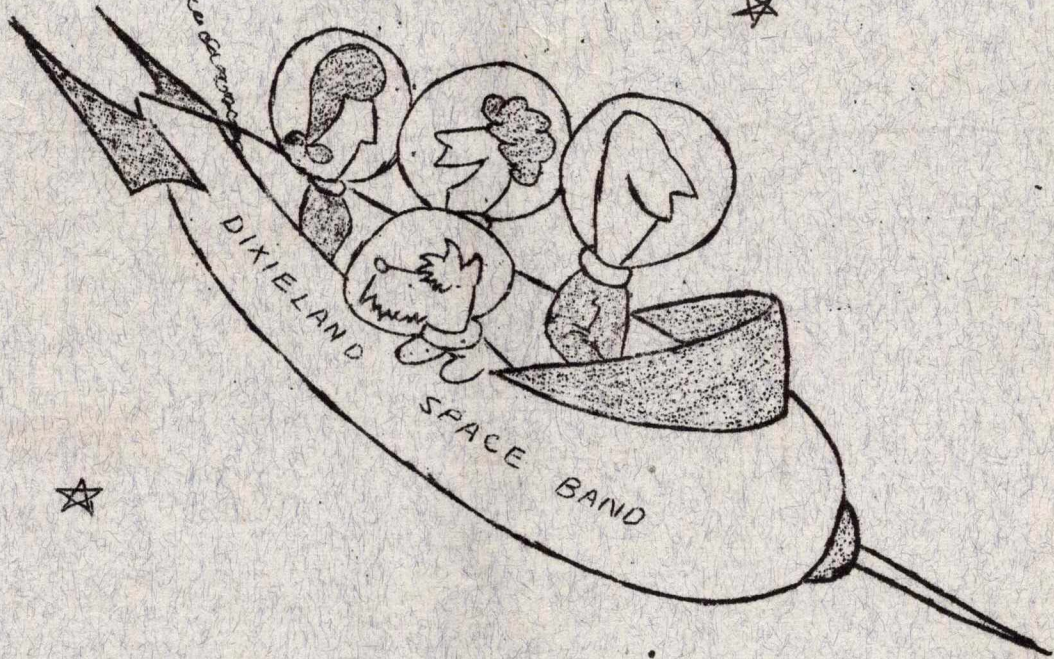
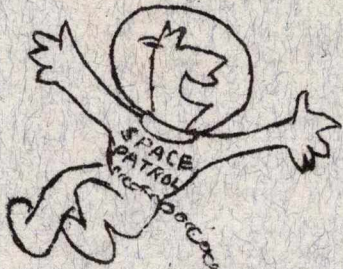


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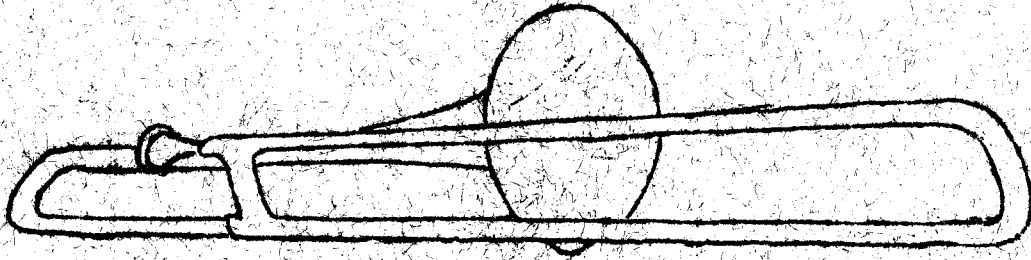
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REALLY THE BLUES

his is way of an editorial. In case you haven't guessed, Sims and Young are also Divieland jazz fans. The main gripe

This is the I love Turk Murphy special issue.

we have is that they are not playing divieland the way they did 25 yrs. ago. They are even saying muskrat instead of muskat ramble. They're even trying to take the solid rough corners off the old Jazz an, smeeeth-ing it out into a modern, icky, no-good mess.

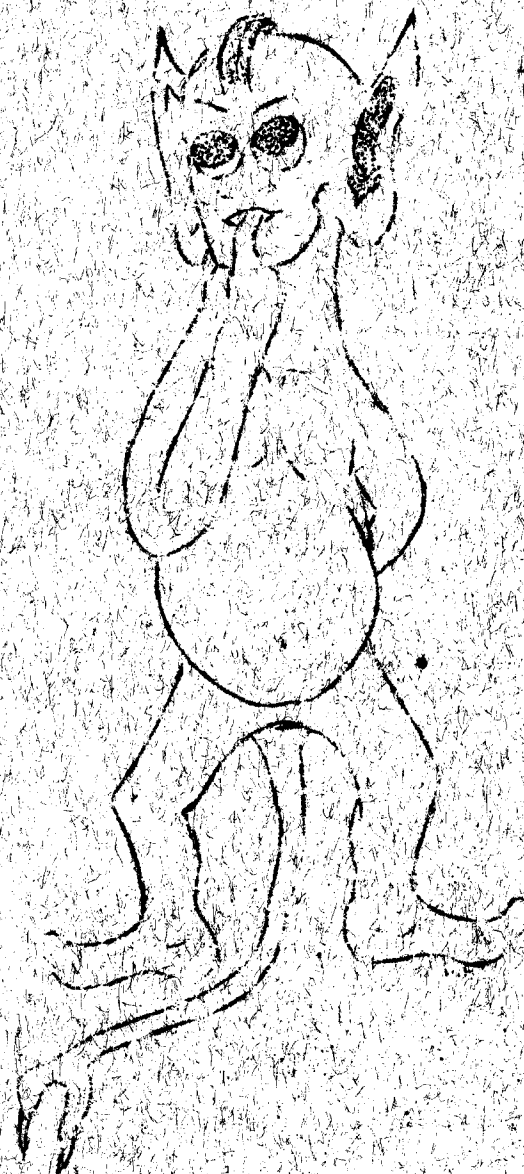
We wish to thank Mary A. Southworth (SAM) for the use of her mothers' basement to work on this masterpiece in. Also George's kid brother Jim, who has waited 2 days for Georg to drive him home to go to school. Home is 200 miles away. Thanks to Ray Nelson and Betty Jo McCarthy for the cartoons that adorn most of the pages of this zine.

Speaking of cartoons, this little gem to the right is an illustration of Harlan Ellison poking a finger bone at Roger. This was supposed to have been included in the con report but Sims got tired towards the end and forgot to include it.

Crifanic to hell dept.
I don't wish to sound as if I were crying the blues or anything but I had almost forgotten how much greif was connected with this fan-zine editing. (cont. on P.20)



SOMEBODY HAS TO LOSE
WHO SHOULD IT BE -- ME??



HERMAN

The HANGOVER

by MARY A. SOUTHWORTH

Sam Johnson stared unhappily at the bottle. He picked it up and shook hard. The bottle was empty, at least he hoped so. After last night's vivid hangover he vowed to go on the wagon for life and never drink anything stronger than milk.

A slight noise behind him caused him to turn around. "Why don't you disappear?"

He dropped the bottle in the waste basket and flopped on the bed to stare moodily out the dusty window at the just stirring night life of the great city. Then Johnson noticed something strange. There was a face staring through the window at him. The thing that really startled him wasn't that the face was situated ten stories above ground and

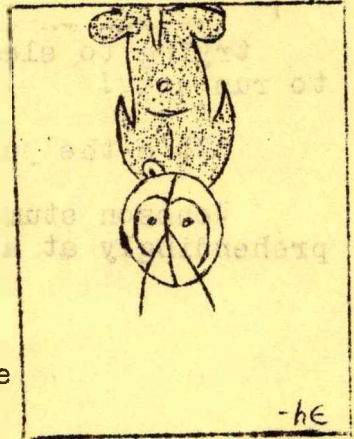
there was no fire-escape outside his window, but that the face was a bright shade of kelly green!

This was a new character to find in usual hangovers filled with little pink elephants and bright orange monkeys that crawled out of keyholes. The new thing was unusual in the fact that it was about three feet high with a kelly green hide which was mottled with large yellow polka-dots. And to top it all off, it stuck its fingers in its large pointed pink ears and waggled them. Loveable!

Johnson pulled the pillow over his head and tried to sleep it off. No sooner than he had dozed off the pillow was whisked away. He turned over and looked up at the foot of the bed.

Herman, as he decided to call it, sat on the bedpost twirling the pillow around his head. The pillow was fixed on the end of Herman's pitch-fork-like tail. Johnson sat straight up in bed. "Gimme my pillow back!" He got it back all right. Right in the face!

He turned over and tried to go back to sleep. No such luck! A constant tickling at the back of his neck was keeping him awake. Johnson turned on his side and looked up.



Herman had hooked his long agile tail about the single dirty bulb that hung from the ceiling and was swinging back and forth. Each time he'd pass over the sleeping man he'd drag his finger tips across the man's neck. Johnson looked up at the swinging figure with blood in his eye. "Look, you fugitive from a hangover, will you disappear so I can get some sleep?"

Herman looked at him strangely and then nodded as if he understood. Johnson turned over and went back to sleep.

"NEVER DID TRUST
THAT DAMNED
NEWTON!"

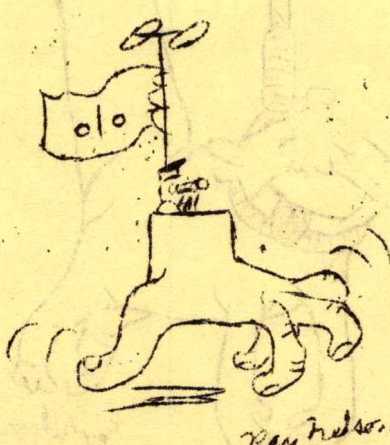
He was awakened by a loud crash. Herman had swung too high on the light and had bumped into the ceiling with a slight noise. Johnson was in the middle of hollaring; "Fer God sakes. . . ." A loud knocking shook the door. He rolled out of bed and padded across the room to open the door a scant inch. "Whaddaya want?"

The face of his irate upstairs neighbor glared at him through the narrow opening of the door. The chubby little man shook his fist in Johnson's face. "If you don't keep quiet, I'll"

Johnson lit a cigarette, having trouble getting it lit with the lighter in one hand he had to hold it with both hands. Finally lighting it, he took a deep drag and blew smoke in the man's face. The man sputtered and coughed. "Why, your're drunk!"

Johnson laughed; "Do tell, do tell." He looked back into the room. "Janna see my hangover?"

He didn't have to ask Herman to show himself because the little hangover was already sitting on top of the half-opened door complete with the coffee pot swiped from Johnson's hot-plate in the corner. Herman took the top off the coffee pot and peered mysteriously into it. It was full of grounds! Johnson glanced up at the top of the door and giggled. The man glared at him. "What's so funny?"



Ray Johnson

He found out! Herman turned the pot upside down and dumped the contents on the irate man's gleaming bald head. To top it off Herman carefully tapped the sides to make sure the little man had got the full benefit of the coffee grounds. Then hooking his tail about the door he hung down and with careful fingers spread the grounds around the skull area and then patted it down.

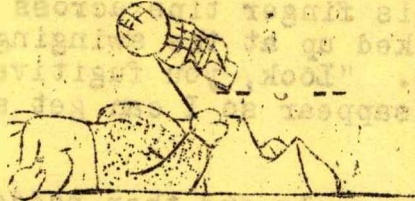
Johnson was rolling on the floor in laughter. The enraged man slammed the door and stamped up the stairs. Herman seemed to be enjoying the whole episode for he was again swinging on the dusty light bulb that hung from the ceiling.

Fifteen minutes later a vicious knocking explided on the door.

"What do ya want?" Johnson muttered from the floor where he was trying to sleep since he couldn't get on the bed. It keep trying to run away!

"It's the police! Open up!"

Johnson stumbled to the door and hauled it open to blink uncomprehendingly at a couple of the city's finest. Beside them glaring angerily, sans coffee grounds, was his upstairs neighbor.



"That's the man, officer." He pointed an accusing finger at Johnson.

"All right you. I'm taking you to the station and I want no arguements."

Johnson couldn't have argued if he'd wanted to, he was so drunk he couldn't see straight.

The next thing Johnson knew he was facing a judge in night court. The judge, a loveable character, who hated people in general, leaned over the desk to sneer at him. "Your're charged with assault and battery. How do you plead?"

Johnson hic-cupped noisely. "Innocent?" he asked questioningly not to sure of the events that had occured during the last two hours.

"Innocent?" came an irate howl from behind him. "He threw coffee grounds on me," he patted his shining dome, "and then rubbed them in!"

The judge's glare changed to one of horrification. "60 days for assault and battery!"

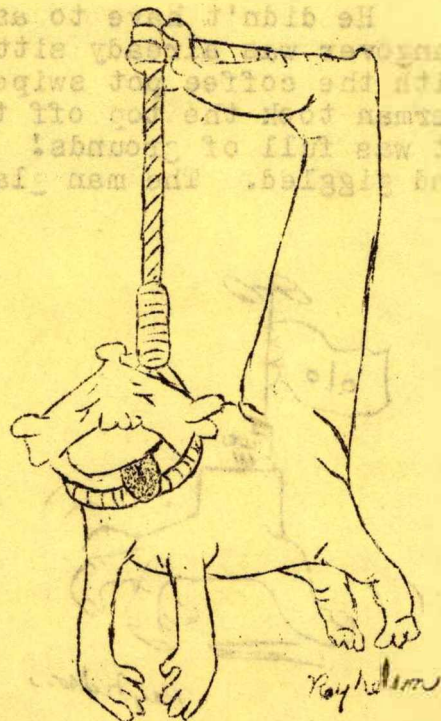
He leaned over to smell Johnson's breath, which faded his robe to a dingy gray. "What bathtub did you mix that in?"

Johnson grinned, "Glad to see you've got a sense of humor."

"10 days extra for being drunk at the time!" the judge roared. "Now let's hear your side of the story."

Just as Johnson was about to open his mouth, the gavel on the judge's desk turned bird, circled twice around the Judge's head and then whacked him behind the ear. As if to explain the whole thing Herman materialized on the end of the gavel.

The judge uttered a few un-judge like words and pointed and accusing finger at him. "YOU!"



"] didn't touch you, sir, it was Herman!" he pleaded, The little green thing sat idly on the edge of the desk looking cross-eyed at him.

"And just who is Herman?" The judge looked at him queerly.

Johnson stammered and came up with; "He's a character out of my hangover who refuses to disappear."

The judge liiked down at him and shook his head slowly as if it was 'Be kink To Nuts' week. "How long have you been seeing tims . . . Herman?"

He scratched his head thinking back. "Since sometime last night."

A nervous little man in a doctor's jacket hurried into the room. "Where is he? Where is he?"

The judge sighed thankfully and pointed to Johnson. The little room.

The room was empty except for a leather couch, a desk and a shelfful of plants by the window. It finally dawned on Johnson; the little man was a psychiatrist! They thought that he was crazy! He looked over at Herman who was sitting on the desk twiddling with some odd looking gadgets. Maby he was!



The little man shoved him on the couch. "We're going to takeaa test. The first is word association; I'll say a word and you tell the first word that comes into your mind."

"Dog."

"Cat."

The man finished tabulating all the tests and liiked up puzzled. "Your're normal according to these tests, but still you say that you see this hallucination, Herman."

Johnson yawned, by this time dead sover and with a splitting headache that threatened to take the top of his head to kingdom come in small pieces. "Yes! And at this moment he happens to be sitting on your desk."

The psychiatrist smiled slowly and turned around to his desk, with one hand he swept the desk clear knocking everything to the floor. "See, there's not a thing there. Why don't you admit it?"

Johnson gritted his teeth, mad enough now to be stubborn. "Of course he's not there right now, He happens to be sitting on the chandelier at the moment."

The little man grinned and patted Johnson on the shoulder. "Would you ask him to come down? I'd like to meet him."

Johnson shrugged his shoulders. "Herman, the litale man doesn't think your're real."

Herman grinned, almost humanly. He hooked his long agile tail around the chandelier and slowly unreeled himself. He started in a slow lazy arc across the room so he could reach the table where neat rows of potted plants sat in self-esteem. As he passed over it he picked up one of the heavier pots.

The psychiatrist's eyes slowly widened as the chandelier started swinging. They widened even more as the flower pot seemed to rest on thin air below the swinging chandelier. But the thing that really surprised him was when he got the flower pot right between the ears. To gum the works up a bit more, just as the psychiatrist got hit on the head, the judge and the chief of police walked into the room.

When Johnson woke up, he was in a small bare room. He tried to get up off the bed and fell flat on his face, his arms were incased in a strait jacket! Johnson cursed softly at himself for being so stupid as to admit that Herman was real. His eyes went to the small barred window in the corner. There on the sill sat Herman, glaring at him! His blood shot little eyes said, "Look what you got us into!"

"What do you mean, I got you into? If you hadn't decided to stay after the hangover was long gone, we wouldn't be in such a mess. They think I'm nuts because I see you," Johnson growled angrily at him.

The steel door swung open admitting the little psychiatrist and a couple of big lugs who, Johnson thought, will keep me from killing myself-if they don't first!

"Now," the little man said and rubbed his head disregarding the bandages that covered it, "we think we can cure you through hypnosis-if you will co-operate."

"Why not, I've got nothing to lose." Herman glared at him and stuck out his tongue.

All Johnson could remember was hearing the man's voice droning on and on telling him to sleep

The psychiatrist passed his hand in front of Johnson's face to make sure he was completely under hypnosis. "Mr. Johnson; you will no longer see this ah-hallucination, Herman. He is just a figment of your imagination. Remember, when you awaken, you will no longer see Herman. Tell me what you will see?"

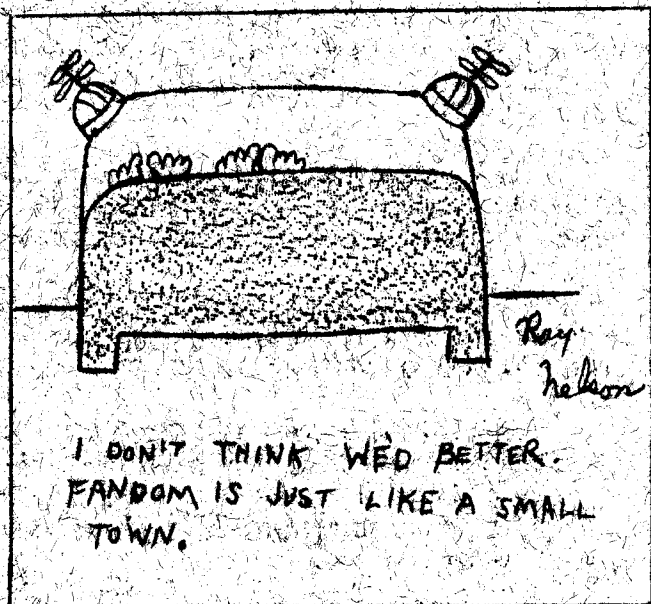
"I will no longer see Herman," Johnson repeated stolidly.

"You will wake up when I snap my fingers."

He snapped his fingers. Johnson shook his head to clear it and looked slowly at the circle of anxious faces above him.

"Look around the room, Mr. Johnson. Do you still see your hallucination?"

Johnson looked and then heaved a sigh of relief.



"O HERMAN."



"No, I don't see it."

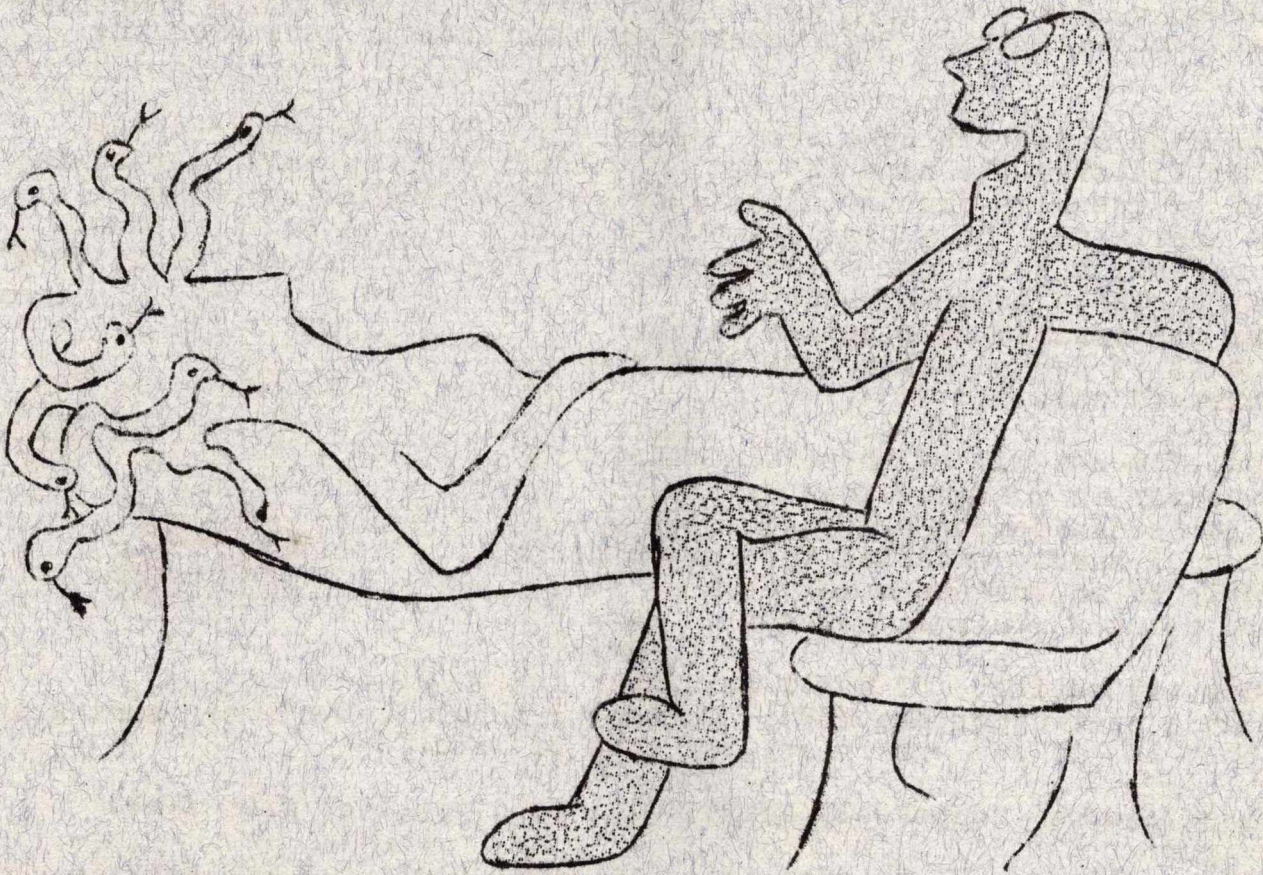
The men all breathed easier, one released him from the confining strait-jacket. The psychiatrist leaned over and shook his hand, "Your're free to go, Mr. Johnson."

* * * * *

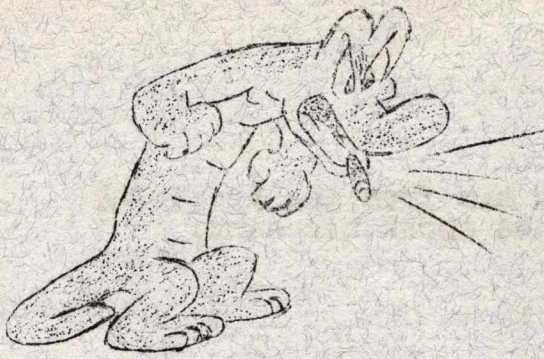
Johnson looked around the dingy room. This called for a celebration, no Herman to conterd with. He opened a fresh bottle and started into celebrate

He dropped the bottle in the waste basket and flopped on the bed to stare out the window at the just stirring night-life of the great city.

Herman waved hello through the window at him



Perhaps it's only
your imagination?



POGO

BY - GERALD M. PAVLIK

Some time ago a certain cartoonist came out with a new comic strip about the antics of one Pogo Possum and assorted friends. The style of speech which the furry little fellow and his friends used was one of the more interesting features of the strip. It included such things as misquoting famous poems, nursery rhymes, etc., to the delight of the many Pogo fans.

In short, Pogo was a very well-liked means of diversion. I, too fell into the trap.

Then something forced itself upon my mind. People were taking Pogo seriously! Everywhere I went I heard people quoting speeches from the preceding day's strip. Men born and raised in the North suddenly burst into soft, lilting Pogo speech, which evidently came from the South.

And should someone ask, very innocently, just who this "Pogoes, Poogo, or whatever the name is" was, he was greeted by cold stares, as from one of the blue-blooded elite looking distastefully upon an African aborigine. Or, worse yet for the price of the poor, misinformed person, a series of calls was set up, consisting of, "Hey, Joe! This guy wants to know who Pogo is!" Thereafter he was treated as a social outcast, somewhat as if he had asked just what a "Lana-turner" was.

Now, I'm not one of those who maintains that "the fan is a higher type of person", but when I joined fandom on a more-or-less official plane, I hardly expected the fan to be in the middle of an intense hero-worship, with the hero being a possum! However



Just try saying, "I don't care much for Pogo," at a meeting of the MSFS. On second thought, don't try saying it -- that is, if you are in any way fond of life.

These people, supposedly adult, will rend you limb from limb!



Gordon Black once tried it, but due to his training in the art of wiffing out of embarrassing and tight situations, was saved, along with the better part of his sanity. I was going to defend him, but I lost heart when the antagonists, Agnes Harook and Nancy Moore, bared their fangs and started in for the Kill.



After seeing this encounter with Pogo fans, I decided that when I denounced Pogo in my neighborhood I would choose an audience of one or two small fry with no older brothers.

I still bear the scars as mementoes of the occasion.

I am beginning to think that Pogo fan clubs will supplant stf clubs in a short time. I can just see what will happen then

SAPS and FAPA will have zines devoted to such topics as "MY First Encounter with the True God, Pogo" and "Happenings at the Fourth Annual World Pogoism Convention".

The fan clubs will choose such titles as "The Michigan Society of Pogoites" or "The Royal Order of Knights of the Okefenokee Swamp, Albert Alligator Lodge".

At meetings discussions on whether or not Walt Kelly has a divine mission in life, will take place. Swapping of newspaper and comic book editions of Pogo will be very much in the vogue.

Anyone who intimates that one man could not keep up with the demand for Pogo strips and therefore Kelly must be having help from more mundane sources will be strung up from the nearest statue of Pogo.

Maybe even a new "science of the mind" will result.

All the newspapers and publishing houses in the country will turn to publishing Pogo. New houses will be started to cash in on the public's taste for Pogo.

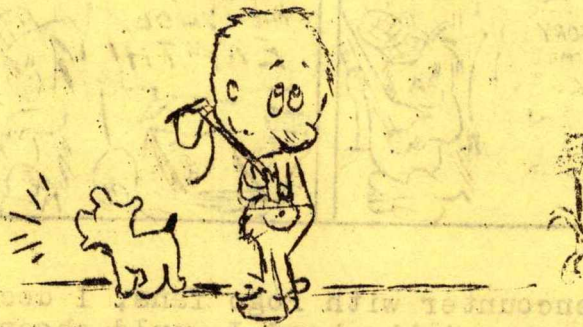
But soon the people will tire of Pogo. Someone at a meeting will mention that he got a copy of "The Outsiders and Others" at a price way below the one asked a few short years ago. Someone else will remember suddenly that his collection of prozines needed only a few from 19-- to 19-- to be complete.

And so science-fiction will be revived, but Pogo will leave in his wake a string of publishing houses that were so specialized in stf t that they couldn't adapt to the new trend and so went bankrupt; a number of ex-fen who committed suicide because their collections were complete but no one cared. The list could go on.

I believe I have illustrated my point. Pogo must be outlawed! Anyone can see how much destruction he will cause. The signs are

plain right at the present time in the... of Pogo fans, and in the fact that these fans are not limited to children but adults are included as well.

I hope the furry little monster will be stopped.

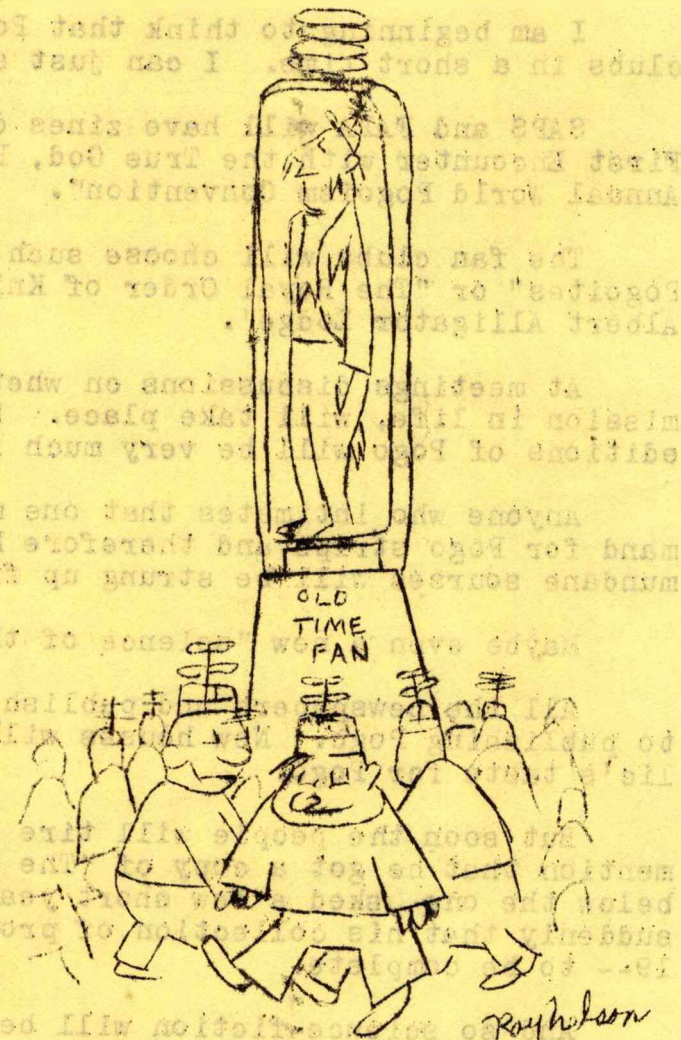


"- and there we sat...." Some one said, "Let's put out a one-shot."
 "- when the body was carried out....."

FAR CALLING

by Mary A. Southworth.

The rocket's firey breath
 smells of adventure,
 But lurking unbidden and unknown
 is a thing called death.
 somehow this does not seem
 to dampen my spirits.
 I long to ream a hole through
 the canopy of blue and
 Follow the red star of
 Mars and see what it
 Really feels like to rest my
 boots on the rusty sands.



MARTIN ALGER
 FOR O.E.

THE WAYWARD BUS OR WHO WAYLAID THE BUSS OR FRISCO OR BUST

A report of the 1954 World STFCOn more or less,

by Roger Sims and George Young

It was during the Border Cities Con in Detroit that Roger Sims made the stupid remark to Harlan Ellison, "I can get you to Frisco for nothing." He explained, "In the motor city captial of the world you can get a car to drive to Frisco, for a car dealer. They pay for the gas." Harlan said that this was ace-quality sterling-fine! John Magnus said that he would like to come with us. George H. Young was enthused, though broke.

The later part of July Roger recieved a letter from Boob Briggs, asking if and how anyone from Detroit was going to Frisco. Roger sent a reply telling Boob that we were driving to Frisco but not back.

About a week later we recieved a letter from Harlan saying that he was still going with us, but that he hadn't heard from John Magnus. He also sent John's address, and told Roger to write him. Before we got around to writing John we got a letter from him saying that he was going to Cleveland to pick up Harlan and would be in Detroit August 28 or 29.

Meanwhile Boob Briggs had been corresponding with us. His final letter found him rather confused; he did not know when we were going to pick him up. -----
Boob Briggs, "Why the Hell don't you write?" "When are we leaving?" "Wa'happen -----
here we were going to pick him up: Detroit, Cleveland or Toledo. Looking on a map we saw that John Magnus lived about five miles from Boob Briggs, so we decided to save Bob confusion; he could ride with John Magnus to Detroit. Therefore we gave John Bob's address and Bob John's address. That's picture of what happened up to a week before we left.

Monday, August 23rd. George and Roger have no money, no car, and need twenty dollar deposit before they can pick up a car from the dealer. And they were still not sure who was going. Though shady deals and conniving Roger managed to scrape up forty dollars and George about seventeen by the night of the 27th, the phone rings.

Meanwhile, August 26th. The phone rings.

Roger - Hello?

Mary A. Southworth, hereafter known as Sam - Hello, is Roger there?

Roger - Speaking.

Sam - Just got a long distance phone call from Harlan. He's coming to Detroit Friday morning at 7 o'clock. He'd like to have someone pick him up. How would you like to be it?

Roger - BUBUBUBUBUT! What happened to John?

Sam - Well, he didn't say anything about John, all I know is that he's coming in on the train tomorrow morning at 7 A. M.

Roger - OK, I'll pick you up at 6:15.

Sam - OK, bye.

Roger - Goodbye.

So, at this point we don't know if John is coming. How Briggs is coming. And to make matters worse, where to pick Boob up if he does come. But since John was picking up Harlan and Briggs and we were going to pick up Harlan at Sam's, we thought we had no worries. So you can see how this phone call shook us up.

Roger left for Grosse Ile Saturday morning with the understanding the George would pick him up Sunday at five o'clock and they would begin the long trek to Frisco.

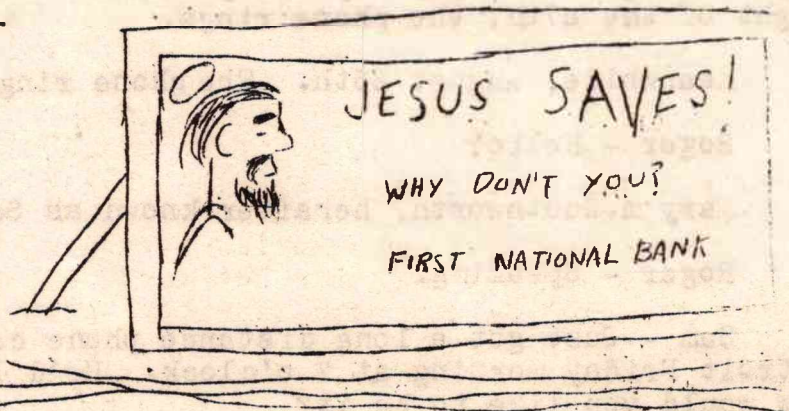
George was early; he got there promptly at 7 P. M., Roger was expecting him at nine.

Roger piled into the back seat with Boob Briggs, his suitcase, a tap recorder, Harlan's clothesbag and a 2x1x1 foot box of prozines. "The trunk was full." After leaving the Grosse Ile Naval Base we started down the road toward Toledo. As we passed through Flat Rock, Mich. A car came out of the Flat Rock Speedway dragging behind it the usual stock car racer. As we went zooming past the car, Harlan leaned out the window and shouted, "You lost, you a loser." The stock car driver shook his fist and we did not stay to here what he had to say.

At ten o'clock we arrived at the Hickman's. We spent a pleasant three hours with the Hickman's their dog, cats and fleas. Carolin Hickman produced about two dozen eggs which she proceeded to scramble for the bunch of us. After a couple of hours of bull sessions and a few cups of coffee, we again started on our way.

Harlan, get your arm out of my ribs.

Roger was driving with John and Harlan in the front seat and Boob and George in the back seat. About midnight Roger pulled off the road and John and Harlan exchanged seats with Boob and George. An hour later John says, "Migawd, my wallet. It's gone!" Roger stopped the car, searched the car; no wallet. Since John had ninety dollars in the lost wallet, we between an inner-tube laying on the road and a sign that read "Jesus Saves!" We walked down the road with a flashlight searching the grass along the shoulder for the wallet. About three o'clock in the morning we decided to wait till sunrise to look further. Roger pulled the car into a side road and we slept.



Twenty-five miles and five hours later John gets into the car and Harlan says to him: "John did

ou find it?"

"No, but I was bit by a rattlesnake."

"That's good, at least it wasn't a total loss."

At this point we convinced ourselves that the wallet was gone. Boob decided we should go back to Detroit. He even ripped the Frisco Con poster off the back of the car where we had taped it. But we convinced him we should

We told you you'd be sorry, Boob.

continue the trip.

We stopped in Muscatine, Iowa for supper that night. Not knowing where to eat we asked a friendly podyman. He leaned out the door of his mail truck and told us there was a good restuarent down the street. After eating dinner we started out of town. As we rounded a corner we came upon the same mailman.

Harlan had John slow the car down and leaning out the window with a smile, screamed, "The food was rotten. You may have had happy days but I'M going to cut you 47 ways." The mailman nodded and smiled.

That night we crossed Iowa, and Nebraska. Everyone came down with colds that night. That is all except Roger, so he drove all night.

Harlan left his license home because he didn't want to lose it

The next afternoon, half-way through Wyoming, we noticed green cars following us. We thought they might be police cars. At one time we thought it was the better part of descretion to drive into a gas station, another time we were doing a coll 85 mph when we noticed headlights behind us . . . gaining rapidly, as we rounded the next curve we came upon a huge restuarant-gas station-truck stop. George said to Harlan who was driving, "Turn off the headlights," Harlan did this and then proceeded to drive at about 70 mph straight for the left hand ditch. We got him pointed back toward the center of the road and slowed him down. We drove about a quarter of mile this way and watched out the car's window during this time. We saw the car that had been following us turn off into the truck stop, we turned the head-lights on and drove very sedately away. We later learned that the pupils in Harlan's eyes adjust very slowly and that when he shut off the headlights he couldn't see a thing in the dark for about twenty minutes.

Very good. We were nearly all losers.

Let's all pray together, so we can all stay together.

That night we stoped for dinner in Wyoming. Harlan ordered Rost Beef, gravy, and french fries, he couldn't stand mashed. George suggested to Roger that he get the breaded veal cutlets, but Roger wanted the Hot Roast Beef Sandwich. John ordered the Roast Beef Dinner. when the waitress brought J John his soup she also gave Harlan a bowl of soup. Harlan looked at her and asked, "Does soup go with the Hot Beef Sandwich." She said, "but you ordered the Beef Dinner." About this time she thought it would be wise to check all our orders. According to her Roger has ordered the Veal Cutlets. When Roger protested she said that the order had already gone in, then she said that he could have the Cutlets for the same price as the Beef Sandwich. Roger

and Harlan, after much discussion decided that they would exchange plates. But Harlan still wanted french fries. When the plates came Roger had the Roast beef with Harlan's french fries. Harlan had mashed potatoes. Neither of them was satisfied, but Roger wouldn't admit it. Harlan wanted Roger to exchange

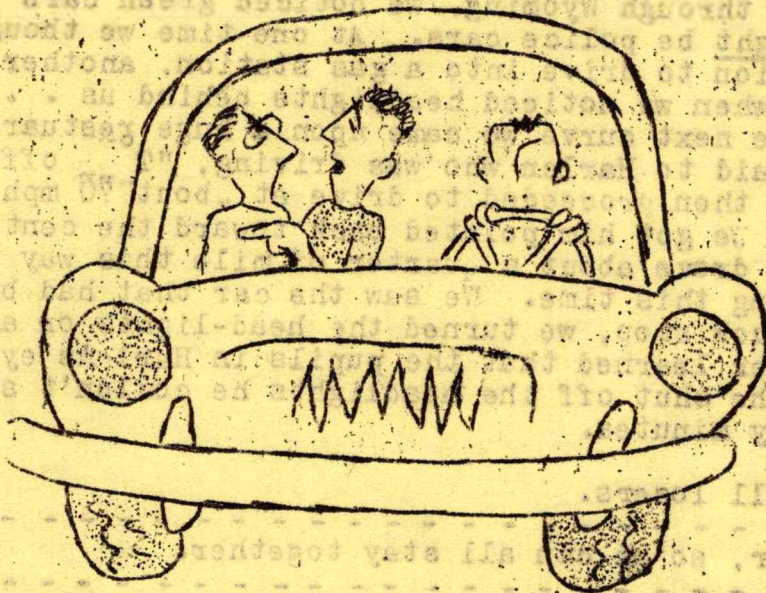
 that do you mean the foods no good, Harlan, Nobody else complained.

 with him, but Roger wouldn't. George was quietly eating at the other end of the table, and not paying any attention to what was going on. Harlan was sad sitting poking at the mashed potatoes with his fork, every now and then heard George mutter their lumpy. George hearing only, "It's lumpy" said, "What's lumpy this broke the whole table up."

We breathed a sigh of relief that night as we left Wyoming and it's 60-mph state speed law. During the night we passed through Utah by way of Salt Lake City and somewhere along about three in the morning we left the Salt Flats of Bonneville and crossed over into Nevada.

Harlan and Young were driving as we crossed the Nevada State Line. We stopped at the first gas station for a cup of coffee. Harlan was very impressed with the one-armed bandits that lined one wall of the restaurant. He was a loser.

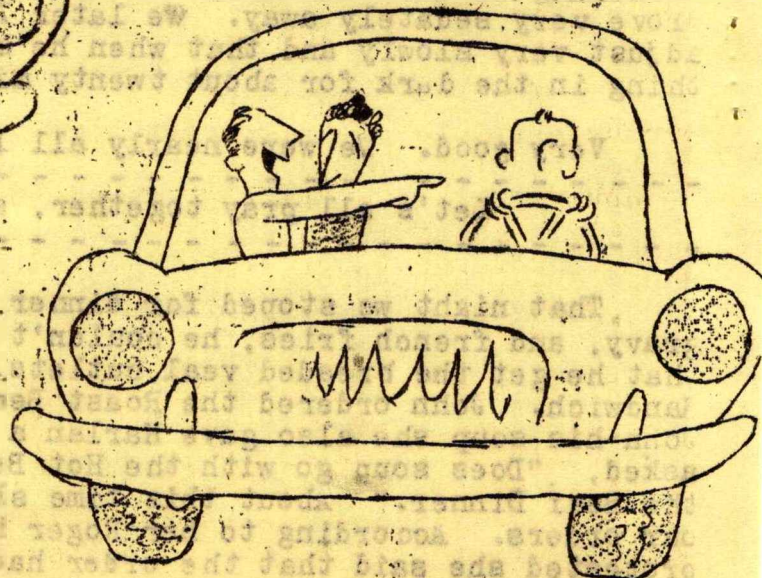
Six o'clock that morning George drove into a gas station, Roger and Harlan were sitting in the front seat, with Harlan on the outside. Roger was physically and mentally beat; he was in need of finding a rest-room. He sat next to Harlan and waited patiently for Mr. Ellison to open the door. Five minutes later Roger pointed to the door, and said, "Door?" Two minutes later he said, "Door?"



....Door?

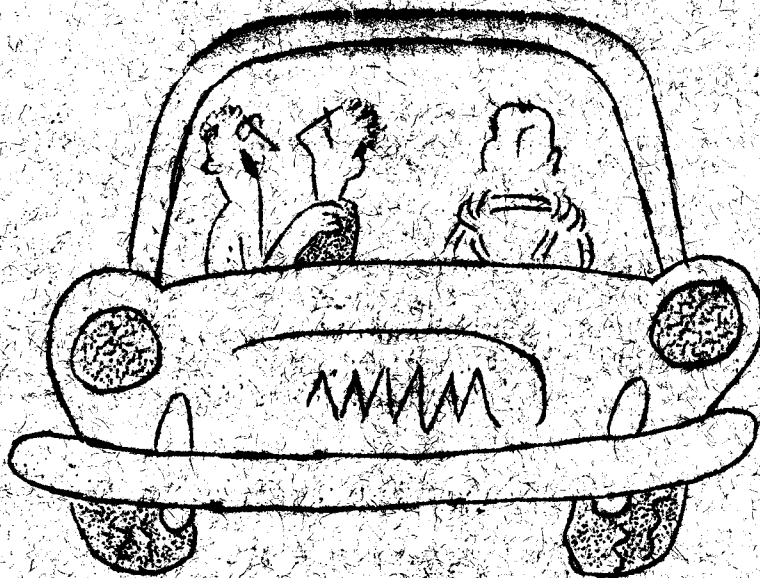
Harlan looked at him and Roger could see the wheels turning. Harlan was about to come up with a bright remark.

It was:



....window!

And then he said:



...and tomorrow we teach you more!

Seven o'Clock that morning we passed through the town of Lovelace Nevada doing 60 in a 45 speed zone, passing a police car on the way out. Harlan was driving. After going down the road a safe distance we stopped the car, to change drivers. Roger continued driving. A very short time later the cop pulled us over to the side, and said very calmly, "That will be seven and a half dollars, please."

Roger said, "Why?"

The law said, "Because you're a caravan car, and we tax all caravan cars seven and a half dollars."

Roger said, "Oh, but, we haven't got seven and a half dollars between us."

The law remarked, "That's all right. We'll impound the car."

So we went back to the courthouse of the thriving town of Lovelace where the Law allowed George to phone the car dealer in Frisco to whom the car was being delivered. George explained the situation and the dealer told him that he would wire him 25 dollars.

While waiting for the money the Law told us a very interesting story about Wyoming. It seems that in Wyoming the caravan tax is two and a half dollars which must be paid within the first forty miles. If you do not pay it by this time, they let you go and try to catch you at the other end of the state. If they catch you, they collect the original two and a half plus a 25 dollar fine and to add insult to injury, they make you go all the way back across the state to pay it. This is why the police were chasing us in Wyoming.

After a four hour delay in Lovelace we started out in hopes of finishing our trip that night. Nothing much happened until the middle of the afternoon, going down the mountain toward Sacramento, Harlan was again driving; he decided to pass a group of cars while crossing a bridge. The bridge had a double white line down the center. There was also a cross-road just before you cross the bridge. This cross-road had a police car sitting on it. The Police car blew it's siren at us as we passed it.

bravely nervous and speeded up to 70 mph passing another group of cars, he slowed to 55 mph, at this speed Roger, who was sitting next to him changed seats with him and pulled over to the side of the road. An explanation of this seat changing should be in order about here. You see Harlan had left his drivers licence home so he wouldn't lose it. At least this is what he told us. After we were safely home, we found out that his licence had been revoked and if he had been caught driving we would have really had a stiff fine to pay. Since John had lost his wallet on the road, he had no licence either. Roger got out of the car and walked back to the policeman, who had already started to write down the license number of the car. "The Policeman asked for his license and looking at it, said, "Now, Mr. Fairfield, you did not do right by the State of California . . . do you have the papers for the car?"

Roger said, "No, but one of the fellows in the car has them."

Roger went back to the car and got the papers from George. He then walked back and handed them to the Policeman, saying, "In Michigan, we have yellow lines, and the white lines confused me and I wasn't sure what they meant."

The Policeman read the paper through and then handed the papers back to the quaking Roger Sims and remarked, "You were not excersizing good judgement."

Roger said, "No sir. I will in the future, though."

Roger got back in the car -- the Patrolman left. Ten minutes later, after cleaning out the drivers seat of the car we continued our trip.

We stopped at Richmond, California to see Les Cole and dropped Bob Briggs there.

Eleven P. M. that night we arrived at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel where the Con was being thrown. After convincing the desk clerk that we weren't bums, even though we looked like it, he registered us in two double rooms.

While we were still in the lobby we met Steve Schulteis who was on his way to bed. Then we met a girl named Phyllis Scott and Frank Deiz, whom we had shared many a Con with, After taking a bath and shaving we went out to eat with them.

The next morning we woke up at two P.M. and decided to turn the car in, to the dealer. We were sitting in the lobby of the hotel when George asked if anyone had a car and if anyone would like to go for a drive with us. Frank Deitz said yes and several others joined in. George got the car out of the Hotel garage and drove up to the Hotel door. Standing in front of the Hotel was Harlan, Phyllis, another sweet young thing named Betty Jo McCarthy, Roger John, Bob, and Frank Deitz. Frank got in the back seat of the car along with Betty Jo and Phyllis and the others stood outside the door arguing as to who was going. George turned to Frank and said, "I thought you said you had a car." Frank said, "No, not me. You must have confused what I said." George explained that this was a one way ride to turn in the car to the owner and that anybody that went along would have to ride a bus back. Roger, John, Bob, and Harlan were still standing outside trying to decide who was

going to occupy the two remaining front seats. About that time I had persuaded the people in the back seat that they really didn't want to go for a ride and they started to get out of the car. About the time that Frank got out of the car Roger took the two girls by the arms and gently ushered them into the back seat again, only this time he got in with them. Harlan pushed Frank into the front seat and slammed the door on Boob Briggs. John Magnus had gone into the Hotel mumbling that he did not want to go anyway. George, finally resigning himself to the fact that all fans are crazy, crunched gears, squelched

Roger - George thought I had ulterior motives.
Sam - Don't you mean interior?

wheels and drove off, leaving Boob standing on the curb shouting and waving his arms frantically.

Thursday night there was a party in Roger's and John's room.

Friday afternoon George and Harlan moved into John's and Roger's room, forgetting to register. That night there was another party in our room.

Sunday morning, the Hotel learned that there were four people in the room. We decided to change Hotels. Somebody had to be a loser, who should it be, us?

* * * * *

Sims speaking now: A few things stick in my mind about the con. The time six of us invaded China Town for a real Chinese Dinner, and Harlan trying to sell one of the merchants his own magazine . . . Irene's and Karen's costume at the Masquerade, gosh wow boy-o-boy . . . Walking up 45 degree streets . . . Riding in cable cars

Terry don't look so mad, I'm sure Boob will show up with your ticket to the Masquerade.

. . . Talking to West Coast fans such as Peter Graham, Dave Rike, Tom Quinn, and many many others. . . Meeting SAPS members - Eva Firestone, Carol McKinney, Karen Anderson, John Davis, Wally Weber and Peter Graham . . . Trying to sell prozines to pay for the Hotel room. . . Flying back by Military Air Transportation. But all in all if I had the chance I would leave tomorrow for the coast and another con. If only for the reason that I would like to see a certain person in Frisco.

* * * * *

YOUNG REPORTING: Since Sims and I got two entirely different views of the con while we were there we have split the last half of this report. It would seem that we have said more about the trip out to Frisco than about the convention itself. This is so. Perhaps the trip left a bigger impression on us. Have you ever tried a 2,500 mile trip with a car load of science-fiction fans. Especially when

Harlan would you get your foot off of the gas pedal, I'm driving...

you are fitfully trying to sleep in the back seat and you come wide awake with a start as you hear, (Hey John look, 100 MPH. I bet I can Get it up to 105mph before we reach the bottom of the Mountain. Now,

I ask you, don't you think that this would leave you with some worries. I am not quite sure in my own mind that I enjoyed the con. Not that it was a flop or anything, it was just that I didn't get a chance to see as much of it as I wanted to. There was always a constant worry about money, or the lack of it that is. We spent about half of the time at the con, taking turns, trying to sell cheap magazines to pay our hotel bill and pay our way home. When we were through we were still about \$50.00 short. The thing that I remember most is of

Joe Fan: Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning.

Femme: Why yes, Of course.

Joe Fan: Good. Shall I call you or nudge you???

coarse the other fans that I met. There was Irene Baron, a very nice looking wench with red hair and the sexist swing on the rear porch. She could easily have used both hands to count her suiters on. There was Phyllis Scott, very quiet, very sweet, and very Boston. A nice chic young lady in every sense of the word. I remember the smile surrounded by freckles and the high-school girl figure that was Betty Jo McCarthy. I met some old friends like Art Rapp, Sam Moskowitz, Dave Kyle, Bob Bloch, and Mel Korshak. There were the Calif. Fans like Keith Joseph, Pete Vorzamer (I hope the spelling is right Pete.) and all the other SanFranFans that Roger mentioned.

The main gripe I had at the con was the treatment that the Hotel gave the fans. It is not the usual thing for the minimum room rates to jump \$2.00 or \$3.00 per person the day the convention starts. The house detective does not generally throw out of the Hotel everybody that was not registered on the last night of the Convention. Nuff sed.

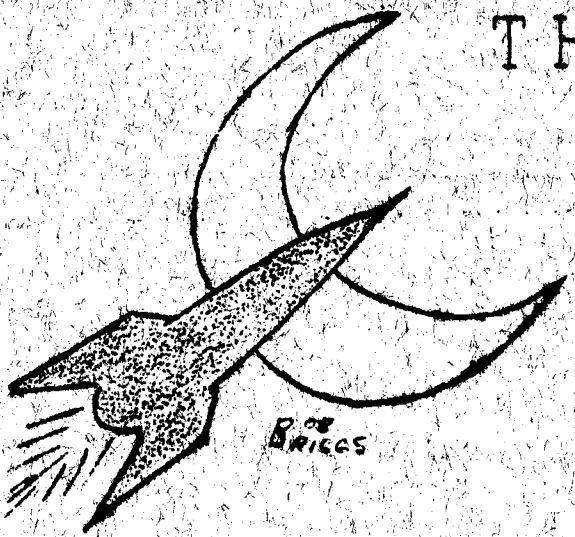
Just for the record I would like to say that for the fifth time in the last seven years Detroit put in a bid for the national con. We were sabotaged by the old Foc. The next world con will be held in Cleveland Ohio.

On the return trip from Frisco, John Magnus, Harlan and myself stopped in Peoria, Ill. and visited a few hours with Philip Jose Farmer and wife Petty, and Randall Garrett. Petty and Randy were in the usual good form of humor, and Phil was working in a Peoria dairy. When Harlan heard this his jaw fell about a mile. It seems he didn't think that Gods should work and grub in the mub like people. Harlan must think the pros are paying fifty cents a word or something, these days. I could go on for ever but time, money and my brothers patience are growing short.

Really The Blues(con't from P.3) Fanzine editing must be a labor of love because I don't recall when I've spent so much time and Ten dollars and gotten so little return for it. My relatives and Rogers father think that the two of us are crazy...who knows???

YOU'RE REALLY A FAN AND NOT MARRIED YET?





THE ROCKET'S BLAST

SAPS MAILING REVIEWS

VULCAN : A nice, neat, clean, readable type of zine. One of the best in the bundle. Terry, your format and cover were great. Didn't quite understand the cover, but it did look funny!

MARCHING FIRE I think that of all the Saps, Emey has the funnest typer. Good God! Someone else does photo-off set with out reducing the typed page. What is fandom commin coming to?

SPACEWARP Good job as always.

SAPS STICK 3 Liked the cover. Thought the innerlineations from exallent. But there was something you ferget to do at the bottom of page three. Drodies were good, liked the one about King Farouk the best. Speaking of King Farouk I'm thinkin of going to his College --mFarouk U.

COLLECTOR In Michigan the editor of this mag is known as sweet old boy DeVore, or just plain sob DeVore. The best thing in the issue was The Michifan, which was written, stensiled, and mimeod, by George Young and Roger Sims.

MAINE-IAC What a crazy mixed up cover. This zine rates a 4.0.

OREEP Dear Wally we understand your pub difficults. We are ding same thim issue. Been at this thing four days now, and at this point (the time being 4:30 Friday the 17 of Sept.) if Man will get this in time to put it in the mailing. Crifanac to Hell.

JAWIBUCO Always like to read a one-shot but but by a bunch of BNF'S. Why weren't you thres at the conf? and Jacobs, where is Roger's four quts of beer??

WARHOON Good job, keep it up.

SAP ROLLER Might of been a good job, couldn't read it. You did such a good job of the illo on page four, wh'aspened to the rest?

HALBERD But you don't spell it -- acid.

THE TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES That Burgermeister Beer must be power-ful stuff.

TAILGATE

