

MOONSHINE

February, 1979

FAPA

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LEN'S DEN



"THAT'S THE INFAMOUS
MOFFATT HOUSE MOFFIA"

A BRIEF ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST (FANDOM)
KIND: On Monday, December 18, 1978, we received a letter from Sam Moskowitz advising us that he would be in the Downey area on a one-day business trip, and would it be okay for him to drop by for a visit on Wednesday night, December 20th. If so, would we write him a quick note? Well, of course it would be okay, but the problem was that it had taken Sam's letter a week to reach us (he had sent it on December 11) thanks to the good old Post Awful. So we phoned him to tell him it was okay. After hanging up, we were wondering if we had made it clear that he was to come here for dinner. Fortunately, the place Sam was calling on was one of my old folding paper box customers, so I phoned the PA there & left a message for Sam, so it all worked out all right.

We told Sam that we would try to invite a few local fans for the occasion and he asked us to keep the number down as he wasn't up to competing with a roomful of people, his voice not being what it used to be.

As it turned out, Bruce & Elayne Pelz were the only other visitors that evening, and as Sam and Bruce are Completist Collectors and deeply interested in Fan History, it was a most enjoyable evening for all of us. Sam, I only hope that the gab session had no ill effects on you physically, and something I forgot to mention while you were here was the pleasant feeling of nostalgia I had when I discovered a copy of THE FANTASY COMMENTATOR in the last Mailing. (Actually, despite his voice problem, Sam appeared to be in good physical shape for a gentleman of his years. Well, he is three years older than I, and has been in fandom longer than I have...) First Fandom Lives!

BRITAIN IS FINE IN '79! I'll drink to that, too, but I'm afraid that June and I will not be there--unless a Ship comes in heavily laden with pounds or dollars. We had made some tentative plans, but a cold hard look at what we have that passes for a Budget caused us to change our minds about going anywhere outside of California this year. Maybe next year or the year after.

Our reasons for going to Great Britain at any time is to visit our friends over there, to see more of London and other places than we did on our TAFF trip. This means that we don't have to go when there's a convention, world or otherwise, although we are disappointed that we won't be at the Worldcon in Brighton.

Our convention-attending plans for this year are simple enough. We expect to make it up to the Bay Area for the Westercon, and get to at least two of the local (LArea) cons: LosCon 6 and Bouchercon 10. There will be a LASFS Benefit in May, which is sort of like a one-day con, and we may be involved in helping with a one-day con at a local college, also in May. We haven't had any news on the latter lately, but we assume the kids are working on it, having been given some preparatory information and advice by June and me.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Moonshine is a Brighter Thing Than Fog - by June Moffatt

A COMBINED IGGYCON AND VACATION REPORT

Vacation really started on Saturday, August 26 (1978), when we picked Eddie and Marsha Jones up at LAX. The airport was unbelievably crowded, so that I didn't even try for a parking place at street level, but headed immediately for the upper levels of the parking garage. The flight got in half-an-hour early, but Eddie and Marsha were held on board for an extra two hours because Customs was too swamped to be able to handle them promptly. We had gotten there for the half-hour early, having called the airport and found out about it. We spent the extra time fuming and fussing and trying to get a straight answer out of somebody. We finally worked our way past the Security checkpoint, and son Jerry managed to find someone in the Customs area who knew that it would be another hour before that plane began unloading. We went into the bar/restaurant area and had a drink or three.

When Eddie and Marsha finally came within our ken, Jerry took their luggage (only two suitcases, much to our surprise) to Len's car, and we four settled into my Colt. We all rendezvoused at T J Peppercorn's in the nearby Hyatt for a most excellent meal. Eddie and Marsha were hungry in spite (or because) of having had dinner on the plane. They flew in on American Airlines, and said that the food was some of the worst they had ever encountered. After dinner, we went on home, where we had to chase the Joneses off to bed so that we could get some sleep. It was midnight our time, and 8 o'clock the following morning to them.

They brought with them a candidate for next year's Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation: THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY. This BBC offering starts out with Our Hero trying to prevent his house from being demolished so that a new superhighway bypass can be built over its site, progresses in the next few minutes to the Earth being destroyed to make way for a new hyperspace bypass, and goes on from there. Eddie and Marsha have promised to send us copies of these tapes. There are six half-hour segments.

The next couple of days involved a certain amount of partying, snopping-mall investigation and jet-lag recovery, not necessarily in that order. Monday, we drove up to Hesperia to collect the Travelall that Pres had promised to loan us. It was all freshly tuned and ready to go, so, after a pleasant visit, we left the Colt behind ~~with tears in its headlights~~ and piled into the Travelall. Among various improvements Pres had put into it were air-conditioning and a cruise control, both of which proved very useful indeed.

One thing that Sis and Pres asked us to do was to find a name for it. They said that it might be a name that they wouldn't want to hear, but...

Tuesday morning we started for Phoenix, with the intention of spending two days getting there by way of Tombstone. On the way out Interstate 10, we stopped first at the Opici Winery and accumulated a couple of bottles of their Rosato, which went into the ice chest. Further on, after telling the Joneses about Hadley's (they thought we were exaggerating) we stopped there too. They soon decided that we hadn't been exaggerating at all.

We went first to the wine-tasting section, where Eddie bought a couple of bottles of pomegranate wine. Then we investigated the main section, where we got various goodies to help us on our way, such as some cheese and meats, dried apricots, a packet of divinity, a loaf of bread and some other munchables. We decided that it would be necessary to stop here again on the way back, especially since we would have Colin and Joan Langeveld with us and could show it to them. Besides, I wanted to get some honey for Pres.

A little further on, we were ready for a lunch and rest stop. The highway turnoff to Palm Springs loomed in the near distance, and

a quick poll of passengers determined that we should seek a suitable spot to have it some where within the confines of that fair city. This determination held until we had traveled several miles down that highway, and still there was no sign of the city. It became our general consensus that the town of Palm Springs does not exist, so we turned around and back to Interstate 10 (aka The Christopher Columbus Transcontinental Highway).

Just a little way down from the PS turnoff, we found a lovely comfortable Rest Area, with trees, grass, picnic tables, running water and restrooms--and a stiff breeze. We unloaded the picnic basket, took a bottle of Rosato out of the ice chest, and managed to make a very tasty picnic lunch, with french rolls and various meats and cheeses.

We arrived in Elythe about 3:30 that afternoon, where we stopped at the Astro Motel. I did have thoughts of pushing on to Phoenix, but what's the point of wearing yourself out when you're on vacation? The Astro is a very nice motel, except for their air-conditioning, which cycles on and off noisily all the time that it's turned on. It managed to keep three of us awake most of the night. (Marsha said she slept through it all.)

We got a slight scare when we went into the motel office to check in. The lady in charge was on the phone, and she quoted a rate of \$36 per night no matter how many people were in the room. We found out later that this rate was for dove-hunters only. (We had arrived in the midst of dove season) Each room has its own little refrigerator, and there were also two large ice machines, from which we were invited to take as much ice as we wanted.

We did so the next morning, draining the chest and refilling it. That also turned out to be the last time the tailgate consented to open. From then on, we would be doing all our loading and unloading through the back window.

Eddie announced that morning that he had given up all idea of going to Tombstone. The desert heat was much more than he had expected, and all he really wanted to do was to settle into the air-conditioned hotel in Phoenix. The car's air-conditioner helped, but even so it was far warmer than a "warm" English summer. We therefore headed straight for Phoenix without the idea of continuing further.

We came to an Arizona version of a Rest Area just over the state line. The shade was provided by brick and concrete structures, there were running water, restrooms and electricity, but neither trees nor grass. We stopped and had a picnic breakfast, using the little electric pot from our Convention Kit to heat water for coffee and tea.

Marsha took her first turn at the wheel along here, which was also her first time at driving on the right-hand side of the road. (In spite of being raised on the East Coast, Marsha never learned to drive until she went to live in England.) She was also unaccustomed to power steering and automatic transmission. When she got the vehicle up to speed, I reached across her and set the cruise control. She drove along in silence for a few minutes and then commented: "It's really a weird feeling driving with both feet on the floor!"

Shortly after noon on Wednesday, we arrived at the Hyatt Regency Phoenix, to find that there were already hundreds of fans assembled, and that the hotel was perfectly happy to have us arriving a day earlier than our reservations called for. The tailgate refused to open, and we had to offload through the window. I surrendered the car to the tender mercies of the Valet Parking Service, and we went in to get settled in our room(s), get a bite to eat, and register.

The estimate of "hundreds" of fans is based on the fact that ALL of them appeared to be queued up to register when we arrived on the Atrium Level. We hastily bypassed to the restaurant, feeling we could better cope with standing in line/on line/queueing up on full stomachs. (Which term you use depends on where you're from.)

We met several old friends while standing in line, the first of which was the Dread OC of APA-L, George Jumper. Upon seeing him, I cupped my hands to my mouth and bellowed "GRINCH!" He was only about 10 feet away, but with all the gabblegabble of several hundred fans in that immediate area, I felt I needed all the volume I could get. Anyway, he heard me, and I was able to introduce him to Marsha and Eddie.

The Atrium Lobby of the Hyatt Regency Phoenix is an interesting and lofty place (not, in my opinion, the equal of the Atrium Lobby in the Hyatt Regency San Francisco) and made an excellent focal point for the con. The first two days it was much crowded, since the convention programming didn't start until Friday. Len and I didn't see all that much of the program, though we thoroughly enjoyed the con. We did note that a great many LASFS-ians were helping with various aspects of con work. No one asked us to volunteer, though one person did hint delicately that we might do so. We blandly ignored the hint. Had LA won the bid, we would have been working our heads and our tails off. We saw no reason to do so under the circumstances what prevailed.

We had thought of going to Pinnacle Peak before we got to the con, and were amused to notice that someone on the concom had arranged with them to have a table in the Atrium Lobby, where they sold the steak dinners and a bus trip out and back as a package deal. We bespoke a few friends to join us, and decided to make the trip on the Thursday evening.

Right next to the Pinnacle Peak table was a handy table selling cold Coke and beer. This table was discontinued a couple of days into the con, perhaps because it was cutting into the income from the hotel's vending machines. Whatever the reason for its removal, we missed it sorely when it was gone.

About 5 p.m., we went out to get on the bus to Pinnacle Peak, which had a fair-sized load of fans. Richard Harter ran up and caught it at the last minute. It was a long trip, and I was just as glad to have someone who knew the territory making that drive, instead of having to do it myself. The bus driver kept us entertained with stories about the local flora and fauna. He said that the holes in the saguaro cactus were drilled by woodpeckers and afterward inhabited by cactus wrens. I found it curious that a woodpecker of any sort would drill only one or two holes in a large cactus, and thought it more likely that the cactus wrens dug out the holes for their own nests. The bus driver also told us that the saguaros are regarded as "marriages". If the arms point upward, it's a happy marriage. Fortunately, we saw very few unhappy marriages among the saguaros of Northern Phoenix.

After about an hour, we finally arrived at Pinnacle Peak. Our busload was seated outside on the patio, an enormous area that looked as if it could seat a thousand people with ease. Our waitress informed us that all steaks would be cooked "medium" unless ordered otherwise. Since "medium" is my favorite way to eat steak, I let it pass.

Pinnacle Peak is famous for its policy toward neckties. The advertising literature on the table had invited everyone to come to a Necktie Party. Anyone so foolish as to wear a necktie has it cut off him by their pretty cowgirl waitresses. When we went into the main restaurant, we saw cut-off ties hanging all over the walls, including one about three feet long and six or seven inches wide with Union Jacks all over it. No one in the fannish party wore a necktie, but some men on the other side of the patio got their neckties chopped a little later on.

The steaks were very tender and good, though their idea of "medium" is my idea of "medium wall". As we were finishing dinner, a three-piece Western style band began to play. I asked Len to request "New San Antonio Rose". One of the men said he thought he almost remembered it. He was right. He proceeded to almost play and sing it.

Near the entrance, they had a flower stand set up. The flowers were artificial roses in all sorts of colors--dark red, light red, pink, yellow, apricot and blue. The sign said that they were made of shaved wood, though the petals were satin-soft and supple, almost like real rose petals.

Len asked me what color I wanted, to which I replied that didn't he always buy me dark-red roses? I would like a dark-red one, please. Len mumbled something to the effect that I was sure a cheap date, and bought the rose as requested. They had also sprayed the roses with rose perfume, and when we got it back to the table, Elaine wanted to examine it closely. She wound up with a noseful of perfume which almost knocked her off the bench.

We found out after we left that someone in our party had informed the Pinnacle Peak people that we didn't want to stay out there all evening. I guess they're used to the conventions whose members can't wait to get away from them.

We had a very interesting bus ride back to the hotel. The driver took us thru the wealthy Camelback section, pointing out homes of various famous people, including a mansion that has never been completed, although over \$8,000,000 has gone into its construction.

I don't really remember what we did when we got back to the hotel--probably found a room party of some sort. Most of the room parties seemed to be in the Adams--especially the Boston in '80 parties.

At some point during the con, we had the pleasure of meeting Freff's bride, Amy Sefton. She is a tiny, bright-eyed girl, semi-concealed under a Mad Hatter topper--or at least, so semi-concealed at Iggy. She came right up and gave me a hug when Freff introduced us, which was nice. It was good to meet her, and to see Number Three son again. We didn't see as much of them as we would have liked, but that's Worldcon biz. Len, of course, kissed Amy's hand upon being introduced, which she took calmly. (Sometimes I think Len does that at least partly to check the reaction of the girls. It ranges from calm acceptance to total astonishment.)

I think the first program item we got to was the Costume Competition on Saturday evening. Roy Tackett and his wife Chrystal saved us a place in line near the front, so we got fairly good seats. I was bitterly disappointed at the lack of photography areas after the show, though. I got pictures of those costumed people who were kind enuf to come out front, and that was all.

These included, much to my surprise, the Minotaur, who took off his stilts for the journey, and then put them on again to pose for us. We did hear that the costumed people were invited to the Boston Suite and would be available there to have their pictures taken. However, when we got to the Boston Suite, it turned out to be a private party for the masquerade entrants only. (So much for Dame Rumor.)

A group of us who weren't going to the Roast got together and went to a restaurant instead for our own non-roast. We wound up sitting at a table for four with Dave and Marcia Hulan, whom we don't see all THAT much of. The food was quite good, and the chef must have put some potatoes in to bake when we first arrived, because after being told there weren't any available at that hour of the afternoon, they were subsequently offered to us.

Ruth Kyle ordered the shish-kebab (written on the menu as "sheish-kebab") which came flaming to the table. We inquired if that was Roast Harlan on the platter. She said no, it was delicious.

Len and I had carelessly forgotten to bring our swimsuits, so neither of us was able to experience the delights of the Hyatt's 2 1/2' deep (!) swimming pool, nor the one at the Adams, which was about twice that depth. I am informed that the depth of the Hyatt pool was dictated by the fact that there are rooms underneath it. I am not at all sure that I would care to occupy one of THOSE rooms! As it is, the pool is simply a very elaborate wading pool, and probably delightful for the small children thereabouts.

We obtained our tickets for the Hugo presentations by waiting until the lines had cleared out and simply walking up to the desk. We attended the presentations in much the same way, arriving in what we suppose was the middle of Harlan's speech. Our late arrival also got us sat in the top balcony.

We were interested to note that Phil Foglio garnered a Hugo, and said that he wanted his name taken out of consideration in future years. (Later we read somewhere that this was his second Hugo, which we hadn't remembered. Charlie Brown of LOCUS also withdrew from Hugo competition, to which we say "about time!". When Harlan won his Hugo, he eagerly scrambled over the footlights and announced that if he's nominated again next year, he accepts!

We found the Huckster Room and the Art Show both interesting. We acquired a HOT FUDGE SUNDAE LANDS ON TUESDAY badge, and also an excellent photo-badge of Sir Alec as Obi-Wan Kenobi, which I pinned to my Star Wars shirt. I also bought a Rotsler badge from Brucifer, which showed a robot holding a sign that proclaimed EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL SENTIENT BEINGS! This latter one made quite a hit with a lot of people. (I was taken by a shirt worn by a young lady which said UPPITY WOMAN on it.

We met Don Markstein in the huckster room, and he made up a badge with the three Marx Brothers on it for Len. We saw a great many interesting people and things in the huckster room, but I don't recall seeing either Buck or Juanita Coulson either there or at the con in general.

Eventually, Tuesday morning arrived, and with it a call about 1030 from Marsha Jones, to tell us that they were up, dressed, packed, and ready to go to breakfast. Since we had just barely arisen, I called Room Service for two breakfasts--eggs over easy with sausage and scrambled eggs with sausage. They managed to deliver it in good time, but both orders of eggs were scrambled. (So, obviously, was our order.) I warned the waiter who brought it that we were about to check out, and he promised to hurry and get it on our bill.

We were joined, leaving the con, by Colin and Joan Langeveld, friends of the Joneses from England. They were to accompany us at least as far as the Grand Canyon, although they hadn't decided past that. We had one false start, when I remembered that we were to pick up a carton of Filksong Manuals from Brucifer to transport it back to LA. Eventually we got organized, and started off again.

There was one amusing incident when we first started. We arranged our passengers for maximum possible comfort--Eddie in the middle of the front seat directly in front of the air conditioner, and "all tall people at the sides!" as I said, though only Colin and I fell into that category. Colin jumped a little in startlement as I put the car in gear to drive away, and then explained that he had thought that Len was driving, since he's accustomed to having the driver on the right-hand side of the car.

I headed first for Tempe, where I intended buying my daughter a purse. The Ambassador Leather Shop proved to be very popular with everyone in our party. Joan found a white leather strap for her watch which was the type of thing she'd been looking for with no success. I ordered the purse for Cathy, and also found two belts for my sons, Bob and Jerry. Bob's was carved with oak leaves and acorns, and Jerry's with Indian symbols. Eddie chose a belt with deer and other animals carved on it, although he later admired Bob's and said that he hadn't seen any like it. (I don't know why--there were lots of them.)

Marsha found a big, roomy purse hanging on the rack. It had been reduced, and looked used. She promptly bought it and loaded it up.

Joan was so pleased with her watch strap that it became the thing to do to Admire it every once in a while, which she enjoyed thoroughly, and joined in on occasionally.

Then it was back to Highway 17, and higher elevations. When we reached Flagstaff, we stopped at a handy Denny's for our tea, and discussed whether we should push on further. Eddie was for consulting the Auto Club tour book to find a place to stay in Flagstaff, which seemed to sit well with everyone.

It was at the Denny's that Colin encountered his first chocolate soda. As sodas will do, it sneakily squirted him through its straw when he pushed down injudiciously on the ice cream. There was general merriment about this, abating only slightly when I assured Colin that it wasn't due to his inexperience with sodas--even the best of us (ahem!) sometimes get trapped by a sneaky soda.

After consultation with the Tour Book, Eddie picked out the Branding Iron Motel, one-star rated. It took us two passes through town to locate the street this motel was on, but we finally found it. As we drove into the parking lot, I noticed that there was only one other car parked there, which seemed to bode well for us. Marsha and I stayed in the car, while the other four went into the motel office. They came out bearing keys, and gave us the rundown.

The manager, they all agreed, was sullen and surly and didn't seem to care whether we stayed there or not. In manner, if not appearance, he was a dead ringer for Tony Perkins as Norman Bates in PSYCHO. He said "I suppose you want rooms all together" and handed out keys for 8, 10 and 11. We looked at No. 9. It looked empty--it was dark inside, and the venetian blinds were level, affording maximum view both ways.

We spent an hour or so cleaning up and resting, and made the interesting discovery that all the shower curtains lacked about six or eight inches of being long enough for the shower doorway, so that an interesting puddle of water accumulated on the bathroom floor whenever a shower was taken. In addition, our bathroom looked as if it had been tiled out of the leftovers from all the other units.

We gathered our dirty laundry together and went out to a local laundromat. Colin and Joan didn't have any--Joan had been rinsing their stuff out every night. We eventually got our laundry done--waiting our turn for dryers and space on the tables for folding. I told Colin that this was a sample of *Laundromattus Americanus*. It was here that he somewhat dumbfounded me by asking what sort of accent I have. Resisting the impulse to say "Why, none--you're the one with the accent", I replied "Er--Californian, I suppose." "And how about Marsha's accent?" "New York, I would think. They aren't THAT different, are they?" "Oh, yes they are," he assured me.

No. 9 was still dark and the blinds still open when we brought the fresh laundry back to our rooms. We then went to a pleasant local restaurant named The Gables, and had an excellent dinner. Len semi-choked on something at the beginning of the meal, and the waitress kindly patted him on the back. This was the signal for him to pretend to choke every once in a while.

Joan revealed that she had been born on the Isle of Man. "That makes you a Manx," I said. She looked quite startled and said that she had given up saying that she was a Manx because most people didn't understand what she meant. I pointed out that she was meeting exceptional people on this trip--and, so were we.

When we got back to the motel, the No Vacancy sign was lighted, and No. 9 was still dark and the blinds were open. By the next morning, when No. 9 looked just as it had the day before, we decided that the motel manager WAS Norman Bates, and he had the body in No. 9 and hadn't cleaned it up yet. We began looking for the big old house that was supposed to be right next to the motel. We found a couple of possible candidates for it, but then someone remembered that there was also supposed to be a swamp, and we couldn't find one of those in Flagstaff.

Len and I spent a restless night. The bed was badly broken down--we had chosen the one nearest the door which must have gotten all the wear. Sometime in the middle of the night, it occurred to me to wonder if the other bed was that bad. It wasn't, so we switched beds and finally did get a few hours of sleep. I had an odd dream--that I had jumped forward in time to 6 a.m. and slept backwards in time to whatever point it was, to double my available sleeping time.

One thing I did get out of this restless night was the name for the Travelall. What popped into my head was "The Great White Also". The Travelall was big, it was white, and it was carrying six fans and all their impedimenta, which was a lot of "also".

We arrived at the Grand Canyon somewhere near noon. Len and I were both rather tired, so we let the ones with all the energy go hiking off to the ends of the nearby trails. Eddie was shooting stills and Colin had his movie camera.

Eddie wanted a good gift shop for more souvenirs, (sometimes I think the Joneses were supplying the entire population of Liverpool with souvenirs) so we went up to Verkamp's, right by the El Tovar hotel.

Joan was somewhat incensed during our tour of this gift shop to find that some of the "Western" souvenirs bore the legend "Made in England". I got a few postcards to keep in touch with various people, and Eddie found a handsome belt buckle with a golden bird (a phoenix?) rising against a background of abalone shell. Sometime around here Len came down with a case of hunger pangs, so we all retired to the lunchroom at the Bright Angel Lodge. (In case you're wondering why we didn't go to the dining room at the El Tovar, Len and I have been there! Never again!)

After lunch, we toured the Bright Angel Lodge's gift shop, and selected a bell to give to Sis. We also encountered, variously, Sharman DiVono, Bill Rotsler, Leslie Turek and Fred Isaacs.

By this time, Colin and Joan had decided to return to Los Angeles with us. So, after a few more looks at the Grand Canyon, we made our way to Kingman, where Eddie picked out the Space Age Hotel. It was right next to the local pizza parlor, where we walked to have dinner. As I said, it was chancy, but at least we didn't have to drive. The food was fairly good.

The motel promised a better night than the one in Flagstaff. To my delight, the bed in our room was a double extra-long. Colin was the only other person in the party who could appreciate such luxury, so I hope there was a similar bed in his and Joan's room.

Over dinner, I was asked what our plan was for the morrow. My personal plan, which I had confided to Len but no one else, was to take Arizona 95 south to Lake Havasu City and drive over London Bridge. I replied that, as far as I could determine, we had a good six hours of driving ahead of us if we were to get home by Thursday night. We agreed that we should rise in time to get going by 0700. After dinner, Eddie brought out a bottle of pomegranate wine and we all sat around our room sipping and talking until people threw themselves out about 2200.

Thanks to a nice firm bed with one of the best "Magic Fingers" units I've ever experienced, and an obliging air-conditioner that made a steady soothing hum all night, both Len and I had a very good night's sleep, which we badly needed. We were up in good time in the morning, and I got out and started up the ~~Triumph~~ Great White Also, which needed about ten minutes of idling before it was ready to run.

No one would admit to being hungry when we started out. I had made coffee for Len with the electric pot in our Convention Kit, so he was fairly well set for a while. We headed west, and presently my Secret was blown wide open by a highway sign directing us to Lake Havasu City and London Bridge.

"London Bridge!" snorted the Englishmen. "Ooh! London Bridge! Do you think we could possibly stop to see it?" cried Joan. I allowed as how that was exactly what I had in mind, and we proceeded to Lake Havasu City, where we found a Chevron station to feed the Great White Also, and a Hobo Joe's to feed ourselves. Never been in a Hobo Joe's before, but they put out a mighty good breakfast.

It was here that I became aware of some more cultural differences between the States and England. I ordered a waffle and sausages, and gradually became aware that Joan was horrified at the combination of the sweet syrup with the meat.

"That's mixing sweet and savoury!" she told me with horror. I mentioned how well pork goes with sweet things, and offered to let her taste a bit just to see. She refused so emphatically that I felt rather like the amiable savage who has just offered the tourist a snack of raw monkey brains or something of the sort.

After breakfast, I made an attempt to call Jerry at home. Their pay phones are not geared to return money, so you don't put any in until you actually have your party. When the operator told me how much the call was, she said she would hold off ringing until I had the proper amount of change assembled, which seemed like a nice friendly way of doing it. I didn't get through--the circuits were busy--so I concluded to try again, later on.

Len and I then went out to find the rest of our party, which had scattered a bit while I'd been on the phone. There was a small shopping center nearby, with a gift shop, so we figured we'd find Eddie there, which we did. I also found a nice copper-and-turquoise pendant, which I bought as my personal souvenir of the Arizona trip. Colin and Joan had wandered into the pet shop next door, which had several talking and SCREECHING!) pynah birds. Colin was bemused by not only the conversational ability of one of these birds, but by the fact that it spoke with an American accent!

We then loaded everybody back into the car and drove over London Bridge. Took some pictures on the far side, looked briefly at the English Village (it didn't look as if it were open) and headed south again. I had it firmly in mind that we still had about five hours of driving ahead of us if we were to get home that night.

The desert scenery gradually gave way to "civilization". Presently I decided that we'd been driving

alongside this lake for a long time when it suddenly occurred to me that it was no lake, it was the Colorado River. I'd never seen it except in its "white water" phase in deep canyons. It looked as if it would be delightful to stop for a swim.

Eventually we came to the California border and found that the Agricultural Inspection Station was closed (much to our surprise). Just beyond it, a large sign said "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA". Below it was a smaller sign "Entering Pacific Time". I pulled over to the side of the road so that Eddie and Joan could take pictures of the signs. Then on to Blythe and a Rest Stop.

I did manage to get hold of Jerry by phone this time. He first demanded to know where we were, and then started asking questions about the worldcon. I told him that we'd tell him all about it, but not at long-distance rates. I also told him that we were bringing Colin and Joan with us, and he promised to fix up a bed for them in the living room.

Marsha took over the driving when we left Blythe. The next scheduled Rest Stop was Hadley's, although we did stop for gas and also at the largest, most parklike Rest Stop we had yet seen. There isn't much question that Rest Stops in California are more elaborate than those in Arizona--the Arizona ones ranged from the one I described where we had our picnic breakfast to a space off the highway to park with trash cans available.

Hadley's was its usual busy self as I found a space to park and we went in. Eddie and Colin headed over to the wine-tasting section, and the rest of us into the main part, which is filled with different kinds of dried fruits, juices, honey, breads, candies, flours, meals, grains, cereals and a lot of other stuff I've forgotten. Joan picked up a jar of pomegranate jelly, and we got another package of divinity for Marsha. Len loves buckwheat blossom honey, so we got a jar of that, and a five-pound can of orange blossom honey for Pres. We wandered up one aisle and down the other, picking up a package of Puffed Brown Rice and a loaf of shepherd's bread. When we went to check out, I saw some pecan rolls gracing the checkstand area, and promptly acquired three of them.

I had told my boss that I would be in that day to pick up my paycheck. Since it was already past five o'clock, I decided that it would be a good idea to call him. I made the call and said "Hi, boss-man. We're out at Hadley's right now, and I don't think we're going to make it in there before you go home."

"That's all right," he chuckled, "it's just as well. I forgot to turn in your time card this week."

"Ernie!" I roared indignantly, "Do I have to watch over you for EVERYTHING?"

"I'll have Payroll call a voucher over to the store when you come in," he replied. We agreed that that would be the best way to do it, and rang off.

We did manage to miss most of the heavy rush-hour traffic, and got home in something under two hours. Everyone was busily starving, so after off-loading and cleaning up a bit, we headed down to the Marie Callender's in Lakewood for supper. There was no question of going to the LASFS meeting that night, as tired as we all were. Supper over, we went back to the house and relaxed a whole lot.

The next day was our scheduled day at Disneyland. Joan and Colin had been to Disney World last year, as had Marsha and Eddie. Marsha said that several of the rides at DW, such as the Pirates, have been shortened.

We arose comfortably late, and I fixed scrambled eggs with mushrooms and cheese for everyone except Eddie, who doesn't believe in breakfast. Then we all got into the Great White Also and headed for Highland Park to pick up my paycheck and voucher. Ernie was not busy when we got there, and it turned out that we had arrived during the cashier's lunch hour, so it was impossible to get the voucher cashed until after she returned.

We spent the time talking with Ernie, comparing British money with American, and studying some counterfeit bills and "raised" bills that Ernie keeps under the glass on his desk. Eventually, the cashier got back from lunch, and I went down to cash my check and voucher. It was here that I discovered that I'd gotten a

raise, which made a nice surprise. When I had my money, I went back upstairs to say goodbye to Ernie. I noticed that the substitute secretary was still out to lunch, so I had the chance to ask him about her.

"How's she working out?"

"Not at all well.

She's decided she doesn't like the work, so she's not doing it." She also came in late and took off early, and spent the majority of her time in the office on the phone looking for a permanent job. Visions of three weeks' work backed up to greet me danced in my head, so I sympathized a bit with Ernie and went off to have fun while I could.

There are advantages to going to Disneyland on a Friday in the off-season. The first one became apparent when we were directed to turn right instead of left when we entered the parking lot. The second was when we were offered the Passports when I tendered my Magic Kingdom Club card. I pinned my Passport to my blouse and simply walked in wherever I wanted to go. We discovered that we were there in "winter", which was why the Passports were available, but it was the next-to-last night of the Electrical Parade. Serendipity-doo-dah!

Our party split up, after arranging a rendezvous for dinner. Some of us wanted to go and see What Had Gotten Into The Matterhorn. (Len and I saw it when we rode the Skyway. It looks like a big, furry Abominable Snowman with the obligatory flaming eyes.) We went through the Monsanto exhibit, which seems to have had some new stuff added, and Bear Country Jamboree, which also seems longer. Marsha said that D1 has shortened the Bear Country show, and also they don't have the "throwaways" like the bear snoring in its cave on the way in.

Once we had all met up again, we went over to America Sings. None of our companions had seen it before--D1 doesn't have one yet. Eventually we decided it was time for dinner, and made our way over to the Blue Bayou. The waiting line wound through a goodly portion of New Orleans Square, so Jerry volunteered to stand in line for us while we went through the Haunted Mansion. I get the impression that they've added a few ghosts to that, too.

We got back to the Blue Bayou in plenty of time to stand in line for another half hour or so. During this time, we saw several people knock on the door marked "33". We had heard about the Club 33, the only place in Disneyland that sells liquor. When we got to our table in the Blue Bayou, we asked our waiter about it. He said that a membership costs \$300, plus \$100 a year dues. We decided that if we wanted a drink, we'd take the Monorail over to the Disneyland Hotel.

After dinner, we went on the Pirates of the Caribbean, and commented on the marvelous audioanimatronic display of people eating in the restaurant alongside the bayou. Marsha also told us that there is no Blue Bayou at D1--all the food places there are fast food. Sounds as if they're trying to process the tourists through as fast as possible.

The Electrical Parade was delightful, as were the fireworks, but we had more fun watching Joan. It's a real pleasure to see someone enjoy herself as much as Joan does.

Saturday, September 2, was the day that we had to deliver Colin and Joan unto the tender mercies of the Greyhound bus system, which would take them to San Francisco. They had had three days and nights of solid bus travel on their way from Chicago to Phoenix--an experience they didn't care to repeat. Their plan was one night on the bus alternated with one night in a hotel. Their planned stops were San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Omaha, if I recall correctly. This would land them in Chicago at the proper time to take their flight back to England.

Fortunately, we found that they could take a bus from the North Hollywood station at either 2255 or 2300. This also meant that we could attend the party at Pelzes' for DUFF winner Paul Stevens (Anti-Fan, of AussieCon publicity fame).

We had a rather ambitious schedule for that day--first to Olvera Street, then to the Farmer's Market, after that to Scene of The Crime Bookshop in Sherman Oaks, and from there to the party at Pelzes'.

We got a later start than was totally ideal, so that we arrived at Olvera Street somewhat after noon. By the time we had wandered around, acquired souvenirs, snapped pictures and took movies, variously, we were all hungry, so we chose one of the restaurants and had lunch.

I acquired some biznaga (candy made of cactus) mainly for my daughter, Cathy, who is very fond of it. I passed out some samples, and our guests found it quite good.

By the time we were ready to leave Olvera Street, we decided that we just didn't have the time to go to the Farmer's Market. So, that is left for the next time Eddie and Marsha and Colin and Joan are out here--hopefully, soon.

Our next stop was the Scene of the Crime Bookshop, where Marsha found some Judge Dee books that she didn't think she had, but she wasn't sure. She promised to send me a list of those that she did have.

When we got to the Tower, Bruce gave Colin and Joan the Tour, which included a look at the newest game for their Atari--"Hangman". We sat around and fangabbed for a while, until we decided that it was time to go feed our faces. Cheryl and John Chapman decided to go with us to eat, and Eddie said that he wanted to go back to Coco's, so we made up a small caravan doing so.

Coco's wasn't quite prepared for a party of eight, so after waiting a while, we split up into two parties of four. The Joneses and the Langevelds promptly occupied the first table, and we sat with the Chapmans at another. The service was quite prompt, and the mushroomburgers were just as good as usual.

We got through in plenty of time to get Colin and Joan to the bus station, though we had been a trifle worried about it. After we got there, we discovered that the 2255 bus was a local and the 2300 an express. We whiled away the wait talking and playing with the various pinball machines. Finally the buses arrived, and we exchanged best wishes with Colin and Joan, promising to see them next year at Seacon.

Sunday was the day we were to start our wine-tour up the coast. We had tried to persuade Colin and Joan to ride up to San Francisco with us, but we couldn't guarantee when we'd arrive, and they had their schedule all figured out. Eddie and Marsha wanted to stay at the Madonna Inn just to be able to say that they had done so. We called the Inn before we left on Sunday, and they said that they were all booked up, but if we wanted to come in about 6 p.m. they would see if they had any cancellations. Meantime, we phoned the Royal Inn to make reservations for that night. They gave us two adjoining rooms, which, as we found when we got there, comprised the "Presidential Suite".

We hit the road about 1 p.m., and cut over Highway 152 out of Santa Barbara so as to go over San Marcos Pass and by Lake Cachuma, and bypass Solvang and Buellton. Those two places are sufficiently busy on a weekday, without going there on a Sunday. Marsha got a chance to drive as soon as we rejoined Highway 101. (It's not that Len or I didn't trust her to drive on the lesser roads--Eddie wouldn't let her!)

We got to the Royal Inn in plenty of time, and Marsha and Eddie decided not to even try for a cancellation at the Madonna, but to stay with us. We had noted that the Royal Inn has a therapy pool, so, as soon as we were settled in our rooms, Marsha and I went out to find it. Our rooms overlooked the swimming pool, so we checked that area first. We finally found it just down the walkway from our rooms. They had a hasp and unlocked padlock on the door, and the door was ajar. We walked in and our glasses promptly steamed up.

The pool itself was about 20' long, and we discovered a timer device on the wall which turned on the jets. We dashed back to our rooms to tell Len and Eddie that we had found it, and everybody got into their swimsuits and padded down the walkway thereto.

I turned on the timer to give us fifteen minutes of jets, and Marsha and I waded into the pool down to the "deep" end (about 3' deep). Len and Eddie waded in much more slowly, with gasps and roars of protest about how hot the water was. I sat down with my back up against one of the jets and let it massage away the aches and pains. I figured I had a couple of weeks' worth of driving tension to get rid of.

By the time the timer reached zero, we had all had enough. Marsha and I investigated the rest of the area, and stood for a few minutes in the sauna. I didn't think it was a good idea to sit down on the hot wooden benches as wet as we were, figuring the water in our suits might boil. Marsha said that it might be a good place to leave our suits to dry (but we didn't).

Eventually we got ready to go out to dinner, and drove over to the Madonna Inn first, for a preprandial cocktail. Eddie had seen postcards showing the various rooms, but this was his first in-person sight of the place. I took us in through the coffee shop, since I'm particularly fond of the copper tabletops and the rainbow of jewel-colored water goblets. We had our cocktails under the benign gaze of a few gilt cupids, who were busily holding up bowls of fruit or flowers. A plastic dolly swung tirelessly overhead on the way into the bar--much to my surprise, Eddie didn't notice it until we were leaving. I guess he'd had enough to look at aside from that. We also took him downstairs for a look at the fabled men's room with the rocky cavern and waterfall, and vouchsafed him a look into the Louis Quatorze women's room.

After that, we went up into town for dinner at Sebastians. I had hoped to be there for Sunday Brunch, since I am particularly fond of their Eggs Sardu--which is something like Eggs Benedict, but with an artichoke bottom added beneath the egg. However, Sebastians is an excellent restaurant any time of day, and we made do with their dinner menu.

When we got back to our rooms, I noticed that there was a light on by the speaker grille in our room. I didn't think anything of it, since we had left the music playing when we went to dinner. Presently the phone rang, which I considered unusual, since I "knew" that my daughter Cathy was in Mexico.

She wasn't. She was downstairs in the lobby, after having called very nearly every motel in San Luis Obispo to locate us. She had reached the Royal Inn earlier and found that we had checked in, and had then been calling the various restaurants around town to try to find us at dinner. (We had heard some paging at Sebastian's, but it was so garbled that we hadn't been able to make anything out of it.)

She came up to our room, and I introduced her to Marsha and Eddie, and gave her the various things we had brought along for her. I handed her a roadrunner pin and told her that it was part of her souvenir from Arizona--the rest of it would be along in a couple of weeks. We sat and talked for a while, and arranged to pick her up to have breakfast with us the next morning.

We had breakfast at the Madonna Inn, in one of the booths in their coffee shop. The prices rather stunned me--I knew they were expensive, but \$1.40 for a bowl of cold cereal? I will say, however, that the corned beef hash with eggs that I had was the neatest corned beef hash I've ever had. The prices are high, true, but so is the quality. (And why go to a place like the Madonna Inn for cold cereal?)

After breakfast, Eddie had to go up to the gift shop and look around. He and Marsha bought several of the postcards showing the various rooms. Len and I bought a card to send to Sis and Pres, since we were trying to keep them well-posted on our journey. Then we went back into town to investigate a toy store and T-shirt shop that we'd seen when we parked the car the night before. The toy store was a very large one, with a carpet showing forty-one different games, including shuffleboard and parcheesi.

The T-shirt shop was almost as interesting. Eddie bought a beige shirt and an applique of a golden Egyptian archer to put on it. Marsha got a black long-sleeved shirt and an applique reading "Science Fiction Freak". She figures to shock the Britfans at Novacon, I think.

In a small newsstand-cum-bookshop around the corner, I found a copy of the National Observer Crossword Puzzle Book, so I acquired it for future reference. We visited my daughter at her home for a while, and then hit the road again.

Our first planned wine-tasting stop was the Hoffman Winery in Paso Robles. We were attracted, along the way, by the signs advertising the Pesenti Winery, so we stopped there first. It was located at the intersection of Vineyard Avenue and Winery Road, and, as far as we could tell, that was the best thing about it. We didn't care for any of their wines.

Approaching Paso Robles, Eddie and Marsha were somewhat bemused by the signs announcing "Almond Tasting" at the Black Oak Restaurant. Len and I were familiar with these signs, though we had never done any almond tasting ourselves.

First, though, we passed the Black Oak Restaurant and went to the Tasting Room of the Hoffman Winery a block or so further down the street. It's a small room, and they have some very good wines. The measure of quality is that, since Eddie and Marsha were permitted to import only four bottles into England, they chose one of the four here. Len and I acquired a bottle of their '75 Franken Reisling, a delightful white wine. (Unfortunately, the cork proved deficient and the wine leaked out of the bottle after we got it home and put it in the wine rack. "sob!!")

There are about forty-'leven different flavors of almonds at the Black Oak Restaurant, including sauerbraten, pepperoni, orange, lemon and banana. The flavor is a coating on the outside of the almond. We got some cheese-flavored ones, which were very tasty. Eddie and Marsha acquired several of the more exotic flavors. (A constant theme during moments like this was "I wish Colin and Joan were here to see/hear/taste/experience this!")

And so on to Castroville and the Giant Artichoke. It was getting toward dinner time, but we decided to go on up to Santa Cruz and Malio's on the wharf for that, and leave french-fried artichokes and similar delicatess for some other time.

We hadn't decided where we were going to stay in Santa Cruz, so Eddie was consulting the Auto Club Tour Book again. Len was trying to remember where we had stayed before. We decided on a name that sounded vaguely familiar, and pulled over to the side to study our map of Santa Cruz. I traveled down streets that seemed more familiar the further I went, and eventually pulled into the driveway of the Riviera Motel, which was indeed the same motel that Len and I had stayed at several years earlier. They had a pair of adjoining rooms, so we thankfully parked The Great White Also and began to move our luggage in.

In a few minutes, Marsha came running into our room laughing, and inquired if we'd found the other bedroom yet. Sure enough, both of our rooms had an extra bedroom in the back, with twin beds in it. We decided that this must be the children's bedroom, and referred to it by that title from then on.

Once settled in and refreshed, we started out for a Fashionably Late Dinner, and I found my way to the Municipal Wharf with only one false turn. Malio's was still there, and still as good as we remembered it to be, which is certainly nice when you've recommended it to your friends. I scanned the menu until I found the Veal Piccata, which I'd been waiting about four years to have again.

I think they must have changed chefs in the meantime. The clam chowder was different, but still excellent. Marsha, the Chowder Expert, pronounced it to be neither a Boston nor a Manhattan, but, whatever it was, it was about half clams in volume. The Veal Piccata was also different but very good--at first, it looked like Mushroom Piccata. It was hidden under slathers of mushrooms. Eddie had the Lobster Thermidor, which he said was one of the best he'd ever had.

Back at the motel, I investigated the Boardwalk situation. The manager at first said that yes, the Boardwalk was still open, but then he found the schedule for it, and we saw that it was now officially "Winter", so that it was open only on weekends. Curses! foiled again! This meant no rides on the magnificent carousel, one of the few left where one may grab for the brass ring. What we found rather odd was that the Boardwalk was being advertised on TV as being Open Every Day.

The next morning we arranged for the Joneses to move into the "children's room" in our room, and effected the transfer of their luggage. Anything to save a few bucks. After that, we found a pancake house with which to feed our faces before we started on our wine-touring. We made our way up Highway 9, hoping to stop off at the Great Steam Railroad--until Eddie informed us that the Tour Book said that it closed at noon on weekdays in Winter (which, of course, it was).

We paused briefly at the Brookdale Lodge, which seemed to be semi-open. In its heyday, it was famous for the trout stream plashing merrily through the dining room, but I suppose the trout have all been put out to pasture, and the stream gone where good streams go. We did take the opportunity to introduce Eddie to a redwood tree: "Eddie--Sequoia sempervirens; Sequoia sempervirens--Eddie." ~~Reading the redwood~~ We also showed him one of the tiny cones from which these trees grow.

Somewhere along this road, we stopped at one of the souvenir shops that sell objects made from redwood--this particular store is a favorite of ours, since we consider that it sells a better quality of stuff than most. We also paused briefly by Merrybrook Lodge to show that to the Joneses.

We then pursued our way up Highway 9, which has possibly more than its share of twistings and turnings, being a Scenic Mountain Road. We had one of the Paul Masson Wineries as our goal. It was a beautiful trip, but wearying. I'm glad we did it, but I don't want to do it again. We finally reached Saratoga, and found the Paul Masson Champagne Cellars with some directions from a friendly gas-station attendant.

When we entered the Cellars, we were instructed to take an object called a "wand", which looked like nothing so much as part of a telephone handset. The wands were radio receivers, which received spot broadcasts at various points of the self-conducted tour.

When we went into the enormous storage rooms, the sharp tang of wine was very evident. The broadcast informed us that they had figured out that the winery lost the equivalent of 500 bottles of wine a day into the air.

"500 bottles a day in the air? Breathe, Marsha, breathe!"

"I'm breathing! I'm breathing!"

Eventually we reached the tasting room and sampled various of the wines available. They didn't give out samples of their brandy, however, so Eddie bought a small bottle to do his own tasting from.

That was the northernmost point of our trip. We never did get up to San Francisco, so that the wonders of the Hyatt Regency lobby in that city remain to be revealed to the Joneses on a subsequent trip. We returned to Santa Cruz on the freeway called Highway 17--MUCH preferable to going back down Highway 9! When we got back to the hotel, Marsha and I went for a swim. Looking for my bathing cap, I discovered that we had apparently left our beach bag at the Royal Inn in San Luis Obispo. My suit was with us because, having been damp when we left, I had spread it out on the luggage in the back of the Aliso to dry.

We were joined in the pool by a friendly lady who arrived in a wheelchair, but was apparently able to walk well enough to get into the pool without help. We had seen a Szechuan Chinese restaurant in the next block, where we intended to go for dinner. The lady recommended an Italian restaurant some distance away. I said that it sounded good, but the Chinese restaurant had the added advantage that we wouldn't have to drive.

"Well, yes," she replied, "but you know that you can only get Chinese food, there."

"er--well--yes--" we said, and retired to our room to croggle, dry ourselves and dress.

The Chinese restaurant was pretty good--it wasn't as good as Kapok, in Oakland, which we had been hoping to reach. But I suppose we really shouldn't go back to Kapok until we can go with Bobbi and Ron and Bruce and Elayne and...

The next morning we went back to the pancake house to fortify ourselves for another day of wine-tasting. Our next stop was the Bargetto

Winery near Santa Cruz, but before we went there, I decided to find an AAA office and remedy the oversight I had made in not bringing my book of Pacific Coast Highway strip maps with me.

A friendly lady came to the counter to help me, and laughed merrily when I put my request. "Oh, we don't have those in Northern California!"

"You don't?" I promptly felt rather lost.

"No, but I can give you some local-area maps. They're MUCH better than those books--why, do you know that I've seen people carrying those books just because they're books, when they're all old and tattered. When these maps get old and worn, you can just throw them away."

"Indeed," I murmured, reflecting on what sounded like reverse logic to me.

"Where are you from?" the friendly lady continued. When I told her "Los Angeles", she smiled and continued, "Oh, I like Los Angeles! And you're so lucky that you have all that smog down there!"

"We are? Why?" "Well, just think of how many people would move there if you didn't have it!"

At this point I gave up and, bearing the (disposable) maps I'd been given, bade her farewell and went out to the car to share this magnificent logic with the rest of our party. (I wish Colin and Joan could have been there to hear...)

We had an interesting visit at the Bargetto Winery, though I don't recall whether any of their wines were of sufficient excellence to make the trip back to England with the Joneses. We landed in Castroville in time for lunch, and Eddie and Marsha got to try french-fried artichokes for the first (and probably the last) time. (No, Colin and Joan, you didn't miss much. We had a dozen among the four of us and didn't finish them.) I purchased half-a-dozen fresh artichokes at the market next door, which went into the ice chest so they'd be fresh to be eaten when we got home.

Then south on 101 again to the Royal Inn in SLO where we retrieved our beach bag from the Lost and Found. It was our intention to spend the last night on the road in or near Buellton or Solvang. We considered Pea Soup Andersen's Inn, but decided that it was too expensive. All the inexpensive motels in Solvang were full up, so we went east of town to the Sanja Cota Motel, where Len and I have stayed before. Sure enough, there were two rooms available, and an ice machine with all the cubes wrapped up in 10-lb. bags. (If you think we've paid overmuch attention to the ice machines, you haven't had to keep an ice chest fed on a journey like this one.)

We went back to Andersen's for dinner, and were seated about the time they were closing down the dining room. We had lots of pea soup, and some of their rose, which I had described to Eddie as "a nice, frivolous rose". He promptly inquired if it were amusing in its presumption? The wine cellar had already closed by the time we were through eating, but we came back the next day and redeemed our courtesy coupon for our after-dinner wine.

The next morning, we breakfasted at The Danish Maid, where we were introduced to abelskiver, the ball-shaped Danish pancakes. Very good, too. Then we walked breakfast off about Solvang, and Eddie found another Western shirt to add to his large collection of same. (I wonder if he's a Completist Collector...)

Presently, we hit the trail for home, and had fresh artichokes for dinner, which Eddie said were the best he'd ever tasted. My son Bob joined us for dinner, partly so we could see him before he went up to San Luis Obispo to start classes at Cal Poly, and partly because I wanted to give him his souvenir from Arizona---the belt carved with oak leaves and acorns. It was now that Eddie admired that belt and said that he hadn't seen any like it at the store. I was unable to account for this phenomenon, since I thought he'd examined every belt in the Ambassador's stock.

We didn't get to the LASFS Meeting this Thursday, either, due to overtiredness. I made a call to Bruce at the club, asking him to pick up my copies of APA L and inquiring if we could spend Friday afternoon soaking in their jacuzzi---that being the total of Eddie's and

Marsha's ambition at this point. (Oops! Got ahead of myself--it was Saturday that they wanted to spend in the jacuzzi!)

Friday, we took the Joneses down to Cerritos Shopping Mall so that they could tour it, and arranged to pick them up in about three hours. We then had a bite of lunch. Friday evening, we drove the Great White Also back to Hesperia and collected the Colt. Marsha drove the Colt back to Downey. We noticed that the LA County Fair had just opened, but we resisted the temptation to go to it.

Saturday, Eddie and Marsha wanted to pay another visit to the Northridge Shopping Mall to get another bag to help them carry all their loot back to England. They also wanted a farewell shot at Coco's. So, we went to lunch first and then to the Broadway. The entrance we used was immediately adjacent to a display of tote bags, so they looked them over carefully, and finally picked one.

When we finally got to the Pelzes', we spent a relaxing several hours both in and out of the Jacuzzi. The pool was a little too cool to be really comfortable, though I did dive in a couple of times. All-at-once was the only way to do it.

We made an early night of it, since the Joneses wanted to start their packing that night. They did leave some stuff behind to be forwarded later. All their luggage, including the new tote bag, was filled to the brim and then some.

We got to the airport in plenty of time the next day, which was a good thing, since there was one of the worst traffic jams we'd ever seen there. The people lined up in front of the counters were also wall-to-wall. The plane didn't start loading until after its scheduled departure time, but we found a lounge to sit down in while we were waiting. The International Carriers terminal is undergoing remodeling--which it badly wants--but it's got a long way to go before it's as nice as the one in Frankfurt.

And, finally, we bid a fond farewell to the Joneses, and walked back to our car through a suddenly deserted airport. It seemed like an appropriate end to a very busy, crowded vacation. The tumult and the shouting dies...

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LEN'S DEN (continued from Inside Front Cover)

MOONSHINING: Now that the JDM BIBLIOPHILE has been turned over to Ed Hirshberg (Dept. of English, University of South Florida, Tampa FL 33620; \$1.50 per copy) we expect to be able to publish a fair-sized issue of MOONSHINE at least once a year. In fact, in an effort to set up a Spring Schedule, we hope to have the next issue in the May '79 mailing--assuming our spare-time schedule doesn't get more overloaded than it already is...

In any case, the next issue should have another installment of my fan-memoirs, the usual columns by June and me, some cartoons and some items in the light verse line.

Unlike JDM, we print only 100 copies of MOONSHINE; 60 for FAPA, with 30 to spare for non-faps who might be interested.

If we don't "see" you in May, we'll be in one of the mailings between now and February of next year. Which reminds me--I better go and write a check for our dues and get it off to Juffus...

Keep Smiling! - ljm