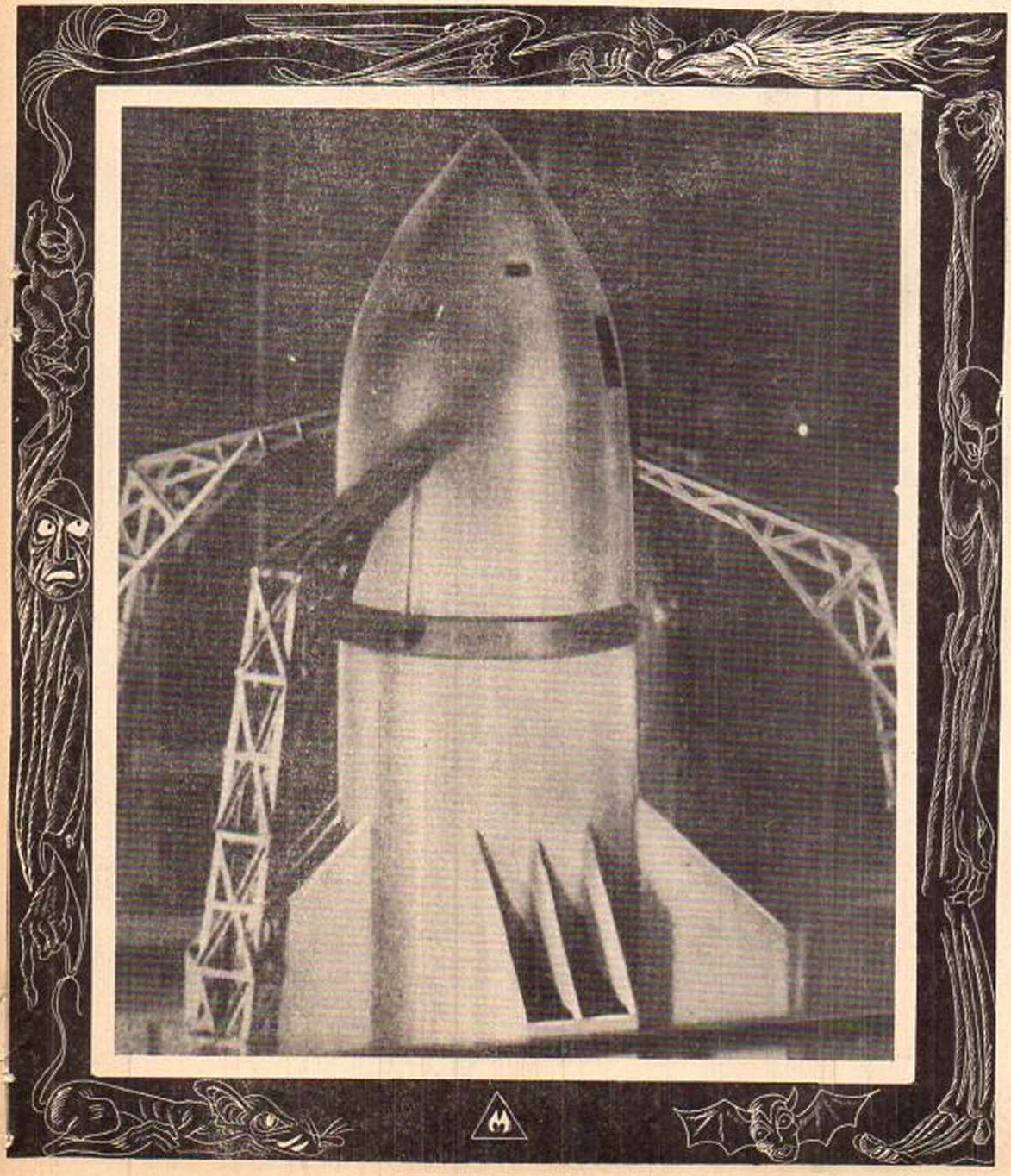
10

OFFICIAL

PUBLICATION

SHANGRI-LA

JANUARY 1949



FEATURING

Alan Hershey

Jean Cox

O. G. Ospero

F J Ackerman

E. E. Evans

Bryce Walton

Dave Lesperance

TO THE RECIPITANT OF THIS MAGAZINE:

We want to call to your attention the fact that this magazine that you have received is not a first run copy. After publishing 100 copies of the magazine on 24 pound paper with 64 pound covers and a much better grade of craftsmanship, the club decided that a good idea would be to issue another 100 on cheap paper so that we could mail them out at random to those who might be interested in the doings of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Here is the result. The paper is not the best, the mimeograhy is not the best in fact these are nothing more than seconds however you are welcome to this copy with the compliments of the LASFS and the postage paid by the person whose address appears on the address page.

.....The editor.....

SHANGRI-LA

JANUARY 1949

CONTENTS

This is issue NUMBER 10 of SHANGRI-LA, the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. All coorespondence regarding this issue should be addressed to the editor at 637½ South Bixel st., Los Angeles 14, California. All subscriptions should be sent to 4E Ackerman at 236½ North New Hampshire, Hollywood, California. The price of the magazine starting with this issue is 15 cents.

NOW 5¢

EDITORIAL: PROGRAMS FROM STATION L.A.S.F.S.

Here we are with the January issue of SHANGRI-LA published right on schedule. Lined up for this issue are several articles which bear out a theme. The theme being, "I heard it at the LASFS." During the past several months things have begun to really get in high gear at the old club room at 637½ South Bixel. Rather than searching the fields outside the club for lecture talent, we have sent the spotlight spinning around the club roster and come out with wonderful results. We are so pleased with the talks that have been made that we are passing them along to you in printed form. All the articles in this issue were originally given as talks, reports or items of interest at regular meetings of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

Top honors go to Alan Hershey for his attention-holding talk on his trials and tribulations as one of the research scientists on the Los Alamos project. We think that you will find it impossible to stop before you finish this entertaining and informative article. Well worth nine pages of Shangri-LA format.

Jean Cox gave us an interesting two hours one evening by giving us the low-down on the astrology bugga-boo. He gave further of his time by completely rewriting his talk into 3 pages that we predict will (when Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Pluto and the Earth are in simultaneous conjunction) be well worth your time.

It's marvelous how well that P. E. Ospero (a club visitor) managed to condense such extensive research into 3 pages of thought-provocative wordage. We are interested in your comments.

Louise Lapiar has really started things up again in the social dept. by managing to get together more fans more often at her home than almost any two people in the past. We question not how she worked this miracle but that she has done--and E. E. Evans gives us a report this issue of just one of those numerous get-togethers--the LASFS Christmas party. The New Year shows promise of many more.

Jean Cox furnishes the Multilith Plate, Dave Lesperance furnishes the information and we have a report on the cover of the former issue of Shangri-LA.

The cover layout is by the editor with copy donated by 4E Ackerman, consisting of a border design by R. K. Murphy and a rocket still from the UFA film "The Girl in the Moon". Hope you like it.

It is the hope of the LASFS that the readers of Shangri-LA will enjoy this issue from the standpoint of the prewar material used. The cover is 65 pound buff book-stock with interior of that hard-to-find 24 pound mimeo paper using Mercury 777 quick-drying ink. Interior art work consists of mimeography, offset lithography from line and half-tone plates and die-cut stencil designs. Lettering guides and stylus loaned to the club by Gus Willmorth. The stencils were cut on every type of machine from a five year old Royal Portable to a new IBM Electromatic.

The cost of this issue runs well in excess of $50.00 for the materials, envelopes and stamps for this limited edition of 100 copies. We hope the 50 cents spent by the club for each copy is worth your 10¢...

You may well ask, "How do they arrive at such a figure?" Well, here is the answer and remember this only covers the cost of the materials for such an issue as this and doesn't include any estimate at all of time and labor for its production. First off the cover stock was $3. (using round figures in the estimate) Cover Litho plate was $6 (line negative and half-tone insert). Lesperance litho plate was $4. 6 rms of interior stock @ $2.50. Stencils equal to $4. Staples, ink, correction fluid $2.00. Two half-tone plates for interior photo pages $12 Envelopes $2, and postage $2.00. Add 'em up & there you are..$50.

Now you know how we arrive at such a figure but how do we GET such a figure. The club treasury puts up $10. Each week a little box is passed around at the meeting into which are dropped pennies, nickles, and dimes equaling about a dollar a week for the litho-fund. From there on its done by a few dollars donated by this member and that mem-ber until the issue is in the mail. Sounds simple ON PAPER.

The work of putting out the issue? This magazine is REALLY A CLUB PROJECT. Cooperation has been excellent on this issue. As is evident by the even edges each article has to be typed twice. This was done through the rigorous efforts of EEEvans, Louise Leipar, Forrest Acker-man, and P.R.Ospero. Then the entire issue had to be stenciled which was done by: Eleanor Stratton, Everett Evans, and Forry Ackerman.

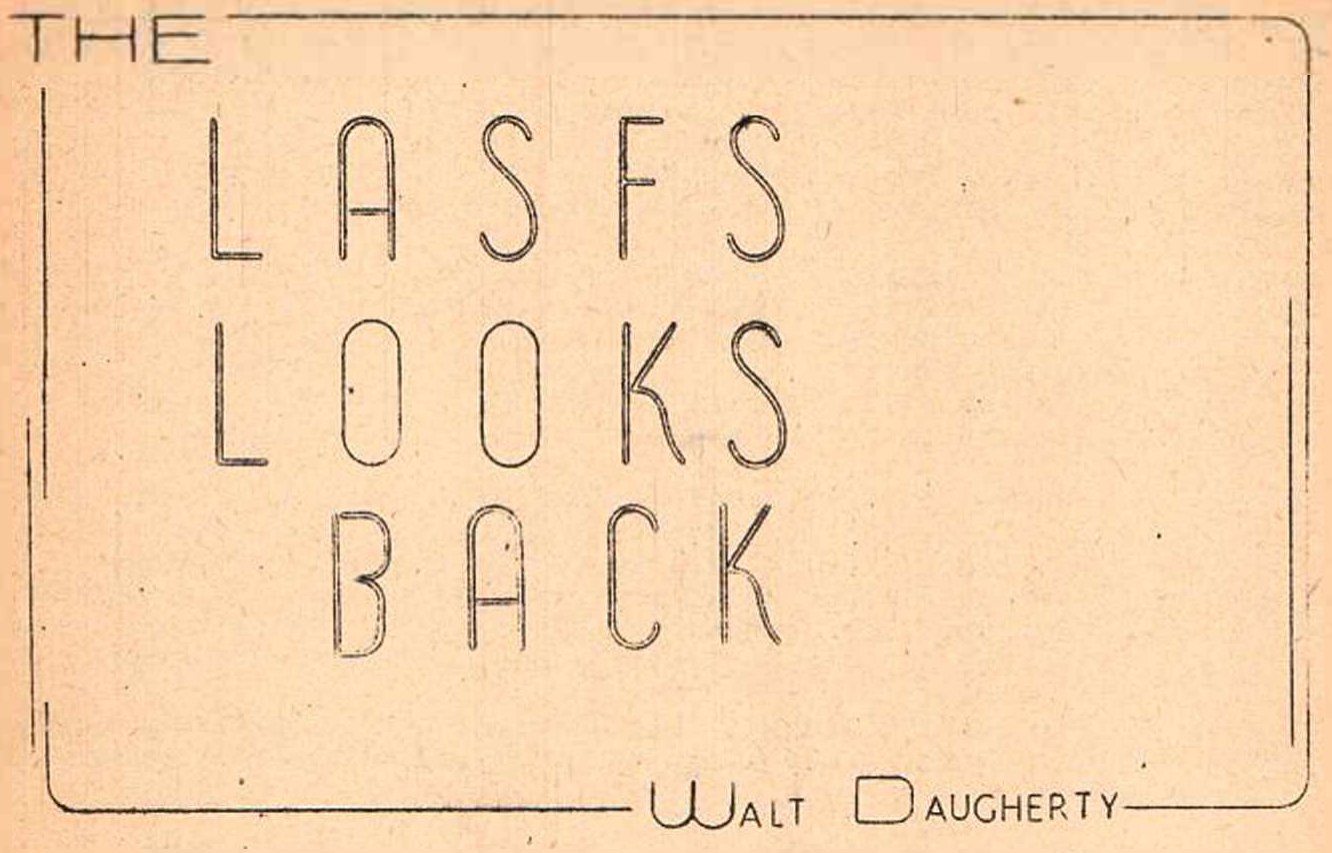
The mimeographing department was ably handled by the LASFS cheif mimeographer Everett Evans. Assembling, stapling and addressing handled by Louise Leipar.

To fill out the issue Bryce Walton comes to bat with a last minute assignment. He gives us the lowdown on the "pro and fan" question.

As the editor I have been around on all of these publishing sessions cutting a stencil or two, typing a set-up page here and there and gen-rally taking care of the format and setting up the cover and interior lithos. I do want to say here and now that I wish to take all responsibilities for the typing, sentence structure and format errors. Many are evident but when you have everything set up it's a major task to revise. We hope that you will overlook these mistakes and enjoy the magazine from the standpoint of its format and written material.

Truly this issue of SHANGRI-LA makes an editor feel like the old days are once again back in Los Angeles when the gang is all around and ready to give a helping hand wherever needed.

I want to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to the club for giving me a complete carte blanche on my selection and format of material and last but by far not the least my gratitude to each and every member who has given time and talent to the writing and publishing ofthis issue.....Thanks a million....Walt Daugherty.....Editor



With the new year of 1949 the LASFS starts off in what is probably the most promising manner of its many years of existance. The election just completed has placed Alan Hershey in the Director's chair, returned Jean Cox to the office of secretary and 4E remains as the treasurer. As you will no doubt see from this issue of Shangri-La we are having a series of extremely interesting talks at the meetings. Probably the most outstanding fact along this line to consider is that this meeting activity is springing from the organization itself rather than from outside. It has been sometime since we have had an outside speaker and from the looks of the present schedule it will also be a long time before we will have to seek talks from outside our group. Each one of the lectures has proved itself to be informative, entertaining and well prepared. Business is held to a minimum. Gone is the persistant mess of having to go into every little detail of the Constitution in order to get something done at the club. A plan is suggested and discussed. It is then either passed upon or rejected on its merits. Then, the important item, if it is passed, is that there is a general feeling of cooperation towards the project. Little matter whether there is ego-boo connected with the project, the thing in everyone's mind is to get it done for the good of the club.

With the new idea of rotating editorship on Shangri-La the magazine has once again returned as a club organ rather than a private magazine of one individual or another. Far too often in the past the magazine would be issued before any word of its progress was announced to the meeting and the magazine would come out as the effort of a


1.


2.

3.


4.


5.


6.


8.


7.


9.


10.


11.


12.


13.


14.

certain minority of the club. It would be issued on the basis of expanding the ideas of a certain minority rather than the general wishes of the entire organization. On more than one ocassion the editor was called on the carpet for printing material that the club as a whole did not approve of.

Along with this article are two pages of pictures taken recently as well as many moons ago. I have picked the photos at random out of my collection and will try to cover them for you by number.

1. Guy Gifford turns over one of his unpublished "Ringer Family" drawings to E. E. Evans who purchased the item at the Pacific Coast Conference. Gifford is top publicity man here in Los Angeles for the local transit lines.

2. The club held several meetings at a new clubroom in the south part of LA. At one of these meetings, which was the Halloween meeting 1948 several group shots were taken. This one includes the ladies present Top row is Marsha Walton, Mrs Cook, Louise Leipiar, Mrs. Carroll Ackerman, Mrs Louise Hamell. Front row: Rose-Mary Cook, E. Mayne Hull, Sophia Mullen and Tilly Porjes.

3. At the Pacific Coast Conference the Outlanders showed up in full force including Howard Miller, Con Pederson, Stan Woolston, Ric Sneary and Len Moffatt.

4. Nelson Himmel put in one of his rare appearances at local doings.

5. Gerry Thompson gives support to Roy Squires.

6. Van Vogt gives out with a little aside on the Null-A philosophy to Stan Mullen and Bryce Walton as Dale Hart lends an attentive ear.

7. Van Vogt holds the attention of Louis Lovelace as Mark Blanck goes through one of the club files.

8. Ackerman not only writes, agents and sells science fiction but also handles his own collection bureau. He sells a book or else. Russ Hodgkins is the happy customer.....or else.

9. The club meeting is in session. Kenneth Bonnell reads the minutes and Tilly lends an ear while treasurer Ackerman prepares some dire tor-ture for those in arrears with club dues.

10. The men-folk line up at the Halloween Meeting. Top row: Walter Daugherty, Alan Hershey, Stan Mullen, Con Pederson, Ed Hamell. Bottom row: Dale Hart, Russ Hodgkins, Bryce Walton and William Ackerman.

11. We had more darn men-folk at that party. Top row: A. E. van Vogt Dick Timmer, E. E. Evans, 4E. Bottom Row: Kenny Bonnell, Dave Lesper-ance, Mark Blanck, and Jean Cox.

12. Among the speakers at the conference was John Scott Campbell from Pasadena. Old time Science Fiction author and instructor at Cal-Tech. He gave us a number of interesting scientific factors that prove the old gimmick of giant men as impossibilities.

13. Its a far cry back to about 1939 at Clifton's Cafeteria for the big meeting at which California visitor E E Smith was guest of honor. Lined up for the cameraman were the then and now prominents of the pro world: Robert Heinlein, Jack Williamson, Charlie Hornig, Art Barnes, E. E. Smith and "World Saver" Hamilton.

14. Also on hand at the conference giving us the lowdown on the lat est advances in Astronomy is Robert Richardson of Mt Wilson and Mt Pal -omar and a world reknown solar-science authority.

15. Ye editor and Russ Hodgkins discuss a stenciling problem in the preparation of Shangri-La.

16. Ackerman, the agent, again exerts his collection bureau technique on the pros at the Halloween party as he gets his % from E. E. Evans, A. E. van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, Stan Mullen and Bryce Walton. Bryce pays through mortal fear while Stan seems a little reluctant.

17. Eph Konigsberg (editor of next Shangri-La) and Jean Cox glance up to accomodate the photograher.

18. Claire Winger Harris, old time science fiction writer (whose work was collected into the volume "Away From The Here and Now" gave usa few notes at the conference on why she likes to write stf.

19. Russ Hodgkins charming wife accompanied her husband Russ to the conference.

20. Louise and Mayne concentrateson Alan Hershey's speech.

21. This one is from way-back-when. Ray Bradbury poses 'neath a wall decoration at the old club room at 1055 Wilshire.

22. Gone from among us but well remembered by all the old guard is Paul Freehafer. Paul was probably one of the best known and best liked of the LA fans. We all miss him and speak of him often.

23. At the old Wilshire address of the club once before we had a party to celebrate Halloween. Gathered here are such old timers as Art Joquel, Myrtle Douglas, Henry Hasse, Ed Camberlain, Eleanor O'Brien, Dorothy and Peggy Finn, and of course the regulars: Hodgkins, Daugher -ty and Ackerman.

24. Daugherty, cheif LA auctioneer auctions off the illustration that brought the highest price ever paid in LA for an original. It was the cover from FFM done by Finlay which was sold to Lora Crozetti for $50.

25. One of the early activities of Los Angeles was recording on Walt Daugherty's recording outfit. Here Helen Finn, Beverly Bronson and Art Joquel watch for cues in their script as Daugherty dubs in the musical backgound for effect.

26. This again is the overall picture of the early EESmith meeting. Among others present than before listed are: T. Bruce Yerke, Leslyn Heinlein, Ray Harryhausen, Bill Crawford, Sophie Van Dorne, Perry Lewis and Franklyn Brady. Standing behind Charlie Hornig in the front of the picture is Alvin Mussen, Lost on Bataan during the war.


15.


16


17.


18.


19.


20.


21.


22.


23.


24.


26.

PRO AND FAN

BRYCE WALTON

What can fans do to make easier the lot of the professional author, and what has the pro gotten from the LASFS? Walt Daugherty asked me the question, and I haven't much to say in reply.

My personal reaction is that very little can be done for professional authors, not by fans, not by anybody; and that fans should concern themselves as little as possible with those authors whoconsider author-ship a mark of insular detachment. Nobody can do very much for pros.

I like fans personally, but have a kind of festering hatred for them in the abstact --- because when I came around seeking a few grains of ego gratification I find everybody talking about Van Vogt and Ray Brad-bury. This has been going on for years. One time I mentioned the fact that I had rather an interesting story in PLANET and somebody told me to drop dead.

Ross Rocklynne says that he derived much social pleasure and professional help from fans. Ross appreciates the common ground stf authors and fans share because of mutual interest in a somewhat specialized field. This is just as true of course of fans alone. Topics of conversation and items of interest are already established and have been open for years and an author and a fan meet for the first time and start talking as if they were old friends. Here the lonely writer hits common ground never acheived with the general public. Authors need contact with 'people' and I am told many of them find this difficult. Fandom furnishes this contact tailor-made.

Ross also says that he got many of his best ideas direct from fans. There was a story called "Transplantation Trap" derived from an idea furnished by Dale Tarr of Cincinnati, who also provided Ross with the gimmick for another yarn called "Atom of Death" which appeared in PLANET. Another fan named Phil Stevenson furnished Ross with the basic plot for "Venus Sky Trap" which appeared in THRILLING WONDER. Ross says that many other ideas for his stories were received from fans, a fact for which he is naturally grateful, and which illustrates one very beneficial aspect of fandom for the professional author.

The ego-gratification of recognition & appreciation are important elements the fans provide for the author's faltering soul. A magazine can be published and one knows that it is being read somewhere by some-body -- but the personal appreciation provided by fans is a real shot in the arm. This is especially true of new authors, insecure authors, those who have not yet reached the stage of self-confidence necessary to sustain them against certain doubts and fears.

A. E. Van Vogt has long appreciated the social factors at work in fandom. Coming to Los Angeles, a stranger from Canada without even an accent which would have done wonders in Hollywood, Van and Hayne knew no one at all. It was through the LASFS that they became acquainted with others and began to make contacts without which no one in Hollywood can survive above the level of canned dog food.

At the 1945 banquet Van met many other pros including Ross Rocklynne and Bryce Walton. It is through fandom that many professional authors meet and become acquainted who might otherwise have to envy and deprecate one another from afar.

Van emphasized the benefits he has received from the Club as a special-ized social club and a medium for contact. It was through the LASFS that Van gained the initial contact for promotion by Simon-Schuster.

But as for fandom being an idea source, here Van differs from Ross Rocklynne. As far as he knows, Van has gotten no basic ideas or plots from fans. In fact, he says that some time ago he mentioned his idea for a series he contemplated writing to a few fans and they argued him out of doing it, said it was a lousey idea. And now, with greater ob-jectivity, Van insists that he was talked out of a good thing. Van's opinion is that personal criticism from fans is practically valueless. And I might add that this is usually true of any sort of criticism from any source whatsoever. Van subjected one story of his to twelve different fans and received as many different criticisms of a contradictory nature, a fact which would have been true had he submitted that story to any twelve people anywhere. As much as Van appreciated this criticism, we can all see that it was impossible to act upon it except by permitting himself a degree of mental disintegration and con-fusion ill-suited to a Null-A man.

Compensating for this, Van says that he receives very good bond typing paper from Walt Daugherty at about half price. Any monetary benefit an author can receive in these times, or anytime I'm sure, is the most wonderful kind of benefit imaginable. For, as fans well know, pros make very little money at best, and authors of stf particularly are accustomed to a kind of slow starvation extending over years.

One cannot generalize on this question of fandom's benefit to authors. Fandom can do much for some authors, very little for others, and none at all for some. A good many authors must be classified also as fans, and therefore should not actually be subject to separate pigeonholing. Other authors pride themselves on never having read any of the other "stuff" written by other pros, and cannot therefore be classified as fans.

All authors have certainly benefited tremendously from fandom's service to authors as publicity agents and promoters.

I personally believe fans interested in writing professionally make a mistake by seeking a great deal of manuscript criticism from pros. I say this not because of any excessive personal reluctance to read other people's manuscripts, but because I believe it's a waste of the struggling beginner's time. Few professional authors really know what a good story or a bad story is, and react only when they get money for a story.

This is about all I can drum up on the subject. There are as many kinds of authors as ther are fans, and the best of both groups are probably primarily fans and are therefore not in separate categories.

And as for the question of what fans can do in the future for authors, my only answer to that is for fandom to somehow raise enough money to establish a psychiatric clinic.

THE LASFS LOOKS AHEAD

At the last meeting of 1948, Ye Ed proposed that a topic be picked, one that all the members could participate in. So the subject was chosen, WHAT I WANT TO GIVE AND RECEIVE, IN ACTIVITY, FROM THE LASFS IN 1949. The following expressions, presented in alphabetical order according to contributors' names, are paragraphs spontaneously prepared after the meeting. Unfortunately missing are opinions from Mark Blank, Ken Bonnell, Dave Lesperance, Bill Elias, A.E. van Vogt and several others; but by and large we believe the membership has been represented. My own hopes for LASFS-49 are pretty well covered in the Editorial, so without further ado I'll turn you over to our first fangeleño, a new member by the name of

FORREST J ACKERMAN: I am interested today, as I was the nite the LASFS was born back in the mid-30s, over 450 meetings ago, in seeing and hearing and talking and telling and doing things and stuff of a scientifictional, fantastic, fannish and weird nature. I can't recall that the club has ever been satisfactory to me in the respect of regular week after week discussions of the stories in the current magazines, augmented by book reviews and hi-lites from the fanzines, but it looks like this situation is on the way to being remedied at last, and that will please me plenty. Dave Lesperance, Dick Timmer, Mark Blanck, Jean Cox and Alan Hershey surprised me last year with some fine talks about subjects they were familiar with; I wonder if Eph Konigsberg, Russ Hodgkins, Louise Leipiar and some of our other members haven't got a potential talk in 'em that they could entertain or enlighten us with in '49? I'd like to see the library built back up and borrowing encouraged. I look forward to more communal enjoyment of fantasy shows by members...a beach party this summer... closer co-operation by the members in the creation of the club organ ...the preparation of the 2d Westercon...and, of course, of primary, paramount and priority importance, I expect to get tons and tons of egoboo out of the club while terrorizing, tyrannizing and trumanizing the trembling troglodytes of the society who, as for the past decade and a half, must continue to--gawd, even I can't go for any more of that guff!

DON BRATTON: I look forward to club meetings mainly for the contact with others interest in stf, to learn what is the latest on the newsstand, the new books, etc. I'd like to see larger, less formal,

meetings, held less often than weekly perhaps. I like many aspects of Amateur Publishing and would like to participate in this activity more in the future -- and I am not interested in the professional writer angle and the common fan habit of naively imitating professionals in their publishing. This isn't clear, is it?

PFC. BILL D. COX: In the coming year of '49 I would like to see the LASFS acquire a new and larger room in which to hold their meetings. Also, there should be a more Science Fictional air about the club. This could be brought about by having more and better Fantasy art on the walls, and also more books on Fantasy and Science Fiction.

JEAN COX: I am intensely interested in Science Fiction. During the coming year, I would like to hear and give reviews, analyses and criticisms of major Science Fiction works. I would also like to be informed of all the current news in it and related fields.

E.EVERETT EVANS: For 1949 I would like to see a greater co-operative effort in LASFS activities. Far too often Club projects end by being the work of two or three people -- generally the same ones. I feel more would be gained in both pleasure and satisfaction by a greater member participation in all Club activities. To this end I pledge whatever aid I can give in all such projects -- and I hope they are many. I would like to hear more good speakers on the subject of our genre, and I approve the new move towards more book and magazine story reviews. I would also like to see every member of the LASFS become a member of the Cinvention group in the next few weeks.

ALAN HERSHEY: I hope my efforts as Director (poor kid) will result in improvement in LASFS. At this sitting, things are looking up -- interesting talks scheduled, a new policy of filling in the duller meetings with films on scientific subjects, and I hope, a greater degree of informality in meetings. I expect to get a lot of interesting things out of the LASFS in the coming year, such as provocative discussions, contacts with interesting people, the chance to try my hand as chief saboteur, and material to color my nightmares.

FREDDIE HERSHEY: As a very new and interested member of LASFS, I sincerely hope to see, during 1949, a continuation of the fine series of talks and pictures being given at our recent meetings. This activity will bring every member before the group as an active participant and more closely knit the club in our common interests.

RUSSELL HODGKINS: Over a period of years I've seen resurgences of activity in the Society, some effective, others inadequate. The signs for 1949 indicate what would seem at present a promise of more interesting meetings from the point of view of both the contributor and the audience. To be successful in any instance, activity must emanate from all members, not just a few. And evidence indicates a general revival of interest in participating in the several phases of forthcoming activity. I trust that I shall be able to participate in my share.

EPH KONIGSBERG: To me, Science Fiction and Fantasy have always offered - not merely escape - but intellectual delight, and the sheer joy of reading stories untrammeled by the limitations of ordinary story telling. What I should like to receive is information on how the stories got that way, how the techniques necessary to the "advanced SF

yarn were developed, of the change in styles, both generally, and in the individual writers. Analysis of the structural and Science Fiction aspects of various writers would, of course, interest me. And I should like to hear their philosophical premises and conclusions, of course, argued out. If permitted, I should enjoy participating. But if that is not a sufficient contribution there would be this: An appreciative audience -- Myself.

LOUISE LEIPIAR: If the Club keeps on at the same rate of speed which started a few months back, we are liable to end up with a very fine organization. I have only been a member for a year, but I can see a vast improvement in that time. Having read Science Fiction and Fantasy for more years than I care to mention, I for one am very thankful for this opportunity to speak my piece.

CON PEDERSON: Walt is doing a good job on Shaggy AD 1949. I hope I can get a little done on future issues, and all in all see a really fine job of editing and publishing. If financing can be balanced properly, some fotos, lithos and thicker issues would seem in order. So the illustrations could probably be improved upon. Right hand margins are very nice, and continuing a good job of laying out an issue with precise method in my mind show that a club organ is being produced that's putting itself together--the right way.

TILLIE PORJES: As I am aware that I, as a very recent addition to SF. readers, will never be able to catch up with all that has gone before, and all that is actually being produced, I would like to profit by the multifold absorptive potential of the group of SF. readers represented in the LASFS. I would like to hear regular reviews of the new books, and I would suggest that one meeting a month be dedicated to discussion of the lesser magazines, acquainting us with the better stories which otherwise would go unread. Let us have lectures on subjects of unexpected future developments in medicine (like Hubbard's talk on the prolongation of life), expected mutations of the human race due to radiation, developments in the technical world, future sociological organizations (e.g. based on "Summer in 3000", "The Flames") so that the individuals limited capacity in obtaining information on subjects related to SF. IS offset by the advantage of exchanging information with the group. but I believe the basis for this interchange should be books and arti-cles and stories that have appeared in print, not personal musings. In other words, I want to learn more of the opinions of qualified writers than of second hand speculations. I also would enjoy more reminicent talks, such as Everett Evans on E.E. Smith, so that we can get acquainted with the person behind the paper personality, get an insight into the individual that we otherwise know only as a name signed to a story. I understand that in the past members who have met them have told the club about Edgar Rice Burroughs, Dr. Keller, A. Merritt, and others, and I hope this practice will continue.

DICK TIMBER: Well, as I pull out my astrology charts (refer to AJC'S speech which converted me to this Queen of the Sciences) I see approaching one of the finest years the LASFS has ever seen. First of all I see a fanzine that all can be proud of, and will rise above past publications and become a genuine representative club magazine. Furthermore, I see that the new policy, recently inaugurated, of planned speeches before the club will undoubtedly make the club profitable intellectually as well as socially. As for myself, I shall deluge the members further with my siftings from the field of epistomology.

THE AHRAT

BY DAVE LESPERANCE

Some weeks ago I brought a collection of singular objects to the club, and gave a talk on the origin of them. They were Chinese objets d' art, and very unusual. In earliest China, great religious festivals were held every hundred years, which drew pilgrims from all parts of the country. During the rituals, artists in the gathering were called on to carve the likenesses of the various holy men, on table sized (three feet by five) blocks of stone. Then, the best of these were selected, and parchment was laid over them. The impressions were brought out by rubbing with ink in the same manner we can bring out the imprint of a coin under paper. After the impressions were completed, the stones were shattered, and the people would return to their homes.

The word "Arat" or "Ahrat" seem to be the only names these parchments are known by. The word has only been found in one place, and that was an old dictionary. They have been taken to a number of Chinese curio dealers, but the only information they could furnish, was the fact the ink would cost twenty dollars an ounce.

There are seventeen of the drawings, and the one shown is less repulsive than the rest. They must have been a well fed lot in those days, as the pic-tured one is slim in comparison to the others. Sixteen of the drawings form a set, and the odd one is all that is left of another set which was destroyed. The originals run considerably higher on the top than the reproduction shows, and the space is packed with Chinese characters, one of which can be seen in the upper right hand corner.

Whatever the parchment is made of, it is certainly durable. The entire roll has been completely sub-merged in muddy water in a flood, but the designs are unchanged, and the surface is unbroken.

As the lettering has never been translated, we are left with a good deal of supposition. Even as a religious gesture it leaves much to be desired that and artist would travel hundreds, and perhap thousands of miles just for the privilege of drawing them. Possibly it was a competition, with certain prizes, or honors attached.

But, all in all, it seems to be just one more of the mysteries of ancient China.

The fabrication of dolls, charms, and potions, is called witchcraft; the interpretation of tea leaves, stars, and tarot cards, is called divination; there's alchemy, necromancy, numerology, and satanism, and about neither of these am I going to speak. My discourse here will be about the nature, principles, and uses of Magic, also known as High Magic, sometimes also spelled Magick, or, as it is technically known, about Theurgy.

Let me say first of all that I do not believe in the distinction between black and white Magic. Black meaning bad, white meaning good. A butcher knife is neither bad nor good in itself either, it all depends on the use to which it is put, whether to carve a pair of T-bone steaks or a fellow citizen's Throat. Even the dread 'Necronomicon' of the Arab with the name which I always manage to mis-spell, is no more evil than the Boston Cookbook, unless you substitute arsenic whenever it says, 'Add a tsp. of salt.'

Once upon a time such a phenomena as inspiration, personality and the sixth sense were called Magic. Indeed, as we go back through history we find that not only these metaphysical phenomena were thought to be magical, but physical ones also. For instance, one of the greatest magical feats of the Egyptian priests was based on a knowledge of the properties of the isosceles triangle, with which they determined the height of buildings and the acreage of fields, without actually having to measure them. That, to the common man, was magic with a vengeance.

Generally speaking the priests were the only ones who knew such magical arts as writing and calculating with numbers. As a result, physical science, trigonometry and astronomy, for instance, got mixed up with metaphysics, religion, and plain superstition. It became occult science ---- from the Latin occulere, to hide ----- hidden that is from the non-priests. And until Dr. Freud arrived, psychology suffered the same fate.

Roughly speaking, psychology divides the mind into the id, which says, 'Iwant'; the ego, which exercises a choice and says, 'I will' or 'I won't'; and the super-ego, which acts as a conscience, a censor, and says, 'A-ah, you mustn't'. Old style psycology called the promptings of the id the voice of Satan, and the censor activities of the super-ego an awareness of God.

So much for religion and theoretical psychology. Theoretical psychology however differs from practical psychology as religion differs from magic. All four admit that there are powers above and below the consciencness of man, but the latter two also maintain that these powers can be brought to help man in his daily life, that to a certain extent they can be controlled. The instruments for control are first, an awareness of these powers; second, meditation (or psychoanalysis); and third, identification with the powers.

The nature of the first two instruments is self evident, the last however needs to be examined more closely. Identification is one of the oldest magical practices and it is in use to this very day. When the Zulu eats a lion's heart, he hopes to gain therefrom a lion's courage and strength, he is trying to identify himself with the lion, and to make doubly sure he often wears a lion's pelt. When Johnny Jr. wears a

baseball cap and struts about like Joe DiMag, he is also trying to identify himself with his hero. When the missus reads an ad that Torch LaFlame uses only NO-Shir lipstick goo, she does it in the hope that she'll have the same effect on you as T.L.F. would have, if you ever got close to her. And whether she admits it or not, she probably dreams about what she would do if she were T.L.F. and meanwhile the dishes remain unwashed.

In Magic these sub- and supra-conscious powers are identified with various gods, angels, spirits, or other imaginary beings. When the Magician therefore wishes to gain control over the powers, he identifies himself with the appropriate being by assuming the looks, dress, ornaments, or names thereof. This can be done either actually or with more advanced knowledge, mentally. Below a little chart of identities. Reading from left to right, a psychological description according to Jung, then a corresponding list of the Hatha Yoga Chakkras, ditto a list of Egyptian Gods, and last one of the cabbalistic Archangels.

JUNG	CHAKKRA	EGYPT	ARCHANGELS
Tao	Sahasrara C.	Ptah Amoun	Metratton
Animus	Ajna C.	Tahuti	Raziel
Anima	Visuddhi C.	Isis	Tzaphkiel
Memory ...)		Maat	Tzadkiel
Will ...)	Anahata C.	Horus	Kamael
Intellect ...)		Ra Osiris	Raphael
Desire ...)	Manipura C.	Hathor	Haniel
Reason ...)		Anubis	Michael
Instincts	Svadistthana C.	Shu or Pasht	Gabriel
Animal Soul	Muladhara C.	Seb	Sandalphon

A brief list like this, without explanation or other comment will naturally impart not much knowledge. It was presented merely to give an idea of the direction which Magic takes; and also to serve as a check-list for independent research.

So far I have given you, as promised, a brief, very brief, survey of the nature and principles of Magic. Now for the last third, its actual use. Below you will find a short, simple ritual. Psychologically speaking, its purpose is to throw the physical body into a state of relaxation and to open the conscious mind to that flow from the subconscious which is called inspiration. In magical terms this ritual will draw an effluence of the Divine Spirit down into the mortal body and the mind.

Stand in a quiet room and face to the East. With a steel dagger (either actual or astral) in your right hand,

1. Touch the forehead ..... and say ATEH
2. Touch the breast ..... and say MALKUTH
3. Touch the right shoulder . and say VE-GEBURAH
4. Touch the left shoulder .. and say VE-GEDULLAH
5. Clasp the hands upon the breast, dagger point up .. and say LE-OLAHM, AUM.

The formula, pronounced Ahtay Malkooth Vay-Gayboorah Vay-Baydoolah Lay-Ohlam, Awm, is in the Hebrew tongue and means, 'For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever, Amen.' It is the doxology, the formula of praise that comes at the end of the Lord's Prayer.

Before going on, let me stress once and for all and definitely, that there is no religious implication whatsoever, nor in the preceding, nor in the following.

Now for a few instructions. The numbers are the same as indicate the various movements of the ritual.

1. Ateh (Thine): One sees oneself growing beyond all bounds of human conception, until the earth is but a small globe under one's feet, until the sun is a sphere of fire in one's heart, and one's head is among the outer st rs. At the same time a sphere of brilliance forms over the head, for as it said, "The universe, as known to us, is a joint phenomenon of the observer and the observed." So since we cannot truly see ourselves, and yet we wish to see ourselves, we must draw down and identify ourselves with Him who does see us.

2. Malkuth (The kingdom): The light from the sphere above the head, follows the line traced by the point of the dagger and flows down into our body. Actually the dagger should be drawn down to the feet, for the whole body is called 'the kingdom', but as that is very inelegant (??) we stop at the breast. The body is our kingdom, as set apart from the kingdom which is not of this world. And so we put the one below under the protection of the one above.

3 & 4. Ve-Geburah Ve-Gedullah (and the power and the glory): The right shoulder is evidently identified with 'Power', the Hebrew word also means 'Strength', 'Justice'. The left shoulder is identified with 'Glory', the Hebrew also means 'Mercy', 'Mildness'. And the line of light follows the tip of the dagger across and back, awakening in the shoulders, feelings of strength and mildness.

5. Le-Olahm, Aum. (Forever, Amen.): Within the body you have now formed a cross of light which fills your whole self with warmth and a feeling of strength. But the Spirit and the body, justice and mercy, are still separate, so now you draw them together in the center of the cross where your hands are. You equilibrate them, you balance them out. For only when Spirit and body truly intermingle, only when mercy is well-mixed with justice, and strength with mildness, can a true and lasting peace be found. Let one outweigh the other and only strife will be the result.

As indicated throughout, these rituals and these beliefs may be seen either from a psychological or from a mystic point of view, or from a mixture of both. Though I personally prefer the former, I would hesitate to try and force anybody else into acceptance. Let everybody put upon that whichis set forth his own interpretation. That is the way of Magic.

Finis

E E EVANS

Fifteen were present at the annual Christmas party of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, this time held at the home of Louise Leipiar, on Thursday evening, December 23rd. The house was beautifully decorated with a nicely festooned and lighted tree, holly, and mistletoe (and did THAT get a workout by the wolfishly-minded members!)

After the group had assembled and had been gabbing about "dese, dem and dose" for some time, Walt Daugherty began setting up the equip-ment generously loaned by Valmah T. Price, Jr. of the Southern California Amateur Press Club for the showing of sound movies. First came three reels of science movies which Freddie Hershey had obtained for us from the General Electric Company. These were part of that concern's "Adventures in Science" series. The first showed tricks with crystals (chemestry); the second some new discoveries about magnetism and the third about the latest developments in metallurgy. All three proved to be exceptionally interesting.

Last was the showing of Louise's Christmas present to the gang -- the March of Time film about atomic discoveries and the first, or Alamagordo, atomic bomb. This, too, although many had seen it before, was of special interest to us because we had just recently heard such a fine talk about it by member Alan Hershey. (The full report is else-where in this issue.)

Santa Claus Ackerman (is there no end to that guy's talents?) next passed out the presents which had been liberally heaped beneath the tree. Everyone got at least one gift through the exchange system the club always uses, but there were many other gifts that members had bestowed upon their especial friends. The exchange gifts showed unusually-clever ideas dreamed up --- from ray-guns that worked (Daugherty almost killed Tillie Porjes with his first shot), to collector's items that over-joyed the lucky ones who received them.

Then, while the party split up into little gabbing groups, several of the members adjourned to the kitchen, from which savory odors soon began trickling into the sensitive nostrils of the partyers, luring them kitchen-ward to see what was cooking.

There was a huge kettle of hot chocolate, delicious Daugherty-special tuna sandwiches, cup-cakes, Wayne Hull tarts, and other delicacies, as well as a well chilled bottle of champagne for those whose taste-buds relish such bubbly excitation.

Conversation for the next hour or so was largely mumbled through rapidly moving jaws, and the piles of food seemed magically to disintegrate into nothingness ------ as did the nearly five pounds of French Fryed nut-meats which the thoughtful hostess placed about in the various rooms in large bowls.

Your reporter, who also rooms at this house, heard just about every subject beneath old Sol discussed at one time or another during the evening. The way fans will jump from one subject to another, is one of the major fascinations of such gatherings. Passing from room to room, one heard discussions on child-raising, meta-physics, semantics (or general semantics, this poor tired old brain doesn't know the difference), hypnotism, deep-sea fishing, food recipes, writing problems, reminiscences about some of the old STF and Fantasy and Weird yarns, the value or harm of the Santa Claus mythos; chemical problems, and a few dirty stories. This went on and on into the so-called wee sma' hours. Stimulating. no end -- (almost literally "no end").

Those present were A.E.van Vogt, E.Mayne Hull, Louise Leipiar, Forrest J Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, Alan and Freddie Hershey, Eleanor Strattan, Tillie Porjes, Al Ashley, Eph Konigsburg, Dale and Marie Hart and E. Everett Evans.

This may not have been the largest party ever held by the LASFS, but everyone united in saying it was one of the most delightful they'd ever attended.

And, actually and truthfully, Ackerman arrived EARLY! We repeat, is there no end to the guy's talents?

One of the major problems in the development of the Atomic bomb was gathering together enough scientists and technicians to carry on the various research angles it was necessary to investigate. That was how I came in.

After the government finished scrabbling around Universities and Industries for qualified men, they began to realize that a large percent-age of the scientists and technicians in the United States had been sucked into the armed forces.

After investigating further (about the end of 1943) they discovered that a large percentage of these men had ended up in ASTP, which no doubt all of you have heard of. The next step was to actually spot personnel they were interested in obtaining for the Manhattan Project. So, one night in November, 1943, I got a phone call at my barracks frat house at the University of Illinois, asking me, or I should say telling me, to report at the University Armory. I hotfooted it over there, and found about fifty other GI's already there.

The first thing they did was pass out Security Questionaires. If you aren't familiar with this instrument of torture, it is designed to squeeze out every item of personal and professional reputation onto a piece of paper in quadruplicate for the delectation of the big brass who happened to be interested. Among other things, my complete prof-essional & business life had to be listed, all my relatives right back to Adam had to be enumerated, and about twenty references were requir-ed. After a while we got these filled out, and the next step was the interview. One by one we were wafted into an office with a fancy fro-sted door, to be confronted by a real array of talent: two army cap-tains who positively beamed on us in fatherly fashion and two very im-pressive looking civilians who also went out of their way to be gentle and kind. The spokesman was one of the civilians who I later found out was ex-Dean Trytton of Brown University. When my turn came, Tryt-ton questioned me at some length about my scientific background. He seemed rather disappointed about my being a specialist in organic chemestry, but perked up a bit when he found out that I had almost a college major in physics and a pretty good background in physical chem-istry.

After the interview we were all taken down to an auditorium, where one of the captains let us know that we were being considered for a secret government project, location of which he could not tell us. But he went on at great length how we would all be officers a few weeks after we arrived there, how we would get at least two furloughs a week, and would probably get all sorts of extra allowances for living off the post. Then came the clincher. We had to volunteer for this project. No one would be sent against their will. This was the reason forall the soft soap. But even though all of us knew that the captain's stories were just stories, most of us volunteered anyway, because the latest method of using up ASTP men at that time was to put them in the combat infantry. We had nothing to lose. A few weeks later, just before Christmas, I received a letter from P.O. Box 1663, Sante Fe, New Mexico, which contained another Security Questionaire with a request to fill it out, enclose a picture, etc., etc. From this I gathered the project was in New Mexico, that I had a good chance to get there, and that I would probably be filling out Security Questionaires for the rest of my life. But I filled it out after discussing it with my wife, and sent it. A few days later I was on my way along with six other soldiers, all of them technical men. Our shipping orders were very hush hush and turned out to be Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. Our hearts really sank at this because Claiborne turned out to have the worst reputation of any army camp in the United States. But after a while we decided that this was just a stopping point, and that is what it turned out to be. We could not understand, however, why we had to go to Louisiana in order to get to New Mexico. We didn't realize the lengths the country was going to to preserve secrecy. We stayed in Louisiana eight days, had a couple of highly involved secret talks with an intelligence officer there who was the only one at Claiborne who knew where we were going, and finally left for New Mexico on a private pullman which we were not supposed to leave under any conditions except at certain stops. Instead of changing trains, our pullman was changed from train to train when a transfer was necessary.

By this time our group had risen to 35, since men had come from other branches of ASTP to Claiborne, which acted as a gathering point. When we reached Albuquerque, we were met at the station by a lone Wac in a station wagon, and a very depressing sight she was. The Wacs at Los Alamos were bad enough as a group, but this particular one was ornery, ugly and just plain mean. By the time we got to Sante Fe, ninety miles away she had us convinced we were headed for a concentration camp. When we mentioned furloughs, she laughed so hard she almost drove the car in a ditch. When we mentioned living off the post she stopped the car to laugh. Then about twenty miles north of Sante Fe, we turned off the main highway onto a rutted dirt road. This wound its way up through the mountains of the Bandelier National Park into the uninhabited country that surrounds Los Alamos. The road became worse and worse -- it had recently rained -- and we felt worse and worse. Finally we began what the Wac called the last climb and it seemed we would never stop climbing. The grade was actually about five miles long, with a mountain on one side and a precipice on the other. All of it completely unpaved and muddy. Then we came to the first guard gate.

After the MPs at this gate had done a lot of telephoning they finally let us through and we drove another three miles or so to the second guard gate. Most of the project could be seen from this point and a

very impressive sight it was. The buildings were all green clapboard and they looked as if they had been thrown up in one day. The road through the project was a very low grade asphalt and there wasn't a sidewalk in sight. As soon as we had some lunch, Intelligence got hold of us again and passed out Security Questionaires. This made us feel right at home. Then after we had gotten established in our quarters, we were taken down to the technical area.

Los Alamos was situated atop a plateau about 35 miles northwest of Santa Fe at an altitude of 7200 feet. The technical area was complete-16 fenced in with barbed wire (fences within fences). In addition to the tech area there were many testing sites, the number of which increased as the project grew older. Some of them were only a mile or two from the project and some were as much as ten miles away. For security reasons I cannot discuss them further.

Los Alamos itself was established about June of 1943. The purpose of the project was very simple: to make a practical atomic bomb. Chicago Oak Ridge, Hanford, and possibly Berkeley supplied the raw materials. All we had to do was decide how to use it. In making this decision I believe some of the most ingenious thinking in the history of the world was done. Making an atomic bomb wasn't one problem. It was a hundred problems. Each of these had a habit of undergoing fission to become three or four new problems.

When Los Alamos was established, it was set up along certain lines. Originally, the planners never dreamed that the population would ever rise above 500, but the complexities of the problem grew so tough that the population eventually reached 7000. The scientific work was divided into divisions which included Chemistry, Physics, Experimental, Theoretical and Bomb Physics, Ordinance, Explosives, Electronics, etc. These divisions were subdivided into groups, each of which had a group leader who directed the activities of his group. Most divisions had seminars at weekly or bi-weekly intervals in which progress was discussed. In addition, there was a regular weekly meeting of all the scientist personnel at the project at which progress was discussed again. This meeting was the event of the week and was held at one of the project theatres, outside the tech area, because as the project progressed and the number of scientists rose to about 500, no other place could hold them all.

Before a meeting, Military Police would scour the theatre area from end to end, then form a ring around it which closed after the last accredited personnel were inside. These meetings were usually extremely interesting, not only because of the material discussed but because of the personalities involved. Several times during the project's history, I can recall as many as seven Nobel Prize scientists at a single meeting -- Neils Bohr, Arthur H. Compton, Ernest O. Lawrence, Enrico Fermi, Anderson of Cal Tech, Urey and Rabie of Columbia, etc. In addition, there were many scientists there who had not been so honored, but were at least as good. Such men as Hans Bethe, Otto Frisch, Emilio Segre, Glenn Seaborg, Chadwick of Great Britain -- the list is endless. And of course Oppenheimer was always there. Oppy, as he was known throughout the project was a great personality as well as a great scientist and administrator. He was universally liked by the project personnel.

Security at the project was a very serious and involved matter. All mail was censored. All telephone calls were monitored. All telegrams were censored. The censorship was all done by an office in nearby Santa Fe, not at the site itself. During the early part of the project, no vacations or furloughs were allowed under any conditions except extreme emergency.

During the whole project's history, the nearby cities of Santa Fe and Albuquerque had a larger F.B.I. population than the regular civilian population. After a while project personnel could smell an F.B.I. member two hundred feet away, even with a bad cold.

In addition to all this general security the various parts of the project were heavily guarded by a force of about 500 MPs in all cases their orders were when in doubt -- SHOOT, and they did not only have ordinary guns to shoot; several parts of the project were guarded by machine gun towers.

Each person, no matter how well known he was, had to present a set of credentials upon entering or leaving a Technical area. One of these identifications was a badge, which always had to be worn upon the clothing. These badges were of four types, the white badge which meant scientist, the blue badge which meant technician, a black and yellow checkered badge which meant laborer, and a paper badge which was given to visitors. The last two classes of badges had to be accompanied by two MPs per victim. All this of course is a perfect example of just how careful even our country can be when it is necessary. The second credential was a very involved identification plaque which had a photograph, fingerprints, and signature of the carrier and was sealed in plastic to prevent tampering. Both badge and plaque had to be shown or it was "no admittance". Every few months the identification symbol was changed a little to be sure they were keeping ahead of any possible sabotage. I could do a lot more talking about security precaution but this should give you the general idea.

Housing on the project was a continual problem. When you have a population increase from 500 to 7000 people in the space of a year and a half or so, and the increase is occuring virtually in the heart of a wilderness, far removed from any signs of civilization over impossible mountain roads, attempting to build any sort of modern housing, is a pretty tough proposition. The civilians, if they were single, were housed in dormitories. Married couples were given apartments as soon as it was possible. Soldiers had to take pot-luck. This amounted to more or less Army barracks except that soldiers who were technical personnel were excused from almost all regular duties. It just wasn't practical to them to obtain discharges for these army technical men on the basis of their scientific duties. The result was, that a lot of bad feeling developed between many soldiers and civilians. It isn't very encouraging for a soldier to be earning 50 Dollars a month, when a civilian who works under his supervision earns $400. This caused more friction at the project than any other single thing, and was a continual source of trouble. But the soldiers really did have it very easy for soldiers, and most of them made the best of things.

Very little foresight was shown in building up the project adequately to care for 7000 personnel. The soldiers were continually overcrowded, we were always on the edge of a water and power shortage, there were few telephone lines, and transportation onto and off the

project was very poor. There was always a car shortage on the project itself, even though daily travel out to distant sites was an important part of project work. The commissary which supplied the civilians with food was often poorly stocked with poor merchandise. Until the very end of the project, not a single sidewalk existed anywhere, and there wasn't a single light on the roads at night despite the fact that there were many children on the project.

The technical area looked like Shanty Town from outside, but in -side were undoubtedly the finest equipped laboratories that have ever existed. On materials, the bomb project had priority over everything in the world. All that any technical man had to do was think about wanting something from a 200 ton steel cylinder to the total supply in the country of any rare element, and it was delivered immediately, air express, without any of the usual army red tape. I can't help thinking that if we had that kind of collaboration between science and government in all sciences at all times like the kind we had then that any problem might be solved in almost no time.

But, as the project grew older, the red tape surrounding the scientists grew thicker and thicker, until when the war ended, almost all the first rate scientists left the project, and went back to the Universities or Industries.

After we had arrived at the project and gone through the security rigamarole, we finally got into the technical area, where we were divided into groups according to our specialties and interviewed by various group leaders. I was put aside for the chemistry division, of course, and the man who interviewed me was the group leader in charge of Uranium chemistry. He was a rather young physical chemist named Dod -son, and he probably selected me more because I put down my hobby as Science-Fiction, than because he thought I would be of any great value to him. It turned out that he was a Science-Fiction Fan from way back especially E.E.Smith, and A. Merritt. He had several autographed copies of Science-Fiction and Fantasy books which we used to gloat over together. He knew Merritt at one time, and is a partty good friend of E. E. Smith, who acknowledges having received technical help from him, in case anyone is interested in the recently published book "OF WORLDS BEYOND".

Naturally I got along pretty well with Dodson, and I found that there were many other Science-Fiction fans among the scientists at the project. Joe Kennedy, the head of the chemistry division was always snooping around for the latest Astounding. And since only two copies of the magazine ever got to the stands on the project, it was usually quite a contest to see who would get them first. Whenever an atomic bomb story would emerge in Astounding, more excitement resulted than if a terrific piece of progress had been made on the bomb itself.

The work that I did for the six months I remained in Dodson's group, involved problems in the purification of Uranium. For certain reasons, Uranium had to be obtained literally almost free of impurities for certain experiments of the physics groups. My job was to work out procedures to do this, and actually put the procedures to work on certain samples of Uranium 235 that were given to me. At one time I had an 80-gram sample of Uranium 235 that at the time, was estimated to have a manufactured value of about Five Million Dollars. Since Uranium is not a terrifically dangerous material, I was pretty

happy with this job. Other radioactive elements that we used at the project were an entirely different story. An example of that is Plutonium, of which a dangerous dose is about seven millinths of a gram. Plutonium, similar to Radium, is not easily eliminated once it enters the body. A percentage of it settles in the bones, and gets [illegible] of dirty work. The plutonium laboratories were in a very specially constructed building, built below the level of the ground, and containing no outlets except one airlock and a special air conditioning system which kept the building entirely dust free. People would enter the building through the airlock, and be greeted by a delegation of assorted M.P.'s and health personnel who made sure first of all that they were supposed to be there, and secondly, that they went through all the proper procedures for entering and leaving the building without spreading contamination. The first thing a person entering the building had to do was make a complete change of clothing, and put on special cloth boots which were supposed to prevent getting any radioactive material on shoes which might possibly get outside of the building. The entire building was constructed with a special eye toward avoiding the spread of contamination. The floors, desks, walls, were all as non porus as they could be made, so that radio active material could not be trapped on their surfaces. This building had a constant health patrol who wandered around with radioactive snoopers known as 'plutos' which were used to locate hot spots. When such a spot was found, the area was sealed off and decontamination squads immediately went to work. The personnel in the building, poor kids, had all sorts of tests performed on them at least twice a week to make sure they weren't going to undergo fission. If urine analysis or blood analysis or nose analysis indicated they had a dangerous amount of radioactive material in their body, they were laid off until these tests showed that the radioactive level had gone down. I knew people in certain radioactive laboratories who could not approach certain types of Geiger Muller counters, because they emitted so much radiation they broke down the counter. If any of these people got above what the health group called the danger tolerance level, they were transferred to another line of work. On leaving D building each person had to go through two showers and wash themselves following a certain ritual which was always carefully observed by the health group. The Plutonium laboratories however, were not the worst labs at Los Alamos.

At that time certain of the Ordinance divisions were lagging way behind the rest of the project, and Oppy was requesting volunteers for this work, most of which was done at outlying sites. I volunteered and for the next year worked in the field of high explosives, not theoretically but actually. After a while when the urgency of the work increased it was nothing unusual to stay out all night at one of these sites and sleep in a room with as much as a ton of high explosives laying around loose. The main danger in working with this type of material isn't the danger but thefact that you may forget the danger. A high explosives man is allowed to make exactly zero mistakes. Aside from the danger from explosion almost all high explosives are extremely toxic and all the men who worked with them were kept on a high level of vitamin and milk diet supplemented by the same old periodic examinations. Work at the sites wasn't at all comfortable. Most of them were located in canyons in the mountains surrounding Los Alamos and it certainly got cold there. A lot of this work was done out of doors and there wasn't much to the buildings at these sites, for quite a while after I was sucker enough to volunteer to do this work,

but as a result of it I got the chance to go to Alamagordo, and see the first atomic bomb detonated.

Various laboratories at the project were extremely interesting from the viewpoint of sheer danger. One of these was located in one of the innumerable canyons which infest that area and involved work with a certain artificial radioactive element that was so dangerous that all work with it was done by remote control. Not the remote control that they show pictures of in the magazines occasionally, but with the operator never approaching closer than 75 feet from a five ft thick concrete wall behind which a rather small amount of this material was processed. These operators were allowed to work at the controls for not more than thirty minutes a day, and not all of that at one stretch.

Another laboratory, one of the most important at the project, was located in still another canyon. I can still remember the day at that particular lab when the critical mass of uranium 235 was approached for the first time. Most of the famous scientists were there including such men as Fermi, Oppenheimer, Comton, Donald Kerst, etc.. Donald Kerst, the inventor of the electron accelerator, the betatron, was given the honor of being at the controls as critical mass neared, but he didn't appreciate the honor. He was a young fellow of about 28 at the time, very much lacking in stage presence. Not only that, but nobody was absolutely certain exactly what would happen with the possible exception of Fermi, who is cuite a guy. Kerst began to shake, broke out in a cold sweat, and finally Fermi took over and carried the experiment through. It was quite a thrill to hear the counter doubling and redoubling and redoubling and redoubling before the safety device was thrown.

Another experiment in the same laboratories was the famous one known as 'tickling the dragon's tail'. It was this particular set-up which caused the death of the only two scientists killed at Los Alamos and the ironical part of it was that both deaths occurred after the bomb had been perfected in a military sense. Both men died through their own carelessness and were not the heroes of science that the newspapers have a tendency to make of every scientist who is ever killed. What actually happened to these two men was that they were both killed by a terrific burst of nuetrons caused by accidentally approaching critical mass in this apparatus which I can't describe. The result of such an exposure is not immediately apparent. The first man, whose name was Harry Daghlien, actually dismantled the assembly with his bare hands when the accident happened. This was done in panic. If anything of danger to the project impended, it would have happened almost instantaneously. Baghlien was O.K. after this exposure for a few hours and then he began to disintigrate.....At least that is what it amounted to. The nuetron exposure resulted in very extensive protien destruction all over his body. I won't go into any details. It took Daghlien seventeen days to die, and he was rational up to the last day.

Another interesting part of the project was the various stockrooms. These stockrooms were so complete that it was incredible even to think of it. Most items were considered expendable, including platinum, and, in several of these stockrooms you were permitted to go in at night when no attendant was present and take anything you pleased. For the platinum room, those who had white badges and used a lot of

platinum were given keys so that they could go in at night and take what they pleased. I had one of these keys at one time, and it was an experience to come into this room which must have contained at least a million dollars worth of platinum. Somebody at the project had to do some experiments on Pa at one time, so the government got together the entire world's supply of this element ----- which amounted to about 38 mgs. and sent it to the project. At one time they thought that the el-ement rhenium was going to be necessary. Once again, the world's supply -- about two pounds -- was sent to the project. A certain complex instrument was schedules to be sent to the project. It cost 50,000 dollars to make. When it got there they decided against the experiment and it was never used. A steel cylinder which weighed two hundred tons was scheduled to be used as part of the first bomb test at Alamagordo. Special techniques had to be developed in the eastern mills to make this cylinder the way they wanted it. When it was made, they discovered that there was only one flatcar in the country that could transport it, and that at many places along the line the roadbed had to be strengthened. They finally got it to Alamagordo, then decided not to use it. When the bomb was detonated in New Mexico this cylinder was standing upright on a concrete lip exactly half a mile from the bomb tower. The force of the shock wave tilted this cylinder.

Toward the end of my stay at the project many thousands of dollars worth of platinum was buried forever, because it was so impregnated with radioactive matter that it could not be cleaned.

I went down to the bomb site on July first. They had the usual lineup of machine gun towers down there, no roads, and complete desolation. The nearest town, population 2 and a half, was called San Antone. This was at least 20 miles from the site, but it was evacuated for the test. The area itself was ye complete desert, with only sage brush, mesquite, and Joshuas to relieve the monotony. Just like in the cowboy stories. It was a very large valley surrounded on all sides by the grimmest, most jagged mountains I have ever seen. The Base Camp was 20 miles from the Bomb tower and consisted of a few shacks, barracks and workshops. The personnel there was mostly soldiers of the Construction Detachment at Los Alamos, with a few scientists and technicians and many MPs. From the time I got down there until the time the bomb was detonated, the least time anyone worked was 16 hours a day. This applies to Los Alamos, too. They had to supply the Bomb! We were working against time. The armed forces had massed 350,000 men for the invasion of Japan, and the only thing delaying that invasion was the Bomb. So, if you want to take a selfish view of the Bomb ... it may have destroyed a lot of lives, but if the lives lost hadn't been of one race, they would have been of another. We detonated the Bomb on July 17th. By August 3rd, the first Bomb could have been dropped on Hiroshima, but very bad weather delayed in until the sixth. The second Bomb reached Tinian and left Tinian very rapidly--on the eighth. And fifteen minutes before we were ready to ship the third one overseas, orders came through to stop it. In other words, the war was essentially over. I knew the fellow who put the finishing touches on that bomb, and he had been up all night doing it. He couldn't make up his mind whether to be in a good or a bad humor that day, and ended up by going to sleep.

The night before the bomb was detonated in New Mexico, a terrific electrical storm came up. It was probably the first time in years

that Alamagordo had had one. And there we were with everything ready to go, the bomb already up in the tower, lightning bolts slashing the sky and every possible bad condition for the test that could possibly exist. A lot of the radio communication involved in the test was supposed to have been handled by planes, and did they ever have a time as static drowned out everything, and flying in that area is no picnic under even good conditions.

The bomb was dogged by bad weather in all three cases. The Hiroshima bomb was delayed three days. The Nagasaki bomb was completely messed up by the weather. Actually the Nagasaki bomb was a good deal more destructive than the Hiroshima, but it was dropped 3/4 of a mile off target and did less damage. This is how it happened:

The bomb plane took off for the primary target, which was NOT Nagasaki, and was supposed to rendevous there with two other planes, a pressure instrument plane and a photography plane. A complete cloud blanket covered this primary target so that the bomb plane went on to the secondary target, Nagasaki. It was just as bad as Nagasaki, but they decided to stick it out there, wait for the other planes and drop the bomb by radar. But after waiting almost one hour, the other planes had not showed up. They got their signals mixed and stayed at the primary target. Finally, they saw their gas was very low so they decided to drop the bomb without the other planes. The bombardier started to get ready to drop the bomb by radar when a rift in the clouds appeared. He got excited and dropped the bomb without radar and without a correction for wind-drift. So -- it didn't exactly hit where it was supposed to hit.

In conclussion, I'll give you a few facts about the power of the New Mexico bomb. These figures are quoted from Hans Bethe, head of the theoretical Physics division at Los Alamos, so they ought to be pretty good. I quote:

"When the many measurements were evaluated it turned out the energy release was close to what was expected on theoretical grounds. In fact, it was slightly more. The blast equivilent was about 10,000 tons of TNT. This was the greatest explosion in history. Oppau in 1923 was only 5,000. Halifax was slightly more than 3,000."

The conditions that must have prevailed in the active material during the explosion were fantastic. The temperature was probably near 100 million degrees; more than four times the temperature at the center of the sun, and over ten thousand times that at the surface. The pressure was over 100 billion atmospheres, once again more than at the center of the sun.

The radioactivity of the fission products that were formed was, at one hour after the explosion, equivalent to a million kilograms of radium. The total world's supply of radium is about one kilogram. The effect of this tremendous radiation was plainly visible as a blue corona surrounding the cloud that was rising. For the first tenth of a second, light was emitted of the order of ten billion kilowatts, which is far more than all the electric power produced in the entire world. The light intensity was great enough so that very conceivably that flash might have been seen from another planet.

-FINIS-

STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE

BY

DOC ACKERMAN

A month or so ago I gave a casual talk at the LASFS about, or perhaps round about would better describe it, Esperanto. There were not even any notes in connexion with it, and none were taken; and now I have been asked to transcribe the speech. The following is necessarily a very ruff approximation of what I said:

WHEN L. RON HUBBARD reached Mars in 1965 in the Heinlein-sponsored rocketship Tondelayo, he experienced no difficulty whatsoever in conversing with the Martians, as they all spoke via mentelepathy. I wish I could tell you that were true, my friends, but it simply isn't. Instead he found existing a condition which Edmond Hamilton had once predicted: MARS was a world made up of all the ideas ever dreamed up by science fiction authors! There in the dead sea bottoms of Barsoom were Burroughs' varicolored races; and then again there were the chrysanthemum-headed Martians of Manly Wade Wellman; Wells' original squid-kids--even Weinbaum's Tweel. To confuse the language situation, there was even a talking horse--or, rather, talking thoat. You are all familiar, I take it, with the thoat, Burroughs' 8-legged equine. Well, Hubbard had a fine idea about this.

Ron brot a big green-blooded thoat back to Earth to run him in the races at Santa Fanita. Naturally, with 8 legs, he ran away with the race, and there was Nothing in the Rules to disqualify him as he had carefully studied the Unknown novelet by L. Sprague deCamp of the same mane--I mean name--I was thinking of a horse of a different collar, to paraphrase, or steal a phrase, made locally famous by member Konigsberg.

Can you imagine it? A talking horse! Why, bettors weren't kidding when they said they got their dope straight from the horse's mouth. And in short order Hubbard's cubbard was no longer bare. He went on to develop his imported thoat. He gave him singing lessons, sent him to the finest teachers here and abroad. And at last he was ready for his début.

THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL was packed salad---pardon me, solid. The crowd of music lovers seethed with excitement on the verge of a new musical experience. History was to be made this nite.

Proudly the thoat pranced onto the stage. Disdainful of the microphone, confident of the power of his unamplified vocal chords, he took his position just left of center. Our thoat was about to emote when---a terrible thing happened: There was a cloudburst! The thoat was drenched! As there are no rainstorms on Barsoom, he was completely susceptible, and immediately caught a cold! Hubbard tried to pull in his bridle and lead him offstage, but he insisted on singing in the rain, as it were. But all he could manage was a hoarse laff!

This unfortunate incident washed Hubbard up, and at last report he had sunk from his respectable position of horse-racer to his former shady occupation of science fiction writer. He still carries the headline with him that killed his career as the manager of a singing Martian horse: CONCERT CANCELED BY SORE THOAT....

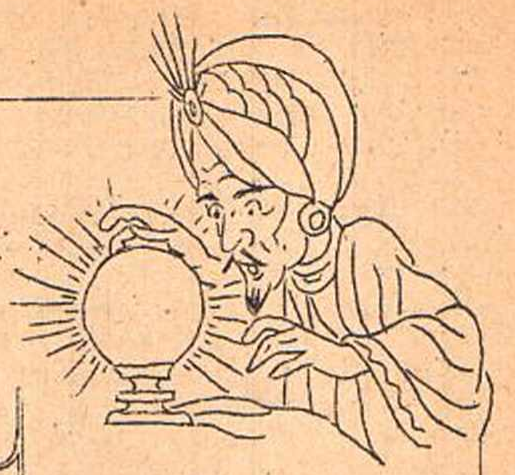
THE MORAL of the foregoing account must surely be oblivious: Who is the greater jackass, man or mule? Man, lost in his morass of 2000 different languages, cannot talk to man. Surely this is food for thoat, and that ain't hay, because they don't grow hay on Mars. Even a Jugoslavian jackass can talk to another jackass, say from Hindustan. Yes they can. Have you never heard of Assperanto?

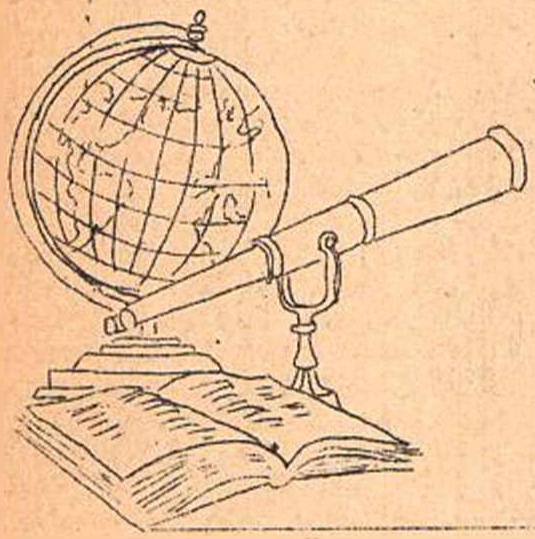
And that brings me to the subject of my talk tonite. In 1965, when a little Martian lad--let me sze, I believe his name was Titus Groan--yes, Titus Groan----when he came to Earth in his interplummetory shocketrip, he had no difficulty whatsoever in understanding Earthmen. Naturally! They all spoke Earthian! His science friction magascenes had prepared him for this. Many copies on the visiscreen had he read of Earthly Adventure Tales, Un-Martian Stories, Planet "3" Perils, etc. Greatly had he been engrossed by the vivid imaginings of O'Tisadelber Tkline, Ral Fmline Farli, Aevan Ednamayn, and other masters of imagination, who, tho they varied in their descriptions of Earthmen--from monstrous 2-eyed, 2-eared, 2-armed, 2-legged, 2-faced, 2-awful to describe creatures to handsome quadruple-humped camel-like Marsmen--always agreed that the invading Earthmen, no matter how great their iniquity, shared one outstanding ubiquity which--wait a minute, aren't you inextricably mixed up in that sentence by now? I am! What I started out very simply to say was that all authors agreed Earthmen spoke a universal language, Earthian. Whereas, as you and I know, this is not the case at all. And when Titus Groan found this out, he returned to Mars, a broken Martian. All his life he had been discriminated against because he had been born on the wrong side of the canals, and he had counted on his heroic conquest of Earth to raise him in the eyes of Camellia, the gorgeous camel-girl whose family owned an 18 room gondola on sweetly scented Canal #5.

Now the things I have been telling you may have occasionally struck you as mildly ridiculous--to understate an understatement--but, to be serious with you now, I cannot conceive of anything much more ridiculous than our Babel barrier here on Earth. Two thousand languages--actually!--for one small planet. Oddly enuf, 2000 attempts have been made by visionary individuals to create and introduce artificial languages. Ro, Novial, Volapuk, Glora, Ido--one was worked out right here in the United States back about 1850! Ro is a kind of alphabetical affair where your sentences sound something like see-ay bee-oh oh-kay-el-pee ef-jay. Volapuk sounds like nothing on Earth that I know of--for instance, 1-2-3-4, as I recall, is pronounced bahl-tayl-keel-fole. Compare with Esperanto's unu, du as in duet, tri as in trio, kvar as in kvartet, kvin as in kvintuplets, etc.

I got interested in Esperanto a long time ago by reading about it in science fiction stories. But I didn't know it was a real thing, I thot it was a convention used among authors, like the Necronomicon. I just thot Francis Flagg, the author of "The Planet Juggler", and others, had tacitly agreed to name the mythical language of the future Esperanto. My excitement knew no bounds when I learned it was a real language, and I lost no time in learning it. This led in time to my talking it with Farnsworth Wright of Weird Tales and Chas. Hornig of Future Fiction, translating a revised version of Theo. Sturgeon's "Memorial", corresponding with stfans in Germany & Holland and other interesting individuals in Czechoslovakia, Russia, China, Japan, Argentina, Jugoslavia--even the United States. Well, I could bore you all nite by résuméing the benefits it's been to me, but every time I open my buŝo (mouth) I put my piedo (foot) in it. How else do you think I ever learned Esperan-toe?

SCIENCE'S UNLUCKY STAR





BY

JEAN COX
LASFS

This is the age of science -- the age of the atom bomb and penicillin, the age of enlightenment and knowledge. It is also the age in which more people believe in astrology, palmistry and tea-leaf reading than ever before in the history of mankind.

That is possibly because there are more people in the world today, and because modern technology gives better methods of distributing mail-order superstition to those people.

There are 25,000 professional astrologers in the United States today. There are a dozen astrology magazines with a combined circulation exceeding a million copies a month. Two hundred newspapers throughout the land offer the guidance of a daily horoscope service to 25,000,000 readers ----- all of these, of course, do not avail themselves of this valuable counsel, and yet, when the LONDON TIMES --- one of the greatest newspapers in the world --- decided to drop their daily horoscope, they received over a thousand letters and telegrams the first day. Needless to say, they reinstated it. It has been estimated that the numbers of devout adherants to astrology in the U. S. is 3,000,000. In a single year they bought more than 1,000,000 copies of the astrologi-

cal annual, The Moon Sign Book, at $1.00 a copy. They pay from $1 to $5 for mimeographed horoscope from mail-order operators, and up to $50 each for personal consultations with the more exclusive seers. A specialist in financial prognostication takes in a reported $50,000 from Wall Street believers alone. Our total expenditures for assorted astrological abracadabra is an estimated $20,000,000 a year--or about twice the sum spent in 1947 for research in all the sciences. (These figures are mostly taken from the August, 1948 SCIENCE ILLUSTRATED's article, "Is There a Doctor Of Cosmic Science In The House" by Carlton Brown.)

Just what is it that makes this subject so attractive to so many people? First, it would seem to be a fear of the future, and astrology, which claims to predict the future, gives them a sense of security. The second factor is megalmanic trends. Some are interested in psychology, for example, because of the sense of power it gives them to know what is motivating their fellow men -- the same is true of astrology. With astrology, it is possible: 1. To know everyone's basic personality traits and 2. To know the future. That right there makes a person a veritable demi-god; what more could you ask?

(If you wish a defense of astrology from an astrologer's viewpoint, I refer you to any book on astrology; practically all such devote their first few chapters to defense of the subject. Mr. Grant Lewi's "ASTROLOGY FOR THE MILLIONS" might be "recommended".)

It is surprising how well astrology works in retrospect. Any astrologer can take the life of a man long dead and show how his life was influenced by the stars. Such success in predicting the future is seldom found, however. For instance, in the above mentioned book, whose first edition was published in 1939, certain prophecies are made concerning Hitler (page 54) in which it is stated after long analysis, that he could not possibly exist beyond May, 1941. Now, the second edition of the book was published in 1941 after the prophecies had failed to come true. But, explains Mr. Lewi, the prophecy was only meant in a poetical sense...

In 1936, Mr. Lewi prophesied that if Roosevelt ran for a second term it would be disastrous for him. In 1940, he prophesied that if Roosevelt ran for a third term it would be disastrous to him. I don't know what he did in 1944, but I'll bet nearly anything that when Roosevelt died in 1945, Mr. Lewi said something like the following: "See, I told you so! If he hadn't run for those second and third terms this wouldn't have happened..."

Perhaps these statements are not devastating arguments against astroloby (inasmuch as they were selected) but I believe that they represent a basically correct picture of the general level of rigor on which the astrologer carries on his work.....

.....Eric Temple Bell reports that one astrologer stated that before the discovery of Pluto all astrology was false since they weren't taking it into account. Ellen McCaffery, in her book, "ASTROLOGY: ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE ON THE WESTERN WORLD" disagrees, however. She says that the discoveries of Uranus, Neptune and Pluto didn't change it one bit (they just added more to it) and quotes a passage from the Belgian Magazine, Demain, for April, 1938, which in turn, quotes the following from page 316 of the Manual of Spherical Astrology by Formalhaut, published by the Vigot Brothers in Paris in 1897:

"A planet exists beyond Neptune.
It will be called Pluto."

A remarkable prophecy! Or, at least, so it would at first appear. A little reflection, however, will remind us that from the period 1890-1930, the favorite pasttime of the astronomers (professional and otherwise) was the search for trans-Neptunian planets, that it was firmly believed that there were several there and that there were many false alarms. (See Charles Fort's "New Lands" and "Lo!"). As to the name, a simple process of elimination and a knowledge that the names of the planets were selected from those of Roman gods will soon dispel our awe. (This new planet would be in the darkest reaches of the void -- Pluto was the god of the dark depth.)

Miss McCaffery also reports that Formalhaut prophesies that after Pluto two new planets will be discovered and she comments, "Giving the correct name of a planet undiscovered until thirty-three years later was evidently psychic but not so that new planets would be discovered. This, indeed, has been known for ages that in order to complete our twelve planetary rulerships, we need two new planets..."

Wonderful! Two more. That means we have ten now! Miss McCaffery explains that the sun and the moon are to be counted as planets also. But that makes eleven, not ten. Of course, other astrologers disagree and state that only the moon is another planet. ("The relationship of astrology to palmistry is obvious," states one astrologer. "There are ten planets -- there are ten fingers." Oh, but what is going to happen when those two other planets are discovered?)

This last demonstrates the extent to which astrology is oriented to the astronomical beliefs of the past. Those pasic assumptions inherent in the astrology of today were present in the astronomy of the fifteenth century. Astrology is able to perpetuate itself because the average person has fantastically outmoded beliefs concerning the real structure of the universe and of the solar system.

I have a friend who is an astrologer. One day, I mentioned quite casually interplanetary travel and my enthusiasm concerning it. He had quite a negative reaction -- he told me right then and there that I was "crazy and given to wild and improbable ideas."

The violence of his reaction set me to wondering: "Just what is going to happen to astrology when a few years from now we're sailing blithely off to Mars and Jupiter and the Moon?" I think that when that happens, the popular conceptions concerning the solar system and planets are going to change; and it won't be to the better as far as the astrologers are concerned.

Oh, it's possible that astrology will survive. I can visualize an astrologer on Mars in the future casting a horoscope and saying, "Well, the planet Earth is in conjunction with Mercury and that means..."

But it's not very likely. At least, I don't like it.

I think that you and I (if the atom bomblets don't get us) are going to see the last of Earth's greatest and longest lived, organized superstition.

The End

M A I L I N G B U R E A U

Fans from outside the Los Angeles general area often are lost as to the addresses of the local fans and their phone numbers. This (incomplete) list makes a small effort to help the situation. But, please remember, this is not complete and is not a listing of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society's members.

Forrest J Ackerman - 236½ N. New Hampshire, Hollywood 4 - (FE 2231)
Mark Blank - 3567 Los Angeles Street, LA 7 (RE9516)
Don Bratten - 14302 Miranda Street, Van Nuys, Calif.
Charles Burbee - 1057 S. Normandie, LA 6 (FI 3200)
Vic Clark - 4418 West Pico (apt 104) (WY 9303)
Cy Condra - 8538 Trask, Playa Del Rey, Calif. (AR 4-9712)
Lora Crozetti - 745 South Union (apt 5) LA 14
Hal Curtis - 428 South Verdugo Road, Glendale, Calif.
Walt Daugherty - 1305 West Ingraham, LA 14 (EX 6852)
G. Gordon Dewey - Box 2181, Hollywood 28
Dave Fox - 1531 Orange Grove, Glendale, California
Dale Hart - 4167 S. Raymond street, LA 37 (AX 1-8156)
Alan & Freddy Hershey - 6335 King Ave, Bell, Calif. (LO 5-6915)
Russ Hodgkins - 774 Caliburn Drive, LA 2 (PL 9265)
R. A. Hoffman - 922 West 36th St., LA 7 (RI 7-1335)
Charles Hornig - PO Box 1173, Los Banos, Calif.
Eph Konigsberg - 1941 Estrella Ave., LA 7 (RI 9964)
Louise Leipar - 1941 Estrella Ave., LA 7 (RI 9964)
Dave Lesperance - 8353 Creigton (OR 2-3348)
Len Moffatt - 6766 Hannon Street, Bell Gardens, Calif.
Gene Moreton - 5516 Corteen Place, North Hollywood, California
Kris Neville - 1531 15th Street, Santa Monica, California
Evard Noble - 1735 South Burlington, LA 6
Bob Olsen - 4300 West 170th Street, Lawndale, Calif. (FR 4-5912)
Bob Patrick - 1435 North Pacific Ave., Glendale 2 (CItrus 3-2645)
Con Pederson - 705 West Kelso, Inglewood, Calif.
Elmer Perdue - 524 West 46th Street, LA 37
Phil Rash - 715 West 112th street, LA 44
Ross Rocklynne - 4122 Toluca Lake Avenue, Burbank, California
Bill Rotsler - 287 Carondelet, LA 4 (FE 5092)
Mike Scoles - 120 South Serrano (DR 6502)
Fred Shroyer - 3798-7/8 South Vermont, LA 37
Paul Skeeters - 109 West Washington St., Pasadena 3 (Syc 7-8633)
Eldred Smith - 4331 Burns avenue, LA 27
Oliver King Smith - 300 North Palm Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Rick Sneary - 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California
Bryce & Marsha Walton - 4108 Marathon Street, Hollywood
Gus Willmorth - 1503-3/4 12th Ave., LA 6 (RE 1-3575)
AE van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull,- 476 Hartford Ave, LA 13
Jean Cox - 628 South Bixel, LA 14 (MU 6688)
Kenneth Bonnell - 628 South Bixel, LA 14 (MU 6688)
Dick Timmer - 1055 Ingraham, LA 14
Everett Evans - 1941 Estrella Avenue, LA 7 (RI 9964)
Bill Crawford - 8318 Avalon Blvd, LA 3
Stan Woolston - 12832 SW, Garden Grove, California
Rick Strauss - 6811 Hollywood Blvd (HE 4181)
Neison Himmel - 628 South Bixel, LA 14 (MU 6688)