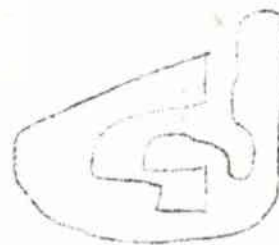
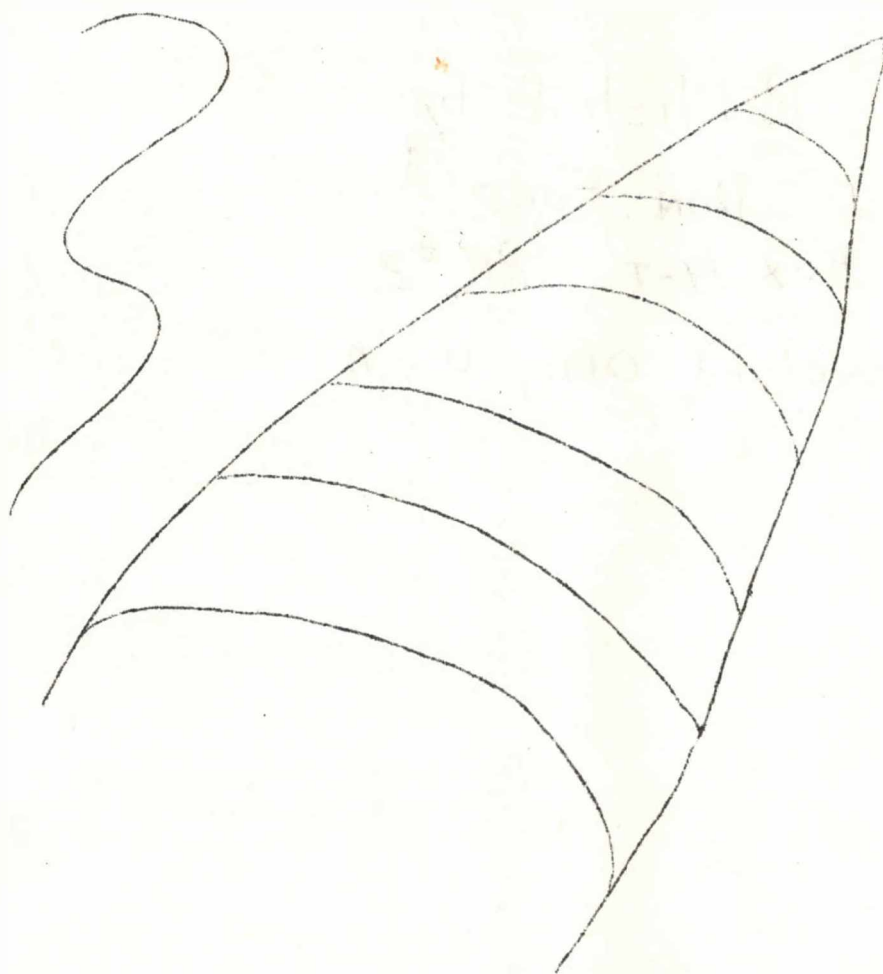


POOKA

#7

DEC. 1957

OMPA 14



Pooka

# 7

Dec 1957

OMPA #14

Published by

DON FORD

Box 19-T, RR #2

Loveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

## COMMENTS ON 13th MAILING

OFF TRAILS...The new roster is now a seniority list, too. Not a bad idea. Glad John took the trouble to do it. Sounds like Clarke, Roles & Sanderson will make a smooth operating team. Yes, Archie deserves a lot of praise for his efforts last year. If everyone would include 1 or 2 extra copies of their mag each mailing, more sales like this offering could be held.

ARCHIVE...I think I enjoyed this issue best of all I've read of yours. This installment of GIRVE I found funny for a change. Folk music seems to be gaining in popularity in the U.S. At least there are quite a few selections on Lp available from several record labels. I'll always think of your version whenever I hear the "12 Days Of Christmas".

APOLLO PLAY...Like your lead off bit. Would rather see more of your own than quotes from various mags. Think Guy Terwilliger makes a point. Hope you continue your letters section.

VERITAS...Just looking at an ATOM illustration always brings a smile. I think you could make a pile of dough sending in cartoons to the slick mags.

STEAM...at first look Steam seems so slim, but upon reading it one finds there is an amazing amount of food for thought included. First time I recall seeing anything from Bulmer that was in paragraphs. I think the aqueous vapor stretches the mag's. pages so that Ken can pack in so much.

DUPE...Ask Ken Bulmer of his experience with the small town cop when he was in Sharonville. It was the beard that caused it.

VAGARY..."A Romp On The River" could well happen here. The Ohio River in the Cincinnati area comes alive Friday, Saturday & Sunday with everybody and their brother in some sort of watercraft. They then proceed to go on water like they do on the highways. Now the river is as crowded as the roads. Some people think it's great sport to see how close they can come to the tow boats pushing a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of barges in front of them. Got so bad they finally sent in a Coast Guard team from St. Louis every week-end. The Ohio is now carrying more tonnage than the Rhine. Your essay on religion prompts me to recall a quote from Stan Skirvin, "Church is where people go on Sunday morning to acquire that smug sense of self-satisfaction that serves them so well when they drive that afternoon."

52nd ST...Hello, Jim; nice to see you in OMPA. From your listing of records it would appear that you like the "swing" or "big band" era, too. Over here the Lp's flood the market so heavy that one fairly drools in a record shop. Pre-recorded tape never took much of a hold; but the stereophonic tapes are now catching on. Most of the record companies have recorded everything they've done in the past several years on stereo tapes, too, in hopes that it would catch on and they'd have a backlog to draw on. Stereo tape recorders & tape decks are dropping in price a little & I understand Pentron is coming out with a Stereo deck for about \$119.00.

MORPH...Boxing Day is a term I wish you or someone in OMPA would explain. Also, while you're at it, how about making a list of your national holidays and explaining each? I'm totally ignorant on the subject and I suspect a few other U.S. fans would be interested, too. 'Transit Camps' are probably what the U.S. termed Replacement Centers. They certainly sound like twins, anyway, and brought back memories.

(Continued at the end of the OKLACON V report.)



# OKLACON V by

DAN MCPHAIL

This past Labor Day week-end, a most successful regional convention was staged at Enid, in upstate Oklahoma. I estimate a near-100 fans were in attendance at the Hotel Youngblood. The con site was a nice 15-story building in the heart of this plains city.

I had the bad fortune of being able to attend only from Saturday through Sunday afternoon, but many arrived a day early and stayed until Tuesday. In fact, some hung on for several days, such as Norman Terry and Ted Wagner of Houston. Ted's car broke down only six miles out of Enid and they had to remain until it was repaired. While waiting, they and others journeyed to Tulsa and held a 'con after the con' with fans in the oil capitol.

This fifth in the series of annual conventions sponsored by members of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation had as its guest of honor the prominent fan, Lynn Hickman. Chad Oliver was also to have been a guest, but last minute illness prevented his attending. In addition, there was a "mystery guest" with prizes going to those able to guess his identity. It turned out to be Ron Ellick, in from California, and just out of the Marine Corps.

The hotel was glad to have the fans - youngbloods as well as us old blades - and was very tolerant of the hi-jenks that went on, with the possible exception of one case. It was reported that Ellick and Wagner gave the desk clerk fits by appearing before him at 2 A.M., with faces painted blue. The clerk is said to have told them he didn't care if they had come in from Mars, as long as they kept quiet and went back where they came from!

The speech making was fairly limited in line with a policy of less talk and more action. However, a most enjoyable speech was given by D. V. Daugherty of the faculty of nearby Phillips University. He was on the program of the first Oklacon in 1953 and is a gifted speaker. By contrast, I found the address by Alpha Hart, editor of "Aberree", of little interest. His subject was Scientology, a field of study for which I have little or no respect. If you've seen his magazine you know the kind of stuff I refer to. In my opinion, he didn't do a very good job of answering questions from the audience.

We had another repeat performance; the beautiful miniature space platform that won Neil Noble an award at Oklacon-3. This is a most fabulous thing from the standpoint of detail work. It is a disc vessel, about four feet across and with the top off it reveals an amazing array of cabins, passageways, engine rooms, massive machinery and delicate instruments. There are dozens of technicians and "space marines" aboard, including a detachment of women. There are even tiny pin-up pictures in the walls of the men's quarters, magazines in racks, (Life and others) and actual star charts scattered across the commander's desk. Neil even has an elaborate organizational plan for an imaginary space navy, of which the platform is a part. Members of the Sooner Rocket Society exhibited test rockets.

Kent corey and Walt Bowart did themselves proud in presenting a smooth functioning affair. One highlight was the playing of the actual record of the "War of The Worlds" broadcast by Orson Wells. Another was the Liverpool film that I obtained from Don Ford. We all enjoyed it an even more so due to the fact that Walt arranged background music to fit the various moods of the picture.

A great many fans travelled long distances to attend, including Ellik, Hickman and his son, old-time fan Dale Hart, now of Dallas, Paul Cunningham of Woodmont, Conn., and many others. Of course there were a great many Sooner fans, such as Sam Martinez and his fan-son, Lee, Ronald Parker, Jann Hickey and Shirley Smith, the hard-working and capable secretary. Wagner and Terry headed a large number of Texas fans (such as Randy Brown, Richard Koogle, Tom Reamy and Bob deJongh) up to beat the drums for their 1958 con. Then, late Saturday, in rolled a tired and sleepy Joe Christoff from Florida.

Saturday nite, following a noisy fun-packed dinner in a private dining room downtown, where fine artist Norman Terry kept everyone laughing over his sketches; I had the pleasure of appearing on a local radio station along with Hickman, Ellik, Corey and Bowart. It turned out that the disc jockey was a fan named Murdock Matthews that I had known in my city before his transfer to the Enid station. He gave us quite a build up; telling KGYE listeners that saucers were landing atop their tallest building as he played a portion of Spike Jones' "Rocket Ship Boogie". Then he advised them it was just a few more fans arriving for the Oklacon. In our interview we covered a bit of everything, including Claude Degler!

Later, another radio station broadcast from the convention hall and Sunday nite KGEO-TV, serving the Oklahoma City area, had a 20-minute program with Terry, Hart, Christoff, Ellik, Bowart, Corey, Parker and Pat Edmonds interviewed and displaying art work and discussing S-F in general.

Saturday nite was a continuous round of smoke-filled rooms, singing, talking, refreshment sessions, music and work on the one-shot, which was named this year, "CONBOY-entertainment for fen". Reamy and Bowart did the excellent art work for it, along with Hickman too; Shirley did the typing and Kent's father put in extra time at night to print it. I know I spent a most enjoyable time in Dale Hart's room, getting acquainted with this fellow pioneer of early fandom. Dale had a recent operation & could not stir around much the first night. He and I have much in common, as he started an early-day Texas club, while I launched the old OSA. Joe Christoff was also great fun. The editor of "Sphere" revealed himself to be a fine musician as he tickled the ivory on a piano in the auction room. It was a real treat and surprise to greet Ron Ellik, who I knew well through the FAPA mailings. He and I admired proofs of a special FAPA publication that waiting-lister Ron Parker is doing for me, but the three of us failed to get out for our planned game of pool. After midnite, the crowd thinned and I wound up on a solo hunt for something to eat. Finally found a place and then wound up back at my room with the Sunday paper about 3 A.M. Hearing no sounds of hilarity down the hall, I gave up and went to sleep.

I got up at 9 O'clock Sunday, and managed to round up a few fans to have blue berry pancakes with me. Following a bull session in the lobby, wherein we named the various elk, moose, and buffalo heads hanging about after noted BNFs, I stood watch in the auction room, examining art work and prozines with one or two other fans until the afternoon session started. After Hickman read messages from Don Ford and Robert Madle, I made a few remarks on early fandom in Oklahoma. I told how the old OSA had sent a wire to the very first British con in Leeds twenty years ago and suggested we



do the same thing for the London Worldcon. On motion by Joe Christoff, the group voted to send such a message of good wishes to London.

Walt Bowart again served as auctioneer and hawked off a large amount of the original art work contributed by various publishers. Top item was a beautiful bit of black and white by Kelly Freas and went to, I believe Lynn Hickman, for \$6.50. I came home with two fine works by Henry Sharpe and one by Schroeder, plus a few much needed fanzines.

The large group of Texans came roaring up from the Lone Star State, complete with a special fanzine hand-out, to urge formation of a two-state group to hold a con at Dallas next year instead of the regular Oklacon. Their wishes prevailed at the business meeting, so it will be Big D in '58, with a chance they may bid for the Worldcon in 1959! Name of the next con is not yet selected. Of course, being held south of Red River, it can't be called an "Oklacon". Dalfest and Dalcon have been suggested. Also 'Red River Rally'. Anyway, Tom Reamy will be the pilot of what should be a bang-up convention.

Well, that about covers the main points of a very enjoyable convention for me. It was lots of fun. I enriched my appreciation of fandom from the privilege of meeting many fans for the first time, as well as having the pleasure of meeting old friends again. I look forward to 1958.

Oh yes, Sam Martinez was elected president of the OSFC. He is a good man. A fellow named McPhail was selected as veep.

Dan McPhail

(13th Mailing Comments - continued)

BURP...Your account of fannish life in London was interesting. Writing & publishing have their rewards, but personal contact beats them all.

ZYMIC...Hmmm, Null-F Fans. Fan fans & Null-F fans and never the TAFF shall meet? Doc Barrett is now published, which elevates him to that mystical order reserved for such glories; immediately his entire personality is revamped so that he is now a good man.

NATIONAL WEEKLY...I had to salvage this out of the wastebasket; I'd thrown it away, thinking John had used it to wrap the mailing in.

BLUNT...I didn't consider the Pubococcygeus bit as sex. Best item is "Young Man In Search Of A Philosophy". Does DAG send you the Ollie M. James clippings? I've been sending them to him for some time. Ollie's quite a guy to meet in person, too.

NOISE LEVEL...The sort of thing that makes an APA worth while. Friend of mine went to buy some 78's the other day & they laughed at him. The 10" Lp's are starting to go out of style, too. Practically everything is 12" Lp or else a 45 single.

SCOTTISHE...I remember the article in TEE on Hi-Fi. Was going to reprint it in POOKA, but I shipped the mag over to Ashfield too quickly. Heard on the news broadcast Sept 18th that a "cigar shaped object was seen over London". Wondered if the fans were having a last bit of fling before returning to the U.S.

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Lemme tell you, there's a helluva lot of fake-fans around these days. Those guys alla time go 'round claiming that they're real fans, that there'd be nothing without 'em. Don'tcha believe a word of it, though. Just look at what guys like that do compared to what real faaans do! Hah!

F'rinstance; they think you gotta attend. Hells bells! Any yuk can walk in off the street and attend. Don't take no fan to do that. A real fan can get it all from the bar, Don't even have to walk in. They's a bunch o' us that bring our own setups and have some damn good poker games. But attend? Hah!

An' look at those so-called pros in New York. Hurtin' for attendance; losin' money. Gonna try LA. Think they'll get bigger attendance there. Hah!

Look at the stuff bein' published by the pros today—an' these fake-fans just think it's great. All slicked up to impress the yuks with no real feelin' behind it.

Now these here fake-fans got no sense o' perspective or cont'nuity. They ain't in the know. They're doin' damn' good if they know who was doin' what last year. They don't know who was the big guns even ten or fifteen years back. It's disgraceful an' they still claim they're faaans.

## YOU'RE A

They's a lot o' guys don't like the way the votin' was run this year. I say, let 'em go ahead and change it. We'll just see who's in the All-Star Game next year.

Got an idea?

The way I figger it, if big-league ball was being played right, the Reds would've been a shoo-in for the pennant. So we'll fix 'em by God. We'll run our own major league next year and I guarantee the Reds'll cop the pennant. What's more, there'll be some statistics what will be whing-dings. The sort o' thing the fans'll publish for years and years.

We'll show them fake-fans.

Hah!

F  
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by  
HERMAN TRUEFAN



## MY LONDON TRIP

by

Arthur Hayes

(Note: the following article is excerpted from Art's letters...DF)

As for a report, I will tell you a little of what I was involved in, and if you can make anything out of it, go ahead. I'll leave out the sections that might not get by the Postal Censors, I think.

Since my holidays started a few days before the flight from New York, I would like to mention the interest I found in the Atomic display at the Toronto National Exhibition, and the discussion, too long to report on, with some of the Physicists in charge of the exhibit. The exhibit showed what others have shown before, but to me it was new, and to some extent tied in with places I knew. Besides the two Cobalt bombs (cancer research) without the charge, there was the usual cloud chambers, the remote control hands for work in the danger areas of the piles. There were the models of the three different types of reactors we have in Canada, models of our refinery (near here), and of one of the Uranium mills in the Blind River mining area. Samples of the concentrate from some mines, ores, the samples after they'd gone through the different parts of the process of purification, and finally, the rods actually used, with the real stuff in it, from some of the reactors we have. Damn heavy stuff, but not looking like what I thought it would. The discussion involved the comparison of the Free-World scientists and the Iron Curtain scientists. In view of the happenings since the convention, this discussion seems now of greater importance than would've been the case otherwise. Those I spoke to, didn't take the Russian scientist lightly. While they did not approve of the method of mass-production they have for scientists, they did not under-evaluate them.

In New York, the first person I met was Bob Madle and when we retired to the bar for Refreshment, Ackerman then joined us and a few others and for awhile, with drinks coming from all directions, (Ackerman not drinking) it was like a home-town gathering. Then the gathering up and registering and preparations to go for the free meal, a very nice meal. K.L.M. figured that the meal would keep us quiet on the plane, maybe, but they had not dealt with an S.F. crowd before, as they learned to their sorrow. Even though they said they had never met a gang like us before, still, I think we were a very quiet gang on that plane. By the time we were only a few hours out from Gander, we had out-eaten and out-drunk their reserves, and as some said, they were down to the cooking sherry. Few slept on the flight over.

Landing in London, we separated, the gang that was going on to Amsterdam in one group, the rest in another. A few of the English group met, and then the two groups had another meal, then the final separation. I got mixed up in the wrong group and almost missed the plane to Amsterdam. To the gang, K.L.M. took on another meaning from that which the airline company had meant for it. It became the Kyle-Landis-Marriage flight.

We landed in Amsterdam three hours before we were due, so Jansen had to be routed out from Belgium to let us know what arrangements he had made for us. Actually, as far as as most of the 17 of us who went to Amsterdam and on were concerned, the



ANTWERPcon didn't really materialize, only Jansen showing up. Still, we, in small groups, that kept rejoining from time to time, investigated different walks of life in Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp (Where Deretchin and I were left behind) and Brussels. Deretchin and I decided we didn't want to add to our long-hair culture by visiting art museums, visited other, to us, more interesting sectors of Antwerp. We didn't rejoin the rest until Brussels. Less said the better, other than the fact that Deretchin and I bought blank pistols to use at the convention, and which we scared some of the members of the group, in the Brussels hotel.

Sabena Airlines to London and the Convention. I doubt if more than half of the W.S.F.S. flight were in attendance at any one time. Sight seeing was the order of the day, some of the boys kept walking up and down Hayswater, near the hotel, to find out what the customs were with the girls who paraded up and down the street trying for business. Some found the speakers in Hyde Park of special interest. That, to some extent, was an oddity. I didn't get to hear them until the day before our departure back from London, but when I did, in midweek, five groups were gathered. I remember there was an Irishman who kept his group laughing with his efforts to re-enliven the Irish-English War, another was shouting his opinions of the effects of Christianity on Slavery, another group involved a three-way argument on old-age pensions, another had circumcision and Christianity as his subject, I forget the fifth.

On one tour of London, one that included a plush night-club, a group of us decided to wear-down the management. It was obvious that they expected us to leave before the floor show, and we were determined to see the show. We finally bought a bottle of wine, but we had trouble making the meal and the single bottle of wine last out. Raybin for a while was mixing wine with his coffee and with water to make it last. We left at the conclusion of the floor show, and since they had not expected us to stay, we had the best seats in the club.

After the Convention, I started out on my own again, was surprised to find one other member of the gang on the plane to Paris, but we separated in Paris. She was not on the plane coming back. She was headed for Russia and Finland. That, in itself, could cover a report. Her attempts to get her visas.

Finding Paris not especially to my liking (though others found it very nice) I left and landed in Lourdes. A tour of the countryside there took me on a two hour horse-back riding trip up to near the Glaciers in the upper Pyrenees where I damn near froze, not expecting that. Train to Nice. P.A.A. to Rome. Three tours around Rome. On a B.E.A. ticket, I flew to Geneva on a SWISSAIR plane. That accounted for some very nice colour shots, over the Swiss Alps. Waited about two hours in Geneva for the next SWISSAIR plane (still on B.E.A. ticket) to London. Try as I could, none of the gang could be found. This was on the 18th. So I investigated many stratas of London life until flight time on the 20th.

The flight back found several new faces, places of some who had gone over and who had stayed, taken by others. A very subdued group on that plane, with Madle, Dietz and half-a-dozen others sick on the way. And that was the trip, with many things left out. It must be obvious that it must contain enough material for dozens of reports, good and bad. My ability isn't up to it. The little incidents that were part of each step have been left out, or mostly left out. Still, in your imagination, I think you can see what the trip was like. A great trip, one I won't forget for a long time, but from which I was glad to get back from into Canada. I've mentioned few names but I think it best that way, for now.

# PARODY

by

E. E. SMITH, PH.D.

It was on a midnight dreary,  
When of smoking I was weary,  
And my eyes were weak and bleary,  
(I had drunk two pints of whiskey  
And was wishing I had more.)

As I sat there, nearly sleeping,  
Came a something, gently creeping.  
Up my back, like water leaping,  
Leaping upward from the floor.

"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,  
"From the region 'neath the floor;  
"Only that and nothing more".

BUT

'Twas the AGER and it shook me  
In my very bones and took me  
To the kitchen, there to cook me,  
Shaking, shaking all the more.

Shaking, and with ALL my warming,  
Feeling colder than before.

Shaking 'til the dishes clattered,  
Shaking 'til the tea was spattered,  
Shaking 'til my bones were shattered,  
Shaking off my boots and shaking  
Me to bed, and nothing more.  
Will I EVER be warm? NEVERMORE!



# A LOVELAND ODYSSEY

or

## ODYSSEY, WE STILL LOVE HIM

by

Nick and Noreen Fulaska

The time comes in everyone's life when he must re-examine his attitudes and opinions and take stock, in general, of some of his past judgements. Sometimes he finds that he has misjudged a book, a philosophy, or a situation he has observed. These mistakes can usually be corrected without much trouble, and, since books and philosophies are inanimate, no hurt feelings. When he discovers that he has misjudged a person, however, the situation is not so easily righted. We have made such a misjudgement in the recent past. The tragedy of the case lies in the fact that we made these rash statements in print, where all the world could see. We owe the object of our folly a full apology. There is no use in trying to delay our confession..... we stated in POOKA that Donald E. Ford (the estimable editor of that worthy publication collected objects called A---- B----!

Well, last June we had an opportunity to visit Don Ford in his natural habitat (Loveland, Ohio - an improbable name) and what we saw dismayed us greatly. We returned home with a resolve to cease making snap judgements. The truth about the Ford case is that...he doesn't just collect apple boxes, he collects sticks of wood, too. We hadn't realized how far his sylvan mania had gone until he took us downstairs to the basement and showed us his hidden treasure. There in a garage that was once meant to contain an automobile, were instead, hundreds of sticks of wood of all sizes. Don's explanation that he got them as a bargain fell rather flat. We were too polite to comment on the obvious connection between pieces of wood and the next fatal step to apple boxes. Surveying that basement, the serious psychology student can easily trace the growth of an obsession, from its first shy bud to its final mad flower.

The boxes were there too, in all their glory. The sight of them lined from floor to ceiling, with the sun bringing out the rich, golden tones, was unforgettable and overwhelming. Arranged in a symmetrical pattern, they fill the entire room. Ford's pride in them is painfully obvious and, after one has looked at the first forty-eight or fifty, it is hard to find a new compliment. He has filled them with some kind of waste paper material that gives them ballast and prevents warping. The paper seems to work very well, for not one we saw was warped. The cataloguing is almost complete, now, and he has discovered one that is 108 years old. Surely, a record of some kind!

After inspecting the wood-room, we returned to the living room of the house. This room may best be described as a Hi-Fi enclosure. Crouched in one corner is a large wooden (yes, it is) box that contains loudspeakers, which, on command, can perform with earsplitting efficiency.

The control board for this sound reproduction system resembles an IBM computer for the solving of simultaneous equations. Ford understands it, however, and has even had it electrically charged, in case one of his children wants to hear some music. His justly famous collection of obscene Bessie Smith records can not,

unfortunately, be described in this family journal. We can only suggest that you drop in on him some night, when his family is away, and, in return for a small remuneration, he will be glad to play them.

His captive audience made suitably appreciative remarks while the notes of "Jailhouse Blues" blasted in their ears. At least most of the remarks were suitably appreciative, those that weren't, couldn't be heard anyway.

As for the rest of our Loveland visit, it might be termed a very illuminating glance into the psychic of a born accumulator. The boxes and sticks have been described at length, but no Ford historian has (to our knowledge) ever touched on the farm that surrounds the house.

In his return to the soil, Ford has spared no expense. The sticks which dominate the ex-garage are used (yes, used!) to tie up tomato plants. Remnants of his children's clothing frightens predatory birds and animals, and the whole effect, is that of a miniature Malabar Farm.

In addition to raising the usual run of crops such as avocados, nectarines, eggplant, and barley, he has wisely planted that stable money crop, marihuana.

Margaret Ford looks forward to the long winter evenings to come, when, working cheerfully in her modern kitchen, she will can 500 quarts of tomatoes and 350 jars of pickles. Not to mention rolling the marihuana into cigarettes. The picture of Don Ford, The Man With The Hoe, may be new to some of our readers, but it is no less valid than the portrait of Don Ford - the Apple Box Completist.

\*\*\*\*\*

Quoted from TIME September 23, 1957.

In T.S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY, a middle-aged character complains to an acquaintance: "I am obsessed by the thought of my own insignificance." His friend, a psychiatrist who understands him well, poetically replies:

Precisely. And I could make you feel important,

And you would imagine it a marvelous cure;

And you would go on, doing such amount of mischief

As lay within your power—until you came to grief.

Half of the harm that is done in this world

Is due to people who want to feel important.



## WORLDCON REPORT

by

George Nims Raybin

Fifty-five fans chartered a plane to travel from New York to London & return for the purpose of attending the Worldcon. This monumental event in fandom was arranged by the London Trip Fund Committee with KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. Its purpose was to provide reasonably priced transportation to Europe to enable a large number of fans to attend the convention in London.

The flight left New York International Airport at 7 P.M. September 2nd., and was scheduled to arrive at 7 P.M. London time September 3rd., with stops at Gander, Newfoundland and Shannon, Ireland. This accounted for a travel time of 19 hours, & a total flight time of about 16 hours. However chartered flights are not required to stay on schedule. As a result, we did not stop at Shannon as planned, and arrived in London three hours early.

The English fans had planned to meet the plane for a grand welcome, complete with news photographers and TV cameras. But our early arrival ruined these plans, and we were in the middle of dinner an hour later before the London fans arrived at the airport.

The Kings Court Hotel received some advance publicity in an article published a couple months before the Convention. The writer said that the hotel was dirty and run-down, a rather unpleasant site for the Convention. When we arrived Tuesday afternoon, we found the hotel in a turmoil of redecorating, in the typical convention tradition. The entire ground floor of the hotel had been stripped, cleaned and repainted, and the workmen were busy laying new carpeting and making repairs.

Behind this sudden renovation was the fact that the hotel had been sold a month previously, and the new owners were making every attempt to provide a decent hotel for the convention. By Friday evening most of this work had been completed, and the ground floor was very comfortable and colorful for the Convention. The new management was not able to renovate the upper floors, in 1 month there just wasn't enough time. The rooms were clean, although they really needed redecorating before they would be presentable. The Hotel management and staff were very nice, and tried very hard to make us as comfortable as possible.

Friday evening the Convention Committee had arranged a press conference, which was attended by representatives of the newspapers and wire services. This press conference lasted over an hour, with the reporters taking volumes of notes. And reporters from many English newspapers were in evidence throughout the Convention, taking reams of notes and interviewing almost everybody. Yet over the entire three days of the Convention, now a word of it appeared in the London newspapers.

The fans were rather quiet and peaceful in the lounges Friday evening, when the first fans showed up in costumes. This was a rather colorful quartet of fans, who sat down in the center of the front lounge and started to play "music" with a group of makeshift instruments. The noise was terrific, within 15 minutes everybody had moved into the rear lounges & closed the doors to keep the noise out. This entertainment continued for about a half an hour before they grew tired of it themselves & left. This surely warned the neighborhood that a fan con was underway at the hotel.



The English liquor laws provide that you cannot serve liquor after 11 P.M. except to the registered guests of the hotel, and the doors must be closed so that strangers cannot walk in and be served. This worked out fine for the Convention, as a bar was set up in one of the lounges, and liquor and coffee, sandwiches and tea were served to the fans almost all night. The hotel staff stayed up practically all night long, and on Saturday night some of them never got to go to bed at all.

The two British television stations, ITV (the independent commercial station) and BBC-TV were on hand Saturday night, complete with interviewers, cameras, camera-men, etc., and had their equipment set up in one of the lounges to film the fans in costume. ITV stayed only two hours and made a film which ran two minutes on their news broadcast Sunday night. They treated the Convention as a straight news item & gave us some very favorable publicity. BBC was there for eight hours & made an eight minute film which was broadcast Tuesday night, which went into more detail about the con. Of course, by staying so long, BBC interfered somewhat with the program the Convention Committee was trying to put on, inasmuch as the BBC attracted an audience while they were busy filming those in costume.

However, the grand march was held, and the judges admitted to a difficult task of picking the winners. The winning costumes were Frank and Belle Dietz as the Denebians, Norman Weedall as The Executioner, Dave & Ruth Kyle as The Honeymooners, and John Brunner and Marjorie Keller as The Krishnans. The dancing continued after this, to the lively music played by the five piece fan orchestra.

The Sunday afternoon program opened with the very colorful ceremony of the Order of St. Fanthony. This idea was developed by the Cheltenham fans a year ago, as a means of introducing some of the color and pageantry of Olde England to fandom. The Cheltenham fans were dressed in typical medieval costumes, and the entire program was presented in a serious fashion.

The purpose of the meeting at this time was to honor eleven fans who were in attendance at the Convention. The selected ones were required to be able to drink a small glass of the pure water of St. Fanthony in order to prove their true worth as real fan. To everyone's surprise, this "water" turned out to be 140 proof Polish vodka. Those initiated at this ceremony and awarded the titles of Knights & Ladies of the order were Ken Slater, Eric Bentcliffe, Walt Willis, Terry Jeeves, Roberta Wild, Rory Faulkner, Bob Silverberg, Frank Dietz, Ellis Mills, Bob Madle & Boyd Raeburn.

The tea drinking contest was also scheduled for Sunday afternoon, but at the last minute it was called off due to a lack of contestants. Thus, the Catering Manager had extra gallons of tea, which had been prepared for the contest. He immediately put it on a cart & took it into the lounge. The afternoon program had just ended, & everybody must have been thirsty, as he sold the entire lot of tea in half an hour. This made him extremely happy.

The largest party of the Con was held Sunday night, and every fan in the hotel visited it sometime during the evening. Ellis Mills was the host, and the party started out in his room. Pretty soon the room was completely crowded, & some of the fans started singing. A number of us who like peace and comfort wandered off to another room for a quiet party. It didn't stay quiet for too long, as Ellis' party moved, and wound up in the room right across the hall from us.



The business session of the Convention was held on Monday morning, without a preliminary committee session this year. Among other business before the meeting was the election of two Directors of the Society to replace Roger Sims and Nick Falasca, whose terms were expiring. Until the last minute the election did not appear to be a contest, as the only two nominations were for Belle C. Dietz and Arthur Kingsley. Just before the balloting, Bob Madle nominated David Newman, and made it a three-way race for the two offices. Belle C. Dietz and Dave Newman were elected as Directors for three year terms.

For the second time in the history of world conventions, only one bid was submitted for the following year's Convention site. The bid was for South Gate, sustaining the slogan coined ten years ago at the Torcon: "South Gate in '58". They received the unanimous approval of the entire meeting. As soon as the bid had been formally approved, Ted Carnell placed a sign on the podium which said "Los Angeles City Limits."

The usual Convention auction was not so usual this year. In fact, many of the Americans were rather startled by Ted Tubb in the role of auctioneer. Ted has a style that is completely unlike anyone else's, and is twice as humorous. Where the usual auctioneer will sell a book or magazine on the merits of the stories or the authors, Ted was selling these items by praising the quality of the paper, the printing, the sex content, or some such unimportant detail. The fans enjoyed this, and as a result Ted was selling the material as fast as he could offer it. The prices paid were very reasonable, even with good competition and plenty of bids.

The party Monday night was quite different from the usual Convention party. It was held in the rear lounge, with sandwiches and drinks served by the hotel staff, and for entertainment, there were a couple of movie films, one made by Ted Carnell, and a very humorous tape recording made by the Liverpool group. The party, given by Frank and Belle Dietz, was dedicated to the Convention Committee in recognition of their work in presenting a wonderful convention. Almost everyone who was still at the hotel attended the party, which lasted almost until dawn Tuesday morning.

This Convention, the first Worldcon to be held outside of North America, was considered very successful by all who attended. The formal program was at a minimum, and a good portion of that was in the lighter vein. The accent was on the social side of the Convention, and this succeeded beyond all expectations. English and American fandom met as they never have before, and the friendships and understanding developed at this Convention will have an effect for many years to come.....G N R

Nick & Norseen Falasca, along sent out invitations to people in Michigan to come up for a week-and the date for Oct 12 & 13, 1957 and Strongsville and at their home in too far from where the Ohio Turnpike

Two cars from the Cincinnati Oscar and Mary Ellen Moeller and Lou to leave at 6 AM. Dale and the others kept laughing ourselves silly, just 5:30 in their lives without staying Lou. At 6:30 I called his house and laughing at how we'd still be there to even though we did leave at 7:30. welcomed with cries of "Hello, Stan." at 12:30." Seems as though they did at 6. Lou got awfully quiet and de-

I'd been moving some fanzines Fantascience Digests to show at a Ohio Fan, published by Joe Lewandoski of Cleveland about 10 miles from our when I lived in Columbus and we started ivity in Ohio in the early 40's. I'd week-end to an affair Ted Dikky had Joe of us trying to locate more fans to see him in 1940, I think it was. and for some strange reason got the

In the telephone directory I found 2 Lewandoskis on the same street Joe used to live. I figured somebody could at least tell me where Joe was in 1957. Lou felt like staying, so Ben Jason and I started over in Lou's car. Never having driven a car with an automatic transmission, I reverse! A couple minor errors like starting it again, and I was off; nails and hoping he'd paid the last

We were lucky. Found the we were told that we were law. Joe was now married,

out shopping at the super-market. While we waited for his return, we met his wife; who was home for the week-end from the hospital. She'd been stricken with polio about two years ago. Joe told us later that the National Polio Foundation supplies them with a rocking bed & respirator which Betty needs to wear while sleeping. These are on loan for as long as needed. 5 days a week she spends in the hospital where she receives muscular therapy training so she can resume her duties as a housewife, mother and teacher. A very pleasant woman to meet. She and Joe are both high school teachers.

Finally Joe arrived and was informed that he had visitors waiting. I knew he'd never remember me, so I said the last time we'd met was 17 years ago and that I'd lived in Columbus at that time. Ben & I both enjoyed the look that came over his face when

with the rest of the Cleveland group, Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and nearby and have a small Midwestcon. They set the rendezvous at Murphy's Motel in Parma; both suburbs of Cleveland, not and U. S. 42 cross.

area made the trip. Dale Tarr took and I went in Lou's car. We planned talked about leaving at 5:30 and we knowing that they'd never been up at up all night. 6:15 AM arrived and no woke him up. All the way up we kept greet the others when they pulled in, When we checked in at 1 PM we were and "Where've you been? We got here get up at 5:30 and were on the road cided he wanted to see the Pittsburgher

recently, looking for Madle's old club meeting and found a copy of the of Brecksville, Ohio; another suburb motel. I used to write to Joe a lot out to try to organize some fan act- been over to Ft. Wayne, Indiana one organized and broached the idea to in Ohio, etc. Made a trip up there Anyway, I'd not seen him for 17 yrs. urge to resurrect him again.

right house the first time & speaking to Joe's mother-in- father of two children, and

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I mentioned science fiction and he saw his past fan activities coming back to haunt him. We talked for an hour or so & I figured it was time for us to leave as he must have had other things to do. He still reads s-f and still has his old collection. We reminisced about the older fans like Marconette, Miske, Ackerman, Tucker, Moskowitz etc. Jason was right in that era, too. All 3 of us enjoyed this talk of old times and we left with promises of resuming our correspondence. I expect Joe will re-enter fan activities when there is enough free time to enable him to participate.

Returning to the motel, we talked with Marion Mallinger, Dirce Archer, Ben Keifer, Roy & Dee Dee Lavender, Ellis Mills, Dean McLaughlin, P. Schuyler Miller, and the rest of the CFG. Ben Keifer now has a Volkswagon and I kidded him about me ever fitting inside. He said try it, and I found I actually had more room behind the wheel than in Lou's '57 Plymouth. More head room and more leg room. At the rate Detroit is designing cars, I'll have to switch to European cars whenever I get another car.

We all headed for the Palascas and were then treated to Hi-Fi upstairs or to Lou discussing his favorite topic, sex, in the rathskellar. Basil & Margaret Vells, Russ Winterbotham, Steve Schultheis, Frank Andrasovsky, Gene Pallat, Earl Kemp, Jon Stopa, John Sargo, Lewis Grant, Bea Taylor, the two Marys from Pittsburgh (Vulf & Spilsbury) were all talking away, making it quite noisy.

Lou & I suggested we eat at a Chinese restaurant & a caravan of 5 cars was assembled to follow Nick. We'd eaten there in 1955 during the Clevention and it was about 8 blocks from the Hotel Manger, but we'd forgotten the name. In driving the lead car, Nick proceeded to drive quite fannishly. He'd pull into a left turn lane, give a left turn signal and then go straight ahead. He'd go through amber lights leaving the others to run a red light or get left behind. Despite bursts of speed & lane switching, they managed to follow us. Finally, with a deft and brilliant maneuver, Nick made an abrupt left turn and lost 3 cars. We snaked through the bottoms of Kingsbury Run, where the Mad Butcher dissected his victims for the past 20 years in one of Cleveland's unsolved crimes. Still the other two cars stayed with us. We went past the hotel in one last desperate attempt to shake them off, and finally gave up and went straight to the restaurant with them still trailing closely behind.

The others arrived about 15 minutes later, much to my surprise. Ben Keifer & Dale had managed to recall our visit to the New Shanghai Restaurant from 2 years ago. While waiting for the management to get tables set up for 18 people, we were invited to visit their Tong headquarters or temple which was next door. We admired the delicate tapestry work hanging on the walls, the carvings and the small shrine.

We let Ben Keifer do the ordering and he told them to clean out the kitchen & bring what they felt 18 people would eat. Either my appetite was tremendous that night or Ellis is slowing down. He seemed to lack the capacity he has shown on former occasions in Philadelphia and Cleveland. Perhaps it was sheer modesty. Anyway, 18 well stuffed people left about an hour later. It was suggested we call this the "Sub Gum Con".

Gene Pallat wanted us to listen to his Hi-Fi rig, so Dale, Oscar, Mary Ellan & myself stopped off at Gene's house on the way back to Nick's. Gene's bedroom is full of amplifiers, tuners, turntable, etc. The living room contains a sarcophagus that is full of speakers. I feel sure that at half volume this monster could cure you of constipation if you stood in front of it.

Gene's parents were easy to meet & interesting to talk to. His dad impressed the hell out of me. We could look each other eye to eye, but there the comparison stopped. When we shook hands, I felt mine being encased in one the size of a baseball glove. His shoulders touched both sides of the door frame when he passed through the doorway. Later on, he mentioned he was an insurance agent & wanted to know what each of our occupations were, saying he'd been a boxer years ago. I mentally wondered how small a policy I could get away with buying, and resolved never to argue with Gene again. We left for the Palascas some time later amid pleas of staying longer. I wished we'd had more time; the jazz music was nice and the conversations sparkling.

Back at Nick's, Roy set up his tape recorder and we got Steve and Ellis to give us an oral report of the London Convention. Steve told about the plane trip and he and Ellis both told about the convention itself, as well as their side trips and their impressions of the various fans and cities they'd visited. It took two tapes, but we got a lot of background data and news of the con that seldom sees print in the usual con reports. I mailed these tapes to Doc Barrett, who was unable to attend this week-end gathering.

Earl Kemp started asking what the rest of us thought about Chicago bidding for the con in 1959. I pointed out to them that Dallas was also considering doing that. Pittsburgh then cornered a few of us and asked questions about how to go about putting on a con. The questions of the time and work involved, as well as the various costs were gone into. Ben and Nick provided ideas and figures that they'd learned from the 1955 affair. Perhaps we'll see a bid from Pittsburgh in 1960 when the rotation comes their way. I'd be in favor of it, Pittsburgh is an interesting city to photograph.

Lou and I finally got back to our motel room about 4 AM and I spent a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour killing flies in the room that were there due to the management thoughtfully removing the screen door. At 8 AM the ones I'd missed used me for dive bombing tactics and I decided I might as well get up, anyway.

After breakfast, I stopped by Mary Lolene Spilsbury's room to see some magazines she wanted to give away. I filled in a lot of the 1956 and 1957 issues I'd missed on the stands, as well as a number of pocketbooks. Others took her up on the same offer, and in 15 minutes time four boxes of magazines disappeared.

I stopped off at the motel office with a roll of film to mail and was nearly run over by the Detroit Purple Mob: George & Mary Young, Howard DeVore, Fred Prophet, Jim Broderick and 1 other whose name eludes me now. We exchanged gossip and Fred told me additional sidelights of the London trip. He made the third one who'd been to London and it was interesting to compare notes all the way around. TAFF was discussed for awhile & Fred said Madle came back feeling like he'd been treated like a king. Then Detroit said they were interested in bidding for the 1959 con site. I told them about Dallas & Chicago and said the line forms to the right. This bit of news seemed to stun them momentarily.

They were for getting something to eat until I told them we were all invited to Nick & Noreen's for lunch at Noon. We'd eaten so much at the New Shanghai last night nobody was hungry, later in the evening. If we didn't eat it up today, we were warned, Nick & Noreen would have to eat hot dogs, cheese, sliced ham, etc for a month. So, the exodus began from the motel, with people checking out and heading for the Palascas. We ate hearty and listened to Hi-Fi. Hi-Fi fans are like S-F fans in the fact that each one is an individualist and has certain set ideas on what makes a good sound, etc.



After the ensuing discussion I doubt if anyone changed anyone else's mind. I managed to inveigle people out in the front yard for a picture taking session. We got Ellis with his Knight Of St. Fanthony banner; the various city groups, and one of the entire group. The motel wanted to get rid of a cat, so, someone brought foreen a gift. It was promptly named SPUTNIK. Sputnik proceeded to get stranded on the awning and Oscar trampled down \$200.00 worth of flowers and shrubs rescuing the feline.

Frank Andrasovsky was bartender and when someone asked for a grasshopper, Ben Keifer passed around some real grasshoppers...candied. He got little takers on this. A few tried the pickled octopus. Fred Prophet showed some reels of his London trip movies. People started to leave and I slept about an hour so I'd be rested enough to drive on the way home. We left at 6 and arrived home, some 252 miles later, at 12:30 AM. The next morning when the radio alarm clock came on at 6, I felt beat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some after thoughts; with the 3 dots stolen from Walter Winchell.

Since Mary Spilsbury was giving away magazines, Lou and I suggested to Chicago and Detroit that they attempt to buy our votes for the convention site; and suggested various ways that we could be tempted...The motel was nice, but over-priced. Since we gathered at the Falasca's, it was not used much. We should have used their lobby like they'd suggested...Cleveland seems to offer little pictorially, from the photo standpoint. It has practically no skyline (here I'm thinking of night shots) & I now appreciate Cincinnati more in this aspect...The shower at the motel has a one knob control; by the time I'd gotten the temperature adjusted and my shower over, I'd used as much water as we use from our cistern in a week...Except for Ellis Mills, who is K.T.S.F., all of us were fake-fans...Nick & Moreen have a rathskellar which is paneled with knotty apple boxes...Ben Keifer travels to convention with two suitcases; one for clothes and the other for food. Reserve a room next to him...The best place for a large group to eat is at a Chinese restaurant. You get a wide variety of food on the table and what one person does not like or eat, the others (like me) can consume. Service is usually good & the tea pot kept full...On the way to breakfast, I knocked at Ben & Dale's room. When they opened the door all bleary eyed, I yelled in, "Church, anyone?" Got 2 very emphatic answers. I thought that ATOM cover on Hyphen was the best cartoon of all time...Fred Prophet was telling me that the hotel at London was billing the convention for full capacity based on the number of beds, not the rooms. Also for the full 4 days of the convention. Seems like the old squeeze play to me...Last year we had an October affair at Indian Lake. It's the perfect time of the year for a gathering, leaves have turned color and the weather is nice. It was a bit larger this year & about the limit that can cohere as a unit for such a meeting. It was a lot of fun and I hope we have one next year. The fanzine fans ought to try something like this.