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and as such is not thought terribly high of. We all like Alan Too. I was quite surprised in your quick summing-up of the people you met. It didn't take long to take Peter West's measure, for instance! Brian Burgess, could quickly have antagonized many people, and Norman G. Wansborough is rather a difficult one to estimate. You came thro' with flying colours.

In fact another surprise you gave me was your familiar use of names quite new in the field, and quite new to us; there would naturally be many names and people you met known to you previously, but I noticed you only needed to be told of a name and a face once. I can't do this myself -- I'm shocking when it comes to meeting folks and being intro'ed to more than three people at once. I forget the lot! A handy talent for a TAFF man to have! Moreover when I produced a few old-time names out of the hat (Quagliano, Michel, among others,) you were able to give me quite detailed information on their histories.

Finally, I must admire your constant alertness after what must have been a pretty debilitating run of parties, London, Cheltenham, then Liverpool, all late nights. It demands something in the way of stamina -- and politeness, to have roudy parties revolving around you for a solid week! and to treat it all with the same air of freshness, and participation. Congratulations. And pleased to have met you -- truly.

Incidentally it was quite a twist having you and Dave Kyle in Liverpool together.

John Roles

Saturday, April 23, 1960

Slept until 11 am. Must have been tired out. Norman took me into Liverpool where I did some shopping for Terry Anne. She'd wanted me to bring her back a blouse. It wasn't easy to find her particular size and I compromised by getting a knit pullover. We shopped in some of the department stores and Norman got some cheese for the coming week-end. I got more film and we looked over the Liverpool clubrooms. A nice layout and in the heart of town. There, I signed the wall like I'd done at Cheltenham. They did have one of the largest collections of empty beer cans that I'd seen for a long time. What use they'll put them to, who knows?

With what shopping I could do over with, we went back to Norman's house and found Eric Bentcliffe there. I wanted to mail a parcel of dirty clothes back home, so I'd have some room in my suitcase and also cut down on the weight. Linda, Roy and Janet volunteered to show me where the Post Office was located and we went there via a nearby park and playground. Afterwards we sampled the ice cream, where the owner said, "You 3 back again!"

By the time we returned, Alan Rispin was there. Norman, John, Rispin, Eric, and myself then headed for downtown Liverpool TO meet Dave Kyle who was coming in at 7pm. He was taking the same circuit I had made. We stopped at a Chinese Restaurant near the Lime Street Station. However, as we were walking in downtown Liverpool there



was a drunken woman singing bawdy songs weaving about the streets.

"One of your club members, no doubt", I said and started off to photograph her. She wandered out into traffic and narrowly missed getting struck by a bus and amid the sounds of screeching brakes and honking horns I pursued her in a frantic foot race. The rest of the Liverpool gang following behind me in order to lead me back to our destination. The one shot that would have been perfect was when a policeman was talking to her. Just as I got everything set on my camera a nice little old 70 year lady walked in front of me. If she hadn't of been so frail I would have booted her out of the way. By the time I'd moved to a new position the tableaux was broken.

Thus, arriving at the restaurant out of breath and hungry from my exertions. I ordered one of their specialties of the house and Rispin and I set a new record. We were just leaving the restaurant when here comes Dave Kyle in a red beret walking down the street. We took Dave back via ferry, but the walkers were not on deck. At the dockside, though, there were speakers like in Hyde Park. These were the religious fanatics, here. I posed Dave behind a few of them while taking his picture and even volunteered to nail him to a cross to give it authenticity, but he wasn't keen on it.

That night, then, I think I counted 18 people at the party. Near as I can recall there were: Dave Kyle, Norman & Ina Shorrocks, Eddie Jones, John Roles, Alan Rispin, Eric Bentcliffe, Norman Weedall, Frank & Pat Milnes, Stan Nuttall, John Owen, Jeff Collins, Ted & Joyce Collins, Maureen O'Rourke, Margorie Denton and myself.

Liverpool mixes powerful and many drinks. Before long the girls wanted to dance and the rug was rolled back and on came the jazz, rock & roll, and various other types of music from the vast library of tapes Norman has. John Roles is quite the cat on the dance floor, dancing "loose as a goose" as the expression goes.

The girls decided after many drinks to put on a fashion show. This consisted of removing most of their clothing and of course Norman Weedall, Eddie Jones and myself got busy with our cameras. (note to Liverpool: Some of the stereos are for real, man!) We looked at M.A.D. movies, vacation movies, old Chaplin movies and really had a blast that night. Maureen O'Rourke came on like gangbusters. I first thought she was auditioning for an air raid siren. They also showed some scenes from a projected movie they are in the process of making, which will give the U.S. fan audiences samples of cheesecake art available in Liverpool.

Eric Bentcliffe chickened out first and I held out until 4:30 or 5 am and gave up, myself. Then, out of force of habit I woke up early...6:30! I kept dozing off into little catnaps and eventually gave up and got up at ten. After breakfast, Dave was showing some stereo slides of he and Ruth on their western trip a few months previous. I still had some stereos I'd shown Ken & Pamcia and these mainly were of my family & of Cincinnati at night. Eddie Jones fell in love with stereo that morning and I suspect he will have such a camera before the summer is over.

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A little Brag session was going on and I sat in for one hand before we left to go to the train station to get me off to London. I don't play cards, normally, not wishing to waste the time. I figure I can play cards when I'm old. However Brag is like a fast game of poker and in some ways better. I'd like to see Ron Bennett publish instructions of how to play it so we can convert U.S. fandom to it.

At 1 everyone left with me and I forgot to add something into yesterday's report....Eric Bentcliffe had said, "Take my picture, Don!" and struck a pose. I was getting him lined up in the viewfinder when all of a sudden he was gone! I heard a shout, "Over here!" and turned to see Eric riding away on a bus. Seems like the bus had come along and he'd decided to take it. We ran after it, but it was too late.

Anyway, I got on the train at 2 with the entire gang giving me all sorts of advice for my trip to Paris in the morning. Dave was shooting movies and the rounds of goodbyes afforded some amusement to the other passengers. Ina confessed that Roy, Janet and Linda were quite convinced that I was a cowboy from my shoes and tie. I think if I ever go to Europe again I'll buy a western hat and play the part.

It was a 6 hour run to London. Sunday is the day they do maintenance on the tracks and our train took the round about way. I talked somewhat with a merchant seaman on my journey. He'd been over most of the U.S. and Canada & the world for that matter. 42 years on the sea. I took the tubes to Piccadilly and checked in at the Regent Palace Hotel.

There, I went in search of food and just across from the hotel I found a Chinese Restaurant which filled me up somewhat. Then, I telephoned Ted Carnell to see how I'd done with my switch of flight schedules with Pan American. No soap. I told him to call them up about Tuesday and re-confirm me for Saturday, then.

I stopped by the lobby and left a call for breakfast in my room at 5:15 am. and headed out for night shots of Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square. These two places in London are forbidden to tripods without a permit. I had no troubles at Piccadilly. In fact I stood right next to the cops while I took pictures there; however at Trafalgar Square they asked me for a permit and I played dumb. They said it was O.K. and just as I got ready to set off the shutter the fountains went off...after all, who'd want to look at them after midnight?

I went back to Piccadilly and prowled the sidestreets for photo material. Saw a restaurant featuring barbecued chickens. Looked so good I went in and had their  $\frac{1}{2}$  chicken special. Then, as I was going back to the Regent Palace, a babe in tuxedo with top hat and cane approached me to see the strip show downstairs. I had no intentions of falling for this shill and told her: "Fine, I can get some good pictures down there." This went over like a lead balloon and she quickly shunted me aside in favor of some other passing sucker.

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Norman Shorrock writes:

The Liverpool Group were delighted with your visit to us, and thank you for entertaining us. The last three weeks have certainly added something to that feeling that fandom is so very worthwhile.-- for meetings such as these alone (if you see what I mean!)

Trust your journey home was without incident, and that you had a ball in Paris. No doubt we shall be hearing all about that tho' at some future date!

Over the last decade or so I've heard and read quite a lot about you. Talking with Ted Carnell and Bob Madle; following the TAFP campaigns (and the fracas!); OMPA and general fmz; from fragments such as these a mental picture has been built up. Alas, such 'pictures' are seldom to be equated with reality, being as they usually are an ideal. You are one of those exceptions. 'Course you will just have to accept that last statement as being true, for how am I to explain just what my mental picture was? You've been described as "a genial giant" (true) relaxed but fast moving when the occasion demands (true - 'er, with the possible exception of the time Eric Bentcliffe caught the 'bus and we did not! - hah!); you don't like all this bull about labeling fans (and boy do I agree here), and you've put a lot into fandom. Perhaps I may say more some day to you, when you have ready access to a tape machine.--

Ella writes to say that she and Ted (Forsyth?) went to the airport with you, and that you were torn between leaving and wanting to get home with the story of your travels. Dave Kyle wrote last Saturday, en route to Copenhagen by boat (he finally made up his mind!) He was due to fly back to the States from Frankfurt yesterday (Wed.). Let us all hope that this scheme for cheap Transatlantic boat fares comes into operation real soon. Then maybe batches of fans can cross, more frequently.

Norman Shorrock

Monday, April 25, 1960

I got up at 5 and was shaving when breakfast arrived. I checked out by 6 and left word to save me a room for Thursday night and that I'd be in late. I took a cab to the West London Air Terminal on Cromwell Road. I checked my baggage in and sat down to wait.

We got to the airport and went through customs and were off the runway at 8 am. and arrived at Orly airport in Paris at 9:05. The sky was overcast until we got to Paris. The plane was a 4 engined Constellation belonging to Air France. It didn't take long to get through customs at the airport and we were soon on the bus to the air terminal in downtown Paris at Invalides.

I had the name of a hotel (Metropole) which is in the area Etoile, near the Arc de Triomphe. I showed the cab driver the name of the hotel, the street name & pointed it out to him on the map & hoped he wouldn't try to go there by the way of Versailles. He didn't and I soon found myself being told no rooms available. I'd torn an ad out

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of the London Times that morning in the Air Terminal in London, which advertised the Hotel Neva. I showed them this and they finally got an interpreter to tell me it was on the next block over.

DeGaulle had recently revalued the franc and you knocked off the last two ciphers on the paper money. Thus the franc was now worth about 22¢ as compared to the old rate of 2¢. My room rate was 14 N.F. per day...about \$3.90 per day with breakfast. The only thing it was on the fifth floor of a walkup hotel. I cashed an American Express Money Order and got a carnet (book) of subway tickets and set out to find an address on St. Germain Street. When I'd talked to Ted on the telephone the night before he'd given me the address of a literary agent in Paris and said if I had the time, would I try to find out why Brian Aldis had not gotten authors copies of his books published in France.

He said the agents name was Miss Le Bayon and that her secretary spoke English, so I wouldn't have any trouble being understood. The Paris Metro system is very good. I got a first class carnet and there are five cars on each train. The two end ones are painted green, with the middle one being painted red. The red is the first class car and there are more empty seats available in this section.

On the platform you stand underneath the sign reading "Premier Classe" and the red car will stop there. A somewhat frightening thing is the way the doors close. They are pushed shut by a long ramrod actuated by a hydraulic cylinder. I kept thinking of the guillotine and noticed nobody lingered long in the doorways. The cars were also a bit higher than in the Tubes of London. In London I kept bumping my head on the top of the doorway as I'd get on & off.

I finally located the address of Miss Le Bayon and wandered into the courtyard and up the steps of the apartment building. I missed the directory on the first floor and there were no names on the individual doors. Finally I chose a door at random and held up a paper with Miss Le Bayon's address on it to the woman who answered. She signaled me to go back down two flights and made sure I got the right door. I rang the bell and it was answered by a lovely young lady who didn't have a straight line anywhere.

I asked if she was Miss Le Bayon and was told she was in Italy and that she was her sec'y. I then told her I wanted to inquire about some authors books for a Mr. Brian Aldis. She invited me in and I explained what was wanted and our business was all too soon transacted and I was on my way out.

I strolled about the neighborhood and headed toward the Seine. I was on the left bank and the day was pleasantly sunny and fairly warm. I walked along the bookstalls and walked on over to Opera Place and to Brentano's Book Store where I got a map of the city and then went to Freddy's on the Rue Aubert where I ordered a case of liquor sent back home.

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and then paying for them by holding out a handful of francs and letting them pick out the coins. They were very careful to show me exactly what they'd taken and then write down the price on paper, which I could follow if it was written out, but couldn't understand when it was spoken.

At the hotel I found myself slipping away into sleep, so took a nap for a couple of hours. The past week-end must have caught up with me. I had supper in a self-service restaurant, which is helpful if you can't speak or read french. Coming back for my camera equipment, I again ran the gauntlet of the prostitutes. Across the street from my hotel were four prostitutes, who stood in the doorways and greeted the passersby. Each had their own station, like the newsboys do over here. Everytime I entered or left my hotel, then, I was hopefully greeted by each one in turn; unless of course, she was away from her station on a 'service call'.

That evening I made a number of night shots and got a rare thrill when I got back home. A slide of the Arch of Triumph won me a 2nd place in camera club competition and then an almost identical shot was on the cover of the June issue of National Geographic. I was asked by a man what kind of exposures I was using when I was sighting through my camera for photo angles. I told him and he said with such slow exposures I'd need a tripod and wished he'd brought his along from London when he came over. I reached in my hip pocket and produced a small folding tripod I was just getting ready to use, myself. "Be my guest", I said. His eyes opened wide and he said: "I say, you chaps don't belie your hospitality, you know!"

"Oh I don't know about that...I just came from London and many perfect strangers did nice things for me."

So, while he went out into the center of the Champs Elysees to make his shot, I sat on the park bench and talked to his wife. They had bought a motor scooter to get around Paris on and the traffic was a bit frightening to them and I think they now wished they didn't have the scooter. I made out very well by riding the Metro to the nearest stop and then walking. No parking problems for me either. I got some ice cream, which is served in a metal dish and seemed much colder than what I'm used to, but I imagine it's mainly due to the metal dish. Took some more night shots and went back to my hotel...running the gauntlet once again.

Tuesday, April 26, 1961

I slept late and didn't particularly hurry this morning. On Tues. most museums and public buildings are closed in Paris. The Eiffel Tower is about the only thing open. I spent the day between the Arch of Triumph and Eiffel Tower. It was alternately cloudy and once in awhile a shower would come up and the whole day was a bit cool.

There are wide streets in Paris and a tree about every 25 feet. The streets are clean and they have built into the curbs, a special faucet with which they flush down the streets every day. Being a

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There are wide streets in Paris and a tree about every 25 feet. The streets are clean and they have built into the curbs, a special faucet with which they flush down the streets every day. Being a

tourist and alone I was an easy mark for the con men. At least 20 times a day I'd be approached by men who'd offer to change my American Dollars to french francs at more than the official rate of exchange, they'd offer to buy my cameras and wanted to sell me dirty pictures.

I'd often play dumb and then they'd switch to German or some other language. One left me at Pigalle calling me an "American Jew". I'd tell them I didn't like the poses, or that I took better photos than that back home and in color, too. They were like leeches, though, and would often follow me for blocks trying to make a deal.

That evening I tried a restaurant across from the hotel but had difficulties in being understood. I was rescued by a woman who translated for me. I'd say that if you are going to Paris a good English-French dictionary would be most helpful.

During the day I spent several hours on top of the Eiffel Tower and took photos at each level. I needed a shot of myself on the tower. Had hoped I'd maybe someone with a Polaroid camera. I didn't and went to a commercial studio on the first level. When I walked in, he said "You've got more equipment than we have". He photographed me out on the deck and processed the film while I waited.

Wednesday, April 27, 1960

I started out the day by going up to the top of the Arch of Triumph. There is a good view of Paris from there and then, of course, underneath the Arch is the tomb of the unknown soldier of France, with the eternal flame burning. I'd often seen newsreel photos of this, but such photos never give you much idea of the relationship to the Arch in size or the location to Paris landmarks, etc.

Next a ride on the Metro to Place Blanche where the Moulin Rouge night club is. I was on a walking tour and then walked down the center park strip to Pigalle. Then up the hill on Montmartre to Sacre-Coeur. There are artist colonies in this area and at the Sacre-Coeur area there is an open air space where many artists have their easels set up and paint for their own selves, or do portraits of tourists for money. Some do scissor cut outs in black paper and the whole square is quite photogenic. In fact, any dumb clod can come up with a beautiful shot by merely setting off the shutter and aiming in any direction.

On the way back down the hill I took another route and came through a market district. There were a number of apple boxes in a huge pile and I stopped to photograph French apple boxes, wishing I could add one to my collection. The natives thought me a bit mad at this point.

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tourist and alone I was an easy mark for the con men. At least 20 times a day I'd be approached by men who'd offer to change my American Dollars to french francs at more than the official rate of exchange, they'd offer to buy my cameras and wanted to sell me dirty pictures.

I'd often play dumb and then they'd switch to German or some other language. One left me at Pigalle calling me an "American Jew". I'd tell them I didn't like the poses, or that I took better photos than that back home and in color, too. They were like leeches, though, and would often follow me for blocks trying to make a deal.

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What I did while in Paris was follow my Michelin Guide pretty closely. It lists walking tours and gives detailed information about the nearest Metro stops to each site, and I'd recommend it to everyone visiting Paris. It's made to slip into your hip pocket and if you're not self-conscious of being marked as another tourist by this guide, get it. Everyone knows you're a tourist, anyway.

Back to Pigalle the girls would eye me from head to foot and say, "Oo-la-la! Magnifique!" It's quite good for the ego, I must say.

I rode the Metro to Opera and went back to Freddy's to get some perfume this time. She steered me to Mony for lingerie and I thot it well named. Then, I went by Metro to the Trocadero stop and the Palais de Chaillot. Here, there are some huge gilded statues along a wide courtyard between the two wings, which stand out from the building itself. This looks across the seine to the Eiffel Tower and makes an excellent view.

I walked across the Seine for quite a ways to where I knew a Metro stop was nearby. It was about 5 pm and already the bums were bedding down for the night...they'd sleep on the hard cobblestones. I wanted to get some shots from the embankment at night, but didn't want to risk it by myself with my camera equipment. I would be too tempting a target for them and I probably would end up floating in the Seine.

Coming back to my hotel, then (it was Hotel Neva on rue Brey, by the way) the girls asked me if I got any good pictures that day. I had supper in another self-service and for about \$1.20 had so much they had to put it on two trays. I got some pastries to take back to the hotel for a midnight snack and stopped off in an ice cream parlor across from the hotel. A quite elderly woman ran this place and while I do like ice cream, the main attraction, here, was the ice water. She kept a pitcher of water in the freezer and it was there that I got the only really cold water on my entire trip. Her daughter was one of the girls out on the street.

Back in the hotel lobby I met Mr. & Mrs. Vining from Maine. They were buying a car the next day to drive down to Spain and were having troubles figuring out how to get to the car agency. I mapped out a route for them on the Metro and then we visted awhile with each other. It felt good to be talking to someone in English.

Thursday, April 28, 1960

This was to be my last day in Paris and I wanted to make the best of it. I started out at the Place de la Concorde and walked down through the Jardin des Tuileries (Flower and Formal gardens), which must stretch almost a mile, down to the Louvre. Here, I had to shake my fist under the nose of a leech to get him to leave me alone. I saw a cop not too far away and figured if he pulled a knife on me, the cop would be handy.

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Inside the Louvre I couldn't use my flash, but had high speed ekta-chrome in my camera. It would take weeks to properly visit the Louvre. My Michelin guide had a plan of the Louvre and showed the locations of the more important things. I photographed the Venus de Milo, Winged Victory, Mona Lisa, and some huge paintings by Reubens. It was a difficult procedure as there were so many people about.

Leaving the Louvre, I walked over to the Notre-Dame Cathedral. It takes quite a while to climb to the top of the tower but it's worth the effort. The Gargoyles make interesting framing for views of Paris. It's interesting photographically but I think the building is a horrible, grotesque, monstrosity. There's nothing beautiful about it at all.

As I came back down into the courtyard another leech approached. "Don't tell me", I said, "You want to change my money, buy my cameras or sell me pictures". He gave me a confused look and did give his folder of photos a quick opening. Remembering the movie of 25 years ago, "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame" I imitated Quasimode and shouted: "Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" This so took him aback that he retreated out to the sidewalk to await me there. I found that it worked pretty well for me to aim my camera at them and act like I was going to take their picture to get rid of the leeches. They'd take off in a hurry, then.

I ate supper and returned to the hotel to pack up and check out. At the desk, I wanted to cash a \$10.00 American Express Money Order. He accepted it, but didn't want to give me par value for it. I protested and finally he checked the newspaper for the rate of exchange for that day. I gave him 1 more franc and figured the hell with it. When I got to the air terminal I reached into my pocket and found out I still had my room key.

Anyway, as I was leaving the hotel area, I told each of the girls goodbye as I ran the gauntlet for the final time.

By the time I paid the bus fare and the airport fee my french money was gone, which was fine. On the plane I met an English couple from Cheshire. They'd been in Paris for a week on their honeymoon. The man was a farmer's son and was now going back to settle down on the family farm. He and his wife asked me a lot of questions about the U.S. and one burning question was whether the lorries (tractor-trailer trucks) really ran as fast on our highways as they did in the television series. Cannonball. When I told him that they usually travelled at speeds of 60-70 mph he couldn't get over it.

We got into London sometime after 11. At the Immigration offices I got fed up with some of my fellow passengers. There are a lot of German tourists in Europe and they still have the idea that they are the "Master Race". They have to be first on the plane and first off the plane and keep pushing and shoving like a typical New Yorker. One fat slob of a woman kept pushing me while in line to get our passports stamped. I turned back to her and said: "If you're in a hurry, go ahead of me, but quit shoving!" Her husband started to



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say something and I said to him: "And I don't want any shit out of you"! He contented himself by cursing me out in German, which I didn't understand. She quit pushing, though.

By the time we got through customs, where I assured them it was all my photo equipment and that I'd take it with me when I left England, and to the air terminal, it was late. I took a taxi to the Regent Palace and enquired about my room reservation. I was told they'd quit holding it for me. I protested and the clerk did remember me telling him, Monday, I'd be late. Finally he got the manager and he gave me his room...the last one available.

I had to get the bellboy to unlock the bathroom for my bath that night and the room window was stuck wide open to a bone chilling breeze. We both couldn't get it shut until I got a screwdriver from my gadget bag. I had a set of various driver bits to fit into a handle. This impressed the bellboy immensely. More than my tip did, anyway. It must've been about 3 when I finally turned in.

Friday, April 29, 1960

At breakfast I met a man who was visiting in London and was going over to Paris. He told me how he'd fallen for getting his photo taken on the street. In London and Paris, both, there are a lot of these sidewalk photographers. Anyway, they took his picture after asking him if it was O.K. and then got a pound (\$2.80) deposit from him!

Then, he'd fallen for that shill I told you about (dressed in the tuxedo) who was going to let him see the strip show. He'd gone into the basement and another girl took him by the hand to a table (B-Girl) and ordered drinks until the show started. Also, he paid 10 shillings for a cover charge. Drinks came and it was 10 shillings (\$1.40) and was a syrup. They told him they couldn't serve beer or wine, only the hard drinks. By the time the 3rd round came and no show was on, he left. I laughed at his accounts and felt sorry for him in Paris.

Went down to Ted's and he said that he had an appointment after lunch. Ella Parker telephoned and wanted to see me, but I felt too tired to make the trip to her place and she instead met me at Ted's and we sat in a pub and coffee shop that afternoon and talked until time to meet Ted.

I was weary and it was nice to simply talk that afternoon. Ella Parker makes good company and I certainly had a grand time doing nothing but talking that afternoon. We exchanged gossip on fans, and talked our fool heads off.

Ted came back all shaken up. He'd visited a publisher who was in the process of moving. With the confusion of the moving and the telephone ringing during the interview this had unnerved Ted a bit. However, he sold 4 novels for paperback publication and 12 back cover ads for New Worlds. He said that it had been one of his most productive days and he hadn't worked more than a half hour the whole day. I told him this was a normal American interview (Telephone ringing, etc.) Next time he visits the U.S. somebody has got

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to take him into a business office for a couple of hours.

We left Plumstead and Ella said she'd be at the Air Terminal to meet me in the morning. At Plumstead, Ted took me to a surplus store where I got a beret like Dave Kyle had. Then on the way to our taxi, we went through the market district. I wish I'd seen this a couple of weeks earlier. Quite a fascinating place and a good place to shoot pictures. They sell contraceptives at a regular stall...in contrast to the under the counter operations in the U.S.

After supper Les Flood and his wife came over. I've forgotten her name, which is unforgivable. We had a nice party that night and after sticking to gin all evening, Les then remarked that he'd brought a bottle of champagne to celebrate my going away. It drew late and Ted looked a bit fagged. Dave Kyle had been keeping him up late and I'd been getting him up early and he was ready, I suspect, for us to leave England and let him get some needed rest. They gave me the champagne cork as a souvenir.

Saturday, April 30, 1960

I woke up before the alarm clock with my stomach churning and cramping. I was sick. Sick as a dog. When I could weakly leave the bathroom, I shouted down to Ted and Irene to cancel out my breakfast and drank some Kaopectate instead. Mary Martin had given me a bottle before I left and I'd never been bothered with any intestinal troubles until now. In fact I thought for awhile I'd really need that champagne cork for more than just a souvenir. I told Ted to get me on the plane if he had to have me carried on board.

Fortunately the baggage was packed and before long we'd taken our cab to the station and a train into London and were at the air terminal where Ella and Ted Forsythe were there. I said goodbye to Irene in Plumstead and hope she doesn't remember me as being a clod at that moment, but it was all I could do to carry my luggage and gadget bag.

Ted Carnell said goodbye at the air terminal and took movies of the 3 of us on the bus. At the airport, Ella and Ted Forsythe were soon separated from me in the rush to get seats and clear customs. They said they'd watch my plane take off, but I had no idea where they'd be and never saw them afterwards.

Our takeoff took longer. Due to the anti-noise campaign the planes couldn't use full throttle and after take off we throttled back until out of the London area. Take off time was 11am London time. We were actually off at 11:10, so Pan American was pretty good about meeting their scheduling. My seat was an aisle seat this time which allowed me more leg room. My fellow passengers were a man and wife from New York. They were very nice, although the poor woman was deathly airsick all the way back and merely curled up into a miserable ball by the window and slept.

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We took the northern route over Ireland, Iceland and then down the coastline of North America to New York. The pilot gave out a number of statistics over the p.a. system and some that come to mind, now, are: we flew at 31,000 feet, bucking the head winds on the way back we only travelled at 650 mph. The temperature outside was 50 below zero and at take off time we had 130,000 gal of kerosene. At 2 pm London time we'd consumed 50,000 gal and the rate of consumption figured out at something like 8 tons per hour and there was about a 1 hour reserve of fuel figured in for the trip.

I forget what time it was when we landed. It took 6 hours and 15 minutes to come from London, though. I was feeling pretty good and had eaten some food on the plane. We went through the US customs at a snail's pace. I think they felt everyone was a saboteur. I figured I'd get a hard time over my camera equipment. I think what helped me was the fact that in Europe customs inspections didn't amount to much, while here they made everyone open their bags. This meant fishing for keys and unlocking and delays. I saw what was up and had mine already open and it seemed to help. I told him I had a case of liquor being shipped and he gave me a form to mail to France.

American Airlines said if I'd get to LaGuardia Field in time, they had a flight out to Cincinnati, leaving at 4:40. I took a helicopter over (I was at Idlewild) and this gave me a chance to get some excellent aerial views of Idlewild and LaGuardia, both. I checked in at American's desk and then went for a hamburger and cold Coca-Cola. Good! The "Cokes" in England didn't have quite the flavor ours do. Coca-Cola tastes more like a flat Pepsi does over here and the Pepsi over there is horrible. I gave up on soft drinks.

The plane was late getting in and then had to be cleaned out and serviced. We were a half hour late in boarding. I'd telephoned Margaret and she was going to meet me in Cincinnati. The plane was an Electra Jet Prop and with the recent disasters of this model, I was as nervous as a bubble dancer with long fingernails. It's fitted out nice. The seats are roomy and comfortable and there is a lounge in the tail with an excellent view. It was overcast and my shots of New York are washed out. Later on, though, over Pennsylvania I did get some beautiful cloud shots at 22,000 feet.

Compared to the 707, the Electra is extremely noisy with the props making all the racket. Over Kentucky a thunderhead developed and we had to descend to lower level and fly through the clouds on instrument readings. There is a radar on the plane and the pilot noted 50-70 mph winds ahead and didn't want to fly through it. We circled until he could get permission to leave the airplanes for another route into Cincinnati. I had visions of being forced to go on to Chicago due to weather. Permission came and we flew into Cincinnati on visual flight at 2500'.

It felt good to feel the wheels touch the runway at Boone County Airport. I had my green beret in my camera bag and put it on just before I left the plane to greet the family. They weren't too sure whether they should recognize me or not. By the time I got home,

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Compared to the 707, the Electra is extremely noisy with the props making all the racket. Over Kentucky a thunderhead developed and we had to descend to lower level and fly through the clouds on instrument readings. There is a radar on the plane and the pilot noted 50-70 mph winds ahead and didn't want to fly through it. We circled until he could get permission to leave the air lanes for another route into Cincinnati. I had visions of being forced to go on to Chicago due to weather. Permission came and we flew into Cincinnati on visual flight at 2500'.

It felt good to feel the wheels touch the runway at Boone County Airport. I had my green beret in my camera bag and put it on just before I left the plane to greet the family. They weren't too sure whether they should recognize me or not. By the time I got home,



got unpacked, passed out the travel gifts and related some of my journey, I had been on the go for 26 hours straight. I collapsed into bed and was relieved that tomorrow was Sunday.

### Observations & things I forgot to mention.....

Nobody ever used an ash tray in all of England unless it was to knock the dottle out of a pipe. Cigarette smokers smoked down to the filter and would've smoked that if it would burn. Ashes went to the floor in a constant flicking of their cigarettes....Water-proof caps are rare. People would stare at mine, at me and my camera equipment, not only in England, but in Paris, too....

The airlines were very courteous to everyone and they made you feel like they wanted your business. By the same token I never saw anyone get nasty with their personnel....I thought only the New Yorkers were the ones who got in a hurry, but the sight of people racing up and down the escalators in the London Tube system amused me. They couldn't wait on the escalators to carry them up or down....The idea of everything closing down at Midnight is horrifying as well as the weird hours in the pubs....Our electrical sockets, plugs and fixtures are standardized in the U.S. In England it is not and the current can vary from district to district. The light bulbs have a bayonet base; you insert and then twist to get the pins to catch, while our bulbs have a screw-in base....

Tossed salads are out. The idea of such a salad in England is a bed of lettuce, some whole hardboiled eggs, a slice or two of cucumber, maybe an onion or two and that's it....Ron Buckmaster told me that most taxis in London are diesel....Certainly the traffic is more polite. One cabbie made a U-turn in front of another cab. There was no horn blowing or cursing, merely a polite stopping and waiting by the other cab. I told him if he did that in New York he'd find the other cab taking great delight in ramming him amidships....

All the time I was in Paris and walking about the streets, sight-seeing, etc. the tune: "The Poor People Of Paris" kept haunting my mind. Try as I could, I couldn't help but constantly keep hearing this song. Actually, it has a nice melody and does seem appropriate to the city....

At Trafalgar Square the day Michael was with me a man came up to me and invited me to enter the Canadian Pacific Building and go to the top floor to photograph from there. I did and was told if I'd sign a release for them, they'd be glad to let me. I said I was well insured and so was my equipment. "That's not it, sir. You might get an award for your picture and they'd sue us."

The orange is a wonderful drink when you're here and is a pretty good drink. But when I was leaving via an orange back here; to the startled looks of my fellow passengers...Bill Gray and I found that during our Tube travels the escalators made excellent places to girl watch. He'd keep talking about their Achilles tendons, being a Chiropodist; but I'm taller than Bill....



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The orange is a wonderful fruit and when made into a pretty good drink. It's good. I'll now bring you orange back here; to the startled looks of a certain publisher, Donald Gray and I found that during our Tube travels the escalators made excellent places to girl watch. He'd keep talking about their Achilles tendons, being a Chiropractor; but I'm taller than Bill.....

All Tube tickets look the same and merely have different printing on them. Since you pay by the mileage, it would be a lot simpler to color code the tickets.....

The toilets usually have the flush box (called cistern) mounted on the wall and do not often come as a single unit like U.S. styles do. There is a pull chain and I constantly had troubles getting them to flush. There's an art to it. Eric Jones told me to simply give the chain a hard pull. I did but nothing happened. Finally he decided to show me how to operate the mechanism, rather than risk having the entire box pulled off the wall.....

Lou Tabakow had mailed over 18 tire repair sample kits for me to give away. I had a hard time finding people who had a car, much less tubeless tires. We finally managed to divide them up between London, Cheltenham and Liverpool....

I wore a wool suit and had a pair of washable cotton trousers along to sort of bum around in. They turned out to be the life-saver. The wool trousers were hard on my skin. They wore all the hair off the insides of my legs and had the skin so chafed that it nearly killed me to take a bath. I told Margaret I hadn't gotten the chinese crud in Paris. It took me at least a month to get cleared up.

One topic of discussion I raised among the older fans was what had happened to all the books which were sent to British Fandom following the Convention in 1949. Nobody seems to know just where they are by now. Originally, there were something like 75 hard-cover books. Anyway, London, Cheltenham and Liverpool seemed interested in them and Eric Jones planned to start writing letters to the fans like Clarke, Bulmer, Carnell, etc. and see if they can't coordinate their efforts in searching them out. Eric found a copy of the Convention Memory Book, which had a listing of them.

Lastly, there's a long list of credits due to many fans...first off to those who nominated me: Carnell, Ashfield, Barrett, Hickman and McPhail. Lynn waged an active campaign for my election and Ron Bennett worked hard to make my journey pleasant and successful.

People like Ella Parker, Les Flood, Ted Tubb, Brian Jordan, Ted Forsythe, Rispin, The Jones', the Grays, The Shorrocks, Inchmery, etc. were most kind with their hospitality. In addition many other fans bought me drinks and all of British Fandom really rolled out red carpet for me. More than I'll ever be able to repay, perhaps, but I'll try anyway. Maybe this report can count as a small down payment at least.

Whenever I read an article or see mention of the name of a fan I've met, in the fanzines from now on, I'll have the nice feeling of being able to say I know them personally. London, Cheltenham and Liverpool left me with a warm glow in my heart.

The End

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Don did his job (and very well), right away.

This report has been financed by **FIRST FANDOM**. After the actual costs of printing and mailing, **ALL** profits will go to the **TAFP FUND**. We hope that others will follow this lead as considerable revenue for **TAFP** could come about from each report.

Both covers were done by British fans. The cover for Section 1 is by Alan Hunter. The cover for section 2 is by Atom. The interior illustration is by Eric Jones.

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