

# Paheeo Progress The Regress Report for Hollister in 2008 Casa de WorldCon

**ALL OF YOUR BISON ARE BELONG TO US!**

**BY**

**ANDY TREMBLEY**

CASA dePRESS – Friday, July 7, 2006, Colorado Springs was rocked by a savage invasion of biker-pirates. Terrified citizens huddled in their homes amid rumors of wild fruits, white slavery and buffalocide. Yet, as quickly as they arrived, they were gone.

“I feel that Colorado isn’t safe anymore,” said resident Norman Nary. “One minute we’re minding our own business, and the next these... these... heathens are among us. It’s almost as bad as if a Worldcon was happening here!”

Brent Koom was an eyewitness to the atrocities. “It was horrible! They broke into my house! I could only sit in my easy-chair and watch them handcuff and haul away hundreds of innocent gnomes!” Gnomes were just part of it, though. When Koom was finally left alone, he found his prize herd of flying buffalo missing. All that was left was a few feathers and some brown, brillo-pad like fur.

This reporter followed a path of feathers, little red pointy hats and tire tracks to Las Vegas, Nevada, where Burning Fan was celebrating its site selection victory. There we found a bunch of fans munching on giant

barbecued wings.

“These’ll be perfect for the hospitality suite.” Stanley James and his wife Karen were inordinately pleased with the giant wings. “We got a freezer case of these. As in a refrigerated shipping container. They’re delicious, and they’re hot! It’s the perfect Burning Fan snack!” When asked where it all came from, Mr. James was more than happy to explain. “These bikers came through. They had a bunch of toddlers dressed in light blue, wearing safety harnesses and leashes. The white stubble on their faces – the kids, not the bikers – was a bit strange, though. They were towing these two trailers, a large stock trailer full of buffalo and a freezer trailer full of these great wings! They cut us a great deal, and

even let us keep the trailer. Said something about going to San Mateo next.” Mrs. James was equally enthusiastic, but did notice something strange. “They kept saying ‘Gnomeward Bound’ to each other and laughing. I don’t know what was so funny.”

We finally caught up with the bikers in a parking lot in Palo Alto. As we pulled up, we saw a pair of full school-busses that read “San Mateo Public Schools,” one driven by a large man in



# The Run The Numbers Issue

a blue gnome hat and the other driven by a smaller woman in a fedora, leave.

Rather than giving us trouble, the bikers were very talkative.

“White slavery? Naah. It was pest control. We got a report that there was an infestation of unwanted gnomes. We knew there was a buyer in San Mateo, so we put in a low bid and live-trapped the little buggers. Then we found out about the bison.”

The lead biker (unidentifiable under his helmet and scarf) pointed back to the stock trailer. “Buffalo my ass. Those are American bison. They don’t belong in some suburb. They belong on the range. We’re taking ‘em back to Hollister.”

But what about the wings?

“Bison don’t have wings! We cut ‘em off. They didn’t seem too upset about it. Ran into this ‘animal psychic’ near four corners; she kept babbling about ‘getting into heaven if they can get to this church in Jersey’ but we all figure that was just a bunch of hooley. Anyway, Jersey is a long way from San Benito County. We sold the wings to these ‘Burning Fan’ folks in Las Vegas. It’ll be a whole new ‘Burning Fan’ if they eat ‘em. Those wings burn coming and going.”

The bikers, stock trailer still in tow, headed out towards Highway 101. This reporter found the nearest unprotected wi-fi, filed this story, and will be heading for the nearest bar to get very drunk.



## ***I WAS A SCHOOL-AGED TEST PILOT***

***BY***

***KEVIN ROCHE***

One of the features of the fabulous Casa de Fruta venue chosen by the Hollister in 2008 bid is its family- (and hence child-) friendly nature. Among the attractive nuisances on display for kids has always been an intriguing assortment of playground equipment.

As a grade-schooler, I got to test that equipment.

You see, my father’s cousin married Joe Zanger, one of the Zanger brothers who owned Casa de Fruta. (Their kids, my second cousins once removed, still do). We used to go visit them at their ranch house nestled in the orchards north of Hollister, on Zanger Road, just down the highway from the current location of the Casa De Fruta megaplex. My first horseback ride took place perched in the saddle with my cousin Wendy (wayyyyy up high... this was no small horse, or so it seems in memory), walking, trotting and finally galloping around the orchard. Bumpy Slide Of Doom

In the yard in front of the house was always an interesting assortment of wonderfully rickety looking steel-framed playground equipment. In particular, I remember the tallest set of swings I ever got to ride, and the Bumpy Slide Of Doom. The ladder seemed 20 feet tall, and the long narrow slide back to earth was slightly wavy, slightly bumpy, and guaranteed to be hot enough to scorch you right through your shorts.

I loved it. We all loved it.

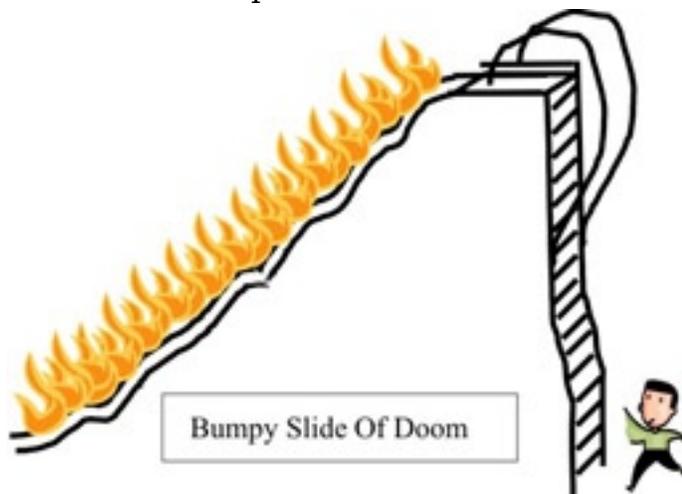
Casa de Fruta started as roadside fruit stands selling the fruit from the Zanger orchards, and later a family restaurant located (if I recall correctly) a bit south of the intersection of 156 and 152. When that original Casa De Fruta restaurant burned down and the family started building the first part of what is now our favorite internationally known rest and relaxation

resort, what did I discover on our next visit to my cousins?

The Bumpy Slide Of Doom was gone. It had been installed as part of the facilities at the new Casa de Fruta. So, of course, we had to go visit the new location so I could test it and make sure it still worked.

Later, alas, saner minds and legal advisors prevailed, and less precarious equipment was installed at the growing Casa De Fruta complex. To my tremendous relief, however, the B.S.O.D. was not destroyed, but moved back to the yard at my cousin's ranch house, where we exacted several more seasons of excitement, terror and scorched hineys from its gleaming if battered frame.

Besides its contemporary collection of playground equipment, Casa de Fruta today includes various and sundry pieces of antique farm and orchard equipment, complete with pointy bits. Some of them are actually safe for children to climb. Others are even deadlier than the Bumpy Slide Of Doom. All guarantee a quality family entertainment experience.



### **SOME RANDOM NUMBERS**

I've been running some of the numbers of our members, both Bid-Comm and pre-sup/ops and I've discovered several nifty things.

- The Member from the ZIP Code with the Highest Property Values: Dave Clark

- The Member from the ZIP Code with the Highest Rate of Library Spending: Robert Hole

-Member from ZIP Code with Most 7-11s- Fred Moulton

### **WE ARE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, PEOPLE!**

Besides the fact that we are less than 30 days away from WorldCon 2006: The site of the site selection, we're almost there. SO very close.

With the extra time that I've had over the last few weeks, I've started working on Alternate Reality Systems. Basically, I've been looking into futures to see what would happen if different combinations of things happen. Here is what happens if each of the bids wins the Site Selection.

-Chicago: The con goes off smoothly for the first ten minutes. Then the main hotel collapses under the weight of its own self-importance, burying decades of fannish history in the rubble. When Anthropologists dig around the ruins in two hundred years, they discover all these weird relics of a time they obviously have no understanding of at all.

-Denver- The Con goes off without a hitch until a group of fans discover the switch that turns the entire convention center into yet another new Denver Airport. Fans are then stuck waiting for the shuttle to the other terminal.

-Hollister- Peace and Love reign over man and every participant is given +3 to charisma. No one has to wait for an elevator the entire con and there's free WiFi EVERYWHERE!!!

-COLUMBUS: My system was destroyed when I tried it. It just can't happen.

### **HOLLISTER ANNOUNCES WINNERS OF EDUCATIONAL ESSAY CONTEST**

The Hollister in 2008 Bid for Casa de WorldCon was proud to host an essay contest for children ages 2-12. The entries were amazing, with children from around the greater AmericaLand area sending in essays. The winner was an easy choice as young Khalfin was the only one who took the time to illustrate his words so they'd really shine. So we hope you enjoy his essay as much as we enjoyed having our assistants summerize it for us.

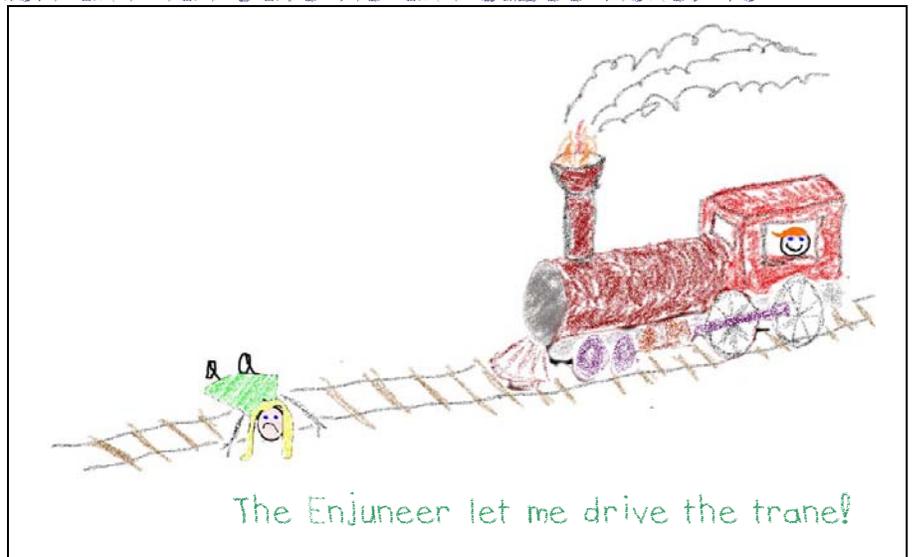
## My visit to Casa de Fruta

By Khalifin

This summer my Mom and dad took me and ~~the loathsome and vile~~ my good friend Suzee to go see the animals and stuff at Casa de Fruta, which is in Hollister, where I heard that there are grate big motorcycl gang9s, but we did not see any big motorcycles or gang9s fitting on our visit. There was a big hairy guy riding a scooter, but he wudent talk to me when I rolled down the window.

That dint mattur, tho, cuz when we got to Casa De Fruta there was a TRANE! Mom and dad gave me and Suzee money to play while they went to Casa de Vino to drink lots of whine.

The trane was cool but way too little, but the enjuneer let me drive, so I went thru the tunnel as fast as we could to try and catch up with Suzee. I never new she cud run faster than a train.



Next we went to see the ~~buffalo~~ bison in his Casa. Did you



know "Casa" means "house" in Spanish? Stupid, huh? The bison likes to eat hay, which is stiff and yellow, and then he lets you touch his back. I gave him lots of stiff yellow hay, and then helped Suzee feed the bison too.

There's also lots of cool old farm machines all over the place, with signs telling you how old they are and not to climb on the signs. They'd be even more cool except they unhooked all the horses and put them

someplace else...

Probably in their own stupid Casa since it was so hot and smelly there.

Suzee and I climbed on one of the big trailer thingies and jumped all over, then I pretended to drive while she hung around in the back.

Mom and dad finally got tired of drinking all that wine, so they came and got us and took us home. Next time I'll have to remind Suzee to bring Mr Bunn so I can find out if bisonese eat rabbits.



Their wuz lots of kewl old farm stuff

# Hollister in 2008:

## A bid for *Casa de Worldcon*

<http://hollister2008.livejournal.com>

Hollister? Casa de what? What is this crazytalk?

- There's this whole bidding process by which organizations campaign to hold a [Worldcon](#) at their site. This year at [L.A.con IV](#), Chicago, Columbus and Denver are bidding to win the 2008 Worldcon.
- Bidding and voting is regulated by the [World Science Fiction Society](#) (an unincorporated literary society that holds the Worldcon trademarks)
- These regulations are only important if you intend to win. If you intend to lose, break at least one to ensure you're ineligible
- There is a grand tradition of hoax bids, bids that don't qualify and can't win but are fun and silly
- Some people get offended by hoax bids. We call them *easy targets*
- There are two major routes between Los Angeles and the SF Bay Area. One takes you right past [Casa de Fruta](#) on CA Highway 152
- Casa de Fruta is a major California landmark.
- Casa de Fruta has a 14 room hotel (Casa de Inn), a 300-space RV park (Casa de RV) and a conference center (without a cute name)
- 2008 is the centennial of Casa de Fruta
- You see where this is going, don't you?

Would you like to be a part of the most memorable bid for a Worldcon in years? You can support us in several ways.

## Join Hollister in 2008

Pre-Supporting Membership:	\$10
I'm a Nut! (Friend of the Bid):	\$20
BidCom Member:	\$30
Pre-Opposing Membership:	\$40

What do these membership levels get you? Pre-support gets you the satisfaction of helping with a great hoax. "I'm a Nut!" also gets your name on the *Casa de Worldcon* Wall of Fame at our bid party at L.A.con IV. BidCom membership gets your name in our program book ad (if we sell enough memberships to pay for a party *and* a program book ad) and the opportunity to help with the party. Pre-opposing gets your name on the *Casa de Worldcon* Wall of Shame at the party.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address/email \_\_\_\_\_

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Pre-Sup (\$10)       Nut (\$20)       BidCom (\$30)       Pre-Op (\$40)

Hand-deliver your registration to Andy Trembley, Kevin Roche or Chris Garcia  
"Hollister in 2008" is a committee of the *Bay Area Science Fiction Society*  
"We do these things not because they are easy, but because they are weird!"