

Elmurmurings No. 2

Gentlemen:

FAPA FOR SEPTEMBER on hand and contents noted. Particularly missed are Milty's Mag, and Reader & for Collector. A welcoming word is herewith extended to Norm Stanley, to my mind most interesting member of the past year; and my regrets to Harry for my inability to read ALL of Horizons... Everybody's mad at me. But the reason cited in the last issue should be sufficient, both as an excuse and a warning.

So first off, I'm sorry, Harry, that you object to the printing. The machine cost fifty dollars, including type and inks and about fifty pounds of paper. A comparable mimeo with equivalent equipment would have been as much or more. No attempt was made to make others jealous; it was just more practicable.

It's also much slower. I doubt that my speed exceeds five words per minute, including the time spent in re-sorting the type into cases. An eight-by-eleven sheet in an eight-hour day. Not much time, you see, when one slaves over a hot typewriter all day, and over a hot piano all night...so, much as I'd like to, there won't be time to make individualized comments on each item in the mailing. Instead, I hope to get that section of the History for 1944 finished and printed, and maybe find time to add a little true story for you-all

(Incidentally, the History now consists of about four thousand cards, and fills three linear feet; containing all definite dates to be found in my library.)



Time flies; a mailing has passed since the above was written, and yet another. To make with the comments:

Art, m'blooy, I do not object to Petrillo. Lent Degler \$5.00 to get out of my town. Figured it as worth it. He returned it two months later, without a dun and to my surprize. Objection is herewith recorded to credential increase, unless provision is made for a "bugger" factor that will count the time Wiedenbeck must spend on a single cover as the equivalent of a full dozen mimeo pages...I know, I've run a mimeograph myself. Don't throw Degler out yet-maybe he'll see the light and send one of the Newcastle Nymphs on the next good-will tour, which would be ever so much more pleasant. If one doesn't show up within the next month to entertain each and every Fap, throw HIM out. No membership increase, but if ye Off Ed will advise waiting list population, I'll furnish copies. Any of you see an AP news-photo of one private Snafu on latrine duty, created and photoed in puppet miniatue by Sgt Raymond F. Harryhausen, published about five months back? Girl living with us a month or so agone, came from Hagerstown. She had never heard of our inimitable Harry, so I blew her off but solid, Jackson!.,,fame, fame, such an old hag as thou art! Best in the last three mailings: Trigger Talk at Green Guna. Migawd but it's magnificent! Drygulch, what's this about Stud? Seems to be quite similar to the Awful Truth about Freddie the Pohl? Be explicit, man, waste no time on generalities. And to Morojo-ever hear of basic Chinese? Eight hundred words-eight hundred ideographs. Blood, sweat, and tears translates into just that in Basic

Dec. 15, 1936.

J. L. ENGEL

2,064,526

CONTAINER

Filed Oct. 11, 1934

FIG. 1.

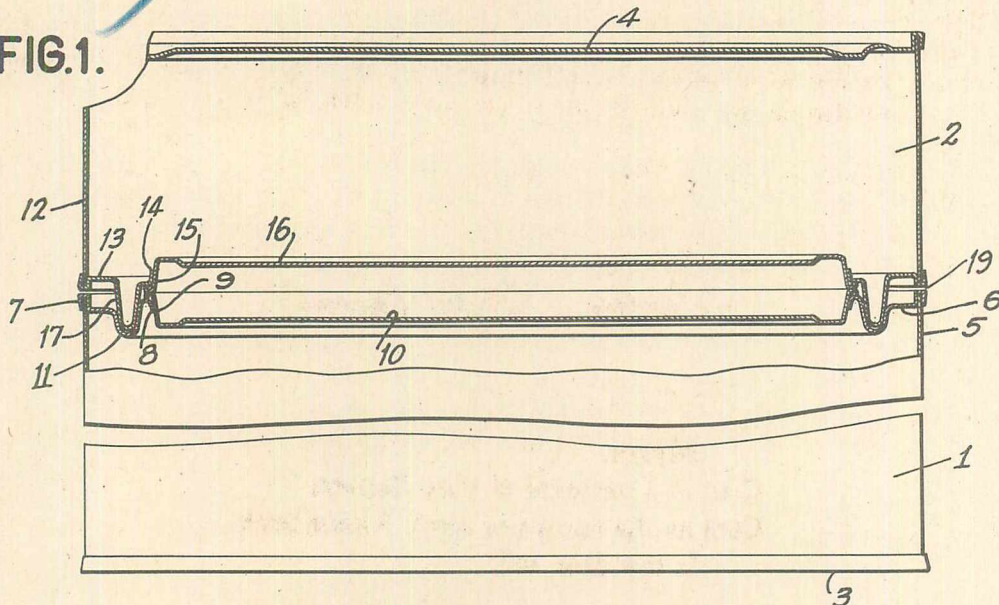


FIG. 2.

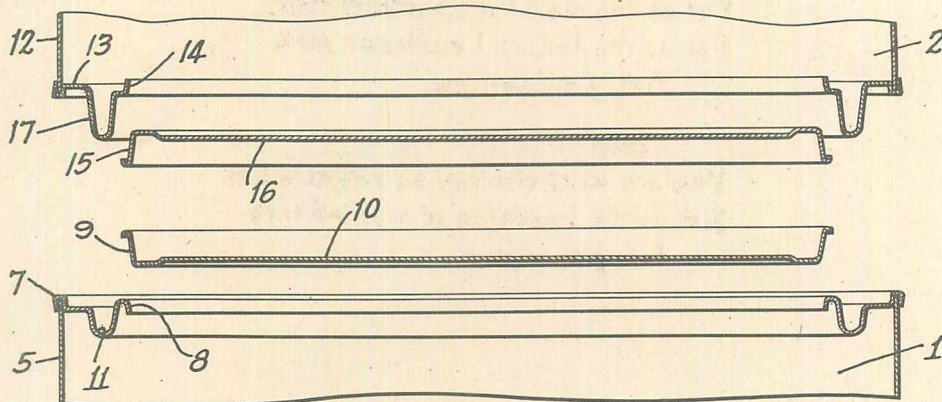
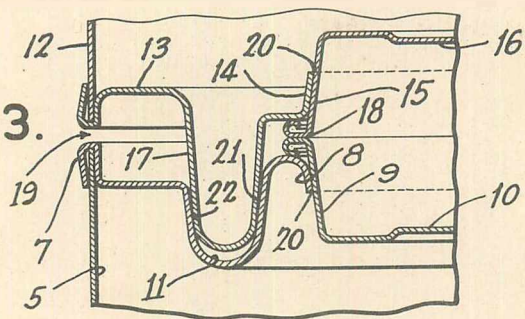


FIG. 3.



INVENTOR.

J. Leonard Engel

BY

Harold F. Watson
ATTORNEY

Chinese, while Basic English makes it blood, head-water, and eye-water. And no cases, declensions, approved word-order, no tenses, no genders, no love, no nothin'—speak in headlines. I feel enthusiastic already. Second best item in mailing is FAPAFILE of Russell's. Gad, the man even thinks in verse! Wonder if Miltie has developed the escape-velocity formula for me yet. Mr. Stanley: the six month minimum wait before membership can be renewed in the case of inactive members was contained in a constitutional amendment made about June of about 1941.

Oh, and before I forget: the tale on the next page is dedicated, with due respect and no malice whatsoever aforethought, to Mr. Ray Bradbury of Los Angeles—whose protagonists seem to grow younger with each new tale.

Poetry Department:

Mystic,
Clad in a garment of pure Samite,
Cool as the snows of some Alpine peak,
Is thy dear self.

Distant,
Far as the stars on a summer night,
Far as the beauty I endlessly seek,
Are you from me.

Circe!
You are so charming, so virgin white,
Soft as the fragrance of scented teak—
I sing to you.

Screen credit department: this issue written and printed by Elmer Perdue. All damage and libel suits are to go to him, please.

July 6, 1937.

F. HOLLAND

2,086,330

APPARATUS FOR AND METHOD OF ADHESIVELY UNITING SHOE PARTS

Filed Nov. 18, 1933

3 Sheets-Sheet 2

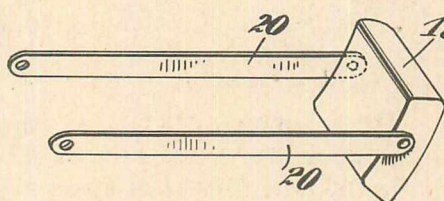


Fig. 4.

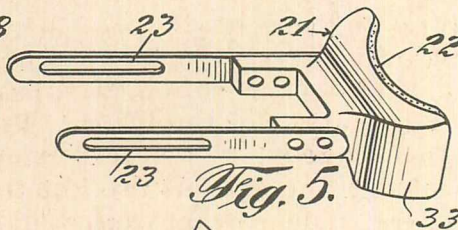


Fig. 5.

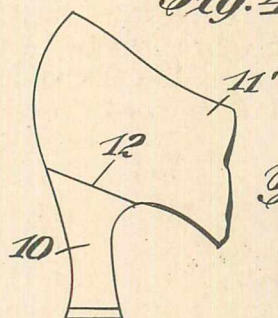


Fig. 9.

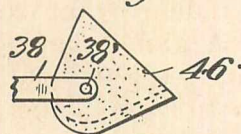


Fig. 8.

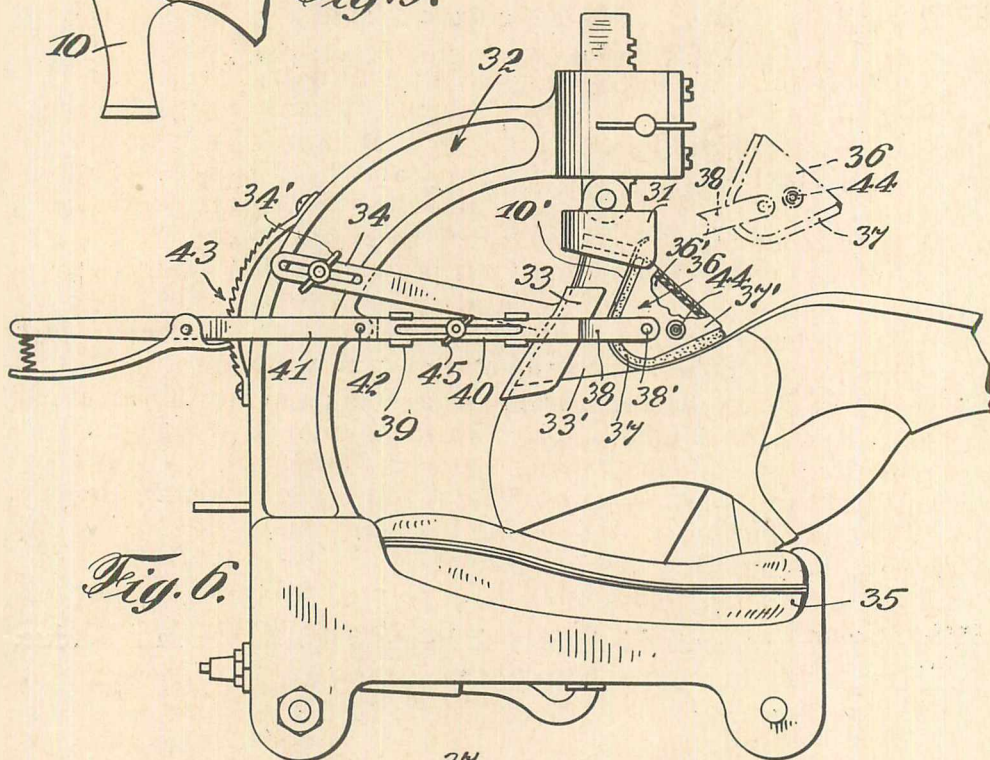


Fig. 6.

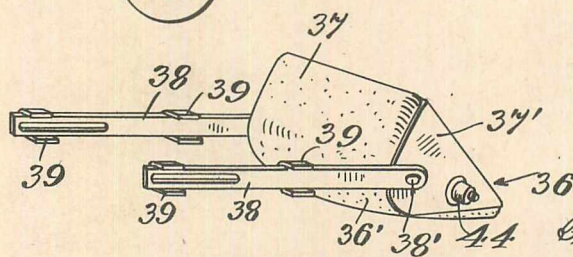


Fig. 7.

INVENTOR

Friedrich Holland

BY

Nelson, Bristol, Johnson & Leavenworth

ATTORNEYS

The Astronomy Professor unhappily watched his next class filter into the class-room from the crowded hall. A damn stupid-looking bunch of jerques, all of them; particularly the cuddly blonde who sat in the second row. What on earth she wanted with Astronomy . . . or the Joe behind her, wolfing for a date. All here; start now and get it over with.

"Today's lecture has to do with the so-called white dwarf stars, of which the classic example is the companion to Sirius. Other features of this type are of interest, but their fascination lies in the extreme compactness of their mass:—a baseball made of the companion's matter would weigh over a half-ton. We can not conceive the density such . . . might I also have your attention, Miss Clarke?"

Pity, pity. A.C. plus 70° 8247—with a surface gravity so high that its atmosphere is but ten feet thick—ten feet to contain an atmosphere that on our Sun extends two hundred thousand miles into space. An atmosphere so dense that iron would float before it had penetrated the first foot. A globe compressing the mass of three suns into the volume of the moon. Light itself dragged back through three shades of blue as it struggles to escape from that incredible mass—and Miss Clarke more interested in Joe and the prospective date with him. Lord, preserve us from Sophomores!



Little Johnny wished his dog hadn't gone away. It wouldn't be so lonely if he had someone to play with . . . what's that movement over there? Nassy old spider caught a fly. Must let the fly go—maybe it'd get hurt. Maybe it'd turn into a Fairy and he'd have someone to play with! The clinging web was torn loose, as gently as over-eager hands could. Sure enough, it changed! A Fairy on his hand!

"Johnny, you've helped me. It is our law that I must help you in return. I grant you a wish—what do you want?"

Little Johnny clapped his hands. A nice new dog, or a pair of skates, or a tricycle, or—he looked at the twilight sky for inspiration.

A whale-cloud chasing a battle-ship cloud, and an old man-cloud looking on. Beams of glory from the vanished sun. The violent orange-and-red blending into soft mauve and magenta in the east. Venus blue-white tranquillity, and another point of light to the south struggling to attain life. The last sunset . . . for suddenly Johnny knew what he wanted. A plaything like no other had ever had.

"Get me a star. That one!" He pointed to Venus.

The Fairy's eyebrows rose. "But Johnny, that's much too big for you to handle."

"Bigger than Daddy's car? Bigger'n an Elephant?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Get me a little star, then. The littlest one there is. Big enough to play with. I want a star!"

Johnny remembered how easy it was to get things when you cried. He sniffled, and tried to get the tears to come.

The Fairy smiled sadly, and murmured, "All right, Johnny. I granted you a wish, and I must fulfill it. I'm sorry, Johnny. Wait right here, and I'll bring you back the littlest star there is."

She vanished; Little Johnny smiled eagerly between the tears, watching the skies as he waited for her to bring his very own star . . .

June 22, 1937.

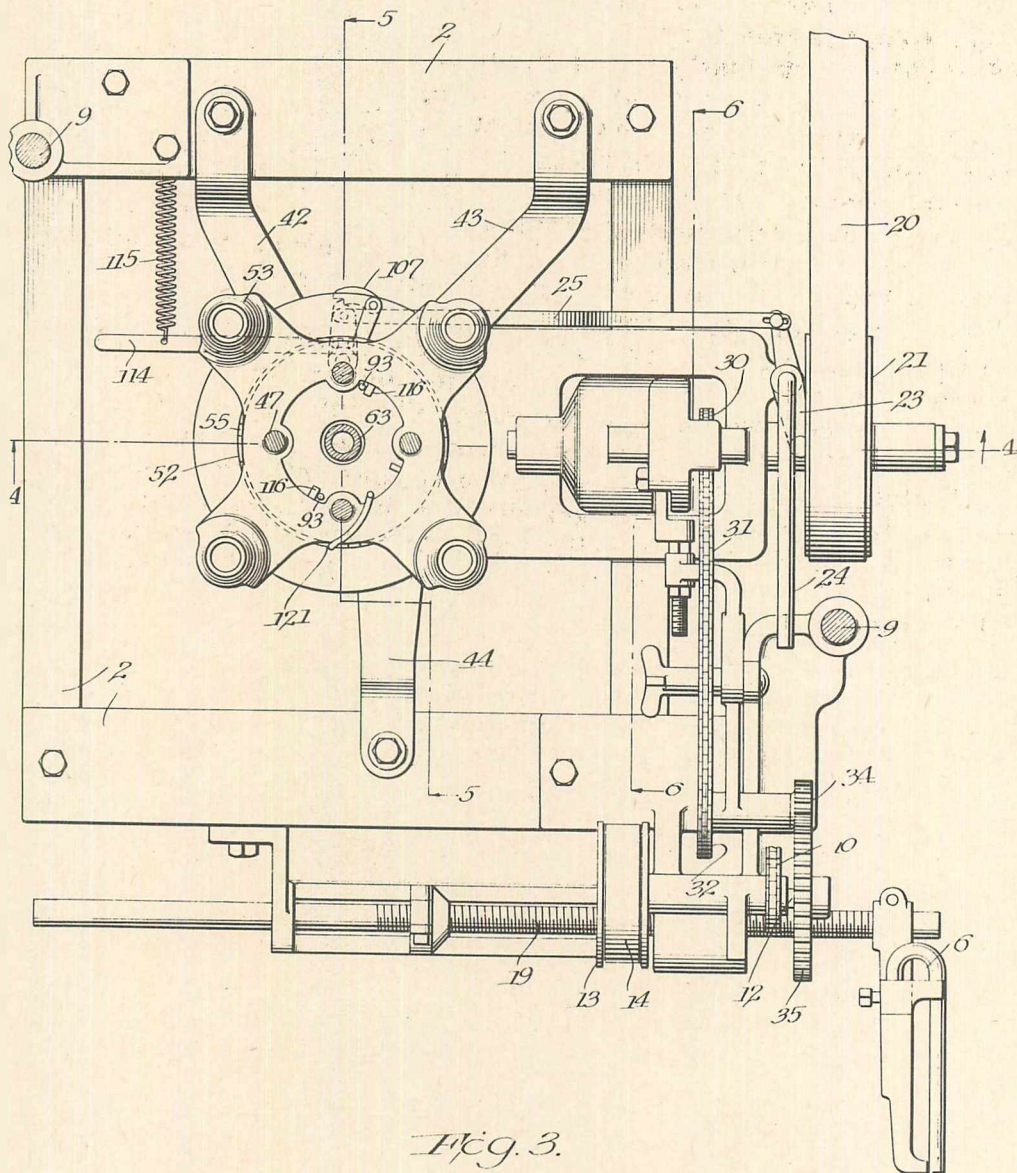
W. LARKIN

2,084,770

KNITTED STRAND COVERING MACHINE

Filed Feb. 15, 1935

6 Sheets-Sheet 3



Inventor

Halter-Lookin

Inasmuch as there has been an overly-large amount of discussion of Christianity in the FAPA, I'd like to tell you the story of why I am not a member of any church, and object in general to the idea of any co-operative form of religion. The story has had nothing changed in it, except names; and though the names are fictitious, I assure you that it happened substantially as recorded here. I learned it slowly—a phrase here, a fragment there, a more-or-less connected outline from Wimpy the piano-man when he was drunk—none of them ever mentioned it at all except while maudlin-drunk...

It's really quite a simple story. A child dies and is laid to rest eternal. Not an uncommon tale, and one that could be beautiful.

So there were these five musicians and their vocalist, working for pennies in Denver; playing honky-tonks and the Five Points and the Cinderella and the Heidelberg and Bozo's and miscellaneous Larimer Street dives, playing the joints because they'd rather play righteous than mickey. And their salaries! Wimpy worked at Bozo's for the nightly stipend of a dollar in cash, a plate of spaghetti, and three bottles of local beer. Jeez, I've seen them open the kitty in the Waldorf on a Saturday night, big crowd night, and only pull out a dollar in tips—in nickles and pennies and maybe two dimes. In Denver, a person needs but two dollars to do a quite adequate job of town-painting. The whole band made only seventy a week between them, tips included.

So Honky married 'Berta, the vocalist. And in due course of time a child was born. A bouncing little baby boy; Honky's child, deformed right toe just like

Honky. And they called his name Patty.

Rest thou well, little Patty!

Patty was weak; Patty was doomed before he was born. Honky could afford no hospital, and 'Berta must wait tables to earn more—she worked on the last day of her pregnancy, she and the band both working at the Heidelberg.

The child had an unnaturally strong grip on life, and held off the inevitable for all of six months. Six months of giving pleasure to the parents; plans and dreams spun for times to come; and necessary total abandonment while both parents worked.

*Sleep well, little Pat, in whatever
Hell ye be!*

So Patty died. And a dead child, a beloved boy-child—you just can't stuff the corpse in a sack and throw it out with the garbage. There must be a soft, reverent

Dec. 15 1936.

2,064,277

C. J. SURDYKOWSKI, NOW BY JUDICIAL
CHANGE OF NAME C. J. SURDY

STOKER
Filed Sept. 30, 1931

2 Sheets-Sheet 2

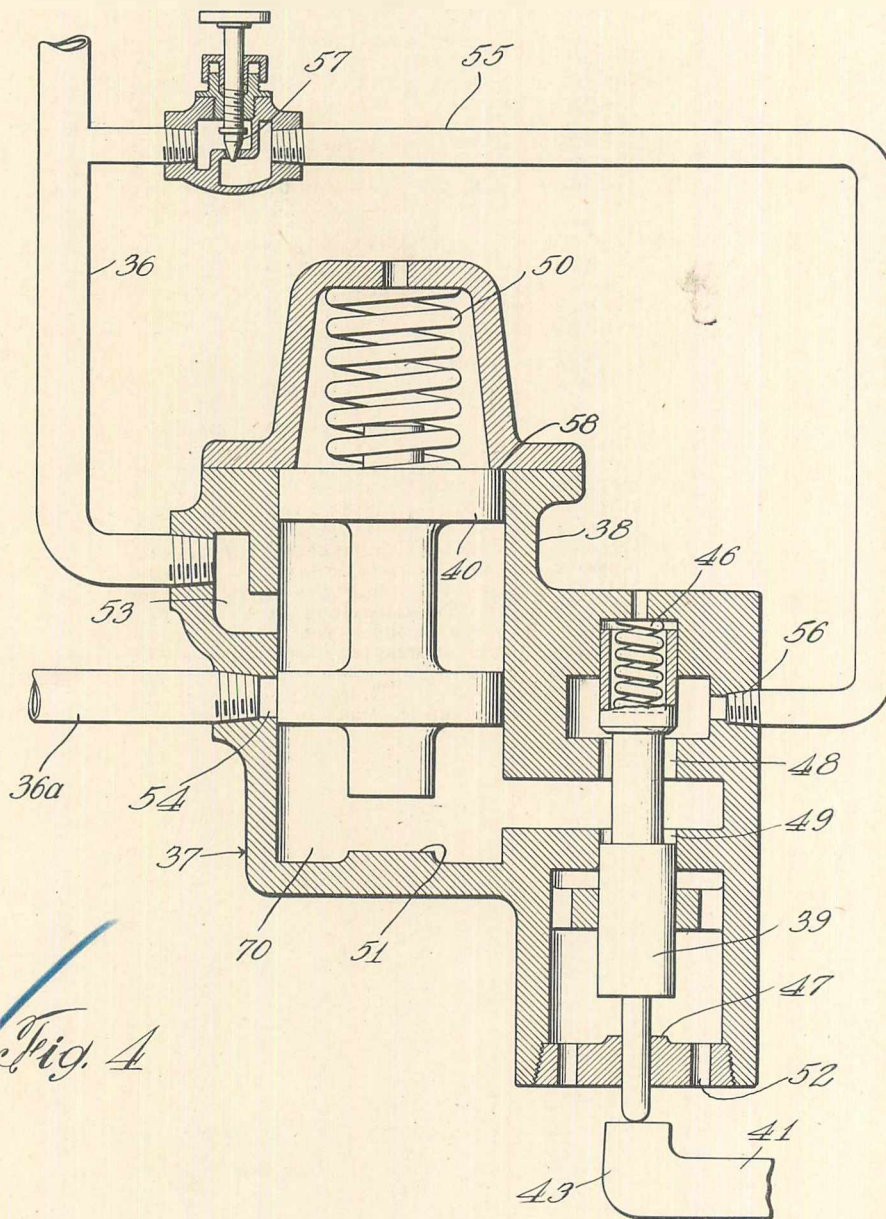


Fig. 4

INVENTOR.

Charles J. Surdykowski

BY

C. Archer Turner

ATTORNEY.

farewell; tears and a gentle, unuttered Godspeed breathed deep within, while a professional comforter murmurs words to which no one listens...

Lord God, where wert Thou?

You see, 'Berta and Honky were guilty of two crimes: they were poor; and they had married in a civil ceremony, before a Justice of the Peace. Poor 'Berta called a church for the aid of a professional comforter; one who would speak to Patty those soft, kind words of eternal parting that on her lips would be maudlin... A smooth, unctuous voice answered; saying, "And how were you married?" Innocent 'Berta told him the truth.

"Woman," said God's Vicar on Earth, "in the eyes of This the Church, you are no better than a common prostitute. And why concern Us with your dead bastard?" This to 'Berta, child not quite cold!

*Delicate Patty, child of Sin! Weep,
for thy parents' sin is become thine!*

Two other churches refused aid; the Methodists, last hope of the poor, gave them a grave but no last rites. Ah, but it was bitter cold, the morning they buried Patty! The silent snow sifted from a grey sky, giving a theatrical touch to the scene as 'Berta the Mother and Honky the Father lifted the tiny casket from the piano-player's car and tenderly lowered it into the grave... Toes were numb that bitter winter morning, as the five musicians gazed into the open grave, watching the secret, the quiet snow settle on the casket, wrapping foredoomed Patty in its unquestioning, creedless blanket.

No one spoke. There was no need for words as they began the long, cold drive home...

Aug. 13, 1940.

H. T. AVERY
CALCULATING MACHINE
Filed Dec. 18, 1933

2,211,736

44 Sheets-Sheet 14

FIG. 41.

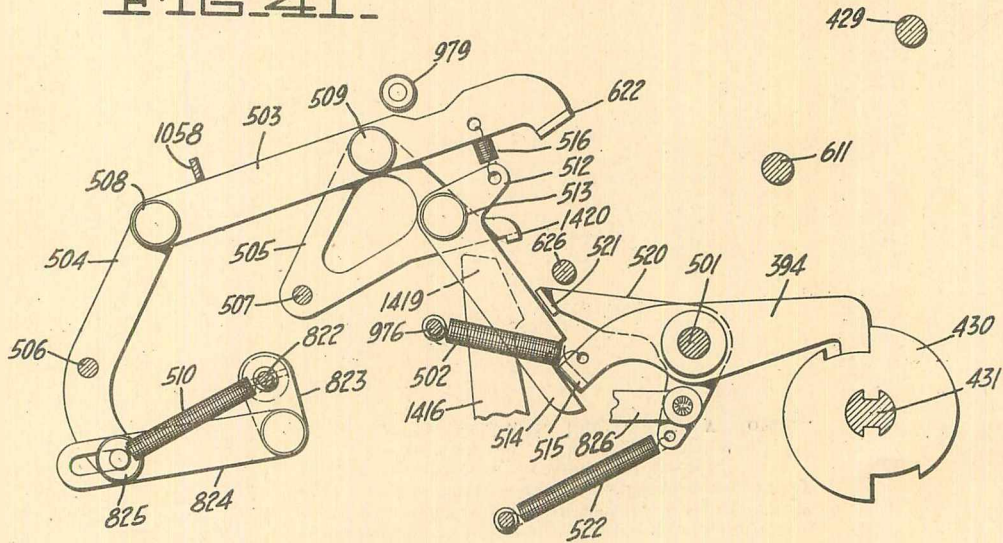


FIG. 42.

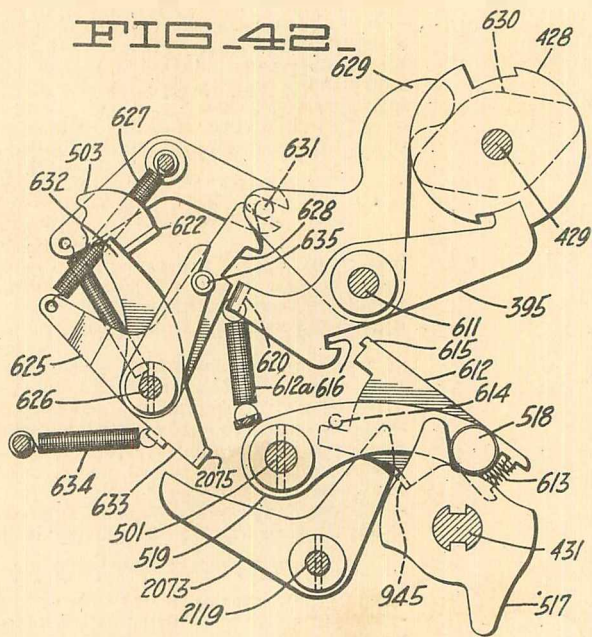
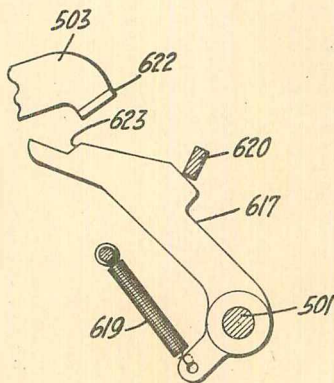


FIG. 43.



INVENTOR.
Harold T. Avery
BY *Walter M. Starnes*
ATTORNEY.