealer's shelf was one of those magical moments in life, like finding the Grail. I would have paid anything, but the lady said \$4.

Of such treasures is life made complete.

A Visit With The Formans

When Arnie and I walked into the Forman home, I realized just how long it had been since the last time I was there. The house is different, from the stone pathway leading up to the door, to the furniture arrangement in the living room. The stereo cabinet is here, when it had been there; the sofas and chairs are rearranged into a comfortable conversation group.

"Come see the garden," Ken invited. I stepped outside to be affronted by Aileen's massive tomato plants flanking the back wall that last year hadn't even boasted soil.

I muttered my displeasure. Her plants are twice, no thrice...unbelievably fuller than mine. Her tomatoes are bigger, and there are more of them.

"Uncouth!" I swore.

I might have stomped off in a huff, but there was the broccoli, and it didn't seem quite right; that took the sting off my jealousy.

Besides, by that time Ken was showing me The Wall. This memorial to hard work stretches the entire width of the Forman lot, stacked unmortared stones forming about a three-foot high barrier, with the growing area thus neatly cordoned off from the rest of the yard. A neat new concrete patio with barbecue and picnic table filled the L of the yard.

The industry continues: Along the side of the house facing the patio doors, they're constructing a handbuilt-stone patio, laboriously forming each foot-long stone from molded concrete.

I poured as many compliments on the effort as it could absorb, and wished for the thousandth time for more domestic skills. They're creating a beautiful hide-away.

I was still fretting about the tomatoes when we went back inside. Aileen knew how to put me at ease; she passed me a Tab, even gave me a straw. Happy, I picked a comfortable spot and settled in for the party.

Conversation was easy and relaxed. Ken and Aileen had called the party for 7:00, and we were the first to arrive, at about a quarter after.

The late-arrival syndrome now dominates what once was good-mannered Vegas fandom, so none of us thought much about it as time passed. Finally, perhaps it was 8:00 or so, Aileen announced she was hungry, and that we shouldn't wait for the others. A flurry of activity, Ken at the grill and Aileen spreading good things on platters.

A pleasant breeze made the patio comfortable; we decided to eat at the table near the grill. ("Always

stay close to the food; if trouble comes, you can grab something to eat before you run." Wise words from my old Cherokee great granny.)

A cloud on the horizon threatened, but it didn't feel like rain was eminent.

Then, with a whoosh, suddenly there was a small dust storm swirling around us. We all ran for the door; even Jazz (the Forman's 900 pound dog) jumped inside to escape the stinging sand. Ken grabbed the burgers, I snatched up the plate of cheese, and the picnic moved indoors.

Unabashed, they quickly set up their folding banquet table and spread a deep green covering. Aileen distributed plates, pretty white china bordered with green



vines, and fresh green print napkins. I reproached her for using cloth instead of paper; I mean, fer ghu's sake, first she showed me up on the tomatoes, and now she was setting a homey, summer table in front of me! What audacity.

Comfort was pretty much at a max, and we settled down to gnaw on some delicious burgers. The sand beat around the windows, and the sky was dark.

Lori Forbes came flying through the door. "It's horrible out there," she wailed. "Don't expect the others to arrive quickly; it's really bad."

The food was good, the company pleasant, the conversation easy. There seemed no reason to do much but relax at Aileen's table and enjoy the moment. One thing for sure, we sure weren't going anywhere.

Lori took out her crocheting. After finishing her last project, a stunning white blanket embroidered with purple flowers, she started another. This one is in deep shades of mottled reds and purples.

The ability to turn string into cloth always has enthralled me. My own handicraft never extended to such ambitious projects as the ones that Lori, Tammy, and the other more talented women of Las Vegas produce. I feel happy with my own meager ability to crochet a chain, knit a potholder, embroider one pillowcase (never a pair!) The idea of undertaking something as large as a blanket is akin, in my mind, to looking forward to a life imprisonment, for that's how long it would take me.

We discussed writing. Aileen is whipping out the **Glamors** about as fast as her tomatoes are growing. She showed us a stack of LoCs, and we discussed Jack Speer's latest tribute to proper grammar.

Jack is expert in the nits he picks. I'd love to have him as a proof-reader. He's a lesson in good form.

But he doesn't believe, at least not as strongly as I do, in the evolution of language. I feel that if common usage holds a certain word or phrase, then that word or phrase has become, through use, correct. Thus are we rid of archaic spellings and old-fashioned analogies and out-dated usages.

I know that Jack recognizes that language does have a flow, rearranging itself as time passes, just as a stream rearranges the loose bits of soil along its banks. But I dispute with him the rate at which this happens. I feel, in this communication-heavy society, that language mutates very quickly, and old rules fall to the side more rapidly than they formerly did.

Lori expressed interest in writing, but says she just can't get started. But, keep watching that gal. Anyone who can turn string into cloth can surely make paragraphs out of words.

Ken received a letter from Russia which he invited me to read, from an English teacher in Moscow, asking if we could spare any duplicate sci fi books to the fans over there.

This is such a wonderful time to be alive, when we can have a letter from a Russian fan, and can extend a hand of friendship across the world. SNAFFU's library certainly does have duplicates, and the club can afford the postage. It is exciting to think that fans can reach out to each other this way.

The 50's are still vivid in my mind; I remember the terror my friends and I felt when Russia invaded Hungary, and it seemed the whole world would explode.

Civil Defense was on everybody's lips, even in little Poplar Bluff. Our personal survival plan was a bit outre. In the sophomoric way of all students, we planned how we'd steal survival supplies, break into the National

Armory, grab a tank, and take to the Ozarkian Hills. We planned to live in a cave, and defend our hole against the masses of refugees that would descend on Poplar Bluff.

What can I say? At the time it all seemed very logical.

And now there are science fiction fans in Moscow who need help from Las Vegas.

I wonder if they, too, feared during the 50s, and made bizarre plans of how to survive a holocaust.

Su Williams stormed through the door, carrying bags of goodies. She joined the circle around the ample table, with a massive bowl of fruit and melon. She told us there were blackouts around the City, including in our very own neighborhood. There seemed little reason to do anything but sit in comfort and munch on cheese and crackers and fruit.

Theresa (aka Turbo) completed the circle. Aileen had promised to read her Tarot, and invited me to sit in.

The recent spate of prophets has raised a severe temptation to return to my charlatan ways of the 50's. I enjoyed palmistry and was good at it. But I swore off early in the 60's, and have (mostly) stuck to my promise to prognosticate no more.

Yet, the temptation is always there, like the temptation to smoke cigarettes or drink Bombay gin.

I started reading palms when I was in the 8th grade. A shy wallflower, it won me my first fame...and provided a way to hold hands with the boys.

I stuck with it, all the way through school, and into my 20s. Then a couple of episodes in the early 60s, when readings were taken all together too seriously--when people actually let my silly words sway their decisions--made me see harm in it.

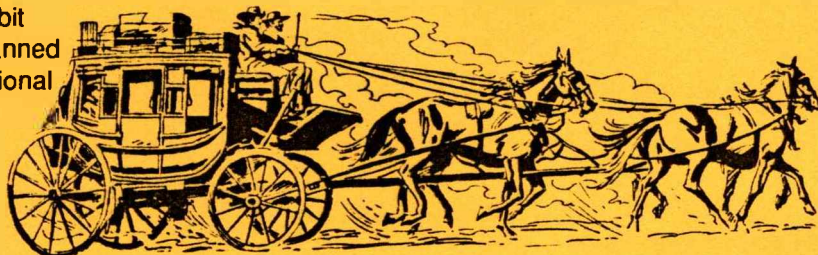
I gave it up, pocketed my ill-earned gains, and moved on. But there's always the feeling that I could do it again.

I first said yes to Aileen's offer, then decided to back off. It's hard to concentrate with a critic sitting over you, and it seemed she and Turbo would enjoy the reading more without me lurking around.

They retreated to another room, while Ken, Arnie, Lori and Su and I continued to talk.

At around 9:30, Arnie glanced at me and noticed I was beginning to sag. "It's along drive home," he gently urged me.

So, as soon as Turbo and Aileen returned, we made our apologies and said goodnight. The sandstorm had settled, with no more damage done than a skiff of dust over everything that quickly blew away in the night wind.



Little Red Riding Hood: The True Story

by Jonathan Worley Diefenbach

Starting Things Off

Before you read this, I want you to take something into consideration. I know you've probably already heard this story, but however you heard it before (unless by reading this), it was totally bogus. That's right, Grade-A, 100% truly and most definitely, WRONG! (not to insult any grannies who are reading this.) So sit back and read how it *really* was.

(Note: This is written by the famous wolf of the story, you know!)

And Now, The Story

You see, it was late one cozy summer afternoon. I, the Wolf, was out looking for some din-din.

Now I know what you're thinkin'. "Here comes the part where he sees Li'l Red and says 'I'm hungry for some kid!'" Well, that's not entirely true. Recently I'd gone on a strict "no-kid" diet. Although I did see her, and I was very, totally, incredibly hungry, I really had no craving for a human dinner.

What I *did* want was some tomato. Yep, you're talkin' to the vegetarian-of-the-month himself. It's beets 'til I bust, carrots 'til I crack, potatoes 'til I... well you get the point.

I hadn't eaten anything but veggies for a long time, about two days. (Who could resist a midnight snack every once in a while?)

Anyhow, I was out lookin' for tomatoes when I saw her just hoppin' down the path, wearing a red hood, and carrying a little basket. Well, being the nice person I am, I asked: "What have you got in the basket?"

Li'l Red still hadn't grown accustomed to my new-found vegetarianism (is that a word?) "Well, for your information, I'm bringing my lactose-intolerant Grandma in the woods some tomatoes. Straight from the garden." (I told you your Granny changed the story.)

My eyes lit up at the word. "Say there, Li'l Red. Do you think you could spare me one of those tomatoes?"

"I think not!" and she puffed off.

Well, naturally, I wouldn't let a good batch of tomatoes pass right by, so I decided to follow the heavenly vegetable (sorry, fruit.) Being the attentive wolf I am, I noticed that little tidbit about Granny's house, and climbed into my nitro-powered jet. (Hey, what are fairy

tales for?)

So hours later (it would have been seconds but I was low on nitro) I landed outside Granny's cabin. I could see Li'l Red, hoppin' down the path not far from the door.

Being the smart wolf I am, I managed to rush like a maniac to the back door without running into too many trees. I dressed in Granny clothes (which isn't all too pleasant for a wolf like me) and laid down on the bed.

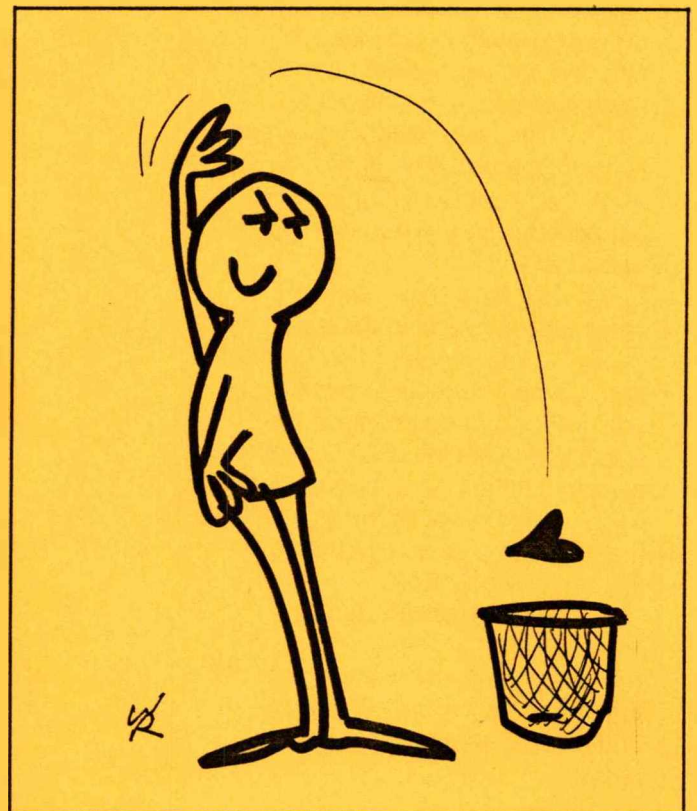
I glanced over and noted a slip of paper on the lamp stand: "Dear Red, I'm gone at my sky-diving lessons. I'll see you tomorrow. Granny.)

I stuffed it under the pillow and watched Li'l Red come in the door.

(At this point I'd just like to add that I was only there to get the tomatoes. Really.)

Li'l Red set down the basket by the door (nuts!) and came over to the bed. (This part may seem a little familiar.)

"Grandma! What big eyes you have!"



"The better to see you with,
my dear." (So far, so good.)

"And what a big nose you
have!"

"The better to...smell you
with." (What was I *supposed* to
say?)

"And what big teeth you
have."

All right, here's my big line:
"The better to **smile** at you!" (I was
on a diet, remember?)

"Oh, Granny! I bought you
some...TOMATOES!"

I couldn't resist. I sprung out
of bed at the word. I threw off the
Granny clothes (they were getting a
little itchy) and plunged at the bas-
ket.

Little did I know: Li'l Red
opened the door and I flew straight
into a cage she had set up for me.
That was unfortunate. Unfortunatlier,
she happened to know a guy from
town with a gun. Unfortunatliest, she
had a video-cam and got the whole
thing on tape.

And as if things could get
any worse (which they did), just as
Li'l Red popped in the video, ol'
Granny crashed right through the
ceiling an' saw everything.

That was twenty years ago.
Now do you understand how it really
was? I was out to get the tomatoes,
but nobody would listen to my side
of the story.

So here I am, all these
years later, explaining the truth

I was sent to an old wolf's
home, where I reside to this day. Li'l
Red grew up and became a story-
teller. You might know her better by
her married name, Mother Goose.

But the worst thing of all is
that for twenty years I've had to lis-
ten to the wrong story.

--Jonathan D. Worley

(Ed: Jonathan is my eleven year old
greatnephew. This is his first story,
and his first appearance in a
fanzine.)

Present Tense

by Ray Nelson

"Live in the present and you will be free."
Thus spake the guru to my friend and me.
How fat is the present? A whole century?
A minute? A second? Or too thin to see?

My present is portly as portly can be.
It waddles and bobbles through all history,
Then just keeps on truckin' to E-ternity,
And clomps on in quest of the letters past z.



Kentucky Home

by Joyce Worley Katz



Being the story, as best I can remember was told to me, of how the Worleys came to migrate to Missouri. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these stories, nor do I know which of the alternate versions is correct. But this is what happened, or at least what I was told.

Suzie Maria Davenport (born Oct. 15, 1865, died Sept. 16, 1950)

Suzie liked him the first time she saw him. He came riding up the mountain on a big horse, with a soft way of talking, and a smile that picked Suzie out of the folks standing around the junction store.

Aunt Ilah Worley, Uncle Buck's wife, told me he came over the hills from Virginia, and that may be true. But there's no way of knowing for sure.

The way I was told, there were two brothers. One, a butcher named John, became a bourgeois storekeeper. The other felt crowded by the new folks settling too near for comfort, and left the area for open territory. The one who stayed behind prospered; the actress Joanne Worley is from that branch. It is our luck to be descended from the mountain man instead of his more civilized kin.

Suzie dropped her head so he wouldn't see she was staring, but he had noticed, alright. She was a right pretty thing, small and slender as a willow with a long hank of hair that hung loose to her waist, high cheekbones, and high color that hinted at French-Indian grandparents.

He never said if he'd been with women before, over on the other side of the mountain, nor if he was a wanted man back home. He never said much about what was there, or why he came to leave. But the War Between The States hadn't been finished for long; there were lots of reasons for a man to leave his past behind and make a new start. Maybe he'd lost his people, or his land. Maybe there'd been trouble in his county. All I was ever told for sure was that his pa's name was Samuel L. Worley, and he had two brothers, Sam and Carter. George Washington Worley was also quick to say he'd been a member of the Union Army, which suited the

mountain folk in Kentucky just fine.

The next time Suzie saw him, he came right up to her. She was captured, as swiftly as a bird in a snare, by his voice and his eyes, and knew right then he was the one for her. If she ever regretted it, she never said for all the rest of her life.

Her family was not all that pleased. "You'll have a hard life with him," warned her brother Houston. "He's not good enough for you; he's not up to our standards," complained her sister Renee. Even her uncle, Burlee LeMasters, shook his head soberly when she announced her intention to wed the lanky man from the east.

The Davenports did have proud standards. They had earned a lot of respect on the mountain. The men were industrious, and their women made fine wives, good cooks and fertile mothers. The Davenport place was well-favored, with sweet well water and enough cleared valley land for a fine garden tended by the women folk, while the men brought in corn and tobacco crops.

They were planters, down from a long line of Pennsylvania farmers. Pressed in the family Bible was a piece of paper that deeded Davenports the land where Pittsburg is now, signed by the English King and cosigned by William Penn. They'd left that territory years before to settle in Kentucky, abandoning the land they'd been given in Pennsylvania.

The Davenports lived in a log cabin built by the old man with the help of his sons. It was raised off the ground on rock corners, with steps leading up to a porch across the front of the house. Old Man Davenport would sit there in his rocking chair in the evening, watching the trees bend with the wind that always blew sweet and cool from the mountain. Behind him, in the two windows that shed light on the interior, there was glass, toted horseback all the way from Bowling Green, and a split-log wooden floor that extended throughout the house.

Suzie had schooling, not customary for the women on the mountain. But she knew how to read and write and do sums. She'd helped her own ma with the garden and the cooking, and had the womanly skills to

make a home for a man. She would have been a fine catch for any farmer in Kentucky.

Cleburn James Worley (born Feb. 13, 1897, died Nov. 12, 1960)

The four boys hunkered in the snow, waiting outside the cabin, listening to the sounds of the birthing going on inside. James, Clyde, Sam and John had been sent to the barn to wait. Normally, they could find plenty to do, wrestling and jumping around the hayloft. But today was different, and after a while, they crept back toward the house. Now they squatted silently a few feet from the door of the cabin while their mother labored.

Cleburn screamed his way into the world. Suzie took her new son in her arms, but she was tired. Tired and sick; the pregnancy had been hard, and she was worn out with it. The pack of hungry younguns outside kept her busy, and George was usually not around to help.

She nursed the newborn...another boy!...but she was too poorly, and her milk didn't come. The baby cried, hungry, starving, dying, until Houston picked up the squalling infant and rode off on his horse, to the black folk's cabin just down the road. The young mother living there suckled Baby Cleburn at her breast beside her own child, and so he lived.

When George returned to the mountain, he heard about his new son and how he'd almost died, and that he'd been taken to the neighbor to wet-nurse.

Raging, he galloped to the shack and snatched Cleburn from the woman's arms. Screaming, he cursed her, and said, "No son of mine is going to suck a nigger woman's teat."

He took Cleburn back to Suzie, for her to keep him alive as best she could.

Cousins Corbett and Nicola

George had a nephew, Carter's son, named Nobel. Nobel was a riverboat worker, sailing on the Ohio until he was murdered one night on the river. The law didn't bother to hunt his killer; "Suicide," they said, although his throat was cut from ear to ear.

Nobel's wife died, birthing her second child, Nicola. The two kids, Corbett and his little sister Nicola, came to live in the crowded Worley cabin, and were raised alongside the clan of Worleys.

In all, George and Suzie had twelve kids, eight that lived: James, Clyde, Sam and John, then Cleburn, followed by Alfred, Ishmael Garmen, and Mary, their one daughter. Then there were the two cousins, Corbett and Nicola.

Nicola grew to be a beautiful girl. She married, then died giving birth to her first child, and the baby died, too. I named my own daughter Nicola Fey in her memory, since she too was fated to die.

Corbett, in some sort of familial karma, became a prosperous grocer in Maryville, California. The family visited him there when I was 16, and I went bicycling with his son, my handsome distant cousin, up in the Butte Mountains. Riding home, I hit a rock, and went flying over the handlebars of the bike, 10-20 feet, and landed on the rocky road ahead. I never biked again. And, my good-looking cousin never asked me out again, either.

It was Corbett who went to Phoenix in mid-November of 1960, to collect my mother and drive her back to Missouri after Cleburn died in the Veterans Hospital in Arizona.

Hilltop Life

Suzie and her siblings grew up in the mountain valley, children of an industrious planter, on a fertile farm not far from the Green River. When he grew up, her brother Houston eventually got his own spread, higher up the mountain, but well-favored, with a deep well and a spring-fed stream spewing out the mouth of a cool cave in the hollow. There was enough level cleared land for farming, plus some fine woods filled with game. There was plenty of hay in the barn and corn in the crib to see the animals through the hard winters, and plenty of meat in the smokehouse and vegetables in the jars. Each year Houston and his boys took tobacco to market for cash.

Life was harder further up the hill. George wasn't much of a farmer. Each Spring he'd take his Bible and gallop away on his horse, circuit riding the



mountains. He'd usually not be back until after harvest. He'd come riding home when the weather was turning cold, bearing whatever he'd been given by the farmers he'd ministered to. Some years, it was nothing better than a sack of corn.

The place they lived wasn't what Suzie had been raised to expect. George wasn't a cash-earning kind of guy; the best he could manage was a dirt-floor cabin. Rocky fields surrounded it, and the soil was barren. They had to carry water in from a neighbor's well. When George rode off each Spring to preach, he left Suzie and the kids to take care of the farming.

I saw the cabin myself, when Cleburn took us back to Kentucky in 1949 to visit. It was deserted but intact, floor still packed hard by the trample of bare feet. Sometime in the 20s, someone had covered the walls with newspapers to block the wind that whistled between the logs.

It's doubtful I could ever find it again. But the farm was on the mountain near the place where the Green and the Barren Rivers join. The family took us there there to swim, as my father and his brothers had forty years before. The water was fresh and cool, and the trees on the bank hung their branches low, creating a cathedral of greenery over the wide river.

Why Did They Leave Kentucky?

Did you think I'd never get to the point of this tale? Well, here's the meat of the matter.

I've been told three stories. I suspect The Real Truth about why the Worleys left their Kentucky home lies somewhere between their lines.

Reason Number One: The Killing

Cleburn sat playing in the road, in front of the general store/post office that comprised the entirety of the town of Riverside, Kentucky. An old man set dozing on the steps of the store.

Suddenly, two young men thundered up the road on horseback. The old man saw them, stood and turned to run, but he wasn't fast enough. Shots rang out; he was gunned down by the younger men, and bled to death in the dirt.

Cleburn saw it all. Witness to the last blood feud killing in Kentucky, the family feared for his life. He could be called to testify. Or he could be killed outright to silence his words.

That's Why The Worleys Left Kentucky.

Reason Number Two: The Killing (Well, Almost)

Clyde, already a strapping young man, got into a fight with another youth on the mountain. It was bad...brutal. When it was over, James was able to walk away, but the other boy lay dying on the ground, stomach slit from hip to hip by Clyde's knife.

That's Why The Worleys Left Kentucky.

(Forty years later, we returned for a visit. We learned the other boy had not died. I met him. Although he bore facial scars left over from the fight, he was good natured, and laughed at the irony of the whole Worley clan leaving the State over a killing that never happened.)

Reason Number Three: The Tobacco

Tobacco farming is hard work. The Worley boys understood just how it was going to be. Pa was going to ride off again, to do the Lord's work, and leave the rest of it to them.

First they'd plant the young tobacco. They'd carry water by hand all summer long to keep it growing. Each week they'd crawl through the rows, pulling up weeds. They'd hoe the ground around the plants to keep them alive. They'd go among the plants and pull off any bugs by hand. And then, they'd have to harvest it, spread it in the barn to cure, work it with their rakes to keep it drying evenly, and eventually, beg one of their uncles to take it to market for them.

The summer stretched ahead, bleak and joyless, filled with tobacco work.

So that last Spring, the Worley boys concocted a conspiracy. It was so-o-o simple. They just pinched each tobacco sprig before they planted it in the ground.

No hoeing, no weeding, no debugging. Unfortunately, they hadn't thought it through as well as they should. It also meant no harvest. The plants all died, and there was no money.

That's Why The Worleys Left Kentucky.



After They Came To Missouri

The Worley family traveled from Kentucky to Missouri by wagon. They ferried over the great Mississippi River; there was no bridge.

They settled in the swampish land south of Poplar Bluff, and the boys got jobs in the timber there. Schooling was long-since over for Cleburn. He only got to the fourth grade, then Daddy was put to work cutting railroad ties. All the Worley men were part of the great effort that drained the swamp and turned that part of Missouri into fertile farmland.

Daddy served in World War I, where he was personally decorated for bravery by General Blackjack Pershing after a suicide mission carrying word of his cut-off regiment's position to HQ. He was wounded in the Argonne Forest, and was recommended for the Congressional Metal of Honor. He was awarded the Silver Star, and the Purple Heart.

During his time at the Front, he received one letter from Suzie; I read it. It spoke of how things were for the family; the hardships they endured. It ended with her prayer that he would live through the great ordeal.

After he returned home, he got a job on the Missouri Pacific RailRoad. The older boys had married and left, and he helped Suzie raise the younger kids.

One of his coworkers was Martin Smithers Randles, who invited the handsome young war hero home to have dinner with his wife and daughters. There Cleburn met Elizabeth. They married, and had four children: Lilliemae, Edgar Lee, Earl Roy, and me, Joyce Marie Worley.

Cleburn asked Suzie to come live with our family; in fact, all the brothers begged their mother to come stay with them. But she declined, saying no matter which she chose, the others would have been jealous.

Suzie died in the middle of the night in her two-room stilted shack in the Ashcroft addition in South Poplar Bluff. When they brought her from the undertaker's parlor, the doorway was too narrow for the coffin to go through. Although the boys took the door off its frame, I remember my father sobbing because his mother's body had to be tilted to get it into her house.

Daddy worked for the Missouri Pacific until he retired. His happiest times were during those brief years after he quit work. He and mother moved to Arizona, where he made a circle of new friends. His final years were spent going back and forth between Missouri and the desert.

Daddy died in Arizona in 1960, in the Veterans Hospital in Phoenix. He would have been 64 on his next birthday. •



WorleyGigs

The company that owns me finally got its act together, its staff assembled, and the editorial team gathered, and InsideGames.com reached its official launch. It took about three months, from the time that it actually started, until they considered the site ready for its Grand Opening; almost exactly the time that it takes to fully launch a print magazine.

Then they decided to install a newer better bigger server-computer, and the whole thing crashed, occasioning yet another couple of weeks of delay. No one ever said that editorial work wasn't frustrating.

But when it works properly, as it seems to be at this time, it's a real joy to write something and see it posted the next day.

Other than a few columns here and there, I had never worked for a daily newspaper until I started writing news online. At first, it seemed like the routine was blindingly fast; I was accustomed to the more leisurely pace of monthly mags. But I've been doing it now for a year and a half. It's still a challenge (I worry about a day coming when There Is No News to tell), but I mused to it.

Yet what if it did come to pass that one day nothing happened. No company sold, no new product introduced, no technology discovered. There'd be nothing for me to do but Make It Up.

I'd read through my set of Thrilling Wonder New-Fangled Electronic Thingamajigs Science Fiction Stories, and report on the test-tube wonders there. Or perhaps I'll turn the pages of the collected pulp covers to find Startling Scientifiction adventures to describe.

It shouldn't be too hard to write convincingly about the metallic creations of Frank R. Paul, or the circuitry of Hannes Bok. The flying machines and feelies, nerve implants and brain scans aren't too farfetched to be believed, when compared with the stuff of which electronic news is normally made.

Or perhaps I'd just dig out last year's column, and run the same stories again. It seems doubtful many would notice the repetition. •

The Scientific People

Send me your schemes, your most fantastic dreams, your blue skies, your outright lies.
I won't believe a word of them. But if you send me your letters...

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We have three tomato plants, 2 Heartland and 1 Celebrity and have harvested 4 tomatoes off of them to date. The flavor is incomparably better than anything you can get in the stores, even including some I paid \$1.99/lb for. The lemon tree bears continuously, with blossoms, ripe fruit and green fruit of every intermediate size pretty much the year around. The peaches are ripening faster than we can begin to eat them. I've forgotten the species but they are the best peaches into which I've ever sunk a fang, IMHO. We have about 16 rose bushes out in front and, not having gotten below 32F all winter, they just kept on bearing continuously. My personal favorite is one called Brigadoon with blossoms in several shades of pink.

A purely personal problem: Everytime I try to think of Brigadoon, I come up with Armageddon instead. Is the world ready for an Armageddon rose bush?

My sympathies on the loss of Silver & Goldie. I was much attached to a young lady cat I called Xena because her eyes were the same arresting shade of blue as those of Lucy Lawless. The local area is greatly plagued with coyotes and I'm afraid one of them got her, as they've gotten so many others. All our cats have to

be outside cats as my wife Jean is allergic to cat dander. Xena's contemporary, called Hercules, is said to be living with some other family in the area and I like to hope it's the same with Xena. At the moment, we have a rather arresting calico I call Callikitty and she has a litter that arrived recently. I'll try to include a snapshot of her. This is one of the perks of my profession -- not having to call in a professional photog to get pictures because I've been a shutterbug since long before I essayed to commence stringing words together for fun and profit.

It was good to see a letter from old friend Buck Coulson in QS4 and I hope his arthritis goes away. I will not send him a get-well card as I swore off that practice forever back around '62 or so when I sent g-w cards to three friends, none of whom were considered seriously threatened and all three passed away shortly after getting my cards. If Sen. Kennedy were to become ill, I might toy with the thought of sending him a card, though I doubt if I would. In any event, I'd never send a friend a g-w card!

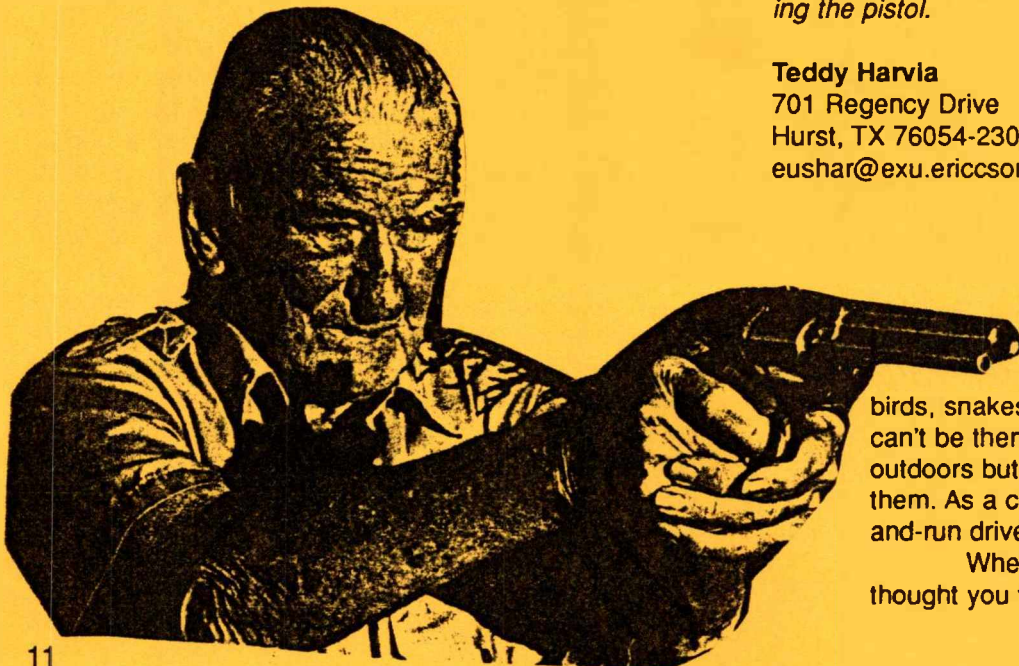
I've been harvesting about 5 cherry tomatoes per week off my plants--just about enough for one salad. My grape vines bore five small bunches, but the birds ate them. On the other hand, you should see my morning glories...

Dean sent me a picture of his cat, his pet raccoon, and his gun. Best of all is the handsome guy holding the pistol.

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Cats - you can't live with them, you can't live without them. Our kittens dropped a very lively cicada on the bed this morning. They have presented us with birds, snakes and caterpillars in the past. Cats can't be themselves without experiencing the outdoors but Diana constantly worries about them. As a child she lost two kittens to a hit-and-run driver.

When I first saw your cover ill (QS #3), I thought you were spoofing the spoof "Why Cats



Paint". But you were instead using the feline as a metaphor for yourself. Meow!

The only books on Utah I've read are the anti-Mormon Zane Grey westerns. More attitude than history.

I worry a lot about what is the RIGHT thing to do about cats. Let them out, and their lives are brief; keep them imprisoned, and they long to run free. What to do!?

Poor old Zane Grey certainly did have a bias that runs through his books. Did you see the movie "Riders of the Purple Sage"? A nice job, enjoyable...but it was unusual to see anti-Mormon sentiments being spouted Right Out Loud like that. It underscores the fact that bad feelings toward the Latter Day Saints ran very deep, and very recently.

Actually, hope you realize: that beatnik cat was actually Ray Nelson's imagery. Only the flowers were mine.



Robert Coulson
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Well, **Degler** made a name for himself -- not much of a name, and not in an important community (unless you consider fandom important) but he's been remembered quite awhile. How many of us can say the same? (Well, none of us at present, and after we're dead we won't be able to say anything, but you know what I mean. You *do* know what I mean, don't you? If you do, write back and explain it to me...)

My mother refused to teach me to read before I went to school; that was the job of the teacher, and parents shouldn't interfere. An older cousin who had just become a teacher offered to teach me, and Mom wouldn't let her. Can't say it made much difference. Once I'd learned at age 6, I was refused permission to read anything but schoolwork by the oculist I was taken to at age 7, when he discovered I couldn't see the big "E" at the

top of the chart until I walked halfway up to it. (My teacher had told my parents that my responses improved immeasurably once I'd been moved to the front row of seats; I couldn't see the blackboard. Not just what was on the board; the board itself.) The restriction was relaxed after a very long year or two, though.

I don't know if we have any Depression Glass or not; I suspect not. In our area it was mostly known as "carnival glass" because that's where one got it. Knock over the (lead-weighted) "milk bottles" and win a glass saucer. And then try to keep from breaking it before you got home. I know we had some when I was a kid, but I expect it all got broken sooner or later; it wasn't very sturdy.

There used to be a caving group in Missouri which interacted with fandom to some extent. Somewhere around here we have a few issues of their fanzine.

At a guess, cacti are called succulents because they are. I've read about cattlemen in dry times using blowtorches to burn spines off cactus plants so the cattle can eat them; food and moisture in one package.

Nothing wrong with spanking. I got spanked when I needed it, though as I got older, my psychology improved to the point where I could stop just short of the point where Mom struck. idn't hurt me, and probably improved my understanding of other people. (Oh, yes, I *understand* other people; it just doesn't prevent me from sniping at them now and then so I can enjoy their reactions. Though that's getting a bit old now, too.)

I suppose all of us have made a name for ourselves in the same small community that Degler trod, but it remains to be seen whether we'll still be subjects for discussion 50-60 years from now.

A great deal of Depression Glass was from carnivals, won in the way you describe, and given as premiums in soap boxes, filling stations, and picture shows, as well as being sold in dime stores. BTW, the term Carnival Glass is now reserved for the heavy glass with an iridescent sheen. Antique carnival glass can be quite valuable, but it's tricky to tell the old from new, since it's still being made. The only way to spot it is that the newer has less sharp cuts, since the molds are worn.

The caving group was led by Wayne Finch, who was also a member of both St. Louis' OSFA club and The Saturday People. I believe the fanzine was named The Underground. Wayne, an extremely fine and well-loved fellow, killed himself with a shotgun in the early 70's, a casualty of the drug era. His tragic death severed the cavers' contact with local fandom and so far as I know, they retreated back to the caverns. •

