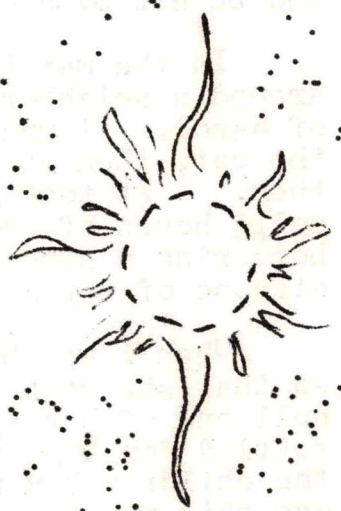


GRANDFATHER
STORIES
FOR
FAPA #1



RIP

GRANDFATHER STORIES for FAPA November-1964 from
Howard DeVore
4705 Wedel Street
Dearborn Hgts, Michigan

A few years ago I was sitting smug and complacent on the waiting list of FAPA when Martin Alger posed the question, "What are you going to do when you get into FAPA?". I answered promptly, "Why, eight pgs a year, just like everyone else." At the time I really intended to do better than that, but if I don't get started I won't even make that for my first year and then I can quit worrying about the whole thing!

I've an excellent opportunity to work up my eight in one sitting, at the moment I'm doing a stint as a desk clerk at a small trucker's hotel. I worked this morning on my regular job, got in six hours at time and a half, when I came home I had a message to call Bill Justice.

He desperately needed someone to fill in on this job for one night. I checked in tonight at 9 P.M. prepared to stay 15 hours and then go home and get some sleep - if I'm unlucky - if things work out right Atom will be here sometime tomorrow and I can put off sleeping until whatever time we have to send him on his way.

Oh, it's been a hectic day, as I was speaking to Bill Justice and agreeing to take this job I hear Karol, our twelve year old, screaming in the back yard, "She's Dead, She's Dead!"

I dropped the phone and ran to the back yard, from the terror in her voice I immediately assumed she was referring to Suzanne, our ten yr old. Karol was standing there with her arms wrapped around Sybil & Sybil yelled for me to check Ginger, the puppy I got Karol some six weeks ago. I went back through the house and found her lying on the grass when a neighbor had carried her from the street. She'd been out of sight only three or four minutes, just long enough to reach the st. and be hit by a car.

In the meantime Suzy was two houses away, with her arms wrapped around a neighbor woman, if anything her screams were louder than those of Karol. I wrapped the dog in newspapers and put her in the trunk of the car, then we took both children in the house and tried to comfort them. It took some two hours to dry the tears, by that I mean two solid hours of crying. In the meantime I took the dog to a vacant lot bordering a stream some blocks away and buried her, thinking it best to dispose of her quickly.

When I got back the shock was wearing off slightly and Karol insisted that she wanted her buried in the back yard, she also wanted me to pull one of her four teeth - so she'd have to remember her by. We settled for back yard burial and I had to exhume her and dig a new grave the children haven't forced themselves to see the grave yet, but I suppose this was the least I could do for them.

Karol has begged for a dog for about five years, two years ago she had one, a stray that adopted us, for two weeks. This one contracted distemper and had to be destroyed. A year ago Sybil promised her one and it was put off week after week, month after month, until late July.

It seems a shame that such a little thing, that loved so strong & was so deeply loved should live a total of eleven weeks. Even I feel the loss deeply.

LIGHTHOUSE :: I went through a Metzger type experience back in '50.

My father went to work one morning and got sick, sicker than usual that is, he started home, got a couple of miles and started hemorrhaging from the mouth. He pulled the car to the curb, opened the door and fell out on the sidewalk. He was lucky, he'd stopped the car in front of a doctor's office! Less than ten minutes later he was in a hospital two miles away. An ulcer had burst, they expected to keep him there a few days and operate.

Well, my step-mother was pregnant, with the baby due in a few weeks, she went out to see him, took pi's & a bathrobe and took his bloody clothes to be washed. The next morning at 9 AM the neighbors took her to the hospital, a different hospital some 15 miles away. Sybil called me at work, I went down and passed myself off as the husband.

The baby arrived that afternoon and later I went out and told my father that everything was OK, I would take turns visiting them and pass messages along. The next evening I walked into the hospital and asked for a pass to visit my wife. The boss lady said, "What shall we do about the baby?" I replied, "Hell, feed it and keep it clean". The gal looked up and said sharply, "The baby died last night!"

Man, this blew my bluff wide open! Minutes later I had confessed all and was trying to figure out what to do. My step-mother was still in shock, she couldn't make a decision on what to do about the body & my father wasn't in any condition to do anything himself. I wound up visiting my step-mother and she told me to do whatever I thought best, so I headed for the other hospital.

I told my Dad the situation and he immediately decided that he was going to handle it. The head nurse told us he couldn't leave until the doctor signed his release, whereupon he signed his own release. Then we learned that he couldn't leave until his bill was paid in full, it was obvious they were stalling us, for his own good naturally. He'd foxed them again, the safe was supposedly on a time lock and he couldn't get his money until 9 AM, whereupon he pulled a wallet from his pillow and peeled out \$700.

They had one last try at it, he didn't have any clothes -- and ten minutes later we walked through the lobby. He was wearing a bathrobe & was barefooted! I took him home to dress and then we went back to the other hospital.

Oh we had other minor adventures. They wouldn't permit two fathers to visit the mother at 2 AM, at the same time I wouldn't let him out of my sight more than a few minutes at a time. I told him I'd wait in the car, walked out the front door, in the side door, stole the freight elevator and walked into her room right behind him.

Carol should have tried working for an ex Stf mag owner, this man used a lot of cartoon stuff, the artist would come in with his arms loaded. The publisher would suggest that they step out for coffee or a drink and the artist would leave his material on the desk. When they returned the publisher examined the stuff and turned it down. In the coffee interval the office girl had photostated the entire lot. They might or might not be used but in any case the artist never recieved a penny.

This publisher also had an aversion to paying his writers, as I've heard the tale one of our boys, now on the west coast, taught him a rather expensive lesson.

This man submitted a manuscript and eventually had it returned, some weeks later a friend mentioned that he'd seen it in print. Well, our hero didn't threaten lawsuit, he simply started one and at the proper time got a court order padlocking the man's warehouse ... with the just printed issue locked up tightly inside, getting more outdated with each passing day!

To further cloud identities; the publisher was ^aNew York operator.

INTERLUDE

Not quite a month ago the Detroit crowd whisked off to Chicago to help Roger Sims snare himself in a flytrap. We got him married off properly and came home Sunday nite. When I got in I found a note to call Ben Stark. Ben informed me that Cleveland was having some internal troubles & was not bidding for the '66 convention.

Detroit has been making small noises about bidding for a convention, with the thought in the back of our collective heads that we had a year to make up our minds. After all, we could always drop our bid in the Spring of '65. Cleveland was making a firm bid and it wouldn't take much effort on our part to lose the bid.

I wonder if we aren't standing here with our foot jammed firmly in the piss pot?

Since Detroit may be in the running for a convention it's only a matter of time till someone asks what we're gonna do about Breen and I might just as well detail our position.

"I doanno"

The Detroit group has not even discussed excluding Breen, matter of fact we don't even have a convention committee to make decisions, any minor promotion has been carried out by Danny Flachta, Dick Schultz and myself. Our recent (I think it came off) beer party at Berkeley was paid for by individual contributions from Detroit fans, just to show that we're wheels and loaded with money.

VINEGAR WORM :: If a few more people call you a "race-nut" I'll begin to believe it. What say I bring my 5,200 rd, 24 ft long, Packard to the Midwestcon. We can always drag down route 27.

I, personally, like John Boardman, but I'll bet politically that we can't find one single thing in common. Unfortunately there are people who must take violent sides in any argument. You'll find that the same person will be engaged in first one and then another argument and in time their arguments become less and less important to fandom at large.

In many cases fandom will be unsure as to just who they fighting are with this time. I consider myself a kind, gentle sort of person and just can't understand why I've had to defend my honor (reluctantly of course) with so many of these misguided people.

Do you have the same problems?

WHY NOT :: Al, old man, you wouldn't even recognize the N3F these days, I don't know of a single feud running at the moment.

I'm amused by the "Fens from Babes" pgs, I've been under the impression (as most parents are) that my children are somewhat superior, but I'm being disillusioned lately. Karol is falling behind in all of her classes. She spent three months at home last winter, the last of it with a visiting teacher attending. Somehow she grasped enough of it to return to class and pass into the next grade. Now, we find that she didn't understand the fundamentals of much of it. By intensive study she memorizes the particular study & passes tests with A's & B's but her daily work is extremely poor, so much so that we are wondering how we can dig up money for a private tutor. I wonder how much of this sort of thing happens.

The Bio cartoon reminded me of one she did for us some years ago, wherein two spacemen are looking over the edge of the moon and find it flat on the back side. Dean McLaughlin turned this over to his father, an astronomer at the U of M, his father posted this on the bulletin board in the Astronomy dept at the University.

SELF PRESERVATION :: It looks like all we had to do was wait it out & the Breen mess did go away. Well, nearly all of it anyway. I do have one strong objection left however. You'll note a small card included in the mailing. It appears that some of our people are more concerned with saving three lousy dollars than they are with holding to their principles.

When I was a boy a "boycott" was a boycott, not a method of saving nennies and refusing to pay for what you got!

I've just changed jobs also, throwing to the winds all my lengthy plans to put out THE fanzine that would make a name for me. I guess I'll just have to make a name some other way.

Two weeks ago I started to work for the U.S. Government Postal Service. Several months ago I decided to change jobs, at that time I was working for Montgomery Ward in a warehousing operation that seems to be growing smaller with each year. It was completely possible that I could stay on there and retire at 65 or whatever age they have picked by that time. If so I would probably always be near the bottom of the pile. There has been very little local advancement there in several years. Chicago is filled with bright young college graduates and when they do need someone they usually ship in one of them. In this case it would be a dead end.

On the other hand, as I mentioned above there, the company has been expanding rapidly, and at the same time reducing the warehousing operation steadily. The direct warehousing operation, six years ago, used about 225 men. Now they are down to about 75 men and it appears it will go even lower. I decided I'd better get out while I could. I took the civil service tests in June and about the first of October they called me and told me to come on in and go to work.

The acceptance form specified that I must be willing to work six days, ten hours per day. I assumed this referred to the Xmas rush but on the first day found out differently. At present that's a standard work week, as Xmas approached we'll be working even more.

I had one typewriter over there =

For several years I've been using an old R.C. Allen machine that has given fine service, well, way back last spring the "T" started working loose from the type bar, for a few days I simply pushed it back in place occasionally but finally I decided to solder it firmly where it belonged.

This was no great problem, however it was not set on the type bar properly, the bottom of the lower case and top of the upper case were all that would hit. In desperation one afternoon I started hunting a repairman. Everything was closed, but I found a local typewriter rental service that agreed to do the job. He re-soldered it in place but in the meantime I had managed to squeeze the face somewhat with the result that I still didn't get a full impression.

The rental man (I now refuse to call him a "service man") said that if I would get a new key he would install it - on this basis I gave him a junker portable for parts, he was such a nice old guy -, I stopped in at the local factory representative and ordered a new key.

The girl at the order desk confidentially took my order and said it would be delivered in a few days, the parts man was gone for the day & she didn't know where the stock was. Two weeks later a local messenger service delivered it. I ran it over to the rental man and left it, 2-3 days later he called to say I had a key for another model!

I got model number, serial number, & everything else I could find on the machine & re-ordered the key by phone. Since the service-parts man spends most of his time on the road it took another week.

The parts man ordered the proper key. It took four weeks to get it from Chicago! In the meantime; the rental man called. It seems the machine was in his way and if I wasn't going to get the key he wanted me to get the damn thing out of his way! I stalled him a few days until the key arrived then rushed it over to him.

My daughter took the old & new key to him and left it. I rather expected him to install it that evening and call me the following day, so much for young hopes!

Two weeks later he phoned, he wanted to know what I'd done with the connecting wire! He had disconnected this wire in J., 19 and I'd never even seen the damn thing. Two days of discussion & supposed hunting on everyone's part did not turn up the wire ... so, last Sat. he phoned Sybil and told her to come get the machine, if we couldn't find the wire he couldn't do anything for us and he wanted that machine out of his way!

I picked the machine up Sunday and yesterday took it into a local repair shop. In fifteen minutes their repairman made the connecting wire from some spring stock and installed the key.

I think next time I'll just take the bloody thing into a shop and leave it. Whatever the price it'll be worth it!

In the meantime I've been using a borrowed machine, with sticking keys, to compose this. I'll be glad to return it.

GODOT

Fireworks of all descriptions have been illegal in Michigan for the last 25 years or more, but it doesn't have any great effect on the older kids & presumed young adults. Detroit is about 60 miles from Toledo, Ohio and as you enter the city two huge fireworks establishments confront you. To buy these you make your selection and then sign a form stating that you're going to use them for an exhibit. The man who sells them is not going to ask to see your city permit, or anything except the bills in your hand.

As you reach my state of hirstute development you won't worry about combing your hair, just wipe your hand across it and consider it combed.

I'm with you on the right of owning, and using guns. A few years ago I was having trouble with a neighbor. He'd made remarks about using a shotgun on me. Presumably a threat only since several times he refused to step out in the street with me. In any case it worried Sybil and she wanted to move. Instead I had Martin Alger nick me up a Belgian carbine & a box of shells. (I never did threaten the neighbor with it - but a time or two I stood in front of a window and loaded it)

I've never evn fired the gun, but it stays fairly handy, with the shells seperate and far out of reach of th^e children. Once a year or so we hear a peculiar noise and I slam a shell into it and walk around t^{he} the house.

Way back in '54 we had a siege of window peepers. Sybil and I were sitting in the kitchen when a young man stuck his head up at the back window. She screamed and it was full 30 seconds later before she coul tell me what had happened. I chased him down the street but he had a full block start on me and disappeared easily.

In another case someone tried the back door one night when I wasn't home. The police came, found noone and a few days later sent out the detective bureau for a routine check. I commented then that I expected to buy a gun and if he'd just come back often enough I'd deliver him some night.

The detective was a real sport. He explained that if I shot the man on my back porch I would be prosecuted, unless I was defending my home. He then explained that if the man was hit between the eyes he couldn't prosecute, and I should be sure to h^{ur}row a handfull of glass inside the house as evidence that the man was breaking into the house.

Approximately six months later a window peeper was shot about a mile from here. The window peeper lived some four blocks from me and may have been our boy.

He was watching a teen-age girl who left the room and told her father. The father walked into the back yard and shot the man as he climbed over a fence. "He was on top of the fence and turned to face me. I saw a gleam in his hand and thought he had a knife. He started to jump at me, so I shot him".

The police didn't find a knife but they freed the man on "self defense".

On the other hand a former police ffriend of mine always carried a knife in his pocket, when and if he had to shoot someone he wanted to make sure they were found with a weapon.

FANTASY PRESS

I for one, would like to see the articles on the oil field days, a subject that has always interested me. Some years ago I was visiting relatives in Illinois, a female cousin has married an oil field engineer and he has many tales to tell, such as;

It seems his company employed a lady engineer. Late one night she drove out to the drilling rig, they expected the well to come in sometime that night. She drove up, parked the car, laid down on the seat and went to sleep, knowing that the drillers would wake her whenever they were ready.

Now, it seems that drillers are a rugged lot, this crew slept in a tent in the area, frequently nude and on occasion they might even wander around the place that way. So, one of the men walked into the tent, shook the other one and said, "I guess that's the engineer out in that car. Go wake him up and tell him we're ready".

Our boy shrugged off the sheet, walked to the car naked, jerked the car door open, leaned over the sleeping figure and said, "C'mon we're ready for you."

CELEPHAIS

Bill, I probably won't get the mail caught up for weeks, so I'll take this occasion to mention that I've picked up a batch of All-Story 1909 and 1911. If you're interested drop me a card and we'll swap something.

IT'S CLEVELAND IN SIXTY SIX

During the last year Detroit fandom has been speaking of bidding for the '66 convention, we wavered back and forth, submitting adverts and making vague plans. At the same time we had serious doubts, some of our boys were planning major changes. Roger, for example was getting married, Jim Broderick was getting married, some of us were about to change jobs, all of which left our future uncertain.

Cleveland was having internal troubles, and Syracuse was trying to breaking the rotation plan, all of which was pushing us into making a bid regardless of whether we really wanted one.

Two weeks ago we had a Midwest conference at Sandusky, Ohio, members of Cincinnati, Cleveland, & Detroit fandoms got together to see what could be done about the situation.

It lined up this way= Syracuse wanted the convention but has some nationwide opposition. Cleveland has the desire and ambition but does lack some of the necessary labor. Detroit has the labor & some experience but lacks the drive so necessary for the planning.

In the long run we decided to withdraw and support Cleveland, going so far as to offer considerable labor. This will leave the Cleveland boys free to do the planning, contacting people, etc. We will handle Progress Reports, Program Book, Displays, manning the registration table and similar tasks.

In practice this will be similar to the '64 arrangement between Berkeley & Los Angeles. Ben Jason has graciously described it as a "joint convention", sponsored by Detroit & Cleveland. We think it's a good arrangement and that you'll like it.

+++++