

" God grant that she lie still "



**COLLECTOR**

**SAPS**

**October 1970**

**Howard DeVore Editor & Publisher**



Jim, I need one more toad to finish the spell I'm casting. Can you catch me a big fat one ?

I can get one, get me some of the 1923 Weird's.



Advertising Weird's for a nickel ? It's almost like Witchcraft.  
Maybe he'd take 3 cents if I took them all.



Elinor, when you thank Doreen for the home brew tell her it tastes ' froggy ' .



COLLECTOR designated for SAPS OCTOBER 1970  
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Here we got again. I did the cover some weeks ago and expected to have a fanzine ready long before the deadline- now, I figure that about a week is well before the deadline and with any luck I'll have it off the press tomorrow.

There's a certain amount of new here, last week we hauled Karol 200 miles north and left her to the tender mercy of Ferris State College. This is a move that I definitely can't afford, it's going to mean considerable sacrifice but I figure that she badly needs a change of area and attitude. A year ago I wasn't even sure that she would finish high school, she did pick up during the last semester & was interested in going to college,

She could have enrolled at a community college, their standards are as low as those as Ferris but she's been working quite a few hours and has had a succession of boy friends, just too many things to take up her time.

For the first week at least it seems to have worked, she called this afternoon and claims she got an "A" on her first test, she also reports, "I never thought I'd say this, but I'm homesick", this from the most independant child I've ever seen!

The week before she left her boy-friend was in a rather bad accident, hit broadside and pushed into a tree by a car traveling 55-60, he was lucky, came out it with a whip lash, just two days after he started school. So, she spent the last week nursing him and he went back to school having missed the first week.

He was in considerable pain even then, and spent the first day in a half daze, that afternoon he walked into the administration office and told them he wanted out. At this point he could still get 30% of his tuition back.

He spent a few days making up his mind and decided to change from a teaching career to Medical technologist and it just happens that Ferris had a good course. So, Friday he took off on a bus to try and talk his way into the school one week late. We learned this afternoon that he didn't get in ... and perhaps that solves another problem for this semester. There really wasn't any way we could keep him and Karol in separate schools at this point. We think very highly of the boy but I think they'll both do more studying apart.

Bought another 10" typer and a 21" too, but I sold one of the mimeos so the printing equipment space remains about the same, but then I bought some books and magazines lately, Oh, a thousand or so, or maybe it was 1,500 now that I think of it. In any case I now have to rearrange the stuff in the top of the garage to store the excess.

There's not much point in keeping more than 3-4 copies of each issue of a magazine on the shelves and I rarely keep more than a half dozen copies of each paperback handy.

The booksales this fall have indeed been interesting. It started with one at Northland, a local shopping center. The sale was scheduled for 10 AM and I got there at a quarter till nine. It was held in a HUGE tent (some 40,000 books), a few minutes before nine, Steve, a local bookpicker showed up, minutes later the woman in charge of the



sale arrived, looked at us and said, "Sure, you can go in". Sybil, Karol, and Karol's boyfriend arrived at 9:45. By this time I'd gone through most of the paperbacks and made my modest selections. Karol went through the rest of the paperbacks while I started on the hard-covers. There were probably 50 people in the tent by this time.

By 10:15 there were 200 people there and I was shepherding three shopping carts from the local supermarket. Gordon Barber had stayed in town, following the Triple Fan Fare and I bumped into him at about 10:30. We now had 4 shopping carts and Gordon looked at them and said, "Now, I've heard of people buying books but that is ridiculous! He'd hoped to pick up a few Arkham's, PP's, etc but decided that he might as well have gone home to Minneapolis. In truth I hadn't found more than 3 worthwhile hard covers, although last few I found some doz or so.

We continued to look at the misc stuff but there wasn't much left by this time - at least there wasn't much stf. A couple of kids came up & asked where the science fiction section was so they could get some too.

I explained that there's wasn't any sf section and that as of now there wern't any left. I was a good sport tho', I gave them a card of someone that deals in the stuff.

The management of these sales are usually greedy, but they still dislike dealers. I've seen them refuse to sell books to a dealer or raise the prices so I avoid telling them the stuff is for resale. I sent each member of the family through with one cartfull. Karol took her's to the car, then came back and was waiting with Allen when some woman walked up and announced that she wanted to donate a batch of science fiction hard cover books to the sale.

Karol said, "Wait here. I'll get my father and he'll buy them from you." I explained that I was a bookdealer and offered her a price for them, there were about 30 book club editions. She refused the money, saying that she didn't care who got them, she just wanted to get rid of them ( a previous owner left them in her house). Well, I hauled 'em away and put 'em in the trunk. You don't get many days like this!

A week later the Ass. of Amer Univ women held a sale in Dearborn, I met Steve on the steps the morning of the sale and he explained that he'd gotten in the building the night before, all sorts of people were buying books but they threw him out, explaining that the books weren't for sale yet. As the people in charge stated this others were paying for their books and leaving. This was at 9:30 in the evening, I didn't tell him that I worked across the street and had managed to sneak in at 10 PM and buy \$10 worth before they threw me out. The buyers were of course, personal friends of the people running the show - it happens at every sale. Karol and I got about \$40 worth that morning but had to battle a college student who'd brought a duffle bag and was dropping books into it.

A week later there was sale in Birmingham, some 25 miles north of here. It opened at 1 PM on Saturday and I was supposed to be at work at 1:30. I'd hoped to talk my way in and showed up out there at 10:30, I walked into the back door and found at least 100 people busy selecting books. By noon I had 300 paperbacks and the woman in charge came out and asked us to take them to the desk, they had to close up and get ready for the public at 1 PM. I realized something was fishy and kept my mouth shut. I later learned that they let local school teachers in early and had assumed I was one of them. The teachers took every good



book. I went in again at 1 PM and looked around. Of 3,000 general fiction, not one had a dust jacket.

I hadn't touched the hard covers on the first trip and got just one book on the second trip.

Any time I can't find something at a booksale you know things are really picked over.



**Don't be Mickey Mouse trapped!**

**DUMP FILBY!**

The cartoons on this page were distributed at the Union convention out in Los Angeles. My local was determined to get rid of our national president. Most of the big city locals want-

**Local 1110 Dearborn, Michigan**

to get rid of him, but we were out voted by the southern and western locals. He was re-elected but Wyghod Till bet he knows that Dearborn exists. We have distributed several thousand leaflets attacking during the last six months. The Post Office unions have never been known for their tenacity. When complaints arose he'd send out an announcement and they'd quiet down again. Well, this has all changed now and I take credit for a great deal of it.

**FRANCIS FILBEY**

*He must be a lover - he ain't no fighter.*

Late in August I had a letter printed in a local paper, giving Congress Hell because we still hadn't received the raise promised back in April. One week later the money came through and I took full credit at work for having forced this through.

Our former Chief Steward made Supervisor a few weeks ago and you've never seen such a change in a man, but after a time or two he leaves my partner and me alone. He walked up to my partner and told him to go over and work on dispatch mail .. and my partner told him where to shove his head. We are a separate unit and have not worked "dispatch" in five years. He hasn't even mentioned it to me- a week earlier I'd argued with a mail-handler and threatened to pull his head off and send it out in a mail sack.

I was surprised last week, got invited to be COU at Luncheon next year. Gee, a chance to make a fool of myself in front of hundreds of people!



**"I'm too old to go to jail"**



Oh Hell! For some reason I thought that was the last stencil, but that woman over in Akron has a habit of counting words ... just like I threatened to do some 15 years ago.

The Chronicon: A lovely job and very interesting, I do get the highlights from Dick Schultz each year but I miss many of the details.

Sardonious: Sometimes I fight for the union and sometimes I fight against them. I have roundly condemned a good many of our own officials, and fifteen years ago when I was working for GM I was fighting both of them at the same time. At one point I printed 5,000 copies of a leaflet giving the company hell and on the same day I posted another leaflet on every time clock in the place telling what a rotten steward we had. At that time I had nine pending grievances and apparently this man hadn't done anything with them. He was running for Chief steward so the leaflet told how he wasn't representing his own department. (He lost the election). He'd come down and loaf for two hours to write up a grievance and it reached the point where I filled out my own, then I'd send for him.

He would arrive and in front of the foreman I'd say, "Here's the grievance, you son of a bitch, now take it and file it but don't stand around here loafing".

It's another day, Karol's boy friend is back and says that yesterday she cried on his shoulder, saying that she didn't want to go to Ferris, that she wanted to come home and go to Henry Ford College and see her Mother, Father, sister, two dogs, and Papa Rabbit. I think maybe she's not as big as she pretends!

SARDONIOUS: Yes, Mimi got an exc grade on the term paper, brought me a copy but I rather it'd be published somewhere, she had to come and get it back. She's real nice girl. We had a card from her from the Grecian islands this summer, I sorta expect her back one of these days. She was talking of using the subject for some serious research for her degree.

THE PIRSI: Tosk, there really wasn't any organizers involved in the p.c. strike. To the best of my knowledge my entire union doesn't have a paid organizer. This was a grass root thing. I didn't stay out because of fear of picket line violence, although I wouldn't have wanted the name of strike breaker. I stayed out because I believed in it. I'm one of the most radical people in the clerks union and frequently express myself publicly this way, whereas, at least until the last year most employees were afraid to even complain loudly. A while back I was out in front buying stamps and in front of a crowd of customers I asked the window clerk, "Why do you have a picture of the Devil on the wall?". She said, "Where?", and I proudly pointed at the photo of our esteemed President.

BEM & I: Agreed, if these students were in class where they belonged they wouldn't have been shot! While taking Karol up to college I dropped a simple reminder, "If you have any contact with rebel organizations plan on paying your own expenses, because the day I learn of it I cut off any-all of the money you're getting.

I'm not very liberal anymore, when even I can see it then it must be very obvious, but I've been working for better than 25 years now & it looks like I'll be doing it till I die. I just don't want to waste this building schools for punks to burn & loot. AH! Done!



Damn, Damn! I was finished, now I've typed an extra stencil and have to do another or let a blank side go through. See! I told you she'd clouded my mind - now I can't even count page credit.

STUMPING: Nice that you're so near Jim. What's the chances of you and Doreen making the Octocoon? Nice relaxed thing and it's even possible to bring kids. Yes, I'd heard they were laying off a few people in Seattle, but then if they start producing the super jets it will likely help the area. My own view is that the USA doesn't need these planes. If it was me I'd jack up the landing fees in NY for these superplanes to perhaps a \$1000 a crack and then if Europe wants to produce them they can have it! We'd get ours in the landing fee. I've commented at work that the US was going to vote forty million to develop them. "If they won't fly we can always row them to England".

I'm still waiting for my multi to come home, Lynn thinks that he can maybe afford the rollers for his machine this fall and then I can have mine back. There are some advantages in this arrangement tho'.

Some of you may be aware that I printed up a History of Hugo-Nebula IFA Awards recently and distributed it in FAPA. Well, I held out 125 of them and sold 'em. They are almost all gone now and I just bought a box of masters and as soon as Roger types them up I'm going to re-print the thing.

I haven't told Lynn yet, but he's going to run them off again, just like he did last time. As long as he keeps the press he's obligated to do the work ..... I think!

Um, do you plan on attending the Boston convention? I expect to take a few handfulls of books and magazines up there and I'm hunting for someone to do some of the hauling. Oh, it's possible that I'll haul it all myself but it would be nice to have someone to back me up with extra stock and maybe it wouldn't wear out a set of tires this year, and wreck the shocks, and tear off the muffler, etc.

Driving conditions are bad around Akron? Well, why don't you leave for work before Mallardi does. That way the rest of the drivers would be terrified and running off the road and things.

One of the glass collection spots is Ann Arbor, Mich. You pick up all the empties and drive up to Ann Arbor. You get about 30¢ for the bottles (a trunk full) and the trip would cost me roughly \$1.80 for gas, not counting wear and tear on the car.

It's not really that I have a compulsion for printing equipment, it's just that I keep finding it and it's too cheap to refuse. I turned down another mimeo last week and two typers (I bought one more typer). Most of the equipment needs some light work but I never have the time to get it into saleable condition. Oh, I sold one mimeo two weeks ago and yesterday had an offer for my 3 x 5 press but I turned that one down.

The real problem is that I need another six hours in the day, just to keep up with what I've already got started. During the warm months I'm usually out in the garage till midnight or later, and up again by 8 or so.

That's it ..... six pages is more than enuf.