

A decorative border of stylized leaves and flowers surrounds the central text area.

Jewel Ogle Hester
1915-2001

This zine is dedicated to my
mother-in-law who passed
away since my last issue of
Frequent Flyer.

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In the May mailing, I wrote that Anita's mother Jewel had taken ill and gone into a nursing home near her house in Lebanon, about 30 miles east of Nashville. Anita visited her there about twice weekly and did her laundry once a week. Around Memorial Day, I accompanied her on a visit. We stopped first at a Wendy's to buy a Frosty for Jewel, and we arrived just after the staff had brought her lunch. Because Jewel could not feed herself, Anita took over that chore. Jewel could not eat solid food, and the only food on her plate we recognized were the mashed potatoes. She was relatively calm that day, so we concluded it was one of the days she believed that she was residing on her family's old farm. We believe she thought the other residents were fellow family members and the staff to be the hired help. She was unable to finish the Frosty, but advised us to "Give it to Grandma." We weren't sure whose grandmother she was referring to, hers or Anita's. It didn't matter, because both are deceased.

The last time I saw Jewel was around the Fourth of July. Anita had warned me that she has deteriorated so I was not surprised by what I saw. Jewel was sitting in a safety chair that had wheels and a restraint. She recognized us, but we did not know if she knew what our names were or what our relationship to her was. Jewel referred to Sophie, a deceased sister whom Anita resembles, as if she was nearby, and mixed me up with a Fourth of July speaker. It was a beautiful day, so we wheeled her outside. After a few minutes, she fell asleep and slept through the rest of our visit.

The last time Anita saw her mother alive, Jewel was wide awake, but under the illusion that she was back home in her own house. She asked Anita what month it was. *July*, Anita replied. *Then why haven't you planted the corn?* Jewel asked. *It's raining*, Anita answered. Before she suffered a stroke in 1995, Jewel had a large vegetable garden, which included corn. When Anita and I were cleaning

up the house later, we found a picture of her standing proudly in her cornfield.

A few nights after that visit, the nursing home staff checked on Jewel and found that she passed away peacefully in her sleep. Since Anita and her sister Cecilia had placed a "Do Not Resuscitate" order on their mother, the staff did not call the paramedics or a doctor, but rather arranged to ship the body directly to the funeral home. This actually caused some delays, because the doctor did not sign the death certificate until several days later. They decided to cremate the body so they could spread the ashes in Jewel's flower garden.

Cecilia was in so much denial that Anita had the burden of making all the arrangements for the memorial service. The delay with the death certificate meant that the service did not take place until 10 days after Jewel died. I was working in Hattiesburg, MS, when I heard that Jewel was no longer with us, and it took me over 16 hours to get home. My primary function was to support Anita by running errands and making sure she ate. She was not in good shape emotionally, which was understandable, and I tried to comfort her.

Then the day after I came home, Anita's ex-husband suffered a heart attack. Several of you know Charles S. "Charlie" Williams, a Nashville fan and sometime pro writer not to be confused with an artist by that name or a Knoxville area femme fan. He suffered chest pains at work and drove himself to the nearest hospital. We visited him twice while he was in the hospital and brought him some books. When he returned home, a cousin drove him, so Anita and I arranged to drive his car home.

I cancelled my business trip for the week following Jewel's death and worked at home when I was not running errands or helping with the memorial arrangements. We spent two days at Jewel's house to clean it up. Although Anita had already worked on the living room while Jewel was in the nursing home, it took us three hours to get it in good order, and

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it still needed a thorough vacuuming. The main reason it took us so long was that Jewel had not made a will nor had discarded any mail, newspapers, or magazines in the last 15 years. Furthermore, she responded to every sweepstakes contest in the world and fervently believed there were millions of dollars waiting for her to claim. I remember how she did not like us to go on vacation, because we would be unavailable to help her claim her fortune. She bundled the mail by the day received with a page of a newspaper, so we had to go through every piece to separate the junk mail from the legitimate pieces that we might need to settle the estate.

One of the bonuses of our search was that we found a box of Jewel's poems. Anita was especially hoping to find a copy of one poem about the new courthouse that received considerable attention locally, but we did not find it and others published in the local newspaper until two months later. Fortunately, Anita was able to use a few of the ones we found for the memorial service. We also found some pictures of Jewel as a young woman, which Anita displayed at the service.

The second day we were working at the house, five gray tabby kittens emerged from underneath it. Their mother was one of our cat Emily's sisters, and Anita had been leaving food in order to catch her and Jewel's other cats. Jewel fed stray cats, but never touched them due to being allergic to them. Consequently, they became dependent upon humans but not affectionate toward them. The mother cat looked like she was starving, so we had no trouble using food to lure her into a cage. The kittens were so young that I simply picked them up and placed them in a cat carrier. One of them was rather feisty, as a close relative of Emily should be. We then took them to the animal shelter. The animal shelter staff said they would have to them all to sleep, but Anita left \$20 so they would care for the cats at least until the money ran out. We felt guilty about catching them, but we've also seen entire lit-

ters of Jewel's cats die of disease and won't be able to feed them indefinitely.

The memorial service was a modest one and took place at the funeral home's chapel. Anita and I picked up our friend Debbie Hussey and her mother and drove to Lebanon, Jewel's home. Debbie gave us a set of flowers that we used in the service. Anita was pleasantly surprised at the number of friends and relatives who attended. There were about thirty. The minister from Jewel's church came and read one of Jewel's poems and some passages from *Ecclesiastes*. He spoke of Jewel's love of animals and flowers. The home played "Amazing Grace" and "How Great Thou Art" over the sound system.

About half of us went across the street to an Applebee's restaurant for lunch, where we visited and traded anecdotes about Jewel. Then most of us remaining drove to Jewel's house, where Anita read another of Jewel's poems and spread her ashes among the flowers.

Although Cecilia could not bring herself to attend the memorial service, she has taken charge of settling the estate by retaining a probate attorney and making arbitrary decisions without consulting Anita. The estate consists of Jewel's house, the land it sits on, and the contents. There are several pieces of furniture that might have some value as antiques and one lamp that Jewel would have wanted to stay in the family. In addition, there are boxes and boxes of stuff Jewel ordered by mail. Most of it would be useful to either daughter or worth something at a yard sale or flea market.

Since the service, I have accompanied Anita several times to the house, and five times a former neighbor has hauled a pickup truck of garbage to a dump. Cecilia complains that we are too quick to throw stuff away, but our attitude is that the sooner we get the place cleaned up, the sooner we can sell it.

September 11—

I had just started to work at our Port Allen, Louisiana, hotel when I heard about the

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first plane that crashed into the World Trade Center. (Port Allen is the city opposite Baton Rouge on the Mississippi River.) My initial reaction was to recall an accident in the 1945, I think, in which an Air Force medium bomber, either a B-25 or B-26, crashed into the Empire State Building one foggy night. (Obviously, they didn't have Rudolph to guide them.) However, when I heard about the second plane, I realized that something deliberate had happened.

Like the site of the Jackson DSC, this hotel had a similar giant living room with several TV sets. I spent the day going back and forth between the room where I was working and the room that had the TVs. I got about half a day's work done that day. The image that kept going through my head was the last scene of the movie *Nashville* in which Henry Gibson's character keeps repeating, "They can't do this to us!" That evening I kept the TV set in my room on CNN. Ironically, I had been in the middle of a book called *Remembering Pearl Harbor*, a collection of firsthand accounts of the battle. Many people have compared the events of December 7, 1941, to those of September 11.

Anita was home in Nashville and had been playing to stay home anyway because of a cold. One of my colleagues at work was stuck in the Atlanta airport, so someone from our Jackson, Mississippi, office drove six hours to Atlanta, picked him up, and drove back on the same day.

On Wednesday, I worked more and watched television less. When I walked down the street to get some dinner that evening, I noticed two fighter planes circling overhead. I never learned why.

I was scheduled to fly home the following Thursday night, which was the first day they let commercial airlines fly. I held on to my hotel room until the last possible moment, when I checked Delta's web site to see whether my flights had been cancelled. They had not, so I checked out and drove my rental

car to the Baton Rouge airport. The people at the Avis lot allowed me to park the car and check to see whether my flights were cancelled. My Atlanta to Nashville flight was indeed cancelled, but I was able to rebook on the next one. I went back to the rental lot and reluctantly turned my car in. I was worried I might still need it.

Then I went through security. As I expected, they were a much more thorough than usual. First, I had to show ID and a boarding pass to go through. Then they carefully examined my carry-on bag. Fortunately, I had removed a pocket knife that I usually carried. The guard laughingly commented on the candy I store in the bag in case of a hypoglycemic episode. "Emergency rations," I replied. "I'm also carrying three paperbacks." This was the only time I've ever joked with the security guards at an airport.

While I was sitting in the gate area, there was an announcement that my Baton Rouge-Atlanta was cancelled. Fortunately, there was another flight, and I quickly rebooked on it. The plane was not full.

I thought I was going to have a 4 hour lay-over in Atlanta, but when I checked the monitor, I saw that an earlier flight had been delayed and was scheduled to leave in 20 minutes. I arrived at the gate 10 minutes later and was able to get a boarding pass for the other flight. They were not boarding the flight, however, because the flight attendants had not arrived but should Real Soon Now. I settled into a chair in the gate area and continued to read one of my paperbacks. 90 minutes later, the flight attendants arrived. Nonetheless, we left earlier than I had expected when I checked in at the Baton Rouge airport. We flew a Boeing 757, the same type of plane that crashed into the Pentagon. (I later read that one of the peculiarities of the 757 and 767 models that the terrorists hijacked is that if a pilot is certified in one, he or she is automatically certified in the other. The 757 is a narrow body jet, but the 767 is a wide body.)

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Since I already had my ticket to Jackson, Mississippi, I flew out again the following Monday. I checked Delta's web site before leaving the apartment. Normally I just show up at the airport with the attitude that it's the airline's problem to get me where I'm going. If they fail too often, like Northwest, I can always fly another airline or just drive.

I almost always park my car in the long-term parking lot there, and I have never seen so few cars. When I checked my bags and picked up my boarding pass, the agent asked a new question, "Are you carrying any sharp items such as nail files, tweezers, or scissors?" As I expected, I had to show ID and my boarding pass at the security checkpoint, but they did not manually check my carry-on bag. One advantage of flying that day is that I had no problem upgrading to first class and finding a seat in a restaurant in the Atlanta airport. There was a mechanical difficulty with the Jackson connection, so we had to change planes. Neither flight was full. When I went through security on the way home, they did not ask for ID, just my boarding pass. Again, I had no trouble upgrading to first class.

Football—

Now to change the subject to a pleasant one. Single game tickets for the Tennessee Titans went on sale Saturday July 14. Since the Packers are playing them in Nashville on December 16, I was one of the many who was hoping to buy at least one of the 3,800 tickets available.

The Friday before I stopped by our local Ticket Master outlet, a Kroger's supermarket, and found out the procedures. Consequently, I was in the store at 9 AM the following morning when they handed out lottery tickets to determine our place in line. That way fans were not camping out in the supermarket the way they did at Adelphia Coliseum, Nashville's football stadium. At the stadium, the first fan in line got in place on Wednesday night.

There were 150 waiting when the tickets went on sale. Most of them did not get tickets.

There were eight of us milling around at Kroger's, and I drew the number six spot. I was wearing a Packer t-shirt and cap, so there would be no question about which game I wanted. Another fan was wearing a Steelers jersey. The tickets actually went on sale at 10 AM, and more people got in line as the time approached. At the same time, Anita was trying to get through on both the telephone and on the Internet. Our friends Debbie Hussey and Dan Caldwell were in line in another Kroger.

I was close enough to the front of the line that I could overhear the ticket agents, regular Kroger employees, and the fans ahead of me. The Kroger manager and a supervisor were standing by while a young Asian employee whom they must have regarded as the store's computer whiz was working the terminal. At first, they were asking the fans questions such as, "Is Section 301 okay?" and explaining, "We can't get four seats together." After five minutes, it was impossible to get even two seats together, and they stopped bothering to ask whether the section was satisfactory. The fans took what they could get. After a long 20 minutes, I got to the front and bought four Packer tickets. At least, there were two in the same section. Since we were allowed to buy up to four tickets two games for eight total, I also bought four tickets to the Ravens game on a Monday, November 12. They were all in different sections. All eight tickets are for seats in the upper deck.

Between them, Dan and Debbie bought tickets for the Packers, Jaguars, and the Buccaneers. Anita, on the other hand, was unable to get through on the phone or over the Internet. All eight regular season games sold out after 45 minutes, and the two pre-season games in 75. The most popular games were the Packers, Ravens, Dolphins, and Buccaneers. I've already sold two of my Ravens tickets to our friends Ray Jones and Dan.

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One evening a few weeks later we visited Charlie in the hospital, and we stopped at the Boardwalk Café for dinner. To our annoyance, we found that it would no longer host the Packer fans, but would be home to the fans of the Cleveland Browns instead. Apparently the Packer fans did not generate enough revenue, and the Café's managers thought the Browns fans would generate more. That remains to be seen, but Debbie subsequently pointed out that the Titans-Browns game has usually been one of the easiest to buy tickets for.

We accepted an invitation to a party to watch the season's first Packer game. The host served breakfast and lunch outside where we watched the game. He had his own satellite dish. It was a bright day, so there was a lot of glare on the screen, but we could still follow the action.

The only drawback was that by accepting the invitation we inadvertently chose one side in a schism in the old club over which local sports bar would host the Packer fans. Anita and I feel that we do not need to be involved in a fan feud.

The Packer web site I used for years, the Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel, has taken to charging people to read stories about the paper. Consequently, I am now checking the Green Bay News Chronicle each day to get my fix of Packer news.

Libertycon

That Friday started early for me, because I attended a 7 AM meeting of The Fresh Rashers of Nashville. This is group of Sherlock Holmes fans who meet for breakfast on almost all Friday mornings. We were recently recognized as an Irregular Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars. Because of my travel schedule, I can only attend occasionally. The highlight was the viewing an item one of the members bought for another. You may be familiar with the "Dickens village" set of Victorian style miniature houses. They're quite

popular around Christmas time. There's now one for 221 Baker Street that includes figurines of Holmes and Watson. A Hansom cab is sold separately. Although it didn't completely conform to the descriptions of the building in the original stories, it was cute.

After checking our post office box, I returned home and worked for a few hours until it was time to leave. We drove over Montegale in the sunshine so Anita was calm, but we just missed opening ceremonies. We spent the rest of the evening visiting with people outside in the hotel's courtyard, which is just adjacent to the con suite. The weather cooperated that weekend, except that the temperature dropped quickly after sunset. Then we visited the Constellation party, where Anita overdosed on cheesecake.

There is a park called Camp Jordan behind the hotel, and I walked there for an hour on both Saturday and Sunday mornings so my blood sugar was under control all weekend. On the other hand, the bed was too hard for Anita, so she slept badly both nights, and her sinuses bothered her because of the temperature fluctuations.

The video program consisted of old serials, which appeared on Channel 8 on the hotel's television system. I watched the first chapter of *Panther Girl of the Kongo* (Republic, 1955) starring Phyllis Coates. You may remember this actress as one of the two who played Lois Lane on the first *Superman* TV series.

At 2 PM Saturday, Chattacon served hot dogs in the hotel courtyard, so that was our lunch. Immediately afterward, we traipsed up to the room of Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher for the Boston in 2004 dessert party. I had skipped eating the buns with the hot dogs so that I could afford some ice cream. Anita had more cheesecake.

We spent the rest of the afternoon visiting before it was time for the banquet at 5 PM. Unlike like other years when we had to leave the hotel for a nearby seafood restaurant, they

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held it in the hotel restaurant. Anita and I ate with John Hollis and a fan who used to live in Nashville but never made contact with Nashville fandom. He now lives outside of Atlanta. The guests, David Drake, Gary Ruddell, Debbie Hughes, and Eric Flint, all spoke briefly and emphasized how comfortable a convention Libertycon was. The dessert was cheesecake.

Again, we hung around the consuite until they parties began. We attended the ones for DeepSouthCon 2002, Baen Books, and Kubla-Khan. At the DeepSouthCon party, we watched the masquerade over channel 8. They had 17 entrants. The Baen party had the most exotic booze. Anita had a fuzzy navel, and I drank two bottles of ale.

Anita didn't feel well Sunday morning, so we didn't hang around long and drove straight back to Nashville. She felt much better after sleeping in her own bed Sunday night.

Crescent City Con

When Anita found out that I was scheduled to work in Baton Rouge the week before this convention, she decided to fly down to Louisiana rather than me flying home to Nashville that weekend.

Tropical Storm Barry, the second named storm of 2001, made its presence felt, although it did not make landfall in the Florida panhandle until 2 AM on the Monday morning after the convention. New Orleans was on a hurricane watch, however, so we had to check its whereabouts each day in case we would have to change our plans. Anita and our friend Nancy Holland had tickets for the last Southwest flight from New Orleans to Nashville on Sunday night, and I was supposed to drive to Jackson, Mississippi to work the following week.

Anita and Nancy flew into New Orleans Thursday night via Southwest, and I met them at the airport. I had already checked into the hotel, and we returned there so that Nancy could check into her room as well. Then we

drove downtown and found a parking garage near the Canal Street end of Bourbon Street. After we had walked for five minutes, we ran into Mississippi fan Gary Shelton, who accompanied us to dinner. We chose the Cajun Cabin for its food and live music. The food included alligator and crawfish, and the music was furnished by a zydeco band. Their instruments were drums, guitar, bass guitar, accordion, and metal washboard.

After dinner, Gary departed in search of Blues music, and we walked down to Pat O'Brien's. Anita likes to visit there on each trip and drink a Hurricane. Nancy drank one as well, while I had a beer. Then we listened to a Jazz ensemble at Preservation Hall. Their instruments were trombone, trumpet, clarinet, piano, bass, and drums, and they played jazz arrangements of popular songs such as "Ain't She Sweet" and "You are my Sunshine". Each musician played several solos during the set.

We spent Friday at the convention hotel in the N.O. suburb of Metairie. Anita and I went swimming in the hotel pool that morning, but the water was too cold for Anita. Then we registered with the convention. The con suite was not conducive to visiting with the other fans, so we tended to hang out in the hotel lobby. I bought a book about *Stranger in a Strange Land* from Zane Melder in the huckster room.

Writer guests Joe Haldeman and George Alec Effinger appeared on three panels that we attended that weekend. The first was about Joe Haldeman, whom George introduced, in which Joe described his upbringing as the son of an alcoholic father and a free-spirited mother. Joe grew up in Puerto Rico, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, and Alaska. In the "Future War Fiction" panel, George said he didn't accept the premises of most military science fiction. If there are as many habitable planets as these books assume and if faster-than-light travel is so inexpensive, then people can deal with conflict by moving to another planet. Joe is a Vietnam veteran and commented that *Heavy Metal Jacket* did not get the combat right. In

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“Getting the Science Right”, George described his experience of attending a meeting about a sci-fi TV show in which all the planets are connected by vines. In response to a question from me, Joe hopes that recent experiments involving the speed of light may drive a wedge into the Special Theory of Relativity.

George introduced the other guests at opening ceremonies. Lou Ferrigno (*The Incredible Hulk, Pumping Iron*) looked very fit, and Virginia Hey (*The Road Warrior, Farscape*) is very beautiful. George, who is partially deaf, praised Ferrigno for overcoming his 80% loss of hearing by becoming a champion body builder.

There were dances on both Friday and Saturday night. The Black Tie, Lingerie, or Toga (BLT) dance took place on Friday night. This year I remembered to bring a suit, so they let us in. Robert Neagle (recently married to Ann Cavitt) was the deejay and played music that Anita, Nancy, and I liked. Unfortunately, the dance was not well attended, and those who did attend did not dance at first. I wondered whether the real motivation of the others was to see and been seen rather than to dance. However, when Robert played “The Time Warp” at Midnight, a lot more people participated. They stayed on the floor as Robert played hits from the Seventies.

The Saturday night dance was hosted by Rocky Unbound, a club devoted to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. They were celebrating their tenth anniversary. A pretty young woman in a Frankfurter costume asked me to dance, and Anita had no objection. They had a screen projector and occasionally played the videos that go with the songs.

The parties consisted most of video rooms hosted by local media clubs. Babylon 504 had the best food and showed *Farscape* videos. (504 is the telephone area code for New Orleans.) Absolutely British, a club devoted to British media, served tea and showed episodes from *The Avengers* and *The Saint*. However, we gravitated to the Rocky Unbound party, be-

cause they did not show videos and had the best booze.

Nancy, Anita, and I left the convention on Saturday afternoon to take the Battlefield Cruise. The Creole Queen paddle wheeler left from its dock near Canal Street and steamed past Jackson Square, the French Market, and the New Orleans waterfront toward the Chalmette battlefield where the battle of New Orleans took place in 1815. Anita was especially interested in the plantation house on the grounds that was once owned by a son of Civil War General P.T. Beauregard. It featured columns and a marble floor. At the battlefield’s monument, one of the park rangers gave a talk on the battle. Unfortunately, we were on shore for only 45 minutes. We had signed up for lunch, so on the return trip we got in line for 20 minutes, but we found the food to be good. Afterward, we spent some brief time in the Riverwalk mall and Harrah’s casino. Anita turned \$20 into \$50 before we made her leave to return to the convention.

We had lunch at The Court of Two Sisters in the French Quarter on Sunday. The Jazz Brunch included crawfish, shrimp, bread pudding, and other local delicacies. The Jazz music was provided by a clarinetist, banjo player, and a bass player. We listened to Blues music at two clubs on Bourbon Street before I dropped Anita and Nancy off at the airport and drove to Jackson. Their plane left barely before a thunderstorm arrived, but I had to drive through it.

Millennium Philcon

Transportation—

John Hollis and Ken Moore met us at our apartment, and we rode together to the airport. It was a tight squeeze. Ken has the most baggage, which you would not expect based on the clothes he wears. He had two carry-on and three checked bags.

U.S. Airways has a direct flight between Nashville and Philadelphia so it was an easy

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choice for Anita and me, especially since they were also the least expensive of the airlines I checked. However, shortly after we booked our seats, the prices went up, and at least two people from Nashville did not make the trip because airline prices were too high. This was unfortunate, because neither of our flights was full. We arrived at our gate in Philadelphia about 15 minutes late, which was good considering that we were a holding pattern for part of the flight. Our flight home was delayed by an hour because of some debris on the plane's underside.

There were shuttle vans between the airport and the downtown hotels for \$8 a person. The route took us past a naval shipyard with mothballed warships. Art Widner, a member of First Fandom, was on our shuttle from the airport to downtown, and Lawrence Person, editor of Nova Express, was on the one

going home. Both times the vans were full of fans attending the Worldcon.

Hotel—

We stayed at the Marriott and roomed with Dan Caldwell. Unlike last year's Chicago Hyatt, it did have a coffee maker. Unfortunately, the first morning I discovered that the maid had left only decaffeinated coffee. I had to find a vending machine and buy a Diet Pepsi so that Anita could get her caffeine fix. Otherwise, I made coffee every morning except the last when I met some old friends to take a photo. Neither Anita nor Dan could not figure out how to work the coffee maker, so they waited until I returned.

Anita and I ordered room service several mornings while cleaning up and getting dressed. Each time we split one big breakfast and order an extra glass of orange juice.

David Schlosser—

My calculation for political control of Congress is this:

House/Party	Republicans	Democrats
House of Representatives	1953-1954, 1995-2001	1951-1952, 1955-1994
Senate	1953-1954, 1981-1986, 1995-2001	1951-1952, 1955-1980, 1987-1994, 2001

From 1981 to 1986, the Republicans controlled the Senate, but not the House.

I would consider New York to be predominantly Democrat. Republicans such as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Jacob Javits, and Nelson Rockefeller were liberal for Republicans. That's the only way they could be elected. It is true that James Buckley, brother of William, served one term as senator in the Seventies, but he was elected without a majority in a three-way race.

Alice Krige played the singer who was Harold Abrams's (Ben Cross) love interest in *Chariots of Fire*.

The explosion of *The Maine* is still a mystery, although many people at the time felt the Spanish were responsible.

I have read that one purpose of the American spyplane that collided with the Chinese one was to provoke a response to see how fast they would react.

Anita generally doesn't like animated films, but she finally consented to see *Shrek*, which we both enjoyed.

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The fanzine lounge was in the Marriott, but I spent little time there, because there were never any diet sodas.

All the night-time events and parties took place in that hotel. There were two wings, but you could walk down a narrow and twisting corridor between them.

Convention Center—

Formerly the Reading Railroad station, the Pennsylvania Convention Center was more than big enough to host the Worldcon. It was connected to the Marriott via a walk way. The exhibit hall held the art show, dealer's room, autograph sessions, and other exhibits and still had lots of empty space. Most panels took place there, and they still hosted a Christian group on Saturday.

Kaffeeklatsches took place on the third level, where there was a snack bar. I finally met Yuri Mironets, professor of English at Far Eastern University in Vladivostock, Russia, at one. We've been corresponding for years, but had never met. He gave me a pin representing the university where he teaches and candy to give to Anita.

Restaurants—

The Marriott had a little coffee bar in the lobby, where we ate one morning. This was the only time, because they had difficulty taking our order. The cashier would ring up one orange juice when we had ordered two and two rolls when we had ordered one.

We ate in Allies American Grille, the hotel restaurant, several times, and they usually had a buffet. When we presented our badges, they gave us a 5% discount. On the last day, we both had Philadelphia cheese steak sandwich and realized why we do NOT order it at home. Anita felt there were at least twice as many onions as she cared for.

There was a Hard Rock Cave on the first floor of the convention center, but we only ate there once as the food was mediocre and the service worse. In contrast, Maggione's was a

nearby Italian restaurant that everyone else was recommending. Because we had heard that the portion size was enormous, Anita ordered a half-serving of Calzone and I had half a serving of Swordfish. Even so, the portions were large. The place had a lot of atmosphere with wood paneling, red checker table cloths, and photographs of Italy on the wall. Anita made the joke that it was the type of place that you could imagine someone coming in with a sub-machine gun and shooting people eating spaghetti. Regardless the food was good but rather pricey. The restaurant was full of fans easily distinguishable from the waiters wearing tuxedos and the other patrons wearing suits and dresses.

Parties—

Charlotte in 2004 has the best food, and we used it to eat dinner on two nights. They served barbeque, potato salad, baked beans, and coleslaw. Boston in 2004 had better desserts, such as almond cookies and petit fours. I thought the quality of the beer was equal. Boston served Sam Adams, while Charlotte served a variety of micro-brewed brands. The SFF. Net party served chocolate fondue. Anita commented on the feeding frenzy whenever they put out a new batch. The Cincinnati Fantasy Group suite had the best overall booze. We danced at the Disco Glam Rock Alien party. At the UK in 2005 party, Anita took 30 minutes to drink a thimble full of Scotch which she compared to lighter fluid. Toni Weisskopf asked me to bring my laptop to the Baen party to do a one-shot fanzine, which I did. We got over 3 pages of material from various people, including some pros. Frank and Millie Kalisz hosted the Xerps in 2010 party. As usual, they served skippies, played Cajun music, and extensively decorated with aliens. We believe it was the longest running party of Sunday night.

Programming—

My first panel was on space opera. It included Hal Clement. They compared E.E.

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“Doc” Smith and John W. Campbell. Campbell was noted for favoring humans in his space operas as well as in the stories he selected for *Astounding*, while Smith tended in treat species equally.

There were some technical difficulties with the skits at Opening Ceremonies, but they probably made them funnier than they would have been otherwise.

The “Greet and Meet the Guests” reception really didn’t come off, as none of the guests attended. We left after 30 minutes and caught the end of a panel on horror and serial killers.

On Friday, Anita attended a panel on Jane Austen that included Connie Willis. Anita sees similarities between Austen and Willis in the use of comic characters. Then she attended a panel on the future of horror. The panelists believe horror is moving away from splatter and gore toward the more cerebral kind of horror. They cited *The Others*, a recent movie, as an example.

I attended one on alternate histories in which the panelists felt that the difference between an alternate history and something like *Gone With the Wind* is intent. Martha Mitchell intended to re-create the world of the Civil War era South rather than play with different possibilities such as the South winning.

Together we attended Jeff Walker’s Trailer Park, an hour long presentation of movie and TV previews. They included *Smallville*, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Musketeer*, *Rollerball*, and *Lord of the Rings*.

I attended the Poul Anderson Memorial on Saturday. His daughter, Astrid Anderson Bear, and his son-in-law, Greg Bear, hosted it. The invited people to come up and talk about Poul. They included David Brin, Joe Haldeman, Larry Niven, Tom Doherty, and others, including ordinary fans who described how his writing touched them.

Then I went to a panel on science fiction and mysteries in which most of the authors

complained about being typecast as either SF or mystery writers. Finally, I attended a panel on Writing on the Web in which they mostly discussed on-line writing workshops. At the same time, Anita went to a radio play of *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* and a slide show of pictures from the Hubble Telescope.

Anita commented that the Masquerade should have been subtitled, “Here there be dragons.” A mechanical dragon with gleaming eyes and wings and a Chinese dragon that went the length of the stage dominated. “Fridays at Ten”, a skit based on *The Twilight Zone*, won the Best in Show award. The half-time entertainment consisted of the Harmonicas, which Anita described as acopella Spice Girls.

While Anita attended the Sunday filk concerts, I attended three panels. The first was on Robert Heinlein, in which one of the panelists said that in recent years Heinlein literary criticism has taken the radical step of actually reading what he wrote. I then went up to the fanzine lounge, where Naomi Fisher, Pat Molloy, Janice Gelb, and Victor Gonzales conducted a panel on the TAFF/DUFF funds. They commented that the trip is the fun part, except for Janice who ran program ops at the Australian Worldcon, and the administrative duties the hard part. Finally, I attended a panel on libertarian SF supposedly with emphasis on Ayn Rand and Robert Heinlein. Actually they didn’t talk about them all that much, except for pointing out that in the early Heinlein fiction there are competent, benevolent bureaucrats and that he really did not become libertarian until *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*.

As usual, the Hugo Awards ceremony was too long, especially since they added an award called the Cordwainer Smith Re-Discovery Award for rediscovered writers. The first recipient was Olaf Stapleton. The highlight took place when Dave Kyle present First Fandom’s Big Heart award to Sue and Steve Francis.

Esther Friesner’s opening remarks consisted of a rap, and Connie Willis’s presentation was overlong, but funny. I don’t think any

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of the awards were undeserved, but it struck me how “safe” the voters went this year. Either they awarded the Hugo to a previous winner, or they went with a choice that was popular outside the field, such as Harry Potter.

Tourist Stuff—

We took a courtesy van from the hotel to the historical district, where we rode a carriage for about an hour. The female driver took us to the various historical sites, which included the Second Bank of the United States, Christ Church, Washington Square, the U.S. Mint, and Carpenter’s Hall. Unfortunately, we could not see Betsy Ross’s house, because the street is under construction. The driver pointed out plaques on certain houses that indicated that

they had been insured by the first insurance company in American, wrought-iron gates, and twisted stairways designed to show off the dresses of ladies. Several streets were paved by ballast bricks brought over by ships. We noticed that she stopped the horse well before encountering a stop light.

After the tour we visited the Liberty Bell, which is housed in its own pavilion, and Independence Hall where we entered the room where both the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution were adopted. George Washington’s chair is the only piece of original furniture in the room, but the various books lying on the desk reproductions come from that period.

Stadium Sponsors

The August issue of business magazine called Darwin (the name reveals its editorial philosophy) had a piece about what happened to the stock prices of technology companies that invested in naming rights. Here are the results:

Facility	City	Team(s)	Share Price 6/20/2000	Share Price 6/20/2001
3Com Park	San Francisco	49ers (NFL)	\$10.40	\$ 4.62
Adelphia Coliseum	Nashville	Titans (NFL)	\$47.75	\$41.79
Alltel Stadium	Jacksonville	Jaguars (NFL)	\$67.50	\$57.49
CMGI Field	Foxboro, Mass.	Patriots (NFL)	\$55.25	\$ 3.06
Compaq Center	Houston	Rockets (NBA)	\$27.56	\$13.30
Compaq Center	San Jose	Sharks (NHL)	\$27.56	\$13.30
Corel Centre	Ottawa	Senators (NHL)	\$ 4.19	\$ 2.39
Ericsson Stadium	Charlotte	Panthers (NFL)	\$21.81	\$ 4.98
Network Associates Coliseum	Oakland	Athletics (AL); Raiders (NFL)	\$21.63	\$11.37
PSINet Stadium	Baltimore	Ravens (NFL)	\$26.44	\$ 0.06
Qualcomm Stadium	San Diego	Chargers (NFL); Padres (AL)	\$62.94	\$48.45
Savvis Center	St. Louis	Blues (NHL)	\$15.19	\$ 0.84
MCI Center	Washington, D.C.	Capitals (NHL); Wizards (NBA)	\$41.69	\$14.43

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Concerts—

Anita likes to attend filk concerts, and I joined her on several occasions. All of them took place on the fourth floor of the Marriott. Performers included Leslie Fish and Bill Sutton.

Thursday night they had a jazz concert consisting of a piano player and a singer. The piano player was good, but on the level of a piano bar player in Nashville. In addition, we had heard some excellent jazz a month before in New Orleans. The best that I can say about the singer was that she was pretty.

There were two rock and roll concerts Friday night. The first, called Venus Moon and the Gas Giants, was late setting up but had an excellent female lead singer. She had a low, husky voice well suited to singing the Blues. Unfortunately, the supporting musicians were not up to her standards. The second band, however, was not to our liking. Called the Red Masque, they dressed in black costumes. I could barely make out the lyrics, but what I could understand sounded nihilistic.

At the Pegasus filk concert on Saturday, they sang all the nominated songs for this year. The Pegasus is the filk equivalent of the Hugo. I found two of the computer songs very funny, one about technical support and another about vampire megabytes.

Summary—

This was the first time in 10 years that I did not do some sort of volunteer work at a Worldcon. It was a lot of intense fun. When we returned home, Anita and I felt we need a quiet vacation to recover from our vacation.

Comments on #'s 221 & 222

The stock market—

My technology fund reduced its position in the fiber optics market, and their top ten holdings as of 3/31 included companies such as AOL Time Warner, Automatic Data Processing, which processes my company's payroll,

and First Data, which processes my company's credit card receipts. Ten percent of the fund was in cash, which is very high. Nonetheless, it's down considerably since the hijackings.

Using the stock market to predict recessions is unreliable. I remember once reading or hearing that the market has predicted 10 of the last 5 recessions.

SFPA sightings—

I saw Steve Hughes, Toni Weisskopf, and Randy Cleary at Libertycon, and Toni, Randy, Eve Ackerman, Janice Gelb, Arthur Hlavaty, Irv Koch, Guy Lillian, Richard Lynch, and Sheila Strickland at Worldcon.

Computers—

I now have a new laptop. The hard disk on the old one was failing, so our MIS director moved me up a few months on his replacement schedule. The new one is a Dell Inspiron 4000, and it's a slick machine. It uses a touch pad, and I'm still getting used to how sensitive it is. I don't know yet how much I'll miss the floppy drive. Instead, I can now write to CDs.

B.C.—

I've been reading the strip for over 30 years, but still have trouble distinguishing among some of the male characters, especially in the black-and-white daily strips. Sometimes I don't get the joke, and, even when I do, I don't consider it all that funny. Actually, I think *The Wizard of Id*, for which Johnny Hart has only partial responsibility, is better. Hart's Christian beliefs have always popped up in the strip from time to time.

Back in the Sixties, there was a paperback called *The Gospel According to Peanuts*. The main thesis of the book was that the strip contained a Christian message. Even if this was true, Charles Schulz was never as heavy-handed as Hart is.

Our local paper recently revamped the comics section, based on a reader's poll. (It dropped *Cathy*, which I feel is one of the best

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strips published today, and kept *B.C.*, *Blondie*, and other mediocre ones.

Dilbert appears in the business section of the Nashville paper, except on Sunday. When I lived in Jackson, MS, *Doonesbury* appeared on the editorial page of its paper.

Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett—

Fess Parker played both characters on television, which is one reason people confuse them. In the Fifties, Disney produced a three-part mini-series and a two-part prequel starring Parker as Crockett and co-starring Buddy Ebsen. Disney reran them 2 or 3 times during the Sixties. Anita and I recently watched them on the Western Channel. (Actually Anita fell asleep from boredom, but I enjoyed the shows.) In the episode “Davy Crockett at the Alamo”, he made friends with a Comanche Indian. The Comanches lived in Texas and were the model for Robert E. Howard’s barbarians. Sometimes people confuse them with the Apaches, who lived farther west in Arizona and New Mexico.

Anita was embarrassed when she realized she could still remember the words to several verses of the Davy Crockett theme song: “Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier.”

After a mediocre career as a leading actor in films, Parker returned to television as Boone. Contrary to the historical Boone, Parker wore a coonskin cap like the one he wore as Crockett. I think the show ran at least five seasons on NBC. During *Star Trek*’s first season, it followed *Boone* on Thursday nights.

After *Boone* went off the air, Parker got into real estate and wine growing. You can buy Fess Parker wine. I can’t personally vouch for the quality.

Richard Dengrove—

Re electronic door locks: All the major hotel chains have made them mandatory. The main advantage is better security. The combination changes every time the guest changes.

I have no clue about the problem you describe about the plumbing at the DSC hotel.

Re the *1812 Overture*: For years the Nashville Symphony played it for the Fourth of July at Riverfront Park in Nashville. Last year, they skipped it in favor of another Tchaikovsky piece, and it didn’t feel right. This year they restored the overture.

Do you know whether the information you had to supply manbeef.com included credit card information? It occurred to me that it could be an identity theft scam which would at least embarrass the victim if they went to the authorities.

According to Alfred Sloan, long-time chairman of General Motors, the reason the Model T became obsolete was that the market for cheap cars was taken over by used ones. The cheapest Chevrolet was originally priced a few hundred dollars more expensive than the Model T, because they didn’t feel they could compete with Ford on price but could make a better car for more money. (Source: Sloan’s *My Years with General Motors*.)

I liked the original idea about *Themestream* that the writers would be paid based on the number of viewings. As a reader, I liked the idea of sending subscribers e-mail messages with embedded links based on categories the readers selected. You could even subscribe to a particular writer.

I did not like the fact that they used “cookies” to identify subscribers. For those of you not familiar with the term, these are files that web sites write to YOUR personal computer’s hard disk to identify it in the future. I would rather that they asked for a user id and password when you logged into the site.

The anti-virus software on our corporate e-mail server stops all file attachments ending with “exe” and “vbs” from going through at all and scans all e-mail and file attachments for known viruses.

In the cantina scene in the first *Star Wars* movie, Han Solo meets a character called Greedo who is working for Jabba the Hut. In

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the new, "improved" version, there is a scene in which Solo meets Jabba himself. By the way, a younger Greedo is also a character in latest movie as one of Annakin Skywalker's playmates.

The British SF movie that postulated that humans are descended from Martians was called, I think, *20 Millions Years to Earth*, and was based on an episode of the *Quatermass* TV series.

Guy Lillian—

I've been to Fairfield, Alabama. In 1995, our contract food service division managed the food operation at the city's convention center.

I liked *A.I.* Anita found the scene where the mother abandons the child android to be very disturbing.

I've read two books on the JonBenet Ramsey case and don't think the parents did it. I lean toward the intruder theory. However, I don't find the parents likable. The mother defends the decision to allow the girl to compete in the pageants by saying the girl wanted to participate. I don't buy that. I think she was pushed into competing.

Janice Gelb—

I was rather ambivalent about Ken McLeod's *The Sky Road*, too. On the other hand, I won George R.R. Martin's *The Game of Thrones* as a door prize at Toronto's Chicon party and got hooked.

Anita got a summons for jury duty in October. She is concerned it will interfere both with the classes she is taking this fall.

Steve Hughes—

The Confederate Navy had built the *Hundley* and used it in combat before Jules Verne wrote *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Of course, it was a long ways from the *Nautilus*. It successfully sank a Union ship, but all the crew died in the process!

I once had to call Verizon with some questions about my bill. The operator looked at my

account, agreed with me, and adjusted my next bill. The problem was that my plan calls for free roaming in Louisiana, and they had charged me for some calls there.

President Clinton balanced the federal budget so the government was not competing with private borrowers for money. This kept interest rates down which helped the economy.

Gary Robe—

Yes, I noticed Kim Cattrall's (Samantha) dress in the promotions for *Sex in the City*.

Strictly speaking, The Alamo did not ignite an immediate response by the United States against Mexico. The Mexican War did not take place until 10 years later and was the result of a dispute over the border between Texas and Mexico.

A closer analogy to Pearl Harbor was the explosion of the battleship *Maine* that preceded the Spanish-American War.

Do you believe Catholics are true Christians?

Sheila Strickland—

Anita knows the Calypso Café in Nashville, but she doesn't like it.

I've driven I-20/I-59 between Jackson and Birmingham enough to know where most of the restaurants are located. Usually I would eat in either Meridian or Tuscaloosa. Otherwise, as you found, the restaurants are few and far between.

Jeffrey Copeland—

I read *Out of Their Minds*, 15 short biographies of computer scientists, and tried to write a review. Unfortunately, I just couldn't get a handle on it and gave up.

Randy Cleary—

My company's policy on vacation time is that you use it or lose it. We can't carry over vacation time from one year to the next.

My parents used to take advantage of free lodging at condo resorts and retirement com-

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munities. After 20 years, they finally bought a lot and built a house. Ned Brooks—

Toni Weisskopf

I'm surprised that since you're a Southern girl, DSC was the first time you drank a mint julep. I went out of my way to taste one when shortly after moving from Wisconsin to Baton Rouge in 1976.

In your zine, Harry Warner comments on why mechanical voting machines with levers are out of favor. Another reason is that anyone with a screwdriver and some mechanical aptitude can tamper with them.

I would go so far as to say that *Pearl Harbor* sucked, but I thought the events were better handled in other movies such as *Tora, Tora, Tora* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*. (Anita disagrees. She thought *Pearl Harbor* was better than *Tora, Tora, Tora*.) The most glaring historical inaccuracies were that no U.S. military pilots on active duty were allowed to join the Royal Air Force and no pilots present at Pearl Harbor participated in the Doolittle raid. The part about needing fighter pilots to fly the B-26 Mitchell Bombers for the mission was nonsense. Except for Doolittle himself, they were experienced B-26 pilots who learned to take off from a much shorter than usual runway.

Norm Metcalf—

Nevil Shute wrote an alternative history book called *In the Wet* in which the British Royal Family has to flee Australia from Great Britain. In *What Happened to the Corbetts*, Shute predicts what World War II would be like. It came out a few months before the war broke out in 1939. He got the aerial bombing of England correct, but not the collapse of France.

No Highway is a thriller set on board an airliner, not a science fiction novel. *Trustee From the Toolroom* is not science fiction either, but involves a fandom based on model building.

It is uncommon for someone my age to still have living grandparents. Anita's mother, for instance, was about the same age as my recently deceased grandmother. The reason is that both my paternal grandparents and parents got married while teenagers. Another factor is that I am the oldest child of parents who were both the oldest in their families.

I was expecting the panelists as DSC to toast you along the lines of the old Dean Martin roasts on TV in the Sixties.

Trinlay Khadro—

Although Jules Verne shot his astronauts out of a cannon in *From the Earth to the Moon*, they would have died from the g-forces. A rocket, on the other hand, does not fire all at once like a bullet.

Liz Copeland—

Anita and I liked *Cats and Dogs*, too. With our cat, we can easily imagine them as evil.

Gary Brown—

Interesting story about the waitress who asked you about the tip. As you know, I eat a lot of meals in airport restaurants, and the quality of service is uneven. The main problem is that the servers know that travelers don't have a lot of choices.

Don Markstein—

Shooting spies is only a standard practice during wartime. During peacetime, standard procedure is to take them into custody and work out a deal with their government for their release. As Steve Hughes pointed out, the crew of the U.S. plane were not secret agents, because they were wearing military uniforms. It was also operating in International Air Space when it collided with the Chinese plane.