



M A S Q U E

the vivid fanzine



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THE FABULOUS MR. TUCKER

by
Robert Bloch

I have in front of me at the moment a small card bearing the following inscription:

"Would you write - unbeknownst to him - a life story of Bob Tucker for MASQUE? Or anyone that suits your fancy. Would you, huh, would you?"

Rotsler

Now the normal impulse upon seeing such a request in front of one is to move, and move quickly. Or close one's eyes and just hope it will go away. But I'm lazy. And I'm also painfully aware that I have a couple of pages of FAPA requirements to fill before my year is up. So why not fill it with drive?

In a word, why not write about Tucker?

I have written about Tucker before. I once did an entire article on the man's writing, artfully timing it so that it would appear just before one of his books came out. In return for a few thousand words or so of obviously lying and fulsome remarks concerning his literary ability, I received a free copy of the volume -- which is just what I had hoped would happen, as I needed a doorstep.

Our bathroom sticks.

But to move from bathrooms to Tucker -- a logical enough progression, by the way, it occurs to me that neither I nor anyone else to my knowledge has ever written much about Tucker the man. Maybe because he isn't much of a man.

This is not to infer that Tucker's name is absent from the pages of fanzines or prezines, or that he has not been the subject of frequent writeups. It's merely that in almost all these mentions, Tucker has seldom appeared as or been evaluated as an individual.

Always, as my title indicates, Tucker is considered as a fabulous figure. Fabulous in the sense that a unicorn is fabulous, or a virgin.

Now this may be the proper approach. Mr Tucker is not (and I can vouch for this personally) a unicorn. Nor is Mr Tucker (and I can't vouch for this personally, but merely strongly suspect) a virgin. Nevertheless, he is fabulous.



The saga of his fannish exploits extends way back to 1932, and occupies almost as much space in Moskowitz' fan-history, THE IMMORTAL STORY, as is devoted to the story of who threw whom out of what meeting-hall. Obviously Tucker is an important figure.

Almost any newcomer to fandom soon learns a great deal about Tucker through the frequent references made to him in current journals.

They read about Tucker the letter-hack of yore, Tucker the fanzine-publisher of forties, Tucker the pre-writer, Tucker the hoaxer, Tucker the hoax-victim. It's

all down in black and white for anyone to read. Even Tucker could read it, if//// his literary abilities extended beyond the mere recognition of 7 letters assembled on a label so as to spell out the legend "J-I-M B-E-A-M". Incidentally, Tucker's/// well-known predilection for this particular beverage actually stems from his illi- teracy. As a science-fiction fan he was first attracted to the brand because he// thought its name was "GIN BEAM".

So much, and not very, for the Tucker of the fables and the legends. So much for the Tucker who once tried to reach Mammoth Cave by way of Canada, the Tucker who// puts the names of his friends in his books as characters, the Tucker who -- at the Convention in Cleveland -- had to be forcibly restrained from putting up his son// at the auction.

But what about Tucker the human being?

A series of unfortunate accidents has caused my path to cross his through the//// years. We have visited one another, worked on mutual projects, travelled together eaten together, drunk together, and -- I hasten to add, in all innocence -- slept/ together. A statement which I hope will not call forth any inter-Lansy-ations..

As a result, I feel that I know a bit about Arthur Wilson Tucker, and perhaps it's time fandom found out, too. ((Quick, Tucker, what's your offer to buy my silence? WR.))

Biographically, the facts as are as simple as the man himself. He was born in//// rural Illinois, near Peopria, on the 23rd of November. Surprising as this may//// seem to any number of people, the year of his birth was well within the present,/// or twentieth century -- thus giving the lie to the rumor that Tucker is really a// pseudonym of the Comte de St. Germain. The year was 1914, to be exact.



He grew up in Bloomington, went to school there and/// (incongruous as it might seem) in Normal, Illinois. He is a movie projectionist, but has also done work in/// advertising, publicity, editing, reportorial and phot- ographic fields -- plus his professional writing. In all of these fields he has managed to distinguish him- self by the quality of his efforts.

For one of the apparently overlooked or unmentioned/// things about Tucker is that he does things well.

In a field such as fandom -- a field dotted with the// droppings of Loud-Mouthed Jackasses and filled with/// their brayings -- Tucker has always distinguished him- self by the consistent quality of his efforts.

Perhaps the most fabulous thing about Mr Tucker is that the man is efficient. He/ gets things done. When he started out, back in 1932, as a letter-hack and as a/// part-time contributor to fanzines, he made a determined effort to find a place for himself in the field as a fan. And did so, by virtue of the worth of his contrib- utions.

As a director of various fan organizations, as an office-holder, as a policy-maker he has always offered more than mere token activity. He has been a prime mover/// behind many of the lasting projects in the fan field.

His success with LE ZOMBIE and the BLOOMINGTON (later, SCIENCE FICTION) NEWS//// LETTER is readily acclaimed by fandom. However, many fans seem to ascribe that/// success to Tucker's ability as a humorist.

Actually, in my opinion, it was not the humor which elevated LE ZOMBIE to the top, but the thread of candor and common-sense readily apparent in its pages. Inter-// spersing the funny business one finds a consistent stream of authenticated news///

items, solid information, and dispassionate editorializing. Tucker always called the shots as he saw them. And this is all the more remarkable when one considers that he did so in the days when fandom was in its infancy -- its puling, brawling name-calling infancy. Any reader of the aforementioned IMMORTAL STORM comes away with the impression that the fandom of LE ZOMBIE days frequently resembled the government of a Central American banana republic in the 1890s: complete with feuds and revolutions and impassioned attempts at dictatorships. Against this background, LE ZOMBIE rode serene in a trough of truth, steered against the prevailing winds by a cool and competent captain whose compass was not subject to erratic variation. ((Gee, that's the nearest thing to a purple passage MASQUE has had in a long time! WR))

The NEWS LETTER was (and remains to this day) a model of its kind. Living up to its title in every sense of the word, it nevertheless served as a projection of the Tucker personality; a journal of opinion -- honest opinion, objectively delivered.

Tucker is the kind of a guy who would have delighted Diogenes. He is an honest man.

Now not all fans are lantern-carriers: not all fans share the same Diogenesous inclinations. Some of them have resented, in the past, the very candor which is the keynote of the Tucker personality. Tucker is no dedicated crusader; he sallies forth in Jurgenesquely, without a lance. Nor does he carry a chip on his shoulder. On the other hand (or shoulder) neither is he one to dissemble or dissimulate. If he disapproves of an individual's activities, he doesn't disguise the fact. If he is bored or tired or dissatisfied, he takes his leave of the scene -- quietly, but quickly. And if he scents a sham, he is apt to speak up. Not blatantly nor melodramatically (the only time the man really lost his head was when somebody made off with his ten of clubs) but emphatically enough and bluntly enough so that the offending party is aware of his disapproval. As a result, Tucker has trod on a few sensitive toes in his time. But not, one may rest assured, through clumsiness on his part.



His cleverness, his professional talent, his extensive knowledge and background of experience in the field all contribute to his success and to his elevation to eminence in our microcosm.

But there are other clever people, talented people, experienced and learned people, who have not attained -- and perhaps never will attain -- Tucker's rank in general affection or esteem. Because they seemingly lack that other important characteristic; that honesty of self-expression which is so definurely a part of Tucker.

As an individual, he has always gone his own way, governing his life-pattern with the same quiet determination which marks his progress as a professional writer. He is neither a blatant exhibitionist nor a timid conformist, and the fact that this tall, crewcut figure with the almost Indian-slanted cheekbones looks a good ten years younger than he is can be attributed to clean living, the purity of Jim Bean, or a good embalming job.

All of which is not empty eulogy. It is merely an attempt to rectify a curious anomaly in present-day fandom -- a situation wherein everyone writes about Tucker and so few people seem to know him as an individual. And as an individual, he is well-worth knowing.

One final word is probably in order. It may be suspected that I am buttering up to Tucker indirectly here in case he happens to have another book published. Such is not the case.

Actually, I write this merely because I///
feel I owe him something. When he and his
family visited us after the Convention////
this fall, his wife fixed my daughter's///
bicycle.

She's a good girl, that Fern Tucker.

And if she sees something in the guy, he's
got to have a few redeeming features. The
mere fact that Tucker could attract so////
nice a female is fabulous enough for me.

Let's face it. Tucker is a good man.

.....
He was casting director in a foundry, hon.
.....

A NOTE FROM ROBERT BLOCH

This business of writing a biography of a/
guy without his knowledge is fraught with/
possible pitfalls...one always hesitates//
to say something which may embarrass the//
subject. However, I feel I know Tuck well
enough to take these liberties without////
running the risk of offendinf him...which/
I wouldn't want to do on account of I love
the guy. ((Hell, who could get offended//
at such wgooboo? WR))

.....
"That's a Carso of an ther color." (DAG)
.....

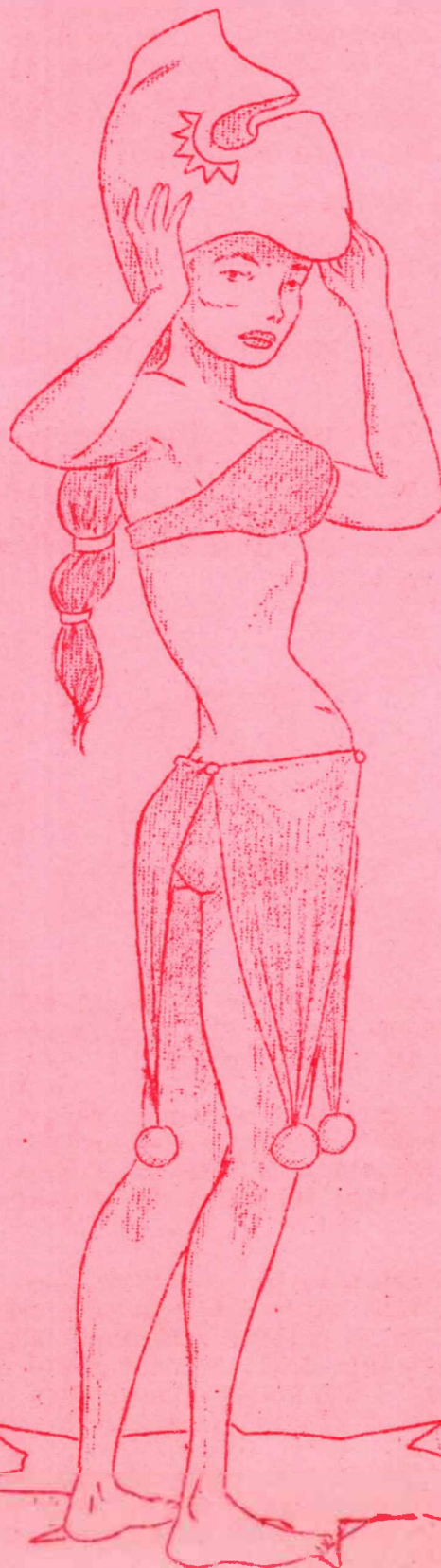
A LETTER FROM ROBERT CARSE

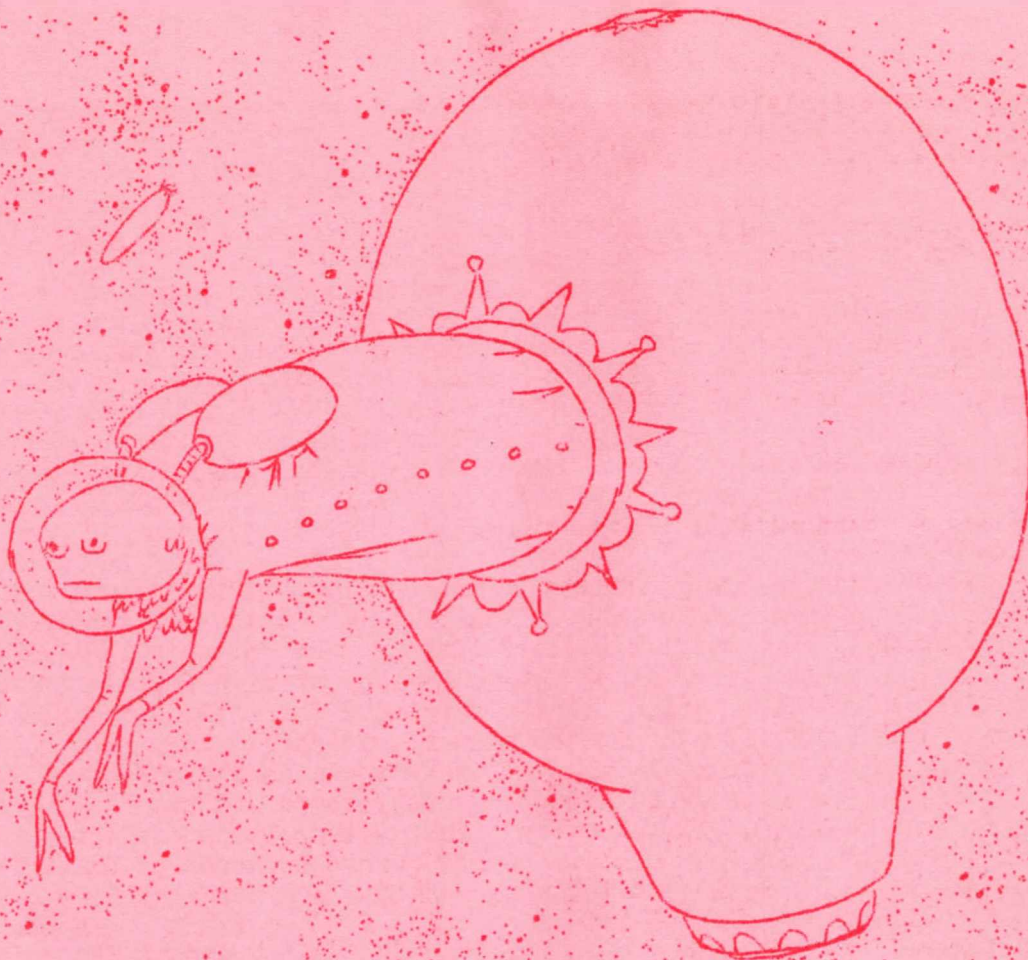
I will write you a very short note, thus//
insuring its publication...if as a filler/
if nothing else. # MASQUE #ll arrived here
today in regal pomp, which is a brand of//
envelope, I think.

Enjoy FitzGerald's letters and am sad to//
hear there will be no more. # Your collec-
tion of art school day memories was rambl-
ing. I liked the stamps but the one of me/
doesn't do me justice. My 3/4 view is a//
little like Jefferson, don't you think?

A CARD FROM REDD BOGGS

Oh, hell, on second thought, please do///
cross me off the...mailing list. There///
doesn't seem much reason for getting them/
if I don't read them. And after 20-odd//
issues, I feel like a graybeard veteran///
who can safely retire and leave the field/
to some recipient with more interest and//
ginger....this applies even if you go min-
co...best of luck and everybody involved,
but I ~~xxx~~ don't feel a part of it any////
more, and it's best that I depart. ((Snif))





THE LIFE STORY OF R. BLOCH, BOY AUTHOR

by bob tucker

In the autobiographical material which appears on his book flaps and other stray ends, R. Bloch is fond of saying that he has the heart of a small boy—he keeps it in a bottle on his desk. Mr. Bloch, whose personality and emotions lean toward the modest side, is indeed speaking the truth here; but characteristically he is not telling the whole truth. It is his heart. The bottle is one put into circulation by the "Old Red Dog Rye" people of Pekin, Illinois.

Lately, certain of Mr. Bloch's admirers have started—all in fun we should hasten to say—a movement to "pickle Bloch for posterity." This movement is exactly thirty-six years too late, as the stockholders of the "Old Dog Rye" concern will testify. The Pekin, Illinois warehouse has contracted with a truck line to make weekly deliveries to Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

"The Beast of Weyauwega," as he is affectionately known by his family and friends, is a born writer. The doctor who attended his birth and who later missed his quill pen, found said pen firmly clutched in the hand of the infant Robert; the first three chapters of The Decline & Fall of The Roman Empire were also discovered painfully scribbled on the bedsheets. His mother never forgave him. From such humble beginnings, Mr. Bloch built a commendable career. Inasmuch as his father was somewhat lacking in funds to pay the medical expenses attending his birth, young Robert skilfully forged a check; at the age of six he began forging notes to be excused from school, and at eleven he successfully forged his own release papers to win free from reform school.

He gave up forgery in 1919 however, when the Treasury Department began checking into the amazing number of Liberty Loan Bonds which Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were selling in Times Square. They hadn't issued that many bonds. Having thoughtfully done his utmost to help Win The War That Would Make The World Safe For Democracy, the young writer left New York to seek his fortune. (This caused a panic in Wall Street, and Horatio Alger stopped penning books.)

The young Mr. Bloch knocked around New Orleans for several years, only leaving that city when the Navy Department closed up Storyville. This move was followed by a period of unemployment for men of his (then) current profession; juke boxes took the place of pianos in houses of ill repute. Robert's musical talent never deserted him in the years that were to follow, however; today, in his plush, book-lined study in the sleepy little village of Weyauwega, an electric organ occupies an honored place in one corner, while in another room he has an antique Victrola (cranked by hand) and dozens of historically valuable records. ("All Alone, by the Telephone," "Broken Leaves Rag," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "The Bowery Blues," and other classical pieces.)

Recalling his success on the bedsheets, young Robert returned to writing. In a few years time he had written and published "Vanity Fair" (whose plot was based on a golddigger he had known), "The Scarlet Letter" (intended as an answer to "The Letter Edged in Black"), "Leatherstocking Tales" (somewhat racy stories for the under-counter trade), and "The Birth of a Nation" (later purchased for motion pictures. The young author also played a small role in the picture, it should be noted; he appears briefly as an unidentified soldier, leering at the heroine as she passes by.)

Leaving from city to city to avoid his greedy publishers and his adoring public, Mr. Bloch briefly knew Chicago, Milwaukee, and other metropolitan centers, to ultimately settle in Weyauwega. In the meantime he had penned hundreds of horror stories, fantasy and science fiction, radio and television plays, and three mystery novels. He has also ghost written numerous political speeches for a certain anonymous (but BIG) Wisconsin figure. Mr. Bloch has been forgiven everything except the political speeches.

He has one wife and one daughter, owns one house and one dog.

Consequently his other head is always brewing idle mischief.



Redd accepted a non-commission in the USAAF (referred to these days as "The Old Brown-Shoe Air Force") in July of 1942 and, by dint of hard work, earnest application to the task at hand, clean living and the honest light in his clear blue eyes, a highly perceptive Air Force rapidly heaped promotion after promotion upon him until, at the time of his separation, he had attained the upper rarified ranks of non-commissioned officers. He was a corporal. Him and me both. Corporals are the people who really run the Air Force while the Sgts and Pfts and Cols and Majs and Gens sit on their duffs and look regal. Any Corporal can tell you that. Most Corporals will tell you that. ((Sure, look at Napoleon and Hitler...and look at the end they ended at. Glad I was a T-7 myself. WE))

Redd spent most of his time during the war at Alamogordo, New Mexico and at an airbase in England. It was while he was at Alamogordo that he perpetrated a pun which, I think, would shame a Willis. ((Nothing would shame a Willis. After all, lookit what that latest Willis does...shamelessly.)) They ((to get back to the main stream of things)) had a large machine to sweep up the runways and Redd chanced upon it one day while the maintenance crew was engaged in putting new tires on it. A certain song from a musical (Berlin's THIS IS THE ARMY, I think) was extremely popular at this time so our hero grabbed a photographer, had a picture taken of the operation, and put it in the base newspaper with a caption which ran: "I'M GETTING TIRED SO I CAN SWEEP."

Perhaps I should clarify a point here. The term "base newspaper" used the adjective "base" in the sense that it means a center of operations, it was not used in the critical sense.

It was while in England that Redd was wounded under the most fannish circumstances imaginable...I mean it was a V-2 and what could be more steinal than that? It jarred a bulletin board off the wall and a corner struck Redd on the head. It is to this blow that he attributes his continuing interest in fandom.

Silverberg says he's in it for the satisfaction.

"Sex was handed down through the ages." (lifted from a fanzine)

THE KTEIC MAGAZINE SAMPLER

Some people think KTEIC MAGAZINE is a hoax. It isn't. Kteic started as a letter-substitute, something like L03L really, but was passed along from person to person. Two carbons were made & the original & one carbon circulated around the globe, one copy ended (as most things do) with Dean A. Grennell (who is a Good Man) and the other with the Wessons. K seems to have grown into a sort of myth or

something. Original or charter members included Burbee, Jacobs, Warner, Ballard, Boggs, Grennell, Tucker, Eney and Danner. I soon added Hoffman, Lee Jacobs, Ballard, Bloch, the Wessons, Silverberg, and (if Helen Wesson has passed them on) Willis. Then the damn



FIRST CLASS

COLLECTION
CARD MADE

Do Not Post To This Ledger

SUSPENSE

STOP

ACTIVE

STOP

FINAL DEMAND

AIR MAIL

Dean Grennell is a Good Man

PHOTOGRAPHY

STORYTIME

A friend, whose veracity I do not doubt tells this one about a 6'4" handsome dog of a friend. This friend was and is a "great man with the ladies" and has been married about five times. During one of these marriages—my friend can't remember which one—they had a sexy maid. One day the wife opened the bathroom door and found her husband and the maid on the bathroom floor doing "that" (as GCF would say). Without a word she closed the door, grabbed her bag, left and started divorce proceedings. The man complained, "She didn't give me a chance to explain."

.....
You're a goddamn jewel.
.....



.....
Fearless? Why, he's so fearless he'll ask a waitress to reheat a bun!
.....

NOTES AND COMMENTS

My other and father once ate a meal, years ago, of canned reindeer meat balls and avocado salad topped with fat sardines.

All creation is the reflection of the creator. (Lower case c on creator, note.)

Decoration is primarily design without content.

America is so used to nothing more than "do-it-yourself" kits—designed, of course, by someone else—that when I was working on my fountain at and for the Beverly Hilton Hotel I was constantly asked, "Did you make it yourself?" "Did you.... design it yourself?" Phhog!

Mark Ferber introduced me to a new swear word. Or at least it sounds like a new swear word: "horsepucky." Mark, in the spirit that made America great, alsp and without fear of reprisal brought our attention to a fine sign to hang over your toilet. When I get a press I might turn some out. The sign: SMILE, YOU'RE ON TELEVISION.

Do you hate to eat from paper plates? I do. Every once in awhile Abney gets a wild hair and tries to "push" paper plates when we're having some greasy food. I have to constantly out my foot down. Paper plates buckle, I'm always cutting right through them (and into my knee) and letting things drip from them. I'm sure they taint the food, too. They're evil things. They have only one advantage. Or maybe two. No dishes to wash and they sail well at picnics. Phhooog.

LOVELY THOUGHTS DEPT

You know those early morning husband-and-wife programs? How much fun it would be to own your own TV station, and have an unshaven grumpy man as the husband, always growling for his coffee, staring balefully at the camera, etc. The wife would be a chatterbox. Then you plant the gimmick. The wife is to go away on a vacation & there is bright morning chatter (on her part) about the spot she's picked, etc. The day arrives that Mrs. Whosis is now on her vacation and the husband takes over the show, bright and cheery, with a sexy floozy in feathered boa & filmy negligee. Heh.

A NOTE FROM GCF

I read in the paper where Hemingway said he always wanted to be an English prof, but wasn't one because he drank too much. I think he does much better erecting castles than digging holes.

A MINORITY OPINION

"What is SAPS?" my wife asked. I explained. "Thank God, I suppose, that you don't belong to two like FAPA!"

CORINNE CALVET WRITES FROM THE RIVIERA DEPT

You will be interested to know that the Bikini bathing suit here is definitely out of style. It has been replaced by something called "Le Minimum." And they mean minimum!

"Le Minimum" is about the size of a flag on a doll's house. It takes about 27 square centimeters of cloth to make Le Minimum. If you want to know how much cloth that is, it takes 70 centimeters to make a hat. A small hat.

"Le Minimum" is tied on with string. Both men and women wear this costume. The women, in the interest of modesty, usually add a string of beads and sometimes a straw hat. When going to the market they may wear an additional item, a shopping bag. But never more than that.

Most of the more stylish Minimums have a zipper pocket. You can put a key or coin in it, providing the coin isn't larger than a 10-cent piece.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY ANKLE, SIRRAH!

Judith Yagodka was telling us last night that 25 years ago a wild Hungarian boy friend she had tried to teach her to drive. His philosophy of life was "live dangerously" and this was reflected in his driving...he didn't believe in using the brake--said it made for self-reliance, etc...So in teaching Judith to drive he refused to allow her to touch the brake and if she did he would grab her ankle and tear her foot away. And on San Francisco's hills, too...

JANE PALMER, HONOR AND THE REPRODUCTIVE PROCESSES

In the MIRROR-DAILY NEWS newspaper in LA there is a sort of Advice to the Love-lorn column written by Jane Palmer. My wife Abney reads it constantly for it is a hilarious column. Of course, I don't know how much of the humor is made up -- for a lot of these are too good to be true -- but some good stuff appears. Here is one example:

"Dear Jane,

"Never has a woman such a burden to bear. I met a man three months ago, and we have fallen in love. Being an honorable man, he didn't become intimate with me for almost a month. Now I find I am going to become a mother and he is going to become a father.

"Naturally, being an honorable man, his only thought is to marry me. He is well-to-do, his appearance is good and in spite of a slight speech impediment he meets with my approval as since the first month I have had no difficulty in understanding him.

"Marriage would be fine. But since he thinks I am an honorable woman who was merely overwhelmed by our great love, I am hesitant to tell him that I have two illegitimate children, one 17 and the other a baby of 10 months. I am afraid the shock of my unfortunate past may change his feelings for me. Of course, it would be impossible for me to live a lie or to live with a man who didn't respect me. Shall I give up my great love for this man? It means everything to me."

Miss J., Los Angeles.

Jane's reply: "Honor is not just a matter of timing...and although your first indiscretion might have been a misfortune of youth and inexperience, I believe it will be to your benefit to concede that some 16 years later you should have known better. And to fall into the same predicament the third time so soon after the second is certainly more imprudent than unfortunate."

NADIR

Tomo Yagodka and his wife Judith were here at my home recently and were talking to us about some straightlaced doctor at the Camarillo State Hosp. Tomo said, "They don't drink, they don't smoke, they don't go to movies...even their daughter is adopted, so you see, they don't do anything."

ROBERT BLOCH POSTALS

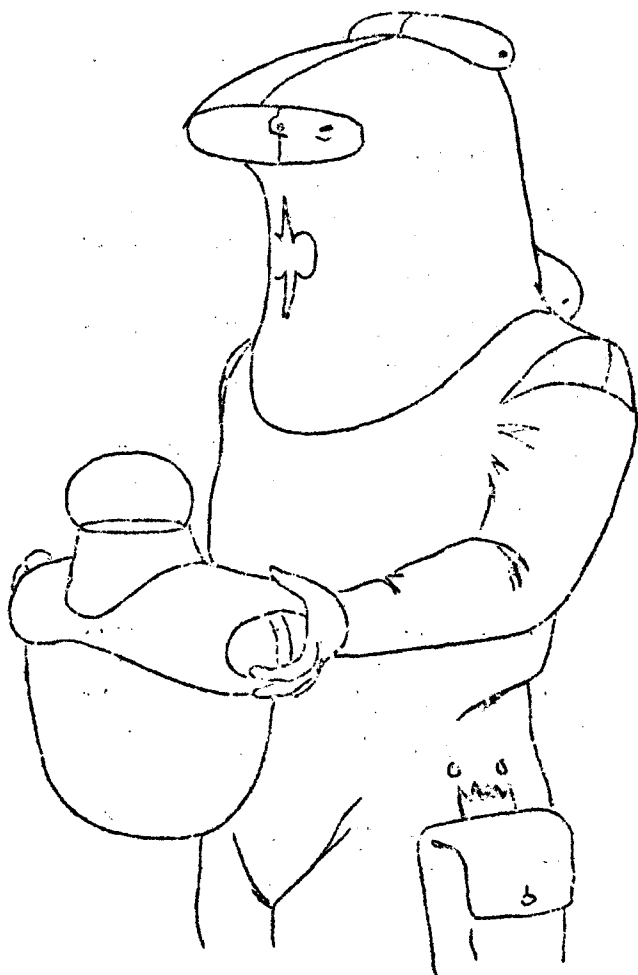
"...As usual Masque evokes nostalgic memories of Patchen, Neurotica, Celine, New Directions, Miller, Brassard, Cummings, Das Passos, the early Hecht and the late Captain Billy's Whizz-Bang. All of which is very satisfying. Top honors to Burbee's remark about the guy who wore two pairs of glasses. This is a charming concept and deserves to be embalmed for posterity. So does Burbee.* I spent last weekend with Dean Grennell in a sort of carpenter's convention--a fine time was had by awl. Ask not for whom the Gestetner rolls. Xst, you've got me doing it!"

* I asked Burbee if he cared to be embalmed and he said yes and that he would start on the liquid ingredients at once and sent me out for some hops.

...Note by Ed.

.....
"I disagree with what you say but I'll be damned if I'll let you say it around here!"

...Gene Coe
.....



BEDTIME STORY

It happened in the Brown Derby where the waitresses wear very short, stiff skirts that stand out, somewhat like ballerinas. One waitress bent over opposite a table occupied by two drunks. One drunk immediately leaned over and kissed the girl in a very intimate portion of her anatomy. The waitress whirled about, snatched up a ketchup bottle and broke it over the head of the offending drunk. He blinked and said, "I wonder what was wrong with her?"

The other answered, "Must be a religious fanatic."

INSULTS IN THE ATOMIC AGE DEPT

#1

"He doesn't have enough brains to come in out of the fallout."

MOTHER SMUCKER

I'm not being dirty, honest. But in markets there is a fair brand of jelly and jam called Smucker's. As if this wasn't bad enough they have an "old-fashioned" kitchen illustrated with a woman and a child. Now we must assume the woman to be the mother of the child and in terms of the day -- 1875 they say on the label -- she then must be "Mother" Smucker.

QUOTES FROM A MOVIE COLUMN

"I used to be a Size 39 but this last year I grow to a Size 40 bust," Jayne Mansfield told me. "How'd you add that extra inch?" I asked. "I don't know," the 21-year-old blonde replied in all seriousness. "I guess I just became a woman."

QUOTE FROM A BATHROOM READER

"...other outgrowths of the telephone include the telephone booth, in which one has the choice of light or air, and the telephone book, a large volume that permits almost everybody to see his name in print."

...Richard Armour, in
"It All Started With Columbus."

MEOW

"Not that she's flat-chested but the only cleavage she has is between her shoulderblades."

...Abney

INTERIM REPORT: NAMES

I have been collecting funny names. It started in a very casual manner, just remembering funny names that I ran across. I started putting them in KTEIC MAGAZINE (the darling of the escape velocity set) and people started to send me names and before I knew it I had a collection. All are authentic, if you can believe my friends and correspondents. A few of them I know personally...the people who are named, that is. Here are some:

Mrs Royce Snurpus and Schelilla Gaelling. Denver Pyle is an actor friend of ours. Meconium Jones. "Meconium" is the stuff that's in a child's bowels at birth. A Formosan general (miss) came over here with daughters named Do Do, Re Re, Mi Mi, Fa Fa, Sol Sol, La La, Ti Ti...

The sister of a friend of ours was named Aldyth Van Valer and they called her -- I hate nicknames -- "Aleey"...and she marries a guy named Upp. Then there's old Orville Piepmeyer. Orville was a "student" at the Univ. of Missouri, a huge football player who had to be passed by all teachers. He was given a blank map for a test, to be filled in with proper names. It was given him upside down so he promptly labels Finland as Italy and so forth. During an essay question on Italy he wrote: "Mussolini is King of Italy. He is a bad man." (Duce was dead at the time.)

There's Ming Toy Goldberg, Jerry Rumble, Lackawanna Davenport and Lady Bird Johnson (Lyndon's wife). For over twenty years Postus Post was listed in the San Francisco directory. There is a local family called Bastord. WrennBallard says his part of the country produced Gutvald Kvistne, Enger Gjervold, Jens Fingerenger and a "Grue" church. There's Gurstie Capallia, after whom we named a cat.

Phyllis Lillis Willis McGillis, Penny Ann Nichols, Adrian Diffendaffer, Vancel McHam, Gahd Lowey, Trully Dooley, Vesta Sexty and Peter Wand, who is a horn player with the San Francisco Symphony. John Crumb is with the Langendorf Bakery & Wild Rose married a man named Bull. "Phoebe V. Beebe" is a college pen name and there are two local children named Sherry and Brandy.

Richard Ency contributes Otto von St. Whitelock, John Cowper Powys, Bradley Hadley, Wallace Willis and Serena Mobley.

My father-in-law went to school with a Gladys Pantzerov. A maid and a servant I understand my wife's family had were called Peculiar and Bo Peep Peanell. Abba Bogin and Cosmo McMoon are pianists. I went to school with Herman Swore, Eula Stanchoff, Roberta Strangeland (later to go to a reformatory) and Gerald Camarillo FitzGerald. Houston boasts a rich spinster named Ima Hogg.

Some of my wife's southern relatives are called pretty funny names, mostly nicknames, however. There's Bootie Abney and Toogie (baby talk for sugar) and her 70-year-old sister is called Daughter. A 20-year-old cousin in Boy, two good looking girl cousins are TeeDee and Bitty. There is an Uncle Cocky, too. A child born on the 25th anniversary of friends was named Quarter of a Century -- really. My mother is called "Sweetie", even by priests. Gerald's mother reversed her real name Eva to Ave. Prunella Scales is an English actress.

And we named our daughter Lisa Araminta...

.....
One of the best times in my life was working in the Republican underground.
.....

