

POOKA

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by

Don Ferd

Box 19-T, RR #2

Loveland, Ohio, USA

Lp Records Collected ... continued from Pooka 11 & 12

RCA LOC 1060	Lucille Ball in Wildcat
66. RCA LPM 2157	Della - Della Reese
67. RCA LPM 1864	The Guy Warren Sounds - Themes for African Drums
68. RCA LPM 2366	The Greatest Horn In The World - Al Hirt
69. RCA LPM 2232	Chet Atkins' Workshop
80. Diplomat 2235	Lionel Hampton At The Vibes
81. Guest Star G 1401	Dukes of Dixieland
82. Promenade 2230	Harmonica & Ping Pong Percussion
83. Golden Tone, C 4021	Dixieland
84. Tops, L 1751	When The Saints Go Marching In
85. RCA LPM 2239	Kick Thy Own Self - Dave Gardner
86. RCA LPM 2083	Rejoice, Dear Heart! - Dave Gardner
87. RCA LPM 2335	Ain't That Weird? - Dave Gardner
88. RCA LPM 2498	Did You Ever? - Dave Gardner
89. RCA LPM 2501	Let The Good Times Roll - Turk Murphy

From this you may have deduced that I belong to the RCA Record Club. At the time of joining they seemed to offer the best deal consistent with what sort of music I wanted to hear. None of the big 3 really offer too much in selections. Stan Skirvin is in Columbia & if we wanted to, we could order through each other's membership. Capital is run by Sinatra & I find him so detestable that I could never be persuaded to join that club.

Most of the good material is on the smaller off brand labels.

Today will be looked back upon as one of the truly great eras of jazz. There are more records available, more artists available than ever before. A serious collector would go broke trying to keep up with everything. Back in the late Thirties and early Forties, this was not so. Today the fidelity is better and with the Lp's there is no the storage problem of the old 78 rpm's.

Albums sell better than singles.

One thing about the Twist was that it got more people interested in dancing & this is what's needed to keep jazz alive...participation.

The Bossa Nova is an import that I hope will stay around for years and years. WNOP had a demonstration of the intricate rhythms involved. Not as easy as it sounds.

Now, everything is Hootenanny.

They'll kill off Folk Music for sure. The race is on to dig up some obscure tune out of the past; and a sort of "one upmanship" develops along this track. Folk Music has degenerated to the level of phoniness of Modern Art. Its own in-breeding carries the seeds of its own destruction, though....a benefit for the people who care.

Speaking of WNOP, the Cincinnati area has a real swinging station. It's in Newport, Ky. and located at 740 on the dial. 1,000 watts and a daytime station. It carries amazingly far. I've listened to it most of the way to Indianapolis & to Columbus, each of which is 100 miles away.

Dick Pike is the Station Mgr and a force behind the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, which rivaled the Newport Jazz Festival so well that it has become an annual event. At times they get pretty far out on the station, but it's refreshing to listen to. If they are playing one band out of an album and it runs for 10 - 15 minutes, they play it. None of this 2½ minutes of music followed by a commercial or two. The commercials they do have are clever, funny & not too many.

Recently they advertised that in the interest of bring the best in entertainment to the Cincinnati area, they were sponsoring an eclipse of the sun on July 20th. A listener then wrote in and requested a re-run of the 1937 flood.

They play a lot of Johnathan Winters and practically all of the comedy albums. The NAACP got unhappy because they kept repeating on tape an excerpt from one of Dave Gardner's albums where he says: "James Lewis! You get away from that wheelbarrow! You know you doesn't know nothin' about machinery!" They retaliated by cutting it down to just "James Lewis!" and then they'd repeat this about 100 times a day.

The Radio-TV reviewer for one of the local papers is Mary Wood. WNOP said one day that Mary Wood thought "Big John" was the ladies powder room at the Albee Theater. Jack Clements is one of the announcers who has his own show from 2 - 6 PM every Sat. He broadcasts from a downtown bar and manages to interview every show biz personality who passes through Cincinnati.

As an interviewer, Jack does very well and before the guests know it they're off talking about themselves & their experiences. This is the secret of good interviewing. Jack is also a stand-up comic playing local clubs. He got a shot at the Purple Onion out in 'Frisco last year. He rode the bus out & remarked later that Nebraska was an open ditch. People like Phyllis Diller, Jack E. Leonard, and Buddy Lester think he's great and maybe someday he'll hit.

Jack has an LP out which has a couple of science fiction bits on it. This was what first attracted me to his show & in the course of conversation at the office, I discovered one of my friends knew him quite well...having gone to school together. He took me over to the house and it turned out Jack was an old letter hack from 48 & 49 in Amazing. He used to correspond with Marion Zimmer (Bradley) & even put out a fanzine at one time.

After getting out of high school he got into advertising at Kemper Thomas Co & left them to go into show business. He's got a lot of interesting stories to tell. He pulled a good one over the air that I liked...he was talking about the Liz Taylor-Eddie Fisher break up and remarked: "When Liz Taylor adopted her child this was probably the only time in history when the authorities took a child out of an orphanage and placed it into a broken home."

In trying to achieve a bit of continuity with the last POOKA, I re-read the previous issue & noted that integration was a subject of controversy. Today, of course, it's a subject of national controversy.

The negroes have made their point with their demonstrations. Continuing them is a mistake. The gains by such continuance will be offset by losses in other ways, many of them by people who today are sympathetic to the cause. People are starting to get fed up with demonstrations. Almost all jokes making the rounds today have a racial theme. Gains being made in tolerance are being offset by losses in acceptance.

A man in Cincinnati has received a charter from the State of Ohio to form a non-profit organization which he calls, National Association for the Advancement of White People. NAAWP. He claims 400 paid memberships with applications pouring in. His membership will increase, though not by mine, and Governor Wallace of Alabama says he has so much mail from Ohio expressing sympathy towards him that it would take him 2 months to read it all.

An exaggeration, of course, but an indication that the negro may not be gaining any sympathy in the North. The March slated for August 28th in Washington, D.C. is hurting the con. I heard people say at the Midwestcon that they don't want to be near something like that. Fortunately, the 28th is 2 days before con time. I just hope the hop-heads & juice-heads are gone by con time.

It's the "Mothers March on Congress".

The NAACP named Governor Wallace "Mother of the Year."

Concerning the last issue of POOKA wherein I defined a few general types of colored, Terry Carr seemed to feel that I was prejudiced. Got a lecture in a subsequent mailing. Now, what I'd like to know is this: did Terry marry a negro for his second wife? If not, why not?

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Since the last issue, TAFF has continued right along and I'm happy to read that they are quite solvent. Ethel made her trip over and the current election is to select the person who will go to Europe next year. People seem concerned that there isn't great shouting from the rooftops about TAFF. Yet, TAFF goes right along. I don't see where it is necessary for a lot of hoopla, if it is successful and working smoothly. Interest rises & falls but it does in other areas, also.

TAFF will continue for many years and will be one of these institutions which many people will quietly support, because they believe in its principles. The thing that will kill off TAFF will be to saddle it with a lot of rules. By giving the Administrators wide flexibility you keep it simple and a success. By their own election, the Administrators already have the support and confidence of the majority of fandom.

Two years ago I wrote to Graham Stone of Sydney, Australia inquiring about the possibility of a future TAFF set up for this area of the world. I said we could

tentatively call it ANZUS, Australia, New Zealand, United States. This of course would take more money for fares and would take some time until enough had been raised for the first trip. But, I did not think it was impossible.

Back came a letter saying that our 30 years of fan activity in the U.S. has been misdirected. With a little effort science fiction could have had academic recognition by now. A bibliography should have been published. Day's index is unsatisfactory. Thousands of trashy amateur publications have served no purpose. The only large collections are in private collectors hands & research has never gotten properly started. There are no local organizations that amount to anything & no national organization.

The informal organization represented by the convention is worthless. What purpose do the conventions serve? Do they make any contribution to the field?

Finally, we couldn't use the name ANZUS which is a current mutual defence treaty between 3 countries.

Well, needless to say I didn't press any further on the subject of starting a Staff-Type exchange. In fact, I decided to simmer down a bit before I wrote a reply and never have gotten around to it.

Anybody got any ideas, or does Graham Stone represent the thinking of fandom from down under?

The 1962 Midwestcon was a flop. We didn't advertise it much & the attendance was low & it rained. We had some good moments, but it didn't swing like in former years.

1963 was a different story. More people & a certain undefinable thing crept in that made it a success. Nothing you can put your finger on, but everyone had a good time.

Marion Bradley & son, Ted Cogswell, Walter Breen, Ed & Leigh Hamilton were some of the attendees this year, who haven't always been here. Things were looking up for a number of people who weren't too well off, financially, last year & maybe that was it.

This year we held a Banquet. A smorgasborg affair. All you could eat for \$5.00. Received a number of compliments over this but we were amused at a certain couple who shall be anonymous, who thinks that any meal costing over 50¢ is outrageous. I don't know what time era they were raised in, but these two never fail to amaze me each time I see them.

Next year, with the World Con being scheduled for the West Coast, the Midwestcon may be the con for many of the Easterners and Midwest fans.

The North Plaza is getting to look a bit seedy, now. All the newer, type luxury hotels make those a few years old look run down. We'll probably stay with the North Plaza until they run us out. One thing they don't seem to mind is noise. They tolerate it better than the hotels do. The rates for our room were cut \$1.00 this year too.

Maybe flop is too harsh a judgement for the Chicon III, but it certainly wasn't a success, either. Success in the sense of enjoyment. Too much program. Washington promises less program and as such I look forward to it. The thing that salvaged Chicago for us was the city itself. Washington won't be able to compete with Chicago in this area so I hope the con turns out well.

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On July 4th the Skirvins and the Pattersons came out & we went on a rock hunting & fossil finding expedition. In the vicinity of Loveland there are a number of creeks where Indians used to roam & which have some fossil strata. We didn't find anything too sensational, but each of us came back with something. The children were the main reason for this trip. They've all started their own collections & knowing how much it hurt us in our childhood to have to get rid of anything, we certainly won't ask them to abandon theirs.

Flooding this, came a back yard picnic & a wild croquet game. We ended up playing with 3 sets of partners & the various shots & strategy became complex and involved. With the aid of a strand of outdoor lights we continued until 9:30 at night.

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Saturday, July 6th I left for Pennsylvania with Don Fredericks. Don, or 'Freddy the Forger' as he is sometimes referred to at the office, is an agent the same as myself. He reads science fiction & is the one who is a friend of Jack Clements. He is also interested in photography. Thus, it was natural that we became friends when I joined Metropolitan.

Each of us had qualified to go to an "Honor Club Conference", on the basis of sales last year. I hadn't planned to attend knowing the usual baloney would be ladled out in large quantities. However, Freddy wanted me to go & since we both like to shoot slides, take off from the conference and see Gettysburg, I said well perhaps...if we could work in a visit to Pittsburg on the way.

So the upshot of it was that we arrived in Pittsburg on that Saturday & after checking into a motel, called up the gang. Having been forewarned by letter, they'd arranged for a party that night at Marion Mailinger's house. Pirce & Arthur Archer, Bob Hyde & wife, P. Schuyler Miller & about a dozen others whose names I now forget were there. It was a real blast.

As the evening progressed Freddy became less self-conscious & less fearful of the gent's fan. Hyde had the latest news in the Burroughs field. There is now a resurgence of Burroughs and the poor collectors are having to scramble like mad to

collect everything over again. Virtually the entire Burroughs is being reprinted & now they have to buy them all over again because they're in new editions, etc.

Marion provided a style show for the women & they flipped over her wigs. They had to try them on to see how they looked with different colored hair.

I asked Schuy Miller why we didn't get a plug for the Midwestcon in Analog & discovered Lou Tabakow hadn't written him far enough in advance. This made me feel good as I'd have something to raise hell about with Lou when I got home.

Ken Hall was telling how friends of his who are ornithologists were dissecting the Hitchcock movie, The Birds. Seems like the sound track recorded the sounds of one kind while showing another. The characteristics of this type were such that they wouldn't do what they were doing, etc. I suppose in their own little circle they are putting out fanzines like we do after a movie on science fiction.

If each movie were made technically accurate, satisfied each little splinter group, it probably would end up so dull nobody would go to see it.

We finally cut out from the party and headed back to our motel. Having been told by some of the others in the office who'd attended in previous years, that there was no use arriving too early as the check-in was a drag, we slept late & then took a few shots around the pool & motel area before leaving.

The turnpike was a couple of miles away & not seeing any likely looking places to eat on the way, figured on stopping off at the Howard Johnson's at the Somerset Exchange. It was packed & people were standing in line waiting for a place to sit. This was out for us. We left the turnpike & drove into Somerset, itself.

We noted a small place where old ladies were leaving their Cadillacs & Chryslers to go in. I told Freddy to stop & checked out the place. It looked clean and had tablecloths. I figured these old ladies must know something because as a class you'd never find anyone more stingy. I was right. For \$1.27 I got a large platter of fried chicken, home cooked vegetables, rolls, home made tomato juice, 2 glasses of iced tea, and home-baked blueberry pie with ice cream. I don't know how they did it.

After lunch we continued the side roads on into Bedford Springs & out of town to the hotel. This hotel is quite old & carries with it all the synthetic built in snobbery, which I detest. The reservations were screwed up, which didn't surprise me any. Our boss boss had been looking for us, probably thinking we were drunk in Pittsburg & liable not to even show up. He'd spotted us & it was a good thing as he got matters straightened out & then showed us to where our rooms were. All of us were in the annex...a newer section, which must have been built about 1935.

Afterwards, we joined the gang sitting on the patio by the swimming pool. Some woman, who reminded me a bit of Reva Smilay, was wading in the pool & reached the dividing rope between the shallow end & the deeper end. In some manner she got her foot tangled in the rope & lurched forward. She started screaming & yelling & the echoes came bouncing back from the nearby hills. Since her head was above water

nobody took her serious.

However, she was panic stricken & the yells increased in pitch until the women realized that something must be wrong. About that time the life guard tore himself away from some young chic & came to investigate. Freddy said in a loud voice that this must be part of the planned entertainment, and about the time they were helping her out of the pool & I said it was a lousy act what does she do for an encore. This drew frowns of disapproval & the look that women give when a man says something critical of another woman. No matter what, you are automatically attacking all of womankind when you criticize another woman. I just kept laughing & I'm sure the boss' wife feels a deep sympathy towards Margaret for having to put up with me.

We had dinner at the hotel & then Freddy & I cut out for Bedford Springs to look the town over. The town is a nothing. Somebody ought to buy it, pour gasoline on it, and then touch it off with a match. We got a few set ups, some ice & hit the news stand. Back at the hotel we read & had a few drinks & sacked in early.

Next morning we left the hotel at 6:30 & took off for Gettysburg. Stopped off in Chambersburg for breakfast & afterwards we looked over the town square & shot a few pictures. They'd had a Civil War display set up in a huge house trailer which was now closed. Just as we headed back to the car, a woman in her fifties latched on to us apologising for not having the display open. We told her we didn't mind & then she went on to recount the 4 times Chambersburg had been invaded by the south and we thought we'd never get rid of her without being rude.

Finally made it & got on the way to Gettysburg about 30 miles away.

The battlefield surrounds the city in a sort of horseshoe shape. Parts of it are in public lands & other parts are privately held. As a result it is pretty badly commercialized. The first entrance we made had a nice view to the right, but on the left was a motel with large signs saying: "Sleep on the Battlegrounds Tonight".

Sort of a Shock. With all the money wasted in Foreign Aid, I'd like to see a few millions diverted back to the U.S. & used to buy up such properties & tear them down.

There are a number of fire towers scattered about the area & from the lookout station at the top you can get an idea of the overall layout. There are signs posted giving directions for a Battlefield Tour & we followed these in and out of town in a large circle & wasted a lot of film snapping photos of monuments, etc. I ended up with a few good ones of some cannons, etc.

After awhile it becomes too much to assimilate in one day.

The National Park Service has a nice Museum with many exhibits & then for 50¢ you can see the Cyclorama. This is a circular painting 356 feet in circumference and 26 feet high. They start out with total blackness & through the use of colored lights, sounds & spotlights depict a day of battle. Well done. The painting is quite detailed & the photos I took of various portions of it came out well. It was

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painted in 1884.

After the show, here, we continued the tour & at Round Top we climbed about a mile from the parking lot to the top & then to the top of the fire tower where we collapsed. Then we decided we'd had it for the day. It was 81 miles back to Bedford Springs where we were to be at a Banquet at 7 pm.

We'd no sooner gotten into our hotel room when the phone was ringing. It was the boss. He had been trying to find us all day & was a bit frantic by now. It seems as though his boss was going to show up for a few drinks, shortly, and could we get over pronto? I took my time showering up & Freddy told me later that tension was mounting by the time I arrived.

I was introduced & when the V-P asked me about the lapel pin in my jacket, I told him it was for taking a ride in a Rambler. This brought the conversation in the room to a stunned silence. Nobody knew whether to laugh or act serious & he wasn't sure whether he was being put on or not. While his flunky, who carried his briefcase looked on with a scowl of disapproval of me, I explained that one of my policyholders worked for the Nash Rambler dealer in town & this really & truly represented me taking a ride in a Rambler. Tension eased off & nervous laughter rang out. The pin is a solid gold with the atomic orbits surrounding the replica of the earth. It looks good on a dark suit & I've had many people ask me what it was for. If I tell them the truth nobody believes me, so I tell most people the other story & they accept it.

We shot a few pictures & I'm now in with the boss as I got a couple of him with his boss. The flunky, whom Freddy & I referred to as "the bag man" wanted to use my camera & I refused him so I'm in solid with him. The V-P left and we had a few more drinks while the boss inquired where we'd been all day.

The Banquet food was good, which was a surprise. The ceremony was brief & the old 30 year men were stunned...shortest Banquet in my memory. Next was a Playhouse production in a tent of "Come Blow Your Horn". Currently Frank Sinatra is starring in the movie version of this. Not having any name players, but with local talent only, we didn't feel up to sitting on folding chairs for this. You'd have thought we were terrible by not going. Our boss is real Gung-ho...anything the Co. sponsors has got to be good. You know the type. I soon removed all doubts as to my attendance to this affair.

After climbing 5 fire towers & wandering about the Battlefield, I was ready for sleep.

The next morning was the Business meeting & required attendance. Since they paid for the trip, I was prepared to suffer through it. It got a bit sickening to watch all the sychophants in action. I assume all large companies have the same types & after awhile it sort of gets you right there.

The usual crap came out about how much more you could sell than what you did last year & how easy it was, etc. I sat there & mentally tried to anticipate the speech.

I could write one better, I know, and I tried to think a sentence or paragraph ahead to see how it followed the pattern.

A skit was presented that was pretty well done. It was to make a certain point and for what it tried to do it succeeded very well. Finally after 3 hours it was over & we were freed.

We had lunch in the Club House at the golf course and the rest of the afternoon loitered about the pool. There was organized games on the lawn, but I let the gang-bo boys do that.

We had some more drinks in the boss' room before Dinner and afterwards there was vaudeville entertainment which we skipped in favor of the pool room. We made a trip into town to mail some film, pick up set ups & ice & had a room party that night.

Next morning we left about 6 AM and headed south to Cumberland, Maryland & on down to route 50. I wanted to preview route 50 for the trip to Washington for the con. Some had said go by the way of the turnpike & others said by way of route 50. Well, the turnpike looks like a cruddy beat up road after riding on the new Interstate Highways. 50 was winding & mountainous, so I guess I'll have to check with Pavlat & see what he says.

We made it back to Cincinnati without much new incidents to relate. At the meeting that Friday at the office, the Mgr. referred to Freddy & I as the "Rover Boys". This week we'll go over our slides & pick out a few to show at the meeting Friday.

I had portions of the OMPA mailing with me, but didn't get a chance to read all of it as yet. Time is something I do not have enough of. I find myself tending to skim a lot of fanzines more and more. Some read easily & others are more difficult, so these I gloss over. Laney's writing in Phenotype read very well. With little effort you find yourself reading page after page.

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Lately I've had a lot of time taken up with the project of building an addition onto the house. We've finally settled on a large room with a porch running along one side & this whole thing to be separated from the house by a breezeway. It will be a place for my mother & father to live & there are problems of heating, plumbing, etc. It's pretty well resolved & things should start this week.

Our society seems to have changed considerably since I was a boy. Then, when I get to talking with my father I realize how much change he has seen in 76 years. Today it seems like we are on a rapidly moving treadmill, whereas it seemed like when I was a boy there was more time for simply doing nothing. Of course, this is because I didn't have to work.

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Today one has to have the ability to adjust to a changing society. I can remember when change was more gradual & of course my father recalls that if you started out in a certain line of work and did well at it, you were set for life. This isn't true in 1963. You have to be able to adapt.

I talk to people working at the Ford Automatic Transmission plant and they feel secure. When I mention to them that they'll never retire from there, they look at me like I'm crazy, but I honestly believe that statement. In a few more years automatic transmissions will be eliminated. Technology will have outmoded the entire plant.

This is what I mean by our society going through more rapid changes & upheavals. "Player Piano" by Kurt Vonnegut was one of the best pieces of writing to have come out of science fiction. It's so realistic that it's frightening.

For our children we are trying to help them choose careers that will not contain such pitfalls. Terry has graduated from high school this year and in September will enter nurse's training. Once she has become a registered nurse, the field is open to a variety of jobs for her. It's also an occupation that isn't likely to be automated in the near future and one which can be held in any part of the U.S. wherever one would care to live.

Jim will be in the 9th grade this year and he finished top in his class of 170 last year. He wants to go into Accounting and end up as a CPA. According to the experts, this field is wide open and the computers will merely eliminate the clerks, bookkeepers, and the drudgery jobs. There is expected to be a demand for even more CPA's.

Stan Skirvin thinks he should go into engineering. I'm certainly not opposed to this, but the CPA's do better financially & they don't have to bounce around the country like construction workers who have to follow the jobs.

John is only in the 2nd grade, so we've go awhile on him.

* * * * *

My high school class (year of 1938) held their 25th reunion on July 20th. There were 575 in the class and about half the class showed up for the affair. We went to Columbus, Ohio for that week-end & stayed at the motel where the Banquet and Dance was held. Had a nice time and it was good for my ego. There were many who could've passed for 60 years of age and by comparison of the general average I held my age pretty good. I'd thought of taking Lou Tabakow along and introducing him as my father, but if I would have done so, many would have looked upon him as a contemporary.

It's hard to keep up the fanac when one has to run to stand still in the mundane world. But, just think...when all of us old First Fandomites reach 65 and retire and will be looking for something to do to fill up our time, the flood of fanzines will grow and grow. We can turn out material like beavers and then gripe at the younger fans because they don't do so much. They'll be the ones who'll be busy earning a living and paying their taxes to keep us with a monthly retirement check.