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Cleveland in 1966!

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First off, the Theatre Party to see "Utopia, Ltd." is all lined up. Date: Saturday, Sept. 18th. Time: 8:30 p.m. Place: the West Hollywood Park Auditorium, 647 North San Vicente in Los Angeles. Price: for groups of 25 or over, \$1.75; regular price, \$2.25. Get your orders with \$1.75 in to me by next Tuesday, the 14th; if we don't get the minimum 25 people, I'll collect the extra 50¢ per person at the performance. As to the company, it's being put on by the Los Angeles Savoy-Arts; and while I know nothing about them personally, Thomas Slate has seen them and says he preferred them to the D'Oyly Carte Company in whatever operetta they both performed. So get your money in to me soon -- tonight, if possible.

RADIATIVOS!  
IRABANOS!  
NO 47

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While I didn't get to the NonCon this year, I have been spending a busy weekend, nevertheless. Saturday, I went down to the Trimbles' new house, arriving just about as they were through working for the day. The house is quite nice for a new one (I haven't seen anything built since World War II that I really like, especially in tract housing), having a living room, kitchen, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms. One of the bedrooms will be turned into the study/fanac room; another which, with the second bathroom, is set off from the others, may be rented out for the first year. The back yard is nice and large, having both a swimming pool and a lawn. In the evening, we went back to the Belgrave house, and I saw one of the reasons the Trimbles are moving: it seems that as soon as they'd left for the day to go to their new house, a group of the neighborhood kids had climbed over the 6' concrete wall into the back yard and spent the afternoon throwing things around taking a few things. It wasn't difficult finding out who these were; for one thing, a neighbor was able to identify several children she'd seen on the Trimbles' front lawn, and these turned out to be some that had gone into the back yard; for another, one kid actually came to the door to ask if he could have some of the pretty rocks (from Bjo's rock collection) like those the kids who'd been in their yard had taken. Bjo went around to a few parents to complain about this and to try to get her rocks back (obviously, if the kids were to climb into their yard again during the next few days while the Trimbles will be over at their new house all day, and the kids are injured in any way, and it turns out that the Trimbles "encouraged" this by not complaining the first time it happened, they'd be letting themselves to all kinds of lawsuits for maintaining an attractive nuisance and what not). One neighbor promptly declared that her children would never go into anyone's yard, that the Trimbles were liars, that the neighbor who'd seen them on the Trimbles' property was a liar, that the other children who'd said these kids were in the yard with them were all liars; and she threatened the Trimbles with a slander suit. Later that evening, still another neighbor came over to report that this mother had called on her trying to get her support against the Trimbles; however, she preferred to put herself on Bjo's side -- she'd had her own troubles with this woman's kids. I certainly don't blame the Trimbles for wanting to get out of that neighborhood arena as soon as possible.

I'd been phoning the Airport all day to find out when Al Lewis' plane was due in -- it was scheduled for 6:00 p.m. that evening, but it turned out that the plane that was to pick up his Calif. Teachers Ass'n charter group in Paris had been 8 hours late in leaving New York, so all schedules were fouled up. I'd been phoning every few hours, and getting arrival times varying from 11:00 p.m. Saturday to 2:00 a.m. Sunday; one time the clerk said, "...but call back in a couple of hours and we'll probably have a new time for you." Toward 5 that afternoon, they'd settled on a 1:00 a.m. ETA, and I got the impression the desk must've become familiar with my voice, because the last time I picked up the phone, I didn't have time to say more than "I'd ..." when they interrupted me and rattled off, "1:00 a.m. at Satellite 2 at the New Airport!", and hung up.

We all left about 12:30, and got to the Airport just as his plane came in. Since it was arriving from Europe, all the passengers had to go through Customs inspection, and that was where we found Al, drooped over a suitcase and looking about 3/4 asleep. As Customs was behind a glass barrier, we couldn't join him right away, and it was about five minutes before he spotted us in the crowd of people waiting for the arrivals. Immediately he perked up and began to take notice of things. By this time, his mother and uncle had joined us, and as soon as he got past Customs, we all came over to our house to talk about his trip, see what he'd brought home, and so forth. We didn't break up until about 5:00 a.m.

Five hours later, Al woke me up and we went back down to the Trimbles' new home for Katwen's first birthday party. Besides all John's relatives, and the Lynch kids (across the street neighbors at the Belgrave home) who came over to use the pool, the attendees included the Trimbles themselves, both Al Lewises, Betty Knight, the Hulans, Gil Lamont, Len Moffatt & June Konigsberg, Rick Sneary, and Stan Woolston. The party lasted all day, and in the evening, Al showed the first of the many slides he'd taken of his trip. This get-together broke up about midnight.

Monday afternoon, Al and I went over to the Coxes for dinner. Ed and Anne had borrowed Al's Econoline for their cross-country trip this Summer, so they and Al spent the day swapping travel experiences, and discussing how the car had run. Lee Jacobs joined us for dinner, and afterwards Al showed some more of his slides. I spent a large part of the afternoon reading the old comic books Ed had brought back from his home in Maine. Ed has already sold the ALL-STARs to Phil Castora for \$10 each; he also has a large stock of POLICE COMICS and PLASTIC MAN, which won't bring quite as much, but all told, I wouldn't be surprised if Ed makes enough selling these comics at current prices to put Kevin through his first year of college.

Wednesday, I took the afternoon off from work and drove out to the Airport again, this time to meet Len Bailes. For a change, Len's plane was early (by a few minutes), with the result that Fred Hollander almost missed us when he got there to join the welcoming crowd. After picking up Len's luggage, we returned to Greenfield Ave., where Len will be staying until his UCLA dorm opens on Sunday. With the afternoon to kill, I took Len on a tour of the Hollywood book stores, ending up at the Collectors Book Store, which donated an original Lawrence interior illustration for tonight's auction. Proprietor Malcolm Willits said he might drop by the Meeting tonight to see if we're auctioning off anything their store might be interested in getting (how long's it been since the bookstores were seeking us out for material, instead of vice versa?); and we talked at great length with Proprietor Len Brown on the state of the comic book market -- I was pleased to learn that one fair new comic I'd bought there about three months ago has already increased 600% in value (50¢ to \$3.00). If any of you have any old comics stashed away in your attic, now's the time to start bringing 'em out.

This weekend will probably be taken up with helping the Trimbles finish moving into their new house. See you there?

Okay, Gregg Wolford, I warned ya:

## THE DEMOCRATIC AND POPULAR REPUBLIC OF ALGERIA

Constitution of the Democratic and Popular Republic of Algeria [as printed in the J.O.R.A., no. 64, 10 Sept. 1963, p. 888]

Principles and fundamental objectives:

Art. 1 -- Algeria is a democratic and popular Republic.

Art. 2 -- It is an integral part of arab Maghreb, of the arab world and of Africa.

Art. 3 -- Its motto is: "Revolution for the people and in the people's name".

Art. 6 -- Its emblem is green and white, struck in its center with a red crescent and star.

and, in the original French, that's:

Constitution de la République Algérienne Démocratique et Populaire.

Principes et objectifs fondamentaux

Art. 1er. -- L'Algérie est une République démocratique et populaire.

Art. 2. -- Elle est partie intégrante du Maghreb arabe, du monde arabe et de l'Afrique.

Art. 3. -- Sa devise est: "Révolution par le peuple et par le peuple".

Art. 6. -- Son emblème est vert et blanc frappé en son milieu d'un croissant et d'une étoile rouges.

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## KINGDOM OF LAOS

Constitution of the Kingdom of Laos - 11 May 1947 - Text revised and adopted by the National Congress in its session of 29 September 1956 (Translated from the Laotian into French) [and into English by me]

Part I. - General principles.

Art. 1. -- LAOS is a unitary, indivisible, and democratic Kingdom.  
Its capital is VIENTIANE.

Art. 2. -- The emblem of the Lao Nation is a flag of a red ground, carrying at its center the traditional white three-headed elephant standing on a pedestal of five steps, and surmounted by a white parasol of seven layers.

this is a clarification of the original text of the May 11, 1947 Constitution, which read:

Art. 2. -- Its national emblem is a flag of a red ground carrying at its center the White Threeheaded Elephant surmounted by the White Parasol.

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## KINGDOM OF JUGOSLAVIA

Constitution of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes --

Adopted by the National Assembly in Belgrade on June 15, 1921, and Proclaimed by the King on June 28, 1921.

Section I. - General Provisions.

Art. 2. The coat of arms of the Kingdom is a double-headed white eagle with wings widespread upon a red shield; the crown of the Kingdom is directly above both heads of the double-headed white eagle; upon the breast of the eagle is a shield having thereon the Serbian coat of arms, consisting of a white cross upon a red shield, with one jewel in each angle of the cross; the Croatian coat of arms, consisting of a shield with twenty-five squares alternately of red and silver color; the Slovenian coat of arms, consisting of three gold six-angled stars upon a blue shield. Under this is a white half moon.

The flag is blue, white, and red, in horizontal stripes against an upright spear