

COLLECTOR

28



Happy New Year

1936											
JANUARY				MAY				SEPTEMBER			
SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31										
FEBRUARY				JUNE				OCTOBER			
SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					
MARCH				JULY				NOVEMBER			
SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					
APRIL				AUGUST				DECEMBER			
SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS	SMTWTFS
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					



MAILING

**INVESTIGATION IN
NEWCASTLE JACK SPEER**



REVIEWS

SEVEN EYES OF NINGUABLE On N3F type Fuggheads; I ought to resent the implication as a brand spanking director of the greatest organization, but I guess I sorta half agree with Toskey. There is a definite type that seems to find solace in the N3F & given the opportunity I'll support the contention that N3F members should get out and circulate in general fandom. There has been some discussion on whether any (possible) possible benefits should be limited to N3F members. I am dead set against such policies. When and if the N3F published anything of real benefit to fandom I want it given full distribution.

In Pornography and the Law, every time the story got interesting they cut it off and went into a long winded discussion of "dirty books". Seriously tho, I suppose most of you know that Tropic of Cancer is on general sale. There was amusing incident concerning it. Grove Press announced a paper back edition of it some months ago. There's a good sized distributor of it in Ann Arbor and Dean tells the following.

The book was almost ready for release when a rival publisher announced that they were issuing a paper back edition. Since it appeared previously without a copy right it has become public domain material. Well, the distributor recieved telegrams from both publishers, announcing that they were rushing copies to him. Next he got a telegram from Grove Press announcing that their's was the only "authorized edition". Immediately following this came a telegram from Henry Miller, the author, stating that only Grove Press editions were "authorized".

Soon a new telegram appeared from Grove Press stating that any distributor handling "unauthorized editions" would be taken to court. Before the manager could pile this one on top of the rapidly growing pile another one appeared from the rival publisher, stating that they were prepared to defend all suits at their expense.

The outcome of this still isn't known but only the Grove Press edition came out, apparently some deal was made with the rival publisher. Buyers, I fear were much disappointed by the contents. The original edition contained stronger but far less incidents than were found in the once common Mickey Spillane books.

FOT POURRI

FOT POURRI John, I couldn't agree more with you concerning the sad fate of current Science Fiction. Is there any way we can get back our 'hugo' that you took over to Brian Aldiss? From a promising practitioner he has turned into a purveyor of pure trash, with sloppy writing tossed in. It's bad enough to get this from someone who can't do better, but I know he can do a decent job if he wanted too.

SAFARI Earl, you need a crank turner for the next year? Perhaps this is the place to explain how well Earl takes orders. Last fall I sent him off a letter with some advice, and at frequent intervals I repeated, "Save Money", "Don'T spend it if you can avoid it", etc. Sure enough, a few days later I had a letter from Earl "Postage Due". While I appreciate his taking my advice this wasn't the sort of expense cutting I was suggesting!

Jim: My sympathy for your father's death.

FOR QUE You get phone calls? Let me tell you about my phone calls! Year and a half ago I went to bed at my usual time one Friday night. So, at 4 A.M. the phone rang. I leaped from my bed, stumbled through the door and yanked the reciever from the phone. A cheery voice said, "This is Harlan Ellison. I'm in town and I need Roger Sim's phone number." I suggested that he turn the phone book from the "D's" to the "S's" and hunt it himself. True, Roger had recently moved and Harlan didn't know his address, whereas mine has remained constant for some years.

I wasn't really mad tho'. The following night Rog, Mabel, Harlan & his sort of a date, Nick Falasoa, & myself went out on the town. We tried a horror, known as the Mermaid tavern where they supposedly played Jazz. So, we walked in and sat down.

Here came a rough looking bar-maid smoking a cigar (s'help me) and asked what we would drink. The rest of us ordered beer, Harlan had to order a glass of milk.

The pleasant barman looked at us as tho we were all addled and asked me. "Didn't you people pass a dairy bar on the way here". Not to be outdone I said, "Sure, but they didn't have a men's room".

The girl Harlan had brought from Chicago wasn't exactly happy and neither was he. At some time in the past she and Harlan had dated and become acquainted with a Detroit cousin of her's. The cousin had invited them to Detroit, proising a date for each of them and suggested The Memorial Day weekend. They accepted and showed up in Detroit

The cousin promptly made them not welcome and they spent the weekend fanning in each other's company. At one point during the evening Harlan made an abrupt U turn at high speed, throwing the girl against the side of the car, whereupon she got out and got into my car.

CCON Thanks Rich for the best con report I saw, but it draws no comment, other than that I wish I'd been able to make it!

FSILO Jane, I'm very happy to see that the divorce didn't eliminate you from fandom it's fairly seldom that the spouse remained with us and even in a short time I'd come to look forward to Fsil0. Coventry sounds interesting. More please?

SPELLOBEM I'm slightly inclined to agree with you on the matter of the FANZINE FOUNDATION. It's true that I won't have the time or training to do a proper job of sorting, indexing, etc. However, on the plus side is the fact that it has been started and is running in a fashion. There are, I seem to recall, 38 standing feet of fanzines in it at present. Oops, forgot the latest additions, another 18 inches from the Swisher collection, which runs it through the "N's". In addition I expect another bundle in this week, somewhere in the neighborhood of another 24 inches. This should run it well over the 11,000 pieces mark at conservative estimates. I suspect that it may be much closer to 15,000 pices at this time.

Lewis has 2½ years to serve in the coast guard and I'm not sure that I will get the stuff sorted in the meantime, I have some small hope of getting into the semi-pro line by that time and might be willing to turn over my duties to someone else by then, but in any case they are accumulating and being stored at any

My meager collection of PITFCS is not for sale, however, I might be able to set up photocopies in exchange for photocopies of the issues you have. Agreed? I need issues before 138 and have them complete from that point.

I find myself agreeing that you should not refund Lewis's dues, as you say, that was up to Eney and his decision is probably final.

MEST I'm sure you've heard of the latest in the White-Moskowitz troubles but for those who didn't; Sam & Chris are suing Ted White for alledged demaation of character, malacious statements, etc. For the first time in my life I find myself securely in Ted's corner. It appears to me that Sam and Chris were quite happy with the arguments until White dealt a telling blow, then they ran weeping to their lawman and demanded revenge. The idea that Ted's atatements would hurt Chris professionally is rather ridiculous.

I've found something else even more foolish recently. The idea that George's Willick's (insert a drum roll here) *FAN AWARDS* should be nicknamed "Forries" to honor Forry Ackerman. Up till now I haven't seen anyone other than Willick that cares about the silly things. Far as I'm concerned the whole thing smells bad and I'm sure that Forrie doesn't want anything tainted connected with his name. He has spent a lifetime building a name Oh well, I'm repeating myself, but I for one will walk out on the banquet if they are presented. I trust other people of good taste will follow my lead. I don't want anyone cramming a four armed sword-wielding monster down my throat! ARE MY VIEWS PLAIN ENOUGH?

TOLETAN For shame ! The National Forensic League, why you're practically bragging that you're a fornicator! Lordy, I wish I was sixteen again. A few days after I was sixteen I was doing construction work. Working at the plumbing trade for most of the next year. Unions were laughable in those days, (and it wasn't near as long ago as you're thinking). I and a big ~~like~~ journeyman were working on a job one day as a carload of negroes drove up. The union was organizing the local lumberyards and the required system was to close down all home construction until they settled on a contract.

Like I was saying a load of negroes drove up and the biggest one, apparently an organizer walked into the house (rough framed) where we were. His remark, "Ain't you bastards heard there's a strike on?" We had absolutely no connection with any union and knew nothing of a strike, but my partner stood up, picked up a 36 inch pipe wrench swung the 40 pounds of steel gently back and forth in his hand and said, "Yeah, us bastards heard there's a strike, but we ain't gonna strike". In creasing the swing of the wrench he advanced on their spokesman and said, "Now get out or be carried out".

The gentlemen left hurriedly and then he asked me, "Did you hear anything about a strike?" We agreed it was all nonsense and went on working.

IGNATZ Loved that cover! H'm, I can recall the last time you tried putting hand-colored illies in SAPS and Gordon Black refused them. I've likely got one of the few copies of Ignatz #1 $\frac{1}{2}$ somewhere in the boxes. Beer, my dear, is for peons. Us better people exist on the finer things of life, like whiskey and stuff. Ask George & Roger someday about the local home made likker I oncet had. Came in a half gallon bottle & was so rotten that it lasted six months or more. I used it primarily on fan company to see if they could take it. I formed a strong admiration for a local feeme fan some years ago. I took a pint or so to a party and offered drinks all around, first warning them that it hit hard and tasted twice as bad. She, a sophisticated young lady, took a big swallow and commented, "Yes, it's rather bad" and swallowed the rest of the drink.

DRAGONETTE Needs no comment!

RETRO M'Ghod, I knew I'd been in SAPS a long time but didn't realize that I'm nearly one of the foundations! This is something that just seems to roll along year after year. When I first got in I thought of it as a temporary thing. Your advice will likely be pushed into the book Noreen and I are doing, unreconizable form of course, and we don't pay anything except "thanks"

THE ZED Karen, I expect to refer to it when we get up to the final chapter of the book. You seem to have got the spirit of the con on paper. A gentleman being honored who showed his appreciation. I'm sure I mentioned it to you at least but other members probably do not know that we selected Heinlein as our original GOH in '59, his health was still bad early in the year and we had to make a new selection. I'm sure that we didn't insult !oul by making him second choice.

OUTSIDERS H'm, I guess your remarks about active fanning fit me also. When I first met local fans I slowly started spending more and more time with them and less time with outside people. The years progressed and I found myself spending more time in fan projects, light correspondence, etc and less time with local fans. Now, I've reached the point where I see the local fans only occasionally. Lessee, since July I've seen George Young twice, ditto Fred & Jim, and I've seen Nick Falasca (Cleveland) three times. If I had the time and money I'd see far more of out of town fans than I would locals.

I rather think I'd get by following an atomic war, doubt that conditions would make it necessary to take to the woods. I'd head south, and settle in a small town somewhere living out of the ruins if possible. This rubbing two sticks together is sheer nonsense. In the first place, assuming that the majority of the population died it would not be difficult to acquire a good stock of canned foods from private homes, and why live in a lean-to when there are so many mountain cottages available?

RESIN The Shapiro stuff was quite interesting! In a reprint page he hoped that I would clear out of fandom soon, that was during the Black regime, back in '52. I'll just comment that I've been in fandom a decade following that statement, done some 40 odd SAPSzine since that period, while he went in and out fandom like a fat lady in the revolving door. You'll note that he retained his interest in four letter words over the years.

I managed to maintain a reasonable quiet for a year and now I might as well add a few more details to the Shapiro story. (Remember Cos, I sawda year ago, that I did not always knock friends & or enemies).

Some of you will recall that Hal Shapiro and I had considerable trouble, in and out of SAPS some ten years ago. I won't discuss those at the moment, perhaps someday an article on them, in any case we maintained a respectable dislike for each other for the intervening ten years. So, like Hal blew back into Detroit in October of '59, his marriage had broken up, and his business in Cincinnati was bankrupt. He and his partner had parted company (some sort of promotional merchandising stuff). He got a series of small positions, mostly commision stuff I gather. None of which entailed any real amount of work or salary.

He announced that he would throw a New Year's Eve party for the Detroit group, and I must say that he kept his word. He rented a suite in the local Statler hotel, three rooms, with private bar (2 cases of liquor), silver coffee service, buffet meal, three white coated waiters, etc. Oh this was a blow-out! When the meal had been served and the bottles opened, etc he called the head waiter over, took the bill, added a sizeable tip to the bill, signed it with a flourish, and dismissed them for the night. Sometime in the wee small hours, he and compariats hauled out the rest of the likker. On January 2nd he was sitting in front of the court house, waiting to file personal bankruptcy papers. He got away clean on this one.

During the following year he worked at various jobs and eventually got a job as a salesman for Harnes, or Hanes, or some such outfit selling, headquarters in Indinapolis

Early in December of 1960 HAL grew secretive. He told the local fans that he was going to quit his job and "go away". He said very little but eventually he contacted a local drive-away outfit and agreed to drive a Chrysler Imperial (purple no less) to a west coast town - probably Portland or Seattle. He gave an old Chevy he ~~was~~ to George Young and drove away. He seemed to be in the chips, he'd bought new clothes, a fine typewriter, expensive tape recorder, etc. he claimed to have enough money to live a year without working.

The weeks passed and slowly the story unfolded, his purchases were all made with bad checks. The car was not delivered to the west coast. As time went on we heard he was wanted in several town (in various states) for passing bad checks. A Michigan police official told us he'd passed \$1,200 worth in one town, (I believe it was Indianapolis) The FBI started checking out his friends. (Asked to supply fan address's an unnamed Detroit fan offered some four hundred and suggested that I would likely have several thousand - I was never contacted)

In any case I understand on good authority that he was arrested in Miami trying to sell the Imperial, was tried and convicted in a federal court of taking a stolen car across a state line, and is doing 2 to 5 in a Federal prison in or near Miami.

While I personally feel that he got what was coming to him I'll also mention that I was tracking him, by mail, much faster than the FBI and managed not to tip off the police. Many things I may be but an informer no!

WAPTAGE I hear that Regency hasn't done too well. The local agent, who handles them as well as others is reported to have walked into a local distributor and asked "How's Regency doing"? The owner looked up and replied, "Lousy". The agent then remarked, "Well, at least it's consistent". I understand the first two books did not do too

well, however they are reported to have recouped with another book called "Mister Ballerina" Their latest, Memos From Purgatory, or some such, again by Ellison is reasonably good, and his current ROCK A BILLY I actually enjoyed.

Lewis has delegated some of the work in the Fanzine Foundation. I'm curator at the moment, meaning I count the boxes, but do little or no indexing at present. The idea of having Detroit fandom help index them is fine but unworkable, as I've said earlier getting them to roll over is sufficient effort, let alone expecting any actual effort from them. Schultz has offered to help sort them someday and if I ever get a completely free summer we might actually do it.

FLABBERGASTING B'ghod you've given me an idea! I want everyone to remember that Tosk suggested that I shoot Bruce Pelz! This will make him an accessory before the fact. I haven't got an reason yet, but I suppose it's just a matter of time.

WATLING STREET Interesting to hear just what did happen. Ben Singer has accepted a job teaching at a Penn (major) college. I wonder if we ought to supply them with a few of his earlier efforts. Thinking that someone might take me seriously I have not listed the name of the college.

GUM TREE In reply to your question re the Tuck Handbook; I feel somewhat responsible for his second and third reprinting. As I recall he originally printed 150 copies. In early 1960 I ordered 100 copies at one time. Today I recieved a check as payment for the copy sent to a S. African University, an order from Duke University. You'll find a copy (supplied by me) in the library in Perth, Western Australia, one in Cambridge, England, a copy in the Biblique De France, one at Harvard, etc. I guess I'm selling 75 to 100 copies per year.

DIE Schultz I don't think you're a survival type, I just don't believe you'd shoot an absolute stranger without provocation and that's the sort of thing that makes for a survivor. I'm inclined to agree with you regarding socialism. It's reached the point where practically the entire population expects the government to do their thinking, planning, and providing for them. My views of television, and governmental controls are pretty well known but I, for one refuse to go along with the common herd. "I tell you three times" has become far too prevalent for the population (make that population) to ever start to think for themselves.

WARHOOK Joe Kennedy was kidnapped from the Ann Arbor campus a couple of years ago & hauled into Detroit by Dean Mc Laughlin. I spent most of the afternoon with them & he was amazed to hear of the changes, and improvements, in S.A.P.S. Joe, of course, has lost all interest in fandom, and I suspect hopes that fan will nevermore pound upon his door.

It's amazing the people who go in and out of S.A.P.S, the majority of the more talented and devoted members go from S.A.P.S into FAPA and vanish from our ken, but a certain portion drop out, and a year or two later re-appear, perhaps with more enthusiasm than on their first appearance. I'd point to Dave Rike for one - he'll be back, it's just a matter of time.

I suspect that when I join FAPA I may well drop out of S.A.P.S, not from lack of interest but because I'll become busy with various projects and eventually simply lack the time to handle both apas - I'll take the easy course out and wind up in FAPA alone

Regarding the Laney article, (on minor accomplishments blown up) would that by any chance be the "I am a big man" or words to that effect. If so, I seem to recall that it appeared in FAPA about '48-'50.

I've been doing considerable research in old fanzines and it's amazing the changes that a generation has wrought in fandom. Can you imagine Tucker as President of the N3F? Moskowitz grinding out reams of under qualified fan fiction?

INVESTIGATION IN NEWCASTLE JACK SPEER

"If you wish a thing done right, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others!"

If you asked me if I thought Degler was worth it, the answer would be No; but the pleasure I had playing private investigator was worth it.

Easter Afternoon.

No Degler, Stein, Donnack, or Matley in the Newcastle phonebook.

214 North 20th was a small white house in good condition. After photographing it, I knocked, just as Claude's mother came out a side door, going somewhere. No, Claude wasn't in town - had gone off somewhere in Ohio. She recognized my name, but not any of those of the Indiana Cosmen, and of course she didn't know where they lived. But then, she was busy all day at the factory and didn't see much of Claude and his activities. This wasn't his house; it was his grandfather's. I asked if he had a mimeo at this address; reply was vaguely negative. Degler's mother was a sharp-looking woman, but courteous snuf, in a coarse sort of way, toward me. She became suspicious, however, when I followed up her statement that Claude - "has worked around some at various things" - with further questioning about whether he had a regular job. I assured her that I merely wanted to know if there was something that would make him have to return from Ohio Monday so that I might still see him.

There wasn't. Claude had been sick the past week, trouble with stomach ulcers. She would ask his younger brother if he knew where Claude was, so that I might call him up. Was the younger brother Vergie Degler? (Named as treasurer of the Cosmic Circle, to whom money orders should be made out.) I asked the above. She said, No, not volunteering who Vergie Degler was. Robert would phone me at the hotel if he knew where Claude was, but he was too busy with a job to take part in Claude's activities.

214 N. 20 being the only address I had, I caught a ride with a hiway patrolman to the police station, where I had them look up several names in the city and county directory. A line on Dominick (said by Merlow to be the real name of Helen Bradleigh) ran out, but within a block of the end of this trail was the home address of Claude & Vergie Degler - Vergie apparently is his mother - as given in the directory. It is a mixed negro & white neighborhood, but doesn't look like a red lite district. I photographed the house, which is small and shabby but not dilapidated.

Rather extensive inquiries in the suburb of Oak Grove turned up no trace of Matley's, Tylors, Tylors, or Tilbys, (Persons named in connection with the OGRS gang war). Rain ended further search. Phone calls to a Walters, a Jenkins, and an Allen in the phone book failed to locate the persons of those surnames mentioned in CC publications.

MONDAY

Stated at the county welfare board that I was a member of an organization that was considering expelling Degler; explained that considerable visiting goes on among the members with hospitality taken for granted and mentioned Degler's complaints over exclusion from the gathering at the president's house. Also, when asked, told what I had heard via the Marlow's about the Degler-Donnack love affair. The worker who handled the case in 1942 was no longer there, but another woman read the file and told me about it. Mr & Mrs Degler were divorced. Joan Donnack's name was Jo Anne (sp?) Andes, Donnack being her step father. She was of lower mentality than Claude, who was also classed as subnormal, tho there were no figures on his mentality in the report, and Mrs Scotten, the school principal, had said that he made fairly good grades. Claude had been twice committed to the East Haven hospital for the Insane, at Richmond, Indiana; once after beating up a little boy, who was the county prosecutor's son, and again after beating Mrs Degler.

After the Domnick offense in 1942, they advised sending Claude to the Maskatuck (sp?), school for the feeble-minded, but his mother didn't want to sign the papers, so it was agreed that Claude would leave town, and he had done so.

In the county clerk's office I got the following information from the commitment records on Claude Dgeler: He was born 19 May 1920 in Polpular Bluff, Mo. and came to Newcastle in 1925 from Wolf Bayou, Arkansas. Mr. Degler had deserted the family, and he had a mania for stealing. The Degler grandfather had been confined in a hospital for the insane. The first sign of insanity in Claude were observed in December 1935: extreme nervousness, depressed spells, violent destructive spells. The commitment application was dated March 1936. The attack at that time had been gradual in onset.

He had had nervous and depressed spells several times in the preceding year. It was necessary to remove him from school in 1934 because of his extreme nervousness.

He was a diligent student and on the honor roll. From Jan to March of 1936, his mother had to keep him away from other people. He had lately become homicidal. The Doctors examination said that Claude had fits of temper, was unable to tell the difference between right and wrong, and otherwise confirmed the description in the application.

He was emaciated, sallow, and anemic, alternately depressed and excited. Homicidal and destructive tendencies. Had attempted to burn buldings. Another physicaian's statement said he was insomniac, had poor appetite, and cried frequently. Among the papers was a certification that he was the probably potential parent of mentally incompetent or socially inadequate offspring, and calling for his sterilization. In 1937 November he was discharged as having been restored to sanity.

There was no record of any other commitment. I was told that his brother had also been sent to the asylum, which might have been confused by the welfare board.

Calls at the local newspaper offices discovered nothing about the Oak Grove fighting. Found nothing about it in the local paper about the date given.

At the post office, they knew of no one named Stein. Box 365 (Frank N. Stein's return address) had long been in Vergie Degler's name.

The County Prosecutor was at the police station. After I identified myself, he told me about the 1936-1937 occurrences. Claude was chasing some children who were teasing him, when they passed another group of kids among whom was the proescutors son, (he did not mention the relationship until later). The boy was beaten severely, bruised all over. A WPA workman a block away heard his screams and came to stop Degler, but he got away. That evening Claude set fire to the prosecutors coal shed, and slipped away again from police and firemen, returning later that nite to burn the garage (containing car) of the next door neighbor. He then knocked on the neighbor's door. The lady of the house recognized him and screamed. He threatened that he would blow up the whole block. After Claude had been in the asylum a few months, his mother pulled political strings and got him furloughed.

She kept him locked up at home until one nite beat her unconscious, knocked over the kerosene stove, and left the house afire with her in it. He was returned to East Haven, and after staying there a year, was furloughed again, but not declared cured. The prosecutor knew less about the Domnick case. He said she and Claude had met for statutory rape, but due to inability to prove that it had been accomplished, the agreement for Claude to get out of town was made, and he had gone, tho' he'd been around some since then. The prosecutor, like the others failed to recognize the name of Helen Bradleigh.

Further search in the city directory found no Tilby, Tylor, Kinney, Hagsmeyer, Math, Matley, nor Bradleigh.

Returning to Degler's neighborhood, I made further inquiries and soon found Joan Domnick. She appeared to be 15 or 16. Denied being Helen Bradleigh or knowing anything about her. Said she had not been amember of Degler's the Cosmic Circle or helped on Degler's publications in any way.

I knocked on the door at Degler's, but nobody was home. A note from Vergie Degler pinned to the screen said neighbors had told her somebody had been around several times trying to get in touch with her, and asked whoever it was to leave a note or drop a card to box 365. Attempted to fone Mrs Scotten, but since it was a school holiday she was out of town.

Richmond

At the East Haven asylum, the woman at the desk said, " ---Degler ? Robert -- Oh, Claude Degler." The superintendent had the folder brought to me. "What's he doing now -- Something in the religious line ?" I mentioned the Cosmic Concept. The Superintendent said he came in 1936 and was furloughed twice, both times against their advice, last leaving in 1937. They hadn't made any tests of his intelligence, since with that type it wouldn't have been a fair guide to his performance under other conditions. He pointed out however, that the boy had never gone beyond the seventh grade. He had not caused them any trouble while in East Haven. The sterilization called for had not been done at East Haven. At the time of his admission it was recorded that he'd had nothing to do with the opposite sex. He had been discharged from the asylum as "restored", but it was up to the court to decide whether to judge him sane again.

They in the hospital didn't care whether people were sent there or not. Often the relatives would object, and they were usually harder to deal with than the patient. He mentioned that Claude had claimed to suffer from various imaginary illnesses, had said that people teased him, and had burned down a garage to get revenge on somebody.

I asked the superintendent if he could tell me the name of Claude's type of insanity, but he said it was a "privileged communication, for the family only . I can tell you almost anything else you want to know about him tho'." He did say it was a recurrent type, and asked about Claude's recent activities. I spoke of his Cosmic Circle and his publications in our amateur press association. The superintendent said, " I guess he's having a recurrence of it now. They'll probably catch up with him again before long. But he stayed out six or seven years, didn't he ? I see here he joined the Buck Rogers club and had a lot of trouble with that because people made fun of him. They go in for things like that. He was interested in electricity too; used to fool around with it. Anything like that - and religions - anything you just can't put your finger on, they go in for."

On my honor as a stefnist, this article is true and complete.

Jack Speer

The above article appeared in FAPA, Summer 1944

Reprinted

through the co-operation of the Fanzine

Foundation and Mr. Alan J. Lewis.

Isn't it odd how these kooks keep popping up in Indiana ?
I find definete parrells between this one and the latest one to creep out from under his rock. They both came from a fannishly restricted area, both are utter fanatics, each is determined to lead the crusade, regardless of whether they recieve approval - or followers. Maybe we'd best remove the few sensible fans from the area and then seal it off.



UNEMPLOYMENT

MADE IN JAPAN