

W R A I T H

Wraith 22 A publication done spasmodically for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association; an organization which appears quarterly and hardly ever contains an issue of Wraith. Producer of Wraith is one (or less):

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and it is going to be easier getting my requirements in when the address is so much longer.

Moving to a city has played havoc with my written fanac. It is playing havoc with letters to the extent that I actually find myself owing letters, sometimes for weeks. Mainly it gives troubles with deadlines for the city uses a different time schedule with short weeks and weekends. There is a long time between monthly paychecks, but APA deadlines are always so close things get desperate or else you philosophically plan to miss another mailing.

So last night I was visiting Buz and Elinor and they were talking about Fapazines and I said in my usual manner, "I don't think I'll make it this time." This is an old story they've heard or read in letters about 35 times in SAPS and as many times in Fapa only in Fapa I not only say it, I do it. Buz said most likely I wouldn't make it this time for the deadline was only a week off. But I'm a big-city man now, even though I haven't gotten those stop lights right, so I can do like people in cities and send an apazine so late it may have to go airmail.

Just thought: last night was a meeting of Seattle Fapa members, and we got a phone call from almost Seattle Fapa member Grogg Calkins. But though Grogg is in the area he really doesn't count as a Seattle fan because he lives off the map of Seattle and besides I've only seen him once since I got here and I've even seen GM Carr almost that many times.

From what I've read of California fandom, this was pretty much a fan-type gathering. That is, we spent a good portion of it playing cards. Canasta the first part of the evening and then some poker. I think Buz and Elinor feel the need to sharpen up before their trip to the convention for we've had several poker sessions lately, and when Mickey, the 11 year old girl who visits the Busbys is playing, I often am not the biggest loser. Buz usually plays a solid sensible game which is partially wasted for some of the rest of us don't always play a sensible game. Elinor plays a good game, and does extremely well (She won at Canasta) when she is sitting at my left. To the left of Ballard is a valuable place in any game where skill in discarding and card sense plays a part.

Actually I don't do so badly, for along with no skill and only a vague idea what I'm trying to do goes some incredible luck..such a winning 7 poker hand in a row, mostly with pat hands.

One thing can be counted on in any poker session...on one of the last hands I'll have one of the best hands I've had all evening. Will bet it heavily and Elinor will raise me, and have a better hand. Of course it does make sense that she beats me in the last hands for all evening she plies me with wine, and by the last few hands I am no longer as sharp as I should be.

Still I do beautiful jobs of bluffing, especially when I don't know it. Like the last hand last night when I had a pair of eights and the joker and bet it as though it were three of a kind, completely forgetting that the joker in our game only counts with straights and aces (I think) Elinor as usual had me beat, but I had the last laugh for I wonder how many hands I won during the evening because the Joker adding to my pair made me so confident I bluffed the others out?

If they read the mailing members of SAPS know what I am doing here, but for the benefit of the rest of you:

Around the last week in April I dispered of finding a job around North Dakota and decided on a vacation in Seattle that would be spent looking for a job. So I looked for a month and got nothing except a few offers I will not mention in this family magazine. Finally as the result of a tip from Doreen Webbert I landed a job at the Vivarium at the University of Washington. This merely means I am now taking care of animals in the city rather than on a farm. It also means I'm getting paid and that is as strange as living in a city. Actually living in a city isn't so strange either, except there is a shortage of time...but the shortage is usually because I am enjoying myself.

Not too much to tell about the job. Vivarium is crowded into about 100 rooms in the Medical Science Building and crowded is the only word. We are short handed with a crew of about 20 men and an office staff of 4, and while it is hectic it is enjoyable too mainly because I like the people I work with. They seem to average quite well in intelligence and my only trouble is they have learned I'm a STF fan. A surprising number of them read stf and I get so much stf talk down there that I go to meetings of the Nameless for it is a vacation to go where no one ever mentions Science Fiction. Nameless meeting last time was especially enjoyable for we visited a brewery and while we had to make the tour as a gesture of good faith, we did get to spend some time drinking. Beer was good too. Meeting was such a success they are now planning to take other tours, but since few serve drinks, I may skip a few meetings. But this has nothing to do with the job or the people. Down at work they even have ingroup jokes in true fannish fashion. My favorite is the use of the words "sweet child" as the ultimate insult. Phrase comes from Rooney the dog man who will call a dog which has done something especially aggravating, or messed up itspen unusually badly a "sweet child". Therefor calling someone a sweet child is an insult, and also the answer when someone asks why you fouled them up in some way is "Because I'm a sweet child."

Work is for the state and I got a four dollar raise last month and my pay check was twelve bucks less. In four months I get a fairly good raise and as a result my take-home pay may drop again. But while I may starve to death waiting for it the reason for the drop will help if I live long enough to collect, for along with Social Security they are taking an additional 5% from my check, over matching it with 6% and putting it into a retirement fund. As a result a considerable sum goes towards my eventual retirement. This is one of the things that makes me feel good about being 40 even if this year I did have to start using sun tan oil on the top of my head.

Have also invested in health and accident insurance. Reason is simple...one of these days some fellow in a big car is not going to think the light has changed mainly because I walk against it so confidently, and in that case I like the idea of my carcass being worth \$30,000. If you go you might as well go rich even if you can't take it with you.

When I say we are busy at the Vivarium it explains why I doubt very much I'll make it to the convention. I wouldn't want anyone to think I'm Boycotting it this year and I'd like to go as a gesture showing my support of the Convention Committee. But we are so busy that people are working out of wheel chairs and with arms in slings, and the girl who works with animals(not in the office)they lot off two hours early one Friday because she was getting married Saturday. But she had to be to work on time Monday morning.

It is mostly the season...people on vacation and all the new crop of budding Pastours and Salks trying at once. Normally you can get off work if you are unable to move or have a fever over 100 degrees. Take that back, any fever and you can get off work, they wouldn't want you to come to work with anything the animals might catch.

Seattle, August 2, 1964