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The impossible we  
did yesterdat--

the inconceivable  
may take us a few  
minutes longer.

#68

It was a big weekend, . . . perhaps a little too big. Saturday we went Carousel hunting. It wasn't my day for finding routes, I guess. First we went to the Griffith Park Carousel. Griffith Park is one of the few parts of LA that I don't know my way around in too well. I took Owen, camera, and car in through the Vermont Entrance. Since the Carousel is on the Golden State Freeway side of the park, this meant about 15 minutes of winding over Crystal Spring Drive before we got there. It would have been much faster to have followed Los Feliz Blvd. around. The Carousel is interesting, rather old (about 1905, according to Bruce's guess) but still in good condition. Then we took off for Knott's Berry Farm. Owen swore up and down that Knott's was beyond Disneyland, while I was equally sure that Knott's was in Buena Park. Since I failed to spot the Billboard in passing through Buena Park, I decided to take Owen's word, and we continued to look until we reached Tustin and then turned around and went back. On the way back, we did see the sign at Beach Blvd., and got to Knott's with ease, where we passed up a chance to ride on the large carousel in favor of going through MacDonald's farm before it got too dark to take pictures. It was well worth the \$.35 admission charge, since it had a 100 year old, mule-driven Merry-Go-Round. Also of interest, aside from the trained animals, was a Tapir which was wandering around loose. Bruce spent several minutes conversing with it in "Trunk Talk." Then we had dinner and planned to go on to another Carousel which Bruce had found on the map, but Owen, Ted, Hilda, and Ruth got separated, and Bruce, Dian, and I eventually gave up and went home.

Sunday, Owen, Ruth, Ted, Hilda, Bill, Jayn, and I went to Disneyland. It was raining in the morning, forcing me to hole up in Main Street until about 11:30, and was very cold the rest of the day. About 5:00, I split and went to take care of some business of my own, then went on to Jayn's to join the group. To my surprise, they hadn't arrived yet. Since I had gone considerably out of my way, and had been driving rather slower than usual (like about 55 - 60 ) due to an unbalanced tire. So I read the Ellern's books and talked to their Babysitter until they got home at about 8:00. Having caught the flu somewhere along the line, I had a rather high fever by this time, and looked it. The fever was cured, temporarily, by a massive dose of vitamin C, two APC tablets, and a hot toddy. This time I only missed one day of work and was miserable one day at work before the flu ran its course. Help, I', running out of stencil. \*sigh\*

(Kalimac Brandagamba)

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