A DERLETH TRIBUTE by Mary Elizabeth Counselman

Thanks muchly for inviting me into your August Derleth Society via the Newsletter! I thought it'd be time our genuine loci of Sauk City were honored. He was the kind of man behind so many of our sensitive writing souls in the fantasy-horror-sequence genre - and literally killed himself working for us, all but non-profit. (I know. Whole other story.)

For Derleth was the "practical idealist" he billed himself as, a letter-writer, all-out enthusiast and promoter of talents he admired, with a solid sense of his shoulders (here in a creative person). His was much too shy.

It seems strange to say "never met" Derleth. We were the closest of friends, and couldn't wait to write each other about some personal trouble or triumph, over a period of years dating from 1945, shortly before my marriage to (would you believe?) the great-grandson of Daniel Boone. Like Frank Falcon Long, my ancestor. A dear way back to the 1600's on my father's maternal side with the Jamestown Colony.

"AD" considered himself a sudden draft-widow when I was left, pregnant, with a huge stack of letters he had written to restore "The Secret of St. Mark's Temple" to its pre-"slugging". Our son, Bill (now 31) was born abroad, much to Derleth's delight in his unconventionality. AD was always unorthodox himself, but by no means irresponsible to his family and friends - a fine distinction these days. We had much in common - a love of small-town and country life, family-life, and loyalty to each other's nastifam, and loyalty to old friends. On paper, we had even more - a lifelong interest in history-and-legend, the writing of poetry, and writing of detective mysteries.

Derleth's Solar Pons stories charmed me, as did his "Staff of Mycroft & Moran" (of A. Conan Doyle's spawning) tickled. By his foreman, with a literary sense-of-humor.

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I twisted him in rebuttal with the fact that he was not included in Tony Goodstone's excellent symposium of fantasy bigs, THE PULPS (Chelsea - '70). I did not know, so far away, that he was very ill, dying. In corrective surgery for a lateral hermia did not sound so dangerous (He had told me, pal-wise, of every illness he ever suffered - holding my hand, verbally, when I lost my second child, following the loss of my precious steamboat and my husband's return from the Commandos - a traumatic time Derleth fully appreciated, in his discerning way.).

His last letter to me was from the hospital, with a shy, left-handed plea I was too stupid to catch: that they had "let me have a telephone in my room." He needed help, like the beleaguered leader in THE CAINE MUTINY. I was broke at the time, trying to buy a small house for my father's and mother's retirement years, or I would have hopped the first plane to give him a hand. I did write that all his financial worries could be swept away by a few television leases of Arkham properties. I had suggested CBS's program, THE UNFORSEEN, that had already produced several of mine from the paperback version of HALF IN SHADOW - long advertised by Arkham as a "forthcoming" hardback (We both had sudden calls for "original story lines" from the NBC THRILLER hour-show, and then Rod Serling's new NIGHT GALLERY.). Serling's untimely death was as much of a shock to me as that frantic bulletin from Sauk City, though without such grief...

I felt the deep shock one feels at losing a twin brother. Always, he had answered all my questions and idle curiosities about book-publishing - so different from that of magazine-writing, in which the magazine does all the promotional work (Derleth said I was "just spoiled" when I refused to do a series of autograph parties. "Where do you think you are, Greta Garbo?" he yelled at me in upper-case typeface. "Of course you want to be alone. But we can't!) I suggested freebies as a promotional gimmick - some liegeanne like those "Bride of the Peacock" rings WEIRD TALES gave away during the run of Ed Price's and Kline's BRIDE OF THE PEACOCK. Derleth said it was "undignified," and ordered me to a "Con" in Cleveland. I went - and manfully plugged all Arkham books, while attending classes and giving private lessons at the big Writer's Digest convention. At the bus station, following the "Con", I heard pistol shots outside, and was about to see what was going on. A nice black boy shook his head and urged me onto the bus - a watch-tick before the riots exploded in that city in the 1950's. I was trying to get together the later collection of my all-native fantasy-based stories, African tribal legends of the pre-Stanley era. Scott Meredith would not touch it, as our mutual agent. But Derleth dared to print my SEVENTH SISTER - the story of a little albino negro "voodoo women-child," in his THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD, '47, as a true picture of the Southern-plantation blacks and their problems and "Uncle Tom" loyalties to their "white folks." I found that several of our Southern customs, such as "toting" home food - is incomprehensible to Northern and Canadian readers. (They all consider it stealing!) Derleth had had no experience with any such customs, but passed them along without fear of reprisal by those factions in political circles who consider only the indentured negro a "slave." (Whites are indentured, too, in all sections of America. Everyone is "indentured" who is in debt.)

Derleth was fiercely loyal to his choice of U.S. Presidents. He believed completely in the Kennedys, because of the help they gave cultural circles. We often "locked horns" about our sectional views on politics. But it never affected our lifelong affection for each other, and our personal, concerned interest in his family and mine. We swapped books, autographed to the others growing children, shared research data, and steered each other to buying markets by that time. Neither of us were "jet-set" and both hated big-city life - and dilletantes who were "toying" with writing such-and-such Great American Novel (We were writing, not toying.)

August Derleth was gone. Derleth? I thought he was immortal! How could he be dead, like just "people"?
I am now happily "collecting" my magazine works, as he did many of his - but stagger-
ning under production prices he was only beginning to feel at Arkham. Many of the
fantasy-fans run a small press, like my "Verity," in a boxroom office while "moon-
lighting" at some dull, manual job far beneath their creative talents. I also am publish-
ing a poetry magazine, YEAR AT THE SPRING, to encourage young tyros ...
and older ones who "never had the time" to write. Canadien poets are welcome to
submit something! I pay "old pulp rates" - laughable in these inflated times - or
trade books instead if the contributor would rather work under the old pioneer
"barter system" (COWRIE SHELLS? Old
Confederate bolls? Well - if you must
have a "medium of exchange," how about
"Yankee dimes": oldtime Rebel slang for
a kiss??

But... Save one for August Derleth, will you?

HELLO WISCONSIN
by Miles McMillin

In a travelogue about a trip to the North
last week I misidentified Hawkweed, call-
ing it Indian Paintbrush. A cascade of
corrections came in but none from August
Derleth who, through the years, has been
my mentor in nature lore. Yesterday, I
found out why. The Hawkweeds came that
illness which had beset him all last week
had, unbelievably, stifled the tremendous
vitality and sensitivity that moved him
into the ranks of best literary talent
this state has produced.

It is popular to sneer at those among us
who have the courage to be individuals.
So it was with Frank Lloyd Wright. So it
was with August Derleth. Having had the
privilege of knowing both of them I think
I know the reason for their indifference. They were too busy doing what they wanted
to do and enjoying the infinite mysteries
and excitement of the world around them.

Like many, I was first attracted to
Derleth by the beauty and power of his
nature writing. It derived these qual-
ities not only from his talent, but from
his painstaking scrutiny of nature's mi-
nutest details. He never failed to iden-
tify a flower I called about. But more
important, by his questioning, he taught
me how to observe them so that they could
be remembered.
His eye for detail is illustrated in some unpublished material he recently sent to me. I have had the notion that the new awareness of ecological values in this country ought to be a fertile field for him. We have been carrying on discussion about the possibility of the Capital Times renewing publication and syndicating his "Wisconsin Diary" to other papers. Among the items he sent were these:

"29 April - I spent two hours in the marshes just after sunrise this morning making notes on the precise colors of the spring - and the sources of the reds, yellows, green and shadings of these colors - for 'Annals of Walden West' the third and last of the 'Walden West' trilogy. While doing so I put up a bittern, which started up not far away and, flying low over the marshes and thus lower than the embankment on which I stood, afforded me my first view of the fine pattern of its feathers on back and top of wings, so much more striking than the plumage of its neck and breast, so colored as to make the bird seem an integral part of reed growths or old stumps, when it sought to camouflage its presence. And, too, I discovered despite my attention to the spring colors, quite by the accident of seeing the uncommon activity of a pair of chickadees, their nest in the hollow of a stump rising from the waters of the Spring Slough.

"30 April - The Woodcock nest found almost a fortnight ago drew me today; so I walked down to it, more than a mile from the car and found in it not three, but four eggs; but the nest, alas! had clearly been abandoned. Though the eggs lay undisturbed the nest beneath them was wet, indicating that the hen had not been setting the eggs, for what reason, I could not determine.

"West of the village this evening the whippoorwills began to call - a little later this spring than their average April 27th date for this area. I stood to listen to their cries ringing out of the darkening woods, and absentmindedly counted consecutive calls - not counting beyond 20 without a break - as for years I had done until the historic evening I had marked a new record of 1,507 calls, topping that of John Burroughs decades before. After twenty minutes of listening to what was seven whippoorwills calling, I went reluctantly home and back to my desk."

It is said of him that he had a swollen ego. I suppose it is true. But I have found that most creative people I know are well endowed with self-confidence. But I can truthfully say that I never saw him display self-pity which is the worst disease of the self-centered personality. He never brooded over his problems. He never sought to drown them in liquor. He was too busy enjoying the foibles and the glory of the people around him and savoring the mysteries and beauties of nature.

#HELLO WISCONSIN by Miles McMillin appeared in the July 5, 1971 issue of the Capital Times, Madison, Wisconsin, and is reprinted here by permission of Elliott Marneke, Executive Editor of the Capital Times.
Steve Eng has provided us with the syllabus of a course taught by August Derleth at the College of Agriculture, Wisconsin University (no date), "American Regional Literature - Towards a Native Rural Culture." This includes an awesome, seventeen page, single spaced "Reading List" which illustrates the impressive scope of Derleth's literary background. God help the poor student looking for a "gut" course if he signed up with ANDI! He would either sink, or swim into an appreciation for our proud American literary heritage that would last him a lifetime.

Members will be pleased to know that Steve Eng's latest book of poetry, YELLOW RIDER COMING, is soon to be published by Neal Blaikie, Eidolon Press, 4608 Nazaire Rd., Pensacola, FL 32505. Price is $3.95 plus $.50 postage. Good luck Steve! We hope your book proves to be a best seller.- Ed.

The above information comes from Fantasy Newsletter, published monthly by Paul C. Allen, 1015 W. 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537, at $5.00/year U.S. & Canada $9/yr. elsewhere. This is an excellent source of current book publication information and well worth the price to the fantasy fan.

BEHIND THESE EYES
by Michael Kaze

It took years to groom this disguise -
Don't be fooled by the friendly grin.
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In sleepless nights the moon does rise -
A voice howls from deep within.
It took years to groom this disguise -

The Dancer dances; the tune is wise -
And although I may resemble him,
There's a creature behind these eyes.

In desperate moments I realize
The door behind has locked me in.
It took years to groom this disguise.

And the wound of failure I despise!
But I cannot escape from my sins.
There's a creature behind these eyes.

Beneath the costume of handsome lies,
Shadows unmask the harlequin.
It took years to groom this disguise:
There's a creature behind these eyes.

NOSTALGIA
by Steve Eng

Sorcerer weary of casting
Spells that nobody can feel,
Ghouls are impatient with fasting,
Death-knells no longer will peal.

Churchyard is grown up with wild weeds,
Marble tombs settle and crack,
Will-o'-wisp dies in the marsh-reeds,
Leprechauns never come back.

Vampires without an oasis,
Banshees with nothing to moan,
Ghosts who can't find where their place is,
Skeletons, graveless, alone.

DERLETH'S "WISCONSIN DIARY"
by Bill Dutch

Between 1960 and November 1965 the Madison Capital Times published a weekly column, "Wisconsin Diary" written by August Derleth. The column was taken from the logbook he kept, in which he recorded daily activities, for over four decades.

Augie held very little back in his personal record-keeping or in his column. A reader could expect to find accounts of family holidays, village politics, school affairs, criticism of the state highway department or the postal service, extracts from his voluminous correspondence or his personal reaction to concerts, movies, art shows. But the continuing theme of his writing was description of nature as he walked along the Milwaukee Railroad into the marshes, walked the Genz pocket, sat on Big Hill Reading, climbed Ferry Bluff or hunted morels during the month of May.

The constant reader of "Wisconsin Diary" soon acquired knowledge about flowers, birds, wild animals, astronomy and nature in general. Spring was probably Augie's favorite time of year. Early morning might find him spending an hour or so in the marshes. After a morning of work, he might take a new book and spend time reading and observing on Big Hill or in Wright's valley. The day would be ended after an hour or so walking a country road in Genz Pocket listening to the sounds of the night or keeping track of the stars.
August wasn’t the best month to be in the marshes because of mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, but Augie always managed to get out once or twice a week.

His entry for August 25, 1963 described two exploratory walks that day.

"Into the marshes this morning at 6:30 by way of the railroad bridges...Mists still lay over the river, but south of the east channel bridge three great blue herons could be seen, mists now with-standing, wading to forage in the river after minnows and lesser fish...—Many more birds gave voice this morning than did two weeks ago, and they are considerably more active. A cedar waxwing flew up from under the bridge to snatch a passing moth— a king fisher sailed out on short foraging flights from the exposed end of a limb belonging to a tree sunk into the riverbed—a red-shouldered hawk soared over the woods, screaming—the voices of killdeers rose pennisively to ear, now and then, not wildly crying as usual throughout spring and summer, but peculiarly autumnal, muted and altered in tone—three mallards flew up from the Spring Slough as I went by—a little blue heron left his perch near the slough and flew plaintively away—peewees and wood thrushes persisted in song all the way to the brook and back.

The bottoms this morning were fragrant with the musk peculiar to moist lowland areas, though the lack of rain was everywhere apparent—in no place more so than in the shallower sloughs, which had dried up for the first time in 50 years. The lack of moisture, however, did not affect the flowers; still in bloom were penstemons, sneezeweed, wild peppermint, hemlock, waterparsnip, various goldenrods and wild sunflowers, bouncing bett, rattlesnake weed, wild clematis though much of the earlier flowering clematis had gone to silken seed, fully as beautiful as the blossoms, horsement, evening primroses, wild bergamotte, iron weed, J.e Pye weed, white boneset, balmony, spotted touch-me-not (very attractive this morning to humming birds), blue vervain, bindweed, wild cucumber or balsam apple, watercress, swamp thistle, broad-leaved arrowhead, and cardinal flowers—great spires of brilliant red blossoms which led the eye to themselves wherever they stood, close to the Spring Slough Trestle the seedballs of the buttonball bushes were beginning to change from green to red.

Fog still lay over the upper meadow, now cut to hay, while I stood contemplating it, the church bells rang out—first the bells of St. Aloysius in Sac Prairie, then the more resonant and mellow bells of St. Norbert's in Foxbury, I walked on to the Brook Trestle, and saw there that the water was higher than it ought to be, and flowing very little; so I concluded that the beaver had again dammed the brook, this time west of the trestle out of view of the embankment, affording evidence that the wild life of the marshes goes on, on its own terms, no matter what interference men interpose, short of the destruction of the animal habitat in its entirety.

That afternoon family for a hills and val- noting in his were taking coming of outdoors still not satis- evening Augie the village

"Walked the with Pete Blank light late to was very cool too cool for cool enough to tummal fragrance tails. The moon and change color as it neared the claw of light there. There the cherring of stridulation of the katydid --- Wal- ked, making pleasant small talk, for well over an hour before turning homeward."

Augie took his ride through the leys west of town log changes that place with the autumn. His love and nature was fled, so that and his friend, barber--

Jenz Pocket Road
inheim--by moon- light. The night and very pleasant, mosquitos, and sharpen the au- of corn and mare's seemed to enlarge to a smoky orange horizon with a cloud resting was no sound but crickets and the katydids --- Wal- ked, making pleasant small talk, for well over an hour before turning homeward.

Augie would have preferred to spend more time walking, contemplating and observing, but the press of business always forced him to return home. One must remember that in the 1960-1965 period, he was a writer, lecturer, teacher, Arkham House publisher, book reviewer, correspondent, editor, publisher of the quarterly "Hawk and Whippoorwill" and parent.
DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM*

(Excerpted from the article by Ramsey Campbell - the following is continued from Newsletter #3)

"On publication of THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE I became "Dear John" and he undertook to advise me more paternally on films:

11.6.65 "Well, in time you may learn to appreciate TOM JONES more than you do now. I recall my own impatience and insensitivity as a youth, and HPL said virtually the same thing to me, and of course he was right."

He wasn't right on this occasion, but that's not the real point of the quote. Perhaps the whole cycle is that of Derleth's PEABODY HERITAGE: after I am dead, who will turn me over? or rather, what young writer may I take under my wing? At any rate, this sort of apprenticeship may go some way toward explaining why there is such a sense of tradition in fantasy.

Here's a possible explanation of Derleth's dislike of fans:

20.6.65 "One of the crosses established authors and editors must bear is smart kids of from 8 to 30 who, having read a little about a subject, think they know it all and have become authorities, capable of carping intelligently at the writing they read."

Although Derleth was a liberal conservative (At least, that's the way I read him) politics seldom found their way into our letters. Except in one darkly prophetic instance:

7.11.65 "Thank heaven the election is over at last! I hope now that Goldie and the incredible Nazi Dean Burch and Miller and Nixon will crawl back into the woodwork, and the Republican Party can rebuild with younger, more moderate men, away from the stupid extremists!"

Strangely, although his opinion of critics in general was low, he could embrace their opinions for convenience:

20.1.66 "I wasted no time on THE CARPET-BAGGERS, though the movie was certainly better than the book, which was typical of its kind of fiction. It couldn't have been too bad. I didn't read the book, either, but read enough of the reviews to know."

Reading through the file now I encounter a comment that seems ironic in retrospect - a demonstration of the importance of timing in publishing:

11.3.65 "Re Mervyn Peake - he is in very bad health and in a very bad way financially. I understand, if indeed he hasn't passed on. I heard from mutual friends, who had wanted Arkham to republish him over here, but that was simply impossible, for neither of us would have made any money, and I'd have lost heavily, since these are very long novels."

It was around this time that fragments of Derleth's philosophy and experience began to appear in his letters, perhaps because he considered me old enough to take them:

12.10.65 "Women are more disillusioning than any other human experience for a man. I could recite a long list of them, beginning with Lillian (the Margery of EVENING IN SPRING) and carrying right down almost to the present. Much as I enjoy the fair sex and their company - and they certainly reciprocate that enjoyment - I tend now to prefer the company of my own sex. A sign, I suppose, of middle age, but in a sense that was always true. Much as I liked the girls, I found that my friendships with members of my own sex took deeper root. Yet I am still in touch with all my former girl-friends. Indeed, this month I am publishing a book by one of them to whom I was once engaged."

Also, more distressingly, intimations appeared of his approaching collapse, even in a Christmas vignette:

8.12.65 "I am always glad when the holidays are over - the pressures and tensions increase every year, and my ability to take it all decreases with age. MOTHER is baking cookies today, with April to help her - Rikki is typing the final draft of the new pastiche for magazine submission - and I am catching up on the mails, much of which had to be put by until I got the new story off - and the last story for some time, too! I have been so tied down here that I've had little chance for an escape."

Early in the following year another warning shadow suggested itself:

4.1.66 "After I got off THE WATCHER ON THE HEIGHTS for Fall 1966 publication, I plunged into a new anthology of regional writing, A WISCONSIN HARVEST, and this has now been completed apart from preparing it for publication, did another Solar Pons tale, revised one book of poems, put together another, and now face another junior novel! It's getting to be too much for me, actually."

DERLETH AS I KNEW HIM is copyright (c) 1973 by Ramsey Campbell and is reprinted here by permission of the author. Portions of the work will be continued in Newsletter #5.
August Derleth believed that his best work was to be found in these books—

WALDEN WEST
VILLAGE YEAR
EVENING IN SPRING
COUNTRY GROWTH
SAC PRAIRIE PEOPLE
THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT
WISCONSIN IN THEIR BONES
VILLAGE DAYBOOK
PLACE OF HAWKS
THE MOON TENDERS

and suggested that WISCONSIN EARTH was the best cross-section introduction both to Sac Prairie and to his works.

*100 BOOKS BY AUGUST DERLETH, Arkham House Publishers, 1962, p. 120. Reprinted with permission of the attorneys for Arkham House.

SOLAR PONS LIVES!

Word has arrived that Pinnacle Books will publish THE DOSSIER OF SOLAR PONS in December. This is Volume I of Basil Copper’s new Solar Pons series.


Solar Pons fans will look forward to this event with eager anticipation, especially as the work is heralded as Vol. 1 - a promise of even more to come.

LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

"I am a Derlethophile! - live about 9 miles from his estate "Place of Hawks." I count among my friends one of his lifelong companions, Pete Blankenheim, the town barber."

-Jim Severance

"My interest in A. D. has led me to start a collection of his Sac Prairie prose and poetry books. I have some 50 in my collection now. As far as I can ascertain I am missing three - all out of print.

-Bill Dutch

By Owl Light 1967
Country Places 1965
Place of Hawks 1935

Perhaps the newsletter could be a medium for collectors of Derlethiana (a word he coined in one of his columns)."

-Colin Wilson

"The Utopial picture is superb!"

-Bill Hartwig

Steve Eng had very much the same thing to say about your own work, Bill. - Ed.

"I am presently Treasurer of the Sauk Prairie Historical Society and we are interested in anything in relation to August Derleth and his works. If I can be of help, I'll be glad to assist."

-Ralph R. Marquardt

"I own two A. Derleth letters in xerox form. They were the basis for a bibliography I was compiling...Also have information on fiction in anthologies and in books by A. Derleth."

-Jerold Rauth

Mr. Rauth has generously consented to share his materials with the Society. - Ed.

"Noting in Xenophile that there is now an August Derleth Society, I would appreciate details. I have long been a fan of his, and corresponded with him at one time prior to his death. And I do collect his works."

-Michael L. Cook

"Thanks for the copy of the 2nd August Derleth Society Newsletter, which I enjoyed reading."

-Paul Allen

Mr. Allen is publisher of an excellent new reference publication - "Fantasy Newsletter" published monthly at $5.00/year. His address is: Fantasy Newsletter, 1015 W. 36th St. Loveland, Co. 80537. Loveland is one of the most beautiful cities in the US of A; I've been there twice. - Ed.
Joseph Payne Brennan writes: "In spite of continuing health problems, I haven't been idle. Crystal Visions Press will shortly issue a booklet of new poems; a collection of my short stories in paperback is due from Jove and I'm collaborating with Donald M. Grant in completing a book to be entitled ACT OF PROVIDENCE. This last will combine Lovecraft lore, my private investigator, Lucius Leffing-- and THE "First World Fantasy Convention!"

The Crystal Visions Press publication, AS EVENING ADVANCES by Joseph Payne Brennan is available at $3.00 the copy from Charles Melvin, 809 Cleermont Drive, Huntsville, Ala. 35801. This is a limited run of 400 numbered copies, the first 100 signed by the author. - Ed.

FUTURE NEWSLETTER FEATURE

Volume 2 No. 1 (Whole Number 5) will introduce a new series to our readers. "The Derleth Connection" will feature biographical sketches of persons whose paths crossed that of August Derleth. (To paraphrase a comment from Steve Eng: Since Derleth knew everyone this could go on forever. - We sincerely hope so.)

We are honored to have as our first contributor to this feature Joseph Payne Brennan. Fans of Mr. Brennan will be delighted with this brief, but highly informative portrayal of Mr. Brennan's life and literary development.

For issue #6, Frank Belknap Long has authorized your editor to prepare an article on his behalf. Mr. Long notes in a recent letter that at least one piece of information he has supplied will provide the ADS Newsletter with a "first."

WISCONSIN MAP SOCIETY

Among the several societies to join with us is The Wisconsin Map Society. At the Map Society's June 3rd meeting Founder- President Wilfred E. Beaver stepped down as the Society's head. He was honored with an honorary life membership in the Map Society. Mr. Beaver has indicated that he is limiting his activities somewhat in order to give more attention to the August Derleth Society. Thank you, Wilfred.

We're grateful.

The August Derleth Society Newsletter Volume 1, Number 4 is published August, 1978 by Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teecomwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 06382. Back issues of the Newsletter are available at .25 each. For Newsletter information write the above address. For information about joining the Society write: Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656.

There are two reasons for my special interest in Derleth's writings. When I was an eighth grader "Augie" was a student in the seventh grade side of the room. Some of his memories are mine, too. At the time we did not realize that our schoolmate would one day be a celebrity.

For another personal reason I appreciate Derleth's writings. He wrote so beautifully about my father in WISCONSIN COUNTRY, A SAC PRAIRIE JOURNAL."

Sister Florence Marzolf

"I knew August for about 14 years. During that time I went with him on several of his mushroom hunts and I have several pictures of those hunts. Also, I was sort of his official photographer during those years. Many of his books show pictures of him taken by me. It was a real pleasure knowing him and an education to be in his presence."

Ronald A. Rich

HELP!

Does anyone know where the phonograph recordings made by August Derleth may be obtained?

Anyone having extra copies of Derleth recordings or books please contact Wilfred E. Beaver, 418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656. Mr. Beaver is trying to fill in the collections of local (Wisconsin) schools and public libraries.

This issue's RECOMMENDED READING section fell victim to space limitations. It will be continued in the next issue.

Headline from THE CAPITAL TIMES, Thursday, June 15, 1978: "Derleth Society Growing By Leaps." We received almost a full page!

THE TIMES also ran a short article about the Society on May 30th.

THE SAUK PRAIRIE STAR (date?) publicized our annual dinner meeting.

Membership in the Society should reach 200 by July 16th!

The August Derleth Society is now affiliated with the Western Wisconsin Regional Arts (119 King St., La Crosse, WI 54601), The Wisconsin Map Society (418 East Main St., Sparta, WI 54656), Wisconsin Regional Writers Association (521 Grant St., Wausau, WI 54471), and the Wisconsin State Historical Society (816 State St., Madison, WI 53706).

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All other pictures - Bill Hartwig
THE AUGUST DERLETH SOCIETY
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Larry Apakian
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H. W. Schendel
Stuart Schiff
Jeri Schwartz
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U. Wisconsin Library
Gil Sheridan
Nancy Shepherd
Jeanne Smith
Patti Smerling
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Arthur Toole
Ralph Tolbert
Frank Utz
Valerie Vestal
James Vieth
Joan Weiss
Robert L. Wentz
Ronald B. Wilson
Grace Woodward
Academy of American Poets Inc.
Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy &
Horror Films
The Heritage Writers Round Table
Hill, Quale, Hartmann, Bohl & Evenson
Western Wisconsin Regional Arts
Wisconsin Regional Writers Association
Wisconsin State Historical Society
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Genevieve Turk
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Debbie Vieth
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Robert Weiss
Colin Wilson
Wisconsin Map Soc.
Johanna E. Wyland

**Deceased**