

# CAPTAIN FLASHBACK

A fanzine composed for the 394th distribution of the Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Amateur Press Association, from the joint membership of Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, residing at 11032 30<sup>th</sup> Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125. E-mail Andy at fanmailaph@aol.com, and you may reach Carrie at carrieroot49@yahoo.com. This is a Drag Bunt Press Production, completed on 4/20/2019.

**CAPTAIN FLASHBACK** is devoted to old fanzines, monster movies, garage bands and other fascinating phenomena of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Issue #5 is once again a piece of pure self-indulgence, as the lead story concerns the Hooper family genealogy, and resolution of the lingering Mystery of Aunt Hattie. And after the usual lengthy comments on the previous mailing, the **I REMEMBER ENTROPY** Department presents “Jam Today,” a column by Ginjer Buchanan, published by Linda Bushyager in issue #16 of her fine fanzine **GRANFALLOON**, December, 1972. Yes, Linda, I know who you are...

More vexing still, the research I had done online at Ancestry.com was at odds with information received from other members of the family. Ancestry was positive that my Grandfather had a sister named Harriet Matilda Hooper and that in 1902 she married a soldier named Phillip Tizzard. He took her to Pakistan with him, where they had two sons, one of who died in infancy. But my cousins insisted that Aunt Hattie, as our Harriet was called, had married a ship’s cook named “Dick,” and that they had four children together, two boys and two girls. A photo salvaged from my Grandfather’s albums even showed all four children, taken sometimes in the 1930s. But Ancestry’s faith in Census and Marriage records was intractable. To proceed, I would have to jettison all those references and start again with what was suggested by family lore. I would have to reject the system’s efforts to connect our Hattie to Harriet Matilda Hooper and her Pakistan adventure.

[Continued on Page 9]

## The Mystery of Aunt Hattie -- Solved! A Genealogical Digression by Andy Hooper

In **HOOPER’S ORIGINAL BAGATELLE #11**, published in Turbo-Apa #388, I gave a summary of my-then current understanding of my Father Frank H. Hooper’s family tree. It has been extraordinarily difficult to simply identify all of my Grandfather’s siblings and their descendants, because he was the youngest of ten children in his family, born to two different women between the years 1865 and 1894. And the number seems as unstable as our understanding of the solar system: Another son, John, may have been born in 1861, and family tradition holds that a stepson named Sydney came to the family with my Great-Grand-father’s first wife Maria. But no evidence of him has come to light, so he remains the Planet X of the Hooper stellar neighborhood.



The Miles Children: Barbara (16) Bertha Jean (12)  
Bertie (8) & Ronnie (10), 1934

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Issue #5, April, 2019

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It's crazy how kids can fall asleep sober like that.

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**Comments on Turbo-Apa #393:**

**Cover (Jim Hudson and Diane Martin):** I enjoyed the shots of the Rotsler Award displays. They have been giving the award out for long enough now that a list of all the winners is a pretty impressive company. It was fun to see the way that Jeanne's techniques are still evolving, and so sad that we'll never see any more work from Stu Shiffman.

**OFFICIAL BUSINESS:** After some deliberation, Carrie and I are going to vote against the motion to change the deadline. I think we would support a motion to change to a bi-monthly deadline, giving everyone much more time to read the mailing. But under the current proposal, temporary delays can never be made up; we fall behind by 8 days one month, 3 days the next; and we immediately have one less mailing per year, and no way to redeem that; rather the impetus is to hold the mailing even longer, so that the following deadline falls near the normal date in the subsequent month. As an archivist, I treasure the clear correlation between mailing numbers and the month in which they are published, and depend on the fact that institutions like **FAPA** and **SAPS** have kept the same schedule for well over half a century.

I think everyone agrees that there have been some mailings that were inconveniently late during the past year. I'm resolved to get my contributions in earlier, in case that helps. But as long as no one is interested in taking over the editorship from Hope and Karl, we're going to get what they're able to give us – whatever the rules may suggest that should be.

**MADISON FOURSQUARE#29,** Scott Custis & Jeanne Gomoll: The account of your trip to Hawaii and Hong Kong was quite wonderful, because you just kept having fun throughout. I kept waiting for something unexpected or undesirable to happen, but it never really did. And to be able to stay with your brother and his wife in a luxury high rise when you were in Hong Kong – well, that was downright science-fictional. Honestly, when you were swimming in

that pool about 600 feet above street level – didn't you feel like you were suddenly living in a Tanith Lee novel? And how cool was it to have two great traveling companions in Kafryn and Craig along on the first leg of the trip? I think my favorite part was the scene of Scott getting to feel the sensation of floating in salt water for the first time. If this trip was a retirement cliché, sign me up.

Scott: You commented that you deliver and pick up each contribution and mailing by hand, and think that is cheaper and more convenient than any of my ideas. I hope you continue to enjoy the mobility that makes that a reality. The day will come when you would appreciate having Turbo arrive in the mail, but I understand you may not be interested in contributing when you reach that point.

**AN WISCONZINE,** Greg Rihn: The fact that there is now a Steampunk conclave in Delevan, Wisconsin is indeed another proof that we live in an age of fannish wonders. And the programs in which you and Georgie participated sounded like great subjects for a lively hour of conversation. I find the intersection of steam and clockwork fantasy with traditional fairy tales and myths like merfolk a particularly rich vein of imagination – the advent of steam and steel and Satanic Mills was supposedly the end of the traditional folke, but they seem to have achieved a kind of symbiosis in modern fantasy.

Enjoyed the review of the William-Adolphe Bouguereau exhibit, and the examples of his work, in full color yet. Looking over a bunch more of his work online, it's like he's a 19<sup>th</sup> Century artist painting nude women of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century – his view of anatomy, of skin tone and hair-styles, all seem to date from a generation prior to the artist's birth. But by the end of his career, pictures like "The Young Shepardess" (1885) look like something from a completely different tradition, and somehow dramatically more realistic than his early work. Perhaps he started using live models, instead of naughty porcelain dolls.

**COMING TO GRIPS #25**, Walter Freitag: More lovely semantic rabbit holes. And I find it completely plausible that you would be a focus for mysterious energies that make streetlights go out. While I would never question the validity of the Street Light Interference Community, I've experienced the phenomenon myself, and have observed that some of the lights also seem to go off when *other* people or vehicles pass by, not just me. The explanation offered to me by engineers is that the sensors which tell the lights when to go on at dusk and go off at dawn can become oversensitive, and shut off when something reflects an increased level of light at them. On the other hand, a light on Johnson Street in Madison would shut off every time I walked by and tapped the pole with my hand, and I used this to spook several people at the turn of the 1980s. But people were simple then.

**THINGS THAT BEGIN WITH R**, Jim Hudson and Diane Martin: The montage of pictures of the damage on one page and all the different rooms being repainted on the other really summarized just how extensive your rebuild has been. I suppose there might be some small comfort taken from the fact that you will probably not have to paint the interiors again before you are both ready for life in a hermetic retirement tube.

I've already written a bit about recent genealogical activities elsewhere in this issue, but you offered a comment that reminded me of my grandfather's dress saber. People related to that side of my family have also continued to contact me with further unsuspected details. And then I recently posted a picture of Alfred J. Oakey, victim of the Iroquois Theater Fire, on the Historic Photos of Madison Group on Facebook. And this led to a wave of elderly Madisonians mentioning all the different Oakeys they had known in their youth. It revealed a "second" group of Catholic Oakeys, who were all members of the parish of St. James, and near-west siders. It turns out that Allan Edward Oakey (1903-1960), who was my Grandfather's first cousin, met a woman named Mary O'Brien

in Brooklyn New York, while serving in the U.S. Navy, and apparently joined the Catholic Church in order to marry her. Their kids and some of their grandkids attended Blessed Sacrament and Edgewood High School, well after my family had returned to Madison. But I never knew they existed before I left Madison again.

I assume that the reason for this is that Allan Edward Oakey died suddenly of cardiac failure in 1960, and his only sibling, his sister Madelein, had died during the flu epidemic in 1919. His family probably leaned heavily on Mary O'Brien Oakey's numerous relatives after their father's death, and she was buried in the O'Brien family plot in Brooklyn when she died in 1971. Allan's death feels particularly tragic to me as he was Chairman of the Wisconsin Civil War Roundtable, and a well-regarded amateur historian; he died less than a year before the centennial of the war's beginning, and the wide range of commemorations that inspired. I also suspect that he may have inherited various family papers and photos from his Aunt Anne Irene Oakey, who died just a few years before him, and that these were either lost, or are held by one of his grandchildren or great-grandchildren. So that's my dream alternative history; one where Allan Edward survived another twenty years, long enough to meet me, and pass his research on....

**OCCAM'S WHISKERS**, Georgie Schnobrich: I really enjoyed this issue, with the detailed history of Themes at Milwaukee Fandom's Halloween Party at Lytheria. When you list all of the work that you and your friends have done in one place, it becomes clear that is a form of fanac as deserving of documentation and appreciation as publishing or con-running or what-have-you. I think my favorite individual efforts were the flying monkeys from *The Wizard of Oz*, and the Pirates inspired by Howard Pyle. You have gone so far beyond the usual graveyard ghouls and undead visitations – and slutty undead visitations – that your parties are barely recognizable as an American Halloween observance. [Continues next page.]

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People don't want other people to be people.

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I have to talk to Rachel Maddow. Only one of us can have this haircut.

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**Comments on Turbo-Apa #393, continued:**

**OCCAM'S WHISKERS**, Georgie Schnobrich, continued:

I keep thinking someday I'll catch a glimpse of you on a Saturday-night *Svengoolie* broadcast, because he does a number of appearances at horror and fantasy conventions, and I expect his cameras to eventually find you. If you guys sent a portrait of your holiday regalia – maybe with a rubber chicken for reference -- I bet he would broadcast it.

**SONOVA QUARK**, Steven Vincent Johnson: The abduction saga of Antonio Villas Boas is one of the earliest and most intriguing modern accounts of alleged extraterrestrial interaction. Unlike the subsequent Barney and Betty Hill account, no hypnosis was involved in Boas' recollections, and his story stayed remarkably stable across many hundreds of retellings. There are earlier "abduction" stories, some dating from the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century Airship flap, but I think Boas was among the first to observe the modern "Grey" alien. Your command of the field is greater than mine, but my impression is that prior to Boas, most contactees tended to describe aliens as tall and blonde, with elegant, elongated features, not unlike elves in a Tolkien novel. After Boas, that pointed face with huge dark eyes became the standard UFO occupant.

And thus, I see the point: Boas is as much a cornerstone of modern UFO culture as the Clovis-first theory was to American archeology. The quizzical, quasi-sexual conduct of the aliens toward Boas is dream-like and illogical – but it's a situation which defies logic from the beginning. That beings would come to Earth from another world in order to smear a Brazilian farmer with goo is, in fact, absurd – but transcendent and transformative experiences are innately absurd. How did Boas succeed in becoming a lawyer when his primary notoriety was the story about the blonde alien lady and the goo? "Your honor, my learned opponent may find the defendant's story plausible, but he's on record as believing in alien sex goo." Perhaps he concentrated on probate work.

And then – "The Abduction of Kinkade." Utterly wonderful. "The Painter of Another Light?" Funniest looming delta-shaped alien abduction scene of the year.

**ALPHABET OBSESSION**, Jae Leslie Adams: I have a feeling that our respective levels of mobility are rapidly converging, as you work your way up to 2 miles per day, and I'm able to muster that much action about two or three times per week. The round trip to the post office is just under two miles, but I tend to carry large packages full of your old fanzines up the hill when I go, so the benefits may be amplified. The news that you have acquired a trainer is also pretty spiffy – there is something a little counter-intuitive in having someone press your pain threshold in order to manage pain, but I've seen it work for several people now. If you're able to continue your Benjamin Button-like process of reverse aging, you should be able to win the Boston Marathon in 2032.

Carrie's favorite yoga instructor, Wendy, is probably also close to retiring; her sessions now seem to emphasize meditation and nearly falling asleep as much as stretching and posing. But this is definitely preferable to the younger instructors, who seem to feel that pain – and positions that elicit uncontrollable farting – are the surest path to enlightenment.

**SHOOTING FOR SPRING**, Jim and Ruth Nichols: I hope the blast of green from your house plant pictures was an echo of their effect on your surroundings in Wisconsin's inclement winter. I was wondering about this while pushing back the bamboo stems that lean up against the side of our porch – do we actually have more oxygen here in the winter than you do in Wisconsin? With the seeming riot of plants that grow all year long, I don't see how we could avoid it. Maybe Marilyn will know.

I hope the Amtrak trip to Santa Fe is a worthy vacation. Most of my trips on Amtrak have been pretty good, but on one trip back from El Paso to Chicago, we had a full 24 hours of delay in a trip that was supposed to take under 48 hours

altogether. If I ever travel a long distance by train again, I'll bring some emergency rations, because they don't carry supplies for an extra day of service. But having the room to get up and walk around a bit, having a place to go occasionally that isn't your chair – these are huge improvements on air travel. I recall that there was often enough room to play cards without having your opponent's hand in your lap. Wait, that came out wrong.

And along with spectacular scenes of mountain and plain, you'll get to see the back end of auto body shops, nail salons and fried chicken shacks in several western states. The train itself is never on the "right side" of the tracks, apparently. Also, when you get to New Mexico, you will have to answer the "State Question," and choose red or green chile on your enchiladas. I recommend alternating between the two, and under no circumstances remain in the state for more than 7 days, or the lining of your stomach will begin to wear away. Have fun!

To Jim: Carrie's got the short-timer's disease pretty bad, because she's definitely retiring in December. It's getting very hard to go to meetings full of empty corporate sloganeering. I hope the vacation gives you a pleasant respite from ten-minute time clock intervals. You mentioned the now-impressive Milwaukee Bucks basketball club -- in baseball, the Milwaukee Brewers have also been a welcome harbinger of Spring. Looking at them from afar, they have not been this consistently entertaining since the 1980s.

**A ZINE OF ONE'S OWN.** Catie Pfeifer: In one of those moments that one wishes could be saved for posterity, your "post-mailed" contribution arrived the same day that Hope sent an email to assure everyone in the apa that there was nothing missing from their copy of the March Turbo. And then your comments on John Carpenter's 1982 production of *The Thing* was among my favorite elements of the mailing.

I trust you are aware that the film(s) are based on a novella called "Who Goes There?" written by the legendary editor John W. Campbell Jr.,

using the pseudonym "Don A. Stuart." Campbell claimed that the image of the shape-changing alien was suggested by childhood experiences with his mother and her twin sister – the former was always loving to him, and the aunt was uncaring and suspicious. But the sister was apparently a fabrication that Campbell used to explain his Mother's bi-polar behavior – his mother had no sisters, twin or otherwise.

The story was first made into a movie in 1951 – Edward Lasker and the legendary director Howard Hawks produced it as *The Thing From Another World*. Christian Nyby directed it, from a script by Charles Lederer with uncredited contributions from Hawks and playwright Ben Hecht. The psychological elements of the original novella are largely missing from the first filmed version – the "thing," as portrayed by actor James Arness (later known as Marshall Matt Dillon on *Gunsmoke*), is a blood-sucking plant-person, with few goals other than its next meal. Given the political climate of the period, the movie is typically seen as a thinly-concealed allegory for Communism and the paranoia it inspired in Americans.

When John Carpenter made his version in 1982, he restored the alien's original capability to match the physical and psychological nature of any person or creature. But he also added a plot progression borrowed from Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians," as one early 1980s character actor after another is claimed by the Thing. To pull this off, he has to start with too many characters. It doesn't matter if you can't keep them all straight, because most of them will be gone before long.

In 2011, Dutch director Matthias van Heijningen Jr. made a prequel to the 1982 version, also titled *The Thing*. This made use of more digital effects than Carpenter's film, but the Impact is inevitably muted by having seen his film. Some of the ideas behind the effects – the crawling spider-head, the cardiac-paddle chest collapse – are just so irresistibly depraved that they changed my expectations of movies as a whole.

**[Keep going -- comments conclude on page 6.]**

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One must not judge everyone in the world by his qualities as a soldier – otherwise we should have no civilization.

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It's interesting to compare it to *Alien* as you suggest – that's also a movie that whittles the cast down one by one. The 2011 version of *The Thing* substitutes Mary Stuart Masterson for Kurt Russell, but I doubt you would find that a particular improvement. And then funnily enough, James Cameron's sequel *Aliens* starts with as big a cast as Carpenter's *The Thing* – and steadily kills them off. Sometimes several at a time.

Curiously, Ridley Scott's *Alien* cycle may be more faithful to Campbell's original novella

than any of the movies explicitly based upon it. In Scott's series, humanity and the murderous aliens are both products of the same enigmatic vanished civilization, and part of the same horrifying bio-warfare program. The alien actually begins as a microbe, which needs a human host to grow into a baby chest-burster, and so many things thereafter. That we might be such monsters, or hide them inside ourselves seems to be the secret subtext of "Who Goes There?"



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You hate the public. You're a detective.

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## I REMEMBER ENTROPY DEPARTMENT

**"Jam Today" by Ginjer Buchanan**  
Published in GRANFALLOON #16, December,  
1972, edited by Linda Bushyager

(Ginjer Buchanan is a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who became an active science fiction fan in the mid-1960s. Along with Linda Bushyager and Suzanne Tompkins, she was one of the founders of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association, and PghLANGE, the Pittsburgh SF convention. She was a well-regarded contributor to several fanzines, and her report on the 1968 World Convention, "I Have No Mouth and I Must Giggle," is considered a classic of the field.

Professionally, Ginjer has become one of the senior editors in science fiction and fantastic literature, with a long and successful career at Ace, Tor and others. She won a Hugo Award for editing in 2014. She will be a Guest of Honor at the World SF Convention in Dublin later this year. – APH)

At L. A. I sat at the banquet surrounded by Hugo nominees: Linda and Ron Bushyager, Mike Glicksohn, Charlie and Dena Brown; Charlie was picking up Bruce Gillespie's Hugo, should he win. Linda was picking up Harry Warner's and I was picking up Susan Glicksohn's and Vincent DiFate's, should they win. In short, I knew that someone at that table was bound to pick up a Hugo. Later, when Linda had indeed accepted Harry's Fan Writer

Hugo and Dena and Charlie had snatched a pair (much to Mike and Linda's disappointment), I was allowed to actually touch a Hugo.

Now, I've been around. I've met Hugos before. In fact, I once spent four hours staring at a pair of Hugos. That experience changed my life.

Due to circumstances mostly beyond my control, I was temporarily interrupted at Noreascon, and managed not to be in my own car when it journeyed to New York City on Monday evening. This left me facing an eternity on Boyleston Street, a not necessarily unpleasant fate, but not one compatible with my Other Commitments.

I handled the situation nicely, I think, by fainting in the lobby of the Boston Sheraton. Eventually, Bob and Barbara Silverberg rescued me and I rode back with them on Tuesday morning. They carefully folded me and packed me in the back seat of their car along with other oddments – and the Dillon's Hugos.

Staring at those Hugos for four hours.... The experience stripped away my blasé veneer and exposed the warped inner core of my being, leading me to two discoveries:

1. Hugos are all purty.
2. I want one!

Consequently, as we drove along, my little mind began to plan towards this goal, in a logical manner. Now I'm well aware that anyone who has ever heard a conversation between Suzle

Tompkins and myself might tend to doubt my ability to plan anything logically. Let it be known I got an A in Logic in college. That proves something, doesn't it? Well, doesn't it? But I digress --

The first possibility I considered was writing a novel/novella/short story of sufficient appeal, if not quality, to win a Best Author Hugo. In order to do this, I knew I had to first somehow procure a S.F.W.A. button because no one can write SF unless they have a SFWA button. As everyone knows, the SMOSFWA get together and decide who will get the year's quota of buttons. They allot most of them to the usual engineer-mathematicians plus a few women and other freaky types, to maintain the illusion of natural selection. The new "young" pros are required to wear their buttons prominently for a period of time, during which they are impowered to produce a certain amount of acceptable fiction. Then they are entitled to a button implant, a minor surgical procedure, whereupon they can be considered "old" pros with all the rights and privileges thereof, including the right/privilege of no longer writing the stuff.

Incidentally, this can be proven empirically. Go up to an "old" pro at your next convention. Begin running your hands over his body, and ask to see his button.

If you are male and he is male he will either react with extreme embarrassment or violence -- thus demonstrating that he has something to hide. If you are female, and he is male, he will probably show you his button.

Realizing all this, I further realized how difficult it would be to get a button, or a button implant. They've been very cautious about buttoning women since U. K. le Guin. Therefore, I was forced to abandon the plan. It's somewhere in Massachusetts, in case anyone wants to go look for it.

Next I briefly considered some sort of accomplishment in the art categories although I had a fleeting thought there was a reason for bypassing these possibilities. Ignoring this, I got immediately to work, whipping out an imaginary ruler and an imaginary felt-tip pen. I



then attempted to draw an imaginary straight line on Barbara Silverberg's back. I couldn't.

Well, there was always editing. Since it didn't seem too likely that Conde Nast would offer me ANALOG, I felt I should concentrate my efforts in pubbing a few issues of a really swell fanzine. Most of Connecticut was occupied with plans for this epic zine, It would have everything. Fanzine reviews, book reviews, movie reviews, record reviews, restaurant reviews, review reviews; a regular in-depth interview with some controversial luminary; a lettercol dealing only with relevant issues; an editorial carrying through a consistent philosophy from issue to issue; sercon articles on topics of both mundane and fannish concern; fannish articles parodying the sercon articles; a continuing history of Sex in Sci-Fi; Fiction by Bradbury, Niven, Clarke, Bloch; art by Gahan Wilson; a full-color, fold-out of the play-pro of the month.... Then I remembered IMRYRR.

IMRYRR was the fanzine Suzle and I co-edited, once. Once, as in one issue. It was, I recalled, a Lot of Work. Not being a slave to the Protestant ethic, I decided I would prefer getting a Hugo in a less strenuous way. Robert Frost and I parted company at that fork in the path a long time ago.

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You will fly around in circles for months looking down on Fandom...

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...until all your money is gone and you die of starvation like me.

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It was now almost New York, and I still hadn't formulated a definite plan of action. I began to slaver and paw at the Hugos. Seeking to distract my attention from them, Silverberg commented favorably on my long ago Baycon report (Granfalloon 5). Now, a number of people, over the years, have expressed similar sentiments. Often, I only have to stand on their feet five or six minutes before they show appropriate appreciation of my Great Opus. Then it came to me – I should pursue this to the obvious conclusion, and go for Best Fan Writer Hugo.

I would inundate the faanish world with warm, witty tales of life in warm witty New York City, a la Rosemary Ulyot... I would do fantastically researched pieces on the Christian Mythos as expressed in the works of Hal Clement, a la Sandra Miesel. I would submit serious discussions on the ecological importance of the re-cycling of I.P.A. bottles, a la Susan Glicksohn. But – I paused – this would mean that I would be competing with Rosemary, Sandra, and Susan, who are, one and all, Good Friends. Competing with Good Friends takes all the fun out of things, since if you win, you can't gloat sufficiently (after all, you wouldn't want to hurt feelings) and if you lose, you can't bear monumental grudges (after all, they're friends). So what's the point of playing the game?

It seemed that I was approaching the end of the journey and my options. Panic set in. Soon the Silverbergs would pry the two Hugos from my chubby little fists, I knew. They'd never believe I was Leo and Diane Dillon. I lapsed into hypoglycemic delusion (I'm tired, and nobody likes me because I'm tired, and I won't ever win a Hugo because nobody likes me because I'm tired, and it's all my fault that I'm tired, and I'll never win a Hugo, and nobody likes me because it's all my fault, etc.... for days). In desperation I began to turn into a Bear, something I'm prone to do in moments of stress. Nobody, you see, would hurt a cute, fuzzy Koala, especially not one wearing glasses.

I caught a glimpse of myself in mid-transformation, in the rear-view mirror. I looked closer ---

Eureka! I had found my category!

Ginjer Buchanan – Best Dramatic Presentation! \*

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\*Miss Buchanan wishes to note that, according to the rules passed at the Noreascon, she is, indeed, eligible in this category.



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### A Key to Linos published in March in *Captain Flashback #4*:

**Page 2:** "But being OE is dangerous. They'll cancel my insurance."

Lino from the March, 1956 issue of *COLLECTOR*, Howard Devore, *SAPS*

**Page 3:** "Hardening of the categories leads to art disease."

Lino by Teresa Nielsen Hayden, *ZED* #1, May, 1981.

**Page 4:** "We've searched every inch of this base and all we've found is porno, porno, porno!"

General Leslie Hap Hapablap (R. Lee Ermey), *The Simpsons* S 9, Ep. 7, "Sideshow Bob's Last Gleaming."

**Page 5:** "Hey, that tuna didn't salad itself."

Author Neil Gaiman as himself. *The Simpsons* S 23, Ep. 6, "The Book Job."

**Page 5:** "I'm not so young nor so narrow to assume the dead are dead and there's no spectrum of spectral in between."

Mr. Wednesday (Ian McShane), *American Gods*, S 1, Ep 6, "A Murder of Gods"

**Page 6:** "Okay, I'll do it," he said, "You want a pink-and-white bunny rabbit story, right?"

Attributed to science fiction author Harlan Ellison by Bill Patterson in his history *The Little Fandom that Could*.

**Page 9:** "Fairy Tales are more than true, not because they tell us dragons exist..."

**&Page 10:** "...but because they tell us dragons can be beaten."

Attributed to the author Neil Gaiman (b. 1960).

**Page 18:** "A man in the 4<sup>th</sup> Dimension is indestructible!"

Captain Rogers (Elbert Smith) is in awe of Robert Lansing's powers in *The 4-D Man* (1959).

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## The Mystery of Aunt Hattie -- Solved!

[Continued from page one]

I can only imagine how pernicious these “false positives” must be if one’s name is William Edwards or Mary Miller – both of whom are people who appear somewhere in my family tree. But Harriet Matilda Hooper was really born in Wisterton, Somerset in 1882, and my Great-Aunt Harriet first arrived in Oreston, Devonshire in July, 1884. The fact that they both had siblings named Mary, George and William probably helped sustain my confusion, but I should have dismissed Harriet Matilda months ago.

### I Can See For Miles

I wanted to add the mysterious “Uncle Dick” and his four children to the Hooper family tree, but was stymied by the fact that no one in the chain of family tradition seems to have ever thought to write down his last name. Harriet appeared in the 1891 and 1901 Census under her maiden name, but after that she was known by her married name – and I didn’t have that. I was pondering how to proceed when I got a message from another Ancestry member, asking what was up with my phony record for Harriet Matilda Hooper Tizzard. Her name was Ann Miles; she was tracing the family tree of her late husband Richard Miles, and thought that his grandmother was my Great Aunt Harriet Hooper (1884-1975).

That simple surname, just 5 characters, was like a magic key; not only did it unlock the life of Harriet and Dick Miles, but also their four children, and various connections to family events that took place after their marriage. Ann Miles’ tree included my other Great Aunts and Uncles, and confirmed connections that had previously been supported only by notes scrawled at a family gathering in 1998. Bertha Hooper Bradford and George T. Bradford were said to be cousins, but no one could document how that was true. But Ann’s tree included full documentation of the Edwards family, including my Great-Grandmother Hannah Edwards Hooper. Hannah had a sister named Jane, three

years older; She married a sailor named Samuel Herbert in 1876, and had four children with him before he was lost at sea in 1881. She then married James Bradford, a general laborer; and among their four children was George Bradford. He was also a sailor, and married his cousin Bertha at the age of 48, after a fairly long career at sea.

And likewise, “Uncle Dick” was now replaced by the very dignified Richard William Miles, (1882-1937). He was born in the District of Poplar in London, the fifth child of Richard W. Miles Sr. and Fanny Catherine Hills. The elder Richard Miles was born in Smertay, Sussex in 1851. In his mid-20s, he moved to London, and became a Constable in the Metropolitan Police Force. He was able to send several of his children to school in Poplar, including young Richard William Jr., who was enrolled by age 6 in 1888. Sadly, Fanny died in 1894, when Uncle Dick was just 12 years old. The elder Richard would also die very young, at age 51 in 1902.

I’m not sure how long Richard attended school or what his early employment experience may have been. By the end of the first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, he was working in the British Merchant Marine service. He got a job with the Pacific and Orient steamship line, and served on RMS *Berrima*, an 11,100 ton liner that carried immigrants to Australia via Capetown. When World War I began in 1914, The Royal Australian Navy requisitioned the *Berrima*, and designated her an “Armed Merchant Cruiser.” She carried two battalions of Australian troops to German New Guinea in 1914, and would later participate in the 2<sup>nd</sup> ANZAC convoy, carrying Australian and New Zealand troops to the Middle East. She then ferried troops and supplies from Britain to several European ports, until she was torpedoed by a German submarine in February, 1917. The ship was safely grounded, and just four lives were lost; but it would take months to make *Berrima* seaworthy again. This apparently provided one of the ship’s

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**Rick, you’re doing this bit while your brain is melting.**

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**First thing you learn is – you’re the last guy to invent teleportation.**

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Galley men a chance to pop the question; Richard married Harriet Hooper in July of 1917.

**West Ham Fam**

Their first daughter, Barbara, was born in Plymouth just about a year later. Harriet went home to have her baby in Plymouth, while Richard was at sea. But by 1920, when their second daughter Bertha Jean was born, the family was living in the West Ham district of London, and would apparently remain there for the rest of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. The boys, Ronald and Bertie, were born in 1924 and 1926.

I’m not exactly sure how long Richard worked for P & O after the war, or what he may have done after leaving the service. (RMS *Berrima* would return to the Capetown and Sydney route after the war, and would continue to carry Britons to the southern hemisphere until the Imperial immigration program ended in 1929.)

Sadly, like his father, Richard W. Miles II also died at a rather early age. According to records uncovered by Ann, he died during surgery to remove a cancerous tumor in his throat in 1937. He was at most 55 years old. Members of his family would continue to live across the street from each other into at least the 1970s. Bertie apparently lived with his mother for at least the length of her life. Ann tells me that the family had presumed that he was gay, but records also suggest he married a woman named Patricia Nagle in 1964, 10 years before Harriet died.

We do know that Ronald Miles, who served as a mechanic with the RAF during WWII, married a woman named Edna Fenwick in 1950, and she is by all accounts a remarkably difficult person to get along with. Harriet lived across the street from her son for more than 40 years, and apparently didn’t speak to her daughter-in-law on more than a handful of occasions. Her son, helpfully also called Richard W. Miles (1951-

2017), was my co-researcher Ann Miles’ husband. She is compiling all this information for the benefit of her two sons, and their children, so this tree is still growing today.

Bertha Jean Hooper married Frederick J. Page; she left us in 2001, but Frederick and their sons John and Norman are all still living in 2019. Barbara, the oldest daughter, married Reginald Hudson (1917-1987), who worked in an aircraft assembly plant during the war. He and Barbara had two daughters, Janet and Gillian; both were born in the 1940s, and appear to be living today.

**The Seduction of Wally Balhatchet**

After receiving all these hints, which turned out to be a major rebuild of the Hooper family tree, I really wanted to give something to Ann in return. Happily, I was able to make a clear scan of the real photo postcard that decorates the front page of this article, showing all four of Harriet and Richard’s children as they appeared in 1934. Ann was completely delighted by this new piece of evidence, and could not wait to show it to her sons. She was completely positive that they had never seen a photo of their grandfather at the age of ten before.

Ann even shared a story about the origins of the Hooper family home in the Mutley Plain neighborhood of Plymouth. The original holders of the house were a family named “Balhatchet,” not Balhatchel, as I had rendered it. It’s a Huguenot name that means literally “to give the chop.” Apparently when Wally, the last surviving Balhatchet died, he left his entire estate to my Great Aunt Rhoda Maria Hooper, who had served both him and his mother for decades. Ann suspects that this is evidence of a deeper relationship between the two; but that’s a subject that remains an area for further research. Who knows, someone related to the Balhatchet family may contact me next.

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**Cartoon on page 7 by William Rotsler**

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