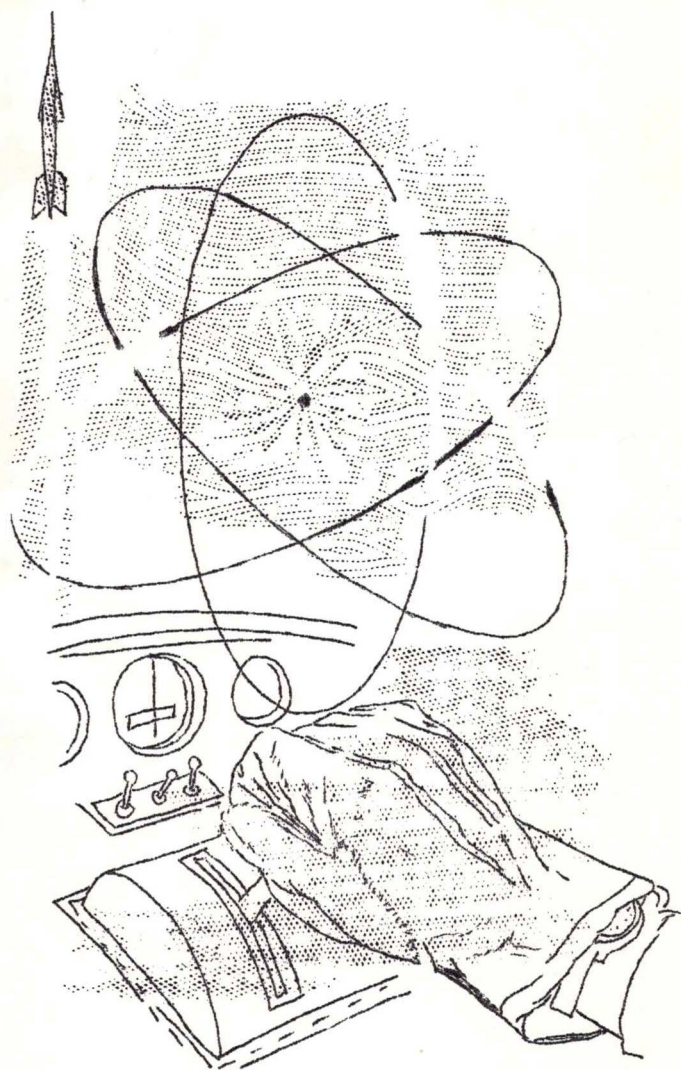


# KRAML



SAPS 52 7 15 60

kraml

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Yes, here it is...the second issue of KRAML, the fanzine that goes great with your cereal in the morning. Usually the second issue of a fanzine tells you of all the improvements over the first issue and how this time the reader is going to have a much easier time of it. KRAML, however, will not continue this disgraceful practice. The second issue is going to be as hard to read as the first issue and the same mistakes will probably be made again this time. I really wanted to improve with this issue but it just wasn't in the cards and I am forced to do it just the way you see it.

The main reason why I could not do a better job with this issue was that my father had a stroke about the middle of April and for a month and a half between going to the hospital and my night school classes I didn't have a spare minute of time. In fact I've been able to read only about 100 pages of the mailing and it looks as if I won't be able to read any more unless I give up doing these six pages.

It doesn't look to me, at the time of this writing, that I will be able to do any mailing comments. I've got a few things I want to say but I'm not sure right now who it is I want to say them to. The absence of mailing comments might be a good thing at that. At least Earl won't be able to put me in the frigid faction for having them.

The main item this issue will be a sort of report on Dee and how the Chicago area is recovering from the aftermath of her invasion.

This is being typed just two days before I leave for the mid-westcon and maybe the westercon. As to the westercon, I am still undecided. I want to go but I will have to quit my job which is one factor that holds me back. Also my job has become interesting since they hired a girl that sees eye to eye with me on most issues. So tune in next mailing to find out if a young sapsman from Chicago can find happiness at the westercon or if he will be forced into the mundane world of work-a-day living.

The cover and the stencils for this issue were cut by Earl Kemp (who assumes responsibility of 90% of the typos. EK).

Also in this issue will be sort of a report on the survey that I took last mailing. The most revealing fact brought out by this survey was that I should never have tried to find out the information I wanted in this way. So in order to get information about the two things that I really want to know about, will every member of SAPS reading this magazine please let me know if he is the oldest in his family and if he is not, how many children are there born before him in the family. The other thing I want to know is at what age did you become interested in science fiction or fantasy. The results I received on the survey-returns were very interesting but I would like more people to answer these questions. People who already have sent in the survey needn't bother since I kept your information handy.

So this about closes the editorial comments for the second issue of KRAML. I really had intended to do much better than this but circumstances seemed to be against it. I doubt very much if I will be able to do much more in the way of pages next time, though I do intend to better the repro.

# CONFESIONS

OF A

## DEE HUNTER

THIS ALL STARTED WHEN Earl came in and told me about Dee's.

He said that Dees were usually found floating in about four feet of water off Tampa and that some kind soul was sending him one via Northwest Orient Air Lines on the next Sunday. Naturally, being a 100% red-blooded American type boy I became quite interested in seeing one of these legendary Dees that I had heard about previously in SAPS. I was quick to agree to accompany him in his quest in search of the one that would arrive via Northwest. This involved coming over to his house and spending the night because it seems that Dees are very peculiar. They only like to emerge from airplanes, turbo-jets yet, at the totally unGodly hour of the morning that is traditionally named "Six O'clock." I say traditionally because until this time I had neither the courage nor inclination to investigate this "Six O'clock" in the morning bit. Especially "Six O'clock" on Sunday morning; a time during which only the most wanton criminals and the most sanctimonious church-members are at prowl.

That Saturday evening started off fairly well as we sat and watched a stone-faced Alfred Hitchcock on television until around two-thirty, listening to his occasional remarks interrupting our thought-chains that were busily trying to dredge up yet another "that reminds me of this other traveling salesman who ..." from the distant past. Then, at the two-thirty mark, Earl decided that we had better get a little sleep before we had to get up at 5:30 to go to the airport. The airplane was due in at 6:20 A.M. and we wanted to allow enough time to get all the way out to Midway before the plane got in so we couldn't possibly miss the exotic Dee, sex symbol of lower Florida and all the Keys.

When Earl woke me up at 6:15 that Sunday morning I immediately sensed that something had gone wrong.

Ten seconds later Earl pulled me out the front door, I fought until he'd agreed to let me have two more to put my shirt and trousers on...and we were on our way to Midway.

I began to pray as I heard the door close behind me, thinking it might be the last time, because I knew that Earl was going to drive in a way that I had only seen him drive once before: A fast trip to Milwaukee to pick up Bloch (and which Earl had started two hours behind schedule). I still shake when I think of that trip. Normally the drive to Midway Airport takes

about 45 minutes under the best driving conditions with all the stoplights on green.

Thirty minutes later I pulled myself together and got up from where I had been cowering on the floor and looked out at all the cars in the Midway parking lot.

Rushing into the terminal we headed directly for the Northwest Orient information counter only to find that the fates were against us. The plane, it seems had had a favorable tail-wind and had landed some thirty minutes ahead of schedule. This really threw us, here Dee had already been wandering around the terminal for almost an hour, probably trying to hustle a dime with which to telephone; no true-fan would hesitate in the slightest at calling-up at six a.m. We had her paged in the Northwest Orient lobby with no favorable results.

Then started the great Dee hunt. We started in a logical process of trying to track her down. First we looked for a seductress wearing a towell. But we found none, everyone was somehow so conventional that morning. Then we tried looking for people with glazy-eyed expressions on their faces; but this didn't work out very well either, apparently everyone looks that way at six a.m. We had her paged again, then looked some more.

Then we had her paged again. Then we had her paged again, and again. It got to the point where the clerk began to ignore us when he saw us coming his way and began to look at us as if this Dee were a complete figment of our imagination, like sick sic.... We were forced to the inevitable conclusion that she was somewhere outside the range of the loud speakers, and for just a moment shuddered at the prospects of this vast innocent city at her mercies had she actually taken a taxi "to town," something like a rerun of "The Monster that Devoured Cleveland," no doubt.

Our search took us to the Coffee Shop, but we couldn't spot any sensitive fannish faces, glaring beedy-eyed over steaming cups of wammed-over dish water. Only one incident of note happened in the Coffee Shop. I had leaned over, courteous as I am, to pick up a white cane with a red tip on the end for a young lady who had apparently dropped it; she rewarded me unceremoniously by whacking me across the behind with five similar canes she was clutching in her expert little hands. Recovering from this experience we went to the newsstand where we held up one sf paperback after another until the man pointedly told us to get the hell out of there and to stop making signs out of his merchandise. So we adjourned the great Dee hunt to another coffee shop at the opposite end of the terminal and attempted to drown our sorrows in cups of poison that the clerk substituted for the coffee we had ordered.

Forcing the fluid down, then again, and again, we left the coffee shop and went back to the waiting room, determined to face the clerk bravely and ask to have a Dee paged again. One last try before we call it a day and go home.... Earl approached the desk and tried to get the clerk's attention but the clerk had evidently seen him coming first and managed to elude Earl for ten minutes or so. Finally the clerk was forced to look at him, "Do you want me to try that name again?" Condescending he blared it out over the loudspeaker for the last time.

Paydirt, the first stage of the great Dee hunt had ended.

A trim young lady rushed up to the clerk with the loudspeaker, threatening him with her walking-canes; by now she had ten. As she pushed past me to get to the counter she gestured menacingly and I hurriedly stepped out of range of her canes, remembering the earlier incident in the coffee shop.

She made herself known to the clerk and we hurriedly introduced ourselves to her, dodging the canes which she used to punctuate her sentences, and showed her the way to the car. We got in the car and Earl drove from the parking lot and Dee regaled us with the juiciest gossip about various fans, a something alternately called Brucifer and that devil and a the Toskey. And we discussed various fan-hobbies such as running down pedestrians for a higher score under the point system (man in wheel-chair, 10 extra) and taking canes from infirm people who couldn't chase you to later sell back to the same individual at a handsome profit. By this time we had passed through the glorious city of Cicero where Dee paid a silent moment of homage to a departed hero of the past, Al Capone, and headed on to downtown Chicago. Here Dee saw the many large buildings, like the Mies van der Rohe all glass and steel sky-scrappers. It was easy to detect a great deal of sadness in Dee's voice as she silently mumbled something about "too bad I left my rifle in Tampa."

After swinging through the downtown area we shot back across town at break-neck speed to Earl's house where Nancy was waiting with a delicious breakfast. After we finished eating we had about an hour to spend before we had to take Dee back to Midway, so we began our fan-talk in earnest. Dee kept us laughing with her stories about Dee, and Bruce (stories that if I could remember I would repeat here; on second thought liabel laws being what they are...). Between anectdotes she kept trying to skewer the cat with her spiked heels.

And the time came to end the great Dee hunt and get her back to the Airport. She had a through turbo-jet flight on Northwest Orient that would take her to the heart of home-brew-land, Busbyville. On the trip back to the airport we cautioned Dee severely not to kid about bombs when we reached the airport because too many citizens had done just that lately, and spent several days in the lock-up, court appearances and cash in fines. We made the trip back leisurely, Earl even slowing down now and then so Dee could add another cane to her mounting collection. We parked the car and helped Dee carry all the canas into the scales so she could declare excess baggage and re-confirm her ticketing arrangements. Then we went outside like togetherness and stood in the crowd faunching to board the plane. Just as Dee was about to go aboard two burly fellows approached us and grabbed Earl and me, "Are these the two, miss?" they asked. She said yes and disappeared up the ramp, pausing twice to make like cheesecake and 'wave by-by' before the two guys took us off to be booked for planning to bomb the plane. And all the time it was Dee's package, the one that looked like a gift-wrapped fifth, that ticked.

Two days later the police found out it was all just a typical fannish joke and released us from the jug with a warning that playing this type joke is in bad taste, even if it is being played on you.

So that ends the saga of Dee hunting in Chicago. It was great fun, and next time we want her to give us a little more warning, and come in at a reasonable time. And not joke about bombs on planes. Least-wise if she does to warn us ahead of time so we can prepare just a little better alibi for the police. You should see how our cane collection has grown . . .

SAPS

U

This really should be an article about the folly of running a survey unless you are a pretty, young girl. The response was very poor (31%) and becomes a poor basis upon which to generalize about the whole of SAPS. The picture therefore is not very clear and I am going to comment only on a few aspects that most interested me.

R

The thing that I find most interesting is that my generalizing about a fan being the first child in his family seems to have been borne out by the returned surveys. I received 11 surveys (in addition to asking this question of Saps members personally when I saw them). The answers were very revealing. Out of 13 members, 8 are the first child in their family and another three members are only children. The remaining two are the second child in their family and these two are the Carrs - which seems to indicate something like a desire to destroy my faith in a complete 100% composition of people who are first-born. The returns bear out my theory that a fan is more likely to be either the first child in his family or an only child. The percentage is 85% which is pretty respectable when you combine it with the Chicago fan statistics. Why this is, I do not know, but I have a few theories on the subject. I certainly would like the same information from fandom at large to get the big view.

V

E

Y

The other fact that I wanted to prove was that a fan would have discovered fantasy or sf at an early age. From the completed surveys (11) the average age is at 10 years. The latest contact came at the age of 16, which seems to prove that most people discover sf at an early age and continue to read it, later becoming fans.

S

The third and last tabulation I will make is the age at which a person contacts fandom. The average age computed from the returns is 19. This seems pretty old when you consider all the young fans around, but of the people who returned surveys, 4 of them contacted fandom at the age of 19 and the others at about the same age.

The rest of the survey remains untabulated. Mostly because the answers were either not very informative or not tabulatable. And too the low rate of return did not give much validity to the figures.

Combine this with the shortage of time I mentioned in my editorial and you come up with this abbreviated report.

If I can find a little more time, between now and the deadline for the next SAPS mailing, I'll try to tabulate the returns I have out into the most complete possible form. Even though it will not be valid for SAPS as a whole because so many of you did not send in your answers.

Other than that, I have only one real worry about the survey: how to tabulate the many interests of the multi-faceted Walter Breen, who sent in almost a half-page of "other interests" on the back of the original questionnaire.

Just for passing interest, and because I've got a little more room, I'll throw in the convention-city-year returns: 1961, Seattle 7, no others: 1962, Chicago 4 (plus one negative vote from Brucifer) and Washington 1 (Hayes: ineligible to run until 1963); 1963, Washington 6, Philadelphia 1; 1964, San Francisco comes across with 4, just one vote more than Los Angeles, at 3. Several abstained on all years.

DONT

