

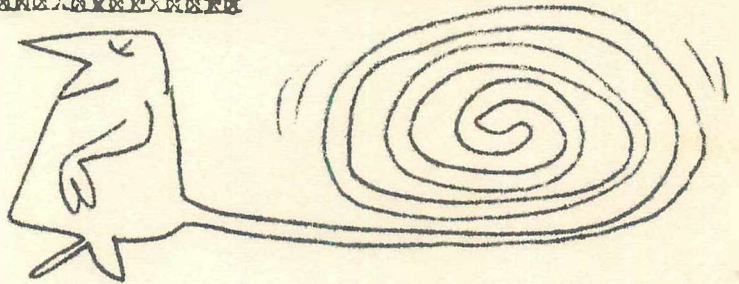
6157

ABNEY SAID: BONY BUGS ARE CHIPPING OUR CAR PAINT. # I HOPE WE DON'T//
 GET IN A WRECK, THIS IS AN OLD BRA. # IT IS EASY TO ASCERTAIN SEA///
 LEVEL WHEN ONE IS ON A TINY ISLAND. # \$65 A MONTH IS A LOT TO PAY FOR
 A PHONE BOOTH. # THERE'S THAT WOMAN I THOUGHT WAS A DOG. # NOW THAT//
 GERALD FITZGERALD IS IN MENTAL MOTHBALLS WE SPEAK ONLY KINDESS TOWARD
 THE UNDEAD. # HOW AWFUL IT WOULD BE TO HAVE OBSCENE BALDOONS AND NOT,
 HAVE BOB PETELER TO GIVE THEM TO. # SHE'S SO FLAT-CHESTED SHE SAYS//
 SHE'LL PLAY JAYNE MANSFIELD AS A YOUNG BOY. # FROM SGT. BILKO'S PROG-
 RAM: I SEEN 'EM IN COMIC BOOKS AND COMIC BOOKS DON'T LIE. # GEEH COE/
 ABOUT CERTAIN MODERN PAINTERS: THEY'RE EASIER TO PHILOSOPHIZE ABOUT//
 THAN TO LIKE. # RITA KIRWAN ON EXOTIC FOOD: MEATLOAF IS ABOUT THE///
 STRANGEST FOOD YOU GET IN WAYNE, NEBRASKA. # HELEN PETELER ON PETTING
 SAYS, YOU DON'T THINK IF A GUY TAKES A GIRL OUT FOR A WHOLE YEAR THAT
 SHE SHOULD RETALIATE IN SOME WAY. RETALIATE, HELEN? # BON VOYAGE, HE
 SAID, AND PUT HIS HEAD ON HER AMPLE BOSOM. # BOB PETELER, AFTER ABNEY
 ASKED IF HIS FANCY BRASS INDIAN LAMP HANGING IN THEIR LANAI WAS A///
 FLYCATCHER: YES, ABNEY, THE PANDIT NEHRU BONDED FLYCATCHER. # DEAN A.
 GRENNELL SAID: I WAS ONCE A 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. WEAKLING. # YOU'VE GOT LACQUER ON
 YOUR BREATH. # I WAS SO YOUNG I WASN'T EVEN HOUSEBROKEN. # WILLIAM///
 SAID, AND I QUOTE, I'D LIKE TO DO AN INTERPRETATION OF TODAY'S CARS//
 BUT I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ARMS AND LEGS. # REVLOON GIVES LIP SERVICE TO/
 WOMEN. # ON OUR HONEYMOON WE SENT GCF POSTCARDS THAT SAID, "HAVING A/
 WONDERFUL TIME, WISH YOU WERE HERE" AND HE DIDN'T EVEN INVITE US TO//
 HIS WEDDINGS # SOME BUILDERS TODAY EMPLOY A SORT OF DECORATION THAT//
 YOU MIGHT CALL "MODE MODRIAN." # REMEMBER NATIONAL BEAT YOUR WIFE///
 WEEK--"A BRUISED WIFE IS A HAPPY WIFE." # ABNEY GOT A LETTER FROM THE
 WOMAN'S DAUGHTER A WEEK LATER SAYING, "A HEART ATTACK POLESHED HER///
 OFF AT THE END." # BOB PETELER, HE OF THE CRYING DOG RANCH, SAYS THE/
 CARS OF TOMORROW WILL HAVE POWER THROTTLES AND YOU ONLY LEAN BACK AND
 THINK YOUR SPEED. I SAY THE NEXT GREAT AUTOMOTIVE ADVANCE WILL BE///
 POWER HUBCAPS THAT WILL ROTATE COUNTER TO THE DIRECTION OF THE WHEEL,
 KEEPING THE BEAUTIFIED HIBCAP STEADY AND THE MANUFACTURER'S NAME AND/
 GLORIOUS EMBLEM IN CONSTANT VIEW. # MAKE YOUR MARK IN THE WORLD--OB-/
 SERVE NATIONAL TATTOO WEEK! # ONLY THE SWEAR WORDS WERE SPELLED CORR-
 ECTLY. # I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT TOOK MORE THAN TWO PEOPLE TO MAKE AN///
 ORGY. NOM DE CUISINE. # RITA SITS AND STARES MOODILY OUT OF HER GREEN
 FRECKLED EYES AT THE HURRYING WORLD. # HELEN HAS A SHY, NERVOUS RASH.
 # MY "LUCKY DOG AWARD" THIS QUARTER GOES TO MIKE TODD. # LET'S GO OFF
 SOMEWHERE AND EXPLORE THE ORLD OF SENSATION. # FOR SALE OR TRADE:///
 ONE (1) HERITAGE--WANTED:PETTAGE. # SHE AS ONLY THE GARDENER'S DAUG-
 HTER BUT HER LIFE WAS NO BED OF ROSES. # HE'S THE LIFE OF THE ORGY! #
 HE IS SUCH A MASOCHIST THAT HE LIKES TO BE HUNG IN EFFEGY. # ACCORD-/
 ING TO ONE AUTHORITY, THE WORLD BEGAN AT 9AM, 23 OCTOBER, 4004 B.C.,/
 BUT NEGLECTED TO MENTION IF THAT WAS E.S.T. OR DAYLIGHT SAVING. # IF
 THERE IS ONE THING I BELIEVE IN IT'S FLEUR DE LIS AND STRIPES. # HE'S
 BLACKMARKETING A DO-IT-YOURSELF PREGNANCY KIT. # HE-ALL IS A COMPLEAT
 SOUTHERNER. # LISA POINTED AT A COW'S UDDER AND SAID, "MILKMAN!" # IS
 BEING FABULOUS CATCHING? # SID CAESAR: I HAVE TO BLEED--IT'S NATURE'S
 WAY OF SHOWING YOU YOU'RE HURT. # ANON: THE NICE THING ABOUT SEX IS//
 THAT ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY. # THAT IS NOT MY GROIN, IT'S MY STOMACH! #
 THAT'S AN INCENTIVE TO GO TO HEAVEN--TO AVOID YOUR FAMILY. # THERE///
 WERE TWO RINGS ON THE TUB--MARKED "HIS" AND "HERS." # BE KIND TO EVE-
 RETT--HE'S NOT A WELL MAN. # THE SOFA IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. # I
 THINK IN COSMIC TERMS EVERY CHANCE I GET. # ABNEY HAS A HARD TIME///
 THINKING OF OUR DAUGHTER AS BEING IN THE NEXT GENERATION. # JEAN///
 YOUNG SAYS ROTSLER'S VOICE IS SOOTHING--LIKE HAVING YOUR BACK RUBBED.
 # ARTHUR C. CLARKE: I'VE FOUND THE LINK BETWEEN APES AND CIVILIZED///
 MAN--IT'S US. # THERE IS NO MISTER TALLYMAN...AS SUCH. # KTEIC MAG!//

BRITANNICA AND J. EVERETT OSBOURNE

Due entirely to the machinations of our Wisconsin delegate I have received scores of insults to our local postmaster on the outside of letters and cards. They're still coming in. Some people have made in a habit whenever writing me to put "Vote for J. Everett Osbourne--he's been sick" on the envelope.

Mal Ashworth writes from England: "Your J. Everett Osbourne fascinates me. Your Post Office altogether fascinates me. It seems to take such a fatherly and personal interest in your doings. It is as though every liddle piece of mail that passes through their hands is carefully scrutinised, passed on to others to scrutinised, discussed in committee, commented on, a report written about it, a consensus of opinion taken upon it throughout all the Post Office employees, maybe a competition run to see if anyone can spot anything that might possibly be libellous, scurrilous or obscene or whatever (with a \$200 prize) and then brought right back to the sender for the local postmaster to have a little chat with him about. A fascinating system. I don't think it's ever been ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ thought of over here; mundanely enough the Post Office in this part of the world seems to be used for delivering mail. It all gets very boring." Mal forgot to mention having the letter first missent to the wrong town & the Folding Contest.



Harrogate's own Ron Bonnett rises to exclaim, "Thank goodness our own government departments aren't as high-powered as yours. If my mail was opened over here, there'd be a quick-fire letter to my Member of Parliament. Come to think of it, I don't even know who he is, but there's a principle at stake somewhere...I think." I had a principal at stake once but the school guards caught us and drove us off with tire irons and shouts of "Away, away!"

Ron goes doggedly on to sooth me. "Still, worry not. It makes life interesting. Make one feel like a spy or a criminal or sumpn. Gee, they think I'm that important, sirt of thing!" Maybe it would give you a thrill but it gives me a pain. I'm afraid to tell you a few stories such as the one about African roulette.

Humm. Maybe life can be made interesting other ways. 'Tis 2:10, 22 July 1957. An earthquake is shaking the house as I type this. I'm not being showered with falling brick or anything but the house is or was groaning and things rattling lightly. Being a native Californian I'm quite used to it. That plus the rocket testing station in the Santa Susana mountains south of here. TIME has run pictures of it in North American Aviation ads. Very stefnal looking place. Shakes the bloody windows, stops conversation, sounds just like atomic explosion and you expect to see the mushroom rise over Greater L.A.

A LETTER FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF MENTAL HYGIENE

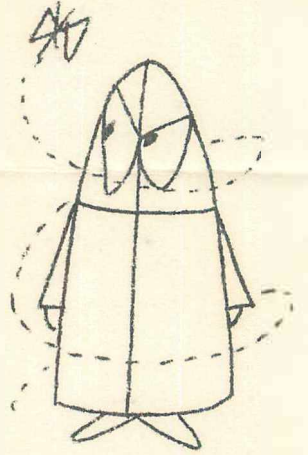
They start off by thanking me for exhibiting in the exhibition at the Camarillo State Hospital (for the Insane) and then continue: "The Tattooed Dragon" being somewhat more perishable than bronze--was not put into general circulation but has been issued as a special favor to people with honest faces and clean hands. This has been a great strain on members of our own staff, who barely make the grade in the honest face category..."

"I've grown accustomed to your face"

(...at morning mirror...)

A NOTE FROM DICK RYAN

...I'd gotten the impression, you see, that KM catered to a happy little circle that appreciated the more ribald type of humor, and I thumbed through it looking for a title on white slaving or something. There wasn't even anything about house-hunting with Jayne Mansfield. Imagine my chagrin. But life goes on. ((KM, or maybe MASQUE, did have an article, a true-face item, called "My Wife Was A Slave Slave Ring Reject" and while I've never house-hunted with--or for--Mansfield I broke birthday cake with Sheree North the other day. A friend of a friend of my wife; kiddy birthday party.)) ...it must be nice to know Stan Freberg especially if he's not on all the time. I'd snap up an LP of his best but I don't suppose they'd be commercial. ("A Child's Garden of Freberg" is a recent LP containing his best up to the Banana Boat song. Also hear Stan on Sunday night radio this summer. Send cards to CBS Radio, Hollywood 28. I've been to most of the tapings of the shows so far. Last night, in fact. For a gag, since it was the first row we were sitting in, I got in the crowd of teen-agers and children that were after his autograph. I handed him a blank check of mine and he laughed and turned it over to sign. I didn't want his autograph, of course, and said, "No, no, the other side." "It's the right side, Rotsler, it's the right side." So now I've an endorsed check that is blank. # Some years ago a girl friend--Burbee will remember her as the busty dancer in the tight white T-shirt that cornered him in the narrow hall of my Hollywood apt--had fashioned for me a pair of cuff links like my little phallic symbol men. I never wore them and was glad when Abney suggested giving them to Freberg. Even if he didn't like them--I gave them to him last night--he could pass them on, much like a sterling silver quote-card.))



A LETTER FROM CHARLES BURBEE

((As you in FAPA know Burbee was given a big surprise party this last April and "Hommage a Burbee" was published for the affair. Burbee answers...)) Of course I couldn't read your mags at the party but I read them Sunday and Monday. I have seldom laughed so hard at anything. Couple of the fellows really outdid themselves, I think. What a fine bunch of writers you lined up for my favorite fanzine (Hommage...of course)... I laughed like crazy at Warner's very serious-type style. I told Isabel that if I didn't know me I'd have thought I was reading about a real important person.

And you outdid yourself. Howinhell did you gather so much fine stuff on such short notice, anyhow, and how did you get it into mag form? Amazing. A lot of work. Astonishing. ((The fans really came through in a hurry. Too bad I didn't have more time, however.))

I don't believe I ever saw a party that went so smoothly. ((Home Brew helped smooth it & you.)) My neighbor can't get over it. "I didn't meet a dull person there!" she exclaims. "They were all so interesting. Of course, I said, "But I don't know any ordinary people." ...I thank you now for your part in the thing and I will thank you again later IN PRINT in an international publishing organization WITH MEMBERS ALL OVER THE WORLD. YOUR VERY NAME will appear before the eyes of actual inhabitants of SUCH FARAWAY PLACES as IRELAND, CANADA, BELGIUM and so forth.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES BURBEE

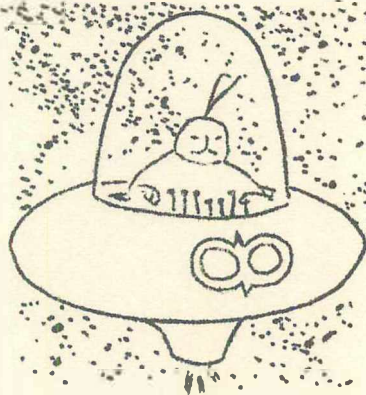
Got "Homage a Burbee" the other day and found it fine. I'd like to subscribe to this magazine. It seems to say something to me on// every page.

I've got a new job. 53-hour week. I'd have stayed where I was// except that the 40-hour week just wasn't netting enough money and I// couldn't get any overtime. I hate to change jobs. They told me at// my old place, "Burbie, they won't appreciate you there. They won't// understand you. You'd better stay here." "Don't worry," I said.// "I won't release any of my special material till I've scouted them// for at least a week."

I'd like to write cartoon gags, if only to annoy my neighbor who// is always telling me what a high-class humorist he is. He sold a// gag for \$7.50 finally. Tell me in 50 words or less how to operate// on a small scale...ho do you originate an idea when there's nothing to push against?

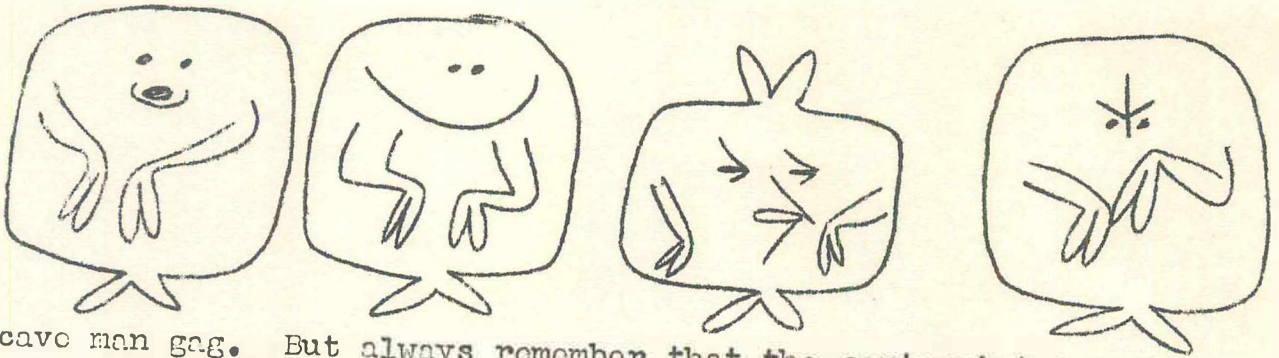
((A number of people have asked about the physical part of gag// writing so this is a good place to tell how I work. Those of you// who are seriously interested might buy the latest WRITER'S YEARBOOK, which gives a good deal of basic information.

((Here's what I'd advise you doing: Use 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 loose leaf paper,// so that you can file your "master" in a binder for easy reference. A carbon might be of some use, just to be safe, but not important.//// I type with a left hand margin of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches in which I later// write the cartoonist's initials that is holding the gag, and with// luck, the magazine or publishing house it sells to, the price I got, and the dates. In the back of the binder I have sections for each// cartoonist and write the gag number he's holding under his name, circling it when it's sold, and adding a colored check mark if and//// when I get the clipping from the magazine. This gives you an easy reference as to who has what, and what gag has been to who.



((I'd advise trying to write a coupla hundred gags before you even think of contacting a// cartoonist. Writing care of the magazine in// which he appears is a good way to contact a man you want. Just ask if you can submit gags to him, inclose a return card. But you might check the WRITER'S YEARBOOK first; they have a//// list that will save you time. a

((But let me remind you that/cartoony feller is only interested in professionals. Any cartoonist you've heard of reads hundreds of gags from writers every//// week. The quality of gags must be much higher than you might think. It's an old saw, and one you read in every writer's magazine, but// study the market, study the type of gag a cartoonist that you like// does. Send only your best. Don't write down the first gag that// occurs to you but toss it around awhile, think about it--can you// improve it? simplify? give more punch? Remember, the simpler the// setting the better the cartoonist will like it. Read the cartoonist column in WRITER'S DIGEST. Try covering up the caption on some cartoons and writing your own caption. Try the reverse. You can sometime prime the pump by looking at cartoons, cartoon books, etc. A cop gag might start you switching & thinking until it comes out a//



cave man gag. But always remember that the cartoonist is a businessman and his time is money. Do not send corny gags or think you are going to sneak a gag past him that you saw in an old Captain Billy's Whiz Bang or that appeared in an obscure trade journal.

((Okay, so you've written a coupla hundred gags. What next? I use 3x5 file cards but some guys use just ordinary paper. Since you shouldn't send more than 10 or 12 gags in a batch and the file cards hold up better I use the heavier card. Get a rubber stamp with your name and address to put in the top left corner; gag number top right. Gag below stated as simply as you can--do/ not "set the scene" as you would in a story. Unless the setting/ has something to do with the gag leave it out. That's what the cartoonist was issued an imagination for.

WILLIAM ROTSLER
ROUTE ONE, BOX 638
CAMARILLO, CALIF.

2346

One woman to another, "I told my analyst everything about myself and now he wants cash in advance."

((Be certain to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your batches. Contact the cartoonist first, though. PLAYBOY, the New Yorker and, I think, ESQUIRE, will look at appropriate gags without a prior query. Most magazines are not interested in the typed gag, but only in the "rough" or "ruff." I sold one direct to PLAYBOY the other day for their standard \$25.00...Big Roman orgy...hostess at door says to husband, as sloopy centurion stands in door, "It's the centurion from the next villa to complain about the noise." Stan Froberg says he should be wearing an old bathrobe over full armor.

((That gag up there, #2346, sold to King Features via Mischa Richter for \$12.50. When I send out each batch of gags I keep a card on it that has who it was sent to and the date. It has the numbers of the gags and who the gags had been to before. In the case of the above it reads "bob/ed/dp/2346" which means it went to Bill O'Brian, Chon Day, and David Pascal before Richter took it. I then enter the sale in my ledger, circle the gag number under the artist's name, circle the gag number in the main file and note the date and price and who it was sold to. It's really simple, but it takes a little bother keeping up.

((There are some of you, I know, that would like to write gags but not go to all the above trouble. Grennell and Willis sometimes send me gags, I put them in proper form, file them, type the cards, send them around and split the monies, if any. I'll do the same for you, reserving the right to reject any or all. Unless one of you starts selling big--then I would advise going on your own--my half of the money is just expenses. If I pick up a coverline from you & make a gag out of it I'll pay only 1/4 of the \$. Anything else you'd like to know, Burbee?))

THE LAND OF THE FEE AND THE HOME OF THE RAVE

Things have certainly been active the last few weeks. First// of all Abney worked on and presented, with a number of other actors, a workshop "showcase" at the Players Ring Theater in Hollywood. This theater-in-the-round has spawned such character actors as Kathloon// Freeman, Marvin Kaplan and Beverly Garland. The "showcase" was a number of scenes from a number of different plays and Abney worked hard on an original musical skit for herself. She worked hard on getting the right kind of people from "the industry" there--agents, casting people, etc. They said at the Ring that they had never pulled so many of that sort before for anything they had ever presented. Abney did a good selling job. It came off pretty good all around. I worked props and the tape recorder we used for transition music.

As a result of the showcase a couple of agents were interested but one of them spoke frankly to her. "Look," he said, "the casting directors and producers know just what they can get away with now. It used to be that when they'd call up and say 'I've got this small, juicy part for such-and-such a type or so-and-so an actress. Fix me up.' I could stall them by saying, well, I can get you a date but you're on your own. Now they want results guaranteed and they can get away with it." Well, Abney has had a lot of this trouble before and is just not having any of it. So no jobs. When and if she gets to be really an excellent actress she won't have that trouble because for the big parts they need people, even in Hollywood, who can act, and not just be scenery. Then an agent can sell her on merit and not on how obliging she is. Some of the directors, casting people, producers and so forth are decent people...but a lot are not. A lot are decent in every way but one: why give a part to an actress that won't cooperate? They have the power, the key to fame and money; actresses or women who call themselves actresses are falling over one another to become bed-ragged in the Cause. Some of these girls--experienced hands and dowy fresh farm girl alike--do the most degrading things for merely thirty seconds of film. Don't get me wrong--I'm certainly not against a lot of sex...it's just the commercialization. But there is still hope for an actress and that's what we're working on now. It's slow and difficult--they want nineteen-year-old girls with talent, beauty, a 40" bust and no morals.

Abney is taking voice lessons from Copparo, MGM's head voice coach, who legitimately raves over her voice. We'll see...



.....
Passive resistance will get you no where, miss.
.....

A NOTE FROM DEAN GRENNELL

I was in a plumbing shop Thursday, listening to the guy sell a set of sink'n stuff to some people. "This sink won't show stains so bad and will be easier to clean." The woman says, meditative-like, "We're not iodine people." I thought of you right away.

.....
A horrified silence was following the nudist's walk. She used makeup.
.....

"A FOOL'S TONGUE IS ALWAYS LONG ENOUGH TO CUT HIS THROAT." (setmon)

WILLIAM ROTSLEER, MANHUNTER

I was sitting there, reading the noon mail, when six sheriff's//// cars roared in. My first thought was: what did I put into the clut-// ches of the Post Office now?

They're jumping out of cars, shouting orders, checking guns, talk- ing furiously, asking for phones as I walk up and ask whatinhell is// going on. It seems they picked up a 23-year-old suspect on suspicion of armed robbery (Supermarket, among others) but he jumped out of a// second story ~~xxx~~ window of a sub-station and got away. His name is// William Robinson and is one of those "the coppers will never take me// alive" boys. He is considered by the sheriff's men to me extremely// dangerous, armed with two rifles, one with an 8X scope, and two pist- ols. He's holed up in the canyon just behind our ranch and they're// going in after him.

I ask if he has food and water. They ask a young punk (looks as// if he was ordered from Central Casying for the part) who is a cousin// and who, two nights before had brought the desperado up from LA and// dumped him at the mouth of the canyon. Punk says food but no water// but that Robinson had hunted the hills behind the ranch and knew//// them well. "Not as well as I do," I said. If he had no water there// were only two places to get it and that I'd show them where.

Since he was an Los Angeles County escapee there were three cars// full of LA sheriff's men as well as Ventura County deputies and more// were arriving all the time. I dug out my .38 Spl. Smith and Wesson// Combat Masterpiece (which is long for ".38 Spl, S&W CM."), loaded my// gun belt and threw a handful of bullets into my levis. I loaned a/// .30-06 to a deputy and the only seven slugs we had for it. He seemed to think it was fine that they were hollowpoint bullets.

Everyone piled into cars and we started off. Immediately one car// stalled out, then I mentioned the foreman's house and the 8-room bar- racks that we have near the creek. "Better check it out," they said.

I stood by fascinated as they checked out//// each room in the best Dragnet fashion of kic- king open door while people flattened along// the wall. They unlimbered machine guns for// the job. I was impressed. They were taking// no chances with this joker.

Nothing turned up so we roared to the gate at the mouth of the canyon. I unlocked it/// and we went through, then stopped to plan out the campaign.

There is a hundred-foot plus cliff flank- ing the mouth of the canyon. Punk told us/// that he was suppose to meet Robinson the pre- vious night and give him \$500 but he couldn't find him, although he spied his bedroll. Ho

was suppose to wait on the left side of the canyon. "Which means he// will sit over on the right and watch," I said. They agreed it was an idea. Ventura deputies radioed for a jeep to take them up the cliff, to check out the top. Since it was essentially LA deputies' case the Ventura deputies plugged up the holes, guarded the mouth of the cany- on, acted as liason with the Highway Patrol (sans Broaderick Crawford or even Richard Travis) and, in general, left the main probe up to the Los Angeles Sheriff's Office. I was sworn in in an unimpressive ccr-



emony and climbed in a car with Charley Williams and another deputy, and the Punk Kid. Others fanned out to cover the sides while we drove along one arm of the "h" shaped canyon. Since I know the country I went with the advance party. They were quite happy for a guide and, for that matter, an extra gun.

A little way into the canyon, which is really like a very small valley, we stopped where Punk had spotted the bedroll over in the bushes beside the dry riverbed. If you saw Robert Ryan and Aldo Ray in MEN IN WAR you saw the area, for they shot it here.

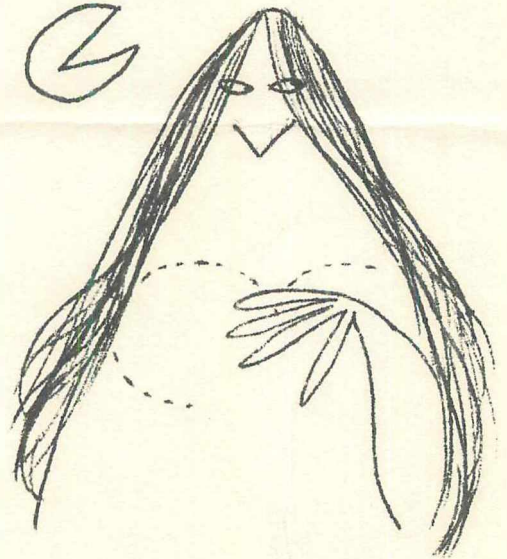
But there was a 50-yard stretch between the car and the creek and there wasn't a blade of grass or any cover on it. Machine guns did not have either the range or the accuracy of this bandit's 8X scope and rifle. We fanned out in a most dramatic fashion, with me in the middle. I felt a little sorry for Punk Kid. This Robinson was considered nuts by Punk Kid, Robinson's wife and the guy's own family. He had tried to commit suicide once before and had even shot Punk Kid once, by accident maybe. He was considered trigger happy and might shoot himself before he was taken, in the opinion of the cops, or start a real fire fight, which they considered more likely. He was a real Wyatt Earp fan, they told me, and even wore a Wyatt Earp hat and carried a single-action .45 with a long Wyatt Earp barrel.

So I crossed the bare ground with some apprehension but no one fired. Abney asked me later if I was ready to kill him. "Hell, yes I was. If I thought even a teensy bit that he was going to shoot, hell, yes, I was ready. No time to be sensitive about his emotional problems or that he was misunderstood. If he's going to shoot at me I'm sure as hell ready to shoot at him."

We went through the undergrowth, which was quite thick and he could have been hiding under any number of shrubs. In a way we thought he might shoot Punk Kid, for squealing, and Punk Kid didn't have a gun. For his cooperation he would probably get a lighter sentence for his part in the affair. But we flushed nothing but a coupla quail and swung back to the road. Charley Williams (the names have not been changed to protect anyone) handed me his machine gun while he walked back to the car to bring it up.

I took the gun and cut across the creek and some open country to get to the curve of the "h" to see if I could spot him in the interior of the canyon's main area. I was way out ahead of everyone so to avoid having him cut me down from a distance I tried to make it look as if I was a hunter by shoving my .38 around back and holding the MG close to my body to hide the clip. I got to the point and was just peering around when bouncy-bouncy, here comes to car. I got back in, actually a wee bit sorry I didn't get to at least do a wee bit of firing, the MG, preferably within a proper range. Not too sorry, of course.

At this point the canyon branches three ways. But the water lay in the two branches to the south and east. We had seen tracks on the road and saw them lead to the eastern branch. "A little water there but rather stagnant," I said, "but if he's a Wyatt Earp fan he might be interested in the movie sets there. There's a cave and the remains of a pump house and corral used in THE TIN BADGE with Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins. He might like it there the the lookout is not too good." So we turned east.



No one fired as we drove up to the movie set. I figured if he/// saw us coming he'd start shooting when his rifles had us at a range// he could control. He was reported to be an excellent shot, a great// deer hunter, and we had nothing that would outrange him. So we checked out the pump house set just like Dragnet again. From the first// I had been in front, or at least on line, with the rest. Partially// from figuring it was better to be in front where I could better direct the deputies than from the rear where I'd have to Psst and give// directions and get attention with a lot of noise. So I was the one// to open the door. Lest I'm building you up to a big letdown let me// say there was nothing there, except the aged outside and the raw new wood inside.

"Okay, around the bend," I said. We drove a short distance and// spied a dead bobcat. We got out and looked at it. My beard, now/// in quite an advance state of hirsute splendor, must have led them to think I was an Indian scout or grizzled trapper. "How long do you// figure it's been dead?" they asked, after we saw the bullet hole in his head. I was asked this question by every cop at least once in// the next hour. It was a very hot day and at first I made measured, wise-sounding comments but later was just shrugging and saying,//// "Beats me."

So around the bend I show them where the fake cave is, high up/// the hill, and fix it so Charley Williams climbs that damned slope/// instead of me. The other deputy and I go on into the narrowing canyon towards that little water there is. We see deer but a check of// the wind tells us the outlaw could still be farther in and not alarm the deer. We go way back in and the deputy thinks no one is there// and sits down. It's hot and he's fifty and has done this many times and I'm 30 and it's my first manhunt, though I can hardly believe/// it, so I go on. The walls narrow to the size of the creek and I must hang on tree limbs to keep from falling in. I go as far as I can,/// stop, take a breather, then get scared. What looks like a man's/// knee, in levis, is to be seen farther around the bend, just as if he is sitting there, squatting and waiting. I freeze, then carefully// toss a rock to the other side of the creek. Nothing happens and I/// lean into the gloom--oak trees overhang everything--and let my eyes// adjust. Knee turns into oak root.

Back at the cave I tell the arriving Sheriff's captain that the// outlaw must be at our spring, or at least at the foot of the hill,/// where the spill makes a tinkly little stream down the rocks. No one shoots at us and we find several cans cooling in the water. Two men go up the hill and we sit down to rest, out of the sun for a change.

I talk to Punk Kid and find out the guy had, besides his guns and ammo and bedroll, jackets, a box of food and a couple of packages. I start to think about hauling that load this far in--the gate had/// been locked so he had to pack it in, a distance of about two miles.

Then I take the four LA deputies and Punk Kid around to another// branch of the canyon, where he might have run if he saw us coming.// Nothing. We come back, sit down and drink and wait for a report/// from the other patrols. I start to figure, climb back into the sun// again and hunt around until I find his cache.

Food, boxes of ammo, jackets, a .38 pistol and most important,/// his .270 rifle with the 8X scope. Looking through the scope I am/// very glad we are not out on that bare canyon floor. We pack it all// down to the car and things start happening fast.

First I hear gun fire, far off. I tell the cops still under the// trees. Radio tells us the Highway Patrol has him cornered. We//// climb into the cars, a jeep arrives, tells us to hurry.

Back at the mouth of the canyon an old man stops us. The gunman had taken his pickup at the point of a gun 15 minutes before. The rancher had the lemon grove next to our walnuts. Then the cop comes in that they've got him and he's shot.

Here's what had happened. All the time we were getting heart attacks crossing bare fields he had been lying on a rocky point that jutted into one of our lemon groves, above where I was sworn in and behind where we started searching. He waited about three hours, then crossed our lemons, went into our creek, down nearly to our house, doubled back, took the pickup from the guy a hundred yards from where he started, raced out of the valley. A Highway Patrol man tried to stop him, lost him when he went through a closed gate and the cop went into a ditch. At gunpoint he forced a rancher to drive him in another car. The rancher managed to wink at his wife and silently mouth "Call Sheriff" before they drove off. Another Highway Patrolman drove up beside them, asked if they had seen a green pickup. Bandit said no, cop drove past. Perhaps suspicious because one man was in front and another in back, the Patrolman suddenly blocked the road, came out with gun in hand. The man being kidnapped said, "What'll we do now?"

"I'll take care of it," Robinson said, and shot himself in the stomach. The rancher said he looked rather calmly at the hole in his gut and said, ".45s sure make big holes," and fell over onto the floor.

He lived, however. Perhaps he really didn't want to kill himself, perhaps because being a Wyatt Earp fan he had that long barrel he couldn't get it aimed straight in and it went through at an angle and he lived.

So it was a gay little adventure and I was in no danger, though I must say I honestly, really wasn't afraid. Apprehensive, cautious--yes. Maybe I didn't feel this was for real, but like the hundreds of movies I'd seen, I dunno. Maybe I thought he'd shoot at the men with the machine guns, or even at Punk Kid first. I was out in front 90% of the time and now and again carried an MG but couldn't really believe anything would happen to me.

It didn't.

June, 1957.

The grain elevators were built by nature worshippers, Ballard said.

sick, Sick, SICK STORIES

Heard any of them? They go something like this: "Mommy, mommy, what's wrong with Daddy?" "Shut up and dig."

"Mommy, mommy, I want to go swimming." "Shut up, dear, you know you can't swim in an iron lung."

"Mommy, mommy, I want some gloves." "Shut up, dear, you know they don't make gloves for hooks."

"Mommy, mommy, I want to watch TV." "Shut up, dear, you know you're blind."

"Mommy, mommy, why ain't the presents?" "You know you have leukemia and won't live to Christmas."

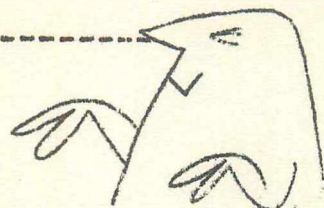
Keen, huh? Care to hear more?

As the Foreign Legionnaire said, "That's not my forte." blame--WR

BURBEE SAYS LANEY HAS HAD MORE WIVES THAN LEE JACOBS HAS HAD TAPE RECORDERS. # I AM NOT SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH LEE HOFFMAN. # I'M GOING TO PAINT MY PLAYER PIANO ITALIAN RACING RED. # CB

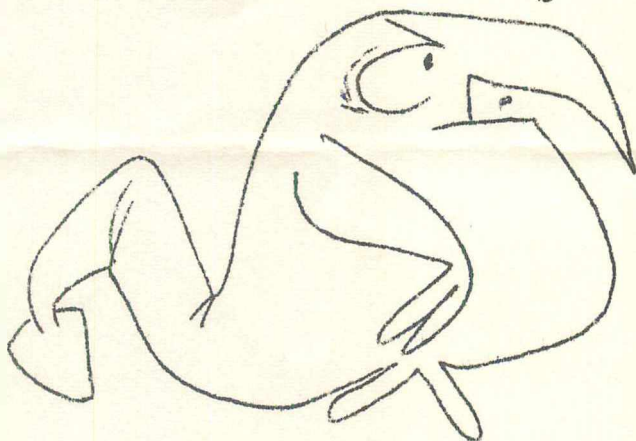
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AN ATOM BOMB WOKE ME UP THE OTHER MORNING



Normally I sleep until morning--screams, shouts, falling masonry and furtive sounds in the night do not disturb me. But the other night--or morning if you count 4:40 am as morning--something loud awakened Abney and myself. I opened my eyes, looking out the large window by the bed, through the leafy walnut tree at the predawn sky. It was light enough so that the leaves stood out black against the sky. It looked just like a giant dome of a H-bomb--remember those horribly beautiful pictures in LIFE with the odd colors and dark blotches? This looked like a black-and-white picture of it. "A-bomb A-bomb!" I thought. "Explosion," I said to Abney, "Or jet plane," but thought "A-bomb!" "Must be a plane from the base" mumbled Abney going back to sleep. I stared at the ceiling awhile, thinking, "Gee, that was loud."

Next morning we found out one of the Las Vegas bombs had been heard in LA and San Francisco. Whew. So...an atom bomb woke me up the other morning.



NAMES NOT QUITE IN THE NEWS

Dean Grennell, from who so many blessings flow, sends along these names: Loyal Kump, Zida C. Ivey, Meta Hobbs, Gordon Ketchum, Orlo Fink, Joel Frisk, Corliss Deets, Mrs Mertie Dexheimer, Marta Dinse, Stanton Bratvold, Gwyn H. Udey, Eero Valkonen, August Sudbrink, Reginald Snodice--all from the Fort Atkinson phonebook (Wisc.)

Andy, Jean and Very Young pass on these names from "Nat Sci 7" at Harvard: Bartle Bull, Angel Thomas

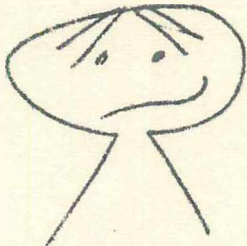
Stella, Dorothy J. Aldrich (a Harvard student, so presumably male), Vladimir V. Alomendinger, Jr., Clopper Almon, Jr., Markose T. Anithottam, Reginald Archambault, Merid Aregay, Patricia Arklie (another make?), Ed Assmus, Zbigniew J. Baczewski, Sook Bai, Abu Bakr, Pradip Bakshi, Fulvio Baldassini ("I bet you think I'm making these up."), Habib U. Bog, Suska Bhamornsathit (hope the P.O. doesn't read this!), Karl Bjork, Valentino Boss, Gordon Busdicker, Hubert Cannon ("Probably a campus big shot," says AY), John Casebeer, Chawan Chawanidchaya, Vichitr Chaiyaporn ("No typo."), Alflorencia Cheatham, Woonsang Choi, Munier Chowdhury, Mandhar L. Chugh, Prayoon Chunswasdee, Cecil Colon, Claude Common, Melvin Croan, Caspar Cronk, Baltasar A. Cruz Vidal, Rudolph St. C. Cumberbatch, Richard Daggy, Krikor N. Der Hohannesian, Guillaume de Spoelberch, Thomas E. Dewey, Jr., Abdel Aziz A. El Dakhamny, Eldon Epp, Sigo Falk, Gerald P. Fitzgerald ("sic"), James Flug, Jerrold Footlick (Ever think how names got started? Like Taylor, Weaver, Smith, etc. Poor Jerrold.) Melvin Golch, Max O. Gloor, Pyong C. Hahn, Attila Kassay, Ezekiel Ketchum, Cornelius Klots, Charles Laff, Lambros J. Lambros (from Walla Walla?), Calvin Malefyt, John T. Matsberger ("the inventor of the sida fountain?"), Carlyle T. Muzam, Wilbert Ng, Roger Noall, Peter Ogeblin, Byung Oh, Okogbue Okozio, Elgelbert L. Onufer, Jr., Pong Park, Blaise G. A. Pasztory, (continued

"Everytime she leans over I feel the call of the wild surging, man."

ANDY YOUNG CONTINUES

Daniel Pertschonok, Carl Pescosolido, Jr., Carl Pforzheimer, Dragan D. Petrov ("Don't you wish he's a tattooed Dragan?"), Dick Pincock, Virgil I. Pitstick, Sherwin Rear, Sirgay Sanger, Winthrop Sargent, 4th, Zvi Shamir, Ze'ev Sher, Luis Sierra Ponce de León, Murph M. Slushier, John Snygg, Kyaw Zee, Wilton S. Sogg, Theodore Space, E. Barbara Stocking, Bob Strippy, Calvin K. Sudweeks, Zsbor Szabo, William Thigpen, Charley Thum, Paul

What's in a name?



A. Woo, Wm. Twaddle, Maung M. U, Obert M. Undom, Pulacodo V. Vooraraghavan, Graham Wackerbarth, David Wham, Darnell Whitt, Paul Yale ("How did he get in Harvard?"), Hyman Yas, Stanislas M. Yassukovich, Jay O. Yedvab, Hyung Yoo ("Sounds vaguely obscene.") Bob Zeeb, Carlo Zezza, Leslie R. Zines ("Fan or pro?"), Lenard S. Zipperian, Minos Zombanakis, Ulysses A. Yannas plus such last names as Alley, Ash, Speak, Speedie, Bolt, and Buckles, Bottome, Breasted, Brass, Daft, Nix,

November, Nunes, Nurser, Scroggs and Yesley. But the one I like best of this clutch is Stanford T. Crapo. In a later letter the Youngs found Harvard's directory housing names like Mudd, Cash, Bank, Gold-hammer, Monoy, Nobles, Rich, Silvers and Golds in combinations.

Eagle-eyed Dean Grennell spotted a column in the May 11, 1957 Weekly Globe and Mail that contained these names: a boy named Marion Belch, another named Oklahoma Virginia Hall, still another named Hack Ripper. (Are you listening, Robert Bloch?) Lucifer Will Hyde, Wort Hogg, O. Fudge, I. Tottle, Mae Stammer, Hoadly Thick, Hart Stabb, Oral Sloppy, Ima Tocill, Melody Coffin, Joy Love, Lark Birdsong, and the author claims to know a banker named Oliver Twist and has a friend named David Copperfield that he hopes to able able to introduce. DAG also hands along Romona Hosgorgle, La Mar Mumbar, and J. H. Glascock.

.....
"I know her type: One martini and she wants to go somewhere and get tattooed." ...Durward Kerby, via Dean Arthur Grenell.
.....

THE SAME OLD POT OF POURII (Sportx Car Division)

I found out the other day that my father, who is 71 and dates back to the horse-and-buggy era and damn near to the stone-and-dinosaurs, has owned quite a number of cars in his time. He was always a flashy sort as a youngster, drove fast, well and far. He had at one time or another a Toledo Steam Car, a Stanley Steamer, a big and a little Thomas Flyer (gas), a Pierce Arrow, an American Car, a Smith, two Marmons (not Mormons), two McFarlands, several Fords, Buicks, Dodges, etc. Earliest I remember him having is a 1939 Ford. A faulty crossing signal, a train that couldn't been seen until it started across the highway, my father's bad hearing threw the motor 75 feet down the track, whipped the car around twice, threw him out the right door, down the gravel on his face 50 feet or so to lie with his head between the ties as the train roared over. Another Ford, 1940 model, replaced it. During the War we had a Chrysler, then about five Cadillacs and now a Lincoln. That's a lot of autos.

.....
DAG report seeing sign on truck: FASTER, YOU FOOL, FASTER!
.....

.....
Gee Whiz, I'm only trying to make polite bathroom talk. (Salinger)
.....

ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE TRIPS

By evening I was in San Jose, at the lower end of San Francisco// Bay. I dropped the trailer and the tractor I had hauled 400 miles & pointed the pickup towards San Francisco. Due to an Elks Convention it was late evening before I found a motel near Hunter's Point. It was too late to really do anything so I drove across the Bay Bridge, enjoying the lights and the view. San Francisco is a beautiful town in many ways and certainly the Bay is wonderful. An interesting city full of great places to eat, to look at, to play in. I love it.

Being in a pickup had its advantages. Parking is tough in S.F., as in most modern cities, I suppose, and having a pickup was fine. During the next $2\frac{1}{2}$ days I parked in yellow zones, drove through military zones, found spots in construction areas and so forth. That first night I drove over the Bay Bridge I thought I'd better take the underside or lower level where the trucks and buses go. But it

was so late there was no traffic on the lower depths and the airy sweep of the spaghetti-like approaches were deserted. It was eerie, wandering in near blackness, expecting a Mobius curve to send me into yesterday, seeing no one, not even the lights of the city. Then like a champagne cork I exploded into the city without being sure which way was up. At last I wiggled my way onto the top level and was passed through, coming back on the underside. Damn nice bridge but in a passenger car the top of the solid sides keep you from getting a good look. Probably ~~an~~ purpose to keep the tourists from rubber-necking into each other. In 1939, just after the bridge opened, and when Treasure Island and holding up a World's Fair instead of a Navy Base, one of my uncles--now deceased--was captain of the Highway Patrol in charge of both Bay Bridges. He took us all over, into the huge

cable anchorages full of concrete and guards and electric eyes. The enormous cables come into slots on either side of the huge building, anchored to bedrock. In a long narrow concrete room the cable begins to untwist, coming down to $\frac{1}{4}$ " cables in clusters of three that disappear into the mountain of concrete. Across the Bay, in Oakland, a huge board tells them exactly where everyone in the building, the anchorage, is at any time. Very impressive.

Then I went to Chinatown and bought a few things, though most of the shops were closed.

Next day I did the ~~xxx~~ tourist bit, starting with breakfast at The Cliff House, out on the end of the point, above Seal Rocks and west of the Golden Gate bridge on the edge of the continent.

There are lots of little museums there full of mechanical and historic curios such as the Tucker auto and the statue by that Jap that



My wife was a Parisienne for Mischa Novy and his Gypsy Band. (WR)

uses his own hair. Burbee would like one of them, full of player/// pianos and organs, some of them with puppet shows attached. A young man was taping the pianos, wincing and rewinding whenever someone/// else put a dime in a slot.

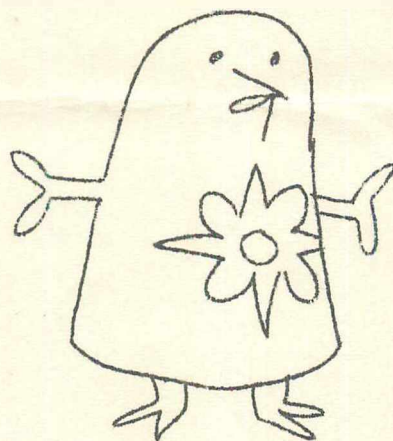
Sausalito lies across the Golden Gate Bridge, in Marin County,/// past the great secret-looking complex that is the greater part of/// the harbor and city defense system. Sausalito is a small, interest- ing town with lots of little yacht harbors, coves, houseboats, inte- resting modern and "old-time" houses. It was here that I started to take pictures in earnest.

I don't go much for the picture-post card type of photography. It is very nice for other people and I do take scenics but only as a/// record, not as a serious attempt at good photography. I prefer the/ "new viewpoint", the patterned, designed picture of our "industrial/ landscape", our "cityscape", or as I prefer, my "personal landscape." I like but have no interest in doing micro- or macro-photography but a great deal of my serious attempts involve closeups.

In Sausalito I scrabbled over piling and old docks, mudflats and/ rotting boats. For every picture I shot in this little vacation I// must have stopped and focused and designed in one or another of my 2 two cameras' viewfinders a dozen times. My pictures look like mode- rn paintings, and no wonder. The sea, or/ rather, the human edging of the sea afford me great opportunity for the "designed"/// pictures I like. I select elements care- fully, shooting mostly in color, and the// resulting pictures seem to please few peo- ple. Oh, well, the game isn't over yet.

Tiburon is a ACTION-restored village/// farther around the curve of the Bay. The people of the town banded together a few// years back, under the ACTION banner, and// repainted, restored the dock area, a thing- that should and could be done to many of// our towns. Camarillo, for one. I had a fine abalone sandwich at Sam's, a rather famous cafe, on the dock,/// with jettys below, houseboats to the left, Alcatraz straight ahead,/// bright in front of the blue monotony of S.F. behind and the nice red of the Golden Gate to the right. The water was smooth, light olive- green close up and blue out by the islands. A gull landing on the// jetty piling a few feet away. A nice fat white gull, sleek from the easy food. Two men were teaching three white huskies how to swim.///

A sigh. A stretch. A drive around the countryside, then back/// across the bridge to wander around the Presidio, seeing the small/// neat graveyard for pets of the Army, then an amble through Chinatown again. Dinner up high, looking over the city. Photographing the/// side of a building painted black next to Old St. Mary's Garage has// become a tradition with me. Every trip. In color and all, a black/ wall is great. Blacks, whites look great in color. Love to shoot// such stuff. Then I saw TOO BAD SHE'S BAD with Sophia Loren and the wonderful Vittorio de Sica. With it as THE WITCH, the Danish (?)// picture that was censored so badly here. But the censoring made in// worse. The Witch runs around naked quite a bit and every time you saw a nipple, you didn't--you saw a big black hairy thing where/// some joker had inked in a dot on each frame. Much worse.



.....
Rape in Hollywood is when you don't get your usual price. (Anon)
.....

Breakfast at Cliff House, Skytram ride over the sea and the rocks with salt in my beard. Then through Golden Gate Park in the fog, to see the bison, the Steinhart Aquarium (which was dull after Marineland), the Academy of Sciences, the Planetarium. Then the El Greco and the armor and the marvelously detailed ship models in the deYoung Museum. The paneled rooms from Europe, the Kress Collection, (which is not dime store stuff) and the marvelous, intricately carved chests, cabinets and wardrobes. I'm a great museum trotter.

As I sit here typing this "San Francisco Beat" is coming on TV. This is the reruns of THE LINEUP, which I saw on location in two spots up there.

I found the wall of the building downtown that houses the Wells Fargo History Room a wall of water. Street repairs had broken a water main and a geyser was making three stories of the Bank a water fall. So I went around the corner and had my shoes shined.

"Man, I think I'll grow me a beard!"

"Coo, man, you ain't man enough!" The bootblack grinned at me.

"Beardless youth if I ever saw one," I said.

"Coo, yes," he said. (Honest.)

"How long it take you to grow that?" one asked.

"About three months now. It's still a baby."

"Well," the first one said to the other, "I bet I could." I left leaving behind me one more in a widening ripple of beard conversations. Y'know, people just won't let you grow a beard if they could help it. I got glares and stares, sly glances of curiosity and open antagonism as if they expected me to grunt Comrade and toss a bomb overhand.

At last they stemmed the tide, the crowd cheered, the unsandbagged the doors and I wandered through a part of the history of the west. A real live stage coach, guns, nuggets, reward posters, free postal cards upon which they pay postage, saddles, pictures of bandits and guards and such mementos as bloody knives and bank doors.

In this place I had the feeling the West was really Wild, that stage coaches were robbed on the hour, that guns were flourished under the noses of Wells Fargo mentexclusively, that blood ran as free as water and nearly as free as bank ink, that gold came amazingly in many colors, sizes and textures, that the men were rugged, bearded and dirty, and that the Good Men looked like Nothing Men and the Bad Men looked worse than Hollywood pictures them. I found out the Pony Express riders changed saddles because the mail was locked in boxes that were part of the saddle itself. I found out that stage coaches had jump seats, that bandits--at least those that robbed Wells Fargo and didn't get away with it--used an amazing number of sawed-off pistols and that no miner in the Gold Rush Days was without his scales to weigh the day's dazzling yield* providing, of course, that he was lucky enough to have something to weigh.

Try as I could I could think of no one to whom I might send a rather attractive Wells Fargo money orders. I could think of one or two I might send a pittance to, but know not how they would cash it.

Then I bought a robot and went to five motion pictures.

I didn't mean to do any of those things, not really, I was walking Market Street, thinking vaguely of my tired feet and that a rest in a theater would help my tired blood when I saw a lovely "Robby--

* phrase courtesy Miss Rita Kirwan, 5812½ Harold Way, Hollywood,

.....
"Your half of the car is broken." ~~Drive~~ Too to insurance company
.....

type" toy robot, battery powered to walk, lightup and various ex-//
citing things. \$3 later it was mine. Today, at home, I stripped it
and took off some of the more idiotic crud and glued various things/
on it and built a little coffin-like box for it to crash out of,////
tearing its way through whatever is across the front. Fascinated///
Bob Poteler when I showed it to him. In its new, remodeled form it/
should be irresistible to all 100% Americans interested in the welf-
are of our mechanical heritage.

Anyway, I went to a movie. Excellent film: EDGE OF THE CITY. And
with it was MAN WITHOUT A STAR, 2-year-old Kirk Douglas flick shot,/
in part, just over the hill from us here. When I came out I tried//
to get a taxi, to go back the score of blocks to my car. No taxi.//
My feet hurt. And there was a triple feature. As I bought a ticket/
I wondered what I was coming to.

Late that night I went to The Tin Angel and listened to Turk Mur-
phy play Dixieland. I drank and drew pictures on cards sitting at//
the bar.

Coops, left out the Civic Center art museum. Oh, I tell you, I///
didn't miss a thing.

The next morning I had breakfast down at the docks, out over the/
water, amongst labor talk, shipping talk, beard talk, and talk of///
the movie they were shooting next door. I wandered through the dock/
area, well-equipped with my good taste and two cameras, shooting old
boards, railroad cars, pilings, base of Bay Bridge close behind some
interesting boards. Oh, I didn't miss an arty corner anywhere.



Then the ship models and scrimshaw in the
Maritime Museum, the ships coming through///
the Golden Gate to be met by a tug much in//
the manner of a groom meeting a bride and///
the little boys arguing about fishing. I was
amazed at how many ferry boats there had////
been in the Bay. I didn't count the pictur-
es but there must have been five dozen. A
five foot model of a gleaming, eagle-topped,
white ferry named the Fort Sutter. Then you
raise your eyes and look out the window and/
see the beached, rotting hulk of the Fort///
Sutter lying tilted next to the seawall. It
was a sad moment.

But before noon I was back in San Jose, going through the anti-//
septic regions of the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum, full of small////
real items and a numbers of plaster casts of larger Egyptian sculpt-
ure, including a full-size Egyptian temple interior. Put it high//
on your Must-To-Miss List.

A wee bit later I was hitched to the trailer and the walnut shak-
er I had purchased was securely affixed to the Ford tractor. A 22ft
boom, used for shaking the trees enough to rattle their teeth, stuck
out 4' beyond the front of the truck, making it dangerous on sharp//
turns. Then my troubles began.

Over 25mph and it shimmied all over the road. It scared me to///
death. 400 miles ahead at 20mph looked both dreary and dangerous.//
I talked my way out of a Highway Patrol checkpoint on the overhang,/
but must admit relief when a patrolman later put the cave and the//
overhang together and ordered me off the highway.

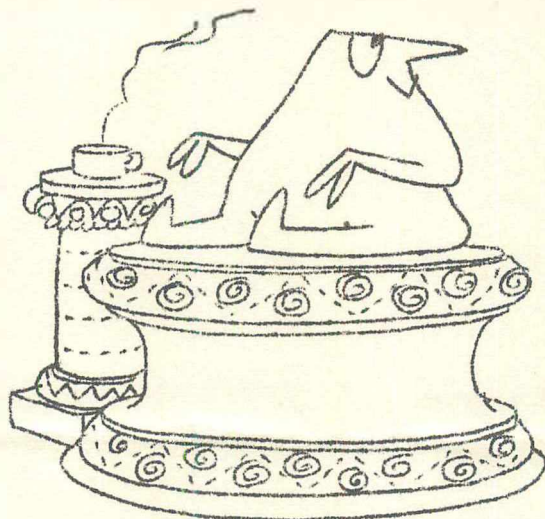
Many hours later I had found a trucker who, for \$150 would, in///

.....
Woman are no good, except as women. (Anon, thank heavens.)
.....

the middle of fruit trucking season, would bring the damn thing down to far-off exotic Camarillo. So I came home, stopping off at a//// Mission or two. One had a lovely 400-year-old statue of St. Michael vanquishing the Fallen Angel in the original polychrome slowly falling to teeny pieces in a tile-floored room with ancient (for the New World) yard-thick walls and one bare light bulb.

Another mission, long abandoned to shards of abode walls sticking up out of hills of their own dirt, had been partially restored and// in the process losing all identity, individuality, character, charm, guts, beauty and such adjectives. All these restorations--there are a couple of dozen of them up the coast of California, most of them// restored at one time or another and most of them losing their char-// acter in the process--are bores./

At home I found a great stack/ of mail: a stack of slides, a new Myres holster for my .38 with the new rosewood combat grip, gags, a few bills, a letter from Helen/// Wesson in Japan asking me to forward a manuscript to Forry Ackerman and a letter from Welton Bock ket, the Great Architect, asking me to come in and talk about the Beverly Hilton's idea of raising the 3-group 27'-high fountain I// did for them out of the 15' hole it's in. How high I don't know// but the whole idea amuses me.



.....
I do not have to committ myself. (Miss Rita Kirwan)
.....

ODDS AND ENDS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Rita Kirwan, she of the neat turn of phrase, was telling me of a/ spanish style house she saw in the Bunker Hill section of LA. It/// had a tall, narrow slot of a window in a sort of tower. Bunker Hill was once hellinshly olegant, now run down. So this once fino home/// was a wholesale plumbing equipment establishment with a two story,/// foot-highwide window filled with pastel toilet seats. # "Outside of that, Mrs. Lincoln, what did you think of the play?" # Gronnell will a .357 slug go through a concrete block wall? # I saw the science-// fiction movie "X-the Unknown" at a sneak preview...I liked it.I will recommend it to you. # Thunk up a good name for a mattress, a trade/ name: the Pashonfield Mattress Co. # I got to thinking about it the/ other night and realized that sculpture, drawings and prints by me// have been exhibited in museums, small galleries, group shows, parks, one insane asylum, festivals, open air exhibitions, homes, stores,/// libraries, arty furniture stores, county fairs, state fairs, and/// in movies, on Dragnet, in the Los Angeles and San Francisco big cou- nty shows, in Aspen, Newport, Miami, Chicago, Ft. Lauderdale, Now/// York and the Brooklyn Museum. Does it impress you? It shouldn't,/// It's really the teeniest small potatoes. # Stan Freberg says he'll// do a preface for THE TATTOOED DRAGON if and when it gets published. There's a litrary agent clutching it right now. # Onward & stuff.//

A LETTER FROM NONE OTHER THAN THAT GOOD MAN, DEAN A. GRENWELL

((Actually I have a giant stack of corresspondence from Dean, but he's one of the lucky blokes who gets direct letters and so I// will but touch upon him in passing, like 2nd base.))

Offhand I can't think of anything so obscene as lavender toilet// paper. ((Susssh...want the PO to hear you?)) # You ever consider, re your comments on vaulting onto horses from astern, what the sensat-// ion must be like when a parachute opens and those two straps come up kachunk into your crotch? John Berry could tell you, having been an ex-paratrooper. ((What is he now? An ex-ex-paratrooper?)) # I dra- am of the glad day in the misty future when we, you and I, shall//// wander, guns in hand, down along that creekbank after woodpeckers/// and squirrels and stuff. Ahh. ((Well, if you'd stop denying your// progeny some of the Necessities of American Life, like Disneyland & Marineland you'd be out here.)) # J. Kelso Ringrin, Ford Ringrin,/// W. Dovel LeSage, J. Ghislain Lootens, Albert F. Moosbrugger and Kat- ja Loether ("Ency mony miny mo, Katja Lecher by his toe...") are DAGs latest offers.

Couldn't I have a disease with my clothes on?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

We're all aware of the "Made in Texas" signs/ that started off the rash of "Made in Africa" by Ants" and "Made in Pasadena by Sweet Little Old Ladies" and "Made in Dor Black Forest by Elves"// and "Made on Mars by Martians." But have you/// seen the "Made in Hollywood by Practically Ever- ybody!" or my very own creation, for bicycles,/ "Made in Italy by Thieves."

Saw a tire truck with "Invite us to your next blowout" on it; and an electrician's pickup///// owned by a guy named Cross who had a sign, "When You Blow A Fuse Don't Get Mad, Get Cross."



Oh, hell, all your words have undue omphasis!

(Carso)

STILL MORE--YOU CAN'T ESCAPE DEPARTMENT

There's a realtor on Venturxa Boulevard outside LA named M. W./// "Jack" Truss. I feel he changed his nickname from Jock. Adam Yago- dga reports a Dr. Skull and a Mrs. Head work at the same mental hos- pital that he does. A certain Canadian friend reports there's a//// British pocketbook author of sexy stories named Hymen Sorc. My own/ research staff has come up with Stirling Silliphant; R.C. Shirt, Hohn J. Pulskamp, DR. E. Newton Crumbcagle, Steve Tarzan, Ferline Husky// and of course, Kent Moomaw.

REMEMBER--YOU CAN'T CRITICIZE IKE!

MISCELLANY When in Frisco I bought a toy robot. I've now worked/// him over so he has fancy gadgets on him and can walk out of his very own, special-built box. Hosannahs!

COLOPHON

"Lulu" Flack, grandmother to the three children of Chrissy and Granville Vail, good friends of ours, tries to take her grandchildren to innocuous Disney-type films but sometimes there just isn't anything like that playing. So she looked through the papers and found two she thought would be a pleasant matinee for the wootads: BABY DOLL and PINNIC.

Now that my beard is a thing of beauty I find there is a great responsibility that goes with it. People glare at you, stare at you, laugh at you, looking admiringly at you, expect you to laugh wildly and start throwing bombs...or so their expressions would lead one to believe. I now know why so many bearded men (and maybe women) have such a stern expression. When in this beardless society you have a beard you are suspect. People are always looking at you. Strangers feel perfectly free in starting conversations with you, something normally not done easily. I'm not against easy conversations but invasion of privacy, I am. It--the beard--has long since past the merely unshaven or weekend beard stage and is several inches long. If Stan Freberg has the projected Ides of March party I might save it until then and go as a centurion.

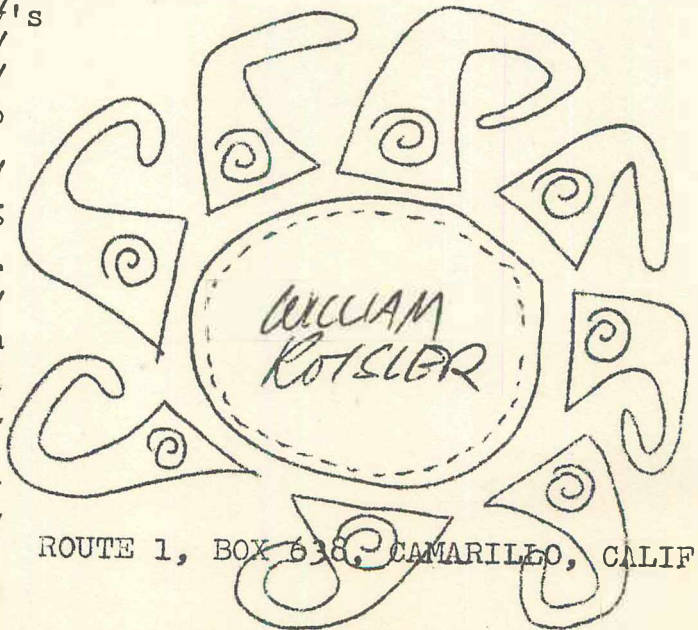
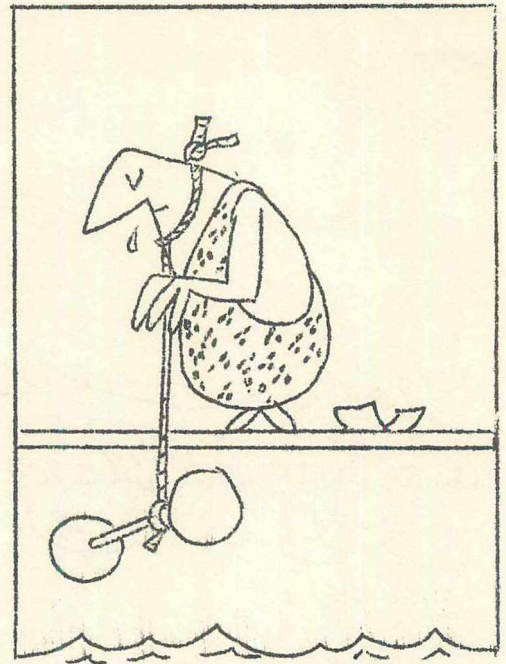
We're not going to give in. I've found that suddenly there is a fashion among the arty young men about town to raise beards, usually of the Van Dyke type rather than full, like your editors. It started with the artists, I understand, and spread like social disease to other types. Maybe I'm a harbinger of hirsute matter. Freberg calls it my facial hair, a most disturbing term.

We have been seeing a fair amount of Stan of late. I photographed the Banana Boat recording session and the Contadina Tomato commercial, which I think is great. Especially the "fun" side of the 45rpm disc that they send to the radio stations. He lampoons his own commercial there, just for sponsor/station personnel kicks. We took him to see Caroline Richter at a supper club. Caroline is an old friend of Abney's oy's. They did BEST FOOT FORWARD together in Houston. I'm working on a "Stan Freberg Kit" to send to fans who ask for pictures, etc.

We like him. Who wouldn't, I guess. This week's TIME has a big thing on his radio show.

So we come to another ending of yet another KTEIC MAGAZINE. I hope it was worth waiting for, mon cherie. KM appears irregularly, as you know. Most irregularly...but it does appear from time to time to satisfy my social commitments. Please consider each page of this thing a personal letter to you. Now you owe me one...

27 July 1957 WR



ROUTE 1, BOX 638, CAMARILLO, CALIF.

Now you owe me one...
thing a personal letter to you.
Please consider each page of this
to satisfy my social commitments.
it does appear from time to time.

20 July 1957 WR

ROUTE 1, BOX 238, TAMARILLO, CALIF.

Now you owe me one...
thing a personal letter to you.
Please consider each page of this
to satisfy my social commitments.
it does appear from time to time.

20 July 1957 WR

ROUTE 1, BOX 238, TAMARILLO, CALIF.