

Also the Fapulous Sixth Annish, which surprises me more than somewhat; it certainly does not seem any 6 years; the 2-3/4 years on the WL seem much longer.  
O yeh: this is a zine by F M Busby of 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle Wn 98119.

I've gone and done my trick again: here it is time to be mailing this zine in, and here am I, starting Page One. At least, the Long Beach commentary is not only stencilled but run-off. But I recall a few comments I wanted to make to items in good ol' Mailing #111. Well, let's see now...

The FA: I hope Rick's Cult Joke is not carried to extremes; also I hope that the other two amendments are passed. Chuck Hansen should be listed as a sponsor of #2, since he made the first move and the first draft of it; wha hoppon?

QUEEBCON XI IS A GAS, AND I DON'T EVEN CARE WHO GLEN CAMPBELL IS! (R&R type, huh?)

HORIZONS #102: George O'Brien was my favorite cowboy hero; Buck Jones 2nd.

I dunno, Harry; I'm 44, and I tend to feel that it is only in recent years that I've really begun to hit my stride, shaking off for the most part some of the difficulties and ailments that plagued me in more youthful days. Of course it may be getting to be a little optimistic to keep telling myself that with any luck I haven't even hit the halfway mark yet, but I don't feel over the hill; no. Perhaps it is just that you are belatedly experiencing the pangs that beset most of us at the age of 29 years, 11 months and 29 days. After that it gets better.

DAMBALLA 7: Some very good thinking there, Chuck, in sorting out the components of the late beef. I particularly enjoy the bit on Cons: "...the membership cards.. ..are merely tickets.." (bought early to finance) "...the entertainment". [Oops; I was going to say to Harry that I'd be quite pleased to see his suggestions on this score adopted, but that Cons are non-profit as they stand, any excess being handed on to the next Con or distributed to other fannish benefit.]

Nobby & Lisa also bounce around in snow any time we have it-- but will they go out into the rain if they can help it?? Of course not.

THE TIME MACHINE: Really enjoyed this flashback to Chicon the First, Bob.

VANDY 24: I'll take some "blame" for inclusion of Curt's zine, Buck; it had actually reached the OE before Curt's resignation but because of one thing and another (including the overstretched jiffy-bags) it was omitted from Mlg 109. Having seen Curt's file-copy I strongly urged Bruce to include the zine in Mlg 110, since ordinarily it would have been in 109 quite legally.

BT: Kudoes or laurels or something for your remarks re the succession of office, boycotting, the Mass Blackball, etc. When you get tired (oops!) of Monique Von Cleef, send her on up to the next Queebcon where they dote on weird preverty topics; she'd probably run like hell when they trot out the crocodile.

KIM CHI 5: Could be that I was a little surprised at that, since that was the drunkest old hooty owl I'd been drunk as in quite some years, that first night of the Pacificon; I must of got to thinking I was Immune or something. I ain't.

Funniest thing about the Great Diaper Snatch rumor turns out to be that the funloving jokesters were croggled to find out they'd invented a true rumor; well, it is not everyone who can do that, even by accident. ...yeh, I remember the rumor about haLevy barfing during his speech at LA'62, but in that case I was present and knew better firsthand. Which makes these things a lot easier, hey?

SERCON'S BANE 24: Elmer, please pardon me for attributing your fine piece on Morojo to Ackerman; I was looking through too fast and goofed it, is all.

DAKINI: Jane, all I know about the worship of the goddess is that it does not pay a boy-type fella to take any very prominent part in the rituals. Aside from that your project has my good wishes as well as my interest.

CAC 5: Very nice summation, Alva. Don't hope for much real effect, though.

ASP 5: And if I hadn't been a ConCommittee veteran, Bill, and if you and the rest of the Committee hadn't come under such violent attack, I'd have probably followed my original inclination and sat the whole fracas out. For a time, about a year ago, I felt rather bitter in all directions at having been somehow "pulled into" the bit. But I can't really regret it; it is probably the better part to stand up and be counted, when the chips are down. No fun, perhaps, but wot the hell.

Alva: Your whole bit re the Hugos is good GOOD G\*O\*O\*D\*!

Gordon: Good seeing you here last weekend; make it sooner next time; OK?

WRAITH 24: Egad, and just tonight I cranked Wraith 25 through the Geschunktner. [Yes, it's all my fault, people, if the legibility suffers.] Of course I might have done this sooner if you & Carol & Gordon & Scotty hadn't kept us up till all hours Saturday night drinking beer and Kiddiecars. Such is life on Puget Sound.

GODOT 5: "...personal attacks that neither cite the alleged offence, nor exonerate the aggressor." "Most older reprints don't need modification of their age, the fact is plainly visible in their first paragraph." "I can easily sympathize with you over the hopefulness of your position." "You've allready overcome half the battle..." These are direct quotes, although I goofed and added a 2nd "g" in "agressors" without permission. The point is, Mike, that amongst a number of quite good lines you goof off and throw in these semantic miscarriages rather consistently. I'm sure you know what you mean, at the time of writing, but can you still tell what you meant by a given passage, after it cools off? [Yes, I know it comes from thinking faster than you can type and thus short-cutting some of the steps in a line of thought. But it makes for damn murky reading, so Watch It; See?]

Well, that does it for good ol' Mlg#111; there is much more therein that is worthy of comment, thought-provoking, etc. But this is my last stencil. Elinor gets the other 4 and is supposed to fill them tomorrow. We'll see...

\* \* \* \* \*

This has been quite a year, so far. It is the year that Elinor and I both quit coffee and are surprised to find that we don't even miss it. It is the year that we were Instant Parents for 6 months, again, only with 2 this time rather than just one as in the winter of 1957-58. It is the year that I've knocked off 17 pounds without dieting or giving up beer and got back to 30-inch pants for the first time in longer than I like to admit. It is the year in which I visited New York City for the first time. It is the year in which Seattle has been having its best real SUMMER since 1958. It is the year that began with a hopeless-looking backlog at work and has for several months been embarrassingly short of real jobs to tackle Down At The Office, on account of I got too rough with that backlog. It is the year of the Multiple Unexpected Unpredictable Expense, which is why we crapped out and did not make the London trip after all but settled for the Westerncon which itself was A Ball, as I hope the next 6 pages will convey. It is the year in which a prescribed change of diet surprisingly rejuvenated our pair of hardly youthful dogs. It is the year in which I found that a very moderate program of mild exercise (the Green Lake strolls) builds a lot of stamina over a period of 18 months or so. It is, to date, a memorable year, unlike last year, which is largely recalled as The Year of the Hassle, the year CRY folded, etc. [Well, there was more to it than that: Wally Weber left town and Wrai Ballard came into town, for instance. Leave us not oversimplify these things, Whitney.]

And this year is only about 7/12 along its way, as yet. We still hope to make a jaunt up to Banff and the Lake Louise area, this month. And to (finally and at last) cough up the inordinate amount of loot necessary to get the flat (1959) part of the roof fixed, \*permanently\*. Also we have fancy vinyl awnings, more or less over my dead body, already installed but still to pay for. Death does not release..

And I suppose we need a couple more new tires and a hand-cannon and all sorts of other goodies, none of whcih or even which are tax-deductible as yet.

"Walter who?"

LONG BEACH A G O G O

Exactly one week ago(go?) Elinor and I were watching the Masquerade Ball at Westercon 18, held at the Edgewater Inn, Long Beach, Calif. Somehow the elapsed time since then seems a lot longer than a week; that's how it is with the good uns.

As has been habitual with us, we traveled by train, leaving Seattle on the afternoon of Wed, June 30th and arriving early Thurs evening. We had roomettes from Seattle to Martinez, the Bay Area change-point for those intending to go any further south. Unfortunately the Oakland-LA train is strictly an all-coach affair, and some of the better possibilities of rail travel cannot be realized in a daycoach, or at least not during the daylight hours. But at least we had a nice surprise; it turned out that at Bakersfield we could transfer to a bus that went up over the mountains and arrived in Los Angeles 2 hours ahead of the train. Thus neatly missing our reception committee of Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox who kindly came to the Union Station all prepared to save us 2 taxi rides and a bus ride-- the Edgewater is not exactly in Long Beach, you understand; it just pays taxes there or something.

The Edgewater is a Giant Motel With Pool. Now there can be and always are some gripes at any Con hotel and this one is no exception: the layout is fantastically sprawled out, compared to the pool-in-the-middle arrangement sported by the Hyatt House chain, and somehow there were no shortcuts, no passageways through the long zigzags of 2-story guestroom structures; you had to go all the long way around. And-- well, OK, the pool was mighty small, considering, and it took a flashlight to find your way around the bar after it dimmed out as evening came along. And a lot of minor stuff like that: some of the ordinary Standard Drinks came out pretty weird from that bar, but being basically a Beer Man this didn't bother me much.

And on the plus side: well, to me [and to Elinor] just about any motel with pool is superior as a Con site to just about any hotel with elevators. During the past nine years we've been to 5 PoolCons and 7 ElevatorCons; to our minds there is no comparison whatsoever, and we intend to redress the balance in future. We find that in general we have a much better time at Poolcons, which tend to be friendlier and less given to tensions and personality-pressure-of-crowds. Well, more on that later on, perhaps... At the Edgewater, the rooms were priced comparably with those of other recent Westercons and Worldcons, and the standard of comfort-space-and-furnishings was similar to that of the Seattle and Burlingame Hyatt Houses and the motel side of the Owyhee in Boise (1960); in other words, Jes' FINE. All the Con facilities were adequate and suitable, near as I could tell. The coffee shop got a little overloaded at times as is apt to happen with any Con, but not badly so, and the food and the service were both pleasant. The place was isolated something awful if you didn't have a car, but not entirely so; across the road was a supermarket with beer & booze, and an alternate restaurant (a "Hof's Hut") that was rather good. There was a free ice-machine. There was, so far as I know, absolutely no interference from the management so far as the parties were concerned.

So all in all, the Edgewater was (to our minds) a fine Consite. The empirical proof of this is that we enjoyed ourselves hugely at Westercon XVIII.

Well, then. Arriving about 7 pm Thursday July 1st we met Charlie and Marsha Brown and John Trimble, who invited us to go out for dinner with them. But since we'd just arrived, hot and sticky and needing to freshen up, we had to pass, and merely goofed around quietly that evening for the most part. Well, not entirely: I got in touch with a few people by phone, including a car-rental outfit that would deliver and pick up, so that we could see my aunt and cousin in Balboa the next day without spending the whole gahdamn day trying to figure out a strange public-transport system that did not seem to be geared especially to our particular needs.

Sure enough, at 9am Friday here came the fella with the car. It does not seem possible to get a stick shift rental aside from VWs, and while I have nothing against the doughty Volks I don't want to try to learn its ins&outs in strange heavy traffic, so I settled for a Dodge Dart with Sludgeomatic Drive; it handled OK. We zipped down highway 101 or whatever it is, found Balboa with no sweat, pulled up at the East street number when it should have been West, but eventually found the place OK.

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Drawing a veil over the next few hours of family-type visiting, we rejoin our intrepid adventurers (that's me driving and Elinor biting her nails) bucking traffic northward again, back to the good ol' Edgewater, where I dashed across the road and bought a lot of beer and stuff. I ran onto a New Thing there: draft beer in 2-quart cans-- you get either a 5¢ or \$5 spigot as the needed accessory, and by golly that is good stuff; I hope it turns up in this area before too much longer.

Out to dinner with the [original] Benfords and also Tom Reamy and Al Jackson from Dallas, they two having been at the Con 4 days before it began, so to speak. (That's an Aside, not an Explanation.) They told some fabulous Orville Mosher Stories which I hope someone recalls in better detail than I do, and reports here.

Damn, I do hate to drive a strange car and look for specific things (such as restaurants) in a strange area, with traffic and all. We did not find our first choice of eatery at all, and settled for one that was a bit rich for my blood at least, though the Chinese food and the drinks were rewardingly tasty and the over-all conversation was a real gas. And now that I stop to think of it, I guess it was after dinner that I bought a lot of beer and stuff at the supermarket...

And then (Friday evening) was when we threw a Big Party without even trying, or intending to do so at all. It all began because Burb and with luck Gregg Calkins were coming over to the Con to sit around and drink a li'l beer and gab in a quiet scene, but it did not work out thataway at all, somehow; Gregg and Burb didn't make it until maybe 9 and 10 o'clock respectively, and by 11 or so, things were entirely out of hand, with people standing on each others' feet and like that. At one point it struck me that for awhile we should only let people out and not in, until things got back down to the size of the room. [WHERE WERE YOU, BOYD RAEBURN, YOU IMPLACABLE CERBERUS, YOU?] So I bounced a few people at the door, unfortunately including one fella who deserved better and I had to apologize next day or feel crummy about it... and of course the next time I went to the john, about 15 more came in so I gave up and the hell with it. The surprising thing is that next day when I manhandled the empties, etc, into just one mountain, it was odd to see how little mess that crowd had left, otherwise. Anyway, the deal went to about 3am or so, and we got up about 9 or 9:30 the next morning, I nursing a justifiable grade of hangover with ill grace, but shaking the associated feelings of depression at the breakfast table OK.

This anxiety/depression thing, by the way, had looked to be working up into a gahdam Habit Pattern over the last few years of Cons. I could understand it at the Pacificon II with all the overt tensions, but when it popped up again this year I seriously considered the possibility that maybe Cons were getting to be out of all bounds for yours truly and the hell with it. However, I'm pleased to find that although the beddie-bye hour got later and later throughout this Westercon, the early-awakening schtick was milder on Sunday than on Saturday, and on Monday morning I actually woke up, shorter of sleep than ever but all cheerful and feeling GOOD.

On Sat am, though, it required a Bloody Mary around noon (the trick is to stretch 'em out for 45 minutes to an hour) to sidetrack the Death-Wish and all that. For awhile there, the only positive angle of the whole bit was that I had remembered to bop over to the hotel desk around 3am and turn in the keys to the rental car so that I wouldn't be stuck to pay another day on it.

It does seem that the first evening of a Con it is hard for us boozers to pace ourselves properly; I had much better luck with this on subsequent evenings, as measured in pit-of-the-stomach readings the following mornings. The trick of just holding a glow for maybe 15 hours is something we don't use in daily life and it does take a little practice, at that. [And to the coterie that says "Why bother?" I can only say like Whatsisname, "If you gotta ask, you'll never know."]

Oh for heaven sakes. I forgot to mention that on Friday afternoon I actually went in the pool, and found out that I can still sort of swim after all these years of skipping it, but not at all well or even adequately. It was fun, though, and I fully intended to hit it a few more times; unfortunately the small pool was apt to be jammed full during the warmer parts of the day, so I goofed out after Friday.

Gee. Two pages and the Con hasn't even officially opened yet. How about that?

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If any Program Addicts are still with me here, I might as well let them off the hook by admitting that all I saw of the Con Program were the Masquerade, the Banquet and the business meeting; nothing more. Now, those who are still with it...

Down in the bar early Sat pm were such folks as Lee Jacobs, Alva and Sid Rogers, Bill Donaho, Al haLevy, ourselves, and many others including possibly you with any luck at all, since 23 FAPA memberships were represented at Long Beach. The Con was about to open and Bradbury was to speak after the initial formalities. I intended to go upstairs and hear all this, but people began saying how Bradbury always gave the same talk, and then I recalled that I'd already heard it twice in 1962, once up here at the World's Fair and once in LA at Westercon 15. So I didn't go after all, and I suppose this helped set the pattern (as usual) for all the rest of the Program that I did not see either; instead I nursed beers in the bar and out at the pool [sunning in shorts, even if not crowding the kids who filled the pool just then].

Sidelight: this Westercon seemed to be dedicated to the healing of feuds or at least to their de-emphasis; time and again I found myself chatting with someone who last year or even earlier this year was the at-sword's-points type of fella. For my own part, I just can't bother keeping up steam against someone who is not working at keeping things acrimonious; I'm a sucker for people who want to call the whole mess off on reasonably honorable terms. Any mess, I mean, not just or even primarily the recent one. At any rate, I found only two people who seemed disposed to maintain issue with me re the Breenigan, and I can't be sure of one of these because upstage is not always distinguishable from preoccupation and I didn't ask. The other was Rich Brown. Sat pm we spoke a bit, very briefly, and while I did sort of get my comeuppance I was not at all dissatisfied with the exchange. Later in the evening Rich was more amiable of visage (though we exchanged maybe ten words, not more) but somehow the next day the freeze was back on. I dunno what happened; maybe the thaw was due to the low freezing point of alcohol and later he reconsidered; I hope it was not that Rich thought I was snubbing him Sat night just because I was respecting his stand and not pushing at him. Well, those are the breaks, gang.

Back to early Saturday afternoon, though: or even later Sat pm-- it was, as I have intimated, a suffering sort of day for me. Not as bad, though, as with Lee Jacobs, candidate for the drunken president of FAPA; ol' LeeJ had only 2 cokes and 1 beer all day, and admits having gone to bed at 11:30 that evening.

The business with Rich took place near the pool while we were trying to figure whether or not to have another go at dinner with the Benfords; it turned out that about 15 other people had gotten in on the act so the hell with that; I loathe these huge messy deals where more people go out in one gang than any restaurant can handle equably, so we copped out and hit the Hof's Hut across the road, ending up with Bill Donaho and some local neo (nice pleasant young fella) in one booth, while Earl Kemp and 3 other folks who just presently slip my mind wound up in another, non-contiguous. It was damn nice seeing ol' Killer Kemp again, by the way; 'sbeen awhile.

Then it came up the Masquerade (like where we started, in this Report), and it was a good one, with LA fans such as the Pelzes and Turners and Ellerns providing many and possibly most of the highlights, though others also turned in some goodies.

Ol' Smudge-Pot Jon Lackie was supposed to put on a Big Production with lots of subsidiary troops but somehow he showed up late and put on his act out in the parking lot and I missed it. O well...

Sat night there was a Berkeley party and a New York party; also a First Fandom party and I do believe I meant "were" rather than "was", back there. All were well-supplied and well-attended. The Berkeley bash crossed all Party Lines, I should add; all Factions cooperated to produce it. All attending factions, that is. I hit every party that didn't hit me first, needless to say, and they were all fun and not too hectic. And I met Wlers Arnie Katz and Dave van Arnam at the NY party (as well as Roy Tackett in the bar and Barry Gold at the Artshow; no further members met; it stands as or at 54 out of 65 on the May roster, there, Bruce).

And there was exotic dancing to drums at the Berkeley party, which I thought was very pleasant (hi, Sylvia!). Oh come now; it was not THAT exotic, fellas..

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Eventually (where I was, anyway) ran out of booze, so Bob & Carol Chasin and Al haLevy and I hit the coffee shop for a late or maybe early breakfast, after which I corked out about 3:30am; end of Saturday. And arose maybe 9:30-10 Sunday...

Sunday was a much better day; no hangover. Depression/anxiety upon waking, for no known cause, but breakfast dissipated that OK. No Bloody Marys required to put the stomach into condition. Things were looking up, you might say. And actually I was having a ball at this fine relaxed occasion.

Oh, hey: I forgot to mention the Extra Feature provided by the Edgewater. On one of the 2 nice big beds in our room was this gimmick: for 25¢ the entire bed became a big vibrator for 15 minutes (actually it shortchanged a little bit, like the average parking meter, but what the hell). This is not quite as great as you might think, but it is not bad, Meyer; it is not bad at all. Although at one party I noticed 3 persons using this device to shake the kinks out of their nerves and it put two of them to sleep. Well, some people can misuse anything.

I think it was Sunday afternoon that (pre-Banquet) I was horsing around near the pool with the sunshine and some beer, in shorts and Elinor-knitted slippers and first noticed that my spotty Seattle tan was much more tropical than most of the southern Calif tans in evidence on the premises. Live and learn, I guess. Anyway, tan is only for kicks if you happen to like it, as I do. What I did dig was my 140 pound frame (flabby gut muscles notwithstanding): miGhod, how can people put up with as much lard as a number of 'em were packing around right out in public? (Well, 10 years ago I was toting 28 additional pounds avoirdupois-- but that was then, gang.)

But I digress, as the fella says.

The Banquet Sunday afternoon was G\*R\*E\*A\*T. Sid and Alva and Elinor and I and Jack Speer had an ex-Fan-Guest-of-Honor section up near the head table where we could see and hear very nicely indeed. Alva bought a couple jugs of wine. The actual meal (stuffed capon) was thoroughly tasty and eminently edible (at least, my portion was) which is not always the case at Banquets. And while it took the usual 1-1/2 hours from the start to the speeches, those latter were wound up wittily and pleasantly by Kris Neville (toastmaster) and Frank Herbert (Guest of Honor), with assists by Al haLevy, Alva Rogers (and possibly you; my forgettery is working already), in about 30 minutes. I recommend this procedure to all future Cons, invariably; it was lovely to be entertained briefly and bundled out so quickly. And no, there was no stricture as to coats and/or ties, and I was not encumbered by either, along with a fairly sizable proportion of the crowd. Comfort reigned and I cheer for that. At any rate, again I'd like to congratulate ol' USS John Trimble, Committeeman, on the most pleasant Banquet I've attended in years'n'years; future Cons please take note. (Committeeman? I think that should have been co-Chairman. O well...)

After the Banquet I cut out and bought another batch of beer just for some insurance because the soopermarket was to be closed Monday and four-bits per beer at the bar needed a little dilution from the look of my wallet by this time. Later on, the New York party got going again, very pleasantly. At a still later time, Burb and I cut out and sat down to solve All The World's Problems (not fandom's, just the world's; we do know our limitations, I hope). Elinor and a couple other folks came along to help out, so I guess the world is safe now. It better be.

So Sunday evening I made it to the rack about 4:30am (and again got up in 5-6 hours, which appears to be Plenty once the pace is struck correctly). [Whee; this makes two Cons in a row where I missed doing My Trick, of staying up from one day until the next noon as at ChiconIII or until 3pm as at Westercon'63; you will never know what a comfort that is.] [No fun to be so pooped you can't get to sleep, man.]

Sunday pm I was trapped poolside by a conspiring bevy of chicks who later did a schtick of trying to throw misc Husbands in the pool; however, they merely intimidated me and smooched me around the edges a little [though Dian Pelz bites ears]. Well, it is things [THINGS? Dian and Marsha and Doreen and Katya? THINGS?] like this that do help to liven up a quiet afternoon, any time and any place, I guess.

And Sun night we met James Kepner; a quiet pleasant dignified fella, he is.

(long beach... 5)

Monday morning was as aforementioned notable for the phenomenal feelings of cheer and robust health that hit me upon awakening; now that the Con was nearly over, I had hit my stride at last. Shortly after breakfast it came up noon, the legitimate time to make the bar and condole with those who were fortifying themselves to face up to breakfast on their own accounts. Also, of course, there were others who were in good health, passing the time of day by dawdling over a few slow beers while waiting for the fog to lift and the weather to warm up. [It was really quite chilly in Long Beach in the mornings and early afternoons while we were there. Luckily I'm reasonably warmblooded and it didn't bother me much.]

I believe that it was early Monday afternoon in the bar that Al HaLevy came up with his idea of bidding for Lake Tahoe for the '66 Westercon. This must have been the 5th or 6th bid-idea that Al produced during the Con; he was like Eager. Meanwhile, Alva Rogers and Ben Stark were planning a sort of sneak bid for the Burlingame Hyatt House, for which Al would not be on the Committee for the very good reason that he was their choice for Fan Guest of Honor. This was supposed to be a surprise for Al, so there was a rather unfunny Comedy of Errors as Ben and Alva would not cooperate on any of Al's bidding ideas and later he felt that he had been doublecrossed and-- well, anyway, San Diego beat out Burlingame by 4 votes and Al wasn't speaking to hardly anyone at all at the time we left, a few minutes after the business meeting later that afternoon. Well, things are tough all over...

After that first short bar-session, though, it came up warm, so off for the poolside scene, at which I spent a lot more time throughout the Con than may be apparent from the preceding pages. At this point we had to check out of the room by 4pm [2 hours later than "official" checkout time] and Elinor hoped to get in one more swim before we left, but the pool was chockfull of ittybitty kids so she decided it was not worth having to pack a wet swimsuit, everything considered.

A bit of folksinging was going on by the pool: Sylvia, Ellie Turner, Bill Blackbeard, and later Barbara Main also. Others present were Henry Stine, Dave and Katya Hulan sitting with Katwen Trimble until Bjo came out of the pool to take custody of that little doll in her own right, Arnie Katz, and-- well, so much for an attempt at eidetic or visual recall of the scene. What with cold beer [I still had a few on ice in the room] and hot sun-- it's a hard combination to beat.

I was supposed to second the Rogers-Stark Burlingame bid, but Jim Webbert came up and asked if I would do this because otherwise he was stuck with it. And while I do not mind public speaking particularly, I will never shirk the opportunity to chicken out of it if someone gives me the ready-made chance, as Jim unexpectedly did. So immediately I quit juggling phrases in my head and just relaxed.

The business meeting was sort of fun; John Trimble had a good-humored group of about 80-100 and presided over it with good humor on his own account. There were no parliamentary obfuscations; people made bids, withdrew them or not, voted on them, and that was that. Of course we were pulling for Burlingame for geographical reasons and because the Hyatt House there is a natural for a Consite, but nobody wins 'em all, I guess, and I'm sure Dennis Smith and his San Diego crew will put on a good Con if it kills them (which, as all ex-Committee types know, sometimes seems to be more likely than funny).

Burb and Isabel had invited us to come out Monday afternoon, stay the night and have a ride to the Union Station with Burb on Tuesday morning. Burb was ready with the ride from the Con directly after the business meeting, so this is why we did not get goodbyes said to very many people at the Con-- not that we make a great practice of goodbyes in any case, you understand, but I think we did expect to see a few folks and vice versa, about that time, so this is why we and they did not.

It was great seeing Isabel again after the 3-year lapse since the last time. We met Linda for the first time and her pictures do not do her justice, at that. The scene was a barbecue, and on hand were Lee Jacobs, Gregg and Rea Calkins, and Bill Rotsler. Not to omit Julie, a 9-month-old Doberman puppy girl who is quite alarming at first impact but really a charmer when she gets to know you.

As you might guess, it was a very fine evening: food and drink and talk; yes.

Eventually the party broke up, one and another having to allow for the next day. As is traditional (well, from 1962, anyway), Isabel and I were the last holdouts, shortly after Elinor gave up and corked out. Well, I got almost 2 hours sleep before Burb (who, having good sense, dropped out about 1 am) woke us to have a fortifying breakfast before he took us to the train; gee, that's almost 3 times as much sleep as I got in similar circumstance in 1962. (I don't learn fast, but I do learn a little bit.) (Seriously, I wasn't about to knock off a goodly discussion that comes so seldom, for the sake of sleep that I could and did easily catch up on the train the next day.) And then Burb got us to the station well ahead of time, which was a Damn Good Thing, because I had misremembered the departure time ten minutes in the wrong direction, and it was like Close, man, in that Union Station with its austerity about signs to guide the stranger, and with its Redcaps who run and hide when they see a possible customer approaching; hoog. So, sort of pooped but with a fine glow of reminiscence to brace us up, we settled down in the crummy daycoach in the middle of two dozen ittybitty screaming kids and caught up on our sleep in spite of the shouting matches of the entire lot. Around 5pm we hit Martinez again and changed to the train with the roomettes, where it was quiet.

Wednesday the 7th of July I woke up at 6 am in time to catch the fabulous scenes on the hour-long descent from the Siskiyous. At one point, there were two cow elk standing not more than 50 feet away giving us a very calm once-over.

We got home that afternoon and are now more or less back to normal if at all. Except that our good bird Brandy the cockatiel somehow died suddenly a few hours before we went to pick him up from the good neighbors who had been keeping both birds for us while we were gone. No idea what went wrong, but it wasn't the fault of the good folks who were caretaking for us; he was 6 years old and it just went. A lousy windup to a very good trip, but life never was all cherry pie, you know.

I see that I forgot to lead off with the reason that we got to the Westercon in the first place. Originally it was out of the question because what with the London trip we couldn't afford any extras. Well, since the first of the year we got hit with more extras than I ever saw in my life before, and finally it came up that we had to skip London for this year (though not permanently) and we'd better decide quickly before we missed everything for this year-- so we did, luckily.

And it was a great little Con. For some years we've been thinking that the regional Cons are more fun and less tension than the Worldcons, and this one was a shining example of our thesis. The same goes for the Pool-type as opposed to the Elevator-type Cons, as I do believe I've already mentioned back there. I do not know whether it will be possible for a Worldcon to find adequate facilities to repeat the SeaCon setup which at Hyatt House was just barely adequate for the fine attendance way out here in the boondocks 4 years ago. But considering the cost of Con-trips, I am not exceptionally or especially hot to spend all that loot any more times in order to visit a tension-making disorienting elevator-type hotel in the future. At least, this is how it looks at the present time, and recently. So it may just be, buddies, that I'll see you at poolside or not at all, whether the pool adjoins a Worldcon, a Westercon, or possibly a Midwestcon again.

So. FAPA memberships in attendance were: Brown, Busbys, Calkins, Coxes, Dees, Donaho, Ellern, Ellington, Harness, Jacobs, Johnstone, Kemp, Lichtman, Main, Moffatt, Moskowitz, Pelz, Perdue, Rotsler, Sneary, Speer, Trimbles and White. In SAPS it was Baker, Busby, Cox, Fitch, Harness, Hulans, Johnstone, Jacobs, Katz, McInerny, Meskys, Patten, BPelz, DPelz, & Webberts, for a total of 15. And an overlap of 6; yes.

Expected and missed were Poul and Karen Anderson, Gordon Eklund, Chuck Hansen, Norm Metcalf, Fred and Carole Pohl, and minny minny others; it's allus that way.

But still it was rather great. Though to the best of my knowledge, no one settled the question of whether it is OK for a Committee to bar a Weird Tails fan. Well, nothing is perfect in this imperfect world; maybe that's why it's such a gas.

I suppose there was lots of the usual juicy scandal floating around but somehow I don't seem to recall any of it at the moment. It probably wasn't all that important, anyway. So that does it for a very pleasurable Westercon 18 at Long Beach.