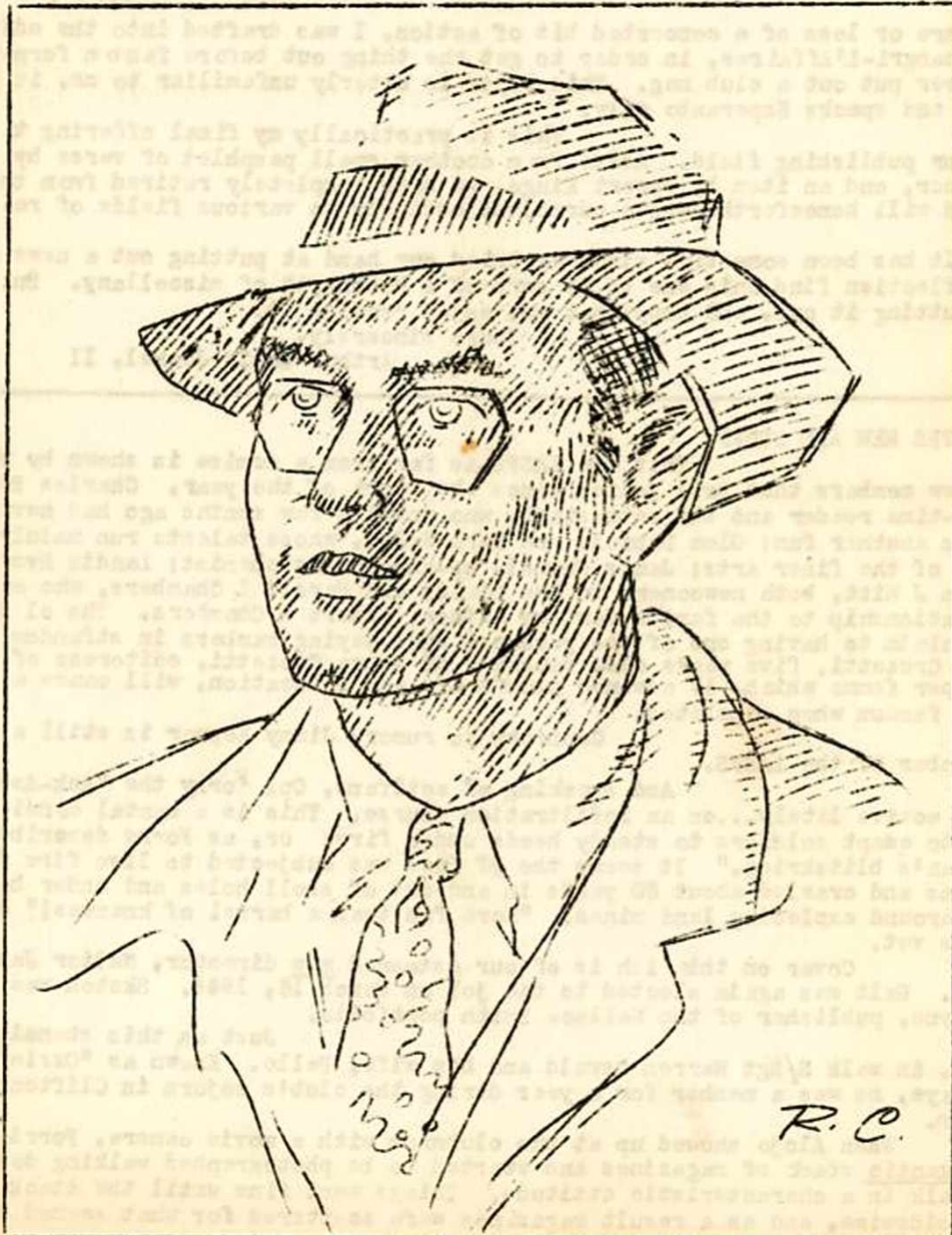


13
SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

APRIL 1944

NUMBER 13



SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

637 1/2 South Bixel, Los Angeles 14, California

Issue No 13

EDITORIAL

By more or less of a concerted bit of action, I was drafted into the editorship of Shangri-L'Affaires, in order to get the thing out before fandom forgot that LA ever put out a club mag. This typer is utterly unfamiliar to me, it being Morejo's, and speaks Esperanto only.

This is practically my final offering to the fan amateur publishing field. Aside from another small pamphlet of verse by Jimmy Kepner, and an item by Fywert Kinge, we have completely retired from the field, and will henceforth devote ourselves entirely to various fields of research.

It has been some time since we tried our hand at putting out a news mag, and on reflection find this one to be sort of a hotch-pot of miscellany. But we enjoyed putting it out, and hope that you enjoy reading it.

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Louis Joquel, II

LAST MINUTES NEW AND STUFF

That the LASFS is far from a demise is shown by the list of new members that have joined since the first of the year. Charles Burbee is an old-time reader and stf enthusiast, who until a few months ago had never run across another fan; Glen Daniels and Karl Welsh, whose talents run mainly in the field of the finer arts; James Hummel, up-and-coming chemist; Landis Everson and Calvin J Witt, both newcomers to the field; and Harold L Chambers, who can claim relationship to the famous fantasy author, Robert W Chambers. The club can also lay claim to having one of the youngest dues-paying members in stfandom in Jeannette Crozetti, five years old, daughter of Laura Crozetti, editoress of Venus, super femme which, if advance proofs are any indication, will cause a furore in fandom when completed.

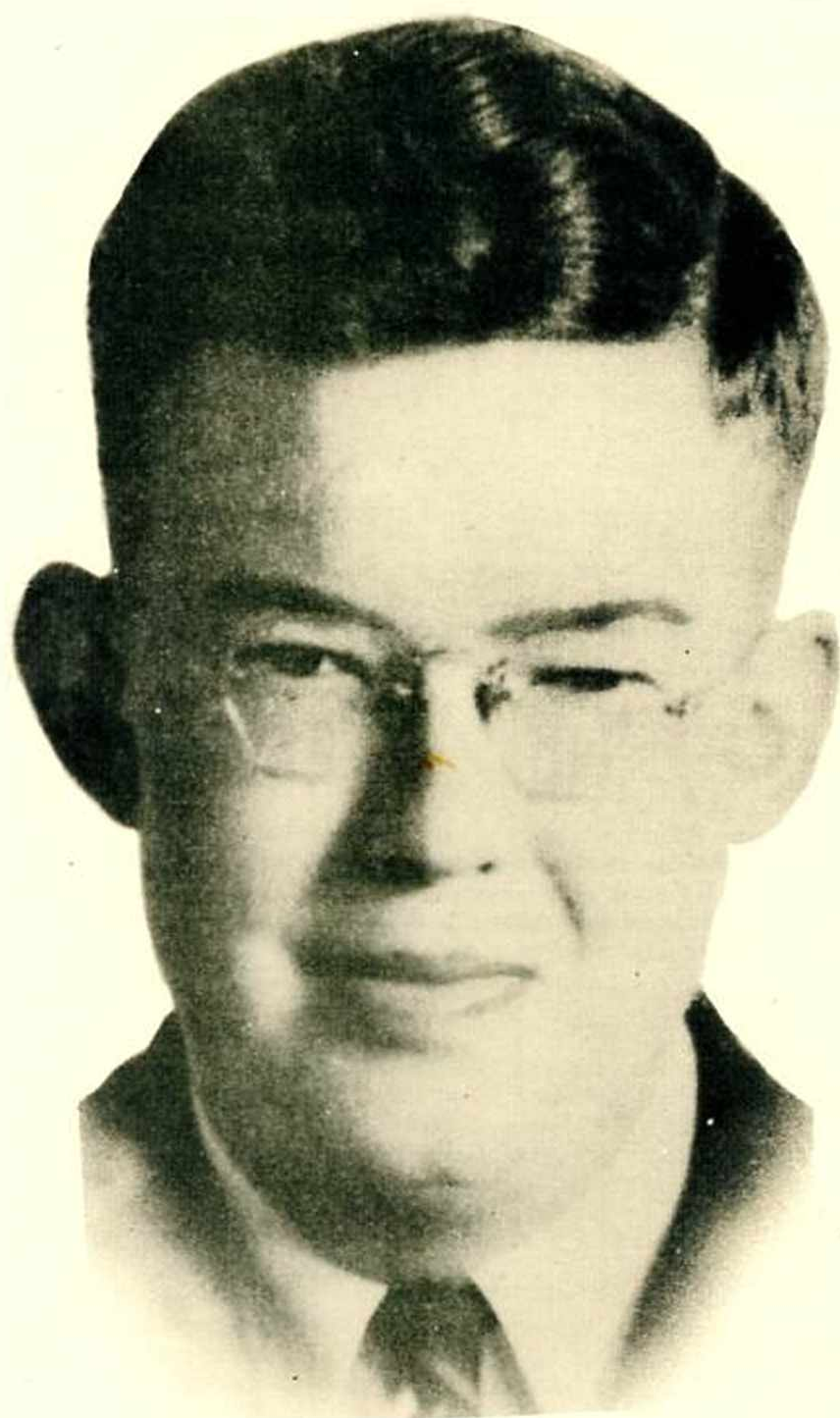
Contrary to rumor, Jimmy Kepner is still a dues paying member of the LASFS.

And speaking of octifans, Cpl Forry the "Ack-Ack" has been very active lately...on an infiltration course. This is a mental conditioning test to adapt soldiers to steady heads under fire; or, as Forry describes it, "a poor man's blitzkrieg." It seems the #2 face was subjected to live fire from machineguns and crawled about 60 yards in and out of shell holes and under barbed wire and around exploding land mines. "More fun than a barrel of knives!" declared the vet.

Cover on this ish is of our esteemed new director, Walter James Daugherty. Walt was again elected to the job on March 16, 1944. Sketch was made by Ron Clyne, publisher of the Wallace Smith portfolio.

Just as this stencil is being cut, in walk S/Sgt Warren Oswald and his wife, Belle. Known as "Ozzie" in the old days, he was a member for a year during the club's sojourn in Clifton's Brown Room.

When Alojo showed up at the clubroom with a movie camera, Forrie took a gigantic stack of magazines and started to be photographed walking down the sidewalk in a characteristic attitude. Things went fine until the stack got slightly sidewise, and as a result magazines were scattered for what seemed to be miles along Bixel Street.



SEVERAL APPRECIATIONS

of

PAUL FREEHAFFER

(1916-1944)

It was a source of deepest regret to learn of the death of Paul Freehafer. On my visit to L.A. I recall meeting him. That was the time he was messing around with a stencil and the mimeo machine. Every time I saw him he wore slacks, and he reminded me a lot of the perennial sports wearer, Bing Crosby. I agree that his loss is one of the biggest losses to Sfandom. In this parting note on a great sfan, I wish to say--he was one swell guy, whom we all in fandom will miss

—John Cunningham

And now - you're gone.
But in your going you have left
A wealth of memories for us.
We look - not at the greatness
 of yourself
But remember - the small things
 that you have done.

We see the love of humankind,
The total growth of man.
We feel the music of your soul
Reach out and envelope us.
We hear the music of your voice
Holding out its warmth to us.
All these - we remember,
And draw you closer, though
Actually you've gone.

—Glen Daniels

The other night I attended the Philharmonic Auditorium. I looked around to see if I could find Paul Freehafer. I couldn't find him. It was the first time I had been to the Phil. and not found Paul somewhere in the audience, he loved the theatre, ballet and music so much. I didn't know of course what I know now. I didn't know that Paul Freehafer wouldn't be coming to the Philharmonic anymore. I only wish I could have seen Paul once more and thanked him for being such a liberal, intelligent man. I believe he was the finest person who ever joined the club, bar none - he seemed to have a great wealth of understanding, his knowledge of science and literature was phenomenal. He loved good music, there were many nights I spent at his home listening to Tchaikowsky, Beethoven, Rachmanineff. Paul had a substantial, unemotional and intelligent approach to fandom and science-fiction. There's nothing any of us can say now, but I'm certain Paul knew how much we all loved him.

—Ray Bradbury

SHANGRI-LA INSIDE OUT

MIKE & ALOJO

Directors go and directors come, so Paul Freehafer went and Jimmy Kepner took over on November 11, 1943. Unfortunately, around this time a number of members became dissatisfied with their inability to manipulate the LASFS, and a few of them resigned, shortly afterward to attempt the founding of a group called the Knaves.

Back in the LASFS, life went gaily on. Several new members came in from time to time, and, as usual, the red tape rolled on. A new series of programs materialized, so that, at long last, the club got in the habit of having a planned program almost every Thursday. Which was really an accomplishment in Shangri-LA.

The first program was a talk given by Mike Fern on Amateur Radio. He discussed the possibilities of the post-war use of this facility by fens, and the problems which would confront a fan group if they wanted to put on a program or hold a two-way conversation with another club. With the amateur bands already crowded, Fern indicated that considerable difficulty might arise for any club that desired to own and operate its own two-way short-wave radio.

A week later, 4e and Mike gave a report on the Second Staplecon, which 4e had sponsored in San Francisco.

The next meeting was an open forum on the subject of the various Superman stories. The members had been looking forward to this for some time, and it developed into one of the most interesting discussions ever held at the LASFS. For about an hour, such stories as SLAN, DARKER THAN YOU THINK, BUT WITHOUT HORNS, ODD JOHN, THE NEW ADAM, THE HEMPDENSHIRE WONDER, and THE GLADIATOR were argued over, with occasional interjections such as Artur Blord and the Hyperboreans of Norman Lindsey. After some time, the talk drifted from fictional supermen to the possible present existence of actual supermen on the earth today. Everyone was trying to get in their own ideas in ahead of everyone else, and six-fingered men, two-hearted individuals and others (see JWCampbell's "We're Not All Human" for more details) when Art Joquel astounded the group by putting in the question of whether sexual inverts might be some sort of human mutants. After a long moment of dead silence, the club recovered enough from the shock of hearing such a topic mentioned in public to discuss some of the theories which have been advanced to explain the existence of homosexuality. The majority of those present seemed to agree that inversion was usually due to mal-adjustment in infancy, but Joquel steadfastly maintained that the "third sex" was the most prominent example of human mutation now extant.

Among the Superman stories, ODD JOHN was believed by a number of fens to be the best. The ideas of the futility of the fore-runners of the Super Race trying to remake the world unless their numbers and powers were such as to overcome the human race, of the

likelihood of the advent of mutants among us of higher calibre than the human race, and the theories about the human race itself gradually ascending by an infinite series of minor mutations were among the various ideas expressed.

The next discussion was on Synthetic Life. The discussion was far from being as lively as the previous one, as most of it was taken up with various un-authoritative theories, and with far-too-many far-too-brief mentions of such stories as mentioned synthetic life.

Then the club took up Time Travel. No one cared to demonstrate, so we merely had a very interesting discussion. Several stories were mentioned and discussed, and there was a bit of discussion on the sideways-in-time theory. The item that possibly Nostradamus had been a genuine time-traveller was resurrected. Tragedy of the evening occurred when it was discovered that the Street & Smith mag which had chronicled the only known instance of time travel (that which occurred in the Versailles garden) was lost, strayed or stolen from the club library, and no one had thought to bring a copy.

The next meeting was taken up with a Christmas party of sorts. Presents, such as toy telescopes, AMAZING QUARTERLIES (the really amazing ones—Ziff-Davis, not Gernsback) and other equally valuable things were exchanged. Several horrible originals were also gotten rid of by their various owners.

Next being the last meeting of the year, the regular annual election took place. Kepner was nominated, but declined and instead nominated Fran Laney for director. Kepner's supporters refused to be so easily squelched, and Jimmy had to run anyway. The first ballot, the votes were tied. Both candidates gave campaign talks, and each one recommended the other for the office (in case you think they were dopes; just try being director of the LASFS sometime). Second ballot, again a tie vote. More talking. On the third ballot, Laney was ahead, but two votes were missing. Kepner suggested that he and Laney alternate in office like the Roman Conclulate system operated. A co-directorship was also proposed. About this time Walt Daugherty rose up in wrath and started one of his spectacular exits, but was cajoled back for a final voting. This time, Laney and Kepner both changing their votes and voting for Laney, the evening was brought to an hilarious conclusion.

A few meetings later there was another open forum, this one on such things as the purpose of fan and fandom. Albert DePina's presence and contributions added much to the discussion. The evening was marked by the unfortunate advent of a visitor with almost no knowledge of sf and fandom, but with longwinded powers of conversation that would put any fan to shame. After sufficient fan had been able to get in words edgewise, it became apparent that the majority of the Lafans had become somewhat cynical about the "purpose" of fandom, and its ability to ever accomplish anything as a group. Individuals who were actually getting results were mentioned, but the glowing dream of a united fandom rising to lead the race forward to a better world of the future was dismissed as so much idle chatter by most of those present.

(Bottom of next page, please)

LETTER FROM THE COSMOS CLUB
England, August 4, 1943

Greetings from the Cosmos Club to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society — greetings and the very best of thanks from all the Cosmopolites!...

The Cosmos Club is founded on a Library system, and was only incorporated when the war made the purchase of American sf magazines impossible thru the normal channels. But it is quite true to say that if it had not been for our grand friends in the United States, there would be no club today... Then you folks came to the rescue, and as a result, the Club, which numbered about ten in membership at that time has now passed its quarter century of members, and is flourishing in a way never dreamed of by any of us in the older days.

Just recently it has been our very great pleasure to hear from your ex-President, Gus Willmorth, who has landed on these shores. We are hoping to be able to meet Gus personally before long. (Ed. note: They have—several times.) We hope that any other Angelinos who may arrive over here will also let us know that they are here, so that we can play some little part in implementing the sincere friendship that has grown up between the two Clubs.

Thank you all very much indeed. When the halycon days of peace are here again, we hope the two clubs will still be able to walk hand in hand to even greater peaks of achievement, but then with Cosmopolis doing its full share of the work rather than, as now, sitting back and reading with the greatest contentment and saying "Thank-you" every now and then!

Very sincerely yours,

THE COSMOPOLITES

John H. Allen
McPewell
Donnan
Don Houston
Wakton
Gus
Art Williams
Frank Parker
Trucker

SHANGRI-LA INSIDE OUT

(Concluded)

And then we had a new member rise and shine, as at the next meeting, when James Hummell led a discussion on the future of chemistry. The discussion centered around plastics and sulfa drugs.

A few meetings later, Joquel gave a talk on methods of divination, as used in both ancient and modern times. He recounted a number of humorous incidents resulting from efforts to foretell the future, and exhibited a deck of Tarot cards, designed especially for divination.

The following time, Sam Russell led a discussion on the two latest issues of Astounding. Preparation for the forum had necessitated that a number of members actually read a sf mag for a change!

Other discussions are planned for coming meetings.

SHANGRI-L AUCTION

H. I. BIDDER

Auctions in the LASFS have always been something of an event, and when an entire fan collection goes on the block, things are going to happen—but fast! The events described below did not all occur the same evening—the auctioning took three nights—nor are the words verbatim or the persons strictly adhered to. But the incidents really occurred, and are typical of most LASFS auctions.

Walt Daugherty takes the gavel, holds up a book. "Here we have a copy of 'John Silence, Physician Extraordinary' by Algernon Blackwood. Very extraordinary. How much—"

"Ten cents," from Brown.

"Two bits"—4c.

"Thirty-five," from Fern.

"Hmmm—looks good," quoth Walt. "Let me look at it."

Daugherty buries his nose in the book. Meanwhile the bidding goes on. "Fifty." "Sixty-five." "Seventy-five." "Eighty." "One dollar."

Walt looks up. "Good book," he says. "I'll bid forty myself."

Screams resound throughout the clubroom. "You'll have to add a dollar to that, Walt," someone says. "The bidding went to a dollar twenty-five while you examined it!"

Next time, Daugherty is wiser. While the bids rise spontaneously, he waves the gavel gracefully, like an orchestra conductor, encouraging now this one, now that, with pointings of his baton. When the bidding stops suddenly in mid-flight, he glares wrathfully at the members. "The idea! Here I was working up to a beautiful crescendo, and the woodwinds stop playing!"

A copy of "Caesar's Column" by Donnelly comes up. Walt holds it aloft.

"Fifty cents," says Mike Fern.

"Fourty-five," says Mel Brown.

"Fifty," Mike says again, but Daugherty does not hear him. "Forty-five I hear," he calls.

Annoyed by Walt's accepting the lower bid, "Forty," Mike bids.

Someone else take up the game. "Thirty-five." "Twenty." The bottom drops out of the market until someone yells, "I'll take it for nothing." But the end is not in sight. "Minus five cents" is

bid. "Fifteen Chinese Yen." "Eighty-seven Wheetons." "What," Alojo painfully inquires, "is a Wheeton?" "A Minneapolis car token and a Confederate dollar."

Eventually the bidding rights itself, and the price returns to forty-five cents and sticks. When Paul Freehafer takes the book, Mike slowly rises, walks over, and drops five pennies into the hand of the book's former owner.

"Conscience money," he explains.

Another time, the bidding gets along a ways, when Walt takes a notion to examine this book as well, just as Mike bids two-bits. Silence for a moment.

"Thirty cents," calls Mike.

Walt still looks at the book.

"Thirty-five," says Mike.

More silence from Daugherty.

"Forty," yells Mike. At which Walt looks up.

"Go on, Mike, you're doing fine," he says. "You've raised yourself four times already!"

Fantastic prices often are paid for items. The first copy of Unknown brought \$1.60, the second and seventh went for \$1.20 each. A copy of "Vathek" by Beckford brought \$2.45, "Lilith" by George Sterling sold for \$1.45. "Visible and Invisible" by Benson was auctioned for \$2.30. "The Goddess of Atvatabar," an interior-of-the earth yarn printed in 1892, went for \$3.65.

Fan mags go for good prices, such as three issues of Bradbury's "Futuria Fantasia" which sold for \$1.50, and the first issue of Tom Wright's "Starlight," taken at 90¢.

All in all, never a dull moment passes when Daugherty wields the gavel and books, fmz, and originals start changing hands.

NEW STF GAME DIVISED BY LASFS

Originated by 4e Ackerman, a new way to while away evenings is being tried by the LASFS. A person takes a stf mag at random from the library, holding it so that no one else can see the date or the cover, and then starts describing the cover to the rest of the fen. The general outline of the picture is told first, then the details are given. If no one is able to guess the story that the cover illustrates, the cover is folded back and the first interior illustration is described. The person who first guesses correctly the name of the story is next to take a turn at the describing of another cover. It's fun, but fen find out that a lot of covers are amazingly similar when it comes to describing them.

TELEPATHY

The article below was originally written for publication in the bulletin of FUTURESEARCH, an organization which was planned by a group of ten in Los Angeles to try to accomplish some serious research work along various lines. When the project was abandoned, this article had already been written and the stencil cut. So as not to lose the material, we have salvaged the stencil and present it here as being of possible interest to fandom.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF TELEPATHY

A Brief Report of the Parapsychology and Psychometrics Research Division

"Telepathy itself was unknown as a demonstrable fact before 1882," states E. J. Dingwall in his introduction to "Telepathy and Clairvoyance" by Rudolf Tischner. What Mr. Dingwall really meant to say was that the first recorded experiments in "thought-reading," as the subject was known at that time, were set forth in print for an unprejudiced examination.

In the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," volume I, page 13, may be found "First Report on Thought-Reading," written by Professor W. F. Barrett, Mr. Edmund Gurney, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers. The writers stated: "The present (1882) state of scientific opinion throughout the world is not only hostile to any belief in the possibility of transmitting a single mental concept...but...is hostile even to any inquiry on the matter."

From 1882 to the present, hundreds of books, pamphlets and articles have been written on the ability of one mind to project its thoughts to another, and dozens of theories have been set forth to account for such phenomena. S. A. Weltmer in his book "Telepathy and Thought-Transference," published in 1902, postulated a "thought atmosphere" through which ideas could be conducted.

The Society for Psychical Research has for many years found telepathy to be a fascinating subject for research, though one on which few members seem to agree. "Can Telepathy Explain?" by Minot J. Savage, published in 1902, "...Spiritualism..." by Edward T. Bennett, printed after 1905, and "Telepathy—Genuine and Fraudulent" by W. W. Baggally, published in 1918, (the latter two with introductions by Sir Oliver Lodge) are good examples of this period.

Tischner's "Telepathy and Clairvoyance" appeared in 1925, and may be said to be one of the landmarks in telepathic research. Detailing a series of experiments that were conducted over a period of twelve years, it contributed materially to the advancement of the subject. "Mental Radio," by novelist Upton Sinclair, brought a popular description of telepathic powers before the public in 1930. In 1931, Dr. T. Fukurai published his "Clairvoyance & Thoughtography," the results of twenty years of research.

"New Frontiers of the Mind" by J. B. Rhine, the story of the Duke University Experiments in Telepathy, plus the radio sessions in telepathy of that period, again brought the idea to the fore. Rene Warcollier's "Experiments in Telepathy" followed, a year later. "Geometric Telepathy" by Lilian Spencer Thompson made some valuable contributions to the theory in 1939, while "Telepathy—In Search of a Lost Faculty," by Eileen J. Garrett added more data in 1941. "Thoughts Through Space," by Wilkins and Sherman, is the most recent outstanding book to appear on a subject which, though under investigation since Professor Barrett read a paper before a jeering group of British scientists in 1876, is still in the realm of the unproven.

THE CLUB OVER OUR HEADS

W J D

The LASFS has met in so many different places that it would be senseless to try and enumerate them, but the main point of it all is, that at last, after several very eventful years of activity, the club has settled into a very fine clubroom. Situated at 637½ South Bixel, it is in somewhat of an ideal location as far as transportation is concerned. Two apartment houses combined into one large, well-built, and fireproof brick building hover over it, and on each side. A plate glass door and a large display window with two small side windows and a glass transom make up the frontal appearance of the local Society. Althea Slate, sister of former member Eleanor O'Brien, has painted the club emblem, our name, and list of activities on our large display window.

The fact that the room was formerly a beauty shop is advantageous one way. There are twelve electric plug-ins and sockets around the room at even intervals. A large closet houses the mimeograph and the mimeograph supplies. Out of the treasury, we purchased some venetian blinds for the door and the window, plus a large rug for the floor and twenty metal chairs. A large day couch with mattress has been donated and blankets have been loaned for same to house and bed any fan who arrives from out of town, and needs a place to stay for a day or so. Many local fans as well as out-of-towners have taken advantage of this convenience. Three large book-cases, built by Daugherty, adorn one side of the room.

When the clubroom was first investigated by Morajo and Daugherty it was noted that the place needed painting and the rent needed reducing to meet a budget. This was accomplished with the help of our swell landlady.

The room is about twenty feet wide and thirty feet long, with a high ceiling. The floor is painted grey, with a cream colored wall and blue trim. Blue molding, about eight feet high around the room, supports a large variety of science fictional original illustrations and covers. Well represented are the works of Dold, Cartier, Paul, Hunt, Wesso, Krupa, and Tom Wright. Several high powered lights, with silver tips to assure indirect lighting, keep the room well illuminated at all times.

Recent installation of a telephone has been a great convenience to the club for outgoing calls, as well as for members outside to contact the club at any time of day or night. Many types of queer calls have been made and received. The biggest surprise call of them all was the Thursday night meeting that was interrupted (pleasurably) by a phone call from Slan Shack, in Battle Creek, Michigan. The phone is one of the wall types and hangs in the rear of the room with an imposter list of local fans' numbers slightly over it.

The activity, I should say "THE ACTIVITY" of the group has reached a new high lately. Publications literally keep the mimeograph humming and hardly an evening passes but what the club is a veritable beehive of activity of one activity or another.

THE TELEPHONICON

(As reported by an ear-witness)

"Battle Creek calling LASFS! This is Slan Shack!"

Thus dramatically might a 2000 mile telephone call have been completed from Ashley to Ackerman. But since Widner's insistence upon accuracy in fan reporting rather than imaginative elaboration, I'll give a slug-by-slug account, uncolored by journalistic liberties...

Quotations, of course, are not to be considered as gospel; the reporter did not personally engage in all conversations, and at any rate was not listening with a mind to recording, as he has been requested to do, several days later. (With the added detraction of composing in a roomful of actifans with chattering typewriters and jawbones and a radio opera-ing, and I don't mean operating.)

O, well, the helick with the preamble; and, in the immortal words of Russell: "Have at Thee, Knanves!"

* * *

About 8 o'clock the club phone rang on the meeting nite of Thurs. 4 Nov. '43. The meeting was not quite yet officially in motion. Mike Fern answered. "Battle Creek?" he said. Quiet fell. "It's Battle Creek," he said out of the corner of his mouth. Then he hung up and announced the call would be continued shortly.

Little seemed to be that of the matter. No preparations were made for questions to be asked or a tentative line-up of fans in case the call actually did come thru. I don't think many--including me--took it very seriously. Too many national and local hoaxes lately. Ackerman reported nearing New York, that type of thing.

When the phone did ring again, Mike got it again, the group quieted down again, and he repeated, several times, "Mike Fern...Mike Fern." Apparently the party at the other end was not familiar with this former Frisco fan. Finally someone, "forry, you take it."

I ran over to the instrument, said "Hello," a voice announced, "This is Slan Shack!", I said, "O?", he said, "This is Al Ashley," I said, for no good reason that I know, except perhaps because it's one of my nicknames, "This is Ackle--Ackle."

Interrupted a lush feminine voice, "Hello, forry Darlin', this is Ruja-blu. How are you?" "Really?" I replied, uncertain whether it were so or Walt had just rigged up with his girl friend Tilly (I'm talking about Daugherty at this point, not Liebscher) to pull a gag. I continued, "I guess I won't know for a week or so whether this is so." "Huh?" hurred Abby. "There're so many hoaxes lately," I explained. I don't recall just what she said to that. Anyway, as I began to believe it all and make strange gurgling noises, she said, "Do you sound as astonished as you sound?" I probably did.

By this time other fans were beginning to gather 'round. Phil

had pencilled a note, "Ask is Ollie there?" Abby told me no, Saarl had had to leave the day before.

((Author's Note--"author" with quotes: One week has passed since the words on the preceding page were composed. Since then my memory of the occasion has badly decomposed. And none of the local zombies who participated in the memorable call are here in Carnegie Hall at the present time to check with...))

I believe I relinquished the phone to Phil, who talked to--Tucker --I think. No, now that I re-think, I believe it was Bruce who talked to Tucker. Unless he was talking to Ashley, and Tucker butted in. Probably after this article is all thru and published, someone--maybe on the other end of the line--will have to re-write the whole thing, correcting my many incorrections.

Yerke: "Huh? How's that? No! Is that definite? Has it been verified?" He was refering to an unconfirmed rumor about Claudegler.

Walt Daugherty took over to talk to Ashley and Tucker briefly about fan organization plans he had forwarded to me to read. That is, I had expected to make it to the Michicon, and Walt had airmail speculated a long letter to me c/o Ashley, to be read to the convention, with various elaborations which I was supposed to make in person. Since I wasn't there to fill in the gaps, Walt wondered if parts had been puzzling. As I understand it, the letter had not even been opened, however, since it was not known it was of an open nature, and not specifically for me.

We got out the ladder and Morojo climbed up to the mouthpiece--oops, Art, forgot we had to stick to the unvarnished facts--I mean, at this point Morojo raised on her tip toes to talk to her long-distance love-life, Bob Tucker. Before she had hardly had time to say hello, Walt Liebscher cut in...then Abby Lu...and a moment later, greetings from Al Ashley.

Seems like Phil took back the phone, found out 27 had attended. About this time some frantic business began of writing down a number at our end of the line. As I check on the sidewall by the phone I see it is still scrawled there: 23860.

I took the phone under the impression Tucker was on the other end and shouted "Hi, Tuck!" but 'twas Walt instead and I changed my tune to "Hi, Rooster!" then launched into a condensed tirade about why the heck hadn't he sent me the books I asked a favor of him some months ago. I don't recall his answer, if any. He went on to tell me they were putting out Chanticleer. Pages were strewn all around the floor at that very moment. I asked if there'd still be time for me to get in the article he'd asked me for. He said yes. I said I hoped I'd be able to write it the day after next. But I still haven't been able.

Somewhere along the line I recall telling someone about other fans who were here in the clubroom: Fran Laney...Joe Gibson...Sam Russell. Paul Freehafer walked in in the midst of the telephonic confusion and was rushed over to talk to--who?

About here, hasty plans were made to call back--that is, for us to call back. A week later we received this postcard: "That was a nice phone call!" Signed Boob Tucker, Al Ashley, Abby Lu, "Thelma", "Tucker's Model", Walt Liebscher, and Jack Wiedenbeck, who added, "Especially the call back--you tight wads!" Explanation: That wasn't why we didn't call back: On checking with Long Distance, we found we we wouldn't've been able to get you guys again till about one a.m.!!

FROM
BOX 6475 METRO STATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Bruce Yerke
1223 N Gordon
Hollywood
Cal