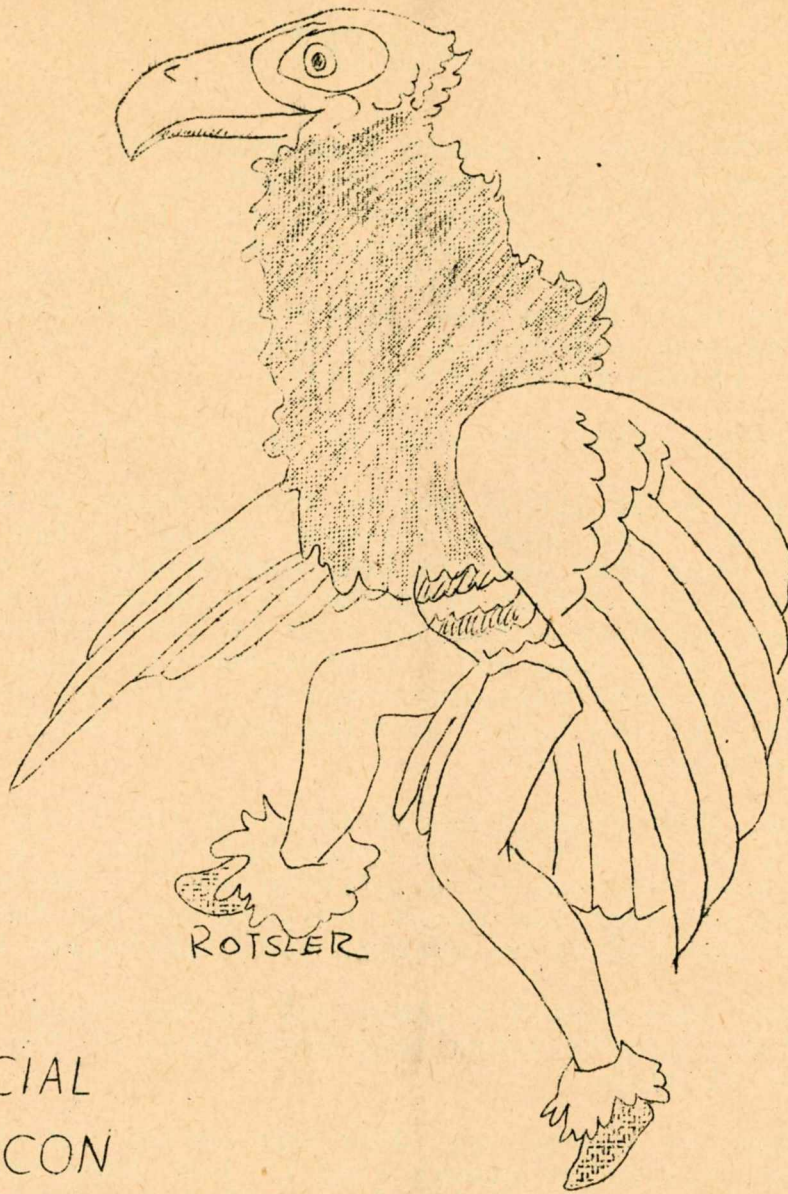


# SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

SEPT.

'47



SPECIAL  
PHILCON  
EDITION

# SHOTGUN FIRE

## IN Shirttail Canyon

BY DON JALBERT

Jake dried the dishes. Always Jake dried the dishes, and always while he dried Tom sawed or chopped the wood and whistled. Tom sawed and Jake dried; after every meal it was this way. Jake with his hands in the dirty, dirty dish water, scrubbing the last crumb from the two tin dishes and the little tin cups and the tin knives and forks and the iron frying pan, listening to the sound of Tom's whistling and chopping and sawing. He didn't know why he stayed there with Tom. It was almost unbearable.

Once, of course, they had been the best of friends.

They met in a smoky little saloon over a round of whiskey sours and smutty stories. Then Jake was caught trying to lap the foam from another fellow's beer that was standing beside him. The fight started. A big, husky man with a little mustache that turned up at the ends--- the one who owned the beer---slapped Jake in the face with the bartender's apron. A shot rang out. A free-for-all began in which everyone in the room participated; everyone, that is, but the cautious little bartender, who was busily storing away his bottles where the customers couldn't get at them.

In due time, Jake found himself lying on the floor underneath a table. No---not on the floor--on somebody's nose. It was Tom's nose. "Ouch," said Tom, and as an afterthought: "Let's get out of here." They crawled over the piano, escaped out the back door, jumped on their pink and green pintos, and high-tailed it out of town.

The next day they staked a claim out in Shirttail Canyon, hoping to strike it rich. Months later they were still at the same claim, hoping to strike it rich.

Cold weather was coming on. Jake was sawing and chopping, sawing and chopping, piling up enough wood to last them the winter. Daily he sawed and chopped. Daily Jake washed and dried the dishes and listened to the sound of Tom's sawing and chopping and whistling.

One day Jake decided that he didn't like Tom any longer. In fact, he didn't like washing and drying dishes. In fact, he was good and tired of hearing that worthless whistle. In fact, he wished to hell that dirty ol' Tom would wander off someplace and die.

One night Jake said to Tom: "Why don't you wander off someplace and die?" It was then that Tom realized how things stood between him



# HEMMEL'S SCIENTIFIC SORTIES

## 19. THE MECHANICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Since the formation of the Universe at some now long-gone date, countless millions of questions have been asked on one subject and another, but while a great many of these questions have been answered, only a few have been answered correctly. In rather recent times there has been a move toward gathering all knowledge into some easily-referred-to encyclopedic form, but no real success has yet been attained and the consensus of opinion indicates that many other fields must yet be developed before the great reference machine can be constructed on an efficient basis.

Thus, it is plain to see that even in this day of so-called enlightenment there is no central source where all possible seekers of wisdom may have all their queries answered speedily and accurately--- or perhaps I should say "was" no central source until the establishing of this department or column.

I do not intend to give the impression that I am a never-ending fount of lore which gushes day and night and I cannot recall ever having said so at any time though if by some chance some of you have received that impression you are perhaps not too far removed from the truth.

Do not, however, confuse this department with the usual question-and-answer spaces you might see in various periodicals, for this is not strictly such a column or department. In fact it is neither a column nor a department for that implies regularity of appearance and since I work by spontaneous inspiration only or only when I have something to say I do not have a regulated or regular output. After all, not everybody puts out regularly, though those who do achieve some sort of transient fame and have paths beaten to their doors.

As I said this department must not be flooded with queries unless they are of patently stupendous concept for my time is valuable both to me and the next thousand generations and cannot be wasted in giving replies to matters that do not concern topics of a nature both edifying and universally fascinating. If by chance you stumble on some remote phase of some still more remote or obscure science or bit of puzzling lore, you might do well to address your queries here, for though you may not surprize me with your outlandish questions, they may be of interest to some of our less-informed readers who are still in the plastic stage, as it were, and cannot yet be considered mature in a scientific way of speaking.

And please do not ask for proof of this item and that item because it should be apparent if not obvious that I am not the type of

person to commit errors, so if you have been laboring under some sort of delusion about anything I have spoken of, and my article has told you something else that you cannot believe---believe it, and save yourself untold trouble in trying to reconcile the truth with the fiction. If you believe, for example, that the Earth revolves about the sun and you read in a side remark in one of these articles that it does not, do not get on your high-horse, as it were, and send me a hot note or telegram or cablegram demanding proof or the retraction of my statement for you will get neither as that is my custom. I do not expect to make such a statement as the earth not revolving about the sun--not in the immediate future--but if my researches into anything demand that such a statement be made--never fear, I will make it.

To get back to the subject in hand---some of my rather well-informed contemporaries have already written articles about the encyclopedic machine and have made a goodly number of predictions concerning it. I have no intention of belittling their predictions for in this new age there is scarcely a forecast that will not see the light eventually in some form or another. But I cannot sit idly by and see these others writing glibly of this new machine to which they have given this name and that name before the thing is yet a reality. To me it seems like presumptuousness on their part, and will detract considerably from the glory of the men who finally make the machine if they must use the name some dreamer thought of without actually doing any of the work on the machine. It is possible, too, that under the existing patent laws, some of these dreamers may have described rather accurately the material or manner with which or in which some process operates and thus obtain a basic patent merely by having mentioned it. I foresee some trouble. Of course, it is also quite possible that the patent laws do not contain this feature of which I have just spoken. It is possible too that the men who finally make the machine will not care for glory anyhow as they no doubt will know that glory and gold are not necessarily bedmates.

Since so many have already described the encyclopedic machine there seems little use in my wasting space here repeating what they have said, even though I could improve on the manner in which they said these things. I can mention a few items they may have left out, unwittingly or not. Also, I could show a few points where they would be considered wrong or at the least shortsighted but I do not see why I should do that. To be sure, the researches and advances of the next 100 years will prove me absolutely correct in every detail but these contemporary prophets would be vexed at my corrections, I am sure, and their ire would simmer for the next 100 years until I was proven to be right, and then, when I was proven to be right they would probably be even still more angry, so to avoid and prevent and preclude this ill-feeling among men of science I will not make any predictions at all but will simply permit time to pass and events to prove themselves out without any aid from me. Small profit, indeed, to display pettishness and irritability among our learned clan, for should the general public be aware of some strife or rift in the lute, they might lose the esteem and high respect they have held for us and which we deserve so richly, and it is also quite feasible to assume that without our intellectual guidance some of the more weak-willed might be altogether lured away from the paths of intellectualism and take up the reading of obscure magazines of an esoteric nature.

This has been a strictly scientific article in the usual suavely written vein, though it could be called a sort of half-article and half explanation of what this series is all about or could be about if I possessed less judgment than I do.

As I said, my production of these articles depends on a thousand and one factors, one of which is my own irregularity of production, therefore this space next issue may be filled with letters to the editor or some other feature of a transient nature, but do not let that happy anticipatory gleam in your eyes die out for lack of intellectual nourishment.

Indeed, it would speak ill for the preliminary training I have given you if you permit one small disappointment to ruin your whole day.

## SOME EDITORIAL NOTES

Thirty lines, then, about Shangri-L'Affaires, the Untrammelled Fanzine. It is published about 7 times a year. 16-20 pages per issue, depending. Depending, that is, on the amount of passable material that avid fan writers send along to 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif. This is my address. It is supposed to be the club magazine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, though certain members have lately begun to question this. I question it myself, since I do all the work, and much of the material is written by non-members. These caviling members do not write for the mag. I don't blame them, in a way. I seldom write for it myself. We can't concern ourselves with a mere fanzine whose circulation doesn't exceed 200 copies.

The material is as varied as it is astonishing. Egoboo, book reviews, fantasy (this crept in somehow), some fiction, fan personalities, scientific articles (something like the Hemmel in this ish) ---all these subjects or items have been laid before the eyes of our fortunate readers. Also a couple of esoteric articles about a reputed condition in the club---which, I might mention, is located at 637 1/2 S Bixel, Los Angeles 14. These two articles caused me to be excluded from the premises of the LASFS till I mend my ways. I should publish the facts of this Exclusion Act all over civilized fandom but unless I warp the facts to make myself look good there isn't much use in it.

You can subscribe, if you wish. 3/25c. You can write for it. If I use your stuff you generally get a few free issues, which is about all the payment you can expect. A very few back issues are available. #20, #24, #31 and maybe a couple of others can be had for some 3-cent stamps. If I'm out of the mag you ask for I'll credit your sub. Ads, \$1 a page, with fractions at a proportional rate.

Thirty.

---Charles Burbee