

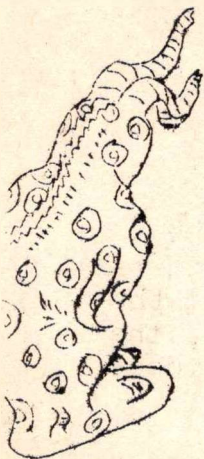
HAROLD W CHENEY JR.

FAPA

No 2



# HAROLD W. CHENEY, JR.:



HAROLD W. CHENEY, JR. is published at least twice a year and sometimes more for distribution in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Since I've yet to see the first SAPS mailing, this ish will go to ~~XXX~~ the FAPA exclusivily.

Oh yeah, HWC, jr, a Twin Star pub is put out from 584 E. Monroe St., Little Falls, N. Y.

Issue #2

Fall 1947

## ----- CONTENTS -----

Well On page 1 we've got a cover of sorts, Don't seem to reproduce too bad. A bunch of stuff like the editorial, contents page, etc. is located here on pzge 2. On page 3 we begin an amusing little tale that would have been in Vampire if it hadn't folded. After a few pages of this we come to an article on page 7 that deals with the future. On page 8 we wind up the ish with a review of the last mailing.

\*\*\*\*\*

AND HERE YOU LUCKY PEOPLES, WE HAVE  
A JOKE.

Take it away First Fan:

FIRST FAN: "Say Loinel, let's see those mint Amazings you bought from Ungerman."  
 SECOND F: "Dont ever mention those things again!"  
 FF: "Why, did you get gyped?"  
 SF: "I'll say I did. They were supposed to be mint, but when I opened them up I found that some goffy jerk by the name of Gerns-back had wrote his name inside each copy!"

And Say all you people who haven't heard it yet, FANTASY ASPECTS, the NFFF Review Of Current Fantasy Fan Literature, is a pretty good mag.

Those of you who have thought of the NFFF as nothing but a samll time debating society will be glad to see this proof of its activity.

Cont. from Page # 8.

MOONSHINE: Oh why?

BURLINGS: On the contrary, I get sick of pubing when the mag is about 3/4 of the way finished. I feel a small sort of exultation when it is finished; but this thrill only paves the way for the eesty when the letters start pouring in.

BLITHERINGS: Well, anyway the comments were interesting.

# THE GREATEST PROJECT

or, THE SHUCKSTERS

by Harold W. Cheney, Jr.

"And that, gentlemen is my plan in its entirety!"

Thus spoke the young man at the far end of the great oak table. The silence that greeted this statement, filling the room, seemed to press down upon all its occupants. All, that is, except the heavy set personage who sat, rather presided, at the head of the table.

The group of men, trying to preserve poker-faces, sat at various attitudes of disinterest around the table. These men, the board of directors, had their eyes on the regal, glowering personage at the head of their assembly. Each had his eyes fixed on J.B.'s hands.

In a moment they would be unfolded and J.B. would start to drum on the desk. If he started to tap with his right hand, the directors would assume wry faces and nod negatively to each other and cast scornful glances at the young man at the foot of the table. For once knowing how J.B. felt, they would be eager to display their convictions.

If, however, J.B. began to tap with his left hand, they would assume glowing smiles and nod happily at each other, beamingly glancing at J.B. and the young man as if they were two Einsteins in their midst.

As the silence continued beyond its usual duration, each man felt that J.B. was personally torturing him. Trying to shatter further their broken spirits, as was his pleasure.

As J.B. slowly unfolded his arms, every eye in the room was drawn to them. Both hands rested on the solid oak table in this rich, paneled, room. The index finger of his right hand rose -- not a breath was drawn. Then he slowly lifted his left hand and as it began to beat out a tattoo, the escaping sighs of relief around the table contrasted with the silence like a hurricane. ~

Then, from the mouths of the older board members there escaped gasps of astonishment -- for, for the first time in their memory, he was not only tapping, but he was tapping the -- the German-Street march!!!!

As the directors exchanged glad glances, J.B. slowly stood up and strode to the large window. He stood there, gazing out at the slightly greying sky. Those close enough could see that he wasn't looking at anything in sight, but was merely chewing on his dead cigar and peering beyond the horizon. Then, after an immesurable pause, he turned and his eyes met those of the bright-eyed dreamer opposite him.

"Five million, you said?"

"I'm afraid you misunderstood, sir. I said Twenty-Five million dollars. That is the amount that the project will require."

"Twenty-Five million -- but," a smile cracked his perpetually gloomy face, "but -- there's no use, I can't express it gentlemen. For the first time in my life I am absolutely at loss for words. However I think you can see the same thing that I see; the profits will be beyond calculation."

"Then you'll --!?" started the young man, starting forward eagerly.

"Three million now, the rest as you need it -- and," turning to the directors, "this is a top flight secret. Do I have to say more?"

A chorus of naves quickly swept around the table. With this the meeting broke up, and following J.B., everyone filed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was hard to keep it a secret. In business circles it was soon known that large shipments of steel and other rarer metals were arriving daily at a once deserted factory in the south-western part of the country. This could be understood. Many big projects were being developed by the big businesses; but what puzzled those in the know were the large shipments from Sherman-Williamson of immense quantities of cheap, brilliant red, white and blue paint to this same plant. Hundreds of the leading bill-board artists in the country recieved enormous offers to come to this plant -- they did. Various engineers, specializing in obscure arts and sciences also recieved unbelievable sums to contribute their efforts.

Mysterious activities kept the large plant aglow day and night. An intricate guard system kept the place impregnable from both the gentlemen of the press and curious but red-tape bound goverment agents. Even the owners were unknown to but a few.

On and on plunged the preperations. The days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, the long months soon developed into years.

\* \* \* \* \*

"All right men, call out your sectors. Casler--!" A voice at the back of the hall yelled, "59." "Durfey!" "28." Palcyzynsli!" "101" On and on this went untill all the as-semblege had reported.

Then, with no final word they filed out. Filed out to the the numerous, geometrologically spaced, gleaming project-iles set on end upon the broad fenced-in field.

For a moment their was silence. Then with the whoshing

sound of jets, one after another the immense rockets ascended. Slowly at first, then gathering speed until out of sight, out into infinity!

Soon the field was quiet and deserted -- the factory silent and dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next few weeks seemed normal enough to the great mass of the American people. There was no change in the atmosphere, nothing to indicate what was in the air (or rather, far beyond it).

But to a few, those weeks were as the eternity of hell.

\* \* \* - \* \* \*

J.B. had taken care of it, naturally. The top stories of the Empire State Building were emptied, save for him, his directors, and the young man with the glow in his eyes.

It was two hours after sunset, and the sky was a blackened screen, prickd here and there by an increasing amount of stars.

But these men looked not at the stars; no, rather their eyes were fixed on the heaving Atlantic, on the eastern horizon

Although there was a chill in the air, no one moved. Here, at last, was the consumation of these years of planning and millions in expence for the business men; the fufilling of a dream for the youth with the ~~happy~~ bright eyes.

"It's 1 minute more to the time, sir," ventured the director who held the watch.

There was no answer, only the noise of the city below

Then J.B. turned his back on the east and said, "I'll see it all at once." With this all the others turned also.

The time came -- and went. Ten minutes passed. Then J.B. turned and beheld it for the first time. One by one the others turned and gazed upon it.


Their silence was its only tribute.

Then as the noise and clamor from the street indicated that the crowds of manhattan had seen it; J.B., unashamed tears running down his cheeks, said, "for all the world!"

He then murmured the two words that in magnificent red letters, bordered with white and blue were visable, covering the entire surface of the moon -----

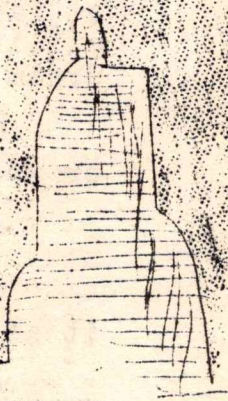
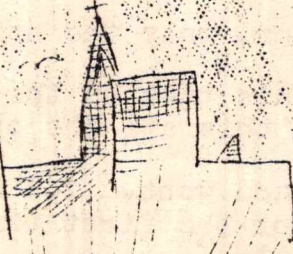
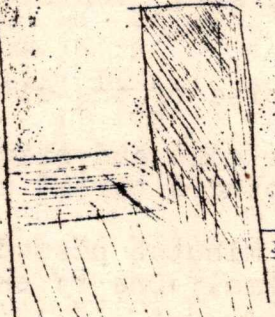
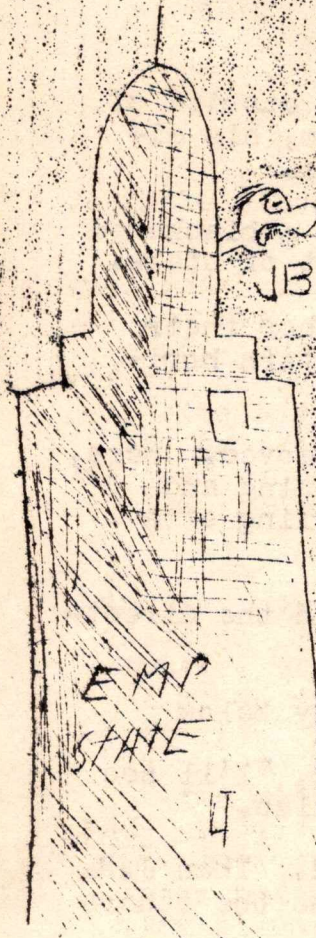
over

- page 5 -





GAWRSH!  
JB SHUCKS!



THE  
BRIGHT  
LIGHTS →

# LOOK! - THE FUTURE

by: (Oh, have I got to say it?) H. Cheney, Jr.

"The world is moving, men tell us, to this, to that, to the other. Do not believe them! Men have never known what the world was moving to. Who foresaw -- to say nothing of older and vaster events -- the Crucifixion? What Greek or Roman in his most fantastic moments prefigured our Thirteenth century? What Christian foresaw the Renaissance? Whoever really expected the French Revolution We cannot be too bold, for we are ever at the incipient point of some new manifestation far more overwhelming than our dreams. No one can see the aspect of the Fountain of Life."

--Havelock Ellis: Fountain of Life.

Men have always amused themselves with the notion that they could foretell the future; Mumbo-Jumbo men of early savages; the priests of the Romans; the alchemists and seers of the Middle Ages, principal among whom was Nostradamous. Lately, in the last half-century another type has appeared. These are the science-fiction writers who believe that they can logically extend the events of yesterday and today into the probable future that is tomorrow. They are to be admired for their imagination, but pitied for the efforts they waste.

Such and such a great writer in his stories tells us that we are irrevocably on the road to socialism. He will point to "recent developments" and tell us that it is the only logical step. Another writer tells us that we are all going up in Atomic smoke in the next twenty years. He points to "signs visible everywhere." Because no plan has not yet been announced for atomic power, he feels that there is none but atom war. He trembles lest the statesmen might make a slight error. What a weak thing he imagines humanity! Humanity is a violent, tremendous force that thrives on revolutions, upheavals and enigmas! Humanity doesn't solve problems. Surging forward with its irresistible inertia, it meets them, and pausing not even momentarily, engulfs them and thunders on!

The writer, fearful for this fragile puppet forgets that the "world" was destroyed once before. The collapse of Rome was just as much of a destruction of the world as any atomic war.

The whole thing revolves around the fact that (Thank God!) the future is full of many and invisible surprises. The twists and turns that will come in tomorrow's future aren't imaginable to us today. We try to think that we are, as Leslie

Howard put it, in an airplane above the stream of life, looking beyond the bends, but we're really just standing up in the boat.

So while stf authors are to be congratulated for trying to pierce the fog that hides tomorrow, we must appreciate the fact that it is a veil that human eyes were not meant to pierce.

I Thank You.

\* \* \* \* \*

DA LAS' MALINK

FANTASY ANATEUR: I'll be hanged if it isn't one of the most interesting things in the mailing. In the constitution there is a little bit of dynamite. Art 9, sec. c; to wit, "The Sec-Tres shall accept or reject membership applications and renewals." That's a lot of power to put in one man's hands. A paranoid elected unsuspectingly to that office could wreck the FAPA in a year by the simple expedient of rejecting all renewals and applications. Far fetched but constitutional. (It's even geometrological!!)

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: Geez, if I had the brains to put that out, I wouldn't waste my time in fandom. Reading it, one sorta gets the impression that (unlike this zine) it waan't pubed in one day. Where's that quote re the sheep thief taken from?

W A A I H: Not only revues, but even a letter.

HORIZONS: There is more live-wire, interesting stuff on these few pages than in the entire mailing. About the blast. I imagine that you wont have much choice on what to do. If you aren't killed first thing you'll be drafted, either into armd forces, or labor battallions. I'd like to head for the Adirondaks, about 30 Or 40 mile north of here, which is real north-woods country. Gets colder than hell in the winter though. There's a lot of old loggin' camps though, and a guy handy with tools, with a few basic supplies could live -- So JWC is important. G. Wednt of the NY Tribune book review section said of him in a review of his atom book, "the editor of Astounding Science-Fiction, a rather juvenile monthly." If ASF is classed as juvenile what would SS, TWS or PS be classed as?

PLENUM: Are we supposed to read it?

FAPARITION: Ah ha, I too, fellow sufferor get a strange thrill in crawling under the desk and s-t-r-i-p-i-n-g the cellophane from foket-books, heh.

FAN-TODS: Is the most subzine-like FAPAZINE I've seen yet (we won't count ALS's pride & joy). It is very good up to page 16, ah, math.

SNIX & 'TATOR: Please Coswal, an article upon the principles behind the multigraph process. Also a comparison with mimeo as to cost, results, potentialities as to art work, etc.

GLOM: A very interesting 8 pp Mr. Makeraan. Glad to see somebody panning the all powerful ghod Derleth.

HAROLD W CHENEY, JR.: What a hunk of juvenile hack. Take it away. Where does this guy get the nerve.