

Bubbling ^{for} Murmuring
 Papa 86 Feb 59 #4 or 5 or possibly 7



"Well, one of us should tell him life isn't all a bowl of walnuts!"

Burblings c/w Wlmurmurings No. 3 or 5 or so! Co-written and edited by Charles Burbee and Elmer Perdue. Staff artist, a red-haired girl-type fella named Bjo Wells. Seems like all the fanzines I do these days have girls mixed up in them. This is some kind of trend I believe. Offhand it would seem like a good trend, or at least an interesting one. Anyhow, this thing was published for FAPA at 7628 S Pioneer Blvd., Whittier California.

Last time I produced an editorial page for this fine fanzine I said something about dropping away from stfandom to get more active in ragtime fandom. Ragtime fandom has no publication and I thought I would start one. But I have changed my mind. I feel it would ruin the collector's end of the field. The poor collector, that is. I am one of those.

file
I remember what happened to the stfantasy field after Gus Willmorth's fine fanzine Fantasy Advertiser, The Amateur Proccional for Professional Amateurs came out. Collectors of the stuff began to complain that books that once cost 25 cents npw cost \$4. And to add insult to injury, there would usually be a copy of Fantasy Advertiser on the dealer's counter.

I would hate to see that happen to the ragtime piano roll field. Especially after the wonderful strike I made about six weeks ago. I went into one of the stores on my trap line and much to the delight of my collector's soul I saw two apple crates full of oldtime (circa 1900) rolls. I chose eighteen of them and got them for 50 cents each. Suppose I'd been publishing my ragtime magazine and I found those rolls. Only this time each with a \$3 price tag, and on the dealer's counter a copy of my own magazine he was using as a price reference. My chagrin would have been boundless.

It seems every time I write an editorial (or whatever this thing might be called) I seem to mention some facet of the medical profession. This time will be no exception. 48 hours ago I cut a deep groove in my right thumb on my 8" power saw. I needed seven stitches. A wonderful number, is it not? A cabalistic number. A number to conjure with. A number even more glorious (to my mind) than the mystic numeral nine.

Jim Caughran I am going to nominate for immortality. He cut five stencils for me last night when I could not type and today he is valiantly operating my 1926 mimeograph. He is a very nice fella. His association with RonEllik has not affected him much.

Was talking today about flying saucers with old time FAPA member Don Bratton. He's got more of an open mind about them than I have even if I have seen two of them.

-----Charles Burbee

nook (n) f An old measurement of land, sometimes equal to two fardels, sometimes to one. (Webster's 2nd unabridged, 1947)

PROLOGUE

So Kepner came up late last week, and I outlined my plan for these eight pages. Also told Kepner of the scope of the project. He mused a short while, and said, "You know, when I was going to Sunday School, there was a girl in the class called Nookie. She had a brother, whose name I have forgotten. But I'm sure he was gay."

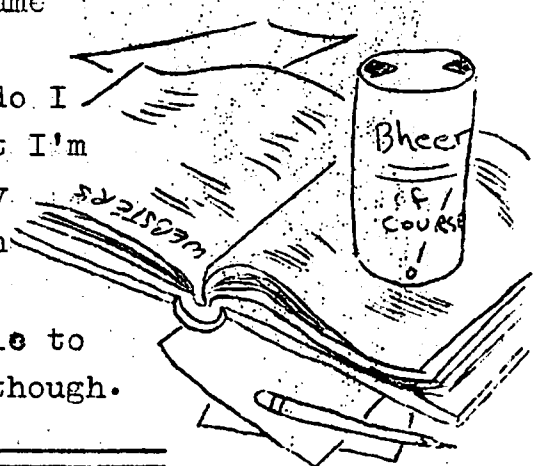
"This was in Galveston, Doc?"

"Yes. Funny thing, though: he spent most of his time hanging around with the girls. It was a long time before I figured out that he was talking to the girls as a girl would talk."

"And Nookie - did she spell her name with five or with six letters?"

"How do I know? I only heard it verbalized. But I'm sure her brother was gay. And I had my doubts about her too, always dressed in jeans or boy's clothing."

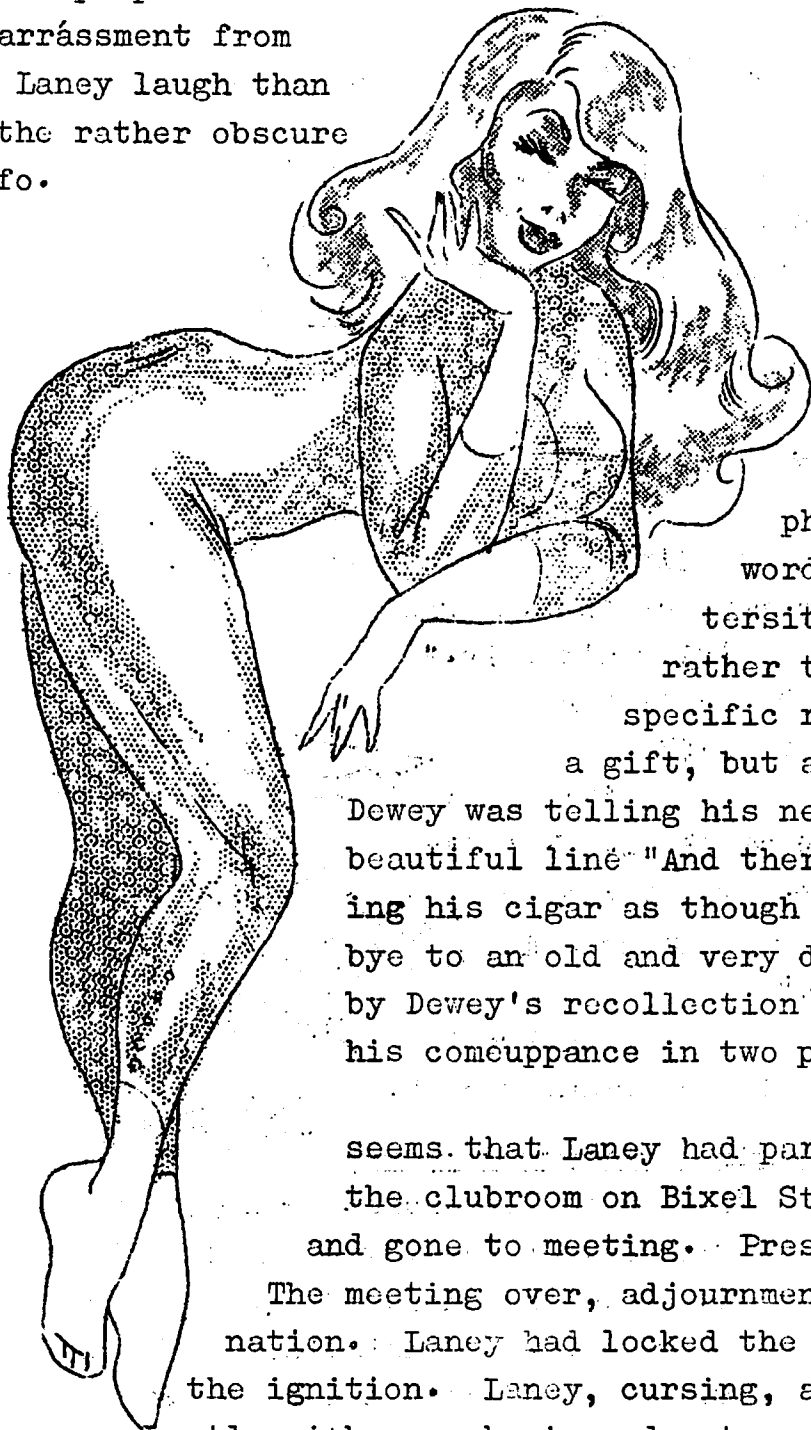
He was unable to shed any light on the basic question, though.



The above is an interlineation space for narrow-minded people.

Say what you will, Francis Towner Laney was a quite literate man. One day I saw Laney and, laughing ameanwhiles, he roared out a tale he was bursting to pass on. Seems he'd been book-hunting, and while bookhunting some old coot had been asked to leave the store. The old coot complied, grumblingly; stopped at the door, turned, shouted at the proprietor "Go swive yourself!" and left quietly. Laney's laughter had a most carrying and raucous quality: I could well visualize the scene and roared with

Laney, although more
at the proprietor's
embarrassment from
the Laney laugh than
at the rather obscure
boffo.



Another Laney,
this by second-
hand from G.
Gordon Dewey and
rewritten from
my memory of his
story...

(Gordon
and I share an
admiration for the
Burbee's magnificent
ability to turn a
phrase with economy of
words and devastating
tersity. 'Ability' is used
rather than 'talent' for the
specific reason that it is not
a gift, but an earned quality).

Dewey was telling his nephew Carey of the
beautiful line "And there stood Meyer, mouth-
ing his cigar as though he were saying good-
bye to an old and very dear friend," followed
by Dewey's recollection of Burbee giving Laney
his comeuppance in two perfect words:

It
seems that Laney had parked his car before
the clubroom on Bixel Street, locked the door,
and gone to meeting. Present also was the Burb.
The meeting over, adjournment to the car, conster-
nation. Laney had locked the car with the key in
the ignition. Laney, cursing, attacking the windwing
gently with a rock, in order to reach in and retrieve
key. Gently so as not to make a larger hole than necessary.
Meanwhile, slivers and fragments of glass sprinkling over
the floorboards and front seat.

Success, and the key retrieved

without a cut wrist, Laney opened the door, reached in the back seat for a whiskbroom, and naturally dusted the glass fragments off the front seat. Meanwhile, a recital was given to Burbee about the many unexpected uses of a whiskbroom and the advantage of keeping one in the car.

"Yes," said Burbee. "Foresight."

This issue is illustrated by Bjo. Holes have been left in various intriguing locations. In addition, I intend to use Audrey's typer because I like its legibility. For these reasons, and in order that there be no question of adequacy, eight pages have been rough-drafted in single space on my own elite machine. I have no idea how many pages the finished product will contain, but estimate maybe sixteen.

nook (n) f An old measurement of land, sometimes equal to two fardels, sometimes to one.

Genesis of research problem:

So I sat in my corner, having a quiet conversation with Meyer, and a certain word came up. It was fairly obvious that had a different meaning to him than to me. " ?" said I. "I first heard it in 1940 when some of the boys in the Patent Office showed me a comic book (The Kind Men Like) and it was explained that it meant one's partner in sexual intercourse during the act. It can be either male or female, depending on who addresses whom."

"No, Meyer, they tell me it means the female partner only."

No Webster being to hand, the matter was dropped subject to future research.

The first investigation was in the office unabridged, which was quite silent. However, the previously quoted definition came up, which resulted in an engaging problem in research:

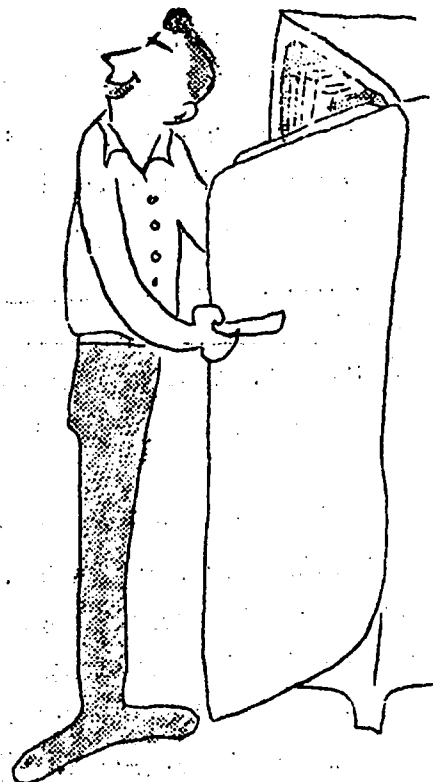
A nook is either equal to one fardel or it is equal to two. Webster is a precise reference tool. He is speaking of discrete whole numbers.

A fardel must not be a measure which varies with the judge's foot. Speculation as to why and how a rook was one, or was two, was interrupted by my boss and partner in research, saying, "Elmer, the most basic question is what is a fardel."

"I know. But all
listed fardel definitions appertain to volume or to mass."



Interlude, dedicated to Francis T Laney. When I drove down here in December of 1944, the car was loaded with all it could practicably carry. Left behind were maybe a dozen boxes of phonograph records of which I'd tired. Laney flipped when he saw the crud list. I offered to trade them at face cost against his Weird Tales, to be valued at \$2/. We hit many records on which the original list price was indeterminate. Shall never forget his expression as he stood up and stretched, shoved his hand into the slot between



"...HOW ABOUT THESE
ASTOUNDINGS IN THE
REFRIGERATOR?"

December of 1929 and January of 1930, pointed to the maybe four feet dated before, and said, "The'll with it. These for those even up?" Which I did.

Another Laney. Among the records that were brought down was the Bessie Smith Memorial Album, published by Columbia in 1938 or 1939. My copy cost me \$5 in 1940, bought at Ballards' in Washington, D.C. I hocked the album with Laney about 1945 for \$5, being out of work at the time and impoverished. Laney had a most lugubrious look when they were redeemed a few

months later. After all, they were then being bid for at \$25 in the jazz collectors' magazines. One would almost feel that he regretted my getting back on my feet...

I then took the question of the meaning of to G. Gordon Dewey. He came through immediately, correcting the spelling (it seems there are only five letters), advising the origin was Harlem about the year 1933, and defining it in a manner that agreed neither with Meyer nor myself. Mr. Dewey then told me a gloriously funny story of a certain overnight jump between one-night stands, Dewey riding in front with the driver. It involved a male and a female in the back seat, together with a bag of salted peanuts. He also promised a bit of writing intended authoritatively to settle the definition.

Thursday evening, January the eighth, one Kenneth H. Bonnell, former member of FAPA, publisher of a small zine yecept ForLoCon and first known fan to pick up Burbee's word crifanac, dropped over for a short visit and to return my tape recorder. There was some desultory conversation, during which he mentioned that "this time tomorrow we'll be pulling into Las Vegas." I congratulated the groom as per specifications. The bride, the former Miss Lorraine Hernhuter, is a quiet young lady fairly well known to local fandom, and wedding announcements were mailed January 21st. The reception, regretfully, conflicts with publication date of this sterling trilaboration.

I've seen Bonnell fairly often during the last couple of years. An amateur photographer, he'd formed a corporation to turn out short subjects for lease to television. None has yet been released. He'd heard of my hobby of freeway chasing and street strolling and has written a script based on same, which likewise has not yet materialized.

Her sister Emma, her brother Arthur, and her sister's husband, Jim Wilson, are known in fannish circles.

Good luck to the new pair.

Here we must depart from the prepared draft account absence of a Bulfinch. These anecdotes are lifted out of context and out of logical sequence that the time might not be wasted...

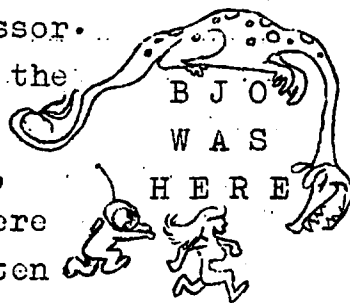
Elmurmurings Number One. A family magazine dedicated to the proposition that life can be beautiful.

My favorite newspaper columnist is Sidney J. Harris, a Chicago man, whose "Strictly Personal" makes me think.

Harry Warner, Jr., wrote, maybe three mailings ago, the definitive article on jazz. He digs and is cool.

Laney's humor was often scatological. I've twice heard the story of the biology class and the scalpel and the dead cat with the overful bladder and what happened to the professor.

Another odd bit of anecdote comes from out of the dim distant past. Seems once on a time there was a bundle of live wires in the LASFAS. Dated girls, Frank, did all sorts of non-fan type things that were tabu when I got here in 1944. One of their unwritten rules was that whenever they took a girl out to a motel, the couple should register as Mr. and Mrs. Forrest J. Ackerman. One wonders how many log entries could be found, here and there along Ventura Boulevard...



Sometime in early December, 1859; Dr. Zamenhof was born. And on the first Saturday in December, Esperantists throughout the world foregather in local banquets in his honor, to speak of their hopes for the future, to chat together, to get caught up on the past year. I've mentioned such a banquet a couple of years ago, where the maybe 75 people present were a year older, and of the single new blood - a fourteen-year-old self-taught youth from the San Fernando Valley. And he spoke quite acceptable Esperanto.

I went to the banquet this last December, having skipped a year. Four or five people wore fifty-year pins: fifty active years of speaking the language. The kid wasn't there. They told me that he had died.

Esperanto as a spoken language will outlive me. But its death is lingeringly inevitable.

Resumption of tale, anent nook, one fardel, two fardels...
 Somehow, about this time I was reminded of an evening a couple of years ago, when I had asked one Cyrus Banning Condra about a word whose definition I remembered but not the word itself. It had turned up in Clark Ashton Smith, and meant the male counterpart of a caryatide. We searched Smith for quite some time, but never found it.

Maybe eight months later he came to me raving of a self-made artist he'd found bartending on Lincoln Boulevard in a Mexican section of Venice. Seems the man made plaster-of-paris semisculptures, showing the front half of the face in relief on a diamond-shaped background. They were well-done images, too; the vampire bat on the throat of a sleeping female; the rotting head and oozing corruption from the lips of an unembalmed corpse; the expression on the strangled face of a hanged man, rope with properly tied hangman's knot around the neck awry...

I had a very odd feeling as I looked at the dozen semi-sculptures. The question was asked whether Hugh Weller (Chicago Art Institute graduate; overseas study in Florence and Naples, Italy, about 1925) should be invited to look at them. It was asked twice or more. The impression was that I should decide whether these were good or not, and the questioner would be guided by my judgment.

Condra then reached into his shirt pocket, gave some preliminary remarks, concluding with "and so, after six months, I found not one but two words, and present them to you," handing me a card bearing the words telemon and atlantide. This card I promptly lost. (thus, part of the delay. I could not see holding up this publication whilst the foregoing spellings were verified).



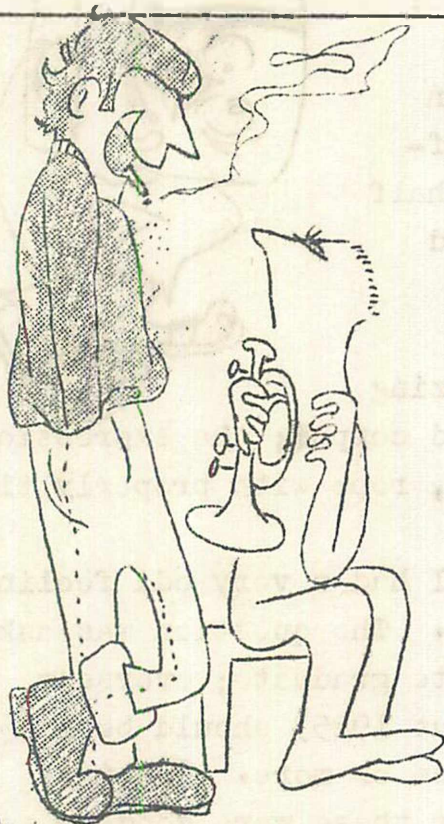
Recently while in the library on City business I remembered the question. It took ten minutes to find the proper book, five to locate the two herein animadverted plus another,

Research

question: Under what circumstances is a nook equal to two fardels, when equal to one? Time so far (January 27, 1959) two minutes thirty seconds to verify irrelevance of fardel in Webster.

A nook is still a measurement of area, sometimes equal to two fardels, and sometimes to one

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Illustrations in this family-type magazine are by Bjo, whom I have had the pleasure of escorting to a jam session given by my beautiful kid sister. Bjo amused the company in her own way with spontaneous cartoons, which, when I passed them around, caused the trumpet man to lose his lip.

Another Laney anecdote was before my time here. There was a miniature golf course by Gitelson, their twin course, located three blocks from the clubroom. Eighteen holes on the upper course, eighteen on the lower. This would be a nook that would be equal to two fardels. Before his wife

"YOU DIG THAT 'DEEP SOUTH' STUFF? HOW 'BOUT PLAYING 'KING CREOLE?'" Jackie got here, Laney ate with the boys and sometimes they'd play a round of miniature golf after supper. One time they were playing on the lower course, and a fan-type person showed up late. Peewee courses use golf balls that are color-coded so you know who has made the lucky shot that holes out through the blind drop. This unhappy fan-type wished to join the game, and called down, "what color balls you got?" Laney roared back the obvious answer.

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Requiem for Robert A. Houseman

On July 14, 1958, my immediate supervisor died of an embolism following an operation. I have just discarded a page of inadequate rough draft and wish only to say that he lived a good life, that he leaves behind a perpetual legacy of three persons per year (none of whom ever heard of Houseman) that would otherwise have killed themselves at grade crossings of railroads, and that he is sorely missed by family and by coworkers. The credit is his: my job was but to assist. These improvements went in against opposition...bless him, wherever he may be.

hang down thino head, tom dooley:

There was a time last fall when the disc jockeys were giving Tom Dooley a terrific plugging. It kept intruding itself upon me until the lyrics finally made a coherent whole. But it bugged me, man, that the tale was rather pointless as for motivation. You suspected that jealousy was the most probable cause, but just why did he stab her with the knife?

It bugged me to the point of telephoning one of my spare brains, who collects folk music, what with having about four feet of the Library of Congress folk albums, and asked him outright why she was stabbed. And for that matter, what was her name?

"Meyer, I'm downright glad you asked that question. For a month, now, that record's been out; and I've been hankering for somebody to ask me.

"To begin with, 'twarn't Tom Dooley. He was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, and this girl was the town chippy. Tom Dula was his real name. He killed her when he decided that she was the one from whom he contracted a venereal disease."

I applauded.



"...I GET THOSE MELLOW NOTES BY
CARRYING BEER IN MY GUITAR!"

Today there was a publicity story in a local paper about they're going to make it into a movie, tentatively called "The Life of Tom Dooley." I read the first paragraph, saying that it was to be based on the experiences of this eighteen-year-old Confederate soldier. I stopped reading then, bemused and aghast at the bowdlerizing that must be done.

And then I visualized a scene that will bring to some inchoate beatnik an Oscar, It will display the changing emotions of shame, revenge, hatred, and withal an underlying bittersweet memory as he walks to the counter of the general store and buys a bag of Bull Durham...

Another year, another pyramid of confusions further distorting that reality that seems to be in accelerative recession. I don't know how much longer the pretense can be continued. There are times when I relapse towards normality, followed by experiences such as yesterday when I would swear that one out of four people seen (strangers that is) were usupers treading the earth in human guise. The feeling is strongest in elevators -- there was one six-foot-six baboon who was so glaringly obviously non-human that I was actually surprised the other passengers could conceal their shock!

The months continue to have their relative order, and memory clearly distinguishes the season in which things happen. The year is lost. I know well when I dated Ruth for a fund-raising banquet for the United World Federalists. It was raining heavily, and it was early December when I arrived at her Hollywood home. She has perfect vision, and asked whether I would mind riding with her instead of in my car. I was not only amenable, but also agreeable! we had a pleasant dinner-dance at the Riviera, pleasant drive back, no good-night kiss. But when? 1952 to 1955 sometime, but hell, I don't know. I would not know in what year my divorce became effective unless I were to look it up.

At work I live in a timeless land. The boss might ask in the first breath, "What did this Department spend for crossing protection in 1954," and in the next breath say, "in a 1952 rate

case we trended the Los Angeles Transit Lines revenues to and including the year 1955. How far were we off percentagewise? Do that after you give me the first answer." There's a calendar on my desk that says the date and the year, which are useable as a reference point. But this timeless corner wherein I exist and have being is withdrawn indeed...

1943 was the cutoff year for record collecting. That was the year Fats Waller left to play Celesta, doubling on hammond and piano, for de Lawd. And now, I must remember to use 1958 as the cutoff year for motion pictures. In early 1959 I made the first film to use subliminal perception in the background -- a terror film in which BLOOD and DEATH alternated below the threshold to create a mood the story line could not uphold. No more movies for Unka Elmer, thankee.

Elmurmurings serves as another anchor into the time stream. Review of any issue helps sort out the formless past. Putting it down here will remind me that 1958 was the year in which I lost about twenty-five pounds, and the doc found diabetic symptoms. Also, the year in which insight into the problems of the fat was gained. Gentlemen, did you ever stop to think that after a certain degree of corpulence is attained, the only way stockings can be donned is by lying flat on your back in bed?

Sorry, there are other ways. If I had been married, I suppose there is no limit to the weight because the old sow could put the stockings on for you, without engineering studies on how to bring the kneesap past the central bulge.

1958 was also the year in which a world science-fiction convention was held here. I got so drunk the first night that I had to stay sober for the balance of the convention. A certain Mrs. Carr of Seattle, Washington (who so admired my work that she copied one whole issue of Elmurmurings on her typewriter, hoping some of the magic would rub off) invited me to drink with her. I did. I read the gentlelady's character as not intentionally to double-cross: that when she asked sincere questions she would not distort the answers. And I was right: her convention account did not take

'leben

advantage of my drunken state.

However, Uncle Charlie Burbee damn near disavowed me account of certain drunken answers, shouted for all to hear.

But, Charles E. Burbee, were they not unabashed, truthful answers? I, too, like *mammaries* and *gluteii maximae*. Perhaps I should have shouted my drunken replies in latin -- not in the Anglo-saxon words which refer, respectively, to the carriers of molten iron to the pigs, and to the Army beasts of burthen...

Should we go at this time into whether Stan Woolston Is a Strange Man? .., No. Let us discard a quarter-page of rough draft here and now.

July of 1958 was also the year and month in which my work assignment was changed to enhance the flexibility of the Department in meeting various challenges. I had worked in each section, and now I report to one man who in addition to his own work assigns me to the surplus jobs from each of the other sections as needed. It's a challenging position and continually interesting...

It is also a perfect spot for offgoofing account the various section heads often forget to clear through my boss.

At this point hesitation is necessary. The mongrel hound dog is on the bed, ears upcocked, total attention kitchen-and-mousewise. All twenty pounds of dog is outmoused by a half-ounce bundle of fur that runs through the fence. For shame, account poor Honeybelle must run around the fence and, by then the meeses have run baffk through the fence into the heese...

At this point, Gertrude, your pointy ears should begin to erect, account of I've just decided to outthrow a page and a half dedicated to the weird contents of an envelope from one Walter J. Gordon, of 1737 - 101st Avenue, Oakland 3, California. Frankly, the man isn't worth the laying of a caustic pen across. So you may once again start your transcribing, e'en though

don't just stand there with your shoes fall of feet -- ted anderson.

BURBEE SAYS:

I said to Boyd Raeburn, "Did you come to the convention to meet fans or to get laid?" Whatever his answer was, I don't remember.

This fellow Boyd Raeburn has a place in my heart. As a matter of fact, the convention, the Solacon, that is, came alive for me, when I heard the voice of this same Boyd Raeburn on the telephone. He spoke to me in what I later realized was an urbane accent and said, "I come bearing a piano roll."

Sometimes my homebrew-bent ear hears variants of what is actually said, so I asked him to repeat. "I come bearing a piano roll from Dean Grennell," he said. "It's a cakewalk."

Instantly, I wanted to lay my hand on this piano roll.

In anticipation of it, I vacuumed out my piano's tracker bar, but it was not until two days the following morning that I received into my hands the piano roll. I rushed home and played the darn thing at low volume.

I didn't know that I was going to write something about the convention, but since I mentioned the convention, I might as well tell a few small stories about it.

The first person I saw when I entered the convention hall was Elmer Perdue, and for thirty frantic seconds I considered going back to Whittier, and staying there for the duration of the convention. But I walked on for ten feet, and the second fannish face I saw was the harsh face of Jack Harness, who at all times wore a helicopter beanie, even on the streets of Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, one of the local fans told me that as he approached the convention hall, he saw Jack Harness on Spring street with his propellor beanie, and hoped to God that Jack wouldn't see him. But Jack did see him, and greeted him with a loud voice, in the middle of metropolitan Los Angeles, and embarrassed this local fan no end.

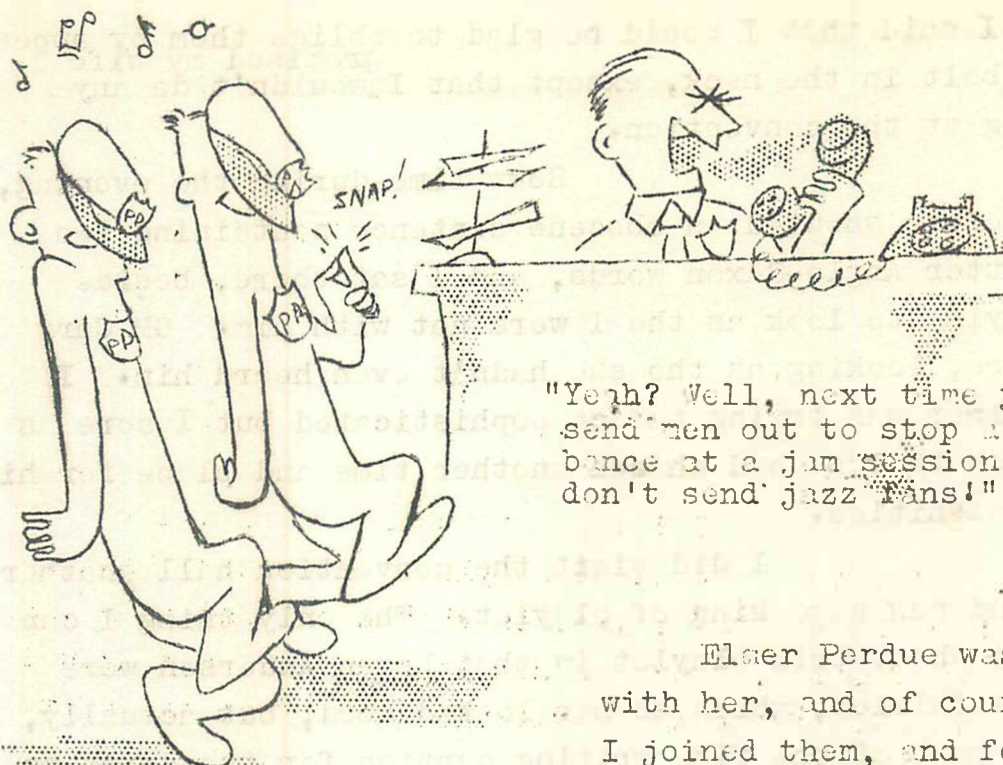
But even the sight of these two frightful fans did not deter me from

advancing steadily till I found a sitting-down place, which happened to be next to Elmer Perdue. I am going to tell my grandchildren that I kept on going simply because my legs were tired, but I can't fool you clever people, so I will admit that it was because I wished to sit next to Elmer Perdue and Jack Harness, that I did not flee precipitately.

I sat there, in the convention hall, listening to this thing and that thing, and looking covertly at the blue slip of the sexy young lady who was sitting three chairs from me, and left it only because John W. Campbell was talking, and I couldn't hear a word he said. I guess the acoustics were bad. So I went out into the hall and, coming towards me, I saw a nut with a beard, namely, my friend, William Rotsler. We stood there jabbering for a moment until Anna Moffatt, who later got famous, came out and told us that we were making too darned much noise. I told her I couldn't see how they could hear us in the hall when I couldn't even hear the speaker when I was in the hall, but she did not hear me, or was not in a listening mood, so nothing came of this discussion.

"Who is here at this convention," said Rotsler. "Well," I said, "lots of significant people are here. For example, besides you and me and Elmer Perdue, G.M. Carr is here." "GM Carr, where is she?" "She's down in the bar, drinking beer with Elmer Perdue, so let's go down there and join them."

So we did, and I found the bar such a congenial place that I did not leave it for three days. And I might mention, that if I ever go to another convention, I will spend 99% of the time in the bar, because sooner or later, all the best people show up there, and the bright-eyed fourteen-year-olds with science questions are kept out by state law. In the bar, I met GM Carr for the second time (I had already met her at Ackerman's house the previous evening) and I said to her "You look like my fairy godmother, my beer-drinking fairy godmother, that is."



"Yeah? Well, next time you send men out to stop a disturbance at a jam session, don't send jazz fans!"

Elmer Perdue was sitting with her, and of course I joined them, and for a while everything went nicely, which was a great surprise

to me, because GM Carr has often declared in print how she dislikes Elmer Perdue because he is such a lazy Fapa member. But the in-person GM Carr is nothing like the paper GM Carr.

In this same bar, this same evening, I met F&E Busby, which proves what I said a moment ago, about all the worthwhile people sooner or later showing up in the bar.

I have fond memories of the Busbies. I remember that Elinor Busby (this is the one without the beard) and I searching the halls of the hotel for a dixieland trumpet man. On second thought, it was not Elinor Busby, but I know damn well that if Elinor Busby knew that if I was looking for a dixieland trumpet player, she would have trudged valiantly until dawn streaked the smoggy Californian sky.

I do remember that Elinor wrote shorthand, and she was taking down some of the outrageous things that I said.

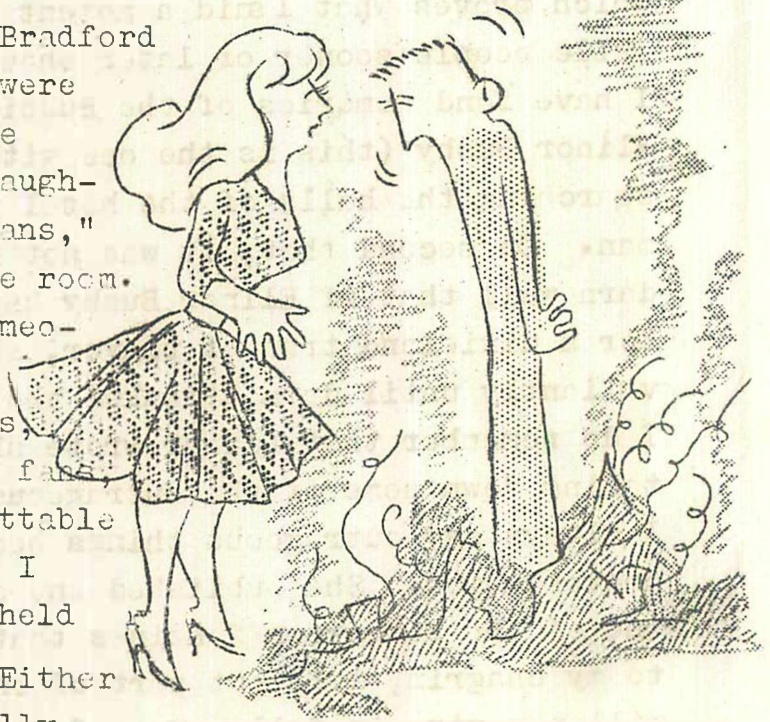
I always say outrageous things because I call this normal conversation. She published one or two of my remarks in one of the seventeen fanzines that she and FM publish, and to my chagrin, left out part of one of my remarks which I will now give in full. One of them mentioned that I looked like Boris Karloff except that I lacked the bolt in the

neck. I said that I would be glad to oblige them by appearing with a bolt in the neck, except that I ^{promised my wife I} wouldn't do any screwing at the convention.

Somw time during the evening, Elmer Perdue shouted an obscene sentence containing two four-letter Anglo-Saxon words, and I sat there, beside him, trying to look as tho I were not with him. GM Carr sat there, looking as tho she hadn't even heard him. I think Elmer was trying to act sophisticated but I sure as hell wish that he had chosen another time and place for his social amenities.

I did visit the convention hall another time, and saw some kind of playlet. The only thing I can remember about this playlet is that Karen Anderson wore enormous falsies, which on her looked good, but actually, I spent most of the time writing caption for the cartoons that Rotsler was drawing. I must admit that the playlet was darned clever, even tho I heard only 60% of the dialogue.

I think, as I remember the convention, certain episodes or scenes stand out in my memory for no particular reason, and one of these episodes concerns a fellow named Rich Brown. I was walking down the hall with a local fan named Bob Bradford one morning at 3 ayem. We were looking for an elevator. We heard soprano chatter and laughter coming from a room. "Fans," I said, and we went into the room. Sure enough, there was a mimeograph, stacks of prozines, stacks of mimeographed dacts, and four or five very young fans, one of whom was the unforgettable Rich Brown. "I am Burbee," I said, wondering if my name held any magic for these folk. Either it did, or they were naturally polite, but they were very polite.



"Those low-down blues notes were too hot!"

I asked them if they were publishing a fanzine and they said they were. "Bring me a typewriter," I said, "and I will cut a deathless stencil." For God's sake, they led me to a typer with a brand new stencil in it, and, for the twenty-thousandth time in my life, I wondered why I couldn't keep my big mouth shut.

I have to get away from the convention now, although I could go on for another thirty-nine pages, because, on this page appears two drawings prestenciled by Bjo, so I must introduce matching text.

The fellow you see illustrated there is Chow, the Chinese machinist. Being Chinese, he has a Chinese sense of humor. But sometimes he says things that strike his listeners as being funny although this is not his intention. For example, one day he was telling me about a horse race that he had doped out in his facet as an inveterate horse-player, and part of his dialogue ran thus: " ... but I know this darn goat don't have a Chinaman's chance."



Another story concerns the two calenders that he brought home. One had a picture of a golfer standing on a lovely green fairway under a lovely blue sky. The other was a sensible-type picture of a naked woman. His wife said she knew which picture he would put on his wall. When he put up the naked woman calender, she said, "I told you so." "Well," said Chow, "I don't want to be too sporty."



Chow considers this high humor.

Last night I sawed a huge gap in my thumb which prevents me from typing, so these stencils have been cut for me by Jim Caughran, brand new Fapa member. I predict that this fellow Caughran will be one of our juiciest members. The last person who cut stencils for me was a young lady with a 40 inch bust. This time it's a fellow with fast fingers and a friendly smile. I kind of like the whole idea.

I looked at all the other pictures of Chinese men and
said to myself "What is a typical Chinese man like?"
and I found a picture of a Chinese man who was
in a suit and a hat and I thought "That's the
kind of man I want to be."



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