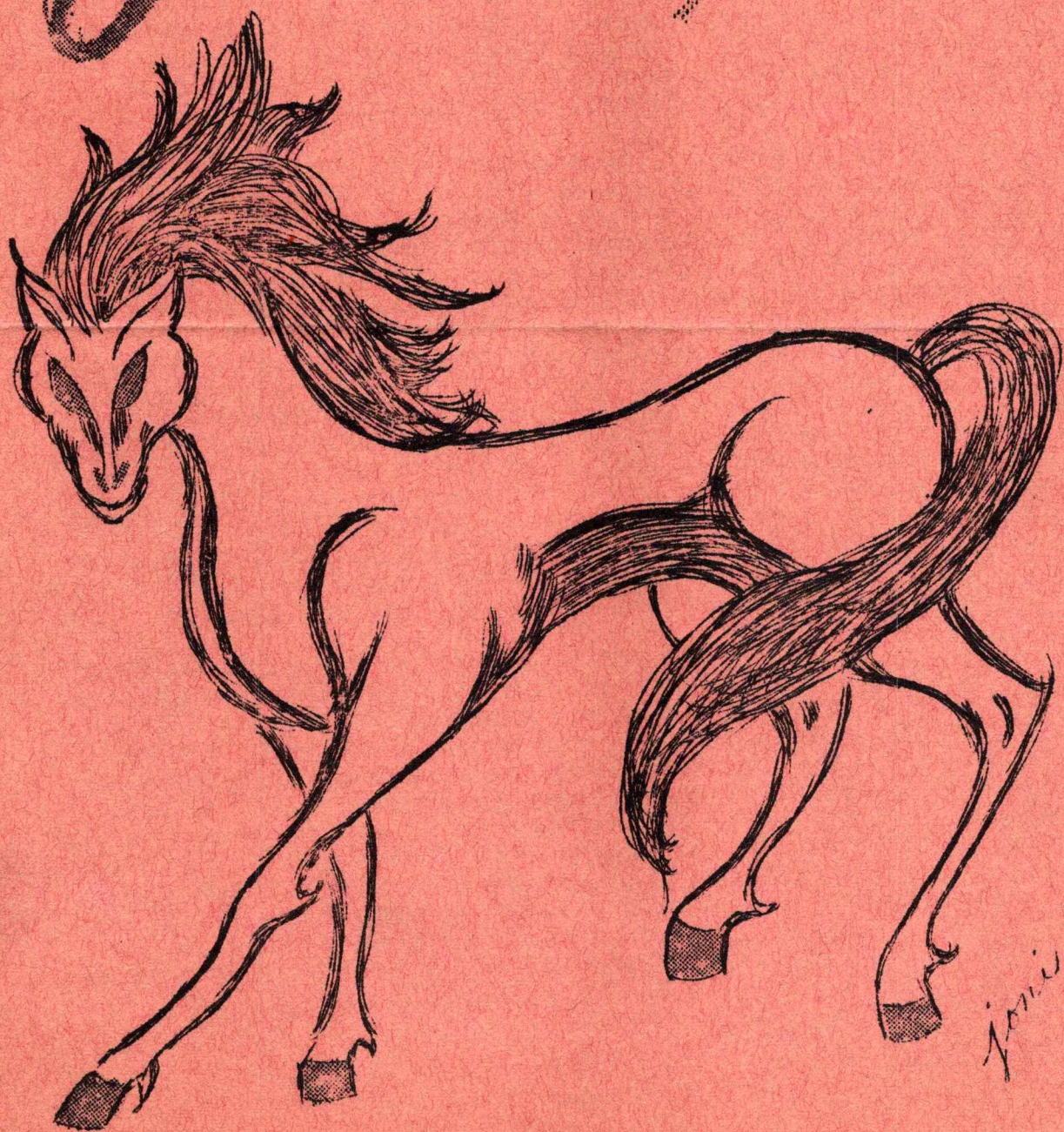


Gemzine
4/33



IN MEMORIAM

As you all know by now, Ralph Holland is dead. What this will mean to N'APA and the N3F is anybody's guess. I only hope that the club will be strong enough to survive his loss, and not fall into the desuetude in which he found it, now that he is no longer here to hold us together.

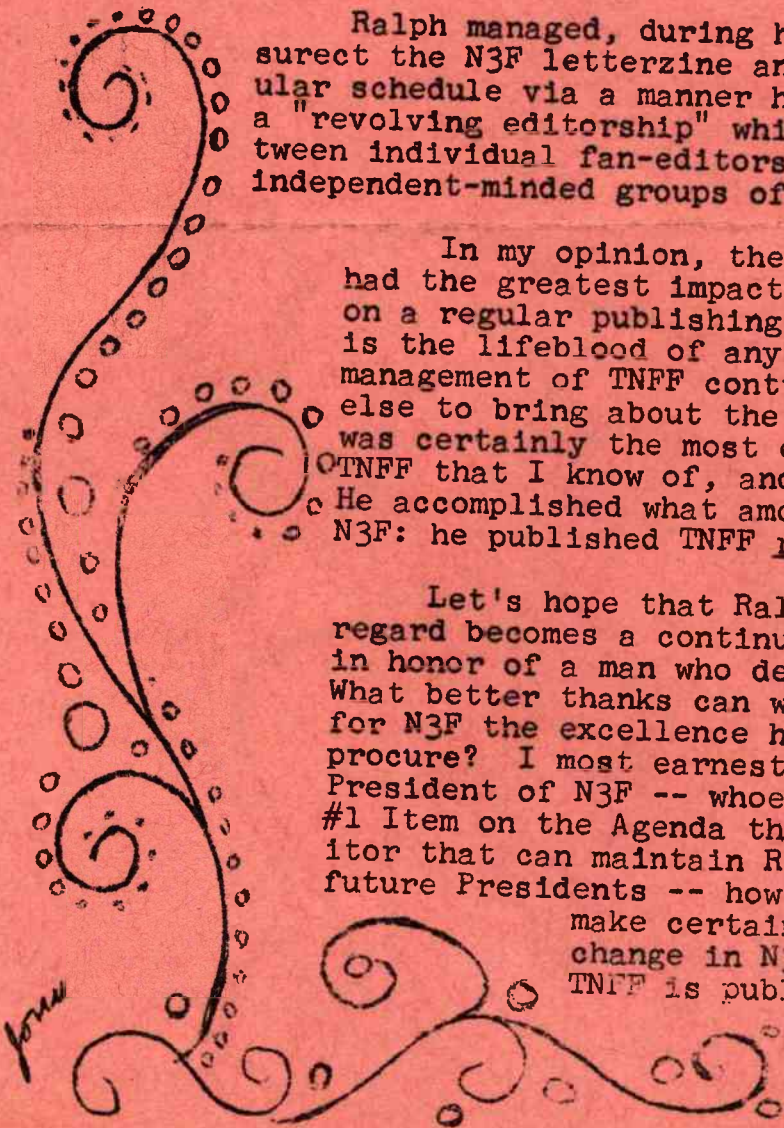
When Ralph took over as President, N3F was so ravaged by feuds, mismanagement and bad faith that it was practically dead. In fact, one official had suggested that it be officially disbanded before it die by default. Ralph pulled it together almost single-handedly, and by indefatigable effort and a magnificent patience, he gave the club what it needed most, a leader. A leader whose tact and good judgement enabled the members to pull together instead of against each other.

Ralph had a quiet courage that did not hesitate to face opposition. When faced with the need for controversial action, he could hold steadfast without bickering with his critics, or answering back in kind. Perhaps the hardest thing he was called on to do was to rid the club of a noisy trouble-maker whose incorrigible refusal to let feuds die, even after everyone else was sick of them and ready to forget the whole thing, was keeping the members in turmoil. His tactful handling of this sticky situation is a model for all of us to remember.

Ralph managed, during his years in office, to resurrect the N3F letterzine and see it produced on a regular schedule via a manner hitherto believed impossible: a "revolving editorship" which required cooperation between individual fan-editors... surely one of the most independent-minded groups of individualists to be found!

In my opinion, the one thing Ralph did which had the greatest impact on the club was to put TNFF on a regular publishing schedule. Communication is the lifeblood of any club, and Ralph's splendid management of TNFF contributed more than anything else to bring about the renaissance of N3F. Ralph was certainly the most efficient Official Editor of TNFF that I know of, and possibly that it ever had. He accomplished what amounts almost to a miracle in N3F: he published TNFF regularly and on time!

Let's hope that Ralph's good example in this regard becomes a continuing tradition -- a memorial in honor of a man who deserved the best of thanks. What better thanks can we give him than to retain for N3F the excellence he worked so diligently to procure? I most earnestly suggest that the next President of N3F -- whoever it may be -- put as the #1 Item on the Agenda that TNFF be given to an editor that can maintain Ralph's record. And that future Presidents -- however many there may be -- make certain that whatever else may change in N3F, this one thing remains: TNFF is published regularly and on time!



Handwritten signature or initials.

Wopisters and Egoboo



Dec. 1, 1961: Donald Franson sent a nice pc more or less apologizing for beating me out by only 3 votes (he hoped it would be a much greater margin) and promise to listen to any suggestions I might wish to make.

Dec. 15, 1961: Pat Scott reveals herself as a femfan and expresses relief and pleasure at the way her 2-installment article on the JBS shaped up in print.

Dec. 15, 1961: John Ross also is pleased at the presentation of his side of the JBS picture, and expresses regret he didn't have room to say more in the limited space. Says he probably should have refuted some of the canards floating around, like the one Scott mentioned about the alleged telephone campaigns where Birchers are supposed to have called up people to tell them their next-door neighbor is a Communist. This much publicized rumor was traced to one telephone conversation, during the course of which the speaker said, "...for that matter, how do you know your next door neighbor isn't a Communist?" Which question so irked the listener that he wrote an editorial about it which ended up as the full-scale persecutions offered as a Public Image.

Dec. 21, 1961: George Willick disagrees with my opinions on atheism and says he is an atheist but he is not emotionally immature. Says he, "To show how ridiculous such a claim is, I can say quite easily that someone who believes in God is emotionally immature or a victim of pro-religious propaganda and defy anyone to prove that statement incorrect." Which undoubtedly proves how emotionally mature George is.

Dec. 27, 1961: Mike Kurman likes GZ and is glad I print world problems, affairs and tensions because fandom shouldn't completely ignore current events.

Jan. 2, 1962: Phil Farrel says he has to agree with my criticism that his mag is too pale to read, but says Clay Hamlin is doing the next one so it may be better. Phil bumbled with glee that the PO cancelled the Christmas Seal on my Greetings instead of the stamp -- which latter he was able to use on a letter to the CRY. Why not to me?

Jan. 7, 1962: Dick Schultz sends a pc acknowledging GZ and says he's been battling the 'flu off and on since October and is 'way behind on his publishing schedule. But CATHANAS #2 is almost done and all it requires is enough energy to assemble it and enough dough to mail it... Good luck, Dick. Hope the 'flu is all gone and only a forgotten memory by now. Thanks for the offer of more RIP illos when I need 'em...

Jan. 5, 1962: Larry McCombs writes a very courteous -- even flattering -- LOC in which he asks if John Ross is a member of the JBS and if he wrote in rebuttal of Scott's article. The answer is "No" to both questions. I couldn't find any Bircher who had enough time to spare from Birchering to sit down and write up an article on it, but John had access to the material and was curious enough about the Birchers to do an article on it for me.

Jan. 5, 1962: Bill Wolfenbarger liked the poetry he found in GZ and says, "I've never read the type poetry...in any fanzine, before, ever. I liked them...and George Jay Crawford will be read by me more as soon as I see his works in print. Nice, nice poetry." He also agreed with GJC about my poem in MIRAGE, "Premonition", "...because that type is barely in a state of survival today." Is that good or bad?

Jan. 9, 1962: Miles MacAlpin says he's dropping out of N3F - so there goes my hope of inveigling him into N'APA. Bet he'd have livened it up like a dash of hot curry on a bowl of boiled rice. Too bad.

AS I SEE IT

MAILING COMMENTS
N'APA 11



HALF FOLIO PRESS PUBLICATION

Don Fitch. This is a very pleasant fanzine. Interesting to read and nice to look at. I like the wrap-around cover.

An excellent idea. Can't recall

if I've ever seen one like it before (tho I used a similar idea for my GEM TONES once... 'way back in the days when I was in SAPS.) I chortle over your comment about stamp collecting, "...unlike fandom, it's an inexpensive hobby.." Judging by my own experience, fanning is "inexpensive" by comparison.

14 pp

DEVIL RITTER - Gordon Eklund. This is pretty good for a second issue. I like the way you are developing your mailing comments. But I think you have a little way to go yet before you start complaining about other fans' "crudzines"... By the way, what do you mean saying I "pirated" those pictures from the Highline Times? I'll have you know I paid \$8.23 for them! I ordered them specially and nearly missed the Mailing Deadline waiting for them to be run off.

10 pp

SKIMMER'S GUIDE - Belle Dietz. Congratulations on the 50 pounds. Only someone who has gone through it knows what it means. You're not just kidding when you talk about the peculiar things people throw away. I enjoy making the rounds of the Salvage Shops for just that reason -- wondering whatever possessed them to discard things which must have taken years of work and sometimes actually are collector's items. To say nothing of the intrinsic value still inherent in them. Sometimes I run across genuine Irish linen towels, for instance, which obviously must have come untouched from some trousseau of fifty years ago or more - encrusted with embroidery or hand made lace, and as perfect now as when some bride lovingly stored them away as "much too good" for use.. More than once as I look at these pitiful relics of somebody else's life, I think to myself that maybe the old Indians who used to bury all personal possessions along with the corpse weren't so far off after all. Certainly, it makes me realize there is no point in cherishing anything because it is "too valuable" for use -- if I don't use my treasures, somebody else will. Just as I am now using those cherished linens to wipe my pots and pans. At 10¢ each they're cheaper than flour sacks. 6pp

HALF LIFE - Stan Woolston. Enjoyable reading, but sparks no comment. Sorry, Stan, because we see you so seldom it seems a shame not to.. 6pp

FANDEN _ Racy Higgs. Congratulations. You did a good job this time. The repro wasn't so beautiful as it usually is but you made up for it by having actual Mailing Comments. This was definitely written of/by/ and for N'APA and I hope nobody complains this time! Certainly, I'm not... Good luck with TIGHTBEAM. 6pp

GUANO 151 - Art Hayes. I hope you decide to keep that pica typer, Art, because I think the larger type face will solve much of your repro difficulty. I know that I found myself becoming interested in what you were saying without having to force myself to continue. This is a great improvement, to say the least -- because in the past I often had to give up attempting to follow your line of thought out of the sheer difficulty of reading it. Re the Welcomittee; It is my opinion that the troubles incurred by over-enthusiastic Welcomers vs lapsed BNFs would be solved by keeping one simple rule in mind. The Welcomittee welcomes the new member into N.F.F.F. Even an ex-Charter Member could not be offended at being welcomed into the club after being out of it, whereas even the veriest Neo could well be offended by the grandiose absurdity of being welcomed "into Fandom" merely because he/she joined the N.F.F.F! It seems to me that most of the trouble we've been hearing about comes from this notion that N.F.F.F. is the "portal to fandom". It is not! To me, such a idea is utterly stupid. N.F.F.F. is a "portal" ONLY to N.F.F.F. Whether or not the new member goes on from there to become acquainted with the other clubs and in-groups in fandom is strictly a matter for the fan himself. It has nothing at all to do with N3F's purpose of existence, and for the Welcomittee to take upon itself the arrogance of "welcoming" someone into "fandom" is a naivete which deserves all the contumely it has had heaped upon it. 12pp

SADISTIC SPHINX - Lenny Kaye. Very pleasant personality to these rambblings. Can't say I feel impelled to rush right out and get a copy of ON THE BEACH on the basis of your review, but I enjoyed your enthusiasm for it. WOW -- you certainly picked yourself a subject for your history project! Now comes the question: Are you really going to STUDY those right wing groups, or merely gather a sampling of the public image as created by the Left Wing press? If you really want to dig into their philosophy and discover their point of view, you can get all the literature you want from THE BOOKMAILER in New York City.

MEGALOSCOPE - Larry McCombs. I agree heartily with your comment, "To me the frightening thing about modern American morality is not any particular example of violations of codes of behaviour (sex, drunkenness, divorce, etc.) but the lack of consistent codes at all." This "drifting" as you call it, is the #1 symptom of moral collapse and it is not an accidental by-product of technological progress and ethnological mingling. I grant that the latter factors do have a part in it, but I believe this condition was deliberately fostered. Those same idealists who attempt to create a perfect Utopia by destroying all existing law and order, are responsible for the equally absurd notion that human beings can achieve moral perfection by sweeping away all existing standards of morality. To me, this present condition of moral apathy is the proof of the fallacy of the notion -- so often expressed -- that it is not necessary to teach a child religion. "When he grows up he can choose for himself!" Hah! Fat chance... when he grows up he has lost the ability to choose, because he has no standards by which to make a choice!

MR GARR SAYS:

A frugal and simple man was counting up his earnings for the year.

"Alas," he said, "at least 25% of this must go to my Uncle."

"Why," asked a bystander, "must 25% of your income go to your Uncle?"

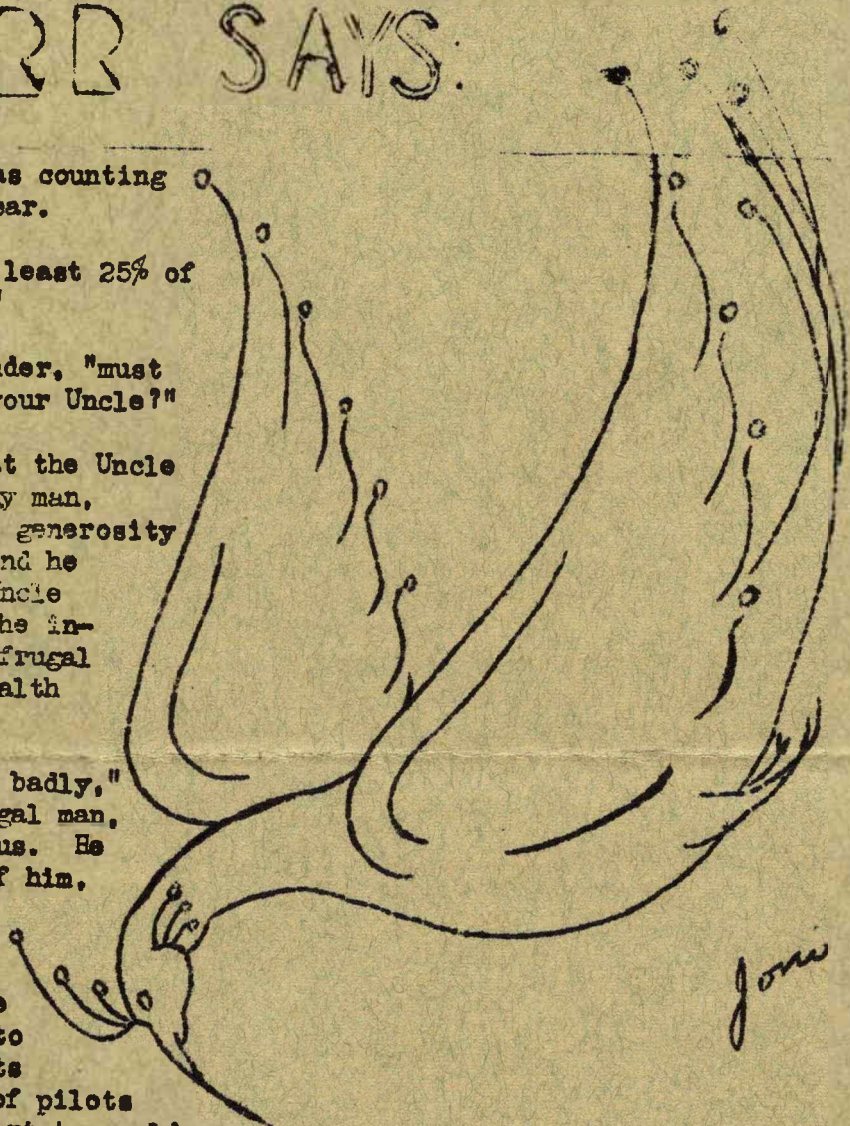
For the bystander knew that the Uncle was a prominent and wealthy man, known far and wide for his generosity to friend and foe alike, and he could not understand why Uncle should need a quarter of the income from this simple and frugal man when he had so much wealth to give away to others.

"My Uncle needs money badly," replied the simple and frugal man, "because he is very generous. He gives to anyone who asks of him, friend or foe alike."

The simple and frugal man then enumerated some of the gifts his Uncle had given to friend and foe alike: gifts of warplanes and training of pilots to fly the warplanes; support to world-wide Committees that seek to abolish Nuclear Warfare; donations of fissionable war-materials to others who wished to build up stockpiles of nuclear weapons. Uncle paid farmers for not growing food at home, then paid great sums to relieve famine abroad. He kindly relieved the hunger and want of unemployed factory workers whose industries were forced out of production by cheap-labor foreign competition, even while he diligently helped build the foreign factories which drove them out of work.

"But what does your Uncle receive in return for all this generosity?" asked the bystander.

"It is unthinkable that anyone should ask such a question!" the simple and frugal man replied, indignantly, and - being an honorable as well as a simple man - he went on filling out his Income Tax Return.





BAIT BOX

RE: DR. D.: THE OTHER DAY I HAD A CRICK IN MY NECK THAT I COULDN'T RELIEVE BY RUBBLING, STRETCHING, BENDING OR STANDING ON MY HEAD -- (OKAY, OKAY, SO MAYBE I DON'T EXACTLY STAND ON MY HEAD. BUT I TRY TO..) -- AND I DECIDED TO HUNT UP AN OSTEOPATH FOR A NECK ADJUSTMENT. COULDN'T LOCATE ONE I KNEW WAS ALL RIGHT, SO I TOOK A CHANCE ON THE NEARBY CLINIC AND MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR MY LUNCH HOUR.

WHEN I GOT TO THE PLACE, I SAW IT WAS ONE OF THE SWANKY NEW ESTABLISHMENTS THAT HAS SPRUNG UP RECENTLY IN THE VICINITY OF THE NEW BALLARD HOSPITAL. ONE OF THE NAMES ON THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING - IN 2" WROUGHT-COPPER LETTERS AGAINST CONTEMPORARY VERTICAL SIDING - WAS THAT OF A CERTAIN DR. D. I'D HEARD OF DR. D, AND WHAT I'D HEARD WASN'T GOOD. HIS REPUTATION FAIRLY BRISTLED WITH HYPODERMIC NEEDLES, AND AT LEAST ONE PATIENT OF HIS WAS A HOPELESS DOPE ADDICT BEFORE SHE DIED... WHAT'S MORE, HIS BILLS WERE AS GHASTLY AS HER SUFFERING.

I ALMOST TURNED AROUND AND WALKED AWAY RIGHT THEN - AND I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE, STIFF NECK OR NO, EXCEPT FOR THE APPOINTMENT. I RATIONALIZED,

"OH, WELL, THERE ARE TWO OTHER DOCTORS AT THIS CLINIC, SO IT'S ONLY A 2 TO 1 CHANCE THAT I'LL GET DR. D. BESIDES, HE CAN'T HURT ME WITH ONE TREATMENT..."

WHEN I GOT IN, THE FIRST THING THE OFFICE GIRL DID WAS HAND ME A FORM TO FILL OUT "...FOR THE DOCTOR". WELL, THAT WAS FAIR ENOUGH. I'D FILLED OUT MEDICAL HISTORIES BEFORE, AND IT DID SAVE TIME FOR A BUSY DOCTOR. BUT THIS WAS THE MOST PECULIAR "MEDICAL" HISTORY I'D EVER SEEN. THE ONLY PHYSICAL QUESTION IT ASKED WAS MY AGE: THE REST WAS ALL FINANCIAL. WHERE DID I WORK? WHERE DID MY HUSBAND WORK? WHAT WAS MY EMPLOYER'S NAME AND ADDRESS? MY HUSBAND'S? WHAT KIND OF MEDICAL INSURANCE DID I HAVE? PLEASE GIVE THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF TWO "NEIGHBORS" WHOM THEY COULD INFORM (OTHER THAN MY HUSBAND) IN CASE "...ANYTHING HAPPENED". THIS WAS TOO MUCH! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE ONLY PERSON WHO NEEDS TO KNOW THE DETAILS OF MY PHYSICAL CONDITION IS MY HUSBAND. IT IS NONE OF THE NEIGHBORS BUSINESS. SO I LEFT THAT PORTION OF THE FORM BLANK. AFTER I'D HANDED IT IN, I'D HARDLY SAT DOWN AGAIN BEFORE THE GIRL CAME FLUTTERING OUT TO TELL ME,

"THE DOCTOR DOESN'T BELONG TO THE KING COUNTY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION."

I LOOKED AT HER IN SURPRISE. 'WHY IN THE WORLD SHOULD HE?' I THOUGHT. BUT WHEN I SAW THE ?? QUESTIONMARKS IN HER EYES, I SUDDENLY REALIZED HER AGITATION HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DOCTOR'S NON-MEMBERSHIP IN THE MEDICAL INSURANCE GROUP I HAD MENTIONED, BUT WHETHER I WOULD/COULD PAY FOR TREATMENT

OUT OF MY OWN POCKET. APPARENTLY THEY WERE ACCUSTOMED TO PENSIONERS AND OLD PEOPLE WHO EXPECTED FREE TREATMENT VIA INSURANCE GROUPS OR STATE WELFARE — AND THE KING COUNTY MEDICAL ASSN. WOULD NOT PLAY ALONG WITH DR. D.

I ASSURED HER I WOULD NOT EXPECT KING COUNTY TO PAY AND SHE FLUTTERED OFF, ONLY TO COME BACK AGAIN AND ASK ME TO FILL OUT THE REFERENCES. I REFUSED.

"WE HAVE NEIGHBORS," SAID I, "BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NO CONCERN OF THEIRS."

I ALMOST ASKED HER WHAT KIND OF EMERGENCIES THEY EXPECTED WOULD HAPPEN. WERE THEY IN THE HABIT OF BREAKING THE NECKS THEY WORKED ON? BUT SHE LOOKED SO UPSET AT MY REFUSAL TO GIVE HER ANY CREDIT REFERENCES THAT I LET IT GO... THE WAITING ROOM WAS ONE OF THESE POSH NEW DECORS, WITH PAINTED BRICK AND PHILODENDRONS. IT HAD AN ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING OF A PLAYED MAN, ALL ZEBRA-STRIPED LIKE AN ASFILLO, WITH A COUPLE OF DICE FLOATING AMID VARIOUS MEDICAL SYMBOLS.

"VERY APPROPRIATE," I APPROVED, "AND FAIR WARNING TO THE PATIENTS THAT ANYBODY WHO COMES IN HERE CAN EXPECT TO BE SKINNED AS WELL AS GAMBLING WITH HIS LIFE." (NATURALLY, THIS WAS A SILENT SOLILOQUY.)

BUT BEFORE I HAD TIME TO ABSORB ALL THE DETAILS, I WAS USHERED INTO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE. I NOTICED THE CARPET IN THE CORRIDORS, THOUGH STILL NEW AT THE EDGES, WAS WORN CLEAR THROUGH IN PLACES FROM THE TRAFFIC. THE PLACE MUST BE SWARMING WITH CUSTOMERS TO CAUSE THAT MUCH DAMAGE IN THE SHORT TIME I KNEW THE BUILDING HAD BEEN IN EXISTENCE. THEN THE DOCTOR CAME IN. SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS DR. D HIMSELF... A SUAVE, HANDSOME, FORTYISH MAN, ALL SWEET SMILES AND INGRATIATION. POSSIBLY I'M UNFAIR DUE TO PREJUDGEMENT, BUT ALL MY INSTINCTS STARTED WAVING RED FLAGS, FLASHING LIGHTS, AND SOUNDING OFF WITH ALARM BELLS. TO ME, HE LOOKED LIKE A COMPOSITE OF EVERY CONFIDENCE MAN I'D EVER SEEN ON FILM OR SCREEN. MORE QUESTIONS... VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH MY ACHES AND PAINS, BUT LOTS OF INQUIRY AS TO MY PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH OSTEOPATHS... FINALLY, HE GOT AROUND TO EXAMINING MY NECK.

"I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A LITTLE HEAT ON THIS," SAID HE, AS HE FOUND THE CHARLEY-HORSED MUSCLES ALL RIGID WITH SPASM.

SO OFF I WENT INTO ANOTHER ROOM AND LAY DOWN WITH MY FACE FLAT ON THE GREEN LEATHER COUCH. NO CLEAN TOWEL OR TISSUE FOR MY FACE. JUST SMACK ON THE LEATHER WHERE GOLDNESS ONLY KNOWS HOW MANY OTHER FACES HAD RESTED. THE NURSE (SHE WORE WHAT APPEARED TO BE AN AUTHENTIC NURSES' CAP, SO I ASSUME SHE WAS A REGISTERED NURSE, EVEN THOUGH SHE DIDN'T BEHAVE LIKE ONE) TURNED ON THE HEAT LAMP. I WAITED. THE HEAT FELT GOOD ON MY NAKED SHOULDERS, AND I COULD FEEL THE STIFFENED MUSCLES RELAXING. THE NURSE CAME IN AND TURNED OFF THE LAMP. NO COVER ON MY BACK, JUST THE COLD DRAFT BLOWING. THE MUSCLES STIFFENED UP AGAIN.

FINALLY, JUST BEFORE I BROKE OUT IN GOOSE-PIMPLES FROM THE DRAFT, DR. D CAME BEAMING IN, OOZING BEDSIDE MANNER. HE JERKED MY NECK AND TWISTED MY SHOULDERS — CRICK, CRACK — AND THAT WAS THAT. NO MASSAGE, NO PREPARATORY LIMBERING.. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND A CHIROPRACTOR WAS THAT HE CRACKED 4 VERTEBRAE AT A TREATMENT INSTEAD OF ONLY ONE. THEN CAME THE PITCH. HE HAD SOME VERY SOOTHING MEDICINE HE COULD INJECT INTO THE MUSCLES...

"HUM UM" SAYS I.

HE COULD GIVE ME A PREPARATION OF SALICYLIC ACID...

"ASPIRIN?" ASKED I. HE LOOKED PAINED.

OH, NO.. THIS WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT. VERY GOOD FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN. THEN HE WENT ON!

"AFTER ALL, AS WE GET OLDER WE HAVE TO EXPECT A LOT OF THIS SORT OF THING..." AND WENT ON TO EXPLAIN THAT I SHOULD COME BACK AND GET THESE REGULAR TREATMENTS -- TELLING ME WHAT DAYS THEY CLOSE AT NOON, ETC. ETC. BUT FINALLY HE SAW HE WASN'T GETTING THROUGH TO ME. I WASN'T HAVING ANY NEEDLES, THANK YOU, AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, SALICYLIC ACID IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR ASPIRIN AT 49¢ PER 1000. SO HE RECOMMENDED HOT PACKS FOR 20 MINUTES TWICE A DAY AND CALLED IT QUITS...

WHEN I CAME BACK TO THE DESK THE GIRL WAS ALL SET WITH THE APPOINTMENT BOOK, READY TO WRITE ME UP A SERIES OF APPOINTMENTS BEGINNING THE NEXT MORNING AT TEN. BUT WHEN I MERELY TOOK OUT MY CHECKBOOK AND ASKED HER HOW MUCH, HER FACE HAD THE MOST PECULIAR EXPRESSION... IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER SEEN ANYONE LOOK DISAPPOINTED, ANGRY AND CHAGRINED AT BEING PAID ON THE SPOT!

AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SHE HANDED ME A VIAL WITH SOME TABLETS INSIDE. EVIDENTLY THE SALICYLIC ACID WITH SECRET INGREDIENTS THE DOCTOR HAD MENTIONED. WHEN I GOT OUTSIDE IT OCCURRED TO ME TO TAKE THEM OVER TO A DRUGGIST WE KNOW AND ASK HIM WHAT KIND OF PILLS THEY WERE. I'VE NO OBJECTION TO SALICYLIC ACID -- EVEN BUFFERED WITH SECRET INGREDIENTS -- BUT I WAS CURIOUS. THE DRUGGIST SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE -- HE'D NEVER RUN ACROSS THEM... AND ADDED,

"SOME OF THESE DIRDS THAT DISPENSE THEIR OWN MEDICINES GET ALL KINDS OF ODD-BALL BRANDS WE NEVER HEAR ABOUT."

SO I TOSSED THE VIAL IN THE WASTEBASKET AND WENT HOME TO MY OWN ASPIRIN AND HOTPACKS. BUT I GIVE THE MAN CREDIT, HE DID PUT THE BONES BACK IN PLACE. AT ABOUT HALF AGAIN THE PRICE I'D HAVE HAD TO PAY FOR A RUDDOWN WHICH WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING -- AND MAYBE BETTER.

RE: THE 'LEFTIST PRESS': WHEN ROBERT WELCH SPOKE IN SEATTLE RECENTLY (AN ACCOUNT OF WHICH I SENT TO LES NIRENBERG FOR HIS PANIC BUTTON) I SAW FOR MYSELF AN EXAMPLE OF THE SORT OF THING THE BIRCHERS CLAIM IS CAUSED BY COMMUNIST INFILTRATION OF NEWS MEDIA. DURING THE COURSE OF HIS SPEECH, WELCH MENTIONED THAT THE GREATEST PERCENTAGE OF COMMUNIST PENETRATION IN ANY SINGLE PROFESSIONAL GROUP OCCURS AMONG THE PROTESTANT CLERGY. HE GAVE AS THE REASON FOR THIS, THE TOTAL DEDICATION REQUIRED OF COMMUNIST AGENTS, AND THE EASE OF ENTERING THIS GROUP.

"IT IS NOT THAT PROTESTANT MINISTERS BECOME COMMUNISTS," SAID WELCH. "THEY DON'T. WHAT HAPPENS IS THAT COMMUNISTS BECOME PROTESTANT MINISTERS."

HE POINTED OUT THAT IT IS VERY EASY FOR A YOUNG MAN WHO BECOMES DEDICATED TO COMMUNISM IN COLLEGE TO BE ASSIGNED TO A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. WHEN HE GRADUATES, HE IS A DONA-FIDE CLERGYMAN AND THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE INFLUENCE HE CAN WIELD. IF HE IS ANY GOOD AT ALL, HE CAN WORK HIMSELF INTO THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS OF THE DENOMINATION TO WHICH HE BELONGS, AND IN SUCH A SPOT CAN INFLUENCE NOT ONLY HIS OWN CONGREGATIONS, BUT CAN ALSO EXERT TREMENDOUS PRESSURE ON THE ENTIRE BODY OF THE CLERGY. MR. WELCH CITED AS AUTHORITY FOR THIS STATEMENT, THE REPORTS TURNED IN BY TWO SEPARATE AGENTS, EACH SPEAKING OUT OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCE. THE AGENTS WERE HERBERT PHILBRICK AND DR. MATTHEWS. HE WENT ON TO SAY THAT HE HAD SEEN A STATEMENT BASED ON THE REPORTS OF THESE TWO MEN WHICH GAVE A FIGURE OF "...ABOUT 7,000" SUCH COMMUNISTS MASQUERADING AS MINISTERS.

AS I SAID, I WAS PRESENT AND HEARD MR. WELCH MAKE THIS COMMENT. IMAGINE MY ASTONISHMENT, THEREFORE, TO HEAR A NEWSCAST NEXT MORNING (WHICH HAD APPARENTLY BEEN BROADCAST EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR ALL NIGHT LONG) STATING,

“MR. WELCH SAID HE HAD SEEN A STATEMENT THERE ARE 7,000 PROTESTANT MINISTERS WORKING FOR THE COMMUNISTS, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHO HAD PREPARED THE STATEMENT.”

I CALLED THE STATION AS SOON AS IT OPENED AND SPOKE TO THE YOUNG MAN WHO MADE THE TAPE. HE ADMITTED HE WAS PRESENT AT THE MEETING AND HEARD WHAT WELCH SAID, BUT THAT HE HAD "READ THE SPEECH" AND NOWHERE DOES IT SAY THAT PHILDRICK OR MATTHEWS HAD PREPARED THE STATEMENT WELCH HAD SEEN. IN OTHER WORDS, HE WAS VERY SUBTLY CREATING DOUBT AS TO THE VALIDITY OF THE FIGURES BECAUSE MR. WELCH HAD NOT INCLUDED THE NAME OF THE TYPIST WHO HAD COMPILED INTO ONE REPORT THE FIGURES SUBMITTED BY PHILDRICKS AND MATTHEWS! FURTHERMORE, IT WAS EVIDENT HE WAS BASING THIS ARGUMENT ON THE PRINTED COPIES OF WELCH'S SPEECH — WHICH HAVE BEEN ON SALE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS — RATHER THAN ON THE SPEECH AS VERBALLY DELIVERED. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE PRINTED COPY HAD BEEN GONE OVER WITH A 'FINE TOOTH COMB' SO TO SPEAK, AND THIS PARTICULAR DISTORTION HAD BEEN SETTLED ON IN ADVANCE AS A MEANS OF DISCREDITING MR. WELCH'S SPEECH LOCALLY. WHY DO I THINK THIS? BECAUSE IT SO HAPPENS THAT MR. WELCH DEPARTED FROM HIS TEXT SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENING (HE RAN OVER HIS TIME BY ABOUT 3/4 OF AN HOUR BECAUSE OF THESE ASIDES) AND ONE OF THE ASIDES HAPPENED TO BE AT THIS POINT. (IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT POSSIBLY THIS QUIBBLE HAS BEEN USED BEFORE). IN HIS IMPROMPTU, WELCH MADE IT VERY CLEAR THAT THE FIGURES QUOTED CAME FROM FULLY DOCUMENTED FILES — WHICH STATEMENT, NATURALLY, WOULD NOT BE PRESENT IN THE PRINTED SPEECH TO WHICH THE REPORTER REFERRED. THIS SMALL INCIDENT IS NO CLINCHING PROOF OF WORLD-WIDE CONSPIRACY, OF COURSE. BUT IT SERVES TO CONVINCE ME THAT THE BIRCHERS ARE NOT WRONG WHEN THEY CLAIM THE COMMUNICATIONS MEDIA ARE RIDDLED WITH LEFTISTS WHO DO NOT HESITATE AT OUBRIGHT LIES IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO DISCREDIT THE JBS. I THINK I SPOTTED ONE IN ACTION MYSELF.

GEMZINE 4/33
N'APA 12
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