

THE
CHATTAHOOCHEE,
OKEFENOKEE,
and
OGEECHEE
OCCASIONAL
GAZETTE

Occasion of
Summer 1955

under the able direction
of

Lee Hoffman

good humored and condescending BNF

and admirer of

George Gobel

and

Tom Ewell

neither of whom are associated with this production,
or Hal Kenter either.

c/o 101 Wagner Street
Savannah, Georgia

□ 8 2 442

NOW OR NEVER: The history of this fanzine. It seems that through a very clever device I have overcome the big obstacle between me and the eight pages I've got to get out if I want to stay in FAPA. And this is how I did it. You see, I didn't have any stencils. So I contacted acti-fan Charles Wells, and he picked up a couple of quire of stencils for me so now I'm back in the fan-ed business.

I HAVE HERE A LARGE ASSORTMENT of papers, notes etc for a FAFazine, and also a couple of semi-cut stencils not more than two or three years old. They will be included in this mishmosh.

"He wanted to hear a sedimental song so I played Mississippi Mud"

NEWSPAPER QUOTES: Savannah Morning News, April 15, 1955

Under the title "Movie of Nudists is Banned"

Mr Johnson, manager of the Patio Theatre is quoted as follows:

"We try to give the public a diversified program and to keep all our pictures on a high ~~level~~ or above the obscene.

Apparently Mr Johnson gives his audience a choice.....

Dept of
HISTORICAL DATA: (an unfinished article)

Like the continent of North America, multi-colored ink was known to the ancients. And to a few aborigines outside of fandom. But fans as a group seem to have misplaced their knowledge of the process somewhere prior to the so-called Sixth Fandom, which seems to have been a renaissance period in several ways.

(con't over)

Historical Data (2)

N Multicolor ink was rediscovered to Sixth Fandom by the erstwhile Walter Astute Willis who discovered many things to fandom, not the least of which was himself. It was Mister Willis' visit to this country which brought about the downfall of Sixth Fandom as we knew it.

Now while on this divergent subject, I should like to discuss it at further length (about eight inches). I have read several histories by my fannish contemporaries, antecedents and predecessors, and there is a point which seems perfectly clear to me is to no one else. This business of 'fandoms'. Someone recently reviewed the so-called Sixth and Seventh Fandoms and proclaimed that Sixth Fandom was not dead and therefore Seventh Fandom did not exist. And if I'm not mistaken it was this same historian who pointed out that a Fandom was not a particular group of people, but an era with a focal point. Subsequently while it is easiest to try to divide Fandoms chronologically, it is difficult to do so. Since many groups and focal points exist concurrently, one must isolate the dominant groups and their ~~intxxxxxxxxxx~~ ideas at any given time...."

This mess goes on like this for another four or five inches before it halts abruptly, but I in copying it have lost interest. I hope I will be forgiven this lack of scholarly fortitude. The article was incomplete anyway.

"The Lord worketh on a tithe of 10% but the Federal Government being less efficient requires a larger percentage....."

Speaking of moving pictures and the little things Hollywood occasionally overlooks, watch the horsemen of Atilla's hordes and other pre-Maurice horseback riders. According to the Haskin Service, there "were no stirrups until the time of the Emperor Maurice, A. D. 602".

And the McClellan saddle did not come into use until 1856. Unless the Russians

This horse I have name of Kehli, if he parts his forelock down the middle and brushes it to the sides, he looks like Burt Lancaster in VERA CRUZ

$$E_G - E_Y = \frac{.30}{.59}(E_R - E_Y) - \frac{.11}{.59}(E_B - E_Y)$$

I TRUST I MENTIONED THE PALOMINO HORSE I HAD THAT bucked? Well, I have disposed of him. Traded him off for a Tennessee Walker that can rack a hole in the wind, and runs like he thinks he's

Whirlaway. He's about 1100 lbs, a little smaller than Kehli, about six years of age, bay with one white stocking behind and a small white star, and his name is Brandy. He fox-trots and mambo's.

"Never!" hissed Lassiter

What ever became of Max Keesler?

All off one extension cord dept: The electrical equipment crammed into the back bedroom at 101 Wagner now consists of 1 - goose-necked lamp (150wts), 1 table radio (with input and output jacks) 1 tape recorder (7½ & 3-3/4 ips) 1 - pocket sized electric drill (with grinding wheels) 1 little jimdandy electric kiln (bake your own bricks) 1 clock-radio (used mostly for turning on the lamp across the room) 1 three speed Webcor phonograph (table model package "hifi") 1 nitelite of dubious wattage (for watching TV) and 1 TV receiver (AC only. No selenium rectifiers for me, bub).

The other phonograph does not need or use current, being hand cranked. which reminds me, as Mr Burbee is desiring piano rolls, I would like playable gramophone cylinders. Will pay cash\$

Reccommended reading: AIRCRAFT OF THE 1914-1918 WAR by Thetford, Kiding & Russell. pub by Harborough Ltd. Ex - cellent photographs & data.

I HAVE THREE FACES DEPT: type faces, that is. Namely this which is the "new" Underwood. The old Underwood which I used in the day of Q and the Remington on which I have not yet tried stencils. I didn't like the touch on the Remington when I first got it, but I finally figured out how to change the ribbon, and now it is okay.

"....clear the track, let the bulgines run..."

---from a rag which I meant to title FAN LETTER. date unrecorded*

Dear Friend,

If you look long enough you may find a letter here to you. Or maybe not.

Dear Terry Carr:

I've been reading DIASPAR. Just thought I'd write and comment on it. Being too gaffac to write I'm dropping you a line through FAPA. Your comments on interlineations along with someone else's comment on Bob Tucker's originating the Courtney's boat affair, set me to thinking. For on thing I want to defend the "Hoffman-type interlineation". I seldom used an interlineation merely to arouse the curiosity of readers. Oh, I may have done it occasionally, like the Courtney's boat thing. But generally my interlineations were highly esoteric and had deep meaning to the people involved. One interlineation which you use in variation in this issue (the grunch and the eggplant) is from modern American philosophy - The Avoidist Bible to be exact. It entered fandom one gay night at the Nolacon. We were down in the French quarter sipping coffee in the Bourbon House, or was it bourbon in the Coffee house? And there Avoidism found its way into fandom.

The affair of Courtney's boat had been satisfactorily cleared up when Mr Bloch confessed. It had its origin when Courtney's boat was sawed in the late 19th Century, and entered fandom by way of Holiday Magazine.

Of the books you mention in STARING BACKWARD, I have read POGO STEEP MOTHER GOOSE.

The fellow who recorded that delightful version of "I've Got You Under My Skin" is the same boy who made DRAGNET famous, namely Stan Freeberg.

Yrs, L.H.

Dear Nan Garding:

Hi. Viddy neat. For a good appearance, RE rates E.

Dear Nancy Share:

At first glance, I thought Max Keasler was back. It is note worthy that you are not the only FAP concerned with Mary and her lamb thish. If we ever meet remind me to tell you another interesting joke about an elephant.

Dear Bob Silverberg:

Fans may come and fans may go, but Silverberg goes on forever. And does it well, too. I should have more than this to say but don't seem to.

(2)

Dear PHE:

Veddy nice. Including the portrait of Mrs DiMaggio on the cover. Are they still looking for that ten of clubs?

Dear W. Mildew:

It seems to me that in recent years I have seen more cars being cranked that I did for quite some time. Namely, more old buggies are being renovated and put into use. One encounters items on the road that one would expect to see in a museum. Personally, I am all in favor.

he folks at the ranch where I vacationed have an elderly car. I don't know the year or make, but it is one of those with a stick instead of a wheel. I failed to ask any questions about it so there's no word I can pass along, except that it is just sitting there in the garage. They've got a 19th Century buckboard too. But the horses are later models.

Dear Terry and R-somebody.

This is the most first-issue-ish mag I've seen since Q#1.

Dear Bill Danner:

How do you know what kind of Low-lives I run around with? I associate with fans, don't I? Nonetheless, your criticisms ~~are~~ quite valid, and if I ~~continue to do this~~ make a serious approach to writing of this sort, I shall surely keep it in mind. One problem, if I were to write about the people I know, I should be writing beastly dull books. One the other hand, if those folks who write 1880 Westerns stuck to stories about the people they know, the Western supply would drop below the demand. Likewise, the s-f supply. I know that wasn't what you said tho. When I get settled in Kansas, I shall write some more of my life among the equines. Perhaps I'll report on Cheyenne and the whiz-bang rodeo, or the races I rode, or the tents across from the airfield. Or the Indian I raced with.

Dear Birdsmith:

Do you really think you have a free unfettered mind? I'll bet you think you make your own decisions, don't you? Varn, you know what put me in the mind of writing THIS BUSINESS OF HORSES? That little number from GUYS AND DOLLS which begins "I got the horse right here, the name is Paul Revere..." Most of the Runyon I've read is of his Army period. I've read a little of the Broadway period,, but mostly I've read (or heard) imitations of Runyon. Which makes me an imitator of imitators. Pretty low, huh?

I'm presently writing a Western that begins in the 1st person and ends in the 3rd. Acceptable?

Dear Redd:

As I've mentioned before, at the present there are some indefinite plans for a trip out yonder. They'll be quite definite by the time this sees print, but if this turns out to be the last page, that's why.

October 29, 1954

This remarkable typewriter which had of late been devoting its talents to the production of dearthless prose mostly of a Western flavor, once more arises with the intent of producing a 'zine.

*I wish to hell, the walrus said,
I's never spoke of things.,
With such divergent purposes,
As cabbages and kings.*

As usual, divergence is the keynote of this episode of the assemble-it-yourself fanzine.

If there are some smears
over here -----
they are due to creases in the stencil.

There's been a lot of water over the bridge lately (in Chicago, at least), since I was around last peddling on this particular street corner. I hear the Robert Bloch is joining us here at Crumley's Rest. A gleeful occurrence at the least. I hear that Boggs is meditating a radio appearance and that Charles Wells has gone collegiate! Kah rah!

I ~~mean~~ myself have acquired a new horse, a palomino gelding with a tendency to throw me off every so often, which gets monotonous. When not with the horses, I'm killing most of my free time oil painting or indulging in literature, both as a participating and spectator sport.

If Jesse Floyd follows up and comes ashore more or less permanently, we may try to get up an aspiring writers' group here. I understand there is little that will discourage the aspiring writer as quickly and efficiently as other aspiring writers. Which is probably all for the best.

Highly recommended to interested people is the book WISE BLOOD by Flannery O'Conner, who altho she's a Savannahian by birth, now resides in Milledgeville, Ga, home of the state teacher's college and mental institution.

Also recommended is the forthcoming film BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK. Don't miss it!

Unindented
Paragraphs:

November 12, 1954

I came into possession of a very interesting little item at one of the commercial booths at the fair yesterday. A pot holder with an advertisement for a local cemetery on the back of it.

Commercial:

Video

Audio

Camera #1 dolly in on man eating chocolates, a wide happy smile on his face.

For a real taste delight, try Kandy. Yes, Kandy. That's K - A - N - D - Y, yes, Kandy.

Camera #2 close up on a piece of Kandy

Delicious milk-chocolate coatings on such delightful exotic centers as cheddar cheese, American liverwurst, and US prime mutton.

Camera #1 on announcer holding an open box of Kandy.

Remember Kandy is unusual!

Station break:

Highly recommended to record collectors are the delightful off-brand disks by Oscar Brand of NY. Try Chesterfield Label and Audio Masterpieces, among others.

Disillusionment: The discovery (some time back) that the ancient Greeks painted their statues and even used bits of colored glass for eyes. I had always held an image of ancient Greece, like Hollywood Heavens, all white marble, soft white fabrics and quiet dignity. Not garish statues the colors of billboards.

Speaking of coffins, which I will be in a page or two, I am developing a new invention, a combination tool-box and coffin for technicians who work themselves to death.

And also a combination casket and portable bar for those who drink themselves to death.

Noticed last night on TV: Badge 714 with a uniformed officer drawling ~~some~~ in such a familiar accent that I put down the paint brush and took a look. Fess Parker.

Speaking of Wm Rotsler, Bill, have you seen the Dove Berger-edited pb name of BUT THAT'S UNPRINTABLE, all about the taboos a cartoonists encounters in the "popular" market? Got some good unprintable cartoons in it too.

On the mimeo, I have several pages of this baking. Today is May 26, for the record. I am right now trying to fill out this stencil, so I can run it off too.

On the top of this stencil, above the button-holes, is noted a tentative title which I think I wont use. it is as follows

QUADRATURE CROSSTALK
the 3.58 mc fanzine
for fans who are
900 out of phase

Last night I was rummaging through the attic looking for something that would tell me what color hair and eyes John Ireland has, when I cam across a lot of interesting things like old Quendry and LeZ, etc. And of course, Universal Fanvariety. And a large cardboard box full of broken glass that I've been saving and still am.

Walking into the back of the shop which brings to mind Sandberg's Coll Tombs for there is no one else here and only one fluorescent lights the long service department and somehow the brightness of the sunlight hasn't penetrated that far.

For it is hot here. Not intolerably hot but insidiously hot, in such a way that one does not realize it is even warm until a little thought is given to the strangeness of the day, the lazy feeling and thickness of the air. And the sunlight so purely yellow and almost opaque. It is a day when even small talk is exhausting.

Yet there is a coolness in the air, and a few sonambulant flies. And the thud thud of the typewriter keys has a hypnotic effect that demands the rhythm be maintained even if the sense be lost.

There is nothing so sweet, one thinks, as the cool tombs and the green grass damp and deep with moisture from the river breezes, not salt air though for it stings.

I wonder sometimes if one owned a cemetery lot (or for that matter a nice mausoleum) would one be allowed to live there?

"Make up the spare coffin, we've got a house guest."

Such a pity when old mausoleums all dank and moss-grown seem so offering of peace and eternal rest that persons should be instead neatly filed away in abbeys and similar structures places in so many stoneless steel and operating-slab-marble drawers (alphabetically for quick reference?) in neatly manicured cemeteries that look as if each day someone must be around with short-bladed scissors trimming individual grass blades, leaving no one to the peace of returning to dust in quiet dignity. And these hushed flower-gaudied places cheery with American flags and bold headlines on ribbon in sticky-backed gold letters, and small children clinging to parent hands and staring with uncertain solemnity and repressed excitement at the marble stones.

Rather the decaying brick and overgrowing vine for who could decay happily in the turmoil of

a modern cemetery complete with electric mowers, clippers, sprinklers and carillons at all hours with enough racket to (if you'll pardon the expression) raise the dead.

Perhaps it is an unwillingness to decay, a desire to be properly filed so that when the time of Resurrection comes the Lord will not have misplaced him, that builds these abbeys and instills in one the desire for thick concrete coffin-boxes.

Let the rain rot, the worms eat and the years decay for what is so precious as to be earth, thick rich humus and spring into life through the gnarled dogwood or the tender nightshade.

But even they fall before the bulldozer and concrete tombs are raided for some museum's vaults. But better (no?) the privacy of mummies than the public attraction of mummification and have a peek at two-bits per eyeball. At least in quick decay there is privacy from the probes of the explorers.

Poor Devil, Gabriel blew his horn, and there was Higgins, or Waterford, or whatever his name was, in a glass case down at the amusement park, instead of filed neatly under H or W or whatever in his drawer at the Abbey.

The keys stop and there is a pause in the day. The sudden silence wakes the sleepwalking fly and he pauses to wipe his hands. But the keys move again and these perhaps are the keys to the world.

Like WR one types thoughtlessly and gives little heed to the typographical errors and the errors of pure ignorance for was it not a great scholar who once said "It's a damn poor man who can't think for more than one way to spell a word." Or if not a scholar (but are not all soldiers - officers at least - "gentlemen and scholars"?) then it was at least a man and if it were a man who made the word and a man who spelt the word, who denies the right of a man to change the word?

How much more dead one must feel, in a winding cloth with a lily on the breast and black velvet lining a pine box, than the corpse in street clothes that seems to have chosen only to lie down a moment and rest in the chrome beauty of a body box.

Remember the man who paid \$4500 for a deluxe coffin only to be mocked by a friend ~~mmm~~ because for a mere \$500 more he could have been buried in a Cadillac.

.....
Cremation, they say, is good practice...
.....

The Child's

Playbook of

Song

Born on a mountain in Tennessee
Wettest State in the land of the free
Hanged in the woods 'til he knew every tree
Built him a still when he was only three

Davy, Davy Crockett,
Drinkin' his whiskey clear,
Davy, Davy Crockett
Hather drink gin than beer

Based on the Ronnie Graham system of a song for every movie
we present:

Bad Days is a-comin', there's trouble in ~~night~~
Bad Days is a-comin' to Black Rock Tonight,
Why don't MacCreedy hurry hurry home?
etc
Bad Days is a-comin' tonight.

Or

Jambalaya, cod-fish pie, mumbo-jumbo,
Tonight I will see my Kirk Douglas-oh,
Fill fruit jar, strum guitar,
see Men Without A Star-oh,
Go tonight for the feature changes tomorrow.

"It wasn't Gaud who made honky tonk Angels."

That red and green engine
Comin' down the track,
Means my quadrature demodulation
Ain't a-comin' back.

It's turnin' blue,
Done lost my hue,
No I and Q.

That red and green test pattern
Comin' down the track
Means Milton Berle ain't a comin' back

Done lost his cue,
And Buick too,
Don't he look blue?

Them red and green picture guns
Done lost their track,
Means my convergence
Ain't a-comin' back,

Ain't got no hue,
Except for blue,
And luminance too.

That black and white snow
Comin' down the track
Means that UHF ain't a-comin' back

I'm turnin' blue,
My payment's due,
----- *

* Write a last line for this jingle and send it in on the top
off your tv set. No prizes for everyone.