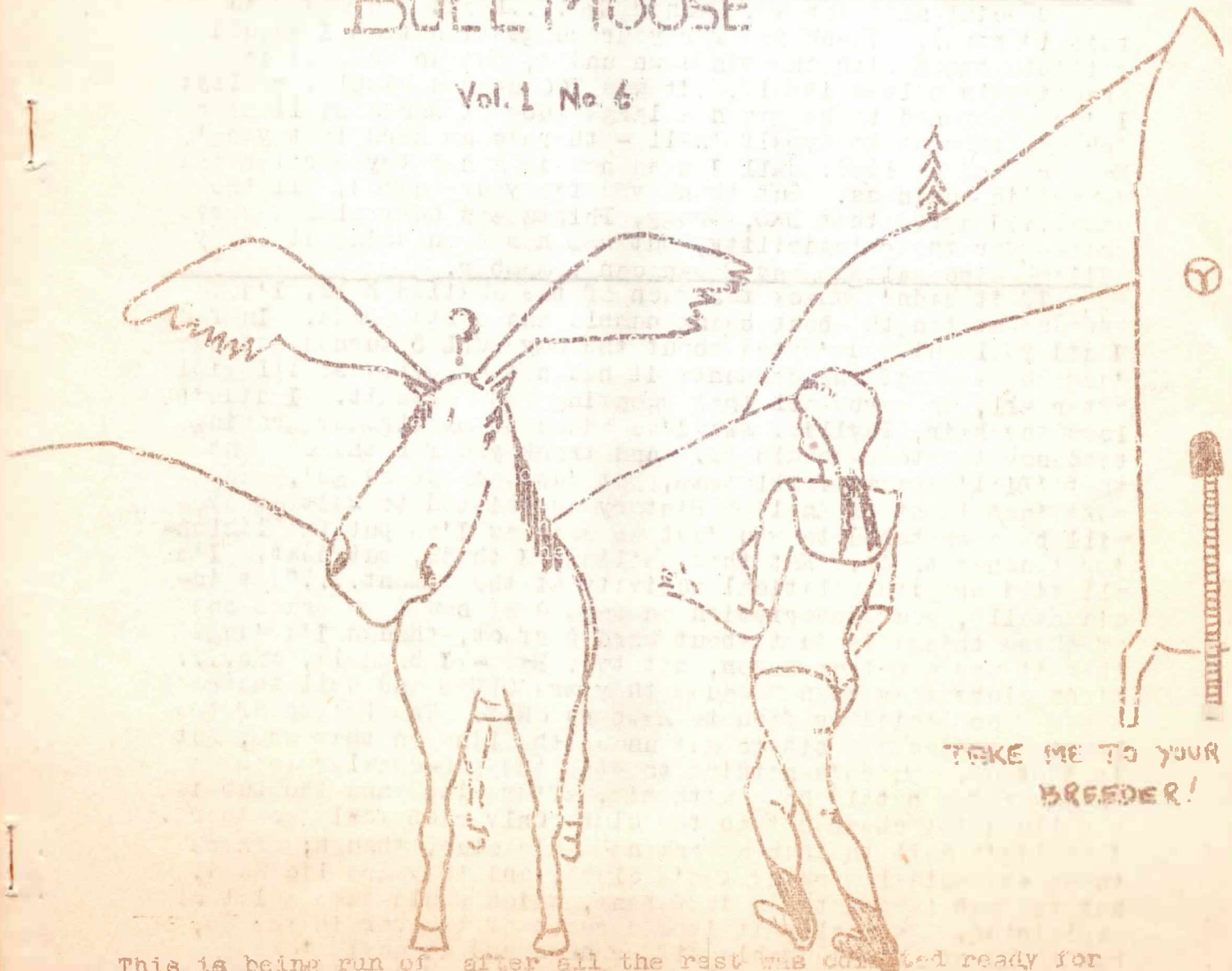


THE  
BULL MOOSE

Vol. 1 No. 6



TAKE ME TO YOUR BREEDER!

This is being run of after all the rest was corrected ready for stapling. I'm now able to apologise in advance for any spelling errors and typos which have crept in. These comments were composed on stencil as the issue was read and there is not enough room - or time - to get it all printed in BULL. If possible, I shall continue these ramblings in FELLOW.

Special note for Bill - the reverse of this page is the best I've managed so far with my printing (hand) device. You have given me food for thought, and there will (I trust) be more and better results to follow as time goes by.

AS I've said before - Speranza follows. This is a Statorian Publication.

Editor  
Chief Critic  
Absent Critic  
Destructive Critic  
Background Noises

Bill Morse  
Maria, his wife  
Philip  
Geoffrey  
Verna Christine

This delightfully legible publication emanates from  
Rose Cottage, West Compton, Swanton Valley, Somerset, England.

Special note for Mr. Danner Esq.... Look! You can read this (I hope). Thank you for your suggestion that I should get into touch with the bin down under, but in the end it practically solved itself. It was TOO damned simple, really: I just happened to be given a large tube of Remco Duplicator Ink and thought to myself 'hell - there's no harm in trying'. No more and no less. All I need now is a new typewriter and we are in business. But thank you for your advice, all the same.... I agree that DAG, Gregg, Philtz and Curt also deserve praise for their legibility, but WMD has been doing it every mailing since almost any Faban can remember.

If it didn't smack too much of the swelled head, I'd expound at length about being humble and sorta proud. In fact I did feel quite deflated about the way BULL 5 turned out. To judge by some of the comments it had not appeared so illegible after all, so maybe all that sweating was worth it. I didn't lose any hair, Phyllis, but I've added to my already growing tendency to stoop-shoulders. And thank you for the comment that 'Bill's part of Philtzam, not just an appendage'. The next instalment of English History as twisted to suit my eyes will be despatched to you just as soon as I've put the finishing touches to it. Not this mailing, I think, but next. I'm all tied up with political activity at the moment.... Just incidentally, your description on page 9 of how to operate one of these things is just about word perfect, though I'd judge that it was a pot or seven, not two. Haw - I begged, too.... Night clubs stay open because they are CLUBS and sell their booze accompanied by food to members ONLY. The letter of the law is stretched a bit to get under the line on that one, but it is true. There's nothing to stop the pub-crawler from taking a few bottles home with him, after all; and the pub is a helluva lot cheaper than the club. Only rich fools go there. I wouldn't call the pub a working man's club, though; there are actual working men's clubs, and they are licensed, but the pub is something different, which would take a lot of explaining. Basically it is a version of the bar in the US, but there are considerable differences and it could take a whole issue of BULL to explain; let's just wait till you can come across to this side the pond and we'll show you round as many of the more interesting pubs as you can stand up for. And there ARE parts of the country where, after Time Gentlemen Please has been called and the ragtag have left, they all retire to a snugery and keep going for an hour or two until all the inner circles have had enough. I know a couple. I even know one where the local bobby has been seen wiping his mouth with the back of his hand at 11:30 p.m. Not ten miles from here, that is. I'm not going to say much about Philtz this mailing but it's Captain's Paradise and he did all right, I thought.... I enjoyed your 15th Day - more please.

THE  
BULL MOOSE

Editor  
Chief Critic  
Assorted Extra Critics

Bill Morse  
Maria Morse  
Philip, Geoffrey and Verna

So we will start right off with mailing Comments, hoping against hope that we are going to turn out legible.

STEFANTASY - Danner... That Rosygruesomes (AWCO) ad. is one of the funniest you have done, Bill, and you've put out some right comic stuff. I guess the picture just finished it off... DAG seems to have been over-awed at having his name AND picture in this issue, because he has taken on some of the Danner MYLDERness. I've copied out the Pzot Laws to hang up on the wall - we have something similar over here, but they've not to my knowledge been put down on paper before, just been mentioned from time to time under the name of SODZ LAW... You mean to say that you couldn't understand the BRE-Yankee singing on that rock'n'roll show, Mr Ewald? I'll let you into a secret - us Englishmen can't understand it either. It can be quite confusing, to hear these characters bellow-their quasi-hillybilly ditties in that there Mid-Atlantic accent and then, when they speak normally to come out with Cockney or Gorbals or even pseudo-Oxford speech.

LARK - The Same.... Kay Francis, Sir? Now you are talking about one of my first and greatest loves from the screen. They put her into some awful bad films during the last years before WW2, though... If anything could force me back to Canada to stay for good and all it would be the Northern Lights. They are visible here maybe once or twice in twenty years. Up in Central Alberta, we would sit out for hours at a time just watching them changing shape and colour: it is the most completely fascinating sight I know of and I would dearly love to be back there again watching. Might make it in a few years, at that, and this time it would be for keeps.... How would you pronounce Pghcon, though?.... Not entirely sure that I agree about The Sheep Has Five Legs being the funniest movie - there were some dead slack sections in it, especially for those who had not seen Don Cammillo and therefore did not get the joke till it had been explained to them.... If I come up behind a farm tractor on my way to work, on leaving the house, there's about a mile ahead for me of crawling. The roads are too narrow for me to pass and the tractor makes too much noise for all my hooting to take any effect. .... At a guess, you printed the front cover on the same press as you use for Stefantasy.

EXPERIMENT MCMIIX PARTS A & B - The same. So now you have the same type Mimeo as I have. How come you get so much better results? Probably you start off with the advantage of knowing exactly what you are doing, AND have a better hand at cutting a stencil than I have as yet. Is there anything else? The bed of mine is, or appears to be, slate, but I doubt if that has anything to do with it - could it be the texture of the screen? My best results seem to be about on a par with your product on the No 1 model.

Just realized that here is the first page nearly gone and I'm still all tied up with Bill Danner, sir, and I'm limiting the size of this first try with the office Banda machine. The Multilith is at my disposal also, but has the drawback that I've not yet been able to convert this typewriter to use the special type of ribbon that seems to be needed for work on Duplimats. If I could just lay hands on an office typer.....

Elephais - Evais....I rather missed the "usual discussion of the Evans wanderings" this mailing. They've seemed more or less of a staple of FAPA, like the top five/six lines on Horizons....We had a reversal of the 'last steam run' recently, when the Bluebell and Primrose line re-opened as a private venture; I had a few clippings ready to send you when the report appeared in Time, complete with a most effective photograph. The latest steam development here has been the use of the 2-10-0 freight engine for express passenger work. This is a massive departure from time-honoured British railway practice over the last century: in general, the express locomotive has wheels of 6ft.3in. diameter or more, while freight locos have a 5ft. wheel or less. Engineers have wondered aloud - and expressed their misgivings in print - at the thought of what 90 mph or more does to all that reciprocating mass on a 5ft. wheel, but the high speed running powers of the Standard BR 2-10-0 has been known for many years now and was first made public when a Jag on road test had some difficulty in overtaking one (also on test, but railroad, beside the highway for a stretch). The report was included with the road test and actually included a photograph of the loco, taken on the run. The older steam traction is being rapidly withdrawn, now, and the Guardian printed a woeful picture of rows of Southern engines in Ashford yard awaiting the breakers. I now take every opportunity I can to get near a known steam line to watch the regulars go by. Not that the country is already so thinned out, but because the more worthy of the old models are now close to being extinct. Philip and Geoffrey and I spent a Saturday in August at a West Country junction completely absorbed in the pastime: steam-hauled trains were passing through at the rate of 30 each way an hour, and included two of the 2-10-0 high speed runnings.

Vandy - Coulsons....Scrutineer is a perfectly legitimate word - it appears in my old Chambers Etymological, and that gives 'parachute' as a means of descending from a balloon, so it must be well-established....Your comments on driving remind me of the village in England which had a US Army unit planted a mile away during WW2. The local council erected a road sign saying "Please drive carefully, Yanks, that child might be your own". No disrespect intended, of course, just a poorly constructed sentence....Is that Reva the Bat; Bob? Last I heard of her was from Shelvick, after the '52 Chicon. I thought perhaps she had drifted off into some side alley someplace....Juanita - if salt in the beer improves the taste, why not include in the bottle? Just shake the bottle before opening - - ahum, yes, I pass.....

Descant - Georgina and njc....The thing that strikes me most about the messier type of suicide is the utter disregard for the emotions of the people who have to clean up afterwards. During the Depression, a favourite way to End It All was to jump in front of a moving train (no cowcatchers over here) and ooh, the blood and meat and excrement that had to be cleaned away by the station staff;...You missed out JUST A SNCG AT TWILIGHT....njc, you are most welcome, you are bringing some fresh and unusual talent with you. Is L.G. Gainsborough any relation or acquaintance of N.G. Wansborough?

SERCON'S BANE - Baz....I never yet managed to review FAPA in any sort of coherent order. I did once get them sorted out into an alphabetical order of titles, but Geoffrey re-arranged them to some esoteric pattern that seemed good to him and I left it at that. In general I just pick up those with checkmarks from where they lay.

When you say New England conscience, you seem to be referring to what I normally think of as the Puritan conscience, because it appears in this country also. The basic concept is that you don't ban a thing because it is sinful: only because people enjoy it. We have the Lords Day Observance Society here, which insists that nobody should do anything at all on a Sunday (apart from the servants, of course). What they plan for the rest of the week is unspecified but it seems to be a distillation of Plymouth Brethren and Pentecostal Church, only more so....Going along with your religious musings: For I, the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sin of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Never mind how respectable you are yourself, your grandfather missed church one fine Sunday in August a hundred years ago; that dooms you to the everlasting damnation....Buz, what's undiluted smoke? How would you inhale a solid wedge of sheer concentrated smoke?

NULL-F - White....How about some more from Sylvia?....From the sound of it, Newport was much much worse than our little fracas at Beau-lieu last month, when some light bulbs were broken and an evening spoiled by a handful of rather silly trad. fans.

TUMULT, ETC - Graham....Thanks for the note about Proxmire and Meyer. I had not noticed the fadeaway of Proxmire, but Meyer had seemed to me like nothing more than a nut who would do anything to get elected. I'm not (I hope) so naive as to believe that every member of Congress is as incorruptible as were the Founding Fathers; as a general rule, however, your members seem, from where I sit, to be far more independent towards their leaders than do ours. Both Time and Newsweek have often gone into detail about the persuasions and compromises made by Rayburn and Johnson in their respective Houses to manage a majority vote; over here, all that happens is that the Whip points a finger in the direction of the required teller and all the little sheep trot obediently thataway. I agree that Wayne Morse has an unfortunate reputation. The slightly comic (to me) point is that he has many facial characteristics com on to my own branch of the Morse family - shape and carriage of head, shape of eyes and nose. If you put a beard on him, he might be my grandfather. I don't have these characteristics myself, but of the two preceding generations of the family, all but two could be taken for relatives of Wayne Morse if they stood side by side. Also a couple of my cousins. What I am generally fulminating about is the docile flock-following in Westminster; one reason why I have been appearing only sporadically has been the extreme amount of time I have been spending lately in my political activities, trying to work up some Liberal feeling in this Constituency. As press Officer to our future candidate, I've been banging my head against the "Father knows Best" attitude till I've acquired a headache from it. The principle of Father knowing best has been absorbed by the electorate to the extent that they seriously think that one should not consider any other candidate than either Con. or Lab. A typical answer to a query about our man is "Oh, I'd vote for him if I thought he'd get in; I don't like or trust either of the other two, but what chance does your man stand of winning?" The attitude is fine if you are choosing a candidate for nomination, but when you are electing your representative it seems (at the least) a woolly attitude. At present, we have the choice between Macmillan acting as Lord of the Manor and graciously dispensing largesse to the

humble and adoring peasantry and Gaitskell making bumbling efforts to sort out his party into a coherent enough shape for them to vote at least 51% in favour of a Socialist measure. As long as the Left is THAT disunited, we can expect Mac to remain MacMiracle, unless we can revive the Liberal Party as a left-of-centre radical movement. We are having a bash at doing just that and what is more we all seem to be enjoying ourselves at the same time.... I thoroughly enjoyed your 'AZZ ON A SUMMER NIGHT.

SALUD - Elinor.... DO autos serve a need in our society that nothing else does? You can travel as far, as fast, and probably much more safely, if you go by bus, train, or by air - faster, by air. Locally, you might just as well stick to the Surrey with the fringe on top - or your own two shapely feet. The auto doesn't just make corpses - it makes them in the presence of the widows and orphans; and the human body loses all semblance of human dignity after an auto smash. ... Somehow I always preferred Rebecca West as factual reporter and essayist, rather than as novelist. The detailed perception and exposition in, for instance, The Meaning of Treason and The Court and the Castle are something I can continually return to as basis for thought and discussion. The last of her novels I read was The Harsh Voice, but you have persuaded me I should read The Fountain Overflows.

SISYPHOS - Speer... there was but one MYB mailing, and only four contributions to it: E. Embers, -60F and a thing from BeAle... Speramus meliora means We Hope For Better Things. PHE had it many mailings ago.... Frang is an RAF term from WW2; it means to crash expensively, and was also extended to mean to bomb extensively. Example 1: Charlie pranged last night - RIP Charlie's aircraft. Example 2: Wizard Frang! - we bombed hell out of Köln. As nearly forever as damnit is a piece of extremely bad slang for which no doubt I should apologise most humbly with a full and frank confession of my shortcomings à la maledkov, à la Powells; à la Buchmanitos. But I did use it and I'm glad, glad, you hear me?... In your comments on Christianity you might also have mentioned those who so blithely quote "Vengeance is mine, saith the lord, I will repay," and miss out the middle three words. Though how one can obey the order of a Vengeful Lord not to be vengeful without some sort of doublethink is something I cannot imagine; they do it, though.

HORLIONS - Warner... So far, medicine is still medicine here, though the word medicament appears. The longer word tends to drive out the shorter word because high-sounding words of vaguer meaning exercise a fascination over the official mind; in time they get the upper hand altogether and your official develops a pompous and flabby style of writing. He hasn't much to say, so he dresses it up to show you you are getting your money's worth in one way at least. Medicine becomes medicament or medication; settle becomes finalise; roughly becomes approximately; and expect becomes anticipate. As an English example: "This document is forwarded herewith for the favour of your utilisation" means "Please fill in the enclosed form". As an American example: "The non-compensable evaluation heretofore assigned to you for your service-connected disability is hereby confirmed and continued" means "We still say you are not going to get a pension".

EMACIANDRE - Prabura ... Evidently you haven't been reading NEWS, which gave full coverage to SIMON... You might judge the degree to which the top executive have and to the loss of the strength of the Conservative Party in the country. And that our own... I don't know if Billy Carter is still going... For about 10 years... I don't know if Billy Carter is still going...

That should be: The Labour Party has not declined because people got heartily sick of controls and regulations (if they were, they'd be 'ust as sick now). The Party began to disintegrate into little factions before they had lost the '51 election, because the two Iron Men had died - Bevin and Cripps between them WERE the Party - and there was no-one left to slap down such little squirts as Michael Foot, Konnie Zilliacus, Ian Mikardo and (you name 'em). Attlee, as the phrase went at the time, led the Labour Party from behind. If Bevan had been one half the man at the time that Ernie Bevin had been there would not have been any such trouble, but once Attlee stood alone there were all the rats losing no time at all dragging him down and finishing him off - the Hell with the Party, we want our own little petty doctrines practiced or else. The same factions are after Gaitskell's blood right now - they would rather the Word were preached than have it obeyed; whether obeying the Word of Socialism would or would not bring ruin to the country does not interest them - if it did, it would be because they had not had sufficient faith. So now we are stuck: the Tories intend to behave like their own idea of gentlemen and point out as the ship goes down that at least it had been wrecked by a Gentleman; the Socialists intend to run the country on pue Socialism (when they have decided what THAT is) and will point out as the ship goes down that at least it was done in the best of faith. All this guff about Socialism equals controls is 'ust a lot of warp-minded guff. The controls under Attlee were those he inherited from WW2 and one by one he was dropping them - it took a time because all bureaucrats hate giving up any of their power and remember that the average Civil Servant would rather die than vote Socialist. It took the Tories to re-introduce gas-rationing, after Suez and it begins to look as if their much-lauded era of rent-decontrol is coming close to its end at this moment. The conservative Minister of Health, who pushed his Rent Act through against violent Socialist opposition is now having second thought about it; he took valuable TV time off to tell us with tears in his eyes that "This Bill means more to me than almost anything else in the whole world (on the eve of its first reading), but he is now having second thoughts because he finds that landlords are charging what even a Tory Minister considers to be extortionate rents. He has, in fact, authorised local authorities to buy compulsorily any rented houses or apartments whose owners are, in the opinion of the local authority, charging excessive rents. He qualifies a fair rent as "about 3 or 4 times the maximum ratable value".....Resale price maintenance is ENFORCED in this country by retail associations and with the blessing of the free-enterprising manufacturers. Free Enterprise is a lot of bilgewater, balderdash and poppycock, from where we sit. Add to that the fact that this Government is actively encouraging monopoly and you will see why so many Englishmen think all your bleating about down with Socialism is 'ust the wailing of a full-blown clot. It takes the Conservatives to preach the virtues of applied unemployment.

PHLOTSAM - PHE....Let me cool off in your porch swing, Phyllis. That is 'ust one more North American pastime that appeals to me. Maria is still glowing over the thought of mural curtains (and wallpapers) as in the Sears Roebuck catalogue. We are writing full comments by post, tho. That will take more than a few lines in the mailing....I'd better qualify my comments on Box Numbers 'ust a little. In general, everyone puts his name and address on all his correspondence or on his advertising. When a Box No. appears in the Sits Vac, it only attracts the simpler-minded (by intent, perhap?); they usually get no answer unless they fit exactly, and it has been known for a man to write for his own job.

Similarly, if I write a letter to someone and give Poste Restante as my address, it normally means one of two things: I have no fixed abode and am therefore (how ever slightly) unreliable; or I have/have not a fixed abode and am dead unreliable. One enterprising type, pre-WW2, began a professional re-addressing service for those who "find it convenient to preserve their anonymity". It has grown into a relatively profitable business for him and includes such sidelines as monogrammed sew-ons for clothing etc. (Typical address: BMJ/456, London, W.C.2) It is not surprising that the popular public figure gets an unlisted phone number or uses his place of work for his address, but when A.N.Other uses a Box No. or accomodation address it stirs a fine wire of suspicion in the mind.... ~~MONEXXXBERRY~~ AT BAY - honestly, John, there is one excellent (and uninterrupted) programme on ITV, every Thursday night: "What the Papers Say". Fifteen minutes of acid, either raw or only very slightly diluted.... PHE - according to the Oxford Dictionary, "Titbit - earlier tidbit, from the dialect 'tid' (delicate or wanton)". .... Your remarks to Marian Bradley about being most liked when she is herself are ch so true. Those particular pieces of her writing are strongly reminiscent of her letters to Sam Merwin when she was Miss (Astra) Zimmer and still full of enthusiasm for Kuttner's Dark Worlds. When she gets all matronly and didactic she lets herself down with a bump.

CATCHTRAP - Bradley....Greetings, Mme O.E.....I'd dispute your suggestion that "reform schools are filled with youngsters who have been brutally treated from childhood". They may very likely come from the traditional "broken home", but I can name two teenagers convicted of murder in this country who both came from homes and families of massive respectability. Not upper class families, but the middle class types who maintain their respectability above all other things. One was 16 at the time of his action and thus automatically avoided the death penalty; the other was condemned to death but was reprieved by the Home Secretary, thus proving (to his mother) that her boy was innocent. "I just knew my boy wasn't like that....etc". And falling back on the "broken home" dodge is a favourite among young petty offenders when faced with the Probation Officer or Welfare Worker: "It's no good, Miss, you can't do nothing for me - I can't help myself - I come from a broken home, you see".....It may be that Harry Warner just buys paperbacks because there's no free library within easy reach. If I am ever tempted to buy a book I always get it first from the library; if it still seems attractive, then I buy it, but only if I feel sure it can stand a second, third and fourth reading.....Oddly enough, I read film reviews avidly, yet our last visit to a cinema was three years ago - before Geoffrey was born. We still find nothing to tempt us inside again.

BANDWAGON - Ryan....And it is good to see you again (not to mention that hilarious Rotsler 'shut the eyes and stab' babe on the back)....It reads as though your BMW has the largest sized motorcycle engine.....Jehovah's Witnesses are quite active around here at the moment.....Your opinions about the "next best way" to eliminate bubbleheads from government practically coincide with mine (see earlier). That is why I cannot agree to government by expert: after all, Charlie Wilson and Ezra Benson were experts, I believe. First of all someone has to define expert; then someone else has to find out who is the nearest in the field to being an expert; then you have to persuade him that being a Government expert is more profitable than his present way of life.

Running out of stencil and stuff, Dick. I hope to continue this in PHLOTZ. That's if I can get it off to Phyllis in time.