

January 2006 **COLLECTOR** **Saps** 1-313-565-4157
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Keyhole I looked at your cover. It looks likew the Wewbbbert's and Bjo but they were never that old ! Recently I got a postcard, it had a message about how I could save a lot of money by calling a number on the postcard, nothing about how I was to do this but I noticed way off to the side the single word Kirby in small type. So, I called the number and they started to pitch something but hadn't diectly said "Kirby" yet. So, I listened and then I said "If you're trying to sell me a vacumn cleaner I don't need one. Back in 1922 my Mother bought a new Kirby, the very latest thing. Well, when she died I inherited it and it's still performing beautiful. If I ever need another one I'd be happy to buy the same model". Then I gently hung up and let him wonder was I crazy or did one really last that long.

Talking of buying peaches reminds me that when I lived in Miss in 1947 my Mother in Law bought a bushel of peaches for canning and while she was doing that she saved the peelings for me. I was trying to brew some peach wine or brandy by adding sugar to it. I don't recall just what I did but eventually I bottled it and that night we went to the movies. We got home about 11 O'clock and Peaches were dripping from the ceiling. I had to borrow a ladder to clean the ceiling. Like all the houses in that old town they had twelve foot ceilings.

Joyce's dog Dixie needs her nails cut occasionally. Six months ago they must have hurt her someway because the next time Joyce took her in five people couldn't hole her, so they sent her home with a damn big tranqaillier. That requires careful timing. You have to give it so she is sleepy when you cut her in the van but if you give it to her too early, then someone has to carry 85 pounds of dog inside.

GORDON EKLUND Just curious, can you tell me how many years you had at trhe p.o. and what your pension comes to. I guess I got lucky, When I went to the p.o. I was about 40, and had been working 25 years and they took out s.s. but the rate was so low that I had not contributed very much. Then they started taking out 7% fore GVT retirememnt.

In the '80's they decided too many of us were 'double dipping' so we had to decide whether we wanted SS or a poverment pension. They not only passed the law they made it retroactive about 60 days so people couldn't sneak out with the two pensions. When I heard of it I went directly to the personell office, I was going to retire and be on my way in 30 minhutes But on the way there I saw a bulletin saying if you were already eligible to retire you could collect both when you did do so. I'd made it by about six weeks so I put it off another two years and then went out at 63 instead of 60. The SS is not that big. It amounts to a trifle over \$500, that plus the lowered pension makes it possible for me to get along. If they'd only paid the pension I wouldn't get enough money to live on and would have to be working at something which I can't do any more.

I think its funny ! I rather think that 2 SS payments cover all the money I contributed in 25 years, Despite the fact that I paid in for 25 years the amounts is small in the early days. If I recall right the rate used to be 1%.

Yes, banks restore missing money – especially if you have a good lawyer. I think it was six years ago that Joyce missed a ring she thought she'd left on a dresser. So we started watching the night helper. I went to the store and bought 3 cans of tuna. The next night one of the cans of tuna was missing, so chery fired the woman and when she asked why Chery said "we think you know why" referring to the tuna although she didn't say so. If she had asked I would have given her one.

The day before Confusion my cancelled checks came, normally I don't look at them but this time I did and discovered someone had written An extra check for \$60(?). I had a half hour to get to the bank and cancel the account. I did so and the next day I went to the convention. While at the con I told my lawyer, a good friend. The bank manager had said it would take a couple of weeks to investigate, then perhaps I'd get the money back. My lawyer advised me to call the bank on Monday. "Tell them you've a sick man and I worry about you, if the money isn't there by 4 o'clock Monday give him my name and tell him to call me". About noon the bank completed their

investigated and refunded my money. The bank had changed their name so the little bitch stole a handful of old checks that the bank was still honoring. There's nothing like having a lawyer speak to them. This a fine lawyer, I don't use him often but he always gets results. Like he did for Suzy when I bought her a divorce.

Speaking of Suzy I don't know if I mentioned it earlier but she has a boy friend now. The kids take to him nicely. During her last year in high school Sarah had asked her father to come to some play she was in and he made an excuse. Two hours before the play she suggested that Suzy go pick up Frankie to see her. Later when Frankie moved in she seemed satisfied and so did Suzy's son.

Elinor Nope, I'm pretty sure that Art & Nancy did not attend the Seacon. Oh, I've figured it out! I'm pretty sure they were at Pittsburgh the year before. Which might have been the only worldcon they ever attended. Does anyone ever remember what happened to Marie Luoise (?) Nancy's sister.

Has nothing to do with this but Suzy reported that she was reading to her kindergarden class a couple of weeks ago. She read them the stories of the three little pigs and later Goldilocks & the Bears. Only 3 of her 14 kids had ever heard either one of them but then that's not unusual in that neighborhood. So, many of the parents can't read well themselves and some of the kids are kept in a crib or in the house till near kindergarden age.

They had a case in that area yesterday where someone was pointing a gun at a four year old. His nine year old brother threw himself on the boy and took a bullet in the back for his trouble, at least it didn't kill him. While I typed this the news came on, Some kid at Murray Wright high school had saved his money and bought \$150 paid of tennis shoes and wore them to school. Six other kids were trying to catch him and take his shoes away. Fortunately he outran them but he doesn't dare wear them to school, one of those kids will sneak a gun in and shoot him for the shoes. I was at one N American con. The only really exciting thing was the argument Steve Fances & I had.

There was a slimy dealer there selling books on dope, revolutions, and various stuff plus artwork on consignment from artists (that never received their money). In other words a real slimeball. Steve refused to rent him a table in the huckster room, so he rented a salesmen room (with bed) right across the hall from the huckster room. He planned on staying open 24 hours per day. I've had trouble with him at midwestcon and the argument was over whether Steve or I was going to kick hell out of him. Steve was chairman and I explained I had seniority on him.

The hotel closed him down before the riot started but I realld wanted a piece of that sob.

Bjo is reported to have the Musquite Kid put away somewhere at home although noone knows if it still works. I was told that she won't releases it because she thinks someone will make copies and sell them.

Bjo wasn't upset because they forgot to put her in the opening ceremonies. How well I recall being FGOH at windycon some years ago. The Chairlady's husband set the type for the program book cover and IO noticed that I'd been left off. Later that night I showed her the Program Book and remarked that it was too bad they couldn't afford to have a Fan Guest. She said "Well, you're the Fan Guest and I pointed out that all the others were listed on the cover but her husband had left me off and said it was to even things up for the Confusion they had attended.

They weren't married yet but had rented a room, At 2 O'clock Marie had started to clear the room and I was saying "Goodnight" to some of them saying that Marie and I were sleepy and trying to close the door on her boy friend. She asked what Kirby was supposed to do and I suggested he sleep in the hallway across the doorway.

That'll teach me not to try to throw a man out of his own room !

Wally mentions a plugged septic tank. When I first moved here we had a septic tank rather than sewers. My Father a few blocks away has a septic tank AND an outhouse. Well, the soil is clay and does not absorb water well, so every spring I'd have a lake in the bath yard. When we flushed the toilet we could watch and see the water bubbling up out of the ground. So, I located the far end of the tile field. Dug down a foot or so and then used a steel rod to break open of the drainage tiles. Then I dug a narrow ditch from the end of my yard, across the alley and into the lower lot beyond me.

Most of the lots behind me were vacant but now the water drained into the lot 75 feet from me. Later I took a rotor tiller and stirred up the dirt in the lot behind me, then using the roller tiller I managed to push most of that top soil back into my lot. It left a depression some 40 feet long but it solved my program.

They installed sewers some 5-7 years later and then someone bought up 500 lots in this area and built houses on them ---- and while they were at it they hauled in 2 or 3 truckloads of dirt to replace what I had stolen. I wasn't working steady that summer so I was busy running sewer lines from the houses to the main in the alley and made some good money until the city inspector asked just how many homes I owned that I was getting home owner permits for

I decided it was about time to get out of the sewer business before I got caught so I quit doing it. My father had his alley sewer installed,

then he started digging a trench but he was still using the septic tank. That was in June, well he drank a little beer that summer and fall. I was over visiting and was kidding him, I said "Well, you can always finish it and hook it up in a year or two". He said "You're supposed to be the plumber. I would dig it if you would lay the crock in it. It was about ten AM, so we bought a fifth of whiskey and started to work. This was mid December and we finished it up at 7 PM that night. The fifth of whiskey was gone and so was the pint bought later

but the sewer was done — only now it had 4 inches of snow in it. I don't recall that either of us paid any attention to the snow or the cold

either since we were both nicely warmer up. Twenty five years later the house has been torn down and a church parking lot is there now but I don't think there was ever a problem with the sewer.

I was at the Doctor in October and this time he didn't put me in the hospital — because OOPS I didn't go to the doctor, the visiting nurse checked me and declared that I had fluid on the lungs again, so I called the doctor and told him I was checking myself into the hospital to be drained again. He agreed so I told Joyce not to even tell my kids I wasa going and she entered me and I didn't bother the kids til I was settled in.

They fed me lasix again as I knew they would but this time they hooked me onto a heart minitor and about midnight I discovered it had a short cord on, since it would only let me get as far as the door to the bathroom, so I wet the floor down nicely and had six nurses down there trying to dry the floor. Before they left they'd brought me a bedside commode. I do know how to attract attention when I need it.

Suzy is somewhat worried that she may lose her job next year. There is talk of closing her school because of declining students. There/s about 20 teachers she can bump but meanwhile she'd trying to get her Masters. I think I wrote about this already

She has been helping the Principal give the MEAP tests lately, The Principal picked her because as sahe put it she knows Suzy won't fake the tests or focus On just the things that willl cover the tests. They've long ago learned that if the kid doesn't know the subject he doesn't pass. No social promotion in her grades.

Few years ago she had a kindergarden kid who just wasn't ready for school, she talked it over with the Mothers and they agreed so she told the principal that she was going to flunk the kid and the principal said "But you can't fail kindergarden, it just isn't done ! Suzy failed her !