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(Editorial notes and by-passes. This booklet is being sent to you free of charge. We hope you appreciate it. It is being mailed with the first JET. This is to do away with some of the postage cost. We frankly admit. This is propoganda of the purest sort. It's main objective is to try to get you to come to the second Buffalocon. It should be held some time in the summer of '45. We hope to see you there. We would also appreciate letters letting us know what you think of this booklet. Who can tell, they may see publication. kjk)

Well, here it was Friday, Sept. 1. And at the ungodly hour of 8:00 in the A M I was standing in the Central Terminal waiting for the man to yell "Train arriving from Chicago, Battle Creek, Ann Arbor, Detroit, Windsor, and Ghod knows where else.". He finally yells something about a Detroit train and I hurriedly sat down on the floor. I did this because some 300 pound gentlemen picked out that moment to bump into me. Bump is a gentle word. To say that we collided with devastating effect would even be mild. Anyway I was down and he calmy muttered "Scuse me." and stepped on my stomach and was gone before I could say "Ugh".

From my vantage point on the floor I watched streams of people come pouring out of the train. My view was a little hampered by the lady with the flaming red hair who stood in front of me and also looked as if she were waiting for someone. It suddenly dawned on me who this peculiar shade of hair belonged to. It dawned on me with equal vigor who the group of frightened appearing people with her were. "My Gawd!" I yelled. "Abby!"

She looked down. "Oh. It's alive", she bawled. "Al, honey, perfect me."

"Folks, don't you recognize me?" I asked somewhat out of breath for Abby Lu had jumped upon my abdomen with quite some force to get out of harm's way. Then the place was full of cries of "Hello Ken." and "How the hell are you, Krueger?"

Then Abby got off my belly so that I could breathe again. I looked at my copy of "Dwellers in the Mirage" that I had just bought. "Lookie Here." I said. "The only two copies in Buffalo and I own 'em both."

I got up and said hello to the ~~group~~. So ~~for~~ the total party consisted of Al and Abby Du Ashley, Ollie Scotti, Walt Liboschen, Dal Coger and myself. Somehow or another I got them all together after they picked me up (Super on Seaside, west of the bank) and headed for the bus. The driver damn near fainted when we all got on loudly protesting about the latest magazines and recalling "the good old days". I showed them all a new dirty picture I had with me and a number of laughter went around. The pic started them off on the latest dirty jokes and songs they knew and everyone was properly admiring Waddy for some of the ones he knew.

Then we got to our stop and handing me most of the bags, they alighted from the bus. I started juggling them and when they went all over the street, no one was surprised. It was only a distance of two blocks from the terminal to my humble abode.

Entering the house, Al promptly headed for the coffee pot. Waddy for the books. Dal for my sister.

After breakfast was over and about seven gallons of coffee were consumed, Al wanted to go on a book hunt. We all promptly agreed except Abby, who was too tired. So Al, Walt, Dal, Ollie and I set out. We walked about two blocks to the first store. They must have had advance warning because they were closed. Then we walked about two blocks to the second store. Ditto second store. Then we strolled about two blocks to the downtown section. The first three places we tried were closed. Then they found one without a phone or something anyway, it was wide open and blissfully unaware of the fate which was approaching it. We straggled in looking innocent enough. Then it began! Waddy found a book. Leaping over tables and anything else that was in the way, the gang headed for him. "No, no. It's mine I tell ya!" he screamed in anguish as Ashley leaped on him and tore the book from his hands. We all perused the book and gave it back. Waddy was the only one interested in Tiffany Thayer at that time. Everyone except me, bought some books and then left the wreckage to the owner.

Next came a round of the circulating libraries in the department stores. Before too long, everyone was loaded with books. Except me. All I had to show for the morning's walk was a battered Weird which I had bought now, but everyone had insisted on looking at it at the same time so it was a trifle battered by the time I crawled out from under the bunch. I still had the WT however. It was only a two block walk back to my house, but Al insisted on taking a cab. After walking about two blocks, we found one and rode two blocks to Edna Place. We got in just in time for lunch.

Then came the inspiration! "Let's go to Niagara Falls.", said Walt. Everyone agreed, so off on a bus to Niagara went the dauntless bunch. This time with the addition of Abby and my sister Gladys. Walt startled everyone on the bus by loudly announcing "Nothing better than a honeymoon in Niagara Falls," to Gladys so that everyone in the ghing turned to stare at them. At about the half way point some beauteous creature (I say creature because it couldn't have been human. Not with a kisser like that) sat next to Dal. Dal damn near broke his neck looking out the window all the rest of the way. I don't blame him. A soldier is conditioned to a lot of horrible things, but I don't believe there was anything in the books about what to do when something like that came along. Walt had a strong stomach, however, and stared at her (I think) for about ten straight minutes. We all admired him for his daring as was his just due.

Then we approached the Falls and the odors began. Odors is a very good word. Walt said "stinks" but as this is not a vulgar piece of literature we won't use it. But it sure stunk.

In the Falls the odor stopped. Or else we were too used to them to be really bothered. We all piled off the bus and onto the sidewalk. Then came the usual round of gyp joints that sell gadgets that say "Niagara Falls" on them at exorbitant rates. Some of the more gullible ones in the party bought some but most of us stayed well away from the things.

Then came the mile after mile of back-breaking walks. I heard my arches drop with a horrible thud after about thirty miles. I will admit that the place is beautiful. The Canadian side is much better than the American. They have gardens of all sorts. Somewhere in them Waddy and I became separated from the rest of the gang and we are still firmly convinced that we saw the best parts of the place. Walt used up about three hundred feet of film to photograph the place. I think he took pictures of nearly everything but the little bugs on the plants. He'd have taken their pictures too, only they escaped his notice.

More weary miles. Back to the bus station. And from there to Buffalo again. Reaching Buffalo we went to a restaurant ((saloon to youse)) and all sat down to eat. Then a piano was discovered and after a little coaxing we got Walt to play it. A couple hours later we were still trying to stop him. Best thing in the evening was when some rather stewed lady who was a trifle intoxicated came in and leaned over Walt with a sympathetic look on her kisser. "Wash a matter Sweetie? Did your mother make you stay home and practise when you wanted to go out and play with the other kids?" she asked in a blotto type of voice. Walt smiled wearily and pretended she wasn't there. Later when we were standing in front of the place waiting for a cab she came out and bawled "There's my schweetie. He can play a pianner like no-buddy's business." Walt ran inside and hid under a table untill the coast was clear.

Abby and Gladys went home from there and the rest of us headed out to the terminal again. At 12:00 the 11:00 train from New York came in and the party was enlarged by the addition of Don and Elsie Wollheim, Larry Shaw and Damon Knight. Damon went into spasms of joy as soon as he saw us about a story he had in the latest Planet under the name of Stuart Flerning. We all stood around and admired him accordingly. Then came the crisis. Ollie's girl was supposed to arrive from Flint. We couldn't find her anywhere. Finally she found Ollie instead of the other way around. It seems she was over trying to buy a glass of Traveler's Aid. Then came the coffee semester in the Terminal Restaurant. Climax was when Al gallantly picked up the check and went strolling out. When he was hauled back to pay it, he mumbled "I plumb forgot." but didn't fool anyone.

Again the business of waiting for a bus. This time we had something to discuss. Where was everyone going to sleep. It finally worked itself out satisfactorily. Dal was willing to sleep in the bathroom. "I can be comfortable on the floor," he told us.

"Okay, you can sleep on the bathroom floor if you want. As long as you don't sleep with your mouth open, you'll be alright." Needless to say, he didn't sleep on the bathroom floor.

Don and Elsie, Ollie and Fran (Fran Perrano being Ollie's goil) went to a hotel and the rest proceeded to my house. There the coffee pot was again put in motion and everyone had some. After seven or eight gallons, Al was ready to go to bed. So he joined Abby. Larry and Damon curled themselves together and went to sleep on the day bed, Dal headed for the parlour floor, and Walt and I went to my bed. We all slept until we woke up.

At 8:00 in the AM, I was up again. This time Dal was with me. We again proceeded to the terminal. By now all the porters know me, and greeted Dal and I with "My Gawd, they're here again". We gravely bowed to everyone we knew. Then again came the business of waiting for the train to get in. I let Dal do all the waiting. I bought a 25¢ edition of Tiffany Thayer and sat down to read. A little while later, Dal came over and hauled me to the restaurant. There was E. E. Evans and Frankie Robinson munching on some oatmeal. And if you don't think that's a good trick, just try to munch oatmeal sometime. Everett said "Hiya" and Frank greeted me with "This thing had been poorly planned." Once more, we went thru the business of waiting for a bus. But only after Frank had me drooling over a copy of DAWN OF FLAME, which he gave to Dal.

When we arrived, Walt had all his plans for the day made. He was going to Niagara Falls, and did everyone want to come along. Naturally, everyone wanted to go along, so what could I do. However, once there, we split up with Don, Elsie, Larry, Al and I going book-hunting and the rest going off to admire the scenery. My gang walked two blocks into town, but then after about two hours of looking, we found out that we were in the wrong district. We promptly headed the other way, and found some stores after awhile. Al and I were the only ones to buy anything, so we headed back.

Afer about five hours of looking, we found the others and again headed for Buffalo. Once in Buffalo, we looked up a place to eat and went thru some book stores. As we came out of the last one and headed for a restaurant, our party looked a little small. But no one thought any thing of it, so we continued on. About an hour later, we found Frankie who had wandered off in search of a restaurant without telling anyone. He greeted us with "This thing has been poorly planned."

Then, home again. And a gab-fest. Someone started on the Egyptian method of embalming and Walt gave us some beautiful descriptions of sticking a straw up a dead man's nostrils and sucking the brain out. Walt was properly ignored for awhile. A poker game started and a few of the more fool-hearted got in it. Everett won everyone's mecca and went to bed happy. Soon everyone was bedded down. All except a small group consisting of Walt, Dal, Gladys and myself. I was the first to leave. I left the happy throng after saying, "I am NOT going to Niagara Falls tomorrow." Sometime later, I heard Walt crawl into bed, and another day ended happily.

Sunday morning -- and people all over the place. Waddy in the bathroom singing something about a hat and the Eifel Tower. Gladys and Clara (my other sister) laughing uproariously at him. Larry and Damon entwining themselves and looking at the afternoon sun. Everett trying to interest someone in a poker game. Al drinking coffee as fast as Abby could pour it, Dal admiring his books, Don and Frank over in a corner arguing, Ollie and Fran over in another corner talking about something that was none of my business, so I didn't find out what, I was wringing out a milk bottle. And no one mentioned going

to the Falls. But someone did mention Held's house. So leaving the rest of the gang Ollie, Waddy, Frankie, Dal, Damon, Larry and I went over to Held's. There they met Claude's mother who talked about her boy in the Navy and I showed them Clog's stuff. They admired it. Ollie wanted to give Mrs. Held a copy of THE DOOR autographed, but we stopped him. Then back again.

And down to the boat for the lake ride. But we got there a little early, so Damon and I took in a burlesque show and the others went boozing. Then out, and to the boat. It was only two blocks to the boat from the show. We found that the others were already on the boat. There they were--gayly leaning over the rail of the third deck. Damon and I waited a few minutes for some of them to fall off, but none did, so we got on. Then once more began the gab-fests. Only this time, they were wandering ones. Someone was always wandering off. Once Dal and Abby were nissing for about an hour. One thing happened that struck Abby as being funny, so I might as well tell it. It seems that in my eternal wanderings, I was forever bothering a girl who had her feet propped up on the rail. Naturally, when I wanted to go by, she had to drop them. After the first ten times, I got to talking with her each time. Well, on about the fifteenth time, Walt, Abby, and I were going by, she stopped me with "Are you a doctor?". I figured I might as well get in the spirit of things, so I answered "Sure". "Tell me," she says, "Do your appendix move?". Right away, quick as a flash, I came back with, "No, but my bowels do quite often." Alright, so it's not funny, but we thought so then.

Back from the boats and to the piano place again. This time there was no woman with a snootful to bother Waddy so he went right to town. And from there back home, and to bed. That is to bed after awhile. We played poker for awhile and about 4:00, Everett and Frankie went to bed. That left Damon and I alone. We gabbed and gabbed until I was all set to fall off the chair. About 5:30, Larry woke up and joined us and a little after 6:00 I went to bed. I was aroused a short time later, by a bunch of people shaking my hand and saying "Goodby, had a swell time." and other such stuff. Later I found out that Don, Elsie, Damon and Larry had gone the way of all flesh--home.

So here it was Monday, the last day of the convention. It went way too fast for me to give an accurate account. I only know that Ollie and Fran only dropped in long enough to say goodby and then they too were gone. I worked out deals with everyone in the place on some of my books and was overwhelmed with joy when Frankie presented me with a bound volume of the first six Razings. Then came a session of poems, most of which were told by Walt (he calls them "thoughts while contemplating by big toe) and Dal. Dal proved himself to be quite an expert on Ogden Nash and had us all in stitches. Then it ended. As quickly as it had all begun, it was over. A cab came and the gang left.

The house looked suddenly empty. It will never be quite the same. I believe we all had a good time. I know I did. But now it seemed to be

-the end-

In this short space allotted to me I may I extend my thanks to the editors of FFM, TWS, and Planet for the originals they contributed so generously. And my tanks also to Mrs Krueger, Clara Krueger and Gladys Deuschle for their very kind co-operation in making this a success. This is an Octopus Collection, written and edited by Ron Krueger.