

Wrath 19

Am I a survival type? I was at the Chicon, took regular showers, waited for elevators. Bill Donaho stepped on my toes and I wore a coat and tie at the banquet. Madness, danger, frustration, brute force and torture - I've been tested!

Battered fan
with broken
propellers on
his beanie.

Small impressed
fan.

F a p a

W R A I T H

Wraith 19 A goshwow type issue celebrating the Chicon and the fact that I didn't have a large zine in the 100th mailing. Wraith is published increasingly quarterly for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. This issue for the November 10th 1962 deadline of the 101th mailing. Editor and publisher is:

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Buz said my cover last time was not really an artless 'art type cover. I disagree. What he is talking about was artless art. What I am talking about was even more artless art. I mean maybe he means his "artless" to mean "naive". I mean mine to be ridiculous.

This issue will go out to quite a few non-Fapans because I promised to send any convention report I might do to various and sundry. I'll leave it to you to choose which category you fit. Receiving this issue does not automatically mean you'll receive any further issues of Wraith if you are not in FAPA. Most the time I'm too lazy to run off and send out that many copies. Therefore there is no need to consider this a trade copy and no need to feel you owe me copies of your zines. If you want to send a copy anyway, that's fine and you'll find me the most appreciative vacuum you ever sent your zine into. But Wraith 19 does not constitute a trade nor even a plea for a trade. I'm too unreliable for trades.

This will be my last convention report because I'm thinking of abolishing conventions. After every convention it takes some people so long to start writing again I developed a blistered conscience, trying to figure out what made them stop writing. My report would have been longer and more vivid too if some had written sooner. The main reason for going to a convention is so you can relive it when you get home and spend the next month talking it over in letters or tapes. This time only Buz seemed that enthusiastic till nearly a month had gone by. Other people seem to need time to recoup. It is sad.

Have read little about the convention. A few liked it, well most did but the ones I heard from were mostly at the same convention I attended, and by my way of thinking that convention would be hard to surpass, or even equal. Others didn't enjoy it as much and a couple didn't care for it. I suspect that the Chicon will be impossible to rate, since the reaction to it was a totally personal thing.

At the convention Dick Lupoff asked me to get rid of 35 members so he could become a member. I couldn't do half that even taking the membership and WL up to Lupoff as my list from which to find members to remove. Odd how many members of Fapa seem too much a part of Fapa for me to want to see them drop.

If there is a point to this it would be that the present size of the membership has allowed me to get to know the members to the point where I feel I do know them. A larger membership wouldn't allow this, and it was in fact, years before I got to know Fapa well enough to feel like this. The slow turnover is a boon too, for the members come in slow enough to be gradually digested. That's good for in SAPS at times they come in so fast you get to feeling a little indigestion. Stop and consider what you want in an organization and consider why FAPA is so desirable before you talk of changing it. It became desirable for what it is now. To drastically enlarge it would make it a different organization and not the one it is now. In that case joining is on the order of status seeking and if status and the name of being Fapa members is what is wanted, let's give them the name and keep the present group under a different name. (That's what we need, another apa.)

Ice Age 4 Larry you may remember we discussed your idea for enlarging FAPA during our walk to the Blackhawk on Monday evening. I may have not fully expressed my opposition because I couldn't find an open manhole, but in lieu of stuffing you down an open manhole may I again venture some mild opposition and again state my satisfaction with FAPA as it is now?

Without going into detail I should point out that some of the reasons you give for the increase are exactly in opposition of the reasons various people have given for preferring FAPA to SAPS. I won't mention "bigger and better mailings" for that is talking dirty, but I will answer your question, "Besides, who wants to contemplate the 200th mailing of FAPA with exactly the same membership as it has now" by suggesting it is likely most the Waiting listers would be fairly happy to contemplate much the same membership...except of course for the addition of themselves. The "static membership" is usually one of the strong points given as a reason for preferring FAPA and while I too would like to see the WL members become FAPA members, I hope it continues as it is...a new member only when we lose an old member.

NGreen...Jane has done a number of SAPSazines and attended at least one world convention and seems to be interested in Fandom.

Salud 10 Best laid plans and all that. Not only did Joe and Juanita Green and me miss that train we all were to go to Chicago on, you and Buz couldn't make it either. Shows that a recognition symbol might be needed for even writing madly to arrange things doesn't always work. Too bad, that pre-con convention could have been enjoyable.

Robins must go south for the winter because around here there seems to be quite a thing going in the effort to see the first robin of the year. One fellow invariably wins, but to do so he has the cooperation of the robins who come back earlier every year and currently are getting here in January...for him that is. Holding onto his spotting championship by seeing one earlier every year will be tough in not too many years, for they have to come earlier every time and pretty soon they'll have to disqualify him because no one will know if it is an early arriving robin or one a bit tardy about leaving.

I am nearsighted and I had the measles. They affected my eyes badly and my near sightedness began to show up soon after. There may be no connection, but it is nice to be able to find some reason for my near-sightedness when my folks were both in their late 40's or early 50's before they needed glasses. I mean I am so very near sighted.

Yes, fearless Ella Parker did come out with the first installment of her trip, but who has heard from her since? (Betty said she had a post card a few weeks after the Conicon, but in the interests of rhetoric we'll ignore that) My theory is Ella will write a non-bland account of the Seacon...do a second thought and rewrite it... then decided to let chips fall and rewrites it strong, then second thoughts it again. There must be some reason she never answered that seven page letter I wrote her back in July. But Mike Hinge refusing to shake hands because in New Zealand no decent woman shakes hands? Ella should have told him she never shakes hands in New Zealand either.

Still I think I approve of the idea of no decent woman shaking hands and will try to convince fandom of this. There are far better ways to be greeted by a fannic.

I am more interested in the 19th century than the 21st. Foey with the future.

Null F30 Will people stay on the WL for 6 or 7 years if they get old and tired? Old and tired fans drop out of FAPA, and so do young and tired fans. This long WL isn't so bad because after a while some people on it are going to drop out of fandom, and a number more will just have lost their enthusiasm over FAPA. I'd just as soon have them lose their enthusiasm for FAPA while they are on the WL and not when they are members.

Guess I am a fan conservative for it is still ASF to me and I never got an issue of the zine after it became Analog, and never felt particularly satisfied with it after it became digest size. That conservatism carries through in fan organizations as you may have noticed...I do not automatically believe a change will be an improvement.

Did calling this woman "O beautiful sweet untarnished virgin..." get his poems back?

Lighthouse 7 The twist looks pretty easy to do and fun to watch...I particularly am sorry I didn't get to see Elinor and Phyllis do the twist at Chicago. But unfortunately I don't think my back and knees would take it so twisting will remain a spectator sport...only I think I'll have to stuff cotton in my ears for it seems twist music is played L O U D .

At the Chicon any time you saw a person with a sensitive fannish face it was likely to be one of the Catholic group that was holding its convention at the same time. Though I must admit one fan recently mentioned that the convention banquet phot showed more prim looking people than said fan had seen at any one time. Still I must admit I may have a sensitive fannish face...Berry said I looked like an earnest young curate, and Noreen said I looked like a minister who was anxious to be accepted as one of the boys. If Grennell hadn't said I did look six feet tall and built like a gorilla, I'd have been totally crushed.

An index to the people in ASI Now everyone wonders who was not credited with mentions on pages 128 and 129.

Poor Richard's Almanac 14 Who would want to watch a boy blond you ask? Personally there are a number I'd like to see watching blond boys. But Euz and I are Boy Blonde watchers, and reasonably skillful at our trade.

Jim "ebbert look like Kirk Douglas? Well I'd say they are built pretty much the same, except Jim is larger, and may look like a hazy Kirk Douglas depending on how Kirk Douglas looks when he is hazy. Doreen though wasn't a tall junoesque blonde even the last time I saw her. That was over a month ago so I won't make any definite statements now.

Way I saw it Kemp did not get clobbered in SAPS for expressing a minority opinion. As one of the fans who clobbered him (supposedly) I can say my reason had a lot to do with my idea that if someone joins an organization he is joining it for what it is. Therefore when someone joins saying he considers a large part of it completely worthless and adding nothing to the mailing and will fight to change it, I surely have the right to fight back.

Hypocrisy Rich? Harry is the one who gave the label "alleged non-conformity and free thinking". I've never claimed to be either a non-conformist or free thinker, and in fact I have the silly notion that when I join an organization I have to earn the right to make criticisms or policy statements. I was in fapa many years before

I felt I'd earned the right to really speak up. While Kemp and I have settled our differences and I find I like and appreciate the guy, I still will get a bit soured when anyone joins an organization telling it how worthless it is. If they really feel that way, why join?

Dammit this is the sort of thing I don't like...it is in the past and I only hope Kemp doesn't take it personally. But by Ghod I took it personally.

Sarcon's Bane 11 Isn't it a little late..you say "and for Crysakes don't allow any efficiency experts or animal husbandry men into the organization." I mean I'm already infamous on this artificial insemination bit. But there is such a thing as being too efficient so put me down as one rady to do his part.

Both of us had the same trouble. We didn't care for covers on the OO and at the time both were engaged in a difference of opinion with Bergeron that would stop us from saying so, just because it would seem personal. Trouble with fandom - you have to stay friendly with everyone if you want to be able to gripo generally.

There's a shortage of check-marks in this issue Buz. Next time do something about it.

Think I have the shortest list of streets lived on of anyone in FAPA though I've lived in, or rather had mailing adressess in 7 towns...come to think of it in 8 towns or cities. My list of streets are Calumet Avenue, Kostner Avenue and Tejon Street. Yeah that's right, the first two were in Chicago.

Persian Slipper 2 Don't know where I got the idea it was against the law to sign an assumed name at a hotel, though most likely once years ago I read something on that order and it stuck with me.

Like the idea of that church camp where you hiked, necked and played monopoly. When I was younger I had the ambition of going to Boy Scout Camp and a friend who happened to be the son of my Lutheran Minister kept trying to get me to go to this Church Camp. He kept telling me that girls attended too and at the same time, but I wasn't impressed. Or something. I must have a perfect Boy Scout.

Cockatrice 1 Oh goody, bloodshed!

Last of a Series 1 John I'm glad you didn't bleed all over the place(I say with more friendship than facetiousness.

Dry Martooni 1 Lovely cover. Mails are extremely irregular, and after the convention, they are downright unnatural. It was adding insult when they decided to raise the cost of postage during a time when the shortage of mail had no feeling they could just as well abolish the Postal system.

Fred, we barely met at Chicago. I was waiting for the elevator, you introduced yourself and then my elevator came and that was that. Typical for a convention.

Ankus 5 Can't remember the tune too well, but wouldn't the tune to "Pecos Bill" also fit THE BIG RED CHEESE? No it wouldn't, I remembered the tune.

Celephais 32 True, in the poll we vote for the people..but too I feel the poll is more for people in FAPA and will seldom vote for a non-member. But it is only under protest that I'll vote for a publication...for the publisher, sure, but publication no.

I'm one of the old members who remembered Martin and remembering him, and learning from Broyle's Who's Who In Fandom that Martin was not an over-sexed teenager when he was last a member, was enough to cause me to be less than sympathetic towards him. What happened may have been regrettable, but when it happened to Martin, I find I couldn't work up a really satisfactory regret.

City people who haven't experienced walking through pastures do not know what they've missed? Too bad because if they did they'd understand why farmers get round shouldered.

Speaking of references to areas you know in books, my favorite was in an old Argosey STf story written by Leinster or Will Jenkins or someone who had the hero stay in a Fargo, North Dakota hotel. It was my favorite because the hotel had been for many years notorious for doing its bit to make up for the unequal division in the number of members of each sex, particularly during the harvest season when thousands of men would flock here to work the fields. Couldn't help wondering if the author knew what he was doing or had just taken a hotel from the directory. In fact I wonder how many times some author will play such a joke.

Fandom is a part of life...FIAPOL? I think you are right and that would be a good tag. It fits my thinking at least.

If a woman looks good coming towards you the odds are she won't cause you to suffer too greatly when she turns around. At least you can't be so completely fooled by a prior front view as you can by a rear view and a vivid imagination.

Didn't figure we'd have to give Ellick any paper that can be written on under water...I thought he could write on his stomach.

Horizons 91 I agree, SAPS is not FAPA and the rules that work for one organization would not necessarily be good for the other organization. Most of the time I've been arguing that Saps does not have to be an imitation FAPA, but I'll argue just as strongly that FAPA should keep its own image.

Hey maybe there is something in this "perilious 30th issue" thing. My SAPS zine has passed the 30 mark and while the 30th issue was 31 pages and a number previous had been larger and in fact it had averaged well above 20 pages an issue to that time, the next four issues were small and only one of the 19 issues since has topped 30 pages and only 5 have topped 20 pages. 30 issues is a danger point.

Have answered most my other check marks in other zines. Harry I disagree with you..Fapa is the optimum size now...and the semi-static membership is one of the good points..but if you like a changing membership join SAPS...but if you do I'll warn you, you'll get sort of tired of reading moans about the rapidly changing membership...it gets too fast for me even.

Target Fapa212? Odd Tarzan was so conscientious in trying to keep from fouling up the inheritance problem in the Greystoke family. It never seemed to bother other noblemon.

Le Moindre 27 You have a hard time understanding the U.S. political system? I have a hard time understanding it too though I have a number of relatives who mess around in politics. Have one uncle who is a perpetual candidate though he never wins except when running for the North Dakota legislature. Don't believe he actually cares to win for he mostly enjoys the campaigning. Anyone who really wanted to win for the sake of winning wouldn't run as a Democrat all the time. He has been unsuccessful in bids for the US Senate, House of Representatives, and for Lieutenant Governor. Now as a sort of elder statesman he has a different role which I'll not mention except to say if you get inside of what goes on in party finagling you find it is not far from what goes on in SAPS and FAPA elections and maneuvering.

Locally a primary is a farce if you are a Republican, and a way to get Democratic backing for Non-partisan League candidates if you are on the other ticket.

Churn 4 Hi strangers. Remember years ago I knew people with the same name as yours. Why it seems like only last year I got a note from the one called Nancy in which she said she'd write later in the week.

Art, I'm in favor of tougher rules or at least tougher enforcing of the rules pertaining to activity requirements. But enlarging FAPA does not seem the way to handle the problem for we'd end up with not even a temporary gain. Allowing 20 new members in at once would still leave us with a WL of over 40. With 85 members the turn over per year might be one or two greater, but the WL member at the end of the list would still have a long wait and people would be talking of enlarging FAPA again. So at the risk of spoiling an organization that is if anything too desirable at its present membership quota, we'd only gain a temporary respite. Let's just stick to tougher laws or tougher enforcing and forget the idea of a larger FAPA.

The NFFF Hospitality room had the best view of any room I was in at Chicago. It also seemed so out of the way that I doubt if it got half the play it did last year in Seattle. Too bad, for it is very worthwhile and if FAPA were to donate to any outside cause, I'd prefer the donation be given to the NFFF for use in the hospitality room.

Nance, if my memory is correct, the local papers and TV and Radio were all for Castro and so was everyone I knew...until his own actions shocked and disillusioned us.

Badli 13 Should read the mailing before I vote for it was not till a few days ago I learned you were an unofficial- open-for-write-in votes candidate. That was dangerous..what if you'd gotten the OEShip?

Was quite flattered to have a place in your list of all time FAPA members. In the main I agree with you, but missed one name that should have been among the top 30...Vernon McCain. And so it was you who mentioned Wollhein trying to break up FAPA? At least I remembered someone had said it.

Rusty, I became more active this last year, now it is your turn.

Revoltng Development: Alger you get into a rut too easily. Remember when you got your first Remington Rolling Block Rifle? Soon you had dozens. Then you got a Packard. Now you have 8. Martin, I suggest you stay single.

Fantasy Press 37 Dan'll I appreciated the sentiment in this issue and I should have thanked Marion at Chicago for the artwisting she did. You should not miss a Fapa mailing, not now when we feel we can depend on you.

time

Day Star 19 "But as I say, there are/binding links between the simmering blonde kid who joined and the calmer darker woman who celebrates the hundredth mailing as President of the organization." At the convention I wondered who that blonde kid was and then someone told me it was Marion Bradley. In person you are less as I had pictured you than any other Fapa member and fit the description of "blonde kid" better than the description of a "calmer, darker woman. Hah!, it will be along time till you can frighten me again.

Fifty-Fifty Shouldn't this be called Fifty-Nineteen? Ron if you are planning to run the the FAPA OEship, it might be a good time to start paying off any SAPS who can remember the time when you ran for OE of SAPS. I could leave it like that but such would be furnishing aid and comfort to your opponents so I better say Ron ran for OE of SAPS, but didn't retain the election and dropped out before the results were in. He had good reason, but how can I make trouble if I give the good reasons along with the dirt? By the way anyone want a good SAPS-trained campaign manager?

Every mailing there is the problem of something you'll read without remembering to make check marks. This mailing there were, thank Perdue, a lot of items like that and some especially REMEMBER USE OF THINGS PAST and A SENSE OF FAPA were read hoping that nothing would inspire a check mark. Sam, I can use that excuse to you too...no checkmarks because there were all those pages to read and enjoy.

Ron you are too suspicious and perhaps unfair to Tarzan. If he was having any affairs, I feel we can safely assume it was with female apes.

Phlotsam 20 Hope you do have that essay on Phyllis Economou this mailing. Hope you have a zine this mailing for your "may miss the mailing" noises have me worried. Now that you've successfully made me a 4 time a year hitter, we'll have to get to work and see what we can do about you. You've been missing too many mailings.

If the Seacon was the Cozycon, what was the Chicon? It wasn't as cozy as Seattle and was rather hectic at times, but the parties as a rule were not as loud and the groups seemed smaller. In Seattle everything was so open that you could wander off, knowing it wouldn't be too hard to find any special people almost any time you wanted. In Chicago you had to keep some tabs on people for if they or you wandered off that might be the last you'd see them.

Farmer's selling corn to the government for \$1.20 a bushel and buying it back right away at \$1.05? Man you don't do anything like that around here. Last year we bought some surplus oats at the low government price. But in order to be able to buy these oats and get the advantage of that price first this county had to be declared a disaster area. Then we had to prove our crop of feed grain had been insufficient for our own use and that we had not sold any feed grain. They found how many head of cattle we had and allowed us to buy only so much feed... around 600 bushels less than we needed, it turned out. Then this spring we had to go in and sign an affidavit saying we had not used the grain for any but the purposes for which it was intended, and that we had used the full amount for the purposes for which it was intended.

First thing Tucker said when I saw him was "Make Phyllis keep her word and pay so much attention to you that she walks into a door." I believe he also reminded you, which puts me forever in his debt. Actually you didn't pay as much attention to me as I'd like, but you did come close to walking into a door because you were paying attention to me, and I'll accept that as almost enough for now and hope you'll do better eight or ten years from now when I get to my next convention.

Until recently I have flirted with the idea of running for a Fapa office, but some of the recent happenings caused me to change my mind. When I was OE of SAPS this Myers asked to get on the WL. I was familiar with him from FAPA and while I had nothing against his being in one organization, I couldn't see some mundane apa completionist joining fan organizations just to be a completionist in them. I ignored his note and while I don't remember if he wrote again, I either would have (or did) answer that time telling him that SAPS was too small an organization to take anyone who was not really interested in it for itself. This is reprehensible, I'm sure, but I've never regretted it. In Saps it is only morally wrong and there's even a little doubt that it is morally wrong. In Fapa it would be wrong and at this time I'd not be a good officer (if I ever would be one) because I'm more for allowing officers a free reign, and for doing a way with a lot of our red tape and circumventing the rules by petition. I'd like to do away with most this deal of retaining a member by petition. Fapa has been set up to retain the valuable once a year contributor, but there's no reason why such a contributor must wait till his last mailing...and then be "forced" to miss that. Even on dues I see no reason why an officer can not rule and make a solid ruling that cannot be over-ridden unless by appeal, and review. Sure the petition has allowed us to hold on to some good members, but with the WL as large as it is it seems time to make staying in fapa the duty of the individual member. Now staying in FAPA is often a case of the members being generous.

"hoops, nothing like a reformed deadwood type is there? And I got off the point Phyllis for this started out to be an agreement on the handling of Myers and showing a more drastic handling in SAPS. I ended on a white (wool grey) horse and explained more to myself than anyone, why I'd not run for office. It would be too easy to get impatient and stretch the rules. Much easier to gripe and hope the rules can be tightened to a point where they can be applied ruthlessly.

Guess one reason I want the rules tightened is to stop some of the talk of a larger Fapa. As long as there seemed to be a chance of getting into FAPA some time you heard little talk of making Fapa larger. Now many are fatalistically convinced the only way they can get in is if we raise the membership quota.

There I go again. Seems I have a new war cry that goes like, "OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"

Let's talk more of the convention for a change. Devore, McLaughlin and Broderick all made it at least as far as Chicago for they were all there and looking in good shape. For a while I was a bit worried that they had run out of Shaggoths to eat, for I didn't see Fred Prophet till the last day of the convention, and Howard did look well fed.

You were not alone in griping about the covers on the OO. Counting your mention of Grennell there were at least 6 gripes this mailing and I was griping last mailing. But the problem has sort of been solved for Enay would have most likely gone back to the old style OO, even without the rest of us suggesting it.

End of mailing comments and end of the zine, unless I get the time to do that convention report.

INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Life was simple before I started going to conventions. Most people can start making plans as soon as they know where the next convention is to be held. My job, farming, has no set schedule and most the time there is no planning needed, I just couldn't go no matter how much I wanted to go. If the crops mature in such a way that I could get a week off around the first of September, it is possible to get to a convention. Most the time I am not sure of going till actually on my way, and most the time there is no need of doing any real hoping. Even if the crops did mature the weather can stall us on work to a point where one year the first time I realized it was convention time was when Dad brought a card out to the field and I had to wash the dirt and chaff out of my eyes before reading a "wish you were here with us at the convention."

This year for a number of reasons I did start planning a little early. It was a tongue in the cheek type planning and I wasn't prepared to really believe till I did go, but various people especially Betty Kujawa, the Busbys, & the "ebberts with a just-before-the-convention assist from Phyllis Ecnomou did keep me in the mood for going. At least they succeeded to a point where I did start planning early. Even sold my back SAPS and FAPA mailings as a start for a convention fund.

Buz and Elinor were taking a train and they suggested it would be fun to travel together and have that extra two days together. I agreed and it sounded even better when they decided we go early so the three of us could join Boyd, Phyllis and Curt Janke at a pre-con party at the Grennolls. For a while there were plans all over the place. Joe and Juanita Green might take the same train...it sounded good.

Buz and Elinor got their reservations in early and kept after me to get my reservation. I still wasn't sure of going and wanted to stall till I had a better idea. Finally a month before the convention I got an airmail letter from Buz saying the Greens had tried to get a reservation but everything was booked up and I better try to get a reservation quick. It was too late here but then things started rolling. Jim and Doreen Webbert, along with other Seattle fans, seem to watch out for me, so they wrote saying there'd be room in their car if I wanted to go with them. One of my problems was a room reservation, I couldn't afford to get one by myself and hated to involve some other fan in plans that might easily fall through. Doreen and Jim had taken care of that...they'd asked the Wallys, Weber and Gonsler if they'd take me as a room mate, and that was settled. Naturally I wrote back immediately accepting with thanks.

From then on letters were pretty regular. Convention fever had hit and any time you'd write, or any time you'd get mail something new would come up. Day after hearing from Doreen and Jim I got letters from Buz and Joe Green. The Greens had decided to drive to Chicago and since they did not know my address, had phoned the Busbys twice to talk it over and ask if I'd care to ride with them. That was nice for Joe and Juanita are wonderful people and I wrote telling them I had already accepted a ride with the Seattle crew, but I'd like a rain check in case the Seattle group felt it might be too crowded.

I was still doing harvest work and hoping to get things done. Made one trip to Fargo to get some clothes and to locate a hotel that would be easy for them to find when they picked me up. I think Dad thought I was nuts for I drove out the Highway and came through Fargo several times just to make sure I could give the exact location of the hotel and how it could be found in the middle of the night with no trouble.

Work was still going on and while everything could be done if things went right, on a farm you can usually depend on things to go wrong. We harvested all the crop that would ripen before the convention and the only "must" job was baling and hauling in the straw. This was a must because this has been a rainy year and one heavy rain on straw can ruin it. We got it baled and then hauled it in. It was getting to the point where any rain, even a light one that would not hurt the straw, would still delay things till past the time when the Seattle cars would get here so I was getting pretty anxious. As a result we put up straw faster than anyone would believe. We borrowed a bale elevator that lifted the bales up into the hay mow. I was in the loft carrying them back- a 70 foot carry to start with - and piling them 6 high. Dad was taking them off the load and sending them up as fast as the bale elevator could take them, and couldn't understand how I was able to keep up. If he'd been upstairs he'd have understood. Take a bale in each hand and run both ways and you can keep up pretty well. As a result we got the 700 bales in in a little over a day, but I'd be wringing wet by the time we had a load unloaded and then would cool down taking the tractor and trailer back out to the field for another load.

By doing this, work was cleared away for going, but I developed a case of the flu, and time kept stomping on. Latest report was the car would hit Fargo about midnight Thursday. I was desperately hoping to feel well enough to go but having a hard time recuperating because I had to help on various jobs. Wednesday I intended to help with minor chores and spend the bulk of the day in bed. So I helped with this and that and finally got to lay down for 45 minutes before going out for evening milking. Thursday I felt better, but in the morning got a call from Jim saying they had been delayed and wouldn't be in Fargo till around noon Friday. This was a help for while I felt better, if they had come at the scheduled time I would not have gone. Friday morning I felt good, did chores and came in to clean up. Just got one foot over into the tub when the phone rang...8 am and here was Jim... "We made up time, get down here as fast as you can." Fargo is 43 miles, but I bathed, finished packing, stopped in Hunter to cash a check and was at the meeting place by 9:15 am.

A couple of fannes claim to be witches and Doreen has handled some of my witchcraft, even though as a witch she's inclined to overdo things. Last year I wanted some dry weather and we got a drouth. This year I asked for rain and we got drowned out to a point where part of this county was declared a disaster area. She may not have been doing any conscious witching for this trip, but it did work out in my favor. They had started out from Seattle in a Station-wagon they were driving east for a fellow. A couple of hundred miles out the car broke down but Gonser caught a plane back to Seattle, got new tires put on his car, drove the car back to the break-down point at a speed that could have been only slightly less than that of the plane, and they arrived in Fargo only 8 hours behind schedule. But those 8 hours made the difference between my going and not going.

Jim, Doreen, Gonser and Weber are fun to travel with. They had this deal going that helped pass the time and indirectly helped keep the driver awake. It seems there's a game that might be called "Picking on Weber" and it has various basic rules, the main one being that some type of Chinese Torture is applied to Wally, and Wally must suffer. This time it was counting bridges and the way I got it, everyone tried to keep track of the number of bridges they crossed and Wally would try to evade. One bridge wouldn't bother Wally, but one after another wears him down and Chicago had him speechless. Don't think he didn't put up a fight for there were arguements and much defining before some bridges were accepted. When I first got into the car I saw that things were manifestly unfair for it was always 3 to 1 against Wally. This naturally brought out my good side and I refused to automatically rule against Wally just because he was outnumbered. To be perfectly

fair I'd side with the majority only three times out of four, and to be systematic, would rule three times against Wally and then once for him. Wally, the sly one soon caught on and would ask for opinion on three minor matters he'd not mind losing in order to get my backing on some major matter. If I wasn't a man of sterling quality and fairness, this perfidity would have turned me against him.

Somehow the trip didn't get long till we got to Chicago. Then we seemed to drive almost as long in Chicago as we had getting there, but when we got to the Pick-Congress it seemed so natural I forgot to think it a dream.

We were unloading the car when another car pulled up behind us. A fellow got out and immediately I started "recognizing people" for it looked like Gene Kujawa. I crouched a little to see if Betty was in the car, but she wasn't and I didn't recognize the other two couples so it seemed another case of seeing someone who reminded you of someone you expected to see. It happened again when the other couples got out of the car. I told Doreen, "that one looks like Andy Main." and she said, "It is Andy Main." Andy was with a cute round-eyed girl he seemed quite fond of and who seemed quite fond of him. He introduced her as Ardis, said she was nice and then introduced me as being "a good man". She immediately asked why he introduced everyone else as being a good man, but didn't introduce her that way. Andy and I thought a minute and decided it was because she wasn't a good man and wouldn't be described that way and we must have been right for I never heard anyone else describe her as a good man. Andy was a sort of enigma at this convention. Last year he was around much of the time and I enjoyed his company. This year I wasn't sure if he was attending the convention or not and in fact got the idea he was living in Chicago and dropping in at the convention only now and then. I'm still not sure he really attended the convention.

The two Wallys and I shared a room which was rather large, with an antique bathroom and twin beds. We ordered a roll-away. After the trip we wanted to shower so Gonsler went first. He got through well enough but did remark mildly that it was slippery. Weber was not going out that night so said I could be next. I got into the shower and immediately got out though not on purpose. It was slippery, my feet shot out from under me and if I hadn't grabbed the shower curtain I'd have had a bad fall. As it was I ripped some of the hangers out of the curtain. That shower was finished in a crouching and kneeling position, and Weber somehow decided he'd prefer a tub bath. Later I learned to handle this shower, but I lived dangerously.

They hadn't brought up the roll-away and Gonsler and I felt we should do a little fan meeting before going to bed. We went down to the lobby and ran into our second fan... Jack Harness. He recognized Gonsler but I had to introduce myself though we had met at Seattle. He explained I didn't stand out enough, which is a good enough reason. I asked if he'd seen Buz and Elmer and he said Buz was at a party in Mallardi's room so Wally and I went up there. This is the second Mallardi party I've attended and it was just like last year... full, noisy and enjoyable. Some day I want to get to know Bill better.

Buz was at the party looking almost as he had when I'd last seen him, only more wobbly. And hell, let's face it, from now on this report will be even more fragmentary, will leave out a great deal I enjoyed, will miss people I was especially happy to see, and will have to skip the topic of most conversations. There was just too much to remember and it is too easy to lose the landmarks. A convention has no days and at best meals are a comma, sleep is a period and I'm not sure if the convention is a paragraph or a page.

Buz told me the man I had thought to be Gene Kujawa was Gene and that he had

just come back from picking up Avram and Mrs. Davidson. It was around 3 am, too late to take a chance on calling Betty and Gene and I think Buz said Elinor was in bed so I saved them for the next day. I did get acquainted with Dick Schultz, a nice fellow who offered to do a cover for my SAPS zine and then Bill Donaho came over. Bill and I got off to an auspicious start. He was complimenting me on something, but may have been suffering from high-proof blood for he realized he'd said it in a way that could be taken as less than complimentary if you leaned a bit, and he got a little tangled trying to straighten that out. To be helpful I complimented him on Habbakuk and hoped it would win a Hugo this year. He explained it wasn't up for a Hugo this year and I got to look confused. I have an excuse for my mistake, but it isn't a very good one. That Donaho, it is easy to see why he is so well liked. Bill introduced me to Danny Curran, and I think I talked to Jim Caughran and it was 4 am and that seemed to be enough for the night. Weber in typically Weber fashion had taken the roll-away and making a note to stake my claim to it in the future, I crawled into one of the twin-beds and slept soundly till perhaps 7:30 am. That was the worse case of oversleeping in years.

It took a little while to get ready to go out and by that time Weber, who had slept for hours, decided to get up, and we went down to the convention hall. Even at that relatively early time there were fans around and the hucksters were out early setting their snares. This was good for I was able to meet an old friend, SAPS rival and opponent in SAPS elections in his natural habitat...behind a selection of stf goodies that even had a hardened old ex-collector like me interested. I've known Howard Devore for at least a dozen years and he's been one of my favorite people all that time. We used to be on opposite sides in most the old hard fought SAPS elections, and in part I took the other side so I could best admire the tricky Machiavellian foot-work of the guy. Lately we've both helped keep each other active in SAPS, because we have the two longest strings of consecutive mailingshit in the organization. Howard can't miss a mailing as long as the hope of my missing one and giving him a chance for the record remains. I can't miss a mailing because then he'd be able to pass my mark and if he did, might carry out his threat to drop SAPS or start hitting more irregularly. Now that I've met Howard and learned he actually is all I thought he was and more, I'll work even harder to keep him around.

After a short talk with Devore, Weber and I decided we were hungry and for some reason decided to look elsewhere for food. I think we were a bit leery of the prices and food in the Pick Congress and perhaps just wanted to explore. We went out the front of the hotel, turned left and went around the block to Wash Avenue and just past the corner found a little snack bar that was clean, reasonable in its prices and had good food. I made up my mind to eat there fairly often during the con and actually ate there once more, a few hours later in a lunch with Buz and Dick Schultz. But at breakfast time no other fans had discovered it, either that or no other fans were up. Come to think of it some were up for the NFFF Breakfast was due to start any time so after eating Wally and I went down to the YMCA, ostensibly to look in on the NFFF Breakfast, but actually to give us a chance to windowshop at the advertising displays in the girly show places that lined the opposite side of the street. It struck me as odd that the YMCA was flanked by joint after joint advertising undraped women. Odd but convenient. Wally and I both made plans to visit one of the joints but it was just bluff.

Meanwhile back at the hotel fans were coming to life. Even Gonser was awake and gone. Gone at least. Down to the convention lobby again and I think the first person I met was Bob Tucker. He immediately asked if I'd met Phyllis Economou yet, and reminded me she'd promised to pay so much attention to me that she'd walk into a door, and reminded that I make her keep her word. It seemed like a good idea to me. Bob is a fannish legend who is still legend after meeting him.

Soon after I met Dean and Jean Grennell for the first time. Both were familiar from tapes, letters, & his zines and both looked as I thought they would. Evidently they thought I looked as they'd imagined for Dean said, "Yep, six feet tall and built like a gorilla." I'm glad he said that for a few minutes later I met Larry and Noreen Shaw and Noreen said I didn't look anything like she thought I would...that I looked like a minister who was trying to seem like one of the boys by playing baseball. After that I had to go to Dean for reassurance and he told me that I did look six feet tall and built like a gorilla and then seeing I was still shaken, invited me to come to his room while he put new film in his camera. Dean had brought along a small arsenal and was set for survival. Among other things he took a picture of me aiming a small revolver and was taken by the way I extended my pinky. I know Dean but that is the way I have to shoot, I need a relaxed grip.

Down at the convention lobby fans started arriving too fast to remember them all...Walter Willis and Madeline, quiet spoken and a pleasure to talk to. Martin Alger and another old friend, Fred Ramus. Oddly enough I had trouble talking to a few old friends. Alger seemed more shy than I thought he'd be and that always reacts on my own shyness. Still it can't be entirely that and I think a lot of my trouble the first day of a convention, or any time at a convention is I am unable to get into or hold a good conversation while standing up. At a convention, standing conversations are so impermanent. You start to talk and before the conversation gets rolling you've separated and perhaps never see each other again. The first day of the convention you are so busy meeting people you just don't start still long enough to do much more than say hello...and the other person seems to be drifting as much. So before the convention opened I drifted by a number of people including Chuck Hansen, Lee Hoffman who looked lovely but different, and a couple dozen more who will not feel snubbed by my not mentioning them because they won't remember when they met me either.

One meeting I remember happened as I was waiting for the elevator. Bruce Pelz and Dave McDaniels, who was once Ted Johnstone, said hello and Bruce introduced me to the newest member of SAPS. The newest member of SAPS is a very pretty girl named Dian Girard, but I hardly got to notice that before the elevator came, so Dian and I didn't get very well acquainted during the convention, though we smiled when passing each other.

Coming down again the elevator was crowded with strange fans till Karen Anderson got on. I immediately told her it was collection time and collected the interest on a debt. (Karen I may not get to the next few conventions so remember the accrued interest when we do get to one again.) Wiping off lipstick I got off at the convention lobby, went into the hall for the opening of the convention and saw Betty Kujawa and Elinor Busby sitting together. That was nice and gave me two more different shades of lipstick to wipe off and somehow the convention was getting really interesting. I sat down with Betty and Elinor and we were getting reacquainted when I vaguely heard Devore saying "Betty Kujawa". I guessed she'd been introduced and told her to stand up. She didn't understand why and finally Elinor (or Buz, who ever was sitting next to her) and I virtually forced her to her feet and sat back to watch the surprised expression on her face when she heard the applause. Must be ego-booish, first time at a convention as a known fan, and then being the first fan introduced. Devore did a good job on the fan introductions; mine was especially balm to my ego.

The introductions were soon over and we started out, but I waited for Phyllis Economou, who smiled and shook hands. Oh well, any convention does have moments that are not quite as interesting as they could be.

The convention was slow in getting started and people kept standing around in

small groups trying to talk against the uproar. I'd run into Ted White, Jim O'Meara, Eney, Kemp and others and would say a few words and then drift on. Elinor and I went to the art show and shortly after stopped in at the Park View room where they were getting ready for the reception for Walt, Madeleine and Ethel Lindsay. I think this is where I met Ethel and she had a hello to deliver to me from Ella Parker. I like these United Kingdom imports we get for conventions. I've met five and I'm impressed.

Later the crowd started arriving for the reception and the three of them were cornered and talked to. A number of us were trying to talk in another corner of the room, but if you got close enough to hear what anyone was saying you risked getting your ear bitten. Earlier when Buz and I were coming back from lunch we'd discovered a place just off the escalators that looked fine for a small gathering...a long couch and a number of chairs and sturdy sit-on-able coffee table. I tried to get people to move there; Ted White thought it a good idea and finally by using some physical force Ted and I got them moving that way. The group changed but at one time or another it included Ted White, Howard Devore, Buz, Elinor, Phyllis, Sally Kidd and me as a starting group and then a revolving group including the Shaws, Andy Main and his girl, Boyd, Eney and I believe, Arthur Economou.

For me this was the real beginning of the convention and the talk started with a discussion between Ted and Devore dwelling mainly on the reason why Devore had not introduced Ted among the fan notables. From there the talk went to SAPS elections, to Papa, to Ompa and points connected. I really enjoyed this.

That evening the Kujawas had invited Boyd, the Economou and me to dinner and putting on a coat and tie I met the rest in the lobby. It was quite a compliment to the company I'd keep...for a coat and tie...I think it is bad enough I had to wear shoes. We ate at the Royal Scot and the meal was wonderful, but as usual at the convention only a sidelight to the conversation. Phyllis had to miss it for she had to eat and run to make it to the fan panel. This panel was one of the few items on the program I wanted to see, but I'm afraid I enjoyed the time too much to be sorry about missing it.

For personal reasons I wasn't drinking anything stronger than Ginger-ale but Betty sat on my left and worked on a quart of Champagne. My job was to pour and I would have been just as well off drinking because the fumes from the bottle as I passed it under my nose were enough to get me going. Finally I took a glass myself to help her finish it and because my arm was getting tired from the pouring. After that I dropped the bottle.

Seems I haven't mentioned Gene Kujawa. He's a heck of a nice guy and more of a fan type than he'd admit. (For me calling someone a fan type is a compliment.) Arthur Economou is another interesting and likable man.

From the dinner we went to the bar and later ended up at the costume ball. On the way out of the bar Phyllis nearly ran into the door while talking to me and I allowed that as sufficient. Betty was trying to meet her old CRY opponent Wally Weber and Wally somehow hadn't been available. It was getting ridiculous so Doreen and I decided to find him and enjoy watching the meeting. I'm not sure what plans Betty had, but I did feel Wally might have some reason for worry if he felt like worrying. Wally didn't show up so I suggested to Betty she place herself in ambush by the door and I'd get Wally. I did find him, suggested we go down to see how little material there was in some of the costumes. He seemed to like the idea and we took the Escalator down to the main floor then started the long walk down the hall. Just before we got there I noticed I was all alone. That Wally is really wery. I looked all over for him but didn't find him, but later Doreen said

she'd found him and lured him into the bar (last place to expect to find Wally) and Petty found him there.

Costume ball. I thought it good but so crowded I didn't get to see much of it. Noisy too. Pavlat and Bill Evans were going to their suite to set up for the DC Party so I tagged along and made myself a little useful. When we sat down to relax and wait for the throng we got a chance to talk and they started talking about Blanchard in '66. This was a gag in my SAPSzine..I said I wanted the convention in '66 and offered such inducements as a large one room quonset as the total fan meeting and sleeping place, and also offering the fact that Blanchard has a bar which is not allowed to serve food and no restraurant so no one would have to waste time in eating. Bob and Bill didn't think Blanchard was much for a convention but they acted as though Fargo would be fine and acted too serious for me so I left as fast as my horrified little legs could carry me. Just got down to watch some twisting, decided a dance at a convention is a waste though some is fun to watch for a while. Wandering on I met Phyllis in the hall and we decided to go to the DC Party. Inside Bob Tucker got the two of into the inner room of the DC Suite for the start of what was a semi-private party. This was a good convention type affair with good company and Tucker in form. I relented and had a few drinks and didn't seem bothered in my usual way. A drink or two often inhibits me rather than relaxes me. Later Bill Evans came back with a fifth of Scotch and they started a game that somehow included me. Every time Tucker took a drink, Evans took a drink, passed the bottle to me, I had to take a drink and pass the bottle to Jim Caughran or Phyllis who.... It made the rounds quite regularly.

About the time the parties in the other rooms of the suite were beginning to quiet down Kemp brought in a reporter from Life Magazine, saying he wanted to show him a real fan orgy, a woman on a bed surrounded by seven men. Ed Woods was there and helped things along by asking Phyllis where her husband was, and from then on it was an attempt to explain fans and fandom to this fellow. Tucker has the right idea, he kept trying to give the reporter a drink, saying that the only way we'd get a good report would be to get him so drunk he couldn't remember a thing when he wrote his story. But Bill, Phyllis and Ben Stark tried to explain fandom and fans and did such a good job that for a while I thought I might even learn enough to answer the next time someone asked me. After a while I started getting confused and besides I wanted to see of the Busbys, Boyd and the Kujawas had gotten to Boyd's room yet. I knew Phyllis might be interested in going along and thought of asking her but she was enjoying herself too much for me to butt in.

At Boyd's room there was a small somewhat glum party. It seems they had all the ingredients of a good party except for ice and Gene was down after that. When he came back with the ice the party unglummed. The group was small; Boyd, Elinor, Buz, Betty, Gene, Donaho and me. Here too the non-drinking Ballard took scotch and in spite of my legs working oddly because they were cramped, it was noticeable that the company seemed to counteract any affect of alcohol. I mostly talked to Betty at this party but it was getting late and she left soon. I was getting tired too for it was after 4 am and I can't stay up late like the others. So shortly after Betty left I got up and said good night. As I got to the door, Gene said, "You better be out of the room when I get there." This startled me for a bit, but I remembered something he'd said to shock Emile Greenleaf so I said, "B-B-But you said you were going to lend Betty to me for the convention." Gene nodded and said, "Yes I did, but I want to be able to go right to sleep when I get there." By this time I'd recovered so I told him, "Start whistling loud when you get off the elevator and I won't be there when you arrive."

I got to the elevator before thinking I should go back, stick my head in the door and ask, "By the way, what is your room number."

Sunday I wakened before 8 am and while getting ready to go out, talked with Weber. He was going to get up sometime and was saying he wanted to take the IQ test because for years he'd been saying his IQ was less than other fans and now he'd be able to prove it. I told him I was sure he'd find he had an above average fan IQ, but he seemed unimpressed.

Breakfast at a little diner around a few corners with Evora. Back at the convention Elinor asked if I'd eaten. Elinor seemed a little out of phase and didn't feel hungry when the rest of us did and then got her appetite working about the time the rest of us had just gotten back from a meal. It was just the way things worked but I think she almost developed feelings of rejection because of it.

Sunday morning was just talk. Elinor at the Art Show. Betty there later to show me an Atom picture she wanted to get. A little talk with Bjo and a little more with John Trimble. John wanted my vote to go to California in the FAPA election, but I had to tell him my votes had been promised long before. Bruce Pelz did some campaigning, stating his record as SAPS OE which is a good point. I kept telling him he was so good in SAPS I was going to vote against him in FAPA in hope it would sour him on FAPA enough that he'd continue to concentrate most his efforts in SAPS. Actually I had promised my vote to the Busby, Warner, White slate and had told Pelz if they cancelled out I'd vote for him and I kept that promise. But I'll be darned if I'll pass up a small needle by telling him in advance.

There was a Fapa meeting slated for 11:30 am and Ted White and I were there on the dot. No one else was and it looked as though we had the wrong room number so we went back down to the fan hall lobby, and found Tucker who was ready to go up to the meeting. We went up, found a few more around a locked door and started down when we ran into a mob including Marion Bradley, in whose room the meeting was to be held. There were only about half the attending members were there, for not all members knew of the meeting. I'd told Bjo and John and thought they'd tell the rest of the LA fan. Others were forgotten and a few couldn't make it. But at the meeting were: Karen Anderson, Ballard, FM & E Busby, Marion Bradley, Caughran the Coulsons, Phyllis, Nancy; the Grennells, Lee Hoffman, Raeburn, Trimble, Tucker and White. Coffee was ordered, Marion opened the meeting, it was quickly learned that the only items of censor would be farcial, and Bill Evans was cited for various nefarious things, some of which he may have actually done (or didn't do) Jim Caughran wrote up the "citation" and everyone signed it..including Bill later on. After that things became more serious and there was a lot of discussion on Fapa problems and a couple petitions were formulated and circulated. I agreed with them and signed them but can't remember now exactly what they were. I do remember sitting between Elinor and Lee Hoffman who were talking about some fan who seems hard for them to understand. Elinor said, "He isn't like Wrai, you can know how Wrai thinks." I blushed and Lee said, "Wrai can be trusted, you mean?" and I quickly dared her to trust me. Trouble is she probably would and probably could, darn it. Karen called me over and sang a couple verses from a SAPS song that has a great deal of possibility. Be interesting to see it completed...a sort of Sapsish Fable for critics...more a fable for critics of fables.

Meeting adjourned soon after and Boyd, Ted, Phyllis, Trimble and I went down to lunch at the coffee shop. More chit-chat and as usual it was a highly enjoyable period and I can't remember details. While we were eating Betty Kujawa joined us. When talking of the convention and in making plans a number of us insisted we were not going to the banquet. Reasons were varied, but one of mine was a distaste for being forced to don a coat and tie. One by one the others, Buz, Betty, etc. gave in, but I remained stalwart to the last. I told Betty the reason I wasn't going was because I intended to use the time in seducing some unwary young fanne who was not

going to the banquet. I claimed it an oportune time...both my room-mates would be gone and the fanne would be feeling sorry for herself because she was alone, and quite ready for sympathy. I made a convincing case, and maybe too convincing for just before the convention Betty said she'd gotten a ticket for an old friend, Steve Benedict, and since Steve had found he couldn't make it she'd like me to have the ticket. It was quite a choice...the fan banquet or a seduction but naturally to a fan there was only one choice. I accepted the ticket. Betty gave it to me at this lunch and then talked a little and finally we got up and left and as seemed to happen quite regularly scattered once we got out, all going to our rooms and trusting to fate to bring us together again. It was settled that the Economou, the Kujewas, Boyd and I would sit together at the banquet and we were to meet in the bar ahead of time.

Bar time came and I went down there. Since neither Arthur Economou nor I really cared for a drink someone suggested the two of us try to locate and hold down a good banquet table. We went to the banquet room and sort of played Chinese Checkers with tables. Grab a fairly good one and then I'd hold it while Arthur scouted a table or two over. If that was open he'd hold it and I'd scout a better one. Then he'd move up and finally we got a table that was the equal to most of the reserved tables. There was room for a couple more people, one fellow was already there, our party held six and there was room for ten. A very pretty girl in a blue dress came by looking at tables and I girl watched but Arthur immediately invited her to join us. She smiled and said she was already with a party, but at that moment I knew for certain Arthur Economou was of superior clay. I felt I should grow a moustache and clip it short.

A little later the rest of the group arrived. Phyllis was carrying a light jacket over her arm and when Arthur got up to greet her he reached for her arm, but she dodged and lifted the jacket to show she was carrying a large drink hidden under it. She'd carried it from the bar for Gene who had foreseen a long dry period without an oasis in sight.

The banquet was good and the conversation with Phyllis who sat next to me was better, but the crowded room and a coat and tie didn't go together so well so well so shortly after the speeches started I excused myself and headed for more open air, on the way out passing an unwary young fanne who had not attended the banquet. Sighing for what might have been I went outside and walked around the block a couple times, filling my lungs with air even more stuffy than in the banquet hall. Finally I came back inside and roamed the corridors for a while and there the air was bearable. Going to my room and splashing cold water in my face made me feel up to the banquet hall again. The talks were nearly over. Phyllis said I had missed Sturgeon talking about fans, but I did see the presentations of the Hugos and the awarding of door prizes. This year I didn't win any which was fine because waiting for door prizes is terrible(Wally this is my annual dig.)

Once again after the banquet we scattered and I went up and got rid of my coat and tie. Down again, I met Phyllis and we went to the Webberts where some of the Seattle group had a party. This was another quiet party. I remember talking to the Webberts and Trimbles, and some with Gonsor, but Phyllis and I left fairly soon and went to the Shaw/Lupoff party. The Bed room of the suite was crowded. I looked to see if Betty was there and she was the center of a tightly packed group. When I came in they were talking of the Atom Anthology and Dick Lupoff saw me and asked, "What did you think of his portraying you as a phallic symbol?" I drew myself up proudly and said, "I feel he captured the real me." and went out into the sitting room where Phyllis and I found a place to sit and talk. One subject of talk was TAFF winners and how people are so afraid of monopolising them or pushing themselves on them, that at times the "import" is lonesome and left too much alone. While we were talking Walter Willis was more or less wandering around the room by himself

and finally came over for a long and very interesting talk.

While we were there Gene Kujawa came out and asked if I'd check with the Ford party in 868. Betty and Ethel wanted to go there, but they first wanted to know how crowded it was. I was willing so I went there, knocked on the door and it opened a crack and a head stuck out and looked at me rather doubtfully. I asked if I could come in...the head mumbled a little and then Don Ford asked who it was and the head said "Wrai Ballard." and Don said, "Wrai Ballard comes in." It seemed a very nice thing to say...not so much what he said, but how he said it. I noticed the room was very crowded, talked to the only two people I recognized, Don and Devore and then called to report. Betty answered and said they'd be down later for someone they wanted to see had just come in. Shortly I went back to the Lupoff party. Phyllis had saved a place for me so I sat down and got right back into the conversation. This time we were in another corner and the talk was with Madeliene Willis, Walt Willis and later Bill Donaho, and for me with Danny Curran and Jim O'Meara. Jim told me about the IQ tests, what the average had been and then offered to let me take a test by myself. Somehow I felt I'd just as soon not know.

and Betty

The crowd was dwindling. Elinor/came out of the other room and staggered for the door. I was starting to dwindle too and Phyllis and Donaho were delving into the Donaho and his motivations which was interesting, but at 4:30 am not enough to keep me awake. When Phyllis said "who knows where they are going?" I stood up and said, "I do." and went. It had been a good day and was a good time to end it.

Down to the ground floor for the switch in elevators and as I started into mine a group of five or six drunks came along. None were wearing fan tags and all were too old for the Catholic group. They were looking for some room in the other tower, but were part way up when they started arguing about it. The biggest and drunkest fellow was promising to beat up the smallest fellow. Finally they started to throw the emergency stop switch, switched off the power, pressed the alarm button and raised a general rumpus. Somehow we stalled at the 7th floor with the door open and I decided to get out before the management showed up and considered me a part of the mob. I pushed my way through, the big mouthed one was insulted and said, "I suppose you're too good for us." and either grabbed at me or took a swing at me and either I fended him off to violently or he lost his balance for he sprawled out into the hall and I stepped over his legs and went around to the stairs. They were still arguing and fighting as I climbed up. A couple floors higher I saw a girl waiting for the elevator. Stopped and told her the elevator was stalled by a group of drunks, and that she wouldn't want to be in that elevator if they did come around. She thanked me and started down the stairs. A gentleman would have escorted her at least past the stalled elevator, but close to 5 am, after climbing some stairs already, I am not a gentleman.

Monday I decided to get an Elinor schedule so instead of a breakfast I had coffee and orange juice. It was a waste and as a result I went the whole day without eating more for Elinor had gotten on fan schedule and by getting on Elinor schedule I was out of phase with everyone else. This was another day of talk. A few stand out, one being a fairly long talk with Don Ford. Until now I hadn't really considered club or convention fans as real fans, but if Don Ford is any sort of representative my mind is changed and if he wants to run for Taff again he'd have a good chance of getting my vote. I like that guy. He was explaining closed door parties and giving the reasons and I can see his points, not that I'll go into them here.

Speaking of parties, there were very few, I'm surprised to learn. I knew of a few each night and thought there were many I did not know about, but from reports those few were almost all there were. One night a fellow I personally like stopped

me in the hall and said, "Wrai, you are in the know..where are the parties?" I stuttered a bit in telling him I know of three parties but two were very closed door affairs and the other semi-closed. He may very well have thought I was evading, but of the parties, one was extremely closed, being more of a small gathering of pretty close friends. I had gotten the impression the second was pretty much an "by invitation only" thing and I did tell him about the third. Later I did learn of a couple more parties, but that was much later. What the hell can you do in a case like that?

I hadn't spent as much time with Betty as I'd like so I called their room and found they were planning to leave in the early afternoon. Seems she thought the convention was over when the program was over and didn't know about the last night. I'd taken it for granted she knew the last night was usually the best one and would stay for it. At least she did come down and we got to talk for an hour or more with each other and others, particularly Ethel Lindsay and Mike McQuown. Damn I was sorry to see her and Gene go. They fit in so well and seemed to be having such a good time.

Wally Gonsler was going to Detroit to pick up a new car to drive back to Seattle and was planning to get back the next day. When Gene heard of this he invited me to go home with them, stay over and have Wally pick me up on his way back. It would have been enjoyable, but I'd already made plans and I honestly think Betty was too tired for company.

Rest of the day followed a pattern. I was talking to Eney and he pointed out Jean Grannell sitting alone on a couch just outside the meeting hall. That was fine with me for I got a chance for a long talk with Jean and ended sitting there all afternoon. Phyllis came by soon and sat down. Elinor was there much of the time. Buz, Boyd, Ethel, Dean, Ben Sterk...It was a good time and proved my contention that the way to enjoy a convention is to just sit down and talk to someone who is too comfortable to get away. Jay Kay Klein came by to record what was claimed as a fannish miracle. I was sitting on a couch surrounded by girls. In case anyone wants to know the secret of my success; along with charm, eloquence and looks, I just sit on the middle of a comfortable couch and stay there. Later Boyd stopped and said they were fixing it up for a dinner group. Phyllis, Elinor and I were there and he said it would be us, Buz and the Shaws. "Coat and tie?" I asked. "Coat and tie." he said and I didn't turn a hair. Later Buz asked me and I said "Coat and tie" and his protests were just as feeble. A convention wrecks a man's rebellious streak.

Dinner was at the Blackhawk. All I'd eaten that day was Coffee and Orange juice and though I felt OK, when the waiter took the order for drinks and somehow passed me up it seemed a good thing. But when he brought the drinks he had an extra Martini which I took. Boyd said that was a New Zealand type thing, to take something you had not ordered rather than be a bother. Actually it didn't make much difference to me, I'd just as soon drink it as not. So I drank it and it hit my empty stomach and I felt quite desperate for a while. Wasn't sure I could control a knife and fork. The waiter made a salad complete with dialog and served it in a manner that looked like years of practice plus a large slice of ham. He had started adding anchovies, Phyllis asked him to leave them out of her portion and as usual I followed blindly for I don't know about these things. Everyone said no anchovies in the salad, but Boyd took some as a side and let me take a taste. Ugh! The salad was so good almost everyone filled up on it to a point where it was difficult to finish the rest of the meal.

The meal was good and the company made it better. I enjoyed this. The restaurant was not stuffy like the banquet hall but the chairs were softly padded and by the time we finished I was ready for a quick bath and a change of underwear.

On the way back to the hotel we thought we spied Bill Donaho in a store window, but it was just a 15 foot model of a giant bear. Looked just like Bill.

After a quicky bath I headed for the Ford party, where the rest were to be... and were. Talked to Don and a few, then wanted to go to the Webbert party for a while, and since someone mentioned Ethel was still in her room I called her and asked if she'd care to go to the Webbert party with me...she would. There was a small group there...the Webberts, Wally Gonser, Wally Weber, Rosemary Hickey, Lu Ann Price and a few more. Wonder of wonders, Wally Weber was holding a drink and from the changing level, either drinking it or pouring it out when no one was watching. This was a nice party, but it decided to go en masse to the Heinlein party. I asked Ethel and she would like to go to the Heinlein party for a while and I didn't care to go so I suggested after a while she drop in at Boyd's room.

Back at the Cincinatti party again. Phyllis was the only one of the group there and having a good time so I got to talking with a few others, particularly Don Francis. Don is another case like Alger. A heck of a nice guy, someone I like but someone who is perhaps a little shy and whose shyness (even though fancied) reacts on me. Still we were getting along when Phyllis came over and asked me if we should go to Boyd's, and we left. Don I apologise for leaving you so abruptly, but wouldn't you?

Boyd's room was more full than usual...Boyd, Elinor and Buz, Donaho, Ted White, The Silverbergs, Luppoffs, Avram Davidson and wife, Don and Maggie Thompson, Eney and Andy Main who dropped in to say good bye. This was the closest to a conversation I had with Andy. As a party it was fairly quiet and you could usually hear the person next to you, even though there were a number of conversational groups. This is the time of the window incident which has been somewhat exaggerated. at least to a couple people. The room got stuffy and Boyd opened a window, but the wind came in with gale force. He tried to shut the window and it jammed so I tried to help and was unable to force it down much further. I opened it a crack more, found it was jammed by a chunk of the lining of the channel which had buckled, and since there was no way to straighten out the lining, I broke off the protruding piece and was able to shut the window. Honest, there was still an entire window when I got through and anyone would have had to "fix it" the same way unless they removed the entire window and put in a new channel liner.

Talk...one with Elinor and Ethel that gave me a pain in the neck. Both have soft voices and to hear them I had to lean on an elbow which threw a strain on my neck...a partnership pun concocted by Luppoff and me that I forget, and then a long talk with Phyllis. It was a wonderful evening and over too soon for not much after 2 am people started to say good-bye. There was a talk of a good-bye breakfast but I had made previous plans, and I guess that part of the convention had come to an end.

In the elevator going to my room I ran into Weber who said he was glad for now he could go to bed. He had gotten an inferiority complex because I always got to bed after he was asleep and usually was ready to go out when he awoke. This time he said we'd get to bed and get up at the same time since we were supposed to meet the Webberts at 9 am and make a museum tour.

Woke a little early the next morning and lay and talked before getting up. one good thing about this convention was getting a chance to talk to Wally Weber. The other times I've met him he was with a group, or else at the Beacon where he was too busy to light. He told me that he had scored 131 on the IQ test and I was able to tell him that his score was above the fan average. Wally turned from

a modest lad into a genius who consciously refrained from condescending to the rest of us just because he was a genius, and who told us that he was consciously refraining quite regularly. We talked of a number of things..fandom, the convention, fan feudings, our outlook on life and veivs on women. I can say that Weber is not the girl shy person he pretends to be. If anything I'd say his philosophy is, "Women are all right to visit, but I wouldn't want to live with one." A confirmed bachelor in other words.

About 9 am wa were almost ready when we got a call from Jim Webbert saying he and Doreen were waiting. Downstairs we were picked up by them and then picked up Paul and Ellie Turner who guided us to the automat where I prooved by mathematics to Wally that their advertising sign was an untruth for it would be mathematically impossible to get people in and out as fast as they claimed for that turnover. Inspite of his 131 IQ Wally was unable to refute me, but evidently that was because the lower level on which my mind works was incomprehensible to him. In fact he told me that.

From the Automat we went to the Science Museum where we were to meet Rosemary Hickey. That was quite a trip and for a farm boy it was quite croggling to get on a train to go to another part of the same town. Here we walk. Museum was fun, but like a convention just too much all at once for me to fully digest. Two things I especially liked...a 30 foot sloop which had been sailed from Poland to Chicago, and a section of a frigate's hum showing a battery of 24 lb carronades, I beleive. There were also a few ship models and an enjoyable nickelodeon which showed Cinderella. I was hoping for Bill S Hart or Buster Keaton, but this was good too. There were also a lot of buttons we could press and various experiements we could try. One had a couple of bicycles and, if you pedaled hard enough you could win a token showing you had done a penny's worth of work. An extremely decrepid lot we were..instead of putting the indicator way over there, we felt quite successful if we could make a noticable wiggle in the needle. I enjoyed being with this group and that made the museum even more interesting.

Back at the hotel it seemed the convention was over. There were a few in the Lobby. Bruce Pelz showed me the contact lens he had not worn during the convention, and suggested I get a pair. I get the horrors at the ideaof anything in my eye so doubt if I could wear them. Bjo and John and Ron "llik were there and a few, very few other fans wandered by.

Then there was this one girl I won't name since she didn't mention the incident in her con report. She was one I'd enjoyed looking at during the convention, but had hardly been more than introduced to. I was talking to another fan when she came over and leaned against me. I naturally hugged her a little and she hugged back. Nice. Then she snuggledup and kissed my cheek and I kissed back and she sort of slid her mouth over and the next thing I knew Wally and Doreen were leading me to the elevator and I was telling Wally, " - - kissed me." I still don't understand, but I'm not asking questions. Afraid that if I did ask questions I'd find it was Doreen who was responsible. Doreen seems to enjoy getting me kissed by some girl almost as much as I enjoy having them kiss me, and is always egging some girl on. Friends like that are nice to have for it does a great deal for the ego and social life.

Gonser was in the room when we got back and we checkedout soon after and said good-bye to Doreen and Jim at the garage. Nice people and nice to have had the extra time with them. I'd not have made the convention without their help.

The convention was over though a car with Wally and Gonser is still pretty much a convention and I certainly hadn't left the convention mentally. We were trying to

get out of Chicago with Gonser driving and watching desperately for the correct turn-off. Then I said, "Wonder why Boggs didn't come?" and distracted him long enough enough to miss the turn-off and for some reason we couldn't find it again and instead took an alternate route through Milwaukee rather than 80 miles south. It went like that and the trip home was by alternate routes. Late in the evening Weber was driving and he and I talked steadily for hours, going through town after town without paying too much attention and finally we crossed the Mississippi some 140 miles further south than we had intended. It was embarrassing. Not too much out of our way though and we finally pooped out and stopped at a motel just outside Red Wing, Minnesota. Next day, up ~~at 6:00/7:00~~ early and making a good trip home with stops at Brainard and Nissawa so Gonser could visit some relatives. At Nissawa we stopped for lunch. Actually it was dinner now that we were back in the west. Traveling with the two Wallys there was only one fitting choice for the meal... "Walleyed Pike". They agreed on my choice and it was delicious.

Just outside Detroit Lakes we picked up a hitch-hiker who told us of the disastrous rain fall in the Red River Valley. Seems the farmers were in a bad way because of it.

Home late in the afternoon then up to my room for more talk. Weber said, "Let's put out a one-shot." and I stuck a stencil in my typer and let him put out a one-shot. Only way to handle someone like that. They stayed the night and left the next morning, leaving me with my memories and I can't see how any future convention can help being a let-down after this. A number have griped since then, but for me it was a wonderful convention and if I didn't mention the program it was because I didn't have time for any of it. I did appreciate the program for it kept some other people occupied so I could find the people I like to see. Large as this convention was, there wasn't too much trouble finding most the people you wanted to see, and well, I won't name names but I imagine the ones who really made this a wonderful convention for me know who they are.

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Afterthots...It is impossible to name all you enjoyed seeing and in this I find that I've skipped fans of all degree including times when I spent a very enjoyable period. One thing apparent is the lack of any report of the big conversations at the parties. This is natural for when the big conversation was going on, chances are I was at one side or in a corner in a little conversation. Easy to explain, As I told ^Duz and ^Elinor, I suspect I'm at my best in groups of two.

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