



Collector No. 25 SAPS No. 55

W. W. P. 1911

Well, I had good intentions, I started cutting stencils before the last mailing arrived, and in no time I had a half dozen or so, and then I got busy - and lost my (really meager) ambition. I was going to have full mlg reviews, something I've not done in at least two years and I suspect it's three or more.

You'll no doubt recall my inserting a program from Cliff Simak's play last time & I suppose I ought to report somewhere that the play wound up a turkey. It played in Detroit for about ten days. The reviews were enthusiastic about the backdrops and special effects but felt the dialogue dragged a trifle (my views when I finally saw the play). In any case the play closed and a day later the local papers reported that the show had lost money, (local manager said this was customary on premiere runs and should have been expected). They had expected to make money and found their scenery in hock to the local theatre. Consequently the backer had a minor breakdown, and the Philadelphia performance was cancelled, and the New York premiere held up.

Some weeks later they got a new backer who ransomed the scenery and the play opened in New York. The group hired a theatre that could be used for three weeks (prior commitments would turn them out then) but apparently closed after the first opening performance. I know that I heard; if the reviews were bad they would likely fold in one day - if good they would try to run out the three weeks and then open at a new location. I never could locate the issue of Variety reviewing it but I saw a very bad review in a L.A. paper, this was a reprint from some source, and I suspect it was from Variety. So much for the legitimate stage!

I suppose I'll finish this page, a sort-of editorial, finish up the uncompleted page of mailing reviews and close out for three months.

Local news; H'm, we have some, nothing of real importance at the moment. Nick Falasca has been in town twice lately. Started out to Pennone Saturday to go skiing and when it started to rain he retraced his steps and spent the weekend in Detroit instead. Last week he showed up again, had been in northern Michigan skiing and when the thaw provided four inches of water above the ice he gave up and wound up here again. Couple of our boys out of work again, but then this should be pretty common across the country. Contrary to expectations I am working and get occasional overtime

Acquisitions; Well, last week I bought 400 offset (metal) plates for the Multilith, approximately \$100 worth for one dollar, and Nick tells me they've been exposed and can be used for house shingles or very durable paper airplanes. Checking with a local printer yesterday I found he was correct --- but I just can't resist a good buy!

I've acquired another dozen or so typefaces for the letterpress, now if I just had a press big enough to do decent work I'll be all set. DOES ANYONE OWN A HAND OPERATED LETTERPRESS? or known anyone that owns one? I'll make a reasonable cash offer or a huge offer in trading stock. Will likely give \$20 to \$50 in trading stock for a 9 x 12, and might go even higher. (Will consider 4 x 6 or larger)

Checked a newspaper adv for new bookstore some weeks back and wound up with a doz large boxes of '48-'49 magazines. Course I didn't need much of it, but someday I'll have a market for that quantity. For about two weeks I ran into huge lots of stock and laid them in -- this of course was a couple of weeks after I'd sent out the last price list, so that I couldn't list them.

So, yesterday I went out hunting cheap paper, and found it, at an un-believable price. So cheap that I bought almost forty reams at a time, and last week I found a place to get stencils for \$1.25 per quire. Nope, these are one time only deals, so don't bother asking me to find them for you. However, it may be possible to repeat THIS AT SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE. In which case I'll stock up and then offer them.

FOR QUE **** Like sick jokes ? Try this one that must be acted out. Bearded gent in robe, standing with arms outstretched, saying, "What a way to spend an Easter vacation" -- I've never gone far with the Tv set but some years ago I took apart a portable typer. The first time it worked so I used it a few months and when something else happened I took it apart again. I suppose it's worth getting fixed but for 4-5 years I've left the pieces in the case. Had two others anyway and didn't really need it.

Your report on the library is interesting, and why haven't you insisted that you desperately need a copy of A HANDBOOK OF STF & FANTASY (\$6.75 from the US Agent-me).

Seriously, if you're circulating much Stf it would be usefull and if you can talk the library into ordering one I'll ship it at cost. You know what the normal trade disc is on three copies, well subtract 3% and that's it.

VTS *** Interept as Very TS ? I can well appreciate your lost feeling among the '47 graduating class. I've made it a rule never to hunt up old friends after a few yrs break, oh I tried it a few times, and suddently we had nothing to talk about, a friendship once broken is better left that way. I'll see what I can do about some more cards one of these days - and will you ask Louie Grant when that gold and silver ink is being mailed. I still haven't seen it. Jim; Why not re-work your question-airee one of these days and see if you can reach any significant conclusions.

The Zed **** But the raven was supposed to say "nevermore"! Loved the con report more next time ? Wish you could have made it to Pittsburgh. I saw so little of you the year before and since neither of us seem to travel cross country any great distance it's hard to tell when we'll meet again.

TRESKA **** Mike, if you want Bre mags write to Ken Slater. He handles the stuff & can supply most of them - or I'll got some. I don't agree with you on the Jameson & Zorome stories. How many did you read ? Generally the Amaz group were fair to good, the Astonishing group poorer still and the Super Sci group (as you say) were bad - Have you read the Plant Fragment group of these ?

Now we'll digress, go back and speak of **BIG HEARTED HOWARD AND THE NASTY UNION !

Some of the older members will recall back in '56 George Young and I were printing union propaganda. Our shop contained two rival groups and every year the mud did flow, some through whispering campaigns, but far more through mimeographed leaflets.

One night they passed around some poorly printed sheets and knowing the stewart who handled it I made various suggestions to improve it. Somehow or other he talked me (and consequently George) into running the stuff. In the next few months we ran somewhere around 50,000 pieces through the machines, as high as 10,000 copies of a single sheet, using two mimeographs. Occasionally we worked until 5-6 A.M. in the morning (getting the copy after midnight). Well, we charged them about \$1 per hour and if it seemed high we sometimes reduced the price.

In mid spring George was laid off, and I took over the job completely. When the election came up they owed me roughly \$20. I gavethem a bill and was laid off in the next few days. I didn't worry about it, three months later I went back to work and when I saw the stewart I told him I needed the money. They stalled me some 5-6 weeks, saying that three men must sign the check and they could never catch the three men together. The check was down at the local, all filled but needing a signatures.

The stewart started avoiding me but I caught him passing one day and called him over, saying, "I don't suppose you've got my check", he replied that it wasn't signed yet, and I answered, "Tell Bibber (the winning prexy) to forget it, and the next one I do won't cost him a damn cent either. Watch for it tomorrow!"

This was around 5 P.M. BY 6 P.M. he'd contacted the president and a messenger had delivered the check to me. Nobody was sure as to how much I'd overheard in their meetings, and if I could be shut up for \$20 it might be a wise move.

REPRINTED FROM DIMENSIONS #15

Fate sets a weird table, the placemats fall weirdly and not always wisely.

Dick Clarkson died of cancer, not too long ago. I knew him fleetingly, not well. And yet, by fate's own hand, this editor was left with what appears to be the last piece of fan writing Dick ever did.

There will be many in the readership who will say that the following convention report should be left unpublished, in honor of the no-longer-with-us.

To these people I can only say that Dick would not have wanted it so. Aside from the pleasure of seeing his name in print, a small pleasure indeed to be granted, Dick enjoyed writing. It would be to me as a sense of un-fulfillment if this manuscript never saw print.

Both for the reason above and as a final last reminder of the unruly red mop, the face of freckles, the easy grin, that made Dick Clarkson a member in good standing; not only of that organization we call "fandom", but of that larger organization we call the "Human Race".

Clarkson was a contributor, he never went to a convention and sat, sopping everyone else's personality. Dick made friends as he went, and his loss is to many of us a sense of acute emptiness.

So, though this magazine and it's editor were not the closest of Dick's friends, and his last report does not appear in a fanzine more accustomed to Dick's individual touch, consider it a last act of fate.

A fate who knows we realize what we have ---only when we no longer have it.

---Harlan Ellison
January 5, 1955

NOTE: the humor of Ray Nelson's cartoons, in this particular instance only is simply explained by the information that last Labor Day's Decon (or Detroit con if you will) was not as heavily attended as it was intended by it's promoters.

As a consequence Nelson's quips emerged.

The Silence Was Golden

by Dick Clarkson

They called it the Border Cities Science Fiction Conference --- that was it's full handle, and it convened in Detroit over the weekend of July 3-4-5.

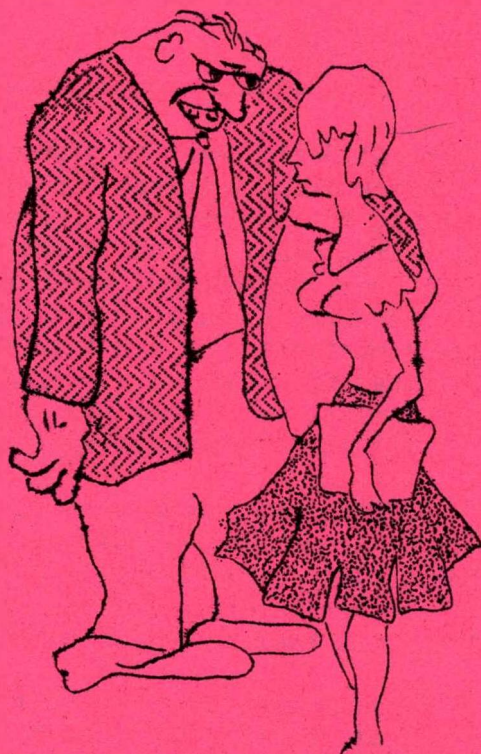
That looks like the first sentence of a newspaper article, inevitably heralding a straight forward, unembossed recounting of events.

Well, I've already tried that way, and it didn't work out so well, as Editor Ellison pointed out to me. There was too much going on; my convention wasn't necessarily that of someone else, and so, to give credit where it is certainly due, I have enlisted aid from the aforementioned editor and Mary Southworth of Detroit, in order to present as full a picture as possible to you, because the job was too big for me to handle alone, and so -----

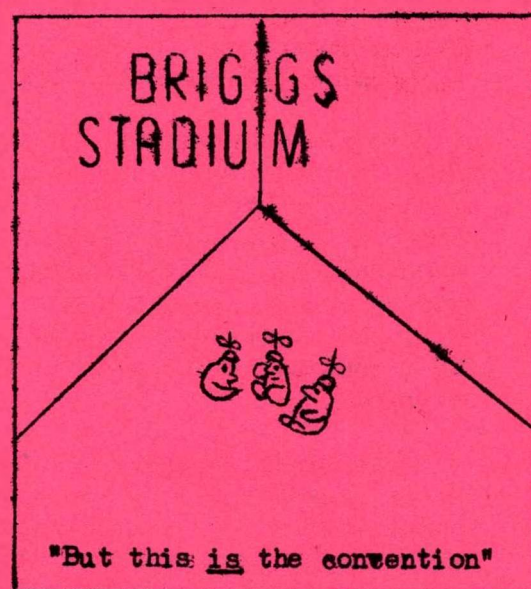
Thursday noontime. The 2nd of July.

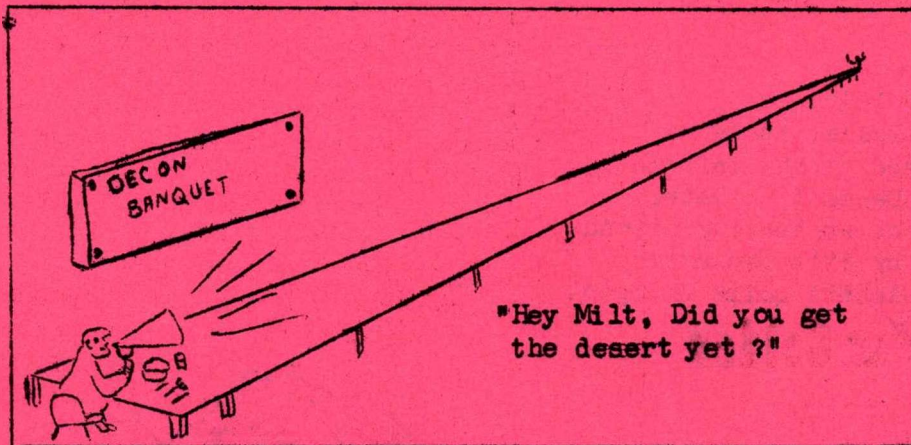
John Magnus -- late -- dragged his Ford up in front of the house and we were off, through Hagerstown and over the Pennsylvania turnpike to Cleveland. We there added Harlan Ellison to the viajeros, with whom I immediately began to argue -- a habit of mine. This time it was about staying in Detroit, and eventually we settled on the Hotel Detrouter, the offical consite.

Friday morning at 5:30 A.M. we checked in and I knew nothing from then until noon, when after eating I remained at the hotel to cast about for in-coming fans while



"Sure, I'll mention you in my con report, but you gotta give me something to work on."





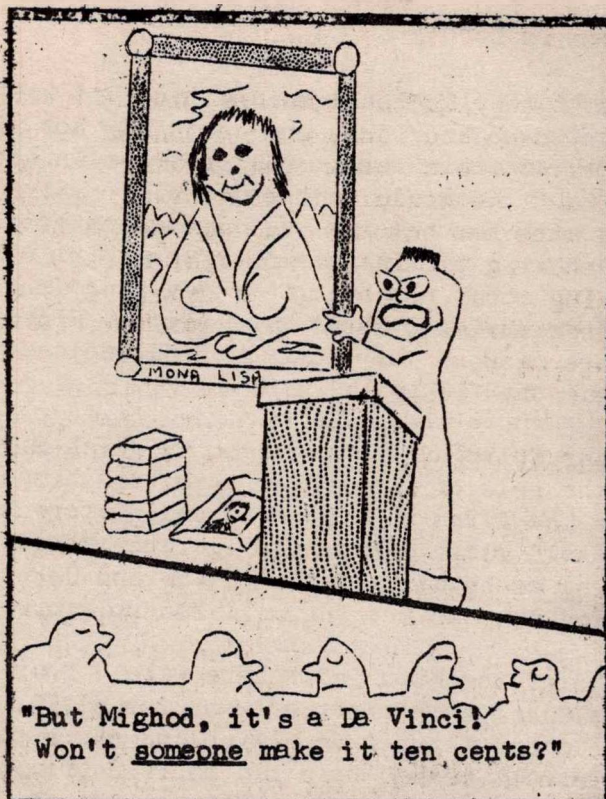
John and Harlan went to pick up Mary Southworth. I found only one --Andy Harris. After dinner, things turned a different color; a chorus of loud voices brought me running to the lobby where I saw Ray & Perdita Nelson besieged at the convention registration desk. I could not break through the circle until the din died down to a dull roar, whereupon I saw Magnus and Ellison showing paper pads and pencils --features beaming happily -- into the far from reluctant hands of Ray Nelson, grinning & newly mustached. I don't think Ray stopped drawing all night, and the way he was ripping off cartoons, strewing them in his wake, to be gleefully snatched up by John and Harlan, as if they were fighting for fifty dollar bills, was a sight to see. With those two occupied I managed to get in some small talk with Ray.

Before long a bull session developed at the desk, and people began to suddenly appear from nowhere. George Young was among them, and his quick wit and magnetic personality kept us all laughing and joking till a quarter to ten, when Roger Sims closed registration for the evening and we went off to find a congenial spot to talk and drink beer. The rain had started but we piled into two cars and drove off.

Someone must have been carrying a rabbit's foot, because just as we got to our destination, "The Doghouse Bar", with rain pouring down all around us, I saw a car pull out from a solidly packed line, right in front of the entrance. Three steps & we were all inside, quite dry. Soon the others appeared, and about a dozen laughing expository fans pulled three large tables together; this was something of a consternation to the management, for not only did our racket drown out the smooth boogie-woogie piano playing which was the entertainment feature, but the area of joined tables covered at least a third of the entire interior of the "Doghouse". True to it's name, it was small, low roofed and very cozy.

Trouble soon ensued, however, when it was discovered that Burt Beerman was too young to be served, and the manager requested him to leave. Ellison, coming to the rescue, (to the surprise of all, Harlan at that time also being underage for the state of Michigan), loudly vouched for Burt, declaiming to the skies that Burt was 21 AND THAT HE, Harlan Ellison, would personally guarantee it. Harlan talked so loudly and so longly that it never occurred to the manager to inquire as to Harlan's own age, and in the end both Burt and Harlan were served, despite the fact that the manager remained doubtful all evening. That incident takes my vote as the coup of the evening.

The shuffleboard game attracted several members of the group and under cover of their bickering as to who scored how many points, and why, I attempted a small flirtation with a very comely waitress, who had the most beautiful built in standoff that it has ever been my frustration to encounter. So in order to forestall a red-face --I was getting nowhere at light speed -- I began to kibitz the pianist who, to get rid of me, swung into "Honky Tonk Train Blues".



Returning to the shuffleboard, three of the participants kindly informed me that, (a) the red was leading by three points, (b) the blue was ahead by one point, (c) the score was tied.

I thanked them all kindly and hurried to get myself into an argument over the merits of boogie and blues as compared to classical music, talking so loud I was almost hoarse.

I had to, to be heard over the happy laughter and bickering. Foolishly I tried to demonstrate a left hand figure for a boogie base, using the shuffleboard top as a surface to substitute for a piano keyboard, and almost got a finger lopped off by a speeding shuffleboard counter. The whole blue team jumped at me, tossing accusations of interfering with the game and Rog Sim's concentration, so I went and sat down to tell jokes with those at the tables.

In short order, we all ended up gathering around the bandstand, listening to one of the bartenders -- possessed of a surprisingly good baritone -- doing a good job on "Basin Street Blues" and "MacNamera's Band". I still regret

that we had to leave before all the singing was over, and the rain outside made the laughter and banter inside all the more appealing.

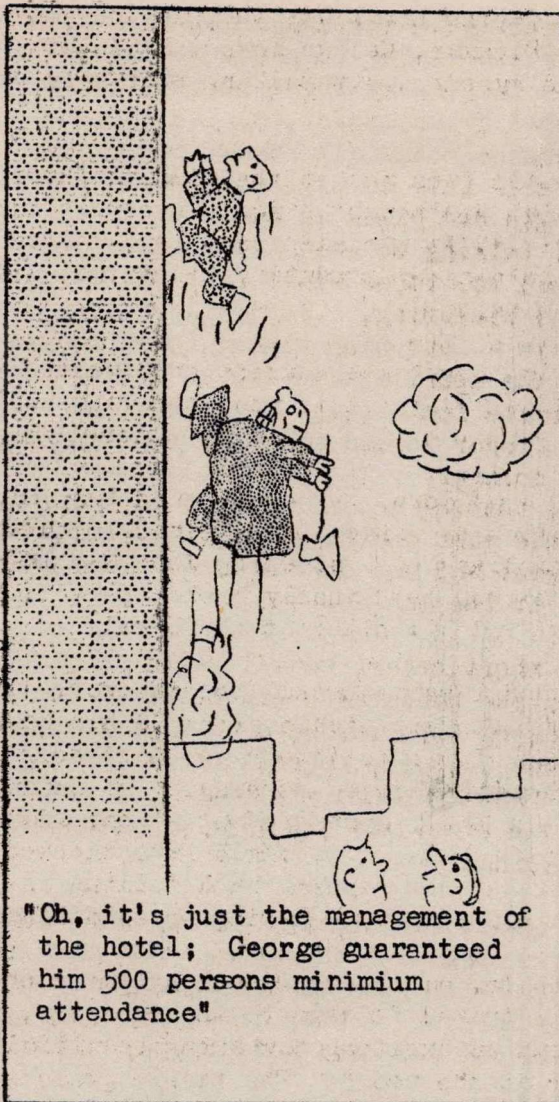
The rabbit's foot was still around when we got back to the hotel, for we parked in the only space for blocks, right in front of the main entrance. The rest of the evening we spent in another session, in the Michigan room on the mezzanine, which continued into the not too-small hours of the morning. When finally I tore myself away, it occurred to me that the convention had not yet officially begun. It was a very good omen.

Saturday morning and afternoon were certainly not the usual Saturday you find at a convention. Ellison woke Magnus by punching him in the stomach, and their argument proved irresistible to me, and the first day of the con had begun.

After a fast lunch I found myself meandering down Woodward Street toward a bookstore known only to Dennis Campbell, in the company of a very cute Chicago fanne named Marie Uney. We went at least eight blocks getting sprinkled by a drizzly sky, but we finally got to our destination, where I took one more step on the road to a collector's heaven: the proprietor informed me that he sold all back issues of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and UNKNOWN WORLDS at 25¢ per. Then I took five steps toward a collector's personal hell, when he told me that a fellow -- his description meant that it was Howard DeVore -- had picked up thirty nine Unk's at that price in one grab three days before. The bottom dropped out of my stomach. Apparently the proprietor saw that I was mentally wringing my hands, for he took pity on me and I did wind up with a few 1939-1942 ASF's a quarter per copy. Meanwhile ,....

Ellison, Magnus, Bart Beerman and Mary Southworth, accompanied by a few others, had set off in the opposite direction, and on returning to the hotel I was informed amid bursts of laughter, of the following incident

Mary had suggested Skrol's bookstore as a likely opportunity to pick up some ASF cheaply and off they went. Naturally they had to stop at every bookstore on the way, and they came to a place which proclaimed that "We Have All The Latest Racing Forms". As they started to go in, they were stopped in their tracks by a lady, apparently the proprietor, who screamed at them, "GET OUT! GET OUT! We Don't allow



"Oh, it's just the management of the hotel; George guaranteed him 500 persons minimum attendance"

no gangs in here!"

Now, if they looked like anything, it was like a few rain-soaked fans, and certainly not like a big city downtown gang. All but Harlan decided to leave. He would rather argue. He tried to reason with her but she was almost hysterical & began shoving him out the door when Harlan said something about not being a "damn gang" and the lady then shrieked about profanity. Finally all were back on the sidewalk, and decided to continue on.

Later followed the auction, in which Ellison --in the role of auctioneer -- outdid himself.

For the first time in recorded history he talked himself out. Meanwhile I simply stood by, drooling as beautiful sets of AS and Unknown went for next to nothing. I had no spare cash.

Some of the highlights here were ; four copies of Los Cuentos Fantasticos went for \$1.50. I can get them for 11¢ per in Mexico and occasionally do. To sell them Harlan had to read from them in Spanish. Now, my own Spanish may not be elegant high-class Castillian, but well, he did do okay on reading the author's names. The USA one's. Ellison's pronunciation brought down the house, and some kind soul bid on them to save Harlan any further torture.

Soon after, another illustration -- to be sold "blind". Only the auctioneer knew what it was, and he wasn't telling. Just before, another

blind one had turned out to be a beautiful Bergey which went for a fantastically low price due to the reticence of the people to bid on something they couldn't see.

On this one the bidding went sky high -- and the eventual victor took home as his prize an oil of Ray Beam's father painted by Ray Beam's Mother In Law! All's fair in love, war, and auctions. The winning bidder --- Ray Beam!

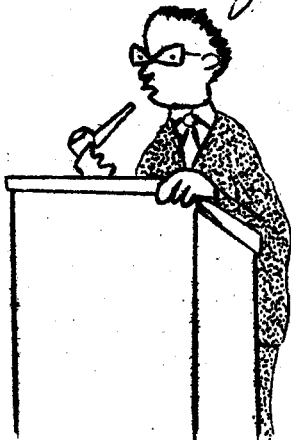
Circulating around afterwards, I was pleased to learn from George and Rog that the auction had taken in almost \$150, from a rather small -- and on the whole, young, crowd. In view of the fact that the Committee had to make \$200 on the auction and registration to barely break even, this was great news to me. The committee had been worried about financial ruin (George Young had promised to make up all deficit out of his own pocket), and this gave them all a big lift which they deserved.

I went up to our room, where John and I had invited four (count 'em - four) others for a quiet drink or so; it had to be quiet, BECAUSE Ellison was asleep in the adjoining room, tired out from his efforts at the auction.

However, we were taken by storm, ending up with a huge crowd in the room, all laughing and talking and throwing their hands about. Trying to sneak out to accept an invitation tendered by Lynn Hickman and George Young to go out to Howard DeVore's place, I was stopped and the end result was that about eight more decided to go along to the surprise of George, Lynn, and Howard.

At the DeVore residence, the fans held forth in what I consider to be the most enjoyable Wild Hair session I have ever been in on. As half of those who had come

My Friends -- friends,
friends, friends,
friends,
friends,
friends,



We won't say the audience for Ellison's speech was small --- but when he talked to it the echo drowned him out for five minutes.

down with a hard glance when, after a half hour harange he came back telling us that he'd fixed it! That is one good way to start off the day --making seven dollars.

The picnic was decided upon at the last minute, but before too long, most of the fans were out at Belle Isle, which, despite all travel folders to the contrary, is not "A place of enchantment where one may spend an exciting day among beautiful picnic groves, at a clean beach in warm water, or at the zoo." The picnic grounds are in disreputable condition, the beaches are mud and rocks and, well .. all Detroit's sewage runs into the Detroit River.

Nonethe less, four cars of hungry fans landed at Belle Isle, save George Young who went after the food. Some people decided to go canoeing. Dennis Campbell missed his train for not returning in time (he missed two more later) while Mary Southworth and Harlan Ellison struck out with Paul Wyszowski, a rather inexperienced canoe-paddler.

There is little to say about the picnic proper unless you happen to like charred hot dogs and such.

A budding fan-love was born on this excursion: Duggie Hickman, seven years old and Earl Kemp's eldest daughter five. They wandered around, hand-in-hand, getting into various sorts of trouble.

While Lynn Hickman was riding herd on them, Ellison managed to get George Young on the phone, informing him that Roger Sims had just passed away. This resulted in confusion for some time till it was recognized as a ruse to get some reluctant telephone lenders to call George to the phone so he could pick the fans up. George was still fuming when he got back to the hotel.

Later that eveing I heard there was a program featuring a very bad movie and a speech by the previously mentioned Ellison. About that time I was in the company of an exceptionally large crowd of fans, when someone informed me that he had been in on the beginnings of a negro jam session, in a garage about half a block from the hotel. I didn't pay any attention at the time, but later when I happened to be in a room where it could be heard, and then looked out the window. I couldn't sit still

out were upstairs, paying homage to the fabulous DeVore collection, Carole Hickman, George Young, Earl Kemp, several others, and myself, sat talking over many cups of coffee.

Discussed were all fans not at the time in the room, and any other topics we thought safe. George's humor was not only hilarious, it was also catching, and before long everyone was shining by producing hilarious, side-splitting conversation.

The gem of the evening was a comment on Seventh Fandom and their youth', "They get in your shoelaces and pants cuffs".

When the others came down, Ray Nelson and Lynn Hickman joined us in the kitchen, while in the living room another session began, regardless of a sleeping John Magnus in the biggest easy chair. It finally broke up at 3:15 AM and was later continued all night at the hotel.

Sunday, Magnus and I were shocked to discover, just before everyone left for the picnic, that we had been charged seven dollars for checking in one half-hour before the new day began on Friday morning. We quickly hunted up Harlan, briefed him on the situation, and sent him up to the desk to talk. You could have knocked me

down with a hard glance when, after a half hour harange he came back telling us that he'd fixed it! That is one good way to start off the day --making seven dollars.

another minute. It was too much for me. So, Ann Hitch (a Detroit fanne) and myself dashed down and fell in. Ray Nelson was already there, and Anne and I began to jiggerbug just as John Magnus puffed in with his tape recorder. The music was, naturally, hot and rythmic, with piano, drums, steel guitar, trumpet and the garage full of cats who were surprised to see a white boy who could dance their music.

This was nothing compared to the surprise on their faces when I sat down at the piano and started playing boogie-woogie, my one and only musical accomplishment.

It broke up all too quick when the local gendarmes decided to make us call it a night. After that, back at the hotel, things seemed a little slow.

The banquet came on Monday afternoon, highlighted by a talk by Detroit's own T.L. Sherred. The hotel had expected to make a minor mint off us fans and our convention, and the small congenial crowd must have given them fits! Ned Mc Keowan, the only Windsor (Ontario) delegate to the Border Cities (Detroit & Windsor) Conference, finally showed up; when asked if Windsor would give the same con there next year, Ned replied, "The only place we could give a con in Windsor would be in the new Convention Hall. If it's finished by next summer, we'll give one. The only thing is, it won't be finished until sometime in 1958, I think."

In retrospect, the con seemed to be far quieter, more relaxing, more congenial and natural, less strained and hustle-bustle than a big world-wide get-together. The absence of pros enabled the fan personalities to take the spotlight in every aspect of the con, and this to me was a welcome change.

Hal and Nancy Shapiro seem still to be very happy together, Lynn Hickman proved to be another outstanding personality, who was aided and abetted by his attractive wife Carole plus their seven year old son, Duggie, who is a gem.

It was Ray Nelson's first convention since Chicago in '52, and George Young (back from a two year hitch in Korea) was never at a loss when laughs were being passed around. The Indiana contingent was felt in force, and the convention committee itself was not only competent, but I liked every one of them, although I'd known none of them beforehand.

The most attractive thing about the entire convention was it's easy, relaxed, atmosphere, less pell-mell rush and none of the whirling series of events that inevitably accompany the larger-name conventions. Though no true fan gathering can be called silent, yet the comparative naturalness and easy-going good-humor of the whole thing left me feeling rested instead of tired, and gave me the feeling that the silence was golden.

Dick Clarkson

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I hope the above convention report was enjoyed, although I had heard of it when it first appeared I had never read it, my subscription copy of Dimensions was lost in the mail and Harlan had no replacements. This copy I found among the possessions of Alan Lewis. Reading the report I was amazed at how well I remember Dick Clarkson all from a few hours he spent at my home. People like these are the reason I continue to stay in fandom, and we never seem to get more than a vague glimpse of them as they pass through town, usually en-route to some distant city.

The report has also stirred up memories that I thought were long vanished in regard to this convention. As many of you may know, or suspect I was dead set against a Detroit convention at that time (and for quite some time afterward). The convention was almost solely the responsibility of George Young and Roger Sims.

Now, if you'll bear with me a little longer I'll go through Dick's report once more and amplify it somewhat.

REMEMBER ~~LEMURIA~~ THE BORDER CITIES CONFERENCE!

The promotion piece the boys mailed out with a cover featuring a line drawing of a girl sitting in a wine glass, (it was obvious that she was mammalian) and the old maid who wrote to them. She was a member of the LEGION OF DECENCY and she was going to see that such "filth" was taken out of circulation. I suppose she turned them over to postal authorities, but they never heard anymore of it.

Mary Southworth, who was romantically inclined toward John Magnus and Harlan Ellison, and wound up marrying George Young. To the best of my knowledge she was never serious about any non-fan.

Buying up all of the valuable Stf books-mags before the con started, and then when I learned that the boys were a couple of hundred bucks in the hole I donated some half dozen boxes of materials to the auction - and prices were so low that I bought back a fair portion of my own donations. No sets of ASF were auctioned, one set (or near set) of UNK went for about 8-\$10, years of ASF '36-'46 went for around 3-\$4, numerous bound books (O.P.-rare) went for 50-75¢.

George's promise to make up any deficit from his own pocket - by selling Roger's car. George had little or nothing that would bring money and very little cash. This was my primary reason for donating stuff, I couldn't see Roger standing all of the cost.

The Banquet fiasco, George, convinced that "everyone will come, they just didn't register in advance" was willing to guarantee a generous banquet. I (and others) urged strongly against this. He compromised (with Roger) by ordering 100 dinners, The hotel agreed to settle for 75 dinners, and they actually sold 35-40. I would imagine they cost \$3.50 to \$4.00. The result, they automatically lost \$125 to \$150, this accounted for nearly all of their deficit. Martin Alger's comment, "Why don't you call the Salvation Army and have them send 35 hungry bums over."

The evening at my place. My youngest daughter was a few days old, I brought my wife home at noon Saturday and that evening sneaked off for the auction. George suggested that he, Lynn, & Dick come out for awhile. (As I recall it, Lynn was coming and was in no condition to drive so Dick offered to drive him out) Imagine my surprise to have a dozen of them show up. It seemed like five dozen of them roaming through the house! My wife is a patient woman, on the other hand she was under doctor's orders to stay in bed. However, to this day I do not regret it.

Dennis Campbel missed his train, and Frank Androskovy should have! Frank got off the train in Detroit Saturday morning, stepping out of the station he was mud-splattered by a wild driver. Strong language followed and Frank wound up slugging the driver. He wound up in jail and was not released until Monday noon, just in time to attend the banquet and catch a train home.

Harlan calling George at the picnic. He used a park phone and called another Dept of Recreation phone in the picnic area. They refused to call George to the phone, so Harlan asked them to locate George and tell him that Roger Sims had just drowned. George of course raced to the canoe area where Harlan explained that they needed a ride back to the picnic area.

Ah Yes, I remember the Border Cities Science Fiction Conference!

WATLING STREET **** I've often thought that "Collector" is a poor title for my own zine, but I've been using it for so long now that some people associate it with me and besides I'm too lazy to think up something original!

Oh sure, unions are good things, I've been a member of one for around fifteen years have done propaganda for them, been rather engaged in one or two of them, etc, but what do you do when you are hung up in a crooked one? I refer directly to James Hoffa of the International Teamsters! I am one of his victims, we are tied to a five year contract with almost no benefits, poor (in any) representation, and we can do absolutely nothing about it. Last year, for example we recieved a 1/2 per hour cost of living raise. The contract states that each year the company will meet with the union and if they wish they can grant us a raise. If they do not wish to they need give us nothing and we cannot strike or negotiate for the next five years. In the case of grievances our local officials discuss it with local company officials, if no agreement is reached they discuss it with area company officials, and in the evtn it is still not settled they will refer to the head of personell (company again) in Chicago, whose desision is binding upon all parties! Two months ago we had an election, and despite the fact that nobody admits voting for him - our former business agent was elected Sec-Treasurer. In the last three years I have seen three men fired without cause and nothing was done about it. One man was suspected of theft and tho' it was never proved he is no longer with us. In an un-related case one man, roughly 55 years of age, was called into the personall office. It seems they discovered a discrpenency in his personall records, so they made him prove that he was in the US army in 1924. This man had worked for them for fifteen years, is a trusted employee, and is about the sixth man on the seniority list, but if the company so desired he'd have gone out on the street.

On the other hand we have the non-union shop, owned by a very close friend of mine, grimy, etc, as you describe them, with sub-standard wages, and his average employee has been with them for something over 15 years. A layoff is almost unheard of, with perhaps one employee (of the thirty) being laid off for a period of three weeks every third year. I once asked him what he would do if a union started to organize his plant. He said that he thought he could seal the plant within thirty days and if he had to he'd take a considerable loss.

Speaking of Wright have you heard: "Yes, I'm sure it'll be usefull Orville, but what have you done with my bicycle?"

FLABBER **** I liked Byscho anyway! Shapiro has finally made the big-time. He's making an excellent living with his writing and will soon be well known all over the country. George still doesn't have his car running, and to the best of my knowledge hasn't touched it in months. When Shapiro left town he gave George a '50 Chevy (worth very little - but running) and I predicted that George would take parts off the running car to repair the non-running car and wind up with two non-runners. I could tell of George's latest escapade but Coswal says I sneer at him all the time, so I'll put that off till next time, whereupon I'll describe how foolish he was this time.

POT POURRI **** I think that letter-writing should come first among fannish pursuits and at the same time I admit that I have trouble getting off a letter anymore, ~~have~~ had for years now and I rarely write a letter without an excellent reason, half the time I don't even answer letters if it can be avoided. I would imagine that there is a trend such as yours, from letter writing to fanzine interests, to fnz pubbing and finally submergence into FAPA where you don't have to do anything, just lie there and let people talk about you.

WAPTAGE **** Have you ever seen the Whistler magazine. Two pulp mags were issued under this title, the first about 1933-1935 ran several years before folding and the title was re-rived by S & S in (I think) 1940, character, adventure, detective, type, and reasonably good but nothing to bear reprinting.



YESTERDAY THE FUTURE . . . Glad to hear of the re-vitalization Cos, perhaps we're in for an upsurge of ambition. There's been a considerable period when you produced near minimum requirements, and of course I've been doing the same. Today, 24 hours after the Saps mlg arrived I'm at work on my EIGHTH page. Why, I've almost done a year's (average) contribution already!

Any earthquakes in this area will likely come from within, not outside of the house, when I first moved in here there was a hairline crack in the living room ceiling, at a stress point where the upstairs weight rests. I've patched it several times but each year it re-appears. I can't understand it - there's only 1 to 2 tons of weight on that section of the joists.

OK, so you don't care for my down-grading various fans. Well, I'll have you know that I have shown some restraint. I admit to being somewhat impatient, at least as I am influenced by fuggheadedness. During the year of our convention I blew up a number of times, and I spent one weekend cutting stencils detailing mistakes that were made by our group - mistakes that I saw no reason for. I thought it over for quite some time and the stencils are still unpublished. I will happily reveal what I consider harmless fuggheadedness, and at the same time I will cover up something if I think it is harmful.

OK! Now, that's a nice broad statement of principles ain't it - well, I'm going to prove it. Sometime within the next two years I will detail what I'm speaking of, I suspect this will happen in less than six months but have allowed myself reasonable leeway. I do not intend to cause an individual any serious trouble without a very good reason for it.

PSILO . . . Howdee Jane, I'll just bet I never told you about our ocelot! Offhand I suppose we got it in '57. My Dad & I were out for the morning (never mind where we went - I still say that noone in a sober state would buy an ocelot), in any case we arrived home in the early afternoon leading an ocelot. My father had bought it and I had a sort of interest in it, since it was going to play with my children). This was a cross between an ocelot & Leopard and an hour after buying it I attempted to feed it a piece of bread. He reached out, opened his mouth and took the bread in his mouth and backed away. I screamed and ripped my thumb & forefinger from his mouth. It was nothing, a couple of bandaids covered the wounds neatly.

In any case it wasn't the same warm, loving critter we purchased. Within the next month it ripped my father's hand several times. He built a large cage in the garage, some 8' x 10' x 6' feet high. The cat weighed about thirty pounds and could jump straight-up six feet. So, he bought a heavy chain and chained it to a post in the middle of the two-car garage, and then he bought a heavier chain and one evening he came home and the cat launched itself at him. It jumped fifteen feet and came in at throat level, snarling. My Dad got his arm up and wound up with four gashes six inches long, a sore arm from the thirty pounds hanging from it and a very sore foot from kicking it half way across the garage - and about thirty minutes after he ran into the house a man came and took it away!

Red China, the next time you're in a novelty store turn some of the stuff over & see how much of it is stamped "Made In Hingkong", and consider how easy it is to get materials and finished products out of Red China into a free port. I would imagine that millions of American dollars are being funneled into Red China every year. On this same subject; are you aware of the deceit that is being practiced in mis-labeling foreign goods? Montgomery Ward Company sells a portable sewing machine at a nice low price. This sewing machine is packed in a cardboard box. The box is labeled Lee Manufacturing Co. It bears a small white shipping label on side, as, Lee Manufacturing Co, Lee, Illinois. AND right down in the middle of the box you will see a strip of brown paper tape, under this tape you'll find the words, "Made In Japan". The tape serves no purpose except concealment. Check your nearest Monkey store and see if they admit the machine is an import?