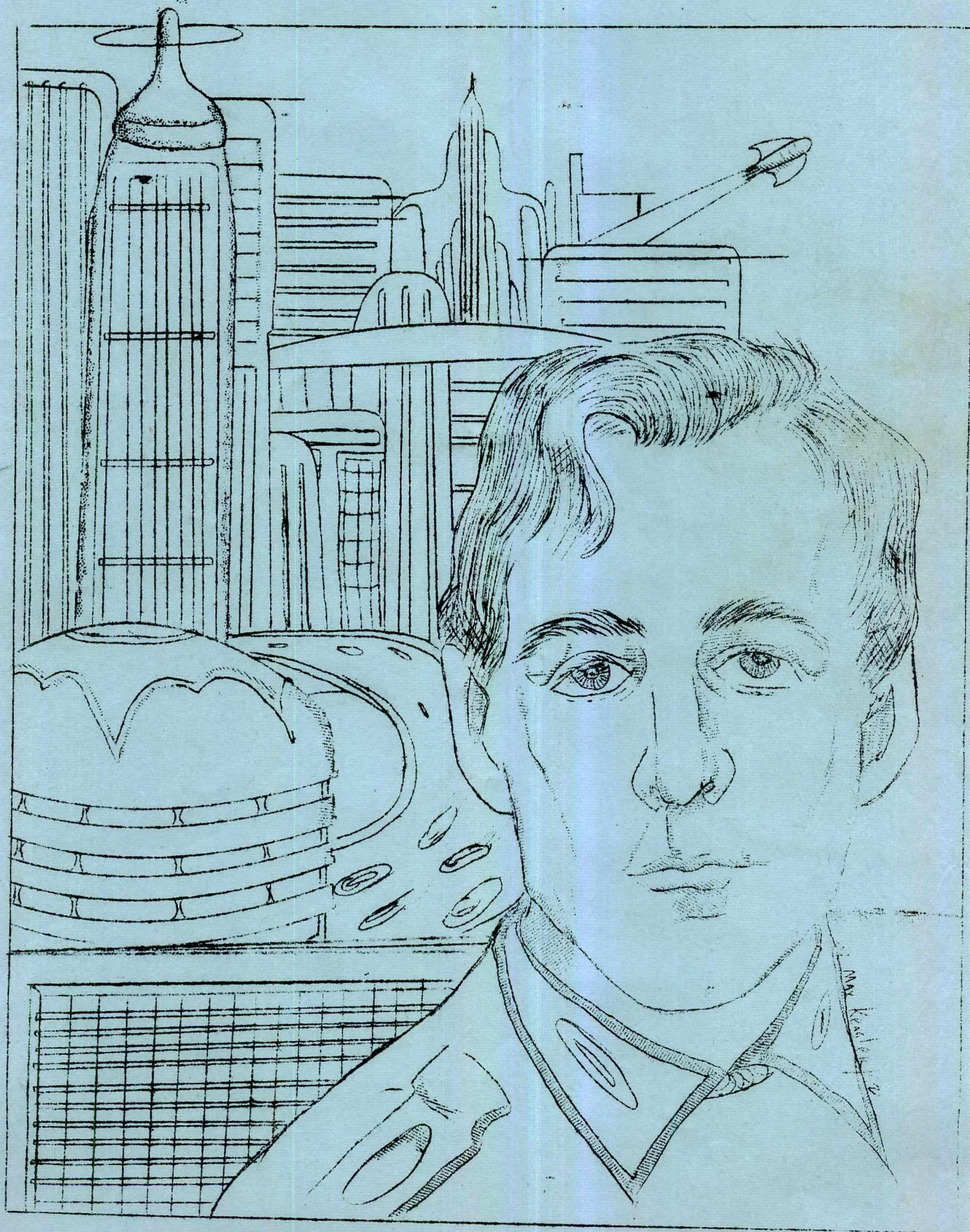
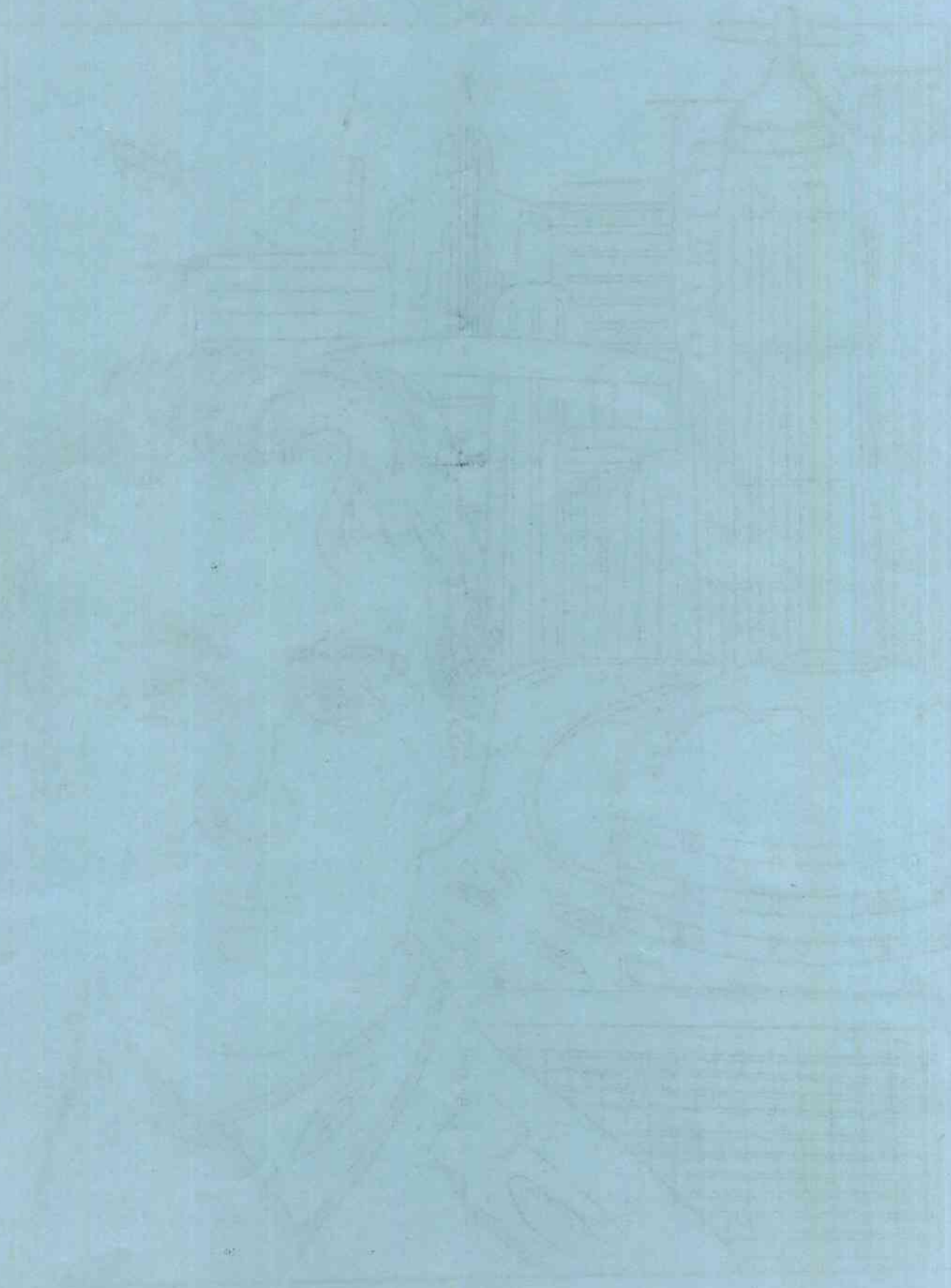


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regg Calkins, Editor and Publisher
761 Oakley Street
Salt Lake City 16, Utah

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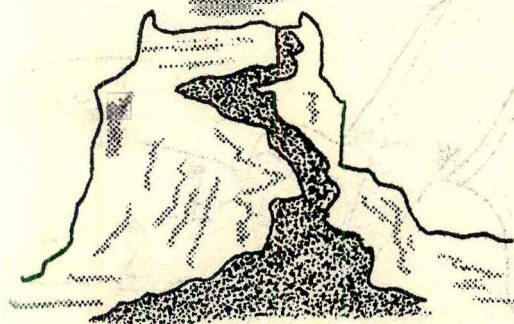
Interiors by Ward, Fultz, Stone and Levin. Slip-sheeting done by Dean Hall and Al Mulaik. Unsigned material, in most cases, is mine, sadly enough. I'm sorry, also.

Deadline for next issue is October 10th! Next issue mailed on October the 21st! !

* * * *

OOPSLA! Volume One, Number Seven, mostly convention material and reports. Published regularly every sixth Tuesday up until this issue, which is exactly one week late, I hope. Next issue will be out on time, four weeks from today. Subscription rates are \$1 per year, which include eight regular issues and an annual. Regular issues are 26 pages, annual over 52. Advertising rates are \$1.00 per page, 60¢ per half-page, and 35¢ per 1/3 page. Material requirements are good solid articles of fannish interest, or fan fiction and articles with a definite fannish slant. Please include return postage with manuscripts if possible. Deadline for next issue is October the 10th!

ERUPTIONS!



This reads more like a **MRIBBLINGS** editorial, this time, I think. But, then, I got troubles. For instance, due to the convention and my side-trip afterward to Florida and Georgia, this issue is exactly one week late. Which means next issue will be out in only a month, to get back on schedule. Also, in this issue there was supposed to be a Bob-Tucker-type convention report. But none such has arrived yet. Therefore, you'll have to put up with a Calkins-type report this issue, and have the report a-la-Tucker next time. Okay? It looks like my own report will go about eight pages, so once again there will be no **SLUSH PILE** in **OOPS**. Now, you people who are going to scream, just sit back. There will be—I solemnly assure you—a **SLUSH PILE** next issue. I'll try to make it a long one, too, but that depends on you. Usually the response by mail to **OOPS** either isn't great enough to support a long letter column, or the majority of the letters are just the "this was great, that stank" type—in other words, helpful to me, but not interesting reading to other readers. So all of you write this time, eh? And give both comments and ratings on material, plus your views and news on other items. Perhaps by next issue, I'll be including something like Keasler's "Hey You Poll"—at any rate, some sort of scale to judge the material on—and hope you'll all support it.

More on **OOPS**—this issue, as I've said, is late. This issue, also, is filled with typo's and other unsightly items. About 99% of it is due to the gosh-awful rush with which this issue is being put together. I got home about 10:00 am the 15th of September, and have to have the whole thing on stencil by the 20th (tomorrow) so I can have it all printed by the 22nd, and mail it the 23rd. ## Another thing—possibly by the January 1953 issue, **OOPS** will become monthly. I say possibly.

Willy Ley has a bad German accent on the air which you'd never guess from his writing

Each time I hear of flying saucers
I think: "Jeepers, creepers!"
What if they aren't phenomena
But, like Fort said.....keepers?

Miscellany: The cartoon by Levin on page 11 or so is lifted from **CONFUSION**, and I understand cf. lifted it before that from the **PSFS NEWS**. ## David Kyle is planning a **WHO'S WHO** of fandom. This is a really serious, constructive piece of fan-pro work, and needs plenty of support. If you have ideas and/or suggestions, contact either myself, or Dave Kyle, 300 W 67th St., New York 23, NY. ## I have something you might want—gummed labels for your return address. Those of you who correspond with me know what they look like. A small printed sticker with up to four lines of print on it, with either a plain or colored border. You get 300 in a plastic case for only \$1.00. (Also many other items equally useful.) These are extremely handy to a faned, or one who writes a good deal of letters. Contact me if you need them—you won't regret it. ## "Time waits for no man....aye, and a faned and his deadline are soon parted...." Shakesword.

Until next issue, yours editorially,

Gregg Calkins



THE JAUNDICED EYE

BY

KEN BEALE

THE EYE VIEWS THE CHICON

GHOD, BUT IT WAS BIG!: Approximately 1,050 assorted fans, pro's, readers, scientists, reporters, and other folk crowded into the Morrison Hotel this past Labor Day weekend. They were attending the Tenth Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention, also known as the Chicon II, the Taffie, the Annun, the Xcon, Those Maniacs Up There, and various other appellations. For the purpose of holding it, the hotel (the world's tallest, so I've been told) had been engaged (or parts of it, at any rate) with the Terrace Casino being used for most of the program, the Burgandy and Monte Carlo rooms, and Parlors F and G took care of the rest. Hugo Gernsback, the guest of honor, was put up in a suite that was aptly described as palatial. Over 500 souls paid the \$4.25 a plate for the banquet--the highest such price on record. It is estimated that at least 700 were in the hall during most of the events. In all, 1500 joined, which means that the con "threw away"--in non-attendees--as many members as the biggest previous cons have had. Yes, in just about every way, this was the greatest of them all--perhaps a bit too great.

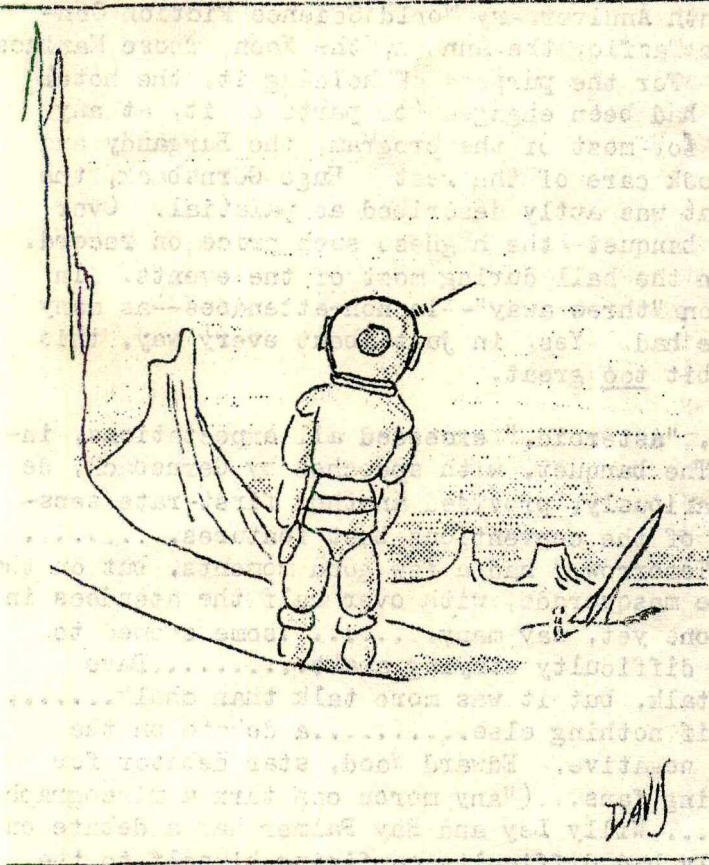
HIGH SPOTS AND LOW: The stf ballet, "Asteroid," exceeded all expectations, including mine. It was gorgeous.....The banquet, with speeches by Gernsback, de Camp, and Simak, with Bloch emceeing hilariously, provided another first-rate session.....Campbell's talk was another of the conventions best features.....the tv films, from Sturgeon's "Tales of Tomorrow," had a few good moments, but on the whole were pretty ho-hummish.....the masquerade, with over half the attendees in costume, was weird and wonderful. Best one yet, say many.....some seemed to like the Pseudo-Science panel, but I had difficulty staying awake.....Dave Hammond and Sol Levin presented a chalk talk, but it was more talk than chalk.....the various panels were informative, if nothing else.....a debate on the influence of fandom on sf was won by the negative. Edward Wood, star debator for that side, spent most of his time insulting fans...("any moron can turn a mimeograph handle")...He was applauded hugely.....Willy Ley and Ray Palmer had a debate on flying saucers, in which Palmer apparently had difficulty confining himself to the facts.....surprise guest was Garry Davis, world citizen, who presented a highly professional comedy act on atom-splitting, followed by a serious talk. Both went over well.....Ted Sturgeon complained of a sore throat, but sang three songs anyway, one of them his own "Thunder and Roses".....SJ Byrne played a record of a new song, "Space Patrol," sung by the star of the show. It stunk.....Robert Bloch's talk, "What Every Young Spaceman Should Know," was good, tho not as funny as last years.....Bob Tucker played a tape recording, replete with typically Tuckeresque humor, which most of the audience, being non-fans, failed to get. They laughed politely, anyway.....Joseph A. Winter, M.D., Oscar C. Brauner, and H. J. Muller, Ph.D., also spoke.

The Jaundiced Eye. II

PERSONALITIES: If I were to name all the fans and pros who were there, it would sound like a Who's Who of fan and prodom....but to name a few, there were Lee Hoffman, Max Keasler, Walt Willis (of course), Shelby Vick, Henry Burwell, Ray Nelson, a young Indiana fan with the improbably name of Ray Beam, Les and Es Cole (accompanied by baby), GM Carr, Rich Elsberry, Dave Ish, Bill Venable and his sister, Bea, Hal Shapiro, Manly Bannister, Ian Macauley, Lee Jacobs, and Lee Bishop.....then there were Philip Jose Farmer, Jack Williamson, Fritz Leiber, Mack Reynolds, William Lawrence Hamling, Lester del Rey, Bea Mahaffey, Anthony Boucher, Howard Browne, Mrs. HL Gold, Samuel Mines, Jerry Bixby, Ted Dikty (who says it is true, he is engaged to Judy May), August Derleth, EE Smith, Lloyd Eshbach, David A. Kyle (new Bourgey and Curl s-f editor), Poul Anderson, Oliver Saari, Ralph Milne Farley, and (of all people,) Vincent Starret.

QUOTES WORTH QUOTING: "Come along with us, and we'll push you off the roof" (Lee Hoffman, addressing me)....."I picked up a fanzine the other day. All it was was a lot of chit-chat back and forth...no good constructive criticism." (Dave Tucker, on the panel about fandom.)....."Self gratification is the only justification for fandom's existence" (Ed Wood, same panel.)....."Pro's look down on fans, they

just won't admit it" (Ibid)....."Mr. Ziff seems to think that Edgar Allen Poe is quite the coming writer" (Howard Browne, explaining why he's re-printing Poe stories)....."When I speak of science-fiction, I mean the truly scientific, prophetic science-fiction with the full accent on SCIENCE." (Hugo Gernsback.)....."Robert Palmer, writer and editor,.... ..John W. Campbell..was trained as a nuclear physicist, he said, at the Illinois Institute of Technology..... ..John Pomeroy, who said he is a chemist at the government's Argonne National Laboratory.....Ley said he is employed as a rocket expert in addition to his editorship.....the auctioneer was Melvin Korshak, a publisher of outer world romance.....a large photograph of a beautiful, queenly space sister was the next offering. She wore a pair of rocket ships in lieu of a brassiere. The price was \$22.....He (Pomeroy) said the average science fiction reader is from 20 to 35 years old, has a highly speculative mind, and is employed in a technical job...." (Excerpts from news stories about the convention, in the papers.)



FACTS AND FANCIES: Next year it's Philadelphia, as you must know by this time. A total of nine bids were made, for New York, Philly, Indianapolis, Detroit, San Francisco, Baltimore, Niagara Falls, Pittsburgh, and New York again. Detroit, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and New York (one of them) withdrew before the voting, however. Here are the results of the first ballot: Philadelphia 137, Indianapolis 62, Frisco 138, Niagara Falls 15, New York 21. The lowest two were scratched, and a second ballot was held. Philly got 171, Indianapolis 51, Frisco 143. Indianapolis was asked to withdraw, refused, and finally, on being informed they had no choice, tried to throw their votes to Frisco. Despite this, however, Philly won on the 3rd

The Jaundiced Eye. III

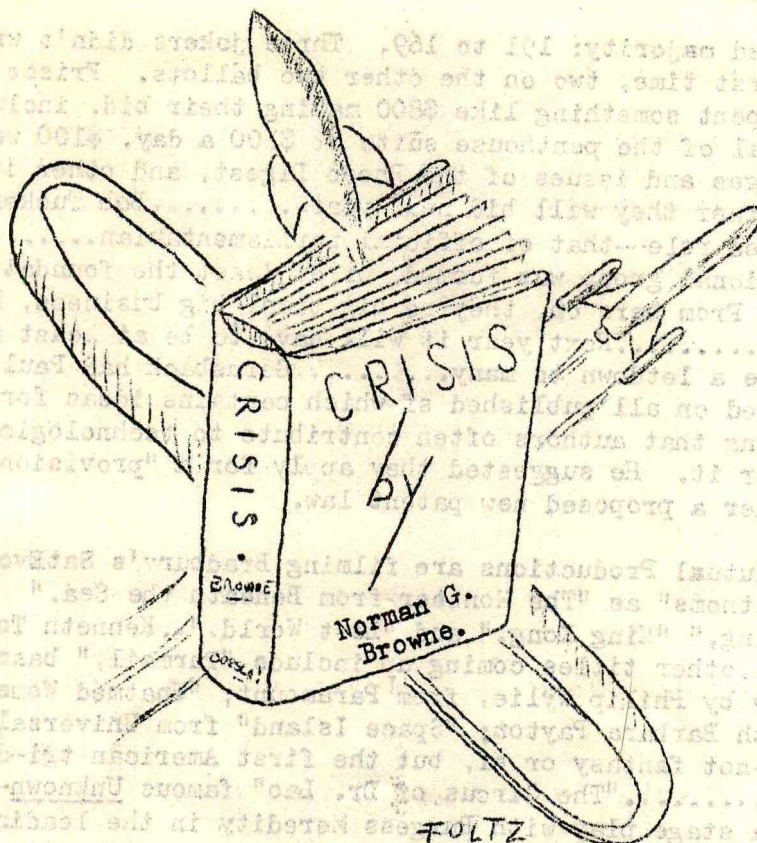
ballot with its needed majority: 191 to 169. Three jokers didn't write correctly on their ballots the first time, two on the other two ballots. Frisco retired in disgust, after having spent something like \$800 making their bid, including prizes for the masquerade, rental of the penthouse suite at \$100 a day, \$100 worth of damage to same, special badges and issues of the Rhodo Digest, and other items. There is some doubt as to whether they will bid next year.....Bob Tucker appeared at the con in an unaccustomed role---that of official parliamentarian.....At the business session, a national group was formed, or at least the foundations thereof, to put on future cons. From here on, they're big time, big business, like everything else in sf nowadays.....Next year it will have to be at least as big, if not bigger, or it will be a letdown to many.....Gernsback had Paul design and draw an insignia to be used on all published sf which contains ideas for future inventions. His idea being that authors often contribute to technological progress, but receive no credit for it. He suggested they apply for a "provisional patent" which would be granted under a proposed new patent law.

WHAT'S NEWS: Mutual Productions are filming Bradbury's SatEvePost story, "The Beast from 40,000 Fathoms" as "The Monster from Beneath the Sea." Sort of a combination of "The Thing," "King Kong," and "Lost World."..Kenneth Tobey of "The Thing" will star.....other titles coming up include "Turmail," based on del Rey's "Nerves," screenplay by Philip Wylie, from Paramount; "Unatmed Women"; "The Four Sided Triangle," with Barbara Payton; "Space Island" from Universal; and "This is Cinerama," which is not fantasy or sf, but the first American tri-di movie to be generally released....."The Circus of Dr. Lao" famous Unknown-ish fantasy novel, is to be made into a stage play with Burgess Meredith in the leading role. Tricky lighting will be employed.....Jack Williamson is taking time out from his comic strip to do an original novel for Simon & Schuster.....Heinlein is having an original published by Fantasy Press--not a juvenile.....coming out in book form are: "Gunner Cade" (S&S), "Starmen of Llyrdis" by Leigh Brackett as "The Starmen" (Gnome), "Judgement Night" by CL Moore (Gnome), "King Conan" (Gnome), "Witches Three" comprising the following: "Conjure Wife" by Leiber, "The Blue Star" by Pratt, and "There Shall be no Darkness" by James Blish (Twayne); "The Continent Makers" (and other tales of the Viagens) by de Camp (Twayne); "The Petrified Planet" a collection of originals by Pratt, Judith Merrill, and H. Beam Piper (Twayne); "Across the Space Frontier" is the final title of the Collier's book, reported here previously; "In the Name of Science" by Martin Gardner, an expose of cults and quackery, including sections on Hubbard, Velikovsky, Aleister Crowley, and Atlantis (Putnam); "The Glory That Was" by de Camp (probably Twayne); "The Star Watchers" by Eric Frank Russell as "Sentinels of Space" (Bourgey & Curl); the Quinn Publishing Company, which puts out IF, is bringing out a companion and a line of pocket-books.....

---Ken Beale.

.....
ARE YOUR jets functioning properly? Do you suffer from acceleration sickness due to faulty sling placement? Are your navigational instruments all in good condition? For a complete check-up, drop in at Mac's garage on Ceres, the last stop on your way to the outer planets.....
(paid advt.)





Cigarette smoke curled idly, drifting up to the lofty ceiling. The men sat around the platinum-topped table; tense, silent, expectant, waiting. The door opened. Walt Willis entered and took his seat at the head of the table. Still no one moved; still they sat tense and waiting. After a brief shuffling of papers, Walt broke the dramatic silence as he said, "I have called this meeting of department heads because Proxyboo Ltd. faces a crisis!" Everyone relaxed, coughed, and shuffled their feet.

"Here is the situation as it now stands. Graham Pope is his name; he is 17 years old. At the age of 10 his mother died. His father tried to carry on alone, but the shock of losing his wife was too much for him. When Graham was 13, his father died. His father's will stated that upon his son's 18th birthday, Graham would receive an estate of one million dollars....."

A phosphorescent glow seemed to light up the faces of those present as that last statement sunk in. Their minds, trained to record, analyze, and sift data, were already seeing the possibilities that were apparent.

"Three months ago Graham Pope read his first stf magazine. One month ago he read his first fanzine; a copy of Quandry. He discovered active fandom and conceived the idea of becoming one of them. Here is our crisis; if, by his eighteenth birthday he is a ENF, he will pay us costs plus triple our fee....!" Here he paused dramatically, while his listeners digested this bit of information.

"He wants to have his name as well known amongst fandom as, say, my own!" A sharp intake of breath from his listeners, followed by sporadic clapping. Ignoring this, Walt went on. "Time is of the utmost importance. I want something stupendous, I want something supercolossal, I WANT IDEAS!"

"He could issue a fanzine," said the head of the fanzine department.

"Too common, too trite," said Walt. He turned to the company statician and ask-

Crisis. II

ed, "How many fanzines are we now producing for clients?"

The statistician muttered into his beard for many minutes and then said, "At last count we were producing 137. That's not taking into account the 17 that are produced privately by individuals."

"How about a death hoax a-la-Tucker?" said the special effects man.

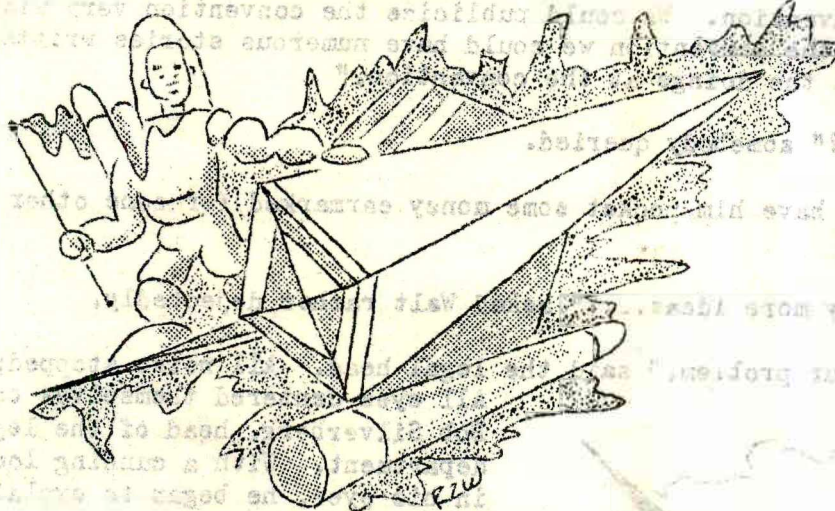
"No one knows Pope is alive yet," said Walt with a trace of sarcasm in his voice. "And an editorial resignation a-la-Campbell is no good, either."

"He could write letters to a large number of fans," said the head of the correspondence department, half-heartedly.

"Too slow!" barked Walt.

"He could be the founder of a new science or cult," said the special effects man again.

"Too slow!" said Walt. "Besides, Hubbard might break his contract with us if we bring out a new science so soon."



"He could bring out a fanzine written in Sanskrit..." muttered the head of the fanzine department. Everyone ignored him.

"How about bombarding the fanzines with articles and stories by this person...?" This from the head of the fan writing department. The company psychologist rose to answer this question. "There are var-

ious levels of fan knowledge. As I see it, we want to make the name of Graham Pope a household word. We want to have his name on every lip. We want the semantic reaction to his name to be instantaneous. I think the time limit would exclude this idea..." The company statistician rose and said, "It would take a fanzine column for two years, or about 25 pieces of material to put his name where we want it."

"That's out, then" rasped Walt.

The head of the fanzine department muttered, "He could bring out two fanzines..". No one paid any attention to him.

"How about prozine sales publicity...?" asked the head of the professional writing department.

"I don't follow you," said Walt. "Explain a little more fully."

"As you know, we solicit ghost written material from every professional writer. This material is then sold under the names of our clients. Some of our steadiest clients are Henry Kuttner, Ray Palmer, and Richard S. Shaver. Besides this outside material we have a staff of writers who do nothing but turn out fan and pro material

Crisis, III

for us. Bob Tucker, Chad Oliver, Sam Merwin, J.W. Campbell, van Vogt, and Forrest Ackerman are all on our staff."

"I propose that we submit all future professional material as being written by Graham Pope."

The head of the legal department rose to clear up a few points. "It would not be possible to submit all material as having been written by this person. Our contract with our staff writers states that they must receive a minimum of publicity through the use of their own names, but all other material they write over and above this minimum is our property for reassignment."

The staff psychologist rose to give her opinions. "This idea is no good. For one thing, the readers of the magazines would recognize the style of writing and just think Graham Pope was another pen name for Henry Kuttner. For another thing, with stories being written under so many names it would take far too long to make his name popular amongst fans."

"That's out, then..." repeated Walt. "Any more ideas....?"

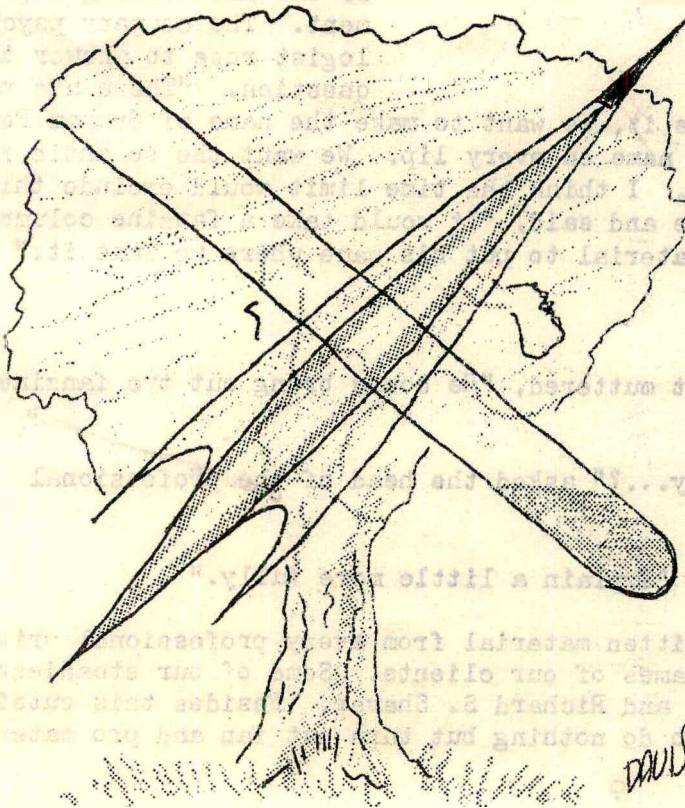
"How about a convention deal...?" this again from the special effects man. "He could be the chairman of a convention. We could publicize the convention very widely amongst fandom and then after the convention we could have numerous stories written in our client's fanzines about the doings at the convention."

"Sort of a-la-room-770..." somebody queried.

"Exactly. We could even have him pocket some money earmarked for some other group, a-la-Nolacon type."

"Has anybody else got any more ideas..." asked Walt rather dejectedly.

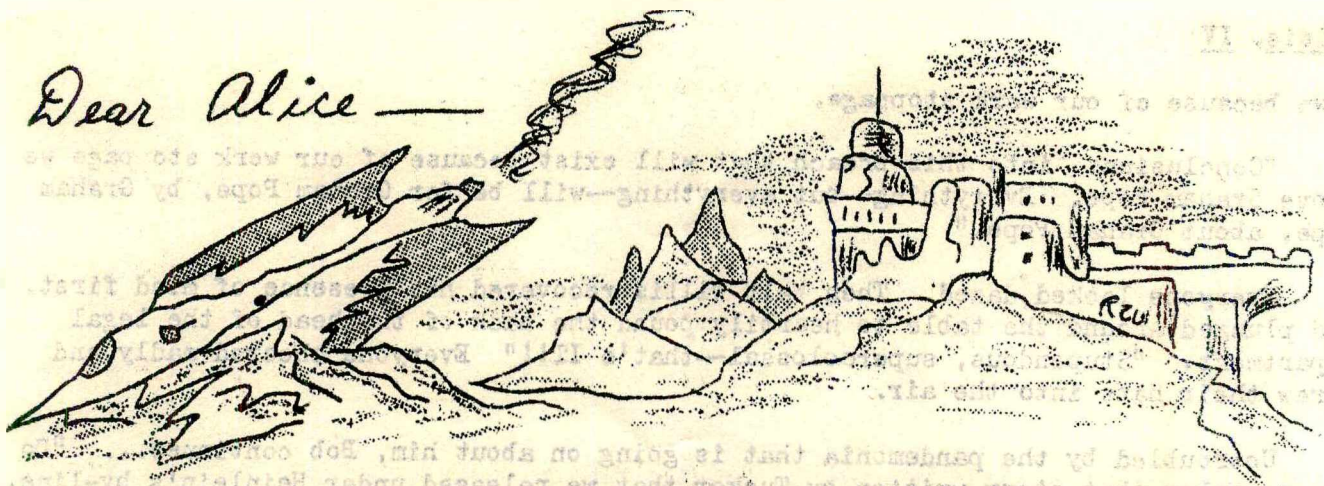
"I have the answer to your problem," said the legal head. All noise stopped; All eyes centered themselves on Bob Silverberg, head of the legal department. With a cunning look in his eyes, he began to explain his crafty idea.



"First we set up a subsidiary company devoted exclusively to the publicising of Graham Pope. Second; we transfer all our main men and material over to the subsidiary company. Third; we apply a little pressure on President Truman and force him to slap an injunction on our parent company.

"Result: our company will be forced to shut down for a period of time. All our clients will no longer be serviced by fanzines. There will be no inter-fan correspondence. There will be no letters to the editor columns in promags. In fact, over half the prozines will be forced to shut

Dear Alice —



Considering that it was your first convention, I can understand why you were confused. Matter of fact, I had to read your letter twice before I fully understood what had happened. Why, you didn't even know how you arrived at the Morrison in the first place.....

Suppose I repeat to you your version of the Tasfic, and then explain just what did happen.....

...

The Morrison was a splendor in the midst of the magnificence that was Chicago. Red plush, courteous elevator operators, helpful bellhops--everything designed with the fan in mind. And then you met your first fan...

Lessee, now--how did you describe it in your letter? Something like —

"Well, gee; I knew fan were unusual, but whillikers! Nothing like that FIRST boy. Curiouser and curiouser... He was a tall, skinny li'l fellow, and he seemed kinda surprised to see me there. Then--somehow--he recognized me and smiled.

"Miss Alice!" he exclaimed. "Glad you could make it. You'll have a grand time!"

...

After that, Alice, you met the others--long, skinny ones; short fat ones; one with a very big nose--and all of them somehow a little...odd.

Funny thing--you never met a BNF, did you? Somehow, they were always just around the corner. But you HEARD plenty, from your letter...

Too bad that Ollie & Ginnie Saari were there; not that you wouldn't have liked to meet them--but if they hadn't been, you wouldn't have heard that--ah--'joke.' Unquote. One character bumped into another and said, "I'm sorry." Said the other, "Huh-uh. Ginni's Saari."

...

You heard about Tucker's Gem Dandy Huckster Badge--and there was a hectic ride thru town in a Chicago taxi (they have those 25¢ insurance policy machines at every cab stand) and you met the very polite salespeople.

You thought, once, that you were going to witness a Chicago gang war--but it was only firecrackers and flashbulbs. You weren't exactly disappointed....

Then there was the time you were near the Terrace Casino. A furious swooshing sound attracted your attention. You stepped inside--and hastily ducked back out.

Dear Alice. II

The place was full of skyrockets; mushrooms were sprouting up all over. Somewhere, thru all the hub-bub, a voice was saying, "and now to introduce our notables--well known fans like John W. Campbell, Jr; Hugo Gernsback; Willy Ley..." As you walked away, you bumped into a little fat fellow. "Oh, I'm sorry!" you hurriedly apologized to him.

"You are?" he said, beaming. "Then you must be Ginni! Ginni Saari! Glad to meet you--but I must say, I don't see how you ever got here."

"Pardon me," you said, forcing a sweet smile, "but I meant 'sorry'-- s-o-r-r-y--sorry. My name's Alice."

"Oh, Alice!" he said brightly. "I didn't know Ollie and Ginni were old enough to have a daughter your age. Or maybe you're Ollie's cousin?"

You made a rapid exit--careful not to bump into anyone else.

Then there was that second--no, maybe it was the third--night. Your room was on the 4th floor, and all night long the noise overhead kept waking you up. You decided that it must be one of those rowdy smokey-room parties they have at conventions, and resolved to find out where it was so the next morning you could let them know what you thot of them. (You couldn't very well go out in your nightgown.) That morning, after a little inquiring, you found out the number of the room--1628...

You heard of other fen that were there, too--BNF's such as Henry Burwell, Manly Bannister, Joe Green ("A-member-of-the-Confusion-staff"), a fellow named Forry Ackerman, and lots of others. I won't mention Hal Shapiro, 'cos I think that's a word that nice little girls shouldn't be exposed to early in life--or later, if avoidable.

Then, of course, the big-nosed guy bumped into the skinny fellow you first met. (He hastily consulted his two-bit insurance policy, but found it didn't cover such collisions.) "I'm sorry," he said.

You opened your mouth to warn him--but by then it was too late.

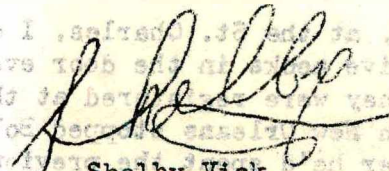
"No, Ginni's Saari," the skinny one reminded him.

It could have ended there--should have ended earlier--but the big-nosed one replied, "She might be, but I'll bet Ollie isn't--not if he saw her at the ball in her Bergey-girl space suit!"

...

Well, that's enough; too much, you might readily admit. And you want to know just what you got into. Simple--an illustrated con report. I thot that the skinny ones were Leeh's li'l peepul, and the fat ones puffins, and the one with the big nose easily fit Sol Levin's character, Gilbert Goosepimple--but I wasn't absolutely positive until I came to the "...very polite salespeople." Then I knew it was from fiction! You were able to overhear some of the actual sounds from the real hotel, but mostly everything was highly ficticious. Like it says in magazines, "Any resemblance between any persons living or dead is purely coincidental."

Purely...!


Shelby Vick
Box 493
Lynn Haven, Florida.

Open Letter to Harry B. Moore

Minneapolis, Minnesota.
September 10th, 1952.



Dear Harry:

This is, in essence, a thank-you letter.

At the Chicon it finally dawned on me, and a group of others, what an excellent convention you put on in New Orleans last year. I really hadn't appreciated it until I ran up against what was promised to be "the greatest convention ever."

You see, I thought the Chicon was lousy compared with the Nolacon.

I want to say right now that you did a great job, Harry. Almost single-handedly you staged a conven-

tion that many people were against from its inception. The attendance there showed that. And yet with poor attendance, a lack of co-operation by the local group, and no co-operation at all with the pro's, I find that looking back it was a damn fine convention.

The attendance in New Orleans was only around twenty per cent of that of the Chicon—a mere two hundred against the thousand plus horde that invaded Chicago. By stretching my imagination somewhat I counted eight pro's in the French Quarter. There must have been better than fifty at Chicago.

They said you couldn't put on a convention without professionals. I'm beginning to doubt it. I think a great deal of the success of the Nolacon was due to the fact that there were so few pro's there, and only a comfortable number of fans. Chicago easily proved that too many fans are no blessing. They overrun the hotel, get in your hair, and generally put you ill at ease because there are so many people running around that you don't know.

And take your choice of the convention hotel. The St. Charles was wonderful. Not too big, not expensive, and highly tolerant of our late night parties. The Morrison, on the other hand, is a large sprawling affair with more house detectives than elevator operators. The prices are designed to meet its 'tourist trap' specifications, and the service was genuinely terrible. Many was the fan who stood in line hours to check in or out at the Morrison's badly undermanned desk. That never happened at New Orleans.

And, at the St. Charles, I can remember no house detectives sticking their long inquisitive necks in the door every hour or so, or stopping people in the lobby to see if they were registered at the hotel before letting them up the elevators. And no one in New Orleans stopped Bob Briggs in the hall to accuse him of molesting women, after he'd spent the previous three hours in a room with myself and several other fans.

An Open Letter to Harry B. Moore, II

Yes, I liked the St. Charles and I liked the way you ran the convention. All the sessions, oddly enough, started nearly on time. We didn't have to wait forty-five minutes to an hour and a half before each session actually got under way. Nor do I remember any person or group canceling their talks or skit because they were so badly manhandled by the convention committee--like Les Cole and the Pittsburgh Fantasy Group were forced to do in Chicago.

There were no blunders in programming, either. Like scheduling a midnight to dawn masquerade Sunday night and a Monday morning session to start at 9:30. No meeting Monday should even have been considered before two that afternoon. But perhaps it was another case of too many committee men spoiling the convention. You couldn't turn around in Chicago without tripping over a committee man, even tho all of them weren't lying on the floor.

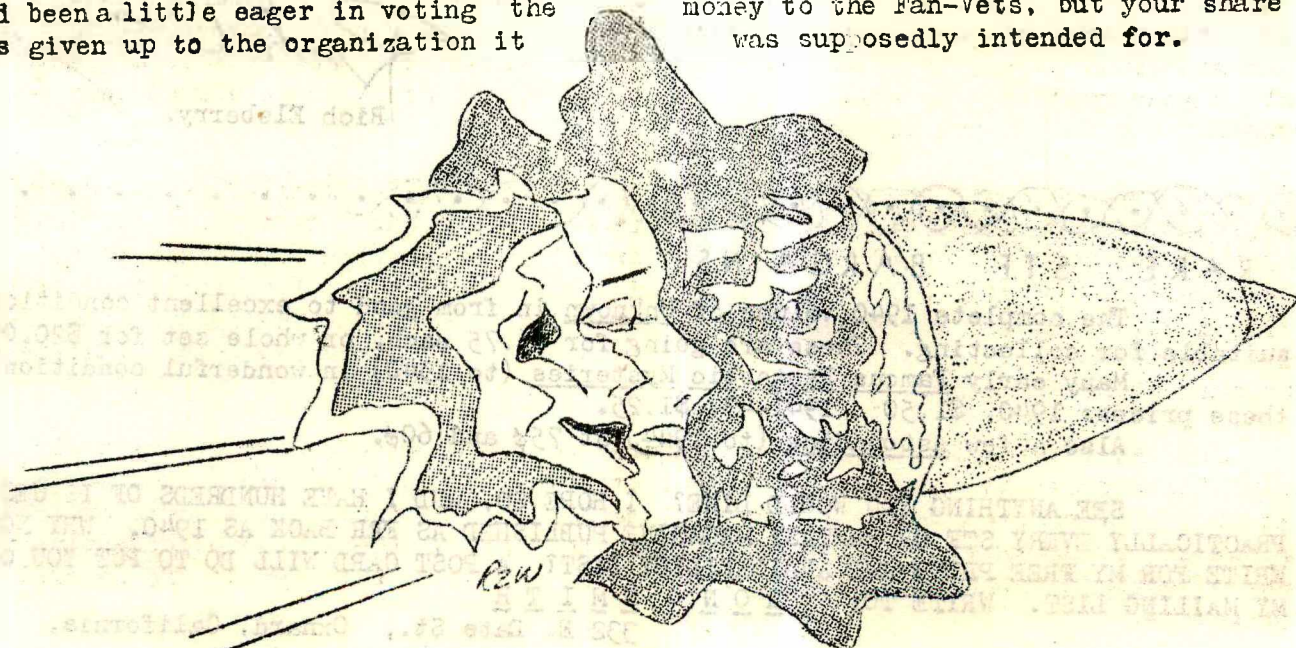
The one man committee would seem to have its advantages, if that one man was strong enough to last all four days.

The Nolacon committee was also able to wangle two world premieres of s-f movies. The large and supposedly active Chicon committee couldn't even get a slightly used s-f movie to show. Yet, I remember several brash promises made in New Orleans that there would be at least one new s-f movie and there was also talk of a trip to the atomic labs at the University of Chicago and a talk by Dr. Fermi that never materialized. These were two of Chicago's main selling points--hasty promises that it was easier to let slide than own up to.

I was also quite surprised that the Nolacon, being somewhat of a minor convention financially, was able to send along \$200 to Chicago. Chicago, with over fifteen-hundred memberships, a free convention hall, and exorbitant program book prices, was able to spare only \$150 for Philadelphia. Strange, isn't it, Harry?

Then there was that other deal. There was a lot of talk that the excess profits of the Nolacon were divided up between three committee members, seeing as how the NOSFS was defunct. I can hardly call you down for that, remembering how hard you worked, and how little was left over. If ever a man deserved it, you did.

But a lot of fans, those who hadn't attended, got a little riled up. Anyhow, you decided that maybe it wasn't such a good idea. Perhaps the convention committee had been a little eager in voting the money to the Fan-Vets, but your share was given up to the organization it was supposedly intended for.



An Open Letter to Harry B. Moore, III

Then, I recall, you really got it. You were a 'skunk' for taking the money. Now you became a 'silly ass' for returning it! People laughed at you. Not exactly an added inducement for attending another convention.

Yes, everyone was quick to criticize. Too quick.

The Nolacon at least gave a financial report. Chicago didn't. I asked Judy May if she didn't feel the least little compulsion that it was her duty as convention chairwoman to give a financial report. Her answer was a very bland and blunt: "No." No one will question the Chicon committee about how their surplus cash was disposed of. You can't make an issue of something you're completely in the dark on.

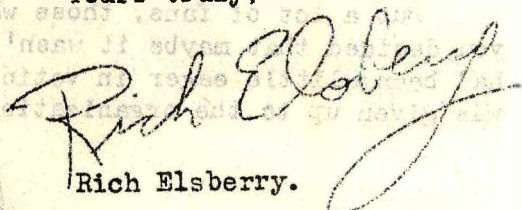
In New Orleans the people gave the convention to the city that seemed to be best qualified. Maybe we were wrong. But in Chicago the best equipped city did not get the next convention. The whole thing descended to a matter of convenience. They were quite definitely wrong. The Chicon committee made no effort to inform the large mass of new eastern fans that attended the convention that the west deserved the convention next year.

Only the west coast could have given a convention to the south. Only the east could have kept the convention in the east.

Once again, Harry, thanks for the great convention. It took a year for me to realize it, but now that I have, I'll never forget New Orleans. I only hope that someday you'll have sufficiently recovered to give us another one. There may not be a thousand fans there--but who cares?

Hoping that the south will rise again, I remain

Yours truly,


Rich Elsberry.

RARE STF BARGAINS

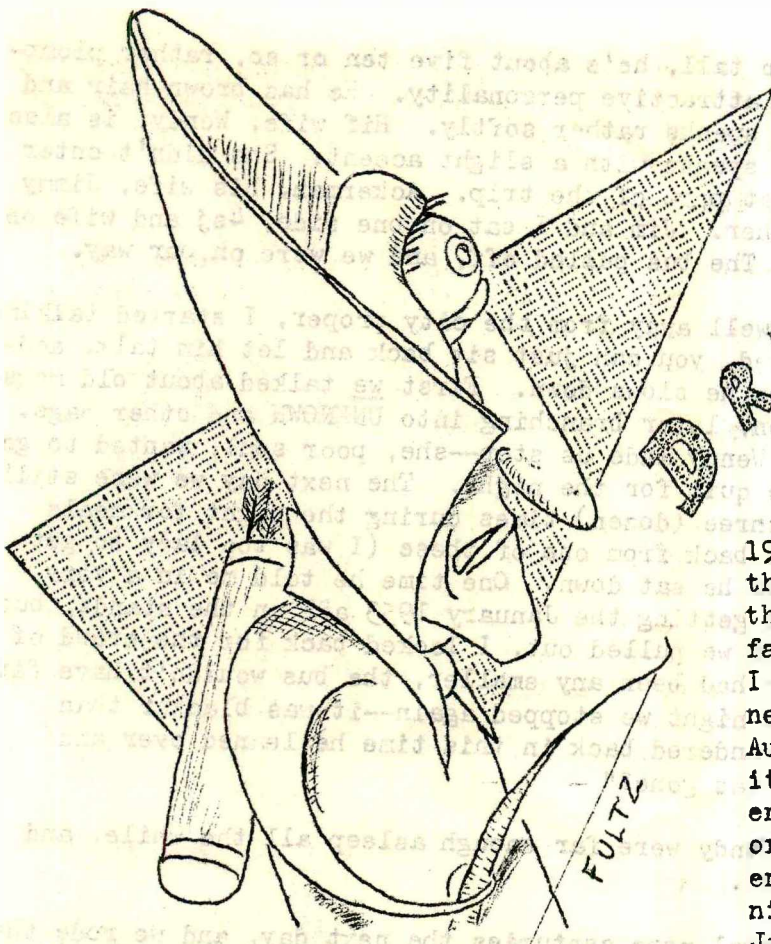
The complete 1940 volume of Unknown in from good to excellent condition, suitable for collecting. These are going for \$1.75 each, or whole set for \$20.00.

Many early Famous Fantastic Mysteries (to 1940) in wonderful condition at these prices: 1940, \$1.50; 1941-43, \$1.25.

Also a few Astounding (to 1944) at 75¢ and 60¢.

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332 E. Date St., Oxnard, California.



DRIBBLINGS....

An adventure.....
if you were looking
for a serious conven-
tion report, don't read
any further---you aren't
going to find one in these
pages. What follows is pure-
ly an adventure.....and my own
experiences at conventioneering!!

1952. The year of the jackpot. And this is how it happened. On January the first, 1952, I began publishing a fanzine. Early in the year, I decided I was going to a convention: I planned for it from January right up until August; I dreamed of it and lived for it. During the summer of the year, enough SLC fen got together one way or another and we began the Utah Science Fiction League, four of us planning to go to the convention---myself, Jim Webbert, Dean Hill, and possibly

Bruce Phillips. Convention time rolled steadily around. By the time of the last pre-convention meeting of the USFL, however, the number of members attending from SLC had dropped to two---Webbert and myself. (At the con, tho, I met at least two more Salt Lakers who were in the Air Force in Missouri at the time, but had SLC on their badges. How many more there were, I don't know.)

Finally the day arrived. At about four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the 27th of August, Jim drove up in his Ford and honked the horn. Grabbing my two suitcases, I ran out the door and started loading them into the car. One suitcase was full of clothes and other negligible articles; the other was full of flashbulbs, a camera, and film. I was going to the convention well prepared. Climbing into the car, we drove down to the Greyhound bus station. Clutching our tickets tightly in our greasy hands---we had bought them well in advance, of course---we wandered around to where the Chicago bus would be loading in another half-hour, and began our vigil. Jim's mother was there, and we talked to her a bit. All the time I was wondering if it were actually happening. I mean, it didn't seem as if I were going anywhere---no bells were ringing, no crowds bidding me a sorrowful farewell. I didn't have a tight ball in the pit of my stomach like I was supposed to have, I didn't feel excited, amazed, or lost. In fact, I felt fine!

While I was thus lost in reverie, Webbert suddenly came alive with a scream, and literally jumped on a passing creature. The way he was jumping up and down and screaming, I actually thought he might become a little excited. When he calmed down enough to talk coherently again---tho some people claim he's never that calm---I discovered that here was a fa-a-a-a-n. A real fan. A big name fan. The first bnf I had ever met. I was floored. It turned out that he and his wife were transferring at SLC for the Chicago bus, and had come from California. They happened to catch the same one we were on. His name? Forrest J. Ackerman. After I had finished my 'goshwowgeewhizoboyoboyoboying' we were introduced. Ackerman being the polite guy he is, nodded as though he recognized my name. I was overjoyed.

Dribblings. II

Ackerman is a nice guy. Not too tall, he's about five ten or so, rather plumpish, a very nice speaker, and has an attractive personality. He has brown hair and a pleasant smile, wears glasses, and speaks rather softly. His wife, Wendy, is also nice, very proud of her husband, and speaks with a slight accent. She didn't enter the conversation much during the first part of the trip. Ackerman, his wife, Jimmy and myself all boarded the bus together. Jim and I sat on one side, 4sj and wife on the other, directly across from us. The bus pulled off, and we were on our way.

Once we were good and started, well away from the city proper, I started talking to Ackerman. Once you get him started, you can just sit back and let him talk, adding a pertinent word or question when he slows down. First we talked about old mags, my fannish career, and his collection, later branching into UNKNOWN and other mags. After three or four hours, however, Wendy made us stop--she, poor soul, wanted to go to sleep and we were talking. So we quit for the night. The next day we were still rolling, tho we had stopped two or three (dozen) times during the night for meals and rest stops. Ackerman would come back from one of these (I was too lazy to get off with him) and make some remark as he sat down. One time he told me in a very serious tone that he had just missed getting the January 1953 aSF on the stands, but a crowd of fans got the last one. As we pulled out, I looked back for the crowd of fans waving the '53 aSF--if the town had been any smaller, the bus wouldn't have fit lengthwise inside of it! Later that night we stopped again--it was blacker than midnight in a coal mine--and as 4e wandered back in this time he leaned over and asked, "Read any good books while I was gone?"

Luckily for them, Webbert and Wendy were far enough asleep all the while, and couldn't fully appreciate 4sj's humor.

The bus ride continued for several more centuries the next day, and we rode thru the beautiful grasslands of Wyoming and Nebraska. (Beautiful, spelled d-e-s-o-l-a-t-e.) We were all sitting around reading, eating the candy I had brought from SLC, and pawing through Ackerman's fanzines he had brought to read. Ackerman was reading the newest GALAXY--he had an advance copy--and exclaiming wildly over a Sturgeon story in it. Webbert was reading fanzines. I was reading "The Sultans Warrior," a non-stf adventure p-b. Ackerman finished the GALAXY, and glanced over at me, a supposedly true fan. He went white as a sheet! "A fake-fan!" he exclaimed in horror. Then his fannish wrath came to the surface. He shook his fist at me and vowed vengeance, not even listening to my trembling explanations that all I had along was a copy of IMAGINATION, and I couldn't be expected to read that. But 4e was determined to prove me a fake-fan. First he offered me the GALAXY, to see whether I would take it over my p-b (an excellent novel.) I was spared from choosing by Webbert taking the GALAXY. Ackerman tried again, this time with AC Clarke's "Sands of Mars." "So," he said, "we'll see if you're a true fan or not. And if you're a fake fan, I'll run you clear out of fandom."

I read "Sands of Mars" all the rest of the way to Chicago.

The day passed very slowly. We rode, we read, we cracked jokes. At times, 4e could really find some funny ones. Part of the time, of course, we slept. Actually Wendy and I slept very little during the trip, waking up at the slightest stop. Jim and 4e, however, possessed the peculiar ability to sleep anytime, anyplace, and in any position. Webbert had one more attribute--he could sleep in any position, too, but obviously preferred the one with his behind in my lap, or elbow in my ribs. But we carried on. Later that night Ackerman and I got into another discussion. This time we talked about Esperanto (constantly referred to by Webbert as 'Espanrito') and a multitude of other subjects. This kept on until late that night--until Ackerman's voice gave out, in fact. (This was the night Webbert mystified us with his "woolworf" type of story which he liked very much. We later discovered this to be "werewolf" and agreed with him. Webbert has an amazing ability to mispronounce words--any words.)

Another night passed, and another century. This was our last day on the road—shortly after noon we would be in Chicago. We woke up about 5:30 am that morning, as is normal on the bus. (Passengers on a bus exist in a semi-coma from the time they get on to the time they get off—neither awake nor asleep, neither living nor dead.) After eating breakfast, Ackerman and wife and Jim lapsed back into sleep. But could I? Not a chance. By this time I was half-way through "Sands" and I knew doggone well that if I didn't finish it before we hit Chi, I never would. I stayed awake and read. From time to time Ackerman would wake up and we would have a subtle fannish conversation, like why the bus driver opened the door each time we came to a rail-road crossing, and so on. It was shortly after this time that we discovered by various means that, to the rest of the passengers on the bus, we were "the space boys." We laughed to ourselves at what they thought of us. No doubt they were laughing, too.

But by then we were in Chicago.

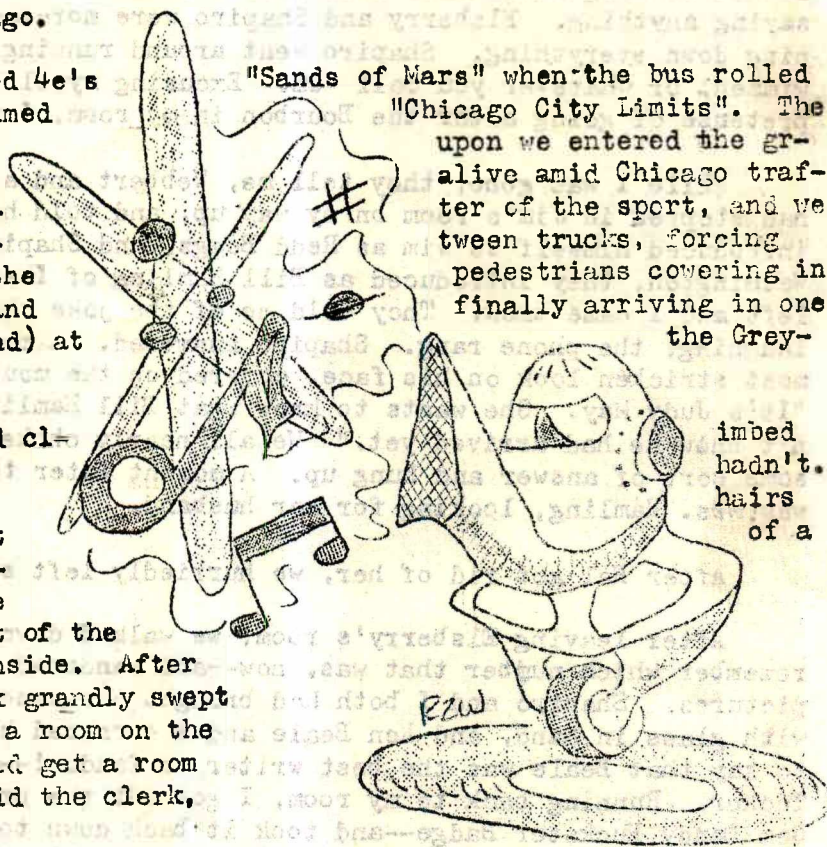
Chicago. I had just finished 4e's past a sign that solemnly proclaimed great town was upon us. There's eat game--the game of keeping fic! Our driver was truly a masdiddged in and out of traffic, be-cars off the road, running down the their pitifully narrow streets, and piece (if not in one peace of mind) at hound Bus Depot.

We picked up our baggage and cl- into a Chicago Cab. I wished we A dozen blocks and as many gray later, the cab pulled up in front not-too-dirty hotel on a not-too-clean Chicago street. It was the Morrison. The four of us got out of the cab and lugged our own baggage inside. After only a half-hours wait, the clerk grandly swept over to wait on us. Webbert got a room on the 14th floor, and I asked if I could get a room on the same floor. "Surely," said the clerk, "and it's only \$7.50 a night."

I got a \$5.50 room on the 12th floor--number 1264, to be a little more exact.

At the desk, I got the fannish thrill of my life. A most ego-boosting experience. The Ackerman's, Jim, and I, were preparing to part company and go to our rooms to clean up. Webbert was talking, and calling me 'Gregg' when over wandered a fan. "Gregg?" he said. "Gregg Calkins?" Egads, I was recognized. I admitted to my name and he introduced himself as a Little Man from Frisco. Hastily I pointed the first and little fingers of one hand at him to avert the evil eye, and ran for the elevator, dragging the bell-hop behind me. When we reached my room and clambered inside, I found the walls brushed against my shoulders on either side. The bellhop looked around the place to see if it was clean, and looked in all the drawers--thereby discovering half of a pint of Bourbon a previous tenant had forgotten. He looked at the bottle and then looked at me. "You from the science fiction convention?" he asked. I admitted I was. He smiled, and closed the drawer with the bottle still inside.

After I had cleaned up I set about looking for fans. I called the desk and



"Sands of Mars" when the bus rolled "Chicago City Limits". The upon we entered the gr-alive amid Chicago traf-ter of the sport, and we tween trucks, forcing pedestrians cowering in finally arriving in one the Grey-

imbed hadn't. hairs of a

Dribblings, IV

asked for Bob Tucker's number. But Tucker, the sly old fox, had told them not to give it out. So I tried again. I knew Elsberry would be there, so I called his room. He answered, amid the clinking of glasses, and I went up to his room on the 20th floor. As I opened the door to go in, two or three flashbulbs went off in my face. Shapiro and a couple of other characters were playing boy-reporter again. In the room itself were Elsberry, Shapiro, Lee Jacobs, Bill Hamling, and two or three other fens who didn't do much but stand quietly in a corner and watch the whole affair as if they were afraid to say anything. Elsberry yelled 'hi' at me and shoved a drink in my hand. It tasted awful. I didn't drink it.

So we talked. I waited eagerly on each little fannish word that Shapiro and Elsberry said. Jacobs just sat in the chair with a contented smile on his face and said nothing. In fact, the only memory I have of him during the entire convention is him sitting in a chair somewhere with a Cheshire-cat-like smile on his face, not saying anything. Elsberry and Shapiro were more active. Elsberry went around running down everything. Shapiro went around running down some things--girls, dames, wimmen, or whatever you call 'em. Excusing myself from this fannish group on the pretense of going after the Bourbon in my room, I ran down and got my camera.

While I was gone, they tell me, Webbert and a friend came up looking for me. (I had stopped in Jim's room on my way up, and told him where I was going.) Elsberry introduced himself to Jim as Redd Boggs, and Shapiro as FT Laney. Bill Hamlin, from Washington, they introduced as Bill Hamling of IMAGINATION. Shortly after that, Jim left and I came back. They told me of the joke they had pulled. While we were still laughing, the phone rang. Shapiro answered. A moment later he turned to us with the most stricken look on his face, covered up the mouth-piece of the phone, and said: "It's Judy May. She wants to know what Bill Hamling is doing in our room. They didn't know he had arrived yet." We all nearly choked with laughter, and Hal gave Judy some sort of answer and hung up. A moment later the phone rang again. This time it was Mrs. Hamling, looking for her husband.

After Hal got rid of her, we hurriedly left suite and phone to themselves.

After leaving Elsberry's room, we walked down to the convention suite--I disremember which number that was, now--and wandered in among the crowd and took some pictures. Shapiro and I both had brought our cameras along. Jerry Bixby was there with glass in hand, and Ken Beale and I cornered him for a moment--just long enough to say that Beale was the best writer in fandom!--before he broke free. Then I spied Tucker. Running back to my room, I got out the present I had brought him--a Little Gem Dandy Huckster Badge--and took it back down to the suite. I presented it to him with the wish that he would now become a legalized huckster. He nearly fainted--for joy, of course.

I wandered out of the convention suite. It opened on a dead-end-type hallway, which then opened onto the main hall. In the dead-end were a group of characters all sitting on the floor and talking very loudly. One was female--the rest were all male. As I was passing them, somebody unidentified at this time yelled at me; "You wanted to meet Lee Hoffman, didn't you, Gregg?" I turned. The girl was Lee of the Hoffmans. I was astounded. She invited me to share a spot on the floor there by the rest of the group. The rest of the group turned out to be Tucker, Bloch, Evans, and a bunch of other bnf like Keasler, Ed Wood..... I sat down. Shortly afterward in came another fellow who climbed over everybody until he got to a place at the end of the hallway. The light from the window was shining in my eyes, and I couldn't see against it--all I saw was the silhouette of his figure. Hoffman leaned over and introduced him to me as "my sixteen-year-old twin brother." I nodded at him, and we shook hands. Five minutes later I was thunderstruck to finally get a good look at him and discover he was none other than fandom's guest of honor, Walt Willis! The Irishman had been introduced to me, and I had been too dense to notice! Shame!

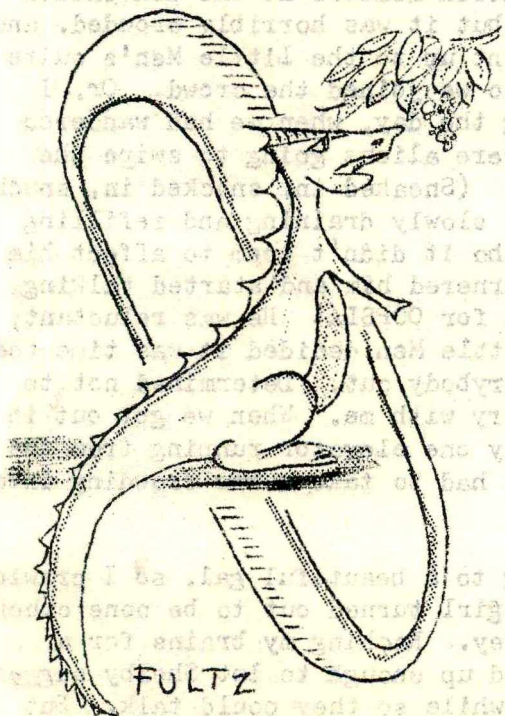
Later on, the hall became quite crowded, and we broke up and wandered into the convention suite itself. I was wearing my "I Am Shelby Vick" badge, awaiting the arrival of Vick, and was drifting around the room. Up came a rather plumpish lady, looked at my badge and then at me, and stuck out her hand. "Howdy, Shelby," she said. "I'm GM Carr." I gulped, and looked around for a quick exit. "I'm....I'm not really Shelby Vick," I stuttered. She looked at my badge again, and then at me. "Well," she said, "if you're not Shelby Vick, who are you?" I moved towards the doorway and stuttered "I'm....I'm Gregg Calkins." She pounced on me. "Aha," she screamed, "my enemy! I've got you at last."Actually she turned out to be a fairly nice person--very personable. How she got in N3F, I'll never know. She gave me a sheet to fill out, and let me go. I looked at the sheet. It was a blank that allowed me membership in the rest of 1952 and all of 1953. I took it upstairs and threw it out the window, after I discovered I couldn't give it to anybody.

After that I met one of the six hundred or so 'fans' from Chicago proper. I mentioned STARTLING STORIES somewhere along the line. "STARTLING STORIES? What's that?" he asked. I said it was a pulp magazine. Surely he knew what a pulp magazine was. "Oh...," he said, "pulp!" The word as he pronounced it, was the vilest of the vile. "Well," I said, "Don't you read any of the pulps?" He was horrified at the very suggestion. "Oh, no, I read only the smaller sized magazines." Aha, I thought. Here was a fan who was very selective of his reading material, and only read the top two or three. "You mean like ASTOUNDING and GALAXY?" I asked. "Yeah," he said. "OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION are my favorites!"

I quickly drifted away! About six o'clock or later I met Dave Kyle of Gnome Press. Dave and I had exchanged a card or two previous to the con about his projected WHO'S WHO OF FANDOM. We had planned to get together at the convention. The suite, of course, was much too crowded to talk successfully, so Dave and I decided we would go get a bite to eat and talk it over then. Somewhere along the way we picked up Hoffman, Willis, Keasler, Beale, and somebody else from New York. All through dinner, Dave and I tried to talk constructively, but the rest of the group insisted on trying to be funny, and succeeding only partially. Dave and I didn't get a single thing done. (For info; Kyle, 300 W 67th, New York 23, NY.)

Just as dinner was breaking up, in rushed a lanky, dark-haired figure. He was wearing a tee shirt with "I Am Shelby Vick" on it. I looked at his badge, and he looked at mine. We both yelled "Shelby Vick" and rushed up and shook hands with each other. He sat down with us, and we finished dinner. After that, Dave and I decided we wanted Shelby to come with us up to Dave's room and discuss the WHO'S WHO. Shelby wanted to get away and clean up, having just arrived from Georgia, but we wouldn't let him. The three of us discussed the WW fairly thoroughly for about two hours, and then Vick and I wandered up to his room so he could get cleaned up, and I could meet Henry Burwell and Joe Green.

We went upstairs. I met Henry and Joe, both fine guys. Joe and I talked a bit while Shelby cleaned up, and then afterwards we walked around a bit. Then came trouble. Joe had been planning to share a room with another fellow from Atlanta, but at the last moment, the other fellow's wife showed up, and Joe was out of a room. But I had a double bed in my room, so I invited Joe to share it. Being tired that night, we went to bed at 4am.



Dribblings, VI

Noon the next day the telephone woke us both up with a wild ringing. It turned out to be Dick Clarkson, who wanted to meet me. I already knew Dick via letter. So Joe and I got dressed and wandered outside. We met Dick and talked a bit, and then decided to go down to the Burgundy room and register. We registered, and became official members of the convention. My first con had officially started!

About 3pm we went down to the Terrace Casino to hear the Address of Welcome and the rest of the first day's program. After we had waited only a mere half-hour or so, the convention committee finally found Bill Hamling and persuaded him to give his speech. After Hamling finished, "Weak-eyes" Korshak got up and introduced all the notables. Operating under a tremendous handicap ("I can't see them....my eyesight is poor, and I can't see them...") Korshak attempted to point out all the notables in the hall, including everyone from Campbell to Harlan Ellison, but successfully avoiding 99% of the faneditors present, and Walt Willis. He finally got Walt in because of Henry Burwell's heroic efforts in the front row. Burwell kept waving a card under Korshak's nose which said "How about Willis?" Korshak would peer at it, mumble that he couldn't read it, and stumble on with the introductions. Finally it penetrated, and Korshak rather confusedly said "oh, yes, and....Walt Willis." Walt stood up and waved, but Korshak couldn't see him. (Mostly due to looking constantly in the wrong direction.) Oh, it was merry fun. Each time Korshak would apologize for his eyes, I could see Elsberry getting more and more tæd off. Rich finally came out with some dire threat about "Weak-eyes" Korshak, and hence the name. After Korshak was led off for a pair of glasses, Oliver Saari started kicking about the Adoption of Rules, which we carefully avoided by leaving swiftly.

Later, coming back for the evening session, we also avoided the first talk, "Thinking In Men And Machines." Then we stepped inside to hear Willy Ley and Ray Palmer slug it out over Flying Saucers. Palmer seemed to have trouble sticking to facts in his talk, and Ley seemed to be grasping at straws for explanations to all of the saucer reports, but it was still an enjoyable talk. The papers seemed to like it too, eating it up like chocolate sauce, and giving it more publicity than perhaps any other portion of the convention. After the Flying Saucer talk there was another one, this time on "Life Elsewhere and Elsewhen" which was also carefully avoided.

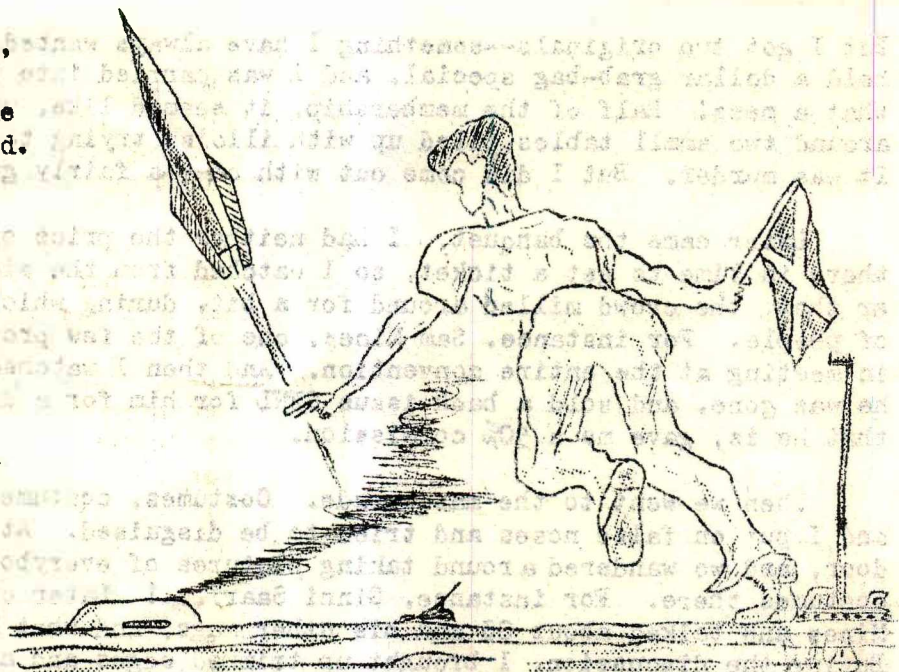
At 10:30 pm, open house was held for all convention members at the convention committee suite. We wandered in there for a while, but it was horribly crowded, and you couldn't even get near the drinks line, so we went up to the Little Men's suite in the penthouse. A big party was going on there, so we joined the crowd. Or, I should say, we snuck in. A few times before, during the day, when we had wandered up there, the members around looked at us as if we were aliens going to swipe the place, or something. So, that night, we sneaked in. (Sneaked in, snacked in, snuck in.) I wandered over to one side and found Elsberry slowly draining and refilling the largest washbowl-type-goblet I have ever seen--tho it didn't seem to affect him at all. Figuring this was an opportune moment, I cornered him and started talking over the possibilities of his doing a regular column for OOPSLA! He was reluctant; I was insistant. Just at that time, however, the Little Men decided it was time the party was over for the night and started running everybody out. Determined not to lose him at this stage of the game, I dragged Elsberry with me. When we got out in the hall, tho, it was really crowded. There was only one elevator running from the penthouse, and all the hundred or so people up there had to take turns crowding into the one car to get down.

I spied Shelby Vick over in the corner, talking to a beautiful gal, so I crawled over that way, pulling Elsberry along with me. The girl turned out to be none other than that lucious editor of OTHER WORLDS, Bea Mahaffey. Racking my brains for a scheme to get this gorgeous doll to myself, I slipped up enough to let Shelby suggest that she come down to his and Burwell's suite for a while so they could talk. But I wasn't to be done out so easily--neither, it soon became apparent, were Joe Green

Dribblings. VII

or Ken Beale. So Vick, Green, Beale, Elsberry and myself all crowded around Bea to hide her from the rest of the crowd. (We knew that they would all follow her if they saw her.) We made for an elevator, and finally got to Vick's suite without being seen.

After saying the password for Burwell, we were allowed inside, and settled ourselves in the room. Henry and Bea and I got the couch, after no little jockeying on my part, so Shelby and Joe took chairs nearby, and Ken and Rich took overstuffed chairs off to one side of the room. These two, being somewhat of fake-fans, promptly fell asleep and didn't wake up for some time. But we didn't mind. It was only 1:30 am when we all came in, so none of us were tired yet. Henry and Bea and I started joking and talking, on the couch. We three kept up most of the conversation until about 5am, when Joe and Shelby came to life, for some reason. Elsberry and Beale slumbered on, tho, until Henry, in walking around the room for something, stumbled over Elsberry and woke him up. Somewhere along in here, Beale left, but nobody notices. Elsberry went back to sleep. The rest of us stayed in the room, still talking, until about 9am, when Henry ordered coffee for all of us. About 9:30 the party broke up, and everybody promptly went to sleep. Henry collapsed into a chair, Bea managed to make it up to her room, and Vick and Joe staggered over to a bed and died. I couldn't understand it. I had just had a cup or two of morning coffee—I felt fine! So I wandered downstairs to see what I could find.



(Seriously—I would like to express my appreciation of Henry Burwell and Bea Mahaffey, two of the nicest, most sincere persons I met at the entire convention. If I had met no one else, these two people would have made the convention worth while for me. Henry is the most friendly, generous soul I have ever met, and Bea is..... well, let's just say that Bea isn't anything like the self-important pro I thought she'd be. Both of them were swell people—two of the nicest in the world!)

Downstairs I met Kyle, Willis, Hoffman and Keasler, and along with Joe and Shelby (who, after all, hadn't gone to bed yet, but managed to wait until after we had 'breakfast' to collapse—about noon or so,) and we went out for breakfast. Coming back from that, we went to the FAPA meeting, which was one of the biggest flops of the con—nobody showed up. We goofed off until the afternoon session, when the panel of editors had a moderately fair discussion. After that came the auction. About half-way through the auction, the coffee inside me (which was, after all, the only thing keeping my bones straight) wore off, and I had serious trouble staying awake at all. So a couple of fans and I wandered out for some more coffee. As I was downing my second or third cup, and feeling pretty wide awake again, along came Bob Bloch and Evelyn Paige (Mrs. HL Gold.) We talked with them for a second, and then left. I went up to see if Shelby or Joe wanted to go to the auction, but Vick was no nearly dead all I could get out of him was a groan, and I couldn't even manage that from Joe. I gave them up and went back down myself.

I handled myself remarkably well at the auction until bargain time came. Then I got carried away and started spending some money. (\$7, which is a splurge for me!)

Dribblings, VIII

But I got two originals--something I have always wanted. Shortly after that, they held a dollar grab-bag special, and I was carried into it by the rush of the crowd. What a mess! Half of the membership, it seemed like, was up there on stage pawing around two small tables piled up with illo's, trying to get a good one for a buck. It was murder. But I did come out with one--a fairly good one, too.

Later came the banquet. I had neither the price of admission, nor did I get there in time to get a ticket, so I watched from the side-lines. It was fair. After that, the crowd milled around for a bit, during which time I met quite a number of people. For instance, Sam Mines, one of the few professionals I was interested in meeting at the entire convention. And then I watched Tucker's table later, while he was gone, and sold a back issue SFNL for him for a dime. Tucker, generous soul that he is, gave me a 50% commission.

Then we went to the masquerade. Costumes, costumes, and costumes. Joe Green and I put on false noses and tried to be disguised. At any rate, they let us in the door, and we wandered around taking pictures of everybody. There were some excellent costumes there. For instance, Ginni Saari...! Later on, Joe and I cornered Sam Mines and talked about SS and his other mags, and what he had in store for them. During the discussion, I brought up trimmed edges and asked him why WSA had them, but not any of the other mags. After I had run him through the coals once or twice on this, he said that I wasn't to let more than 20,000 other fans know, but that he had plans for all his mags to have trimmed edges shortly after January, 1953! After appropriately 'goshwowgeewhizoboyoboyoboying' we again wandered off. The ball lasted until dawn, but seeing as how I hadn't had any sleep the night before, I quit early and went to bed about 4am. That was after a short party, of course, which we held in Burwell's suite--the actual 770 of the Chicon--amid the actual party. Elsberry, van Splawn, Shapiro, Willis, and eight or ten others I don't remember now, all laid around and gabbed.

Joe and I got up about 9am the next morning and managed to successfully avoid everything on Monday's program except the Book Publisher's Panel, which was quite interesting to me, and Bob Bloch's "What Every Young Spaceman Should Know." All I remember of that day was that we had a hilarious time.

About six o'clock that night, Shelby, Joe and the Atlanta group had to leave for home, and as I was going to Florida with Shelby and Joe, I had to leave, too. Bidding a very reluctant farewell to Bea Mahaffey, I staggered tearfully out the door and into the car. We left just as the voting was going on for the next year's convention site, and as we left, nobody was ahead. Shelby and I both gave Bea our dollars to be put on the next convention for us, and we left in a cloud of smoke.

And that was my first convention--or, at least, the high spots of it. Of course it's impossible to get everything into the convention report--especially when you don't take notes, like me. So many little things are forgotten, and others that you remember are out of sequence. Then, too, there are so many things you remember doing, yet you don't see how you possibly got them all in in the time allowed! But, even taking all those things into consideration, I had trouble paring this 'report' down to eight pages. I hope it was good enough to make up for swiping four pages from the SLUSH PILE to get it all in.

As to the convention itself--some say it was good, others say it was bad. I remain without real comment, having nothing to base my feelings on, or anything to compare it with. But I did have a real fine time. That one night we stayed up all night with Henry and Bea was enough reason for me to attend! Will I be in Philadelphia next year? You bet your life, if it's at all possible!

Hope to see you there!

Gregg Calkins

David Papayannopoulos
239 South 2nd St.
Brooklyn 11, New York.

