

FANDANGO

Bombs Away!

by Art Rapp.

(The climax of two years activity of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society has been adequately covered in the "fan" press. So significant a happening as this, however, should be preserved elsewhere in our archives than in ephemeral newszines. Accordingly, it gives me vast pleasure to present (in this ephemeral amateur periodical devoted to literate self-expression unquote) for permanent preservation the definitive account of The Great Michigan Bomb of November 13, 1949. The account of the Great Event itself is reprinted from THE MICHIFAN II-9, and the background material comes from Rapp's letter to me of 12/27/49. All, of course, appears here by permission. And this seems as good a place as any for me to state, for the record, that despite all he says I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT ARTHUR H. RAPP SET OFF THIS BOMB. --ftl)

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Shortly after the conclusion of yesterday's Michigan Science-Fantasy Society meeting here, an explosion occurred on my front lawn, shattering a couple of windows and bringing the police, fire department, gas company technicians, reporters, and of course several hundred spectators. From the sound and the effects, I'd estimate this "bomb" was fully as powerful as a U.S. Army concussion-type grenade.

Now while some of you MFS members seem to feel that all stf needs is publicity -- whether good or bad doesn't matter -- I hardly feel a trick like this is a credit to fantasy fandom.

The police share my dim view of the matter.

The characters who set off this bomb, the evidence indicates, are Fred Reich and Eugene Seger, both of Pontiac,

EXPLOSION

Michigan. Whether the rest of the out-of-town fan attending yesterday's meeting were still in the neighborhood, I do not know. I do know that, having witnessed the no doubt unexpected results of their "practical joke", Reich and Seger did not remain to face the music, but hit the road for home. Bill Groover, who was not directly involved, returned to the house and helped me board up the windows. His reward for this was to become the prime suspect during the police investigation.

Since Reich and Seger took off, leaving Bill and me to make out as best we could, we did not hesitate to supply their names to the officers -- not that we had much choice in the matter, unless we preferred to assume all blame ourselves in order to protect the MSFS' reputation.

Among the primary and secondary results of this little escapade are these: shards of glass showered my living room in such a way that anyone standing near a window might have been ready for a hospital. I spent several hours in rain and near-freezing temperature this morning repairing the damage. The neighbors for blocks around (the explosion was heard as far as two miles away, I understand) are alarmed, and will doubtless be highly edified when they learn the cause of the blast in tonight's paper. Several dozen firemen, police, and others wasted a lot of time. The police seem highly skeptical of my explanation of science-fiction fandom, the MSFS, etc. And if you have ever tried to explain these technicalities to a non-fan, you know exactly what I mean. The local newspaper, which has always given us wonderful publicity on fan affairs, will no doubt also turn a dubious eye on future mention of stff.

I have just seen the evening paper, since writing the above. The story is prominently featured, detailed, and hardly good publicity for fandom, although far kinder than we had any right to expect.

((Art spent another page resigning from the MSFS, along with Groover and Bluette, the other Saginaw members.))

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(12/27/49). The fannish aspects of the bombing have pretty well been settled, leaving only the widespread local notoriety it earned for Bill Groover and myself. Careful readers that they are, most readers of the newspaper story have the impression that Bill and I were the ones who set off the bomb. And Saginaw is a small enough city so I can't walk down the street or go into a store without running into at least one acquaintance I haven't seen in years, who greets me: "Hi, Art-- when you gonna set off another bomb?"

The ironic thing is that the two jerks who set it off could only be called fans by a vast stretch of the imagination. One, Fred Reich, is an amateur chemist and collector of snakes. He was an acquaintance of one of the other members, who met him through their both being scoutmasters. Fred is the character who went to the Cincinnati Zoo rather than the convention sessions. This might be equally instructive and amusing, but makes it a bit unfortunate that his antics are made to reflect on fandom alone.

The other, Eugene Seger, is a character in the true

meaning of the word. He collects stfmags, but only as an investment. His one passion is Buck Rogers, and he has a complete collection of crud pertaining to him. He is also a Shaverite, and has a 20 page single-spaced manuscript in which he explains the origin of the Universe --which he was never able to get the other MSFS members to read. At the meeting which turned into the bombing, Bill and I were planning to have a non-fan friend of ours present, a chap who is interested in symbolic logic. We figured it would improve Seger if this impressive-looking stranger pronounce his cherished theories fallacious and idiotic. Unfortunately, the non-fan couldn't make it to the meeting, for which he is still probably thanking his lucky stars.

At one time during the Cinvention I observed Seger instructing Hannes Bok in how to draw. It was also Seger who brightened up one 2:30 AM bullsession in Detroit where we were looking at pornographic pictures and it developed he had no idea there was a difference between the male and female genitals.

Seger operates on a direct and semi-Aristotelian logic of his own. For example, reasoning that the scarcer Buck Rogers comic books and other collectors' items are, the more valuable his own collection becomes, he goes around Detroit, buying up that stuff, taking it home, and burning it.

The afternoon of the meeting, he was eager to set the bomb off. (Reich always has his pockets full of fire-crackers, homemade guncotton, or other such results of his chemistry experiments.) First I told him to take it over on the other side of town and set it off if he wanted to. Then I told him to take it home and set it off. But Seger had acquired a fixation; he wanted it to see it go off on my front lawn. Finally I told him no, because a policeman lived directly across the street and he'd get us into trouble. Sez Seger: "Oh, if the cop's home he's off duty and can't do anything." And, underestimating his faith in his own logic, I merely told him "Don't set that damn thing off around here," instead of putting a strait-jacket on him as I should have.

Comparing notes with the rest of the Detroit boys afterward (I have not seen or heard from Seger and/or Reich since), I find that most of them were still around when the thing went off. They held a hurried conference, decided it wouldn't help matters any for them to come back, and left. Which I agree was the best course. A dozen fans cluttering up the place would merely have made it harder to convince the police that it wasn't done deliberately as part of some club ceremony or something. Seger and Reich, however, after seeing the damage, raced for their car and took off, driving out of town by side streets in case anyone was after them. Yet I understand that they were surprised to learn a few days later that (a) it had attracted public attention and (b) the rest of the MSFS wasn't ready to laugh and forget it.

The MSFS was going to expell them from the club. Seger's reaction to this was that it would be better to expell me, since that would mean the loss of only one dollar in dues instead of two.

By this time, however, the three Saginaw members had resigned, and several more of the upstate fans followed our lead.

We spent an

entire afternoon discussing the situation at a meeting in Detroit, and, finding they couldn't persuade us to reconsider, the Detroit fan decided to disband the MSFS and form a Detroit fanclub from which such characters as Seger and Reich would be excluded.

They also appropriated dough from the club treasury to pay for the damage, which I didn't think was necessary, because I blame the incident on Reich and Seger rather than on the club. The only difference of opinion that came up during this meeting was regarding the publicity given the bombing. I had written the story of the bombing and included it in the regular MSFS bulletin, which I was publishing at the time. I also mailed copies of this (plus the newspaper clippings in a few cases) to quite a list of fans outside of Michigan. The Detroit members objected that this was unnecessarily giving the club a bad reputation. I pointed out that the MSFS' reputation could hardly be any worse than it already was, that it was better to get an authentic account on the record than have it spread by inaccurate rumors (The Minneapolis fans for a while blamed Ben Singer for the bombing), and also, since I'd been trying to recruit new members for the club, I figured it was only fair to inform anyone on the brink of joining of the changed situation.

So, as of now, the MSFS is kaput, and the Detroit fans have the opportunity to start out anew, without the reputation of the MSFS hanging on their necks. I'm curious to see what, if anything, they do with the opportunity.

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This may be the last FAN-DANGO for some time. Cecile is very sick with some mysterious ailment in her legs that has not only put her off work but for the most part flat on her back for the past three weeks. The doctor doesn't seem to know what is wrong, nor is she responding very much to treatment.

Well, I'm not a good enough trouper to turn out light-hearted stuff unless I'm light-hearted myself. If part of this issue is a bit too bitter, forgive me--I certainly don't mean it that way. Had I not already started it off with the topical item about the bombing I wouldn't have done this issue at all.

If Cele continues to ail (she is in excruciating pain much of the time) I'm not going to feel like trying to write anything. And when she does get well, I'm going to be too busy giving her a royal rush to make up for all the painful hours in bed to even think of pecking away on a typewriter.

Don't get your hopes up, Ackie et al. I'm still as interested in FAPA as ever, and I'll not let my membership lapse, even if I am somewhat less active for a while.

This, for the record, is FAN-DANGO #25. The next issue will be #26, and, like this, will probably be published at the Coswal Dittorium, Helena, Montana. This amateur periodical devoted to literate self-expression is published by F. Towner Laney for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

Insurgentism and the NFFF

J. J. L.

My brother Insurgent, Art Rapp, has lately been promulgating a new wrinkle in Insurgentism, namely that local clubs stink but the NFFF is a thing of rare beauty and a joy forever. And of course this is now officially part of the Insurgent party line. That is the beauty of being an Insurgent, because everything you say immediately becomes official and just as binding on all other Insurgents as the acts of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the Detroit Science Fiction League, and other discredited groups are binding on their respective memberships.

From my perhaps uninformed position as a non-member of the NFFF, I cannot see the faintest superiority in this NFFF which Art loves as compared to the local groups which he rightly gags over. As a matter of fact, I believe that (to be specific) the very same Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society which I have poked fun at for years is a far superior organization, and is more worth belonging to.

If you are a member of the LASFS in good odor with its owner and operator you have access to something like \$300 worth of first class duplicating equipment. Had it not been that Walter J. Daugherty out of personal spite barred me from the use of this stuff (and the LASFS, spineless as always) let him get away with it) I very likely would still be a member of that group, just to use the mimeograph and allied equipment. Moreover, no matter how loathesome the general run of LASFS members may be, there are always occasional worthwhile people dropping around too. I first met several of my very best friends through the LASFS, guys who like myself thought the club was a place for friendly intelligent people to gather rather than a haven for psychopaths. There is the further advantage to the LASFS of being able to peddle, at substantial prices and on short notice, just about any sf/fantasy book or magazine you may wish to unload.

With all its faults, there are three concrete personal advantages a LASFS member can enjoy. Even a sturdy old foe of the LASFS like me found it easy to jot them down at top typing speed.

What concrete personal advantage could I get out of joining the NFFF?

Granted that at the moment the NFFF is making great efforts to foster and help what it calls "neofen". Who gives a damn? If I have any feeling about this at all it is negative. There are too many illiterate, immature, uncouth halfwits filling up fanzines as it is, without anyone's trying to encourage them and add to their number. I welcome newcomers to FAPA or fanzines generally if they have something worthwhile to say and can say it fairly well, but from what I have seen of the NFFF and its "neofen" I say to hell with the whole notion.

Reduced rates on fanzines? Sorry, but I once published a subscription fanzine myself. I know just what the financial hassle is in such a case. Member of the NFFF or no, I'd want to pay the full price for any fanzine I subscribed to. Besides, this is nothing the NFFF is do-

ing for its members, but donations from individuals in the name of a meaningless high order abstraction, the NFFF. I'm not in the market for charity, thank you.

Fanzines available only to NFFF members? If I were a completist, this would make me mad. It looks too much like a shakedown. As it is, I'm happy enough to forego any magazines which have such ridiculous strings attached to their subscriptions. What would you NFFFers think about a man who published a fanzine available only to NON-members of the NFFF? One is as sensible as the other.

Fantasy books and office supplies at cut rates? There are mailorder book dealers who will furnish ANY BOOK IN PRINT at a cut rate to ANYONE. I listed several of these in various issues of ACOLYTE. You can get almost any commodity at cut rates if you know where to look. Cf. the last three or four issues of CONSUMER REPORTS. As to office supplies, the only times in my entire life I've paid the full price for such have been when it was cheaper to pick something up in my noon-hour than to waste the time and gas to drive to a salvage or surplus store. Until comparatively recently, at least, it was even possible to buy postage stamps at 5% discount if you got \$10.00 worth or more at a time. Let's see the NFFF do that!

Another point, of ethical interest only perhaps, is that the NFFF "does" none of these services it talks about. These time and labor consuming sacrifices are made by individuals who are imbued with some notion of high and holy self-sacrifice for the good of all. The scales have a way of falling from such peoples' eyes. Then where are the services? The advantages I named offered by the LASFS exist merely because the LASFS exists. In a sense, the LASFS actually furnishes them, just by being.

That seems to dispose of the advantages to NFFF members listed by Art Repp on p. 18 of the February SPACEWARP. He also says, "The two chief aims of the NFFF at the present time are to help new fans get started in fandom, and increasing the amount of fanactivity."

I've already spoken my piece about the NFFF and its "neofen".

"Increasing the amount of fanactivity" has been a NFFF misconception for years. Why must the powers in this group think so quantitatively? How about trying to perk up quality for a change?

It is my considered belief that the NFFF Manuscript Bureau is directly responsible for at least 75% of the decline which has swept over the fanzine field since 1944. Prior to the bureau, a lot of the worse mss. died unpublished. But now, any fool can and does send to the NFFF for placement every story or article he writes that is so bad no one will accept it. And since there is always a plethora of new fanzine publishers who can neither write, spell, edit, nor criticise--and accordingly cannot get decent material--most of this crap finds its way into a fanzine somewhere. The result is not only to increase the total number of unreadable fanzines, but to decrease the dwindling number of readable ones. It is highly discouraging to keep trying to put out halfway decent stuff, and realise that most copies of it are going to a bunch of illiterate morons.

I could go on and on, but I'm as tired of the NFFF as Art Repp is going to be one of these days. To hell with it.

Thoughts While Bursawing.

Journalist

AW, YOU OLD TEASER. Oswald Train, our leading exponent of doing the minimum of production to get the maximum of stuff free, got my goat with his "On Binding Your Own Books". I thought, here is another guy who knows something about binding; maybe I can pick up some pointers. So the article turns out to be a pitch on how nice it is to bind your own stuff. C'mon, Train. quit teasing us. Give us the low down on your techniques. Do you sew on cords on a frame or freehand it? Do any gold-leafing? Have you got a technique worked out for sewing pulp stuff that is less likely to pull out through the rotten paper than conventional signature sewing and is still easier to do than overcasting? And so on. Any of you other guys done any binding? Let's all pitch in and see if we can't work up a symposium on the subject.

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QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM. I rest my share of the running argument with Art Vidner--cabinet-maker, semanticist, and friend of E. Perdue--by citing in toto LIFE for February 27, 1950.

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MUSIC APPRECIATION IN OUTLANDIA. I find myself rather gruesomely fascinated by the scope of Len Moffatt's record collection. Is there some common denominator other than the fact that they all, one way or another, are in Moffatt's pile, or that Len liked them or thought he did at one time or another? I'm not criticising your taste, lad, just wondering in a friendly fashion. What music do you like?

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ARE YOU A STUFFED SHIRT, MR. LOAN? The Talisman struck me as being one of the funniest fanzines I ever saw, and I am mildly fascinated with the question of the hour: Is Roy W. Loan Jr. Editor And Publisher Unquote having the time of his life pulling our collective legs or is R'WLJEAPU really serious about all this. Philip N. Bridges, M.A. (don't forget the M.A.) is a large economy size of Oxnard C. B. Hemmel fkhhd. He's just got to be. He can't be serious, can he? And the "rules" for submission of mss to Talisman (the poor FA AN's Burblings) are inspired by genius. "They should be typewritten (or very neatly penned) on 8 1/2 inch paper. Typing should be double-spaced and on one side of the sheet only. Margins of at least one inch should be left on all four sides of the sheet...." I LOVED IT.

But what is my old friend Bill Evans doing with such a madcap crew?

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HI-FI-ING HARRY. Warner set Burb and me into a tizzy by his "After all I've said about high fidelity equipment and my ability to live without it, I now own a Bogen amplifier and Jensen speaker." Since that statement was about as meaningful as, "I've just bought a new Columbia record."; I postalled Harry and got the following answer:

"The amplifier says that it's a model DB10, what-

ever that means. I know that it sounds good. The Jensen speaker cabinet is marked type M, and the speaker will be a 15 inch job as soon as the local store's order for the 15-inch speaker goes through; a 12-inch one is now functioning temporarily. Happy now?"

Allied Radio's catalog 122 lists four different Bogen Amplifiers, and it is with great joy that we inform Harry that the DB10 is one of the best amplifiers he could have gotten, is highly regarded by Consumers' Research, and all in all is something joyful. We were afraid he'd gotten the PH10, which is a low quality job without separate bass and treble controls and with a frequency response of 40-15,000 cycles instead of the 30-18,000 of the DB10, also gives 5% distortion at full power rather than 3%. That expert on mother love, Charles Burbee, says that a properly baffled 12" speaker will give as good results as the 15"/

What Harry somehow seems to have failed to realize is the great change all this has wrought in his life. His step has a new elasticity; his little random subconscious movements have taken on a new firmness and purposefulness they never before had; his lightest utterances on any subject have a previously undreamed of significance; his thought processes have been trebled both in frequency and power; there is a calm clear light in his eyes that were once mere dull mortal orbs; his putative life span has been quintupled at the least; and he has gained a full cubit in stature--physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. All these things are true of anyone who gets high fidelity sound equipment or even thinks about it very much.

If there could be any doubt concerning Harry's new-found godlike stature, consider the Olympian and offhand way in which he dismissed the entire matter in a paltry four lines. Men like Gods, indeed!

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RANDOM COMMENTS ON HORIZONS. Though I had to wrestle with them only for one report, and was capably helped by Art Vidner, my view of those Ashley-designed membership sheets is fully as dim as yours. Chuck them out by all means.

I think it's debatable that the forward pass is ruining football. Certainly there is nothing inspiring about a team that depends almost entirely on some guy's trusty arm, but if passes and running plays are capably mixed to hit 'em where they ain't it seems to me we have a much better spectator sport than given by an interminable series of hit-the-line-for-three-or-four-yards.

Mayhap after a few million years more evolution the higher mammals may have more protection around the throat and tummy. I doubt if evolution has stopped with Homo Sapiens as its ultimate development.

Re my dream of recording good jazz: Prior to seeing this mailing I decided to get a good medium priced disc recorder and playback (probably the Masco RK-5-L) and pull good jazz off the air. I'll use either wire or tape to take the airshot down in full (I doubt if wire is good enough, at least as used on the W/C 80-1), monitor the wire/tape, and dub the better selections on 33-1/3 rpm discs. The fidelity should be vaguely passable, and this will enable me to see if I like recording well enough to go into it more deeply. Full reports will follow, when I get the dough for the Masco.

THE MENACE OF THE POST OFFICE DEPT. Somebody deserves one of my certificates on the strength of the quote in the FA Postmailer, claiming that mimeographed material must go first class unless at least 20 copies appear in one package. If you'll stop to think a moment you'll realise that your mail, like everyone else's is constantly filled with mimeographed material sent 3rd class by business firms, churches, and other mercenary groups. If any regulation such as Notman and Coswal hint at exists at all, it is almost totally non-enforced. It looks to me like some postal clerk is trying to pull his rank, perhaps basing his stand on a misinterpretation of some rule requiring the mailing of a minimum of 20 copies at a time.

In the fantastic event that there is such a ruling as described in FAP, it would be a smart move to try to get the A. B. Dick Co., and the other manufacturers of duplicating equipment to take it up with the POD. They'd be almost certain to, since such a ruling would redound very unfavorably to their sales.

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ARE SYBARITES PEOPLE? For a while I was so obsessed with the thought of Hansen's "thin, gray pencils of incense smoke" rising from "the old Chinese brass Dog of Fo" while he was preparing DAMBALLA that I started to do something about it.

I was roaming around the shop asking different people: "What is your opinion of a man who boasts publicly of burning incense for his own enjoyment?" I was going to poll the entire shop and list the results, but too few of the answers were printable so I quit.

I dunno.

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L'AFFAIRE De TOTH. It will no doubt overjoy you to learn that Fandango #22 went out in the 48th Mailing in two variant editions--different lithographs on the back of the fugghead certificates. So what? (And don't anyone ask me what they were. I've forgotten.)

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CUP OF GOLD OR CROCK OF S***? Philip Gray's rhapsodising over Steinbeck's CUP OF GOLD leads me to remark that C of G is the only Steinbeck book I've been unable to finish, and this despite the fact that it was right up my seafaring alley. I found the portion of it I did read annoyingly artificial and shot through with a pseudo-pseudo arty atmosphere. The characterisation was romantic and uni-dimensional, and the historical background (notably the seafaring part of it) was weak and unauthentic. Since I dismissed the volume as juvenilia that Steinbeck had to get out of his system before he started writing his good stuff, it came as a shock to me to see Gray characterise it as "a very good and very beautiful book". This is the same Philip Gray who refers to STAR OF THE UNBORN (another one I couldn't finish, by the way) as having been published "post-humorously".

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ORCHID DEPARTMENT. In addition to the stuff I've commented on, I was very favorably impressed by Rothman on conventions, Boggs' open letter to Derleth (FAPANTHOLOGY), Rapp on NFFF (MIND*ARB), and the magazines SKY HOOK, TUT, and MASQUE ANNUAL in toto. My compliments to all of you who joined in producing this top drawer stuff. Do it again soon.

BURRINGS COMBINED IN FANDANGO

by Charles Burbee

(continued from last issue)

that bleary, unshaven, 36 year old monster and laughed.

year old girl?

Why, he's the most masculine director the ASPS ever had.

What does it profit a man to learn a lot of parlor tricks when practically no one will permit him in their parlors?

"My wife and I," said Elmer stiffly, "do not indulge in that ridiculous obscenity called sexual intercourse."

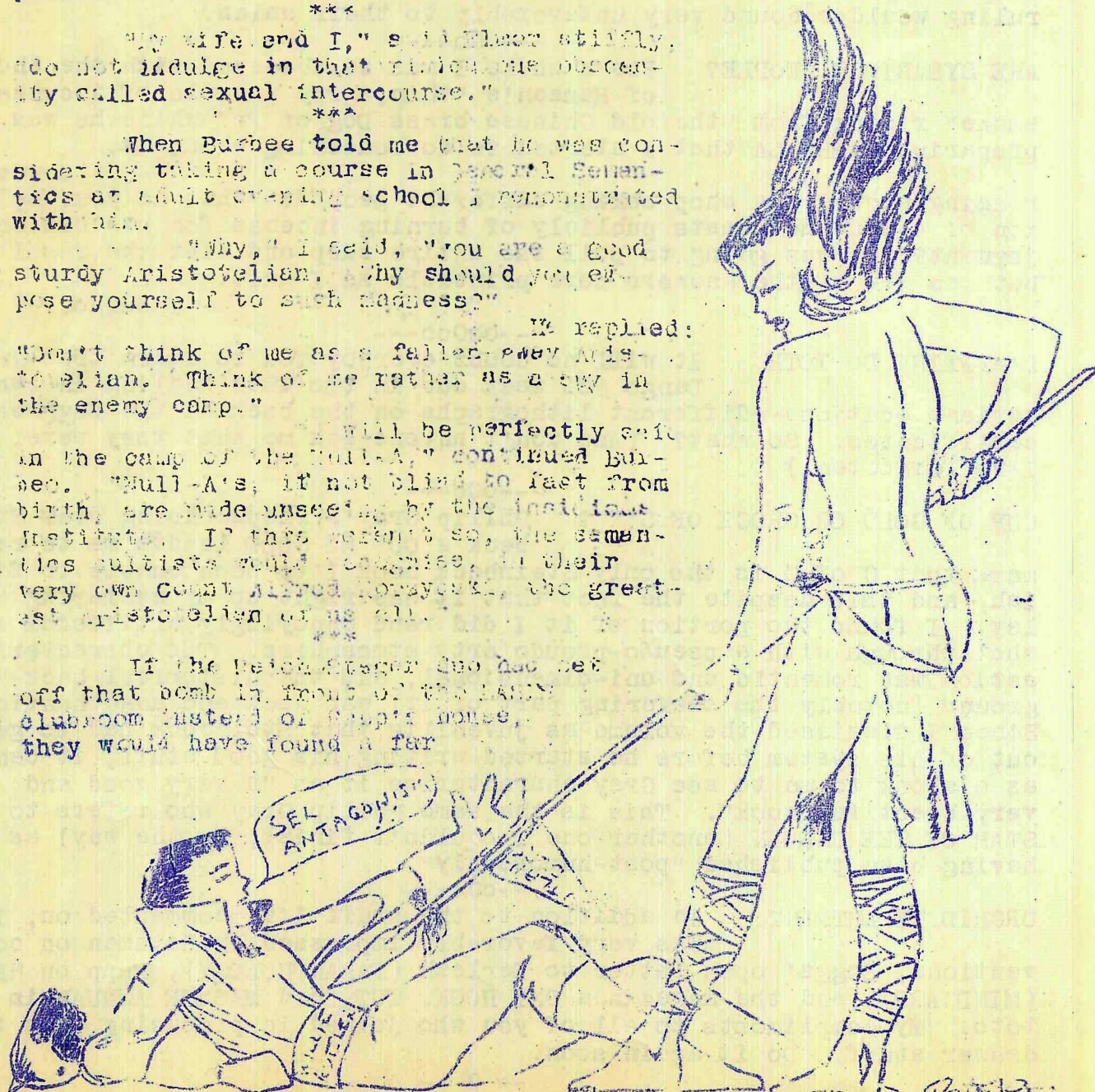
When Burbee told me that he was considering taking a course in Semantics at adult evening school I demonstrated with him.

"Why," I said, "you are a good sturdy Aristotelian. Why should you expose yourself to such madness?"

He replied: "Don't think of me as a fallen-away Aristotelian. Think of me rather as a spy in the enemy camp."

"I will be perfectly safe in the camp of the Null-A," continued Burbee. "Null-A's, if not blind to fact from birth, are made unseeing by the insidious Institute. If this weren't so, the semantics cultists would recognize, to their very own count Alfred Korzybski, the greatest Aristotelian of us all."

If the Hatch-Spencer duo had set off that bomb in front of the ASPS clubroom instead of Gapp's house, they would have found a far



ROPSLER'S DREAM. Drawn by Sigmund F. Rotzler

different reaction from that of the MFSers.

Reich would have found himself Director of the LASFS at the next election, with an Evans-inspired "vote of confidence".

Steger would find himself smiled "fraternally" upon by a LASFS member who specializes in such things and would never learn further of the differences in the male and female genitals. Further, he would find himself with a long term membership in good standing, whether he paid dues or not, and certain members would eventually be calling him Golden Boy.

Reich would also find himself besieged by A.L. Joquel II, who would want him to help design suitable fuels for spaceships.

AL Joquel has "grown up", you see, and no longer worships so often at the feet of Charles Fort. He seldom dabbles in Black Magic any more. He is now conducting research activities in the field of space flight.

One question--does he still wear in his lapel that inverted crucifix?

Both Steger and Reich would find themselves permitted to buy, at varying intervals, "subscriptions" to the various Walter J. Dougherty publications. In perhaps so short a time as a year, WJD, in his American Salesman facet, could sell them subs to ROCKET (the special Egyptology Issue, promised for late 1944), FAN, SHUTTLE BOPCARD, CUSHLAMOCREE, etc.

When Towner complained that Max Brand had wasted his time writing THE SMOKING LAND (a fantasy recently in FEM) when he could have written a good Western, I said:

"Sure, but maybe he had a slug crawling in his brain and had to write it out. Perhaps all fantasy writers have brains which teem with slugs which is why they write fantasy.

"Look at Ray Bradbury, for example. The slug theory would offer an adequate explanation for 9/10 of his stuff."

THE SMOKING LAND stinks? But it's by Max Brand. I'll read it. I'll just blank out part of my mind. After all, that's the only way to enjoy fantasy, to be able to blank out part of the mind, or to have a good part of it gone to begin with.

FOR SALE: SCIENCE AND SANITY; Korzybski; with vocabulary; 50¢ w/o D/J. (This is a translation into English from the original Non-Aristotelian.)

Coswal has no sense of humor. In fact, I believe the only time that Coswal ever laughed was when he heard that Lucifer had been thrown out of Heaven.

I'll be glad when this Null-A fad is over and people go back to writing, or trying to write, clearly and understandably again.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT: What mainstay of the LASFS convinced a new young male member of his droit de seigneur and seduced him immediately after the meeting of September 22, 1949?

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS IN THE INSURGENT MANNER

*** ** *** ***** ** *** ***** ***** by Burbee and Laney

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Debbie ((This has been going on for a long time, but we've only been writing them down for a couple of months. Suffice it to say that every one of these is an actual quote of something one or the other of us has actually said to someone. We've both acted like this for years, but people seem to take us in stride. At least no one has shot us...yet.))

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Weber: 7th and Fig is the place to pick up whores. But I don't go around there any more.

Listener: Why not?

Burb: His mother is working the area and he's afraid he'll get soft hearted and pay her the whole five bucks instead of trying to beat her down to \$3.

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Weber: (after five minutes monolog describing the history of his old Winchester rifle)...and after it was shot out of his hands the sheriff picked it up and killed both the bandits."

Towner: Let's see, was that a Republic Production?

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Woody: Look at that cat eating grass. Must be constipated, eh?

Burb: I am not particularly interested in the bowel movements of stray cats.

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Towner (on meeting a new employee): You look like the type of man who is constantly trying to thrust things into the various cavities of his body.

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Tweetie: Isn't he handsome?

Burb: He looks like the leading man in a V D Training Film.

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Tweetie (gushing): This is my little old husband. Isn't he just the cutest thing you ever saw?

Burb: Yes he is. He's cute as a spirochete.

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(At the height of a husband/wife quarrel staged at Laney's by two of their guests):

Wife: Why didn't you get the cleaning? Why didn't you get the car washed today?

Husband: As I get older I find it harder and harder to be two places at once.

Towner: Senility is sure hell, isn't it?

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Burbee (to the harassed foreman): "Which job do you want me to get out first: this one marked "Soon as Possible", this one marked "Rush", or this one that was due a week ago Tuesday?"

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Towner (to a fellow employee busily working): Get to hell off that machine so I can use it. This is a production job. Your pay depends on the work I do.

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Burbee (at the top of his voice to a guy going out to sneak a forbidden smoke): Whatever you do out there, Woody, DON'T SMOKE!"