

TYPO 6, riding with DNQ 20, July 1979 is brought to you by Saara Mar while Taral is theoretically on sabbatical... c Taral Wayne & Saara Mar - c/o 1812-415 Willowdale ave, Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4 (416) 221 3517. Saara answering all letters... Maybe.

BOB TUCKER - 34 Greenbriar dr, Jacksonville Ill, 62650

What an exciting time you and Victoria had on your mimeo holidays! And what a splendid batch of fanzines you sent me! I read them all, every one, and understood about 75% of what I read. Was that "Saara Duck" on the cover of A March To The Best of a Red Shift Drum? The duck having the caption "...a base canard"? I assume it was, and I appreciated the sly pun whether you meant it as a pun or not. I just recently learned what a canard was. The most interesting to me was your account of the Bill Grant library, and what you found in it. Unless Bill edited the films (which I doubt) you also saw several yards of bridges, all kinds of bridges which he encountered and passed over on his trips to and from conventions. He was a bridge fan and always started his film-trip reports with bridges crossed, all of which he showed us at the next convention where we met. If you'll allow me, I'd like to correct your impressions of the early MidwestCons. The first, in 1950, was held in the den and library of Doc Barrett and I don't suppose there were more than thirty or forty people there. Doc had a house on Madriver Street in Bellefontaine, Ohio, but it wasn't his residence. He used the rooms on the first floor for his medical offices, and the two or three rooms on the upper floor were his den and library. We met upstairs for a couple of days, and decided that next year it was worth getting a hotel and having a "real" convention. For the next two or three years we met at the Ingalls Hotel, which was the scene of the infamous door incident between Harlan and Jim Harmon. The attendance had grown to over a hundred by that time and we occupied two hotels and two motels in the town, although the programming was confined to the Ingalls. The con moved to Beatley's-on-the-Lake about 1953, but it was promptly renamed "Beastley's-on-the-Bayou" by disgruntled fans who had run afoul of the management. Both sides were to blame because the behavior of some fans there was so bad the management invited us to not come back again. The final straw was when a bullheaded young fan and his lady were found occupying an unrented room and were pointedly asked to vacate - quickly. The bull-headed young fan declined, and made the mistake of swinging on the security man, who was also the manager's son. The son decked the young fan and threw him and the lady out. That's when we were invited to go elsewhere the following year.

/Rosebud! ...Saara/

My memory is hazy on the point, but we may have moved back to Bellefontaine for one unsatisfactory year, and then moved again to the infamous North Plaza in Cincinnati. The con was

AND IF YOU DON'T
GET RID OF THAT
TONALITY, YOU
WON'T BE SIGNED

