

Richardson



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607 W. Belt Line Rd.
Richardson, Tex. 75080

October 29, 1968

A special COGNATE edition... a No Explanation edition. If I were to start telling you about my automobile accident or how it took me six months to locate paper carbon ribbons for this typer..... Hey! I now know I live in the south. There are cotton fields just a couple of miles from our house! And the days are still warm and summery. David and I are quite resentful that the park system locked up their swimming pools. The playgrounds are still open and David and I have reached an agreement. After we deliver Richard to GEC we come back to the house. I run a couple or 3 washer loads through and hung out on the line and then we go to the playground of his choice for the rest of the morning.

Hanging clothes on the line in my backyard is a nice experience. The sun is bright and cheerful. There's usually a soft breeze blowing. There are no tall buildings to shut off my sky view. For this ex-big city canyonite, it's better than cinemavision. For one thing, it's real! The sky looks as though a huge polaroid lens was up there. The blue shades from a very frosty hue to a rich, deep marine. And the clouds! Take your pick. Do you like "luscious mounds of vanilla ice cream" or "heaps of rich whipped cream" ???

It's pretty in our backyard, too. I planted morning glories on one T support of the clothes lines. There are still huge blue flowers opening up each morning. Bulbs I planted along the east fence a long time ago have just decided to sport green leaves. And why the grass should still be green and the weeds brown, I don't understand - but it's all very pleasant.

There's an alley but it's very narrow and used only by service trucks, a rare neighbor taking a "shortcut" to the shopping center a block and a half away, an occasional youngster practicing bike riding and one Rich Kid who infrequently drives his go-kart up and down the alley. Since all of our immediate neighbors work during the day, alley and backyards are unpopulated during school hours. This makes it very lonely for David but, oh, such a quiet, peaceful, free feeling when I'm just standing still - trying to locate the origin of some strange birdsong.

There are a lot of birds. All of them - except the swallows (and maybe the black ones are starlings) - are new to me. There are red ones, blue ones, black and white and combinations of all the colors. I still haven't put bird call with bird yet. There's a rasping call that sounds just like a wooden garden gate squeaking. Another has a most musical call. It reminds me of a couple of bars of melody line in one of Beethoven's symphonies.

One gave me an embarrassing moment all by myself. Its call sounds just like the attention-getting whistle boys and men are so good at. The 1st time I heard it, I felt virtuously lady-like in not turning to see who whistled at me. After all, we're too new here. We don't know anyone. After the 4th whistle, I did a sneaky scan of the alley and neighboring backyards. No one was outside but me. I finally located the whistler on top of a very tall power line pole. It was a bird.

Sunset is a particularly nice time to take the clothes off the line. The shame of it all is that the clothes get on in the morning and are usually dry in less than an hour. And, if dewpoint comes before I remember, the clothes stay on the line until they dry out the next morning. But when I do remember, my sky view is full of cobalt blue swirls and curls in clouds fringed with white and pink and rosy accents in a darkening sky... or a towering thunderhead... black bottomed... the whirls of cobalt lightening nearer the top... and the tip of the cloud so high it catches the last rays of the sun and gleams almost as brightly as the beacon of a lighthouse.

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DALLASCON

This modest flyer is the first official announcement that Dallas will be bidding for the 31st World Science Fiction Convention in 1973. ("1973?" I hear you mutter, "we may all be dead by then!") True, it is a long time but the bidding takes place in 1971 and that only leaves us two and a half years to work ourselves to death and drive ourselves into bankruptcy.

Though this is the first official announcement, word has already gotten around. It has caused some pleasant anticipation and offers of support from some areas and New Orleans is miffed with us.

We have several plans to both promote the bid and raise money for the considerable expenses that will be (and are) arising. First, we are selling supporting memberships for a buck. All those buying them will, of course, have their money refunded in the form of a discount when they purchase their regular membership at con-time—and, besides that, they will get a nifty card to add to the clutter in their wallets.

Second, we are publishing the DALLASCON BULLETIN, a high-class propaganda sheet that will have a free circulation of 5000. It will be published quarterly at first and perhaps more frequently as bidding time draws nigh. It will be photo-offset and have a physical appearance much like Trumpet and Star-Studded. To help pay for the printing and mailing costs (and perhaps make a small profit to add to the bidding fund) we will seek advertising.

Relentlessly, we will seek advertising. If you have anything to sell: fanzines, books, convention bids and/or conventions, movie material, etc., the DALLASCON BULLETIN will be your best advertising buy. The rates are as follows:

	FAN	PRO
full-page	\$25.00	\$35.00
half-page	15.00	25.00
quarter-page	9.00	15.00
eighth-page	5.00	10.00

Add \$5.00 to each amount if the ad involves half-tones, unless you furnish the negatives. All ads must be camera ready. If we do the layouts and paste-ups, the prices are double. The final printed sizes of the ads will be:

full-page	7-1/2 X 9-3/4
half-page	7-1/2 X 4-7/8
quarter-page	3-3/4 X 4-7/8
eighth-page	3-3/4 X 2-1/2

The width is listed first. Your original can be any size as long as the same ratio is maintained but, please, not more than twice up. DEADLINE for the first issue is JANUARY 1.



PLEASE SEND ALL AD COPY
AND MONEY TO ROSEMARY

We plan a convention to please all factions of fandom; whether your interest is purely science fiction, movies, comics, Burroughs, or whatever new ones have come along by 1973, there will be something especially for you but, quite naturally, the emphasis will be on science fiction. Full details will appear in the Bulletin as plans are finalized (or as near as they can be finalized two years ahead of time).

So, when you decide that Dallas has the best bid, buy a supporting membership. We need the money for expenses and the names for morale and to flabbergast the opposition. Also, if you wish to take advantage of our blood, sweat, and tears, send an ad for the Bulletin. Prices may go up very slightly with the second issue.

BIG D IN '73

Ken Beamy passed a long career manager.
Karl West - I wish we could - but -

My dear friend, I have been a Researcher in pretty well formed:
in 1969 I tried to learn to learn to learn, to learn, to learn, to
improvemently harmonic activity in the time of my life. There
my good for 69.