



THIS ISSUE
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SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

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LATE NEWS FLASHES FROM SHANGRI-LA!!!!

CORPORAL DOUGLAS BLAKELEY, MINNEFAN, ARRIVES IN SHANGRI-LA.

Cpl. Douglas Blakeley, former Minnefan, arrived here a few Sundays ago and was enthusiastically welcomed by his former pals: Phil Bronson, Buns Benson, Sam Russell, and Morrie Pollens, all of whom are former LFS members. Nearly everyone adjourned to Culver City to see Morrie's new store that he has rented so that he may have a place to set up his equipment. Records were made to a skit written by Sam Russell and 4sj and proved highly successful.

DAUGHERTY'S NEW MAG IS "FIN" FOLLOWING PATTERN OF "LIFE" MAGAZINE.

Walt Daugherty is preparing a new mag which will be no less than ninety per-cent lithographed. The contents will be mainly pictures and black & white art work. This promises to be a real collector's item. No publication date is announced but look for it soon.

JACKERMAN DISCOVERS GOLD.

Perfection J. Jackerman has found a gold mine in Mel Brown and Charles Dye. It seems these two would-be signs are wont to purchase everything in the famous Jackerman garage. Oh, well, they will learn that 4e never runs out of things to sell and as time goes by they will run out of money.

FANTASITE NEARLY READY TO MAIL.

Phil Bronson now has FANTASITE nearly ready to mail. This issue is a collaboration of the work, material and ideas of both Bronson and Daugherty. Cheer up, you'll receive yours soon. Mel's new mag FIN SLIMTS is progressing very nicely and will be out as soon as an artist produces a satisfactory cover. Forry and Morajo are expending every effort to finish VOM. With Forry in the Army and Morajo working long hours, this issue is proving quite a task.

THE BEDSIDE FASSBINDER.

Phil Bronson is planning to publish a volume to be known as THE BEDSIDE FASSBINDER in which many stories, humorous and otherwise of the famous Fassbinder are scheduled to appear. This volume will really be worth your time. Fassbinder has a peculiar style of writing that makes his work really enjoyable. Many copies of the LASSFS minutes will attest to his ability.

REVIVAL IN SHANGRI-LA?

Ed Chamberlain is thinking of reviving CATALYST. However, someone will have to revive Ed first. Ed has recently been transferred to the Engineering department of North American Aviation, Inc..

MORE NEWS FROM SHANGRI-LA

USFS FAILS TO RECOGNIZE PLANETS.

The serious end of this Sacred Society has been considerably invigorated of late by some very interesting talks. Forrest J. Jakeman gave a very interesting account of David H. Keller and last August outlined the different theorized, undiscovered and unrecognized planets. Both talks were very good and well received.

LSFS MEMBERS GO BOATING WITH BEETHOVEN AND PRINCES.

Most of the artists have been spending a great number of their evenings at the Hollywood Bowl where the Symphonies Under the Stars have been in session. They have been listening in vain for the Los Angeles Apathetic Philharmonic to really break into a good performance.

INGENIEROS ARRESTED FOR DISTURBING THE BEACH OR
THE BEACH OCCUPIES THE A BEACH.

On May 30, 1945, the annual beach party produced sixteen fans and fanettes -- Henry and Dorothy Hasse, Cpl. Bob Hoffman, Paul Frechsfer, Barbara Bovard, Randy Tillywish, Beverly Ann Irenson, Mel Brown, Pfc. Blaine Dunmire, 4c. Morajo, Helen Finn, Ed Chamberlain, Horrie Dollens Sam D. Russell and Breeson. A very pleasant day ensued, although war-time beach restrictions prevented the group from convening after sundown. In lieu of the customary evening bonfire, et al, the party descended upon the Dollens-Russell home there to perpetrate on posterity such horrendous recordings as "the LAFES chorus" singing they're version of "Trees", complete with accompaniment, and to witness a showing of movies of the old LAFS, taken by Horrie Dollens.

LASFS PROVES TO BE PRONNY ----- SOME PHONE? EH KID?

Yes, people, The LISTS has its own phone now, listed in both the yellow and white directories as the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society Madison 7038. Call us up sometime. If you do, be prepared for an odd greeting: for, in true LISTS tradition any fan who answers the phone invariably utters a wacky form of "Hello", e. g., "It's your nickle," "Annie Doesn't live here any more," Pardon me, but you look just like Schmearje," "What's the latest, dope?", and so forth. In fact this practice has taken hold to such an extent that the person answering the phone is liable to be embarrassed. For instance, the time Yerke be-stirred himself from his couch in the corner to answer: he uttered these two words, "wrong number" with such a finality that he automati-cally convinced the calling party of the authenticity of his statement and he promptly hung up. Pbzize faux pax was accomplished by Phil Bronson. Late one evening the raucous jangle of the phone interrupted a highly-interesting discussion. Bronson answered - like this: "Hello, this is God speaking; may I help you?" The reply: "This is the opera-tor. I have a long distance call for you." Daugherty's girl, Tillie Jacobson, calls up every-so-often just to hear any new answers that have been made up. Someone answered ~~her~~ at ~~her~~ ordinary "Hello" on one call and she nearly passed out. Upon recovery she promptly said she was hanging up and would call back and that she would expect a better answer than that.

GALACTIC ROLLER IN LA NO RUMOR.

Delvin Coger, Galactic Roamer, now stationed at Camp had dropped in for an hour at a recent meeting and promised to return again at an early date.

SHANGRI-LA GRAPE VINE

BY
LOTHAR
PENGUIN

It's a Grape Life if you don't weaken. This is an apt observation attributed to Frankie, the Wise Weevil. At this point someone else countered with: "What are YOU grappin' about?" Much can be learned about life from observing the Wise Weevil at work, and the above observation may well be taken to heart by all those who find cause to grape over this column.

Mel Brown, the intrepid Mr. Fall Guy, was happy the other night. "I'm getting a divorce," he shorted, looking your correspondent right in the face from the corner of his eyes. "That shouldn't be hard," we said. "I'm going on a blind date Wednesday," Brown proffered, endeavouring to rally. "What would you expect," we said. Apparently Brown exercises some strange hypnotic effect on the fairersex, much like the Cobra hypnotises birds, for Moroko came running over to the club on a Sunday with a little note which she claims she found under the door. "Hello Dear. Hi Mel. Hope to see you soon. Your gal from Pasadena." This, more than all the surveys in Washington, shows that the manpower situation is still acute. We wonder if the gal is acute.

Who is the cause? This might well be the quarry of passersby on Bixel on a Sunday a few weeks ago. Had not Bronson and Yerke saved their buddy Benson from an all night stay in a weed patch, a particularly seedy one, at that. It was just after the Big Binge. Yerke, having bid Good Night to Brown, was walking down the hill when he heard a discordant singing floating out from a hedge across the way. "These California crickets are getting damned loud," he muttered to himself. The Crickets in question turned out to be the B Brothers high in the hedge, rendering "Carry Me Br-r-ack to Old Virginny." After some persuasion, Yerke managed to get them to climb down from their perch. "Good Night, boys, I'm going to bed," Benson sighed, and fell into the weeds in a direct frontal attack. Bronson and Yerke walked on up the hill. They soon realised that Brother Benson was not following. "He's still in the weeds hie," Bronson tittered. "We got to get 'im," Yerke decided. They went back. ALORS. Where is Benson! The weeds, they hide the body from view. We cannot find him! For minutes, the two figures poke in the weeds under the overhanging street light. At last the body quietly snoozing with the nose buried deep in an ant hill, was located and dragged up to 1055 Wilshire.

Here about that night. Who, under the influence of some friendly toddy's gushed about, shaking everybody's hand and slobbering: "Phil, you're the greatest artist in the world! Ah! Buns! What a great writer you can be. Why, you could make a thousand dollars a hic week!" And who, when introduced to T/5 Bob Hoffman, was so unhappy because he was stinks and couldn't really meet a fellow fan in town on a furlough. Next Morning someone said, "Well, how did you like meeting Hoffman?" "Hoffman," demanded the fan, "who in hell is Hoffman?"

WHO DEPARTMENT. Who is in the habit of coming into the clubroom afterhours, borrowing Weird Tales by the year and leaving large puddles of strange, unidentified liquid by the door so that, despite repeated warnings from all clubmembers whenever they opened the door during the meeting, Sam Russell put his foot squarely in the middle of the mess

as he entered.

What loving couple were suddenly and accidentally burst in upon by who one night with the lights out and the radio sweet and low?

Who set a neat trap for Brown and Benson in the clubroom. And Brown and Benson walked blithely by for the first time on record failing to stop in and check up on the condition of the clubroom.

Who are the neighbourhood nuisances that go up the ally behind the Old Wilshire Mansion, attend to some secret business about midnight, and then create a God-awful racket, running down the ally shouting: CHARGE! CHARGE! CHARGE, waking up defense workers and frightening poor harmless kittens? ---LP

FANGELENO IN ANGLOFANDOM

V MAIL TO FORRY ACK ACK -

Cpl. Gus Willmorth, ex-director LMSFS, sends voicemailletter he's in bonnie ol' Great Britain! Says Gus, in part, "Noticed the dread fact that magazines do not seem to be selling in England these days and am really afraid that I shall have to depend upon America for my supply of STF. The most interesting and intelligent thing I can get to read in the army seems to be defective novels whose authors try to pick out the least obvious character in their stories to be the bloody villian who with utmost callousness murders everyone they can lay a deadly instrument to." Club has rectified this scandalous situation by donated copies of all stfantasy pubs (except ASQ & FAQ) since Gus sailed overseas, single issues being contributed by a dozen different old fan friends, and each inscribed with messages of encouragement and encouragement

"Have written to Rosenblum," he continues, "and hope to hear from him soon. And you should envy me, my fair ones, with such a chance to visit all of these Anglicharacters and press the hand that keeps the flame burning in these war-torn isles. By this time I can almost understand English!"

Later, word has been received from Frank Parker of the famous Cosmos Club of England, informing Gus has contacted them and an in-person meet is anticipated in the near future.

Gus also states: "Shall try to look up Odd Jno if I can find any suggestions as to where he might be holed up. If I see any small ones with extra-ordinary powers I will delve into the matter at once."

And in an aside to Forry: "Shall convey love of you to all Anglofans and shall indeed press your sarresses upon their sisters. I'll concentrate on trying to bring one of these Anglofannes home with me and carry the movement to foreign soil."

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LATE FLASH: Member Jack Dowdle now in See bees.

TEN NIGHTS IN A MADHOUSE by BARBARA BOVARD

Getting into the place was something-like taking a deep breath and plunging into water. With the same result -- chaos. You had to hold your breath, anyway. The smoke, excitement and general crowd would have choked a horse, provided we had a horse. We couldn't have gotten a Zwilling into the place, much less a horse.

When you stepped into the doorway, 4e promptly shoved a fan-mag under your nose and then stood back, triumphantly waving a pen waiting for your request for his signature. Because the mag was one put up especially for the occasion by Daugherty, with two full pages of space for autographs.

Here is where the fun began. Besides the fact that 4e had been promoted and put a proud Cpl. in front of the "Ack Ack", there was the inevitable celebrity. Turning around, you ran smack into Guy Gifford, who grinned and put his John Hancock on your sheet, with his funny faces in the capitals (see VOM #26), then shoved his mag under your nose, asking for your signature. Puffed to think that he would want it, you give and turn around, now imbued with the burning fever of an autograph hound.

You hardly know where to begin. There's the gang, the usual bunch, 4e, Bronson, Yorke, Korojo, Freehafer, Chamberlain, Finn, Bovard, Dowdle, Brown, Russell, not to mention the odd ones who turned out for the special occasion. Rustobar, Fox, BlaineDunmire, Beverly Bronson, Rhodes, Joquel, the Hasses, The Rocklynos, the Pogorus combine, (and Pogorus Jr.) three old timers from way back when. 4e's Old Sarge, Will Gould, who drew things, too, a private, of whom Bovard was astonished to find his mother was a Bovard, too, and two young ladies, whom 4e introduced as -- of course, He wasn't sure", but they might be "Chambermaids", and so on.

There was so much going on that it was hard to grasp it all at once. It came and went in flashes Dowdle getting a crick in his neck from trying to get angle shots of Bev Bronson, Chamberlain drawing devil's heads next to his signature, 4e in his Uniform dress cap, dropping mags into everyone's lap, Korojo, all in white and very pretty, looking worried as she watched the club accounts, Finn scampering after autographs, Brown hanging on grimly to a special number of Amazing stories -- which nearly confirmed the report of his insanity --- Yorke fussing over his camera collection like an old hen -- you could almost hear the clucks and cackles, Gifford and Hasse comparing notes, Pogo disappearing and reappearing without the baby, Kronos knows where she left it! Bronson dis- and appearing vaguely ---- Freehafer trying vainly to get the meeting opened properly, Joquel and Baline snarling at each other over who was going to sit next to Beverly Bronson, Van Dorne, Charles, et al. including among them, Mrs. Wymon, 4e's grandmother, chatting comfortably in the background. Rocklyne patiently signing autograph books, while Francis Rocklyne did likewise.....

And so on, far into the night.....

Then Freehafer finally got them settled down. The meeting proper began. After the minutes and the treasurers' report things started popping again.

Most important, Doctor DeCastro, the former ambassador to the Court of Spain and intimate of the famous Lovecraft, came in and was more or less -- mostly less -- introduced to the crowd at large. He made a short speech, speaking of Lovecraft at large and Bierce partly, then sat down. The club was startled at seeing him but finally decided he was one of its cronies. They were much mistaken in this; the Doctor knew what he was talking about.

Yerke bobbed up and down, here and there, taking flash pictures, likewise Dowdle took pictures, that is. He introduced everyone to everyone else by the simple method of having them get up when their names were called; after which the meeting settled down to the real business-----

The Auction.

Oh, my!

Daugherty was auctioneer, interposing his own bids, meanwhile a small picture began things, but no one had anything to say until the picture for which everyone had been waiting came up. This is a large Finlay in colour, and everyone wanted it. One or two people, however, notably Walt and Hesse, wanted it more. The bid started at fifteen dollars, and Walt gradually brought it up to seventeen, without much opposition.

"Seventeen once---- seventeen twice-----"

"Eighteen," said Hesse calmly.

Walt nearly jumped up and down and screamed. The bidding went on like this until twenty-five was reached. There Walt spit his own guns and gave in, and it was Hesse's for twenty five. Later, Walt asked, just as a matter of curiosity what Henry would have gone for.

"Even if you had bid twenty-six," answered Hesse cheerfully, it would have been yours."

That's why they had to bring in the white jacket.

The auction went on and on, picture after picture went out to the fans. Nearly ninety dollars was cleared in the deal, and then two pictures were raffled off at the end of the proceedings. By that time everyone had the auction bug, and Joquel put up a bunch of books for sale. Then a street car pass went quickly. Someone even offered Morajo for auction.

Things got rather out of hand, so the meeting broke, sort of gradually, but before everyone disappeared in the traditional slon style, pictures were taken, and I mean taken! First Dowdle got one of the group as a whole, then the gang suffered -- and not in silence, believe me -- while Daugherty took two others. That did it.

Part of the gang went down to the station bus to see Morojo off to Phoenix and part of the bunch went over to a wild ^{Walt} place to have a couple of hamburgers and coffee, Tea, ^{Walt} Malts, what have you. Even a minor crap game went on sub-rosa.

That's about all. Enough, huh?

W R A N G L I N G S B Y W E N T W O R T H

A slightly shriveled bouquet of onions to Harry Jenkins. This chap has been holding up Walt Daugherty's SHAGGY-DA RECORD EPIC-GRAH for over one year. You will doubtless recall the title of publicity which got around fandom concerning this album of records, which was scheduled to go on a planned route. During the time that Gilbert and Jenkins had the records in their possession Walt wrote innumerable letters asking for the album, which, incidentally, is worth a tidy sum. Not only did Daugherty go to great expense to produce the record album, but he also included several discs which are irreplaceable. E. E. Evans, whose views are respected by Fandom has said of this recorded program: "It's the finest thing in fandom today."

Despite Walt's pleas and his offering twice to pay to have the records sent back to him, Harry Jenkins has held on to them with a firm clutch. The last word from Jenkins (dated March 21st, 1943) claimed that the records would be mailed the following Saturday. That was five months ago. Walt, with his affable nature, would doubtless not become vehement if it were not for the fact that many fans have been waiting all this time to listen to the album. The album was routed so that it would reach every prominent fan center in the U. S. Therefore, for Walt, and for the fans who haven't had the chance to hear the records, we offer a rousing Bronx cheer to Harry Jenkins.....Wentworth Johnson

- DE PROFUNDIS AD ASTRA -

As we go to press, news comes of the death of Abraham Merritt on Saturday, August 21, at his home, the Banboxes, on Indian Rocks Beach near Clearwater, Florida. He had been there only 24 hours on a brief vacation, when he was stricken with a heart attack at noon, and though adrenalin was administered, he died an hour later. The Hearst papers had a big write-up about him on Sunday, stressing his editorship of their American Weekly supplement magazine but also mentioned (with only two errors) his principal fantasy books and briefly describing the weird curios in his house and a strange experience with a Central American Indian drug supposed to establish communication with the dead. For several years Merritt had been hoping for a vacation long enough to allow him to complete his next fantasy novel (the first since Creep, Shadow in 1934), which was to have been his finest artistic creation, written without regard for salability. Arkon House is planning to bring out a five-dollar omnibus volume called The Moon Pool and Others next year or later.

Rustobar round trips 200 miles to LASFS for meeting each week!!!!

ON THE SET WITH WALT DAUGHERTY

Yes, I have a real bit of news to start off this new column with. Give them a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "Yes, I've heard of Fritz Lang's picture, 'The Girl in The Moon'." Well, here there is where the news comes in. Fritz Lang is now discussing the rights for his famous pic with Paramount Pictures in Hollywood where he is the present director of John Kilduff's production of "Mystery of Fear". This originally produced and directed the original "Girl in the Moon" pic for his own company in Berlin in 1929. Paramount wants the rights to the script and Lang's services to direct the same.

Twentieth Century Fox has just scheduled 11 more horror films for the ensuing year but as yet no list of their names are available.

Columbia is now in its fifth day of shooting on "THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE" starring Bela Lugosi.

M. G. M. is now in production on "THE CANTORVILLE GHOST", Oscar Wilde's story of an English Ghost persecuted by a modern American family that takes over a Castle. The cast will include Charles Laughton, Margaret O'Brien, Robert Young, Regis Toynard, Mary McLeod, and William Tannen. Truly a fantasy of note to be noted.

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" technicolor production of Universal with the usual John Hall and Marie Montez to dazzle is in its 47th day at Universal.

"THE MUMMY'S GHOST" (get help us) will be forced upon us very soon with Lon Chaney, John Carradine and Aquanetta taking the horrors.....I mean horrors.....or do I?

C B S has been putting out a Mystery program known as "THE WHISTLER". About one out of every three of these programs has been a fantasy with a real good one once in a while. Columbia has purchased the picture rights on this series and possibly we may see one of these with the fantasy angle in production in the near future. At any rate two of them will be one films in a few months.

I had quite an interesting talk with Claude Rains on the PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE set at Warner Brothers last week. He told me to really expect something of the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA as it is not only a good fantasy but the music and the technicolor is terrific. Rains takes the original Chaney role although not quite so horrible. The character now relies on psychological horror.

Art Barnes is considering an offer from Universal to do script work on the U. payroll.

"Heaven Can Wait" has a Fantasy angle with almost a touch of Thorne Smith in the script. Laird Creger takes the role of the Devil.

"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" written by Curt Siodmak will be produced in September by Republic Studios.

That's about all for now but I'll be seeing you in "Passage to Marseille", "White Cliffs of Dover", and "See Here, Private Hargrove