

KNIGHTS IN OLD BERKELEY #3

OCTOBER 29, 1960

ALL THE NEWS THAT JERRY LIKES

VOL I NO 3

SATURDAY REVIEW THINGS AND STUFF

THIS IS KNIGHT'S IN OLD BERKELEY #3, and we are off once again on a typographical error-filled jaunt into the unknown. This is the 3RD COUNT IT 3RD week that KNIGHT'S IN OLD BERKELEY has come rolling off the hektograph on schedule. The regularity is depressing; the novelty is wearing off; but I think and I hope that the magazine (if I can use that presumptuous word) will continue to improve and, within limits, expand (but only a little).

So let's plunge right into the news and views:

KNIGHT TO FLY HOME TO GREET FRIENDS, MAY TRAVEL WITH DEMMON

On the evening of Wednesday, November 23, Jerry will make the

Much thanks goes to my Grandfather, Mr. Lee Jones, for sending along some clippings (among many other clippings) from the Saturday Review. I shall take some liberties with copyright laws and "reprint" a couple of things from the Trade Winds column in various places about this magazine.

HELL WEEK -- MIDTERM EXAMS

This week brought examinations in Mathematics and Geography. The Math midterm (the first of several) was held Tuesday, and Knight scored a "B." The Geography midterm was held on Thursday, and the results, when they are released, will be announced — providing they are favorable.

WELCOME
BRIMSTONE



WELCOMING COMMITTEE SWARMS ONTO LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT FIELD

pilgrimage back to his ancestral home via Pacific Southwest Airlines, perhaps even by jet (?). He will arrive in Los Angeles approximately at 8:30 P.M., and will no doubt be greeted by his father and a few close friends. Biff Demmon, Jerry's erstwhile roommate, will likely be making the trip with Jerry, although the situation at present is somewhat uncertain. The Brimstone Boys will leave the Los Angeles area on Sunday afternoon, to return triumphant to the Berkeley campus of the University of California. More information will follow as matters become more firmly decided. WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DETAILS.

KNIGHT GETS RIFLE, ROTC SHOES

Wednesday morning dawned cool and lovely as Jerry made his way after 7:30 breakfast up to the Armory to clean his M-1 rifle for Thursday drill. He got his old oily, rusty, trusty rifle from the funny old man in the armory, and within minutes had the thing combat-stripped and ready to clean. He cleaned it, puzzled it back together, and then headed off to Room 79 to see about his ROTC shoes. Last week when he went in to get his shoes, the man had asked, "Size?" Jerry had replied, "Ten-and-a-half B." The shoe man looked at Jerry as if he

were some kind of a nut. "Wait! Come back in two weeks." But Jerry went in Wednesday anyhow, and the shoes were ready and waiting for him. He tried one on, and it fit fine. Sure looked okay, though.

WITCHES' SABBATH

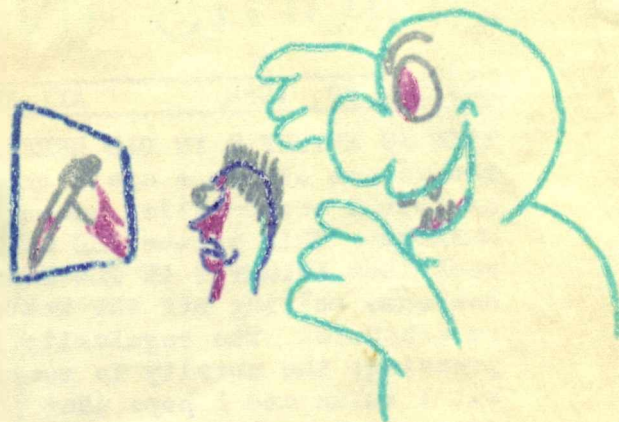
Hallowe'en is one of the nicest holidays in the year, I think, even though the schools all stay open and people go to work as usual. There is little local enthusiasm for Hallowe'en, however; only the usual trite parties and such. Still, it seems only fitting that this issue of BYOB should be a S*P*E*C*I*A*L H*A*L-L*O*W*E'*E*N I*S*S*U*E. (My, but that red carbon works poorly!) Don't especially know why I should make it a special thing, but at least I can follow the crowd and say that it is special. But since I had nothing prepared in advance about the Hallowed Evening, there is little I can do but present the sketch below, illustrating the general attitude of College Students toward the Magnificent Holiday. The illustration is an experiment with some orange carbon paper I bought this afternoon, which I suspect will be a complete failure. So I have done some work in red in case the orange doesn't come out. Heck!

HALLOWE'EN

— PHEW! —



Maybe we'll be greeted with Trick - or Treaters on Monday night — they can have some oranges that have been piling up in the refrigerator. Not much else in the house to eat, I'm afraid.



BIG MOVIE WEEK AT BRIMSTONE: BRIGHTIE BARDET, HOUSE OF Usher, PSYCHO, VIRGIL

Last Sunday (a week ago Sunday to you-alls), the Brimstone boys went to a movie purely on impulse, that impulse to see French cinema ("aging sex kitten" — TIME magazine) in a rather mediocre dubbed-dialogue production of Jeux-Lions Danser Avec Moi Ce Soir (Come Dance With Me), co-starring Henri Vidal. The movie itself was no great shakes, but Mlle. Bardot was alluring, as usual. The second feature might be of interest — The Love Lottery an English comedy released from 1955 starring David Niven. It was pretty funny, and made a tolerable second feature.

Then, on Tuesday (read: "Thursday") night last, Biff Denison of Brimstone Productions and your loyal correspondent attended a showing of a double feature that was, in the words of one of the other moviegoers, "just too much." Biff had seen neither picture, and, although I had seen both of them, I wanted to unwind after a hard week of midterm examinations (see MIDTERMS). The showing was at the local cheapie theatre, the UC, a mere block and a half from the BRIMSTONE pad. Also attendant upon this fateful showing was RON LARSEN, of valedictorial Inglewood High School fame.

The three of us arrived at the UC THEATRE box office shortly before 7:00 P.M., and we took our places in the vacant but surprisingly well-kept-up theatre. It is, as



- HELP!

mentioned above, one of the more economically priced of the local movie (movie)-houses, admission being a mere (?) 90¢. At any rate, a very dull short subject with Sammy Sneed in Florida was followed by THE HOUSE OF USHER — a rather well done, though rough in spots, dramatization of Edgar Allen Poe's classic horror story. The Fall of the House of Usher. It shook up your reporter quite a bit, even though this was the third time I had seen it. Vincent Price and his Usher gang left us all a bit shaky, and a convenient respite was provided by a newswear, an average cartoon, and some abominable advertisements. Then, after a short intermission, came PSYCHO. For those of you who have not seen this picture, I do not wish to spoil it by recounting the plot. For those of you who have, there is little I could add to your own experience.

Suffice it to say that we were staggering visibly upon leaving the UC THEATRE, and going to sleep was not very easy that night.

HELP! — STAMPS

I fear that the plea in the last issue for stamps has met with only limited success. So far the KIOB office has received less than half a dozen stamps — hardly enough to mail a third of one issue of KIOB. Co-BRIMSTONE newspaperman Biff Demmon has at this writing re-

ceived from family and friends a total of 112 stamps — an impressive amount indeed. Biff has graciously allowed me to reprint the fabulous article that met with such success in his own magazine, *SKOAN*:

"A PASSIONATE PLEA FOR STAMPS

While I am certainly not making this a prerequisite for receiving *SKOAN*, I would appreciate it if some of you richies out there in the real world would send me at least one stamp per week, so I can get *SKOAN* on its way for free, minus costs of paper and hokio junk. Because, as you well know, I am a poor-type college kid, who needs every cent he can get his greedy little hands on. I would like to thank, at this time, my family for sending large amounts of stamps, and Sandra Ruth Sell, for sending three stamps. May you be blessed in proportion to your gifts."

Indeed, would that such success were mine. The passage above expresses far more eloquently than I ever could my exact thoughts and wishes. Merely substitute KIOB for *SKOAN*, and there you have it. OK?



FAMOUS STAMP APPEARING IN ARTICLE BY DEMMON

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Sing a song of TV
For the little ones;
Four-and-twenty jailbirds
Packing Tommy guns.

When the scene is finished
The blood is ankle-deep.
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send the kids to sleep?

— Kenyon J. Scudder,
Saturday Review

IMPORTANT STUFF

Copies of KNIGHT'S IN OLD BERKELEY go this week to The Knights of Damask and their affiliates across this great wide land of ours; Mrs. Darby of Torrance; My Mom; to Robert Lichtman of UCLA and to M. and Mme. Jones of the University of Washington; and last, but most assuredly not least on this mighty list is Russell Mills, of Yale.

If YOUR name is not above, that means one of two things: (1) That, as of this typing (Saturday afternoon) I have not yet received your letter, or (2) that you are a crud and haven't even so much as acknowledged your receipt of KIOB #1 or 2. If the latter be the case, WATCH OUT. You are tottering on the brink of doom. Your position is tenuous in the extreme. Remember the Golden-Iridium rules of KIOB: You MUST WRITE regarding at least every other issue, which means a most of two letters per month and a few stamps. Surely this is a small price to pay for such an excellent publication; surely you want (want) to keep on getting KIOB every week, reliably on schedule! Don't you? Don't answer that! Or rather, answer by sending a letter, this very moment, to me:

JERRY (the indefatigable) KNIGHT
BRIMSTONE PRODUCTIONS
1927 Addison Street, Suite B
Berkeley 4, California

Now, just for the heck of it, let me say hello to Mrs. Ethel Knight, Terry and Miriam Carr, Miss Helen Goodrich, Miss Maureen O'Leary, Colin Cameron, Ron Ellik, Ed Cox, Les Nirenberg, Andy Main Bem, and Ruth Berman, who has been sending me her

monthly magazine, Neolithia (Borogove in orbit), without once so much as hearing from me. Also hello to you three or four who are getting KIOB for the first time; I haven't picked you out yet.
WARNING: KIOB IS AN ACTIVE MAGAZINE; IF YOU IGNORE IT, IT WILL GO AWAY.

Before he died, the operator of a filtering plant willed his brain to science. Scientists were sorry to hear of the man's death but they were overjoyed to get his brain. It was their first chance to see a filtering man's thinker.

— Saturday Review

NEWSPAPER CONTROVERSY GRIPS CAL CAMPUS

Most of the staff of the UC newspaper, the Daily Californian, resigned in protest after the Associated Students of the University of California moved, in its Executive Committee, to limit the editorial authority of its staff and to appoint ~~members~~ editors to the staff itself instead of letting the members of the Senior Editorial Board appoint them. The editors of all the other major campus publications resigned with them in sympathy. The resigned editors set up a paper called the Independent Californian, which is being sold off-campus for a donation of 5¢. How long it will survive is anybody's guess. Petitions are being passed out for a referendum that would have a chance of reinstating the original editors to the "Daily Soab." But until some action is taken on that, the situation remains at an impasse.

APOLOGIA

The Kindly Editor would like to thank all of you for reading KNIGHT'S IN OLD BER(SER)KELEY #3, and would like to apologize for the poor reproduction and messed-up illustration on the first page, any poor reproduction on the following three pages, for the lack of a letter-column (one next issue, I hope) and a distinctive prose style on the part of the Editor. And again, there is no space left to finally and for all say good-