

# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES No. 3

News of So. Cal. STF activity. (#2 appears as an insert with FMZ #2)

**NEWS PEPPER:** There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that our spicy cover was suggested by "5 Little Peppers & How They Grew". (Grewsome, isnt it?)

Nexttime: A fotograficover (à la Fantasy Fiction Field) of a strictly un-covered cutie. This beauty in the birthday sultie will surely suit the most crankiest connoisseur of the femme form divine. Admirers of Brundage, Petty, Finlay, Bok & Varga will esquire & inquire when they see this ball of fire on our May cover. She sure makes the Mercury soar. And what's more--this pic is an original PAULE! Nutsed.

Not enutsed, however, about the publication date of our next ish itself. Praps U noticed that mention of our May edition? That's no April Fool joke. VOM IS GOING MONTHLY!!!

Scandal in Shangri-LA: Guest sleeps thru 3/4th's of LASFS meeting! Imagi-natives were hi-ly embarast when their activitys faild to hold the attention of little brunet Gretchen Emsheimer, visitor. Extenuating circumstance, however, was that this baby--who won even the attention of hardend woman-hater Bradbury--was our youngest attendee to date, not yet being 3 mos. old. Gretchen was accompanyd by her Mother & Father, Adele & Teddy. Who are partners, with FJA, in the new cooperative enterprise, Assorted Services. In connexion with which there is a tale to tell:

**PLAIN CLOTHES MAKE THE DETECTIVE:** It will be remembered by some how fed-men investigated NY Futurian House on the suspicion that those mimeos the fans were operating were producing funny money? Well, it seems gentlemen with briefcases (mainly Mr Ackerman) had been being seen entering & leaving the Emsheimer establishment (where is located the office of Assorted Services) so 2 dicks in street suits pay our place of business a call to determine if we're running a Booking Agency..!

Yerke Takes the Cake: First to be benefitted by LASFS' new tradition (if the term be not self-contradictory) will be Bruce Yerke who, as a member of more than a yr's standing, will receive a Treasury-payd-for cake at Clifton's apon (Yerke's favorite spelling) the occasion of his imminent birthday.

Chérie Smith: Pardonnez-mol--millefois--je pris, pour l'omission d'un 'r' dans votre nomme. Je suis désolé. Forêt

Hymn to Satan Singers of Tigrina's chanson diabolique are declaring "I don't hear a song at all, I hear a blasphemy."

...And with that that in mind we bid goodbye to the lovely little tropic asteroid of Franko-Capri, sailing into the setting sun (hot, isnt it, chum?).

Yecòeds