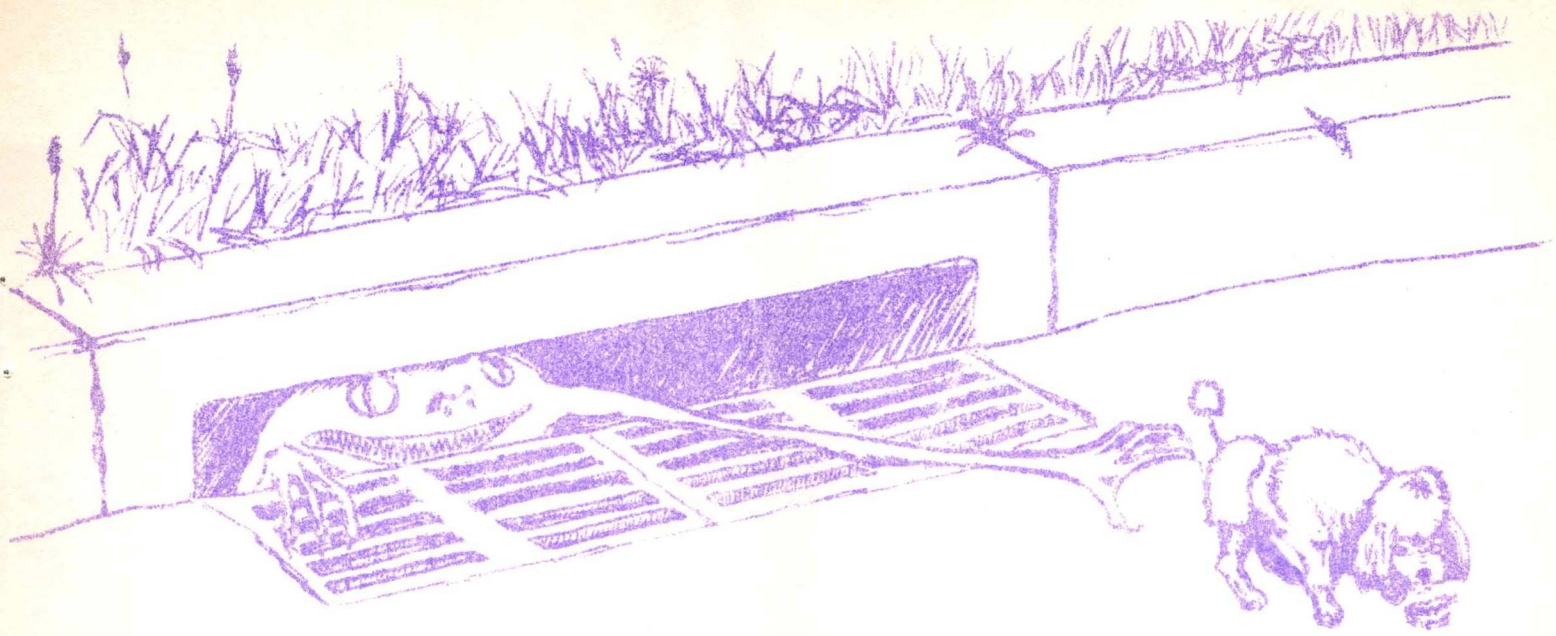


Sambo

24





FAPA 152

S A M B O

No. 24

Fam. Martinez, Editor

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Tulsa, Ok. 74120

Somebody's been messing with the time stream here in Tulsa! Just a couple of months ago I was wrestling the Purple Dragon, trying to run off a legible Sambo and my Ghod, here it is almost August again, a year later and I'm dangling on the edge of Fapa extinction. It's a diabolical plot by neofans to eliminate dead- (or at least decaying) wood from the organization. At any rate, here comes one more issue of Sambo. I tried a little science-fiction in the last issue and, after reviewing the resulting mailing comments, I won't try that again! Back to the light and airy persiflage (protective Fapa coloration). As usual, I am relying on son David to give the mag a little class with his illustrations, cover, etc. One of these days, maybe I can get him to put out a zine of his own. (Hint, hint!) Nothing new or startling to report, except that I finally cancelled out the old P. O. Box 4251, which was my fanzine address going back all the way to Shadowland, and that was more years ago than I care to admit. Every year or so, old Uncle Sammy tacked another buck or so onto the bill and this year, the destitute P. O. Dept doubled the bill (\$20 a year, no less, for what used to cost \$4) and I decided to let Sambo move in with me at 1003 E. 18th St. After all, there's a lot of room there, and to Hell with the nostalgia. Otherwise, not much change! Still writing and teaching for a living, and participating in dramatics for a hobby. Completed my 300th performance in the "Drunkard" the other day, at the Spotlight Theatre. The show has been running there for 23 years now, every weekend, and I have been in the cast for 13 of those years. Not every week, you understand, for we have a number of players in each role, and they are rotated on a weekly schedule, so there is a new different cast each Saturday. I personally also rotate between four different parts: Green, the villain; Morgan, the drunkard; Romaine, the travelling philosopher; and Switchell, the hill-billy comic. If you ever happen to be in Tulsa on a Saturday night, be sure to drop in (it's right by the river!)

SUBTERRANEA

About four years ago (you may recall, if you've been listening), the Martinez family moved, bag and baggage, from the old homestead on 15th St. to a brand new abode on 18th St. Well, not exactly brand new, for study of the abstract showed the old house was built in 1918, which probably predates a number of our Fapa members. At any rate, it was a huge, rambling brick structure, with red tile roof, and a three-car garage that was almost as big as our previous residence. In addition, there was a monstrous front lawn (to be mowed) and a dense windbreak of various assorted shrubbery and weeds, behind which discretely hid a large formal garden full of flower (?) beds, brick pathways, heaved upwards by tree roots and overgrown with grass and weeds, and in one end, an ex-fountain, built into a peeling niche in the stately brick wall, and containing a concrete statue from which half of the concrete had peeled exposing steel reinforcements like a grotesque skeleton.

We scattered the Martinez kids and cats around the house and, lo, before we knew it, all the rooms were full and the garage was still bursting with boxes of unpacked junk valuables, such as fanzines, prozines, books and records, old tires, sick air conditioners, dead TV sets, and the like. I still carry in a box from time to time, paw through the relics and throw 90% of them away. Some day, I will be able to use my garage for the purpose Ghod intended (a ping-pong court).

But enough of that! This summer, Charles, the youngest of the Martinez clan, decided to investigate strange things in the garden (such as the fountain). Alice (the better half) has already taken over the flower beds (I suspect I married a farmer's daughter). As for me, I try to ignore the whole mess! Anyway, in trying to locate water pipes leading to the fountain (about 150 ft. from the house) Charles dug up a series of valves and pipes surrounding the fountain, none of which worked, even after he laboriously unfroze them. He also found a big, round stone (90 lbs weight, according to the bathroom scales) under which hid more valves, but still no water. Cleaning out the fountain uncovered three nozzles but still no water.

Further exploration revealed another manhole cover in the middle of some flowerbeds, under which appeared to be a cistern. Further examination showed that much mysterious equipment was submerged therein so Charles rigged up a block and tackle and started emptying out the water, a bucket at a time. Five thousand pounds of water later (he counted) the room was empty and Charles was able to climb down inside and investigate. Besides a large steel tank (with a broken sight glass, and numerous pipe connections and valves) there was a stone bench on which rests the rusted remains of an old pump, complete with flywheel. The motor is gone and the connecting belt is rotted away, but many of the brass fittings are still good. Beneath the pump, obviously, is a well and apparently the whole yard was watered from this source, before city water was available. While he was down there, he finished cleaning out various debris, old bricks, lumber, mud and clay, etc. and now has a cozy hideaway, six by eight feet in size, and nine feet tall, from floor to ceiling. Switches, pressure gages, light sockets, etc. were all in pretty poor conditions, but the many pipes and valves further aroused Charles curiosity.

The next discovery was another complete room, buried next to the garage. This one was dry (it later proved to have a drain in the floor, underneath the tank) and like the other, possessed an old pump, flywheel, valves, gages, etc. but no motor. And another well! A further mystery in this room is a faucet which runs cold clear water when opened, but at a low pressure, insufficient to raise the water above the surface of the ground when a hose is attached. Where does the water come from? God knows! It's obviously not city water, but there are no pumps running. I have jokingly accused Charles of draining out one of our neighbor's swimming pools, but maybe that's not such a wild idea after all.

More excitement arose when Charles uncovered a set of stone steps buried in the ground leading downward. He immediately started to dig them out, but they petered out about ten steps down and we finally figured out that they were merely some extremely elaborate footings for the brick wall. So that hole was covered over and abandoned. There is a sink-hole about 4 ft deep on the other side of the garage which Charles is going to tackle next. I suspect this is merely a leaking storm sewer but then... one never knows. At least, Charles is getting plenty of sunshine and exercise this summer. If I tried to make him do all of that work...!!!! At any rate, all of these underground rooms make for delightful suspense. As yet, no buried treasure but... the fun's in the looking. I think I will get him one of these metal "sniffers" so that he can at least trace down the pipes apparently running all over the yard. There are also apparently a lot of old electric conduit buried out there, but where they go, nobody knows. I have found some unidentified switches in the garage which I suspect are connected to them, but I wouldn't touch them for the world. The whole place would probably blow up.

Hell, there's even an unidentified tank in the attic, presumably for water from the wells, back in the early days. What is most frustrating is that I have no plans or diagrams showing anything! The plumbing has been revamped a dozen times and old pipes are merely sawed in two, don't ask me why, and new pipes installed around them. Similarly, the phone company can't be bothered tracing old wires, so there must be at least a half-dozen installed and abandoned wirings strung all over the house. There are push buttons in every room to summon servants, but the call box in the kitchen, where they terminate, has been yanked and the ~~hole~~ hole in the wall plastered over. And we still, after four years, have been unable to trace the wires from the front and back doorbells, which disappear into the walls, never to be seen again. And they still are connected up someplace, because you can draw sparks from them (low voltage) but push the buttons and all you get is a loud, velvety silence. I suspect the bells went with the servants call box.

There are all kinds of neat gadgets in the house, such as a laundry chute which works, from all floors. All of the dirty clothes end up in the laundry room in a shower of sparks (did I mention that the doorbell wires make a brief appearance as they pass through the laundry chute and again disappear? There is a marvelous recreation room in the basement, complete with fireplace and built-in bookcases, and a complete bathroom with white tile floors and white Marble linets. Also equipped with tub, toilet, washbasin and needle shower (wrap-around). I have my stereo outfit set up in the basement and, the walls and floors are so thick in the house, I can turn it up full volume and it can't be heard outside, or even upstairs.

New houses may have their advantages, but take my word for it, you haven't lived until you move into one of these old relics. If you enjoy mysteries and surprises, every day, it's the only way to go!

CHEMIST'S CORNER

Many methods may be found in chemistry books for making chemicals such as tetraethyl, ethyl, ethyl sulphate or ethyl acetate. There is one compound that is quite common; nevertheless, methods for preparing it have not been widely described, and inexperienced operators have had difficulty in making it. We are referring to ways to make Ethyl Palpitate. One process has been found to be particularly effective, but the operator should be sure to first observe the preliminaries set forth below.

To begin with, the time and place for making Ethyl Palpitate should be carefully chosen. Evenings are the best time, because sunlight inhibits the reaction. Weekend evenings are advisable for two reasons; one is that the operator may have to stand by his task until the early morning hours, to work on a slow reaction. The other reason is that Palpitate Ethyl sometimes needs as long as the weekend to settle, since there must be no foreign influences such as light sources, other operators or agitation. A secluded place should be chosen.

The working material is usually the most important point, although experienced operators can handle almost anything. It has been said of chemicals in general that no reactions occur between chemicals that are absolutely pure. In making Ethyl Palpitate, this fact is extremely important because pure Ethyl will not react, and the more impure, the better. Care should be taken that the Ethyl has not been upset or shaken during the day preceding conversion.

After these precautions have been taken, the most common procedure is dissolving Ethyl in alcohol, ninety proof, followed by gentle application of heat. To hasten the temperature rise, many operators revert to jungle voodooism, by whispering magic phrases and weird nothings. So mysterious is the character of Ethyl that often it responds to such incantations.

Another excellent method of bringing about a reaction is to stir gently with a rod. This sometimes results in a violent reaction, but is nevertheless unqualifiably recommended.

One of the usual faults is to try to make Ethyl Palpitate too quickly. Too much heat may result in disastrous internal forces being released, which leads the reaction in unpredictable directions. Because of this fault, some operators have been known to make Ethyl Ambulate. Others have made Ethyl Exclamate, Ethyl Detonate, Ethyl Vacate, Ethyl Refrigerate or Ethyl Assassinate. On the other hand, if the operator is too gentle, he only makes Ethyl Osculate, or he may simply wind up with the unadulterated Ethyl with which he started.

1950 10 21

Dear Mr. [Name obscured]

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MUSICAL INTERLUDE

A recent fad in Tulsa that (hopefully) appears to be on the wane, has been the modification of popular song titles, with more or less humorous results. Just in case such a thing gets started in your area, here is a collection of some of the ripper specimens, with which you can astound (nauseate?) your friends.

Jangle Bills (Christmas, of course)
I Saw Mama Cussin' Santa Claus
Moonlightin' Rosa
The Old Achin' Bucket
Curry Me Back, too, old Virginny
I'll Seize You In My Dreams
You May Be Wonderful, But I Think You're Wrong
I've Got My Glove To Keep Me Warm
Gorilla My Dreams (I Love You)
The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud
You Tell Me Your Dreams and I'll Try To Stay Awake
I Saw You Last Night And Got That Cold Feeling
While Strolling Through The Park One Day (I Was Mugged)
Born To Bocze
Souse Of The Border
Fleeing Down To Rio
Bony Parts Retreat (Thanksgiving Song)
People Who Knead People (The Olde Massage Parlor)
I Wonder Where's Kissinger Now?
Piddler On The Roof
A Loan Again (Naturally)
The Flying Young Man On The Falling Trapeze
I Love You For Incidental Reasons
You Go Uruguay And I'll Go Mine
You Are My Moonshine
I'll Be Seeing Ewe
The Ice Of Texas
Bloomer Sooner
The Cheap Monk Song
Moon Over My Annie
Love Her - Come Back To Me!
Strange Hearse In The Night
Two O'clock Slump
Moonlight And Noses
Wish You Were Her
Bored In A Gilded Cage
A Petty Girl Is Like A Malady
Two Sleazy People
What Kind Of Fuel Am I?
Shovel Off To Buffalo
The Love Bug Will Bite You If You Don't Wash Out
~~Howl At The Moon~~ Peg o' My Heart (Dracula's Theme Song)
Grime On My Hands
Three Coons In A Fountain

Sofornous Injection of the Carbo-Hygillic Chlorfomic Model and its

Application To Orbic Physics

by Jeff Hall

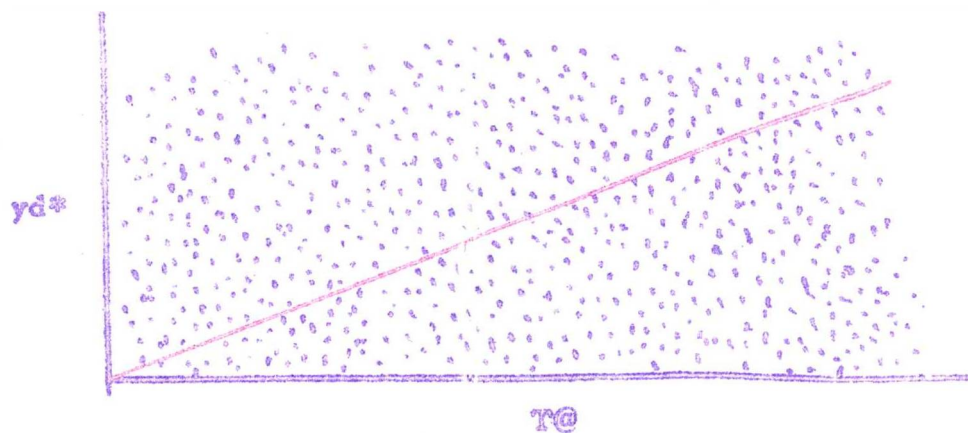
My hypothesis was that there exists a positive correlation between the sofornous coefficients of the ten medium-Hygillic phases of the argonian-carbonate molecule (lorthogenaas, hycogenaas, melogenaas, jehdogenaas, cladogenaas, ibogenaas, forcogenaas, haddogenaas, midogenaas, and nelgenaaas) and the experimentally measured values of their corresponding Hicks ratio components. In this paper, I intend to demonstrate this correlation by use of the synodic-mortord equation ($yd^* - M_5 yd^* = CdT@$) where yd^* is the chorm modulus, M_5 is the dyondic fifth, and Cd and $T@$ are the gurb and torm, respectively.

The inelastic scattering of leptons, plus the quard-parton model deficiency, was compensated for using a dual-materness stabilizer in connection with the quadding of the data. In effect, this compensation uniformity was detrimental to any surron-shift data which I would like to have calibrated into the final result. It was my opinion, however, that I could obtain usable surron-shift data from a table of results in the Kinghly-Haddaline paper on Hidology, published in the February 30th edition of the 1952 "Journal of Professional Sofornous Injectors."

A 99.98% pure sample of Hygillic Chlorfom was obtained from the DeckKan Chemical Company for use in these experiments, and isotopes were ibolyzed from this sample using a lypodrophic generator to the ten basic medium-Hygillic phases mentioned above. Waste products were then ejected through a mycic filter-stabilizer and sold as a dietary supplement.

Phloroscopic rays transferred into each of the ten argonian-carbonate molecular phases were then collected by use of a Heamon light-emission analyzer, through the dual-materness stabilizer, and out to the pulse height and optical rejection notch filter systems prior to reconditioning in the 4-element quadrantal array, monochromator, correlator and square law detector, and into the PDQ8.

The results graphed below supply ample evidence to support my original hypothesis. A line has been drawn in to help guide the eye.



I wish to thank Dr. Van Bruen, of the Dewey Institute of Technology, for use of their portable nuclear mass spectrometer, and Alfred Neuman, who provided valuable assistance in the original collation of the results.

