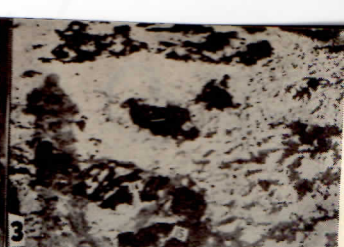


NORWESCOTN





CELEBRITIES AT THE NORWESCON
by Phillip Barker

Whenever a great convention is held and celebrities appear as guests, there are bound to be those who, by whatever wiles possible, managed to spend most of their time buttering up these Great Men, basking in the reflected light of their glory. Such, yea brother, was I. It's awfully hard to miss a chance to get some inside dope on policy, new stories, or whatever dirt is being passed around among the big names. Nearly everybody there seemed to feel the same way, and I am not alone in my apple polishing. You might just say that I was foremost.

Whether by virtue of my sweet disposition or by virtue of muscles gained working at hard labor last summer, I managed to spend a great deal of my time in Portland at the side of one great man or another. Most of 'em are only people, really nice people, to be sure, but only people. I enjoyed their company extremely and even managed after a while to forget that these were the folks who write the stories I like to read best.

Mel Korshak was the gentlemen I met first. Somehow or other a party got started up in my room - surely not because I had three fifths of Black and White!! - and after a while Mr. Korshak wandered in. He was worn out from driving darn near all night from the East and could only be kept awake with some of my medicinal scotch, which I carry, of course, for just such occasions. We got to talking, and a nicer fellow can't be found. He was patient through reams of stories and planned stories which I wanted to show him, like all amateur writers, and he was even patient when I got him involved in a discussion of why Robert Howard should be printed in hard covers. He was even patient when fellow NAMELESS, Mark Walsted, took him for eleven kazollas in poker the next evening. Mr. Korshak told me mainly about a new novel which he is publishing, one which will be guaranteed to please not only us old science fiction readers, but may also put Shasta over with all the vague mass of people known to us as "The General Public". In spite of fatigue and confusion, Mr. Korshak spent the evening after the poker party as auctioneer for a whole mass of treasure. He was announcer and M.C. at

20 the introduction of celebrities; he was always useful to Don Day whenever that harassed gentleman needed a helping hand; and he was a veritable godsend to Mr. Walsted, who needed that eleven bucks badly.

I had a long talk, too, with Howard Browne when he came in on the second day of the Norrescon. He, Bea Mahaffey, and Rog Phillips all arrived somewhat simultaneously, and left this poor parasite unknowing just which to butter up first. I chose Mr. Browne, perhaps, because he looked the most prosperous of the bunch. I never saw a man who looked the part of Mr. Big so well. He really is quite a force when he walks into any gathering, for he has very impressive features --- somewhat of what you'd expect from a manager of U.S. Steel or General Electric: the Chief Executive all over, from his white hair to his polished shoes. Yet Mr. Browne was only too willing to talk to us small fry, and he collected a crowd of about thirty people out in the lobby. I managed to get a seat right next to him. He expressed his policy for AMAZING STORIES in just so many words: action, small vocabulary, simple plots, good twist on the ending. Unfortunately, the magazine he wanted to put out - the slick AMAZING - has gone the way of all such dreams. The present war situation has caused a serious shortage of paper for the pulp magazine trade, and any new magazines will temporarily have to be limited to the idea stage. He does, however, promise us fans one really fine, slick-type story in each issue of the present AMAZING. He wants to cater to the fan level entirely, but there is a much greater market among the juvenile-style, action, and cowboy-on-the-moon crowd that he must cater to in order to make money. After all, as he said, the fans are perhaps the smallest group that a science fiction magazine must play to: much larger numerically (as well as monetarily) are the juveniles, the general pulp reading public, and the technicians (for which ASTOUNDING plays). I also asked Mr. Browne a few questions on some odd things which have happened in AMAZING STORIES in the past. Where, I demanded, was Don Wilcox, the old favorite of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES? Mr. Browne sadly informed me that Don Wilcox had gone back to teaching school in the Middlewest. That's why, in case you have been wondering, "Eye of the World" originally publicized as "a new novel by Don Wilcox" was put out under the Ziff-Davis house name of "Alexander Blade!" Mr. Browne's main point was his great en-

phasis on the type of literature he intends to put out, and he emphasized this strongly to every and anybody. In spite of the fact that he is a fan, he must make Mr. Ziff some money and the juvenile market is the best, simplest, and quickest means to the end. Until the situation in Korea eases up (or until we're all speaking Russian anyhow) we must not look to Ziff-Davis as a great supporter of fandom. 21

I didn't get much opportunity to talk to Rog Phillips, but from what I saw of him he seemed a nice fellow, eager to give us some idea of his future story writing plans and also to let it be known that fandom was more than welcome in the Clubhouse. Howard Browne himself made this point, and Mr. Phillips gave quite some discussion on fandom's value to the prozines. He explained why he wrote "Weapon from the Stars", a story panned by most everybody. Howard Browne got up in the middle of the introduction of celebrities and asked Mr. Phillips point blank just why he wrote such a story. Policy, it seems, was the villain: the cover for the issue is handed to the lucky(?) author and he is told to write a story of so many thousand words around it. This one was a toughy, as Mr. Phillips explained, and his word length ran out just as it was getting interesting. Thus, he slapped an ending on it and let 'er go at that. Too bad, too, for the story WAS getting interesting - how about finishing it up and putting out via Century Books, Rog?

Somehow, Anthony Boucher and I never got very close together, either, for when I was coming in he was going out and vice-versa. I did manage to inveigle myself into a cocktail party in one of the hotel rooms where he was a guest, but I became much more interested in talking to Bea Mahaffey (for obvious reasons) and missed out on giving him his portion of polishing. However, Dick Frahm, the president of the NAMELESS at the time, became very good friends with Mr. Boucher and conveyed to me the impression that our guest of honor was an erudite, literary, and friendly man. I heard Mr. Boucher's speech and can confirm Dick's impression on the former score. The only thing I know was that Anthony Boucher was very nice about promising a carbon copy with autograph of the next story he wrote to the lucky person who won the costume ball prize.

Jack and Dorothy DeCourcy were most polite, friendly, and helpful, and I had somewhat of a harrassed discussion with Mr. DeCourcy while helping to put up the Norwescon back-

22 drop before the convention started. Most of the West Coast fans know the DeCourcies for their wide fan activities, but I got a kick out of Mr. DeCourcy for his sense of humor. It was nothing less than terrific. When not too tired from the grueling convention doings, he was cracking jokes. The highlight came with the Matter Transmitter Experiment -- I might have said Fiasco, for it certainly was. Mr. DeCourcy kept a straight and serious face most of the way through the demonstration, only giving away the joke with a giggle once or twice. His Buster Keaton deadpan expression kept most of the audience guffawing during the whole show. In the privacy of the cocktail party or off to one side of the main goings-on, they are friendly folks, somewhat homey, showing interest in their two (or is it three?) kids like any other people -- not like what a fan new to celebrities might suspect at all.

Jack Reynolds was somewhat of a surprise to some fans there, and not a few were confused as to whether he was a fan or an author. A couple recent copies of STARTLING or THRILLING WONDER STORIES cleared this up right away. Reynolds is a very serious new writer, working in a writers' colony down in New Mexico. He and Fredric Brown along with another writer are working on stories together down there; quite a success, too, judging from his popularity. Most of his stuff, he said, will continue to be short stories for a while yet, but he is planning to do some longer work in the near future. I got a large kick out of talking to him, for besides being a friendly fellow, he was only too willing to give new writers some tips and remarks on crashing the writing field which were of considerable interest to some of us. He did sterling duty as moderator of the panel discussion, and could be seen shooting the breeze with most anybody all over the Norwescon hall. I don't know whether he was three people or whether my sight was somewhat awry due to overdoses of my medicinal fluids, but everywhere I looked there was Mr. Reynolds, deep in discussion with fans or authors.

Ted Sturgeon and I had very few meetings, also, mainly, because I was much too busy trying to learn the name of that blonde fan who came from Paris. Ted seemed a very forceful personality, even to managing the impossible -- getting two-hundred fans together at midnight to listen to recordings of people who had seen actual little men. In fact, he even came over and 'shush'ed me once or twice during this meeting, an

honor which I duly noted. Mr. Sturgeon seemed quite set on Dianetics and gave a long, somewhat breathless speech on the subject to a large crowd, and most everybody seemed to enjoy it immensely. In general, Mr. Sturgeon seemed a breathless personality, what I saw of him, hurrying to and fro and stopping to discourse with anyone who had read "The Dreaming Jewels!" He and I had a short argument on archaeology in England (about which I know exactly nothing) so we switched the subject over to science fiction as quickly as possible. He is planning some more novels, each one to be as good, he says, as "The Dreaming Jewels". Other shorter stories will also be forthcoming very soon. One peculiar thing about Mr. Sturgeon, which another fan article has already noted: he seems just to have recently discovered that America is slightly larger than the East coast. His whole introduction speech was taken up with the revelation of this somewhat electrifying fact, time which might have been better devoted to a discussion of his future stories.

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Doc Smith is another fellow I like very much. He and I had a discussion on Idaho, on winter, on Portland, on Seattle (where he had resided for a while), and on all sorts of non-essential things which were of interest to me. He appeared ready and willing to talk about the things that interested me, rather than the other way around, as is usual with important people. The fans were immediately at ease with him, and some of them could hardly believe that the great author of Skylark of Valeron, Second Stage Lensman, and all his other tales, was actually this quiet, elderly, soft mannered gentleman who talked freely about gardens and cameras and people he has known. He is planning a whole new universe for a series of stories soon to be started, and is actually imagining new inventions to go along with it, so that his stories will not borrow from his older works. This is certainly quite a task, one which an author does not undertake every day. His talk was short, wryly humorous, and right to the point - something which some of the other celebrities couldn't manage.

I have purposely left Bea Mahaffey to the last, probably because I like to save the best to the last in everything I do. She is certainly the prettiest editoress I ever saw -- not because she is the only editoress I ever saw, either. Actually, she would pass for a Hollywood star among crowds of M.G.M.'s best, s'help me. She was mostly too busy to be ap-

24 proached, being involved in long discussions with Howard Browne and with some fellows she knew from Eugene, Oregon. Darned if I know whether she knew 'em from previous acquaintance or whether they just moved fast. Miss Mahaffey is probably one of the most vivacious personalities at the convention; her speech was undoubtedly the sparkliest - if there be such a word - and she spent the most of her allotted five minutes on the rostrum telling us that Ray Palmer and herself would be only too willing to accept any and all offtrail material for "OTHER WORLDS", providing only that it be a good story. She seems to have kept this policy well: witness Ray Bradbury's "Up in de Middle of de Air". She actually read the little short story I had published recently in FANSCIENT, - the one Don Day bravely ended for me. Her comment "The girl was kind of a dope!" Somehow, it characterized that particular story exactly. Dammit. Anyhow, I did get to dance with her at the costume ball, me all in my "Admiral Tombo" costume (see cover), and that was quite an experience, even though Rog Phillips snatched her back again within a moment or two.

We shouldn't have ended the celebrities page with just these nine, but space required us to cut it short. We owe apologies to such swell people as E. Everett Evans, Bob Tucker, Torry Ackerman, Ken Arnold, and whole hordes of others who more than deserved a place on this page. But, alas! the costs of lithographing being what they are.....

The identifications of the pictures of the people on the "Celebrities" page -(Page 1 of the Pictorial Section) is as follows:

1. This is the banquet scene, with the whole main table of great people facing the audience across the entire front of the hall. The man standing in the background is one of the men in charge of the radio broadcast. The seated celebrities are: (Left to Right, of course)

E. E. "Doc" Smith of Skylark and Lensman fame. In private life he heads a baking concern.

Monna Sheller, one of the several NORWESCON treasurers. In private life she is a student at the U of O Medical School.

Ken Arnold, the first man to see a 'flying saucer' and the man who collected eye-witness tape recordings of other persons who also saw them.

Mel Korshak, present in the double capacity of ardent fan and representative of Shasta Publishers.

Harry Moore, whose eloquent representation of the tragic plight of the 'deep South' as a result of never having a convention won the NOLACON for 1951. 25

Juanita Sharp (for a view of the front of her head, see page 4 of the pictorial section), the NORWESCON secretary of whom it was truly said she "... was the most frustrated..."

Anthony Boucher (rhymes with voucher - but it's a nom de plume anyway - his real name is William Anthony Parker White) the guest of honor. He is one of the Editors of the Magazine of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION as well as a well known author.

Don (hardworking) Day - the host to the NORWESCON, and the publisher of FANSCIENT.

Ted Sturgeon - whose awe-struck discovery of the actual size of the United States didn't stop him from turning out a masterful performance as H.C. at the Costume Ball.

Howard Browne, Editor of AMAZING STORIES and other Ziff Davis publications, as well as an stf writer in his spare(?) time.

Jack and Dorothy DeCourcy, a husband-and-wife writer's team that is really on the ball as well as a darn nice couple.

Rog Phillips, alias Roger Graham, alias Craig Browning, alias Melva Rogers, etc. etc., who currently edits The Club House for AMAZING STORIES as well as writes.

2. Howard Browne, "AMAZING'll stick to the action-cowboy stuff..."
3. Ted Sturgeon, "America is so unexpectedly big."
4. Bea Mahaffey, "Anything at all, so long as it's a good story."
5. Rog Phillips, "Wordage requirements spoiled that story!"
7. Doc E.E. Smith, "A whole new universe to write about."
6. Anthony Boucher, "Science fiction is literature."
8. Jack & Dorothy DeCourcy, "Oh, what we could tell about Rog...."
9. Mel Korshak, "A great line of stuff coming out shortly."
10. Mack Reynolds, "I'm only a new writer, but I mean to write more and more and better and better."
11. Us fans, enjoying any number of functions ---- this picture could be any of a sozen. In it I recognize NAMELESS: Bob Rosling, Phil Barker, Dick Frahm, Alderson and Mrs. Fry, Virginia Cowling, F. M. Busby, Wally Weber, and a couple of others. Bill Austin is just barely visible in the upper right of center. Celebrities: Howard Browne, E. Everett Evans, Bob Tucker, and Rick Sheary.

GENERAL SHOTS or
THE NORWESCON, LOOSELY COVERED
by Wally Weber

The pictures on page 2 of the Pictorial Section portray graphically the horror that hung over Portland, Oregon, the Labor Day weekend of 1950. As the fateful Friday drew near the natives of that fated place gave themselves to glancing over their shoulders at frequent intervals and paling at sudden noises. A dire event was about to take place, the NORWESCON, Eighth World Science Fiction Convention, lurked near. As more and more fans began streaming into the defenseless city from strange dimensions and weird worlds, some swooping boldly down astride broomsticks and antigravity mechanisms, with others materializing cautiously out of the woodwork, a dreadful rumor started the rounds. It was relayed by hushed and devious methods, and once it was even whispered, but never was it spoken aloud. Wherever fans met, they would huddle together, turning pale, strained faces to the sky (picture 1), those with heads clutched tightly to their hats (picture 9), those with lungs bated their breaths. THE NAMELESS ONES of Washington were coming to the NORWESCON!

And they arrived!! (picture 2).

Those who survived the arrival of THE NAMELESS ONES were able to enjoy the entertainments, which were divided roughly into two uncertain types, scheduled and unscheduled. The unscheduled concentrated mainly during the wee small hours and were generally private or semi-private affairs, the details of which defy recollection and description, even among the participants themselves. The scheduled features emerged somewhat more coherent and served to fill the gaps between the more spontaneous events.

Fans milled back and forth, shaking hands and slapping backs indiscriminately, collecting autographs from everything that looked capable of manipulating a writing instrument (hotel employees and innocent bystanders not excluded). Pens, pencils, program booklets, introductions, names and autographs were recklessly exchanged, and in the confusion many fans were autographing their own books for the second and third time. During slack moments, of which there were few if any, a favorite pastime was to thumb through one's accumulation of booklets and pens and try to guess who their owners might have been. The same game was also played with the autographs,

which, having usually been signed in haste with a dry pen using somebody's lumpy face for a desk in the jostling crowd, often had the appearance of a doctor's prescription scribbled out in Chinese.

Sometime during Saturday a session was held during which Mr. Mel Korshak pointed out various fans, publishers, editors and writers of note so that all present would know who to mob. The introduction of the professional writers and editors led to much excitement, though there definitely is no truth to the rumor that one poor fan discovered the fellow he had cold shouldered that morning was actually Howard Browne and tried to choke himself to death on Shaver manuscripts. Rog Phillips (picture 13) looked surprisingly human, which goes to show you can't believe everything a DeCourcy says, and he displayed a marvelous talent for getting out of speeches.

The auction took place Saturday evening, before the fans had time to waste all their money on food and other unessentials. It was a convincing demonstration why fans are the most povertystricken group in the universe. Mr. Mel Korshak stood his ground before a mob of eager fans (picture 4) and auctioned away some of the most enticing originals, magazines, books, and manuscripts that ever made a fan starve his wife and kiddies to buy. No statistics are available, but the number of fans forced to steal quietly away in the night, hotel bill unpaid and Finlay originals clutched tight, must've been tremendous. The most miserly of fan could not resist brushing the cobwebs from padlocked billfolds when tempter Korshak waved his merchandise before their quivering nostrils. Fortunately the auction proved to be the only NORWESCON feature designed to wrench money from those attending. The banquet defied inflation by handing out vast quantities of edible foodstuffs at a dollar per head (picture 5); the other entertainments, such as the panel discussion on what should and should not go between hard covers (picture 6) and the speeches on fanzine publication cost even less ---- nothing, in fact. One of the high points of the NORWESCON was the special showing of "Destination Moon" (which hadn't been released at the time but is now going the rounds of the theatres, and anyone who hasn't paid to see it at least 20 times is a traitor to fandom.) The dirtiest trick of the convention was played on a Portland fellow who, having paid his dollar to the NORWESCON for the express purpose of seeing the picture, succumbed to the religious silence that settled over the theatre before

the showing, and, because he was a quiet sleeper, wasn't awakened until the picture was over!

The programs in general were well planned and successfully executed, but one notable exception to this occurred in the demonstration of Mr. John DeCourcy's "matter radio". The demonstration, originally intended as a minor item of interest only to those who cared for the more profound aspects of physical science and included on the program solely as a means of filling time while the audience assembled for the discussion of dianetics which was to follow, somehow got out of hand and soon developed into what might easily have become a major catastrophe. (Dianetic sessions proved somewhat hard for non-fans around the Multnomah Hotel to take at times. Some of the dianetic enthusiasts reliving their prenatal discomforts (picture 11) emitted noises that turned blood to ice and brave men to nervous wrecks.)

Mr. DeCourcy, who should not be blamed for what happened since he was fighting fate, began by explaining how the complicated device worked. With the aid of his slide rule and the equations he wrote on the blackboard, the principles of the "matter radio" were made fantastically clear to the most ignorant of laymen. Only those who weren't ignorant laymen remained confused. A certain amount of difficulty was involved in putting away the blackboard after the explanation, but ingenuity and skill combined to enable the scientist to eventually extricate himself from the blackboard tripod and the matter radio was ready to be put into operation.

The complex mechanism was warmed up, the lights flickering properly, the gyroscopes all humming at the correct pitch and the dials were set to transport Mrs. DeCourcy from her hotel room. The matter radio accomplished this, but a human factor became involved which shadowed the success of the demonstration. Through some misunderstanding, Mrs. DeCourcy had been caught in an embarrassing stage of dressing herself. Some remnants of dignity were salvaged with the aid of a bath towel, but the scientist's wife was understandably annoyed and refused to take part in any future exhibitions. Mr. DeCourcy's pleas were cut short when, from the concealment of the machine's receiving cabinet, the bath towel was thrown forcefully into his face. Not daring to proceed with his plans after that, the unnerved man had no choice but to return his wife to the hotel room and find another subject.

A man from the audience finally offered to serve in the next phase of the demonstration, which was to show that the machine could transmit as well as receive, by transmitting him to the rear of the room. Perhaps the strain of having his wife displayed to the public in such intimate attire upset the scientist, whatever the cause, the unfortunate fact remains that the volunteer was thoroughly transmitted, but not to the rear of the room. After considerable difficulty, including an accidental Martian picked up by mistake (pic.12), spurred on in his efforts by a group of the volunteer's pals who grouped themselves at one side of the platform armed with clubs and an ominous looking noose, Mr. DeCourcy eventually located him in the viewfinder. He appeared somewhat hesitant about bringing him back, however, and started saying something about an open manhole on Burnside Street, but an impatient twirl of the noose cut him short and he hastily got the victim back (picture 7). He was promptly taken from DeCourcy's trembling hands, presumably to be rushed to the nearest hospital's emergency ward. Further experiments with the matter radio were postponed in the interests of safety.

The costume ball marked the official ending of the NORWESCON. Anyone who has ever witnessed a gathering of fans can appreciate the ghastly turnout of shapes and forms when they are told that many fans actually came without disguises of any kind!

Breathless Theodore Sturgeon and his guitar were masters of ceremony at the program (picture 10) and together they did a capable job of it. Featured on the program were musical numbers by the guitar, vocal breathings by Ted, a dance by what could have been the heroine from a PLANET STORIES cover and the selection of the three most appealing costumes (the fact that most of the audience consisted of NAMELESS ONES had nothing to do with Mr. Fry getting second prize, really!) Last, but probably least mentionable in mixed company, the 'discussion' of that new science, "Diacybersennetimantics". The Gospel of Fandom was spread far and wide by means of a radio broadcast over a Portland station (picture 8) and various write-ups of the convention in papers and magazines afterwards. Fans who attended weren't wanting for entertainment or company. All in all, it was a grand affair and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, as you can plainly see by looking at a typical downtown Portland scene after the NORWESCON (pic.3).

As you have no doubt figured out for yourselves by now, the pictures on these four pages have been grouped more or less by subject matter. The titles tentatively assigned to each subject were, (1st page of Pix) "Celebrities" (2nd page of Pix) "General" (3rd page of Pix) "NAMELESS & Costume" and (4th page of Pix) "Famous Fans & Portland People".

With the usual perversity of inanimate things, these snapshots insisted in mixing themselves up and ending up on any page that pleased them best, so we find NAMELESS ONES among the Famous Fans & Portland People, crowding the crowd scene on the celebrities page, and smugly smiling from the page of general shots. This was, I suppose, to be expected, since THE NAMELESS ONES permeated to every nook and cranny of the Multnomah Hotel, and wherever two or three fans were gathered together, Lo, there was a NAMELESS ONE in the midst of them. During the speeches they heckled the speakers, at the auction they ran up the prices by bidding like crazy, and drove the house detective into a tizzy (see candid camera shot of a house detective in a tizzy on page 3 of Pix, shot #14) by vociferously partying at every moment there was not something else of greater importance going on. I venture to say that the only free breath that house detective took was when the NORWESCON moved en masse to the theater to see the movie, Destination Moon, taking THE NAMELESS ONES with them. They typed cards, passed out programs, serviced the tape recorders, and otherwise made themselves ~~of~~ useful. Even the august president of the NFFF, presiding in dignity over the deliberations of that influential body of fans, was harassed by brashly irrepressible NAMELESS newcomers, who, no matter how many times he slapped 'em down (verbally of course, Rick Sneary is a gentleman, I'll have you know!) refused to stay put. All in all, regardless how the rest of the country may feel about it, the NORWESCON was a wonderful success -- at least to THE NAMELESS ONES of Washington. We had all the advantages of a convention in our own home territory and none of the work -- Portland fans got stuck with that! Oh, well, come some future northwest convention, maybe we can reverse that procedure and let the Portland fans have fun while the NAMELESS are so busy working they haven't time to get in anybody's hair!

Now for a blow by blow explanation of the accompanying 31
photographs on page 3 of the pictorial section:

#1 This glorious scene depicts forever the triumphal high-spot of the NORWESCON for a certain budding authoress who'll remain NAMELESS (until somebody catches up with her in some succeeding picture) receiving congratulations from Howard Browne on selling him a story for AMAZING. She is surrounded on her right hand by her agent Forrest J. Ackerman (who is no doubt smiling because he collected a commission on the sale) Mark Walsted (awestruck with admiration at such success in life by a fellow NAMELESS) E. Everett Evans (who is undoubtedly laughing at the knowledge of how much she's yet got to learn of the Facts of Life Among Authors) and Richard Frahm, then president of THE NAMELESS. At her left hand stand Mr. Howard Browne, The Editor Himself, Phil Barker (present president of THE NAMELESS ONES) and Bob Rosling (proud possessor of the loudest shirt at the NORWESCON). This photograph was taken before the proud authoress discovered that they bought the story just so they could toss it in the wastebasket and not have to read it any more.....

#2 This scene captures three famous NAMELESS conferrings as to whose liquor supply to tap in on next - left to right:

Buck Austin (also known as Bill), the Wolf of the Wolf-Den Book Shop.

Bob Rosling (the man in the shirt), and Phillip Barker (for further identification see cover).

#3 & 13, Costume shots of the screwiest couple on the dance floor, later identified as Carrya, a Perfume-Seller from the Solyani, and ~~185#66dht~~, a Venusian Yellowman. (Rumor hath it that they were NAMELESS in disguise - F.J. & G.M. Carr).

#4 A remarkable reproduction of a genuine Pre-Clear. The engrammatic expression is no doubt due to the knitting needles protruding through his skull. After due Dianetic therapy (he admitted there was lots of it due) this turned out to be Mr. Alderson Fry, Librarian of the Health Sciences Library, Univ. of Wash. (Yah! Yah! so there! We ain't all dopes, I betcha!)

#5 This damsel in danger from the Mad Scientist is Mary Fry (Mrs. Alderson Fry, to you). All we were able to discover about the Mad Scientist was that he came from California, so that explains it....

#6 Snapshot of Mark Walsted when the Auctioneer hollered "Sold" just after he bid \$11 on a picture.

- 32 #7 F.M. Busby, author of SINISTERRA's Hall of Shame Dept., and Virginia Cowling, also a NAMELESS ONE, both of Seattle.
- #8 Flying shot of Tom and Eileen Daniel, two of the Aberdeen NAMELESS. These people got around so fast that even the high speed camera couldn't keep up with them!
- #9 Admiral Tombo preparing to slaughter a Sun Priestess but don't worry, folks, it turned out OK. Somebody happened to rattle a highball just at that moment and Admiral Tombo forgot all about gore. (Phillip Barker and Virginia Cowling).
- #10 Jess Wall Terry, our perambulating photographer, snapped in a moment of meditation.
- #11 Mr. and Mrs. Alderson Fry resting between jokes.
- #12 Inhabitant of Planet Pincus #7 - later identified as one of the Seattle NAMELESS ONES, Mrs. Flora Jones, the mother of Virginia (Sun Priestess) Cowling.
- #14 Visiting Ghoul - probably the House Detective.
- #15 The Costume Prize Winners and their Judge. Left to right Second Prize Winner, The Pre-Clear (Alderson Fry). Prize: A carbon copy of the next story sold by Mack Reynolds. (It later proved to be "One of Our Planets is Missing".) First Prize, Admiral Tombo (Phillip Barker). Prize: A carbon copy of the next story sold by Anthony Boucher. Not received. Third Prize, A Boiled BEM (Jean Bogart, of Philadelphia. This was the only non-NAMELESS to win a prize, and she tied with a Venusian Yellowman (Frank J. Carr, Seattle NAMELESS) for 3rd place until the judge (Theodore Sturgeon), remembering how many times he got squirted in the eye with the Venusian's water pistol, decided to be gallant and give the prize to the lady.) Third prize: A carbon copy of the next story sold by Theodore Sturgeon. No word as to whether received or not. (Honorable Mention goes to E. Everett Evans for donating a 4th prize to Mr. Carr - a carbon copy of the next story sold by him, which turned out to be 'Little Miss Martian'.)
- #16. The national magazines sent reporters to cover the convention and give an outsider's impression of fandom. A fan's camera snapped a picture of an arriving reporter.
- #17 Mr. & Mrs. Frank J. Carr of Seattle. Believe it or not this is the same couple shown in shots #3 and #13!
- #18. Bea Mahaffey - She isn't a NAMELESS ONE, neither is she in costume, but isn't she pretty? That's to leave a sweet taste in your mouth as you turn the page.

CONVENTION REPORT
Alderson Fry

33

Fans have a fine sense of humor. That saves them from being BEBs (Boring Every Minute). That is my conclusion from my first World Science Fiction Convention - the NORWESCON.

I wish I could remember many of the fine cracks and puns that flew around, then this could be called the "Convention Retort instead, but I do remember the bright lad of about twelve who stuck with us in the Hobby Lobby that late Sunday night and Monday morning. Ackerman, I think it was, remarked that one of the troubles with conventions was the old fans returning with their old feuds with old friends, and the suggestion was made that, after each world convention, all old fans commit suicide. Thus the new convention would begin next year de novo. We took it from there, the lad and I, and since mottoes are necessary for conventions, we herewith report plans for about the next decade:

Dring is fun	Plenty of gore	All fans in heaven
In fifty-one	In fifty-four	In fifty-seven

Death for you	Don't be alive	Kill your mate
In fifty-two	In fifty-five	In fifty-eight

Die with me	Cross the Styx	All are dyin'
In fifty-three	In fifty-six	In fifty-nin (for telephone operators, anyhow)

You see how it goes - or how it is you goes. "The Lord we'll see in fifty-three"..after each coast-to-coast gathering there'll be another ghost-to-ghost gathering --- after a heated meeting there'll be a hotter meeting, or, all will be calm and ghoul in Fandom. Be outspoken at a meeting and out spooking afterward. Thus despite any difficulties at a convention, the next one starts clear.. (Ever hear of the lazy ghost in Old Peru that caught an Incubus?) We hope all fans will be willing to lay down their lives for this fine cause.

Things I liked: "Destination Noon" ... The story about the preview audience-reaction with the producers not knowing LaFans were in their midst. Don Day's competent handling of the Chair..The displays..The high IQ (Imagination Quotient - Interesting Quality - Intelligence Questionable - Infernally Quibbling, etc.) of the fans & some of the pros..Those pan cakes, after talking all night...meeting so many people with

34 so much personality..Egoboo rampant, highbal dexter, but not the house dick sinister. The remark of a young lad, hearing some drunks arguing stupidly in a hall -- "Just another diatnetic reverie going on.."

Things I didn't like: The prudishness of the Multnomah Hotel... The stinker, or stinkers, that stole stuff from the exhibits.

We here in the Puget Sound region may hold a Convention some time. We'll call it the PUCON.

Alderson Frv

Now, here's the identification of the pictures on Page 4 of the pictorial section:

1. Harry Moore delivering his bid for the 1951 Convention in New Orleans. It was accepted, as you know, and our next festivities will be in the heart of the Magnolia country.
2. Nancy Moore (no relation) of the Cincinnati delegation fighting off eager beavers with her superblast raygun.
3. E. Everett Evans, "The Ol' Foo" in person. He has now graduated from the rank of Elder Fan and become one of the Newer Authors.
4. Forrest J. Ackerman, Fan, Author, Agent, Movie Consultant, and all around nice guy.
5. Evelyn Marshment (a Vashon NAMELESS) and Jean Bogart of Philadelphia (holding the sign). Believe it or not, people, this beauteous babe is the Boiled Ben that won third prize in the costume ball!
6. Eric Atlas, Walter Coslet (figured shirt) Juanita Sharp and Jim Berry.
7. Mr. & Mrs. Rog Phillips, Rick Sneary, and one of the De Courcy children sitting on Rog's lap. This picture was taken during the showing of Destination Moon, while Mrs. Phillips (actually she is Mrs. Graham, since Phillips is a pseudonym) was still the Lone Wolf of Laguna, Mari Wolf. Rick Sneary is well known as the President of the NFFF.
8. Ralph Rayburn Phillips, the Ultra Weird Artist, in his costume as The King in Yellow.
9. Don Day, Host of NORWESCON and Master of Ceremonies.
10. Juanita Sharp, Sec. of the NORWESCON COMMITTEE, and Mr. Richard Frahm, then President of THE NAMELESS ONES of Wash.
11. Wilson (Bob) Tucker, Ed. Science Fiction Newsletter.
12. Rex Brooks & Mary Jane Stewart, Oregon fans.



