

This is , published for APA L, 63<sup>rd</sup> distribution, 1471<sup>st</sup> LASFS meet-  
ing, by KALI BRANDAGAMBA, of the Labyrinth Duquesne. Phone: 385-1259.

The impossible we J. G. states that Marijuana is the inconceivable  
did yesterday-- not a narcotic. On that assump- may take us a few  
tion, J. G. does not the narcotics, minutes longer.  
#63 and I retract my statement that he does.

A few weeks ago, the local Thrush next had a flight. Hilda Hoffman,  
having decided to leave UCLA a week before the start of Christmas Vacation,  
made arrangements with Ted Johnstone and Mitch Evans for a rather dramatic  
exit. I found out about this the evening it was to occur (Friday) and  
called Ted, since a) I wanted to get into the act, and b) it seemed to  
me that the exit would be more dramatic if she did not have to come back  
Saturday to get her clothes etc. Ted called Hilda and discovered that she  
was indeed agreeable to moving out all at once, but that she had packed  
only partially, which might slow down somewhat. At about 8:30,  
the local nest, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ consisting at that time of Owen Hannifen,  
Ted Johnstone, Mitch Evans, Don Simpson, met at the Booby Hatch (code  
name: "West Coast Headquarters) and Gail and I were adopted into the  
nest by the simple expedient of buying Thrush badges from Don and basting  
them onto our jackets. Since Mitch had been delayed by a flat tire, and  
had arrived somewhat late and without a badge, which had to be attached on  
the spot, I made up for lost time by getting on the Santa Monica Freeway  
and proceeding to UCLA ~~XX~~ at a highly illegal speed. Arriving at Hershey  
Hall slightly before 10:00 PM (2200 hours), we contacted Hilda and went  
into the lounge where we spent an hour watching "The Man From Uncle,"  
during the course of which we began spinning in the ~~XXXXXX~~ Uclans by  
laughing at things which nobody else laughed at, and never laughing at  
things which the rest of the audience laughed at. (Except Simpson, who  
could not help chuckling at times at the really funny lines) At intervals  
during the show, Owen walked out of the room carrying a strangely com-  
municator-like gadget, proceeded to a telephone booth, and proceeded to  
call "headquarters"--without putting a dime ~~XXXX~~ in! He then carried on  
long and heated discussions concerning transportation for Hilda.

After the show, we organized to move Hilda out in as short a time as  
possible, considering that she had had to pack everything on such short  
notice. The trunk of the Buick was opened (I had cleaned it out for this  
occasion) and a team of two was set up to carry things from the courtyard  
to the car. Since UCLA still has those outmoded regulations forbidding  
men from entering women's residence halls, Gail and Hilda were made  
responsible for getting the stuff down from Hilda's room to the courtyard,  
where the rest of us could take over. One person was assigned to the door  
separating the courtyard from the lobby (we had to pass through the lobby in  
order to get from the courtyard to the car. Mitch, the "regional director,"  
stood around giving orders and looking important. Owen, as Technician,  
periodically checked the courtyard for spy devices with the "communicator,"  
and called "the airport" from time via the communicator, asking that a  
scheduled plane be held up so that Hilda could leave at once. The person  
or door guard, simply stood by the door, facing straight ahead, either at  
attention, or at ease, with his left side (where the badge is) turned  
toward the lobby. Also, whenever any member of the nest came up to the  
door, the doorguard would open it just before the person arrived. When ~~XX~~  
the trunk filled up, we started piling things in the back seat of the

Buick, and when that became full, Ted brought his car up and we started filling up his trunk. ~~XXXXX~~ At about 11:30, "Headquarters" informed Owen that the plane could be held no longer, and that if we did not arrive at the airport within a half an hour, it would have to leave without Hilda. At this point, Mitch became visibly angry, took the communicator from Owen, and said in his best Europe accent, "This is Regional Director Mitchell Evans, and I am invoking priority 'A'. The plane shall be held until Miss Hoffman arrives." Owen reports that the communicator, which was in reality connected to nothing, and consisted of an empty plastic toy, said "yes sir" very meekly.

Throughout the operation at Mira Hershey Hall, we did our best to give an impression of precision timing and quasi-military attitudes. Whenever anyone asked any of us what was going on, he was told "Miss Hoffman has been accepted for advanced training by Thrush. If you want any further details you will have to ask her." It was essentially impossible to get any of us to smile. Some immediate gauge of the impression we made may be gathered by the fact that, ~~XX~~ when we finished moving Hilda out at 12:05 AM, ~~XXX~~ Hershey Hall was still wide open, although lockout hour is midnight-exactly, and Hilda says that the Hall has not stayed open past lockout hour at any time within her knowledge.

After we had moved Hilda out completely, we went over and payed Mike Klassen a visit, talked to him and Ed Rosenschweig about 15 min., and then we went out to eat. This made 8 of us in 1 1/2 cars (the back seat of the Buick was full of Hilda's luggage, remember?). After we had a quick snack, Hilda, Don, and I took off in my car for Hilda's place in Alhambra. We arrived at about 2:00, talked to Hilda's mother and moved the stuff in from the Buick, then Ted, Mitch, Owen, and Gail arrived, we talked a while more, and then left.

Hereafter, the official name of the Buick will be the one Owen gave it after noticing that the license number is QIX 883, namely, "QUIXOTIC".

I WON't bother with a disty comments section this week, as I am rather rushed and have only one disty comment: JAYN With your "Goddess Save the Mark" you have evidently declared it open season ~~XX~~ for bad jokes, so I herewith present this lino:

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 "I think I may imitate Andy Porter and give Jayn a collie pup for Xmas"  
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"How do you spell that?" --JRH

--BDG

(Kali) RFP