

POOKA

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OMPA

31

March

1962

Published by

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Box 19-T, RR # 2

Loveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

..... Continued from PAGE 22

12" LP Albums

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. RCA LPM - 2025                       | Hum & Strum Along With Gus Atkins                   |
| 2. Decca DL 8643                        | The Raging 20's - Grady Martin & Slew Foot 5        |
| 3. Hudson 243                           | Dixieland - Rampart Street Stompers & Singers       |
| 4. Lion L-70067                         | Swingin' Double Date - The Dick Ryman Trio          |
| 5. Lion L-70073                         | "Ostrich Walk" - Preacher Rollo & The 5 Saints      |
| 6. Lion L-70064                         | Michel Hampton                                      |
| 7. Emarcy MG 36006                      | Helen Merrill                                       |
| 8. Decca DL 38076 (Colonial)            | Music From Around The World                         |
| 9. Columbia CL 1170                     | Music Of The City...London - Vally Stott & Orch.    |
| 10. Decca DL 8339                       | Paris At Midnight - Skitch Henderson & Orch.        |
| 11. Columbia XTV 62432 (Curtain)        | Broadway's Best                                     |
| 12. Columbia XTV 62320 (Colgate)        | Great Sounds and New Sounds                         |
| 13. Mercury MG 20046                    | Cabaret Days - Sophie Tucker                        |
| 14. Mercury MG 20126                    | The Spice of Life - Sophie Tucker                   |
| 15. Mercury MG 20267                    | Bigger & Better Than Ever - Sophie Tucker           |
| 16. Somerset P - 9300                   | Torero! - Banda Corrida of Mexico City              |
| 17. Riverside RLP 5501                  | Bullring! - commentary by Carlos Arruza             |
| 18. Masterseal MS - 90                  | Let's All Polka - The Polka Kings                   |
| 19. Masterseal MS - 34                  | Honky Tonkin' - Eddie "Piano" Miller                |
| 20. Coronet CX - 40                     | Honky Tonkin' With Crazy Fritz                      |
| 21. Coronet CX - 80                     | More Honky Tonk Piano With Crazy Fritz              |
| 22. Golden Tone C-4009                  | Honky Tonk Piano - Joe "Fingers" O'Shay             |
| 23. Gale GLP - 328                      | Modern Jazz Hall Of Fame                            |
| 24. M-G-M E - 5544                      | Moondog & Suncat Suites - Kenny Graham & Satellites |
| 25. Columbia XTV - 66639 (Lucky Strike) | Remember How Great...?                              |
| 26. RCA PR111 (MENP-2620) (Chevrolet)   | Golden Anniversary Album                            |

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Twenty most commonly misspelled words, according to the wire services:

- |                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. inoculate      | 11. diptheria          |
| 2. weird          | 12. permissible        |
| 3. uncontrollable | 13. paraphernalia      |
| 4. changeable     | 14. Averell (Harriman) |
| 5. guage          | 15. judgement          |
| 6. naptha         | 16. dietitian          |
| 7. rehearse       | 17. preventive         |
| 8. accommodate    | 18. embarrass          |
| 9. sizable        | 19. indispensable      |
| 10. discernible   | 20. harassment         |

I suppose I'll look back on 1961 as the "Year Of The Jackpot" for me. It seems like many milestones have happened in my life this year; enough to make it seem like three years have passed instead of only one.

The 1960 - 1961 winter season was a particularly dreary affair. The skies were cloudy and practically every day was overcast. After so long a time this always mentally depresses me, I like the sunshine. The stage was set, then, for a number of things to happen and the first item was catching the mumps from my youngest son. February became a month of idleness for me. I didn't get sick enough to require an orchidectomy, but the fear of such installed by our family doctor, caused me to restrict my activity.

I read fanzines, preczines, hard cover books from the book clubs that I'd never gotten around to before, paper backs and watched TV. The greatest strain was in the TV. There's an abysmal quantity of crud on TV. I'd hate to face retirement with only TV watching to do.

One night we had an exceedingly hard freeze, following several days of melting snow, and we woke up to find our retaining wall along the north side of our driveway had collapsed. The pressure of the freezing ground behind it had finally toppled it over. Since I didn't dare strain myself in any way, Margaret & Jim had to clear off the debris before the car could be backed out of the garage.

We had a late lingering hard winter, which saw abnormal drops in temperature and heavy snowfalls. My only consolation was that I didn't have to go out in it...for I wasn't going anywhere just then.

There's a mental depression that comes over you when you're sick for more than a day or two. I don't think Charlie Tanner ever overcame his, although I didn't know him before he got T.B. in 1940 or 1941. One time I asked Doc Barrett about Charlie and Doc said that frequently this was a by-product of T.B. & with some people it never seemed to leave them for the rest of their life. So, while I wasn't bedfast, I was feeling low enough when the local press, radio & TV announced that Autolite was going to terminate their Sharonville Division. They were going out of the bumper manufacture business. Just the cheerful news I needed at that moment. Not that I was in love with my job! Far from that. At that particular time the economy was in a slump and I knew jobs would be hard to find.

Spring was a series of rainy days. It became a major problem, as farmers could not plant and I wanted to put in a vegetable garden this year. My neighbor had given me some additional space and I planned an area double the size of previous years.

Life became a hectic round of job seeking, general activity, and house work. House work in the sense of wall rebuilding. I set the old wall behind the old wall and then got rid of the surplus dirt by hauling it out to the future garden spot where it could be plowed under. Thus, it was a race to beat the rainy weather.

This time I tried raising my tomato and sweet pepper plants from seed. I talked the plant superintendant at Autolite out of 2 fluorescent light fixtures which I put in the basement at home. (Wish I'd have asked for 3 & I could've put one in the garage, too.) Before I took them, I had the plant electrician install new starters and new daylight tubes. On the one fixture I've installed a chain so that I can lower the entire fixture down near the floor and this is where I had my seed bed. I'd burn the lights on for about 18 hours a day & as the plants sprouted, I'd transplant them into peat moss pots & later on as the weather got warmer, we'd move several hundred plants out in the morning & back inside at night...letting the sun do its job.

Being of the experimental type, I went in for some offbeat varieties; we grew: cherry, plum & pear tomatoes, as well as the standard kinds. I think all told I set out and staked 140 tomato plants. This is quite a few, but with the poor clay soil one has to compensate for the reduction in yield. The life saver was the Roto-tiller I could do in an hour what'd take me days otherwise. I'm just not up to the hand plow anymore. I think they should retire with the horse & buggy, and the hand lawn mower. Our 20 ft. freezer was completely filled to capacity & Margaret did a lot of canning. I'm not convinced that there is any great amount of savings on the food raised..... maybe 50% if you don't count your labor, however you do eat a lot better. It's fresh, available, and tastes a lot better.

Sometime in June I was interviewed at Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Previously I had checked into insurance with another company, but they did not show too attractive a set up. Metropolitan offered quite a bit and at the same time the Manager and his Assistant Manager were so nice that I decided to follow through.

I left Autolite on July 7th and the fellows held a picnic at Sharon Woods for my going away party. There were enormous quantities of food, beer, liquor; along with card playing, guitar playing & songfests. I heard later that it was considered the best one we'd ever had and it seemed like a good way to leave...sort of going out in a blaze of glory, as it were.

Saturday night I was up late with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group and then Sunday I flew to Chicago. By the time I had arrived and gotten settled down at the Oxford House Motor Hotel I was feeling a bit worn out.

Metropolitan reserves 30 rooms a week, there, and conducts classes on the 20th floor of the Corn Exchange Building on Wells street, which is 7 blocks over from the Oxford House on Wabash.

One of my friends from Autolite had attended this training school a month ahead of me and from what information I'd primed out of him I had a fair idea of what to expect. I had not been to any school since the Air Force Tech schools and it was hard for me. Just sitting still was hard; after all I'd been working for years on a production line and only the week before was handling 62 lb bumpers. They throw a lot at you in a short period of time and I was up until 1 am every night studying & doing the required written work. That change from factory work is a bit drastic.

Most people at Metropolitan in Chicago seemed surprised that I was there. So was I. Guess it was just a good line given to the Manager in Cincinnati, plus my naturally magnetic personality.

For a room mate I had a boy from Pikeville, Kentucky. That's really down in the sticks...about 400 miles south-east of Cincinnati, right in the mountains. I got along fine with him. For 14½ years I'd worked with the "Briars" at Autolite. "Briar" is short for "Briar-hopper"; a local designation for people from Kentucky. Georgians are called "crackers"; Tennesseans, "Hill billies"; and West Virginians, "Ridge Runners".

His name was Bill Kennedy and he couldn't spell worth a damn. I finally asked him if he'd ever finished high school. He replied that he'd gone to college for two years. I doubted this, but he said there was a school in Pikeville. I thought of H. Allen Smith and roared with laughter so hard that I rolled off the bed. He wanted to know what was so funny and I told him: "Pikeville University. Good old P. U.!!" He was so dumb he never did catch on and when he innocently asked me if I'd ever attended college I told him: "Sure. Sam Houston Institute of Technology".

Every night we had to leave the bathroom light on for him as a night light and he was homesick as hell. He hated the big city of Chicago. Madison street is a wide street and he actually was afraid to cross it. I remember the first day of going across the street and buying him a pack of cigarettes while he stood and waited for me.

He stuck to me like a leech. Probably due to the fact I understand Briars and Briar Talk, which is a language all of its own, and I suppose because I secretly felt sorry for him. Right now he may be a leading insurance agent in sales, but up there he earned the nickname, "country boy".

The usual events happened, some of the fellows got rolled of their dough and others celebrated so late at night that they overslept in the morning and got sat out by the school authorities.

I couldn't seem to hit it off with one certain instructor, not that I worked overtime trying. He'd been a supervisor at General Motors and with my Union background there was a clash of personalities. I sensed his attitude towards the world of being the "BOSS" and I never could stand anyone like that. So, out came the square needle.

We had several instructors, fortunately, and all of the rest were pretty good guys. I used to break up the class when we'd get into selling practices. I'd use name like: Herman Fignewton, etc for the prospects and sort of not take things too seriously.

Then, nearing the final day they wanted to Program our own insurance and just see how receptive we were to Life Insurance, ourselves. Back came the ex-G.M. boss. I told him that I was going to will my body to a Medical School and thus would have no Final Expenses. Shook him up so bad he dropped his cigarette.

I brought along one camera bag with the 35 mm equipment and flash and shot up several rolls around the city. One favorite spot was the top of the new Prudential Building. Our instructors used to joke about "Stingray Rock Mutual", meaning Prudential, and say that they pushed all Metropolitan men off the top if they found out who they were. A couple of students took this quite seriously.

Earl Kemp and the gang met me Saturday and they took me out to Gary, Indiana, for a meeting at Martha Beck's house. Al Lewis and Ted Johnstone from California were also in town and were at the meeting, too. It was the first time I'd met either of them. Al has a pleasant, friendly, easygoing manner and I liked him immediately. Ted seemed to be more serious and introverted and impressed me as being a person who works hard at being a non-conformist. Others at the meeting were from the Chicago area and were: Earl & Nancy Kemp, Martin Moore, Ann Dinkelman, Jim O'Meara, Jon Stopa Lewis Grant and Joe Sarco.

Martha fixed a Mexican dish for us. I think it was a Tortilla, but I could be wrong; I'm not too familiar with Mexican cooking. Whatever it was it was excellent. I kept coming back for more. There was a good talk session that night. I'd brought along some slides of the Midwest, Earl had some from the Boycon, and Al Lewis had some from various Westerns, etc. All of us, then, got to see slides of people and places that were new to us.

Martin Moore dropped off Jim, Ann and I at our respective domiciles in Chicago and it was 5:30 AM when I opened the door to my room and "Country Boy" jumped up out of a sound sleep like he was shot. He was so keyed up and so nervous that the least noise or sudden motion would unnerve him completely. I used to walk up behind him and clap my hands loudly and watch him jump a foot.

He wanted to know where I'd been and I said: "Out to Gary, Indiana". Then, I hit the sack and shut up like a clam (which was easy; tired as I was) and wouldn't tell him anymore. He worried about me and thought all sorts of evil things, which I sort of figured he would.

Sunday, I went to the Museum of Science and Industry. Dick Ollis went with me and he told me about the whore visiting his room the night before. He heard a knock on his door and when he opened it, in walked a blonde like she owned the place. "Feeling a little horny, honey?" she asked and he told her he always felt that way. Her price was \$20.00, but upon the plea of penury, she consented to take \$12.00 if he wouldn't tell anyone...as if he did and people found out, she might get into a lot of trouble. I laughed at this and told Dick that she was afraid she might lose her license.

After their business transaction was consummated, she asked him he was tired and he told her it would take more than that to wear him out...adding that he kept himself in good condition by doing 50 push ups every morning. She said he couldn't do that now. He told me that he then leaped out of bed and did 25 right quick and offered to bet her that \$12.00 she'd just taken from him, that he could do another 25 right away. She wouldn't bet, but he did the 25 anyway just to show her that he could. Showoff!

This story lasted until we got to the Museum and provided such entertainment that the trip hardly seemed to take any time at all.

Thursday was the day of our final exams and that night I let down the tension of the two week grind by visiting Harlan Ellison and his wife in Evanston, where Frank Robinson and I were Dinner guests. She prepared barbecued chicken outside on the grill and with that plus the Vodka, life looked UP!

Harlan is much more mature than in the early days that I'd known him ( prior to the 'Mad dogs kneeling him in the groin' , even.) and we talked about old times for awhile. He gave me a couple of his pocketbooks; and since I've returned I finally found the time to read "Gentleman Junkie", which is a collection of his short stories. I think they are good. Harlan had written a lot of crud in his early days and I had fell into the habit of avoiding his stories whenever and wherever they appeared. These I liked. I hope Harlan gets a movie or TV bid for some of them.

Harlan took off on a racial equality tack and really got far out. So much so that he and his wife got into a rather violent argument, much to Frank's and my embarrassment. I read in a fanzine where they have split up; and I think it's a shame. My sympathies go to her in this case, though; Harlan gets so wound up in his arguments that he gets hysterical and loses all good sense and logic.

Racial segregation is being eliminated and progress is being made. Not as fast as many colored would want, and faster than many whites desire; but it is being done. You constantly read about criticism of the U.S. about our racial problem from other countries. The ones that criticize either do not have the same problem or they themselves do not do anything about their own problem.

Russia is very anti-semitic and with no colored population of her own, caters to the Africans for propaganda purposes only. However, I've read where even these students in Moscow have felt the pressures so badly that many have returned home. Look at India and her problems and the words of Nehru ring hollow. Of course this hypocritical jackal of communism has now been revealed in a more true light since his take over of Goa. Britain never had too many colored but after the West Indians moved into London, Liverpool, etc in droves, the complaints about the segregation in the U.S. dropped off sharply and steps were taken to cut down the influx of these dark peoples. The point I'm trying to make is that in this country we are trying to solve the problem.

It has been my observation that there are Four general types of negroes:

1. Uncle Toms

The remnants of the old time southern negro. Now almost extinct.

2. Educated

These persons have had college training and many are lawyers, doctors, engineers and are quite intelligent and refined people.

3. Jitterbugs

Usually the younger people, they seemingly haven't a brain in their head. This is the group that most of the winos and hop heads come from. Rock and Roll, musically and physically seems to be the extent of their horizons.

#### 4. Professional Nigger

This person spends all his energy hating the whites, or else stating they were white, themselves. Everything bad in their lives is the fault of the white folk, when really it is the defect of their own personality. Integration is not enough for them...they want to be loved and accepted; which will never come to pass.

There are at least 30 colored families that I collect insurance from. All of them are nice people. Some keep filthy houses and others are as neat and clean as anyone could be. I know white people with the same traits. Only I started in on me with this integration business and I told her that I intended to judge each person individually; and not by their race. We've gotten along fine ever since.

Harlan tries to make a Big Thing about everything racial, and in my opinion only succeeds in making a fool of himself. Knowing Harlan for many years and feeling that I understand him, at least partially, I merely overlook it.

In another 10 or 15 years I expect to see almost complete integration except for some diehard counties in about 4 or 5 southern states. This will not really solve too much, but will bring on new problems as the Professional Niggers will not have anyone or anything to blame for their troubles.

As I said before, it was a pleasant evening and Frank walked to the El station with me and we parted. I'd like to spend more evenings like this.

Chicago is not a bad town for a big city. New York, I've always felt, is a mad scramble with everyone rushing about frantically; and there is a cold impersonal quality in most of the business contacts the average person comes across. Chicago is different. The people are more friendly, the clerks in the stores seem to take a more personal interest in you, and there is just something in the atmosphere that makes the city more inviting than New York.

Ted White may now write all sorts of commentary proving me wrong, and pointing out the error of my ways, but that's how the two cities impressed me.

One evening I walked down to the Pick Congress Hotel to look over the convention site for Chicago III in '62. Got ahold of the manager and he showed me various types of suites and combinations available, the ballroom, meeting rooms, the escalators, and the extensive remodeling going on. By con time they should have all their elevators changed over to self-operated automatic, which will be a boon to us. No more waiting while only 2 elevators are in use after midnight. It's a first class hotel and I for one am glad to see Earl Kemp come out with the edict of coat and ties for the banquet. Let the beats go to some greasy-spoon joint if they can't stand it.

While I'm on the subject of the bitches, I expect to see bitching continue about room rates, etc. Well, these people can go 3 or 4 blocks south into Southside and get a pad in some flop house. The same people every year gripe about prices at Midwestcons, Worldcons, etc but they always keep coming back. They never seem to grow up or be aware of the world in which they live; I wonder where they've been all their lives. Nothing is cheap anymore...only bitching. Recently I read an article

by an old time fan telling about the neophytes, deadbeats, etc in fandom. The most amusing thing to me about his entire article was something he'd not included...the fact that he and his wife were the ones who stuck it into Lou Tabakow at the 1955 Convention.

Meanwhile back in Chicago as I was walking down Michigan Ave. to the Pick Congress Hotel, I heard someone call my name and turned around to find Joe Sarno, who was on his way to a brain washing session at Crowell-Colliers. I asked him what it was all about and he replied that it was a secret advertising campaign they were coming up with. Yes, I replied, encyclopedias. Oh no, he said, something new. That Saturday when I saw him at the meeting at Martha Beck's house it turned out that it was encyclopedias.

After looking around Chicago somewhat limitedly for 2 weeks I have some definite ideas of places to visit and places to go to eat, and things to do when I go to the con. My hope and desire is to be able to afford to arrive one or two days early and leave one or two days after the con; using the extra time to visit the Museum of Science and Industry, Natural History Museum, up to the top of the Prudential Bldg, and the Art Museum which is just up the street from the hotel. I might like to see if the school is still going on at the same place and then I'd like to visit Chinatown. There are some jazz joints and some steak joints worth visiting and there are a couple of local Metropolitan agents that I went to school with that I'd like to see again. Then, there are places to photograph again, either for better exposure, or for better lighting at a different time of day.

The flight back to Cincinnati was rough and I was getting a bit airsick by the time we landed. It felt good to be down on solid earth, instead of the pitching and tossing about that we'd passed through.

My Assistant Manager stuck with me like a leech for four weeks and then turned me loose for two weeks and then came back for another two weeks. Now, I'm pretty much on my own and some of the maze of trivia seems to be straightening out. The insurance business is so complicated that no one person can ever hope to know it all and they don't expect me to either, which is just as well. I go into the office on Tuesday mornings and most of the day on Fridays. The rest of the week I leave directly from my house and come home for lunch about four days a week.

The hours are long, or else split up so that I really haven't had time to do all of the things I like to do. Eventually, it probably will straighten itself out even more so and I'll be able to schedule myself differently. My Fan Activity has been reduced quite a bit, but then there is an awful lot of crud in fanzines, and some fan activity is a waste of time and could be cut. One really shouldn't be a slave to their hobby, although it can be very entertaining.

Ella Parker came down for a week and since I knew that my job would take up a lot of time, I asked the CFG to help me out in trying to keep her somewhat entertained, or at least from getting too bored. Stan and Joaz Skirvin took her for a day; Lou Tabak and the Youngs took her around the city for a day; Oscar Moeller fixed her hair and then she spent the night at the Moeller residence; Dale Tarr showed her some more of the city and then she and I would sandwich in fannish conversations in between times. Ella spent a lot of time just being around our house and the kids soon grew fond of listening to her accent. Margaret liked her and Ella made a hit all the way around

in Cincinnati. She was able to attend two meetings of the CFG and got to see live in and around the Midwest.

Each person tried to show her different segments of life of the U.S., along with just trying to show her around town. Spending as much time as she did in the U.S. she must have gotten a pretty good idea of the size of this country as well as the make up and attitudes of a good cross section of the citizenry. I'd be very much interested in learning what her thoughts of this country are now, as compared to what she expected or thought prior to her journey. I hope Ella writes her trip report, soon; her proposed title, "The Harpie Stateside" brings a smile just at the mention of the title alone.

Bringing Ella to Cincinnati was Gene Kujawa, Betty's husband. We met only briefly at the airport and then he took off for a shooting match in Akron. In the time we did meet, though, I liked him. I invited him and Betty down for next year's Midwestcon and he said that he usually has a shooting match on that week-end, but perhaps he could drop off Betty for the con.

Sunday, then, we saw Ella off on a Greyhound Bus for Hagerstown in a pouring down rain. I didn't envy her the trip, but she said she'd always wanted to ride a Greyhound. By the time she made the 500 mile trip she may have gotten over this.

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October and November brought nothing new around here and I keep asking Lou, Dale and Stan for material for POOKA and keep getting evasive replies.

Stan got the axe when President Kennedy cut off the Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion project at General Electric. It was about ready to go, and if we'd have gotten this it would have been a major victory over the Russians. It was killed off just before the fruit began to bear. In the mass exodus of Engineers, Scientists and technicians to the four corners of the country, Stan went to Aeronca Corp. at Middletown, some 30 miles away. He's got too much to do and too little time to do it in.

Dale is in two investment clubs, a bridge club, and right now works 12 hours a day. He's out of the picture.

Lou operates a dry cleaning establishment and between the business, his bowling, and playing bridge, he's "over the hill". He's willing to talk any project anyone wants to do...thus providing the best lip service in the area. What the CFG needs is some young new blood. Everyone could then sit and encourage him to do all the work.

\* \* \*

It's always amazing to me how the weather affects people. One Saturday in December we had 4 inches of snow. All morning it was pretty slippery and traffic was snarled. It was the first big snow of the winter season and nobody seemed adjusted to it as yet. I put tire chains on so that I could take Margaret to the grocery for the week's shopping and by noon it was starting to melt. The disc jockeys were at their usual hysterical selves warning everyone to stay home or be careful if they did go out. I think it is the only time of the year that they feel they are providing any service to the public and they go all out. Next came rain and sleet, but warmer

temperatures. That night we were to have the meeting of the CPG and the excuses came in... Stan was going out of town next week; Bill Hartman had an errand to do; Oscar stayed home; and then Lou called saying he was "beat".

Lou had shoveled snow from in front of his store, which has a large parking area, and was exhausted. I told him that I didn't think shoveling snow was all that bad and he offered me \$10.00 the next time it snowed to do the job. I'll offer, but I bet he backs out of the deal. With two husky teen aged sons, Lou shovels snow!

So, we had a meeting of Margaret, Dale and I. We had a chance to talk, for a change, and Dale and I intend to see what we can do about getting in some new members.

\* \* \*

The Ford, 1952 model, has 129,000 miles on it and is beginning to look ragged. The rocker panels underneath the doors are rusting out, the door upholstery is hanging in shreds and the floor mats are shot. With the amount of driving I do now, it has become imperative that I do something. Unexpectedly I was given the opportunity to buy another car. A friend in the camera club got a 1962 Pontiac and I bought his 1957 Ford at a price above what the dealer would allow and considerably under what I could buy one for at a dealer's. It has a lot of extras that I probably wouldn't buy in a new car: automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, radio, etc. For the price of a car radio you could buy a good transistor radio and carry it with you other places. The deciding factor in all of this was the care with which he keeps a car. Better than I do, I know.

It needed new brake shoes and a muffler and tail pipe. One of the fellows I used to work with at Autolite has a Sunoco station and I had him do the labor. I bought the parts wholesale from a friend in a parts supply. Between the two locations I saved about \$30.00 and everyone still made money and was happy. Probably I was the one the happiest, but that shows you how so many places bleed the customer. No wonder there is a constant rise of discount houses and price cutters in this country.

Having two cars is a distinct pleasure. Margaret has the old car for going to the store, picking up the kids, etc. Now, I don't have to readjust the rear vision mirror, the seat, pick up all my insurance forms off the floor every time I take the car. It takes 10 minutes to get everything back in place after a simple trip to take the kids somewhere.

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I sent for a copy of "Who's Who in S F Fandom", published by L. D. Broyles. It's a real laugh rag. I think it should go down as the best humorous fanzine of 1961. It left out so many fans, that you wonder where Broyles has been, but then perhaps he decided to hell with those who didn't reply to his questionnaire. Anyway, read his own rundown on page 6 before you ready anything else.

Here one finds out that Lloyd has over 300 books, hundreds of records and belongs to: Pick-A-Book, Doubleday's SF Book Club and their Dollar Mystery Guild, Science Program, and that he subscribes to: Science News Letter, Consumer Reports, Reader's Digest, Coronet, etc. Also, to two classical record clubs.

That's really cutting it to a fine line, isn't it? Not only that, those are all vital statistics! He left out one thing: we don't know if he uses Charmin Tissue.

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Xero #7 includes another poll sheet and mentions that fans are inclined to be more interested in politics and that one hears politics discussed more often, now, in club meetings and at fan gatherings. I think this is true. Lou says he thinks it is because fans are older, now. Whatever the reason, the CFG has always been active in discussing politics at meetings. Sex and religion, too. We tear the hell out of all three subjects.

It's been my observation that the less successful a fan was in life, the more grandiose schemes he advocates and the more to the left, politically, he is. There probably are some exceptions somewhere, but if so are few indeed. The frustrations creep out and boom they're out advancing some wild scheme to spend other people's money.

With both major parties having their own internal divisions, one should judge each candidate individually in order to make sure of voting for the person who represents your own viewpoints best. A vote for the party, regardless of the man, is bad. I always split my ticket and try to vote for the more conservative of the two candidates. Right now the liberals make all the noise, but I'm gratified to note the rise of the conservatives. Actually, a third party would about be ripe for today's times. A conservative third party would draw votes from the ranks of both parties and tend to make both parties more conservative as well.

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We've just passed through a phase on bomb shelters. The 'Great Debate' is over. The headlines have been written and the newspapers have milked this question of about all they can. Now everyone will settle back in their chairs and read about some new crisis. I enjoyed the discussions, as I imagine most fans did. After reading stories about atomic destruction for years, it seemed quite simple to imagine the fighting over food, shelter & clothing that would occur after such a disaster. Look at what happens after a flood or hurricane, today. They have to call out the National Guard to prevent looting. What'd happen if the populace knew there was no Guard?

Of course you are going to have to keep a weapon in your bomb shelter. Then, you shoot the aged, the infirm, the sick and the helpless who want in. You let in only those who can help you survive. It's a matter of your own survival and of your family; and I dare say those who holler the loudest against keeping anyone out, would be the most cold hearted of the lot. I don't have a shelter; and I don't expect to build one...at least not in the immediate foreseeable future. If I were building a new house, though, I'd certainly include one in the plans. Community shelters are more the answer and all new schools and all public buildings should include a shelter.

TAFF Analysis

1961

U.S. Side

Final Count	Ellik	131	Eney	73
U.S. Votes		98		49
British Votes		33		24

From the very beginning Ellik took the lead and held it to the closing deadline.

Total of money held for TAFF by myself is: \$027.50. Additional money will be forthcoming from the sales of TAFF BAEDEKER and EPITAFF once they have cleared their respective production costs.

Money was raised as follows:

Eney & Ellik's Registration fees	20.00
Auction Bloch at Pittsburgh	99.00
Wally Weber	30.00
PITICON Committee	200.00
Auction Bloch at SEACON	94.00
2 Atom Anthologies	2.00
1/2 of Richardson's St. Fantasy Costume	10.00
SEACON Committee	200.00

The balance of the money was raised by the ballots.

People who voted are as follows:

Ron Bennett	Bruce Pelz	Claire Beck
Steve Tolliver	WM. Rotler	Anna Moffatt
Ien Moffatt	Les Nirenberg	F. M. Busby
Elinor Busby	Edmund R. Meskys	Don Franson
Sandy Cutrell	Norman Metcalf	Bob Pavlat
Ed Wood	Don Fitch	Bob Tucker
Ruth Berman	Martha S. Cohen	Frank Hiller
Douglas O. Clark	Bob Stewart	Kathy Bernstein
Jim Caughran	Burnett R. Toakey	Larry McCombs
Peggy Rae McKnight	BJO Trimble	John Trimble
Ernie Wheatley	Roy Tackett	Vic Ryan
Al Lewis	William B. Ellern	Don Anderson
Paul Turner	Eleanor Turner	Emile E. Greenleaf
Don Wollheim	Elsie Wollheim	Edwin J. Baker
Joseph J. Rolfe	Felice Rolfe	Rick Snsary
Sally Kidd	Alva Rogers	Hal Lynch
Bruce Henstell	Helen Urban	Dean Grennell
Jean Grennell	Donald A. Thompson	Bill Millardi
Stuart S. Hoffman	Esther Richardson	Iva Firestone
Ralph M. Holland	Charles Wells	Lemy Kaye
Marijane Johnson	Seth A. Johnson	Susie Beam
Ray Beam	Ben Keifer	Bob Madle
WM. J. Jenkins	Noreen Shaw	Larry Shaw

Dick Lapoff  
Marion Z. Bradley  
Ruth Kyle  
Janie Lamb  
Ray Smith  
C. B. Hyde  
Ellen Parkes  
Karen Anderson  
Leland Sapiro  
Bernie Zuber  
Miriam Carr  
Joe Gibson  
Stephen Stiles  
Andrew Reiss  
Pete Graham  
Virginia Schultheis  
Bob Silverberg  
Lynn Hickman  
David C. Fox  
P. Schuyler Miller  
Larry Gurney  
Wral Ballard  
Malcolm Willits  
Bill Evans  
Wally Weber  
Jack Speer  
Don Ford  
Mary Ellen Moeller

Maggie Gurdie  
Harry Warner  
C. L. Barrett, MD  
Philip N. Bridges  
Ila Smith  
Alice Hyde  
Mary June Wulf  
Bill Donaho  
Terry Carr  
Andy Main  
N. Wyman  
Robert Coulson  
Robert T. Shea  
Fred Von Bernewitz  
Martin Helgenson  
Art Wilson  
George W. Spencer  
Carole Hickman  
Phil Harrell  
Robert P. Brown  
Joan Skirvin  
Dick Wilson  
Fritz Leibor  
Mike I. McInerney  
Dean V. Boggs  
Phyllis Economa  
Margaret Ford  
Lou Tabakow

Ralph Watts  
Dave Kyle  
Libby Vintus  
Dirce Archer  
Kenneth C. Parkes  
Joe Herzog  
Jack Price  
Mrs. A. C. Rogers  
Gail Daniels  
Jane Jacobs  
Roberta Gibson  
Juanita Coulson  
Ted White  
Larry Ivie  
Stephen F. Schultheis  
Frederick Patten  
Fred W. Arnold  
Jack Harness  
Richard Bergeron  
Danis Bisnicks  
Stan Skirvin  
Rory Faulkner  
Forrest J. Ackerman  
Dick Eney  
Buddie McKnight  
Raymond Barto  
Oscar Moeller  
Dale Tarr

Ed and Anne Cox were voided...being received past the deadline. Tucker voted twice and had the second ballot voided. Bruce Henstell voted at least 3 times, maybe 4. Three of his ballots were voided. Ella Parker double checked the ballot count while she was here and both candidates were notified of the results on September 30th.

In order to arrange for a smoother transition, Ron Ellik graciously consented to handle the ballots and money for the current election to bring over a British Delegate. This also allowed a greater separation of the bookkeeping records; ballot count, etc. and avoided some confusion due to the overlapping campaigns.

Special thanks should be given to Al Lewis, Wally Weber and the SEACON Committee for their efforts in conducting the Auction Bloch at Seattle. The PITCON and SEACON Committees were both very generous with their donations and it is hoped that future con committees will be able to follow their examples.

Under an agreement entered into between Eric Bentcliffe and myself, \$462.00 will be the winner's purse. This is a slight rise over previous years and represents the cost of the round trip air fare from New York to London. A check for \$828.50 was sent to Ron Ellik on January 7, 1962.

Don Ford

